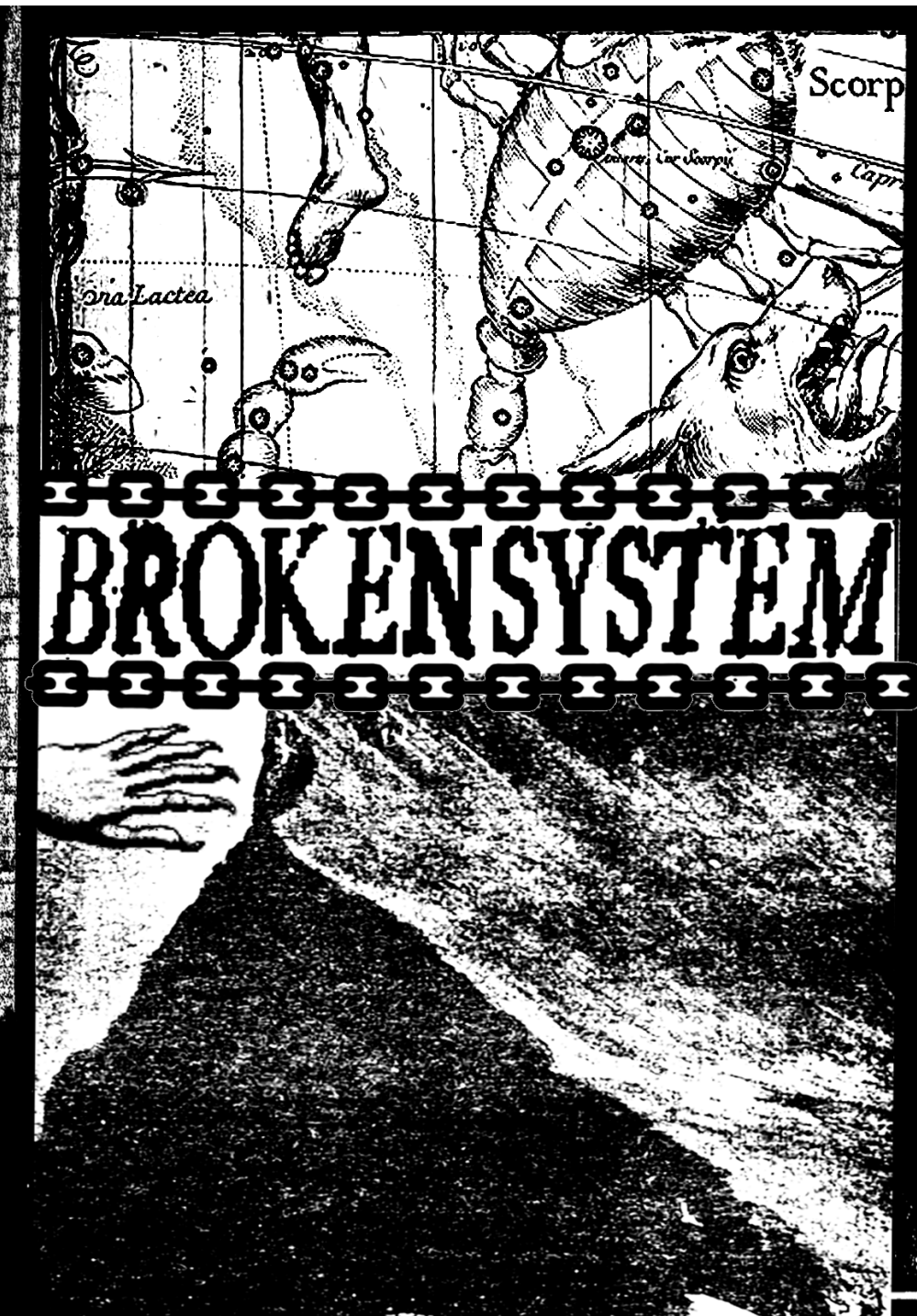
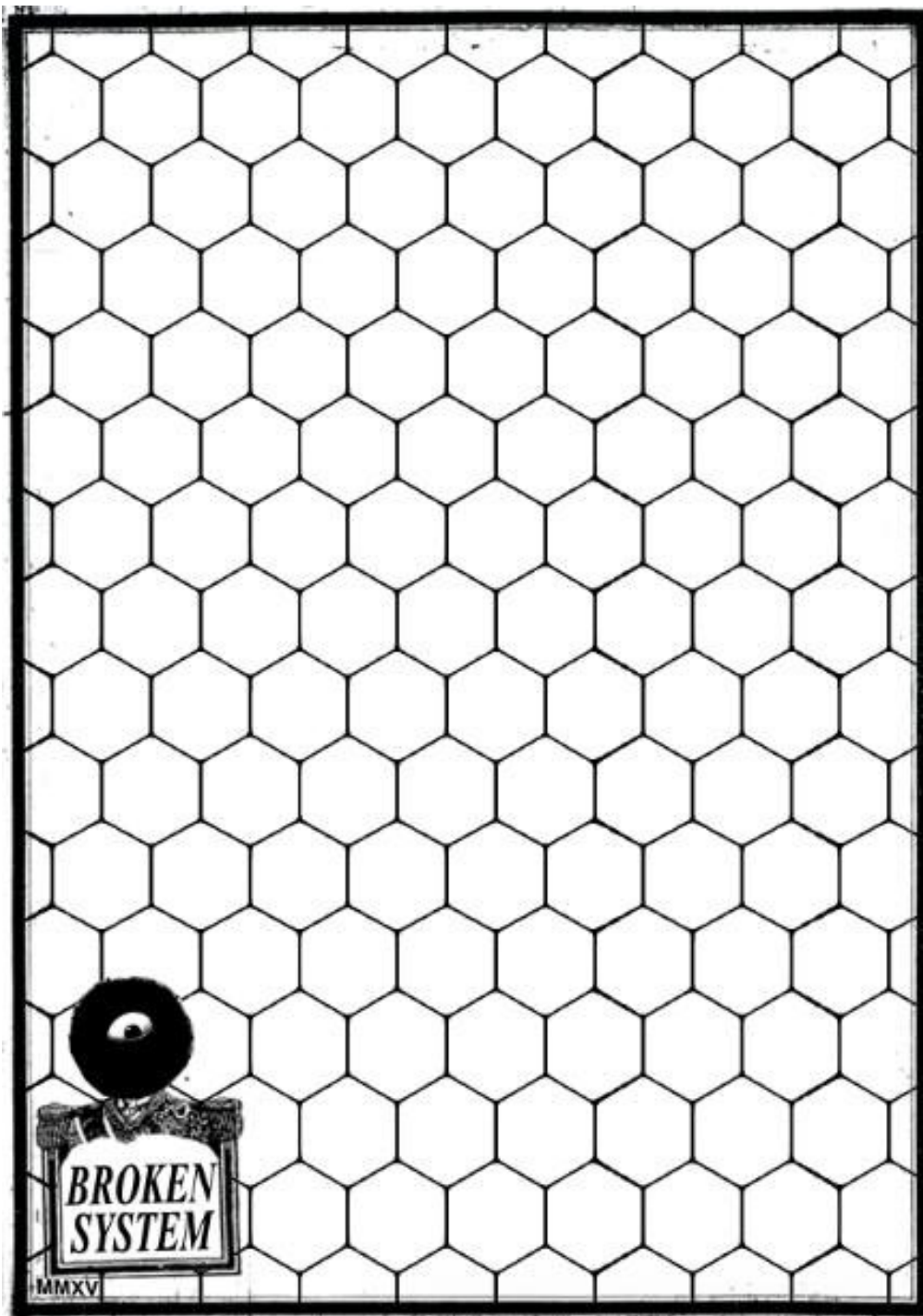
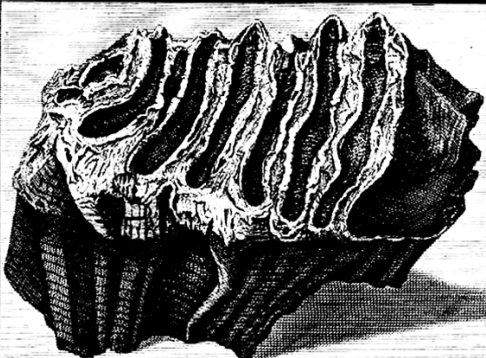
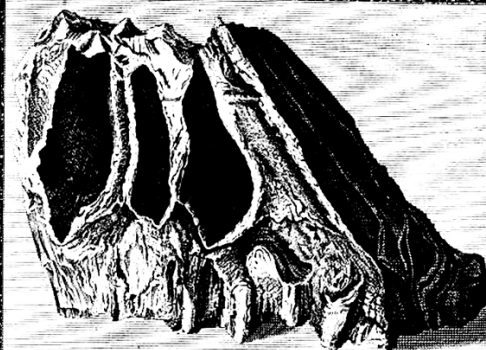






IF YOU DIG UP THESE BONES,
THIS IS EXACTLY
WHAT YOU MUST DO

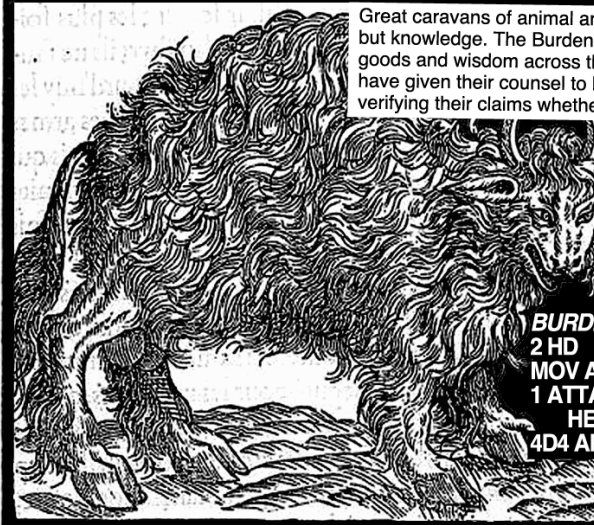
D8 What?

- 1 Crush them, burn them and inhale the smoke. Hold it until you pass out.
- 2 Gouge out the eyes of the next person you hear, and insert the eyes into the bones.
- 3 Store them in the shit of a pack animal for 3 days and 3 nights.
- 4 Splinter the bone, and insert no less than 300 shards into your skin.
- 5 Caress them lovingly. It must be genuine.
- 6 Beat a child to death with them. One for each bone.
- 7 Make up a full bed, and put them to bed each night. Tell them a story.
- 8 Nothing, you can't stop it now.

WHY!?

- 1 This will mask you from the hunter. The hunter seeks the bones. The hunter is coming.
- 2 Placate the residual energies of the bones, ever yearning for explosive release.
- 3 To ensure you do not develop the plague of long-dead Naage.
- 4 To finish the ritual of sealing that binds the bubbling chaos of the greater spirits far below the ground.
- 5 The Maw watches carefully. It judges harshly those who perform poorly.
- 6 To reveal the long lost spell-scripture expertly scrimshawed onto the bones.
- 7 To breathe life into the ancient thinking machines, warming monolithic stone circuits.
- 8 Warm, glowy feeling inside.

BURDENED BEAST



Great caravans of animal and handler, carrying not only goods but knowledge. The Burdened Beasts labour, carrying needed goods and wisdom across the lands. Time and time again, they have given their counsel to kings, priests and thieves, history verifying their claims whether the advice was heeded or not.

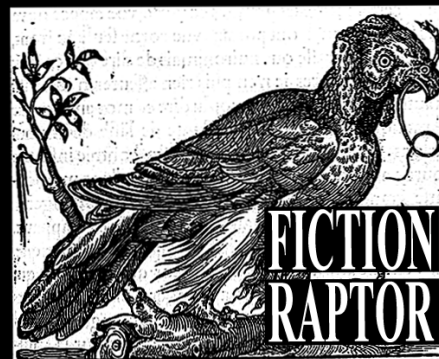
Knowledge and supplies are given at a pittance. It is not known where their goods originate from, nor why they elect to have handlers, being capable of caring for themselves.

BURDENED BEAST

2 HD AC AS UNARMoured
MOV AS PACK ANIMAL
1 ATTACK
HEAVY HEADBUTT 1D8
4D4 APPEARING + 1D8 HANDLERS

It regarded her passively as she asked once more after her husband, lost long ago. The beast obviously thought deeply, an expression that reminded her of something, forgotten yet always close to hand.

"I do not know, and I am sure this herd does not. I will pass along your question to other herds. We will answer your question." The Burdened Beast turned away as she gave into her tears. She'd heard that voice before, but where?



FICTION
RAPTOR

The caravans are visited often by flocks of birds bearing news for the Beasts. The Fiction Raptors fly far and wide, hunting out scraps of information and rumour, building them into something whole and true. They cannot speak, yet somehow pass what they learn to the Beasts. They are shifty, and often flee if they feel too closely observed. For each Beast, there are 2 Raptors. They are permanently paired. The Raptors do not like the handlers.

FICTION RAPTOR

1 HD AC AS LEATHER
MOV AS FALCON
1 ATTACK, FLY-BY-CLAWING 1D4 +1
2 APPEARING PER BURDENED BEAST.

CAGED WORLDS



Wizards retreat from the world, but often still feel the pull. Some attempt to remedy this by trapping a sliver of the very essence of a world in a vessel, creating a Caged World. Most of these are paradises. Entering a Caged World requires a token, representing yourself. This token must be placed into the world. Leaving requires finding this token in the World.

d6 the nature of the caged world

- 1 The Brokejaw Mountains, tearing into the sky. The retreat of the poet, the desperate.
- 2 The Blended City, wherein all cultures and times mix. The retreat of the cultured, the hedonist.
- 3 The Hushed Cloister, a place to empty yourself. The retreat of the ascetic, the heretic.
- 4 The Ascendant Wilds, untouched by man. The retreat of the peaceful, the hunter.
- 5 The Soaring Fort, built of impossible clouds. The retreat of the dreamer, the egomaniacal.
- 6 The Restful Hamlet, the stuff of memories. The retreat of the homesick, the regretful.

Some say that there are poison Caged Worlds which do not allow for an easy escape, containing realms of veritable nightmare. Finding your token is of no use in these places.

d6 no world but a cage indeed

- 1 The Stomach of a God-Shark. It is hunting others. Escape by appeasement.
- 2 The Forge of Void. Torn apart by nothing at all. Escape by embrace.
- 3 The Screaming Rocks. A pillar of chain, growing close. Escape by sacrifice.
- 4 The Amalgamation. Endless bodies fused and screaming. Escape by individualism.
- 5 The Unsated Field. Endless war visited upon a single army. Escape by pacifism.
- 6 The Crimson Court. The King laughs wildly, endlessly. Escape by allegiance.

THE CAGE



why such a cage, so great and so cruel?

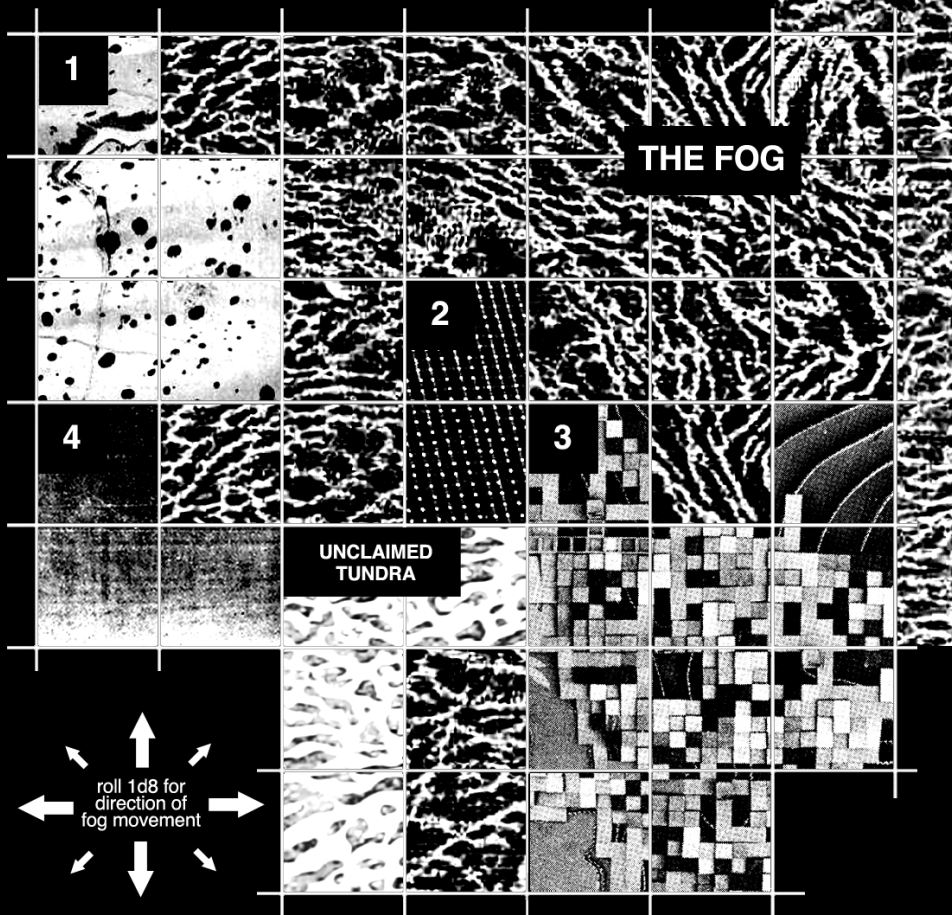
- 1 A cage for the dead, restless even in that final slumber.
- 2 A cage for speaking-fire, spitting prophecy and sparks.
- 3 A cage for travellers who rode a meteor, bedecked in tentacle.
- 4 A cage for priests, lest the sermons start another war.
- 5 A cage for cages, each bearing their own prisoners.
- 6 A cage for hunger, gnawing at it's bars, moaning wild.
- 7 A cage for killers, bloodstains masking yet more bloodstains.
- 8 A cage for light, spilling forth and searing those too close.
- 9 A cage for generals, locked away by their soldiers.
- 10 A cage for musicians, the greatest ensemble dying in captivity.
- 11 A cage for machines, mechanical minds thrumming for release.
- 12 A cage for you, hanging open, inviting...

The cage will hold for another d100 years. It can be opened from the outside. If the prisoners speak, they can be conversed with.

THE FOG BARONS

Geopolitical relations at the edge of an anomaly

THE FOG



Relationship to	The Hunting Duke	Baron Solipsis	Baroness of Black Marble	Count of Berengovia	The Fog
1 The Hunting Duke	*****	Uncertain	Doting	Vengeful	Horried
2 Baron Solipsis	Cautious	*****	Paranoid	Dependent	Obsessive
3 Baroness of Black Marble	Amorous	Scheming	*****	Chilled	In denial
4 Count of Berengovia	Dismissive	Amiable	Profitable	*****	Intrigued
The Fog	Indifferent	Indifferent	Indifferent	Indifferent	*****

If you can kill a Mist-Eel, the flight bladders are fantastic for floating wagons across rivers, and fetch great prices. There are rumours of floating villages in the Mist, though this is just the imaginings of men lost in those treacherous banks.



Almost graceful as it drifts through the mists. As more of it emerges, this quickly fades - lipless mouth stretched open wide, stupid, hungry. The mule is swallowed whole. It doesn't change speed at all as it retreats into the mist, carrying your supplies, maps and rations, gaining height rapidly. The screams of the mule echo.

HD 3
AC AS LEATHER
MOV AS GALLOPING HORSE
1 ATTACK

ATTEMPTS TO GRAPPLE, SWALLOW FOR 1D8 PER ROUND. WILL DROP TROUBLESOME CARGO. 1D4 APPEARING IN THE MIST

"Day 37. When we woke up, the kid was gone. We can't guard camp when we can't see beyond our own noses. Hard to hear anyone either, damn fog muffles everything. We could be surrounded by those things. Situation grim."

"Day 39. We were sent out here to die - how can a man find lost merchants in this? I've seen nothing but grey since we got here. Our compass was with the pony. We are entirely lost. Morale is a joke."

"Day 40. We stumbled into a village. It's empty. The fog is inside the buildings."

"Day 40 the fog spoke to me whilst I slept"

"Day 41. I did not write the previous entry. It occurs I am the only man left in the company of twelve. Only death and madness lie in the Friar's Mist."



MIST-EEL



DOWNRIVER FROM EVERYWHERE

Some ghouls will abide your presence if to eat you would be taboo. Pay attention to the phase of the moon, the direction of the wind, and clothing you wear. But do not transgress the rules yourself. Different taboos hold in different territories.



Battle missionaries came here once, with iron face masks for the ghouls, and for their comrades who went over.

THE GHOULFIELDS

The limits of the ghoul territories are marked by EXILES, who drag their cursed and bloated bodies along the borders leaving marker trails of bile and warning pheromones

In the meat seasons the PROTEIN FIENDS will be many and will ensure the eating taboos are strictly accorded to, but in the harsher times they lie emaciated and trembling and will trade anything to boost their precious blood sugar levels.

The refridgeration warrens hold impossible slabs of meat, held in ice by an iron relic stolen from the north.

It can take a pack of hungry ghouls no more than two nights to get to the nearest cities. Their tunnels are long.

audible radius of ghoul warning gong

MOODS OF THE GHOUL LORDS

Their moods, and commands, are mostly determined by their diet.

FAT Defensive, rare hunting parties, hoarding their meat

IRON Much sacrifice, teams sent to bring back vats of blood, red dances

MARROW Courts held in the pits every night, constantly devising new taboos

a clever visitor would choose their tribute gift to the lord accordingly

Ghoul work gangs, their limbs roped together so their tendons stretch as one, sing work hymns as they dig the channels wide enough to carry a single ghoul barge, the width of one coffin.

Most ghoul pits are shelters dug by a single ghoul's hands, but some craters are the efforts of generations of ghouls, places used for lunar feasts and the grilling of the largest hauls.

GEOSTRUCTURE

(d8) RUMOURED FUNCTION OF THE GEOSTRUCTURE

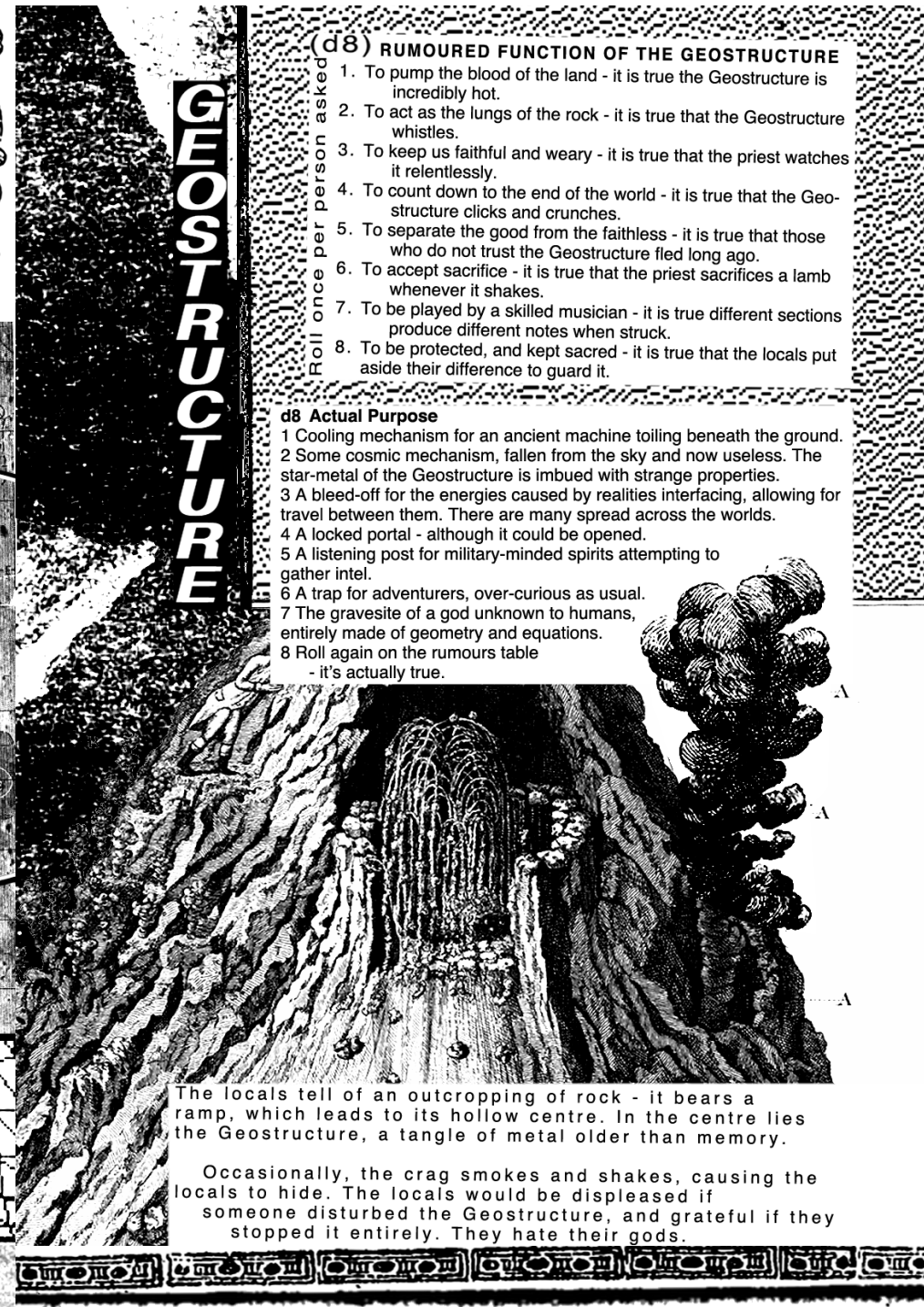
1. To pump the blood of the land - it is true the Geostructure is incredibly hot.
2. To act as the lungs of the rock - it is true that the Geostructure whistles.
3. To keep us faithful and weary - it is true that the priest watches it relentlessly.
4. To count down to the end of the world - it is true that the Geostructure clicks and crunches.
5. To separate the good from the faithless - it is true that those who do not trust the Geostructure fled long ago.
6. To accept sacrifice - it is true that the priest sacrifices a lamb whenever it shakes.
7. To be played by a skilled musician - it is true different sections produce different notes when struck.
8. To be protected, and kept sacred - it is true that the locals put aside their difference to guard it.

d8 Actual Purpose

- 1 Cooling mechanism for an ancient machine toiling beneath the ground.
- 2 Some cosmic mechanism, fallen from the sky and now useless. The star-metal of the Geostructure is imbued with strange properties.
- 3 A bleed-off for the energies caused by realities interfacing, allowing for travel between them. There are many spread across the worlds.
- 4 A locked portal - although it could be opened.
- 5 A listening post for military-minded spirits attempting to gather intel.
- 6 A trap for adventurers, over-curious as usual.
- 7 The gravesite of a god unknown to humans, entirely made of geometry and equations.
- 8 Roll again on the rumours table - it's actually true.

The locals tell of an outcropping of rock - it bears a ramp, which leads to its hollow centre. In the centre lies the Geostructure, a tangle of metal older than memory.

Occasionally, the crag smokes and shakes, causing the locals to hide. The locals would be displeased if someone disturbed the Geostructure, and grateful if they stopped it entirely. They hate their gods.



KIDNAP CRABS

2 HD

AC AS CHAIN

MOV AS HUMAN

2/1 ATTACK

1D6/1D6
OR
1D4 + GRAB
(make a dex or str check to escape their CLUTCHES)

1D6 APPEARING ON THE PROWL

2D8 APPEARING BY THE PODS.

THEY LOVE THE PODS.

notable victims of the kidnap crabs

Entire population of Tabermouth (est. 400+)

Edward Y Egatt

Her Most Regal Countess of Berengovia

Cpt. Lucius F Drummond of the Emperors Fifth Foot

Konrad of the Grey

Sgt. Erus Hrapsto of the Free Cities Allied Regiment

Admiral Kanzer of the Saleen

- 1 - Another, smaller pod.
- 2 - Crustacean Plate. AC As Plate, Encumbrance as Chain.
- 3 - The coral crown of the Amphibian King. *THE CRABS HATE THE KING*
- 4 - Healthy organs, limbs, awaiting a host. They are eager to help but not forceful.
- 5 - The Mother of Pearl, who will reward her freedom.
- 6 - Wizard brains, pickled. Eat for spells.
- 7 - Vim's Outstanding Self Writing Encyclopedia. Roll under 10 on d20 to read about shit. Try again next week, and only need to roll under 11. Week after that, 12.
- 8 - Benevolent Parasites.

1d4 boon of the Mother of Pearl

- 1 - An unreasonably large statue of herself. In ivory.
- 2 - Clam-speaking.
- 3 - Marries you off to one of the Daughters of Pearl.
- 4 - An IOU for one rescue.

1d8 what's in the pod?



- 1 - Eastern Slip-worm - Boosts strength, blood-flow to one arm. +1 to strength related things with that arm, -1 to the other arm. Roll to determine which arm.
- 2 - Frozen Maggot - Emotional suppressant. Feeds on the blocked feelings.
- 3 - Adrenal Fungus - Massively stimulates adrenaline production. Always act first in combat. Eat and drink three times as much. Piss like a racehorse.
- 4 - Bone-ivy - Your bones are wrapped in tendrils. Reduce all damage received by one, but take a penalty to saves against disease and heal twice as slowly

1d4 benevolent parasite

The symbol of a people defeated, these helms were 'gifted' to defeated tribal leaders and their immediate supervisors to mark the victory of the Nilfenbergian forces. The renowned wolf-helms of the barbarians were combined with the Nilfenberg dragon to form the design, although each helmet varies according to its rank.



NILFINBERGIAN HELM



Among the conquered, rogue countertechnologies are emerging. The representation of the warrior's body - carefully carved, hidden deep in the woods - will allow his physical body to resist the command of the imperial face that operates through the helm.

There are 8 ranks - the lowest, weakest helms being the most barbaric, nearly entirely Wolf-like in appearance, lacking the finer detail present on other examples. The highest helms are entirely Nilfenbergian in iconography, showing no signs of the wolf-helms of the barbarians. Those who wear a helm are subservient to those wearing a helm of greater rank, following orders to the best of their ability. It is not widely known, but these orders can be disobeyed, although the price is steep - the one disobeying has their face painfully and irrevocably branded with the Nilfenbergian Dragon striking down a pack of wolves.

It also enhances the ability to lead soldiers, boosting the morale of companions and allowing orders to be passed around a battlefield with ease.



Number Appearing (((3 Modes)))



The Ghouls (Lineal)

Their hunting packs scabble forwards into the dusk. Their tunnels zigzag under your feet, entrances and exits crudely hidden. They are d100+50m from your position - if odd, moving away; if even, running closer. Or they were here but now they've gone, 1d4 hours ago, their flesh-smell still in the air. If you do not kill the drummer, 1d10 more will appear after every 10 rounds.



The Goblins (Territorial)

Their lands are coextensive with the fungus growth. The goblin king's body has been colonised and bloated by the fungus, swollen to a diameter of d10m. The harem occupies d12 of the rooms surrounding his. The scrum of the goblin war-band approaches, their hyperpikes reaching 1d6+2m all around them. The empire radiates around the king. 80% chance of war bands near the centre, 40% in the outer slums, 10% at the rotting wall of the perimeter.

The Inquisition (Numerical)

Every city has a cathedral, every cathedral an inquisition. Every inquisition 1 grand master inquisitor, 1d4 cardinals, 1d20 supreme inquisitors, 1d100 inquisitors. 5% of the inquisition will be secret heretics. 1% of the inquisition will be demons, in cognito. Each inquisitor will wear 1d10 rings: 20% of these will contain poison; 10% of these will contain secret messages; 1% of these will unlock the catacombs. Each district will contain 1d12 informants, seeing everything. Each alley 1d4 sisters, hearing everything.



d6 Drumming Styles of the Ghouls

1. Cannibal Fury - furious, arrhythmic. like a death-rattle. +1 atk and dmg.
2. Hiding Dark - slow, deliberate, titanic. The grind of years. stealth bonus.
3. Dead Meat - Erratic, confused, messy. Half-remembered heartbeat. They gather before the attack.
4. Grave's Bounty - Tempo building higher, a gathering storm. x2 ghouls.
5. Gnawing Hunger - Rapid, a wall of beats, straining the ear. 1.5 speed
6. Twitching Finger - Calls and responses, echoing distant. Two packs converge from opposite directions, updated on your progress as you flee.

d10 Hidden Messages of the Inquisitors

1. The Grand Master is a heretic/isn't a heretic, and must be destroyed/recruited.
2. The plot to destroy the [cathedral/ catacombs] [advances/has been foiled].
3. A list entitled 'Interesting Sinners/Saints'.
4. Receipt for 10,000 silver. No mention why
5. The migratory patterns of steppe-birds / nomads
6. Smut, plain and simple.
7. A random magic-user spell.
8. A code giving entrance to the Grand Inquisitors Private Chambers/Inquisitorial Dungeon
9. A place and a time, nothing more.
10. The exact defences for the cathedrals most holy relic/biggest donation box.

d6 Orders of the Fungus Infested King / 1 CLUSTER TO COLONISE / 2 SPREAD AS SPORES / 3 GROW BELOW GROUND / 4 DEVOUR THE DEAD / 5 INFECT FROM INSIDE / 6 kill me oh gods please

DREAMLUSTS OF THE EASTERN MAGNATE

Almost all of the commerce to the east of the steppes is based on the whims of the magnate. At night his mind oozes with dreams of distant riches, and by the next nightfall the transregional flow of commodities will be totally rerouted in accordance with the new figures of his desire.

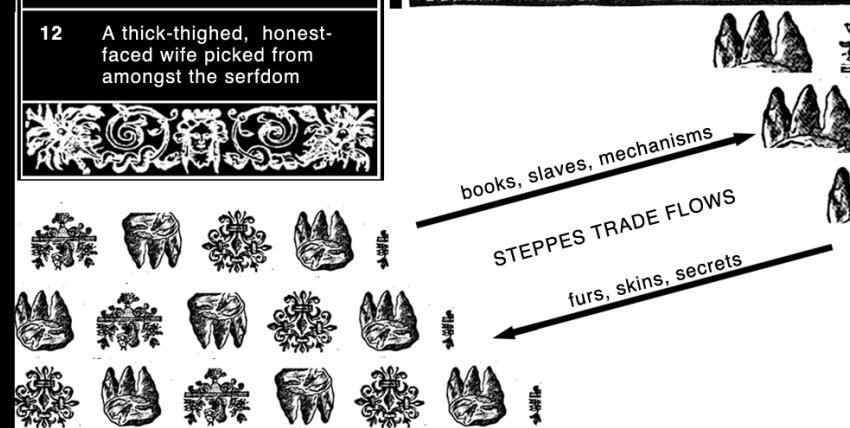
tonight he
longs for...



1	Strangling silk
2	Ten amusingly crippled fighters for a gladiatorial event
3	The most overwhelmingly scented bath salts from the salt flats
4	Eggs of seabirds
5	Rare folk songs of the steppes
6	Optical instruments
7	A new language
8	Lamps, lanterns, candles
9	Bones, fossils, skulls
10	The metallic furs of northern hyperbears
11	The costly forgiveness rites of a monk
12	A thick-thighed, honest-faced wife picked from amongst the serfdom



(Naturally, access to his dreams would reveal extremely profitable information.)





Infesting spirits are insidious, and rot their hosts like the foulest of plagues until the rotten core finally gives out. Only the foulest of warlocks would beckon such a thing from beyond, and even other spirits shun them for their abnormal interest in our world, and especially in us. They never manifest physically by choice, only when coaxed out using a purification ritual.

(1d6) What is required to purify the host?

1. The host must be drowned in sea water and then resuscitated. The spirit will slip out as a loathsome mockery of aquatic life, writhing tentacle and mad eyes. It should be killed by crushing before it slips out into the ocean, infesting the sea-life. It will promise great power if eaten, but this is a ploy to find a new host. Black cults are known to be led by individuals claiming to have made this bargain. Sailors speak of the evil whales said to carry the spirits and destroy ships for the sheer joy of it.

2. The host is to be smoked like a preserved meat. They will sweat, moan and cough until the spirit slips out as a violent orange liquid from any pore or orifice. This fluid must be contained in an airtight glass container. This spirit, if stored, will never again infect a host. It will be as an obedient dog if broken and trained, or so the heretics whisper.

3. The host should be hung as a criminal with a noose of thorned plants. If performed correctly, seconds before death a crow will claw its way savagely out of the dying victim. If allowed to escape it will seek a new host, so it is prudent to have a master-archer on hand. Witches are said to favour these terrible escapees as familiars.

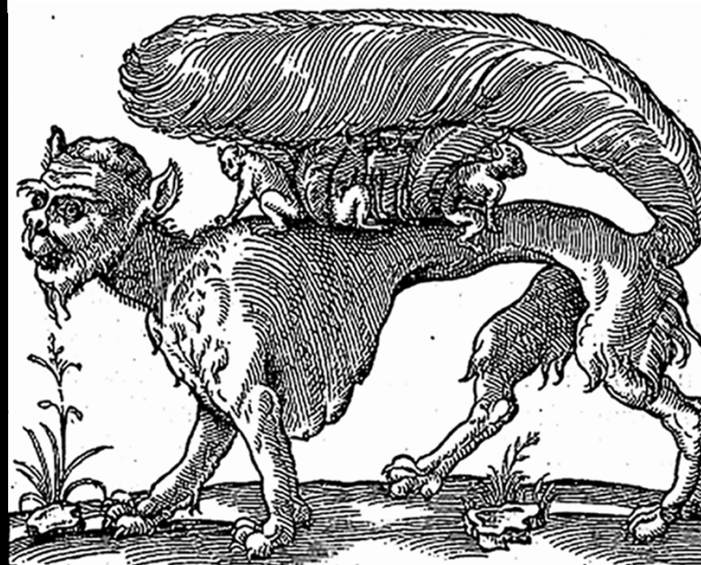
4. The host should be kept in a stone tomb for 3 days without water nor food nor light nor company. At the end of this 3 days a terrible thing will stalk the tomb wearing the corpse of the host. It is physically shackled to this form, and destroying the monster destroys the spirit. It will use the tomb as a hunting ground, learning every possible ambush point. The sooner the physical shell is destroyed, the easier the task will be.

5. A child no older than 8 is to be made pleasing to the spirit using the foul symbols the spirits have taught the black-hearted summoners. The child should be kept in a glass cage will which intercept the spirit as it leaps from its current host to the child - if the cage is constructed correctly. If performed without this protection, the child will mature quickly (3 weeks) into a full adult with knowledge far beyond its years and a malign purpose. These possessed children are said to spell great calamity.

6. The host is to be restrained, and a blank book left before them. They should then be interrogated as to their nature, and the spirit they carry. After a relentless day of this question the spirit will leap for freedom. If correctly prepared, the blank book will contain the creature, and display its alien and terrible knowledge in a twisting and cruel script. These books are burnt, regardless of the baseless rumours of a library of such evil works being stored beneath the Inquisition Keep.

The litter is to be defended by day - this is known to any Old Man Shade. The sun is hungry and would devour them, and so the Old Men shield them with their magnificent, valuable and very fashionable tails.

Old Men are wise, and are willing to bargain using their knowledge if you can corner them and threaten the litter. The litters bud from the Old Man every 5 years or so, and mature in another 5. They die in captivity.



OLD MAN SHADE

who wants the tail?

(1d8, roll many times)

- 1 Competing royal clothiers of otherwise peaceful kingdoms.
- 2 Rebel leadership desperate for funding - already have a private buyer lined up.
- 3 The Allied Teratical Societies, looking to install the tail in the joint museum.
- 4 Down-on-their-luck mercenary band, low on crossbows bolts and patience.
- 5 An influential aristocratic vampire.
- 6 An errant lordling seeking to impress their latest flame - the family do not approve.
- 7 Priests seeking a sacrifice worthy of their god/gods/demons/alien beings [delete as needed]
- 8 Barbarian warlord looking for a suitably impressive-looking trophy

OLD MAN SHADE

5 HD

AC AS CHAIN

MOV AS WALKING DOG

1 ATTACK

POWERFUL BITE 1D10

1 APPEARING + 1D8 LITTER

YOUNG PUP SHADE

1 HD

AC AS UNARMoured

2 ATTACKS

BITE 1D6

CLAW 1D4

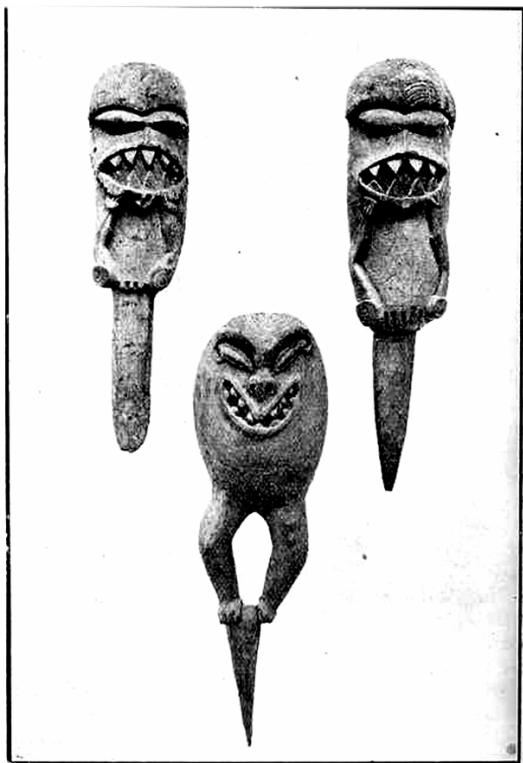
MOV AS SPRINTING CAT

LITTER OF D8

1		2		3		4		5		6	
7		8		9		10		11		12	
13		14		15		16		17		18	
19		20		21		22		23		24	
25		26		27		28		29		30	
31		32		33		34		35		36	
37		38		39		40		41		42	
43		44		45		46		47		48	
49		50		51		52		53		54	
55		56		57		58		59		60	

SINGING KNIVES

Scholars and amoral soldiers alike pay steep prices for these knives, leading to a proliferation of fakes, which take -1 to hit compared to a normal knife, owing to the fact they are made of stone. Genuine Mur knives can only be made by the persecuted shamans, hunted down to mere dozens. They were sung out of the stone, and carry this song at all times, resonating softly. These knives never break nor need maintenance as long as they are spoken of respectfully, and make the wielder harder to hit.



Modern times, modern knives. They are no longer coaxed from the rock with beautiful melody, but incensed with war drums and provocations for liberation - the knives are hot to the touch, and pulse with a terrible rhythm. When used to strike an oppressor, the newer knives deal damage equal to a sword. They have none of the longevity of the older knives, and have a one in twenty chance of breaking when used in combat.

[loose translation of native graffiti]

OUR KNIVES SING
YOUR SWORDS WEEP
THE STONE IS FREE
YOUR METAL TRAPPED

SIEGE DRAGON

Made of war, for war - scaled in the rent armour of men, clawed with wicked sabers, bristling with pike and lance alike. It does not belch forth flame, but powder-smoke and balls of iron, tearing apart man and fortification alike. It moves with the great cacophony of battle, metal on metal and wild instruments screaming.

Such a thing is made, not bred - and only in the most terrible of battlefields, where the ferocity of the fighting powers the magic as much as the caster. Flesh, living or dead, is recycled for the body, then clad in ruined equipment.



HD 8 / AC AS PLATE

MOV AS STUBBORN MULE

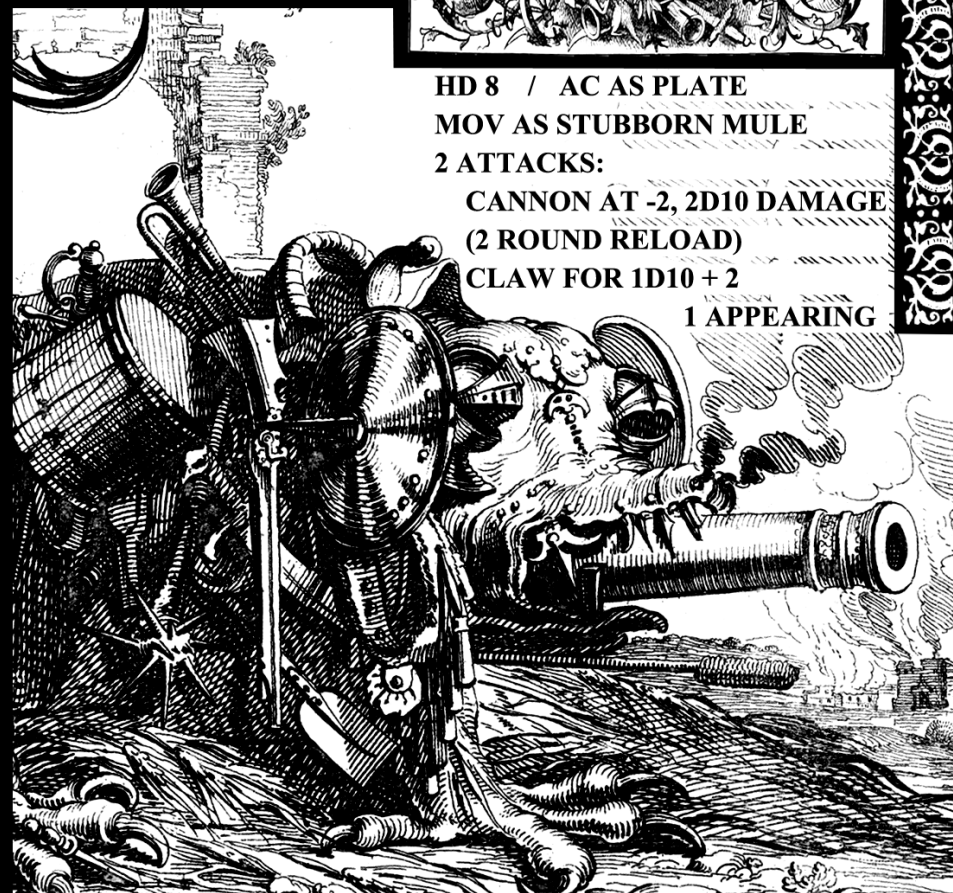
2 ATTACKS:

CANNON AT -2, 2D10 DAMAGE

(2 ROUND RELOAD)

CLAW FOR 1D10 + 2

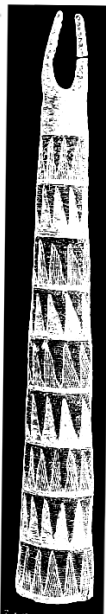
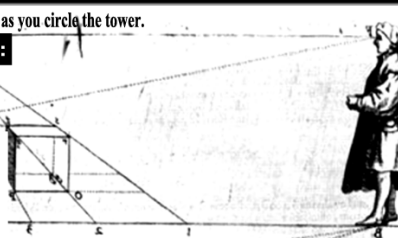
1 APPEARING



d10 Roll once per face being observed. Faces continue to shift as you circle the tower.

APPEARANCE & LOCATION OF TOWER:

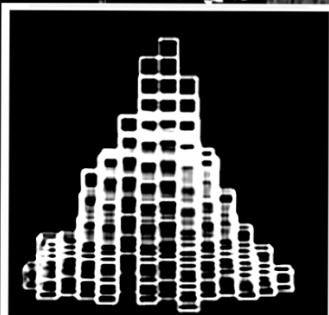
- 1 Ancient, rough worked stone coated in moss and lichen. Located in the ruins of the Fallen College, once the haunt of budding magic users.
- 2 Strangely worn stone, continuously wet. Fragile looking plants seem to support themselves on it's face, defying gravity. Located in the sunken cities of the Almon people.
- 3 More an incredibly uniform tree than a construction, almost-natural warps and knots forming windows. Lit from within. Located in a grove defended by hostile tree-spirits.
- 4 A single piece of unworked basalt with a natural hole forming a doorway. Located in the buried Prison-Cities of the Eyeless.
- 5 Not so much built as woven from spider-silk, yet strangely free of debris. Located in the blasted forest at the base of the Brokejaw mountains.
- 6 A great hide-tower-tent, beams and poles poking forth. Located on the Steppe, amidst a Khan's Horde.
- 7 Darkly-glinting obsidian walls, lit from within by some strange light. Located within the dome of the dead volcano Kasbekk.
- 8 Sheets of metal, twisted into blades and curves. The metal sings. Located within the Ghoststone smeltery.
- 9 Heavily eroded sandstone with faint bas-reliefs of men rejecting their serpentine masters. Located in ruins of the Slave-Cities.
- 10 Tasteless wealth encrusts the marble like barnacles on an aged ship. The tower of Angust-hu, an elder demon of greed.



It sits, seemingly a conventional structure. It occurs when you walk around to view a new face - the entire tower shifts in your perspective, replaced completely. Walking back, it shifts to yet another form.

If you were to enter the tower, the landscape behind you would shift, and upon leaving you would find yourself elsewhere entirely. Others would see the tower as it was, until they too begin to circle it.

TOWER



SKULLJAR

It is known that spirits will imitate gods, and become entangled in the doings of humans. This one spoke of required sacrifice, and the priests listened. They opened the top of the head to make the chosen ones more pleasing to their master. It fed greedily from them, and grew fat on the tribe until they were no more. What once was their home is now surrounded by the calcified Skulljars. The spirit lurks still.



It manifests as a voice, issuing from a Skulljar, or as a demon ant-eater standing as a man does.

LYING SPIRIT

HD 7

AC AS PLATE

MOV AS HUMAN

2 ATTACKS:

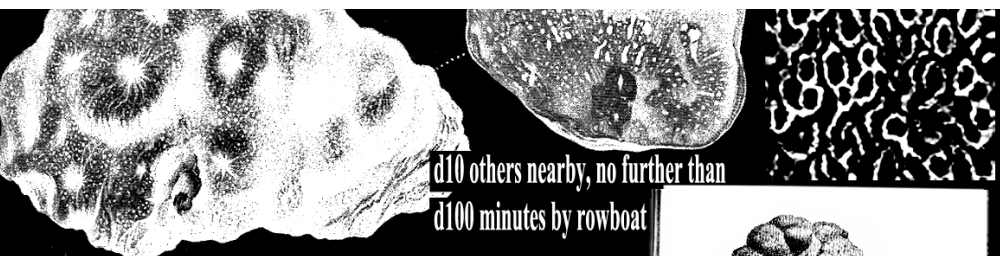
MAUL - 2D6 DAMAGE
FEED - KILL
HELPLESS FOE.
HEAL 2 HD DAMAGE.
GAIN ANY SPELLS
THEY HAD UPON
DEATH.

1 APPEARING

d8 - lies of the imposter spirit

- 1 Great wealth lies within the altar.
- 2 You are cursed, but I can save you if you listen.
- 3 A parasite is in your head - open your skull, quickly.
- 4 The consequences will be dire if I am not taken to the nearest city.
- 5 You are the chosen one, and your destiny begins now. Let me guide you.
- 6 I lost my physical form fighting these hollow-skulled demons.
- 7 I am an incarnation of the Sun, make worship unto me.
- 8 Your companions keep you around as a potential sacrifice.





d10 others nearby, no further than
d100 minutes by rowboat

TYPHLOTIC ISLES

Waters unstained by star or sun, locked far below. In these waters they float. Some are calved from the walls. Some drop from the ceiling. Others cannot be explained. Some have been colonised and abandoned and re-colonised since time immemorial, cultures overriding, combining and decaying in the dark and the wet. The artefacts are many, and the uses almost as foreign as the sightless creators.

Those bearing the marks of settlement only show the signs of d20 different cultures. d4 of these may have co-existed. One of them will have outcompeted the others to extinction or integration. Isles within 30 minutes row will share d12 of these differing cultures.

each Isle has a 70% of bearing the marks of habitation, but a 5% chance of current occupants

d20 IMPRESSIONS OF A DEAD CULTURE (roll d4 times)

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. They loved their dead. | 11. They loved to dance. |
| 2. They practiced cannibalism. | 12. They loved the arts. |
| 3. They feared their gods. | 13. They had advanced science. |
| 4. They spoke to the spirits. | 14. They dreamt of the surface. |
| 5. They bargained with demons. | 15. They took slaves. |
| 6. They fought mercilessly. | 16. They loved their food. |
| 7. They traded widely. | 17. They brewed alcohol. |
| 8. They collapsed suddenly. | 18. They were led by priests. |
| 9. They declined slowly. | 19. They were led by kings. |
| 10. They paid tribute to the sea. | 20. They had no leaders. |

d8 MATERIAL OF ISLE

1. A great slab of stone, riddled with holes.
2. A coral tangle, built atop itself.
3. A single bone, but far too complex
4. Vegetation - a great white plant.
5. A giant nodule of iron. The rust is omnipresent.
6. An unknown metal rich cream in colour. It does not rust.
7. The carcass of a blue whale, somehow preserved.
8. An amalgamation of shipwrecks, a grave for admiralties.

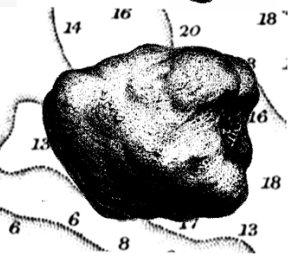
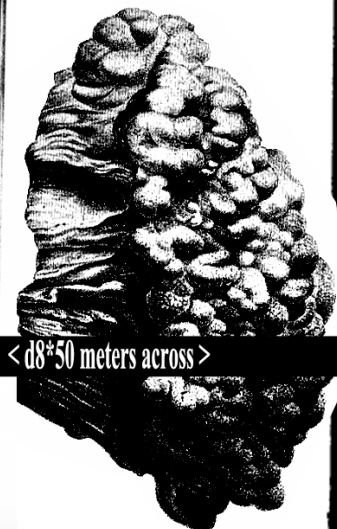
"Entry No. 82 -



As with the others, they were eyeless and pale. They used tools of bone, and craft of some unknown material. They took one of our party. They came quietly, leaving us unaware until they were upon us, although the fight was in our favour as they, like most of the others, are emaciated in form."



< d4*10 meters deep >



GREAT TUBER



Down south they pray for a harsh winter - the frosts kill these plants in infancy. Without that, the Great Tuber inflates enough to rise from the earth, drifting gently across the landscape. You can track it by the trail of devastation.

Each leaf is a funnel, draining away that which is essential for life. As the tuber feeds, it takes on elements of that which it drains, and each leaf makes the noise of the latest victim.

HD 5

AC AS LEATHER

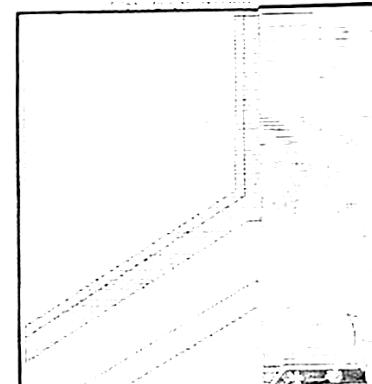
MOV COW-AMBLE

3 ATTACKS, DRAINS PHYSICAL STAT FOR 1D6. ONLY ONE ATTACK PER THING.

1 APPEARING ANYWHERE

...what has the tuber drained recently?

- 1 COWS - The tuber is lightly furred, and the leaves bear horns. +1d6 HP damage on strike. It will seek other tubers and dwell amongst them until they are all drained.
- 2 TREES - The skin of the tuber is woody and hard. AC as Chain *unless* you use an axe.
- 3 WOLVES - The tuber pursues relentlessly, and now has a mouth. Bite for 1d6, will attempt to hold you in it's giant mouth and drain you.
- 4 SHEEP - The tuber has a wool coat. It is incredibly flammable. It flees upon any hostile action.
- 5 PEOPLE - The tuber is smart. It'll only drain things which can help it from now on. It will hide.
- 6 CATS - The tuber gains delicate whiskers. It gains +2 bonus to hit, and cannot be hidden from.



VERTICAL URBAN HABITAT

STEPPE WARRIOR GIRLS party on the overgrown rooftop - moss, dead roses, broken statues and stone punch bowls.

THE CYCLOPS sublets to 1d4 TRAVELLERS.

THE BOAR HEADED SON who lives next to the BOAR HEADED MOTHER, 100 years old and kept alive in the dark of her bedroom by the skull-pendulum that swings in the space behind the wall.

THE GHOSTS live on old furniture and don't eat. They can hear everything in the complex, but are reluctant to speak.

THE INJURED KNIGHT, who polishes his armour and dreams of stony beaches.

THE COURTYARD is crowded with the howls of disloyal dogs

TOWER

ELEVATOR

THE POET and THE INJURED KNIGHT love each other. They communicate through candles on their windowsill.

THE ORCHID GARDEN is tended to by APES. Residents have got lost here for days.

THE EXILED POET, whose BROTHER sleeps on the sofa.

THE SAUNA is heated by the FURNACE ROOM below.

THE FROG GENERAL and his MANSERVANT live above...

...his nemesis from THE FISH ARMY. They are locked in constant stalemate.

THE NET bears the rubbish thrown from windows above, and leaves the bottom levels in shadow

10% chance that a resident will be checking out THE MAIL ROOM at ground level, and a 0% chance that they have mail.

IT COMES TO YOU, ANSWERING THE SUMMONS.

IT DOES NOT SPEAK BUT YOU KNOW YOU MUST CHOOSE.

ROLL 1D4 FOR THE CHOSEN BOON.

CORTAUD

the Head of Wolf, promises aid against your enemies, especially those hidden.

1. A skilled hunter to aid you. The hunter will ken the ways of the hunted.
2. The tracks of your foe will shine as the moon.
3. Your foe will tire, slow down and become weak as one pursued.
4. The vigor of the pack will flow through you - as long as you hunt you will not tire.

SKITHERIX

the Head of Dragon, promises rapturous destruction, nothing more, nothing less.

1. A firestorm is visited upon a city. Thousands will die. Skithierix chooses the city.
2. The fiercest storms in living memory blacken the skies, lasting no less than a month.
3. Skithierix grants you the honour of a plague of her making, as well as immunity to it.
4. The earth itself shakes and is rent asunder at her roar. You may suggest where, and she may listen.

ANDULUS

the Head of Eagle, promises speed, knowledge and justice.

1. You will know the answers to three questions put to Andulus.
2. Your travel will be unimpeded and as swift as possible for the next fortnight.
3. One who has wronged you needlessly will be struck accordingly, although Andulus never kills.
4. Your vision will not be betrayed, illusions are nothing to you as long as you do not speak a lie.

ONE MAY, INSTEAD, TAKE WHAT IS HELD IN THE HAND OF MAN

1. A quiver of 6 glass arrows. They will slay that which they strike or else break.
2. The speaking-skull of a sage. It will speak on a subject of it's choosing.
3. The unadorned Book of Other. It serves as a ledger of spirits. Free spirits will attempt to destroy the book.
4. A flaming sword held blade down. It is useless against the living but functions as a slayer of the dead. Bearing this weapon allows powerful dead ones to feel you coming.

DO NOT CHOOSE THE CLAW OF PREY.

IT LEAVES ONLY DUST.

