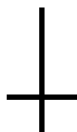


Graves Left Wanting

A PLAY-BY-POST TRANSCRIPT



GM: Johan Nohr Player: Kevin B Adventure by: Karl Druid

This is a transcript from a Play-by-Post game session on the unofficial *Mörk Borg West Marches* discord server, and the scenario is a slightly adapted version of an upcoming MÖRK BORG CULT adventure (not really meant for a single 1 HP PC, but what the hell). The transcript mixes in-character and out-of-character messages and is neither proofread nor edited except for the worst typos.

MÖRK BORG

Meet **Wemut**, an occult herbmaster lost in the vast graveyard of Graven-Tosk. He is not the strongest character; 1 HP, one Omen and only a crowbar and a femur bone to defend himself with. He also carries a portable laboratory with which he can brew alchemical decoctions if he finds the proper reagents. What follows is the transcript, copied from the chat:

GM *A journey across never-ending fields of tombs and graves. An echoing whisper. A chase, or a struggle? All vague memories, flashes of light in the dark. A dream?*

GM .. You awaken suddenly with a gasp. There's no telling for how long you've been asleep, or what actually happened. The last thing you remember is crossing the gloomy burial grounds of Graven-Tosk in search of ingredients of rare obscurity, far from home. There was a voice, a whisper that sends chills down your spine. But then, you draw blanks. Now, where are you? Your eyes are open but it's still void-black, and dead quiet. You try to stretch but realize you can't, as if you're stuck in a box. In your head, a devil hammering away on a wardrum. In your mouth, a desert. What a lovely day.

What do you do?

Player Wemut will try to move around, fingers, limbs, head, testing whether that feeling of being stuck in a box is correct—not only whether he's able to stand up, but whether his body can/will even respond to the mental command to move.

GM As you move your aching body you come to the claustrophobic realization that you are indeed trapped in a box. Lying on your back. Enclosed in blackness.

You slide your fingers across the cage you're in, and feel the coarse texture of wooden planks. They give in slightly when your prodding presses them above your head, but there is some force holding you back. A razor sharp line of light appears when you try to push the lid away from you, surrounding it. And a stench of rot and death.

Player *Can I move enough to check if I have any of my equipment/supplies with me? Mostly it's to see if I might have my crowbar, but really anything at all...*

GM You move your arms down to check your equipment, or what's at hand. You feel the chain of the crucifix, still in your belt pouch. Then the head and neck of the femur bone you found. On the other side, you slide down your hands along your side until your fingers touch the cold steel of your trusted crowbar. Reaching for it is really stretching it.

GM It seems like you also have your water skin with you in this damned confinement.

Player Unable to get any solid grasp of his crowbar, Wemut attempts to pull his crucifix into his hand. *"If you have any power left in you, strengthen my arm."* Clutching the crucifix in one palm, he tries to push away the planks, heaving with both hands in an effort to free himself.

GM You press the lid up and away from you, and feel its weight shift when something on top of it slides off and crashes to the ground with a dry thump. With the extra weight gone it's not so strenuous to lift it and you emerge, stumbling. You were in a closed coffin, hammered shut with rusty nails. You cannot for the life of you recall how you ended up there. Now you sit in it, looking around to take in your environment. A misty pit under a moonless night sky. Everywhere are dead bodies in various stages of decay. Men, women, children. Some have been hacked to pieces. You also see the rest of your equipment, strewn around the carnage as if a child had been toying with them. Around you are the pit's steep slopes, covered in soup like mist. To your left, you see that there's a tunnel leading further into the underground.

You now also see what was holding your efforts back. At the base of your coffin lies the dry husk-like corpse of a woman. A skeleton with abscess-covered stretched skin. Still holding a hammer. No movement.

Player Gulping fresh air—at least compared to inside the coffin—Wemut sits upright before slowly standing. He steps out of the box and stares at the corpse and then at his assorted equipment. Gripping the crowbar in one hand, Wemut will spend a few minutes collecting what components of his portable laboratory he can reach without moving too close to any of the corpses.

Player *If there's no disruption during that time, he'll cautiously walk toward the tunnel.*

GM You gather the rest of your equipment, but will have to cross the field of bodies to do so. The stench is nauseating but you steel yourself. You get the unnerving feeling that someone is watching you, but it's quiet and still. As you approach the tunnel, you see it is chest high, and slightly sloping downward to the dark unknown.

Player Wemut crouches at the mouth of the tunnel to assess which components in his kit remain viable enough to use for potentially helpful potions.

GM *Roll a d4 to see how many total potions and decoctions you can make/find, and 2d8 to see what kind.*

The player rolls a 2 on the d4, and a 4 and 5 on the 2d8; Elixir Vitalis and Spider-Owl Soup. A total of two doses.

Player Spending a few moments to decoct a cup of Spider-Owl Soup, Wemut glances around to try and catch a glimpse of whoever must be watching him, and then he ingests the potion.

GM Around you are nothing but the grim jumble of dead bodies and the hammer wielding corpse that rested atop your coffin. No movement. Nothing.

You down the potion and almost gag at the weird, disgusting sensation it makes in your throat. Not really liquid, but more like swallowing a handful of spiders, crawling hurrying down to your gut. Then, it's as if someone lit a torch. The dark rock lights up, the interior of the tunnel takes form. Your eyes pierce through the darkness as if the long forgotten sun had returned. The tunnel leads on down into the underground and at its base you can see the floor of some room or chamber. Perhaps 20 or so feet from the entrance.

Player Wemut bends forward until his hands touch the ground. Then, he moves into the tunnel, crawling on awkwardly-splayed limbs along its wall, and then its ceiling, rather than walking on its floor. He moves slowly to take in the sight of the chamber as he approaches it.

GM Crawling on the walls and ceiling of the sloping tunnel you descend to the chamber below. A drifting fog covers the floor of this warm tomb. A large sarcophagus with the image of a mangled man stands pressed against the wall opposite the entrance. The artwork is exquisite but gruesome—a full body relief of a nobleman, his body crushed and twisted as if a giant stepped on him, or as if trampled by the weight of a hundred horses. Framing the sarcophagus on either side are rusty wall sconces with unlit torches. Two passages lead out of this room; a catacomb tunnel on the left hand wall and a tight crawl space on to the right.

Player Perhaps it's just a side-effect of the Spider-Owl Soup, but Wemut finds himself drawn to the narrower passage to the right. He contorts himself down the wall to slip into it, skittering as quietly as he can.

GM As quietly as you can you skitter across the tomb wall toward the crawlspace to the right. Slipping in unnoticed as if the mangled image on the sarcophagus would spot you otherwise. The crawl is tight and low, a tunnel crudely carved out of the dead cold rock. It curves slightly to the left, before breaching into a catacomb corridor stretching seemingly endlessly to the left and right. You sit in the crack where the tunnel eats it way into the corridor. At your feet are dirt and rocks, former parts of the wall. The corridor is lined with niches, giving it the shape of a spine. In each is a skeleton, propped up to a standing position by a metal spike piercing them. Three large urns, each the size of a barrel, are blocking the corridor to the left for those who cannot climb as you can. The area is deadly quiet and quite hot.

Player Wemut attempts to squeeze himself out of the tunnel and down the corridor wall to stand on the ground, examining the urns.

Are they emanating the heat here, or does it come from the passage to the left? Or does the heat permeate the catacombs?

GM Stepping down onto the corridor floor, a cold splash immediately informs you that it's flooded. Not by much, only to right below your ankle, but enough to test your boots' ability to keep dry. You approach the closest urn, passing one pair of skeletons, then another, then a third. They stare at each other in silence.

GM The urn blocks the path and is tall enough to reach your chin, wide like a barrel and seemingly made out of metal or gilded ceramic. Its lid caked with a black, grainy resin.

You can't really locate the source of the heat from where you are and what you see at the moment.

Player Fighting a cold shiver despite the heat as he passes by the three pairs of skeleton-bearing niches, Wemut takes a deep breath and tries to push the lid off the closest urn.

GM The lid doesn't move as easily as you hoped. It seems like the tarry substance covering it is holding it sealed and stuck.

Player Cursing quietly under his breath, Wemut sighs and scurries up the wall to maneuver himself into the path blocked by the urns.

GM *To squeeze through you'd have to climb on top of, or just next to, the skeletons in the wall niches beside the urns. Will you do this?*

Player *Yes—I'm picturing it that, even with 'best efforts' to try to avoid touching them, it's unavoidable, and Wemut will end up with his hand on a cheekbone or ribcage.*

GM You make your way through the passageway blocked by the three urns. Climbing and crawling across the skeletal displays, trying to avoid touching them more than necessary. When you have passed the third urn the corridor continues before you, ascending ever so slightly. The water on the floor seems to come from wherever this leads.

I'm assuming you continue down this path?

Beyond the urns, the corridor stretches for another seven pairs of skeleton niches until the walls are simply plain stone. You walk or crawl in the opposite direction of the slow stream of water until you finally reach the end of the corridor—a closed stone door. A small crack at its base allows water to enter this place. Other than that it is featureless.

Player Wemut stands before the stone door, glancing back behind him to see if any of the passed skeletons watches him. Then, putting his weight into it, he tries to push the door open slowly.

GM Shoulder pressed against the stone slab you push it and it slides open with a low rumbling noise. A gust of cold night air hits your face and you see the vast landscape of tombstones stretch out before you—an immense deathly vista beneath a blackened sky. Everywhere are headstones, crosses, statues and grave markers. You seem to be perched atop a tall cliff or a hill, and can see water trickle down from somewhere further up, forming a puddle just outside the door that spits you out. All is still, but not quiet. You hear the sound of rushing water from above, and... whispering? No, it can't be.

Player Wemut looks around for the origin of the water. Observing that it's dripping down from somewhere further up, he maneuvers about to look for footholds or a path that might lead him to its source. Plus, he thinks, it will—perhaps—keep him that much further from the seemingly endless fields of gravestones below.

GM The source of the water seems to be further up on the hill, but the climb is steep, wet and slippery. It would surely be easier to climb with the power of your spider-owl soup, but even with its blessing the rushing water could be a problem.

Now you hear it again. It is most definitely a whispering voice, also emanating from the top of the hill. It almost sounded like children laughing.

The soup's effect is still ongoing for another 10-15 minutes or so, to clarify.

Player Wemut continues cautiously, trying to make sure he maintains as good a hold as possible with each step, lest the haunting whisper frighten him enough to fall. His nostrils flare as he creeps upward, seeking out purchase for his feet, unsure of what sights await on the summit above.

GM *Give me an Agility roll please. DR 8 or you slip and either fall for damage or drop a random item.*

The player rolls a d20 and gets a 19.

GM You climb the cliff face toward the source of the water and the increasing wind and trickling water does its best to disrupt your balance, but the glue-like secretion from your palms keeps your grip firm. It doesn't take long for you to reach the summit. There, you're met with antiquity and haunting beauty. An overflowing and delicately decorated fountain, surrounded by pillars where marble cherubs vomit a milk-colored mist. It covers the water and the ground close to the fountain. You can swear you hear the whispering sound of children laughing, but as soon as you look at the cherubs it seems to stop. At the fountain's crest are two statues of robed, ghastly figures. Both holding their skeletal arms high, lifting a simple stone jar toward the dying sky.

Player Cresting the hill, Wemut freezes for a moment at the site of figures and the sound of laughter, moving only after he realizes the figures are statues. He creeps as quietly as he can toward the fountain, his eyes darting back and forth between the mist belched forth by the cherub-pillars and the stone jar held aloft by the robed statues.

Frowning, he begins to clamber up the back of one of the statues, in search of potential treasure in the jar. To himself, he thinks:
"Between this mist and whatever might lie within the stone vessel, I may be on the brink of the most potent decoction I've ever brewed—possibly that anyone has."

GM The view is magnificent and almost incomprehensible from where you wade through the mist. Endless fields of graves, too many to count, stretching in all directions to the jagged horizon. Few things stand out among the tombs: in one direction, far away, you see a giant oak-like tree breaking out from the graves. In another, you see a mausoleum taller than the rest, surrounded by pillars. You can also make out the plague pit where you first emerged from your coffin. You begin to climb the statues.

Roll another Agility test please to see if you safely reach the jar.

Player Gritting his teeth, Wemut hugs the figure's robed form as he continues up toward the jar, one arm out before him as if he could will it to extend even further and reach his desired treasure.

The player rolls a d20 and gets a 9.

GM *Wanna keep it or use an Omen to reroll?*

Player *How about using it to reduce the DR by 4?*

GM *You can, sure! If you want.*

Player *Ok, let's do that—even if I still failed the roll.*

GM You nimbly begin to mount the jar-wielding statues but notice immediately that they are slick with mold or algae from the moisture. The water rushing over them doesn't really help. But you try your best to climb, aided by the spider-soup powers and reach high enough to touch the jar... but then—it's like the world pauses for a brief moment when your grip betrays you, and you smash your face against the head of one statue. Then tumble down, arms flailing, into the mist and water below. A sudden splash. Freezing cold. A lightning bolt of pain in your neck. The loud mocking laughter of devilish cherubs echoing in your ears. The world spins. Soaking wet and cold you are swallowed by the mist. Then the world goes silent and black.

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Your life flashes before your eyes. Flashes of your childhood, your early years. Moments of pain, hope and surrender. But, they're not quite... yours. Details are slightly altered. Faces distorted. Places shifted. It's not like you used to remember it. But which one is true?

You come to your senses again, lying on your back, wet with cold water. Everything hurts. It feels like you've been asleep for ages but the fact that you can still see in this dark corridor tells you you haven't been down for long. You are back at the corridor with the three urns, lying next to the crack in the wall leading to where you first started.

*Lower each Ability by 1. You have aged significantly.
And your teeth are gone.*

Guest *Damn dude.*

GM *Graven-Tosk is weird.*

Guest *You ended this man's whole career.*

GM *Don't shoot the messenger. :)*

Missed the DR by 1.

16 to climb. I gave +2 because of the spider-owl soup.

Another 4 for the omen. Rolled a 9...

Guest *You ever just fall down so hard that you become an old man?*

GM *Back where you started. Older, confused and toothless.*

Player *Amazing.*

Player Coughing, Wemut heaves himself over onto his side so that he can push himself off of the wet floor and slowly rise. He looks toward the urns and rubs his jaw, feeling for the first time his lack of teeth. Then he notices the wrinkles on the back of his hand and gasps. Glancing once more at the urns, Wemut turns in the opposite direction and shuffles into the dark catacombs.

GM You stand up, bent and frail. The first step feels like you've slept for ages. Head spinning, the dry gums of your mouth feel weird against your tongue. Passing the skeletons standing in the niches you realize they too are toothless. All of them.

As you walk down the corridor, it gets slightly warmer for every step. There is something lying on the floor before you; a discarded lantern. Hooded, rusty and dented. You hear a low scratching, scurrying noise in front of you like the sound insects make when they're way too many.

Player Wemut reaches down for the lantern with one hand, the other seeking out the warhammer hopefully hanging from his belt. He squints, trying to determine whether there is enough oil in the lantern for it to be lit ... somehow.

GM You pick it up. It is wet, dented and damaged but there seems to be oil left in it.

Player Opening the lantern, Wemut takes his warhammer and crowbar, striking them against one another in an effort to create enough sparks to ignite the lantern. He glances around as he does, seeking out the source of the scratching sounds.

GM Your back hurts a bit when you bow down to try to produce a spark near the opened lantern. You strike the metal tools together. *Clink!* No spark. Again. *Clank!* The moisture makes it impossible to produce a flame. One last time. *Clink!*

The nature of the corridor shifts suddenly. A light! At the end of the corridor, it's as if a torch was lit further away, beyond the curve. At the same time, the rest of the corridor, where you kneel with the lantern, goes completely black. You no longer see in darkness, and perhaps the light further on was always there, but your bewitched sight could not spot it?

The lantern remains unlit.

Player Muttering to himself, Wemut slips his crowbar back into a loop on his belt and picks up the unlit lantern, walking toward the light in the distance. His steps are slow, his weight on the rear leg to try and avoid falling face-first into the pitch-black corridor.

*GM, knowing what's coming, rolls 2d6 for reaction.
Gets a 10; 'almost helpful'.*

GM Slowly advancing toward the light, the warmth and the insect noise, you are soon met with a stench so foul you must cover your nose and mouth or vomit. It is clear that whatever lies ahead is rotten, rancid and vile. The corridor turns slightly to the right, a wide bend. As you proceed, you soon see the end of the hallway—an illuminated archway leading into a room lit by torches or lanterns or a fire of some sort. It stinks. And from where you stand you can just make out that the floor seems to shift and move. Like it's vibrating, or rippling. You take one more cautious step and realize that the ground in the room ahead is completely covered with bugs. They crawl in droves, scurrying about haplessly in the warm light. There is more to the room than you see from where you stand though. You are perhaps 20–30 feet away from the room.

Player Trying to choke back the sick rising in his throat, Wemut suddenly launches forward, his aging joints aching, to get to one of the lights despite the skittering carpet of bugs.

Player *If it looks like I can grab a lantern, I will, or else try to light the lantern with a torch. Unless it turns out they're not what I think ...*

GM You rush into the room, trampling centipedes and cockroaches under your foot, their gooey insides squirt and spray like crushed fruit across their brethren. You enter a disgusting lair, an (unfortunately) torch-lit crypt chamber that no man should ever need to witness. Everywhere is shitstained debris crawling with cockroaches of all sizes. Some the size of a thumb, others as large as small dogs or plague-fat rats. In the far corner of the rancid lair is a throne of trash—broken pillars, human bones and skulls, a decapitated statue's angelic head, clothes, rags and broken caskets. Sitting in this chair is an old, dirty man in tattered rags. His filth-crusted hair caked with mud, vomit and shit. His eyes half-blind, arms knitted with scars and warts. He sits upon the throne, resting his head upon his bent knees, petting an oily, fat cockroach in his hand, kissing it now and then. When you barge in, he tilts his head in your direction, inspects you for a second then asks calmly. *"Are you alive or dead? Or neither?"*

In the other corner of the room, on the opposite side of the throne, is an archway that leads further into the catacombs. From it you can hear the sound of rushing water.

Player *"I am—or was—alive, I thought. But now I fear that may no longer be the case, and I suffer in some nightmarish torment. I am sorry,"* Wemut's eyes widen, and he begins to retch. *"I want—I want—"* He chokes back vomit from the overwhelming nature of the scene, his senses reeling. Wemut tries to run toward the sound of running water and, he hopes, away from the intense stench of this room. One arm is outstretched in an effort to avoid obstacles that might knock him to the insect-infected ground.

GM You scramble through the insects toward the nearest exit. Jumping, skipping, dashing in the stench of filth and rot. The man follows you with his gaze, and you can hear his voice as you reach the dark archway. *"This life, this whole world is a nightmarish torment. But there's no running from it. No, my friend. You can't run."*

Reaching the passage to the rushing water you realize that it is pitch black. The only light is from the torches illuminating this room.

Player Cursing under his breath, Wemut pauses in the filthy room, standing in the light to try and mix together another cup of Spider-Owl Soup. He kicks at any bugs that try to crawl up his legs while doing so.

This would be decoction dose 2 of 2 if the ingredients weren't stolen while I was unconscious.

Recognizing the uncomfortable scene of him rummaging for various occult ingredients, Wemut swallows a lump in his throat mid-search and asks the man on the throne, in a quiet voice: *"What—who are you? What is this place?"*

GM You're doing the best you can to cook something up quick while simultaneously kicking and shoving waves upon waves of cockroaches. When you turn to the man in the throne you see that he has released his pet bug and is now taking a step down the throne towards you. The bugs on the floor near him immediately come crawling towards him, climbing up on his legs and into his clothes. He doesn't seem to mind much.

"What's the matter, stranger? You seem confused. This place does have a tendency to... get to you. But, there's no need to be afraid. This chamber of mine is ... safe."

He is now halfway across the room towards you, about 10 feet from where you stand. You notice that he has a rope or a belt of some sort hanging, curled in his ragged clothes. Then you understand that it must be a whip. Made from dead cockroaches stitched and linked together into a disgusting bug-corpse chain.

Player *This is gross as hell and I love it.*

Player Wemut continues to try and calm himself down from gagging and heaving while he works on his potion, but his eyes are locked on the approaching man. *"Please, my lord, please—stay back. I want to believe you, but ... these sights, these creatures ..."* He shakes his head. *"I cannot stay here. Grant me a torch or let me light my lantern from it, and I will go."*

GM He stops in his steps. The room is quite loud with the scurrying of a million legs.

GM *"Where are you heading then? That way?"* He points a finger at the archway behind you *"Strong currents and strangling death in there."* Notices a cockroach crawling on the hand he pointed with. Shakes it off.

"You'd be better off leaving the way you came. But tell me... where will you go?"

Player Thinking for a moment, Wemut shrugs and sighs. *"I know not. But if this is no place for me, then I will go elsewhere."* He pauses before continuing. *"Do you know what is in the three urns back the way I came?"*

GM *"Ashes and bones I suppose."* He looks a bit concerned.
"Roaches won't go near them. Something's wrong with them."

Player *"I see,"* Wemut responds quietly. He roots around in his sack with one hand to retrieve a bit of food, which he holds up and extends toward the man. *"This is for you. Thank you for your kindness."* Wemut attempts to hand the man the rations and then move to light his lantern from one of the torches.

GM The man gives a wide smile, his eyes staring madly at the food, then at you. He begins to stutter. *"F-f-for m-me?"* He quickly snatches the food from your hand, and sinks his teeth in it without hesitation. Between bites he looks up at you. *"I have not ... eaten properfood in days ... weeks perhaps."*

You light the lantern from the closest torch, its dented hood focusing the light in a bright cone.

Player *"Take care,"* Wemut says, heading back out to the corridor from which he'd arrived, seeking out the urns. As he walks, he frees his crowbar from its loop on his belt. *"If the insects are repelled by the urns' contents, then I will solve the mystery as to why,"* he mutters to himself.

GM You leave the bugs and the filth and the man to his own. Back to the skeleton-bordered corridor, the crack and tunnel in the wall, and the first of the three giant urns.

Player Setting his lantern on the floor nearby, pointed at the urns, Wemut takes to scraping away what resin he can from the urn lids, looking for enough of a hold to gain leverage and pry the lid free.

GM You begin to work your way through the resin, it cracks and crumbles like dried wax and reveals a simple, flat ceramics lid resting on the urn's opening. Just as you've removed enough to pry it open, the sharp shadow you cast on the urn fades, as another light source approaches from behind. You turn around and see the ragged man following you, torch in hand. *"If you don't mind, I figure I'd come with you. I really appreciated our talk back there and it feels like we got really close."*

Player *"Ahh, er, of course,"* Wemut replies, looking over his shoulder at the man. *"If you'll stay right there for a moment, I'm going to look inside this urn. I'm a collector, you see. Of herbs and eldritch things that I might use. And I get the feeling that something in here will be useful..."* He turns his attention back to the urn to pry the lid off with his crowbar.

GM rolls a d4 on a table to see what the first urn contains. Gets a 3. Our first monster encounter.

GM *Oh shit*

Player *uh oh*

GM *"As you wish. But, do be careful. You never know what might be buried here."*

and with that—Pling!—the lid flies open and lands cracked with a splash in the ankle deep water. You close in to have a peek and see this:

Curled inside the urn is a decomposed corpse, sitting in a fetal position looking up to the urn opening, face distorted in a terrifying grimace of fear and anguish. The entire torso has been torn to pieces, chewed on and eaten by the creature that also resides here.

"BZZZZZZ"

Something moves, a cranium sized, bristled lump of rot-black, many legged depravity. And with a buzzing noise, it springs up from the corpse and flies out of the urn to defend its food. A giant fly, wings buzzing like a chainsaw and mandibles dripping with blood and pus.

GM *"Watch out!!" the man cries in the back.*

Roll for initiative please

The player rolls a d6, gets a 1. The enemy will go first. Because of different time zones and the Play-by-post format, the GM asks him to also roll for defence. It's a 1, a fumble.

The GM then rolls a d4 for damage. A 1. The fumble ruins Wemut's armor completely, making it useless. It also doubles the damage to a total of 2. Wemut is now at -1 HP. Dead:

GM You immediately step back to avoid the frenzied corpse fly, tripping on the lantern on the floor. You land on your back in the water, the light cone splash across the corridor ceiling and the urn and the giant, angry insect diving down upon you. It goes straight for the jugular. Digging its razor sharp, barbed mandibles into your flesh. There is a sharp pain and the horrified scream of the man behind you, partly drowned by the deafening buzzing of your executioner's wings. So. Much. Pain.

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You see the blurry silhouette of the man dashing into view, flailing his torch at the fly, sending it flying across the corridor with a 'thud'. You're still partly alive when he kneels down by your side. Checking pockets, checking pouches. *"Apologies. But I need it more than you do."* Taking the last remaining valuables you own before leaving you in the dark, damp crypt to bleed out.

All. Goes. Black.

GM *Vague memories. A buzzing noise. A whisper? Just a dream, or a nightmare? What is even reality?*

GM You awaken suddenly with a gasp. There's no telling for how long you've been asleep, or what actually happened. The last thing you remember is crossing the gloomy burial grounds of Graven-Tosk in search of ingredients of rare obscurity, far from home. There was a voice, a whisper that sends chills down your spine. But then, you draw blanks. Now, where are you? Your eyes are open but it's still void-black, and dead quiet. You try to stretch but realize you can't, as if you're stuck in a box. In your head, a devil hammering away on a wardrum. In your mouth, a desert. What a lovely day.

But that is for another Wemut to experience, another time and place. With no memories of what happened earlier. This marks the end of your game I'm afraid.

GM *1 HP is hardcore. Thanks, I had a lot of fun*

Player *That was great!*

GM *I'd love to post the transcript of the game if you're cool with it? If anyone wants to read.*

Player *Sure!*

