



BLOOD FEAST

A Savage Worlds One Sheet™ By Shane Lacy Hensley,
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The Wanderers find a massacred village and a trail of black blood leading to an ancient and savage secret.

The party is traveling the coast of New England when they spy smoke coming from the nearby woods. On investigation, they find a scene of chaos. A mix of crude and well-made tables and chairs lie askew at the center of a small village—as if a meager feast were interrupted.

Indeed, traces of the meal lie about the earth—most notably sickly-looking corn, hard crumbles of bread, some sort of weedy greens, and a few platters of oily blackish, steaks carved from some large but unfamiliar creature of the sea.

Scattered about the food are a mix of plates, both fine China and wooden spoons, knives, and serving dishes. Many tracks and small splashes and pools of blood and some kind of black gunk are also evident. (The black gunk is regurgitated ichtynite flesh—it was poisonous to the villagers and they continue to wretch it up along the trail for the remainder of this adventure.)

A Notice roll reveals that both the blood and the food are still somewhat warm—this happened only minutes before the heroes' arrival.

A raise on the Notice roll also detects that, despite the verdant wildlife of New England, not even a bird has descended to pick at the scraps.

Should an investigator ask, it looks as if the tables were set for more than twenty individuals. The five crude huts scattered about seem to indicate that's a larger presence than the community normally sustains. A quick glance into the huts finds personal artifacts, bedding, and simple stoves—many of which still burn hot.

Tracking reveals a heavy trail of footprints—both shod and unshod—heading into the dense woods to the northeast. Dollops of blood and pools of black vomit accompany the prints.

THE BLOOD FEAST

In truth, a band of Huron Indians have become thralls of savage fish-men, "ichtynites," a few miles north along the coast. The thralls brought the village what seemed to be much-needed food for a feast of thanks. But the meat was the tainted flesh of a dead master. The black flesh drove the villagers to frenzy and will eventually prove lethal.

The thralls waited until the strangers turned on each other, then absconded with their youngest children to sacrifice to the fish-men. But the villagers proved resilient and gave chase...just moments before our heroes arrived.

THE DARK FOREST

A hundred yards along the track the group finds the body of a young man, clearly slashed across the abdomen and soaked with blood. The man is alive but incoherent. Black goo spills from his lips and his eyes roll madly about in his head. In his hands is a carving knife coated in warm blood (not his own). The poison has sunk in deep and he expires moments after the party's arrival regardless of treatment.

As he does so, the Wanderers hear a scream further in the forest and the discharge of muskets. The trail leads to four bodies—two adult males and two females. All are in the last moments of life, either choking on the black poison or bleeding out from hacking wounds (from the hybrids' tomahawks).

Another Tracking roll (at +2 due to the blood and number of tracks) leads further on to the woods where it stops abruptly at a rocky cliff overlooking a cold inlet some thirty feet down.

As the heroes arrive they see a dozen or so villagers swim out of the inlet and onto the opposite bank, clearly in pursuit of



something. They don't respond if hailed but rather race blindly and frantically toward the north along the coast. More disturbing, floating in the inlet are the bodies of several more colonists. One broke her neck during the jump while the rest perished as the poison finally took hold.

The adventurers don't have time to climb carefully down the gray cliff. They must brave the 30' leap then swim across 20 yards of crashing waves bobbing with gruesome corpses. (See *Savage Worlds* for falling damage into water.)

THE RUINS

The opposite bank leads to a sandy shore. The long run, the terrifying swim, and the unstable sand cause everyone to make Vigor rolls or suffer Fatigue that can be recovered only with 10 minutes rest.

To the party's west is a 40' high cliff. Twenty feet of sand and stone slope down to the crashing ocean to their east. Within moments, the group hears the sounds of melee from around a bend in the cliffs. Around a 40' outcropping of gray stone the Wanderers enter a horseshoe-shaped cove. The lagoon is dark and protected from the worst of the waves by a line of solid granite rocks across the seaward side.

All around the cove are ancient gray pillars. Some still stand high while others have toppled into the dark water. Thick green moss covers most, but a quick glance at the closest column reveals lurid carvings of fish-men engaged in all manner of depravity and tentacles that seem to wrap round and round the stones without origin. In and around the pillars, a half-dozen villagers attack a like number of strange, wild-eyed Huron Indians. At the back of the cove are three young children protected by two more Hurons. Clearly, the children were kidnapped and the villagers have been in hot pursuit since the village.

The Hurons are no longer truly human. They've been corrupted by a tribe of ichthyines living in the nearby shallows. The hybrids took the flesh of a dead master to the villagers to poison them and then absconded with their children as sacrifice. But the resilient pilgrims gave chase and vowed to recover the young ones before the poison claims them.

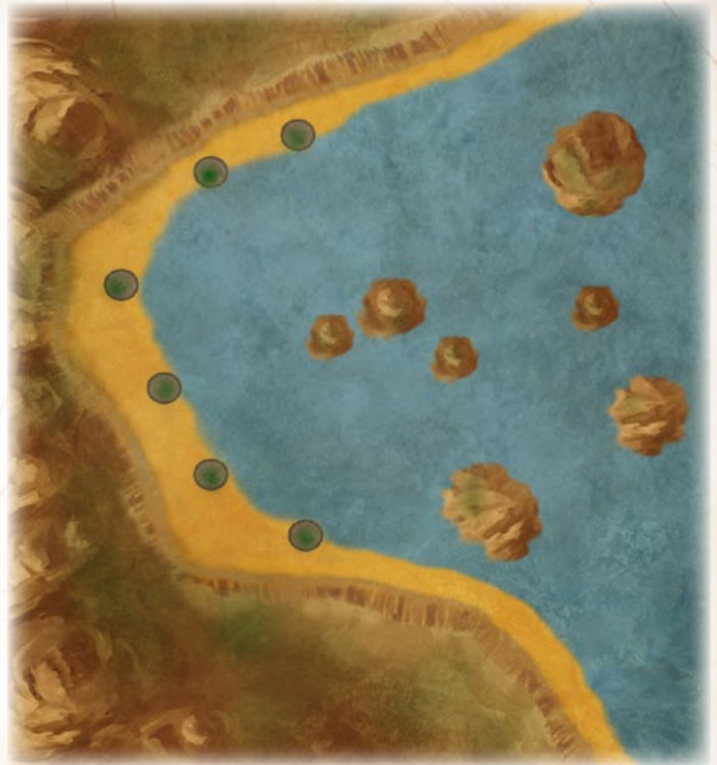
ICHTHYNE INDIAN HYBRIDS (8)

Attributes: Agility d6, Smarts d6, Spirit d6, Strength d6, Vigor d6

Skills: Climbing d6, Fighting d6, Guts d4, Notice d6, Stealth d8, Survival d8, Swimming d8

Special Abilities:

- **Aquatic:** Pace 6



- **Tomahawks:** Str+d6

- **Blood Frenzy:** When another character or animal suffers a Wound, all hybrids within 6" are driven into a frenzy by the scent of blood. This causes them to go Berserk (as the Edge).

VILLAGERS (6)

Use standard commoner statistics from *The Savage World of Solomon Kane*. Make a Vigor roll for them each round. Those who fail are Incapacitated from the poison and die the following round.

The three children—two girls and a boy ages 4, 5, and 7, respectively—did not eat the meat.

FURTHER ADVENTURE

The thralls' masters lurk in the ocean nearby. If the Game Master wishes to continue this tale, perhaps the heroes can find a way to lure them from the depths and end their evil.

For the ichthyines statistics, as well as more adventures and over twenty other scoundrels and malevolent horrors, pick up the *Savage Foes of Solomon Kane* book in print or PDF.

