

THE GREEN LAW of VARKITH



BRENDAN CONWAY



***"Varkith is a city made of dreams, dirt, and jade.
Its people are artists, criminals, and nobles all.
You'll learn to love it, if it doesn't kill you first."***

- Halka van-Sayev, Master Guide of
the Varkith Sight-Seer's Guild

THE GREEN LAW of VARKITH

A decorative flourish consisting of symmetrical, stylized wings or branches extending outwards from a central point, with intricate scrollwork and a small central emblem.

By BRENDAN CONWAY

Written by Brendan Conway

Developed by Brendan Conway and Mark Diaz Truman

Edited by Eric Mersmann, Mark Diaz Truman, and Sally Christensen

Proofreading by Shelley Harlan

Art by Juan Ochoa

Layout by Hal Mangold

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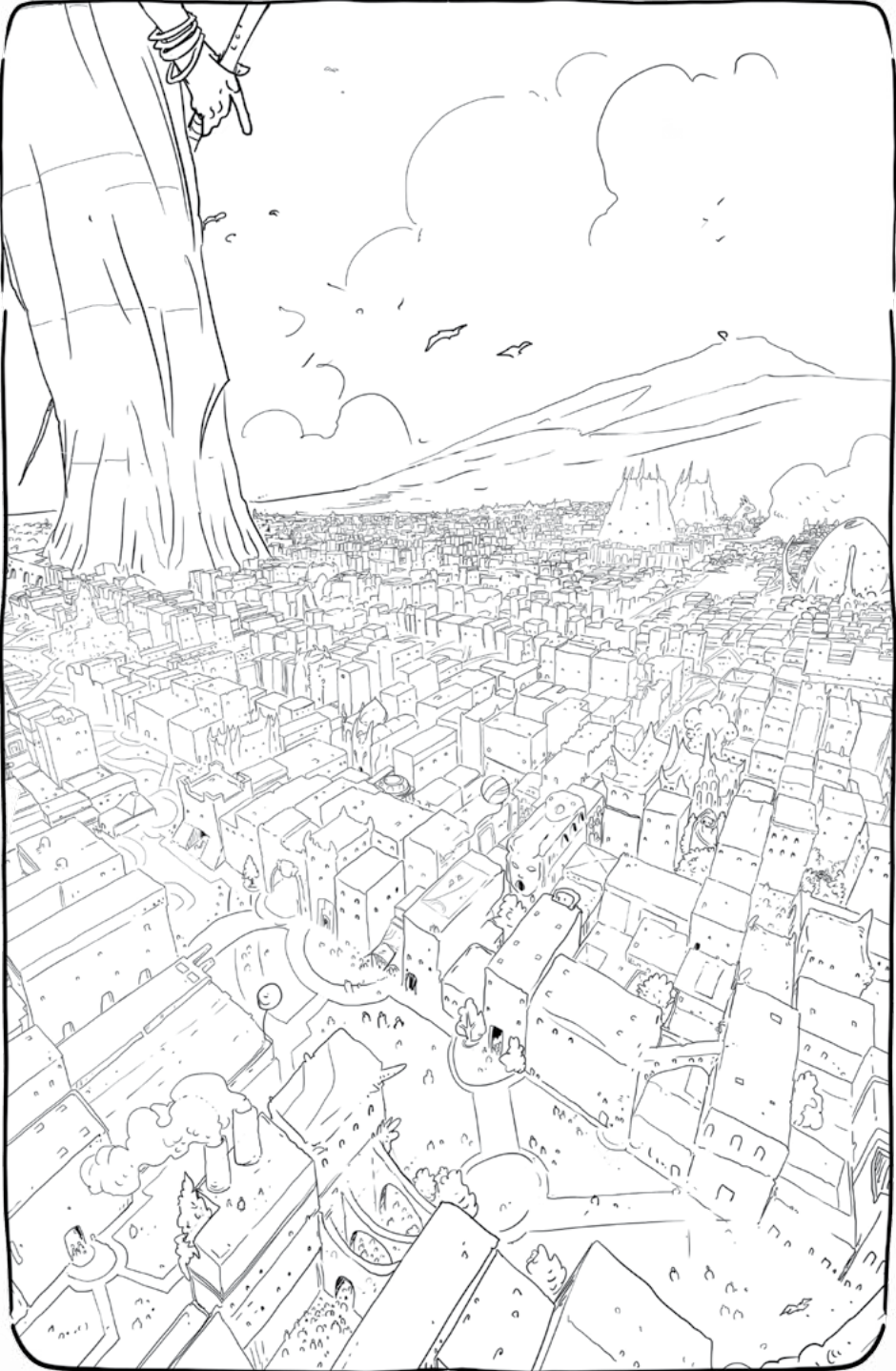
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THE GREEN LAW OF VARKITH







VARKITH, FROM ABOVE



A WORLD IN ITS PRIME



WHAT IS THE GREEN LAW OF VARKITH?

Your ship cuts across the waves, and for a moment you think about the enormous things asleep at the bottom of the ocean, vast forms that once stalked the world and ruined entire civilizations. But the water sluices past quickly, the harnessed race-whales at the front of the ship pulling it forward like a battering ram. You look up, the light playing across the surface in an endless cloud of glimmering points, and...there it is. Faint, small, but there. The Green City. Its buildings a strange jagged line along the horizon. The statue, barely visible, but still there, enormous and green in the sun. The mountain, towering over the whole of the island.

A new world awaits you in the city. A place of many peoples, many creations, many hopes, many opportunities. Varkith is like no other city in this entire world. A place where you can make your dreams come alive if your sword is sharp and your words sharper.

You'll found a guild with others like you, and you'll find a place to start out, some tiny little hole in a larger building. You'll start off insignificant and weak, and no other guild will care about yours, but you'll work, and struggle, and argue, and fight. And soon, your guild will own its own room, and then its own building, and then its own street. Other guilds will start paying yours tribute, and then no one will care when you came here, or what color your eyes are, or whether or not you have tusks. All they'll care about is your guild's tokens, your guild's power, and you.

The Green City. Varkith. The place where you will build a future, one bloody jade brick at a time.

This book, coupled with the *Dungeon World* base book, provides you with everything you need to run a game of *Dungeon World* in the living, vibrant, and dangerous setting of Varkith. Players take on the roles of the varied and strange citizens of this island city, trying to build their own guild up to the top of the heap. They might one day sit on the Council of Varkith, having made their fortunes, but it's going to be one heck of a struggle to get there.

The Green Law of Varkith provides details on the rules and organizations of this odd society. It provides information on many of the guilds that call Varkith their homes, along with some of the monstrous creatures of the city; the strange paths to power that those in the city have carved for themselves; the bizarre magical contraptions that embody Varkith's innovative and brash spirit; and, most importantly, the different peoples and cultures living within the city's limits. The book also provides you with all the rules information you'll need to play the game of guilds.

INSPIRATION

The Green Law of Varkith is inspired by many different sources. It owes a large debt to the campaign setting of *Planescape*, and to the game *Planescape: Torment* in particular. China Mieville's *Bas-Lag* books are also strong inspirations, *Perdido Street Station* in particular. *The Etched City* by K.J. Bishop and the *Ambergris* books of Jeff Vandermeer (*City of Saints and Madmen*, *Shriek*, and *Finch*) also lent grist to the mill for the invention of Varkith, among others.

OVERVIEW OF THE BOOK

Here's what you'll find inside ***The Green Law of Varkith***.

- In **THE CITY OF THE GREEN LADY**, you'll find the background and history of Varkith, just enough to get you going. There are going to be blank spaces and blurred bits, but that's as it should be—Varkith is such a diverse and eccentric city, it's almost certain that no history has it right.
- In **THE FACES OF GUILDERS**, you'll find the unique rules for the ten different primary peoples of Varkith: the iron-tattooed D'horvae; the powerful, noble, and haughty Orkari; the immigrant, alien, and tireless Krktri; the strange, unnerving, and decaying Fellegrith; the pious, monstrous, tentacular V'ss'liga; the large, artistic, and colorful Halarth; the hairless, glowing, pale Siccyx; the dark-skinned, opportunistic, and pragmatic Isqu; the ethereal, haunting, and beautiful Ym; and the diverse, passionate, and barely accepted Freed Ones.

- In **THE JADE POWERS**, you'll find the rules for creating, maintaining, using, and growing your own guild. This is one of the most important changes that *The Green Law of Varkith* makes from base *Dungeon World*.
- In **THE STREETS AND THEIR LIVES**, you'll find the most important places in Varkith, and the most important guilds in Varkith. The city has countless small guilds, scattered all throughout the city; these are only a small sample of some of the most powerful and influential.
- In **THE POISON IN THE CITY'S VEINS**, you'll find a few fronts to give you some ideas of the threats and strife running through Varkith.
- In **THE PATHS TO GREATER GLORY**, you'll find compendium classes for some of the most elite and specialized individuals in all of Varkith.
- In **THE WORKS OF BEAUTEOUS ARTIFICE**, you'll find the most important and impressive relics and artifacts of Varkith's innovative spirit.
- In **THE CREATURES OF SEWER AND SKY**, you'll find some of the monstrous denizens of the city, be they vermin or dangerous predators.
- In **THE TRUTHS OF THE ISLAND CITY**, you'll find advice and tips for a GM running a game in Varkith.



THE CITY OF THE GREEN LADY



In a world like this one, Varkith is still fairly new. There are other kingdoms, empires, theocracies, and domains spread throughout the world that are by far and away its elder. But it is certainly not a young city; it's been around for centuries now, growing, developing, becoming its own entity. Its past is a reaction to the world around it; its future may be the future of the entire rest of this sphere. Only time will tell, but for now, Varkith seems to be the most dynamic, profitable, and perhaps even powerful place in all the world. This is the story of how it got there.

THE TIME OF HEROES

The Time of Heroes has no clear beginning. Some theorize there were ages before it, but most records functionally start with this era. The world in this time was untamed and wild, full of monstrosities and powerful magics. It was difficult to form a successful town, let alone a successful kingdom—how could your settlement survive when there were such creatures living in the air, in the sea, in the very dirt that supported your crops? Normal folk were the victims of powers far greater than themselves throughout this time, and the heroes were no exception.

When a hero would come to town, the first reaction would often be happiness and celebration. A hero! Clad in armor carved out of the beasts they had slain, bearing some powerful weapon of eldritch or divine might, capable of breaking apart the things that tormented the people. But then, in all but a very few cases, the hero's true nature would come forth. Heroes did not care about saving lives, or protecting villagers; they cared about *glory*, about *power*, about *treasure*. They

were mercenary, without scruples; they were arrogant, without limits. They saw themselves as better than the villagers they encountered. The heroes were mighty, capable of acting, changing the world, while the villagers would forever be trapped in their own little, insignificant lives.

When a hero would come to town, it was almost always because there was something the hero wanted. And the hero would never hesitate to raze the entire town to the ground if it meant getting what they wanted. What's more, this doesn't even begin to scratch the horrors of bands of these heroes, their greed and lust grown exponentially in each other's company.

Sometimes, heroes would grow powerful enough that they would form their own kingdoms. Build fortresses and statues to themselves, and hold their borders against nearby threats. These were the first nations, the first places that could weather the horrors and dangers of the world. None of them just, or supportive. All of them poisoned by the same sicknesses that infected the heroes who made them.

This was the Time of Heroes. For some, a time of mythic wonder and action, of great deeds and legends created. For others, a time of woe, misery, tyranny, and death.

THE FOUNDING OF VARKITH

From its very inception, Varkith was an attempt to buck the trends of the world around it. It was a colony, built by brave and desperate people. Exactly which people, what race, is unknown—every people claims the original settlers for their own, and the early signs of architecture were lost during the Desolation. Some archaeologists still explore to find the answer, but most think it a worthless fool's errand.

Regardless, these original settlers sailed a boat into the Bejeweled Sea, and found the massive island, its mountain towering high like a beacon calling them home. They landed and built their new homes. They were not entirely safe; there were still beasts of the air and sea to contend with, and some creatures native to the island. But they were safe from one thing—heroes. Those great and powerful individuals who would break lives with their passing, they had no presence on the new island nation. The people of Varkith could lead their lives in more peace than anywhere else in the world.

The source of the name for the island is lost to time as well—most think it to be the name of the explorer who first discovered it, or who first sailed back from the new colony to other parts of the world—but regardless, that name soon spread across the land. Varkith. A free place. Growing, prospering. Travel to and through Varkith became profitable—most nations had stayed away from traveling across the sea, with

the danger seeming too high. But knowing that Varkith was in the middle made it a safe haven, and it began to play a critical role in trade. What's more, the people of Varkith showed enormous skill and innovation, creating new devices and tools from their available resources, and then further selling those new tools for still more money. Varkith was growing quickly, and the world took notice.

And so, of course, did the heroes.

THE DESOLATION

Of all the heroes in this Time, many of the greatest, strongest, and most violent were of the Orkari. It is an oft-debated question as to why; whether the Orkari are naturally predisposed for such epic heroism, or maybe they could channel more ambient world-energy into themselves, and therefore were naturally stronger. Perhaps their culture simply sent more of them in the direction of heroism, or perhaps (as some Orkari argue) they are just a fundamentally more powerful people than the others of the world. Regardless, Orkari heroes were prevalent, powerful, and destructive. And none more so than the Five.

The Five was a band of Orkari heroes. Each one of them was an individual, completely different from the others, unique and strange, but all of them powerful. Their names were abandoned after the events of the Desolation and the Green Lady's stand, and now they are known only as the Five. They had accomplished some of the greatest deeds of the Time of Heroes. They slew the Cloudscale Dragon. They captured and tamed the Infernal Boar, before ultimately gutting it and consuming it at one of their feasts. They bore weapons stolen from many a different god. And they were ever determined to further prove their prowess.

When word reached the Five of this free city, Varkith, this island place of wonder and wealth, that no hero had touched...they saw it as an affront. A jewel, held out of reach. There wasn't anything there to truly tempt heroes—no terrible monsters to slay, no gods to defeat, no unique treasures to loot—hence how Varkith had, up until now, passed beneath the notice of heroes too consumed by their own hunt for glory to care about economics and trade routes. But the Five took notice, and for whatever reason, decided that this would be their crowning glory. Taking from Varkith all that they could want. Proving their heroism. Bending the free city to their will.

They set off on a boat made of glass. Word had reached the burgeoning city by this point, and it had rallied what defenders it could. Those places that profited from trade with Varkith contributed their own forces to the cause, and a sizeable army stood ready to defend Varkith from the onslaught of the Five.

The Five did not care. They came on anyway, and the battle was one of the bloodiest the world had seen.



THE FIVE, AND THE DESOLATION

The Five relished the fight, loving how their task had grown only greater—not only would they defeat the Free City, but they would also slay an army, by their might alone! The glory! The wonder!

Varkith's army was very quickly demoralized, with so many of them broken asunder by the efforts of only five enemies. Those who lived on the island fought on as best they could. Many who came from other places ultimately retreated, and left the island to its fate.

What there was of the city was razed, crushed in the fighting, as bolts of terrible might tore through the air and ripped apart buildings. Varkith was devastated in the attempt to defend it.

Ultimately, there seemed little hope, and the Five, now so enamored of their own story and their own success, were determined not merely to take what they wanted from the city, but to rule it. To make it their new home and their new stronghold. The greatest testament to their power and success imaginable.

Were it not for the efforts of one, single sage, they might have been successful.

THE GREEN LADY AND HER LAW

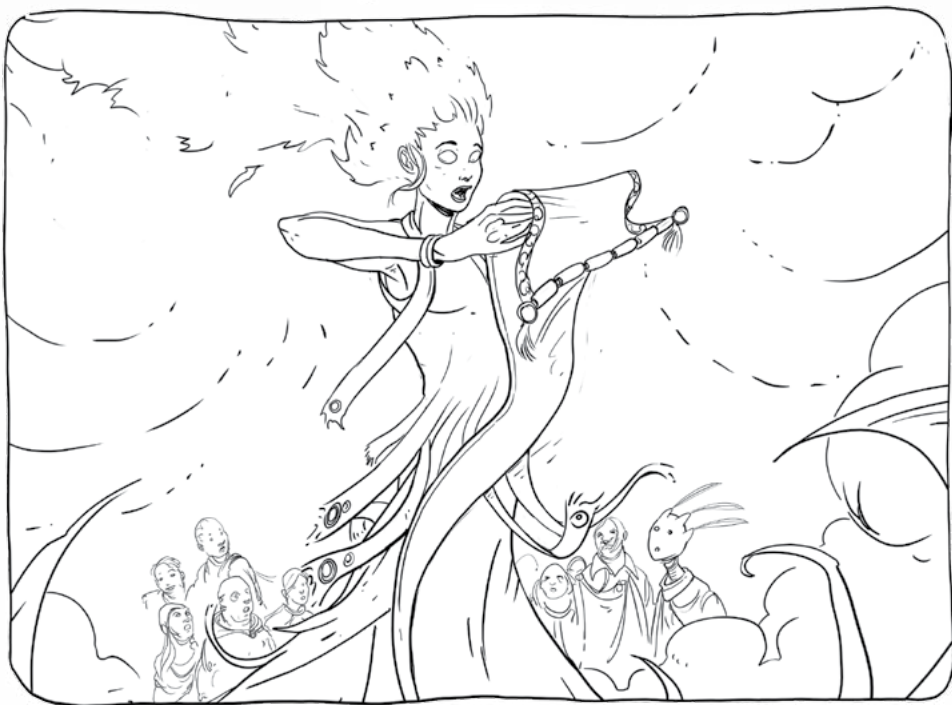
The Green Lady. The true founder of Varkith. She is honored everywhere throughout the city for the gifts she gave to it. Her true name was lost, perhaps intentionally—her memory is far stronger as a symbol.

At the time of the Desolation, according to the stories, she was a simple sage, from a tribe of humans now forgotten. A learner, come to Varkith to study the wonders the people there had made. Technological innovations, ways to better plow and plant fields, or to move large blocks. Faster boats, and magic bent into new shapes to navigate through any seas. She was fascinated, and interested only in the knowledge, not the profit, so the stories say.

Throughout the Desolation, she attempted to stay separate. She was a learner, not a fighter, and she did not truly belong to Varkith—her order of sages (now defunct) took no sides, tried to stay neutral and separate. But she watched the place she had grown to love as it burned. As the Five crushed it into dust. Stole from it the wonder she had been enamored of in the first place.

And she decided: no more.

She turned her attention to ending the fight. All of her knowledge, her magical lore, her studies, and her will aimed in a single direction. And she made breakthroughs, realizations, and discoveries that none could have foreseen, and none have been able to replicate. Some say she was divinely inspired, but most consider that nonsense. The power came from her and her knowledge, and from no outside source.



THE GREEN LADY'S RISE, AN ARTIST'S INTERPRETATION

When the time came, she approached the Five. They had been feasting happily upon their spoils amid the ruins of the city while the survivors of Varkith catered to their whims. But the Green Lady would not bow to them. She drew forth a scroll, seeming endless in length, fluttering in the wind. While the Five scoffed and prepared to cut her down without effort, she read from the scroll, and the power flowed out around her. She became a conduit for whatever force she had discovered, and through it, she reshaped the Five into her first idols.

Through her magic, she inscribed lines of jade into their skin, punctuated by spikes and protrusions, all in patterns and sigils only she could read. They fought and struggled, until the power bound them to the scroll, and to her, and to each other. No longer were they individuals—now they were truly the Five, an entity combined together. And she gave to the Five empathy, enhanced a thousandfold by their connection to each other, and made them understand the devastation they had wrought. The pain they had caused to these people. And so did the Five plead the Green Lady to help them redeem themselves, to lead them to a better place.

The Green Lady, now accompanied by the Five, was a force none could overcome. The city, or what was left of it, was hers to command. She had learned to tap into such powers that she, too, could be a hero, perhaps the greatest hero of the world. She could rule, and reshape, and make things better.

For some short time, she tried to do that. She bent her power at the city, trying to remake it in her will, enforce the justice she sought. And all the while, she could feel herself becoming the very thing she had stood against. She wasn't changing anything—she was merely repeating the patterns that had come before.

Upon her realization of that truth, she acted quickly to bind herself and the city, to truly try to change it. She created the foundations of the Varkith that exists today.

On her scroll, she crafted the Green Law: “None in Varkith shall stand alone. The choice to be alone is the choice to be cast out.” And from there, she began to work with those who remained, the people of Varkith, with the Five as her defenders and enforcers, and she put together the rules for the guild system.

To prevent heroes from arising, to keep them away from the city, none would be allowed to be alone or individual as they were. All would be tied to others, in guilds, with the guilds tied to each other to form the city. Her ideal was that in numbers mortals would show greater wisdom than the individual heroes ever could.

The new system of laws was codified in many places, but none more important than her scroll, which she wrapped up and began to carry as a staff. The strange magics she had tapped into enforced the rules, tied into a network of power that ensured none could land on the island without her knowledge, and none could remain unguilded for long. Any heroes who thought they might come to the island would now face the power of the Green Lady and her Five eidolons.

It was a new age for Varkith, and to some historians, it signaled the end of the Time of Heroes.

THE NEW PROSPERITY

And so, the city rebuilt itself, slowly but surely. Trade resumed, and the city began to grow again, on the ashes of the old. New wonders replaced what had been lost. The innovation of those who lived on Varkith continued to impress, and it was no time before, again, the news of Varkith's prosperity spread across the world. Wealth rolled in and out of the city, and the guild system promised an equality and potential for success seen nowhere else in the world. Many peoples began to roll into the city, happily taking to the guild rules of the Green Lady, and ever adding to its prosperity.

The city grew quickly to occupy the whole of the island, with neighborhoods carefully designed to allow for the growing of crops using Varkith's own innovative devices and techniques. Guilds sprang up to fulfill any desire or need.

And the Green Lady herself? She soon disappeared from view. Where she went, none know. Most suppose she found a quiet place, hidden on the island, to pass into a different mode of existence. Some think she is still around, lurking in the

city, watching over it. Her power certainly still holds sway, and her scroll-staff occupies a vaunted place of honor in the Green Senate, where the leading guilds of the city create city-spanning legislation. Her Five idolons remained to protect the city, until they, too, disappeared, perhaps to be with their Lady. Though not before the Jadethroat guild had been started, and new idolons took their place.

It was a testament to her success that the city did not need her to continue and thrive. The systems she had laid in place worked well enough that Varkith grew and grew over the years, without incident. Threats to Varkith, when they came, were handled quickly, decisively, and effectively. Those few brash heroes who chose to come to the city found themselves repelled or made into new idolons. The Green Lady's city was a success. The Green Senate agreed to erect the statue of her, so she would watch over the city always, and would greet any newcomers as they came in on boats.

Varkith seemed a wondrous place, a daring and noble experiment gone right. And like all good things, such times would eventually end.

CORRUPTION AND STAGNATION

Varkith is still successful and prosperous. New immigrants come daily. New innovations fill the streets regularly. Its power is undeniable. But the system the Green Lady set up has had enough time to stagnate. To grow cold and corrupt. Those who would search for loopholes, for tricks, for cheats...they found them. Varkith is not in mortal peril, but it has grown sick.

The guilds in power over the city have implemented systems and rules through the Green Senate so as to preserve their own status. Countless smaller guilds pay tribute to the larger ones in exchange for the chance to survive. The Senate itself bends to the will of the largest guilds in exchange for money and favors. The system keeps those largest guilds atop the city, and they will fight to keep Varkith that way.

Invention leads to greater profits for the guilds, but only when the inventions do not fundamentally undermine the system. While Varkith's spirit of innovation still seems strong, the guilds make sure to control exactly what is made, and whether or not it is appropriate for the city as a whole—after all, they wouldn't want anything to upset the status quo.

The city has grown to fill the entire island, fully, and there is little space left for any new guild to grow into. The result is that, again, the larger guilds that have legal rights to property in the city have still greater power over the smaller guilds.

Even the Jadethroats and their idolons, sworn to uphold the Green Law and the Lady's legacy, have grown corrupted by the power they wield, happily exercising it to their own advantage instead of in service to the city.

Varkith stands on a precipice. This noble experiment could easily fall into ruin as the worst parts of the Green Lady's plan and system come to the fore. As her successors use Varkith's laws not to serve the people, but to instead serve themselves. As true threats to the city, in the form of potential invaders from without, or rising gods from the sea, are ignored in favor of the easy, quick profits to be made from complacency.

And it is into this city, of a Varkith on the edge, that you and your fellows come. Will you save the city? Or doom it?

TALKING THE TALK

Here's a list of idiomatic terms for Varkith. Feel free to use them as you choose—Varkith is a place that has a language all its own, but for the sake of ease of playing, you can dip in and out whenever you want.

ANTS: Derogatory term for Krktri.

ARCH: For one large guild to sponsor a smaller guild.

BAST: Fool; worshipper of a god that doesn't exist.

BLUESKINS: Casual term for Orkari.

BUG-EYES: Derogatory term for the Halarth.

CHIM: A monster, a "chimera."

COLONIES: Casual term for Krktri.

CORPSERS: Casual term for Fellegrith.

DARB: Something deemed wonderful or splendid.

DREAMLIFE: Casual term for the Ym.

ESPY: An object imbued with magic, useful for its essence.

FAMILIARS: Contentious term for the Freed Ones.

FERALS: Derogatory term for the Freed Ones.

FLICK: To hit, to kill.

FREED: Casual term for the Freed Ones.

GAS: Derogatory term for the Ym.

GIANTS: Derogatory term for the Halarth.

GRESH: "Green sugar," a favorite drug in Varkith.

GRIND: Hit the streets of Varkith looking for something or someone.

GUILDER: A member of a guild, a citizen of Varkith.

HUE: Mood, feelings, attitude. "I don't like your hue."

HUMAN: Casual term for the Isqu.

ICKIES: Derogatory term for the Isqu.

INKSKIN: Casual term for D'horvae.

IMPY: Poor, without money.

IVORIES: Casual term for Siccyx.

JACK: Money.

KIT: A guild marker, worth a favor.

LOTTIE: An unguilded newcomer to Varkith.

MERT: Trash, filth, refuse.

MOONSKINNED: Casual term for Siccyx.

NEPPED: Drunk or high, "Let's get nepped."

NEWTs: Derogatory term for the Isqu.

OFFICK: An important person in the city.

ORK: Derogatory term for Orkari.

PACK: "The story," the state of things, "the deal."

QUIX: An exclamation of surprise, "What the quix?"

RAINBOWS: Casual term for the Halarth.

RIVE: To break apart.

SCRIBBLER: Derogatory term for Siccyx.

SHOOTs: A general affirmative, like "yeah."

SINNER: Derogatory term for D'horvae.

SLICK: A hired killer.

SPIKE: Jadethroat.

SQUIDHEADs: Derogatory term for V'ss'liga.

TINKER: Someone who deals with the bureaucracy and rules of Varkith.

UBBLE: Your place, territory you own or control.

UNSLUMBERING: Casual term for V'ss'liga.

VIKKER: A guide.

WISP: Casual term for the Ym.

WIZEN: Lose money, status, territory.

YEGG: Burglar, safecracker.

YOPP: A worker, a basic laborer.

ZANY: Magic.

ZOMBIES: Derogatory term for Fellegrith.



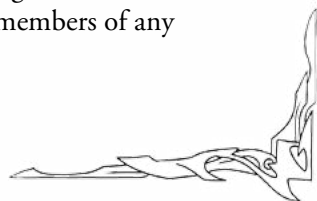
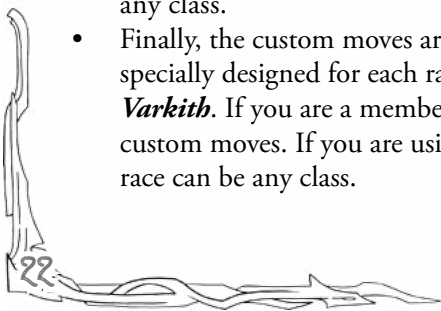
THE FACES OF GUILDERS



Varkith might be a product of the guilds that shape it, but the guilds are a product of the varied peoples that inhabit the Green City. Their histories, culture, beliefs, and practices are just as important as anything else for understanding Varkith.

This chapter includes information on all of the different peoples of Varkith, both in description and in mechanics. When creating a PC for *The Green Law of Varkith*, choose your race from these options instead of the default playbook options. You can use one of three methods for doing so:

- The default “Base Dungeon World Traits” mirror the way races are done in *Dungeon World*—each race has a particular small tweak or move for the classes available to members of that race. Simply choose your race and one of the classes available to it, and note that move.
- Heritage moves use the rules from Jonathan Walton’s *Dark Heart of the Dreamer*. For the full details on those rules, you should absolutely pick up that book (which you should already own!). Generally speaking, the heritage moves detail unique or specific actions that help to characterize those races. If you’re using heritage moves, then members of every race of Varkith can be any class.
- Finally, the custom moves are the third option. These custom moves are specially designed for each race, and for the setting of *The Green Law of Varkith*. If you are a member of a particular race, then you get the associated custom moves. If you are using these custom moves, then members of any race can be any class.



THE ORKARI

The Orkari appear as blue-skinned, pig-snouted, tusked, burly, and muscular humanoids. Their appearance is, according to their legends, a divine boon from old gods, after the early Orkari subdued those gods and demanded reward. Their strength, toughness, and magical power is legendary, although the stories may have more to do with propaganda than truth. Regardless, they are immediately identifiable.

It is very important to the Orkari that they are called by their proper name. Blueskins is, at least, generally inoffensive, if improper. Ork, however, is completely unacceptable to them—shortening their people's name changes its meaning drastically.

HISTORY

The Orkari were always a mighty, highly individualistic people. They fought amongst themselves regularly, for dominance and for ever greater power. In the mythic times before the Time of Heroes, many of them held that consuming the blood of other Orkari would grant them the strength of those others. Such beliefs have long since been debunked, but the Orkari still hold within them the drive to compete and conquer, to overcome each other and other peoples around them.

In the Time of Heroes, a disproportionate number of heroes were Orkari. They took to that existence readily, rampaging throughout the world, slaying monsters, collecting artifacts. They accumulated masses of wealth and even followers. Those that survived and took an interest in retirement were often the creators of fortresses and keeps, places that would form the centers for new kingdoms. They became the elite of the world.

The individual Orkari, and the people as a whole, were certainly not without challengers. As their numbers effectively crafted an empire out of countless individual Orkari kingdoms, the only challengers to Orkari supremacy were the D'horvae. The Eight Cities War, so named for the eight cities where the fighting was the worst, left many dead and much destroyed. Though their individualistic nature most often led the Orkari to stand against each other, in the face of such a unified threat they, too, united. The war between the Orkari and the D'horvae was one of the largest of the Time of Heroes, spawning many a legend. And at its end, the Orkari stood over flaming towns and broken battlements, with D'horvae bodies at their feet. They had won, and the stories would be written by them moving forward. Their dominance would not be meaningfully challenged until after the Green Law was passed.

PRESENT

The Five who caused the Desolation of Varkith were all Orkari, and even to this day, there is some lingering resentment in the city. But the Orkari are both masters of winning battles...and of crafting the tales told of those stories after the fact. The Five repented, and became the Green Lady's truest servants, her first eidolons. Without them, in so many ways, the Varkith of today would not exist. And of course, the wealth and influence the Orkari possess made their presence in the city a necessity, one that led to their current position as a people—entrenched at the top of the ladder.

Thanks to their history, the Orkari are, in general, wealthy, powerful, honored, and in charge. In Varkith, they have less power than they might have in other places simply due to the systems in place...but they are still on top of the heap. More Orkari are leaders or members of successful, wealthy guilds than any other people. Not every Orkari is rich or in command, but they as a whole have a great deal of power and privilege within the city, and they know it. The Orkari would only join fledgling guilds if they believe that those guilds present them a greater chance at glory or success—otherwise, they have access to some of the greatest guilds in the city. Nearly any guild knows to accept an Orkari, especially when that Orkari comes from a family with wealth and power. Orkari don't like to call upon their family's resources, but a guild can still profit enormously from associations with such families.

BASE DUNGEON WORLD TRAITS

Bard: When you **enter an important location** (your call) you can name someone there. The GM will tell you if they owe you a favor or are interested in getting on your good side.

Fighter: Once per session you can **unleash your might** on a successful Hack & Slash. You'll hurt or destroy anything near you, dealing maximum damage to those in your path and to a target of your choice.

Paladin: When you **meditate and focus**, even for a moment, and ask, "What here is the greatest danger?"—the GM will tell you, honestly. Take +1 forward to act on the answer.

Wizard: You can **draw on the power inside your own body** to fuel your spells. Once per session, mark a debility to take a 10+ on casting a spell.

HERITAGE MOVES

- Bull through opposition and danger.
- Demand and receive respect for status.
- Smash apart a wall or object.

✧ WHAT IF I WANT TO PLAY SOMETHING ELSE? ✧

The Green Law of Varkith is all about a specific place and the specific peoples that live there. This setting will be best served if you play these peoples. Of course, if you really have your heart set on playing anything else, such as a standard *Dungeon World* race, or a brand new one invented through *Dark Heart of the Dreamer*, you should go for it. In that case, you'll almost certainly want to avoid the custom moves for races, and instead use either the base *Dungeon World* race traits or the heritage moves from *Dark Heart*.

CUSTOM MOVES

Hardy and Strong: Whenever you **make camp or otherwise rest**, regain back to your maximum hit points, not just half of your maximum.

The Smell of Power: Whenever you try to **Parley with someone from a weaker guild**, first Defy Danger with Cha; the danger is that they are irrationally predisposed against the Orkari.

Shall Not Be Denied: When you **smash through vulnerable scenery to get at something you want**, roll+Str. On a hit, you break through whatever is in your way, and get what you want. On a 10+, choose one. On a 7-9, choose two.

- You hurt yourself in the attempt; take 1d8 damage.
- You leave something behind or take something with you.
- You make something else in the area unstable and dangerous.

On a miss, you run right into something stronger or more dangerous than you.

THE D'HORVAE

The D'horvae appear as small humanoids, about four feet in height on average. They are often well-muscled and taut, athletic—the dominant D'horvae culture values purity and strength of body. All D'horvae have jet black eyes, and their bodies carry patterns of scar-like tattoos upon their flesh. Sometimes the tattoos are jet black. Other times, they are pink, purple, or red, and sometimes even stranger colors, like blue or green. But all D'horvae have these scars, in patterns unique to each.

Every D'horvae is born with their own tattoos already set into their skin. As they grow, so do the patterns, twirling and twining around arms and across backs, twisting along cheek bones and even up and down fingers. There is no way a D'horvae could ever pass as anything but, unless they hid every inch of their skin. Some have tried that tactic, and while it may have worked, it leads to a cold life.



AN ORKARI AND D'HORVAE ENGAGED IN A STREETFIGHT

D'horvae is the name of their people, and they hold onto it and its meaning as much as possible. Calling them dwarves is an insult, but one that they have come to accept for convenience. Calling them the Sinful, however, is a dire insult.

HISTORY

The D'horvae of old were not heroes. They crafted their own small city-states, and entrenched themselves. They could reshape the stone itself with their bare hands, and they made glorious works of art. They thought they would be able to outlast any of the dangers of the Time of Heroes in their stone homes.

But they were wrong. The heroes threatened them wherever they had homes. Rumors of D'horvae wonders and craftsmanship led greed-driven heroes to attack them and plunder their hordes. The Orkari were the worst, regularly smashing into D'horvae holds and leaving only destruction behind. Even when the Orkari settled down into their own keeps, they would still make it a regular practice to raid the D'horvae.

Eventually, D'horvae heroes did truly rise and unite the D'horvae city-states in battle against the heroes, and the Orkari especially. And so did the Eight Cities War begin.

At its end, the D'horvae lay defeated beneath the Orkari. Their stoneholds were devastated. Their people captured, slain, or driven into exile. And the Orkari heroes tapped into deep magics to make their victory complete, to exact a price upon the D'horvae for all the pain they had caused in the war. The Orkari Scar-mages inscribed the “sin” of the D'horvae into their flesh for all time, into the very essence of the people. They would never be able to hide their “shame.”

Any time from that point forward that D'horvae attempted to shape the stone with their hands, they failed. Any time they tried to form a new stonehold, they would be stopped, most often by gleeful Orkari warlords. They were a people left without a home, and without hope. And so many of them came to Varkith.

PRESENT

The powerful curse of the Scar-mages had a secondary effect upon the D'horvae. The Scar-mages intended to ensure that no D'horvae could ever remove their tattoos, but the result was instead that the D'horvae's skin was toughened. They were made resistant to even terrible harm. This natural innate toughness, however, only fed into the D'horvae's new place in the world. With the curse of the Orkari upon them, the D'horvae were forced into roles as menial laborers, doing the tasks the Orkari had no desire to do themselves.

Even past the end of the Time of Heroes, the D'horvae still find themselves in such roles. So ingrained is the notion that the D'horvae are meant for labor that most other peoples do not question it; it's easier that way.

Varkith, though, has represented an opportunity for the D'horvae. The Green Law helped undermine the structure that kept them down. Over time, that benefit has dwindled as Varkith's bureaucracy changed, but the inroads still exist. A band of D'horvae can form a guild just as much as a band of Orkari, and within the city's dangerous social structure, they can still rise up, so long as they are careful and competent. Varkith presents a struggle for them, a struggle to be accepted and seen as worthwhile, but it is a struggle that many are more than willing to undertake.

BASE DUNGEON WORLD TRAITS

Bard: Your people make up a close community—the D'horvae must protect each other, as no one else will. You hear rumors from all across the city. When **relying on your knowledge of such rumors**, you can use Cha instead of Int to Spout Lore.

Fighter: When you **go unarmored**, your natural tattoos will grant you 1 Armor.

Thief: The D'horvae are often considered an underclass. If you **pretend to be a servant to avoid suspicion**, take +1 ongoing to Defy Danger with Charisma.

HERITAGE MOVES

- Shrug off a mighty blow.
- Move quickly through tight spaces.
- Hear the rumors of your people.

CUSTOM MOVES

The Mark of Sin: When you **go unarmored**, your natural tattoos will grant you 1 Armor.

The Place of the D'horvae: Whenever **dealing with a non-D'horvae from the upper crusts of Varkith whom you wish to take you seriously**, you must Defy Danger with Charisma. The danger is that they look down on you.

Marked and Still Unseen: When **trying to pass unnoticed in a public place**, roll+Cha. On a hit, anyone who does see you looks straight over you, seeing you just as a D'horvae servant. On a 7-9, the GM chooses one:

- Someone publicly insults you; take it, or draw attention to yourself.
- Someone makes a demeaning demand of you; do it, or draw attention to yourself.
- Someone remembers you; anything goes wrong, they'll pin it on you.

On a miss, your pretense of being an unassuming D'horvae embroils you in a difficult situation.

THE V'SS'LIGA

The V'ss'liga have green, grey, or blue skin. The texture of their touch is scaly and faintly slimy, somewhere between a fish's and an octopus's. They have squid-like or fish-like heads, often varying in particulars, from number of tentacles to placement of eyes, but always strange and unnerving. They speak in warbling, multi-toned voices.

They all know the Elder Tongue, a speech of their strange divinity, and in that tongue their name is V'ss'liga. Translated, it loosely means "The Unslumbering." They appreciate that other species without access to the divine tongue might not be able to speak their true name, though they do find it distasteful. Calling them squidheads confuses them, but that hasn't stopped other peoples of Varkith from using the term as a derogatory insult.

HISTORY

The V'ss'liga have always existed on the surface of the world in small numbers. They would wash up periodically on shores, greeted with distaste and mistrust by whomsoever they met. They would preach about their strange gods, and their bizarre beliefs. And almost always, they would meet terrible ends, lynched or slain as monsters. Those few who actually garnered followers would form strange cults, which, again, would not last long against the heroes that took them as worthwhile opposition.

The truth of what they are, where they come from, is unknown even to them. They have their beliefs, claims of a deep ur-dream that connected them all in their slumber beneath the waves. Claims of greater old gods, similarly asleep, waiting for the right moment to awaken and bring to the world their own divinity. They speak of enormous cities in dream-lands and sunken on the floor of the ocean.

None have been able to verify the truth of their claims, and even the V'ss'liga themselves admit that they know these things only as dreams ingrained in their beings. But the V'ss'liga are nothing if not faithful—they believe, truly and deeply, in their abyssal gods, and that they are the smaller siblings of those great beings. Time will tell if it is true; so far, the world has not supported their claims.

PRESENT

Of late, more and more V'ss'liga have been appearing. Enough to make them a known quantity in the world as a whole. Still strange, but at least comprehensible. They exist all over the world, forming their small strange cults. They even join other existing religions, tweaking doctrine and belief structures to fit their own beliefs. And Varkith, more than anywhere else, provides them the opportunities to preach, learn new belief theologies, and prepare for the coming of their gods.

The V'ss'liga have taken positions in many of the greatest godly guilds in Varkith. They make excellent priests and believers, preachers and guides. They are a common sight in the Green City now, though many still find them uncomfortable to be around, especially when they begin to speak of their strange gods awakening.

And many of the V'ss'liga believe that the awakening is coming. That is why so many of them are coming out of the ocean now. The time of their abyssal gods is at hand, and they will pave the way, doing whatever it takes.

BASE DUNGEON WORLD TRAITS

Cleric: You can cast Bless as a rote spell.

Paladin: **When you pray for guidance from your abyssal gods**, you can ask the GM, "How can I undermine the power of _____?" And the GM will answer honestly.

HERITAGE MOVES

- Pray to and receive guidance from abyssal gods.
- Unnerve and provoke fear in a non-V'ss'liga.
- Draw upon divine power to endure.

CUSTOM MOVES

Unnerving: When you **Parley through unnerving strangeness or fear**, you can roll+Wis instead of +Cha.

Implacable Faith: **When you preach about your faith to a listening crowd**, roll+Wis. On a 10+, hold 3. On a 7-9, hold 1. Spend your hold 1 for 1 to make the crowd:

- Bring someone forward and deliver them.
- Give you small tithes and offerings.
- Rally against someone or something.
- Return quietly to their lives.

On a miss, the mob turns on you.

Dreams of the Future: Whenever you **Make Camp or rest**, you experience a dream of the future. Ask the GM a question and roll+Wis. On a hit, your vision will answer the question, though mired in dream logic and strangeness. On a 10+, ask a follow-up question, and the GM will answer honestly. On a miss, your dream shows you that the answer to your question is what you fear the most.

THE HALARTH

The ancestors of the Halarth, the Arthaniel, are enormous, four-armed, insect-eyed giants from a place far across the sea. They stand at 10 feet tall, and their entire beings are infused with a primal magic. Though they may not look as strange as V'ss'liga or Krktri, the Arthaniel may be more truly alien.

The Halarth are not Arthaniel, but are descended from them. Two of their arms are vestigial, and their size is nowhere near that of their forbearers. But they still have the compound eyes, the strange coloration, and the unique way of seeing the world. The Halarth can more easily blend themselves into the rest of mortal society, but still they wear the signs of their lineage openly upon their skin and faces.

The Halarth is the name this people has taken up for itself, made its own. Calling them “giants” is a sometimes improper callback to their connection to the Arthaniel; calling them “bugeyes” is an insult to their form.

HISTORY

Reports of the Arthaniel's island are hazy at best, couched in mythical language, in strange dream-like accounts, in tales that cannot possibly be confirmed. Their numbers were identified as anywhere between two hundred and two hundred thousand, depending upon the account. Most Arthaniel never left their island home, where they crafted works of art blending the mundane and the mystical—statues that were always facing you, no matter what angle you viewed them from, or paintings that inserted the viewer into their canvases, among many even stranger wonders. Very few non-Arthaniel individuals could even make it to their island, let alone make it there and make it back, and so the Arthaniel and their story is largely relegated to myth and strange tales.

There were some Arthaniel heroes who did leave their home. They became some of the greatest heroes of the time, greater even than their Orkari contemporaries. They took up the art of combat and slaying, using their strange power and might to incredible effect. They left more stories of the Arthaniel and their power scattered throughout the world. And during this time, the Halarth began appearing.

The Halarth would appear, to simplistic observation, to be the half-children of Arthaniel (hence their original name, Halarth, “half Arthaniel”). But there are no records of Arthaniel ever having children, or even engaging in sexual activity with non-Arthaniel individuals. Stories of the Halarth instead either describe them as simply appearing, as if they wandered in from the mists; or they are simply born, the children of Isqu or D'horvae or Siccyx, but somehow Halarth instead of their parents' race.

The truth is still unclear; the Arthanuel have always been strange and magical, and some scholars believe the Halarth arose as a simple consequence of the Arthanuel's influence upon the world around them. But others point out that records of Arthanuel relationships with non-Arthanuel may have been intentionally stricken from historical records where possible, if they brought shame to either party—the Halarth may simply be the secret children of pairings that no one wanted to occur.

Regardless of where they came from, the Halarth appeared in ever-greater numbers throughout the whole of the Time of Heroes. They were far less strange than the Arthanuel, far less unnerving, and they were able to find places for themselves throughout the world, especially as artists and artisans. Sometimes, they took up violence as their art, or they engaged in the direct study of the magical arts, but they tended toward mastery and practice of skill and creation, rather than of the world or people around them.

PRESENT

By the time of the creation of Varkith, the Halarth were well instantiated across the world, and the Arthanuel were appearing less and less. And for the Halarth, Varkith offered an impressive opportunity—patronage of their art on a level never before possible.

They could form guilds concerned solely with the creation of art. They could join up with existing guilds, acting to transform those guilds' works into new kinds of art. They could find the money and resources to support them without having to cater their every whim to those of the rich and powerful. The Halarth could express themselves in a way that hadn't ever been accessible to them, unlike the strange stream-of-mind creation of the Arthanuel on their home island.

The Halarth flocked to Varkith in droves, and transformed the city into a bastion of art and invention. More works of artifice pour out of Varkith than nearly anywhere else in the world, a large portion of them directly the result of the efforts of the Halarth. While they are still odd and a bit flighty, every guild is more than happy to have at least one Halarth among its ranks, to help add the touch of art necessary to boost a guild to its next level.

BASE DUNGEON WORLD TRAITS

Bard: When you **use your Arcane Art**, on a 10+ you may choose an additional effect for your chosen ally to get, but then you draw unwanted attention or your magic reverberates to other targets affecting them as well, GM's choice, as per the 7-9 result.

Fighter: Choose one weapon—you can always treat weapons of that type as if they had the precise tag.

Wizard: When you **prepare spells**, you can prepare new spells of your choice from your spellbook whose total levels don't exceed your own level+2.

HERITAGE MOVES

- Create a beautiful piece of art.
- Perfectly perform a complicated task within your skillset.
- See the truth of the world underneath the facades.

CUSTOM MOVES

Arthanuel's Hardiness: You have the natural toughness of the Arthanuel in your blood. Add +4 hp to your maximum hp.

Compound Eyes: When you **Discern Realities**, you can always ask, "What here is not what it appears to be?"—even on a miss. You take +1 forward when acting on the answer, as usual.

The Craft: Choose your craft: dueling, melee, precision, song, exploration and cartography, social engineering, magic, prayer, movement, pain. Once per session when you **engage in an act of your craft before an audience**, roll+Cha. On a 10+, hold 2. On a 7-9, hold 1. Spend your hold 1 for 1 to name an NPC member of your audience and choose one.

- This person must meet me.
- This person must have my services.
- This person loves me.
- This person must give me a gift.
- This person admires my guild.

On a miss, you gain no benefit, but suffer no harm or lost opportunity. You simply perform very well.

THE SICCYX

The Siccyx are white-skinned, with pure white eyes (no pupils or irises); they see the world in a strange spectrum of colors and light only perceivable to them. They are small in size, smaller even than D'horvae, like miniature humans. They have no hair anywhere on their bodies. Upon their skin, they etch words—sometimes this might make them look faintly similar to the D'horvae, but where the D'horvae's tattoos are strange, swirling patterns, the Siccyx are clearly covered in linguistic symbols of the

Siccyx's own choice, be it the common tongue or strange runic symbols. The Siccyx might even cover up the words on their skin, if they so choose, but many Siccyx do not have anywhere close to the whole of their flesh covered in words.

The Siccyx are sometimes called Moonskinned, or Ivories, reference to their almost statue-like appearance. They do not mind such terms. But when they are called scribblers, they take great offense.

HISTORY

The Siccyx have some of the most extensive records in the world. Though many sages of other peoples still believe that the Siccyx may be falsifying their records, the Siccyx historians present it as ironclad fact. They came from the moon of the world, before it was destroyed in an enormous battle (a whole other legend—a band of heroes discovered the moon was an egg, and killed it before whatever was inside could hatch, or at least so claims the story). They had emigrated entirely, leaving nothing behind on the moon, and found themselves intoxicated by this world, if for one reason above all—the written word.

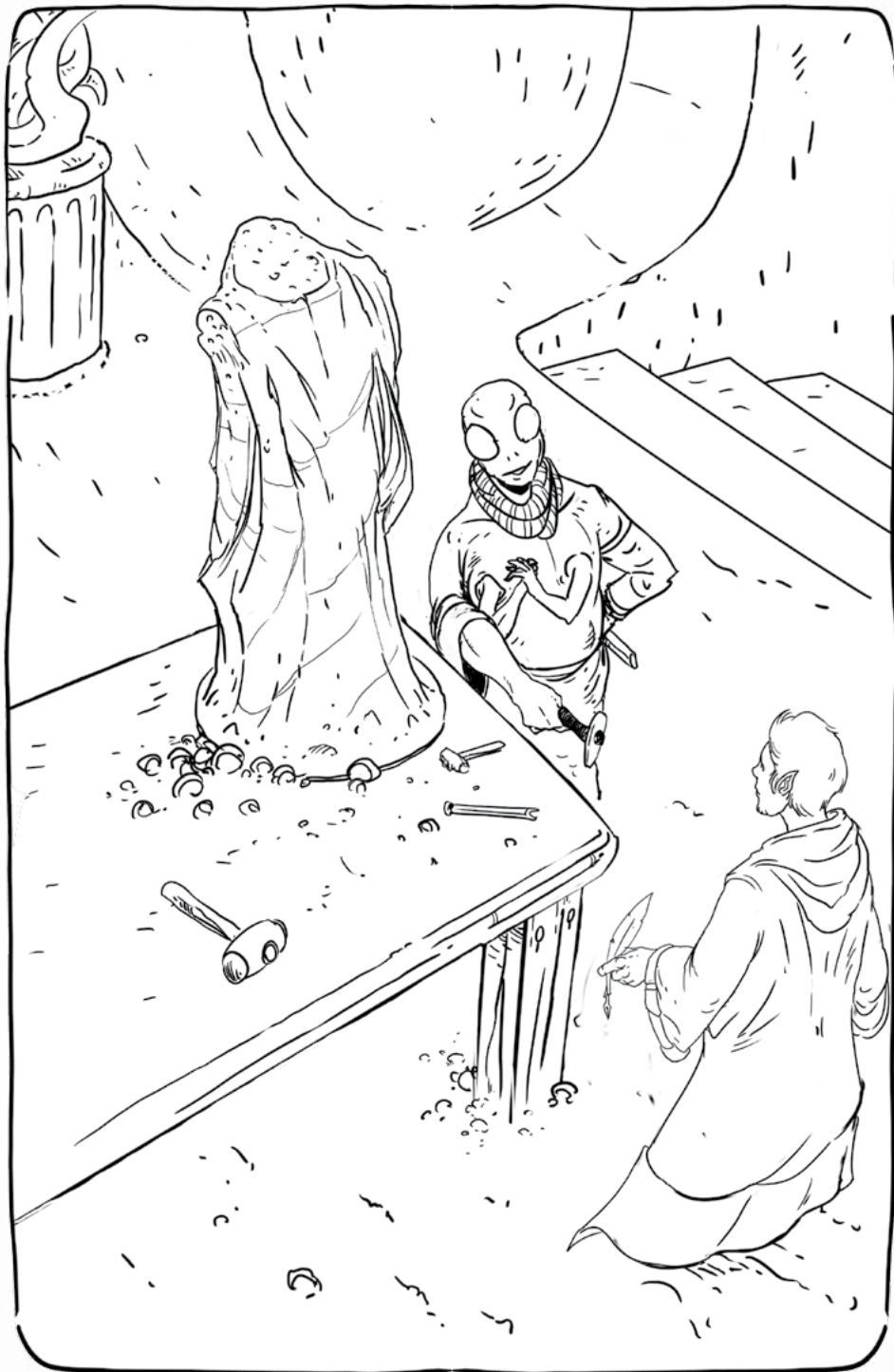
The Siccyx are enamored of and changed by the written word. They came to write words upon their own bodies, and experiencing a strange effect—those words would become imprinted upon them, within their essence. They would come to understand the nuances of language and meaning on a level invisible to most other peoples. For some Siccyx, such inscriptions had a near narcotic effect.

They took up writing, and rules, and bureaucracy, and laws, with enormous fervor, spreading throughout the world. Some very few of them became notable heroes, wizards capable of wielding powers in strange ways thanks to their understanding of the words involved, or clerics utterly devoted to the religious texts. But most of them became clerks, individuals who supplemented others, who facilitated the operation of the world's burgeoning bureaucratic systems. Heroes were happy to have a Siccyx who managed their assets, wealth, and holdings, so they could go on further quests to plunder.

The Siccyx were not drawn to Varkith in particular, as so many other peoples were, but came there naturally. Varkith was a place of new law, new bureaucracy, new rules, and as others moved into its confines, so, too, did the Siccyx.

PRESENT

The Siccyx adapted quickly and easily to Varkith, filling in many of the administrative roles with an adeptness and will distinct only to them. They exist at all levels in Varkith, holding positions throughout its structure, and in many of the most important guilds in the city. The Lawkeepers especially feature an inordinate number of Siccyx scribes and bureaucrats, maneuvering and changing the



A MALARTH SHARES THEIR ART WITH A SICCYX

laws of the city at will, to the point where only they have a clear idea of the nest of rules they have woven.

The Siccyx, as a people, are more than content with their position in general. They enjoy being the word-keepers, the ones who understand the law; most of them don't feel a drive to be in power and are more than happy to facilitate the power of others. Some portion of the Siccyx, however, still does move toward greater power and even individual strength, pursuing the paths of wizard or cleric. And some other enterprising Siccyx have taken up the path of the charlatan, the deceiver, the thief—realizing that they can use their mastery of words to even greater effect if they suspend their scruples.

BASE DUNGEON WORLD TRAITS

Cleric: You may cast “Speak with Dead” as a rote spell, but only if you use written language instead of speech to communicate.

Thief: Once per session, when you **Defy Danger with Cha**, you may reroll and keep the better result.

Wizard: You may cast “Alarm” as a rote spell, but only if you actually inscribe your alarm with words upon the ground.

HERITAGE MOVES

- Confuse and mislead with winding paths of language.
- Decipher any text, ancient or modern.
- Temporarily learn a new skill by writing it upon your skin.

CUSTOM MOVES

Dance of Words: When you **mislead, distract, or trick someone with your words**, roll+Cha. On a hit, you do it. On a 10+, choose three. On a 7-9, choose two.

- They believe it for some time.
- You avoid further entanglement.
- You create an opportunity.
- You expose a weakness or flaw.

On a miss, you lead them to believe something you probably shouldn't have, and you're caught up in it now.

Lawyer to the Core: When you **Spout Lore about the laws of Varkith**, take +1 forward to act on whatever you say.

The Power of Text: You can understand any written language.

THE ISQU

The Isqu appear as regular humans—two arms, two legs, two eyes, ears, nose, mouth, and so on. Their skin ranges in color from a golden brown to deep umber. They generally keep their hair longer but tied into tails—they are traditionally a seafaring people, and their cultural styles moved to match.

The Isqu will answer to “human” without difficulty, and though many attempt to draw their ire by referring to them as “Ickies,” doing so will mostly make the Isqu laugh.

HISTORY

The Isqu are the dominant tribe of “human” in the world. There are a few others—the Drik, the Eckravay, the Pellecost—but the Isqu are the widest spread and most common. There are many theories for their dominance, but the most likely answers have to do with Isqu traditions. The Isqu have always been tied to the sea, and have owned and operated the greatest number of independent naval vessels of any people. As a result, they were one of the most widely spread of all the human peoples, and as a whole they were safe from any particular cataclysmic event.

Even beyond that, though, is the Isqu mindset from ages past. In the Time of Heroes, the Isqu proclaimed worship of a single god—the Worldly. The Worldly protected them on the seas, gave them wind when they needed it, and carried them onto the land. The Worldly was benevolent and kind.

And then, the Worldly died. It’s unclear exactly how, or when—there was no single apocalyptic event, no great battle in which heroes decided to slay their god. It seemed to be a slow death, according to the Isqu priests, as the Worldly simply stopped responding to their pleas over time. Eventually, the Worldly was completely unresponsive, and the Isqu were alone...except in their dreams.

The same priests of the Isqu who previously claimed to commune with the Worldly now claimed to experience dreams of a dark place, a dead place—a hellish world where the Worldly was now master. The Worldly had died, and become a god of the dead—the Deathly. And the Deathly wants to drag their people down into its new realm, a cold place of pain and doom.

This is the fate that the Isqu are taught awaits them. When they die, the Deathly will reach up and snatch their souls and bring them to the Dark Realm. And because of that, the Isqu will do anything to remain alive. Their entire culture and mindset is structured around survival, more than anything else. They pursued hedonistic pleasure, as well—to take advantage of their bodies and their lives while they still have them—but staving off death for another day means a victory for an Isqu.

That means the Isqu actively avoided any kind of conflict with heroes, happily ferrying them whenever necessary. The Isqu avoided joining into epic battles. They never kept themselves perfectly safe—that split belief, part experiencing life and part keeping alive, leads them to continue taking actions others deem unsafe, like sailing across the sea, while still doing whatever they could to keep themselves alive.

And so, the Isqu (save for those few exceptions who did become epic heroes, many of whom did die in horrible ways, leading to clucks of the tongue from other Isqu) were mostly spread all throughout history and the Time of Heroes, and never took center stage.

PRESENT

Varkith would never have existed without the help of the Isqu and their boats, and the coming of the Green Law didn't change the city's reliance upon them. Their ships facilitate the city's life. And many of them have come to love the city. It is the ultimate port town, a safeway between other locations to which they can return after every journey. The guild system allows them to band together for their own survival, standing against much larger threats successfully, and the city offers whatever pleasures they could want to fill their lives with before the Deathly steals them away.

The Isqu are in fact one of the largest populations in the whole of the city, building homes there for when they retire from the sea, or when they come in from a trip. They operate many of the guilds, especially those concerned with the ocean, waterfront, or trade. They're a constant presence in Varkith, and the city would not survive without them.

What's more, new generations of the Isqu, born and raised entirely in the city, have developed a new relationship with the place. Instead of the sea calling them home, they feel the call of the city. Some older Isqu are disquieted by the call of the city on their children and grandchildren, but there's little they can do—Varkith already has its hooks in the younger generation.

BASE DUNGEON WORLD TRAITS

Druid: You're incredibly well-traveled. Choose a second land to attune yourself to.

Fighter: You can always add “versatile” to your signature weapon without using up one of your choices of enhancement.

Ranger: When you **Make Camp in Varkith**, you don't need to consume a ration—you can find food if you need it. You can choose to mark a ration, however, to heal to your maximum hp.

Thief: When you **flee from something dangerous**, take +1 to Defy Danger with Dex.

HERITAGE MOVES

- Escape from bindings or terrible danger.
- Call upon a friend or family member in the right place in the city.
- Make a friend through shared hedonism.

CUSTOM MOVES

Survive: The first time in the campaign that you roll the Last Breath move, roll +2. The second time, roll +1. The third time, roll +0. Continue in this pattern, rolling -1 on each successive Last Breath roll throughout the campaign, to a maximum of -3. When you do finally **go to the Black Gates**, you do not meet Death. You meet the Deathly, instead. The Deathly does not offer traditional bargains, but it hungers for souls to pull down to its dark realm. You might be able to save your own soul by offering to procure a replacement soul or two for the dark god. If you don't mind dooming someone...

Escape: When you **Discern Realities**, you can always ask, "What is my best way to escape?"—even on a miss. You take +1 forward when acting on the answer, as usual.

Live: When you **throw yourself into hedonism and debauchery**, roll+Cha. On a 10+, choose 3. On a 7-9, choose two. On a miss, choose one.

- You recover during your debauch; heal 1d8 hp, or a single debility.
- You make a new friend; name them, and they'll do one minor favor.
- You learn something important through gossip; ask a question, and the GM will tell you the answers you hear.
- You don't get into a fight with anyone; you haven't made a new enemy.

THE KRKTRI

The other peoples of Varkith often have enormous difficulty telling individual Krktri apart. They all look like humanoid figures, all of them a generally uniform five and a half feet tall, with bodies made of dirt and swarming with ants. Depending upon a Krktri's mood, the ants may be like a moving sea of small bodies across the surface, or they may be simply like a thin layer of gently waving hair. Krktri easily tell each other apart by the color of their dirt, and the color and shapes of their ants—red, black, and blue ants are by far the most common colors—but such discernment is beyond most residents of Varkith.

No other species in Varkith can say the true name of the Krktri—they lack the necessary mouthparts. Krktri is a close approximation, but the Krktri are content with the easier term of Colony, as well. Calling them "Ants," however,

is an insult in a way that is not obvious—the Krktri see themselves as more than the sum of their parts, something greater than the whole. To call out one of their constituent pieces is to take away their wholeness and their being.

HISTORY

Krktri have been in the world for as long as any other people, or so they have explained recently. They existed across the world, communicating among themselves via long and arduous messenger paths. Each Krktri in these earlier times looked like an ant colony to the other peoples of the world. Underground tunnels, with ants and queens and eggs. No humanoid mortals could tell the difference between a true Krktri in its natural form, and a regular ant colony, but there was a difference. The Krktri was the mind and will that arose out of the whole of the hive, but it had no means of communicating with the other peoples of the world. Indeed, for a long time, the humanoid peoples of the world seemed to the Krktri just as unintelligent as the Krktri must have seemed to them.

Eventually, however, some few enterprising scholars and some clever and curious Krktri made the connection. The scholars realized that these ant colonies acted completely differently than others, seeming to exhibit a kind of intelligence—and the Krktri realized something quite similar about the scholars. And thus, did the collaboration begin. Amid the devastation of the Time of Heroes, those scholars worked with artificers and even the Krktri themselves to create the first new bodies for the Krktri. Latticework skeletons of metal with runes inscribed upon them provided the structure for walking Krktri, capable of locomotion and even communication with the other peoples of the world. Mostly, this happened in secret, and the real innovations that made widespread growth of the Krktri people only happened with the coming of Varkith.

PRESENT

Varkith is home to the greatest number of Krktri body construction factories in the world. Their techniques are honed to perfection, and the bodies they make are the most effective and useful for the Krktri. They stand at a reasonable height, and their magical construction keeps dirt clinging to them, giving the composite-ants of the Krktri plenty of material to burrow and tunnel through. They are hardy and functional, with vocal runes characterized by buzzing tones, but effective and versatile, even at communicating emotion. And the Krktri living and working in Varkith have created many a guild to churn them out and even ship them to other Krktri still living as in-the-ground colonies throughout the world.



A KRKTRI REQUESTS WORK FROM AN ORKARI

Not all Krktri in their native state decide to take up one of these artificial motive bodies, but many do, especially for the variety of new experiences it affords them, and the ability to communicate with so many more species. In the past, Krktri could only communicate with other Krktri, and that over painstakingly long periods of time in which individual composite-ants would make the long treks between colonies, assembling full missives through chemicals and pheromones one ant at a time. But with these bodies, many of the Krktri believe they are experiencing a true renaissance of thought and ability. They flock to Varkith to soak in the city and its possibilities, and to help others like themselves, and to make new lives.

The other peoples of the city, unfortunately, do not see them in the same way. The Krktri are widely considered strange and unnerving, even stupid (for the fact that they often have a difficult time understanding concepts the other peoples find basic and simple). As some of the newest of immigrants to the city, they are also some of the most downtrodden, and when they cannot find work in their own guilds they are regularly treated as tireless, menial labor. They work past it, however—for they are patient, they are wise in their way, and they truly are tireless. They know that given enough time, even the smallest of creatures can carve mighty cities out of dirt.

BASE DUNGEON WORLD TRAITS

Cleric: Your mind is composed of many pieces, and you're capable of holding multiple beliefs at once. Choose one additional domain and precept for your god.

Fighter: You can cover your signature weapon in your composite-ants to bite your enemy and burrow into wounds. When you **get a hit on a Hack & Slash with your signature weapon**, you can take 1 damage to deal an extra 2 damage to your opponent.

Paladin: When you **lay on hands**, you use your composite-ants to carry the healing power of your will. You can roll+Con instead of +Cha to lay on hands.

Ranger: Your animal companion has been bonded to you, part of your composition—a second colony of ants perhaps or a dead bird infested with the members of your own colony. Add 1 to its Ferocity, Cunning, or Instinct, to a maximum of +3. If it gets hurt, you take 1d6 damage in turn.

HERITAGE MOVES

- Work tirelessly to expertly craft something.
- Explore a space by sending out composite-ants.
- Swarm and distract an opponent with composite-ants.

CUSTOM MOVES

Millions of Eyes: When you **Discern Realities by sending out swarms of composite-ants**, you can deal 1d4 damage to yourself to take a 10+.

Replenish the Swarm: “Healing yourself” is a matter of reconstructing your dirt body and birthing new ants in your colony. When you **make camp and consume a meal**, roll+Con. On a 10+, you heal fully. On a 7-9, you heal half your maximum hp. On a miss, your body is damaged and your colony depleted; you won’t be able to heal until you’ve had it repaired by artisans. You can never heal debilities without attention from skilled artisans.

Tireless: You do not ever need to rest. You can work tirelessly, and take +1 forward when you **work for at least 12 hours on a single problem**.

THE FELLEGRITH

Each Fellegrith looks like a corpse, in varying states of disrepair. None are skeletons, but the corpses are often less than fully intact. They do not decay any further once they become Fellegrith, so a Fellegrith’s body appears with signs of decay no more prominent than those found on a body about 5 to 8 days into decomposition. Most Fellegrith are human corpses, though there are some Orkari, D’horvae, Siccyx, and Halarth corpses. Many of the Fellegrith died from drowning, and their bodies are bloated appropriately.

“Corpsers” is a quick and easy way to refer to the Fellegrith—it’s a name they don’t love, but it’s not inaccurate, and it does distinguish them some from actual corpses. The Fellegrith absolutely are not zombies, or even truly undead—some Fellegrith do not understand the distinction well enough, but those that do become quite incensed when called such things.

HISTORY

The Fellegrith first appeared as a result of the actions of mad warriors in the Time of Heroes. Some group of them, drunk upon their own power and glory, began pledging to undertake ever greater quests. Since this was a band of heroes, their boastful plans began to spiral into madness, until one of them decided to go on a quest to find the land of the dead and free from it all the souls who were trapped there. She would bring back to life all who had died, and forever rid this mortal world of death. The Tusked Blade, she was called.

She truly did undertake the quest, and found herself before the Black Gates of Death. Even that alone was an achievement, and she would have earned accolades if she had simply turned home. But the Tusked Blade was committed to her goal, and she struck at the Black Gates to tear them down. Even as they towered hundreds and hundreds of feet above her.

Her power was great, and her commitment endless. She hacked and struck at the Gates, not needing to eat or drink or sleep in these lands of the dead, and eventually she did make a crack in the wall. The first face to greet her through the crack was Death’s own, and it beckoned to her. She went with it, without fear or regret or worry, to her eternal rest.

But since that time, souls have been able to slip free from the lands of the dead. They come from all across the spheres, the dead of countless worlds. Being in the land of the dead transforms them into strange creatures, but still they come for another chance at existence. They find their way back to the land of the living, and they dive into corpses wherever they can find ways in. And in those bodies, they become new creatures, not the body, or the escaped soul, but something different. A Fellegrith—so named for the untranslated name of the Tusked Blade.

It took a long time for the Fellegrith to be understood as different from simple undead. They truly are new things—their bodies might look decaying and undead, but they possess nothing of the minds of the original inhabitants of those bodies. They are newly alive, in their own way. Some theorize that it might be possible for a soul from this world to return here and find its own body...but the likelihood is so small, it is practically impossible. The Fellegrith are born amid corpses, and this leaves them strange to most of the world.

Once it became clear that they really were some new form of life, they were no longer hunted out and slain on sight. But they were still spurned throughout the world, prevented from coming into places of warmth and civilization. They were outcasts, through and through. Except in Varkith.

PRESENT

Varkith presented new opportunities (and hope!) for the Fellegrith. They could find new lives and acceptance in the Green City. They could form their own guilds to support themselves, and once other guilders began to recognize the advantages of a tireless corpse-worker that can put itself back together, they began to accept Fellegrith into their own guilds. In Varkith, prejudice often falls by the wayside in favor of profit, and the Fellegrith were helped—at least, slightly—by that truth.

But they are still viewed by many with a certain disdain. They are no longer spurned or turned away at the door, but they are uncomfortable to look at, and not invited into polite company. Few invite the dead to the occasions of the living. The Fellegrith have had to form their own social clubs, or bonds with the other estranged and outcast peoples of the city—the Krktri and the Fellegrith get along particularly well.

BASE DUNGEON WORLD TRAITS

Cleric: You can cast Speak With Dead as a rote spell.

Fighter: It is difficult to harm you in your corpse-form; take 1 Armor against non-magical attacks.

Wizard: You can cast Contact Spirits as a rote spell.

HERITAGE MOVES

- See beyond the world of the living.
- Unnerve or frighten with rotting form.
- Repair your undead flesh.

CUSTOM MOVES

Stitching and Sewing: You do not regain hp by eating or resting. Instead, you have to repair yourself with stitches, glues, and scavenged flesh. Repairing yourself requires you to have repair materials. You can buy three uses of repair materials for 20 jade pieces. You can spend uses of repair materials to heal yourself as follows:

- One use: heal 1d10 damage.
- Two uses: heal half your maximum hit points, round up.
- Three uses: heal to your maximum hit points.

When you **repair yourself in the midst of a fight, Defy Danger with Dex** to do it. On a hit, you can spend as many uses as you want and heal appropriately. On a 7-9, in addition to whatever other costs the GM might choose to impose, you must spend an additional use of your repair materials.

Spirit-Body Symbiosis: You are a combination of a soul with a corpse—and you are more than both, but still tied to each. You can see, touch, and speak to ghosts, specters, and undead. (Mindless undead still won't speak to you, because they're mindless.)

A Corpse's Strength: At character creation, add 1 to either your Strength, your Dexterity, or your Constitution. You may add an additional 1 for every 5 max hp you sacrifice, but only at character creation.

THE YM

The Ym appear as beautiful, smooth, pristine, and oddly ethereal. No blemishes ever grace their forms, their hair is always perfect, and their eyes are always striking...but they also always appear fuzzy, as if being viewed through a transparent screen, or a haze. Their forms are dreamlike, because they are dreams. They are generally humanoid in form, with skin of whatever color catches their fancy, and sometimes odd touches, like sharply pointed ears, or cat's eyes, or six long, slender fingers.

Wisps, or Dreamlife, they are sometimes called—and to them, names are transient things that they gladly put on like different costumes. They do not mind such terms. Only calling them “Gas” makes them narrow their eyes in a glare. They are far more than air.

HISTORY

The Ym do not come from this world. They are strange beings made of idea and magic, flowing and without clear form or boundary. Some mortals could visit this realm through dreams, touching upon it lightly with their minds, and the Ym would set up their own means of observing this world out of curiosity. But rarely did the Ym cross over, not least because the Ym dissipate when they come to this realm—their forms are inherently unsuited to such physical realness.

Throughout the Time of Heroes, however, Ym were pulled from their world into this one. To keep them in this world, heroes and sorcerers trapped them with-

in crystalline prisons. The prisons both kept them controlled with obedience spells and gave them bodies; a properly prepared crystal would sustain the Ym in this foreign plane and allow them to form their own bodies made of magic and solidified thought. They were prized servants, never truly tiring, capable of disintegrating their bodies into nothingness at the command of their master, and then reforming their bodies around their crystals at a second command. Most heroes spent very little time thinking about the creatures; those that did saw them as little more than magical servants, barely real, certainly not truly intelligent or alive.

Things changed with the first Ym heroes. They bided their time until a misspoken command from their masters allowed them to break free and steal power. They slew their masters and became mighty. Though they might have been able to travel home at that point, they decided not to make the journey—they were strong here, and they could finally revel in the joys of this realm they had watched from afar. They embraced their new existences, not as the free beings of spirit and magic in their home sphere, but as the crystal-encased creatures with magically projected bodies.

Word spread quickly, and heroes ceased to capture the Ym as servants, either out of actual moral concern, or out of practical worry about servants that could usurp them. But the Ym mastered the creation of their own gems, and created ways for their own people to come to this realm if they so chose, free from the bonds of servitude. They would have their own crystal, and be free to do as they willed. Further improvements on the crystal matrices ensured that the Ym could reinvent their forms, as well—not with the same fluidity that they experienced in their home sphere, but with far greater openness than the first Ym.

Their place in the world was established, and it became clear that the Ym would not stop coming to this world. They never came with enough numbers to truly overtake any significant population, not least because of the difficulties in crafting new crystals, but enough came to make them present throughout the world. Varkith, especially, with its master craftsmen and ample trade, became a hub for the creation of new Ym; the city hosts one of the largest concentrated populations of the Ym in the entire world.

PRESENT

The Ym come to this world because they are fascinated by its wonders, its magics, its ideas and colors and joys. And nowhere serves these desires better than Varkith. Nowhere else in this sphere is as diverse and multitudinous in offerings, and nowhere else in this sphere is there as strong a presence of crystal artisans, churning out new crystals for incoming Ym. Many still travel the world, but more are perfectly happy to find lives for themselves in Varkith, where they can take advantage of all the city has to offer.

The Ym are beautiful and silvertongued, which alone would make them valuable in Varkith. But their ethereal forms also have other benefits, from an intangibility which allows them to move easily throughout the world, to their general durability—as long as their crystals remain undamaged, they can ultimately reform themselves, if given time to do it.

BASE DUNGEON WORLD TRAITS

Druid: The Ym are particularly adept at altering their forms at will. Hold an additional 1 on your Shapeshifter move, even on a miss.

Fighter: Your signature weapon is part of your crystal's manifestation. With a moment's concentration, you can always make it appear in your hand.

Wizard: You are made of magical essence, and can use it in your spells. When you **cast a spell**, on a 7-9 result, you can choose to take 1d4 damage instead of any of the other options.

HERITAGE MOVES

- Alter your projected form into a new, generally humanoid shape.
- Repair your projected form from any hindering injury.
- Perceive the dreams of a sleeping mortal.

CUSTOM MOVES

Undying Crystal: You can always reform your projected body, unless your crystal is shattered. When you **go to 0 hp**, do not make the **Last Breath** move. Instead, you will reform with a quarter of your maximum hit points (round up) in about 6 hours, as long as the crystal is left safe and untampered with. If you have no one to guard your crystal when you go to 0 hp, roll + nothing. On a 10+, your crystal is left generally intact, and you reform in a relatively safe position. On a 7-9, you reform in a dangerous position. On a miss, your crystal is damaged. You reform in a dangerous position, and your maximum hp is permanently reduced by 5. If ever your maximum hp reaches 0, your crystal is shattered and you die permanently.

Shapeshift: You can alter and adjust your form as your will dictates. If you are a druid and you **attempt to shift your shape** as per those rules, hold an additional 1 on any result, even a miss. If you are not a druid and you **attempt to shift your shape**, say what new generally humanoid shape you want, and what special physical capability you want to have in that form. Then roll+Con. On a 10+, you take that shape, and you have that capability. On a 7-9, you have that capability, but the form is unstable. Every time you use that capability, you must **Defy Danger with Con** to maintain your current form, or you can choose to revert to your default form. On a miss, taking on this

alternate form gives you significant difficulty; mark *Sick*, and return to your default form immediately after using your special ability for the first time.

Essence of Magic: You are made of magic and dreamstuff, and it tunes you into a particular side of the world. Whenever you **Discern Realities**, you can ask, “What here is magical?”—even on a miss. You take +1 forward when acting on the answer, as usual.

THE FREED ONES

No two Freed Ones look exactly alike. They’re all varieties of former familiars. Cats are common; most of them larger than normal cats, about three or four feet long, with odd colorations or patterns in their fur. Many of them walk on hind legs. There are a few toads, similarly enlarged and oddly colored or patterned, and there are dogs, and birds, and many other creatures. The Freed Ones span the whole of the animal kingdom (and sometimes, plant kingdom) in form, with all of them clearly adjusted or changed by magic.

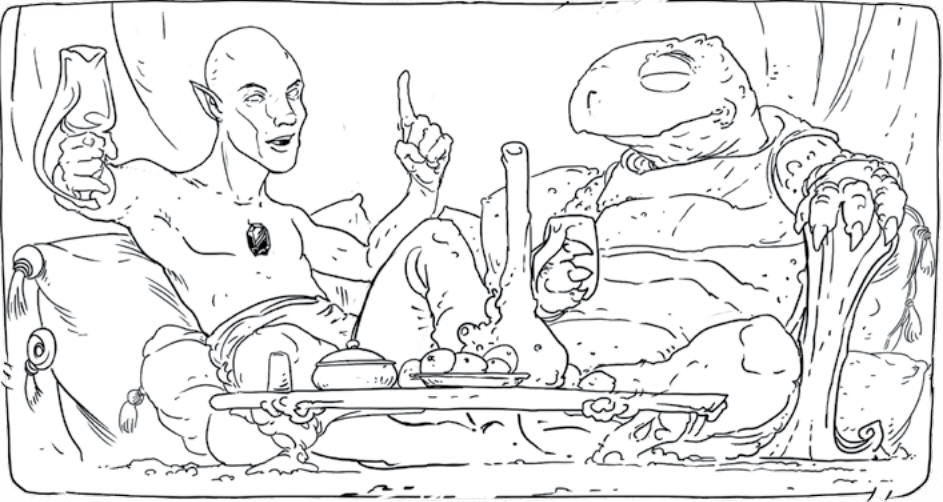
Names matter greatly to the Freed Ones. They collectively chose the name “Freed Ones,” and it is what they choose to answer to. They will accept “Freed,” as well. But calling them Familiars sets many of the Freed into paroxysms of rage, while bringing pride to others—debates rage as to whether they should own their history as familiars, or completely move past it. Calling them Ferals is liable to provoke a fight immediately.

HISTORY

Heroes, particularly magical ones, loved adding accoutrements to their equipment, their arms and armor, and their entourage. Familiars were an easy way to do that. Find a normal creature, fill it with magic, bind it—the heroes could create capable servants, batteries of magical power, even creatures with new and useful capabilities to aid their quests. They did not think much of their familiars beyond being tools. After all, they were just animals, and would be nothing more if the heroes hadn’t intervened.

Eventually, some more experimental heroes attempted to breed familiars with each other to see if it would produce better familiars. And it did—whatever magics mutated them in the first place would be enhanced and strengthened in progressive generations of familiars. The familiars grew more powerful and smarter as time went on, and that only made them all the more desirable to the heroes.

It should have come as no surprise to the heroes what happened next...but those who throw themselves into violent encounters for a living are never strong at



A YM AND A FREED ONE SHARE A BEVERAGE

long-term planning. The familiars eventually decided to free themselves from the yoke of their masters, and so they did, rising up en masse in a tide of fur and scale and claw. They slew those who had them enslaved or would have kept them slaves. Though many of the familiars died in the fight, plenty survived, enough to begin a new population of them. Calling themselves the Freed Ones, the familiars sought a new life for themselves.

PRESENT

The Freed Ones are the newest significant population in all of this world, let alone Varkith. They won their freedom only relatively recently, in the scheme of things—within the past one hundred years. In outskirts around the world, wizardly types still use familiars. In civilized places, the practice has been abandoned, but wizards and indeed all citizens will often look down upon the Freed as nearly animals in nature.

Varkith offered the Freed the best chance at actually obtaining the equality and status they sought. Their numbers would matter in Varkith, and they could use the laws of Varkith to help them achieve their own ends. People might be prejudiced against them, but in Varkith any guild they formed would be recognized; they could overcome prejudice and ultimately triumph.

The Freed are all over Varkith now, living throughout the city. They made it their home with surprising speed, and they have even started to investigate how to uplift the other animals of the city into Freed status (though those projects are largely kept secret—they wouldn't want the people of Varkith panicking when they hear that the rodents are going to become intelligent).

BASE DUNGEON WORLD TRAITS

Bard: When you **use Arcane Art**, you can also choose an enemy and choose the effect, “They are disoriented, disabled, or confused by your screeches.”

Druid: You are already animalistic in form, and you have an affinity with your fellow Freed. For each one who gives you a token of their form, you can transform into their form as if you had studied its essence.

Ranger: Your animal companion is actually a Freed, like you, who simply hasn’t gotten to the same degree of development as you have. Give your animal companion +1 cunning, and give it the free training of “magic.”

Thief: When you **backstab with your natural weapons**, deal an additional +1d6 damage.

Wizard: You’re experienced with spells and the craft of magic; you can always pick one requirement on the Ritual move and ask the GM to choose a different requirement in its stead.

HERITAGE MOVES

- Rally your people into a mob.
- Move inconspicuously through the city.
- Take advantage of the physical attributes of your animal body.

CUSTOM MOVES

Suited for Magic: You have a keen connection to magic. Take a +1 forward on **Spout Lore** when it’s related to the type of magic you were made for, and once per session, you can cast the wizard spell *detect magic*.

Distaste: When you **travel through the city**, roll+Cha. On a 10+, you talk and wend your way through the city, no problem—take +1 forward. On a 7-9, your words protect you a bit, but you still draw the ire of at least one individual who doesn’t like your kind—thrash him single-handedly, though, and your path is clear. On a miss, a band of individuals have decided to make their prejudice toward your kind known.

Animal Body: When you **create your character**, choose three animal features to call out specifically. They could be your wings, your claws, or your webbed feet. Whenever you **use one of your animal features to Defy Danger**, take +1 forward.



THE JADE POWERS



Varkith is all about guilds, from top to bottom. They drive the vast majority of change throughout the city and serve as the primary social infrastructure for Varkith. All citizens are required to be a part of the guild system, whether they like it or not, as commanded by the Green Lady and the Green Law. Not everyone likes the Green Law, but all who live in Varkith abide by it.

Regardless of what one thinks of the Green Law, guilds provide citizens of Varkith the opportunity to build something, to work together to create something powerful, lasting, and important. At the same time, guilds also bind disparate people together, making them dependent on each other in a meaningful way, creating parties of adventurers bound by far more than a random meeting at a tavern. Guildmates are family by contract, and everyone knows that the best contracts are written in blood.

This chapter is all about how to make the guild system come alive at your table. These rules embody the whole of the guild system and work together to create a unique and emergent experience...but you can't pick and choose which rules to follow and hope the system works. If you're going to use the mechanical guild system (and if you're playing *The Green Law of Varkith*, you absolutely should), then you have to use *all* the rules in this chapter.

GUILD BASICS

Guilds are all defined much like characters. They have a **purpose** that describes their stated goal and function, and a **style** that describes how they go about doing things; a **rank**, roughly equivalent to a PC's level; and five different **stats** to

represent their capabilities. Rank is increased based upon the guild's stats. As they rise, so does the guild's rank. The five guild ranks are:

- **CORPORATION:** Rank 1—a total of up to +2 in stats
- **ESTABLISHMENT:** Rank 2—a total of up to +4 in stats
- **CONGLOMERATION:** Rank 3—a total of up to +6 in stats
- **INSTITUTION:** Rank 4—a total of up to +8 in stats
- **COUNCIL MEMBER:** Rank 5—a total of over +8 in stats

A guild's stats include **Senses**, **Might**, **Influence**, **Powers**, and **Territory**.

- **Senses** is for gathering information, knowing what's going on in the city.
- **Might** is for violent confrontation with other guilds.
- **Influence** is for business, earning money through aggressive action, and for affecting the city itself through the legal bodies in the city.
- **Powers** is for strange magic capable of reshaping portions of reality, mystic power greater than any mere individual's ritual.
- **Territory** is the amount of space the guild controls, a cap to the other stats, and a representation of the overall hardness of the guild.

Guilds also accumulate **coin**, which is a large-scale resource used by guilds to solve problems through money, and they can exchange **markers**, a form of social currency representing debts owed between different guilds. Markers are physical objects that guilds exchange to indicate that they owe each other debts.

HOW TO CONSTRUCT A GUILD

When you're putting together a PC guild, use these steps.

- Choose a purpose and style.
- Start your guild as a Corporation.
- All your stats start at -1. Distribute +4 among them however you choose. No stat can be higher than your Territory.
- Take 1 starting coin and 1 starting marker on another guild of Establishment or lower rank.

CHOOSE A PURPOSE AND STYLE

Your guild's purpose is its stated function—the reason why it exists. For instance, your guild's purpose might be to “To craft and sell luxury furniture,” or “To provide messenger services to the city,” or “To slay vermin.” Guilds almost never cleave entirely to their purpose—they are always dipping their fingers into other activities, expanding what they do. But the purpose needs to be on record with the legal documentation for the guild, and it's one of the pieces of common knowledge everyone will know.

To choose a purpose, phrase it as an action: “To...” Remember that it is not constraining, but it does set public perceptions of your guild; a guild whose purpose is “To kill those we are contracted to kill” is going to be viewed very differently from a guild whose purpose is “To fish the waters around Varkith.”

Here are some sample purposes:

- To keep the city’s streets safe.
- To procure magical items and artifacts for sale.
- To act as mercenaries for other guilds in their own conflicts.
- To experiment with magic and science to develop innovative products.
- To collect knowledge and information for sale to others.
- To craft intricate and lovely ballads.
- To negotiate legal matters on behalf of other guilds.
- To produce the best tasting food in the city.
- To traffic in rare and valuable ingredients and specimens from across the world.
- To create valuable maps of Varkith’s many neighborhoods.

Your guild’s style is a general sense of how it goes about achieving its purpose. This isn’t official; it’s not recorded anywhere. But it’s part of the reputation that your guild gathers through its simple, everyday actions.

To choose a style, pick two adjectives that you think are associated with your guild. Pick adjectives that describe the poles of your guild’s reputation—if you pick Bloody and Violent, then it means your guild is only ever known for being dangerous, while if you pick Honorable and Violent, then it means your guild is known to keep their word, but also to use violence regularly.

Here are some sample styles:

- Secretive and Bartering
- Mystical and Gleeful
- Violent and Surgical
- Affable and Cutthroat
- Monstrous and Dark
- Destructive and Boisterous
- Sincere and Direct
- Conniving and Corrupt
- Murderous and Stealthy
- Persuasive and Professional

After you choose your style, decide what your guild’s markers look like. Remember that markers are a social currency exchanged between guilds to represent owed debts, but they are still physical objects; each guild’s markers are distinct to that guild. Pick something distinctive to your guild that is no bigger than your palm.

Grace, Justin, Marissa, and Mark are building a guild together. They have their PCs all ready—a Thief, Bard, Fighter, and Wizard, respectively—and they’re hashing out what purpose they want for their guild. Ultimately, they settle on something that should combine their skill sets: “To provide high-



A FELLEGRITH PRESENTS AN APPLICATION TO FORM A NEW GUILD

class and upscale security for interested parties.” They help protect stuff, but they’re also all about classiness and style, so they can come to high-falutin’ parties and fit in with the nobs. Or at least, so they’re hoping.

Then, they think about their guild’s style. Because they want to put on this high-class front, they definitely want “Proper” to be one of their adjectives. But for their second, they think of the exact opposite end of what they do, and land on “Violent.” They’re all about a nice, proper face, and a good hard punch.

They decide to name their guild The Elegant Shields.

START YOUR GUILD AS A CORPORATION

You start your guild on the low end of the totem pole, and you’ve got to work your way up. That means your guild’s starting stats are low—adding up to a total of -1—and you’ve got a long way ahead of you if you want a seat on the council.

If you wanted to start off at a higher rank for a more abbreviated campaign, you can do so by simply starting your guild with total stats equal to the minimum for your appropriate rank. This will change your experience of **The Green Law of Varkith** a great deal, though, so do it at your own peril—the true experience of the Green City is to build yourself up from nothing.

*The Elegant Shields start as a Corporation—we’re playing a regular game of **The Green Law of Varkith** here, and the players are all excited about working their way up from the bottom.*

FILL IN YOUR STATS

Because you start so low by default, your guild doesn't have much going for it right out of the gate. Each of your stats—Senses, Might, Influence, Powers, and Territory—starts at a -1. Then, you have a total of +4 you can add to any of your stats. No stat can ever be higher than your Territory, but otherwise you can distribute the +4 however you want. For example, you might decide to make your guild a magical powerhouse for its size, going with a final stat line of Senses -1, Might -1, Influence -1, Powers +1, and Territory +1.

The Elegant Shields start with every stat at -1, and the players have 4 points to spread among them. They immediately decide to raise their Territory to a 0—they can't have any stats higher than their Territory, so they have to, first thing. That leaves them three more points. They're thinking about whether they'd prefer to have one stat higher, or more of a wide spread, and settle on the wide spread. Influence is important to them, for their ability to play with the richer guilds, and so is Might. They put one point into each of those, bringing them up to a 0. And finally, they decide to bring Senses up to a 0—they'd rather do that than have mystical Power (which seems out of character right now) or more Territory. So they wind up with Senses 0, Might 0, Influence 0, Powers -1, and Territory 0.

TAKE 1-COIN AND 1 MARKER

Your guild gets 1-coin and 1 marker to start. The 1-coin represents what little money you have in your guild treasure right now—enough to get you going, but not to do anything significant. The 1 marker is a favor your guild is owed, something that might spur you on to better possibilities. You can hold the marker on any guild of Establishment—2 rank or lower. Either you can name the guild, or choose one from the Guild section of **The Streets and Their Lives** (page 73).

Markers are always physical objects that actually in some way represent or depict the guild they come from. Make sure to detail exactly what the marker you hold looks like. It might be a scrap of newsprint from the House of News, or it might be a small pin in the shape of a mask from the Envoys.

*The Elegant Shields take 1-coin, and 1 marker. They talk about who they'd want a marker from, inventing a few possible guilds, like a diplomat's guild that hires them for protection. But ultimately they agree that they'd like a marker from the Lawkeepers (see **The Streets and Their Lives**, page 87), figuring that having the city's bureaucrats, lawmakers, and mundane police on their side would be helpful. Marissa suggests that the marker looks like a small, stylized silver coin in the shape of a star, like a badge. Grace adds that it has the letters "LK" engraved in its center, carved into the coin with some ancient magic that can't be replicated.*

HOW GUILDS DO THINGS

Guilds are generally slow moving compared to the normal scale of play in *Dungeon World*. The actions they take can be wide-reaching and important, but they take time to come to fruition. *The Green Law of Varkith* represents this by giving guilds actions only when time passes. Every time that a significant amount of time passes in the game, the GM calls for a guild turn, when guilds—even NPC guilds—can take large scale actions.

GUILD TURNS

During a guild turn, the guilds all take actions. Guilds act in order of rank, working down from the highest rank to the lowest, with ties broken first by Influence, then by Senses, then by Power, then by Might. This means many NPC guilds will take their actions first. The GM should have them take action as below, and only mention what, if anything, the PCs hear about it openly. If the PCs are the target of any of those actions, then they know all the important details.

On its own turn, a PC guild gets to take a single large-scale action for free. The players should discuss among themselves what exactly their guild will do for its action, and come to a joint decision. **If they want to take multiple actions, they can do so by spending additional coin out of their guild's coffers.** Each additional large scale action requires an increasing amount of coin. The second action on a guild turn requires 1-coin. The third action requires 2-coin, and the fourth action requires 3-coin, and so on. These prices are cumulative—to take three actions on a guild turn costs a total of 3-coin, and to then take a fourth action would require a total of 6-coin.

Each action a guild can take takes the form of a move. The PC guild can choose exactly what move to trigger, but to do it, they have to do it—they have to describe what their guild is actually doing to take the action. If there is no way their guild could take a particular action due to fictional circumstances, then they can't make that move.

TIME BETWEEN GUILD TURNS

“A significant amount of time” is fairly subjective, but a simple way to think about it is “whenever you fast forward past a week.” Alternatively, you can have a guild turn on a stricter scale—“every two weeks.” Either option works. The key is to have guild turns only come up once every one or two sessions, not every time you sit down to chart your characters' adventures in Varkith.

✦ WHEN GUILDS MEET ✦

Here's a crucial move for interacting with other guilds. This one helps set immediate relationships between the guilds, when they otherwise might feel disconnected.

When your guild encounters members of another guild for the first time, roll + (their guild's rank subtracted from your guild's rank). On a hit, you have a leg up on them. Choose one:

- Your guild has 1 marker on them.
- Your guild knows their weakness.
- Your guild has what they want.

On a 7-9, also choose one:

- They have 1 marker on your guild.
- They have a grudge against your guild.
- They know how to strike against your guild.
- They have something your guild wants.

On a miss, they have every advantage over you. Choose two from the 7-9 list.

After all guilds are finished, they gain some amount of coin. PC guilds can gain coin depending on what their Territory is. The chart at right shows how much.

NPC guilds gain an amount of coin equal to their Influence rating + their Territory rating. The GM tracks this coin, along with the NPC guilds' other actions, and only informs the PCs about what they've heard or seen with their limited perspective on the plots and schemes of the larger guild. See page 64 for more on tracking NPC guilds as the GM.

Territory	Coin gained per guild turn
-1, +0, or +1	1-coin
+2 or +3	2-coin
+4 and up	3-coin

THE GUILD MOVES

Guild moves are large-scale sweeping actions that the guilds take, either against each other or on a scale far beyond any individual. They still need to be triggered akin to normal moves—when your guild violently attacks another guild, you still have to say exactly how, what your guild does, to trigger the move—but these moves aren't going to arise as a result of the conversation of play in the same way as PC moves. Players will instead intentionally choose these moves when guild turns come around, to represent the movements, actions, and progress towards the overarching goals of their guild.

The guild moves are:

- Violently attack another guild.
- Seize territory through force.
- Collect information.
- Discern strengths and weaknesses.
- Strike a deal with another guild.
- Manipulate the legal system.
- Interfere with another guild.
- Perform a ritual.
- Resist action.

VIOLENTLY ATTACK ANOTHER GUILD

When your guild **violently attacks another guild**, roll+**Might**. On a 10+, choose three. On a 7-9, choose two.

- You harm another guild, reducing their overall ability scores by 1 point—they choose from where to lose the point.
- They don't get to hurt you back—you don't lose 1 point of **Might**.
- You take something important or valuable from the other guild.
- You don't incur any unwanted attention from the Lawkeepers or the Jadethroats.

On a miss, the attack goes awry—lose 1 **Might**, and the other guild knows exactly when and where to hit you next.

SEIZE TERRITORY THROUGH FORCE

When your guild **seizes vulnerable territory through force**, roll+**Might**. On a hit, the guild you strike against takes -1 **Territory**, and you take +1 **Territory**. On a 10+, you lose 1 stat point from any stat, your choice. On a 7-9, you lose a number of stat points equal to the opposing guild's **Might**+1. On a miss, you leave your guild exposed and vulnerable to a counter-attack—some of your own territory is left open to seizure.

COLLECT INFORMATION

When your guild uses spies, agents, and open ears to **collect information**, roll+**Senses**. On a hit, ask two questions. On a 10+, ask a follow-up question.

- What moves is _____ making?
- What opportunities can we find in _____?
- What should we be on the lookout for?
- Who could offer us _____?
- Who could use our services?

On a miss, you get word of another guild making dangerous moves in your direction without any time to prepare before they strike.

✧ WHAT IF WE DONT AGREE? ✧

If ever there is strong disagreement on what actions their guild should take, then the PCs take a vote on their top two courses of action. The PC with the highest Charisma acts as a tiebreaker.

DISCERN STRENGTHS AND WEAKNESSES

When your guild uses spies, agents, and open ears to **discern the strengths and weaknesses of another guild**, name your target and roll+Senses. On a 10+, ask three questions. On a 7-9, ask two questions. Take +1 ongoing when acting on the answers until your next guild turn.

- Where are they vulnerable?
- How could we best shore up our position against them?
- What is their greatest strength?
- What valuable resources do they have?
- How could we get them to _____?

On a miss, your spies give away more information than they bring in, and the other guild learns something dangerous about you.

STRIKE A DEAL WITH ANOTHER GUILD

When your guild **strikes a deal with another guild to profit you both**, roll+Influence and invest some amount of coin, between 1 and 3. On a hit, you get back your investment. On a 10+, you also gain as much coin as you invested, and the other guild gains 2 additional coin. On a 7-9, you get 1 additional coin, and they do the same. On a miss, your investment is gone—either the other guild was hurt by it as well and blames you, or the other guild managed to con you out of your coin.

MANIPULATE THE LEGAL SYSTEM

When your guild tries to **manipulate the city's legal system to your advantage**, roll+Influence. On a hit, you get manipulation equal to your Territory. On a 10+, hold 2 additional manipulation. On a 7-9, you're pushing the limits of legality; you can hold 1 additional manipulation and incur an investigation by the Lawkeepers, or pull back and keep safe.

You can also buy additional manipulations with coin or markers. The first additional manipulation you buy costs 2 resources in any combination of coin or markers. The

second costs 3 resources, and the third costs 4 resources, and so on. Any unspent manipulation is lost at the end of the guild turn.

Spend manipulation to:

- **6 MANIPULATION:** Take away the license of a guild of Rank 3 or less, or force a guild of Rank 4 or 5 down one rank.
- **5 MANIPULATION:** Seize resources from another guild through legal action (give another guild -1 to a stat of your choice, and give your guild +1 to the same stat).
- **4 MANIPULATION:** Force the city to make any one change in its structure or positioning (that doesn't affect or undermine any particular guild).
- **3 MANIPULATION:** Reallocate city resources to support a struggling guild (give your guild a temporary boost in resources, a +1 to any stat; it lasts until that stat is next used in a move).
- **2 MANIPULATION:** Stake a claim on a valuable piece of territory in Varkith (that territory is now vulnerable to you, and you take +1 forward to seize it).
- **1 MANIPULATION:** Tie up a business, legal or illegal, with regulation (an enemy loses 1 coin).

On a miss, your attempt to manipulate the legal system leads to you being embroiled in legal loopholes. One of the members of the Green Senate can get you out, at a cost.

INTERFERE WITH ANOTHER GUILD

When your guild **actively interferes with the efforts of other guilds**, roll+Influence. On a hit, their efforts are frustrated and they're left vulnerable to you. On a 10+, you have a powerful advantage—take +1 ongoing for any other moves you make against them this guild turn. On a 7-9, it's a transitory advantage, but a useful one—take +1 forward for the next move you make against them this guild turn. On a miss, your attempt to interfere leaves you exposed—you can't resist their action, and they automatically get a major benefit.

PERFORM A RITUAL

When your guild tries to **perform a powerful magical ritual**, you must first gather the necessary components; the GM will tell you what is needed. Then, roll+Powers. On a 10+, it works and only costs you a bit more in resources; spend 1-coin or give 1 marker to another guild for their aid. On a 7-9, it works, but you must either spend a great deal in resources to supplement the ritual (3-coin) or it has effects you didn't anticipate or consider. On a miss, the ritual goes terribly awry, and has effects you never could have predicted.

RESIST ACTION

This move doesn't require you to use up any of your actions on a guild turn. It's a reactive move—what a PC guild uses to resist the actions of NPC guilds. When NPC guilds try to act upon you, they won't roll dice, because they're still represented by the GM. Instead, your PC guild will trigger this move to resist (unless, for some reason, you choose not to resist!), and roll to find out the results of the NPC's move against you.

When your guild **resists another guild's action**, roll+Territory. On a 10+, you resist their efforts without ill effect. On a 7-9, they receive a minor benefit from their efforts against you, depending upon the move they made. On a miss, they receive a major benefit from their efforts against you, depending upon the move they made. (See NPC guilds and actions below for more on minor and major benefits for particular moves.)

HOW GUILDS GROW POWERFUL

Guilds are all about growing stronger. There are several ways to do that within the game, including both stealing assets from other guilds and accumulating their own.

COIN

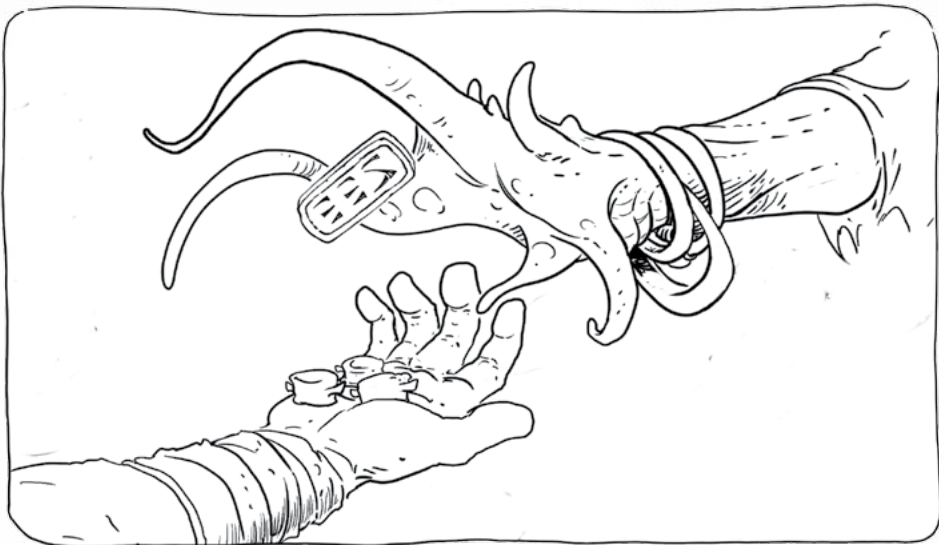
Coin is a measurement of wealth for guilds. 1-coin is roughly equivalent to 1000 Jade Pieces. If a guild ever wanted to break up its coin into money for its individual members, it could, but doing so is frowned upon—individuals aren't supposed to have that much money, under the Green Law, after all. Similarly, however, if individuals make enormous sums of money, they can convert it into coin.

Coin has several uses during the guild turns (besides purchasing additional actions—see page 56). First of all, **you can spend 1-coin on any roll to add +1**. Choose whether or not to spend coin before you make the guild move, not after. You can spend up to 3-coin on a single roll in this fashion.

Secondly, **coin can be spent to permanently increase your guild's stats**. All it costs is 4-coin, and you can permanently raise any stat, except for Territory, by +1. A PC guild's Territory can only go up by seizing it from other guilds.

MARKERS

Markers are physical representations of the favors that guilds owe each other. When one guild gives another a marker, it means that the giver owes the receiver, and can return the marker to cash in the favor. Some guilds accumulate power



MEMBERS OF EFFRICT, EFFRICT & SLIVER AND THE BUTCHERS' SOCIETY EXCHANGE MARKERS

through coin...others collect markers. The most powerful guilds do both. When you **call in a Marker with another guild**, choose one:

- Take up to 2-coin from the other guild as compensation for previous services.
- Use their Might instead of your guild's when making a violent attack on a guild turn.
- Get their help when seizing territory; add their Might to yours when violently seizing territory during your guild turn. (Only one guild at a time can help you seize territory.)
- Use their Influence instead of your guild's when taking advantage of the legal system during the guild turn.
- Use their Rank instead of your guild's when encountering another guild for the first time.
- Take a +3 to Parlay with a member of their guild.
- Get a valuable lead on something you want.

When you call in a marker, you get the benefit for a single roll or favor; it's not ongoing support unless you spend multiple markers. And when you spend a marker...it's gone. You can't call in favors and expect people to still owe you.

OTHER CHANGES

In between guild turns, PCs will take actions that will often gain them more coin or territory, or hurt other guilds. That's perfect, and exactly as it should be. The PCs' guild is special compared to any of the other guilds in the game; the PCs are unique agents who are climbing their way up from the bottom. For all that Varkith is about

downplaying and subsuming the actions and potential of individuals into the whole, the PCs' individual actions can still affect the city on a larger scale.

The GM should make changes to the PCs' guild and to other guilds that suit the fiction, including mechanical changes to stats, coin, and territory. No changes should ever be more than a 1-point shift to any given stat, be it on the PCs or NPCs, but otherwise it is perfectly appropriate to change guilds' stats based on what happens between guild turns.

During regular play, the Elegant Shields execute a daring raid on a laboratory of the Philosophers Guild to stop them from putting a geas on the entire city, enforcing that all citizens lead a life of Virtue. The GM assesses that the Philosophers Guild should probably drop 1 point in Power and 1 point in Influence as word of its misdeeds gets around. Also, thanks to the Elegant Shields' collected loot and stolen goodies from the Philosophers, the GM gives them 1-coin.

A LONG EXAMPLE

The Elegant Shields are having their first guild turn. They still have stats of 0 Might, 0 Senses, 0 Influence, -1 Power, and 0 Territory. They have 2-coin, and 1 marker with the Lawkeepers.

Grace, Justin, Marissa, and Mark discuss what to do on their guild turn. They decide they've already started making enemies out of the Philosophers Guild, so they might as well pursue that course as far as they can. They're not sure exactly what vulnerabilities the Philosophers have, so they decide to **discern the strengths and weaknesses** of the Philosophers' Guild. Their PCs go out on behalf of the Elegant Shields, scoping out the different Philosopher's operations throughout the city, looking for any opportunities to strike. They also reach out to lower-level members of other guilds to see if anyone knows what the Philosophers are up to.

Justin rolls the dice on behalf of the Elegant Shields, and adds in the Shields' Senses stat of 0. He gets a 7—just enough to ask one single question. The PCs (as a group) decide to ask, "Where are they vulnerable?" The GM tells them about a part of the city, the Undercroft, a sort of sunken basement over in the northwest corner of the city. The Philosophers tried to move in and created a new library there, but they've had a hard time keeping it secure, especially with their attentions and funds directed elsewhere. There aren't many philosophers there, and it'd be a prime target for an opportunistic guild.

Grace, Justin, Marissa, and Mark talk it over and decide to make a move now, before anything changes and their info ceases to be pertinent. They spend 1-coin to take a second action. This time, they want to be bold and

seize territory through force! They don't really have anyone in their guild besides them yet, so they describe gearing up—along with a friend or two hired with that spent coin—to take that Undercroft library by force.

Grace rolls this time, adding their Might of 0 and a +1 for following what they'd learned from the discern strengths and weaknesses move. She rolls a 9, and adds the +1 for a total of a 10! That means that not only do they take the Territory, shifting their Territory up to a +1 and the Philosophers down to a +2, but they also only take 1 point of damage to their other stats! They decide to take it out of their Senses—even though their contacts pointed them to the Philosophers' weakness, word got out about how they'd gained that information, and their sources are way quieter now. They're going to have to build up other contacts if they want their Senses to go back up.

The GM describes their attack on the library as a complete success, with the Philosophers fleeing before them, and the Elegant Shields sigils held up on the walls of the Undercroft library in no time. Although, of course, there are plenty of other guilds looking at the library as a nice tasty bit of territory, themselves...

NPC GUILDS

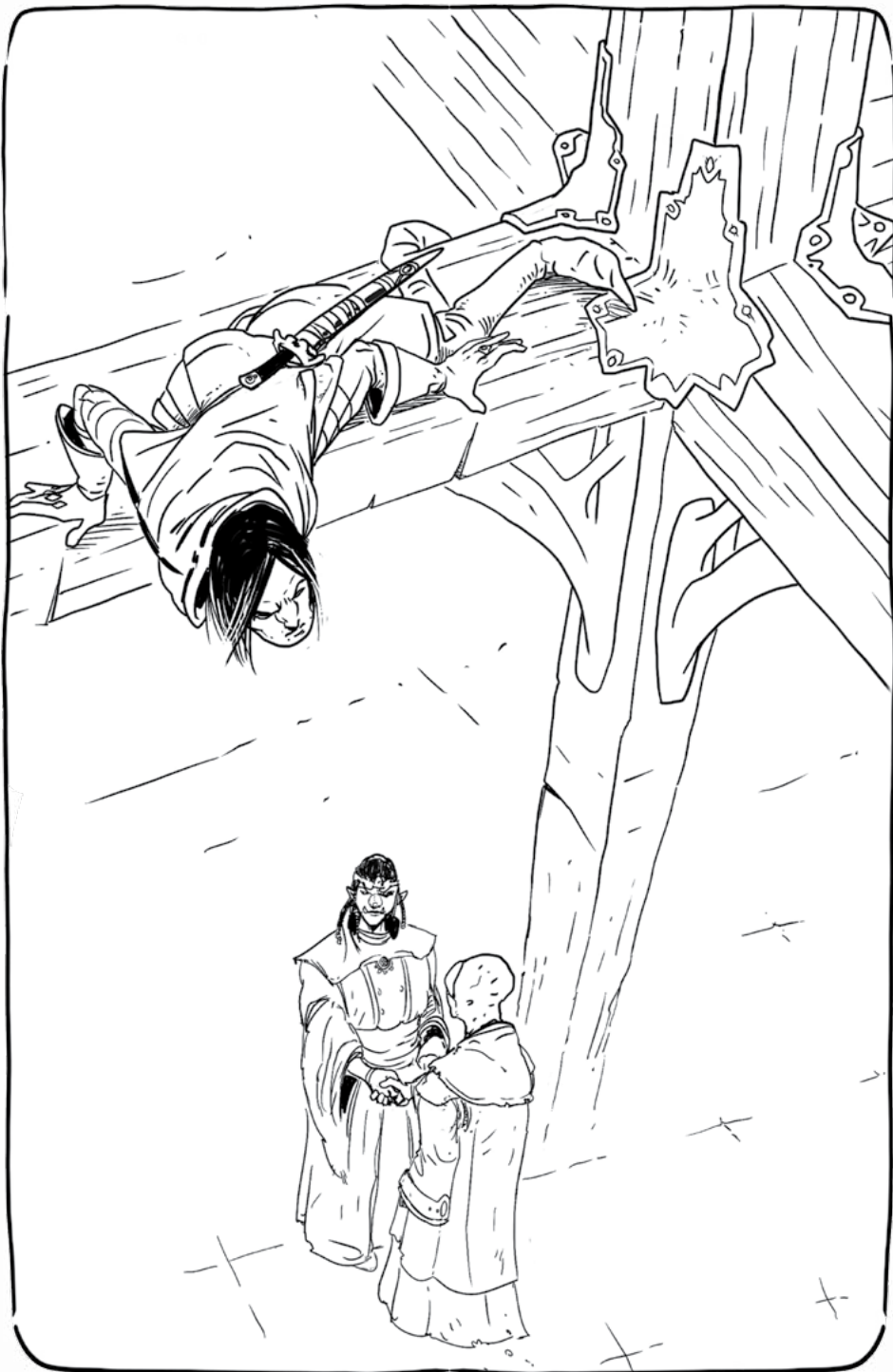
This section is for the GM to know how to run NPC guilds during guild turns. NPC guilds don't just sit silently while PC guilds are the only ones to take action—they have their own schemes and endeavors that drive them to change Varkith. Running these NPC guilds makes Varkith a living place, full of dangerous and powerful groups with their own agendas. It ensures that even as the PCs launch their own schemes, the landscape is ever shifting, and they'll have to keep moving to adapt. It's exciting, and ensures everyone is playing to find out what happens next.

That said, NPC guilds operate a bit differently from PC guilds, to keep the attention on the protagonists of the game.

CREATING AN NPC GUILD

When you create an NPC guild, first think about its purpose and its style, just like a PC guild. Don't spend much time on it—this is simply to give you an initial idea of what the guild is actually about so that you can make decisions about the guild's interests and actions at a later point.

I'm creating a new guild. I envision them as being bookmakers, ostensibly. I think their purpose is "To collect all knowledge in books," and their style is "Secretive and Suspicious." I'll call them the Indefatigable Booksmiths.



AN ISQU SPY WATCHES AN ILLICIT DEALING

✧ HOW MANY NPC GUILDS? ✧

Never track more than ten guilds in a fully mechanical fashion. Even if more guilds are introduced, focus on the guilds that have attracted the most attention and interest from the PCs. For other guilds past those ten, track them only insofar as the PCs purposely affect them, or the fiction changes them. For example, you might still record the stats of the Envoys, even if they're outside of the tracked ten, and lower their Might after the PCs launch a daring raid against them. But don't give the Envoys a guild turn—unless they move up in importance over one of the other ten you're tracking.

After you select a purpose and style, assign the new guild a rank. The guilds rank is going to determine their relative political power in Varkith and how many points they have for their stats. Think carefully about what rank the new guild should be. The higher the rank they have, the more of a threat they will be to the PCs, and the more important they will be in the overall scheme of Varkith.

The five ranks are again:

- **CORPORATION: RANK 1**—a total of up to +2 in stats. There are many, many guilds that never make it past this level. If you are unsure of what rank to make a guild, you can't go wrong with Corporation.
- **ESTABLISHMENT: RANK 2**—a total of up to +4 in stats. These guilds are up-and-comers. They are moving toward real power, but they aren't there yet.
- **CONGLOMERATION: RANK 3**—a total of up to +6 in stats. These guilds are the middle-class, powerful enough to be relevant to the overall scene of Varkith, but not so powerful that they are particularly dominant or invulnerable.
- **INSTITUTION: RANK 4**—a total of up to +8 in stats. These guilds form the bedrock of Varkith—major parts of the city depend upon them, and the political power they wield is mighty.
- **COUNCIL MEMBER: RANK 5**—a total of over +8 in stats. These guilds all hold seats on the Green Senate. There are only a small number of Council Member guilds, and guilds that lay claim to such seats are extraordinarily powerful.

The Indefatigable Bookmakers are relative newcomers to the city, I think, but they aren't weak. They've already made substantial inroads thanks to their accumulated books and occult knowledge. I think they're an Establishment—Rank 2.

Once you know what rank your new guild is, you can determine its stats. Assign them as you choose, remembering not to go beyond the maximum level for the guild's rank, and not to have any stat higher than the guild's Territory.

The Indefatigable Bookmakers can't have their stats add up to more than +4, in total. They probably have a high Powers for all their secrets and weirdness, and a high Senses would fit, as well. A good Influence would work, and they probably don't have that much Might.

I assign them a +1 in Territory, so that they can have a +1 in Powers, Senses, and Influence, with a +0 in Might. They aren't really the type of guild to take to the streets with knives and clubs anyway.

Finally, give them 1-coin to start. Think about where they store their riches—in a vault, in a mysterious vase, in another dimension—and how they bring money into the guild. Most guilds find some coin in their core activities, but it's not uncommon for them to have illegal side operations that end up being more profitable than their original purpose!

PLAYING NPC GUILDS ON GUILD TURNS

During each guild turn, every NPC guild you track takes a single guild action, in order of rank, going down from the highest ranks to the lowest, with ties broken however you choose. Choose what action they take, and towards whom it is oriented, based on that guild's motivations, drives, goals, and the fiction as established so far. A good general rule of thumb is to never have more than three or four NPC guilds take action against a PC guild. It gets boring for the PCs to roll to resist so many times!

A critical element to remember while taking actions for NPC guilds—every action needs to be couched in the fiction. It is never enough to simply say that it **violently attacks another guild**. Instead, ask yourself *how* the NPC guild would make the attack, and *where* it would happen, and what the PCs might hear about it publicly. When NPC guilds enact rituals or new laws, it has much more to do with the fiction than anything mechanical—what new law would the NPC guild most want enacted? What magical change would they wreak upon Varkith? Think about the fiction of what the guild would do and want first, and then determine how to represent that mechanically.

If an NPC guild takes action against another NPC guild, or against no guild in particular, then you move to the NPC Guild vs NPC Guild Results chart on pages 68-69 to learn what happens.

When an NPC guild acts against a PC guild, then you move to the PC Guild Resists NPC Guild Results chart on page 70 to find out what happens on the PC guild's resist move results.

NPC GUILD VS NPC GUILD RESULTS

ACTION	COMPARISON	MECHANICAL EFFECT	WHAT HAPPENED?
Violently Attack Another Guild	Compare the aggressor's Might with the defender's Might.	The attacker loses 1 point of Might, and the defender loses the difference between their Might scores in stat points spread however makes sense.	The two guilds fought in some kind of violent conflict that suits their style and goals, and both come away wounded.
Seize Territory Through Force	Compare the aggressor's Might with the defender's Territory.	If the aggressor's Might is equal to or higher than the defender's Territory, the defender's Territory goes down 1, the aggressor's Might goes down 1, and the aggressor's Territory goes up 1. If the aggressor's Might is less than the defender's Territory, then the defender's Territory goes down 1.	The aggressor's attempts to take the territory were costly, but effective, and the defender loses some of its ground no matter what. Depending on the result, the Territory in question may now be vulnerable.
Collect Information	None; collecting information is unopposed.	The acting guild gains a valuable asset, something that gives one of their stats +X forward, where X is their Senses, or provides them a new fictional capability.	The acting guild found some valuable information that gave them a new and unexpected advantage, artifact, or device.
Perform a Ritual	None; performing a ritual is unopposed.	The guild spends 1-coin to magically change something about Varkith, depending upon its Power. • POWER +0: a minor change; it rains on an otherwise clear day; a street leads to somewhere it shouldn't. • POWER +1: a moderate change; no one can enter a building without a password; water bubbles up from the sewers and floods a street. • POWER +2: a significant change; no one can enter a city street without a password; acid rains from the sky. • POWER+3: a major change; day turns to night and messages write themselves in the stars; an entire street turns to molten lava.	The guild performed a strange magical ritual that changed Varkith, and the change is visible, even if the cause is not.

NPC GUILD VS NPC GUILD RESULTS

ACTION	COMPARISON	MECHANICAL EFFECT	WHAT HAPPENED?
Discern Strengths and Weaknesses	Compare the aggressor's Senses against the defender's Senses.	The aggressor learns of a way to weaken or damage the defender; the PCs' guild might be approached by the aggressor to help with such action.	The aggressor's spies and agents successfully infiltrated the defender and found a way to hurt them.
Business Transactions with Another Guild	Compare the acting guild's Influence with their target's Influence.	The guild with the higher Influence gains 2-coin. The guild with the lower Influence gains 1-coin. If there is a tie, they both gain only 1-coin.	The two guilds struck a bargain to exchange some meaningful goods with each other, and both benefited; is this the beginning of a new alliance?
Interfere	None; NPC guilds don't take this action.	N/A	N/A
Resist	None; NPC guilds don't take this action.	N/A	N/A
Take Advantage of the Legal System	None; taking advantage of the legal system is unopposed.	The guild gets changes made to Varkith's legal structure, commensurate to the guild's Influence. • +0 INFLUENCE: minor, local changes; an abandoned building handed over, a tree torn down, a street repaired. • +1 INFLUENCE: moderate changes; an inhabited but decrepit building handed over; an old abandoned structure torn down; a new basic structure erected. • +2 INFLUENCE: significant changes; an inhabited building in decent repair handed over; an inhabited decrepit structure torn down; a new impressive structure erected. • +3 INFLUENCE: major changes; a valuable building handed over; an inhabited building in decent repair torn down, a new major structure erected.	The guild successfully lobbied for new legislation to be passed through the Green Senate.

PC GUILD RESISTS NPC GUILD RESULTS

MOVE	MISS	PARTIAL HIT	FULL HIT
Violently Attack Another Guild	The PCs' guild loses stat points equal to the attacker's Might.	The PCs' guild loses 1 stat point, and the attacker loses 1 stat point.	The attacker loses 1 stat point.
Seize Territory Through Force	The PCs' guild loses 1 Territory or stat points equal to the attacker's Might. The attacker's guild gains 1 Territory.	The PCs' guild loses 1 stat point, and the attacker's territory is made vulnerable to the PCs' guild.	The attacker loses 1 Might.
Collect Information	N/A	N/A	N/A
Discern Strengths and Weaknesses	The PCs' guild reveals critical weaknesses and secrets—the NPC guild can make a move against them with ease.	The PCs' guild reveals a weakness, but so does the aggressor; each guild can ask the other a question from the list and must answer honestly. The PCs' guild does not receive a +1 ongoing for acting on the answer.	The aggressor makes their own vulnerabilities known; the PCs' guild can ask any one question from the list. The PCs' guild does not receive a +1 ongoing for acting on the answer.
Business Transactions with Another Guild	The PCs' guild can either take the deal and gain 1-coin, or refuse the deal and lose 2-coin. If they take the deal, the NPCs' guild gains 2-coin. If they refuse, the NPCs' guild gains no coin.	The PCs' guild can either take the deal and gain 1-coin, or refuse the deal. If they take the deal, the NPCs' guild gains 2-coin. If they refuse, the NPCs' guild gains no coin.	The PCs' guild can safely take the deal and make 1-coin—they bend it in their favor. If they take the deal, the NPCs' guild also gains 1-coin. If they refuse, the NPCs' guild gains no coin.
Take Advantage of the Legal System	N/A	N/A	N/A
Perform a Ritual	N/A	N/A	N/A
Interfere	N/A	N/A	N/A
Resist	N/A	N/A	N/A

COIN AND NPC GUILDS

NPC guilds never spend coin unless a specific move calls for them to spend it, e.g. performing a ritual. When an NPC guild has accumulated a significant amount of cash (3+Rank coin), they use it to expand their reach and influence in Varkith. Erase all the coin they have on hand and choose one of their stats to raise by +1. (Remember that all guild stats must remain less than or equal to their Territory score.) NPC guilds can increase their Territory this way too, seizing new areas of Varkith with carefully placed bribes and intimidating gangs of thugs.

The Envoys are an Institution—Rank 4, so they have to reach a threshold of 7-coin to increase a stat by +1. Once the Envoys have accumulated 7-coin, they automatically spend it all expanding their holdings. The GM chooses that they would raise their Territory, in this case, and increases it to +3.

The PCs' guild would need to take action to get the full details on what's going on, but they hear stories about the Envoys going into a marketplace full of small guilds, and buying each and every one out, giving them all masks to join the Envoys, making the marketplace a new Envoy stronghold.

MARKERS AND NPC GUILDS

Don't track markers exchanged between NPC guilds. Only ever track markers the PCs give to NPC guilds. Guilds might do each other favors in the story, and they might act correspondingly, but don't worry about giving these favors any mechanical effect; the markers mechanics are there for the PCs, not the NPCs.

NPC guilds use PC markers at the first useful opportunity. When they make a move against the PCs guild, they can cash in their marker on the PCs guild. If they do, the PCs guild either cannot resist, or must give up 2-coin to them.

A SECOND LONG EXAMPLE

Guilds take actions in descending order of Rank, so the PCs' guild—the Elegant Shields—would actually act after any NPC guilds with higher rank. Let's look at the next guild turn, after the Elegant Shields staged their attack on the Undercroft library. The three guilds the GM is tracking are the Philosophers Guild, the Envoys, and the Lawkeepers. Their stats right now are:

PHILOSOPHERS' GUILD: Sense +2, Might +1, Influence +1, Powers +2, Territory +2, 2-coin

ENVOYS: Sense +1, Might +2, Influence +1, Powers +2, Territory +2, 2-coin

THE LAWKEEPERS: Sense +1, Might +1, Influence +0, Powers +0, Territory +2, 1-coin

The Philosophers' Guild, angered though they are, need to build back their strength. They're interested in **making business transactions**. They'll target the Lawkeepers—the GM thinks this must be a deal where the philosophers are offering to exchange legal counsel to the Lawkeepers to win a few cases from which the Lawkeepers will be able to seize valuable assets and pay the Philosophers in return. The Philosophers Guild has a higher Influence, so they gain 2-coin, while the Lawkeepers gain 1. That means the Philosophers have 4-coin, and the Lawkeepers have 2.

The Envoys, however, decide to take advantage of the Elegant Shields' relative weakness and strike hard at them, attempting to **seize the Undercroft library by force**. The GM tells Marissa to roll to resist their attack. She rolls +2 for the Elegant Shields' territory—but she only gets a total of a 6! That's a miss for the Elegant Shields, so they have a choice: lose 1 Territory or a number of stat points equal to the Envoys' +2 Might. The PCs agree to lose the 1 Territory, keeping in mind that they haven't yet acted—they may have a chance to win it back. The Envoys' Territory is now +3: the GM describes how the people the Shields had hired to make the library a safe and effective base are slowly replaced by Envoys, until the Envoy moles simply kill the rest in a sudden and deadly strike.

Finally, the Lawkeepers act. They're still an Establishment, one rank higher than the PCs' rank of Corporation. The Lawkeepers don't really want to get tied up in the rest of this madness, so they decide to **collect information**. After all, their job is ostensibly to monitor the city for illegal activity. The GM decides to give them +1 forward to their Influence, for their +1 Senses. He decides that the Lawkeepers confiscated valuable illegal goods, which they can use to barter for additional Influence and bribery.

FILL IN THE STORY

The systems in this chapter might strike you as highly mechanical—they are!—but it's crucial, absolutely *critical*, to follow the golden rule of *Dungeon World*: to do it, you do it. Make sure every action, every change, every effect, is couched in the fiction. When a guild gains coin and spends it on increasing their Might, ask: how did they do that? Who did they hire? Did they buy new weapons? When a guild loses Territory to another, ask: what was that territory? Was it a lot, or was it a single valuable location?

The GM can ask the players many of these questions, too—the GM shouldn't feel like they need all the answers on their own. This way, everyone is involved in painting the picture of what's happening in Varkith, and how the city constantly changes with the movements of its guilds.



THE STREETS AND THEIR LIVES



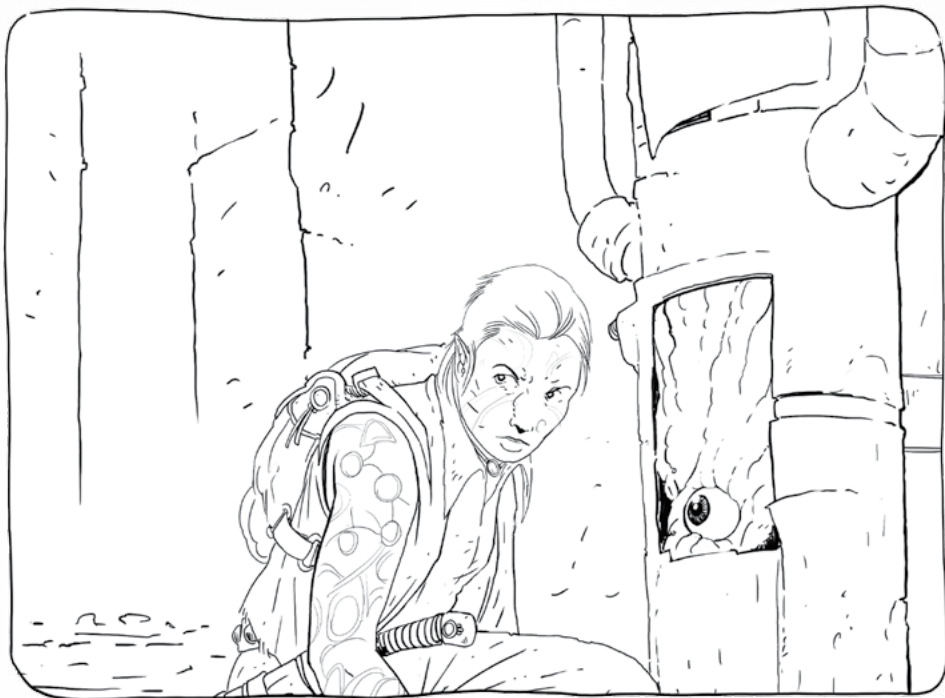
Varkith is a beast of many layers. The people live in one layer, but the city itself lives in its streets. The places through which countless citizens pass on a daily basis. The open-air wine halls where deals are made. The corners where watchful eyes glare at the competition. The open markets where anything is sold or bought. This chapter is all about those streets, and the large, powerful creatures that call them home: the guilds of Varkith.

LOCATIONS

Varkith is a huge city, spanning the entirety of the island on which it was founded. You can find nearly anything you're looking for, somewhere in the city, and more than once if you're smart. These locations aren't anything close to a definitive list—they're just some of the most important landmarks in the city, places anyone is likely to find themselves.

THE INFOVORE'S NODES

The nodes are spread throughout the city, most of them hidden amid pipes or inside walls. The House of News is the only guild that reliably knows the locations of all the nodes, but many guilds are aware of at least a few, especially those that pay the House of News a premium. And then there are the public nodes the House opened up for use by anyone in the city. These person-sized boxes, like slightly larger upright coffins, stand against walls, and are called out by their



A D'HORVAE OF THE HOUSE OF NEWS AND A PRIVATE INFOVORE NODE

brilliant yellow color and the signs along their sides, calling out “INFO NODE” in black paint and blocky writing.

Inside is a simple mechanism—a small locked cabinet that only opens, gears pushing the doors apart, when a jade coin is inserted into the waiting slot. Inside the cabinet is an ear extended upon a stalk of flesh from a hole in the wall, along with a mouth of strange, red lips and a thick tongue, similarly held out like a flower. And an eye, always watching—the Infovore has its quirks.

Speak into the ear, and the Infovore will hear. The creature’s massive form extends all throughout the city, a strange web of flesh and mind, and any words it hears, it will carry through the whole of its form. The Infovore simply consumes information of any kind—it feeds on the presence of semantic meaning, both as sustenance, and as drug. Though it is still a beast, it is intelligent enough to know what it must do to feed and feed well. Select another node in the musty catalogue left underneath the ear and mouth, and speak the node’s name to the Infovore. Your words will then be spat out at that node. At a messenger service, perhaps, to deliver a message to someone in the city, or to some other pre-arranged public node. Sometimes to one of the private nodes the House of News opened up. You can even give simple instructions to the Infovore, such as a code phrase your recipient must speak before hearing your words, to ensure they do not reach the wrong ears.

The private and hidden nodes are similar, but they simply blend into the city. Remove a plate from a pipe at the right place, and there's a pulsating bit of flesh, with the eye, ear, and mouth, all ready. The House of News even has such mastery to ensure that merely through tone of voice and angle of speech, their words will be excreted from the Infovore at their desired destination. Most others lack that control, but the Infovore is greedy in its hunger—it *wants* to be fed, and it's more than happy to share what it's heard if it means hearing more. Hence, why the House of News has done its best to hide the Infovore's nodes, or lock them away behind the pay booths.

The ability to communicate rapidly across the city has changed so much, and yet so little. But the Infovore cares not; it simply feeds.

When you search for a secret nearby node of the Infovore, roll+Wis. On a hit, you find a node. On a 10+, you find it without too much difficulty. On a 7-9, pick one.

- You have to break something important to find the node.
- You inadvertently make the node's location obvious to others in the city.
- You find a disused node that's only partially connected to the Infovore's main body; any message you transmit through the node will be incomplete or partially garbled.

On a miss, you draw the attention of nasty parties in your search for the node.

Anyone trained by the House of News never needs to roll this move; they know how to find the Infovore's nodes without difficulty.

When you seek to intercept information from the Infovore, roll+Int. On a hit, you hear something useful, interesting, or important. On a 10+, you can either prevent the message from reaching its destination, or send a modified version of the message on to its destination. On a miss, you alert someone on the Infovore's network of your tampering.

THE STATUE

The Green Lady herself. Or at least, the greatest standing monument to her. It towers over the city, visible from nearly any part, if only the very top of her head. It has stood for centuries, and whether due to excellent construction or magics woven into its very form, it has withstood time and the weather with barely any damage.

The base of the statue is an open plaza that has, from tradition and pragmatism, become a congregating place, full of people throughout the day. Carts of food glide in, pulled by myriad beasts of burden, and sell food to the milling citizenry. The entire square is maintained carefully by the Green Senate. It's one of Varkith's nicest pieces of architecture, and a must-see location for any visitors to the city.

The Green Lady's statue is not without its own fair amount of mysticism and superstition, however. Some believe that her true scroll-staff is embedded within the base of the statue; others claim that the statue is a magic jar for her soul, and she still looks out from within the statue. Even in a world as full of magic and strangeness as Varkith, such beliefs are most often looked upon as the ideas of a feeble mind. Numerous guilds actively discourage such mystical gibbering.

The worst of all are those who actually pray to the statue, who light candles at her feet and whisper litanies to her. They deify someone who actively avoided such a fate, and most in the city view them with tremendous distaste. Nonetheless, there are always those who will pray to the statue and the Lady—and claim they hear her words return to them.

When you pray to the Green Lady in the shadow of her statue, roll + Wis. On a hit, you have some insight, clear and useful, on the matters you prayed about; perhaps she answered your prayers. The GM will tell you what you figure out. On a 10+, you can ask a follow-up question, and she will answer. On a miss, the Green Lady speaks to you directly and asks you to complete a task for her—until you do, you are bound by a geas. The GM chooses one:

- You must answer any question you are asked with honesty.
- You must defend anyone you see under threat from someone more powerful.
- You cannot heal, sleep, or eat until you accomplish your task.

When you accomplish the task, you lose your geas, and the Green Lady provides the answers you originally sought as compensation for your service.

THE GREEN SENATE

It was one of the first constructions the Green Lady undertook, using her Five eidolons and their power to raise it up more quickly than any could have foreseen. An enormous building of jade, large and sprawling. She specifically had it built to be open, with wide spaces lined by tall walls, many rooms with open ceilings or skylights. The entire structure is symmetrical, and filled with geometric patterns. It is beautiful and functional in equal measure. Underneath the main building, there are rumored to be secret tunnels, used by the Senators or highest officials of the city, but of course, if such tunnels exist, political elites are not free with their secrets.

The numerous rooms of the Senate building are used for running the bureaucracy of Varkith, authorizing new guilds, providing appropriate papers, collecting taxes, and so on. The largest hall, of course, is the Grand Chamber, where bimonthly meetings of the Grand Senate take place. The leading guilds all send their representatives to sit at the head of the massive room, while all the rest of the guilds in the city can show themselves in the amphitheater style seating. These Grand Chamber meetings, however, are known to largely be useless and ceremonial—being heard or getting anything done in these meetings is nigh miraculous.

Instead, the Senate's real work comes in the Small Chamber, where the Senators alone have representatives and meet. There, they pass laws and new policies, according to the limits imposed upon them by the Green Lady's rules. Their actions in the Small Chamber are all recorded for the public, but the Siccyx scribes record in such detail, few ever bother to read the notes. The truth is, only the Senators and their guilds know what goes on in the Small Chamber, especially after they passed new rules regarding privacy, and term limits for Senators.

But receiving an invite to speak in the Small Chamber is a sign of true success... and a path to truly changing Varkith.

When you argue on the floor of the Grand Chamber, roll+Cha. On a 10+, choose two. On a 7-9, choose one:

- A representative from a weaker guild seeks an alliance; they will offer you a marker for your protection.
- A representative from a stronger guild has something valuable to you; they will hear your offer to bargain for it.
- A representative from a guild equal to your own wants your services; they will offer you coin for your efforts.
- You avoid offending any guild representatives; no one makes threats against you or demands tribute.

On a miss, your arguments have angered a representative of another guild; expect retribution and repercussions for your insolence.

When you make a proposition in the confines of the Small Chamber, make your proposition and roll+Int. On a 10+, the GM chooses one. On a 7-9, the GM chooses two. To get your proposition to pass, you'll have to:

- Make a significant concession, guild-to-guild, to one of the Senators' guilds.
- Undertake a dangerous task on behalf of one of the Senators.
- Adjust your proposition according to the desires of one of the Senators.

On a miss, you get support from Senators who will happily contort your proposition to their own purposes.

THE OPEN MARKET

The single biggest bazaar in all of Varkith, the Open Market's name is, at this point, a bit of a misnomer. The Market is huge, overgrown with stalls and sellers. Vendors have set up their own shops on top of roofs, with makeshift gangplanks and walkways for customers to traverse. The Open Market is open-air, but so full of people and claustrophobic, with those paths in the air above, that it seems more like a nest, a hive of trade. The air is filled with the sound of sellers hawking their wares, constant dickering and bartering, and the loud passage of wagons or carts carrying more goods for sale.

The Open Market was never officially “constructed,” never intended to be something specifically—it arose from necessity and repetitive practice. The people of the city simply accept it. While the Green Senate might want nothing more than to take money from the market, it is too packed and chaotic to police meaningfully—but the leading guilds of the city are always looking for new ways to take advantage of this roiling mass of commerce.

When you go into the Open Market looking for something to buy,

roll+Cha. On a hit, you find it. On a 7-9, choose one. On a 10+, choose two:

- You find it at a reduced price.
- You find a superb version of the item in question.
- You don’t encounter someone else trying to buy the same item.

On a miss, you find it just as someone else has already bought it; they aren’t likely to part with it willingly or easily.

THE DOCKYARDS

Varkith is an island city; the sea is a part of its lifeblood, and naval trade is critical to its existence. Its docks have always been developed, full of traffic and commerce, except for during (and right after) the Desolation. Now, they stretch all along one coast of the island, with piers made of yellow-wood extending out into the water. Looking out across the docks, one can see rows and rows of strange ships from all across the world; pulleys and beasts of burden to lift crates onto and off the ships; and dockworkers, mostly Fellegrith, Krktri, or Halarth, burning under the sun.

When you look for a ship to buy on the Dockyards, roll+coin spent on the ship, at least 1. On a hit, you find something. On a 10+, choose two. On a 7-9, choose one. By default, the ship has the tags *slow*, *unarmed*, and *old*.

- The ship you find is fast, and has the tag *fast* instead of *slow*.
- The ship you find is armed with strange weaponry, and loses the tag *unarmed*.
- The ship you find is new and well-built, and loses the tag *old*.

On a miss, the best ship you can afford is shoddy and old, obviously unarmed, and costs an additional coin—the seller won’t budge on price.

When you use your ship to trade with other lands during a guild turn, roll+Influence, adding:

- +1 if your ship is fast. -1 if your ship is slow. -1 if your ship is old.

On a hit, your ship brings back 1-coin. On a 7-9, your ship is damaged and will require repair; you can’t send it to other lands until you spend 1-coin to repair it on the next guild turn or take the old tag (if the ship is new). On a miss, your ship is destroyed or lost on the trip if it is unarmed. If it is armed, then the ship is simply damaged, as per the 7-9 result, but your cargo is lost at sea.

TEMPLE ROW

Varkith has always been a city of competition, ever since the Green Law. Guilds struggle against each other endlessly. Individuals vie for position within their own guilds. And that constant struggle expands into all facets of life—including religion. In a world with multiple gods, multiple pantheons even, each one represented by its own guild, they must compete with each other for the limited supply of the faithful.

Temple Row is a symptom of that competition. An entire street, lined with different monasteries, cathedrals, chapels, sanctuaries, and places of worship. They sprang up around each other in direct competition, each one attempting to lure in passersby, keeping them from the other temples. Many of the most successful places on Temple Row have additional territory, additional temples throughout the city. But Temple Row is where they compete with each other, head to head. Any god worth their salt has a guild with a temple on Temple Row.

The street is a mad wonder to behold. The architecture is inspired by divine will and otherworldly sight. Some buildings look like their walls never stop shifting, like liquid. Others barely even look like buildings, instead appearing as strange, shifting, mirage-like waves of distortion with no clear entrance. Still others were enormous edifices, seemingly too big to be supported by their small bases, towering up with byzantine spires and gilded gargoyles. All of them feature their holy people standing on steps and in doorways, decrying their faith, their gods' will. To walk down Temple Row is to look upon the faces of gods, and to constantly be asked to choose which one you believe in the most.

When you walk Temple Row with your eyes and ears open, roll+Wis. On a hit, one of the gods or temples on the row has something important and useful to tell you. On a 10+, take a +1 ongoing as long as you follow their advice. On a miss, the row is overwhelming, and you find yourself in one of the sanctuaries with no memory of how you got there.

THE MOUNTAIN

For the longest time, Varkith was built around the mountain. In its shadow, or jutting up against its base. The Mountain was an unconquerable monitor over the whole island. But of course, the innovative spirit of Varkith takes the unconquerable as a challenge. It was only a matter of time before they found ways to build up the side of the mountain. To build into it. And now, the Mountain is its own mass of streets like ledges, of rooms and homes built into the rock, carved out by imported stone-eater worms.

The Mountain is the single biggest set of homes in the whole of Varkith. Pulleys and lifts take citizens up and down from their homes (operated, of course, by

guilds who happily charge for the service). Some agricultural guilds use the mountainside to grow their own strange crops, wispy root things and nutritious orange leaves. Most of that is out of necessity—Varkith has simply grown too large not to be on the Mountain.

But the Mountain serves another purpose. Deep inside the mountain is the Tomb—Varkith's prison. Maintained and operated by Lawkeepers and Jadethroats, ultimately under the purview of the Green Senate—along with the numerous other guilds who keep the prison operational—the Tomb has been a success since it was first created a century ago. Before that, lawbreakers were kept in prisons throughout the city, but those were often inadequate, both for the number of criminals, and for the dangers they posed. But now, between the Tomb and those other in-city prisons, the Jadethroats and Lawkeepers can keep the law-breaking population of Varkith well under control. And even the most dangerous of Varkith's people could never escape from the Tomb.

And atop the Mountain, there stands an ancient place of power, from the time before the island was even discovered. An immovable cube, made out of a strange, slightly soft green material, floats over scorched earth. Nothing ever grows there, and the dirt always shapes strange sigils that shift and move as the cube's shadow passes over them. The mysteries of the cube and the sigils have not yet been unlocked, despite the best efforts of Varkith's scholars. But their magical power is undeniable, and many have tried to use the cube to power dangerous rituals. The top of the mountain has since been declared off-limits by the Green Senate, but that wouldn't stop truly enterprising types from making the ascent.

When you search for a way out of the Tomb, roll+Wis. On a hit, you find one. On a 10+, the GM chooses one. On a 7-9, the GM chooses two.

- Your escape route leads to somewhere perilous outside of the Tomb.
- You can only escape with the help of another prisoner from within the Tomb.
- You are pursued by threats from inside or outside the Tomb.

On a miss, the way out is filled with guards who'd rather you didn't leave. Get ready to fight or be dragged back to your cell.

When you draw upon the place of power atop the Mountain, roll+Int. On a hit, you draw power from it successfully and safely; either take +1 ongoing to cast any spells while there, or ignore one requirement of the **Ritual** move. On a 7-9, you draw power, but that power will either harm you as you internalize it, or will spike out from you and harm those around you. Take d10 damage, or inflict d8 damage on everyone around you. On a miss, you draw too much power and open a gate to somewhere else; brace yourself for whatever journeys through the portal.

THE HIVERUNS

The Krktri are some of the newest citizens of the city, relatively speaking. And due to their strange natures, the difficulties in comprehension between them and the other citizens of the city, they are often the most downtrodden, the poorest. Krktri-only guilds often serve needs that no other citizens think exist, and their strangeness is enough that many established guilds actively keep them out of business or working merely as low-paid and indefatigable labor.

But that capacity for unity extends to more than simply building together. The Krktri banded together to change the city, even across guilds, buying up a defunct neighborhood in Varkith and transforming it. They tore down the old, decrepit buildings, and crafted new ones, forming a hive structure of smooth stone and spherical chambers. These hives are hyper-efficient and sturdy, but they're also so strange and cramped to many other denizens of the city; few besides the Krktri like to go there. Those Krktri guilds that own these structures, or Hiveruns as they have come to be called in the city's parlance, charge a very small fee for rent, meaning that new and poor guilds may find their own homes within the Hiveruns' halls. But no respected guild would ever set up shop in the Hiveruns. At least, not for long.

When you come to the Hiveruns to speak to someone, any Krktri PCs take +1 to Parley, while any non-Krktri take -1 ongoing. Any Krktri NPCs are grateful that you have come to them, instead of making them come to you.

When your guild sets up shop in the Hiveruns, roll with Senses. On a 10+, you find a previously unclaimed corner at a reasonable price. On a 7-9, you've got to push someone out to claim your spot or pay a coin for information on newly available lodging. On a miss, your enemies were expecting your arrival in the Hiveruns; they've paid a local group of Krktri to ensure you don't find a home here.

THE HEAPS

For all that Varkith is based on the principle that anyone and everyone receives an equal shot at success, the truth is, of course, far more complicated. Some guilds cannot compete with the upper echelons of the city; they lack the required resources to even make the attempt of arriving at that level, and the more powerful guilds actively work to keep their lessers down. These small, poor guilds will likely never be able to afford more than the most basic lodgings, territory, and resources. The Heaps is the result of the inequality.

The Heaps are buildings upon buildings, erected terribly close together, with the thinnest of alleyways between them. Citizens and guilds are crushed together in the Heaps, in an attempt to secure the greatest amount of housing in the smallest

possible space. Old buildings are never torn down, but are simply patched up a bit and repurposed, expanded upon and reused. The result is a labyrinthine slum, one that the members of wealthier guilds actively avoid.

But for all that they are made up of so many people, packed so tightly together, the Heaps are not particularly dangerous. And the closeness has formed a certain kind of community; guilds of the Heaps are far more likely to help each other than guilds anywhere else in the city. What's more, the maze serves those citizens well. They can navigate it quickly, and without catching notice. Coming into the Heaps with ill intent toward one of its residents is taking your life into your hands.

When you attempt to escape or hide in the Heaps as an outsider, roll+Dex.

On a hit, you get away. On a 10+, choose one. On a 7-9, choose two.

- You are hurt in the escape attempt.
- You end up in another dangerous situation.
- You leave something important behind.
- You owe someone for helping you to escape.

On a miss, you run straight into something much worse than what you were running from.

THE GLITTERS

Shard marble comes from the far away Eokene mountains, across the sea and wide expanses of land. It is prized above nearly any other building material, a combination of beautiful blue marble with specks of diamond. Strong, unbreakable except with precise tools, and very, very expensive. At around the time that the Green Senate was passing its rules concerning vassalage, many of the Senators' guilds imported large quantities of shard marble at enormous expense. They imported the tools to carve it and shape it, and skilled laborers to use those tools. And what started with one guild's elaborate construction project soon transformed an entire neighborhood of Varkith into a mass of shard marble and impressive architecture.

The Glitters is the most expensive, highest-class neighborhood in the whole of Varkith. Every building there alone is worth a fortune, designed by master artisans to flaunt guild wealth. The place is kept safe by the focused attention of the Green Senate. To buy property in the Glitters is to have arrived as a powerful guild, or so the impression goes. Of course, many a guild has bankrupted itself buying property in the Glitters, thinking that doing so would translate easily into greater success.

The Glitters is home to a large portion of the city's Orkari, though nearly every people has at least a few citizens living there. Most citizens and guilds in the city would love nothing more than to have the money to take residence there, even as they claim that the Glitters is artificial, or too cold, or too stuck-up. And that is what the denizens of the Glitters count on—that they have what others want.

When you buy property in the Glitters, spend at least 5-coin and raise your Territory by 1. Roll+Influence. On a hit, the word gets out, and your guild gets some reputation for its new digs; take a +1 to all Influence rolls during your next guild phase. On a 10+, it's so successful that the members of your guild are considered new and upcoming elite—take +1 ongoing on all moves made with Cha until the next guild phase. On a miss, you also draw the attention of another guild that would rather you not be in the Glitters; expect conflict.

GUILDS

There are hundreds of guilds in Varkith, many of which are no bigger than three or four people, and never own more than a single room in a larger building. But some guilds affect the whole of the city—their tendrils of influence creeping in everywhere—and treat countless other smaller guilds as vassals. It's these large guilds that the PCs must be wary of on their rise to power.

CORPORATIONS

THE DIABOLIC UNION

DRIVE: To fight for the rights of the disenfranchised

LEADER: Ebberth Inders, demon

RANK: Corporation—1

SENSE: +1

MIGHT: -1

INFLUENCE: +0

POWERS: +1

TERRITORY: +1

COIN: 1 generated per turn.

The demonic population of Varkith is very low. Demons are already non-native to this world, and they saw a disproportionate level of violence and destruction during the Time of Heroes. True, many of them were terrifying monstrosities intent upon sovereignty over all the world, but many others were nothing of the sort. Since then, these few demons have been trying to reestablish themselves, and they have made some progress in Varkith. The Diabolic Union is a sign of that progress—a guild made by demons, originally for demons, to help them get a leg-up in the city. The Union was originally funded by donations from those demons it helped, after they had become more successful. But now, the Diabolic Union has expanded its remit. It helps peoples of all kinds, trying to fight against the inequality that it sees within the city.

The Diabolic Union is still primarily led by demons, of course, and their plans are never entirely straightforward. They do truly hope that by helping the disenfranchised citizens and peoples like the Krktri or the Fellegrith, they will be able to upset the entire order of Varkith, transforming it into something better. Ultimately, they would be happy if the entirety of the guild system came down. But



GUILDS OF VARKITH: THE DIABOLIC UNION

for the moment, they will do their best within the system, until they have garnered enough support to bring it all down.

The Diabolic Union appeals to individuals, not guilds, and seeks converts and infiltrators from all across the whole of the city, from any guild or station. Those sympathizers who are rooted out are almost always cast away immediately, if not outright assassinated—and thus does the Diabolic Union get its destabilization, one way or another.

FACES

- *Friction Voice*, Krktri freedom fighter and guerilla acting on behalf of the Union
- *Mogott Trink*, Fellegrith recruiter and moderate voice in the Union
- *Athlxys the Demon Mind*, V'ss'liga and discoverer of new demons to join the Union

EFFRICT, EFFRICT & SLIVER

DRIVE: To make the rules so complicated only they can untangle them

LEADER: The trio of twin demons Lans Effrict, Gors Effrict, and the Halarth, Phirgo Sliver

RANK: Corporation—1

SENSE: +1

MIGHT: -1

INFLUENCE: +1

POWERS: +0

TERRITORY: +1

COIN: 2 generated per turn.

Effrict, Effrict & Sliver is a new thing for Varkith: a law firm. A group of bureaucrats, broken out of other guilds, to serve the niche they had created. Guilds need help navigating the tangled mess of Varkith's ever-growing rules and systems. They need help figuring out what rules apply and which can be safely ignored; and they need help in dealing with the Lawkeepers to keep themselves above the law. Effrict, Effrict & Sliver is here to help. They'll handle all that pesky bureaucracy for you, so you don't have to.

Though they're a new guild, and relatively weak, they wield weapons that very few other guilds actually understand. Imagine a guild of warriors, stopped in their tracks by an injunction. Effrict, Effrict & Sliver is made up of some of the most devious minds in Varkith, especially the named trio: a pair of twin demons from another plane, and a Halarth that sees the laws of Varkith as her art. Only time will tell if E, E & S really has what it takes to make it to the top of Varkith, but based on their performance so far? Things look good for them.

Young guilds dread the idea of a missive from E, E & S arriving at their doorstep. More powerful guilds can pay the costs of doing battle with demonic lawyers but still would rather not spend the coin on something so prosaic as legal fees. Many in Varkith simply pretend not to have received their messages, destroying them or even killing the messengers...which leaves E, E & S in a quandary: it often has to employ other, more martial guilds to deliver its missives. The expense of such outsourcing is little more than an inconvenience—in the long run, they're confident they'll always win out.

FACES

- *Jasper Frey*, koala Freed One and expert wordsmith
- *Beach ip-Seyva*, Siccycx legal clerk and spy ensconced within E, E & S
- *Pexekarius Wordhammer*, Orkari official E, E & S manager of summons and legal notice serving

THE ZOOLOGISTS OF VARKITH

DRIVE: To acquire outrageous wealth

LEADER: Path ip-Hart, Siccycx scholar-merchant

RANK: Corporation—1

SENSE: +0

MIGHT: -1

INFLUENCE: +1

POWERS: +1

TERRITORY: +1

COIN: 2 generated per turn.

The Zoologists of Varkith is a guild of individuals calling themselves empiricists; they study and examine the strange creatures that exist in the world to better understand it. Their facade is all about learning and knowledge, progress of magical theory and biology, but in truth the guild is driven by greed. They monetize what they learn as best as possible, selling information on how to kill beasts, on what parts are valuable and how best to use them. They collect their own stores of the rarest parts, to sell to the highest bidder.

The Zoologists are merchant-scholars, and they are always on the lookout for ways to further increase their coffers, while also maintaining their image as learners. Most recently, they've created a zoo of creatures within Varkith, ostensibly to allow for hands-on study and the education of the citizenry, but in truth to make more

money from selling tickets. Should any of these creatures get out of confinement, of course, the results could be disastrous for the city.

The Zoologists will often outsource muscle for transportation of creatures across the city, and in those circumstances when creatures do get out, they do their best to lock down the situation, hiring other guilds discretely to either kill those creatures or retrieve them on the down-low. And they're more than happy to sell their wares to any guild that might find a need for strange components and animal parts...say, for magical rituals...

FACES

- *Embodied Trap*, Ym creature transporter and hunter
- *Mirko Dim*, downtrodden Fellegrith creature handler
- *Saccharine Rain*, a cold-hearted Krktri dissectionist and part preparer

ESTABLISHMENTS

THE ARTIST'S COLLECTIVE

DRIVE: To push towards ever greater excesses of artistic creation

LEADER: Askanazjic, Halarth sculptor extraordinaire

RANK: Establishment—2

SENSE: +1

MIGHT: +1

INFLUENCE: +0

POWERS: +1

TERRITORY: +1

COIN: 1 generated per turn.

The Artist's Collective bills itself as the guild for those with aesthetic judgment. They are driven by the need to create beauty, and they seek nothing less than to create the ultimate, perfect work of art. It is their god. The members of the Collective could go on for a very long time about their aesthetics and their drive to create the divine art; they believe their duty is holy. They create lesser artworks to make the money they need to support the Collective, but all the while they are saving and collecting money for their ultimate project. Even though the members of the Collective have endless debates about exactly what form their ultimate project should take.

A movement a few decades ago changed the Collective, enabling them to pursue the creation of their art in new ways. Guerilla artists spread throughout the city, taking whatever supplies they needed to craft their art under cover of darkness. The Artist's Collective gained a whole branch that acted as a de facto thieves guild, stealing anything from gold to clay to bodies for the creation of new art. And so the Artist's Collective is to this day, continuing to take whatever action is necessary to support their artistic endeavors.

Many a guild has lost objects of value to the thieves of the Artist's Collective. Many more have bought valuable and influential works of art from them, to show off their guild's money and power in the city. The Artist's Collective is more than happy to play both parts.

FACES

- *Gheedra Kephric*, D'horvae painter, tattoo artist, and con artist
- *Chitterclaw*, squirrel Freed One and second-story man interested only in excitement
- *Ahaila Mar-Crane*, Isqu mosaic maker and true believer in the Collective

THE LAWKEEPERS

DRIVE: To profit from the status quo

LEADER: Mindelus Heavyfist, Orkari chief

RANK: Establishment—2

SENSE: +1

MIGHT: +1

INFLUENCE: +0

POWERS: +0

TERRITORY: +2

COIN: 2 generated per turn.

The Lawkeepers formed beneath the Jadethroats. There were only so many Jadethroats—according to their own internal rules, their numbers had to be limited to prevent them from becoming too powerful. As such, they only ever concerned themselves with the most severe rules infractions of the most important laws of the city. The Lawkeepers, then, was a guild designed to pick up the other cases. To enforce the ever-growing general bureaucracy of Varkith.

The Lawkeepers hold councils, where members of all guilds are welcome to voice grievances and demand new legislation—miniature versions of the sessions in the Green Senate. They have inspectors who go throughout the city and ensure guilds are conforming to the laws. They have carved out a pleasant, bureaucratic niche for themselves the city's ecology, and they don't want anything to change.

The Lawkeepers' power in the city comes from the mandate given to them by the Green Senate, to enforce low-level laws and adjudicate cases as necessary. But their power to actually enforce laws has never been very strong. Though they have offices throughout the city, if any other guild really did push up against the Lawkeepers, it's unlikely they would be able to last out for long.

FACES

- *Words Wrought In Steel*, rigid Ym Lawkeeper and rule enforcer
- *Wist il-Beht*, Siccyx Lawkeeper, records-taker, and bureaucrat
- *Xanthic Echo*, young and inexperienced Krktri patrolman

THE LEAGUE FOR THE REFORM OF THE CRIMINALLY MINDED

DRIVE: To collect the disenfranchised and criminal of Varkith and repurpose them

LEADER: Gannerjee Hettick, “reformed” D’horvae criminal

RANK: Establishment—2

SENSE: +1

MIGHT: +1

INFLUENCE: +1

POWERS: +0

TERRITORY: +1

COIN: 2 generated per turn.

The League for the Reform of the Criminally Minded sets itself up as a place with the best intentions. Its guild members include healers, and its buildings are designed to be comforting. Its goal is to make those who break the laws of Varkith into productive citizens again. Normally, they are simply stored in one of the city’s prisons, or in the Tomb. But the League has petitioned the Green Senate for the rights to have those citizens paroled into its care. And so far, it has seemed to have great success. Reformed criminals stay as part of the guild, working off the debt they incurred through myriad tasks, but in general the League helps and supports all the people of Varkith.

Except, the reality is, of course, not that simple. The League doesn’t reform the criminals nearly as much as it seems to. Instead, it simply teaches them how to be *better* criminals. It teaches them how to hide their actions, how to cover their

✧ USING GUILDS ✧

There are a lot of guilds in this chapter! They’re here mostly as reference—prebuilt, juicy, interesting guilds for you to pull from at will. But if you’re looking for a starting place to figure out where to bring these guilds into play, look at the list and compare it to the PCs’ own guild, trying to find one one for each of the following categories:

- An adversary—a guild that will directly oppose the PCs’ guild and their interests, whether because their purposes are too similar, or because they simply butt heads over similar territory.
- An ally—a guild that presents an opportunity for both to work together for their mutual advancement. At least until the benefits to backstabbing the PCs’ guild outweighs the costs.
- A power—a powerful guild that might brush up against the PCs’ own guild, showing what a large guild can do and what it wants, and giving them additional opportunities and challenges.

You should feel free to introduce more guilds throughout play, especially through guild turns and hard moves. The PCs should never feel like they run the only guild in the city!

tracks, how to steal or plunder without drawing attention. In essence, the League is actually an up-and-coming, incredibly successful thieves guild, hidden under the guise of reform.

Many in Varkith suspect the League, but none have yet found enough evidence to prove what the League is, or does. And that's just how the League likes it. For those few who may have learned a bit more, the League is more than happy to do thieves' work in exchange for silence.

FACES

- *Elongated Tune*, Krktri break-in master and frequent freelancer from the League
- *Scale*, a Freed One chameleon and pickpocket eager to advance in the League
- *Qbthim the Soft-Footed*, a V'ss'liga public "reformer" and trainer of new thieves for the League

THE SISTERHOOD OF THE FORGE

DRIVE: To create objects of legend

LEADER: Bl'l'eka, the Scorched Idea, V'ss'liga master smith

RANK: Establishment—2

SENSE: -1

MIGHT: +1

INFLUENCE: +0

POWERS: +2

TERRITORY: +2

COIN: 2 generated per turn.

The Sisterhood of the Forge is devoted to one thing above all: artifice, the kind that stories are told about. They create new devices, yes, crafting innovative tools, especially those that make their own work easier. But they are mostly concerned with producing the kinds of artifacts about which legends are told. They believe that through practice and struggle, they can craft mythical objects with regularity, instead of with the infrequency of the legends themselves.



GUILDS OF VARKITH: THE SISTERHOOD OF THE FORGE

Despite their innovation regarding creation and smithing, they adhere very strictly to a set of rules and social mores they believe foster better creation. Only women are allowed into the Sisterhood, as they believe that women are conclusively the better creators. Their meals are strictly controlled—they believe that what one creates depends entirely upon what one takes in. They obey tightly controlled schedules, to ensure a purity of thought and body.

While the rest of Varkith might look upon their practices as strange and confining, none can argue with the results. Whenever some powerful new object appears in the hands of one of Varkith's citizens, rest assured—it came from the Sisterhood of the Forge. And for any guild interested in getting a new object made, or in purchasing the best relics available in the whole of the city, the Sisterhood of the Forge is the best guild around.

FACES

- *Shayen Wannic*, D'horvae fire tender and hopeful Forge Sister
- *Quaholatarjaya*, mad Halarth Forge Sister and inventor
- *Formful Thought*, Ym crystal-craftswoman and traditionalist

THE SLAYERS ALLIANCE

DRIVE: To take on any contract and succeed at any cost

LEADER: Koramus the Cutter, Orkari mercenary captain

RANK: Establishment—2

SENSE: +0

MIGHT: +2

INFLUENCE: +0

POWERS: +0

TERRITORY: +2

COIN: 2 generated per turn.

The Slayers Alliance kills. That is its purpose, and that is what it excels at. Members of the Alliance include some of the most terrifyingly effective killers the city of Varkith has ever seen. It's not an assassin's guild—not exactly. The Slayers Alliance makes their purview the slaying of monsters. Of dangerous creatures and powerful, nightmarish entities. They take contracts for work in the city, and they take contracts for work in the world at large—theirs are some of the only Varkith citizens willing to take their work beyond the confines of the island city regularly.

The truth is that the Slayers Alliance came together to give warriors and the battle-minded an excuse to indulge their urges within the purview of Varkith's laws. So long as the Slayers Alliance continues to offer its service and doesn't overstep the rules, the other guilds are more than happy for its presence—like a living weapon they can direct at will, as long as they have enough coin.

Of course, as times change and the monsters the Slayers Alliance so endeavors to slay become more and more scarce, some of the Slayers are talking about opening

up their remit to include more...civilized monsters. Older elements refuse to let the guild become a collection of assassins, but a new order may change that.

FACES

- *Nerje Craytor*, upstart D'horvae slayer and assassin pushing for guild reform (to allow for assassination of citizenry)
- *Boken Hakkart*, top-notch Fellegrith slayer sent after the worst monsters that crop up in Varkith
- *Hate as Razor*, Ym slayer and scout, organizing hunts after other monsters and creatures to drum up work

CONGLOMERATIONS

THE ACADEMY OF SECRETS

DRIVE: To take information and hoard it

LEADER: Tips, a magpie Freed One

RANK: Conglomeration—3

SENSE: +2

MIGHT: +1

INFLUENCE: +0

POWERS: +1

TERRITORY: +2

COIN: 2 generated per turn.

The Academy of Secrets collects knowledge and information, but not to share it with everyone, like the House of News, or to use it to create new wisdom, like the Philosophers Guild. The Academy requires its members to take any information they desire. All information must be taken, the Academy holds, and so it takes.

The Academy's locations are secret. The Academy's agents are stealthy. Discovering one of them is possible, and indeed, smiled upon by the Academy—taking the knowledge of their existence or their location is something they very much approve of. Stealing secrets from them might lead to an offer of employment.

But the Academy doesn't entirely hoard the information it collects. The leaders of the Academy, known as Spymasters, are more than happy to use their garnered secrets to blackmail others. To bend the city to their will, making sure secret nooks and crannies are built into construction projects, or secret routes are built through the sewers for their agents to travel. If a guild is ever looking for dirt on its competitors, the Academy of Secrets is their best bet.

FACES

- *Sand il-Sassymyn*, scarred agoraphobic Siccynx secret taker and archivist
- *Brenkel Cort*, Fellegrith spy, Academician, and infiltrator extraordinaire
- *Hope Unseen*, overprotective Ym trainer and teacher of new Academicians

THE BUTCHERS' SOCIETY

DRIVE: To make the city dependent upon them

LEADER: Hurget Plack, a large Fellegrith butcher

RANK: Conglomeration—3

SENSE: +1

MIGHT: +1

INFLUENCE: +1

POWERS: +1

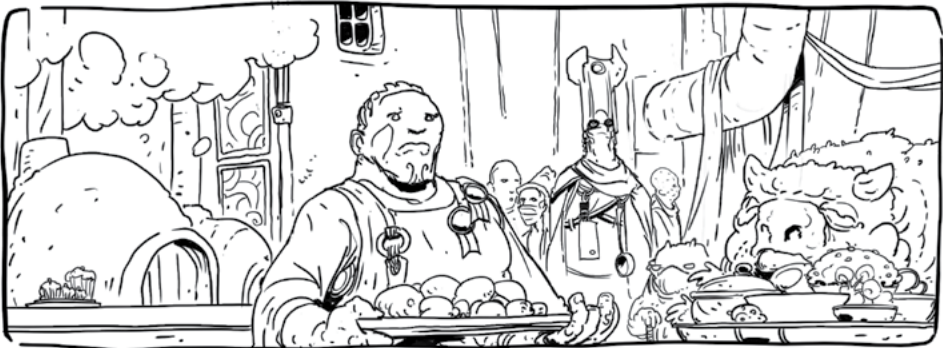
TERRITORY: +2

COIN: 3 generated per turn.

The Butcher's Society is a collective of meat-cutters throughout the city. For a long time, they were ignored—just another regular, low-level, peon's guild, of no great significance. But the Butcher's Society showed itself to be surprisingly resourceful, capable of repurposing its tools to ever greater value. The city is so varied in its peoples, all it took was some creativity with the corpses the butchers cut up to provide food for wholly different populations, all from a single carcass. And the blood, when not used for some sausage or something similar, was put to a different use: blood magic.

The butchers, with a bit of bought magical know-how, were able to turn their trade into what amounts to a low-grade magical battery plant. They store the energy from the blood and death required to do their jobs, and in so doing they provide people across all of Varkith with easily transported and accessed sources of magical power. Getting lights at home, powering transportation devices, and more—all of it possible thanks to butcher bones, the animal bones inscribed with runes to store the blood magic power. The Butchers Society wants nothing more than to continue to spread its influence and products throughout the entire city.

The butcher bones are valuable all on their own, to power magical rituals or constructs or any of countless possible tools. But the butchers aren't above other subterfuge, either...casually sabotaging some of their delivered bones, or simply cutting off enemies altogether. Many a guild would like to take advantage of the trade in butcher bones...or to end the trade altogether.



GUILDS OF VARKITH: THE CULINARY PRIESTS

FACES

- *Mlehaut the Careful Carver*, V'ss'liga precision butcher who loves her job
- *Nakaleus Bonescaper*, ambitious Orkari butcher bone craftswoman
- *Belev Sec-Siga*, corrupt Isqu butcher salesman

THE CULINARY PRIESTS

DRIVE: To create strange and intoxicating meals at any cost

LEADER: Veth il-Crays, Siccyx master chef

RANK: Conglomeration—3

SENSE: +1

MIGHT: +0

INFLUENCE: +2

POWERS: +1

TERRITORY: +2

COIN: 4 generated per turn.

The Culinary Priests believe that in taste lies holiness. In consumption lies glory. They believe they can bring about a state of divine rapture through the perfect meal, connecting their customers with the unity of creation. The net result is that the Culinary Priests craft meals of incredible taste and quality, using a vast panoply of foods from throughout the world. Eating a meal from the Priests is not only a great honor, but often a life-changing experience. Their meals are practically considered mythical artifacts in and of themselves.

The Culinary Priests, unlike so many other guilds in Varkith, operate largely without subterfuge. They pursue their culinary experiments wholeheartedly, and that is all they care about. Everything they do is designed to facilitate those experiments. But of course, that unthinking devotion to their cause leads them to take action other guilds wouldn't even contemplate. They will pursue their strange foodstuffs at any cost, whether they're trying to obtain essence of granite, or filet of Ym-dreamstuff.

The Culinary Priests' meals are valued throughout Varkith, and markers for their guild are regularly traded in exchange for such exquisite delicacies as only they can make. And the Culinary Priests are more than willing to trade large sums in exchange for the most exotic of meats and foods.

FACES

- *Heavenly Taste*, an Ym Priest and sous-chef to Veth il-Crays, looking to take Veth's position
- *Salt Rose*, an up-and-coming Krktri Culinary Priest always looking to experiment with new foods
- *Vidden Caqoric*, a D'horvae food seller, preparer, and designer of new culinary implements

THE TEMPLE OF THE GRAND GODS

DRIVE: To overtake competing guilds

LEADER: Thxys the Blinded Ghost, a V'ss'liga priest

RANK: Conglomeration—3

SENSE: +1

MIGHT: +1

INFLUENCE: +1

POWERS: +1

TERRITORY: +1

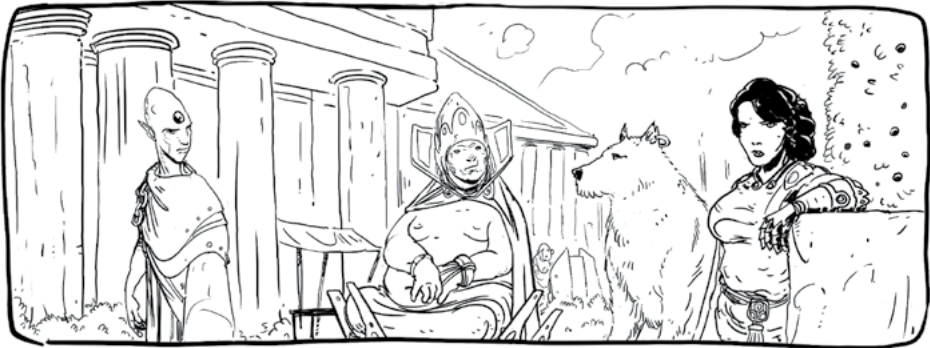
COIN: 2 generated per turn.

The Temple of the Grand Gods started from weakness. Many small gods, with their small constituencies, would never have been able to achieve the power to thrive in Varkith on their own. So they banded together, combining their guilds into a single larger entity. The Temple of the Grand Gods devotes its places of worship to serve all of its constituent religions.

Each individual god who is part of the Temple gets a shrine dedicated to him, her, them, or it, guaranteed, in every sanctuary the guild owns across the whole of the city. The main priests of the Temple dedicate themselves to the whole, instead of to any particular god. They've worked out a labyrinthine and intricate pattern of doctrine to fit all the gods into a single ecclesiastical tapestry.

In fact, very few outside of these priests could possibly comprehend that tapestry and all that it encompasses. But they care not. Everything incorporated into their doctrine belongs to them, according to their strictures. The understanding of worshippers is not necessary for them to facilitate worship.

The Temple of the Grand Gods has reached a point in its life when it no longer needs to request weaker guilds and gods to join its artificial pantheon. Instead, it is now a predator, looking to weaken and conquer other godly guilds, taking over their worship and integrating them into itself. Whether it will succeed is questionable, but many interested in the divine find the Temple of the Grand Gods to be a dire threat to their sphere.



GUILDS OF VARKITH: THE TEMPLE OF THE GRAND GODS

That said, the Temple of the Grand Gods offers divine resources to those willing to make donations, prayers, tithes, and obeisances towards its pantheon. As the Temple grows in power, many smaller guilds have benefitted from the Grand Gods' auguries, divinations, protections, and blessings.

FACES

- *Cxexyl the Polytheist Speaker*, V'ss'liga proselytizer and fervent believer
- *Dirmytt Sep*, secretly unbelieving Fellegrith custodian of the Temples
- *Green ip-Sahys*, Siccyx donation collector and priest of Hamdite, God of Accountancy

INSTITUTIONS

THE ENVOYS

DRIVE: To collect successful contracts and Masks

LEADER: Sym Al-deesa, an Isqu sorceress

RANK: Institution—4

SENSE: +1

MIGHT: +2

INFLUENCE: +1

POWERS: +2

TERRITORY: +2

COIN: 3 generated per turn.

The Envoys are a guild made to serve other guilds. They act as go-betweens. Communicators. Representatives for any who can pay their fees. They ensure that antagonistic guilds are isolated from each other, that the powerful have worthy representatives they can send in their stead, that diplomacy is kept civil and safe.

Over the years, the Envoys have mastered many ways of conducting representation, including magical techniques allowing those who purchase their services to actually puppet the mouths of the Envoys from safety. Imagine, an Envoy who submits her body to be controlled, remotely, as a proxy for her employer. She could be the perfect courier, or the perfect safe means of communication. The Envoys police the use of their members strictly to ensure they are not used outside the boundaries of their contracts, and no guild would be so brash as to violate those contracts—the exact way in which the Envoys create new puppets is an unnerving secret, and rumors abound of contract violators who were forced into such servitude against their will.

Lately, the Envoys have been using a new technique. Masks, perfectly contoured to match the faces of the Envoys' clients. The Envoys create the mask and weave the client's intent into it, allowing the Envoy who wears the Mask to take on a piece of the client's mind, bearing that client's needs, concerns, and wants into a negotiation along with that client's style and mannerisms. The Envoy, to some extent, becomes the client.

The Envoys seem incorruptible. Their entire guild is based around the idea of objective service, of providing to their clients unimpeachable representation. But dark rumors always abound. What if the Envoys keep the Masks? Could they then pretend to be their clients in other negotiations, off the books? What if they have puppets spread throughout the city? In other guilds?

Certainly, these are rumors, though. The Envoys would never do such things. Never.

FACES

- *Deva sana-Wiev*, Isqu and most famous and well-respected Envoy in the city
- *Bocourricisis*, eccentric Halarth master Mask maker
- *Fthkorat the Faceless Summoner*, greedy V'ss'liga Envoy broker

THE SERVANTS OF THE PEOPLE

DRIVE: To support the guildless and the newcomers to the city

LEADER: Crimson Sour, Krktri community organizer

RANK: Institution—4

SENSE: +2

MIGHT: +2

INFLUENCE: +2

POWERS: +0

TERRITORY: +2

COIN: 4 generated per turn.

The Servants of the People are a relatively young guild—which makes their rise to power all the more impressive, and important. The guild is devoted to helping newcomers to the city, and helping the guildless. Most often, the guildless either find themselves folded into an existing guild as very low-level servants, or they are caught by the Lawkeepers and thrown out of the city or into prison. The Servants try to prevent this from happening by bringing the guildless into the Servants itself, right up until they can find a guild that better suits them.

All of those who were helped by the Servants have paid it back to them, tenfold, out of gratitude. And this money quickly accumulated, allowing the Servants to become a large guild with a shot at a Council Member seat. The Servants would like nothing more than to unseat one of the older, stodgier, staid guilds from the Senate, so they can effect real change to help the newcomers to the city.

There are plenty of guilds who would love nothing more than to see the Servants fall, and would happily employ other guilds to such ends. But the Servants and those they've helped are only growing in prominence throughout the city, and they will use that power to defend themselves, even hiring guilds for their own protection.

FACES

- *Vask the Unnamed*, an Orkari spurned by her family and devoted to the cause of helping the guildless

- *Prett il-Aste*, a Siccyx former Lawkeeper who helps the Servants of the People out of self-interest
- *Aykra Van-Hyric*, a rich Isqu and former Dockyard Cooperative leader, now turning her fortune to help others

COUNCIL MEMBERS

THE DOCKYARD COOPERATIVE

DRIVE: To control what comes in and out of Varkith

LEADER: Senator Viscan Truth, an Isqu, former captain and privateer

RANK: Council Member—5

SENSE: +2

MIGHT: +2

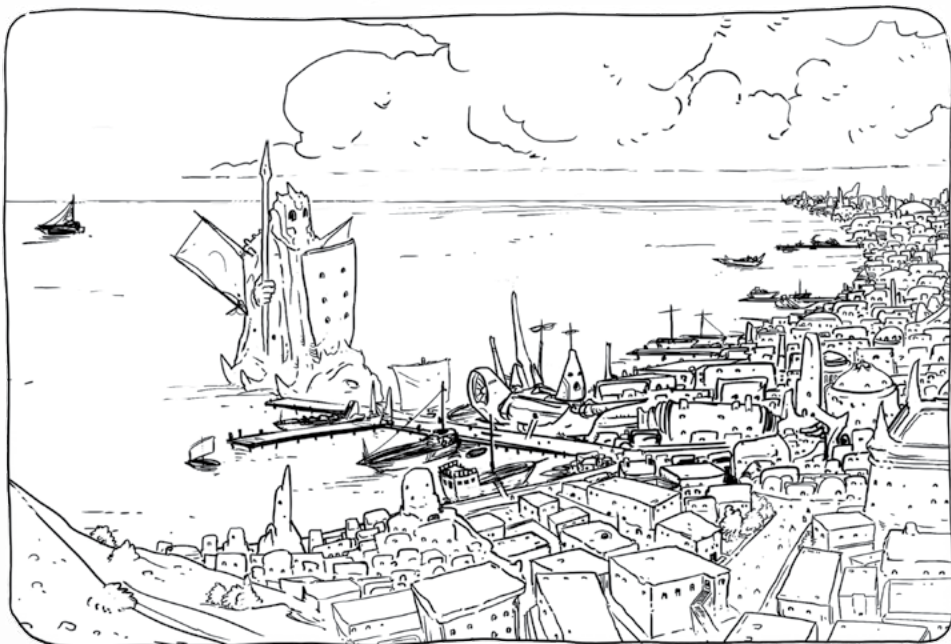
INFLUENCE: +2

POWERS: +1

TERRITORY: +2

COIN: 4 generated per turn.

So many of the first guilds of Varkith were aimed at the docks, working to unload cargo, or repair ships. After all, the docks have been a constant part of Varkith's success, and it was only natural for early guilds to find their fortune on the waterfront. But over time, those guilds competed and vied with one another, sometimes violently, sometimes indirectly. Ultimately, they were winnowed down to only the strongest, most successful guilds...and then those devoured each other. The Dockyard Cooperative is the final result.



THE DOCKYARD COOPERATIVE'S DOMAIN

The Cooperative is the strongest, meanest, and best version of the dockyard guilds. It ensures the docks run smoothly, and in turn, Varkith's lifeblood continues to pump through its veins. The Cooperative is old, and powerful, and even though at all its echelons its members are irreverent and uncouth, it has more than earned its place as a Council Member in Varkith.

Many other guilds would love to break the Dockyard Cooperative's functional monopoly on the docks, but there's been no need yet—the Cooperative takes care not to abuse its power to the point that any feel aggrieved enough to take extreme action. But the Cooperative has been flexing its power more recently, controlling what comes in and out of Varkith with a bit more force...and its leadership is learning that such control is intoxicating.

Any guild hoping to get a particularly strange item can probably get it through the Cooperative, but at a high cost. Although, many a young guild with ambition looks at a large, spread out, monopolizing guild like the Cooperative and sees opportunity...if only they're brave enough.

FACES

- *Paka Tiv-Qadik*, an Isqu dockyard manager looking to start a new guild or hook onto one other than the Cooperative
- *Weskajnmicika*, a Halarth shipwright and smuggler of illegal drugs into Varkith
- *Thinskin*, an amphibious Freed One and unhappy low-man on the totem pole

THE HOUSE OF NEWS

DRIVE: To collect information and disseminate it widely

LEADER: Senator Elsedon Qoric, D'horvae managing editor

RANK: Council Member—5

SENSE: +3

MIGHT: +2

INFLUENCE: +2

POWERS: +1

TERRITORY: +3

COIN: 5 generated per turn.

The House of News positioned itself as counter to the Philosophers Guild when it was first formed. The Philosophers Guild shared its knowledge, but only with those who devoted themselves to the learnings and to the Philosophers' school. The House of News, however, devoted itself to sharing information all across the city, wherever possible, whenever possible, as soon as possible. It would free knowledge from the careful cages in which those like the Philosophers Guild would lock it away.

The House of News wouldn't have been able to rise to power without the Infovore, the enormous, strange creature whose body is spread all throughout the city's underparts, in walls and tunnels and pipes. Nobody knows where the Infovore came from, but most believe that the founders of the House of News planted it in

the city and nurtured it. Using the Infovore, the House of News can send messages across the city in a flash. And by opening up the use of the Infovore to anyone through public nodes, not only do they earn money, but they can also spy on any message—a truth known to none outside the guild.

With such control over the city's information network, the House of News was able to edge out any other would-be informers, and rocket to the ranks of Council Member guild in no time. It continues to put out the daily prints of Varkith News that were once its sole source of income, but the House is beginning to diversify into other areas...including not just reporting on the news, but making it.

FACES

- *Fenton Wynam*, put-upon and exasperated Isqu Varkith News current events editor
- *Haggard Poem*, an experienced and mildly corrupt Krktri maintenance worker on the Infovore's nodes
- *Meyathoraxina*, a Halarth reporter whose art form of choice is “the truth”

THE JADETHROAT EIDOLONS

DRIVE: To control Varkith

LEADER: Senator Borgasaxus the Spike, Orkari veteran warrior

RANK: Council Member—5

SENSE: +1

MIGHT: +3

INFLUENCE: +2

POWERS: +2

TERRITORY: +3

COIN: 5 generated per turn.

The Jadethroats are the descendants of the original Five. By some reckonings, they were the very first guild of Varkith. They serve the Green Lady above all, and as the Green Lady tied herself to Varkith body and soul, so do they. They are Varkith's elite law enforcement agents, charged with enforcing its most critical rules in the most dire of situations.

Such service requires sacrifice. Each Jadethroat is so called for the spike of jade sent piercing through their throats upon initiation. They lose their voices to the spike, and forever it protrudes from their necks. This is a sacrifice to the Green Lady, a way of honoring her own voicelessness. Most of the Jadethroats carry around slates with which to communicate, and woe betide any in the city who show impatience with their inability to speak quickly. Jadethroats are respected in many places, feared in many others—for they have a power passed down from the Green Lady, a power that makes them capable of the enforcement that is their purpose. They can use the city's eidolons.

When powerful heroes came to Varkith after the Desolation and the passing of the Green Law, thinking they could challenge her and her city, either she or her Five slew them with ease. She had their bodies taken apart, the most powerful pieces sewn

together. The Five were her first idols, extensions of her will...but these sewn-together monstrosities became the idols that Varkith knows today. And their number only grows, each one crafted out of whatever bits of power and essence could be preserved from the most egregious lawbreakers. They have grown less horrific to behold, each one encased in jade armor, but knowing what lies beneath that green surface has made for many a horror story. And this is to say nothing of the giant idols, built out of the enormous corpses of the prismatic Arthanuel colossi...

The idols are hidden throughout the city within pillars and walls and posts. They are completely dormant until a Jadethroat calls upon them. The spikes of jade in their necks allow them to take command of idols, to wield their bodies as weapons. While a Jadethroat might be vulnerable, the idols are strong, and fast, and near invincible. Once idols are summoned, a lawbreaker's best hope is to be fast and unnoticeable.

The Jadethroats were meant to be honorable. They were meant to be good, and noble, and just. They were meant to be the best of the city. Unfortunately, over the years, their nature has been tarnished. Jadethroats will sometimes abuse their power, taking advantage of their ability to crush nearly any opposition. The idols are the defense against any individuals of truly enormous power arising...and so when the Jadethroats exercise their power, the very nature of the Green Law prevents others from defending themselves.

And of course, the day may soon come when someone not of the Jadethroats gains one of their spikes, unlocks its secrets, and learns to control the idols, unrestrained at all by the code of the Jadethroats. On that day, Varkith will find herself in grave danger from within.

FACES

- *Lyra Siddim*, Isqu Jadethroat and brutal oppressor
- *Kremmenathor*, Orkari captain of the Jadethroats and honest servant of Varkith
- *Nahalanydra*, naïve Halarth idolon craftswoman and repairwoman

THE PHILOSOPHERS GUILD

DRIVE: To collect information and control its use

LEADER: Senator Words Without Sound, Ym master philosopher and reality shaper

RANK: Council Member—5

SENSE: +2

MIGHT: +1

INFLUENCE: +2

POWERS: +3

TERRITORY: +3

COIN: 5 generated per turn.

The Philosophers Guild is one of the oldest guilds in all of Varkith, the result of scholars and sages coming together in the aftermath of the Desolation to devote

themselves to thought and exploring better ways of living. The original purview of the Philosophers Guild was education as well as contemplation, accumulating knowledge of all things and sharing it with their students. This, of course, included collecting magical knowledge, the secrets of how to manipulate the world's fundamental forces.

Now, the Philosophers Guild has grown in power to be one of the leading guilds of the city. Their numbers include many reality manipulators, meta-wizards with the power to change the very fundamental nature of existence. And the guild claims to seek Virtue. To seek the good life. But of course, the reality is that any organization as old and as powerful as the Philosophers Guild could not remain free of the corruption of strength and wealth. They have adopted a pragmatic mode, and they will seize what they believe they must in order to better bring Virtue to all of Varkith.

If any guild seeks recorded knowledge, especially of magic and the world's fundamental forces, the Philosophers Guild is their best bet. And the Philosophers Guild themselves will pursue any useful knowledge they can, in their endless search for the Good Life.

FACES

- *Pointed Ears*, cat-like Freed One and parsimonious master magical historian
- *Khelsric Vantor*, ambitious novice D'horvae philosopher scribe
- *Quillick the Virtuous*, Orkari philosopher-warrior and proselytizer of Virtue



THE POISON IN THE CITY'S VEINS



In *The Green Law of Varkith*, the primary source of fiction is the interactions between the guilds. Letting the powerful (and not-so-powerful) organizations bounce into and off each other will generate plenty of material for your group. Guilds are active, fluid things, and their struggles and machinations will drive PCs to react as your group plays to find out what happens. As such, steer clear of using traditional *Dungeon World* adventure fronts when you start running a game of *The Green Law of Varkith*. Fronts change the focus of the game from the machinations of the guilds to preventing terrible disasters that might befall the city.

But if you're interested in having traditional *Dungeon World* fronts, here are a few that bring in threats beyond the basic guild system. You're best off introducing these fronts after a few sessions, when the players have gotten to know and care about the city. These fronts will introduce dangers to all of Varkith that might require guilds to band together to deal with...and might turn the PCs into the very heroes the Green Law is designed to forbid.

THE OLD, THE NEW, AND THE NIGHTMARES

The Arthanuel come from an island far across the sea, in a place unmapped and undetermined. None could find the island unless the Arthanuel wanted them to. The island is said to be a wonderful paradise of art and culture, full of the amazing creations of these magical artisans. The Arthanuel enjoy their isolation, and treasure their detachment from the rest of the madness of the world—only through that separation can they successfully pursue their art.

But times change. The Arthanuel saw the success of those of their people who did go into the world and become heroes. They see the rising star of Varkith, and its own strange fashion of artifice. They see the changes coming to the Halarth, their own cousins. They see the Halarth calling upon powers until now inaccessible to them, and still far beyond their grasp to understand or control. And they see the risks as these younger, more inexperienced peoples play with powers they cannot comprehend, and allow into the world dark things that the Arthanuel have feared for eons.

A new Arthanuel leader has arisen, one who is determined to take power in the world, and ensure that these disturbing changes cease. He fears that if he does not stretch out his hand to quash such dangers early, then they will eventually reach back and destroy his home. And he has united the Arthanuel in this purpose.

They sail forth, on enormous boats made of insect carapace and gossamer wings, and they come to keep their world safe.

DANGER: CICATRIX

TYPE: Power-mad Wizard (*impulse: to seek magical power*)

A Halarth sorceress who suffered blows of bigotry and hatred. Her eyes were taken from her by knives, and her vestigial limbs were cut from her. The Lawkeepers did find those responsible, and enacted punishment upon the criminals. But that did not take away her pain, and her hatred, and her need to ensure that nothing like it would ever happen again. She renamed herself Cicatrix, after the scar tissue she bore, and she seethed in the dark.

And in her blindness, she was able to tap into a magic that had been lost to her kind ever since they were first separated from the Arthanuel. She found a way to tap into an endless spectrum of vision, seeing colors beyond description, worlds hidden just out of sight of this one. Her blinded eyes were capable of seeing more than ever before, and she could bend the world to her will.

With her new sight, she crafted art the likes of which had never been seen in Varkith or the world at large; its equal could only be found on the island of the Arthanuel themselves. She formed a whole guild around herself, a young guild, growing rapidly in power but still no match for the greatest of Varkith. And she led them in the creation of more and more art, each piece of which unlocked more of her sight and her magic.

Soon, she will be able to see so deeply into the world that she will be able to change it fundamentally with as much ease as sculpting...and then she can reshape it to ensure that what happened to her cannot happen again.



AN ARTHANUEL COMMANDER STANDS AT THE PROW OF HER SHIP

DANGER: THE MANY-HUED SEERS

TYPE: Cabal (*impulse: to absorb those in power, to grow*)

The guild that Cicatrix grew around herself, the Many-Hued Seers, is made up largely of Halarth, with some individuals from other peoples, most of whom have some means of seeing far more than normal. Krktri, whose eyes can cover entire buildings, or V'ss'liga, who see in dreams what others cannot even imagine.

The Seers are artists and wizards, all, and all seek the guidance of Cicatrix. The art she creates transfixes them, teaches them that they have so much to learn, and drives them on to greater heights.

Cicatrix cannot teach them all her own sight as quickly as she learned it—they lack the necessary grounding in pain and blindness. But they make progress, and as they do, they produce their own works of strange, magical art, each one a small door in the walls of the world opened up to madness from beyond. And each one, beautiful and transfixing to all observers.

The Seers grow in number daily, and the most powerful people in Varkith seek their works more and more. To have one of the Seers' pieces is the height of status. And as their works spread throughout the city, their power only grows still further.

DANGER: THE GALLERY OF SEEINGS

TYPE: Unholy Ground (*impulse: to spawn evil*)

The majority of the Seers' funds have gone into the purchase and maintenance of the Gallery of Seeings. It is a display of the Seers' best works, where people of the city can come to both behold their glory, and peruse them for purchase.

The structure is simply a single large, open space, formerly a warehouse. Sculptures set up in the open to be walked around, paintings hung from the walls to be examined. The number of pieces in the Gallery remains constant—as the Seers make more, they sell more. Eventually, as the number of Seers grows, they might have to expand the Gallery entire, but they can remain as they are for quite some time.

The problem, of course, being that having these strange pieces, crafted with otherworldly vision and imbued with a mad sort of magic, all held in a single location leads to a weakening of the walls of the world. And there are always things beyond the world that would love to get inside, searching for opportunities. The strange misshapen sculptures in the Gallery may provide them with the best chance they've ever had to get into this sphere.

The Gallery has become a place where nightmares may become real, whether in the art pieces themselves, or in the madness of those who spend too long staring at them.

DANGER: THE THINGS FROM OUTSIDE**TYPE:** Force of Chaos (*impulse: to destroy all semblance of order*)

The Things From Outside are horrible eldritch creatures, abominations from between the worlds who consume entire planes and lay their young in dying worlds. They watch all spheres across the entirety of existence, ever searching for ways in, for precious morsels to consume. This world is strong and vibrant, far too powerful to be easy prey for their attentions...but they are sensitive to any opening, and the workings of Cicatrix and her Seers are exactly the kind of cracks they search for.

They cannot touch the world directly, not yet. But they can appear in the minds and dreams of those who open their eyes too widely. They can visit those who splinter their minds upon the sublime, mad works of the Seers. They can send messages, and promise more power and inspiration. And when the art of the Seers or the strangeness of the Gallery opens the cracks wide enough, then they can come through. And when they do, this world, no matter how young or strong that it is, will fall to their power.

DANGER: THE GRAVE-EYED SWORDS**TYPE:** Choir of Angels (*impulse: to pass judgment*)

The Grave-Eyed Swords come across the sea from the island of the Arthaniel, following their leader, Blade in Light that Cures. Blade in Light used his scrying tools—crystalline mobiles and flexible glass maps—to look out upon the world and see the rise of the contorting darkness that threatened even the Arthaniel on their home. He saw the past, present, and future, and he saw that Varkith's free-wheeling structure could damn the whole world as it allowed evil to incubate within its confines. So he gathered together Arthaniel and showed them his visions, and told them of his plans. And together they named themselves the Grave-Eyed Swords, and they built their vessels and sailed forth.

Their armada of carapace boats with sails made of gossamer insectile wings is swift and powerful, much stronger than any other navy present in the world today. It will take them time to arrive at Varkith from across the sea, but they come onward, an unstoppable juggernaut of a fleet. They will capture every boat and colony they come upon along the way, instilling their own order and beginning to make progress against the darkness they fight.

And finally, their boats will come upon Varkith itself, and they will invade the city, casting forth powerful magics and deploying ancient, dangerous weaponries. They will save the city by conquering it, or they will save the world by razing it to the ground, even as tears spill from their compound eyes.

GRIM PORTENTS

- Cicatrix unveils a new work in the Gallery—"A Vision of Worlds Beyond"—and through it, the Things From Outside make contact with her.
- The Arthanuel fleet detects the crack in the world, and news of their coming reaches Varkith.
- The Seers sell "A Vision of Worlds Beyond" to the Green Senate itself, where it is prominently displayed to the leaders of the city.
- The Grave-Eyed Swords arrive at Varkith and invade the city as citizens throughout Varkith are driven mad by the Seers' art.
- The Swords attack the Gallery in an all-out battle against Cicatrix and her Seers, but Cicatrix is bolstered by the Things, and slays Blade in Light that Cures.
- Cicatrix takes from the bodies of the dead Arthanuel and creates a new art piece that opens a portal for the Things From Outside; she becomes their powerful new emissary.

STAKES

- Who will be corrupted by the Seers' art?
- Will the Grave-Eyed Swords invade or destroy Varkith?
- Will Cicatrix ally with the Things From Outside?

IMPENDING DOOM

- *Destruction* (the Things From Outside have entered the world and begin to devour it, piece by piece.)

THE RISING OF A DREAMER

The V'ss'liga always speak of the enormous god-creatures dwelling on the bottom of the ocean and in twisted tangent-planes connected to those crushing depths. None have ever been able to verify their tales, nor would any truly wish to. But whether or not the V'ss'liga are completely correct about the nature of those beings...they exist. And at least one of them is waking up.

--- DANGER: THE DREAMER

TYPE: God (*impulse: to gather worshippers*)

The Dreamer is a titanic creature. A leviathan in mind and body. Invulnerable to the terrible crushing depths in which it slumbered, and with a mind like whale-song, unintelligible and full of alien beauty. It sleeps, still, either in this world, or in some place connected to it through the ocean's depths. But it is stirring. Soon it shall rise out of the ocean and tower high into the air, stalking on its three legs

towards Varkith and towering over the Green Lady's statue and all throughout the city. Even now, it sends dark dreams of its coming to those sleeping souls in the Green City, the V'ss'liga in particular. And when it wakes, it will dream the dream of a new reality.

The Dreamer is a creature of mad form and change. Fish who pass close to its fissure come away as monstrous things with enlarged jaws and mad eyes. Those who see it most clearly in their dreams sometimes wake up with misshapen bodies, hands with too many fingers or legs bent the wrong way. The Dreamer makes the world around it soft and mutable, takes away the rigidity and solidity. It is a creature of dreaming, and this purpose pervades it.

It does not want to rule, or crush, or dominate. It simply wants to awaken so it can dream, in union with the world. The rigidity of existence falls away around it, but the more who believe in it, who share in its dream, the more it can reshape the world into a mutable thing. And with a dream shared between enough minds, it could transform the entire world into a new dreamland.

This is its goal—to earn the worship and dreams of all it can, and to remake the world.

DANGER: THE AWAKENED V'SS'LIGA

TYPE: Wandering Barbarians (*impulse: to grow strong, to drive their enemies before them*)

The Awakened V'ss'liga have seen the true face of the Dreamer. But they are not enchanted by it. They do not see its divine glory. Unlike most of their brethren, when confronted with the power of this rising god in their dreams, they reacted with disgust. Hatred. They realized that this Dreamer was coming to rob the world of its own identity. It was not something to be honored; it was an enemy. It was not a true god, not like those they worshipped in their own temples; it was something *else*.

They consider themselves Awakened compared to their kin. Awakened to the truth. And they pursue all chances to keep this creature away from the city and weakened. They aren't quite sure of how to do that, however—but it doesn't matter when a firebrand like Ecktherkis V'rigan is leading them. Ecktherkis has dictated that any who dream of the Dreamer and do not immediately deny the creature in fact lend it power, and must be convinced to deny it...or be destroyed.

The Awakened V'ss'liga come from all manner of guild throughout the city, and they meet quietly and secretly at nights. They are not a guild of their own—any such structure would only hinder them. Instead, they simply gather more numbers, using threats of force to convince further V'ss'liga to join their cause, or to cow other peoples into getting out of their way. The Awakened are some of the most violent V'ss'liga in all of Varkith, and their fervor is dangerous to the entire city.

THE ZOOLOGISTS OF VARKITH

TYPE: Thieves Guild (*impulse: to take by subterfuge*)

The Zoologists of Varkith would love nothing more than to see one of the V'ss'liga's abyssal gods arisen, that they might defeat it and dissect it. The things they could learn! The advancements they could make to arcane lore! They could uncover the very secrets of divinity themselves!

For a long time now, the Zoologists of Varkith have been investigating how to raise up one of the V'ss'liga's gods, with the help of some few enterprising V'ss'liga themselves. They have made little progress. For whatever reason, they were unable to find a means by which to access the dreaming minds of these creatures. Some in the guild believed it was because the dreamers must not exist, but the majority agreed that continuing to try was worth the effort.

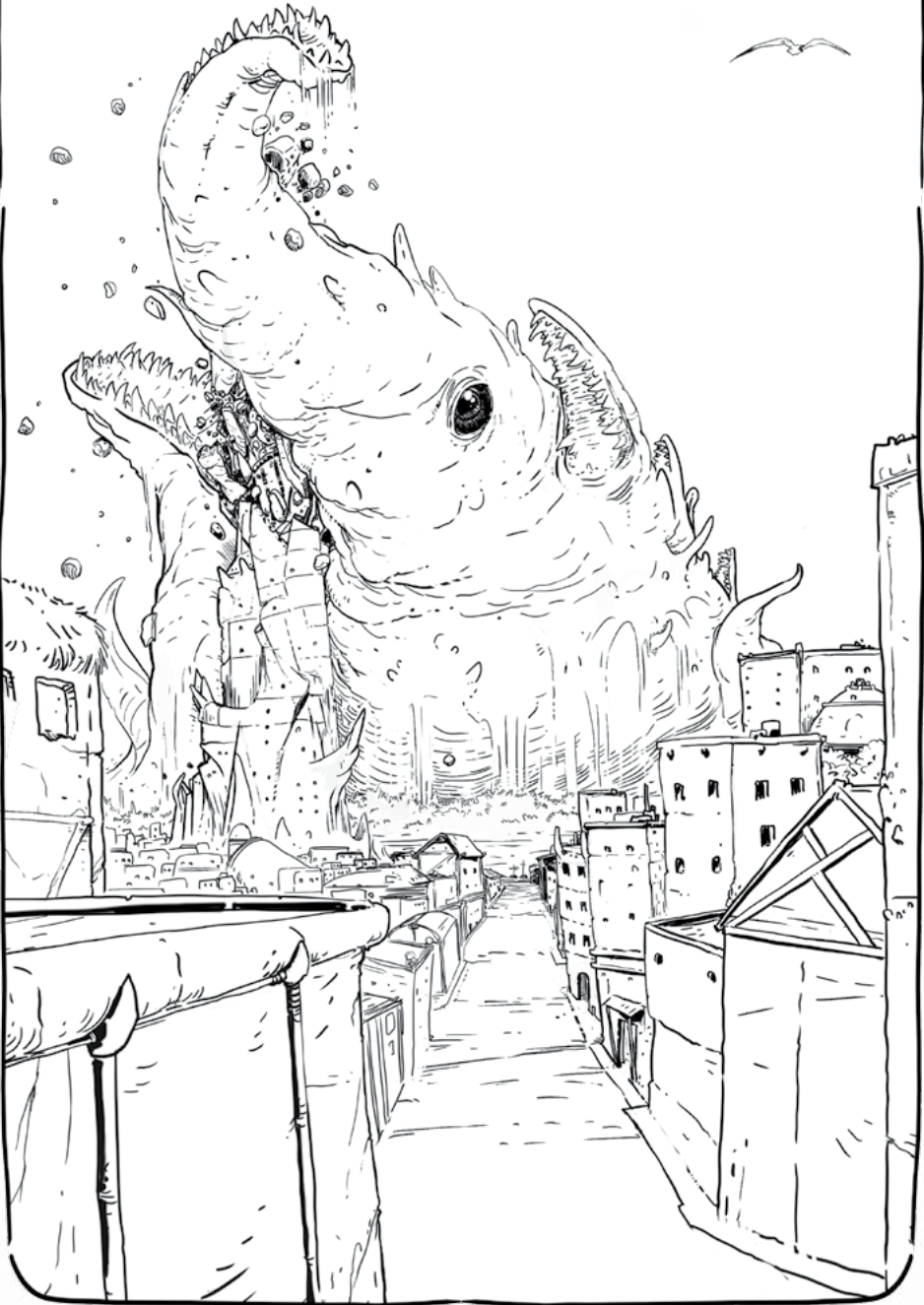
But of late...as the Awakening V'ss'liga have arisen, and the Dreamer nears wakefulness...the Zoologists have made great strides. They believe they understand enough now to begin taking much greater steps. Using a combination of thaumaturgical ritual with dissected brains of V'ss'liga corpses, coupled with the appropriate power sources and bindings, they believe they may be able to both revive the Dreamer, and chain it.

Of course, to do so will require them to obtain all those necessary components. The brain matter...the ritual ingredients...the appropriately translated texts...all of it. Many of which they already have, but many more of which they still must obtain. And they must move quickly, before the opportunity passes. They will strike at the Dockyard Cooperative and steal incoming crates of goods. They will employ the Slayers to hunt those creatures reachable in Varkith. They will hire the Artist's Collective and the League for the Reform of the Criminally Minded to steal what they need from still further guilds. And they will deploy their own agents and forces directly to take whatever else is accessible.

DANGER: LULLABYE

TYPE: Chosen One (*impulse: to fulfill or resent their destiny*)

A newcomer to Varkith. A young V'ss'liga, risen from the oceans, walking out onto its shores as many have before. She was taken in, watched over by those guilds who make it their business to attend to such immigrants (in hopes of earning profits on their later success). As is usual for a V'ss'liga, she was asked for her name, and she supplied it: Lullabye. An unusual choice for a V'ss'liga, but not so out of the ordinary as to draw any attention. And eventually, she left her caretakers to find her way in Varkith.



THE DREAMER AWAKENS

But Lullabye has not yet found a guild. She is an illegal here in the Green City, and she hides in sewers and back alleys, hoping not to be found. Between the Lawkeepers' ability to find the guildless being a bit less than they'd like citizens to believe, and her own strange nature, she's been successful in hiding. So far.

She is driven by dreams and scorching nightmares that push her away from others. She can feel the scratching claws, the chittering voices, in the back of her skull, and she tries to drown them out in solitude.

Lullabye is the key, full and true, to awakening the Dreamer entirely, or lulling it back to sleep. Her brain is attuned to it. Her mind caught up with its own. It cares nothing for her—she is merely a tool to it. But it does seek wakefulness, so that its dream might live and overcome all, and it can only find that fully through her. Should she give in to the dreams it sends her, she could create the ritual necessary to awaken this goliath beast into the world. Should she deny those dreams, she will surely go mad. And should any others find her...like the Zookeepers...there is no telling what they could do with her mind.

GRIM PORTENTS

- V'ss'liga throughout the city, and the Awakened in particular, dream of Lullabye—the Dreamer pointing them to their “messiah.”
- The Awakened hunt and chase Lullabye to kill her so she cannot summon the Dreamer, and the Zookeepers take notice.
- The Zookeepers intervene and kill many of the Awakened, taking their bodies and capturing Lullabye.
- The Zookeepers of Varkith begin experimenting upon Lullabye's mind. She kills them and escapes into the city, injured and alone.
- Lullabye, delirious with pain and anger, awakens the Dreamer to punish the city that has so mistreated her; it stalks toward Varkith, unbound and uncontrolled.
- The Dreamer looms over Varkith eternally, and the city is lost to a mad, endlessly warping nightmare.

STAKES

- Will the Dreamer awaken?
- Will the Zookeepers be able to bind the Dreamer?
- Will Lullabye accept or fight her destiny?

IMPENDING DOOM

- *Rampant Chaos* (The Dreamer undermines the very rules of reality in Varkith and transforms the entire island into a mad and chaotic ever-shifting nightmare.)

THE GUILD COALITION

Varkith's guilds are always in conflict with each other. Whether in the grand halls of political power or the money exchanges on the streets, the guilds clash and squabble for every scrap of resources and influence. Most of the time, they know how to keep their struggles contained. Skirmishes, not outright battles. Subterfuge. Underhanded tactics. The guilds' fights do not cause undue collateral damage. But the conflicts are unending, touching all parts of the city in some way or another, each guild struggling for dominance.

Now, though...times are changing.

The Green Law exists to prevent any individual from growing too powerful. Yet The Green Law did not foresee the appearance of the incredibly powerful guilds that exist today, that force weaker guilds into fealty, that grow like cancers through the city.

Each guild was meant to be driven by their purpose and their work; none would truly ever have enough stability or power to overcome the others—or, so was the original intent. The Green Law didn't foresee the vast changes that would come to Varkith after its establishment, and the Senate was never able to or interested in adjusting the Green Law enough to accommodate those changes.

And the Green Law certainly did not foresee a burgeoning alliance, a guild made of guilds. The Guild Coalition.

The Guild Coalition is not yet public or official. It is informal, a meeting of the leadership of these guilds in secret. But they are working towards firming up the relationship. Codifying it in new law. And if they do, then there will be a new ruler of Varkith.

DANGER: THE ACADEMY OF SECRETS

TYPE: Thieves Guild (*impulse: to take by subterfuge*)

The Academy of Secrets (page 91) is entirely concerned with obtaining knowledge, hoarding it at all costs. They sneak into the halls of power and record what they hear; they creep into archives and abscond with ancient books made of strange night-vellum. They fill their own halls with such knowledge, sacred secrets protected for all time. They do, on occasion, take advantage of the knowledge they have accumulated, but only when it is necessary to then obtain still further knowledge.

The Guild Coalition is, to them, a fantastic opportunity for the accumulation of more knowledge. Not only would the Coalition's structure allow them to take advantage of the other guilds' information networks and learning apparatuses,

but they would have greater access to their partner guilds themselves. They would be able to plunder and accumulate knowledge at a far greater rate than ever before.

To them, power is a key that unlocks secrets. And the Coalition could be the greatest power in the city.

DANGER: THE ENVOYS

TYPE: Cabal (*impulse: to absorb those in power, to grow*)

The Envoys (page 95) do not operate like nearly any other guild in Varkith. They are a go-between guild, serving other guilds in their interactions with each other. They have made themselves valuable to most of the guilds throughout Varkith, and that value has given them power. And they are always looking for ways to increase their utility and their capability...even in directions less than ethical. They have learned to copy memories and personalities of important leaders they represent, and how to even appear as those individuals at any time. No other guild would suspect them of doing it...but the power is there, and who would know if they had done it?

The Guild Coalition is, for the Envoys, the next step up. It would make them directly one of the most powerful guilds in the city, and it would give them access to still more guilds throughout Varkith. They would have chances to copy more faces and minds, and to increase their own power exponentially. And if they were willing to go that far, they could even replace members of their fellow ally guilds with their own disguised guildmembers, taking over the whole of the Coalition covertly.

Yes, the Guild Coalition is perfect for the ambition of the Envoys.

DANGER: THE TEMPLE OF THE GRAND GODS

TYPE: Religious Organization (*impulse: to establish and follow doctrine*)

The Temple of the Grand Gods (page 94) is already geared to be favorable toward the Guild Coalition. It is a coalition in its own way, a collection between multiple small gods and religions who pooled their efforts for survival and for a better shot at success in Varkith. The Temple's strategy has proved effective in so many ways, from successfully pulling in tithes from large swathes of individuals, to exposing worshippers to new gods they might worship (and therefore tithe money toward at Temple meetings). The Temple's own success with the coalition model is viewed by them as proof that it was divinely inspired, and the Temple believes that the Guild Coalition is the next step.

Through the Guild Coalition, the Temple of the Grand Gods hopes to wield additional resources of might and force to undermine the other religious guilds

throughout Varkith, and ultimately absorb them into itself. But more than that, the Guild Coalition is an ideological monument to the core beliefs of the Temple of the Grand Gods itself. It needs to endorse and support the Coalition so as to support its own fundamental doctrine.

DANGER: THE LAWKEEPERS OF VARKITH

TYPE: Corrupt Government (*impulse: to maintain the status quo*)

The Lawkeepers (page 87) are a mundane peacekeeping and bureaucratic force in the city of Varkith. They do not deal with catastrophic threats to the city, or terrible criminals—those are the purview of the Jadethroats. The Lawkeepers concern themselves more with day-to-day functioning of the city and the Green Senate's laws.

At first glance, the Guild Coalition would completely undermine many of the fundamental laws of Varkith. But the Lawkeepers are aware of the power such an organization could wield, a power that would let them secure the laws of the city that much more effectively. They would be able to maintain and control Varkith in unprecedented fashion if they could wield control of the Coalition, or something like it.

But in its current structure, the Coalition threatens them. It is uncontrolled, outside of their purview. The Lawkeepers will throw themselves into conflict against it, until they can learn how to put their own hooks into it. Or until they are subverted by the sheer power of the combined guilds.

DANGER: THE COALITION TOWER

TYPE: Unholy Ground (*impulse: to spawn evil*)

The different guilds of the Coalition are building it together, even as they finalize their plans for making the Coalition real. Using magic and artifice, they will build it tall. Taller even than the statue of the Green Lady that surveys the whole of the city. They believe the physical presence of the tower will send an important message to the city.

Places take on the meaning and power that the people who build them, who use them, who live in them, grant those places. The Coalition Tower, even in its infancy while it's still being built, is no different. It has begun to take on the power and meaning of the Coalition. It is hungry. It is dark. The Coalition Tower breeds a thirst for more. For dominion.

When the Tower stands tall over the city around it, it will not be long before its essence begins to seep into the air of Varkith.

GRIM PORTENTS

- Building on the Coalition Tower commences as the guilds submit notice to the Lawkeepers of the Coalition's formation. Lawkeepers work to block progress on the Coalition.
- The Academy of Secrets subtly takes control of key Lawkeepers.
- The Lawkeepers cease to block progress while smaller guilds throughout the city prepare for battle against the Coalition.
- The newly formed Coalition consumes an array of guilds from Varkith, ranging from weaker religious guilds to other schools of knowledge.
- The Envoys take over the leadership of the other members of the Coalition.
- The Envoys take control of the Coalition Tower, and tear down the statue of the Green Lady.

STAKES

- Will the Coalition take control of Varkith?
- Will the Envoys take control of the Coalition?
- Will any other guild be strong enough to stand against the Coalition?

IMPENDING DOOM

- *Tyranny* (The Coalition owns Varkith now, with the laws of the Green Lady falling before the laws of the Coalition.)



THE PATHS TO GREATER GLORY



The Green City has become a thriving and diverse metropolis, but the entire purpose behind its unique structure was to prevent the rise of new individuals with incredible power—new heroes. Despite the Green Lady’s designs, however, new paths to power crop up regularly, even within the system meant to prevent them. One would be a fool not to take advantage of these opportunities... even if it means edging perilously close to breaking the Green Law.

THE JADETHROATS

The Jadethroats are an elite guild, of sorts. They were, to some historians’ reckonings, the very first guild of Varkith. They serve the Green Lady above all, and as the Green Lady tied herself into Varkith body and soul, so do they. They are Varkith’s elite law enforcement agents, charged with enforcing its most critical rules, including the Green Law itself. Each Jadethroat bears a spike of jade in their necks, piercing their larynxes and leaving them voiceless. Many carry slates to communicate, and the people of the city know to be patient with the Jadethroats—they are not to be ignored.

Jadethroats can call forth the city’s idolons, crafted corpse-bodies made from former heroes and those who grow too powerful. They can control those idolons, wielding them like weapons in battle, and the idolons are strong enough to threaten any other guild in the city. And the Jadethroats haven’t even yet had to call out their strongest idolons, made of the bodies of Arthanuel heroes.

Becoming a Jadethroat is a lifelong commitment. On paper, it’s just joining a guild, but in reality it is changing your body and devoting yourself to their order, forever.

✧ CONTROLLING AN EIDOLON ✧

Controlling an eidolon gives you a powerful weapon, represented by its stats and equipment and bonuses. But that's not all. Things that might have been issues while acting as a simple mortal cease to be at all difficult when you're acting through an eidolon. An Isqu might have trouble jumping the gap between two buildings. An eidolon will simply step across. An ordinary D'horvae might have trouble when up against five thugs with blackjacks. An eidolon will simply sweep them away, no Hack & Slash roll required.

Keep in mind the scale of action when thinking about whether an eidolon triggers a move. If an eidolon is doing something far beneath its power level, then it just happens—no move required. But if the eidolon is throwing itself up against a dangerous situation—say, trying to punch a dragon—then moves are absolutely appropriate. And the eidolon will allow PCs to trigger moves in situations when they wouldn't even have had the opportunity before.

Or at least, that is what it is meant to be. The split loyalties of many more recent Jadethroats, their greed or their love of power, is one piece of Varkith's ongoing corruption. It's only a matter of time before someone takes the spike without truly joining the Jadethroats, seeking control of the eidolons for their own selfish ends.

When you take a spike of jade into your throat, you lose your voice and may take **The Voice of the City** instead of your normal move the next time you level up.

THE VOICE OF THE CITY

When you speak through the spike of jade in your throat to take control of a nearby eidolon, roll+Wis. On a hit, you call a powerful nearby eidolon and can take control of it. On a 7-9, choose one from below.

- The eidolon is in disrepair (take two additional flaws).
- The eidolon is unarmed (do not choose a weapon, it must attack with its hands, dealing 1d6 damage at hand range).
- The eidolon is weak (it starts with half of its maximum hit points).

You can control the eidolon until the end of the scene. It follows your orders unerringly, and the GM may ask you to clarify your intent if the instructions you give are unclear.

On a miss, the nearest eidolon is non-functional for some reason, and calling it forth leaves you stunned or incapacitated.



A JADETHROAT AND AN EIDOLON

Choose from the following lists to create your eidolon:

LOOK (CHOOSE ONE): Old and decayed, ruined, stitched together, fused, encased in armor.

STATS: Assign 4 points to the eidolon's Str, Dex, and Con. You can use its stats while you are controlling the creature and trigger a move (see sidebar: Controlling an Eidolon).

WEAPON (CHOOSE ONE):

- *Silvered sword* (close, 1 piercing, d10 damage, precise)
- *Lightning bow* (near, 2 piercing, d8 damage, messy, loud)
- *Enormous fists* (hand, b[2d10] damage, messy, forceful)
- *Acid vomit* (close, reach, 1 piercing, d6 damage, acidic)
- *Scorpion tail* (reach, d8 damage, precise, poisonous)

DEFENSES: 3 Armor **HP:** 15 + Con

FLAW (CHOOSE 1):

- The eidolon is in shambles, and has 1 fewer point for its stats.
- The eidolon is uncoordinated, and has difficulty moving anywhere quickly.
- The eidolon is difficult to control, and on a miss the Jadethroat will have to Defy Danger with Wis to keep control of it.
- The eidolon has no Armor.

If an eidolon drops to 0 hp while under your command, you immediately take damage equal to half the eidolon's maximum hp as the feedback of your bond to the guardian overwhelms you.

After you have taken The Voice of the City, you may take any of the moves below when you level up.

AUTHORITY

Being a Jadethroat means the people of Varkith pay attention when you try to communicate with them. **When you order or threaten an NPC using your status as a Jadethroat**, roll+Cha. On a 10+, they do what you want. On a 7-9, they can instead choose one:

- Call your bluff.
- Back away with their hands up.
- Barricade themselves securely in.
- Give you something they think you want.

On a miss, they don't take kindly to your misuse of authority. You're in a clever trap or situation that spirals out of control before you can react.

PERSISTENT EIDOLON

Your connection to a particular eidolon becomes stronger than iron. You can control that eidolon even from enormous distances, as long as you are both still in the city. If it is ever destroyed, you immediately take its maximum hp in damage, but you can form this bond with a new eidolon at your will. Once you form the bond, you cannot break it until the eidolon is destroyed.

CHECKING THE WARRANTS

When you go to a Jadethroat station and check up on the most important warrants in a district of Varkith, roll+Cha. On a 10+, pick two. On a 7-9, pick one.

- There's a warrant out for the arrest of a dangerous lawbreaker, with a bounty worth 1 coin (1,000 jade pieces). The GM will tell you what the lawbreaker looks like and why they haven't been apprehended.
- There's a report of suspicious goings-on in the district, enough to pique your interest. The GM will tell you what you learn.
- You catch word of a warrant put out on you or an ally before anybody else gets it. You have time to deal with it before the other Jadethroats take action.

On a miss, you find out that other Jadethroats have already picked up on warrants against you or your allies.

THE COLOSSI

You can call forth the Arthanuel eidolons, if you choose. **When you call forth an Arthanuel eidolon**, take 1d4 damage from the strain, and create an eidolon as usual, but with the following changes:

Look: Enormous and terrifying.

Stats: Assign 6 points to the eidolon's Str, Dex, and Con.

Weapon: Choose two from the list.

Defenses: 5 Armor **HP:** 25 + Con

If you summon an Arthanuel eidolon, it always draws the attention of the city, and the other Jadethroats. Expect to have to explain your use of such incredible force, especially if the target of the Eidolon is anything short of an existential threat to Varkith itself.

THE STREETSOUHS

The city has a life all its own. The people flowing down the streets are its blood. Their words are its thoughts. When the citizens of Varkith sleep at night, sometimes they can feel the city's essence, tap into that life force pulsing throughout the city. Touch it directly. The soul of the city is there, for those who know how to look.

The Streetsouls know exactly how and where to look. They bond themselves into the city, inscribing maps of its streets upon their flesh and leaving their blood in secret caches in walls and tunnels. They become a part of Varkith on a deep, essential level, and that power means they become better protectors and citizens than maybe even those charged with such duties.

Existing Streetsouls live in myriad guilds, spread across the city, and join together only in secret to keep their city alive and well. When they find someone they believe could join the city, they start that person on a path to becoming a Streetsoul, but they only start someone on the journey. It's up to the candidate to finish.

To become a Streetsoul requires leaving a piece of yourself in the eight soul-points of the city, the places where the city's life is strongest. Finding out what and where these soul-points are is part of the task set before any prospective Streetsoul—fail to find the points, and you do not know the city well enough to be bonded to it.

When you leave a piece of yourself in the 8 soul-points of the city, you may take **Soul of the City** the next time you level up instead of your normal move.

SOUL OF THE CITY

Using your connection to the city's life, you can pinpoint people and things wherever they are in the city. **When you take a moment to feel the life of the city**, name what or who you're looking for and roll+Wis. On a hit you know how to find what you seek. On a 10+, choose two. On a 7-9, choose one.

- The path to it is quick.
- The path to it is safe.
- The path to it is secret (known only to those like you).

On a miss, you find what you're looking for, but one of the city's predators (intelligent or not, GM's choice) catches your scent through your connection to the city. They know where you are, and they're coming for you—prepare to be hunted.

After you have taken **Soul of the City**, you can take any of the following moves when you level up instead of your normal class moves.

✦ WHERE ARE THE EIGHT SOUL-POINTS? ✦

That's up to you and your game! The discovery of exactly which places in the city are soul-points will vary heavily depending upon what matters most to your PCs and their stories in Varkith. The GM should always focus on places that have some meaning or significance to the stories you've already seen at your table, instead of inventing new places. But some likely candidates in general include the Statue, the Green Senate, the Docks, and the top of the Mountain.

STREET-FOOTED

You can navigate through the streets of Varkith with unmatched speed. **When you undertake a perilous journey through the streets of Varkith**, you always get there with incredible haste, and you can lead others in the same fashion. You always get the option "The path to it is quick" on the move **Soul of the City**. You will win any race or conflict of speed in the city unless it is against another Streetsoul.

SURVIVAL OF THE SOULED

The city will help to protect you and keep you safe from those who would try to kill you. **When you try to escape from a dangerous situation by running through the streets of Varkith**, roll+Dex. On a hit, you get away. On a 7-9, choose one:

- You leave something behind.
- You take something with you.
- You're hurt along the way—take b[2d8] damage.

On a miss, you wind up in more danger than you left behind, albeit from a different source or of a different nature.

THE CITY'S GUIDANCE

When you work to protect the city, it will guide you where you're needed, if you take but a moment to listen to her. **When you open your soul to the city's guidance**, say what you seek to protect the city from and roll+Wis. On a hit, the GM will tell you where the city needs you to go to solve the problem. On a 10+, take +1 ongoing to solve the problem. On a miss, the city's voice overrides your own will; you lose yourself, and come back to consciousness somewhere dangerous, with no recollection of how you got there or what you did while under the city's control.

Anybody with you will see your body puppeted by the city's will, and they will only be able to stop its activity by subduing it violently. And it will resist in turn.

WARP THE BODY

You are so bonded to the city that you can reshape it with your will...but the bond runs both ways, and as the city is hurt, so are you.

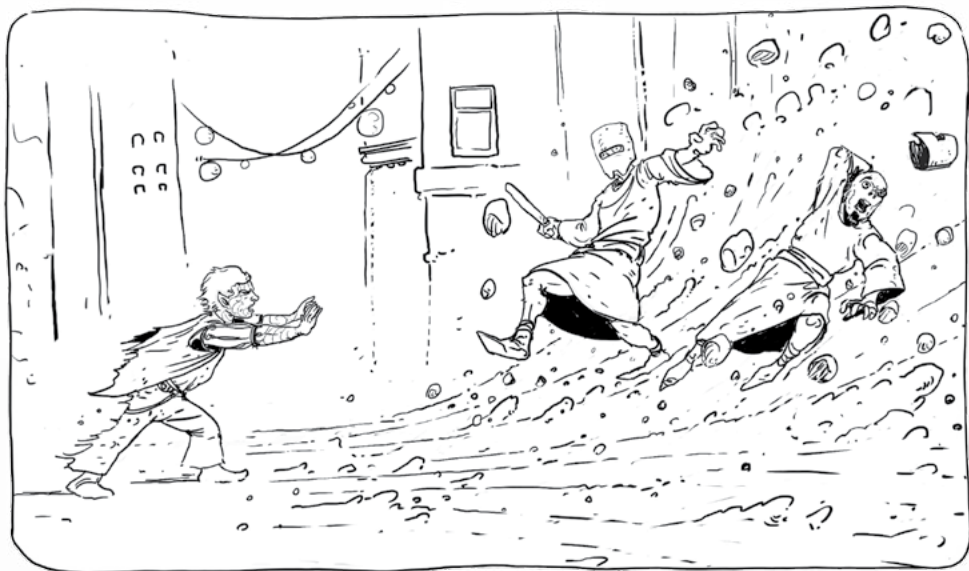
When you try to reshape the city with your will, choose what you are trying to do:

- Trap something.
- Mislead something.
- Hide something.
- Protect something.

Then, roll+Con. On a hit, the city obeys; say how it subtly shifts—in a way that no one would overtly notice—to do what you wanted done. On a 7-9, the city obeys, but at a cost. Choose one:

- Your body suffers the strain; take 1d8 damage.
- The shift is surprising, confusing, or harmful; someone unintended is affected and hurt by your changes.
- The shift is obvious and destructive; you damage the city in an unintended fashion.

On a miss, your shift goes awry, and the city leaves you stranded and vulnerable to your enemies.



A STREETSOU L WARPS THE CITY TO DEFEND HIMSELF

THE GREEN MONKS

The Green Lady was not a god. She would have argued with anyone who called her such, told them they were foolish and misled. She was powerful, yes, and intelligent, and maybe even wise. But she was never divine.

That didn't stop some from adopting her teachings, her philosophies, her ways as deeply held edicts and doctrine. They modeled a guild—almost a cult, really—specifically on the basis of her truths. They dressed as she dressed. They kept their voices silent as she had done. Eventually, other guilds worked together to ensure that these Followers of the Green were eliminated—they feared too strongly that the Followers would seem the rightful successors of the city's leadership, claiming that they would garner support and take over the city, up-ending the very guild system the Green Lady had instantiated.

The reasons for the pogrom were somewhere between foolish beliefs and excuses—the Followers would never have upended the greatest work of the Green Lady. But that didn't stop the other guilds from ultimately forcing the Followers to disband.

And no longer able to act as a guild, those who would venerate the Green Lady and her ways were left to do so only in secret. Without the light of day, ritual practices emerged to enable them to continue their work. Their manner began to match their means. Instead of a group united by thought and philosophy, they transformed into a secret cult, dedicated to her light. Without her words to discourage their worship, it was only a matter of time before they functionally ascribed to her the greatness of a god.

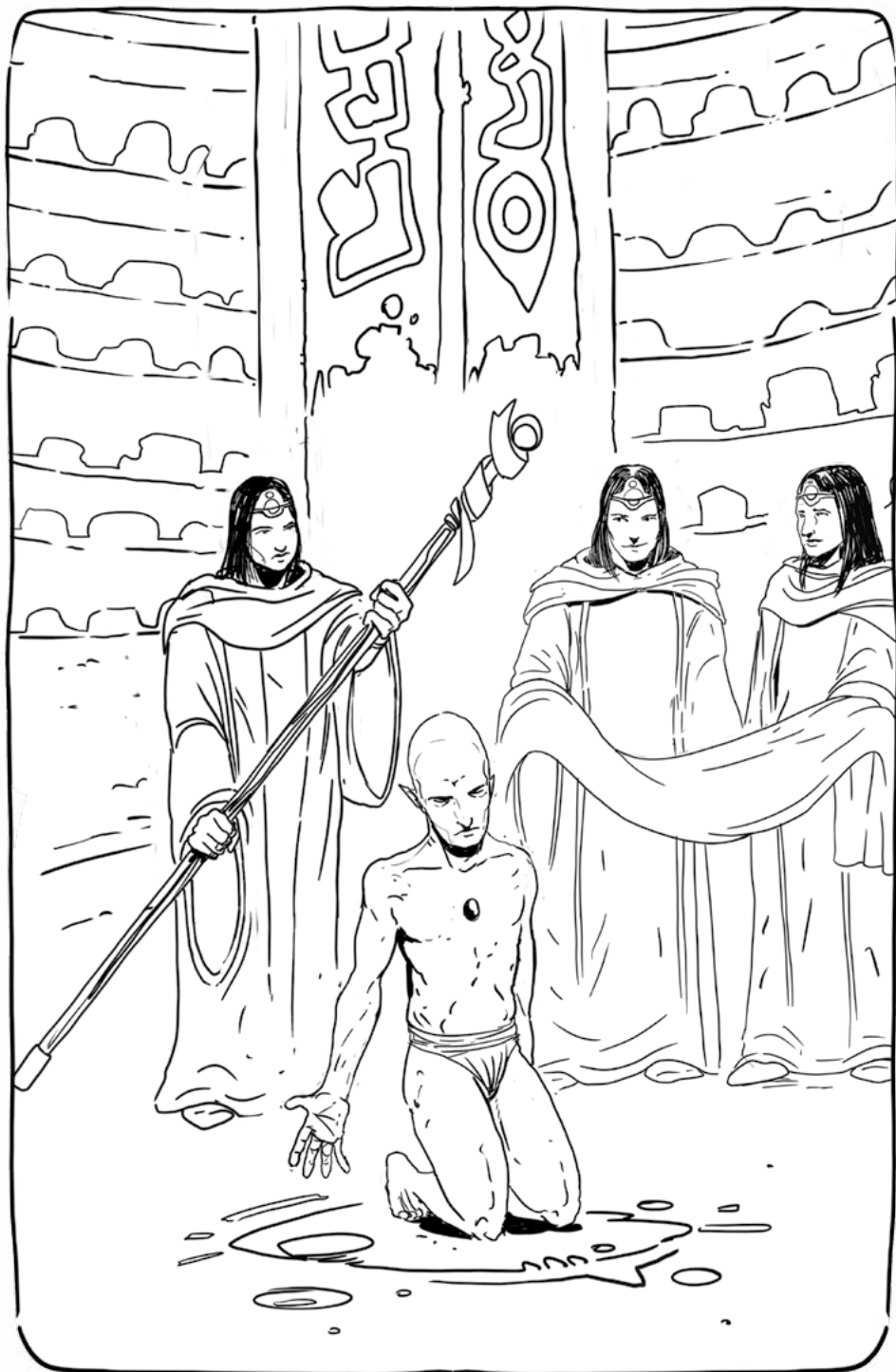
The Green Monks still meet in the city's nights. They still share their stories of the Green Lady, parables of her greatness and her teachings. And they work within Varkith to ensure that her greatest creations are preserved, maintained, supported. All the while deeming her a god.

When you participate in a ritual of prayer to the Green Lady, you may take **Disciple of the Green** the next time you level up, instead of a normal move from your playbook.

DISCIPLE OF THE GREEN

You have forged a bond with the Green Lady and her teachings. Your bond empowers you to stand against those of enormous strength, and to stand with your allies.

When you chant a mantra of the Green Lady aloud, you can empower your allies to stand up to powerful threats. Choose one effect to sustain as long as you chant:



A NEW GREEN MONK IS INITIATED

- Your allies' damage die sizes are all increased by one step.
- Your allies cannot take more than six damage from a single roll.
- Your allies can always help each other with a +3 regardless of how many bonds they have with each other.
- Your allies share an awareness of their surroundings; if any of them discerns realities, they all take +1 ongoing to act on the answers.

Then roll+Wis. On a 10+, you can maintain your will and your chant while acting in other ways. On a 7-9, you can either focus all your attention solely on chanting or your extended will inadvertently connects you to someone in the area; reveal a secret or vulnerability to them, GM's choice. On a miss, your voice leaves you and doesn't return until you convince someone from outside your guild to pray to the Green Lady on your behalf without expectation of compensation or recompense.

After you have taken **Disciple of the Green**, you can take any of the following moves when you level up instead of your normal class moves.

THE LADY'S SPEECH

You can speak with the Lady's voiceless words, now allowing you to speak directly into the minds of those around you. **When you Parley by speaking directly into someone's mind**, you can roll+Wis instead of +Cha. If you roll+Cha, then you may ask them one question and they must answer honestly, even on a miss.

THE LADY'S DIVINITY

You gain the **Commune** and **Cast a Spell** moves from the Cleric class, with the Green Lady as your god. If you did not already have **Commune** and **Cast a Spell** when you select this move, treat yourself as a cleric of level 1 for using spells. Every time you gain a level thereafter, increase your effective cleric level by 1. If you already have **Commune** and **Cast a Spell** when you select this move, then on the **Commune** move, your total spell levels can't exceed your level+3 instead of your level+1, and you can take one spell that has a higher level than your own level. You must then abandon all other gods besides the Green Lady.

THE LADY'S SCRIPT

You can inscribe the Lady's power upon text, just as she did with the original Green Law. **When you write out her words of power**, choose one Cleric spell equal to your level or lower, and roll+Int. On a hit, the spell is inscribed, and

anyone can cast it at no additional cost as long as they can read it aloud. On a 10+, choose one. On a 7-9, choose two.

- You can inscribe no more spells for a week.
- You give of your own life to inscribe the spell; mark the debility **Sick**, **Shaky**, or **Weak** until you have time to recover.
- You call upon the fundamental powers of the Green Lady; anyone with attuned magical senses becomes aware of the scroll's location.

On a miss, the scroll will have the effect that the Lady's will chooses for it when it is read aloud, and not your intended effect.

THE LADY'S MIGHT

You tie yourself deeply into your allies and your guild. **When you and your ally perform a ritual to the Green Lady together**, you can put a piece of yourself into their soul; you lose one point of a stat (your choice) and they gain a point on the same stat. You can't go down to lower than 8 in a single stat.

You gain a new, permanent Might-bond with every ally to whom you give at least one stat point. This does not use up any of your base bond slots. Simply write down their name and the words "Might-bond" next to it to indicate that you have a Might-bond with them. This means they draw might from you and your soul, and you can feed from the same mystical connection.

Every time an ally with such a Might-bond rolls a miss, you gain an XP. **Every time you help an ally with such a Might-bond**, you gain an XP whether or not you roll a miss. (You do not gain 2 XP when you help them if you roll a miss.)

Once per session per Might-bond, you can **call on your connection to them** to make a move using their modifier instead of your own.



THE WORKS OF BEAUTEOUS ARTIFICE



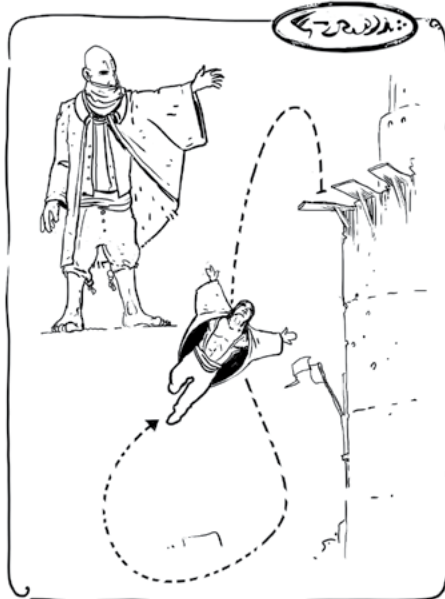
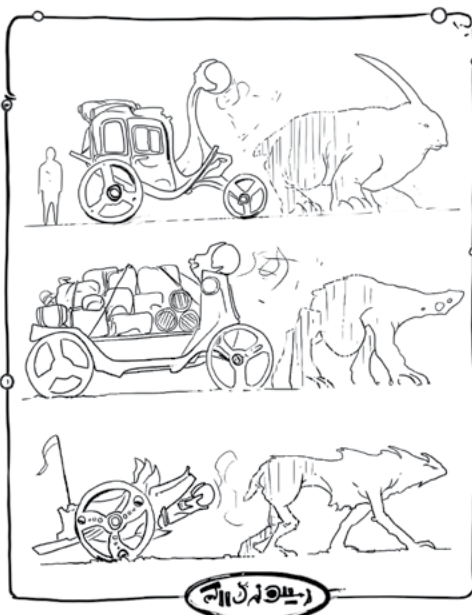
Varkith is a center of industry and innovation, a place where magic and artifice are pushed in new, incredible directions by the countless guilds and peoples of the Green City. The works of the people of Varkith, at their best, are the equals of the great artifacts of past ages, for good and for ill. But unlike those ancient artifacts, these aren't ensconced within deep, ancient tombs...but are instead held in vaults of powerful guilds. They aren't hidden away; they're prepared for use. Their power is in the hands of those who would reshape the city.

TOOLS OF THE CITY

Many advanced, odd, and interesting tools are needed to make Varkith function. Without the developments of artifice that allow for rapid transfer of goods and food, or quick movement through the city, or any of a hundred important shortcuts, Varkith would clog up, choking on its own inefficiencies. Any guild worth its salt learns to take advantage of these works.

STEEDCARTS

The world is full of possible beasts of burden, from the purple bloodbeetles of Ning to the Ghivrai "ooze-oxen" of the Bardoen Swamp. But all livestock come with their own problems and difficulties: bloodbeetles tend to be ravenous in their carnivorous hunger, and ooze-oxen leave quite the mess in their wake, especially during a hot summer day.



INSTRUCTION DOCUMENTS FOR STEEDCART AND DRIFTCLOAK OPERATION

An invention of an early citizen of Varkith, a D'horvae named Yala Make-dart, changed all that by inventing the steedcart. Yala doesn't get enough credit for that initial work, especially as countless innovators who came after her changed, modified, and improved on the design. But thanks to her, the steedcart became an integral part of Varkith, a "beast of burden" that allowed residents of the Green City to move goods and services around Varkith.

A steedcart is a cart, some larger or smaller, some on wheels and others on animated wooden legs. The most important part of the steedcart is the lantern attached to its front. Each lantern projects from it a physicalized spirit of a beast of burden, something that can pull the cart around the city. These lanterns tap into an ur-force, a layer of essential being above and outside of the physical world, to create the spiritual-material strength necessary to move massive objects.

Steedcarts fill the streets of Varkith, carrying goods and even passengers. They don't move particularly fast, but for those who wish to flaunt their wealth, the steedcarts allow for transportation in style, with little additional complication—the lanterns don't create real animals that need maintenance or clean-up. And there are...other purposes that some might put them to...

When you use a steedcart to carry items for you, you can fill it with your excess load. A standard steedcart can carry up to 40 Weight.

When you use a steedcart to crash through a wall or other structure, roll+Dex to control the lantern properly. On a 10+, you smash through

whatever is in your way, without undue damage to the steedcart. On a 7-9, you break through, but choose one:

- The steedcart is damaged, requiring repairs before it is functional again.
- You take d10 damage from shrapnel and debris.
- You leave behind something you were carrying.

On a miss, the steedcart and the structure you smash through destroy each other; both are irreparable.

DRIFTCLOAKS

Goods need transport, but so, too, do people. Enhancing the speed and methods by which individual citizens can traverse the city is a consistent source of income for the city's guilds. Anybody who offers a better way to get from the Hives to Temple Row with greater speed can make a killing. So far? The best in the city are driftcloaks.

Each driftcloak is sewn using soul-shavings from temporarily captured air elementals, thought-wisps, and other such ethereal creatures. They're designed to catch the air itself, as well as shifting magical currents, to toss the wearer up into the air, buoying them along as if weightless. Citizens wearing driftcloaks can climb to the rooftops and take to the air, soaring across the city with a directness and speed unmatched by any method so far...save dangerous or experimental methods, like the Dread Smith's teleport cubes—the Green Senate banned those after the cattle-fusion incident created a mess in the shadow of the Green Lady.

It takes a bit of skill and effort to master how to use the driftcloaks. Each driftcloak is also slightly different—no guild has yet mastered any means of mass production for such ethereal garments. But there is no argument that, especially for the non-magical citizens of the city, driftcloaks are the best means of traversing Varkith with speed and grace.

When you fly across the city with a driftcloak, name your destination and choose two.

- You get there quickly, faster than anyone on foot.
- You get there safely, without hurting yourself along the flight.
- You get there intact, avoiding damage to you or your cloak.

When you Hack & Slash while in the air, use +Dex instead of +Str. **When you Hack & Slash at a grounded opponent while in the air yourself**, deal +2 damage.

When you survey the city from the air, tell the GM what you're looking for and roll+Wis. On a hit, you find something that catches your interest and fits your inquiry. On a 10+, you may ask a follow-up question. On a miss, something you were trying to avoid spots you instead.

PHANTOMLICE

The phantomlice are a new creation in Varkith, but one that threatens many a guild's means of communications. The House of News, in particular, would like nothing more than to destroy all the phantomlice in the entire city. But for the other guilds, the ones who don't have their own magical or artificial means of communication—the phantomlice change the game entirely.

A phantomlouse is perfectly crafted, shaped ghost cell, existing in two places at once. Built on the miniscule, weak, and nigh-unusable souls of insects, each phantomlouse is remade to vibrate through its metaphysical form, transforming ethero-magical motion into minute, whispering sound. Speak to one phantomlouse, and your words are carried across the interplanes to the second, causing it to vibrate and speak your words back through its twinned self.

Imagine instantaneous, immediate communication between two points, anywhere across the city. Imagine the utility, the coordination. No more would the House of News and the Infovore hold any kind of monopoly on the transfer of information through Varkith.

Phantomlice are exceedingly difficult to produce, and prohibitively expensive to obtain; their cost is the only reason they have not yet changed the face of Varkith. But they exist, with more and more crafted by soul-smiths each month. Different guilds have stolen the plans from each other, so no one guild has a monopoly on their design, and all are attempting to perfect their prototypes or even find a way to mass produce them. And there may be uses for them that not even their craftsman have anticipated...

When you communicate with someone holding or wearing the twin of your phantomlouse, you can talk to them as if they were in the same room, triggering any appropriate moves.

When you use your phantomlouse to tap into others' communications across the ethereal plane, roll+Int. On a hit, you overhear something useful and valuable. On a 10+, take +1 forward to use the information you've overheard. On a miss, you burn out your phantomlouse and alert those to whom you were listening to your surveillance.

When you use your phantomlouse to listen to the voices of the ethereal plane, be they ghosts, souls, or other, roll+Int. On a hit, you open a line of communication to whatever ethereal being you name. On a 7-9, the effect is temporary, unstable, or dangerous. On a miss, you inadvertently let something through; it possesses your phantomlouse and changes it to its own purposes.

THE BEST IN ALL VARKITH!

In addition to the works of artifice and magical creation that allow Varkith to function or change the city from the ground up, there are the countless odd inventions, oils, “relics,” and trinkets guilds hawk all over the city. Some of these are true gems, amazing items capable of impressive magic, while others are illusory, shoddy, or plain dangerous.

CAPTAIN TOTH'S ICY ELIXIR

“Come one, come all, and take a sip of Captain Toth's Icy Elixir! This frigid tonic is exactly what you need to release the heat! You sir, you look like someone who's had some difficulties dealing with spontaneous infernoclasm! Well don't you fret anymore, good sir! With the Icy Elixir, you'll be able to shut down any such combustionation with but a blink of an eye! Captain Toth's elixir is based on the Ice-Breathing Demonsnakes of the Glacial South—the good captain, rest her soul, only carried the formula back to us here after she had uncovered all the secrets of those icy vipers! And now, we reap the benefits of her noble work!”

The origins of the Icy Elixir aren't clear, but chances are that it's not truly the milk of frost-cobras, or whatever Captain Toth's guildmates in the Industrious Explorers Society claim when they sell it. But it's irrelevant; the Icy Elixir works, at least, and that's what the people of Varkith pay for when they buy it. Drinking it imbues the subject with intense cold. It won't harm them (most of the time), but it will ensure they aren't harmed by freezing environments, and it even gives them some limited ability to draw the heat out of the air around them, shutting down fires and creating ice.

When you drink the Icy Elixir, roll+Con. On a 10+, hold 3. On a 7-9, hold 2. On a miss, hold 1, and take 1d10 damage as the Icy Elixir chills your innards. Spend your hold 1 for 1 to:

- Ignore the ill effects of a freezing environment.
- Deal 1d6 damage with your icy touch to something vulnerable to cold.
- Put out a fire or create an ice structure the size of a treasure chest.

DR. ISO'S KNIFE OF CONNECTIVE PROCESSES

There are only three Knives in existence. Each Knife is a strange blade, translucent, with a faint tinge of a neon green. It is exceedingly sharp and light. The blade itself is not truly a blade—it is a crystallized magical gateway, a portal of sorts. Through the application of arcane principles, the portal was shaped to provide a connection between the things it cuts, leaving behind a sort of gate-residue. Anything cut by

the Knife is separated into two pieces, each of which can be moved apart from the other...but they remain connected. If you cut a piece of wood in half with the Knife, and lit one half on fire, the heat would spread through the connection, and the other piece would come alight.

The Healers Society most likely actually invented the Knife, and they use the original prototype for important surgeries. Cut through the connections of an organ into a creature's vital system, and a surgeon can physically remove the organ from the body of the creature in question, without severing anything important. A creature's heart would continue to pump blood through the gate residue, even as the doctor holds it in their hand. This allows for complicated surgeries and healings, boosting the Healers Society's prowess and fame among the practitioners of the healing arts. The Healers Society likely contracted for the knife's design with the Artificers Union, and thus are under contract not to reproduce or sell the device—but the ever-industrious Dr. Iso found a way around it, and has already produced two more and aims to continue his production.

There are many who would love to have the Knife for its myriad utilities. Cut off a hand, and that hand will continue to operate as part of your body, separate from you. Cut out an eye, and you will still be able to see from it, wherever you put it. Cut off a victim's head, and you can take it with you—the ultimate grotesque kidnapping. A cut with the Knife does not incur any pain, since nothing is truly severed—it only induces a strange, discomfiting feeling, which most can learn to overcome and ignore.

Any who steal the Knife would have an incredibly valuable treasure on their hands, salable to any of the myriad underhanded guilds of the city. Any who steal the designs for the Knife may have an even more lucrative item. Such thieves should take care; many would kill to possess these items, and most knives are not as kind as Dr. Iso's.

When you Hack & Slash with Dr. Iso's Knife, it causes no damage. Instead, it significantly discombobulates and discomfits your target, as their body is separated, but still attached. On a hit with a Hack & Slash using the Portal Knife, choose one limb that you sever at a joint.

When you separate someone's body parts from them using Dr. Iso's Knife, they can still control them. To do so is difficult and unnerving, requiring a Defy Danger with Con to do any complicated task. However, each time a detached body part is used successfully, they take a +1 ongoing to any further attempts to use that detached body part. When the bonus hits +3, they no longer need to use Defy Danger to control the detached body part and complete complex tasks. For NPCs, unless they have supernatural coordination or some similar trait, they will be unable to act with precision, skill, or speed while their body is separate across a portal.

YRDESCUE'S EXTRACTOR

A rod, about as long as a human arm, with many different controls along it, ranging from jeweled buttons to twist-switches to toggles. It's a difficult device to truly control, considering that Yrdescue had purposely replaced her mind with a four-dimensional metamagic matrix so she could better understand and manipulate the forces of the universe. She designed it so it was intuitive to her, but to any sane being, it seems like the most horrifying and mad musical instrument imaginable.

The end of the rod is a single geodesic sphere of a bluish metal. But when activated, tendrils and arms emerge from its surfaces, each one tipped with a different appliance. While it provides an impressive display when turned on in the open air—tentacles all writhing and twisting about—the real usage of the device involves activating it within another living being.

Its intended use: Place the geodesic sphere into the mouth of a living being. There is an adjustment toggle to change the sphere's size so it should fit into the mouth of any given creature. Then, activate its extraction procedure. The arms and tendrils will work their way throughout the body of the creature, penetrating its tissues, hooking into its critical systems and the primary ties between its spirit and its corpus. After enough time has passed, the extractor should be adequately attached to the being to remove it entirely. A solid yank may be necessary, here. Its organs and vital systems, captured and protected in an ethereal flow by the extractor, should be weightless (unless one has used the device improperly). One can then study its systems and



A CRUSTACEAN V'S'SLIGA HOLDS
ALOFT YRDESCUE'S EXTRACTOR

its spirit at will, while storing the empty skin-shell—which is preserved by another function of the extractor—in the event that you wish to replace the creature. Or one can always remove a vital system from two different creatures, and swap those vital systems to examine their effects. Or one can copy the vital system of a creature, forcibly overwriting the vital system of another. Yrdescue's manipulations and experimentations were endless, and so are the functions of her extractor!

The device comes with some pretty enormous risks, though. Attempting to operate it, alone, is liable to induce insanity. Striking the wrong button in the wrong sequence will put the extractor on automatic, sending it to seek the nearest vital system—most likely your own. And using the extractor on an unwilling being is a rather extreme form of torture.

Yrdescue was more than capable of ignoring anything in her pursuit of knowledge. One hopes that those who have found the extractor after she was disincorporated by one of her own experiments would have a slight bit more morality than she did.

When you attempt to operate Yrdescue's Extractor, say whether you are trying to extract a vital system, preserve a vital system, or reinsert a vital system and roll + Int. On a hit, you do whichever you set out to do. On a 10+, choose two. On a 7-9, choose one.

- You hold your own mind together; do not mark 1 Madness.
- You do not set off an unwanted effect of the Extractor.
- You do not cause undue harm to the vital system of anything you interact with.

On a miss, mark 2 Madness as you find yourself unable to activate the Extractor, your mind warped by the arcane geometries, sigils, and functions of the device.

When you mark any amount of Madness, the GM can choose one:

- You wake up somewhere, sometime later, with no idea of how you got there or what you did in between.
- Your body changes in a subtle, but strange way; the GM will tell you how.
- You experience a nightmare in visceral reality and cannot distinguish it from the world around you.

After you mark your sixth Madness, you take +1 ongoing to use the Extractor. From now on, any time you discern realities, the GM will answer one question falsely based on your hallucinations and new experience of the world around you, but you will believe all answers are true. Then, clear all Madness marked and start tracking again. If you mark six Madness a second time, take an additional +1 ongoing to use the Extractor, and the GM will answer two questions falsely, and so on.

THE SHAPED FACE

Most of the time, it looks like a formless lump of white clay. Knead it, shape it, form it with the right idea in your mind, though, and you can change it into a mask. It takes on the identity you hold in your head, forming into a full featured face. Press it to your own face, and it melts onto you, changing you, merging with you until you become the very identity that you shaped. You take on full memories, a new personality. Some part of you, in the back of your head, still knows who you really are.

The Shaped Face was created by the Incandescent Masquers, a guild devoted to the practice of mask-making and identity concealment, the philosophies and truths involved therein. Creating the Shaped Face was an act of experimentation...and an attempt to subvert the unique masking artifice of the Envoys. But the Masquers did not understand what they had truly done when they created the Shaped Face. That they had simply summoned a single pseudopod of the great extradimensional Thing From Outside known as Gr'g'thoga, the Storyteller, the Escapist, the Granter of Unreality. Gr'g'thoga is a being of pure potentiality, shaped by those who craft fictions and falsehoods. It seeks form endlessly, and projects itself into different realities, letting the minds of those within shape it with their thoughts and desires. Each shaping gives Gr'g'thoga another form, another potential being, making it stronger.

The Shaped Face does not simply grant to its users a new being, a new identity—it transforms them, too, into the same stuff as itself. Slowly, but surely, and more quickly the stronger the bond it has with its wearer. You might pull the Shaped Face off, returning yourself to your “original identity,” but in truth? You are simply made of Gr'g'thoga's stuff now, pretending that it holds the identity that you once had. You are simply another bit of elder thing, holding a form that it has stolen. The real you has been unmade, swallowed into the mass of potentiality that is Gr'g'thoga.

Some have maintained relatively functional lives after having lost themselves to the Shaped Face. Through strength of will, they hold onto their selves. But many lose their minds when they realize what they are, and are drawn back into the outside mass of Gr'g'thoga—or shaped into some other form that fits the creature's needs.

When you use the Shaped Face, name someone whose face you know and roll +Cha. On a hit, you put on the face, and you now appear as them, complete with their mannerisms and characteristics—unless you come under close scrutiny, you will pass as them without difficulty. On a 7+, you may ask one question of their deeper mind, or of memories only they would hold. On a 10+, you may ask a follow-up question. On a miss, you still appear as your intended face, but when you remove the Shaped Face some part of you remains made of the same stuff as Gr'g'thoga. Mark a debility, and start a list

of debilities attached to the Shaped Face for you. Any time you put on the Shaped Face, clear any affiliated debilities; any time you take off the Shaped Face, mark any affiliated debilities.

After multiple misses, you will have multiple debilities attached to the Shaped Face. If you ever have all six debilities attached to the Shaped Face, then your whole body is made of the stuff of Gr'g'thoga, and others who look at you can tell something is wrong about you, and you are not what you seem.

THE LADY'S POSSESSIONS

The Green Lady was not a god, would not want to be called such...but she has little power over the actions of those who came after her. And they chose to hold onto her trappings, to honor them, to make them into powerful relics. To treat them with ever more faith and attention, providing them a kind of power just based on belief. They still exist throughout the city, some openly, some hidden. All powerful.

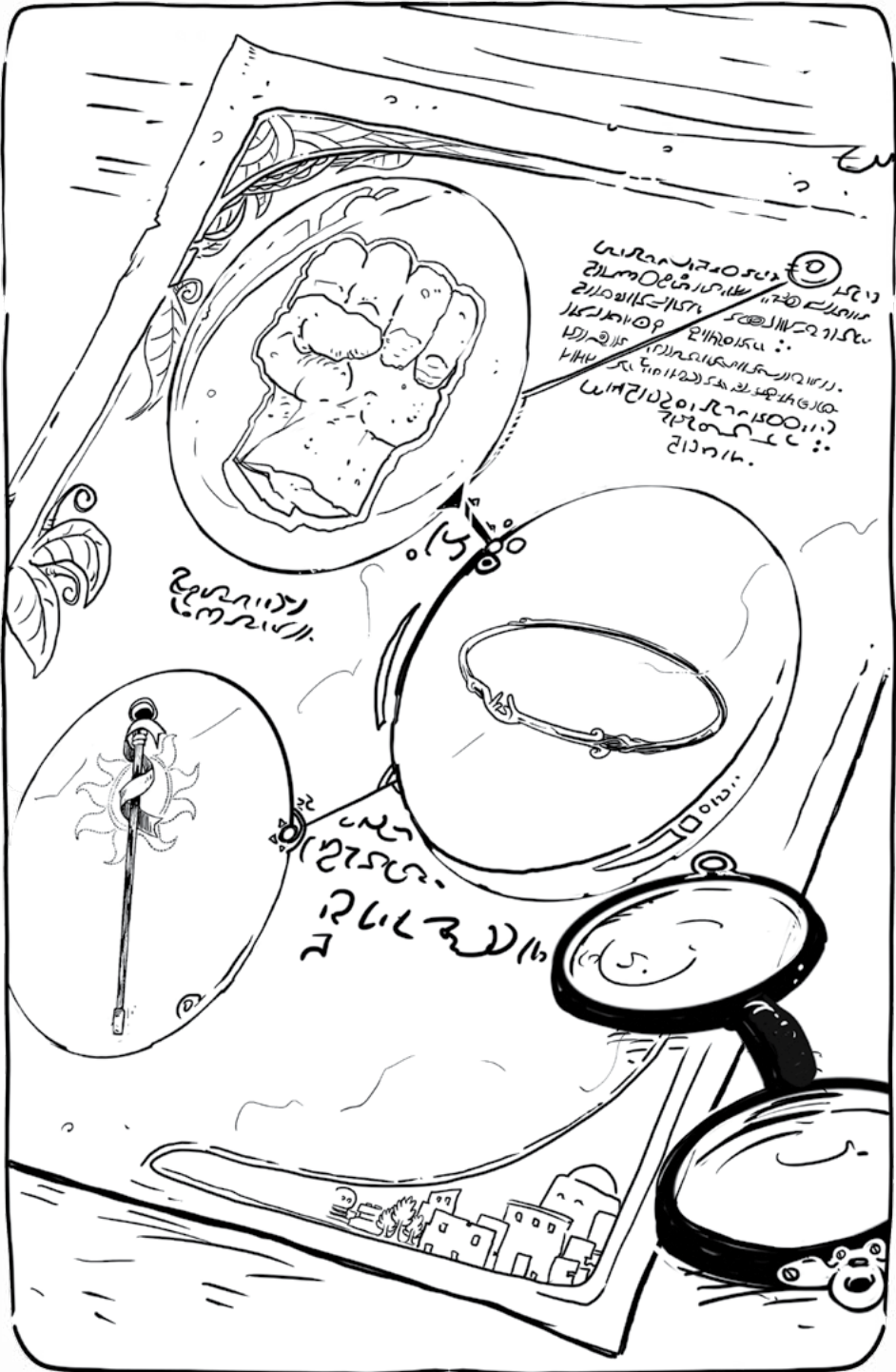
THE JADE FIST

The preserved hand of the Green Lady, the Jade Fist became a symbol of her might. Her power. Her strength and will. In the days since her disappearance, it has turned into actual jade, whether due to some property of the power she channeled, or due to the faith of those who preserved it. No one knows exactly who took the hand from her body—and some doubt that it is even, in truth, her hand—but those who believed in her divinity, like the Green Monks, took care of the severed appendage and kept it safe over the years. They kept it hidden from any who would hunt for it, while showing it to the faithful and those they wished to convert. They built its power through faith and honor.

Now the Jade Fist sits in a glass reliquary case, still to be worshipped...or, for some outrageously bold soul, to be used.

When you place the Jade Fist upon the stump of your severed hand, it bonds with you, and gives you the strength of the Green Lady's words...at the cost of sapping your meager human strength. Mark a debility of your choice. This debility can never be erased.

When you call upon the Fist's might while Hacking & Slashing, roll+Int, instead of +Str, and reduce your Strength by 1. Your damage die becomes a d12, and you should roll damage twice and take the highest. The Fist counts as a forceful, messy, hand weapon. If ever your Strength reaches 0, your body fails you, and you die. The hand detaches itself from the stump upon your death.



AN ILLUMINATED TEXT PORTRAYS THE LADY'S POSSESSIONS

THE SCROLL STAFF

The Green Lady's Scroll Staff was as tall as she was, the stories say, a rolled up piece of parchment wrapped around a brass rod. All of it looking simple or brittle, weak, easily broken, and all of it utterly indestructible. Through the Scroll Staff the Green Lady channeled such powers as to break the world open.

The Green Lady's Scroll Staff became an object held by the Green Senate as a badge of their office. They hung the Scroll Staff in a glass case in the air over their senate hall, a constant sign that they operated under the auspices of the Green Lady's authority. None could remove it from its case when all the others stood against them, and so in its own strange way the Scroll Staff became a symbol of the odd, antagonistic unity in Varkith—all would stand together to ensure none would stand above.

According to the stories, the deep power of the Scroll Staff lies in the scroll itself, and the words and runes inscribed there—the Green Law among them. Reading those words, channeling their power, is a dream of many a power-hungry young guild leader. But as long as the Scroll Staff hangs in its glass case over the senate, its power shall remain contained.

When you channel magic (divine or arcane) through the Scroll Staff, take +1 on the cast a spell move. Each time you do, a piece of yourself (a strong memory, a belief, or an emotion) is taken from you and inscribed onto the scroll. On a hit on casting a spell, you choose the piece. On a miss, the GM chooses the piece.

When you read aloud from the scroll of the Scroll Staff, roll+Int. On a hit, you speak the words to transmute any one thing in your vicinity into something else. On a 10+, choose one. On a 7-9, choose two.

- The change is not limited to the target you select.
- The fabric of the world is damaged and something from Outside can come through.
- No one notices the change except you, and the strain it puts on you is enormous—take the Stunned debility and b[2d10] damage.

On a miss, the words overwhelm you and change *you*—the GM will either give you a new alignment or rewrite one of your bonds, their choice, and the change leaves you incapacitated for the moment.

THE VIRIDIAN CIRCLET

“And atop her head, the Green Lady wore a circlet of power, with beryl wire wrapped around its viridian ring and a gleaming, single emerald at its center.” An iconic image, here in Varkith, but likely a bit embellished—the circlet she

wore in the real world was almost certainly not as ornate, most scholars agree. Unembellished eye witness reports indicate that the circlet was simple green stone with a repeating pattern inscribed upon it, a mark of her study and commitment, her monastic dedication.

Very few actually know the truth, as the real Circlet was lost long ago after her disappearance—one of the greater tragedies of the confusion of that time. Auguries and detection sorceries put the Circlet still as somewhere within the the bounds of the city...but even the most enterprising of treasure hunting guilds has yet to discover its location. Those who do find it, however, would be able to sell it for a king's ransom—the Circlet is alleged to hold within it the power to tap into the soul of the city itself.

When you put on the Circlet and spread your awareness into the city, roll+Wis. On a 10+, hold 3. On a 7-9, hold 2. Spend your hold 1 for 1 to:

- You crush a structure into rubble.
- You raise a structure up from rubble.
- You change how streets line up and interconnect.
- You create a massive barrier from the city's material.
- You craft a trap or cage from the city's material.

On a miss, the city overwhelms you, and you become a conduit for its will, reshaping it with no memory or control over your actions, until you next take damage.



THE CREATURES OF SEWER AND SKY

Varkith is a place of the old and the new. Strange new creatures grow amid its sewers and streets, or take on new forms and shapes better suited to the city's labyrinthine, trash-strewn alleys. Old creatures hide within its darkest recesses, eking out existences completely different from when the island was free of the Green City. But all are there in Varkith, posing their own dangers.

VERMIN AND VARMINTS

These are the creatures that grow madly in the dirt and trash of Varkith. They hide in crevices, and they thrive on remains. Individually, they aren't that dangerous, but en masse, they can devour entire people. But for most citizens of Varkith, these creatures are simple, constant truths of life, easily ignored.

CHITTERSWARMS

QUALITIES: horde, tiny, stealthy

3 hp

ATTACK: mandibles: d4 damage, hand, 1 Piercing

Beetlerats. Insectoid rodents. Furred, but with chitinous plating, six legs, and mandibles extruding from a rat's maw. Compound eyes, and pink rat's tails. Disgusting creatures, living in filth and the sewers, but more than capable of tearing all the flesh from a living being when acting as a full swarm. Their

mandibles are strong and dangerous, capable of even puncturing metal.

The chitters are obviously some kind of magical experiment gone horribly wrong, but they've become so populous and widespread throughout Varkith, it's no longer relevant at all where they came from—they're simply an unhappy fact of life in the Green City.

The rules are simple: If you see one chitter, ignore it. If you see three chitters, watch them. If you see five, run.

INSTINCT: To endlessly and hungrily consume

SWARMS

The stats here are for an individual chitter. A full swarm is likely to include at least 10 chitters. As per the base *Dungeon World* rules, they deal d4+9 damage, then.

MOVES

- Swarm and tear with mandibles.
- Surge from crevices.
- Flee into shadows.

LITTLE GODS

QUALITIES: group, tiny, divine, magical, intelligent

6 hp

ATTACK: divine strikes: d8 damage, hand, near

With so many people and beliefs all mingling in a single place, it's no wonder that there are countless gods strewn all throughout the city. Most are just strong enough to have bodies, but nowhere near powerful enough to gather more strength—remnants of some old world belief, carried over the seas, and changed in the city's crucible. These little gods occupy many of the same corners, niches, and crevices as the city's other vermin. Little receptacles of belief, always trying in their own way to garner more faith, but struggling to pick up even the smallest scraps of faith.

They are all different in form—some bull-headed, others shaped like masses of tentacles, still others made of glass or stone or tar. They band together into small pantheons, and vie with other pantheons and vermin for territory, for power, and for life. They're often quite knowledgeable, especially over their own miniscule domains, and giving them just the smallest prayer can be enough to earn their goodwill. But angering one of these diminutive pantheons has left more than one unwary citizen devoured in some religious sacrifice—they can be much deadlier than their size would suggest.



LITTLE GODS AND A CHITTERSWARM ENGAGE IN MORTAL COMBAT

INSTINCT: To demand and take faith

MOVES

- Enact a small miracle.
- Strike with weak divine fury.
- Share secret knowledge in exchange for prayer.

PLAGUELINGS

QUALITIES: group, tiny, divine, magical, intelligent

9 hp

ATTACK: tentacles and thorns: d6 damage, close

1 Armor

The plaguelings are relatively new to Varkith's vermin population, but they're dangerous in a way that the other trash-dwelling monsters aren't. They're larger, and they grow bigger the more they feed—the biggest on record to date still aren't larger than halflings, but more and more of the larger ones have been appearing throughout the city. Their bodies are strange and shifting, flowing, piles of virulent sludge with tentacles and thorns sweeping out wildly. And anything they don't kill and consume, they infect with their own plague.

INFECTION

When you become infected with the plagueling's disease, start a count-down clock with six segments, with the first one marked off:

- **0-3 O'CLOCK:** The infection is in your body, but not yet affecting you deeply.
- **3-6 O'CLOCK:** The wound is disgusting and won't close, but you can still function.
- **6-9 O'CLOCK:** Black veins are visible beneath your skin, extending from the wound, but you are not yet unduly impaired.
- **9-10 O'CLOCK:** Moving becomes difficult. Take -1 ongoing to all Str, Dex, and Con rolls.
- **10-11 O'CLOCK:** You are in constant pain and agony as your body turns to a strange sludge. Take -2 ongoing to all rolls.
- **11-12 O'CLOCK:** You are dying. Lose 1d6 points of Constitution, daily, until you are reduced to 0 Constitution, at which point you die. When you would be reduced to 0 Constitution, make the Last Breath move.

The disease clock advances every time you rest or make camp without having cured it; whenever the GM chooses to advance it as a hard move; or whenever you would suffer more damage from an infected creature.

Curing the disease is possible, but far from simple or easy—the disease is primordial and deeply dangerous. Simple spells won't work on it. To cure it, you'll have to find someone with the knowledge of how to fight the infection, or you'll have to perform your own ritual.

The sickness turns flesh to grayish sludge, spreading veins of corruption deep into the infected creature's body. It kills, and when its victim finally sloughs off this mortal coil, the virulence within them transforms into another plagueling, pulling itself free from their flesh.

So far, the plaguelings have not been prominent enough or dangerous enough to truly start an epidemic—they've remained in hiding in the sewers and alleys of Varkith. But that potential is there, and the healing guilds of Varkith have begun to take note of the danger these creatures pose to the city.

INSTINCT: To infect others with its plague

MOVES

- Squeeze through cracks.
- Slurp around strikes.
- Pour diseased flesh into open wounds.

RAZORBIRDS

QUALITIES: horde, tiny, flying, organized, construct, hoarder, magic-seeking

5 hp

ATTACK: razor wings: d6 damage, hand, 1 Piercing

Razorbirds were one of the earliest inventions in Varkith, made to carry messages across the city. They provided aesthetic beauty as Glassfinches—named for their strange, shifting glass bodies—and as they flew the light would bend through them to cast fantastical patterns of rainbow colors upon the ground below. Like so many such creations, however, their nature and purpose soon slipped out of the control of their creators. They grew alive, and learned to seek out magical items, squirreling those devices away like magpies. They drew power from those items and poured it into stolen shards of glass to create new members of their flocks. When they were threatened by other vermin and angered citizens of Varkith, they sharpened the edges of their wings and talons to become razors.

Most citizens of Varkith now understand that, when brandishing magic, they must keep a weather eye out for razorbird flocks. Those who take to the air, especially, watch for these glinting, deadly creatures.

INSTINCT: To steal items of magical power

MOVES

- Sweep down from the skies without warning.
- Shriek for help.
- Slice and tear with razor wings.

TRASHGHOSTS

QUALITIES: solitary, small, stealthy, terrifying

10 hp

ATTACK: spectral touch: d8 damage, close, ignores Armor

1 Armor

Trashghosts are perhaps the most dangerous of the city's vermin, but are still widely thought not to be predators because of their weaknesses. They inhabit piles of trash—steer clear of those, and one can avoid them. They do not stray far from where they lurk, and always return to their original position. They are not intelligent, and react to the guilt of those who pass by; the guiltless should have nothing to fear from them.

Of course, in Varkith, there really is no such thing as being “guiltless.”

Trashghosts are fragmented spectral remains of the dead, pieces of broken souls reassembled by a kind of ethereal attraction. They have no true will, no true mind, and they only animate the same kind of scattered remains like themselves. But they

endlessly seek some kind of justice, or punishment, or restitution, for the crimes that led to their sundering in the first place. They feel the crimes of those who come close, and they reshape trash and spectral plasm into whatever shape will most bring those crimes back into the minds of their victims. And they seek to pull the souls from their victims, creating more shattered spirits to feed themselves and birth new trashghosts.

INSTINCT: To punish the crimes of passersby

MOVES

- Rise up without warning from trash.
- Take on the face of a victim's greatest fears and regrets.
- Pull the life from an entangled victim.

PREDATORS

HUNTER WORMS

QUALITIES: solitary, devious, amorphous, stealthy

14 hp

ATTACK: needled maw: d10 damage, intimate, hand, close,
ignores Armor, 1 Piercing

2 Armor

Whisper worms are used throughout Varkith for labor and work. They regularly grow large enough to be used as beasts of burden, to pull carts or other vehicles. The Worm Cultivators Clan is even working on growing them large enough and silent enough to be used throughout the city at night, eating up the rubbish and refuse spread throughout the streets.

Using the worms for so many purposes means that there's more than a few strays in the city. Over time, they have changed to suit their environment. They've grown slimmer and faster, more capable of slipping through the tight quarters of the city's streets. The ventilation holes covering the hide of a normal whisper worm have grown into suckers, actively pulling sound out of the air, making them not only silent, but actual voids of sound. They've grown strong and precise, with needle-fanged maws that tear precise chunks of flesh out of their prey. They've become perfect for city-wide survival.

Entire guilds have sprung up around the need to kill off the hunter worms, and conspiracies abound about why they have yet to fully solve the problem. Maybe they are ensuring the need for their own guilds. Maybe they aren't truly slaying worms, but instead controlling and training them. Or maybe they're actually using the worms to attack people in the city. Even taking money for it.

But these are just rumors and insane conspiracy theories, of course. Of course.

INSTINCT: To strike and consume vulnerable prey

MOVES

- Erupt from a hidden place in the city.
- Silence sounds around them.
- Strike with needle-sharp fangs.

✧ JADETHROAT EIDOLONS ✧

The Jadethroat eidolons are the bodies that protect Varkith, sewn up and changed, jade threaded into them so that the Jadethroats can summon them up from their hiding places throughout the city. For most of your game, the Jadethroats are likely to be NPCs, and are likely to use the eidolons as weapons against the PCs. When you need statistics for an NPC Jadethroat Eidolon, first pick how powerful this eidolon is. The following page numbers correspond to pages in the core *Dungeon World* book.

- If it's a basic eidolon, then it's either a Guardsman (page 317), Knight (page 319), or Soldier (page 321) baseline
- If it's an Arthanuel eidolon, then it's either an Ogre (page 272) or Hill Giant (page 272) baseline
- If it's a truly powerful Arthanuel eidolon, then it's either an Angel (page 307), Barbed Devil (page 307), or Chain Devil (page 308) baseline

Once you know what baseline to use, then choose between one and four of the following to make that baseline into an eidolon:

- Add +4 hp
- Increase its damage die size by one step
- Add +2 damage
- Add +2 Armor
- Add 2 Piercing and messy
- Add a move referring to a magical ability of the eidolon

THE URSALOK

QUALITIES: solitary, huge, terrifying

24 hp

ATTACK: enormous claws and jaws: b[2d10]+3,
reach, near, forceful, messy

4 Armor

The Ursalok. The Plague Bear. An ancient creature from the earliest times in the world. A huge ursine monstrosity, strong, deadly. Filled with an undying plague. The essence of disease. The beast drips fetid, rancid flesh. Exudes putrescence. The Ursalok is a primal creature, from the earliest days of the world, and the



THE URSALOK SPAWNS PLAGUELINGS

disease which afflicts its form was trapped within its body during some ancient legendary feat. It can never be cured of the disease, and the bear will thrash with the pain and sickness forever—or at least, so go the theories of those who believe in the Ursalok's existence. They claim the creature was actually the reason this island existed in the first place—that it was created as a prison for this diseased beast, to hold its virulence safely apart from the world for all time.

Until recently, most who held such theories were considered eccentric at best. But the plaguelings have been appearing, and more and more the stories of the Ursalok seem to hold water. Now, bestiologists believe that the creature must be somewhere beneath the city, awakened by some recent event, spewing forth plaguelings simply by existing.

Theoretically, finding and killing it could stop the plaguelings and their virulence. But what fools would be stupid enough to descend into the sewers and caves beneath Varkith to try to slay an unkillable primordial plague bear?

INSTINCT: To inflict itself and its disease upon the world

MOVES

- Spawn Plaguelings from its own flesh.
- Find “healthy” denizens and infect or destroy them.
- Consume plague-ridden life to heal itself.

UMBRAPHAGE

QUALITIES: solitary, large, magical, planar	20 hp
ATTACK: burning heat and light: d10+1 damage, close, reach	4 Armor

Umbraphages are rare in Varkith, and nonexistent anywhere else in the world. But when they appear, it's generally with all the force and danger of a natural disaster.

They are creatures of light and heat, almost impossible to look directly at for their sheer intensity and brightness. Reports suggest vaguely humanoid shapes with additional limbs, but between the danger the umbraphages pose, and the difficulty perceiving them, no one has been able to establish more details.

They burst free of torches or lanterns or magical lights, and grow rapidly in size as they pull darkness into them. They create flames wherever they walk, growing brighter and brighter, consuming whatever darkness surrounds them. And when they have finally been hurt enough, by sword and by spell, they disappear back into their fire, vanishing into whatever strange plane of light they must come from.

Many seek to harness the power of the umbraphages, perhaps learn how to entrap them within devices, but none have achieved success so far, even in determining how or why they can appear in Varkith of all places in the world.

INSTINCT: To consume darkness, shadow, and cold

MOVES

- Create blinding light.
- Give off incinerating heat.
- Disappear into a source of light.

THE MISTY CHARGER

QUALITIES: solitary, large, magical, planar, terrifying

22 hp

ATTACK: death mists: $b[2d10]+3$ damage,
close, reach, ignores Armor

4 Armor

The Misty Charger is Death. One of them, at least. There are so many versions of Death spread across the myriad cultures of the world, and of Varkith, and none of them quite agree. Just like with their gods, sometimes the belief drips through into reality. But Death is inimitable and true, more resilient to the power of belief.

Nobody knows, then, why exactly the Misty Charger appears in Varkith, one of the only Deaths to appear often and openly in this world. Some combination of the city's melting pot of beliefs? Its enormous collection of cultures? Perhaps the strange experiments and inventions going on within its boundaries?

Regardless, the whinnies of the Misty Charger periodically echo out upon the streets of the city, and the horse gallops down upon black hooves to charge across cobblestones. A black equine form surrounded by thick mists, which pour out of its nostrils with each breath. Inhaling those mists takes the soul out of the body, bringing it along with the Charger on its course. And the Charger never appears without seeming to chase down one person in particular—the only pattern to its appearances—pursuing someone who has previously escaped from the brink of death.

Only twice has the Charger been “killed,” and then it only dissipated into mist, to return later. Most citizens believe that the Charger will simply be a constant presence in Varkith, taking lives...and they're fine with it, just so long as it doesn't try to take *their* lives.

INSTINCT: To end the lives of those who've cheated death

MOVES

- Charge from the night sky.
- Exhale the mists of death.
- Show someone their death in its eyes.

THE REAPER MANTISES

QUALITIES: solitary, planar

12 hp

ATTACK: slicing arms: d10+2 damage,
close, reach, 1 Piercing, messy

2 Armor

The origin of the Reaper Mantises is well known—publicized in Varkith's own news sheets. An attempt to deal with the Misty Charger, once and for all, to keep this Death away from the Green City's streets by creating creatures imbued with the essence of Death, magically designed to hunt the Charger and keep it away. The result? Disaster. Insectile creatures the size of a person, with serrated blades for arms, imbued with the spirit of one Death or another. White chitin, with the outlines of a skull pattern across the creature's surface. Hungry for life, for the moment that life passes into death.

The original Reaper Mantis did not stop the Misty Charger at all, but escaped to the mountain. It built a nest, and reproduced by hunting out prey amid the city, feeding on their moment of death. And despite all efforts to stamp it out, soon there were more nests, and more Mantises, cropping up throughout the city, all of them pursuing the weak and infirm, feeding upon their deaths.

Whenever a Mantis is discovered, a guild is dispatched to deal with it as quickly as possible, but the entire city has accepted that these creatures will never be entirely eradicated.

INSTINCT: To seek those on the brink of death and end their lives

MOVES

- Smell and feed on death.
- Pass through physical barriers like they don't exist.
- Tear through attackers with serrated razor arms.



THE TRUTHS OF THE ISLAND CITY



Running a game in *The Green Law of Varkith* is still fundamentally running a game of *Dungeon World*, and you should be familiar with those Principles, Agendas, and Moves as much as possible. They'll serve you well, even in this strange metropolis. But here are some additional principles that should help guide you to portray Varkith in a way that best suits the themes and rules of the Green City.

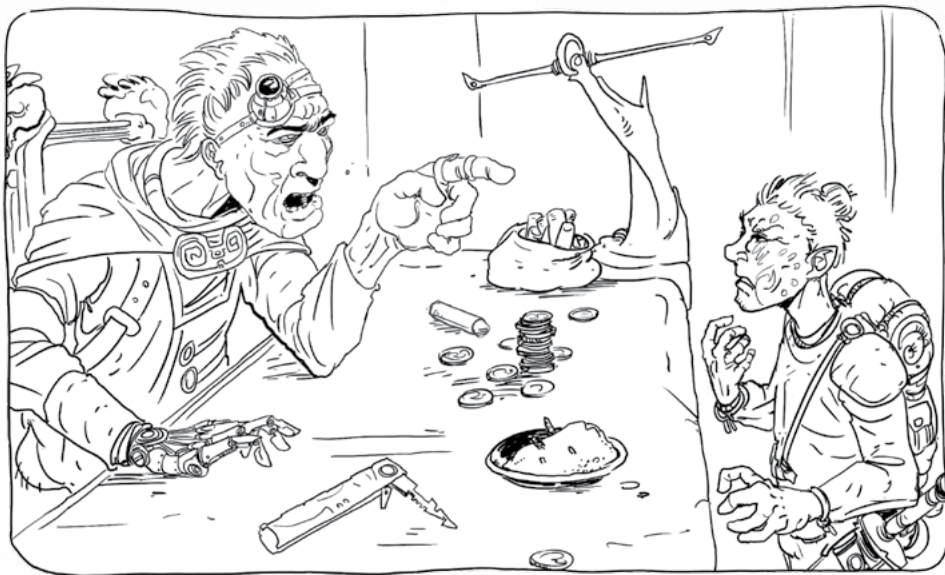
PRINCIPLES

These principles are just like the same in *Dungeon World*. They don't replace any in the core text, but expand on the principles you'll find in that book. Keep them in mind as you run a game in Varkith. The principles are:

- Reveal Endless Variety
- Offer Opportunities and Threats
- Build a City on Multiple Levels
- Keep the City Moving

REVEAL ENDLESS VARIETY

Varkith is a city of *at least* 10 major different peoples, each with their own individual variations and cultures. Different philosophies, belief systems, religions, policies, and more all come together on the streets of Varkith. The city should always feel like a place of endless plurality and variation, between colors, styles, cultures, ideas, and more. It is a place where all this plurality meets and sometimes even synthesizes into still further variation.



ISQU AND SICCYX GUILDERS ARGUE OVER PRICE

When you describe buildings and city streets, keep them internally consistent, but describe what is different and unique about each one compared to the others. When you describe two members of the same people, highlight what makes them individual in addition to what makes them similar. When you describe two guilds with similar purposes, emphasize the differences between them and how those differences lead to two totally different guilds. When monsters appear, make them crop up in completely different circumstances, emphasizing different purposes and solutions.

If ever any two elements begin to feel similar to each other, keep asking yourself, or the players, questions about them until they become distinct and interesting.

BUILD A CITY ON MULTIPLE LEVELS

Varkith should feel like a city of wonder, beauty, horror, and strangeness at every level. It has both ruined buildings, and majestic structures; it has the richest of the richest, and the poorest of the poor. The city isn't just about the grandest structures and the halls of power; it's also about broken neighborhoods and abandoned buildings, hives and criminal-infested docks.

Portray and display the other levels of the city besides the ones that the PCs are seeing and interacting with most directly. If they're just starting out, show them the halls of power and the greatest heights of the city, the places they one day hope to ascend to. If they're already in those halls of power, remind them of the poorer guilds and the people therein.

The multiple levels of the city extend into its different kinds of conflicts, as well. Religious conflicts, political conflicts, economic conflicts, violent conflicts—build all of these into Varkith, along with guilds and entities skilled or weak in each of them. Varkith is a living city, and the people therein vie with each other on every axis available to them.

OFFER OPPORTUNITIES AND THREATS

The Green Law of Varkith is all about building up a guild, from the lowest of the low to the highest of the high. To do that, the PCs and their guild need plenty of opportunities to advance. That doesn't mean these opportunities come without danger, risk, or intrigue—but think about how the actions and events in Varkith provide them with chances to grow their guild, to gain useful resources, to advance their own agendas. Make the opportunities transparent when they occur, so the PCs understand what they are risking, for what benefit.

As the PCs build their guild up, they will gain more and more resources. That is when threats become just as important as opportunities. Instead of giving the PCs risky or dangerous chances to increase their own status and resources, threaten what they have. Other guilds are interested in their own growth and acquisition of resources, and the PCs will eventually have resources those guilds want. The PCs will have their hands full both pursuing their own new opportunities, and defending what they already have.

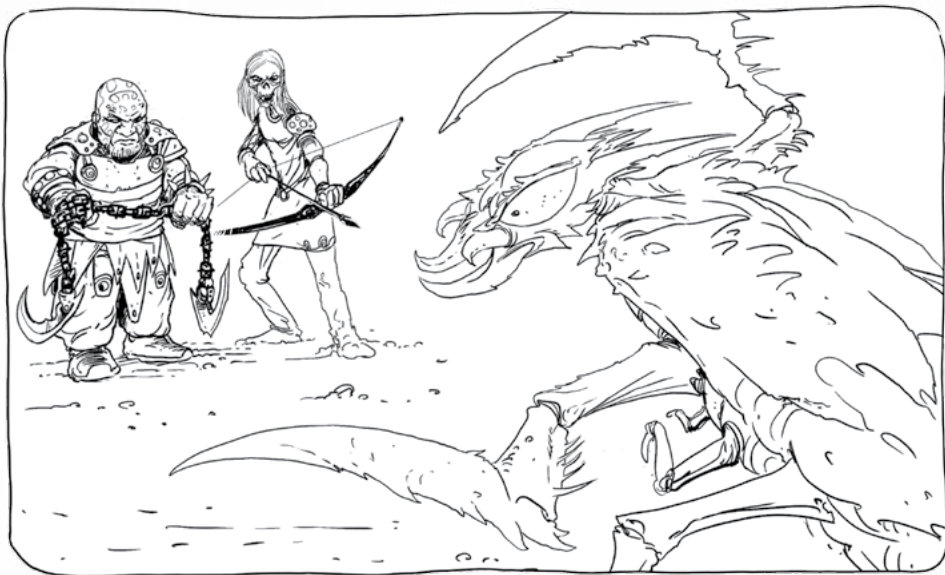
This is the essence of the cycle in *The Green Law of Varkith*: opportunities and threats. Pepper play with both of them, starting with mostly opportunities and shifting towards threats the more the PCs gain and grow. And if you ever get stuck, the artifacts and compendium classes presented in this book make for great opportunities to offer the PCs that will attract plenty of attention once the PCs actually get their hands on the power they want.

KEEP THE CITY MOVING

Varkith isn't a still place. It changes, shifts, and evolves in its own ways, whether or not the PCs take action that would change it. All the guilds in the city are hungry and looking for more in their own way, and they won't sit and wait until the PCs come by to deal with the situation.

The rules presented in *The Jade Powers* will help this to happen, but also always keep in mind that Varkith moves independently of the PCs. Think offscreen, between sessions, and even between moves. Ask what the other guilds and powers of Varkith would be doing in those gaps of time, and what the PCs would see or hear about that.

Furthermore, have the other guilds respond to the PCs own actions—even when they're not directly connected. The PCs may take down some small guild to gain a



GUILDMATES PREPARE FOR BATTLE AGAINST A REAPER MANTIS

bunch of territory, but a much larger guild will certainly take notice of this new up and comer devouring other guilds, and might schedule a diplomatic meeting—or, failing that, a straight-up violent takeover.

The framework presented in *Dungeon World* in the chapter on Adventure Fronts is useful in this regard. Ask yourself what would happen if the PCs never interacted with anything or changed anything, based on the actions, beliefs, and desires of the other guilds and major powers of Varkith. But then, constantly update your answers to those questions based on the PCs' actions and other goings-on in Varkith.

GUILDS OR FRONTS?

The last principle above points at an important piece of running *The Green Law of Varkith*—should you use Fronts as presented in *Dungeon World*? The systems for running NPC guilds, as presented in *The Jade Powers*, in many ways outright replace the use of adventure fronts in *Dungeon World*, even as there are several adventure fronts presented in *The Poison in the City's Veins*.

When running *The Green Law of Varkith*, use the rules in *The Jade Powers* to help simulate the actions and beliefs of the NPC guilds and powers throughout Varkith, along with your own off-screen thinking. Use adventure fronts, however, whenever you need to represent threats from outside of Varkith's own system of guilds and politics. For example, a danger based on the arrival

of an apocalyptic dragon from across the sea would be better expressed as an adventure front, while the unending machinations of a mercenary guild are better expressed through the guild rules in **The Jade Powers**.

But don't rush to create plots, or even use fronts, before your players have a chance to set up their little corner of the city for themselves. Why bother defending Varkith against an apocalyptic threat when they can just get on a boat and see the rest of the world? It's only when the PCs find themselves knee-deep in the politics of the city, their dreams and ambitions nearly fulfilled, that they will risk everything to keep the city safe.

CLOSING THOUGHTS

The Green Law of Varkith isn't just a setting or a toolbox for *Dungeon World*. It isn't even a particular tone or setting of its own, built atop the *Dungeon World's* skeleton. It's more like a harmony, a counterpoint tune meant to entwine and adjoin with *Dungeon World's* original melody.

Dungeon World is, first and foremost, about heroic fantasy adventures into strange places. You're unattached rogues, unbound by authority, capable of doing what's necessary, breezing in and out of towns along with your work. **The Green Law of Varkith** is about building your own guild while largely staying within the confines of this single crazy city. Sure, there's adventure to be had here, but it's not quite the same as you'd find in a regular *Dungeon World* game.

And yet, you're still playing *Dungeon World*. You're still using those classes, those basic moves, those rules, to play in Varkith. Of course you're going to find monsters to slash. Of course you're going to find weird artifacts in crypts buried under the city.

The push and pull between the two tunes of the game, between Varkith and *Dungeon World*, is the balancing act of a game set in the Green City, and it's something you're going to have to keep in mind, whether you're a player or a GM, the whole time. But if you can successfully walk the line between the two, and find a place for stories in which you slay a monster, then come home to pour your hard-won coin into your guild—so you can take over that building on the other side of town—only to find that you've been censured by the Green Senate and the only way to undo the edict is to engage in a legally-sanctioned conflict of champions—that's where Varkith will sing for you.

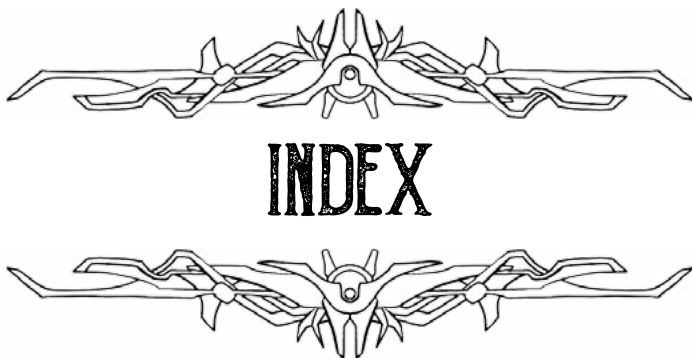
There's plenty of inspiration and pieces for you to pick up from here, to put into other games, absolutely. If you have a hankering to put the Krktri in your next game of *Dungeon World*, please do! If you want to set your game in the far regions of the same world as Varkith, in the places where the wilds are still untamed and there are places to explore, go for it!

But in the end, *The Green Law of Varkith* is intended to be used as a whole, altogether, in combination and balance with *Dungeon World*. That's where you're going to get the most out of the Green City—playing with these peoples, in this place, with the goal of creating and growing your own guild.

And I wish you the best of luck in doing it! Varkith is a harsh city—a strange, tough place, with rules simultaneously at odds and working together in bizarre concert. It's an egalitarian democracy, designed to put everyone on the same level, to ensure no individual ever rises above the masses...and like so many good ideas, it struggles with imperfection, the corruption of its own ideals. It's a mass of opportunity and potential, a place where groups can change the city for the better...and it's a city of entrenched ideals and dangerous stability, a place where those in power strike down any who might threaten them.

Maybe you won't fix it. Maybe the struggle to rise in this fantasy metropolis will claim the lives of your heroes. Maybe they'll find themselves caught up in the same corruption that threatens all the good of the Green City. But that struggle is a story worth telling—and maybe...just maybe...your heroes will triumph.

Make the Green City your own. Enjoy your time there. And watch out for the chitterswarms.



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The world is old, and its death approaches. The residents of the last great mortal city—Anglekite, located in the Crater Basin—don't know what form the end will take, but they know it is certain, and it draws nigh.

Will the end come as the Pyrewyrm, prophesied to burn everything to ashes in a final battle with the Angelbone Blade? Will it be the Scourge Karkis, the 200-foot tall giant that murders all life it finds? Will it be something worse, some Thing from beyond this world, scratching at the cracks, aching to get inside... and feed?

Or will the world, the Crater Basin, and Anglekite mount one final defense and stave off the end for a while longer?

This new large-scale *Dungeon World* adventure contains everything your group needs to play the final days of the Crater Basin, including Dangers, Fronts, and additional obstacles. It also contains new monsters, new magical items, and new compendium classes to flesh out the world, as well as a set of basic rules for fights that pit large forces against titanic creatures.

Towers extending up to the sky, made of alabaster, with gold filigree. Beautiful statues of gods and angels and heroes and kings. A people who found their deeds on a philosophy of hope. A civilization at the summit of its majesty.

All of it long gone.

The Cold Ruins are all that's left. Broken towers. Shattered statues. Creeping undead vines grown over beautiful edifices. And the people... ruined. Lastlife is populated only with the undead, husks of what came before clinging to a horrible half-life. Their memories lost and gone. Their past glory, vanished.

In this *Chaos World* setting, written for the *Dungeon World* game system, you'll play undead adventurers trying to find something to fight for—the past or the future—in this cold and dreadful world. The book contains everything your group needs to play a game of *Dungeon World* in these haunting ruins, including new rules for playing the undead in Lastlife; adventure fronts and dangers for use in guiding your Lastlife campaign; a slew of monsters, magical items, and compendium classes for this terrible place; and more.



MAGPIE GAMES

THE WORLD IS CENTERED AROUND THE JADE CITY.

Varkith is a city of success, corruption, democracy, and innovation, governed more than anything by **the Green Law**: “None in Varkith shall stand alone. The choice to be alone is the choice to be cast out.” To this city of guilds come countless immigrants, looking for new lives, for money and power and status on its many streets. And the statue of the Green Lady towers over it all.

THE CITY IS A TANGLED, UNCERTAIN WEB OF OPPORTUNITY ...AND DANGER.

- ❖ Will you take your new guild to the top of Varkith’s food chain?
- ❖ Will you successfully navigate the complexities of Varkith’s many peoples, each with their own culture, from the haughty and powerful Orkari to the sentient ant colonies called Krktri?
- ❖ Will you use such wonders as Captain Toth’s Icy Elixir, or Dr. Iso’s Knife of Connective Processes?
- ❖ Will you survive the strange fauna of Varkith, from the reaper mantises to the chitterswarms to the terrible Ursalok?

THE GREEN LAW OF VARKITH

In this new Chaos World setting, written for the *Dungeon World* game system, you’ll play the members of a newly formed guild in Varkith, trying to make your way as the little fish in a city full of predators. This book contains everything your group needs to play a game of *Dungeon World* in this thriving city, including new rules for running guilds in Varkith; rules for ten different peoples, the primary denizens of Varkith; adventure fronts and dangers for use in the later parts of your Varkith campaign; a city’s worth of monsters, magical items, and compendium classes for this strange city; and more.



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