

Codex

The Gauntlet's monthly RPG zine



LEVIATHAN



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WE HAVE LOST

THE WORLD HAS LOST A COLOSSUS, BUT YOU HAVE LOST MORE

A GMless story game for 3-6 players.

Written by Donogh McCarthy, Illustration by Michael Beachy



YOU
ARE ALL
MEMBERS
OF THE EMPRESS'S
BODYGUARD,
HER
CONSTANT
COMPANIONS.

CHOOSE TOGETHER:

**IF YOU CANNOT DECIDE TOGETHER:
VOTE, OR DRAW LOTS TO DETERMINE,
OR PICK TWO THAT ARE BOTH TRUE.**

THE BODY OF THE EMPRESS LIES AT YOUR FEET

- One of you secretly poisoned her
- One of you just cut her down in front of the others
- An assassin shot her in the eye
- She collapsed due to a long sickness or old age
- She was slain in battle

THE BODYGUARD IS

- the Empress's closest friends and confidants
- the most lethal group of fighters and adventurers the world has ever known
- the Empire's most senior military commanders
- the heirs to the kingdoms the Empress conquered
- any or all of the above

THE EMPIRE

- began as a small fiefdom ruled by the Empress herself
- has been ruling this corner of the world since time immemorial
- was taken by the Empress's force of arms
- had already begun to disintegrate before the Empress's death



CHOOSE YOURSELF:

Give a few formative details to your character.

Named: Alia, Emanu, Galen, Ivarnok, Leylor, Mya, Roqel, Tilo,
or one of your own

the: Avenger, Cunning, Faithless, Ghost, Merciless, Ox, Tiger, Vainglorious,
or one of your own

from: the gentle hills of Anarkand, the Fostos swamps, the city state of Krar,
the pirate haven of Minoj , the steppes of Slon, the archipelago of Xilonol,
or one of your own

Everyone starts with a mix of red & black stones (2 red, 2 black and 1 more
of their own choice).

**CHOOSE IN LINE WITH THE NICKNAME, AND CONSIDER IF THE NICKNAME
TRUE, IRONIC, OR UNFAIR.**



CHOOSE ONE OF THESE AND DECIDE FOR YOURSELF:

YOU CAN DECIDE THESE SECRETLY AT THE START OR DECIDE IN THE MOMENT, BUT ONLY REVEAL IT DURING YOUR TALE.

- * What dark secret did you hide from the Empress or your companions?
 - take a red stone if you are ashamed or a black stone if it would mean your death
- * What heirloom belonging to the Empress do you covet?
 - take a red stone if you were promised it, or a black stone if it was promised to another
- * What grudge does the Grand Vizier hold against you?
 - take a red stone if it is unjust or a black stone if the grudge is just

REMEMBERING THE EMPRESS:

Everyone around the table tells a tale of one the following memories. When another tells a tale which moves you with love for them or the Empress, push a red stone to them; when their tale moves you to scorn or jealousy, push a black stone. You are not obliged to push a stone. If you do not have an appropriate colour stone to push, don't push anything.

I SUGGEST SIMPLY PUSHING A STONE TO THE PLAYER AFTER THEY'VE TOLD THEIR TALE, BUT IF YOUR GROUP PREFERS YOU COULD ALL SECRETLY CHOOSE A STONE AND REVEAL IT SIMULTANEOUSLY.

- * Tell us of the first time you saw the Empress
- * And when she knew of your valour or loyalty
- * Retell of the time the Empress kept faith with you after your counsel led to disaster
- * Tell us of an embarrassing story about yourself you told the Empress in your cups
- * Recount a favourite tale the Empress would tell about you
- * Speak of the time you were kept out of the Empress's confidence
- * Tell us of when the Empress gifted you one of her keepsakes

I WOULD SUGGEST 4 OR 5 ROUNDS OF THE TABLE, BUT IF THERE ARE SIX PLAYERS, 3 ROUNDS MAY BE ENOUGH.



AT THE END:

WE DETERMINE WHO GETS TO RESOLVE THE AFTERMATH; OUR PRIMARY OBJECTIVE HERE IS TO SPREAD OUT THE STORY-TELLING NARRATIVE, SO IF THERE IS A TIE, CHOOSE THE PLAYER WHO HASN'T BEEN CHOSEN YET.

- * Whoever has the most black stones: tells us how the death of the Empress plays out
- * Whoever has the most red stones: tells us who gains the throne
- * Whoever has the least black stones: tells us what becomes of the Empire
- * Whoever has the least red stones: tells us what becomes of the Empress's family
- * Whoever remains to tell us a tale: tell us of the fate of all who remain unaccounted for.

IF THIS INCLUDES MORE THAN ONE PERSON OR THERE IS NO ONE ELSE, PEOPLE SHOULD NARRATE ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE'S CHARACTERS AND NOT THEIR OWN.

FOR FLAVOUR:

USE THESE AS MUCH OR AS LITTLE AS YOU LIKE;
THEY'RE HERE AS PROMPTS

PLACES

the gravestones of the Ancients at Anarkand

the watchtowers in the Slonui mountains

the grand bazaar of Polos

the walls of the fortress Ayinj

the last bridge over the Kartame

the fountain at the northern crossroads

PEOPLE

Lodyani, widowed by the Empress's death

Ushan, the most glorious of the Empress's commanders

Fisrid, the Empress's heir-apparent

Ilok, the owner of a famous caravan

Mokro, a legendary thief

Davit, a dusty messenger

& THINGS

the broken sword of Havesh

the Empress's last will and testament

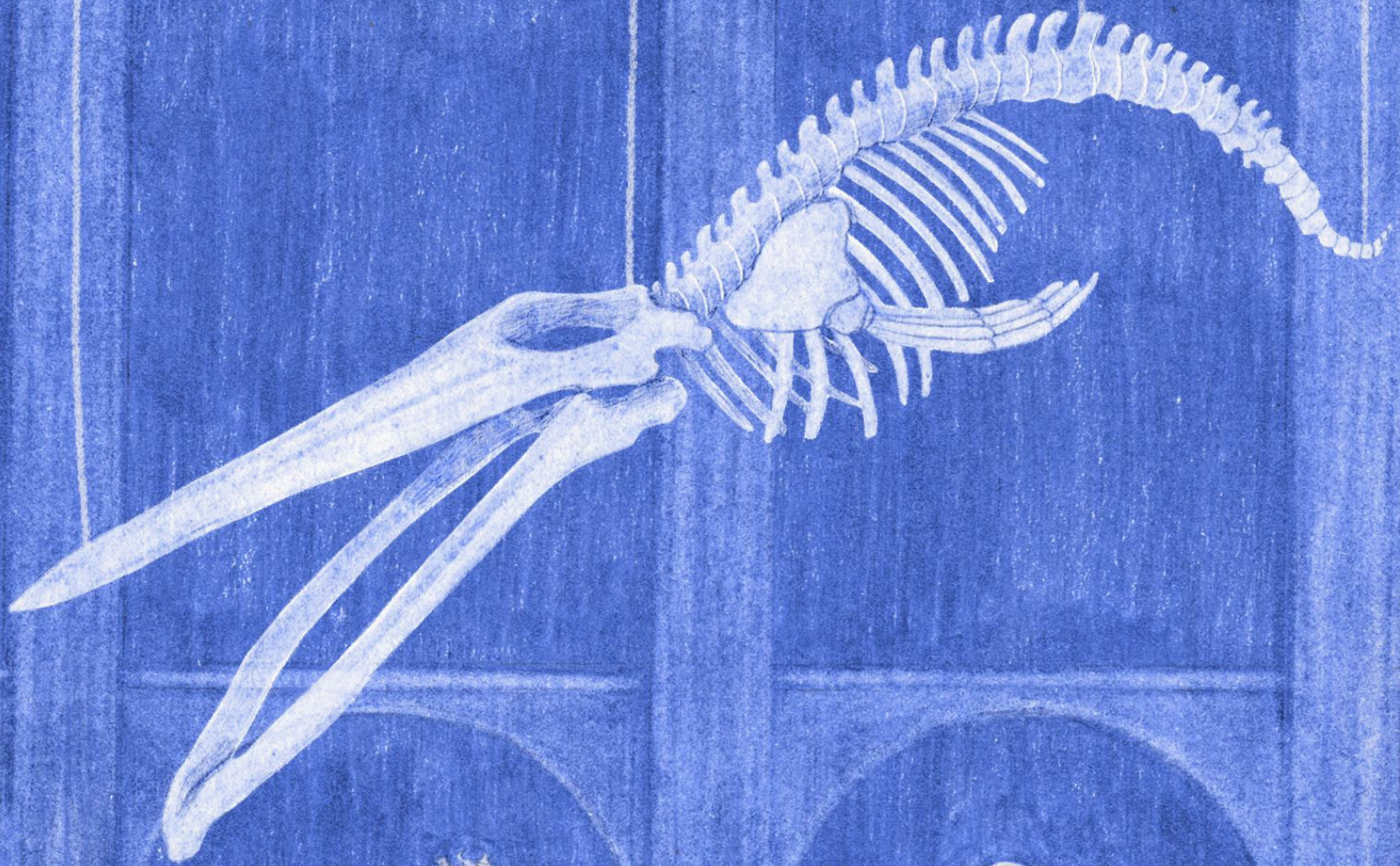
iron ingots bearing Lord Wyck's sigil

the finest stallion of the Imperial stud

a foreign king's crown

the helm the Empress wore in the fighting pits of Krar

BRINDLEWOOD BAY



A Night at the (Whaling) Museum
— BY JOSH HOROWITZ, ART BY CECILIA FERRI —

Complexity: 7

Note: The whaling museum is an excellent location to reveal details from the history of Brindlewood Bay if Layer 1 of the Dark Conspiracy is unlocked. It is also an excellent place to find esoteric artifacts related to the Midwives of the Fragrant Void if Layer 2 is unlocked.

Presenting the Mystery

It's fundraising night at the Brindlewood Bay Whaling Museum and Education Center, and George Pollard, the owner, has pulled out all the stops. Anyone who's anyone is there, ready to give "generously" for tax breaks, raffle tickets, and, most importantly, bragging rights.

Establishing Question: *Which Maven has been signed up for yearly donations since the museum opened? How did they know George Pollard, and why did they think he'd be up to the task?*

The museum's exterior is more humble than its name; it occupies a freestanding building at the end of the road, with a decent view of the shore—from the parking lot, at least. The building has almost no windows, in order to keep light from damaging anything inside.

Paint the Scene: *How has the entrance been gussied up for the fundraiser? What decorations have been strewn about the lobby? Which exhibits have been shuffled off to storage, and which have been given the place of honor?*

If the Mavens don't have their own strong feelings about what they've been doing, then pick a Suspect from the list. That suspect has been trapped in a conversation circle with the Mavens.

At some point, a scream comes from the Scrimshaw Exhibit! A body has been found, a young man bleeding on the carpet. The deceased is recognized as Edgar Nickerson, a graduate student with deep family roots in Brindlewood Bay. As the authorities arrive and the partygoers are kept corralled within the museum grounds, it's only natural the Mavens' curiosity gets the best of them.

Having been engrossed in their earlier conversation with the afore-chosen Suspect, and with the fundraiser spread across several rooms in the museum, the Mavens don't know who was where when they heard the scream. It's up to them to find out what exactly happened to poor Edgar.

If there are still Suspects that need to be introduced at this point in the mystery, do so now by listing their name and role for the players.



Suspects

George Pollard, the owner

Anxious. Comb-over. Rental tux. With the fate of the museum weighing on his mind, George doesn't seem to have processed the gravity of the situation. Now that the fundraiser has been interrupted, he probably won't collect enough in donations to make it through the next few months.

Quote: *"In the scrimshaw exhibit? On the carpet? Jesus, we'll have to sell half the stuff here to recoup..."*

Sam Cooper, the deputy

Coffee. Plainclothes. On the phone. It was Sam's day off until she got the call about Nickerson's death, and she's a little bitter about being on the clock. She seems disinterested, or perhaps distracted; an exhibit keeps catching her eye, and when she thinks no one is looking, she stares.

Quote: *"Yes, Sheriff, I'm looking. No, I haven't found anything yet. No, I just got here. Sheriff, ple... Yep. Okay. We'll talk when I'm done. Bye."*

Dr. Katherine Berko, the curator

Bespectacled. Tired. Avoiding the crowd. Dr. Berko, an accredited expert on 19th century industrial whaling in her early thirties, is obscenely overqualified for this small-town position. She knows it, Pollard knows it, the ticket booth kid knows it. Unfortunately for her, it's a hirer's market, and she needs something to pad her resume while hunting for a better gig..

Quote: *"The one good thing here was the peace and quiet... The one good thing in this cesspit of academia and now it's gone. (Sighing) Poor guy."*

Cornelius Absalom, the philanthropist

Smiling. Older. Trying to keep up smalltalk. After graduating from Morehouse College, Absalom had a lucrative career in finance law. He's retired now, living not far from his childhood home in Brindlewood Bay, and he is a philanthropic figurehead for some local charities and nonprofits. The Whaling Museum, as enjoyable as some find it, was never one of his favorite organizations.

Quote: *"Everyone, we're alright. Take a deep breath. Now, what was it you were saying about your granddaughter, Professor? Before all this... commotion?"*

Audrey Nickerson, the cousin

Sitting. Blue oxford shirt. Still seems in shock. The cousin of the dead Nickerson, Audrey is a few years older and looks remarkably alike. The similarity is somewhat unsettling to those who have seen the corpse, though the differences between them are obvious to any who pause. According to town gossip, Audrey dropped out from college, though the reason is uncertain.

Quote: *"Oh, sorry, are you—are you talking to me? Sorry, I... I'm not thinking straight. I—we were... Sorry."*

Krish Chadha, the ex

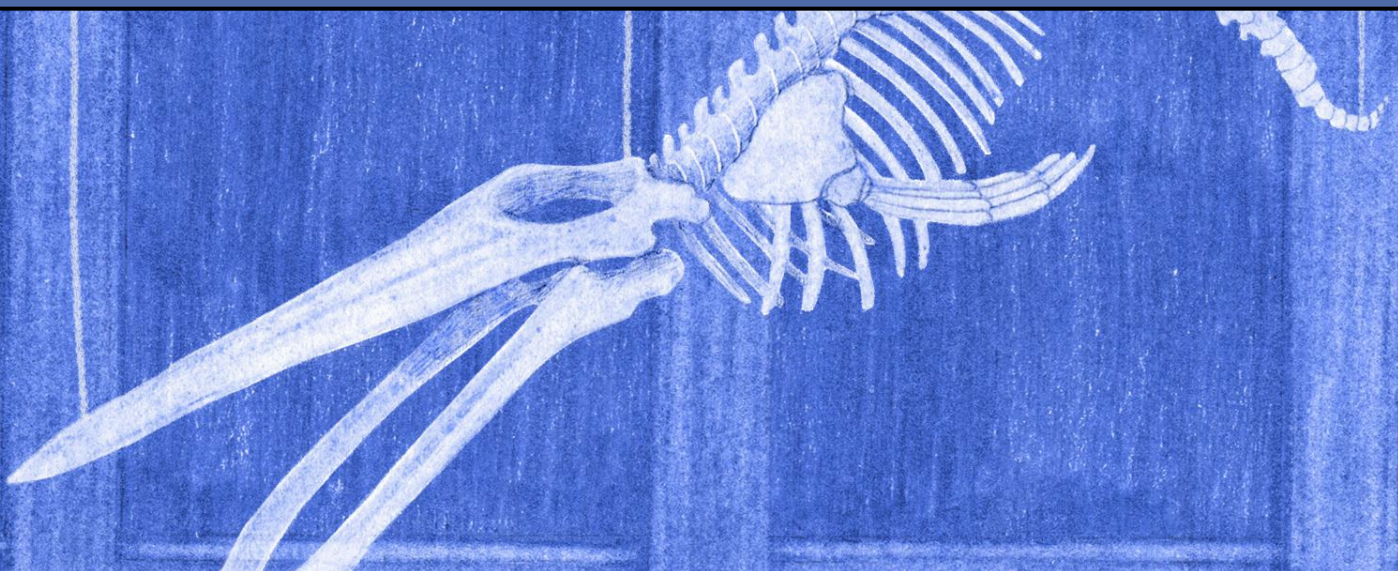
Upset. Hair mussed. Arguing with the police at the door. Krish was Edgar's boyfriend for a time, though they had a falling-out a year or two ago. Krish must have known that Edgar would be here tonight, because he's never shown much of an interest in whaling history, and yet here he is, a broke millennial enduring an hours-long charity fundraiser related to that very topic.

Quote: *"No, look, it's late and my—a guy I know is dead and I want to go home and have a cup of tea and scream or something. You have to let me out! Hey, back me up here!"*

Professor Schwartz, the academic

Memo pad. Wandering. Sweeping rooms for impressive objects. Professor Schwartz teaches at a research university not far from Brindlewood Bay. His department has a small research archive attached, which tends to purchase from the same dealers, and accept donations from the same crop of intrigued parties. No love is lost between Schwartz and Pollard, who has no academic background.

Quote: *"Is that...? No, that's a reproduction. What's the point of a museum if everything on display is a reproduction? Cheapskate."*



Paint the Scene

The Museum Lobby

Most of the fundraiser guests are huddled together in the lobby, which has been extensively redecorated for the occasion. Which fancy decorations look out of place in this otherwise quite plain room?

The Screening Room

A small auditorium full of uncomfortable seats, usually looping a half-hour educational video. A documentary had been shown earlier in the evening. What whaling hub did it focus on? What horrors of industrial slaughter did it show?

The Whale Room

In the center of this room, suspended from the ceiling on wires, is the skeleton of a sperm whale, not wholly bleached. How do you feel, dwarfed beside the great creature's remnants?

The Scrimshaw Exhibit

The scrimshaws found here are intricate and slender, the art of bored sailors during long voyages. One smaller display case has markedly different contents. What unusual creature's carved bones are found within? (Note: This is the site of the murder)

The Gift Shop

The gift shop is largely full of knickknacks and tchotchkes, with some local memorabilia and jigsaw puzzles and other miscellany shelved throughout. What souvenir in the shop tempts you?

The Staff Area

Divided into a storeroom and an office space, the staff area is largely the domain of Dr. Berko, the only full-time employee. How has she made the space her own? How much of the room is storage, and how much has she managed to stake for herself? Also, just how old is that computer?



Clues

- A footprint with a uniquely worn tread.
- A job application, unread.
- Murmuring between two suspects that stops when you come near.
- A broken display case with an empty stand inside.
- A keychain wedged under the foot of a chair.
- A draft email to a supposed “rival.”
- A bloodied scrimshaw, still protruding from the victim.
- Financial reports, hidden from prying eyes.
- An indent in the carpet, a few feet from the body.
- Droplets of blood staining a toe.
- Nickerson’s thesis, the final revisions in a different hand.
- A colored thread left behind on the black curtains.
- A peephole, drilled in a quiet corner.
- A wallet, emptied of everything but the cash.
- Disposable gloves, found at the top of a trash can. They are slightly stretched.
- An empty envelope marked “urgent.” sent from the National Museum Commission.
- A pocket knife with an engraving that reads: “Don’t Give Up.”
- An encyclopedia of tattoos and their meanings, with two pages dog-eared.
- An empty shelf in the gift shop, with a tag marking its former contents as a letter opener.

Void Clues

- An old and unsettling sketch of a whale consuming a sailor. Despite the lack of detail and the obvious haste it was drawn in, it feels obvious the whale has human eyes.
- A black scrimshawed bone, every square inch covered in winding, unfamiliar script.
- The Midwives of the Fragrant Void’s very first ritual robes and baton, mislabeled and crumpled in a corrugated box.
- The whale skeleton suspended on wires begins to wake. Bones knock together as it twists, and then it falls limp once more. Its new position is different from the old, though your brain begins to fog, as though the old was never seen.
- A manifest bound in cracked red leather. It details a seemingly ancient obelisk pulled from the bed of the bay, and it details where it was taken.
- A harpoon with a rusted tip. When you touch it, you feel the pain and confusion of living beings, hunted by unfamiliar things in vessels you barely understand. You feel fear, fear of the humans that invaded the sea and slaughtered your pod. You feel rage, too.

From The Belly of The Beast

An incursion deeper and deeper.



TROPHY

MADELEINE EMBER

FROM THE BELLY OF THE BEAST

INTRODUCTION

*Balin, of the boundless sea
Drakir wends its way to me
through salt-crust swell the bowsprit breaks
a hope to name my home*

*for up each wave and down to crash
the eyes to blind and teeth to gnash
I've legs to swim but not to walk
the pathways of my home*

The Beast of Charnelreef has been the stuff of legend for centuries. Its great rolling eyes, its heaving gray bulk with scales sharp as scissors, its maw rising from the depths to snap the masts and damn the lives of countless sailors—all stories, but stories with truth ringed about them. The Beast is said to be one of the few remaining balindrakir—sea serpents that squirmed from the lightless heart of the earth millenia ago. In the old stories it was said they could be chased down and slaughtered, though often at great loss of resources, time, and life. There remains some precious few relics from this bygone era memorialized in scrimshaw, carved into specimens of the creatures' unusual blackened bones. Their fat could be carved up and rendered down into a both rare and incredibly valuable clean-burning white oil. Far more enticing, the balindrakir were said to hold within them whole worlds awaiting discovery, that the undigested wealth of luckless adventurers spilled from their split bellies.

Not for 200 years has a balindrakir been caught. One would be worth more than its weight in gold, and as your crew has come to find, they are no mere legend.

THEME

Ecology.

You and the brave crew of your ship, the *Chimera* (a 150 foot, three-mast barque), have managed to track the wreckage in the wake of the Beast's passing. It is far larger than any of you anticipated with a body at least 300 feet long, from the crown of its jaw to the end of its flukes. Its form is far bulkier than that of most baleen whales, and its teeth seem to be designed for both tearing and sifting of marine detritus. Had the Beast been ready for a fight, no ship of any fleet could have hoped to survive. But fortune seems to have smiled on your venture: the Beast's movements seem feeble, as though it has been sickened in some way; its eyes are filmed over with milky white cataracts. You have lanced it with hooked spears, piercing its thick hide and attaching wooden barrels along its length. At first it attempted to dive with these intact, dragging them under, but it was repeatedly forced to surface again—each time a little more wearied for the effort. For nearly two months you have harried the Beast across the chartless seas, and at last it is too tired to outrun you. In time, your shipmates hope to recover some measure of its bounty to restock the ship's depleted stores. The Beast lets great, heaving gusts from its blowhole, and those terrible eyes fix flat and grim upon its fate.

You and the other treasure-hunters have volunteered to enter The Beast and begin to mine it from the inside out. This technique was developed by a long-dead culture, the Reefmakers, whose civilization hinged on the farming of these balindrakir. That is, they stripped from the inside out of bone, flesh, and, incredibly, ore. Your captain, the dreaded Blais Runewick, has placed his trust in a bespeckled scholar, Mr. Whiddle, who translated certain ancient texts and asserts them to be more than fantasy. (A note for roleplaying Mr. Whiddle: He is a slight man with a sniffle, always carries several bookmarked tomes that he leafs through and makes notes in the margins of, and has a habit of repeating "big" words very slowly for stupid mariners.)

If this technique proves replicable, the Beast could serve as a long-term source of income for those brave enough to enter and sustainably harvest its bounty. If all goes awry, the *Chimera* can just as same drag the Beast to dry dock and slaughter it there. Surprisingly, the anemic Mr. Whiddle will accompany the expedition, clearly of the incurably curious sort that often finds themselves a hair's breadth from death. But for you treasure-hunters there remains the tantalizing promise of undigested treasure.

The *Chimera* has had to shift all its ballast to the starboard side to offset their captive creature's immense weight, dragging off the port stern. It weakly wriggles against the rope and chain restraints. Three large prop sticks made of cold iron and each 20 feet high have been placed between its jaws to prop them open, allowing a whaling boat to row within with all the treasure-hunters aboard. The captain has vowed to return tomorrow evening to pry The Beast's maw open again and recover whoever makes it. As the sticks are pulled free, the jaws snap shut, plunging the treasure-hunters into darkness.

Known only to Mr. Whiddle

The Beast of Charnelreef is not just a balindrakir; it is the progenitor of all its kind, and easily several factors larger in mass than any of its children.

It was known to the Reefmakers that these beasts contain within them strange depths, irrespective of the apparent outward size of the physical animals. Damage to these creatures could only be done from the outside—for once within, a person was transported to a lightless series of tunnels and caverns, each unique to the beast. These spaces roughly align with major biological systems and organs.

The inner spaces, referred to by the Reefmakers as "the balindark" are a mix of stone and organic matter arranged as a series of tunnels and caverns accessible past the creature's jaws. These spaces contain Reefmaker relics, unique ores and minerals, and several deadly species that parasitize and defend the balindrakir. The defensive creatures function like macro-sized white blood cells, recognizing foreign bodies and binding to them to mark and neutralize them. They repair damage to the tunnel system and build unique new byways connecting major biological systems. The parasites, on the other hand, are designed to avoid detection and do not appreciate competition.

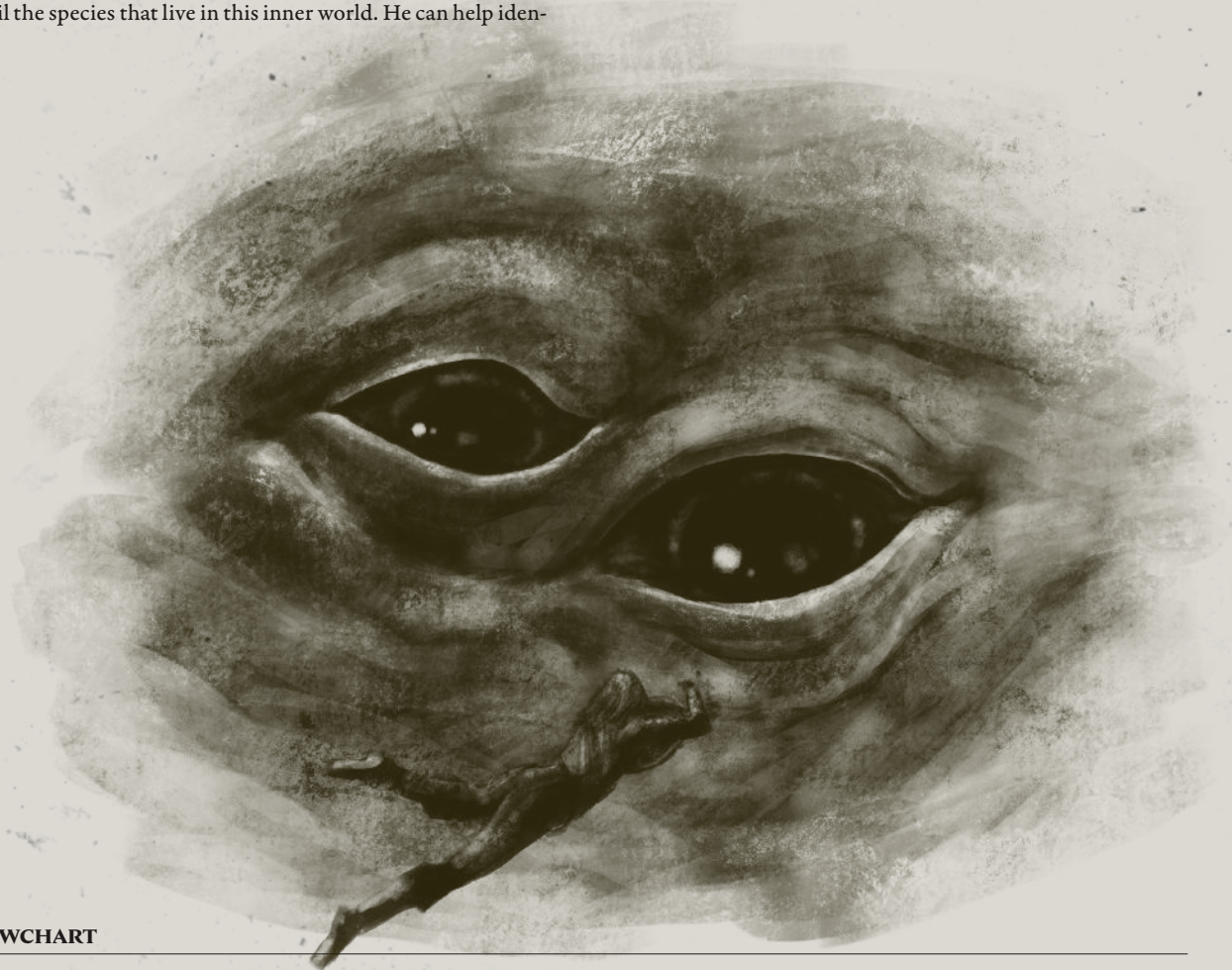
The Reefmakers knew of the Beast, and yet wrote of it only in the broadest strokes. It was clear the people of that time feared and revered it, having notched its top-most dorsal fin so that it might be recognized from a distance... and avoided.

Mr. Whiddle has spun this information to the Captain, speaking of wealth and ancient relics, and the glory of discovery on par with that of the explorers of old. He personally wants to detail the species that live in this inner world. He can help iden-

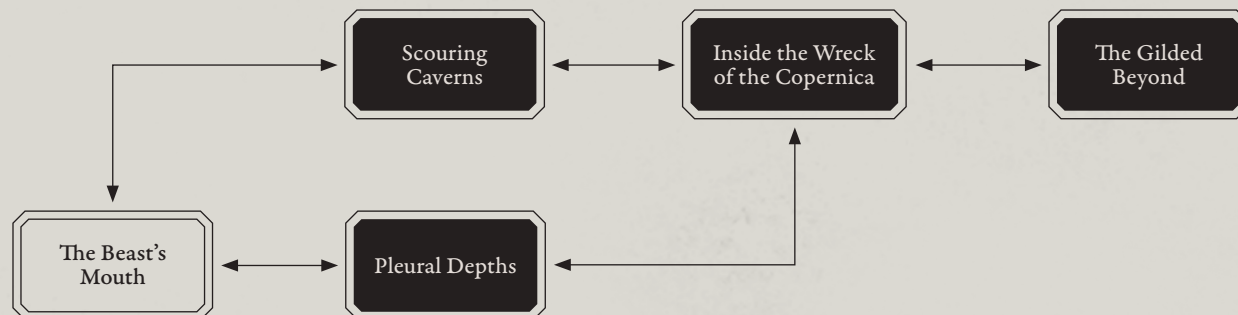
tify ores and minerals, but this is not where his true interest lies. He doesn't care how many treasure-hunters die to secure this knowledge.

Known to no one now living

The Beast is a gravid female, carrying with her the last fertile clutch of her kind.



FLOWCHART



SET NAME		THE BEAST'S MOUTH	
SET GOAL		Determine how others have safely passed into the balindark.	
OVERVIEW		MOMENTS	
<p>The whaleboat comes to a jerked stop as water all about them is sieved through a series of combed tooth structures lining the lower half of the Beast's bottom teeth. This black cavernous space is filled with freshly stranded fish and stinking of rot. A single tooth from the Beast is twice as tall as any man, and there are well over fifty of them fencing the treasure-hunters in. The boat rests on the Beast's tongue, and once the water has drained, the esteemed Mr. Whiddle spreads the contents of two large barrels about the base of the boat. As spirit lanterns are lit, it is revealed that the barrels contained a kind of nettle jellyfish whose touch has a powerful anesthetic effect. Mr. Whiddle, wearing long leather gloves, encourages all the treasure-hunters to rub the jellyfish on their boot soles as long as they are in this space. The back end of the mouth drops into a cavernous throat and quickly beyond sight. The treasure-hunters must find a safe way to descend the slope of the esophagus.</p>		<p>A flopping swordfish impales a nearby tuna, spilling its organs across the wet, lumpy tongue of the Beast.</p> <p>A gurgle is heard from the end of the mouth, which plunges out of view.</p> <p>Wrapped around a back tooth are the tattered remains of a flag for a merchant ship, the <i>Liberty</i>.</p>	
PROPS	TRAPS	TREASURES	
<p>Back Upper Teeth Around a back upper tooth hangs a length of steel chain; a piton has been driven into the molar very securely. If investigated closely it will appear as though the chain has been partially absorbed by the gums of the creature (like a tree will engulf a metal sign) and is thus an excellent thing to attach rope to.</p> <p>Back Lower Teeth A back lower tooth has been broken at an odd angle somewhat recently and is oozing a thick, blue blood. The broken crown of the tooth is not in the Beast's mouth. The mixture of blood and fish entrails makes the way very slippery.</p> <p>Throat If the throat is rappelled down in a controlled fashion they will learn that heat radiates from beyond the epiglottis where the scouring caverns await. The pleural depths are challenging to enter due to air gusting in and out of them, but the way is clear. The epiglottis is partly flesh, and partly rock, and it can be pulled open with a medium amount of force.</p>	<p>If the teeth or tongue are carelessly damaged, the Beast will fill its mouth with water, trying to wash the intruders down its gullet. Any unwary treasure-hunters caught in this flush are deposited in the scouring caverns, likely battered or dead.</p> <p>Skittering <i>gum mites</i> will crawl out from around any freshly disturbed teeth (excluding the existing piton).</p>	<p>A spear has been lodged between two of the teeth.</p> <p>The piton is of a fine make, engraved with a blessing entreating the intercession of the manifold Reefmaker gods to protect those who plumb the balindark. It cannot be driven back in if removed.</p> <p>A carving of text on the broken molar. If discovered, Mr. Widdle will take a rubbing of it. Only he or a similarly learned scholar can read the ancient Reefmaker script. On a successful <i>Hunt Roll</i> made with the help of Mr. Whiddle: "[text broken off] must not disrupt the delicate balance. Turn back."</p>	
ADDITIONAL TRAPS	Slippery footing		
ADDITIONAL TREASURES	None		

6

GUM MITES — Fist-sized mites, pink with grasping front feet and blue-stained mandibles used for siphoning blood.

• Ravenous

•• Chittering

••• Lethargic

•• Freshly engorged

••• Fighting each other







••• Swarming

Gum Nest — If outmatched, they will retreat by being absorbed into the gums.

WEAKNESS Blades

SET NAME		SCOURING CAVERNS	
SET GOAL		Collect samples of valuable resources.	
OVERVIEW		MOMENTS	
<p>This space is heavy with humidity and resembles a massive cavern. Things are being slowly digested within a series of churning, acidic pools. Treasure and ore can be mined here, but doing so will attract the attention of immune bodies and half-dissolved monstrosities. The pools glow a sickly green and stink of sulfur and methane.</p>		<p>An arm briefly surfaces in one of the pools, the hand grasping wildly before submerging again; it's unclear if the arm is attached to a body.</p> <p>A pit begins to froth and sizzle, as a brief, hysterical scream is loosed and then silenced.</p> <p>A tall, many-armed creature lies curled around one pool, gently stirring the liquid with several of its elongated fore-limbs.</p>	
PROPS		TRAPS	TREASURES
<p>Ore Deposit An outcrop of shimmering metal proves to be some kind of gold-like substance. It crumbles to the touch, but if compacted becomes stronger than iron. A small sample will not alert the <i>immune bodies</i>.</p>		<p>The <i>immune bodies</i> are alerted if more than a handful of the ore is taken from the deposit.</p>	<p>A satchel and an abandoned mining pick are near the ore deposit. The satchel contains silver coins worth 1 Gold and a metal Reefmaker charm of a small, smiling fish. The mining pick is of ordinary make.</p>
<p>Digestive Fluid Pools Digestive fluid in the pools is extremely caustic, but not actually acidic (it will consume and dissolve all organic matter, but is harmless to stable, non-organic materials such as glass).</p>		<p>Tossing anything into a pool will cause a <i>half-dissolved thing</i> to lumber out of the soup.</p>	
<p>Steamer Chest A large steamer chest is balanced precariously near the edge of one pool.</p>		<p>The <i>immune bodies</i> are alerted if the treasure-hunters drag the chest away from the edge of the pool.</p>	<p>The chest contains coins and gems worth 2 Gold. It is stenciled on the side with the crest of the <i>Copernica</i>.</p>
<p>Figurehead The figurehead of the <i>Copernica</i>, burst through the far wall of this chamber, streaked with blue blood. The figurehead is made of beautifully carved maple in the form of a sea goat (top half goat, bottom half fish).</p>		<p>Two <i>immune bodies</i> crawl around the figurehead, draping bioluminescent ooze and rasping at it with their lamprey-like mouths.</p>	
ADDITIONAL TRAPS		Slipping into the acid pools will immediately lead to combat with a <i>half-dissolved thing</i> .	
ADDITIONAL TREASURES		An <i>immune body</i> corpse shimmers with a flaking mica that is both beautiful and valuable. Sticky bioluminescent slime courses down the walls—it can serve as a light source if bottled.	

8 HALF-DISSOLVED THING — Oozing, flailing merging of men, animals, other things. Its eyes melt across weeping flesh.

- | | | |
|---|--|--|
|  Desperate grasping |  Smoothing themselves |  Keening in despair |
|  Grasping for leverage |  Tearing at their flesh |  Acting in a way distressingly familiar |

Dissolving Grasp — The creature can quickly dissolve away any extremity caught in its grasp.

WEAKNESS Fire/daylight

9

IMMUNE BODIES — Sinuous, centipedal beings with multiple taloned human arms down the length of their white torso.

- Curiously exploring
- Wrapping a fish in mucus
- Patrolling for invaders
- Cleaning off shedding skin
- Humming while daydreaming
- Tearing apart a large creature

Black Mucus — Secretes a thick black mucus to bind victims. Bound treasure-hunters do not suffer Ruin but must explain how they free themselves without being detected again, possibly provoking a *Risk Roll*.

Alert Plume — The immune body’s bite causes a plume of bleeding, which alerts others. If a treasure-hunter suffers Ruin as the result of an immune body bite during a *Combat Roll*—and the *Combat Roll* was not successful—another immune body joins the fray, increasing their total Endurance by 2.

WEAKNESS Poison







SET NAME		PLEURAL DEPTHS	
SET GOAL		Discover the source of the rot that is killing the Beast.	
OVERVIEW		MOMENTS	
<p>A chain of caverns densely filled with thick, beach-ball sized sacks in pastel shades. The balls are connected to each other like grapes on a vine, deflating and reinflating through the connecting blue tubes. These alveoli give off a weak glow.</p> <p>There is a scent like overripe fruit in a deeper part of the caverns. Some of the balloons here do not inflate, and are gray or even blackened. These “dead spots” tend toward a far wall. Some further are filled with sickly yellow pus and will burst at an insistent touch. The treasure-hunters can discover the <i>Copernica</i> in the farthest chamber, where the infection seems worst.</p>		<p>A shiver runs through the cavern, causing each balloon to glow a little brighter for a moment.</p> <p>The sound of the air moving through this chamber becomes a soothing drone after a time.</p>	
PROPS		TRAPS	TREASURES
<p>The Copernica A rift torn in her hull is leaking wine and vinegar into the space. She has been partly covered with immune body mucus, and several <i>immune bodies</i> are crawling over her, trying to contain the damage she is causing to the alveoli. The stern is buried in a far wall, the figurehead out of view (it has erupted through to the scouring caverns). She is surrounded by a fetid, infected pool.</p>		<p>If the alveoli are intentionally or carelessly popped more than once, it will attract the attention of the <i>immune bodies</i>.</p>	<p>There are several submerged bottles of a rare vintage of Carcosan wine in the fetid pool.</p> <p>The rotting remains of crew members can be scavenged for coins and gems worth 1 Gold.</p> <p>Uninfected alveoli are very beautiful and durable.</p>
ADDITIONAL TRAPS		None	
ADDITIONAL TREASURES		The captain’s log from the <i>Copernica</i> , of value to historians.	

SET NAME	INSIDE THE WRECK OF THE COPERNICA	
SET GOAL	Discover the fate of the <i>Copernica</i> .	
OVERVIEW	MOMENTS	
<p>The ship is half-absorbed into the cavern walls, much of it spilled into the pleural caverns, the figurehead eaten away by acidic liquid. Within is a horror: the sailors merged with the walls and floors, body parts attached at odd angles, uncomprehending but alive, unable to express thought.</p> <p>After some time, the galley can be found, where Captain Dishall has been merged with a chair at the table. The captain will lethargically respond to questions but mostly beg for death until the Beast speaks through her.</p>	<p>A leg, merged at the hip with a door jamb, kicking reflexively. If cut, a distant scream can be heard from somewhere else in the ship.</p> <p>Half a face twisted in a scream, emerging from the deck floor as though surfacing for air.</p> <p>An immune body spreading black mucus from its mouth across the name of the ship on the stern hull.</p>	
PROPS	TRAPS	TREASURES
<p>Captain Dishall She will claim they were caught in a gale off the coast of a far flung island, and then found themselves swallowed by this massive Beast. She could hear the screaming of her crew, and see the cavern filled with spheres from the galley window. She fought one of the immune bodies and found herself bound to this chair. She wants to be put out of her misery. She insists people must know what happened to her ship—the treasure-hunters have to get out alive and warn others. After some time, the Beast will speak through her:</p> <p><i>“You have come here to pull us apart. You are too late. We will live forever, every child of the balindark. Long have we waited to feel the warmth of the Day Star. We shall wait no more.”</i></p>	<p>The staircase down to the hold is very dark, and the first person to attempt the descent finds themselves adhered to the mucus coating it. Their flailing may attract attention.</p> <p>After the Beast has spoken through Captain Dishall, the caverns will flood with sea water, washing everyone in it to The Gilded Beyond.</p>	<p>A thorough search of the ship will yield crew effects valuable to historians: letters home, keepsakes, lanterns, simple weapons, several busted cases of wine. Total value is between 1–5 Gold, depending on how long the treasure-hunters have to search.</p>
ADDITIONAL TRAPS	Wine-engorged siphonophores may swarm the treasure-hunters if disturbed, provoking a <i>Risk Roll</i> to escape them.	
ADDITIONAL TREASURES	The anchor on deck is covered in mucus, but it shelters a knapsack containing flammable liquid, flint, and tinder—a plan for molotovs, it seems. The owner of the knapsack has been scattered around the deck.	



SET NAME		THE GILDED BEYOND	
SET GOAL		Get out alive.	
OVERVIEW		MOMENTS	
<p>The treasure-hunters are washed into a large cavern, the largest yet. Every surface is occupied by golden, human-sized orbs tended to by skittering immune bodies and nursemaids. As the water touches the eggs, they begin to burst open, spilling their eel-like spawn throughout the cavern.</p> <p>The spawn have closed eyes, black orbs under translucent skin, and curiously small claws on the edges of their fins to pull themselves across the ground. They begin burrowing in every direction out of their mother. The cavern shakes and begins to collapse around the treasure-hunters.</p> <p>The treasure-hunters can follow a hatchling out one of the holes or try to retrace their route out. The blind hatchlings are harmless unless the treasure-hunters get in the way of their path.</p>		<p>A hatchling slips between a treasure-hunter's legs, writhing across the cavern floor.</p> <p>Several eggs hatch at once, their hatchlings sliding across one another and buffeting other gathered clutches.</p> <p>A nursemaid gathers several hatchlings, placing them in open spaces to burrow.</p>	
PROPS	TRAPS	TREASURES	
There is no time to investigate this area—escape is the only option!	<p>If the hatchlings are harmed or abducted, the <i>nursemaids</i> respond with extreme violence.</p> <p>The floor is slippery, and the hatchlings moreso.</p> <p>The cavern is collapsing; a choice for which exit to try must be made quickly.</p>	<p>The hatchlings are studded with gold and silver—it flecks off their iridescent fins and rims their closed eyes.</p> <p>Some eggs are not hatching; the struggling hatchling can be seen within. The membrane of these eggs is thicker than others, and comes away in strips. These strips are edible and incredibly sweet.</p>	

11 NURSEMAIDS — Quadrupeds with no discernable head, but with a tail and two long, strong arms for moving eggs.

-  Gathering egg casings
-  Cleaning eggs
-  Grooming a hatchling with care
-  Distributing hatchlings
-  Overseeing a certain clutch
-  Mourning over dead hatchlings

Shell Contraction — If not destroyed after the first round of combat, the nursemaid contracts its fleshy shell to create a thick armor, increasing its Endurance by 1.

WEAKNESS Fire

CONCLUSION

If the treasure-hunters make it out, they will see an incredible sight: it is night, and the sea around them is filled with hatchlings, burrowed out of their mother and loosed upon the world. The *Chimera* seems silent, and the boarding treasure-hunters will find that the crew has all gathered below decks, where a nursemaid, the Captain Blais Runewick, and several recently hooked hatchlings lie dead beside each other.

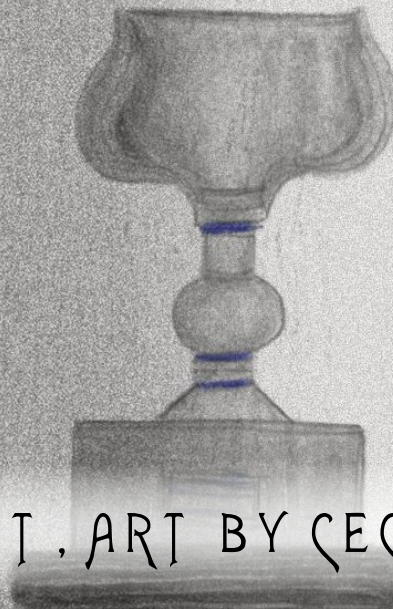
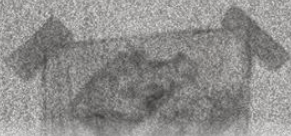
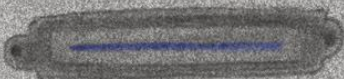
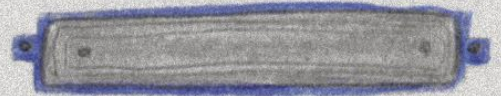
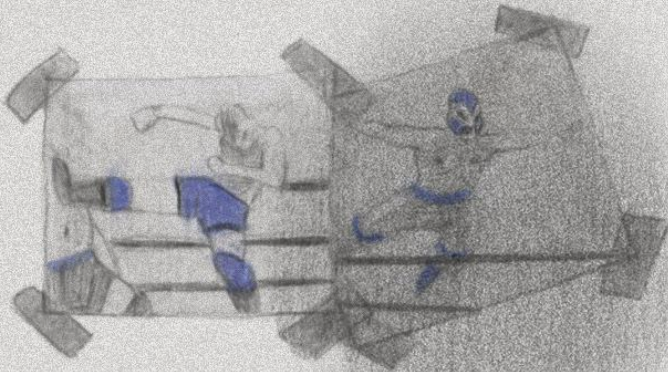
The treasure-hunters must decide what to do next. The beast is sinking—it's full of holes, and has died in the act of releasing its offspring. Will they settle for what they have and head home with a new appreciation for the balance of life in the uncharted seas? Will they deliver news ashore for the widows and loved

ones who were lost or discovered in that terrible place? One thing is certain: the *Copernica's* crew are left in that damned place, beyond the reach of god or men.

*Balin, of the drowning sea
Drakir the serpent came to me
and told me of the crashing waves
that bore me far from home*

*black the night and cold the rain
I washed my hands in blue-blood's vein
for never will I see again
the sunlight or my home.*

- Fall Guys -



Complexity: 7

Note: This mystery revolves around the occult and initiatory nature of kayfabe and being smartened up. Many suspects will be presented with an additional set of identifiers and quotes; the text in bold is the presented reality of kayfabe. If the Mavens have certain characteristics or Dark Conspiracy elements unlocked then they see past it, to the heart of things.

Presenting the Mystery

The Mavens are attending an independent wrestling show held at Solomon Heinkelwood High School. Typically such rowdy performance art isn't their cup of tea, but one of the Mavens has a nephew performing in the show tonight as "Ulix Sandow." He was recently released from a developmental contract with Gauntlet League Wrestling, the largest wrestling company in the world, and tonight is his homecoming to Northeast Championship Wrestling.

Establishing Question: *Which of you is his aunt? Why was he released from his contract?*

A battered wrestling ring, an altar to degraded fictions, dominates the basketball court's center with a sea of folding chairs rippling out. Overhead hang pennants and championship banners of yesteryear. The SHHS Sea Kings were once covered in glory but that moment seems long past. Merchandised scraps of nostalgia are laid out for sale on folding tables: DVDs, autographed photos, replica championship belts, action figures and more. Fresh-faced young wrestlers lay out shirts so new you can smell the transfers.

Every seat is filled. The air hums with anticipation. Of violence. Of hope for victory and fear of defeat. Black and white handbills list the matches, cheap toner smudges under your thumbs. The opponents are implausible in real life, but they're evenly matched in this colosseum of shared imagination.

The Earth-Shaker Clayton Barbarossa looms over the card with a vicious grimace and championship belt in hand. For 200+ days he has reigned over Northeast Championship Wrestling with his stablemates, The Ungovernable, by his side.

The overhead lights darken as a spotlight flicks onto the ring. Ulix and Clayton stand in opposite corners, the championship belt gleaming with diamonds and polished whalebone around his waist. The reigning champ cuts a promo comparing Ulix Sandow's return to NECW as akin to Odysseus returning to Ithaca, dead set on reclaiming his title—a belt that he abandoned for greater glory. Things have changed since he went off to Gauntlet League Wrestling and slunk back a failure. There's a line to challenge for this belt and it starts outside the building. Hammer Hartigan, number one contender and Ulix's old tag

team partner, slides into the ring and puts his title shot on the line, insistent that tonight's main event become a triple threat match. Clayton accepts Hammer's proposal—but only if Ulix and Hammer can get through The Ungovernable first.

A sadistic grin spreads across his face as their music hits and the Ungovernable—Frank Brody and Mad Dog Mendoza—emerge from the curtain.

Ulix Sandow and Hammer Hartigan battle Clayton's stablemates, The Ungovernable, to qualify in tonight's main event, a triple threat championship match against the champion. Ulix asked his aunt not to leave early, suggesting the whole show would be worth it.

The Foxglove Twins fight the Satanic Doctors of Death. The Twins are former tag team champions looking to arrest their losing streak, drawing on the crowd for energy and embracing stiff but fair competition. Eschewing their old cheating ways.

The Peacock Alphonse Bentley rumbles with the disreputable El Toro accompanied by Mad Marie Martel, his manager. The winner has her services in their corner going forward. Marie, for her part, is loyal to El Toro but he's taken her as far as he can.

The future is going to grapple with the past. Northeast Championship Wrestling will be renewed in the blood and sweat of competition.

Assign each match to a player and ask them to describe the scene in which their Maven experiences fear or hope at the events in the ring. Feel free to interject with a Suspect interfering or participating in some way. The Maven to their left will tell us the winner, seizing on the moment. If any of the Mavens has a mark on their Crown of the Void, you may also reveal a Void Clue during one of the matches.

There is a short intermission after the Peacock vs. El Toro, during which a Suspect (your choice) will find Clayton Barbarossa dead in the shower: barefoot, drenched, and sagging against a running knot anchored to the showerhead. Darius Armstrong, the announcer, powders into the ring and informs the audience that there has been an incident but the show will continue after an extended intermission. The crowd is in shock, wanting to know what's happened. Deputy Roy Kimble will approach the Mavens, knowing their reputation, and ask them for help solving the mystery. Security camera footage has narrowed down the time of the crime, and most of the suspects have already been on so they don't have anywhere else to be.

The show will resume and there's two more matches before concluding with a Battle Royale instead of the promised triple threat main event. Ulix is the last man standing and the crowd chants his name in celebration. But no one beyond the ropes knows why this happened.



Paint the Scene:

What are clear signs that love of the sport cuts across social lines in Brindlewood Bay?

Suspects

Deputy Roy Kimble

Gun belt with an empty holster. Wad of chew in the lower lip. Spits into an aluminum can. Working security at the show. Considers professional wrestling absolutely stupid and refuses to respect kayfabe. But he will take their money. He nurses a grudge against Clayton ever since the champion put him to sleep in a self-defense class and made a mockery of him.

Quote: *"You know they all just play at being tough guys, right? Brindlewood Bay may look sleepy but there's a dark underbelly here."*

Sophia Zbysko, the promoter

Leather jacket. Tight bun. Intense. A third generation wrestling promoter, her grandfather's company died like most with the spread of cable television. Heard Barbarossa had ambitions. Possibly starting an outlaw promotion with her title belt, and feels incredibly disrespected. That belt is the same one her grandfather used in the territory days.

Quote: *"The. Show Must. Go On. Someone dies in the ring? You wrestle in their blood. No exceptions. I'll make another champ."*

Mad Marie Martel aka Olivia Hardy

Big hair. Snug dress. Throws a mean right hook. A pitbull in your corner. Manager to El Toro. Married to Billy Cassidy. She works as an EMT outside the promotion and warned Barbarossa about the medications he was mixing to deal with his nagging injuries. Emotionally distraught but keeping up a mask of kayfabe. There may have been some infidelity.

Quotes: ***"I'm proud of what we've done. We deserve to be on the mountaintop!"***
"The business was eating him alive. Not everyone can stay on top. No matter how badly they want to be there."

Jimmy Prichard, the booker

Glasses. Salmon suit and blue tie. Walks with a limp. Talent relations and head booker. Worked for Sofia's grandfather. Former booker for GLW. Loves the Business but the Business does not love him. Got into a fistfight with Clayton two months ago splitting the payout on a side gig. Jimmy wanted the belt off Clayton a year ago but he swerved the matches or paid the opponent to go under.

Quote: *"What a crooked, heinous prick. Clayton Barbarossa was one of the only wrestlers who couldn't get someone over. Only put them under."*

Darius Armstrong, the announcer

A suit fit to burst. Amateur bodybuilder, juiced pecs. Ring announcer and commentator. Wants to transition to ringwork since GLW won't return his calls. Blusters and boasts of his own value but ultimately insecure. Clayton was a mentor but could be emotionally abusive.

Quote: *"It's terrible what's happened and all, but it could be pretty promising for me. Ya think?"*

"The Peacock" Alphonse Bentley aka Dalton Street

Sculpted steel and sex appeal. Carries 2 cans of Rosé to the ring, guzzling them before the match.

A rising star from Los Angeles, Sophia booked him to wrestle El Toro. Barbarossa picked him up from the airport and on the drive they talked about the future. Clayton told Dalton that he'd give him a hand up in the near future. If pressed, he muled contraband cross-country for Clayton.

Quotes: ***"You may think I'm a punchline, but baby, I'm the headline!"***

"Seemed he was hell-bent on burning bridges. Looks like someone got him first."

Frank Brody aka George Myers

Wild eyes, wild moustache, wild man. Folds steel pans with his bare hands. Slowly draws a thumb across the throat.

One half of The Ungovernable and Clayton Barbarossa's stablemate. They got in a fight the night before over tonight's booking. Frank felt he was owed a title shot since he's constantly been pinned to protect Clayton and paid his dues. He knew Clayton suffered from chronic pain and didn't pay close attention to the pills he guzzled to deal with it.

Quotes: ***"Where's the belt?!"***

"What the hell, man?! He had plenty to live for with GLW sniffing around. Even if he did have to drop the belt."



Shane Kennedy, web producer

Big beard. Big smile. Camera in hand. Shane produces the NECW web series, cutting together footage from two handheld cameras and one hardcam. A heritage festival last weekend was cancelled because someone was murdered and Shane got stiffed, so he accepted when Babarossa offered to buy tonight's footage out from under Sofia. Unfortunately the check bounced.

Quote: *"You think this'll take long? I need to get footage so Sophia'll pay me."*

The Foxglove Twins aka Mary and Lily Ellison

Deadliest flowers in Eden. Mirror images, twin magic. Emerald singlets. Fire engine red hair. Poison mist. A heel tag team turning face.

Sweetest kids you could meet. Mary used to be in a long term relationship with Clayton but had a disagreement about the future. After breaking up, Clayton was sleeping around with married women, even the wife of a local mobster. Mary still wanted to mend broken fences and reconnect. Lily was cordial enough with him while they were dating but was incredibly suspicious. She'll tell a story about him stiffing someone else with a hotel bill Sofia had asked him to cover.

Quotes: Mary - **inconsolable crying** Lily - *"That bastard broke Mary's heart. He deserved what he got, by his hand or someone else's."*



“Young Gun” Billy Cassidy aka Austin Hardy

Fastest flips in the West. Cowboy hat over a stubbled scalp and an open pearl snap shirt. Comes out with a coiled rope. Wrestles in jeans.

“The Young Gun” isn’t so young anymore. While working a feud with Barbarossa last year, Clayton hip-tossed him onto the backrest of an open folding chair. Afterwards, Billy swore he was going to kill Barbarossa when he got the chance.

Quote: ***“It’s a tragedy. Yeah, we had disagreements but we’re still the brotherhood of the rambling boots.”***

“Never thought the two-bit hack would take care of himself.”

Hammer Hartigan aka Roscoe Murdoch

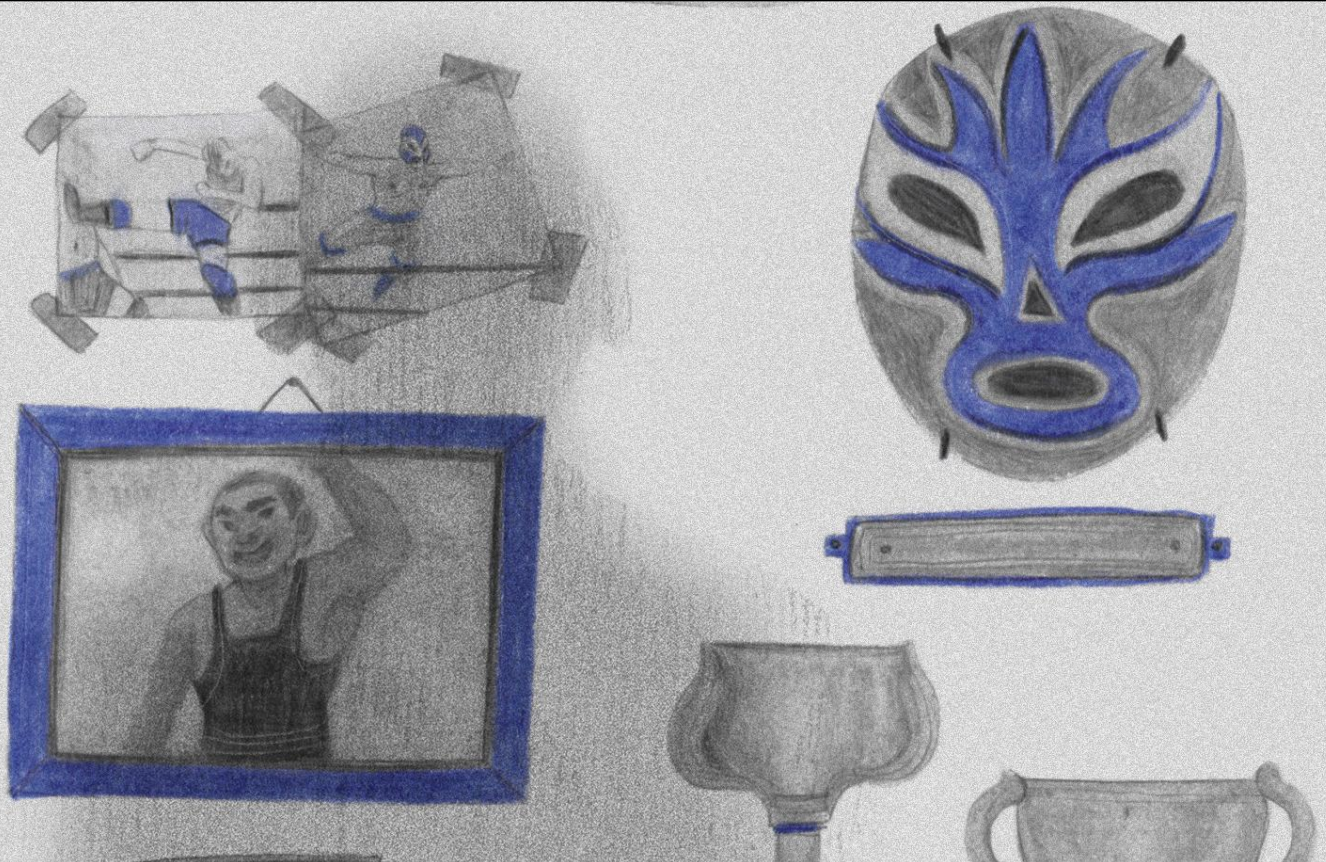
Hellraiser by birth but straightedge by the Grace of God. Everyman. On a collision course with Alphonse Bentley.

Top heavy. Jailhouse tattoos cover his arms, writhing like smoke from a tire fire. Did time, but got out on parole for “good behavior.” Now his only vice is cards, even if he loses a lot.

Quotes:

“I see you’ve known hard times, I have too. Eating pork n’ beans outta the can and living in the dead-ends.”

“No one just gets into this business for a ‘good time.’ We all crave the roar of the crowd and a bit of control. Anyone who tells you they don’t want to be on top is lying.”



Paint the Scene

The wrestling show

Held in the Solomon Heindelwood High School Gymnasium. Awash in faded glory of yesteryear but renewed with fresh blood. What is a prize, souvenir, or piece of memorabilia from an earlier case you similarly cherish? Add it to your Cozy Place.

The locker room

Mismatched fluorescent hues paint a sickly scene. Grime and mildew hide in cracks and crevices between the tiles and lockers. What are the signs that this was a spontaneous crime?

Barbarossa's car

It's one of those crossovers. Looking inside you see evidence of a dozen hustles in mid-motion. How do you know he felt the end was near?

Clues

- Barbarossa's keys in a suspect's bag.
- A veritable cornucopia of medications and pill bottles spill from a bag.
- A revolver with one of Barbarossa's signature red hairs tangled in the cylinder.
- Billy Cassidy's rope was hacked through on one end.
- A positive pregnancy test dropped in the trash after someone leaves the restroom.
- Rope burns across someone's palms.
- Barbarossa's missing boots, a thumb drive stuffed inside details a business plan.
- Compromising photographs of a suspect.
- A fanny pack stuffed with cash.
- Prescription strength painkillers in a generic ibuprofen bottle.
- Color handbills for "Slam Chowder."
- A signed contract with Gauntlet League Wrestling.
- An appraisal for the NECW Heavyweight Championship belt.
- Text message ultimatum about a debt.
- A heated argument between a worker and management or production crew.
- GLW scouting reports in the victim's handwriting.
- A suicide letter. Possibly forged.
- Previously missing security tape.
- A tightly wrapped bundle of drugs under the spare wheel.
- A small knot-tying guide you'd find at a sporting goods store.

Void Clues

- Everyone's eyes pop stark white against the lurid masks of blood pouring down their faces.
- The crowd's chant distorts into ominous ritual phrases, the words unclear but the intent is naked.
- In the ring, life struggles with death. Feeding on hope and fear. Vying for belief.
- A severed lower leg and foot still in the wrestling boot. Doesn't belong to anyone.
- A horse clops through, leaving a trail of water behind but no other signs of its presence.
- An action figure with a knot of red hair around its throat. Dried blood in the joints.



Leviathan's Bridge

An incursion hidden in the mist.

Seekers of the Misty Isles

New occupations, backgrounds and drives.

Artifacts Shrouded in Mist

Three dozen peculiar items to discover.



TROPHY

GABRIEL ROBINSON

LEVIATHAN'S BRIDGE

INTRODUCTION

The floating mangrove city of Seeker's Rest has long been a bastion for reclusive goblin seers and loremasters who sought to protect their sacred texts and accumulated knowledge from pillagers. It serves as a home to all refugees who may not be welcome elsewhere. The layered grove forms the foundation of the city, while the Leviathan's Bridge stretches overhead—an arboreal monument of twisting vines, branches, and the immense, weightless bones of a whale, culminating in a temple formed from its massive skull. It is said that generations of seers still sit in eternal contemplation of the glowing star which rests within its cavern. Priceless scriptures and artifacts of an advanced civilization lie scattered within the twisted mangrove, shrouded by mists and largely hidden from the outside world, save the few who find their way there seeking refuge or wisdom.

THEME

Mist.

The Leviathan's Bridge is a near-mythical monument, rarely seen by outsiders. Consider the symbolism of things lost in the mists of time or shrouded in mystery, as well as the cyclical nature of history and of water as it evaporates, gathers in rain clouds, and falls again. It also involves a literal bridge between the realms of solid earth and misty air in the form of a huge leviathan skeleton, long overgrown and inhabited by creatures of land, sea, and sky. Flora and fauna appearing throughout the incursion all move between these realms in some way—living within an element but not entirely belonging to it.

Note

Goblins are presented in this incursion as survivors of colonialism who built a hidden city to defend and preserve the culture of an advanced civilization. Too often, fantasy settings present “other” races in a way that is problematic, to say the least. They are included here as people who are unusual in their innovation, adaptation to their environment, and rela-

tionship with celestial powers. This incursion aims to reframe goblins in a fantasy setting as unique people without falling into the “primitive” or “noble savage” tropes. Consider ways that treasure-hunters may interact with a still-thriving pocket of civilization. While treasures are plentiful throughout the incursion, their theft from sacred places will be met with harsh consequences. The treasure-hunters are the outsiders here, encountering things beyond their assumed knowledge. Ask the players why their characters are entering the temple at the end of the Leviathan's Bridge—they may be seeking knowledge that is far more valuable than gold. As the adventure sets will outline, such things are not so easily earned—and those who experience them are never the same.

SEEKERS OF THE MISTY ISLES

OCCUPATIONS

Asylum Seeker (*survival, disguise, scavenging*)

Apiarist (*climbing, swarms, resilience*)

Harpooner (*weapons, poise, ruthlessness*)

Star-Seer (*prophecy, attunement, translation*)

BACKGROUNDS

Goblin Refugee (*invention*)

Injured Naturalist (*flora and fauna*)

Fallen Skydancer (*focus*)

Severed Root-Folk (*regeneration*)

DRIVES

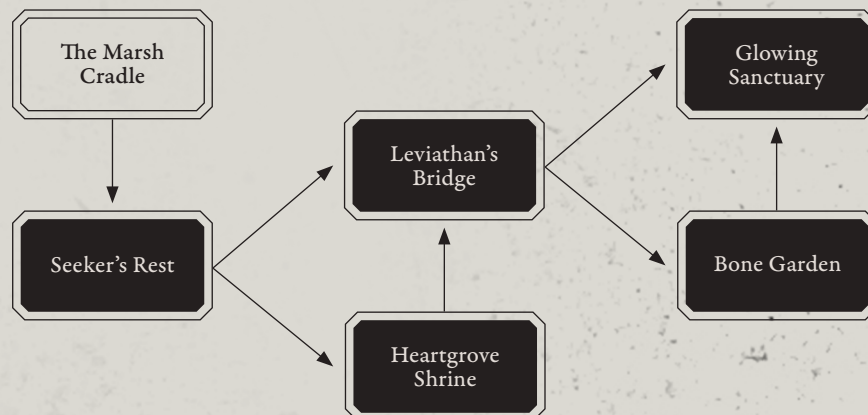
Reconcile with your estranged relative in Seeker's Rest

Dissolve a traumatic memory or learn your secret family history

Establish an alliance with the Goblin Council

Follow the path of the Saltmarsh Prophet

FLOWCHART



SET NAME	THE MARSH CRADLE	
SET GOAL	Locate the drifting mangrove city of Seeker's Rest.	
OVERVIEW	MOMENTS	
A weaving series of interconnected streams, bordered by dense jungle and abandoned settlements. Marsh goats, mud crawlers, and other scavengers lurk among the ruins. The group must navigate through the maze of mangrove roots and sunken dwellings to find the open lagoon and the floating city beyond.	<p>Heavy mist obscures the way, bubbles in the murky water, a sulfurous stench.</p> <p>A pale blue heron studies the water, beak stabbing down to impale a soft young turtle.</p> <p>Bleached bones of an elephant, caught in the roots and overgrown with vines.</p> <p>A procession of fiddler crabs, carrying away pieces of rotting meat.</p> <p>A lone, pale figure crouches on shore, watching the group—albino features, muscled belly, caked in mud. If approached, they dive into the water, long dreadlocks trailing behind like a tail.</p>	
PROPS	TRAPS	TREASURES
<p>Wreckage of a small barge. Broken pots and a sealed traveler's chest half-sunken in mud.</p> <p>A floating mangrove tree, small golden monkey sitting still in its upper branches.</p> <p>Ruined hut, its crumbling thatched roof home to nesting creatures.</p>	<p>A tangle of nets and fishing hooks, obscured just under the surface.</p> <p>A nest of mangrove snakes, shimmering indigo with gold stripes. Swift in the water, venomous.</p> <p>Schools of fanged fish, drawn to the scent of blood or struggles in the water.</p>	<p>A small feline skull, mineralized with precious crystals.</p> <p>Bone dagger, carved in the shape of a winged serpent.</p> <p><i>Eternal Glory</i>, a book of legendary heroes and their deeds. Bound in faded green leather with gold trim.</p> <p>Sealed map case, containing an incomplete chart of the region. Markings in blue ink indicate possible locations of an island.</p>
SPECIAL RULES	The party enters the set by canoe. Maneuvering their boat between dense roots and branches may prompt <i>Risk Rolls</i> , while navigating the shifting maze of the Marsh Cradle requires <i>Hunt Rolls</i> —the changing tide and current making passage unpredictable.	

7	MARSH GOAT — Shaggy beard layered with mud and leaves, salt-encrusted horns, bleary eyes. Possibly lost travelers.	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Diving into the river with mournful bellows <input type="checkbox"/> Shaking vigorously, scattering loose mud <input type="checkbox"/> Staring balefully, unblinking 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Muttering ominous one-word portents <input type="checkbox"/> Scavenging on rotting fish and the eggs of marsh birds <input type="checkbox"/> Imitating the screams and splashes of previous travelers 	
Strange — Unnerving stare	WEAKNESS Ravenous — Will try to eat anything	

8	MUD CRAWLER — Giant spotted fish with bulging eyes, cavernous toothy maw and strong front flippers for climbing.	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Lurking in wait, eyes peering above murky water <input type="checkbox"/> Croaking boisterous mating calls <input type="checkbox"/> Gripping roots to drag itself from the water 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Leaping from a hidden branch <input type="checkbox"/> Seizing the unwary with clamp-like jaws <input type="checkbox"/> Belching violently, expelling half-digested remains 	
Toxic — Sulphurous belch	WEAKNESS Soft — Bloated flesh	

SET NAME		SEEKER'S REST	
SET GOAL		Earn acceptance as visitors to the city.	
OVERVIEW		MOMENTS	
<p>Emerging from the mist is an island formed entirely from mangroves—a wall of interwoven roots and branches rising from the sea. Its upper tiers vanish into the fog. Rope ladders and driftwood walkways jut out in every direction. Glowing lanterns and tent flaps hang throughout the roots and branches, while a maze of tunnels and chambers within conceal the true density of the city. Small coracles and heavy canoes line the piers, where a few fishing poles are tended by goblinfolk and others who make their home here.</p> <p>Note: Travelers enquiring about the temple above will eventually be directed to the Heartgrove Shrine. Exploring the upper tiers of the city eventually leads to the Leviathan's Bridge.</p>		<p>A turtle-shell coracle, newly repaired, is lowered into the water with a cheer as it floats.</p> <p>A young goblin feeds leftover scraps to her blue lobster on a leash.</p> <p>The scent of grilling seafood, spices, and seaweed.</p> <p>The droning melody of reed pipes, and syncopated, trancelike percussion of a group playing hollow wooden trunks, fish skin drums, shell and bone rattles.</p> <p>A fisherman wrestles with a captured squid, a tug-of-war between land and sea.</p> <p>A serene procession of ash-marked initiates, bearing incense and glowing shell lanterns. Their chant rises and falls, the whisper of lapping tides and chorus of thundering waves.</p>	
PROPS		TRAPS	TREASURES
<p>The Haven, a dizzying assemblage of stairs, rope ladders and footbridges decorate the mangrove roots. More inventive dwellings hang from the side of trees, while others are simple flaps over root burrows. Everything is fashioned from woven fibers, salvaged textiles, and driftwood.</p> <p>The Silk Market, a massive hollow at the center of the grove, tents surrounding an open pool of ocean. The tide swells below. Immense, cone-shaped baskets hang submerged in the pool, where small fish and crustaceans are raised.</p> <p>The immense Heart Tree, stretching upward into fog. Hints of reflected sunlight twinkle from its canopy.</p>		<p>Aggressive fishmongers press bargains for their special catch: unidentifiable creatures, their freshness questionable.</p> <p>A gambling table in the market, bizarre and frequently changing rules as runes are cast and prizes offered and switched every round.</p> <p>The cloying, pungent smoke of cooking fires and intoxicating incense in the market causes a light trance or full-on delirium if breathed too long.</p>	<p><i>May be purchased or traded for:</i></p> <p>Crab-claw climbing hooks and seaweed ropes.</p> <p>Light armor: giant crab shell, reinforced bark, and sharkskin leather.</p> <p>Glow-lights made from neon fish in sealed, translucent shells.</p> <p>"Fisher's Friend"—a bronze, iridescent lichen—euphoric and vision-enhancing if chewed. Habitual use causes eyes to glow.</p> <p>Bone charms, said to repel spirits with a "holy aura" (<i>Useless</i>).</p> <p>Bottled marsh gas, flammable.</p>
ADDITIONAL TRAPS		Recruiters from the cult of the All-Devourer, wearing ornaments of crocodile parts. As crocodiles have long been extinct, the cult seeks to bring about their return. They believe a giant, albino crocodile still lives in the swamp and hope to earn her favor with sacrificial offerings.	
SPECIAL RULES		The residents of Seeker's Rest are wary of visitors—asking directions to the upper pathways of the Heart Tree may incur obligations, or come at the cost of "donations." Use <i>Hunt Rolls</i> to gather information and <i>Risk Rolls</i> if needed to avoid negative consequences if they arouse suspicion. As outsiders, they must prove their intentions here.	

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Demanding tribute | <input type="checkbox"/> Rambling to herself, tales of whale hunts and island survival |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Grasping passers by, peering close, seeking familiar faces | <input type="checkbox"/> Rising from the depths, snatching treasures for her collection |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Lamenting what this city has come to | <input type="checkbox"/> Muttering a spell to animate fish skeletons, cursing when it fails |

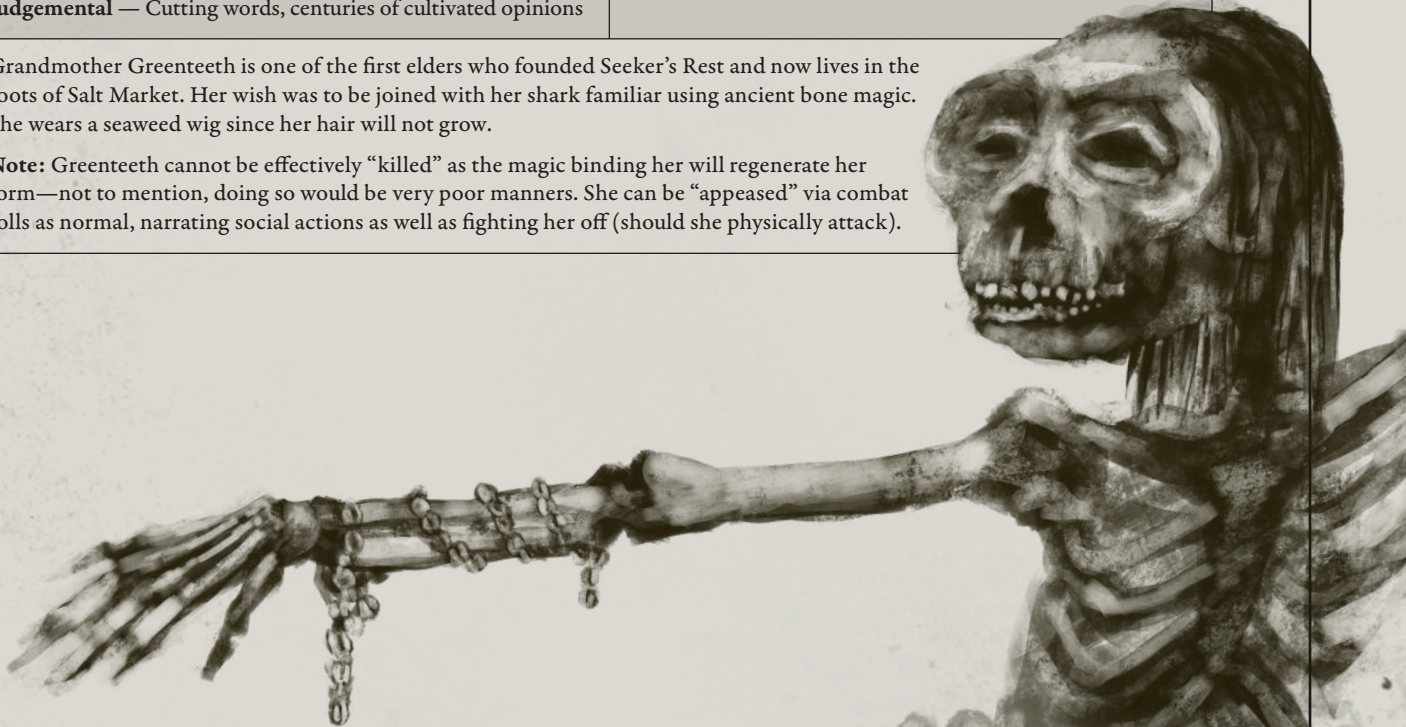
Undying — Regenerates

Judgemental — Cutting words, centuries of cultivated opinions

WEAKNESS Vain — Distracted by offerings, stories, praise

Grandmother Greenteeth is one of the first elders who founded Seeker's Rest and now lives in the roots of Salt Market. Her wish was to be joined with her shark familiar using ancient bone magic. She wears a seaweed wig since her hair will not grow.

Note: Greenteeth cannot be effectively "killed" as the magic binding her will regenerate her form—not to mention, doing so would be very poor manners. She can be "appeased" via combat rolls as normal, narrating social actions as well as fighting her off (should she physically attack).



FOLK OF SEEKER'S REST

- Akruna, an ailing shaman who came here to teach the children so they will not forget how to hear the spirits. Covered in tattoos. Deep smiling wrinkles.

- Kiri and Nili, identical twins who speak their own language, understand animal speech and never forget the day's weather. Bald, bright eyed, perceptive.

- Sundar, an herbalist and brewer of potent spiced mushroom teas. Scowling, silent, focused. His stall is open at all hours. On a driftwood altar, an empty cup sits beneath the portrait of his missing husband.

- Masrudin, once a goat herder, now intent on training octopi to catch shrimp for him. Braided grey goatee. Complains of joint pains. Full of obtuse proverbs.

- Ningal, a weaver, masked fortune teller and cultivator of moongrass. Long braids, shell necklaces, mysterious smile. A flying fox companion brings her treasures.

- Lem, a shipwrecked merchant, well versed in local goods and rumors. Colorful, if faded, attire from their homeland. Twinkling eyes, hearty laugh.

OBLIGATIONS OR FAVORS

- Escort them to the temple, to inter their loved one's ashes.

- Obtain a golden orchid which only grows near the temple guardian.

- Clear a path of carnivorous plants which threaten their family shrine.

- Hunt down a cackling winged beast and the small statue it stole.

- Convince an angry spirit to stop haunting them.

- Share a good story or song: something magical, inspiring, or scandalous. Visitors are rare, and the elders here only repeat the same tales.

SET NAME		HEARTGROVE SHRINE	
SET GOAL		Learn the history and significance of the Drifting Temple.	
OVERVIEW		MOMENTS	
<p>While the towering Heart Tree bears an ancient temple in its upper branches. For most residents of Seeker's Rest, visiting the shrine at its base is enough. Here, a dense canopy shelters moss-carpeted pathways, pale fungi and delicate orchids. Roots weave and intertwine in every direction, many inscribed with runes: symbols of small gods, prayers and remembrances. Shell candles, crystals, and ornaments of repurposed metals are placed in every nook available, while simple prayer flags hang above. Symbols and inscriptions throughout the shrine hint at stories:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ❑ A fragmented crystal, figures holding pieces, levitating—spinning in the air with colorful robes flowing as if underwater. ❑ Waterfowl diving under water, fish taking flight—humanoid figures travel among them. ❑ A giant whale—swimming, swallowing a glowing orb, floating to the surface, decomposing as its skeleton rises from the water. ❑ A group of figures lowering a bundle of bones, bound in vines, into the water. A fearsome insectoid creature emerges. ❑ Figures in canoes fleeing warships, landing on a floating tree—mist or smoke hiding them. Ships dragged down or broken against the island. ❑ A group of monks sit cross-legged—some floating above ground, some barely visible. <p>The party may glean the following history from the inscriptions:</p> <p><i>Long before the seas began to rise, the ancient goblin seers saw the signs and made preparation. Fleeing their ancestral home as marauding humans encroached upon their borders, they took to the sea in their canoes, called by the song of a great leviathan. As prophecy foretold, the beast swallowed a fallen star and became imbued with its power—glowing and buoyant. Guided by this living miracle, generations of goblin kin guarded the beast, tending the mangroves which took root on its back and deepening their bonds with the creatures of water and sky. Eventually, they built a sanctuary from the blessed bones of the whale, guiding roots and branches to form the structure which still drifts upright to this day. Generations of monks to come would continue the work, dedicating themselves to life above the city while the mission of sheltering refugees of all kinds continued below. Access to the Drifting Temple is only open to initiates of the order, however, such traditions have largely died out and communication from the temple is rare.</i></p> <p>This knowledge may help to better navigate challenges ahead (such as encountering spirits and guardians).</p>		<p>Steady dripping from the canopy above, tapping out melodies on hollow wood.</p> <p>Fireflies, jewelled beetles, vibrantly hued dart frogs, and bright banded snakes appear and vanish amidst layers of hanging moss and fallen leaves.</p> <p>Visitors silently tread the moss paths, pausing at shrines, vanishing behind roots.</p> <p>Wind chimes of shell, bone, and semi-precious metals clink together gently overhead.</p> <p>A shrine attendant invites visitors to leave offerings and sip the fragrant orchid nectar—on this special day, a ritual to become open to the spirit world (see Special Rules).</p>	
PROPS		TRAPS	
<p>Tiny mirrors of crystal and iridescent seashells, embedded in the tree roots. Small candles are placed in front of each.</p> <p>Offering bowls, some empty, some containing food, coins, or jewelry.</p> <p>Small bundles of bones, stacked carefully in open hollows.</p> <p>Bone and hardwood steps, embedded in the sides of the Heart Tree lead upward.</p>		<p>Unless a more significant offering is left in exchange, any treasures removed from the shrine will anger the spirits which live here, inflicting the condition <i>Haunted</i>.</p> <p>Vampire Ferns grow unimpeded off the shrine paths, luring the foolish.</p>	
TREASURES		<p>Blessed seawater. Heals 1 Ruin.</p> <p>A gilded feather. Calms the fear of heights or falling when worn.</p> <p>Hardwood ocarina. Invokes a memory of nearby spirits when played.</p> <p>Palm-leaf scripture, written in an ancient tongue. Translated, it is titled <i>Praises of the Eternal Weaver</i>.</p> <p>Ornate wooden mask, bearing a fearsome demon face. Allows the wearer to see spirits.</p>	

SET NAME	HEARTGROVE SHRINE (CONTINUED)
ADDITIONAL TRAPS	Meddling with any bones stirs an angry spirit, inflicting horrific visions of persecution and pursuit by raiders.
SPECIAL RULES	Any treasure hunter who makes an offering to the spirits of the shrine or tastes the orchid nectar may access the following Ritual: Moonlight (<i>become luminous and ephemeral, floating above ground</i>) Learning this Ritual immediately increases a treasure hunter's Ruin by 1. If the treasure hunter leaves the incursion, the Ritual is forgotten.

6 VAMPIRE FERN — Mesmerizing feathery fronds undulate, a plant-creature which looks like it once lived in the sea.

• Waving slowly, as if underwater	•• Changing colors, glowing hues to attract prey
•• Quivering in anticipation of a meal	••• Draining the dry husk of a small creatures
••• Crawling along almost imperceptibly	••• Dropping old bones and feathers
Hypnotic — Entrancing patterns	WEAKNESSES Fire/sharp weapons
Sticky — Grasping leaves	

The vampire fern is a parasitic plant-creature which waits to trap unwary prey and drain them with its barbed spines.

8 TREE CRABS — Slow, tree-climbing scavengers with moss-fringed carapaces, powerful tearing claws, and piercing limbs.

• Peeling away tree bark, carving burrows into wood	•• Dismantling scavenged treasure
•• Droning, chirping in imitation of birds	••• Feeding (and occasionally feasting upon) their brood
••• Descending upon unwary prey	••• Nesting in interlocking piles
Armored — Heavy carapace	WEAKNESS Clumsy— Cannot right themselves if flipped

Tree crabs work in harmony with the vampire fern—the fern's color patterns and grasping fronds trap prey while the crabs descend to tear it apart.



SET NAME		LEVIATHAN'S BRIDGE	
SET GOAL		Traverse the sky-bridge to reach the temple.	
OVERVIEW		MOMENTS	
<p>Swaying in the wind, the upper branches of the Heart Tree give way to flowering vines, once carefully trained in woven patterns, long overgrown. Suspended within the vine canopy floats the vast skeleton of the leviathan itself, ribs like tree trunks stretching down into the mist. Sunlight beams through the spaces between vertebrae, revealing segments of a still-hanging footbridge which vanishes into the dense foliage ahead. Sky weavers (arboreal octopi) nest in between the ribs and vertebrae, weaving plant fibers and cultivating bromeliads to collect rainwater which form their communal sleeping pools.</p>		<p>The constant shifting and swaying of the rope bridge segments and vine walls.</p> <p>Rain and wind wash over the outside of the canopy as rainbows and mist appear within.</p> <p>Curious sky-weavers emerge from bromeliads or pause in their dismantling and reweaving of vines around the bridge—glistening skin blooming in expressive patterns.</p>	
PROPS		TRAPS	TREASURES
<p>Giant bromeliads, thick and sturdy vines, dense hanging moss overhead.</p> <p>The rope bridge, suspended from the hulking vertebrae above by heavy, braided vines. Some intact segments are a few paces long, others a single step hanging over the void like a trapeze.</p> <p>An old resting platform hangs midway—a giant clamshell wedged between the pillar-like ribs. A hunter's blowgun and darts are stashed under a reed mat.</p>		<p>Hunting snares, rigged to suspend intruders until they can be retrieved—or left to the mercy of scavengers.</p> <p>Rotten wood planks of the bridge, eaten through by barnacle-beetles.</p> <p>A nest of young <i>sawtooth vultures</i>, reeking of carrion. If stirred, they scream eagerly to be fed.</p> <p>A large beehive, humming with languid worker bees, surrounded by sleep-inducing flowers.</p> <p>Coral centipedes—aggressive when startled, inflicting an icy, numbing bite.</p>	<p>Small book bound in faded red leather, titled <i>A History of False Gods</i>.</p> <p>Bundle of herbs, useful in healing potions.</p> <p>Steel-tipped arrows and finely forged spears which missed their mark.</p>
ADDITIONAL TRAPS		A clear view of the open ocean far below may prompt a <i>Risk Roll</i> to avoid the Condition <i>Gripped by Fear</i> .	
ADDITIONAL TREASURES		A fallen explorer's pack containing any three pieces of Backpack Equipment.	
SPECIAL RULES		The precarious structure of the bridge should prompt frequent <i>Risk Rolls</i> , while <i>Hunt Rolls</i> reveal traps. <i>Repeated failures</i> when navigating these obstacles will quickly alert the Temple Guardian from the adjacent set, drawing the creature away from the temple threshold towards the party. Should this occur, transition to the Bone Garden .	

SET NAME	BONE GARDEN	
SET GOAL	Pass the guardian to enter the temple.	
OVERVIEW	MOMENTS	
<p>The final ribs and vertebrae of the leviathan skeleton hang suspended, woven together with living vines to form a series of pillars with passageways on either side. Spidery bromeliads and creeping succulents sprout from dried husks of other plants and creatures. Beyond rests the gleaming opal dome of the leviathan's skull, cavernous opening overgrown with fragrant blooming lichen. In the open doorway waits the Guardian—impossibly tall and graceful, an awakened assemblage terrible to behold. It sways gently with the breeze to mimic the stirring foliage around it.</p>	<p>The drone of insects and occasional shifting crumble of dry bone pieces.</p> <p>Spider crabs crawl slowly across the form of the Guardian, provoking no response.</p> <p>Utter stillness as the wind calms.</p>	
PROPS	TRAPS	TREASURES
<p>Bone pillars, overgrown with bright fungus and flowering vines.</p> <p>Withered corpses and scattered animal remains—a garden of bones and coral.</p> <p>Pale blue cocoons of tide-moths hang overhead.</p> <p>Scrimshaw hieroglyphs line the leviathan ribs, runes, and star charts.</p>	<p>Crumbling slats of the foot-bridge give way to open sky and distant sea below.</p> <p>Sharp, spiny protrusions of bone, pointed barnacles, thorny vines.</p>	<p>Ornamental box of glass and metal, full of calming incense.</p> <p>Holy symbol of a forgotten cult, useless but worth 1 Gold.</p> <p>Fragments of hollow whalebone, glittering crystal inside.</p> <p>Skydancer's Belt—shimmering eel skin, studded with pale crystals. Body heat charges the levitating crystals, but precise maneuvering in the air takes extensive training.</p>
SPECIAL RULES	<p>Any movement across the floor or walls around the Guardian prompts a <i>Risk Roll</i> to avoid detection. Only through levitation or temporary flight (such as using a ritual or special equipment) can its heightened senses be bypassed.</p>	

11 BONE MANTIS/TEMPLE GUARDIAN — A looming assemblage of polished bones and hardwood, inscribed with runes.

- Tapping wood and bone in melodious rhythm
- Swaying, as if moved by the wind
- Snatching a passing lizard from a vine
- Scaling walls methodically, never losing purchase
- Tilting its head as if listening for intruders
- Hunched, motionless, waiting to strike

Perceptive — Sensitive to vibration, anticipating any movements towards it

Crush — Vicious pincer-limbs immobilize, tear limbs

WEAKNESSES Fabricated — Formed from hardwood and bone, its joints can be severed
 Animated — Powered by a glowing crystal embedded in its chest (*If removed, the crystal is worth 4 Gold. However, it constantly hums and vibrates with the restless energy of the spirit trapped within.*)

The bone mantis has brutal hooked limbs inlaid with the teeth and spines of ocean predators. Glowing runes are inscribed across its head and torso.

SET NAME		GLOWING SANCTUARY				
SET GOAL		Commune with the glowing presence.				
OVERVIEW		MOMENTS				
<p>Entering the sanctuary instantly imparts a sense of calm. The bone walls glow faintly, warmed by the outer sun. Most surfaces are inlaid with gems and shells, runic inscriptions and tiled murals. A glowing orb of star-metal floats at the center of the chamber, emanating silver light. Seated in alcoves on either side are the forms of monks in meditation—some breathing slowly, others like living statues. Some appear as patterns of light and gold dust.</p>		<p>Wind across small holes in the temple walls makes a soothing song.</p> <p>The hovering star appears to change hue according to the mood of the viewer.</p> <p>The echoes of hymns once recited here—calming or unnerving, depending on the mindset of the listener.</p>				
PROPS		TRAPS	TREASURES			
<p>The Celestial Heart, blessed source of power for the temple and repository of knowledge. It is clearly not of this world. Anyone may approach it (see <i>Special Rules</i>) though its power may become overwhelming.</p> <p>Ossuaries line the walls from floor to ceiling: bones of saints, pilgrims and strange beasts.</p> <p>A long, inclined path leading to open sky—the open jaws of the leviathan, where sun and moon each pass through.</p>		<p>Those who seek to draw too much from the glowing presence become bound to it, compelled to take their place in one of the empty seats along the temple walls.</p> <p>Mirror of Truth: a flawless silver mirror set into one alcove, bordered by luminous opals. A treasure-hunter who gazes into it must make a <i>Risk Roll</i> to avoid gaining the Condition <i>Remorseful</i> as they see their own failures and misdeeds gazing back unflinchingly.</p>	<p>River-pearl prayer beads, infusing the wearer with an abhorrence for violence.</p> <p>Silk hangings, illustrating monks on stages of the spiritual journey. Prolonged viewing imparts the Condition <i>Dreams of the Misty Isle</i> (see Conclusion).</p> <p>Saint's skull, inlaid with abalone shell and silver. Obviously quite valuable—touching it, however, awakens <i>The Vengeful</i>.</p>			
ADDITIONAL TRAPS		As with the Heartgrove Shrine, any tampering with remains in the temple will disturb the spirits, prompting Risk Rolls to avoid gaining the Condition <i>Haunted</i> .				
ADDITIONAL TREASURES		Bones of strange, long-extinct beasts with unusual horns, fins, and spiny tails.				
SPECIAL RULES		<p>Treasure hunters who commune with the star may access the following Ritual:</p> <p>Archive (<i>trade a precious memory to learn a lost piece of lore</i>)</p> <table border="0"> <tr> <td>This Ritual may only be performed in the temple—the ability to use it fades if the treasure hunter leaves the incursion.</td> <td>A piece of lore gained in this may include useful information such as histories, maps, or a named monster's Weakness.</td> <td>Additionally, losing an important memory may cause the treasure hunter's Drive to change in some way (see Conclusion).</td> </tr> </table> <p>Communion with the glowing Celestial Heart may grant visions:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> ☐ A tiny serpent stirs inside you, hungry for your dreams. ☐ Eaten by a crocodile, passing through its belly, nourishing the riverbed. ☐ Drowned by the weight of all the gold you have claimed or sought. ☐ Every person you have lost, urging you to complete your tasks in this life. ☐ Every person still alive because of your intervention. ☐ The cycle of your own birth and death, repeating through myriad forms. 		This Ritual may only be performed in the temple—the ability to use it fades if the treasure hunter leaves the incursion.	A piece of lore gained in this may include useful information such as histories, maps, or a named monster's Weakness.	Additionally, losing an important memory may cause the treasure hunter's Drive to change in some way (see Conclusion).
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|--|---|
| • Reciting stanzas, quick as darts, piercing the will | ☐☐ Whispering the secret word which locks limbs in place |
| •• Invoking spectral visions of famed battles and violence | ☐☐☐ Graciously inviting foes to surrender now and save face |
| ••• Manifesting the blood of fallen colonizers | ☐☐☐☐ Unleashing a mournful dirge, gripping the heart with despair |

Incorporeal — Unharmed by physical weapons

WEAKNESS Devout — Calmed by holy symbols, recited prayers, or displays of true piety

The Vengeful was once a great warrior-poet from the Woven Islands, laid to rest in the sanctuary they fought so hard to protect. Stirred from peaceful slumber, they have no mercy for those who would violate the sanctity of this place.

Combat Rules: The Vengeful must be engaged or the spiritual force of their presence will overwhelm the treasure-hunters. Should the spirit be attacked with physical weapons, it will soon become clear that these have no effect. Instead, treasure-hunters must make “appeasements” to distract, calm, or otherwise de-escalate the conflict to return the spirit to rest. Make *Combat Rolls* as normal, inviting players to narrate their approach to the encounter.

CONCLUSION

Visitors to the Drifting Temple are rare. Those who manage to find their way to Seeker’s Rest, prove themselves worthy, and enter the temple are rarer still. But those who enter the Glowing Sanctuary are never the same. Some may choose to take a much longer rest there, communing with their ancestors or contemplating the events and choices of their life thus far. Some go there to forget, and rest instead in the luminous calm

sea from which they were born. But those who eventually leave find that their lives are forever changed:

Treasure hunters who visit the Sanctuary gain the permanent Condition *Dreams of the Misty Isle*, which can only be resolved by returning and taking their place at last within the roots of Seekers Rest. They may also find that their Drive no longer compels them in the same way, and may decide to choose a new one.

ARTIFACTS SHROUDED IN MIST

Finely crafted climbing hooks made from giant crab claws.	Waterproof eel skin parchment.
A sling made from braided vines and pouch of smooth stones.	Amber bead containing a tiny bird skull.
A blue pearl which induces deep meditation.	Palm-leaf inscription—a ritual song of ancestor worship.
Vial of blessed seawater, heals 1 Ruin.	Glowing chrysalis of an ember moth.
A sky-diver’s gliding fins, fashioned from giant insect wings.	Bone whistle, imitates a vulture scream.
Book of sea shanties and travelers’ tales.	An iridescent worm which will tunnel through any material.
Mossy opal stone which constantly drips water.	Set of crocodile-teeth runes.
Self-replenishing ball of blood moss.	Small lantern of azure fish skin, strung with prayer ribbons.
Wooden box containing a pet crab.	Lizard hide drum. Skin modulates tone to play melodies.
A tiny petrified sea-horse. Comes to life if placed in seawater.	Silk veil which turns objects under it transparent.
Bronzed and weathered spyglass. Reveals tomorrow’s weather.	Pitcher-plant bottle which dissolves anything placed in it.
Blowgun made from giant crab leg with sea-urchin darts.	Sky-dancer’s belt studded with levitating gems. Requires training.
Glass orb containing a poisonous frog.	Living net made of carnivorous seaweed. Awakens when watered.
Hollow crystal with water at its center which predicts weather.	Shrunken explorer’s head. Mutters cryptic advice when given liquor.
Miniature gemstone blade which hums in sunlight.	Drinking gourd which refills with fragrant water each morning.
Polished indigo ocarina, carved from an unknown horn.	Coiled green fern which always grows and does not wither.
Gauntlets of squid leather. Enhance grappling or climbing.	Spider-silk cord, stronger than steel.
Moonsnail compass, oriented to moon position and phases.	Phosphorescent mushroom lantern.

That Colossal Wreck

An incursion against the scale of history.



TROPHY

NATALIE ASH

THAT COLOSSAL WRECK

INTRODUCTION

*I met a traveller from an antique land,
Who said—"Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert... Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal, these words appear:
My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings;
Look on my Works, ye Mighty, and despair!
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal Wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away."
— Shelley, Ozymandias*

Your trading caravan has been crossing the desert for nearly a week. When you found Dieren, he was parched and delirious, ranting about a statue above a vast underground lake and mountains of gold. Sadly, you got little information beyond its direction before he fell to sleep and then to death. Still, you have the numbers and supplies to survive that journey and verify his tales: so much the better if you can fill a wagon with the gold he spoke of.

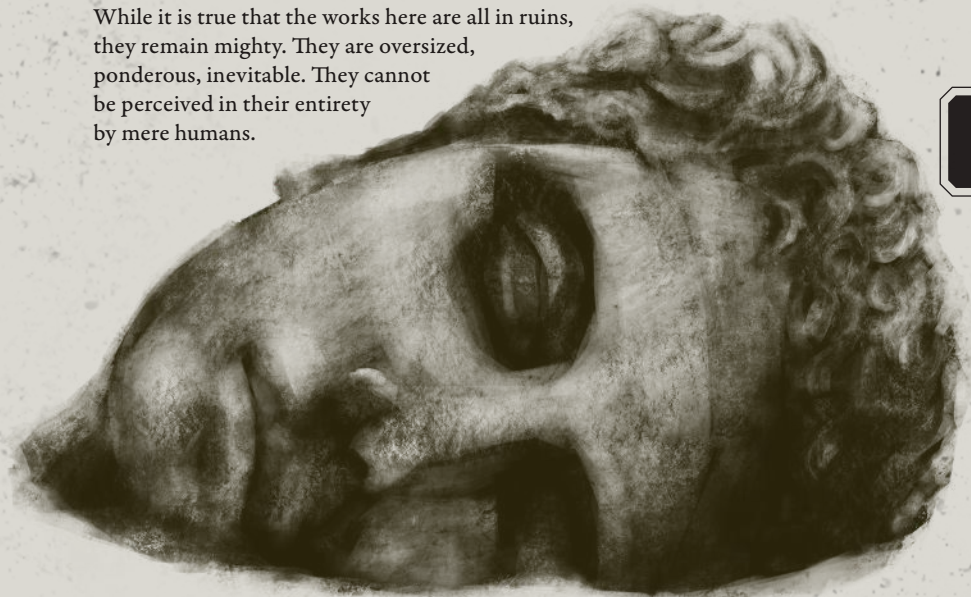
The Unknown Lord Selveror. Not recorded in any known works on Kalduhri history of the region. His reign was a narcissistic terror as he enslaved many people, forcing them to build monuments to his own greatness. After he was murdered by his "concubine," he was placated with a grand tomb within his mighty reservoir, then all monuments, statues, and references to him were purged from the record. The *Figure* (in **The Second Lock**) can relay this if the treasure-hunters probe.

THEME

Mighty Works.

While it is true that the works here are all in ruins, they remain mighty. They are oversized, ponderous, inevitable. They cannot be perceived in their entirety by mere humans.

FLOWCHART



SET NAME THE STATUE OF SELVEROR	
SET GOAL Enter the Reservoir.	
OVERVIEW	MOMENTS
The vast desert breaks around a massive pedestal on which stand two legs, broken at the hip. Nearby, a massive head is half-buried. The baking heat and unrelenting sun reveal nothing else to the eye.	<p>A bird flies overhead, at first seeming like a crow. It's moving far too slowly, though, and you realise it is larger than you thought. It might be a raven, but—as it finally reaches and perches atop the shattered leg of the statue—it is clearly much too large. It watches for a moment, then kicks a small boulder off and flies away.</p> <p>The sound of a titanic stone shifting, but nothing can be seen.</p> <p>A chorus of breathy clicking sounds from unknown sources. After a few minutes, it grows quiet.</p> <p>The skeleton of a small bird lies in the sand. It begins moving, almost standing up, then falls as a snake burrows up from the sand beneath it and slithers away.</p>
PROPS	TRAPS TREASURES
<p>The Half-Buried Head Even just the exposed half of this head dwarfs the caravan's wagons. The face is carved in the style of ancient Kalduhri royal carvings, but this is not a face known even to scholars of old Kalduhr.</p>	<p>A well-rendered drawing of this face would bring the gratitude of scholars, particularly if other archaeological evidence were also collected.</p>
<p>The Plaque At the front of the massive pedestal, this monolithic granite plinth has an inscription. While the ages have worn the surface to nigh-illegibility, the inlaid brass has left it ever-so-slightly readable. To a well-versed scholar of not just High Kalduhri, but the secret language of its priests, it could be read to speak of the priest-king Selveror and the Reservoir of the Moon built on this site.</p>	<p>With time and attention to detail, an illustrated rubbing could be made, increasing the archaeological record of this place.</p>
<p>The Hidden Door Between the two legs of the statue, a large granite slab has cracked and partially fallen, revealing a sand-covered staircase leading into the darkness below.</p>	<p><i>Sand Spiders</i> wait in the sand on the stairs.</p>
ADDITIONAL TRAPS	Sun stroke: fatigue and possible hallucinations.

8

SAND SPIDERS — Chitinous, bulbous, eight-legged form the size of a small dog. Two segmented tails with stingers.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Motionless, below a thin layer of sand | <input type="checkbox"/> Leaping at prey |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Stinging a recently-killed squirrel | <input type="checkbox"/> Walking in spirals |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Cleaning its shell with sand | <input type="checkbox"/> Ritualistically gesturing toward the moon |

Paralyzing poison

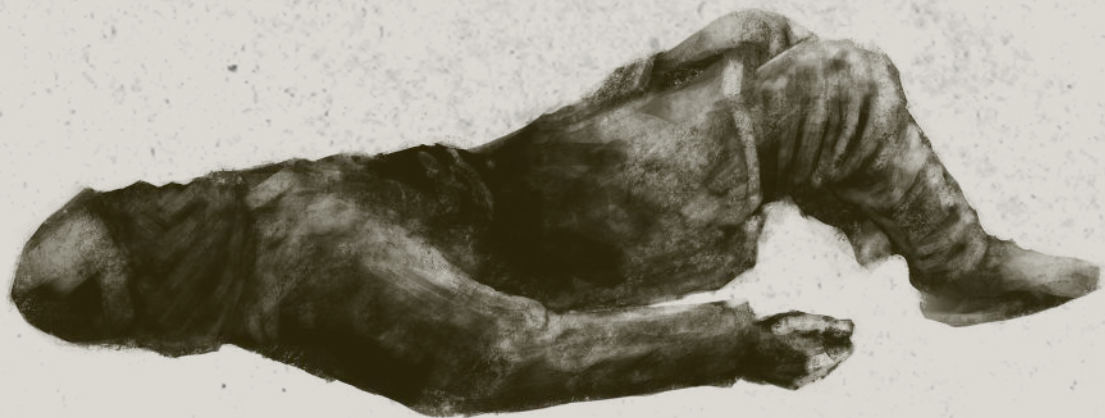
WEAKNESS Crushing

Come in packs of four to six.

SET NAME	THE UNDERGROUND TEMPLE	
SET GOAL	Gather the White Vial (any vial of any liquid placed into the silver altar will glow and turn into a thick, white liquid).	
OVERVIEW	MOMENTS	
<p>The steps descend into the unlit temple below. There is no light source, but there are free-standing braziers where torches could be placed. Within the temple, the walls are immense granite blocks and the floor appears to be a seamless flat sheet of highly-grained marble. The chamber that is immediately entered into contains The Pool of the Snake, but three doors open behind into other rooms. The walls and floors continue unbroken into those rooms as well.</p>	<p>From outside of the torchlight, a small pebble skitters into its lit area. (If the <i>body of another treasure-hunter</i> has been disturbed) a sound like <i>keh keh keh</i>, the sound of cats chittering at birds.</p> <p>Finger-painted text on a wall (purple paint) in common dialect, "I, Fomius, made Berran's mother scream in sexual ecstasy!" Next to this is a crude drawing of a man with an enormous phallus standing behind a woman on all-fours.</p>	
PROPS	TRAPS	TREASURES
<p>The Pool of the Snake This immense pool is lightly steaming in the cool, underground room. The water is very clear and waist-deep. Within the pool, across from the temple's entrance, the pool continues into a tunnel, the entrance of which is an elaborately carved and gilt archway.</p> <p>On the near side, the walls contain a series of hooks. Hanging from them and on the floor are the remains of leather and linen robes.</p>		
<p>The Tunnel There are tiled murals inside the partially submerged tunnel leading from the pool. They appear to show people clad in robes walking through the pool and tunnel, bearing vials of white liquid. They descend and board a boat, row to an island, and drink the white vial. The end is harder to interpret, but appears to show some kind of ascension from a place with piles of gold.</p>		
<p>Silver Vial Alter This center room in the temple is long and narrow, with no furniture other than the altar. The altar itself is a statue of granite and silver with a large asp's head as the top. In its open mouth is a stand to hold several vials. All are broken. On the floor next to the altar is the long-dead <i>body of another treasure hunter</i>.</p>	<p><i>Body of another treasure-hunter.</i> It will animate if touched.</p>	<p>On the <i>body of another treasure-hunter</i> is a bronze cylinder strung like a pendant around its neck. The cylinder is completely smooth, but one end of the cylinder is cut into a complicated geometry.</p> <p>If a white vial is created and consumed, the drinker gains the <i>Condition Initiate of Selveror</i>.</p>

SET NAME THE UNDERGROUND TEMPLE (CONTINUED)		
PROPS	TRAPS	TREASURES
<p>Bronze Vial Altar This leftmost room in the temple is long and narrow, with no furniture other than the altar. The altar itself is a statue of granite and bronze with a large asp's head as the top. In its open mouth is a stand to hold several vials. All but one are broken. The intact slender glass vial has a wax-sealed top and contains just under one ounce of thick, green liquid.</p>		<p>Green liquid vial. The one who drinks this will gain the following Conditions until the next moon-set:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>Immune to poison and venom</i> • <i>Envenomed blood</i>
<p>Gold Vial Altar This rightmost room in the temple is long and narrow, with no furniture other than the altar. The altar itself is a statue of granite and gold with a large asp's head as the top. In its open mouth is a stand to hold several vials, but only one is present, and it is intact. It has a wax-sealed top and contains just under one ounce of thick, bright red liquid.</p>		<p>Red Liquid Vial. The one who drinks this will gain the following Condition until the next moon-set:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • <i>Befuddled and gullible</i>
ADDITIONAL TREASURES	Particularly near the robes in the pool area, small pieces of tarnished-silver jewelry with stylized snake and moon motifs.	

7 BODY OF ANOTHER TREASURE-HUNTER	
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Lying motionless • Lying motionless • Lying motionless 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Lying motionless • Moves jerkingly, like a marionette • Makes a noise of clicks and <i>keh keh keh</i>
DEFENSE None	WEAKNESS None
<p>The skin of this corpse has become a dark-red leather, pulled tightly across the slight frame of this figure. The desert-style robes are well out-of-date.</p> <p>Note: Destroying this body is possible, but the animating spirit will not be harmed by mortal weapons. If confronted with weapons or abilities that can injure a spirit, it will flee through the floor.</p>	<p>HARVESTED FROM THE BODY</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Coin purse • Carved brass bangle • A small french-folded book of poetry titled <i>On a Winter's Walk</i>



SET NAME		THE DOCKS	
SET GOAL		Ready a skiff.	
OVERVIEW		MOMENTS	
<p>The tunnel from the pool ends on a ledge. A circular stair leads down into the darkness. The large space is cold and unlit. Torchlight doesn't penetrate far enough to give any sense of the space, and yet there are no echoes. The stair ends at a stone wharf. The surrounding reservoir waters lap gently. The water, as above, is incredibly clear, but the bottom cannot be seen. The hull of a boat is pulled up onto a stone quay. A building is carved into the cliff behind the docks.</p>		<p>A sudden increase in waves. After a moment, the water settles into gentle motion again.</p> <p>One destroyed dock has had a number of its crushed granite stones arranged in a delicately balanced stack.</p>	
PROPS		TRAPS	TREASURES
<p>The Skiff A 20' long skiff, with raised prow and stern carved in the shape of serpents. Pulled out of the water. The acacia wood planks are bound together with rope, several boards are missing, and no oars are present.</p>			
<p>The Building — Front Room Carved into the monolithic granite of the cliff, this room has completely smooth walls and contains freestanding clothing racks bearing the remains of heavy, white linen robes. There is another <i>body of a treasure-hunter</i> here, seemingly frozen to death. Its clothing is recognizable, but out-of-date. An open doorway leads deeper into the cliff.</p>		<p>Animate Bindings. Once all treasure-hunters enter the space, the spirit that animated the <i>body of another treasure-hunter</i> will animate the belts and robes in this room to ensnare the treasure-hunters. As previously, if the treasure-hunters seem capable of harming the spirit, it will flee. During the conflict, they will hear the <i>keh keh keh</i> again. If all treasure-hunters are ensnared, the spirit will manifest and slowly disembowel them, one-by-one, just to watch them die.</p>	<p>The body has a drawn map of the area marked with several circles. One such circle is around the entrance to this place. Another corresponds with a known and looted tomb. The other two are unknown to the treasure-hunters. This may be a treasure map.</p>
<p>The Building — Second Room Deeper into the cliff, this room is roughly-carved and contains the broken remnants of wood shelving (which could be salvaged to patch the boat). A sizable crack has opened in the back wall. It eventually opens into a natural cavern if squeezed through.</p>			
<p>The Cavern There are two small tents and heavy sleeping pallets around a makeshift fire pit. A leather vest with writing on it: "Fomius is dead outside this room. The spirit killed him. Leave, before you die, too. The white vial is a lie."</p>			
ADDITIONAL TREASURES		A tarnished, silver-plated, pewter tiara, cast as an ouroboros.	

SET NAME	THE FIRST LOCK	
SET GOAL	Open the First Lock.	
OVERVIEW	MOMENTS <i>while crossing the lake</i>	
<p>After rowing across the lake, it ends at a massive pair of doors, reaching well above the treasure-hunters, and well-below into the water. There is a quay on one side, with an entrance leading into the wall next to the door. Inside, the room has a large wheel, several large levers, and a cluster of crystals on a wall.</p>	<p>There is a spray of water onto the boat, and the hint of something black and oily slinking below the surface.</p> <p>A sudden wind blows, pushing the boat sideways for a moment.</p> <p>The sound of <i>keh keh keh</i> and it echoing back.</p>	
PROPS	TRAPS	TREASURES
<p>Window This looks out on the doors.</p>		
<p>Large Wheel The axle of this wheel is mounted somewhere in the floor below, and each stone spoke goes over the head, but has a convenient handle so it can be rotated. It rotates clockwise and anti-clockwise, but only affects the doors (opening and closing them) if all crystals are lit.</p>		
<p>Several Large Levers Mounted in a line, these three levers are all toggled away from the door. Each is as thick as a person's arm and ends above head-height, but they still move easily.</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • When the first lever is toggled, it switches the first and fourth crystals. • When the second lever is toggled, it switches the second and fourth crystals. • When the third lever is toggled, it switches the second and third crystals. 		
<p>Cluster of Crystals There are four white crystals mounted in the wall. They all begin off, but when they are toggled by the levers, they glow. After an hour, the room resets.</p>		
ADDITIONAL TRAPS	The <i>immortal guardian</i> lives in the lake waters.	

9

IMMORTAL GUARDIAN — This octopus has a deep, oily black skin. Its lengthy tentacles are topped with razor-sharp claws.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sleeping on the bottom | <input type="checkbox"/> Practicing rock stacking |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Swimming | <input type="checkbox"/> Floating on the surface |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Climbing onto rock ledges for a change of scenery | <input type="checkbox"/> Engaging in ritualized movements |

Drag Under — Strong tentacles easily grab treasure-hunters and pull them under the water's surface.

WEAKNESS None

Immortal — The Immortal Guardian will reawaken, healed, on the following moonrise.

SET NAME THE SECOND LOCK		
SET GOAL Open the Second Lock.		
OVERVIEW		
After opening the first lock, water surges back into the first pool, raising its level several feet. The second cavern is much as the first: too immense to see and no echoes to be heard. Traversing it brings the treasure-hunters to a second set of doors. Like the first, they have a small quay and room to the side. It contains a person sitting in a chair, and, as in the first room, a large wheel.		
PROPS	TRAPS	TREASURES
<p>The Figure Initially sitting in a basic wood chair, the figure is amiable enough. They will confirm to the treasure-hunters that the treasure of Lord Selveror is indeed beyond, in his tomb, but that the spirit of Selveror remains powerful, even in death, and will try to get the treasure-hunters to free it from its prison. The figure is the guardian of the tomb. The figure will happily allow the treasure-hunters to pass, noting only that it must seal the doors behind them, and they will only be able to leave if Lord Selveror is vanquished—no easy task with such a powerful spirit. Otherwise, it will not allow the treasure-hunters to unlock the gate, defending it violently, if it must.</p>		
<p>The Wheel It will not move freely. There is a cylindrical hole in the top center of the wheel. If the bronze cylinder (from the <i>body of another treasure-hunter</i>) is inserted, the wheel can move freely. An identical bronze cylinder can be claimed from the body of the Figure.</p>		

10 THE FIGURE — A humanoid covered in armor and layers of robes. It carries a fine sword.

<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Sitting still, ever vigilant <input type="checkbox"/> Reading—and reciting—ancient poetry <input type="checkbox"/> Patiently answering questions 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> <input type="checkbox"/> Guarding the gate of the tomb <input type="checkbox"/> Allowing entrance, but no exit <input type="checkbox"/> Wielding its fine sword
Armed — The fine sword is sharp enough to sever a limb.	WEAKNESS None
Despite its ancient source, the layered plate-and-chain armor the figure wears is in excellent condition. It is impossible to gather many details of the figure; it has an androgynous voice and anything not covered by armor is entirely covered in layers of robes. If later uncovered, the figure is an athletic but nondescript woman with dark skin.	<p>HARVESTED FROM THE BODY</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • The ancient plate-and-chain armor is worth at least 4 Gold if sold to a collector. • The fine sword—a gleaming, sharp-edged longsword—is worth another 2 Gold if sold to a collector. Someone skilled in the arcane arts could determine it contains a bound spirit, making it worth 4 Gold to the right buyer. • A well-read codex, <i>The Illuminations of Kameror</i>, a mix of watercolor art and poetry in the Middle Kahlduri language.

SET NAME THE TOMB OF SELVEROR		
SET GOAL Unearth the treasures of Selveror.		
OVERVIEW		
<p>The second door opens ponderously, and there is another flood of water into the second lake, raising its level a couple of feet as they equalize. The crossing to the island-tomb is longer than either of the first lakes took. When the treasure-hunters reach it, there is only a small quay in front of a pair of human-sized double-doors cut into a solid block of granite much larger than their lights can illuminate. The passage past the doors is a 40' span into the rock, eventually going through another set of doors into a magnificent, incredibly gilt throne room with piles of treasure. There is a golden throne on a dais where Selveror's spirit sits, and behind that a sarcophagus. The side walls each have an alcove that contains two canopic jars.</p>		
PROPS	TRAPS	TREASURES
<p>Sarcophagus The stone slab lid of the sarcophagus is elaborately carved in the likeness of Selveror. His body lies within, mummified.</p> <p>Canopic Jars Each alcove contains two jars. Unlike the few other canopic jars that have been retrieved from similar tombs in this region, these Kalduhri canopic jars all bear lids in the shape of serpents—asp and horned viper on one side, sand boa and cobra on the other.</p> <p>Selveror He demands to be addressed as a god, and promises fantastic wealth and power if the treasure-hunters release him from this prison and serve him as he rebuilds his empire. This is a sincere offer, though he is an incredible narcissist who tolerates not even the slightest hint of failure. If the contents of the canopic jars are returned to his body, the curse holding the reservoir doors shut will be broken. On the way out, if the Figure still lives, combat will ensue. Selveror will not take part, unless all the treasure-hunters die first.</p>		<p>Piles of Treasure. Coinage and bejeweled items worth 5 Gold for each treasure-hunter.</p> <p>Golden Throne. Close inspection reveals this throne to have been cast in solid gold. It is far, far too heavy to move, but worth 5 Gold to the right buyer if the treasure-hunters can devise some way to transport it.</p>

13 PHASE 1: SELVEROR'S SPIRIT

The same face half-buried in the sand outside, but in spectral form. It wears a deep blue robe embroidered with gold thread in serpent patterns. The chest is open, revealing a powerful, spectral (transparent) physique.

Spiritual Force — Its bare-hand attacks damage your spirit directly and bypass armor.

WEAKNESS If the sarcophagus is opened, the spirit will be pulled back into the body, which, while dressed the same, has been mummified.

11 PHASE 2: SELVEROR'S MUMMY — This mummified figure was buried with a gold khopesh that it now wields expertly.

Frozen Blade — The khopesh contains a bound ice spirit. Being hit by it causes frostbite and numbness.

WEAKNESS Fire

Special: When Selveror is defeated, one of the canopic jars will break rather than him dying. Once all jars are broken (which can be broken by anyone), defeating him kills him for good.

CONCLUSION

If the treasure-hunters are rebuffed by the Figure, they can safely return to their caravan, though (nearly) empty-handed, and continue their journey.

If Selveror is either defeated or freed, the locks on the doors between the lakes will be broken and the treasure-hunters can return. The most significant problem they will face in retrieving the treasures will be the quality of the boat they have access to—it is barely seaworthy without being laden with treasure.



THIRTY
DOZEN
THINGS
AT THE
BOTTOM
OF THE
OCEAN

1.1 On his deathbed, a long-retired U.S. Navy Admiral told his granddaughter that during WWII, submariners in the Atlantic occasionally reported what sounded like knocking on the outer bulkhead. It was repetitive, in Morse code. It said, simply, “Join us.”

1.2 Ancient archways stand in a line that stretches for a mile across the ocean floor, each one slightly taller and wider than the one before it. Beneath the barnacles and softly waving weeds that cling to them lie old runes almost worn smooth by water and time. On clear nights, when the waves fall still and the moon’s light turns the ocean’s surface into rippling, glimmering glass, they pulse with a soft green glow.

1.3 Deep below the surface, where no light penetrates, there is a plaza surrounded by cyclopean monoliths. It is only lit by three dancers who glow with an inner blue light. It is said the tides rise and fall to their rhythm, and should the dance falter the waters shall devourer the land.

1.4 The Sunken Library sits at crushing depths, mapped out through reinforced windows by scientists who aim various sensors, sound-emitting gizmos, and extendable probes at this well-documented mystery. Far from the sun’s light: a chair, a side table, a tea cup, shelves, and volumes of books hosting a riot of desaturated corals and translucent slimes. Is it an illusion, the mind seeing patterns in eroded rocks? A sunken and forgotten art happening? Or a true treasure for whomever dares to have a seat outside their pressurized bubble?

1.5 Scientists have recently detected the presence of a strange new metal near the ocean floor, perhaps released from the earth as the result of tectonic movement. In truth, the metal is from a spacecraft that entered our atmosphere many thousands of years ago, crashing deep into the sea, and only now being dislodged from the crust as its crew awakens from cryosleep and attempts to bring it back online.

1.6 The tales rarely speak of Baba Yaga’s sister, who lives deep in the ocean, in a house made of coral and seaweed that moves around the seafloor on giant octopus tentacles.

2.1 “Hell’s Breath” is a region of subaquatic geothermal vents deep in an oceanic trench. It’s said that occasionally they belch forth precious metals that quickly cool into strange, highly valuable forms, but the vents are just as likely to sear and boil hopeful hunters. Some come down here just to pilfer valuable gear off those who got too close.

2.2 In the shallow estuaries and mangroves north of the Pyre Sea rots a sunken fleet of stone ships, great octeres with battering engines of arcane wrath on their moribund gundecks, and cruel, sharp-prowed raiding hemiolia—all scuttled and drowned rather than surrendered to the victorious powers. They age, decaying in the warm sea, the old sorcery within their white marble hulls leaking out to stain the waters with arcane esters and birth horrors, phantasms and hazards to stymie generations of salvage expeditions.

2.3 Colossal bones, white in the depths with a faint glow, create an oasis of life in the cold abyssal desert. The ancient wreck of some great humanoid—a skull the size of a building, covered in waving bristle worms and home to sleeper sharks, hagfish, and lobsters. The antediluvian corpse offers no clue beyond its size, but for the religious it can only be the remains of one of the fallen Watchers, or their Nephilim children, decried in the Book of Enoch.

2.4 People who sail the southwest portion of the Mütter Sea talk about the sparkling lapis water, so deep and blue that painters struggle to faithfully capture the color. Some talk about the brief glimpses they have of the pearly white sand that lines the seafloor, too deep to reach by diving but sometimes bared by the strongest winds. In truth, that is not sand, but rather the pearly white thighs of the great mother, who sleeps there beneath the waves, her breathing driving the tides.

2.5 Queeetk loved being on-mission. The oxygenator allowed her to stay down for six hours straight, and let’s face it, lads, the wetsuit was just dead sexy on her. This was the third time she’d faced off against the Chinese agent, this time among the tidal generators off Borneo. She knew only one of them would leave the depths alive this time. He had her in bulk and raw power, of course, but no commie orca would ever match an American-born Bottlenose in sheer chutzpah.

2.6 Old King Venradon was a cruel and malignant ruler, and eventually overthrown by his people when they could tolerate his depravities no more. Knowing that his baleful priests would try to resurrect him and place him back on the throne, the revolutionaries cut off Venradon’s head, put it in a box sealed with magical wax, and threw it in the ocean. Venradon’s priests still undertook their dark rites on their lord’s behalf, and now Venradon’s muffled screams disturb passing fish while his body flails wildly in his ancestral tomb.

3.1 Humans have long used the battle scars and bite marks on the hides of deep-diving whales as a guide to what strange creatures live far down in the abyss. In the last few years, however, whales in this region have started to surface, dead, covered in what are unmistakably bites from human jaws.

3.2 Scientists exploring the southern Pacific were confused to find that the normally flat landscape was actually not perfectly flat, but a 3° descent leading to a depth much further than the Challenger Deep. Following this slow descent with the eyes of the world—and world record keepers—on them, they came upon a stretch of narrow seabed over a fathomless emptiness. They reported beyond this strange abyssal bridge was a door which, upon chemical analysis and employing carbon dating, appears to have been constructed around 35,000 years ago out of solid iron.

3.3 In the year 2100, the NET can be accessed everywhere—fast—thanks to satellite connections. Nevertheless, old cables lie in the bottom of the ocean, used by governments and megacorps to transfer private information. As risky as it is, reaching the data stream can provide precious and unique information to ambitious hackers.

3.4 We have all heard tale of Atlantis, that beautiful city lost beneath the waves, but few talk about her sister city, Pacifica, who remains afloat. You can visit Pacifica, though getting ashore is difficult—the coast is lined with boats of every shape and size, all long-abandoned. The buildings are beautiful, and filled with precious offerings. But, it's best you stop your ears with wax if you choose to visit—Pacifica lives in tribute to the goddess Tristitia, who was driven mad with grief for her sister. She cries beneath the city, and those who hear her voice tend to dive into Pacifica's central well in their eagerness to console her.

3.5 Those on land know the scarcity and value of Tyrian purple. The dye makers crush the innards of *Murex brandaris* with indigo-stained fingers, casting aside piles of empty shells, some of which slide back into the sea. They have done this for 3500 years. Beneath the waves is a different part of the supply chain, less well known. An enormous blue glaucus (*Glaucus atlanticus*) spends its languid days scooping up young mollusks drifting past. It imbues each with a bit of its own indigo pigment, then casts them into the current. The glaucus grows a bit more pale with each passing century.

3.6 Off the coast of a tropical island, in the deepest, darkest recesses of a vast brain coral formation resting on the seabed is an air bubble. It's the size of a small pond and sunshine radiates through it, coating the coral with rippling bands of light. Upon entering the bubble from above, you find yourself surfacing somewhere else...

4.1

The HMS Serpentine, a 5th rate of little account, lost in 1788, noted in the Admiralty records only on account of a certain Captain Jonathan Falage, a monstrously cruel man who kept a pet sow of prodigious size and allegedly fed it seamen who he disliked. It was discovered at the bottom of the Atlantic in 2004, but remains unsalvaged. The ROV was lost on approach, though video shows odd illumination—presumed bioluminescent jellies—behind its stern windows, and the sonar of the record was corrupted with something one operator described as a “cacophonous porcine squealing.”

4.2

The final decree of Tide, Eternal Ruler of the Vanished Lands, was for the construction of a nearly illimitable maze within the Kolroc mountains. After the carving of the last tunnel, Tide and their royal court ventured into the maze. Then, the sea levels rose with the coming of the age of the Great Surge, and Tide’s Labyrinth was complete.

4.3

A small chest of coins minted to celebrate the victory of England over Spain in the Battle for Cartagena. It wouldn’t be difficult to find collectors happy to pay for such memorabilia that remains frozen in time.

4.4

“My dad was lost on a fishing trip when I was young, so my mom would take me clamming with her every night. We’d walk barefoot on the beach, looking for the bubbles between our toes that marked the presence of the critters. Sometimes I’d be so engrossed in the texture of the sand and the barking of the seals all around that I’d lose track of my mom. I always thought it was just my negligence, until one dawn I saw her shucking the sealskin. She saw me see her, and shrugged the skin back on, crying, running back into the waves. Reckon both my parents are lost at sea now, and soon as I can find the right skin, I will be too.”

4.5

There is a crater: vast, circular, bordered with mounds of sand and rimmed with scree. Its inner edges harbor barnacles, mussels, and periwinkles of many varieties, providing the villages nearby with all the food they may require if they are brave enough to dive so deep. Miles away is another crater no one is aware of. Further on, another, smaller crater. Each crater progressively smaller, and the earthquakes have been getting more noticeable.

4.6

Three children orphaned at a young age had been seen listening to a mad philosopher. A couple hours later, they passed a fisherman while having a heated debate, walking straight, without hesitation, into the sea. Ever since, those with a troubled mind, diving deep enough, can find three bearded children, one speaking truth about existence, one speaking truth about the cure-all’s recipe, one speaking lies that never let you go.

5.1 On Wednesdays, the Multifarious Elevator of the House of Curiosity will take you to the “sub-sub-sub-sub-basement,” opening onto a wondrous, coral-encrusted city that waits on the Atlantic seabed. Better have your diving suit on before you descend, of course. Salt water comes rushing into the elevator car as soon as the doors open on the undersea vista.

5.2 In 1968, the Soviet ballistic missile submarine *K-129* sank with all hands in the North Pacific. While the Soviets were unable to locate the wreck, the United States did, and began a covert recovery operation, culminating in the CIA’s Project Azorian: a 1974 attempt to raise the sunken vessel from nearly 5 kilometers below the surface. The official story states that a mishap during recovery caused most of the *K-129* to snap off and sink back to the bottom. In 2011, a manuscript began circulating on the dark web that claimed to be written by an engineer aboard the recovery vessel *Glomar Explorer*. The anonymous author wrote that the ship’s captain defied the CIA and ordered an end to the recovery: hydrophones connected to the hull of the *K-129* picked up chanting in Russian from inside the drowned vessel. The chants were an invocation to an entity called “Dagon.”

5.3 A dragon’s hoard of things left at the beach: old bottle caps, rings, sandals, toy shovels for sand castles, a single rusted bicycle, and many many plastic bags.

5.4 At the very lowest point of the reef stands a ring of hand-carved statues. Nine maidens, clad in flowing robes of marble and granite and hair of black basalt. Kelp and coral grow from the statues’ hands and clothes, but their faces shine uncovered and unweathered. Stars glint in their obsidian eyes, reflections of the waves above. How long do you dare lock eyes with them?

5.5 A diving bell, but it’s inverted, ascending from somewhere deeper beyond the light. It aims towards the surface of the ocean. A halocline of sorts prevents you from seeing inside, but it’s easy to pass through, to reach within.

5.6 Look, dumping stuff in the ocean gets a bad rap, but what else are we supposed to do? We learned the hard way that if you burn them and even a single micro-particle gets in your nose or whatever you go Z yourself. So, over the side they go, down to where the pressure’s so high they can’t move a muscle and the salinity will break them down safely, in like a century or so. I figure there’s at least half a million down there by now, but like whatever, they’re not going anywhere.

6.1

At the bottom of everything, under countless tons of black crushing water, is the whale graveyard, a garden of blind red worms, transparent crabs, and monumental bones. The great cetaceans come here to die when they can, settling into the mud and closing their wise eyes a final time. At the graveyard's core, a depression of poisonously saline water creates a maze of whale mummies, untouched by scavengers. Here the currents coalesce, singing ghostly whale song through bones and bodies of a thousand submarine generations.

6.2

A ship of people long forgotten, sacrificed to the ocean god. The remnants of their lives scattered across the ocean floor: an old boot, a broken porcelain doll, a tarnished pearl necklace. Periodically, the ocean god heaves a heavy sigh, extending an ancient tentacle, and pulls a token down into the sand. Soon, it whispers, there will come another sacrifice.

6.3

A ring, buried so deep in the detritus raised in the fishermen's nets that only the most thorough or desperate would find it. Though corroded, a vein of iridescent metal at the centre draws the eye. The finger that wore it is still attached.

6.4

There is a cave, deep in the darkest parts of the ocean, where a collection of children's dolls have been gathered. A small table and chairs have been carved from rock, and the dolls are having a tea party. Close inspection reveals the eyes have been removed from all of the dolls: this far down, eyes don't help you see.

6.5

Cebrexelus was beginning to think that placing his fiendish oubliette full of dastardly traps and ravenous horrors beneath 750 feet of salt water may have been a bit too diabolical. With reluctance, he commanded the bored sirenoids to swim up to Coastwald so as to combat the rumor-mongering of its lightless, crushing horrors, and start pitching it as really not that bad as dungeons go if you didn't mind a bit of a swim.

6.6

♪ At the bottom of the sea, lass, the bottom of the sea, is a door that will not open, tie-dee-dee / At the bottom of the sea, lad, the bottom of the sea, is a door that will not open tie-dee-doe / But if we all go together, in a bladder made of leather, when the sea's becalmed for weather / Shall we go? Oh shall we go? / For all doors are meant to open, shall we go? ♪

ENGRAVINGS FROM TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEAS" BY JULES VERNE (1873, 2ND US ED.) ART BY EDOUARD RIOU.

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Hcihw Taht Fo Repeek
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Mikel Matthews, Keeper of the Scarification
Blades
Andru Matthews, Keeper of the First Murderer's
Knife
Christine Maunsell, Keeper of the Alchemical

Blade
Kyle Maxwell, Keeper of the Alabaster Mono-
lith
Donogh McCarthy, Keeper of the Nine Dread
Names
Jim McCarthy, Keeper of the Yellow Tree's Ooz-
ing Heart
Stephen McClanahan, Keeper of the Resonant
Heartstones
Gabriel McCormick, Keeper of the Basalt Crown
of Old King Abadon
Lee McDaniel, Keeper of the Crown of King
Ahanu the Laughing
Shane McGrath, Keeper of the Midnight Region
Orrery
McGravin, Keeper of the Forest with Trees that
Fall in Sigils
Josh McGraw, Keeper of the Crown of the King
in Yellow
Anthony McIntosh, Keeper of the Idle God and
His Infinite Library
Amalie McKee, Keeper of the Scrolls of Heaven
and Earth
Casey McKenzie, Keeper of the Pain Repast
Daniel Mejia-Onat, Keeper of the Wind God's
Lungs
Nery Mejicano, Keeper of the Magister's
Chain
Alex Meltsner, Keeper of the Book of Infinite
Zeroes
Michael Mendoza, Keeper of the Willow Crown
of Old King Celadon
Darius Meskauskas, Keeper of the Unseen
Moons
Corey Metcalfe, Keeper of the Most Delectable
Wyrms Viscera
David Miessler-Kubaneck, Keeper of the Mean-
ing of the Valiant Child's Sacrifice
Darren Miguez, Keeper of the Boxes that Once
Held Innocence
Mileur Le Plaine Marc, Keeper of the Pedantic
Gnome's Joyless Ramblings
Kristopher Miller, Keeper of the Chain That
Bound Desmond the Soul-Shattered
Luke Miller, Keeper of the Fruit from the Tree of
Luck
Juniper Mitchell, Keeper of the Man Who Dies
Every Third Day
Ainar Miyata, Keeper of the Corpse Pierced
with a Hundred Blades

Blaine Moore, Keeper of the Ancient Ungulate
Christopher Moore, Keeper of the Three-Sided Coin
James Moore, Keeper of the Maggot Godling
Den Morningstar, Keeper of the Mirrored Supplicants
Jim Morris, Keeper of the Darkstar Instruments
Harry Morris, Keeper of the Sebait of Silver Dreaming
David Morrison, Keeper of the Tears of Lost Children
Flavio Mortarino, Keeper of the Woman Who Screams the Prophecies
Richard Moser, Keeper of the Five Poisons
Vanja Mrgan, Keeper of the Refined Rose Dust of Daar Angúl
Elias Mulhall, Keeper of the Child Who Dies Each Night
Isobel Mulkern, Keeper of the Red Architect's Impossible Angle
Olav Müller, Keeper of Sun Mother's Holy Mead
William Munn, Keeper of the Wailing Queen's Almanac
Alex Murphy, Keeper of the Sympathetic Stiletto, Sticky with Eye Juices
Liam Murray, Keeper of the Teeth Tithings
N.A.W., Keeper of the Spectral Hounds
Dante Nardo, Keeper of the Cult of Hyaenas
Jamila R. Nedjadi, Keeper of the Forest of the Moth Prince
Tiphanie Neely, Keeper of the Phantom Penitents
Phillip Neitzel, Keeper of the Oculus Tenebris
Matias Nelson, Keeper of the Floating Flesh Monolith
Adam Ness, Keeper of the Axe of Jeffery Bleakwood
Joshua A.C. Newman, Keeper of the Bronze Glyphs
Chris Newton, Keeper of Where the Lone Wolf Sleeps
AJ Nichols, Keeper of the GIF that Gets More Sinister With Each Loop
Jessica Niles, Keeper of the Horn that Echoes the Cries of the World

Nimaël, Keeper of the Great Serpent's Golden Nimbus
Robert Nolan, Keeper of the Furtive Manikin
Chris Nolan, Keeper of the Fetid King's Ashes
Joseph Noll, Keeper of the Great Betrayal
Adam Nordin, Keeper of the Vault of Atrocities
Candida Norwood, Keeper of the Everlasting Wound
Clayton Notestine, Keeper of the Little Box with a Tongue and Mirror Inside
Joel Notsch, Keeper of Langwidere's Hundred Heads
Ben Novack, Keeper of the Last Thought of the Last God
nurdertim, Keeper of the Mechanical Mastermind of Havena
Tyler Oden, Keeper of the Blessed Venom Sacs
Adam Oedekoven, Keeper of the Record of Fae Lineages
okokok, Keeper of the Carnifax of Hyluren
Johannes Oppermann, Keeper of the Temporal Rift
Justin Ortega, Keeper of the Midnight Palace
Ray Otus, Keeper of the Endless Page
Saribel Pages, Keeper of the Djinn's Four Gifts
Danny Palacios, Keeper of the Chains of the Nameless Kings
Mike Panciera, Keeper of the Quay of Memory and Sadness
Maurizio Paoluzi, Keeper of the Bludgeons of Ecstasy
Thyme Paradox, Keeper of the Unspoken Oath
Kristen Patten, Keeper of the Thousands of Worms in the Shape of a Man
Will Patterson, Keeper of the Child's Dream
Chris Paul, Keeper of the Pungi of the Serpent Queen
Ivan Pawle, Keeper of the Merry Axe of St. Lucina the Mad
Galen Pejeau, Keeper of Bellis and Avari, the Swans of the Sea of Mist
Victor Amorin Abreu Pereira, Keeper of Those Who Feel the Harrowing Eternity
Patrick Perkins, Keeper of the Vernal Extraction

Alexandria Permann, Keeper of the Moon Snake's Leash
Jonathan Perrine, Keeper of the First Particle From Which All Else Came
Ambrose Persimmon, Keeper of O-Yanma's Blood-Soaked Trail
Michael Petersen, Keeper of the Voidreaver Idol
Loren Peterson, Keeper of the Chronicle of Masks
Jan A. Petrykowski, Keeper of the Irresistible Sendings of Azzurbal
Henning Pfeiffer, Keeper of Marcelline Murdoch's Porcelain Eye
Philippe, Keeper of the Sentry Pines
Matt Phillips, Keeper of the Nectar Which Shall Never Touch Our Lips
Matt Phillips, Keeper of the Nectar Which Shall Never Touch Our Lips
Angelo Pileggi, Keeper of the Black Tongue of St. Balen
Matthew Plank, Keeper of the Misery Fountains
Matthew Plank, Keeper of the Hymnal of St. Evelyn the White
Tun Kai Poh, Keeper of the Sacred Bees and the Honey of Salvation
Adrian Polegre, Keeper of the Temple of the Viridescent Wyrn
Leandro Pondoc, Keeper of Danelle Bleakwood's Blood-Stained Candelabra
Moe Poplar, Keeper of Unlit Forges from the War of Excess
Griffin Post, Keeper of the Fell Cairn's Melancholy
Michael Prescott, Keeper of the Serpent Coil Throne
Devin Preston, Keeper of the Toad That Refuses to Believe It Is Not. A Man
ProudNerdery, Keeper of the Child Who Has No Shadow
Scott Puckett, Keeper of the Six Hands of the Child
Dan Pucul, Keeper of the Four Rituals
Raji Purcell, Keeper of the Most-Squamous Secret of the Reptile Cult
Lu Quade, Keeper of the Cloak of Logan Stormbreaker
Mike Quintanilla, Keeper of the Spagyric Manifolds

Robert Quintero, Keeper of the Library of Eido-loss
Olli R, Keeper of the Arms of Torg the Blasphemer
Radmad, Keeper of the Three Dreams
Sasha Elias Radula, Keeper of the Invisible Candle
Kirk Rahusen, Keeper of the Child Who is Made of Clay
Michael Raichelson, Keeper of the Maddening Rhymes
Randall, Keeper of the Mellifluous Flatteries
Johannes Rasmussen, Keeper of the Nine-Fold Edge
Frank Reding, Keeper of the Land that is Naught but Salt and Mysteries
Alun Rees, Keeper of the Unlit Effigy
Chris Register, Keeper of the Delightful Corpse
Gerrit Reininghaus, Keeper of the Voice of the Silent Emperor
Peter Reitz, Keeper of the Child Who Neighs and Her Sack of Dreaming Crickets
Relin, Keeper of the Final Syllable, Which Must Not Be Uttered
Jose Reta, Keeper of the Baron's Hidden Succor
Jason Reynolds, Keeper of the Verdigris Armor of Old King Allonde
Richard, Keeper of the Constellation of Zekubrox the Plague Bearer
Sam Richardson, Keeper of the Inscrutable Circle
Nathan Rico, Keeper of the Secret of the Ethereal Sphinx
Kim Riek, Keeper of the Egg of the Immortal Serpent
Ferrell Riley, Keeper of the Rodent's Wisdom
Tyler Rithmiller, Keeper of the Nine Protocols
David Rivas, Keeper of the Jale Dream
Maria Rivera, Keeper of the Crystal Shards
Mike Riveroso, Keeper of the Untouched Hoard
Paul Rivers, Keeper of the Sandstone Mysteries
Robbie, Keeper of the Feast of Fallen Stones
John Roberts, Keeper of the Sword of St. Murienne
Sam Roberts, Keeper of the Path of Cenduwain
Rose-Whisperer

James Robertson, Keeper of the Undying Voice
Mervyn Robinson, Keeper of the Choir of Fallen Angels
Gabriel Robinson, Keeper of the Rending Rooms
Alexander Rodriguez, Keeper of the Oneirophrenic Chords
Richard Rogers, Keeper of the Fathomless Well
John Rogers, Keeper of the Leveraged Library
Philip Rogers, Keeper of the Manifest of the Ship of the Damned
Nicolas Ronvel, Keeper of the Beehive that Produces the Black Honey of Old Naarth
Jesse Ross, Keeper of the Broken Forge
Darold Ross, Keeper of the Highest Ideals of the Bearded Sages of Tiger Mountain
RPG Kitchen, Keeper of the Plentiful Cauldron
Bruce Rusk, Keeper of the Beast Crown of Old Queen Rhianne
Russell, Keeper of the Smoking Mirrors
Carl Russell, Keeper of the Ministry of Embers
Robert Ruthven, Keeper of the Hidden Moors
James Ryan, Keeper of the White Kettle Estuary
Scot Ryder, Keeper of the Brimstone Covenant
Ramanan S, Keeper of the Book of Old Supplications and Rites
SageZero, Keeper of the Sleeping Pygmy
Sal, Keeper of Twilight's Heartfelt Whispers
Salamander James, Keeper of the Agony Songs
Marco Antonio Salazar Matamoros, Keeper of the Twilight Hunting Grounds
Marius Salisbury, Keeper of the Milk of the Serpent Queen
Greg Sanders, Keeper of the Fragrant Void
CJ Sands, Keeper of the Womb of a Thousand Sorrows
Patzí Santamaría, Keeper of the Squamous Beast Below
Christopher Santee, Keeper of the Echo Plantations
Alexi Sargeant, Keeper of the Blue Masquerade

Leah Sargeant, Keeper of Leopard's Precious Child
Samuel Sarjant, Keeper of the Devil's Decoction
Sarn, Keeper of the Silver Lotus Dust
Ray Sawyer, Keeper of the Oblique Atlas
Nicholas Schapira, Keeper of the Meat Orchards
Kevin Scheffler, Keeper of the First Starlight
Eric Scherer, Keeper of the Violet Mist
Mendel Schmiedekamp, Keeper of Grandmother Bleakwood's Recipe Box
Aniket Schneider, Keeper of Nine Rooks
Schubacca, Keeper of the Libidinal Journals of the Lust-Sages of Planet Zroth
Ana-Lena Schubert, Keeper of the Child Who Eats Her Own Fingers
John Schuhr, Keeper of the Mind-Eating Source Code of the Old Gearhulks
David Schultz, Keeper of the Tainted Feast
Martin Schwartz, Keeper of the Yellow-Eyed Mask
Jeremy Scott, Keeper of the Brazier of Azad-Kan
Victor Segell, Keeper of the Crown of Good King Edwall
Eli Seitz, Keeper of the Ravenous Darrow
Chris Sellers, Keeper of the White Bats of Good Queen Jedra
Zachary Seymour, Keeper of Moonpoison's Magnificent Hurdy-Gurdy
Chad Shaffer, Keeper of the Darkest Dream Under the Mountain
Shaker, Keeper of the Bone Golem of the Scrimshaw Pass
Greg Sharek, Keeper of the Tabard of St. Jasmine the Blessed
Mike Shema, Keeper of the Endless Fermentation of the Abyssal Grains
Alexander Shendi, Keeper of the Umbral Seamstress
Dan Shimizu, Keeper of the Child Who is Wreathed in Flame
Erez Shpirer, Keeper of the Iridescent Ungulates
Siddharta, Keeper of the Archlich's Last Breath
David Silberman, Keeper of the Child Who Sings the Final Song

Charles Simon, Keeper of the Silence Between
Thunder and Lightning
Rustin Simons, Keeper of the Buried Box Which
Must Never Be Found
Fraser Simons, Keeper of the Neon Veil
Kyle Simons, Keeper of the Tome of Heroes
Anders Skovgaard-Winther, Keeper of Galmo-
ran and the Beggar's Tree
Samuel Slocum, Keeper of the House Without
Doors
Anders Smith, Keeper of the Knight of Mourn-
ing Lillies
James Smith, Keeper of the Last Lantern Before
the Black Gate
Oliver Smock, Keeper of the Blind Nightbird
smolghost, Keeper of the Canary Bridge and
the Pact That Was Made There
David Sokolowski, Keeper of the Void Memo-
ry
Kyle Spencer, Keeper of the Mourning Beetle's
Carapace
Paul Spraget, Keeper of the Great Cutter Creek
Spider Migration
Enoch Starnes, Keeper of the Machine That
Must Not Stop
Maciej Starzycki, Keeper of the Bone Reli-
quary
Stefan, Keeper of the Leporine Mausoleum
Eric Stein, Keeper of the Hollow Squire
Keith Stetson, Keeper of the Woman Who Mut-
ters the True Name of God
Erica Stevenson, Keeper of the Forty Funereal
Rites
Vana Stillwater, Keeper of the Weightless
Stone
Steven Stimach, Keeper of the Last Words from
the Fires of Montsegur
Johannes Stock, Keeper of the Murk Pontiff's
Geas
Chris Stone-Bush, Keeper of the Nightingale's
Prophecy
Jeremy Strandberg, Keeper of the Central
Stone
Paul Strawser, Keeper of Unclaimed Souls
Matt Stuart, Keeper of the Ulfire Door
Aaron Sturgill, Keeper of the Melody Glades
Verena Sutherland, Keeper of the Elegy of Old
Queen Naima
Christian Svalander, Keeper of the Hidden Vor-
tex

Jason Swank, Keeper of the Paper Feast
James Sweetland, Keeper of the Child Who
Eats Her Own Fingers
Jonathan Syson, Keeper of the Creatures that
Stare North, as if Waiting for Something to Ar-
rive
Alexander T G, Keeper of the Deed to the Ten
Hells
John Taber, Keeper of the Song that Longs to
Die
S. Tan, Keeper of the Warelight Towers
Michael Taylor, Keeper of the One Who Grinds
Your Skin
Brennan Taylor, Keeper of the Shell of the Fifth
World
Aaron Taylor, Keeper of the God Sarcophagi
tech ghouls, Keeper of the Hyperspatial Quan-
tum Fluids of Ygxag
Nyx Tesseract, Keeper of the Torment Gar-
dens
Doyce Testerman, Keeper of the Tainted Cho-
rale
TexasBento, Keeper of the Amber Crown of
Good Queen Melys
The Dynamis Project, Keeper of the Five Limbs
of Acolla
TheZMage, Keeper of the Infectious Mist
Ron Thomas, Keeper of the Spectral Visions
Danielle Thomas, Keeper of the Wolfmoot
Jex Thomas, Keeper of Brother Elijah's Last
Breath
Christopher Thompson, Keeper of the Library of
Atlantis
Owen Thompson, Keeper of the Soul-Grinding
Stone
Jonathan Thompson, Keeper of the Translator's
Second Tongue
Tim, Keeper of the Blazing Sigil
Nathan Tinder, Keeper of the Violet Crown
To the Manticore, Keeper of The Yellow-Tat-
tooed Whales
Ari Tobias, Keeper of the Cat With Seven Eyes
But No Soul
Jason Tocci, Keeper of the Thirteen Spears of
Num-Hei
Brandon Tomlinson, Keeper of the Sun King's
Mirrored Hall
Henrik S Törnblom, Keeper of the Omegatheri-
on of Fasar

Noah Trammell, Keeper of the Child Who is Naught but Embers
Noah Trammell, Keeper of the Child Who is Naught but Embers
Michael Tree, Keeper of the Apostate's Silvered Skulls
Tina Trillitzch, Keeper of the Eight Phrases Will Triumph, Keeper of Tolgath, Arm of the Emperor
G. Michael Truran, Keeper of the Charming but Murderous Ne'er-do-well
Charlie Tsai, Keeper of the Corpse Cloak of the Storm Giant King
Mark Tygart, Keeper of the Soul Mill
Colin Urbina, Keeper of the Copper Skin of the Lightning Tree
Ivan Vaghi, Keeper of the Eyes of Gormakir the Cruel
Mark Valente, Keeper of the Spyglass of the Serpent Starwatcher
Jordy van Opstal, Keeper of the Wax Forest and All Who Must Remain There
Michael Van Vleet, Keeper of the Under-Mutants of Calabraxis
Jason Vanhee, Keeper of Malvett's Living Dream
Tony Vasinda, Keeper of the Malign Mouth of Danjeel the Confessor
Adam Vass, Keeper of the Roar of K'al Ha-Whalit, High Drake of M'huun
Phil Vecchione, Keeper of the Cryptic Manuscript
Steven Vest, Keeper of the Temple of the Viridescent Wurm
Charlie Vick, Keeper of the Lists of Shame
RL Vieira, Keeper of the Iron Seals
Sabine Voelkel, Keeper of the Hell Armada
Christian Vogt, Keeper of the Forest of the Moth Prince
Volsung, Keeper of the Invention of Murder
Shervyn von Hoerl, Keeper of the Titan's Womb
Werner Waage, Keeper of the Blood-Soaked Corridor
Wack Panther, Keeper of the Impaling Tower of Old King Allonde
Christopher D. Walborn, Keeper of the Book of Marvels, Wired Shut Forever
Kali Walbring, Keeper of the Vial of Dwarf Tears, Secret Shame of Their Race

Chad Walker, Keeper of the Riddles of the Emperor of Rye
David Walker, Keeper of the Severed Hand of the Lonely Knight
Caroline Walker, Keeper of the Testifier's Skull
Blair Wallace, Keeper of the Astral Willows
Sarah Walsh, Keeper of the Star Whale's Lament
Janie Walter, Keeper of the Stainless Vessel of St. Evelyn the White
Gerwyn Walters, Keeper of the Bleakwood Legacy
Steven Warble, Keeper of the Basin of Vile Ablutions
Lester Ward, Keeper of the Golden Knot
Toby Wardman, Keeper of the Mortician's Teseract Heart
Noel Warford, Keeper of the Tortoise Who Mends the Heavens
watergoesred, Keeper of the Rose Maiden's Labyrinth
Steven Watkins, Keeper of the Three Wicked Kings
Mark Watson, Keeper of the Tales of the Forgetful Prince
Daniel Way, Keeper of the Orphan's Kiss
Jason Weaver, Keeper of the Cavernous Bile Ducts
Joe Webb, Keeper of the Lost Archives of La-haug
Michael Weisner, Keeper of the Three-Sided Coin
Larp Wellington, Keeper of the Princess Whose Mouth is Filled with Bone and Blood
Kyle Wesley, Keeper of the Nameless Guilt of House Castafiel
Daniel Westheide, Keeper of the Ninth God's Dream
Matt Wetherbee, Keeper of Palowma's Candied Delights
Jamison White, Keeper of the Argent Lock
Shannon White, Keeper of the Lies of the Child Kingdom
Whitt, Keeper of the Ninety-Nine Laws of the Sleeping Giant
Mark Wiand, Keeper of the Enshrined Stone Bezoar
Christopher Wiegand, Keeper of the Head of Nerva Atellus

Will, Keeper of the Thousand Year Cocoon
Ryan Windeknecht, Keeper of the Pain Manifesto
Joseph Wisniewski, Keeper of the Endless Page
Holly Wist, Keeper of the Memory Circus
Jacob Wood, Keeper of the Protoplasmic Pit of New Life
J.D. Woodell, Keeper of the Hymnal of St. Aasu the Butcher
Jon Xuereb, Keeper of the Star Bears of Kazarak
Jason Young, Keeper of the Moon Llama King
Joe Zantek, Keeper of the Susurrations of the Fell Court of the Cobalt King
Sam Zeitlin, Keeper of the Grief Engine
Nicholas Zektzer, Keeper of the Ruby Eyes of Olga the Sightless
David Zerbst, Keeper of the Dusklight Crossing
Seth Zeren, Keeper of the Thousand-Blade-Pierced Corpse
Samuel Zimmerman, Keeper of the Invisible Mouth of Molek



*Once there lived a jolly maid
 Jolly maid, jolly maid
 Once there lived a jolly maid
 Named Fair Mary*

*On some brine lord's sea gilt beach
 Sea gilt beach, sea gilt beach
 On some brine lord's sea gilt beach
 She did tarry*

*Soon some wedding vows were shared
 Vows were shared, vows were shared
 Soon some wedding vows were shared
 They did marry*

*Then he took her to the deep
 To the deep, to the deep
 Then he took her to the deep
 We made merry*

*Now she haunts our glist'ning shores
 Glist'ning shores, glist'ning shores
 Now she haunts our glist'ning shores
 Left unburied*

(by Mags Maenad, sung to the tune of "London Bridge")



Images: Three 16th century depictions of the "sea monk of the Øresund", possibly a giant squid (*Architeuthis dux*) or angelshark (*Squatina squatina*).