



NO.14

# THE UNDERCROFT



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# GUN!

The gun occupies a strange place in RPGs. It's an object we understand just enough to have very strong ideas of how it should and shouldn't be portrayed. Had we been around when the sabre was still common, then we'd have books dedicated to the portrayal of swords in games and how different and special they are compared to less nuanced killing sticks. Understand this is all entirely correct, there are worlds of difference between them and we could talk and talk and talk but you could just as easily ignore that and replace all guns with a note saying "as crossbow but loud". Layer on rules right up to the point of enjoyment, strip them away similarly.

## UNIVERSAL GUN RULES

Listed here for your convenience are the universal assumptions about firearms. Unless the specific gun entry says otherwise, these all apply.

1. Matchlock firing
2. Fired once per battle. Assumed to reload during quiet points in-between fights.
3. Because of their ease of use, if your basic attack bonus is not more than 3 it is considered 3 while firing them.
4. They suffer double the usual range penalties at Medium and Long range.
5. Dexterity & to-hit modifiers do not apply for Medium or Long range targets.
6. They have a chance of misfiring (meaning that the powder discharges, but the bullet does not fire). A misfired gun may not be fired again in this combat.
7. Damp conditions (most dungeons count as being damp) double the chances of misfiring (which in this case means the powder is too wet to ignite).
8. Wet conditions (rain, swamps, rain-forests etc.) quadruples the chances of misfiring (powder too wet to ignite).
9. They ignore 5 points of Armor at short range.
10. The discharge of a firearm causes an immediate Morale check for all enemy characters and creatures with a Morale of 7 or less.
11. They may be used as clubs, dealing damage as indicated.

## Pistol

So a pistol is a one handed gun, a short firearm, able to be carried easily and deployed in a brace across the chest or tucked into lapels and belts as is befitting a swashbuckling scallywag.

They require one hand to use

Multiple pistols beyond the first count for only half the usual encumbrance

As long as pistols are attached to your body and not in the bottom of a bag, it is a free action to draw one therefore allowing one shot per turn for as many loaded pistols you possess

Deal 1d4 melee damage as club

## Arquebus

An arquebus covers any traditional firearm that requires two hands to use and is fired from the shoulder, sitting in the same general murder-landscape as the crossbow.

They require both hands to use

Deal 1d6 damage when used as a club



## Arquebus à Aroc

A far larger arquebus, possible to be described as a comically up-scaled standard arquebus. The à aroc would usually be mounted on a cart or other mobile mounting, but a very sturdy bipod with an able assistant would also do.

Takes 3 rounds to set up for a single person, or 1 round if you have committed assistance

Must be fired from a fork or resting against a suitable high wall or other sturdy object

If you use some unlucky sod's shoulder as a mount for the arquebus they will receive an automatic 1d4 damage when you fire it from burns, bleeding ear drums and bruises.

## Musket

For our purposes, the musket is a handheld long gun which requires a fork rest in order to fire with any accuracy. Typically reserved for military use because of its unwieldiness.

They require both hands to use

Ignore 5 points of armour at all ranges

Not having the fork rest levies a -2 penalty to hit

Muskets count as oversized items for encumbrance purposes

Muskets require two hands to use.

deal 1d6 damage when used as a club.

## Petronel

The petronel sits somewhere between an arquebus and a pistol in size and function. The grip, if there even is one, is small and far to the rear, meaning you would require a fork rest to fire it one handed. This fort is usually attached to the saddle of a horse, allowing the rider to grip the reins in one hand and fire the petronel like a little turret with the other.

May be fired one handed

If firing one handed without a fork rest, receive a -2 penalty

The petronel cancels penalties for being used on horseback as long as the fork is used

Deals d6 damage if used as a club

## Fire Lance (Gun Polearm)

The oldest firearm was in fact a peculiar hybrid, or possibly a curious afterthought: to strap a firework to a pole weapon and set it off in your opponent's face before you perforate them manually. It's only a small step to creating purpose built guns on poles with attached blades and spikes.

Because of the space available to work with, adding guns to polearms is relatively inexpensive. However if you wish to make it even cheaper you may instead just strap a spare matchlock pistol to the side of the weapon, in which case add +1 to the chance of misfire.

If you hit someone in melee with it while loaded there is a 1 in 10 chance it will go off. Roll to hit at -2 versus the same target.



## Hand Culverin

The culverin started off life as a rudimentary ancestor to the musket, little more than a tube on a stick firing large lead balls at the enemy. Since they are rather large, the culverinist would either be firing his weapon from atop the shoulder or braced against a foot like a pikeman receiving a charge. Though as these weapons grew and grew it naturally evolved to the point where it made sense to stick wheels on them and call them cannons.

Hand culverins are “hand” weapons in only the loosest terms. They are considered oversized items and deal 1d8 damage when swung as a huge two handed metal club.

## Key Gun

Opening doors is a dangerous business, you never know what’s on the other side. Or worse, you do. So for the justly paranoid doorman was invented the key gun, a working key with an attached firearm (or a small firearm with an attached key, eye of the beholder and so on). The simplest and most subtle key gun would be a hollowed out key with a small hole near the hoop, allowing the user to light the gunpowder with a cigar butt or other convenient ignitor.

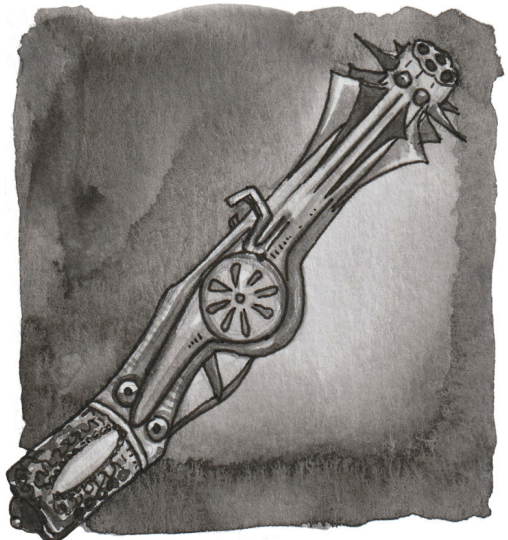
Cannot be used as a melee weapon, they’re too small

The matchlock version of the key gun is almost undetectable except under close scrutiny, while every other firing system is quite obvious, with cogs, levers and doodads hanging off the key frame.

## Mace Gun

The mace gun is a terrible idea whose only sensible use is as a talking point at parties. The fact that you must place your delicate, or at least eminently breakable, gun parts in the same space as a large percussive lump just leads to dented barrels slipped springs showers of gunpowder and a general mess. That being said, Henry VIII was rather fond of his.

1d6 damage in melee



## Air Rifle

A marvel of the hinterlands. A common looking musket with an unusually bulbous stock, when fired they reveal they are something very different: no smoke, no roar, just a discrete and pleasing crack.

To fire again all that must be done is to point the barrel skyward, shake it gently, and manipulate its assemblage, causing shot from a parallel tube to roll into place. Refilling a tube is a simple matter of taking off a cap and pouring in the pellets.

While the pellets are quick to reload, their lethality and accuracy are reliant on the gas pressure held in the gun's bulbous stock. A separate pump is carried to refill the air-reservoirs, which need to be unscrewed from the gun and pumped for upwards of 1500 strokes before being ready for use again.

Additional air reserves may be carried but they are made of brass or any heavy metal and therefore rather cumbersome to lug around.

Another option is to bring a wagon mounted pump and air reserve with attaching tubes, onto which you can connect your rifle and fire to your heart's content. The disadvantages are apparent, but there is an undeniable appeal.

- Requires both hands to use.
- Ignores all penalties associated with wetness. There is nothing to get wet.
- Is not armour piercing.
- Holds 20 shots which may be fired every turn.
- May be fired every round
- Refilling the ammo tube cannot be done in combat
- Does not cause morale tests when fired.

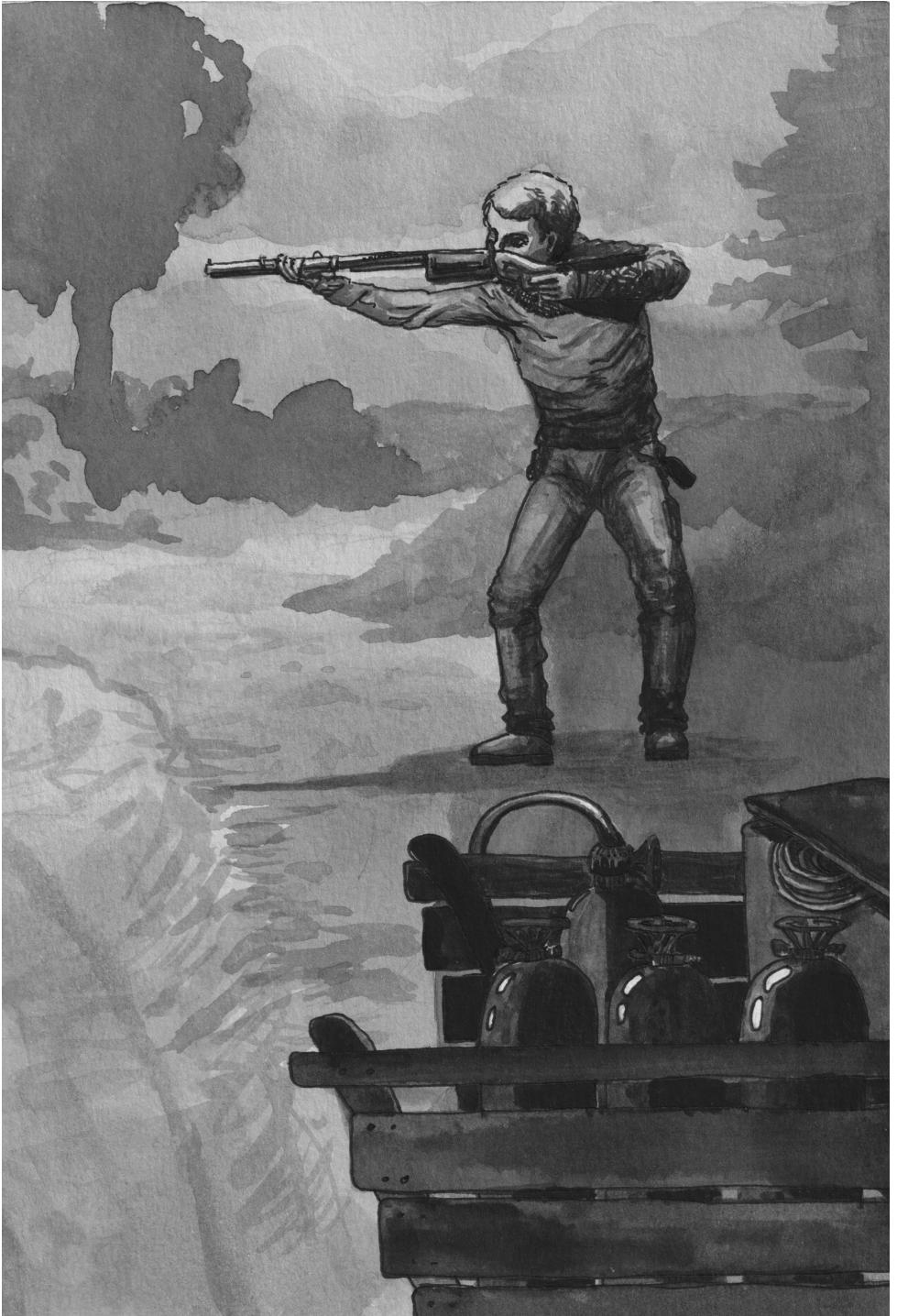
Reduce the size of the damage die every time maximum damage is rolled. If you roll a d8 and get an 8 the next time you fired the gun I would roll d6. d6 to d4, d4 to d3 until the reservoir is pressurised or replaced.

May be used as a club to deal d6 damage, but there is a 1 in 2 chance the air canister will be ruined and need replacing.

Ignores the increased range penalties of firearms as long as its damage die is at the maximum it can be.

May not be matchlock, wheellock, flintlock or any other illogical combination





## Sword Gun

Nothing is quite so romantic as the sword gun, a weapon made of two fetishised tools, intimately entwined to produce and aesthetically pleasing yet physically deficient offspring. Still, at various times militaries have toyed with the idea of creating this ultimate weapon but have invariably found that instead of one grand weapon you just get two awful ones.

Those wielding it suffer -1 to hit due to its weight and sluggishness  
1d8 damage in melee

## Axe Gun

A surprising rally for the gun hybrids! The axe gun was actually employed by people who used them to defend their lives on a regular basis. Imagine you are a pirate and I am sending you to board a tender merchant vessel, wouldn't it be nice if you could take a pistol, a melee weapon, and a useful tool all in one while still leaving a hand free to swing from ropes and swash and buckle as needed? Probably. And how much simpler can it be to make? Build a very sturdy gun and insert an axe head into the toughest bit, thus creating a perfectly passable gun-weapon-tool.

1d8 damage in melee

When hitting someone in melee with a loaded axe gun there is a 1 in 10 chance it accidentally goes off. Roll to hit at -2 versus the same target you struck.



## Shield Gun

Another logical destination for the weapon hybrid. The shield is used much like you would expect except that the nipple is replaced by a gun barrel leading to a firearm that rests on top of the arm holding the shield. The gunman can, at their leisure, empty their right hand and reach across to fire the gun from behind the safety of their shield. While it is hard to aim it is quite stable and provides agreeable cover.

-1 to all ranged attack rolls because of the limited mobility

Does 1d4 damage in melee

## FIRING MECHANISMS

The distinction between guns is the same as with melee weapons: arbitrary and invented in retrospect by people removed from the original context. For our purposes we arrange everything by the vague categories of the method of use. A one handed sword is a sword used in one hand, whether it be a cutlass or a sabre or a rapier or a broadsword. They are all effectively identical at the level of abstraction your typical role playing game employs.

Matchlocks are considered the default gun type in Weird Fantasy Role-Playing. Other firearm types are considered modifications and upgrades of the matchlock for rules purposes.

### Matchlock

The matchlock firing mechanism is a lit match (a long match cord is standard, often lit at both ends) secured in a clamp. When the trigger is pulled, the clamp drops the match into the priming pan, which is filled with a small amount of fine gunpowder. The ignition of this powder travels through a small hole ("touch hole") to ignite the coarser powder in the base of the barrel, firing the gun.

All firearms of this period are muzzle-loaders, which means that the gun is reloaded by jamming the bullet (a round ball), powder, and wadding to secure it all, down the barrel. A ramrod is very often included in the stock below the barrel to aid in this. The powder in the priming pan must also be replaced, which means the match (hopefully still lit!) must be removed from the firing mechanism. Coordinating all of this in an orderly manner which keeps the lit matchcord away from the gunpowder is a 28 step process and takes a great deal of time and attention.

Because the match must be lit before the gun can be fired, matchlock firearms are often only useful when combat is anticipated. A lit match burns 10cm per turn (from each end it burns!), and the light and smell that the burning match gives off makes stealth impossible

A wet cord is useless until dried

Unless otherwise determined, all firearms are assumed to be matchlock weapons

## Wheellock

Wheellocks were invented in the real world around 1500. They use an internal mechanism which allows the gun to be ready to fire with no outside source of ignition while also protecting the firing mechanism and priming pan from the elements. Reloading is safer with wheellocks than with matchlocks because the match's flame, necessary to ignite the powder and so discharge the gun, is not present. It is no less complicated because the wheellock's moving parts still need to be reset. Each wheellock mechanism must be handcrafted by a skilled gunsmith, making the cost of equipping rank-and-file troops with this superior technology prohibitive.

Have no additional misfire chances due to environmental conditions.

Have a 1 in 4 chance of having the firing mechanism break if used as a club.



## Flintlock

Flintlocks were invented around 1610. This basically replaces the lit match with a small piece of flint which, when the trigger is pulled, strikes a piece of steel called the frizzen to cause a spark that ignites the powder in the priming pan, discharging the gun. The benefits of not needing to carry, or reload while holding, a lit match to use firearms are obvious.

Flintlocks did not become widespread until the 1630s and would not dominate the battlefield until the 1660s.

## OTHER THINGS

### Bayonet

Distinct from typical melee-firearm hybrids in that a weapon with a bayonet is primarily a gun and, what's more, it is detachable. The standard for the period is the plug bayonet, which, as the name suggest, plugs into the barrel of the gun.

Ring bayonets, which were a later arrival, may be left on and allow the gun to still fire, though at reduced efficiency due to weight and general unwieldiness.

If using a ring bayonet suffer -1 at all ranges while it is attached.

If it's a plug bayonet you may not fire at all.

It takes one round to attach or remove a bayonet.

A bayonet may be used as a dagger while unattached.

### Rifled Barrels

The majority of firearms are smoothbore, meaning that the inside of the barrels are entirely smooth. This is the reason why firearms of the period are so inaccurate. Rifling, the addition of spiraling grooves inside the barrel to better guide the bullet and improve accuracy, is an expensive process because it must be done by hand by experienced craftsmen.

Eliminates the increased range penalties of firearms.

### Multi-barreled

In order to lessen the inconvenience of loading times some gunsmiths experimented with multi-barreled guns. Once one barrel is added it's a small leap to add more and more until you have a veritable bouquet of firepower ready to unload death in a timely manner, or at least explode violently in your hand.

May fire as many times as it has barrels at one target in a single round. Roll to hit separately for each at -2.

May fire individual barrels, one per round

When rolling a 1 for a misfire, roll again; on another 1 the gun explodes, destroying the gun and dealing damage equal to the remaining loaded barrels to the user, otherwise all remaining barrels discharge at the target, leaving the gun empty. Roll to hit for each barrel at -2.

## Revolver

Although revolvers didn't become common until well into the modern era, the principle itself had been floating about for years. Guns with multiple barrels lead to the idea of revolving chambers which have the advantage of being far less cumbersome. Pre-modern revolvers require the user to manually index the chambers between shots and must be made by master smiths for it to have any hope of efficacy.

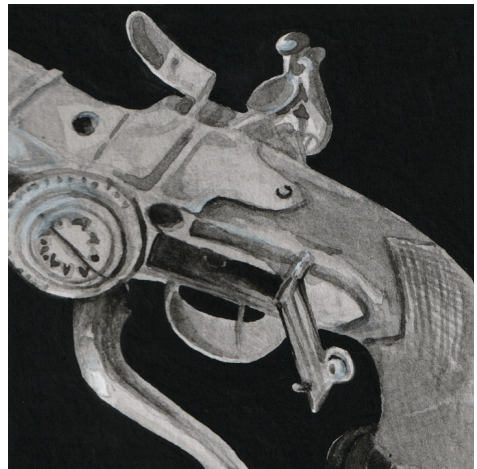
May fire once per turn for a number of turns equal to the chambers in the gun.

If a 1 is rolled for checking a misfire, all remaining shots are ruined.

## Lorenzoni Repeating Firearm

Most attempts at resolving the impractical reloading times associated with early firearms resulted in the elaborate fusing together of guns. Be they multi-barreled, revolving, breaking they were fundamentally a matter of multiplication. The Lorenzoni system goes a step further to create a tiny shot factory inside the gun itself. With the turn of a crank the charge, then the ball is assembled and put in to position.

Can fire 7 shots before needing reloading



## Duckfoot Gun

With a barrel for everyone, the duckfoot gun is the perfect accompaniment for jailbreaks, mutinies, and riots. The barrels are splayed according to its namesake, offering a wide arc of potential death for anyone approaching the individual armed with such a weapon.

Requires 4 shots worth of ammunition each time it is fired

Randomly determine who is targeted in a 90o arc, then roll to hit against each individually

No one may be hit more than once unless the gun is fired within 3 feet of them.

<b>FIREARM</b>	<b>CITY</b>	<b>RURAL</b>	<b>DAMAGE</b>	<b>MISFIRE</b>	<b>SHORT</b>	<b>MEDIUM</b>	<b>LONG</b>
Pistol	25sp	50sp	1d8	2 in 10	25	50	100
Arquebus	30sp	50sp	1d8	2 in 10	50	100	600
Arquebus à Aroc	60sp	80sp	1d12	2 in 10	60	120	720
Musket	40sp	80sp	1d8	2 in 10	50	100	600
Air Rifle	120sp	240sp	1d8*	1 in 10	50	100	400
Petronel	30sp	80sp	1d8	2 in 10	40	80	160
Hand Culverin	25sp	40sp	1d10	2 in 10	40	100	600
Key Gun	25sp	50sp	1d6	3 in 10	5	20	50
Fire Lance	40sp	40sp	1d8	3 in 10	40	80	200
Mace Gun	50sp	60sp	1d8	4 in 10	25	50	100
Sword Gun	70sp	90sp	1d8	3 in 10	25	50	100
Axe Gun	45sp	60sp	1d8	3 in 10	25	50	100
Shield Gun	60sp	90sp	1d8	3 in 10	10	20	40
<b>MODIFIERS</b>							
Wheellock	x7			*			
Flintlock	x2			-1			
Bayonet	+5	1d8			May not Fire		
Revolver	x2/Chamber			+1	-25%		
Breech Loading	x4				-10%		
Rifled	x2			+1	Ignores Penalties		
Multiple Barrels	x1.5/Barrel			+1		-1 to hit	
Lorenzoni Repeating	x20						
Duckfoot	x2					-4 to hit	-8 to hit

Cost multipliers are cumulative

E.G. a rifled wheellock musket would cost:  $40 \text{ sp} \times 7 \times 2 = 560 \text{ sp}$ .

Misfire chances are cumulative

E.G. a rifled wheellock musket would have a 3 in 10 chance of misfiring

\* check the full entry



# Gold from the Ceiling

The party is travelling north to a mid-size town that represents a chance to drink, sleep under a roof, learn of any looting possibilities and maybe rob some locals.

It is late fall, cold and wet. The road is mud, mixed with animal faeces.

The stench is impressive.

**SUDDENLY, A VERY BRIGHT LIGHT STREAKS ACROSS THE SKY AND LANDS SOMEWHERE TO THE NORTH OF YOUR DESTINATION.**

You've all heard the stories about stones from the sky that are made of precious metals, and decide that sky-rock belongs to you. You walk faster towards the town, with a muddy spring in your step.

Upon reaching the town of Mirefieldtownsburg after two days of uneventful and unprofitable travel, there is a sort of festive atmosphere. It is crowded and busy.



*RUMOURS:* buying drinks for locals, or spending money and talking to bartenders, will produce rumours. So will threatening them with bodily harm.

- 1) The space rock is made of pure gold (false)
- 2) The space rock is made of some incredible metal (true)
- 3) The sky rock isn't a rock at all, and there was some thing inside it (true)
- 4) The sky rock will only open to the sound of a bluebird singing (false)
- 5) The sky rock is defended by a bunch of religious fanatics that think it's from the gods (true)
- 6) The sky rock is making people sick in the head and body and refugees are flooding in from the village where it landed. (true)

*REFUGEES:* Walking around town will reveal that there are tons of refugees around, trying to sell valuable belongings at cut-rate prices to pay for the suddenly-expensive supplies they need to keep moving. Talking to them is difficult but they'll explain they left their village after the sky-rock fell. The village is the next village to the north, following the road.

*COMPETITION:* It is also obvious that there are other groups of hardened individuals walking around, buying supplies, looking a lot like the party, and eyeing the party suspiciously. Talking to the dumber ones will reveal that they plan to plunder the sky-rock shortly. The sky rock is reported to be in the village to the north, following the road. Time is a-wasting.

*CRIME AND PUNISHMENT:* One of the party members (roll randomly) will be recognised by a resident or village guard and loudly Accused of taking their families gold stash, seducing and despoiling their sister or brother, and killing the family dog on the way out. An angry crowd will form and the party will be Evicted from town unless someone can Talk Their Way Out of Anything (DC 15).

## Merchant Encounter:

Shortly after leaving town, heading north towards the village of Mudfordshireplace, the party will encounter an ornate carriage stuck in the mud. Inside is a wealthy merchant dressed in fine clothes and wearing jewels. He has a coffer inside with him containing gold. Unless the party continues on its way, his nervous guards will assume you are going to rob them, and attack.

### **MERCHANT**

**1 HD, AC 10, -1 TO HIT, 1d4 DAM**

if he's not killed while sitting on his ass in the carriage.

### **6 MERCHANTS GUARDS**

**2 HD, AC 14, +1 TO HIT, 1d8 DAM**

The one sitting next to the driver has a crossbow, the rest are armed with melee weapons.

### *TREASURE*

*COFFER WITH 100GP IN IT, RINGS AND A NECKLACE WORTH ANOTHER 25GP.*

The party will pass more groups of refugees heading south as they travel, but soon they will change from refugees to dangerous groups of religious fanatics.

## Who else do you meet on the way out d3

- 1) A butcher, a baker, a candlestick maker. All belligerent.
- 2) A farmer and their family (5 people, 1 dog). All paranoid.
- 3) A group of hardened adventurers (2d3), dazed and confused.

## Strange Signs

The party pass odd wooden and canvas signs with symbols on them. Rolling on Knowledge (DC 10) will give the character a headache, feelings of despair, and nausea.

## Mudfordshireplace

Mudfordshireplace is a sprawling village but mostly empty now. It's easy to find the sky-rock, as it's sitting in a crater in the middle of town. It is indeed very shiny, but it's hard to get a good look at it since it is guarded.



### **5 CRATER FANATIC GUARDS**

**2 HD, AC 12, +2 to Hit, 1d8 DAM**

Fanaticism allows a second attack if first attack hits.

They've been robbing 'heretics' and their homes and have 10gp each

If Crater Fanatics are defeated, the top of the "sky-rock" will pop open shortly afterwards and a delicious scent will fill the air, like fresh-baked bread.

A creature will emerge. It looks fearsome, vaguely circular and hovering above the ground without legs. It is covered in tentacles which end in sharp stabiness. It invades the character's minds and they feel even filthier than usual. It attacks.

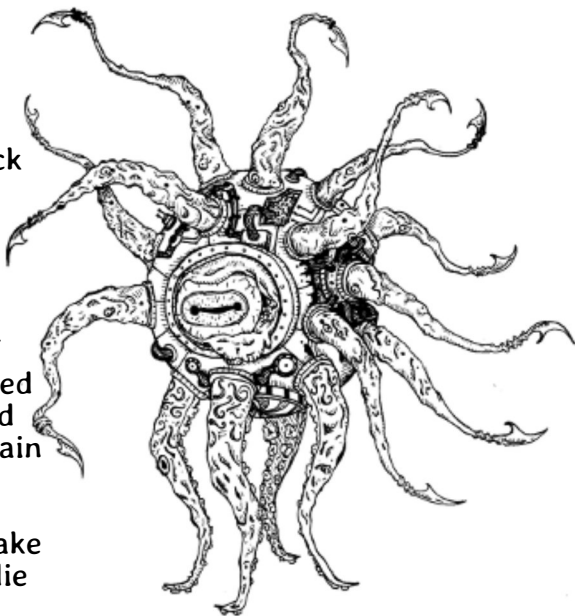
## **HIDEOUS CREATURE FROM ANOTHER WORLD** **5HD, AC16, +5 TO HIT, 1D8 DAM**

If the Hideous Creature's attack hits, it gets another attack. Tentacles everywhere!

If the second attack hits, the Hobo rolls his or her Avoiding Traps secondary trait vs. 10. If the Hobo fails, they are wrapped and squeezed by a tentacle and on next round they can roll again to get out.

While stuck, if they fail they take a hit. This continues till they die or make a successful save.

Once the Creature is killed, it explodes and covers the party with its inner goo. Horrifyingly, this inner alien creature goo is delicious.



The alien escape-pod, for that is what it is, now belongs to the party. It is about the size of a small hut, virtually indestructible and filled with items made of a very durable, very shiny metal which could pass for platinum.

Treasure: 10 items of unknown use that you could say are art, or jewelry, made of "platinum." Worth 50gp each, more to a skilled smith or alchemist.

With the death of the Creature, the headaches and nausea go away. People start moving back into the village, and everyone seems confused about all the death and destruction and weird signs all over the place.

Somewhere, a bluebird begins to sing.

## **Hey What's in this Escape Pod?**

Sometimes you want to find and master technology so advanced, it might as well be magic.

## RANDOM TABLE OF ANCIENT ESCAPE POD CONTENTS! (1d6)

1. A big pile of shiny silver material, never before seen. It is covered in strange designs and patches, with a large metal ring on one end. Looking inside the metal ring reveals a mass of green goo inside. The silver material will not burn and is hard to cut.
2. A large white metallic box. Inside are elixirs, injectors, strangely-shaped bottles with pills, diagnostic device, and holographic-projected medical assistant. Colourful cards graphically show how a spherical, multi-tentacle green monster with a large bulbous head could use the contents of the box.
3. Universal Translator. Bulky and takes a little while to set up. Looks like a 1940s style microphone and stand.
4. Astrogation Display. Upon approach, the terminal lights up and a holographic image of the galaxy appears. It zooms to the planet the escape pod is on and shows an aerial view of the village. Moving your hand around or thinking questioning thoughts makes the display move to different towns and cities. You can even zoom out to planets in the solar system and different galaxies.  
This data is monitored by the software owner.
5. Communications Display. Upon approach, the terminal lights up and a holographic, black and white image appears of a planet. The image is staticky and breaks up from time to time, but zooms in to show a bleak, desolate landscape of blasted cities and gray deserts. A repeating message is playing.  
This data is monitored by the software owner.
6. Personal Shield Generator. This device is an irregularly shaped, shiny silver clump of metal with a long shallow button on one side of it. Depressing the button generates a form-fitting protective shield around the user, visible in darkness but hard to see in the light. It prevents fast-moving objects from penetrating but does allow slower objects to pass through.

### *HALF DAMAGE FROM MUNDANE SOURCES*

The shield reacts violently if struck by rays of energy, be they magical or technological in nature, resulting in an explosion that will leave radiation in its wake for decades to come.

# Wandering Things of Threads and Patches

'What is a traveller but his past? Where can they hope to travel but back into it?' Whilst many wanderers on the world's paths stagger onwards rapped in ragtag mundanity, not all do. An intriguing few are pulled out on to the road, out into the wilderness by the mistakes and failed careers of their past. What stories shall they have for you?

### Current disposition (2d6)

2. Wallowing in grey sorrow...
3. Coursing with paranoid terror...
4. Berserk with petty rage...
5. Spitting, likely literal, blood...
6. Discouraged with their task...
7. Doubtful of your intentions...
8. Eager to swindle you...
9. On the edge of languorous rest...
10. Keen for your tales...
11. Excited by the promise you bring...
12. Empowered with joy and looking to share...





## Payam Sadiq - Bearer of the Sacred Tranquil Toad:

A holy honour. Bearer of the supreme being. His charge, the sweating 20kg toad perched on his ornately decorated shoulders. Whilst silent and a cruel judge, this gentle Bufonidae just wants to see the wonders of the world.

Unkempt oily black hair. Legs like the trunks of particularly dense trees. Exasperated with, but also adoring of, his holy charge.

*POSSESSIONS:* Battered harness that perfectly fits the Toad. Buckled walking staff. Jar of 'tasty' fly snacks

*SPECIAL:* He carries The Sacred Tranquil Toad (its name is the combined first and last letters of the name of each fellow Player around the table). It does not speak but Payim knows its wishes. It has the temperament of an angry Yelp customer and, under the GM's prerogative, will eventually cast a random spell (p.36 of the rulebook) whenever its excursion does not progress as it wills.

*WANTS:* To ensure the Toad sees all it can see. Sometimes to throw the Toad off a cliff. Hates: The pre-ordained knowledge that he will outlive the Toad.

## Omid Bayat - Travelling Grand Battledore Master:

As he will forlornly tell you he, like almost all of those who compile the ranks of the Order of Battledore Masters, misjudged somewhat and apprenticed himself at an early age based on the promises of glory made by the Order's name. Realising too late that he had in fact been conscripted (for 44 years and a day) to the manufacturers of brushes, washers, and wooden paddles, his vision of the future undoubtedly changed. What is clear from his eyes, however, is that his lust for greedy violence lives on to this day.

Splayed, yellowed teeth. Spikey, black wool body hair bursting forth from a leather apron marked with sword gashes and streaks of blood.

*POSSESSIONS:* Enormous heavy brush (damage as Greatsword). Bundle of rotting wooden panels. Small hammer. Saw. Jack plane.

*WANTS:* Clear proof of his own superior masculinity when faced with the largest member of the Party.

*HATES:* Cowards. The local official who mocks him. The boredom that eats into his soul.

## Zahra Modiri - Keeper of Small Flames:

Her singed, ash-covered livery flail raggedly behind her as she hurtles forward. Her spindly limbs stretch out to commit an act of light arson against the nearest flammable chattel; lighting the path of her approaching Master of All-Consuming Carnage. This is until she turns and sees her illuminated trail empty and alone; inducing the most burning fear of all.

A thick black braid snakes out from under her dusty hood.  
Lightning quick speech. Nervous eyes

*POSSESSIONS:* Gaudy livery. 2 small vials of inflammable oil.  
Proclamatory scroll announcing her Master's arrival.

*SPECIAL:* At the click of your cracked fingers a tiny and wavering flame appears at the tip of your thumb for as long as it takes the GM to notice.

*WANTS:* To find her master. For the world not to end. Safety from His wrath.

*HATES:* Open spaces. Dark spaces. Cold spaces.

## Ekimmu - Mudlark:

Ah mud. MUD! Mother of all, reclamer of small wealths, sneaker of treasures, under-mistress of the world. Who can stop themselves from scouring those darkest rivers of gloriously city mud. Stuck in the mud. Gifts from Mother Mud ooze up to us. The lost is always found, somewhere, within her depths and we, WE, are its salvation.

From under a thick layer of caked mud, emaciated pale white skin shines out. Voice of a particularly energetic hyena. Always succeed in evaluating an item as sublimely valuable, regardless of whether this is true to others.

*Possessions:* Soiled underclothes. Gnarled hands. Very little else.

*SPECIAL:* When standing at least ankle-deep in mud Ekimmu can test his luck on a 1-in-6 chance. On a success, he discovers a befouled but partially working mundane item abandoned by its owner. The utility of the item increases in direct proportion to the degree of filth.

*WANTS:* Mud.

*HATES:* Not-mud.

## Heshmat Fallahl - Travelling Colporteur:

'IN DOG WE TRUST' the holy text reads. 'REJET SATIN' his pamphlet cries. He, an industrious travelling peddler of off-brand religious material, sees promise in every typo, profit in each misplaced stroke of the quill. The contradictory messages that he gathers together leave him a little confused, true, but his spirit is strong. Holly or otherwise.

Garbed in a ragged brown coat. Speaks in rapid, hushed mutters. Insistent gesticulating.

*POSSESSIONS:* Bundle upon bundle of typo-ridden religious paraphernalia (works as exceptional tinder). Writing materials. Badly rigged dice.

*WANTS:* Odd scraps of paper. A deal needs closing. To broaden his mind.

*HATES:* Dogmatism. The wasting of paper, ideas, opportunities.

## Marduk - The White Ape Enumerator:

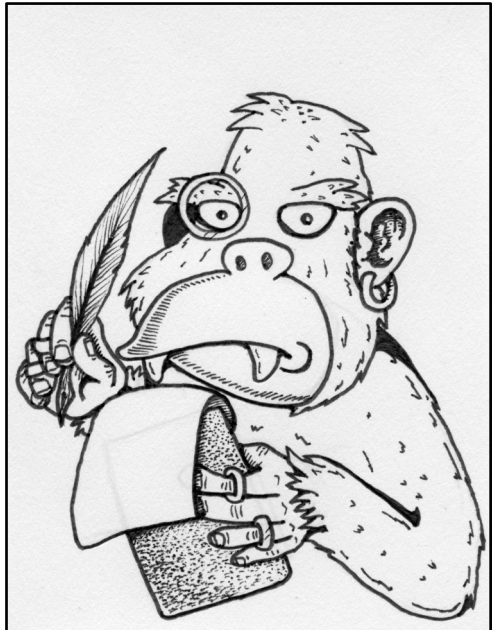
Their hulking mammalian mass strikes fear into the hearts of many; not with a threat of violence but with the promise of accountability. A diminutive clipboard, gold-rimmed monocle, burnished quill - the tools of his census. They work patiently, methodically, unwavering, yet even then they did not always inhabit this form. They record the measure of each article of the realm and no shadow of possession is safe from their light.

Luscious snow white fur. Eclectic gold ornamental trinkets. Piercing aura of calm.

*POSSESSIONS:* Clipboard of pseudo-official paperwork (+1 to intimidation). Writing tools. Club. D3 expired government ID's.

*WANTS:* Control. Certainty. Respect. Brevity.

*HATES:* Deceit. Indulgence. Running water.



## Gem Lamhu - Disgraced Bematist:

Once this wizened man counted his steps for kings. He was the infallible measurer of domains. Even Lord Mkahrah of the Circular Void once rewarded that perfect distance between his feet; the counting of which made all realms commensurate. Now no longer. You wonder, was that idle thought of his, losing the count, distorting the very measurable space of the realm really worth it?

Modest appearance but for a lush, ringed beard (oiled and with the wafting scent of labdanum).

*POSSESSIONS:* Ornate (if battered) counting paraphernalia. Favour of a long dethroned ruler. Fantasy birkenstocks.

*WANTS:* The ability to transcribe the perfect order that mathematics brings onto the imperfect world.

*HATES:* the Count that pursues him relentlessly.

## Kingu - Laundry Beater:

Ripples of gnarled, bone-white scarring fall in criss-crosses around the leathered juggernauts of his limbs and prove testament to prodigious violence. Service on the Battle Barges has taken its toll. Never will he forget his position as the barge's washer of linens,

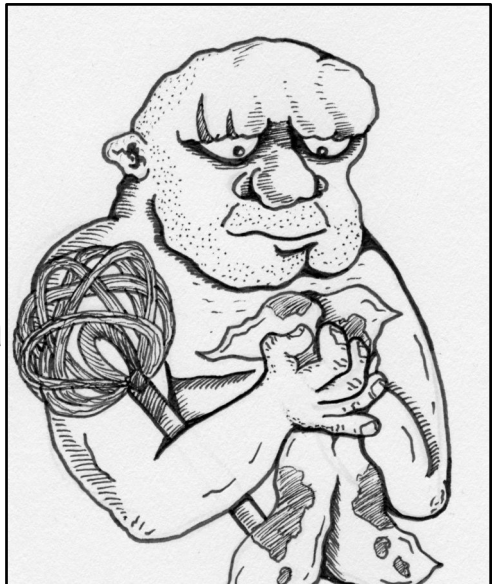
stomper of stains, basker in the unforgiving and burning alkaline used to wash the blood-soaked garments of his fellow crew.

Bare chested. Hairless. Booming voice laced with chocolate. Anxious drummer of fingers.

*POSSESSIONS:* Carpet whip (damage as club). Calloused skin (counts as light armour). Bundle of rancid laundry. Vaguely understood cleaning chemicals.

*WANTS:* A meal for the night. Gold for his hollow pockets.

*HATES:* Injustice against the common man.



## The Birdchild:

Knowledge of one's foe guards against defeat, becoming one's foe dispels the fear of any battle. It, a once warrior against the avian menace, exiled scarer of fieldcrows, erstwhile protector of grain, has left its vestigial post and embarked on a new path as a gradual becomer-of-birds. Only when its tattered transformation is complete can it return and the crops be truly safe to grow anew.

Horrifying amalgamation of puffed flesh, tattered black feathers, cracked wood and uneven stitches. Rambling country dialect punctured with caws.

*POSSESSIONS:* Ghastly sown-on beak (damage as sword with -1 to hit). Assorted stitched feathers and fur? (counts as light armour). Moulting fake wings (do not allow flight).

*WANTS:* ???

*HATES:* Presumably birds.

## Benyamin Asari - Retired Coachpainter:

In the better, bygone times it would have been hard to pick out a single gaudy sedan box (perennially thronging the streets) that his hand had not caressed. He daubed the carriages of the most mighty, and that those that foolishly aspired, with such grace that the bespatted doodles of competitors took on the character of a serious faux pas. His experienced eye can still navigate the patterns of intrigue that such boxes weave but no more is he their famed couturier.

Thin and stretched. As with his paintbrushes only a few wispy locks remain on the top of his head.

*POSSESSIONS:* Decorated sword. Paintset filled only with outdated colours. Tool bag containing: assorted brushes, rollers, plumb bobs etc.

*WANTS:* The rush of his days at court. Someone to investigate an intriguing set of coach movements he has noticed.

*HATES:* The rate of his body's decay. Poor craftsmanship. Avant-garde notions regarding the subject/object relationship of light.

## Patches - Lost Printer's Devil:

Around the churning crashes of monolithic machines he once deftly dodged. They, reproducers of the humble written word. He, errand boy to their master. Fetching ink, slicing papers, conquering jams, he served his Master to repay a bond forged deep in the fires of the Underdark. That the Master's jaunts through Hell were once done with such consummate ease is story enough for the printing presses, that he paid so much to free Patches' young and worthless soul is quite the mysterious other.

Squat teen of disconcertingly indeterminate age. Black beady eyes. Ink stained. Faint whiff of sulfur.

*POSSESSIONS:* Naught to his name but a small knife and a book that he can't read.

*SPECIAL:* totally illiterate.

*WANTS:* To embark on a Grand Expedition to the Fufsian Wastes. To see the hulking Purple Lordhorns. To be shipwrecked on the Isles of Deceit. To dip into your purse while you're, oh so briefly, distracted by his wondrous tales.

*HATES:* A recent skirmish with the law.

## Mamad - Wandering Ecclesiastical Knockknobler:

He was a monastic bruiser amongst the motes, guardian of the dusty church service's solemn silence, driver-out of the dogs, and occasional pest control for those that serve the Lords On High. Yet the fact that he is now bereft of a divine sanctum raises questions of what a guardian is without that which they guard.

Sun-wrinkled skin aged like worn leather. Tufts of shockingly grey hair. Stares with the fervoured curiosity of a ruffled chicken. Narcoleptic.

*POSSESSIONS:* Blessed staff of foul beatings. Ripped monastic garb. D6 assorted religious idols of varying sizes (each one can be prayed to and destroyed to gain +(d6 - 2) to a single skill roll).

*WANTS:* That unadulterated zen of dappled shade when resting along a well worn track.

*HATES:* Dogs. Wolves (his word for any monster larger than a dog)

## Jaleh Harmala - Pleacher:

A planter of hedges, creator of mild natures, and friend to small nooks. Her dark, perfectly crisp religious habit juxtaposes vividly against the lush and chaotically verdant bushes that she is called to raise up; demarcating the boundaries of paths, of ownership. She splits the world in twain with evergreen hawthorn

Dark skinned. Gentle but keenly focused movements. Vacillates between focused and dreamy.

*POSSESSIONS:* Interdimensional pruning shears (damage as knife). 3d6 rapid-sprouting thuja seeds. Tattered leather gloves.

*WANTS:* Sublime peace now missing from this region. Companions for her possible final endeavour.

*HATES:* Homogeneity. Overlooking the small wonders. Spiders (but she's working on this).



## Gidim - Wandering Sentient Isn'tland:

Many a part of this world is-land. It, a lumbering mound of living water, clearly isn'tland. Eons have passed since its formation in the Deep Blue and the tranquillity of the ocean is no longer home. Memories of what drove it ashore rarely bubble up within your liquid sentience. Those that do emerge burst with so bright a purpose that it is unable to simply abandon its task.

Churning humanoid mass of darkest blue water. Speckled with ribbons of thick, green seaweed.

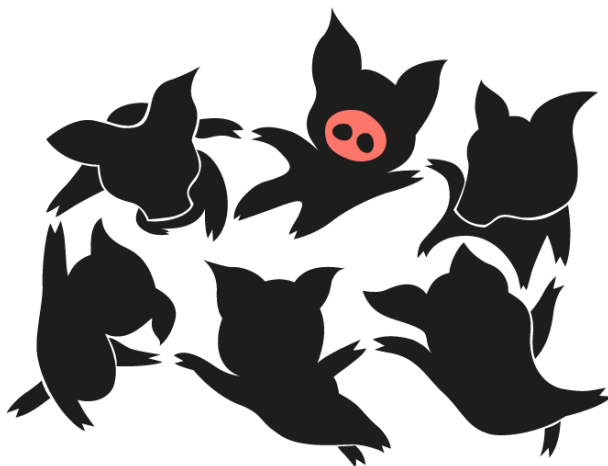
*POSSESSIONS:* Watery pockets of quantum holding. Collection of d6 nice shells. Watery fist (damage as hammer).

*SPECIAL:* *Gidim* is made of water and can breath underwater, swim without penalty and rearrange its body to slowly fit through any gap that it can see through (but it does not find this pleasant). Piercing attacks do 50% damage. Bludgeoning and many elemental attacks do an extra 50% of damage.

*WANTS:* Something dark and primordial stirs *Gidim* from the deep. Serendipitously this will very likely align with the Party's current endeavours.







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