



MM 1 a Dungeon World monster manual

TERRORS *of the* ANCIENT WORLD

Terrors of the Ancient World is a collection of monsters to liven up your Dungeon World game. Inside this book you will find over a dozen new monsters, all of them illustrated in glorious full colour. These monsters also come with numerous adventure hooks, custom moves, fronts, magical items, maps, and example situations, as well as a new base class: the Satyr. There are gods for your adventurers to worship, demons for them to summon, and monsters for them to slay—or be slain by!

Red Box Vancouver

Johnstone Metzger & Nathan Jones





Module MM 1

Terrors of the Ancient World

a monster manual
for the Dungeon World fantasy role-playing game

by
Johnstone Metzger
&
Nathan Jones



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Terrors of the Ancient World

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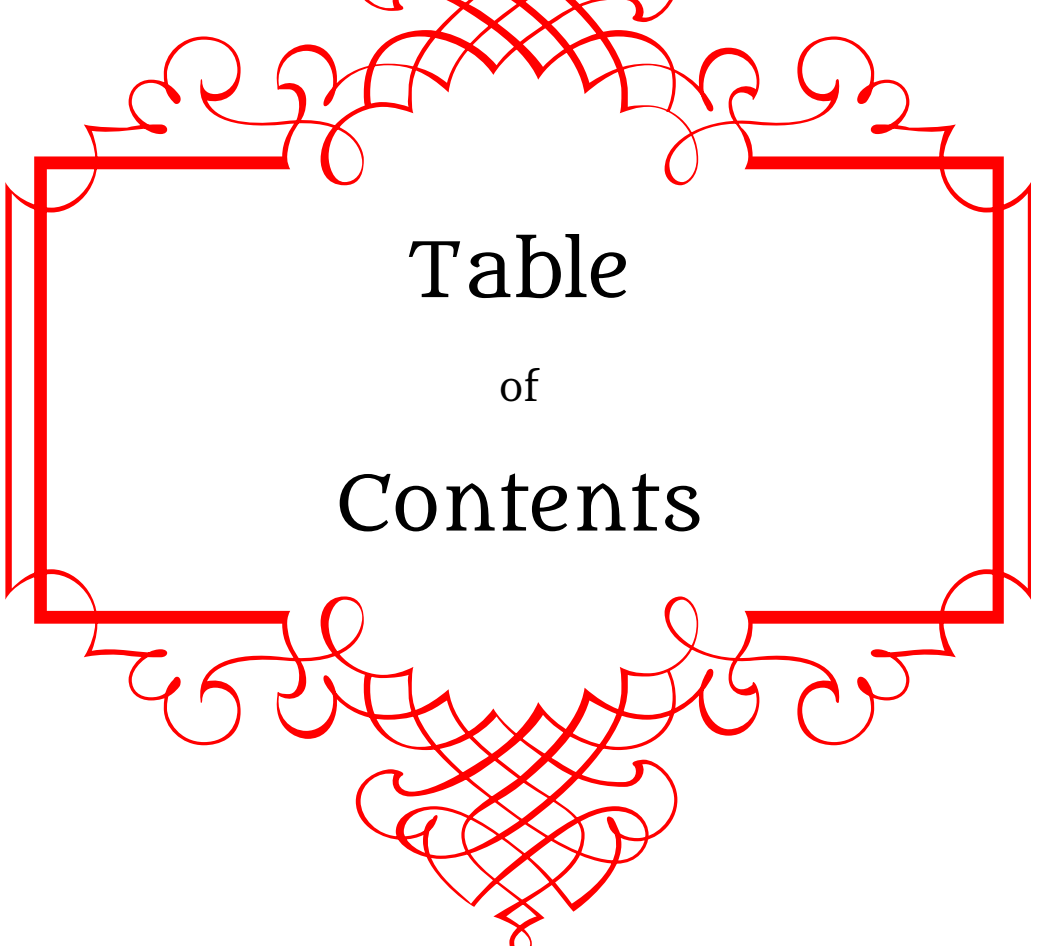



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Gods
and
Demons

The Cult of the Horned God

Centuries ago, when the Earth was young and humankind not yet the power that it is now, the horned god challenged the other deities for supremacy and was rebuffed. Younger gods ran roughshod over the horned lands, and the cult of the horned god was forced to lay low and bide its time. It has watched other faiths come and go, yet the horned ones remain true and swear to rise again to power.

The Cult Now

These days, the cult of the horned god is a loose collection of knights, lords, and mercenaries scattered across the civilized world. The cult almost always attracts warriors to its ranks, but the occasional scholar or wizard has been known to fall in with them. They do not always keep their allegiance secret, though the existence of an organized cult—as opposed to simply praying to one of the many old gods of the ancient world—is not widely known.

The current leader, or at the very least, the cult's most influential member, is Lord Reginald Front-de-Boeuf. Cult members meet in secret at his castle, which already has a black reputation. Every generation of Front-de-Boeufs suffers at least one mysterious death, and after Lord Reginald witnessed two within mere days of returning from a war in the east, he retreated from society. In the decades since, he has refused to attend the royal court on all but one occasion, and is often absent from the meetings of even nearby lords and his own vassals. They meet to discuss reports of monsters in the region, which become ever more frequent as the nights grow longer and winter looms heavy.

If the cult can rise to prominence once again, they will summon a second emissary of the horned god—the fearsome Fir-Dan, which takes the true form of the god, even on the material plane.

The Cult's Plans

The horned god has blessed its cult with one of its most fearsome emissaries—the blue behemoth Gor-Dan. The cult plans to use this great beast to overthrow the king. As chaos grips this region—as peasants revolt and monster-hunters converge from all over the world—Lord Reginald plans to attack the royal court, decimate it, and institute the rule of the horned god, supported by legions of foreign mercenaries loyal to the cult.

Type: Cult (ambitious organization).

Impulse: To divide and conquer by superior force.

GRIM PORTENTS

- Quest-hungry knights and mercenaries arrive to hunt monsters.
- A village is smashed to pieces in the night.
- Fearful peasants revolt against the lords who cannot protect them.
- The king's loyal duke moves his forces into the region.
- Gor-Dan destroys the royal court.
- Foreign mercenaries loyal to the horned god arrive and swear fealty to Lord Reginald.

Impending Doom: Lord Reginald seizes the throne and institutes his own despotic rule.

Tactics

While the cult of the horned god tends to use a combination of stealth and force to achieve its ends, these are not its only tactics.

The cult hires poor people to harass its enemies. Peddlers sell them worthless junk and trinkets. Card sharps try to cheat them. Fake debt collectors wave bills before their faces. Carollers and town criers raise a ruckus outside their windows while they sleep. Only if a bout of food poisoning does not cause nosy interlopers to retreat will the cult turn to moonlight assassinations.

If local lords interfere in their affairs, however, Reginald is not above kidnapping defenceless relatives and holding them for ransom. Or razing their lands and creating unrest amongst their peasant vassals—a useful distraction he often favours.

GOR-DAN*Construct, Divine, Huge, Planar, Solitary.*

Fists (1d10+7 damage)

26 HP 2 Armour

*Reach, Forceful***Special Qualities:** Emissary of the horned god.

When he is not attacking villages in the night, Gor-Dan hides his huge blue bulk in Lord Reginald Front-de-Boeuf's castle. He is completely loyal to the horned god and his servants, but can only understand them if they wear one of the helmets of Lak-Dan.

Instinct: To defend the cult of the horned god.

- Charge into a mass of foes and scatter them.
- Crush foes under massive fists.
- Hurl things around.
- Return to the horned god's celestial home.
- Smash obstacles to bits.
- Summon minions of the horned god.
- Unleash a deafening below.

If there are large objects nearby: Use them as weapons—grab barrels of beer and salted fish and toss them around, pour buckets of water or cauldrons of oil on foes, push carts over.

If there are many foes: Bellow at them and force them apart, so they cannot fight effectively as a group.

When a cultist wearing a helmet of Lak-Dan issues commands: Obey.





NATHAN JONES

Castle Front-de-Boeuf

This castle looms over a stretch of dismal moors in a remote highland area that receives few travellers. Although the land is rich and bountiful, the weather and climate are much more disagreeable to people than to their crops. Lord Reginald Front-de-Boeuf uses most of his surplus income to support the cult of the horned god and hire men-at-arms.

Chapel

The castle's original chapel is still decorated in the proper religious custom, though it has not seen a service in decades. Lord Reginald refuses to admit priests inside his castle, except under duress or because they are captives. It is kept this way to appease the curiosity of the occasional guest who has not been inducted into the cult of the horned god. Though it looks normal enough at first, this entire room can be easily re-fitted to provide for worship of the horned god.

Lab

Although his is only a mediocre alchemist at best, Lord Reginald has stocked his laboratory with everything one might need to perform the thaumaturgical arts. All the latest, most stylish equipment, all the most important and popular of the exotic and rare materials needed. It is enough to impress even the most jaded of alchemical masters.

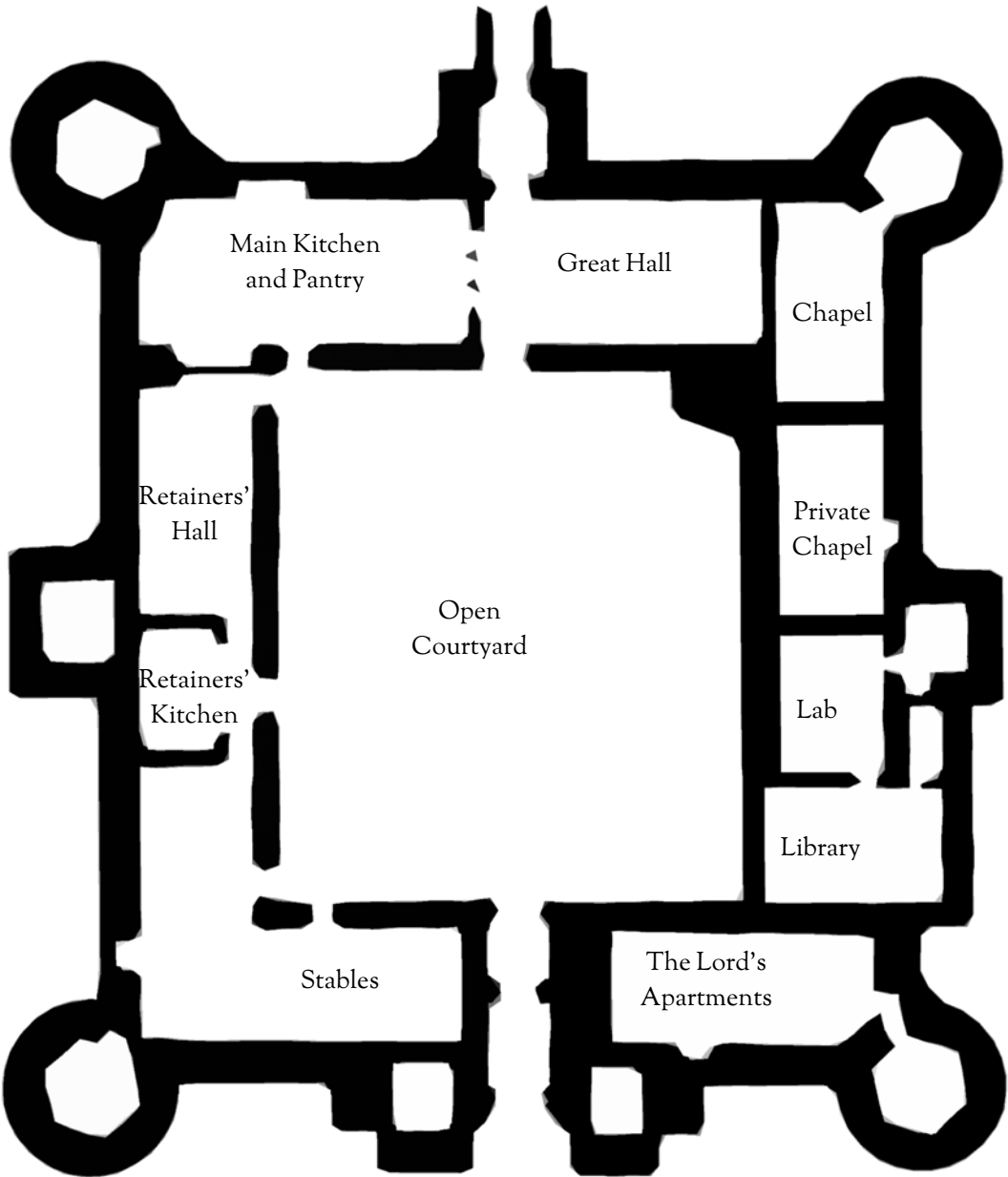
There are also 106 homunculi in the lab at any one time. Lord Reginald has tried numerous times to create loyal minions for the horned god out of the very elements themselves, but has only succeeded in trapping pitiful ghosts inside rough clay bodies.

Library

The rooms that make up the castle's library contain a wealth of banned books. Lord Reginald collects almost anything as long as it is forbidden, however, so digging through the dross to find something truly wonderful may be a difficult task.

Map of the Castle

Northern Gatehouse



Southern Gatehouse

The Lord's Apartments

Lord Reginald lives an austere life in a spartan set of apartments. He has no personal interest in wealth or comforts. He does, however, have a secret chamber that is covered in decadent silks and velvets, littered with gold and jewelled objects—all in order to achieve the proper sense of dense opulence that is necessary for communion with the horned god.

This chamber is where Lord Reginald keeps his helmets of Lak-Dan. He has two of them. Made of greenish bronze, these peaked, cylindrical helmets, adorned with horns, allow a cultist to communicate with the emissaries of the horned god, and also with others who wear a helmet of Lak-Dan. Distance interferes with the clarity of communication, but Lord Reginald can still use a helmet to summon fellow cultists who dwell across the sea.

Northern Gatehouse

Aside from always being conspicuously well-manned, the northern gatehouse displays no hint of the castle's true allegiance. This is the usual entrance that visitors take to enter and exit the castle.

Private Chapel

This area is set up to be a permanent place for veneration of the horned god. Like Lord Reginald's secret apartments, it is decorated in lavish tapestries, but with far less in the way of gold and jewels. There are altars designed for human sacrifice, and they have been used before.

This chapel is where Lord Reginald keeps Gor-Dan when he is not marauding across the countryside, stirring up trouble and flattening villages.

Southern Gatehouse

The interior of this entranceway to the castle is decorated with numerous images of the horned god. None who enter here will have any illusions as to the purpose of this castle.

Allies and Enemies

In any conflict with the cult of the horned god, it is best to know who are their allies and who are their enemies. Nothing is worse than going to the wrong person for help!

Lady Allaria

A very old woman, the Lady Allaria Hessikoss (née Markell) has benefited from a series of upwardly mobile marriages and is now a widow with vast tracts of land. She has always enjoyed hunting across her bountiful forests, just as she has always despised the politics of men. Too frail to enjoy her lands, she has in recent years become more sympathetic to, and intrigued by, the horned god.

Baron Garziban

All that Reginald Front-de-Boeuf has to do to gain the trust—and more importantly, the troops—of Baron Garziban is to help him seize control of the town of Springvale. The baron has coveted this prize for many, many years, but has been repeatedly thwarted. He cares little for the tenets of the horned god, or any other religion, until they impinge upon his ambitions.

Count Calloman

A staunchly religious man, Count Calloman IV Neissenbruck of Silver Mountain is exceedingly nosy when it comes to the religious views and practices of nearby nobles—and even nobles who are not-so-nearby. Heterodox worship, especially worship of the horned god, are sure to raise the count's ire, and he is sure to assist those looking to root the cult out.

Duke Hollister

As an enemy of both Count Calloman and the Church of Law, Duke Hollister XXII Chrysostomos has been a sometime ally of Reginald Front-de-Boeuf. The duke prefers to hew to the old ways of his lands, and though he is not hostile to clerics of different faiths, he rejects the claims their churches make on his domains. He does not know the full details of the horned god, and if he did, he would march his troops into the field against them.

The Fomorian Underworld

In the cities of the south there dwells the race of Fomorians: grotesque and grey-skinned humanoids with long, thin arms and black or yellowish eyes. They live in the sewers and subterranean regions of human cities, but are shunned and persecuted by the surface-dwellers. Many of them cultivate fungal gardens and hunt feral cats and dogs. Many of them also steal from people—and a few are involved in far more organized crime than that.

Reginald Front-de-Boeuf has long maintained contact with various Fomorian gangs. He buys his alchemical equipment from them, and even hires them, on rare occasions, to act as bodyguards, enforcers, or even straight-up assassins. If Reginald's enemies travel south, to the great urban metropolises that lie along the sea, he will contact these gangs and ask the Fomorians to harass or even kill them. As long as they receive payment, the Fomorians care little about the feuds of other races.

Leomund Barks

Blessed with a loud and silvery tongue from a young age, Leomund Barks is a militant firebrand, a popular demagogue, constantly agitating the people against the nobility. If Reginald Front-de-Boeuf is cruel to his peasantry, Leomund will rile up the peasants and get them to march on his castle, to demand surcease. But if Front-de-Boeuf moves against other nobles—especially if he moves against more than one—Leomund will incite the peasants to revolt against the nobility and support the horned god.

The Nearby Elves

Deep within the forested mountains there is said to lie the lands of the elves. The peasants tell many tales, but most of the nobility have lost their sense of wonder. They know of an elven citadel, run by Selandrial of the Silent Arrow. She has acted as an ambassador for an unknown, unseen kingdom many times, negotiating truces and compromises, but also delivering threats to those who seek to trim the forest back. The elves have no love for men, but also see the horned god as a corruption of one of their own natural deities. As such, they would loathe and despise it, if they were to be informed of the cult's true extent and provided proof of its villainy.

The Red Duchess

Though her lands are small, they are well-fortified by rivers and mountains, and so the Duchess Kinara Ferduzan has ruled for many years unchallenged. Her reign is brutal and unforgiving. She has never hesitated to march her soldiers across the hills to attack her neighbours when they have defied her. Though she hates Reginald Front-de-Boeuf, she also hates the other nobles who would oppose him. She would rather encourage both sides to bloody themselves if a war begins brewing. If the PCs wish to ally with her or receive her help, they had best bring her profit as well, for she has no patience with those who ask for generosity or favours or even a small amount of her attention.



The Horned God Itself

Though the cult of the horned god seeks to gain temporal power for itself, this is but a stepping stone toward achieving its true goal. The horned god has a second emissary that can be summoned to the material plane—Fir-Dan, which takes the god's true form, and wields all of its powers. A giant, floating, skull-like head with enormous horns and tentacles for hair, once this monstrosity has access to the physical world, it can enslave whole races of mortals beneath its terrifying reign.

FIR-DAN

Amorphous, Divine, Hoarder, Huge, Intelligent, Magical, Planar, Solitary, Terrifying.

Tentacles (1d12+7 damage, 3 piercing) 29 HP 5 Armour
Reach, Forceful, Messy

Special Qualities: Flying, Immune to Material Harm, Incarnate Deity, Surrounded by Ectoplasmic Servants.

Fir-Dan, the earthly incarnation of the horned god, has flesh made of ether and ropy hair, with thick, rubbery tentacles and metal horns jutting out from its body, which takes the shape of a floating head. It has many eyes made of fire and crystal. Light pours forth from each of its many suckers.

If it has come to the material world, it has come to demand obeisance, to collect worshippers, and to dominate all life aside from itself. Though the horned god offers power to its worshippers, once Fir-Dan is incarnate, they all become slaves. Some find the will to revolt, but most revel blindly in the god's dominating manifestation, letting it guide them so they don't have to make their own decisions anymore.

Instinct: To dominate.

- Dominate the mind of a submissive foe.
- Drain the magic from a foe.
- Pursue and overtake the most obvious threat.
- Ram a building into pieces.
- Rip a foe apart with tentacles.
- Summon ectoplasmic spirits.



Tactics and Strategy

If there is one great weakness that Fir-Dan possesses, it is an exceedingly narrow range of intellectual thought. It is almost unable to understand the tactics of its foes, and does not adapt well to challenges based on ideas other than its own. It always attacks the loudest and most obvious threat. It does not understand how stealthy opponents can be dangerous—they are hiding, aren't they? Obviously because they are scared and weak!

Fir-Dan moves from one opponent or obstacle to the next, never considering the ramifications of its attacks, or how one faction might grow stronger once a rival is eliminated. Fir-Dan gauges only the strengths of its foes, and attacks whichever one seems like the largest threat. It assumes others will then cower in fear and submit. It always allows submission.

Dominating Powers

Aside from physical violence and the command of numerous worshipful minions, Fir-Dan has two techniques for dominating individuals: magical consumption and invasive telepathy.

Firstly, it can gobble up magical energies to increase its own power. This does not mean it is immune to magic, quite the contrary, it just means that it can destroy spells and enchantments when it focuses on doing so specifically.

When Fir-Dan starts to consume your magic, roll+CON. **On a 10+**, you may bolster your magic with your own will and drive Fir-Dan away, or allow it to continue devouring your magic but deal your damage to it. **On a 7-9**, you may retract your magic and maintain its effect, or allow Fir-Dan to continue devouring, distracting it from other threats. Devouring magic is not always a quick and easy process. **On a miss**, however, it is quick and easy enough, and your magic is ruined.

Secondly, it can invade the minds of those who surrender and submit to it, imposing its own will upon the subject's personality.

If you submit to Fir-Dan, you must now abide by the following rules:

- When you are not being commanded by the horned god, you must dominate those who are weaker than you.
- You must always assist the horned god's other minions to complete the horned gods orders.
- You must always obey the will of the horned god.
- You must never help anyone who does not worship the horned god unless it would benefit the horned god.

If you refuse to follow one of these orders, you must defy the danger of your will being quashed by the horned god's dominating power. In order to reverse this invasion of your mind, you need outside help. Once the horned god has a hold over you, force of will alone will not save you.

Ectoplasmic Spirits

Fir-Dan brings, along with itself, a host of ectoplasmic figures—humans who have given their souls to the horned god for eternity. It summons them from its own divine realm, and they obey it utterly. They are ghosts who died in service to the horned god, and their minds and souls are completely enslaved. They can move around like normal humans, except they are almost weightless and ethereal. They can move through solid objects easily, and when they move through the body of a mortal, their thoughts become superimposed upon that mortal's own thoughts. The superimposed person hears the ectoplasmic spirit thinking inside their own head, and experiences the “joy” of being subservient to the horned god, and never having to make difficult choices ever again. They cannot interact physically, but the horned god sees all that they see, and hears all that they hear. They are its scouts and spies.



The Dream-Feaster

Ill-fated are those who drift off to sleep within the bounds of certain ancient ruins, for the old world is not as dead as it may seem. In dreams, the sleeper finds himself gazing upon a magnificent palace—that which once existed, but now is lost. Then, from out of his peripheral visions, he sees the black and furry form emerge. It turns its brilliant, colourful head to peer in his direction, and then it lopes forward slowly, bounding through the air as if time itself was stretched thin.

The Dream-Feaster is not a creature of the physical world. It lives only in the phantasmal realms of dreams and nightmares, where it feeds on the hapless minds of mortals. Those that never wake, that go mad from seeing “visions” when what they really wanted was hidden treasure, those that emerge from the ruins with neither treasure nor their own memories—all of these are victims of the Dream-Feaster.

Known to ancient sages and historians since time immemorial, numerous tales have been recorded of famous heroes battling the Dream-Feaster, or creatures like it. Fallanthrix the Magus of Hynraceus was plagued by a black and furry nightmare during his sleeping pilgrimage to the city of Moudiasma, before the Dawn King reigned over his homeland. Kallasina, the great bard and huntress, once wove a spell that required a feather from a fire-faced darkness which lived only in devouring nightmares. Some heroes outsmart it, some even defeat it outright—but how can these tales be accurate? What false legends and wishful thinking these tales must be, for here is the Dream-Feaster today, still preying upon the minds of this age, just as in the days of old.

DREAM-FEASTER

*Amorphous, Devious, Intelligent,
Large, Magical, Planar, Solitary.*

Teeth and horns (1d12+1 damage, 1 piercing) 27 HP 2 Armour
Close, Reach

Special Qualities: Magical creature of dreams.

The Dream-Feaster bounds along the ground and through the air in long, languid arches, contorting its fluid body in weird, unnatural ways. Its face is full of teeth and war, its claws are vicious. It can learn the spells cast against it and cast them back in turn, but spells that would cause it to sleep or affect its mind or dreams in some way have a quite different effect—they restore 1d6 HP of damage. This is what comes of using such spells on a creature made to devour the mind that sleeps!

The Dream-Feaster can also reform the setting of a dream, instead of attacking or escaping. If the current dream setting has put it at a disadvantage, and it cannot draw out its foe, it will simply force the dream to change. It also likes to draw out the anxieties and fears of its foe, and place the battle within dreams made of these emotions.

Instinct: To devour the minds of dreamers.

- Allow a wounded foe to awaken.
- Bite a foe and tear off pieces.
- Cast a spell that has been cast against it.
- Contort itself in unnatural ways.
- Draw a foe into a disadvantageous position.
- Fly through the air, slowly and strangely.
- Reform the dream environment.

If they cast a spell: Cast it back at them later.

If they have the advantage: Back off and change the dream setting.

If they might win, but have already been wounded: Allow them to wake.

When they sleep: Invade their dreams and devour them.

The Land of Dreams & Nightmares

When the Dream-Feaster invades your dreams, you must fight it as if it were a physical creature—but since this is a dream, some things are different. Some of your stats are no longer relevant, and you must use those that define your mind, will, and soul instead. Use your Charisma score and modifier in place of your Strength, your Intelligence score and modifier in place of your Dexterity, and your Wisdom score and modifier in place of your Constitution. Any scores that rely on your Constitution, Dexterity, or Strength—such as HP or load—must be recalculated. Moves that rely on these stats now rely on their replacements. This change is not directly obvious until you attempt to take action against the Dream-Feaster.

Of course, characters who manage to enter the Land of Dreams physically and encounter the Dream-Feaster that way are entitled to use their regular Constitution, Dexterity, and Strength scores.

If you are killed by the Dream-Feaster, your body lives on, but does not awaken. Your mind is gone, and cannot be resurrected short of invading Death's dire fortress. **If you are wounded by the Dream-Feaster,** but manage to awaken before being defeated by it—or if you awaken after defeating it—you awake with your body intact. You retain all your HP and if you suffered a debility during the dream, it is gone. But you still bear the scars of the Dream-Feaster, and you lose 1d6 points from each of your Charisma, Intelligence, and Wisdom scores (to a minimum score of 3). This loss is not entirely permanent, but only magic can reverse it.

Adventurer, Heal Thyself

The easiest way to be healed of the mental wounds inflicted by the Dream-Feaster is to go to the temple of Asklepios. It is far from the ancient ruins where the Dream-Feaster dwells, but it is probably worth the trip.

The temple welcomes all who are humble and respectful, no matter if they are rich and powerful or poor and down trodden. Supplicants must always make a donation, but how much is up to them. If their donation is not a sizeable sum, in the eyes of the supplicant, the god does not grant his healing. What the supplicant thinks is sizeable will, of course, depend on how rich they are. The priests do their best to eject troublemakers without unduly harming them, and the guards have many healing spells at their disposal. Those who cause enough damage are cursed by the god Asklepios himself, so that their wounds no longer heal.

Those who bring evil, tainted magic, or the influence of chaotic gods, to the temple are also cursed by Asklepios—unless these enemy powers are stronger than he is. In this case, Asklepios may be driven away from his own temple, or even destroyed altogether. If such a thing happens, the temple can no longer provide healing for anyone.

Those that sleep inside the temple, beneath the statue of Asklepios, often have strange and vivid dreams. Perhaps the god commands many hundreds of snakes to encoil the sleeper, rubbing their skin and sickness away. Or perhaps he removes the top of the sleeper's head, and shakes the contents out onto the marble floor. Asklepios has many tricks and techniques that seem foreign and terrifying at first, but inevitably lead to a healthful experience for the supplicant. Any damage caused by a Dream-Feaster will be reversed upon waking in the morning, and any physical wounds will be healed as well.



Gozmo Zalandros

The being known to the ancient world as Γόσμω Ζαλάνδρος began his arcane career as a lowly apprentice. Exactly which famous archmage first took him as a pupil is a matter of some dispute, and it is not entirely clear if Gozmo Zalandros himself even remembers his one-time master. This first period of tutelage did not last long. He quickly learned to summon demons and so conjured himself new mentors, and in due time, Gozmo was himself one of the most feared and respected archmages in all the civilized lands.

Wizard-God of Decapitation

After devouring the heart of Shud-Háladar, the great, multicoloured god-serpent of the Crystal Mountains, Gozmo himself ascended to the ranks of the heavenly host. Now, he journeys widely beneath the Mountains of the Moons, through the intestines of the World-Boar, and across the snowy Plain of Discarded Thoughts, waging constant warfare against the Fire Titans and the ancient Elvish gods.

As a nominal deity, Gozmo has attracted a cult of worshippers, though it has not been numerous since antiquity. His temples—of which there are even a few that stand in ruins, abandoned—are squat, domed affairs, copiously decorated by colourful mosaics and stone busts of his priests and anyone else who cares to donate money. Those same priests are blessed with some small portion of his prodigious and spectacular abilities. They dazzle audiences of the faithful with death-defying stunts of decapitation and self-surgery, but are also known for much darker pursuits.

It is whispered that those who worship Gozmo are building an army of the undead in secret catacombs, far below the earth. Legions of grey-skinned compilations of corpse-parts, assembled almost at random, are said to wait in secret for the time when Gozmo declares war on all of elvenkind, and not just their gods.



GOZMO ZALANDROS

Divine, Hoarder, Intelligent, Large, Magical, Planar, Solitary, Stealthy.

Bloody hands (1d10+4 damage, ignores armour) 18 HP 2 Armour
Close, Reach, Forceful, Messy

Special Qualities: Caustic blood, Deity, Removable head, Skin like stone, Undead, Wizard.

Gozmo has not entirely abandoned the material plane—he still has a physical body, even though it has become greyish, rubbery, and about as hard as stone from the magic coursing through its undead sinews. Gozmo demands tribute from all other wizards he comes across. The penalty for refusing is, of course, decapitation. He can read the minds of any who commune with him, and his worshippers are expected to aid him in his war against the elves and titans.

Instinct: To seize and hoard magical power.

- Cast a spell of blood, flesh, and ruination.
- Rend and tear with bloody hands.
- Spy with severed eyes or head.
- Twist magical energies into new shapes.

When confronted by elves or fire titans: Rage incoherently and attack.

When they have fabulous magical power: Find a way to take it from them and keep it for his own.

Treasures

Gozmo Zalandros keeps a collection of magical items hidden inside his own flesh. Roll 1d8 to determine the best pieces:

- 1 Crystal ball that shows the beginning of time in its depths.
- 2 Horn whose blast can knock down any wall.
- 3 Knife that cuts stone and steel like butter, but never flesh.
- 4 Living ropes of gold and platinum that dance to music.
- 5 Magical beans that turn into dragons, forests, and soldiers.
- 6 Pieces of a hallucinatory incense that attracts dream lice.
- 7 Shards of a scrying mirror that can unerringly find an artery.
- 8 Two entwined, squirming centipedes made entirely of ruby.

Against the Elves

Gozmo's priest Callasmion Head-in-Hand, known for his amazing magic tricks and prophetic vision, has seen a way he can further his god's agenda. There has been a dispute between the humans who live at the edge of the Great Forest and the elves who dwell within it. An elven ambassador has arrived at the capital city to petition the king for mediation and negotiation. The elves are dangerous—everyone knows this—but the king is also arrogant and assured of his own powers. Callasmion cannot help but wade into the fray.

Type: Lord of the undead (arcane enemy).

Impulse: To start a war with the elves.

GRIM PORTENTS

- The king is displeased by the ambassador's warnings and takes it out on his subjects.
- Callasmion warns the nobility against the encroachment of the elves.
- Beggars go missing from the city's streets in noticeable numbers.
- Callasmion pays foresters and settlers to push further into Elven territory.
- The elves retaliate against the humans.
- Callasmion unveils an army of the undead, made from murdered beggars.

Impending Doom: The Elven forest and much of the kingdom of men are destroyed in the ensuing war.

The Cult of Gozmo

The cult of Gozmo Zalandros is a small affair, usually passed on through family groups and spread to new lands by pilgrims, scholar-priests, and refugee immigrants fleeing persecution. And yet, these clerics are a fairly tight-knit group. Their mutual fascination with the wizard-god of decapitation unites them against a world that sees them as odd, untrustworthy, and sometimes even downright evil.

Priests who practice the rites of Gozmo may be encountered as allies or enemies, or as neutral parties who will barter secrets in exchange for magic and power. Or, the PCs themselves could be followers of Gozmo.

Clerics of Gozmo Zalandros

The Cleric may choose to be a devotee of Gozmo Zalandros. He is a god of bloody conquest and his cult is insular, so he must be petitioned through the gaining of secrets. Gozmo's enemies are the elves, but also the undead. Unless they are destroyed, undead who know you to be a priest of Gozmo Zalandros will target you before all others.

The advantage of being a priest of Gozmo is that he grants his priests the ability to prepare four additional, special spells:

Reattachment

LEVEL 1

With but a touch, you can reattach a severed body part other than a head or brain. If the severed part is damaged at all, it acquires a greyish, rubbery texture, but otherwise functions as normal. This spell does not restore hit points.

Crazy Wizard Eyes

LEVEL 3

ONGOING

You can remove one or both of your eyes and continue to see through them as they float around. If you don't return an eye to your head before the day is over, it remains severed—if you do, it heals any harm it may have suffered and resumes working just as it did before you took it out. While this spell is ongoing you take -1 to cast a spell.

Decapitation

LEVEL 3

ONGOING

You remove your head, which grows tiny arms and legs and continues to function. Your body produces a head made of ectoplasm and also continues to function. Both “bodies” can function at the same time, and always share the same mind. The spell ends when you put your head back on your body.

Recapitation

LEVEL 5

You can stick pieces of flesh together that were never attached to begin with. This can affect up to two living (or undead) targets and any number of severed body parts, as long as they are all within your sight.

After the Fall

Because Gozmo Zalandros is still young, he often wanders the material plane in physical form. This leaves him vulnerable to those who would seek to end a god. It is not an easy thing to do, destroy a deity, even one like Gozmo Zalandros, but it has been done before, and no doubt it will be done again.

If Gozmo Zalandros is killed, destroyed, or otherwise eradicated, his priests know instant despair. After suffering *idro* damage, they lose all their divine powers and find that their rites and prayers have become useless. If they can find a new deity to accept their service, they might be able to continue their careers as clerics of the divine. If not, it is time to find a new profession—most likely that of huckster, if their skills permit.

Iocace

Four arms she has, and a head covered in flames. Where legs should be, there is instead a great, long snake's tail, covered in copper scales. From her back sprout six mighty wings, covered in ivory, indigo, and cerulean feathers of exquisite fineness. For each of her hands she has a sword, curved and sharp, as cold as ice. This is Iocace, arch-fiend of the abyss. She can be summoned to the material plane by unscrupulous sorcerers, yes, but she is accompanied by misery and ire at all times.

IOCACE

*Infernal, Intelligent, Large, Magical,
Planar, Solitary, Stealthy, Terrifying.*

Swords (b[2d12]+5 damage, 3 piercing) 20 HP 4 Armour
Close, Reach, Messy

Special Qualities: Demon of the Ancient World, Flaming head,
Many wings.

In battle, Iocace is savage and relentless. She has no honour and fights as dirty as she can, biting and spitting and coiling foes in her tail.

Instinct: To remove joy and wonder from the world, and replace them with misery.

- Attack with teeth and flaming head.
- Consult accumulated knowledge about sadness and melancholy.
- Remove from the world a thing that causes joy and happiness.
- Sense a foe's blind spot or other weakness.
- Snatch a spell from the air and imprison it inside a sword.
- Trade secrets with other demons.
- Wrap a foe up in her tail and crush them.

If they are a threat: Show them no mercy.

If they are broken and helpless: Leave them for later.

If they are powerful: Find their weakness and exploit it.

When speaking with mortals: Lie as much as possible.





NATHAN
TONES

Summoning Iocace

The primary means that Iocace has of accessing the material plane, where she can wreak the most havoc of all, is through summoning rituals.

When you perform a ritual to summon Iocace, roll+CON. It is a long, hard, and gruelling undertaking that involves chanting for hours on end and requires a blood sacrifice. Sources differ on how much and what kind of blood it takes, but in truth, any will do. **On a 10+**, Iocace arrives in physical form, yours to command for 11 days or 11 tasks. **On a 7-9**, she arrives, and will perform one task or answer one query, if allowed to remove one thing of her choosing from the world. **On a miss**, your ritual allows her to access the world long enough to take one thing away and she must obey no commands.

Answering Queries

From her palace in the abyss, Iocace can see many things. With access to the material plane, she can see many more. If asked about a person's secrets, she answers with the truth, but embellished slightly. When asked about herself, or about other demons, she lies convincingly. Iocace is not in the habit of revealing the weaknesses of her own kind.

Demonic Favours

Iocace will perform any of the following tasks for her summoner:

- She can fight her summoner's foes, rending their flesh with her swords. Each fight or directed assassination is considered to be a single task.
- She can peer into a person's soul and tell her summoner one of their weaknesses.
- She can steal an item and bring it to her summoner.
- She can store a spell in each of her swords, that may be cast by her summoner at will. When such a spell is cast, it works perfectly, and Iocace is permitted to remove something from the world.

Eleven Tasks

Once Iocace has performed eleven tasks, or answered eleven queries for her summoner, she may remove one final thing from the world before being banished back to the abyss. This must be something that belongs to the summoner or something they hold dear.

Removal

Iocace removes things that bring happiness and joy to people. She can remove a thing as long as she can physically seize it herself, or overpower the person who possesses it. She can remove emotions, but only one emotion from a single person at a time. She generally prefers to remove a person completely, or to remove objects, but she will occasionally choose to remove memories.

When she removes things, she lies about her purpose. As a demon, part of her reason to exist (so she says) is to punish the guilty, and to do that she removes things or people that deserve to be punished. She might claim to be the enemy of heretics and false prophets, punishing them for their hubris by casting them into burning pits of hellfire. Or she might say that she steals thieves from the world, the faster to deliver their just desserts. She tells whatever lie seems plausible about what or whom she removes so as not to reveal her true motivations.

All these things she deposits in her infernal domain, a wasteland filled with ruined things, stolen from the world, that no longer bring joy or happiness or wonder to the lives of mortals.

Iocacea

In the limitless depravity that is the abyss of Infernus, there lies the domain of Iocacea, where Iocace rules supreme from the top of a ruined tower. All around the tower is a field of junk—broken toys and jewellery, love letters torn to shreds, the stones of great palaces. Scattered throughout these ruins are the souls of those she has claimed for her own—men, women, and children who once brought joy to others and now must serve out eternity in pain and misery. If she is aware of intruders—and she can see all from atop her tower—she commands these damned souls to harry them.

Beneath the only palace at all intact in Iocacea—the ruined and crumbling tower that juts from the ground like a giant, rotting hand—are dungeons filled with infernalists who dared to summon Iocace and subject her to bondage. Only those that found some way to protect themselves from her escaped, although some, who brought no joy to anyone while they dealt with her, found their fates in other hells, far, far away.

If Iocace's material form is destroyed, she returned to her domain in the abyss. Only if she is confronted here, on her home ground, can she be truly destroyed, once and for all. How a band of would-be demonslayers can accomplish such a task is up to them—Iocace reveals no method of magic that might speed a summoner toward such a goal.



TORMENTED SOUL*Horde, Planar, Terrifying.*

Desperate clutching (d4 damage)

3 HP ○ Armour

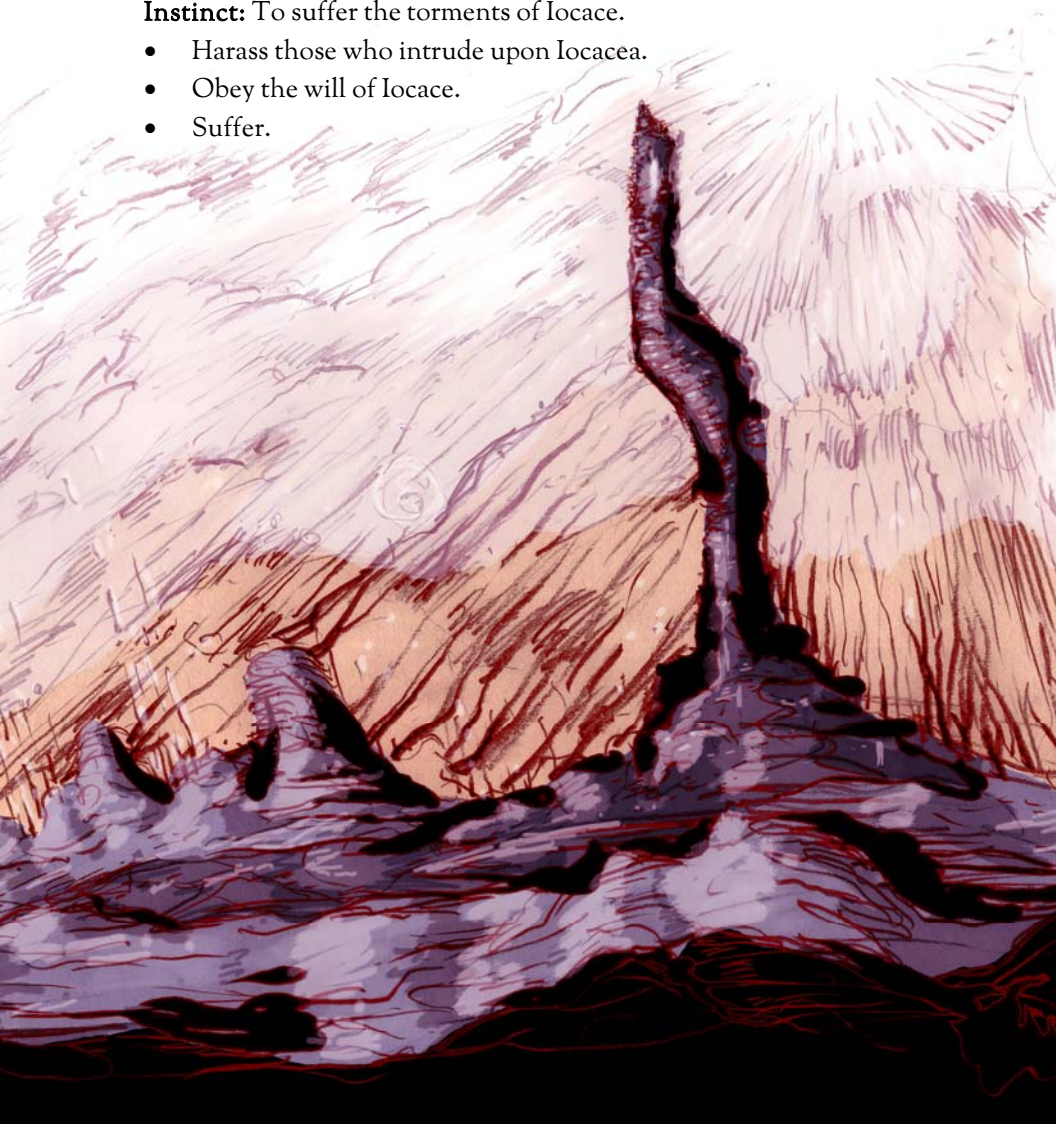
Close

Special Qualities: Damned souls.

The many souls who litter the wasteland of Iocacea dwell in perpetual torment. When Iocace commands them to attack intruders, they are a pitiful sight, uncoordinated, shambling and screaming, and nearly ineffectual. But they are not meant to defeat anyone—they are meant to horrify.

Instinct: To suffer the torments of Iocace.

- Harass those who intrude upon Iocacea.
- Obey the will of Iocace.
- Suffer.



Lepravosia

Devourer of Thieves

Long ago, prophets and wizards alike could count themselves no strangers to innumerable demons, great and small. Of all those called upon by the many cults of the ancient world, few were as feared by their enemies as Lepravosia, Devourer of Thieves. Her statues and icons still haunt many a forgotten temple, waiting in the darkness for intruders intent on plundering what treasures remain unclaimed.

If she is summoned to the material plane, Lepravosia appears in the form of a human woman, very tall, and with a head that consists of only a mouth and bloody pulp, with several sickening eel-like tentacles extending from it. She has no real internal organs other than a stomach, which can stretch to accommodate the bodies of at least a dozen thieves.

Her victims should not be surprised to see her, unless they are incompetent thieves indeed, for her images—in great numbers and variations, from bloated ladies with the heads of eels to gluttonous hags swallowing men—adorn every temple she protects. It is rare for a cult or wizard to call upon her now, in these tarnished days, for the old arts die out and are not revived for fear of the dangers involved. But if the bards are to be believed, there are countless ruined temples still stuffed to the rafters with the loot and gems that made the ancient world such a golden age. If they were so easy to loot, they would be empty by now, so clearly some must still be under Lepravosia's benefaction. But not all—that would be impossible. And so the question remains: is it worth the risk?





NATHAN
JONES

LEPRAVOSIA

*Divine, Hoarder, Intelligent, Large,
Planar, Solitary, Stealthy, Terrifying.*

Tentacles (d10+3 damage, 1 piercing)

26 HP ○ Armour

Close, Reach, Forceful

Special Qualities: Demon of the Ancient World, Protector of many temples, Summoner of traps.

Not every temple protected by Lepravosia includes traps that summon an incarnation of her to the material plane—just most of them. If an incarnation is defeated, she will scheme to take revenge, but if defeated twice, she will not try for a third fight.

Instinct: To devour thieves.

- Grab a foe with a tentacle and drain their blood.
- Smear a foe with blood and curses.
- Spring a trap upon a foe.
- Strangle a foe with tentacles.
- Summon bloodworms from the abyss.
- Swallow a foe.

If they attempt to surrender: Give quarter, but drag them back to the abyss upon leaving.

If they defeat a trap: Attack them first before others.

When they escape empty-handed: Let them go.

When they escape with treasure: Pursue them for a while.



BLOODWORM*Amorphous, Group, Planar, Small.*

Blood-sucking mouth (d10 damage, 1 piercing) 9 HP 2 Armour
Close

They come to our world from beyond the veils of sane conceptions, consuming blood like deserts consume the rains. They are mindless, ravenous hunters, wriggling across floors and walls until they leap out across the open air. No one knows how Lepravosia come to a form of symbiosis with them, though perhaps there are wizards that tried to find out and have never been seen since. Who knows how many wizards disappear without a trace ever year? They are so secretive.

Instinct: To consume blood on the material plane.

- Drink blood.
- Move through air like eels through water.
- Slither through barriers and defences.
- Wrap around a foe and immobilize them.

If they have blood: Drink it.

If they have no blood: Ignore them.



Traps

Lepravosia's incarnation of herself is not the only protection she grants to a temple that pays cult to her. She also brings many simple, but horrific traps, to their buildings as well. Here are some of them:

- Thick coils of rope are wound around the temple's treasures. When touched, they transform into bloodworms and strike. Clever is the thief who strikes the first blow, no? Ha! Any severed length of rope becomes *two* bloodworms!
- Treasures are kept in foot-deep niches in the walls. When a thief reaches their hand, or an implement, inside to claim a treasure, the very stone around the niche itself transforms into a bloodworm and strikes.
- A temple room begins to fill with water, but slowly. This proves to be only a minor inconvenience, unless something is dropped in the water, until the water is about waist high. Then a secret door opens up, and all the water—including everyone in it—is swept away to a dungeon prison far below the earth.
- A pit trap opens up beneath the thieves. They fall in, becoming impaled on spikes—or not, if they are lucky. The pit then begins to fill with water. Unimpaled thieves in the pit may expect to tread water until they reach the surface, but before they get there, a secret passage opens and all the water and the thieves are swept away to a miserable cave, far below the surface, where monsters dwell in darkness.
- An iron statue of Lepravosia sitting cross-legged hovers above a miniature door, suspended by magnetic force. Beyond the door lies a magnificent and holy treasure, but once it is removed from its pedestal, the giant magnets in the ceiling above the statue are disrupted, and the statue falls, blocking the door and anyone inside it. Then the bloodworms arrive.

- A stone statue of Lepravosia features a huge, distended belly that is also hollowed out and stuffed with treasures. If the treasure is removed, it transforms into bloodworms, and the statue transforms into a fleshy incarnation of Lepravosia herself—for the treasures of this temple are not gems and gilded baubles, but holy spellbooks!
- A temple full of chains features several statues of Lepravosia. Clever thieves may think to chain these statues to the walls, should they become real, but they are not actually gates through which Lepravosia can enter this plane. It is instead the floor that bears the fatal trap: when treasure is disturbed, the floor, covered in magical mosaics beneath all the dust and filth, falls away. Below the temple proper is a magical nether-realm, where things from Lepravosia's palace in the abyss may pass through freely and interact with material beings. It is possible, though, that the chains could prevent the statues from falling on anyone already unfortunate enough to be in this basement nether-realm.
- When thieves disturb the temple's treasure, a stone statue of Lepravosia falls on them from the ceiling, a long way above them. After it falls, it becomes a fleshy incarnation of Lepravosia.
- There is a statue of Lepravosia looming over the treasure, but it does not transform into an incarnation of her. Instead, when the treasure is disturbed, an incarnation of her rises from the pool of water on the other side of the room.

Zdexiphos

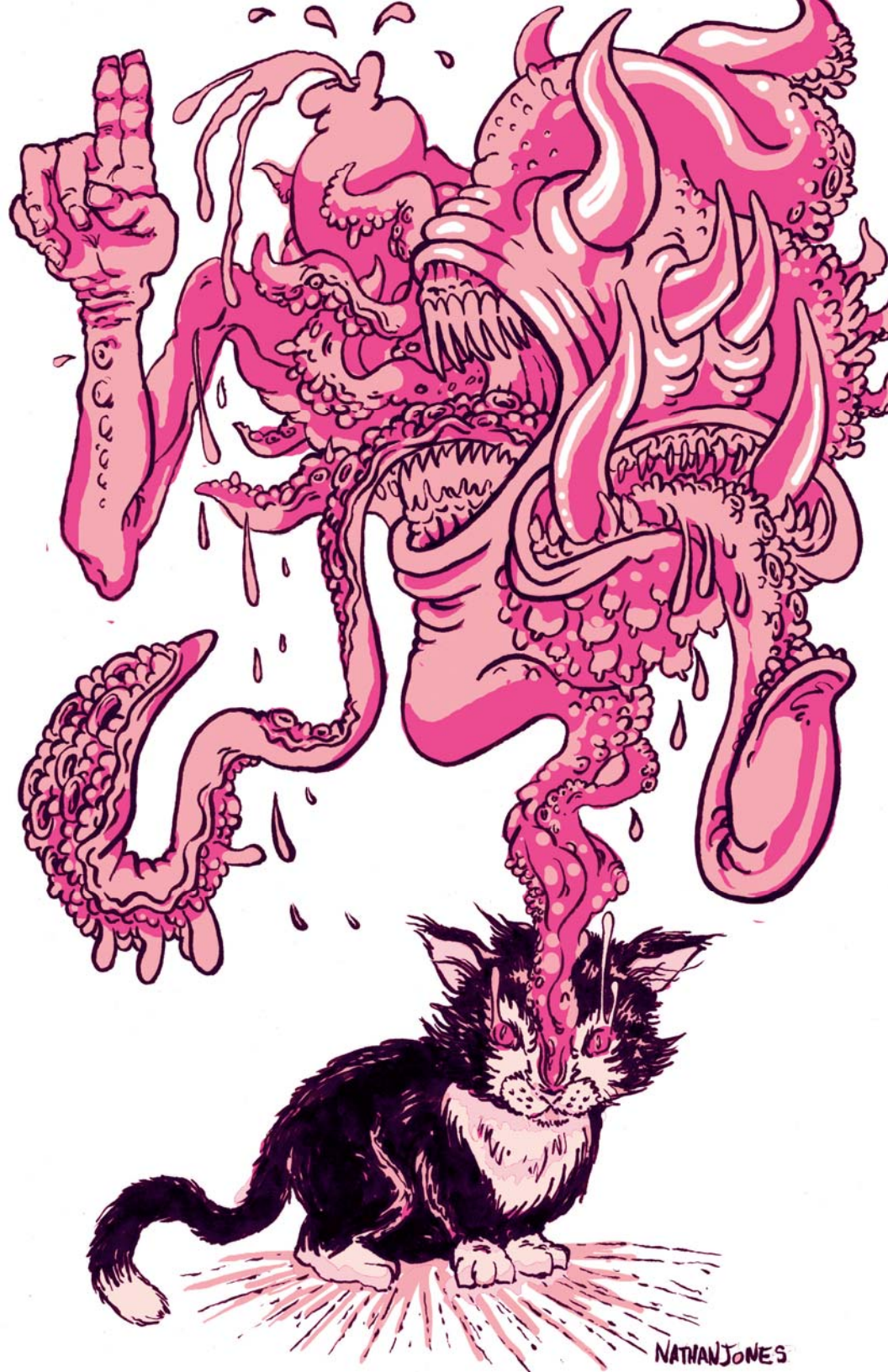
The Un-Familiar Demon

Once a powerful demon-prince who commanded favours from monarchs and sorcerers all across the ancient world, Ζηξίφος has fallen from its former “grace.” In its original, physical form, it is a floating mass of horns, tongues, tentacles, mouths and other orifices, with a single right arm. It’s lone hand sports six fingers.

At home in the abyss, it rules over a fortress of confusion and nausea, where every passageway causes vertigo and the pull of gravity is different in every room. Zdexiphos feeds off this confusion and disorientation, fattening its alien body on the madness it causes in humans.

But it fell afoul of its betters and was punished. Belial marched his armies out against Lilith on the Plains of Hallucinations and Zdexiphos sent them falling off the Edge of Madness into the fiery forges of Dis. As if in mockery of the fall from grace, Belial’s legions fell from the sky into vats of molten metal and liquid ghosts, destroyed completely. Zdexiphos revelled in this creative use of its ability to change the gravity of its own confusing domains, but the dark lord Belial was not amused.

For two centuries Belial plotted, allowing Zdexiphos to rise in power, to annex surrounding domains and defeat weaker rivals. And then Belial placed the Doors of Perception where Zdexiphos could get them. The bait was seized upon and the trap was sprung. An agreement was signed by seven arch-fiends of the abyss and Belial had his revenge. Zdexiphos was cursed to inhabit the form of an ordinary, domesticated cat—and not for a temporary length of time, but in perpetuity. It can escape, of course, so many things are possible for demons, but it must now rely on human sorcerers and their propensity to take animals and demons as familiars. It has been this pained for a long, long time now.



NATHAN JONES

ZDEXIPHOS

*Infernal, Intelligent, Large, Magical,
Planar, Solitary, Terrifying.*

Hand, mouth, tentacle (1d12+5 damage)

20 HP 4 Armour

Close, Reach

Special Qualities: Bound, Demon.

Normally, Zdexiphos is trapped in the form of an ordinary cat. It can only take its own form ethereally, as an insubstantial, invisible ghost. It requires an infernalist to take it as a familiar and ask it to perform favours before it can manifest in its true form, physically. Even then, it can only appear for but a moment. There are rituals that can allow it to escape its feline prison permanently, however, and it would like to find some naive or imbecilic mortal to perform them. Once it gains a physical foothold on the material plane, Zdexiphos goes on a rampage and wreaks havoc.

Instinct: To disorganize the minds of mortals.

- Cast a spell.
- Inflict confusion or nausea upon a foe.
- Leave a trail of nauseating ooze.
- Rend a foe with its hand and mouths.
- Throw things around.
- Transform into a cat.

As a familiar: Say bizarre things, tell confusing stories.

In physical form: Terrorize their minds, cause fear, destroy!

When dealing with a mortal: Only reveal the benefits, never the downside of a deal.

Infernalism

Trapped in the form of a cat, Zdexiphos is always interested in dealing with mortals. If you make a pact with Zdexiphos and take it as your familiar, you get this move:

Deal with a Devil

You have made an infernal pact with a fiend of the abyss, wagering your soul in exchange for Earthly power. You can call upon Zdexiphos in times of need, and it will lend you its power. **Once it has done this for you a set number of times**, however, it will ask you for a favour in return. **Do what Zdexiphos asks**, and your debt is cleared. **Refuse**, and your debt comes due.

Once you have made a deal with Zdexiphos, the following count as class moves for you and you can choose either of them when you level up:

Hands Full of Hell

You no longer need to carry a weapon. You can reshape your limbs into any sort of weapon. They look like Zdexiphos' true form, but they tear apart flesh as well as any steel. Select any weapon from the list in *Dungeon World*—including bows, though your body does not supply ammo—and use its stats at any time, with the additional bonus of +1 damage and +1 piercing. Your hands transform into weapons instantaneously, but are slow to return to normal—it takes a few seconds.

Magical Familiar

Zdexiphos can hold one spell for you, of your level or lower. This can be a spell you do not have in our spellbook—Zdexiphos knows them all. **When you cast this spell**, you still roll as normal, but Zdexiphos appears in its true form (though still insubstantial) and provides the spell for you. This is very visible.

Zdexiphos as Patron

Because Zdexiphos' number is eight, the ever-expanding chaos, it will perform seven favours for an infernalist before asking for a task to be performed. The eighth favour belongs to Zdexiphos. The powers it will lend to the infernalist, aside from the advanced moves above (which only count as a favour once, when they are chosen), are as follows:

- Become material for a moment, and use one of its normal powers.
- Cause confusion and/or nausea in someone for any length of time that is less than one day or night.
- Coat every surface of a large room in a thin layer of greyish protoplasm. The taste and smell causes nausea and vomiting, the touch causes rashes and boils.
- Give the infernalist +1 to a roll to harm or injure someone, as if it had given aid and rolled 10+.
- Make someone perform a single, concrete action that they know is wrong. The victim will feel possessed by an unclean spirit and may be able to realize it comes from the infernalist.
- Make someone's mouth hypersensitive, able to detect poisons merely by tasting the air. Flavours are heightened, and can be manipulated by thought. Kissing becomes orgasmic. This lasts for no more than one day or night.
- Mutilate an enemy. Choose an organ or limb that becomes twisted, useless, and ugly, resembling Zdexiphos' true form. This cannot be used to kill the victim.
- Spy on someone for the infernalist, spending time watching them in an insubstantial form for no more than one day or night.

A Favour in Return

Because its number is eight, the eight favour belongs to Zdexiphos. It does not grant this favour. Instead, it demands one of the following favours from the infernalist, in return for the seven already granted:

- The infernalist must eat to excess from now on. Fasting is forbidden, and causes actual physical pain, but only the best and richest foods do not taste like ashes. The infernalist will grow gouty and obese if this diet is maintained.
- The infernalist must murder a human and consume the entire flesh, cooked or raw.
- The infernalist must murder a relative who does not suspect their intentions until the deed is done. If the infernalist has no close relatives, it will not ask for this favour.

The infernalist takes -1 ongoing to tasks other than performing a favour for Zdexiphos once a favour is asked. **If the infernalist refuses**, they die and Zdexiphos takes immediate possession of their body. **If they perform the favour**, their debt is cleared but Zdexiphos will take possession of their soul when they die, guaranteed. Welcome to hell.



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Beasts

and

Men

The Monster King

Long ago, two gods looked down upon the world and beheld a tragedy they could not leave unpunished. Selmiral the Morningstar and his brother Temniphos of the Unblinking Eye they were—the Lord of Two Crystals who is the God of the Six-Pointed Star and the One Who Dwells in Depths of Cyan—and though they knew the meaning of heavenly power, this once they were helpless in the jaws of fate.

Below them, on the vasty plains of Akkarth, east of the baleful Black Peaks and north of the flowing Golden Grasses, they watched as the Dawn King fell before the sword of mighty Mortegaunt. Already maimed by his enemy's monstrous hordes, with his Dawn Soldiers slain all around him, the king was no match for even a middling servant of evil. But Mortegaunt himself strode forward and sent his prize to the House of Death—and crowned himself the Monster King—while the gods looked on in despair.

Yet even Mortegaunt, for all his ambition, remained but a mortal man, and when he died, the gods took their price for his hubris and his offences. As the funeral procession led the Monster King into his tomb at the centre of his great necropolis, Selmiral and Temniphos gathered up all of the greedy monsters who served as his minions and sealed them up inside as well, to dwell there with their former master forever. Not content to let their jail consist of walls built by mortal hands—even monstrous ones—the pair placed a mountain over the necropolis, forbidding its inhabitants from knowing the light of the sun or having the sky to escape by.



The Blue Knight

Lastly, after everything else, these two gods placed a guard upon the one and only passage in to the buried necropolis. A holy knight of gold and cyan he was, untiring, invincible. No mortal could enter the necropolis, for no mortal could defeat this knight. All those fools who wished to enter the necropolis, to gather monsters for their minions, or simply to loot the tombs of shiny jewels and other baubles of the mortal world, for centuries they were denied.

But then more tragedy struck the world, for Selmiral was slain. He was the Morningstar, Lord of Two Crystals, God of the Six-Pointed Star—so vastly powerful, yet still he was betrayed and destroyed. Zuhra, a mortal witch raised to the heavens by two foolish angels she seduced and debased, proved to be his undoing. She took the Morningstar for herself, carved out his heart and removed his skin, then cast him out into the burning cold of astral space.

The knight's power began to wane. For what did Zuhra care for the Monster King and his necropolis? She took back all the gold that Selmiral had granted to him, and ever since, the necropolis has been guarded by the Blue Knight. He retains his two crystals of power, for even Zuhra could not take those, but no longer is he invincible. He can be defeated, and so the necropolis can be breached, its monsters braved, and its tombs looted of their treasures. While the Unblinking Eye of Temniphos weeps bitter tears for his fallen brother, the Blue Knight does all he can to keep the murderous, gold-hungry adventurers from stirring up that which should remain at rest, though even that much is no longer enough.



THE BLUE KNIGHT

*Cautious, Construct, Divine,
Intelligent, Planar, Solitary.*

Diamond sword (1d10+4 damage, 2 piercing) 22 HP 4 Armour
Close, Reach, Forceful, Messy

Special Qualities: Divine instrument of the ancient gods, Immune to cold and fire.

The Blue Knight appears out of nowhere, barring the entrance to the Monster King's subterranean necropolis. He is relentless, never tiring, always blocking the way. No one can run, fly, or sneak past him—he can see what is invisible, he knows exactly where all would-be intruders are, and he always appears between intruders and the necropolis, even those who got past him only a moment before.

Instinct: To guard the entrance to the Monster King's necropolis.

- Grab a foe's weapon or other item and take it.
- Push foes back with the Weeping Shield.
- Replace lost limbs.
- Slice into foes with the Diamond Sword.
- Spot a foe's weakness and take advantage.

If they have been victorious before: Ignore them.

When they try to enter the necropolis: Stop them.

Selmiral and Temniphos also created three wondrous artifacts for the Blue Knight to wield while defending the Monster King's necropolis: a diamond sword and a splendid suit of armour bearing the two crystals of Selmiral, with an immense shield bearing both the six-pointed star of the morning behind Temniphos' unblinking eye.

All of these accoutrements were once chased with gleaming gold, but with the death of Selmiral, there is only the bluness of Temniphos' realm left in them, and their former powers have largely been replaced by the cold of the astral void where Selmiral's body was disposed of—a cold that mirrors the coldness in Temniphos' heart.

Death is Not The End

Whoever defeats the Blue Knight gains entrance to the Monster King's necropolis, and will never be challenged by him again. Whoever deals the death blow, however, is in for a nasty surprise. Although the person of the Blue knight can be killed, the position of guardian is maintained by a god, and cannot be removed. The person who lands the final, killing blow upon the Blue Knight must become the Blue Knight. The body of the slain Blue Knight disappears before any of his equipment can be taken. It only reappears upon the body of the slayer. This transformation happens before someone who has not defeated the Blue Knight can enter the necropolis—usually sometime within the next 16 hours, but is instantaneous if, for example, someone who was only watching the battle reveals themselves.

Anyone who had a hand in defeating the Blue Knight is thereafter free to enter the necropolis as they wish. The Blue Knight will not appear before them, unless they attempt to gain entrance in the company of someone who has not defeated the Blue Knight. The Blue Knight will only attack those who have not defeated him, and is immune to attacks by those who have. Once he has slain all who have not defeated him, the Blue Knight disappears.

When he is slain again, the last person who transformed into the Blue Knight returns to the mortal realm fully healed and with all the equipment they had when they disappeared. They do not appear next to the body of the Blue Knight, or even near the necropolis, but rather somewhere more random. Close to where the next adventure takes place is usually a good place for them to appear.

The Hippareiones

Slug-Headed Centaurs

The Ἴππαρείωνες once ruled over the entire Plain of Golden Grasses, and in ages past they would come sweeping down upon the civilized world in great marauding hordes. But that was before they gave themselves over to the gods of chaos on the eve of extinction.

One day in autumn, the behemoths came lumbering down upon them and sacked their temple, which lay in the very middle of the Golden Grasses, at the foot of the Spire of Law. With their spiritual centre destroyed, what was left of Hippareionian culture crumbled. Kamikaze-like raids into neighbouring cultures became the norm, and death in the midst of glorious battle was considered to be the highest achievement of all. But some small portion of the Hippareiones wanted to live on more than anything else, and so they turned away from the traditions of their forebears and gave themselves over to the gods of chaos and darkness.

The Hippareiones now live in the shadows of other, greater civilizations, as nomads and cave-dwellers, as merchants of exotic goods and hierophants of strange pantheons. They hate dwarves most of all, and vie with them for control of mountainous territory and vaulted caverns where they can stay out of sight and undisturbed. Occasionally serving in mercenary bands alongside humans or even as gladiators in the arenas of the minotaur kings, their main objective, culturally, is to increase the power of their gods.





HIPPAREION WARRIOR

*Cautious, Group, Hoarder,
Intelligent, Large, Organized.*

Weapon (1d8+1 damage)
Close, Reach

10 HP 2 Armour

The Hippareiones stick together in small bands of warriors. Instead of the bonds of family, the most important social group is those who worship the same god. Different cults will intermingle when battle or raiding is occurring, but patrols and exploratory forays are comprised entirely of those who share a god. Warriors will occasionally change their allegiance, or worship multiple gods, if they are prolific kidnappers, but only the most popular leaders are allowed this privilege.

Instinct: Collect sacrifices for the gods of chaos and darkness.

- Demand foes surrender.
- Gallop across a long distance.
- Retreat and regroup, assemble other Hippareiones.
- Snatch someone up and hold them.
- Trample a foe underhoof.

HIPPAREION CHAMPION

*Divine, Hoarder, Intelligent,
Large, Organized, Solitary.*

Weapon (1d10+5 damage)
Close, Reach, Forceful

18 HP 2 Armour

The most enthusiastic, powerful, or psychopathic of the Hippareiones become champions of the gods of chaos and darkness. Their purpose is to lead other warriors to victory, slaughter foes in the name of the gods, and to find a glorious death in battle.

Instinct: Seek out the glory of battle.

- Call upon the blessings of the gods of chaos and darkness.
- Charge a foe at a strong gallop.
- Issue a challenge.
- Lead other Hippareiones into battle.
- Trample a foe underhoof.

HIPPARREION HIEROPHANT

*Divine, Hoarder, Intelligent,
Large, Magical, Organized, Solitary.*

Spell (IDIO+I damage)

16 HP ○ Armour

Close, Reach, Forceful

Not all Hippareiones are skilled in battle. They also give birth to cripples, runts, and others who are not competent athletes. Those with any aptitude become hierophants, with the powers of chaos and darkness flowing through their veins. They become even more twisted and strange than the normal Hippareiones appear to civilized races.

Instinct: Terrorize others in the name of chaos and darkness.

- Cast a magical spell.
- Sacrifice a life and summon creatures from the abyss.
- Trample a foe underhoof.

There are three different types of Hippareion hierophants: blood mages, darkbringers, and storm lords. Each type has different spells.

BLOOD MAGES

- Enrage a foe and cause them to attack recklessly.
- Overheat a foe so they doff their armour.
- Regain HP by sacrificing a life to the gods.
- Summon an undead spirit.

DARKBRINGERS

- Attack with paralysing fungus spores.
- Cause a foe to hallucinate.
- Snuff out light sources.

STORM LORDS

- Call the fog.
- Cast a bolt of lightning.
- Stomp the earth and create the sound of thunder.
- Summon a storm.

Slugotaur Menace

A danger featuring Hippareiones

Ominous lights have been reported upon the mountainside at night. First a village goes missing, then a wave of evil magic washes over the land. Locals claim they were attacked by “slugotaurs,” who killed some people and carried others off in their arms. Clearly, some kind of slug-like menace is growing in strength, ready to bring down the civilizations of mankind.

In addition to the Hippareiones, this danger requires:

- Demonic creatures.
- Gods of chaos and darkness.
- Militia patrols organized by less-remote villages.
- A person of royal blood, travelling through the region.
- A profession that regularly practices divination.
- A remote village in the mountains.

GRIM PORTENTS

- A remote village is found empty.
- Local oracles report terrible nightmares.
- Militia patrols are attacked by Hippareiones at night.
- Remote villages are attacked by demonic creatures.
- Someone of royal blood goes missing.

Impending Doom: The Hippareiones sacrifice royal blood to incarnate a demon lord on the material plane.

The Empty Village

A village in a remote part of the mountains is found empty. There was obviously an attack, and some people were killed, but it seems like many are also missing. This village produces a valuable commodity (copper, flowers, hardwood, spirits, or tin, for example), so it is not economically isolated—which is probably why this event gets noticed.

If the PCs are not the ones who find the village empty, they can hear about it through one or more of the following ways:

- The PCs encounter an itinerant merchant on his way back from the village. Pale and nervous, he recounts what he saw to them in fearful whispers.
- A lone villager returned to find everyone dead or missing. She has travelled down from the mountain to report the attack and get help.
- A reward is posted for information about the village and scouts are being recruited to check it out.

Oracular Nightmares

If the PCs go to a seer to obtain information about a quest they are on, they might be perturbed to receive news of a terrible darkness brewing over the land instead. Visions of ghastly chaos gods are related to them, instead of the foretellings they are looking for. Until they do something about the growing Hippareionian threat, they will receive no more inside tips from the gods.

Demonic Creatures

Once the Hippareiones begin sacrificing their victims, the gods of chaos and darkness bless them with infernal minions.

The End

Once the Hippareion hierophants sacrifice someone of royal blood to their gods, one of those infernal beings can take possession of the royal corpse and bring the full weight of their power to bear upon the material world. They will be an incarnate demon god, able to walk the earth in the flesh.

Khazred Häül

Flying Stone Head of Destruction

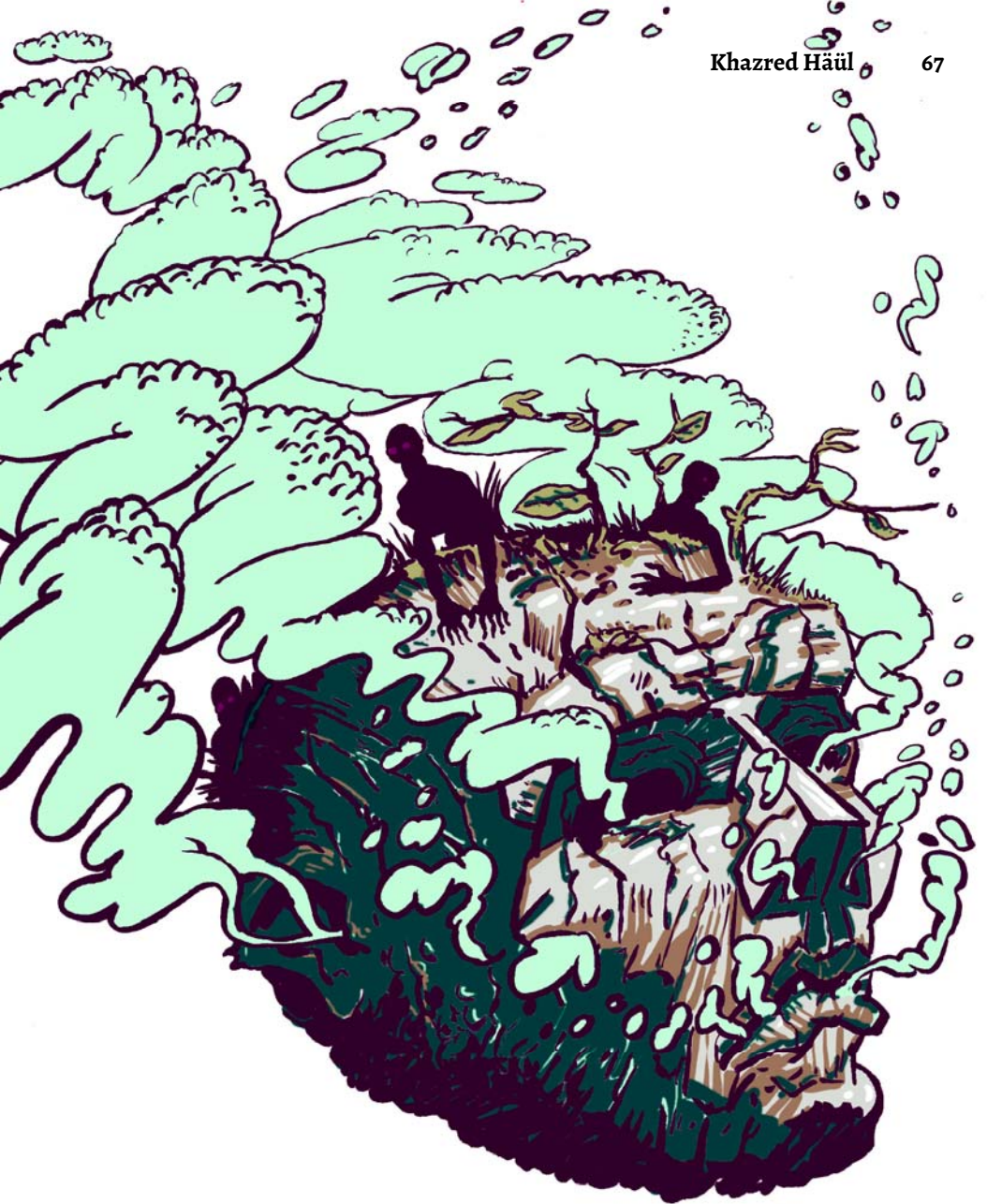
Long ago, when the graves of past empires were far less numerous, a powerful queen commanded her wizards to build a stone head that would do her bidding and transport her wrath across the globe. The leader of her wizards—his name now long-forgotten—betrayed her in this, and harnessed the head to his own will, so that it would serve to carry his followers instead of her own. She cursed him to live only in darkness, and so he and his minions became as living shadows, unable to reflect even a single shard of light from their bodies or their garments.

These shadow wizards consider the joke to be on her, however. For they discovered immortality whereas even their former queen's tomb has since been ground to powder by the weight of time and deserts. The shadow wizards made pacts with strange demons in the shape of vaporous, ectoplasmic slugs. As long as they keep these demons bound to themselves and their world, through complicated rituals and black magic formulae, they will never die of age, or grief, or illness.

The stone head is all the home they could ever need, vastly larger on the inside than it appears to the observer, and outfitted with all the purloined comforts these degenerate wizards can imagine. And if one of their number should suddenly realize that something—anything—is lacking, he has only to voice his whims, and the stone head will move towards a place that is ripe for the looting.

And so they roam the earth—and other places, too—in search of magical power and gruesome entertainments, pointing their strange vessel at whatever poor victim their diabolical whims take a fancy too. Khazred Häül, the Flying Stone Head of Destruction, may disappear for decades, even centuries, at a time, but there are few places it has never returned to, even but once. Those who have known its wrath before will know it again.





SHADOW WIZARD *Group, Hoarder, Intelligent, Magical, Stealthy.*
 Sorcery (b[2d8] damage, ignores armour) 10 HP 4 Armour
Close, Near, Far

Special Qualities: Bound by magic to demonic vapour slugs, Immune to acid and poison, Vulnerable to fire and frost.

The shadow wizards use fire, frost, and magical spells against their foes because these are the things they are vulnerable to (somehow, they think they are normal). Casting a spell can often take a moment, due to the incantation, so they also bear whips made of thorns for quick, close combat (and for delivering punishment). Because their eyes no longer work, they see by magical means, and are never hindered by light or the lack thereof.

Instinct: To obtain more magical power.

- Attack with a whip made of thorns.
- Bind a foe in magical chains.
- Cast a utilitarian spell.
- Fling handfuls of fire.
- Hide in darkened corners.
- Levitate through the air.
- Unleash a cone of frost.

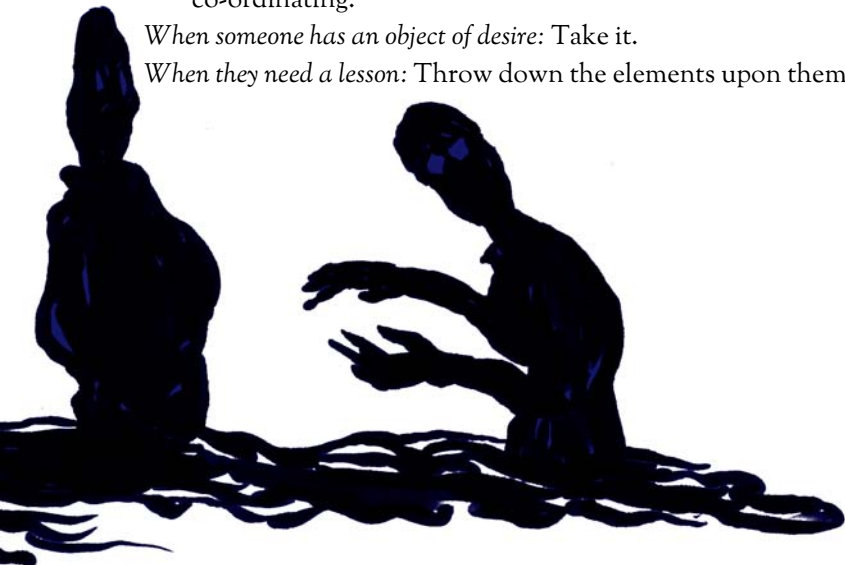
If someone else is winning: Retreat to the head and regroup.

If the head is attacked: Defend it first.

When attacking in a group: Work as individuals, don't bother co-ordinating.

When someone has an object of desire: Take it.

When they need a lesson: Throw down the elements upon them.



DEMONIC VAPOUR SLUG *Amorphous, Group, Planar, Terrifying.*
 Acidic touch (1d10+2 damage, 1 piercing) 13 HP 1 Armour
 Hand

Special Qualities: Demonic, Insubstantial.

Floating through the air in clouds of scintillating purples, greens, and sickly yellows, demonic vapour slugs are pretty languid, lazy creatures, in truth. They offer demonic bargains in exchange for sacrifices of blood and morals, and they prefer to maintain a semi-physical presence on the planes where their servants dwell. Their minds are possessed of no human-like intelligence—only magical rituals can offer any sort of real communication with them. The images they project into the minds of mortals usually cause them to flee in terror or be stricken by madness, but occasionally offer hints as to what rituals should be used to strike a bargain with them.

Instinct: To make other beings feed them.

- Fly through a solid being.
- Offer an infernal bargain.
- Pulse in vaguely hypnotic patterns that reveal planar origins.
- Throw terrifying images into the minds of intelligent beings.
- Travel through the planes.

When someone attacks the shadow wizards: Maybe attack them.

Maybe wait until the shadow wizards are losing badly.

When someone brings a sacrifice: Make a deal.



Adventure Hooks

Here are some suggestions for using Khazred Häül in your own campaign. Choose or roll *1d10*:

- 1** A rash of burglaries have recently struck the homes of the wealthy and the shops of alchemists. A terrorist group known as the Bloody Mark is planning to assassinate one of the royals, but first they plan to obtain magical weapons from the stone head's inhabitants. They plan to pay in valuable gems and sorcerous ingredients.
- 2** A wealthy madman hires the PCs to infiltrate the Bloody Mark, in order to locate his daughter, who was apparently abducted by the stone head. In actuality, she is just as crazy as he is and something of a shadow wizard "groupie." She is having the time of her life leading them in obscenely demonic rituals. Her father, ensconced in his sanatorium, cares little for her wants.
- 3** An eye-fish tyrant has invited Khazred Häül to participate in an undersea hunt. The object of this hunt is a submersible galleon that functions as an astrological observatory when it breaks the surface of the sea. It is captained by a demon who studies the stars in the hopes of bringing forth more of his own kind. The eye-fish want this device so they can raise their own bathyspheric cities to the surface and thus attack the land-dwellers.
- 4** Asirigal the elf is desirous of a certain bronze statuette that is said to be worshipped by those who live inside the stone head. She has made a cloak that renders the wearer invisible to eyes powered more by sorcery than by life, and she is willing to trade this—and money, once the deed is done—to the brave adventurer who can infiltrate the stone head and retrieve her prize.
- 5** Captain Razipan has found a way to make his ship fly through the air, and now he intends to ambush the stone head as it passes through the Canyon of the Killing Fear. He is seeking to hire onto his crew more skilled fighters and sorcerers who can counter the spells of the shadow wizards.

- 6 Purely by chance, the PCs happen to notice the stone head using an invisible portal, located in the sky above a particularly desolate patch of mountainous wasteland. Now they know why the head is so elusive!
- 7 The Bloody Mark's leader has been captured! He is being held in the royal dungeon, and his comrades plan to break him out before the crown executes him. But the shadow wizards fear he may reveal secrets about the stone head. They intend to kill him before he can be made to talk.
- 8 The dreams of those who adventure amongst the northern ruins have been plagued, of late, by the prophecies of a singular bronze statuette, shaped like a many-armed goddess with the body of a snake. She calls to them to seek her out and liberate her—and her riches—from inside of Khazred Häül. She whispers of a secret way inside, but what she does not tell of is her true motivations. She is tired of the meagre sacrifices offered her by the shadow wizards, and is desirous of more lives lost upon her altar, and more blood shed in her name.
- 9 The PCs discover a huge stone body, buried in subterranean caverns riddled with monster-infested dungeons. The stone head has been seen many times in the area, of late. Could this be what it has been searching for?
- 10 The stone head is abducting adventurers for the merchant Wheil Bortig, so he can make them fight in the arena he had built in the centre of his sprawling country mansion. He is paying them in holy water blessed by priests of the goddess Lystrikal, who would never deal with the likes of shadow wizards.



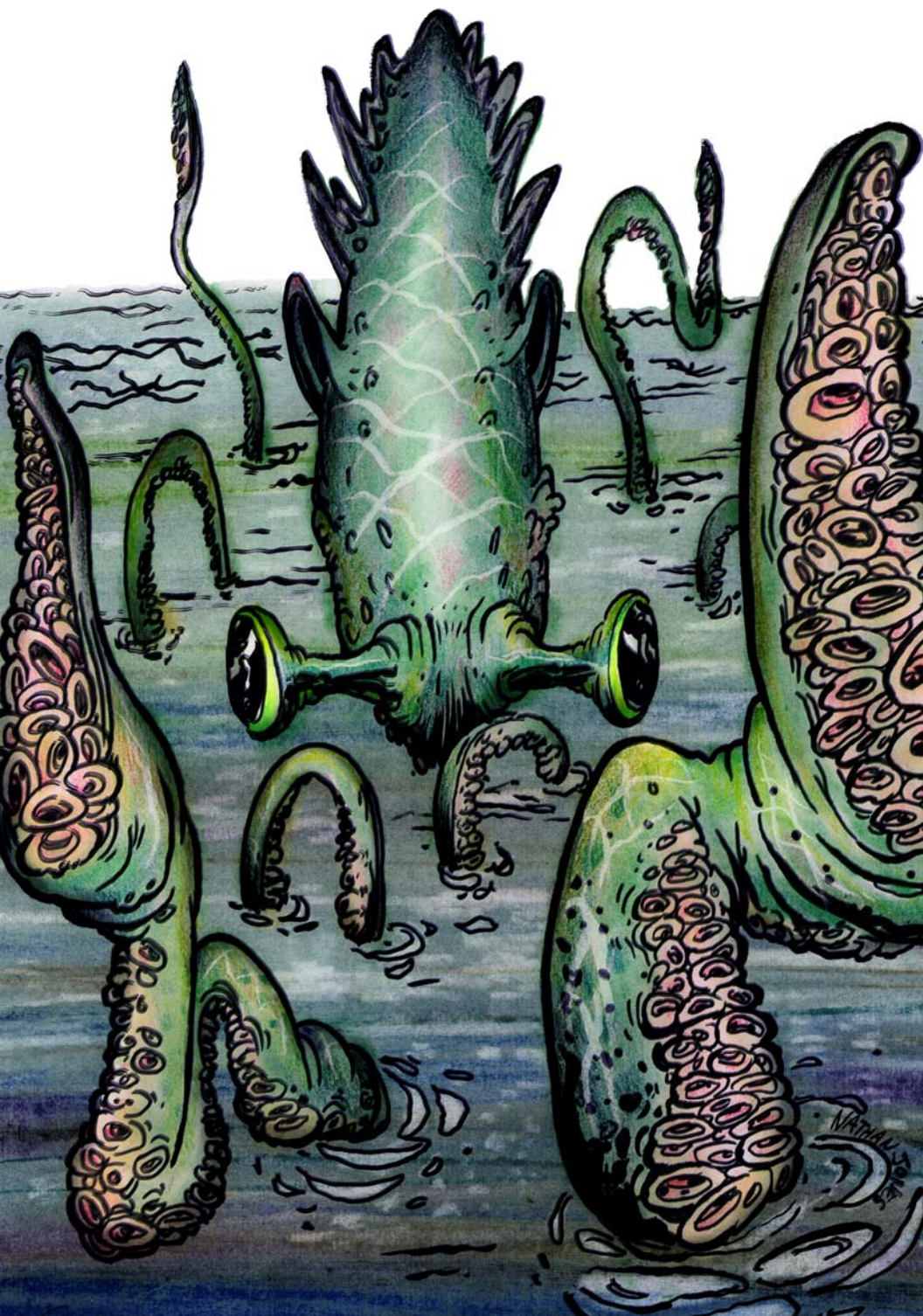
The Kraken of the Deep

In the days of old, when human civilization was still young, the ancient gods were worshipped. They were given sacrifices of prayer and smoke, gold and silver, and displays of excellence. They did not ask for much—not like the bloody-mouthed demon gods that threaten the world today. Yet, even with these horrors of the outer worlds threatening the modern world, mankind has turned its back upon the old ways. No longer do they practice sacrifice, no longer do they build edifices to honour the gods. In this fallen age, the only gods are gold, and power, and the sword.

And yet, even as their temples have fallen into ruin, the old gods of the ancient world have not, themselves, disappeared. They still smart when offences are made against them, when their names and memories are profaned, when their icons are looted and desecrated. And when their rage grows strong enough, they send the Kraken of the Deep to deliver their vengeance upon the mortal world.

A leviathan of the deepest, darkest parts of the oceans, the Kraken has hunted in the underwater darkness since before even fire was discovered. Though it has eyes, the light means nothing to it. Though it cannot breathe the air, it has dug through stone to stuff its beak before. Though it cares nothing for the lives of other earthly creatures, it has always honoured the gods of the ancient world. They know the way to speak their will into its mind, to make it obey their wishes. And the Kraken is content with a life of hunting and eating whatever is smaller than itself.

No ship is safe from the Kraken of the Deep, no coastal town or city. Not even the banks of large rivers. Even the caves beneath the mountains are not safe, for the Kraken knows all the secret underground oceans by heart. It can sneak up through subterranean rivers and strike in the darkness of hellish caves. Only in the desert can one escape the divine wrath of the Kraken.



THE KRAKEN*Divine, Huge, Marine, Solitary, Stealthy.*

Tentacles (1d12+7 damage)

22 HP 1 Armour

*Reach, Forceful***Special Qualities:** Leviathan of the deep, Messenger of divine anger.

The Kraken attacks from the depths of the sea with its long tentacles, sneaking up on its targets before unleashing destruction. Because it obeys all the gods of the ancient world, it can have additional special powers depending on which god has commanded it to exact a punishment on the mortal world.

The Kraken also has more than just its tentacles to destroy mortals with. It can squirt a viscous black ink all over its foes. Not only does the ink blind them and make everything slippery, but it also destroys valuables. Any items of mundane wealth that it touches, such as gems and jewels or objects made of gold and silver, crumble into black powder. This powder produces a euphoric but nauseating and hallucinogenic high if smoked or snorted, but is otherwise worthless.

Instinct: To punish those who have offended the gods of the ancient world.

- Ambush those who live above the waves.
- Deliver a foe into a cruel-beaked maw.
- Drag a foe into the sea.
- Encoil a foe in tentacles and squeeze.
- Hide under the sea.
- Spray ink all over foes.

If they are too strong: Retreat and return again later.

If they have divine protection: Heed the wishes of whichever god is stronger.

When attacking: Stay hidden underwater until discovered.

The Wrath of Gods

The Kraken also has special powers, depending on which god has charged it with delivering divine wrath:

Apollon: All wounds delivered by the Kraken become diseased and infected. If they do not receive proper medical attention from a priest or wizard, they do not heal.

Erinys: When you look into the Kraken's eyes, roll+WIS. **On a 10+**, you resist the horrible madness that lies inside them. **On a 7-9**, you must either flee or bleed from your orifices for 1d6 damage. **On a miss**, you are driven insane! The GM will tell you what single, terrible act you commit before you flee and then return to your senses.

Gozmo Zalandros: The Kraken is also able to cast spells, though Gozmo Zalandros is not powerful enough to always give the Kraken *useful* spells.

The Horned God: The Kraken also has horns. If it grabs a ship or other human construction in its tentacles, it can ram with its horns, shattering its prize into pieces.

Nyx: Night falls before the Kraken strikes, even during the day.

Orcus: The Kraken is undead and must be chopped up to be defeated. Lower the damage of any blunt weapon attack by 4 (but not lower than zero).

Poseidon: The Kraken is accompanied by an earthquake, which destroys buildings and causes a tsunami.

Zeus: The Kraken shoots lightning bolts instead of ink ($b[2d12]+7$, ignores armour), but only against metal targets and people touching them.

Satyrical Dramatists

Renowned throughout the ancient world, οἱ Σάτυροι σκηνηκοί—the Satyrical dramatists—once travelled from land to land, purveying both the raucous and bawdy entertainment beloved by the crowded masses and the many subtly refined theatrical genres of the wealthy classes. References to sublime and even supernaturally inspiring performances by these creatures can be found in numerous surviving manuscripts.

These days, the Satyrs still venture forth from the wooded highlands and mountain valley pastures of the Lands of Arkas, but in much-reduced numbers. The world is no longer as interested in their abilities, nor are they celebrated in many nobles' courts. Indeed, the world has turned them hard, and they have learned to take what they need from humans when they have no way to earn it. Not merely theatrical performers, Satyrs have found their talents make them excellent thieves.

Behaviour

In smaller groups, Satyrical dramatists supplement their performing incomes through petty larceny and pickpocketing, with the occasional daring house robbery, when they feel a rich patron has been inhospitable. On rare occasions, they have attracted retinues of human actors, some little better than brutish thugs. With these large theatre troupes at their disposal, they are not above bullying and extorting money from villages and small towns, like any other gang of bandits.

Though they are humanoid, Satyrs still find it hard to blend in amongst other races. Their bodies are covered in fur, and they have ears like those of donkeys, long tails, and prehensile feet. More often, they try to emphasize their inhuman characteristics to attract patrons interested in more rarefied entertainments. After all, troupes of actors are a dime-a-dozen, but a band of Satyrical dramatists is not so easy to come by. Or that is what they would have you think, at least. Their audience is not as large as it once was—nor as large as they would like it to be.



Society

At home amongst their woods and valleys, the Satyrs do not perform the kind of large-scale, organized theatrical performances that humans are so fond of. Instead, they play many short games with each other and delight in improvised mimicry. Their social structures are rudimentary at best, which makes it hard for them to understand other cultures that live in towns and cities. Satyrs are quick to create cuisines from whatever wild plants and small animals they can find, a gift given them by the god they worship: Bromios, the Thunderer.

Satyrs maintain a less-than-friendly rivalry with the Fauns, those children of the great god Pan who also inhabit Arkas' sylvan highlands. Their true enemy, however, is the werewolf. Satyrs will collaborate with almost anyone, even the Fauns, to fight against lycanthropes, anywhere they can be found. Satyrs who would shirk this duty are roundly mocked by their peers, though they have no compunctions about convincing someone else—heavily-armed adventuring parties, for example—to undertake the slaying of such creatures in their stead.

Situations

A pair of Satyrs, down on their luck, have been contracted to murder one of the PCs. They try to lure their victim into an unfamiliar place, alone, by stealing one of the PC's possessions and running off with it, thus provoking a chase.

The PCs return to town with their loot to find that a company of Satyirical dramatists and their thuggish actor cronies have managed to displace the rightful authorities, extorting and embezzling with wild abandon. They do not take kindly to the PCs showing up.

The PCs stop to watch a troupe of Satyirical dramatists perform for a small crowd. When they leave, one of the PCs discovers that a prized possession of theirs has been stolen! The Satyrs are hastily beating a retreat, while the crowd disperses slowly...

SATYRICAL DRAMATIST

*Cautious, Devious, Group,
Hoarder, Intelligent, Stealthy.*

Improvised weapon (1d6 damage)
Close, Reach

6 HP 1 Armour

In a fight, Satirical dramatists are usually looking to do one of two things: to stymie their foes long enough for them to escape, or to strike a deadly blow by surprise. If they have allies or human actors working for them, they prefer to act as support and encouragement, rather than wade into battle themselves.

Instinct: To live off others parasitically.

- Dodge blows and escape from foes.
- Move silently.
- Palm small objects through sleight of hand tricks.
- Perform amazing acrobatic routines.
- Push or trip a foe.
- Recite popular poetry.

When in the presence of riches: Pilfer something.

When outclassed: Flee to safety.

When surrounded by a retinue of minions: Make demands, take other peoples' things from them.

THUGGISH ACTOR

Horde, Intelligent, Organized.

Dagger (1d6 damage)
Hand

3 HP 0 Armour

If the Satirical dramatists have employed a troupe of human actors, they will use them for extortion rackets more often than theatrical performances.

Instinct: To bully others.

- Demand payment.
- Make threats.
- Obey the Satyrs.

When bored: Get drunk and throw your weight around.

When people give in to extortion: Live the high life.

When the Satyrs are defeated: Surrender and switch sides.

The Satyr

A New Character Class

You are a creature of the wild woods, of scrubby hills and rough mountains, of streams and caves and olive groves. Your people are the eternal companions of the ancient forest gods, but these days the old world has faded. New faiths, new cities, new ways of ravaging the land have been employed, and new enemies have come to the beautiful wilderlands. But who has time to live in the past? The stage beckons, the wine beckons, and no Satyr can deny the god that made them when his aspects beckon.

Names

Aidesia, Alexipos, Artemisia, Babrios, Bromios, Deianira, Erinna, Glaphyra, Ion, Kolaios, Ksanthippe, Ksenarkhos, Laïs, Leokhares, Mnesarete, Myia, Nikarkos, Parrasios, Polygnotos, Praksilla, Silenos, Simmias, Soös, Stesikhoros, Theano, Tikidas, Tyrtaios.

Look

Choose one from each:

Comical Expression, Melodramatic Gestures, or Tragic Air.

Covetous Eyes, Laughing Eyes, or Pleading Eyes.

Curved Horns, No Horns, or Small Horns.

No Clothes, Provocative Clothes, or Travelling Clothes.

Stats

Your base damage is d8.

Your load is 10+STR.

Your maximum HP is 8+Constitution.

Devotion

Choose what type of Satyr you are and gain the corresponding move:

Bacchant

You may use call of the wild on drunks and revellers, as well as woodland creatures.

Dramatist

You may use call of the wild on actors and theatrical performers, as well as woodland creatures.

Faun

You are not a real Satyr at all! But everyone thinks you are, so why not take advantage of the confusion? You can always return to the woods if things go sideways. **When you enter or exit a woodland area**, you may ask the GM one question from the discern realities list about those woods. Take +1 forward when acting on the answer.

Starting Moves

You start with these four moves:

Call of the Wild

When you call upon the creatures of the woodlands in the manner of a satyr, roll+CHA. **On a hit**, you gather their attentions and direct them toward the target of your choice. Additionally, **on a 10+**, you may recruit 1d6 creatures that will follow you and assist you in a single short-term endeavour.

Fat of the Land

You can make delicious meals from almost anything. As long as some kind of edible materials are available, you do not have to consume rations.

Natural Acrobat

When you use your surroundings to perform a flamboyant acrobatic maneuver, choose one outcome, in addition to anything else that may happen:

- You grab something undefended: Now it's yours!
- You knock someone down or off-balance.
- You move from where you are to somewhere else in sight or in reach without difficulty.

Paeon to the Gods

When you celebrate the gods with music or revelry, you may consult their wisdom. Choose one god—the GM will tell you what they think of your situation, based on their aspects. Take +1 forward when acting on the information.

- **Aphrodite:** Goddess of romantic love and passion.
- **Apollon:** God of healing and disease, prophecy, and the sun.
- **Artemis:** Goddess of hunting, virginity, and wild nature.
- **Asklepios:** God of dreams, snakes, and healing.
- **Demeter:** Earth goddess of agriculture and the seasons.
- **Dionysos:** God of liminal states, drunkenness, and the theatre.
- **Erinyes:** Goddess of blood and vengeance.
- **Gorgo:** Apotropaic death goddess.
- **Hermes:** The messenger god.
- **Persephone:** Goddess of the seasons and the underworld.
- **Poseidon:** God of earthquakes, horses, and the sea.
- **Pythia:** The snake goddess that gives the gift of prophecy.
- **Selene:** The moon goddess.
- **Themis:** Lawful goddess of divine order.
- **Theseus:** Deified hero of Athens.
- **Zeus:** The supreme sky god, lord of thunder and lightning.

If you bring a description of an ancient Greek deity to the game, you can call on that deity as well—except for Hades, who has no cult and cares but little for the living.

Alignment

Choose an alignment:

Chaotic

Blatantly challenge or trespass against the restrictions of civilized society.

Evil

Seduce someone into committing actions they regret.

Good

Show someone a rollicking good time in order to raise their spirits.

Gear

Your load is 10+STR. You start with dungeon rations (5 uses, 1 weight) and either halfling pipeleaf (6 uses, 0 weight), a keg of dwarven stout (4 weight), or a shield (+1 armour, 2 weight).

Choose your weapon:

- Battle axe (+1 damage, close, two-handed, 2 weight).
- Short sword (close, 1 weight).
- Thyrsus (close, religious, 1 weight).
- Trident (reach, 2 weight).

And choose one:

- Adventuring gear (5 uses, 1 weight).
- Antitoxin and healing potion (1 weight).
- Leather armour (1 armour, 1 weight).

Bonds

Fill in the name of one of your companions in at least one:

____ doesn't appreciate the theatrical arts. I will change their mind!

____ knows how to party, we get along well.

____ needs to loosen up a little.

I am obsessed with _____, as if enchanted by magic!

I have shared a secret of the gods with _____.

Advanced Moves

When you gain a level from 2-5, choose from these moves:

Acting, Thank You!

You can mimic the moves that others make, after you have observed them and spent time practicing. As long as you keep up your practice, you can use one move that you have seen another PC or a monster make. If you miss a roll while using this move (whether it requires a roll or not), you cannot use it again until you have observed it and practised it anew. You can only be practicing one move at a time, but you can change which one whenever you have some time to practice.

Guardian of the Pass

When you stand on the threshold between two spaces, you have +2 armour as long as you stay there.

Hocus Pocus

When you speak truth to a mob, roll+CHA. On a 10+, choose one now and two at any time before the mob disperses. On a 7-9, just choose one now:

- The mob attacks the target of your choice.
- The mob delivers someone to you (or tries to).
- The mob disperses quietly.
- The mob falls into an orgy of celebration or lamenting.
- The mob occupies the location of your choice.

On a miss, the mob turns on you.

Liminal Space

When you pause on the threshold between two spaces in a charged situation, you may ask the GM one question from the discern realities list about either space or someone in one of them. Take +1 forward when acting on the answer.

Multiclass Dabbler

Get one move from another class. Treat your level as one lower for choosing the move.

Secret Paths and Ways

You know places in the wilderness where secret paths lie unseen.

When you travel by a way that is beyond the mortal world, roll+WIS. **On a 10+,** it leads where you want it to. **On a 7-9,** you or the GM must choose a difficulty:

- Others find the way who did not know it before.
- The journey takes much longer than it seemed to.
- The way is long and hard. Each person who takes it must consume a ration or mark the debility weak.
- You encounter some danger upon the road.

Siren Call

When you stand on the threshold between two spaces, you may beckon someone who can see or hear you to move close enough that you can touch them, if you leave that threshold immediately after. If you enter the space where they are, you may also act before they do.

Thuggish Actors

You are accompanied by a retinue of thuggish actors. **When your retinue fights for you,** deal +1d4 damage.

The Wanderer

When you discern realities in the wilderness or when you enter a settlement for the first time, also ask one of these questions:

- How could I be accepted by the people here?
- How could I best attract attention here?
- How could I gain access to what is secret here?
- What here is a source of evil?
- Where could I best hide around here?

If you discern realities about a location, you may ask one of these questions instead of one from the normal list.

When you gain a level from 6-10, choose from these moves or the level 2-5 moves:

Death Defying Grace

When you defy danger using acrobatic maneuvers, on a 7-9, you can choose not to personally suffer the consequences. Someone or something else, possibly your equipment but certainly not you, suffers the consequences instead.

Divine Revelry

When you attend a party, revel, or celebration of any kind, roll+WIS. On a 10+, choose three. On a 7-9, choose two:

- Name an NPC present. They become thoroughly intoxicated.
- Name an NPC present. You are alone with them.
- Name an NPC present. You bond with them or make a good impression.
- The celebration gets out of control.
- The celebration moves to the location of your choice, then continues.
- You gain an ally as if you had recruited and rolled 10+.

On a miss, choose one anyway, but the GM will also tell you the consequences.

Hypnotizing Visage

When you attract someone's attention from beyond a barrier, portal, or other threshold, roll+CHA. On a 10+, they must advance toward you without attacking you until they either reach you or you disappear. On a 7-9, they must advance but may take any other action as well. On a miss, it is you who must advance upon them without attacking until you either reach them or they leave.

Master Acrobat

Replaces: Natural Acrobat

When you use your surroundings to perform a flamboyant acrobatic maneuver, choose one outcome, in addition to anything else that may happen:

- You grab something, even if someone else is holding it: Now it's yours!
- You knock someone down or off-balance. You may deal damage equal to your level.
- You move from where you are to somewhere else in sight or in reach without difficulty. You may take someone else with you.

Master Thespian

Requires: Acting, Thank You!

You can practice two moves that you have observed at a time, instead of just one.

Multiclass Initiate

Get one move from another class. Treat your level as one lower for choosing the move.

Serpentine

When you employ acrobatics, deft maneuvers, or quick reflexes, you can defend with DEX instead of CON.

Thespian Guard

Requires: Thuggish Actors

When you are surrounded by your retinue of thuggish actors, you get +1 armour.

Tooth and Claw

You can use call of the wild on any beasts you have encountered before, not just those of the woodlands.

Other Satyr PCs

You can also choose a different class and still play a Satyr, by using the following racial options and the Satyr compendium class.

Satyr Racial Options

The following classes may choose Satyr for their race and gain the corresponding move:

Bard

Add this question to the charming and open list:

- What do you possess that is valuable?

They cannot ask this question of you.

Cleric

Your holy symbol can turn away werewolves and others cursed to wear the forms of animals, not just the undead.

Druid

Like the elves, the Great Forest is always considered your land.

Ranger

Your animal companion is trained to perform, in addition to the other trainings it knows.

Thief

When you defy danger by acting or performing, take +1.

Satyr Compendium Class

If you are a Satyr, you may choose one of the following moves when you level up between level 2-5, instead of a class move:

Acting, Thank You!

You can mimic the moves that others make, after you have observed them and spent time practicing. As long as you keep up your practice, you can use one move that you have seen another PC or a monster make. If you miss a roll while using this move (whether it requires a roll or not), you cannot use it again until you have observed it and practised it anew. You can only be practicing one move at a time, but you can change which one whenever you have some time to practice.

Thuggish Actors

You are accompanied by a retinue of thuggish actors. **When your retinue fights for you**, deal +1d4 damage.

If you are a Satyr, you may choose one of the following moves when you level up between levels 6-10, or one of the level 2-5 moves above, instead of a class move:

Master Thespian

Requires: Acting, Thank You!

You can practice two moves that you have observed at a time, instead of just one.

Thespian Guard

Requires: Thuggish Actors

When you are surrounded by your retinue of thuggish actors, you get +1 armour.

Slime Wizards

Once upon a time, not so long ago, a small group of adventurers set out to make their fortunes. They journeyed long and hard, and braved many trials and tribulations along the way, but at last they came to the end of their journey—the ancient city of Ardoussarlis. Long has it lain in ruins, and even today, none have tried to resettle its vast and crumbled palaces. But these adventurers paid no heed to reconstruction. No, they were only after treasure! Haunted by ghosts and fell beasts, the city is, but every so often, someone ventures inside its ill-omened confines.

Unlike so many others who died horribly, or returned with only memories of slaughter, what these adventurers found in Ardoussarlis changed their lives forever—for the *better*. Or so *they* would tell you—many others might beg to differ. This band of dungeoneers brought ancient machines back to the surface with them, enslaved weird, unearthly creatures, and made themselves a power to be reckoned with. Now, they ride across the countryside on top of strange platforms full of gadgets and levers, often drawn by giant, wormish centipedes bearing cruel arms, though some can even fly through the air. Wherever they go, they leave a trail of slime behind the, just like a slug—or the alien minions they now command.

The small cadre of adventurers who formed the founding ranks of the slime wizards has since expanded, taking on new recruits who, like them, lust inordinately after gold and treasure. Other adventurers have tried to stop them, and they have suffered the odd casualty or two, but they remain at large, wreaking havoc and destruction, plundering at will.



SLIME WIZARD*Group, Hoarder, Intelligent, Jerk, Magical.*

Slime ray (b[2d8] damage)

6 HP 1 Armour

*Close, Near, Messy***Special Qualities:** Control over mechanical platforms.

None of the slime wizards are particularly impressive as individuals, but they gather in small groups on each platform, and often several platforms attack at once. They aren't co-ordinated at all, however. Even on the same platform, each wizard is off in his or her own world. The real danger is that every single one is a thrill-seeking hellraiser with no understanding of risk or safety at all.

Instinct: To plunder the wealthy and take their stuff.

- Call other slime wizards.
- Cast a mechanical spell.
- Flaunt plundered wealth.
- Hurl a blast of slime.
- Ride a mechanical platform.
- Use a mechanical gadget.

After a victory: Have a party, live it up.*If they are poor:* Lord it over them, then ignore them.*If they have treasure:* Attack them and steal it.*When they are too powerful:* Take the money and run.

WORM SLUG*Group, Magical, Organized, Planar.*

Trident (1d8+2 damage)

8 HP 1 Armour

*Close, Near***Special Qualities:** Slimy, Vulnerable to electricity.

The main notable characteristic of the worm slug is not its bizarre appearance, nor the fact that it comes from another plane of existence. The most notable thing about a worm slug is its voracious appetite. They always want to eat, and they are not picky about their food—in fact, the only thing a worm slug will not eat is another worm slug, or worm slug eggs (which, perhaps ironically, many humans consider a culinary delicacy). Even though the slime wizards control the worm slugs, they are in constant danger of being eaten by them. So is everyone else who gets close to them.

Instinct: To eat.

- Attack with trident.
- Call other worm slugs to the area.
- Leave a trail of slime.
- Pull large, heavy objects around.

In a fight: Try to organize against one foe at a time.*When they are vulnerable and the coast is clear:* Eat them.*When they have shock rods:* Obey them.*When they use the mask of command:* Obey them.

Mechanical Wizardry

Though the slime wizards are best known for the trail they leave behind them, their real power derives from the mechanical platforms they have mastered. Along with those platforms come various strange gadgets.

Platform

Each platform is roughly square in shape, five to twenty feet long on each side. Larger platforms are not necessarily more powerful or better equipped with gadgets.

When you try to operate a mechanical platform, roll+INT. **On a 10+**, you figure things out pretty easily and could fly one again no problem. **On a 7-9**, you get it to do what you want this time, but it takes a few disasters before you get the hang of it (or you could try to figure it out again next time). **On a miss**, the platform crashes, explodes, or even spurts slime all over everything.

The platforms are not always well-maintained, nor are they invincible, even though they are largely made of metal. They can be damaged or disabled—or even destroyed.

When you damage a mechanical platform, roll+WIS. **On a 10+**, you have hit a vital area! If you were trying to disable one of its functions (communications, flying, a pilot), you have done so. If not, the slime wizards are scrambling to fix the damage and the platform is careening out of control. **On a 7-9**, something goes wrong with the operations of the platform and the slime wizards move to fix it, leaving themselves open. **On a miss**, things go awry! Part of the platform blows up in your face, the part you are standing on falls off, the platform crashes onto something valuable, or a ricochet hits one of your allies.

Mechanical Platform Gadgets

If you can figure out how to use a mechanical platform, you can also figure out how to use the various gadgets that come with it.

Black Ichor: The platform can spew a horrible black ichor. At first, it smokes and billows, creating acrid clouds, but then the ichor solidifies into a gelatinous substance as hard as wood.

Flying Motor: Some of the slime wizards know how to make the mechanical platforms fly. Unless a platform has one of these wizards, it has three or four worm slugs to drag it along the ground.

Net Projector: The platform shoots giant nets at foes, immobilizing them so they can be robbed by the slime wizards.

Pain Field: For a second, everyone within fifty feet of the platform feels intense pain. The slime wizards have not figured out how to make themselves immune to the effect, so they don't normally use this except by accident.

Slime Dispenser: By pouring forth the slime that these wizards are best known for, the ground becomes slippery and treacherous.

Talk Box: A strange device allows passengers on one mechanical platform to speak to other platforms.

Weather Machine: Only 1-in-3 platforms are equipped with a weather machine, which can force the skies to clear of clouds, or cause a storm to gather. It takes 1d6 hours after activation to take complete effect, but once it does, the skies are either completely cloudless, or absolutely drenching the ground below.

Slime Wizard Gadgets

The slime wizards also have gadgets they carry around themselves, which are not attached to their platforms.

Extendable Arm: The slime wizard uses a long, metal arm with pincers on the end to steal valuables or drop gas bombs up to thirty feet away. What a villain!

Frost Rod: This metal cylinder produces a cone of freezing temperatures that coats all it touches in frost, for 1d12 damage. Anyone caught by the frost who is also covered in slime takes an additional 1d6 damage.

Gas Bomb: A palm-sized, metallic sphere that spits choking gas as it spins and bounces around. Once released, the metal shell becomes burning hot.

Gas Mask: This metal mask creates air out of nothing, making the wearer immune to gas attacks.

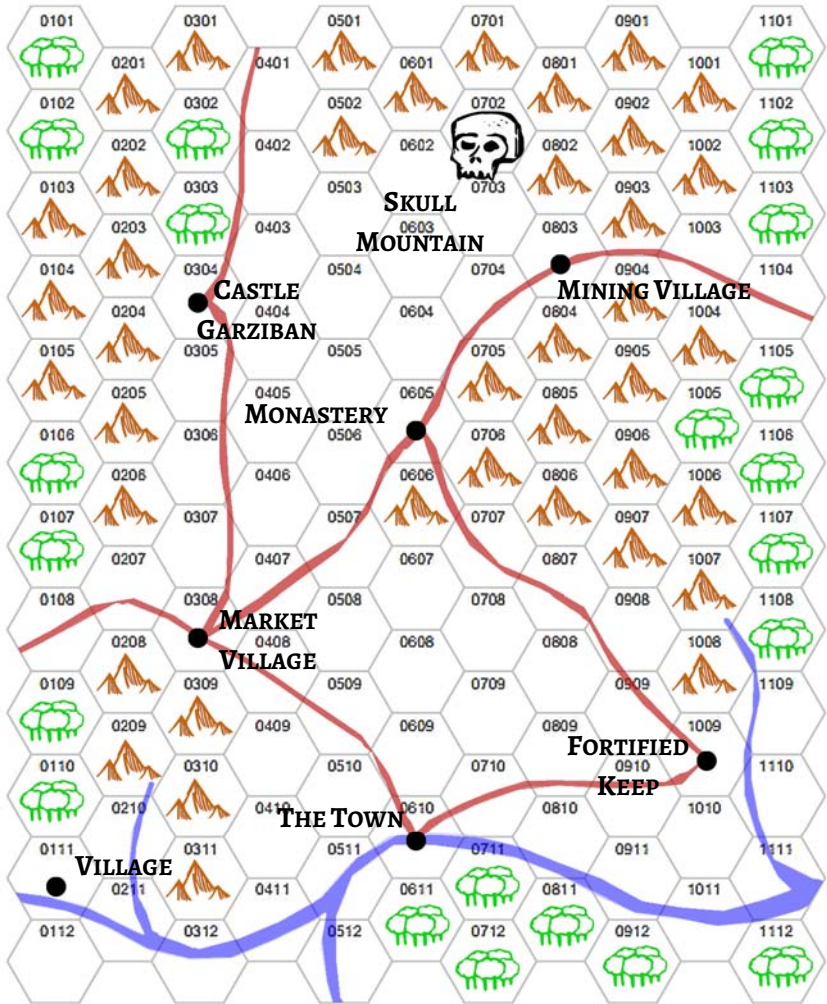
Mask of Command: This metal face allows a slime wizard to issue commands to those of weak will. **When you resist a command from the mask**, roll+CON. **On a hit**, you resist, and **on a 10+**, the mask also infuriates you so much that you deal +1d4 damage forward against its user. **On a miss**, you must obey.

Shock Rod: A thin metal rod that delivers an uncomfortable electric shock when the other end touches someone or the smoke that wafts from it is waved about them. The shock does no actual damage, but might cause someone to drop what they are holding if they are surprised. The slime wizards mainly use these to control the worm slugs, who hate, loathe, and fear being shocked.

Worm Slug Eggs: The eggs that the worm slugs lay are considered, amongst the wealthy and cultured, to be a rare delicacy, especially when cooked in butter and served with truffles.

Map of the Valley

1 hex = 2 miles.



Key



FOREST



RIVER



MOUNTAINS



ROAD

Invasion of the Slime Wizards

This valley is wide and verdant, full of farms and grassy plains, the pride of Baron Garziban's holdings. He rules from his castle at the foot of the mountains, always covetous of the wealth of the town to the south. But even the baron is not as covetous as the slime wizards. They descend from their secret hideout inside Skull Mountain, riding their mechanical platforms into a whirlwind of devastation.

First, they attack the mining village, under the impression that it has stockpiles of precious metal. The mines only produce tin and copper, however, but this attack nonetheless bring the troops out of Castle Garziban, marching across the valley.

Second, with troops in the field, the slime wizards attack Castle Garziban directly, from the air. They can easily bypass troops on the ground, though not all of them may want to. The castle is a rich prize for these hooligan adventurers, and if it can be taken, becomes their new home base.

Third, as soon as the slime wizards hear that the monastery is a famous brewery, they attack en masse, in order to consume as much alcohol as they possibly can.

Fourth, they attack the market village, still drunk on beer and aquavit. This attack is technically a disaster, with worm slugs running wild and out of control and slime wizards crashing their platforms into everything and anything.

Fifth, and finally, they attack the town. As much as Baron Garziban is loathe to admit it, the town is the richest prize here, with more wealth moving through it and along the river than he has squirreled away in his castle.

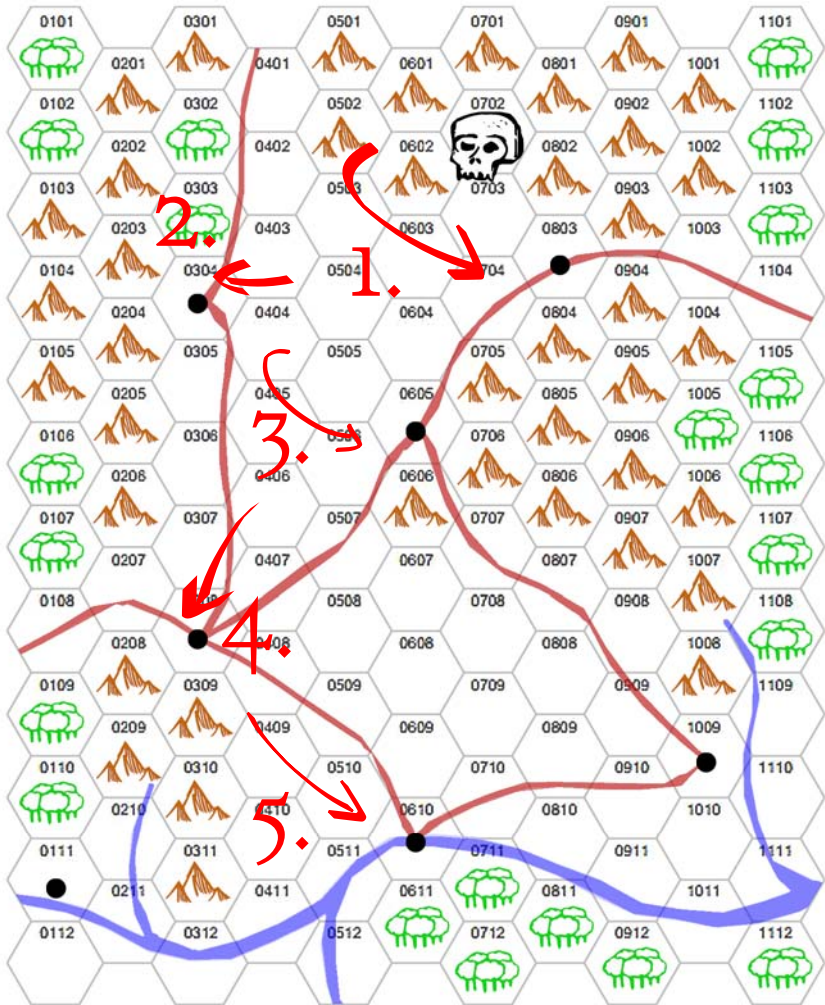
GRIM PORTENTS

- Slime wizards attack the mining village.
- Slime wizards attack Castle Garziban.
- Slime wizards attack the monastery.
- Drunken slime wizards attack the market village.
- The slime wizards mount a concentrated attack on the town.

Impending Doom: The valley is left in ruins.

The Invasion

1 hex = 2 miles.



Key



FOREST



RIVER



MOUNTAINS



ROAD



The Verdigris Oracle

Legend has it that in ancient times, King Geddorah pulled a strange, green stone—called only ὁ λειμωνιάτης λίθος in the sagas—from out of a mystical lake and gave the stone to his most trusted vizier. Forever after, he was known as the wisest of all the kings who reigned in the ancient world.

But when King Geddorah died, his vizier disappeared. Did he perhaps have a premonition of the king's future line? Could he have known that the next seven generations to rule that same throne would include the only three kings in history considered more depraved than even the Monster King, and three others who would live on in slightly lesser, but still prodigious, infamy?

During the following centuries, a series of local oracles flourished in various places around the countryside. All featured an oddly-coloured man, hung from the ceiling of a cave, surrounded by phantasmagorical visions swimming in the air, prognosticating on obscure subjects (mostly news of far-away relatives) in exchange for food and small amounts of coin.

Few historians have realized that these oracles were all the same man, for that vizier still retains possession of the mystical green stone, and has never died in all these many years. But his days of wandering from place to place came to an end when he was kidnapped and put to work for others. These days, a secretive cult of insane zealots keeps the Verdigris Oracle hanging from the ceiling in a cave whose walls are plastered, pristine white. Those that wish to see the Oracle must pass through several layers of thick, black curtains full of incense and darkness before they emerge into this brilliantly-lit room.

And there is the Oracle, hanging in empty space, a sickly, rusty green colour. Phantasms of your mind hover around him, twisting and writhing, appearing and fading away. The Oracle's mind-hands reach through you, pushing into your psyche like a butcher's hands into a mass of ground meat. Your questions are answered, your fears allayed or stoked as the truth demands. Your gold is taken from your hands to feed the zealots, and the plight of the Oracle himself is forgotten.



MILLY-JONES

The Green Stone

Once famous throughout the ancient world, ὁ λειμωνιάτης λίθος, a stone of grass-green colour, is the source of the Verdigris' Oracle's powers. Or one source, anyway—for there is more at work here than simple, oracular magic. The green stone produces a strange and powerful liquid whose interior sparkles like the sky at night. For any normal mortal, this liquid is poisonous, but for those prepared by magic and torturous rituals, it is something else altogether. It shows them visions of the universe, the machinations of the gods, and the thoughts of mortal minds.

When you possess the Green Stone, you may study a person from afar just by thinking about them, but roll with INT to discern realities instead of WIS. The stone also asks you what you want, what you need, what you desire. If you want the same thing as the person you are studying, the stone tells you to offer it to them. If you do not want the same thing as the person you are studying, when you are done with them, the stone shows you someone who does want what you want, and tells you the same.

Then it tells you to murder them, after they accept the offer. If you do so, you absorb their memories. All that they knew, now you know. This does not give you their skills, per se, just a host of knowledge. But you know all their plans, all their secrets, and you remember all that they do. Or did.

Eating the liquid the stone produces, or coating your body with it, allows you to live forever, though it changes your body. After several years, you become a sexless, shrivelled humanoid of a greenish olive hue.

The Inevitable Violence

If (or rather, *when*) a band of disreputable adventurers start a fight with the Verdigris Oracle, the cultists swarm in to protect him. The cult has a total of 55 members, though never do all of them gather in the caves at the same time. If the Oracle is killed, all surviving cultists will hunt the PCs down and ambush them. If the Oracle survives, and so do the PCs, only half the surviving cultists will hunt them down and ambush them. The other half will continue to manage the Oracle, as well as looking for a new and more secure cave.

VERDIGRIS ORACLE

Intelligent, Magical, Solitary.

Spells (1d10 damage, ignores armour)

16 HP 1 Armour

Close, Near

Special Qualities: Oracle.

The Verdigris Oracle only fights in self-defence, and even then, he has no weapons but instead casts spells of dubious effectiveness. His body is shrivelled and bound to the cave walls.

Instinct: To see the future and deliver prophecy.

- Cast a spell.
- See the future.
- Use the green stone.

If asked for a prophecy: Deliver one.

If attacked: Cast spells, hope for something better.

ZEALOUS CULTIST

Horde, Intelligent, Organized, Stealthy.

Sword (1d6 damage)

5 HP 2 Armour

Close

The cultists wear black or white robes over their chainmail and are completely devoted to their cult.

Instinct: To defend the cult.

- Attack with curved swords.
- Sneak around, real quiet-like.

If asked for a prophecy: Take their money, show them to the Oracle.

If attacked: Never forget, never forgive.

Green Front

The Verdigris Oracle can see many things, but who benefits from this? When danger strikes, if those in danger do not listen, what good is prophecy? A great terror from the ancient world has returned, but if no one takes heed, it could destroy the modern world as well.

Description and Cast

The Verdigris Oracle has witnessed the return of the Creeping Death—a cloud of ravenous ghosts, a black smoke that steals lives. The trouble is, his prophecies have also created difficulties for the PCs which may prevent them from hearing his warnings. Not only has a rival band of adventurers mistaken the PCs for their enemy, but so have the very people who guard and manage the Verdigris Oracle!

- Aleph, Hilva, and Ruspel.
- The Creeping Death.
- An innkeeper.
- The local sheriff.
- The Verdigris Oracle.
- The zealous cultists.

Stakes

- Can the PCs convince Aleph, Halva, and Ruspel of the truth?
- Who will stand against the Creeping Death?
- Will the PCs fight the zealous cultists?
- Will the PCs trust the Verdigris Oracle's prophecies?

Dangers

The Creeping Death

A black cloud, made of innumerable humanoid shapes, all made of black smoke, creeps over the land. Sometimes it appears in one small location, sometimes it sweeps over whole valleys. Often it kills no one, just drives a few insane, and sometimes it leaves only corpses in its wake. The Verdigris Oracle knows the Creeping Death well, for it came for King Geddorah at the end, and now it has risen from the depths of the earth to haunt the world once again.

The Verdigris Oracle is trying to warn people of the doom that is coming for them, but few will listen. They care only about their own affairs, and the zealots who keep him prisoner care more about their purses than the welfare of this land.

Type: Plague of ghosts (cursed place or horde).

Impulse: To reveal horror.

GRIM PORTENTS

- Reports of remote sightings filter into towns and cities.
- A village is found, destroyed by the Creeping Death.
- A town is found to have no living soul inside its walls.
- The Creeping Death stalks city streets at night.
- Whole provinces are wreathed in smoky darkness.
- The ocean itself surrenders to the Creeping Death.

Impending Doom: The end of the world.

The Rivals

Aleph is an Elven thief. He was forced into exile by his people for being a degenerate gambler who loves to steal. Hilva used to be a bodyguard. Now that she is past 20, her orcish heritage, as slight as it might be, is starting to show. That means no more work from the nobility. Ruspel is a mercenary soldier who fights equally well with both sword and spell. Or rather, equally mediocre, as it is cunning that is his best asset—and his greatest enemy.

This trio and their companions—any number of hirelings and other freebooters, sellswords, and vagrants looking to get in on their adventures and maybe make it rich—have been venturing into the monster-infested ruins of the ancient city, in search of treasure. The Oracle knows exactly what they will find—he was with King Geddorah when the city refused to surrender and was sacked. He was with King Geddorah when he strode into the city’s vaults and saw the evil spirits attached to its treasure. That treasure has since been scattered all throughout the underground areas beneath the city, since the king was wise enough to leave it behind. Looters must fight for every coin and every gilded trinket, and for the king—his coffers bulging with lucre from every corner of the ancient world—that price was far too high.

When the trio went to see the Oracle, he warned them of these rivals. But they did not listen closely enough, and have decided that the PCs must be their rivals. Who else looks competent enough to beat them to the city’s treasures? No one! It must be them.

Type: Adventuring party (ambitious organization).

Impulse: To defend their claims.

GRIM PORTENTS

- The local sheriff pays the PCs a visit, due to a number of complaints made against them (all at the behest of the trio).
- The innkeeper refuses to rent them rooms, for fear of reprisals.
- The trio steals the PCs horses and gear.
- The trio threatens the PCs into leaving, using violence if necessary.

Impending Doom: The PCs become locked into a fight to the death with this trio.

The Zealots

The real reason the trio thinks the PCs are their rivals is because the zealous cultists who guard the Verdigris Oracle suggested it. They have heard of the PCs and want nothing to do with them, or the curses and trouble that follow them around. They prefer to send rivals against them, hoping they will be killed or leave the area. None of the zealots actually know what the PCs look like, of course, they have just heard rumours, so if the PCs pay a visit to the Verdigris Oracle, they will be shown inside for a reasonable amount of gold. And then the Oracle will tell them what his zealots have done, if they ask about it.

Type: Cult (ambitious organization).

Impulse: To exploit the Verdigris Oracle.

GRIM PORTENTS

- The zealots hire more sellswords to harass the PCs.
- The zealots or their minions make a sneak attack against the PCs while they are engaged with some other foe.
- The zealots attack the PCs outright.

Impending Doom: The PCs become locked in a fight to the death with the zealous cultists who guard the Verdigris Oracle.

The End.