*Made from the* [*Minor Arcana Generator*](https://drive.google.com/open?id=0B0lFq3ECDQDQRThYREVWZzJzYnM)*. Stuff in italics is stuff that’s not immediately apparent, that I wouldn’t reveal to the players right away. Also included are the rolls that generated the item, and some notes on how the idea took shape in my head.*

**The Spinning Cylinder**

A stone cylinder, some 30 feet long and 3 feet wide. It’s always cold to the touch, and about half of it covered with a series of 6-inch-tall brass rings. The rings themselves are etched with Maker-runes at regular intervals. If the cylinder is placed upright, with the rings up top, the rings can spin smoothly and with almost no friction. Spinning certain rings causes other rings to spin as well, at different speeds. Careful inspection reveals a dial at the top end that can adjust how the spinning rings affect each other.

*A scholar of the Makers might recognize the runes on the rings as numbers, perhaps measurements or dates. Beyond that, it’s purpose is unclear.*

*In fact, the Rime Lords used it to calculate dates and the positions of stars. It’s crafted with a series of cunning gears, around a core of dark ice to keep temperatures stable and prevent the gears from shrinking or expanding.*

***Rolls****: Valuable >> Rime Lords >> sized for giants + writing/records >> enigma, it’s purpose unclear >> crafted with sublime skill*

***Brainstorming thoughts****: I initially thought of a some sort of trove of information, but that would be more Lore than Valuable. The writing/records bit got me thinking it could it be a printing press, or something like a CNC machine… something that carved or embossed runes. Then I had the idea of a orrery, but that seems too… I dunno, cliche? But that led me to thinking of calendars, and slide rules, and that got me going down this path.*

Maybe it is a puzzle cylinder of some type sorta of like the da vinci code. When the coordinates to a dungeon are input a treasure map of some sort is revealed!

**The Three-Star Crown**

A thin circlet of whitest platinum, set with three black stones that twinkle with the light of stars. Clearly the crown of some long-dead lord of a long-dead people.

While you **wear the circlet**, take +1 ongoing to CHA when dealing with those who already respect you or your authority.

*Alas, each time you* ***place the circlet on your head****, you feel the crushing weight of the universe and your miniscule, meaningless place within it. Roll +CHA. On a 10+, tell the GM one of your hopes for the future and why you doubt it can be achieved. On a 7-9, tell them one of your hopes and why you have given it up. On a miss, you fall into the depths of despair that lasts until you face mortal danger and rouse yourself to face it.*

*If the* ***crown is destroyed****, the jewels shattered and the metal reduced to slag, then the despair is lifted and all lost hopes restored.*

*The Three-Star Crown was forged for a petty warlord in the days after the Makers’ fall. Among his bloody conquests was a metalsmith of renowned skill, once an apprentice of the Forge Lords themselves. The warlord demanded that this smith make him a crown of surpassing beauty, to rival those worn by the Makers. The warlord was so pleased with the crown, he had the smith’s hands maimed so she could never make another crown that would rival his in beauty. After months of destitute begging, the smith killed herself in despair—and in so doing, cursed the crown to steal the hopes of whosoever wears it. The warlord was soon overcome by hopelessness and was killed by an underling who saw weakness. The underling took up the crown was himself brought low by despair, taking his own life. The warlord’s once-mighty forces fell into disarray and the crown was cast aside as a cursed thing.*

***Rolls****: Property + valuable >> The Black Gates >> the vengeful dead (who seek to drag others with them) >> crown/scepter >> absorbs \_\_\_ and stores power >> haunting beauty*

***Brainstorming thoughts****: At first I was scratching my head at this one. My first thoughts were towards some kind of crown/scepter that contained a bound specter, but that didn’t feel right. That felt more like a “spirit” result than a “property” result. So then I thought, “what if it absorbs HOPE,” and it’s a punishment to the king who wore it. And that, plus the haunting beauty, led to the idea of the metalsmith and the curse.*

You could call it Macbeth’s Crown from the sound of it:

[She should have died hereafter](http://www.shakespeare-online.com/plays/macbeth/soliloquies/hereafter.html);

There would have been a time for such a [word](http://www.shakespeare-online.com/plays/macbeth/soliloquies/word.html).

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,

Creeps in this [petty pace](http://www.shakespeare-online.com/plays/macbeth/soliloquies/pettypace.html) from day to day

To the last [syllable of recorded time](http://www.shakespeare-online.com/plays/macbeth/soliloquies/syllable.html),

And all our yesterdays have lighted fools

The way to [dusty death](http://www.shakespeare-online.com/plays/macbeth/soliloquies/dustydeath.html). Out, out, [brief candle](http://www.shakespeare-online.com/plays/macbeth/soliloquies/briefcandlepower.html)!

Life's but a [walking shadow](http://www.shakespeare-online.com/plays/macbeth/soliloquies/walkingshadow.html), a [poor player](http://www.shakespeare-online.com/plays/macbeth/soliloquies/poorplayer.html)

[That struts and frets his hour upon the stage](http://www.shakespeare-online.com/plays/macbeth/soliloquies/frets.html)

And then is heard no more: it is [a tale](http://www.shakespeare-online.com/plays/macbeth/soliloquies/taletold.html)

[Told](http://www.shakespeare-online.com/plays/macbeth/soliloquies/taletold.html) by an idiot, full of sound and fury,

Signifying nothing.

Maybe there is a way to end the curse on the crown via an adventure?.

**The Limestone Cup**

A lump of limestone, the size of a large man’s fist, sheared off smooth at one end and hollowed out. Water slowly seeps out of the interior stone, filling itself in about half an hour. The water is hard and mineral-rich, but potable.

Alas, the water is drawn from aquifers held deep in the earth, tainted by the Things Below. When you **drink water produced by the cup**, roll +CON the next time you attempt to sleep. On a 10+, you have troubling dreams of suffocation and endless wet caverns and huge uncaring things stirring in the lightless depths. On a 7-9, the dreams leave you shaken and agitated. Take -1 ongoing until you spend an hour or so under the open sky. On a miss, mark XP and wake screaming in the night. You’ll get no rest tonight and take -1 ongoing as with a 7-9.

***Rolls:*** *Property >> The Wild >> that which Danu holds tightly >> cup/vessel >> is \_\_, though it shouldn’t be*

***Brainstorming thoughts:*** *What property would a cup have that it shouldn’t? Oh. The obvious, I guess? It is always full, though it shouldn’t be. And water… water is held tightly in Danu’s grip, yes? Of course, water that Danu holds tightly is scary as hell, it’s deep water that contains horrors. So maybe there’s some danger behind it?*

**The Heart of Darkness**

A lump of volcanic glass, impossibly black, set into a pendant and hanging from a silken cord. When you **wear or carry the pendant openly**, it sucks up the light. All nearby light sources are diminished and dimmed. Your eyes, meanwhile, can see more sharply in the shadows.

More subtly, the pendent also sucks up all nearby kindness, making individuals in its presence more callous and self-centered. If you bear the pendent on your person for more than a few hours, your Drive for the session becomes “Callousness: show utter disregard for or cruelty towards and NPC.”

***Rolls:*** *Extraordinary property >> Things Below >> Darkness/shadow/deception/obsidian + hatred/wrath/cruelty/red crystal >> amulet/charm >> is much, much \_\_\_ than it should be*

***Brainstorming thoughts:*** *How do those themes apply to an amulet/charm that is much more \_\_\_? What’s the \_\_\_? I could take the idea that an amulet/charm is meant to ward off harm or danger or the evil eye. Oh, jeez. It’s much DARKER than it should be. It sucks up light. More subtly, it also sucks up kindness.*

**The Long Hall**

Deep in a time-lost crypt or a cavern that has never seen the light of day, there stands an arch of perfectly set gray stones. A hallway lies beyond, straight and sure and longer than you can see. Silvery runes are carved into the arch and the hallway walls, flickering in the torchlight and making your eyes water to try to read them.

When you enter the hallway, you find that it goes on far enough that you lose sight of the entrance. When you press onward, you eventually find yourself approaching the same archway you entered. No matter the direction you travel, you end up in the same place.

*The Long Hall is a loop in time in time and space, always leading back to its entrance. Attempts to bypass or mar the tunnel eventually reset or loop back upon themselves. For example, if you spent long enough excavating a side tunnel, you’d eventually dig your way to a brick wall. And if you punched through that brick wall, you’d find yourself back in the Long Hall, on the opposite wall from where you started. And if you then left Long Hall and returned, you’d find all your work was undone.*

*The writing on the archway and walls is in the ineffable script of the primordial language. Few scholars indeed are able to even hold their forms in their minds, much less decipher their meaning. If you* ***bear the*** [***Ineffable Words***](https://drive.google.com/open?id=0B0lFq3ECDQDQdVlnUHVkNm5yTzA) *or can otherwise decipher their meaning, you find that the writing’s message to be: “Turn back. Beyond is the Maw of Hlad, the One Who Devours. Turn back..” The message repeats over and over, endlessly.*

*If you can read the message and willfully press on, you can reach the Long Hall’s end. There, you find door with the message repeated once more. If you open the door, you find yourself in a small and barren room with glass-smooth walls, ceiling, and floor. On the floor sits a ring of black metal bands, woven in an impossible pattern. This is the* [*Hungering Ring of Hlad*](https://drive.google.com/open?id=0B0lFq3ECDQDQbXcxQkdnSzUtVDg)*.*

***Rolls:*** *Property + Lore >> Black Gates >> Hungry Dead >> Location/power/history of a major arcana >> via ancient runes etched into a place >> edifice >> passage (road/tunnel/bridge/portal) >> cannot be \_\_\_\_*

***Brainstorming thoughts:*** *So… what major arcana? And what passage? And what cannot it not?*

*I think it might be a portal that cannot be opened, at least not by the living. And the Star of Algol is the major arcana, a starmetal pendant that… does something? Something related to ghouls?*

*No… ghouls aren’t going to be the hungry dead. They’re people who give in to the howling wind and the hunger, and resort to (then indulge in) cannibalism. I think this arcana needs to be something different, something about binding and “wielding” wraiths.*

*Question: if the hungry dead aren’t ghouls, then what* ***are*** *they? Wraiths, I guess, but why? A specter dies violently and horribly, and feels wronged. They seek vengeance. A haunt simply can’t let go, and re-enacts its life, particularly its worst moments. A shade has passed on but come back for some reason, maybe simply because they* ***could****. But a wraith? They are* ***hungry****, and that’s because they are missing something. Their souls might have been damaged or corrupted, addicted to the lifeforce of others. So someone who wields dark, soul-draining magic might become a wraith upon their death. Or a creature whose soul and lifeforce are drained by an artifact… they could also become a wraith. Or a wight, if their physical remains are sustained.*

*So… I guess the Hungering Ring of Hlad sort of fits the bill. I could make one its consequences “You no longer gain sustenance from food. When you draw the lifeforce from a victim, gain 1 sustenance. When you would consume a ration, lose 1 sustenance instead. When you die, your soul will linger on as a wraith, hungering for the living.” I might also change up it’s powers, allow the lifedraining to become more useful (used at range?). And maybe imply something about the victims, that might also become wraiths?*

*Now, what does this passageway/portal represent? I think it actually leads to the Hungering Ring of Hlad. And it can only be traversed by one who was passed through Death’s Black Gates? Oh, no… let’s link this to primordial power and the Ineffable Words. It’s a time/space loop!*

**The Loadstone Pool**

High in the hills or mountains, a small stream of snowmelt and rainwater fills a natural pool in the rocks before tricking over the side and flowing on. At the bottom of the pool is a large deposit of loadstone. A number of rusted old blades (many sized for giants) can barely be seen clinging to the loadstone.

*When you* ***cut yourself with iron or steel and toss the blooded metal into the pool****, you form a bond with the waters. So long as you* ***carry a vial of the pool’s water on your person****, it protects you from magic that attempts to sense or affect your thoughts.*

*When you are* ***subject to such magic****, roll +CON. On a 10+, the magic senses or affects the still waters of the pool instead, leaving you unaffected and possibly befuddling the magic’s source. On a 7-9, the magic is redirected but the water you carry loses its potency. You must return to the pool for new water before it can protect you again.*

***Rolls:*** *Produces magical effect >> Tempest Lords >> conduit of power >> natural feature >> pool/pond/lake >> hide/disguise/confuse >> costly (requires sacrifice/uses up a resource) >> 1d4 charges; a charge might be lost each time it’s used; slowly recharges over hours/days/weeks/months*

***Brainstorming thoughts:*** *A moat around a tower? No… should be a natural feature (though it dawns on me that there’s no “pool” in the Edifice list… huh). A pool up on a mountaintop or a high place, that stores lightning strikes? And the power is drawn on to conjure storms that confuse? Or is it a decoy? Oooh… I like that! Add in some loadstone for the sympathetic connection to “attracting things” and because magnetism seems right up the Tempest Lord’s alley. Instead of 1d4 charges that slowly renew, I think it makes more sense to have a single vial of water you carry around, and it might lose it’s effect and that you have to “recharge” by returning to the pool.*

**The Song of the Dool Trees**

A scroll, written in a cramped hand and seemingly nonsensical script, with a series of graph-like diagrams. It is accompanied by a flute of bone (from a human arm?). If closely studied, the notes reveal themselves to be a cipher and the graph is perhaps the notation for a song.

*If deciphered, the notes reveal the secrets of dool trees, those bleach-white copses that common folk instinctively avoid. These trees are haunted by spirits from beyond Death’s Black Gates that feed on mortal fear and terror. The notes tell how such spirits can be called by song and tempted into service, though they caution against travelling with more than one.*

*When you* ***craft the long bone of a murderer into a flute a play the proper tune among a grove of dool trees****, you can roll +CHA to* ***Recruit*** *one (or more) dool spirits as a follower. If one agrees, it takes up residence in your flute.*

|  |
| --- |
| **Dool Spirit** *(group, small, stealthy, devious, planar, terrifying, amorphous)*13 HP, 2 armor**Special qualities** naught but living shadow; helpless in complete darknessScavengers of the spiritual realm, slipped half into this world from across the Black Gates. They cluster around dool trees and wait for foolish mortal creatures to pass nearby. They long to leave this meager existence and feast on more rarified terrors. **Instinct** To taunt, scare, and frighten. \* Gain strength and sustenance from mortals’ fear \* Sense a victim’s secret doubts and worries \* Shape sound and shadows to unnerve and frighten \* Slip silently from shadow to shadowAs a follower, a typical dool has Quality of +1, a starting Loyalty of +1, the *fear-wise* and *cunning* tags, and a cost of “Debauchery: tasting new, exquisite fears (the higher the loyalty, the more exceptional the fear).” |

***Rolls:*** *Lore >> Black Gates >> Bone/skulls/mummified remains + night/darkness/fear >> hazards/secrets/history/location of a mysterious place >> in a tome/scroll/folio in a cypher or long-dead language.*

***Brainstorming notes:*** *I’m doing this outside of an actual game, so I didn’t have a mysterious place to work on. And none of the mysterious places I have planned for the initial setting write-up are a good fit for the Black Gates & themes. So, I rolled up a place using the arcana and got: natural feature >> a tree >> inhabited by a spirit >> fauna >> serves willingly.*

*So! The writings reveal something about a type of tree, let’s call it a dool tree (variant spelling of “*[*dule tree*](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dule_tree)*”), and how one can use the bones of a murderer to summon a dool. A dool is a spirit from beyond the Black Gates that feeds on fear itself. It has no shape or substance, but lives in shadows and darkness and can shape them to terrify its prey and gain sustenance. It can be harnessed as a follower. Yeah!*