

JAKABOL

A DUNGEON WORLD ADVENTURE

by Joe Banner



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Writing, editing, publishing & layout by Joe Banner, 2014.

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HOW TO PLAY

THIS ADVENTURE WAS designed to be played with the Dungeon World system. It will probably work fine with another system of your choice, especially if your game involves things like *"a +3 intelligence modifier"* or *"a cave full of goblins, their teeth filed to vicious points."*

If you're not familiar with the rules for Dungeon World, here's a quick primer: anytime you see the term "roll+STAT" roll 2 six-sided dice (2d6) plus the modifier. Usually a score of 10 or higher means things go better than you hoped; a 7-9 means things go about as well as expected and a 6 or less means things are about to go badly for you. (**Dungeon-world.com** is the official website for the game.)

When it comes to things like magic items, monsters and the like I've tried to keep these simple. Be sure to embellish and customise what's presented here to best fit your own campaigns!

If a customised class is included here, it's likely thanks to the efforts of Johnstone Metzner and his excellent book **Class Warfare**. I'd recommend it to any GMs looking to add a unique touch to their own adventures.

Finally, I'm always keen to discuss my adventures old and new. You can get in touch and find my stuff at **joebanner.co.uk**. If you'd like to support my work and help me make more of it, you can join my patreon at **patreon.com/jbinc**.

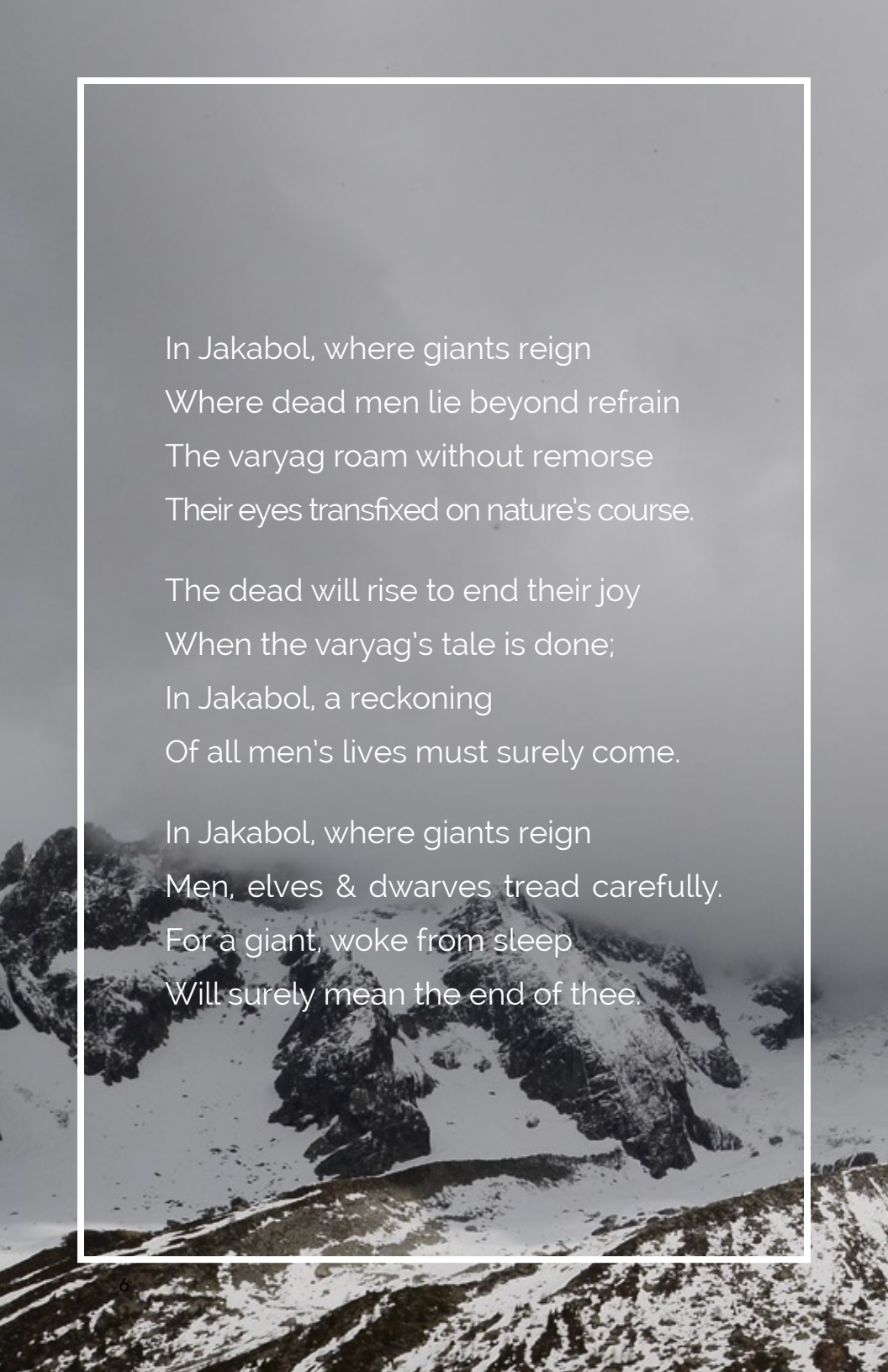
THE LAND

THE WORLD IS a mercurial, ever-changing thing. Today's monsters are tomorrow's trophies; nations rise and fall, and no king rules forever. For now, if a nation is mentioned it's likely to be one of these three. Feel free to include them in your own games, modify them, or ignore them as fits your needs.

Chalcedon is a green and pleasant land in the throes of a magically-infused industrial revolution. Steampunkery and references to early-twentieth century England abound. Often, the people of Chalcedon come into conflict with *resistance from more traditional peoples, the re-emergence of ancient magics, or the people versus an oppressive government.*

Mirkasa is a cold, bleak northern taiga. It's people tend towards religion, martial prowess and tradition, but the recent exodus of the gnomes and their inclusion into Mirkasian society has given these otherwise traditional people fresh insight into the power of modern "elecktrickery." Frequently, their people must face *the mistakes of errant engineering, the predations of witch-kind and the overzealousness of it's templars.*

The desert city of *Umberto* was covered most fully in my previous book **Shadows of Umberto**, but I come back to this land of sands and sorcery from time to time. The people of Umberto have to frequently deal with *treachery from within, mysteries beneath the sands and the coming of ancient prophecies.*



In Jakabol, where giants reign
Where dead men lie beyond refrain
The varyag roam without remorse
Their eyes transfixed on nature's course.

The dead will rise to end their joy
When the varyag's tale is done;
In Jakabol, a reckoning
Of all men's lives must surely come.

In Jakabol, where giants reign
Men, elves & dwarves tread carefully.
For a giant, woke from sleep
Will surely mean the end of thee.



J A K A B O L

A DEAD MAN'S
WORTH

THE NEST OF GIANTS

THE FIRST PEOPLE came to Jakabol millennia ago, long after the giants deserted it. Driven by curiosity or desperation, they ventured past the huge cracked gate and settled amongst the giant's twenty-foot-high tombs.

In time, more joined them until Jakabol became a city, known for safety and seclusion. Pilgrims travelled from far and wide to venerate the dead giants, but only the most honoured had the privilege of being interred among the dead here after their death.

Of course, there is no safety without those who would take advantage of it, and punishment for breaking the laws of Jakabol often means exile or worse. Those who have been exiled from Jakabol are known as *the varyag* (an old term meaning "sworn to none").

Even in this time of supposed calm, darkness rises. The varyag have banded together, raiding nearby settlements and terrorising the mountains and waterways. And on the mountain itself, the people of Jakabol have made a horrific discovery: the honoured dead are returning to life!

INTRODUCTION

ALL THIS MEANS precious little to our party yet, who are travelling from Erikstad, on the shores of the Svardfjord river. They must travel up the lonely slopes of the mountain to Jakabol, at the peak; there, they intend to bury their honourable kinsman, currently wrapped up and carried on a pallet between them. Then the trouble begins...

YOU'RE THREE DAYS' hike up the steep slopes to Jakabol, where you intend to bury your noble kinsman. As you stop and get your bearings, the corpse breaks free and starts choking the village priest!

To make matters worse, the way is steep and you see an ominous plume of dust on the trail below you heading your way. What do you do?

QUESTIONS

- Who is the dead man to you?
- Why is he worthy of entering Jakabol's hallowed crypts?
- Have you made this journey before? What's changed since?
- What payment is expected at the gates?
- What sacraments did the priest teach you before the trip?

IMPRESSIONS

- A windswept plateau, home to a wandering hermit
- Rolling hills near the peak, hiding jagged cliffs
- A treacherous gravel path winding to the peak
- The gates themselves, left strangely open and untended

Why are the honourable dead returning to life?

- The giants' souls grow restless, and have overturned death in their fitful sleep.
- A desperate priest believes the living will not survive the next deepwinter without the help of the dead.
- Iva Shayd sought to return their beloved to life, but unwittingly restored all the souls of Jakabol instead.
- A rival village (perhaps Shelvbreveill or Haarlem) prayed for deliverance from the troubles that assailed them, but only the god of death answered.
- Because there's no more room in heaven.

ERIKSTAD

BY DEFAULT, ERIKSTAD (as well as other local villages) have Poor Prosperity, Steady Population, Militia Defenses, a Resource (choose one: wool, lumber, wheat, furs or cheese) and an Oath of fealty to Jakabol.

Additionally, choose two neighbouring settlements from the list below:

- **Austad** has suffered a blight on it's fields recently and is in desperate need of food and supplies.
- **Eidsborg** has a dedicated following to a deity mostly despised in Erikstad (perhaps Dagur, Mimir, or Snotra.)
- **Fyresdal** lost a battle against Varyag raiders very recently. Many of it's people fled or died, and their defences are poor and prosperity are poor.
- **Lognivk** is an orc's town. Generally they keep to themselves, but you never know whether there's a new warlord plotting his next campaign...
- **Verdalen** used to be a wizard's tower, but over the years a small village of hedge wizards and the like has formed around the old lunatic's seclusion.

THE GATES OF JAKABOL

At the mountain's peak, the towering gates of Jakabol stand frozen shut. Nothing short of a giant's blow could open these doors, or dislodge the centuries of ice that has built over them. But a human-sized crack at the base allows passage to the crypts below.

No-one knows why the old giants buried their dead here. To the mountain folk, a grave amongst the great bones of Jakabol is an honour reserved for only the worthiest of heroes. Outsiders sometimes question this honour, wondering what true nature the giants had for keeping their dead here.

WHAT ROAMS AHEAD?

Roll 1d6 as needed, adding one every time you roll after the first.

1d6 Creature

1 **An injured ettin**

(d10 damage close, reach, forceful / 16HP / Instinct: to seek company)

These devolved offspring of the giants have roamed the hills for years. Often, they simply want companionship - but their 'play' tends to get a little rough.

2 **A midden horde of honoured dead**

(d6 damage close / 3HP 1 Armour / Instinct: to return home)

This company of dead men and women roam a particular field halfway up the mountain. At some point their village was here, but no-one's lived here for decades. Guess they didn't get the memo...

3 **A revenant soul, aware of it's existence**

(d10 damage close / 12HP 1 Armour / Instinct: to find reason for being)

This luckless ghoul is fresh enough to have some idea of it's undead experience, and it doesn't like it one bit.

4 **Varyag highwaymen upon tamed megalorams**

(d8+2 damage close, messy / 8 HP 1 Armour / Instinct: to take by force)

When they're not sailing the waters of the *Svardfjord*, the varyag tend to roam in clans across the mountain. There's no end of pilgrims making their way up the mountains, and few that can outrun the fearsome giant rams they ride.

1d6 Creature

5 **A pack of wild megalorams, prone to charge**

(d6 damage close, forceful/ 8 HP / Instinct: to protect the herd)

Talking of which, these huge creatures aren't your typical sheep. Territorial by nature, it's unwise to cross a herd: after you've been trampled and gored by a host of hoofs and horns, you might not live long enough to regret it.

6 **Another procession of villagers**

(d6 damage close / 3 HP 1 Armour / Instinct: to misunderstand)

The party aren't necessarily the only ones bearing honoured dead. Other villagers may be on the pilgrimage too, or simply going about their business. Still, any soul that walks this path without being mindful of strangers isn't likely to make it home.

When you approach a procession with peaceful intentions, roll+CHA. On a 10+, they take you at your word, for now. On a 7-9, a recent loss has made them twitchy - perhaps varyag thinned their numbers, or their dead woke up too. On a miss, whatever mishaps have beset them have left them half-mad.

7+ **A patrol from Jakabol, fleeing the city**

(b[d8] damage close / 6 HP 2 Armour / Instinct: to turn them back)

The great city has fallen, but it will take time for the villages to hear of it. These upstanding guardians are likely to tell the first tales - at the first sign of the walking dead, they left their posts and ran. In their haste to flee, they're as likely to take a traveller's curiosity as a sign of guilt as one of genuine concern.



A dark, jagged rock formation, possibly a sea stack, stands against a light blue sky. The rock is silhouetted and has a rough, craggy texture. The text is overlaid on the lower part of the rock.

J A K A B O L

**ROTTEN
LIVING**

THE SUN SETS on a sharp gravel beach and Mae grips her spear tight against the encroaching dark. Her boat lies in splinters around her. If there were any other survivors, she's not seen them yet.

The island is small - barely bigger than her village - but the view is dominated by the sword-like formation of old rock towering from its centre. (They say the swords once belonged to the giants, the former lords of Jakabol. Mae's village is named for the sword of Erik the Gold; a giant who, it is said, drove his blade hilt-deep into the ground in frustration after losing it in a wager to the god of the northern winds).

The *varyag* plundered Mae's village and hunted her people like dogs. She took to the sea with a dozen like-minded souls; a hastily-formed militia intent on putting the raider's reign of terror to an end. Then their longboat floated silently out of the afternoon mists and Mae's world went to hell.

The villagers put up a sterling effort, but their pitchforks and butcher's knives were no match for the raiders' cruel axes and arrows headed with eldritch green flame.

Now night approaches and the varyag are upon the waves. Mae's anger sustains her for now, but the varyag are vicious and worse awaits her on this strange isle.

If you were Mae, *what would you do?*

INTRODUCTION

INSPIRED BY VENGEANCE or profit, the party has pursued the varyag pirates for several leagues of the swardfjord river. Just like poor Mae, disaster struck this evening when the varyag raiders dashed your boat on the shores of this old island. They've disappeared again for now, but you know they'll be back to loot the wreckage before long.

- Who among you lost a friend or family to the varyag? What will you do if you find the scum who did it?
- Why were the varyag cast out?
- How does the story go about the varyag of old? What price, is it said, they must pay in the afterlife for their misdeeds?

Everybody roll+WIS. Whoever rolls highest can ask something about the island - if the roll was a 10+, you can also ask a follow-up question. If nobody rolls higher than a 6-, the only thing you see is the prow of the varyag ship, returning to shore...

The ship might have had room for perhaps a dozen crewmen at most. At the GM's discretion, some of these may have survived the crash (treat them as hirelings with 1-2 points of skill and cost: revenge.)

When you sift through the wreckage, you waste time - as soon as you're done, the varyag will be upon you. Nevertheless, roll+WIS. On a 10+, pick three. On a 7-9, pick two. On a 6-, pick one.

- D3+WIS adventuring gear or rations (your choice)
- D3+WIS bandages or ammo (your choice)
- A battered iron shield (2 weight, +1 armour)
- A stone dagger (hand, 1 weight)
- A map and compass (+1 to discern realities when navigating the island.)

FRONT: WE DO NOT SOW

CAST

- **The varyag**, outcasts turned pirates and brigands, possibly including “lord” Ducat and the crew of the Crimson Pony
- **The villagers**, on the hunt for vengeance after the destruction of their homes, possibly including Mae, Osburga and the Erikstad militia
- **The spirit of the giant** who owned this island-sized sword

STAKES

- Will the giant’s soul present itself, and who shall it favour?
- Will the villagers find their revenge? Or peace?
- Will some or all of the varyag escape?

DUNGEON MOVES

- Bring the tide in
- Summon more varyag
- The spirits are awakened
- Cut off their escape route
- Feign surrender
- A villager falls for the oldest trick in the book

PLAYER MOVES

- **When you attempt to swim in the Svardfjord**, say where you’re aiming to get to and roll+CON. On a 10+, you’re there. On a 7-9, the waves drew you further downstream than you wanted. On a 6-, the cold swim sapped your strength - you’re *weak* (-1 STR) until you catch your breath.
- **When you encounter an islander’s nest, home or roost**, roll+WIS. On a 10+, there’s something of value you can grab, if you’re quick. On a miss, something tries to grab you.

CREATING AN ISLAND

ALTHOUGH IT WOULD be impractical to list every single sword-island here, each one has its own unique history based on the tales of the sword's wielder. If you're trying to come up with unique islands for your own adventures, answering a few questions on the swords' former wielder could be a great place to start.

What did the giant do in society?

- If they were warlike (like a clansman or gladiator) visitors should beware the island's sharp flinty rocks. Inhabitants have learned to wear +1 armour to protect themselves.
- If they were a tradesman (a farmer, fisherman or merchant, say) the inhabitants have grown rich, but cruel. Add *hoarder* and the move *take something precious of theirs*.
- If they held a political or academic role (scholar or town elder, perhaps) the sword was buried near to a place of great arcane or divine power. (If someone *discerns realities*, they may spot it.) At least one of the inhabitants has found a way to tap this power for their own ends.

To what did the giant lose their sword?

- If they lost it in conflict with a titanic beast (perhaps a naga or kraken) that beast's offspring nest nearby.
- If they lost it to a god, demon, or elemental a route to their plane of existence may be discovered or created within the island. The being may still be alive and contactable.
- If they lost it to another giant, the varyag draw a peculiar strength from this place. Many of their greatest prizes may lie here, but any varyag whose feet touch the island rolls their damage twice and picks the better result.

...or come up with your own foe and modify the island as appropriate.

WHO LIVES HERE?

WHEN YOU SPEND a few hours exploring the island, or make an inordinate amount of noise, roll on the table below to see which inhabitant you provoke. Add one each time you roll on this table after the first.

1d6 Denizen

1 **2d6 giant gulls, cawing maniacally**

(d6 damage close / 1HP / Instinct: to attract attention)

2 **Aisr, A one-armed varyag who only sees death**

(w[d8] damage close / 12 HP 1 Armour / Instinct: to curse)

3 **A clutch of frogmen wielding poison spears**

(d6 damage reach / 4 HP 1 Armour / Instinct: to paralyse or weaken)

4 **Gul'rakk, A toothless orc warlock**

(d10 damage close / 16 HP 1 Armour / Instinct: to summon)

5 **A clutch of frogmen wielding poison spears**

(d6 damage reach, near / 4 HP 1 Armour / Instinct: to weaken)

6 **The nameless, a demonic changeling**

(d8+2 damage close / 16 HP / Instinct: to infuriate)

7 **More blasted pirates**

(d8 damage close, messy / 8 HP 1 Armour / Instinct: to pillage)

THE SVARDFJORD

THE SWORD-RIVER RUNS from a deep, still lake below Jakabol all the way to the Innlosning sea. Filling the waters are dozens of stony, cross-shaped islands - some of them up to thirty feet high. The locals believe these islands are each the swords as though it were the hilt of a giant sword plunged into the water long ago.

The stony 'hilts' are notorious for harbouring thieves, outcasts and worse, as the honeycombed interiors of the islands are often dry and relatively safe from harm.

This is why the boat was patrolling the river, but who knows whether the island the party has crashed on houses the varyag pirates, or something worse?

CLASS: THE VARYAG

***FOR WHAT I** did, they branded me a sinner. I was cast out. Betrayed by my own! The fools. If I had to do it, I'd do it again. I've wandered far and wide, trying to find a place to call my own, but none will have me with this damned mark. They said my soul would never rest, in this life or the next. Now they're all dead, but I'm still standing. I guess I'll just have to avoid the afterlife for the time being...*

You are *The Varyag*, cast out from society and forced to make your own way in the world. In Jakabol, many Varyag banded together to raid the people they felt betrayed them. (With the fall of Jakabol, it remains to be seen what will become of them.) You may have fallen in with these brigands for a time, but for now, you cut your own path.

STATS

- Your base **damage** is d6.
- Your **load** is 9+STR.
- Your **maximum HP** is 6+Constitution.

ALIGNMENT

- **Chaotic:** Revel in your position beyond the law.
- **Neutral:** Find
- **Evil:** Take from those weaker than yourself.

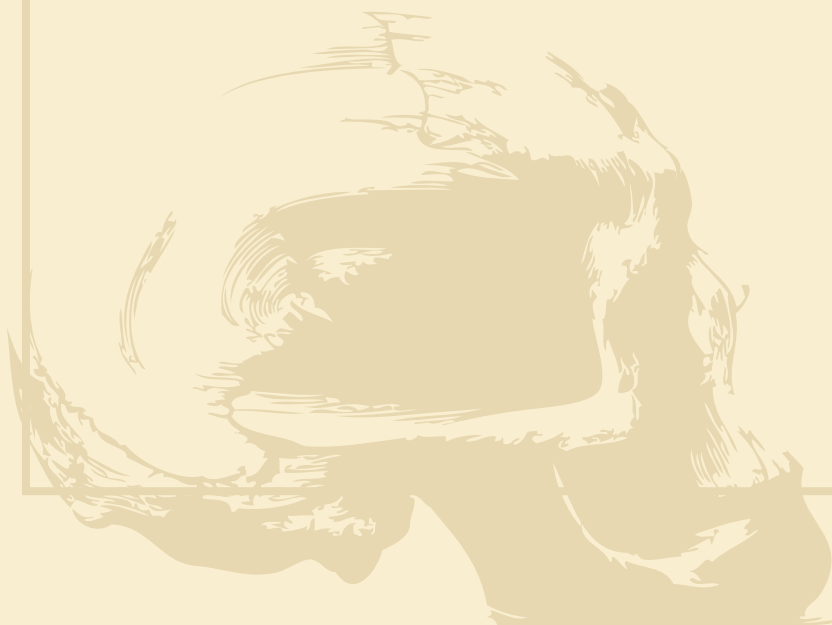
BONDS

You can take up to three bonds. Fill in the names of your allies in the following, or create your own:

- _____ would have done the same as me, if they had to.
- _____ showed me friendship when the rest of the world stopped caring.
- _____'s contacts could get me in trouble one day.

RACE

- **Human:** You take +1 ongoing to your last breath roll. When death comes, you won't go easy!
- **Dwarf:** When you wake from a few uninterrupted hours of sleep, you regain all your HP.
- **Elf:** When you discern realities in a very old place, you may also ask "*is there a secret entrance here?*"
- **Halfling:** When someone shows you companionship or acceptance in spite your sin, mark XP.



GEAR

You wield a well-used hunting knife (hand, 1 weight) and... (choose one:)

- Sword, axe or club (close, 1 weight.)
- Ragged bow (near, 2 weight)

You wear threadbare traveller's clothes.

Roll+CHA. On a 10+, pick four; on a 7-9, pick three; on a 6- pick two.

- Adventuring gear (5 uses, 1 weight)
- Rations (5 uses, 1 weight)
- Bandages (3 uses, slow, 0 weight)
- 3 Ammo
- Coins equal to your charisma.
- Buckler (+1 armour, worn)
- 3 Throwing daggers (thrown, near, 0 weight)
- A small, but vicious dog (near, cost: your affection*)

*Acts like a weapon, but if it's cost is not met at least once per session it is liable to find a kinder owner.



STARTING MOVES

A sign of sin

When you were exiled for your crime, your sin was branded on your flesh in the form of an ever-burning mark. Over time, your anger and will has transformed this mark into an extension of your will.

Choose where your brand lies, and it's effect:

- **Arm:** When you grasp a weapon, it seethes with your hatred, ignoring the armour of divine creatures or their agents (priests, templars, etc.)
- **Eye:** When you touch a living being, the GM will describe the worst crime they have committed.
- **Back:** You're a glutton for punishment. You ignore the *weak, shaky* and *stunned* debilities.
- **Tongue:** You never speak falsehoods to your own. When you parley with those beyond the law, treat a result of a 7-9 as though you just rolled a 10+.

Your mark can usually be concealed with clothing or shadows, but any divine creatures or their worldly agents will recognise your mark for what it is and intimately understand your old crimes.

Paths of the wild

You know more ways out of trouble than others. **When you travel by a way that seems beyond mortal ken**, roll+WIS. On a 10+, it leads where you want it to. On a 7-9, the GM chooses 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 become *weak*.
- You encounter danger upon the road.

You also start with one of the following:

A Port in the Storm

When you return to a civilized settlement you've visited before, tell the GM when you were last here. They'll tell you how it's changed since then. Additionally, at your option, name a person you met here or something you left behind.

Wide-Wanderer

You've travelled the wide world over. When you arrive someplace, ask the GM about any important traditions, rituals, and so on, they'll tell you what you need to know.

ADVANCED MOVES

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

Backstab

When you attack a surprised or defenceless enemy with a melee weapon, you can choose to deal your damage or roll+DEX. On a 10+, choose two. On a 7-9, choose one:

- They take -1 armour.
- You or a nearby ally takes +1 forward to attack the same target.
- You deal +1d6 damage.
- You don't get into a fight with them.

Improvised Weapon

Anything solid that you can pick up, you can use as a weapon with the appropriate range (usually hand).

Indelible

Requires: A sign of sin

The sign expands in such a way as it can't be concealed anymore. Those beyond the law will treat you as a trusted ally, unless proven otherwise. Those who uphold the law will cast you out.

Multiclass Dabbler

Get one move from another class. Treat your level as one lower for the purpose of qualifying for the move.

Not a people person

When you enter a settlement for the first time, you can ask a number of the questions from the list below equal to your WIS:

- What will anger or frustrate the residents here?
- How could I draw attention to myself?
- Who would best know this town's secrets?
- What here is a source of evil?
- Where's a good place to lie low?

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

Shoot first

You're never caught by surprise. When an enemy would get the drop on you, you get to act first instead.

Underdog

When you're outnumbered, you have +1 armour.

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

Around the World

Requires: A Port in the Storm or Wide-Wanderer

You now have both *A Port in the Storm* and *Wide-Wanderer*. When you return to a civilized settlement you've visited before, you may name both someone you met and something you left behind.

Escape Route

When you're in too deep and need a way out, name your escape route and roll+DEX. On a 10+, you're gone. On a 7-9, you can stay or go; if you go, you leave something behind or take something with you (the GM will tell you what.)

Ask questions later

Requires: Shoot first

When someone tries to get the drop on you, you get to act first. In addition, roll+DEX. On a hit, you work out what they were trying to do. On a 10+, you also take +1 forward when acting against them.

Killer Reputation

When you first meet someone who's heard of your crimes, roll+CHA. On a hit, tell the GM what they've heard about you. On a 10+, they're also impressed or cowed, GM's choice.

Serious Underdog

Replaces: Underdog

You have +1 armour. When you're outnumbered, you have +2 armour instead.

Strong Arm, True Aim

Any one-handed weapon you wield gains the *thrown* tag.





J A K A B O L

WHERE
GIANTS
REIGN

TADEAS SHONE HIS torch around the cavern, the doubt clear on his sun-worn face. It felt like days since the party had fled the chaos of Trader's Square, but it couldn't have been more than a few hours.

Wade's lean features loomed out of the shadows.

"It's empty, then?"

"For now...aye."

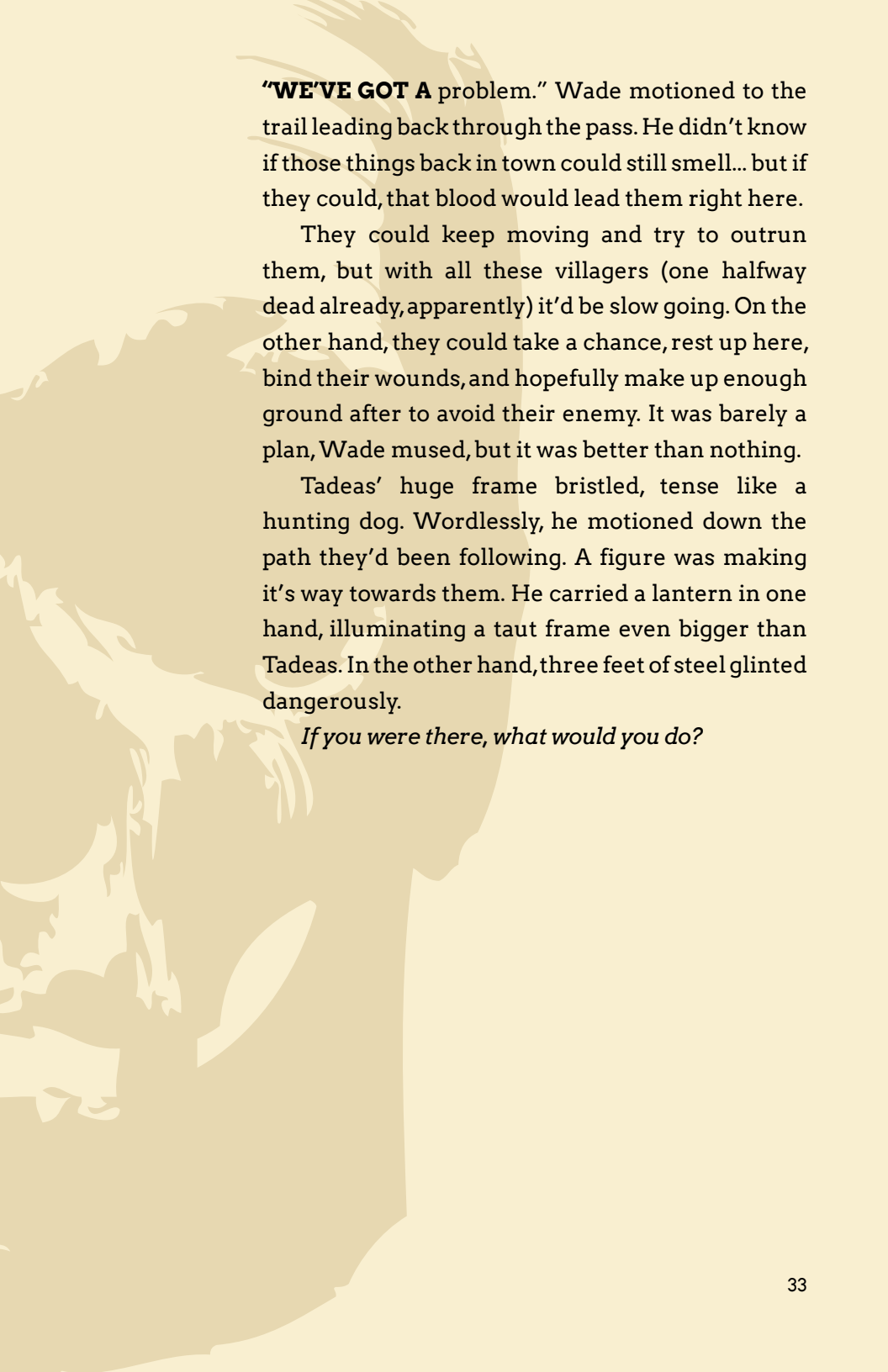
"Good". Wade made a motion to the others, beckoning them inside. They moved slowly, cradling a mixture of prized possessions and awkward wounds between them. As they filed past, Tadeas leaned in towards his smaller friend.

"I still don't know about this, man. I know we've got to stop somewhere, but look at this hole. Something *burrowed* this out, mark my words. And into a giant' coffin, no less! What might have done that, you think? A ghost?"

"Keep your voice down, Tad. Let's not get unduly worried." Wade sighed. Before today, he'd have scoffed at his companion's superstitions, but now...

As the last of the townsfolk filed in, something dark and wet on the ground caught Wade's attention. He brought his torch close to the ground. Blood? One of the villagers must be worse off than they had let on.

Damn.



"WE'VE GOT A problem." Wade motioned to the trail leading back through the pass. He didn't know if those things back in town could still smell... but if they could, that blood would lead them right here.

They could keep moving and try to outrun them, but with all these villagers (one halfway dead already, apparently) it'd be slow going. On the other hand, they could take a chance, rest up here, bind their wounds, and hopefully make up enough ground after to avoid their enemy. It was barely a plan, Wade mused, but it was better than nothing.

Tadeas' huge frame bristled, tense like a hunting dog. Wordlessly, he motioned down the path they'd been following. A figure was making it's way towards them. He carried a lantern in one hand, illuminating a taut frame even bigger than Tadeas. In the other hand, three feet of steel glinted dangerously.

If you were there, what would you do?

FRONT: THE GIANT'S NEST

THOUGH THE SURROUNDING villages may not know it yet, the proud days of Jakabol have come to an end. Something or someone has woke the dead, and they have taken a brutal reckoning among the living. Those who weren't slaughtered immediately (like the players) fled into the darkness taking what supplies they could with them.

IN MEDIAS RES INTRO

The people of Jakabol huddle around you, whimpering. Something very big and very angry is bashing it's way through an old stone door. A mist is rising from the edge of the thirty-foot coffin above you, shrouding everything in darkness. Someone nearby is shouting it's the end of the world. What do you do?

STAKES

- Why are the dead returning to life?
- What happened to the giants?
- Why did they bury their dead in Jakabol?
- Will the giants return, and what form will they take?
- What will become of the people here?

IMPRESSIONS

- The giant's tombs, as tall as houses and extending out into the darkness
- Rope bridges, elevators and walkways built by human hands to navigate the giant-sized rooms
- Narrow "canyons" navigable between the tombs
- Thin whipping winds through the canyons
- Burrowed or broken cubby-holes in the coffins

QUESTIONS

- What were you able to scavenge before you fled? What did you leave behind?
- Who did you lead away from the nightmare in the town? Why did they follow you? Could they be useful to you?

CUSTOM MOVES

When you make an entrance into a giant's tomb, roll+STR. On a 10+, you tear an opening as big as you are. On a 7-9, you do it, but make a lot of noise and dust in the process. On a miss, the tomb starts to crumble...

When you attempt to parley with the honoured dead, roll+WIS. On a 10+ your message is made clear to them, though they may not do anything without leverage. On a 7-9, your instructions or the means of your leverage are not clear to them. On a miss, they take your words as a threat.

When you wield the swords of Jakabol, add your CON to any damage dealt. On a miss, take -CON forward to your armour.

When you parley with the Varyag, the only leverage they will accept is something that will enhance or extend their petty lives.

When you spend time (hours) taking in the view from Jakabol's peak, roll+WIS. On a 10+, you gain +WIS or +1 forward. On a 7-9, gain +1 forward. On a miss, gain nothing, but you enjoy the view regardless!

DENIZENS OF THE DARK

THE GIANTS ARE dead. But there's plenty more hiding out there to keep you occupied...

Fossilites

(b[d8] damage hand / 3HP 3 Armour / Instinct: to clamp)

A clam-like creature about the size of a cart wheel. They can barely move, but have a nasty habit of hiding beneath the dust and detritus of the cave floor before clamping over a tasty morsel (like a passerby's leg.) It's said the key to the giant's history is enscribed on the shells of fossilites.

Wormdogs

(d6 damage close / 3HP 1 Armour / Instinct: to dig)

Hordes of these diminutive creatures can often be spotted, burrowing their way through the rocky faces of the tombs. Though generally peaceable, they will swarm any creatures too slow to get away and their digging can weaken key points in structures, leading to cave-ins.

Lurelamps

(d10 damage close / 8HP / Instinct: to entice / Hoarder)

In the deep, dank, dark, the sight of something glowing would usually be a source of relief. Not so the lurelamps, carnivorous glowing plants that use their glowing bulbs to attract prey before wrapping it in their acidic tendrils to be slowly digested.

Locke Arachsson, the spider-thing

(d6 damage close, reach, far / 12HP 1 Armour / Instinct: to enmesh)

A favoured bedtime story for the children of Jakabol, it's said this eight-legged monster was once a man who committed a crime so foul not even the rampant varyag would accept him. Lost in the depths, with only the hungry spiders for company, Arachsson became... changed. Of course, it's only a story - right?

The Undervhant

(d10 damage close, reach, forceful / 16HP / Instinct: to seek company)

A native of the mountain depths, the Undervhant is a large grey-skinned beast highly prized for its meat and intelligence. Trappers often spend days at a time tracking them, but must be cautious, as they are not the only ones who hunt it.

When you follow a set of undervhant tracks, roll+WIS. On a 10+, you can follow the tracks all the way back to the creature, though the route may take time (hours or days.) On a 7-9, you track the beast for a number of hours equal to your WIS before the trail goes cold. On a miss, you find the lair of a cave warg instead.

Cave Wargs

(d10 damage close, messy 1-piercing / 16HP 1 Armour / Instinct: to feast)

When hunting the normally-docile undervhant, trappers must be always be cautious that they don't become hunted by these fearsome albino beasts.

In Jakabol, the giants sleep.
But all men, elves and dwarves must keep
their wits about them, ere too long
A reckoning will surely come.

MY PATRONS

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They are vagabonds to some, heroes to others. But to all, they are known as...

THE NEVER BEEN KINGS



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