

THE GREEN SCAR

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CREDITS

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Klare the Bondsman on page 13 by Josephe Vandel.

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DUNGEON WORLD



Deep in the southern ocean stands the last world tree. It stands alone; a final testament to whichever gods made the sky blue, the grass green, the sunsets red.

A lonely jutt of rock sprawls below it. They call this rock **The Green Scar**. Under the tree's shadow, clutched like a drowning sailor, is a verdant jungle. This is the legacy of the world tree: beautiful, terrible, teeming life.

But the World Tree is dying. Is it already too late to save it? Its roots grow pale and rotten. The sap turns sickly green. Its bark is scarred and gnarled. Without its life-giving magics, strange curses overtake the land.

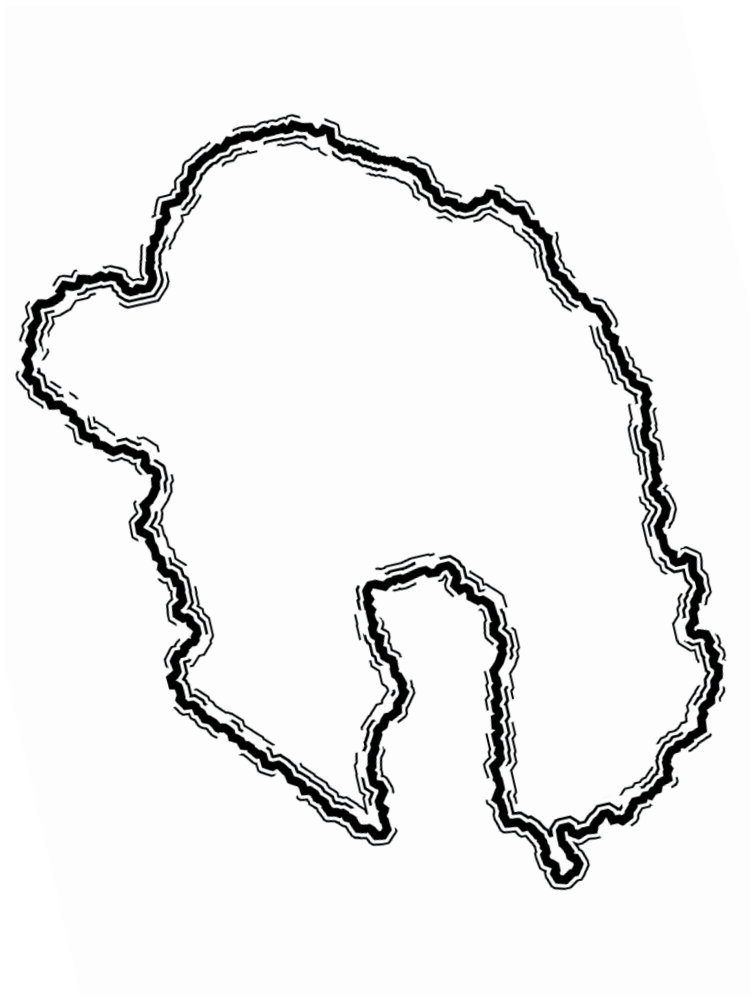
Conflict and strife are everywhere.

If the World Tree falls, The Green Scar goes with it. Its passing will herald the end of an age of magic. None can predict what will happen next.

Enter our players. Will they learn the means to stop these evils? Will they save the jungle and its people? Or will they take what treasures remain and secure their fortune, to take into the new age that follows?

Let's play to find out.

THE
GREEN
SCAR



THE GREEN SCAR
1,200 miles from the Chalcedon coast

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INTRODUCTION

The Green Scar is a fantasy setting and adventure toolbox. Players take on the roles of brave explorers in a mysterious new world of towering world trees and overgrown ruins, festooned with terrible curses, greedy prospectors, desperate natives, and god-things run amuck!

This adventure is designed for use with the *Dungeon World* rules, or similar (for example, John Harper's shortform *World of Dungeons* supplement.) If you're familiar with the concepts of running a game in *Dungeon World* - moves, triggers, fronts and so on - the content in this book should feel pretty familiar.

Dungeon World provides a particular agenda, principles, and moves that guide the GM on how should play. The following principles are ones that I've found over the course of playtesting this product, and others - I hope they help with your games, too!

When looking to your principles, remember your GM agenda: *Make the World Fantastic*; *Fill the Characters Lives With Adventure*; and *Play to Find Out What Happens*.

PRINCIPLES OF PLAY

Keep the cast diverse. It's a big world out there. When you introduce new characters, introduce new and unexpected races, genders and pronouns. More diversity makes both the NPCs memorable and your world more grounded.

Add a fantastic twist. Play with player expectations. How's this native tribe different from all the others? How are they sympathetic? How do they conform to stereotypes? How do they buck the trend?

But sometimes, a monster is just a monster. As a GM, time is always against you. If you can't think of a fantastic twist, don't sweat it. It's more important to keep the action flowing.

Link treasures and creatures. Kill two birds with one stone! Arm memorable enemies with memorable treasures, then let the party claim those treasures.

Keep taking notes. Make use of anything and everything the players say to you. Assume when a player asks a question about the world ("so what happens if I try and kill a god-thing?") they're interested in seeing more of that aspect of the world, and cater future content appropriately.

If you say "no", offer a compromise. When a player suggests something that goes against the spirit of the game, it's OK to say "no". As GM, you're just as entitled to a good time as the rest of the players, and accepting every outlandish or silly suggestion the players offer might impact that.

That being said - keep an open mind. If you feel the need to say no, offer a suggestion or substitution as well. Compromise suggests you're working with the other players to *play to find out what happens*. Not doing so can feel like you're shutting the other players down rather than co-operating.

Focus on what happens at the table. The content of this book is secondary to your personal ideas, and the moments of inspiration that can only happen through playing together. If the players do something that invalidates a rule or idea in this book, roll with it!

BACKGROUND

Thaddeus Cheapfields had a singular purpose. His infant son was pale and sickly. His home, the nation of Chalcedon, was dying. Generations of industry and experiments between man and magic had polluted the land. His airship swung low over the ocean waves, dangerously low on fuel. His wife pleaded with him to turn back. But Thaddeus, as we have said, had a singular purpose. He would find the means to save his homeland, and his family.

Cheapfields made landfall on an uncharted island. Hiding within was a magical rainforest. The water was clear as a mountain spring. Plants of every shape and size grew tall. Looming over the entire island was a single, titanic tree - the Last World Tree. It was a land of endless magical essence - chock-full of raw mana, waiting to be harvested. It was the means Cheapfields had been searching for. He sent a token force home with the last of his fuel. The message was simple: "Your salvation is here, send support. Yours, Cheapfields."

The settlers wasted no time staking their claim to this island. Food and resources, were, of course, abundant. A colony sprang up at the mouth of a great river, a respectful distance from the great tree.

As the colony expanded, contact with the natives was inevitable. They were as varied as the jungle - frog-men, and beetle-men, and wispy wood-things that seemed more plant than person. They were surprised by these strange new folk, with their odd clothes and powerful tools. The more trees they cut down, the more worried the natives become.

When the scouts found a strange new resource in the jungle - a bone-white stone, like ivory - Cheapfields was pleased. He sent scouts to collect more, so they could reinforce their homes. Stone chimneys and foundations sprang up.

Cheapfields' wife even made a charming stone necklace for their son.

The more stone the settlers collected, the more hostile the natives became. No-one understood why, at first. Within a few weeks, they realised they had disturbed something powerful. A curse sprang up from the white rock. First the curse spread to their timber houses. It turned the dead wood pale and brittle. One by one, their houses began to crumble. Then, the curse spread to anyone who had handled the stone. Cheapfields watched with horror as his child's skin slowly turned rough and cracked. The natives would not help.

Cheapfields was forced to abandon the colony. The band worked their way inland. They made for the Great Tree, hoping some magic could be worked from its bark to reverse the curse. Petrified remains and the bloody corpses of their scouts were left in their wake. Cheapfields' wife disappeared one night without warning. By the time the party reached the World Tree, barely half a dozen remained. To the natives, the tree was holy ground; even their bravest warriors would not give chase. Cheapfields, his son, and a handful of survivors passed through roots as tall as houses and disappeared from the world.

Several weeks later, the reinforcements from Chalcedon arrived. They followed a beacon, powered by mana. It led them under the World Tree, to where the roots knotted together into a great bark roof. Only Cheapfields and his son were there to greet them. They both lived - after a fashion. The son's pale body was woven into the living roots. Lurid yellow sap flowed into his rocky veins, keeping his heart beating. Thaddeus himself was a mish-mash of beaten copper and cracked flesh. Only his great mind had not ossified, which he had used to keep himself and his son alive.

Cheapfields had grown to despise the natives. He blamed them for not helping his family survive, for the loss of his wife, and for everything else. When the horrified

reinforcements asked what had happened, Thaddeus spun them a tale of the jungle's treachery and wild magics wielded by bestial creatures. To his delight, the settlers believed him. Legions of ironclads and grizzled warriors marched into the jungle. The Green Scar would be there, or it would be destroyed.

THE WAR

The reinforcements were quick to retaliate. In the conflict that followed, blood and oil flowed like water. Steam-forged automatons clashed with primal spirit-warriors in caverns of iron-hard bark. Through the canopy, gyrocopters and giant swoops tumbled and dived at one another. Entire garrisons disappeared overnight, dragged into sucking quagmires or massacred in cunning ambushes. But the invader's forces were legion. Inch by inch, they secured their foothold on the island.

As the fighting escalated, the natives realised their spiritual connection to the World Tree had begun to fade. Lacking the power to win a war against the invaders directly, the natives summoned their gods to fight for them instead.

This has had terrible repercussions on both sides. The god-things that have been bound to the earth are primal and monstrous, blood-mad and equally happy to destroy native or settler alike.

As the conflict escalates, word has reached Brink - the major settlement on the island - that more outposts have mistakenly succumbed to the marble curse. Mile by mile, the strange rot spreads. Fear and anger grips the land, even as new explorers and prospectors arrive every day.

Our player characters are a band of these would-be explorers. As the game begins, a mysterious arc of green lightning brings their ship crashing through the canopy. The characters awake in the middle of nowhere, isolated and low on resources. What will happen next?

THE FATE OF THE WORLD TREE

Campaign Front

Who will win, the invaders or the natives?

Who or what will be petrified by the white curse?

How are the tree's sap, bark, seeds, or fruit affected? How do the players rely on these things, and how will they make do without?

Danger: The Chalcedon Explorers (Hordes)

- ✦ A colony of natives needs evacuating from a prospector's logging route
- ✦ A cult of doomsayers start spreading panic and riots
- ✦ A fierce but arrogant commander threatens to annihilate a defenceless tribe
- ✦ A prominent native or god-thing is captured, humiliated, and executed

Doom: Destruction (genocide of the natives, most of the jungle is chopped down)

Danger: The Rampant Gods (Hordes)

- ✦ The god-things ambush an unexpected quarter
- ✦ A god-thing remembers its divine heritage
- ✦ The god-thing who remembers recruits their pantheon
- ✦ The god-things lay siege to the World Tree

Doom: Rampant Chaos (The god-things are an ever-present threat, at the World Tree and beyond.)

Danger: The White Curse (Cursed Place)

- ✦ The curse is discovered in an isolated colony
- ✦ The White Maiden, guardian of the marble, reveals herself
- ✦ Infected settlers attempt to break quarantine
- ✦ A marble monolith is discovered to run deep underground
- ✦ The White Maiden offers a cure, at great cost

Doom: Pestilence (something or someone significant is petrified; the majority of the jungle is infected.)

KLARE, THE HALF-BONDSMAN

Klare is already waiting for me when I arrive at the tavern, a crude affair filled with travellers from all corners of the world. The woman's imposing frame and mud-rimed armour stand in stark contrast to the delicate (and expensive) drink she sips as I approach. I can feel her eyes on me as I weave my way through the tables towards her. Her face is broken up by a dozen tiny scars and a wolfish grin.

What's a "Half-Bondsman"?

Well, there's bonds - missives from the company to bring folks in alive. Half-bonds are the same, but they don't care if they're alive or dead. I prefer half-bonds. The pay's usually not as good, but the jobs are simpler.

So you're a bounty hunter?

Sure, if you like.

How did you become one?

Through my family. I had three older brothers and my dad, all in the killing business. We ran with the Never-Been-Kings for a while, but never really fit in, you know? We always wanted to do our own thing.

Where are your family now?

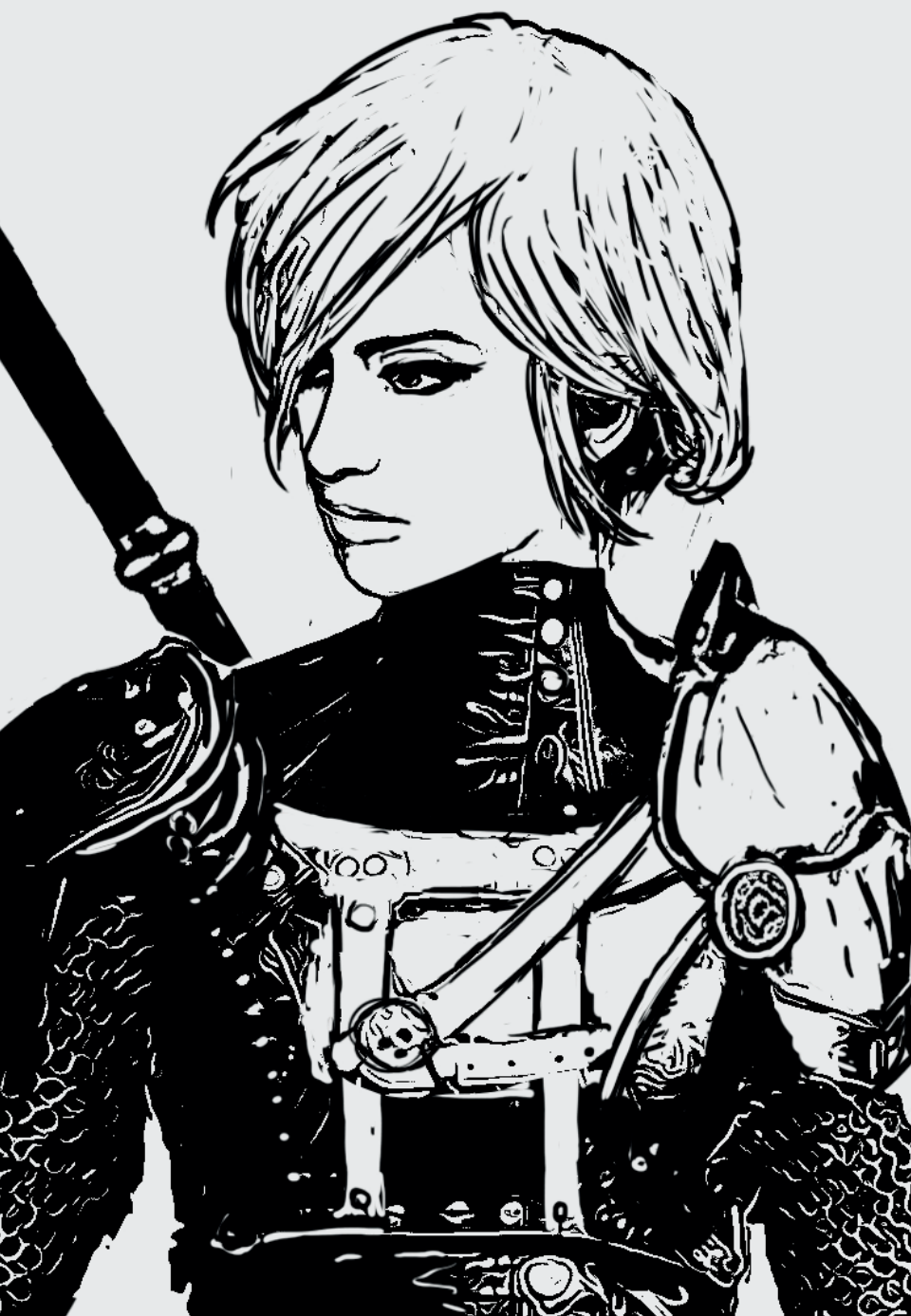
[Klare stares at her drink.] Oh, uh, they moved on.

Is business good here?

Yeah, not bad. The locals can't help dabbling in things they shouldn't. Then they call people like me to fix their mess. The natives creep into town from time to time and scare the locals. Frogmen and Slugthings, and worse. "Half-breeds", they call them. I'd hate to see whatever did the breeding!

Had any interesting cases recently?

This place is full of eggheads with delusions of grandeur; they tend to get up to some weird stuff. They'll throw a fireball



your way as soon as look at you, but get up close and they'll be begging for mercy. Sometimes you get a couple of rival wizards putting out bonds on each other. That's always interesting.

There was one case, some prospector had spent too long out in the jungle talking to the trees or whatever, they asked me to bring him in. Strictly alive - not normally my bag, but the pay was good. I spent three days tracking the guy. No easy job mind, you try tracking footprints through knee-deep mud. By the time I found him, he claimed "the trees" had taught him a few things. He was holding his own court of bloated zombies, and his skin had gone all grey and shiny. It was pretty gross!

Anyway, I put his friends back in the grave and got him home in one piece. But when I did, the damn wizards wouldn't pay up! They said he "wasn't technically alive any more", claimed he'd gone native or something. So I says, "fair enough, he's your problem" and cut him loose there and then. I've only done half-bonds since.

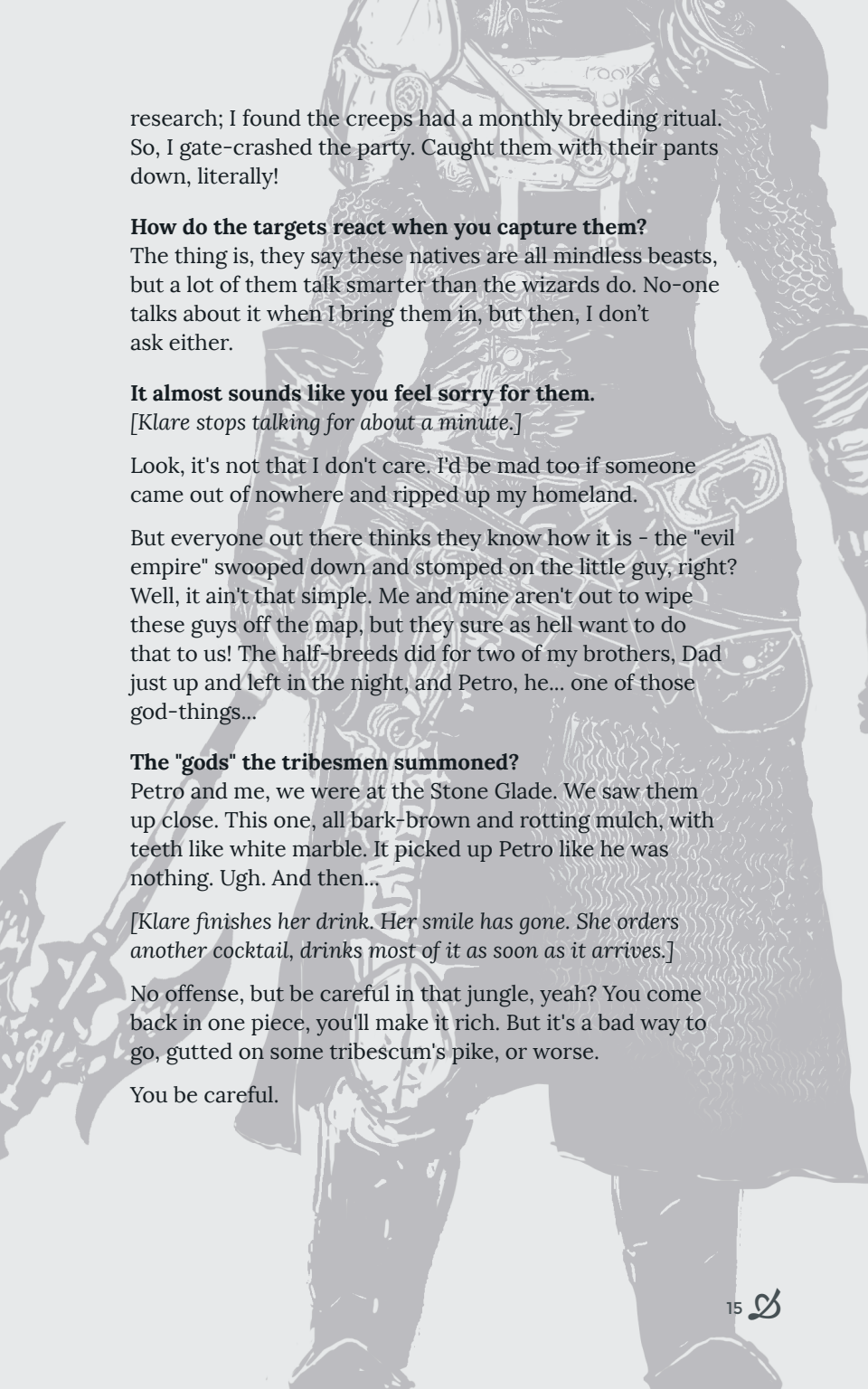
Isn't it a dangerous business?

[She laughs.] If it isn't, I'm doing something wrong! *[She unclasps her gorget, revealing a ring of ugly scars on her neck.]* I got these from a tribesman with a face like a leech. Hell of a kisser, that one. Of course, you can believe I gave as good as I got!

How do you defend yourself?

However I can. I've got this armour for starters, though with all the humidity I've gotta be careful with rust. If it's open battle I prefer the lance - yeah, it's impractical, but I know what I like and damn if it doesn't scare them silly when I charge. Of course, when they get up close and personal, like that bad kisser I mentioned earlier, it's usually the misericorde. *[She pats a slim dagger at her waist.]*

Usually, I do my homework, try to stack the odds in my favour. There was a whole tribe with a price on their heads but you had to bring them all in together. I did a bit of



research; I found the creeps had a monthly breeding ritual. So, I gate-crashed the party. Caught them with their pants down, literally!

How do the targets react when you capture them?

The thing is, they say these natives are all mindless beasts, but a lot of them talk smarter than the wizards do. No-one talks about it when I bring them in, but then, I don't ask either.

It almost sounds like you feel sorry for them.

[Klare stops talking for about a minute.]

Look, it's not that I don't care. I'd be mad too if someone came out of nowhere and ripped up my homeland.

But everyone out there thinks they know how it is - the "evil empire" swooped down and stomped on the little guy, right? Well, it ain't that simple. Me and mine aren't out to wipe these guys off the map, but they sure as hell want to do that to us! The half-breeds did for two of my brothers, Dad just up and left in the night, and Petro, he... one of those god-things...

The "gods" the tribesmen summoned?

Petro and me, we were at the Stone Glade. We saw them up close. This one, all bark-brown and rotting mulch, with teeth like white marble. It picked up Petro like he was nothing. Ugh. And then...

[Klare finishes her drink. Her smile has gone. She orders another cocktail, drinks most of it as soon as it arrives.]

No offense, but be careful in that jungle, yeah? You come back in one piece, you'll make it rich. But it's a bad way to go, gutted on some tribescum's pike, or worse.

You be careful.

CREATURES

Broadly, three factions fight for control of the Green Scar. The settlers from Chalcedon, including Thaddeus Cheapfields; The natives, and the god-things that (sometimes) serve them; and The White Maiden, a stone creature whose ancient curse has the potential to fundamentally change the jungle and everything in it.

CHEAPFIELDS

Cheapfields runs the human settlements as their de-facto leader; but has little to do with their day-to-day affairs. When he does deign to leave his great manor, clutched to the underside of the World Tree like some bronze woodlouse, it is generally either to seek aid for himself and his son or to take some revenge against the natives he feel betrayed his family.

The other residents of Brink have much broader hopes and dreams. Generally, they were paid to harvest the jungle's key resources (magic, lumber, stone etc.) or came on their own to do some treasure hunting. These actions bring them into conflict with the natives all the time, and tensions between the two are high.

Cheapfields and his son succumbed to the Marble Rot (see below) some time ago. Most of his limbs have been replaced with bronze substitutes and he drinks a potion brewed from raw magic and the sap of the World Tree to keep the curse from claiming his body completely. Cyrus, his young son, is less fortunate; he is effectively hooked up to a life-support machine. Without a constant supply of the life-giving sap, he would become petrified completely.

NATIVES AND GOD-THINGS

A typical native is humanoid, passionate and devout. Each tribe resembles a different animal or plant: frogs, stags, birds, snakes and fungi are a few examples. While each tribe tends to maintain their own camp, there are enclaves where the tribes meet. A handful have made their way to Brink. They use simple technology, primal magic, and guerilla tactics. They travel quickly and silently through the jungle, using time-honed skills, wings, or other natural abilities. In larger groups, or out of their element, they are ponderous and vulnerable.

When the settlers arrived, the natives could do little to defend themselves. In desperation, they summoned their gods to the land and bound them into mortal shells. We call these creatures god-things, god-lings, or god-shards. Each recalls a life of immortality and omnipotence, but is keenly aware of only being a fraction of that whole, now.

A typical god-thing is beautiful, tragic, and fractured. They obey the laws of physics grudgingly, lacking the strength to bend or break them as they once did. Most are humanoid, yet bestial in nature and monstrous in character. They harbour grudges against the mortals who broke them, and their rival who failed to help them. Each use of their powers burns more of their life away. Some burn slowly, using the time to live among mortals. Others burn quickly: a spark that lasts only a moment and consumes all in it's path.

THE WHITE MAIDEN

Among the pantheon of the jungle, The White Maiden stands alone. The natives believe she was the mother of the jungle and everything within it. When the gods were summoned and bound to the world, for some reason, only the White Maiden did not answer and could not be found.

The truth is far more prosaic than the natives believe. While immortal and powerful, the White Maiden is no goddess. She is a marble golem, seemingly the last of a race of earth elementals whose civilisation pre-dates all others on the planet. Her people built a city here. At some point, the White Maiden was laid to rest – not dead, but sleeping, awaiting some titanic task. Sometime after her internment (imprisonment?) her civilisation ended, her people were lost, and mankind took their place.

The White Maiden remembers a world of bright, clean stone. Plant and animal life was a curiosity; she has seen the World Tree once before, as a tiny sapling. She has slept for millenia below the jungle mud, but of late, her dreams have darkened and her sleep become restless...

Not long after waking she'll realise the grim truth of her situation. Everything she knew is in ruins. She may be the last of her kind. The world is strange, organic and alien. Her reaction will likely depend on how she is awakened, and what those who wake her tell her about the world at large.

THE MARBLE ROT

Across the jungle, evidence of the Marble people remains: A weathered hand here; an ivory lump there. The natives know the stone is cursed. It turns dead wood white and brittle.

Now, the curse has jumped to humans: first the Cheapfields, then the settlers of the *Petrified Outpost* (p31.) The curse is part of the White Maiden's dreams. As her dreams have darkened, the curse has gotten worse.

When you are infected with the Marble Rot, at the end of a session, the GM will ask “Have you tried to halt the spread of the curse?” You can answer “Yes, I did ___”, or “No, I did nothing.”

- ✦ If you answer no, mark XP. The GM will say (now, or at the start of next session) where the rot has spread to.

If it reaches both your head and your heart, make your Last Breath move.

- ✦ If you answer yes and the GM is satisfied this is true, the rot does not spread. (Nor does it recede.) Otherwise, it spreads, as per the “no” answer above.

Things that might help the curse: soaking limbs in brine; rubbing gold dust into your skin; replacing affected parts with mechanical substitutes.

Things that will halt the curse: The White Maiden's touch (see below.) Becoming an Etheromancer (p 33.)

CURING THE MARBLE CURSE

For those infected, the White Maiden's touch will turn any organic creature into a marble golem, like herself. The Maiden wants to do this as much as possible - she sees the curse as an abomination and wishes to make more of her kind wherever possible.

If you are transformed by the White Maiden, the following becomes true:

- ✦ Your entire body turns to marble.
- ✦ Your hair falls out. Your eyes become white orbs.
- ✦ You can no longer eat or drink (nor do you need to.)
- ✦ When you stand still, it's like looking at a statue.
- ✦ You lack the means to create more of your kind.
- ✦ You start to forget things, like what your parents look like. **Cross out all but one bond.** You can no longer have more than one bond at a time.
- ✦ Your physique changes. **You now have constitution 15 (+1 CON) and 2 Armour.** This cannot be changed. Anything that would change your constitution or armour value is ignored.
- ✦ Your other abilities remain much the same, within reason. Work with the GM to clarify uncertainties.

LOCATIONS

The following pages provide a page of detail for several important locations within the Green Scar. You may find some locations are barely used while others provide enough content alone for a session or more. This is fine! I make few assumptions where your players may start (or end...) their adventures.

PLAYER INTRODUCTION

Dungeon World is about reactionary play. Fill the Character's Lives with Adventure: start in the middle of the action, give them a situation with difficult choices they can't ignore, and Play to Find Out What Happens. This introduction should help with that!

If you're starting your campaign here, tell the party the first sentence or two and let them create their characters as normal. (I'm assuming you're only using the standard classes in Dungeon World - classes from other 3rd party supplements might require you change this up a little.) Then, continue your narration and throw them into the action.

You've spent the last fortnight aboard the Silver Rose, an airship bound for the Green Scar - a jungle island, crowned by the World Tree. As your ship circles before landing, a flash of green lightning strikes the prow. The airship is going down! The jungle rushes towards you. All around there is screaming.

You awake several hours later, dazed but whole. Less than a dozen crew and passengers survived. The canopy above is dense and dark. You feel eyes from the forest upon your back.

What do you do?

Before long, 1d6+3 hired goons (3HP, 1 armour, 1d6 damage close; *instinct: to profit*) arrive to investigate the wreckage. They're out to plunder the wreckage and kill any witnesses. They'll also be carrying spoils from the ruins of the Broken Tribe, about a day's march north.

The World Tree (and Brink beneath it) are ten day's perilous journey north-west, through thick jungle. It's about half that if they strike north for a few days, reach the river, and fashion a boat to take them downstream.

QUESTIONS

For the Fighter: What monstrous beast grows as big as a house here? What do you intend to do when you find it: kill it for sport, or take it as a mount?

For the Cleric: The natives have bound their gods to the jungle to fight for them. How does that sit with you? What relationship does your god have with the wild jungle gods?

For the Thief: A contact back in Chalcedon gave you a tip about a potent toxin only found in the jungle. What plant or fungus contains it? What does the toxin do?

For the Wizard: What magical theorems do your peers back home have about this place? Why do you disagree? How do you intend to prove them wrong?

For the Bard: They tell strange tales of the World Tree's island. Who did you meet that claimed to have been here before? What wild and outlandish stories did they share over a flagon of ale?

For the Druid: The earth's power flows strangely here - how is it different to your homeland? What makes it harder or impossible to attune yourself? How might you go about changing that?

For the Paladin: What wrongs need righting amongst this rabble? What falsehoods have been spread about the ways of this island, and who is responsible?

THE PORT

A salt-battered dock for boats and airships

STEADING

Prosperity:	●○○○○○	(Poor)
Population:	●●●○○○	(Steady)
Defences:	●●○○○○	(Militia)

There are few supplies here; sailors will direct you on to Brink. There is a token authority sent from Chalcedon to administrate and protect the ships in transit.

IMPRESSIONS

- ✦ Folk of all walks of life, stepping off the boats
- ✦ Battered adventurers, returning home in silence
- ✦ Schooners, cruisers and airships all jostling for space
- ✦ Tall, splintered mountain peaks surrounding the interior
- ✦ The prow of a boat, dashed against the sheer cliffs
- ✦ A narrow pass through the mountains, sanctuary for boats
- ✦ A raw, carved tunnel - to the World Tree and beyond

RUMOURS

1. There's gold and silver under the forest mud.
2. The gods walk the jungle.
3. The gods wage war against man and tribe alike.
4. The natives have eyes everywhere.
5. Mr Cheapfields never leaves his manor
6. The white stone is cursed.

GM MOVES

- ✦ A bird-man is spotted circling above.
- ✦ They learn of a problem in the mountain pass.
- ✦ They're forced to stay here overnight.
- ✦ A sailor tells them the Tree is dying.
- ✦ A storm breaks over the port.

BRINK

A Frontier Town in the Shadow of the World Tree

STEADING

Prosperity:	●●●○○	(Moderate)
Population:	●●●●●	(Booming)
Defenses:	●●○○○	(Militia)

Most mundane items are available; some skilled laborers. Resources are stretched thin trying to keep up with the population. There are a few men posted to the walls, but the settlement is mostly unregulated.

Exotic:	The fruit of the World Tree
Resources:	The jungle: wood, stone, fruit, meat
Need:	Fresh water
Trade:	The Chalcedon Republic
Enmity:	The natives of the jungle
Personage:	Thaddeus Cheapfields, founder of Brink and first settler

IMPRESSIONS

- ✦ A mish-mash of races, cultures, and creeds; mostly human
- ✦ Traders and merchants, but few permanent structures
- ✦ A raucous scuffle between rival adventuring parties
- ✦ A dead body in the street, just lying there
- ✦ The World Tree's roots, surrounding the settlement
- ✦ *Willow-weir*: the Outsider's Enclave, hewn from a root
- ✦ A 'roof' of bark and more roots, stretching overhead
- ✦ Cheapfields Manor, fixed to the roof
- ✦ Miles of wooden palisade between the roots; a crude defence against the jungle beyond
- ✦ Cleared jungle and no-man's land beyond the walls

CUSTOM MOVES

[Replaces Recruit] When you seek a guide or hireling in **Brink**, the GM will create one for you using the Quick-roll NPC table in this book. Then you choose one:

- ✦ They're the expert, you're fresh meat. Loyalty -1, Skills 2.
- ✦ They're an average stranger. Loyalty 0, Skills 1.
- ✦ You two have history. Tell the GM about an enemy, obligation, or complication you share. Loyalty +1, Skills 1.

GM MOVES

- ✦ They attract unwelcome attention
- ✦ "My friend doesn't like you... I don't like you either!"
- ✦ They lose something in the massed crowds (resources, their patience, their quarry)
- ✦ Something/someone infiltrates the city
- ✦ The tree shows signs of rot or weakness
- ✦ The natives organise a siege
- ✦ The natives bring their god-things to fight for them

CHEAPFIELDS MANOR

Stately home of the first founder; centre of Brink

GM MOVES

- ✦ They insult a guard of dignitary
- ✦ Cheapfields takes a personal interest in them
- ✦ They're cast through a hidden trapdoor, into open air
- ✦ An important clockwork mechanism fails
- ✦ It's revealed the Cheapfields have the White Rot
- ✦ Cheapfields spreads the curse to them

THE WILLOW-WEIR

The Outsider's Quarter; A District of Brink

Prosperity:	●●●●○	(Wealthy)
Population:	●●●●○	(Steady)
Defenses:	●○○○○	(Militia)

Any mundane item can be bought. Skilled labour is easy to find, but in high demand. The population is in line with the region; some small growth. There are able-bodied men who can be called to serve, but no standing force.

Safe:	Shaped from one of the World Tree's living roots, in keeping with nature; protected by Brink's defences
Need:	Diplomatic relations with the tribes
Arcane:	Many druids and practitioners of wild magic
Personage:	Siar-Kassai, elder statesman



D66 BRINK EVENTS AND OCCURANCES (D66)

- 11-16** *The Tree Weakens.* A quality of the tree decays - it's bark, fruit, sap or roots. The GM describes what consequences this has, then rolls again. (The GM should make a note of this in their *Grim Portents*.)
- 21** *Try This Drug!* Nominate a PC. If they take the drug, roll+CON. On a 10+ it's beneficial (the GM says how) and the first hit is free. On a 7-9, it's beneficial, but the seller expects immediate payment. On a miss, it's not beneficial, the seller wants paying, and it's addictive.
- 22** *The Silver Ghost Strikes!* A spate of murders are blamed on the 'Silver Ghost', a folk-tale as old as Brink itself. How do they say she kills her prey? What vendetta does she pursue?
- 23** *Etheric Catastrophe!* There's a dull explosion from a scholar's lab, followed by screaming. What was he working on? What's at risk right now?
- 24** *Jailbreak.* Roll or choose an NPC the militia tried to imprison. What did they learn while locked up that implicates one or more PCs?
- 25** *Woodlouse attack.* Not just any woodlice - huge creatures bred from the World Tree. What's prompted their attack? Is the World Tree under threat by them?
- 26-32** *Drinking Contest.* Whoever has the highest CON roll+CON. On a 10+ you win the contest - a new hireling (GM describes) owes you a job or two. On a 7-9, you came a close second - the NPC will hit you up for a job soon. (Take the job; or refuse, and lose face among the settlement.) On a miss, you gain a stinking hangover (-1 CON until you next make camp) and the NPC insists you do the job right now.
- 33-36** *Race Through the Jungle!* You've been challenged to recover something your rivals do. What is it? The GM may add "your rivals claim the object" to their moves.
- 41** *A New Religion.* The Templars of Mirkasa have arrived, and are building a church in Brink. How do their beliefs conflict with that of the PCs? What do they offer for those that join their cause?

D66 BRINK EVENTS AND OCCURANCES (D66)

- 42-45** *Under Siege!* The air is filled with the roars of wild beasts, and the whizzing of crude projectiles. A tribe have arrived at the gates in force, and they want blood! Which tribe(s)? What do the PCs know about them?
- 46** *You Owe me Money!* Ask a PC: who wants paying? How do you know them? The GM says what happens if they refuse or delay payment.
- 51-52** *The Lights Flicker.* The town lights - great hovering chunks of neon stone - are unnaturally dim this week. What dark deeds happen in the shadows? What might be causing the blackout?
- 53** *Willow-weir Assaulted.* Which humans try to break into the outsiders enclave? What are they after?
- 54** *Poison Fog.* A toxic pea-souper, blown over the walls from no-man's land. Who takes advantage of the low light? How is the flora and fauna affected?
- 55** *No Sign from the Mainland.* No ships this week, and no-one knows why. The PCs could take a boat from the port if they're curious...
- 56-62** *Fence for profit.* Got any good loot you want to ship to the mainland? This fence will buy it from you at better than usual prices. Will also find buyers for magic items and other curios.
- 63-65** *A familiar face comes to town.* An NPC arrives at the town with specific knowledge and history with one of the players. This could be something related to their bonds; their backstory, or their class (for example, someone from the Barbarian's tribe or the Druid's order, or the Wizard's former master.) How is their arrival problematic for the players?
- 66** *Decree from on high.* Thaddeus Cheapfields himself makes a demand of his town in light of recent events. What does he order? Does he leave his reclusive mansion to make it in person?

FIRST LANDING

The ruined remains of the doomed first colony

TRAVEL

- ✦ Ten days by foot from Brink, following the river
- ✦ Bordering the Manastream Morass
- ✦ At the mouth of the river

IMPRESSIONS

- ✦ An uncomfortable silence
- ✦ Blasted trees and terrain
- ✦ Evidence of a hasty retreat through the jungle
- ✦ Bronze logging machines, already rusting
- ✦ Watchful eyes from the marsh and jungle
- ✦ A grazing beast; nature returning to the land
- ✦ Everything turned pale and brittle

DISCOVERIES

(Requires Spout Lore or Discern Realities. On a 10+, tell them the content in italics too.)

- ✦ The white rot has spread from quarried marble, dragged here from deeper in the jungle. *The marble has some ruined inscriptions on it; they don't look native.*
- ✦ A silver necklace, discarded in the mud. The picture inside is of a man, woman and infant child. *It's an image of Thaddeus Cheapfields, first settler to arrive here, and his family. Cheapfields currently lives in a manor floating above Brink.*
- ✦ Adventuring gear - wood and rope has perished, but other items may be salvaged.

A BROKEN TRIBE

A tribe routed from their home; Settlers built a camp over it

IMPRESSIONS

- ✦ Woodsmoke and sawdust
- ✦ Machinery buzzing
- ✦ Uncouth human workers
- ✦ A half-complete settlement - broken palisades, wooden foundations, discarded equipment
- ✦ A native survivor, hiding in the trees
- ✦ The presence of a displeased god-thing

THE BROKEN TRIBE

Before the encounter, choose or roll which species the ousted tribe resembled:

1. **Frogmen:** Swampy terrain
2. **Birdmen:** Broken roosts, smashed eggs
3. **Beavers:** A shattered dam
4. **Sloths:** Many native pelts - few escaped
5. **Gorgons:** Petrified limbs, stone carvings
6. **Elks/stags:** Antlers as trophies, grassland
7. **Salamanders:** Bubbling pools, sulphur smell
8. **Fungus:** Rotted trees and dead wood
9. **Earth Elementals:** Ore veins, a cave mouth
10. **Dryads:** Dense trees, evidence of regrowth

GM MOVES

- ✦ The natives retaliate against the workers
- ✦ The foreman takes offence
- ✦ A logging automaton malfunctions
- ✦ The tribe launches an ambush
- ✦ An elder summons a god-thing

FAST-FLOWING RIVER

The only delta from the sea to the World Tree

TRAVEL

The water flows from the sea (and the site of *First Landing*) to the World Tree (and *Brink*.) It's about 3 days travel from First Landing to Brink, following the current. Travelling by foot takes about 3 times as long.

DISCOVERIES

- ✦ A friendly noodle-bar on the back of a giant turtle
- ✦ A glimpse of the *Petrified Outpost* near the shore
- ✦ Evidence of the war between settler and native
- ✦ A native settlement or blockade over the water
- ✦ Nesting sites for rare and magical beasts
- ✦ Marshy floodplain (see *Manastream Morass*)
- ✦ Floating witchlights, leading away
- ✦ An exposed root of the World Tree

AREA MOVES

When you make a perilous journey by boat, name your oarsman, navigator, and quartermaster. The oarsman rolls+STR; the navigator and quartermaster both roll+WIS. On a 10+, you help get everyone there faster and safer. On a 7-9, pick a complication from the moves below. On a miss, the GM will pick one.

- ✦ Your passage is noted by strange observers
- ✦ Your boat takes a wrong turning
- ✦ The rapids seize control of your boat
- ✦ The water gets in your supplies
- ✦ Someone goes overboard

PETRIFIED OUTPOST

IMPRESSIONS

- ✦ A wide marble plinth, much older than the village.
- ✦ A huge bronze bell, intended for a watchtower
- ✦ Evidence of cursed stone in use - flagstones in buildings etc
- ✦ Workshops, waterwheels, empty wagons
- ✦ Corroded metal, old rope, rotted paper
- ✦ A thick, close atmosphere
- ✦ A deep thrumming from the ground below
- ✦ The tomb of the **White Maiden** (p17) underground

GM MOVES

- ✦ The party learns the nature of the curse
- ✦ A marbled ruin collapses
- ✦ Natives attempt a fearful ambush
- ✦ The curse manifests on them, or their gear
- ✦ They wake the White Maiden

Danger: The White Maiden (Planar)

- ✦ Spread the White Curse, or turn them into half-cursed marble creatures (p19)
- ✦ Control or influence other marble creatures
- ✦ Reveal a terrible truth about the origins of humanity, the World Tree, or something else.
- ✦ Turn an organisation (corrupt, infiltrate, or influence)

The White Curse

See pages 17-19 for more details on the White Maiden and the nature of the curse.

THE MANASTREAM MORASS

The swampy delta between the sea and the World Tree

DISCOVERIES

- ✦ Pools of treacherous deep water
- ✦ Stone limbs rising from the muck
- ✦ A safe, but narrow path
- ✦ A creep that chills your bones
- ✦ A rare pool of crystal-clear manastream water
- ✦ A travelling peddler, navigating the muck on stilts
- ✦ One or more Etheromancers, experimenting with the land

CUSTOM MOVES

When a living thing submerges itself in a manastream pool, they are freed of any paralysis but the water's course or speed changes dramatically.

When you hear the chilling screams of the bog, roll+WIS. On a 10+, you hear them echo in your dreams for a day and night. On a 7-9, you hear them for a week. On a miss, you hear them for a month, and until the GM says otherwise, you can't hear anything else.

When you meet a gorgon's gaze, eye to eye, hold 1. When several gorgons stare at you, or at the GM's behest, roll+CON(-hold). On a 10+ your muscles stiffen and slow but you can move for the moment. On a 7-9 you cannot move until there are no gorgons looking at you. On a miss, a joint or even a whole limb is petrified.

COMPENDIUM CLASS: ETHEROMANCER

When you are granted the rank of novitus with the Etheromantic Accord, you may take *Scion of Etherics* when you level up:

Scion of Etherics

You gain the following wizard moves and spells, if you don't have them already. You also gain an empty mana-cell (2 weight).

- ✦ Cast a Spell (Wizard move)
- ✦ Level 1 spells: *Detect Magic*, *Invisibility*
- ✦ Level 3 spell: *Dispel Magic*

When you spend an hour or so with an object or creature considered a *place of power*, you may drain its power and store it in your mana-cell. This process is typically fatal to the place of power. When you discharge a charged mana-cell, you can cast a spell you know as if you rolled a 10+. The mana-cell holds a single charge, good for one spell.

Once you have taken *Scion of Etherics* you can take any of the following moves, in place of your usual options.

Etheric Discharge

You learn the spell *Fireball*, if you don't have it already.

Etheromantic Master

You become ghostlike and ethereal. You can no longer eat or drink, but while you hold a charged mana-cell you don't need sleep or sustenance. If you suffer from the White Curse, this is no longer an issue.

Ghost-Scholar

You take +1 ongoing when you *Spout Lore* about the ghostly creatures, the spirit realm, or the flow of magical energies.



A HIDDEN TRIBE

One of the Natives' Secret Enclaves

QUESTIONS

- ✦ What house- or horse-sized god-things do you see? What creatures do they resemble? Do they seem bound, or working freely?
- ✦ What have the natives done with
- ✦ How have you made it here without getting lynched by the natives?

ENCOUNTERS

Dunz, a Drunken Needle-man

A hairy pygmy dressed in rags. He'll offer a mystic animal tattoo, or healing acupuncture (heal 2d6-constitution HP.)

If you get an animal tattoo, roll 2d6+CHA; the GM rolls 1d6+1d8. The highest roll is the cost, in coin; the highest roller gets to pick the animal and describe the tattoo. You can understand and be understood by the animal presented in the tattoo, no matter how crude the image is.

World-Root

A woven cavern hewn from the World Tree's root. It's *rumoured the tribes communicate by tapping a coded language through certain roots.*

When you follow a root's passage, name your destination and roll+WIS. On a hit, it takes about as long as you'd expect. On a 10+, you get a good impression of who or what (if anything) is waiting at the end. On a miss any or all of the following, GM's choice:

- ✦ You wind up somewhere else
- ✦ Someone knows where you're going
- ✦ You're trapped until you deal with _____

COMPENDIUM CLASS: JUNGLE STALKER

by Tim Franzke

When you receive a sacred tattoo from the jungle tribes, you may take *Stalkers' Gifts* when you level up:

Stalker's Gifts

You have tattoos of two animal spirits of great power. Choose two sacred animals the tattoos represent. **When you make camp and meditate on your markings,** choose one tattoo and roll+CON. On a 10+, choose two gifts from that tattoo's spirit. On a 7-9, choose one. On a miss, choose one, but the spirit in the other tattoo disrupts your gift (the GM will describe how). Gifts last until you next make camp, unless the GM says otherwise.

Example Tattoos

- ✦ **Set, the Sky-Serpent:** *Contort your form, spit a blinding poison, hypnotise the weak-willed*
- ✦ **Namaqua, the Chameleon:** *Change your skin's colour; gain a sticky, prehensile tongue; remain motionless for hours*
- ✦ Other spirits: work with the GM to define your spirit animal and three gifts you can call upon.

Once you have taken *Stalker's Gifts*, you can take any of the following moves in place of your other advances.

Inked on My Soul

You gain a new tattoo of a third spirit animal, of your choice.

Adaptive Hunter

When you use *Stalker's Gifts*, on a 10+ you may choose gifts from more than one spirit. On a 12+, choose 3 gifts.

Known to my Kind

You can understand and communicate with any creature that resembles your spirit animals.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE SCAR

By IBN AL-NADIM, *vaunted wazir of Umberto city;
traveller & archivist of the fantastic, arcane & unbelievable*

Editor's note: Mr. Al-Nadim was last seen in Leidsdrasil three months ago, looking distracted and highly anxious. At the time, it was believed the recent calamities occurring in his homeland weighed heavily on the man's mind. This ruined journal was discovered half-buried in jungle mud several weeks later. Despite the ornate clasp on the cover, the journal was unlocked - many pages were missing. Mr Al-Nadim has not been seen or heard from since.

DAY 4

My Caliph counts on me. The locals spoke at length of these barbaric tribesmen, and my city is beset by demons and sorcery. We are in sore need of reliable troops. If these Chalcedoni scoundrels will not parley with the natives, it falls to more dignified souls, like myself, to extend the olive branch.

That sour-breathed journeyman has already abandoned me to my fate in this emerald labyrinth. I suppose I should consider it a kindness he only took half the gold meant for the tribesmen. I can only hope it is enough.

DAY 6

I am going in circles! I write this entry with a stylus I thought lost two days ago, freshly rediscovered in the mud. I have lost my sense of direction and do not know which way to face for my morning prayers. I have barely slept, but in that I take some comfort; for in my dreams I see only my beautiful city, reduced to flames and ruin. Death and madness stalks me in this green; but should I fail, I will take some comfort knowing I did my duty to the end.

DAY 7

The creatures finally approached while I crossed a waist-deep river. I could barely wade through the thick mud, but the frog-like men moved as if it was air. (I have suspected their eyes at my back for some time, though until now I assumed it was merely superstition, or some creeping madness.)

Though I had no idea of their approach, they at least had the decency not to stab their wicked spears into my back. Upon realising my predicament I spoke every word of welcome and goodwill I have learned over my long years of travel. (Given the sharpened stakes at my throat, it would be stupid to utter anything else.) They seemed to understand my intention, if not the words, and responded with a slow croaking language even I would find difficult to replicate. I offered some of the gold I had with me, to make my intentions as clear as possible. This seemed acceptable.

For the past few hours I have been led onward - and upward - to their treetop village. The climb was treacherous and dizzying. My tools and the gold are in the natives hands and I am sat here within nothing but my stylus and a single page, torn from my book, to keep me company. My cell is some kind of birdcage - abandoned other than myself, at least. It swings precariously over the canopy. Perhaps this paper would be best served for my last will and testament.

I must admit my prospects are bleak. However, I am alive and I am dry (more than I have been for many days, at least.) I have found which way is east, and so may pray to the Fortunate City again, as all good men should. Most importantly, my quest has not been entirely in vain. For now, I take some small comfort in these things, and await my final fate.

DAY 8

Had I not risen to pray at dawn, the tribe's raucous croaking would have woken me. Such a cacophany! Now I understand

why they choose to roost so high up; if they must make such a noise each day, they would be a surefire target for the Chalcedoni soldiers. I was offered pale roots and a bowl of squirming grubs for breakfast. Such was my hunger, I wolfed them down without argument.

Later, I was brought before their leader. Few of the frogmen I have met have stood higher than my waist; but their lord, dense and squat, could meet my eye without standing. A bright red cloak covered the figure from neck to toe. As I approached, I noticed my equipment and the gold piled to one side. The valuables seemed to be barely touched, but my pack had been ransacked. In the chieftain's hands was a square, hidebound object - my journal, still securely locked.

I was held aloft by two of the larger specimens, unable to flee. The elder creature regarded me with eyes the size of Tyrhennian pearls, moving from the book to myself and back again. With a long, deep croak I failed to grasp the meaning of, my book was offered back to me. As I took it, he held my gaze, vast eyes as unblinking as the desert moon. Not knowing what else to do, I unclasped the tome, my fingers dancing across the dials. I remember thinking perhaps these savages have no concept of the written word; I felt a flare of sympathy for such simple creatures, followed by a swelling pride that I would be the one to bring them such wisdom.

How wrong I was. As soon as the book was unclasped, the elder snatched it from me. He idly leafed through the pages, his eyes following the words with a practiced custom. Clearly, the rest of the world had underestimated the extent of these creatures' knowledge, though gods only know who taught them.

After a time, the elder returned my book to me, almost gently. He had turned to the next blank page, and tapped the heavy vellum with one expectant finger. Not knowing what else to do, I have written this entry. I have even been brought fresh ink, and a light refreshment. A dozen bulging eyes watch every trace of the stylus. I do not know how

long I am expected to write for. Perhaps, with such a captive audience, this would be a good opportunity to describe my captors-

DAY 8 (CONTD.)

My description of my captors shall have to wait; for, as I wrote those words, a great croaking and whooping erupted from elsewhere in the village. We travelled outside together, I led roughly along by several webbed hands. Several dozen frogmen - perhaps the whole village, or at least it's fighting contingent - were scanning the jungle floor below. Though looking over that precipitous drop made my stomach turn, I compelled myself to see what all the fuss was about.

I spied a rustling in the bushes, followed by the familiar tones of Chalcedoni dialect - many voices, talking over another. Behind the voices, I heard a familiar wheezing, and clanking.

The hunting party seemed to clear the underbush almost simultaneously. Leading the charge was a well-dressed noble, garbed like some kind of gaudy general. He was mounted on some kind of mechanical horse, bronze gears straining to clear the thick growth. A freshly-loaded rifle lay across the leader's lap. Another five or ten followed him, a mix of peoples, all armed in the familiar bronze filigree of Cheapfields mercenaries. The bronze armour looked very hot, and very impractical.

The elder, upon seeing this warband, gave a short, decisive croak. The crowd parted to reveal two frogmen, standing head and shoulders over their kin. Their warty hides were inked from head to toe in blue tattoos, runes that hurt my eyes to focus on them. At a nod from their leader, each barked a solitary syllable in their croaking language.

Had I not seen the great and terrible magics of the Umberto Magi first-hand, I may not have believed what happened next. The forms of these two warriors began to shift in front of my very eyes. Their stubby limbs grew long and slender;

webbed paws turned into deadly claws. Bulbous eyes split, shifted and reformed. Before long, one had taken on the aspect of some great spider; the other, a monstrous cat.

Despite the odds being against them, the ensuing battle was mercifully swift. I watched alongside the elder and most of the tribe. Silently, the glowing warrior-creatures set upon the armoured soldiers. The crack and snap of their blackshot rifles hit nothing; one warrior dissipated into a hundred glowing moths, only to reform once the bullet had passed harmlessly through into some chimaera of even deadlier countenance. Before long, the battle passed out of view. The tribe, apparently satisfied enough with what they had seen, seemed no to care about knowing the final conclusion. I was escorted with the elder back to his hut, where I found a sheet of rushes and a crude lantern of fireflies waiting for me. Though I struggled to discern anything through the elder's bloated features, I could have sworn then he smiled at me. Since then, I have been left to complete my writing in peace. It is late, and the sounds of battle have long since died down; but there is no sign of the twin warriors.

What warriors they were! What power they wielded! My purpose has been born anew. If there is any way I can convince these strange folk to aid my people's cause, I swear I shall discover it.

DAY 12

Several days have passed. The elder and I have discovered some rapport; though neither of us understand the other's speech, I communicate to him through my words; and he through gestures and offerings.

These people's strange customs belie a great deal of warmth and love, like the silent pool that hides such life beneath its reed-choked surface. In the time I have been here I have seen the tribe in celebration, at rest and at play; in all, they show themselves to be capable of no fewer feelings or

instincts than any other. It would seem the blue-tattooed warriors are some kind of last resort; I have seen none return, and having seen more of their terrifying abilities, I do not believe they simply fell in battle.

Clearly, the frogmen cannot spare the men I once thought they could. But what of this jungle power? If even a tenth of the caliph's faithful were marked in such a way, their power might rival even the magi council. I have enquired about this great power, as delicately as I dare. I learned there are certain stone tablets, etched by hands older than anyone in the tribe, that describe the means by which one may take on the power of the jungle. When I requested to see these tablets for myself, that perhaps I may discern something of their true nature, it was the closest to anger I have seen the elder come to. Clearly, I will not gain a viewing through courtesy.

It is a poor guest who steals from a gracious host, or goes against their will. And yet... this power cannot be left, to fall into myth and ignorance when the Chalcedoni return in force.

It is settled. I have steeled myself. I shall seek these secrets tonight, while these cold-blooded creatures sleep, then steal away in the night back to civilisation. I pray to the gods I am successful.

DAY ??

[The following entry is written in blood, seemingly by the author's hand. Several scholars who have studied the entry believe it is written in the frogmen's language, though it would seem impossible Mr Al-Nadim could learn this in such a short time. Only a fragment of the obscure language has been successfully translated.]

I GO INTO THE LAND OF... [name illegible] ...PAST THE EYE OF JUDGEMENT... I AM THE HUNGRY-CITY, THE BLOOD-TOOTH-CLAW, THE RED-MANE... I AM MARKED BY ["Hu-rak-an"?]... THEY CANNOT STOP ME.



USEFUL TABLES

When the fighting's over and they stand victorious, you may roll on either this table or the quick-loot table, whichever you prefer. (This one is more interesting, but potentially harsher to the players.) Roll once for the whole party and determine randomly who actually finds the item. Unless stated otherwise, all treasures are 1-weight.

D66 TREASURE

11	A single, shiny crown. (1 coin, 0 weight.)
12-15	Treated hides or similar trade goods. 3-weight, 3d6 coin if sold.
16	An interesting clue or item relevant to the situation.
21	A native's jewellery, describe it. (2d10 coin)
22	Some sort of carved mace (close). Further examination reveals it's someone's peg leg. (No sign of the owner.)
23-24	A map of the area (0 weight) including an annotation describing either buried treasure or a secret hideout.
25	A settler's shrunken head, about the size of your fist. Cast <i>Speak With Dead</i> on it and it'll reply in a high-pitched voice, like it's on helium.
26	A flask of gnomish coffee. It's stupidly strong. Drinking it grants a re-roll to any INT tests for 24 hours. It also keeps you awake - if you make camp in that time, you lose the opportunity to sleep and regain lost HP.
31	A lance, like you'd use for a joust. <i>Reach, awkward.</i> An engraving on the inside is made out to "Petro Muller".
32	A hipflask of decent whiskey (0 weight). Drink a measure to keep warm; drink it all to get drunk. When you get drunk, tell the group who you shared a similar beverage with, once. Tell us how they died.
33	Ibn al-Nadim's battered diary. The last few entries suggest he tried to steal magic from the frogmen, and failed miserably.

D66 TREASURE

- 34** A marble root; or a wooden root that's petrified. If brought near the world tree, it will spread the marble moss curse (see random encounters) to living wood as well as dead. Maybe the gorgons, or the ancient marble golems of old, know a cure.
- 35** A pouch of poisonous herbs (0 weight; see the thief starting move *poisoner*.) Roll 2d6. On a 10+, you get to name which poison; on a 7-9, the GM does; on a miss, the GM does and you accidentally apply it to yourself.
- 36-41** A magical weapon (one-handed, close.) It has a simple magical effect relevant to the situation; or if nothing comes to mind, can replicate the effects of a single wizard's cantrip at-will.
- 42** D6x2 uses of halfling pipeleaf, wrapped in a towel.
- 43** 1d6 clean *bandages* and one use of *poultices & herbs*.
- 44-45** First aid kit: 1 use each of *antitoxin*, *poultices & herbs*, *bandages*.
- 46** A magical scroll, rune or gizmo (0 weight). Roll+INT. On a 10+ it replicates the effect of a third-level wizard spell, the GM will say which; on a 7-9 it's a third level spell, but you don't know which until it's cast. On a miss, it could be anything - roll 1d30, where 1 is *Light* and 30 is *Perfect Summons* - and it goes off right now...
- 51-53** 1d10 uses of *rations* and one *healing potion*.
- 54-56** If they had ranged weapons, 1d6 *ammo* (0 weight). If not, 1d6 uses of *adventuring gear*.
- 61-62** 1d6 uses each of *rations* and *adventuring gear*.
- 63-64** 1 *healing potion*.
- 65** 1d4 *healing potions*.
- 66** A purple potion, with bits floating in it. When you drink it, roll+CON. On a 10+, the GM will pick one stat (the big number, not the modifier) to increase by one permanently. On a 7-9, it tastes gross, but has no effect. On a miss, mark XP and you choose one stat to permanently decrease by one.

BESTIARY

BESTIARY	#	DAMAGE	HP	INSTINCT
Prospector	9+	1d6 <i>forceful</i>	3HP	<i>Make profit</i>
Foreman	1	1d10	12HP	<i>Maintain order</i>
Auto-logger	1	1d10 <i>messy</i>	16HP	<i>Cut down</i>
Etheromancer	1	1d10 <i>messy</i>	16HP	<i>Seek knowledge</i>
Bird-man	9+	1d6 <i>far</i>	3HP	<i>Divebomb</i>
Frog-man	9+	1d6 <i>poisoned</i>	3HP	<i>Ambush</i>
Gorgon	2-8	1d8 <i>petrify</i>	6HP	<i>Petrify</i>
Elder	1	1d10 <i>divine</i>	12HP	<i>Summon gods</i>
God-thing	2-8	1d8+2 <i>messy</i>	6HP	<i>Break free</i>

MAKING A MONSTER

Moves & Instincts: What does it want? How can it get that? How does it cause trouble for the party?

Number Appearing: Solitary, group (2-8) or horde (9+)

HP & Damage: 12HP/1d10, 6HP/1d8, 3HP/1d6.

Size: Larger creatures have greater range, damage, and/or HP.

Arms & Armour: Messy? Forceful? Ignores armour? Ranged? Has (0-3) armour, or other defences?

Special Features: Divine? Arcane? Cautious? Sneaky? (Mechanical) Construct? Hates Violence? (Choose any/all that apply and define the fictional benefits/drawbacks.)

LOCATIONS

WHO BUILT IT?

1-3 Natives

4-5 Settlers

6 God-things

WHAT FOR?

2-3 Prison or Maze

4-5 Mine or Junkheap

6 Tomb or Gravesite

7 Lair or Hideout

8-9 Shrine or Temple

10 Library or Vault

11 Portal or Waypoint

12 Unknown

WHEN?

1-2 A while ago
(months, years)

3-5 Recently
(weeks, months)

6 Still under
construction

WHAT WENT WRONG?

2-3 Battlefield

4-5 Arcane Curse

6-7 Corruption/Pollution

8 Quake/Fire/Flood

9 Depleted

10 Overrun

11+ Nothing

HOW OVERGROWN?

1-2 Entirely

3-5 Moderately

6 Totally Clear

DANGER

1 Snare/Paralyse

2 Curse/Infect

3 Trap (Damage)

4-5 Ambush

6 Random Creature

	SETTLER	TRIBAL	LOOKS	REACTION	QUIRK	WANTS/COST
1	Aventail	Arba	Beautiful	Insane	Actually a Ghost	Excess & Debauchery
2	Bascinet	Bolo	Disfigured		Actually a God	Revenge
3	Claremont	Celtic	Drunk	Agresive	Addicted	Wealth & Treasure
4	Estoc	Dash	Dull-witted		Infected	
5	Gottleib	Indigo	Eager		Double-crossed	Renown
6	Harper	Oake	Languid	Cautious	Dying	
7	Rashid	Teroc	Religious		Fanatical	Glory
8	Schynbald	Unta	Scrawny	Hopeful	Prospecting Foreman	Affection
9	Walton	Vix	Tattooed		Know-it-all	Knowledge & Secrets
10	Zara	Zunta	Wild	Friendly	Lost it all	Good Accomplished

MAGIC ITEMS & NPCS

(MAGIC) ITEM		EFFECT	
SETTLER	NATIVE	SETTLER	NATIVE
1 Child's toy	Witches Fingertone	Drains Energy	Magical Damage
2 Bronze Shield	Wooden Familiar	Magical Protection	Changes Weather
3 Cracked Goggles	Carved Stone Staff	Destroys Infection	Speaks to Beasts
4 Silver Hammer	Marble Sword	See Into Future	Jungle Camouflage
5 Half-torn Book	Buzzing Jar	Break Other Magics	Summons a Swarm
6 Brass Lantern	Whip of Vines	Discover Resources	Render Mute