

THE Last Days OF AngleKite



Brendan Conway

The world is dying. Everyone knows it.

Her skies are green and sickly. Her forests are dark and foreboding. Her clouds billow and roil across the sky. The scent of the end hangs in the air, and the touch of death has burrowed into the bones of every living creature, including the people of the Crater Basin and the last great city of the living, Anglekite.

THE END IS CERTAIN, BUT THE FORM IT WILL TAKE IS UNKNOWN.

- ✦ Will it be the Pyrewyrm, prophesied to burn down the world in a final battle with the wielder of the Angelbone Blade?
- ✦ Will it be the slow death brought by 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 the last city of Anglekite, mount one final defense and stave off the end for a while longer?

THE Last Days OF Anglekite

This new large-scale DW adventure (suitable for playing with 3-20 players) 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 pits large forces against titanic creatures.



MAGPIE GAMES

PDF Edition

THE LAST DAYS OF ANGLEKITE

A CHAOS WORLD
BY BRENDAN CONWAY

“Sometimes it not the Divinity you follow that changes your life, but all the others trying to win you over to their cause.”

MISU, FALLEN CLERIC OF THE CRATER BASIN

“In the Crater Basin, passion and patience must guide you equally.”

ANONYMOUS VOICE IN THE CATHEDRAL OF FREED WORDS

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INTRODUCTION



My gaming groups in college were, in hindsight, an anomaly. We all enjoyed similar games and styles of play. Any dissatisfaction about the games we played always seemed to get worked out. We did the typical college gaming thing, spending Saturdays throwing dice and shooting the breeze, creating stories together that we all enjoyed. This lasted through college graduation, into my first master's degree, and even survived the birth of my two children. The gaming was strong in these groups.

In 1999, my spouse and I moved to New Jersey, away from our home and gaming friends. It was a rough move, and finding people to game with was difficult. I was in a Ph.D. program, my husband was in a master's program, the kids were toddlers, and, even with the internet to assist, it was a slog to find people to play with in our few spare hours. We found some good folks to game with, but we had less and less time to do the kind of gaming I really enjoyed—long campaigns with epic story arcs that unfolded over real-time years.

In the early 2000s, my husband, who had published his first game through our company, Galileo Games, began to get involved heavily with a small group of game designers in an online community called “The Forge.” Brennan was really excited by game design theory, and started experimenting with new kinds of games written by other independent, small press designers. We had played one or two new and different games before our move to NJ (*Puppelland* comes vividly and pleasantly to mind), but the next few years brought an onslaught of new and exciting little games. Brennan would bring home something he was excited to try out, we'd play for a session or two, and then move on to another new game.

With more new rules to learn.

With one-shot short story lines.

With little time to explore my characters or their relationships with other characters.

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Many of these games were designed specifically to be short—playable in one or two sessions—with the explicit aim of bringing new people into the tabletop roleplaying hobby. Later, Epidiah Ravachol and Vincent Baker said these games had a “small social footprint” because they didn’t require a large investment of time, money, and psychological energy to get started. I was excited by games that actively recruited new people to the hobby. These new games, like *Shooting the Moon*, were great and thoughtful and fun to play. They just weren’t hitting my sweet spot.

Brennan started going to more game conventions for Indie Press Revolution, and to promote his new game, *Mortal Coil*. I went with him when we could afford it. Almost always, convention gaming left me wanting. Besides, we had school-aged children, so I stayed home with them, rather than wrestling with two active, young, bored children at a game convention where I wasn’t having a lot of fun gaming anyway. Our gaming life at home continued apace with ups and downs.

I slowly drifted away from gaming because life was busy and indie games weren’t satisfying for me.

Brennan and I became involved in the online community at NerdNYC. We met lots of great gaming folks, including John Stavropolous, who moderated the community at the time. We made new friends there, Brennan expanded his growing game design contacts, and he went to even more conventions. I accompanied him occasionally, but everyone was there to game and I wasn’t. My main goal in attending conventions was to socialize, because I was unsatisfied by the kind of game play that conventions traditionally support—the one-shot, four-hour scenario. Most of the time I sent my regards to all of our friends via Brennan and stayed home with the kids because it simply made sense, both financially and because convention gaming couldn’t give me the deep, interpersonal character interaction and long story lines I wanted from long-term game play. I never told our friends why I was staying home, and they always tried to encourage me to come. I don’t know what they thought *might* be my reasons for choosing not to go to conventions, but in 2012, I posted this by way of explanation on Google+:

“... The biggest thing keeping me from going to cons is that I just don’t find con gaming satisfying. The kind of gaming I really like can’t be done at a con, because what I love in tabletop RPGs is the development of characters, building character relationships over time, and building up to becoming the heroes of an epic story. Let me slap a metaphor on this for you: Most folks I know in the gaming community have lots of fun playing “The Battle of Helm’s Deep”; I’m not enjoying myself unless we’re playing the special extended edition of the entire “Lord of the Rings” trilogy.

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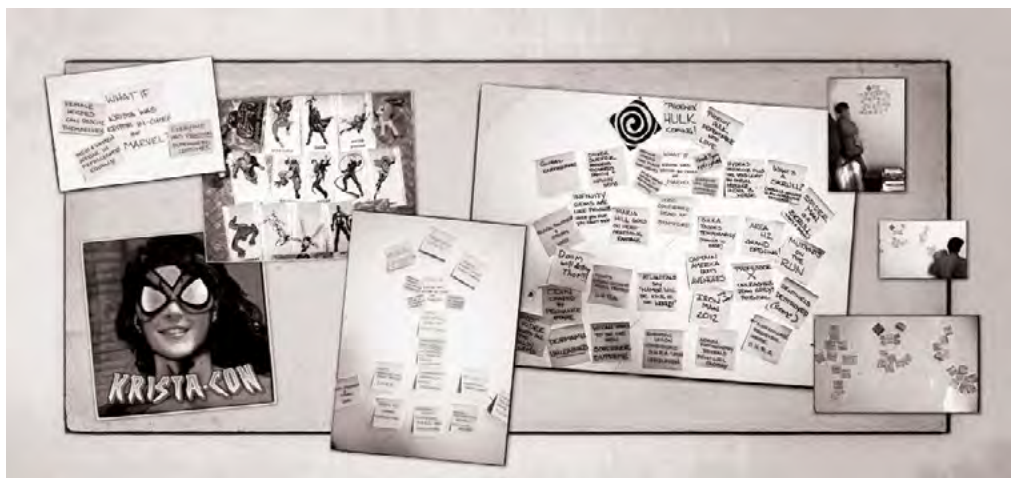
I could see having fun playing a lot of the indie games designed to wrap up a story in an hour. The thought of constantly learning new rules makes me tired, though. If I were to spend con time playing the kinds of one-off indie games that would be fun for me, I would spend most if the time learning new rules.

So, there's the big secret. There are lots of you out there I love seeing at cons, but you're there to play games and I'm not. Which is why I tend to stay home."

(May 27, 2012)

In response to this post, John Stavropolous and Brennan immediately hatched a plan to hold a weekend-long gaming convention for my birthday that year. "I would totally go to a KristaCon," said Nathan Paoletta in his comment. The seed had been planted.

It was the best birthday party imaginable. There were 15 players, and we invariably broke into 3 or 4 groups to address adventure issues—pictured on the Wall of Doom below:



"Wall of Doom" image and other KristaCon elements created by John Stavropolous.

Everyone had so much fun that we decided to do it again at a local game convention, Dreamation, the following February. We ran with a new set of GMs at that convention, and structured it to allow 16 players at 4 different tables with a GM at each table, rather than the amoebic, organic split-apart/come back together structure of the event at our house. One of our GMs was Magpie Games founder, Mark Diaz Truman. Mark, thrilled by the possibilities he saw in KristaCon, decided to run a Kris-

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taCon event in NYC, for which we created a Kickstarter. This book is a reward for all of the backers who helped us create a weekend of fun with great friends.

Mark pushed me to think about a continuing community and how to sustain it. I wanted to create a label for KristaCon-style play that wouldn't require my direct involvement, so we coined the term LongCon. Mark and others run exceptional LongCon events at conventions like Origins and GenCon. Joe Beason's Chicago LongCon will have its second year this fall.

We also developed some lingo to describe elements of running a KristaCon/LongCon event. You can find videos and other information at the KristaCon/LongCon wiki—which is still in development. There's also a KristaCon/LongCon community on G+ where folks can go to ask questions or get help running their own event.

KristaCon is a very specific kind of convention gaming with a longer-term story line than the standard, four-hour convention slot. The intention is for the characters who started the story to continue through to the end of the story line, which allows players more time to develop relationships with each other's characters. KristaCon provides people with an in-depth, intense, tabletop roleplaying experience that a traditional, 4-hour slot might not provide.

Not all KristaCon events have multiple tables of people moving back and forth as their characters choose to address adventure-related issues. Multi-table events do, however, have some unanticipated benefits. The greatest of these, in my opinion, is that a multi-table event is a wonderful place to mentor new GMs. For someone new to GMing, or even new to a system, having in-game access to experienced co-GMs creates an immensely welcoming and helpful environment, especially at a game convention where the pressure to be a walking rules index can feel pretty high. This helps make GMing games a more hospitable experience for GMs who are women, people of color, and people with diverse gender and sexual identities. I hope that the multi-table KristaCon format encourages more people from all walks of life to enjoy and play tabletop roleplaying games.

I'm thrilled to have Mark and Brendan Conway producing *The Last Days of Anglekite* for our Kickstarter backers. I couldn't have hoped for better and more beautiful art than what Juan Ochoa has created here. *The Last Days of Anglekite* is a rich setting for *Dungeon World*. You can easily use all or

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part of this adventure epic for your own LongCon, use parts of it to run a traditional four-hour slot at a convention, or introduce *Anglekite* to your home gaming group and build on its rich background. Want to fight feral vampires to save a village in the Crater Basin? Want to eliminate Cray Def Un and his abominable guild? Or would you rather campaign to save Anglekite in its entirety, hoping to build on whatever is left? There's so much here for players of *Dungeon World* to use and love.

I want to thank Brendan Conway and Mark Diaz Truman for their hard work on this book, and for being such great GMs and boosters in all of the KristaCon and LongCon events in which they've participated. Mark's enthusiasm and thoughtfulness have contributed to the longevity of KristaCons and LongCons. I must also thank Frank Manna, Tim Rodriguez, Michael McDowell, and Matt Weber for running the first KristaCon events at Dreamation 2013.

Perhaps the biggest and most deeply felt thanks go out to John Stavropolous, Brennan Taylor, and M.P. O'Sullivan, who GMed the very first KristaCon and made it such a success. And a heartfelt thank you to the enthusiastic KristaConners from the first events, including Shoshanna Kessock, Romeo Capriotti, Jason Ang, Kevin Allen Jr., Rich Flynn, Irvin Keppen, John Carimando, Crispin Taylor, Lilith White, Matthew Aaron, Joseph Zantek, Seraphina Ferraro, Travis Scott, Jay Brown, Avonelle Wing, and Vincent Salzillo.

I love all of you guys and I hope you enjoy this adventure. KristaCon has brought me back to convention gaming.

Krista White

September 1, 2014

THE CRATER BASIN



The world is old, and its end draws near. The air, the sky, the ground, all reek of age, all withered by the sands of time. Ready to die. The people feel it too, and they face it, each in their own way. Some rage against the dying of the world and seek ways to forestall the end. Others revel in the time they have left, working to enjoy as much of the world as possible while it still exists. The CRATER BASIN is home to the last great cities in the world, along with the many layers of civilizations long dead. In the Basin, ANGLEKITE, the City of Coin, is the tarnished and somewhat soiled crowning jewel. A city run by and for profit, where most everything is for sale and the people live out their last days trying out any new experience to see if it provides meaning. If there is anything worth saving in the world, it is in Anglekite. If there is anything that proves the world deserves its end, it is in Anglekite.

Anglekite is under threat from all sides, whether the people of the city know that or not.

To the northeast lies PANDEMONIUM, the first and only demon city in this dying world, nestled into the Screamfire Mountains. Created by refugees from a hellplane and made into a democratic cesspit of politics and backstabbing, Pandemonium provides much sustenance to Anglekite through trade while simultaneously threatening the entire Basin with the demonic citizenry's wheeling and dealing, political manipulations, and private agendas.

To the south, the black spires of the NECROPOLIS creep towards the heavens. A scholarly city of rumination and rationality, filled with intelligent undead from across the world. The Necropolis bothers no one, and has never been a threat to the outside world ... until now. Travelers have begun to speak of THE DRAINING, the field of lifelessness that emanates out from the Necropolis. Plants wither and die. Animals grow weak and rot. The ground itself turns fallow. The Draining threatens the entire Basin if it cannot be contained.

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To the west of Anglekite are the many wonders and horrors of the Basin.

THE SHARDFINGERS—massive spires of crystal growing out of the land itself, channeling arcane power and warping life that comes in contact with them. **THE WOUNDWATERS**—The Lake Wound and the River Wound, both full of black water and home to the last remnants of the republic of intelligent slimes that reigned over the Basin. The ruins of **SETHARYN SEL**—melted and twisted stone buildings housing the broken descendants of the Pesharyn Werewolf Empire, now lost without their moon. **THE ABANDONED TOWER OF THE WORDFEY**—meant to be a haven for the last of the Angelbloods, now home to the vengeful Servants of the Wordfey who can bend reality with the words at their heart. Each of these places is home to parts of the past, all ruthless and eager to regain their lost glory in the dying of the world.

The Basin is also home to the **LIAR'S WOOD**, a forest refuge for thieves and criminals, now a critical part of Anglekite's economy. Further away from Anglekite is the **BREEDWOOD**, a place steeped in magical residues that lead to the birth of bizarre monstrosities. The Breedwood has become home to even worse things, with the **BREEDING PIT** located in its dark depths churning out a tidal wave of monstrous flesh—beasts known as Thingtrolls.

Several settlements of scattered individuals have arisen in the Basin over the years, and while many of these are ultimately plowed to dust by the winds of time, there are always settlements that tenaciously keep their holds secure. **FELLBIT STEADING** acts as a gateway village at the mouth of the Crater Basin, where the River Wound has carved a way in and out of the Crater. While not more than a stopping point, it is an inevitable destination for any in the Basin. **WEBHELM** is located near the Breedwood. The Helmers have found a way to farm a peculiar breed of spider to manufacture spidersilk, and have grown fat on the wealth from trade. **CAVEWATER** is a stinkhole of a town, full of those who prey on others, and it survives mostly by being at the confluence of the **LONGBRIDGE** over the River Wound, and the **USENIYA RIVER CAVERNS** which provide another, more dangerous means of entry into the Basin.

And amid this medley of nightmares and cold, dark places, of run-down homes and hedonistic dens of iniquity, come all manner of threat. The **BLIND TAURICS** have come to the Basin for the first time in centuries, bringing the **THIRD EYE OF THE EBON PROPHET**—a priceless artifact granting knowledge of the future and its dooms. **VAMPIRE HUNTERS** patrol the Basin, killing the **FERAL VAMPIRES** that still plague the land, along with any other monsters they find, without a single thought to the well-being

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of innocents. Members of THE THIEVES GUILD, a crew of extra-dimensional assassins, thieves, thugs, and rogues, tear their way into this world to steal its treasures before it's too late. They bring their prizes back to their dark master, someone so feared by the people of the Basin that many will not speak the name.

Yet all who live in the Basin feel his presence. GRAY DEF UN, master of the Thieves' Guild, sits in his extradimensional pleasure palace. He purchases slaves from Pandemonium and fattens himself upon the spoils of this dying world, refusing to extend one iota of strength to help save it. The only means of accessing Cray Def Un's home, his monument to excess and decadence and beauty? The very same portal through which demonic citizens are marched into slavery, never to be seen again.

And as chaotic and unkempt as the world might seem, there are forces powerful enough to reshape it before it ends. THE SCOURGE KARKIS marches toward the Basin—an enormous giant, carrying a lash of thorny tendrils. Driven insane, the great colossus found purpose in his trials and tribulations. The monster has ventured outside this world, and saw the THINGS FROM OUTSIDE that seek to corrupt all existence. The Scourge Karkis seeks to end everything, to kill the world one soul at a time, and prevent its ruin at the hands of the inhuman Things. It is, to his warped mind, mercy. But the corruption of the Things from Outside is in him already, and Karkis serves them, whether he aims to or not. The Things seek to break open the world, that they might come and feed upon it. And for that, they need only set the world aflame.

But before the Things might use Karkis' unwitting betrayal of reality, the PYREWYRM might bring the world's end, embodied in flame. An unthinking creature, destruction incarnate, it is prophesied to face the ANGELBONE BLADE, an artifact of incredible power. When the two meet, their fight shall tear the world asunder, and so shall the world end. But if the Pyrewyrm is unleashed, and the Angelbone Blade not used to meet him in battle? Then the prophecy is broken. And the Things from Outside will use those cracks in the world to consume all of existence. Which means the fate of the world rests on the Crater Basin, its residents, and their response to these terrible threats. The corrupted, the heroic, the monstrous, the abominations, the inhuman—they shall determine the course of these last days of Anglekite. Will they end in corruption, madness, fire, or grief? Or will they find another way?

MAP OF THE CRATER BASIN



Note: In general, the Last Days of Anglekite is focused on issues that eclipse steading tags. They are provided below, however, in case you find them useful.

CRATER BASIN—The Crater Basin is an enormous and fertile river valley, filled with forests, rivers, roads, cities, lakes, and more. The walls of the crater are enormous and imposing, sloped upwards and next to impossible to traverse without reliable climbing equipment. These walls isolated and protected the Basin—which is why it is now one of the only remaining locations in the world that still has a semblance of civilization and prosperity. The massive Basin is littered with the remains of civilizations and empires long past, stretched across a blasted and violent landscape that seems endless. Layer upon layer of debris, detritus, and relics are there for the adventurer who knows where to look.

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ANGLEKITE—The most important city in the Crater Basin, oft-called the last great metropolis in the world. It is the only living piece of civilization that survived from long ago days into these end times. It is a city ruled by coin and profit, and the signs of the end can be seen all throughout its streets. Hedonism reigns in Anglekite, along with spiritualism, nihilism, and any other outlook that provides some balm to the souls of those who feel the approach of the end.

ANGLEKITE STEADING TAGS:

RICH * **BOOMING** * **GARRISON** * **MARKET** * **PROSPERITY**

TRADE *(with the flying Cloud Rider merchants, so it trades all across the dead lands; and with every steading in the Crater Basin)*

GUILD *(adventurer's)*

POWER *(political)*

OATH *(with Fellbit Steading—Anglekite protects Fellbit)*

OATH *(with Cavewater—Anglekite protects Cavewater)*

OATH *(with Webhelm—Anglekite protects Webhelm)*

HISTORY *(there are eons of history here)*

ANYTHING ELSE THAT YOU CHOOSE—*with certainty, you should customize Anglekite*

PANDEMONIUM—The city in the Crater Basin that most challenges Anglekite for claim as the last great city. Founded by a population of demons who escaped from their hellplane to this world, to them the city is a symbol of hope. The demons sought refuge in this dying world, and they found a means to craft different lives for themselves. They raised up the city of Pandemonium from the black rock of the Screamfire Mountains, and they collected their oaths into a pact to establish rulership. Pandemonium is a democracy, full of all the bureaucracy, political maneuvering, and conflict one could and should expect from a city run by demons. Pandemonium manufactures valuable goods, which it trades with the only city willing to deal with demons—Anglekite. This ensures the prosperity of both cities for the foreseeable future.

PANDEMONIUM STEADING TAGS:

RICH * **STEADY POPULATION** * **GARRISON** * **EXOTIC** * **ARCANE** * **DEMONS**

TRADE *(with Anglekite)*

HISTORY *(the demonic raising of the city)*

PERSONAGE *(Malphas, Ashkaraghul)*

CRAFT *(practically everything)*

NECROPOLIS—A bastion of cold philosophy, the Necropolis plays home to an array of intelligent undead ascetic scholars. They escaped from the prejudice against the undead in the world at large and sought each other

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out for the solemnity, silence, and contemplation they craved. They built the Necropolis over a great many years, crafting it with infinite patience and geometric precision. The Necropolis is built in perfect concentric circles, its towers rising ever taller toward the city's center. The Black Tower of the Archlich rises above all the rest. The Archlich rules the Necropolis, much like a university president controls a college campus, navigating a shifting array of political allegiances.

NECROPOLIS STEADING TAGS:

MODERATE PROSPERITY * STEADY POPULATION * GUARD DEFENSES * SAFE

* UNDEAD * ARCAINE POWER

EXOTIC (*books*)

TRADE (*Anglekite*)

DIVINE (*necromancers*)

PERSONAGE (*The Archlich*)

FELLBIT STEADING—Fellbit Steading is the village at the mouth of the Crater Basin, next to the River Wound. The steading is a gateway and resupply point for trade caravans on their way to Anglekite, but it has never been prosperous, safe, or successful. Any threat coming toward the Crater Basin will come to Fellbit Steading first.

FELLBIT STEADING TAGS

MODERATE PROSPERITY * SHRINKING POPULATION * GUARD DEFENSES

TRADE (*Anglekite, Webhelm*)

OATH (*with Anglekite—Anglekite protects Fellbit Steading*)

BUILT AROUND A MILITARY POST (+*Defenses*)

DISEASE (*the plague of feral vampires*)

THE DRAINING—The land and all living things around the Necropolis suffer worsening fatigue and weakness, ultimately until death. None save the Necropolites who cause it understand how or why this happens.

THE SCREAMFIRE MOUNTAINS—The Screamfire Mountains are exactly what they sound like: a volcanic mountain range that spouts fire and ash into the skies at the northeast edge of the Crater Basin. Save for some tribes of mountain dwelling people and varieties of large birds in the Screamfires, life is rare among the fiery volcanoes.

THE RUINS OF SETHARYN SEL—The remnants of the Pesharyn werewolves' last city, where many of them continue to dwell. The city was destroyed by armies of slimes—it toppled, melted, and warped, but was not smashed. The werewolves were forced to flee Setharyn Sel during this war and the subsequent plague of feral vampires, but they did return

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years later. The Pesharyn have found it difficult to thrive since the Moon disappeared from the Crater Basin, and the many would-be hunters pursuing them continue to make their lives brutish, desperate, and short. In such a state, Setharyn Sel is little more than a reminder of how great they once were, and a means to keep the rain off their heads.

THE WOUNDWATERS—The Lake Wound and the River Wound are the two main bodies of water in the Crater Basin. The River flows out of the Lake and the Basin. The Lake is very large, so large it's difficult to see the other shore from one side, and the River is fast-flowing and terrible to cross. The name, Woundwater, arises from the black color of both the Lake and River. Legend has it that the earth itself was cracked open, pierced by some terrible weapon, and the Woundwater is the leaking earth's blood from that injury. Strange creatures have sometimes been seen in or around Woundwater, both the Lake Wound and the River Wound. The most dangerous creatures in the Woundwaters today, of course, are the descendants of the Collective Republic, the slimes.

THE LONGBRIDGE—The bridge crossing from one side of the River Wound to the other. The Longbridge was built ages ago, and is made of one seamless solid piece of stone. The Longbridge has endured damage that would have crushed normal stone, and yet it still stands.

USENIYA RIVER CAVERNS—The caverns go through and under the wall of the Crater Basin, and provide a second means of exit and entry into the area—assuming, of course, that your vessel can take you against the current. Only the strongest of rowers, or rafts pulled by great beasts, traverse the Useniya River Caverns. The Caverns have been known to provide a way for illicit parties to enter and exit the Basin.

CAVEWATER—A community that sprung up at the confluence of other places. The small town is on the other side of the Longbridge, at the mouth of the River Caverns, close to the abandoned Tower of the Wordfey, and not too far from the Breedwood. Cavewater is a place of scavengers, hunters, criminals, and others who make their way through the world by taking.

CAVEWATER STEADING TAGS:

POOR PROSPERITY * STEADY POPULATION * WATCH DEFENSES * LAWLESS

RESOURCE (*fish from the Woundwaters*)

ØATH (*Anglekite—under Anglekite's protection*)

BLIGHT (*Woundslime*)

NEED (*adventurers*)

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THE SHARDFINGERS—Faceted prisms of crystal erupt from the ground like a forest of geometric translucent trees. They are shattered pieces of a titanic Cloud Rider battleship, crashed into the soft dirt of the Crater Basin. The shards grew in the dirt, lengthening and thickening as they drank in the strength of the Crater Basin's arcane residue. The Shardfingers can be tapped for power like enormous batteries, but doing so is remarkably dangerous. They tend to warp the space and ground around them, thereby weakening the barrier of this world, and providing another point of entry for the Things from Outside.

WEBHELM—Webhelm thrives on the Breedwood. The farmers of Webhelm were able to successfully domesticate a breed of spider to produce rolls of spidersilk, to be sold at high price to buyers like Cloud Rider merchants and demons of Pandemonium. The silk is highly durable and capable of turning away blades, fire, claws, and other threats. Being next to the Breedwood means there's always some danger of attack from an abnormal monstrosity, but it's never been more than the guard of Webhelm could handle ... so far.

WEBHELM STEADING TAGS

MODERATE PROSPERITY * SHRINKING POPULATION * WATCH DEFENSES

TRADE (*Anglekite, Fellbit Steading*)

CRAFT (*Spidersilk*)

RESOURCE (*Spidersilk*)

EXOTIC (*Spidersilk*)

BLIGHT (*Thingtrolls*)

OATH (*with Anglekite—Anglekite protects Webhelm*)

ENMITY (*Cavewater*)

THE BREEDWOOD'S CREATURES (*reduce population*)

THE LIAR'S WOOD—A den of thieves at best. The Liar's Wood is a refuge for criminals and bounty hunters alike. They nest in the Liar's Wood, close enough to Anglekite to make forays, sell goods, and the like, but far and hidden enough that Anglekite can't afford to send its best soldiers past the treeline to find the thieves. The Liar's Wood, and its role as headquarters for the city's criminal behavior, is now a necessary part of Anglekite's ecology.

THE BREEDWOOD—The trees soaked up the might of strange magics and experiments conducted in the Crater Basin long ago. Not a good place for hunting, but there are valuable parts to be obtained from the strange plants and beasts of the Breedwood. Given all this magic and oddity, the Breedwood is a prime entry point for Things From Outside as well as an ideal location for the Spawning Pit of Thingtrolls.

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* THE SHARDFINGERS *

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THE SPAWNING PIT—The Pit is just that: a pit filled with muck, sludge, and meat, growing into twisting, mucus-covered monstrosities. The Thingtrolls are born here. The Spawning Pit isn't very old, the product of a small fissure in the world that allowed some of the Things from Outside to sneak past the borders of this world.

THE CAVE OF THE BLADE—This is the last resting place of the Angelbone Blade, where it was hidden after its last release destroyed the entire civilization of the Neth, more commonly known today as the Orcs. The last remaining Orc used the advanced technologies and magics of her people to preserve herself in the Tomb, as to stand guard over it for all time. The Cave of the Blade is hidden, and holds the entrance to the Tomb, which requires each of the three Gauntlets to be inserted into the wall before it will open up. The entire structure was built up by the Last of the Neth, the Guardian, and those peoples who agreed that the Blade's horrors could not be allowed to be revisited upon the world.

THE ABANDONED TOWER OF THE WORDFEY—The Wordfey Towers were the bastions that the ancient Wordfey, last of the Angelbloods, used to hide themselves from the continually firmer, realer world. The Towers were meant to be small worlds for the Wordfey to reshape existence with their words, but reality seeped in and brought them low with age and death. Only the Servants of the Wordfey remain, standing vigil in the Tower, without masters to serve.

THE PALACE OF CRAY DEF UN—The Palace isn't in the Crater Basin, but they are linked. The Palace is home to the greedy sorcerer lord, Cray Def Un. It is an ever-shifting place, with no constant architecture or style. It reshapes upon Cray Def Un's whims, for it is truthfully an alternate plane under Cray Def Un's control. There he keeps his infinite collection of treasures, his demonic slaves bought from Pandemonium, and his most prized servants. It sits beyond this reality, but there are gates through which it can be accessed by those who know the path.

ADVENTURE FRONTS



These adventure fronts are outlines of the primary conflicts and troubles in the Crater Basin. Not all of them have to come into play in your version of the apocalypse! Pick out the ones you like the best, or the ones your players focus on during play, and use those. Don't be afraid to change things up to better suit the player's interests.

Each front is presented with an overarching trouble or conflict, the Dangers that make up that front, the Grim Portents that herald the front's Doom, the Stakes for the front, and the Impending Doom that may come to pass. Each front is self-contained, but may lead to new developments in other fronts as the apocalypse approaches.

Remember, these are tools, not rules. Don't reshape your game to fit the fronts. Reshape the fronts to fit your game and always play to find out what happens.

ADVENTURE FRONT: THE NECROPOLIS AND THE DRAINING

The lore of the Necropolis has given its citizens the necessary foresight to predict the coming of the apocalypse in its many forms. While the Necropolites do not have designs upon the world, they do crave a continued undeath. Their leader, the Archlich, has formed a plan to protect the Necropolis: draining the life force out of the surrounding area, he will perform a ritual to send the Necropolis into the ether between the worlds. The Archlich views this as making the best of an apocalyptic situation. The lives that would be taken for this ritual would be lost anyway in the end of this world—better to save what can be saved, than to let all the knowledge of the Necropolis perish forever.

ANGER: THE ARCHLICH

LORD OF THE UNDEAD (IMPULSE: TO SEEK TRUE IMMORTALITY)

The Archlich is the leader of the Necropolis. It is old, and has been undead for far longer than it was ever alive. The Archlich sees everything

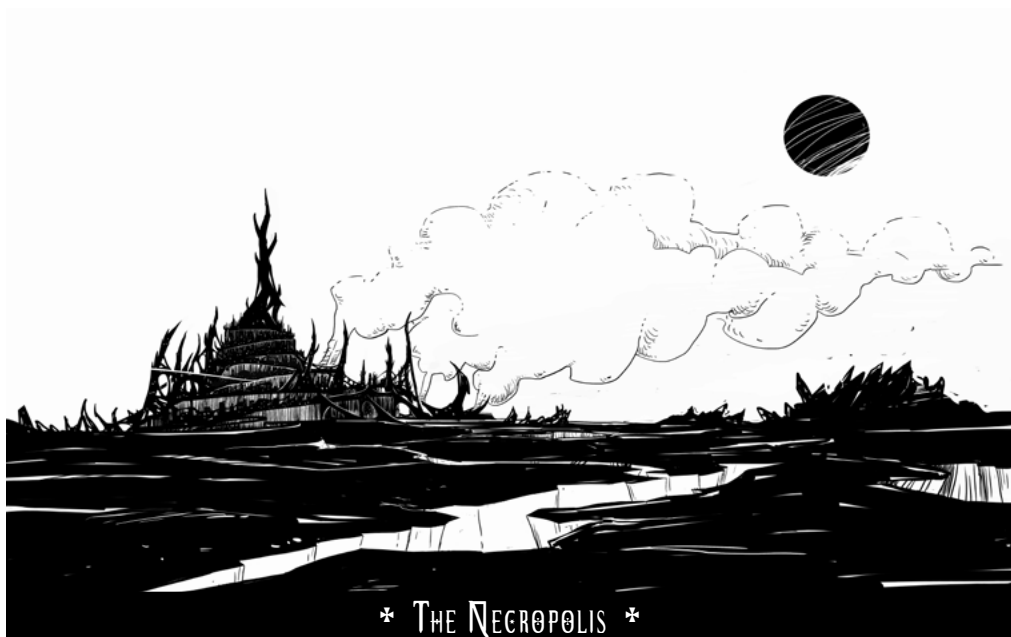
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in terms of pragmatic need, not right and wrong. It would rather not take the lives of those in the area, but sees no alternative to preserve its own unlife, or the unlives of the other denizens of the Necropolis. The Archlich holds the Obsidian Gauntlet, a treasure gained long ago, which it uses to protect the Necropolis.

⚠ DANGER: THE DRAINING

SHADOWLAND (IMPULSE: TO CORRUPT OR CONSUME THE LIVING)

The Draining is an energy siphon extending out from the Necropolis in all directions, pulling in life. To the living, it seems like a sickness, a blight that strikes plants and animals of all kinds, leaving them weakened and lethargic. Any living creatures who act within the Draining risk suffering its effects. As a hard move when appropriate, the GM may give a debility, either Weak, Shaky, or Sick, to the living creature in the Draining. If appropriate, the GM may also call for a Defy Danger, where the Danger is the unnatural drain of life, to determine if the Draining has an effect upon the living creature. There are dark charms that can be used to hide a living creature from the Draining.



DANGER: BONE COLLECTORS

ANCIENT CURSE (IMPULSE: TO ENSNARE)

The Bone Collectors are a myth within the Necropolis: terrifying creatures who feed on the undeath of their victims. The Bone Collectors become ever growing piles of dead flesh and bone, linked together into single, coherent, horrifying entities. Their stolen undeath ensures their continued existence, but also stands in stark, dreadful contrast to the tenets of the Necropolis. A force of Bone Collectors exists within the Necropolis, created and sustained by the power of the Things From Outside. In exchange for their help, the Bone Collectors are promised the ability to feed on the Necropolis entirely, and then to feed on the bones of the rest of the world. The Bone Collectors' role in the Necropolis is to ensure that the Obsidian Gauntlet is retrieved—the Gauntlet is necessary to unlock the Angelbone Blade, which is an important part of the Cult's plan for opening up this world to the Things. They will actually act to help the heroes, providing them with the dark charms to hide them from the Draining, and perhaps even helping them to seize the Gauntlet from the Archlich.

GRIM PORTENTS:

- * The lands around the Necropolis begin to die, utterly.
- * The people of Clarefield (a tiny village, close to the Necropolis) begin suffering from a mysterious illness.
- * The people of Clarefield all die out or leave, and village is emptied.
- * The Draining reaches Anglekite, and its people begin to suffer from the mysterious sickness.
- * Anglekite dies.
- * The Necropolis deploys its necromantic barrier and vanishes from this plane, along with an enormous amount of the local terrain.

STAKES:

- * Will the Archlich finish the ritual to protect the Necropolis?
- * Will the heroes take the Obsidian Gauntlet from the Archlich?
- * Will the Bone Collectors get the Gauntlet from the Archlich?

IMPENDING DOOM:

- * Pestilence—the land is drained of life to fuel the Necropolis's flight into the ether.

ADVENTURE FRONT: THE FLEEING HORDES

Bands of feral vampires are pushing further and further inward towards Anglekite, ransacking villages and massacring the people. It's strange behavior, as feral vampires have difficulty organizing in a meaningful fashion. Any incursions are usually small and easily put down by mercenaries or adventurers hired by the merchants who would freely travel the roads without such threats. These latest incursions are much worse, but that isn't clear to the denizens of the Crater Basin. Merchants continue to put up idle bounties on the vampires, thinking the situation to be just like any other such small incidents.

Among those who make their livings off the bounties placed on such incursions is Raskun the Reviled and her band of vampire hunters. Raskun is not a pleasant person. She is a killer, and she knows it, reveling in death and destruction. She and her band have been known to leave towns razed to starve packs of vampires, or to burn down entire forests to find a single lair. She will stop at nothing to kill the feral hordes—not just for the money, but for the pleasure. This time, however, the vampires are fleeing the coming of the Scourge Karkis, and the strange, horrible phenomena that presage his path. They are not united; they are simply mad creatures, with insatiable lust for blood, all fleeing but drawn to the villages by the scent of the living. Their attacks kill many, but also leave even more villagers unwittingly cursed with vampirism in their wake. All the while, the Scourge Karkis approaches, and the world writhes under the wrongness of his footsteps.

ANGER: THE FERAL VAMPIRES

HUMANOID VERMIN

(IMPULSE: TO BREED, TO MULTIPLY AND CONSUME)

The ferals are remnants of an ancient plague. They're practically beasts, hungry for blood, incapable of controlling themselves the way true vampires do. They feed thoughtlessly, not paying any attention to the well-being of their prey. Sometimes they kill; sometimes they leave more of their kind in their wake. They do have survival instincts, and will flee from sources of death like the Scourge Karkis. Their feral senses leave them more tuned in to the corrupted giant's reality-twisting aura, and allow them to sense him coming. As they flee, they continue to be ruled by their own hunger; they cannot pass up the defenseless villages and towns without stopping to feed.

DANGER: RASKUN THE REVEILED AND HER COMPANY OF VAMPIRE HUNTERS
AMBITIOUS ORGANIZATION, MISGUIDED GOOD
(IMPULSE: TO DO WHAT IS “RIGHT” NO MATTER THE COST)

Raskun the Reveiled—so known for the vile tactics she uses to pursue her endless vendetta against vampires—is a victim of their savageries, and descended of a long line of like-minded hunters. She believes that killing the feral vampires is worth nearly any price, especially when they are rampaging out of control. She will start with pure violence, slaying the vampires as she can, but she will then turn to traps, using the town and its people as bait. If needed she is prepared to turn to her dark, Reveiled sorceries to snuff out vampires in vast swathes.

Her vampire hunters are, for all intents and purposes, thugs and criminals. They won't hesitate to perform any heinous act she requires of them, because they can either tell themselves they do it for the good of all ... or they feel no need to care.

DANGER: THE COMING OF THE SCOURGE KARKIS
ELEMENTAL VORTEX (IMPULSE: TO GROW, TO TEAR REALITY APART)

The Scourge Karkis, as he approaches, carries with him the darkness of the space between spaces, of the Outside. The taint infects him. His mere approach leads to ill omens of all kinds. Animals growing human faces and screaming. Water turning to fanged worms. Nightmarish dreams that slowly drive innocents to insanity. The signs become worse and worse as he approaches, until reality itself might start splitting at the seams.

GRIM PORTENTS:

- * The feral vampires attack the small town of Fellbit Steading.
- * Raskun the Reveiled arrives and begins to set traps for the feral vampires, using live humans as bait.
- * The vampires assault Fellbit Steading en masse.
- * Raskun the Reveiled performs a dark ritual that will slay all the denizens of Fellbit Steading but will stop the feral vampires.
- * The monsters moving ahead of the Scourge Karkis arrive at Fellbit Steading, drawn by the ritual, and destroy it.
- * The Scourge Karkis annihilates Raskun the Reveiled.

STAKES:

- * Will the heroes discover the truth of the Scourge Karkis's approach?
- * Will Raskun the Reveiled convince the heroes that her ways are correct?
- * Will the feral vampires overwhelm the countryside?

IMPENDING DOOM:

- * Rampant Chaos—the towns and villages around Anglekite become plagued by feral vampire and odd portent alike, and fear grips everyone's minds. Trust becomes nonexistent, as mobs form to root out vampires and witches. Other mercenaries are too scared to act against the danger, since Raskun was so utterly annihilated. The countryside will tear itself apart even before the Scourge Karkis arrives to finish the job.

ADVENTURE FRONT: THE THIRD EYE OF THE EBON PROPHET

The Third Eye of the Ebon Prophet is an ancient artifact, taken from the Ebon Prophet upon her death many ages ago. It is literally a third eye, kept within a glass case, hidden inside the bier carried by its guardians, the Blind Taurics. The Taurics worship the Eye and carry it always, but they do not believe that anyone is worthy of its gifts. The Eye still carries within it the prophetic sight of the Ebon Prophet, a pure form of prophecy which, even in these dark days, will still function.

Now that the Blind Taurics have been found in the Crater Basin, greedy parties have determined that the opportunity must be seized upon to snatch the Eye from its guardians, while there is still time. Of course, to think that there is only one party interested in the Third Eye of the Ebon Prophet is to invite folly—there are many after the Eye, and only one Eye to go around.

ANGER: THE BLIND TAURICS

AMBITIOUS ORGANIZATION, RELIGIOUS ORGANIZATION

(IMPULSE: TO ESTABLISH AND FOLLOW DOCTRINE)

The Blind Taurics are minotaur guardians of the Third Eye of the Ebon Prophet. They have always been a fearsome force, and their defense of the Third Eye has been absolute. They have constantly moved across the world's surface, knowing that no tomb is safe from greedy adventurers and rogues. They use futuresight to avoid the worst plunderers, but their ability to see the future has grown steadily weaker as the apocalypse draws closer. The Blind Taurics are still formidable, but they are more vulnerable now than ever before, and they have been found. They know this, and they will react with force against any threat to themselves and to the Third Eye.



ANGER: CRAY DEF UN'S THIEVES

THIEVES GUILD (IMPULSE: TO TAKE BY SUBTERFUGE)

Cray Def Un, the interplanar hedonistic sorcerer slave-king, craves more. More treasures, more gold, more slaves, more power. To that end, Cray Def Un commands the Thieves Guild to breach other worlds and take the objects Cray Def Un craves.

A cyclopean blue dwarf with psychic worms living in her flesh—The Sleeker—has been Cray Def Un's chief servant for some time now, and is a ruthless thief who quite enjoys working for her master. She leads the Thieves Guild of Cray Def Un to collect the Third Eye, one of the remaining artifacts of power ensconced within this plane.

ANGER: THE PESHARYN WEREWOLVES

WANDERING BARBARIANS

(IMPULSE: TO GROW STRONG, TO DRIVE THEIR ENEMIES BEFORE THEM)

The Pesharyn werewolves are under the influence of the Things From Outside, which have promised them power, the return of their moon, and an empire, in exchange for servitude. All they need do is find the Third Eye of the Ebon Prophet and fill it with corruption. All they need do is slay the Blind Taurics without mercy.

The werewolves as a whole do not agree to this bargain, but enough have taken the corruption of the Things into them to pose a terrifying threat to the Taurics and the Basin as a whole. And once the Pesharyn have linked the Things to the Eye, the Basin will be one step nearer to utter destruction.

GRIM PORTENTS:

- * The Blind Taurics are attacked by the Thieves and the Pesharyn outside of the Useniya River Caverns.
- * The Thieves abscond with the Eye.
- * The Pesharyn catch up to the Thieves and fight them in Cave-water, massacring the town.
- * The Pesharyn kill the Tauric leader as the Blind Taurics fight to retrieve the Eye.
- * The werewolves offer up the Eye on an altar to the Things From Outside, bringing a horrible twisted Moon into the sky overhead.
- * Thingtrolls, now empowered by the Eye and the Moon, annihilate the Taurics and the Pesharyn and drive the Thieves away as they sweep in a tide of flesh towards Anglekite.

STAKES:

- * Will the heroes obtain the Ebon Eye from the Blind Taurics?
- * Will Cray Def Un's thieves take the Ebon Eye back to their otherworldly master?
- * Will the Pesharyn deliver the Ebon Eye to the Things From Outside?

IMPENDING DOOM:

- * Usurpation—If anyone gets the Third Eye, they will misuse its power to the great misfortune of all in the Basin. In particular, if the Things From Outside get the Eye, then its powers will be given to their Thingtrolls, and the Basin will be one step closer to utter destruction.

ADVENTURE FRONT: THE SCOURGE KARKIS

Once upon a time, Trickster Karkis was a peaceful giant. He had no desire to cause harm to others, let alone take their lives. Karkis would simply journey the world, seeking to see it all. He was long-lived and curious. Eventually, Karkis left the known shores of the world to journey beyond, and continue exploring where few had dared to tread.

When Karkis finally returned, the giant was not the same creature. His journeys left him warped. Corrupted. Driven mad. His steps heralded death. Karkis had seen the Things From Outside, beheld their full and true forms and felt the full weight of their horror upon his mind. He realized what fate awaits this world, should they slip into it through the walls separating it from the Outside. His mind twisted into a horrible shape, the giant became the Scourge Karkis, a monster determined to kill and destroy everything and everyone he finds, believing that death by his might is less cruel than what awaits the denizens of the Crater Basin at the tendrils of the Things.

ANGER: THE SCOURGE KARKIS

ELEMENTAL LORD

(IMPULSE: TO TEAR DOWN CREATION TO ITS COMPONENT PARTS)

The Scourge Karkis is a 200-foot tall monstrosity, intent on nothing but the annihilation of all life, everywhere, throughout the world—out of kindness. He moves slowly, with terrible purpose, and nothing will stop him from smashing his way deep into the Basin, bringing a generous death to those he would save.

* THE LAST DAYS OF ANGLEKITE *



* THE SCOURGE KARKIS *

His warped nature is itself a danger, enveloping him in horror and nightmare reality that threatens any who approach. His intent is shrouded in madness, but it seems as though he is decided upon destroying Anglekite, or Pandemonium, or the Necropolis. In the end, of course, he will destroy all three given the time. His duty cannot be done until all of the Crater Basin has been destroyed.

ANGER: THINGTROLLS

PLAGUE OF THE UNDEAD (IMPULSE: TO SPREAD)

The Thingtrolls, in addition to growing out of the Breeding Pit, also swarm and seethe within the Scourge Karkis himself, and grow and consume in his wake and before his tread. They are an infestation within his very essence and flesh, and they drip off him wherever he goes, like parasites. Each Thingtroll is part of a greater whole, a massive puddle of liquid flesh. Always, they are guided by the external intellects of the Things From Outside, seeking to wreak ever greater havoc and terror and destruction—they are footholds into the world, however small, and the more chaos they can manufacture, the more primed the world will be for the coming of the Things.

Where Scourge Karkis goes, the Thingtrolls spread, furthering chaos, death, madness, and the goals of the Things From Outside.

ANGER: THE CULT OF THE INFESTED

CULT (IMPULSE: TO INFEST FROM WITHIN)

The Cult of the Infested serve the Things From Outside, same as the Thingtrolls, and the same as the Scourge Karkis, even though the Scourge Karkis thinks he resists them with every fiber of his being. The Cult uses dark rituals to draw on the Scourge Karkis, to try and pull the Scourge Karkis in the directions they want. The Cult is actually drawing the Scourge Karkis towards Anglekite, planning to use the death and destruction he causes to both destroy Anglekite (a potential source of resistance for their machinations) and to assist in the dark ritual they need to perform to summon the Pyreworm.

The Cult is filled with citizens of Anglekite itself, including some of its topmost members; people who think the Things From Outside provide a path to power, or to escape from this doomed world.

GRIM PORTENTS:

- * The entire Crater Basin is filled with strange omens and dark dreams—prefaces to the Scourge Karkis's arrival.

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- * The Scourge Karkis arrives in Fellbit Steading—and the Steading is demolished.
- * Thingtrolls feed on the carnage of Fellbit Steading and create a new breeding pit.
- * Hordes of Thingtrolls breach the walls of Anglekite ahead of Scourge Karkis's arrival.
- * The Cult of the Infested harnesses the power of the Scourge Karkis to summon the Pyrewyrm.
- * The Scourge Karkis demolishes Anglekite.

STAKES:

- * Will the Scourge Karkis destroy Anglekite?
- * Will the Cult of the Infested successfully harness the Scourge Karkis's reality warping nature to fuel their rituals?
- * Will the Thingtrolls form a new breeding pit somewhere in the swathe of destruction the Scourge Karkis leaves behind him?

IMPENDING DOOM:

- * Destruction—The Scourge Karkis, drawn on by the rituals of the Cult of the Infested, will destroy all that exists in a swathe towards Anglekite and beyond. He will level Anglekite, and the Thingtrolls he brings with him will slay any who are left in the ruins. And in the midst of all the destruction, the Cult will use him to perform dark rituals, summoning in the Things From Outside and waking up the Pyrewyrm.

ADVENTURE FRONT: THE PYREWYRM'S RISE

The rise of the Pyrewyrm is an old, long—prophesied end to the world. It has been averted previously, thanks to the efforts of the heroes of prior ages. One point of view says that these efforts prevented the Dragon from ending the world before now; another point of view says that these efforts succeeded because it just wasn't time to end the world yet.

The Infested and the Things From Outside are interested in the coming of the Pyrewyrm, in no small part because they need to the Wyrm to rise. The destruction of the world during the battle between Blade and Pyrewyrm is an event that is built into the very fabric of this plane—disrupting that battle will tear down the barriers protecting this world from the Outside. Once the Pyrewyrm arises, and is defeated without the Blade, the Things can feast as much and as long as they want. They will

pursue the Pyrewyrm's arrival, and then pursue its death, all while the Angelbone Blade is safely kept away, unable to trigger the prophecy fully.

DANGER: THE SERVANTS OF THE WORDFEY

CHOIR OF ANGELS (IMPULSE: TO PASS JUDGMENT)

The Servants of the Wordfey are lost creatures, made to serve greater beings long since gone out of this world. Their power is still enormous, but their wills are not strong enough to resist the subversive call of the Things From Outside. So when those Things whispered to them that burning this world would prepare it for the Wordfey to return, some of the Servants grasped at the idea with desperation and hope. The Servants are terribly powerful creatures, and now have devoted themselves to uncovering the words necessary to raise the Pyrewyrm.

DANGER: THE PYREWYRM'S REGALIA

SENTIENT ARTIFACT (IMPULSE: TO FIND A WORTHY WIELDER)

The Pyrewyrm's Regalia is a set of containers that hold within them the end of the world. Each piece of the Regalia is waiting for its power to be released, to be unleashed, to feed into the Pyrewyrm and aid its return. But to those who know no better, the pieces of the Regalia present themselves only as items of extraordinary power. The Things From Outside and their servants would love nothing more than the noble heroes who are charging off into battle to find the Pyrewyrm's Regalia and to use it over and over and over again—the better to free the Pyrewyrm.

DANGER: DEMON MARQUESS ASHKARAGHUL

DEMON PRINCE (IMPULSE: TO OPEN THE GATES OF HELL)

The Demon Marquess Ashkaraghul pretends to care about this world and about Pandemonium, but in truth cares only for her hellplane, supporting it and bolstering it. She wants the apocalypse to come so that she can fling souls from this plane into her homeland. She is, in her own eyes, a martyr of Hell.

She is planning on doing what she can to support the rise of the Pyrewyrm, including defending the Infested as they go about their rituals, supporting them in efforts, and disseminating the regalia of the Pyrewyrm to those who might use it.

GRIM PORTENTS:

- * Ashkaraghul grants the Pyrewyrm's Regalia to the heroes.
- * The power of one piece of the Regalia is released. The mountains shake. The Servants learn the first sentence of their ritual.

* THE LAST DAYS OF ANGLEKITE *



* THE PYREWORM'S REGALIA *

* ADVENTURE FRONTS *

- * The power of a second piece of the Regalia is released. The mountains stir regularly. The Servants learn the second sentence of their ritual.
- * The power of the third piece of the Regalia is released. The tops of the mountains begin to weep lava. The Servants learn the last sentence of their ritual.
- * The Servants conduct the ritual to complete the summoning of the Pyrewyrm.
- * Ashkaraghul tears open a portal to her hellplane and begins to take the souls of the dead.

STAKES:

- * Will the Pyrewyrm's Regalia be used to depletion?
- * Will Ashkaraghul successfully tear open her portal to her hellplane?
- * Will the Pyrewyrm arise?
- * Is the world doomed?

IMPENDING DOOM:

- * Destruction—The Pyrewyrm is summoned thanks to the efforts of the Servants of the Wordfey and the Demon Marquess, as well as the inadvertently interfering demonic bureaucracy. The stage for the confrontation between the Pyrewyrm and the Angelbone Blade is set, and the Pyrewyrm will wreak havoc until destroyed.

ADVENTURE FRONT: PANDEMONIAC POLITICS

The Demon City of Pandemonium is surprisingly democratic and free. It's actually about as functional as any democracy might be. Which means it's bureaucratic, full of political manipulation, and slow-moving. The Courts of Pandemonium resist fast, decisive action—what you might expect from a horde of demons all vying for their own benefit and advantage. Pandemonium itself is not equipped for dealing with the rampage of the Scourge Karkis and the rise of the Pyrewyrm. The forces of Pandemonium will be needed for stopping the Wyrms, or the Scourge Karkis, or the Things, and to obtain their help, the Courts must be conquered.

ANGER: THE PANDEMONIUM COURTS

CORRUPT GOVERNMENT (IMPULSE: TO MAINTAIN THE STATUS QUO)

The Courts of Pandemonium are strange, archaic, convoluted, bureaucratic, and ultimately a major impediment towards any kind of resistance being mounted. The Courts will use what forces they have to ensure that the world remains the same; any movement towards action would inherently benefit some participants of the Courts more than others, and thus cannot be allowed.

The primary tool of the Courts is, of course, the Trial. Those with competing causes are sent into a gladiatorial arena, where they are made to engage in some kind of combat, with the victor winning the votes of the loser. It is within the right of the Courts to introduce additional obstacles into the combat, allowing them to send terrible hellbeasts into the arena and ensure the death of all combatants, so that others of the Courts will claim the votes of the deceased. While the practice of the Trial is ostensibly in place to ensure quick, confident resolution, it is actually much avoided and feared. It behooves most Pandemoniac politicians to work tangentially to direct conflict, as to avoid any invocation of the Trial. This further stymies any push toward actual progress.

ANGER: THE DEMON MONKS OF XI'YUENG

FORCES OF CHAOS

(IMPULSE: TO DESTROY ALL SEMBLANCE OF ORDER)

The servants of the Things From Outside have a presence in Pandemonium: the Demon Monks of Xi'Yueng. The Demon Monks are an ancient sect that believes Xi'Yueng the Hell-shaped will return to lead the demons (with the Monks as generals) in holy war against the Angels. Of course, by all reports and knowledge, the Angels are long dead.

In order to ensure the return of Xi'Yueng, the Demon Monks made an alliance with the Things From Outside, whose voices they could hear since passing between the planes. The Things charge the Monks to ensure that Pandemonium stays in utter chaos and disarray, unable to attend to any significant threat until it is far too late. And in return, the Things promise to deliver Xi'Yueng unto the Monks—a promise which the Things will never deliver upon.



ANGER: PRESIDENT MALPHAS AND SUPPORTERS

CABAL (IMPULSE: TO ABSORB THOSE IN POWER, TO GROW)

President Malphas was never a true demon lord, though he was always well suited to the position's necessary manipulation, treachery, deception, and political play. When Pandemonium was built and made a democracy, he found himself in his element. It wasn't long before he had brokered his way to rulership of Pandemonium as President.

The President of Pandemonium is restricted by the system which elects him as much as he is empowered by it. Malphas must constantly be on the lookout for his own position and power. Keeping his own needs in mind, he is far more interested in growing his power base and support both in Pandemonium and the Crater Basin than he is in serving his people.

ANGER: DEMON MARQUESS ASHKARAGHUL

DEMON PRINCE (IMPULSE: TO OPEN THE GATES OF HELL)

Ashkaraghul is nobility from the hellplane, a complete contrast to Malphas. Ashkaraghul does not make claims to power, and does not pursue it, but still she commands enormous respect within Pandemonium. Ultimately, Ashkaraghul's goals are much different than most Pandemoniacs, as Ashkaraghul wants to bring the Pyrewyrm into the world, letting everything end. If Ashkaraghul's intentions were well-known, the Demon Marquess would be shunned and exiled, if not imprisoned or slain immediately. Ashkaraghul is playing quiet, doing her best to destabilize Pandemonium from within while growing her own power for the eventual day that she can support the rise of the Pyrewyrm.

Ashkaraghul's plans do not include seeing Malphas burned in the Pyrewyrm's fury but Ashkaraghul is certainly not opposed to the idea.

GRIM PORTENTS:

- * The Demon Monks of Xi'Yueng begin killing off Malphas' supporters.
- * Malphas shores up his weakness by recruiting further support, including from the heroes if possible, and dividing Pandemonium even further.
- * The Demon Monks of Xi'Yueng kill Ashkaraghul's supporters and allies and frame Malphas.
- * Ashkaraghul challenges Malphas to a Trial.
- * In the Trial, Malphas cheats to beat Ashkaraghul.
- * Pandemonium tears itself apart in the chaos over the treachery and betrayal of its system.

STAKES:

- * Will Malphas retain control of Pandemonium?
- * Will Pandemonium tear itself apart with its own internal politics?
- * Will the Demon Monks of Xi'Yueng ensure the return of an infested and warped Xi'Yueng?

IMPENDING DOOM:

- * Rampant Chaos—Pandemonium, unable to unite itself in any meaningful fashion, rips itself apart in a bout of internal strife as its most powerful denizens vie for any handhold they can get. The chaos feeds the ritual to summon the Pyrewyrm. The city of demons can offer no organized resistance.

ADVENTURE FRONT: CRAY DEF UN'S PLEASURE PALACE

Cray Def Un wields magic as easily as he breathes, and the extraplanar sorcerer used his considerable powers to secure for himself his own island amongst the spaces between planes. Whether he created this island or just found it and claimed it is unclear, but either way, it is his, through and through. The entire place is designed to be beautiful and elegant, and Cray Def Un has over the years made it gaudy with his tastes. He can re-warp it to his desires, as well. From his pleasure palace, he sends forth his servants into dying worlds to procure for him those worlds' riches—not because he needs them, but because he wants them.

ANGER: THE GILDED CHAINS

ANCIENT CURSE (IMPULSE: TO ENSNARE)

The Gilded Chains are Cray Def Un's means to control his slaves. They are a part of the Palace, and linked to Cray Def Un himself. Cray Def Un binds the Gilded Chains into the very skins of his slaves, chaining them to his will. Slaves who are bound with the Gilded Chains are made docile, given a passivity and peace, as long as they obey. With disobedience comes great pain. Over time, the slaves will cease to be able to even tell their own wills apart from Cray Def Un's. The Gilded Chains can erupt from any part of the Palace, as long as Cray Def Un wills it. The unending danger they pose is more than enough to overwhelm a group of intruders that does not move quickly or stealthily enough. That said, of course, breaking the Gilded Chains embedded within the slaves will free those slaves, and create potential allies. Even those who have become

totally subservient to the Chains can be freed, though it might take them time to fully recover.

ANGER: THE CHAINED

UNDERGROUND DWELLERS

(IMPULSE: TO DEFEND THE COMPLEX FROM OUTSIDERS)

The Chained follow the mad wizard's commands uniformly. They will try to protect the Palace from any intruders who threaten it, Cray Def Un, or the wizard's interests. But most of them are innocent. Some may have become totally subservient to the chains, no longer having thoughts of their own—it's easier not to feel the pain, to slip into the pleasant peace. But plenty are still in possession of their own faculties, and are simply fearful of the pain and the wizard's wrath. The Palace is filled with these poor souls, and even though they pose a great threat to intruders, slaying them would be another cruelty—even though most are demons, they do not deserve this fate of servitude and torture.

ANGER: CRAY DEF UN

POWER-MAD WIZARD (IMPULSE: TO SEEK MAGICAL POWER)

Cray Def Un is corrupted, but not by the Things From Outside. His power is such that he might once have been able to bring real change for good. He might have been able to help worlds all across the infinite planes. And instead, he turned inward, letting his power sate his lusts and greed. He became a twisted, terrible thing. He is the ultimate example of how the enormous power necessary to truly stand up to or be protected from the Things From Outside, the Pyrewyrm, and similar threats will nearly always change the wielder into something worse. Cray Def Un now has no desire to leave his palace, instead sending others to continue to collect goods and treasures, particularly from dying worlds unlikely to be able to put up potent resistance. He will do whatever it takes to ensure his own survival, and after that, the advancement of his own power and collection of relics. He wields the Glass Gauntlet on his right hand, using its illusory powers in combination with his own to become a terrifying opponent. If he detects intruders, so long as they do not threaten him, he will not slay them, preferring to enslave them instead.

ANGER: THE THIEVES GUILD

THIEVES GUILD (IMPULSE: TO TAKE BY SUBTERFUGE)

The Thieves Guild is a collection of thieves gathered by Cray Def Un from across the planes. They are his primary servants, and their lust for jewels and pleasure and power is such that they don't need the Gilded

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Chains to drive them to work with Cray Def Un—they will gladly do so. They each have their own motives, but all are fully in line with their duties to Cray Def Un, and all of them revel in their thievery. They care little to nothing for anyone hurt by their acts. Their ranks include:

- * The Sleeker, their leader, a cyclopean blue dwarf with psychic worms tunneling throughout her body.
- * Volmer, an enormous spidersilk golem.
- * Arker, a plant creature of mosses and lichens that pulls itself about by vines.
- * Gearman, a being of clockwork and gears, capable of dissecting and understanding any mechanism.
- * The Merevore, a tall six-armed horse-headed monstrosity and wielder of terrible magics.
- * The Emergent Self, a being whose body is made of fist-sized insects.
- * Callay, a human woman, skin covered with magical tattoos that make it strong like stone, in command of a chain that acts as she wills it.

⚠ DANGER: THE PALACE

ELEMENTAL VORTEX (IMPULSE: TO GROW, TO TEAR REALITY APART)

The Palace is a strange place, full of twisting corridors that couldn't possibly be within the physical architecture of such a building. Rooms that are bigger on the inside, and doors that are smaller going one way than they are the other are the rule in the Palace. It sometimes seems to strain and buck, to twist itself into even more distorted patterns, but it is held in check by the power of Cray Def Un. Should that power be removed, the Palace might bend itself into patterns that would drive mortal minds insane. It would become a deathtrap of impossible architecture.

GRIM PORTENTS:

- * The Thieves Guild steals the Third Eye of the Ebon Prophet.
- * The Thieves Guild steals the Obsidian Gauntlet in a strike on the Archlich.
- * Cray Def Un uses the stolen artifacts to find the location of the Angelbone Blade.
- * Cray Def Un and the Thieves Guild steal the Angelbone Blade.
- * Cray Def Un begins forcefully enslaving the remaining population of the Crater Basin with his Gilded Chains.
- * Cray Def Un uses the power of the Angelbone Blade to bind himself forever to his Palace, ensuring his immortality.

STAKES:

- * Will the Thieves' Guild steal any of the artifacts necessary to save this world?
- * Will the people of Anglekite be able to resist enslavement from Cray Def Un, particularly if he begins to couch it in terms of salvation from this dying world?
- * Will the heroes be able to penetrate the Pleasure Palace and abscond with its treasures?

IMPENDING DOOM:

- * Tyranny—Cray Def Un rules over his palace utterly, enjoying his new toys like the Gauntlet and the Blade. He takes slaves with glee from the screaming, dying masses of this world. Without the artifacts that he stole, there is no stopping the oncoming apocalypses—those who understand the doomed nature of this world may sell themselves to Cray Def Un, simply to survive. The mad wizard will move on from this world once it is destroyed, to continue taking slaves from across the planes for all eternity, enslaving the multiverse one person at a time.

ADVENTURE FRONT: THE APOCALYPSE ARRIVED

Although there are many tales told across the Crater Basin about the end of reality, the most important prophecy in all of this madness is the one that is written into the fabric of the world itself. The tale of the Pyrewyrm and the Angelbone Blade is inescapable, undeniable, and about to come to pass.

The common version of the prophecy holds that the Pyrewyrm will rise up to burn down the entire world, unless the Angelbone Blade is picked up and used to end the Wyrms' threat. It's pretty standard as doomsday prophecies go, and there are far more interesting options to choose from for the doomsayer cults that have been cropping in the Crater Basin with the end of days approaching. Few common citizens of the Basin take this prophecy seriously.

But the truth of this prophecy is a bit more complicated. The use of the Angelbone Blade, and the rise of the Pyrewyrm, are intimately tied together. Once upon a time, the Angelbone Blade could be used without awakening the Pyrewyrm, but now conditions are right for their battle. If the Blade is awakened, its opponent will follow, and vice versa. The two are destined to fight, and both desire it in the core of their beings.

The forces commanded by the Angelbone Blade and the terrible fire and fury of the Pyrewyrm will tear the world apart. It doesn't matter who wins the fight if the world is ripped asunder by their battle. But the two prophesied combatants don't care—they only care for the fight for which they were created.

DANGER: THE PYREWYRM

ELEMENTAL LORD

(IMPULSE: TO TEAR DOWN CREATION INTO ITS COMPONENT PARTS)

The Pyrewyrm is a creature of pure flame. An enormous serpent, capable of towering even far above the Scourge Karkis, the Pyrewyrm is devastation incarnate. Wherever it rises, its flames will spread rapidly, incinerating the world and leaving only char and ash behind. The Pyrewyrm craves nothing, longs for nothing, wants nothing. It is pure destruction, meant to burn down the world, and nothing else. Fighting the Pyrewyrm is an exercise in suicide, unless you are its destined opponent, wielding the Angelbone Blade ... or you are mythically clever and lucky.

DANGER: THE ANGELBONE BLADE

SENTIENT ARTIFACT (IMPULSE: TO FIND A WORTHY WIELDER)

The Angelbone Blade is an ancient weapon, forged when the world was young. It was made from the bone of the last angel, and bathed in the blood of a god. It contains the purest silver power, strength overflowing. It is addictive to wield. When your merest hand gesture can plunge an entire town into annihilation, it becomes difficult to hold back and use sense or restraint. The Angelbone Blade longs only to be found by one suited to wield it, one willing to use it, and one unable to resist it when it charges to battle with the Pyrewyrm. Because that is the truth of the Angelbone Blade—it was made to be the seal of this world's doom, and it will pursue that purpose, whether its wielder wants it to or not.

GRIM PORTENTS:

- * The location of the Angelbone Blade is found.
- * The truth of the prophecy is revealed.
- * The Angelbone Blade is removed from its Tomb.
- * The Angelbone Blade is unleashed, and all in the Basin feel it.
- * The Pyrewyrm rises.
- * The Angelbone Blade and the Pyrewyrm destroy the world in battle with each other.

SUMMONING THE PYREWYRM: A DOOM TRACK

While the Pyrewyrm's rise can be tracked as a normal front, the Pyrewyrm's Rise Doom Track is designed to be epic in scope, allowing many different types of actions to build toward the Pyrewyrm's rise.

The cult attempting to raise the Pyrewyrm must fill the 20-box track to summon the Pyrewyrm. They can only start their ritual (and use the following moves) after they have performed the appropriate preparations, and when the sky is right. They make the following moves, each of which fills one box of the track unless otherwise noted:

- * Perform the incantations as a group while wholly focused.
- * Spill the blood of a Demon Noble (2 boxes).
- * Spill the blood of a dozen lesser demons.
- * Spill the blood of a Draconic Vessel (page 84) (2 boxes).
- * Burn a fully righteous, pure mortal.
- * Draw on massive death and destruction caused around them

THE AWAKENING

For each of the following conditions that get fulfilled, the cult may fill the appropriate number of boxes immediately.

- * The Obsidian Gauntlet is borne (2 boxes).
- * The Glass Gauntlet is borne (2 boxes).
- * The Quicksilver Gauntlet is borne (2 boxes).
- * The Vault of the Blade has been opened (2 boxes).
- * The Angelbone Blade is free of the Vault, and fully entered into the world (5 boxes).
- * The Angelbone Blade has been unleashed (meaning that its wielder has taken in its power) (5 boxes).
- * Anglekite is destroyed (2 boxes).
- * The Scourge Karkis attacks Pandemonium (2 boxes).
- * The Third Eye of the Ebon Prophet has foreseen the coming of the Dragon (1 box).
- * The Pyrewyrm's Regalia effects (see page 117) (each one marks off 1 box when appropriate).

Once the Doom Track has filled, the cult may skip directly to completing the ritual.

STAKES:

- * Will the world be brought to a close by the battle between the Pyrewyrm and the Angelbone Blade?
- * Will the Pyrewyrm be stopped by means other than the Angelbone Blade?
- * Will the wielder of the Angelbone Blade give in to its will?

IMPENDING DOOM:

- * Destruction—The world is destroyed in the battle. The earth cracks open. The seas boil. The land and its people die, and all that's left are the Pyrewyrm and the Angelbone Blade, locked in eternal conflict.

ADVENTURE FRONT: THE THINGS FROM OUTSIDE

The Things From Outside are just that—things, beyond description or understanding, existing outside the worlds. They drift in the space between the planes, in an endlessly mutable state, a gutter filled with the nightmares of madmen made true. The Things are scavengers, carrion eaters, looking for dying worlds to feed upon. They cannot make their way into healthy worlds, places with ages of existence ahead of them. Only those worlds on the brink of destruction have weak enough shells that the Things can enter and feast.

This world is ripe for their feeding.

ANGER: THE INFESTED

CULT (IMPULSE: TO INFEST FROM WITHIN)

The Infested aren't necessarily a single united group—they are made up of the very many groups working together to greater or lesser extents to help the Things From Outside come in. They have two things in common—they have all been promised what they most want, and they have all given into corruption, with most thinking that they can overcome its dark influence upon them. They cannot. But the Infested grow and grow in number as the Things make promises to more and more power-hungry, greedy, and hopeful beings in this dying world.

The different Infested of the Basin include:

- * The Demon Monks of Xi'yueng in Pandemonium
- * The Pesharyn Werewolves

* ADVENTURE FRONTS *

- * The Bone Collectors of the Necropolis
- * The Servants of the Wordfey
- * The Woundslimes
- * Members of the Cult of the Infested in Anglekite
- * Potentially Raskun the Reviled and her vampire hunters
- * Potentially Webhelm's spider farmers if the spiders get corrupted

⚠️ DANGER: THE SPAWNING PIT

UNHOLY GROUND (IMPULSE: TO SPAWN EVIL)

The Spawning Pit, located in the Breedwood, is the first source of Thingtrolls in the Crater Basin. Bits of the Things From Outside leaked into this world, and infected a pond in the Breedwood, already thick with strange chemicals and mutagenic enchantments. The pond began to spew forth the roiling masses of flesh that are the Thingtrolls. Destroying the Spawning Pit will eliminate one of the primary means through which the Thingtrolls are entering the world. Leaving the Spawning Pit alone will provide the Things From Outside with an army of monstrous Thingtrolls.



* THE THINGS FROM OUTSIDE *

ANGER: THE WOUNDSLIMES

VERMIN (IMPULSE: TO BREED, MULTIPLY AND CONSUME)

The Woundslimes are the remnants of the Collective Republic, a once great and noble civilization that extended throughout the world. They were brought low by rebels who could not stand to be in a civilization ruled by such creatures. The slimes retreated into different hiding places across the world, most of them going into a kind of hibernation, either giving up their lives to sleep, or waiting to wake until they might again rise up.

The slimes that sought refuge in the Woundwaters, the River Wound and the Lake Wound, were met in their dreams by the Things From Outside. Some refused the deal offered by the Things, but many more took it, and accepted the corruption. They now wait to rise up, consume the life from around the Woundwaters, and change the waters into another enormous spawning pit, thinking (incorrectly) it will churn out an unstoppable tidal wave of corrupted slimes—not realizing that the waters will instead create Thingtrolls.

GRIM PORTENTS:

- * Thingtrolls attack Webhelm and corrupt its people.
- * Adventurer's Guild members sent to defend Webhelm are corrupted and carry it back to the Guild in Anglekite.
- * The Woundslimes take advantage of the laxity of the Guild to break the Longbridge.
- * The Woundslimes feed from the Breedwood and create a spawning ground in the Woundwaters.
- * An army of Thingtrolls, formed from the multiple breeding pits, stampedes towards Anglekite.
- * The mass of Thingtrolls is able to transform into the body of the first Thing from Outside.

STAKES:

- * Will the Things From Outside break into this world?
- * Will the Woundwaters be converted into spawning pits?
- * Will the civilizations of the Crater Basin be able to mount defenses in the face of all the forces arrayed against them?

IMPENDING DOOM:

- * Rampant Chaos/Destruction—Thingtrolls, feral vampires, and the other corrupted servants of the Things From Outside roam throughout the world and the Crater Basin, destroying all hope and civilization, even as the Things From Outside come in and eat the world, piece by piece, over excruciating years.

MONSTERS



THE PALACE OF CRAY DEF UN

The Palace is an extraplanar pocket dimension controlled wholly by the intellect of its hedonistic and decadent ruler—Cray Def Un. The sorcerer-creature warps it to his will, its hallways twisting and bending, its windows forming and closing, its rooms swelling at his whim. The treasure vaults of the Palace are vast and filled with relics and treasures. The entire Palace is tended by the Chained, the denizens of the Palace outside of Cray Def Un himself, demons he has enslaved with his Gilded Chains. The Palace is terribly dangerous for anyone who would stand against Cray Def Un's will.

CRAY DEF UN

Cray Def Un may have once been a man of some kind or another, a simple mortal who learned magic one spell at a time like the rest of the conjurers. Now, he is something far worse. He has mastered reality-warping magicks to such an extent that he has an entire pocket dimension that obeys his every whim. He fancies himself a god, and it is in his mind to fill that pocket dimension, gathering up all the treasures he can obtain until he is the god of everything.

Cray Def Un sees fit to enslave those he desires, for he is a god. He sees fit to kill those who stand in his way, for he is a god. His pleasure palace would be a raw, untempered mass of madness were it not for his will holding it in check; is that not the definition of godhood? Making a world real and solid by will alone?

His form can change with his whim, but for the most part he appears as a man of pale green flesh, soft and rounded, earless and noseless. He wears his copper hair in a cascade from the very top of his skull, the waves swept back so as not to cover his front, but falling around his back like a cape. His legs are short and stubby, and he rarely uses them to walk, preferring to float. His right arm disappears below the elbow into the Glass

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Gauntlet. He donned it on a whim, though he would never admit that he cannot remove it now.

Why he chooses to appear this way, no one knows for sure, but it would seem that Cray Def Un does not partake in pleasures of the flesh. Ownership is pleasure enough for him. He need not experience it, preferring to lock all the treasures away in endless vaults beneath his palace.

MOVES:

- * Reshape the reality of the Palace or his physical form
- * Fling warping magic
- * Send forth the Gilded Chains

INSTINCT:

- * To live as gods live, capriciously

SOLITARY

CRUSHING SPELLS (D12+2 DAMAGE, CLOSE, NEAR, FAR)

16 HP

SMALL

4 ARMOR

MAGICAL

INTELLIGENT

HOARDER

PLANAR

ANCIENT

THE CHAINED

The Gilded Chains of Cray Def Un and his Pleasure Palace do not bring pain to the wearer—so long as the wearer obeys Cray Def Un's will. They actually bring a pleasant peacefulness, a pleasure that can easily lull the wearer into docility. After years of service without resistance, many of the Cray Def Un's enslaved victims have lost their minds to the Chains' influence—the worst horror that Cray Def Un has enacted upon any creature.

The Chained currently in Cray Def Un's palace are primarily demons, sold to Cray Def Un by their fellow Pandemoniacs. They are taken in exchange for magical artifacts, gold, and sometimes even the services of the Thieves' Guild. These demonic Chained are much better servants than those stolen from other worlds—the demons come from hellplanes where hierarchy and obedience are already imbedded, and it is an easy for them to continue that mindset.

The Chained are innocent of any crime that would warrant such a horrible fate, meaning any adventurer who faces them need think carefully about what it might mean to fight the Chained with sword and spell.

MOVES:

- * Obey the will of Cray Def Un
- * Strike with the Gilded Chains
- * Sound the alarm

INSTINCT:

- * To avoid the pain of the Gilded Chains

HORDE

BLUNTED CLAWS AND FANGS (D4 DAMAGE, CLOSE)

3 HP

HUMAN SIZE

WHY THE CHAINED?

In building this setting, no item has remained more questionable than the Chained. Slavery is not something to be taken or treated lightly. It is a horrible, monstrous act. The point of the Chained, then, is to point at the real evil going on in this setting.

The Last Days of Anglekite presents a super-exaggerated, heightened fantasy setting, with monsters and crazy magic and demons. There are so many threats that may kill everyone in the world. But they are not the worst evils in the setting.

Cray Def Un is the worst evil in the entire setting. He is a profiteering parasite, a monster who steals from the dying when he could be helping them. He is disgusting not because he threatens to end the world, but because he feeds on weakness and does nothing to help anyone.

The Chained are here as the literal representation of his evil. And like all great evils, disposing of him will be very, very difficult.

The heroes of *The Last Days of Anglekite* may save the world. But Cray Def Un's leeching is here to make clear that more than just saving the world, there is a question: What is the state of the world that gets saved?

GRAY DEF UN'S THIEVES GUILD

Cray Def Un lives in his palace and never ventures forth. Outside of his palace his power diminishes enormously, but to obtain the relics and artifacts he craves, he must have a presence outside the Palace. To that end, he formed the Thieves Guild, his most capable agents, all of whom are compensated richly for their efforts. The Thieves Guild is populated by terrible creatures, any one of whom is a tremendous danger. As a group, they are terrifying—or would be, if they were truly able to work together.

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* THE SLEEKER *

THE SLEEKER

The Sleeker is small and stocky, like the ancient dwarf peoples from the Heavy Lands. But her skin is blue, a deep ocean blue unlike anything seen in the world today. Her face is home to a single, gleaming eye of black and green. She never blinks. Some have said that the Sleeker can see into your soul, but that's what she'd want people to believe—anything to put prey ill at ease.

Whilst the Sleeker has use of you, she speaks civilly, perfectly capturing the dialect or linguistic manner of her listeners. She is cunning, shrewd, and playful, and more than one of her victims has been utterly disarmed by her act.

Once she no longer has any use for you, her skin begins to stretch and bulge until the worms living beneath her flesh burst forth. Each worm is a tendril of gray, twisted flesh, with an empty, gaping hole for a mouth, squelching and wet, sucking at the air like a hungry child. Each worm screams in your mind, a terrible piercing thought-noise. And then the Sleeker, her form distended, smiles widely and finishes the job. Hers is a cold, merciless way, and it makes her the perfect leader of Cray Def Un's Thieves Guild.

MOVES:

- * Use worms to emit fear-inducing psychic scream
- * Slit another's throat without mercy
- * Strike from where it's least expected

INSTINCT:

- * To kill and loot the corpse

SOLITARY

KNIVES (B[2D10] DAMAGE, CLOSE, 1 PIERCING)

16 HP

SMALL

1 ARMOR

INTELLIGENT

HOARDER

PLANAR

KEPT ALIVE BY PSYCHIC WORMS

VOLMER

Volmer is a spidersilk golem. Underneath the milky-white fabric that covers its form, Volmer is believed to have a frame of some kind of powerful metal, perhaps icesteel, or adamithrite, an unbreakable skeleton.

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None have ever actually seen this skeleton, however, as the spidersilk is nigh impenetrable. Even as it is damaged, it regenerates.

Volmer's "eyes" are two black spots on what would be his head. These black spots are runes, laid over and over each other, the sigils enmeshing and bolstering each other. The glyphs bind the creature into strength, and provide a target for those who might realize what the eyes actually are.

Volmer serves under the Sleeker in the Thieves Guild as the guild's primary thug.

MOVES:

- * Strike with incredible strength
- * Resist a blow through toughness and regeneration
- * Smash apart the scenery

INSTINCT:

- * To obey the will of Cray Def Un

SOLITARY

POWERFUL FISTS (D10+3 DAMAGE, CLOSE, REACH, FORCEFUL)

24 HP

LARGE

4 ARMOR, MAGICAL (FIRE WILL BYPASS ALL ARMOR)

CONSTRUCT

REGENERATES

UNBREAKABLE

ARKER

Vines creeping up, alive, moving, reaching, pulling. Moss and lichen, mushrooms, eyes like glistening flowers, arms like branches, claws like nettles. Unstoppable. Grow up walls, surge along networks of life. Hide in plain sight, just another patch of vegetation, nothing more, nothing spectacular, until it has you. No warning.

Arker is the infiltrator of the Thieves Guild, by far the most capable servant when it comes to going unnoticed. After all, who would notice just a bunch of vines and leaves? Arker is not to be underestimated in a fight, but forming itself into a coherent form is difficult for the plant creature. The creature would much prefer to strike from darkness than get in a fair fight.

Arker joined the Thieves Guild for unclear reasons. Arker is unlike the rest of the Guild: not conversant, not intelligible. Arker obeys some set of rules and motivations all its own. It seems those motivations line up well with the motivations of the Thieves Guild and Cray Def Un. While

* MONSTERS *

Arker will obey commands given to it, most think it's only a matter of time before Arker disobeys an order to pursue its own inscrutable agenda.

MOVES:

- * Crack stone with roots
- * Appear as a motionless innocuous plant
- * Spit poisonous pollen from flowers

INSTINCT:

- * To remain unseen until the right moment

SOLITARY

CHOKING VINES AND THORNS

(D8 DAMAGE, 1 PIERCING, CLOSE, REACH)

15 HP

2 ARMOR

HUMAN SIZE

DEVIOUS

INTELLIGENT

THE GEARMAN

The Gearman is an ancient creature of magic and mechanism. The knowledge required for its creation was lost when the civilization that birthed the Gearman pitched itself into some doom or another. Besides, the Gearman isn't interested in the past. Its ticking memory can only hold so much time, ensuring that the Gearman's attention is directed to the present.

The Gearman is humanoid in size and form, with the exception of its rigid tail and its back-bent legs. It is covered in silvery metallic plating that leaves seams at its joints. It gives every impression of being an ungainly, awkward construct, but it can be graceful and deadly quick. Its face bears two eyes, one a sapphire and one a ruby. Where its nose would be, it has flat silver plate. The Gearman's six-fingered hands can sprout any number of smaller appendages, allowing for fine manipulation of delicate items. Its entire form is covered in sigils and glyphs.

The Gearman speaks in a croaking voice of clicks and clangs. It shows a sardonic, nihilistic intelligence—it has joined the Thieves Guild only because it has thus far been entertaining. The Gearman understands all manner of machine and mechanism, including those imbued with magic. It sets and disarms traps, opens locks, and more. Lately, it has taken to creating ever more horrible traps to set upon unsuspecting adventurers, often for sheer entertainment.

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MOVES:

- * Manipulate a mechanism with fine control appendages
- * Plant a magic or mechanical trap
- * Melt a metal weapon with acid stores

INSTINCT:

- * To pursue excitement

SOLITARY

CLOCKWORK BLADE MECHANISMS

(D8 DAMAGE, 1 PIERCING, CLOSE)

16 HP

3 ARMOR

HUMAN SIZE

DEVIOUS

INTELLIGENT

CONSTRUCT

MACHINERY TOOLS

MAGIC MANIPULATION TOOLS

MEREVORE

The people of the Crater Basin know what real demons look like—there's an entire city of them to the Northeast. But there are things in the varied and sundry planes that are demons, without being demonic in form. Nightmares made flesh moving among the darkened paths of existence. Merevore is one of these.

Merevore has the head of a horse, with the skin taut against its elongated skull. Its teeth drip red-flecked saliva whenever its lips peel back, and its eyes are purest crimson. Its mane is black; its flesh is grey. Beneath its head, its torso is elongated, giving it a good seven feet of height, with three sets of human arms protruding from its sides. It is covered in pouches and satchels holding spell components, magical trinkets, and spellbooks it has acquired over its enormous lifespan.

Merevore speaks in the minds of listeners, in a pleasant and smooth voice, making the effect only more disquieting. Its entire form radiates horror, triggering an animalistic fear in those who look upon it.

Merevore is a powerful sorcerer—it tore its way across the planes on its own, and sought out Cray Def Un. Merevore hopes to learn from the enslaver, and Cray Def Un has agreed to teach Merevore if it in turn helps Cray Def Un's Thieves Guild.



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MOVES:

- * Use a magical trinket to cause devastation
- * Cast an otherworldly spell of pain and death
- * Provoke primal fear with its mere appearance

INSTINCT:

- * Gain power without reservation.

SOLITARY

MAGICAL BLASTS (D12+1 DAMAGE, CLOSE, REACH, NEAR, FAR)

16 HP

4 ARMOR, MAGICAL

LARGE

MAGICAL

INTELLIGENT

HOARDER

PLANAR

TERRIFYING

ANCIENT

THE EMERGENT SELF

Most creatures believe certain falsehoods about themselves: that they are intelligent, that they matter, that they are the focus of their own lives. Most creatures are too stupid to notice that they are actually parts of a greater whole.

But should these individual creatures learn of their true status, it can be a liberating thing, and through such knowledge, they can accomplish wonders. Such is the state of the Emergent Self.

The Emergent Self is a hive of fist-sized intelligent insects. They communicate with each other via chemicals and scents that only they can perceive at speeds so fast that they are functionally no longer individuals. They have learned to operate in perfect unity, and the result is a creature that is more beautiful than any solitary mind could ever be.

The core form of the Emergent Self is a physical hive, made out of hardened chitin. Most of the time, however, there is such a swarm around the hive that its opalescent material is impossible to glimpse. The individual insects in the Emergent Self vary widely in their form and structure, from flying mantis-like creatures with prehensile eyes to winged, shelled slugs and more. All different colors, all different forms exist in the Emergent Self. But with the constant blur of activity around the hive, it looks more like a spinning, ever flowing ball of motion suspended in the air, with “limbs” of insects periodically extending outward from the center.

* MONSTERS *

The Emergent Self has learned how to modulate its members' noises in order to produce an approximation of speech, and it can pick up the vibrations that other biological beings use as speech in order to communicate.

The hive works for Cray Def Un because the monstrous sorcerer has promised to provide even greater unity of form and mind to the Emergent Self.

MOVES:

- * Flit through the air with alacrity
- * Swarm a target with endless numbers
- * Deploy specialist insects for some unique purpose

INSTINCT:

- * To defend the whole from any threat.

Individual Insects:

HORDE

STINGS (D4-2 DAMAGE, HAND)

3 HP

TINY

INTELLIGENT

Physical Hive:

12 HP

SMALL

5 ARMOR WITH SWARM SURROUNDING IT

2 ARMOR ON ITS OWN

Swarm of insects:

28 HP

2 ARMOR

LARGE

INTELLIGENT

SWARM (D12+2 DAMAGE, INTIMATE)

GALLAY

She comes from this dying world, born to its ruins, and had to scavenge a living among its wastes. She bears it no love, and would not shed a tear at its death. She has made her own way, rising up from the debris of civilizations long dead to become a member of the Thieves' Guild.

Her skin was cut, bruised, and damaged one too many times, and so she had it emblazoned with tattoos, the sigils of ancient races, the languages of dead places. Her skin doesn't break or bruise now. It's stronger than iron or stone, and she loves its lack of feeling. The tattoos twist around her arms, and run up and down her flesh, leaving nary an inch of skin uncolored with kaleidoscopic patterns. Her head is hairless. Her body is

* THE LAST DAYS OF ANGLEKITE *

lean, her muscles taut under the tattoos. Her crackling silver chain wraps around her body, following her will.

She is cold, and without mercy, and that makes her well-loved of Cray Def Un. She wants to replace the Sleeker, and take her rightful place as the head of the Thieves' Guild.

MOVES:

- * Shrug off a blow
- * Electrify the silver chain with a word
- * Say exactly what listeners want to hear

INSTINCT:

- * To seize upon any chance for self-profit

SOLITARY

CHAIN AND SWORD (B[2D10], 1 PIERCING, CLOSE)

12 HP

5 ARMOR

STEALTHY

HUMAN SIZE

THE CORRUPTED

The Things From Outside warp and corrupt any creatures of this world with which they interact. Even as the Things convince the denizens of the Crater Basin that they offer power and the chance to finally achieve long desired goals, they warp those denizens, reshaping them into monsters. The creatures spawned by the Things themselves, the Thingtrolls, are the epitome of what those who are infected by the Things' corruption may become. But the corruption is a blinding affliction; those who suffer from it feel only the power, and do not notice what they have lost.

THINGTROLLS

If you see one, you're already close enough for it to get you. You might die. You might be infected. You might survive the encounter in body, only to find your nights haunted by its screaming, sloshing tentacles, its bubbling flesh and dripping limbs, its maws with teeth dripping blood.

If you strike one, you will lose the hand at best—it is not a thing of this plane. Its form is not true life, but endlessly roiling corruption, constantly mutating and shifting and repairing itself. People claim to have seen them torn apart by their fellow aberrations, consumed into the predatory thing only to become a larger tumorous monstrosity. But who would willingly take up such sickness, just to combat nightmares?

NEW TEMPLATE: CORRUPTED

The Corrupted template can be added to any monster to indicate that it has been warped and changed by the corruption of the Things From Outside. Some of the monsters in this section are already corrupted, and have been given this template, while others have not. If the creature has “Warped” among its tags, then it has been given this template. You should add this template to indicate that the creature is corrupted, and choose a number of items from the Warped list below to customize the creature’s corruption, and to indicate exactly how corrupt it is—the more items you choose from the list, the more corrupt it is.

All the creatures in this section are likely Corrupted if encountered, and should have this template added. You determine the exact details of that addition. Vary up the details to indicate the strange mutations of the Things.

Choose at least one for any Warped creature:

- * It has grown spines, spikes, talons, or other armaments—+2 damage or 2 piercing.
- * It has grown tendrils—it gains the move “Strangle and crush with tentacles.”
- * It can infect others with corruption—give it the move “Infect a victim with corruption” and reduce its damage die size by one step.
- * It is a monstrosity, a horror from beyond this world—give it the move “Terrify with mind-warping form.”
- * It drips with acid and poison—give it the tag “Poisonous” or “Acidic.”

Once upon a time, there were creatures of terrifying ferocity, monsters whose flesh would knit itself together unless splashed with acid or burned with fire. The name of those creature—trolls—was given by frightened villagers and victims to the monsters from Outside, the servants of the Things between planes.

They are known now as Thingtrolls.

Fear them.

MOVES:

- * Regenerate lost limbs
- * Hunt down the tools of the apocalypse
- * Infect target with corruption

INSTINCT:

- * To consume and create chaos

* THE LAST DAYS OF ANGLEKITE *

SMALL GROUPS

BITING AND TEARING LIMBS

(D8+2 DAMAGE, FORCEFUL, REACH)

13 HP

2 ARMOR

TENTACLES

STICKY WITH MUCUS

TERRIFYING—OTHERWORLDLY

ANCIENT

PLANAR

WARPED

CAN ONLY BE KILLED BY CORRUPTION.

VARIABLE IN SIZE:

Halfling = SMALL and CLOSE.

Human = CLOSE.

Big as a cart = LARGE, CLOSE, REACH, +4 HP, +1 DAMAGE.

Larger than a cart = HUGE, REACH, +8 HP, +3 DAMAGE.

FERAL VAMPIRES

The feral vampire is a product of the world's sins. The desperate opponents of the Pesharyn werewolves sought any means to end the wolves' empire. They turned to dark pacts and darker magicks and unleashed a plague upon the empire. Pesharyn slaves were transformed into vampires, existing only to kill and to feed.

Each vampire hungers for the flesh of living beings, the taste of their blood in dry, dead mouths. Their clothes hang in tatters about them, and they are covered in sores and flesh-tears. They are beasts, and are treated as such. Showing them mercy is a fatal mistake.

Feral vampires are all humanoid, coming from intelligent species fleshy enough and mortal enough to be infected with this plague. They all look haggard, starving, thin, and often dead or even rotting. Any semblance to sanity that they have, screaming words as they charge, or weeping tears of blood, is just that—a semblance.

MOVES:

- * Climb walls like a spider
- * Attack with claws and teeth
- * Infect a victim with corruption

INSTINCT:

- * To feast and infect

HORDE

CLAWS (D6+2 DAMAGE, FORCEFUL, CLOSE)

6 HP

0 ARMOR

CORRUPT

TERRIFYING

MAGICAL

WARPED

SERVANTS OF THE WORDFEY

The Wordfey were old creatures before reality hardened into resolute fact. They spoke the language of creation, and they could restructure the world at will using only their words. Existence was their playground, and mortals were their playthings. They ruled the world through their mystic grammar, and they wrought wonders with poetry.

But when the hardness of reality finally snuck into the world, the Wordfey lost their power. They could no longer reshape vast stretches of their world, and the mortals—much better suited to a world that did not obey their every whim—took charge. The Wordfey were forced into hiding and exile.

They built towers to hide themselves, their last bastions of unreality. The insides of the towers were their own private worlds; in their sanctums, they could still reshape everything. The Wordfey crafted Servants to help protect them, and to hide the towers. But despite the efforts of their Servants, the world outside seeped in. The Wordfey were afflicted with mortality, and over long, long eons, they grew old and died. Now the Wordfey, the last of the Angelbloods, are truly dead.

And their Servants are left behind.

The Servants of the Wordfey are constructed creatures made real by the Words placed in their hearts. A Servant made with a word for “murder” etched upon a piece of steel might be a metal monster of death. A Servant made with the word “love” writ upon silk might be beautiful and soft, a harbinger of pleasure.

The Servants are defined by purpose. But they are also all defined by service to the Wordfey, and by an endless sorrow as their masters have gone. For a few, they have only a feeling of hatred and a desire for vengeance upon the mortal world they blame for the death of their masters.

The Things From Outside made contact with the Servants, and offered them that vengeance if they would take the Words in their hearts and



* MONSTERS *

corrupt them to help the Things come into the world. Those Servants stricken with the desire for vengeance agreed. Corruption changed them, and now they are preparing to bring their wrath to the mortals.

MOVES:

- * Express the word at its core
- * Pursue relentlessly
- * Sense mortals at great distances

INSTINCTS:

- * (*Corrupted*) To cause pain, suffering, and death to the mortals
- * (*Uncorrupted*) To protect the Towers and the last vestiges of the Wordfey

SMALL GROUPS

HAMMERING HANDS (D8 DAMAGE, CLOSE, 1 PIERCING, MESSY)

9 HP

2 ARMOR

HUMAN SIZE

INTELLIGENT

CONSTRUCT

CHOOSE ONE FOR ITS WORD:

“Destroy”—Unrelenting Strength: +2 DAMAGE, FORCEFUL

“Slay”—Skill in offense: ROLL DAMAGE TWICE AND TAKE BETTER

“Endure”—Uncanny endurance: +4 HP

Anything else—pick a useful adaptation appropriate to its word

WOUNDSLIMES

The Collective Republic of the Slimes is one of the civilizations that most upheld notions of goodness and nobility. Countless opponents, particularly those who could not stand the slimes ruling over them, brought it low. The intelligent slimes were either slain or driven into hiding. Many of them sought refuge, hoping to someday wake up and return to re-establish their civilization of greatness. Others went to sleep forever, never wanting to wake up.

Those slimes that hid in the Woundwaters were contacted in their dreams by the Things From Outside. The Things told them of the coming end of the world, and offered the slimes the strength needed to resurrect their Republic. Or they offered the opportunity to seek vengeance upon the world that ruined their Republic. Some of the slimes remained sleeping, but many awoke, taking the Corruption within to save the world or doom it. They, like so many others, do not understand the true aims of the Things.

* THE LAST DAYS OF ANGLEKITE *

The Woundslimes now begin to rise out of the Woundwaters to serve the Things From Outside. They will take the life from the areas around the Woundwaters, and will turn the Woundwaters into a spawning pit for more Woundslimes—inadvertently creating a spawning pit for Thingtrolls.

Each Woundslime looks like a mass of gelatinous, stretchy material, faintly translucent, colored differently depending upon its bloodline and lineage. Most are of about the same mass as a child, but they are capable of stretching themselves at will. The dark blue veins of the corruption inside of them can be glimpsed beneath their surfaces.

MOVES:

- * Dissolve something within itself
- * Drop on target from above
- * Summon more from the Collective

INSTINCT:

- * To subdue and subjugate

HORDE

ACIDIC SLIME (D6 DAMAGE, CLOSE, ACID, 3 PIERCING)

6 HP

1 ARMOR

SMALL

AMPHIBIOUS

AMORPHOUS

ORGANIZED

INTELLIGENT

PESHARYN WEREWOLVES

“The Moon is not dead, little one, no matter what you might have heard. She has simply gone to sleep. She is power and love, and nurturing silver light. She once held our entire people in her warm embrace, and we loved her in turn. We fought to take the earth, little one, fought to make it ours, all in tribute to her. We wanted her to look down upon the earth and see our civilization, a world ruled by her chosen, and smile.

“But she left, little one. She hung in the sky for too long, and she had to dip below the horizon to rest. Without her love we grew weak, and the dirtbirthed of the world came to put us to the sword. They were merciless—they knew no love, not like the love of the Moon. They didn’t know what it was to be coated in its silvery fur, or to cry up at it with all of your heart. They just hated us, for having the very love they didn’t.

* MONSTERS *

“We hid, like the Moon, and they could not find us all. But we were destroyed. The disgusting slimes melted one of our greatest cities, reducing grand works of art to sullen trash. But still we endure. And like the moon, we rest. We gather our strength, and wait to retake the world when the Moon returns. When we can again show her our love, and bask in hers.

“But for us, little one, a new chance has come. We can actually bring her back, our moon, instead of waiting for her to rise. Wake her up, and show her what we have done for her. Give her gifts. It is a wonderful thing, little one, to be given this power, and we will not waste it. We must serve other masters for the moment ... dark masters, Things from the darkness Outside ... but it is all in service to the moon, and thus it is all in service to good. This, the Pesharyn knows—serving the moon is always serving the good.”

MOVES:

- * Cross distances with sudden swiftness
- * Rend limb from limb
- * Transform to pass unnoticed as beast or man

INSTINCT:

- * To show dominance over the dirtbirthed

BITE (D8+2 DAMAGE, 1 PIERCING, CLOSE, MESSY)

10 HP

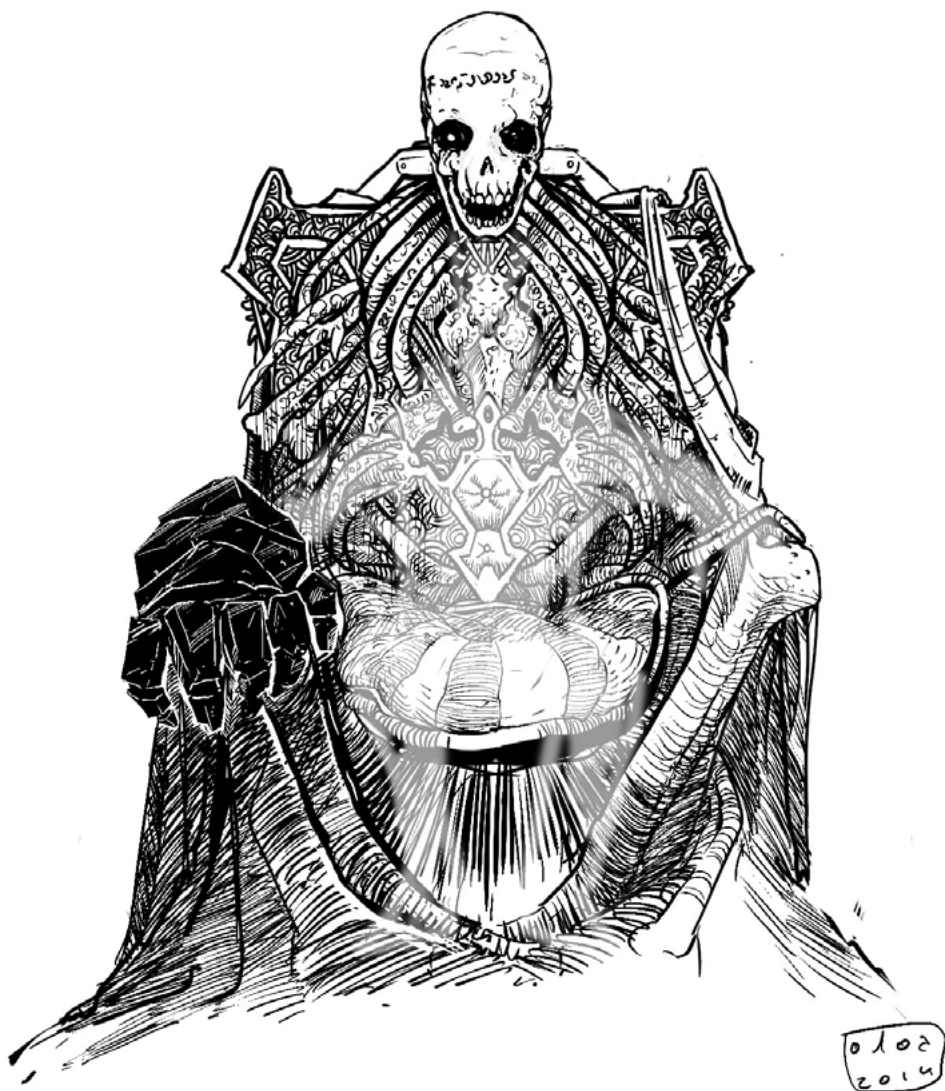
1 ARMOR

SMALL GROUPS

THE NECROPOLITES

The Necropolis is the home of the undead of the Crater Basin. Those mindless undead, shambling automatons or corpses filled with hunger, are not considered true undead, not of the same breed as the Necropolites. Some Necropolites do make it their business to bring in those savage or empty creatures and reform them, raising them into true denizens of the Necropolis. As a result, moving among the green-firelit streets and black stone towers of the Necropolis, you'll encounter anything from ghosts to ghouls to skeletons to spectres. None of them will hunger, or hate, or attack, however; the Necropolis is home to the reasoned undead.

* THE LAST DAYS OF ANGLEKITE *



* THE ARCHLICH *

THE ARCHLICH

The Necropolis is a place of thought and logic: the Archlich was the smartest, wisest, and most capable being there. As such, the Necropolites considered it tautologically true that the Archlich should rule them. With common consensus easily accepted, the Archlich installed himself as the leader of the undead city. It is a testament to the Archlich's competency that it has held power ever since it took up the position; no Necropolite has ever felt the need to question the Archlich's right to rule as the wisest of the undead.

The Archlich is a spirit being tied to its own skeleton, which was remade into a throne. The bones are bound together by the runes inscribed in them. A pearl and an onyx sit in the skull's left and right eye sockets, respectively. The right arm of the throne is clad in the black Obsidian Gauntlet, source of the shadows that help to police the Necropolis. Though the Archlich's physical form is ensconced then within the central tower of the Necropolis, never moving, the spirit of the Archlich, its power and its intelligence, are free to roam throughout the city. The Archlich appears as a ghostly figure, but limned with a shimmering green light—its unearthly power shining through. Destroying the throne would potentially destroy, or at least diminish, the Archlich. But such a task would be suicide.

The Archlich is not without sympathy or morality, but it is ultimately logical and focused on pragmatic necessity. When it discovered what the Things From Outside were doing, and in turn foresaw the coming of the Pyrewyrm and the rampage of the Scourge Karkis, pragmatism led the Archlich to determine a sole course of action as the right one. Using ancient rituals and the necromantic energies permeating the Necropolis, the Archlich created the Draining, pulling life energy from the world around it to fuel the Necropolis's departure from this doomed world. The Necropolis, bastion of thought, knowledge, and history that it is, would preserve this world in the most important way possible. Unfortunately, the Draining would first kill off the surrounding world, but it would all end soon anyway, and the Archlich saw this as a terrible but acceptable cost. So the Archlich oversees this heinous plan, which it believes to be the only solid chance left to preserve some piece of this world.

The Archlich fully expects to be confronted by the living someday, and expects to have to sorrowfully and guiltily explain what it is doing, how it dooms everything to save the world's memory in the Necropolis. Its guilt will do little to dissuade it from its path.

* THE LAST DAYS OF ANGLEKITE *

MOVES:

- * Cast a bolt of greasy un-life
- * Summon up shades for protection
- * Reveal dark plans for the Necropolis

INSTINCT:

- * To remain in existence at all costs

SOLITARY

BLASTS OF UNLIFE (D12+3 DAMAGE, NEAR, FAR)

MAGICAL

INTELLIGENT

CAUTIOUS

HOARDER

CONSTRUCT

20 HP

5 ARMOR

BONE COLLECTORS

The Necropolites might have been horrors to past cultures—with their undead forms and lack of emotion—but now they are known as polite, peaceful, and nonviolent creatures. They are horrors no more. Odd people, certainly, but not horrors. The Bone Collectors, they are horrors.

Necropolites do not want to admit Bone Collectors truly exist. A Necropolite is a creature of reason and intellectual thought. Superstition and myth means nothing to them unless grounded in truth—while they collect lore, they are also intensely aware of its factual veracity. Unconfirmed reports of the Bone Collectors are regarded as myth, the remaining vestiges of mortal imagination acting up in the undead citizens of the Necropolis.

Bone Collectors are masses of dead flesh, skin and organs holding together random collections of broken bones. They form themselves into beast-like shapes, so as to move and strike, but they have no true form. Skulls chitter atop arm bones, and spinal cords are waved about like appendages, held to the rest of the creature by strands of leathery skin.

They feed on the Necropolites, growing in strength with each undead creature they consume. They are voracious reservoirs of dark, necromantic energies, swallowing the very substance of unlife whenever they can. They add the forms of their victims to themselves; the Necropolites they consume are incorporated into their mass of bone and sinew, still cognizant of the world around them while being hellishly fed upon.

The Bone Collectors will gladly feed on living creatures as well, though that provides them less sustenance.

* MONSTERS *

The Things From Outside recognized potential servants and kindred spirits in the Bone Collectors, and have offered a partnership. Now the Bone Collectors have the power of corruption within them, lending them even greater strength with which to feed upon the Necropolites. They are becoming bolder, and it may be only a matter of time before they come into the light.

If the Necropolis ever does complete its ritual and departs this world, it will take the Bone Collectors with it. Its salvation will be short-lived.

MOVES:

- * Assimilate bones and flesh
- * Stalk prey through the shadows
- * Terrify with sound and sight

INSTINCT:

- * To devour the dead and the living

SMALL GROUPS

RIPPING AND TEARING BONES

(D8+2 DAMAGE, CLOSE, 1 PIERCING)

10 HP

3 ARMOR

HUMAN SIZE

CAN SMELL LIFE AND UNDEATH

HOARDER

**HORRIBLE: ITS APPEARANCE IS THE STUFF OF NIGHTMARES,
PARTICULARLY UNDEAD NIGHTMARES**

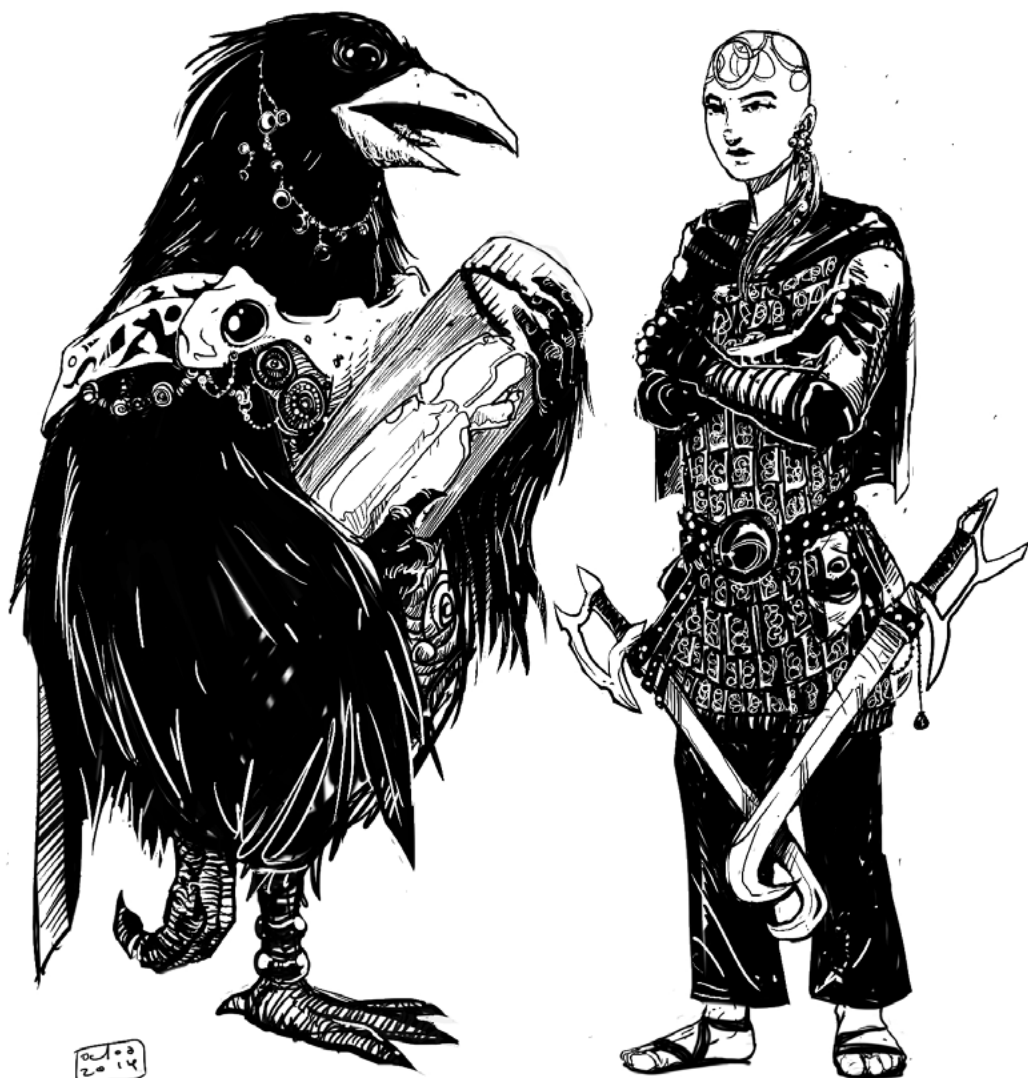
DENIZENS OF PANDEMONIUM

Pandemonium! The great demon city in the northwest of the Crater Basin. A marvel, built with claw and flame. You can find anything there, if only you're willing to walk among the demons. The hellplanes they come from are endless varieties of pain and torture, and Pandemonium is a receptacle for that menagerie. The demons claim to have left behind their former existence to adopt the new one of Pandemonium. Interacting with them is gambling with one's life.

MALPHAS

The demons who fled the hellplanes did not seek to establish a city of free demons, but Malphas, one of the most cunning of those demons, saw great potential in the roiling mass of demonflesh that fled their planar prison. In the hellplanes, Malphas was a low status grunt of a demon;

* THE LAST DAYS OF ANGLEKITE *



* MALPHAS *

* MONSTERS *

beyond their fiery boundaries, however, he saw for himself a far greater position: President of Pandemonium.

Malphas ensured that true power would be his, uniting enough of the common demons behind him to guarantee his election year after year. He has no problem saying or doing anything that allows him to retain his position as valued leader, and his politics are as dangerous as one can imagine demon politics to be.

Of course, he also understands that this world is the source of his power—without it, he would have no place to rule and his people would be cast back to the hellplanes. He will not let this world come to an end if he can help it—though he will certainly try to profit from any attempts at salvation.

Malphas is a crow demon. He has a raven's head and sleek black feathers all across his body. His legs are crow legs, and when he desires to impress, his long arms can grow out into crow's wings. His talons are sharp, his beak is sharper, and his tongue is sharpest.

MOVES:

- * Offer a favor for a favor
- * Speak dangerous truths
- * Strike without warning

INSTINCT:

- * To strike a bargain

SOLITARY

SHARPENED BEAK AND CLAWS (D10+2 DAMAGE, CLOSE)

12 HP

1 ARMOR (DEMONIC FEATHERS)

STEALTHY

FLIGHT

HUMAN SIZED

PLANAR

DEMON MONKS OF XI'YUENG

The Demon Monks of Xi'Yueng are unlike the other demons that fled the hellplanes. They are riddled with an affliction other demons scorn as useless and distracting: belief.

Locked in the fires of the hellplanes, the Demon Monks believed that Xi'Yueng, the founder of their order, the great demon who built the Punishment Arc, who organized the First Lottocracy of the Fires, would one day return. They believed that Xi'Yueng, the Hell-Shaped, whose form

* THE LAST DAYS OF ANGLEKITE *

was a product of endless tortures and struggles, could never truly die. They believed it would only be a matter of time before she returned to lead the demons against the Angels who imprisoned them.

It didn't matter that the Angels were all thought to be dead. It didn't matter that Xi'Yueng was long gone. It was prophecy, and it was fate, and it was belief, and the Demon Monks could not envision a reality where these events did not come to pass.

The Monks thought that by escaping the hellplanes, they would be able to better pursue the coming of their prophecy. To an extent, they were correct. In the passing between the planes, they made contact with the Things From Outside. They struck a deal, and took on corruption of the Things, agreeing to help crack open this world to let the Things inside, if the Things would find and return Xi'Yueng to the Demon Monks.

They wear ceremonial robes crafted from the flesh of slain demons. They speak only to minds, as they have all sewn their mouths shut with threads from Xi'Yueng's cloak. They leave their bodies clean and untattooed, to represent their purity of focus and mind, and they do their best to cut off or shave down any growths (horns, spines) that might sully their bodies. They appear as humanoid figures in order to better master the martial arts learned from Xi'Yueng.

They fight with Spinning Shards, weapons that Xi'Yueng crafted after she broke apart the Riftspire. She took the fragments, shaved them to size, and taught her followers to use them. The Spinning Shards have the same grain as wood, but they are bright red and spongy to the touch. Each shard hovers when held above flesh. When thrown, the shard becomes much harder and sharpens itself as it flies. The Spinning Shards will always move in a straight line from where they are released, and will not curve or arc, regardless of gravity. The Demon Monks must train for a long time to use the Shards effectively, and their ability to use the Shards makes them feared throughout Pandemonium.

MOVES:

- * Hurl a Spinning Shard
- * Foment chaos
- * Deflect blows with martial prowess

INSTINCT:

- * To serve the order

* MONSTERS *

SMALL GROUPS

SPINNING SHARD

(B[2D8] DAMAGE, 2 PIERCING, CLOSE, NEAR, MESSY)

6 HP

2 ARMOR

HUMAN SIZE

INTELLIGENT

PLANAR

ASHKARAGHUL, DEMON MARQUESS

Ashkaraghul is a demon marquess from the hellplanes. She once held sovereignty over entire hordes of demons. And she fled that world with the rest of the demons who founded Pandemonium.

Some of them have wondered why, but with demons nothing is ever simple, and with demon nobility, doubly so. Most demons simply let their speculations go (with the exception of Malphas.) Ashkaraghul has shown herself a valuable and committed member of the Pandemoniac democracy, and has not attempted to undermine it.

Yet.

Despite appearances, Ashkaraghul has not abandoned the hell that birthed her, not in her heart. She plans to serve the coming apocalypse in order to funnel the souls of the dying into her hellplane, to stoke its fires with new victims. She is working with the Things From Outside, as they are powerful allies and have promised her all the souls of the plane's living—not realizing, of course, that the fate the Things From Outside have in store for her is not compatible with her goals, to say the least.

Her bearing as a demonic noble still shows in her stature, appearance, and demeanor, but she does her best to hide it. She loathes President Malphas for his conniving, for his low birth, and for his weakness.

Engaging her in fair combat is suicidal. Engaging her in unfair combat, only slightly less so.

MOVES:

- * Emit an aura of imperial authority
- * Summon up hellfire
- * Inspire fear in onlookers

INSTINCT:

- * To send souls back to her hellplane

* THE LAST DAYS OF ANGLEKITE *



* ASHKARAGHUL *

SOLITARY

HELLFIRE (D12+3 DAMAGE, CLOSE, REACH, IGNORES ARMOUR)

23 HP

LARGE

1 ARMOR

MAGICAL

FLYING

INTIMIDATING PRESENCE

INTELLIGENT

PLANAR

ANCIENT

OTHER ASSORTED DENIZENS OF THE CRATER BASIN

The Crater Basin is littered with the remnants of dead civilizations and dead peoples. But there are many descendants of those long-past civilizations still living in the ashes, and many enterprising denizens trying to make the most of life in the ruins. These people live with their own purposes, goals, and desires, even as the world comes crashing down around them. These residents of the Basin have their own roles to play as the end descends upon them.

BLIND TAURICS

The Taurics are an old order. Their people: long vanished or scattered. Their leader: a long dead figure of myth, maybe not even of the same species. The Taurics burn out their eyes so as not to be blinded by the present while taking upon themselves the Sight that was their birthright. The Sight allows them to see into the future just far enough to function, fight, and defeat those who would stand against them. The Taurics know their place in the plan: to defend the Third Eye of the Ebon Prophet, until such a time that it is no longer their burden, as fate would dictate.

The Taurics are built like the minotaurs of old: tall, bull-headed, furred, hooved. Their horns are sharp and hard, and their bodies are large and strong. They would be very dangerous even without their Sight, but with the Sight and the training in the martial arts that accompanies entrance into their order, they are supremely dangerous.

MOVES:

- * Halt an advance
- * Predict your next action
- * Escape along the perfect path

INSTINCT:

- * To obey the prophecies

* THE LAST DAYS OF ANGLEKITE *

SMALL GROUPS

FISTS, HOOVES, AND HORNS

(D8+3 DAMAGE, 1 PIERCING, CLOSE, REACH)

LARGE

12 HP

2 ARMOR

INTELLIGENT

HOARDER

Leader of the Blind Taurics should get 3 ARMOR
and B[2D8]+3 DAMAGE

THE SPINEFISH

The small lake was called Elman's Pond. It possessed a supply of strange green fish that continued to replenish themselves every year and keep the pond clean of algae and other plants. Then, the Shardfingers grew, and everything changed. The grass became brittle and razor sharp. The dirt became thick, solid, cloying. The air bore a terrible stench, a burning smell, in between wafting breezes of the freshest, sweetest air ever to strike your nose. And above the entire grotesque landscape stood the Shardfingers, towering crystalline spires, geometrically perfect in shape, the light of the sun caught and trapped within the recesses of the yellowed prisms.

The green fish became something else, hard and tough, bone spurs jutting out from their scales at odd angles, scraggly limbs stretching out from their underbellies, dragging them forward on jagged claws.

MOVES:

- * Leap through the air with bony limbs
- * Swim through water with ease
- * Burn others with the warped power of the Shardfingers

INSTINCT:

- * To hunt, feed, and spread

SMALL GROUPS, 2-5 PER GROUP

PIERCING BONY APPENDAGES (D8 DAMAGE, HAND)

TINY

6 HP

3 ARMOR

AMPHIBIOUS

THE LAST GUARDIAN

Her people are little more than legend now, despite once ruling the greatest empire in the world. The Neth, as they called themselves, were masters of their environment. They had machines that could reshape minds and magicks that could raise buildings from dust.

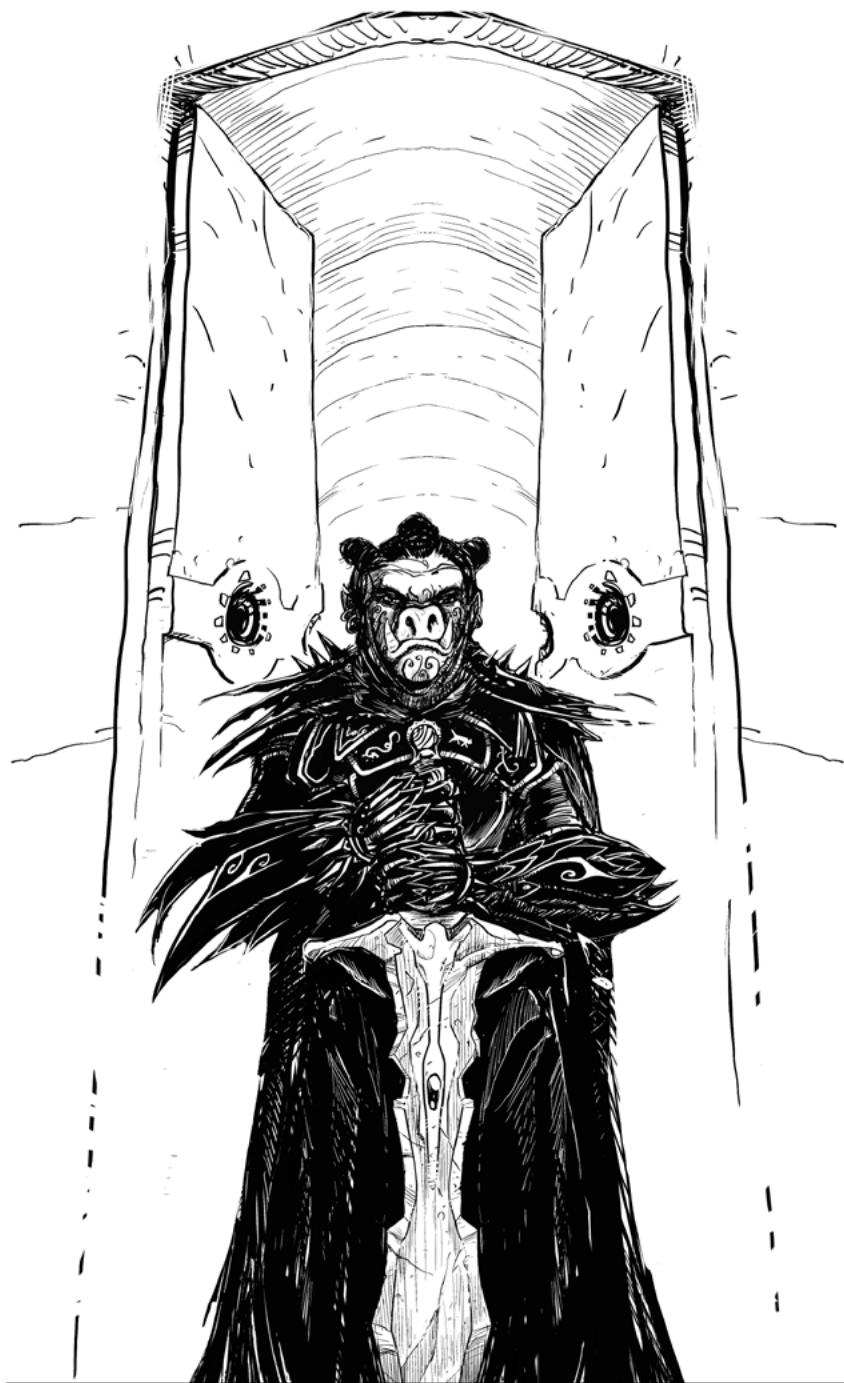
Yet they fell to their own vanity, pride, and arrogance. When the Warlord of the Neth picked up the Angelbone Blade and used it to win a battle in his people's civil war, he destroyed them all with its titanic power, creating the Crater Basin in the cataclysmic explosion. And the Neth sealed their place in history as a dead race.

The Guardian is the last of the Neth—she was beyond the blast of the Angelbone Blade when it slew her people. She came back to find the ruined, blasted crater, and the shattered remnants of her people's empire. She found the Blade still clutched in the Warlord's skeleton, embedded in a plane of glass. And she wept.

When her grief subsided, she implored the peoples of the world to seal away the weapon, forever. She guided them in building a Tomb deep within the earth, a Tomb to house and hide the Blade until time itself forgot it. She used what remained of her people's knowledge, power, and technology to extend her own life, and to warp time in the Tomb to ensure that she could stand guard forever; the last line of defense should anyone find the Tomb. She guided the crafting of the three Gauntlets, each one the necessary lynchpin to enchantments that would bind the Tomb shut eternally, and she made sure those Gauntlets would be scattered after the Tomb was closed with her inside.

She lives still in the Tomb. Over the ages she has reached a state of perfection in her fighting technique—further assurance that none will ever find the Angelbone Blade again. The Last Guardian, the only remaining legacy of a once-great people, likely the greatest warrior left in the world, and the greatest challenge standing in front of those who would take up the Blade.

She wears the armor of her people, a crafted, hardened stone, all sweeping curves and long lines. Her hair is done up in three top knots. Her pig-like nose, her tusks, her orange eyes and green skin, these things might mark her out as some kind of savage to those who have forgotten the beauty of the Neth. She wields the enormous double-edged stonesteel greatsword salvaged from the ruins of her people, a sword she sharpened to deadly effect. She stands. And she waits.



MOVES:

- * Deflect an incoming blow with grace
- * Move more quickly than expected
- * Persuade with reason, purpose, and guilt

INSTINCT:

- * To prevent anyone from reaching the Angelbone Blade

SOLITARY

STONESTEEL GREATSWORD

(B[2D12]+2 DAMAGE, CLOSE, MESSY, 2 PIERCING)

18 HP

4 ARMOR

DIVINE

HUMAN SIZE

INTELLIGENT

ANCIENT

RASKUN THE REVILED

The bloody swathe of destroyed villages, towns, and even cities that she has left behind her has well earned her appellation—The Reviled. But she embraces the name. Let them revile her. She does what she needs to do. She does what no one else will. The feral vampires infect this world, and the only way to stop an infection is to cut away the rotting flesh. And thus, she cuts. And cuts. And cuts.

The Sunrain Ford? Burned to the ground after she found an infected child in a barn. Greatbark Circle? They put up a fight, there, and she left their heads staked on the branches of their homes. Crestdirge? Twelve people made it out alive. She takes it as proof that the correct option is to cooperate, as they could have just as easily been cut down with the rest of their infected town.

Raskun will stop at nothing to destroy the feral vampires, including sacrificing innocent lives in traps, burning down buildings full of people, and even more heinous crimes. She is a monster in human form, and most consider her almost as bad as the things she fights ... but she is needed too often to be turned away.

She wears her dark hair short and close-cropped to her skull. One of her eyes is missing; she cut it out herself after she was clawed by one of the feral vampires. She covers herself shoulder to toe in flexible armor, hardened leathers and chainmail. Whatever bronzed skin is visible is scarred and tough. She wields a short sword, a spear, and a bow, switching seamlessly between weapons as the situation requires.

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MOVES:

- * Sacrifice the innocent
- * Switch weapons to gain an advantage
- * Loot resources and useful goods

INSTINCT:

- * To destroy the vampires and their corruption

SOLITARY

SWORD, BOW, AND SPEAR

(B[2D10] DAMAGE, CLOSE, 1 PIERCING)

12 HP

2 ARMOR

HUMAN SIZE

INTELLIGENT

SPEAR: +REACH

SHORT SWORD: NOTHING

BOW: +NEAR

VAMPIRE HUNTERS

It takes a special kind of killer to hunt the feral vampires. The risk is great—vampires are strong, and you always run the risk of becoming infected. They're disgusting creatures, and it doesn't matter how many you kill. There are always more.

So what drives a soul to take up hunting them? Vengeance? Greed, hoping for some fat reward for protecting settlements and cities? Following a leader, maybe like Raskun the Reviled?

What drives them is a dark feeling, a twisted feeling. It is an urge bubbling up from the abyssal muck at the bottom of any human soul. And they are the warped products of that urge. They sneer at sorrow. They smirk at sundered corpses. They thrill to the stench of smoke, and their blood pumps faster at the sight of burning buildings. They put daggers through the throats of bitten daughters, as easily as they take off the heads of the creatures assaulting them.

It's a hardness, and a cruelty, and a sadism. It's nothing good.

Killing vampires is one thing. Hunting them? That's the sign of a diseased soul.

MOVES:

- * Inflict pain on a feral creature
- * Sneak up from behind and hamstring
- * Send a runner for help

INSTINCT:

* To show strength over any potential opposition

SMALL GROUPS

SWORDS, CLUBS, AND KNIVES (D8+2 DAMAGE, CLOSE, REACH)

6 HP

2 ARMOR

ORGANIZED

HUMAN SIZE

DECEIT AND TRICKERY

THE DOOMBRINGERS

They are not enemies, not opponents to be fought against. They are forces of nature. They are the end, embodied. The Scourge Karkis and the Pyreworm, the Doombringers. They are the fonts from which apocalypse flows.

THE SCOURGE KARKIS

The Trickster Karkis is a creature from the past, long thought dead like so much else in this dying world. He was an enormous, clever being, and his intelligence was far greater than his size. Before the dying age, Karkis delighted himself by playing tricks on mortals. When they asked for his help, he used his cunning to provide them what they needed instead of what they wanted.

Karkis was a benevolent figure, and he passed out of the stories when he left the world to survey all that existence had to offer. He promised he would return, but he never did; it is thought to be a parable of the dangers and rewards of leaving home.

But now he returns, the Trickster Karkis no longer. He is named the Scourge Karkis now, and the world shudders for the truth.

His journey beyond this world, into the Outside between worlds, let him glimpse the true nature of things, and the true nature of the Things. He saw some small fragment of their plans for this world and for all worlds, and he was Corrupted. It left him mutated. Altered. Tormented by tumorous growths and strange limbs spurting from his flesh. His mind was shattered by the things he learned and the dreams that will not leave him.

The giant could not let the Things enact their plans upon his world, and so he took up a scourge made from the dangling limbs of the creatures he slew to escape the Outside, and he set out to end the world himself. He

* THE LAST DAYS OF ANGLEKITE *

saw only glimpses of their plans, but he believes to the core of his being that if he kills everyone left in the world he will be sparing them from a worse fate at the hands of the Things.

The Scourge Karkis is a 200-foot tall behemoth of a creature. His skin has hardened into bony metallic grey plates. His once-human visage has become a twisted contortion, a thing from nightmares. Horns grow from all his joints. The armor plating that protects him houses a roiling mass of ever growing Corruption—the Scourge Karkis is ever transforming into a servant of the very things he seeks to keep out.

MOVES:

- * Send forth the tides of feral vampires and Thingtrolls that move with him
- * Smash apart buildings with massive blows
- * Inflict tremendous pain and physical harm with a screech

INSTINCT:

- * To destroy all life

The Scourge Karkis cannot be hurt by conventional arms. To do any damage to him would require large-scale siege weaponry (and then only barely), major magical rituals (the kind that would require such resources so as to be feasible only once), or artifacts of great power—the Angel-bone Blade, specifically.

The damage he deals to smaller beings is enormous.

SOLITARY

THE SCOURGE

(2D10+5 **DAMAGE**, 4 **PIERCING**, **CLOSE**, **REACH**, **NEAR**, **FAR**, **FORCEFUL**, **MESSY**)

5 ARMOR

TERRIFYING

HUGE

25 HP

PYREWYRM

*And when the world was born
Its death was sealed inside
An end of fire, forewarned
To be known, and not defied.*

—*The Pyrewyrm's Cant, now a children's rhyme.*

The Pyrewyrm is quite literally the death of the world, given physical form in flame and rage. It is born to burn to ash everything upon the

* MONSTERS *

surface of the earth. When it rises, it will spread its fires without regard for the world below. Once the world is utterly burned, then it shall simply fade away into nothingness, its purpose fulfilled.

Yet prophecy is not destiny. The Pyrewyrm is merely the lock that awaits the Angelbone Blade key. What lies beyond their meeting is the utter destruction of this world in a cacophonous, thundering explosion. The battle between the Blade Wielder and the Pyrewyrm is meant to rip the earth apart, to break its land and kill its people with a speed that neither could have achieved on its own.

The Pyrewyrm knows and feels the Blade, the same way the Blade knows and feels the Pyrewyrm. The two will seek each other out to fulfill their destinies. Both were created for this purpose, and neither will be held back from destiny.

MOVES:

- * Breathe forth a torrential downpour of fire
- * Seek out life and extinguish it
- * Screech, and reduce mortals to gibbering fear

INSTINCT:

- * To end the world

Just like the Scourge Karkis, the Pyrewyrm cannot be harmed by normal means. Siege weapons won't even hurt it—it would take the collapse of an entire large building upon it to hurt it. Magic might do the trick, but likely not. The Angelbone Blade can hurt it, but that will trigger the end of the world.

SOLITARY

TORRENT OF FLAME

(2D12+9 DAMAGE, 5 PIERCING, CLOSE, REACH, NEAR, FAR, FORCEFUL, MESSY)

HUGE

MAGICAL

DIVINE

30 HP

5 ARMOR

WINGS OF FLAME

INVULNERABILITY

COMPENDIUM CLASSES



DRACONIC VESSEL

The Pyrewyrm is an endless font of apocalyptic fire, not so much a living being as a primal force. The world's death given form. And you? You've taken in some of that fire, and it fills you now, burning you away and leaving a servant of the Pyrewyrm in your place. But oh, that fire burning in your veins ... destruction is the greatest narcotic.



* COMPENDIUM CLASSES *

When you become a transformed servant of the Pyrewyrm, you must take this move at your next level.

THE PYREWYRM'S WILL

As soon as you take this move, and at the beginning of every session, roll + WIS. On a 10+, hold 1. On a 7–9, hold 2. On a miss, hold 3. At any time, spend the hold to ask the GM what the will of the Pyrewyrm is at this moment. If you obey the Pyrewyrm's will, mark XP. If you resist, you must defy danger with your choice of Constitution or Wisdom. If you defy with Constitution, you risk the Pyrewyrm's will physically hurting you (and, at the GM's discretion, causing b[2d10] damage). If you defy with Wisdom, you risk the Pyrewyrm's will striking at your mind.

The GM can also spend your hold to trigger the Pyrewyrm's will as a hard move after any missed roll.

When you are a Draconic Vessel, the following moves become available to take when you level up:

BREATH OF THE PYRE

You can breathe fire, the likes of which the world has never seen. When you breath fire, roll + CON. On a hit, deal 1d10 to your target. It is now aflame, and takes additional damage until the fire is put out. On a 10+, you've controlled the fire, no extra harm done, and you've only lit your target on fire. On a 7–9, choose 1 from below. On a miss, the flame may still damage your target, but the GM chooses 2 from below:

- * The fire spreads quickly—more than you had intended is now aflame.
- * The fire rages out of control—you cannot open your mouth without releasing more fire.
- * The fire draws unwanted attention – you cannot escape notice.
- * The fire sears your throat—take the same damage you dealt.

VOICE OF THE PYRE

You speak with the voice of the Pyrewyrm—the voice of the world's destruction. When you use the voice of the Pyrewyrm to give an NPC a command, roll + CHA. On a 10+, they must either do it or run away in fear, at any cost. On a 7–9, they can also choose to attack you or inflict harm to themselves instead. On a miss, everyone in earshot takes 1d4 damage and the target attacks you uncontrollably until sedated or killed.

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CLAWS OF THE PYRE

You grow terrible claws on your hands and feet, capable of lacerating flesh like it was paper. You can no longer wield normal weapons or use normal instruments requiring fingers, but your claws count as weapons. Hand, messy, 2 piercing, +1 damage, and you deal 1d10 damage when you use them (if your damage die was already 1d10, then roll 2d10 and take the higher result).

When you use the claws to rip apart obstacles in your way, roll + STR. On a hit, you tear through the obstacle without issue. On a 7–9 choose 1:

- * You destroy something you shouldn't have in the process.
- * You take 1d6 damage from shards of rubble cutting you up.
- * Your draconic fury leaves you disoriented.

SKIN OF THE WYRM

Your skin becomes hard and scaled, next to impenetrable, like the Pyrewyrm's. You cannot wear armor due to your scales, but your new skin grants you 3 armor.

WINGS OF THE WYRM

You grow large wings that will allow you to fly. They make it hard to fit into tight spaces, but you can stay in the air for long distances, and can travel very quickly.

EYES OF THE WYRM

Your eyes have become the terrible, slitted, fire-rimmed eyes of the Pyrewyrm. Whenever you discern realities, you always get +1 question (even if you get a miss), and you may also ask these questions:

- * How can I destroy _____?
- * What here is most vulnerable to me?
- * Who here will bow to a display of strength?

THE CORRUPTED VESSEL

The Things From Outside drip into the world through cracks and holes, taking root wherever they can. Sometimes the Things infect their victims, and sometimes they offer a deal. You have their corruption inside you—the power they offer—and you can feel your soul dribbling away from the spiritual rot. Can you escape your fate, or will you give yourself over to their sweet decay?



When you are Corrupted by the Things From Outside, take this move immediately. The next time you level up, do not take a move.

CORRUPTION

You now have a Corruption track. The Corruption track is a series of 6 boxes. When the track is filled, one of the following must be true by the end of the session:

- * You are dead.
- * You are cleansed entirely of the Corruption.
- * You are a slave of the Things From Outside for all eternity.

At the beginning of every session, roll + half the number of boxes currently filled (round up) to resist Corruption. On a hit, fill in

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another box. On a 10+, your system is also degrading, and you suffer the debility for Constitution (Sickness). On a miss, nothing happens.

As a hard move, the GM can ask you to resist Corruption, as the Things' influence within you asserts its dominance.

You can call upon the power of the Corruption within you at any time in order to take a 12+ result on any roll. If you do, immediately mark off another box. You can call upon your Corruption after you roll.

You may also use any of the Corrupted Vessel moves you do not have by marking off a box of Corruption. If you do have the move, you do **not** need to mark off Corruption for using the move.

If you ever have zero Corruption, then you may choose to lose all Corruption moves and become **Liberated**.

You may remove a single box of Corruption whenever you rest.

You may remove Corruption by cutting it out of yourself. Roll+DEX. On a 10+ remove two Corruption and take b[2d6] damage. On a 7–9, remove two Corruption and take b[2d8] damage. On a miss, remove one Corruption and take b[2d10] damage.

The next time you gain a new move, you may, select your move from the following:

UNNATURAL WEAPON

You may unleash your internal Corruption as a weapon. Choose your weapon's profile when you take this move.

- * Tongue parasite, complete with its own teeth, eyes, and a lengthy body (your tongue). Reach, close, hand, messy, poisonous. (Poisonous: someone affected by a poisonous attack will be weakened and debilitated.)
- * Bone spurs out of your hands or arms. Close, messy, +1d6 damage.
- * Acidic vomit, spewed forth from your mouth. Reach, near, acidic (eats away 1 point of armor on the target), 1 piercing. Uses Volley. Every time you consume rations, you can consume 1 extra ration to get 3 ammo for Vomitous Corruption.
- * Tentacles erupting from all over your body. Hand, close, forceful, stun.
- * Spined tail. Reach, precise, 2 piercing.

THE VIEW FROM OUTSIDE

You can view the world through the Corruption within you and the link it gives you to the Things From Outside. When you tap this vision, you can roll to Discern Realities using the Outer Sight.

Additional questions you can ask when using the Outer Sight:

- * What here is corruptible?
- * How can I unravel _____ ?
- * How can I get _____ to _____?

The GM should answer you based on the distorted and inhuman vision of the Things. For every question you ask, however, while using the Outer Sight, the Things From Outside get to ask a question of you.

TEND THE GARDEN

The Corruption within you tends to your physical form. You can choose to let it heal you, and then immediately heal b[2d10] hit points, or you can remove all debilities. If you do, then make the roll required under “Corruption.” You can also choose to mark off 1 Corruption instead of rolling, and can then immediately do both, and recover from impossible injuries.

BREEDER

You can infect others with your Corruption. When you choose this move, choose the 3 requirements for you to spread your infection to another:

- * Skin-to-skin contact
- * Time
- * Intimacy
- * Fluid transmission
- * Noise and commotion
- * A subdued target

When you spread your infection to another, mark 2 experience.

If you infect a PC, they immediately become a Corrupted Vessel and also take the Corruption move.

If you infect an NPC, they immediately become a loyal, helpful minion who will obey your commands unquestioningly, as long as you do not go against the will of the Things.

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SPAT OUT BY DEATH

The Corruption of the Outsiders renders your body unrecognizable to Death. It will not touch you while the Corruption festers inside of you. The only way to stay out of the grips of the Things that lay claim to your soul is to keep killing Corrupted monsters, ending their lives to prolong yours.

From this point forward, you cannot heal naturally or by magic. Instead you heal by dispatching Corruption. Any time you deal a killing blow to a Corrupted creature, heal half your maximum hit points.

The Corruption inside you keeps Death at bay. When you consume a Corrupted monster—dead or alive—hold 1. If you ever go to 0 hp, you can spend 1 hold to immediately go back to full hit points.

If you die and do not have any hold to spend, you do not roll for the Last Breath move. You are immediately swallowed whole by the Corruption and the Things From Outside.

LIBERATED

You know the Things From Outside. You know their corruption. You've had it inside of you, twisting and churning, rending you apart. You are scarred and damaged, but you are free of it now. And you are ready to bring pain onto those Things. You are ready to burn their corruption out of this world. You have become the scourge of the rot.

When you become free of the corruption after having had it inside of you, then you may replace all of your Corruption moves with moves from this compendium class. You must take the move **Feel of the Whip** first. Every time you level up from now on, you may take a move from this list instead of your class list.

FEEL OF THE WHIP

Having once been infected by the Corruption, you can detect it wherever it lies. You can take a moment to feel out the world around you. If you do, the GM will immediately tell you if there is anything or anyone Corrupted around you, and in what general direction it might be.

STRIKE THE FLESH DEVIL

Whenever you attack anything or anyone bearing Corruption, you may reroll all dice rolled to inflict damage and take the highest results. Your attacks will also always hurt Corrupted things.

MY BODY REMEMBERS YOU

Your body recalls the danger of the Corruption, and is uniquely suited to expel it. If you share your blood with someone or something that is already Corrupted, you can expunge the Corruption from their system. Roll + CON. On a 10+, take all 3. On a 7–9, choose 2. On a miss, choose 1.

- * You only have to expend half as many hit points as the target has, instead of as many hit points as the target has.
- * The Corruption's removal will not harm the host body. If you do not choose this option, then the host body will take the best of 2d10 damage (roll 2d10, choose the higher result) as the corruption is removed, and will be debilitated with Weakness.
- * The Corruption is destroyed utterly. If you do not choose this option, the corruption will leave the body in a physical form that will then either attack or flee to find allies, GM's choice.

If you apply your blood to a weapon as a poison, take 1d6 damage. When you attack a Corrupted creature with such a weapon, deal +1d6 damage.

MY BODY IS A CAGE

When you go into battle, roll + STR. On a 10+, hold 3. On a 7–9, hold 2. On a miss, hold 1, but take -1 forward. During the battle you can spend your hold 1 for 1 to:

- * Name a monster or NPC within reach. You immediately deal your damage to them in a lightning fast attack.
- * Name a monster or character within your reach. You redirect their attack to another character or monster within your reach, or else to nowhere—into the ground or a wall or the sky.
- * Name a monster or character on the scene, but outside your reach. You cross the distance between you before they have time to adjust or react.
- * Name a character within your reach. While you keep fighting, you intercept any attack directed at them and they suffer no damage.
- * Ignore all harm to yourself from an incoming attack.

BARELY MORTAL

The Corruption has left you forever changed.

Choose 5:

- * You no longer need to sleep.
- * You no longer need to breathe.
- * You no longer need to eat or drink.
- * Your bones no longer break.
- * You no longer cast a shadow.
- * Your body produces no noises (including voice).
- * No one remembers your face for more than an hour.
- * You no longer get tired from physical exertion.
- * You no longer feel pain.
- * You no longer leave traces behind you (physical evidence, trails, footsteps, scent).

DEMONSKINNED

The demons of Pandemonium are not without the tricks they used in their hellplanes. Terrible deals, tempting offers, chains and leashes in forms mortals would never recognize. One of their greatest tricks is the grafting of their own flesh onto the body of another. Granting strength and demonic influence, and transforming that person, slowly but surely, in such a delightful way. They still offer such a transformation, to those willing to pay the price.



When you have a piece of demonic flesh grafted onto your body by the demons of Pandemonium, you must take the **Infernal Roots** move at your next level-up. After that, you may take the other moves from this compendium class any time you level up.

INFERNAL ROOTS

The skin graft of demonflesh has finally taken root in your body, and is changing you into something else. You gain the legal right to count yourself a citizen of Pandemonium, with full access to Pandemonium's legislative bodies and the right to hold property therein, along with a number of new powers and abilities. The demons of Pandemonium all come from the same hellplane, and their traits are passed onto you by your grafted flesh.

You are now highly resistant to fire, though not immune. Any time you would take damage from fire, take half damage, rounded down.

You now have demonic senses geared to help you find and punish sinners, as the demons would have done in the hellplane. Whenever you talk with someone for an extended time (more than few lines of conversation), ask their player one of the following questions.

- * Are you guilty of a major crime?
- * What is the punishment that you fear the most?
- * What crime do you most long to commit?
- * What could tempt you to commit a crime?
- * What one thing most keeps you from committing a crime?

Crime and sin here refer to the general idea of "something reprehensible," and are not attached to any particular moral code.

CONTRACTED FLESH

You can use your demonic skin to strike demonic contracts. If you have someone make a vow to you, inscribe their name into your flesh, and seal the contract with a drop of their freely given blood, hold 3.

You can spend 1 hold at any time to:

- * Sense exactly where that person is.
- * Speak directly into that person's mind from any distance. (They cannot speak back.)

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- * Inflict pain. Give that person a -1 on a roll if they are a PC, or cause debilitating pain if they are an NPC.
- * Provide clarity, insight, and focus to that person, about a single clear course of action. Give them +1 on a roll if they are a PC. An NPC will pursue that action without regard to personal safety. (“Attack!” is not clear. “Attack the leading minotaur until he is dead!” is clear.)

You can get more hold any time the signor drips another drop of blood on the signature etched in your demonflesh. While the contract is unfulfilled, the signor can force you to Defy Danger with WIS any time you would take actions that would go against the contract, even if the signor is not present.

HELLWALK

You can step through the hellplanes to pass through barriers in this world. No such trip is ever without danger, however.

When you step through the hellplanes, name your destination, and roll + DEX. On a hit, you may traverse the hellplanes with relative safety. If you wish to bring others with you on the trip, take a -1 for each person accompanying you. On a 10+, choose 1. On a 7–9, choose 2. On a miss, all of the below and your travels attract the attention of a greater demon.

- * You bring something back with you from the hellplanes. The GM will tell you what you brought through and what danger it poses.
- * You do not arrive precisely at your destination. The GM will tell you where you end up—not too far from your intended destination, but almost certainly in a precarious situation.
- * The trip through the hellplane inflicts pain and suffering upon you and those with whom you travel—you each take 1d8 damage from the existential injury.

THE BODY, CHANGED

Your physiology has become more demon than human at this point. The following now applies to you:

- * You do not eat regular human rations anymore. Instead, choose one option that you do eat, one meal of which counts as a ration: Stone, Bugs, Fire, Wood, Glass.
- * You now heal more quickly than regular mortals. Whenever you camp and otherwise heal half your maximum hit points, heal up to your maximum hit points.

* COMPENDIUM CLASSES *

- * If you ever reach 0 hit points, and your body is not irreparably damaged (head chopped off, turned to ash, etc.), then roll + CON for Last Breath, instead of +nothing.
- * You may immediately raise an ability score by 2 points. If this causes an ability to be greater than 18, take one hold at the start of every session for each point your ability score is above 18. Spend that hold before rolling to take a 10+ on a roll involving that ability.

BLOODLESS

Demons are bloodless, and you are now too. You cough up all of your blood, vomiting it forth from your mouth—you can no longer bleed out, infections of the blood cannot hurt you, and creatures that would feed on blood have no interest in you.

However, your blood remains a part of you, becoming a familiar with as many hit points as you had when you vomited it forth. It will trickle along, following you wherever you go. If ever it takes damage, reduce its hit points appropriately. At any time, you can spend your blood's hit points to do any of the following:

1 hp—Provide you with bloodsight for a few seconds, seeing from your blood's location.

1 hp—Exert some minor force—opening a door from the other side, oozing into and unlocking a lock, moving some small object.

3 hp—Scab up to provide a temporary shield. Your blood will halve the damage (round up) of a single attack that it can throw itself in front of.

3 hp—Your blood turns acidic and throws itself on your target, dealing 1d8 damage, 2 piercing.

5 hp—Pour your blood into a victim to gain power over them. You can see through their eyes and hear from their ears for 5 days, or until you choose to either have your blood boil the victim from the inside out (dealing $b[2d12] + 3$ damage, immediately), or you take control of the victim. Your control will last no more than a day, and while you control the victim, you cannot do anything else. Whichever you choose, when the duration is up, your blood harmlessly dissipates into the victim's system ... though they may know what you have done to them. You cannot use possession on another PC.

10 hp—Your blood forms itself into a blood guardian, a monster made half of congealed, scabbed blood and half of viscous,

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red fluid. It has 3 armor, b[2d8] damage, close, reach, messy, and forceful. The guardian has 10 hp—it does not use your blood's remaining hp. Hold 5. Spend hold 1 for 1 to have the guardian:

- * Take a blow for you.
- * Smash an enemy with a bloody fist.
- * Crush an obstacle in your way.

Hit points spent activating your blood are lost. You can get more blood for your blood familiar, however, by convincing a mortal to offer their blood up to you, willingly—they must bleed at least 5 hp worth of blood. It must be treated with a ritual (describe it to the GM) where you drink the blood. After a day, you can vomit it back up and add 3 hp to your familiar.

NECROPOLITE

Depending on your point of view, the Necropolis is either a magnificent city of glorious logic and ruled by reason or a terrifying monolith of black stone and green light, home to those who should rightfully be dead. To some, however, perhaps the City of the Dead is a community to be joined. All that is required is death, and rebirth into the cold.

When you die and arise as an undead citizen of the Necropolis, immediately take the **Necropolitan** move. When next you level up, do not take another move. From that point forward, you may take the other moves from this Compendium Class whenever you level up.

NECROPOLITAN

You are now undead. Choose what kind of corporeal undead you are:

- * A mobile corpse.
- * A skeleton.
- * A bound spirit.
- * A shade.

Being dead, you are much more naturally resistant to harm. You naturally have 2 armor.

You also no longer heal damage when you rest. You do not need to eat. You do not need to sleep. To heal, you must repair yourself, requiring supplies and time. If you are a mobile corpse or a skeleton, when you repair yourself, roll + DEX. If you are a bound spirit or a shade, when you repair yourself, roll + WIS. On a 10+, you use up some of your supplies, but not all, and you may heal

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up to half your maximum hit points, rounded up. On a 7–9, you use up all your supplies, and you may not use this move again until you restock. On a miss, you use up all your supplies, the repairs go poorly, and you only heal 1d6 hp.

You can never be affected by pain. If you ever lose all your hp, do not roll the Last Breath move. Instead, you can either choose to finally go to your rest, or remain, incapacitated and broken, in need of repair.

If you choose to remain in the world, immediately erase one bond, permanently. If ever you have no bonds, then you cannot choose to remain in this world when you die next.

DEADSIGHT

You can see and interact with the dead spirits of the world. When you discern realities, you may also always ask “What useful spirits are present?”, and get a +1 when acting on the answer. You may Parlay with those spirits for information or assistance. You may also offer them some of your undead essence. If you do, you lose 1d6 hp from your maximum, and they will join you as a hireling. Hireling spirits have the following traits:

Loyalty: +1

Cost: Continued essence—as long as they serve you, your HPs are depleted. If they cease to serve you, your spent HP returns.

Skills: Your choice of any 2: Warrior +2, Tracker +2, Protector +2, or Priest +2, but only for you.

BONE COLLECTOR

You can absorb the bones and flesh of living creatures, and the bones, flesh, and essence of undead creatures. These unholy additions come at the cost of whatever soul remains within your undead person.

When you add the bones or flesh of a living creature to yourself, permanently gain 2 HP to your maximum, and put one point in Strength, Dexterity, or Constitution. Immediately take a Bond with “Bone Collectors” and describe how the process leaves you disfigured or monstrous. Lose a Bond with someone else, if possible.

When you add the bones, flesh, or essence of an undead creature to yourself, permanently gain 4 HP to your maximum, and gain

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2 points in your choice of Strength, Dexterity, or Constitution. Immediately take two Bonds with “Bone Collectors” and describe how the process fundamentally alters your aura and essence. Lose two Bonds with someone else, if possible.

At the beginning of every session, or whenever you level up, roll + Bonds with Bone Collectors. On a 10+, take another Bond with the Bone Collectors and lose a Bond with someone else. On a 7–9, either take a Bond with the Bone Collectors and lose one with someone else, or remove essence from yourself—lose two points total from Strength, Dexterity, or Constitution (your choice) and lose 4 HP from your maximum. On a miss, you are fine.

If you ever have 6 Bonds with the Bone Collectors, you become one fully, losing yourself to your savage hungers.

You may remove a Bond with Bone Collectors every time you die and lose a Bond as per the **Necropolitan** move. If all of your bonds are with the Bone Collectors, you still remain tied to the world and can choose to return upon your death, as per the **Necropolitan** move.

THE FEAR OF DEATH

You can emit an aura of fear that affects any truly mortal creature. Roll + CHA. On a 10+, all 3 apply. On a 7–9, choose 2. On a miss, choose 1, and take -1 forward.

- * Your aura affects only those targets you want to affect.
- * Your targets can do nothing but cower or flee from you (Defy Danger + WIS for PCs to do otherwise).
- * You can choose when to release the aura.

A WAY BACK TO THE WORLD

You can prevent others from passing on to the Lands of Death by pulling them back. Whenever someone must roll the Last Breath move, you can choose to bring them back. This causes them to permanently lose a Bond, just like the **Necropolitan** move. You can do this before or after they roll, but if you do it after they roll, you must lose a Bond as well.

PESHARYN SCION

The Pesharyn Werewolves were blessed, and great, and powerful. Theirs was a kingdom that brought honor and glory to the Crater Basin, and to their Lady Moon. Or so they would tell you, anyway, from their ruins and hidey holes, where they lament their lost glory and rage against the injustice of their fall. But that glory and power is still there to be taken, if you know how to take the Moon's silver light into yourself ...



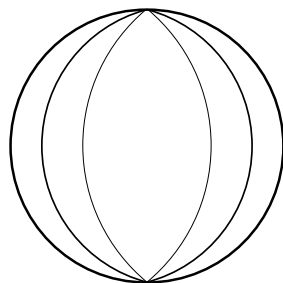
* THE LAST DAYS OF ANGLEKITE *

When you pledge yourself to the Moon and drink of her blood, you may take the **Moonblessed** move the next time you level up.

MOONBLESSED

You are empowered by the strength of the Moon. Your life is tied to her presence in the sky. When you take this move, start a Moon clock. Fill in all segments to represent the new moon, dark and hidden.

At the start of every session, roll 2d6. On a hit, erase a segment, revealing more of the Moon's glory. On a 10+, hold 1. Spend your hold at any time to use any Pesharyn Scion move you do not have. On a miss, erase no segments.



Moon Clock

When all segments are erased, reverse the process. Roll 2d6 at the start of each session. On a hit, fill in a segment. On a 10+, the GM holds 1. The GM can spend that hold at any time to make you lose control for a moment to the Moon's rage. On a miss, fill in no segments.

When the Moon is a crescent moon (at least one segment revealed), you have +1 Blessed. When the Moon is a gibbous moon (more than half segments revealed), you have +2 Blessed. When the moon is full (all segments revealed), you have +3 Blessed. You may add your Blessed score to your roll a number of times per session equal to the number of moon segments revealed.

You may add Blessed to the following moves:

- * Hack and Slash, when you are using your hands, claws, or fangs.
- * Defy Danger, when you are running on all fours.
- * Defend, when you are protecting someone of your blood.
- * Manipulate, when you are provoking fear.
- * Discern Realities, when you are using your sense of smell.

Once you have the **Moonblessed** move, you may take any of the following moves when you level up.

SKIN OF THE MOON

You may skinchange parts of your form into those of a fullblood Pesharyn werewolf for a time. Roll+Blessed. On a 10+, choose 2. On a 7–9, choose 1. On a miss, the change seizes your mind, and you become a beast temporarily.

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- * Claws and fangs (+2 damage, 1 piercing, close, messy)
- * Nose (You may always ask 1 additional question on Discern Realities as long as you're sniffing)
- * Quicksilver regeneration (+1 armor as your skin knits together almost as fast as it's injured)
- * Leaping legs (You can jump incredible distances and clamber up walls)
- * Silent step (You can move without any noise, +1 to Defy Danger as long as you're being stealthy)

The changes (or your loss of self) last for an hour or two at most.

VOICE OF THE MOON

You can howl into the night and call kinbloods to you. Roll+Cha. On a 10+, you call all wolves and wolfkin in the area to you, and they will protect you if and when they arrive. On a 7–9, choose 1:

- * You draw unwanted attention from non-wolfkin.
- * The wolfkin come to you, but they are not as friendly as you might hope.
- * The wolfkin will take some time to get to you.

CHOSEN OF THE MOON

You are not simply a blessed servant of the Moon; you are her chosen emissary and avatar. Your eyes become silvered orbs, and your skin and hair turn white. The Moon lives in your body.

As long as the Moon shines above (any of the segments on the Moon Clock are revealed), you cannot be killed. If you lose all your hit points while the Moon shines above, then your body will lie still, dead, until it is placed directly underneath the Moon's shining light, at which point you will regain half your hit points, rounded up, and the Moon's power will be drained away to nothingness. When you awaken, fill in all the Moon's segments.

AURA OF THE MOON

The Moon's light radiates through you. At any time during the night, you may start to glow with the Moon's silvered light. It illuminates the darkness and shines on any hidden truths in the area. Magic will glow in its light, as will secret messages, or beings attempting to hide. Nothing can disappear while the Moon's light shines on it.

ANGLEKITE ADVENTURER

Riches! Celebrity! Riches! Glory! More riches! The Anglekite Adventurer's Guild offers them all, and the deeper you involve yourself with it, the more you'll get in return. Just working for the Guild will fill your pockets. Joining the Guild will get you a home. And signing the Charter to become a blood-member? Wealth. Status. Joy.

Or, well, so the fliers would have you believe.



When you sign the Anglekite Adventurer's Guild Charter as a blood-member, you may take the **Guild Stores** move when you next level up.

GUILD STORES

When you go back to the Anglekite Adventurer's Guild, you can raid the Guild Stores for small artifacts to equip yourself for later ventures. Every time you go back to the Guild, you may take 3 Assortment. For each 100 gold you deposit with the Guild, you may take 1 additional Assortment. 2 Assortment are worth 1 Load.

At any time, you may search through your Assortment for a Trinket that will help in the current situation. Roll + Assortment spent on the search. On a 10+, you may determine the Trinket's Form, Function, and Flaw. On a 7–9, you may determine your choice of 2 of the Trinket's Form, Function, or Flaw. On a miss, the Assortment is still spent and you either find nothing to help, or you find a Trinket with 2 Flaws, and you may choose its Form or its Function.

All Trinkets are one-use items from the cultures that once lived in the World and around the Crater Basin. Each Trinket has 1 Function and 1 Flaw by default, with 1 Form that describes the Trinket. Whichever parts of the Trinket are not decided by the player are decided by the GM. (If the player defines Function, the GM defines Flaw and Form, for instance.)

Function: A simple one-word description of the Trinket's purpose, along with an in-game effect.

- * Destroy (can rip through inanimate matter)
- * Injure (deal +1 damage to a living being; choose range tag of either close or near)
- * Reach (allows access to something normally inaccessible)
- * Move (allows for an impossible form of movement)
- * Learn (grants special knowledge in the situation)
- * Provide (gives some material necessary for something, like food)
- * Patch (heal or repair, for 1d6 points of damage.)

Flaw: A simple one-word description of the Trinket's flaw, something that arose either from the basic construction or from being ancient.

- * Explosive (deals 1d6 damage to holder and everything in the vicinity when used)
- * Cursed (take -2 forward)

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- * Infamous (will attract unwanted attention)
- * Leech (needs a living power source, costs 4 hp to use)
- * Hungry (needs materials to work)
- * Bulky (improbably hard to use based on size)
- * Toxic (gain the Sick debility when used)
- * Return (the item must be returned, intact, to the Adventurer's Guild, or there will be hell to pay)

Form: A description of what the Trinket actually is, uniting Function and Flaw into a coherent whole. If the Function is Injure, and the Flaw is Leech, then the Trinket's Form might be a strange dagger that pierces the flesh of the wielder and glows red from the wielder's life force. If the Function is Learn and the Flaw is Explosive, then the Trinket's Form might be eye-glasses that crackle with explosive magical energy as they reveal the hidden text of the world written into the very bricks around you.

After you have taken **Guild Stores**, you may take any of the following moves at your level-up:

BADGE OF OFFICE

You have a badge of office, representing your status as a chartered member of the Guild. It is likely something gaudy and impractical, be sure to describe it. If you let someone see the badge, they will recognize it, guaranteed, as long as they are sentient residents of the Crater Basin. You can employ your status as a representative of the Guild to automatically get a 10+ hit on a Manipulate roll, but when you do, the GM chooses 1:

- * You give the person you are manipulating a tab for major Guild credit, which you can be sure they will turn in.
- * You owe the person the commission of a Guild venture to serve them.
- * You must grant the person membership in the Guild.
- * Using the badge in this way makes the Guild, and you, look bad—take -1 forward on all Parlay rolls until you redeem the Guild publicly.

UNDERLINGS

Whenever you go back to the Guild, you can commission a hireling from the Guild's ranks. These hirelings are built with 5 + your level points, and their Cost is "Guild Service and Return." You are responsible for the hireling while on mission, and you must return

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the hireling safely to the Guild or have your status as a blood-member of the Guild called into question. There are no additional Costs.

ACCESS TO THE COFFERS

You have access to the Guild's coffers. You can raid them for gold whenever you return to the Guild, enough to purchase items. When you raid the coffers for gold to purchase an item, name the item and its cost, then roll + CHA. On a 10+, you get enough gold for the item, and you aren't caught or held responsible. On a 7–9, you get enough gold for the item, but choose 1:

- * You get caught robbing the till—you must offer a bribe, do a favor, or leave something precious to stay in the clear. Refusal will result in your expulsion from the Guild.
- * You aren't caught immediately, but you know that it is only a matter of time before someone of importance discovers your theft. Treat the discovery as an Outstanding Warrant when you return.

LIBRARIES AND LEDGERS

The Adventurer's Guild keeps extensive records and has many, many tomes of lore. If you use the Guild's libraries and ledgers to perform research, you may ask 3 questions about any subject. The GM must answer your questions truthfully.

VAMPIRE HUNTER

Vampires are their most common prey, but the term is not specific. Vampire Hunters will hunt anything they see as monstrous. Strange. Unnatural. They take and sacrifice lives without thought in their hunts. Their eyes are empty and freezing. They laugh at the sight of death. They are unequivocally the best at what they do: hunting monsters and killing them. Better even than Adventurers of the Anglekite Guild. And all the while, they become ever more monstrous than those they hunt.

When you let innocents get hurt or die in the course of your hunt for Monsters, you may take the **Abyssal Gaze** move when you next level up.

ABYSSAL GAZE

At any time, you can designate another being within eyesight as a Monster. When you designate a being as a Monster, choose as many as you have Abyss.

- * Get +1 armor against the Monster.
- * Deal +1d6 damage against the Monster.
- * Get +1 piercing, messy, and forceful against the Monster.
- * Get +1 to Hack and Slash against the Monster.
- * Always find the Monster wherever it is.

You take -3 forward on any action involving the Monster that is not related to hunting, tracking, or killing it. You take -1 forward on any action not involving the Monster, as long as it is alive.

Whenever you kill a Monster, take 1 Abyss.

When you have 6 Abyss, you become a Monster, driven purely by hatred and disgust for other beings, looking only to cause death.

If you confess your sins to, beg for forgiveness from, and receive forgiveness from a true innocent, you can reduce your Abyss to 0.

After you have **Abyssal Gaze**, you may take any of the following moves as class moves when at your next level up.

BLACK HATRED

Whenever you deal damage, you can deal + Abyss in damage if you choose one:

- * You hurt someone innocent with your strike.
- * You hurt a friend with your strike.
- * You take 1 Abyss after the roll.
- * You destroy something beautiful or valuable with your strike.

TROPHIES

Whenever you kill a Monster, you can take a part of that Monster and add it to a trophy you wear on your person. The trophy starts at a +1, and gains a +1 for each 2 Monster parts you attach to it to a maximum of +3.

When you use your trophy to intimidate an NPC, roll + Trophy. On a 10+, they will back down and do what you want out of fear of you. On a 7–9, they will back down if you show them the Abyss inside you and take 1 Abyss. On a miss, they will flee from you, attack you, or become incapacitated with terror.

NECESSARY EVIL

When you gaze into another sentient being's eyes, you can immediately ask them: What creature do you most consider a Monster? If you do, you take a -2 forward to Parlay with them, unless playing on their fear or hatred.

If you offer to kill their Monster in exchange for their doing something for you, treat it as if you got a 10+ on a Parlay roll.

SCARRED BUT BREATHING

Whenever you would be reduced to 0 or fewer hit points by a Monster, you can choose to take 1 Abyss. If you do, you are reduced to 1 hit point instead of 0 hit points by the Monster's attack.

BLINDSEER

The Blind Taurics have kept the teachings of the Ebon Prophet for themselves for centuries. The Blindsight is their gift, and theirs alone. They guard such knowledge, fearing what could happen if others found it. But the end is coming, and times are changing. And perhaps now, to force the world to confront the truth of their prophecies, they will share that knowledge with one who deserves it. May the Dead Gods take mercy on that poor soul.

When you are granted the Blindsight of the Blind Taurics, you may take the **Blindsight** move immediately. At your next level-up, do not take a new move if you took **Blindsight**.

BLINDSIGHT

You are blind, but your blindness does not impair you. You see just far enough into the future to know how to move and act, as if you could see with your eyes. You can also focus upon the future and learn the perfect means to achieve your ends. The cost? The more you gaze into the future, the more you tie yourself to Fate, becoming an instrument of dark futures even you cannot escape.

When you take time to observe the future, take 1 Omen and roll + WIS. On a 10+, hold 3. On a 7–9, hold 2. On a miss, hold 1 and take another Omen. Spend a hold at any time to use your precognitive knowledge and take a 10+ on a roll instead of rolling.

If you have any Omens remaining when you make camp or at the end of a session, you must spend them on a Fate. You must spend as many Omens as possible on as few Fates as possible, e.g., if you have 7 Omens, you must take one 4–Omen Fate, and one 2–Omen Fate, and retain 1 Omen.

When you spend Omens on a Fate, choose either the outcome of the Fate from the lists below or the subject of the Fate (the blank). Whichever you do not choose, the outcome or the subject, the GM will choose. You always choose before the GM, even if you are choosing the outcome before the GM chooses the subject. You can have different Fates with the same subject or the same outcome, but you can never have two Fates with both the same subject and outcome.

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Spend 2 Omens for the following Fates:

- * You will lie to _____ about something they care about deeply.
- * You will tell the truth to _____ when it most hurts you.
- * You will deny _____ your help when they most need it.
- * You will grant _____ your help when they ask for it.
- * You will incur the hatred of _____.
- * You will harm _____.

Spend 4 Omens for the following Fates:

- * You will kill _____.
- * You will corrupt _____.
- * You will lose a fight to _____.
- * You will destroy _____.
- * You will imprison _____.

If a Fate goes a full session without being fulfilled, then it becomes a Burden on the Blindseer. For each Burden, the Blindseer gets -1 ongoing. Each and every Fate triggers this effect, and the modifier is cumulative, e.g., a Blindseer with four Burdens gets a -4 ongoing. Fulfilling the Fate will remove the Burden.

After you have the **Blindsight** move, you can take any of the following moves when you level up.

FUTURE'S WEAPON

You may transform your body into a perfected weapon by moving with the flow of destiny. Spend a hold from the **Blindsight** move. Your damage die becomes a d10. If it is already a d10, it becomes a 2d6. Choose 2 tags: +1 damage, 1 piercing, messy, area, stunning, reach, close.

You continue to act as the Future's Weapon until you are next struck by an attack.

EXPLORING THE WEB

When you meditate upon the future, you may Discern Realities and ask the following additional questions if you take an Omen.

- * What will happen to ____ if nothing changes?
- * How can I make sure that ____ comes about?
- * What role have the lines of fate chosen for me?

NOT MY TIME

Whenever you have any **Blindsight** hold, you have 2 armor in addition to whatever base defense you might have.

OMEN-SHARING

You can lighten the burden of the Fates upon you by sharing it with others. When you touch the eyes of another being with your fingertips, roll + CHA to share Omens with them. You may not spend your hold from Blindsight on this move.

If they are an NPC, on a hit, give them either 2 or 4 of your Omens, your choice. You must immediately choose a Fate for them that uses up all the Omens. On a 10+, choose both the Outcome and the Subject of the Fate you give to them. They are driven to ensure that such a future comes about. On a 7–9, they will still pursue that future, but choose one:

- * The GM chooses the subject of the Fate.
- * The GM chooses the outcome of the Fate.
- * They will come to hate you forever after what you have shown them. Parlaying or Omen-sharing with them in the future is impossible.
- * You lodge the Fate permanently in their head—they will be driven insane by its eternal repetition within their mind.
- * You call the corruption of the Things From Outside into them by giving oracular visions to one who was not meant to have them.

On a miss, the GM chooses both the subject and outcome of the Fate that the NPC will pursue.

If you shared the Fate with a PC, on a hit, give them either 2 or 4 Omens, your choice. They immediately must take a Fate that costs that many Omens, using the same rules as under **Blindsight**. They and the GM make all necessary choices. Their Fates can turn into Burdens upon them as well. On a 10+, they get a number of hold to spend as per the **Blindsight** move equal to the number of Omens you give them. On a 7–9, they get a number of hold to spend as per the **Blindsight** move equal to half the number of Omens you give them. On a miss, they lose their sight until the Fate is fulfilled.

ARTIFACTS



THE KEYS TO THE APOCALYPSE

The Angelbone Blade is a weapon of unimaginable power, and a crucial element of the apocalyptic prophecy. In a prior age, the Angelbone Blade was responsible for the extinction of an entire civilization; there was only one survivor, and she, with the help of other powers in the world, locked the blade away after it sundered her people and created the Crater Basin. These powers who worked with the last survivor, they could not bring themselves to permanently abandon the weapon—not so much power, not when they might need it. They built locks into the vault, and created three keys for those locks—three Gauntlets, themselves artifacts of reality-warping puissance. Now those three Gauntlets have been scattered to the different powers of the world, and assembling them is necessary to unleash the Angelbone Blade, apocalypse and all.

THE ANGELBONE BLADE

(FORCEFUL, MESSY, CLOSE, REACH, 2 PIERCING, +1 DAMAGE)

Made from the bones of an angel and molded in the fires of a Hellfurnace, the Angelbone Blade was quenched in the blood of the last god that the angel slew. The length of the Blade is etched with ancient runes in the script of the Elder Children, the first beings to live on this earth. The runes spell out three names: the first, the name of the angel whose bone is its substance; the second, the god whose blood cooled the Blade after its forging; the third, the name of the last person to wield the Blade. Thankfully, the means to read these names is long since lost to the world.

Long ago, the Elder Children foresaw the terrible, but all-important destiny of the Blade. To give it birth, they sacrificed themselves, one by one—each death carving an Elder Child's name into the Blade as a rune.

In combat, the Blade is a celestial terror. The Angelbone Blade can pour forth its essence into its wielder, imbuing them with a celestial might both

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incredible and monstrous, potentially loosing catastrophic destruction upon the world. The more frail and weak the mortal, the more room there is for the Angelbone Blade to pour in its own essence. The greatest wielders of the Blade inevitably become shattered in body and mind, breaking themselves apart to further access the spirit of the Blade. Mortals were not made to endure such power, but the strength of the Blade is intoxicating. No one so far has been willing to give up the Blade once they have tasted of its power.

When you wield the Angelbone Blade, your debilities do not affect you.

When you draw the Angelbone Blade from its scabbard, roll + debilities (the number of debilities you currently have). On a 10+, hold 3. On a 7–9, hold 2. Spend hold 1 for 1 to gain the following moves, to be used at will while the Blade is unleashed. You must spend at least 1 hold before you may sheathe the Blade. On a miss, the Blade gives you the move it thinks is most useful or valuable, regardless of your wishes.

(Weak) Celestial lightning runs through the blade. For the duration of the Blade's release, treat every damage die you roll as if it had rolled the highest possible number. While the celestial lightning runs through the Blade, you can also affect targets that otherwise, due to size or sheer invulnerability, you would be unable to harm, but you must roll your damage dice instead of taking the highest possible number.

(Shaky) Silvery wings of light burst from your back. You can fly for as long as you keep the Blade unleashed.

(Sick) Golden armor encases your flesh. As long as the Blade is unleashed, you have 4 armor, and it cannot be pierced.

(Stunned) You may weave celestial power into magic. You may create a magical effect as per the Wizard's Ritual move, where you count as a place of power. The only conditions available are:

- * First you must ____ .
- * You'll need help from ____ .
- * You and your allies will risk danger from ____ .
- * You will weaken the walls of this world with your use of power.
- * You will give yourself over to the Blade with your use of power—after the ritual, it will be able to act through your body for a time.
- * You will have to draw upon yourself and take another debility, GM's choice.

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- * You will have to draw upon someone else, and give them a debility, GM's choice.

(Confused) Your eyes take on a mirror sheen. You see the world as it truly is, piercing through any illusion or veil. You can even see the unseen and the impossible-to-see, like the flows of magic across the land or the scale of time left before the end of this reality. You may ask any five questions of the world around you, and gain +1 when acting on the answers, as long as the Blade is unleashed.

(Scarred) You are surrounded by an aura of celestial beauty and presence. You may Parlay with anything intelligent, using a voice that transcends language. Your terrifying aura is leverage. If you threaten to use the Blade, add your debilities to your roll in addition to +CHA. On a miss, you must follow through on your promise of violence immediately.

When you sheathe the Angelbone Blade, you must immediately take the debility noted in parentheses for every move you chose above. If you already have that debility, then take another debility, chosen by the GM.

If sheathing the Blade gives you more than six debilities, choose one:

- * Your physical form gives out. Roll the Last Breath move, but instead of Death, you'll be bargaining with the angel in the Blade.
- * You become possessed. You wake up sometime later, in an unfamiliar place, having done horrible things that you don't remember. Keep in mind that while you're possessed, the angel will be wielding its full strength through your body; the damage it can wreak is enormous.
- * You become partly celestial. Take some permanent, obvious mark of your affliction (you choose), and take one of the vows from the Paladin's Quest move, permanently. GM chooses which vow.

If you unleash the Angelbone Blade's catastrophic strength, then roll + nothing. On a 10+, choose 2. On a 7–9, choose 1.

- * You destroy whatever you strike with the Blade.
- * You avoid annihilating all within your sight.
- * You protect your own soul from the power of the Blade.

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On a miss, the world is cracked open, and your body is possessed by the Blade.

If you wield the Angelbone Blade against the Pyrewyrm, the blade will strive to unleash its catastrophic strength against the beast. If you attempt to sheathe the blade, you must Defy Danger through mental fortitude (+WIS) to avoid the Blade overcoming your will and unleashing its catastrophic strength.

THE GLASS GAUNTLET

The Glass Gauntlet is one of the three keys necessary to unlock the Tomb of the Angelbone Blade, a gauntlet that covers the arm of the wielder up to the elbow. It is made of completely transparent faceted glass, perfectly geometric. The arm of the wielder, however, does not appear, even when wearing the gauntlet. Light passes through the gauntlet smoothly, but emerges refracted by the different facets of the gauntlet. The wielder can use that refraction to create falsehoods and illusions.

The Glass Gauntlet is currently worn by Cray Def Un, and like all the gauntlets, it cannot be removed except by killing Cray Def Un or by cutting off the arm.

When you wield the powers of the Glass Gauntlet, shine light through it and roll + DEX. On a hit, you successfully project the illusion you want, including sound. You can choose one of the following:

- * You distract all attention away from something you want to hide.
- * You deceive your target into believing something false until proven otherwise.
- * You terrify your enemy with a monstrous apparition.

On a 7–9, you must also choose one of the following:

- * The effect is short-lived.
- * You must maintain focus to maintain the illusion (holding your arm in exactly the right place, concentrating).
- * The gauntlet becomes searing hot as light passes through it, causing 1d6 damage that bypasses all armor.

On a miss, the light fills up the Gauntlet and spills forth in a brilliant geyser, blinding you for a day.

THE OBSIDIAN GAUNTLET

The Obsidian Gauntlet is another key to the Tomb of the Angelbone Blade. It extends to the wielder's elbow, covering the skin in an oddly warm obsidian, completely opaque. Staring into the darkness for too long leads one to see strange motions in the depths of the Gauntlet. It moves fluidly with one's hand inside, and to all but the closest of inspections, it will appear that the wielder's entire arm is swathed in shadow. The Obsidian Gauntlet gives the wielder a window into the umbral plane, and power over the shades therein.

The Obsidian Gauntlet is currently held by the Archlich. Like all the Gauntlets, the Obsidian Gauntlet cannot be removed except by removing the arm.

When you thrust the Obsidian Gauntlet into a shadow, roll + STR. On a hit, you pull forth a shade of your choice from the shadow. The shade is treated as a minion. On a 10+, choose 1 from the list below. On a 7–9, choose 2. On a miss, you pull forth shades that are powerful and actively hostile to you.

- * The GM chooses what type of minion the shade is.
- * The shade has a will of its own, and will twist your commands to suit its purposes.
- * The shade's form is transient, and it will not remain in this world for long.
- * Pulling the shade forth is touching the cold of the beyond. You take 1d6 damage from touching that otherworldly cold.

Shades have very little physical form and are mostly intangible (3 armor), but shining bright lights on them will destroy them instantly, and striking them with fire will pierce all their armor and deal great damage (roll damage twice, select the best). Shades can touch living mortal beings with the terrible cold of beyond, and inflict b[2d8] damage.

THE QUICKSILVER GAUNTLET

The Quicksilver Gauntlet is the third key to the Tomb of the Angelbone Blade. It is a gauntlet of liquid silver, and when put on, it flows up the wielder's arm to the elbow. It always flows, never standing perfectly still, like a liquid mirror. Touching it will send ripples across its surface. It obeys the will of the wielder and can reshape itself into useful forms based on its wielder's whims.

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The Quicksilver Gauntlet is currently held by Malphas, though the President of Pandemonium has not taken to wearing the Gauntlet.

When you command the Quicksilver Gauntlet to change shape, roll + CON. On a hit, choose one. On a 7–9, you also take 1d6 damage from the contortions of the Gauntlet. On a miss, the Quicksilver obeys your unconscious impulses and contorts into mad shapes that cause chaos and confusion.

- * You gain a monster move for a physical action that you can perform for as long as the Quicksilver holds this shape. (Example: Quicksilver wings would enable the wearer to fly, or Quicksilver hammer-hands would allow the wearer to smash.) After the third time you make use of the move, the Quicksilver returns to normal.
- * You transform the Quicksilver into a melee weapon, default tags of hand, +1 damage. Choose 3 additional tags:

REACH
FORCEFUL
MESSY
PIERCING 3
+1D4 DAMAGE
STUNNING

- * The Quicksilver slides up your arm and covers your face. You can take on the appearance of anyone, as long as you remain humanoid—you cannot shapeshift.

PYREWYRM'S REGALIA

The Pyrewyrm's Regalia is a mystery. Those who know of it believe that it may have been forged from some discovered scales of the Pyrewyrm itself. Some claim that it came into being at the beginning of existence, same as the Pyrewyrm. Others are sure that an ancient demonic king communed with the Pyrewyrm while it slept, and channeled its power into the regalia.

No one knows for certain their origins. But when examined to find their purpose, their nature, their function, all seercraft and oracular investigations produced the same information: they exist to summon the Pyrewyrm. Their power is intimately tied to it, and using the items paves the path for the Pyrewyrm to awaken. What's more, playing with such forces cannot help but transform the wielder into something like the Pyrewyrm itself, granting Draconic Features to those foolish enough to tempt fate with the Pyrewyrm's toys.

When you take on a Draconic Feature, you are permanently changed with a draconic feature of the GM's choice, obvious and irreversible, marking you out forevermore. (Not just eyes with weird pupils, but eyes with weird pupils that are bright blue and shot through with veins of red, and also glow all the time, especially when reflecting fire.) These features set you apart as abnormal, but are not strong enough to be of use. For instance, a new tail is not strong enough to be used as a weapon. New wings are not strong enough to carry you.

THE CATASTROPHIC CHANNEL

The Channel is a hollow tube made of melted and reshaped orange dragon scale. It is always cold to the touch, no matter the ambient temperature. Anyone who looks into the tube sees only blackness, from either end. The tube is about the length of a human forearm. When held in both hands perpendicular to the ground, with the wielder's will directed at the rod, the Channel will begin to vibrate rapidly, and waves of visual distortion will begin to flow out of both ends of the hollow tube into the air and the ground. Devastation will follow.

When you hold the Catastrophic Channel in both hands, perpendicular to the ground, and pick a natural disaster to set in motion, roll + WIS. Natural disasters include: tornado, earthquake, flood, terrible wind storm, terrible lightning storm, landslide. On a hit, the natural disaster comes. On a 10+, choose 2. On a 7–9, choose 3.

- * The effect is far greater in extent and damage than you wanted.
- * The summoning sapped all your strength, and you are now Weak.
- * The disaster actively seeks you out.
- * You have angered the primal spirits of the world.
- * You must take on a Draconic Feature (see above).

On a miss, the natural disaster summoned is completely out of control. Additionally, mark off a box on the Awakening track (see page 43).

THE DRAGON'S AMULET

The Dragon's Amulet is a piece of white dragon scale, chipped and sculpted into a head of an oncoming dragon, with eyes made of glinting pieces of gold. The dragon's mouth is closed, but looking at it for too long gives the impression that at any moment, that maw will open and death will spill forth. The Amulet is held on a steel chain of simple, untarnished links, and it weighs heavily on the neck of the wearer. It feels

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warm to the touch, and wearing it will inevitably lead the wearer to feel a constant irritation in his or her throat. Legend has it that if the wearer grips the Amulet and presses it to his or her chest, then its might will flow into him or her, and pour out of his or her mouth.

When you press the Dragon's Amulet to your chest, you can breathe forth the elements. When you do so, roll + CON. On a hit, deal your damage to any number of targets within one range (far, near, reach, close, hand), and choose one:

- * You breathe fire. Your targets are set aflame.
- * You breathe lightning. Your targets are stunned.
- * You breathe ice. Your targets are frozen and slowed.
- * You breathe acid. Your targets' armor is eaten away.

On a 7–9, also choose one:

- * Your breath sears your throat. You take whatever damage you roll (the number you roll, not the total dealt to all enemies).
- * Your breath affects much more than you had intended.
- * You take on a Draconic Feature (see page 118).

On a miss, you cannot stop the stream of destruction pouring from your mouth. Additionally, mark off a box on the Awakening track (see page 43).

THE CIRCLET OF IMPERIAL PRESENCE

The Circlet is made of azure dragonscale, melted into a circle, with a single gleaming emerald set at its front. It is very difficult to see from afar, but within the emerald in a faint outline is the image of a dragon, spreading its wings and soaring high. The Circlet exudes a faint hum, perceptible only at the furthest fringes of consciousness. It is not an unpleasant sensation, and it even tends to set one a bit more at ease. The wearer of the Circlet does not hear this hum. The wearer instead feels a lightning flowing through their veins, a certainty, a power and purity of mind and purpose. The Circlet imbues its wielder with the demeanor of an imperial lord ... or a dragon.

When you give a clear command to someone while you are wearing the Circlet of Imperial Presence, roll + CHA. If they are an NPC, on a 10+, they choose one:

- * They follow your command to the best of their ability,
- * They fall incapacitated with tremendous agony caused by the Circlet.

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On a 7–9, they can also choose to do one of the following:

- * They take 1d10 damage.
- * They flee from you in utter terror.
- * They give you something they think you want.
- * They swear fealty to the Pyrewyrm (not to you).

On any of these results, the player may choose to take on a Draconic Feature to choose what the NPC does.

If they are a PC, on a 10+, both. On a 7–9, pick one.

- * They must Defy Danger with Wisdom to resist your will, the danger being the fiery power of the Circlet invading their mind.
- * They get 2 xp if they do what you want.

On a miss, the Circlet lashes out at the person you command, attacking their mind directly to force them to obey. Additionally, mark off a box on the Awakening track.

When the Awakening track has been filled, these artifacts' power is depleted.

You can always choose to get the 10+ effect of any of these artifacts instead of rolling if you mark off a box on the Awakening track.

When you take a Draconic feature, roll + WIS – Features, where Features is the number of Features you had before you gained this one. On a 10+, you're fine. On a 7–9, you are Scarred. If you are already Scarred, then you get a second Draconic feature (this second feature does not cause another roll). On a miss, you are now a Draconic Vessel.

THE RELICS OF MAGICKS PAST

The Crater Basin, and indeed this world as a whole, is riddled with the ruins and remains of civilizations long extinct. All of them had their own practices, their own powers, their own items of power. Even though they might be long gone, their artifacts have a tendency to outlive them. These ancient magical crafts all had purposes or meanings that have been long since lost to time and dust. Today, they are merely avenues to greater strength, greater wealth, or a faster doom.

THE SCREAMING BOW

The Screaming Bow is made of bone, muscle, and flesh. The string is a long strand of gristle between the two, meaty, wet arms of the bow. It is

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a disgusting thing to behold, and even more appalling to use. And yet, it is terrifyingly effective.

Any arrow nocked on the Screaming Bow will come alive, becoming a long, thin eel or snake creature. The arrowhead will open up into a mouth with fangs, and when fired, the arrow will issue forth the scream for which the bow has gotten its name.

Screaming arrows have 2 piercing, and deal +1d6 damage as their teeth gnaw into their targets.

On a 7–9 volley you may choose this option as well:

- * The Bow writhes and pulses under your grip, and you must Defy Danger + CON or become violently ill.

SPINNING SHARDS

These are the weapons of the Demon Monks of Xi'Yueng. Strange, bright red shards of a material that looks like wood, but is spongy to the touch. They faintly float through the air, resisting the pull of gravity. When force is applied to them, they move in straight lines, unceasingly and unerringly. When great force is applied to them, they move even more quickly, becoming projectiles of terrible strength.

It takes training to use a Spinning Shard well. For someone who can use them, trained, they have the following tags: reach, near, far, roll twice and take the best damage, and 3 piercing. For someone who is untrained, they have the following tags: reach, near, +2 damage, 1 piercing, and messy.

THE GUIDE'S GLASSES

Lenses made of ruby. Rims made of brass. Runes etched in with acid. They are well designed, unassuming glasses that don't warrant too much notice. But when worn, all the wearer needs to do is whisper the full name of a person, place, or thing nearby, and the power of the Glasses is revealed—the wearer will see an illuminated path, firelight dancing invisibly a foot or so off the ground, leading them from wherever they are to their destination in the most expedient path.

The danger is that this path is not always without risk. If the best route from two points is directly through a horde of monsters and over a lake of fire, that's the route the Glasses will reveal. The Glasses prioritize speed over safety, and have no ability to judge obstacles or danger when showing a path. And sometimes, using the Glasses will draw other things

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to you—things that can sense that trail of twinkling firelight just as easily as the wearer can.

And at the worst of times? The Glasses choose their own path.

When you whisper the true, full name of a thing not hidden behind magical protections to the Glasses, roll + WIS. On a hit, you'll see the blazed path through the Glasses. On a 10+, choose 1. On a 7–9, choose 2.

- * The Glasses lead you through a dangerous place.
- * The Glasses alert powerful beings nearby or along the path.
- * The Glasses' path will take a long time to follow.

On a miss, the Glasses will take you where they choose.

THE QUICKSILVER CLOAK

The Cloak's name is a pleasant euphemism—it is not made of quicksilver. It is made from the skins of slain mirrorbeasts, stretched and sewn together into a whole. It is not some light artifact, made to be beautiful and exceptional. It is an artifact of death, a trophy of slain enemies.

The Cloak's mirrored surface is what everyone sees. Legend holds that it can reflect spells cast at those who wear it. Very few actually know the most important ability that the Cloak bestows upon its wearer; the ability to pass into the mirror, into the world on the other side of everything, a world of nothingness and infinite possibility, set into existence only when a mirror intrudes on this reality. The denizens, the mirrorbeasts of this world, are terrifying formless creatures of potentiality, capable of defending their realm. They can smell the Cloak. They will seek justice for the deaths of their brethren. Or they will cower in fear of one who wears their skins. The Cloak's wearer can never know what fate waits on the other side of the mirror.

When you walk into a mirror while wearing the Quicksilver Cloak, roll + nothing. On a 10+, the mirrorbeasts will not attack you, and you can use the power of the Cloak to carve a path through your mirror to any other. On a 7–9, choose 2:

- * The mirrorbeasts will not attack.
- * The Cloak will let you shape your path to your destination.
- * You can scoop up some of the valuable mirrorstuff to take with you.

On a miss, the mirror shatters behind you—there's no going back. Mirrorbeasts use the same general stats as hellhounds.

THE CRYSTALLINE PEN

Most of these were broken when the civilization that made them, a magocracy of red cyclopean beings, was toppled by the rising Pesharyn. They were much hated tools of the red cyclopes, simultaneously signs of authority and instruments of power. Smashing them was the first order of business for the triumphant Pesharyn werewolves. But at least one of these crystalline pens was successfully saved, and still functions, to this day.

Anything the crystalline pen inscribes upon a surface is irremovable and visible to only those whom the writer chooses.

THE DREAMER'S INK AND NEEDLE

The Dreamer's Ink was the product of a civilization of mute, many-eyed creatures that wore their identities upon their very skin. They inscribed their personalities in physical images upon themselves, and in so doing they made their souls available to each other in a way no civilization since has achieved. They were murdered by a horde of bloodthirsty elfin marauders who did not much care about the pictorial souls of their victims.

To those of the Crater Basin, the Dreamer's Ink is not used for as noble, intricate, and artistic a purpose as the Many-Eyed once used it, but still it has great value. An artist can inscribe a tattoo using the Dreamer's Ink upon the flesh of any living being, and then the tattooed individual can bring out the object at will from within their very own flesh, returning it to its tattoo form when done with it.

ELFSKEIN GARB

Only the noblest of nobles wears elfskein. The elves that still exist today are pale shadows of the true elves, the creatures that embodied the eddies of arcane force in the world, creatures that obeyed the whims of destiny and their own capricious natures, but never logic, never reason. It is their fine, silken, glorious skein from which the Garb is made.

Wearing Elfskein Garb is generally enough to get identified as a noble or personage of great wealth in any situation. But Elfskein Garb has another property, one that few of the nobles who are more interested in its cosmetic properties would be aware of. Elfskein Garb allows the wearer to access the flows of arcane destiny that were threaded through the Old Elves' existences. Through such Garb, one can channel those flows, and produce art of such blinding majesty that it can be destructive as much as sublime. To do so requires something of a risk, but to those for whom art is everything, the risk is nearly always worth it.

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* SPIDERSPINE *

* ARTIFACTS *

When attempting an artistic endeavor while wearing Elfskein Garb, roll + WIS. On a 10+, hold 3. On a 7–9, hold 2. Spend your hold 1 for 1 to name someone who is watching, perceiving, or drinking in your work, and choose 1:

- * They fall in love with you.
- * They become addicted to the euphoria you've created.
- * They will give you a tremendous gift.
- * They will come to believe whatever you want them to believe.
- * They will feel perfect peace.

On a miss, your work is beautiful, but one person who sees your work understands it came from the Garb—they will stop at nothing to take the Garb from you.

SPIDERSPINE

Living creatures themselves, perhaps? Just remnants of ancient artificers, long ground into the Basin's dust? Unclear. Valuable, though. Rare, and useful, and horrible.

The Spiderspine is a segmented metal object with hundreds of sharp little legs erupting from it. It looks like something of a metal centipede. The Spiderspine, when applied to a vertebrate creature, will burrow into the creature's back and grind its way through the creature's spine. The process is absurdly painful and debilitating, and the creature will be hampered by agony for at least four days while the Spiderspine does its work. Any PC with an attached Spiderspine will suffer from a debility (player's choice) during this period: Weak, Shaky, or Sick.

Eventually, the Spiderspine will have completely replaced the wearer's actual spine, at which point, they will begin to function normally again. But the creature may, at will, exude eight long, thin, but impossibly strong spider-like limbs from the Spine. These limbs are each 16 feet long when fully extended, and will allow the creature to climb walls and across ceilings at will. Furthermore, each ends in a razorsharp point (+1 damage, hand, reach, close, 2 piercing, precise).

THE ROOTED BOOTS

Each Boot is fashioned from the body of a Wooden Legionnaire, the famous indefatigable soldiers of the Forested Hosts. The Legionnaires are long gone, most of them burned at the ends of the wars they lost, but some enterprising craftsmen were able to salvage their forms and cre-

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ate these Boots with runecraft and magical seals. Each Boot is made of wood, but is gently warm and flexible to the touch. Those who wear the Boots can call upon the power of the Legionnaires themselves, and their connection to the earth.

When you root yourself in place while wearing the Rooted Boots, roll + CON. Roots will extend from the Boots into the ground and into your legs. On a 10+, hold 3. On a 7–9, hold 2. Spend your hold 1 for 1 to do the following:

- * Prevent yourself from being moved.
- * Send out roots to crack and break something in front of you.
- * Trip up any number of targets within range of your roots.
- * Create a 10 foot long wall of thin wooden trees shooting up from the ground.

Once your hold is spent, your Boots will automatically unroot themselves. On a miss, you cannot move or be moved from this spot for hours; the roots will not remove themselves from the ground or from your legs.

PORTABLE WALLS

These heavy artifacts (1 weight each) were made by some variation of crafting creature, most likely the Quelshaem stone elves. They are miniaturized walls of stone. With a word, they can be dropped onto the ground and will spring up to become 3 feet wide, 8 feet tall, and 8 feet long—or they will fill whatever space they are dropped into, up to those dimensions.

THE STONE EFFIGY

The stonedwarves hated the sight of flesh. It disgusted them, deep in the pits of their sulphurous bellies. Still, they acknowledged the need to conduct trade with the fleshbags of the surface, if nothing else. To accommodate business without bringing on undue retching, they created the Stone Effigies. Each one is a bland, featureless, small humanoid statue with a cord through its head, that it might be worn easily around the neck. When kissed and placed upon the ground, the spirit of a fleshbag could enter and animate the effigy, allowing the fleshbag to venture into the stonedwarves' territory without offending the stonedwarves. A few of these effigies are still around, despite the destruction of the stonedwarves' kingdoms.

When you kiss the Stone Effigy and set it upon the ground, it will grow until it is a mirror of your own shape. You can possess it with your mind. It has 15 HP and 3 armor for its stone skin, but it otherwise shares your

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Ability scores, damage die, etc. You can only possess one body at a time—if you return to controlling your own body, the Stone Effigy will return to its portable form and will have to be kissed again before you can possess it once more. While you are possessing the Effigy, your body is helpless.

If the Stone Effigy is destroyed while you are possessing it, roll + WIS. On a 10+, you are fine. On a 7–9, you are Shaken until you get some rest. On a miss, take a -1 ongoing until you have a day or two to rest and recover fully.

THE THIRD EYE OF THE EBON PROPHET

It is the only artifact left in the world that allows for futuresight. It is the lens through which the bearer can see the end of all things. The Blind Taurics carry it and protect it always from the greedy hands and minds of the Crater Basin. But they can only protect it for so long against those willing to spill blood to get their hands on the Third Eye.

If you cut open your forehead and insert the Third Eye of the Ebon Prophet, deal yourself 1d10 damage with the pain and agony of the Eye bonding to you. Then, gain the following move:

When you use the Third Eye of the Ebon Prophet to gaze into the future, you can Discern Realities about what you see. You can also ask the following questions:

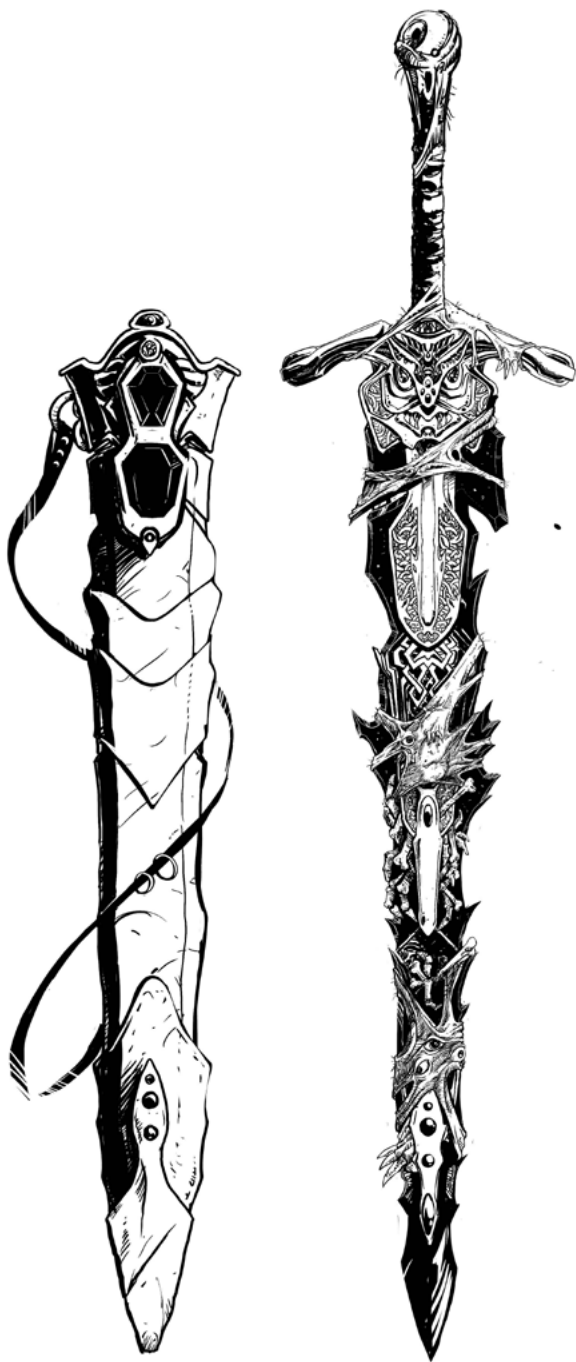
- * What can I do to make _____ happen?
- * What catastrophe lies in the near future?
- * Where would fate have me go next?
- * How will the world end if I do nothing?

THE SCABBARD OF SELF

The Scabbard is crafted from bones of ancient creatures, inset with gold and onyxes. It is a priceless Scabbard, but that is all but useless unless you know the ritual. And if you know the ritual, then you are no one who should own the Scabbard.

The ritual lets you plant some of your own flesh, blood, and bone into the Scabbard. Give it time, or give it more of yourself, and it will grow. The sword that will eventually exist within the Scabbard will be made from the wielder's own bone. It will pulse with the wielder's own life. The blade will be sharp, and as light as air in the wielder's hands. It will be hard as diamond when striking. It is one's killing instinct and ability, embodied.

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* THE SCABBARD OF SELF *

* ARTIFACTS *

When you perform the Scabbard's ritual, cut off some part of your body and provide it to the Scabbard. Choose to lose from 1 to 10 hp, permanently. 1 is some blood and a tiny fragment of bone. 10 is a limb. The Scabbard takes 30 days to gestate. Each hp lost is 3 fewer days, so losing a limb will result in the Scabbard gestating overnight. When the Scabbard is done gestating, you will have your own bone blade.

When wielding your bone blade, you take a +1 ongoing. Your bone blade will also increase your damage die size by one step (d4 to d6, d6 to d8, d8 to d10, d10 to 2d6), and provides the following tags: close, precise, +2 damage, messy. If your bone blade is taken from you or you lose it, you permanently lose 1 hp per day until you get it back. If your bone blade is destroyed, you die. No Last Breath is allowed; the Scabbard consumes all that you are. The reverse is also true; if you die, your blade disintegrates.

GM ADVICE



Running *The Last Days of Anglekite* is largely a task of running a huge, over-the-top, epic game of *Dungeon World*. Be sure that you know how to run *Dungeon World*, and refer back to that game's Principles, Moves, and so on as much as possible. That said, there are techniques and principles unique to *The Last Days of Anglekite* that refine *Dungeon World* to specifically suit the Crater Basin.

PRINCIPLES

ALWAYS ESCALATE

When you're running *The Last Days of Anglekite*, always escalate by bringing on the grim portents of your existing fronts; by introducing new monsters, new dangers from existing fronts, new fronts entirely, new dangerous magical items; or by threatening ever more major parts of your game's setting.

The Last Days of Anglekite is a setting all about the mythic, the catastrophic, and the legendary. To bring that to the fore, you need to escalate the danger, stakes, and tension, and the PCs will react in kind.

The fronts provided in this book all come with impending dooms, stakes, and grim portents. The impending dooms and stakes give you an idea of what the fronts threaten, but the grim portents lay out a clear track for escalation of the front. Whenever you need to escalate, an easy way to do that is to bring on the next grim portent for one of your extant fronts.

Introducing new dangerous elements is also a great way to escalate, and every fictional element in this book is dangerous to some extent. Bringing in new monsters that the PCs have never encountered before forces them to deal with a threat that they don't have a handle on yet. Bringing in new powerful magical items, particularly in the hands of enemies, will escalate the stakes by raising the level of power available to change the world, both in good and bad ways. Bringing in dangers that the PCs

haven't already seen from a front they've already been introduced to is a great way to increase the weight of that overall front and its stakes. And bringing in nearly any of these specific elements will give you an opening to bring in the dangers, stakes, and dooms of a whole new front.

Threatening more of your setting is often a direct result of following through on the grim portents and stakes of your fronts, but sometimes may go beyond those. The key to threatening more of your setting is to have threats, monsters, enemies, or magical items you've already introduced now endangering bigger and ever more important parts of the setting. When an army of feral vampires threatens Fellbit Steading, you can escalate to the same army now threatening Anglekite itself. When the Draining threatens Anglekite, you can escalate by having it threaten the entire Crater Basin (as signs of the Draining begin to appear near the farthest outskirts of the Basin). Keep in mind that the PCs themselves are some of the most important parts of your setting. Threatening them, or what they care about, in an ever-greater fashion will escalate the stakes in exactly the same way.

Another great means to threaten more of the setting is to use the force rules presented later in this chapter. Those rules allow for large-scale, army-sized conflicts that are the escalation from fights involving PCs and individual monsters. Keep those rules in mind as a great tool for use as the ultimate escalation in the climax of the game.

MAKE IT A MARATHON, NOT A SPRINT

Running *The Last Days of Anglekite* is about running long-distance, not sprinting. It can be tempting to race towards the coolest, most impressive, most epic elements right out of the gate, but don't do it! Build to them slowly over time, and they'll be all the more impressive and captivating when they actually arrive. You don't want to introduce the Angelbone Blade straight out of the gate. Instead, bring it in at a late mile-marker, and it'll be all the more impressive.

The key to making *The Last Days of Anglekite* a marathon is to keep it moving forward at a constant pace, so you only arrive at the highest impact moments at the end of your game. At the start of the entire game, keep the stakes relatively low, and keep anything that has an active presence in your game's setting on the lower side of potency and danger. The feral vampires are dangerous, but still low-level compared to many of the other threats in this book. The Scourge Karkis is a titanic threat that should not be prominent as something to be opposed until the end of the game.

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As you're running, look for mile-markers, the moments when it's important to raise the stakes and the tension. These are signs for you to escalate. Any time you need to make a hard move, whether because of a miss on a roll or because of a lull in the conversation, that's a mile-marker, a great time to increase the tension and madness. For example, when a PC misses a roll while secretly tracking the feral vampires, that's when you introduce Thingtrolls amid the feral vampire pack ... Thingtrolls who've just noticed the PC and are coming right at her.

Other useful mile-markers beyond hard moves include the end of a session, or the end of a particular adventure. Use these mile-markers to keep the game running forward, but at a controlled pace fit for the long-distance nature of a game of *The Last Days of Anglekite*. At each mile-marker, ramp up the danger, the tension, and the stakes. Threaten more, with harder-to-overcome opponents.

For example, after dealing with feral vampires in Fellbit Steading, think about what the next step up in tension that you want to play with might be. Cray Def Un's Thieves' Guild is powerful, but not as threatening and powerful as the sorcerer himself, so maybe the next threats and tension come from the Guild appearing and making demands of the PCs, giving them a chance to work their way up to a showdown with the sorcerer.

When you reach the end of your game, that's when the finish-line is in sight, and you don't have to hold back any more. Make the stakes and threats as huge as the fiction can support. Drive home the climactic danger and the impossible struggle. For example, in the last session, that's when Cray Def Un himself arrives to steal the Angelbone Blade right out of the hand of the hero who's trying to use it to slay the Scourge Karkis. It's a no-holds-barred magical battle, with devastation and destruction galore. Winner takes all.

WORK TOWARDS SAYING YES

When running *The Last Days of Anglekite*, put in the work to say yes to players as much as possible. Seek compromise and joint decisions about the fiction, instead of putting your foot down and invoking authority. There may be times when you have to say to a player, "That doesn't really work with the setting as we've been playing it here," but your next step is always to then suggest an alternative: "How about we try it this way, instead?" It's better to be flexible and compromise than rigid with the risk of disenfranchising a player.

* GM ADVICE *

If a player wants their character to be a living god with powers that reshape reality, then it's fair to straight-out say no. That concept doesn't jibe well with the rest of the game. But work towards saying yes as much as possible. Ask what the player finds most interesting about that idea. Find a way to incorporate those ideas into a concept that doesn't undermine the fiction of *The Last Days of Anglekite*. Maybe that PC was once a living god, but they lost their immortality and powers and are looking for a way to get them back.

An important part of this principle is being perfectly willing to throw out or change anything you read in this book. Everything included here is a toy for you to add to your story as you see fit. Whether or not it even shows up in your sandbox is up to you, and you should also freely change the toys as you see fit. You're not going to be "playing it wrong" if you decide to make the Archlich work with the Things From Outside, because that's what makes sense in your game. It's better to take what your players want to add to the setting than it will ever be to tell them that "the book says otherwise, end of discussion."

For example, the text for the Last Guardian says that she's the last orc in the world. But a player at your table says to you that she has this great character concept for playing an orcish librarian. You could just say, "No, there are no orcs left in this setting," but that's not fun for either you or



* SPAWNING PIT *

the player. Instead, work towards saying yes. Is it a huge deal if the Last Guardian isn't the last orc left, but is instead an ancient orc who stood watch over the Angelbone Blade for an eternity? Probably not.

BEGIN BY INCORPORATING, END BY REINCORPORATING

When a game of *The Last Days of Anglekite* starts, it's all about the incorporation of new and crazy elements into the setting. Pay attention to the difference between the setting as written here in this book, and the setting as it exists at your table. Nothing is in your setting unless it has actually come up at your table, no matter how often it is mentioned in this book, so your job is to add things to your setting at the table by talking about them, making them appear, making them matter.

Throughout the first half of your game, take every opportunity to introduce something powerful, frightening, or strange. When a PC Spouts Lore, give them something new to play with instead of refocusing on something extant. When someone gets a hard move and it fits the fiction, introduce a terrible monster that's been stalking the PCs, surfacing for a fight (the dimension-hopping Thieves' Guild works great for this). Your goal is to add toys to the sandbox.

In the back half of your game, change gears to reincorporation, either at a predetermined point—the beginning of session 3 out of a 4-session run, for example—or when the PCs themselves stop paying attention to new things. For example, when the PCs are trying to find out how to kill Scourge Karkis, they're looking for new elements, some weapon or ally they can use to that end. But once they have that weapon or ally, and they turn back to actually go kill the Scourge Karkis, that's your signal to start tying everything together.

When you start reincorporating, at every opportunity when you would have otherwise added a new element, reuse an element you've already added to your setting. Spout Lore should tie together two pieces of the setting; hard moves reveal that an enemy they previously encountered is back now, and is angrier than ever.

The beauty of *Dungeon World*, and of *The Last Days of Anglekite* especially, is that the system encourages crazy explanations. It doesn't matter if a villain died in the first session—they made a deal with the Things From Outside, and now they're a monstrous nightmare beast back from the dead with a chip on their tentacle. It doesn't matter if the PCs were dimension-hopping to Cray Def Un's palace to avoid detection—Raskun used her reviled sorceries to scry on them through the blood of vampires, and she knows exactly where they'll be when they return to the Crater Basin.

PLAYSETS

The Last Days of Anglekite gives you a huge supply of toys to throw into your sandbox. But trying to use everything contained in this book is not a good idea (unless you're playing a huge LongCon, see page 146). You'll need to choose what you want to include and what you want to leave out.

One way to handle the material here is to design a playset, a set of linked fronts, monsters, magical items, compendium classes and locations that go together well. Your playset isn't set in stone, and you might wind up completely deviating from it as you go, but it can get you started in a coherent way. Here are a few playsets you can pick up and use:

THE ONCOMING GIANT—This playset concerns itself mostly with the Scourge Karkis, his inevitable approach, and the places and people in his way. The Scourge Karkis comes into the Crater Basin through Fellbit Steading and stomps onward toward Anglekite. He'll pass by the Woundwaters, pass through the Shardfingers to get there. Adventurers trying to stop him might band together with the vampire hunters and Raskun, or might find Raskun and her men to be even more deplorable than the thing they're trying to stop.

Fronts: The Fleeing Hordes, the Scourge Karkis

Dangers: Feral vampires, Raskun the Reviled and vampire hunters, the Coming of the Scourge Karkis, the Scourge Karkis, Thingtrolls, the Cult of the Infested, the Spinefish

Locations: Fellbit Steading, Anglekite, the Shardfingers, the Woundwaters

Relics: The Spiderspine (on one of the vampire hunters), the Quicksilver Cloak (held in the vaults of the Adventurer's Guild), the Crystalline Pen (crafted from the Shardfingers after they are smashed by the Scourge Karkis's passing)

Compendium Classes: Vampire Hunter, Anglekite Adventurer

ARTIFACT HUNTERS—This playset is about the most powerful artifacts within the Crater Basin ... and the people who want them. Those artifacts are scattered throughout the Basin, but all are so powerful that they cannot be ignored. Using this playset makes the story much more McGuffin-heavy—PCs will likely be trying to get *the thing* before the bad guys can get *the thing*. But when the PCs start playing with items of this much power, that's where the real fun begins.

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Fronts: The Third Eye of the Ebon Prophet, the Pyrewyrm's Rise, the Apocalypse Arrived

Dangers: The Blind Taurics, Cray Def Un's Thieves Guild, the Pesharyn Werewolves, the Servants of the Wordfey, the Pyrewyrm's Regalia, Ashkaraghul, the Pyrewyrm, the Angelbone Blade, the Archlich, Malphas, Cray Def Un

Locations: Pandemonium, the Tomb of the Angelbone Blade, the Liar's Wood, Cray Def Un's Palace, the Necropolis

Artifacts: The Third Eye of the Ebon Prophet, the Pyrewyrm's Regalia, the Angelbone Blade, the Glass Gauntlet, the Obsidian Gauntlet, the Quicksilver Gauntlet

Compendium Classes: Blindseer, Draconic Vessel

POWER AT A COST—This playset is all about enormous threats endangering the whole of the Crater Basin and the world, and obtaining the power necessary to stop them, even at great cost. The emphasis is on sources of power that have a dangerous price attached, and on the dangers that might push you to pursue that kind of power. The PCs might be heroes here, but they won't like what they become in the process of saving the world.

Fronts: The Apocalypse Arrived, the Pyrewyrm's Rise, the Necropolis and the Draining, the Things From Outside

Dangers: The Archlich, the Draining, the Bone Collectors, the Scourge Karkis, Thingtrolls, the Cult of the Infested, the Servants of the Wordfey, the Pyrewyrm's Regalia, Ashkaraghul, the Pandemonium Courts, the Pyrewyrm, the Angelbone Blade, the Infested, the Spawning Pit, the Woundslimes,

Locations: The Necropolis, Webhelm, Cavewater, Pandemonium

Artifacts: The Apocalypse Regalia, the Angelbone Blade, the Glass Gauntlet, the Obsidian Gauntlet, the Quicksilver Gauntlet

Compendium Classes: Corrupted Vessel, Liberated, Necropolite, Demonskinned

THE DENIZENS OF THE CRATER BASIN—The Crater Basin is chock-full of strange peoples and the detritus of lost civilizations. This playset is about highlighting the major cultures and peoples of the Crater Basin, along with the assorted leftovers from other long lost civilizations. Pandemonium, the Necropolis, and even the Palace take center stage here

as major locations for the Crater Basin, alongside the smaller towns and steadings that feed into its economy.

Fronts: Pandemoniac Politics, Cray Def Un's Pleasure Palace, the Necropolis and the Draining, the Fleeing Hordes

Dangers: The Archlich, the Draining, the Bone Collectors, the Cult of the Infested, the Servants of the Wordfey, the Pandemonium Courts, the Demon Monks of Xi'Yueng, President Malphas and Supporters, Ashkaraghul, the Infested, the Spawning Pit, the Woundslimes, the Pesharyn Werewolves, the Gilded Chains, the Chained, Cray Def Un, the Thieves Guild, the Palace, Feral Vampires, Raskun the Reviled and Vampire Hunters, the Coming of the Scourge Karkis

Locations: The Necropolis, Webhelm, Cavewater, Fellbit Steading, Pandemonium, Cray Def Un's Pleasure Palace

Artifacts: The Glass Gauntlet, the Obsidian Gauntlet, the Quicksilver Gauntlet, the Screaming Bow, Spinning Shards, the Quicksilver Cloak, Portable Walls, the Crystalline Pen, Dreamer's Ink and Needle, Elfskein Garb, Rooted Boots, Stone Effigy, the Third Eye of the Ebon Prophet

Compendium Classes: Necropolite, Demonskinned, Pesharyn Scion, Anglekite Adventurer, Blindseer

THE ALIEN SORCERER—Cray Def Un is one of the major forces in *The Last Days of Anglekite*, and he can serve as a major antagonist all on his own. This playset puts a focus on Cray Def Un, his servants, and the things they're after. Cray Def Un is sending his Thieves Guild out to get the two other Gauntlets, the Angelbone Blade, and the Third Eye—the most powerful artifacts still remaining in this world. He doesn't care if he dooms the place by leaving it defenseless against those monsters that threaten it, so those terrible creatures stand as ominous, looming problems in the background.

Fronts: The Third Eye of the Ebon Prophet, the Pyrewyrm's Rise, Cray Def Un's Pleasure Palace, the Apocalypse Arrived

Dangers: The Blind Taurics, Cray Def Un's Thieves Guild, the Gilded Chains, the Chained, Cray Def Un, the Palace, the Pyrewyrm, the Angelbone Blade, the Servants of the Wordfey, the Pyrewyrm's Regalia, Ashkaraghul, the Archlich

Locations: Cray Def Un's Pleasure Palace, the Tomb of the

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Angelbone Blade, Pandemonium, Fellbit Steading, the Necropolis

Artifacts: The Third Eye of the Ebon Prophet, the Obsidian Gauntlet, the Glass Gauntlet, the Quicksilver Gauntlet, the Angelbone Blade

Compendium Classes: Draconic Vessel, Demonskinned, Blindseer

LARGE-SCALE BATTLES

The Last Days of Anglekite is all about the epic, the massive, the overwhelmingly powerful, and the terrifyingly dangerous. It's practically a given that eventually PCs are going to try to turn to military campaigns against the overwhelming threats in the Basin, especially if you're playing with enough time for them to travel around and garner support, or if you're playing in a LongCon (see page 146) wherein some groups can collect artifacts while others gather armies.

Most of the time, a game of *The Last Days of Anglekite* will be focused entirely on the PCs and their individual action. Even when they fight massive threats, if they're doing it as individuals, the *Dungeon World* rules will work just fine. Even so, a major conflict between armies or two enormously powerful forces will occasionally crop up. In that case, these rules will help you to represent the conflict in a way that still fits into *Dungeon World* while resolving the large conflict in a way that will satisfy your players.

Use these rules when there is a battle between two or more large-scale forces and moves like Hack & Slash don't fit the fiction anymore. When you want to find out who will win—the army of demons led by a PC or the massive horde of Thingtrolls swarming Anglekite—that's when these battle rules come into play.

FORCES

The first part of using these mass-combat rules is to divide all the involved parties into forces. A force is a large-scale unit, something capable of doing battle on this greater level. A single PC probably isn't ever a force unless they have some incredibly powerful magical artifact.

Adam Koebel and Sage LaTorra have already made the Inglorious mass combat rules for *Dungeon World* that emphasize individual action on the battlefield. Feel free to use those rules for mass combat if these aren't to your liking!

Forces put the action on a different scale than normal *Dungeon World*. The scale isn't just about quantity of individuals; it's also about the power and intent of the groups involved. A single, individual sorceress might be a whole force if she's godlike in strength. An entire massive army of demons might actually be multiple smaller forces, if each subdivision of the army is assigned a different task. When you're setting up a force, think about whether it should actually be represented by a number of smaller forces—each with a different goal or individual sources of power—or if it's one large mass, moving in unison.

When you create a force, assign it a die size and tags. The die size represents its general size, power, skill, and so on. Its tags dictate important additional information about the force.

Die sizes for forces range from d4 to d12. When creating a force, assign the die size that seems most appropriate using the guide below:

D4: An injured or weak force, barely holding it together. Powerless in the face of opposition, very ineffectual. D4 should only ever be used for forces that have already suffered substantial losses. A wounded retreating regiment, a severely injured giant, a dragon with one wing chopped off. Angry and armed villagers might count as a d4 force, but more likely wouldn't count as a force at all.

D6: A basic force. The level at which the force will be generally effective, but nothing to be frightened of or impressed by. A regiment of regular soldiers, a large giant armed with a club, a screeching dragon.

D8: A strong force. Notably stronger than a d6 force. Something worrisome, but not terrifying or world-ending. A large regiment of well-trained, well-armed soldiers; an enormous giant, or a giant clad in armor and armed with a massive sword; a screeching fire-breathing spellcasting dragon.

D10: A powerful force. Mighty, something rarely seen, and something rarely survived. A powerful force is the kind that armies are raised against in hopes of holding them off for enough time for the civilians to get away ... no one, outside of foolish heroes, hopes to defeat such a force. A regiment of battlemages and magically-armed soldiers; an ancient giant with domain over the elements; an eldritch dragon of terrifying size and powerful magic.

D12: An ultimate force. The kind that inspires panic and fear. It's deathly powerful, potentially otherworldly, and terribly dangerous.

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A d12 force is the ultimate weapon—forces don't get more powerful than this. A regiment of powerful demons; a giant king with lordship over the entire realm; a vampire dragon who has been stealing power from other dragons for ages.

IS IT A D10 OR A D12?

Assigning a die size to a force can be maddening if you spend too much time debating the details. Don't. Go with your gut instinct. Keep in mind that d12 is tops, and d4 is an absolute nadir; when you are assigning a die size, if there could be anything bigger, then it should be less than a d12, and if there can be anything weaker, then it should be more than a d4.

TAGS

Mythic: If a force is mythic, it is the stuff of legend. It is unique, or bearing a unique power, or straight out of myth and fable. Mythic doesn't imply a particular die size. A mythic d6 force might be the fabled regiment of undying soldiers from an ancient empire—they're still just a d6 force of soldiers, but their undying nature is represented by their mythic tag.

A good rule of thumb for applying the mythic tag is whether or not the force is legendary and one-of-a-kind. If it is, then it's mythic. If not, then don't give it the mythic tag. Mythic forces deal +1 harm to non-mythic forces, and take -1 harm from non-mythic forces. PCs leading a mythic force will also replace both dice with their force die, instead of just one, when clashing with other forces.

Terrifying: A terrifying force is one that brings nightmares with it. It's the kind of force that promises death. Huge, powerful forces might be scary, but terrifying forces inspire revulsion, chaos, and fear. Soldiers might be afraid of an enormous army, but they will flee in terror from an enormous army of flesh-eating ghouls. When contending with a terrifying force, other forces will tend to cut and run, particularly after taking losses.

Organized: An organized force is well-structured and prepared for battle. Anyone leading an organized force takes +1 to all rolls made to lead the force, from clashing to any attempts to rally them.

Rabble: A rabble force is made up of assorted, disorganized groups or individuals who don't work together well. Anyone lead-

ing a rabble force takes -1 to any rolls to leading that force, from clashing to attempts to rally them.

Heavily Armed: A heavily armed force has weaponry that allows it to “punch up.” Swords won’t be able to do much to the Scourge Karkis, but catapults and ballistae can do some serious damage. Heavily armed forces have some kind of special weaponry designed to let them harm larger forces. A heavily armed force deals +1 harm when attacking a bigger force.

Stealthy: A stealthy force is meant to move quickly, without the enemy seeing it coming. A stealthy force takes no harm from an enemy force if it assaults the enemy from a hiding place.

Maneuverable: A maneuverable force has some special means of movement that allows it to navigate the battlefield quickly and easily ... and perhaps most importantly, to get away from a devastating enemy. A maneuverable force can always disengage from an enemy through its special movement, getting away without counterattack.

Inspired: An inspired force has a cause that binds it together to greater purpose, whether that’s homeland defense or divine inspiration. An inspired force has great cohesion, and its will must be shattered to really harm it. Until the inspired force suffers a major setback—either 3 harm, losing what it fights for, or coming up against a terrifying foe—the inspired force always takes -1 harm.

FORCES IN THE CRATER BASIN

Here are some of the existing pieces of the Crater Basin, made up as forces.

THE SCOURGE KARKIS—d10 force, mythic, terrifying, inspired

THE PYREWYRM—d12 force, mythic, terrifying, maneuverable (flight)

DEMON CITIZEN ARMY FROM PANDEMONIUM—d12 force, rabble, maneuverable (flight)

ANGLEKITE GUARD—d6 force, rabble

ADVENTURER’S GUILD UNITED—d8 force, heavily armed

THE NECROPOLITES—d8 force, organized, maneuverable (eldritch teleportation)

THE PESHARYN WEREWOLVES—d8 force, inspired, stealthy

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THE WOUNDSLIMES—d8 force, organized

THE THINGTROLLS—d10 force, terrifying, rabble

FORCES IN BATTLE

When you are using the force rules to represent a large-scale battle, the first step is to set up the battlefield. You can do that simply by lining up dice for the different forces in front of your players, but it's always more fun to set them out on some kind of actual map with terrain features. Move the dice around as the forces clash with each other and the battle is waged, giving everyone a good idea of how to use the terrain and to encourage their cinematic descriptions.

Forces will deal harm to each other. When a force takes harm, it reduces its die size by one step for each harm received.

The steps of a force's die size are: d12 → d10 → d8 → d6 → d4 → defeated.

A d12 force that takes 2 harm would be reduced by two steps to a d8. Make sure to swap out the dice on your map, so everyone has a clear idea of what's stomping around the battlefield.

When a force is defeated, the exact meaning will depend on the nature of the force. An army might be dispersed, while a giant monster might be straight up killed, or at least knocked unconscious. Regardless, a defeated force can no longer participate in battle until it has been reconstituted or healed significantly.

These large-scale rules often compare forces, using the terms “bigger” or “smaller.” These terms refer exclusively to the force's die-size. A mythic d12 force might be the first necromancer ever, a tiny man compared to a physically enormous d8 giant ... but the mythic d12 necromancer is still the “bigger” force.

When you are using forces in battle, give your players the following moves:

When two forces clash, compare the die sizes of the forces involved. The bigger force takes 1 harm. The smaller force takes 2 harm. If both forces are of equal die-size, then they each take 1 harm. Factor in appropriate tags as well, including mythic, heavily armed, and inspired.

Example: A d10 force clashes with a d8 force. Neither are led by PCs. The larger force, the d10, would be reduced by one step to a d8, and the smaller force, the d8, would be reduced by two steps to a d4.

When you lead a force into battle, roll 1d6 and your force die. If the force is mythic, then roll two force dice.

- * Take +1 if you have appropriate and useful equipment, supplies, or intel.
- * Take +1 if you are taking advantage of the terrain or environment.
- * Take +1 if you are a mythic force clashing with a non-mythic force.
- * Take -1 if you are clashing with a larger force.
- * Take -1 if you are a non-mythic force clashing with a mythic force.

On a 7+, the bigger force does 2 harm to the smaller force, and the smaller force does 1 harm to the bigger force. If both forces are the same size, then they both take 1 harm. On a 10+, choose 2. On a 7–9, choose 1. On a miss, the PC's force deals only 1 harm no matter the relative sizes of the forces involved, and it takes +1 harm from the opposing force.

- * Your force takes little harm. Reduce harm taken by 1.
- * Your force deals terrible harm. Increase harm dealt by 1.
- * You hold the line on territory you are defending.
- * You claim new territory by pushing back the enemy.

Example: Perebran is at the head of a trained army of Anglekite adventurers. They're a d8 force (with no other relevant tags), so when Perebran leads them into battle, he rolls a force die (d8) and a single d6, and adds them together. His fellow adventurer, Malith, is at the head of an army of demons, a mythic d10 force. She rolls 2d10 when she leads them into battle.

When Perebran and Malith lead their armies against each other, Perebran rolls his dice and gets a 9; Malith can't meaningfully interfere with his roll. He decides to limit how much damage Malith's forces are going to do, and chooses "Your force takes little harm." Normally, Malith's forces would do 3 harm (2 harm as a larger force and 1 harm for the mythic tag), but they only do 2 harm instead. Perebran's force is reduced to a d4. Perebran's force only does 1 harm to Malith's demons, and her mythic tag means the demons aren't reduced at all.

Malith rolls for her own push against Perebran, and declares that she'll finish off Perebran's forces. She rolls her 2d10 and gets an 11. Perebran interferes (by rolling + Bonds), calling out to her across the field of battle, and gets a 12! He brings her roll down to a 9. Malith chooses to do terrible harm to his force, however, and wipes them out completely. Her force inflicts 3 harm on Perebran's force, and Perebran's force still only inflicts 1 harm on her forces, reduced to 0 again by her mythic tag.

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After the roll, any PCs involved in the battle take damage from the force die of the opposing force. If the opposing force is mythic, then roll the force die twice instead of just once, and take the higher result to determine damage.

When you rally a crowd to the battlefield, roll 2d6.

- * Take +1 if your CHA is +2 or higher.
- * Take +1 if you have a positive reputation with the crowd.
- * Take +1 if you are rallying the crowd against a hated threat.
- * Take -1 if you have a CHA of -1 or lower.
- * Take -1 if you have a bad reputation with the crowd.
- * Take -1 if the crowd is filled with fear.

On a 10+, hold 3. On a 7–9, hold 2. Spend hold 1 for 1 to:

- * Create an appropriate force from the crowd.
- * Add the crowd to an existing force.
- * Add an appropriate tag to an existing force.
- * Heal a weakened force by 1 harm.
- * Restore a retreating force to action.

If you spend a hold to create or add a crowd to a force, adjust the die size and tags appropriately. A small force of feral vampires, for example, might be d6 force, stealthy alone, but when it added to a larger force, it may only raise the die size. Adding tags to a force requires that you have the ability to imbue the force with the tag, e.g. you can't make feral vampires organized without dedicating time and attention to training them.

Example: The remnants of Perebran's adventurer army have scattered before Malith, and many of them took refuge in the taverns of Anglekite. Perebran ventures to the Soused Hog, the largest bar in Anglekite, where he knows his words will reach those who are left. He gives an impassioned speech about how they must stand together to defend their city, regardless of what stands against them.

Perebran has a strong CHA (+2) and a good reputation, so he takes a +2 on the roll to rally these soldiers. They're filled with fear after that defeat, though, giving him a -1; he rolls with a total of a +1, and gets a 9. Since his force of adventurers was demolished outright he spends his first hold to recreate the force with the soldiers he has left, and then he spends his second hold to add a tag to the force: inspired. Perebran's adventurer army is now a d6 force, inspired. He calls them to the battlements of Anglekite to protect the city.



LONGCONS

The Last Days of Anglekite was originally written to be run as a LongCon at KristaCon 2014 in New York City. LongCons are a unique form of convention gaming that can feature multiple GMs, large groups of players, and as many as four sessions in one weekend. They started with the first ever KristaCon in 2013, named after Krista White and run by Brennan Taylor, John Stavropolous, and Michael O’Sullivan, following the guidance and tastes of Krista.

Since then, many GMs have adopted and honed those techniques for a number of different games. LongCons vary dramatically in style, but they all feature lengthy play devoted to exploring character choices in an intense multi-session environment. What follows here is a series of basic tips and methods for running a LongCon in the style of *The Last Days of Anglekite*.

INGREDIENTS

- * 1–4 GMs
- * 4–20 players
- * 3+ sessions

The LongCon format is devoted to achieving the feel of campaign play in the span of a single convention. To that end, it’s important that as many people as possible be committed to playing multiple sessions of the LongCon. Folks dropping in and out are a real distraction, so try to get commitment early!

PREPARATION

Gather your team of GMs. Find some people who are excited to run this LongCon with you, whether because you like playing games together, or because they’re interested in this particular game, or because the premise snags them. The key is that everybody has to be excited to run the game—if anybody isn’t invested, then they’re not a good fit for the multi-session play of a LongCon.

Try to meet with your team at least three times before the actual LongCon event. Meetings can be simple online meetings. The point is to get everybody on the same page for what’s about to happen. Ask yourself and your team the following questions:

- * Do we all know the rules reasonably well?
- * What are the 4 key points of the setting that we’re going to run in?

* GM ADVICE *

- * What are the 4 key themes of the game we're putting together?
- * What are the 4 most enjoyable toys we want to play with during the game?

Your meetings may wind up being a massive amount of brainstorm, without clear, definitive output, especially at first. That's okay! A lot of the fun of a LongCon is having different people come together and brainstorm on a joint endeavor. Doing so engenders investment.

After each meeting, make sure everybody has some portion of the whole that they are responsible for. This encompasses both sheer pragmatic elements—who is responsible for bringing character sheets? Dice? Dry erase markers?—and fictional elements—who is responsible for developing the concept of the enemy king? Who is responsible for developing the concept of the magical McGuffin?

Beyond the general setting, antagonists, and cool toys to play with in the LongCon, put together a timeline with your fellow GMs for the LongCon. The timeline is a description of what will happen if the PCs weren't involved, and took no action. This will get all the GMs on the same page with the general situation of the LongCon, and with the likely progression of events. The actual game will deviate from the timeline in any number of ways, but that's unimportant—as long as all the GMs start off on the same page, they can all help each other react to the changing situation.

CHARACTER CREATION

First thing to do during a LongCon is character creation, just like any normal game. But character creation for up to 20 players at 4 different tables can be overwhelming. Instead of trying to do it all as one giant group, each GM runs character creation at their own table, for a smaller group of players, just like you would for a regular size game.

To take advantage of what LongCons can offer, think about how the people at different tables will know each other within the game, and what relationships they'll have with each other. Write up a list of relationships in advance. Each relationship must have a command, telling the player who receives it to find another character, e.g. "Find the Rogue." The relationship first has a description of the relationship, open enough for interpretation but defined enough to provide inspiration, something like "You and they were once both romantically involved with the same person, though maybe at different times." The relationship must also have questions to guide its creation and development, such as "Where is that

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person now? How do each of you feel about them? Were you rivals, or can you commiserate now?”

Hand out each relationship, at random, to a single player. After the majority of character creation, each player then gets to go and find the person playing the character corresponding to their relationship, and together they settle the specifics of that relationship.

MAP CREATION

For many LongCons, it's helpful to get all the players on the same page. Put up some kind of giant paper, or white board, or some other surface that everyone can see. Draw out a rudimentary map of the setting. You should know what you're drawing based on your preparation with the other GMs, but work together to make sure the most important elements of note are on the map.

Then, have each player introduce their character—briefly, ever so briefly—to the whole group at large. After each player introduces their character, they get to add one thing to the map, some important location from their backstory, history, or culture. By the end of this process, you will have a customized setting, and players will be able to look at the map and see their own added elements. The map also helps to unite everyone into a single game—all the players know that they exist within the same world.

During play, if you have the supplies and time, creating some kind of track across the map to show where characters are adventuring to or from will only make it a cooler artifact of play. Make marks for major battles or incidents. Cross off things that get destroyed. Nothing strikes fear into the hearts of your players like a foe that can destroy a major feature on the map!

DUNGEON WORLD LONGCONS

One element specific to *The Last Days of Anglekite* is Fronts. Creating Fronts together is an important part of setting up for a *Dungeon World* LongCon. Creating your Fronts will create the dangers, enemies, and timeline (in the form of countdown clocks) for your game and get everyone on the same page. As such, it's worth having each GM create a Front. If the Fronts are too individual, then dealing with them will result in disconnection in play, so get together with the other GMs and provide input on each other's Fronts to make sure they refer to each other. Other styles of LongCon use different methods of keeping everyone on the same page.

RUNNING THE LONGCON

With all that ready, you're all set to run the games! The general mode of running a LongCon is still like most normal RPGs. Each GM runs a single table, and at that table hopefully has 3–5 players. They run that table normally, as per the game system. That said, here are some issues that usually crop up:

Firstly, the relationship of the tables to each other is important. The LongCon GMs need to know what each table represents, the settings it encompasses, and the elements of the world that each GM has access to. If each GM is clearly aware that their table is focused on a particular location, then they will know that they cannot and should not feature that location. If each player is aware that a particular table is focused on a particular location, then they will understand that traveling to that location will mean traveling to a different table. The GMs need to know which setting pieces they can play with at their own tables, without stepping on the toes of other GMs who might be trying to play with the same elements.

Second, to support the synchronization between the GMs, they must meet up between sessions to talk about how things are progressing and update each other. It can be tough to keep abreast of the developments at other tables in the middle of the game, so the GMs need to talk and think about how their preparations are changing as the game progresses. Also, it's just plain fun to meet up with your team and eagerly describe all the cool things that have happened. Don't skimp out on this! Being a LongCon GM is great because of the teamwork, so make sure you have time to actually work as a team.

Third, nail down the nature of how players can travel between tables. Players traveling between tables is another one of the cool potential elements of a LongCon, but if done poorly it will only be disruptive to the flow of play. Acknowledge the fact of players wanting to go to a different place with their characters in the fiction as something requiring out-of-game adjustment. For example, if three new players are coming to your table because they want to come to your location, then that will likely put too many players at your table, so it's fair to ask the other players at your table if any of them would like to travel to another location to free up some space for the incoming players.

Fourth, use binding techniques to keep the different tables connected to each other. Binding techniques are ways to keep players at particular tables abreast of what's going on at other tables. These range from

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announcements during the game—given by the GM, announced to the room at large—to recaps of the action given at the start of each session, to times when all the players would be gathered at a single location to share information and plan their next moves. Another great binding technique is to have a setting map visible for everyone to see as mentioned above, and to have players make changes to it as the world changes. You can have your timelines or countdown clocks visible for all to see, even if not every segment is clearly described, so that as the situation gets worse, they will clearly see that happening in a public way.

Fifth, conduct a debrief when all is said and done. A lot of games will have some kind of debrief at the end, and it's a good general practice, but it's especially important in a LongCon. To run your LongCon debrief, save yourself at least a half hour, either at the end of your last session or after all play has concluded. During that time, go around to each player and GM and have them say something that they thought worked well, some part that they really loved. Give them no more than a minute to say something—keep the time limit tight to ensure that everybody has time to speak. Then, go around a second time to each player and GM and have them tell you something that they thought didn't work so well, or something could be improved for next time. This will give you valuable feedback in case you run a LongCon again. (And, in general, the LongCon community is always looking for more growth and experience, so share your insights!)

RUNNING THE LAST DAYS OF ANGLEKITE AS A LONGCON

Here are some tips and techniques specific to using the contents of this book to run a LongCon game.

1. Pick out one Front per GM, and give that GM ownership of the Front in question. Beyond that, pick maybe one or two universal Fronts that all the GMs should look into and that tie all of the other Fronts together. The *Apocalypse Arrived* Front, all about the Pyrewyrm and the Angelbone Blade, is a great unifying Front. Doing this will get you all on the same page about the elements included in your game, and who is in charge of them. If a single element appears in multiple Fronts, then the GMs involved simply need to make clear on who has “control” over that element at any given time.
2. Create characters using standard *Dungeon World* rules, at individual tables. Instead of *Dungeon World*'s one of each character class in the game, you can have two PCs of a single character class, since you'll have mul-

tiple tables of players. However, only allow one of each character class per table. So while you might have two Fighters in the whole group of characters, you've only ever got one Fighter at a particular table at character creation.

3. For race moves, the Heritage move rules in the *Planarch Codex: Dark Heart of the Dreamer* work fantastically to represent the diversity of weirdnesses in Anglekite, but as GMs you should brainstorm a series of races and race moves in advance to help cut down on time during character creation. (Although, work towards saying yes—if a player has an idea for a race, and it would require adjustment to the race moves that you think is doable, then do it!)

4. Create Bonds as normal, but then use relationship Bonds to create connections between the characters at different tables. You can create your own, but using the following Bonds will give you a good start. These relationships should create additional Bonds, counting as one more than the standard number that each PC begins the game with.

Find the Fighter: You and they worked together to kill the Forever Ogre, and you've been close comrades since. How did you kill it? Why? How far would you go for each other?

Find the Thief: They stole and lost something of yours. What was it? How did they lose it? How do you feel now that you'll probably never see it again?

Find the Wizard: You are a close relative, a sibling, or a parent/child, or some other close familial bond. Why don't you approve of them being a Wizard? What would you wish they did instead?

Find the Cleric: You used to follow their god and maybe even they were your spiritual leader. What happened? Why aren't you one of the faithful anymore? How could they make it up to you?

Find the Druid: You and they were once best friends, following the same path with your lives. What happened? Where did you diverge from each other? Are you still close?

Find the Barbarian: You have deep experience with their people, and knew each other well during that time. Why were you there? What did you learn? Why won't you go back?

Find the Ranger: You and they once clashed over their desire to protect something you wanted to destroy, and that you ultimately did destroy. What was it? Why did you want to destroy it? Why did they want to protect it?

Find the Paladin: You once violated their code of law and were hunted by them, until they decided not to pursue you further. Why did they stop? What did you do in the first place?

Find the Bard: They've told a story about you, widely, that may or may not be true. What is the story about? How do you feel about their telling it? How do you feel about your name being known more for the story than for yourself?

CLOSING THOUGHTS

Anyone who reads *The Last Days of Anglekite* can tell that there are major “gaps” in the setting. Who, exactly, are the gods of this world? And the individual playable races like elves and dwarves, what are those like in the Crater Basin? Does a fighter's weapon have to be just a standard customized weapon or can it be some weird magic-tech thing? Does a wizard from Anglekite look the same as a wizard in a more traditional *Dungeon World* game? Can the druid turn into the weird crazy creatures that populate the Breedwood?

I can raise as many questions as anyone about the details of this setting ... and that's intentional. *The Last Days of Anglekite* is not here to provide you with every answer to every question that you're going to have as you play; that's not how *Dungeon World* works, and it's not how I like to play RPGs. I know for a fact that when I've gotten a setting book, I cherry-picked my favorite pieces and used those and only those, ignoring everything that's inconvenient or annoying to remember. *The Last Days of Anglekite* is a setting that I designed with myself in mind.

When you get to the table, I'm not going to be there to see whether or not you remember that the slimes that live in the waters of the Lake Wound actually overthrew the Pesharyn werewolves. I'm not going to be there to remind you that in point of fact, there are no orcs except for the Last Guardian. And that's fine! All of us play *Dungeon World* because we want to tell awesome fantasy adventure stories, and we want to make those stories our own. Make the Crater Basin your own. When a question comes up, I fully expect you to make something up if you don't know the answer. And if you do know the answer this book gives you, great! The setting I've created is a solid starting point for getting your imagination working.

The Last Days of Anglekite isn't a set of lines, creating a picture that I'm letting you color in with your own markers. It's the box of markers. It's a toy chest of crazy, mad toys that you can pick and choose from as you

like. There's no way I could ever create a comprehensive enough setting that it could answer every question, and there's no way that I could ever ensure that you, at your table, remember everything I put into the book. That's not the point. The point is for this book to give you fun, cool, flavorful ideas, and for you (and your players) to take them where you want in your own story.

And to me, that's what *Dungeon World* is all about too. If you have questions about the races and how they exist in *Dungeon World*, ask them at the table! Dwarves in the Crater Basin can be of the standard fantasy variety, but the dwarf player might also tell you that they're all living metallic creatures. Which is awesome! *Dungeon World* already has you asking those questions of your players, anyway—nothing is assumed when you start any game of *Dungeon World*, so you should always be asking questions that push the boundaries of the fantasy worlds you are creating at your table.

Until a player makes an elf character, we don't even know if elves exist in the setting. Until someone Spouts Lore about the pantheon of the gods, we know very little about them. Until we actually see a dragon, spewing forth flame and soaring in the sky, they might just be myth in the setting. *The Last Days of Anglekite* is no different. I'll quote one of my favorite parts of the *Dungeon World* principles:

“Part of playing to find out what happens is explicitly not knowing everything, and being curious. If you don't know something, or you don't have an idea, ask the players and use what they say.”

The Last Days of Anglekite is a large map with lots of text, cool art, and some custom moves. But it's still got a bunch of blank spaces—any setting will. Fill them! I'm excited to see what your gaming group creates on the foundations I've laid for you with this Chaos World.

