

DEN OF THIEVES

An adventure location for *Dungeon World*.



Text: Chris Longhurst

Editing: Laszlo Cook

Art: Amanda Watkins (wotkins.tumblr.com)

Map: Glynn Seal (www.monkeyblooddesign.co.uk)

FOR USE WITH

DW
DUNGEON WORLD



POWERED BY THE
APOCALYPSE

CERTAIN
DEATH

DWOT2: Den of Thieves
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WHAT THIS IS

Den of Thieves is a small module for *Dungeon World* detailing a small thieves' guild in the town of Overton. Led by an unapologetic sociopath named Belago, this particular crew are all thoroughly unpleasant – so you can use the guild as a dungeon in its own right if the player characters are of a justice-minded bent, or as rivals or threats if your game is more focused on underworld dealings.

By default the den is located in the Plague District of Overton but it can be relocated to any reasonably-sized town with no trouble at all. You can flavour the crew as criminals, assassins, pirates, or even (with some work) a *really* messed-up noble family if you want to play a *Game of Thrones* kind of angle.

THE SAFEHOUSE

The crew's safehouse in the Plague District is more of a safe block – roughly a dozen buildings arranged around a central courtyard, interior walls knocked down in strategic places to allow passage between them. Each of the gang has claimed their own space and, since they're all terrible people, fortified those spaces against the other members of the crew. These fortifications will work just as well at keeping out meddling player characters, but do mean that the individuals of the gang can't co-operate very well against intruders.

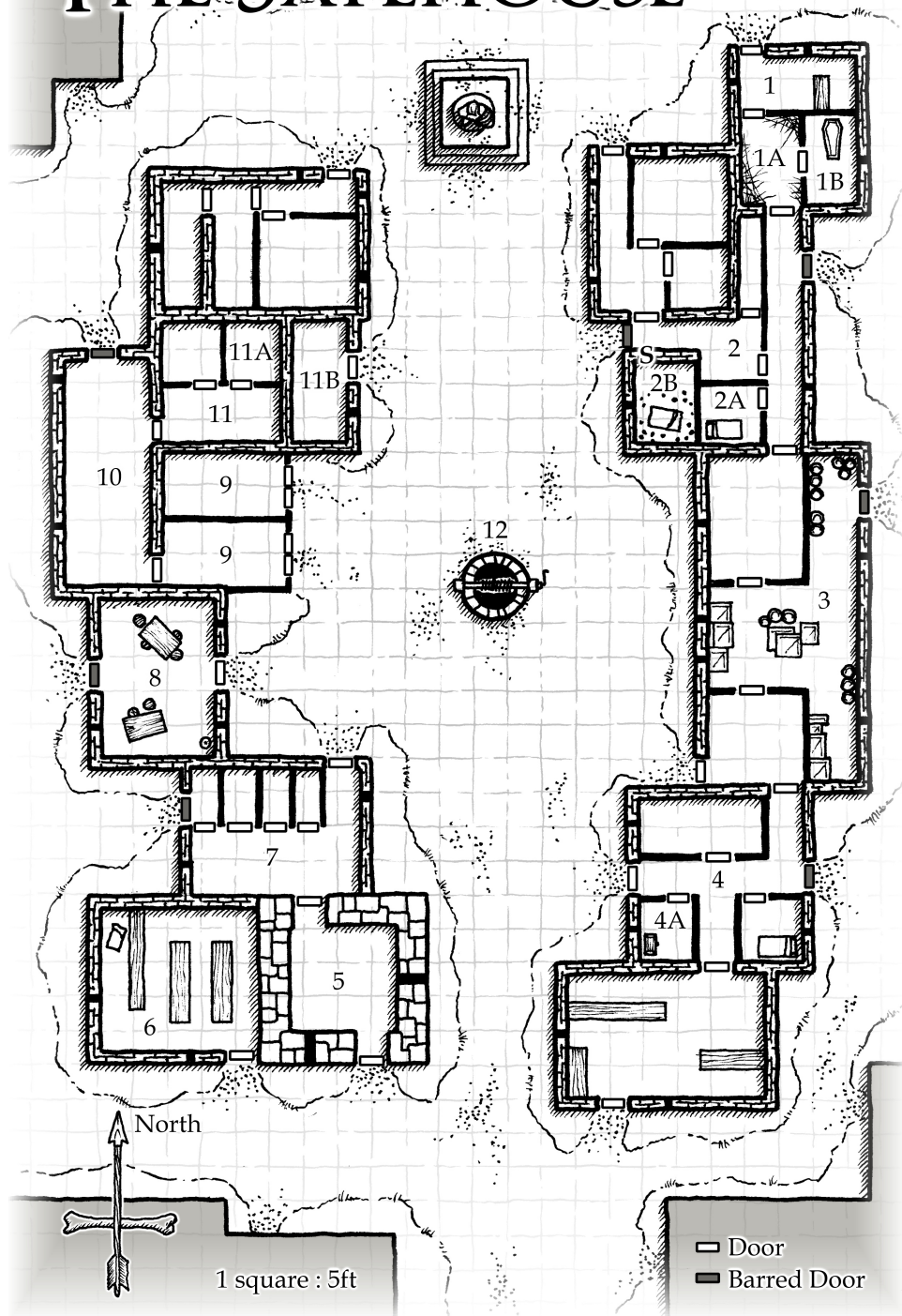
The buildings of the safehouse are made of mortared stones in wooden frames, plastered both inside and out to protect them from the elements. The plaster is starting to flake after a few years of neglect but the construction is still sound. Interior doors are light wood, easily broken through, while exterior doors are of sturdier construction – in many places the exterior doors have been boarded up from the inside to prevent people from just wandering in.

The buildings are liberally dotted with small windows for lighting and ventilation; very few of these windows still have glass in, if they ever did, and security is provided by latched shutters.

REASONS TO GET INVOLVED

- Belago's crew has stolen something – or someone – precious or irreplaceable. The characters go to get it back.
- The characters are wandering do-gooders who cannot let such a collection of villains remain at large.
- The characters are black-hearted criminals who cannot let such a collection of villains muscle in on their action.
- The characters are asked, paid, blackmailed or otherwise induced to take on the crew by someone for whom one of the above reasons is true.

THE SAFEHOUSE



All of the buildings in the safehouse are only a single storey tall, with steeply-slanting roofs that provide plentiful attic space. This space is sometimes used by the current inhabitant of the building, as described in the individual descriptions, but can otherwise be assumed to be full of the typical junk that people accumulate over their lives and stash in the attic, abandoned here when the families and shopkeepers fled (or died) from the plague.

LOCATIONS

1. ARABELLA

This building used to be a tinker's store, selling a wide assortment of second-hand goods and the owner's skill at repairing all and sundry. Following the crew's arrival most of the useful items were looted, leaving the shelves almost bare, and Arabella's presence has given the whole place an abandoned, haunted feel: everything is coated in dust and cobwebs, and the air carries a distinct chill regardless of the temperature outside.

Arabella keeps herself and her possessions to a single back room, the better to promote the general atmosphere of disuse. She usually sleeps during the day, in a coffin she made specially for the purpose. After dark she is almost never here, instead preferring to prowl the night.

1A. SPIDERS

Arabella collects poisonous spiders – whenever she finds one she makes an effort to capture it and transplant it into her home. She hopes that over time they'll breed into some sort of hyper-toxic arachnid but for the most part they just form a wide variety of potential hazards for unwary intruders. This room is where she 'keeps' them, so it's choked with webs and crawling insects, but they get everywhere.

1B. COFFIN

Arabella's coffin is charged with her death magic. If someone other than her touches it the poor unfortunate draws the attention of Death: they take -1 forward to the next time they make the *last breath* move. In addition Arabella receives a sorcerous intuition that someone is poking through her things, and will return with all haste.

ARABELLA

Divine, Intelligent, Planar, Solitary

Coldheart Blade (b[2d10] damage, Close); 18 HP, 0 armour

Special Quality: Technically dead

Arabella's body turned against her when she was nineteen. The previously ordinary girl became sickly and weak, her health declining rapidly despite the efforts of the few healers her family could afford. She lingered on the edge of life, too fragile to do much of anything, for almost a year before she finally died.

Young and angry and embittered by the way her life had been stolen from her, she stood on the threshold of Death's domain and demanded he give her her life back. And Death... he offered her a deal. Arabella could live forever, so long as she ensured the gates of Death were regularly visited by others.

And so Arabella returned to life, empowered by Death and murdering in his name. So long as she kills frequently she retains the blush and vivacity of youth – but should she go too long without killing she dreams of the black lands beyond the gates of Death and feels the old sickness clutching at her chest, a constant reminder that her end is only commuted, not prevented.

Among the crew Arabella functions as a lone assassin and a healer; the Freak knows more about medicine, but none of them trust him enough to take his treatments.

Instinct: To murder in the name of Death.

- Appear to die, only to return when unobserved.
- Bestow the favour or disfavour of Death.

When one of them bears the mark of Death, be wary but not immediately hostile.

When talking, say little and mark any weaknesses for exploitation later.

When confronted with the remains of your humanity, deny it. Bury it deep.

THE COLDHEART BLADE

Weight 2

Who would enchant a weapon like this? The less you value them, the sharper its edge.
(Naturally, Arabella gains its bonus against everyone.)

When you wield the Coldheart Blade against someone you hold in contempt, roll an extra damage die and take the best one.

2. BELAGO

Belago has spent some time modifying this old house to fill it with savage traps. Discarded shirts or blankets cover small, spiked holes in the floorboards, intended to trap and maul careless feet. Door handles conceal rusty nails. Wires are stretched across passages to trip and injure. Behind the door to Belago's sanctum a string is attached to a crossbow, ready to perforate anyone who stands in the wrong place while opening the door. As a result, Belago receives few visitors and, should the player characters come after him in his den, little help from the other members of the crew.

2A. FAKE BEDROOM

The central feature of this room is a straw mattress on the floor, a figure visible sleeping on it but concealed under a rank-looking blanket. A pile of clothing and a pair of knives are discarded nearby.

This is a trap – obviously from this description – although player characters sneaking around at night may be less wary when they come across an ostensible sleeping person under a blanket. The lumps in the bed are an extensive fungal growth that Belago has trimmed into the shape of a sleeping person. Violent impact, such as might be produced by someone attacking the shape 'before it wakes up' (or perhaps just stumbling around in the dark and tripping over it), will cause the fungus to explode in a cloud of spores that choke everyone in the room to the tune of d8 damage.

2B. SANCTUM

Belago's actual sleeping area is hidden behind a secret door beneath the stairs. Inside is a tight bedroll, everything he owns of value (6d10 coins' worth of cheap jewellery and loose change), and approximately thirty candles running the gamut from unused to waxy stubs.

Also present, concealed under the bedroll, is Belago's journal of human behaviour: to bolster his understanding of people, Belago has been cataloguing their interactions and theorising about possible reasons for their actions for years, and this book contains everything he has discovered. Ultimately any genuine insights he might gain are prevented by his solipsistic belief that other people don't have thoughts or feelings of their own, but ironically his journal provides a useful insight into *Belago's* mind that characters might be able to take advantage of.

When you read Belago's journal, take +1 forward to the next time you *parley* with him.

Other than Belago, Lucita and Arabella also know where his sanctum is and how to get in. Occasionally one of them feels the need for a man and Belago is both conveniently located and reasonably easy on the eye.

BELAGO

Intelligent, Organised, Solitary, Stealthy

Knife (d10 damage, 1 piercing, Hand, Near); 12 HP, 0 armour

They say Belago wasn't born. They say that he coalesced from the shreds of evil in the hearts of men. That he stepped fully-grown from the shadow of a gallows. That he was sent by Hell to make life unbearable. Because to think that a man like that could have once been a child playing in the street, or a gurgling baby...

Well. That's just absurd.

Instinct: To take whatever he wants, and to hell with anyone in his way.

- Murder someone they care about, directly or indirectly.
- Vanish into the shadows; appear somewhere else.
- Lead them right to where one of your crew is waiting.

When they try to parley with you, the only leverage you'll accept is their future complicity in your schemes.

When you think you can get away with it, surrender – temporarily.

When you're alone, let the mask of humanity drop.

BELAGO'S TRUE NATURE

The default assumption is that Belago is a regular human who is just an irredeemable bastard – no supernatural influence or weird evil holds sway over him, just solipsism and a total lack of empathy.

But this doesn't have to be true. Perhaps in your game it would make more sense for him to be a demon. Perhaps he spawned fully-formed from an oily darkness at the heart of the world. Maybe he was created by forbidden sorcery, and can be redeemed if provided with a genuine soul.

Belago exists to provide the player characters with an enemy they don't have to feel bad about killing – but if they're uncomfortable with the idea of a person being as awful as him then you can blame the whole thing on demonic possession, body swapping, etc. Likewise, if they're hell-bent on saving him then with a quiet tweak to his backstory he can be made redeemable, if maybe not sympathetic.

It's your game: play to find out what happens.

3. STORAGE

This building is where Belago's crew keeps their stores: both the mundane odds and ends that any group needs to operate day to day – rope, nails, wood, and so on – but also stolen goods that they plan to re-sell or just haven't got around to dividing up yet. The interior doors in this place are reinforced with additional planking and set up with heavy padlocks, in case the crew need to hold living people prisoner. The keys are left with the locks unless someone is locked in one of the rooms, in which case it could be with any of the crew depending on who looked in on the prisoner last.

4. CAMILLA

The inside of this house is incongruously neat and well-kept; just because she's a damned soul who hangs around with all the worst people within a hundred miles doesn't strike Camilla as any reason to let her surroundings go to rack and ruin.

4A. THE BANK

Camilla keeps the crew's communal money pot because she's the only one of them who can be trusted with it. The door to this room is locked, and the metal strongbox that contains their collective stash – 100 coins and two healing potions (see *Dungeon World* page 328) – is also locked. Camilla keeps both keys on herself at all times.

Crudely scratched into the top surface of the strongbox is the message 'WARNING: TRAPPED'. The inside of the box bears a fiendish glyph that's keyed to Camilla; anyone else who opens it suffers the full effects of the magic.

When you trigger the fiendish glyph, choose one of the following:

- You are not affected because of some demonic taint or heritage you bear. Tell everyone what it is.
- You pick up the Scarred debility as the hellfire burns a distinctive pattern into your flesh.
- You are blinded until you can bathe your eyes with holy water.
- You take d10 damage.

CAMILLA

Divine, Intelligent, Organised, Solitary

Two-Handed Sword (d10+2 damage, Close); 14 HP, 2 armour (breastplate)

Raised from birth to believe that she is the chosen scion (and future bride) of an archdevil, Camilla is convinced that her soul is damned and her nature steeped in evil. She is a merciless killer and has no qualms about taking via force or intimidation, but she possesses a residual sense of honour: she prefers to face her opponents in even-handed one-on-one combat, is honest to a fault, keeps her word, and tends to pass over weaker victims in favour of those who would be less harmed by her brigandry. (Although she's no fool; she'll use every advantage she can against enemies who think they can take advantage of her code.)

In truth, beneath the tarnish of years of violence and predation, Camilla is still a basically decent sort. She just believes that her destiny is an evil one and that she has no choice in following it.

Instinct: To fulfil her evil destiny.

- Show them your honour, in order to take advantage of theirs.
- Learn hidden knowledge from your contacts in Hell.

When they keep their promises, keep yours.

When they try to take advantage of you, punish them.

When offered hope, reject it at first.



Art: Amanda Watkins

5. UNDEAD CLOSET

With a mind towards efficiency, Gareth stores all the unquiet dead he raises in this old stone tower. They stand in neatly organised ranks, rotting, awaiting his commands. From time to time one twitches, or screams, or starts crying.

The zombies are cleverer than player characters might expect and have standing orders to capture anyone they see poking around; they might lure adventurers in by pretending to be mindless undead (or actual corpses) or dispatch a group through the other door to flank anyone poking around.

If Gareth is killed the binding on these zombies dissipates and their souls return to whatever awaits them beyond the gates of Death.

Or... if Gareth is killed the zombies become free-willed corpse-possessing ghosts and proceed to plague Overton, if you want to complicate the characters' lives.

GARET'S ZOMBIES

Horde, Intelligent, Terrifying

Grasping Hands (d6 damage, Hand); 11 HP, 0 armour

Special Quality: Rotting corpse which occasionally screams or begs for mercy

As part of his magical studies, Gareth invented a technique for combining sympathetic magic with necromancy: he uses a dead body as a token to summon and bind the soul of the body's original owner, providing greater resilience and intelligence than that possessed by a typical zombie.

The fact that it traps someone's soul into their own rotting corpse in a horrific combination of torture and slavery doesn't bother Gareth at all.

Instinct: ~~To break free of the chains of flesh.~~ To obey the will of Gareth.

- For a moment, appear as who you used to be.

When driven back, attack from a different angle.

When they're not looking, disguise yourself as a corpse or regular, mindless zombie.

6. THE FREAK

This building used to be a pawn shop, so the shelves are lined with all sorts of strange decorations and oddments. Anything valuable has long since been looted and sold off, but if you want to seed the campaign with a hidden treasure from the forgotten dead of Overton's Plague District – or a stuffed alligator, or a magical child's toy which pronounces dire and cynical dooms – here is the place to put it.

The goblin Scrobble – known to the rest of the crew as the Freak – sleeps under the counter at the back of the shop, the whole area behind the counter scattered with poisoned caltrops to keep intruders away. Anyone stepping on the little spikes takes 1 point of damage and exposes themselves to Scrobble's Vision Quest.

A few 'obvious valuables' are left scattered here and there around the shop, but they are traps for the greedy: all are just gold paint on wood, and are either soaked in some sort of contact poison or bear hidden needles carrying injected poison.

THE FREAK'S POISONS

The Freak is an adept poisoner and herbalist; encounters with him will almost certainly lead to the characters being exposed to one or more of the following:

- Scrobble's Vision Quest (touch): Over the next few minutes the target begins to suffer visual and auditory hallucinations vomited up by their deep subconscious. If there is anything in their mind they don't want to confront or acknowledge, this is the poison that will give it a face and voice and place it front and centre of their world experience.
- Scrobble's Best Purgative (ingested): Within seconds of swallowing, the target will be violently sick until their stomach is empty. This process is painful and incapacitating, but mercifully brief. A few minutes later the purgative will complete its transit through the target's body: less painful, more embarrassing, still brief. On the plus side, it's a fantastic way to almost-instantly cure yourself of other ingested poisons.
- Scrobble's Comfort (touch): The target loses all sensation in the affected area, leaving it clumsy and unable to feel pain. If swallowed, this applies to the whole body.
- Scrobble's Druid Repellent (applied): The target's sweat and other bodily fluids become laden with pheromones which drive animals into a berserk frenzy. Animals doused with this may attack themselves if sufficiently stupid or aggressive.
- Scrobble's Stiffener (touch): The target's cartilage becomes stiff and painful, giving them Stiff (a DEX debility) and inflicting a point of damage every time they engage in rapid, violent, or sudden movement.

Unless otherwise specified, the effects will pass in a few hours. Scrobble isn't immune to his own poisons, but he is resistant and he knows the antidotes.

Scrobble is also capable of creating potions that can heal a wide variety of maladies, but would you trust the malevolent little sod to give you the good stuff and not something that'll curdle your innards? None of Belago's crew do.

SCROBBLE / THE FREAK

Devious, Intelligent, Small, Solitary, Stealthy

Poisoned Needles (d6 + poison, ignores Armour, Hand, Close); 12 HP, 0 armour

Special Quality: One eye means no depth perception and poor peripheral vision

The life of a goblin is savage and usually short, especially for one like Scrobble born with a single eye just left of centre in his face. He survived the intense competition among his litter by cultivating what advantages he had: a mean streak a mile wide, a will of iron concealed behind his cringing demeanour, and a private collection of poisonous mushrooms.

He survived. He thrived, even, wielding life and death among the goblins through his herbal concoctions – until some soldiers cleared the swamp of monsters so the local lord could build a road through it. Back to square one, Scrobble became an assassin to make ends meet, wrapping himself in layers of shrouding fabric and pretending to be a deformed halfling to placate the sensibilities of his customers.

Scrobble carries many poisoned needles concealed about his person and is adept at jabbing them through chinks in armour or flicking them into someone's face at close range. He sometimes also conceals one in his mouth to spit at enemies who think they've got him at their mercy.

Instinct: To survive.

- Mix up a poison from natural ingredients.
- See that thing there? You poisoned it earlier.
- Promise an antidote, cure, or herbal remedy; deliver whatever you feel like.

When your enemies show weakness, exploit it with ruthless abandon.

When you're out in public, don't let them see so much as a square inch of flesh.

When your reagents are taken away, you can still mix poisons – it'll just take longer.

7. GARET

This was originally a collection of store rooms attached to the tower next door, which the wizard Gareth has converted into a series of rooms he can live in. An almighty slob, he simply lives in one tiny closet until it's so choked with detritus he can't stand it any more then moves on to the next one. The last time he ran out of rooms he spent a day ordering his undead servants to clear out the accumulated trash, but having discovered one rotting finger too many among his belongings he's looking for one or more *living* captives to do it this time around.

GARET

Intelligent, Magical, Organised, Solitary

Necromantic Spell (w[2d8] damage, ignores Armour, Close, Near)

12 HP, 0 armour

A ridiculous egotist, Gareth's vision of himself as a puissant spellbinder boldly striking out against a corrupt status quo is starkly at odds with the reality. In truth he is a lazy coward who gravitated to necromancy and demon-binding because they offered the greatest reward for the small price of abandoning all pretense of morality – or 'challenging the hegemony of the weak-minded' if one prefers.

Gareth's principal problem is pride. It's not even that he can't admit when he is wrong about something; he can't *comprehend* that he might be wrong about something. In the face of proof to the contrary he resorts to elaborate conspiracy theories to explain how the world is wrong and he is, in fact, right.

Instinct: To correct people's bad opinions.

- Summon up or unleash an evil entity.
- Unravel magic by force of will alone.
- Appear as if from nowhere to back up someone else.

When they disagree with you, assume they're mentally impaired.

When overmatched, surrender, grovel, do whatever it takes to survive.

When they let you live, get to a safe distance and plant a knife in their back – a metaphorical knife will do.

THINGS TO FIND IN GARET'S ABANDONED CHAMBERS

1d8

- 1 3d6 coins
- 2 A hand. Mummified, well-preserved, animate, and apparently friendly.
- 3 A map to somewhere the player characters haven't been. The 'X' marks a location of arcane power.
- 4 A personal token of Gareth's: hair, toenails, or something else suitable for sympathetic magic.
- 5 A horrible disease. Perhaps just the Sickly debility, perhaps something special crafted by the GM.
- 6 A... yuck. What even is that? It's very... *biological*.
- 7 A seething nest of tiny otyughs, heretofore unknown to zoology.
- 8 A talking rat with glowing red eyes that claims to be a cursed prince in search of a kiss but is probably only infected with sorcerous rabies.

8. COMMON ROOM

This space used to be a large carpenter's shop. The crew used the tools present to repurpose the bits and pieces left behind into chairs and tables, and turned this into a communal space for all of them to gather, play cards or dice or throw things at the humanoid outlines painted on the walls, or otherwise socialise. It sees little use, given that none of them trust the others enough to let their guards down and properly socialise, but Gillian (see area 11) serves meals here so they all pass through at one time or another. Sometimes, they even have conversations.

This room also serves as the meeting place when Belago wants to talk to the whole crew. A large bell has been hung in one corner. Ringing it is a sign that the whole crew should gather, but only Belago uses it; if one or more of the crew respond to a bell ring and find Belago isn't there, they'll immediately become suspicious.

9. STABLES

These two stables have been roughly constructed from whatever wood Lucita could scavenge from the surrounding buildings – bed frames, tables, doors – and will collapse under anything more than the lightest impact. The two lion-horses within could thrash their way to freedom without any significant effort and they know it, but life is good where they are now so they remain where they are and allow Lucita to use them as steeds and occasional beasts of burden in exchange for fresh meat.

LION-HORSES

Group

Claws and Teeth (d8+2 damage, Hand, Close); 6 HP, 1 armour (tough hide)

A bit smaller than a horse but still big enough to mount, long-faced like a horse but powerful like a hunting cat, crocodilian jaws well-supplied with flesh-tearing teeth, and smart – smarter than you think. You don't *tame* a lion-horse; you make a deal with one.

Instinct: To supplement their diet with meat.

- Attack from an unexpected angle.
- Surge forward with a great leap or burst of speed.

When someone pays your price, serve them... for a while.

When hunting, lie in wait somewhere unexpected.

LUCITA

Group, Intelligent, Organised

Knife and Whip (d6 damage, Hand, Close, Reach); 6 HP, 1 armour (leathers)

"The story goes he had a fling with the gamekeeper – had been at it for years, if you believe what you hear – but when she fell pregnant it all got a bit public. His wife was scandalised, naturally, and since the child was his first it had dubious implications for the succession. An awful mess all round. In the end it was decided the best thing would be to pay off the slut and gift the child to one of those priests who take in the unwanted – you know the sort, yes? One of those. It was a wonderful plan right up until the gamekeeper showed up again a few years later, dressed like a woodland savage and demanding her child back. They tried to run her out of town and, well. You know the rest. The bears and wolves swept out of the woods and laid the place to ruin."

Instinct: To hurt others before they hurt you.

- Turn their animal companions or familiars against them.
- Suddenly, an animal attacks!

When you are wronged, embarrassed, or slighted, take vengeance out of all proportion.

When they try to parley with you, disbelieve everything they say and attack at the slightest hint of deception.

When forced to deal with complex emotions, lash out.

10. LUCITA

Lucita chose the most open space she could find for her lair and opened it further with a pickaxe and some diligent work. When the ceiling started to sag under its own weight she improvised again, propping it up with columns improvised from whatever masonry she could drag in from nearby buildings. The result is a single large room with surprisingly few unobstructed lines of sight. The sketchy construction is at odds with the well organised and cared-for animal paraphernalia around the edges of the room – riding gear for horses and stranger creatures, a falconer's glove and hoods, a terrarium with a lazy but deadly poisonous pit viper lounging on its magically-warmed stones, and so on. Lucita's area of expertise is obvious to even a casual glance.

Lucita herself sleeps in a hammock slung between beams in the loft space, keeping her meagre possessions in a rucksack nearby; if she feels excessively threatened she'll grab the bag and vanish, perhaps coming back to inflict savage revenge on her persecutors if she can round up enough dangerous wildlife to make it worthwhile. Anyone searching the bag can find:

- 40 coins.
- A healing potion in a tin tube with a wax seal.
- A small clay flask containing an antivenom potent against most natural toxins.
- A broken talisman on a leather thong. Lucita's child has the other half.
- A mousetrap with a powerful spring, just ready to break the fingers of careless thieves.

Fights staged in Lucita's quarters should feature at least one ceiling collapse, and at least one encounter with the pit viper or other dangerous animal in an unexpected place.

Also, if a player character has uncertain parentage, this is a great opportunity to make Lucita their mother. It also gives them a claim to a noble title and some land, somewhere, and whatever adventuresome goings-on the GM feels like attaching to those.

11. GILLIAN

Most of this building has been co-opted into food storage, with Gillian occupying a cramped room in one corner. This is where the gang keep all their edibles and a lot of their other dry stores, and where Gillian performs her duties as cook.

11A. MEAT LOCKER

This room, cool at all times, is where Gillian stores her “special meat”. If she’s recently acquired a fresh carcass they’ll be beheaded and hung up by their ankles, a barrel below to catch all the blood. Once that’s done she removes the bones and organs – the former going to Garet for animation, the latter to Lucita’s lion-horses for food – and turns whatever’s left into cuts of meat and large black puddings.

Although there’s nothing overtly dangerous in here, the concentrated horror of it is palpable to those with mystic senses.

GILLIAN

Devious, Group, Intelligent

Cook’s Cleaver (b[2d6] damage, Close); 6 HP, 1 armour (butcher’s leather apron)

Gillian’s not much of a fighter, all told, but she’s an excellent spy and information gatherer. Mousy and unassuming, nobody notices her listening in at the marketplace or buying drinks until they let something slip.

That said, she’s got a butcher’s knowledge of anatomy and a lot of *very* sharp knives. Anyone who mistakes her dislike of violence for helplessness is likely to get a pointed correction.

Instinct: To eat people.

- Throw a butcher’s knife at them and run away.
- Become an unremarkable face in the crowd.

When they’re wounded and bloody, lose all self-control and take a bite.

When they first find you, pretend to be a prisoner.

When you get a chance, gossip.

11B. KITCHEN

The crew are fine with Gillian cooking for them despite her taste for human flesh. She's a good cook, and more than happy to keep all the "best bits" to herself if the others are content with more pedestrian meats. This is where Gillian can be found almost all of the time, humming to herself as she cooks and cleans and sharpens her knives.

Scrobbles is absolutely forbidden from coming in here. The crew trust a cannibal with their food, but not a poisoner.

12. THE WELL

As well as a source of clean water, this well offers an emergency escape – or infiltration – route for the crew if they need one. A set of iron rungs are set into the inside of the well, descending to a damp tunnel that surfaces in a patch of rocks and thorn bushes just outside Overton's walls.

THESE PEOPLE ARE AWFUL

Yes. Yes they are. They each have their reasons, sure, but even in the most charitable light they are very, very broken people. That said, if your player characters are the sort to go for rescue and redemption...

Belago is beyond recovery. He is a pure, dyed-in-the-wool sociopath and solipsist who considers other people to be things that talk, and often wishes they would talk a little less. If you think you've redeemed him, it's only because it's part of some scheme of his.

Gillian's problem isn't so much her appetite for human flesh, but the fact that she is unable or unwilling to *resist* that appetite. Saving her, if it's possible, is a matter of teaching her discipline.

Scrobbles is steeped in bitterness, but he kills freely because his view of life is a constant, savage struggle against overwhelming odds. If he could be taught to value life – in particular the lives of others – then he might be turned from his evil ways.

Garet simply made several poor life choices and, rather than try to make things right, decided to follow through on every single one and become the worst person he could possibly be. No amount of compassion will redeem him, because his towering pride prevents him from understanding that anything he's done is wrong.

Arabella is dying, and doesn't want to. She's seen beyond Death's gates and the thought of going back there terrifies her – so she works to send others there in her place. She felt bad about the first few but has long since become desensitised to her body count; she feels that she is already beyond redemption, so why bother trying to be good at all?

Lucita has been wronged, certainly, but her major problems are that her go-to solution is to kill everyone who so much as witnessed her injustice and all their relatives, and that *she doesn't see why that might be wrong*. She dresses it up as noble savagery, but really she just has no sense of proportion when it comes to vengeance.

Camilla is probably the most redeemable of the lot, despite her long list of black deeds and her commitment to dread gods. In the end, she is evil only because she believes it is her destiny and she has no choice in the matter – her basic nature isn't so bad, and if she could be convinced of the existence of free will she would probably abandon the path of evil immediately.