

Andrew
Walter's

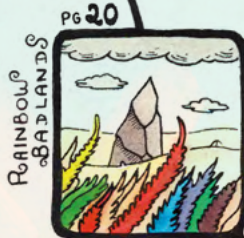
FRONDS OF BENEVOLENCE



Unlike the rumour tables of many other adventures, the GM should decide for themselves the veracity of the following hearsay.

d6	Use this table when the party is <i>FURTHER NORTH THAN SOUTH.</i>
1	Ybabya-Ygagak attacks are on the increase in the Collapsing Mires but if you drag one from her hut she dies instantly.
2	The pulpy flesh of Duke DeCorticus has a sweet, nutty taste somewhere between aniseed and roasted chestnuts.
3	Men with golden faces murdered an orchid seller in broad daylight in a northern district of Plandra Metropolis yesterday.
4	On The Wall all foreigners are forced by law to “horizontally” walk at right angles to the real ground while they spend any time there.
5	Duke DeCorticus is entering the final stage of his life cycle which results in his expelling parasitic spores across all of Plandra!
6	Stories say that once the black vastness of the hump-backed sky couldn’t be entered by humankind and it was impossible to breathe up there as if you were on the bottom of the ocean.

d6	Use this table when the party is <i>FURTHER SOUTH THAN NORTH.</i>
1	All Plandran citizens are legally required to sleep standing with their feet embedded in crates of muddy earth.
2	All Second Sight is propaganda.
3	There is a new monarch ruling The Wall who has ousted the Teratogens. His name is Feng.
4	Evolution means mankind one day becomes two separate species, one shaggy and bestial, the other cerebral and wise.
5	Somewhere to the south is an awesome nexus of power where spells jump from the fingertips and mouths of mages unbidden, taking on a life of their own.
6	The largest conglomeration of ghosts ever sighted in one place has been mournfully wailing across the Rainbow Badlands.



Written & Illustrated by Andrew Walter.

Editing & Development by Jarrett Crader. 🐝

Layout & Development by Christian Kessler. 🐝

Proofreading by Jared Sinclair & Fiona Maeve Geist. 🐝

Playtesters: Jack Burley, Nick Gadsby, Jim Howard, Tom Hughes, Laurie Innes, Peter McConville, Rob Saunders, Charlotte Searle, Marek Steven and Lewis Walker.

Copyright 2019 Andrew Walter.

This product is an independent production of
The Melsonian Arts Council.

Redistribution without prior written consent is prohibited.

Permission is granted to photocopy and otherwise reproduce
for personal use. The author retains the right to be identified
as such. In all cases this notice must remain intact.

Andrew Walter's **FRONDS OF BENEVOLENCE**

CONTENTS

<u>Introduction</u>	<u>2</u>
<u>Advice for GMs</u>	<u>4</u>
<u>Getting Started & Plandra Metropolis</u>	<u>6</u>
<u>Golden Barge Space Journey</u>	<u>9</u>
<u>Stilt Loper Journey: Through the Collapsing Mires</u>	<u>11</u>
<u>The Eyebleed & Vomiting Precipices</u>	<u>14</u>
<u>The Empty City (aka Fresh Gilding Metropolis)</u>	<u>17</u>
<u>Asteroid Crash-Landing</u>	<u>18</u>
<u>The Rainbow Badlands</u>	<u>20</u>
<u>Launch & Landing Station Indomitable</u>	<u>22</u>
<u>The Wall</u>	<u>24</u>
<u>The Cupola of Green Mine 470</u>	<u>27</u>
<u>The Great Blue Oak</u>	<u>29</u>
<u>The Domain of the Holy Tuber</u>	<u>31</u>
<u>Enemies</u>	<u>34</u>

Introduction

Fronds of Benevolence is an adventure for Troika! intended for play over one or two sessions by 4 to 6 players wherein they are charged with saving the existence of their friend/ruler/patron/deity **Duke DeCorticus**, upon whose sporulating shoulders rests the fate of the entire duchy of Plandra. It takes the form of a pointcrawl.

The pointcrawl concept was codified by the seriously excellent Hill Cantons blog. A wealth of information about their use and genesis can be found by visiting <http://hillcantons.blogspot.com/search/label/pointcrawling>.

The Duchy of Plandra

This peaceful territory is the lynchpin of an uneasy truce between several ramshackle empires of pirate-princelings with access to some nasty elder technology and weaponry. Were anything to happen to *PLANDRA'S STABLE GOVERNMENT* this part of the land could swiftly be consumed in ash, war and plunder.

Given the intended play time of this adventure the political ramifications of Plandra were outlined to the players as deliberately vague in playtesting.

The Duke DeCorticus

Duke DeCorticus is a noble plant creature of indeterminate origin who has reigned so long that even he can no longer recall how or when he came to power, although he pointedly disdains the title of 'demigod.' Whether or not he is considered dangerously teratogenic is a question waived by many inhabitants of Plandra in light of his excellent and benevolent rule.

It is suggested that the PCs are told as part of character generation that their relationship to **DeCorticus** is fairly close, and then asked to determine for themselves exactly how and why this is the case.

The Rare Earths

Duke DeCorticus has a long and complex lifecycle with many phases and subphases that depend on a regular supply of fresh water, sunlight and, most crucially, a substance of possibly extra-dimensional origin known as *RARE EARTHS*. Otherwise known as *STAR LOAM*, it is only available in minute quantities from very specific parts of the world.

Normally the supply of Rare Earths is delivered from *The Wall*, a region far to the south, but of late an anonymous yet official missive has been sent to Plandra explaining in no uncertain terms that no more shall be delivered under any circumstances.

As the obvious MacGuffin for this adventure, players might question why *RARE EARTHS* have not been stockpiled up to this point. It is a legitimate point and one that can be explained by a sabotage operation by the **AURIC LIQUIDATORS** ([pg 35](#)).

The Sedition

Mysteriously, around the same time the supply of *RARE EARTHS* was cut off, rambling but professionally printed pamphlets in dark green ink on lime green paper began appearing throughout the kingdom and acquiring a steadily growing readership. They tend to bear titles such as **“THEORETICAL INJUSTICES ASSUME REALITY: A SHORT TREATISE ON THE ABSURDITY OF BOTANICAL BEINGS ASSUMING RULE OVER MANKIND.”**

It is recommended that not only the rather unhinged and fanatical nature of these pamphlets is made clear to the characters but also that every day they gain increasing readership due to a certain frisson of the mysterious — most Plandrans harbour whims for the exotic.

Advice for GMs

On Plotting: Any plot for Fronds is flimsy and insubstantial — the journey's the thing. Overseer Feng is behind the deprivation of the Rare Earths and the seditious flyering — how the characters resolve this is up to them.

On Pace: Fronds is written to be run at pace. Some inspiration for this was drawn from the high-speed nature of Michael Moorcock's Corum stories. Keep characters moving, don't be afraid to hand-wave descriptions and details and always emphasise the urgent need for DeCorticus to find sustenance by keeping strict and open track of the days elapsed.

On Pointcrawls: A pointcrawl is a method for structuring travel in RPGs with the benefit of avoiding the analysis paralysis that sometimes besets open hexcrawls. This was adopted in this adventure to expedite play, assist with timekeeping and as a useful modular format for locations. It is important to note that the pointcrawl is not intended to railroad players! Keep it as the rubbery cartilage around which the gelatinous body of your play sessions undulate and never dissuade players from going in their own direction. If the party chooses a route not quite specified on the pointcrawl map estimate the days taken accordingly.

On Pursuers: Overseer Feng's Auric Liquidators were used in playtesting as a hinted-at menace until the time they actually struck. If characters take the Golden Barge they should play a more active role, striking along the journey, perhaps more than once. If the characters journey via Stilt-Loper it is recommended you postpone their ambush until the return journey.

On Epilogues: In playtesting, once a source of Rare Earths was acquired the adventure was hand-waved to a close without any additional rules for couriering or travelling home. If the GM wishes to expand the adventure the party could fully roleplay their return to Plandra or, in the event of DeCorticus' death, the breakdown of peace between the pirate-princelings of neighbouring kingdoms could be examined further.

On Timekeeping: At the beginning of the adventure the GM should roll 4d6 to determine how many days **DeCorticus** can survive without *RARE EARTHS*. This exact figure should be hidden from the characters (although a Second Sight or Healing Test might give them a clue). When the party moves from one location to another the connecting line on the pointcrawl map denotes how many days that leg of the journey takes. Most locations and routes have their own time costs associated with them.

Time spent within a single location may be as little as a few hours, based on the party's activities and the GM's discretion. Fill in one pip for **EVERY HOUR THAT PASSES** and cross out an entire row of four dice for **EACH FULL DAY**.

Day 1		Day 13	
Day 2		Day 14	
Day 3		Day 15	
Day 4		Day 16	
Day 5		Day 17	
Day 6		Day 18	
Day 7		Day 19	
Day 8		Day 20	
Day 9		Day 21	
Day 10		Day 22	
Day 11		Day 23	
Day 12		Day 24	

Getting Started & Plandra Metropolis

The adventure begins in **Duke DeCorticus**' throne room, the ancient seed-man's voice barely rising above a whisper as the characters are instructed on their mission. It should be clear to them supplies of *RARE EARTHS* from *The Wall* have ceased, with no information as to why and no response is forthcoming. Additionally, rumours and legends persist about the Blue Oak as a source of Star Loam. Both destinations lay far to the south.

If asked for armed assistance, **Duke DeCorticus** provides a small troupe of 1D3+1 *PLANDRAN BODYGUARDS* [SKLL:4 STAM:8 INIT:1 ARMR:1] ([pg 36](#)) to accompany them on the adventure. As evidenced by their Mien they are more used to the miniature travails of urbanity than hard travel but are capable in a fight.



Travel

There are two methods of travelling to the south: either in opulent if unsteady style via Golden Barge or by Stilt-Loper across *the Collapsing Mires*. Both voyages are fully paid for by the Duchy. Travel times are listed for journeys without incident. Travel time *between* most locations is listed on the map. Travel time *within* some locations are also listed on the map.

The Golden Barge is quicker (1d3 days of travel) but bound to attract more attention and potential danger due to **VOID-BEAST ATTACKS** and the general nature of travel across the hump-backed sky. It also is inflexible in its landing sites (it must land at *Launch & Landing Station Indomitable*) and subject to certain tiresome formalities. There is only one chartered vessel leaving *Plandra Metropolis* in 1d3 days.

The Stilt-Loper is slower (1d6 days of travel) and is fairly incognito but requires an extremely specialised pilot (provided). It is unable to climb or handle very rough ground and is a somewhat fragile craft. It can leave *Plandra Metropolis* at any time.

Time in Plandra Metropolis

The party may wish to spend some time in *Plandra Metropolis* shopping for equipment, investigating the seditious pamphlets, undertaking research or questioning importers about why *The Wall* may have ceased the supply of *RARE EARTHS*. All of these are good ideas but require extra time. The GM may also wish to drop hints or even glimpses of the mysterious **AURIC LIQUIDATORS**, **Overseer Feng's** agents and assassins in the area. It is suggested that they do not attack the party outright until they leave Plandra.



Golden Space Barge Journey

TMS HEAVEN'S FRENZIED STARE SKILL:4 STAMINA:40 ARMOR:0

Skill represents an amalgamation of actions by the crew (manning antiquated weapons turrets, coordinating clumsy ramming actions) and the fact that the Golden Barge is ponderous, massive and not really designed for combat.

DAMAGE ROLL→	1	2	3	4	5	6	7+
Ram/Feeble Turrets	2	4	4	6	10	18	20

Only large creatures such as **VOID-BEASTS** or explosive weapons and powerful magic can directly damage *HEAVEN'S FRENZIED STARE's* Stamina. **AURIC LIQUIDATORS** might be savvy enough to **PLANT A BOMB** causing many d6s of damage. If reduced to 5 Stamina its systems critically fail and the ship begins to crash. If reduced to 0 Stamina or less the ship explodes in 1d6+2 rounds.

HEAVEN'S FRENZIED STARE must be launched into space from Plandra by way of a gigantic auxiliary slingshot mechanism due to decay in its main drives. Travel to *Launch & Landing Station Indomitable* takes 1d3 days and there are no detours. The ancients piloted these machines with Thinking Engines but their relative rarity in Plandra means that a human Captain and Astrogator pilot the craft as best they can.

Once in the black depths of the star-studded hump-backed sky, its solar wings activate and it is powered by the sun. These only work when in space. Space is of course entirely breathable and no special equipment is required to walk on the open observation deck of the barge. Proper landing is a complicated process involving retrofitted explosive charges and drag nets to impede thrust.

An extensive 17 course meal is served during the voyage — tradition outlines that attendance is mandatory and each guest must present a short speech on a topic of their choice to the assembled. Opulent red glittering curtains festoon the large ovoid dining hall and tapestries depict amazing journeys across the stars. Any **AURIC LIQUIDATORS** present use this occasion to eliminate the characters, preferably once guests are feeling full and sluggish.

NPCs

Captain Swaullock [SKLL:4 STAM:7 INIT:1 ARMR:1] Under no circumstances admits that he does not know what he is doing. Inherited the role from a distant relative. Tall with bristling moustaches, one green and the other red to correspond to port and starboard (less a stylistic dandification and more a reminder to himself). Despite his lack of expertise he is dismissive of ‘rubberneckers’ (almost all passengers) but in the event there is nobility aboard he pathetically kowtows to them. Knows the safest place on board in the event of a crash — only room for one!

Crew [SKLL:6 STAM:7 INIT:2 ARMR:0] Approximately 20 people including Astrogator, Cook, Deckhand, Waiters and Barman.

1d6+4 **AURIC LIQUIDATORS** [SKLL:8 STAM:7 INIT:2 ARMR:0] (pg 35) Hidden aboard in cargo holds, medicine cabinets, bulkheads and items of luggage.

Others:

Five foppish geriatric couples on a fussy, clucking ‘group anniversary trip’.

A severe Thinking Engine specialist.

A tatty noble who uses the journey as an opportunity to stargaze, rudely shushing anyone that tries to talk to them about anything except the stars.

Frundie, ship’s tapir (1-in-6 chance it talks and is deliberately being quiet).

Occurrences, Situations and Hazards

The crew are understandably resentful of their captain’s brusque manner.

During the journey there is a 2-in-6 chance of being **ATTACKED BY A VOID BEAST** [SKLL:5 STAM:28 INIT:1 ARMR:1] (pg 36). If so, **AURIC LIQUIDATORS** consider their job halfway done and try to disable any escape equipment before committing ritual suicide.

In the event of a **CRASH LANDING** roll 1d6 to determine a viable landing site.

Note: crashing into the Badlands is most damaging to crew and characters.

D6	LANDING SITE
1	Launch and Landing Station Indomitable (pg 22)
2-4	Asteroid (pg 18)
5-6	Rainbow Badlands (pg 20)

Stilt-Loper Journey: Through the Collapsing Mires

STILT-LOPER SKILL:(AS PILOT) STAMINA:20 ARMOR:1

DAMAGE ROLL→	1	2	3	4	5	6	7+
Stamp	2	4	4	6	6	8	10

The Stilt-Loper is quite a fragile, ungainly thing of indigo metal and silvery gauzes, but if handled well it can bob and weave to avoid attacks. Upon reaching 0 Stamina it tips and bucks like a wounded mule, causing passengers to Test their Luck or be violently hurled from the craft.

A single one of these strange walker vehicles is available for use by the nobles and courtiers of Plandra. Like the Golden Space Barges, the use of these ancient and wonderful machines is only base level understood.

The Collapsing Mires are squelchy boglands with various pale-yellow and green shrubs dotted about them and a species of **BLACK LEATHERY FLYING REPTILE** [SKLL:4 STAM:4 INIT:2 ARMOR:1 SMALL BEAST] that bursts out from coppices when startled. Travel through here takes 1d6 days.

The Stilt-Loper makes good progress here though the pilot must concentrate incredibly closely at all times, whispering into speaking tubes, pressing certain buttons as soon as they flash in a variety of shades of blue and sometimes pulling on a large steel lever. Not only is the craft difficult to pilot but occasionally the presence of large pillars of blue marble jutting from the landscape indicates unstable ground. Huge sinkholes are prone to appear in these areas.

If the party falls into a sinkhole they are surrounded by absolute pitch darkness and the gibbering and howling of certain masses of humanoid flesh that coagulate in these tunnels. Groupings of pale orange specks denote eyes, but where one body ends and another begins is spectacularly ambiguous. There is a 1-in-6 chance daily that when lost in the sinkhole tunnels they discover a teleportation device that (if they can operate it) places them straight at the base of *The Wall*.

There is also a 2-in-6 chance they encounter a *HERMIT* who has been dwelling here for decades and is convinced he will eventually be able to literally think his way to freedom. If pressed for proof he points to a small indentation in the ceiling above his cubbyhole, claiming he created it with significant mental effort and that it is the beginning of his escape tunnel.

NPCs

Pilot 81 [SKLL:5 STAM:10 INIT:1 ARMR:2 KNIFE] is, like all Stilt-Loper pilots, pale, quiet and utterly absorbed in the piloting and science of his craft — it is more like a loving relationship than a job. He refuses to take the Loper into the *Eyebled Precipice*. Stilt-Loper Pilot 5.

Esquivaux [SKLL:8 STAM:12 INIT:1 ARMR:0 PISTOLET] is a quiet, heavysset woman surrounded by a flock of black and red crows. He did not poison the pilot (see below). He believes he will find a race of extra-terrestrial insects ready to carry him to paradise in *The Emptied City* (pg 17).

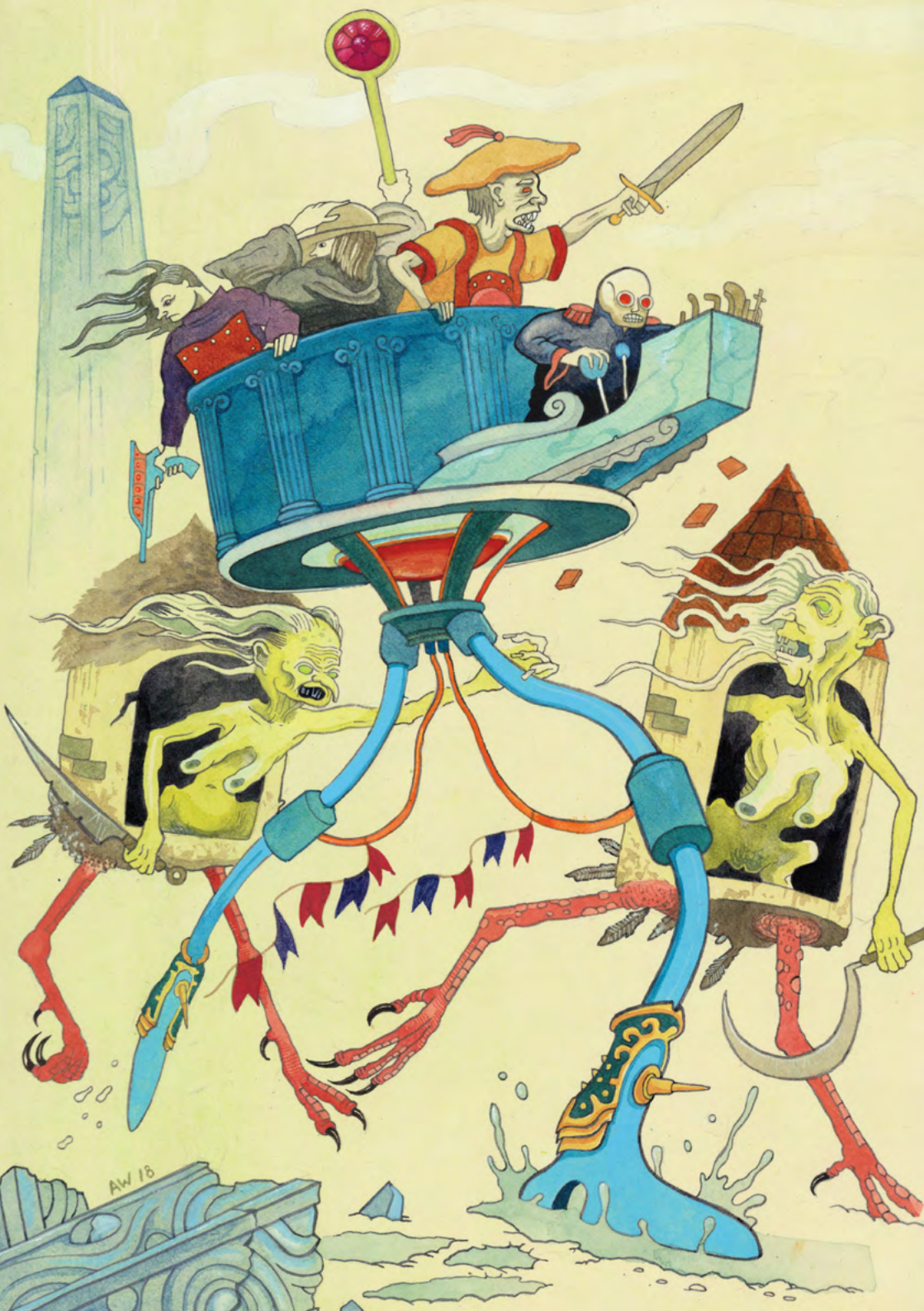
The Hermit, despite his frustrating idiocy, rolled a lot of dice for his initial Luck score. If the party treat him kindly the GM should allow the more benevolent characters to RECOVER 1d6 LUCK.

Occurrences, Situations and Hazards

The GM may like to make an initial Stilt-Loper Piloting Test for **Pilot 81**. If successful, a day's journey can be knocked off of the time taken to traverse *The Collapsing Mires*. Daily checks can be made to avoid falling into sinkholes.

There is a 4-in-6 chance **Pilot 81** has been dosed by the **AURIC LIQUIDATORS** with a slow-acting but fatal poison. Once signs are apparent (enpurpling of skin, stammering, bulging eyes) the pilot has 2d6 rounds to live. The exact point in the journey at which the poisoning becomes obvious is left to **THE GM'S DISCRETION**.

There is a 3-in-6 chance of attack by **YBABYA YGAGAKS** [SKLL:5 STAM:12 INIT:2 ARMR:2] (pg 41). These foul creatures pursue the Stilt-Loper as deadly sport and easily match its speed.

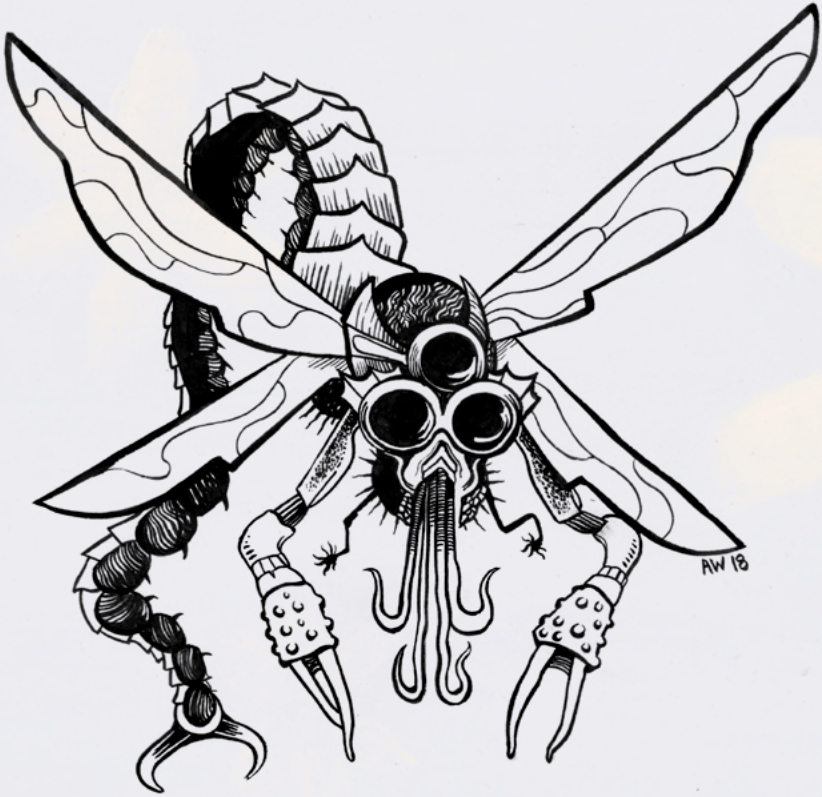


The Eyebleed and Vomiting Precipices

There are awesome, dizzying cliffs and mountains en route to *The Wall*. The rock they are made of is deep black with a slight silvery sheen that sets off blinding spikes of light when caught by the high sun. Occasionally a grim-faced seated figure has been carved into a niche in the rock at intervals. Foraging for food is difficult here, though one occasionally comes across pools of water with their own miniature ecosystems.

The Eyebleed Precipice takes either 3 or 5 days to traverse depending on a successful Climb check by the leader. Metallic particles of red dust float in the air and without goggles the whites of climbers' eyes are stained red for the next 3 weeks, giving them a somewhat startling appearance and betraying the fact that they passed this way.

The Vomiting Precipice is smaller and takes either 1 or 2 days to traverse depending on a successful Climb check by the leader. There is also a 2-in-6 chance of being beleaguered by **PSYCHIC CENTIPEDE-MOTHS** [*SKLL:4 STAM:6 INIT:2 ARMR:0*] ([pg 36](#)) each day of travel. Any victim of this is beset by a violent sickness of lime green vomit and headaches. The following day they turn on their colleagues and attack while a swarm of 1d6+1 **PSYCHIC CENTIPEDE-MOTHS** descend from the clouds to attack alongside them. If all of the **CENTIPEDE-MOTHS** are killed those in their thrall *RETURN TO THEIR OWN AGENCY* albeit woozy and nauseous for 1d3 days.



NPCs

These are very remote areas but there may be a slim chance of encountering one of the following at either precipice.

Getriculus Tantamount [SKLL:7 STAM:13 INIT:2 ARM:1 AXE] is a youngish, ruddy-faced man with a zest for natural beauty. Adorned with climbing gear, mess tins and sketchpads, he pictures himself alone and strong in these unusual bluffs. Spurning the unambitious masses, he exhibits grudging respect to a party that has traversed this far. Hearty appetite. Climb 3.

Fletherfalloo [SKLL:5 STAM:8 INIT:1 ARM:3 FUSIL] is a floating Thinking Engine of a very basic sort, dating from a bygone age. Festooned with rotting ribbons and rusty curlicues, it hovers at varying altitudes, burbling and whistling to itself. When coherent, its speech hints at ownership by a dandy obsessed with weather patterns. Marked with a large '4' on its carapace.

Occurrences, Situations and Hazards

The following table should be used whenever the GM wishes during passages through *The Eyebleed or Vomiting Precipices*. Unless otherwise indicated, the result affects one random character each time the table is used.

2d6	RANDOM SITUATION
2	Avalanche! All must Test their Luck or suffer 2d6 Damage.
3	Falling boulders! The character with the lowest Luck is struck for 1d6+2 Damage.
4	Russet mountain gnats infest your food. Lose 1d3 provisions.
5	A nasty sprain. The affected character has only one Initiative Token during the next combat.
6	Your route takes you so high that the air thins. You quickly tire and must spend a full day resting.
7	Vertigo and light sun-blindness, but nothing serious.
8	A maddening wind blows up for the remainder of the day, setting your nerves jangling.
9	A rope snaps and in the panic your pack dangles over the void. Lose 2 random items.
10	Irritating volcanic vents belch out ashes and smuts. All characters must Test their Luck or break out in nasty red blotches, rendering them laughable or hideous for 1d6 days.
11	You fall a short distance and grab at the wrong rocky outcrop, nearly breaking your arm. 1d6 Damage and -2 Skill for 3 days.
12	A yawning chasm suddenly opens beneath you. Test your Luck. If you pass you lose your entire pack and weapons. If you fail you are also one second away from death. Your life is in the hands of the nearest character.

WEATHER IS PARTICULARLY UNPREDICTABLE HERE. GMs savvy enough to own a copy of *THE MELSONIAN ARTS COUNCIL'S POCKET DIMENSION* product should roll on the included 2d6 weather table several times per day of travel.

If gaming the return to *Plandra* (see On Epilogues, pg 4) characters who carefully planned their routes through here during the outward journey might be rewarded with somewhat lessened travel times on the way back.

The Emptied City (aka Fresh Gilding Metropolis)

This expansive ruin is a once proud city of amber hexagonal buildings now all tilted and crumbling. The city's very foundations groan and rumble as the characters walk through. These ruins are sparsely inhabited by the quiet and learned **WINE COLOURED RAIDERS (WHITE)** (pg 40) and there is a 2-in-6 chance of an encounter with them, though their Mien may indicate that they do not physically show themselves.

Statues of **The Three Traitorous Knights** (pg 35) can be seen in various parts of the hexagonal open plan areas like squares or parks, though their names have been erased or defaced in 5 of 6 instances.

NPCs

Apart from the **WINE COLOURED RAIDERS (WHITE)** (pg 40), none. Even the phantoms have deserted this place.

Occurrences, Situations and Hazards

The atmosphere of emptiness and loss is spiritually oppressive. Anyone with at least one Skill Total of 10 or higher must Test their Luck or **TEMPORARILY LOSE 1d6 SKILL** while remaining in the city.

Some locations:

- A library with scrolls and unreadable data nodules telling of the Three Knights' belief in higher principles. The nature of these principles was apparently less important than the fact they were superior to mankind. The final of this city's enforced high principles was dedication to The Insects From Shaggai, who consumed or enslaved most of the inhabitants then swiftly abandoned the place when it became apparent their architecture was not compatible with this planet's atmosphere.
- A grandly collapsed square with a yawning sinkhole opening into the guts of the city's infrastructure. Movement causes small avalanches of hexagonal paving slabs and alarming leaning of the surrounding buildings. Occasional power conduits glow amber or lime green in the darkness—perhaps there are some *PLASMIC CORES* to be scavenged.
- A spindly lookout tower, no less precarious than the other buildings, provides an expansive view to the southeast. +2 Astrology while up here at night.
- Various temporary campsites used by the **WINE COLOURED RAIDERS** to heat broth. Once a site has served its purpose it is hung with champagne coloured ribbons and trinkets of glass but never used again.



Asteroid Crash Landing

With surface area around that of a not-insignificant lordling's estate, this knuckle-shaped ball of rock hangs in orbit above the planet. It has no vegetation or water, just clouds of hanging dust.

A colony of rubbery grey **ASTEROID MOLE-PRIMITIVES** [*SKLL:4 STAM:6 INIT:1 ARMR:1*] ([pg 34](#)) dwells here, vaguely potato-shaped and around the height of a medium-sized spaniel. They have no concept of the nourishment and water requirements of other living beings and find those ideas rather naive. They have clusters of pincers and a single diaphanous parachute-like wing which they never use, deeming flight to be an affront to **THE CALCULATRONICUS**.

THE CALCULATRONICUS is a vast clicking, whirring engine that fills most of the interior of the Mole-Primitives' pale-blue dome domicile (the only construction on the asteroid) and requires a sacrifice once per century in order to operate. When the characters land here it is 1d3-1 days until the next sacrifice.

All **THE CALCULATRONICUS** does when working correctly is project images from the surface of the characters' planet: a fairly mundane selection of scenes in flickering holographic shades of green, black and violet. **THE CALCULATRONICUS** clatters into animation and tries to annihilate 1d6 of the beasts (or characters) if it suspects anything nearby has engaged in flight.

Combat here kicks up a lot of **ASTEROID DUST** and causes non-natives to have their Skill temporarily reduced by 2 after the 2nd Round of combat.

NPCs

The Calculatronicus [*SKLL:10 STAM:18 INIT:1 ARMR:1*] — Indigo and silver. Shoots bursts of steam and fizzing red beams of light.

27 Asteroid Mole-Primitives [*SKLL:4 STAM:6 INIT:1 ARMR:1*] — Generally curious but the wondrous intrusion of the characters into their environment should call for liberal rolls on their Mien table ([pg 34](#)).

Lord Oaxon These are the remains of a long, long dead astronaut wearing a dull pastel blue suit in the hollow of a small crater not far from the wreck of the ship. In his fist is a crumpled watering can, pitted by miniature meteorites.

Occurrences, Situations and Hazards

It is up to the GM to determine the nature of *HEAVEN'S FRENZIED STARE'S* impact onto this dustball. In playtesting the author elicited groans from players by using the term 'the shattered bodies of geriatrics' but you are free to choose your own method for determining the severity of damage to the craft (and possibility of repair) as well as the extent of the casualties.

Although this is a remote asteroid the picaresque nature of things means that it's not inconceivable that another space vessel of some kind might come past if the characters are Lucky or know how to attract one.

In any case, time passes at the same rate on the asteroid as it does on the characters' planet — keep track because **DeCorticus's** days are numbered!

Rainbow Badlands

It is most likely the party enters the *Rainbow Badlands* crash landing the Golden Barge or by taking a detour from *The Emptied City*. It is a desolate place and very easy to get lost in. Any journey takes 2d6 days, adjusted by checks, even if the party already traversed it.

These whistling wilds are coated with grasses growing in shades of red, puce, lime, tan, purple and orange, occasionally broken up by gnarled trees of pure black or pure white bark and foliage. Most of the grasses produce mild hallucinations but have almost zero nutritional content.

4-in-6 chance **WINE COLOURED RAIDERS (RED)** [*SKLL:8 STAM:7 INIT:3 ARMR:1*] ([pg 39](#)) attack the party though their Mien table may indicate they simply try to rob them. The raiders take turns using each other as mounts, with a fight each night before camp determining who is the beast of burden the following day. They have so little conception of the whys and wherefores of humanity that they are astonished humans even have different names. The chief of the raiders quite reasonably makes the suggestion to any particularly bedizened or impressive character that they should become his pet and displays the fine golden shackles that they are to wear if so.

If a parley is successful they speak to the party in bitter tones of their White cousins that haunt *The Emptied City*. They have some confused knowledge of *The Great Blue Oak* but are scared of the way that light changes colour around its branches and regard it with extreme suspicion. It is their opinion that **WINE COLOURED RAIDERS (WHITE)** only got to be 'the way they are' by messing around with that sort of thing in the first place.

AURIC LIQUIDATORS never pursue the party here—this information should not be made clear to the characters. Should any Liquidators be here by chance (for example: by surviving a barge crash) they are out of their element and attempt to leave as quickly as possible.

NPCs

Clans of **WINE COLOURED RAIDERS (RED)** [SKLL:8 STAM:7 INIT:3 ARMR:1] ([pg 39](#)) patrol the badlands, often warring with one another. Possible clan names: The Clatter. The Raked Eyes. The Proud Insulters. The Howl.

Ashtrin Fotick, a lone **WINE COLOURED RAIDER (WHITE)** [SKLL:11 STAM:3 INIT:2 ARMR:1] ([pg 40](#)) wearing an excellent disguise of one of their Red cousins. Fotick is infiltrating one of the Red clans as an anthropology project.

A wandering troupe of civilian ghosts from *The Emptied City*. Their memories are friable and ancient, wrought from extreme sadness and regret. They cannot impact the physical world.

Occurrences, Situations and Hazards

Occasional tumbleweeds form from variegated grasses in high winds, some light and speedy, some becoming so heavy and compact that they form immobile monoliths.

Although food is scarce there is a 1-in-6 chance that an *AMBULANT CACTUS* [SKLL:3 STAM:12 INIT:2 ARMR:0 MODEST BEAST] may be sighted, its stalks glittering with orange dew. It attempts to run away from the party, emitting high-pitched squealing noises that attract the attention of bands of **WINE COLOURED RAIDERS**. The flesh of these plants satisfies both thirst and hunger requirements (*TREAT AS 2D6 PROVISIONS*).

Launch & Landing Station Indomitable

If the characters approach *Launch & Landing Station Indomitable* by Golden Barge the bold steel masks dotted about the ship crackle into life with the voices of station staff issuing landing instructions. If the astrogator is dead characters may have to land the ship themselves — failure may have dangerous consequences!

Sad orange flags flap in tatters around this once-glorious landing station, its cupolas and arched buttresses echoing with the crack of fabric in the howling winds. Thousands of years ago it served the villages surrounding *The Emptied City* to the east as a general trade depot, but has since fallen to a skeleton staff. There are only ever 1d3 barges arriving, docked or leaving from *Indomitable* and they generally only use this as a halfway point between *The Wall* (which has no barge landing facilities) and *Plandra Station*.

There is a small cantina on site, in recent years having been granted the name *Ditch Full of Gold*. It serves alcoholic milk drinks brewed from the excrescence of cattle-sized segmented millipede creatures that cluster along the walls of *Indomitable*, having wandered in from the *Rainbow Badlands*. A tiny farming community has sprung up around the production of this beverage (known as *CRUSTING BRANDY*) and is even beginning to export it to other cities.

People here are often quite lonely and prepared to let their guard down for a nice chat or the chance of a one-off amorous liaison and are a good source of rumours about *The Wall*. Note that this far south Plandrans are definitely the exotic outsiders!

There is a 3-in-6 chance that **Green Overseer Feng's** spies are here. They take the appearance of nondescript barge teamsters or cantina staff and listen closely to any plans the characters make. It is unlikely that **AURIC LIQUIDATORS** strike to kill here and instead wait until the characters leave.

NPCs

Allsallia, the station overseer, a sad and winsome woman given to sweet melancholy in her tower office. She wishes to restore the station to its former glory and role.

Gold Oro, the brawny and suspicious owner at the *Ditch Full of Gold*. Bored with the station, bored with the cantina and bored with millipede farmers.

Others present might be:

- A historian of ancient cities.
- A troupe of intoxicated millipede farmers spending all their silver on the station's giant clown.
- A rogue teratogen hunter.
- A slaver with a crew of zoanthrops ready to ship to *The Wall*.

Occurrences, Situations and Hazards

Refer to the Rumours Table (Endsheets) for Southern Rumours.

Once the characters are ready to leave there is a 2-in-6 chance of attack by 1d6+1 **AURIC LIQUIDATORS** [SKLL:8 STAM:7 INIT:2 ARMR:0] ([pg 35](#)) partway through the short trek across the dusty region to *The Wall*. **Feng** knows there are too many witnesses if the party is attacked at the *Launch & Landing Station*.

The Wall

The Wall is somewhere most Plandrans never visit, nor do they have any desire to. They see it as a source of luxuries and oddity, labouring under a strange, oppressive teratogenic rulership. *The Wall* is immense. It soars above the *Badlands*, teeming with the activity of the specks of humanity that live upon its surface. It is so huge that clouds form along its top.

Ascending The Wall

There are many ways to ascend *The Wall* from the ground, some more hair-raising than others. Offer your players the choice of a couple of these options or invent something even less appealing. Note that it may be more difficult to find a tradesperson to aid in the descent to the *Rainbow Badlands* — most *Wall* citizens can't even conceive why you'd wish to leave.

1	Funicular railway. Plush velvet cushions, a snobby conductor and gawking rich folk. Expensive.
2	Monkey swarm. A monkey-monger directs his chattering entourage to bodily lift the characters up <i>The Wall</i> in a chaotic tumbling mass. Test your Luck or lose a random item. Very cheap.
3	Complementary pitons and a friendly point in the right direction (up). Less fit characters struggle here. Free.
4	Winding covered arcade. Incredibly steep zig-zagging staircase under brightly coloured glass. Mysterious robed figures skulk on some of the landings. Cheap.
5	Elaborate rope and pulley system. Several changes to different lines and an operator who just won't stop talking. Is he even paying attention to those knots he's tying? Fairly cheap.
6	Fancy levitating glass platform. Normally reserved for teratogens but perhaps there are some free spaces. Extortionately expensive.

Anything on the other side is forbidden from view by *The Wall's* mysterious teratogenic overlords. Climbing is not permitted to within one mile of the top. The overlords dictate that no settlement on *The Wall* numbers more than 888 people — infanticide and culls are common methods of enforcement.

A patchwork of fields, settlements, temples and all kinds of other habitation jut out from its surface, stacked vertically above one another.

Along with various other haphazard infrastructural facilities near the base is the so-called *Green Mine*, the beginning of *Duke DeCorticus'* *RARE EARTHS* supply chain. Its drill columns churn mountains of earth and are surrounded by many gigantic and ancient glittering digging machines with roughly humanoid shapes.

NPCs

There are countless people living on *The Wall*. The GM is encouraged to make liberal use of the Backgrounds in the Troika! rulebook as well as the Troika name and occupation tables in this book (Endsheets) when generating NPCs on the fly. Two sample groups are:

Gremlin Union

The Gremlins of *The Wall* swarm amongst the human population, running errands, operating vital machinery and performing sundry services for a pittance. Unbeknownst to the average human, they are forming a Union. Gremlins know their way into maintenance hatches, pipes and cubbyholes. Perhaps a charismatic Gremlin Catcher could make some contacts?

The Realists

Certain fanatical inhabitants take this odd orientation of their lives a bit further and employ modified brace boots which allow them to ambulate at 90 degrees so they appear to be looking 'along' *The Wall*. When forced to interact with the so-called 'Blinkered Uprights' they appear to be affixed to movable horizontal platforms drawn by Gremlins. They maintain fairly important bureaucratic positions and reputations for being extremely touchy.

Occurrences, Situations and Hazards

Grifters and opportunists crawl all over *The Wall*. There is a 2-in-6 chance a character may have something filched from their inventory by a thief with Sleight of Hand 9.

Finding the exact source of *RARE EARTHS* might be tricky. *The Wall* is not necessarily unfriendly to outsiders but citizens are not shy about subjecting them to obscure checks, declarations and traditions that make up the laws of the many settlements.



The Cupola of Green Mine 470

Each factory along *The Wall's* base operates independently and has its own cupola, the term used for a grouping of round chambers serving as the combined control station and living quarters of the staff, the factories themselves being largely automated.

Green Overseer Feng [SKLL:7 STAM:10 INIT:2 ARMR:1] (pg 28) boldly leaves the door to *Chamber 1* open and unlocked by day. The noise of drilling and immense factory machinery is deafening, the jarring and rattling enough to set your teeth on edge. Gantryways and railed walkways hang precariously over the vertical immensity of *The Wall*—despite the factories being at the base the cupolas are several thousand feet above ground.

Cupola — Chamber 1

Inside the Cupola the noise is unnaturally suppressed by mysterious means, reduced to a low pleasant hum even with the door open.

Three exhausted, sweating assistants in orange and green striped overalls are here, chained by their ankles to circular rails to allow free movement within *Chamber 1*. They are checking various remote controls and ensuring that the automatons of the mines are working correctly, which, like most technology, is a painstaking task requiring constant attention. Although they are chained, this is (they are told) strictly symbolic and Feng is kind enough to allow them to return home at the end of each 15 hour shift. He has made them memorise his most recent pamphlet *“TYRANNICAL PLANT OVERLORDS IN OPPOSITION TO DECENT HARDWORKING FOLK: WHY DIRECTED HYSTERIA IS ONLY RIGHT AND PROPER.”*

Cupola — Chamber 2

A box of black metal slats is suspended via chains from the 30' tall ceiling of this vast round chamber. Subdued bestial groans are heard from within. Pressing the concealed button (located near the door to *Chamber 3*) loosens the pulley and the box falls to ground, splits open and reveals the **ARM-CLUSTER MUTANT**. Two stone braziers and two stained glass windows that open to the dizzying drop down *The Wall* are the only other furniture here.

Cupola – Chamber 3

A combination laboratory and private bordello. Theorist, alchemist and mine-overseer Feng dwells here in a splendour of cushions, computer consoles, alchemical equipment, hookahs and harem girls who wear invisible garments spattered with brightly-coloured dabs of green and orange. 1d6+2 harem girls are present at any given time. Although he prints his pamphlets elsewhere Feng mixes his own very specific pigments of green ink here.

NPCs

GREEN OVERSEER FENG SKILL:7 STAMINA:10 INITIATIVE:2 ARMOR:1

DAMAGE ROLL➡	1	2	3	4	5	6	7+
Knife	2	2	2	2	4	8	10

Special: **Feng** knows: Befuddle, Brittle Twigs, Cockroach, Flash.

Feng is whiny, cruel and snickering. He bounds and leaps hither and yon. He wears glittering green robes and heavy work-goggles, his fingers stained with green ink from his printing press and his hair and moustaches in long distasteful barbels.

The **THREE ASSISTANTS** [SKLL:9 STAM:6 INIT:1 ARMOR:0] have varying levels of committment to the job. One—despite disliking Feng—believes it is a worker's duty to honour their supervisor. Another finds the ideas in his pamphlets genuinely intriguing. The third is here because it feeds his family.

Tokoshka [SKLL:8 STAM:12 INIT:2 ARMOR:0], the head of **Feng's** harem girls [SKLL:6 STAM:4 INIT:1 ARMOR:0], is both insistent that they dedicate themselves to him utterly and is also on the lookout for signs of any mistreatment.

Occurrences, Situations and Hazards

Although the assistants despise **Feng** they depend on him for work. Due to the highly specialised nature of ancient machines their knowledge is not necessarily applicable at other mines along the base of *The Wall*.

The harem girls work 12-hour shifts, changing at 3:00 am and 3:00 pm.

The Great Blue Oak

The immensity of *The Great Blue Oak* offers one thousand thousand interlocking and swirling limbs. They are blue. Their leaves are blue. The air and shadows are blue.

Descending this tree is like climbing down a small mountain and takes a couple of days (many hair-raising scrapes). Acrobatics, Climb and Fly are very useful here. Crude huts are perched on some of the vast boughs though none show evidence of recent occupancy.

Energies bend in a bizarre fashion here — Spells double their effectiveness and Damage if the caster successfully Tests their Luck before casting. If they fail they roll on the **OOPS! TABLE** (*Troika!* endsheets).

THE GREAT BLUE OAK GUARDIAN SKILL:**10** STAMINA:**14** INITIATIVE:**3** ARMOR:**1** (**LEATHERY**)

DAMAGE ROLL➡	1	2	3	4	5	6	7+
Beak & Claws	2	6	8	10	10	14	16

The Guardian of the Great Blue Oak is encountered halfway through the descent. An aberrant griffin delighted by riddles, if the party answers the riddle below and provides one of their own which meets its satisfaction it allows them to pass. Otherwise it becomes petulant, thrashing around and demanding that the party give it a present. If nothing is forthcoming it attacks. Its preferred method is harrying a particular party member until knocked down, pick them up, then fly out of the boughs of the oak and drop them at the base of *The Vomiting Precipice*, resulting in instant death unless they can grab something — or be grabbed.

RIDDLE: An immortal scholar of ancient peoples sought to read all knowledge that has ever existed. He spent aeons reading every book to have ever existed and yet what did he find, again and again, at the end of everything?

ANSWER: “G”.

When characters make the descent they see the deserted cluster of blue huts and structures that make up *The Domain of the Holy Tuber*.

NPCs

None. An eerie silence pervades.

Occurrences, Situations and Hazards

The GM is encouraged to treat this descent as a dicey one. The arrangement of the boughs ranges from chokingly close and oppressive to sparse traversals over yawning emptiness. Use the following table of features and call for regular Skill and Luck checks as you deem appropriate. Unpleasant consequences of failure may include: lost or dropped items, equipment or provisions, damage to spellcasters' fingers, shattered plasmic cores, temporary Skill reductions, reduced Armour or general demoralisation.

1	Lumpy galls erupt from the branch like bubbles in deciduous tar.
2	No boughs seem solid and all are getting thin and whippy.
3	SNAP!
4	Vast blue leaves blow laterally across your vision for 1d6 hours.
5	A pelting rain of head-sized indigo acorns (lasts 2d6 rounds). Each bears a wizened leering face.
6	Heavy boughs rearrange themselves with an awful creaking.

The Domain of The Holy Tuber

Three Gardener Knights are all that remain of this village—they have mentally suppressed their own names and no longer use them—called **Sir Oabulus**, **Sir Triton** and **Sir Gerald**, armed respectively with:

1.Great Secateurs | 2.Acidity Parasite Spray | 3.Two-Handed Battle Shovel

GARDENER KNIGHTS SKILL:**11** STAMINA:**14** INITIATIVE:**2** ARMOR:**2**

DAMAGE ROLL➡	1	2	3	4	5	6	7+
Secateurs ¹	4	6	8	8	10	12	14
Great Shovel ²	2	4	4	8	12	14	16
Poison Spray ³	1	1	1	2	4	D	D

¹Test Luck or lose a body part if Damage is 8 or greater.

²Test Luck or remove character's Initiative Tokens for this Round.

³If 'D' Test Luck or instant death.

These beings are immortal at a heavy price: they have audibly creaking joints, a powder-blue pallor to their skin and every exhalation exudes mouldering dust. Their shoulders are scattered with rose petals like botanical dandruff.

History of the Gardener Knights

Initially the leaders of their people in the flight from what is now known as **The Emptied City**, they descended **The Great Blue Oak** to settle in its roots.

Soon they found a voice telling them all must submit to **The Holy Tuber**. Descending into a gnarled clump of roots away from the main village they discovered a being, the basis for **The Great Blue Oak**, which was dependent on **RARE EARTHS** for survival. For immortality they sacrificed the life force of the entire village, and their mournful souls reside within the very body of the Oak.

The Holy Tuber is not actually a plant but an interdimensional being which adopted plant life as a biological metaphor. It excretes **RARE EARTHS** as part of its life cycle, mounds of which are found around its pit.

The villagers' bodies remain preserved, every house and hut closely locked. Anyone opening one discovers families in scenes of utterly ordinary domestic life, their heads replaced by gigantic, gently nodding roses that stand in harsh relief to the Oak's blue shadows. They collapse with a squishy sound when touched.

NPCs

The **KNIGHTS** refuse — under any circumstances — to allow *RARE EARTHS* to be transported back to Plandra and see this as an unholy violation. Reminding them of their true names has a powerful effect, startling or perhaps even stunning them. If the characters make no attempt at stealth the **KNIGHTS** boldly approach and present challenge.

Apart from the **KNIGHTS** there are no living things here. The rose-headed mummies that inhabit the villages can communicate or be resurrected via necromantic spells but their lack of mouthparts makes this difficult.

The Holy Tuber itself is invisible unless it chooses otherwise. It is located in a small pit east of the village. Once powerful, it has grown bloated on souls and is unable to launch anything besides irritating psychic attacks and whining telepathic entreaties. It has 40 Stamina and 1 Armour.

Occurrences, Situations and Hazards

As soon as they touch the ground after descending *The Great Blue Oak* whispers and chatterings from **The Holy Tuber** fill the characters' heads just beyond the fringe of hearing. Any character with Second Sight must Test their Luck to avoid suffering a 1d3 penalty to Skill.



Enemies

Arm-Cluster Mutant

SKILL:7 STAMINA:22 INITIATIVE:4 ARMOR:2 (BEEFY)

DAMAGE ROLL➡	1	2	3	4	5	6	7+
Whips, Chains & Blades	2	2	3	3	4	5	6

This Feng-bred monstrosity is a pair of thickset boot-wearing legs topped with a mass of scarred and muscled limbs like those of a professional wrestler or bodybuilder, each brandishing a whip, chain or cutlass. From within this mass continually issues muffled groans and bovine bellows though it has no head or facial features.

MIEN	
1	Staggering & Fumbling
2	Leaping
3	Bellowing
4	Stamping (Test Luck or suffer 7 Damage)
5	Pin Attack
6	Berserk (add 2 Initiative Tokens to the Stack this Round)

Asteroid Mole-Primitives

SKILL:4 STAMINA:6 INITIATIVE:1 ARMOR:1 (RUGOSE)

DAMAGE ROLL➡	1	2	3	4	5	6	7+
Pincer Clusters	2	2	3	3	4	5	6

The Asteroid Mole-Primitives insert a particular pincer into the forehead of incapacitated organisms, absorbing their knowledge for a short time, destroying the organism's mind. This is never done with malicious intent – they fail to understand they are murdering the victim.

MIEN	
1	Worshipful
2	Pitiable
3	Caring
4	Impotently Angry
5	Curious
6	Scared

Auric Liquidators

SKILL:8 STAMINA:7 INITIATIVE:2 ARMOR:0

DAMAGE ROLL→	1	2	3	4	5	6	7+
Throwing Discs	4	4	6	8	8	8	10

Special: Use Flashbangs and Smoke Grenades to disorient and confuse targets or bystanders.

Expressionless gold masks and black leotards. If the mask is removed it sprays acid, causing 2 Damage and dissolving the facial features of the Liquidator underneath so they are unrecognisable. Skill check at -4 to remove the mask without triggering the acid.

Gardener Knights

SKILL:11 STAMINA:14 INITIATIVE:2 ARMOR:2

DAMAGE ROLL→	1	2	3	4	5	6	7+
Secateurs ¹	4	6	8	8	10	12	14
Great Shovel ²	2	4	4	8	12	14	16
Poison Spray ³	1	1	1	2	4	D	D

¹Test Luck or lose a body part if damage is 8 or greater.

²Test Luck or remove character's Initiative Tokens for this Round.

³If 'D' Test Luck or instant death.

These beings are immortal at a heavy price: they have audibly creaking joints, a powder-blue pallor to their skin and every exhalation exudes mouldering dust. Their shoulders are scattered with rose petals like botanical dandruff.

Green Overseer Feng

SKILL:7 STAMINA:10 INITIATIVE:2 ARMOR:1

DAMAGE ROLL→	1	2	3	4	5	6	7+
Knife	2	2	2	2	4	8	10

Special: **Feng** knows: Befuddle, Brittle Twigs, Cockroach, Flash.

Feng is whiny, cruel and snickering. He bounds and leaps hither and yon. He wears glittering green robes and heavy work-goggles, his fingers stained with green ink from his printing press and his hair and moustaches in long distasteful barbels.

Plandra Bodyguards

SKILL:4 STAMINA:8 INITIATIVE:1 ARMOR:1

DAMAGE ROLL→	1	2	3	4	5	6	7+
Mace	2	4	4	6	6	8	10
Pistolet	2	2	4	4	6	12	16

Plandran Bodyguards' armour and pistolet are grotesquely over-filigreed, obnoxious and designed for ceremony rather than combat. Characters using this equipment reduce their Skill by 3.

MIEN	
1	Jolly
2	Steely
3	Lazy
4	Patriotic
5	Stands on Ceremony
6	Panicked

Psychic Centipede-Moths

SKILL:4 STAMINA:6 INITIATIVE:2 ARMOR:0

DAMAGE ROLL→	1	2	3	4	5	6	7+
Barbed Stinger	2	2	3	3	4	5	6

Barbed Stinger: Test Luck or poison causes loss of a random sense until the end of this adventure.

1.Touch | 2.Taste | 3.Sight | 4.Hearing | 5.Smell | 6.Second Sight (if applicable)

These creatures may be debased relations of The Insects From Shaggai though with none of their engineering skill or intelligence. They are bright purple with vicious glittering eyes. Psychically bombard victims in an attempt to turn them traitor then attack in tandem.

Void-Beast

SKILL:5 STAMINA:28 INITIATIVE:1 ARMOR:1

DAMAGE ROLL→	1	2	3	4	5	6	7+
Implisions & Claws	4	8	12	12	16	18	24

Special: Void-Beasts emit a thickening glue. Characters and vehicles must Test their Luck or get stuck and lose a weapon, armour or Possession.

Void-Beasts are the terror of this part of the hump-backed sky. They resemble a cross between a free-floating crinoid, a Buddhist demon and the Stinking Corpse Lily (*Rafflesia arnoldii*) of our own world.



The Great Blue Oak Guardian

SKILL:10 STAMINA:14 INITIATIVE:3 ARMOR:1 (LEATHERY)

DAMAGE ROLL➔	1	2	3	4	5	6	7+
Beak & Claws	2	6	8	10	10	14	16

Refer to *The Great Blue Oak* (pg 29) for full details of this creature’s Mien and behaviour in combat. A blue griffin with strange webbing instead of wings. Occasionally mutters to itself of ‘The Faces’ or ‘The Absorbed Ones.’



Wine Coloured Raiders (Red)

SKILL:8 STAMINA:7 INITIATIVE:3 ARMOR:1 (FUR)

DAMAGE ROLL→	1	2	3	4	5	6	7+
Cutlass	4	4	4	6	6	8	10
Caltrop Slingshot ¹	1	1	2	2	4	4	4

¹After 2 Rounds of combat in which Caltrop Slingshots are fired characters and mounts take 1d3 Damage if moving at speed.

Tusked and shambling yet well coordinated, these raiders have rich, deep red fur. They shake bells to disorient opponents.

MIEN	
1	Sneaky
2	Challenging
3	Self-Pitying
4	Sullen
5	Boastful
6	Covetous



Wine Coloured Raiders (White)

SKILL:11 STAMINA:3 INITIATIVE:2 ARMOR:1 (Fur)

DAMAGE ROLL➡	1	2	3	4	5	6	7+
Spectral Weapons	2	2	6	6	8	10	12

With shorter tusks, piercing yellow eyes and bulging craniums compared to their russet cousins, these aloof and mysterious creatures seek solitude unless they believe attack can slake their thirst for knowledge. They are almost mute and given to roaming scholarship. In combat they use their psychic ability to manifest glowing turquoise spectral weapons and attack from afar though they require line of sight to hit their opponent.

MIEN	
1	Bitter
2	Superior
3	Stealthy
4	Playful
5	Meek
6	Unpredictable



Ybabya-Ygagaks

SKILL:5 STAMINA:12 INITIATIVE:2 ARMOR:2 (Huts)

DAMAGE ROLL→	1	2	3	4	5	6	7+
Barbed Stinger ¹	2	2	2	4	4	12	16

¹Each hit ruins 1d3 Provisions and may inflict infections (Test Luck).

Ybabya-Ygagaks launch attacks from symbiotic structures/shells with the appearance of huts or towers with thatched roofs mounted atop enormous scuttling pink chicken legs. They emit a horrible cackling and hurl faeces and handfuls of broken glass and scrap metal.

MIEN	
1	Bitter
2	Superior
3	Stealthy
4	Playful
5	Meek
6	Unpredictable



d6×10 +d6	COMMON NAMES	d6×10 +d6	COMMON NAMES	d6×10 +d6	COMMON NAMES
11	Stabbate	21	Quaid	31	Mr. Viscous
12	Leatherbuck	22	Clurg	32	Frickle
13	Coney	23	Tonst	33	Beverlea
14	Titch	24	Eddie	34	Sarah
15	Bolri-o	25	Pamla	35	Pleptic
16	Pencen	26	Augusta	36	Tendrellina

d6×10 +d6	COMMON OCCUPATIONS	d6×10 +d6	COMMON OCCUPATIONS
11	Wandering Database	41	Thinking Engine Specialist
12	Ravishing Dilettante	42	Printing Press Magnate
13	Soothsayer	43	Seed Breeder
14	Dextrous Mercenary	44	Tunnel Warrior
15	Necromantic Pimp	45	Obsolete Bodyguard
16	Boot Polisher	46	Crinoid Farmer
21	Ceremonial Milliner	51	Enthusiastic Historian
22	Intoxicant Evangelist	52	Dimensional Loopholer
23	Astro-Real Estate Agent	53	Cartographer
24	Petty Lawyer	54	Crown Collector
25	Obscure Linguist	55	Cockfight Referee
26	Extravagant Blacksmith	56	Plasmic Refurbisher
31	Sump Operative	61	Professional Gossip
32	Purveyor of Grot	62	Person of Leisure
33	Mine Operative	63	Funeral Toady
34	Big Cat Trainer	64	Bladed Weapons Expert
35	Empathy Exorcist	65	Sword Swallower
36	Repossession Thug	66	Monkeymonger

d6×10 +d6	COMMON NAMES	d6×10 +d6	COMMON NAMES	d6×10 +d6	COMMON NAMES
41	Paola	51	Baldra	61	Fronck
42	Tatherine	52	Gretta	62	Fodd
43	Cripler	53	Feldrick	63	Savand
44	Enlightener	54	Olivier	64	Glint
45	Duster	55	Yellen	65	Relf
46	Fyurjar	56	Austwaithe	66	Oolon

d6×10 +d6	GOLDEN BARGE MEALS	d6×10 +d6	GOLDEN BARGE MEALS
11	Salt Cod	41	Telepathic Soup
12	Stuffed Golden Barge Barnacles	42	Heavily Spiced Inhalants
13	Hearty Beefsteaks with Multiple Mustards	43	Cheese Shambles
14	Grilled Bass on Flatbread	44	Gremlin Oesophagi in Creme Fraiche
15	Pungent Dips	45	Swill with Dumplings
16	The Driest Crackers	46	Peppered Squid
21	High Tripe	51	Alarming Salvia High
22	Crunchy Bivalve Salad	52	Grassland Stalker in Paprika Sauce
23	Void Caviar	53	Steeped Artichokes
24	Pudding'd Membranes	54	Tapir Fillets
25	Seared Chimerical Constructions	55	Noodles in a Trio of Meaty Broths
26	Roast Onion and Ectoplasmic Drizzle	56	Monkey Tongue Pate
31	Fowl of the Upper Atmospheres	61	Knotted Eel
32	Spatchcocked Bat	62	Stargazy Pie
33	Mashed Swede	63	Deep Fried Potatoe Cubes
34	Minced Swamp Fungi	64	Assorted Liqueurs and Humours
35	Mechanical Egg Fancies	65	Pitch Black Creme Brulee
36	Aniseed Lamb Stew	66	All Diners Move to Random Table



Duke DeCorticus is dying!

The peaceful lynchpin duchy of Plandra is under threat. Its quasi-arboreal ruler is starved of his esoteric earths, sedition is rife, assassins glint in the shadows and green ink is everywhere! The quest to restore stability takes you to the Rainbow Badlands, across the precipitous face of The Wall and into the very vaults of the hump-backed sky! Fronds of Benevolence is a chapbook adventure for Troika! best suited for groups of 4 to 6 characters.

