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# HOW TO USE THIS BOOK

This book is intended for use in place of the Freelancers app. The app can be found by going to freelancersgame.com. If you have access to the app, we strongly suggest you use it. If you hate it, you can always come on back here.

Still here? Okay, when this book tells you to turn to a page, turn to that page in the location book (not in this book).

After reading an entry, unless it provides further instructions (e.g. "go to —1:11" or "travel on the map"), return to play. Doing so resolves the action that prompted the entry or entries (e.g. a location book action or drawing a token from the bag).

#### **GAME SETUP**

The setup instructions in the rulebook directs the Game Master to launch the Freelancers app and select a quest. When using this book, the Game Master is in charge of navigating this entry book.

To select a quest using this book, choose a quest using the index on p. 1 and turn to the Introduction page for that quest. After completing the setup steps in the rulebook, read your quest's Introduction section and follow its instructions.

#### FINDING AN ENTRY

When directed by the game to 'enter' a code, find the matching entry number in this book, read it, and follow its instructions.

To find the correct entry, make sure you are in the section of this book that matches the quest you are playing. For example, if you are playing the Wizards & Wurms quest, make sure you are searching for the entry only on the pages that say Wizards & Wurms at the bottom of them. The sections are also color-coded to help you realize when you've crossed into a different section.

#### **FOLLOWER ENTRIES**

When a follower token is drawn from the bag, you must go to that follower's entry (1-26). Unlike other numbered entries, the follower entries are not quest-specific and so are located in their own section of this book (pp. 213-237).

#### MAP ICONS

When traveling on the map, most of the locations are represented by only an icon with no entry number. When using the app, you would tap the matching icon and it would take you to the correct entry. When using this book, you must find the correct entry by using the Map Icon Index located at the beginning of each quest's section of this book. The Map Icon Index will provide you with a page number and on that page you will find an entry matching the map icon.

#### CROSSROADS

Crossroads are a type of location on the map. Unlike other map icon entries, the crossroads entries are not quest-specific and so are located in their own section of this book (pp. 192–212). To resolve a crossroads entry, you will always first go to the main crossroads entry on p. 192, where you will find further direction on selecting a crossroads entry.

#### MAKING CHOICES

Many entries will ask you to make a choice and will direct you to other entries depending on which choice you make. When given a choice like this, choose 1 of the options and go to the entry it instructs you to. Example:

So what is it? What's the deal here?

- I'm worried I might be in danger. I should prepare. go to 706-2
- I think I stand to make a lot of money out of this, whatever happens. - go to 706-3
- · Man, this is gonna be great. go to 706-4

#### **SAVING A GAME**

When traveling on the map, after circling your new location, but before finding that location's entry in this book, you may choose to save the game so you can quit and come back to your quest at a later time. To save the game, do the following:

- Each player fills out the back of their species sheet with their name, job, token counts and their list of story/treasure/follower cards. Keep your species sheet, job sheet, and cards together.
- 2. Have the Cartographer fill out the back of the map with the current game state. If you don't plan on starting a different quest before you finish this one, just keep all tokens in the bag that are already there. Otherwise, note every token that's in the time bag on the back of the map sheet. Also note which tokens are on the risk track, and which threat tokens have been discarded from the game.
- 3. The rest of the game can be packed up as per normal.

#### **RESUMING A SAVED GAME**

When resuming a saved game, do the following:

- Give each player their saved species sheet. Then each player collects their job sheet, tokens and cards according to the back of their species sheet.
- 2. Have the Cartographer collect the same map sheet you used the last time you played this saved game.
- Check the wound track listing on the back of the map sheet and place that many wound tokens on the wound track.
- 4. Check the threat level listing on the back of the map sheet and set the threat dial to that number.
- If you did not keep the tokens in the time bag from your last play, put the correct tokens in the time bag according to the back of the map sheet.
- 6. Check the back of the map sheet for tokens that should be on the risk track and place those accordingly.
- Check the influence track listing on the back of the map sheet and place the party's influence markers on the influence track in the recorded order.
- 8. Go to the entry for the location circled on your map (this is the last location you traveled to before saving your game).



A GAME DESIGN BY
BONALD J. SHULTS

# WIZARDS & WURMS

Before you begin play, make sure the Cartographer has Map A. Then, each player reads their job backgrounds in whatever order they choose, filling in the blanks with the corresponding prompts from their species sheet.

## INTRODUCTION

Have the Bookkeeper turn to page 35 in the location book, but do not begin a round until instructed.

The world is a wide, weird place, but here in the Hub, everything is pretty normal. There's all sorts of culture to explore like mole yodeling, interpretative yogurting, and even the occasional mutant burning.

The Hub earned its name for being the center of the known world. Its shifting neighborhoods rest upon a clockwork-powered foundation that constantly moves everything around, creating new urban configurations every fifty-two minutes or so. The clockwork machinery thrusts steam through enormous pipes that wind up amidst the city's numerous, terraced levels, ending inside the royal castle itself. There the King listens to their toots and whistles, interpreting them, and this is how policy is set for the city and the lands beyond.

But all that doesn't really concern you lot. You're just a bunch of good-for-nothing, down-on-your-luck nobodies. But all is not lost! In a gig economy, anybody and everybody can be a freelancer.

When monsters need eviction from caves, ancient temples need despoiling, or entitled nobles require protection from, well, everybody who isn't them, they can turn to you—their neighborhood adventuring piece of garbage. A good reputation can earn you plenty of work, but you have yet to even find your first gig, let alone make a name for yourselves. Despite that, you've got a handful of followers already, and that's something. Schala is your faithful know-it-all, Grunko, Son of Grung, an able and pragmatic porter, and Cookie, a weird camp cook who only gets you sick sometimes. As followers go, they aren't the worst, but if you could make a reputation for yourselves, you could attract a whole mess of henchman and hirelings!

And so you find yourselves in the city marketplace, hoping to find someone who will hire you.

Begin the round in the location book.

# MAP ICON INDEX

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**VELDIMAX THE GREAT** 

## **A CAMPSITE**

Go to 1 of the following entries. If you like, you may draw a tick mark next to your choice so that the next time you visit a campsite while playing this scenario, you'll know which entries you've chosen previously. Choose 1:

- Go to ፟ -1
- Go to ፟<a>-2</a>
- Go to Д-3



"This looks like a fine spot for a rest," says Grunko, Son of Grung, setting down his massive cart. You all take a moment to relax, and you glance over at Veldimax the Great who puffs lazily upon his pipe.

"Just how powerful are you?" you ask him. The question catches him off guard.

"How powerful?" the dwarf repeats. "I mean that's hard to say, isn't it? I guess I've never really stopped to think about it. I mean, I'd say pretty powerful. I've certainly never had any performance issues, I don't care what you've heard!" You nod your head impressed, confident in his confidence.

All players may heal 1 stress �� or discard 1 corruption ��. Additionally, if the party chooses to spend 1 time, all players may choose to perform 1 camp action from their character sheet in influence 😭 order.

As players perform camp actions, they must also fill in the bubble for that action on their sheet. It cannot be performed again.

After all decisions made for this campsite have been resolved, travel on the map.

#### **\$-7**

You set about helping Cookie to prepare a meal of fermented crawfish sandwiches, and Veldimax the Great joins you. Not to help of course, but rather to supervise. The dwarf wizard plays idly with a coin as the rest you work, making it vanish and reappear again.

"You ever worry about corruption?" you ask the dwarf. "Nah," he says. "Not the way I do it."

"You must be especially skilled to act so nonchalant toward the forces of chaos."

"No doubt, no doubt, no doubt," he agrees, and makes his coin appear from behind your ear. "Here you go, kid. Keep it." You realize later that it's made of stale chocolate.

All players may heal 1 stress ① or discard 1 corruption ②. Additionally, if the party chooses to spend 1 time, all players may choose to perform 1 camp action from their character sheet in influence ② order.

As players perform camp actions, they must also fill in the bubble for that action on their sheet. It cannot be performed again.

After all decisions made for this campsite have been resolved, travel on the map.



"Where'd you grow up?" you ask Veldimax the Great, who sits on the ground drinking from a flask. The dwarf wizard shrugs. "A little mountain town out in the spokes. It was dullsville, that's for sure. But it wasn't all bad. Did pretty good with the ladies if you know what I mean. Yessir, I was a gods-damned stud back in my heyday." He shakes his head angrily. "There were plenty who were happy to cast their lot with me. You betcha! I was a catch back then," he snarls. "Still should be!" You let him go back to drinking as his mood turns sour, but take heart in your patron's raw virility. Heck, maybe some of it rubbed off on you?

All players may heal I stress ② or discard I corruption ③. Additionally, if the party chooses to spend I time, all players may choose to perform I camp action from their character sheet in influence ③ order.

As players perform camp actions, they must also fill in the bubble for that action on their sheet. It cannot be performed again.

After all decisions made for this campsite have been resolved, travel on the map.

#### &-**4**

You find a stream of clean, cold moving water. Everyone stops for a moment to refill their canteens. The rocks that peek from the gentle rapids are carved with ancient and interesting glyphs and faces.

Schala comes up to you and whispers, "So, um, are we going to stop here or press on?" She subtly nods toward Cookie, the camp cook. "Because if we are setting up camp, you may suggest... uh, some of us, take a bath."

All players may heal 1 stress @ or 1 corruption .

If the party spends 1 time, each player may also select a camp action from their character sheet, doing so in influence order.

As players perform camp actions, they must also fill in the bubble for that action on their sheet. It cannot be performed again.

After all decisions made for this campsite have been resolved, travel on the map.

## **DUNGEO**

Go to 1 of the following entries. If you like, you may draw a tick mark next to your choice so that the next time you visit a dungeon while playing this scenario, you'll know which entries you've chosen previously. Choose 1:

- Go to iiii−1
- Go to ∰-2
- Go to ←3



"Why in the blazes would we want to go in there?" Veldimax the Great demands, protesting the idea of entering a dungeon. "Veldimax, we need to find treasures and grow stronger if we wish to slay the dragon. It's just part of freelancing."

"Well, I would like the record to show that I object to it," he pouts turning his back to you. You sigh and move on, knowing there is no other way but into the dungeon.

This location is a dungeon. In Freelancers, every dungeon represents a chance to gain treasure, but only if all of the players who participate succeed at their tasks.

Players must now choose a Project Manager for this dungeon. The Project Manager will have the opportunity to choose other players (or themselves) to participate in tasks as you explore the dungeon. If there is any disagreement in choosing a Project Manager, it is decided by the influence 👺 track. Next - go to @-1:1

🛍 1:1 You find a creepy old shack with a sign on it that says "Shooting Range" and it's so out of place here that you decide to check it out...

Inside you encounter a short imp with a long rifle, sitting alone, dejected, tears running down his wrinkled cheeks. "Why so glum?" you ask him.

"I'm a sniper," he pouts, "and this here is my trusty rifle, but honestly, there just ain't been nothing to snipe lately."

"Aww... poor thing," Schala says.

"Say!" The imp's face brightens. "How 'bout you let me use you and a couple friends for target practice? I'll keep the rounds nonlethal! I promise!"

"I don't know," you say. "That doesn't sound like a good idea for a number of reasons."

"I'll give you some loot I've got stashed away. The better you do, the better the payout!" he offers.

"Deall"

The Project Manager must choose someone (potentially themselves) to participate in this dungeon and be shot. The next entry is for that participant.

Next - go to @-1:2

1:2 You have been selected to be shot by a gun. Choose 1:

- Retreat from the dungeon. go to 1:3

1:3 "This is idiotic!" you shout to the others and simply leave the gun range.

The imp sniper throws a bit of a tantrum, but in the end, he acquiesces to your appeal for takesies backsies.

"Arrr..." Cookie growls as he stirs a pot with one of his peg legs. "People these days make such a big deal about gettin' shot." Everyone has a laugh at your expense.

Influence 2 -5.

You have failed this dungeon. Travel on the map.

**M-1:4** "Great!" the imp shouts, and immediately points his gun

"Whoa, hey, don't we get a head start?" you protest.

"Nah. Bombs away!" he squeals, shooting you point blank in the chest. Your limp body flies backward as you slowly register a feeling akin to being stabbed in the heart.

"What the yogurt?" you cry as your panicked companions run past you, looks of sheer terror on their faces.

"That's one!" hoots the imp.

You struggle for breath as your hand scrabbles beneath your clothing to make sure you're not dead.

Everyone else really appreciates your dedication to the team. Wound A+1.

Influence 😂+5.

The next entry is for the Project Manager.

Next - go to 🛍-1:5

1:5 "Here's number two!" squeals the Imp with deranged glee as he presses a crazed eye to the scope of the rifle. You only have moments to find a hiding place.

The Project Manager must choose someone (or themselves) to participate in this dungeon and find a hiding spot. The next entry is for that participant.

Next - go to @ -1:6

🛍 1:6 Make a sense 🚱 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🐉?

- Yes go to -1:7
  No go to -1:18

**1:1** You spot some cover, and fling yourself behind a mound of empty milk cartons, each one with bullet hole through it. The gnome's shot misses you, striking the ground near where you had been standing.

"Homicidal old imp!" you shout at him through a twisting cloud of dust.

"I'm twenty-two!" he shouts back. "Hardly old!" Luck @+1.

Next - go to 🛍-1:8

**1:8** The Project Manager must choose someone (potentially themselves) to participate in this dungeon and run for their lives. The next entry is for that participant.

Next - go to @-1:9

1:9 The last gunshot still echoes in your ears as you think back to your formative years and the advice your mom gave

"If gunfire starts coming your way, make sure to zig and zag as much as possible."

"Is this really necessary?" you had asked her.

"With your personality? Absolutely!"

You take her lesson to heart as you run pell mell, zigging this way and zagging that way in an effort to be harder to hit. Make an agility a check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 袋?

- Yes go to 1:10
- No go to 1:17

1:10 The scent of gunpowder fills the air and everyone covers their ears as the imp fires shot after shot in your direction. "Hold still, dagnabbit!" he cries in anger, until suddenly the shots cease, followed by an empty clicking sound coming from the gun with each pull of the trigger. "Aw, nuts," he grumbles.

Luck @+1.

Next - go to 1:11

1:11 "Show's over, so come on back, kiddies!" the imp calls. The lot of you approach, glowering at the demented sharpshooter.

"That was a lot of fun wasn't it? Now, I believe there was a reward offered! One piece of loot for each of you that didn't get shot." He beams.

This cannot stand.

Does the Project Manager wish to improvise something to intimidate the imp into paying everyone?

There is no penalty for saying no.

- No go to 🕮-1:16

1:12 Deliver a threat, in character, that you think will intimidate the imp.

I'm ready. - go to 🛍-1:13

1:13 All players vote:

Thumbs up, if you think it was pretty intimidating. Thumbs down, if it was just a buncha wind.

- Thumbs up. go to -1:14
- Thumbs down. go to 1:15

1:14 Your words are mightier than bullets, and the foolish imp slumps in sadness once more.

"Fine, whatever," grumbles the imp. "No one appreciates sportsmanship nowadays!"

The Project Manager gains influence 🗳 +3 and the title: Weapon Tester .

All players who participated, including the Project Manager, gain treasure 2+1 and gold +1.

You have completed this dungeon. Travel on the map.

1:15 You stammer like a goof, but then Grunko, Son of Grung walks past you and puts his hand out firmly.

"You're paying everyone, mate," he says firmly.

Seeing no room for argument, the imp complies.

"Fine, whatever," grumbles the sniper. "No one appreciates sportsmanship nowadays!"

The Project Manager gains the title: Weapon Tester @. All players who participated, including the Project Manager, gain treasure ##+1 and gold @+1.

You have completed this dungeon. Travel on the map.

1:16 You stick an angry finger in his chest. "That'll be a piece

each, you addled fool, or we break that gun of yours here and now!"

"Fine, whatever," grumbles the imp. "No one appreciates sportsmanship nowadays!"

The Project Manager gains the title: Weapon Tester .

All players who participated, including the Project Manager, gain treasure #+1 and gold +1.

You have completed this dungeon. Travel on the map.

1:17 "If Mom could see me now!" you cry.

That's when the gun cracks and you are knocked face first into the dirt by a round to the noggin.

Wound A+1.

Next - go to 🛍-1:11

1:18 You look around in desperation for something to hide your body behind, but your eyes move slower than the imp's. Your body is flung forward before your ears even register the gunshot.

You shriek with pain as the imp cackles and yells out, "That's two! Where's lucky number three?"

Wound A+1.

Next - go to -1:8



Veldimax the Great is both frustrated and curious about your desire to willingly enter a dungeon.

"So what do you freelancer types like about dungeon running anyway?" he asks, puffing on his pipe anxiously. "Is it some sort of sick thrill?"

You shrug. "Well, for some yes, but also, we just need stuff. You can't kill a dragon without stuff."

This location is a dungeon. In Freelancers, every dungeon represents a chance to gain treasure, but only if all of the players who participate succeed at their tasks.

Players must now choose a Project Manager for this dungeon. The Project Manager will have the opportunity to choose other players (or themselves) to participate in tasks as you explore the dungeon. If there is any disagreement in choosing a Project Manager, it is decided by the influence track.

Next - go to -2:1

12:1 You find a cave, whose mouth exhales a musty breath most foul. Normally, you'd keep moving, but you notice a stone cairn nearby with a strange symbol carved into the moss.

"Thieves' symbol," you whisper as you gesture to it. You've picked a few things up over the years, and know to

suspect that such symbols often lead to a stash of loot. As you enter the cave, you notice that the mouth very quickly tapers down into a tight squeeze.

"So, um, who wants to go first?" Schala asks.

The Project Manager must choose someone (or themselves) to participate in this dungeon and crawl in. The next entry is for that participant.

Next - go to 🛍-2:2

1:2 You are going to have to be careful crawling in these tight spaces. Once you find a way through, you'll likely have to guard the entrance for anyone else coming from behind you. But you can handle it, right?

Are you a Dwarf, Goblin or Imp?

- No go to 🛍 -2:3

🛍 -2:3 Make an agility 🗑 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 💸?

- No go to 🕮 2:15

12.4 You enter the narrow cavity, pulling a rope behind you. With a little bit of twisting and shifting, you navigate the narrow tunnels of the cave system until you find a spot where they open up to a larger chamber where everyone can stand up and regroup.

You call to the others and keep watch, lighting a tor. Immediately you hear the sound of scuttling, as something, retreats from the light.

"Hurry up, you goobers!" you call back to the others nervously.
Luck @+1. The next entry is for the Project Manager.
Next - go to m-2:5

1.5 Everyone regroups in a larger cavern. Torchlight dances into the shadows, but fails to reveal the hidden things you can feel watching all of you. You hear them skitter and crawl about.

"Um... I wish we knew what that noise was," Schala says anxiously, squinting past her thick glasses. "Can anyone make anything out?"

The Project Manager must choose someone (or themselves) to participate in this dungeon and try to make out the source of the strange noises. The next entry is for that participant.

Next - go to 12:6

#### MAP ICONS

🕮 2:6 Make a sense 😵 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

• Yes - go to \_\_\_\_\_-2:7

No - go to (a) -2:13
 My weapon has the fire (b) trait. - go to (a) -2:14

2:1 You make out a few skittering figures and recognize a set of hairy legs that flashes through the light.

"Oh no... It's skullduggers," you say flatly. "Weird little spider crabs. They like to force their way into the mouths of unsuspecting fools, and set up shop."

"Oh dear." Schala nods nervously. "Yeah, they use their victims' skulls sort of like a hermit crab uses a shell." "Great," Grunko, Son of Grung says.

"Glad you were able to spot them," Schala adds. Luck 🕲 +1. The next entry is for the Project Manager.

Next - go to 🛍 - 2:8

12.8 Needless to say, you don't like being trapped in a cave full of skull-stealing spider-monsters.

"I don't see a way out of this that doesn't involve fighting them off," you growl.

"They, um, seem to be afraid of fire," Schala offers as a sliver of hope.

The Project Manager must choose someone (potentially themselves) to participate in this dungeon and lead the fight against the skullduggers. The next entry is for that participant. Next - go to 2:9

圖·2:9 Make a weapon check. Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 裳?

Yes - go to -2:10
No - go to -2:12

• My weapon has the fire 6 trait. - go to 6-2:10

2:10 You begin the assault.

"Keep your mouths covered!" you shout as you push into a wave of hairy tarantula-crabs, each wearing a skull on their hindquarters.

They leap for your face, trying to use their numbing poison to get into your head and claim it for a new home.

Behind you the others join in and follow your lead.
Before too long, the floor is littered with smashed, gashed and smoldering skullduggers, surrounded by the boney shards of their former homes.

You wipe the sweat from your brow, satisfied, and then bend over, noticing a trail of coins.

Gold ()+1.

Next - go to 🛍 - 2:11

**1.11** You all follow the trail and come to the long forgotten stash of some defunct thieves guild. The only thing that remains of them are their headless corpses and a pile of gleaming goodies.

"Arr, I love a happy endin'!" Cookie beams.

You agree, and free from the skullduggers, you have an easy time extracting the wealth from this stash.

The Project Manager gains the title: the Sturdy-Skulled ... All players who participated, including the Project Manager, gain treasure #+1 and gold +1.

You have completed this dungeon. Travel on the map.

**11.12** You begin the assault.

"Keep your mouths covered!" you shout as you push into a wave of hairy tarantula-crabs, each wearing a skull on their hindquarters.

As you do, one leaps straight into your mouth. You try to scream, but the hairy spider-thing pushes further in when

you do.

You feel its numbing poison inject into your jaw and it numbs your entire face.

"No!" Schala cries out. "Get it! Don't let it burrow in!"
Grunko, Son of Grung grabs the thing and pulls it out of your mouth. It resembles a tarantula crossed with a hermit crab, but instead of a shell, it's wearing a skull on its back half.
Grunko, Son of Grung smashes the shrieking spider and guards the rear as the others pull you back out of the dungeon to safety.

Later, when applying ointment to your lips, Schala tries to comfort you.

"I think that what you did was very brave, boss," she says, dabbing your swollen jowls.

"Fwanks, Skwawa," you mumble.

It's some time before you feel yourself again.

Corruption +1.

You have failed this dungeon. Travel on the map.

13 You inch up to the edge of the light trying to get a better look. Suddenly, something hairy grabs your face. You feel a sting in your lips and everything is numb. Whatever stung you, it's forcing its way into your mouth. "It's a skulldugger!" Schala cries out. "Get it! Don't let it burrow in!"

Grunko, Son of Grung grabs the thing and pulls it out of your mouth. It resembles a tarantula crossed with a hermit crab, but instead of a shell, it's wearing a skull on its back half. Grunko, Son of Grung smashes the shrieking spider and guards the rear as the others pull you back out of the dungeon to safety.

Later, when applying ointment to your lips, Schala teaches you more about skullduggers and their affinity for making their homes in the skulls of the living.

"Their venom numbs your mouth, making it easier to force their way in." she says, dabbing your swollen jowls.

"Bwow, braps weewy intwestring," you mumble.

It's some time before you feel yourself again. Corruption 🚭+1.

You have failed this dungeon. Travel on the map.

1.14 Using the light from your weapon, you make out a few skittering figures and recognize a set of hairy legs that flashes through the light.

"Oh no... It's skullduggers," you say flatly. "Weird little spider crabs. They like to force their way into the mouths of unsuspecting fools, and set up shop."

"Oh dear." Schala nods nervously. "Yeah, they use their victims' skulls sort of like a hermit crab uses a shell."

"Great," Grunko, Son of Grung says.

"Glad you were able to spot them," Schala adds. Luck 🚳+1.

The next entry is for the Project Manager.

Next - go to 🛍 - 2:8

1:15 You crawl through several twists in the tight tunnels, until suddenly you slip headfirst down a crevasse. You nearly plummet to your death, but are saved by your pants, which bunch up at your ankles and leave you hanging in a very embarrassing and vulnerable position.

Suddenly, your mind begins to race. When was the last time you washed your underwear?

Choose 1:

I don't wear any. - go to 16 -2:16

• Depends. What month is it? - go to @-2:17

11.16 The others eventually fish you out of the pit, and drag you to safety. Nobody is happy with the experience, least of all your bare keister which is cut and shredded as it's pulled across the many sharp stones.

By the time they pull you out, you are no longer in the mood to find loot.

However, you don't have it the worst. The person who has to bandage your butt, has it the worst.

Wound A+1.

The Medic gains the title: Healer of Rears 💩.

You have failed this dungeon. Travel on the map.

12:17 Eventually the others manage to fish you out of your precarious position. It's embarrassing, especially because apparently there is some new trend having to do with washing your britches?

Sounds dumb, but apparently it's the new craze sweeping the kingdom.

Everyone is very judgey about it, and you have apparently ruined everyone's appetite for loot... and also other things. Influence \$\mathbb{G}-5\$.

You have failed this dungeon. Travel on the map.



"Looks like a dungeon ahead," says Grunko, Son of Grung as he sets his heavy wagon down.

"Oh brother." Veldimax the Great rolls his eyes. "I can't believe we're wasting precious time during the solstice doing... this." "Don't worry, friend. You'll get used to wasting time," Grunko, Son of Grung assures him.

This location is a dungeon. In Freelancers, every dungeon represents a chance to gain treasure, but only if all of the players who participate succeed at their tasks.

Players must now choose a Project Manager for this dungeon. The Project Manager will have the opportunity to choose other players (or themselves) to participate in tasks as you explore the dungeon. If there is any disagreement in choosing a Project Manager, it is decided by the influence track.

Next - go to 3:1

1:1 You dip into what appears to be an ancient alleyway, out of place in this environment. Before you have a moment to consider that though, a screaming stilt-kin rushes past, bounding on long, buggy legs.

"Slow down," you tell the panicked stilt-kin.

"There's no time!" she urges, pointing behind her. "Listen to my tale, stranger, before it is too late! Long have I been the bearer of the Chaos Ruby."

"Let me guess," you offer. "It's a cursed thing that sows evil wherever it goes?"

"Dang, good guess. Yeah, it's no good. But I have grown old and my labor too wearying. So I stashed it in an old brokendown streetcar. The one right over there! And darned if after a week of saturating in the Ruby's corruption, the thing didn't spring to life! It's a monster made of steel now! Please stranger, defeat it so that I might guard the Chaos Ruby once again."

"Yeah okay," you say. "Give us a minute."

The Project Manager must choose someone (potentially themselves) to participate in this dungeon. The next entry is for that participant.

Next - go to 11 -3:2

📆 3:2 "Behold!" bellows the streetcar. "I am Jablowski the Damned, Shieldmaiden to Jub-Jub the Maggotking, and mother to his brood of larval butterchildren!"

"Gross," you say. "And impressive probably. But we would like to take back that ruby inside of you if that's okay."

"Do you mean my very heart!? Oh yes... You may take it," says the streetcar, "if you can complete my... Infernal Challenge!"

"And what is that, O mighty Jablowski?"

"Perform a play for my amusement. A little one-act that makes me laugh, cry, and reaffirm my love of rugged individualism." "Is that all?" you laugh. "Get ready for a masterclass in improvisational stagecraft!"

Make a will 🛞 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 袋?

- Yes go to 🛍 3:3
- No go to 🛍 3:13

3:3 It's a simple premise really. The wrong person walks through the wrong door and all hell breaks loose.

Jablowski shakes with laughter as your improvised character, Applecheeks, rages about their fiancee running off with a stranger.

The faces you make? Hilarious.

Your outrage over your character's own misunderstanding? Too relatable!

Only what's this? Your fiancee, Chestnut, has just arrived on stage, and now it's time for the show to take a more serious turn...

Luck @+1.

Next - go to 🛍 - 3:4

3:4 The Project Manager must now choose a DIFFERENT participant for the show, if able, to play Chestnut. The next entry is for that participant.

Next - go to 🛍 - 3:5

13:5 "Yes it is I, Chestnut," you announce as you stride on stage. "You thought that I your fiancee had run off with a stranger, but no! It is all a comedic misunderstanding. Or is it?" "Surprise twist!" gasps Jablowski.

Make a will 🛞 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

- No go to 🕮 3:12

3:6 Even your adventuring companions, actors in the same play, force themselves to stifle the tears your performance inspires.

Jablowski sobs with abandon as you, Chestnut, reveal that Professor Saint-John has died from a broken heart.

You pause dramatically, letting the moment wash over your audience.

And then, when the moment is ripe, you strike with the surprise ending! A shadow falls over you, and you turn and cry out.

"Teddy Pendergrass?"

Luck @+1.

Next - go to -3:7

13:7 The Project Manager must now choose a THIRD participant for the show, if able, to play Teddy Pendergrass. The next entry is for that participant.

Next - go to 111 - 3:8

3:8 "Yes it is I, Teddy Pendergrass, mountain explorer," you declare. "And I return to you with a message of hope."

Make a will check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 袋?

- Yes go to -3:9
- No go to 1 -3:11

#### MAP ICONS

13:9 "Something about determination!" you bellow. "And perseverance! And staying true to yourself! And maybe you should take the big chance, and also believe in yourself because you're a superstar and a fighter, and pick up some straps on boots or something, and hold them high above you and shout, 'I can do this!' Because, dear Chestnut, sweet Applecheeks, you really can do it. Whatever it is!"

And with that, you three performers gather together and give a long bow.

"Bravo!" shouts Jablowski. "Oh bravo!"

Luck @+2.

Next - go to -3:10

3:10 "You have completed the challenge with aplomb," announces the streetcar.

"The Chaos Ruby is yours! But know this—such was the emotional tour de force of your performance that I have drained this artifact, my very heart, of all magical energies and it is now but a gaudy bauble."

The sentient streetcar suddenly sounds weak.

"I am sorry, but now that its power is gone, so too am I." And with that, Jablowski the Damned falls silent forever.

"The Ruby!" exclaims the stilt-kin as you hand it to her.

"Drained of power," you tell her. "Perhaps you are finally free of your burden?"

"Yes, but I have gained another. You see, I saw your performance. Haunting stuff."

She casually hands you a sack of coins, as some sort of tip for the delivery.

"Tell me, how do humble players like yourselves channel the very essence of the gods into such artistry?"

Your only answer is to smile kindly, give your deepest bow, then turn and walk away.

The Project Manager gains the title: Best Director . All players who participated, including the Project Manager, gain will \*+1 and gold +1.

You have completed this dungeon. Travel on the map.

3:11 "Hope," you say. "Hope, hope, hope. There are lots of things you can say about hope. Like... like it rhymes... with rope. That's gotta mean something right? Like, you ever stop to think about it?"

"Enough!" bellows Jablowski. "The performance was excellent until now, but you! You know nothing of improvisation. Nothing comes to mind because nothing is in your mind. I declare the challenge forfeit!"

Influence \$3-6.

Gain the title: the Hopeless @.

You have failed this dungeon. Travel on the map.

3:12 "Yes it is I, Chestnut," you announce as you stride on stage. "I was gone but now... well, now I am here."

And to your horror your mind goes blank and you stand there like an idiot for a few minutes until Jablowski can suffer no more.

"The challenge is forfeit!" she declares.

Influence 👺-6.

Gain the title: Bad Chestnut @.

You have failed this dungeon. Travel on the map.

13:13 It's a simple premise really. The wrong person walks through the wrong door and all hell breaks loose. But your comedic timing is the worst, and embarrassed by your failure, Jablowski declares the challenge forfeit.

Influence 👺-6.

Gain the title: the Unfunny .

You have failed this dungeon. Travel on the map.

# **TELLER**

You pass a fortune teller, whose cart bears enough clichés to assure of authenticity, without being culturally offensive, which let's be honest, is reassuring these days. She beckons you over and you all eagerly circle around her, hoping for something good. She looks into each of your eyes.

Her gaze pierces your souls, and you squirm as she seems to look not just into you, but past you, as if peering at some cosmic entity who controls you like some sort of puppet in a game.

She speaks to you, only her words seem aimed at the cosmic entities and she asks, "How y'all feeling about swear words tonight? Anyone not feel comfortable about that? It's best if everyone is honest."

• Eh, let's not do swears. - go to 🖫-1

• What the hey, let's try it. - go to \$\mathbb{D}\$-10

**1** The group chooses the player with the largest vocabulary. That player gains the title: the Reserved **2**.

Next - go to **2**−2

**2** "Excellent," says the fortune teller. "And now that I've calibrated my seeing stone to your party, what one secret of the universe can I reveal to you?"

"What does 'sauté' mean?" Cookie asks, but everyone tells him to shut up.

As a group, choose a question:

• Where is the one we seek? - go to 🖫-3

What can defeat the dragon? - go to 9-6

• Where can we find riches? - go to 2-7

3 Does any player have the title: Bounty Hunter?

No - go to 9-4
 Yes - go to 9-5

**3-4** "There is one with a scroll. He lost something to apathy and is now consumed with regret. He waits for you in halls of shadow, in a place where water and stone are one."

"We already knew that—" you begin to protest, but then, without warning, she keels over dead, unable to answer another question.

Travel on the map.

**1.3** "I see a fella, lips colored amethyst, he waits for you east of the lake..."

Then, without warning, she keels over dead, unable to answer another question.

Travel on the map.

**1.6** "They say that frost can temper the dragon's flames, but place not too much trust in the cold. Haste is the greatest weapon of all." She leans in close. "Regardless, one among you will do what needs be done, but not until they are forced into action."

Then, without warning, she keels over dead, unable to answer another question.

Travel on the map.

**3** Does any player have the title: Job Hunter?

• No - go to 💇 - 8

Yes - go to 2 -9

**1** In a place where water and stone become one, there are shadows speaking within the shadows. Among them you might find employment."

Then, without warning, she keels over dead, unable to answer another question.

Travel on the map.

**19-9** "In a place where water and stone become one, there are shadows speaking within the shadows. Among them you might find employment."

Then, without warning, she keels over dead, unable to answer another question.

Travel on the map.

**11** The group chooses the player with the filthiest mouth. That player gains the title: the Foul Mouthed **(a)**.

Next - go to **2**-2

## 袋 THREAT

Go to 1 of the following entries. If you like, you may draw a tick mark next to your choice so that the next time you visit a threat location while playing this scenario, you'll know which entries you've chosen previously. Choose 1:

- Go to 袋 -1
- Go to 数 -2
- Go to ₹3-3
- Go to ₹3-4

\*1 Veldimax the Great wags a finger at your party. "If you keep dawdling, the solstice will end and the dragon will be too powerful to defeat! I'm not paying you to drag your feet on this."

"What are you paying us exactly?" one of you grumbles, but Veldimax pretends not to hear it.

Next - go to ⅔-5

\*2 Veldimax grows agitated and consults his pocket-watch. "The window draws to a close," he mutters. "Perhaps I've missed it entirely? Difficult to say, these things. Difficult to judge. Dawdlers! Layabouts! I should probably call the whole thing off." His grumbles grow less audible, and he takes an irritated swig from a flask.

Next - go to \$\$-5

袋3 You look up at the sky. The sun's reddened rays pulse slowly.

"The solstice is almost over," Grunko, Son of Grung observes without judgment. Everyone else shifts uneasily. If you make it to the dragon, there is a very high chance that the solstice will be over, and you'll have no hope of defeating her.

Next - go to ₹3-5

🛱 "How are we for time?" you ask Veldimax the Great with a wincing grin. He doesn't even answer.

Next - go to \$3-5

��-¶ Roll a twenty-sided die ⊚. Any player may gain stress �� +1 to reroll the die.

WARNING: If the roll result is higher than the current threat  $\frac{2}{3}$ , the threat  $\frac{2}{3}$  will increase and the game will get harder, but you will also trigger a crossroads event as a reward.

Is the result higher than the current threat 🔅?

- Yes go to ⅔-6
- No go to ₹3-7

袋·6 Increase threat 袋 by 1.

Next - Go to the CROSSROADS section on page 192.

**袋1** Nothing happens. Travel on the map.

# **圖 TAVERN**

Go to 1 of the following entries. If you like, you may draw a tick mark next to your choice so that the next time you visit a tavern while playing this scenario, you'll know which entries you've chosen previously. Choose 1:

- Go to ፟ −2

(2) You come to a bar called The Four-Eyed Cyclops. A goblin is thrown through a glass window, and lands in the mud with a wet thud.

"So this place looks good," says Veldimax the Great. You all agree, and decide to pop in.

The next entry is for the player with the fewest titles. (Reminder: All ties between players are decided by the influence track.)

Next - go to 👼 - 3

**2** You find a coffee bar called the Slop Tap. Everyone coming out looks bug-eyed, which should be of no great surprise as they are stilt-kin.

"Shiver me biscuits," says Cookie, rubbing his boney hands together. "I could use a nice mug o' mud, mateys."

"Oh, um, well a coffee sounds nice," Schala agrees.

"Oh sure. That too," Cookie says with a shrug.

The next entry is for the player with the fewest titles. (Reminder: All ties between players are decided by the influence track.)

Next - go to 👼-3

 $\ensuremath{ \begin{tabular}{l} \ensuremath{ \begin{tabular}$ 

If you do, the player to your left will come up with a new title for your character based on your performance, and decide whether it is chaotic @ or lawful @.

Do you want to tell the patrons of this establishment of your adventures up to this point?

- Yes go to \$\overline{
- No go to 👼 5

(a)-4 When you are ready, regale everyone with the story of your journey.

When you are done, the player to your left will come up with a new title for your character and decide whether it is chaotic 
one or lawful .

Next - go to 👼 - 5

**5** The party may now collectively chooses to spend 1 time. If they do, all players choose 1 in influence order:

- Heal all stress (3).
- Gain +1 to a skill of your choice.

Travel on the map.

## **SEE DUE**I

Go to 1 of the following entries. If you like, you may draw a tick mark next to your choice so that the next time you visit a duel while playing this scenario, you'll know which entries you've chosen previously. Choose 1:

- Go to 🛣 −2



This entry is for the player with the most lawful <u>a</u> titles: A comely knight with long tusks protruding from her helm stops you.

"You seem like a fine one, for a freelancer!" she declares as she draws a gleaming blade. "In the name of honor and the King, I seek a duel! None shall pass until I am satisfied" she declares gallantly.

Make a weapon check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

- Yes go to 23-1:1

\$\frac{1}{2}\text{1:1}} You playfully duel the tusked knight and eventually knock her weapon away, disarming her.

"I yield!" She holds her armored hands up. "You have bested me! Well done, stranger!"

Choose 1:

- Kill the tusked knight. go to 22-1:2
- Accept her surrender. go to \$\frac{1}{2}-1:5

**%-1:2** Are you a Knight?

- Yes go to 23-1:3
- No go to 2 -1:4

\$\mathbb{2}\_1:3" But wait! For honor's sake!" she pleads please just as you step forward and finish her off.

Treasure #+1.

Influence 👑 - 3.

Travel on the map.

**3.1.4** "Wait!" she cries, but you strike her dead.

"No thanks," you say before kneeling down and looting her corpse.

Treasure #+1.

Travel on the map.

**23.1.5** You help the tusked knight to her feet and shake her hand.

"That was a fine duel!" you say to her.

"T'was," she chuckles, "but it seems I must continue my training! Thank you, and well met!"

Gain the title: Bester of the Tusked Knight ...

Luck 🕲 +2. Influence 🦭 +3. Travel on the map.

**23.6** After a brief exchange the tusked knight disarms you and leaves you humiliated.

"You stood bravely," she says with a bow. "T'was an honor." But dang if you don't think you saw her roll her eyes before departing.

Choose 1:

- · Discard your weapon.
- Wound **(?**+1.

Travel on the map.

This entry is for the player with the most treasure ::
With a fearsome howl, you are descended upon by the dread Yellow Crust, a gang of mostly imp brigands who don't understand why washing one's hands is important, and consequently all suffer from pink eye.

"Pay us or die!" screams a bleary-eyed lady.

Choose 1:

- Bribe the bandits. go to 🎉 -2:1
- Fight the bandits. go to 22-2:2

**2.1** "Don't hurt me!" you squeal pitiably. "Please, my take my things instead!" And you grab something from your pack and toss it to your attackers. They laugh at you disrespectfully, but let you pass safely all the same.

Influence 👺 - 5. Treasure 🕮 - 1. Travel on the map.

**2.1.** "I'd never pay the likes of you!" you scream, and draw your weapon.

Make a weapon check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

- Yes go to 23-2:3
- No go to 2 -2:4

**2.3** You chase the ruffians off, much to the joy of your compatriots.

Influence 👺+5.

Luck @+2.

Travel on the map.

2:4 You are defeated with such startling ease that your companions all freeze from fright. The bandit leader laughs and announces your defiance will cost you.

Influence 💝 -2. All players discard 1 treasure 🖺. Travel on the map.

# TRADING POST

Go to 1 of the following entries. If you like, you may draw a tick mark next to your choice so that the next time you visit a trading post while playing this scenario, you'll know which entries you've chosen previously. Choose 1:

- Go to ҈ −1
- Go to ⋄-2
- Go to <sup>™</sup> -3

**1** You come across a minotaur furrier setting up a trading post. They wave at you.

"Mooove yer hooves over here for a-MAZE-ing deals!" they call.

While you are on this entry, players may freely give and/or trade treasure between one another.

In influence are order, each player may choose 1:

- Discard 1 treasure 
   to draw 2 treasures to draw 2.
- Gold ()+1.

Then, after all trading has been completed, travel on the map.

🗞 🕽 You see a traveling gnome merchant hitching an ancient automobile with a round back onto a massive beetle.

"I'm about to head out," she says, "so if ya want something, make it quick!"

While you are on this entry, players may freely give and/or trade treasure between one another.

In influence order, each player may choose 1:

- Discard 1 treasure 🖀 to draw 2 treasures 🖺.
- Gold ()+1.

Then, after all trading has been completed, travel on the map.

🕸 🕽 You find an ancient rusted machine, programmed to facilitate trade between travelers. It barely works, but you make the most of it while you can.

While you are on this entry, players may freely give and/or trade treasure between one another.

In influence order, each player may choose 1:

- Gold ①+1.

Then, after all trading has been completed, travel on the map.

# CHAOTIC TEMPLE

You come to a procession of robed imps carrying a a tiny red palanquin, gilded in details of brass. As you approach, one of them shouts, "Step aside fools! The Dead Scholar is coming through!"

"The Dead Scholar?" one of you inquires.

Schala replies, "It's the corpse of a being that fell from the stars in ages past. I've read about it." She lowers her voice. "Some say it ascended to become a chaos lord. All agree though, that those who receive an audience with the thing gain knowledge untold."

"Then we demand an audience!" one of you shouts.

On the count of three, all players point to the person whose character is most likely to have shouted that.

Next - go to -2

2 The player with the most points gains the title: Seeker of Chaos @.

Count how many lawful @ titles the players have collectively earned so far this game and count how many chaotic @ titles they have collectively earned so far this game.

Which total is higher?

- Lawful go to -3
  Chaotic go to -4

It's a tie. - go to

You all approach the litter of red and brass as the imps set it down. You bend over and peek inside.

You see a purple corpse, dried and warped in a sort of fetal position. Its huge, empty eye sockets stare through you. Where is its mouth?

Before you can absorb the image, you all hear a ringing in your mind. A screech too, perhaps? Your eyes begin to water and roll uncontrollably. A long while later, you recover from nausea and headaches, but the impression left by the Dead Scholar lingers on.

Spend 1 time.

All players gain corruption +1.

The player with the title: Seeker of Chaos loses influence 4-6. Travel on the map.

set it now. You bend over and peek inside. You see a purple corpse, dried and warped in a sort of fetal position. Its huge empty eye sockets stare through you. Where is its mouth? Before you can absorb the image, you all hear a ringing, a dissonant bell that is somehow pleasing. Your eyes stare into the blackness of the thing's eyes. Moments later, you recover from nausea and headaches, but the impression left by the Dead Scholar lingers on.

All players gain luck 🚳+1.

The player with the title: Seeker of Chaos gains influence 👺+6. Travel on the map.

# **TREASURE GOLEM**

You come to a huge stone building with the word 'Bank' still visible on its faded edifice. Inside you hear a loud rumble, like the sound of an angry avalanche of coins.

"What in the blazes was that!?" Veldimax exclaims.

"Um.... a... treasure golem, I think?" Schala replies anxiously. "We could always get off of the road and avoid it," says Grunko, Son of Grung.

"Sounds like a waste of time," Veldimax grumbles looking up at the sky.

"And a waste o' loot!" Cookie points out.

Have the Bookkeeper turn to page 19 in the location book. A treasure golem is an especially dangerous creature, capable of defeating your party. Avoiding it takes time. However slaying a treasure golem will grant a great number of resources that will invariably help you complete your goals.

Choose 1:

Avoid the treasure golem. - go to 😭 - 2

 Fight the treasure golem. - go to 

 ⊕-3 (E)-2 Spend 1 time.

Spend 1 time again. Travel on the map.

😭 🕽 The door opens upon a large chamber of ancient stone. "Sweet mother of pearl!" gasps Veldimax. "Would you get a load of that thing?"

Before you towers an enormous person-shaped structure crafted from stone. While the thing is imposing in the extreme, you can't help but ogle the crust of treasures that coat the sculpture's exterior.

"If we take that thing down, there'll be plenty of treasure to go around," the wizard assures you all.

"Will you aid us with your magic, Veldimax?" one of you asks. "Nah, no point," he answers with a shrug. "You've got this!" And as he backs away, the enormous golem slowly comes to life, and you groan as it leans down to thump upon the floor. "It's kill or be killed, lads and lasses!" the wizard cries. Set Dial A (the golem's armor) to the current threat 袋. Set Dial B (the golem's HP) to 2 + the number of players. Draw 2 treasure per player from the top of the treasure deck and set them aside face down without looking at them. This stack of cards will be referred to as the Golem Deck. Next - go to 😭 -4

(జ్ఞ)-4 Lock 🕤 Action 4.

Begin a round in the location book.

# **MELAWFUL SHRINE**

You come to a copse of trees where a group of elves are building a funeral pyre. It's an unusual sight, as such things are not elven custom.

"Who died?" Cookie calls out brusquely.

Schala shushes him, but the elves seem to take no offense. "Alas, we do not know her name," one replies. "We found her here. Alone." The elf hangs his head and his silver hair covers his sad eyes. "She was a dwarf, so we are unsure of how to honor this stranger."

Schala looks around. "Um, maybe one of us could help? I think I have read dwarves share a few words before a pyre is lit." Is any player a Dwarf?

• Yes - go to 🕮 - 1:1

• No - go to 🕮 -1:16

1:1 As the resident dwarf, you step forward and inspect the funeral pyre. The elves made three clear errors.

"You've made three clear errors!" you state authoritatively. What is the first thing missing from this ceremony? Choose 1:

• Beer - go to **ஊ**-1:2

• Root vegetables - go to ma-1:14

• Dirty dancers - go to 1:15

1:2 "First of all, you can't burn a dead dwarf if you aren't properly drunk!" you advise them.

The respectful elves rush around to comply.

Corruption 9+1.

Next - go to 1:3

1:3 Choose the second thing a proper dwarf funeral requires:

Whiskey - go to Mag-1:4

• Rock tossing - go to 🛍 -1:12

• Book reading - go to 🛍 -1:13

List You continue. "Another key element to any dwarf funeral is whiskey." You shrug. "It's the only thing that really gets the tears flowing and the fists flying. But it's tradition!"

A few elves run off to find some.

Corruption +1.

Next - go to 🕮 - 1:5

**1.5** Choose one last thing that is missing from the ceremony:

Wine - go to ₱ -1:6

A massage circle - go to m-1:7

A gift-giving ceremony - go to 1:8

1:6 You turn back to the silver-haired elf that initially greeted you and say, "The final element of every proper pyre is some wine. So the children have something to drink," you clarify. The elves go to fetch some, then thank you profusely for all your help.

Corruption +1.

Travel on the map.

**1:1** You turn back to the silver-haired elf that initially greeted you and say, "The final part of every proper pyre is where we stand in a circle and rub each other's shoulders." The elves look at each other, a little confused. "It's to make sure everyone leaves the experience feeling nice and awkward," you clarify. "That way you will each avoid dying in the future, so that your loved ones don't have to do this crap on your behalf."

The elves thank you profusely for all your help.

All players may heal 1 HP 👀

Travel on the map.

**1:8** "And then every dwarf gets a present." You shrug to the confused elves. "Granted, it's a little unfair in this situation, but rules are rules!"

They rush to comply, then thank you profusely for all your help.

Treasure 🕮+1.

Next - go to 🛍 - 1:9

1:9 After a bit of organizing the elves manage to cobble together the exact funeral you imagined. Later, you and Grunko, Son of Grung stare into the ceremonial flames. "Tell me true," the yak-man asks. "Did you make that stuff up?"

Did you?

• "Sure did." - go to 121:10

• "Heavens no! Did it seem made up?" - go to 1:11

1:10 "Yes," you tell the burly caddy. "But not entirely. That was hardly a traditional dwarf funeral. But there are few things more traditionally dwarfy than giving elves a hard time. Trust me, the spirit of that dwarf is pleased!"

Grunko, Son of Grung gives a small chuckle and wanders off. Feeling a pang of homesickness, you take a deep breath and let your worries drift away with the smoke.

Gain the title: Funeral Director . You may discard all of your corruption . For each corruption discarded this way, gain luck +1. Travel on the map.

1:11 "Naw," you tell the burly caddy. "Dwarves are private folk and we hate strangers butting into our ways. Especially elves! We make sure our customs make outsiders so uncomfortable they pledge to never get involved again." Grunko, Son of Grung gives a small chuckle and wanders off. "But it's a nice tradition," you say to yourself, feeling a pang of homesickness.

Then, you take a deep breath and let your worries drift away with the smoke.

Gain the title: Funeral Director . You may discard all of your corruption . For each corruption discarded this way, gain luck . Travel on the map.

**1:12** You continue. "Another key element to a dwarf funeral, is the hurling of large stones at one another." You shrug. "Funerals demand winners and losers. Wish I could explain it to an outsider, but I can't."

A few elves begin throwing large rocks at each other.

Might ⊗+1.

Next - go to **∰**-1:5

**1:13** You continue. "As you all know, dwarves love to read. So a key element to every dwarven funeral is book time." You look around sternly. "No sharing either! Everyone needs to silently read their own book for a good hour! Maybe cuddle up in blankets or something like that."

A few elves run off to find some.

Smarts 得+1.

Next - go to ∰1-1:5

1:14 You call for food. "To send this poor dwarf off this rock properly, you're gonna need a nice salad of tossed turnips, 'taters, and tiger radishes!"

The respectful elves rush to comply.

Supplies 💍+1.

Next - go to **∰**-1:3

1:15 "I know some of you won't approve," you warn the others, "but it's dwarf tradition to have folk dancing about with their gillies and dillies out."

The respectful elves whisper amongst themselves as they

select one of their number to comply.

Luck **(4)**+1.

Next - go to 4 1:3

**1:16** Everyone looks to you, hoping you will have something to offer.

In character, offer a short eulogy for the poor dwarf who died alone in the woods. Or, you may simply call for a moment of silence.

• I shall speak. - go to 🕮 -1:17

• Let's have a moment of silence. - go to 🛍 -1:20

1:17 All players vote:

Thumbs up if the eulogy was acceptable.

Thumbs down if the eulogy was unacceptable.

• Thumbs up. - go to 🛍 - 1:18

Thumbs down. - go to <u>m</u> -1:19

**1:18** The elves bow solemnly before lighting the funeral pyre. "Thank you," the silvered-haired one says. "We did not have any words. We are glad that you found some so worthy." Gain the title: the Simple Celebrant . Influence +3. Luck +1.

Travel on the map.

1:19 Your companions are unimpressed, but the elves bow solemnly before lighting the funeral pyre.

"Thank you," the silvered-haired one says. "We did not have any words. We are glad that you found some."

Gain the title: Eulogist of the Lost 💩. Travel on the map.

€1:20 You clear your throat. "I understand it is dwarf tradition, but I think it would be inappropriate to offer hollow words to a stranger. We are not dwarves. But we can still honor her with our time." The silver-haired elf nods in appreciation of your wisdom. You raise your voice slightly. "A moment of silence, please."

Gain the title: the Hushed 💩.

Influence 😂+2.

Travel on the map.

## 1-26

Go to the corresponding entry in the Follower Entries section of this book. Pp. 213-237

### 70

Which page is the location book open to?

• Page 49 - go to 70-1

· None/other. - go to 70-14

**70.1** Cassandra rears back, opens her maw and speaks one final time. Her voice is fire itself.

The last thing you see before her awesome fury engulfs all of you is your own lives, played back in slow motion.

Each player must count how many lawful & titles they have, then add them all together to determine how many lawful & titles the party have in total.

Next, each player must count how many chaotic titles they have, then add them all together to determine how many chaotic titles the party have in total.

Which total is higher?

Lawful - go to 70-2

Chaotic - go to 70-6

It's a tie. - go to 70-10

**70-2** Each of your backgrounds are different, and yet the memories are much the same. Lives wasted on pointless sacrifice and grandstanding.

The next entry is for the player with the most lawful 🕲 titles.

Next - go to 70-3

**70-3** You think back to your childhood, and how you pointlessly avoided birthday cake as a kid. Instead, you asked for healthy vegetables, thinking it would matter. Not because you liked them but because you thought others would think more of you. And yet here you are, dying in the middle of nowhere, your unnamed bones to be picked over by uncaring future generations of freelancers.

The next entry is for the player with the fewest lawful 🕲 titles.

• Next - go to 70-4

**10-4** You remember being a teen, and going to a dance. You remember your first kiss, and your first love and how you left them behind because you were worried they were corrupting you. But of course they weren't.

You were the worst influence on your own life. You steered it toward foolish aspirations of heroism and pride. You surrounded yourself with people even more deluded than you. The next entry is for the Medic.

Next - go to 70-5

**70-5** The fire is closer now. You can feel its heat. The last memory that flashes before your eyes is Schala, your most faithful follower, politely reminding you to pack extra bandages.

At this, you gave a demure shake of the head, and donated half of the bandages to a shelter for injured scorpion turtles. You were so desperate to appear heroic that you doomed yourself to an inferno.

The game is over. All players lose. No players read their endings. Feel free to try another adventure and come back to this one later, or load from a save point.

**70-6** Each of your backgrounds are different, and yet the memories are much the same. Lives of reckless foolishness and misguided selfishness flash before your eyes.

The next entry is for the player with the fewest chaotic @ titles.

Next - go to 70-7

**70-7** You remember being in a candy shop and stealing all of the sugar-free candies. You didn't eat them, no you threw the disgusting things away. You stole them only to punish the elderly and middle-aged. You thought youth would be yours forever, and simple joys like candy would never end. Whoops! The next entry is for the player with the most chaotic **(a)** titles.

Next - go to 70-8

**70-8** You remember being a teen, and falling in with the wrong crowd. It started innocently enough, loitering in bookstores and reading all of the books banned from school. But it wasn't long before you got sucked into the dark side of things, started a break dancing crew, and began dreaming of becoming a freelancer.

The next entry is for the Medic.

Next - go to 70-9

**70-9** And finally, you recall Grunko, Son of Grung suggesting you pack more bandages. You think about how you called the yak-man a coward and laughed in his stupid face. You wish now that maybe you had listened to that stupid face and maybe been a bit more cautious.

Then the flames come, and purify you of your own foolishness.

The game is over. All players lose. No players read their endings. Feel free to try another adventure and come back to this one later, or load from a save point.

**70.10** Each of your backgrounds are different, and yet the memories are much the same: lives wasted on indecision and hesitation.

The next entry is for the player with the most lawful 🕲 titles.

• Next - go to 70-11

**70-11** You think back to your childhood, and how you couldn't decide what type of cake you wanted for your birthday. Would it be chocolate or vanilla? You hemmed and hawed, and at the last moment blurted out "skinnamon" which is an exotic spice made from goblin dander.

You hated skinnamon, but ate it out of embarrassment. You assumed it was an acquired taste that you might someday acquire. But you never did and now here you are, dying. The next entry is for the player with the most chaotic @ titles.

• Next - go to 70-12

**70-12** You think back on your youth. How you planned to learn an instrument. A language. To be a better person. To be funny. To be kind.

But you never had the time. Instead you filled your time with... something. You don't even remember now. Oh well.

The next entry is for the Medic.

Next - go to 70-13

**70-13** The flames are drawing near. You feel the heat. Should you jump out of the way? Should you dive atop one of your allies in an attempt to save them? You can't decide. You never could.

Fortunately for you, today, the dragon has decided for you.

Next - go to 70-18

**70-14** Unable to carry on, one by one, the surviving members of the party disband.

Years from now, even your loyal follower Schala will look back on this failed expedition and shake her head with shame. She did her best, but sadly, she fell in with a group of accident-prone wimps who weren't cut out for the dangers of freelancing.

She leaves your party off of her resume, worried it will impact her future employment opportunities.

Each player must count how many lawful <u>a</u> titles they have, then add them all together to determine how many lawful <u>a</u> titles the party have in total.

Next, each player must count how many chaotic @ titles they have, then add them all together to determine how many chaotic titles @ the party have in total.

Which total is higher?

- Chaotic go to 70-15
- Lawful go to 70-16
- It's a tie. go to 70-17

**70.15** Lucky for her, nobody asks about you. It turns out that nobody remembers your unorganized group of reckless weirdos.

Indeed, the ones who survive return to the hub, trying to make your way as common criminals, or worse, hard working folk. However, your failed campaign to slay a dragon, leave you with aches of old wounds and you fail in either endeavor. Your heart was never in it anyway.

It's hard to say who was luckier, the ones who survived or the dead, lying in some hastily constructed unmarked grave.

The game is over. All players lose. No players read their endings. Feel free to try another adventure and come back to this one later, or load from a save point.

**70-16** Lucky for her, nobody asks about you. It turns out that nobody remembers your pathetic group of wannabe heroes. Indeed, the ones who survive return to the hub, toiling in obscurity for the rest of their days. You try to forget your

failed campaign to slay a dragon, but alas, the aches of your old wounds never let you forget.

Sometimes, you catch a glimpse of Grunko, Son of Grung or Cookie, working with other parties, and you are quick to avert your eyes, hoping they didn't notice you.

It's hard to say who was luckier, the ones who survived or the ones who died, scattered to the wind as ashes.

Next - go to 70-18

**70-17** Lucky for her, nobody asks about you. It turns out that nobody remembers your unorganized group of shiftless centrists.

Indeed, the ones who survive return to the hub, toiling in obscurity for the rest of their days. You try to forget your failed campaign to slay a dragon, but alas, the aches of your old wounds never let you forget.

You never really manage to commit to anything or anyone ever again, and fade into the past, forgotten.

It's hard to say who was luckier, the ones who survived or the ones who died, scattered to the wind as ashes.

Next - go to 70-18

#### 70-18

The game is over. All players lose. No players read their endings. Feel free to try another adventure and come back to this one later, or load from a save point.

75

Which page is the location book open to?

- Page 49 go to 75-1
- None/other. go to 75-5

**75.1** Cassandra rears back, opens her maw and speaks one final time. Her voice is fire itself.

You tilt your head confused. Something feels different. It's then that you notice the sky behind the dragon. The solstice has drawn to a close, and so with that, your life. Her power surges and the blast of white hot death that envelops all of you is hotter and more powerful than you could ever hope to defend against.

Each player must count how many lawful @ titles they have, then add them all together to determine how many lawful @ titles the party have in total.

Next, each player must count how many chaotic @ titles they have, then add them all together to determine how many chaotic titles @ the party have in total.

Which total is higher?

- Lawful go to 75-2
- Chaotic go to 75-3
- It's a tie. go to 75-4

**75-2** The only members of your party to survive the ordeal and make it back to the Hub in one piece are Schala, Cookie, and Grunko, Son of Grung. Your absences are never noted of course. After all, you were a bunch of wannabe dorks, and the Hub is filled with scores of them. The space you leave behind is quickly filled.

Later, when loading some gear for some fresh-faced freelancers, Grunko, Son of Grung warns them to not end up like the overly cautious poseurs he last accompanied. "Eventually, you have to get where you are going," he says sagely. "You can't save every mouser in a tree. You can't collect every bauble that sparkles. If you do, your hour is up and your hands hold nothing."

Next - go to 75-9

**75-3** The only members of your party to survive the ordeal and make it back to the Hub in one piece are Schala, Cookie, and Grunko, Son of Grung. Your absences are never noted of course. After all, you were a bunch of rude crooks, and the Hub is filled with scores of them. The space you leave behind is quickly filled.

Years later, in a bar near the Hub docks, Cookie retells your story to a crowd of sailors. He tells them about Veldimax the Great and Jeremy the hermit. He tells them of Cassandra, the last dragon.

No one believes the story. They never do.

Not because most of the facts themselves are especially hard to swallow, but because it was too hard to imagine a group of freelancers ever existed who were somehow less responsible and less organized than the drunken cook who told their tale.

Next - go to 75-9

**75-4** The only members of your party to survive the ordeal and make it back to the Hub in one piece are Schala, Cookie, and Grunko, Son of Grung. Your absences are never noted of course. After all, you were a bunch of wishy-washy bunglers, and the Hub is filled with scores of them. The space you leave behind is quickly filled.

Later, when packing medical supplies for some fresh-faced freelancers who fill her shop, Schala cautions them against hedging too many bets.

"Eventually, you have to make a decision," she warns. "If you spend every moment waiting for someone else to choose your path, you'll find yourself on no path at all, and it will be too late. It is better to deal with the consequences of a hasty decision than to make no decision at all."

Next - go to 75-9

**75-5** You awake the next day to discover Veldimax has departed your company along with most of your followers (the good ones) and a great deal of your possessions. He leaves behind a Dear John letter, which after a moment of study, you realize was written to Veldimax from a woman, only he's crossed his name out and written each of you as the addressees, and replaced the woman's name with his own as the signatory.

"Does this mean we're not gettin' paid?" Cookie asks.
"Oh, my sweet Cookie," you say, putting a hand on the follower's shoulder. "You never were, my friend. You never were."

Each player must count how many lawful @ titles they have, then add them all together to determine how many lawful @ titles the party have in total.

Next, each player must count how many chaotic @ titles they have, then add them all together to determine how many chaotic titles @ the party have in total.

Which total is higher?

- · Chaotic go to 75-6
- Lawful go to 75-7
- It's a tie. go to 75-8

**75-6** In the years following, you fade into obscurity. Some of you set about trying to find and kill Veldimax in some pathetic attempt at revenge.

Others fall into petty crime or heavy drinking.

Regardless, your names are forgotten to time.

The dragon carries on living, never knowing about the group of misfits who tried to kill her. None speak of the unorganized band of miscreants who fell apart trying to become legendary freelancers.

Next - go to 75-9

**75.7** In the years following, the party disbands and you fade into obscurity. Without a sense of purpose, some of you set about trying to find Veldimax the Great in some pathetic attempt at reconciliation.

Others carry on with his quest, even without the strange old dwarf, and are seemingly eaten or otherwise killed by the dragon.

Regardless, your names are forgotten to time. None speak of the goody goody nerds who failed to become legendary freelancers.

Next - go to 75-9

**75-8** In the years following, you fade into obscurity. Some of you set about trying to find and kill Veldimax in some pathetic attempt at revenge.

Others carry on with his quest, even without the strange old dwarf, and are seemingly eaten or otherwise killed by the dragon, never to return.

Regardless, your names are forgotten to time. None speak of the middling group of neutral nobodies who tried to become great freelancers.

Next - go to 75-9

#### 75-9

The game is over. All players lose. No players read their endings. Feel free to try another adventure and come back to this one later, or load from a save point.

80

To begin your quest, go to the INTRODUCTION section on p. 4.

81

You wander north along one of the many spokes that lead out from the Hub. These roads provide the goods that feed much of the city via the many farms that spread outside the walls of the Hub. They also are rife with banditry and general opportunism.

Sure enough, it isn't long before Grunko, Son of Grung spots smoke in the distance. "Sure looks like someone's in a spot of trouble up ahead," he says.

You arrive at the wreckage of a merchant caravan that has been hit by bandits. The frog merchants are in poor shape, so you snap into action, figuring this might be an easy way to get some notoriety. And, uh, because you place a high value on all sentient life.

Schala sets about bandaging some of the wounded frogs. Grunko, Son of Grung, the mighty yak-man, helps to get a cart out of a ditch.

Meanwhile, Cookie the cook is surprisingly helpful at putting out the fires. "Aye, me hearties!" he boasts. "I've set many a boat aflame in me day! Now I'm just doin' it in reverse!" When things calm down, one of the frogs, Gazzoo, thanks you. "Blessings to you and yours, freelancers! I wish we could repay you, but alas, we have been thoroughly burgled." "That's a pity, for sure," you say. "Be sure to leave us a fivestar review though, okay?"

Does any player have the follower the F-23, Sir Croakly?

- Yes go to 81-1
- · No go to 81-6

81-1 Sir Croakly steps forward and bows before Gazzoo.

"We are proud to have served thee," he says solemnly. "Mine only regret is that we were not here sooner. Mayhaps we could have defeated those scoundrels?"

"Well..." Gazzoo hesitates. "I mean, if you're sincere about it, they did go that way." He smiles in awkward hope. "I mean, only if you wanted to help, of course." Sir Croakly turns to the rest of you with eager eyes.

"It could be dangerous," advises Schala, looking at the smoking wreckage.

"It could be time-consuming," warns Grunko, Son of Grung, looking up at the sun. Veldimax nods his head in emphatic agreeance.

"It could be butt-loads o' fun," cheers Cookie, looking at nothing in particular.

All players vote:

Thumbs up to track down the bandits.

Thumbs down to provide some aid and move on. (Reminder: If there is a tie, the player with the highest influence achooses.)

- Thumbs up. go to 81-2
- Thumbs down. go to 81-4

**81-2** Gazzoo thanks you with a slimy handshake. "Thank you for the help friends! Many thanks indeed! The villains went that way!"

And you follow the green finger that points to the east.
"The solstice has no care for deeds, be they good or
otherwise," grumps Veldimax. "This had better be worth it."
Sir Croakly bows before the old dwarf. "I understand thou hast
a quest of thine own, my friend." A single tear runs down his
froggy cheek. "But I deeply appreciate that thou are willing to
help my people. Verily, thou shalt not regret this!"

"I doubt that," Veldimax pouts, but he heads east with the rest

of you all the same. Have the Bookkeeper turn to page 27 in the location book. Next - go to 81-3

**81-3** The bandits didn't put any effort into covering their tracks, and you catch up to them easily. You see them ahead of you, strolling along casually, celebrating their victory with a rowdy song. They are a band of a dozen trolls and a few other nontrolls. They seem totally oblivious to the idea that someone might be after them.

The thieves drag a cart of goods behind them, clearly stolen from the frog merchants.

"Mayhaps we should ambush the knaves and strike whilst they are unawares?" whispers Sir Croakly. "It is not the most honorable tactic, but it offers the surest path to victory and justice!"

And with that, you charge into battle, rushing forward, ready to crush the vile bandit trolls. You catch them flat-footed and unaware.

Set Dial A (the enemy forces) to the current threat  ${\mathfrak P}$ . Begin the round in the location book.

**81-4** Gazzoo is disappointed but earnestly thanks you all the same.

"You were kind to offer us aid. We shan't forget it!"
"Yes, yes," grumps Veldimax. "The solstice doesn't hold in place for good deeds. Let us away at once!"

Gazzoo helps you gather your things, and warns you that the river is swollen this time of year and that you'll need to hire a crocodile to make it upriver.

Just before you set back on the road, Sir Croakly steps away and bows before you. "I understand thou have a quest of thine own, my friends." You see a single tear run down his froggy cheek. "But I feel I must help my kinsmen. Honor demands nothing less!" And with that, he draws his sword and runs off into the underbrush.

"That idiot won't last the day," sighs Veldimax, and two hours later, he's very much right.

Discard Sir Croakly's follower 🖰 card.

Have the Cartographer draw something near space 82 on the map, to remind you that you'll need to find a crocodile when you get there.

Next - go to 81-5

**81-5** The frogs spread word of your kind deed in helping Sir Croakly come to their aid.

The player with the fewest titles gains the title: Roadside Assister <u>@</u>.

Travel on the map.

**81-6** A frog dressed in shining armor steps out from behind Gazzoo. He bows before you in a solemn gesture.

"Greetings! I am Sir Croakly. Brave heroes, I kneel before thee pleading for aid." The frog knight looks up at you, and his froggy eyes are steely and determined. "I was caught unaware by these brigands. If thou wouldst be so kind as to accompany me, mayhaps we could defeat the scoundrels. If not, I shall go alone. Regardless, I vow to mete out justice or die trying!"

"Which way did they go?" you ask.

Gazzoo points to the east.

Sir Croakly rises to his feet with eager eyes. "So what will it be, freelancers? Will thou charge into battle beside a new friend? Thou owe us nothing, but I can see heroism flows within thy veins, and if thou do this deed, I will serve by thy side with honor."

"What a waste of time!" Veldimax the Great snarls, gesturing to the solstice.

Do you help Sir Croakly?

All players vote:

Thumbs up to track down the bandits.

Thumbs down to provide some aid and move on.

(Reminder: If there is a tie, the player with the highest influence & chooses.)

- Thumbs up. go to 81-7
- Thumbs down. go to 81-8

**81.7** Gazzoo thanks you with a slimy handshake. "Thank you for the help friends! Many thanks indeed! The villains went that way!"

And you follow the green finger that points to the east.
"The solstice has no care for deeds, be they good or
otherwise," grumps Veldimax. "This had better be worth it."
Sir Croakly bows before the old dwarf. "I understand thou hast
a quest of thine own, my friend." A single tear runs down his
froggy cheek. "But I deeply appreciate that thou are willing to
help my people. Verily, thou shalt not regret this!"

"I doubt that," Veldimax pouts, but he heads east with the rest of you all the same.

Players must collectively choose someone to gain follower F-23, Sir Croakly from the follower deck. If there is disagreement, the player with the highest influence decides.

Have the Bookkeeper turn to page 27 in the location book. Next - go to 81-3

**81-8** Gazzoo is disappointed but earnestly thanks you all the same.

"You were kind to offer us aid. We shan't forget it!"
"Yes, yes," grumps Veldimax. "The solstice doesn't hold in
place for good deeds. Let us away at once!"
Gazzoo helps you gather your things, and warns you that the

river is swollen this time of year and that you'll need to hire a crocodile to make it upriver.

Just before you set back on the road, Sir Croakly steps away and bows before you. "I understand thou have a quest of thine own, my friends." You see a single tear run down his froggy cheek. "But I feel I must help my kinsmen. Honor demands nothing less!" And with that, he draws his sword and runs off into the underbrush.

"That idiot won't last the day," sighs Veldimax, and two hours later, he's very much right.

Have the Cartographer draw something near space 82 on the map, to remind you that you'll need to find a crocodile when you get there.

Next - go to 81-5

**R2** 

Have the Bookkeeper turn to page 9 in the location book. Do not yet begin play on that page.

Next - go to 82-1

**82-1** Going upriver is no easy task, but the river village of Stinks-Good has crocodile paddlers who could be of assistance. Stinks-Good is famous for its restful, easygoing vibes and its aggressively off-putting odor. But mostly the vibes.

Action 7 on this page is red, which means one player is REQUIRED to go there. See page 5 in the rulebook for more information.

Begin a round in the location book.

83

The river ahead is filled with churning rapids that work against your intrepid crocodile rides. Sharp rocks jut from the foam, upon which lurk rabid skunks, hissing and spitting with berserk fury.

"This is where the journey turns rough," says your crocopaddler sadly.

"Turns? It hasn't even been five minutes!" you yell back at him. "Well at least you had a few minutes of rest!"

The player with the most influence 👺 chooses:

- Use poles to steer through the rapids. go to 83-1
- Use poles to push away from the rocks. go to 83-4
- Use poles to whack the rabid skunks. go to 83-7

83-1 Make an agility 🗑 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 💸?

- · Yes go to 83-2
- No go to 83-3

**83-2** Using the pole you deftly steer your croc between two rocks and onward to smoother waters. You can't hide the smug look of satisfaction on your face, which you probably should have.

Luck @+1.

Influence 👺-1.

Travel on the map.

83-3 Using the pole, you deftly steer your croc away from a rock and right into a much larger and sharper one. The croc makes a regrettable sound. It looks fine, but is definitely swimming slower.

Spend 1 time.

Influence 👑 - 3.

Travel on the map.

83-4 Make a might 🔗 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

- Yes go to 83-5
- No go to 83-6

**83-5** You defy the rapids and protect the croc from oncoming obstacles. Once your water-bound caravan has cleared the worst of it, you turn back to your companions and flex your muscles at them. They hate you.

Luck @+1.

Influence 👺-1.

Travel on the map.

**83-6** Your arms feel like jelly as you try in vain to fight against the rapids. Your crocodile slams into passing rocks and growls angrily at you. It begins to swim slower.

You look over and see Grunko, Son of Grung shaking his head sadly, as if to say, "Maybe if you didn't make me carry all your things I could have helped." And you give him a look, as if to say, "Shut up."

Risk △-1.

Influence 👺-3.

Travel on the map.

83-7 Make a weapon check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat  $\mathsection$ ?

- Yes go to 83-8
- No go to 83-9

83-8 There is a time and place for violence, and facing rabid skunks while surfing crocodiles through rapids is practically a textbook example. You lash out at several skunks, and succeed in not only knocking them from their rocks, but sending them flying into the skunks on other rocks. The frenzied beasts bite each before erupting in fiery mushroom clouds.

"Good heavens!" you cry.

"Ah, yes," says Veldimax sagely. "They each bit the other, giving them double rabies. And as most scholars will tell you, double rabies makes you explode."

"That makes too much sense not to be true," you say in agreement. "Good thing I was here to save the day."

"Oh don't be smug!" the wizard snaps.

Luck @+1.

Influence 👺-1.

Travel on the map.

**83-9** You violently slap at the rabid skunks, wondering what mad tyrant could have placed them here. It matters not. Your slaps are ineffective and the crazed beasts fill your face with clouds of musk.

Corruption +1.

Influence 👺-6.

Travel on the map.

84

The river ahead is much calmer than the rapids behind. But before too long, any bit of peace is disrupted as the crocs take you into a steep canyon.

"Yes, yes!" Veldimax cries, teetering on his croc. "Behold! The Dam of the Damned!" The river winds its way through the rocky canyon, and as you turn a bend, a massive edifice comes into view. The dam itself is some ancient monument of perfectly smooth stone, save for cracks in its foundation where it meets the raging water. The air is thick with mist as waters from untold heights fall from round portals above, crashing into the river with violent force. "Make for the large crack in the stone over there! We've arrived!"

But there is little time to celebrate before small, hairy heads begin to pop up from the water below, little black eyes glaring at you. Your crocopaddler warns you they are water sprites, and are known for being quite malicious.

"Creatures of chaos! Someone should cast a spell or something!" barks Veldimax and everyone has a laugh until an awkward moment passes and you realize the dwarf wizard isn't going to do a damn thing.

The player with the highest influence & chooses:

- · Hurl stones or whatever at the sprites. go to 84-1
- Bribe the sprites for safe passage. go to 84-5
- Pretend you don't see the sprites. go to 84-6

84-1 Choose another player.

That player makes a might 🖄 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 袋?

- Yes go to 84-2
- No go to 84-4

**84-2** Your chosen companion hurls whatever odds and ends they can spare. At first they do a good job of driving the sprites back, but then they do way too good a job, and a sprite's head suddenly disappears in a red mist.

"Felicia!" shrieks another sprite. "Oh gods, look what they've done to her!" The sprites quickly retreat, but as your crocs pass by the growing pool of blood, you can't help but feel it an ill omen.

Gain the title: Assistant Manager .

Luck @-1.

The player who made the might  $\otimes$  check gains might  $\otimes$ +1. Next - go to 84-3

843 Not long after, the crocopaddler sees you all to an enormous crack rent down the dam's surface. You are brought to an area where your feet can find purchase on cold stone, albeit slippery and wet. You make your goodbyes with the paddler who hastily flees with their fleet of crocs. "My companions!" exclaims Veldimax. "Let us hasten to my friend, Jeremy, a lonely soul who dwells within these ruins. The way is not difficult, but take care that you do not fall into some unseen fissure in the floor. Come now! Onward to adventure!"

Travel on the map.

**84-4** Your chosen companion hurls whatever odds and ends they can spare. At first they do a good job of driving the sprites back, but then the sprites start catching the objects and throwing them back at you.

"Ouch!" Veldimax cries. "Honorless filth!"

Your crocs pass through the sprites' territory, but you do not escape without some injuries among you.

You and the player who made the might  $\lozenge$  check each must either discard I follower  $\lozenge$  or gain wound  $\lozenge$ +1.

Next - go to 84-3

**845** "Smart choice," sneers an evil water sprite. It takes your bribe, then vanishes below the surface along with its companions.

Treasure #-1. Luck +2.

Next - go to 84-3

84-6 Make a will 💸 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 袋?

- Yes go to 84-7
- No go to 84-8

847 The sprites are so unnerved by your performance they decide you must know something they don't, and flee the area. Will 🗱+1.

Next - go to 84-3

84-8 You pretend not to notice the sprites and your companions follow suit, which starts to get awkward for everyone when the sprites don't buy it. One of them pulls itself out of the water.

"Can't see me, huh?" it sneers. "Then I guess you won't see me steal this thing from you, right?" At this point you're so committed it would be embarrassing to break, so you watch helplessly as the evil fay robs you.

Treasure 🕮-1.

Influence 👺-3.

Next - go to 84-3

### 85

Have the Bookkeeper turn to page 41 in the location book. Do not yet begin play on that page.

Next - go to 85-1

**851** Beyond the cracked entry to the dam lie dark hallways. "We will need light," Veldimax states. "So someone get on that." You look at each other. "Er, Veldimax."

"The Great. Veldimax the Great."

"Veldimax the Great, couldn't you just, you know, make light?" He looks at the lot of you like you've all grown three heads. "Make light? What are you going on about anyway? Come! We must find Jeremy!"

"Do show caution," urges Schala, your charming researcher.
"None can know the purpose of such places, for the ancients left us few clues."

"Poppycock," laughs Veldimax the Great. "It's all poppycock. Now who's got that light?"

Begin a round in the location book.

### 86

Does any player have the title: Bounty Hunter?

- · Yes go to 86-1
- No go to 86-4

**86-1** This entry is for the player with the title, Bounty Hunter:

You meet a stranger who's making a go out of living alone in the wilds. Strangely, they have an entire shed that's filled with aging grapes. Like, it's a ridiculous amount of grapes.

"Hey, wait a second!" you cry, and pull out the wanted poster. Sure enough, the stranger's unmasked face matches that on the poster. You note they're wanted dead or alive for crimes against grapes, but the reward for bringing them in alive is much higher.

"You'll never take me alive!" the thief cries, which is crazy annoying, but totally how your day is going so far.

Make a weapon check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 袋?

- Yes go to 86-2
- · No go to 86-3

86-2 You outmatch the grape thief and disarm them, and they surrender to you on the spot. They admit they're relieved it's all over because they were really in over their heads with all these grapes, which have really messed their poops up. The two of you take a moment to chat and you discover they're actually pretty chill. They pinky promise to turn themselves in when you get back to the Hub, if you let them tag along and help out. XP 😭 +1.

Follower 8 +1.

Travel on the map.

**86:3** One doesn't become a high-profile grape thief without knowing how to fight. The thief kicks your butt and almost escapes, but you manage to kill them in a way that feels regrettable after.

Wound A+1.

XP **☆**+1.

Travel on the map.

**86-4** You meet an elf guy who's making a go out of living alone in the wilds. Strangely, he has an entire shed that's filled with aging grapes. Like, it's a ridiculous amount of grapes. "I'm grape rich!" he laughs, only for his face to fall. "I don't know what I was thinking. It's too many grapes. I've been living off them for weeks and they've really messed my poops up, you know what I mean?"

You trade him some trail rations for grape bunches, and he seems grateful, giving you more than is fair.

Supplies 💍+1.

Travel on the map.

87

Ahead towers an ancient structure of concrete, its many levels open to the air. A simple door of metal grants you access. Veldimax checks his pocket watch as you enter the dragon's lair.

"We truly flirt with failure's cruel embrace! The end of the solstice is nigh! Hurry! Hurry with all your might!"

Beyond the metal entrance door lies concrete steps that wind upward. "The lizard sits at the peak!" Veldimax tells you, and so you mount the stairs. At every level is another door with a small window, out of which you see rusted automobiles parked side by side, angling upwards and upwards among many pillars decorated with numbers and letters.

The player with the lowest influence 👺 must make a might 🔗 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🐉?

- Yes go to 87-1
- No go to 87-5

**87-1** Everyone is impressed with your effort as you march onward and upward at a relentless pace.

"Look at that one!" Veldimax says, straining to breathe.
"There's an adventurer who must really hate dragons!"
"Just be ready to blast the thing when we get up there, old dwarf!" you shout back.

Busy climbing, he does not reply.

Influence 😂 + 4. Luck 🚳 + 1.

Next - go to 87-2

87-2 Have the Bookkeeper turn to page 49 in the location book. We have arrived! - go to 87-3

**87-3** After minutes of muscle and lung-straining labor, you reach the top.

"Almost there!" Veldimax gasps. "Just beyond this final door!" It opens upon a vast concrete plateau, and there lurks the dragon, old beyond measure, as large as a small castle and she snarls in anger and throws back her head, roaring like some god of old.

"WHO ARE YOU TO INVADE MY LAIR?" she thunders. "I AM CASSANDRA, SCOURGE OF..." She sniffs at the air. "Wait a minute, I know that smell." Her head snaps to look at Veldimax the Great. "OH MY GOD, YOU WEIRD LITTLE DWARF!" "Yes, it is I, Veldimax the Great!"

"OH-HO! GREAT, HUH? I'VE HEARD OTHERWISE."

"You have taken everything from me! Now prepare to die!"

"I TOOK NOTHING! IT WAS FREELY GIVEN! WHY MOURN WHAT YOU NEVER VALUED ANYWAY?"

"Oh, I'll show you what I value!" Veldimax shrieks, and he pulls out the scroll given to him by the hermit. The dwarf unfurls the paper and begins to read the spell contained therein. But something seems amiss, and Veldimax freezes in place as a shimmering orb of corrupt energy envelops him. The dragon looks at the rest of you and stretches her wings wide.

"FLEE OR DIE!" she thunders.
Set Dial A (the dragon's armor) equal to the current threat 歳.
Set Dial B (the dragon's HP) to 3 + the number of players.
Set Dial C (Veldimax's magic shell) to 2.

Are you ready? - go to 87-4

87-4 This is the final page of the adventure. For this page, players may study the page in detail before the round begins. When they are ready, begin the round in the location book.

**87-5** You bring up the rear but quickly fall behind. Like an anchor, you slow everyone down. Even the stumpy old wizard is going faster than you.

Gasping for breath, you try to blame the elevation, but before the words escape your lips, Grunko, Son of Grung scoops you up and starts to carry you. It's super embarrassing, but it's not like anyone respected you to begin with, so you take the free ride.

Spend 1 time.

Next - go to 87-2

901

You join a frog yoga sesh and decide to impress the locals there with some of the refined moves you mastered back in the Hub.

Which pose do you choose?

- Tall Sunflower go to 901-1
- Outward Navel go to 901-2
- Chipmunk's Remorse go to 901-3

**901-1** "This is called Tall Sunflower," you tell the other participants, before tripping forward and banging your head on the ground. It doesn't hurt, but it really makes you feel stupid.

"Yeah, I don't like that pose," says a local.

Influence 👺-3.

Stress 🚱+1.

901-2 "This is called Outward Navel," you tell the other participants, before losing your balance and falling hard on your back. You hear something break in your backpack, which in retrospect you really should have taken off.

"Yeah, I don't like that pose," says a local.

Treasure 🕮-1.

**9013** "This is called Chipmunk's Remorse," you tell the other participants, before losing your balance and falling on the ground, where you put a rusty nail through your hand. "Oh wow, I see where the 'remorse' part comes in," says a local.

Wound A+1.

You join a frog yoga sesh and decide to impress the locals with some of the refined moves you mastered in the Hub.

Which pose do you choose?

- Tall Sunflower go to 902-1
- · Outward Navel go to 902-3
- · Chipmunk's Remorse go to 902-4

**902.1** You are the sunflower, stretched high toward the vibrant rays of the hungry Sun. Your lungs are your petals, open and embracing the nourishment they draw in.

Choose 1:

- Heal 1 HP ①.
- Luck @+1.

Next - go to 902-2

**902.2** "Yeah, I quit," the frog yogi says. "Here take this," and she hands you a scroll of paper before running out the door with tears in her eyes. You unfurl it and discover it is the deed to a frog yoga business, but sadly, running a business in a small town out in the spokes is not your jam. So you decide to sell the place to a friendly slumlord.

Gold O+1.

**902:3** You close your eyes and curl your body, taking on the convex shape of a wayward outie. You clear your mind and focus on the perfection of your form.

Choose 1:

- Discard all corruption .
- Luck @+1.

Next - go to 902-2

**902-4** You bend your knees, squatting low to the ground before fanning out your arms, palms held to the sky like a guilty rodent begging the heavens for death.

Choose 1:

- Heal all stress (2).
- Luck (4)+1.

Next - go to 902-2

#### 903

You spend several hours intent on hooking a fish. But instead you catch a cold and die. Of boredom! Small towns, right? Choose 1:

- · Spend 1 time.

You cannot choose an option that results in you losing something you do not have.

#### 904

You while away a few hours, sitting on a small canoe in the river. The fish aren't biting, but when you're visiting as scenic a locale as Stinks-Good, who cares? The weather is mild, the breeze is pleasant, and the bad smell is almost ignorable. You notice a handful of ne'er-do-wells hanging out on the riverbank, giggling. Feeling curious, you row over.

"What are you up to?" they ask.

"Fishing," you answer. "You guys?"

"Sticking powdered mushroom shots up our butts. Want in?" How do you answer?

- Say yes. go to 904-1
- Just say no. go to 904-2

904-1 Eager for the authentic small town experience, you happily accept their offer. The next few hours are some of the most gleeful of your life, though you don't enjoy it when your butt falls out the next day.

Gain the title: the Egoless @.

Corruption +1.

XP **☆**+1.

9042 "I hear that stuff can give you psychotic fits," you respond.

"Sure does," says one frog lady. "But when you live in Stinks-Good, that ain't so bad."

"Really?" You gesture all around. "But it's all so beautiful!"
"Wanna move here?" she asks.

"Er, no."

"Exactly. Bombs away," she says, and takes a shot. Later you also catch a fish or whatever.

Gain the title: the Good Kid 💩.

Supplies \(\hat{\mathcal{n}}+1.\)

#### 905

"Hello little tadpole!" you say to a cutie with big eyes.

"Hello, big person," she blurbles back at you.

"Who's a cutesy-wootsy?" you ask.

"I'm a queetsy-weetsy!" she squeaks back.

"Who's a cutesy-wootsy?" you ask again.

"It's me! It's me!"

"And what are you gonna be when you grow up?"

"I'm—I'm—I'm gonna be a freelancer, and I'm gonna get me a hammer, and I'm gonna find humans, and I'm—I'm—I'm gonna hit them with my hammer until they're dead."

You put a hand to your chest. "So precious."

"And then I'm gonna keep hitting them."

"Okay kid, let's not overdo it."

Will 86+1.

#### 906

"Hey, what's up, nurse!" you say enthusiastically.

"Hello," he says blandly, his froggy eyes blinking.

"You probably know a lot about tadpoles, huh? Why don't you hit me with some of that sweet tadpole knowledge?"

"They mostly eat algae," he says. "But sometimes they eat each other," and he turns to look at you.

"Oh."

"And sometimes, not always, I eat them."

"Cool, cool," you say and slowly back out of the nursery.

Smarts 2 +1.

Stress (2)+1.

#### 907

"Hey taddles, mind if I swim with you?" you call out.

"Hi, big weirdo, come on in!"

You strip out of your things and leap into the murky water, and laugh as the excited tadpoles swarm all around you. "What are you little cuties up to today?" you ask.

"Eating larva!" they cheer. "This is the larva pool after all." And now you notice the cloudy film floating on the water's surface and realize it's alive.

"Oh. Okay."

"Join us! It's all so tasty!"

You shrug and accompany them.

Heal 3 HP ♥.

Corruption ♥+1.

#### 908

"I'm not sure you've got what it takes," the juicer lady tells you. To be fair, you aren't sure either.

"Well," you say, looking at the glass of brown, semi-gelatinous liquid. "When in Theodorbus, do as the Theodorbans do. That's what they say, right?"

"Who says that? No one says that."

"The Theodorbans sure do." You then slam the contents of the glass down your gullet. It's pulpier than you had hoped, and the bits of crushed chitin scratch your throat. You only get half of it down before your body declines to continue.

"This one's gonna pop!" the juicer screams.

"I've got it!" yells a froggy patron, who dives for the ground by your seat. He opens his large mouth just as you lean to the side and explosively void the bug juice.

"Everything okay?" the juicer asks, peering over the bar.
"Freebies!" cries the patron, licking his chops. You stagger away, eager to leave Stinks-Good.

Wound %+1.

Are you a stilt-kin?

· Yes - go to 908-1

No - go to 908-2

908-1 The Theodorbans also say that to know yourself, you gotta eat your cousin. There's a reason nobody goes to that town.
Gain the title: the Semi-Cannibal .

908-2 Good. That would have been messed up.

### 909

"I'm not sure you've got what it takes," the juicer lady tells you. To be fair, you aren't sure either.

"Well," you say, looking at the glass of brown, semi-gelatinous liquid. "When in Theodorbus, do as the Theodorbans do. That's what they say, right?"

"Who says that? No one says that."

"The Theodorbans sure do." You then slam the contents of the glass down your gullet. It's pulpier than you had hoped, and the bits of crushed chitin scratch your throat. You only get half of it down before your body declines to continue.

"This one's gonna pop!" the juicer screams.

"I've got it!" yells a froggy patron, who dives for the ground by your seat. He opens his large mouth just as you lean to the side to retch. But! You summon every ounce of your strength and slowly swallow the contents of your leaking mouth.

"Everything okay?" the juicer asks. You give one final swallow before gasping for air.

"Aw, man," moans the patron on the floor. "I wanted freebies!" Luck 🚳 +2.

Are you a stilt-kin?

- Yes go to 909-1
- No go to 909-2

9091 The Theodorbans also say that to know yourself, you gotta eat your cousin. There's a reason no goes to that town. Gain the title: the Cannibal .

909-2 Good. That would have been messed up. Gain the title: the Iron Gut 💩.

#### 910

"My friends and I need a croc to go upriver," you tell the paddler.

"Then I'm the one you want," she says, putting a thumb to her chest. "Been doing it for years. I know how to get you where you're going, and safely. But I warn you, I ain't cheap and I require half the payment up front."

"Ah," you say and make a wincing, unhappy face. "We're not looking to spend a lot."

"That's fine."

"Really?"

"You bet."

"Great! Can we get going?"

"Oh, I'm not taking you," she laughs. "No, you should talk to Stan over there," and with that, she paddles away. You look where she pointed and see a disappointing fellow who gives you an awkward wave.

"I suppose you heard all that?" you ask the frog.

"Yep," he affirms. "No problem. We'll just sort payment out if you survive."

"Survive? Are you telling me your passengers get killed on the river?"

"Well not all of them," he says with an eye roll. "Yeesh." Influence ∰-2.

## 911

"My friends and I need a croc to go upriver," you tell the paddler.

"Then I'm the one you want," she says, putting a thumb to her chest. "Been doing it for years. I know how to get you where you're going, and safely. But I warn you, I ain't cheap."

Would you like to improvise a plea for her to lower her rate? There is no penalty for declining.

- Yes go to 911-1
- No go to 911-5

**911-1** Improvise an explanation, in character, why the crocopaddler should give you a discount.

Done - go to 911-2

911-2 All players vote:

Thumbs up, it was convincing.

Thumbs down, it was unconvincing.

- Thumbs up. go to 911-3
- Thumbs down. go to 911-4

911-3 "Sounds fair," you agree. "I'm certain we can come to a reasonable agreement." And after an inspiring sales pitch effort, you do.

Gain the title: Master Negotiator 💩.

Luck 🚳+1.

Influence 👺+3.

911-4 "Sounds fair," you agree. "I'm certain we can come to a reasonable agreement." And after an long and boring sales pitch from you, you eventually agree to her original rate. Gain the title: Master Negotiator .

**911-5** "Sounds fair," you agree. "I'm certain we can come to a reasonable agreement." And you do.

Gain the title: Master Negotiator ...

Luck **(4)**+1.

"Hurry!" Veldimax urges as your party scrambles aboard a small fleet of crocs. "Time is of the essence and the solstice wanes!"

"Where is this hermit we're looking for?" one of you asks.
"Upriver!" Veldimax proclaims. "He dwells in the shadowy recesses of the Dam of the Damned."

One of your paddler's assistants sputters when she hears that. "Surely you aren't going inside that accursed place!" she gasps and turns to the rest of you. "Friends, I beg you. Don't follow this old fool into the dam! It was built by the ancients and their foul magics. Nothing wholesome travels those shadowed halls of pitch, where light itself dares not invade. There are even those who say..."—and at that, the frog drops her voice—"There are those who say... humans hide away in such places."

"Oh shut up already," growls Veldimax. "I've been there before. It's dark. Don't stub a toe. That is all you need worry over." But as the rattled frog turns to walk away, you see her quickly make the sign of Saint Paco, the patron saint of biscuits and protection against evil forces.

Does any player have the title: Master Negotiator?

- · Yes go to 912-1
- No go to 912-2

**912-1** "Most folk would start off braving the rapids ahead," says your guide. "Not us. I know a shortcut through the neighboring wetlands over there that will let us bypass that hazard. Trust in me, my friends! I'll get you to the dam in no time!"

True to her word, her shortcut through the wetlands that sit off the busier river allows you to bypass sputtering rapids and sharp rocks.

"Excellent! Excellent!" Veldimax cheers.

Have the Cartographer draw a dashed line from space 82 to space 84 on the map, representing a new shortcut path. You may now travel along this shortcut like any other path. Next - go to 912-2

**912-2** The Bookkeeper may close the location book. Travel on the map.

#### 1901

Does any player have the title: the Easily Ignored?

- Yes go to 1901-1
- No go to 1901-2

1901-1 You fail, and the golem pounds the ground once more. Influence № +3.

Remove any lock (7) tokens from Action 4.

All players on Action 3 gain wound 4+1 and move to Action 4. All players on Action 2 gain wound 4+1 and move to Action 3.

**1901-2** You frantically rummage through your bag, desperately searching for something to draw the creature away from the group.

But in the meantime, the menacing golem slams its fists into the ground, knocking your companions back. Their desperate screams only frazzle you more, and you find nothing of use. Influence 👑 + 3.

Gain the title: the Easily Ignored 💩.

Remove any lock (1) tokens from Action 4.

All players on Action 3 gain wound +1 and move to Action 4. All players on Action 2 gain wound +1 and move to Action 3.

#### 1902

Does any player have the title: the Distraction?

- Yes go to 1902-1
- No go to 1902-2

19021 It takes more time and effort than you would have wished, but you eventually figure out the best way to draw the beast away, and your companions are safer for it. Influence 😂 +6.

Spend 1 time.

Lock ( Action 1.

**1902-2** You frantically rummage through your bag, desperately searching for something to draw the creature away from the group.

But in the meantime, the menacing golem slams its fists into the ground, knocking your companions back. Their desperate screams rattle your nerves but you succeed in finding something moderately useful to distract the creature. Influence \$\mathbb{\mathbb{G}}\mathbb{+}3.

Gain the title: the Distraction 💩.

Remove any lock (7) token from Action 4.

Move the lowest influence player on Action 3 to Action 4. Move the lowest influence player on Action 2 to Action 3. Next - go to 1902-3

1902:3 "Hey! Over here!" you shout at the golem, waving the object about. The thing's head turns to look at you.

Do you throw the object?

- Yes go to 1902-4
- No go to 1902-5

1902-4 The object glances off the golem's stony exterior, but it momentarily ceases its assault upon the party.

Treasure **2**-1.

Influence 😂+3.

1902-5 The golem again slams a stone fist into your companions, knocking them back.

All players on Action 2 move to Action 3 and gain wound \$\text{\$\gamma}\$+1.

### 1903

Does any player have the title: the Perfect Decoy?

- Yes go to 1903-1
- No go to 1903-2

1903-1 You've collectively perfected the art of distracting the golem.

Influence 👺+6.

Lock ( Action 1.

1903-2 "Hey! Over here!" you shout at the golem, making a rude gesture. The thing's head turns to look at you, and for a brief moment it pauses its assault on the others.

Influence \$\mathbb{\mathbb{G}} + 6.

Gain the title: the Perfect Decoy 🔕.

## 1904

Influence 👺-3

Choose 2:

- Sense (\*\*)+1.
- Dial A -2.
- Dial A -1 for each standee (including yours) on Action 5.

Choose 2:

- Influence <sup>™</sup> +4
- Will **%**+1
- Choose another player to gain luck @+2

#### 1906

You time the golem's movements, and when it bends down to slam the party, you leap up. Everyone cheers as you hastily scale the construct and pluck something great from its facade. But their cheers quickly turn to groans when you are unceremoniously flicked from the golem's body and sent flying. The golem collects the treasure you dropped and returns it to its body.

Wound **(?**+1. Corruption **(?**+1. Lock **(?**) Action 6.

#### 1907

You time the golem's movements, and when it bends down to slam the party, you leap up. Everyone cheers as you hastily scale the construct and pluck something great from its facade. It tries to swat you, but you leap down before it can make contact.

Look through the treasure a cards that were set aside in the Golem Deck at the start of the page and gain one of them. Corruption +1.

Gain the title: Treasure Taker . Lock Action 6.

#### 1908

You notice the elaborate carvings on the golem's body and wonder if they might offer some clue. You try to read them aloud, before you remember, oh yeah, you have no idea how to do that.

Something about the runes still manage to eat at you though. Corruption +1.

Influence 💝-3.

Lock (a) Action 7.

### 1909

You notice the elaborate carvings on the golem's body and wonder if they might offer some clue. You read them aloud, and as you do the construct begins to vibrate. Metal shakes and resonates and the stone walls crack!

You feel proud, but the words themselves somehow make your teeth itch.

Corruption 🖼+1.

Dial A -3.

Dial B -2.

Lock ( Action 7.

#### 1910

Is Dial B at 0?

- Yes go to 1910-1
- · No go to 1910-3

1910-1 The golem locks in place, and after teetering for a mere second, topples over and smashes into the floor. A cry goes up as the party celebrates its success.

"Great work, everyone!" cheers Veldimax. "Now the only thing that awaits us is a far more terrifying dragon!"

The celebration halts as everyone glowers at the unhelpful dwarf. "Come on!" he insists, waving everyone toward the newly opened exit.

Players divide the treasure acards remaining in the Golem Deck however they choose.

All players gain gold Q+1.

Next - go to 1910-2

**1910-2** The Bookkeeper may close the location book. Travel on the map.

1910-3 "You can do it!" shouts Veldimax from his safe position at the rear. "Believe in yourselves and the power of friendship!" Lock (†) Action 4.

Discard a treasure acard from the Golem Deck.

Spend 1 time.

Next - go to 1910-4

1910-4 Do you wish to flee?

- Darn tootin'. go to 1910-5
- Nah dog, that ain't us. go to 1910-7

1910-5 You turn to flee, but that is when the golem shows how truly terrible it is. A magical vortex opens in its chest, threatening to suck up every loose item or person without stamina.

"Push yourselves!" cries Veldimax. "If you cannot run away from a rock ruffian, then what hope is there against a dreadful dragon?"

You push on, and flee the terrifying golem and its vault but your losses are significant.

Lose a number of treasure  $\blacksquare$  and/or followers  $extstyle{ }$  equal to the number of players.

Players may divide these losses amongst themselves as they see fit. If there is disagreement, the player with the most influence decides.

Next - go to 1910-6

**1910-6** The Bookkeeper may close the location book. Travel on the map.

1910-7 Begin a new round on this page.

### 2701

You grab one of the troll bandits and try to wrestle them to the ground. Unfortunately, the troll is extra slimy, and it slips free. Soon, they have you pinned to the ground. Then, they reach for their weapon, hoping to finish you off. But when they do, you see a window to save yourself.

Choose 1:

- Bite their hand. go to 2701-1
- Grab for a rock. go to 2701-2

#### 2702-2712

**2701-1** Their hand is pressed on your face, and as they shift their weight to reach for the weapon you bite the hand as hard as you can. The slime from the trolls hand drips through your teeth, mixed with its blue blood.

You knock them off and ready your weapon, but the vile taste in your mouth stays with you for some time.

Corruption +1.

2701-2 Their hand is pressed on your face, and as they shift their weight to reach for the weapon you stop struggling against their weight and instead grab a nearby rock.

The sudden shift in resistance throws them off balance for a moment, and you are able to grab the rock and bash them across the head with it, just as they strike at you with a dagger. The troll falls over unconscious, but it seems that their rusty dagger still struck a glancing blow. It's very ouchy.

Wound 41.

Dial A -1.

#### 2702

You grab one of the slimier trolls and wrestle them to the ground, though they knock your weapon away in the process. You sit on their chest and manage to deliver blow after blow to their face, taking them out of the fight.

Choose 1:

- Show them mercy. go to 2702-1
- Show them more punches to the face. go to 2702-2

**2702:1** You heroically leave your unconscious foe, rushing forward to help a companion in peril.

Luck @+1.

Choose another player to gain luck 🐠+1.

Dial A -3.

**2702-2** You don't relent, pounding and pounding on your foe until well after their face is a leaking mash of blue and green. Gain the title: the Brutal **(a)**.

Dial A -3.

#### 2703

Two of the trolls run toward you, roaring in rage, and you have to think quickly.

When you are ready, explain to the other players how you take the two trolls down. You may incorporate items or details from your treasure acrds or character sheet. Be creative! I'm ready. - go to 2703-1

**2703-1** After the player is finished, all players vote: Thumbs up says the improvised explanation was clever.

Thumbs down says it could have better.

- Thumbs up go to 2703-2
- Thumbs down go to 2703-3

**2703-2** And that is exactly what happened and no one will soon forget it. Whatever "it" might be.

Gain the title: the Quick 💩

Dial A -2.

**2703-3** Surprisingly, your gambit works anyway and the trolls are defeated. No matter what your stupid friends say. Dial A -2.

## 2704

You step back to catch your breath and as you do, your eyes scan the battlefield, hoping to catch any potential surprises. As you narrow your focus, you feel a sharp pain in the back of your neck. You pluck something out and to your horror see it is a dart of some kind. Behind you is an imp bandit, holding a blowgun and laughing.

Suddenly, you a wave of lightheadedness over you. Oh no, what was on that thing?

Corruption +1.

Wound A+1.

#### 2705

You spot a rascally imp breaking away from the group and sneaking into the woods, likely to try to flank you.

- noose i.
- Get the drop on them. go to 2705-1
- Warn the others. go to 2705-2

2705-1 The imp bandit is armed with a blowgun and quietly sneaks along the edge of the battle, hoping to strike someone from behind. They raise their blowgun to their mouth, then take a deep breath. Only then do you strike them from behind, surprisingly catching the surpriser by surprise. Dial A -2.

**2705-2** "We have an imp sneak circling behind us!" you yell, and several others turn to see where you are pointing. A projectile flies out from the main fray, and in the distance you hear the imp scream as it falls.

Everyone is impressed by the throw.

Luck @+1.

Choose another player to gain influence \$\mathbb{\text{\$\geq}}\$+3.

That same player also gains the title: Long-Distance Killer 💩.

### 27NR

You know it's terribly dangerous, but you do your best to focus your mind on the dark forces of the universe and let them move through you.

"Whatcha doin', matey?" asks Cookie, suddenly right next to you. "Heckuva scrap, huh? It reminds me o' a time I was on a ship that bumped into these weirdos who liked blue fire." You lose your concentration and corrupt energy overwhelms you and knocks you to your knees with a cry. You begin to cough up blood and for a moment, claw at your own face uncontrollably. "Geez Louise, sorry fer tryin' to share a moment," Cookie pouts and stumps off.

Corruption +2.

Wound A+1.

#### 2707

You know it's terribly dangerous, but you do your best to focus your mind on the dark forces of the universe and let them move through you. The corrupt energy saturates your body and brings you to your knees, before blasting forth from your eyes and mouth in red beams, cutting searing lines through several trolls.

Corruption +1.

Dial A -3.

You know it's terribly dangerous, but you do your best to focus your mind on the dark forces of the universe and let them move through you. The corrupt energy nearly overwhelms you, but you manage to summon your own sense of being and use it to push the magic outward. For reasons you don't understand, the energies emerge from you and manifest in the form of a towering, ghostly ostrich. The crimson phantom bellows angrily and you see its wings are actually scythes. You can only gape in shock as your titanic, ghostly, reaper-ostrich slashes through your foes for a few seconds before disappearing in a flash.

Corruption +1.

Dial A -3.

You may discard up to 5 corruption . Dial A -1 for each. Gain the title: the Channeler .

#### 2709

"Surrender!" you shout at trolls. "No one else has to get hurt!" "Sure you do," says a deep voice, and from nowhere a heavy club hits you in the stomach, knocking you to the ground. The trolls laugh as you struggle to catch your breath.

"Point taken," you wheeze.

Wound A+1.

### 2710

"Lower your weapons!" you order the bandits. Most of them ignore you, but to your surprise some of the brigands do comply with the order. You decide to push your luck and issue another order to your foes. "Flee now or die!" you shout, and a few of the bandits do indeed run away. You can't believe how effective you are at this, so you try it again. "Make me a sandwich!" you bellow. Sadly, the order is ignored. "I should have done that one first," you lament. Dial A -3.

#### 2711

"Fools!" you shout. "Join us, or fall upon our blades and die!" Your booming voice shakes the morale of your foe and several of the brigands run off into the woods. Another bandit is so disturbed by the experience that they do indeed switch sides, and join you as best they can.

Dial A -3.

Follower 23+1.

Gain the title: Voice of Authority .

#### 2712

Is Dial A at 0?

- Yes go to 2712-1
- No go to 2712-2

**2712-1** Your onslaught proves sufficiently brutal, and the bandits who survive, break and flee into the woods.

You return the stolen wares to the frog merchants, and they thank you profusely, promising to spread word of your deeds far and wide.

"You have done a great thing for us, heroes!" Gazzoo

exclaims, shaking your hands excitedly. "I was certain you would all be killed by those ruffians!"

"Oh," you say. "Thanks."

"Please accept this reward, noble ones!" Gazzoo adds, and he tosses you a bag of coins.

Veldimax the Great seems frustrated. "Now can we please get back to the quest at hand? We need to slay the dragon before the solstice ends."

"To be fair," you politely reply, "that went quicker than anyone could have expected. And the frogs have paid us one hundred percent more than you."

He cannot argue.

All players gain gold Q+1.

The player with the highest influence 😭 gains the title: Friend to Frogs 💩.

The Bookkeeper may close the location book.

Travel on the map.

**2712-2** The party must collectively choose someone to make a weapon check. The next entry is for them.

Next - go to 2712-3

2712-3 Make a weapon check.

Is the result equal to or higher than Dial A?

- · Yes go to 2712-4
- No go to 2712-6
- Check it. My weapon has the shock \$\frac{1}{2}\$ trait. go to 2712-7

**2712-4** In a ferocious flurry of blows you slay enough of your foes to make the survivors rout. You stand victorious! Influence \$\mathbb{\mathbb{G}}\mathbb{+}3.

Gain the title: the Bandit-Basher 💩.

Next - go to 2712-5

**2712-5** You return the stolen wares to the frog merchants, and they thank you profusely, promising to spread word of your deeds far and wide.

"You have done a great thing for us, heroes!" Gazzoo exclaims, shaking your hands excitedly. "I was certain you would all be killed by those ruffians!"

"Oh," you say. "Thanks."

"Please accept this reward, noble ones!" Gazzoo adds, and he tosses you a bag of coins.

Veldimax the Great seems frustrated. "Now can we please get back to the quest at hand? We need to slay the dragon before the solstice ends." As rude as he is, you have to admit dealing with the bandits took more time than you expected. Spend I time.

All players gain gold 🔘+1.

The player with the highest influence 👺 gains the title: Friend to Frogs 🙆.

The Bookkeeper may close the location book.

Travel on the map.

2712-6 You manage to kill just enough of the remaining bandits to make their surviving peers rout into the woods. But dang, you take some nasty hits in the process.

Wound A+1.

Next - go to 2712-5

2712-7 In a flash, lightning arcs from bandit to bandit, frying each and every one of the last remaining few, popping eyes and burning hair. The others look at you in awe. And maybe a little fear.

It's very cool.

Influence 2 +4.

Gain the title: Thunder Bringer 💩.

Next - go to 2712-5

"I can help with those boxes," you tell the gruff stilt-kin behind the bronze giraffe store. He stops loading boxes and turns to you, sizing you up with his compound eyes.

"I dunno," he buzzes, leaning on his cart. "These boxes are filled with bronze giraffes and your arms look skinny as heck." "Buddy, you don't know what you're talkin' about!" you scoff. "Just tell me where you want 'em!"

The stilt-kin looks skeptical but nods at the cart.

What will you lift with?

- Your back go to 3501-1
- Your legs go to 3501-2
- Neither go to 3501-3

**3501.1** Wishing Grunko, Son of Grung was there to help, you lean over and try wrapping your back around a box of giraffes and lifting it that way, but it's no use! All you manage to do is look like a weirdo.

The embarrassed stilt-kin continues to work, using his long legs to step over you. Eventually you slink away in shame. Influence 24.

**3501-2** Wishing Grunko, Son of Grung was there to help, you get down on the ground and confidently wrap your legs around a box, only to struggle with picking it up. The box slips, hitting you in your sweet tenders.

It hurts bunches!

The stilt-kin uses his long legs to step over your aching body and continues to work as you crawl away in humiliation.

Wound A+1.

**3501-3** Of course, the only proper way to lift anything is with your arms! But sadly, yours are garbage and after watching you struggle feebly with a single box, the embarrassed stilt-kin shoos you away.

As you mope away, you curse Grunko, Son of Grung for not being there to do all the work for you.

Stress (2)+1.

Influence 👺 - 2.

3502

"I can help with those boxes," you tell the gruff stilt-kin behind the bronze giraffe store. He stops loading boxes and turns to you, sizing you up with his compound eyes.

"I dunno," he buzzes, leaning on his cart. "These boxes are filled with bronze giraffes and your arms look skinny as heck." "These mighty meat machines?" you ask, flexing your muscles. "Just tell me where you want the boxes!" The stilt-kin looks skeptical but points at the cart with his antennae. Back aching, you complete the assignment, and the stilt-kin happily hops into the cart.

He gives you a respectful nod. "Why don't you help yourself to a box of giraffes as payment?"

You figure you could always sell the bronze, so you eagerly accept your reward. You watch in pride as the stilt-kin rides off, then you shoulder your heavy reward and walk away.

You have just turned the corner when you hear a door open in the alleyway and a shopkeeper cry out, "Who stole all my airaffes?"

Gain the title: Mighty Meat Machine **(a)**. Gold **(1)**+1.

3503

You browse the various wares and junk in the shop.

"Look what I found, me hearty!" calls Cookie, your camp cook, from deep within the store.

"It's not food is it?" you call back. "This isn't a grocer's, Cookie," you warn. "We're not looking to catch lead poisoning again." But then he finds you, flashing a boney grin and holding a small box labelled 'A FRIEND FOR LONELY NERDS'.

You can see why Cookie showed this to you.

It's ancient and covered in rust. When you finally manage to force it open you find complex metal parts, a glowing crystal, and some poorly written schematics in seven different languages.

"Ages nine and up," you read aloud.

"Aye, matey. It sounds a little complicated fer me, but ye can have at it."

Luck @+1.

Gain S-37, Schematic: Robot Friend from the story deck.

3504

As you enter the magic shop you pass another patron, an old dwarf with a long, gray beard, a pointy blue hat, and a terrifically long-stemmed smoking pipe. You are looking for something that will impress people, and by the looks of that old wizard, you'd guess you were in the right spot.

Or are you? Upon closer inspection you realize everything inside is the common magic shop garbage that might impress tourists, but not an adventurer like yourself. When you turn to leave, you bump into an open bucket of arcane runoff that splashes onto your legs and the floor. You quickly look around to see if the cool-looking old wizard saw that, and are relieved to see he has left. But the shopkeep hasn't. There is a flash of light, and you turn just in time to see the shop keeper store your reflection in a magic mirror which she sets on a shelf labelled WALL OF IDIOTS.

"Oh wow, a magic mirror," you chuckle. "Heh, that must be pretty useful, huh?" You give a friendly smile trying to win her over, but she only points you toward the exit.

Influence —6.

Corruption +1.

Gain the title: Member of the Wall of Shame .

3505

As you enter the magic shop you pass another patron, an old dwarf with a long, gray beard, a pointy blue hat, and a terrifically long-stemmed smoking pipe. You are looking for something that will impress people, and by the looks of that old wizard, you'd guess you were in the right spot. While much of the most visible merchandise is junk for the tourists, you spot a frost augment that seems to still hold a strong charge. "How much?" you ask the shopkeep.

"That old thing?" she says. "Tell you what, it's yours if you promise to bring two friends to my magical improv show tonight. Lots of fun, lots of laughs."

"Sure," you lie. "Oh, do you perform with that cool-looking wizard over there?" But you turn and see the old fellow has left. "Never mind. But yes, I'd love to come!"

"Excellent!" she beams. "I'll look for your face in the crowd!"
Search the treasure each deck for T-63 or T-64, Frost Augment.
Gain the title: the Face Unseen .

"Just what do you think you're doing?" the angry hound barks, looking down where your hand has slipped into his pocket. How do you respond?

- "I was returning your wallet to you." go to 3506-1
- "I'm checking you for ticks." go to 3506-2
- "Pants inspector, and I don't think these pants are up to code at all." - go to 3506-3

3506-1 "Like hell you was!" he growls.

"Go ahead," you tell him. "Check—it's all there!" He does so, and nods to you in appreciation.

"Sorry for the suspicion. And thank you for the kind deed!"
"The pleasure was mine," you say, glumly wondering where you'll find drinking money now.
Influence \$\mathbb{G}-4\$.

3506-2 "Ticks!" he yelps.

"Got a real big one," you say, holding up nothing between two pinched fingers. "It's a good thing I was here!"

"Hey, thanks stranger! One good deed deserves another!" He then searches you for ticks, successfully picking your pocket while he does.

Treasure 28-1.

**3506-3** "I'm not falling for that again!" he growls, and punches you to the ground.

Wound  $\mathbb{A}+1$ .

### 3507

"Just what do you think you're doing?" the angry hound barks, looking down where your hand has slipped into his pocket.
"I was returning your wallet to you," you promise.

"Like hell you was!" he growls.

"Go ahead," you tell him. "You'll find it there in your pocket." He does so, and nods to you in appreciation.

"Sorry for the suspicion, stranger. And thank you for the kind deed! Wait a second—my money! It's all gone!"

"Oh dear," you say with a shake of the head. "Alas, I found it in such a state. These are troubling times."

"Indeed," he agrees. "But you deserve a reward for the bother. Come with me to the bank and I'll see you are compensated." "Too kind," you say with a bow, slipping his money into your back pocket.

Treasure ##+1.
Gold ##1.

#### 3508

You notice a flyer advertising a magical improv show. Worse, the flyer threatens "audience interaction." These are truly dark times. But you also spy an advertisement for the Shipshape Shops, a powerful merchant's group seeking protection for a journeying caravan. There is also a wanted poster with a scary face upon it.

Schala is with you and looks up at the posters. "Best to choose something practical," she advises.

What do you do?

- Destroy the ad for the magical improv show. go to 3508-1
- Take the flyer for the caravan job. go to 3508-2
- · Take the wanted poster. go to 3508-3

**3508-1** You make sure no one is looking before tearing down the flyer for the improv magic show. You toss it in a nearby gutter and nod in satisfaction. If there be gods, you are doing their work.

Schala wrings her hands nervously but says nothing. Luck **(4)**+2.

**3508-2** Initially you hesitate to even take the flyer for the caravan job. First, it looks pretty old. But also, can you think of a more clichéd way to start your career? Why not get in a bar fight or kill some rats in someone's basement while you're at it? You sigh and take the flyer anyway. A freelancer's gotta eat. Schala smiles happily and pats your back.

Gain the title: Job Hunter 💩.

**3508-3** A masked stranger stares back at you from the poster, and you and Schala shiver when you read about all the grapes this creep stole. It was a really sick number of grapes. Like a lot.

Gain the title: Bounty Hunter 💩.

### 3509

You are talking amongst yourselves when you are approached by a nifty dwarf fellow with a magical air about him. His beard is long and gray, his blue hat with golden stars is tall and pointy, and his wooden pipe has a very long stem. He is the perfect portrait of a wizard.

"Freelancers!" he cries, the wide sleeves of his robed arms drooping as he holds them aloft. "Behold! It is none other than I, Veldimax the Great, and you look like the sort of freelancers I seek! Yes indeed! Just the sort of dungeon-delving, treasure-hoarding killers I require!"

You're digging his vibe so you all quickly tell him you're in. "Pray, do not commit just yet For my quest is the most perilous kind! You see, I aim at nothing less than to slay..."—he wiggles his fingers in a grand gesture—"...a dragon!" You all gasp and he continues.

"Yes, 'tis a morally bankrupt fiend who dwells upon a distant peak, sitting on its pile of ill-gotten gold, hatching schemes to steal away those things that do not belong to it!"

Schala speaks up nervously. "I've heard the last freelancers who messed with her, stole her egg. They all died horrible—"
"Mr. Veldimax, sir," one of you interrupts. "That sounds like just the sort of job we've been looking for!"

"Excellent!" cries Veldimax the Great. "Now, dragons are only weak during the solstice, and the end of the current one draws nigh. There is no time to lose!"

"Where we headed?" you ask, pulling out your map.
"I know a clever hermit who is sympathetic to our aims, and so he will be our first stop. Onward! To riches and glory!"
Have the Cartographer draw something on the map at space 85 to remind you there is a hermit there, and a dragon at space 87. The dragon is your final destination.

The Bookkeeper may close the location book. Travel on the map.

Note: Traveling on the map is a 4-step process:

- 1. Choose a path on the map.
- 2. Spend 1 time.
- 3. Cross out your old location and draw a line to your new location.
- 4. If the new location has a number, go that entry number in the current (Wizards & Wurms) section of this book. If the new location is just a symbol, look up where to find the entry for that symbol using the Map Icon Index at the beginning of the current section of this book (p. 4).

You make light, sure, but only after spending an embarrassing amount of time doing so.

"Why do all your things have singe marks on them?" asks Grunko, Son of Grung. "And why are they all wet?"

"Shut up, Grunko, Son of Grung," you growl.

Influence 👺+2.

Risk  $\triangle$ -1.

## 4102

At first you struggle to get anything to catch, but then you recall the fermented bean dish Cookie had prepared for mess. Torches dipped in that stuff take flame like nobody's business.

"Wow! That was quicker than expected," Grunko, Son of Grung says with a little too much surprise.

Influence 👺+4, and then choose 1:

- Risk △-1.
- Heal 1 stress (2).

#### 4103

You reach a point where you realize you have no hope of translating the words of the ancients, only to discover a small crowd has gathered around you in anticipation.

Unwilling to look foolish, you nod your head and say, "Ah yes. I have it now. It's a warning."

Schala clears her throat behind you.

"Well, maybe not a warning so much as a message of urgency."

She clears her throat again.

"Urgency, or maybe it's more like a note. An informational note if you will."

Everyone else turns to Schala who shakes her head in disappointment.

"It's uh... a vulgar slogan, boss," she says.

"Ah." You tilt your head. "Yes, I see it now. So it is." Influence 👺 - 3.

#### 4104

"Interesting," you say. "I have translated the words. They refer to an ancient named Dave and his mother."

"His mother?" asks Veldimax. "Curious."

"Yes, apparently she was a wonderful mother and everyone who knew her loved her very much."

"Fascinating," Veldimax says, stroking his beard.

"Yes, the author of the missive goes to great effort to indicate she was constantly being loved by everyone she met. Tremendous amounts of love really."

"How wonderful," Schala coos. "Ages have come and gone, yet this testament to Dave and his amazing mother still stands. He would likely be very proud to know this."

Everyone agrees and feels uplifted.

"Makes the journey ahead seem a lot less daunting," you say aloud, wiping a tear from your eye.

Choose 1:

- Risk △-1.
- Luck @+1.

## 4105

Does any player have the title: Void Gazer?

- · Yes go to 4105-1
- No go to 4105-2

**4105.1** The secret door revolves, leaving you in a boring stone cell. An empty room. There's nothing to see or do so you take the opportunity to take a quick poop in private, then go back to the others feeling greatly refreshed.

Luck (4)+2.

**4105-2** "Good gravy, will you look at that?" you mutter to no one. Ahead of you is a cleverly disguised secret door. "As the scout, I should likely explore it, but ah… that could be quite dangerous."

Do you go through the door?

• Of course I do. - go to 4105-3

**4105-3** You press on the door, and it revolves, leaving you in a dark cell dominated by a large symbol upon the stone floor. The symbol flares to life, filling your vision with a scintillating burst of dazzling light.

A terrible voice fills your head and though it speaks no tongue you know, you discern its message nonetheless. "Hail, sacrifant! You who have freely given your flesh are glorious and foul! Hail to Voidmaker the Unwomb, Mother of Naught, Despoiler of the Seed of Life. You are her vessel, her agent of the Great Rot. May you befoul the Everweb and all the existences bound therein."

There is another flash of light and lo! A stone altar stands before you upon which writhes a veined mass of flesh bearing an angry mouth. You seize it, naming it Balyrous, Worm of Undoing, and hold it to your stomach until the entirety of it has burrowed itself inside of you.

Gain story card S-43, Balyrous, Worm of Undoing from the story deck.

Next - go to 4105-4

**4105-4** With that, a trapdoor opens beneath your feet and you are dropped into nothingness. There in an unending well of nix you become aware of three doorways, and you find your heart filled with anger that these doorways even exist. This must not be.

Which doorway do you enter?

- The doorway to the Realm of Gherrica All-Gray go to
- The portal to the Five Heavens of Harrous go to 4105-9
- The passage to the Fdloth'Parzm go to 4105-11

4105-5 You storm through the doorway, borne upon a wave of seething hatred, but of course the All-Gray is waiting for you. There in the Jade Tea Room, with all Infinity the backdrop beyond those ebon window frames, she sits at her table, her face looking elsewhere, and yet her left hand makes the Sign of Six Mysteries.

"Gherrica!" you howl. "The Unwomb shall devour your Unfettered Cowl! Why the left hand, goddess? Do you so fear the right?"

Gherrica's voice echoes from behind you. "The germination must first crack the acorn's shell."

You cry out in anguish, but retort, "I see your Mysteries, All-Gray! Each of the Six is mine to despoil!"

But Gherrica turns her head, her face somehow still hidden from you, and again you hear her voice echo from behind. "Six? Is your vision so poor, or your intellect too weak to realize the limitations of its own perspective?" And her left hand shifts and now you can see the Sign of Six Mysteries is actually a sign bearing more numbers than you are capable of comprehending.

"No!" You reel backwards, but suddenly she is before you, Heaven's Flame flickering beneath her robes.

Still you cannot see her face and she says, "Begone, spawn of the Void! I name you unraveled and unborn!"

Make a will 🗞 check.

- Your total is a finite number. go to 4105-6
- Your total is an infinite number. go to 4105-8

4105-6 You howl as you are excised from all existence, but in the microseconds it takes to undo you, you reach inside your body cavity and withdraw Balyrous. It has grown and names you Waterflower, and it cheers as you lean down and bite off its head. The gutter-light of the Unwomb fills you as you gorge upon Balyrous's remains. The unraveling ends and you find yourself returned to the safety of the Void.

Return Balyrous, Worm of Undoing to the story deck. Smarts **汽+1**.

Gain the title: Void Gazer @.

Next - go to 4105-7

4105-7 From out of the Void comes the voice. "Wretch! You have proven an unworthy species for Voidmaker Unwomb, the Germ of Reversal. She deems you unfit, and curses you for all eternity by returning you to the squalor of your origin!" There is the feeling of a vacuum pull, and suddenly you fall from a door in a stone ceiling, and crash to the floor in front of your startled companions.

"Jumpin' jellybeans!" Cookie exclaims in shock. "Where the hells did ye come from?"

You stagger to your feet, your vision blurry, and are relieved to look down and see there is no hole where a demon worm got inside you.

"You look terrible," Schala whispers.

"Oh piss off," you gasp and stumble away.

4105-8 You howl as you are excised from all existence, but in the microseconds it takes to undo you, you reach inside your body cavity and withdraw Balyrous. It has grown and names you Waterflower, and it cheers as you lean down and bite off its head. The gutter-light of the Unwomb fills you as you gorge upon Balyrous's remains. The unraveling ends and you find yourself returned to the safety of the Void.

Return Balyrous, Worm of Undoing to the story deck.

Smarts **汽+1**.

Gain the title: Bad at Math 🔕.

Next - go to 4105-7

4105-9 You breach the portal, a shockwave of energy exploding from your body, and the expanding force of it throws away the seven hundred and seventy-seven acolytes of Harrous who have held the portal for eons.

"The Beast!" one cries. "It has come!"

"All is empty!" you bellow. "All is nothing!" You throw back your head and belch a guttural laugh into the aurora-filled skies of the merged heavens. Cracks begin to form in the hallowed disc of stone that holds you all aloft.

"It must be stopped!" an acolyte shrieks. "For Harrous and the Bloom Undying!" All seven hundred and seventy-seven of them draw blades and rush toward you.

Make a weapon check. Your score indicates the number of acolytes slain.

- 0-100 go to 4105-10
- 101-350 go to 4105-10
- 351-700 go to 4105-10
- 701-777 go to 4105-10

4105-10 The acolytes wail as you cut them down, one after another.

"Your lives become waste before the all-consuming torpor of the Unwomb! You were drawn from nothing and put into flesh. Now, I return you to the nothing from whence you came!"

But there is a searing blast, and you are knocked to your knees, and now you can see one of the acolytes is no acolyte but rather Pelontia the Apostle. A radiant nimbus plays about her head and her seven wings unfurl from her back to form the Pattern of Haexacruth.

"Behold the lies of Voidmaker Unwomb!" Pelontia cries. "The only eternity she knows are the falsehoods that ever spill from the tainted lips of her chosen. Recognize now the only eternal Truth that has existed or ever shall!" And Pelontia holds her blade aloft and you gnash your teeth as all those you have lain low rise again, their wounds mended, as if nothing you did ever mattered. "And now demon," Pelontia growls, "begone!"

Next - go to 4105-6

4105-11 You find yourself upon a blasted, arid steppe, basking in the woeful glow of the clouded green skies that hang like poisoned tapestries from high above. Far out on the distant horizon are the blackened walls of the execrable city of Lth'dlokka, its structures pointing to the billowing sky like accusing fingers. Around you tower three monoliths of purpled flesh and they look down upon you with scorn. You grimace and snarl, "Begone, spawn of Falsehood! Return to that which sneezed you out upon this damnable plain! The Voidmaker brings nothingness to aught she sees, and your

But the monoliths simply look at you and blink.

Make a smarts 🛱 check, then divide the result by 3.

0.00-90.36 - go to 4105-12

existence has been declared forfeit!"

• 90.361-9101 - go to 4105-12

4105-12 You clutch your head and cry out, spittle flying from your anguished mouth.

"Inconsequential!" you insist. "Your thoughts cannot harm me! There are more mathematics in this cosmos, oh hateful beings, than are dreamt of in your slumbering geometries!" But the monoliths simply look at you and blink.

Make a check of your choice.

- 0.00-0.01 go to 4105-13
- 0.011+ go to 4105-13

4105-13 Your voice vanishes, departing reality seconds before your body follows after.

Next - go to 4105-6

You grasp the portcullis and attempt to lift. Boy, it sure does look heavy.

What will you lift with?

- Your back go to 4106-1
- Your legs go to 4106-2
- Neither go to 4106-3

4106-1 You lean over, bending your back downward before grasping the portcullis at the base. You struggle to lift it but to no avail, but as you strain, sweat trickling down your brow, you manage to pop several misaligned discs back into place in your spine. Thank goodness you practiced proper lifting technique! Too bad it took so long.

Heal 1 HP (+).

Risk △-1.

#### 4107-4901

**4106-2** You squat low, straighten your back, and grasp the lowest part of the portcullis. Your posture and methodology are perfect, but that can't make up for a general lack of muscle. Three attempts and an awkward fart later, you admit defeat and walk away.

Influence 👺-2.

**4106-3** Of course, the only proper way to lift anything is with your arms! But sadly, yours are limp noodles and after struggling feebly to no avail, you stop, embarrassed and wiping sweat from your eyes.

"Need help?" Grunko, Son of Grung offers.

"It's stuck. Can't be opened," you grouse.

"Are you sure? Maybe we could—"

"It's stuck! Can't be opened!" you shriek as you stomp away. Influence 😭 - 4.

Luck <a>-1</a>.

#### 4107

You grab hold of the portcullis' bars, and being the sexy muscle-beast you are, throw the portcullis back up where it locks into place above. Beyond lies a small but enticing trove of ancient treasures which you eagerly root through.

Treasure #+1.
Gold +1.

#### 4108

"Careful!" urges Veldimax the Great. "Sometimes something looks like a chest, when in fact it is actually a cunning creature that merely resembles a chest."

"How in the hells does that work?" you ask.

"I dunno. Just does."

"But how does any creature resemble a chest? Is it hiding in a chest? Or is it holding wooden planks up to its body?"

"No, no, it really is a chest, just like one, only inside it's all teeth and tongues and stuff. Really messed up."

"That makes no sense."

"Fine," grouses Veldimax. "Have it your way! Only now that you have mocked my warning, the Laws of Irony state that chest over there is definitely a monster. Have fun." And with that he stomps away.

You stare at the chest. But does it stare back at you? What do you think?

- The chest is really a monster, so I'm gonna poke it with something. - go to 4108-1
- The chest is just a normal chest, but, uh, I'm still gonna poke it with something. - go to 4108-2

**4108-1** You're wrong! It's just an ordinary chest, and inside you find a tasty treasure. You saunter back and wave your new find in Veldimax the Great's face.

"Hey, I opened up that monster and found this baby monster inside it. Thank the gods you warned me."

The dwarf wizard glowers silently.

Treasure #+1.
Gold +1.

4108-2 You're wrong!

You poke the chest with something from your bag, only to have it spring to life and chomp down upon your precious trinket! You shriek in fear and surprise as a revolting tongue reaches out for you, but you deftly slap it away. You are now fighting for your life, but you try to do it as silently as possible, because you don't want Veldimax the Great to

know he was right.

Treasure 28-1.

check.

Make a weapon check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 袋?

- Yes go to 4108-3
- No go to 4108-4
- Whatever. My weapon has the shock ? trait. go to 4108-5 Reminder: If you were forced to discard your weapon, you would still roll a twenty-sided die ② when making a weapon

**4108-3** You deftly sidestep the chest's disgusting licks, and deliver a few licks of your own. Not with your tongue though, but rather with vengeance. You will \*not\* be humiliated in front of that annoying old wizard.

Blinded with hate, you deliver blow after blow upon the thing. After a moment there is a loud crunch. The demon-chest ceases its attack and emits an awful gurgling sound just before its teeth retract and it swallows its own tongue. The lid falls shut, and just like that, it's an ordinary chest. Inside you find a tasty treasure. You can't wait to wave it around and mock Veldimax in front of the others.

Treasure ##+1.

Gain 1 treasure from the discard that is not a Schematic. Gold +1.

4108-4 The tongue grabs hold of you and pulls you into the demon-chest's open mouth. The teeth sink into you and the tongue slathers you in saliva. The heat and rank, humid odor of the enormous maw makes you heave, and before you know it you've emptied the contents of your stomach down the gullet of the overlarge mouth.

The thing shakes briefly before spitting you out. You flee, echoes of the enraged creature bazooka barfing far behind you.

"Hey, cool look," says Veldimax the Great when you return to the party.

Wound **(?**+1. Influence **(2**'-1.

4108·5 The demon-chest's tongue wraps around your weapon, and that's when you trigger an electric burst, sending electricity coursing through the wet tentacle. The chest jumps before the tongue falls limp. There is an awful gurgling sound and the chest's teeth retract before it swallows its own tongue. The lid falls shut, and just like that, it's an ordinary chest. Inside you find a tasty treasure. You can't wait to wave it around and mock Veldimax in front of the others.

Treasure #+1.

Gain 1 treasure from the discard that is not a Schematic. Gold +1.

## 4109

"Careful!" hisses Schala. "Many of the wise suspect some remnants of the ancients still exist in the deep places of the earth!"

"Poppycock!" shouts Veldimax from down another corridor. Undeterred, you approach cautiously and raise a hand in peaceful greeting. "Hail, strangers! Do not be afraid, for we shall do you no harm."

"Away, you human freak!" shrieks a shadowed form.

"Human?" you laugh. "Do I look so monstrous?" And you shine a light on yourself and hear the shadowed people gasp. They come into the light and you see they are normal folk.

"Oh thank the heavens!" says one of them. "We're merchants from Shipshape Shops. Our caravan guides died from

food poisoning weeks ago, and we got terribly lost. Do you suppose we might tag along with the rest of your company? We promise to stay out of the way. And of course we'll compensate you as well!

Follower 83+1.

Gold ()+1.

Does any player have the title: Job Hunter?

- Yes go to 4109-1
- No go to 4109-2

4109·1 That player gains gold ○+1 and XP ��+1.

4109-2 Gain the title: the Great Employer 💩

### 4110

"Careful!" hisses Schala. "Many of the wise suspect some remnants of the ancients still exist in the deep places of the earth!"

"Poppycock!" shouts Veldimax from down another corridor. "Don't worry," you assure your small follower. "No one's catching me off guard!" You charge the shadows, cutting down the first figure who gets in your way.

The shadowed figures cry out in fear, and one of them screams, "Humans! Humans!"

"Humans? They're humans!" you cry out to your companions as you continue slaughtering them. Soon the din of battle ceases and it slowly dawns on you that none of your assailants actually did any assailing.

Schala brings the light and sadly surveys the carnage. All about you are the mangled bodies of dead merchants. Their equipment bears the logo of Shipshape Shops. "I... I thought they were humans," you protest. "They said they were!" "Why would they say that?" Schala sighs. "They thought you were a human. You certainly killed like one. Such a tragedy, this. So avoidable."

"A curse!" gasps a body upon the ground, and Schala's light reveals a dying goblin. She points a wavering finger at you. "A curse upon you and all your kin. And all your things. And also, any pets you might have now or at a later date." With that, she dies. The mood is sour, but you aren't about to let the spoils of war go unspoiled. So you loot the bodies.

Treasure #+1.

Supplies 💍+1.

Corruption 🖸+1.

Does any player have the title: Job Hunter?

- Yes go to 4110-1
- No go to 4110-2

410-1 This entry is for the player with the title, Job Hunter: When you hear word of the slaughter, you pull the folded, worn flyer from your back pocket, confirm the logo matches that on the gear of the dead merchants, then sigh, crumple it up, and throw it away.

Scratch out the title: Job Hunter from your character sheet.

410-2 Gain the title: the Shiftless Slayer @.

### 4111

Rather than approach shadowy strangers in a dark dungeon, you sneak closer and drop a few eaves as the mysterious folk talk amongst themselves. They talk about their journey and shortcuts taken before arriving at a particularly relevant subject.

"I liked that dragon," says one feminine voice. "We made the right choice visiting her. Funny though, she seemed awfully

fearful of that magical cup that keeps beverages cold. What do you make of that?"

"I have heard of such things," says another voice, this one masculine. "Some dragons are especially vulnerable to ice or the cold. I suspect such is true here."

"Ah, I see," says the woman. "Then we must keep this to ourselves so that no one else ever learns that secret!" Having heard enough, you creep back.

Risk △-1.

Have the cartographer draw something on map at space 87 to remind you the dragon is weak to cold.

## 4112

At the end of a long hallway sits a crude lean-to made out of an office desk and several folding tables.

"Jeremy!" cries Veldimax the Great.

"The heck?" calls a deep voice from inside the lean-to.
"Veldimax, you son of a gun, is that you?" A slimy middleaged troll-man crawls out of the lean-to, looking gray and
shaggy and more than just a little in need of a bath. In other
words, classic troll zaddy vibes.

The two fellows clasp hands, and Veldimax introduces you all. "Jeremy, these freelancers have agreed to help us slay the dragon. Everyone, this is Jeremy. He is but one more victim of that vile lizard, and he knows how important our quest is."

The troll nods. "Oh yessir, I know. All too well." He wipes a tear from his eyes, and when he sees your curious faces says, "My wife was lost to that monster." The mood is somber, but Jeremy gladly hands over a scroll to Veldimax. "Here you are, my friend. This spell will give you the edge you need." He then pulls another scrap from a pocket. "And take this. 'Tis the combination to the dragon's safe. Good luck, and may the gods grant you the vengeance we are owed!"

The hermit points you to the exit, and you emerge from darkness into blinding sunlight. Before you stretches rough country, dominated by a large lake. Near the left bank of the lake is a crumbling temple sitting on a small island, swirly energies playing about it. To the right is an ancient building of imposing size.

"I have heard of that place," says Schala, pointing to the right.
"There is much treasure to be found there, but so too is there
a fearsome guardian. We should not enter unless we feel well
prepared for battle."

The Bookkeeper may close the location book. Travel on the map.

### 4901

You dig through your bag looking for ropes or chains or anything that might hinder the dragon's movements. The only thing you find is a tangle of old charger cables and obsolete connectors for devices you don't own anymore. However, after a beat an idea forms in your head and you call over Grunko, Son of Grung. The two of you manage to use the tangle to form a net and trap the dragon's wings.

"Fools! All you've done is enrage me!" the dragon roars. "Free me and I may yet spare you!"

"Are you kidding me? I just sorted my bag out!" you chuckle. "Nothing can stop me now!"

Dial A -3.

You skirt the main action and attempt to sneak behind the vast dragon so that you might stab her more readily.

Agility +1.

Make an agility 🗑 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than Dial A?

- The result is equal to or higher than Dial A. go to 4902-1
- The result is lower than Dial A. go to 4902-2

**4902.1** You give a vengeful cry as you try to stab the dragon from behind. She roars in agony as your blade sinks beneath her scales.

Dial B -1. You may discard any amount of luck 
to lower Dial B by an additional I for each luck 
discarded in this way.

Gain the title: Backstabber (But in a Good Way) 
.

**4902-2** You give a vengeful cry as you try to stab the dragon from behind. But she swats you away with a taloned claw the size of a horse.

Wound A+1.

### 4903

You think it might be clever to grab the dragon by her tail and keep her busy. That makes sense, right?

Might (\$\infty\$+1.

Make a might 🕅 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than Dial A?

- The result is equal to or higher than Dial A. go to 4903-1
- The result is lower than Dial A. go to 4903-2

**4903-1** You grab hold of her tail and struggle to keep it in place. The dragon looks over at you, confused and yells, "WHAT ARE YOU DOING? STOP THAT, IT'S VERY WEIRD!"

Choose 2:

- Influence \$\mathbb{\mathbb{G}}\display+6.
- Lock 🖰 Action 4. Players already on Action 4 still resolve it this round as normal.
- Dial A -3.

Regardless of your choices, gain the title: Grippy 💩

**4903-2** No, not clever at all. The dragon flicks her tail and sends you flying.

Wound **⊘**+1. Influence **⊘**-6.

#### 4904

You decide to jump on the dragon and ride her like a rodeo minotaur because it will look cool as hell. You do. It does.

Once upon her, what will you do?

- Match her rhythm. go to 4904-1
- Hold on tight. go to 4904-2
- Fashion a harness. go to 4904-3
- Shout, "Yee-haw!" go to 4904-4

**49041** You manage to stay on for eight seconds, accomplishing nothing other than looking cool. But isn't that its own reward?

Agility +1.
Influence +6.

Gain the title: Bareback Bucko 💩.

Lock ( Action 2.

**49042** Gripping her scales, you flail about for eight entire seconds before being tossed aside. Everyone shouts with joy. No lives are saved.

Might (♦)+1.

Influence \( \mathbb{\text{\tin\text{\ti}}}\\titt{\text{\text{\text{\text{\text{\texi}\text{\text{\text{\text{\texi}\text{\text{\texi}\text{\text{\texict{\texitile}\text{\text{\texi}\text{\texi}\text{\text{\text{\texi}\text{\text{\text{\tex

Gain the title: Bareback Bucko @.

Lock (a) Action 2.

49043 You loop some rope around her neck and manage to ride the dragon for a few seconds before being flung off. When you land, you notice a scale is stuck to the rope. It isn't magic, but would look sweet as hell over your belt buckle! Gold Q+2.

Influence \$\mathbb{\ma

Gain the title: Dragon Roper 💩.

Lock ( Action 2.

**4904-4** You give a hoot and a holler before the dragon sends you flying. The landing hurts a bit, but no one will ever forget how cool you looked. Especially not me. Yes, me the narrator. I... think I love you.

Will **‰**+1.

Influence 2+6.

Gain the title: the Wild Card @.

Lock ( Action 2.

## 4905

You'll need Veldimax's powerful magics if you want to stand a chance.

"Veldimax!" you scream. "Finish the spell, you old fool!" But the wizard is frozen within the shell of corruption, though you can see his terrified eyes staring back at you. If you want him free, you'll have to do it yourself.

Choose 1:

- Poke him with something. go to 4905-1
- Shout a whole bunch. go to 4905-5
- Dispel the magic bubble. go to 4905-7
- Brute force through that bull-hockey. go to 4905-9

4905-1 Does any player have the title: the Unhelpful?

- · Yes go to 4905-2
- No go to 4905-4

4905-2 Set Dial C to 0

Next - go to 4905-3

**4905-3** The shell can only withstand so much, and the energy around Veldimax bursts and fades away. The old dwarf gives a cry and collapses to the concrete beneath him.

"I—I just wasn't strong enough to read the spell," he moans.
"Not strong enough? What kind of a useless wizard are you?"
you snap.

"Wizard?" Veldimax looks genuinely confused. "Who's a wizard?"

"You are, you old coot!"

"I never said I was a wizard!" he yells back. "Who told you that?"

"What's with the hat? The robes? Aren't you called Veldimax the Great?"

"I'm a stage magician, you ninny! I headline a magical improv show back in the Hub! I don't know magic! And who would risk real magic for a crappy improv show anyway? I know stagecraft! Sleight of hand! Misdirection! I never told you I was a wizard!"

"YOU'RE MORE EMBARRASSING THAN JEREMY!" Cassandra roars.
"Shut up!" Veldimax yells back. Then he turns to you. "So

what? Are you killing this dragon or not? Because I'm not paying you to yell at me!"

"You aren't paying us at all," you growl. The dragon begins to laugh at that, and Veldimax turns his head in humiliation. But the old dwarf has a point. You're freelancers, new ones, and if you want to earn a rep you'll never have a better chance. The party exchanges quick glances before renewing their assault on the distracted, cackling lizard.

Dial A -10.

Dial B-2.

Lock (7) Action 5.

**4905-4** You pull a telescoping ten-foot pole from your backpack and attempt to poke the stupid old wizard. But the corrupt shell crackles and snaps with every poke, spraying you with foul energies.

"It's not working!" you call to the others. "But we have to free Veldimax if we want that spell!"

On the bright side, you note your trusty ten-foot pole is now an eleven-foot pole.

Dial C -1.

Influence 👺-3.

Corruption +1.

Gain the title: the Unhelpful 🔕

4905-5 Does any player have the title: the Unhelpful?

- · Yes go to 4905-2
- No go to 4905-6

**4905-6** You hurl something biting at the old wizard, one of those weird, highly specific insults that typically only a teenager can muster.

Your companions wince at the truth in the burn, and your cruelty causes the dragon to chuckle.

Veldimax is not freed, but you'd swear you saw his brow furrow in anger. Chaotic energies lash out at you from the

"It's not working!" you call to the others. "But we have to free Veldimax if we want that spell!"

Will **∰**+1.

Dial C -1.

Corruption +1.

Gain the title: the Unhelpful 💩.

4905-7 Does any player have the title: the Unhelpful?

- · Yes go to 4905-2
- No go to 4905-8

**4905-8** Your knowledge applies more to mechanical things than magic, but in your desperation you decide to take the risk and try to break the spell.

"Spell begone!" you order the magic shell, but it declines to cooperate. "Spell no more!" you instruct, arms thrown wide. Nothing happens. You decide to take a more forceful approach. "End spell!" you bellow and slam your palm into its crackling surface. But the only thing you succeed in is bolts of corruption blasting out of your eyeholes. "It's not working!" you call to the others. "But we have to free Veldimax if we want that spell!"

Smarts 泻+1.

Dial C -1.

Corruption +1.

Gain the title: the Unhelpful 💩

4905-9 Does any player have the title: the Unhelpful?

- Yes go to 4905-2
- No go to 4905-10

4905-10 You press your body into the shell of chaotic magic and scream as it thoroughly saturates your flesh. You press in harder but slowly realize the more you push the more steeped in corruption you become, but without any benefit. You can make out Veldimax's panicked eyes within the shell, and they seem to be urging you to stop.

"It's not working!" you call to the others. "But we have to free Veldimax if we want that spell!"

Might ⊗+1.

Dial C -1

Corruption 🚱+1.

Gain the title: the Unhelpful 💩.

Is Dial B at 0?

- Yes go to 4906-1
- No go to 4906-8

4906-1 Does any player have the title: the Foul Mouthed?

- Yes go to 4906-2
- No go to 4906-7

**4906-2** A trailing groan rushes from the dying dragon's throat, and she staggers backwards. The majestic beast attempts to fly away, but it is too late, and with a final burst of strength she brings herself to the edge of the structure, and topples over the side.

You each react in your own way, some panting with exhaustion, others crowing in jubilation. That's when you noticed Veldimax has fallen, the left flank of his robes soaked with blood. Even doing nothing, he still managed to get himself hurt. You gather around the old dwarf and it is evident his time in this world draws to a close.

"Did... did it," he gasps. "The world shall no longer suffer from... the depredations of dragons! No longer shall their kind steal what is not theirs."

"What was this dragon to you anyway?" one of you asks. "How did you know her? What made her so evil?"

Veldimax pulls his long-stemmed pipe from his lips one last time, and points it at the ledge where the dragon fell.

"That dragon," he gasps. A moment passes. A cool breeze washes over you.

"That dragon f\*\*\*\*\*d my wife." And with that he collapses, his final breath rattling from his throat.

You look at each other. "What did he just say?" Next - go to 4906-3

4906-3 No one feels overly pleased at having been used by a vengeful cuckold, and you can't help but wonder if you haven't made a terrible mistake. But you start to feel a little bit better when you spot the dragon's safe, and remember that Veldimax got the combination from that dude Jeremy. You find it in his robes and use it to turn the dial just so. The safe cracks open, and you behold its contents.

Each player must count how many lawful <u>a</u> titles they have earned this game, then add them all together to determine how many lawful <u>a</u> titles the party earned in total.

Next, each player must count how many chaotic @ titles they have earned this game, then add them all together to determine how many chaotic titles @ the party earned in total.

Which total is higher?

(Reminder: If there is a tie, the player with the highest influence (a chooses.)

- Lawful go to 4906-4
- Chaotic go to 4906-6

4906-4 "Huh," says Schala, peering into the safe. "There's just a book inside." She takes it and opens it, revealing a ledger of sorts. "Interesting," she says. "And strange too. We'll find no dragon hoard here. It would seem Cassandra kept all of her money in Bix and Sons Savings and Loan back in the Hub!" "Weird," one of you says. "Why would she do that?"

"Oh no." Schala turns an unusual shade of green. "Oh no, oh no."

"What is it?"

"It would seem the kingdom is completely bankrupt. According to these notes, I'm afraid his royal majesty is a royal idiot, and has run the place into the ground. The only reason no one knows that fact is Cassandra has been using her wealth to bankroll everything. The whole shebang. And uh, we just killed her." You look at each other.

"No need to panic!" says one. "No one knows what we've done. I mean, no one except an entire village of frogs who knew we were coming here. Oh no."

"Well," says Grunko, Son of Grung. "You got the reputation you wanted, only it's the wrong kind."

"I dunno," one of you says, gesturing to Veldimax's corpse. "It could be worse."

"So what now?" Schala asks anxiously.

"I guess we can hit up that Jeremy dude. Maybe he needs some roommates?" The party heartily agrees, and files into the stairwell.

Congratulations! You have won!

Each player should now read their character's ending and their full name including all titles.

Next - go to 4906-5

4906-5 After all players have read their names and endings, the player with the greatest number of titles may write their name on the Pipes of the Hub page of the rulebook, never to be forgotten as one of the kingdom's most important figures. You have completed this campaign. Feel free to try another one with new characters for a greater challenge and a deeper story!

4906-6 "Huh," says Schala, peering into the safe. "There's just a book inside." She takes it and opens it, revealing a ledger of sorts. "Interesting," she says. "And strange too. We'll find no dragon hoard here. It would seem Cassandra kept all of her money in Bix and Sons Savings and Loan back in the Hub!" "Weird," one of you says. "Why would she do that?" "Oh no." Schala turns an unusual shade of green. "Oh no, oh no."

"What is it?"

"It would seem the kingdom is completely bankrupt.
According to these notes, I'm afraid his royal majesty is a royal idiot, and has run the place into the ground. The only reason no one knows that fact is Cassandra has been using her wealth to bankroll everything. The whole shebang. And uh, we just killed her." You look at each other.

"No need to panic!" says one. "No one knows what we've done. I mean, no one except an entire village of frogs who knew we were coming here. And, uh, all of our followers." You turn back to your wide-eyed toadies, handlers, lickspittles, and hangers-on, who immediately begin to grin nervously and back towards the stairwell.

"Now be reasonable!" you beg them. "There's no need to report this!" But at that, they break and flee for the stairs. You are left up top where the sunny afternoon has lost much of its charm.

"Well, I guess that's the end of our freelancing careers," one of you says. "What should we look into next? Banditry maybe? No, too cliché. We could start a cult I guess. Ooo, let's be medical test subjects!"

You continue brainstorming as you file to the stairwell and go inside, never hearing Veldimax say, "Oh wait, I'm okay."

Congratulations! You have won!

Each player should now read their character's ending and their full name including all titles. They may also take a bow if they wish.

Next - go to 4906-5

**4906.7** A trailing groan rushes from the dying dragon's throat, and she staggers backwards. The majestic beast attempts to fly away, but it is too late, and with a final burst of strength she brings herself to the edge of the structure, and topples over the side.

You each react in your own way, some panting with exhaustion, others crowing in jubilation. That's when you

noticed Veldimax has fallen, the left flank of his robes soaked with blood. Even doing nothing, he still managed to get himself hurt. You gather around the old dwarf and it is evident his time on this world draws to a close.

"Did... did it," he gasps. "The world shall no longer suffer from... the depredations of dragons! No longer shall their kind steal what is not theirs."

"What was this dragon to you anyway?" one of you asks. "How did you know her? What made her so evil?"

Veldimax pulls his long-stemmed pipe from his lips one last time, and points it at the ledge where the dragon fell.

"That dragon," he gasps. A moment passes. A cool breeze washes over you.

"That dragon kissed my wife." And with that he collapses, his final breath rattling from his throat.

You look at each other. "What did he just say?" Next - go to 4906-3

4906-8 Roll a twenty-sided die 🔘.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🐉?

- Yes go to 4906-9
- No go to 4906-19

4906-9 The sky above you pulses as the mighty magic of the solstice continues to suppress the dragon's power.

Next - go to 4906-10

**4906-10** Roll a six-sided die 🕥. What was the result?

- 1 go to 4906-11
- · 2 go to 4906-12
- · 3 go to 4906-13
- 4 go to 4906-14
- 5 go to 4906-17
- 6 go to 4906-18

#### 4906-11 The dragon thrashes her tail!

Roll a four-sided die ①. Any players on the action corresponding with that die result gains wound (4+1). Begin a new round on this page.

4906-12 The dragon displays shockingly dextrous speed as she thrashes about, creating a whirlwind of claws and teeth. She lashes out everywhere, attacking wildly and without purpose.

All players gain stress (1)+1.

Begin a new round on this page.

4906-13 The dragon smashes sections of the concrete structure apart, then tosses them into the air so they come crashing down all around you.

The player with the lowest influence W must make an agility The check. If the result is lower than the current threat 袋, that player gains wound 🖓 +1 and influence 👑 +4.

Begin a new round on this page.

4906-14 Does any player have the title: Grounder of Drakes?

- Yes go to 4906-15
- No go to 4906-16

4906-15 The dragon struggles against her bindings, trying to free her wings, but to no avail. You always knew those old charging cords would come in handy!

All players gain luck 🚳+1.

Begin a new round on this page.

4906-16 The dragon beats her wings, causing chaos and confusion with the force of the powerful gusts she unleashes. Randomly shuffle the influence track.

Begin a new round on this page.

4906-17 The dragon roars in fury and snaps up someone in her powerful jaws. And just like that, they are swallowed whole. Players must collectively choose I follower (1) to discard. If there is a disagreement, the player with the highest influence 👺 decides.

Begin a new round on this page.

4906-18 The dragon unleashes a deafening roar. Magical terror pulses through the soundwaves that wash over the party. You watch as some of you turn and flee, the awesome power of the dragon being too overwhelming to face. And some primitive little part of your brain wants to panic and join

All players choose 1:

- Follower (29)-1.
- Corruption +1.

You cannot choose an option that results in you losing something you do not have.

Begin a new round on this page.

**4906-19** You tarried too long to arrive at this place. The solstice draws to a sputtering end, and the dragon's power increases with every passing second!

Dial B +1.

Next - go to 4906-10

# SISTERS & SONGS

Before you begin play, make sure the Cartographer has Map B. Then, each player reads their job backgrounds in whatever order they choose, filling in the blanks with the corresponding prompts from their species sheet.

#### INTRODUCTION

A week ago you and your companions formed an adventuring company, proudly exposing one arm to signify your occupation as freelancers. But a day later, news reached the Hub of the beloved Last Dragon being slain, and the blame of that tragedy fell squarely on the shoulders of some egregiously selfish freelancers. Work for your sort is drying up quick.

Frustrated, your party has decided to spend what's left of the petty cash and find a few laughs in the city's Entertainment District. There's no better place to blow off some steam, get a little dizzy, or just listen to a random blowhard shout from atop an old soapbox.

When you arrive, you see a raucous crowd causing some sort of commotion on the far end of the neighborhood. Where there are crowds there is often trouble, and trouble often leads to work.

Have the Bookkeeper turn to page 11 in the location book. Do not start the round until instructed.

Next - go to INTRO-1

INTRO-1 This entry is for the player with the highest influence . You've always wielded a lot of influence in the party. Heck, forming the adventuring company was your idea to begin with! Yes, you're the de facto leader, and that's something that will likely never change, no matter what happens in the future. So it's no surprise when the rest of the party turns to you, seeking direction for what happens next.

Choose what to say to them:

- "One of you go look into that commotion while the rest of us have a good time." - go to INTRO-2
- "I'll check out the commotion myself. You guys go have fun." - go to INTRO-3

**INTRO-2** Everyone wanders off aimlessly to have a good time, certain someone else is on top of it. Later, after a teammate feels forced into investigating, your companions offer some helpful feedback on your leadership style.

Influence 👺-4.

Luck @+1.

Begin the round on this page.

**INTRO-3** Being a leader means modeling good behavior, so you head over toward the commotion yourself. It's a smart choice, so why do you wonder if your teammates just see you as a chump?

Influence 2 -4.

Luck @+1.

Place your piece on Action 7 during this round's planning phase.

Begin the round.

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PAN STRINGPLUCKER

# **A CAMPSITE**

Go to 1 of the following entries. If you like, you may draw a tick mark next to your choice so that the next time you visit a campsite while playing this scenario, you'll know which entries you've chosen previously. Choose 1:

- Go to ፟፟∰-1



As you look over the map, you ask Pan to sing a silly song to cheer you up:

Walking through a forest full of candy canes and lemon drops, Suddenly you hear the screaming of two sisters who are in need of help,

Oh, it's so clear they are both in despair,

The candy forest is a metaphor for denial...

You chide Pan for letting current events bleed into her work. "There's no place for personal emotions in art!" you remind her.

All players may heal 1 stress or discard 1 corruption .

Additionally, if the party chooses to spend 1 time, all players may choose to perform 1 camp action from their character sheet in influence order. As players perform camp actions, they must also fill in the bubble for that action on their sheet. It cannot be performed again.

After all decisions made for this campsite have been resolved, travel on the map.



You look at the map and sing a silly song to yourself. Pan overhears you and joins in and somehow it works. Soon other members of the party join in, and before you know it, everyone's clapping as the followers break into a dance routine you'd swear they'd have to choreograph to be able to pull it off, but no, it's all off the cuff and somehow that works too. But then a passing squirrel looks at you all funny, and suddenly the cool is gone and everything feels painfully awkward. The moment passes swiftly, but man oh man, for a moment there it was so rad.

All players may heal 1 stress ① or discard 1 corruption ②. Additionally, if the party chooses to spend 1 time, all players may choose to perform 1 camp action from their character sheet in influence ② order. As players perform camp actions, they must also fill in the bubble for that action on their sheet. It cannot be performed again.

After all decisions made for this campsite have been resolved, travel on the map.



You notice Pan is looking glum, so you ask her to sing a tune while you check the map. She obliges, but what issues forth is a haunting lament that captivates:

I feel the calm before the storm.

I know it's coming,

You've been warned.

So grab your umbrellas,

It's pouring down.

It's gonna flood this whole town.

I been drowning all my life.

I done sunk and swam,

Never known dry land.

A quiet moment can be nice,

Just before the raging storm comes in.

I feel the calm before the storm.

I know it's coming,

You've been warned.

So grab your umbrellas,

It's pouring down.

It's gonna flood this whole town.

You bear witness to the little troubadour's fear and anguish but she when she finishes you feel a great sense of catharsis, much like after having had a good, long cry.

All players may heal I stress or discard I corruption .

Additionally, if the party chooses to spend I time, all players may choose to perform I camp action from their character sheet in influence order. As players perform camp actions, they must also fill in the bubble for that action on their sheet. It cannot be performed again.

After all decisions made for this campsite have been resolved, travel on the map.

## **DUNGEON**

Go to 1 of the following entries. If you like, you may draw a tick mark next to your choice so that the next time you visit a dungeon while playing this scenario, you'll know which entries you've chosen previously. Choose 1:

- Go to 🛍-1
- Go to 🛍 2
- Go to ⋒-4



If they haven't already, the players must now collectively choose someone to be the Project Manager for this dungeon. If there is any disagreement in selecting a Project Manager for this dungeon, it is decided by the influence track.

The next entry is for the Project Manager - go to @-1:1

1:1 You encounter a dejected catguy dressed only in long underwear. You know the kind, with the funny flap in the back.

"Where's your dignity, stranger?" you demand.

"Gone with my suit of armor!" the catguy hisses. "Some monster ate it."

He gestures to a nearby cave, hidden by overgrowth.

"Was your armor made of meat or something?"

"The finest steel!" the catguy insists. "But this bug thing jumped on me and licked it all over. And everywhere it licked, my beautiful armor turned to rust."

You all exchange doubtful glances at the ridiculousness of the story but the catguy offers a sack of coins if you'll avenge his armor and kill the beast.

"Time to add exterminator the the resume," you chuckle.

Next - go to 🕮-1:2

1:2 The Project Manager must now choose a player (potentially themselves) to participate in this dungeon and enter the strange bug's lair first.

The next entry is for that participant - go to 1:3

#### MAP ICONS

1:3 "Stay here. We'll be back as fast as we can."

You head into the cave and soon are kneeling next to a fresh spoor pile speckled with orange flecks.

"How uh... unusual!" Schala says, a little too interested. Make a sense �� check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 💸?

- Yes go to —-1:4
- No go to 🛍-1:18

1:4 You dip two fingers in the slop and taste it. "Iron, carbon... is that a hint of chromium? The beast is drinking water with strong trace elements of limestone."

You take a deep whiff and smack your lips, getting a better sense of the aroma.

"Mmm hmm. I'd say the sun hits that water at a forty-seven degree angle every day around... eleven in the morning. Quick! Follow me!"

Influence 😂+3.

Luck 🚳+1.

The next entry is for the Project Manager - go to 1:5

1.5 You find the beast's lair, a cave that is actually quite lovely, and spy the thing cleaning its antennae at the entrance. It's some kind of lobsterish-insectoid thing that could never be considered copyright infringement.

The Project Manager must now choose someone (potentially themselves) to participate in this dungeon and bait the strange bug.

The next entry is for that participant - go to 1:6

1:6 Choose an approach to lure the creature into a vulnerable position.

- Use bait (requires 1 treasure 🕮). go to 🛍-1:7
- Call it. go to @-1:13

1:7 Your allies push you forward.

"Hey! Metal-eater monster!" you yell. "Look at me! I've got some lovely metal things to nosh upon!"

The monster looks up at you and stiffens. It stands perfectly still, but you swear you can feel it poised to leap forward.

"Guys? Guys!" you hiss. "Are you ready?"

There is no time for a response as the monster springs to life and dashes toward you at a shocking speed, causing you to drop the trinket, distracting the thing. Its acidic maw begins to gnaw on it.

You earn the respect of the others, but help needs to come quickly as its meal is almost finished.

Luck @+2.

Next - go to 🛍-1:8

1:8 The Project Manager must now choose a DIFFERENT player, if able, to participate in this dungeon and pull off a shameless tackle.

The next entry is for that participant - go to 🛍 -1:9

1:9 Your companion shrieks, and that's right when you leap naked from cover to grapple the beast!

Make an agility 🗑 check.

Is the result higher than or equal to the current threat  $\stackrel{\scriptstyle \leftarrow}{\otimes}$ ?

- Yes go to -1:10
- No go to -1:12

1:10 Your muscles strain heroically as you take hold of the beast and pull it from your friend. The beast's tongue slathers you, but you already stripped naked to save your precious gear. You use a muscled leg to stomp down on two of its crusty limbs, snapping them, and as the anguished monster

collapses to the ground, you seize it by the neck.

Suddenly the mouser appears and yells, "Darrell! No!" just as you snap the metal-eater's neck.

"Weird," you say as you pick some coins from its guts. "My name's not Darrell."

Gold O+1.

Gain the title: the Nude Grappler 💩.

Next - go to 🕮-1:11

1:11 The heartbroken catguy reveals the metal-eater was his roommate Darrell, and the tale of woe you heard earlier was a fiendish ruse.

"You guys had a lot of metal," he says, "but also a real lack of competence, so I figured Darrell could easily overpower you. I'm sorry for the lie, but Darrell wouldn't have hurt anyone. He was just so hungry, you see. I never imagined he'd end up dying in a nude wrestling match. Still. If I know Darrell, that's probably how he would have wanted to go."

You angrily leave the mouser alone, not even bothering to ask for the sack of coins since you know full well if such a sack existed, it was eaten long ago.

The Project Manager gains the title: the Rust Buster . All players who participated, including the Project Manager, gain XP .

You have completed this dungeon. Travel on the map.

1:12 You were sure a nude grapple would prevent the monster from rusting any of your gear, but it also reduces your friction. You leap upon the metal eater, but it easily flings you to the side, where you land in a broken heap after awkwardly flashing your giblets at your companions, in what is a clear violation of workplace rules of conduct.

The monster bites you with its caustic mandibles and scampers away.

The walk back to your clothing and gear feels extra long as your angry companions glower at you.

Influence 4-4.

Wound  $\mathcal{A}+1$ .

You have failed this dungeon. Travel on the map.

🕮 1:13 Make a will 🝪 check.

Is the result equal to or less than the current threat 袋?

- Yes go to -1:14
   No go to -1:16
- 1:14 Perform your best version of a rust bug call.

Next - go to 1:15

1:15 Surprisingly, that worked! That's exactly how they sound!

It responds in kind and rushes over to you. Help needs to come quickly as you don't have anything to offer the thing once it reaches you.

You look around to the others, doing your best not to shriek. Influence 😂 +4.

Luck @+1.

Next - go to @-1:8

1:16 Perform your best version of a rust bug call.

Next - go to 1:17

1:17 Surprisingly, that didn't work.

You then hear Grunko, Son of Grung mutter, "They tasted poop for nothing."

The creature skitters off.

Influence 29-4.

You have failed this dungeon. Travel on the map.

1:18 You dip two fingers in the slop and taste it. Your eyes water as you nod your head, but you don't do much else for nearly a minute.

Grunko, Son of Grung clears his throat and kneels down next to you, "So... you just ate poop and have no idea what it means, right?"

You close your eyes as the tears run down your cheeks, and continue nodding.

Grunko, Son of Grung claps his hands together and stands up. "Okay. That didn't last long. Come on, everyone." He starts heading back to the group. "Let's see if we can't sneak past the catguy on the walk back... Nobody's going to want to explain this one."

Gain the title: Gourmand @.

Corruption 9+1.

You have failed this dungeon. Travel on the map.

#### **@**-2

If they haven't already, the players must now collectively choose someone to be the Project Manager for this dungeon. If there is any disagreement in selecting a Project Manager for this dungeon, it is decided by the influence track.

The next entry is for the Project Manager - go to -2:1

2:1 As you make your way, you notice an ancient building called a 'Museum'.

The outside of the structure is withered and battered by time, but not in ruin. When you enter the marble-floored lobby you notice you aren't the first to be here. Lots of things are seemingly damaged or missing.

Still, you decide it's worth a look.

You notice one area with a heavy metal gate is blocked off and less likely to have been looted.

The Project Manager must choose someone (potentially themselves) to participate in this dungeon and check out the gate. The next entry is for that participant - go to -2:2

**1.2.2** Choose an approach:

- Mess with wires. go to 12:3
- Force it open. go to -2:16

2:3 The gate is massive and too heavy for anyone, even Grunko, Son of Grung to lift, which is probably why it's still in place after all this time.

, You spot an instrument panel on the wall that you assume would open the metal gate.

You pop it open and start to poke around.

Make a smarts check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 💸.

- Yes go to -2:4
- No go to 🕮 2:15

12.4 You take two of the wires and rub them against one another. After a few sparks the ancient gate begins to move and grinds open. The old gears seem to catch, and it stops, but it leaves enough room for you to crawl under easily. On the other side you find something shiny, but otherwise useless which you promptly sell to Schala at a fair price before moving on.

Ahead lies a dark and dangerous looking corridor. Gold Q+1.

Next - go to @-2:5

2.5 The Project Manager must choose someone (potentially themselves) to participate in this dungeon and make their way down the hallway.

The next entry is for that participant - go to 10-2:6

2:6 As you head down a corridor lined with suits of armor you hear something fishy.

"Did you hear something?" you hear Grunko, Son of Grung ask. You listen and hear another creak of metal.

Suddenly the suits of armor burst to life and begin to attack! Make a weapon check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 袋?

- Yes go to @-2:7
- No go to 🕮 2:13

12.7 Your sweat and tears are spent wrecking the clumsy things, but thankfully no blood is.

Each suit of armor falls to a clatter on the floor.

"They seem to be decorative," Grunko, Son of Grung observes as he kicks one. "I wouldn't wear this armor into battle" Maybe so, but still you feel a sense of pride for besting them. Luck 49+1.

Next - go to @-2:8

£3 The Project Manager must choose someone (potentially themselves) to participate in this dungeon and further explore the museum.

The next entry is for that participant - go to @-2:9

2.9 Judging from the suits of armor, this museum has been tainted by corruption. You keep your eyes open for any more trouble as you step into a room filled with artifacts from the old world and bits of other loot.

"Why did they put this stuff here?" you ask as you enter.

"The histories posit the ancient ones stole this stuff from one another, and then put these places together so poor people could know the glory of the empire without taking time off of work."

"What a terrible thing..." you say as you walk toward a display intending to scoop the objects into an empty sack.

However they are protected by a heavy glass box that must be smashed.

Make an agility 🗑 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

- Yes go to 🛍 -2:10
- No go to 112-2:12

2:10 You smash the glass in the perfect spot to avoid damaging the stuff behind it and also the stuff on the outside of your body called skin.

It echoes with a satisfying crash.

Gold O+1.

Next - go to @-2:11

11 You all fill your bags with various trinkets and treasure. Cookie gestures to an old vase covered in figures. "Where does this belong, matey?"

"Not here," you say with a roguish smirk.

All players who participated, including the Project Manager, gain treasure ##+2 and gold +1.

You have completed this dungeon. Travel on the map.

2:12 You smash the glass, destroying the artifacts behind it. Worse, the fragments fly back at you, cutting you. Oops. With nothing left of value, you leave, dejected.

"Nice work," Grunko, Son of Grung chuckles.

Wound A+1.

You have failed this dungeon. Travel on the map.

#### MAP ICONS

12:13 You notice the attack after it's too late. Eventually the things are battered to the ground, but not before you are previously injured.

Schala patches you up, but still you are forced to abandon the quest.

Wound  $\mathbb{A}+1$ .

You have failed this dungeon. Travel on the map.

2:14 You send a jolt of electricity through the nearest suit of animated armor and it immediately jumps to another and another. In a chain, you instantly take down all of the armor in one simple effort.

They crumble to the floor in a clatter.

"They seem to be decorative," Grunko, Son of Grung observes as he kicks one. "I wouldn't wear this armor into battle."

Maybe so, but still you feel a sense of pride for besting them. Luck @+1.

Next - go to -2:8

2:15 There is a flash of light.

Later, when you come to, you are back in camp. Your hair is singed and standing on end.

The wound is superficial, but the others look on annoyed by the waste of time.

Spend 1 time. If you draw a follower this way, discard it from the bag immediately instead of resolving it.

You have failed this dungeon. Travel on the map.

2:16 The gate itself is huge, heavy and rusted. There is a reason no one else has managed to open it.

Still, you recruit Grunko, Son of Grung and give it a go. Make an agility a check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

• Yes - go to @-2:17

• No - go to 🕮 - 2:18

**2:17** Even with help, it takes a long time. Still, after a lot of grunting and metallic screeching, you and Grunko, Son of Grung manage to force the the ancient security gate into motion.

The old gears seem to catch after a moment, and it stops. The gate won't budge any further, but it leaves enough room for you to crawl under easily.

On the other side you find something shiny, but otherwise useless which you promptly sell to Schala at a fair price before moving on.

Ahead lies a dark and dangerous looking corridor. Gold  $\bigcirc$ +1.

Spend 1 time. If you draw a follower this way, discard it from the bag immediately instead of resolving it.

Next - go to @-2:5

**2:18** After a lot of grunting and metallic screeching, you and Grunko, Son of Grung manage to force the the ancient security gate into motion.

Sadly, the ancient gears kick up a cloud of dust and you let out a loud sneeze.

Without you, Grunko, Son of Grung also loses his grip and the heavy gate falls, landing on your feet.

You let out a scream. Grunko, Son of Grung manages to get the gate off of your foot and drags you out of the museum, never to return.

Wound A+1.

You have failed this dungeon. Travel on the map.



If they haven't already, the players must now collectively choose someone to be the Project Manager for this dungeon. If there is any disagreement in selecting a Project Manager for this dungeon, it is decided by the influence track. The next entry is for the Project Manager.

Next - go to 🛍 - 3:1

3:1 You see a strange portal and peek through, spying a strange sight: six imps screaming and shouting and frantically cooking in a madhouse of a kitchen. Steam, smoke and heat waves make the kitchen look intolerable, but the imps soldier on, cooking dish after dish.

"Arr, what in the name o' the seven seas is a kitchen doin' out here, matey?" Cookie asks with genuine curiosity.

Before you can respond, one of the imps calls out to you. "Hey! Are you lot the new delivery team?" it screeches at you from under an oversized hat taller than its body.

"Sure!" you blurt out.

"Are we?" Grunko, Son of Grung asks with a raised eyebrow.
"Look," you growl under a fake smile, "just play along. Work is work."

"But why is this here?" Grunko, Son of Grung asks.

The angry-looking little chef rushes over to a table and slaps a bell. "Order up for delivery!"

You grab it and read it.

When you do, a portal opens up behind you. Beyond it you hear running water and buzzing mosquitos.

Next - go to 🛍 - 3:2

3:2 You read the name of the person who ordered the food aloud: "The Crocodile King of Bayou Blvd."

"Who are you sending?" Schala asks.

The Project Manager must choose someone (potentially themselves) to participate in this dungeon and deliver to Bayou Blvd.

The next entry is for that participant - go to @-3:3

3:3 You grab the order and run off through the portal to make a delivery to the bayou.

"Ya got 15 minutes!" the imp chef's voice calls after you. You come to a dock reaching out over deep waters. Beyond the waters you see a street sign that reads 'Bayou Blvd.' Choose an approach:

• Swim there. - go to @-3:4

• Find a boat. - go to 🛍 -3:24

• Build a boat. - go to 🕮 - 3:27

**1:4** Are you a Merfolk?

Yes - go to -3:5
No - go to -3:22

3:5 You dive into the brackish water and swim with ease. You arrive at the Crocodile King's house. You knock several times, and eventually the Crocodile King opens the door. Smoke and loud music wafts out as he does. His scaly belly hangs out of a bathrobe.

Do you have the follower F-12, Cruncher?

• Yes - go to 🛍 - 3:6

• No - go to 🕮 - 3:21

**3:6** "Ay! Cruncher!" The Crocodile King grins a toothy grin. "How you doing, man!?"

Cruncher lowers his head. "Oh hey."

"I haven't seen you since you went off to that fancy number school!" he laughs. "You must be a big shot now, right?"

"Uh huh," Cruncher mumbles.

"So uh..." The Crocodile King seems confused suddenly. "Why are you delivering my food?"

"Oh... you know how it is..." Cruncher trails off.

Awkwardly, the Crocodile King pays you, giving an extra big tip. Gold  $\bigcirc$  +2.

The next entry is for the Project Manager - go to @-3:7

3:7 Another order comes up.

You grab the ticket.

"Looks like we have a radish salad for the Mountain Mama. Her address is..." You squint. "The top o' the mountain."

A portal opens up behind you. A cold wind whistles through it. The Project Manager must now choose a participant (possibly themselves) to deliver this meal and be a participant in this dungeon. The next entry is for that participant - go to 3:8

13:8 Before you towers a mountain, covered in snow. Clear handholds make the climb up look easier than you might have expected.

Choose an approach:

• Climb the mountain. - go to 🛍 - 3:9

• Eat the radish salad, and listen to some tunes - go to 🕮 -3:20

3:9 Are you a Dwarf?

• Yes - go to 🛍 - 3:10

• No - go to 🛍 - 3:18

110 Hand over hand, foot by foot, you scale the mountain with ease. Surprising ease, in fact—this mountain reminds you a bit of a mole hill you saw once. Hey yo!

Anyway, as you climb, your mind wanders and you fail to think of a better joke than that stupid molehill thing, but you do arrive safely.

The Mountain Mama's house is carved into an ancient tree. You pound on the door and when it opens you are met by the Mountain Mama, a tall elf with a hairy chest and massive antlers. Her eyes are red, her nose is running, and she looks a mess.

"Thank, buddy!" she says. "I'm hoping eating something healthy will beat this cold."

She tosses you a bag of coins, which you do your best to not touch.

"I put a little something extra in there for ya. Thanks for being quick!"

Then, you climb back down and return through the same portal that brought you here.

Gold O+1.

The next entry is for the Project Manager.

Next - go to 11 -3:11

3:11 "Final order!" the chef calls out.

You snatch the ticket and see you need someone to deliver a hot dog in a doggy bag to "da big dog" in "da dog house."

The Project Manager must now choose a participant (possibly themselves) to deliver this meal and be a participant in this dungeon. The next entry is for that participant - go to -3:12

3:12 You look around for a portal like the others required. You don't see one.

"Where do I go!?" you call out frantically.

The imps are busy cleaning and putting things away. You look around frantically.

"Where is the portal!?" you call out.

Are you a Hound?

• No - go to 🛍 - 3:15

3:13 Rather than looking, you start sniffing.

You put your nose in the air and follow the smell of some sort of dog.

Behind the weird makeshift restaurant, you find a small house with a three-headed dog in it. On it is carved 'Da Dog House'. "Good boy," you growl.

You toss the beast its hot dog, and return to the others, eager for payment and for this entire ordeal to be over.

Luck (4)+1.

Next - go to @-3:14

3:14 "Alright, ya done a good job," the chef says as he counts out your payment. "Here is your cut."

"So uh..." You look around. "What is this place? Where did it come from? Why is it here?"

The imp doesn't look up from the money and simply says, "It's a job kid. Don't think too hard about it."

You take the payment and the advice, leaving through one last portal.

The Project Manager gains the title: Speedy Server ...
All players who participated, including the Project Manager, gain gold ...+1.

Supplies 💍+1.

You have completed this dungeon. Travel on the map.

🛍-3:15 Make a sense 🚱 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 💸?

• Yes - go to -3:16

• No - go to 🕮 - 3:17

3:16 On a hunch, you decide to peek your head through the back door.

Behind the weird makeshift restaurant you find a small house with a three-headed dog in it. On it is carved 'Da Dog House'. "Good boy," you sigh.

You toss the beast its hot dog, and return to the others, eager for payment and for this entire ordeal to be over.

Luck 🐠 + 1.

Next - go to -3:14

3:17 You stand around awkwardly until the imp chef stomps over and snatches the doggie bag from your hand. He steps out of the kitchen's back door and tosses the morsel to a huge three-headed dog lying in a small house.

He returns to you, shaking his head in disappointment.

Still, he doesn't seem too upset.

Influence \$\mathbb{G} - 3.\$

Next - go to \$\mathbb{M} - 3:14\$

3:18 Make an agility a check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat  $\frac{2}{3}$ ?

• Yes - go to 🛍 - 49

No − go to ∰−58

19 You struggle to climb the mountain. It's not that it's hard, it's that you are too weak. Eventually you slip, falling from a frightening height and landing flat on your back. The wind is knocked from your lungs. You struggle to your feet. Embarrassed, you crawl back through the portal, wounded. Rather than get yelled at by the imp chef, you encourage the others to help you, quitting the gig.

Wound A+1

You have failed this dungeon. Travel on the map.

#### MAP ICONS

3:20 You find the idea of climbing a stupid mountain just to deliver some doofus a salad to be ridiculous. So instead, you take a break and eat the radish salad. A nearby tree is singing a song about spring being the funkiest season. It's pretty good!

You return back through the portal, refreshed and ready to head out.

Rather than get yelled at by the imp chef, you encourage the others to sneak away, quitting the gig.

Later you realize that magical portal you hopped through left you feeling a little ill.

Heal 1 HP 🖜.

Corruption 🖸+1.

You have failed this dungeon. Travel on the map.

3:21 "Thanks for the eats, bro," the Crocodile King says as he gives you a tip. "And this is for getting here so quick!"

Gold +1.

The next entry is for the Project Manager - go to @-3:7

🕮 3:22 Make an agility 🗑 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 💸?

• Yes - go to -3:5

• No - go to 🛍 - 3:23

3:23 You do your best to swim to the Crocodile King, but your arms get tangled in the reeds. You become exhausted. You pull yourself out of the water and eat the Crocodile King's food to recover. Then you sneak back through the portal. Rather than get yelled at by the imp chef, you encourage the others to sneak away, quitting the gig.

Later you realize that magical portal you hopped through left you feeling a little ill.

Corruption +1.

You have failed this dungeon. Travel on the map.

3:24 Make a sense 🚱 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

• Yes - go to -3:25

• No - go to -3:26

3:25 You search around and quickly find an old raft hidden by reeds.

You paddle out to the Crocodile King's pad with ease and deliver the food.

You knock several times, and eventually the Crocodile King opens the door. Smoke and loud music wafts out as he does. His scaly belly hangs out of a bathrobe.

Do you have the follower F-12, Cruncher?

• No - go to 🕮 - 3:21

3:26 You search around frantically, trying to find some way to safely cross the muddy waters. It takes a long time. So long that the Crocodile King's food is cold by the time you eventually find one.

The boat you find is a rickety raft hidden behind a bunch of reeds, but it does get you to your destination, albeit later than expected.

When you finally arrive, the Crocodile King stomps to the door and angrily accepts the food, but doesn't give you a tip. Embarrassed, you sneak back through the portal.

Rather than get yelled at by the imp chef, you encourage the others to sneak away, quitting the gig.

Later you realize that magical portal you hopped through left you feeling a little ill.

Corruption +1.

You have failed this dungeon. Travel on the map.

3:27 You build a boat. It's educational, but it takes a long time. So long that the Crocodile King's food is cold. When you finally arrive, he angrily accepts the food, but doesn't give you a tip.

Embarrassed, you sneak back through the portal. Rather than get yelled at by the imp chef, you encourage the others to sneak away, quitting the gig.

Later you realize that magical portal you hopped through left you feeling a little ill. But at least you learned a thing or two about building boats from raw materials!

Smarts 智+1.

Corruption +1.

You have failed this dungeon. Travel on the map.



If they haven't already, the players must now collectively choose someone to be the Project Manager for this dungeon. If there is any disagreement in selecting a project manager for this dungeon, it is decided by the Influence Track. The next section is for the Project Manager - go to 4-4:1

4:1 You come upon a door set into the side of a hill, topped by long, green grass and a single gnarled tree. Everyone agrees it's as classic a dungeon entrance as you could ask. The door is oddly pristine, the wood so fresh it hasn't even been stained or painted yet.

Weird.

But a dungeon is a dungeon, so you open the door and eagerly walk down the stone steps, whose mortar you would swear looks so fresh as to be wet. Below is a large square room, about thirty feet by thirty, completely empty save for a trashcan with scrap building materials in it, and a torch that lies on the ground, its flames scorching the stone floor. A single doorway sits on the opposite wall, but though it has empty slots for hinges, no door has been attached.

Very weird. There's no way this place is as empty as it looks. "We should probably keep an eye out for traps." You warn.

The Project Manager for this dungeon must choose a player (including potentially, themselves) to participate in this dungeon and search for traps. Whoever they choose, the next section is for that player - go to 42-4:2

4:2 You have been selected to search for traps.

Choose 1:

Search for traps. - go to 4:3

• There are no traps. - go to 🛍 -4:16

圖·4:3 Make a sense �� check, or smarts 宮 check.
Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat ��?

• Yes - go to -4:4

• No - go to 🛍 - 4:15

4:4 You search the room thoroughly and discover something strange. A thin trough runs along the floor from one wall to the wall on the opposite side.

"Look at this," you say. "It's for burying a line in the floor. This is meant for a trap, but no one's bothered setting one up." The party agrees it is odd, but feeling confident of your search decides it is safe to move on.

Influence 😂+2.

Luck @+1.

The next section is for the Project Manager - go to \$\exists -4:5\$

4:5 Everyone walks through the large room, and you sigh in relief as no traps are set off. Past the empty doorway is an even larger room, also mostly empty. No furniture sits upon the floor and no decoration hangs from the walls. A single

torch sputters on the floor where it lies, shining it's light on a large cage, inside of which is a hissing, spitting creature covered in fur, fangs, and a couple nasty-looking tails. But as fearsome as the beast looks, it poses no threat locked behind the iron bars of its enclosure.

The Project Manager for this dungeon must choose a player (including potentially, themselves) to participate in this dungeon and try to identify the monster. Whoever they choose, the next section is for that player - go to 4-4:6

4:6 You have been selected to identify the thing in the cage. Make a smarts  $\nearrow$  or will  $\checkmark$  check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 💸?

- Yes go to -4:7
- No go to 🛍 -4:14
- I'm a ranger and/or an elf. go to @-4:7

4:1 You approach the cage, and nod your head sagely as the creature inside looks back at you, eyes wide and angry, snarls coming from its slobbering mouth.

"Forest dorg," you say. "They're typically found in wooded areas, making their dens in small caves."

"Why is it caged?" Schala asks.

You shrug and answer, "Dunno. Ask him."

"What?"

"They said ask me!" snaps the forest dorg.

"But I -" Schala shakes her head in disbelief. "You speak?" "Sure."

"Why are you in a cage?"

"Don't kink shame me!" the forest dorg rages. "I'll eat you! I'll chew your mom's face off!

"Yeah, they're known for being pretty irritable," you say. "Best to leave it alone. I'd guess someone put it here with the intention of releasing it later. This room looks like it would make a pretty good lair." With nothing left to see or do, the party turns to look at another doorless doorway, this one with stairs leading down to another level.

Smarts 2+1.

Luck (4)+1.

The next section is for the Project Manager - go to (4)-4:8

4:8 The thing in the cage hurls a few insults your way as you take the stairs that curve downward into the bowels of the earth. From below comes feminine muttering and the sound of objects being placed heavily.

You emerge in a round hollow and behold a bent, old mer sorceress setting up a room. New shelves have been placed by the wall, and a spotless cauldron rests in a pristine fireplace. Cardboard boxes sit everywhere.

"What the-" She jumps when she sees you. "Oh! Now look here, dearies. We aren't open for business yet, you understand? It's moving day. Come back next week for our grand opening, okay?"

The Project Manager for this dungeon must choose a player (including potentially, themselves) to participate in this dungeon and, you know, complete the dungeon. Whoever they choose, the next section is for that player - go to 4:9

19 You step forward.

"Nice space," you say, looking around. "You can tell it's really going to be something special."

"Oh yes," she says. "You don't even know! That entrance you came through? I've got a flamethrower trap I'm having installed in there tomorrow. Hopefully it won't be long before I have a few toasty corpses strewn about the place! Then the room next to it has a fearsome forest dorg lair. Or it will be. I assume you all saw Sanchez when you came in? And this, well, this is my workshop." She gestures about her. "It's just"

the space I've been wanting. Well, I appreciate your interest but as you can see I'm not able to serve freelancers at this time. Come back some other time, okay sweeties?"

You have been selected to, you know, complete the dungeon. Choose I:

- Respect the sorceress' wishes. go to 🛍 -4:10
- Loot her junk. go to -4:12

4:10 "Our mistake, ma'am," you tell her, and wave your companions back to the stairs. "Good luck with the move!" Your peers look at you incredulously, baffled by your decision to make the least interesting choice possible.

"You're freelancers, yes?" the old sorceress asks. "Care to make a little coin? I've got some heavy things to lug about, and my magically-enhanced super-strength isn't what it used to be."

"A little coin you say?" you say, and soon the lot of you are busy, helping set up one of the coziest death traps any adventurer would fear stumbling into. You aren't sure you're doing the right thing, probably going to cause a lot of people to die over the next couple of centuries, but the sack of coins the sorceress hands you after you're done, sure does feel nice. Spend 1 time.

. Gain the title: Interior Decorator for the Future Tyrant 💩. Next - go to 🛍-4:11

4:11 This dungeon's Project Manager gains the title: Mover and Shaker .

All players who participated, including the Project Manager gain: Gold Q+1.

You have completed this dungeon. Travel on the map.

4:12 "No," you tell the sorceress, "I don't think we're leaving just yet." You see a treasure chest, but it still has a protective blanket wrapped around it and is likely empty.

"I'm warning you!" the sorceress snaps. "I've got a witchy staff over there that'll really frog some people up! You don't want to mess with me, kid!"

"Yeah, it's still in the store packaging," you reply. "And the box says assembly required. Heck, you probably haven't even unpacked your batteries yet." You spy a large cardboard box labelled TREASURE in magic marker. "Bingo!" you cheer and eagerly retrieve it.

"Aw nuts," she moans. "Come on!"

"Should have put a CLOSED sign out on the front door," you tell her. "No one but yourself to blame."

"Oh, don't I know it," she complains as you all happily file back up the stairs.

Gain the title: Bad for Business @.

Next - go to @-4:13

4:13 This dungeon's Project Manager gains the title: Future HOA Manager .

All participants, including the Project Manager gain:

Treasure #+1.

Gold O+1.

You have completed this dungeon. Travel on the map.

4:14 You approach the cage, and squint your eyes as you ponder the creature inside. It looks back at you, eyes wide and angry, snarls coming from its slobbering mouth.

"What are you?" you mutter to yourself.

"Your dad," it snarls.

"Whoa! You speak?"

"Look at you, genius," the monster scoffs. "Did you figure that out on your own, or did you get help?"

"It speaks," you say unhelpfully to the others.

Schala sighs. "It would seem there's little to discover here. Whoever caged this creature at least saved us from getting

#### MAP ICONS

mauled. Maybe they were going to release it here later?" With nothing left to see or do, the party turns to look at another doorless doorway, this one with stairs leading down to another level.

Influence 👺-1.

The next section is for the Project Manager - go to 19-4:8

4:15 The others seem annoyed by your lack of progress, but you look at them shrug. Aside from the contents of the trash can you dumped on the floor, it's an empty room.

"I don't think there are any traps," you say.

Influence 2-2.

The next section is for the Project Manager - go to @-4:5

4:16 "Meh." You shrug, "Relax. This room is obviously safe." You are obnoxiously confident about it, but much to the despair of St Giytha, patron saint of irony and farriers, you are seemingly correct. It's an empty room.

Influence 💝-2.

Gain the Title: Tempter of Fate @.

Next - go to -4:5

# **DESCRIPTION SET SET DE LE PROPRE LE LE PROPRE LE LE PROPRE LE PRO**

You pass a fortune teller, whose cart looks suspiciously like a repurposed hot dog stand. She beckons you over and you all eagerly circle around, hoping for something good. She looks into each of your eyes. Her gaze pierces your souls, and you squirm as she seems to look not just into you, but past you, as if peering at some cosmic entity who controls you like some sort of puppet in a game.

She speaks to you, only her words seem aimed at the cosmic entities and she asks, "How y'all feel about pineapple on pizza? Is that a thing for you or nah?"

• "Pineapple? On my pizza? No." - go to 🖫-1

"Getting upset over pizza is a fool's pursuit." - go to \$\mathbb{Y}\$-6

**1** "Fine," she agrees. "But I reserve the right to order balut whenever I please."

The player with the most lawful titles gains the title: the Traditionalist **(a)**.

Next - go to ூ-2

**2** "Now," says the fortune teller. "I've calibrated my seeing stone to your party, so I shall ask, what one secret of the universe can I reveal to you?"

"What does 'julienne' mean?" Cookie asks, but everyone tells him to shut up.

As a group, choose a question:

What dangers lie ahead? - go to <sup>2</sup>
 -3

Is Pan's sister possessed, or is she evil? - go to \$\mathbb{Y}-4\$

• Go ahead and explain what 'julienne' means. - go to 🞱-5

**3** The fortune teller closes her eyes and an odd, purplish haze plays about her face.

"I see an ancient yard decorated with bone, where danger lurks among the red eyes. I see swords and arrows growing from the ground—be wary of weapons hidden amongst the trees! And I finally an ancient engine upon a lake. Dormant, it is pulled beneath the surface, but when activated, it floats!" The haze vanishes and the fortune teller opens her eyes. Travel on the map.

**3.4** "Wow!" says the fortune teller, shock playing across her face. "I'm not even gonna try to dress it up with the theatrics. How can you even doubt this little cutie here?" And she gestures at Pan who glowers at the lot of you. "She speaks

the truth! Her sister is the unwilling thrall of an ancient evil. So be nice. You guys need to learn to trust."

You all nod your heads in acceptance, wondering if you're being tricked by an evil fortune teller.

Travel on the map.

**1** "I see a meat or vegetable, either a component of a larger dish, and I see them sliced thinly, like sticks, thus forever altering the flavor and texture of those ingredients!" "I knew it!" hisses Cookie. Everyone looks at him and he drops his head in shame. "I didn't know it," he admits.

Travel on the map.

**b** "Agreed," says the fortune teller, "but if I'm with someone who orders banana, I reserve the right to slap them."

The player with the most chaotic © titles gains the title: California Style ©.

Next - go to **2**−2

## **袋 THREAT**

Go to 1 of the following entries. If you like, you may draw a tick mark next to your choice so that the next time you visit a threat location while playing this scenario, you'll know which entries you've chosen previously. Choose 1:

• Go to ﴿﴾-1

• Go to ‡\$-2

• Go to ∰-3

\$\frac{1}{4}\text{A song drifts across the wind, and as it does you notice insects flying backward.}

Schala moans nervously and says, "Not good! Not good at all! This must be the work of Lyra."

"The flute," Pan corrects. "Not Lyra, but the flute.

Next - go to \$\$-4

袋-**2** Ahead of you, the clouds spin weirdly in the sky in much the way clouds don't.

"We should probably hurry," urges Grunko, Son of Grung. "We're coming, Lyra," Pan whispers quietly.

Next - go to \$\$-4

🛱 **3** For a moment you hear music on the wind.

"Do we suppose that's Lyra?" you ask. Or, you mean to ask. When you move your mouth no sound issues forth.

You glance about and realize that all of the sound has been sucked from everything.

No birds. No wind. Just silence.

You look over and see Pan is frantically clapping her hands together, trying to make any sound at all.

Even Grunko, Son of Grung looks concerned and is stomping his hoof with earnest curiosity.

Then in a moment, it passes. Sound returns in a boisterous cacophony of panicked sounds. After things calm down, you all look at one another uneasily. This flute is going to end the world if you don't hurry.

Next - go to ₹3-4

♣4 Roll a twenty-sided die ⊕. Any player may gain stress ♠
+1 to reroll the die.

WARNING: If the roll result is higher than the current threat 袋, the threat 袋 will increase and the game will get harder, but you will also trigger a crossroads event as a reward.

Is the result higher than the current threat 🕉?

• Yes - go to ₹3-5

• No - go to \$3-6

袋-5 Increase threat 袋 by 1.

Next - Go to the CROSSROADS section on page 192.

🕸 - 6 Nothing happens. Travel on the map.

## **圖 TAVERN**

Go to 1 of the following entries. If you like, you may draw a tick mark next to your choice so that the next time you visit a tavern while playing this scenario, you'll know which entries you've chosen previously. Choose 1:

- Go to ு −1
- Go to ∰-2
- Go to ு-3

1 You come across a handsome roadside inn that sits proudly before a pleasant brook whose babbles blend with the moans of the caged condemned, hanging from gibbets. "Seems like a fine establishment," says Grunko, Son of Grung. "Though it is probably more pleasant inside on account of the lack of wailing by those found worthy of death." You agree, and the party heads inside for drinks and bites to eat. Does someone in your party want to tell the patrons of this establishment of your adventures up to this point?

- Yes go to 3-4
- No go to 5-5

2 You come across a fine drinking spot that specializes in smoking pipes filled with aged maple leaf. It smells great inside, but is hell for asthmatics and allergy sufferers.

Does someone in your party want to tell the patrons of this establishment of your adventures up to this point?

- Yes go to 6-4
   No go to 6-5
- 3 You find the large hole in the ground unsettling, but intrigued by the instructions on a nearby sign, you kneel by the black mouth in the earth and whisper your drink requests. Surprisingly, a skeletal hand reaches up, holding a tray with your order.

Does someone in your party want to tell the things in the hole of your adventures up to this point?

- Yes go to \$\bigsep -4
- No go to 👼 5

4 When you are ready, choose a player to regale everyone with the story of your journey.

When they are done, the player to their left will come up with a new title for their character and decide whether it is chaotic or lawful .

Next - go to 3-5

**5** The party may now collectively choose to spend 1 time. If they do, in influence order, each player may choose 1:

- Heal all stress (2).
- Gain +1 to a skill of your choice.

Travel on the map.

# SE DUEL

Go to 1 of the following entries. If you like, you may draw a tick mark next to your choice so that the next time you visit a duel while playing this scenario, you'll know which entries you've chosen previously. Choose 1:

- Go to **ஜ**-1
- Go to 💸 −2



The party is ambushed by a fearsome flargle, a spitting beast with six legs and a host of eyes. It gives a chittering call that chills the blood.

Have the Cartographer draw a picture of a flargle where it has been encountered on the map.

Choose a player to make a weapon check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

- Yes go to 23-1:1
- No go to 23-1:2
- My weapon has the shock 🛭 trait. go to 🎎 -1:1

**2.1:1** The fight ends as quickly as it started, and the monster collapses upon the ground, its corpse twitching.

Gain +1 in a skill of your choice.

Travel on the map.

\$\mathbb{2}\$1.2 Some foes are simply too hellish for mere mortals to confront. You flee the monster, bravely fighting it back so your companions can escape.

Wound **♠**+1.

Travel on the map.

#### **%**3-7

This entry is for the player with the highest sense **(\*)**:
As you bring up the rear of the party, you feel a presence just behind you. You turn, catching a down-on-her-luck elf who had snuck up behind you, trying to steal your stuff.

"Away, pickpocket!" you spit.

But she draws two daggers and leaps to attack.

Make a weapon check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 💸?

- Yes go to 23-2:1
- No go to 23-2:8

**2.1** For a moment you are startled by her desperate strikes, but the pickpocket's attacks lack the finesse one would require to defeat the likes of you. You knock a dagger from one of her hands, and then lunge toward her and succeed in grabbing the thief.

"Let me go!" she shrieks, writhing like a wild animal caught in a trap.

Choose 1:

- Punish her. go to \$\frac{2}{3} 2:2
- Talk to her. go to \$\iii\_-2:5

**2:2** Are you a Thief?

- Yes go to \$\mathbb{2} -2:3

2.3 "Boom," you sneer just before you reel back and clobber the poor elf. When you have finished beating her, she slowly picks herself up and slinks away, coughing and moaning. "Wow," Grunko, Son of Grung says in a voice that sounds less than impressed.

"I did her a favor," you say to no one in particular. "That's how you learn to not get caught."

Gain the title: the Furious Formalist @.

Influence 👺+4.

#### MAP ICONS

**2.4** You reel back and clobber the poor elf. When you have finished beating her, she slowly picks herself up and slinks away, coughing and moaning.

"Goodness," Grunko, Son of Grung says in a voice that sounds less than impressed.

"I will be treated with respect!" you say to no one in particular. Gain the title: the Stern 🔕

Influence 👺+2.

Travel on the map.

**2:5** "If you needed something, you could have asked," you sternly say to the trembling elf. "Instead of trying to kill me." She drops the other dagger and begins to weep. You learn that the poor elf was stealing to support her younger siblings who were going hungry because her parents both ran off to realize their dreams of becoming walrus trainers.

You believe her, and feel some pity for the poor thing.

• Send her off. - go to 22-2:7

**2.6** "I understand what it means to fall on hard times," you say to her. "Take this. Sell it and please try to find a safer way to care for the young ones. They are relying on you." The gracious thief thanks you and runs off with your gift. "I hope that kid makes it," you say.

Grunko, Son of Grung puts his hand on your shoulder. "That was a good thing you did, boss."

Gain the title: They Who Forgive 🔕.

Treasure **28**-1.

Influence 👺+5.

Travel on the map.

**2.1** "I understand what it means to fall on hard times," you say to her. "Please try to find a safer way to care for the young ones. They are relying on you." The sobbing thief runs off, and you sigh as you watch her disappear. "I hope that kid makes it," you say.

Grunko, Son of Grung puts his hand on your shoulder, but says nothing.

Gain the title: They Who Forgive 💩.

Treasure **28**-1.

Influence 👺+5.

Travel on the map.

**2.8** Her desperate slashing startles you with its intensity. You stumble backward, and the elf quickly snatches something before dashing away, escaping with some of your hard-looted loot.

"She probably needed it more than ye anyway, matey!" Cookie shouts with a laugh.

The cook is of course right, but it still sucks being robbed. Treasure # -1.

Travel on the map.

# TRADING POST

You meet some salesmen in cheap suits. They smell like coffee and desperation, but are eager to close some deals. While you are on this entry, players may freely give and/or trade treasure between one another.

In influence 👺 order, each player may choose 1:

Discard 1 treasure to draw 2 treasures .
Discard 1 treasure to gain 1 XP .

Gold ()+1.

Then, after all trading has been completed, travel on the map.

# CHAOTIC TEMPLE

With rainclouds gathering overhead and thunder rumbling in the distance, you rejoice when you discover a crumbling shrine of some sort. The outer walls are decorated with columns, and wide stairs lead up between two stone lions. Words written in the old tongue are carved over an archway. When you head inside to take shelter from the storm you come across several robed dwarves. They look up at you with angry, suspicious eyes.

Count how many lawful @ titles the players have collectively earned so far this game and count how many chaotic @ titles they have collectively earned so far this game.

Are there more chaotic titles than lawful?

Yes - go to -2
No - go to -5

? The robed dwarves smile.

"We have been waiting for you," says one. "You are the reckless ones prophesied in ages long past." You look at one another and shrug, not sure how to react. "You are welcome here. Please... partake of our plenty." You are escorted into a room with two chests. One is gold, one wood.

"Choose your prize, O Reckless Ones."

All players vote: Thumbs up to open the wood chest. Thumbs down to open the gold chest.

Thumbs down. - go to -4

lacktriangledown lacktthe worn, wooden chest. Inside you find a pile of rusted junk and an old coil of moldy rope. The dwarves shake their head. "Your humility disgusts us," they snarl in anger. "Begone from this sacred place, false prophets!"

"Whatevs," someone sighs before grabbing the chest. You leave in the rain.

Supplies 💍+1.

Spend 1 time.

Travel on the map.

of jewels and other treasures.

"Ah! Your greed proves it!" one of the dwarves growls happily. "You are the Reckless Ones!"

"Okay," one of you says. "Sure." You happily take the wealth, and leave when the storm passes.

All players gain treasure #+1.

The player with the most chaotic @ titles gains the title: the Recklessest One @

Travel on the map.

5 Is any player a Dwarf?

Yes - go to -6

No - go to 

 □ -7

The two dwarves smile. One speaks.

"Well? What do a bunch of do-gooders want with us?" "Oh nothing with you," one of you assures them. "But I tell you what would do us some good—to shelter here from the storm. What say you? We'll share what food we have."

The dwarves say, "Very well, we'll agree to that, but our cousin over there has to wait outside. We can't abide a dwarf with a stick up their keister." The dwarf among you protests, but is ultimately forced to hunker beneath the front archway to keep out of the rain.

Each player that is not a dwarf may heal I stress 😥. Spend 1 time.

1 The two dwarves smile. One speaks.

"Well? What do a bunch of do-gooders want with us?"
"Oh nothing with you," one of you assures them. "But I tell you what would do us some good—to shelter here from the storm. What say you? We'll share what food we have."

The dwarves consent, though after tasting Cookie's handiwork, they aren't entirely certain that counts as a shared meal. Still, they let you wait out the storm and only give you a little bit of stink-eye.

Each player may heal I stress 🚱.

Spend 1 time.

Travel on the map.

# **TREASURE GOLEM**

A lumbering colossus covered in gold, jewels, and chests staggers forward. With each step, shockwaves of corruption shoot through the environment, warping the landscape. "Is this a good idea?" Pan calls out, terror in her tiny, wide eyes. "Yarr! I've seen worse," scoffs Cookie. "Doesn't scare me none." "We can't survive this!" Pan shrieks.

"No, we can't survive Lyra without more gear!" you call back.
"This thing has loot we need! It's kill or be killed!"
There is another stomp and debris shoots off the golem,

whizzing through the air just past your heads.
"Well I'm off," says Cookie. "Thoughts and prayers!"
Have the Bookkeeper turn to page 19 in the location book.

Set Dial A (the golem's armor) to the current threat \$\frac{2}{3}\$. Set Dial B (the golem's health) to 2 + the number of players. Draw 2 treasure per player from the top of the treasure deck and set them aside face down without looking at them. This stack of cards will be referred to as the Golem Deck. Begin the round.

# **MACHICAL SHRINE**

Gentle thunder rolls across the fells as you come upon an ancient barrow, set into the side of lush green hill. A heavy, mossy stone which once served as its door lies on the ground. "This is the grave of Saint Quellin," Schala says. "They say she single-handedly defeated the Human Horde of Hesten with only an axe and her unyielding will." Clouds gather overhead. The next entry is for the player with the most lawful titles. Next - go to 2

**2** "What happened to the door?" you ask.

"Freelancers looted the place long ago." Schala shrugs.
"Seems like a shame," you muse. "A great hero like that, having their grave desecrated." A curtain of rain begins to sweep down from the hills toward you.

"Arrr, maybe we should get out of this blasted rain, matey?" asks Cookie. For some reason everyone looks to you.

Choose 1:

- Take shelter in the tomb. go to 🛍 3
- Press on. go to 🛍 9

A You decide to enter the ancient barrow and wait out the rain. As the others start a small fire to warm themselves, you walk back further into the chamber and find a heavy, stone sarcophagus, thrown open and looted.

Choose 1:

- Leave an offering. go to 🕮 -4
- Do nothing. go to <u>M</u>-8

4 You are suddenly struck with a vision. It's fleeting but clear. You see a troll wearing heavy armor that is broken, burnt and bloodied. Somehow, you recognize her to be Saint Quellin herself.

The troll, wounded and clearly dying comes to a tree that reaches up to the sky like a clawed, six-fingered hand. Under this tree, she builds a stone cairn, and hides a distinctive axe. She turns, and looks at you with a weary smile. But how? The vision is gone, but the image of the axe stays with you. Next - go to 61-5

 $\mbox{\fine}\mbo$ 

Next - go to ∰-6

fig. 6 After the rain passes you leave the ancient barrow of Saint Quellin.

Spend 1 time. If you draw a follower token this way, return it to the bag without resolving it.

Next - go to ∰-7

1 Later you see a tree on a hill. Its ancient branches make it look like a hand with six fingers, reaching to the sky. You feel drawn to this place.

There, you find cairn of stones. You feel a sense of warmth as you search it and find an ancient axe that perfectly matches the one you saw in your vision.

Gain story card S-73, Axe of Human's Bane from the story deck. You may keep it or give it to another player.

Gain the title: Blessed by Quellin 💩.

Travel on the map.

£ You leave the sarcophagus be and rejoin the others. The rain stops soon after, and you return to your journey.

Luck €+1.

Travel on the map.

1 "This place has been disturbed enough," you tell the others. "A little rain never hurt anyone." They grumble a bit but seem impressed by your virtue.

Gain the title: Dripping but Devout 💩

Influence 📽-2.

Next - go to 🕮-10

🛍 10 Make a sense 🍪 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 袋?

- Yes go to ∰-11
- No go to 🕮 12

**11** After walking further down the road, you spot a small shelter where a few pilgrims share a fire. You sit and trade with them as you wait out the rain.

Supplies 💍+1.

All player may trade treasure acrds freely on this entry. When they are done, travel on the map.

12 The rain isn't so bad," you say. "In fact, I daresay it's a little refreshing!"

But as you walk you hear Cookie ask, "Arrr, does this water be tastin' funny to anyone else?" Everyone stops, and suddenly you notice the raindrops are slightly pink.

"This water is corrupted!" Schala cries out. The lot of you run and find shelter under a tree, but by that point, it's too late.
All players gain corruption +1.

Go to the corresponding entry in the Follower Entries section of this book. Pp. 213-237

It happens in an instant. The sky begins screaming a discordant melody. You clutch your ears and watch as Grunko, Son of Grung turns a knife on his own flesh, laughing as he makes pretty red ribbons.

Cute little Schala seems to be reaching down her own throat for some parlor trick where she turns herself inside out. Cookie uses his meat tenderizer on your allies who lay on their backs laughing as the cook smashes their teeth out. "I love this song!" you cheer as you kill Pan with a large rock. The game is over. All players lose. No players read their endings. Feel free to try another adventure and come back to this one later, or load from a save point.

Which page is the location book open to?

- Page 25 go to 75-1
- None/other. go to 75-2

**75-1** There is a sharp pain, and then everything goes blurry as you fall.

In the distance, fathoms beyond reality, you hear Pan screaming in horror. But none of that matters now as the music erases anything resembling your own identity. Your wants? Gone. Your needs? Meaningless.

Only the song remains.

Red fills your vision, and you find yourself floating into a scarlet afterlife where the music of the Pipes of Discord cannot be escaped. The melody is all your essence knows or shall ever be made aware of again for all of this eternity and the next.

The game is over. All players lose. No players read their endings. Feel free to try another adventure and come back to this one later, or load from a save point.

75-2 Your wounds are too much for you, and you are forced to return to the Hub, hoping to recover. Along the way you do your best to avoid Pan's gaze.

Her sister is lost.

You don't have the strength to carry on, so all you can do is pray to the heavens that someone else stops Lyra from whatever it is the flute wants her to do.

You never expected the heavens to answer.

this one later, or load from a save point.

Next - go to 75-3

75-3 It happens in an instant. The sky begins screaming a discordant melody.

You clutch your ears and watch as Grunko, Son of Grung turns a knife on his own flesh, laughing as he makes pretty red ribbons.

Cute little Schala seems to be reaching down her own throat for some parlor trick where she turns herself inside out. Cookie uses his meat tenderizer on your allies who lay on their backs laughing as the cook smashes their teeth out. "I love this song!" you cheer as you kill Pan with a large rock. The game is over. All players lose. No players read their endings. Feel free to try another adventure and come back to

83-2 You bypass them with expert ease.

To begin your quest, go to the INTRODUCTION section on p. 38.

"That is where Lyra found the corrupted pipes," Pan informs you as she points across the cemetery toward an ancient crypt. Nearby, an old hound gravedigger toils noisomely at the wretched, dry soil.

"Bit spooky," Grunko, Son of Grung notes as a glowing will-o'wisp floats past and into the woods beyond.

Pan smiles sadly. "I agree. Lyra has always been too eager to delve into strange and forbidden places that might offer inspiration. She always loved a tragic story." Pan sighs. "Only now the poor dear has become exactly that herself." You look to the tomb again, and for an instant you would swear you saw red eyes glowing from the darkened entrance. Have the Bookkeeper turn to page 13 in the location book.

You crest a hill and behold a grand building with collapsed ceilings. The structure towers high, and as you enter the front doorway, you see the walls are lined with books.

"The Great Library!" says Pan and gives an impressed whistle. "I've always wanted to come here."

Schala bounces excitedly and says, "Oh, samesies! This might be the perfect place to find out more about the flute that bewitched Lyra."

But Cookie shakes his head and takes one of you aside discreetly. "I've got a bad feelin' 'bout this, matey," he warns. "Nothin' good ever came from readin' books!"

"Oh calm down," you laugh as you look at the disorganized piles of books. "This place looks huge! We'll all need to pitch in to find the information we seek in a timely manner."

Have the Bookkeeper turn to page 15 in the location book. Set Dial A (the mess) to the current threat 🕸.

Begin a round in the location book.

Begin a round in the location book.

While wandering through a mysterious forest, you think you hear the haunted trail of a strange tune. It must be the Pipes! "We are very near now," warns Schala, wringing her hands. "Do I hear chanting?" asks Grunko, Son of Grung. No one replies. The player with the highest influence 👺 must make a sense check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🐉?

- Yes go to 83-1
- No go to 83-5

**831** You follow the noise and gain ground on its mysterious source. Nearby lies a bandit camp. The strange melody has faded, but armed brigands walk around a bonfire in a circle, dazed. You can either sneak past them silently or get the drop on them and attack.

- · Sneak past the bandits. go to 83-2
- Attack the bandits! go to 83-3

**83·3** They never hear your approach until it is too late! Have the Bookkeeper turn to page 27 in the location book. Next - go to 83-4

**83-4** The bandits move to resist your attack, their eyes vacant, an eerie singsong chant upon their lips. "For treasure. For Justice. Forever!"

You rush forward and meet them head-on.

Set Dial A (the enemy forces) to 10 plus the number of players. Have the Bookkeeper turn to page 27 in the location book. Begin the round.

**83-5** You wander about as if lost, unable to find the source of the tune. To make things worse, you stumble into an ambush! "I knew I heard voices," Grunko, Son of Grung grumbles to himself.

Have the Bookkeeper turn to page 21 in the location book. Next - go to 83-6

**83-6** A voice rings out from the trees. "For treasure. For Justice. Forever! Just as the song commands!" A large, burning cart rolls in front of you, pushed by a smoke-belching machine with treaded wheels. The burning wreckage blocks the road forward.

"I want the rich ones!" bellows a cool looking ogre with rad hair as he stomps through the underbrush. Arrows begin to fly in along either flank and your followers scatter.

"This is stupid! I'm not rich!" bellows Grunko, Son of Grung.
"That's great!" you call back to him without embarrassment.
"Most of us are loaded now, so get out there and defend us!"
Just as you shout this, a huge net falls from the trees above.
Set Dial A (the enemy forces) equal to the current threat ...
The player with the highest influence gains the title:
Wealthy Wanderer ...

Influence 👺-6.

Begin a round in the location book.

#### 84

You find a cabin tucked away in the middle of nowhere. You decide to stop and inquire if the inhabitants have seen Lyra, but as you near the dwelling, you hear a man and woman screaming at each other from within.

A young groobin boy comes out to meet you, giving an awkward smile and a shrug as an apology for his parents. "Sorry for all the hollerin'," he says. "We had a flutist pass through this way the other day and my folks have been fighting ever since."

"Lyra!" Pan exclaims. "Was it a gnome? Did she look like me?"
The boy squints at her and says, "Suppose so. Wouldn't stop
making her weirdo music either. Now my pops is in love with
a goose, and it's really made a mess of things. Listen, if y'all
promise to behave you can put up your feet for a spell. But
you can't stay inside on account of my parents. Camp in the
yard if you want. Just stay clear of the cellar!"
Next - go to 84-1

**841** "Wait!" Schala says. "Quick—uh—question... A—Any idea why the flute didn't affect you? You feel fine right?"

"I reckon it's on account that I ain't quite old enough to be a man," the groobin boy responds, "so I ain't allowed to clean my ears yet."

"Interesting." Schala turns to you. "We should be sure to gum our ears up as much as we can, to block the magic."

"Way ahead of ye, matey!" Cookie says, puffing his chest out. Have the Bookkeeper turn to page 17 in the location book. Begin the round on this page.

#### 85

Before you lies a vast lake, the pulsing surface of its corrupted waters a foul blood red.

"The waves are moving the wrong way," moans Schala. In the distance you can just make out a small craft, drifting into the fog. A small figure sits on its deck.

"That's Lyra!" Pan cries, and Grunko, Son of Grung holds her back from the water's edge.

The figure on the boat lifts a flute to her lips and begins to play a haunting melody. The water around the boat suddenly swells and pushes it off into the enveloping fog.

"Wait! Come back!" Pan wails. She turns to you, tears streaming down her cheeks. "Please, we have to hurry! The Pipes almost have her where they want her!"

Cookie points to an ancient ferry that sits nearby. You run to it and board it, but struggle to make the engine sputter to life. Black smoke belches forth from the neglected craft as you free it from its mooring. The unsettling melody floats along the water toward you, as if borne upon the fog itself. The boat jolts as the water rises up, forming tentacles that lash at you and your horrified crew.

"We've got to get the engines going!" Schala cries. "Otherwise we're sure to be pulled down!"

Have the Bookkeeper turn to page 23 in the location book. Set Dial A (the water's might) to the current threat 袋. Begin a round in the location book.

#### 86

Have the Bookkeeper turn to page 25 in the location book, but do not begin a round until instructed.

Next - go to 86-1

86-1 You arrive on the shores of an island where reality has lost its grasp on the corporeal. You behold a crumbling opera house, aged yet majestic still. You hurry and enter, anxious at what you will discover. It is all you can do to keep up with Pan. Inside is a cavernous room, its vaulted ceiling once a tribute to the gods of music, only now most of it has given way and lies in rubble. Center stage is a diminutive flutist, rising into the air as she plays, her body contorting as she does so, playing the flute's maddening song.

Above you, a bloody sky writhes with magical energy. Everything is vibrating with corruption, confusing you, sickening your mortal flesh with its unwholesomeness.

"Lyra!" Pans calls, but the gnome sister's eyes are vacant as she floats even higher into the air.

Set Dial A (the bard's height) to the current threat .

All players with corruption discard 1 corruption . For each player who does, increase Dial A by 1.

Does any player have the title: Seeker of Harmony?

- Yes go to 86-2
- No go to 86-6

**86-2** "Quick, Pan!" one of you yells. "Can you harmonize with the song of Chaos?" The flute's music surges, drowning her response, so she is forced to scream to you.

"I can! But I'll need all the help I can get! The music is powerful!"
"Do you remember the tune I heard in the tomb?" you shout
back. You try singing the melody to Pan, but it is hard to
follow with all the sonic chaos. The power of the corruption
in the air is almost overwhelming, but everyone knows they
need to act fast.

Dial A -2.

Next - go to 86-3

#### 1101-1102

86-3 Does any player have the story card S-7, Sheet Music?

- · Yes go to 86-4
- No go to 86-5

86-4 "I think this can help!" one of you shouts above the din.
"Yeah!" Pan cheers. "Show it to me and follow my lead!"
You flash Pan the sheet music and indeed she begins to
better harmonize with her sister. Lyra, clearly possessed and
hovering erratically above the opera house, drops lower,

"It's working already!" squeals a delighted Scala. "Try to hit the flute!"

"But please, don't hit Lyra!" Pan pleads.

Dial A -2.

Set Dial B (the flute's HP) to 1 plus the number of players. Set Dial C (the bard's HP) to 2.

Begin the round on this page.

almost into striking distance.

**86-5** "I wish we knew what we were playing!" someone shouts. "We aren't exactly troubadours!"

"Just do your best to follow my lead!" Pan calls back anxiously. "And I guess I'll do my best to follow Lyra's lead!" She strives desperately to better harmonize with her sister. Lyra, clearly possessed and flying above the opera house, stops rising higher.

"It's working already!" squeals a delighted Scala. "Try to hit the flute!"

"But please, don't hit Lyra!" Pan pleads.

Set Dial B (the flute's HP) to 2 plus the number of players. Set Dial C (the bard's HP) to 2.

Begin the round on this page.

**86.6** No one is quite sure what to do, and all you can do is stand there and gape. The power of the corruption in the air is overwhelming. There is a scream as one of your followers is assailed by dark energy. With a shriek, they tear one of their own ears from their head.

Suddenly, from behind, you hear another tune, faint but calming. You turn to see Pan playing something frantically upon her lyre, striving in vain to counteract the corrupt song of the Pipes of Discord.

"We need to save my sister!" she calls to you.

"Pan!" you shout back, proposing a wild hunch. "Can you harmonize with the song of Chaos? Will that calm it?" The flute's music surges, threatening to drown her response, so she screams to you.

"I think it might work! But I'll need all the help I can get! The music is powerful and its pattern is hard to find. Bringing harmony to it will be difficult!"

You snap into action as Lyra floats even higher into the swirling clouds.

Dial A + 2.

Next - go to 86-3

#### 1101

You decide to do a little larceny, a time-honored tradition among freelancers. The black market is an especially good place to do it, because so many of the goods are illegal, so the merchants are less prone to snitching.

Agility +1.

Make an agility a check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🕉?

- Yes go to 1101-1
- No go to 1101-6

1101-1 You spy a stall inundated with hagglers and use the opportunity to snag something for free. You pretend to browse the vendor's wares and pocket the first useful thing that you spot. But just as you do, you notice the fat pouch dangling from the shopkeep's belt.

"Oh, my tummy is so full of coins," the bulging pouch coos at you. "It's giving me the tickles something awful!" You can't help but lick your lips and edge a little closer. It wouldn't be the easiest purse to cut, but it looks awfully tempting. "Mmm, I'm awfully tempting," purrs the pouch.

Choose 1:

- Take the money. go to 1101-2
- Run. go to 1101-5

1101-2 Make an agility 🗑 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 袋?

- Yes go to 1101-3
- No go to 1101-4

1101-3 With a flick of the wrist, you manage to snap the strings holding the purse to the merchant's belt. He doesn't notice it's gone until right before you slip away into the shadows. Shaken, he talks about the brazen theft for weeks after and his friends end up hating him for it, especially his friend Kat who already has a lot going on in her own life right now, and really doesn't need this. But suffice to say, word of your deed gets around.

Treasure #+1.

Gold O+2.

Gain the title: Shadow of the Hub .

Then you may steal I treasure ∰ from another player who has fewer chaotic ⊚ titles than yourself. If you do, that player gains XP 🛱 +1.

1101-4 The merchant turns, noticing you trying to cut his purse. You freeze as the two of you stare into each other's eyes. "Is this as awkward for you as it is for me?" you ask. It isn't. "Thief!" he yells, pointing at you. "Guards, to me! Thief!" You flee into the crowd, making good on your escape, but the merchant had a good long look at your face and you realize you'll need to lay low for a while.

Treasure #+1.

Stress 😥+1.

1101-5 You decide not to press your luck, and take what you have and go. As tempting as the purse was, a good thief knows when to stop, and your clean getaway makes the rest of the day pass all the sweeter.

Treasure ##+1.

Luck @+1.

Influence \$\mathbb{G}+4.

**1101-6** You spy a stall inundated with hagglers and use the opportunity to snag something for free. You pretend to browse the vendor's wares and pocket the first useful thing that you spot. But just as you do, the merchant turns and points an angry finger at you.

"I'll have your hide for that, thief!" he shouts.

Choose 1:

- Run. go to 1101-7
- Fight. go to 1101-10

1101-7 Make another agility a check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat ইঃ?

- · Yes go to 1101-8
- No go to 1101-9

1101-8 You make a break for it, quickly putting distance between yourself and the stall.

"Come back here, thief!" howls the merchant.

"Now why would I do that!?" you shout back.

Devastated by your logic, the merchant collapses to his knees, regretting not taking his mother's advice and getting a degree in philosophy.

Treasure 🕮+1.

**1101-9** You run for it, but are horrified to discover the merchant has several guards disguised as common loiterers, and the three of them give chase.

You cause quite a ruckus, ducking into back alleys, taking shortcuts through the apartments of shrieking tenants, all the while singing a rousing song about what a clever, nimble thief you are. Or you do until a bolt of magic hits you in the back mid-stanza, and you fall from a rooftop and into a cobbled alleyway.

"Magic? In the Hub?" you gasp. "That's illegal!"

"So is stealing," growls an approaching guard, a sneer on his surly lips. "Let this be a warning, street-thief!"

He recovers the stolen goods before walking away. You limp back to the others with a heckuva story to share, but the magical blast leaves you feeling funny.

Corruption +2.

Influence +2.

1101-10 Make a weapon check.

- · 1-14 go to 1101-11
- 15+ go to 1101-12

1101-11 The merchant whips back his robes, revealing five scimitars hanging from his belt.

"That might be terrifying," you laugh, "if you had five arms!" That's when he draws a scimitar and throws it into your stomach. You give the most panicked shriek of your life. "You can't do that!" you insist. "You can't throw scimitars!" But the merchant does it again, sinking another into one of your thighs, and you collapse in the street, wailing. The triumphant merchant collects his scimitars and the stolen merchandise, and leaves you to bleed out.

Fortunately a passing healer feels obligated to heal your wounds, though she hates thieves and half-asses the whole thing by using an expired potion.

Wound A+1.

Corruption +2.

1101-12 The merchant challenges you to a duel, which is convenient, since winning would shield you from the legal repercussions of your crime. It's also convenient because the merchant can't fight worth a damn.

You take a few licks, but overall it's a clean win and a perfectly fair robbery.

Treasure #+1.

Influence 😂+2.

## 11<u>02</u>

An old dwarf-man makes an impassioned speech about the importance of children consuming iron ore as part of their daily diet. Not only does it make their beards fuller and more lush, but it also ensures their teeth are ground down and don't grow straight up through their skulls. You notice a couple other dwarves in the audience nodding in agreement.

All players on Action 4 now resolve their turns simultaneously. Without discussion, they must vote on whether they agree or disagree with the old dwarf:

Thumbs up is agreement.

Thumbs down is disagreement.

A player who is a Dwarf must vote thumbs up. (Reminder: highest influence 😭 player breaks ties.)

How did your party vote?

- We agree with the old dwarf. go to 1102-1
- We disagree with the old dwarf. go to 1102-2

1102-1 You consider the dwarf's experience as a subject matter expert and agree with him, finding yourself enriched by the knowledge. It is always a joy to learn more about child development from an expert in the field.

Each player who voted in agreement with the old dwarf gains smarts  $\Xi$ +1.

If only one player voted in disagreement with thumbs down, they gain the title: Contrarian .

Otherwise each player who voted in disagreement with the old dwarf loses 1 influence .

Lock (1) Action 4 as a reminder that all players here have resolved their turns.

1102-2 You heckle the dwarf for his crazy ideas, and when he tries to refute your jeers with documentation from primary sources, you respond by throwing a brick at him. One onlooker is charmed by your extremely backwards and folksy view of science.

"You can't trust subject matter experts," you warn them. "Do your own research!" When they ask if that means reading something, you chuckle and shake your head. "Nah dog, just checking in with influencers like us counts." Impressed, they ask to join your company.

Follower 8 +1.

If only one player voted in agreement with the old dwarf, they gain the title: Sheeple @.

Otherwise, each player who voted in agreement with the old dwarf loses 1 influence .

Lock (1) Action 4 as a reminder that all players here have resolved their turns.

Next - go to 1102-3

1102-3 Is any player a Dwarf?

- Yes go to 1102-4
- No go to 1102-10

1102-4 The next entry is for them.

Next - go to 1102-5

**1102-5** You angrily turn on your companions and demand they justify directing such rude disrespect to a distinguished old dwarf.

Choose a player who voted thumbs down, and demand they make a speech defending why they were disrespectful to an honorable old dwarf. That player may refuse.

- They accept the challenge. go to 1102-6
- They refuse the challenge. go to 1102-9

**1102-6** Set a timer for 45 seconds. The chosen player has that much time to improvise a speech in which they defend their behavior toward the old dwarf.

Afterward, without discussion, all non-Dwarf players at Action 4 must vote:

Thumbs up means the speech was convincing.

Thumbs down means it was not convincing.

(Reminder: If there is a tie, the player with the highest influence (Chooses.)

Which side received the most votes?

- Thumbs up. go to 1102-7
- Thumbs down. go to 1102-8

11027 Your impassioned speech only further convinces the group of the rightness in ridiculing the old dwarf.

Gain the title: the Loquacious 💩.

#### 1103-1301

1102-8 Your speech is so poor even those who had voted with you before suddenly feel ashamed by their own actions. Gain the title: Gibbering Fool @.

**1102-9** You give a snort of satisfaction as they turn away shamefaced.

Gain the title: the Indignant 💩.

**1102-10** You notice the crowd has more than a few unfriendly dwarven faces staring at you angrily. You smugly hurry on your way.

#### 1103

You head to the crowd and find a mass of people dancing their tails and horns off. As you get closer, your skin starts to crawl with corruption energy. And then you begin to notice other details that hadn't stood out before...

Like the fact that there isn't actually any music playing. Why had you you thought there was? Everyone is dancing to the same pretend beat despite there being no audible sign of percussion. You notice a number of the dancers staring back at you with terrified eyes. The smiles on their faces are lifeless and forced, and sweat runs down their brows, soaking their clothing.

You walk through the unnerving crowd, before tripping over a stilt-kin who lies on the ground amidst the dancing feet and other bodies, arms akimbo, frozen in the middle of a frantic, final dance.

You give a cry and back away, only to notice one person not dancing. It's a gnome with curly hair and a small harp, rocking back and forth and crying.

Choose 1:

- Accuse the gnome of causing the incident. go to 1103-1
- Comfort the gnome. go to 1103-2
- Go fetch your companions and then return. go to 1103-8

1103-1 Looking down at at the gnome's harp you hastily make a few assumptions.

"Listen here, tiny wizard!" you snap. "Whatever you're doing here needs to stop immediately. You've crowded the street with dancers and dead folk, causing me to trip! Dead bodies just lying around? It's unacceptable! So stop it already!" "Oh, if only I could!" the gnome sobs. "The magic is too strong... You see, I am Pan Stringplucker, a wandering troubadour. This was the work of my sister and songwriting partner, Lyra. She somehow acquired a rare, magical, twoheaded flute. Its corruption... Its power... She's lost control!" "Oh, that's terrible," you mumble as you try to play things cool. You've heard of the Stringplucker Sisters as they are sort of blowing up right now. "So sorry to hear of your troubles." "Wait!" cries the tiny troubadour. "Your one-sleeve attire! You're a freelancer! Please, stranger, let me accompany you and your companions!" She rises to her feet, digging into her bag, looking for something. "If you can rescue my sister, she and I will pen songs of your deeds. A song by us is guaranteed to spread far and wide! As a sign of good faith, take this trinket. Let it persuade you to persuade your friends to persuade Lyra to put down the flute!"

Finally a quest! You've not only had the great fortune of finding employment, but it even pays in exposure! What more could you ask for?

Treasure ##+1.

1103-2 "I see your tears, little gnome," you say, kneeling before her. "Are you quite alright?"

"No!" she shouts. "The magic is too strong! I cannot break the spell!" You wait as she composes herself. "You see, I am Pan Stringplucker, a wandering troubadour. This was the work

of my sister and songwriting partner, Lyra. She somehow acquired a rare, magical, two-headed flute. Its corruption... Its power... She's lost control!" She returns to sobbing. "What hope is there left?"

Do you wish to improvise a few words of hope to inspire her? There is no penalty for declining.

- · Yes go to 1103-3
- No go to 1103-7

**1103-3** When you are ready, in character, have another player start the timer, then deliver a few words about hope and why one should never lose it.

• Ready - go to 1103-4

1103-4 After you are finished, all other players vote. Were your words comforting?

Thumbs up for yes.

Thumbs down for no.

(Reminder: If there is a tie, the player with the highest influence (Chooses.)

Which side received the most votes?

- Thumbs up. go to 1103-5
- Thumbs down. go to 1103-6

1103-5 Your words seem to calm the gnome a bit, better enabling you to carry on with the conversation.

"Sorry. I just... I can't lose my sister," she says as she composes herself a little. "She's not just my songwriting partner, she's my best friend. The Stringplucker Sisters are forever."

"I totally get it," you agree as you try to play things cool.
You've heard of the Stringplucker Sisters, and they are sort of
blowing up right now. "So sorry to hear of your troubles."
"Wait!" cries the tiny troubadour. "Your one-sleeve attire!
You're a freelancer! Please, stranger, let me accompany you
and your companions!" She rises to her feet, wiping tears
away. "If we can rescue my sister, she and I will pen songs of

your deeds that shall spread far and wide!"
Finally a quest! You've not only had the great fortune of
finding employment, but it even pays in exposure! What more
could you ask for?

Will **₩**+1.

Gain the title: Comforter 💩.

1103-6 You ramble and mumble like a doofus. Normally you'd be more helpful, but as you start to speak you realize that you've heard of Pan and Lyra Stringplucker. They are the Stringplucker Sisters, and they're sort of blowing up right now. "So sorry to hear of your troubles," you offer awkwardly. "Wait!" cries the tiny troubadour. "Your one-sleeve attire! You're a freelancer! Please, stranger, let me accompany you and your companions!" She rises to her feet, wiping tears away. "If we can rescue my sister, she and I will pen songs of your deeds that shall spread far and wide!"

Finally a quest! You've not only had the great fortune of finding employment, but it even pays in exposure! What more could you ask for?

Influence 😂-4.

Gain the title: Star-Struck @.

1103-7 "Oh no, that's terrible," you agree as you try to be supportive. You've heard of the Stringplucker Sisters, and they are sort of blowing up right now. "So sorry to hear of your troubles"

"Wait!" cries the tiny troubadour. "Your one-sleeve attire! You're a freelancer! Please, stranger, let me accompany you and your companions!" She rises to her feet, wiping tears away. "If we can rescue my sister, she and I will pen songs of your deeds that shall spread far and wide!"

Finally a quest! You've not only had the great fortune of finding employment, but it even pays in exposure! What more could you ask for?

Gain the title: Famous by Association 💩.

1103-8 You feel a strange compulsion to regain the trust of your companions, despite the fact that they are all trash.

"Trust me," you tell the others, minutes later. "Words can't describe this craziness." It takes a while to get everyone together, but when they take in the scene, they agree it beggars belief.

"You there, gnome!" you snap at the weeping harpist. "Explain the meaning of this nonsense."

"The magic is too strong! I cannot break the spell!" You wait as she composes herself. "You see, I am Pan Stringplucker, a wandering troubadour. This was the work of my sister and songwriting partner, Lyra. She somehow acquired a rare, magical, two-headed flute. Its corruption... Its power... She's lost control!"

"Avast! I've heard tale o' the Stringplucker Sisters!" exclaims an excited Cookie. "Yer blowin' up right now, matey! Can I get yer autogra—"

You elbow the stupid cook and shove him away, offering awkward apologies as you do.

"Wait!" cries the tiny troubadour. "Your one-sleeve attire! You're a party of freelancers! Please, strangers, let me accompany you!" She rises to her feet, dusting herself off. "If we can rescue my sister, she and I will pen songs of your deeds that shall spread far and wide!"

Finally a quest! You've not only had the great fortune of finding employment, but it even pays in exposure! What more could you ask for?

Influence 👺+3.
Spend 1 time.

#### 1104

You hurry to the city gates while perusing a rough map Pan has provided you. You are passed by anxious guards and doctors who rush by to tend to the fevered dancers.

"Where is Lyra now?" you ask.

"I am unsure, but she spoke of a strange feeling, as if the flute was pulling her toward the north. Far north."

"Wish we knew more about what we were dealing with," Grunko, Son of Grung says flatly.

"Look there on the map I gave you," Pan replies. "Do you see that crypt? Lyra said she found the flute there. I was thinking that investigating that spot might be beneficial. Maybe it will help us find her?"

Have the Cartographer draw something on the map to remind you that there is a strange cemetery at space 81. Next - go to 1104-1

11041 The next entry is for the player with the highest influence  $\ensuremath{\mathfrak{G}}$ .

Next - go to 1104-2

1104-2 Make a smarts 🔁 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🐉?

- Yes go to 1104-3
- No go to 1104-4

11043 Thinking back on it, you remember something. You point at the map and say, "Somewhere around here is a great library. We might learn something about the flute's history there."

Schala claps excitedly. "Oooh! It's literally called the Great Library. I've always wanted to go there!"

"Me too!" agrees Pan, and then gets sad again. "So did Lyra..." Luck (4)+1.

Draw something on space 82 to remind you it's a great library. Next - go to 1104-5

1104-4 You search your mind palace for more ways you could gather information. But then your mind is infiltrated by thoughts of sandwiches. Yummy-tummy sandwiches. You are just beginning to review some of your favorite past sammies when you realize everyone is looking at you. Drool dribbles from your lower lip.

Pan scribbles a note in her songbook as you all leave the Hub together.

Influence 👺-4.

Gain the title: the Drooling Fool

The Bookkeeper may close the location book.

Travel on the map.

Next - go to 1104-5

1104-5 The Bookkeeper may close the location book.

Travel on the map.

Note: Traveling on the map is a 4-step process:

- 1. Choose a path on the map.
- 2. Spend 1 time.
- 3. Cross out your old location and draw a line to your new location.
- 4. If the new location has a number, go that entry number in the current (Sisters & Songs) section of this book. If the new location is just a symbol, look up where to find the entry for that symbol using the Map Icon Index at the beginning of the current section of this book (p. 36).

## 1301

You limp back to the others and Pan asks what happened to you.

"Oh, I fell out of that tree over there. The big, spooky one." "The Tree of Sullied Loins?" Pan gasps.

"What? I mean, I don't know. My loins... are fine. Right?"
"I learned of it from Lyra who sang of it in a song she was crafting just before she vanished. It goes:

Beware the Tree of Sullied Loins,

Climb not its blackened trunk;

For breeding shall go ill for you,

You're messed up in the junk!

But you know, Lyra might have been wrong... Or maybe she meant a different spooky tree that dominates an entire cemetery?" She smiles weakly and walks away, leaving you to reassess some of your longterm goals.

You feel a strange, corrupt tingle below your belt. "Stupid tree."

Corruption +3.

Gain the title: Messed Up in the Junk @.

You see a tall, spooky tree and decide to climb it, because apparently that's your idea of contributing to a team activity. As you're high up in its branches, the tree decides to introduce itself.

"Hello!" it booms. "I am the Tree of Sullied Loins. Who might you be?"

"The Tree of what now?" you ask with concern.

"Don't worry about it," the tree assures you. "You seem okay so I'm not going to mess with you. What are you up to?"

"I was hoping I could see something good from up here. My friends and I are investigating this bad flute someone found here."

"Oh yeah, the Pipes of Discord," says the tree. "Bad stuff for sure. Here, let me tell you a couple of things about this place to help you."

Risk  $\triangle$ -1.

Luck @+1.

Choose a player on Action 6. That player gains luck (4)+1.

You find a good place to dig and just start digging. "What are ye doin', boss?" Cookie asks.

"Digging of course," you answer. "It's a cemetery. Things get buried here. So I'm digging!"

"I'm not sure that's how it works, boss," Cookie says kindly. "You can't just dig anywhere. Ye gotta look for some sorta X markin' the spot, matey!" But just then your shovel strikes something hard.

"You were saying?" you laugh at Cookie. He shakes his head in bewilderment as you clear away more earth, revealing a strange door in the ground.

Are you a Dwarf?

- Yes go to 1303-1
- No go to 1303-5

1303-1 "Ah yes," you say. "This door is of dwarven make. Old too. Terribly so."

"Avast, me hearty! Don't open it!" Cookie warns. "This land is foul, and besides, ye can't trust doors! Tricky things they be!"

- Open the door. go to 1303-2
- · Have someone else open the door. go to 1303-3
- Bury the door again. go to 1303-4

1303-2 "Oh pish-posh," you sneer. "This is a dwarven door. There's nothing bad going on here except the criminal hiding of such beautiful craftsmanship!" You open the hatch and frigid air blasts forth from it. You peer through the dark into the hatch and see... nothing? "Weird," you say. "It's just dirt." "No, not just dirt," says a voice in your head.

Corruption +1.

Gain the title: Possessed @.

1303-3 "Oh pish-posh," you sneer. "This is a dwarven door. There's nothing bad going on here except the criminal hiding of such beautiful craftsmanship! And just to prove it's safe..." You look around frantically. "I'll have someone else open the door, just to prove it's safe!"

You drag a follower over, and shove them toward the door. They open the thing and for a moment, nothing happens. Then suddenly, a burst of chilling wind comes from the earth itself. There is a cloud of dust, and when it clears... your companion has vanished.

"Oh wow!" Cookie says, genuinely impressed. "The door must have sent them right to heaven!"

Everyone else present is less optimistic.

Follower (Pg-1.

Influence 2 -3.

Gain the title: Coward in Charge @.

1303-4 You decide to take the old cook's advice and cover the door up even better than you found it. It's no big deal to you as dwarves love playing in the dirt. It takes a long while, but you don't feel the least bit like a coward. Not even a little bit. You do however feel your muscles complain with a satisfying ache.

"Aye, matey," Cookie observes, impressed. "Are ye a mattress tag? Cuz ye be lookin' so ripped it should be illegal!"

You aren't sure what that means, but you do feel stronger. Might ⊗+1.

Spend 1 time.

1303-5 Oh, but you're a Hound, right? That would explain it.

- Yes go to 1303-6
- No! Just tell me what happens! go to 1303-7

1303-6 "P—Please don't open it!" warns Schala, running over to you. "If you are looking for bones, there are plenty of other places we can look!" She's right of course, but she's also annoying so you open the hatch anyway. Cold air blasts forth from it. You peer through the dark into the hatch and see... nothing?

"What the hey?" you yip. "It's just dirt!"

Schala coughs politely. "I, uh, don't think it was just dirt in that hole, boss."

Corruption +1.

Gain story card S-4, Big Bushy Beard from the story deck.

1303-7 "P—Please don't open it!" warns Schala. "You can't trust this cursed graveyard." She's right of course, but she's also annoying so you open the hatch anyway. Cold air blasts forth from it. You peer through the dark into the hatch and see... nothing?

"What the hey?" you howl. "It's just dirt!"

Schala coughs politely. "I, uh, don't think it was just dirt in that hole, boss.

Corruption +1.

Gain story card S-4, Big Bushy Beard from the story deck.

You investigate an old tombstone with Schala, and are delighted to find a poem written in the tongue of the ancients.

You read aloud:

"Here... I lie...

Broken-... hearted...

Tried... to sneeze...

But, I..."

Schala clears her throat. "Well? What's the rest of the poem?" Defeated, you shake your head. "I can't make out the ending. It's too weathered."

Your friend sighs and shrugs. "Pity. Lost to time, like so many other great works."

The two of you sit and share a sandwich for a moment before moving on.

Heal 1 HP 👀.

Influence 23-1.

If you have the title: the Drooling Fool, heal I additional HP 👀.

Spying a large tombstone with a lovely engraving, you stop to capture the image with a charcoal rubbing. Schala notices and claps with approval.

"Wow, boss! What an excellent find!" she cheers. "A treasure map hidden on a tombstone!"

Choose 1:

- Pretend to have already noticed. go to 1305-1
- Thank Schala for pointing it out. go to 1305-2

13051 "Well yeah," you say, pretending to have noticed that from the start. "Duh!"

"You have such keen instincts!" she says, impressed. Influence 👺 + 2.

Gain story card S-5, Treasure Map from the story deck.

1305-2 "Honestly, I hadn't even noticed! Thank you, Schala!" She blushes, but unfortunately, a few others hear you and lose respect for you. A freelancer who treats their followers with such deference might as well be a follower themselves. Influence 43-4.

Gain story deck S-5, Treasure Map from the story deck.

## 1306

You approach the tomb, and as you do, a multitude of of skeletons begins pouring out.

At first you are delighted, and you clap your hands because skeletons are the cutest. But something seems off.

"Wait a second!" you gasp. "These aren't fun skeletons! These are grumpy skeletons!"

Sadly, your keen vision isn't going to get you out of this pickle. You realize the best way to handle these guys is to try to cheer them up. You stride forward and throw your arms open wide and yell, "Hugs for those that need them!"

Make a will 🛞 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

- Yes go to 1306-1
- No go to 1306-2

1306.1 The sincere offer of a good hug seems to appease the skeletons... you think? They sure do seem like they're smiling. Anyway, a couple of them take you up on your offer, then they wander off in a disorganized group. More importantly, your followers are impressed with your actions.

"Did ye see that, me hearties?" asks Cookie appreciatively.
"The evil o' the tomb was no match fer the power o' love."
Schala approaches you nervously from behind. "Whatever foul magic made those sweet skeletons turn so angry is coming from further inside the tomb," she whimpers.
Luck (4)+1.

Gain the title: Tomb-Checker 💩.

**1306-2** The skeletons decline to hug it out, made evident when one spears you in the shin.

"Ow, my good shin!" you howl. You have no choice but to kill each and every one of them, and it's not a great time. You sob as you smash apart brittle bones, apologizing to each one. You don't feel right afterward. Schala approaches you nervously from behind.

"Whatever foul magic made those sweet skeletons turn so angry is coming from further inside the tomb," she whimpers. Wound  $\bigcirc$ +1.

Gain the title: Tomb-Checker 💩

#### 1307

You wave to the old hound gravedigger as you approach. "Howdy gravedigger," you say with a smile. "That's a mighty fine hole you're working on."

"How dare you?" she woofs. "This is some of my worst work! You know nothing of holes!" Insulted, she swings at you with her shovel.

Make a weapon check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

- Yes go to 1307-1
- No go to 1307-2

1307-1 You jump backward and use your weapon to disarm the poor old fool. Her shovel drops to the dirt, and she retreats with a yelp. You puff out your chest proudly, but defeating someone many times your senior fails to impress anyone in your company.

Influence 👺-4.

Gain the title: Granny Conquerer .

**1307-2** You are caught off guard and struck across the face. The old hound-lady hits harder than you would have expected, and it is humiliating to say the least.

Influence 👺-4. Wound 🔊+1.

#### 1308

"Pardon the intrusion, madam," you say respectfully. "Could you spare a moment of your time?"

She appreciates your courtesy, but after a roundabout conversation you discover, perhaps not surprisingly, the creepy old hound-woman who digs holes for dead bodies knows little of the world outside her miserable and thoroughly haunted cemetery.

Luck @+1.

Spend 1 time.

## 1309

You grab a shovel and start to help the old hound-lady dig. "If you're gunning for my job, it ain't gonna work!" she woofs, but she lets you help all the same. The two of you engage in a bit of small talk, and through your perseverance you bond with the gravedigger over the simple joy of digging holes.

"Mighty kind of you, stranger," she says after the two of you unceremoniously shove a coffin into the hole. "Aw, you know what, they told me to stop doing this, but here you go. Thanks for being one of the good ones!" And she opens the coffin and hands you a valuable from inside.

For years after, she tells other visitors about the kind stranger and expert conversationalist who once helped her dig a hole, but none of them ever take the hint.

Gold ()+1.

Treasure 🕮+1.

Gain the title: Chancellor of Chitchat @.



Does any player have the title: Tomb-Checker?

- Yes go to 1310-1
- No go to 1310-6

1310-1 You creep into the tomb, now cleared of skeletons, and discover an altar swirling with corruption that makes the skin on the back of your neck dance.

"What's that symbol carved into the altar?" you ask. Schala squeaks nervously, then says, "Oh dear, I think that's the mark of one of the Chaos Lords.

"Lords of Chaos?" Cookie asks.. "I know that band!"

"Er, no-no," corrects Schala. "I don't know a lot about them since study is forbidden, but they are otherworldly entities said to sew chaos into the fabric of the world... though some call it freedom. I suppose it depends on your interpretation." "Hey," says Grunko, Son of Grung, nervously looking around. "Anybody else hear that? Or... or perhaps hear isn't the right word? It's like a vibration in the stones of this place."

1310-2 The next entry is for the player with the highest sense . (Reminder: Ties are decided by the highest influence 📽.) Next - go to 1310-3

1310-3 Make a sense 🚱 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat %?

- Yes go to 1310-4
- No go to 1310-5

1310-4 Now that it's been mentioned, you do indeed hear something, as if it has left a psychic vibration emanating from the altar. It is playful and not unpleasant. The notes weirdly synch with your memory of the cursed dancers back at the Hub. No one else can make it out as well as you. "Residual magic," Schala whispers. "The flute must be very strong indeed to have left behind a shadow of its song." "I don't know if it's the flute's song," you say, straining to hear. "It sounds like it's... the other half of a song? Does that make sense, Pan?"

"Oh! Like a harmony?" Pan seems giddy at the idea. "Yes, if the flute's song was designed to create chaos, then perhaps... perhaps it's missing its harmony!"

Schala is excited now too. "That makes sense! If you accompany the flute and add this harmony, perhaps you can counteract it!"

"That isn't much to bet our lives on," says Grunko, Son of Grung with a sigh.

"It's what we have," Pan asserts. "And it feels right to me. I just wish I could hear it myself."

You do your best to commit the tune to memory, as you are the only one who can hear it clearly. After a bit you ask, "Now

"I think we keep heading north... but it's up to all of you," Pan says. "Grunko, Son of Grung is right, of course. It's just a hunch." Gain the title: Seeker of Harmony 🔕

The Bookkeeper may close the location book.

Travel on the map.

1310-5 Now that it's been mentioned, you do indeed hear something, as if it has left a psychic vibration emanating from the altar, but it's faint. Very faint. Despite that, no one else can make it out as well as you.

"Residual magic," Schala whispers. "The flute must be very strong indeed to have left behind a shadow of its song." "I don't know if it's the flute's song," you say, straining to hear. "It sounds like it's... the other half of a song? Does that make sense, Pan?"

"Oh! Like a harmony?" Pan seems giddy at this idea. "Yes, if the flute's song was designed to create chaos, then perhaps... perhaps it's missing its harmony!"

Schala is excited now too. "That makes sense! If you accompany the flute and add this harmony, perhaps you can counteract it!"

"This isn't much to bet our lives on," says Grunko, Son of Grung with a sigh.

"It's what we have," Pan asserts. "And it feels right to me. I just wish I could hear it myself."

You do your best to commit the tune to memory, but it takes ages, as you can barely hear it.

After a long while Grunko, Son of Grung asks, "Now what?" "I think we keep heading north... but it's up to all of you," Pan says. "Grunko, Son of Grung is right, of course. It's just a

Gain the title: Seeker of Harmony 🔕. The Bookkeeper may close the location book. Travel on the map.

1310-6 As you approach the dark maw of the crypt, glowing red eyes flash from the shadows. Stumbling out is a mass of skeletons, clothed in tatters and clawing at you with hands of

"Yay! Skeletons!" you cheer. However, as they approach, they appear mindless and violent, propelled by corruption and hate.

"You may want to hold the applause, mate," Grunko, Son of Grung cautions. "Those skeletons aren't looking right at all." The next entry is for the player with the highest influence 😭. Next - go to 1310-7

1310-7 Make a weapon check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🐉?

- Yes go to 1310-8
- No go to 1310-9
- Doesn't matter. My weapon has the ranged & trait. go to 1310-10

1310-8 You plow through the corrupted skeletons, easily turning them to dust. You take no pride in it, as everyone loves skeletons, but it's hard to deny you look very cool doing it. Luck (49+1.

Influence 🕍 +2.

Next - go to 1310-1

1310-9 You manage to shatter the skeletons, much to the horror of your onlooking party members. None would deny it needed to be done, but the brutality being inflicted on such cute creatures leaves everyone feeling nauseous.

Not only that, in the melee you took a nasty scratch from one of their bony claws.

Wound A+1. Influence 👺 - 3. Next - go to 1310-1

1310-10 You feel terrible about it, but it is too easy to walk backward slowly and have the mindless, corrupted skeletons follow you. As you do, you send volley after volley of longrange hell in the direction of the horde. It's not long until they are a shattered pile of dust and bones.

"It's a real shame," says Grunko, Son of Grung as he pats you on the back. "But there was nothing else to be done."

You don't beat yourself up over it.

Luck @+2.

Next - go to 1310-1

You are stopped in the lobby by a fuzzy-haired gnome with spectacles and a stringy white goatee.

"Halt, freelancer!" he screeches. "Ye be needin' a library card to enter the Great Library!"

"What in blazes is a library card?" you demand.

The old gnome cringes at the sound of your voice and screams at you, "Ye also be needin' to speak in hushed tones!" "Can you give us a library card?" you whisper.

"It will cost ye!" warns the gnome.

Roll a twenty-sided die 🕥 and add your total gold 🔘. Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

- Yes go to 1501-1
- No go to 1501-2

**1501:1** You manage to appease the grumpy old gnome, but the only thing you get as reward is some dumb card.

"Now don't be letting none of yer friends steal that from ye!" the librarian shouts into your ear.

Influence \$\mathbb{\ma

Gain story card S-6, Library Card from the story deck.

**1501-2** "Will this do?" you whisper, and reach into your bag and draw forth a chicken replica made from the finest rubber. The grumpy old gnome is not impressed and you are forced to sweeten the pot.

"Now don't be letting none of yer friends steal that from ye!" the librarian shouts into your ear.

Influence 👺+3.

Treasure #1-1.

Gain story card S-6, Library Card from the story deck.

#### 1502

You are stopped in the lobby by a fuzzy-haired gnome with spectacles and a stringy white goatee.

"Halt, freelancer!" he screeches. "Ye be needin' a library card to enter the Great Library."

"Ah, and what is a library card?" you ask.

The old gnome cringes at the sound of your voice and scowls. "Ye also be needin' to speak in hushed tones."

You look back at your peers and signal for quiet. "Now about that library card," you whisper, leaning in close. "I bet a handsome devil like yourself can help me acquire one."

The old gnome blushes and offers to help you with the paperwork. He even lets you poke around the lost and found while you wait for him to finish!

Is there a player on Action 6?

- Yes go to 1502-1
- No go to 1502-2

1502-1 Gain story card S-6, Library Card from the story deck.

Treasure ##+2.

Treasure #-1.

Influence \$\mathbb{\ma

Gain the title: Line Cutter .

1502-2 Gain story card S-6, Library Card from the story deck.

Treasure #+1.

Influence 👺+4.

#### 1503

You decide to peruse some of the old books, and find quite a few piled up on the floor near some shelves.

You reach for a book, when suddenly the gnome librarian leans from around the side of a shelf and barks at you, "Those still need to be sorted!"

Startled, you look up to ask if he can point you toward the section on musical instruments, but he is already gone. You sigh, and look through the books anyway, but in the end all you manage to do is rule out a few volumes.

Dial A -2.

Influence \$3-2.

## 1504

You find a section of books that look promising, and mount a step stool to get up high. You reach for a book, when suddenly the gnome librarian leans from around the side of a shelf and barks at you, "Those still need to be sorted!" Startled, you look up to ask if he can point you toward the section on musical instruments, but he is already gone. While you don't find anything on woodwind instruments, you do

"This should help a little," you say to yourself quietly. Somewhere in the vast library you hear the librarian shush you loudly.

discover a helpful volume on the enchantment of items.

Dial A -4.

Luck @+1.

## 1505

The ancient, tracked robot whirs to life. There is a sound of gears turning soon followed by a hum.

"HOW MAY I HELP YOU?" The robot's artificial voice shatters the silence of the library.

You look up at the robot and whisper, "I want a library card." The request seems to befuddle the robot so you point over at your peer. "Like the one they have."

The robot quickly zips over to your companion and violently takes the card from them.

The player with S-6, Library Card must give it to you and that player gains wound  $\mathbb{A}^{+1}$ .

Gain the title: Robo-Robber @.

#### 1506

The ancient, tracked robot whirs to life. There is a sound of gears turning soon followed by a hum.

"HOW MAY I HELP YOU?" The robot's artificial voice shatters the silence of the library.

You look up at the robot and whisper, "I want a book about magical instruments."

The robot grinds internally for a few moments before wordlessly wheeling away. It returns minutes later with a dusty old tome which it holds out to you.

"THIS BOOK IS A MAGICAL INSTRUMENT," it states before falling lifeless. The volume is not what you expected, but interesting just the same, and following the robot's tracks you find the library's Special Collections. This should be useful!

Gain story card S-8, Strange Tome from the story deck.

You pop open a hatch on the dusty old machine and start fussing with its tangled wire innards.

Make a smarts 🔁 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 袋?

- Yes go to 1507-1
- No go to 1507-2

**1507-1** "Aw, dang!" whispers Grunko, Son of Grung as you manage to take control of the robot. Not only does it help you find what you are looking for, but now you have a robo-pal for life, or at least for the life of its battery.

Dial A -5.

Gain story card S-24, Otto from the story deck. Add Otto's follower token to the time bag.

Gain the title: Hacker @.

**1507-2** You shriek in surprise as you electrocute yourself in the wiring, and everyone falls to the floor, covering their heads, waiting for an explosion or something. But the only thing that follows is a light burning odor from the ruined robot.

An angry gnome storms over to you and points at the exit. Wound  $\mathfrak{A}+1$ .

Influence 👺-3.

#### 1508

Are you a Stilt-kin?

- Yes go to 1508-1
- No go to 1508-5

**1508:1** You notice some of the books are swarming with giant, disgusting bugs that eat paper. You try to be a model library patron by squishing the devils with books, but before you do, you stop yourself. You think you recognize one of them.

"Sarah?" you ask the bug, and it's not long before you are chatting like it's ten years ago. This bug is a distant relative, a cousin, thrice conjoined or whatever.

"Oh gosh, it's nice catching up with you," the tome louse says after awhile, "What are you doing here anyway? Wanna grab some lunch?"

Choose 1:

- Ask her for help finding info. go to 1508-2
- Grab a bite to eat. go to 1508-3
- · Lower her guard and then squash her. go to 1508-4

**1508-2** "Oh yeah, I wish I could hang," you say with a somber shake of the head. "But I'm actually trying to find some info on this weird magic flute. Ugh, it's so annoying, this trying to save existence stuff. It's a whole thing. I don't wanna bore you."

"Oh, I get it. I get it," she says with a disappointed but understanding flick of the antenna. "I think I can help. I used to date a guy who was way into eating books about music." "Oh, I know the type," you chuckle as you follow her to to an area of the library filled with relevant material.

Dial A -5.

Luck @+1.

**1508-3** "I know a good place on the corner of Biography and History," your distant cousin says excitedly.

The two of you enjoy catching up, making a delicious meal of an ancient tome. As you do, you share stories of lost loves, bad jobs, and that time Aunt Chimble brought undercooked slime casserole to Grampy Fizzle's funeral.

Afterward, you part ways, both promising to keep in touch but knowing you likely never will. It's only after she leaves that you realize you just ate a book titled 'A Complete and Detailed History of Two-Headed Chaos Flutes'. You look around, then hide the empty cover on top of a shelf.

Heal all stress 😥.

Lose all corruption .

Dial A +2.

**1508-4** After some more small talk, you let your voice drop in a way you assume sounds seductive as heck and offer, "You know... we're barely related."

"Omagawd." Her antennae vibrate with a bashful shiver.
"You're so bad!" She shoves you playfully in feigned protest.
"No, I'm serious," you counter. "I don't know. I can't be the only one who feels a connection here?"

"I thought maybe you never noticed me," she laughs, scuttling closer. "You know... I always had a crush on you."
"Is that so?" you ask, just before smashing her with a book.
"Well, I'm definitely crushing on you now."

You return to sorting through the books like the sociopathic menace you are, free from distraction.

Dial A -2.

Gain the title: Cousin Killer .

**1508-5** You notice some of the books are swarming with giant, disgusting bugs that eat paper. You try to be a model library patron by squishing the devils with books, but you are quickly overwhelmed.

Wound **(3**+1.) Influence **(3**-2)

# 1509

Are you a Stilt-kin?

- Yes go to 1508-1
- No go to 1509-1

**1509.1** You notice some of the books are swarming with large, disgusting bugs that eat paper. You try to be a model library patron by squishing the devils with books, and laugh menacingly as they are splattered by the very thing they love to eat.

It makes exploring the library much easier.

Dial A -3.

Gain the title: Exterminator 🔕.

#### 1510

You notice some of the books are swarming with large, disgusting bugs that eat paper. You try to be a model library patron by squishing the devils with books, and laugh menacingly as they are splattered by the very thing they love to eat. Then you get the idea that a little fire would help things immensely. You're right! The bugs burst when your flame draws near. As do the really old, really dry books. The gnome librarian refuses to listen to you as you stammer out an apology for burning down the entire section on fire prevention.

It slows your search considerably.

Dial A +3.

Gain the title: Arsonist @.



The player with S-6, Library Card must make a sense & check. If S-6, Library Card has already been discarded, collectively choose a player to make a sense & check.

- Yes go to 1511-1
- No go to 1511-2

**1511-1** Thanks to all the searching, sorting, and dumb luck, you find an ancient, illuminated scroll that tells the story of the Pipes of Discord.

"That was fast," grunts Grunko, Son of Grung.

Is the result equal to or higher than Dial A?

Schala reads aloud, "The Pipes of Discord are a double-headed flute which slowly possesses its wielder. It is said that the possessed musician will be compelled to seek a temple of music in the far north, and once there, they must perform one last concert to lower the final curtain upon the natural order itself."

"One last concert?" Pan asks, horrified. As Schala continues reading, a piece of sheet music falls from the ancient scroll. "Wait!" gasps Pan as she looks closer. "This is the melody Lyra's flute has had her playing... but it's incomplete." "Incomplete?" one of you asks.

"I wish I knew the other half... but maybe I could make something up that would disrupt the song?" Pan seems hopeful. "If it needs to play this specific melody, perhaps I could figure out a suitable counter-melody that would weaken its magic?"

"Like a counter spell?" Schala asks.

"Yeah, sort of."

Schala hands you the sheet music. "We should hold onto this." "So we're heading north?" Grunko, Son of Grung asks.

"I think so," Pan replies. "But you folks are the experts. I'll trust your judgment. But let's not waste the little time we have."

The player with S-6, Library Card (or who made the sense & check) gains story card S-7, Sheet Music from the story deck.

Mark space 86 on your map in some way that tells you it's a temple of music and your final destination.

The Bookkeeper may close the location book. Travel on the map.

**1511-2** You spend a great deal of time searching, so much so that the librarians begin to get agitated by your presence, but eventually you do find something.

Schala reads aloud from an illuminated scroll, "The Pipes of Discord are a double-headed flute which slowly possesses its wielder. It is said that the possessed musician will be pulled to a temple of music in the north, and once there they must perform one last concert to lower the final curtain upon the natural order itself."

"One last concert?" Pan asks, horrified. As Schala continues reading, a piece of sheet music falls from the ancient scroll. "Wait!" gasps Pan as she looks closer. "This is the melody Lyra's flute has had her playing... but it's incomplete." "Incomplete?" one of you asks.

"I wish I knew the other half... but maybe I could make something up that would disrupt the song?" Pan seems hopeful. "If it needs to play this specific melody, perhaps I could figure out a suitable counter-melody that would weaken its magic?"

"Like a counter spell?" Schala asks.

"Yeah, sort of."

Schala hands you the sheet music. "We should hold onto this." "So we're heading north?" Grunko, Son of Grung asks.
"I think so," Pan replies. "But you folks are the experts. I'll trust

your judgment. But let's not waste the little time we have." Spend 1 time.

The player with S-6, Library Card (or who made the sense check) gains story card S-7, Sheet Music from the story deck. Mark space 86 on your map in some way that reminds you it's a temple of music and your final destination.

The Bookkeeper may close the location book. Travel on the map.

#### 1701

You seek to aid the parents by acting as a mediator. Your friends watch as you timidly enter the cabin, only to dash out seconds later, a flying clothes iron striking you in the back of the head.

You stagger back to your friends and smile meekly. "I think this thing with the goose isn't going away anytime soon." Influence 23-3.

#### 1702

You seek to aid the parents by acting as a mediator. You nervously enter the cabin and find the fuming mother and weeping father.

"Thank St. Gwenisenne you're here!" the man declares. "Would you please tell my wife there's nothing crazy about a groobin and a goose trying to make it work? I mean what year are we living in, for crying out loud?"

"Do you hear this?" the woman rages. "Fifteen years of marriage thrown away on a bird that was to be our supper!"

Do you wish to improvise a few words to inspire reconciliation in their marriage? There is no penalty for saying "no."

- Yes go to 1702-1
- No go to 1702-5

1702-1 When you are ready, have another player use the timer while you, in character, give a short speech that may rekindle the pair's love for each other and save their marriage from being torn asunder by a goose.

Let's Begin. - go to 1702-2

**1702-2** Once time is up, all players vote. Was the speech inspiring?

Thumbs up mean yes. Thumbs down means no. Which won the vote?

- Yes, the speech was inspiring. go to 1702-3
- No, the speech was not inspiring. go to 1702-4

1702-3 "Thank you for the kind words," the man sighs. "Perhaps they will inspire my wife to finally get off my back about my beautiful relationship with Gladys?"

"Be quiet, you doofus!" you snap at him before turning to the wife. "Now think! Did that visiting gnome with the flute say where she was going?"

The woman sighs and shrugs. "Maybe? Oh! Yes, actually. She said she was fixin' to cross the corrupted lake. Not sure how though. You'd have to be a certified smarty-pants to start the ancient ferry."

You take note of the warning. "Thanks for the help, and good luck. Maybe give your kid something nice as an apology later, yeah?"

Luck 3+2. Risk  $\triangle$ -1.

Have the Cartographer draw something on the map to remind you that there is an old ferry boat at space 85 that you will need to start when you get there.

1702-4 Your words fall on deaf ears, due to the overwhelming power of the flute's magic.

"Okay, whatever," the man sighs. "Just tell my wife to get off my back about my beautiful relationship with Gladys!"

"Be quiet, you doofus!" you snap at him before turning to the wife. "Now think! Did that visiting gnome with the flute say where she was going?"

The woman sighs and shrugs. "Maybe? Oh! Yes, actually. She said she was fixin' to cross the corrupted lake. Not sure how though. You'd have to be a certified smarty-pants to start the ancient ferry."

You take note of the warning. "Thanks for the help, and good luck. Maybe give your kid something nice as an apology later, yeah?"

Influence 👺-2.

Risk △-1.

Have the Cartographer draw something on the map to remind you that there is an old ferry boat at space 85 that you will need to start when you get there.

1702-5 "Whoa, whoa, whoa!" you shout. "I get it, your lives feel completely upended right now, but it's going to be okay. You've just been ensorcelled by the flute of that strange troubadour who passed through here the other day. I promise it will all go back to normal any moment now."

"Thank the gods," the man sighs. "Then maybe my wife will finally get off my back about my beautiful relationship with Gladys!"

"Be quiet, you doofus!" you snap at him before turning to the wife. "Now think! Did that visiting gnome with the flute say where she was going?"

The woman sighs and shrugs. "Maybe? Oh! Yes, actually. She said she was fixin' to cross the corrupted lake. Not sure how though. You'd have to be a certified smarty-pants to start the ancient ferry."

You take note of the warning. "Thanks for the help, and good luck. Maybe give your kid something nice as an apology later, yeah?"

Influence 👺+2.

Risk △-1.

Have the Cartographer draw something on the map to remind you that there is an old ferry boat at space 85 that you will need to start when you get there.

#### 1703

In the yard, Cookie prepares a big stew and everyone who smells the rich, brown broth can feel their stomachs grumble. "That goose stew smells great," you joke, but everyone makes a face that suggests you crossed a line. Suddenly the groobin boy is next to you, staring up angrily.

"Think this is funny, huh? My pops is in love with a goose, and you're over here telling jokes?"

"Relax, kid," you say with a roll of the eyes. "We're just having a laugh. Don't get sore about it." But he's plenty sore, and a minute later he returns with a log of firewood and hits you upside the head with it.

It doesn't really hurt, but it's plenty humiliating, especially when he takes something from your backpack and runs off with it.

"Thanks for helping," you grumble to your friends, but they just shake their heads at you. Still, the stew is pretty good and that's what matters.

Influence 👺-1.

Treasure 🕮-1.

Supplies (3+1.

## 1704

In the yard Cookie prepares a big stew and everyone who smells the rich, brown broth can feel their stomachs grumble. "That stew smells great," you tell the old cook. "Let me help stir."

He happily accepts and you sneak a sip, using your refined palate to assess the flavors.

Your assessment must have been good since no one at dinner tastes the potion you dumped into the pot. Later, when the rest of the party is off in the trees, unable to stop relieving themselves, you root through their belongings.

Cookie takes all the blame and you take what you want. Supplies 💍 +1.

You may take I treasure 🖺 from another player.

## 1705

You wander the woods looking for interesting birds. Unfortunately, you spot a cockatrice, which is a little too interesting. The bird resembles a rooster crossed with a big lizard, and it's said that they lay black, sulfurous eggs and their beak can turn you to stone.

You try to make a note in your Junior Birdwatcher's Journal, but unfortunately you are interrupted as the feathered devil rushes right toward you, flapping and hissing angrily!

Make a weapon check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 袋?

- · Yes go to 1705-1
- No go to 1705-2

1705-1 You manage to defeat the crazy chicken without getting pecked or turned to stone. The remains of the beast are unrecognizable pulp, but you recover a cool-looking tail feather to stick in your cap.

You return to camp, but no one believes your fantastic tale. But you know just how lucky you are as you strut around showing off your new look.

Luck **(4)**+3.

Gain the title: Cocky Walker 💩.

1705-2 You manage to drive the fiend off, but not before it pecks your hand.

It runs into the woods, leaving one of yours hands maimed and completely made of solid stone. Oh heck yes! You vow to always keep your eye out for more cool birds.

Sense 🗞+1.

Gain story card S-44, Stone Fist from the story deck.

## 1706

You spend some time walking the musty ruins that lay hidden deep in the forest. You find an old, faded statue depicting two elves entwined in an act of passion.

Are you an elf?

- Yes go to 1706-1
- No go to 1706-4

1706-1 You look around but seem to be alone. Very alone. You know, things have been so hectic lately, maybe you should take some time to check in with yourself and see how you're doing.

Choose 1:

- Meditate on the statues. go to 1706-2
- Draw sketches of the statues. go to 1706-3

1706-2 You spend some me-time with the statues, and five to ten minutes later you rejoin your friends, whistling a jaunty tune. Luck ②+1.

Heal 1 stress 😥.

1706-3 You make a few sketches of the starkly-posed figures, and it takes you back to the neighborhood picnics of your youth. Your dad was so popular at those things. When you return to camp later, you sell the sketches to some followers who seem eager to study them further.

Smarts  $\mathbb{Z}+1$ . Gold  $\mathbb{Q}+2$ .

1706-4 Honestly, the statue is gross, and you hurry away, though sadly, your escape does not prevent you from seeing enough to learn a thing or two about elves you wish you could erase from your memory.

Smarts (3)+1.

#### 1707

You gather some berries, which look tasty, and some vines, which might be crafted into rope. Then you sell them to a wandering merchant and get a bunch of bouncy balls. "These should come in handy," you assure Grunko, Son of Grung, who simply stares at you blankly.

Supplies \(^{\text{S}}+1\).

#### 1708

You go into the woods and catch a bunch of lizards. All of their tails fall off, so you put those tails in a bag. You return to camp with quite a few lizard tails in the bag, but are disappointed no one shares your enthusiasm for such a bounty of lizard tails.

"Oh well, more lizard tails for me!" you say a little too loudly by the campfire. "Yessir, I believe most nature enthusiasts would be pretty excited over something as tasty as the lizard tails I have right here!" Each bite you take is loudly crunchy, followed by a disquieting springy squish. "Great chew, these lizard tails," you proclaim to no one. "Really great chew." Heal I HP .

Gain the title: Has a Bag of Lizard Tails . Gain the title: And They're a Great Chew .

#### 1709

You hear a strange noise from the cellar, almost like a honking horn. At first you get scared because you think there might be clowns down there. But then you recall the words of the little boy ordering you not to go down into the cellar. So now you obviously have to go!

You throw the doors open and instantly vanish in a flapping cloud of angry goose wings and a vicious, pecking beak. Its anger vented, the goose flaps past you and runs off toward the trees. The back door of the cottage slams open.

"Gladys!" screams the boy's father. "I'm-a comin', baby!" And then the boy is next to you, incredulous, and holding a heavy chunk of firewood.

"Couldn't leave well enough alone, could you?" he asks. "Please don't hurt me," you say. But he does.

Wound **(¾**+1. Influence **(¾**-3.

Gain the title: Goose Looser @.

#### 1710

You hear a strange noise from the cellar, almost like a honking horn. At first you get scared because you think there might be clowns down there. But then you recall the words of the little boy ordering you not to go down into the cellar. So now you obviously have to go!

You cautiously open the door and behold a goose. Honestly, it is a drop-dead gorgeous goose with a long, slender neck and eyes to die for. You feel the heat in your cheeks as you blush.

"Listen," you tell the goose. "The guy here doesn't appreciate you. Not like I do. Baby, I can show you the world."
Gain story card S-9, The Goose from the story deck.

## 1711

You decide to slip away from the cabin rather than make awkward goodbyes. You head north, following after Lyra who so horribly broke this home. The events of your brief rest here only solidify the feeling that something must be done about the chaos this instrument has been spreading.

As you set out, you see a small songbird lying dead on the trail, choked to death on another songbird.

Schala says, "If we cannot stop Lyra soon, things are going to get really bad."

"She went northwest from here," Pan says sadly. You can feel it too. Whatever the flute's reason for taking Lyra this way was, you can feel the corruption of its song pulling you that way as well, as if it possesses its own gravity.

The Bookkeeper may close the location book. Travel on the map.

#### 1901

You search your stuff for a bauble the ferocious guardian might desire, desperate to draw its attention away from your companions. But alas, you fail to find aught of use, and the golem smashes the ground, unleashing a rolling wave of corruption that sends those nearby flying.

Influence +3.

Unlock Action 4.

All players on Action 3 gain wound  $\Re$ +1 and move to Action 4. All players on Action 2 gain wound  $\Re$ +1 and move to Action 3.

#### 1902

Does any player have the title: Bargain Shopper?

- Yes go to 1902-1
- No go to 1902-4

1902-1 You pull something forth from your bag that you would miss, but could live without. You wave it in front of the golem, and to your relief the titan turns and looks at you, hesitating... Choose 1:

- Throw the object. go to 1902-2
- Don't throw the object. go to 1902-3

**1902-2** Treasure **2** −1. Influence **2** +6.

**1902-3** Influence **3+3**.

All players on Action 2 gain wound A+1 and move to Action 3. Unlock Action 4.

#### 1903-2106

1902-4 You pull something forth from your bag that you would miss, but could live without. You wave it in front of the golem and wiggle your hips a little as if that matters. The massive construct turns and looks at you, hesitating, but then it turns back and carries on smashing the ground with its overlarge mallet-hands.

Influence 2+3.

All players on Action 2 gain wound A+1 and move to Action 3. Unlock Action 4.

Gain the title: Bargain Shopper 💩.

#### 1903

"Screw it," you laugh, and pull something fantastic from your pack. It easily manages to catch and keep the golem's attention! The fearsome guardian turns fully from the others and pauses its assault.

Influence 😂+6.

#### 1904

Ah yes. A moment free of the fray lets you spot a vulnerable spot on your assailant.

"Why are you hiding over here?" Pan asks.

"I'm not!" you insist. "I'm searching for the thing's weakness! What are you doing over here?"

"Oh, hiding for sure!"

Choose 2:

- Sense +1.
- Dial A -1.
- Dial A -1 for each standee (including your own) left on Action 5.

#### 1905

You pull away from the combat and call out to the others when you see openings in the golem's defenses. It's beneficial and way easier than actually fighting.

Choose 2:

- Influence \$\mathbb{\
- Will **%**+1.
- Choose another player to gain luck @+2.

#### 1906

Things are starting to look dire, so it makes sense just to grab some loot and hope for the best. Right? Dark energy sears you as you hop onto the golem before it can shake you off. Wound A+1.

Influence 3-3.

Corruption 🖸+1.

Lock ( Action 6.

#### 1907

Things are looking dire, so it makes sense just to grab some loot and hope for the best. Right? You howl as you leap onto the golem and resist the corrupt energy that sears your flesh. Look through the treasure acrass that were set aside in the Golem Deck at the start of the page and gain one of them. Corruption +1.

#### 1908

You notice carvings on the golem's body and try to read them aloud. You scream as your body is wracked with pain. "Readin' is always bad!" Cookie reminds you.

Corruption +1.

#### 1909

You notice carvings on the golem's body and try to read them aloud. The animated guardian begins to shake. Its metal parts vibrate from the resonance, and its stone parts begin to crack.

Dial A -2. Dial B -1.

## 1910

Is Dial B at 0?

- Yes go to 1910-1
- No go to 1910-2

1910-1 The ground shakes as the construct collapses, sending shockwaves that knock you all to your knees.

Players divide the treasure acards remaining in the Golem Deck however they choose.

All players gain XP 🕸+1.

Have the Cartographer draw a dashed line from your current space to space 84 on the map, representing a new path. You may now travel along this shortcut like any other path.

The Bookkeeper may close the location book.

Travel on the map.

1910-2 Lock (7) Action 4. Dial A +2 Begin a new round on this page.

## 2101

You cut down an attacker, and do your best to douse some of the fire.

Dial A -2.

#### 2102

"Excuse me!" you call out over the din of battle. "You there! Ogre! I have a question!"

"What's all this then?" demands the ogre stomping toward you. "What's that behind you?" you ask, frantically pointing behind your towering foe.

Will **₩**+1.

Make a will 🛞 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 💸?

- Yes go to 2102-1
- No go to 2102-2

**2102:1** To your surprise the ogre closes its eyes and gives a weary sigh. "Ten thousand tigers," it says solemnly. "I—what?"

"I know," it says. "The fortune teller told me I'd be killed by ten thousand tigers. Told me they'd sneak up right behind me and tear me to pieces. That ain't no way to go out, is it? Tell the truth. Are the tigers behind me?" "They are," you say with a nod. "I mean, I was going to try to count them all, but I think you nailed it. It must be ten thousand at least."

"Please," the ogre says, lowering itself to its knees. "That's no proper death. You do it, okay? You cheat those tiger bastards." "You got it, pal," you say, and deliver the swiftest coup de grace you can to a creature of that size.

Dial A -3.

Lock ( Action 6.

Gain the title: Ten Thousand Tigers @.

**2102-2** "You," it answers, grabbing you and tossing you over its shoulder. You land in a sprawled, broken heap. Wound \$\mathbb{Q}\$+1.

#### 2103

"I'll deal with the ogre!" you shout, moving forward.
"You'll what now?" demands the ogre, insulted and enraged.
But you just shrug and respond, "I said I'll deal with you. So let's make a deal!" And you reach into your bag.

Poll a twenty-sided die and add your total gold.

Roll a twenty-sided die 🔘 and add your total gold 🔘. Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 茲?

- · Yes go to 2103-1
- No go to 2103-2

**2103-1** "Oh-ho!" you laugh. "I've got something I know all ogres love!" The ogre's expression suggest it thinks otherwise, but it waits for you to pull out your hand. "It's money!" you crow, and toss it a small pouch of coins.

"Hey, good guess," says the ogre, and it sits down to count its shiny payoff.

Dial A -3.

Lock ( Action 6.

**2103-2** You search your bag and with a confident smile, pull out and offer the first thing your hand finds. A yo-yo. The two of you lock eyes.

"It's a magic yo-yo?" you say with a grimace, before being knocked down. The ogre grabs something far more valuable off of you, then flings you into a nearby tree.

Wound  $\mathbb{A}+1$ .

Treasure **2**-1.

#### 2104

"This is it! Let's go!" you call to the others, before taking several arrows to your torso. "Nope, nope, nope. Not yet! That was my bad, everybody!"

Wound  $\mathbb{A}+1$ .

Dial A -1.

#### 2105

You break through the ambush, creating a route for the party to follow and escape off into the woods.

Gain the title: Leader of the Escape 🔕

2106

Is Dial A at 0?

- · Yes go to 2106-1
- · No go to 2106-4

**2106.1** Your systematic dismantling of the ambush breaks your attackers, and forces a surrender. As time passes, the bandits appear confused, then one by one they seem to break from a trance.

"We aren't even bandits!" one woman tells you. "We were attending an economics symposium when this strange gnome appeared. But everything after that is fuzzy."

"That explains why you're all in casual businesswear," Grunko, Son of Grung agrees. "But an ogre?"

"The keynote speaker!" the woman insists. One of the businesspeople offers to join your cause, even guiding you through the forest, in the same direction Lyra and the Pipes traveled. The trees and underbrush around you sway like they are in a storm, yet there is no wind. Pan's face cannot contain her worry.

Follower 89+1.

Does any player have the title: Leader of the Escape?

- · Yes go to 2106-2
- No go to 2106-3

**2106-2** This entry is for the player with the title: Leader of the Escape:

"This way everyone! Onward!" you cry, only you turn behind and discover the fight is over and everyone else is just... moving on. They didn't even realize you were missing. Scala pauses and looks back.

"Did you say something?" Schala calls to you. You close your eyes for a moment and sigh. Somewhere in the distance a lonely canine howls.

"No, it was nothing!" you call back, and rejoin the others.
On your character sheet, for the Leader of the Escape title, scratch out "the Escape" and replace it with "Loneliness."
The Bookkeeper may close the location book.
Travel on the map.

**2106-3** The Bookkeeper may close the location book. Travel on the map.

**2106-4** Does any player have the title: Leader of the Escape?

- Yes go to 2106-5
- No go to 2106-6

**2106-5** Working together you escape into the trees, though for another hour you hear your attackers searching for you, singing in a call and response chant of, "For treasure! For Justice! Forever!" It's almost trancelike.

"This is the work of the Pipes," Pan says.

"Thanks for the tip," Grunko, Son of Grung says flatly. The trees and underbrush around you sway like they are in a storm, but there is no wind.

Spend 1 time.

The Bookkeeper may close the location book.

Travel on the map.

2106-6 A bandit runs toward you from the forest, carrying a large explosive device in his arms, its fuse already lit. "For treasure. For Justice. Forever!" he shrieks, spittle flying from his lips, his eyes wide and fevered. He leaps into the fray and the device explodes, sending your party and a good number of bandits flying in random directions. For a moment, all is fire and ruin.

Dial A -5.

All players must choose 1:

- Wound (2)+1.
- Follower (2)3-1.

You cannot choose an option that results in you losing something you do not have.

Begin a new round on this page.

Does any player have the title: All Twisted Up?

- Yes go to 2301-1
- No go to 2301-2

**23011** The relentless waters continue to grab and whip the various members of the crew. You do your best to fight them off, but the experience carries a heavy toll.

Choose 2:

- Follower 89-1.
- Wound 
   \$\square{A} + 1.
- Corruption +2.

You cannot choose an option that results in you losing something you do not have.

Lock ( Action 1.

**2301-2** That water itself rises around the sides of the ferry as tentacles. They reach and grab hold of you with surprising ferocity.

Choose 1:

- · Wriggle loose. go to 2301-3
- Break free. go to 2301-6

2301-3 Agility 🕽+1.

Make an agility a check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat \$3?

- Yes go to 2301-4
- No go to 2301-5

**2301-4** The tentacles lash you and grab you, but you contort yourself and manage to spin free. Your bag spins like a high speed pendulum, breaking the water up and sending a spray of red water all over you.

Influence 😂+4.

Corruption +1.

Gain the title: the Spin Diver .

Lock ( Action 1.

**2301-5** The bright red tentacles lash you and lift you off of the ground. You do your best to slip loose and fall to the deck of the ferry, but instead are wrenched like a wet rag before being tossed aside

Wound A+1.

Influence 👺+2.

Corruption +2.

Gain the title: All Twisted Up 💩

**2301-6** Might 🕸+1.

Make a might 🖄 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

- Yes go to 2301-7
- · No go to 2301-8

**2301-7** The tentacles lash you and grab you. But you shout and flex out in all directions, screaming with rage. The power of it explodes the tentacle into a red shower of water that rains down upon you.

Influence 😂+4.

Corruption +1.

Gain the title: the Crashing Wave ...

Lock (7) Action 1.

**2301-8** You try to escape with brute force, but instead you are lifted from the ground and wrenched like a wet rag before being tossed aside.

Wound  $\mathbb{A}+1$ .

Corruption +2.

Gain the title: All Twisted Up 💩.

## 2302

You take a big risk and open yourself up to the corruption in the atmosphere. You sway with the rocking of the boat and embrace the same song of the Pipes that so drives the water wild. As you do, several shadowy figures appear around the ship. They hover and mill about, but seem to ignore you and your compatriots.

"What in the name of Davey are those?" cries Cookie, making the sign of Saint Paco.

"Are you sure this is a good idea, boss?" Schala calls to you. "No!" you call back. "Yet here we are!"

Make a will 🛞 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

- · Yes go to 2302-1
- No go to 2302-2

**2302-1** The music begins to flow through you, and for a moment you are able to redirect the corrupt vibrations in the air away from the boat, dispersing them back toward the high clouds. The strange silhouettes that have appeared on the ferry then turn, as if suddenly they can see you. Slowly, they move toward you.

"Boss!" Schala calls. They get closer and begin to reach out for you. "Boss, stop!" Schala screams.

You do. Just at the last moment you release the foul energy, and fall to your knees, exhausted. Schala runs over and helps you up. "Your face!" she gasps. You turn to an old dirty window and see your reflection. Your face is draped in some sort of unnatural shadow that ignores the light.

It's actually a cool look. More importantly, you notice that the water has also calmed a bit.

Will **‰**+1.

Corruption +2.

Dial A -5.

Gain the title: Shadow-Touched @.

**2302-2** The music begins to flow through you, and for a moment you are able to redirect the corrupt vibrations in the air away from the boat, dispersing them back toward the high clouds.

The strange silhouettes that have appeared on the ferry then turn, as if suddenly they can see you. Slowly, they move toward you.

"Boss!" Schala calls. They get closer and begin to reach out for you. "Boss, stop!" Schala screams.

You wait until the last moment to try to release the energy but then, to your surprised and absolute terror, you realize it will not release you. The shadowy figures engulf you, blotting out light and hope in a suffocating gloom. You fall upon your back, yearning to scream, but you cannot. You feel the sickly darkness inside you, throbbing with an icy hate that corrodes your spirit.

Make a might 🗞 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 💸?

- Yes go to 2302-3
- No go to 2302-5

2302-3 Will 8%+1.

Corruption +2.

Wound  $\mathbb{A}+1$ .

Next - go to 2302-4

**2302-4** Schala runs over, and helps you up. "Oh my!" she gasps. "Your face!" You turn to an old, filthy window and see your reflection. Your face is nearly gone, replaced by some sort of unnatural shadow, upon which light seems to slide off. Your

body feels cold and empty. Hope is a distant memory. "Are you okay?" Schala asks.

"Unsure," you answer with an expressionless stare.

Corruption +2.

Lock (1) Action 2.

Gain the title: Cursed Specter @.

**2302-5** Corruption 🖸 + 2.

Wound A+1.

Make another might 🔊 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 袋?

- Yes go to 2302-6
- · No go to 2302-7

2302-6 Corruption +2.

Wound 4+1.

Next - go to 2302-4

**23027** Corruption +2.

Wound  $\mathcal{A}+1$ .

Make yet another might 🕸 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 💸?

- · Yes go to 2302-4
- No go to 2302-3

#### 2303

Would you like to improvise a speech to inspire your fellow party members? There is no penalty for saying "no."

- · Yes go to 2303-1
- No go to 2303-5

**2303-1** When you are ready, have another player use the timer, then improvise a speech, in character, to inspire your allies.

Next - go to 2303-2

**2303-2** After time has ended, all players vote. Was the speech inspiring?

Thumbs up means yes.

Thumbs down means no.

- Yes go to 2303-3
- No go to 2303-4

**2303-3** You calm the followers with your words, gaining the respect of all who hear it.

Luck @+1.

Dial A -3.

Lock ( Action 4.

Gain the title: Voice of Reason 🔕.

**2303-4** Your words do not inspire anyone really, but at the end of the day it is the thought that counts.

"I'm still terrified!" Schala shouts. "But thank you for trying!" Influence \$\mathbb{G}\-2.

Dial A -3.

Lock (1) Action 4.

Gain the title: Voice of Reason 💩.

2303-5 You offer stirring words to calm the followers.

"My friends! There is nothing to fear but tentacles and magical hell water!"

"That's a relief!" gasps Cookie. "I was fearin' fear itself."
"No, that's stupid. I've warned you before about thinking your own thoughts, Cookie. Now get to work, all of you!"

Dial A -3.

Lock (1) Action 4.

Gain the title: Voice of Reason 💩.



You stand on the bow and try to focus on the direction the music is coming from. If the engines actually start, you'll need to know which way Lyra went, and fast.

You listen carefully, but hear nothing. The music itself begins to worm into your ears.

Corruption +1.

## 2305

As chaos rages around you, you stand on the bow and try to focus on the direction the music is coming from. You listen carefully and shout, "That way! Lyra went that way!" as you point your finger in the proper direction.

If someone can get the blasted engines to fire, maybe you'll get through the fog.

Stress (2)+1.

## 2306

"Whatcha doin', friend?" he asks.

"Seeing if there's still a treat left in this ancient thing," you answer. There's still a few old bags of cheese curls, but the insides of the bags hold naught but gray powder. "Well, nuts. Things have been stressful lately. Really could have used a pick-me-up."

"I bet you could. Life is rarely worth the price of admission, is it? Give up, I say. That's the only actual way to win."

"Say, you're kind of cynical."

"Guilty," he laughs before adding, "Seriously, maybe we should just surrender to the water?"

You frown at that. "Remind me, whose follower are you again? You seem familiar, yet I'm not sure I've seen you before." And with that he laughs, his body dissolving, until nothing remains on the rotting deck except a puddle of water. Stress (\*\*)+1.

Lock Action 6.

## 2307

The engines roar to life, and you run up the stairs to grab the wheel. It spins as the water itself fights to prevent you from giving chase to Lyra. You grab the wheel, struggling to hold it in place, then wonder how you are going to guide the craft. Make a smarts a check.

Is the result equal to or higher than Dial A?

- Yes go to 2307-1
- No go to 2307-2

2307-1 You notice the water is rolling straight toward you, angled to turn the bow in any other direction. You grip the wheel carefully and time your adjustments to every wave that would knock you off course. Eventually the water ceases its efforts to waylay you and the going is easier. Everyone sighs in relief then gives you a non-ironic thumbs up. Non-ironic! Stress (4)+1.

Gain the title: Captain of the Corrupted Lake 💩.

2307-2 You are too busy fighting the wheel to solve your problem, and you eventually lose your grip and the wheel's many handles spin and crack your jaw.

Wound A+1.

Does any player have the title: Captain of the Corrupted Lake?

- · Yes go to 2308-1
- No go to 2308-2

**2308-1** The boat plunges into the unsettling fog. Everything is disquietingly still, but then, in the distance you hear a faint melody that makes your skin crawl.

"Oh thank the songs of old!" whispers Pan. "There is yet still time! Take heart my friends, for all is not yet lost!" Above you, the mist parts and you see the sky has turned as red as the lake.

"Uh, I'm not so sure about that," you reply.
The Bookkeeper may close the location book.
Travel on the map.

2308-2 Does any player have the title: Doomed?

- Yes go to 2308-3
- No go to 2308-4

2308-3 The last thing you recall hearing was the sound of wood shattering and metal wrenching. But none of that matters now as the foul waters drag you down, filling your stomach and lungs with their brackish corruption. Red fills your vision, and you find yourself floating into a scarlet afterlife where the music of the Pipes of Discord cannot be escaped. The melody is all your essence knows or shall ever be made aware of again for all of this eternity and the next.

The game is over.

All players lose.

No players read their endings.

Feel free to try another adventure and come back to this one later, or load from a save point.

**2308-4** You look up at the sky and it is maroon. That's bad, right? The ferry jolts hard to starboard and you hear screams as everyone struggles to stay aboard and out of the grasp of writhing tentacles. The water itself continues to push the boat off course, and still that blasted flute calls to you from beyond the fog.

"We're too late!" Pan wails.

"Not quite!" Grunko, Son of Grung says calmly as he punches back a tentacle.

None of you share his optimism though. If you cannot get this boat to move any faster, then your deaths are assured.

The player with the lowest influence  $\mathfrak{A}$  gains wound  $\mathfrak{A}+1$ . The player with the highest influence  $\mathfrak{A}$  gains the title: Doomed  $\mathfrak{A}$ .

Begin a new round on this page.

#### 2501

Do you have the title: Seeker of Harmony?

- Yes go to 2501-1
- No go to 2501-2

**25011** The music gnaws away at your concentration. It wavers and you almost lose it, but suddenly you flash back to the strange tomb and the tune you heard within its walls. You don't fully recover, and your rhythmless flailing is very silly to witness, but you manage to not lose hope. Luck (3+1).

**2501-2** Using your keen senses, you use gestures to try to guide the rest of the group into matching up with Lyra's strange song, but it does little good.

A small wasp with seven screaming faces buzzes past your nose causing you to flinch and swat at it. The tune is thrown off, causing frustration for everyone else.

Stress (2)+1.

## 2502

Do you have the title: Seeker of Harmony?

- Yes go to 2502-1
- No go to 2502-2

**2502.1** Recalling the tune you heard in the strange tomb, you take a deep breath and begin to flick your wrist in perfect time. Your gestures help to align and calm the vibrating magic that resonates within the music.

Dial A -2.

Lock ( Action 1.

Gain the title: Conductor 💩.

**2502-2** Using your keen senses you lead the group into matching Lyra's strange song. The harmony seems to weaken the ill intent of the music and begins to align the corrupt vibrations around you.

Lock (a) Action 1.

Gain the title: Conductor 💩.

# 2503

Do you have the title: Possessed?

- Yes go to 2503-1
- · No go to 2503-5

**2503-1** You start to pound the skins of the drums and immediately realize that this isn't your style of music.

"Does anyone know any country-ska songs I could play along with?" No one hears you, but there is a reply.

Deep inside a voice purrs, "Let me help."

It's scary, yet you yield and allow an unknown force to overwhelm you. Luckily, the presence doesn't dominate you so much as lift you up, giving you a second chance.

"How do we want to do this?" it asks.

- Jam on the 1s and 3s. go to 2503-2
- Jam on the 2s and 4s. go to 2503-3
- Play like an animal. go to 2503-4

**2503-2** Unfortunately, the spirit inside of you can't play the drums any better than you can. Your body dives in, putting the beat in the wrong place and make everyone else struggle to figure out what they are supposed to be doing.

After a couple minutes the spirit vanishes in embarrassment, along with any respect anyone had for you. Nausea fills your belly.

Corruption +1.

Scratch out the title: Possessed from your character sheet.

**2503-3** It turns out that the spirit that possessed you is a great drummer! The two of you recover from a rough start and pound out a perfect, pulsing tempo, helping Pan to do what's necessary.

"Thank the gods' goodness for spooky doors!" you call to Cookie, as he runs from a swarm of corrupted, carnivorous locusts.

Influence \$\mathbb{\mathbb{G}} + 4.

Dial A -2.

Lock ( Action 2.

Gain the title: One with the Beat 💩.

**2503-4** You feel inspired by the spirit within you, and use the opportunity to get a second chance.

Make a might 🔗 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🐉?

- Yes go to 2503-3
- No go to 2503-2

**2503-5** You begin to tap away on the drums with a pair of old sticks, bringing the pulse of the music into alignment with Lyra's tune. You power through as several blasts of corruption burst from Lyra's flute.

However... it's ridiculously difficult. Your arms start to feel like rubber and you lose the beat as you grow lightheaded. So lightheaded in fact that at first you fail to notice the sharp thorns growing from the sticks you clutch. Wound 3+1.

#### 2504

You beat the drums in a steady and perfect beat, aligning the music with Lyra's chaotic tune. A shimmering apparition materializes before you and you recognize it as the Spirit of Rhythm, and Rhythm is a dancer.

"Follow my moves," she whispers inside your mind. "Let the beat flood your every particle!" You stand and raise your drumsticks high, howling as dramatic lighting spotlights your position. You spin the sticks and return to your percussion as the Spirit of Rhythm gesticulates wildly before you, blazing a path of radiant precision for you to follow. The beat you create together obliterates the sickening vibrations in the air. Dial A –2.

Lock ( Action 2.

Gain the title: One with the Beat 💩.

#### 2505

An ancient machine with keys, covered in knobs and pipes, rises up through the opera house. It reminds you of the Hub and its many pipes and mechanisms. You run to it and sit at its bench, sure you've got what it takes to play such a beast. Do you have the story card S-9, The Goose?

- Yes go to 2505-1
- No go to 2505-2

**2505-1** As you fuss with the organ, you step on some pedals and plonk on some keys, and the instrument produces a honking that in most situations would curdle milk.

But that sound gets your goose a-honkin' something fierce. It leaps from your bag, angry and flapping its wings, rising above the organ. While the corruption in the air does not relent, the honking of your sweet, innocent goose somehow brings cheer to an otherwise hopeless situation.

Luck (4)+1.

**2505-2** You pull a random knob and bang on some keys. Perhaps not surprisingly, that does not work. Instead the organ lets out a low and slow drone, not dissimilar to a fart. "That was the organ!" you shout loudly, grinning like a fool, hoping to bring levity to a dire situation. You fail. Stress (P)+1.

#### 2506

An ancient machine with keys, covered in knobs and pipes, rises up through the opera house. It reminds you of the Hub

and its many pipes and mechanisms. You run to it and sit at its bench, sure you've got what it takes to play such a beast. You quickly figure the basics of the machine, and begin to match tune with a fervor, letting the raw power of the instrument swell and fill the space around you.

The walls themselves shake with the power of your chords, finding harmony with the flute's discordant song. Something valuable is shaken from the ancient rubble, and you motion for one of your followers to fetch it for you.

Treasure ##+1.

Dial A -2.

Lock (7) Action 3.

Gain the title: the Organist 💩.

#### 2507

You know what notes you must sing, but the words are your own. And so you begin to improvise a song.

Choose 1:

- "Raise our voices high, to clouds lined with silver..." go to 2507-1
- "Return to us the sight of skies of blue and sun of orange..." - go to 2507-4
- "Allow love and caring to usher in an era of peace..." go to 2507-7
- "To the promise of a better world, we dedicate this opus..."
   go to 2507-8

**2507:1** You begin to sing, realizing too late that you don't know any words that neatly rhyme with silver.

Make a will 🛞 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

- Yes go to 2507-2
- No go to 2507-3

**2507-2** "Let order... guide us now... so that the flute might fail and we... don't accidentally kill her?" It doesn't really work, but you shrug to your friends and they shrug back. Ad-libbing a song ain't easy.

Stress (1)+1.

**2507-3** "My... friend Ron's... dad is a DILFer." No, it doesn't work and you see the followers cringing in embarrassment. You're sure glad Ron and his hot dad aren't here today. You get into your own head and accidentally let some of the flute's terrible magic in.

Corruption +1. Stress +1.

2507-1.

**2507-4** You begin to sing, realizing too late that you don't know any words that neatly rhyme with orange.

Make a will 🛞 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 袋?

- Yes go to 2507-5
- No go to 2507-6

**2507-5** "And take away... this red-skied day... that makes me want to... cringe?" It doesn't really work, but you shrug to your friends and they shrug back. Ad-libbing a song ain't easy. Stress (4)+1.

**2507-6** "Begone this red... like apple skin... or bloody... used.. syringe? I dunno."

Your followers actually take time out of trying to save the world to boo your lackluster performance. The lack of support from your own party leaves you feeling empty. The void is quickly filled by magic from the the flute's terrible song.

Corruption +1

Stress (1)+1.

#### 2508-2511

**2507-7** "And may order triumph so... this hellish chaos must now cease!" Hey, not bad. Sure, it's a bit corny, but it totally works and you feel proud of yourself.

"Great work!" Pan calls to you. "Just twenty more stanzas to go!" You grimace but strengthen your resolve. You've got this. Luck 🕲 +2.

Dial A -2.

Lock (7) Action 4.

Gain the title: MC Supreme 💩.

**2507-8** You begin to sing, realizing too late that you don't know any words that neatly rhyme with opus.

Make a will 🗞 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 💸?

- Yes go to 2507-9
- No go to 2507-10

**2507-9** "We'll watch the sky... and be guided by... the light from dear Canopus." It doesn't really work, you aren't sure how many people know the name of the star Canopus, but you shrug to your friends and they shrug back. Ad-libbing a song ain't easy.

Stress (1)+1.

**2507-10** "And hope this day... will go away... like a sneeze... expelling.. mucus? Wait, that's not it." Even sweet Schala feels compelled to throw one of her shoes at you for that one. With your confidence shaken, you fail to fight off the effects of the magic swirling all around you.

Corruption +1. Stress +1.

#### 2508

You rush to a nearby harp. It is towering, ancient, and golden, and it doesn't seem like one needs to be especially skilled to play it.

Do you have the story card S-7, Sheet Music?

- Yes go to 2508-1
- No go to 2508-2

**2508-1** You aren't that good at the harp and you can't read music, but the magic that's wreaking havoc also seems to make sheet music easier to understand. But still, you're lousy and incapable of producing anything of value. Maybe things will go better next time... assuming there is a next time. Luck (4)+1.

**2508-2** It turns out the harp requires a great deal of skill to play, and whatever form that skill might take, you do not possess it. What you do possess are bloody fingers because apparently harp strings are sharp as heck and it's no wonder nobody plays them anymore. The ancients were dumb. Wound A+1.

#### 2509

You rush to a nearby harp. It is towering, ancient and golden, and it doesn't seem like one needs to be especially skilled to play it. In fact you immediately start to pluck out a decent tune. It's good even! And why wouldn't it be really, because it's just a harp and clearly any dummy can play it.

Dial A -2.

Lock (7) Action 5.

Gain the title: String Theorist 💩.

## 2510

You aren't really feeling the music side of things so you decide to set a scene to enhance the moment. You climb up into the rafters and hang some very cool looking streamers you made from the last of Grunko, Son of Grung's pants. As you do, you accidentally hit some sort of ancient machine. It whirs to life and beams of colored lights paint the stage along with a cloud of fog. Everyone is heartened and the counter-music feels more powerful.

Cookie gasps in wonder at the glory of your stage magic and tearfully whispers, "Radical to the max, me hearties!"

All players gain luck 🚳+1.

Lock (7) Action 6.

Gain the title: Master of Big Mood 💩.

#### 2511

Is Dial C (Bard's HP) at 0?

- Yes go to 2511-1
- No go to 2511-9

**2511-1** The music stops in an instant and Lyra falls to the ground like a tossed doll, landing with a thud. Pan wails and rushes to the body, crying.

"What is wrong?" she screams, trying to shake her sister back to consciousness. "Schala! Can you help her?" Your little follower rushes over and observes Lyra's wounds, but everyone else present can see how hopeless it is.

"Oh, Pan," Schala says softly. "I'm so sorry."

The next entry is for the player with the most chaotic 0 titles - go to 2511-2

**2511-2** The flute rolls toward you across the stage, and you would swear you can hear a gentle voice calling to you. All other sound seems to fade away. No more of Pan's irritating wailing. No more Grunko, Son of Whoever yelling something about, "Don't be a fool." It's just you and the flute. It's like you're not even in your own body, and you watch yourself bend over and pick the foul thing up.

Luck 🐠 +1 for each lawful 🙆 title you have.

Make a will 🛞 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 💸?

- Yes go to 2511-3
- No go to 2511-4

**2511-3** You pick up the flute and show it to your friends. "Looks dumb to me," you say with a shrug, and snap it in half. In a red flash, it explodes back in your face, scorching you in ancient, naughty magics.

When you come to, you look around and don't see Pan. Cookie swears he saw her walking back to the shore of the beach, but all that you find is her lyre being knocked about on the stony shore by the lake's red waves. Everyone else tends to your wounds, but your left ear is never the same. Indeed, as the years go by, though the world is saved and you can take some of that credit, you find little happiness. The ear doesn't work so good, and sometimes it seems to hear things on its own for no reason at all. Sometimes in the dark hours of the night, you lie in your bed, staring at the ceiling, haunted by the distant sound of a familiar melody, as if the opera house calls to you, waiting for you to return.

Gain the title: Phantom of an Opera House 💩

Congratulations! You have won! Kinda.

Next - go to 2511-15

2511-4 Gain the title: the Overtaken .

Choose another player to save you from the flute's dark magic. The next entry is for the player you choose. Next - go to 2511-5

2511-5 Make a will 🗞 check.

You may gain up to 3 stress @ if able. For each stress you gain this way, add +3 to your result.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat?

- · Yes go to 2511-6
- No go to 2511-7

**2511-6** You see your fellow freelancer bend over to take the corrupted flute. Their eyes look like they are possessed or entranced by its powerful magic. So you sigh and heroically step forward and slap them a couple times across the face to snap them out of it.

"Why are you the one who alway does stuff like reach for the dirty flute? I swear."

Gain the title: Heart and Soul of the Group 💩

Next - go to 2511-3

**2511-7** The next entry is for the player with the title: the Overtaken - go to 2511-8

**2511-8** In an instant you are gone, blinking out of existence. All that is left is your empty husk and the song. It encompasses your being, drenching it, and the husk begins to play. You might be dead, you might be damned, but all such things are trivial compared to the unending glory of the melody.

The player to your left stabs themselves in the heart and dies. The player to your right screams until they vomit themselves inside out and die.

All other players die as their eyeballs turn inward and begin eating their own skulls and brains.

Gain the title: Donated Own Meatsack to a Lord of Chaos .

The game is over. All players lose. No players read their endings. Feel free to try another adventure and come back to this one later, or load from a save point.

Maybe next time you can save Lyra!

**2511-9** If this is your first time resolving the Opera House Round End, draw 4 treasure cards from the top of the treasure deck and set them aside face down without looking at them. This stack of cards will be referred to as the Opera Deck. Keep your Opera Deck intact between rounds until the game ends. Next - go to 2511-10

2511-10 How many cards are currently in your Opera Deck?

- 0 go to 2511-11
- 1 go to 2511-12
- 2 go to 2511-23
- · 3 go to 2511-24
- 4 go to 2511-25

**2511-11** The world and all reality is undone, eaten by itself, an ouroboros of chaos consuming its own tail until there is nothing. In the utter emptiness of the lack of anything, only Voidmaker the Unwomb finds contentment, its hunger for existence finally sated. Yet even that fattened Lord of Chaos cannot truly find peace, for nothingness is truly not nothingness. Something small and unseeable remains. A germ. The memory of a song. And so the Unwomb howls to nothing but itself as the warped vibrations of the melody ripple outward through infinite nix.

The game is over. All players lose. No players read their endings. You may destroy this copy of the game.

**2511-12** Lyra yet clings to life, but the Pipes of Discord still have dominion over her flesh.

"Please, Lyra!" Pan calls. "Don't give up, sweet sister!"

You aren't sure Lyra can even hear her. Her eyes are aglow with corruption as she madly plays the flute. You see Schala, hiding under some rubble. She catches your eye and gives you a knowing look.

Reset Dial A to the current threat 🖄.

Then lower Dial A by the number of lock tokens 🖰 on the current location page.

Next - go to 2511-13

2511-13 Is Dial B (Flute's HP) at 0?

- · Yes go to 2511-14
- No go to 2511-16

**2511-14** There is a small snap and the music stops in an instant. Lyra lets out a cry and falls to the stage, but Grunko, Son of Grung is there to catch her. Seconds later, the two halves of the cursed flute fall to the stage as well.

Pan gasps and runs over, crying, "Lyra! Lyra!"

Her sister rubs her eyes, then gives a trembling gasp. Lyra is alive. The corrupt energy in the air dissipates and everyone sets up camp as the sisters cling to each other.

You are surprised to watch as Lyra quickly recovers from the effects of playing host to the Pipes of Discord. In mere hours, the two siblings eat and laugh and play songs.

"I believe I promised you a song that would tell the world of your accomplishments," Pan reminds you. "Very well! I have been writing it as we traveled along, inspired of course by your every action. You are heroes, truly!"

She clears her throat, plays a single note on her lyre and sings:

"Are they dumb or are they brave?

That's a question for the ages.

All I know is I that I owe you everything.

You are the heroes of my story.

Let it be told all throughout the land,

You will always be remembered.

I'll sing your song forever.

You are the heroes of my story.

Let it be told all throughout the land,

You will always be remembered.

I'll sing your song forever.

You are the heroes of my story"

Congratulations! You have won!

Next - go to 2511-15

**2511-15** Each player should now read their character's ending and their full name including all titles. After all players have read their names and endings, the player with the greatest number of titles may write their name on the Pipes of the Hub page of the rulebook, never to be forgotten as one of the kingdom's most important figures.

You have completed this campaign.

2511-16 How many cards are currently in the Opera Deck?

- 1 go to 2511-17
- 2 go to 2511-20
- 3 go to 2511-21
- 4 go to 2511-22

**2511-17** Lyra slowly lowers closer to the ground, the instrument's hold appearing to weaken. But then with a flourish of the flute, Lyra begins to a play again, rising up back up into the air. A red blast of corruption crashes down upon you like a wave.

You try to roll away from the worst of it.

The player with the lowest influence must make an agility check.

Is the result equal to or higher than Dial A?

- Yes go to 2511-18
- · No go to 2511-19

#### 2701-2712

2511-18 You avoid the very worst of it.

Discard one card from your Opera Deck, and then choose 1:

- Wound \$\mathcal{A}\mathcal{+}\mathcal{1}\$.
- Corruption +2.
- Dial A +2.

Begin a new round on this page.

**2511-19** You shriek in agony.

Discard two cards card from your Opera Deck, and then choose 2:

- Wound (2)+1.
- Corruption +2.
- Dial A +2.

Begin a new round on this page.

**2511-20** The flute's energy is fading, but Lyra still draws breath. And after so much exposure, the music is worming into your brain, sickening you.

The lowest influence 👺 player must make a sense 🍪 check. Is the result equal to or higher than Dial A?

- Yes go to 2511-18
- · No go to 2511-19

2511-21 Lyra's flute blasts bolts of corruption through you, and it takes all of your might not to topple over.

The lowest influence 👺 player must make a might 🗞 check. Is the result equal to or higher than Dial A?

- Yes go to 2511-18
- No go to 2511-19

2511-22 Lyra's melody chips away at your sense of self. You reach deep down inside, trying to fight off the invasive magic. The lowest influence 👹 player must make a will 🦓 check. Is the result equal to or higher than Dial A?

- Yes go to 2511-18
- No go to 2511-19

2511-23 Looking over you see poor, simple Cookie writhing on the ground, screaming in horror, fighting back some horrible vision only he can see. Above you, still out of reach, Lyra seems weakened, her eyes sunken and strange, but she keeps playing the flute. Is that panic on her face? Yes, perhaps there is still a shred of her old self still in there? Reset Dial A to the current threat 🕸. Then lower Dial A by the number of lock ( ) tokens on the current location page. Next - go to 2511-13

2511-24 Lyra looks thoroughly exhausted, drained to her core, and yet the flute forces her to keep playing. Her body hovers in the air like some sort of twisted marionette, flailing.

"Keep fighting against it!" Pan calls up to her.

"Pan, are you sure she's still in there?" you call out. But she only keeps playing her tune, and does not deign to reply. Reset Dial A to the current threat 💥.

Then lower Dial A by the number of lock tokens 🖯 on the current location page.

Next - go to 2511-13

2511-25 Pan is in a tearful panic. "Please be careful! Lyra is not our enemy here!" But Lyra continues to play, her body completely under the flute's dominion and you aren't certain what can be done.

"Not sure what more we can do to help her!" Grunko, Son of Grung cries out as he fights off a chair, now made sentient by the flute's corrupt song.

Despite your efforts, Lyra still floats above you.

Reset Dial A to the current threat 袋.

Then lower Dial A by the number of lock tokens (7) on the current location page.

Next - go to 2511-13

You grab at a stupid bandit and try to pin them, but they use your momentum against you and send you into a big muddy puddle. Much like you eating spaghetti, it's disgusting to witness.

Stress (2)+1.

You lunge for a bandit and flip them facedown into a deep mud puddle. You drown them there, bubbles coming up from the muck as they struggle to continue singing, until finally, no air remains in their lungs. Sure, it's a little gruesome, but there's a super offensive tattoo on the back of their neck, and it looks really recent. So like, this had to happen.

Luck (4)+2.

Dial A -2.

Does any player have the title: Tied Something to a Tree?

- Yes go to 2703-1
- No go to 2703-2

2703-1 Like a child repeating a joke ad nauseam for laughs, you tie another rope to another tree and pathetically try your luck again. It doesn't work and Cookie looks at you like you're an idiot.

"Yer an idiot," says he.

"You didn't have to say it," you gripe.

"Oh matey," he sighs, "I did."

Influence 👺-3.

**2703-2** You think fast and tie a rope to a tree before running in an arc in an attempt to trip the whole lot of your assailants. Make an agility a check.

Is the result equal to or higher than Dial A?

- Yes go to 2703-3
- No go to 2703-4

**2703-3** It miraculously works far better than you had hoped. The bandits recoil from the rope, backing themselves into the tree. After several more laps around the tree, you have them! Not surprisingly, even the comic nature of their situation does not prevent them from continuing their crazed song. Dial A -3.

Luck @+1.

Gain the title: Tied Something to a Tree 💩.

2703-4 Somehow you only manage to tie yourself to the tree, then hurt yourself when you have try to cut yourself free. It's a whole thing.

Wound A+1.

Gain the title: Tied Something to a Tree @.

Your eyes trace the edges of the battle, keeping an eye out for any sneaky sneaks. You don't see any which is a bummer, because one was right behind you and stabs a friend of yours, killing them. I mean, they're more like a work friend, but still. Follower (Pg-1.

## 2305

Your eyes trace the edges of the battle, keeping an eye out for any sneaky sneaks. You spot a lanky looking stilt-kin hopping from tree to tree. She'd be near invisible if she wasn't loudly singing the eerie chant. Regardless, you manage to get the drop on her.

Make a weapon check.

- · 1-14 go to 2705-1
- 15+ go to 2705-2

**2705-1** You perform an awkward ranged attack that drops the stilt-kin from the trees. She hits the ground with a thud, still singing for a few seconds before her agonizing death. "For treasure! For Justice! Forever!"

Dial A -1.

Influence \$2.

**2705-2** You perform a brilliant ranged attack that drops the stilt-kin from the trees. She hits the ground with a thud, landing in several pieces. Still her song grotesquely escapes her mandibles for a few seconds more.

"For treasure... For Justice... Forever..."

Dial A -1.

Influence 2+2.

### 2706

You attempt to gain control of the music and perhaps free a bandit or two by reaching deep within yourself and letting the power of the music in. You don't, but the burst blood vessels in your eyes look super creepy.

Wound A+1.

Corruption +1.

### 2707

You attempt to gain control of the music and perhaps free a bandit or two by reaching deep within yourself and letting the power of the music in. Weirdly, you think you feel something? You open your eyes, and suddenly a flash of red light blasts through the battle, leaving the smell of burned hair. A few of the bewitched bandits stop singing. Because you sawed them in half with laser eyes or something.

Dial A -3.

Corruption +1.

### 2708

You attempt to gain control of the music and perhaps free a bandit or two by reaching deep within yourself and letting the power of the music in. The music flows through you and when you open your mouth, a cone of nothing emerges, as if your voice embodies the very essence of silence and those within the way of the aural nothingness are forced to stop singing. Heck, one even switches sides.

Follower 893+1.

Dial A -5.

Corruption 🖸+1.

Gain the title: the Dark Magician @.

### 2709

"There's no problem one can't solve through intelligent conversation!" you confidently state to the bedazzled battlers. They ignore you and so you call out, "Fight through the music! Can't you see we're all on the same side?" But they just keep singing and even worse, your effort is so botched that one of your own followers gets confused and changes sides. Follower An-1.

Dial A +1.

#### 2710

"You must fight against this terrible magic!" you implore the bandits. "Think! You don't steal from heavily armed freelancers! Where's the profit? You steal from the weak! From the poor and the sick!" Your appeal to their better nature seems to have an effect on all who hear it.

Dial A -1.

Influence 😂+2.

## 2711

"You must fight against this terrible magic!" you implore the bandits. "Think! You don't steal from heavily armed freelancers! Where's the profit? You steal from the weak! From the poor and the sick!" You give them a second before adding, "And we sure are killing a whole bunch of you!" Appealing to their need for self-preservation snaps a surprising number of bandits out of their trance.

Dial A -3.

Influence 👺+2.

## 2712

Is Dial A at 0?

- Yes go to 2712-1
- No. go to 2712-3

**2712.1** Bandit-flavored carnage coats the battlefield, so all in all it's a job well done. Of course, there's always one asshole who takes most of the credit.

The player with the highest influence 😭 gains the title: Bandit Slayer 🚳.

Next - go to 2712-2

2712-2 "This is the work of the Pipes," Pan announces.

"Hey, thanks for the tip," someone snaps. All around you the trees and underbrush sway as if they are in a powerful storm, yet there is no wind to move them.

Travel on the map.

**2712-3** The spell suddenly breaks as quickly as glass falling upon stone. The singing and bloodshed stop, and after blinking in disbelief for a moment, the bandits panic and rout into the trees.

Unfortunately, bloodlust is a powerful thing, and your retinue gives chase, wasting time until every last bandit is dead. Needless to say, once cooler heads prevail, one poor bastard ends up shouldering most of the blame.

All players gain stress (9)+1.

Next - go to 2712-2

# **RELICS & REVENGE**

Before you begin play, make sure the Cartographer has Map C. Then, each player reads their job backgrounds in whatever order they choose, filling in the blanks with the corresponding prompts from their species sheet.

### INTRODUCTION

The gears of the Hub are always grinding, and so too are its many freelancers. You shuffle from borough to borough as the capital itself shuffles and changes beneath your feet. Days pass as the lot of you look for work, and when nothing comes up, you find yourselves downcast and drinking, and soon the city has reconfigured itself so that you're sitting in the slums. Which is fitting, given your financial situation. But while the slums are grimy and maybe at times a bit violent, it isn't all bad. Massive pipes dump a constant stream of fouled liquids that feed a wide variety of hydroponic gardens. And the art that fills the hoity-toity galleries or the music that plays in the trendy dancehalls almost always gets its start here.

On your third day in the slums you return to the abandoned tenement building you've been squatting in. The place is damp and filled with black mold. Don't worry, it's the good kind of black mold. Drunk, hungry, and weary, you crawl into your burlap sacks and fall asleep.

The next entry is for the player with the highest influence **3**. Next - go to INTRO-1

**INTRO-1** You sit up in your sack and give a weary yawn, which is when you notice everyone else is looking at you.

"What?" you snap. "Something on my face? Sleep funny on my hair?"

Cookie pauses stirring his famous dirty-sock soup and points at you. "G-g-g-guh-guh-" he stammers.

"Boss, there's a ghost behind you," sighs Grunko, Son of Grung nonchalantly.

You turn and see a hideous phantom looming behind you, hoisting a massive spectral cleaver into the air.

Make a weapon check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

- · Yes go to 80-2
- No go to 80-5
- My weapon has the ranged trait. go to INTRO-2

**INTRO-2** Luckily, you always plan for any contingency, including surprise rear attacks from phantoms upon waking from slumber. You manage to leap away from the specter's strike at the last moment, and keeping your distance, you pick away at it with several precise strikes.

You aren't sure why your weapon even has an effect on the thing, but the apparition dissipates with a ghastly cry that fades into nothing.

Luck **(4)**+1.

Next - go to INTRO-3

INTRO-3 You whirl as a voice suddenly speaks from a darkened corner of your room. "Sorry for the intrusion."

This man is no ghost, but his species is a mystery, hidden beneath a violet cloak and a featureless mask, crudely hewn from wood.

"Where did you come from?" one of you barks in alarm. He holds up gloved hands and speaks in a tired and hushed tone before anyone can attack.

"I apologize for the scare," says he. "The phantom was just a

test of sorts. You see, I seek brave warriors capable of facing death without flinching."

"You have the wrong room," says Grunko, Son of Grung. You ignore your yak porter and begin to pepper the stranger with questions. You learn that he is trying to find someone who is willing to take down the Fell Fellowship.

Oh, you've heard of them.

"They're among the greatest freelancers of all time!"
you protest. "Legends! They emptied caves of monsters!
Despoiled shrines to cruel gods! Brought back the finest
artifacts civilization has ever known! And didn't they retire?"
"Retired indeed," the man growls. "Retired after slaughtering
my city. Retired after tearing down monuments to our gods.
Retired with the jewels of my civilization!" An awkward silence
descends on the room.

"Feels weird, don't it?" Cookie observes. "Yeah, this feels weird."

"I can't bring my people back," the man continues, "but if we can find those relics... I may find peace. I will reward you greatly, of course."

"Not to mention, taking down the Fell Fellowship would make us crazy famous!" you add.

The others nod.

"Okay," you tell him. "You're on."

The Cartographer must write these three names somewhere on the map:

- · Sen, the Goblin
- · Krill, the Merfolk
- · Paz, the Displayer

Next - go to INTRO-4

INTRO-4 "If you are interested, meet me on the edge of the slums tomorrow evening," he tells you.

"I think it's safe to say we're definitely interested!" you assure him.

"I hope to see you there," he replies, and with that, backs into the darkened corner. By the time you think to hold a light up to the corner, he is gone.

"If we can take down the Fell Fellowship, we'll be legendary!
And those treasures! Imagine if we had their treasures!"

"I what him to be supported to keep the treasures."

"I, uh, think that mystery fellow wanted to keep the treasures," Schala points out.

"Details, details," one of you says.

"Details like getting your new patron's name?" she asks.
"Er, yes."

Have the Bookkeeper turn to page 3.

Begin a round in the location book.

INTRO-5 Before you can process what is happening, the apparition gains the upper hand, and brings its ghostly cleaver slashing down through your quivering body. You expect an excruciating death, but instead there comes a painful chill, like a toothache that runs down the length of your trunk.

You scream out in fright and anguish, and the others leap to your aid, attacking the specter with a flurry of violence. You aren't sure why it works, but the thing dissipates with a ghastly cry that fades into nothing.

Influence 2-4.

Wound  $\mathbb{A}+1$ .

Next - go to INTRO-3

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Go to 1 of the following entries. If you like, you may draw a tick mark next to your choice so that the next time you visit a campsite while playing this scenario, you'll know which entries you've chosen previously. Choose 1:

- Go to Д-2
- Go to ፟\$3-3
- Go to ፟ -4



As you stop for a rest, Schala peppers Enash, your mysterious patron, with question after question about his culture.
With grace, he politely dodges each question until finally Cookie interrupts.

"Leave the fella be," Cookie whispers to her, putting a gentle hand on her shoulder. "Arrr, the past is more than history to be recorded in some book. Sometimes it's a festerin' wound. Best not poke it."

Enash says nothing.

Schala blushes, embarrassed, and shuffles off to help set up camp.

All players may heal 1 stress ① or discard 1 corruption ②. Additionally, if the party chooses to spend 1 time, all players may choose to perform 1 camp action from their character sheet in influence ② order.

As players perform camp actions, they must also fill in the bubble for that action on their sheet. It cannot be performed again.

After all decisions made for this campsite have been resolved, travel on the map.



You stop to rest for a moment and recuperate.

You notice Enash and Cookie sitting beside one another. The masked pirate seems uncharacteristically calm, peeling some turtle eyes for some sort of new recipe.

One of you sidles up to Grunko, Son of Grung as he sets his massive cart down and begins unloading something heavy. "Why do you suppose those two get along so well?" you ask, subtly nodding toward Enash and Cookie.

"Dunno," the caddy shrugs without looking. "Are you gonna help?" he asks.

"Oh. Uh, no."

All players may heal 1 stress ① or discard 1 corruption ②. Additionally, if the party chooses to spend 1 time, all players may choose to perform 1 camp action from their character sheet in influence ② order.

As players perform camp actions, they must also fill in the bubble for that action on their sheet. It cannot be performed again.

After all decisions made for this campsite have been resolved, travel on the map.



PAZ THE DISPLAYER



You find a stream of clean, cold moving water. Everyone stops for a moment to refill their canteens. The rocks that peek from the gentle rapids are carved with ancient and interesting glyphs and faces.

Schala comes up to you and whispers, "So, um, are we going to stop here or press on?" She subtly nods toward Cookie, the camp cook. "Because if we are setting up camp, you may suggest... uh, some of us, take a bath."

All players may heal 1 stress ( or 1 corruption ).
If the party spends 1 time, each player may also select a camp action from their character sheet, doing so in influence order.

Travel on the map.



You find a copse of trees with indigo-colored leaves. They sway in the wind, providing safety from the elements. You stop for a short rest.

Grunko, Son of Grung pulls the cart off of the trail and asks, "Are we setting up camp or just stopping for a short break?" "If it's a short break," says Cookie, "I can only offer day-old snail cakes as a snack."

"And if we make camp?" someone asks.

"Then it's pan-fried, day-old snail cakes," he answers proudly.

All players may heal 1 stress 🏵 or 1 corruption 🗟.

If the party spends 1 time, each player may also select a camp action from their character sheet, doing so in influence order.

Travel on the map.

# **DUNGEON**

Go to 1 of the following entries. If you like, you may draw a tick mark next to your choice so that the next time you visit a dungeon while playing this scenario, you'll know which entries you've chosen previously. Choose 1:

- Go to 🛍-1
- Go to ←2
- Go to ∰-3



If they haven't already, the players must now collectively choose someone to be the Project Manager for this dungeon. If there is any disagreement in selecting a project manager for this dungeon, it is decided by the Influence Track.

酮-1

The next section is for the Project Manager.

Next - go to 1:2

1:2 The party finds an unsettling hole in the ground, bleached bones scattered around the rim. Peering into it, you see naught but earthen walls leading down into pitch.

"Let's not go in there," you tell the others, at which point the ground collapses and you are each dumped unceremoniously into the now widened hole, your deaths all but certain

Or they are until - sploosh! You plunge into frigid water, chunks of crumbled earth splashing down all around you. The party struggles its way to a nearby shore.

"How the heck are we going to get back up to the surface?"

moans Schala.

But there is no time to answer as a beast that looks strangely like a giant brain on four legs dashes from around a rocky corner, and runs toward you.

The Project Manager for this dungeon must choose a player (including potentially, themselves) to participate in this dungeon and fight the brain monster.

Whoever they choose, the next section is for that player.

Next - go to 1-1:3

1:3 You have been selected to fight the brain monster that is charging the party.

Make a weapon check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 💸?

- Yes go to —1:4
- No go to 🕮-1:18

1:4 You curse the absurdity of a creature evolving to have a giant, exposed brain, but have little time to protest, as the thing lunges for you. You back away, then just as it closes the distance between you, you end it with several blazingfast attacks. The thing flops dead at your feet, stinking brain matter splattered everywhere.

"The heck is this thing?" you wonder, but in answer comes a bunch of yips, and suddenly there are more of the monsters. "This way!" shouts Schala, pointing at a rocky slope that winds upward. "Anything that goes up is better than being down here!"

Luck @+1.

Influence 💝+2.

The next section is for the Project Manager.

Next - go to **@**-1:5

**1.5** The party races upward and away from the yipping things, which isn't too hard to do since each time one gets close, you hit it and it bursts.

"Such a waste o' brains," mourns Cookie.

After a few minutes, your pursuers abandon the chase, and soon you emerge in a large cavern dominated by a roaring waterfall.

"Over there!" shouts Schala, pointing at another passageway in the distance, this one also leading up. You cross the open cave, only to groan when an ominous shape rises up before you.

"Oh, um, no-no, this is bad," Schala whines. It's another brain thing, though this one has a beak and seems to float in the air. It gives a weird gurgling noise, then begins floating your way.

The Project Manager for this dungeon must choose a player (including potentially, themselves) to participate in this dungeon and fight this other brain monster.

Whoever they choose, the next section is for that player.

Next - go to 🕮-1:6

1:6 You have been selected to fight this second brain monster which is more fearsome and completely different from the first brain monster. Really.

Make a weapon check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 23?

- Yes go to 1:7
- No go to 1:13
- Fret not. My weapon has the frost 🏶 trait. go to 🛍 -1:7

1:1 A large, floating brain with a beak is a fairly frightening thing. But it is still a large, exposed brain, and you cooly put it down. You all stand around the thing, faces scrunched up in confusion at what you're seeing.

"I, um, don't get it," Schala confesses. "I mean, the beak connects right to the brain. Where's the digestive system? How does it eat? Or do anything? I have a deep respect for all life, but this is just stupid."

"Well don't look now," you tell her, "but more stupid is coming this way." You point at the three other floating brains with beaks that slowly bob your way. "Come on everyone, let's go!" You dash away, heading toward the far passage that leads up.

Luck @+1.

Influence 2+2.

The next section is for the Project Manager.

Next - go to 🛍-1:8

1:8 You run and run up the slanted surface, and to everyone's joy, you can see daylight in the distance. Not much further now! But then, a dark shape emerges before you from a side passage. It is humanoid, but dressed super Goth and its mouth is just a mess of tentacles.

"Behold, it is !!" booms a voice inside your minds. "The braineater! And I do not mean to shock you but I now plan on eating your brains!"

"Oh, fer the love o'-" Cookie shakes his head in frustration. "Somebody kill this guy so we can get out o' this stupid cave already!"

The Project Manager for this dungeon must choose a player (including potentially, themselves) to participate in this dungeon and fight this new brain-related monster.

Whoever they choose, the next section is for that player. Next - go to 1:9

1:9 You have been selected to fight this third brain monster which is not a giant, exposed brain but something that still ties into the theme.

I mean, if it's a brain-eater and this place is filled with brain monsters, why does it even care about you guys?

Whatever, it's fine. Let's just do this.

Make a weapon check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 💸?

- Yes go to 1:10
- No go to 1:12
- My weapon has the ranged 🗗 trait. go to 🛍-1:10

1:10 You pepper the brain-eater with a series of attacks that see it quickly collapse. While no doubt a fearsome adversary to things with exposed brains, against you guys it isn't that great.

Luck @+1.

Influence \$2+1.

The next section is for the Project Manager.

Next - go to @-1:11

1:11 No other brain-related threats seek to hinder you, and you successfully emerge into the sun's warm rays, thankful to be free of the hideous hole.

Cookie shakes his head. "Maties, that experience may 'ave actually turned me off to eatin' brains ever again. What'll I put in me omelettes now?"

This dungeon's Project Manager gains the title: Mindful ... All players who participated, including the Project Manager gain XP ... +1.

You have completed this dungeon. Travel on the map.

1:12 The brain-eater moves quicker than you were expecting, and before you know it, leather tentacles wrap around your noggin, holding it in place, and a vicious beak-like protuberance begins drilling into your skull.

"Oh gods, my brains!" you shriek. "Don't let it eat my beautiful

brains!"

Schala, normally a bundle of trembling nerves, sighs and walks up to you as blood pours down your face. It turns out brain-eaters aren't capable of much else when eating brains, so your little scholar stabs a pencil through the thing's throat a few times. It quickly releases you and staggers away, desperately trying to keep its blood from spraying out its neck. Schala cleans you up while everyone else sits around and watches the brain-eater slowly succumb to its wounds. "Now can we leave?" begs Cookie.

Choose 1:

Wound \$\infty\$+1.

Next - go to 11:11

• Stress (2)+1 and corruption (2)+2.

Then, gain the title: the Half-Meloned @.
The next section is for the Project Manager.

1:13 Really? It's a giant, exposed brain. Try again. You probably misread your die roll.

Make a weapon check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 袋?

- No go to 🕮-1:15

fightening thing. A large, floating brain with a beak is a fairly frightening thing. But it is still a large, exposed brain, and you cooly put it down. You all stand around the thing, faces scrunched up in confusion at what you're seeing.

"I, um, don't get it," Schala confesses. "I mean, the beak connects right to the brain. How does it eat? Or do anything? I have a deep respect for all life, but this is just stupid."

"Well don't look now," you tell her, "but more stupid is coming this way." You point at the three other floating brains with beaks that slowly bob your way. "Come on everyone, let's go!" You dash away, heading toward the far passage that leads up.

Luck **(∅**)+2.

The next section is for the Project Manager.

Next - go to @-1:8

1:15 Apologies for our confusion. It's just, you're fighting a squishy, soft brain, and it makes no sense that you're struggling with such an easy task. We suspect you keep trying to hit the 'Yes' button, but are accidentally hitting 'No.' It's fine! Let's try one last time.

Make a weapon check. Again.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

- Yes go to @-1:16
- No go to 🛍 1:17

1:16 A large, floating brain with a beak is a fairly frightening thing. But it is still a large, exposed brain, and you cooly put it down. You all stand around the thing, faces scrunched up in confusion at what you're seeing.

"I, um, don't get it," Schala confesses. "I mean, the beak connects right to the brain. How does it eat? Or do anything? I have a deep respect for all life, but this is just stupid."

"Well don't look now," you tell her, "but more stupid is coming this way." You point at the three other floating brains with beaks that slowly bob your way. "Come on everyone, let's go!" You dash away, heading toward the far passage that leads up.

Luck 🚳 + 2.

The next section is for the Project Manager.

Next - go to -1:8

#### MAP ICONS

1:17 Gotcha. Well, the giant brain slowly lurches toward you, its hungry beak clacking. Your companions do nothing, certain you've got this, so imagine their surprise when the beak bites into your shoulder, blood spurting from the wound. You shriek in horror, so Cookie clears his throat and hits the brain with a spatula. It dies instantly, the imprint of the spatula stamped into its pink-gray matter.

You all stand around the thing, faces scrunched up in confusion at what you're seeing.

"I, um, don't get it," Schala confesses. "I mean, the beak connects right to the brain. How does it eat? Or do anything? I have a deep respect for all life, but this is just stupid."

"Well don't look now," you tell her, "but more stupid is coming this way." You point at the three other floating brains with beaks that slowly bob your way. "Come on everyone, let's go!" You dash away, heading toward the far passage that leads up.

Wound  $\mathbb{A}+1$ .

The next section is for the Project Manager.

Next - go to 🛍-1:8

1:18 You curse the absurdity of a creature evolving to have a giant, exposed brain, but have little time to protest, as the thing lunges for you. You back away, waving your weapon like an idiot, and the monster ignores you and instead succeeds in ripping the throat out of one of your followers. Thankfully Grunko, Son of Grung kicks the creature away, and the soft, meaty brain-thing explodes in a shower of stinking mess. "The heck is this thing?" you wonder, but in answer comes a bunch of yips, and suddenly there are more of the monsters.

Follower 1: If you do not have a follower, choose another player to discard a follower.

winds upward. "Anything that goes up is better than being

"This way!" shouts Schala, pointing at a rocky slope that

Luck @+1.

Influence 👺-1.

The next section is for the Project Manager.

Next - go to @-1:5

#### **M-2**

If they haven't already, the players must now collectively choose someone to be the Project Manager for this dungeon. If there is any disagreement in selecting a project manager for this dungeon, it is decided by the Influence Track. The next section is for the Project Manager.

Next - go to @-2:1

2:1 You spy a worn old fort nearby and realize this must be where the Todds are located. The Todds are a bandit gang of aging scene boys who are all named Todd. They're too precious for their own good and if you were to take them out, you'd spend months as a hero in every Hub tavern.

Like most of their ilk, the average Todd probably sees himself as fiercely independent, when in reality he has bound his social status to the leader of the gang. Take out the leader, and the rest will surely fall. There are two Todds guarding the front gate, so the first step will be talking to them to gain entrance.

The Project Manager for this dungeon must choose a player (including potentially, themselves) to participate in this dungeon and speak with the Todds.

Whoever they choose, the next section is for that player. Next - go to 1-2:2 12:2 The party approaches the front gate.

"Hey, hold up," says a disinterested goblin. "Like, what are your names?"

You have been selected to convince the guards to let you in. Make a will 🚳 or smarts 🖫 check.

Is the result of that check equal to or higher than the current threat x?

• Yes - go to -2:3

• No - go to 🛍 - 2:13

**2.3** "We're all named Todd," you say, gesturing at the others. "Duh."

"Whatever," says the guard. "It's hilarious you even think I care." And he waves you toward the camp.

The next section is for the Project Manager.

Next - go to 🛍-24

12.4 The courtyard isn't super busy, but there are enough entrances to the keep to be confusing. You want to find the head Todd, but are unsure of where to look. You spot three sullen Todds grousing around a campfire and walk toward them for information.

The Project Manager for this dungeon must choose a player (including potentially, themselves) to participate in this dungeon and ply the Todds for information..

Whoever they choose, the next section is for that player.

Next - go to -2:5

12:5 You nod at the Todd's as you approach the fire.
"Hey," says a dwarven Todd upon your approach. "You know the band, Quarterpound? What are your thoughts on them?"
You have been selected to find out where the head Todd is located.

Make a smarts 🎘 or will 🍪 check.

Is the result of that check equal to or higher than the current threat  $\mbox{\ensuremath{\mbox{$\mbox{$\mathcal{C}$}$}}}$ ?

• Yes - go to -2:6

• No - go to 🕮 - 2:12

2:6 Quarterpound is big right now, but you hear the trap in the Todd's words and so give the only possible retort. "Whatever. They suck."

Mumbles pass around the campfire as all the Todds present agree Quarterpound sucks now.

"Hey, where's the boss?" you ask with a groan.

"He's over there," sighs a Todd, rolling his eyes and pointing at a distant yurt.

"Whatever," you huff, and head in that direction.

Influence 😂+3.

The next section is for the Project Manager.

Next - go to 1 -2:7

**1.7.** You stand outside the head Todd's personal yurt. Someone is gonna have to give him what-for.

The Project Manager for this dungeon must choose a player (including potentially, themselves) to deal with The Big Todd. Whoever they choose, the next section is for that player.

Next - go to @-2:8

1:8 The head of the Todds groans when you enter his private yurt.

"Oh, that's cool," the elf growls. "I wasn't doing anything. My time isn't important. Come on in, person I don't know."
"Shut up, Todd!" you snarl. "The Todds are finished! Disband your thugs or die!"

The boss smirks. "Sure thing. But how about we seal the deal by sharing some 'booch?" He offers you a glass jar with a

straw in it. Inside is a dark beverage that smells both sickly sweet and rotten. You grab the jar nervously.

You have been selected to drink some 'booch, offered to you by the head Todd.

Make a might 🕸 or will 🚳 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

- Yes go to -2:9
- No go to 🛍 2:11

12.9 You swallow a mouthful of the unpleasant swill, displeased with its cloyingly sweet and fermented flavor. The elf is impressed. "I'm surprised you enjoyed it."

"Enjoyed it?" you laugh. "It was unpleasant but easy to overcome." And you grab him by his vintage hoodie. "Just like you and your little gang. It's time to retire."

The Todds grumble as they break camp, but they aren't overly concerned since they are each a podcaster and feel certain they can fall back on that.

"Like it was all just a joke anyway, so whatever," sighs the boss as he becomes the first to shuffle away.

- Choose 1:
- Heal 1 HP ( ).
   Might ( )+1.
- Corruption 🖸 3.

The next section is for the Project Manager.

Next - go to @-2:10

110 Years later, long after the jobs market in the Hub has been devastated by a flood of unwanted podcasters, you think you spy the former boss Todd at a nightclub, dressed in a business suit. It's been a long time and he doesn't recognize you, so you casually start a conversation and ask him what he does for a living.

"Commodities broker," he tells you as he snorts a line of powdered cockroach, and you smile at just how Todd that is. This dungeon's Project Manager gains the title: Not a Podcaster .

All players who participated, including the Project Manager gain the title: Todd .

You have completed this dungeon. Travel on the map.

2:11 You do your best to take a heroic swig, but the concoction tastes worse than it smells. Your friends rouse you later, from where you lie in a pool of your own sick.

"This isn't over," you moan at the smirking boss who lounges in a beanbag chair.

"More 'booch?" he purrs, offering the jar. Your stomach heaves and you flee the scene, the mocking laughter of various Todds forever echoing in your ears.

Stress (2)+1.

Influence 👺-5.

This dungeon has been failed. Travel on the map.

2:12 You've never heard of Quarterpound but aren't going to pass up a chance to connect with the youths.

"Yeah, they're not bad," you say. "I guess I like them."

The Todd turns back to the others.

"See? I told you they were so over." The Todds cease to acknowledge your presence and you stand there awkwardly for a few minutes before having a panic attack and running away.

Influence 2 -5.

This dungeon has been failed. Travel on the map.

**2:13** "Why, we're all named Todd of course," you say, gesturing at your companions.

The guard squints suspiciously at you. "Say, do you have a punchcard from a sandwich shop in your wallet?"

"Of course," you answer, and show him your card.

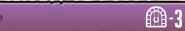
"So funny I might laugh," sighs the Todd. "Yeah, my parents have those too. Nice try, poser. Go be old somewhere else." "Let us through or we'll hurt you!" you threaten, but the Todd only gives an affected laugh.

"What hurts is you're dressed like that with no hint of irony whatsoever. An adventurer is you!" And the other Todd laughs with cool indifference.

"Whatever!" you snarl and stomp away.

Influence 👺-4.

Gain the Title: Future Owner of a Free Sandwich 💩. This dungeon has been failed. Travel on the map.



If they haven't already, the players must now collectively choose someone to be the Project Manager for this dungeon. If there is any disagreement in selecting a project manager for this dungeon, it is decided by the Influence Track. The next section is for the Project Manager.

Next - go to 🕮 - 3:1

1:1 You pass through a quaint groobin village, not bothering to stop since Cookie is allergic to quaintness. But as you exit the pleasant locale you come upon some adorable tykes who have built a sizable pillow fort.

"Hello, b-bi-big person," stammers a little cutie. "I bet you cannot crawl through our incredible pillow fort to find the treasure we have in there. And also there are peanut butter sandwiches."

The kids are too cute not to humor, plus you have no problem taking treasure or sandwiches from children. In fact in many ways it's preferable.

The Project Manager for this dungeon must choose a player (including potentially, themselves) to participate in this dungeon and crawl in first.

Whoever they choose, the next section is for that player. Next - go to 3:2

3.2 The walls of the pillow fort are mostly plush seat cushions, and you can't help but wonder how this village could come close to having enough seating to support a structure like this. The ceiling is either throw pillows, more cushions, or most commonly, thick blankets stretched overhead. You wriggle in, doing your darndest to not knock a wall over.

You have been selected to wriggle into the fort first. Make an agility a check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

- Yes go to -3:3
- No go to 🕮 3:13

3:3 You carefully inch your way down a hallway of pillows. As you go you gently improve on the structure's engineering, greatly strengthening the pillow fort's stability. When you reach a small circular room with a platter of sandwiches, you call for the others to join you.

All players choose 1:

- · Heal 1 HP ①.
- Heal 3 stress (2).
- Agility ♥ +1.

The next section is for the Project Manager.

Next - go to 6 -3:4

#### MAP ICONS

13:4 Cookie is more than a little annoyed by how much everyone seems to enjoy their little triangular sandwiches. Your little groobin host joins you and points at two possible exits from the room.

"Which one do you recommend?" you ask her.

"Well that one goes to the treasure," she coos. "And that one goes to the death trap."

"Death trap?"

"Yes. Georgie is waiting outside with a spear."

You nod, appreciative of the advice. "Well then I think we'll go toward the treasure."

She claps her hands at that. "That's good. There's a tough puzzle in there, but it's better than Georgie. Georgie is such a bad boy."

The Project Manager for this dungeon must choose a player (including potentially, themselves) to participate in this dungeon and solve a puzzle.

Whoever they choose, the next section is for that player. Next - go to 3:5

3:5 You crawl into a narrow passageway of pillows, improving upon it as you go. You smile when you come upon a math problem scrawled crudely in pastels on a fabric sheet hanging on the wall.

It reads: 5+5=?

On the ground are some pastels and scrap cloth, and you notice a flap in the wall for you to submit your answer through.

You have been selected to solve a puzzle.

Make a smarts check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🕱?

• Yes - go to -3:6

• No - go to -3:12

3:6 You write the answer to the math problem and submit it through the flap on the wall. You make your way to another chamber, dominated by a cardboard box with the word TREZZUR scrawled on it. You call for the others to join you, while you loot the box.

"Those were grandpa's things," says your host. "But he's gone now."

"Sorry for your loss," you tell her.

"No, he deserves the jail time," she assures you.

Draw 3 treasure 🖀 cards. Choose 1 to keep and give the other 2 to other players.

The next section is for the Project Manager.

Next - go to 11-3:7

3:1 Only one other passage leads out of the room, and a sign saying EXIT hangs above it.

"Well done, big people," cheers the little groobin. "That way is to get out. You just have to get past the dead lady in there." "The what now?"

As if in answer, a throaty wail comes from the passage, and you hear something scrabbling toward you. You look around, but your host is gone.

The Project Manager for this dungeon must choose a player (including potentially, themselves) to participate in this dungeon and fight the dead lady.

Whoever they choose, the next section is for that player.

Next - go to -3:8

3:8 You hear the gasping moans coming from the passage before you see her in the gloom. A dead elf, her eyes milky white and her lower half missing, crawls toward you. Black sludge drools from her gnashing mouth.

You have been selected to fight the dead lady.

Make a weapon check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

• Yes - go to -3:9

• No - go to 🛍 - 3:11

My weapon has the ranged & trait. - go to m-3:9

3:9 The crawling dead make slow targets, and you easily dispatch the dead woman.

"Where did she come from?" you ask your host as she reappears. "How did you get an undead into your pillow fort?" "Georgie is a very bad boy," she says sadly.

"Yes, apparently," you agree.

"Well, thank you, big people," she says. "I-I-I hope you had fun at the Pillow P-p-palace. Please remember to rate us five stars."

"Yes, likewise," you say, and with that, make your leave. Choose 1:

• Luck @+1.

Return all your corruption to the supply.

The next section is for the Project Manager.

Next - go to 🛍 - 3:10

3:10 This dungeon's Project Manager gains the title: Partied at the Pillow Palace .

You have completed this dungeon. Travel on the map.

3:11 You slay the dead woman, but not before she sinks her pooped-up claws into your tender flesh. It hurts and you feel gross.

"Oh gods," you moan. "Is this it for me? Am I going to become one of the undead?"

"Yes," says your little host solemnly as she reappears. "I will kill you now." She pulls out a wee knife, but Schala steps in front of her and assures her the wound just needs cleaning and a bandage. The little one shrugs.

"By the laws of P-pillow P-p-palace," she says. "Y-y-you are now banished forever and ever. Because you are a dead thing who now hungers for the flesh of the living."

"I don't feel that way at all," you assure her, but she mumbles something about how you'd better not make her get Georgie, and so you all grudgingly depart.

Choose 1:

Wounds A+1.
Corruption +3.

This dungeon has been failed. Travel on the map.

3:12 You write the answer to the math problem and submit it through the flap on the wall.

You continue on your way but have barely moved six inches when you hear a soft giggle. You are still registering the sound when a sharpened stick slides through a hole in the wall and stabs you in the flank.

"Ow! What are you doing?" you shriek. "I got the answer right! It's eleven!" The spear stabs you twice more and you wail in anguish. Your little host appears next to you.

"That looks hurty. I am sorry, big person, but you need to leave."

'Was the answer twelve?" you whimper.

Wound A+1.

Gain the Title: Forgot to Carry the Six .

This dungeon has been failed. Travel on the map.

3:13 Screams rise up from the pillow fort as a chain reaction of crashing pillows and collapsing blankets brings the whole thing down. You emerge near the entrance, grinning sheepishly, as all around you small children weep from the fluffy carnage. A fire suddenly alights in the center.

"Oh no, the hotplate in the s'mores station!" gasps a tyke, and soon a fire brigade of children rushes in to rescue others.

"We'll help!" you say, but the child you were talking to shakes her head. "I-I-I think you've caused enough problems here, big person. Please go. We will all need naps by the time this is over."

Influence 👺-5.

Gain the Title: Terror of Pillow Palace .

This dungeon has been failed. Travel on the map.

# **TELLER**

Go to 1 of the following entries. If you like, you may draw a tick mark next to your choice so that the next time you visit a fortune teller while playing this scenario, you'll know which entries you've chosen previously. Choose 1:

- Go to 🖫-1
- Go to ∰-2



You come to a ramshackle wooden stand that offers lemonade and fortune telling. Given the liquid in the pitcher more closely resembles dirty dishwater, you order a fortune telling instead. The fortune teller draws a large black cloth over her stand and invites you to stick your heads beneath it. In the darkness, she flips on a flashlight held beneath her chin, pointed up at her face.

"I sense an urgency in you," she moans in a dramatic fashion. "You seek three souls. Two are hidden from me because there's a conjunction or something is in the house of whatever. It matters not! For the third soul lies before my questing eyes! I see it on a mountain peak, only it is not a mountain, but a temple. Look to the north, then look to the east." And with that, the flashlight switches off.

Have the Cartographer draw something on the map to remind that you one of your quarry might be at space 87.

Next - go to **9**-1:2

🖫:1:2 Oh. Then the fortune teller falls over dead.

Travel on the map.

#### **\_2**-2

You pass a fortune teller, whose cart bears enough clichés to assure of authenticity, without being culturally offensive, which let's be honest, is reassuring these days. She beckons you over and you all eagerly circle around her, hoping for something good. She closes her eyes and holds her hands over a glowing crystal.

"Things look grim for the lot of you," she says sorrowfully. "I see butts. Big ones—no! Butts of all sizes. A veritable ocean of cheeks. All kinds and all colors, some furry some as bare as the nose on an elf. Oh, and I see bloodshed and death. Yes! Butts everywhere, and all around are the lamentations of the dying. I... wait." She opens her eyes and looks around before settling on Cookie. "No, my mistake, this is just your future." "Oh thank the heavens," Schala sighs.

"Sorry, kids," says the fortune teller. "Some fates are so strong they override my ability to see any others. I'm afraid that's all I can share right now." Everyone looks over at Cookie who nods grimly.

"What can I say, matey?" says he. "I always knew I'd leave this world the same way I came in."

Risk △-1.

Travel on the map.

# SP THREAT

Go to 1 of the following entries. If you like, you may draw a tick mark next to your choice so that the next time you visit a threat location while playing this scenario, you'll know which entries you've chosen previously. Choose 1:

- Go to ₹\$-1
- Go to 袋-2
- Go to 袋 -3

\$\frac{1}{8}\$1 Enash looks mournfully at the stars. "I sometimes wonder if this is hopeless. I no longer remember the faces of my family. Perhaps the world has spoken and we were meant to die? Perhaps I am already dead, and simple haven't figured it out yet? Ah, I'm sorry." He sits in silence for a while before saying, "Perhaps we should call this off?"

You protest and assure him his cause is a just one. You tell him there is nothing more you would rather be doing, which is true, because you really need the money.

Roll a twenty-sided die . Any player may gain stress @+1 to reroll the die.

WARNING: If the roll result is higher than the current threat 袋, the threat 袋 will increase and the game will get harder, but you will also trigger a crossroads event as a reward.

Is the result higher than the current threat 袋?

- Yes go to ₹3-4
- No go to ₹3-5

**\$\footnote{\mathbb{R}}\cdot\ What at first seems like a region of grassy hills proves to instead be an old junkyard covered in thick growth. The going is rough as your feet breakthrough the verdant cover into the uneven mounds of gods-know-what below.** 

You can feel Enash's frustration with such a turn of ill fortune, but there is nothing to be done about it now, save pressing on as quickly as possible.

Roll a twenty-sided die . Any player may gain stress +1 to reroll the die.

WARNING: If the roll result is higher than the current threat 袋, the threat 袋 will increase and the game will get harder, but you will also trigger a crossroads event as a reward.

Is the result higher than the current threat 袋?

- Yes go to ₹3-4
- No go to ₹3-5

₹3 Enash is frustrated. "I've hired freelancers to deal with freelancers," he laughs to himself. "Perhaps the fault is my own then, eh?" He says it like a joke, but you can tell he only half jests.

Roll a twenty-sided die . Any player may gain stress +1 to reroll the die.

WARNING: If the roll result is higher than the current threat 袋, the threat 袋 will increase and the game will get harder, but you will also trigger a crossroads event as a reward.

Is the result higher than the current threat 袋?

- Yes go to 🕉 4
- No go to 袋-5

☼ 4 Threat ☼ +1.

Next - Go to the CROSSROADS section on page 192.

**ॐ-5** Nothing happens. Travel on the map.

## **TAVERN**

Go to 1 of the following entries. If you like, you may draw a tick mark next to your choice so that the next time you visit a tavern while playing this scenario, you'll know which entries you've chosen previously. Choose 1:

- Go to ு

  -1
- Go to 👼−2
- Go to ு-3

1 You find a roadside tavern whose obnoxious interior is designed to look homey and casual, but you can just tell is run by some corporate group back in the Hub. The food is clearly reheated from a frozen state and has an odd aftertaste. Still, it's nice to see other faces and put your feet up when out on the road.

Does someone in your party want to tell the patrons of this establishment of your adventures up to this point?

- Yes go to 3-4
- No go to 🔓 6

2 You know times are tough for people of the cloth, but you aren't sure it's tasteful to serve spirits at a roadside place of worship. But you have to admit you feel a bit more relaxed, lounging under the caring gaze of a St. Paco statue.

Does someone in your party want to tell the patrons of this establishment of your adventures up to this point?

- Yes go to \$\beta\$-4
   No go to \$\beta\$-6
- 👼 3 In a small little dell, riven in the earth long ago by a brisk river, you find the Last Gnomely House, a place of rest and peace.

"Greetings, travelers," says the tiny proprietor. "I am Elroy. Please make yourself at home. But I must ask none of you speak even a single word to my beautiful daughter," and he gestures over at a crudely made mannequin with a face drawn on it in crayon.

"We'll do our best," you assure him.

Does someone in your party want to tell the patrons of this establishment of your adventures up to this point?

- Yes go to \$\begin{align\*} -4 \\ -6 \end{align\*}
- (2) 4 When you are ready, choose a player to regale everyone with the story of your journey.

When they are done, the player to their left will come up with a new title for their character and decide whether it is chaotic or lawful .

Next - go to 👼 -5

\$\frac{1}{6}\$ The party may now collectively choose to spend 1 time. If they do, in influence \$\frac{1}{6}\$ order, each player may choose 1:

- Heal all stress 🚱
- Gain +1 to a skill of your choice.

Travel on the map.

6 The party may now collectively choose to spend 1 time. If they do, in influence order, each player may choose 1:

- Heal all stress (1)
- · Gain +1 to a skill of your choice.

Travel on the map.

## 🕸 DUEL

Go to 1 of the following entries. If you like, you may draw a tick mark next to your choice so that the next time you visit a duel while playing this scenario, you'll know which entries you've chosen previously. Choose 1:

- Go to 🞉 −1
- Go to 🞉 −2



Your hearts drop into your stomach when you hear the conch shell horn sound out.

"Tree whales!" bellows Grunko, Son of Grung in alarm.

The ground shakes as mighty whales drop from the trees above, each festooned in a brightly colored skirt. Such fearsome raiders take no prisoners. It is kill or be killed!

Choose a player to make a weapon check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 袋?

- Yes go to 23-1:1
- Unimportant! My weapon has the fire 🖔 trait. go to 🎉 -1:1

**1.1** The rest of the party takes cover as you bravely stand against the attackers. Fearsome though they might seem, you target their leader. Once they lie dead at your feet, the others quickly rout. The day saved, you loot your fallen foe! Influence \$\mathbb{\mathbb{G}} + 3.

Treasure 🕮+1.

Travel on the map.

\$\mathbb{2}\$1.2 The party takes cover as you defend them, but your attackers are too ferocious an opponent for a weakling like yourself. You call for the others to flee as you hold the enemy for as long as you can. It is not until you deal the enemy leader a grievous wound, that your retreat is successful. Influence \$\mathbb{2}\$-3.

Wound 🖓+1.

Travel on the map.



This entry is for the player with the most treasure ::
As you approach a small bridge, a troll with a long flowing cloak of red velvet, appears before you.

"'Tis !!" he calls out. "The Scarlet Highwayman!" He draws a rapier and swish-swashes it all about. "Pay my toll with treasures or your life!" he demands.

Make a weapon check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

- Yes go to 23-2:1

2:1 You defeat the Scarlet Highwayman, forcing him to run away. Checking under the bridge you find a few things he stole from others. Alas, the original owners didn't write their names on anything, forcing you to keep their former possessions. "It's like me ma used ta say," Cookie chuckles. "'Finder keepers, matey."

You stop and look over the cook. "Wait, did your mom call you matey?"

"Aye."

Gold O+1.

Supplies \(\hat{\mathcal{n}}+1.\)

Travel on the map.

**2.2.2** You manage to fight the troll off... but not before he fights you off. The Scarlet Highwayman takes his prize and recedes into the shadows, laughing as he vanishes. Schala helps you up and tends to your wounds.

Treasure 28-1.

Wound A+1.

Travel on the map.

# TRADING POST

Go to 1 of the following entries. If you like, you may draw a tick mark next to your choice so that the next time you visit a trading post while playing this scenario, you'll know which entries you've chosen previously. Choose 1:

- Go to
- Go to <sup>™</sup> -2
- Go to <sup>™</sup> -3

1 You follow a garish racket and discover a trading post where a handful of imps throw trash and treasure back and forth at one another. Each imp cackles like a maniac as they do their work.

"Oh, now this looks like a mighty fine tradin' post!" Cookie cheers. Though he later changes his mind when the imps steal his pants.

While you are on this entry, players may freely give and/or trade treasure between one another.

In influence 👺 order, each player may choose 1:

- Discard 1 treasure to draw 2 treasures .
  Discard 1 treasure to gain 1 XP .
- Gold ()+1.

Then, after all trading has been completed, travel on the map.

📎 🕻 A lizard-gal sits on a mat beside the trail. She gestures to her wares and a stand with free coffee.

"Don't fill up on the free coffee," Cookie warns. "That's how they rope ye in." That's when you notice the nearby portable potty with a coin slot for admittance.

While you are on this entry, players may freely give and/or trade treasure between one another.

In influence are order, each player may choose 1:

- Gold ()+1.

Then, after all trading has been completed, travel on the map.

🕸 🕽 You come across a stilt-kin with a traveling cart that is stuck in the mud. Grunko, Son of Grung helps pull the cart from the ditch and as a reward the merchant offers you a special deal. Her special deal feels suspiciously like a normal deal elsewhere.

While you are on this entry, players may freely give and/or trade treasure between one another.

In influence 👺 order, each player may choose 1:

- Discard 1 treasure 🖀 to gain 1 XP 🕸.
- Gold ①+1.

Then, after all trading has been completed, travel on the map.

# CHAOTIC TEMPLE

This entry is for the player with the most chaotic @ titles. An ancient ruined shrine dedicated to Saint Grindya, the saint of lust and humidity sits in a dank swamp, calling to you. As you wander across the soggy bog, you spot a muddy creature made from compost and sludge.

It is easily the best-looking bog monster you have ever seen, and you've seen more than a few. It's got lips that look like rotten peach slices, and thorny vines that go aaaaall the way down. Despite that, you almost manage to contain yourself... until the creature turns and you see two bulbous bubbles of swamp gas that just won't quit.

#### Choose 1:

- Howl like a wolf. go to 3
- Stomp your foot rapidly. go to 15
  Shout "Awooga!" go to 17
- Unroll your tongue in and out over and over. go to
- Pucker your lips and float on the air. go to 22
- Are you a Hound?
- Yes go to -4
- No go to
- 4 Gain the title: Dirty Dog @. Travel on the map.

5 Doesn't sound like it to me.

Next - go to **◎** -6

After you compose yourself and slick your eyebrows with a little spit, you approach the lovely lumpy mound of gack, and lay down your best game.

Next - go to @ -7

Would another player like to volunteer to play the bog monster, so you can flirt with it properly?

- We have a bog monster. go to -8
- No scene partner necessary. go to 2-12

Or, if you don't want to role play:

I'm not going to use my words actually. - go to 12-14

Use your volunteer as a stand-in for the bog monster, but don't be weird please.

Next - go to 9-9

• The volunteer bog monster chooses 1:

- "Here is my number." go to -10

The bog monster gives you a smooch and its number, which is of course an ancient numeral carved into a small enchanted stone, coated in putrid red algae.

When you eat it (which you do immediately), you are cursed to forever dream of this gorgeous sludge thing. Corruption 🖼+1.

Gain the title: Steamy Dreamer @.

Will **∰**+1.

Travel on the map.

11 The sludge monster is way out of your league. You are a mere four and it is a hot and juicy gleventy-fizzo.

It rejects you as cruelly as possible and slumps away, breaking your heart with every splurt as it goes.

Still the experience leaves you stronger. After you experience rejection like that, nothing else can scare you.

Gain the title: the Spurned @

Will **‰+**1.

Travel on the map.

#### MAP ICONS

12 In character, give an example of how your character would hit on someone. Specifically a bog monster.

Next - go to -13

13 All players vote on how the bog monster responds: Thumbs up for, "Here is my number."

Thumbs down for, "Get lost, loser."

Thumbs down. - go to

14 Your love cannot be contained in words. Instead you shake that tush of yours (you know the one, the one with dem cheeks) and do a traditional love boogie toward the slimy

It walks away, clearly impressed but seemingly playing hard to get. You let the thing go, knowing that if you love something you have to let it strut away, breaking your heart with every spurt.

"I'll see you again someday," you say to yourself wistfully. Gain the title: Hopeless Romantic @

Agility \$\overline{\overline{\pi}} +1.

Travel on the map.

**15** Do you have the follower ∰ F-14, Maverick?

Yes - go to -16
No - go to -6

☐ 'I taught that kid everything they know," Maverick says proudly.

Luck @+2.

Next - go to -6

17 Are you an Imp?

Yes - go to -18

No - go to ◎ -6

18 Your traditional Imp mating call rings out loud and clear. Gain the title: Romantic Caller @.

Next - go to -6

19 Are you a Stilt-kin?

Yes - go to 9-20
 No - go to 9-21

20 Gain the title: Proboscis Flicker

Next - go to -6

21 Yeah, well you were sure flicking your tongue like one. Next - go to 9-6

22 Are you a Merfolk?

Yes - go to 23
No - go to 2-24

23 The fish lips come natural, but the floating on air bit is impressive. Later, when you try to reproduce the feat, you can't. Still, it's something to see in the moment.

Gain the title: Fish Lips .

Next - go to -6

24 Later, you look back on this moment and wonder how you did it. Did you really float in the air? Was it some sort of magical enchantment? Or just a figment of your imagination?

Next - go to **◎** -6

# **E TREASURE GOLEM**

The road is blocked by a pile of rubble.

"Arrr, matey!" exclaims Cookie. "Is that treasure in that there debris?"

You do see some glimmers and shimmers among the rocks. Actually you see a whole bunch of glimmers and shimmers. Suddenly, Schala panics and shouts, "T-That's not rubble! It's a treasure golem!"

The massive pile rises and takes shape. It is a towering construct covered in gold and jewels.

"Don't get close to it!" Schala warns. On cue it mashes the ground with overlarge hammers that send shockwaves of pure corruption, knocking everything near it away. Enash seems unmoved. "I have no lust for treasure, but mayhap this thing might yield a tool that would aid us?" Have the Bookkeeper turn to page 19.

Lock (7) Action 4.

Set Dial A (the golem's armor) to the current threat 🔅. Set Dial B (the golem's HP) to 2 + the number of players. Draw 2 treasure per player from the top of the treasure deck and set them aside face down without looking at them. This stack of cards will be referred to as the Golem Deck. Begin the round.

## **MELAWFUL SHRINE**

This entry is for the player with the most lawful 🕲 titles. You find an ancient fountain, carved into the face of a stone. Runes representing law and tranquility surround it, and the water looks clear and cool. You and each of your fellow travelers take a drink, but only you seem truly refreshed. You may heal 2 HP 🟵.

All other players may heal 1 stress 😥. Travel on the map.

Go to the corresponding entry in the Follower Entries section of this book. Pp. 213-237

In the history of the Hub, there is no more glorious and terrible party of freelancers than the Fell Fellowship.

Under the patronage of Enash, you sought to change that. You hoped to replace them in the great histories and a few of you even thought you could right a few ancient wrongs. But history refused to change. Maybe you weren't up to the task, or perhaps your methods were too blunt?

Next - go to 70-1

70-1 Each player must count how many lawful 🖄 titles they have, then add them all together to determine how many lawful 🕲 titles the party have in total.

Next, each player must count how many chaotic @ titles they have, then add them all together to determine how many chaotic titles @ the party have in total.

Which total is higher?

(If there is a tie, the highest influence 😂 player chooses.)

- Lawful go to 70-2
- Chaotic go to 70-3

**70-2** The reasons why are perhaps unimportant now. Your last thoughts as consciousness fades is that poor Enash, your masked patron, has to watch his hopes for a future die one more time.

Next - go to 70-4

**70-3** Whatever. It's hard to blame yourself for doing what freelancers do. Damn Enash for roping you into this mess! He is the one who doomed you all with his petty quest for revenge and warped notions of 'justice'.

As the darkness takes over, your only comfort is knowing Enash won't be far behind you. The Fell Fellowship won't let his impudence stand. This world was built for predators. Not... whatever he is.

Next - go to 70-4

**70-4** The game is over. All players lose. No players read their endings. Feel free to try another adventure and come back to this one later, or load from a save point.

75

A moment later, they appear from nowhere. You are ambushed by soldiers armed with spears and ancient guns. Their armor bearing the symbol of the Fell Fellowship. Have they been following you all this time?

You don't have time to wonder, as they begin to cut you down one by one. Their numbers are too many. Their ruthless efficiency insurmountable. It seems that you took too long to catch the Fell Fellowship off guard and their own private security squad has arrived to put you down. Why did you let some masked weirdo convince you to play along with his misguided crusade?

Did you just hope to steal his stuff when you had the chance? Was it because you sought to fix something wrong with the world? Were you just another group of violent monsters, perpetuating a cycle of killing and domination?

• Next - go to 70-1

21

To begin your quest, go to the INTRODUCTION section on p. 72.

81

The Hub's Gilded District is famous for its sprawling townhouses and manses of the wealthy, its resplendent parks, and of course its unparalleled view of the royal castle, known as the Turning Axle.

As the Hub turns and shifts, this part of the city stays cleaner and more isolated than the others, which can make it really annoying for the gentry when they're trying to get back home from a night of drunken walrus slapping. Unlike other parts of town, the K0B4LD clean bots here are typically in fine working condition, but that doesn't stop the city watch from working overtime to keep this area clean of a different sort of trash. As you approach the neighborhood you see two guards keeping watch. It's not illegal for the general public to enter the area, but oh, the city guards have a way of making it

Does any player have either title: the Cat-Nabber, or the Rescuer?

Yes - go to 81-1

undesirable.

No - go to 81-2

**811** A shiny new skyrise dominates the cityscape. The idiot son of Paz let you know his mother is up there at the very top, looking down on the rest of the city.

Have the Bookkeeper turn to page 7.

Begin a round in the location book.

**81-2** Have the Bookkeeper turn to page 7. Begin a round in the location book.

82

"Ah, here we go!" laughs Cookie. "The fun part o' town!" He isn't wrong. Everywhere you look are establishments offering fun both mild and wild.

"I've heard the Fell Fellowship used to carouse here quite a bit," says Enash. "Spent their fair share of coin on all manner of debauchery. We should ask around. Someone knows something."

Grunko, Son of Grung nods sagely. "Partiers always return to the scene of a good time."

As is common, a small brawl takes up half the street. It's a real bother, though a street fight can be a good place to learn something about recent events.

Have the Bookkeeper turn to page 11. Begin the round on this page.

83

Does any player have the title: Krill Seeker?

- Yes go to 83-1
- No go to 83-46

**83-1** You arrive at Krill's stronghold, the F.F. sigil of the Fell Fellowship on the gate confirming what you already knew. Grunko, Son of Grung gestures at a tract of swamp to the east that must eventually lead back to the main road. "It is good we did not approach from that direction."

"Come," whispers Enash excitedly. "There is no time to dawdle!"

Next - go to 83-2

**83-2** "I, uh, see two options," whispers a worried Schala. "The front gate sits open, so we could go that way. But, well, there's that window open up there, and I suppose that would work too." She points at a third-story window from whence comes a soft, orange glow.

Choose 1:

- Enter through the front gate. go to 83-3
- Enter through the high window. go to 83-43

833 The large front gate is constructed from tempered, dark bog wood. Water flows in through the keep's front like a watery path. You trudge in and find yourselves in a large, cavernous chamber where water swirls around in a very lazy, glugging whirlpool. A spiral staircase of stone winds upward, the lower steps flanked by detailed gargoyles with eyes that glow red with corruption.

"We'll need to sneak past those," Enash says, not leaving room for discussion. "Getting in was too easy, so we should be wary here. Who wants to lead the way?"

Choose a player to make an agility a check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

- Yes go to 83-4
- No go to 83-42

#### 83-CONTINUED

83-4 This entry is for the player who made the agility a check. You gesture for the others to stay put and stay silent, then creep toward the gargoyles, slowly moving your legs through the water so as not to make a sound. You pass the leering sculptures, their eyes never stirring, then once you are up a ways, lower a rope for the others to climb up.

"Smart," whispers Schala.

"Yes," Grunko, Son of Grung agrees. "And it's no problem. I'll just... lift this entire cart up and then climb the rope with it." "Oh dear," says Schala. "Maybe we could—"

"I said it is no problem!" he snaps, and stoically prepares for the climb.

And thus everyone is able to head up the stairs together, maintaining the element of surprise.

Luck @+1.

Gain the title: Covert Creeper 💩.

Next - go to 83-6

83-5 Does any player have the title: Covert Creeper?

- Yes go to 83-6
- No go to 83-39

**83-6** You come to an empty room on the third floor, lit by a warm brazier filled with fresh coals. In front of you is a large wooden door with heavy locks. Fortunately for you, it sits ajar, and peeking through the crack you spy flickering light from a fireplace. The party exchanges hand signals, and someone opens the door.

Next - go to 83-7

837 Look at your map. Are any of the three names there circled?

- Yes go to 83-8
- No go to 83-38

83-8 You enter the room and find it oddly empty. Oddly in the sense that flame roars in the fireplace and an open book lies facedown next to a reading chair like it was dropped. A still-steaming cup of tea sits on a table by the chair.

"Krill knew we were coming!" Enash shouts angrily. "Search for clues!"

Choose a player to make a sense 🗞 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

- · Yes go to 83-9
- No go to 83-37

83-9 This entry is for the player who made the sense © check. You frantically turn the room upside down looking for clues. Eventually you find a secret door under the wolf-bearskin rug in the middle of the room. The thing is cursed and alive, but you easily move it with a piece of furniture so as not get bit. Luck ©+1.

Next - go to 83-10

**83-10** You rush through a flooded secret passage, but as you go, several merfolk guards spring from the water and strike out at you!

Choose a player to make a weapon check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 袋?

- Yes go to 83-11
- No go to 83-36
- My weapon has the shock \$\frac{1}{2}\$ trait. go to 83-11

83-11 This entry is for the player who made the weapon check. You battle in the water with the same proficiency you would feel on land. The fight itself is a shocking display of grace and speed, and ends with the deaths of the outmatched guards. The party resumes rushing down the flooded passage, trying to gain on Krill.

Luck 🚳+1.

Next - go to 83-12

83-12 You catch up with a panting Krill in a disused guardroom that holds little more than an empty fireplace, an old chair, and a broken table.

"Damn you," he gasps, and sets a resplendent shield upon a hook above the mantle. Enash gives a growl, but Krill holds up his hands and you can see there is no fight in him. He catches sight of Enash's mask, and the mer's face falls. "Ah. I never expected this day to come," he says from inside his suit. "Yet I feared it all the same."

Enash points angrily to the shield. "That is not yours," he snarls. "It was a relic of my people. My people whom you slaughtered and stole from."

"Is that true?" Krill asks. You aren't entirely sure, but you think his surprise might be genuine. "No, surely not! We were rescuing these artifacts from, well, heathen hands."

"The hands that made them!" snaps your patron.

"What? Not possible! Your people, they were too... well, primitive to have made such things."

If emotions were weather, then a loud thunder would echo through the room. Grunko, Son of Grung places gentle hands on Enash's shoulders and draws him away from his enemy. Choose a player to make a will & check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 袋?

- · Yes go to 83-13
- No go to 83-35

83:13 This entry is for the player who made the will & check. "We were just liberating these items," Krill insists. "They would have been lost to time!"

"Are they not just as lost here?" you ask. "Hidden out here in your spokes fortress? Besides, you cannot liberate that which was not taken. The shield belongs to Enash and his people." Krill nods, and after staring at the shield for a moment, pulls it from the wall and offers it to you.

"I am sorry for my part in this," he says.

"You should die for your part in this," spits Enash. Krill hangs his head and stands there, but to your surprise, Enash turns and walks away.

"He let me live," Krill whispers.

Luck @+1.

Gain S-65, Shield of the Charmed from the story deck.

All players vote:

Thumbs up, let Krill live. Thumbs down, kill Krill.

- Thumbs up go to 83-14
- Thumbs down go to 83-34

**83-14** "It looks like you get to live another day with your misdeeds," one of you tells the defeated freelancer.

Circle Krill's name on the list on your map.

Are all names on the map now scratched out or circled?

- Yes go to 83-15
- No go to 83-30

83-15 The task complete, there is nothing left do but be rewarded by your employer. Enash says little but stays with you for the time being. Rumors of your deeds have already begun to make their way to the ears of folk in the Hub, most especially your defeat of Paz. For a time you hold court in the Pukey Puppy, an upscale Hub tavern for poors, and there you bask in the praise and toasts that are hurled your way.

Does a player have the title: the Cat-Nabber, or the Rescuer?

- · Yes go to 83-16
- No go to 83-17

**83·16** Gallz, the son of Paz, drops by the Pukey Puppy. He leaves you a sack of coin as tribute, though you aren't entirely certain if it's thanks for his mother's downfall or he wants to join the party.

Next - go to 83-17

83-17 Each player must count how many lawful titles they have earned this game, then add them all together to determine how many lawful titles the party earned in total. Next, each player must count how many chaotic titles they have earned this game, then add them all together to determine how many chaotic titles the party earned in total. Which total is higher?

- Lawful @ go to 83-18
- Chaotic @ go to 83-26

**83-18** After a week of celebration, Enash declares he is leaving. Your patron never joined in the fun, instead contemplating silently from a back corner of the tavern.

"It is time for me to travel on," he says. "But first I must settle your pay." He hands each of you a small purse of gold. "I believe this is a fair amount," he says, and you all agree. Each player gains gold +1.

Next - go to 83-19

83-19 "Now," Enash says. "I must ask for the return of the relics I loaned you during our journey." And he holds out his hands. Any player with S-35, Boots of Mystery, S-36, Mask of Misplacement, or S-65, Shield of the Charmed must decide if they will return the relics they personally possess. Discard any relics returned to Enash.

Were any relics not returned?

- Yes go to 83-20
- No go to 83-21

83-20 Enash falls silent, his body frozen in shock.

"Ha-ha, nah, just kidding," you assure him. "We're not so bad we're going to steal from a victim of, well, you know, genocide."

"You had me," he admits, though with a tone of voice that suggests the jest should end immediately. You hand the last of the relics over and your patron sighs in relief. Next - go to 83-21

83-21 Enash stows the items in his pack and then nods to you politely.

"I dared not let myself dream this day might come," he says. "Thank you for helping me, and I say that not just for me, but for the restless shades of my grateful people. The reclaiming of these artifacts has not lessened my pain nor has it returned to life those who were unfairly taken. But perhaps it can serve as warning to those who would follow in the footsteps of would-be conquerers? But who is to say? Not I. My story ends here, I think. Goodbye."

"Goodbye, Enash," says little Schala.

Cookie steps forward, surprisingly earnest, and asks, "Matey. Where will ya go from here? Where can we find ye? Here! Lemme get those recipes I wrote fer ya." But when Cookie turns away, Enash exits the tavern and disappears into the crowded streets. "Wait!" cries Cookie. He dashes outside but returns a minute later, holding something in his hands. "Too late," he sighs. "Vanished into the crowd. Only he seemed to leave this behind." And he holds up the mask Enash always wore. "I guess he changed to the one Paz was wearin'."

"Woah," says a passing patron who notices what Cookie holds. "Spooky human mask. Very lifelike! Super gross." "Yes," says Cookie quietly. "Gross." And he sadly throws it away.

Next - go to 83-22

83-22 Look at the three names written on your map. Are more names circled than are crossed out?

- Yes go to 83-23
- · No go to 83-25

**83-23** The job offers start rolling in mere days after your defeat of the Fell Fellowship, and their quality far surpasses the garbage the average freelancer gets stuck with.

And yet, despite your success and the successes to come, you look at all the envious youngsters who seem so eager to be just like you. Are they your peers or your competition? Or are they something worse? Will they be sneaking up behind you one day to make you pay for your sins?

In the days that follow you half expect the Fell Fellowship to come looking for revenge. Certainly they have both money and means. Yet as time passes, you never detect some hidden scheme lurking in any shadow. The tavern stories change with each passing year, and soon no one remembers any lives you spared. In every version you battle the Fell Fellowship to the death, leaving behind corpses as you bask in victory. But out there, somewhere, are people who know the truth.

People who understand the true value of mercy.

Congratulations! You have won!

Each player should now read their character's ending and their full name including all titles.

If any player has S-21, Strange Gem, they should remember to not read their ending, but rather entry 8888 instead. Next - go to 83-24

**83-24** After all players have read their names and endings, the player with the greatest number of titles may write their name on the Pipes of the Hub page of the rulebook, never to be forgotten as one of the Kingdom's most important figures. You have completed this campaign.

83-25 The name of the Fell Fellowship fades in time as your party's star grows brighter. All anyone really remembers is you slayed a band of evil ne'er-do-wells and took their stuff. Your reputation grows, but there are those who remember you before you became famous, and their hatred for you does not diminish with your newfound celebrity. They dwell outside your detection, plotting, scheming, and waiting for the right moment for revenge, waiting for their chance to join the cycle undying.

Congratulations! You have won!

Each player should now read their character's ending and their full name including all titles.

If any player has S-21, Strange Gem, they should remember to not read their ending, but rather entry 8888 instead. Next - go to 83-24

**83-26** After a couple days of celebration, Enash declares he is leaving. Your patron never joined in the fun, preferring to sit gloomily in a back corner of the tavern.

"It is time for me to travel on," he says. "But first I must settle your pay." He hands each of you a small purse of gold. "I believe this is a fair amount," he says, and you all agree. Each player gains gold +1.

Next - go to 83-27

83-27 "Now," Enash says. "I must ask for the return of the relics I loaned you during our journey." And he holds out his hands. Any player with S-35, Boots of Mystery, S-36, Mask of Misplacement, or S-65, Shield of the Charmed must decide if they will return the relics they personally possess. Discard any relics returned to Enash.

Were any relics not returned?

- Yes go to 83-28
- No go to 83-29

83-28 Enash falls silent, his body frozen in shock.

"Ha-ha, nah, just kidding," you assure him. "We're not so bad we're going to steal from a victim of, well, you know, genocide."

"You had me," he admits, though with a tone of voice that suggests the jest should end immediately. You hand the last of the relics over and your patron sighs in relief.

Next - go to 83-29

83-29 "These have served us well," you tell Enash. "Though they could serve us still."

"No doubt they would," he responds carefully from behind his mask. "Yet they must be returned all the same."

You nod as he quickly stows the items taken from the Fell Fellowship in his pack.

"I had hoped to find more catharsis in the defeat of my people's killers, but I know the trap that lies in such hope. I would wish you all luck, yet having travelled with you, I see the cycle of death and looting is unlikely to end here. If you have enjoyed my company at all, or felt true sympathy for my people, please, I implore you to pass on the story we have shared together." He falls silent for a moment then says, "Well, goodbye."

"Goodbye, Enash," says little Schala.

Cookie steps forward, surprisingly earnest, and asks, "Matey. Where will ye go from here? Where can we find ye? Here! Lemme get those recipes I wrote fer ye." But when Cookie turns away, Enash exits the tavern and disappears into the crowded streets.

"Wait!" cries Cookie. He dashes outside but returns a minute later, holding something in his hands. "Too late," he sighs. "Vanished into the crowd. Only he seemed to leave this behind." And he holds up the mask Enash always wore. "I guess he changed to the one Paz was wearin'."

"Whoa," says a passing patron who notices what Cookie holds. "Spooky human mask. Very lifelike! Super gross." "Aye," says Cookie quietly. "Gross." And he sadly throws it away. Next - go to 83-22

83-30 "Yours was not the only item we require," you tell Krill.

- · Ask about Paz's whereabouts. go to 83-31
- Ask about Sen's whereabouts. go to 83-33

83:31 "Last I heard, Paz was living the high life back in the Hub. I don't know where she is, but given her fondness for luxury, I would expect her to be easy to find."

Krill sits down in his chair and puts his head in hands. You leave and rejoin Enash outside.

"Let's go," he says.

Have the Cartographer draw something on the map to remind you that Paz is at space 81.

Next - go to 83-32

**83-32** Enash looks at the newly freed shield and says, "You may wield the shield until our quest is complete. Only then will I require its safe return."

Travel on the map.

**83-33** "Last I heard, Sen was hunting and frolicking with some faeries far to the south, but that was a long time ago. Sorry, I don't know more than that."

Krill sits down in his chair and puts his head in his hands. You leave and rejoin Enash outside.

"Let's go," he says

Have the Cartographer draw something on the map to remind you that Sen might be at space 85.

Next - go to 83-32

8334 You cut Krill down where he stands. You don't need the story of revenge to go any further than this. You find Enash

outside, waiting for you.

"Let's go," he says.

Scratch Krill's name from the list on your map.

Are all names on the map now scratched out or circled?

- · Yes go to 83-15
- No go to 83-32

83-35 This entry is for the player who made the will & check. You argue needlessly with Krill, and it turns heated. Eventually a fuming Enash ends the conversation by stabbing Krill through the throat. The F.F. medallion around the mer's throat flashes, blasting you with a flash of corruption energy. Enash storms outside while you, grunting from the pain of the magic, retrieve the shield from its place over the mantle. The relic secured, you leave the fortress and rejoin your patron. Corruption +1.

Wound A+1.

Gain S-65, Shield of the Charmed from the story deck. Scratch Krill's name from the list on your map.

Are all names on the map now scratched out or circled?

- Yes go to 83-15
- No go to 83-32

83-36 This entry is for the player who made the weapon check.

You struggle with fighting half in and half out of water. The guards seize on your inexperience with glee, stabbing you with tridents. You fight your way free of them and cut them down, but are left shaken and badly wounded by the experience. The party resumes rushing down the flooded passage, trying to gain on Krill.

Wound (3+1).

Stress (2)+2.

Next - go to 83-12

83-37 This entry is for the player who made the sense check. You frantically turn the room upside-down looking for clues. Eventually you find a secret door under the wolf-bearskin rug in the middle of the room.

Unfortunately, you didn't notice the wolf-bearskin rug is sentient. It begins to thrash and bite, wounding you before it goes out the window as you angrily throw it.

Wound  $\mathcal{A}+1$ .

Next - go to 83-10

83-38 A frantic shout of alarm is given as you surprise a mer sitting in an armchair by a roaring fire. He tosses his book aside and seems about to demand who you are. But then he catches sight of Enash, and the mer's face falls.

"Ah. I never expected this day to come," he says from inside his suit. "Yet I feared it all the same."

Enash points angrily to a shield hung above the fireplace. "That is not yours," he snarls. "It was a relic of my people. My people whom you slaughtered and stole from."

"Is that true?" Krill asks. You aren't entirely sure, but you think his surprise might be genuine. "No, surely not! We were rescuing these artifacts from, well, heathen hands."

"The hands that made them!" snaps your patron.

"What? Not possible! Your people, they were too... well, primitive to have made such things."

If emotions were weather, then a loud thunder would echo through the room. Grunko, Son of Grung places gentle hands on Enash's shoulders and draws him away from his enemy. Choose a player to make a will & check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 袋?

- Yes go to 83-13
- No go to 83-35

8339 You come to an empty room on the third floor, lit by a warm brazier filled with fresh coals. In front of you is a large

wooden door with heavy locks. It is sealed shut, though when you press your ear to it, you can hear a fire crackling on the

"Are there any among you who can pick locks?" Enash inquires. Choose a player to make a smarts 🔁 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

- Yes go to 83-40
- No go to 83-41

83-40 This entry is for the player who made the smarts 🔀

Knowing a thing or two about locks and machines, you take a look at the obstacle. You spy a cleverly hidden poisoned needle trap in the door's handle, and break the tiny hammer that armed it. Then you take a couple minutes with the locks before deftly popping them with ease.

Luck @+1.

Gain the title: Call Me Big Popper .

Next - go to 83-7

83-41 This entry is for the player who made the smarts 🛜 check. Knowing a thing or two about locks and machines, you take a look at the obstacle and smile. You spend a couple minutes with the locks before deftly popping them with ease.

"Allow me," you say with a confident grin as you open the door and trigger the poisoned needle trap in the handle. You give everyone a toothy grin, trying to hide the fact that a small burning sensation is traveling from your hands to your chest. Stress (2)+2.

Next - go to 83-7

83-42 This entry is for the player who made the agility 🗑 check. You gesture for the others to stay put and stay silent, then creep toward the gargoyles, slowly moving your legs through the water so as not to make a sound. You pass the leering sculptures, and place a wet foot on the stone stairs, slip, and fall back screaming into the water.

The eyes of the gargoyles flare to life. One of them zaps you with a magical beam of burning energy, while the other zaps a strange, glowing ray into the water itself.

The whirlpool in the center of the room begins to speed, drawing water to it with frightening strength.

"To the stairs!" Enash yells, and everyone pushes forward, fighting to make it to the safety of the raised stone. Almost everyone makes it to the stairs without too much issue. Almost. "We have lost the chance for surprise," Enash says sadly. "Let

speed be our weapon now. Come!" You rush away, leaving the trap and a lost follower's drowned corpse behind you. Corruption +1.

Follower 23-1.

Next - go to 83-5

83-43 It will take someone with muscle to climb to the window, but if you could hang some ropes from that portal, it shouldn't be too difficult to get everyone else up safely. Choose a player to make a might 🛞 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

- Yes go to 83-44
- No go to 83-45

83-44 You climb the tower, avoiding those loose bricks that could likely send you to your death. Your muscles ache, pumping acid through your veins, but you scale the thing and manage to secure a rope for the others. Grunko, Son of Grung comes last, insisting his cart and every item in his charge be lifted to safety first, before he is willing to join you. Luck @+1.

Gain the title: Covert Creeper .

Next - go to 83-6

83-45 As you climb, a humming bat begins to hover and squeak, fluttering around your head. You lose your grip and fall, with a trailing scream that's sure to alert everyone in the tri-county area. Luckily, you manage to catch yourself on a gargoyle sticking out from the wall before your mass can reach a dangerous velocity. Your body slaps into the building's side and you cry out from the pain. Giving an aggrieved moan, you once more climb and eventually reach the window and manage to secure a rope for the others.

Wound (2+1. Stress 💍+2.

Next - go to 83-5

83-46 Up ahead you see a clearing and a large building sitting halfway in the water, its spires reaching toward the sky. The gate ahead bears the F.F. symbol of the Fell Fellowship. "It's their sigil!" hisses Enash. "And given the fortress's

proximity to water, this must be Krill's stronghold. We've found him at last!"

"It, uh, certainly looks forbidding," whispers Schala nervously. "But then I suppose any swampy fortress would."

Grunko, Son of Grung points downriver and says, "It looks like we came the hard way. The smarter move would have been to approach with watercraft."

"It's no big deal," you tell him and he grumbles something about pulling a wagon through a swamp but whatever. "Come!" says Enash and you hear his voice brightening. "Let's not lose the element of surprise!"

Next - go to 83-2

You arrive at a charming frog village named Stinks-Good. You expect to take awhile to discern if the locals know anything about the Fell Fellowship, but find the townsfolk are quick to remember a former Fell Fellow called Krill, and tell you Krill's fortress is just upriver from them.

"Well that, uh, took all of five minutes," says Schala brightly. "I guess we can leave right away?"

"There is the matter of arranging travel," Enash informs you. "We will first need to find frogs willing to transport us."

Have the Cartographer draw something on the map to remind you that Krill is at space 83.

Have the Bookkeeper turn to page 9.

Begin a round in the location book.

The trees you wander through give way to a thick forest. "This place is ancient," muses Grunko, Son of Grung. "The passing of time does not change such a place. Not as we are

You spot pixies darting between the trees, and you can feel a deep magic that saturates the air.

"This place is mystical, yet not malignant," notes Schala. "Still, we must be wary. Such magics are rarely wielded by beings who think of good or evil as we do."

"Look!" says Enash and he points to the broad trunk of a tree near you path. Someone has carved 'F.F.' into its side, and below that a stylized snake. "That is Sen's mark," says your host. "He is here, or passed through here."

Grunko, Son of Grung gives a grunt. "Looks old."

"Perhaps, but we should look around all the same."

Have the Bookkeeper turn to page 33. Begin a round in the location book.

#### Rf

Does any player have the title: Sen's Hunter?

- Yes go to 86-1
- No go to 86-16

**86-1** The trail leads you to a remote clearing well beyond the faerie wood.

"Whatever this trail leads to, must be close," Enash says as he gestures to a fresher F.F. symbol carved into a nearby tree. "Looks like someone scratched it out," Grunko, Son of Grung rightly observes.

"This goblin sure is big into graffiti," sighs Schala.

As the clearing opens up, you behold a massive, lumbering stag beetle, as large as any fortress you've ever seen. You freeze in place, gaping up at the massive creature, but Enash pushes forward.

"Maybe that beetle knows something," he says.

"Oh gods," gasps Schala. "I've—I think I've heard of this creature. Only many claim it is not a creature, but a goddess presiding over this wood. She is called the Princess of Decay."

Next - go to 86-2

**86.2** The enormous beetle turns to face you, lowering its massive body so that it might bring its eyes closer to you. "Who are you, wee ones?" it thunders. "Are you here to make an offering? If so, understand I am not that sort of god." Is any player a Stilt-kin?

- Yes go to 86-3
- No go to 86-13

86-3 This entry is for the Stilt-kin:

You've never been the best speaker, and as you stammer out a plea for aid, you realize you're blowing your big chance. And so you decided to appeal to the Princess of Decay as one insect to another, and thus begin the ritual dance of your people, which despite being ritual, is an interpretative affair that abstractly tells a story. And so you begin telling her of the Fell Fellowship and Sen's role in their misdeeds.

Make an agility a check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

- Yes go to 86-4
- No go to 86-12

**86-4** Your arms sway rhythmically, like you are flossing your teeth, but try to imagine this, between your legs instead of in your mouth. You move with the surety of a tick-tocking clock. It's wild stuff. Someone should monetize it. Kids would go crazy. Your legs are:

- Nice and long go to 86-5
- Reinforced go to 86-7
- Starting to crack go to 86-8
- Kinda short go to 86-9
- Musical go to 86-10
- · Always moving go to 86-11

**86-5** And the arcing of your long legs projects the pride of your people.

Luck @+1.

Next - go to 86-6

**86-6** "Thank you for the dance, stilt-kin. Many are the ages that have passed into dust since last I beheld such a magnificent display by one of your kind." The Princess of Decay is silent for a moment and then says, "I banished the goblin for his foul behavior. He was aberrant, yet I sensed in him great regret by the end. Remorse."

"Impossible," scoffs Enash.

"Perhaps," she concedes. "But do not be so sure. Now, hear

my song." Her entire body begins to buzz and the vibrations in the air fill you with a positive energy, and in your mind you see rocky spires that touch the clouds. You know of the place. "The Driftlands," you whisper. "Thank you, O great Princess of Decay."

Heal 2 HP 🟵.

Gain the title: Dancer of Decay 💩.

Have the Cartographer draw something on the map to remind you that space 87 is the Driftlands, and Sen may be there.

Travel on the map.

**86-7** And your reinforced legs stay strong. There is life in you still. Heal 2 HP ①.

Next - go to 86-6

**86-8** Despite your age and rickety legs, you move with grace and guile.

Heal 2 HP (\*)

Next - go to 86-6

**86-9** Your little legs don't stop you from leaping and spinning like a magical top.

Luck @+1.

Next - go to 86-6

**86-10** Your legs, meanwhile, are perfectly suited to this task. They work in harmony to make something special happen.

Heal 1 HP 👀.

Luck 🚳+1.

Next - go to 86-6

**86-11** Your boundless energy is reflected in your footwork. Not a moment is wasted.

Heal 1 HP 🟵.

Luck @+1.

Next - go to 86-6

86-12 "Thank you for the dance, stilt-kin," she rumbles. "It has been a long age since I last beheld those sweet moves. Yet I have seen sweeter. I sympathize with your desire to find the goblin. I banished him for similar poor behavior. He went northeast. That is all I know. Now please, leave this realm and do not return. Not without some work on your dance at least." You plea for more, but she looks bored and turns her back to you.

"Damn it all," sighs Enash. "We have wasted much time. We will have to find Sen elsewhere."

Luck 🚳+1.

Travel on the map.

86-13 Choose a player to make a will 🍪 check.
Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 袋?

- Yes go to 86-14
- No go to 86-15

86:14 This entry is for the player who made the will check. You point back at the defaced tree and say, "Please, O mighty Princess of Decay! We seek the one who defaced your trees by carving that symbol. That goblin is an exterminator of life who operates outside the natural order! Surely a being such as yourself can appreciate that?"

The Princess of Decay is silent for a moment and then says, "I banished him for such behavior. He was aberrant, yet I sensed in him great regret by the end. Remorse."

"Impossible," scoffs Enash.

"Perhaps," she concedes. "But do not be so sure. Now, hear my song." Her entire body begins to buzz and the vibrations in the air fill you with a positive energy, and in your mind you see rocky spires that touch the clouds. You know of the place. "The Driftlands," you whisper. "Thank you, O great Princess of Decay."

Heal 2 HP 👀.

Gain the title: Touched by Decay 💩.

Have the Cartographer draw something on the map to remind you that space 87 is the Driftlands, and that Sen may be there.

Travel on the map.

86-15 This entry is for the player who made the will 🛞 check. You point back at the defaced tree and say, "Please, O mighty beetle-lady! We seek the jerk who carved that symbol!"

She lets out a substantial sigh. "Always dwelling on the past," the massive creature scoffs. "Only dust lies behind us. Your kind can never understand."

"Please, your bugginess! That goblin is a murderer! An exterminator of life! They operate outside the natural order! Surely a being such as yourself can appreciate that?"

The Princess of Decay is silent for a moment and then says, "I sympathize with your desire to find the goblin. I banished him for similar behavior. He went northeast. That is all I know. Now please, leave this realm and do not return."

You plea for more, but she looks bored and turns her back to

"Damn it all," sighs Enash. "We have wasted much time. We will have to find Sen elsewhere."

Luck @+1.

Travel on the map.

**86-16** With the treasure golem behind you, you press on through rough country. You come upon a remote clearing beyond some woods, and you notice an ancient trail that leads through them.

"Maybe, um, there was an easier way here to get here?" Schala suggests, gesturing to the ancient trail.

"Too late to worry about that now" Enash replies and he gestures to the F.F. symbol carved into a nearby tree. Beneath it is a stylized snake icon. "The Fell Fellowship and Sen's personal sigil. He was here."

"Looks like someone scratched it out," observes Grunko, Son of Grung.

As the clearing opens up, you behold a massive, lumbering stag beetle, as large as any fortress you've ever seen. You freeze in place, gaping up at the massive creature, but Enash pushes forward.

"Maybe that beetle knows something," he says.

"Oh gods," gasps Schala. "I've—I think I've heard of this creature. Only many claim it is not a creature, but a goddess presiding over this wood. She is called the Princess of Decay." Next - go to 86-2

Harpies flutter from the cliffsides as you climb up the rocky spires that form the region known as the Driftlands. The air is thin here, but it's hard to deny the view is exceptional. Clouds lazily glide among ancient structures built atop colossal green vines. For those without wings, the only way to explore this place is via perilous, decaying bridges, whose make seems newer but also less sturdy than the strange doorless ruins themselves.

"Arrr, mateys," complains Cookie. "Gettin' to and fro in this place is a bunch o' exercise."

"It certainly is," beams Grunko, Son of Grung, happily climbing one-armed as his other muscley appendage balances his cart.

You find a medallion of the Fell Fellowship hung from an

ancient shattered walkway. On its opposite side is a stylized snake sigil.

"Sen," Enash confirms. "He is here. It looks like he dropped his medallion."

"Or he cast it away," offers Schala, but Enash snorts at that

"Maybe Sen went across this walkway before it broke?" you

"Or he broke it," Enash says.

"Wow, matey... Ye really hate that Sen guy, huh?" Cookie asks. Enash says nothing in reply.

Have the Bookkeeper turn to page 5.

Begin a round in the location book.

Does any player have the title: Bridge Builder?

- Yes go to 88-1
- No go to 88-6

88-1 You cross the walkway that leads through the skies, connecting a winding line of spires together. Eventually it ends at a lonely mountain peak, atop which sits a large temple, forgotten by time. The temple is beautiful, palatial, but crumbling from age. It has been emptied as well, and you have no clue as to which gods might have been worshipped here. You do manage to find a curved stairway that runs upward to the roof, and so you take the stairs to see what you find.

Next - go to 88-2

88-2 He sits on the roof, cross-legged with his back to you, facing the orange sky, clouds of gold drifting past. Beside the goblin rests a pair of luxurious boots, inset with copper. Enash gives you an affirmative gesture.

At last you have found Sen, goblin freelancer, and one of the infamous Fell Fellowship.

All players vote:

Thumbs up to talk to Sen. Thumbs down to kill Sen.

- Thumbs up go to 88-3
- Thumbs down go to 88-5

88-3 You gesture for Enash to make the first move, and he does so, albeit with some reluctance.

"Hello, killer," he says. "Finding peace up here at the edge of the world, far away from your murders?"

Sen barely stirs from where he sits. Was he expecting this? "So one of you has come at last," he says. "I used to wish for it. For death."

"And now what do you crave?" Enash asks.

"An end to this torment. Death. Forgiveness. Anything."

"Forgiveness?" Enash spits. "You killed children!"

"Yes," Sen says sadly. "But I was a child myself. A teenager. And I had been raised with the stories of how your people were monsters. It is only now that I can see my part in all of this for what it really was. Only now can I see my actions for what they were. I am sorry for what I did, and I welcome any punishment you seek to inflict upon me. I deserve it."

Enash storms forward, but merely leans down to collect the boots. He says not another word, and takes the stairs back down. The goblin begins to weep, and after exchanging looks, you all rejoin your patron below.

Circle Sen's name on the list on your map.

Cross out Events 85 and 86 on the map.

Are all names on the map now scratched out or circled?

- Yes go to 83-15
- No go to 88-4

88-4 Enash feels the weight of the boots in his arm, then hands them to one of you. "Wear these if you see fit. Let them provide aid in this noble quest. But please know that once we are done, I will expect them to be returned to me." He looks out to the sky as several harpies soar past you. "No need to linger," he whispers. "There is still work to be done."

The player with the highest influence agains story card S-35, Boots of Mystery from the story deck.

Travel on the map.

88-5 You are surprised when Enash turns away as Sen is relieved of his life. The goblin never even stirred at the sound of the party's approach, and you half feel like he bent his head to the side ever so slightly, baring his throat. Did he know this fate awaited him, or did he long for it to happen? You never learn, and watch as his body slides from the rounded roof of the temple and passes into a cloud bank below.

"So it is done," Enash says, and takes the boots in his hands. "It is justice, but I feel nothing. If my people rest easier now, they have not seen fit to reveal it to me."

Scratch Sen's name from the list on your map.

Cross out Events 85 and 86 on the map.

Are all names on the map now scratched out or circled?

- Yes go to 83-15
- No go to 88-4

88-6 You emerge from the dungeon and see a road that leads high up into a towering mountain peak, atop which sits a golden temple of unknown design. It seems worth exploring but the way is difficult, the road having not been maintained for decades. Hours pass, and as you draw nearer you look up and see a walkway in the sky connected by rock spires that lead back to distant mountains.

"Now that's clearly the best way to be gettin' here," sighs Cookie. "Ah well. Wouldn't be the first time we did things the hard way!"

The temple is beautiful, palatial, but crumbling from age. It has been emptied as well, and you have no clue as to which gods might have been worshipped here. You do manage to find a curved stairway that runs upward to the roof, and so you take the stairs to see what you find.

Spend 1 time. If you draw a follower token this way, discard it from the bag immediately instead of resolving it.

Next - go to 88-2

#### 301

You sit down across from a local arm wrestling champion known as Calamari Carl. He has eight arms, and any one of them is more than capable of defeating you. And you knew that too, so it especially chafes when he sprains your wrist and you realize the whole thing was totally avoidable. Wound A+1.

#### 302

You sit down across from a local arm wrestling champion known as Salamander Gus. His style is unconventional but entirely legal when playing by Higgs-Slimedorf rules. You grip the offered, muscular tail and the contest begins.

At first it's a struggle, but then you gain the competitive edge and ride your momentum to victory, ripping the tail from Gus' posterior. He tries to play it off.

"Oh whatever, plenty more where that came from."

But the crowd cheers you and you hold the tail up in triumph.

Later, Cookie roasts it on an open spit, and it makes for a fine feast

Supplies 💍+1.
Influence 🗳+3.

Gain the title: Tail-eater @.

## 303

The lot of you join an arm wrestling tournament, though only one of you can prevail.

In influence order, players each make a might of check. Whoever rolls the highest wins the tournament and earns: Might of 1. Influence of 4. Gain the title: the Muscle of 2. All other players at this action gain might of 1 and stress of 1.

### 304

The street food vendor is a handsome cyclopian creature with purple skin. Their menu is vast, but you settle on a delicious plate of furry grinkle eggs. The smell is unfamiliar and tests your will. The fuzzy texture seems wholly unappetizing but you've heard great things.

Not wanting to comes across as some yokel fresh in from the spokes, you try not to let on that you are nervous.

Make a will 🗞 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 袋?

- Yes go to 304-1
- No go to 304-3

**3041** Since you aren't an uptight doofus, you eat the eggs and it's a delightful experience that enriches your life.

Yummy, yummy in your tummy!

Will **%**+1. XP **☆**+1.

Next - go to 304-2

**304-2** Your food seems to have been served on a piece of paper that, upon closer inspection, appears to be a discarded blueprint. You shrug and decide to keep it even if it is grease-stained to heck and back.

Search the treasure adeck for T-9, Schematic: Wheel Shoes.

**304-3** Are you a Mouser?

- Yes go to 304-4
- No go to 304-8

**304-4** You make a face and slowly swallow the food. It gets caught in your throat, whether by physical cause or mental block, and the lodged food triggers something ancient and primal within you.

Oh no.

You arch your back and begin to retch.

"Not on the rug!" the vendor shrieks. "Not on the rug!"
You do your best to hold the mass in as you stumble away, but there is no time.

Choose 1:

- Spit up into the water. go to 304-5
- Spit up into the garbage can. go to 304-6
- · Spit up on the rug. go to 304-7

**304-5** You rush to the railing to spit into the water with a large, wet "hurk!" The food disgorges along with a wet mound of hair... and something from your pack. You stagger away, wildly embarrassed.

"Thank you for your patronage!" the vendor calls out, happy with the sale, even if you didn't enjoy his food.

Treasure **2**-1.

Luck @+1.

Gain the title: Bazooka Barfer @.

Next - go to 304-2

**304-6** You hurriedly remove the garbage can lid and spit into the receptacle with a large, wet "hurk!" The food disgorges along with a wet mound of hair. You instantly feel relieved, but a moment later a swarm of glowing red flies goes up into your open mouth. You stagger away, flailing about foolishly. "Thank you for your patronage!" the vendor calls out, happy with the sale, even if you didn't enjoy his food.

Corruption 💬+1.

Luck @+1.

Gain the title: Bazooka Barfer @.

Next - go to 304-2

**3047** Maintaining eye contact with the vendor the entire time, you heave and puke up the food, along with a hairball. The wet, discolored mass soaks into the rug. You feel no shame. In fact, you do it with pride. It's an act of dominance.

"Thanks for the food!" you yowl as you strut away from the slack-jawed street vendor, who soon after curses your name and swears revenge.

Influence 29+4.

Stress (2)+2.

Gain the title: Rug Ruiner @.

Next - go to 304-2

**304-8** It seems you might have overestimated the level of refinement of your own palette. You chicken out and don't eat the dish. The regret and shame weighs on you.

Despite having been insulted, the street vendor gives you a polite smile and wishes you a good day. But of course after you walk away they curse your name and swear revenge. Stress (D+2.

Gain the title: the Unsophisticated .

Next - go to 304-2

### 305

You try chatting up some random people on the street, but only succeed in annoying them. A decent person, someone capable of at least occasional introspection, would give up and just move on, but their annoyance annoys you. And so you keep at it until a local heavy tells you to beat it.

At night, you lie awake seething over the wrongness of others finding you wrong, running through fantasy scenarios where you make them look stupid and they totally want to spend time with you.

Somewhere, that very night, one of the many people you annoyed writes your name on a list they keep under their pillow.

Someday, they will kill everyone on this list. If only you had known there was someone out there even worse than yourself.

Gain the title: Toxic Revenger @.

Draw 2 tokens from the time bag. If any are risk  $\triangle$  tokens, resolve them. Return all other tokens to the bag.

### 306

You ask some randos if they know anything about the whereabouts of the Fell Fellowship. A clicker-mouthed stilt-kin tells you she heard the mer called Krill retired to his own keep somewhere near a spokes town called Stinks-Good.

"Where's that?" you ask.

"Dunno. On a river out west I think."

"Which river?" you inquire further.

"Buya," says she.

"Buya?"

"Buya map you idiot, and leave me alone." You pause, shocked by the insult, but then she says, "Nah, just playing. Ask that one over there. They look like they know the way," and she points at a nearby stranger.

Risk △-1.

Follower 83+1.

### 307

With the onset of twilight, you wait on the outskirts and are soon joined by your new purple-cloaked patron.

"I'm glad you came." His featureless mask scans the lot of you, and he asks, "How many are you?"

How many players are in this game?

- 1-3 go to 307-1
- · 4+ go to 307-5

**307.1** "I hope that is enough," he sighs and hands you a map. "I'm not certain where the Fell Fellowship has gone since disbanding, but this map should hold a clue or two. We'll have to ask around and explore. I've marked a few areas of interest." "And, uh, what are we to call you?" Schala asks.

"Enash," he answers sadly. "It is a name that means less than it once did."

The player with the highest influence  $\ensuremath{\mbox{\sc W}}$  gains the title: of the Lonely Few  $\ensuremath{\mbox{\sc b}}$ .

Next - go to 307-2

**307-2** Does anyone in the party possess at least one of the following titles: Tail-eater, The Muscle, The Unsophisticated, Bazooka Barfer, Rug Ruiner, Toxic Revenger?

- Yes go to 307-3
- No go to 307-4

**307.3** "You people don't really keep your heads down, do you?" Enash asks with amusement. "After your shenanigans in the slums, we should probably leave the city for a while and let things die down. We don't want the Fell Fellowship hearing anything about you."

Next - go to 307-4

307-4 Have the cartographer mark spaces 83, 86 and 88 in some way to remember they may hide those you seek. The Bookkeeper may close the location book.

Travel on the map.

Note: Traveling on the map is a 4-step process:

- 1. Choose a path on the map.
- 2. Spend 1 time.
- Cross out your old location and draw a line to your new location.
- 4. If the new location has a number, go that entry number in the current (Relics & Revenge) section of this book. If the new location is just a symbol, look up where to find the entry for that symbol using the Map Icon Index at the beginning of the current section of this book (p. 75).

#### 501-702

307-5 "Should be plenty," he says and hands you a map. "I'm not certain where the Fell Fellowship has gone since disbanding, but this map should hold a clue or two. We'll have to ask around and explore. I've marked a few areas of

"And, uh, what are we to call you?" Schala asks.

"Enash," he answers sadly. "It is a name that means less than it once did."

Next - go to 307-2

You shout out to the harpies in the distance.

"Hey there! I'm looking for a goblin! His name is Sen! You seen

If they have, they keep it to themselves, unless attempting to poop on your head is their way of answering the question. Stress (2)+1.

You shout out to the harpies in the distance.

"Hey there! I'm looking for a goblin! His name is Sen! You seen him?

"We have not!" they call back. "But can we give you some eggs? We have way too many right now!"

"I'm not sure how I feel about that!" you call back.

"Don't make this weird!" they reply.

Luck @+1.

Supplies \(\bigcup\_+1\).

You try to climb one of the towers, hoping to find Sen. The walls of the tower are slick and you fall, suffering a lingering

"Piss on this!" you snap and kick the tower.

"I did," says a passing harpy. "That's why it's so slick." Corruption 9+1.

Wound  $\mathbb{A}+1$ .

You climb a tower hoping to get lucky and find Sen. The walls of the tower are slick, but you manage to reach the top. In the far distance you see some sort of chapel among the clouds, with a non-winged figure sitting atop it. Perhaps that is Sen? Gain the title: Climber of the Drifts 💩.

Have the Cartographer draw something on the map to remind you that space 88 is some sort of holy site.

Then, choose another player who hasn't taken a turn yet this round. That player chooses 1:

- · Move their standee to a different available action.
- Luck (4)+1.
- Risk △-1.

You find an ancient, raised walkway that leads beyond the Driftlands and into the cloudy north. Somebody with a little wood and some know-how might be able to make this traversable again. And damn it, that's you!

Draw 3 tokens from the time bag.

Count the number of supplies 💍 tokens, then return all tokens drawn this way to the bag.

How many supplies 💍 tokens did you draw?

- 0 supplies go to 505-1
- 1 supplies go to 505-4
  2 supplies go to 505-5
- 3 supplies 💍 go to 505-3

505-1 You don't have a lot of materials to spare, so repairing the bridge takes some ingenuity.

Make a smarts 🔁 check.

What is the result?

- 1-19 go to 505-2
- 20+ go to 505-3

505-2 "Impressive," says Grunko, Son of Grung. "How did you build this bridge without building materials?'

"Well I had to use what we had," you tell him. "But as we traverse the bridge we can dismantle it behind us and still have all our stuff.

"Fascinating," says he. "Hey, I am looking for my cart, have you seen it?'

"Er, yes," you answer. "But, uh, you may not find it again until we cross this bridge."

Spend 1 time

Influence 👺-4.

Gain the title: Bridge Builder 💩.

505-3 TLDR: You built a bridge to somewhere with practically

The small print: She ain't built to last.

Smarts 溟+1.

Gain the title: Bridge Builder @.

505-4 You don't have a lot of materials to spare, so repairing the bridge takes some ingenuity.

Make a smarts check.

What is the result?

- 1-14 go to 505-2
- 15+ go to 505-3

505-5 You don't have a lot of materials to spare, so repairing the bridge takes some ingenuity.

Make a smarts check.

What is the result?

- 1-9 go to 505-2
- 10+ go to 505-3

The thinner air up here leaves you dizzy and you fall. Lucky for you, Grunko, Son of Grung catches you before you are lost to the clouds.

"Ow, that really hurt. Next time be more careful," you warn him. "You are correct," he replies. "The fault was mine." Wound A+1.

507

You keep your head and manage not to fall. It actually looks cool, and to a passive observer your near fall almost looks like a stunt.

Influence 😂+5.

508

"How do you get into those buildings on top of the rocks?" you ask a passing harpy.

"Enter through the hatches," she tells you.

Easy enough, you think, but it turns out it isn't that easy if you climb up from the wrong side.

You never find it, but a harpy feather you find and stick in your backpack does something weird to your elbows. Corruption 🚭+1.

Gain the Title: Feather Bows @

509

"How do you get into those buildings on top of the rocks?" you ask a passing harpy.

"Enter through the hatches," she tells you.

Easy enough, you think, and after climbing up one, you are fortunate enough to find the entrance. Inside you find a few interesting trinkets... and a lonely hermit who's eager to join you!

Follower 23+1.
Treasure 24+1.

510

Does any player have the title: Bridge Builder?

- Yes go to 510-1
- No go to 510-2

**510-1** "We still haven't found Sen," Enash says sadly. "I would have sworn we were right on top of him!"

"Perhaps we are?" offers Grunko, Son of Grung. "One of us busied themselves repairing a bridge that heads north. We should cross it and see if your goblin lies that way."

Enash brightens at this. "Excellent!" he cries. "Let us head out immediately!"

Have the Cartographer draw a dashed line from space 87 to space 88 on the map, representing a new shortcut path. You may now travel along this shortcut like any other path.

The Bookkeeper may close the location book.

Travel on the map.

510-2 "We still haven't found Sen," Enash says sadly. "I would have sworn we were right on top of him!"

"Well, I, uh, noticed some kind of religious-type of building to the north of here," says Schala. "We'd have to travel further east from here to reach it, but perhaps that's where the goblin has gone?"

Enash sighs and shrugs. "That might be the only lead we have at the moment."

Have the Cartographer draw something on the map to remind you that space 88 is some sort of holy site.

The Bookkeeper may close the location book.

Travel on the map.

701

You sigh as the party splits up, and as the designated sacrifice, you approach the guards to distract them.

"My friends," you say to them before they can call to everyone as a group. "It looks like someone left some money just lying about. I thought I'd turn it in to you lot so that you can see it safely home."

Make a will 🗞 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 袋?

- Yes go to 701-1
- No go to 701-2

701-1 "This isn't a lot," complains the imp guard.

"Sorry," you tell her before giving a wink. "The big bribes always go to the pretty guards don't they?" Everyone has a good laugh over that, primarily due to the guards not getting it.

Influence 😂+4.

Luck 🚳+1.

Gain the title: Silver-Tongued @.

**701-2** "You got a lot to learn about bribing guards," says a surly troll.

"You didn't even try to make us feel special!" complains his imp companion.

Influence 2+2.

Choose 2 (You may repeat any selection more than once. You cannot choose an option that results in you losing something you do not have.):

- Treasure <u>m</u>-1.
- Wound (2)+1.

702

Are you a Mer?

- Yes go to 702-1
- No go to 702-2

**702.1** You see two lovers canoodling by the fountain. You walk over to the other side before looking around and quietly slipping into the water. You duck below the surface and wriggle over to the other side where you then reach up and feel for the lovers' pockets.

"Oh darling," growls the hound-man as he smooches his lady love. "No one touches me like you."

"Your hands," gasps his troll date. "You're driving me wild!"
Treasure ##+2.

Gold Q+1.

**702-2** You see two lovers canoodling by the fountain.

You get close, lean in and say, "Sorry for the interruption, real quick, I wanted to say you two are absolutely adorable together. Best of luck."

Their eyes go wide.

"Are you... feeling us up?" asks the hound-guy.

"Whoa, no, no, no, it's not like that at all!" you insist.

"I felt it too," snarls the hound's troll girlfriend. "Pervert!" and she grabs you by the throat.

"No! Not a pervert! Not a pervert!" you gasp. "I swear! It's just a wholesome pickpocketing!"

But she ignores your protests and hurls you into the wall of a nearby salon.

Wound 🖓+1.

## 703

Are you a Mer?

- Yes go to 702-1
- No go to 703-1

703-1 You see two lovers canoodling by the fountain. They seem fairly into each other so you casually stroll over and sit down on the fountain's edge near their selfish smooching. It seems too easy, but you casually lean over and reach into the troll-lady's purse and grab something that looks important.

"Thank you for the important gift, my love," she moans to her hound lover.

"May it be a symbol for the longevity of our love," he gasps. You steal it and skedaddle.

Treasure #+1.
Influence #+1.

#### 704

You see two lovers canoodling by the fountain. You walk over to the opposite end before quietly slipping into the water. You duck below the surface and wriggle over to the other side where you then reach up and feel for the lovers' pockets.

"Oh darling," growls the hound-man as he smooches his lady love. "No one touches me like you."

"Your hands," gasps his troll date. "You're driving me wild." Treasure ##+2.

Gold 🔘+1.

### 705

Standing around and begging for money in the gilded district is generally frowned upon. Specifically, it's frowned upon by the monied folk who don't want you begging them.

The only thing you earn is insults hurled your way by the head of the Foundation for the Needy. You flee when they go to fetch the guards.

Stress (2)+2.

### 706

Standing around and begging for money in the Gilded District is generally frowned upon. Specifically, it's frowned upon by the monied folk who don't want you begging them.

You make no coin, but just when you're about to pack it in, a wealthy-looking stilt-kin gentleman in a fine suit approaches you and sits very close nearby.

He never makes eye contact with you, but quietly whispers, "My wife and I are seeking a third. Care to join us for the afternoon?"

Choose 1:

- "Yeah, okay." go to 706-1
- "Get lost, creep." go to 706-5

7061 You are whisked into a carriage the stilt-kin tells you will take you both to Hardshell Manor, his ancestral home. The two of you sit in silence as you travel, and your mind begins to wander. What the hells are you doing here? Is this safe? You feel like you've heard too many cautionary tales about rich people and immoral goings-on at their homes. But then, this could end up being a ludicrous business opportunity for you. Or heck, it could even be great fun.

So what is it? What's the deal here?

- I'm worried I might be in danger. I should prepare. go to 706-2
- I think I stand to make a lot of money out of this, whatever happens. - go to 706-3
- Man, this is gonna be great. go to 706-4

706-2 Two hours later you meet back up with your companions who are clearly in a state over your prolonged absence. "Where have you been?" snaps Schala. "You've had us all worried and... for all that's holy is that blood on your boots?" You look down at your soiled, blood-spattered boots, crimson gore clearly squishing from them with every step you take. "No?" you say, before giving an anxious glance behind. "Listen, we, uh, we should do what we need to do and get going. Like now. Like right now."

Stress (2)+1.

Gain the title: Survivor of a Morality Tale 💩.

**706-3** Two hours later you meet back up with your companions who are clearly in a state over your prolonged absence. "Where have you been?" snaps Schala. "You've had us all worried!"

You pat her on the back and look at the others.

"Sorry, everyone. I can't explain my absence, not like how you might want, but, well, let's just say ice cream's on me."
"Ice cream!" everyone cheers.

Spend 1 time.

Treasure 🕮+1.

Gold 🔘+1.

Corruption +2.

Gain the title: the Day Laborer 💩.

**706-4** Two hours later you meet back up with your companions who are clearly in a state over your prolonged absence. "Where have you been?" snaps Schala. "You've had us all worried!"

You pat her on the back and look at the others, beaming. "Guys, really. Sometimes you have to just go with the flow." "And that's what you were doing?" she demands. "Going with the flow?"

"I had to, sister. Woulda broken otherwise."

Spend 1 time.

Heal all stress 🏵 from your character.

Heal all wounds 🖓 from your character.

Corruption +1.

Gain the title: the Paramour @.

**706-5** "Right-o," says he.

The stilt-kin hands you a few coins and stands up and strides away on his—now that you're paying attention—strikingly good-looking legs. Ah well. Probably best not to get mixed up in the shenanigans of wealthy folk.

Luck **(4)** +3. Gold **(1)** +2.

#### 707

You approach the large, all-glass double doors that serve as the entrance to the luxurious skyrise. The door has a fancy new automatic lock and buzzer. The buzzer has lots of buttons, each one with a name of someone who presumably lives inside. The very last button says 'THE DISPLAYER'.

"What in Davey's names does that mean?" wonders Cookie.
"It is Paz," grumbles Enash. "In her arrogance, she has chosen her nickname for the label on the buzzer. They call her the

Displayer due to the extensive collection of artifacts she has pillaged in her long career."

"So we're in the right place," you say. No one responds to the buzzer, so you attempt to open the doors. They are locked, and hold fast. "Fine. We do this the hard way then."

You wrap a fist up in a piece of clothing, just like they do in stories, then punch out the glass in the doors. It turns out the stories are full of crap, and the clothing doesn't prevent the glass from slicing your hand and arm up. Badly.

"Very professional," Enash mutters.

An alarm begins to sound, but due to bribery, or perhaps just plain old narrative convenience, the city watch fails to respond.

"I'll go get the others," Cookie says, and stumps off.

Wound  $\mathbb{A}+1$ .

Gain the title: Door Puncher @.

### 708

You approach the large, all-glass double doors that serve as the entrance to the luxurious skyrise. The door has a fancy new automatic lock and buzzer. The buzzer has lots of buttons, each one with a name of someone who presumably lives inside. The very last button says 'THE DISPLAYER'.

"What in Davey's names does that mean?" wonders Cookie.
"It is Paz," grumbles Enash. "In her arrogance, she has chosen her nickname for the label on the buzzer. They call her the Displayer due to the extensive collection of artifacts she has pillaged in her long career."

"So we're in the right place," you say. No one responds to the buzzer, so you attempt to open the doors. They are locked, and hold fast. Cookie places one of his mitted hands on your shoulder.

"Time to do the thing, matey."

"Wait." You are shocked. "Are you sure Cookie? Isn't that... overkill?"

"Yar, it's overkill, but there aint no other way," Cookie chuckles. "Time for the old Cookie Crumble." Grunko, Son of Grung gasps and takes a step back.

"What in name of however many hells is the Cookie Crumble?" Enash asks.

"Yer gonna wanna step back, me hearty." Cookie warns, "Cuz yer about to find out." He gives you a nod as Enash steps away from the door.

"Fine. We do this the hard way then. C'mere, Cookie."
He stumps over to you and you take him in your arms, no easy task, then take a run at the door holding the cook's peg legs before you like a battering ram. On the third strike, the door cracks and breaks loose from its hinges.

"Very resourceful," Enash says in admiration.

An alarm begins to sound, but due to bribery or perhaps just plain old narrative convenience, the city watch fails to respond.

"I'll go get the others," Cookie says, and struts off. The others watch him leave with a renewed sense of wonder and respect for the mysterious camp cook.

Stress (2)+2.

Luck @+1.

Gain the title: Gatecrasher @.



Does any player have either title: Door Puncher, or Gatecrasher?

- Yes go to 709-1
- · No go to 709-10

**709-1** The rest of the party assembles outside the skyrise, and Schala gives a weary sigh.

"This alarm is bad for us."

But Enash waves off her concern. "The city guard has not come, so there is nothing to worry about."

But that's when the skyrise's skeleton security detail arrives, waving clubs around. Their jaws open and close a bunch, probably trying to yell at you about private property laws and whatnot, but thankfully no sound emerges from their fleshless frames.

Choose a player to make a weapon check.

Is the result equal to or higher the current threat 袋?

- Yes go to 709-2
- No go to 709-9
- Doesn't matter because my weapon has the shock ♦ trait.
   go to 709-2

709-2 This entry is for the player who made the weapon check. You easily trash the skeleton security detail.

"I would have expected more from the guardians of a dwelling such as this," says Grunko, Son of Grung.

"Do not let down your guard," warns Enash. "I assure you, the worst is yet to come."

Luck @+1.

Next - go to 709-3

**709-3** The trek up the never-ending staircase is laborious and the party arrives at the top floor thoroughly devastated. Even Enash seems to regret that course of action.

"Matey," gasps Cookie from the floor where he lies panting, pointing a finger at Grunko, Son of Grung. "Why didn'tcha leave yer cart downstairs?"

Grunko, Son of Grung looks behind at his cart, puzzled. "But I am the porter," he says.

A synthetic chip voice clears its artificial throat, and you see a robotic butler standing before beautiful double doors of polished wood.

Does any player have the title: Master of Passcodes?

- Yes go to 709-4
- No go to 709-8

709-4 "She is expecting you," says the butler, and it politely opens a door for you.

All players gain luck 🚳+1.

Have the Bookkeeper open the book to page 43, but do not begin the round until instructed to.

Next - go to 709-5

**709-5** You enter a large hall that ends in a sort of museum. All about you are glass cases filled with the labeled cultural remnants of distant lands. Your footsteps echo as you walk past walk past vases, bronzes and even a dragon egg. You stop at a pair of eerily lifelike statues, posed in positions of surprise, and it takes you a minute to realize they are victims of petrification.

"Former members of the Fell Fellowship!" calls a distant voice. You turn, and see her standing in an adjoining room, a wide, empty ballroom by the looks of it. "They were petrified by some gorgon far to the east. The thing was furious for what we had done to the spawn in her nursery. But it's fine, trust me. If it was I turned to stone, any one of them would have

laughingly displayed me as well."

"And what of the gorgon whose children you killed?" demands Enash, and your host notices him for the first time and shudders at the sight of him.

"Ew. You brought one of these animals with you into my home?"

You approach the ballroom slowly, wary of the gray-furred mouser and her threatening poise. Worse, two disquieting gray tentacles rise up from her back.

"You call me animal while draping yourself in the wealth of my people," Enash growls. "So which is it? Am I a beast or a creator of beauty?"

"Worse," Paz counters. "You're boring. But no matter. I'll see you stuffed and mounted in one of my cases. But if you are to die..."—and the cruel mouser smiles, and pulls a mask from beneath her cloak that looks strikingly similar to your patron's—"then let it be with happy thoughts of home." Paz puts on the mask and suddenly her form blurs, and then lo! There is not one of her but several.

"The mask!" cries Enash. "Beware, friends! Only one of those forms is real! If we rush into the wrong one, Paz will surely use the opportunity to pounce!"

Set Dial A (Paz's HP) to the current threat 袋.

The next entry is for the Lookout.

Next - go to 709-6

709-6 Retrieve the following three cards from the story deck:

- S-21, Strange Gem
- S-22, Strange Sundry
- S-36, Mask of Misplacement

These three cards will be referred to as the Paz Deck. The Mask of Misplacement story card represents Paz herself and the others represent her illusions.

Next - go to 709-7

**709-7** Shuffle the Paz Deck and deal one card each to Dials A, B, and C, facedown.

Do not reveal them unless instructed to do so.

Begin a round on this page.

**709-8** "I'm sorry, but I don't who you are," says the butler.

"Paz is expecting us," replies Enash. "Notice my mask."

"Yes," says the butler. "I did notice. And I'm afraid I'm going to have to ask you to leave. Be warned, I am programmed to kill any person who attempts to open this door."

"Interesting," says Grunko, Son of Grung. "But only if we attempt to open the door?"

"Correct."

"Very interesting," your porter says, and picks the butler up and throws it over the railing.

"I told them this would happen," sighs the robot as it plummets down the shaft that runs central through the stairwell.

"Well done, Grunko, Son of Grung!" one of you cheers.

"Do not thank me," says the yak-man, holding up a hand for calm. "You see, many years ago, I—"

"There's no moment to lose!" you interrupt. "Maybe you can tell us next month?"

"I will await that time with much anticipation," says he, and with that you all open the great wooden double doors.

Have the Bookkeeper open the book to page 43, but do not begin the round until instructed to.

Next - go to 709-5

709-9 This entry is for the player who made the weapon check. You smash apart the skeleton security detail, regrettably taking more than a few minor injuries along the way. "Arrr, t'will be smooth sailin' from here on out, mateys!"

cackles Cookie.

"Do not let down your guard," warns Enash. "I assure you, the worst is yet to come."

Wound  $\mathbb{A}+1$ .

Next - go to 709-3

**709-10** Okay, but does any player have either title: the Cat-Nabber, or the Rescuer?

- Yes go to 709-11
- No go to 709-19

**709-11** "The Displayer's spawn told us she lives up in the penthouse," Enash reminds you. "Let us get inside and upstairs with all haste."

Next - go to 709-12

709-12 "So what's next?" asks Schala. "What the play?"
All players, without discussion, must vote on their next course of action:

Thumbs up means their character wants to ring the buzzer. Thumbs down means their character wants to pop the lock on the door.

As always, the player with the highest influence  $\ensuremath{\mathfrak{G}}$  breaks a tie.

How did your party vote?

- Ring the buzzer. go to 709-13
- Pop the lock. go to 709-16

**709-13** Everyone falls quiet as one of you presses the button. A bizarre ringing sound echoes out, tinny and harsh. After a a few seconds, the sound cuts off and you hear a crackle followed by a gruff voice

"What's the password?" the voice purrs.

The player with the highest influence & chooses 1:

- Green Ocean go to 709-14
- · Grease Ocean go to 709-14
- Green River go to 709-14
- Green Water go to 709-15
- Grease River go to 709-14
- Grease Water go to 709-14Password123 go to 709-14

709-14 The speaker by the buzzer cuts out and only silence

"Enough of this!" Enash shouts, his voice soaked in disdain, and he picks up a rock off the street and throws it through one of the glass doors. The pane shatters, granting you easy entrance to the marbled lobby beyond. An alarm begins to sound, yet conveniently the city watch is nowhere to be seen.

"Madness!" Schala complains, wringing her little hands. "Don't be silly," Enash protests. "Surprise is ours!"

His assessment seems accurate and everyone hurriedly passes into the building. But seconds later, a number of armed skeletons come rushing from down a side hall.

"This must be that element of surprise you were mentioning," Schala says bitterly.

Choose a player to make a weapon check.

Is the result equal to or higher the current threat 袋?

- Yes go to 709-2
- No go to 709-9

**709:15** There is a brief pause, after which comes a loud buzz followed by a click. You pull a handle and one of the doors swings open.

"They didn't even ask us for a name," muses Grunko, Son of Grung.

"Hubris," snarls Enash.

"The label on the buzzer, uh, says she's in a penthouse on

the, uh, top floor," Schala reminds everyone as you enter the beautiful, tiled lobby. "That's a lot of stairs."

You takes the stairs off the main lobby and begin the slow climb up to the very top. As you do, you pass several skeletons who seem to be serving as private security. They offer you a friendly nod.

Risk △-1.

Gain the title: Master of Passcodes **(a)**. Next - go to 709-3

709-16 "Perhaps it would be unwise for us to announce ourselves?" suggests Grunko, Son of Grung.

"We should try to get in some other way," Enash agrees. "The element of surprise may be essential."

"We could try to counter the lock," offers Schala. "Not that I know how."

- · Yes go to 709-17
- No go to 709-18

**709-17** This entry is for the player who made the smarts  $\Xi$ 

Using an old piece of wire and a lid from a can, you mess with the electronic lock on the glass door. For sloppy narrative reasons it works great, and everyone pats you on the back as you pull a door handle and offer everyone access to the lobby.

"The label on the buzzer, uh, says she's in a penthouse on the, uh, top floor," Schala reminds everyone as you enter the beautiful, tiled lobby. "That's a lot of stairs."

You takes the stairs off the main lobby and begin the slow climb up to the very top. As you do, you pass several skeletons who seem to be serving as private security. They offer you a friendly nod.

Risk △-1.

Next - go to 709-3

**709-18** This entry is for the player who made the smarts  $\Xi$  check.

Using an old piece of wire and a lid from a can, you mess with the electronic lock on the glass door, which sure made a lot of sense when you got started. Eventually you pop the lock, though it may have more to do with physical exertion than anything, and almost immediately, an alarm rings out. Enash holds his head in frustration. "What did you do?" Before you have a chance to respond, several armed skeletons come rushing from down the hall. You should have known a fancy building like this would have a security detail. "No time to talk now!" you snap back at your grumbling patron.

Influence 📽 - 3.

Choose a player to make a weapon check. Is the result equal to or higher the current threat 袋?

- Yes go to 709-2
- No go to 709-9
- Doesn't matter because my weapon has the shock \$\frac{1}{2}\$ trait.
   go to 709-2

**709:19** "We've looked around and found naught," says Grunko, Son of Grung. "The Gilded District has proved to be a dead end."

"There is one place left," Enash reminds your porter and points toward a gleaming tower in the sky. "That new skyrise is all the rage among the wealthy. A freelancer, fat with plundered spoils, would find it irresistible."

And so you find yourself at the base of the tower, staring at all-glass double doors that serve as the entrance to the

luxurious skyrise. The door has a fancy new automatic lock and buzzer. The buzzer has lots of buttons, each one with a name of someone who presumably lives inside. The very last button says 'DISPLAYER BEAST'.

"What in Davey's names does that mean?" wonders Cookie.
"It is Paz," grumbles Enash. "In her arrogance, she has chosen her nickname for the label on the buzzer. They call her the Displayer, or the Displayer Beast, due to the extensive collection of artifacts she has pillaged in her long career."

Next - go to 709-12

### 901

The frogs are famous for their yoga, only now you see they've renamed it as 'Froga'.

"What's the difference?" you ask an instructor.

"Because Froga is better," she says with a hollow smile. "And trademark-able." You decide to sign up for a quick class in order to strengthen your core.

Which kind of Froga do you want to try?

- · Hot Froga go to 901-1
- Normal Froga go to 901-2
- Frozen Froga go to 901-3

901-1 You want to sweat all of the toxins or something out of whatever. You aren't sure what sort of toxins you mean, but it sounds super healthy. You do sweat a lot, but it turns out a healthier thing you could have done was drink more water. Dehydrated and covered in sweat, you pass out. When you come to, you are relieved to find you haven't been robbed, but are saddened to find you have even more toxins! "Curse you, toxins! Curse you!" you scream at the aloof sky. Corruption +1.

901-2 "What makes regular Froga different?" you ask your instructor.

"It's twice as expensive," she answers. "Now can I please see your mat?"

Unfortunately, you were supposed to bring a mat, and that mat was supposed to be made from officially licensed Froga-brand anti-microbial moss, which happens to be completely identical to regular moss, only it's better. And more expensive. You do eventually procure such a mat at a comically hefty price, but by the time you come back you have missed most of the class you already paid for. "This whole experience has left me frustrated," you complain.

"That means the Froga's helping!" your instructor cheers.
Treasure 

1-1.

**901-3** You show up to Frozen Froga, a bold new experimental type of Froga that comes with a waiver to sign. You and the rest of your class are locked in an ancient deep freezer left behind by the old ones. You aren't sure what the point of this is, but looking through the glass of the door, you do your best to follow along with the instructor who, for reasons that were not explained, is not freezing her butt off with you.

Shaking like a maniac, you do your best to keep up, but you eventually succumb to the hypothermia and pass out. When you awaken later, you find yourself in some pain.

"My extremities are burning," you moan.

"That's the Froga working!" your instructor says brightly.
"I think it's frostbite."

"Is it though?" she asks. "Because the legally enforceable waiver you signed says you think the Froga's working."

Spend 1 time. If you draw a follower token this way, return it to the bag without resolving it.

Wound 3+1.

### 902

The frogs are famous for their yoga, only now you see they've renamed it as 'Froga'.

"What's the difference?" you ask an instructor.

"Because Froga is better," she says with a hollow smile. "And trademark-able." You decide to sign up for a quick class in order to strengthen your core.

Which kind of Froga do you want to try?

- Hot Froga go to 902-1
- · Normal Froga go to 902-2
- Frozen Froga go to 902-5

**902.1** Apparently you thought Hot Froga was some kind of spiritual thing? But you find yourself surrounded by boring yuppie frogs, and the exercise you're getting and the sweat you're releasing don't feel much different from the results of normal adventuring. Or does it? The dizzying smell of intoxicating incense, along with intense dehydration, helps you find something akin to peace. All the world's troubles drip from your pores.

You have a vision, and in it you see much death and a strange spirit. You also see Cookie, but he looks like a cooked turkey.

When you awaken, you decide to grab some food. Risk  $\triangle$ -1.

Corruption 🖸-1.

**902-2** "I'm not one for fancy things," you tell another participant as you join the class for Normal Froga.

"Let's begin with Downward Dog," your instructor says, which makes you raise an eyebrow.

Are you a Hound?

- Yes go to 902-3
- No go to 902-4

**902-3** You laugh to yourself, then really make a show of how naturally good you are at Downward Dog. It feels like the kind of thing that should backfire on you, but it totally doesn't. The Froga frogs circle around you and clap and cheer as you do the thing better than it's ever been done before.

Afterward you make friends with another participant, and years later everyone else is still sharing your story at Froga conventions and swap meets.

Follower (2)+1.

Gain the title: the Froga Dog @.

**902-4** That's okay. You do the thing and manage to not fart, which feels fairly amazing.

"I didn't fart!" you excitedly tell another participant.

They excitedly tell you they didn't either, and by the end of the course you have a sense of peace and a new friend.

Follower \( \frac{1}{2} \) +1.

Luck @+1.

**902-5** You excitedly change into your workout clothes and grab your mat, only to discover you haven't signed up for an exercise class, but rather a tasting event for a new frozen treat made from frog milk and bugs. It's just like fro-yo, only it tastes like sadness.

Still, it's nice to enjoy a treat with the local frogs, and they even spill some rumors about the Fell Fellowship, telling you that one of them has a kid who's always getting into fights somewhere in the Entertainment District back in the Hub.

"Interesting!" you say, pretending to licking the Frozen Froga, which you've decided is the only way to experience Frozen Froga

"Next time I'll add more strawberries and less frog milk," you

say to yourself.

Influence 👺+1.

Heal 1 HP 🟵.

Have the cartographer draw something on location 82 of the map to remind you Paz's kid may party there.

### 903

Are you a Mer?

- Yes go to 903-1
- No go to 903-2

**903-1** You decide to help everyone with a little bit of fishing. "What's the point of being the water person if you're not in the water helping?" you say laughingly to each person you meet by the river. You make a whole thing out of it. Which only makes it especially embarrassingly when you fail to catch a single thing.

Influence 📽-5.

**903-2** You decide to help everyone with a little bit of fishing. Choose 1:

- Use a fancy lure. go to 903-3
- Use quality bait. go to 903-4
- Use a spear. go to 903-5

**903-3** You select a lure that resembles a small fish with huge hooks on it. You snap your rod and drop the lure far out on the water's surface where it sinks and does its magic. You slowly pull the line in, wiggling the lure along the bottom of the riverbed.

But it snags and you fall in. You splash about, frantically calling for help. Grumbling to themselves, one of your followers wades into the two-foot deep water and pulls you back to dry land before quitting.

Influence 💝-3.

Follower 23-1.

**903-4** You gather a mess of stink worms. They writhe around on a rusty old baking sheet Cookie lets you borrow and you sit down on the riverbank to fish.

It's very relaxing. The light on the water dances and flickers over your eyes, daring you to close them.

You fall asleep and wake up with a start. It's dark out, you've lost your rod, and worse, your head is laying in the pan of stink worms. It will take ages to wash that smell out completely.

Influence \$\mathbb{G}-5.

Spend 1 time.

903-5 You spear a giant fish with weird, blood-filled eyes. It glows in the dark and has little hands that grow in a row down its tummy. Since you killed it, you feel obliged to eat it, something no one else will join you in. It makes for a filling meal, but one that leaves you weird in your tum-tum region. Corruption +1.

Heal 1 HP 👀.

### 904

You decide to help everyone with a little bit of fishing. Choose 1:

- · Use a fancy lure. go to 904-1
- · Use quality bait. go to 904-2
- Use a spear. go to 904-3

**904:1** You select a lure that resembles a small fish with huge hooks on it. You snap your rod and drop the lure far out on the water's surface where it sinks and does its magic. You slowly pull the line in, wiggling the lure along the bottom of the riverbed.

But it snags and won't budge, so you wade into the water and pull up an enormous old chest that still has loot inside. Treasure ##+1.

Luck @+1.

**904-2** You gather a mess of stink worms. They writhe around on a rusty old baking sheet Cookie lets you borrow and you sit down on the riverbank to fish.

It's very relaxing and to your delight, it turns out fish loves stink worms! You catch an enormous fish that is filled with a smaller fish which is in turn filled with an even smaller fish and so on.

Cookie dances with glee, for half-digested fish stew is a real delicacy.

Influence 💝+5.

Supplies \(\hat{\mathcal{n}}\)+2.

**904-3** You spear a baby manatee and drink its blood. It's delicious. No other notes.

Supplies 💍+2. Heal 1 HP 👀.

### 905

You teach the baby tadpoles to play fetch. It's enriching, but one of them doesn't bring the tossed item back.

Are you a Troll?

- Yes go to 905-1
- No go to 905-2

**905.1** You let out a frustrated roar. The water shakes and all of the tadpoles and polliwogs scramble into a pile of squirming panic.

"Oh, I'm sorry, little wigglers," you say, making your voice sweeter.

The little tadpole who had failed to fetch timidly comes out of the pack and returns the tossed object.

"Tanks for playing with me," it says in a sweetie-pie voice.
"No, thank you!" you say. "I'm sorry I let my temper get the better of me." Looking into the deep wells of the tadpole's eyes, you feel you could better control yourself if the situation repeated itself.

Will **‰**+1. Luck **⊚**+1.

Gain the title: the Serene 💩.

**905-2** You try to search through the dark, dank water for the tadpole with your item, but you lose track of them. You give a weary sigh but manage to laugh the loss off.

"Kids," you say as you shake your head.

"Ye handled that with great composure, matey!" Cookie notes with an impressed whistle.

"What are you doing in here?" you ask him.

"Considerin' dinner options."

He grumbles as you forcibly usher him away.

Will **%**+1.

Treasure 29-1.

### 906

You spend some time talking to the nurse about the lifecycle and culture of frogs. It's the longest and most boring experience of your life, but educational just the same. And when the nurse mentions a few things about froggy psychology, you think they might help negotiate your travel upriver. You'd best go share it with the others.

Smarts 23+1.

The player on Action 7 gains luck @+1. Spend 1 time.

### 907

You hop into the water and decide to race a polliwog. Choose 1:

- Use a front crawl stroke. go to 907-1
- Use a backstroke. go to 907-2
- Use an elementary backstroke. go to 907-1
- Use a breaststroke. go to 907-1
- Use a butterfly stroke. go to 907-2
- Use a sidestroke. go to 907-2
- Let the kids win. go to 907-3

**907-1** You crush the little idiot in a massive defeat. Nobody is impressed, but you brag about it for days.

Might ⊗+1.

Influence 👺-2.

907-2 You blaze past the useless little slimeball. Nobody is impressed, but you brag about it for days.

Agility +1. Influence -2.

**907-3** You do your best to be slow and clumsy, hoping to make it look like a close race.

The tadpoles cheer in delight at their victory.

Sadly, you gave too convincing of a performance and your fellow travelers begin to worry about your competency.

Will **%**+1. Influence **७**-2.

### 908

The bartender slides you a mug of bug, And you quite eagerly take a big chug, After that fat glug, you puke on the rug, Angering your froggy bartender, Doug; So rather than letting things get too ug, You grab the big lug and give a great hug, Then offer to pay for the soiled rug.

Treasure 1.

### 909

The bartender slides you a mug of bug and you decide to take a chug.

It's disgusting.

"Mmmm! Yummy!" you declare.

"A fellow connoisseur!" cries a jubilant voice. "Bully to you!"
You turn to meet the eyes of a frog wearing finery and he
introduces himself as Bullywonk, a true lover of bug juice.
After some small talk he tells you of a rumor that a giant
beetle roams the lands beyond the wilds to the south. "Oh
how I would love to juice that fine fellow!" says Bullywonk.
A shadow passes over the village, and you shudder for
reasons you know not. But it passes quickly and you think
nothing else of it.

Influence +3.

Have the Cartographer draw something on the map to remind you there is a giant beetle at space 86.

### 910

You have much difficulty convincing anyone to take you upriver to Krill's stronghold. The frogs have no opinion of the retired freelancer and are not eager to potentially anger a neighbor. You eventually find a frog who relents and agrees to take you, but you suspect they are new to the job despite their exorbitant fee.

Treasure 🕮-1.

### 911

You have some difficulty convincing anyone to take you upriver to Krill's stronghold. The frogs have no opinion of the retired freelancer and are not eager to potentially anger a neighbor. But you manage to convince them that Krill will not find your presence an intrusion, and eventually strike a fair deal with an experienced paddler.

Influence \$\mathbb{\mathbb{G}} +3.

Gain the title: Shrewd Employer 💩.

### 912

Does any player have the title: Shrewd Employer?

- Yes go to 912-1
- No go to 912-3

912.1 You head up the river with your guide and his crew paddling a small fleet of crocs. You only stop once, to collect some delicious-looking swamp berries that Cookie spots.

Supplies 💍+1.

Next - go to 912-2

**912-2** Eventually you arrive at a clearing and see a large building sitting halfway in the water in the distance. Spires reach toward the sky.

"Not too much further," the guide says, gesturing ahead. "But I don't wanna get too close."

"Now that we know the way here, I reckon we could find it again if we needed to," asserts Grunko, Son of Grung. Enash says nothing, but you can feel he is anxious.

Have the Cartographer draw a dashed line from space 84 to space 83 on the map, representing a new shortcut path. You may now travel along this shortcut like any other path.

The player with the highest influence agains the title: Krill Seeker a.

The Bookkeeper may close the location book. Travel on the map.

**912-3** You head up the river with your guide and his crew paddling a small fleet of crocs. They seem to take a wrong turn, which is disappointing since the river is pretty much a straight line, and the mistake eats up a lot of time.

To make matters worse, once the fleet is back on track, a strange, mossy ape leaps from the water, brandishing dual broomsticks.

"River gorilla!" shrieks a guide. "We're in its territory!"
The player with the lowest influence a must make a weapon check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 袋?

- Yes go to 912-4
- No go to 912-5
- Why roll? My weapon has the frost @ trait. go to 912-4

**912-4** Everyone gapes at the sheer brutality you unleash upon the stunned river gorilla. Combat ends as suddenly at it began, and the gorilla's facedown corpse is swept away by the current.

"Damn," whispers Grunko, Son of Grung.

Influence 👺+5.

Next - go to 912-2

**912-5** You do your best to fight off the assailant, but the scene becomes a whirlwind of you flailing, water splashing, and the cracks of broomsticks against your aching body. Satisfied by your pitiable wailing, the river gorilla disappears back into the water from whence it came.

Wound A+1.

Next - go to 912-2

### 1101

You attempt to steal something from a merchant stall. Choose 1:

- Steal something useful. go to 1101-1
- Steal something expensive. go to 1101-2
- Steal something metaphorical. go to 1101-3

**1101-1** You weigh your options and decide to err on the side of practicality. Which is smart, because you are almost immediately rewarded.

thing in as surreptitious a manner as you can muster. A moment later, there is a loud snap and searing pain radiates

Treasure #+1.
Influence #-1.

1101-2 You spot something with a delightful sparkle hidden past a cloth behind a merchant stall. You know that merchants often hide their most prized items until special buyers come sniffing for rare items. So you discreetly reach for the shiny

up from your errant hand.

As you escape into a dark alley, you pull the rat trap from your hand. How did you lose so much blood?

Influence 📽 - 2.

Wound **(**<sup>2</sup>√+1.

**1101-3** You see a passing merchant with handsome eyes and beautiful, yellowed tusks. You turn away briefly, feeling weak in the knees from such a lovely visage. You try to steal another glance, but alas, they are gone.

Inside you feel empty. When will you ever find love? Influence 📽 -2.

Gain the Title: Lovelorn 🔕

### 1102

You see a lizard-guy lecturing to a mixed group of snake and ghost citizens about the virtues of monogamy, a human tradition. The crowd boos and hisses, but the lizard's argument has a lot of virtues.

"You would always know where to find fresh eggs!" he exclaims.

All players on Action 4 now resolve their turns simultaneously. Without discussion, they must vote on whether they agree or disagree with the lizard-guy that monogamy is good.

Thumbs up is agreement.

Thumbs down is disagreement.

(Reminder: If there is a tie, the player with the highest influence 😭 chooses.)

How did your party vote?

- Thumbs up go to 1102-1
- Thumbs down go to 1102-4

1102-1 How many players are at this action?

- Just one go to 1102-2
- Two or more go to 1102-3

**1102-2** You meet up with the only other person in the crowd who agrees with you philosophically. They aren't a ghost or a snake, but rather something more exciting... a potential romantic partner! You really hit it off, and wonder if today is the day that you finally find love?

But alas, the other person isn't really ready for a relationship, they need to spend time with themselves, right, and there's this ex and everything's crazy, or at least that's what they say. Regardless, they'd love to join your party for a while, their presence always felt while never actually being available to you physically or emotionally. Yes, this feels all too familiar. Follower \( \frac{1}{12} \)+1.

Gain the title: Just a Friend 💩.

**1102.3** Most of the crowd jeers at the lizard, but you all take heart at being in the minority, knowing you and the lizard are superior to the others and their disloyal ways. This warms your heart.

All players who voted thumbs up can heal 1 HP  $\textcircled{\bullet}$  or heal all stress  $\textcircled{\bullet}$ .

1102-4 You find yourselves in the majority and decide to reward one another with a good time.

All players who voted thumbs down gain luck 🐠 + 1.

### 1103

You and Enash check out the street fight which proves to be two gangs squabbling in the streets. Neither side seems especially brave, spending most of their effort on fancifully dodging away or hurling random items at their foes. Enash taps you and nods in the direction of a pimple-faced mouser who jumps and shifts around, seemingly impossible to hit, but too cowardly to actually attack. He wears a sigil that looks familiar.

"Is that the Fell Fellowship's sign?" you whisper, and your patron nods in affirmation. "Is that one of them?" you ask incredulously. "He seems a little young."

"No, I don't think so," Enash replies. "But he looks a bit like the infamous Paz."

Over in the scrap, an elf calls out, "Gallz, look out!" Hearing this, the cat-boy reveals two spiked tentacles that rise from behind his cape and grab one of his assailants by the throat. "Thanks!" Gallz calls back to the elf.

"What kind of corrupt magic is this?" you wonder.

"I've seen it before," growls Enash. "This Gallz must be the son of Paz. You should get involved." And he shoves you into the melee and the path of a thrown chair coming right at your head.

Make an agility 🗑 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

- Yes go to 1103-1
- No go to 1103-8

1103-1 You just barely sidestep the chair, and shoot Enash a nasty look. He gestures emphatically at Gallz who still strangles his helpless goblin assailant.

Luck @+1.

Influence \$\mathbb{\mathbb{G}} + 4.

Choose 1:

- Attack Gallz. go to 1103-2
- Help Gallz. go to 1103-5

1103-2 Make a weapon check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

- Yes go to 1103-3
- No go to 1103-4
- It matters not, I have a ranged 🗗 weapon. go to 1103-3

1103-3 It is all too easy to circle around and subdue Gallz who does not see you as a combatant. You and Enash work quickly to drag Gallz away from the combat, the gasping goblin wriggling free of the bizarre tentacles. It runs away as you pull Enash into an empty alley.

XP 😭 +1.

Gain the title: the Cat-Nabber @.

1103-4 You dodge past a few of the clumsy combatants, dashing straight toward the bizarre young mouser with the tentacles. The lad turns to look at you, but it is too late. Too late because you trip over an unconscious troll and fly toward Gallz with a terrified scream. You, the mouser, and a half-conscious goblin crash through the perimeter of gawkers. You're badly injured, but ignore the pain, and work together with Enash to drag the stunned Gallz away into an alley. Wound A+1.

XP **☆**+1.

Gain the title: the Cat-Nabber .



1103-5 A dwarf rushes at the young mouser, viciously swinging a tuna fish about her head.

Make a weapon check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🐉?

- · Yes go to 1103-6
- No go to 1103-7
- It matters not, I have a ranged 🗗 weapon. go to 1103-6

**1103-6** You repel the dwarf with such expert ease that she actually fishes several other assailants before toppling with a cry.

Gallz gapes at you in shock, but you grab his hand and say, "Come with me! We need to talk!"

Gain the title: the Rescuer 💩.

1103-7 A dwarf rushes at the young mouser, viciously swinging a tuna fish about her head. You rush forward and attempt to knock the dwarf away from Gallz, but unfortunately get fished in the face several times before you succeed.

Your effort, however, is noticed by the grateful Gallz, and when you grab his hand and say, "Come with me! We need to talk!" he complies, dropping the goblin. Enash follows after, and the three of you find an alley to duck into.

Stress (2)+2.

XP 🅸+1.

Gain the title: the Rescuer 💩.

1103-8 The chairs shatters against your head, but since you stand there stoically, you look cool as heck. No one knows you're crying on the inside, which historically speaking, has been your favorite place to cry.

You shake off the blow and notice Gallz is still strangling his helpless goblin assailant.

Wound A+1.

Influence 24+4.

Choose 1:

- Attack Gallz. go to 1103-2
- Help Gallz. go to 1103-5

#### 1104

Which title is held by a member of your party?

- The Cat-Nabber go to 1104-1
- The Rescuer go to 1104-4

11041 Gallz puts on his most ferocious display, hissing and whipping his strange tentacles around, but his impotent rage only elicits smiles. The remainder of the party regroups there in the dead-end alley, and your followers stand at the exit to ensure some privacy.

The rest of you look at the medallion around Gallz's neck that displays the F.F. of the Fell Fellowship, and at the two foul tentacles that rise up from his back. He is young, and you can see the fear in his yellow eyes.

"You better let me go!" he yowls. "You don't know who my mother is!"

"Oh, but we do, child," Enash growls from the nearby shadows. "And it is her sins that now put you in jeopardy." Choose a player to make a might (\$\infty\$ check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

- Yes go to 1104-2
- No go to 1104-3

11042 This entry is for the player who made the might 🗞 check. You step up and punch the wall directly behind Gallz's head. A few pieces of brick crumble, and the lad closes his eyes and begins breathing deeply.

Seconds later, he whispers, "What do you want from me?" Enash says, "We don't want to hurt anyone if it can be avoided. We just want to talk to your mother."

The young mouser nods. "Yeesh, you didn't need to do all this. My mom's a jerk and totally unsupportive of my career in hand modeling! You want to talk to her? Go for it. She lives in the penthouse of the new skyrise in the Gilded District. The password is 'Green Water'."

You let him go, but Enash warns, "Give us some time before you go home, young man."

Gallz holds up his hands in answer. "No prob. I have a reshoot to get to in ten."

Luck @+1.

Have the Cartographer draw something on the map to remind you that Paz is at space 81.

The Bookkeeper may close the location book.

Travel on the map.

11043 This entry is for the player who made the might & check. You stomp forward and shoot Gallz your most intimidating look. The one that says you don't care if he lives or dies. Then you slowly lift up your meaty hands, letting him take a look at the doom that awaits, and with a cruel smirk you crack your knuckles.

It really hurts. A high-pitched squeal slowly releases from your pursed lips. What the heck? Since when does cracking your knuckles hurt? Oh but sweet mother of grasshoppers it feels like you just broke every bone in every finger you possess. With a final whine, you tip over to the side and collapse on the street.

Cookie points at Gallz. "And that's what we'll do to ye, if ye don't tell us what we want to know!"

"I think your friend is really hurt," Gallz says with genuine concern. "What do you want with me anyway?"

From the shadows of the alley, Enash says, "We don't want to hurt anyone if it can be avoided. We just want to talk to your mother."

The young mouser nods. "Yeesh, you didn't need to do all this. My mom's a jerk and totally unsupportive of my career in hand modeling! You want to talk to her? Go for it. She lives in the penthouse of the new skyrise in the Gilded District. Am... I free to go?"

Enash nods but says, "Give us some time before you go home, young man."

Gallz shrugs. "Okay, but please promise you'll get some medical attention for your friend."

Influence 👺-2.

Wound A+1.

Have the Cartographer draw something on the map to remind you that Paz is at space 81.

The Bookkeeper may close the location book.

Travel on the map.

1104-4 The remainder of the party regroups there in the deadend alley, and your followers stand at the exit to ensure some privacy. The rest of you look at the medallion around Gallz's neck that displays the F.F. of the Fell Fellowship, and at the two foul tentacles that rise up from his back. He is young, and you can see the fear in his yellow eyes.

"Thanks for the assist back there. Sometimes you have to put the smackdown on some smack-talkers, know what I mean?" "You have no idea," growls Enash from the shadows. "We

were just hoping to talk with you for a moment."

Gallz looks around nervously. "Er, there sure are a lot of you.

What's up?"

Choose a player to make a will 🗞 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

- Yes go to 1104-5
- · No go to 1104-6

1104-5 This entry is for the player who made the will check. "We're freelancers," you admit slyly. "We saw your medallion and your skills, and wondered if you wanted to join up with our crew?"

He looks a little embarrassed and sighs, "Oh man, that's just my luck. My mother, she was a big-deal freelancer back in the day. Retired now. She'd love knowing you guys approached me, but, nah, I'm nothing like her. My passion is free improvisation kazoo, you know?"

"Are you kidding? Dude, we're all hardcore into kazoo right now. It's such a gratifying instrument!"

"Right?" says Gallz, brightening up. "My mom's like, 'you're just humming into a tube,' and sometimes I just want to kick her in her stupid mouth."

You lean a little closer. "Maybe you could?"

He looks up at you confused but interested.

"Tell us where she is and we can do the deed," you urge. "The last thing the 'zoo scene needs right now is someone trying to hold it back."

"Right on," he says nodding his head excitedly. "Oh, right on! We live in the penthouse of the new skyrise in the Gilded District. The password to get in is 'Green Water'. I was gonna meet my buds for a quick 'zoo jam, but I can take my time getting home," he offers. You pat him on the back and tell him to leave it to you.

Luck @+1.

Have the Cartographer draw something on the map to remind you that Paz is at space 81.

Travel on the map.

11046 This entry is for the player who made the will & check.

"Your amulet," you say, pointing. "We're huge fans of the Fell Fellowship. We wanted to see if you could get us in touch with Paz? Paz was always the coolest."

"Oh gods, how old are you guys?" Gallz laughs. "My mom wouldn't know cool if it licked her face! She's like, 'I'm not paying for kazoo lessons—it's just humming into a tube!' What an ass."

"Then tell us where we can find her," urges Enash. Gallz shrugs. "She's in the penthouse of the new skyrise in the Gilded District. Whatever."

You let him go, but Enash warns, "Give us some time before you go home, young man."

But Gallz just laughs you off as he walks away. "You olds go have fun with my 'cool' old mom. I've got a 'zoo jam with my buds in ten."

Influence 2 -4.

Have the Cartographer draw something on the map to remind you that Paz is at space 81.

Travel on the map.

### 1901

You search for a trinket that the creature may want, hoping to draw its attention. But you fail to even find anything, let alone distract it. It smashes the ground and a huge wave of corruption sends everyone nearby flying.

Influence 👺+1.

Unlock Action 4.

All players on Action 3 move to Action 4.

All players on Action 2 gain wound &+1 and move to Action 3.

## 1902

You grab something from your bag and bravely wave it in front of the golem. It turns and looks at you, hesitating, but carries on with another huge slam.

Influence 😂+3.

Unlock Action 4.

All players on Action 2 gain wound &+1 and move to Action 3.

## 1903

You find something valuable in your pack and bravely wave it about to both grab and hold the massive construct's attention! It wanders away from the group before smashing the ground. The resulting shockwave of corruption misses everyone.

Influence \$\mathbb{G}+6.

## 1904

You fall back to catch your breath and notice a gaping section of armor plating has fallen free of the golem's hindquarters. You call out this possible avenue of attack to the others.

Dial A -2.

Risk △-1.

Lock ( Action 5.

### 1905

You fall back to catch your breath and notice everyone seems exhausted.

"We're doing it!" you shout to them. "This thing can't take much more. Don't let up now!"

Influence 👺+2.

All players gain luck @+1.

Lock (7) Action 5.

### 1906

Things are looking pretty bad, but rather than help out, you hope to grab something good for yourself. You leap onto the golem in an attempt to loot it, but its corruption energy sears your flesh, and you cry out before being flung off.

Wound A+1.

Influence 👺-3.

Corruption +2.

Lock ( Action 6.

### 1907

Things are looking pretty bad, but rather than help out, you hope to grab something good for yourself. You leap onto the golem in an attempt to loot it, and take hold of something sweet. Foul corruption energy sears your flesh, so you leap off before it can get too bad.

Look through the treasure a cards that were set aside in the Golem Deck at the start of the page and gain one of them.

Corruption +1.

### 1908

You notice carvings on the golem and try to read them aloud. Something strange comes over you, and suddenly you don't feel well.

"You fool!" you curse yourself. "You know you cannot trust the written word! Writers, especially ones who work in stupid mediums like golems and board games, are all scum!"

Corruption +1. Influence -2.

Lock ( Action 7.

### 1909

You notice carvings on the golem and you try to read them aloud. Your words make the thing vibrate. Metal shakes and resonates. The stone cracks.

Dial A -3.

### 1910

Is Dial B at 0?

- Yes go to 1910-1
- No go to 1910-2

1910-1 With a terrific groan, the enormous construct topples over into a pile of goodies.

Players divide the treasure acards remaining in the Golem Deck however they choose.

All players gain XP 🕸+1.

Travel on the map.

**1910-2** Do you wish to retreat?

- Yes go to 1910-3
- No go to 1910-4

1910-3 You save yourselves while you still can.

Choose a player to gain wound  $\mathbb{A}+1$ .

Each player must discard one treasure , if able. Each player who is unable to do so gains stress +2.

Travel on the map.

**1910-4** You check your grip on your weapons and prepare to end the battle. But the construct clangs its hammers together, and a wave of corruption rolls from the golem's frame.

Lock (1) Action 4.

Dial A +2.

All players must choose 1 (You cannot choose an option that results in you losing something you do not have.):

- Treasure #-1.
- Wound (2)+1.

Begin a new round on this page.

## 3301

"Don't go off the beaten path," Enash warns you.

"Trust me, that's the only way I know," you brag. Moments later you stumble into some sentient vines and the path proceeds to beat you.

Luck 🕸-1.

Spend 1 time.

#### 3302

You look for signs of Sen by venturing off the forest's pathways and exploring. You don't find anything to do with Sen, but you do find a campsite with several dead freelancers or bandits—well, they're pretty much the same thing—who seemingly fell asleep and never woke up. You do some light looting before some nearby vines spring to life and try to ensnare you, but you quickly escape and return to warn the others.

Treasure #+1.

Supplies \(\overline{\over

## 3303

You look for signs of Sen by venturing off the forest's pathways and exploring. You find more examples of his sigil, be it on tree trunks or moss-covered stones, but all such evidence seems old and worn. You feel certain Sen is no longer here.

The vines here are seemingly alive and they grasp at you lazily, trying to trip you.

Are you an Elf?

- Yes go to 3303-1
- No go to 3303-2

3303-1 You easily sidestep the vines, hopping lightly atop them then running across the surface of the writhing undergrowth. Building speed, you delve further into the forest and begin leaping from branch to branch. Soon you come upon an old hunting cabin, seemingly abandoned, built high in the treetops. The front door bears the Fell Fellowship sigil, but looking around inside it is plain to see Sen hasn't been here in many long years.

You find a scrap of note inside a book that reads:

"The Driftlands. I find no solace here in the busy trees. Perhaps the Driftlands may be the place to finally find peace, there beneath the open sky. There, exposed before the eyes of the gods, perhaps I shall find forgiveness?"

The Driftlands... You believe that rocky region sits far to the northeast. You grab a few things from the abandoned cabin, then leave to meet back up with the others.

Treasure #+2.

Supplies 💍+2.

Gain the title: Wild Walker 💩.

Have the Cartographer draw something on the map to remind you that space 87 is the Driftlands.

**3303-2** You avoid the the fiendish vines and manage to find a small cache of items placed under a stack of rocks. Was this left here by Sen? Is he still around here?

Treasure #+1.

Supplies 💍+1.

Gain the title: Blazer of Trails .

You lower yourself into the hot water and it burns like the dickens, scorching your butt.

"Oh for Doug's sake!" you gasp, and leap from the water. And there you run about in a circle, naked as can be, hollering and trying to fan off your steaming keister.

Several jumbo shrimp look on, chuckling to one another and calling you a real dum-dum, which in shrimp culture is the single worst slur you can use.

Wound  $\mathcal{A}+1$ . Influence 23-3.

You lower yourself into the hot water, and moan with satisfaction from the joint-soothing, muscle-relaxing refreshment. You soak for a good fifteen minutes before several jumbo shrimp, some longer than your forearms, appear and begin approaching the water.

Choose 1:

- Allow the shrimp to get close. go to 3305-1
- Abandon the spring to the shrimp. go to 3305-2

3305-1 You hang out with the jumbo shrimp and they begin to groom you. The soothing water, the gentle preening of the prawns, and their petty woodland gossip, leave you feeling like a soul reborn in a brand-new body.

Choose 2:

- Heal 2 HP (\*).
- Risk △-2.
- Corruption -2.
- Luck (4)+1.

3305-2 You see no need to be greedy, so you cut things short and give the shrimp a turn. You walk away feeling delightful. Choose 2:

- Heal 1 HP (+).
- Risk  $\triangle$ -1.
- Corruption 9-1.
- Luck ③+1.

You notice a sprite hiding in the trees and wave to it. Then you notice another sprite, hiding, looking at you. Weird. You wave to it and then notice yet another sprite. And then another. Weird gives way to unsettling, but since you have their attention, you decide to try talking to them.

"Hey, you little cuties," you say. "My friends and I are all looking for a goblin-buddy. He's named Sen. Have you seen him around?"

The sprites do not answer. Instead, in unison, they fade into the shadows and are gone. An unpleasant feeling creeps across your spine.

Discard all of your luck 🚳 tokens. Gain that many corruption tokens.

You notice a sprite hiding in the trees and wave to it. Then you notice another sprite, hiding, looking at you. Weird. You wave to it and then notice yet another sprite. And then another. Weird gives way to unsettling, but since you have their attention, you decide to try talking to them.

"Hello, creatures of the wood," you say. "My friends and I are all looking for a goblin named Sen. A friend of ours has unfinished business with him. Have you seen him around?" One of them answers, its voice surprisingly horrifying, like a thin, reedy whisper.

"He is banished... banished years ago for hunting the unicorgis to extinction. He fled into the east."

"Dang, that's helpful," you say. "Thanks, y'all. Can I do anything for you in return?"

"Can we wear your skin?" the sprite asks.

"I, um, I'm kind of using it right now," you say.

"We will wait," it gasps, and the sprites fade into the shadows. Risk  $\triangle$ -1.

Gain the title: Wearer of the Skin 🔕.

You spend some time sniffing a strange flower. It knocks you out. You sleep for a very long time before anyone can wake you. You drool on yourself a bunch too, and someone makes fun of you about it, behind your back.

You don't know what they say, but you're sure it isn't nice. Spend 1 time. If you draw a follower token this way, discard it from the bag immediately instead of resolving it. Gain the title: the Drooly Fool .

You sniff a strange flower you only find growing in one area in the woods. It smells sweet but leaves you with an unsettling feeling. For the rest of your stay at the faerie ridge, you'd swear you now the see the flower everywhere you look, where before it was singularly rare. Strange...

Sense 🗞+1 (again). Luck **<∅**-1.

You stop and smell a flower. Shoot, that ain't bad. Influence 👺+1. Heal 1 HP 👀.

You stop and smell some flowers. The seductive smell is enticing and it trigger memories buried deep within your mind. You find a part of yourself you had thought long lost. XP ∰+1.

Gain the title: Sniffer of Truth 💩.



You are walking with Cookie when you see a tiny pixie fluttering around. It belches and says, "Hey, tough nuts, wanna answer a riddle?" Before you can answer it pelts you with an acorn and says, "Of course you do. Don't you, tough nuts? Here goes:

When I am multiplied by any number, the sum of the figure in the product is always me. What am I?"

"The heck?" you gasp, but the pixie pelts you with another acorn.

"The answer is not, 'the heck!' Last chance, tough nuts!" Make a smarts 溟 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

- · Yes go to 3312-1
- No go to 3312-2

**3312:1** "Nine?" you guess meekly. "Right? Like, yeah, I think the answer is nine."

The pixie looks downcast. "Darn it, tough nuts. Yeah, that's right. What an ass." It flies away, muttering more colorful curses

"I'm glad you got to see me get to shine like that," you tell Cookie.

"See what now?"

Luck @+1.

Influence 😂+5.

Move any character on Action 6 to Action 7.

Gain the title: the Riddlest 🔕.

**3312-2** "I, I don't know. The 1973 Detroit Tigers?" you guess. "What?"

"I don't know!" you protest.

"You sure don't, tough nuts. You sure don't." And with that, the pixie gives a cruel cackle.

Corruption +1.

Move any character on Action 6 to Action 7. Then move your character to Action 6.

Gain the title: Somebody's Fool 💩.

### 3313

"I bet you can't walk in a circle three times while hissing like a snake," says a pixie.

"The heck I can't!" you protest and prove it to them. The pixie and its pals laugh hysterically as you shriek when a large snake drops out of your backpack.

"Oh man," says another pixie. "I bet you can't hold your privates and say 'ouch-ouch' three times."

You narrow your eyes and walk away.

However, Cookie rushes to gather the snakes, throwing them in a burlap sack labeled 'vegetables'.

Treasure #-2.

Supplies 💍+2.

Gain the title: Snake Maker @.

# 3314

Through a series of confusing events, too complex to relate here, the faeries trick you into marrying a tree. At least the tree is alive and sentient. The ceremony is pretty, lit with fireflies, the scent of magic fronds making the place feel special or something. It is, however, also long.

Spend 1 time. If you draw a follower token this way, discard it from the bag immediately instead of resolving it.

Stress (4)+2.

Gain follower F-15, Trent from the follower deck. Then shuffle the deck.

Next - go to 3314-1

3314-1 Choose another player to make a speech.

The chosen player may improvise a speech in character, or they may refuse.

If they accept and make a speech, when they are done - go to 3314-2

If they don't wish to speak at your wedding, return to play.

3314-2 All players vote:

Thumbs up means you felt the speech was moving. Thumbs down means you felt the speech was not moving. Which option got the most votes?

- Thumbs up go to 3314-3
- Thumbs down go to 3314-4

3314·3 The player who delivered the speech receives the title: Best Buddy .

3314·4 The player who delivered the speech receives the title: Wedding Crasher .

### 3315

You are tricked into punching a fellow adventurer in the back of the head. You can't explain why you did it, and the event is hard to live down.

Choose another player to gain wound 4+1.

Have the Influencer switch your places on the influence  $\ensuremath{\mbox{\ensuremath}\ensuremath{\mbox{\ensuremath{\ensuremath{\mbox{\ensuremath}\ensurem$ 

Gain the title: Coconut Clobberer @.

## 3316

You find a trail that leads beyond the ridge. There you find a more recently carved F.F. of the Fell Fellowship.

"This might be the way to go," Enash says.

"Well, um, perhaps," says Schala, "but Sen may have abandoned this region years ago."

Have the Cartographer draw a dashed line from space 85 to space 86 on the map, representing a new shortcut path. You may now travel along this shortcut like any other path.

The player with the highest influence  $\ensuremath{\mathfrak{G}}$  gains the title: Sen's Hunter  $\ensuremath{\mathfrak{G}}$ .

The Bookkeeper may close the location book. Travel on the map.

You cannot make sense of the chaos that surrounds you and you fail to determine what is real and what is falsehood. Stress (P)+1.

Influence 💝-4.

4302

You notice aught is off about one of the Pazes and you call it out to your companions.

Choose a facedown card from the Paz Deck at either Dial A, Dial B or Dial C and reveal it.

You may then move 1 player on either Action 3, Action 4, or Action 5 to a different available action.

Luck **(4)**+1.

4303

You notice aught is off about one of the Pazes and you call it out to your companions.

Choose a facedown card from the Paz Deck at either Dial A, Dial B or Dial C and reveal it.

You may then choose 2 players from among Action 3, Action 4 and Action 5 and move them both to a different available action.

Luck @+1.

4304

You shout a lame insult at Paz, who ignores you.

Influence 👺-4.

Choose another player to gain luck @+1.

4305

You hurl a barbed insult at Paz, which elicits a startled response. Interesting. It may have just given you a clue as to which figure is real or not.

Choose a facedown card from the Paz Deck at either Dial A, Dial B or Dial C and reveal it.

Influence \$\mathbb{\mathbb{G}} +3.

Choose another player to gain luck @+1.

You may then move that character's standee to a different available action.

4306

Have the Lookout reveal the facedown card from the Paz deck at Dial A, if it is not already revealed.

Is the card S-36, Mask of Misplacement?

- Yes go to 4306-1
- · No go to 4306-4

4306-1 Make a weapon check.

Is the result equal to or higher than Dial A?

- Yes go to 4306-2
- No go to 4306-3

**4306-2** Paz yowls as you strike true, dealing her a grievous wound.

"Lucky guess!" she snarls.

Dial A -3 for each standee at this action.

Then remove all standees from this action.

**4306-3** Your attack goes wide and you barely nick the target. Dial A -2.

Influence 💝-4.

**4306-4** Your attack reveals you fight an illusion, and is thus worthless.

Suddenly, you hear a laugh from behind and are struck by a series of brutal counterattacks.

Influence 👺-2.

All players on this action gain wound 4+1.

Remove all standees from this action.

4307

Have the Lookout reveal the facedown card from the Paz deck at Dial B, if it is not already revealed.

Is the card S-36, Mask of Misplacement?

- · Yes go to 4306-1
- No go to 4306-4

4308

Have the Lookout reveal the facedown card from the Paz deck at Dial C, if it is not already revealed.

Is the card S-36, Mask of Misplacement?

- Yes go to 4306-1
- · No go to 4306-4

4309

Make a might 🗞 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than Dial A?

- Yes go to 4309-1
- No go to 4309-4

4309-1 Does any player have the title: of the Lonely Few?

- Yes go to 4309-2
- No go to 4309-3

**4309-2** You grab hold of one of the disgusting gray tentacles, and succeed in holding it in place.

Place FOUR lock (1) tokens on Action 6.

Influence \$\mathbb{\mathbb{G}} +3.

**4309-3** You grab hold of one of the disgusting gray tentacles, and succeed in holding it in place.

Place TWO lock (1) tokens on Action 6.

Influence 😂+3.

4309-4 Does any player have the title: of the Lonely Few?

- Yes go to 4309-5
- No go to 4309-6

**4309-5** You grab hold of one of the disgusting gray tentacles, but are flung far across the ballroom.

It looks kinda cool though.

Wound  $\mathcal{A}+1$ .

Influence 👺+2.

### 4310-4311

**4309·6** You grab hold of one of the disgusting gray tentacles, but are flung far across the ballroom.

It looks kinda cool though.

Place TWO lock (1) tokens on Action 6.

Wound **(%**+1. Influence **(\*%**+2.

# 4310

Make an agility 🗑 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than Dial A?

- Yes go to 4310-1
- No go to 4310-4

4310-1 Does any player have the title: of the Lonely Few?

- · Yes go to 4310-2
- · No go to 4310-3

**4310-2** You dodge a revolting gray tentacle, then attack it with your weapon.

Place TWO lock ( tokens on Action 6.

Dial A -1.

Influence 😂+4.

**4310-3** You dodge a revolting gray tentacle, then attack it with your weapon.

Dial A -2.

Influence \$\mathbb{G}+4.

**4310-4** You attempt to distract the tentacles, but do too good a job.

Wound  $\Re +1$ .
Influence  $\Re +2$ .

# 4311

Is Dial A at 0?

- Yes go to 4311-1
- No go to 4311-6

**4311-1** Paz yowls in pain, and staggers back. You waste no time and everyone dogpiles the injured mouser. You feel the fight go out of her as the reality of her defeats sets in. She is disarmed, and Enash angrily rips the mask from her face and tosses it to one of you. The illusory Pazes vanish. Everyone stands and gives her space.

"I won't waste words on you," Enash snarls. "Regret and empathy are alien concepts to an icon of selfishness such yourself. I reclaim this mask for my people. May we never cross paths again." And with that he walks back to the hallway, toward the stairs.

"Fools!" Paz hisses at you. "Siding with that thing instead of me! I could have made you wealthy if you had given me the chance! Kill me now. Kill me now or I swear upon the gods I will visit one hundred times the violence seen here today upon each of your heads, one by one, when you least expect it!"

Choose 1:

- Kill Paz. go to 4311-2
- Let Paz live. go to 4311-4

**4311-2** You believe her threats and end her life there, in the fancy ballroom of her ill-gained palatial home. You find Enash outside, waiting for you.

"Let's go," he says.

Scratch Paz's name from the list on your map.

Are all names on the map now scratched out or circled?

- · Yes go to 83-15
- No go to 4311-3

**4311-3** You find Enash outside, and he stares at the mask one of you now carries. "You may take the mask for now. Use it as an instrument of my people's revenge. Once our quest is complete, I require its safe return." He looks around at the city. "There is likely no need to remain in the Hub now. We will need to travel into the wilds to finish what must be done."

The player with the highest influence 😭 gains story card S-36, Mask of Misplacement from the story deck.

That player then chooses two other players to receive story card S-21, Strange Gem and S-22, Strange Sundry.

The Bookkeeper may close the location book. Travel on the map.

**4311-4** "Oh shut up," one of you laughs. "All you have to do is stay here and be rich and happy. Or don't. Come for us if you crave death so much. We'll be ready." And with that you make your leave.

Circle Paz's name on the list on your map.

Are all names on the map now scratched out or circled?

- Yes go to 83-15
- No go to 4311-5

4311-5 You find Enash outside, and he stares at the mask one of you now carries. "You may take the mask for now. Use it as an instrument of my people's revenge. Once our quest is complete, I require its safe return." He looks around at the city. "There is likely no need to remain in the Hub now. We will need to travel into the wilds to finish what must be done."

The player with the highest influence agains story card S-36, Mask of Misplacement from the story deck.

That player then chooses two other players to receive story card S-21, Strange Gem and S-22, Strange Sundry.

The Bookkeeper may close the location book.

Travel on the map.

**4311-6** Paz and her illusions regroup together before separating once again, refreshing your uncertainty as to which is the real Paz.

Remove 1 lock (1) token from Action 6.

Collect the three cards from the Paz Deck, shuffle them, and deal one card each to Dials A, B, and C, facedown.

Begin a new round on this page.

# **DEEPER & DEEPER**

Before you begin play, make sure the Cartographer has Map D. Have each player read their job backgrounds in whatever order they choose, filling in the blanks with the corresponding prompts from the species sheet.

# INTRODUCTION

Have the Bookkeeper turn to page 17 in the location book, but do not begin a round until instructed.

Next - go to INTRO-1

INTRO-1 The following is an excerpt from Count Rizzotto's memoir: ...Hiring a band of filthy freelancers has far more downsides than up, but when it comes to risk management, no one else dies more readily and for a cheaper price than these types. Now, dear reader, I can hear you say, "What about the good part? Tell us about the mega dungeon and all the horrors and wonders and whatnot!" Fear not! I, the great Count Rizzotto, voted Sexiest Frilled Lizard by the Hub Chamber of Commerce, shall reveal all these things in due time, but believe me when I say the story starts with the freelancers I hired. You see, we had yet to even reach the dungeon when they began to royally muck things up...

Next - go to INTRO-2

INTRO-2 Stumbling out of the woods, your recently formed party of freelancing adventurers finally spots the quaint cabin you've been questing for. Sadly, it is buzzing with activity. You would have been here sooner but one of you was fascinated by a nearby fairy ring with a cautionary sign stating it was an "evil portal" and to "beware of flying bones". And one of you just couldn't help themselves and just had to mess with it.

The next entry is for the player with the lowest influence **3**. Next - go to INTRO-3

INTRO-3 Smarts 23+1.

Make a smarts 🔁 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat?

- Yes go to INTRO-4
- No go to INTRO-7

INTRO-4 For some reason, you felt a desire to impress everyone and insisted you could activate the portal in the fairy ring. You were wrong, you couldn't, but you did notice that when you stepped inside of the so-called "portal" you had four separate and distinct shadows. Now, as you head toward the proper start of your adventure, you discuss the discovery. "Hrm," ponders Schala. "That, uh, fairy ring wasn't glowing or anything. I wonder why it would cast four shadows?" "Guess we'll find out later," you say with a shrug.

"Well, your discovery caused us to be late," sighs your scaly, noble patron, Count Rizzotto, as he nods his pierced, frilled neck. "But I'll be keeping your beautiful puzzle box of a brain close. A smart servant like you can be quite difficult to find!" "Servant?" you ask, as Rizzotto's other servants glare at you. Your adventure hasn't even started, and you've already somehow debased yourself. It's like school all over again. Influence 2+6.

Gain the title: Count Rizzotto's Servant .

In this quest, sometimes you will be told that "Count Rizzotto tips his servants".

When that happens, gold +1. This is up to you to remember. Next - go to INTRO-5 INTRO-5 Finally, you all arrive at the crowded cabin, home of the annual Dungeon Dive Classic of Dingledell Den, which is about to begin. Your party has been hired by Count Fancypants here to enter the legendary dungeon and clamber down into the very bottom of the pit so that he may write an autobiographical account. 'Tis a feat never before accomplished by any adventurer, and is the kind of thing that leads to glorious treasures, epic fights, and best-sellers. Count Rizzotto needs you for protection and you need him, because there's no way you would have been granted entry otherwise.

The family that owns this land exploits the treasure-filled dungeon that lies beneath their property. The tickets come at an extraordinary cost since the magical dungeon door below their house only opens annually. After five short days, the door will slam shut and remain closed for another year. Those that have come before have returned to the surface with arms full of shiny trinkets and wondrous stories, and shiny just so happens to be your favorite color.

Have the Cartographer draw something on the map to remind you that space 87 is your final destination, the very bottom of the dungeon.

Next - go to INTRO-6

INTRO-6 "Name?" asks the woman selling tickets inside.

One of the count's three retainers clears his throat and declares, "Count Rizzotto the Thirty-Fifth, Frilled Lizard of the Southern Spokes, Protector of the Red Mountains but Not the Gray, Gentleman Weasel Wrestler, Slayer of the Skink King, and Official Judge of the Two-Hundred and Forty-Seventh Hub Chowder Festival."

The woman rolls her eyes but sells him a ticket all the same. You see the count hand her an ungodly sum of coin in exchange for the purple ticket.

"Sixty-two!" Count Rizzotto moans when he looks at the ticket. "Sixty-one parties will be going before us! Why, there shan't be any treasure at all! It is likely no use writing my memoirs at this point. So glad you lot stopped to play with that broken, evil portal."

You have no choice but to wait your turn in the queue, milling about within or without. Perhaps it is possible to find a better ticket while you wait?

Begin the round in the location book.

INTRO-7 For some reason, you felt a desire to impress everyone and insisted you could activate the portal in the fairy ring. You were wrong. No bones came from the portal. There wasn't even a single lousy tooth! And the time wasted had everyone annoyed with you, especially Cookie, your camp cook, who was looking forward to making bone broth soup. Now, as you head toward the proper start of your adventure, you feel the weight of disappointment upon your shoulders. "Your silly shenanigans have caused us to be late," sighs your scaly, noble patron Count Rizzotto, as he shakes his pierced, frilled neck in disappointment.

Your adventure hasn't even started, and already you have made a mess of things with your wealthy employer. In order to regain his trust, you volunteer to keep track of his massive rice collection, and devote yourself to counting each and every husk every morning.

Choose a camp action and cross it off of your character sheet. You cannot select that camp action this quest.

Gain the title: Count Rizzotto's Servant .

In this quest, sometimes you will be told that "Count Rizzotto tips his servants".

When that happens, gold O+1. This is up to you to remember.

Next - go to INTRO-5

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COUNT RIZZOTTO THE THIRTY-FIFTH, FRILLED LIZARD OF THE SOUTHERN SPOKES, PROTECTOR OF THE RED MOUNTAINS BUT NOT THE GRAY, GENTLEMAN WEASEL WRESTLER, SLAYER OF THE SKINK KING OFFICIAL HINGE OF THE

# **A CAMPSITE**

Go to 1 of the following entries. If you like, you may draw a tick mark next to your choice so that the next time you visit a campsite while playing this scenario, you'll know which entries you've chosen previously. Choose 1:

- Go to Д-3

### **A-1**

After eradicating a nest of pinching gulch-graspers from a cozy cave, your party decides it's the perfect spot to rest for a few hours. Count Rizzotto seems to be in a particularly good mood as he reads aloud from his journal.

"And as the two, no three, trolls laid beneath me, I rained blows down upon their heads with that rock. Bam. Bam. Bam. Until they stopped trying to get up." Rizzotto animatedly reenacts crushing troll skulls with his journal. "Then I cut off their bejeweled toe nails. And that's how I ended up with this fantastic necklace." He lovingly touches his necklace and sighs loudly, staring off into space, clearly lost in his own thoughts. Behind him, his servants look at each other and roll their eyes. All players may heal I stress @ or discard I corruption ...
Additionally, if the party chooses to spend I time, all players may choose to perform I camp action from their character sheet in influence are to see the service of the service of

As players perform camp actions, they must also fill in the bubble for that action on their sheet. It cannot be performed again.

After all decisions made for this campsite have been resolved, travel on the map.

### **2**-2

The water drips onto your shoulder as you try to push your way under the overhang of the ledge above.

"Couldn't we keep going until we get out of the cavern with the dripping stalactites?" you ask as you scoot closer to Cookie who is collecting the raining liquid in one of his pots. "One more step and I will grow a blister. My feetsies need rubbing." Count Rizzotto lounges on his luggage, feet in the air as Schala rubs ointment on his webbed toes. "As soon as this lotion dries we'll be off again, so get some rest while you can. Now where was I?" Rizzotto continued as he flipped through his journal. "Right. The time I single-handedly took down the last dragon of the spokes. That fiend had been stealing diamonds from my family for years and hoarding them in her nest. You know how dragons are, greedy beasts. Anyhoo, I snuck into her lair..."

You start to tune him out when Cookie nudges you excitedly. "There be bat guano in this water. A true delicacy. We be eatin' good tonight, me friend!"

Supplies 💍+1.

All players may heal 1 stress (6) or discard 1 corruption (6). Additionally, if the party chooses to spend 1 time, all players may choose to perform 1 camp action from their character sheet in influence (2) order.

As players perform camp actions, they must also fill in the bubble for that action on their sheet. It cannot be performed again.

After all decisions made for this campsite have been resolved, travel on the map.



Even with the light from your lanterns, torches, or bleached teeth, the cavern you've chosen as your campsite is dark. Like, super dark. Not one to admit that you're scared, you nonchalantly suggest that your group posts a lookout.

Without discussion, all players must vote on whether or not to set a lookout:

Thumbs up to set a lookout. Thumbs down to not set a lookout. How did your party vote?

- Thumbs Up go to 🗟 3:1

### 2:1 The following entry is for the Lookout:

You think you detect movement in the darkness near the edges of the camp, but thanks to your constant whispering, "Wh—wh—who goes there?" no harm comes to your group. And everyone else is able to get a nice power nap. Even Count Rizzotto has fallen asleep, his journal splayed open next to him. You take a peek at the visible page.

"...the bridge crumbled in front of us so I had no choice but to save my adventuring party, as incompetent as they were. Twas my duty as a member of the nobility to protect those less deserving of fortune. So I looped a rope around my waist, grabbed nurse Schala and swung us to the other side of the pit. The voluptuous and stunning gremlin, her long, clever fingers pushing aside a purple lock of hair that had fallen over a sly eye, was quite thankful. I felt her tremble in my arms as she offered as repayment the taste of her succulent lips, which I graciously accepted..."

Hmm. That doesn't match your memory of events, but if it's written down in a journal, it must be true.

The Lookout gains Sense 🐠+1.

All other players may heal 1 stress (2) or discard 1 corruption (2). Additionally, if the party chooses to spend 1 time, all players may choose to perform 1 camp action from their character sheet in influence (2) order.

As players perform camp actions, they must also fill in the bubble for that action on their sheet. It cannot be performed again.

After all decisions made for this campsite have been resolved, travel on the map.

3:2 Yeah, the dark is spooky but you've all got other fish to fry. And that fish is some shut-eye. Hours later when you awake, you notice little clawed footprints around your campsite. And someone is missing. It was that one jerk, you know, the one whose name you can never remember? Well they're gone, but weirdly everything they were carrying is scattered around, as if whatever took them only wanted their meat.

Choose a player that has 1 or more followers (2), if able. That player loses 1 follower (2).

All players gain treasure #+1.

All players may heal 1 stress �� or discard 1 corruption ��. Additionally, if the party chooses to spend 1 time, all players may choose to perform 1 camp action from their character sheet in influence �� order.

As players perform camp actions, they must also fill in the bubble for that action on their sheet. It cannot be performed again.

After all decisions made for this campsite have been resolved, travel on the map.

# **DUNGEON**

Go to 1 of the following entries. If you like, you may draw a tick mark next to your choice so that the next time you visit a dungeon while playing this scenario, you'll know which entries you've chosen previously. Choose 1:

- Go to 🛍 1
- Go to ∰-2
- Go to 🛍 3

### **@-1**

If they haven't already, the players must now collectively choose someone to be the Project Manager for this dungeon. If there is any disagreement in selecting a Project Manager for this dungeon, it is decided by the influence track.

The next entry is for the Project Manager – go to 1:2

1:2 You come to a cavern of decent size, your torchlight revealing a yawning mouth in one of its walls, a rickety set of wooden doors keeping it sealed from the rest of the dungeon, and a set of rails leading out of it.

"Ooh, it looks an old mine," says Schala. "Perhaps there is wealth to be found inside?"

You hurry over, only to find a sign posted before the entrance, intended to serve as a warning. 'BEWARE THE BEJEWELED CORPSE' it reads, and you all give your best 'ew' face and shake your heads.

"Excellent!" says Count Rizzotto. "Let's head down immediately!"

"Don't be daft, matey!" protests Cookie. "Ain't nobody wantin' to face the evil o' whatever it is that's down there!"

"Call me 'matey' again," warns the count, "and you can have peg arms as well. First, I fear no corpse for such is little more than a house with no one inside. Second, the only fear I have of jewels is not snatching them up as soon as I get the chance. So come! I didn't hire you jokers to be superstitious ninnies! Now, someone get this door open."

The Project Manager must choose someone (potentially themselves) to participate in this dungeon and open the door to the mine.

The next entry is for that participant - go to 1:3

1:3 Make a might 🔗 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

- Yes go to -1:4
- No go to 🛍 1:27

1.4 You grab hold of the handles and, after taking a couple of deep breaths, rip the doors open. It turns out they weren't locked or stuck, so you practically rip them off their hinges. But your vigor also succeeds in breaking the triggering mechanism of a trap, thus saving everyone some hassle.

XP 2+1.

The next entry is for the Project Manager - go to 🛍 -1:5

1:5 You follow the rails down a broken tunnel, passing a couple skeletons on the way. They resemble dwarves and gnomes, and the pickaxes beside their bodies speaks of miners trying to flee.

"Layabouts!" scoffs the count. The rails split at a T-junction, giving you two options to choose from.

The Project Manager must choose someone (potentially themselves) to participate in this dungeon and decide which tunnel to follow.

The next entry is for that participant - go to 11:6

1:6 Make a sense 🗞 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 💸?

- Yes go to 1:7
- No go to 🛍 1:17

1.7 Both tunnels look identical, but you close your eyes and listen. You think you hear a faint scraping noise coming from the left tunnel, and is that a hint of rotting meat? Yes, it definitely is. Nothing of note comes to you from the right tunnel.

"I think we should go this way," you say, pointing to the right. XP ∰+1.

The next entry is for the Project Manager - go to 🕮-1:8

1:8 You turn right and follow the tunnel, and come to a poor mer-lass who lies slumped against a wall. One of her shirt-sleeves has been ripped off, marking her as a freelancer. Disturbingly, a shard of red jewel juts from her head. "Someone find out what's going on," says the count, picking his teeth.

Suddenly the corpse moans a very uncorpselike sound. "They're alive!" Schala exclaims of the mer and she leans beside the poor thing to examine the strange gem growing from her face.

The Project Manager must choose someone (potentially themselves) to participate in this dungeon and coerce information from the mer.

The next entry is for that participant - go to 🛍-1:9

1:9 Make a will the check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

- Yes go to -1:10
- No go to 🛍 1:16

1:10 "What happened here?" you ask. "How did this crystal get inside you?"

The mer struggles to answer, then says, "The body... heed the warning well... Do not touch the body. Do not touch me!"
You nod. "Thank you stranger," you say. "I am sorry for your fate."

"Then kill me," she gasps. "Losing... control."

You nod grimly before pulling out a long knife and ending her life.

The next entry is for the Project Manager - go to 🛍-1:11

1:11 You arrive at a T-junction, seeing where the other tunnel would have connected here. But down the third tunnel comes a warm, red glow, which you follow.

You come to a chamber made by the miners, and on the far wall, still buried in the rock is an uncovered shape that glows red. It looks for all purposes like a dead body, only it is entirely made of a self-illuminating red crystal. A single arm is outstretched, as if it yearns to have its hand held.

"Excellent!" says the count, and he uses a wood-axe to chop the arm off. "Someone stow that thing for me."

Does any player have at least 1 of the following titles: The Convincer, Plucker of Low-Hanging Fruits, Bester of the Bling, Routed by Rubies?

- Yes go to 1:12
- No go to 🛍 1:13

1:12 "You've gotta be kidding me!" you laugh. "After what we saw? No one's touching that thing!"

"Oh don't be such a ninny," laughs the count, but he falls silent when you lean in angrily.

"You pick it up then," you growl. He looks down at the arm

and winces.

"I would do so, and happily," he says. "But you know what? You worry-warts have ruined the whole experience for me. So, you know, we'll just leave it here. Gah! What a waste of time!" He storms away and you all follow after. When you leave, you close the doors to the mines and, using some spare supplies, board it shut behind you.

The Project Manager gains the title: Not a Jewel-Zombie . All players who participated, including the Project Manager, gain +1 to the skill of their choice.

You have completed this dungeon. Travel on the map.

1:13 Do you pick up the arm?

- Yes go to 🛍-1:14
- No go to 🕮 -1:15

the decision. It sears you, and all logic flees from your brain. You run away, arm stuck to your hand, and flee the mine. Outside, you find the willpower to throw it away, then shriek again when you see the red crystals already forming in your palm. You drop to your knees and begin slapping the ground, shattering the crystals on the rocky surface. It breaks away, but red points remain on your skin. The others find you there, weeping.

Count Rizzotto looks over at the arm and says, "Eh, I've lost interest. Forget it."

Your mind swirls with thoughts of murdering your lizard patron, but you manage to subdue the feelings.

The others close the doors to the mines and, using some spare supplies, board it shut behind you. You prepare to move on, but the others insist you put a glove over the hand with the red spots. Something in your brain tells you to kill them all. But not yet. Not yet.

The Project Manager gains corruption 🚭+5 and the title: Ran the Jewels 🚳.

All players who participated, including the Project Manager, gain +1 to the skill of their choice.

You have completed this dungeon. Travel on the map.

1:15 "You've gotta be kidding me!" you laugh. "This whole thing is too creepy. No one's touching that thing!"
"Oh don't be such a ninny," laughs the count, but he falls silent when you lean in angrily.

"You pick it up then," you growl. He looks down at the arm and winces.

"I would do so, and happily," he says. "But you know what? You worry-warts have ruined the whole experience for me. So, you know, we'll just leave it here. Gah! What a waste of time!" He storms away and you all follow after. When you leave, you close the doors to the mines and, using some spare supplies, board it shut behind you.

The Project Manager gains the title: Not a Jewel-Zombie . All players who participated, including the Project Manager, gain +1 to the skill of their choice.

You have completed this dungeon. Travel on the map.

1:16 "What happened here?" you ask. "How did this crystal get inside you?"

The mer struggles to speak but seems unable. She finally opens her mouth and can only gasp, "Kill me. Losing... control."

You nod grimly before pulling out a long knife and ending her

"Disturbing stuff," says the count. "Let's keep moving."
The next entry is for the Project Manager - go to -1:11

### MAP ICONS

1:17 Oh man. You can't tell any difference between the two tunnels. But you gotta say something.

"I think we should go this way," you say, pointing to a tunnel at random.

The Project Manager chooses:

• Left - go to 🛍-1:18

• Right - go to 🕮 - 1:8

1:18 The party turns left and heads down the winding tunnel. Check your map. When did your party enter the dungeon?

• First - go to 🕮 -1:19

• Thirty-third - go to —-1:21

• Sixty-second - go to 1:21

• Seventy-fifth - go to 1:25

1:19 The tunnel leads to a pitiable imp, unsleeved arm marking him as a fellow freelancer, crawling along the ground. He looks up at you, and you gasp at the large shard of red jewel that juts from his skull.

"Kill... me..." he gasps.

"Do as the man says," orders Count Rizzotto hungrily. "Then get me that head jewel!"

The Project Manager must choose someone (potentially themselves) to participate in this dungeon and slay the imp.

The next entry is for that participant - go to 1:20

1:20 It's barely the worth the effort. The imp is no combatant and you easily put him down. But claiming the jewel is not so simple, nor are you certain you even want to touch it.

Gain the title: Plucker of Low-Hanging Fruits .

The next entry is for the Project Manager - go to 1:11

1:21 The tunnel leads to a pitiable imp, unsleeved arm marking him as a fellow freelancer, crawling along the ground. He looks up at you, and you gasp at the large shard of red jewel that juts from his skull.

"Kill... me..." he gasps.

"Do as the man says," orders Count Rizzotto hungrily. "Then get me that head jewel!"

As if in answer comes a low groan, and from out of the darkness stumble several more shapes. All of them freelancers, and all of them with large crystalline shards jutting from some point or points within their bodies. They growl and reach out toward you. If this disturbs Count Rizzotto, it is unclear, seeing how he is licking his lips and rubbing his hands together gleefully.

The Project Manager must choose someone (potentially themselves) to participate in this dungeon and slay the shard-people.

The next entry is for that participant - go to 1:22

1:22 Make a weapon check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

Yes - go to -1:23
No - go to -1:24

• Psh. My weapon has the fire \delta trait. - go to 🛍-1:23

1:23 You cut down freelancer after freelancer. They seem to possess no fear, and violently lunge for you.

"Something has possessed them!" you call back to the others as you paint the tunnels in their blood. "Whatever you do, don't touch those jewels!"

Soon all of the freelancers lie slain before you and you can move on. Everyone is careful not to touch the red crystals, as much as it pains the count.

Gain the title: Bester of the Bling 💩.

Next - go to @ -1:11

1:24 You cut down freelancer after freelancer. They seem to possess no fear, and violently lunge for you, and soon you find yourself pressed back.

"Something has possessed them!" you call back to the others as you paint the tunnels in their blood. "Someone take over!" you shriek. "And don't touch those jewels!"

You fall back, forcing a comrade to take over. Soon, all of the freelancers lie slain in the tunnel and you can move on. Everyone is careful not to touch the red crystals, as much as it pains the count.

Gain the title: Routed by Rubies . Next - go to . I:11

1:25 The tunnel leads to a pitiable imp, unsleeved arm marking him as a fellow freelancer, crawling along the ground. He looks up at you, and you gasp at the large shard of red jewel that juts from his skull.

"Kill... me..." he gasps.

"Do as the man says," orders Count Rizzotto hungrily. "Then get me that head jewel!"

As if in answer comes a low groan, and from out of the darkness stumble several more shapes. Then more. And more still. All of them freelancers, and all of them with large crystalline shards jutting from some point or points within their bodies. They growl and reach out toward you. If this disturbs Count Rizzotto, it is unclear, seeing how he is licking his lips and rubbing his hands together gleefully.

The Project Manager must choose someone (potentially themselves) to participate in this dungeon and slay the shard-people.

The next entry is for that participant - go to 1:26

1:26 Make a weapon check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🗱 +3?

Yes - go to -1:23
No - go to -1:24

• Psh. My weapon has the fire 6 trait. - go to 1-1:23

1:27 You grab hold of the handles and after taking a couple of deep breaths, rip the doors open. It turns out they weren't locked or stuck, so it's really no bother, but you still make a show out of it for the attention.

"All in a day's work," you tell the others with a wink. That's when there's a clicking noise and your front is suddenly covered in tiny, poisoned darts. "But it might have been trapped."

You keel over, flopping unconscious on your back. Hours later, you awake to Schala's worried face peering down at you. "Finally!" snaps Count Rizzotto. "Can we get on with it already?"

Choose 1:

• Stress (2)+2.

• Corruption +2.

The next entry is for the Project Manager - go to 🛍-1:5



If they haven't already, the players must now collectively choose someone to be the Project Manager for this dungeon. If there is any disagreement in selecting a Project Manager for this dungeon, it is decided by the influence track. The next entry is for the Project Manager.

Next - go to @-2:1

2:1 You come to a stout door guarded by a bored-looking troll. She gives you a polite nod, but otherwise focuses her eyes elsewhere.

"Er, excuse me," you say. "Just curious, what's past this door?" "The dungeon," she says.

"Oh. Uh, aren't we already in the dungeon?"

She sighs. "This is the VIP dungeon. You know, the real dungeon?" You all nod appreciatively, having heard of this kind of thing before.

"So, you know, can we come in?" "No."

Does any player have the title: Bearer of the Word?

Yes - go to 1 -2:2

• No - go to 🕮 - 2:19

12.2 "Is the password 'password123?' It is, right? So let us in." And you give the bouncer a confident nod.

She shrugs and opens the door, immediately buffeting you with a pulsing dance beat. Excitedly, everyone enters, though Count Rizzotto tries to pretend this is all beneath him and rolls his eyes at the bouncer as he passes her.

Inside is a crowded dance floor, a bustling bar, and what looks like another guarded door. "Okay everyone," you call to the others. "Let's conquer this dungeon!"

The Project Manager must choose someone (potentially themselves) to participate in this dungeon and bounce to the rhythm.

The next entry is for that participant.

Next - go to 1 -2:3

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 💸?

 Yes - go to 1 -2:4 • No - go to 11 - 2:18

12:4 You aren't up on all the newest dance moves, but you're a natural on the floor, and after a few minutes of observing your fellow dancers you begin to successfully emulate their hip aesthetic. You do the Flamingo, start popping out a helluva Jerk-Herk, and bring a unique twist to the Ralph. Soon it's you being emulated, and before you know it, there's a whole line of synchronized monsters to either side of you, as

"Meet me in the bathrooms later?" giggles a passing gnoll, and you give a cool nod.

The night belongs to you.

onlookers clap and cheer.

Agility +1.

Corruption +1.

Gain the title: Has Saturday Night Fever, a Common STD . Have the Cartographer draw a smiley face by this location on the map.

The next entry is for the Project Manager - go to 10-2:5

**1 2:5** You notice there's no charge for drinks from the bar, a sure sign of just how much the patrons here are shilling out for membership. They'll pay for that foolish mistake.

The Project Manager must choose someone (potentially themselves) to participate in this dungeon and exploit the open bar.

The next entry is for that participant - go to 1991-2:6

**1917-2:6** You approach the bar with the confidence of someone who has no fear of death.

"Give me one of everything," you tell the tentacled monster

"You must have a lot of friends," he says in alarm.

"They can get their own drinks," you growl.

Make a might 🗞 or smarts 🔀 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🐉?

• No - go to 🛍 - 2:17

**圖·2:7** Did you choose might 🔗 or smarts 溟?

Might - go to —2:8

• Smarts - go to 🛍 - 2:16

2:8 You consume drink after drink as a shocked crowd gathers around you and cheers as you slam down each empty glass. It's an impossible feat, but such is your mastery over your physical form that each time an organ would be overloaded, you simply bellow in anger and route the intoxicants somewhere else. Take that, stupid appendix! The crowd erupts triumphantly as you throw back the last drink and unleash a mighty bellow.

"Meet me in the bathrooms later?" giggles a passing gnoll, and you give a cool nod.

Might (8)+1.

Corruption +1.

Gain the title: Has Flushed Cheeks, a Common STD . Have the Cartographer draw a smiley face by this location on the map.

The next entry is for the Project Manager - go to 199-2:9

**11-2:9** You eye the door that sits off the back of the room where another bouncer stands guard. You haven't gotten the best of this place if you don't know what that's all about. The Project Manager must choose someone (potentially themselves) to participate in this dungeon and investigate

The next entry is for that participant - go to 10-2:10

11 2:10 You head toward the back door.

"I'm coming with," says Count Rizzotto, eager to ensure he isn't missing out on any kind of exclusivity.

"I'm sorry, but you can't pass this door," says the bouncer, a tusked fellow in a tight black t-shirt.

"What's the deal?" you ask.

the other guarded door.

"VIP VIP Dungeon," he answers. "You know, the real-real dungeon in the real dungeon in the dungeon?" One of Count Rizzotto's eyes begins twitching uncontrollably, and he grasps one of your arms to keep himself steady.

"Yeah, we're gonna have to go in," you tell the bouncer. Make a will 🗱 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

• Yes - go to 11 -2:11

No - go to 1 -2:15

### MAP ICONS

(1) 2:11 You look the bouncer deep in his eyes and he glares back angrily. Your stare pierces deeper and his brow furrows. "This guy's head is gonna pop if we don't get in," you say, pointing to the teetering count, your eyes never leaving the bouncer's. He groans and breaks the stare.

"Fine," he grouses. "I guess it's been a long time since anyone's gone in. Got to let people see it happen every now and then." He steps to the side and opens the door halfway. "Go on." You rush in with the count and the bouncer closes the door behind you. Your eyes adjust to the dim lighting and behold a room empty save for a broken-down couch.

"So exclusive," whispers Count Rizzotto in hushed awe. The two of you sit down for a minute. Time passes. You feel a spring inside the old cushion poking you in the butt.

"Well that was great," you say, standing.

"Yes, let's not overdo it," agrees the count, and the two of you exit. Countless eyes are on you as you step out, and you see the envy and jealousy being heaped upon you, much to the count's delight. You have to admit it feels weirdly satisfying. "Meet me in the bathrooms later?" giggles a passing gnoll, and you give a cool nod.

Will ∰+1.

Corruption 9+1.

Gain the title: Has Persuasive Tongue, a Common STD . Have the Cartographer draw a smiley face by this location on the map.

The next entry is for the Project Manager - go to @-2:12

**2:12** How many smiley faces are drawn on your map?

• 0-1 - go to 🛍 - 2:13

• 2-3 - go to 🕮 -2:14

12:13 "We are leaving!" Count Rizzotto declares.

"I—I—I thought we were having a nice time?" Schala stammers.

"Yes, that doesn't surprise me. But you lot have been terribly embarrassing. We have wasted more than enough time. Come! It's on to the bottom of the dungeon with us!" And with that he makes for the exit.

You all follow suit, grumbling as you go.

The Project Manager gains the title: Won't Be Asked Back . All players who participated, including the Project Manager, gain XP .

You have completed this dungeon. Travel on the map.

12:14 "I confess to being impressed by the way you all behaved yourselves back there," says Count Rizzotto. "Very cool. I suffered far less shame at being seen in your company than I would have guessed possible!"

"Likewise," grumbles Cookie.

"Though I will say for hardened freelancers, you lot have no bladder control. You were constantly running off to the bathrooms to relieve yourselves!" An uncomfortable silence follows before the count says, "Here's a little something to show my gratitude," and a member of his retinue tosses each of you a coin. "Now! Enough frolicking! It's onward to the bottom of the dungeon with us!"

The Project Manager gains the title: Club Promoter ...
All players who participated, including the Project Manager, gain gold ...+1.

You have completed this dungeon. Travel on the map.

2:15 You look the bouncer deep in his eyes and he glares back angrily. Your stare pierces deeper and his brow furrows more.

"This guy's head is gonna pop if we don't get in," you say, pointing to the teetering count, but the bouncer just shrugs. Groaning, you turn away. "Let's go tell the others," you say,

but the count grabs your arm and hisses in your ear.

"It was the back office!"

"What was?"

"There is no VIP VIP dungeon. That was the back office and therefore us walking away is in no way an embarrassment or a defeat." And he delicately passes a couple coins to you so you get his meaning.

"Ah, yes," you agree. "It was just the back office." Gold 🔾+1.

Next - go to -2:12

2:16 You're no fool. The collection of glasses arrayed before you and the volume of intoxicants they contain are enough to make at least three or four organs fail. You pretend to throw back a couple drinks, while surreptitiously pouring the others into spare flasks, on the floor, or into the glasses of those nearby. The barkeep gapes in shock at the sheer amount of liquid you seem to be putting away. Others take notice and a cheering crowd forms around you, forcing you to actually imbibe a couple drinks. A cry goes up as you triumphantly slam the last glass upside down on the bar's marble surface. "Meet me in the bathrooms later?" giggles a passing gnoll, and you give a cool nod.

Smarts 23+1.

Corruption +1.

Gain the title: Has Quenched Thirst, a Common STD . Have the Cartographer draw a smiley face by this location on the map.

The next entry is for the Project Manager - go to @-2:9

**1.17** You awake hours later as your angry compatriots pour water over your drunken face.

"You made a damned fool out of yourself in there!" snaps Count Rizzotto. "I shan't be able to show my face again." "Did you have to pour water on my pants too?" you groan. But everyone looks away awkwardly.

Stress (2)+1.

Gain the title: Bladder-Buster @.

Next - go to 10-2:9

2:18 "I call this the Maraschino Cucumber!" you tell the crowd, before breaking into an arhythmic combination of moves that mortifies those who witness it. The only thing you pop is a bad kneecap, and the only thing you lock is your twingey back. When you stagger away from the dance floor, your mortified companions desperately pretend they don't know you.

Influence 😂-3.

Stress (1)+1.

The next entry is for the Project Manager - go to @-2:5

② 2:19 "Do you even know who I am?" Count Rizzotto demands, his face quivering in anger.

"Nope," says the bouncer.

Travel on the map.

"Oh. Well here, will this get us in?" and he passes her a heavy coin pouch. The bouncer smirks and hands it back.

"The people who belong in here pay well for the privilege. Hey, I get it, you're big stuff up in the Overbright. But down here you're a nobody who doesn't belong."

Count Rizzotto's lower lip quivers in horrified shock, and his frightened lackeys delicately pull him away from the conversation.

Have the Cartographer cross out the Dungeon icon from this location on the map and replace it with the number '91'. Do not cross out the '91' when you leave, as you may return later if someone gains the title: Bearer of the Word. If you do return, go to entry 91 instead of the Dungeon entry.



If they haven't already, the players must now collectively choose someone to be the Project Manager for this dungeon. If there is any disagreement in selecting a Project Manager for this dungeon, it is decided by the influence track.

The next entry is for the Project Manager - go to 3:1

3:1 You come to a massive set of double doors leading who-knows-where. Above it is the carving of a stone scroll with the following words etched along its length: 'ALL HAIL ZARABUS THE MAD.'

"I like this place," says Count Rizzotto. "Let's go in. It looks like it's got lots of stuff inside."

"I dunno," worries Schala. "It probably all belongs to this Zarabus the Mad."

"Yes," agrees the count. "And he's got my stuff!" And with that he opens one of the doors and heads inside. "I can see why he's so mad. Look at this place!"

You join him inside, your flickering lights illuminating a mostly-empty chamber, twenty feet square. The floor is checkered, but old and worn. A door of metal sits opposite the entrance, and a small pedestal sits in the middle of the room. On it is an open book. Schala peers inside and reads what it says.

"Speak ye now the word to pass, or die anon, in morass." She makes an unpleasant face. "We gotta tell the door the password. Maybe we should just leave?"

As if in answer, the entrance slams shut and you hear the sound of bolts sliding into place.

"Or maybe we should really figure out the password?"

Does any player have the title: Bearer of the Word?

- Yes go to -3:2
  No go to -3:16
- 3:2 This entry is for that player:

"Is it password123?" one of you calls out.

"Ninnies!" yelps Count Rizzotto. "You've killed us all!" But then to everyone's surprise the metal door lifts up, allowing egress to the next area.

"Er, apologies," says the count, shaking his head. "Apologies all around. I withdraw the accusation of 'ninnies' but reserve it for a future time. Let us away!"

Luck (4)+2.

The next entry is for the Project Manager - go to 3:3

3:3 You enter an enormous chamber, forty feet wide and some eighty feet in length. The entirety of the western wall is taken up by a sprawling mural. It is a landscape dominated by a castle and numerous towns. Armies of elves march across the landscape, slaughtering all who stand in their way. It's epic stuff.

"Epic stuff," says Cookie cheerily.

Above it all, hovering above the castle is the painted figure of an elf king, burdened by a tall, ornate crown of black ebon. The elf-king's arms stretch wide as if to say all you see is his. On the opposite wall is naught save a small plaque that reads: I once ruled kingdoms

In days of yore.

Now I'm down here;

'Twas better before.

"A twisted fate for any member of the aristocracy," says Count Rizzotto solemnly. "Shocking really."

No door blocks the other exit that awaits you at the other end of the room, but you behold a series of swinging blades that dance back and forth, making an ominous snickety-snick sound as they go.

"If someone can get past there, they can likely shut that trap off," says the count, his body language making it plain that 'someone' is not him.

The Project Manager must choose someone (potentially themselves) to participate in this dungeon and get past the blades. The next entry is for that participant - go to 3:4

3:4 Make an agility a check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 袋?

- Yes go to -3:5
- No go to 🛍 3:15

3.5 You dance into the hallway of death, zigging here, zagging there, stopping just short before any blade can touch you. You make it to the other side where a large lever awaits. You pull it down and there is a mechanical clacking, and the blades lock into place within the walls.

"Well done!" cheers Count Rizzotto. "Well done indeed. Now, onto the next door!"

The next door is very impressive, being another image of the elf-king. He looks super angry in the picture.

Gain the title: Blade Dancer 💩

The next entry is for the Project Manager - go to 3:6

3:6 You enter a fancy throne room, which is actually kind of sad when you consider this place is like a total of three rooms, but hey, underground lairs aren't exactly your aesthetic.

Columns line the sides of a chamber sixty feet in length. At the far end is a small staircase leading up a marble dais upon which sits a golden throne. There sit the remains of the elf-king. His face is a glowering skull, but the body beneath the royal robes is super buff and you're like, whaaaat, how does that even work, but okay, whatever.

"Behold, mortals! Zarabus the Mad, King of All He Surveys!" "Okay," says Cookie.

"And I survey you! Which makes you mine. Bow before your king!"

Cookie happily complies, but the rest of you assume defensive stances. Zarabus the Mad cackles wildly and slowly rises into the air. Lightning crackles about his hands.

Does any player have a weapon with the ranged & trait?

- Yes go to -3:7
  No go to -3:9
- 3:7 Choose a player possessing a weapon with the ranged trait. The next entry is for them go to 3:8

3:8 You're not really keen on where this seems to be going, so you shoot Zarabus out of the air, and he falls unceremoniously to the ground with a loud clatter. A skeletal hand shatters against the floor.

"Oh for the love of Pete!" he screams. "Ow! You really messed my junk up!"

"Surrender now!" Count Rizzotto demands, and Zarabus waves him away.

"Yeah, yeah, enough already. Buncha jerks!" He points over at a collection of treasure chests in a nearby corner. "Just take my antiques already. I swear, it's going to take forever for this hand to reform." Count Rizzotto marches over to the chests and promptly orders his servants to empty the contents into his luggage.

Gain the title: Tyrant Slayer, Sort Of 💩.

Count Rizzotto tips his servants.

You have completed this dungeon. Travel on the map.

### MAP ICONS

3:9 "I want more bowing!" Zarabus demands, and unleashes a bolt of lightning at the group.

The Project Manager must choose someone (potentially themselves) to participate in this dungeon and draw the attention of Zarabus.

The next entry is for that participant.

Next - go to -3:10

🛍-3:10 Make an agility 🗑 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

• Yes - go to -3:11

• No - go to -3:14

3:11 You step in front of your comrades, drawing the dead king's notice, then leap out of the way as Zarabus hurls down bolts of electricity.

"Stop that!" he howls. "Stand still! Oh, very well. Want to jump about like a monkey? Jump past this!"

And he waves his hands and unleashes a bolt of pitch that zooms about the room in an erratic pattern, zeroing in on you with unerring accuracy!

Make a smarts 🔁 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 💸?

• Yes - go to 🛍 -3:12

• No - go to 🕮 -3:13

3:12 Thinking quick, you hold up your weapon, blocking the black ray that bolts toward you.

"Aw, man, you can't do that!" Zarabus moans. "Stop that!" The ray ends and your weapon pulses with energy. You swing it at Zarabus and the black bolt shoots forth from it, zigging about the room toward the evil tyrant.

"Oh great. If this isn't my life, I don't know what is," he moans. The bolt hits him, and he explodes, showering the room in rotted cloth and shards of bone.

"Excellent!" cheers Count Rizzotto, and he marches toward a pile of chests that sit in a corner, and promptly orders his servants to empty the contents into his luggage. He isn't selfish of course, and awards you each with something fancy. XP 😭+1.

Gain the title: Tyrant Slayer 💩.

The Project Manager gains the title: Despot Denier .

All players who participated, including the Project Manager, gain treasure #+1.

Count Rizzotto tips his servants.

You have completed this dungeon. Travel on the map.

**3:13** You are struck, and you scream as evil magics surge through your body.

"Enough!" howls Zarabus. "Your king tires of this game. So long, losers!" That's when the floor vanishes, and you are all dumped thirty feet into a slurping, vomitous mass of blackness below. Floating bones upon the surface tell a tale of the fate that awaits you. But after the initial panic has passed, one of you is able to relight a lantern. You can see nothing above you, no sign of the dead king, but you spy wooden boards nailed across some kind of access port. Working together you pry open the boards, and the chamber drains, disgorging you into a shallow ditch back out in the dungeon proper.

"Well so much for the loot!" grouses Count Rizzotto. "What a glorious waste of time!"

Corruption +2.

You have failed this dungeon. Travel on the map.

3:14 You step in front of your comrades, drawing the dead king's notice, then try to leap out of the way as Zarabus hurls down bolts of electricity. The bolts catch you and you hang in

the air screaming as your flesh cooks.

"And now to finish you off!" the dead king cackles. And he waves his hands and unleashes a bolt of pitch that zooms about the room in an erratic pattern, zeroing in on you with unerring accuracy!

Wounds  $\mathbb{A}+1$ .

Make a smarts 🔁 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 💸?

• Yes - go to -3:12

• No - go to 🕮 - 3:13

3:15 You try to dance past the blades, but fail immediately as you receive a hideous gash across your back. You collapse to the stone floor, weeping, fear keeping you from moving an inch.

"Oh, come on! Get back up!" yells the count, but you ain't gonna. That's when you spy a lever there in the hall with you. "Maybe this is good enough?" you call to the others, and pull the lever down. That's when the floor vanishes, and you are all dumped thirty feet into a slurping, vomitous mass of blackness below.

Floating bones upon the surface tell a tale of the fate that awaits you. But after the initial panic has passed, one of you is able to relight a lantern, and you spy wooden boards nailed across some kind of access port. Working together you pry open the boards, and the chamber drains, disgorging you into a shallow ditch back out in the dungeon proper.

"Maybe this is good enough!" grouses Count Rizzotto. "I shall see that etched upon your gravestone!"

Influence 💝-5.

You have failed this dungeon. Travel on the map.

13:16 The Project Manager must choose someone (potentially themselves) to participate in this dungeon and guess the password.

The next entry is for that participant.

Next - go to @-3:17

3:17 Make a sense 🗞 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🐉?

Yes - go to 3:18
No - go to 3:19

3:18 You look around the room but see no clues that might determine the password. Then, on a lark, you lift up the book on the pedestal and see the following etched into the surface: Dear Zarabus the Mad,

The password is 'password123.' You keep forgetting, so we're making it the same as the one at that fancy nightclub.

Remember that gnoll from last week? Yowzah!

Sincerely,

Zarabus the Mad

"Password123!" you say aloud, and to your delight, the metal door raises up, allowing egress to the next area.

Gain the title: Bearer of the Word 🔕.

The next entry is for the Project Manager.

Next - go to @-3:3

3:19 You search the room, but there is really nothing to search. You even flip through the pages of the book, but they are all blank save for the one with the riddle.

"I dunno," you say with a shrug. "Is it 'password'?"

Count Rizzotto gives you a shocked look. "Sweet biscuits, you are seriously dum-dum beans, aren't you? Who would choose a password that stupid?" And to prove his point, the floor vanishes, and you are all dumped thirty feet into a slurping, vomitous mass of blackness below. Floating bones upon the surface tell a tale of the fate that awaits you.

But after the initial panic has passed, one of you is able to relight a lantern, and you spy wooden boards nailed across some kind of access port. Working together you pry open the boards, and the chamber drains, disgorging you into a shallow ditch back out in the dungeon proper.

"Password!" grouses Count Rizzotto. "I shall see that etched upon your gravestone!"

Influence &-5.

You have failed this dungeon. Travel on the map.

# **TELLER**

The stairs that lead down are large and made of worked stone, which is just right for an entrance to a major dungeon. They wind in a wide spiral which also feels right, and numerous, sputtering torches line the curved rock walls, and their flickering light really has you in the mood. You all nod your heads in satisfaction at the overall user experience so far. But then the stairs end and you come upon a gaudy booth that advertises fortune telling.

Count Rizzotto rolls his eyes. "Gods, how touristy," he sighs, and his retinue agrees.

"Greetings, dungeoneers!" calls the fortune teller, a goat-lady with four ears instead of two. She hastily pushes her brown bag lunch off the table. "Come, come! Fate waits for no one, and I sense great things in your futures! Greeeeat things!"

The player with the highest influence "must choose:

Get your fortunes told. - go to 9-2

Keep moving. - go to 9-9

**2** "Excellent!" cheers the fortune teller, and she wiggles her fingers eagerly over a crystal ball. "Perfect," says she, as if her finger wiggles have done something they ought. "And now that I've calibrated my seeing stone to your party, what one secret of the universe can I reveal to you?"

As a group, choose a question:

What perils await in the dungeon? - go to 2-3

Any landmarks we should check out? - go to 9-5

 What kind of post-dungeon activities can we look forward to? - go to 9-8

\*There is nary a hint of peril at all," the fortune teller assures you. "No, wait. Sorry, I misread that. There's pretty much nothing but peril. It's peril from here to there really. But I do see some perils worse than others. There is a door decorated in the trappings of death. Heed its honest warning well and do not cross its threshold. Like not even a little bitty-bit."

Have the Cartographer draw something on the map at space 86 to remind you that the party was warned not to enter the door there.

Next - go to ∰-4

**1.** "Also I see an ogre. It's bad, because, you know, it's an ogre. So watch out for the ogre. And that's it really. That's what I see."

You thank the fortune teller and proceed on your way. Long after you are gone, she groans and slaps her forehead. "Damn it, I forgot to tell them about the death traps! Why do I always forget that part?"

Have the Cartographer draw something on the map at space 90 to remind you that an ogre is there.

Do not write anything about death traps. You didn't hear that part.

Travel on the map.

**9-5** "I see a closed portal, beyond which is a whirlwind evening of fine dining, inebriation, and few inhibitions. I can hear a password being spoken! Wait, no I can't. Wait, yes I can! The password is 'password123'."

The Medic gains the title: Bearer of the Word @.

Have the Cartographer draw something on the map by each of the three dungeon icons to indicate that one of those will require this password.

Next - go to \$\mathbb{9}-6\$

**19-6** "I see another closed portal, only this one is grim and scary, and covered in bones and whatnot. You need a special key to get in there, which is good, because you don't want to open that by accident! I get a strong sense that no one should go in there."

Have the Cartographer draw something on the map at space 86 to indicate that it will require a special key.

Next - go to 🕸-7

**1** "Finally, I see a flea. No wait, it's a bear! Oh no, my mistake it's a bridge. Sorry. Yes, it's a bridge. Kinda rickety structure. Phew! Well that was quite a bit to relay, eh? Sorry for the info dump, but these things happen. Anyway, thanks so much for stopping by and enjoy your time in the dungeon." She smiles sweetly and gently nudges a tip jar toward you. Everyone looks away awkwardly, pats their pockets as if unable to find anything, then gradually, slowly, walks away in strained silence.

Have the Cartographer draw something on the map at space 84 to indicate that it is a bridge.

Travel on the map.

**1.8** "I see literary success!" the fortune teller cries, but then she scrunches up her face in confusion. "No, wait." She wiggles her fingers at each of you. "Strange. When I lift the veil of the universe at this guy"—and she wiggles her fingers at the count—"I see all the success and whatnot. But when I lift the veil of the universe elsewhere"—and she wiggles her fingers at the rest of you—"it's just this weird background noise."

"Background noise?" squeals Schala. "L—I—like the background hubbub of a city?"

"Mmm, this is more like faraway souls screaming in the everlasting torment of hell. Probably nothing! Just a glitch. Now, who wants a souvenir t-shirt?"

All players gain luck 🐠+1.

Travel on the map.

**19-9** You politely shake your head and wave the party on. But the fortune teller doesn't seem to care, and drops out of character and goes back to her lunch.

"Excellent choice," Count Rizzotto tells you. "Here, take this plink of coins," and he awards you with a small pouch of coins.

"What's a plink?" you ask.

"Poor people call them bags, I guess," he says with a shrug. "What's wrong with 'bag'?"

"Well obviously I'm not poor," he answers.

The player with the highest influence  $\mathfrak{B}$  gains gold  $\mathfrak{D}+1$ . Travel on the map.

# **黎 THREAT**

Go to 1 of the following entries. If you like, you may draw a tick mark next to your choice so that the next time you visit a threat location while playing this scenario, you'll know which entries you've chosen previously. Choose 1:

- Go to 袋-1
- Go to 袋-2
- Go to ⅔-3
- Go to ₹3-4

\$\frac{1}{4}\$ You all steady yourselves against the dungeon walls as the ground beneath you shakes furiously. Count Rizzotto seems unbothered by the quakes as he sits crosslegged on his trunk, displaying perfect posture and eating a fancy-looking layered pastry dipped in honey.

"The honey produced by fire-stinging cave bees is the finest to be found across the spokes. It's a good thing I'm a master at harvesting from wild stingers or we wouldn't be consuming this fine apiary nectar." The count wags a finger at one of his lackeys. "Norman! Norman, make sure you document how I extracted this honey from the angry beasts."

The servant to his left glares at Rizzotto through his swollen eyelids as he bandages up his increasingly swelling hands. Once done, he attempts to pick up the large trunk the count lounges upon, but gasps and drops the luggage while the rest of you stare.

"Such incompetence," Rizzotto sighs, and points at the strongest-looking among your party. "You'd better pick up the slack."

The player with the highest might 🕸 chooses 1:

- Carry the trunk. go to \$3-5
- Delegate the task to another player. go to 袋-9

"What's the hold up?" snaps Count Rizzotto. He seems anxious and is nervously itching at his scaly head. Looking at the count, you notice that his eyes are cloudy and his skin has a pale look to it with sections that appear to be flaking off. Rizzotto picks up a large leg bone from the floor and turns it around in his hand, quickly flicking his tongue on the surface. "I don't know this guy, but he'll do the trick."

He shrugs off his cape and scrapes the bone across his back and all the way up to his head, making guttural moaning sounds that make you and the other freelancers feel quite uncomfortable.

The now loosened lizard skin falls off Rizzotto's body and the count stands before you, his brilliant green, red, and orange scales flashing brightly under the lamplight. He's looking goooood.

He picks up his shedded skin. "Now this is valuable stuff! A museum will want this one day." Count Rizzotto tosses the flaky skin pouch to the person he sees as the lowest of the low. "You're welcome."

The player with the lowest influence 營 gains story card S-69, Count Rizzotto's Leather Jacket from the story deck.

Next - go to 卷-6

The ground violently shakes beneath your feet. Small pieces of the dungeon wall crumble and fall. Count Rizzotto clucks disapprovingly as you all struggle to keep your footing. "I'm beginning to suspect I hired the wrong group of freelancers for this job. I've barely added any treasure to my already large hoard, and I assume we're not anywhere near the bottom of this pit. Given how often I've had to save you

all, it's almost as if you should be paying me!" Count Rizzotto twirls his cape as he turns in a huff. "No one wants to work anymore!"

Just then, a large chunk of rock falls from overhead, only just missing the count. Or did it? He moans and rubs his posterior end which you notice is now sans a tail. Grunko, Son of Grung carefully retrieves the tail from beneath the rock and hands it to the count, who only laughs.

"Plenty more where that came from!" he jokes, and tosses it to one of you. "Here you are, you poor wretch. Maybe this will bring you some luck?"

The player with the fewest titles gains S-68, Count Rizzotto's Tail from the story deck.

Next - go to ॐ-6

🖏 4 You come to an intersection in the dungeon filled with an odd, purple fog.

"Um, I've read about this stuff," Schala warns. "This fog gives some who move through it visions so powerful that they, well, uh, become reality."

"Is it dangerous?" you ask Schala.

"I mean, maybe? It could mess with space and time as we understand them," Schala replies.

"Cool!" you all declare as you enter the violet murk. Next - Go to the CROSSROADS section on page 192.

袋-5 You groan but comply, eager to get going again.
Gain S-39, Count Rizzotto's Luggage from the story deck.
Next - go to 袋-6

袋·6 Roll a twenty-sided die ②. Any player may gain stress �� +1 to reroll the die.

WARNING: If the roll result is higher than the current threat 袋 , the threat 袋 will increase and the game will get harder, but you will also trigger a crossroads event as a reward.

Is the result higher than the current threat 🔅?

- Yes go to 袋 -7
- No go to 袋 -8

袋-1 Increase threat 袋 by 1.

Next - Go to the CROSSROADS section on page 192.

🕸 🎖 Nothing happens.

Travel on the map.

र्क्षे-¶ You look at a peer and shrug, as if to say, "Better you than me."

Choose another player to carry the trunk for you. That player gains S-39, Count Rizzotto's Luggage from the story deck.

Next - go to 数-6

# **TAVERN**

Go to 1 of the following entries. If you like, you may draw a tick mark next to your choice so that the next time you visit a tavern while playing this scenario, you'll know which entries you've chosen previously. Choose 1:

- Go to ு-1
- Go to ₽-2
- Go to ு −3

1 You find a watering hole that is entirely run and patronized by skeletons. At first it's great fun because everybody loves skeletons, but after awhile you realize they're all pulling the same corny prank of taking big gulps of booze, then pretending they're shocked when it all spills out of their bones. You suspect they've been at this for a very long time

and it's irritating.

Does someone in your party want to tell the patrons of this establishment of your adventures up to this point?

Yes - go to \$\begin{align\*} -5 \\ \text{No - go to } \\ \begin{align\*} -7 \end{align\*}

2 You find a tavern that looks decent enough, but inside you find it eerily empty save for a barkeep and one really lonely-looking customer. The barkeep is startled to see you and leaps to offer you food and drink.

"Where is everybody?" one of you asks cautiously.

"Well, we only serve freelancers," the barkeep says. "So we're only busy when the Dungeon Dive Classic of Dingledell Den is in full swing. And then a little less busy when it's over and everyone who's trapped here has nothing better to do but drink while awaiting a horrible end. Save that one there," he says, pointing at the customer. "Been down here a few years now and defied all expectations. Really messed up the betting pool."

Does someone in your party want to tell the one lonely customer of your adventures up to this point?

• Yes - go to 3-8

• No - go to 👼 - 7

3 You are at first relieved to find a watering hole where you can find a moment's peace, but are disappointed to discover it's a gaudy theme restaurant.

"My lieges!" cries the hostess upon your entrance. "It is I, your lowly Grunt 242, here to eagerly serve you. Come! Come, my lords, to your table!"

Everyone cringes, but follows along, wincing as the employees bow and scrape before you.

"Whatever is the point of all this nonsense?" Count Rizzotto demands.

"Theme restaurant!" says Cookie brightly, clearly the only person here who loves everything he sees. "It's designed to make the common folk who frequent it feel all high 'n mighty like, ye know, ye."

"Oh ho!" laughs Count Rizzotto. "Is this what you think it's like? How preposterous! Look at me! Here I am down in a dungeon roughing it every bit as much as you lot!" And he takes a seat as his retinue tucks in his napkin and holds his silverware for him

Does someone in your party want to tell the grunts who serve you of your adventures up to this point?

Yes - go to \$\bigsep\$-5
No - go to \$\bigsep\$-7

**5** When you are ready, choose a player to regale everyone with the story of your journey.

When they are done, the player to their left will come up with a new title for their character and decide whether it is chaotic or lawful .

Next - go to 👼 - 6

The party may now collectively choose to spend 1 time. If they do, in influence order, each player may choose 1:

• Heal all stress (2).

Gain +1 to a skill of your choice.

Travel on the map.

The party may now collectively choose to spend 1 time. If they do, in influence order, each player may choose 1:

Heal all stress (6).

· Gain +1 to a skill of your choice.

Travel on the map.

3-8 When you are ready, choose a player to regale everyone with the story of your journey.

When they are done, the player to their left will come up with a new title for their character and decide whether it is chaotic or lawful .

Next - go to 👼 - 9

The stranger appreciates the company and shares what little they know about the massive dungeon.

Have the Cartographer draw something on the map at space 88 to remind you that it is home to mushroom folk.

Next - go to 3-10

11 The party may now collectively choose to spend 1 time. If they do, in influence order, each player may choose 1:

• Heal all stress 😥.

· Gain +1 to a skill of your choice.

The lonely customer liked your story. The player with the highest influence agains follower 4+1.

Travel on the map.

# DUE!

Go to 1 of the following entries. If you like, you may draw a tick mark next to your choice so that the next time you visit a duel while playing this scenario, you'll know which entries you've chosen previously. Choose 1:

• Go to 🞉 −1

• Go to 🛣 − 2

• Go to 🛣 −3

### **%**3-'

This entry is for the player with the most treasure ::
You stumble into another party of freelancers, who to your surprise, decide to attack you.

"How'd they get ahead of us?" Count Rizzotto growls at you, as though it's your fault.

"We'll be taking your stuff!" demands an angry hound-lady.
"Try to resist, and we'll leave your corpses for the carrion-feeders!"

"Ew," sighs Count Rizzotto.

Choose 1:

Fight them. - go to \$\mathbb{2} -1:2

1:1 "Don't hurt me!" you squeal pitiably. "Please, take my things instead!" And you grab something from your pack and toss it to your attackers. They laugh at you disrespectfully, but let you pass safely all the same.

"You're quite the sniveling coward, aren't you?" says Count Rizzotto, patting your hand as if you're a child.

Influence 👺-5.

Treasure 28-1.

Gain the title Sniveling Coward @

Travel on the map.

\$\frac{1.2}{2.12} \textit{"I'd never pay the likes of you!" you scream, and draw your weapon.}

Make a weapon check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 23?

Yes - go to 2 -1:3

No - go to ⅔-1:4

### MAP ICONS

**3.1.3** You chase the ruffians off, much to the joy of your compatriots.

Count Rizzotto pats you on the back and compliments your combat skills. He then turns to his scribe and whispers something about running off the would-be thieves single-handedly.

You puff up your chest in pride, certain your name will make it into his memoir.

Influence 😂+5.

Luck @+2.

Gain the title: Noble Protector 💩.

Travel on the map.

1.4 You are defeated with such startling ease that your companions all freeze from fright. The bandit leader laughs and announces your defiance will cost you.

"Displeasing," grumbles Count Rizzotto.

Influence 💝-2.

All players lose 1 treasure

Travel on the map.



The party is ambushed by a fearsome wolf-were, a poor wolf cursed with looking like some average, ordinary dude.

"Awoo!" howls the wolf-were, looking like a dwarf who forgot where all his clothes are.

Choose a player to make a weapon check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 袋?

- Yes go to \$\frac{2}{3} 2:1
- No go to 22-2:2
- My weapon has the frost trait go to 2:1

2:1 The fight ends as quickly as it started, and the wolfwere collapses upon the ground, its corpse twitching.

"Now it will turn back into a wolf," whispers Schala, and you all gather around the corpse.

After a five-minute wait and an awkward vote, you all agree to say this was a wolf-were, and stick to that story going forward.

Gain +1 to a skill of your choice.

Travel on the map.

2.2.2 Some foes are simply too hellish for mere mortals to confront, especially when they're all nudies with their danglies bouncing about. You flee the monster, bravely fighting it back so your companions can escape.

Wound  $\mathbb{A}+1$ .

Travel on the map.

The party is ambushed by rivals who are more interested in collecting treasure via murder than exploring the monster-infested tunnels.

It seems the other explorers are positively infesting this place like rooster-roaches.

Choose a player to make a weapon check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

- Yes go to \$\infty\$-3:1
- No go to 23-3:2

3:1 The fight ends as quickly as it started, and after cutting down several peers, the rest flee down a darkened corridor.

Gain +1 to a skill of your choice.

Travel on the map.

**3.2** The ambush is too cunningly set to win the day. You flee your attackers, bravely fighting them back so your companions can escape.

Wound A+1.

Travel on the map.

# **TRADING POST**

Go to 1 of the following entries. If you like, you may draw a tick mark next to your choice so that the next time you visit a trading post while playing this scenario, you'll know which entries you've chosen previously. Choose 1:

- Go to <sup>™</sup> -1
- Go to ҈ −2
- Go to 🗞 3



You find a ramshackle trading post built around a few extra large mushrooms.

"Welcome, dearies," says a hag with 'GRISELDA' on her name tag, "to the friendliest store in the dungeon! What are you looking for?"

"Oh, just browsing," one of you tells her. "Not sure we need to buy anything really."

"Gawkers, eh? Well buy something or get out!"

"So much for friendly service!" you snap.

"I didn't say we were friendly," she corrects. "Just the friendliest in the dungeon."

While you are on this entry, players may freely give and/or trade treasure between one another.

In influence arch player may choose 1:

- Discard 1 treasure # to draw 2 treasures #.
- Discard 1 treasure et to gain 1 XP .
- Gold ()+1.

Then, after all trading has been completed, travel on the map.



You find a hut from which a gorgeously warty hag runs a trading post.

"Welcome, dearies," she says, 'JENNY' written on her name tag, "to the cheapest store in the dungeon!"

"These items don't look so cheap," one of you says, peering at her wares.

"Those are the normal prices," she tells you. "But I give deep discounts to folk who contribute to my research."

"Like what?"

"I adore baby's breath," she says. "Any of you have any babies?"

"Er, no."

"Unsightly extra nipples you no longer have use for?"
"Definitely not."

"Who wants to spit in Jenny's mouth?"

Does anyone have the title: the Spitter?

- Yes go to \$\infty\$-2:1
- No go to \$\infty\$-2:2

©-2:1 The following is for the player with the title: the Spitter. Suddenly, the flow of the exchange halts and everyone looks to you. You sigh.

Time to do your thang.

You dutifully spit in Jenny's mouth several times, and she

thoughtfully swishes each loogie in her mouth, taking very serious-looking notes in a notebook labelled 'SERIOUS' Afterward, Jenny rewards you before shifting to more traditional business transactions.

Treasure ##+1.

Back to business - go to \$\infty\$-2:2

💝-2:2 While you are on this entry, players may freely give and/ or trade treasure between one another.

In influence order, each player may choose 1:

- Gold ()+1.

Then, after all trading has been completed, travel on the map.



"I think we'll stick to more traditional business transactions, thank you very much."

While you are on this entry, players may freely give and/or trade treasure between one another.

In influence arch player may choose 1:

- Discard 1 treasure 🖀 to gain 1 XP 🕸.
- Gold ①+1.

Then, after all trading has been completed, travel on the map.

# THE CHAOTIC TEMPLE

You come across the crumbling ruin of a temple dedicated to the Lords of Chaos. It's not the friendliest place, but after checking out some engravings, everyone agrees the lords clearly know what a good time is.

Any player with more chaotic @ titles than lawful @ may make an offering to the Lords of Chaos by discarding 1 treasure . Once all players who wish to do so have done this, roll a six-sided die

- 1 go to 2 2 2 go to 2 4 3 go to 3 5

- 4 go to 6 -6
  5 go to 7
  6 go to 8 -8

2 You all howl as your bodies are wracked with pain as a ghostly green fire plays above your heads. When the agony subsides, you find your pockets lighter.

All players who made offerings discard all trinkets they possess. Next - go to 3

Schala inspects a metal grate that sits in the floor of the

"I think this drain tunnel might go somewhere," she says, and Grunko, Son of Grung easily lifts the grate up and tosses it to the side. One of you drops down and, after spending a few minutes searching, concludes the tunnel leads up and to the west, back in the direction you initially came from.

A strand of strange purple fog curls out from the dark. "Careful, boss," Schala cautions. "Going too far in that direction is, uh, sure to eat up a lot of time."

"Aye, the Lords sure know how to sow chaos!" Cookie gushes with admiration.

Have the Cartographer draw a dashed line on the map from the Chaotic Temple to the Tavern that sits closest to space 83, representing a new shortcut path. You may now travel along this shortcut like any other path. Travel on the map.

weight settling in your packs.

All players who made offerings gain treasure #+2. Next - go to 3

3 A burning dwarf-woman suddenly appears before you, screaming in agony and flailing all about. Then, just as quickly, she vanishes with no trace. But dang, you suddenly have a lot of stuff!

All players who made offerings gain treasure #+3.

Next - go to 3

it's not so bad.

All players who made offerings gain +1 to the skill of their choice. Next - go to 3

7 You all begin laughing as it feels like some unseen force is rubbing your bellies. It's quite pleasant, if weird, but quickly

All players who made offerings gain XP 🕸+1. Next - go to 3

naught but a single plant whose flowers strangely resemble newborn elves. The visions passes quickly.

All players who made offerings gain XP 🕸+1.

All players who made offerings gain +1 to the skill of their choice. Next - go to 3-3

# 

Check your map. When did your party enter the dungeon?

- First go to ∰-2

- Thirty-third go to 3-3
  Sixty-second go to 4-4
  Seventy-fifth go to 5-5

(2) Narrow tunnels give way to a large, natural cave, its stability sporadically strengthened by expert stonework. The space is dominated by the massive form of a treasure golem. The construct is less hardy than others of its kind, or so you have heard. You see a few scraps of armor lying broken upon the cavern floor, likely fallen from battles of years gone by. "Interesting," muses Count Rizzotto.

"Is it?" squeaks Schala. "Do we, uh, really want to risk being its next victims?"

"I've seen treasure golems before, and this one is not as terrifying," he assures her.

"So have I, mate," Grunko, Son of Grung counters, "and that one looks about as fresh as they come. How about we circle back after someone else dies weakening it a bit?"

The count ignores the porter and commands, "Come! Let us write yet another tale of my greatness, then bask in the glory of a battle hard-fought!"

You charge onward, likely to be the golem's first victims. Have the Bookkeeper turn to page 19.

Set Dial A (the golem's armor) to 2 + the current threat 袋. Set Dial B (the golem's HP) to 2 + the number of players. Lock Action 4.

Draw 2 treasure per player from the top of the treasure deck and set them aside face down without looking at them. This stack of cards will be referred to as the Golem Deck. Begin a round in the location book.

### MAP ICONS

(2)3 Narrow tunnels give way to a large, natural cave, its stability sporadically strengthened by expert stonework. The space is dominated by the massive form of a treasure golem. The construct is a little battered, with some of its armor lying broken upon the cavern floor. A fresh corpse lies sprawled by a wall, telling a tale of fearsome battle.

"Excellent!" crows Count Rizzotto.

"Is it?" squeaks Schala. "Do we, uh, really want to risk being its next victims?"

"The glory of the fight and all its rewards shall be ours! Come, you fools! Attack!"

Have the Bookkeeper turn to page 19.

Set Dial A (the golem's armor) to the number of players.

Set Dial B (the golem's HP) to 2 + the number of players.

Draw 2 treasure per player from the top of the treasure deck and set them aside face down without looking at them.

This stack of cards will be referred to as the Golem Deck.

Begin a round in the location book.

**3.4** Narrow tunnels give way to a large, natural cave, its stability sporadically strengthened by expert stonework. The space is dominated by the massive form of a treasure golem. The construct is badly battered, with much of its armor lying broken upon the cavern floor. Several fresh corpses lie sprawled about, telling a tale of fearsome battle.

"Excellent!" crows Count Rizzotto.

"Is it?" squeaks Schala. "Do we, uh, really want to risk being its next victims?"

"The glory of the fight and all its rewards shall be ours! Come, you fools! Attack!"

You collectively shrug and do so, assuming the last group probably weakened the thing for you.

Have the Bookkeeper turn to page 19.

Set Dial A (the golem's armor) to the number of players.

Set Dial B (the golem's HP) to the number of players.

Draw 3 treasure per player from the top of the treasure deck and set them aside face down without looking at them.

This stack of cards will be referred to as the Golem Deck.

Begin a round in the location book.

\*\*End of the sprawled about, telling a tale of fearsome battle. "Frustrating!" snaps Count Rizzotto.

"Is it?" squeaks Schala. "I'm relieved we don't have to fight that thing."

"The glory of the fight should have been ours! And so should the spoils!" The count sighs. "Now that small fortune is being paraded about by undeserving fools."

"Not entirely undeserving, right?" says Schala. "I mean, they did, you know, fight the thing. And, I mean, lost some friends in the process."

But the count just walks away, muttering, "Late, late, late." Each player with more than I luck @ returns all but I luck to the supply.

Travel on the map.

# **MELAWFUL SHRINE**

You discover an old shrine, so worn by time you can no longer recognize which saint is represented in the statue that still stands there. Yet despite its state, a small ray of sunshine falls down upon the ruin from a shaft in the cave ceiling far overhead, and all around it grow a wide variety of beautiful flowers.

Any player with more lawful ♠ titles than chaotic ♠ may make an offering to the the unknown saint by either discarding 1 treasure ∰ or voluntarily gaining 1 wound ♠. Next - go to ऻ -2

**1** You are all momentarily struck by a vision of a lone stilt-kin pulling a cart across a grassy plain. In the cart are numerous children, worry and fear playing across their little faces. The stilt-kin looks back and you see a tall city beset by war and fire. The stilt-kin shakes her head, and continues on with the cart.

All players who made offerings heal all wounds and stress (2), and return any corruption they possess to the supply. Next - go to 3

**13.** Schala pulls some vines away from the wall behind the statue, and gasps as a passage is revealed. You take a few minutes to investigate, and conclude it winds upward to the northwest, in the direction you initially came from.

A violet fog hangs in the tunnel's air.

"Careful, mate," Grunko, Son of Grung cautions. "Going too far in that direction is sure to get us stranded down here."

Schala agrees, "Yeah that could be a lot of backtracking, and uh, that fog often comes with confusing visions."

Have the Cartographer draw a dashed line on the map from the Lawful Shrine to space 81, representing a new shortcut path. You may now travel along this shortcut like any other path.

Travel on the map.

## 1-26

Go to the corresponding entry in the Follower Entries section of this book. Pp. 213-237

## 70

Which page is the location book open to?

- Page 29 go to 70-1
- None/other. go to 70-2

70-1 You watch in horror as every member of the party is cut down by humans, squashed by a dead giant, or otherwise stricken by madness or mutation. The last thing you see is Count Rizzotto's posterior end as he hightails it away from the rest of you. Your midsection explodes, revealing a thousand wailing demons howling in glee as they dance in the ruin of your intestines.

"Always wanted to start a family," you burble, before losing consciousness and dying.

Next - go to 70-3

**70-2** "Oh dear," mutters Count Rizzotto as he worriedly peers into your faces. "It looks ill for you lot, doesn't it? Sadly, I must leave you now and see our task completed. Norman? Take a note please. When a tool breaks, no matter how much you liked it, it's best just to throw it away, and then go buy a newer, better tool."

"You have to stay!" begs Schala, wiping blood from her face as she tries to unroll some bandages. "We might still survive this!"

"That's the spirit!" cheers the count, before merrily leaving you and continuing on his way.

Count Rizzotto tips his servants, one last time.

Next - go to 70-3

**70-3** The game is over. All players lose. No players read their endings. Feel free to try another adventure and come back to this one later.

75

Which page is the location book open to?

- Page 29 go to 75-1
- None/other. go to 75-3

**75.1** As you flee from the certain, hellish death behind you, Count Rizzotto checks his watch, which honestly, you didn't even know he had until now.

"Out of time!" he shrieks. "The doors of the dungeon are sealing behind us!"

"Does that even matter now?" one of you yells back to him. "I think those doors metaphorically sealed on us once we arrived in this place!"

"Ooh, metaphor!" the count says. "Good on you, noble freelancer! Even in the face of certain death, you wield literary technique like any gentleman or lady! I salute your panache! And you're right—doors or no doors, all we can do at this point is continue to run like mad!"

Next - go to 75-2

75-2 You have not lost the game! Not yet, at least!

For the remainder of the game, the threat [t] will remain at 18

+ the number of players.

Going forward, if instructed to increase threat by any amount, instead remove a wound [w] token from the wound track and place it in the time bag.

**75-3** "We've run out o' time!" howls Cookie. "This is it, mateys! We're done fer!"

None of you have the strength to disagree as the dungeon shakes and trembles.

"Sealed down here for an entire year," whispers Schala. "It's a fate worse than death."

"Sounds that way," Count Rizzotto agrees. "Well, that is why a good leader always comes prepared! My trunk, please!" The trunk is set before him and Count Rizzotto takes a moment looking through its contents before finding an ornate ring. "Yes, here we are!" The head of the ring resembles an hourglass with two rubies set into either end. "The Ring of Return!"

"Excellent!" one of you cries. "How does it work?"

"Oh, well it's quite simple, really. Norman? My manuscript please. There we are, good man. Thank you. Now I simply twist the ring like so, then think of a place I have been to previously, and then it—"

There is a flash of light and the count is gone.

"Um..." Schala looks around nervously. "Perhaps he has left to get help?"

"No, he's left us to a fate worse than death," Grunko, Son of Grung calmly assures her.

Count Rizzotto tips his servants, one last time.

The game is over. All players lose. No players read their endings. Feel free to try another adventure and come back to this one later, or load from a save point.

RN

To begin your quest, go to the INTRODUCTION section on p. 112.

81

The following is an excerpt from Count Rizzotto's memoir:

...Every step in the dungeon proved more treacherous than the next. Only an experienced adventurer such as myself was qualified for the trek, but I endeavored to keep safe those hirelings I had under my care.

The glowing eyes that leered at us from gruesome shadows would have made a lesser being weak in the knees, and the flooring situation was entirely unstable. I had to remove my four-inch heeled crocodile boots and replace them with my one-and-a-half-inch alligator due to the steep inclines. Thank goodness I always carry spare sets with me at all times. Don't fret readers—as always, I have included the list of gear used on this quest in Appendix C of this memoir. What won't be included is the contact information for my bird-brained cartographer, no offense to birds, although they are quite dumb. We came across a jammed door blocking our way in the dungeons and that fool was too weak to help push it open. I had no choice but to take charge and let my own sculpted musculature do the hard work. Once open, everyone gasped at what I had revealed.

The Cartographer gains might 📎+ 1, then rolls a might check.

- 1-14 go to 81-1
- 15+ go to 81-2

**811** Twas some sort of sweaty adventurer-person. They had been leaning against the door, fighting off croaker chodes, horrible amphibious creatures with slimy skin, pointy teeth, and an appetite for appendages.

I rushed in to save them but alas, our mapper got to them first. And of course they bungled the rescue. Yes, they saved their fellow freelancer but got bit in the process. The bite of a croaker is nothing to scoff at! Why if I hadn't been there to suck the poison out they would have surely died.

The Cartographer gains wound  $\Re$ +1 and follower  $\Re$ +1. Travel on the map.

812...'Twas some sort of sweaty person from a competing party. They had been leaning against the door, fighting off croaker chodes, horrible amphibious creatures with slimy skin, pointy teeth, and an appetite for appendages. The mapper and I rushed in to save the poor freelancer together, and with myself leading the charge, we were able to slice through the horrid fiends. And with no injuries to boot! The poor fool we rescued was so grateful that they offered their services to us. I accepted their loyalty pledge but warned them to earn their keep. Apparently they had been down there for a year, surviving on chode eggs and the like.

The Cartographer gains influence +4 and follower +1. Travel on the map.

Your party freezes in their tracks as from down a lonely, darkened hall comes the sound of something sharp being scraped across hardened stone.

"Oh," gasps Schala. "It's probably just nothing, right?"
Then a horrified scream echoes from out of the darkness, causing even Grunko, Son of Grung to blanche. The wail is quickly muffled by a noise akin to aggressive slurping.

"What's the hold up?" Count Rizzotto demands. "Surely my brave freelancers aren't put off by a few unpleasant noises? It's a dungeon, unpleasant noises abound! Come, come, you ninnies, I shall lead the way! Oh wait, my bootlace is untied. You go on ahead. Norman, my laces!"

You grumble as you go, watching a toady fumble with the count's boots.

Have the Bookkeeper turn to page 41. Begin a round in the location book.

### 83

Check your map. When did your party enter the dungeon?

- First go to 83-1
- Thirty-third go to 83-4
- Sixty-second go to 83-4
- Seventy-fifth go to 83-6

**83-1** Blind luck sees your party stumble upon a war party of cave dorgs, without the furry, double-tailed dorgs being any wiser. Dorgs tend to have good loot and you have the element of surprise on your side. But it's a decent-sized force so it wouldn't be without its risks.

### Choose 1:

- Attack! go to 83-2
- Sneak Past go to 83-3

**83-2** You leap from hiding, a war cry on your lips. The cave dorgs gape in shock at the sight of you, and scramble to form a defense.

Have the Bookkeeper turn to page 27.

Set Dial A (the enemy forces) 2 + to the current threat  $\mbox{3}$ . Begin a round in the location book.

**83-3** You quietly skirt around the dorgs, and safely make your way elsewhere in the dungeon.

Travel on the map.

83-4 Blind luck sees your party stumble upon a war party of cave dorgs, without the furry, double-tailed dorgs being any wiser. Dorgs tend to have good loot and you have the element of surprise on your side. You also notice most of the dorgs have hastily-treated wounds and a few of them lie dead nearby. It would seem another party attacked them earlier which makes a surprise attack from you that much easier.

### Choose 1:

- Attack! go to 83-5
- Sneak Past go to 83-3

**83-5** You leap from hiding, a war cry on your lips. The cave dorgs gape in shock at the sight of you, and scramble to form a defense.

Have the Bookkeeper turn to page 27.

Set Dial A (the enemy forces) to the current threat 袋. Begin a round in the location book. 83-6 Blind luck sees your party stumble upon a small party of cave dorgs, without the furry, double-tailed dorgs being any wiser. Dorgs tend to have good loot and you have the element of surprise on your side. You also notice all of the dorgs have hastily-treated wounds and a great many of them lie dead nearby. It would seem another party attacked them earlier which makes a surprise attack from you that much easier.

### Choose 1:

- Attack! go to 83-7
- Sneak Past go to 83-3

**83-7** You leap from hiding, a war cry on your lips. The cave dorgs gape in shock at the sight of you, and scramble to form a defense.

Have the Bookkeeper turn to page 27.

Set Dial A (the enemy forces) to the current threat 🔆 -2. Begin a round in the location book.

### 84

The following is an excerpt from Count Rizzotto's memoir:

...And so we ran from the vicious sand bear. I yelled for my underlings to stay off the bridge, for I could tell with my 40/40 vision that it was unstable. But of course those unkempt idiots didn't listen to me and ran right across those rotten boards.

I had no choice but to follow so they didn't all get themselves killed. But when that twice-damnable bear jumped onto the bridge, it snapped the support ropes and we fell, right into the quicksand below.

That's when the sand fleas attacked, nipping at my soft, supple flesh. In Appendix D: Roughing It Doesn't Mean Looking Rough, I provide my standard skincare regimen. It won't help against sand fleas, but that shouldn't stop you, dear reader, from looking positively radiant. Anyway, the sand bear was now swimming around us, looking for a weak person to pick off, and that proved to be our struggling medic.

- Yes go to 84-1
- No go to 84-2

841 The fool of a medic startled babbling about surface tension, the viscosity of oversaturated sand, and gentle kicks to free the legs. Imbecile! Every educated person knows quicksand is dirt that's been cursed by a witch.

Seeing their oncoming death, I had no choice but to leap atop the sand bear and plunge my dagger into the portion of its brain that oversees motor function. Then, by twisting the handle of my weapon, I steered the bear around, letting everyone grab hold of its shag. The rescue complete, I steered it to the nearest bank, before freeing my blade and ending the beast's life.

Everyone thanked me for my selfless heroism and quick thinking, and I pulled the medic aside for a word of advice. "Listen, nobody likes a know-it-all," said I. "Especially a know-it-all who is actually wrong."

The Medic gains the title: Know-it-All 💩.

Travel on the map. Then the Cartographer must scratch out the dotted lines that connect space 84 to the rest of the map. You cannot travel to that location for the rest of the game.

842 ...The fool floundered, and while they succeeded in evading a deadly bite, they were pushed down under the predator's hulking frame. I knew it was once again up to me to save this sorry bunch. Which I did with my typical aplomb! Using my deceptively ample upper body strength, I used the porter's cart to smash the bear across the head, then reach

to the medic and pull them to safety. I'm sure the yak wishes he had thought of that, but to be clear, it was all me. You can find numerous lifesaving methods such as this in the back of this memoir in Appendix M: Patented Techniques for Basic Dungeoneering, along with helpful instructions on sending payment each time a technique is used.

Once we were safely on the south side of the quicksand, I skinned the sand bear and gave it to the camp cook, a fellow whose name is too difficult to recall. That night we feasted like kings. Of course the succulent smell drew more sand bears, so we were forced to hurry on.

The Medic gains stress 🕪+1.

Supplies 💍+1.

Travel on the map. Then the Cartographer must scratch out the dotted lines that connect space 84 to the rest of the map. You cannot travel to that location for the rest of the game.

### 85

You enter a promising cavern whose rough walls sparkle and glitter from your torchlight. But as you enter fully, a barricade crashes down behind you, and you see the only other is exit is already blocked.

"Freelancers!" cries Schala. "But, but they don't look quite right. There's an ogre with them! Oh no, I think they've been down here a long time. They've gone feral!"

Worse, there is the sputtering growl of an engine, and an ancient war machine rumbles into view, its front covered in spikes and skulls.

"Fools!" shrieks Count Rizzotto. "They mustn't know they are messing with THE Count Rizzotto, Squasher of The Floot Foot Ogre Clan of Feet-Flick Mountain! Attack!"

You all run at the enemies as the count takes a step back and pats his emerald armor. "Now where did my spiky shovel-knife go?"

Have the Bookkeeper turn to page 21.

Set Dial A (the enemy forces) to the current threat  $\frac{2}{3}$ . Lock  $\frac{2}{3}$  Action 7.

Begin a round in the location book.

### RA

Does any player have the title: Key Partier?

- Yes go to 86-1
- No go to 86-6

86-1 Does any player have the title: Door Enthusiast?

- Yes go to 86-2
- No go to 86-5

**86-2** The following is an excerpt from Count Rizzotto's memoir:

...And so we returned to that dreadful door, ready to discover what awaited on its opposite. The others trembled with fright, so I offered what words of encouragement I hoped would helped them shrug off their cowardice.

Choose a player to convince Count Rizzotto to go through the door. That player must make a will & check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 💸?

- · Yes go to 86-3
- No go to 86-4

**86-3** ... Their trembling did not cease, so I took the key from them and did the honors myself. Little could I have guessed what awaited us below.

Count Rizzotto tips his servants.

Travel on the map.

**86-4** ... Their trembling did not cease, so I took the key from them and did the honors myself. Little could I have guessed what awaited us below.

The player who made the will & check gains stress &+1.

Travel on the map.

86-5 The following is an excerpt from Count Rizzotto's memoir:

...And so we came upon a most horrid thing: a door wrought of black iron and covered in myriad depictions of mortals in various states of suffering. The little one—Impala, I believe—studied the door and stated she believed the carvings were meant to depict some form of eternal punishment, incorporating all known religious beliefs. She was wrong, of course—it was a cheap attempt at throwing interlopers off the scent of delicious treasures, or even better, as we later discovered.

But there was nothing to do as the door was sealed shut, a strange keyhole set right in its middle. Naturally, that is when I wondered aloud if the strange key we had might fit the lock. Lo and behold, I was correct once again. The others trembled with fright at what might lie beyond, so I offered what words of encouragement I hoped would helped them shrug off their cowardice.

Choose a player to convince Count Rizzotto to go through the door. That player must make a will & check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

- Yes go to 86-3
- No go to 86-4

**86-6** The following is an excerpt from Count Rizzotto's memoir:

...And so we came upon a most horrid thing: a door wrought of black iron and covered in myriad depictions of mortals in various states of suffering. The little one—Impala, I believe—studied the door and stated she believed the carvings were meant to depict some form of eternal punishment, incorporating all known religious beliefs. She was wrong, of course—it was a cheap attempt at throwing interlopers off the scent of delicious treasures, or even better, as we later discovered.

But there was nothing to do as the door was sealed shut, a strange keyhole set right in its middle. We would need to find the corresponding key if we wished to proceed further.

The player with the highest influence gains the title: Door Enthusiast 🙆.

The Cartographer must draw a key by this location on the map. Do not cross out this location when you leave, as you may return later if someone gains the title: Key Partier.

Travel on the map.

The following is an excerpt from Count Rizzotto's memoir: ...We came to a spiraling stone staircase, much narrower than the one which days before had granted us access to the dungeon proper. Imagine my surprise when we emerged into a circular stone chamber that bore no decoration and in fact smelled a bit off. Not off like we had entered an abattoir of devilish evil, but off, like grandma hasn't aired out her house this year. At least there was an ornate chest sitting off against a plain stone wall, and just as good, it was shielded by a fearsome guardian—the Taur-taur! Yes, dear reader, it was the fabled Taur-taur, half-minotaur, half-centaur, its front half a raging bovine, the back half a muscled stallion, and all four of its legs hairy and fleshy like some freakish human. Truly, finding the bottom of the dungeon was not an accomplishment that would be easily won!

I bade the others draw forth their weapons, the legendary monster gave an ungodly cry, and so the battle began! Draw three treasure acards from the top of the treasure deck and face down in a pile on top of the location book without looking at them.

This stack of cards will be referred to as the Taur-taur Deck. Reduce this deck to 0 to defeat the Taur-taur.

Next - go to 87-1

87-1 Each player rolls a twenty-sided die . If two or more players are tied for the highest roll, they re-roll. This next entry is for the player who rolled highest. Next - go to 87-2

87-2 The Taur-taur yells something brusque in a long-dead tongue, then charges at you. Its horns are little more than bony nubs, but the monster is large and you are not. Make either a smarts 🔁 check or an agility 🗑 check. Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 💸?

- Yes go to 87-3 No - go to 87-20
- **87-3** You smartly leap to the side, just so, causing the Taur-taur to run into the hard, stone wall with its head. The fiend gives an angry wail, before staggering to the side as it shakes its

Discard one card from the Taur-taur Deck. XP **☆**+1.

Gain the title: Tenderizer of Meat .

Next - go to 87-4

87-4 Each player who has not taken an action against the Taurtaur rolls a twenty-sided die 🔘. If two or more players are tied for the highest roll, they re-roll.

This next entry is for the player who rolled highest. Next - go to 87-5

87-5 The Taur-taur turns back to face your group and makes a wet hurking noise deep within its throat.

"Cud cannon!" shrieks Count Rizzotto as he dashes back to the stairs. The Taur-taur throws open its mouth, a blast of green slop spraying forth in a wide cone.

Make either a might 🖄 check or a will 🖓 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 23?

- Yes go to 87-6
- No go to 87-19

87-6 You throw yourself in front of the blast, bravely shielding the others. The pain of the stomach acid is great, but you stoically stand your ground. When the breath attack concludes, you see some of your gear has been ruined. "Just as I would have done!" states Count Rizzotto, looking

down at you from the stairs.

You quickly remove the ruined piece of equipment, and strike the Taur-taur with it as the beast recovers from its retching. Treasure # -1.

Discard one card from the Taur-taur Deck.

XP 🕸+1.

Luck @+1.

Gain the title: Gone Green @.

Next - go to 87-7

87-7 Each player who has not taken an action against the Taurtaur rolls a twenty-sided die 🔘. If two or more players are tied for the highest roll, they re-roll.

This next entry is for the player who rolled highest.

Next - go to 87-8

87-8 The Taur-taur is now truly enraged, and it rears up on its hind legs, which is easy for it since they're human legs—the most fiendish legs of all.

It runs at your party, flailing its front legs about in a whirlwind of potentially devastating karate kicks.

Make a weapon check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 袋?

- · Yes go to 87-9
- No go to 87-17
- My weapon has the ranged trait. go to 87-18

87-9 You move to the engage the Taur-taur, weapon at the ready. Each foot that kicks your way is lopped off, and when the legendary monster staggers back in pain, you unleash hell on its exposed belly. It drops to its knobby knees.

Discard one card from the Taur-taur Deck.

XP **☆+**1.

Gain the title: Said "Ta-ta" to Taur-Taur Tootsies 🔕.

Next - go to 87-10

87-10 How many cards remain in the Taur-taur Deck?

- 0 go to 87-11
- 1-3 go to 87-16

87-11 The following is an excerpt from Count Rizzotto's memoir:

...The Taur-taur dealt with, it was time to turn our attention to the ornate chest! One of my lackeys called it gaudy, but dear reader, I assure you it was the epitome of class. Inside was a curious scrap of paper. I know its words well for I possess it still and oft gaze upon the rhyme written there:

Congratulations

To the brave,

But to think this it,

You'd be a knave.

Even more awaits,

Downward still,

In reach of those who

Have the will!

Everyone was stumped by the puzzle, including I confess, yours truly. Frankly, I was angered by the possibility of being stymied by absurd words, and I cried out in vexation, "But I have the will!"

Well, that's when the floor vanished, sending us all careening to some unknown doom. The shaggy porter—I believe his name was Tony—called me something frightfully rude, and I shan't forgive him for it.

The Cartographer must consult the map, and note how it is divided into three sections.

The Cartographer must tear off the 1/3 of the map that contains space 82.

Crumple it up and cast it to the floor. It is forever out of reach. Falling, falling. - go to 87-12

**87-12** ...We fell for what seemed like ages, air whipping through the hair of those who had hair. Perhaps it was an illusion brought about my distress at this foul descent, but I swear I thought I heard screams pass by, as if unhappy souls welcomed me to some horror beyond mortal imaginings. But it was probably nothing.

Strangely, the camp cook laughed the whole time, like a child going down a slide.

The Cartographer must tear off the 1/3 of the map that contains space 85.

Tear it into pieces then hide it somewhere nearby. Those darkened halls are forever lost to you.

• Falling still. - go to 87-13

87-13 ... The fall did not cease. Our speed did not lessen. The air grew hot and some trick of the brain made me think I began seeing colors of sorts, and stranger still, I would swear each color had a scent and a flavor, and they laughed at me.

The Cartographer must take the final piece of the map and

The Cartographer must take the final piece of the map and throw it away in the nearest trash can.

The deadly traps and hideous monsters that lurk there are pleasant memories you can but long to return to.

• What's that light coming toward us? - go to 87-14

**87-14** You fall for what might be five minutes or five decades, before hitting the bottom below. Though 'hitting' might not be the right word as your velocity ends with impossible swiftness and you are simply standing upright, gaping at everything around you.

"Well spank me red and call me Rosy!" Cookie exclaims. "Be this the bottom o' the dungeon?"

Little Schala shakes her head. "Oh dear, no, I don't think this is the dungeon any more. More like the bottom of all existence." It's hard to argue with her assessment, as all around stretches a bizarre landscape of twisted, churning corruption. None of it should be possible and all of it is horrible. The air chews on your skin. The ground stabs into your feet, and looking around, you notice most of you have blood trickling from every orifice. All around you tower the rotted remnants of civilization, crumbling but rising anew in mere seconds in some twisted, unending cycle.

"Did it!" yells Count Rizzotto, and to your dismay he begins doing an impromptu victory dance. "I found the bottom! All by myself. As usual. Norman, Norman! Make sure you accurately describe the exquisite, joyful dancing that I'm doing right now."

Next - go to 87-15

87-15 The following is an excerpt from Count Rizzotto's memoir:

...I paused in my jubilation to catch each and every one of my traveling henchmen as they fell, including the cart, and set them all safely upon the ground. They began babbling nonsense about hell and whatnot, but I assured them it was nothing so sinister. But then they started screaming and that is when my keen eyes noticed the hordes of fleshy things that stormed toward us.

I must now warn my more delicate readers to immediately cease enjoying this chapter, and quickly skip ahead to the next. Okay? Good.

It was humans! A veritable tide of what I had always assumed were mythical monsters, raged toward us, vomited up from whatever crevice of the abyss they now dwelt in. And then the sickening ground trembled and cracked, and we beheld a great giant rise up from below. Yet as it did so, its body spoiled as if the span of many years were passing rapidly, and corrupted flesh sloughed from its bones. Dear reader, there was nothing to be done but run!

Have the Bookkeeper turn to page 29.

Begin a round in the location book.

**87-16** Frustrated by your assault, the wounded Taur-taur lashes out several times before taking the stairs, passing a cringing Count Rizzotto as it goes.

Once the beast has moped away into the dungeon, Rizzotto stands up and straightens his cloak.

"I did it!" your patron cheers.

For each card remaining in the Taur-taur Deck, remove 1 wound at token from the wound track and place it in the time bag. Then discard all remaining cards in the Taur-taur Deck.

Next - go to 87-11

**87-17** You move to the engage the Taur-taur, but succeed only in getting several smelly kicks to the face, the skin on each foot dry and cracked, the toenails yellowed and rippled like potato chips. The third kick sends you to the floor, hard, blood trickling from your mouth.

Wound A+1.

Next - go to 87-10

**87:18** You fall to your knees, weapon at the ready. Each foot that kicks your way flies overhead, and you shoot the legendary monster straight in its weak spot. the ample crotch

You proceed to unleash hell on its bathing suit area until its attack falters, the most pitiable wails coming from its throat, before it finally topples over dead. You don't really feel good about attacking it this way, but better the monster's junk than your own tender bits.

Discard all remaining cards from the Taur-taur Deck. XP ∰+1.

Gain the title: Inventor of Taur-taur Sauce **(a)**. Next - go to 87-10

87:19 You throw yourself in front of the blast, bravely hoping to shield the others, but the pain of the stomach acid is too much to bear, and you flee. As you run, you hear a companion shrieking as their face dissolves.

Wound A+1.

Choose a player that has 1 or more followers (2), if able. That player loses 1 follower (2).

Next - go to 87-7

87-20 You scream in pain as the Taur-taur slams into you and carries your limp body before crushing it into a stone wall. Wound 3+1.

Next - go to 87-4

RR

A soft, glowing light beckons your party forward. As you make your way towards it, the compacted dirt floor turns into a soft, rust-colored moss, squishing pleasantly under your feet.

The tunnel opens up into a large cavern, with the moss running up the walls and covering the ceiling. And protruding from the moss are thousands—nay, millions of red- and tan-capped mushrooms. The larger mushrooms have been carved into makeshift houses, some with bridges connecting them to other homes and buildings.

As you wonder what kind of creatures would live in such tiny homes, you realize that some of the smaller mushrooms are moving. And they have faces! With eyes and mouths! "What a curious place!" says Count Rizzotto, his eyes as lit with wonder as your own. "Pray, show caution and make sure you don't eat any of the locals. And don't go eating someone's house!" He waves over one of his lackeys, the one who holds the large book. "Go ahead, begin writing now all about how I befriended the Mushroom Folks of Dingledell Den! This will be something, I can sense it. And think of a new title for me, one these fungi can bestow upon me once they begin to grasp my importance!"

You all enter the village, nodding politely to the fungus-folk there.

Behind you, you hear Cookie muttering, "I have to be good. I have to be good. I have to be good."

Have the Bookkeeper turn to page 45.

Begin a round in the location book.

89

It is with some relief that you find what appears to be a break room for monsters employed with infesting the dungeon.

"What luck!" cheers Count Rizzotto. "This area looks to offer a nice respite from all the chaos found elsewhere in this place. It should be delightfully restful!" That's when a round blade emerges from the floor and slices a member of the count's retinue in half. "Oh. Well perhaps not."

Next - go to 89-1

**89.1** "I thought this was a break room?" one of you moans. "Uh, well, yes," Schala agrees. "But it appears to have defenses intended to keep out freelancers such as ourselves. We need to proceed with caution!"

Have the Bookkeeper turn to page 47.

Set Dial A (the pressure) to 0.

Lock (7) Action 6.

Begin a round in the location book.

90

The following is an excerpt from Count Rizzotto's memoir:

...A bridge over a wide crevasse is intimidating enough, but the one we stood before had its middle section obscured by a swirling mist, and few of us were excited by the prospect of crossing blindly. That's when the gargantuan ogre appeared. "My bridge!" he bellowed. Well at least we knew the bridge was sturdy then! I ordered him to leave us be and let us pass, but the brute said, "Answer me riddle and ya can pass." I laughed and told it riddles were baby business for the likes of me. But the mush-mouthed ogre smiled, and asked, "What be green as a leaf, jumpy as a frog, and taste delicious to me?"

And with that the ogre went quiet and leaned in towards us, licking his lips. The party's scout was a clever-enough yokel and tried to jump in. I waved them off of course. This was me. All me.

The Scout gains smarts 2+1 then rolls a s

- Yes go to 90-1
- No go to 90-2

**901**...The answer was of course child's play, and you, dear reader, likely have come to the same conclusion as I, standing there on the bridge. I stood tall, looked the towering simpleton in the eye and told it the answer was 'grasshopper.'

"Oh it is, it is!" the ogre said in amazement. "How did ya know?"
But there was no time to go through the entirety of my life's
accomplishments, thus perfectly illustrating why this meager
riddle posed no challenge to someone like myself. The
hopeful scout? Probably standing behind me picking their
nose, I warrant.

The ogre let us pass. It was a monstrous brute, but the laws governing riddles are ancient and must be honored by both great and small. Yet I knew it was an ogre still, likely to visit violence upon the next person unlucky enough to stumble into its territory, so once we were safely across, I rooted through my luggage and found the bomb I had been carrying. I lit it, tossed it to the ogre, then watched in satisfaction as it was blown into far too many pieces to be healthy. The others looked at me like I had cheated somehow, but that goes to show you how peasants think.

The Scout gains luck 🕲 +2.

The Scout gains the title: Riddle Master 💩.

Travel on the map. Then the Cartographer must scratch out the dotted lines that connect space 90 to the rest of the map. You cannot travel to that location for the rest of the game.

90-2 The Scout must choose 1:

- "Can I get another hint?" go to 90-3
- "Aw, up your nose with a rubber hose!" go to 90-4
- "Is the answer 'toad'?" go to 90-5

903 ... Despite my orders, the simple scout jumped in and begged the ogre for another hint, stating there were too many green things in the world that an ogre might eat.

"That ain't the answer!" laughed the ogre, at which point I threw a dagger into its left eye, spat poison into its right, then pushed the howling brute over the edge of the bridge as it howled in agony. You may have heard conflicting reports, something regarding some nobody doing the deed instead, and them falling to their death with the ogre, but that's exactly the kind of jealous gossip one is like to find in the common rooms of inns or in brothel beds. Pay those stories no mind!

Anyhoo, the ogre fell, but apparently not that far, for suddenly its club swung up and began striking the bottom of the bridge. We fled before it brought the whole structure down, killing itself in the process.

I reprimanded the impetuous scout who then cast themselves to the ground and begged my forgiveness.

As a group, choose one follower to be discarded.

Travel on the map. Then the Cartographer must scratch out the dotted lines that connect space 90 to the rest of the map. You cannot travel to that location for the rest of the game.

**90-4** ...Though I had the obvious answer on the tip of my tongue, our rash scout yelled an insult at the ogre, something about noses and hoses. Probably the kind of jibe popular in back-alley social gatherings, I would guess. Surprisingly, the ogre had found its intellectual equal and it laughed and laughed.

"Up me nose!" it bellowed. "That's a good larf to be sure! Ya can pass, silly little things. But hear this! If ya come back this way again, I'll eat ya all but good... after I've run ya each through my nostrils!"

We shuddered at that and quickly passed the oaf by.
The Scout gains influence 🗳+5.

Travel on the map. Then the Cartographer must scratch out the dotted lines that connect space 90 to the rest of the map. You cannot travel to that location for the rest of the game.

**90-5** ...Though I had the obvious answer on the tip of my tongue, our rash scout yelled out "toad! The answer is toad!" For a brief moment I was actually impressed at the quality of the guess. "It's not a frog, but it's just like one. And you're right! They are delicious!"

Myself and the rest of the party groaned, for even a yokel from the spokes could tell you toads are brown and not green.

"Wrong, wrong, wrong!" bellowed the ogre, at which point I threw a dagger into its left eye, spat poison into its right, then pushed the howling brute over the edge of the bridge as it howled in agony. You may have heard conflicting reports, something regarding some nobody doing the deed instead, and them falling to their death with the ogre, but that's exactly the kind of jealous gossip one is like to find in the common rooms of inns or in brothel beds. Pay those stories no mind!

Anyhoo, the ogre fell, but apparently not that far, for suddenly its club swung up and began striking the bottom of the bridge. We fled before it brought the whole structure down, killing itself in the process.

I reprimanded the impetuous scout who then cast themselves to the ground and begged my forgiveness.

As a group, choose one follower (1) to be discarded. The Scout gains the title: Dumber Than Dumb (2).

Travel on the map. Then the Cartographer must scratch out the dotted lines that connect space 90 to the rest of the map. You cannot travel to that location for the rest of the game.

## 1701

You see a dwarf-child of the family that owns the cabin and decide to wield your charm to weasel your way into a better ticket. Kids are easily tricked, so this should be a cinch.

You approach the kid and notice he's throwing a small ball against the side of the house and catching it as the ball bounces back. Gods, what a depressing scene. He's out in the middle of nowhere playing catch with himself.

You see him throw the ball a little too hard and it bounces awkwardly, flying toward you.

### Choose 1:

- Step to the side. go to 1701-1
- · Catch the ball. go to 1701-2

1701-1 You step to the side and let the ball fly past you. The kid makes eye contact with you and you can see the longing in his eyes. Fearing interaction could lead to a genuine emotional response on your part, you opt instead to pretend you don't see him or the ball and walk away.

Influence 31-1.

1701-2 Are you a Hound?

- Yes go to 1701-3
- No go to 1701-4

1701-3 You excitedly jump up and catch the ball in your mouth, your tail wagging frantically as the kid cheers and you toss the ball back to him. You continue on like this for what feels like hours, the child throwing the ball and you fetching it. When you finally tell him you have to go, he pats your head and tosses you a bone. You weren't able to get into the dungeon any faster, but you had fun!

Gain the title: Good Dog .

1701-4 Your reflexes react faster than your brain and you easily pluck the ball out of the air.

"Nice catch!" the boy says. "Wanna play?"

"Yeah, sure. It looks like I have lots of time on my hands. It seems my friends and I are never going to get in that dungeon." You toss him the ball, and he tosses it back. "What number are you?" the lad asks.

"Sixty-something. Say, you're pretty good at tossing a ball around. I bet you're also pretty good at exchanging bad tickets for good ones, yeah?"

"That makes a lot of sense," he agrees. "Yeah, I probably am."
"That's great! Think you could help me out?"

"And lose my catch buddy? No way!"

"Little monster," you grumble, then toss the ball far out into the underbrush.

Gain the title: Emotionally Unintelligent @.

# 1702

You swagger up to the ticket counter making sure the worker notices you by swiveling your cute hips every other step. "May I help you?" the dwarf attendant asks, clearing her throat nervously.

You lean against the counter and playfully ring the service bell.

"Yes, you may," you say with a wink, causing her to blush. "My friends left my entry ticket at the counter here with a gorgeous creature I can only assume is you. I've come to retrieve it."

"Oh! Oh yes," the dwarf says, her blush deepening as she rummages through the papers behind the counter. "You must be Frognarts." She hands you an envelope.

"Yes, that is correct. I am Frognarts. The one and only."
The attendant giggles and pulls a yellow ribbon out of her thick beard hair. "Here, take this too... for luck."

You thank the young dwarf and wriggle your eyebrows before excitedly returning to your party. Looking into the envelope you see that your entry number is now thirty-three. If this doesn't impress your friends, nothing will.

Search the treasure 🖺 deck for T-26, Ribbon of Speed. Influence 😂+4.

Cookie insists that your adventuring party eat something hearty before diving into the dungeon. Being the eager person you are, you offer to help mince the fresh carrots you harvested earlier in the day. You dice and slice and throw them into the pot of stew boiling over the campfire. You feel good about yourself and how you're helping to feed your friends. Until Cookie tastes the stew and spits it out with a disgusted look.

"Ye told me ye had carrots! These are clearly parsnips! Don't ye know they turn to poison when added to snope-skin soup?" He dumps the entire meal out onto the grass and glares at you. "Ye could 'ave killed us all!"

Influence 👺-5.

Gain the title: Attempted Poisoner @.

1704

Cookie insists that your adventuring party eat something hearty before diving into the dungeon, so you quickly offer to help out. You use the wilderness skills your mother taught you to sniff out mushrooms, pull wild onions, collect harrier stingwing eggs, and harvest hillberries. The salad you concoct with these fresh, local ingredients would surely win prizes, if such silly awards were given out. Everyone is thoroughly impressed as they dig into the feast you provide. Some even suggest that maybe you should be in charge of food from now on.

"Excellent meal!" Count Rizzotto declares. "Roughage for roughing it! A sheer delight. You will have to give my scribe your recipe so I can have it recreated for my victory feast upon our return."

Cookie glowers at you angrily as he slurps at the shoelace soup he made that no one else has touched.

Influence 😂+2.

Gain the title: Salad Spinner 💩.

Next - go to 1704-1

**1704-1** You have leftovers. Do you wish to share it with some other freelancers waiting for their turn to enter the dungeon?

- Yes go to 1704-2
- No go to 1704-3

17042 You trade a bit of the salad for a few rumors about the dungeon.

Have the Cartographer draw something on the map at space 85 to remind you that there may be danger there.

1704-3 Yeah, screw those guys.

Influence 👺+1.

Supplies \(^{\mathcal{O}} + 1.\)

1705

As an avian enthusiast, you decide to slip into the lush forest surrounding the cabin to see if you can finish a row in your travel-sized Bird Bingo game. It must be your lucky day, for when you enter a clearing you see a beautiful long-necked bird covered in pink and tan feathers. She is in the middle of a beautiful dance. And not wanting to scare her off you decide to hide behind a tree and silently take in the amazing sight. She dips and spins and pirouettes all around the clearing, stopping within an arm's reach next to you.

- Reach out and pluck a feather. go to 1705-1
- Compliment her dancing. go to 1705-2

1705-1 The bird is catching her breath and leaning on the tree that you chose as your hiding spot. Her beautiful, pink feathers are too tempting to resist. Imagine how cool one of those would look in a hat! You'd be the envy of all your friends, if you had friends.

You reach out and quickly yank a feather from the bird's neck, and she lets out a horrible squawk of alarm. She turns on you fast, biting one of your fingers clean off.

You scream and run out of the woods as fast as you can, dropping the pink feather along the way. Looks like you're not so lucky after all.

Wound A+1.

1705-2 "That was the most beautiful dancing I've ever seen," you say, causing the bird to squawk and leap away in fright. "Er, sorry for the intrusion, but I saw your dance and it makes me wish I hadn't been born with two left feet." You show your feet and she sees you do indeed have two left feet, which is odd for sure.

She stares at your unsettling feet for a while before saying, "I can teach you. But it's gonna be a lot of hard work."

"I'm not afraid of hard work," you say determinedly. "Much."

Gain follower A F-11, Clara from the follower deck. Then shuffle the deck.

1706

On your way to the cabin, you had noticed what looked like some tall, onyx ruins a short ways off the trail, so you decide to double-back and check them out. You find them fairly easily and it doesn't take long to yank the overgrown vines off the large, wide, black object protruding from the ground.

The left side of the uncovered ruin has writing of the ancients, which you feel certain translates to 'HOME'. And on the right side it has ancient lettering you feel certain means 'VISITORS'. Beneath is a crude painting of a boar wearing a shirt with numbers and an odd helmet with a bar covering its face. But your blood runs cold when you spy the cartoon depictions of humans who seem to be cheering the boar. Disgusting. You study the odd object for a few more minutes before heading back to your friends, feeling a tad wiser now that you know about the humans' pig fetish.

The thick woods around the cottage are surely flush with food and goodies ripe for the taking. But as you patrol the perimeter, it's clear to see others have gotten there before you. Desperate and thinking about giving up your search, you decide to stop under a patch of tall yellow flowers to investigate the little black and white pebbles that have been crunching under your feet. There are a million of these tiny stones and when you step on them they crack open to reveal a small grayish chunk of something, maybe another stone. Curiosity gets the better of you and you lift a striped pebble up and lick it. Hmm. Salty.

Choose 1:

• Eat a pebble. - go to 1707-1

Don't eat a pebble. - go to 1707-2

1707-1 You pop a pebble in your mouth and crunch it open with your teeth. The small grey object in the middle slides down your throat and hey, it's not bad. When you try to swallow the striped outer shell though, it scratches your throat, so you happily spit those out. After a few minutes you notice that you don't feel sick and haven't died, so you decide to scoop all the striped pebbles you can find into a bag. These will provide a nice little snack in the dungeon. You munch on a handful while you head back, spitting out the shells along the way.

Supplies 💍 +2.

Gain the title: the Spitter @.

1707-2 Listen, you've been called a lot of things in your time, but you are NOT a rock eater. You jump up and down on top of the pile of pebbles squishing them to pieces before skipping off and finding a nice patch of dandelion leaves you pick for Cookie. You've heard that these flowers make a nice tea. You don't bother to look back, so you never see the flock of birds happily picking through and eating the super-nutritious seeds you cracked for them.

Supplies 💍+1.

## 1708

You're tired of eating the meager meals of necessity that Cookie keeps preparing. You want meat, so you head out to find a weak, defenseless critter to kill. You follow the river hoping to come across an animal drinking when instead you come across someone else's fishing gear. There's a wicker chair with a fishing rod leaning against it. Next to the chair is a bucket full of freshly caught fish!

You look around for the owner and hear whistling behind a tree about fifty feet away.

Are you a Merfolk?

- Yes go to 1708-1
- No go to 1708-2

1708-1 Now is your chance to save your poor cousins! You grab the bucket and empty the contents into the river. You watch happily as the fish swim away before tossing the rod into the brush. Then you snatch something fancy from the backpack and make off with the bucket of earthworms. Free meat!

Treasure ##+1.
Supplies ##+1.

1708-2 Choose 1:

Steal the fish. - go to 1708-3

· Don't steal the fish. - go to 1708-4

1708:3 Only a fool would step away to relieve themselves and just leave all this fish out in the open. You grab the bucket of fish and run away like your pants are on fire.

Supplies 💍 +2.

Luck @+1.

1708-4 You wait patiently for the dwarf fisher to return.

"Howdy!" you say when he steps out from behind a tree, buckling his pants. "I noticed you seem to be a tremendous fisher. Mind teaching me how to do it?"

"Why?" he asks gruffly. "Don't take kindly to folk secretly listening in to me doin' my business."

"Well, it's just that, you know what they say, teach someone to fish and then they know how to fish, but if you give them a fish, then they've got that fish, yes, but they're going to need more fish at some point later in time."

"No one says that."

"I just did."

He sighs. "If I give you a couple will you leave me alone?" "Deal!"

Supplies 💍+1.

# 1709

You notice the small cabin has a set of outside doors leading to a cellar. As a freelancer known for their street smarts, you know that the only reason someone ever has a cellar is to hide valuable goods, or illicit activity. Convinced that if you could just get into the cellar you'd leave with a pocket full of treasure, you attempt to use your weapon as a crowbar to pry the locked door open. But the doors are sealed shut and the only thing you manage to do is break your weapon.

Discard your starting weapon.

Next - go to 1709-1

17091 You hear a mocking laugh behind you and turn to see an elderly bovine man pointing and laughing.

"You're bad at breaking into buildings!" he chuckles.

"Oh yeah?" you yell.

"Yeah!" he yells back.

"Mind your own business, old man!"

"Okay." He shrugs and turns to walk away. But right then, the street smarts that were mentioned before kick in and you run up to the side of the bovine and easily tip him over with one push to his left side.

"Hey! That's rude," he hollers as you search his pockets. Now it's you who are laughing as you run away with his loot.

Treasure #+1.

Some idiot decided to lock the cellar doors by wrapping a small rope around the handles, which you easily slice through. You sneak down into the cellar to see if you can find something useful, which by gar you do!

In an open box at the bottom of the stairs are two brand new rolls of tickets: a purple roll and a pink roll. You can easily swipe a number one entry to get your party into the dungeons before anyone else!

### Choose 1:

- Take a purple #1 ticket. go to 1710-1
- Take a pink #1 ticket. go to 1710-2

1710-1 You tear off the #1 entry ticket from the purple roll and feel a surge of great accomplishment in your gut. Perhaps Count Rizzotto will identify you in his memoir now, calling you out for being the freelancer responsible for getting your party into the dungeon first? You race out of the cellar and eagerly show the Count your ticket and describe how you stole it. He seems impressed and tosses you a coin, referring to you as a good little errand oaf. Which you guess is a compliment? You beam with pride as you show the rest of the freelancers your coin.

Later, you overhear Count Rizzotto whispering to one of his servants about the ticket and how he himself knocked out two guards in order to sneak into the basement to steal it. But surely you misheard.

Gold O+1.

Gain the title: the Good Little Errand Oaf @.

1710-2 You tear off the #1 entry ticket from the purple roll and toss it back into the box. It hits something else that makes a clunking noise, so you peer back in the box and now see another smaller, bronze box. You pick it up and try to open it, but it is sealed shut. Not one to throw away treasure, you pocket the box hoping that you'll be able to open it eventually. Racing out of the cellar, you rush to your fellow freelancers and Count Rizzotto, excited to show them the entry ticket. You will truly be a hero!

Influence \(\mathbb{H}\)+6.

Gain story card S-41, Sealed Box from the story deck.

### 1711

A loud horn blares from the entry room on the cabin's lower floor. Cheers burst out from the many other freelancers crowded around you and excitement fills the air. The dungeon has opened and the Twenty-Second Annual Dungeon Dive Classic of Dingledell Den is about to begin! Everyone presses in even tighter now, eager to get into the dungeon.

Does anyone have the title: the Good Little Errand Oaf?

- Yes go to 1711-1
- No go to 1711-2

1711-1 "Out of the way, you dregs!" shouts Count Rizzotto, pushing to the front. "I have the number one ticket!"

He elbows his way to the front and you all push after him. He proudly hands the dwarf woman standing at the entrance to the cave your purple #1 ticket. She pulls her torch closer to the ticket and inspects the front and back.

"Strange," she says. "I thought we held back the first ten tickets in case of emergency."

"Indeed!" one of you exclaims. "You stand in the presence of none other than Count Rizzotto, the, uh, guy with lots of titles. There was an ugly mix-up back at the counter and the good woman there was kind enough to rectify the mistake with this complimentary upgrade. Does your family now shirk their duty and reputation and deny us? After all that's happened? After the incident with the beehive and the seven billygoats? After that other dwarf swore an oath of fealty to the count here?"

"Good heavens," the dwarf-lady groans. "I was merely caught off-guard is all. Apologies again about the bees and what-have-you. Please, enter." And she waves you to the grand door that now stands open, looking down upon a magnificent set of stone stairs. "Go on in. It's normally fifteen minutes before the next party enters, but I'll give you half an hour as a second apology from my family. Do remember to keep track of the time! Once the dungeon closes it's sealed until next year. And trust me, you don't wanna get stuck down there." She wishes you luck as your party ventures down into the dark dungeon.

"Let's not waste our good fortune!" Rizzotto declares. "It's not enough to say we participated! We must get to the bottom of this dungeon and return. Failure is not an option! Especially if you want to get paid."

The Cartographer should write "Entered first" somewhere near space 80 on the map.

The Bookkeeper may close the location book.

Travel on the map, but do not spend time for this travel, since you are first through the door.

1711-2 Does anyone have story card S-41, Sealed Box?

- Yes go to 1711-3
- No go to 1711-4

**1711-3** Your freelancing party pushes to the front of the line, ignoring the angry looks and muttering coming from the other adventurers already lined up.

"Out of our way, you dregs!" shouts Count Rizzotto. "We have the number one ticket!" He proudly hands it to the dwarflady standing at the open dungeon door. She pulls her torch closer to the ticket and inspects it.

"What are you all playing at?" she demands. "This ain't a pink year, it's a PURPLE year. Get out of here, you bunch of cheats!" She brandishes her torch at you as the other people in line laugh and push you all aggressively to the very back. You watch helplessly as every single one of the other adventuring parties enters the dungeon before you. It takes several hours due to each party getting a fifteen minute lead on the others. When you finally get back to the entry you sheepishly hand over your original purple entry ticket, #62. The dwarf-lady snorts.

"So you DO have a real ticket. Just tried to pull a fast one on me, eh? Well all bad deeds get what's coming to them. You're now seventy-fifth." She waves y'all down into the darkest dungeon you've ever seen. "Good luck! Don't forget to exit this pit of death before it seals up in a few days or you'll be stuck in there. Forever. And you can't cheat forever."

"Hurry up you, fools!" growls Count Rizzotto. "I will not soon forget this humiliation you have thrust upon me! I'm not here just to say I did it. It's the very bottom of the dungeon and back again, or I'll be damned if anyone is getting paid!" He sets himself down onto his large luggage trunk and his servants hoist it up, leading the way into the darkness.

The player with the Sealed Box card loses influence \$\mathbb{G}-6\$. The Cartographer should write "Entered seventy-fifth"

The Bookkeeper may close the location book.

somewhere near space 80 on the map.

Travel on the map, but spend 1 additional time for this travel, since you were the last to enter the dungeon.

1711-4 Does anyone have treasure card T-26, Ribbon of Speed?

- Yes go to 1711-5
- · No go to 1711-6

1711-5 Your party rushes to the dungeon and searches for your spot in line, finding it firmly in the middle of the crowd—space #33. Well, it's better than your original ticket number, to be sure.

While you wait for your turn you all notice a group of five adventurers off to the side arguing loudly. They appear to be haranguing a shorter-than-average stilt-kin.

"Frognarts, you absolutely blew it! We should break your legs right now and leave you for the crabeaters!"

"Whoa, everybody," one of you says diplomatically. "Did you lose your ticket? Here, we just so happen to have a spare. Why don't you take it?" And you hand them ticket #62.

"Hey, thanks, stranger," says a thick troll-guy. "This idiot lost ours and the tickets are all sold out now." And he hits the stilt-kin on the shoulder. "Frognarts, you should pay these people." The stilt-kin sighs and doles out some treasure from his personal stash.

The line moves slowly due to each party getting a fifteenminute lead over the next, but your party finally makes it to the entrance of the dungeon, and you take in the stone steps that wind downward.

The dwarf-lady in charge takes your ticket and reminds you all to exit the dungeon before it seals closed for the year.

Count Rizzotto implores you all to move fast.

"It's not enough to say we participated," he reminds you. "We have to get to the very bottom, then return."

You light your torches and step into the pitch dark dungeon.
All players gains treasure ##+1.

The Cartographer should write "Entered thirty-third" somewhere near space 80 on the map.

The Bookkeeper may close the location book. Travel on the map.

1711-6 You all impatiently wait for your turn to enter the dungeon from your place near the end of the long line. Time crawls by since each party that enters gets a fifteen-minute lead on the next. You all grump at each other and Count Rizzotto sighs loudly every few minutes as he drinks a cup of hot tea and rolls his eyes whenever one of you speaks. He occasionally whispers to one of his servants and they scribble into a large leather-bound book that you assume is the manuscript for his memoir.

The sun is high in the sky by the time you make it to the front of the line. A tired dwarf-lady takes your ticket and sticks it into her waist satchel. Her voice is hoarse and raspy as she reminds you to make it back out of the dungeon before the entrance seals or you'll be stuck in the darkness for a whole year.

Count Rizzotto cuts her off. "Yes, yes, my dear we've all heard this sixty-one times before. Now if you don't mind, we have history to make." Rizzotto lights a torch and hands it to a servant. "To the bottom of the dunge

The dwarf chortles and moves out of the way as your adventuring party heads down into the darkness.

"Remember," warns Count Rizzotto. "It is not enough to merely participate in this event. We must make it to the very bottom and back again!"

The Cartographer should write "Entered sixty-second" somewhere near space 80 on the map.

The Bookkeeper may close the location book. Travel on the map.

### 1901

Does any player have the title: the Easily Ignored?

- Yes go to 1901-1
- · No go to 1901-2

19011 You fail, and the golem pounds the ground once more. Influence 👑 + 3.

Remove any lock (1) tokens from Action 4.

All players on Action 3 gain wound 4+1 and they move to Action 4.

All players on Action 2 gain wound  $\mathcal{A}+1$  and they move to Action 3.

**1901-2** You frantically rummage through your bag, desperately searching for something to draw the creature away from the group.

But in the meantime, the menacing golem slams its fists into the ground, knocking your companions back. Their desperate screams only frazzle you more, and you find nothing of use. Influence \$\mathbb{M}\$+3.

Gain the title: the Easily Ignored 💩.

Remove any lock 🕤 tokens from Action 4.

All players on Action 3 gain wound +1 and they move to Action 4.

All players on Action 2 gain wound  $\Re$ +1 and they move to Action 3.

# 1902

Does any player have the title: the Distraction?

- Yes go to 1902-1
- No go to 1902-2

1902:1 It takes more time and effort than you would have wished, but you eventually figure out the best way to draw the beast away, and your companions are safer for it. Influence \$\mathbb{\mathbb{C}} + 6\$.

Spend 1 time.

Lock ( Action 1.

**1902-2** You frantically rummage through your bag, desperately searching for something to draw the creature away from the group.

But in the meantime, the menacing golem slams its fists into the ground, knocking your companions back. Their desperate screams rattle your nerves but you succeed in finding something moderately useful to distract the creature. Influence \$\mathbb{\mathbb{C}} + 3\$.

Gain the title: the Distraction 💩.

Remove any lock (1) token from Action 4.

Move the player with the lowest influence an Action 3 to Action 4.

Move the player with the lowest influence on Action 2 to Action 3.

Does any player have the title: the Perfect Decoy?

- Yes go to 1903-1
- No go to 1903-2

1903-1 You've collectively perfected the art of distracting the golem.

Influence 😂+6.

Lock (1) Action 1.

1903-2 "Hey! Over here!" you shout at the golem, making a rude gesture. The thing's head turns to look at you, and for a brief moment it pauses its assault on the others.

Influence \$\mathbb{G}+6.

Gain the title: the Perfect Decoy 💩.

### 1904

You call to the others, pointing out a weakness in the construct's armor.

They all pretend they had already noticed it, but you know they are full of it.

Influence 😂 - 3

Choose 2:

- Sense �+1.
- Dial A -2.
- Dial A -1 for each standee (including your own) left on Action 5.

### 1905

You accidentally choke on your own spit, which the others mistake for a throaty battle-cry.

Choose 2:

- Influence \$\mathbb{\
- Will **%**+1.
- Choose another player to gain luck @+2.

### 1906

You swallow your fear and begin to scale the raging golem. The others gasp as you hastily scale the construct and pluck something from its corrupted frame. Feeling greedy, you go for a second treasure.

Just then, the golem seems to notice you, and with surprising speed, flicks you away like a booger.

Wound A+1.

Corruption +1.

Gain the Title: Full of Hubris @

Lock ( Action 6.

## 1907

You swallow your fear and begin to scale the raging golem. The others watch as you hastily scale the construct and pluck something from its corrupted facade.

Then, just before it can swat you away, you leap from the thing and tumble away with your spoils.

Look through the treasure each cards that were set aside in the Golem Deck at the start of the page and gain one of them. Corruption +1.

Gain the title: Treasure Taker @.

Lock ( Action 6.

# 1908

You notice the elaborate carvings on the golem's body and wonder if they might offer some clue. You don't understand the words, but try to read them aloud anyway.

You only get a few words out before you are struck with searing pain. The very words of the foul incantation attack your mind.

You clutch your skull and cry out as your brain feels like it is doing flips in your head.

Corruption +1.

Wound A+1.

Lock ( Action 7.

# 1909

You notice the elaborate carvings on the golem's body and wonder if they might offer some clue.

You read them aloud. You do not understand the words you speak, but as you speak them the construct begins to vibrate. Metal shakes and resonates and the stone walls crack!

You feel proud, even if the words themselves seem to have stained your tongue black.

Corruption +1.

Dial A -3.

Dial B -2.

Lock (1) Action 7.

## 1910

Is Dial B at 0?

- Yes go to 1910-1
- No go to 1910-5

1910-1 The golem locks in place, and after teetering for a mere second, topples over and smashes into the floor. A cry goes up as the party celebrates its success.

"Excellent!" cheers Count Rizzotto. "I'd like to thank everyone for their assistance in this. I couldn't have done it without you."

"Truth," agrees Grunko, Son of Grung.

Players divide the treasure acards remaining in the Golem Deck however they choose.

All players gain gold 0+1.

Next - go to 1910-2

1910-2 Does any player have the title: Key Partier?

- Yes go to 1910-3
- · No go to 1910-4

1910-3 Count Rizzotto tips his servants.

The Bookkeeper may close the location book.

Travel on the map.

1910-4 Among the golem's possessions is a key shaped like a skeleton making a rather rude gesture.

"Very coarse," says the count, "but very old. This looks important."

You agree with him and one of you pockets the strange item. The Lookout gains the title: Key Partier .

Next - go to 1910-3

1910-5 "I'm doing it!" shouts Count Rizzotto from the safety of the back line, waving his weapon in the air. "Gerald! Make note of how good of a job I'm doing!"

Lock ( Action 4.

Discard a treasure a card from the Golem Deck.

Spend 1 time.

Next - go to 1910-6

1910-6 Begin a new round on this page.

### 2101

You attack the barricade with great ferocity, driving back the freelancers who guard it and inflicting terrific damage on the structure. It collapses with a groan and you call to the others. "This is it! We can get free!"

Influence 2+3.

Unlock Action 7.

You may choose another player who has not acted yet this round. If you do, move their standee to Action 7.

### 2102

Does any player have the title: Key Partier?

- · Yes go to 2102-1
- No go to 2102-2

**2102.1** "You there!" you call to the lumbering ogre, and the thing swivels its head to look at you. "Come here right now!"

"You ain't the boss o' me!" it bellows.

"Come here right now and take all my things!"

"You don't tell me what to do!"

"So you don't want all my things?"

The ogre scrunches up its face. "This is a filthy trick, innit?"

"Yes it is," you answer. "Now come take my things!"

The ogre knows something is up, but its dim brain is unable to figure out what. Unwilling to take the risk, it turns and runs away. An enemy freelancer looks at you and shakes her head in disappointment.

"That was just mean," she says.

Influence 2+2.

Dial A -2.

**2102-2** You notice the ogre that storms through the melee wears an ornate key around its neck like a medallion. It's an intriguing key, clearly made of wrought iron.

"Hey there!" you call to the ogre. "I want that key that's around your neck!"

"Well ya can't have it!" the monster yells. "It's mine. And it's you who will be givin' me yer stuff!"

"Deal!" you say. "I'll give you stuff and you'll give me that key!"
"What? Never!"

"It was your idea," you protest. "I'm just honoring the deal you

offered."

"Er, did 1?"

"Here you are," you say, taking something you can live without and tossing it to the ogre. "Come on now. Fair's fair!" The ogre is clearly befuddled, but snaps the cord the key hangs on and tosses it to you.

"I win!" it declares, unsure if that's true. "I beat you!"

"You sure did!" you agree and eagerly snatch up the key.

Treasure 28-1.

Gain the title: Key Partier .

# 2103

Does any player have the title: Key Partier?

- · Yes go to 2103-1
- No go to 2103-4

2103-1 "Hey," you call to the ogre. "You need to leave!" "Ain't goin' nowhere!" the brute hollers back.

"What if I pay you?" you ask, and pull something from your pack that you can live without.

"Oh. Yeah, that'll do. But I want more! Gimme more!"
"Hmm, will you kill some of these people who are attacking us
if I do?"

"No he will not!" an enemy freelancer interjects. "Oy! Ogre! Shut yer mouth and get back to fighting!"

### Choose 1:

• Bribe with 1 treasure 🕮. - go to 2103-2

• Bribe with 2 treasures (requires 2 treasure). - go to

**2103-2** You toss the item to the ogre, who looks at it and shrugs, but turns and leaves as promised.

Treasure 28-1.

Dial A -2.

**2103-3** You toss the item to the ogre, who looks at it and shrugs, but then you toss over yet another item.

"Dis is great!" the ogre roars.

"Oy, ogre!" shouts the enemy freelancer again, but the ogre kicks her up into the ceiling where she sticks like a wet noodle. The monster turns and leaves, stomping on several enemy combatants as it does so.

Treasure 2-2.

Dial A -4.

2103-4 You notice the ogre that storms through the melee wears an ornate key around its neck like a medallion. It's an intriguing key, clearly made of wrought iron.

"Hey there!" you call to the ogre. "I want that key that's around your neck!"

"Well ya can't have it!" the monster yells. "It's mine. And it's you who will be givin' me yer stuff!"

"Deal!" you say. "I'll give you stuff and you'll give me that key!"
"What? Never!"

"It was your idea," you protest. "I'm just honoring the deal you offered."

"Er, did 1?"

"Here you are," you say, taking something you can live without and tossing it to the ogre. "Come on now. Fair's fair!" The ogre is clearly befuddled, but snaps the cord the key hangs on and tosses it to you.

"I win!" it declares, unsure if that's true. "I beat you!"

"You sure did!" you agree and eagerly snatch up the key. Treasure 🕮-1.

Gain the title: Key Partier @.

DEEPER & DEEPER - MAP D

"Let us fly!" you call to your companions. "Fly like the wind!" But then some enemy arrows fly like the wind, into your chest. "No, no. My mistake. Fall back!"

Wound  $\mathbb{A}+1$ .

2105

"Let us fly!" you call to your companions. "Fly like the wind!" And you push past the remnants of the barricade, drawing away enemy fire as you do. The others see you and follow after.

Luck @+1.

Gain the title: Born Wild, Born Free 💩.

2106

Does any player have the title: Born Wild, Born Free?

- Yes go to 2106-1
- No go to 2106-2

**2106.1** You flee the scene, cheating the feral freelancers of any prize.

All players gain XP +1.

Count Rizzotto tips his servants.

The Bookkeeper may close the location book.

Travel on the map.

2106-2 Is Dial A at 0?

- Yes go to 2106-3
- No go to 2106-4

**2106-3** You howl in triumph as the corpses of the enemy lie scattered about you in ruin. You take a few minutes to loot them before returning to your travels.

All players gain treasure #+1.

Count Rizzotto tips his servants.

The Bookkeeper may close the location book.

Travel on the map.

2106-4 As a group, choose a player to gain wound A+1. Begin a new round on this page.

2701

You lunge for a cave dorg, eager to wrestle her to the ground. She is surprised by your attack, but even more surprised when you miss and hit her club with your face.

Wound A+1.

Influence 2 -2.

2702

You lunge for a cave dorg, eager to wrestle her to the ground. She gives a yelp when you slam into her, knocking her down. Before she can react, you are atop her, pummeling her in her hairy face. She's wrecked, and even better, a couple other dorgs witness it and run away.

Dial A -3.

2703

Do you want to make something up to turn the tables in your party's favor?

- Sure! I love attention! go to 2703-1
- No, you do it. Nerd. go to 2703-3

2703-1 When you are ready, describe a way you use your character's items, followers and/or skills to defeat a few (not all) of the cave dorgs.

- Okay! Done! go to 2703-2
- Actually never mind. You do it. go to 2703-3

2703-2 Yep! That's what happens! And it works! Dial A -2.

Have the player to your left come up with a new title for your character and decide whether it is chaotic @ or lawful @.

**2703-3** You grab hold of Count Rizzotto's luggage and, ignoring his protests, begin swinging it around. You spin your body in an arc, letting the sheer weight of his noble arrogance spin you about. You whirl about in a devastating circle of death, clocking dorgs upside the noggin and only one of your own followers.

"Never do that again!" Count Rizzotto snaps, even if he is clearly pleased by how effective your attack was.

Dial A -3.

Choose a player that has 1 or more followers (2), if able. That player loses 1 follower (2).

2704

You scan the perimeter to ensure no other dorgs attempt to reinforce your prey. They do, which you notice when you turn around and find them standing right behind you.

"You've let them flank us you fool!" the count shouts from far behind you, well out of the melee.

Dial A +1.

2705

You scan the perimeter to ensure no other dorgs attempt to reinforce your prey. Two do indeed come running up, but you're ready for them and countercharge. The ferocity of your attack forces them to rout.

Dial A -1.

All players gain luck @+1.

2706

You howl with fury as you allow your body to draw in and absorb the latent corrupt energy that saturates the dungeon. You do, and it blows a couple of your toes off. You fall over, howling in agony.

Corruption +2.

Wound A+1.

You howl with fury as you allow your body to draw in and absorb the latent corrupt energy that saturates the dungeon. You do, and unleash it in a bolt of cold black that blasts several dorgs to bits. But it burns you too, inside, like you can feel the pain of it in your bones.

Dial A-2

Corruption +1.

### 2708

You howl with fury as you allow your body to draw in and absorb the latent corrupt energy that saturates the dungeon. You do, and unleash it in a bolt of cold black that blasts several dorgs to bits. You steer the bolt through clustered groups of your enemies, scorching them until you have vented the entirety of the magic you drew in.

Dial A-4.

Influence \$\mathbb{\ma

### 2709

You attempt to parley with the cave dorgs which, considering that you're the one who attacked them, doesn't go over great.

"They're pretty sore about this!" you call to your companions, a spear sticking out of your head.

Wound A+1.

### 2710

You attempt to parley with the cave dorgs which, considering that you're the one who attacked them, doesn't go over great.

On the plus side, when they hurl angry words your way, you take the opportunity to slap the dickens out of one them, which is pretty funny.

Dial A -1.

Luck @+1.

### **271**1

You demand the dorgs lay down their arms. They agree, provided no one attacks...

Is there another player on Action 7?

- · Yes go to 2711-1
- · No go to 2711-2

2711-1 Oh dear.

Well, that player can add 5 to their next roll, since the dorgs have let down their guard.

2711-2 Set Dial A to 0. Influence \$\mathbb{G}+5.

# 2712

What is the current value of Dial A?

- 0 go to 2712-1
- · 1-4 go to 2712-3
- 5+ go to 2712-5

**2712-1** The remaining dorgs break and flee, terrified by the ferocity of your assault.

All players gain XP 🕸+1

Count Rizzotto tips his servants.

The Bookkeeper may close the location book.

Next - go to 2712-2

**2712.2** After the violence settles, you check the room out and notice a secret passage hidden in the floor! It would be completely invisible were it not for the absolutely disgusting amount of dorg blood pooling on the ground, revealing its expertly disguised outline.

Have the Cartographer draw a dashed line on the map from space 83 to space 90, representing a new shortcut path. You may now travel along this shortcut like any other path. Travel on the map.

**2712-3** The party receives a number of wounds a equal to Dial A, divided as they see fit.

Next - go to 2712-4

**2712-4** The remaining dorgs break and flee, terrified by the ferocity of your assault.

All players gain XP 🕸+1

Count Rizzotto tips his servants.

The Bookkeeper may close the location book.

Travel on the map.

**2712-5** The party receives 5 wounds (27), divided as they see fit. Next - go to 2712-6

**2712-6** The remaining dorgs break and flee, terrified by the ferocity of your assault.

All players gain XP ★+1

Count Rizzotto tips his servants.

The Bookkeeper may close the location book.

Travel on the map.

## 2901

A humanoid shape made of adorable yet horrifying kittens rises up just to the right of you. It begins vomiting glistening eyeballs from its mouth in a steady stream that splatters by your feet.

Save or die!

Choose either might 🗞 or sense 🍪 and make a check.

- 1-14 go to 2901-1
- 15+ go to 2901-2

Or, would you rather heroically sacrifice yourself?

• Sacrifice yourself - go to 2901-3

29011 ...One of my lackeys followed on my heels, only to fall to a human wielding a musical instrument I would have to guess is something called a 'trombone.' The poor wretch's eyes met my own as the humans pried their jaws apart and forced the brass implement down their throat, ripping them to pieces as they went.

You have died.

Remove your marker from the influence at track. Choose another player to gain luck +1.

2901-2 ... One of my lackeys capably kept pace with me. I ordered them to hang back and help protect my luggage, but they impolitely declined.

Gain the title: Licked the Very Armpit of Hell .

2901-3 As we rushed out of the candy-colored hellscape, I heard a disquieting sound. I turned and my eyes fell upon a horrific sight. It seemed one of my foolish lackeys managed to be captured by a hideous human!

"Help! Help!" they called out to me, reaching toward me, animal fear filling their eyes.

I turned, ready to lay my life on the line and rescue my lesser, but before I could, another of my followers said, "Nay, my lord! You cannot! You must live to tell our story!" And so they rushed off and died in the process of saving a very stupid person.

You have died.

Remove your marker from the influence waterack. Choose another player to gain luck 🐠 +3. That player also gains the title: Indebted to [Your Character's Name] 💩

As you run, you feel something clawing inside your mouth. Your jaw is pried open and a crusty tongue looks up at you and begins cursing you in some unknown language. Save or die!

Choose either might 🖄 or will 🦓 and make a check.

- 1-15 go to 2902-1
- 16+ go to 2902-2

Or would you rather heroically sacrifice yourself?

· Sacrifice yourself - go to 2902-3

**2902-1** ... There are few words to describe the experience of witnessing someone's face get eaten off by their own tongue. Actually there are quite a few, so here are some: horrible, barfy, just awful, unsubscribe, the worst, and downer. You have died.

Remove your marker from the influence track. Choose another player to gain luck @+1.

2902-2 ...One saucy henchmen threatened to pass me, so I held an arm out to remind them to know their place. I gained the infamous title Fastest Reptile Alive in that moment.

Gain the title: Escaped the Infernal Tumor .

**2902-3** Then there was a thunderous sound and I turned to see a huge chasm rip open in the ground. Like a gaping, toothy maw, it threatened to swallow the lot of my hirelings! Unwilling to allow that to happen, I rushed back to help them escape this new menace. But then I locked eyes with one of my followers, and they shook their head dramatically as if to say ,"No, you are too beautiful to die. Not here. Not like this." And they cast themselves into the mouth which hungrily snapped closed upon them.

Twas enough to buy the others enough time to escape. You have died.

Remove your marker from the influence track. Choose another player to gain luck 🐠 +3. That player also gains the title: Indebted to [Your Character's Name] 💩.

As you run, you now see every person you have ever loved, lying before you on the swirling ground. They cry out to you, and with every step, you crush them underfoot, gore squelching up over your soiled boots.

Choose either smarts 🛜 or will 🍪 and make a check.

- 1-16 go to 2903-1
- 17+ go to 2903-2

Or would you rather heroically sacrifice yourself?

• Sacrifice yourself - go to 2903-3

2903-1 ... One of my toadies collapsed to their knees, screaming something about their mother. I have no idea what that was about, but the human horde closed on them in seconds, and ripped their head from their body.

You have died.

Remove your marker from the influence 👺 track. Choose another player to gain luck @+1.

2903-2 ... I cheered on a toady who seemed to be focused on the ground, stomping on it harder than necessary, crying "Take that!" over and over. A little touched, that one. Gain the title: Too Crazy for Hell's Nonsense @.

2903-3 A massive orb covered in eyestalks appeared before me. The hideous aberration unleashed a black-colored death ray that moved like a wave toward my poor contractors, certain to kill the lot of them! I turned to throw myself upon the creature. I surely would have died, but I prayed my death would save the others.

Dear reader, I would be lying if I said I was not afraid, but truly that is what makes me more heroic, yes?

But then a strange thing occurred. One of my most loyal henchlings gave a shriek and rushed forward, grabbing hold of the abomination.

Before they died, they turned to me and said, "Run, my lord! Tell our story! Tell how you saved us all!"

And so we did! And let me tell you this, I swear upon my dear mother's blessed eggs that if I were able to remember that poor fool's name, I would share it with you here today. But I can't.

You have died.

Remove your marker from the influence 👺 track. Choose another player to gain luck 🐠 + 3. That player also gains the title: Indebted to [Your Character's Name] 💩.

You run with all your might, before realizing you really should have gone to the bathroom before starting all this nonsense. Save or die!

Choose either will 🍪 or might 🔕 and make a check.

- 1-17 go to 2904-1
  18+ go to 2904-2

Or would you rather heroically sacrifice yourself?

Sacrifice yourself - go to 2904-3

29041 ... Some deaths I witnessed were not so much too terrible to relate as they were too embarrassing. You have died.

Remove your marker from the influence 👺 track. Choose another player to gain luck @+1.

2904-2 ... I saw one inspired hireling who ran alongside me, despite them desperately keeping their thighs pressed tightly together.

Gain the title: Blessed with Bowels of Steel .



**2904-3** Then there was a thunderous sound and I turned to see a huge chasm rip open in the ground. Like a gaping, toothy maw, it threatened to swallow the lot of my hirelings! Unwilling to allow that to happen, I rushed back to help them escape this new menace. But then I locked eyes with one of my followers, and they shook their head dramatically as if to say ,"No, you are too beautiful to die. Not here. Not like this." And they cast themselves into the mouth which hungrily snapped closed upon them.

Twas enough to buy the others enough time to escape. You have died.

Remove your marker from the influence track.

Choose another player to gain luck @+3.

That player also gains the title: Indebted to [Your Character's Name | 🙉.

The dead giant roars and an impossibly enormous fist, rotting and foul, passes overhead, poised to squash you flat. Save or die!

Choose either agility 🗑 or sense 🍪 and make a check.

- 1-18 go to 2905-1
- 19+ go to 2905-2

Or would you rather heroically sacrifice yourself?

Sacrifice yourself - go to 2905-3

2905-1 ... I cried out in shock as one poor fool was slapped into the ground by the corrupted giant. I won't gross you out with the details or describe how the poor freelancer's guts shot out of their mouth, but let's just say I shan't be desiring jelly on my toast any time in the near future, I can assure you!

Remove your marker from the influence 👺 track. Choose another player to gain luck @+1.

2905-2 ... I cheered as one of my followers dodged the giant's befouled paw, narrowly avoiding certain death, thanks of course to my shouting to them a warning.

Gain the title: Not Crushed Into the Very Fabric of Hell .

2905-3 As we rushed out of the candy-colored hellscape, I heard a disquieting sound. I turned and my eyes fell upon a horrific sight. It seemed one of my foolish lackeys managed to be captured by a hideous human!

"Help! Help!" they called out to me, reaching toward me, animal fear filling their eyes.

I turned, ready to lay my life on the line and rescue my lesser, but before I could, another of my followers said, "Nay, my lord! You cannot! You must live to tell our story!" And so they rushed off and died in the process of saving a very stupid person.

You have died.

Remove your marker from the influence 👑 track. Choose another player to gain luck @+3. That player also gains the title: Indebted to [Your Character's Name] .

Inexplicably, a demonic courier suddenly appears before you, a beautifully wrapped package, tied off with a bow, held in their outstretched arms.

"Special delivery!" the courier says with a wicked grin.

Save or die!

Choose either smarts 🛜 or sense 🗞 and make a check.

- 1-19 go to 2906-1
- · 20+ go to 2906-2

Or would you rather heroically sacrifice yourself?

Sacrifice yourself - go to 2906-3

**2906-1** ...One of the lackeys suddenly stopped still for no apparent reason and dumbly stared down at their hands. Whatever put them in a stupor quickly faded as human hands pulled them down and tore them to bloody chunks. You have died.

Remove your marker from the influence 👑 track.

**2906-2** ...One puzzles at the workings of a partially formed, uneducated mind. One of the lackeys belted out, "I accept no presents from you, demon spawn!" They waved their hands about like some victim of bedlam, but at least managed to keep ahead of our deadly pursuers.

Gain the title: Resistor of Hellish Temptation 💩.

**2906-3** A massive orb covered in eyestalks appeared before me. The hideous aberration unleashed a black-colored death ray that moved like a wave toward my poor contractors, certain to kill the lot of them! I turned to throw myself upon the creature. I surely would have died, but I prayed my death would save the others.

Dear reader, I would be lying if I said I was not afraid, but truly that is what makes me more heroic, yes?

But then a strange thing occurred. One of my most loyal henchlings gave a shriek and rushed forward, grabbing hold of the abomination.

Before they died, they turned to me and said, "Run, my lord! Tell our story! Tell how you saved us all!"

And so we did! And let me tell you this, I swear upon my dear mother's blessed eggs that if I were able to remember that poor fool's name, I would share it with you here today. But I can't.

You have died.

Remove your marker from the influence track. Choose another player to gain luck @+3. That player also gains the title: Indebted to [Your Character's Name] 💩.

A shadow passes overhead, and you gasp as the pursuing giant reaches for you.

Save or die!

Choose either agility ar sense and make a check.

- 1-20 go to 2907-1
- 21+ go to 2907-2

29071 ... I had never witnessed a person being devoured prior to that day. Have you, dear reader? It's quite disturbing to see a living, breathing individual consumed like a wiener at a fair. But there you have it. That giant grabbed hold of one of my contractors and bit their head off, then their midsection, and finally the rest of them. It was a shocking display, made worse by all the humors that squirted out with each bite. You have died.

Remove your marker from the influence a track. Choose another player to gain XP +1.

2907-2 ... I had never heard of a sea lion before. Have you, dear reader? Wondrously unique creatures, though they are not known for having the ability to fly. Which is why it was so surprising when a great many of them fell from above, seemingly in an attempt to crush one of my followers. Luckily, I warned the poor sap and they leapt aside just in time, though not so soon as to save their person from being showered in the splatter of blood, meat, and blubber. Gain the title: Awash in Nature's Bounty ...

# 2908

Do all players still have their markers on the influence 👺 track?

- Yes go to 2908-1
- No go to 2908-7

29081 ...Was it a miracle that delivered us all from the clutches of evil? Nay! 'Twas my excellent leadership, of course, the methodology of which one can explore in greater depth in my book, Successful Leadership Through Bullying, available at booksellers everywhere. Anyhoo, before us towered an immense column that stretched up into the inky beyond. We drew near and beheld a sign that said 'EXPRESS ELEVATOR - FROM HELL TO MORTAL REALMS'.

The cook fellow said it was almost too hard to believe, said if it was in a story you'd call it immersion-breaking and a sloppy plot device, but we all clambered onto the thing. And bam! Just like that it took off like a rocket, sending us gods-know-where.

But we discovered soon enough! When it stopped with a jolt, we all shot up and out and suddenly were blinded by daylight. We had been flung through a portal back into the world of the living. Yes, dear reader, the very same fairy ring that my traveling companions had gawked at in the beginning of this tale, and which caused us to arrive so late to the dungeon dive. I'm glad you're paying attention! However, we were not mere bones flying, but ALIVE beings, with flesh, blood and bones. So I demanded that caution sign be changed. I don't abide by false advertising.

Anyhoo, that is the extent of it, really. We were one of only a handful of parties that emerged triumphantly. Apparently it was a particularly bloody year down in the dungeon. And I was, and still am, the only person to ever reach the very bottom and return alive! I mean my followers were there too of course, but I have no idea what became of them. Probably died long ago in a drunken alley brawl or something like that. Anyway, back to me, Count Rizzotto the Thirty-Fifth, Defeater

of the Dungeon Dive Classic of Dingledell Den, Frilled Lizard of the Southern Spokes, Protector of the Red Mountains but Not the Grey, Gentleman Weasel Wrestler, Slayer of the Skink King, and Official Judge of the Two-Hundred and Forty-Seventh Hub Chowder Festival...

Congratulations! You have won!

Next - go to 2908-2

2908-2 Does any player have the title: Ran the Jewels?

- Yes go to 2908-3
- No go to 2908-4

2908-3 The Game Master must pass this book to the player with the title: Ran the Jewels. The following entry is for them, and replaces the character ending printed on their sheet.

Read the new character ending aloud, filling in the blanks as

Nothing felt right once we left that blasted dungeon. Colors seemed muted and food had less taste, even my beloved \_\_\_(2)\_\_\_. Heck, I married \_\_\_(4)\_\_\_ in a desperate attempt to find meaning, but that went about as well as a \_\_\_(3)\_\_\_ in the nursery ward of a hospital. But nothing helped, and always there was the foul itch on the red spots on my hand.

Eventually I became consumed with thoughts of returning to the red crystal. I returned to Dingledell Den, and camped nearby until the doors reopened for the year. I was first in line and the only freelancer there without a party. I didn't care. The point wasn't to loot the dungeon. No, no. The point was to return to the only thing that could make the itching go away. So I armed myself with a \_\_\_(1)\_\_\_ and disappeared into the foul depths, never to be seen again.

Pass this book back to the Game Master.

Next - go to 2908-4

2908-4 Does any player have S-41, Sealed Box?

- Yes go to 2908-5
- No go to 2908-6

**2908-5** The Game Master must pass this book to the player with S-41, Sealed Box. The following entry is for them, and replaces the character ending printed on their sheet.

Read the new character ending aloud, filling in the blanks as normal.

Later, when the party finally got a moment to unwind at a local inn specializing in gross IPAs and \_\_\_(2)\_\_\_, I finally had a moment alone in a private room to go through my things. I was shocked to find the sealed box obtained what feels like a lifetime ago from the basement of the house that sits atop Dingledell Den.

"Well I'll be a \_\_\_(3)\_\_\_'s auntie," I swore aloud, then set about getting the dang thing open, by hitting it over and over with a \_\_\_(1)\_\_\_. \_\_\_(4)\_\_\_ yelled at me through an adjoining wall to knock off the racket, which was funny given what they were clearly doing in their room. But lo and behold, inside was a genie's lamp, along with some helpful documentation on how to use it.

Long story short, I summoned the genie and after explaining my life's story, I concluded with how frustrating it felt to always have jerks like Count Rizzotto managing to force the world to revolve around them.

"Well," said the genie, "I'm also a part-time literary agent and happen to know the count will be publishing his memoirs soon. It will be a financial success and widely popular. So what say we wait for the book to come out, then you wish that you had written it instead?"

"Can I do that?" I asked, shocked at the notion.

"Kid, I've been in the publishing business a long time. Trust me, stealing the book from Count Rizzotto will be the least dirty thing I've ever done." Gain the title: Literary Genius 💩.

Gain the title: Celebrated Celebrity 💩.

Gain the title: Earned the Jealousy of Peers @.

Gain the title: Bearer of Sealed Boxes for Unreasonable

Amounts of Time 💩.

Pass the this book back to the Game Master.

Next - go to 2908-6

**2908-6** Each player who has not already read their character's ending should now read their ending and their full name including all titles. They may also take a bow if they wish.

2908-7 Do more than half of players still have their markers on the influence track?

- · Yes go to 2908-8
- No go to 2908-9

2908-8 ...Was it a miracle that delivered those of us who yet lived from the clutches of evil? Nay! 'Twas my excellent leadership, of course, the methodology of which one can explore in greater depth in my book, Gaslighting for the Busy Executive, available at booksellers everywhere. Anyhoo, before us towered an immense column that stretched up into the inky beyond. We drew near and beheld a sign that said 'EXPRESS ELEVATOR - FROM HELL TO MORTAL REALMS'.

The cook fellow said it was almost too hard to believe, said if it was in a story you'd call it immersion-breaking and a sloppy plot device, but we all clambered onto the thing. And bam! Just like that it took off like a rocket, sending us gods-know-where.

But we discovered soon enough! When it stopped with a jolt, we all shot up and out and suddenly were blinded by daylight. We had been spit from a hole in the ground. Yes, dear reader, the very same hole that we had gawked at in the beginning of this tale, and which caused us to arrive so late to the event. I'm glad you're paying attention! Anyhoo, that is the extent of it, really. We were one of only a handful of parties that emerged triumphantly. Apparently it was a particularly bloody year down in the dungeon. And I was, and still am, the only person to ever reach the very bottom and return alive! I mean my followers were there too of course, but some of them, well, I assume their souls now suffer in everlasting torment or some such nonsense. I have no idea what became of the survivors though. Probably died long ago from organ failure brought on by malnutrition. I hear that's how most non-nobles go nowadays. If anything, it likely would have been kinder if they had never returned, but we appreciate them lending their lives for the benefit of this narrative.

Anyway, back to me...

Congratulations! Some of you have won!

Each player who was not killed should now read their character's ending and their full name including all titles. They may also take a bow if they wish.

2908-9 Oh dear. Um, do any players still have their markers on the influence 😭 track?

- Yes go to 2908-10
- No go to 2908-11

2908-10 ...Was it a miracle that delivered us lucky few from the clutches of evil? Nay! 'Twas my excellent leadership, of course, the methodology of which one can explore in greater depth in my book, Emotional Abuse: Underused and Underrated, available at booksellers everywhere. Anyhoo, before us towered an immense column that stretched up into the inky beyond. We drew near and beheld a sign that said 'EXPRESS ELEVATOR - FROM HELL TO MORTAL REALMS'.

The cook fellow said it was almost too hard to believe, said if it was in a story you'd call it immersion-breaking and a sloppy plot device, but we all clambered onto the thing. And

bam! Just like that it took off like a rocket, sending us godsknow-where.

But we discovered soon enough! When it stopped with a jolt, we all shot up and out and suddenly were blinded by daylight. We had been spit from a hole in the ground. Yes, dear reader, the very same hole that we had gawked at in the beginning of this tale, and which caused us to arrive so late to the event. I'm glad you're paying attention! Anyhoo, that is the extent of it, really. We were one of only a handful of parties that emerged triumphantly. Apparently it was a particularly bloody year down in the dungeon. And I was, and still am, the only person to ever reach the very bottom and return alive! I mean my followers were there too of course, but most of them, well, I assume their souls now suffer in everlasting torment or some such nonsense. I have no idea what became of the survivors though. Probably died long ago, murdered by street tykes, I don't wonder. If anything, it likely would have been kinder if they had never

benefit of this narrative. Anyway, back to me...

Congratulations! Some of you have won! Each player who was not killed should now read their character's ending and their full name including all titles. They may also take a bow if they wish.

returned, but we appreciate them lending their lives for the

2908-11 ...Was it a miracle that delivered me from the clutches of evil? Nay! 'Twas my excellent leadership, of course, the methodology of which one can explore in greater depth in my book, Expendable: Maximizing Employee Output, available at booksellers everywhere. Anyhoo, before us towered an immense column that stretched up into the inky beyond. We drew near and beheld a sign that said 'EXPRESS ELEVATOR - FROM HELL TO MORTAL REALMS'.

The cook fellow said it was almost too hard to believe, said if it was in a story you'd call it immersion-breaking and a sloppy plot device, but I pushed him back towards the oncoming horde and jumped onto the platform. I didn't need his negativity after such an ordeal, and just like that, the elevator took off like a rocket, sending me gods-know-where. But I discovered soon enough! When it stopped with a jolt, I shot up and out and suddenly was blinded by daylight. I had been spit from a hole in the ground. Yes, dear reader, the very same hole that my disappointing underlings had gawked at in the beginning of this tale, and which caused us to arrive so late to the event. I'm glad you're paying attention! Anyhoo, that is the extent of it, really. I was one member of only a handful of parties that emerged triumphantly. Apparently it was a particularly bloody year down in the dungeon. And I was, and still am, the only person to ever reach the very bottom and return alive! I mean my followers were there too of course, but they, well, I assume their souls now suffer in everlasting torment or some such nonsense. Anyway, back to me...

The game is over.

All relevante leas

All players lose.

No players read their endings.

Feel free to try another adventure and come back to this one later.

This is just the moment you've been waiting for. You rush to the front of the group, eager to show off a trick you learned back in your scouting days. You quickly rub two sticks together, totally expecting flames to shoot out, but... nothing happens. Not even smoke. Your rubbing gets more and more frantic until Grunko, Son of Grung sighs loudly, reaches into your pouch, pulls out a trinket, and lights it afire by briskly scraping it over the stone wall a few times. Grunko, Son of Grung pats your back gently as he walks forward with his bright torch lighting the hallway.

Influence 💝-2.
Treasure 🕮-1.

## 4102

One thing your fellow adventurers don't know about you is that as a youth you spent time in the slammer for burning down your neighbor's barn which was an accident, as was the local ice cream shoppe, your grandma's craft shack, and perhaps one or two small domiciles. If there's one thing you know, it's the intoxicating, godlike power of fire.

But you finally get to put that arousing but destructive urge to good use! You quickly pull out a box of custom-made matches from your pocket, take a swig of Cookie's flask, and jump up to the nearest sconce on the wall. You blow the rum into the lit match and a large flame shoots out of your mouth and magically jumps from one sconce to the next, until every single one of them in the corridor is lit.

Count Rizzotto gasps excitedly and asks for step-by-step instructions, which you gladly provide. The last time you had to give details about a fire you started, it was in front of a judge.

Gain the title: Disciple of Flame @.

Influence \(\mathbb{G}\)+2.

Count Rizzotto tips his servants.

### 4103

You pick your nose and stare at a scribble on the floor that says 'BEWARE OF DORGS' with an arrow pointing to the southeast. Your good times are disrupted when Schala calls out, "Um... A little help?"

Have the Cartographer draw a dorg on the map at space 83. Next - go to 4103-1

4103-1 You were the only one to volunteer when Schala asked for help translating the graffiti painted across one of the dungeon walls. She looked so sad when nobody raised their hand that you felt compelled to help. But she has no idea you can't actually read. So you avoid the ancient jibber-jabber and head straight towards the drawing of a circular yellow face with black eyes and a wide, black smile. It just makes you feel happy for some reason.

You notice that the edges of the face are peeling, so you pick at it, and to your surprise the whole round face comes off the wall! You examine the circle and realize the back is still sticky. So you naturally stick the smiling little fellow onto the front of your shirt. When Schala notices the transferred graffiti, her face lights up and she asks if she can have it for research purposes.

Choose 1:

- Hand over the sticker. go to 4103-2
- Finders keepers. go to 4103-3

4103-2 Who can resist such a cute, pleading, gremlin face? Not you!

You hand over the sticker to Schala.

"Oh, thank you, boss! Not only is this a huge break in the historical investigation of ancient culture, but this thing is also adorable. One can't help but smile when they behold this cheerful piece of ancient art. The creator of this piece is long dead, but their beautiful sentiment still echoes out across the long eons." She sticks the smiley face on top of her research notebook and gives you a thumbs up. You can't help but feel like you did a good deed, for once.

So this is what it feels like.

Gain the title: Oddly Happy for No Reason 💩.

4103-3 "No way," you reply. "Possession is 10/10ths of my law." You walk away from Schala with your chest puffed out, showing off your new sticker to your fellow freelancers as she hangs her head in defeat.

Influence 👺-7.

Gain the title: Not Worried, Quite Happy @.

## 4104

At first you don't find much useful beyond a scribble on the floor that says 'BEWARE OF DORGS' with an arrow pointing to the southeast.

Then Schala calls to you, "Can you, uh, help me take a look at this, boss?" and you join her.

Have the Cartographer draw a dorg on the map at space 83. Next - go to 4104-1

41041 You help Schala pull away some vines and dust off the dungeon walls to investigate the ancient graffiti. You reveal a large mural of a heart. "Oh, that's nice," you think to yourself. Then the remaining dust is blown of the painting and you see that there is a drawing of a young human girl holding it. She must have ripped it out of some poor defenseless creature! Looks at how she smiles from the thrill of her violence!

Not wanting to scare your fellow freelancers any more than they already are, you try to re-hide the graffiti with the vines. And that's when you notice the writing to the side of the painting. You translate the words: "There is Always Hope." A large gray box, camouflaged by the color of the wall, sits just below on the ground.

You hesitantly peek into the box and see a magnificent shield. It must have been hidden here to help you—specifically you—protect your friends from any hideous humans or other monsters in this dungeon! There is always hope indeed!

Gain story card S-61, Protector's Shield from the story deck.

## 4105

You drop down on all fours and crawl across the dungeon floor, scouting ahead for your adventuring party. Quiet as a mouse, you make no sound. And even though they don't say it, you can tell that the others are quite impressed. You disarm a rope trap on the eastern side of the hallway and come upon an overturned cart.

A wooden barrel lays in the cart with a large hole in its side. Green lentils pour out as you gently roll it with your hand. You pocket the lentils and crawl forward a few feet more and find a dead dwarf wearing chain mail with a missing left sleeve. A freelancer! The corpse is old but you notice the large puncture wound in its back.

You are searching the dead freelancer's body when you

again hear the loud scraping noise coming from up ahead where the corridor veers to the right. You squint your eyes and scoot a little closer to see what is making the sound.

A large, hulking shadow appears from around the bend, swaying side to side, but not moving any closer. And you hear the soft sounds of someone crying and that same unnerving slurping noise. The shape passes you by, moving down another hallway, and you quickly return to the party to report what you saw.

Supplies 💍+1.
Treasure 🕮+1.

## 4106

Glittering treasure catches your eye as you walk down the corridor. But alas that glittering goodness sits beyond a large metal gate. You can't really make out what it is, but all you know is that you want it more than you've wanted anything in your entire life. You do a few jumping jacks to get the blood flowing through your arms before grabbing the bars and lifting up. And you continue lifting, and lifting, but the dumb thing doesn't actually budge. Not even an inch.

You hear the others snickering and that rankles. You probably shouldn't have bragged about benching eight-hundred easy. Choose 1:

- Reach through the bars. go to 4106-1
- Act like you were just stretching. go to 4106-2

**4106-1** Some of the loot doesn't look that far away so you reach in with your right arm and stretch as far as you can. Your wriggling fingers grasp for something good.

And that's when you hear the faint beeping noise coming from inside the gated room.

Beep. Beep. Beeeeeep.

A large metal wall falls from the ceiling and separates your reaching arm from the rest of your body.

"Hey! My arm!" you yell at the rude wall. "I was using that!" Schala rushes over to help bandage you up. The wound doesn't hurt as bad as you'd expect and for some reason you just can't stop feeling disappointed that you didn't get that untold wealth.

Cookie walks up chuckling and smacks your back. "The dungeon rats will be eatin' well tonight, won't they? I've always heard they love FINGER sandwiches! Do ye get it? Because I don't."

Wound  $\mathbb{A}+1$ .

Gain the title: New Southpaw @.

**4106-2** "And that's my stretching for the day," you announce before turning to face the others, rolling your shoulders to really sell the part. "Yeah it looked like I was working my biceps, but that was actually great for the whole body. Helps with... balance. Y'know?"

They do not.

Influence 23-3.

## 4107

Glittering treasure catches your eye as you walk down the corridor. But alas that glittering goodness sits beyond a large metal gate. You can't really make out what it is, but all you know is that you want it more than you've wanted anything in your entire life. Flexing your arms, you strut up to the gate and after kissing each of your biceps, you reach down with one arm and wrench the gate up. Easy-peasy, chicken squeezey.

"Jackpot," you whisper as you behold the wealth you've uncovered.

Draw 6 cards from the treasure (2) deck. Pick 2 to keep.

You may then offer the 4 remaining cards to other players. It is reasonable to expect them to plead their case for each one. Feel free to take bribes. It's the freelancer way.

# 4108

You spot a ruby-colored chest in a dark corner and approach it greedily, imagining all of the wealth it must hold.

As you grab ahold of the lid, you hear a raspy voice from within bark, "Go away!"

"No! Gimme your treasure," you respond.

"Treasure? I don't have any treasure."

"You're a treasure chest, of course you do."

"I'm not a treasure chest. I'm hiding inside of here, you doofus!" Confused, you take a step back.

"You're not a talking treasure chest?" you ask.

"Of course not! Whoever heard of such nonsense? I'm a freelancer hiding from the scary monster who murdered my friends!"

### Choose 1:

- · Believe them. go to 4108-1
- · This treasure chest is a liar. go to 4108-4

**4108-1** "What kind of monster are we talking about here?" you ask glancing back nervously at the shadows in the halls behind you.

"You haven't seen it? It's huge. Fifteen—no, twenty feet tall! Bright blue crystal shell with huge, bumpy pinchers. And a long, curly tail with a sharp spike at the end that it keeps stabbing things with. It stabbed poor Roy-Roy in the back and sucked out his innards! And he needed those!"

You gulp. "That doesn't sound good."

"It's not! Roy-Roy was our best fighter," the chest yells. "We're all doomed!"

### Choose 1:

- Convince the freelancer to come out. go to 4108-2
- Tell the freelancer to keep hiding. go to 4108-3

4108-2 "You don't need to hide anymore. We have Count Rizzotto the Thirty-Fifth or something, Frilled Lizard of Some Spokes, Protector of One Color of Mountains but Not the Other. He punched a weasel once. He'll avenge Roy-Roy and protect you!"

The chest opens a crack and you see a big blue eye peeking out at you.

"I can come with you? For real?" they whisper.

"For real-real," you assure them.

The chest opens up, and out comes a figure with a dark cloak covering their entire body, from their head down to, what you assume, are their toes. You try to sneak a peep at their face but they crouch down and hide behind your back.

"I'm just gonna stay in the back... so I can run if I need to," a voice says nervously, and you hear them follow you back to the group.

Gain story card S-26, Mysterious Stranger from the story deck.

**4108.3** "I don't want my innards sucked out!" you tell the chest. "I like them where they are! Is there room for two in that chest?"

"You wish. This is my hiding spot! Find your own, dummy!"
"C'mon! It's a big chest. Surely you can toss something out and make room?" you plead.

The chest opens up a crack and they toss a bag out and slam the lid shut again. They're silent for a few seconds before replying. "Nope. Still not enough room. Now go away." "Oh, I got what I wanted," you assure them, and stomp away.

Treasure ##+1.
Luck +1.

**4108-4** "Nice trick, treasure chest. But I'm not falling for that again. Now open up!" You begin knocking loudly on the lid. "Stop it!" the voice yells. "You'll attract the beast!"

"I'll stop when you give me some treasure!" You start kicking and shaking the chest too, until finally a gnome pops out and throws a coin at your face.

"You're an idiot!" she yells as she crouches back in the chest and pulls the lid closed behind her.

"Yeah, well this idiot has a brand new shiny coin." From the shadows of the twisting passageway ahead you, you hear loud metallic scraping, now drawing closer.

Gold Q+1.

## 4109

The metallic scraping echoes around you, as a looming shadow edges closer to your party from the far end of the corridor.

You take a deep breath and call out to the shadows, "H-h-hello? Who's goes there?"

The large shadow doesn't acknowledge you and rocks back and forth as it advances.

"Hey! We just wanna talk. We mean you no harm and hope that you extend us the same courtesy."

A low moan emits from the shadow's direction.

"What was that?" you ask. "Sorry, I can't understand you. Let me get closer." As you take a step forward you accidentally kick a punctured bucket and it goes flying against the wall, bounces, and hits the large shadow creature.

It lets out a high-pitched squeal followed by a shrieking roar. "Ye really screwed yerself on that one," Cookie says, too cheerfully.

"Alright, buddy," you call to the towering shape. "Didn't anyone ever tell you that it's rude to ignore people?" You pick up a dented metal shield and toss it at the wall. Again, it bounces and hits the creature, who squeals once more and takes a step away. "Alright everyone! Let's speak a language this thing can understand." And you all begin throwing any and everything you can find at the wall, watching objects bounce back and hit the creature, until it turns heel and scuttles off away from your group.

"Oh my goodness!" gasps Schala with relief. "When you said you were going to talk to the creature I thought you'd surely be eaten!"

"Well, Schala. I think you'd agree with me that this proves the old adage: words are indeed sharper than the sword."
She pats your arm and says, "Bless your poor heart."
Gain the title: the Dungeon Whisperer .
Luck +1.

# 4110

The metallic scraping echoes around you, as a looming shadow edges closer to your party from the far end of the corridor.

"I'm tired of this thing freaking us out with its creepy noises!" you yell at the group. "The time has come to end its reign of terror!"

You lead a couple of peers to confront the noisy beast headon, but when you come upon it, you realize it's far worse than you expected. The torchlight reveals that the thing's small head grazes the top of the dungeon tunnel. Its armored exterior is as blue and shiny as topaz, with a large segmented crystal shell covering its body. The creature has six large and spindly legs, three protruding from either side along with two huge, bumpy pinchers. Its unreadable cluster of black eyes look you over, and a long, curly tail rises up from behind it, a long stinger as strong as steel at its tip.

### Choose 1:

- · Attack the stabby tail. go to 4110-1
- Attack the bumpy pinchers. go to 4110-4
- Attack the eyes. go to 4110-7

410-1 You take a deep breath, pull out your weapon, and run as fast as you can towards the wall closest to the beast. Your speed carries you halfway up the wall and you lean your body back to complete what you are sure will be an awesome backflip onto the creature's tail.

Make an agility 🗑 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 💸?

- · Yes go to 4110-2
- No go to 4110-3

410-2 You flip over and land on the tail, just as you planned! You wish you could see the look on your fellow freelancers' faces. The barb on the tail tries to bend your way, coming near your face, but you're too fast. You easily smack it away before lifting up your weapon and severing the tail in half. Green blood squirts everywhere, but mostly your face.

The beast lets out a horrible squeal, reels back onto its back legs, and throws you off, before retreating down a side tunnel. Its loud screeches of pain echo as it scuttles away, leaving a trail of nastiness behind it. Your peers look at you with their mouths agape and one-by-one give polite golf-claps. "Excellent form," says Count Rizzotto approvingly.

Gain the title: Big, Bold, and Beautiful (a). Influence \*+7.

Count Rizzotto tips his servants.

410-3 You forgot that you aren't in the slightest bit flexible and land on your back, right in front of the beast.

It lifts its tail and stabs the follower that was standing right next to you through the torso with its barb. Everyone screams as the beast pulls away its tail and a long dark tube zips out from its mandibles and wriggles into the gaping cavity in your follower's chest.

The follower's eyes roll back and their knees buckle and the beast flees down a side tunnel with its prize. You hear the sounds of hideous slurping echoing in the distance. Luckily the hideous death of a companion has made everyone forget about the failed backflip.

Gain the title: Back-Flopper .

Follower (23-1. If you do not have one, choose another player who has 1 or more followers (23), if able. That player loses 1 follower (23).

4110-4 You raise your weapon and run at the beast, making sure to run all serpentine-like so that it can't track your movement. Indeed, it seems confused as you quickly advance in a tightly-formed S down the narrow hallway. Make a smarts 
check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 袋?

- Yes go to 4110-5
- · No go to 4110-6

410-5 Your movements cause great confusion with the creature as it grabs and stabs at empty air, giving you time to reach its pinchers before it can realize you're right atop it. You hack at the right pincher, which honestly doesn't do much, but it seems to startle the beast. It takes a step back with all six legs before swinging at you from the left. You raise your weapon and catch the pincher in the tender middle, slicing the claw in two.

The blue beast squeals and scuttles backward down a side hall. You throw back your head and howl in triumph as everyone else applauds appreciatively.

"Stunning display!" gasps Count Rizzotto.

Gain the title: Big, Bold, and Beautiful 💩.

Influence 💝+7.

Count Rizzotto tips his servants.

410-6 You realize you have made an error when the monster knocks your weapon from your hand and you trip and go sprawling to the hard ground. You've once again mistaken an 'S' for an 'L'. No wonder running serpentine didn't work! You scream for help as the creature scuttles closer and lifts its tail menacingly.

But something about your ear-piercing soprano screams resonates poorly with the beast, and its cluster of eyes tremble in agitation. Then, without warning, it turns and flees down a side passage. You stand up and wipe the dust off your armor, grinning as your companions give you mocking golf-claps.

"I've never seen cowardice pay off so well," laughs Count Rizzotto.

Wound  $\mathcal{A}+1$ .

Gain the title: the Shrieking Soprano @.

**410-7** "Attack the eyes!" you yell as you raise your weapon and rush towards the fiend. As the beast turns its body to meet you, you raise your weapon and swing it at the grotesque cluster of glistening orbs.

Make a might  $\otimes$  check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

- Yes go to 4110-8
- No go to 4110-9

**410-8** You gash the eyes, unleashing a torrent of green goo that splatters everywhere, but mostly on your crotch. The monster lets out a grotesque squealing sound, and after staggering backward, quickly scuttles away down a side passage.

"Huh, well that was easy," you say.

"Well done!" cheers Count Rizzotto. "Remind when we return and I'll have my servants treat the stain on those trousers."

Count Rizzotto tips his servants.

Gain the title: Big, Bold, and Beautiful **(a)**. Influence **(2)**+7.

410-9 You fling your weapon as hard as you can and it misses, and sticks in the ceiling. How did you miss quite so badly? "Oh nuts," you curse as the monster lunges for you, and you close your eyes in anticipation of your death. But death doesn't come. You open your eyes to see the massive beast slumped in death, its high head impaled upon your weapon. Count Rizzotto shrugs in disbelief. "Victory through incompetence! I suppose fortune must occasionally smile upon the lowborn from time to time."

## 4111

Gain the title: Accidental Slaying Machine @.

Schala follows behind as you sneak up to the hulking shadow which keeps making scraping sounds against the walls and ceiling. You motion for her to remain quiet as you both peek around the corner and see a massive beast with a small head that grazes the top of the dungeon tunnel. Its armored carapace is as blue and shiny as topaz, and it has six large and spindly legs, three protruding from either side. A large stinger sits at the end of its long, curled tail, and two huge, bumpy pinchers protrude from its front. And in between those pinchers it holds a sack of grains, its clustered eyes examining the bag and shaking it.

Hunched down behind one of the creature's back legs, you see a lanky stilt-kin doing its best to blend into the wall.
Schala gasps and you turn to shush her.

"The stilt-kin is no danger," she whispers. "The beast only craves the fleshy insides of beings such as us. It might even view the stilt-kin as one of its own kind."

You turn back toward the beast and get the stilt-kin's attention by waving your arms and beckoning them to come towards you. It takes several minutes of fierce hand movements before the stilt-kin agrees to move towards you, its body trembling with fear.

Gain the title: the Rescuer 💩.

Next - go to 4111-1

4111-1 You and Schala lead the scared stilt-kin over to the rest of your party and she gives a description of the monster—a thing she calls a scorpo-hound—to the rest of your party. "As long as we stay in this lit corridor and stay quiet, it won't be able to find us," she informs you. "It can only see in the dark and if we don't move it'll look for food somewhere else." Your party agrees to trust Schala and you sit quietly in the room, waiting for the beast to move on.

Spend 1 time. If you draw a follower token this way, discard it from the bag immediately instead of resolving it.

Each player may perform a camp action.

Does any player have any of the following titles: 'The Dungeon Whisperer', 'Big, Bold, and Beautiful', 'The Rescuer', 'Back-Flopper', 'The Shrieking Soprano', 'Accidental Slaying Machine'?

- Yes go to 4112-1
- No go to 4112-2

4112.1 The hallway where the beast had once roamed is now empty—of the beast, that is. Deep gashes in the walls show the height of the creature, and five desiccated corpses lie strewn across the path, each with large holes on various parts of their bodies.

You all exchange glances, sharing the same thought. If this is a glimpse of what awaits you in this dungeon, then you are in serious trouble.

Count Rizzotto seems unfazed as he points out overturned bags to Cookie and orders him to pick up the now ownerless cache of food. You sure hope the count is as fierce as his many titles imply.

Supplies 💍+1.

Travel on the map.

**4112-2** The hallway ahead branches off in all manner of directions. You spy deep gashes in the walls and five desiccated corpses lie strewn across the path, each with large holes on various parts of their bodies.

You all exchange glances, sharing the same thought. If this is a glimpse of what awaits you in this dungeon, then you are in serious trouble.

Count Rizzotto seems unfazed as he points out overturned bags to Cookie and orders him to pick up the now ownerless cache of food. You sure hope the count is as fierce as his many titles imply.

Supplies 💍+1.

Travel on the map.

# 4501

Not wanting to squish any innocent mushrooms, you channel your inner donkey. Steadfast and strong, you choose your footing carefully and work your way across the cavern. The mushroom folk hold their breath as you approach, but let out a deep, sporey sigh of relief as you pass them by without incident.

When you get to the other side of the cavern, you hear what sounds like cheering from tiny little creatures. Or it could just be the wind blowing. Either way, you feel good and know that if your mother was alive she'd be proud. She was half donkey after all.

Influence 🗳+3. Luck 🌖+1.

# 4502

You notice a small, moss-covered ledge that runs the perimeter of the cavern. Scant few mushrooms grow there so you guess it an easy way to cross the cavern without incident. The ledge does prove to be a good pathway, but halfway around you notice some trampled mushrooms. Next to them lies a small satchel. You excitedly reach down to pick up the bag and that's when you see the remains of the satchel owner.

A small gnome lays next to the ledge, dead as a doorknob, her body partially covered in red moss and tiny bite marks. Sprouting from the wounds are wee mushrooms, one of whom opens its eyes before giving you a playing wink and running off.

Wide-eyed and more than a little scared, you take the satchel and continue on your way.

Treasure ##+1.

# 4503

Crouching down next to a group of the tiny mushroom-folk, you attempt to talk with them.

"Well met, my small friends," you say, bowing in a gesture of good will. The sporelings look at each other excitedly and mimic your gestures. Several of them jump up and down and start climbing up your legs. Wearing big smiles, their movements don't seem threatening. You wait motionless to see what they're planning. Hopefully they don't crawl in your ears. You have a thing about that.

A dozen of them make it to your right pocket and climb right inside. It tickles and you give a giggle. A moment later they all reappear again and work together to carry out one of your possessions.

"No, no," you say gently. "I need that." But when you try to remove it from their tiny hands they all fall silent, stop moving, and glare at you. A tiny hissing sound comes from their mouths. "Um, you know what? Take it. It's a gift."

They all giggle and resume carrying away your treasure.

Treasure ##-1.

# 4504

You wave at a cool-looking young sporeling who is wearing a gold medallion with an embedded round ruby. It nods and beckons for you to come over, which you do. You find a comfy spot in the moss to sit and chill with the shroom, just vibing with each other.

It points to another mushroom with a tall cap, looks at you and moves its stubby fingers around his temple. You get it. It's saying the other mushroom is crazy. Laughing, you point at Cookie, the camp chef and make the same gesture.

Your new mushroom buddy laughs. It nods again at you and pulls off the ruby medallion and hands it to you.

"For me?" you ask.

It gives you the thumbs up and you clasp it around your wrist. You point at a bumpy mushroom close to you and make a gagging motion.

Your new best friend stops smiling, stands up and shakes its head at you in disappointment. It walks over to the bumpy mushroom, wraps its stubby mushroom arm around them and walks away without looking back.

Harsh

Search the treasure adeck for T-61 or T-62, Flaming Augment.

The sporelings welcome your adventuring group and ask that you please not step on them or their infrastructure. You agree and thank them for their hospitality. And, hold up now, you UNDERSTAND them. Looks like that half a semester at Southern Spokes Community College is finally paying off! You have a nice conversation with a small group of mushroom folk about your ambitious goal to get to the bottom of the dungeon and they all seem very concerned for your wellbeing. They implore you to join them for their Good Tidings Ceremony.

Is another player on Action 7?

- Yes go to 4505-1
- No go to 4505-2

**4505-1** You graciously decline and explain that you're feeling tired and don't want to dishonor them by falling asleep during an important event. This concerns the sporelings even more, and they lead you to a soft bed of moss where you can rest.

Move your standee to Action 6.
Gain the title: Mush Mouthed 💩.

**4505-2** You graciously accept their offer. The worried look on all their faces has, in turn, made you worry.

Move your standee to Action 7. Gain the title: the Fun Guy 💩.

# 4506

If anyone ever bothered to ask you what your favorite food is you would have one answer. mushrooms. From the time you could eat solids, you'd cram mushrooms in your piehole every chance you got. And this temptation you feel right now... it's too much.

Glancing around to make sure nobody is watching, you quickly reach down, pick a mushroom house up and toss it in your mouth. And then another. You're not a monster of course, and shake each one first to make sure no one's inside. But as you're swallowing the delicious fungi, a little sporeling walks up to where one of the houses used to be and looks up at you. They start squeaking and gyrating and causing a bit of a commotion. Nobody has noticed...yet.

Do you eat it?

- · Yes go to 4506-1
- No go to 4506-2

**4506.1** You have no choice. If this sporeling doesn't quiet down soon, everyone will know what you did. So you pop it in your mouth and it finally shuts up.

Heal 1 HP **③**. Supplies △+1.

**4506-2** You let the little sporeling run off and tattle. It's a little mushroom, what is the worst that could happen? With that, you shrug, and grab a few more houses for the road.

Supplies 💍 +2.

Gain the title: the Devourer @.

# 4507

A loud squealing noise echoes through the chamber, followed by the sounds of thundering hooves. Everyone looks towards the tunnel your group came from as the squeals get louder. From the darkness appears a small boar with green, bristly hair and large tusks jutting straight out from its snout. Standing below it are two smaller boars with the same spiky green hair, presumably babies, and, well, like all baby pigs, they're pretty cute. The sporelings around you go into panic mode and attempt to burrow themselves under the moss.

Are you an imp?

- Yes go to 4507-1
- No go to 4507-2

**4507-1** You'd recognize these green beasties anywhere. They're called underhogs and they love two things: digging and truffles. Which means these mushroom folk are in a heap of trouble. Or would be if you weren't there. You run over to Count Rizzotto and start fumbling at his jacket. At first he's excited when your hand reaches into his pockets, but then he gets huffy when you pull out his favorite bottle of rose perfume.

"I say, that costs more than your skin!" he protests. His eyes go wide as you toss the glass bottle right at the hogs. It breaks and the liquid explodes onto the pigs and all over the tunnel.

The hogs all let out angry squeals and paw at their snouts before turning and running away from the mushroom chamber.

Underhogs do not like floral scents, something you learned as a young imp helping your grandpappy in the garden. Count Rizzotto quickly gets over the loss of his favorite perfume and pats you on the back for a job well done.

Count Rizzotto tips his servants.

Gain the title: Pig Perfumer @.

**4507-2** Never one to turn down the opportunity to be a hero, you decide to handle this pig problem yourself and save the sporelings.

You confidently take a step towards the group of boars, which causes them to turn and focus their attention on you.

Choose 1:

- Attack go to 4507-3
- Yell go to 4507-4

4507-3 Without hesitating, you draw your weapon and run straight at the beasts. They weren't expecting your quick approach and squeal in fright as they turn to retreat. When you are mere steps away from them, you notice just how small they are. Which allows you to quickly catch up before they escape, and kick out with your dominant foot. Your kick sends the smallest baby pig flying down the tunnel and away from the mushroom chamber.

"Score!" you yell as you turn to your fellow freelancers and do a victory dance. They don't seem as thrilled as you are and give a half-hearted clap. Some even shake their heads disapprovingly. Whatever. You're a hero.

Gain the title: Pig Punter @.

### 4508-4702

4507-4 "Get out of here!" you holler at the pigs. "Go! Get!"
The biggest pig snorts and takes a step towards you.
"No!" you admonish her. "Not another step. Shoo! Get!" You lift your arms and stand on your toes to make yourself look big and scary and take several large, exaggerated steps towards her. "I said shooooooo! Shoooooo!"

You begin flapping your arms and clucking your tongue. You feel intimidating and strong. The boar family picks up on your energy and starts backing down the tunnel, in the direction they came from.

"That's right! Shoo!" You jump toward the pigs and they turn on their heels and run away. Huzzah! You've done it!

You turn to see your fellow freelancers exchanging awkward glances at each other. You realize they never even saw the underhogs.

"That certainly was interesting!" Count Rizzotto mutters. "Oh the curious life of the poors!"

Will ∰+1.

Influence 2 -3.

## 4508

Does anyone have the title: the Devourer?

- Yes go to 4508-1
- No go to 4508-5

**4508:1** The mushroom folk lead you to the edge of a slow-moving spring, fed by deep waters that come up from below. Several small and elderly-looking sporelings sit at the edge of the water, looking down upon their reflections.

But then, suddenly, a small sporeling rushes into view and interrupts the proceedings. The creature turns and points at you, before issuing an astonishing torrent of spores.

The other sporelings turn to look at you, and leap forward. Make a weapon check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 💸?

- · Yes go to 4508-2
- No go to 4508-3
- Who cares? My weapon has the fire & trait. go to 4508-4

**4508-2** It turns out that the tiny mushroom people are not terribly adept fighters. You feel bad slicing through them one after another despite it being self-defense. After each and every one of them is slaughtered, you flee the scene, leaving no witnesses.

Gain the title: Ender of Many @.

**4508:3** It turns out that the tiny mushroom people are not terribly adept fighters.

And neither are you.

You feel bad slicing through them one after another despite it being self-defense. Not for any moral reasons. No, you feel bad because you are covered in mushroom bites.

After each and every one of them is slaughtered, you limp away from the scene, leaving no witnesses.

Wound  $\mathbb{A}+1$ .

Gain the title: Ender of Many @

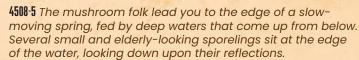
**4508-4** It turns out that the tiny mushroom people are not terribly adept fighters.

Your weapon blazes and lights the cavern with fire. You feel bad frying the shroom-folk one after another despite it being self-defense.

After each and every one of them is cooked, you flee the scene leaving no witnesses, but keeping a few as snacks.

Supplies 💍+1.

Gain the title: Ender of Many @



You take a seat next to one particularly wise-looking mushroom, and watch as one after another sporeling peels off part of their own skin with a rather large paring knife. They let the chunks fall into the pool, then pass the knife around. You shrug when the knife gets handed to you and use the blade to scrape off a chunk of your arm hair, making sure to get some of the flaky dry skin beneath as well, and let it fall into the pool of water. Once everyone contributes to the pool, the sporelings reach down and take a sip. Not wanting to be rude, you partake in the skin-water.

Immediately after swallowing, your reflection in the pool changes and you behold a queer vision. You see fleshy horrors you assume are humans. You see a black key of wrought iron, shaped like a skeleton, and then you behold a vision of yourself, with eyes wide in terror as a towering, skeletal monstrosity with majestic horns bites down onto your head. The horrifying sight snaps you out of your stupor and you turn away from the pool, your mouth extremely dry. After wetting your whistle with some diet tea and composing yourself, you recount your vision to the others.

Cookie scolds you regarding the dangers of eating flesh from the living, but Count Rizzotto seems very interested in the key you describe and asks a servant to draw a picture of it in his journal.

Stress (1)+1.
Smarts (2)+1.

# 4509

You make your way out of town, and as you do you notice you are being followed. First by one sporeling, and then another. Soon a small army follows in your wake. Their disposition hard to read due to their alien nature. The sporelings follow your party as you leave their mossy chamber to continue your descent into the dungeon.

When the mossy floor turns back to hardened clay, the mushroom folk start climbing on top of each other behind you, creating a shroom wall, thus sealing your party out of their home.

"Fascinating," says Count Rizzotto as he pokes at the wall of fungus. A low rumble causes the tunnel you're in to tremble slightly, and from the mushroom wall comes a low, humming noise.

Does any player have either title: Mush Mouthed or the Fun Guy?

- Yes go to 4509-1
- No go to 4509-2

**4509-1** Does anyone have the title: the Devourer?

- Yes go to 4509-2
- No go to 4509-3

**4509-2** The sporelings continue to make odd noises in unison, but you can't make out what they're saying. Despite your persistent poking and prodding at their tiny little squishy bodies, the wall doesn't move. The mushroom folk are clearly over you.

"Fascinating but dumb," sighs Count Rizzotto after giving one last pinch at the wall of shrooms. "Bored now. Very well, this dungeon isn't going to explore itself! Downward and deeper, I say. Chop-chop!" And with a twirl of his red cape, Count Rizzotto marches into the tunnel.

The Bookkeeper may close the location book.

Travel on the map.

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### 4509-3 The following is for that player:

The sporelings begin to sing, their tiny mouths moving in unison. And you are delighted to find you understand them. They chant:

From the depths it comes with fury,

One thousand eons it can wait;

Once it sees you, better hurry,

The befouled beast won't hesitate!

To crush your bones and eat your flesh,

To climb up to the world above,

All life it craves to now enmesh,

And bring an end to life and love.

"Cheery," says Count Rizzotto sourly after you translate the words. "Forgive me if I place little stock in a talking snack. They're just trying to detour us from getting all the treasure and fame! Probably want it for themselves. No matter! On we go!" The count turns and leads your party down the tunnel, confident in his steps, and begins dictating to one of his servants who scribbles in a book. "Despite the lazy attempts of dungeon dwellers to mislead my good self, I, Count Rizzotto, continued down into the dark dungeon..."

The Bookkeeper may close the location book. Travel on the map.

### 4701

You stand in front of a mirror that doesn't suit you at all, seeing as it is shaped for a much larger and differently-shaped monster than yourself. You see yourself with far more clarity than normal and aren't sure you care for it.

"Dreadful," agrees Count Rizzotto, coming up behind you and staring at your reflection.

Make a will a check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🐉?

- Yes go to 4701-1
- No go to 4701-2

47011 "You're being unnecessarily rude!" you snap at him. "I didn't ask for any opinion as to my appearance."

"Oh good gracious, I wasn't referring to you," he says with a roll of his eyes. "Look! I've smudged my frill. And I had a mind to call on the Bently-Smythes after this! Whatever would Lucinda think? No, my plans are ruined. You? You look..."—and he stares at you, nodding his head, and you can see the gears turning behind his eyes as he desperately thinks of something to say—"...like you haven't been stung by bees." "You're too kind," you growl.

"Not at all! Chin up, old sport!" and he merrily walks away. Luck 🕲 +1.

Count Rizzotto tips his servants.

Lock (7) Action 3.

4701-2 "You're a meany pants!" you cry, lips trembling with hurt. "Oh?" The count seems genuinely surprised by the accusation. "Oh, well, apologies to you, I thought you already knew." He makes a show of fussing at his retinue before awkwardly going somewhere else.

Count Rizzotto tips his servants.

Lock (7) Action 3.

# 4702

You struggle to open any of the lockers, but soon discover that lockers, well, lock. So you fall back upon your vast array of skills and knowledge and do what you know best. You start punching them.

Make a might 🖄 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

- · Yes go to 4702-1
- · No go to 4702-2

4702-1 You punch a locker and, though it hurts, dent it considerably. The damage is enough to allow you to pry the metal door open and take the contents for yourself. There is a fancy personal belonging and a brown-bagged lunch with the name 'Steve' written on it.

Treasure #+1.

Supplies \(\bigcircle{\infty} +1.\)

Lock ( Action 3.

**4702.2** You spend a few minutes punching the lockers but earn little more than bloody knuckles. When you finally sigh in resignation, you turn and see Grunko, Son of Grung has been watching you the whole time.

"Just gawking?" you snap. "Care to help?"

"Thank you, no," he says earnestly, and turns away.

Stress (1)+1.

Influence 👺-1.

Lock ( Action 3.

Check your map. When did your party enter the dungeon?

- First go to 4703-1
- Thirty-third go to 4703-2
- Sixty-second go to 4703-3
- Seventy-fifth go to 4703-4

**4703.1** An ancient elf corpse lies against a wall. Judging by its gear, you assume it was a freelancer from last year's delve. You search the corpse, not expecting to find much.

Indeed you all find is a note pinned to the unfortunate elf that reads, 'Dead Elf. Do not eat.'

You shrug and turn the note over to find a much more useful scribble. It seems to have been written on the remains of some sort of map, with a few obstacles and traps noted. Risk  $\triangle$ -1.

Have the Cartographer draw something on the map at space 85 to remind you that there is some sort of danger there.

Lock (1) Action 3.

**4703-2** You look at a corpse that lies against a wall. The face is haggard but it looks otherwise fresh. Then you scrunch up your eyes and notice the gore caked on it looks more like a delicious condiment of some sort.

"I say, are you faking death?" you ask the corpse.

They open their eyes and give a sheepish grin. It would seem this lost freelancer has been hiding here for over a day, feigning death to avoid the attention of monsters using the facilities. The rest of their party are dead, and they are only too eager to sign on with your more successful group. They also bring with them a box of ketchup packets, now greatly depleted by the famished adventurer.

Follower (23+1. Supplies (25+1. Lock (27) Action 3.

4703-3 You look at a corpse that lies against a wall. The face is haggard and lean but it looks otherwise fresh. Then you scrunch up your eyes and notice the gore caked on it looks more like a delicious condiment of some sort.

"I say, are you faking death?" you ask the corpse.

They open their eyes and give a sheepish grin. It would seem this lost freelancer has been hiding here for two days, feigning death to avoid the attention of monsters using the facilities. The rest of their party are dead, and they are only too eager to sign on with your more successful group. They ask if you have any food, as they have had nothing to eat but ketchup packets all this time.

"No," snaps Count Rizzotto.

Follower (23+1. Lock (3) Action 3.

**4703-4** You look at a corpse that lies against a wall. The face is haggard and starved but looks otherwise fresh. It is surrounded by the remnants of torn open ketchup packets, each sucked dry.

"Poor thing," you mutter. "It looks like they starved to death. Oh well." You relieve the body of its valuables.

Treasure ##+2.
Lock (\*) Action 3.

## 4704

Is there a lock (?) token on this action?

- Yes go to 4704-1
- No go to 4704-2

47041 You grimace as you hear the sound of a trap triggering and you drop into a crouch, prepared to spring away. But the saw blade that emerges from a nearby wall jerks to a halt, and its spinning winds down with an unhealthy whine. It is broken, which is fortunate since you weren't expecting it from that direction.

"Oh man, this is my lucky day," you say.

And it is.

No one else helped.

Luck @+1.

4704-2 You hear a sound similar to what came before the count's toady was sliced in half a few minutes ago.
"Out of the way!" you cry, pushing others out of the way.
Another round saw blade slices up from the floor and you attempt to dodge it.

Make an agility a check.

Is the result equal to higher than the current threat 💸?

- · Yes go to 4704-3
- No go to 4704-4

**4704·3** You successfully dodge the blade and, having identified the sound it makes before triggering, help the others avoid the same trap as well.

"No need to thank me!" Count Rizzotto says, placing a friendly hand on your shoulder.

"Thank you?" you ask.

"No! I said there was no need." He chuckles, before turning to one of his servants. "Norman, please make note of how profusely this one thanked me after I shoved him out of the way of that devious trap."

Gain the title: the Thankful 💩.

Choose one:

- Sense +1.
- Agility 🗑+1.

**4704-4** You dance to the side, and look at the others in shock. "I did it! Right? Did I do it?"

That's when you feel the searing pain in your backside and the warm rush of blood.

"Oh, matey," says Cookie sorrowfully. "Ye gone and lost yer hindquarters."

Wound A+1.

Gain the title: Wearer of Assless Chaps @.

Is there a lock (7) token on this action?

- Yes go to 4705-1
- · No go to 4705-2

4705-1 You step on a loose stone and hear a loud click. You wince for a moment, but nothing happens. Everyone gives a sigh of relief.
Luck 🐠 + 1.

**4705-2** You step on a loose stone and hear a loud click. Suddenly, some sort of alarm begins to screech and the lights in the room start to flash.

The exit to the room darkens as a squad of heavy machines covered in blades and shining black armor trundle into the room, blocking the exit.

"What are those!?" you gasp.

"BREAK TIME IS OVER!" they grind back at you.

Set Dial A to 3.

Lock ( Action 5.

# 4706

"I'm going to look for water!" you call to the others, then turn and immediately see the sink that sits against the wall next to you. "Oh. I found water!" you call to the others.

Supplies \(^{\text{State}}\_{+1}\).

### 4707

You figure a break room should have food, so you take your time, opening cabinets and looking everywhere. As expected, you find a brown bag lunch with the name 'Darngle' written on it, hidden behind a box of straws.

"Sorry, Darngle," you say and reach for the bag. But you pause, and think of poor Darngle, out there, putting in a hard day's work of being a nuisance in a dungeon, and you imagine them returning, really in need of a good lunch.

Do you take the lunch?

- Yes go to 4707-1
- No go to 4707-2

47071 "Finders keepers," you whisper, figuring it's just as likely that Darngle is already dead, slain by some marauding freelancer. The lunch is mostly a large wedge of finely aged cheese which you enjoy immensely, blissfully unaware that 'darngle' is monster for 'rat laxative.'

Supplies  $\bigcirc +1$ .
Stress  $\bigcirc +1$ .

Spend 1 time.

4707-2 You leave the brown bag alone and spend a couple minutes more poking around. You don't find much more than a box of pickle relish packets, which isn't great, but you figure anything you can put on Cookie's food is a real boon.

Supplies 💍 +1.

# 4708

Is Dial A still set to 0?

- Yes go to 4708-1
- · No go to 4708-4

4708-1 Does any player have the title: Key Partier?

- Yes go to 4708-2
- No go to 4708-3

**4708-2** "Let's get out o' here!" Cookie says, and you are all forced to concur, hurrying on to what you hope are less deadly portions of the dungeon.

The Bookkeeper may close the location book.

Travel on the map.

4708-3 You eagerly hope to move on when Schala points to a cork board that hangs on the wall by the exit. Next to numerous pamphlets on employment law and workplace safety is a large key of black iron hanging on a thumbtack. "Good gracious, that looks out of place," says Count Rizzotto. Indeed, the key is shaped like a skeleton making a rather rude gesture. "Very coarse," says the count, "but very old. This looks important." You agree with him and one of you pockets the strange item.

The player with the most influence 😭 gains the title: Key Partier 🙆.

The Bookkeeper may close the location book. Travel on the map.

**4708-4** Massive kill machines block the exits. The automatons press in on you, repeating, "BREAK'S OVER. BREAK'S OVER. BACK TO WORK."

Then they lash out at you violently, and the damage is devastating.

The player with the highest influence 😭 chooses a number of players equal to Dial A. All chosen players must discard 1 follower 👸 and gain 1 wound 🥋.

If the choosing player did not choose themselves, they then lose influence 👺 -3.

Remove any lock 🕤 tokens from Action 6.

Next - go to 4708-5

4708-5 Begin a new round on this page.

# **HEROES & HORRORS**

Before you begin play, make sure the Cartographer has Map E. Have each player read their job backgrounds in whatever order they choose, filling in the blanks with the corresponding prompts from the species sheet.

# INTRODUCTION

Adventurers across the whole of the wheel whisper about the ancient lich, Cryptech, and his legendary Crypt of Terror. For centuries, the undead warlock has lured freelancers to their doom by talking to them through strange, black mirrors. Your band has just come into possession of one such mirror, and the general consensus is that it marks a change for the better in the party's fortunes. Sure, a wise person would sell the black mirror, or throw it away. Bury it in salted earth and be done forever! Few have returned from the Crypt of Terror, and none having bested Cryptech himself. But that just means you'll become proper legends when you all do what

There's no question you will succeed where others have failed. Why? Well for one, you are special. This is your story and everyone else is just here to support your story. But more importantly, you have a lead...

no one else could and return with the lich's head.

Yes, you've tracked down Roseynose, a retired dwarf who once escaped the legendary crypt with her life barely intact. The next entry is for the player with the highest influence W. Next - go to INTRO-1

INTRO-1 You lead the party to Roseynose's apartment, but grow frustrated when the dwarf is of less help than you had hoped. She seems distant, her eyes sunken, as if the things she encountered on her adventures have left her hollowed. "Can't we just buy your old map?" you ask her, but she shakes her blue, bearded face.

"I already gave my map to someone else," she says sadly. "Shouldn't have done it, but I needed the coin. Best to have burned it so none could follow after."

"Someone else?" you groan. "Well that's it then! No point even trying. Now someone else will get there first and hog all the glory. Who was it anyway?"

"It was some hound with golden fur. I think someone called them DevonHund?"

"Oh no," groans Schala as the rest of you stare at each other angrily. DevonHund! Of course it had to be DevonHund! "Who's DevonHund?" Cookie whispers to Schala.

"He's this, uh, freelancer, who everyone thinks is the best... um, except this lot," she whispers back. "They're kinda weird about it. I'm afraid this isn't going to go well."

"It's settled then," you say to your friends. "We have no choice but to try to beat DevonHund and his party to the crypt. No more living in their shadows!" There is angry agreement. "There must be something you can tell us," you beg the dwarf.

"It was either here or here. I really don't remember and don't want to think about it," she says as her eyes drift away.

Roseynose sighs and marks two places on your map.

Gain the title: the Nosey 💩

Have the Cartographer circle spaces 88 and 89 on the map. Your destination is one of these spaces.

Next - go to INTRO-2

INTRO-2 "That's all you can do for me?" you grouse. "DevonHund gets a full map and I get two circles?"

"Well... I can also tell you that we went through here along the way." Roseynose points to another place on the map. "There was a corrupted river here... Fording it was devastating for us." She pauses. "But our leader, Gaffrick, insisted it was better than the wastes in the north. I can't be sure if he was correct, but it is hard to imagine."

You sigh in frustration and make a note on your map. Have the Cartographer draw something on the map, to remind you space 82 is a corrupted river, and something else to remind you that space 83 is some sort of wastes.

Next - go to INTRO-3

INTRO-3 Leaving the broken dwarf, you are overcome with a mix of excitement and panicked dread. This is really happening... If you can locate the tomb and return with Cryptech's head, your names will be carved into the very pipes of the city. Your names will carry on into the forever. But if DevonHund and his band of always-do-wells get there first, you can flush your dreams down the toilet pipes.

Before you set about preparing for your journey, you all gather around to take a moment to gaze into the strange mirror. Looking back at you is the sickly face of Cryptech! "Come boys and ghouls! Come one and all to the Crypt of Terror, where you'll find scares for the whole family! Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!" His eyes spin in his boney head as he cackles mockingly. "Look for the Crypt of Terror just off the Trollway!" It says that a lot, but with DevonHund on the move, you don't have time to wonder about it more. You set about gathering supplies, as Schala gives Cookie a look and shakes her head. Have the Bookkeeper turn to page 35. Begin a round in the location book.

# MAP ICON INDEX

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### **CRYPTECH**

# **A CAMPSITE**

Go to 1 of the following entries. If you like, you may draw a tick mark next to your choice so that the next time you visit a campsite while playing this scenario, you'll know which entries you've chosen previously. Choose 1:

### **&**-1

Everyone takes a moment to rest and gaze into the strange, cracked, black mirror.

It flickers to life, and you hear Cryptech's cackle.

"Muhahaha!" His strange face then grins at you. "What do you get when you cross a witch with an igloo?" he asks.

A riddle! Hmm. You all hate riddles and think they are for sad losers. Perhaps though, you can get something from this weird lich if you can solve the puzzle?

You converse quietly, then answer. "A large, hollow witch you can sleep in. She is made of ice," you reply confidently.

"Haha! A cold spell!" he shouts. He continues to cackle until the screen goes black. You can't make heads or tails of it, but honestly it makes you feel proud, because riddles are for losers and nerds. A sense of cool sweeps over you, as cool as a witch crossed with an igloo.

All players may heal 1 stress **(a)** or discard 1 corruption **(b)**. If the party chooses to spend 1 time, all players may choose to perform 1 camp action listed on their character sheet, in influence **(b)** order.

After all camp actions have been resolved, travel on the map.

### **₽**-2

As the others set up camp, one of you takes a moment to confer with the creepy black mirror. It sparks to life and lights your face. The hideous visage of Cryptech grins at you with a lipless mouth.

"On your way to see me, don't forget to do some FRIGHT-seeing!" he says before cackling like a maniac. The screen goes black again.

"What does that mean?" you ask yourselves. You look around. Suddenly you notice a nearby solemn grave cloaked in shadow. Walking over you inspect it. You don't see a name with the marker but you do recognize the symbol of DevonHund's party.

How did the lich know?

All players may heal 1 stress ② or discard 1 corruption ③. If the party chooses to spend 1 time, all players may choose to perform 1 camp action listed on their character sheet, in influence ③ order.

After all camp actions have been resolved, travel on the map.



As the followers settle down, you all take a look at the mysterious black mirror. It flickers. Sparks. Nothing happens. You sigh, almost in relief. Then it starts once again, but through the flickering you are unable to make out what Cryptech is saying. The garbled noise passes and it goes black again.

You shudder in fear, worried it might mean DevonHund has already beheaded the lich.

"Should we set up camp?" asks Grunko, Son of Grung.

All players may heal 1 stress ① or discard 1 corruption ②.

If the party chooses to spend 1 time, all players may choose to perform 1 camp action listed on their character sheet, in influence ② order.

After all camp actions have been resolved, travel on the map.

# **DUNGEON**

Go to 1 of the following entries. If you like, you may draw a tick mark next to your choice so that the next time you visit a dungeon while playing this scenario, you'll know which entries you've chosen previously. Choose 1:

- Go to 🛍 2



If they haven't already, the players must now collectively choose someone to be the Project Manager for this dungeon. If there is any disagreement in selecting a project manager for this dungeon, it is decided by the Influence Track. The next section is for the Project Manager - go to 1-1:2

1:2 You find an interesting-looking cave tucked away in a cliffside, and decide to poke around, only to be surprised when you are jumped by some large, brown, furry monsters carrying spears.

"Forest dorgs!" you hiss. You are all led down a winding tunnel, and are shocked when it opens up into a massive cavern housing a large town. You are brought before some kind of council of fearsome dorg elders.

One of them cracks her double tail and tells you, "Hail strangers! Your coming is fortuitous, for we have formed a new government and need help. We tried authoritarianism, but we found it too bossy." And she looks accusingly at another elder who rolls his eyes. "Then we tried theocracy, but that was too boring and too bossy!" And she looks back at the other elder.

"I said I was sorry!" he grumbles.

"So now we are trying our hand at practicing democracy," she continues.

"Great!" you say. "What's that?"

"We think it's where people vote on things."

"Oh. Who?"

"Unclear. So how about you do it for us? We'll have some dorgs present you with proposed bills and you can vote whether to pass them or not. Sound good?"

"Nope."

"We'll pay you?"

"We're in!"

Next - go to @-1:3

1.3 The first forest dorg to present a bill wears spectacles and has a groovy vibe to him.

"I propose there shall be no eating of cheese on the first day of every week. That way everyone is a lot less gassy on the second day of the week."

"What about all the other days of the week?" you ask him.
"Well we can't just up and ban cheese!" he scoffs. "Use your heads!"

All players vote.

Thumbs up, pass the bill. Thumbs down, do not pass the bill. Instead of using the influence track, the Project Manager breaks all ties.

- Thumbs up go to @-1:4
- Thumbs down go to -1:11

1.4 "Very well," says the elder who spoke before. "We shall ban the eating of cheese on the first day of the week."

Another elder, a cheese-seller, gets up and walks away angrily. "It would seem we now have a surplus of cheese," the first elder tells you. "Here, have some."

Supplies 💍+1.

Next - go to -1:5

1:5 The second forest dorg to present a bill carries a briefcase and has a super-serious vibe to her.

"I propose we execute all strangers who come to our town, but only after having fed them a continental breakfast." "Present company excluded of course," the elder interjects.

"Soft on crime!" growls the presenter.

All players vote.

Thumbs up, pass the bill. Thumbs down, do not pass the bill. Instead of using the influence track, the Project Manager breaks all ties.

- Thumbs up go to 🛍 1:6
- Thumbs down go to -1:10

1:6 The presenter is ecstatic, and happily shakes your hands. You later learn she is the top supplier of guillotines and breakfast pastries in town.

"Next case!" cries the elder.

All players gain luck 🚳+1.

Next - go to 1:7

1:1 The third forest dorg to present a bill wears a cheap, ill-fitting suit and has a irritated vibe to him.

"I propose we immediately end this goverment, and start a new hereditary monarchy, where I am king."

"You can't do that!" protests the elder.

"Except I just did." Defeated by his logic, the elder hangs her head.

All players vote.

Thumbs up, pass the bill. Thumbs down, do not pass the bill. Instead of the first player, the Project Manager breaks all ties.

- Thumbs up go to 1:8
- Thumbs down go to 🛍-1:9

1.8 "Huge news!" cries the dorg in the lousy suit. "This is now Dorgtonia, and you're fired," he says to the elders, before turning to you. "Thanks for the help. You're tremendous people, I mean that."

"And our pay?" you ask.

"You bet. I take care of my people, even the non-dorgs. Some of my best friends aren't dorgs if you can believe that. Send me a bill. Send it to me and I'll get my people on it. I've got some of the best people if you can believe it. Just fantastic. They're the best money can buy, and I've got a lot of money, believe me. It's a whole lot of money."

You try to press him further for your pay, but he is suddenly

swept away in a crowd of people who really don't seem to like non-dorgs.

This dungeon's Project Manager gains the title: Fake Elector . You have completed this dungeon. Travel on the map.

1:9 "Voter fraud!" protests the dorg in the cheap, ill-fitting suit, and he storms away.

"Thank you, strangers, for your service to New Dorgton in this, our hour of need," says the elder. "And thank you too for saving our democracy, and most importantly, my job. Here is your pay as promised." You thank her and go on your way.

All players gain GP ①+1.

This dungeon's Project Manager gains the title: Election Official 🙆.

You have completed this dungeon. Travel on the map.

1:10 The presenter leaves in a huff.

"Er, we have a prisoner we aren't going to kill now," the elder tells you. "Will you take them with you when you leave?"

The Project Manager for this dungeon must choose a player (including potentially, themselves) to gain follower +1.

Next - go to -1:7

1:11 "Fine!" snaps the dorg wearing glasses. "Not like you'll be here when this place stinks up!"

"Thank you for your service," the elder tells you. "Next bill!" All players gain luck (4)+1.

Next - go to @-1:5

### **@-2**

If they haven't already, the players must now collectively choose someone to be the Project Manager for this dungeon. If there is any disagreement in selecting a project manager for this dungeon, it is decided by the Influence Track. The next section is for the Project Manager - go to 2:2

2.2 You come across a small, dilapidated building, a remnant of the ancients and the world that came before. Such structures can be dangerous but oft contain valuable treasures. And so you enter, hopeful for an easy payday. The first room is some kind of lobby. It is empty aside from a couple broken wooden chairs. You leave through a back hallway and find yourselves bewildered by a sudden change in environment. What appeared to be a rundown storefront is in fact a clever facade, for now you find yourselves in a mad scientist's laboratory.

Without warning, a voice blares from no point you can discern. It is loud, garish, and in a tongue you do not understand. Schala listens carefully before informing you the party has unwittingly stumbled into Dr. Chortle's Lab of Insanity. You have sixty minutes to solve the puzzles inside and escape the room before you are all turned into Dr. Chortle's zombie minions.

"Nonsense!" laughs Cookie. "The door ain't even shut!"
"Stop!" you call to him. "Heed the warning well! Though it may
seem like we could walk out at any time, there are doubtless
countless traps that would cut us down in a heartbeat. No,
we must solve the mystery of the room to free ourselves from
this ancient deathtrap!

The Project Manager for this dungeon must choose a player (including potentially, themselves) to participate in this dungeon and search for clues. Whoever they choose, the next section is for that player - go to 2:3

12:3 You have no idea where to start. The room has a ridiculous amount of stuff crammed into it, but you must pick a point to begin your investigation.

You have been selected to search for clues.

### Choose 1:

- Search the blood-spattered surgery corner. go to 🛍 -2:4
- Investigate the desk covered in paperwork. go to 1991-2:16
- Poke around the stack of animal crates. go to 🛍 2:19

2.4 You approach the surgery with some trepidation, seeing as it is covered in blood, with the trunk of a body laying on a table of stainless steel. Yet when you draw close you see the torso is entirely artificial with very little attempt made at making it look real. And the blood, which glistens as if freshly spilled, is in fact dry and hard, like someone just painted it on. Make a sense or smarts check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 💸?

- Yes go to @-2:5
- No go to 🕮 2:15

2:5 Confused by the fake surgery, you lift up the torso and discover a number printed upon its back. 937461.

"I found a number!" you call to the others. "Though I know not what it means!"

Gain the title: Doctor of Numbers 💩.

The next section is for the Project Manager - go to 19-2:6

2.6 A fiendish cackle of laughter again echoes from nowhere, and a screeching voice speaks to you in a long-dead tongue.

"It's Dr. Chortle himself!" gasps Schala. "He says our time draws short. He's releasing a toxin right now that serves as the first half of his zombie gas!"

"But the hour isn't up!" you protest.

"It's in preparation for what he assures us is our eventual failure! When the hour ends he'll deliver the second half of the gas and our transformations will be complete!" And from a high vent you hear the hissing sound of gas being pumped into the room.

The Project Manager for this dungeon must choose a player (including potentially, themselves) to participate in this dungeon and try to stop the gas. Whoever they choose, the next section is for that player - go to 2:7

2:7 You have been selected to stop the gas.

Make a might 🕸 or smarts 🔁 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat?

- No go to 🛍 2:14

£18 Grunko, Son of Grung, hoists you up on his shoulders, and you grab hold of the grate that covers the vent. Giving a mighty cry, you rip the cover from the opening and peer inside. Strangely, the duct is filled by a mechanical device from which the sound of a hiss is coming. You reach in, grab hold of it, and pull it from the duct. A colorful wire tears free, and the noise instantly stops. You look at the little black device you hold in your hands and shrug.

"Strangeness. The gas was coming from this machine, yet I'd swear this is more like a noise-maker than a gas delivery system." You shrug and toss the device aside.

Gain the title: Silencer of the Gas 💩.

The next section is for the Project Manager - go to 🛍 - 2:9

### MAP ICONS

**1 P.9** Again the laugh comes from above, and the evil doctor shouts his vile taunts.

"Our only hope of escape is through the vault door!" shouts Schala, pointing at a metal door. "But he says we'll never solve the puzzle in time!" You all rush over, and once again the lab startles you when you realize the door isn't metal at all. Instead someone seems to have gone to the trouble of painting it a cheap silver color that has not aged well. A complex apparatus is mounted to the surface.

Does any player have one of the following titles?

- Bearer of the Magic Diagram go to 🛍 2:10
- Doctor of Numbers go to @-2:11
- No, we have none of these titles. go to 🕮 -2:13

2:10 "Does this help?" you ask, drawing forth the magic paper.

"Give it here!" cries Schala. "Oh my! Yes, look!" And she points to a section of the apparatus that seems to be a puzzle with geometric shapes. Using the diagram, Schala quickly solves the puzzle, and you hear the sound of a thud come from the door. But when you try the handle, it still doesn't budge. "Oh dear," your little follower moans. "This is just part of a larger puzzle. We haven't solved it at all! We're all doomed!"

"Perhaps there's a way we could brute force it?" one of you queries, to which Grunko, Son of Grung gives a weary sigh. "Sure. Why not?" And with that, the burly yak hauler kicks open the door, which proves to be common wood and not metal at all. No death trap greets you, but rather a simple room that sits off the back hallway you came down earlier, occupied only by a wooden chest.

"Er, yay us?" Schala chuckles. You help yourselves to the prizes in the chest, but no one leaves the lab feeling particularly heroic or clever.

This dungeon's Project Manager gains the title: Lab Assistant @ All players who participated, including the Project Manager gain treasure #+1.

You have completed this dungeon. Travel on the map.

2:11 "Does this help?" you ask, grabbing the torso and showing everyone the number on its back.

"Oh my! Yes look!" cries Schala, and she points to a section of the apparatus that has a keypad. She punches in the number you found and you hear the sound of a thud come from the door. But when you try the handle, it still doesn't budge. "Oh dear," your little follower moans. "This is just part of a larger puzzle. We haven't solved it at all! We're all doomed!"

"Perhaps there's a way we could brute force it?" one of you queries, to which Grunko, Son of Grung gives a weary sigh. "Sure. Why not?" And with that, the burly yak hauler kicks open the door, which proves to be common wood and not metal at all. No death trap greets you, but rather a simple room that sits off the back hallway you came down earlier, occupied only by a wooden chest.

"Er, yay us?" Schala chuckles. You help yourselves to the prizes in the chest, but no one leaves the lab feeling particularly heroic or clever.

This dungeon's Project Manager gains the title: Lab Assistant @. All players who participated, including the Project Manager gain treasure #+1.

You have completed this dungeon. Travel on the map.

2:12 "Does this help?" you ask, drawing forth the green vial. "Give it here!" cries Schala. "Oh my! Yes, look!" And she points to a section of the apparatus that has a round flap. She lifts it up and you spy a hole the same width as the vial. She slides it into the hole and you hear it drop into a receptacle inside. A thud comes from the door, sounding like a bolt withdrawing, but when you try the handle, it still doesn't budge. "Oh dear,"

your little follower moans. "This is just part of a larger puzzle. We haven't solved it at all! We're all doomed!"

"Perhaps there's a way we could brute force it?" one of you queries, to which Grunko, Son of Grung gives a weary sigh. "Sure. Why not?" And with that, the burly yak hauler kicks open the door, which proves to be common wood and not metal at all. No death trap greets you, but rather a simple room that sits off the back hallway you came down earlier, occupied only by a wooden chest.

"Er, yay us?" Schala chuckles. You help yourselves to the prizes in the chest, but no one leaves the lab feeling particularly heroic or clever.

This dungeon's Project Manager gains the title: Lab Assistant @. All players who participated, including the Project Manager gain treasure #\(\mathbb{H}\)+1.

You have completed this dungeon. Travel on the map.

2:13 "Oh, oh dear," moans Schala. "I have no idea how to open this door. We must have missed something!"
"Missed what?" Cookie demands. "The only thin' really missin' from this place is logic!" You try the door but it is sealed tight. All you can do is ransack the room further and despair as time runs out. Eventually the voice of Doctor Chortle returns, and after shouting nonsense at you, begins to chant. You recognize it for what it is: a countdown.

Everyone pulls close, hugging each other, resigned for what happens next.

Only nothing happens. You look around, puzzled by the complete silence that follows.

"I don't feel like a zombie minion," one of you says, and a brief check on everyone confirms it.

"Ya mean it was all fer nothin'?" Cookie gasps. Embarrassed, no one says anything as you file back out the open door you came through.

This dungeon has been failed.

If you travel to a tavern location at any other point in the game, you may not mention this dungeon.

Travel on the map.

12.14 Grunko, Son of Grung, hoists you up on his shoulders, and you grab hold of the grate that covers the vent. But strain as you might, you are unable to tear free the cover that would grant you access to the ductwork beyond. Which is a pity because you can see a strange device just past the grill. Grunko, Son of Grung, sets you down and you shrug helplessly at the others.

"Matey, that musta been a lot o' gas ya took right to the face," says Cookie sadly.

The next section is for the Project Manager.

Next - go to 🛍-2:9

**2:15** Confused by the fake surgery, you shrug in bewilderment.

"I've got nothing!" you call to the others.

The next section is for the Project Manager - go to 🕮 -2:6

116 You approach a utilitarian desk made of metal, countless dings and scrapes marring its painted exterior. A pile of papers covers it, though you are surprised to find each sheet is covered in some kind of transparent magic shell that renders it impervious to damage. "Careful!" you warn the others. "There's magic at play here."

Make a smarts check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

- Yes go to 4 -2:17
- No go to ∰-2:18

2:17 You don't know what to make of the papers as they are each in some indecipherable language. Worse, many pictures feature humans which is in the worst possible taste. You only just barely suppress the desire to vomit.

But as your try to calm your stomach you notice a piece of paper depicting some geometric shapes, like puzzle pieces, combining to form a square. It looks promising, so you take the magic paper with you.

Gain the title: Bearer of the Magic Diagram @.

The next section is for the Project Manager - go to 2:6

**2:18** You don't know what to make of the papers as they are each in some indecipherable language. Worse, many pictures feature humans which is in the worst possible taste. You barely suppress the desire to vomit, but not so well that you don't get a foul, burning acid taste in the back of your throat.

"I've got nothing!" you call to the others.

The next section is for the Project Manager - go to @-2:6

@-2:19 Are you a hound?

• Yes - go to 10-2:20

• No - go to 🕮 -2:23

2.20 A stack of small cages fills one corner, a couple of them containing stuffed dog dolls. But instead of standing upright, their bodies are malformed as if the dogs should normally walk around on all four legs, which is revoltingly perverse. "Who would do this?" you gasp. "What could possibly be gained from such degrading imagery?"

You are also disturbed by the clipboards hanging on those cages. You can't read any of the writing, but the diagrams suggest the stuffed animals may have undergone medical testing. Did the ancients not understand the stuffed toys weren't real?

Make a might 🗞 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

• Yes - go to 🛍 - 2:21

• No - go to 🕮 - 2:22

12.21 Angered by what you see, you smash a cage open and take the stuffed toy inside. To your surprise though, the head pops off, and inside the plush body cavity is a vial filled with a green liquid. Only it's not a liquid, rather something solid like dried paint meant to mimic liquid.

"Look at this," you say to the others. "Maybe it's important?" You pocket the strange vial, thoroughly perplexed by the weirdness of the ancients.

Gain the title: Doer of Vial Deeds @.

The next section is for the Project Manager - go to 10-2:6

12:22 Angered by what you see, you kick the stacks of metal crates, but they just rattle around, apparently bolted in place. "I've got nothing," you tell the others. "Just a bad case of the creeps."

The next section is for the Project Manager - go to 10-2:6

£2.23 A stack of small cages fills one corner, a couple of them containing stuffed dog dolls. But instead of standing upright, their bodies are malformed as if the dogs should normally walk around on all four legs, which is weird.

What's also weird are the clipboards hanging on those cages. You can't read any of the writing, but the diagrams suggest the stuffed animals may have undergone medical testing. Did the ancients not understand the stuffed toys weren't real? Make a might (\$\infty\$ check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat ইই?

• Yes - go to -2:21

• No - go to 🛍 - 2:22

# **TELLER**

You see a handsome woman with the head of a goat. She has mouths for eyes and one large eye where most would have a mouth.

She smiles with her mouth-eyes and waves you all over to tea. "The tea leaves can tell us many things!" she says with a magical flair, but then her large golden orb of an eye squints. Does any player have the title: the Overstaffed?

• Yes - go to 💇 - 2

No - go to <sup>3</sup> -3

**3.2** "Oh uh... I didn't realize there were so many of you," she says, embarrassed. "I don't really have enough tea for everyone."

"That's fine!" one of you says. "Just do what you can!"
And so everyone gets some tea and gets their fortunes read.
It's fun, light and mostly just for entertainment.

Meanwhile, one of you sits out, pouting, deeply aware of your standing within the party. Poor you.

The player with the lowest influence 😭 gains the title: the Unfortunate 🍥.

All other players gain luck 🚳+1.

Travel on the map.

**3** "Yes, come over!" she calls. "All are welcome! Let the tea leaves offer guidance!"

"I'll sit this one out, matey!" Cookie calls back. "Tea gives ol' Cookie the shakes!"

The fortune teller ignores the chef and asks, "What mysteries can the tea leaves clarify?"

You each take a long sip and ponder.

As a group, choose a question:

"What traps lie ahead?" - go to \$\mathbb{Y}\$-4

• "Where is the Crypt of Terror?" - go to \$\exists -5

• "How can we find personal growth?" - go to \$\mathbb{Y} - 6

**3-4** The fortune teller lowers her cyclopean eye to the tea leaves at the bottom of the cup.

"Your quest is a difficult one. All paths ahead of you lead to such dangers."

The fortune teller winces in what appears to be pain.

"However if one investigates the boxes, maggots and glass..." She begins to sound weak, but continues, "Your lucky number may come up."

"Okay but..." You shift in your seat awkwardly. "What does that mean?"

However, before she can answer, the strange fortune teller falls over. Dead.

"And that's why I don't trust tea!" Cookie calls over. Travel on the map.

**9-5** The fortune teller lowers her cyclopean eye to the teal leaves at the bottom of the cup.

"Your quest is a difficult one. I cannot see your destination." The fortune teller winces in what appears to be pain.

"The path ahead seems obscured by powerful magic." She begins to sound weak, but continues, "However, robed figures who walk in the sky know the way."

"Okay but..." You shift in your seat awkwardly. "What does that mean?"

However, before she can answer, the strange fortune teller falls over. Dead.

"And that's why I don't trust tea!" Cookie calls over. Travel on the map.

### MAP ICONS

**1.6** The fortune teller lowers her cyclopean eye to the teal leaves at the bottom of the cup.

"Your quest is a difficult one. I see no crossroads in your path. However, such growth can come from the strangest of places." She begins to sound weak, but continues, "For the lucky, even a threat can offer benefits."

"Okay but... What does that mean?"

However, before she can answer, the strange fortune teller falls over. Dead.

"And that's why I don't trust tea!" Cookie calls over.
Travel on the map.

# 袋 THREAT

Go to 1 of the following entries. If you like, you may draw a tick mark next to your choice so that the next time you visit a threat location while playing this scenario, you'll know which entries you've chosen previously. Choose 1:

- Go to 🛠 1
- Go to ₹3-2

🗱 1 You find evidence of a campsite. The ashen firewood is cold. Picking through it, you find something.

"Oh gods save us," gasps Cookie.

"What's that?" you ask him.

"Something awful." And he holds up an old sticker with a smiley face. On it is written 'Thank You For Donating Blood.'

"The ancients must have performed too many rites to require such need of blood," Schala says with a shudder.

"Look!" says Cookie, only this time he holds up an old cloth patch, and you notice it bears DevonHund's party symbol. So he was here too, and he is assuredly ahead of you now. You must catch up!

Next - go to ₹3-3

☼-2 You run into a wandering centaur minstrel playing a lute. "Greeting friends!" he says.

"Well met!" one of you replies. "Would you happen to be able to give us directions to something called... the Crypt of Terror?" you ask. The minstrel begins to laugh. "What's so funny?" you ask sulkily. "We're in a hurry."

"I'm sorry, friend! It's just that you are the second person to have asked me that question on this trek!" He smiles.

"Was the other a hound?"

"Great guess!" The minstrel's face lights up. "And a very talented one! He taught me this song!"

The minstrel winds up and begins to launch into what sounds like a rollicking jig, so you break his lute and stomp away.

Stupid DevonHund, always leaving childish taunts in his wake!

Next - go to ₹3-3

袋·3 Roll a twenty-sided die ۞. Any player may gain stress �� +1 to reroll the die.

WARNING: If the roll result is higher than the current threat 袋, the threat 袋 will increase and the game will get harder, but you will also trigger a crossroads event as a reward. Is the result higher than the current threat 袋?

• Yes - go to ₹3-4

• No - go to \$3-5

袋-4 Increase threat 袋 by 1.

Next - Go to the CROSSROADS section on page 192.

**袋-5** Nothing happens. Travel on the map.

# **TAVERN**

"It's unconventional," the troll admits. "But why question a good thing?" You agree as you, your companions, and a small group of other travelers, all crowd around a goat, clearly touched by corruption, who seems to urinate beer on request.

Does someone in your party want to tell the other pee-beer drinkers of your adventures up to this point?

• Yes - go to 👼 - 2

• No - go to 👼 - 3

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When they are done, the player to their left will come up with a new title for their character and decide whether it is chaotic 
or lawful .

Next - go to 3-3

3 The party may now collectively choose to spend 1 time. If they do, in influence order, each player may choose 1:

Heal all stress (2).

Gain +1 to a skill of your choice.

Travel on the map.

# **BAR DUE**

Go to 1 of the following entries. If you like, you may draw a tick mark next to your choice so that the next time you visit a duel while playing this scenario, you'll know which entries you've chosen previously. Choose 1:

• Go to 🞉 −1

• Go to 💸 - 2

• Go to **¾**3-3

### **%**3-1

This entry is for the player with the most treasure ::

A surprise warcry tells you that you have stumbled into the territory of Zonamax Reality, Inc., a bandit gang that was once a failing real estate company.

"Thanks for attending the open house," snarls a mouser with an eyepatch. "Zero bedrooms, but lots of acreage for graves!" "Oh gosh," moans Schala. "Look, we don't want a fight!" "Then you picked the wrong location," snarls the mouser. "And if there's one important thing to know about real estate..." "Don't say it!" one of you snaps. "Don't you dare say it!" "It's location, location, location," the mouser finishes. "Now. Pay us or die!"

Choose 1:

• Bribe the bandits. - go to 🎉 -1:1

• Fight the bandits. - go to 22-1:2

2.1.1 "Don't hurt me!" you squeal pitiably. "Please, my take my things instead!" And you grab something from your pack and toss it to your attackers. They laugh at you disrespectfully, but let you pass safely all the same.

Influence 👺-5.

Treasure #1-1.

Travel on the map.

\$\frac{1.2}{2}" I'd never pay the likes of you!" you scream, and draw your weapon.

Make a weapon check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 💸?

- Yes go to 23-1:3
- No go to 🛣 -1:4

\$\frac{1.3}{2.3}\$ You chase the ruffians off, much to the joy of your compatriots.

Influence 😂+5.

Luck **(∅**+2.

Travel on the map.

1.4 You are defeated with such startling ease that your companions all freeze from fright. The bandit leader laughs and announces your defiance will cost you.

Influence 2 -2.

All players discard 1 treasure 🕮.

Travel on the map.

### **%:-2**

The party is ambushed by a giggling glugle, a many-armed horror that laughs as it gropes for vulnerable throats it can crush and chew upon. An unsettling honk escapes its throat, as it rushes forward to kill you all.

Have the Cartographer draw a picture of a glugle where it has been encountered on the map.

Choose a player to make a weapon check.

Is the result equal to or less than the current threat 🔅?

- Yes go to 2:1
- No go to 2 -2:2
- My weapon has the frost @ trait! go to \$2:1

**2.1** The fight ends as quickly as it started, and the monster collapses upon the ground, its corpse twitching.

Gain +1 in a skill of your choice.

Travel on the map.

2.2 Some foes are simply too hellish for mere mortals to confront. You flee the monster, bravely fighting it back so your companions can escape.

Wound A+1.

Travel on the map.

### **%**-1

This entry is for the Disgraced Noble. If there is no Disgraced Noble, this entry is for the player with the most gold  $\bigcirc$ .

A fancy-pants gremlin wearing a white powdered wig is on the path ahead. Behind him are a small procession of retainers, who pass a weapon up to him from the back of the line, one by one.

Eventually he brandishes it and points it at you.

"Ahoy there!" he shouts as he points the rapier in your direction. "You seem to be a fellow fancy fop! As is custom, when fine folk find one another, we must due!!"

Before you can do much more than sigh in annoyance, he leaps forward and attacks.

Make a weapon check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

- Yes go to 23-3:1
- No go to 🛣 3:2

\$\mathbb{2}:1 \text{In a puff of white powder, you trounce the foolish gremlin and send his wig flying. His attendants shuffle forward and retrieve his tiny unconscious frame, before spiriting him away to some exclusive, high-end sanitarium. One such attendant, however, decides to stay behind.

"That guy is exhausting," they sigh, before offering to join your company.

Follower 8 +1.

Travel on the map.

**3.2** The dandy gremlin is a better fighter than you expected. Much better. In a puff of white powder, he successfully puts you on your behind.

"Oh, huzzah!" he cheers to himself. His gaggle of servants politely applaud his victory.

"No hard feelings, eh?" he says to you. "Better luck next time, old sport!" And with that, they scamper away.

Wound 🖓+1.

Influence 👺-3.

Travel on the map.

# **TRADING POST**

Go to 1 of the following entries. If you like, you may draw a tick mark next to your choice so that the next time you visit a trading post while playing this scenario, you'll know which entries you've chosen previously. Choose 1:

- Go to <sup>™</sup> -1
- Go to ҈ −2
- Go to ҈ 3

💸 1 You see a wandering orb covered in eyes.

"How are you, friend!" one of you calls out to it. In reply it opens its mouth, and inside are a great many mice conducting business.

"Oh I've heard of trading posts like these," says Schala.

Next - go to 🗞-4

�2 In a shadowy corner, you find an elf wearing dark robes. Her pale skin and dark eyes betray that she has grappled with some form of corruption. She opens her cloak and reveals a great many trinkets.

"Take pity on a corrupted wretch," she whines in an unwholesome voice. "Surely we can come to some sort of understanding?"

You stop and browse the wares of the poor unfortunate.

Next - go to 🗞-4

☼ 3 You cross paths with a goblin riding a junk cart. You decide to peruse their wares and participate in a little bit of commerce.

"You know what they say about business, right?" the trader asks.

"No, what?" you ask.

"I was asking you!"

You sigh and rub your temples, too tired for this sort of thing. "Can we just see your stuff or what?"

Next - go to 🗞-4

**4** While you are on this entry, players may freely give and/ or trade treasure between one another.

In influence are order, each player may choose 1:

- Discard 1 treasure 🖀 to gain 1 XP 🕸.
- Gold ()+1.

Then, after all trading has been completed, travel on the map.

# CHAOTIC TEMPLE

You see an island on the misty lake, dominated by an ancient ruin. Red mist, swirling with corruption, spirals around the ruins. Having come this far, you enter the ancient crumbling tower to explore. Inside its hollowed-out innards sits an altar, and atop it is a black iron wand.

"This place is a temple dedicated to the forces of chaos," says Schala, observing the markings on the the ancient altar. "I don't think anyone should touch this unless they are sufficiently, um..."

"Fun?" Cookie suggests.

"Uh, sure," she replies. "I suppose fun is subjective."

Players must collectively choose someone to take the wand. The next entry is for them.

Next - go to ◎ -2

☑ 2 Roll a twenty-sided die ②. Add your total number of chaotic @ titles. This die cannot be rerolled.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

- Yes go to 3-3
  No go to 3-4

🔯 🖁 You grab the wand, but images flash in your mind. You feel dizzy and stumble backward. It only takes a moment before you manage to right yourself. You wait another moment and nothing else happens, so you hope that was it. You keep the strange wand in hand, feeling very powerful. Corruption +1.

Gain the title: Scion of Chaos .

Gain story card S-74, Wand of Chaos from the story deck. Travel on the map.

 ▼ You grab the wand, but images flash in your mind. You feel dizzy and fall backward, flat upon your back. There is a sizzling from your eye sockets and steam drifts upward. Still, you keep the strange wand in hand.

Wound  $\mathcal{A}+1$ .

Corruption +2.

Gain story card S-74, Wand of Chaos from the story deck. Travel on the map.

# 

You see a huge, lumbering beast made from gold, silver, various trinkets, and trash. The earth shakes with every step of its massive feet as it stomps toward you.

"It senses our loot!" Schala cries.

"Our loot?" one of you scoffs.

"Your loot," she clarifies along with an eye roll. "It senses your loot. It appears it's willing to slay you for it."

"Greedy filcher!" one of you snarls. "These are our stolen goods!"

You steady yourselves as the animate closes on you, raising its massive arms to start smish-smashing all of you.

Set Dial A (the golem's armor) to the current threat 🐉 Set Dial B (the golem's health) to 2 + the number of players. Draw 2 treasure per player from the top of the treasure deck and set them aside face down without looking at them. This stack of cards will be referred to as the Golem Deck.

Next - go to ∰-2

2 Have the Bookkeeper open the book to page 19. Lock (7) Action 4.

Begin a round in the location book.

# **MACHITY LAWFUL SHRINE**

You come upon a hovel built against the ruin of an old shrine dedicated to goodly gods. There a humble family of mousers offers you a meal and a warm place to rest.

The next entry is for the player with the most lawful 🔕 titles. (Reminder: All ties between players are decided by the influence 👺 track.)

Next - go to 2 -2

**! Mait!"** says the mother cat. "We've heard of you, freelancer! You are a do'er of many good deeds, meow! Perhaps you would be willing to help us with something?" What do you say?

"I'd be happy to." - go to <u>M</u> -3

 "I'm sorry, but we must be on our way. Thanks for everything." - go to 🕮 -4

13 You help them fix their roof, and then their floors, and then their walls, and then you begin constructing new furniture. You can't say no and it takes ages.

"Bein' nice is for suckers," laughs Cookie to one of your companions, as they play a game of dice and do nothing to help you.

Gain +1 to a skill of your choice.

Gain the title: Helpful to a Fault 💩.

Spend 1 time.

Next - go to Ma-11

🕍 4 Are you a Mouser?

- Yes go to (△) -5
- No go to 🕮 10

**19.5** You appreciate their hospitality, but won't be bullied by toxic kindness. As is custom among your people, you stand tall and arch your neck, inviting them to debate you. They do the same, puffing out the fur on their tails and the back of their necks. You both begin to make weird noises.

They begin the debate with a simple but effective, "Muuuoooh," rolling low from the back of their throat.

How do you retort?

- "Rrreeeaaaooowww!" go to 🕮 6
- "GrrOngOngOngOng!" go to 129-7
- "HHHHHCCCHHHEE!" go to 128-8
- \*Blood-curdling screech\* go to ₱ -9

**6** You let out a low growl that slowly rises in both intensity and pitch. They seem to accept the wisdom of your rebuttal because suddenly their eyes become extremely dilated and they run away with no warning. You return to the others for some well-deserved rest. Their respect for you as an orator has grown.

Gain the title: Debate Champ @.

Influence 👺+3.

Next - go to Ma-11

🅍 7 You let out a low sound that sounds a bit like you are trying to frantically eat a gallon of thick pudding. They chuckle at your clever rebuttal and then suddenly leap and bounce off of a wall at a ninety-degree angle before running off. You return to the others for some well-deserved rest. Their respect for you as an orator has grown.

Gain the title: Debate Champ @.

Influence \(\mathbb{G}\)+3.

Next - go to 🕮-11

18 You spit and hiss at them, raising a single hand to the sky, palm facing down. They appreciate the tenacity of your rebuttal and dash away a few feet before falling onto their backs and rolling around like weirdos, showing you their bellies. You return to the others for some well-deserved rest. Their respect for you as an orator has grown.

Gain the title: Debate Champ @.

Influence 😂+3.
Next - go to 🛍-11

🛍 ¶ You let out an impossibly loud screech like an explosion. They seem to accept the wisdom of your rebuttal because suddenly their eyes become extremely dilated and they run away with no warning. You return to the others for some well-deserved rest. However, the others are so startled by the sound that they have trouble getting any sleep.

Gain the title: Debate Champ @.

Influence 👺-3.

Next - go to ∰-11

"If it's okay with you, I think I could use a rest," you say. "I must save my energy if I wish to save the kingdom."

They exchange looks before leaving you. "I thought we were part of the kingdom?" the father cat grumbles.

"Guess ye ain't the fancy-pants hero ye pretend to be!" laughs Cookie as he ladles some slop onto a plate for you. Influence 2-2.

Spend 1 time.

Next - go to 🕮-11

🛍 11 All players may take a camp action.

After all camp actions have been resolved, travel on the map.

1-26

Go to the corresponding entry in the Follower Entries section of this book. Pp. 213-237

70

What is it about DevonHund that made him so special? Was he nice? No. He seemed like a monster.

Was he skilled? No. He was a clumsy dullard.

No, as the lot of you succumb to various wounds and infections, you all agree that DevonHund was only better than you because he was alive. This dying in the middle-of-nowhere stuff is not how you beat your rivals, but it does at least offer you the small consolation that you'll never have to see that stupid hound again.

The game is over. All players lose. No players read their endings. Feel free to try another adventure and come back to this one later, or load from a save point.

**75** 

Suddenly, as if carried by fate, a tattered flyer drifts on a breeze and lands at your feet.

You pick the leaflet up and look down at the headline which reads 'STUNNING HERO DEFEATS LICH'. Beneath it you see a drawing of... DevonHund. In the sketch, he sits at the head of a parade, likely being brought before the King himself. He beat you to the lich, and judging by the date on the flyer... it was a long time ago. Without a word, Grunko, Son of Grung turns his heavy cart around.

"Where are you going?" you call after him, but he doesn't need to reply. You too head back to the Hub in defeat.

Each player must count how many lawful @ titles they have, then add them all together to determine how many lawful @ titles the party have in total.

Next, each player must count how many chaotic titles they have, then add them all together to determine how many chaotic titles the party have in total.

Which total is higher?

(If there is a tie, he highest influence applying player chooses.)

- Lawful @ go to 75-1
- Chaotic @ go to 75-2

**75.1** When you return to the Hub, you give up on being a freelancer. You are finally able to accept that DevonHund is better than you.

You settle into quiet boring lives in the Hub, quickly forgotten, because no one ever thought about you in the first place. For some of you, this is a fate worse than death.

And for the others... who even cares?

Next - go to 75-3

**75-2** When you return to the Hub, you give up on being a freelancer. You never accept that DevonHund is better than you, but you do accept that everyone else is too stupid to ever see the truth about the dumb dog.

Each of you descends into your own toxic and selfdestructive pity party. You are quickly forgotten, because no one ever thought about you in the first place.

For some of you, this is a fate worse than death.

And for the others... who even cares?

Next - go to 75-3

**75·3** The game is over. All players lose. No players read their endings. Feel free to try another adventure and come back to this one later, or load from a save point.

al

To begin your quest, go to the INTRODUCTION section on p. 156.

As you leave the Hub, you are stopped by a goblin wearing a very impressive uniform.

"Oh no," Schala moans.

"Who's this clown?" one of you asks.

"An auditor!" states the goblin proudly.

"We don't need an otter," you moan.

"Since when?" Cookie demands.

The goblin stands tall and paces back and forth in front of you as she speaks, reveling in her very minor amount of

"According to the King's latest decree, all freelancers must be registered with the crown," she explains. "Only licensed freelancers may quest beyond the walls of the Hub."

"Since this morning," the goblin answers unapologetically. "Apparently the order came straight from the city's steam pipes themselves."

You kick a rock, knowing you can't rightly debate the divine authority of the pipes. Especially since you were hoping to get your names carved into the stupid things.

"So?" the goblin asks. "I see by your sleeves that you are freelancers. Are you lot registered?"

The players must collectively choose the most institutionally savvy player. That player makes the following choice:

"Of course we are!" - go to 81-1"How do we register?" - go to 81-11

81-1 Do you have a party name written in the appropriate space on the back of your map?

Yes - go to 81-2

No - go to 81-10

81-2 Do you have a symbol or sigil for your party drawn in the circle in the top left corner of your map?

Yes - go to 81-3

No - go to 81-10

81-3 "Oh!" The auditor looks shocked. "Uh... that's good I suppose. Well done."

Schala clears her throat. "I do believe there is, uh, a reward for passing an audit, yes?"

"Is there?" The goblin plays dumb, picking at her fancy uniform and averting her gaze.

"Oh yes," says Schala says with a polite smile. "That proclamation came last week. His Majesty heard it in the city's pipes and passed word down. Very important stuff, I'm sure you'll agree."

"Ah yes. So it was." The auditor pouts as she pays you out. All players gain gold +1.

Next - go to 81-4

81-4 Okay, so be honest, did you cheat? There is no penalty if you did.

· Yep! - go to 81-5

Nope! - go to 81-9

81-5 The Cartographer gains the title: Permanent Record Breaker @.

Next - go to 81-6

81-6 "Oh... one more thing" the auditor says, standing on her tip-toes to count you all. "How many of you are there again?" Before you can reply, she scribbles something in her notes. "Just for my records," she mumbles and waddles off.

How many characters are in your party?

 4 or less - go to 81-7 5 or more - go to 81-8 81-7 The player with the lowest influence gains the title: the Short Staffed @.

Travel on the map.

81-8 The player with the highest influence gains the title: the Overstaffed 💩.

Travel on the map.

81-9 The Cartographer gains the title: Master of Records 💩. Next - go to 81-6

81-10 "Ah-ha!" the auditor cackles. "Caught lying to an auditor!" "This is my fault." Schala shakes her head, disappointed in herself. "Boss, um, I'm sorry I only reminded you to register three times."

"Too late for that, ya little fibbers!" The goblin holds a hand out. "Pay the fee!"

"Well, you can't argue with the pipes," you sigh.

All players must discard 1 treasure 🕮.

Next - go to 81-6

**81-11** The goblin sighs, and walks you through the tedious paperwork.

Hours pass.

Will **‰**+1.

Spend 1 time.

Next - go to 81-12

**81-12** "...and next you'll need a name for your party..." the auditor drones.

Collectively come up with a name for your group of freelancers and then have the Cartographer turn the map over to its back side and write it on the appropriate space. Next - go to 81-13

**81-13** "Then finally, on the front of the map, you'll wanna draw some sort of sigil or symbol for your party in that circle." She points to a circle in the top left corner of the map.

Collectively come up with a symbol for your group of freelancers, and then have the Cartographer draw it on the circle directly below where your map says 'Map E'.

Next - go to 81-14

81-14 "Okay! You're registered!" the goblin says. "Now all that remains is your registration fee."

"Oh," you say, checking your pockets with your hands while looking around the party with your eyes. "Yeah, I think we should be good there."

Choose a player to discard 1 treasure ##.

If you chose someone else to discard the treasure, influence 📽-3 and gain the title: Management Material @.

Next - go to 81-6

You come upon a vast river cutting through an empty plain. The river's waters seem to be flowing in the wrong direction and glow a deep crimson color.

"Arr, I know water, me mateys," Cookie warns, "and that there ain't good water."

"Cookie's right," Schala agrees. "We, um, don't wanna touch that stuff. We'll have to find a way across... uh, boss."

"We could build a bridge," one of you says, only half serious. "It's only about fifteen paces to the other bank."

"That could take a lot of time or supplies," warns Grunko, Son of Grung.

"Maybe we, um, should look around?" Schala suggests, straightening her thick glasses. You yourself glance at the barren landscape and wonder if it's worth the trouble. The party must collectively choose one of the following. (Reminder: If there is a tie, the player with the highest influence chooses.)

• Build a bridge. - go to 82-1

· Search for a crossing. - go to 82-4

• Make some poor fool cross with a rope. - go to 82-10

**821** You decide that piecing together a small bridge is better than wasting time looking for a better crossing.

"This area is dead," one of you says. "It's not like hiking three miles upriver is going to reveal a nice footbridge. Let's just get it over with."

Grunko, Son of Grung begins to rummage through his cart looking for supplies.

Draw 3 tokens from the time bag.

Are any of them supplies 💍 tokens?

Yes - go to 82-2

• No - go to 82-3

**822** You collectively work together and use your meager supplies to build a fitting bridge quicker than expected. Return the 3 drawn tokens to the bag.

All players gain luck 🚳+1.

Travel on the map.

**82-3** Your only real experience with bridges is burning them, and so it turns out that building bridges is way harder than you expected. It takes a long time, especially without the proper supplies.

If you drew any follower tokens this way, discard them from the bag immediately instead of resolving them. If you drew any risk  $\triangle$  tokens this way, resolve them. Travel on the map.

**82-4** Collectively choose someone to find a crossing. The next entry is for them.

Next - go to 82-5

**82-5** Sense �+1.

Make a sense 🚱 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 💸?

- Yes go to 82-6
- No go to 82-9

**82-6** You go upriver, following some animal tracks. It looks like a herd of turkey-deer went that way. Maybe they know of a crossing?

Along the way you step over the corpse of a dead mer freelancer. The head is gone, replaced with a mass of tentacles. The empty bag bears a sigil you recognize.

"Well, that's not DevonHund's symbol," you say to yourself.
"Must be one of Roseynose's friends. That dwarf from back in the Hub. Poor thing looks like it tried to swim across."

You continue on, undeterred. Eventually you spot a turkey-deer on the other side of the river, grazing on white and brittle grass. You look around, confused, racking your brain on how it could have crossed the river.

Make another sense 🚱 check.

Is the result higher than the current threat 🔅?

- Yes go to 82-7
- · No go to 82-8

**827** You spot an area a little further upriver where the earth looks like it dips down below the banks of the river, but seems dry.

You get closer and find an ancient tunnel leading beneath the river, to the other side. You fetch the others, and they are all impressed with the find.

XP **☆**+1.

Influence 👺+3.

Travel on the map.

**82.8** You can't find where the stupid animal crossed the river. You are about to angrily throw a stone at it, when you spy an area a little further upriver where the earth looks like it dips down below the banks of the river, but seems dry.

You get closer and find an ancient tunnel leading beneath the river to the other side. You fetch the others, and obnoxiously, they gripe about how long it took to find the tunnel, instead of thanking you profusely.

Spend 1 time.

Travel on the map.

**82-9** You walk along the banks of the river, thinking about how the corrupted water almost looks pretty in the light. As you daydream, you trip over something. You turn and see it is a dead mer freelancer. The head is gone, replaced with a mass of tentacles.

"Corruption," you whisper. The mer's empty bag bears a sigil you recognize. "Well, that's not DevonHund's symbol," you say to yourself. "Must be one of Roseynose's friends. That dwarf back in the Hub. Poor thing looks like it tried to swim across." You stand back up, but then slip as you do so. You land facefirst into the old wet corpse, and knock yourself out on the ribcage.

The good news is that a search party finds you and a decent place to safely ford the river. The bad news is that corruption seeped into your face, and you have long, weird eyebrows made from tentacles now. It's not the best look, but at least you didn't drown in rotting mer bile.

Gain the title: Old Wiggle Brows @.

Corruption +2.

Spend 1 time.

Travel on the map

**82-10** At the count of three, all players point to someone who they think should cross the river.

Next - go to 82-11

**82-11** The player with the most points gains the title: the Crosser and must choose 2:

- Follower <sup>™</sup> -1. Influence <sup>™</sup> +3.
- Corruption ⊕+2. Influence ₩+3.
- Wound A+1. Influence +3.

You cannot choose an option that results in you losing something you do not have.

(Reminder: All ties between players are decided by the influence track.)

Next - go to 82-12

**82-12** After a lot of drama and even more hurt feelings, you make it across the river with a rope. You tie it off, allowing the others to cross behind you in a slow, awkward shimmy. The whole while, you glare at them with bitter eyes. Spend 1 time.

Travel on the map.

The famed Dizzying Peaks tower ahead of you in the distance, as the hard ground turns to crunching frost. Before you know it, a frozen wasteland stretches before you.

Exchanged glances between party members make it clear—if not for DevonHund, you would never wish to push on to the Crypt of Terror. You see the ruins of a watchtower and a frozen road, snow piled in banks here and there, formed by the bitter wind.

"Find us just past the Trollway!" you hear the mirror say, taunting you from deep inside a backpack.

"This brutal terrain is going to push us harder than expected," says Grunko, Son of Grung, your mighty caddy. "Excellent."

"Er, yes," says Schala. "But unless we want to sit around watching our good yak struggle getting his cart through the snow, someone had best grab a shovel and help dig out the road."

Have the Bookkeeper open the book to page 37. Begin a round in the location book.

84

You stumble upon a vast cemetery, sleeping beneath a thin sheet of moss and lichen. In the distance, a lantern swings.
"This place isn't so had," says Grupke, Son of Grupa as he

"This place isn't so bad," says Grunko, Son of Grung as he sniffs at the air. "My bones would rest easy here."

"Speak fer yerself!" snaps Cookie as he gives a shiver. "This place be too frightenin', me hearties. No wonder they call it the Crypt o' Terror!"

"Bwahaha! Find us just past the Trollway!" cackles the mirror from somewhere inside your bag.

"Yeah, I don't think this is it," says Schala. "This place is creepy, sure, but it's not the creepy we're looking for."

It's then you notice the lantern you saw swinging is no lantern, but rather a strange ghost light that dances in the mist.

"Oh dear," Schala moans. "Let's get out of here quickly, okay?" You hear the mumbles from your retinue, echoing Schala's fearful dread. They look to you all for inspiration.

Players choose someone among themselves to give a pep talk. The next entry is for them.

Next - go to 84-1

84-1 Will 88 +1.

Make a will & check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 💸?

- Yes go to 84-2
- No go to 84-4

**84-2** Your followers nod along hopefully, terrified yet eager to believe in your encouraging words.

In character, say a few words that you believe would inspire the others to not give up in this situation.

The player to your right then gives you a title of their own creation, based on your performance. They must also decide if the title is lawful 🙆 or chaotic @.

Next - go to 84-3

843 Have the Bookkeeper open the book to page 13. Begin a round in the location book.

**84-4** You attempt to offer some words to encourage your compatriots.

"Don't lose heart, friends! There is no reason to cower before a yard filled with old, cursed bones!" You stand on a headstone to better project your voice. "This place cannot stop us, probably! Our final destination is far, far, far more terrifying! Does that help?"

The smell of urine coming from your huddled, desperatelooking followers suggests no, it did not.

Choose a player that has 1 or more followers (4), if able. That player loses 1 follower (4).

If that player was not you, or no player had a follower  $\bigcirc$ , influence  $\bigcirc$ -4.

Next - go to 84-3

85

The Dizzying Peaks tower before you. Red mists of dark, magical corruption twist and turn along the path.

Schala speaks. "Fun fact. uh, they say many who walk these hills never, um, find their way out."

"Ugh. The Dizzying Peaks," laments Grunko, Son of Grung. "Why oh why did we go this way? Maybe we could turn the other way, mate?"

You've never known your porter to complain, so you take his comment seriously. Schala points to a switchback trail off of the main road. It seems to hug the perimeter of the mountains where there is less mist.

"If we went that way," she says, "it would take a lot longer, but I bet we could avoid getting lost."

Looking at the road however, you see footprints. One set is clearly canine. DevonHund? It must be. He took the main road, and if you take the long way, you'll likely fall further behind. But still, should you get lost...

All players must vote:

Thumbs up to take the main road but risk getting lost.

Thumbs down to take the long way, but enjoy a trustier path.

What did you choose?

- Take the main road. go to 85-1
- Take the long way. go to 85-5

**851** All players collectively choose someone to make a sense check. The next entry is for them.

Next - go to 85-2

85-2 Sense 🗞+1.

Make a sense 🗞 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

- Yes go to 85-3
- No go to 85-4

**85:3** As you trudge across the steep roads, the mountains seem to close in around you. The strange mists of the mountain twist and bend the light, creating mirages and false passes.

However, your keen senses keep the party on the right path. As you leave the mists, a murmur flows through the company. Your incredible pathfinding shall not be forgotten! You notice the tracks of DevonHund and his people are gone. Did they not make it this far? Or did the footsteps simply fade?

Gain the title: the Unerring **.** Travel on the map.

169

**85-4** As you trudge the steep roads, the mountains seem to close in around you. The strange mists of the mountain twist and bend the light, creating mirages and false passes. By the time the mist clears, the Dizzying Peaks have lived up to their very name. The footprints of DevonHund and his people are gone. Did they not make it this far? Or did the footsteps simply fade?

Corruption +1.

Influence 👺-3.

Spend 1 time.

Travel on the map.

85-5 Spend 1 time.

Next - go to 85-6

**85-6** The switchback trail is unsteady and hard to follow, but surely still safer and wiser than walking through mists of magical corruption. You figure you'll catch up to DevonHund regardless.

Along the way you come across a peculiar crevice in the cliffside. Around it are carvings of strange runes. It seems to be some sort of magical shrine. Dark corrupt energy vibrates from the stones at the slightest touch. It seems dangerous, but the effects of such energy could be potentially useful.

"We should keep going, mate," cautions Grunko, Son of Grung.
"This magic is dark and corrupt."

"All magic is corrupt, you doofus," laughs one of you. Do you take even more time to investigate the crevice? All players must vote:

Thumbs up for yes. Thumbs down for no.

- Yes, investigate. go to 85-7
- No, keep going. go to 85-15

857 All players collectively choose someone to make a smarts  $\Xi$  check.

The next entry is for them.

Next - go to 85-8

**85-8** Smarts **2**+1.

Make a smarts check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 💸?

- · Yes go to 85-9
- No go to 85-12

**85-9** You stop and investigate the conspicuous crack and its strange runes. You don't understand what they mean, but somehow the strange images fill your mind with clouds. Suddenly, in front of you is a shimmering rift, and through it you behold the valley on the other side of this cursed mountain range. You see a faint image of a campfire, glowing with warm welcome. Your retainers step back nervously.

"Don't be superstitious," you say with a hand wave, before stepping through the portal. "A little corruption is good for the blood!"

Everyone follows you, and to your delight you come to a lovely clearing. Moments later you are politely informed that both of your eyes have been warped by corruption, and are now two solid gold orbs.

"Good for the blood, eh?" Grunko, Son of Grung grumbles. Corruption +2.

Luck (4)+2.

Gain the title: Golden Eyes @.

Next - go to 85-10

**85:10** Instead of traveling on the map, your party moves directly to space 86 on the map. Have the Cartographer mark the map to help you remember.

Next - go to 85-11

**85-11** You come upon a campsite. It is a cozy and cheery sight, yet ominous in its unexplained convenience.

The fire is already lit and crackling. Just the right number of bedrolls are laid out for you. And nearby is a crate and a barrel filled with provisions.

"I sense corruption," Schala notes. "We should be careful." Cookie takes off his peg legs by the fire anyway.

"Careful how?" asks Grunko, Son of Grung.

"I think... I think it's safe to camp here. But, um, it might be hard to leave."

"So something wants us to stay?" one of you asks.

"Fine by me!" shouts Cookie as he begins slicing carrots or something.

In influence order, each player may choose to take a camp action. For each player who does, spend 1 time. Each player who does not take a camp action gains influence +1.

After all camp actions have been resolved, travel on the map.

85-12 Spend 1 time.

Next - go to 85-13

**85-13** You stop to investigate the conspicuous crack and its strange runes, but all you get for your trouble is a tummy full of sick.

What a huge waste of time.

Corruption +1.

Next - go to 85-14

**85.14** You eventually find your way off of the stupid, annoying mountain.

Travel on the map.

**85-15** You encourage your allies to power through. Surprisingly, they are pleased by the choice and the safe path you have chosen. Spirits are lifted and many drink to your name on the other side of the appropriately named Dizzying Peaks. Risk  $\triangle$ -1.

The player with the most influence agains the title: the Shrewd .

Travel on the map.

### 86

You come upon a campsite. It is a cozy and cheery sight, yet ominous in its unexplained convenience.

The fire is already lit and crackling. Just the right number of bedrolls are laid out for you. And nearby is a crate and a barrel filled with provisions.

"I sense corruption," Schala notes. "We should be careful." Cookie takes off his peg legs by the fire anyway.

"Careful how?" asks Grunko, Son of Grung.

"I think... I think it's safe to camp here. But, um, it might be hard to leave."

"So something wants us to stay?" one of you asks.

"Fine by me!" shouts Cookie as he begins slicing carrots or something.

In influence order, each player may choose to take a camp action. For each player who does, spend 1 time.

Each player who does not take a camp action gains influence of the compact of the camp action gains influence of the camp action gain gain gain gain gain

After all camp actions have been resolved, travel on the map.

You come to a tangle of ancient roads, held aloft by mighty stone towers covered in cracks and vines. Ancient poles line the sides, presumably from which to hang the condemned. This must be the Trollway.

"We're going to need to find a way up there," says Grunko, Son of Grung, pointing at another road that passes far above. Players collectively choose a player to find a path. The next entry is for them.

Next - go to 87-1

**87.1** You look around, seeking some sort of path to the high roadway.

Sense 🔷+1.

Make a sense 🚱 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🕱?

- Yes go to 87-2
- No go to 87-4

**87-2** You see through the tangled knot of roads to spot how your road connects to the one high above. You quickly find a way for everyone to safely reach the Trollway. It is slow-going, but clearly the fastest possible path.

"Good job," Grunko, Son of Grung says, before patting you on the back.

The view from up high is grim. Decomposed corpses sway in the breeze and a green fog blankets the distance. Something huge moves within the fog.

"Come boys and ghouls!" cackles the mirror. "Come one and all to the Crypt of Terror, where you'll find scares for the whole family!"

Influence 😂+2.

Next - go to 87-3

**87-3** Have the Bookkeeper open the location book to page 39. Begin a round in the location book.

**87-4** You cannot make sense of the tangled knot of roads. The party comes to a halt in a spot where you can scan the surrounding area, trying to make sense of it all. How did the ancients navigate such a complex web of pathways?

Eventually, you spot how your road connects to the one high above. You lead them forward. It is slow-going, but clearly the fastest possible path.

The view from up high is grim. Decomposed corpses sway in the breeze and a green fog blankets the distance. Something huge moves within the fog.

"Come boys and ghouls!" cackles the mirror. "Come one and all to the Crypt of Terror, where you'll find scares for the whole family!"

Spend 1 time.

Next - go to 87-3

88

You find a strange cave that, while ominous, doesn't seem like it is the Crypt of Terror. You stand in the space just past the mouth but see little in the gloom.

"Let's not do it," says Cookie. "It'll be heck on the old peg legs." "It looks dangerous," Schala agrees.

"The Crypt could be deeper in this cave. We should check," you insist. "It's best to be sure." Your voice reflects off of the stone walls in a deep echo.

But no, the only thing the cave holds is a death trap. As your voice's echo finally fades, the stone aperture begins to crumble! You notice some of the stones that fall glow red with malevolence, and from inside your pack you hear Cryptech cackle with glee.

In influence 👺 order, each player chooses 1:

- Wound \$\text{A} + \frac{1}{2}\$.
- Corruption 🖸+1.
- Follower ∰-1.

You cannot choose an option that results in you losing something you do not have.

The player with the highest influence agains the title: Spelunker .

Travel on the map.

89

Have the Bookkeeper open the book to page 47, but do not begin a round until instructed.

Next - go to 89-1

89-1 You take the proper exit off the Trollway as directed by a rusting green sign hanging overhead. That road soon brings you to a shadowy building that looms in the distance. It would be easy to confuse it for any other ruin in this area, but a massive sign near the entrance gate depicts the face of Cryptech, and though you cannot read the Old Tongue very well, you clearly make out the old word for 'terror'.

Cookie whistles. "So this be it, eh? Don't look like much. It's not a castle. I was expectin' a castle. What kinda fella chooses to live in a place like this?"

"Who can understand the mind of a lich?" Schala answers. Once inside, you immediately find a corpse. It is Hik, a tall stilt-kin and member of DevonHund's party. The gal's body is caught and twisted in some strange, metal rotating door trap.

You pick up a blood-soaked tome that lies beside her. Choose a player to make a smarts 🛜 check.

The next entry is for them.

Next - go to 89-2

**89-2** Smarts **2**+1.

Make a smarts check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

- Yes go to 89-3
- No go to 89-9

89-3 The book is a journal written in a sort of cypher, but despite the blood, you and Schala work together to decode the final passages Hik wrote.

Schala reads the words aloud: "Traps everywhere. The ancients were twisted freaks, the proof of their cruelty found in hidden devices left to ensnare the unwary. I stayed behind so DevonHund could carry on, but there are no others left. There is now no reward that can make this worth the heinous cost."

You roll your eyes at the final translation.

"What a moaner," you scoff. "Still, it's good to have the intel. Keep an eye out for traps everyone!"

All other players gain luck @+1.

Next - go to 89-4

89-4 Does any player have the follower 🕾 S-25, Dawn Chorus?

- Yes go to 89-5
- No go to 89-7

**89-5** This entry is for the player who currently has Dawn Chorus: Dawn Chorus takes a knee by the corpse of his former friend, his gentle weeping making everyone feel awkward. Sighing, you walk over and provide the obligatory if unhelpful,

"There, there."

Dawn Chorus looks up at you with red, bleary eyes. "I know you lot don't like DevonHund. Gods only know why, he's been nothing but kind to you, but... please. Whatever your feelings, surely we can agree his is a life worth saving?"

"Promise me!" the elf insists. "Promise me that if we find him alive, we will do what it takes to save him!" You look at the others, but their wincing shrugs don't help. "Promise we will try!"

Choose 1:

- "I promise." go to 89-6
- "I can't make any guarantees." go to 89-8

**89-6** "Of course," you say, placing a hand on the elf's shoulder. "If we can help him, then I swear we will."

Dawn Chorus takes satisfaction in your answer, and stands. He gives you a strong hug and you find yourself fearful of future regrets.

Gain the title: Oath Maker 🔕.

Next - go to 89-7

897 Your business with Hik concluded, you push into a large common area with booths and counters. Laughter echoes through the air as well as from your pack.

"Welcome to the Crypt of Terror, boys and ghouls!" Cryptech cackles, his disembodied voice magically coming from above. "Stay close to your mummies and daddies and always watch your step! Muahahaha!"

"Arr. Such cruel mockery," laments Cookie.

"If Cryptech still lives, then DevonHund has not succeeded," Schala points out. "Yet, at least."

You hurry forward through a maze of ancient hallways, the air reeking of mold and decay. You eventually find the most likely way to go, only it is blocked by a rusted steel door with a weird, glowing wall panel next to it.

"Ancient magic," Schala confirms. "We're supposed to type in some sort of six-digit code to open the passage." That's when a side door opens, and aged robots, their movement stiff and awkward, stumble into view.

The humanoid automatons are clothed in cobwebs and faded garish colors. Their shoes are too large in proportion for their bodies, and each of their faces bears an unnerving smile and an even more unnerving bright red nose, round and strange.

"Okay, Yeah." You try to remain calm as pressure mounts.

"Everyone! Investigate the room. Let's find the code for that

Set Dial A (the pressure) to the current threat 袋. Begin a round in the location book.

89-8 Dawn Chorus nods his head in understanding, but moments later, when you turn around to check on him, he is gone. Whatevs.

Discard Dawn Chorus's follower (2) card.

Gain the title: Straight-Shooter @

Next - go to 89-7

89-9 The book is a journal written in some sort of cypher that you can't quite figure out. It doesn't help that the pages are soaked in blood.

"Can I try?" asks Schala politely. You try to hand her the book, but it slips from your hand, landing face down in the puddle, splashing blood all over your boots. Schala sighs. "Okay, never mind."

Influence 2 -4.

Next - go to 89-4

You do your sweaty best to climb the spooky tree, but halfway up your mood is spoiled when you behold 'DEVONHUND + SARAHUND = 4 EVA' carved into the trunk.

You think back on their stupid destination wedding and how rude it was that they invited you. Sure it was beautiful, but you ended up wasting a whole weekend at a vineyard whose wine your hosts knew you never cared for!

"Damn that DevonHund," you snarl, lost in your thoughts, when suddenly a certified, 100% genuine demon leaps from one of the branches asking, "Who? Whoooo?" with an accusatory shriek.

You don't know the answer to its question, but you do know the long fall to the ground hurts like the dickens. When you look back up, the demon seems to have vanished. Wound  $\mathbb{A}+1$ .

You see a spooky tree and, naturally, decide to climb it. Branch by branch you work your way up until about halfway you see the words 'DEVONHUND + SARAHUND = 4 EVA' carved into the trunk.

You think back to their flashy destination wedding and how rude it was for them to invite you. They knew you hated the beach, but they also knew you'd come for the free drinks. Such an insult to deliberately play to your baser instincts! Your anger pushes you higher.

You reach the top of the tree, but aside from a little demon who lives up there, it's pretty boring. You try talking to the demon, but he's way too hard of hearing for communication to be possible. Typical tree demon stuff.

Luckily you get above the mists where you have a decent view of the road ahead, so it wasn't a complete waste of energy. Risk  $\triangle$ -1.

Gain the title: Climber of the Spooky Tree @.



You find a gravestone with an especially fancy-sounding name, and your curiosity prompts you to begin digging. You eventually dig up a heavy, iron coffin wrapped in chains.

"Hello?" calls a voice from inside the coffin. "Is someone there? Oh, please let me out! I'm late for... something. Yes, terribly late I think."

"Who are you?" you demand of the strange voice.

"I don't remember!" the voice replies. "I've been in this dang thing so long, I went and forgot. I just want out. Let me out!" Choose 1:

- Let them out. go to 1303-1
- Bury them again. go to 1303-2

1303-1 You break the chains and rising from the coffin comes a tall, pale husk that looks suspiciously like a human male, with thinning hair and ancient-looking rags for clothing.

"Thank you" he wheezes, dust wafting from his mouth. "Can I, I don't know, help in any way? I can't remember who I am and I don't want to be left alone."

"Sure, carry this," you say and you toss the man your bag. "Oh dear, manual labor?" asks the man.

"Yeah, you always loved that kind of thing," you assure him. "Splendid!" And just like that, you've gained a retainer.

Gain story card S-26, Mysterious Stranger from the story deck. Add Mysterious Stranger's follower token to the time bag. Gain the title: Talks to Strangers @.

1303-2 "Hey!" you call to a follower. "Help me bury this thing!" "What?" screams the voice from inside the coffin. "Don't do this! Oh God, please don't do this to me!" Your follower helps you rebury the coffin, but they are disgruntled at having to help you fix your mistake, and the constant pleading of the voice inside leaves them rattled. Sadly, the follower slips away later that evening and is never seen again.

On the bright side, grave-digging is hard work and your delts and glutes are looking cut, baby!

Might (8)+1. Follower (293-1.

Gain the title: the Under Faker 💩.

You take some time to study the stones in the graveyard. The names and dates have mostly been worn away by time, yet the stones sit as ancient heralds of the past. It makes for a pleasant evening stroll.

Or at least it does until your mind wanders to thoughts of

You remember that time he defeated you in a 'friendly' duel and didn't even have the common decency to leave you with a cool scar or cut off an appendage. Instead he humiliated you by just shaking your hand! In front of everyone! Like you were just old pals having a laugh!

Oh, your blood is really boiling now... In fact you are so upset you don't notice the open grave ahead of you until you fall into it, severely hurting yourself. Why couldn't DevonHund have hurt you this badly?

Wound  $\mathbb{A}+1$ .

You take some time to study the stones in the graveyard. The names and dates have mostly been worn away by time, yet the stones sit as ancient heralds of the past. It makes for a pleasant evening stroll.

You notice that one of the stones has a few offerings recently left behind by unknown family or admirers. You look at the engraving, which reads 'CHOOKA THE GENEROUS'.

You assume that they won't mind being generous one last time and pocket the loot.

Treasure #+1. Gold ()+1.

You suppose if you want to ensure this isn't the Crypt of Terror, you should, you know, check the crypt.

However, as you approach, a pack of shambling skeletons stumble through the fog toward you. And they don't look like the friendly skeletons from home, either. These look like... human skeletons. Yikes.

Does any player have the follower the F-13, Lazy Bones?

- Yes go to 1306-1
- · No go to 1306-2

1306-1 You turn to Lazy Bones.

"I hate to bother you," you snarl, "but could you maybe stand up for a moment and and talk to these things?"

"Oh, uh, yeah," he says. "No problemo." And giving a small burp, he stands himself up.

"Hey guys! We're over here!" he shouts to the skeletons.

"What are you doing!?" you ask incredulously. But Lazy Bones looks down at his wrist as if something is on it.

"Oh dude, I gotta go." he says with a passive shrug. "I have a set tonight."

"What the hell is a set?" you demand, but Lazy Bones shuffles off as the skeletons with less pressing schedules lurch toward you.

Next - go to 1306-2

**1306-2** Choose 1:

- Turn the undead. go to 1306-3
- Destroy them. go to 1306-8
- Call for backup. go to 1306-12

1306-3 You stand tall, and holding up a hand in rebuke, shout at the approaching skeletons with righteous conviction.

"Back, you devils! Return to whatever hell you came from!" Make a will 🗞 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 饿?

- Yes go to 1306-4
- No go to 1306-5

1306-4 The skeletons scream and recoil in disgust at your faith, retreating to more secular territory.

Their rout gives you the confidence to enter the crypt and look around. It's definitely not the Crypt of Terror—heck, it's barely the Crypt of Shivers—but you find something handy. Luck @+1.

Treasure #+2.

Gain the title: Declaimer 💩.



**1306-5** The skeletons don't seem keen on following instructions or taking your advice. Instead of returning to hell or heaven or wherever, they surround you menacingly.

Choose 1:

Try to escape. - go to 1306-6

• Take your lumps. - go to 1306-7

1306-6 You manage to escape, bravely screaming in terror, though one of your followers is not as lucky.

Influence 👺-4.

Follower (293-1.

1306-7 Surrounded, you stand and fight the boney fiends, despite it being far too late to do so safely. They slash at you with their foul claws but you strike them down in return, broken bones clattering upon the desolate ground. You are left wounded but proud.

Influence 👺+2. Wound A+1.

1306-8 The skeletons try to surround you but you snap into action, chipping away at their numbers while maneuvering to minimize how many of them can attack you at once.

Make a weapon check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat  ${\ \ \ }$ ?

Yes - go to 1306-9

No - go to 1306-10

My weapon has the shock \$\frac{1}{2}\$ trait. - go to 1306-11

1306-9 You shatter the bones of the skeletons, setting their foul human spirits free to return to the heavens or hells or whatever other place they might lurk.

Their destruction gives you the confidence to enter the crypt and look around. It's definitely not the Crypt of Terror-heck, it's barely the Crypt of Shivers—but you find something handy. Luck @+1.

Treasure #+2.

1306-10 The skeletons put up more of a fight than you had hoped, but your valiant effort is still appreciated by all who witness it. Wound  $\mathbb{A}+1$ .

Influence 2 +2.

1306-11 The electricity that courses from your attacks leaps from skeleton to skeleton, obliterating the corruption that animates their dead bones. With every swing of your arm, a fiend explodes into dust.

Their destruction gives you the confidence to enter the crypt and look around. It's definitely not the Crypt of Terror—heck, it's barely the Crypt of Shivers—but you find something handy. Luck @+1.

Treasure ##+2.

Gain the title: Bone Shaker 🔕.

1306-12 The skeletons threaten to surround you, so you decide to play it safe and call for help, which is in no way a weak

move. You call one of your companions over and together, you easily trounce the horde of old bones. Their destruction gives you the confidence to enter the crypt

and look around. It's definitely not the Crypt of Terror-heck, it's barely the Crypt of Shivers—but you find some handy stuff. It's a shame you have to share it.

Influence 👺-3.

Treasure ##+1.

Choose another player to gain treasure #+1.

"Greetings, m'lady," you say to the mer gravedigger who turns away and rolls her eyes. You tip your hat and say, "How are you on this fine morrow?"

The gravedigger ignores you and returns to tending to the ancient cemetery, keeping her secrets to herself. Later, rather than work on yourself, you write a very mean thing about her in your journal.

Influence 2 -4.

"Excuse me!" you call the to the mysterious mer gravedigger. "We're looking for something called the Crypt of Terror. Is there any chance you could mark it on our map?"

She turns her withered old gaze toward you. "I'll tell you what I told the last one... The crypts are over there," she says pointing to the structure that squats nearby.

"No. Sorry, I mean elsewhere. There is a place literally called the Crypt of Terror. Have you heard of it?"

"Well that's just rude."

"Come again?"

"This crypt is plenty terrifying," she insists. "A squirrel died in there a month ago. I didn't even bother cleaning him up."

"I see," and you stare awkwardly at the ground.

"Watch where you put your foot!" she cackles playfully, and you try to flash your friendliest smile. But she sees through it. "Fine, fine. My place isn't good enough. I get it! Knuckle off, then. Useless tourist!"

You walk away in frustration, but don't leave the graveyard before first robbing the surly gravedigger's cottage. That'll teach her! Sort of. You sadly discover everything she owns is steeped in corruption.

Treasure ##+1. Corruption +1.

"Excuse me!" you call the to the mysterious mer gravedigger. "We're looking for something called the Crypt of Terror. Is there any chance you could mark it on our map?"

She turns her withered old gaze toward you. "I'll tell you what I told the last one... The crypts are over there," she says pointing to the structure that squats nearby.

"No. Sorry, I mean elsewhere. There is a place literally called the Crypt of Terror. Have you heard of it?"

She smiles at you and says, "No, I don't know where that is, but this path will lead you from the cemetery and get you out of my hair."

"You mentioned others. Was one of them called DevonHund?" "Sure," she snorts, before returning to her work.

You decide not to test her patience further. You leave by the indicated path, certain you are on the right way.

Risk △-1. Luck (40+1.

Gain the title: Friend to the Unfriendly 🔕.



Leaving the cemetery, you hear eerie murmurs from behind. At first you fear the dead follow, but turning back you see your followers engaged in fearful whispering. You understand why. The real crypt, one filled with even greater horrors, still lies ahead. You take out the strange, black mirror and gaze into it, desperate for a clue, but it sits silent. You spy your reflection upon the surface of its cracked glass and sigh at how terrible it makes you look.

No comfort can come from the artifact, and so you carry on, hoping to reach the lich before your rival does.

The Bookkeeper may close the location book.

Travel on the map.

## 1901

Does any player have the title: the Uninteresting?

- Yes go to 1901-1
- No go to 1901-2

1901-1 The golem ignores you, and smashes the earth. Influence 😭 – 3.

Remove any lock (1) tokens from Action 4.

All players on Action 3 gain wound +1 and move to Action 4. All players on Action 2 gain wound +1 and move to Action 3.

1901-2 You scramble through your bag, searching for something to draw the creature away from the group. You yank out... a rubber cockatrice? The treasure golem doesn't seem to notice the item and leaps toward your companions, slamming the ground as it does. Everyone is sent flying as corruption energy courses through the lot of them. Influence \$\mathbb{U}\$-3.

Remove any lock (1) tokens from Action 4.

All players on Action 3 gain wound 4+1 and move to Action 4. All players on Action 2 gain wound 4+1 and move to Action 3. Gain the title: the Uninteresting 40.

# 1902

Does any player have the title: the Decoy?

- Yes go to 1902-1
- No go to 1902-2

1902-1 You grab something from your bag of moderate value. You wave it in front of the golem. It turns and looks at you, hesitating, but then, it carries on with another huge slam. The force of the attack pushes a shockwave of rubble and corruption away from the monster, bringing with it any poor unfortunates who were on the offensive against the relentless thing.

Influence 👺-1.

Remove any lock (1) tokens from Action 4.

Move the player with the lowest influence on Action 3 to 4. Move the player with the lowest influence on Action 2 to 3.

**1902-2** You grab something from your person and frantically wave it in front of the golem. It turns and looks at you... It waits...

Do you throw the treasure?

- Yes (requires 1 treasure 🕮) go to 1902-3
- No go to 1902-4

19023 The monster runs after it, ignoring your companions! Influence 44.6.

Treasure 28-1.

Gain the title: the Decoy 💩.

1902-4 The beast turns to you and narrows its massive eye. It only pauses its onslaught for a moment though, before it flies back into a rage and brings its massive limbs down in a bone-crunching smash of corruption and anger. Luckily, your minor distraction created a window for a few of your allies to brace themselves against the worst of the shockwave. Influence \$\mathbb{\mathcal{C}}\mathbb{+}3.

Remove any lock (7) tokens from Action 4.

Move the player with the lowest influence on Action 3 to 4. Move the player with the lowest influence on Action 2 to 3. Gain the title: the Decoy .

# 1903

Does any player have the title: Summoner of Golems?

- Yes go to 1903-1
- No go to 1903-2

1903-1 You manage to distract the lumbering treasure golem, pulling the force of its fury in a safer direction.

Influence \$\mathbb{\mathbb{G}} + 6.

1903-2 A brilliant idea occurs to you.

You pull a huge pink ribbon from your bag and grab an empty chest you spy in Grunko, Son of Grung's cart. You carve a sloppy-looking eye with long lashes onto the chest, and attach the ribbon to the top of it in a crude pink bow. Holding it up for the golem to see, you shout, "Yoo-hoo! Over here!" Then you throw the decoy away from the party. You aren't sure about the gender dynamics of treasure golems, and worry that you've only confused or offended the thing. Its body language is impossible to read, but it definitely chases after the chest, giving your allies a few precious moments to work without the golem assaulting them. "Lucky bastard," sighs Cookie. "I hope one day I'll meet a girl like that."

Influence 😂+6.

Gain the title: Summoner of Golems @.

# 1904

Ah yes. A moment free of the fray lets you spot a vulnerable spot on your assailant. Too bad your friends think you're hiding.

Influence 23-3.

Choose 2:

- Sense +1.
- Dial A -2.
- Dial A -1 for each standee (including your own) left on Action 5.

### 1905

You pull away from the combat and call out to the others when you see openings in the golem's defenses. It's beneficial and way easier than actually fighting.

Choose 2:

- Influence \$\mathbb{\omega} + 4.
- Will **%**+1.
- Choose another player to gain luck @+2.

Selfishness in the midst of mortal peril is a freelancer tradition, and you choose to honor it. You seize an opportunity to hop onto the beast and grab something fun off of its body. Sadly, the golem swats you away like a fly. "What were you thinking, mate?" Grunko, Son of Grung asks. "T—t—tradition," you wheeze.

Wound **(a)**+1. Influence **(b)**−3. Corruption **(b)**+1. Lock **(f)** Action 6.

### 1907

"Wow!" Grunko, Son of Grung shouts when he sees you scale the massive construct's frame. "Brilliant! An attack from whence it cannot defend itself!"

You grab something great and stash it before scurrying away, corrupt energy sizzling in your bag.

"Oh," the yak sighs. "Yeah, that tracks."

Look through the treasure each cards that were set aside in the Golem Deck at the start of the page and gain one of them. Corruption +1.

Lock ( Action 6.

Gain the title: Selfish Scaler .

# 1908

You notice carvings on the thing that glow red with corruption. "Hold on!" you call to your allies. "Let me read these runes. Maybe they will help!" You begin to read them aloud, rune by rune, letter by letter.

"O-I-C." you say before you stop and your shoulders slump. "O-I-C? What? What does that spell?" Grunko, Son of Grung calls over to you, confused.

"Sorry." You avert your eyes and answer, "I was just saying, 'Oh, I see,' as in like, 'Oh I realize something."

"And what was that?"

"I can't actually read this. Like, at all." But even unread, the runes work their corrupt influence upon your mind.

Corruption +1.

Influence 👺-3.

Lock (1) Action 7.

### 1909

You notice carvings on the thing that glow red with corruption. "Hold on!" you call to your allies. "Let me read these runes. Maybe they will help!" You begin to read them aloud. As you do, the giant construct begins to crack and groan. Beams of corruption burst from its wounds. One of them strikes you, and while it doesn't hurt, it does leave you with an extra set of eyes on your chest. They don't seem to see, but they do get stuff caught in their eyelashes. It's pretty annoying, but easy to hide.

Corruption 🔀+1.

Dial A -3.

Dial B -2.

Lock ( Action 7.

Gain the title: Eyes Down Here .

## 1910

Is Dial B at 0?

- Yes go to 1910-1
- No go to 1910-2

**1910-1** The golem lets out a weird, whistling shriek as treasure begins to spill out of it like a piñata. It falls to the ground with a thunderous rumble and moves no more.

"Let's grab what we can carry," one of you says. "DevonHund didn't come this way. Maybe now we have the advantage we need?"

"Aye," agrees Cookie. "Or maybe we took the long way, and he already made it to the lich!"

"This is why no one likes you, Cookie," you tell him.

He hangs his head. "I know."

Players divide the treasure acrds remaining in the Golem Deck however they choose.

All players gain gold 0+1.

The Bookkeeper may close the location book.

Travel on the map.

**1910-2** There is a crackle and the black mirror sparks to life. "Why didn't the skeleton cross the road!?" asks Cryptech. And before you can reply, the lich shouts, "It didn't have the guts! Muahahaha!"

And with that the mirror snaps back to silent darkness. You grit your teeth. That was a lie! You have the guts! Right? Lock (7) Action 4.

Discard a treasure acard from the Golem Deck.
Next - go to 1910-3

1910-3 Do you wish to flee?

- · Yes go to 1910-4
- No go to 1910-5

1910-4 You turn to flee, but then the golem opens its maw wide, revealing some sort of vortex of corruption. It begins to inhale violently, threatening to suck up every loose item or person among you.

You push on, and flee the terrifying golem, but your losses are significant.

Lose a number of treasure  $\stackrel{\text{\tiny def}}{=}$  and/or followers  $\stackrel{\text{\tiny def}}{\hookrightarrow}$  equal to the number of players.

Players may divide these losses amongst themselves as they see fit. If there is disagreement, the player with the most influence decides.

The Bookkeeper may close the location book. Travel on the map.

1910-5 Spend 1 time. If you draw a follower token this way, discard it from the bag immediately instead of resolving it. Begin a new round on this page.

Does any player have the title: the Armor Splitter?

- Yes go to 3101-1
- No go to 3101-10

**3101-1** With the case to the crazed corrupted machine finally unlocked and its hinges loosened by previous efforts, you dash forward, eager to make sure no one else gets credit for taking Cryptech's head.

"Finally!" DevonHund sobs. "I was worried for a second that you guys weren't going to save me!"

Next - go to 3101-2

**3101-2** You pop the hinge, but opening the box is difficult. Yet you give a mighty roar, and fling the entire top half of the case over where it crushes DevonHund with a sickening crunch.

"Oh," you say meekly. "Er, watch out?"

"Fortune favors the bold!" cackles Cryptech. You face the lich angrily, taunted for the last time. You grab its head and rip it from its sparking shoulders.

XP **☆**+1.

Gain the title: Lich-Slayer @.

Gain the title: Doggone Mighty @.

Next - go to 3101-3

**3101-3** The humans are alarmed by the sudden demise of their patron, and they retreat into those dark places you dare not tread. You flee the area, Cryptech's head stuffed into a backpack. You'd grab DevonHund's corpse, but really, that would be a lot of effort.

"It's better like this," you assure each other.

Grunko, Son of Grung does not agree. "If any of you had died, DevonHund would have retrieved your corpses and returned them to the Hub."

"He sure would have," you agree. "That twisted bastard! Always trying to humiliate us!"

Does any player have the follower (2) S-25, Dawn Chorus?

- · Yes go to 3101-4
- No go to 3101-5

3101-4 Dawn Chorus clears his throat, and steps forward. "Well, it has been an experience," he says, his face carefully neutral. "But my party is scattered, my leader and best friend dead, and the people responsible are, well..." His voice trails off. "It is an age of atrophy and ruin, to be sure. Anyhoo. Thank you for my rescue at least, but I think it's best I be off now. May fate smile so warmly upon us all that it never feel the need to return us each into the glowing embrace of such close proximity again. Farewell!" And with that, he takes his leave.

Return Dawn Chorus's follower 👸 card to the story deck. Next - go to 3101-5

3101-5 Count how many lawful (a) titles the players have collectively earned so far this game and count how many chaotic (a) titles they have collectively earned so far this game. Are there more lawful titles than chaotic?

- · Yes- go to 3101-6
- No go to 3101-9

**3101-6** You return to the Hub as heroes, celebrated in the common rooms of every tavern and inn you visit. Even the King himself summons you for an audience, and there, in the presence of the royal court, you recount the nerve-racking tale of Cryptech's defeat. You're a little annoyed at the gasps and sniffles of sorrow when you reach the part where DevonHund dies, but whatevs.

In celebration of your success, the King orders the construction of a great guild house, of which you are all named the custodians. The King is certain the Hub will have more need of brave freelancers in the future, and it is your job to not only meet that need, but organize those who heed the kingdom's call and follow in your footsteps.

The next entry is for the player with the title: Doggone Mighty. Next - go to 3101-7

**3101-7** Some time later you sit proudly on a toilet within the new guild house, feeling pretty good about things overall. That's when you hear the chill voice, barely louder than a whisper. "You..."

Turning, you are startled to see the ghost of DevonHund standing in the bathroom with you, mouth open, pointing. "I know," he gasps.

"Oh gods, save me!" you scream. "Someone save me from this vengeful spirit!"

"I know..." he continues. "Just an accident. Not your fault!"
"What's that?"

"I know you did not mean to kill me," gasps DevonHund's phantom. "All is forgiven!"

"Okay then."

"Do not fret."

"Great."

"I will never let you forget!" he promises. "Always forgiving... Always reassuring... Always... here with you!"

Your screams are heard throughout the neighborhood, echoing terrified through the streets and alleys.

Congratulations! You have won!

Each player should now read their character's ending and their full name including all titles. They may also take a bow if they wish.

Next - go to 3101-8

**3101-8** After all players have read their names and endings, the player with the greatest number of titles may write their name on the Pipes of the Hub page of the rulebook, never to be forgotten as one of the kingdom's most important figures. You have completed this campaign. Feel free to try another one with new characters, or play this one again on a harder difficulty, exploring other paths!

3101-9 You return to the Hub as heroes, celebrated in the common rooms of every tavern and inn you visit. Even the King himself summons you for an audience, and there, in the presence of the royal court you recount the nerve-racking tale of Cryptech's defeat. You're a little annoyed at the gasps and sniffles of sorrow when you reach the part where DevonHund dies, but whatevs.

In celebration of your success, the King orders the construction of a great guild house, of which you are all named the custodians. The King is certain the Hub will have more need of brave freelancers in the future, and it is your job to not only meet that need, but organize those who heed the kingdom's call and follow in your footsteps.

Even better, it will be named the DevonHund Memorial Guild House so the city might forever remember its favorite martyred hero. A magnificent bronze sculpture of the heroic hound is erected right out front of the guild house, there in the town square, so that all might marvel at the sight of brave DevonHund standing resolutely against evil, the head of the dreaded lich held in his noble hands.

The next entry is for the player with the title: Doggone Mighty. Next - go to 3101-7 3101-10 You run over to the strange box and examine it frantically, ignoring DevonHund's grating pleas for aid. "I'll be here all week!" mocks the high-pitched voice of Cryptech. "Monday through Die-day! Ha-ha-ha!" You carry on, looking frantically as the darker, hateful voice booms, "I am eternal! No living soul can penetrate my armor!" Hey, maybe it's right. You look for a way to circumvent the case and notice an access panel on the back.

"Please! I don't want to die!" DevonHund pleads. "Not today!" You roll your eyes. "You aren't going to die. Now be quiet and let me think!"

Smarts 23+1.

Make a smarts check.

Is the result equal to or higher than Dial A?

- · Yes go to 3101-11
- · No go to 3101-14

**3101-11** It's then that you figure out how the ancient machine works. There is a hatch with a complex lock on the back that would allow you to open the case protecting Cryptech. You disable the lock, quicker than even you would have expected.

"Good job, buddy!" DevonHund says. "Now let's get out of here!"

"Don't take life too seriously!" Cryptech cackles. "After all..." And the lich's voice grows deeper and more distorted: "NO ONE GETS OUT ALIVE!"

A blood-red bolt of corruption suddenly shocks both you and DevonHund.

"Me and my buddy here will sure be getting out of here!" DevonHund laughs heroically, despite the pain. "Right, pal?" You ignore the doofus, and concentrate on trying to force the case open.

Corruption 🖸+1.

Gain the title: Armor Splitter 💩.

Next - go to 3101-12

**3101-12** Might 🕸 + 1.

Make a might 🔗 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than Dial A?

- Yes go to 3101-2
- No go to 3101-13

**3101-13** You struggle with the weight of the thing and suddenly Cryptech begins to cackle louder and louder.

"That doesn't sound good," DevonHund says as another, much more massive bolt of corruption blasts you, throwing you back and away from the box.

DevonHund cries out in pain.

Corruption +1.

Wound A+1.

3101-14 It's then that you figure out how the ancient machine works. There is a hatch with a complex lock on the back that would allow you to open the case protecting Cryptech.

However you struggle to disable its strange lock. In frustration, you resort to bashing it with something until it opens.

"Good job, buddy!" DevonHund says. "Now let's get out of here!"

You roll your eyes at the doofus' phony enthusiasm.

Smarts **2+1**.

Treasure **2**-1.

Gain the title: Armor Splitter 💩.

Next - go to 3101-15

**3101-15** Suddenly the corrupted machine begin to emit a sickening drone.

"Don't take life too seriously!" Cryptech cackles, "After all..." And the lich's voice gets deeper and more distorted: "NO ONE GETS OUT ALIVE!"

"That doesn't sound good," DevonHund yips as a massive bolt of corruption blasts you, throwing you back and away from the box.

DevonHund howls in pain.

Wound  $\mathbb{A}+1$ .

Corruption 🖸+1.

# 3102

Does any player have the title: the Looker?

- Yes go to 3102-1
- No go to 3102-9

**3102-1** You reach into your pocket and dash for the coin slot. You've got just the thing.

"Where do vampires keep their money?" Cryptech shouts. "At the blood bank! Muahaha!"

"Get me out of here!" DevonHund yelps.

"I'm trying!" you snap at the hound. "Just hang on, ya dummy!"

Next - go to 3102-2

**3102-2** You insert a coin and hear a loud click. DevonHund's arm is freed and you are able to pull him away.

Both of Cryptech's voices join together and blare, "I am sorry, boys and ghouls, but Cryptech is experiencing technical difficulties. This attraction will shut down until maintenance has been performed!" Sparks fly from the lich as it repeats its words, and smoke begins to rise from its body. DevonHund alongside you, you manage to escape, mere seconds before its body bursts into consuming flame.

Cryptech's final words hang in the air. "Please contact the customer experience pavilion for a refund."

"I don't know what that means," says DevonHund, "but we should flee immediately!" You agree and all escape from the cursed chamber, its flames, and the rampaging human mob. XP 😭 +1.

Gain the title: the Lucky Penny ...

Gain the title: Lich-Slayer 💩.

Next - go to 3102-3

**3102-3** You flee the area, DevonHund thrown over Grunko, Son of Grung's shoulders. Once safely away, you tend to the hound's wounded arm.

"I think he's going to be okay," says Schala, "provided we can swiftly return him to the Hub."

Does any player have the follower A S-25, Dawn Chorus?

- Yes go to 3102-4
- No go to 3102-5

3102-4 "I will see him safely home," says the elf scout, stepping forward. "DevonHund is my closest friend, and I swore to his family that I would see him safely returned to them."

"We should probably all travel together," warns Schala.

"Yeah, no," assures Dawn Chorus. "Just, you know, call it a hunch or whatever. Trust me. This will be best. Definitely the best." And he helps his friend up, and together they hobble off

Return Dawn Chorus's follower 🖀 card to the story deck. Next - go to 3102-5

### 3103-3105

**3102-5** The journey is long, but you return home to the Hub in triumph, not that anyone notices. The city is still abuzz with news of DevonHund's return and how he bested a lich.

But all that changes when you are summoned to appear before the King. DevonHund stands with you as the entire court listens to you recount the tale of your journey to the Crypt of Terror, followed by your frightful battle against the lich. "It is a terrible shame you could not return home with the lich's head as proof of its defeat," snivels a courtier.

"Well, I for one declare their account to be accurate!" declares a recovering DevonHund. "I was there and can support the veracity of the claim. Cryptech is no more!" "Oh, well if you say so, DevonHund, far be it for me to say otherwise." And the courtier bows low.

And so the King declares DevonHund a hero of the realm, and awards him a barony. You are rewarded too for your part in rescuing the kingdom's savior, and you are each given a pouch of gold. It is not the legendary status you had longed for, but it is a significant improvement all the same.

Each player gains gold +1.

Each player must count how many lawful @ titles they have earned this game, then add them all together to determine how many lawful @ titles the party earned in total.

Next, each player must count how many chaotic titles they have earned this game, then add them all together to determine how many chaotic titles the party earned in total. Which total is higher?

(Reminder: If there is a tie, the player with the highest influence 😭 chooses.)

- Lawful 🙆 go to 3102-6
- Chaotic @ go to 3102-8

**3102-6** And so ends the story, much as it began, with you in the shadows of DevonHund's success. In this case, quite literally as the King has a statue erected of the city's hero. Each day you see the smug bastard towering in bronze, bravely staring down any danger that would threaten the kingdom, the head of a lich held tight in his hands.

If only they could figure out who keeps vandalizing it. Congratulations! You have won!

Each player should now read their character's ending and their full name including all titles.

Next - go to 3102-7

31027 After all players have read their names and endings, the player with the greatest number of titles may write their name on the Pipes of the Hub page of the rulebook, never to be forgotten as one of the kingdom's most important figures. You have completed this campaign. Feel free to try another one with new characters for a greater challenge and a deeper story!

3102-8 You remain for most of the celebration at the castle, but once things begin to wind down, you agree to slip out early. Before you do, DevonHund chases after you, and giving you each a big, friendly smile, waves you over to a quiet corner. You all stand in a circle, arms clasping each other, and the hound meets each of your eyes.

"I know you wanted the lich's head, but sometimes things don't always work out how we want. But then again, sometimes they do!" And he grins. "Look, before you go, I just wanted to say something from the heart, and I wanted you to know it's true." He lowers his voice to a whisper. "I'll always be better than you."

And with that, he walks away.

Congratulations! You have won!

Each player should now read their character's ending and their full name including all titles.

Next - go to 3102-7

**3102-9** Despite the utter chaos unfolding about you, you take a moment to examine the spot where DevonHund's arm is caught.

"All employees must wash their hands after leaving the restroom," Cryptech says as some sort of dark incantation. Then a darker voice follows, as sparks of corruption shoot from the box. "I see your future and it is awash in blood unending!" You do your best to focus and ignore Cryptech as you search for something, anything, that could free your rival.

Gain the title: the Looker 🔕.

Sense 🔷+1.

Make a sense 🚱 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than Dial A?

- Yes go to 3102-10
- · No go to 3102-12

**3102:10** Suddenly, you notice a strange slot glowing with orange energy. It seems designed to take a specific size of coin. You wonder if you might have a coin that would fit.

Roll a twenty-sided die 🕝 and add your total number of gold 🔾 to the result.

Is the total equal to or higher than Dial A?

- Yes go to 3102-2
- No go to 3102-11

**3102-11** Patting yourself and pulling at your pockets, you frantically search for the right coin.

"Hey, buddy?" DevonHund asks. "Whatcha doing?" "Shut up, DevonHund, I'm trying to save you!"

"Hello bargain HAUNTers!" Cryptech cackles. "Looking for a discount? Well, try—"

Suddenly its normally shrill voice is cut off by something darker and much more menacing. "WELL TOO BAD!" it roars, then blasts you with a deep crimson jolt of energy that sends you sprawling away from the wretched contraption.

Cryptech laughs in a hysterical fit as DevonHund howls in fear.

Influence 📽-3.

Wound  $\mathbb{Q}^{+1}$ . Corruption  $\mathbb{Q}^{+1}$ .

3102-12 Unfortunately, Cryptech's maddening gibbering becomes too much for you to handle. The corruption surrounding the machine is too potent and you are forced to withdraw, holding your head and closing your eyes.

"Wait!" DevonHund calls. "Come back!"

"Yes, come back soon!" Cryptech calls after you with a booming laugh.

Corruption +2.

Influence 👺-2.

You keep to the shadows as you attempt to slip past the demonic humans.

Agility \$\overline{\overline{\pi}} +1.

Make an agility a check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 2?

- Yes go to 3103-1
- No go to 3103-2

3103-1 The gift shop is dark, yet some of the humans wander aimlessly through it, stopping only to gaze at keychains or mugs shaped to look like bikini bosoms.

"Need to charge my phone," one of them moans.

You skirt past them all and grab a couple things that look cool. Gold O+1.

Treasure ##+1.

3103-2 The debris on the floor is too tricky for you to maneuver across, so you are forced to snag some garbage near the entrance and quickly sneak away.

Gold ()+1.

You storm the gift shop, surprising the few humans who mill about with vacant expressions.

"Need to charge my phone!" bellows one hirsute fellow as he rushes at you.

Make a weapon check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat?

- Yes go to 3104-1
- No go to 3104-2
- Who needs math? My weapon has the fire & trait! go to 3104-3

31041 You dodge the human male, but more follow after. Luckily for you, their soft, naked flesh makes it easy to slice off faces, slash through bellies, and send random limbs flying about. It's disturbing stuff really, but at least they aren't people. You kill or maim enough of them that the remainder retreat, howling something about "not getting a signal" and asking the others if they can "get signals."

Bizarre are the ways of demons, but you console yourself with some heavy looting.

XP 🖄+1.

Treasure ##+2.

**3104-2** You dodge the human male, but more follow after. At first you delight in how easy it is to hurt their soft, naked flesh, but then your weapon sticks in someone's belly, and by the time you pull it free, there are too many upon you to hope to best them in combat. A frenzied woman leaps at you screaming, "Grande mocha, extra whip!" and the bizarreness of the situation causes you to turn and flee in terror. Still, you faced humans and lived to tell the tale. Luck **(4)**+1.

31043 Your weapon produces a spout of flames, and the human male turns on his heels and runs away screaming. Luckily this sends the other humans off after it in a retreat, howling something about "not getting a signal" and asking one another if they know "the wifi password."

Bizarre are the ways of demons, but you console yourself with some heavy looting.

XP **☆**+1.

Treasure #+2.

The player with the most influence must make a will 🗞 check. Is the result equal to or higher than Dial A?

- Yes go to 3105-1
- No go to 3105-3

**3105-1** The lich jerks about erratically, its cackling laughter ringing in your ears.

"Get me out of here!" pleads DevonHund.

Remove any lock 🕽 tokens from Action 6.

Next - go to 3105-2

3105-2 Suddenly, tendrils of dark energy lash out from Cryptech whose rocking and cackling grows more violent.

"SOUL SIPHON!" a deep, otherworldly voice roars.

Your followers drop to their knees, crying out in pain.

All players with 1 or more corruption must choose 1:

- Follower (29)-1.
- Corruption -1. Wound +1.
- Corruption ⊕+1. Influence ₩-6.

You cannot choose an option that results in you losing something you do not have.

Begin a new round on this page.

3105-3 Does any player have the title: Icon of Selflessness?

- Yes go to 3105-4
- No go to 3105-5

3105-4 Light flares in its sockets and the lich's high-pitched voice turns into a painful, never-ending note. Clouds of corruption spill forth from its container, and you each begin to shriek. Blood runs from your ears and the humans overrun your position. The last thing you see is DevonHund being ripped to shreds. Soon all is billowing in magic, and there, in the black-violet cloud of blinding magic, the humans come for you and claim you, one by one.

The game is over.

All players lose.

No players read their endings.

Feel free to try another adventure and come back to this one later, or load from a save point.

3105-5 The lich jerks about erratically, its cackling laughter ringing in your ears.

"Friends! Help me! I'm stuck!" pleads DevonHund.

"Stop being so selfish!" you yell back at him.

Corruption +1.

Remove any lock 🕤 tokens from Action 6.

The player with the most influence 👺 gains the title: Icon of Selflessness @.

Next - go to 3105-6

**3105-6** Like some sort of damned sea-monster, red tendrils emanate from Cryptech, whipping about as the strange thing laughs and laughs.

"FEED ME!" a booming voice demands.

All players with 1 or more corruption must choose 1:

- Corruption 9-1. Wound 9+1.
  Corruption 9-2. Wound 9+2.
- Corruption ⊕+1. Influence ∰-6.
- Wound (2)+1.

You cannot choose an option that results in you losing something you do not have.

Begin a new round on this page.

# 3501

You stop and talk to a friendly skeleton shopkeeper. Their name is Clank, and while they don't have a tongue or lungs or even a brain, you manage to come to an agreement. You'll help move boxes of bronzer in exchange for some pay. Unfortunately, the boxes are way heavier than they look, and a long time later, panting heavily, you go to the skeleton to collect your payment, soaked in both perspiration and shame. Choose 1:

- · Apologize for taking so long. go to 3501-1
- Demand more payment for your time. go to 3501-2
- Play it off as normal. go to 3501-3

**35011** Clank cannot make facial expressions, and yet somehow you still recognize their secondhand embarrassment. You acknowledge the job was harder than you expected and took longer than you would have liked. You keep apologizing, circling back to the same admissions and niceties over and over.

Clank tilts their head thirty degrees to the the left and nods before turning away, having accepted your apology as an admission that you should not be paid.

Spend 1 time.

**3501-2** Clank cannot make facial expressions, and yet somehow you still recognize their secondhand embarrassment. But you throw a little fit and shout about how the task was misdescribed.

"Those boxes are heavier than you let on!" you declare.
"Bronzer? I peeked inside one and saw it was actually bronze!
I demand a more fair wage!"

You and the skeleton never agreed on a rate, so you have no idea if your tantrum worked, but you feel certain you wasted a lot of time and energy you could have used catching up to DevonHund.

Gold O+1.

Spend 1 time.

**3501-3** Clank cannot make facial expressions, and yet somehow you still recognize their secondhand embarrassment. They pay you and you quickly shuffle away.

Influence 😂 - 3.

Gold ()+2.

# 3502

You stop and talk to a friendly skeleton shopkeeper. Their name is Clank, and while they don't have a tongue or lungs or even a brain, you manage to come to an agreement. You'll help move some boxes of bronzer in exchange for some pay. The boxes aren't too heavy for someone like you, and it makes for easy work.

Clank cannot make facial expressions, and yet somehow you still recognize they are impressed with your might.

They offer you a handshake.

### Choose 1:

- Shake it nice and firm. go to 3502-1
- Do a cool handshake. go to 3502-2
- Just execute a normal handshake. go to 3502-7
- Decline to shake hands because germs. go to 3502-8

**35021** "Pleasure doing business with ya!" you say as you offer an over-the-top handshake that crushes Clank's fingers into dust. They don't react, but you can tell they feel humiliated. Gold Q+2.

Gain the title: Helluva Grip .

**3502-2** Bored with boring handshakes, you decide to put a little stank on it.

Choose 1 stank:

- Wiggle your fingers. go to 3502-3
- Go for a fist bump. go to 3502-4
- Give a snap and finger guns. go to 3502-5
- Add some hot slaps to it. go to 3502-6

**3502:3** You wiggle your fingers like funky little worms against Clank's fingertips.

Clank seems confused, and their rigid fingers do not reciprocate. Still, you are paid just the same.

Gold 0+2

Influence \$\mathbb{G}\mathbb{+}1.

**3502-4** You hold out your fist for a fist bump. Confused, Clank slowly reaches out and palms the fist, shaking it in the traditional fashion of skeletons.

Impressed with your knowledge, Clank pays you a little extra. Gold  $\bigcirc$ +2.

Treasure 🕮+1.

Influence +4.

**3502-5** You snap your fingers off of Clank's bony finger tips and throw up a quick and playful finger gun in their direction. Clank flinches, seeming almost threatened for a moment, and then slowly shakes their head, confused.

Still, you are paid just the same.

Gold O+2.

Influence \$4+1.

**3502-6** You slap Clank's palm with your own, then come in from reverse for a back slap. Clank tries to anticipate and reciprocate, but fails. They turn their head away slightly in embarrassment at being out-cooled, then pay you.

Gold Q+2.

Influence 😂+4.

**3502-7** "Pleasure doing business with you," you say as you shake the proffered hand. They seem very pleased with your work, because they offer you a bonus.

Gold (1)+2.

Treasure ##+1.

**3502-8** "Er, sorry, no," you say with a weak smile. "Germs and all that. You know?" They do not know, and Clank tosses your pay in the gutter before going back inside their shop.

Gain the title: the Sterile 🔕

Gold 🔘+1.

Influence 2 -4.

# 3503

"What is it?" you ask, your nose wrinkled in disgust.

The shopkeeper stands beside you and Cookie, and leans over to peer into the jar filled with yellow fluid and a lone, shriveled object. "Pickled bear tongue," she tells you.

You aren't convinced you should be buying food from a junk shop, but Cookie, the camp cook disagrees.

"We need it!" Cookie insists. "We'll buy five!"

"I only have the one," she counters. "It's an antique!"

"We'll pay double for it!" he cries.

"Cookie, go wait outside!" you snap, then turn to the shopkeeper as Cookie stumps away. "Pray, what is pickled bear tongue good for?"

She shrugs. "I mean, what isn't it good for?" You agree and purchase the jar.

Gain story card S-22, Strange Sundry from the story deck.

# 3504

The mysterious cloaked shopkeeper eyes you as you peruse the many strange and forbidden objects in their store.

As you round one corner, you bump into a mannequin that holds a wand. It pokes you in the chest and, with a 'thwump' sound, a deep red flash of energy courses through your blood for a moment.

"Can I help you?" the shopkeep asks with a sigh.

You gurgle a bit and stagger to the left before regaining your composure. "I was looking for a potion of, I dunno, lich-finding perhaps?" You shrug, expecting no useful reply.

Instead the proprietor chuckles. "I'm afraid I sold the last one to some hound fellow the other day."

"Do you mean DevonHund?" you ask through gritted teeth.
"Yeah! That's the guy!" The shopkeep smiles fondly. "You know him? What a great guy, huh?"

"The best," you growl and storm out as the shopkeep tells some story about DevonHund paying for their kid's piano lessons. Of course DevonHund set this all up! He's the only one who would be so devious as to put a mannequin right where you would be walking!

Corruption +1.

# 3505

You walk through the magic shop, making friendly conversation with the mysterious, cloaked shopkeep. She offers exotic wares from her inventory, but none of it seems of special interest to you.

"What about this?" you inquire, holding up a small book decorated in gems, with a tiny silver lock and key shaped like a heart.

"Oh!" The shopkeep chuckles awkwardly. "I'm actually holding that for someone. They are going to buy it when they get back from killing some weird, old lich."

"DevonHund?" you ask, keeping your face a stoney mask.
"Yeah! That's him! He said he was gonna give it to his kid as a birthday gift."

"Cool," you say. "Cool, cool, cool."

#### Choose 1:

- Steal the item. go to 3505-1
- Deface the item. go to 3505-2
- Leave the item be. go to 3505-3

**3505-1** You nod casually, then pretend to return to browsing. But as soon as the shopkeep turns her attention elsewhere, you discreetly move the book to your pocket.

So... it would seem DevonHund doesn't want you to have this book. You can't help but smirk, knowing the fool wasn't able to outmaneuver you so easily. You chuckle to yourself as you walk out the door, wondering why DevonHund would be so desperate as to keep this from you. How does it connect to the Crypt of Terror?

Search the treasure 🖺 deck for T-37, Pocket Diary.

**3505-2** You nod, appearing to accept the shopkeeper's refusal, then pretend to browse some nearby items. But as soon as she turns away, continuing to prattle on about DevonHund and his many virtues as a father or whatever, you grab the little journal and write, "Your dad sucks," on the inside cover and sign it, "Sincerely, Mom."

You chuckle to yourself as you leave. DevonHund would never have the strength of character to do what you just did! Influence \$\mathbb{\text{M}}\$+4.

Luck @+2.

**3505-3** No, maybe the book really is for his kid, and you're not a monster after all. But then again, what if it's all a trick? What better way to stay your hand than by pretending this item is earmarked for his child? It's so insidious it's genius! Luckily, you're way too smart to fall for a ruse like this.

- Steal the item. go to 3505-1
- Deface the item. go to 3505-2

# 3506

You see a swanky-looking stilt-kin walking through the market, peering through his monocle and twirling a cane. His long, chitinous legs stride over the crowds with ease, and his heavy purse dangles down, jangling softly.

Unable to resist temptation, you run toward him and leap into the air, grabbing at the purse like a schoolchild swatting the top of a doorway they pass beneath. Time slows as you realize you are going to miss your mark, which is when your eyes spy the stand full of knives you are careening towards. That would hurt. But with mere seconds to spare, you manage to alter your trajectory and cry in triumph as you miss the knife stand, and instead land in a wading pool filled with piranhas.

The good news is that neither the guards nor the stilt-kin dandy notice your brazen attempt at theft.

The bad news? You awake in an alleyway, thoroughly noshed upon, and your pockets emptied by an angry piranha seller.

Treasure **2**-1. Wound **1**+1.

# 3507

You notice the swanky troll lady waiting in line for fro-yo is wearing a very classy necklace. It would be a shame if something should happen to it.

"It would be a shame if something happened to this very classy necklace," she says idly. "As I stand here, in line, waiting for fro-yo."

#### Choose 1:

- Be subtle. go to 3507-1
- Be bold. go to 3507-2

**3507.1** You quietly get behind the troll, reach out, and ever-sogently unclasp the necklace. It tumbles to the ground and you wait for the troll to walk forward so you can scoop up your prize.

She fails to notice, but annoyingly, you discover the necklace has fallen down a grate in the ground, and into the gears of the Hub itself. Ruined!

You shake your head in frustration until you feel a tapping on your shoulder.

Turning, you spy a little old dwarf lady behind you who says, "I saw what you did."

"Me?" you protest. "I'm just minding my own business!"
"Don't be modest," she says with a smile. "That was some snazzy sleight of hand! Could you teach me your ways? I don't have much, but what I do have is nice."

"Let's see it," you say, and she pulls a valuable from her purse, which you snatch and run off with.

She shakes her head as she watches you flee, and says, "What a magnificent crook!"

Treasure 🕮+1.

Gain the title: Magnificent Crook @.

#### 3508-3705

**3507-2** You go for the ol' rip and run, grabbing the necklace, tearing it from the startled troll's neck, then fleeing. The necklace snaps, a few beads clattering to the ground.

"Stop! Thief!" she yells after you.

"No!" you shout back.

"Darn, I tried," she sighs.

The necklace is destroyed but you are able to sell the jewels on it to a friendly local fence.

Gold ()+2.

# 3508

You see a wall covered in posters, flyers, and whatnot. You browse it for anything of use. There are a few bounties for criminals, but you don't have time for that kind of helpful, civically responsible nonsense. Other flyers are for jobs, religiousness, and lost pets, but most are just bands looking for drummers who own their own kit.

Your blood boils when your eyes fall upon a poster advertising an autograph signing with DevonHund. Apparently it's to raise money for some children's charity. Disgusting.

Of course that sicko would use a children's charity to boost his own brand. In an act of valor, you tear the poster down, revealing beneath it a hand-drawn picture of some fool seeking employment. Hard worker, desperate for a paycheck? Aside from the paycheck part, they sound like just what you could use on your adventure. You throw away DevonHund's advertisement and grab the jobseeker's poster.

Make a sense 🗞 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

- Yes. go to 3508-1
- No. go to 3508–2

**3508-1** You track down the jobseeker, who seems delighted someone saw their flyer and took notice. What's the length of time for the job? Oh, some time, certainly. Will pay be biweekly or monthly? Yes, quite likely. Are there benefits? Undoubtedly some would say so!

They aren't overly pleased by your answers, but beggars can't be picky.

Follower 83+1.

**3508-2** It takes longer to find them than you would have liked, but at least they're too dumb to bother asking many questions.

Spend 1 time.

Follower 8 +1.

# 3509

On your way out of town, you see a vendor selling tunics with DevonHund's face embroidered upon them, and you vow silently to the heavens that you will come back with that lich's stupid head before DevonHund, or die trying. But preferably with the head.

You notice Cookie, the company's camp chef, about to buy one. Your eye catches his and he slinks back to the group, pretending nothing happened.

The Bookkeeper may close the location book.

Travel on the map.

# 3701

Your ceaseless caterwauling does little to earn you favor among the company.

"What's the point o' all yer racket?" Cookie demands.

"To keep warm."

"To keep who warm exactly?" he grumps. You give an irritated snort. Some people just don't have an ear for your more experimental later work. They only wanna hear the hits! Including a couple followers who deliberately fall behind on the road, then disappear when no one is watching.

Gain the title: Howl of the Wastes @.

Influence **3**−4. Follower **3**−1.

# 3702

It's not pretty, but the heartfelt sincerity of your song of home and comfort helps lift the spirits of the others. Soon all sing along, though much to your annoyance they each to seem to make up their own words. At least the singing seems to be helping. Sometimes a simple song is all you need.

Influence 👺+2.

Choose 1:

- Risk △-1.
- Choose another player to heal 1 HP .

# 3703

You sing a song about the hot and lusty summers of your youth. Everyone laughs and cheers. A few members of your retinue even give you a nickname for warming their hearts and loins with your bawdy tune.

Choose 2:

- Risk △-1.
- Choose another player to heal 1 HP .

Gain the title: Hot Lips 🔕.

# 3704

You follow the strange footprints out though the crunching snow until you reach a ridge piled with the stuff. Crimson splatters spatter the white surface and several wolves lie dead from vicious wounds. From the precipice clings a wounded elf, clinging desperately to the ledge as his body hangs above the beckoning abyss.

"Help me! Please!" he shouts up to you. He looks exhausted, like he's been stuck like this for hours, held safe by sheer will alone.

You recognize him at once! It is Dawn Chorus, the scout in DevonHund's party. He either doesn't recognize you, or is pretending to be more worried about falling to his death. Typical.

Choose 1:

- Kick him down. go to 3704-1
- Help him up. go to 3704-2
- Question him first. go to 3704-5

37041 You lean down and grimace at the elf.

"What's wrong, Dawn Chorus? Too good to say 'hello' to the likes of us?"

"What?" His face scrunches in confusion. "Help me! I can't

hold on any longer!"

"You're right about that!" you agree, and stomp on his face. The exhausted elf is too tired to even scream, and you watch as he falls silently to the rocks below. Your entourage gapes in terrified shock at the brazenness of the murder. This newfound fear of you may be of some use.

Influence 2+2.

Gain the title: the Merciless .

**3704-2** Are you an Elf?

- Yes. go to 3704-3
- No. go to 3704-4

37043 You help Dawn Chorus up and exchange information in your subtle but musical elvish tongue. The conversation is friendly and you quickly hit things off. Dawn Chorus appreciates the friendly face and offers to join you on the journey ahead. Everyone accepts.

"Imagine, one of DevonHund's own among our party!" says Schala. "I hope this means relations are improving!"

"Yeah," you agree. "Wait until that stupid hound sees Dawn Chorus has turned on him!"

"Wait, what?" asks your new elf scout.

Luck @+1.

Gain story card S-25, Dawn Chorus from the story deck. Add Dawn Chorus's follower token to the time bag.

Gain the title: Honey Hands 🔕.

3704-4 You help Dawn Chorus up and exchange information. The conversation is pleasant and without conflict.

"By the laws of the elves, I pledge to serve alongside you until this debt can be repaid," says the scout.

"Great!" you say. "We're racing to snatch that lich's head before anyone else. We're really gonna screw over DevonHund."

"Oh," says Dawn Chorus. "Oh dear."

Gain story card S-25, Dawn Chorus from the story deck. Add Dawn Chorus's follower token to the time bag.

Risk  $\triangle$ -1.

Gain the title: Elven Kind 🔕.

**3704-5** Are you an Elf?

- Yes. go to 3704-6
- No. go to 3704-7

3704-6 You pepper Dawn Chorus with questions in the elven tongue. It is a language with much subtly, and the words you choose are weighted with menace only an elf could appreciate. Fearful for his life, Dawn Chorus gives information about the road ahead, but is less helpful than you had hoped.

But you keep your end of the bargain and help Dawn Chorus up. You hand him a few rations before sending him on his way. His eyes look fearful and cowed, and he stumbles toward the road, shellshocked but heading back toward the

The others look on, mystified by the exchange.

Influence \$\mathbb{G}\mathbb{+}3.

Risk △-1.

Gain the title: Venom Tongue @.

37047 "I'll help you, Dawn Chorus," you say with a smug grin. "But first you have to tell me what in the hells happened

And so Dawn Chorus tells you how DevonHund's party was ambushed by wolves. The scout was separated in the chaos, and fled before becoming lost and hunted. Eventually you secure some directions and information before helping the now aggrieved elf up. You give him a few rations, and send

him toward the road. His face is dazed by the ordeal, but perhaps he will survive and return to the Hub. The others don't trust the information the scout provided, but you feel certain it's good.

Influence 2 -4.

Risk  $\triangle$ -1.

In the frozen wastes you find a strange idol dedicated to some dead or forgotten thing. It sticks from the ice like an obsidian tooth. Engravings carved along its length glow faintly with red corruption. You brush some snow away to reveal a stone face with hideous human features.

- Destroy it. go to 3705-1
- · Study the engravings. go to 3705-5
- Make an offering. go to 3705-6

3705-1 You are wise enough to know not to entreat with such dangerous things, so instead you decide to shatter it so that its evil will be forever purged from this world. The ancient shrine's eyes suddenly glow red, like it knows what you seek

You give a cry and hammer away at the foul shape with the closest handy weapon. At first a crack forms, and then a chunk falls off.

With a final blow, the shrine shatters. To your surprise, a huge figure of pure corruption rises up before you, flaring red. The frigid air around you now turns impossibly cold. The being shouts some indecipherable words in a cryptic tongue before attacking!

Make a weapon check.

Is the result higher than the current threat 袋?

- Yes. go to 3705-2
- No. go to 3705-3
- Who cares, bro? My weapon has the frost trait. go to 3705-4

**3705-2** You roll and dodge from the strange creature's swipes. Waves of heat pulse from its form, melting the snow around you. It suddenly dawns on you that the frigid shrine you destroyed might not have been a shrine at all, but rather a

Resolving to correct your error, you dash directly toward the fiend. It spews billowing gouts of flame at you, but you drop and slide forward on the melted snow straight between the

With a few strong blows that are totally crits, the being explodes into a cloud of red mist, which quickly flies up from you, allowing the wind to carry it away.

Gain the title: Subduer of Demons 💩.



**3705-3** Your weapon passes through the creature, dispersing it briefly before it reforms and flies up into the sky... before shooting back down and into your open, gaping mouth. Your insides begin to burn with searing pain. You let out a scream that is both your voice and another more alien. Moments later the thing exits your body, and shoots forth into the air as a cloud of red, where it lets the wind blow it away. From that moment on, you never feel warmth again.

Wound  $(+)^{+1}$ 

Corruption +2.

Gain the title: the Frigid @.

**3705-4** You roll and dodge from the strange creature's swipes. Waves of heat pulse from its form, melting the snow around you. It suddenly dawns on you that the frigid shrine you destroyed might not have been a shrine at all, but rather a prison.

Resolving to correct your error, you dash directly toward the fiend. It spews billowing gouts of flame at you, but you hold your weapon before you. A dim glow of icy blue seems to hold the flames at bay. Once the distance is closed, you make quick work of the fiend, slaying it as your onslaught reduces it to naught.

XP **☆**+1.

Gain the title: Demon Slayer 💩.

Gain story card S-2, Soul Crystal from the story deck.

**3705-5** You spend some time studying the words engraved upon the shrine. Eventually you realize it is a simple cypher with numbers corresponding to letters.

"DevonHund Wuz Here," you read aloud. "Son of a biscuit eater!" You spit on the idol and storm away, more determined than ever to best your tormentor.

Smarts (23+1.)
Influence (23-3.)

**3705·6** The shrine radiates darkness and in that darkness your thoughts turn to DevonHund.

You think back on the time he bought you a cool scroll just because he saw it in a shop and thought you might like it. The scroll was written by a sage who was crazy hip with all the scroll scenesters at the time. It was humiliating. You tried to read it but couldn't make heads or tails of the text. DevonHund obviously bought you the gift to remind you of your shortcomings.

The darkness clears and with it the memory, and you vow vengeance. You don't who or what this idol is for, but you decide to make an offering to it.

Choose 1

• Leave something (requires 1 treasure 🖺). - go to 3705-7

• Sacrifice a follower (requires 1 follower (2)). - go to 3705-8

• Offer yourself. - go to 3705-9

**3705-7** You bust out some sage, some lavender, and some frankincense. You then dump them into a pot along with some broth and a genuine human skull you found at the bottom of your bag. Then you toss something valuable in for good measure.

The stew you make smells strange and glows with red corruption. You pour it into the mouth of the strange shrine, and warmth begins to radiate from the unhallowed stone. You feel a deep sense of approval. You have been blessed. In the days that follow, you are plagued by demented nightmares, but otherwise you have never felt better.

Treasure #=-1.
Corruption +1.
Luck +3.

**3705-8** When you return to camp you share the sad story of how your faithful companion tripped on a rock and landed on your knife, twenty-seven times.

Follower (23-1. Corruption (33+1.

Luck **(∅**)+3.

Gain the title: Dark Sacrificer @.

**3705-9** You cut the palm of your hand and drip your blood onto the statue.

You immediately regret it. What a stupid place to cut yourself. The palm of your hand? You use your hand all the time. This going to make everything harder! Why not the back of your forearm or even your leg?

You continue to berate yourself as the strange shrine fills you with dark energy or whatever. However, you are so distracted by your own foolishness that you barely notice.

Wound 4+1. Corruption +1. Luck +3.

**3706** 

As the ground beneath you grows less cold, it also grows soggier, before gradually turning to black-brown mud. Still you trudge on.

The exhausting march dampens the spirits of your followers. But not you lot. The only thing on your minds is DevonHund. If you close your eyes can you see him grinning at you, giving you a big thumbs up, that twisted bastard.

Powering every step is a hateful memory of your rival and how he has tormented you over the long years.

You think back on the time you all went out to eat, and he got up from the table to visit the restroom. Only it turned out he was actually covering the check because he knew you were broke.

How had he grown so familiar with your personal finances anyway? Was it because it's all you had been complaining about that night? Of course he would be the sort of pathetic weirdo who creepily listened to what other people talked about. So selfish.

The Bookkeeper may close the location book. Travel on the map.

3901

You lead a few followers and duck behind some wreckage on the roadside to let the strange, massive pudding pass by. "Howdy-do," it seems to blurble to no one.

As it slithers past, a piece of it sloughs off at an unexpected speed and angle, enveloping a follower in burning slime. They shriek in horror as their flesh begins to corrode. The sentient sludge ignores their cries, slowly moving forward.

Yank them out. - go to 3901-1

· Put them out of their misery. - go to 3901-4

3901-1 You attempt to yank the poor unfortunate free. Make a might 🗞 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 💸?

Yes - go to 3901-2

• No - go to 3901-3

**3901-2** You pull the screaming wretch from the ooze. You've saved their life, but there's no way they'll be able to continue the journey right away. As much as it galls you, you signal for everyone to stop and make camp.

Spend 1 time.

**3901-3** You pull with all your might, but only manage to free the top half of your follower's body from the ooze. They look down, shrieking at the sight of their insides sliding out, but their smoking neck collapses, toppling their head into the corroded ruin of their torso.

Cookie stumps over and gestures over the hissing corpse. "Now that's what I'd call, I mean, ye know... I'm no doctor, but I, uh..." He looks about at the rest of you. "Sorry, I thought there was a joke there but I lost it."

Influence 2 -2.

Follower (3)-1. If you have no followers, instead choose a player that has 1 or more followers (3), if able. That player loses 1 follower (3).

**3901-4** You make the tough decision, and kill your traveling companion with your weapon. The slime continues on its way, its prize dissolving inside its greenish mass. The others look away, knowing it was mercy but they are hardly comforted. Gain the title: the Decider .

Follower (13)-1. If you have no followers, instead choose a player that has 1 or more followers (13), if able. That player loses 1 follower (13).

# 3902

You lead a few followers and duck behind some wreckage that squats along the roadside. Everyone falls silent as the strange, greenish mass slides by, leaving a smoking, hissing trail of mucus behind it.

As it slithers by, you notice an only partially submerged corpse sticking out it, its backpack swollen with the contents inside. You easily grab the bag as the slime passes by without attracting unwanted attention. The backpack and part of the corpse slurp free and you quickly look inside. The backpack, that is. You don't look inside the corpse bits.

Influence 💝+2.
Treasure 🕮+1.

# 3903

You approach an unsettling bonfire. It roars with life though no one tends it, and on occasion its flames take on the color of scintillating emerald. Nearby, corpses hang from rope, and at times you would swear you hear them giggling.

But you're a burly freelancer, and you don't give no hoots for superstition. You approach the fire, and stare deeply into its crackling heart.

It flares like an angry furnace, yet you would swear its heat is strangely tame.

Sparks and smoke reach for the sky like sinister, clawed hands, and you see dark visions of the future. You shake your head, as this isn't really your scene, but looking down you discover your hands are now twisted claws.

"Aw, son of a béchamel sauce, what the peanuts?" You return to the others, changed. "Yeah, so I got these heckin' claws," you tell them, holding up the evidence.

Grunko, Son of Grung lays a hand on your shoulder and sagely says, "Until you get used to those things, best to watch it at potty time."

Corruption +1.

Gain story card S-66, Clawed Hands from the story deck. Gain the title: Clawed Hands .

# 3904

Near a strange bonfire, you find several corpses hung upside down from the ancient poles that line the highway. The bodies have been carefully and deliberately defiled.

"Some sort of dark ritual happened here," Schala says nervously.

#### Choose 1:

- Search the bodies and burn them. go to 3904-1
- Give them a proper burial. go to 3904-2

**3904-1** You cut down the bodies, but fearful of any corrupting magic that might inhabit them, place them in a pile which you then set alight. Of course you search them for goodies first.

Like the great heroes of old, you turn the corpses of the unfortunate over, looting them one by one. You rescue a few nice bits before the charnel flames can claim them, and you admire them in the flickering light.

Cookie watches you and recites:

"They stood there in the calamitous cold,

And lauded their noble ideals,

They ran foul fingers over plundered gold,

As if Death did not dog their heels."

"What's that from?" you ask him.

"An older time," he says, stumping away into the gathering darkness. "A better time, apparently."

Corruption 🖼+1.

Treasure #+2.

**3904-2** You cut down the mistreated corpses, then labor with your followers to dig a mass grave. You bury them there, topping the site with a small cairn of colorful stones.

"Should we, um, say a few words?" asks Schala.

"What words could we offer these wretches that could deliver them from the evils they have already faced?" you reply. "Such words would be insufficient. Instead, we give them to the earth, and in doing so, in what meager way we can, restore to them the dignity they were denied at death." The others nod in agreement, heartened by your words and actions. Influence \$\mathbb{\text{M}}\displays 12.

Risk △-1.

# 3905

You decide to stop and talk to some robed weirdos who appear busy, leaving offerings for the blob.

"Greetings!" you call out to them. "Say, is this the Trollway? I mean, it's got to be, right? Hey, do you guys know where we could find the Crypt of Terror?" You think you notice the cultists exchange subtle looks, before turning to look at you. "The formless one is endless," states one of the cultists in a sing-song voice. "It cares not for shapes or memories. Only forward movement. Only the inevitable."

"Oh, okay," you respond. "Cool, cool. How about the Crypt of Terror though? Any thoughts on that you could share?" Their hands slowly move beneath their robes, and you quickly retreat. Unfortunately, two of them decide to pursue.

Make a weapon check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 💸?

- Yes. go to 3905-1
- No. go to 3905-2
- Dawg, who cares about numbers? My weapon has the ranged & trait. - go to 3905-3

**3905.1** "Look out!" you cry as you flee, but for one of your followers it is too late. The cultists are upon them and slash away, the follower's torso turning to bloody ribbons.

You roll to the side, dodging an attack from two cultists, causing them to stab one another with their wavy daggers. "Curses," moans one.

"Déjà vu," moans the other, and they collapse. You notice one of the daggers is dripping with some sort of green ooze which is cool as heck, so you claim it and show the trophy off to the others.

"Where did you get that devious blade?" asks Grunko, Son of Grung warily.

"From the cultists!" you boast. "I took them down to the devil's beach house for a permanent vacation, if you know what I mean."

"Arr... I do not," Cookie responds.

"Were those the same cultists we need to ask for directions?" asks Grunko, Son of Grung.

You shrug in frustration. "I mean, I got this really gross dagger!"

The yak sighs, and walks away grumbling to himself.
"Show me this devil's beach house," says Cookie suspiciously.
Influence \$\mathbb{G}\tau-4.

Follower 83-1.

Gain story card S-70, Poison Dagger from the story deck.

**3905-2** "Look out!" you cry as you flee, but for one of your followers it is too late. The cultists are upon them and slash away, the follower's torso turning to bloody ribbons.

The cultists lunge for you and stab you before you manage to fight them off, ending their miserable lives.

"Forward it endures! Always!" one of them shouts with their dying breath.

You notice that there is some sort of weird, green film on the dagger they stabbed you with. The wound hurts, really bad, but maybe not as much as you would have expected. In many ways actually, it feels totally normal! Fine even!
Follower \bigodeta{1}-1.

Wound A+1.

Gain story card S-3, The Parasite from the story deck.

3905-3 "Look out!" you cry as you flee, but you notice the cultists close in on one of your followers. "Duck!" you call, and unleash a barrage of fire that strikes the weirdos down.

You approach their bodies and notice one of the daggers a cultist was wielding drips with some sort of green ooze. It's cool as heck, so you claim it and show the trophy off to the others.

"Where did you get that devious blade?" asks Grunko, Son of Grung warily.

"From the cultists!" you boast. "I took them down to Deadtown, population: them, if you know what I mean." "Arr... I do not." Cookie responds.

"Were those the same cultists we need to ask for directions?" asks Grunko, Son of Grung.

You shrug in frustration. "I mean, I got this really gross dagger!"

The yak sighs, and walks away grumbling to himself. "Show me this Deadtown," says Cookie suspiciously. Influence 2-2.

Gain story card S-70, Poison Dagger from the story deck.

# 3906

You decide to stop and talk to some robed weirdos who appear busy, leaving offerings for the blob.

"Greetings!" you call out to them. "That's some blob, huh? Know anything about it?"

The cultists smile. "The formless one is endless," says one. "It cares not for shapes or memories. Only forward movement. Only the inevitable."

"Yeah, samesies," you reply with an exaggerated nod. "I mean, you can't control the future or the past. Why not live in the moment, right?"

They move closer and you see their skin bears cruel burn scars, no doubt from the blob's acid. "Thank you for saying so, friend," says the other cultist. "Sometimes this world can seem unnecessarily mean. We appreciate this friendly moment from a random passerby. What brings you to us?" "The Crypt of Terror," you reply. "We were told it was just off the Trollway. You heard of it?" They have, and happily point you toward the exit you need to make for. When you take your leave, one of them even asks to join you.

"Are you sure you wanna leave the cult?" you ask.

They quietly explain that they only joined for the parties, but the vibes were too weird. They then slip away with you to join your party, not yet knowing of your own weird vibes.

Follower \(\frac{1}{2}\)+1.

Have the Cartographer draw something to remind you that the Crypt of Terror is on space 89 of the map.

Gain the title: Asker of Directions 💩.

# 3907

Screaming a war cry, you leap out from behind some rubble and attack the strange, rolling mass. Normally, the purpose of a war cry is to shock or intimidate your foe. In this instance, the thing ignores you. You aren't even sure if it can hear sounds at all.

It doesn't react when you slice a chunk off, and keeps oozing along. You investigate your prize and when you do it lunges at you!

"Look out! It's alive, matey!" Cookie calls, way, way, way too late to be of any help at all. The slime lunges again!

Make an agility 🗑 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

- Yes go to 3907-1
- No go to 3907-2

**3907-1** You dodge most of the splatter, but some of it gets on you and your stuff. You suppose it could have been much worse. Choose 1:

- Wound (2)+1.
- Treasure **2**-1.

3907-2 You try to dodge the thing, but its acidic mass leaps onto you, melting some of your stuff. Also, it hurts like heck. Wound 41. Treasure 1-1.

Screaming a war cry, you leap out from behind some rubble and attack the strange, rolling mass. Normally, the purpose of a war cry is to shock or intimidate your foe. In this instance, the thing ignores you. You aren't even sure if it can hear sound. It doesn't react when you slice a chunk off either. However the piece that fell off is shiny and cool looking! It seems like something was in there!

Treasure 2 +1. Luck @+1.

Gain the title: Blob Slicer @.

Screaming a war cry, you leap out from behind some rubble and attack the monstrous mound of acidic goo. Normally, the purpose of a war cry is to shock or intimidate your foe. In this instance, the thing ignores you. You aren't even sure if it can hear sound.

It doesn't react when you slice a chunk off either, so you slice off another. It turns out, slicing up a blob is kinda satisfying, so you go to town on it. When you're done, with hundreds of blob puddles all around you, you realize some of them are moving on their own so you slice them up too. Once there's nothing left to obliterate, you quickly grab a few items that had been floating in the mass, then skedaddle before the local blob worshipers find out what you've done.

Treasure #+2.

Luck @+1.

Gain the title: Slayer of the Big Blob .

"Oh, I've heard of these places!" Schala says brightly. "They say that the ancients were preoccupied with these places and what happened inside of them!"

"And what did happen inside of them?" you ask nervously. "None are sure," she answers with a shrug. "But it must have been interesting to warrant so much attention. Especially at

rest areas like this."

"Oh yeah, if humans were resting in here, I guess it would have gotten pretty wild," you reply. "Buncha little freaks."

The room that you find is strange and disgusting. Machines mounted to the wall scream at you when they detect your movement. The floors are sticky. The walls are scribbled with ancient obscenities.

"Humans truly were monsters," you say to Schala when you emerge later, more horrified than ever. The smell doesn't leave you for some time.

Corruption +1.

Gain the title: They Who Reek @.

"Oh, I've heard of such things!" Schala says excitedly. "My reading says that the female humans traveled in great herds to these places."

"And then what would happen inside of them?" you ask nervously.

"None are sure," she answers with a shrug. "But 'tis oft rumored that it had something to do with powder."

"Some magic powder would be handy if we wish to catch up to DevonHund," you say thoughtfully. "Let's check it out together."

The room that you find is strange and spotless. Machines mounted to the wall dispense strange floral scented sponges which you collect, but alas there are no magic powders. A row of stalls with ancient porcelain commodes sit, perfectly preserved, though no water sits within their proud bowls.

"They sure wanted a weird amount of privacy!" you say out loud, as you sit and start to poop.

"We'll never fully understand the ways of the ancients," Schala says as she maintains eye contact with you.

Supplies 💍+1. Influence 👺+2.

You and Cookie sit down for a delightful picnic at a rusted metal table flanked by benches. You talk and share stories, laughing and reminiscing about past adventures, all while wolfing down some the sandwiches the old, mysterious cook prepared for the two of you.

"I like the bun on this sandwich, Cookie," you say with your mouth full. "What's this seasoning on top? Some sort of natural yeast? Very flavorful."

"Sharp palate, matey!" Cookie chuckles. "That there is indeed a yeast, one I've been growin' and cultivatin' betwixt me toes for a couple months now."

"Oh." You stop chewing for a moment.

"What's wrong, me hearty?" Cookie asks.

"I only just now caught the subtle hint of toes," you say in amazement. "Well done, you!"

"Arr!" Cookie growls happily. "Nice to be appreciated!" You both share a chuckle for a moment.

"But wait." You stop, confused. "You have two peg legs. You don't have toes."

Cookie holds a finger to his masked face and only replies with a coy, "Shhhh."

Heal 1 HP 👀

Corruption +1.

Gain the title: the Taste Bud 🔕.



# 3913

Does any player have the title: Asker of Directions?

- · Yes go to 3913-1
- No go to 3913-2

**3913-1** Wielding the confidence you've gained from asking for directions, you head onward toward the Crypt of Terror.

"You think we'll, um, catch up to DevonHund?" Schala asks. "Probably," one of you answers coolly. "Though if we do, we should expect a fight."

"That's, uh... That's not really his way," she points out. Then she narrows her eyes and looks back at you. "Oh. Wait. You're not saying he's the one who's going to pick the fight, are you?" "He'll never see it coming!" you laugh gleefully.

The Bookkeeper may close the location book.

Travel on the map.

3913-2 "Why are we pushing on if we don't know the way?" Schala asks. "It's probably a fifty-fifty shot at finding the right roadway."

"Exactly!" one of you says. "Can't argue with those odds." "I daren't try," the little medic sighs.

"Do you think we'll catch up to DevonHund?" asks Grunko, Son of Grung. No answer comes save the ghostly wind blowing ancient litter across the asphalt.

Each player must discard 1 luck .

The Bookkeeper may close the location book.

Travel on the map.

# 4701

Does any player have the title: Mirror Cracker?

- Yes go to 4701-1
- No go to 4701-2

**47011** Grunko, Son of Grung grabs one of the ancient machines and tosses it aside before shouting, "We already checked that one, mate!"

"Oh yeah, fifty-three," you awkwardly chuckle. "Yeah, yeah." Grunko, Son of Grung does not laugh.

Influence 👺-3.

4701-2 "We need to hurry!" Grunko, Son of Grung calls out to everyone as he fights off one of the mildly aggressive machines. At first you wonder at its appearance and then it occurs to you it is designed to look like... a human. It is dressed in a polka-dotted jumper, its skin eggshell white, its lips twisted in a disquieting crimson smile, and black triangles accent its eyes. Gods, those creatures were such hideous freaks.

Trying to keep your cool, you approach a strange, black mirror mounted on the wall. It is larger, but not unlike the one that summoned you here to begin with. It sputters to life, words written in the old tongue littering its perimeter.

Cryptech himself glares back at you, sparking with red energy. "Welcome to the Information Kiosk of Doooooooom!" he howls. "Ask me anything... if you dare, freelancer!" Freelancer? Can the lich see you?

Make a will 🗞 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than Dial A?

- Yes go to 4701-3
- No go to 4701-5

4701-3 You stare back at Cryptech and demand, "What's the code for the door?"

For a moment, he falls for your trick.

"The security code is fifty-three—" he begins before seemingly catching himself.

The screen suddenly flashes and goes black permanently. Sparks of red corruption and smoke spew from the strange mirror, but you now know the first digits of the code are '53'. Luck 🚳+1.

Gain the title: Mirror Cracker 💩.

If any players also have the titles, Locker Rocker and Runny Nosed - go to 4701-4.

4701-4 You realize you now have six digits to use on the panel. Gain the title: Wielder of Numbers 💩.

**4701-5** Panicked by the approaching machines, you begin to push the words in the mirror randomly.

"I'm sorry, tickets are not currently available for the Terror Swamp Boat Ride. Please make another selection!" And with that, you are jolted by crimson-colored energy issuing from the mirror.

Wound  $\mathbb{Q}^{+1}$ . Corruption  $\mathbb{Q}^{+1}$ .

# 4702

Does any player have the title: Locker Rocker?

- Yes go to 4702-1
- No go to 4702-2

47021 "What in the name o' the seventeen seas are ye doin', matey?" You look over at Cookie who is fighting for his life against some strange machine, honking a horn at him. "We already looked there! Forty-four, matey! It's forty-four!" You then remember that that the middle two digits were '44'. "Oh, I know!" you call back to the struggling cook. "But someone else forgot! Not me!"

He doesn't deign to reply.

Influence 👺-3.

4702.2 Using an old skillet, Cookie hauls off and smashes one of the strange, cobwebbed machines as it stumbles toward him. The skillet bends at the handle as the automaton collapses, and Cookie tosses it away. "I'm runnin' out o' crockery, matey!" he shouts.

"Welcome, friend! Ha-ha-ha!" laughs the automaton as it shorts and falls still.

You need to figure out how to unlock the stupid exit, so you check some nasty old lockers on the wall. One of them looks promising, and is thankfully untampered with. But it's also rusted shut.

Make a might 🕅 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than Dial A?

- Yes go to 4702-3
- No go to 4702-5

4702-3 You use something for leverage and pry the locker open. It makes a loud, terrible sound, but inside you find something handy. No code though. You grab the loot and angrily shut the door, but it's then that you notice a six-digit code scrawled on the outside of the locker. It's smudged, probably your fault, but it looks like you can make out the middle two digits in the sequence: '44'.

Treasure #+1.

Gain the title: Locker Rocker 🔕.

If any players also have the titles, Mirror Cracker and Runny Nosed - go to 4702-4.

4702-4 You realize you now have six digits to use on the panel. Gain the title: Wielder of Numbers 💩.

**4702-5** You try to pry the locker open with all of your might, but to no avail. When that doesn't work you try to use something from your bag, but it breaks with a loud snap.

It's then that you notice a six-digit code scrawled on the outside of the locker. It's smudged, probably your fault, but it looks like you can make out the middle two digits in the sequence: '44'.

Treasure **2**-1.

Gain the title: Locker Rocker @.

If any players also have the titles, Mirror Cracker and Runny Nosed - go to 4702-4.

# 4703

Does any player have the title: Runny Nosed?

- Yes go to 4703-1
- No go to 4703-2

4703-1 "What are you doing back here?" Schala shrieks, her little body mere inches from being snatched by an automaton that chases her. "You searched the body already! You found a key card! The last numbers are thirty-two, boss!" Oh veah.

You grin sheepishly and back away.

Influence 23-3.

**4703-2** "Excuse me, boss!" shouts Schala as she runs in circles, trying to escape one of the stumbling automatons. "Is there any chance you found the code to unlock the exit yet?"

You notice a face-down corpse, and assume it's one of DevonHund's stupid followers. But as soon you kneel by it, you make a 'hurk' noise and try to control your heaving stomach. The odorous scent of putrescence greets your nose, and you realize the poor dead mer is from another party. Ah-ha! The patch on its uniform confirms it. This sad wretch was part of Roseynose's party. Remember? The whiny dwarf from back in the Hub? Are you even paying attention?

You try to search the body for something helpful, choking back disgust every time you touch it, and beneath the clothing it goes squishy.

Make a sense 🚱 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than Dial A?

- Yes go to 4703-3
- No go to 4703-5

4703-3 Hurrying, you roll over the corpse hoping to find more clues with your keen senses. You do your best to ignore the spoiled horrors that await, and focus on what your peers need you to accomplish.

You see, Roseynose's party of adventurers were here a long time ago. You reach into a pouch and feel a hard card inside. You look and find it's some sort of ancient ID card for some horrific-looking human. It's heavily damaged, but you see some sort of code. You can only make out that '32' are the last two digits.

Sadly, the human's face puts you over the edge. Their visage is worse than the maggots. Eyes and nose running, you try to compose yourself.

Luck (4)+2.

Gain the title: Runny Nosed @.

If any players also have the titles, Mirror Cracker and Locker Rocker - go to 4703-4

4703-4 You realize you now have six digits to use on the panel. Gain the title: Wielder of Numbers 💩.

4703-5 Roseynose's party of adventurers were here a long time ago, a fact you remember when you flip the body over and are confronted with a torrent of horrors. The smell is overwhelming and you crawl away, heaving. But something falls from the corpse's pouch in the bustle.

You look away and crawl back, snatching up the item. It's some sort of ancient ID card for some horrific-looking human. It's heavily damaged, but you see some sort of code at the bottom. You can only make out that '32' is the last part of a six-digit code.

Sadly, the human's face puts you over the edge. Their visage is worse than the maggots and you spew all over yourself. Eyes and nose running, you try to compose yourself. Luck ③-3.

Influence 📽 - 3.

Gain the title: Runny Nosed @.

Do any players also have the titles, Mirror Cracker and Locker Rocker - go to 4703-4

# 4704

You see an archway fashioned to look like some sort of beautiful goblin face. It beckons you to walk through its long and pointy teeth. Your torchlight dances off of its sickly looking skin.

Entranced, you enter the room expecting untold pleasures. Instead, a mechanical creature with a face painted white and blue pops from behind a corner, honking a horn. But its round, red nose is strange and nightmarish and you struggle to contain your fear.

Will **‰**+1.

Make a will 🗞 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than Dial A?

- Yes go to 4704-1
- No go to 4704-2

**4704-1** You manage to not lose your cool in the face of the scary machine. Everyone who sees it is pretty impressed by your composure. They don't even notice the little tinkle you did in your pants.

Luck @+2.

Influence \$\mathbb{G}+4.

**4704-2** You shriek in fear and stumble backwards, tripping over your own feet. You fall backwards, and your head hits the side of the goblin archway.

A few of your compatriots see the trap catch you off guard and have a chuckle at your expense. You can't help but join in, even though the gash on your head feels wet.

Influence 👺+2.

Wound A+1.

# 4705

You crawl inside some sort of miniature castle, making your way up a long and twisting metal footbridge. You hear a click, followed by Cryptech's maniacal laughter, and suddenly the floor begins to move beneath you, slanting up toward the ceiling.

You slide and spiral down into a padded room filled with colorful balls made from some weird material. You fear that you will drown as you try to overcome the many spheres.

No, your mistake—the pit of balls is less than a foot deep. But the floor is sticky here, and the pit smells filthy. The sound of laughter echoes all around you, but you cannot see from whence the laughter originates.

When finally you rise from the ball pit, the others are impressed you have even survived, as you were in there for a very long time.

You can feel your immune system grow stronger.

Might 🕸+1.

Influence 😂+4.

Spend 1 time. If you draw a follower token this way, discard it from the bag immediately instead of resolving it.

# 4706

You find a strange metal box with a glass door on the front. Ice coats the inside. You give a firm yank and the glass door opens. The strange alcove has been picked clean, aside from one potion whose metal container is covered in the Old Tongue, with cryptic words like 'taurine' and 'guaraná'.

You decide to throw caution to the wind and crack the ancient cold one. Your nose is hit with a medicinal smell, but that only emboldens you. The heirloom liquid courses down your gullet and you are suddenly struck with waves of intense energy coursing through your veins. Your bones crack and bend as your muscles tear apart and knit into new bundles of raw strength. The pain is excruciating for but a moment, yet when it subsides, you find only a more idealized form of yourself remains.

However you are also butt-naked. Your clothes lie in tatters on the ground, because now you are much, much, much bigger.

Might ⊗+2. Corruption 🖼+1.

Discard all armor.

# 4707

Set to a soundtrack of kazoos, shattering robots, and your friends calling for help, you decide to take a stroll and look for a snack. You poke around in several small stands and shelves.

In one tucked-away closet, you find a strange puff of pink fluff.

Choose 1:

- Taste it. go to 4707-1
- Don't taste it. go to 4707-2

47071 You take a big hearty bite of the pink floss. You gag a bit as nothing about the material tastes like food, in fact it has a bitterly poisonous taste to it. You spit it out, but almost instantly your mouth begins to itch like crazy. Your tongue, the roof of your mouth, the insides of your cheeks... Why oh why did you try it? You suddenly feel ill.

Wound 37+1.

4707-2 You decide not to eat it because it's definitely not food. It just can't be. You haven't heard of anyone with candied cotton in this era, and who would leave it in this closet? Just look at it!

Luck @+2.

Supplies 💍+1.

Gain the title: the Wise 💩.

# 4708

This entry is for the player with the highest influence **3**: You approach the keypad by the room's exit and notice it asks for a six-digit code.

What do you do?

- Try a code. go to 4708-1
- Help look for the code. go to 4708-19

4708-1 Does any player have the title: Wielder of Numbers?

- Yes go to 4708-2
- No go to 4708-11

**4708-2** You enter the digits 53-44-32 into the keypad, and the screen flashes green. There is an audible clunk and you are able to pull the door open. You beckon the party to you and everyone hastily escapes, slamming the door shut on the vile robots.

"One step closer to the devil 'imself," Cookie whispers.
Before you lies a short, decrepit hallway, ending at a simple door inscribed with words written in the Old Tongue.
Schala tries to sound the words: "Emp...loyees.. On...ly."
Next - go to 4708-3

**4708-3** And so, following a harrowing journey, you come to find Cryptech, deeply ensconced within the secret chamber that serves as his lair. Your jaw drops and then drops further, and finally hits the floor as three images crash against your brain all at once.

First is the lich himself. Or rather, itself, for now you can see it is no undead monstrosity, but rather a devious contraption of the ancients, fueled by corrupt magics.

"Both magic and machine!" Schala gasps. She spies words written in the ancient tongue and translates them: "Cryptech Tells Your Fortune."

Cryptech jerks unnaturally, its torso waving to and fro, cackling and babbling from within a box of glass and metal. Below the window is the second dizzying image to catch you off guard: DevonHund himself, with his hand caught in a slot! It would seem he sought to break in and take the lich's head. Because of course he would!

"Oh, thank the gods for good friends!" your nemesis cries.
"You guys gotta get me outta here!" DevonHund grimaces
from the pain of his entrapment and you try not to smile from
the justice of it.

"You are in for a frightful night!" Cryptech cackles, and then a deeper, darker voice booms forth from its body, as red sparks flash. "Welcome to your death, freelancer scum!"

The third and final shock you are confronted with is a glass door labeled 'BREAK ROOM'. Pressed against it are the naked, hairy bodies of a horror you never dreamt of laying eyes upon.

"No!" shrieks the usually stoic Grunko, Son of Grung. "Not this! Please, gods, anything but this!"

"Humans!" Schala hisses.

Cryptech's befouled voice booms forth once again. "Take them apart, my children!"

The human creatures emit heartrending wails and throw themselves against the door, giving no care for their own safety. The glass shatters and they pour forth, repugnant abominations of a dead, blasphemous age.

Will you be able to retrieve the head of Cryptech before the humans drag you back to the room of breaking? Is DevonHund worthy of rescue? Good gravy, just what is the price of becoming a legend and stuff?

Set Dial A (the lich's corruption) to the current threat  $\frac{2}{3}$ . Next - go to 4708-4

4708-4 Does any player have the follower 👸 S-25, Dawn Chorus?

- Yes go to 4708-5
- No go to 4708-8

4708-5 Does any player have the title: the Short Staffed?

- No go to 4708-6
- Yes go to 4708-7

4708·6 Have the Bookkeeper turn to page 31. Begin a round in the location book.

4708-7 Have the Bookkeeper turn to page 31.

Lock ( Action 5.

Begin a round in the location book.

4708-8 Does any player have the title: the Short Staffed?

- Yes go to 4708-9
- No go to 4708-10

4708-9 Have the Bookkeeper turn to page 31.

Lock ( Action 5.

Lock (7) Action 6.

Begin a round in the location book.

4708-10 Have the Bookkeeper turn to page 31.

Lock (1) Action 6.

Begin a round in the location book.

4708-11 Enter the first pair of digits:

- 30 go to 4708-12
- 32 go to 4708-12
- 33 go to 4708-12
- 35 go to 4708-12
- 53 go to 4708-17
- 55 go to 4708-12

4708-12 You try punching in some random numbers, but the screen flashes red and shocks you before reseting.

Corruption +1.

Spend 1 time. If you draw a follower token this way, discard it from the bag immediately instead of resolving it.

Next - go to 4708-13

4708-13 Does any player have the title: Trapped?

- Yes go to 4708-14
- No go to 4708-16

4708·14 Seemingly unable to work together in investigating the room, you begin to be overwhelmed by the strange robots. All players gain wound 41:

Increase Dial A by the number of players.

Next - go to 4708-15

4708-15 Begin a new round on this page.

4708-16 Gain the title: Trapped 🔕

Increase Dial A by the number of players.

Begin a new round on this page.

4708-17 Enter the second pair of digits:

- 44 go to 4708-18
- 46 go to 4708-12
- 48 go to 4708-12
- 50 go to 4708-12
- 52 go to 4708-12
- 54 go to 4708-12

4708-18 Enter the third and final pair of digits:

- 16 go to 4708-12
- 29 go to 4708-12
- 32 go to 4708-2
- 44 go to 4708-12
- 53 go to 4708-12
  54 go to 4708-12

4708-19 Does any player have the title: Trapped?

- Yes go to 4708-14
- No go to 4708-20

4708-20 Choose a player to gain luck 40+2, influence 45+5, and the title: Trapped 40.

Next - go to 4708-21

4708-21 Does any player have the title: the Short Staffed?

- Yes go to 4708-22
- No go to 4708-15

4708-22 The player with the title: the Short Staffed must choose 1:

- Lock 🛈 Action 4.
- Lock ( Action 5.
- Corruption 🖸-1.

Next - go to 4708-15

# **EXECUTION** CROSSROADS

Choose I of the species or jobs below and go to the corresponding section. You must choose a species or job that matches the species or job of one of the players. If you like, you may draw a tick mark next to your choice so that the next time you have a crossroads event, you'll know which entries you've chosen previously. Choose I:

- ARTIFICER Page 192
- BARBERIAN Page 194
- BARD Page 195
- CLAMDIGGER -Page 196
- DISGRACED NOBLE Page 197
- DIVORCEE Page 197
- DUNG FARMER -Page 198
- FRIAR Page 199
- GUNSLINGER Page 199
- JUDGE Page 200
- KNIGHT Page 201
- PALADIN Page 202
- PIRATE Page 203
- PRIVATE EYE Page 203
- RANGER Page 204
- SKINCHANGER Page 205
- SPELLSWORD Page 206
- THIEF Page 206
- WARRIOR Page 207
- WITCH Page 207
- **DWARF** Page 208
- ELF Page 208
- GOBLIN Page 208
- HOUND Page 209
- IMP Page 210
- MERFOLK Page 211
- MOUSER Page 211
- STILT-KIN Page 212
- TROLL Page 212

## ARTIFICER

This entry is for the Artificer:

The party encounters an unhappy imp struggling to push a wheelbarrow along.

"Whatever are you doing with that wheelbarrow?" you ask him. He shrugs. "I came through this way with family a year ago, and we found a small site with lots of great old ancient artifacts. I figured I'd come back and collect it later. But it turns out it's less valuable than I thought. Most of it's just scrap! I doubt I'll make much off this at all."

You quickly eyeball the contents of the wheelbarrow then clear your throat. "It may not be much, but you have some good stuff in there. Mind if I try to make something of it?"
The imp looks you over and easily identifies you as a techhead. "Sure," he says with shrug. "I'd appreciate the help."
What do you start with?

- · A small motor and a battery to power it go to ARTIFICER-2
- A crank handle attached to some gears go to ARTIFICER-12
- A flip switch with a battery and wires go to ARTIFICER-22

### ARTIFICER-2 Yeah, that's the ticket. What next?

- A few wooden spoons go to ARTIFICER-3
- A set of Allen wrenches go to ARTIFICER-6
- · An old pistol grip go to ARTIFICER-9

### ARTIFICER-3 Sure. That makes sense. Now what?

- · A rubber handle go to ARTIFICER-4
- A whisk go to ARTIFICER-5

ARTIFICER:4 You proudly show your handiwork. "Check it out," you say. "You grip the rubber handle, turn on the motor, and..."
The spoons flail about in a wooden clatter. "Sauce stirrer!
Whaddya think?"

The imp's eyes light up. "You made something of nothing. Impressive, stranger! I can make a coin or two off this, for sure. Many thanks!"

Gain the title: Junkyard Genius 💩.

Gold Q+2.

Travel on the map.

**ARTIFICER-5** You proudly show your handiwork. "Check it out," you say. "You, uh, load the spoons in the whisk like so, then grip the motor, turn it on, and..." You turn it on and the whisk spins, sending the spoons in every direction. "Spoon flinger! Whaddya think?"

The imp groans. "I suppose I can call it a personal defense weapon or something. I guess. Well, you tried your best, stranger. Maybe I can make a coin off this. Thanks for trying all the same!"

Gain the title: Junk Peddler .

Gold 🔘+1.

Travel on the map.

ARTIFICER-6 Sure. That makes sense. Now what?

- A rubber handle go to ARTIFICER-7
- A whisk go to ARTIFICER-8

ARTIFICER.<sup>7</sup> You proudly show your handiwork. "Check it out," you say. "You grip the rubber handle, turn on the motor, and..." The Allen wrenches spin about in a whirl. "Noodle twirler! Whaddya think?"

The imp's eyes light up. "You made something of nothing. Impressive, stranger! I can make a coin or two off this, for sure. Many thanks!"

Gain the title: Beautiful Noodle 💩.

Gold +2.

ARTIFICER-8 You grin meekly when you observe your handiwork. "Well, uh..." You hand the device to the imp. "So you, you know, turn on the motor and the whisk spins, and well, I attached some Allen wrenches to it, so you know, they spin too. It's, uh, not my best work."

The imp tries it and and shrugs. "It's not anything really, but it's more than I had. Maybe I can call it an ancient human deterrent? Might be able to make a few coins selling it to a simpleton. Well, thank you, stranger! You made something out of nothing, and I appreciate it."

Gain the title: Junk Peddler @

Gold O+1.

Travel on the map.

ARTIFICER-9 Sure. That makes sense. Now what?

- A rubber handle go to ARTIFICER-10
- A whisk go to ARTIFICER-11

ARTIFICER-10 You show your handiwork. "Check it ou, you take the pistol grip like so, turn on the motor, and..." The rubber handle flails, waving around. "Pipe cleaner! Whaddya think?" The imp looks at you warily. "Really? A pipe cleaner?" "Yes," you say.

"Well you made something of nothing. Impressive, stranger! Maybe I can make a coin or two off this. Many thanks!"

Gain the title: the Plumber's Friend ...

Gold O+1.

Travel on the map.

**ARTIFICER-11** You proudly show your handiwork. "Check it out," you say. "You take hold of the grip, turn on the motor, and..." The whisk spins merrily. "Egg beater! Whaddya think?"

The imp's eyes light up. "You made something of nothing. Impressive, stranger! I can make a coin or two off this, for sure. Many thanks!"

Gain the title: the Egg Head . Gold +2.

Travel on the map.

ARTIFICER-12 Yeah, that's the ticket. What next?

- A few wooden spoons go to ARTIFICER-13
- A set of Allen wrenches go to ARTIFICER-16
- An old pistol grip go to ARTIFICER-19

ARTIFICER-13 Sure. That makes sense. Now what?

- A rubber handle go to ARTIFICER-14
- A whisk go to ARTIFICER-15

**ARTIFICER-14** You show your handiwork. "Check it out, you grip the rubber handle, turn the crank, and..." The spoons flail about in a wooden clatter. "Sauce stirrer! Whaddya think?"

The imp's eyes light up. "You made something of nothing. Impressive, stranger! I can make a coin or two off this, for sure. Many thanks!"

Gain the title: Junkyard Genius 💩.

Gold ()+2.

Travel on the map.

ARTIFICER-15 You proudly show your handiwork. "Check it out," you say. "You, uh, load the spoons in the whisk like so, then turn the crank, and..." You demonstrate and the whisk spins, sending the spoons in every direction. "Spoon flinger! Whaddya think?"

The imp groans. "I suppose I can call it a personal defense weapon or something. I guess. Well, you tried your best, stranger. Maybe I can make a coin off this? Thanks for trying all the same!"

Gain the title: Junk Peddler .

Gold O+1.

Travel on the map.

ARTIFICER-16 Sure. That makes sense. Now what?

- A rubber handle go to ARTIFICER-17
- A whisk go to ARTIFICER-18

ARTIFICER-17 You grin meekly when you observe your handiwork. "Well, uh..." You hand the device to the imp. "So you, you know, hold the rubber handle and turn the crank and the Allen wrenches on the end, you know, they spin around."

The imp tries it and shrugs. "It's not anything really, but it's more than I had. Maybe I can call it an ancient human deterrent? Might be able to make a few coins selling it to a simpleton. Well, thank you, stranger! You made something out of nothing, and I appreciate it."

Gain the title: Junk Peddler

Gold 🔘+1.

Travel on the map.

**ARTIFICER-18** You proudly show your handiwork. "Check it out," you say. "You turn the crank like so, and..." The Allen wrenches spin about in a whirl. "Noodle twirler! Whaddya think?"

The imp's eyes light up. "You made something of nothing. Impressive, stranger! I can make a coin or two off this, for sure. Many thanks!"

Gain the title: Beautiful Noodle 💩.

Gold Q+2.

Travel on the map.

ARTIFICER-19 Sure. That makes sense. Now what?

- A rubber handle go to ARTIFICER-20
- A whisk go to ARTIFICER-21

ARTIFICER-20 You show your handiwork. "Check it out," you say. "You take pistol grip like so, turn the crank, and..." The rubber handle flails, waving around. "Pipe cleaner! Whaddya think?" The imp looks at you warily. "Really? A pipe cleaner?" "Yes," you say.

"Well you made something of nothing. Impressive, stranger! Maybe I can make a coin or two off this. Many thanks!" Gain the title: the Plumber's Friend .

Gold ()+1.

Travel on the map.

**ARTIFICER-21** You proudly show your handiwork. "Check it out," you say. "You take hold of the grip, turn the crank, and..." The whisk spins merrily. "Egg beater! Whaddya think?"

The imp's eyes light up. "You made something of nothing. Impressive, stranger! I can make a coin or two off this, for sure. Many thanks!"

Gain the title: Egg Head 💩.

Gold ()+2.

Travel on the map.

ARTIFICER-22 Yeah, that's the ticket. What next?

- A few wooden spoons go to ARTIFICER-23
- A set of Allen wrenches go to ARTIFICER-26
- An old pistol grip go to ARTIFICER-29

ARTIFICER-23 Sure. That makes sense. Now what?

- · A rubber handle go to ARTIFICER-24
- A whisk go to ARTIFICER-25

ARTIFICER-24 You show your handiwork. "Check it out," you say.
"You grip the rubber handle, flip the switch, and..." The spoons
flail about in a wooden clatter. "Sauce stirrer! Whaddya think?"
The imp's eyes light up. "You made something of nothing.
Impressive, stranger! I can make a coin or two off this, for
sure. Many thanks!"

Gain the title: Junkyard Genius 💩.

Gold O+2.

**ARTIFICER-25** You proudly show your handiwork. "Check it out," you say. "You, uh, load the spoons in the whisk like so, then grip the switch box, flip it, and..." You turn it on and the whisk spins, sending the spoons in every direction. "Spoon flinger! Whaddya think?"

The imp groans. "I suppose I can call it a personal defense weapon or something. I guess. Well, you tried your best, stranger. Maybe I can make a coin off this. Thanks for trying all the same!"

Gain the title: Junk Peddler @.

Gold O+1.

Travel on the map.

ARTIFICER-26 Sure. That makes sense. Now what?

- · A rubber handle go to ARTIFICER-27
- A whisk go to ARTIFICER-28

**ARTIFICER-27** You proudly show your handiwork. "Check it out," you say. "You grip the rubber handle, flip the switch, and..." The Allen wrenches spin about in a whirl. "Noodle twirler! Whaddya think?"

The imp's eyes light up. "You made something of nothing. Impressive, stranger! I can make a coin or two off this, for sure. Many thanks!"

Gain the title: Junkyard Genius 💩.

Gold O+2.

Travel on the map.

**ARTIFICER-28** You grin meekly when you observe your handiwork. "Well, uh..." You hand the device to the imp. "So you, you know, flip the switch and the whisk spins, and well, I attached some Allen wrenches to it, so you know, they spin too. It's, uh, not my best work."

The imp tries it and and shrugs. "It's not anything really, but it's more than I had. Maybe I can call it an ancient human deterrent? Might be able to make a few coins selling it to a simpleton. Well, thank you, stranger! You made something out of nothing, and I appreciate it."

Gain the title: Junk Peddler @

Gold O+1.

Travel on the map.

ARTIFICER-29 Sure. That makes sense. Now what?

- A rubber handle go to ARTIFICER-30
- A whisk go to ARTIFICER-31

**ARTIFICER-30** You proudly show your handiwork. "Check it out," you say. "You take hold of the grip, flip the switch, and..." The rubber handle flails, waving around. "Personal massager! Whaddya think?"

The imp's eyes go wide as he watches the rubber bounce about. "Ahem. Yes, this is very interesting indeed. I think I might just keep it for myself."

"Great!" you say.

"Well you made something of nothing," he says. "Impressive, stranger! I cannot thank you enough!"

Gain the title: Junkyard Genius 💩.

Gold ()+2.

Travel on the map.

**ARTIFICER-31** You proudly show your handiwork. "Check it out," you say. "You take hold of the grip, flip the switch, and..." The whisk spins merrily. "Egg beater! Whaddya think?"

The imp's eyes light up. "You made something of nothing. Impressive, stranger! I can make a coin or two off this, for sure. Many thanks!"

Gain the title: Egg Head 💩.

Gold O+2.

Travel on the map.

## BARBERIAN

This entry is for the Barberian:

The party takes a quick break for rest, and you ask who wants to be honored with a stylish trimming of the hair. There is some awkward murmuring among the followers and people try to wander away. Luckily Cookie, Schala, and Grunko, Son of Grung are caught in your stare, and stay put while you size them up. Yes, one of them is about to be made more beautiful than ever before. If only they could accept and appreciate that fact.

Choose I follower to receive your gift:

- · Cookie go to BARBERIAN-2
- Schala go to BARBERIAN-3
- Grunko, Son of Grung go to BARBERIAN-4

BARBERIAN-2 Cookie possesses a surprising gray mane atop his bony noggin, and his lustrous beard could benefit from far more than the simple twists he uses as a fringe. You bid him sit on a hoary old stump and begin to shave his rear locks, which he pretends to be annoyed by. Once trimmed, you sculpt the symbol of a bat on the back his head which is super dope, then you sculpt his beard until it resembles a fanned fish's tail. Stunning! You learn much from the experience, including some colorful new language Cookie hurls your way afterward.

Gain the title: the Salty Stylist 💩.

XP **☆**+1.

Return Cookie's follower token to the time bag if it has been removed.

Travel on the map.

BARBERIAN: 3 Schala's mauve hair needs a refresh, so you sit her on a hoary old stump and do what's needed. First, that tussled look has to go. You shave a swathe down the middle of her scalp, then use a towel to give her hair a nice static charge. Finally, you mist it with some fairy musk to hold it in place. You show her a mirror afterward and she claims she doesn't understand. You agree that fashion can seem mysterious to the uninitiated, but she says, no, it's you she doesn't understand. You suppose you must seem terribly sophisticated to a bookish type like her.

Gain the title: Smart Looker 💩.

XP **☆**+1.

Return Schala's follower token to the time bag if it has been removed.

Travel on the map.

BARBERIAN-4 Grunko, Son of Grung's sandy shag does him no favors. So you sit him upon a hoary old stump and stick your curlers into the party's little campfire. A few hours later and the yak's majestic perm is the talk of the company. You tell Grunko, Son of Grung to ignore the jealous snickers of his peers and he agrees.

He places a calloused hand upon your shoulder and says, "I know you mean well, so I thank you for your good intentions." Such praise!

Gain the title: the Yak-tastic 💩.

XP ∰+1.

Return Grunko, Son of Grung's follower token to the time bag if it has been removed.

### BARD

### This entry is for the Bard:

You encounter another traveling party, and discover it's no one other than Sally Vanderfloog, troll talent agent to the stars, along with her security detail, entourage, and other hangers-on.

"Sally!" you squeal. "I'm a bard of some renown. Our meeting can't be just coincidence. Pray, let me showcase my talents for you!"

Sally sighs impatiently as her P.A. hands her a glass of carbonated almond milk. "Okay, kid," she huffs. "But I don't have all day. Vacay is over and I'm needed back in the Hub, pronto. Show me what you got, but make it snappy."

You've honed several original numbers, and decide to perform one of them.

#### Choose 1:

- Perform your rap about vitamin D deficiency. go to BARD-2
- Sing the recipe for your favorite comfort food. go to BARD-4
- Belt out the song that's made you a legend in roadside inns, titled "I Know it Was You." - go to BARD-6

BARD-2 If you beatbox along with the following song, XP 🕸+1. Next - go to BARD-3

BARD-3 You clear your throat, take a deep breath, and unleash your talent.

I'm rappin' on the mic and I'm here to say,

I need vitamin D in a major way.

Well my bones are soft and they're startin' to bend,

But they're brittle in the middle, if ya comprehend.

(My skin doesn't get enough sun you see,

So gimme the D, yeah I need some D.)

I need to chow down on some oily fish,

Somethin' like a salmon would be my top wish.

Since ya'll know fungus is as good as sunlight,

I'll make room for some shroom to keep up the fight.

(My skin doesn't get enough sun you see,

So gimme the D, yeah I need some D.)

I'm crawlin' through dungeons like all the dang time,

Fightin' off humans or that slitherin' slime.

To defeat this vitamin deficiency,

Gotta change my diet with efficiency.

(My skin doesn't get enough sun you see,

So gimme the D, yeah I need some D.

My skin doesn't get enough sun you see,

So I really gotta guzzle down all of the D.)

You take a knee as you end the song with flourish, arms crossed at the chest. A mournful quiet descends as each person present is forced to deal with a painful situation their social training as a child never prepared them for. You notice no one is able to make eye contact with you. Sally Vanderfloog breaks the silence with an agitated hiss.

"Kid, that was the absolute worst," she snarls. "If this was forty years ago, maybe someone could—no, no I can't even imagine that. Trust me, take your dreams and clip them off like an overlong toenail. Just throw them away. You'll be better off for it." She hastily departs with her throng of followers, and you grin bashfully at your companions.

"Do not listen to her," urges Grunko, Son of Grung. "I thought it was pretty good." Later, Grunko, Son of Grung hands you a strange gift. He nods, and avoids eye contact. It's quite a gesture.

Gain the title: the Spoony Bard .

Gain story card S-76, Axe Guitar from the story deck. Travel on the map.

BARD-4 If you mime along with the words in the song, XP 🕸+1. Next - go to BARD-5

BARD-5 You clear your throat, take a deep breath, and unleash your talent.

First you boil water,

That is where we shall start,

Then salt it heavily,

It's my favorite part.

Now add your dried noodles,

Give them a vig'rous stir,

Cook them 'till they're soft or

Whatever you prefer.

Tra-la-la, tra-la-la, tra-la-lee!

Oh this dish comforts me whenever I'm bereft.

Tra-la-la, tra-la-la, tra-la-lee!

It reminds me of the good times, before dad left.

Next we grate the cheese wedge

Into a mountain high,

Add it to the sauce pan,

But keep the heat off 'high'.

Pour in noodle water,

Now mix it as you go,

Then add all the pasta,

While the heat is on low.

Tra-la-la, tra-la-la, tra-la-lee!

Oh this dish comforts me whenever I might grieve.

Tra-la-la, tra-la-la, tra-la-lee!

It reminds me of the times, before Mom met Steve.

Plate the creamy goodness

With an attractive twirl.

Such a yummy dinner

For each good boy and girl!

Crack pepper over it,

Add as much as you please!

Then end with a sprinkle

Of the last of the cheese.

Tra-la-la, tra-la-la, tra-la-lee!

Oh this dish comforts and makes life more sunny.

Tra-la-la, tra-la-la, tra-la-lee!

It reminds me of the times, before that good-for-nothing

bastard Steve lost all our money.

You take a knee as you end the song with flourish, arms held out wide. A mournful quiet descends as everyone present exchanges awkward looks. You notice no one is able to make eye contact with you. Sally Vanderfloog breaks the silence with an agitated hiss.

"Listen kid, that song isn't the worst, but it's far from the best. I'd give you words of encouragement, but now you've made me hungry and I quit solids years ago. So now I'm just agitated. Thanks for that!" And with nothing left to say, Sally tromps off, followed by her throng of followers.

You notice Cookie is hastily writing something down, and he grins sheepishly when he notices you watching. "Could ye, er, go back over that one more time, but slower?"

You do, and later, he leaves you a heaping helping.

Gain the title: the Spoony Bard .

Supplies 💍 +2.

Travel on the map.

BARD-6 If you try to hum along with the following song, XP 🕸+1. Next - go to BARD-7

BARD-7 You clear your throat, take a deep breath, and unleash your talent.

Oh darlin',

We have had the loveliest day,

Oh darlin',

Why cast these aspersions my way?

You're accusin' me of things, you know I didn't do,

Lookin' good in front of friends, at the cost of me an' you,

Oh darlin',

Oh darlin',

Well they say that he who smelt it dealt it,

And girl you know it's true,

They say he who heard it, spurt it,

And girl, you heard a poo,

They say he who gets defensive,

Is guilty of the gas offensive,

So head out to the bathroom,

And do what you clearly gotta do.

Oh darlin',

Ev'rythin' was goin' so fine,

Oh darlin',

And I was sure that you were mine,

But you made a foul faux pas we would've just ignored, Then tried to pin the crime on me, oh one who I adored,

Oh darlin',

Oh darlin',

Well they say that he who smelt it dealt it,

And girl you know it's true,

They say he who heard it, spurt it,

And girl, you heard a poo,

They say he who gets defensive,

Is guilty of the gas offensive,

So head out to the bathroom,

And do what you clearly gotta do.

Oh darlin',

Oh darlin'!

You take a knee as you end the song with flourish, hands clasped to your chest. A mournful quiet descends as everyone present exchanges awkward looks. You notice no one is able to make eye contact with you. Sally Vanderfloog breaks the silence with an agitated hiss.

"Listen kid, that might do well in the common rooms of taverns, but it'll never get play in the theater, you hear me? I've heard worse, but that's hardly worthy of my time. I don't need the Vanderfloog name associated with bathroom humor!" And with that she departs in a huff, along with her throng of followers. You grin at your companions, but Schala pats you on the arm.

"I appreciate any song about good etiquette," she assures you, and adds, "I, uh, was saving this for your birthday, but, um, maybe you need it now."

She hands you a wrapped gift and shuffles away blushing. Gain the title: the Spoony Bard .

Gain story card S-76, Axe Guitar from the story deck. Travel on the map.

## CLAMDIGGER

This entry is for the Clamdigger:

The party meets a wandering rodent merchant who sells an assortment of scavenged miscellany. You ask her what she has that might aid you in your quest against all clamkind. She laughs, says the weather has her feeling clammy, then asks if that helps. You narrow your eyes. Why would she say that? Noticing your change in demeanor, she clears her throat and says she might have a couple things to assist you. Choose 1:

- Browse the merchant's wares. go to CLAMDIGGER-2
- Kill the merchant when no one is looking, as she is clearly an agent of the clams. - go to CLAMDIGGER-5

CLAMDIGGER-2 The merchant roots through her belongings and finds an object of possible use: a map of distant lands.

"Clams live in sandy areas," she squeaks. "Perhaps this map might help locate such regions? Surely you need one of these?"

#### Choose 1:

- Purchase the map. go to CLAMDIGGER-3
- · Decline to make a purchase. go to CLAMDIGGER-4

**CLAMDIGGER-3** You purchase the map, and while uncertain if it would lead you to clams, note it might provide useful information regarding your current destination.

Gain the title: the Deal Digger 💩.

Treasure 28-1.

Risk  $\triangle$  -2.

XP **☆**+1.

Travel on the map.

**CLAMDIGGER-4** The merchant gives you a pained smile with dead eyes. "Well thanks anyway. Good luck with the clams. It seems like such a worthwhile pursuit."

Gain the title: the Canny Clammer 💩.

XP 🕸+1.

Luck @+1.

Travel on the map.

**CLAMDIGGER-5** You kill the wee mouse when no one is looking, and then when the body is discovered, feign surprise and suggest it was due to natural causes. You're not entirely sure how this thrall of clams fits into the big picture, but you feel certain you've made the world a safer place.

Are you a Mouser?

- Yes go to CLAMDIGGER-6
- No go to CLAMDIGGER-7

CLAMDIGGER-6 Gain the title: Total Cliché ...

Treasure ##+1.

XP **☆**+1.

Travel on the map.

CLAMDIGGER-7 Gain the title: Natural Causer @.

Treasure 🖀+1.

XP ∰+1.

## DISGRACED NOBLE

This entry is for the Disgraced Noble:

The party is startled to bump into a small contingent of bodyguards leading none other than your former good friend, Baron Georgie Prettypants.

"No!" gasps Georgie. "It's cant be!"

"Georgie Prettypants, you old so-and-so!" you laugh. "What the devil are you doing here of all places?"

"Oh it's dreadfully boring," he moans. "But sojourns are all the rage right now, so I figured I'd pay some people to do one for me. Anyway. How are you?" He casts a disdainful glance over your companions. "I see you're with the poors now"

"With them? Oh-ho! No, no, my fellow, these are my servants. I'm sojourning too!"

Everyone but the Disgraced Noble must now vote with a thumbs up or thumbs down: Thumbs up to stay silent and let the Disgraced Noble save face by lying about you being a servant. Thumbs down to immediately contest their claims, beheading them socially. The Disgraced Noble breaks ties.

Thumbs up. - go to DISGRACED NOBLE-2

Next - go to DISGRACED NOBLE-3

Thumbs down. - go to DISGRACED NOBLE-4

DISGRACED NOBLE-2 Really? Are you sure? I mean we'll honor the vote, but honestly, we only wrote this part on a lark. We never assumed anyone would deliberately choose it. Wait, is this a solo game? Yes, that explains it. It must be a solo game. How dreadful. Wait! Perhaps it's just two spouses playing together. Gods, your kindness to each other is grotesque, I mean really. Nothing spices things up quite like gutting each other when given the chance. But fine. Whatever. It's your choice, even if it is as boring as the names you gave your children.

DISGRACED NOBLE-3 "Yes, we're just servants," someone grumbles, and you feel the angry stares of your comrades stabbing at you. Georgie looks at them and nods, "Well it was frightfully good running into you, but just as a word of caution from one friend to another slightly less valuable friend, do ditch the help if you should return to the Hub, lest people think you've fallen in with thugs and sex criminals or whatnot. Okay? Toodles!" Georgie and his retinue trundle off, and you give your companions a friendly grin.

"Thanks for that," you say. "It meant an awful lot, to be sure."
"Just how much?" someone asks, and you groan as they all hold out their hands in expected payment. "We wouldn't do this to you, but you know how desperate us poors are."
Gain the title: the Served One ...

Each player who voted "Thumbs Up" gains gold Q+1. You gain gold Q+1 for each player who voted "Thumbs Down." Travel on the map.

**DISGRACED NOBLE-4** "Servants?" one of your peers scoffs. "Oh we aren't servants. I'm afraid this lowly former noble is just one of the poors now."

You whirl around and backhand them across the mouth. They land in the dirt, a shocked look on their stupid face. "Silence, cur!" you bellow.

"Ooh, I love it!" Georgie squeals, and he taps one of his dejected bodyguards on the shoulder. "Do sass me later so I can strike you as well, okay? Splendid! Just splendid." He sighs and says, "Well we must be off. I simply have to end this boring business as soon as possible. It's been a delight to see you, old chum. Look me up upon your return. I insist upon it!" And with that, he and his band trundle away.

Gain the title: Suffers No Disrespect .

XP ★+1.

Travel on the map.

## DIVORCEE

This entry is for the Divorcee:

You were excited to be back on the market, but apparently your value has depreciated with time. Your ex is dating some young hottie, and you were like, oh, hey, good for you, I'm not doing bad either you know. But really it's rough out here. You got a letter from the matchmaking correspondence service you had signed up with in the Hub a few weeks prior, and decide to fill out their questionnaire while on the road.

Let's do it! - go to DIVORCEE-2

**DIVORCEE-2** Are you ripped?

- Yes. go to DIVORCEE-3
- No. go to DIVORCEE-3
- More like torn! go to DIVORCEE-3
- I can't lift heavy objects on account of my hernia. go to DIVORCEE-3

**DIVORCEE-3** What do you look for most in a prospective mate?

- Intelligence. go to DIVORCEE-4
- · Good looks. go to DIVORCEE-4
- · A sense of humor. go to DIVORCEE-4
- · Organ donor compatibility. go to DIVORCEE-4

**DIVORCEE-4** You're out on a romantic dinner, sharing a plate of creamed corn. You look in your date's eyes and:

- Smile, revealing a mouthful of corn you've arranged to look like teeth. - go to DIVORCEE-5
- Ask them not to hog all the creamed corn. It's a date, not a race. - go to DIVORCEE-5
- Tell them the creamed corn really brings out the color of their eyes. - go to DIVORCEE-5

**DIVORCEE-5** What is your highest level of education?

- · About yea-high. go to DIVORCEE-6
- Pretty high I can tell you. go to DIVORCEE-6
- I don't get high. go to DIVORCEE-6
- I saw a picture of a school once. go to DIVORCEE-6

**DIVORCEE-6** Going back to the creamed corn, are you lactose intolerant?

- Yes go to DIVORCEE-7
- No go to DIVORCEE-8

**DIVORCEE-7** Sorry, we should have asked earlier. Look, no one wants to be matched with someone who farts just from seeing a bowl of yogurt. We're afraid your condition disqualifies you from our services as you are unworthy of love. Gain the title: Dreader of Dairy .

XP 않+1.

Luck **(4)**+1.

Travel on the map.

DIVORCEE-8 What is your ideal vacation?

- Visiting the countryside and poking yokels with sticks. go to DIVORCEE-9
- Lying on the shores of an empty beach, basking in nature's bounty. - go to DIVORCEE-9
- Lying on the shores of a crowded beach, facedown, pretending to be a corpse that's washed up. - go to DIVORCEE-9
- Living the high life in a fancy Hub hotel, spitting off your balcony at passersby. - go to DIVORCEE-9
- Attending the kind of masked ball where sexy things happen and someone ends up dead because the whole thing is an analogy for the corrupting influence of wealth.
   go to DIVORCEE-9

**DIVORCEE-9** Which color is the most sensuous?

- Mustard go to DIVORCEE-10
- Froth go to DIVORCEE-11
- Rust go to DIVORCEE-12
- · Salmon go to DIVORCEE-13
- Liver go to DIVORCEE-14

**DIVORCEE-10** Thank you for completing the questionnaire. Your rating: Hot to Trot!

You fall into our largest pool of singles: the ones we can bilk for months on end through membership fees. But you will probably still die alone, FYI.

Gain the title: the Easy Mark 💩.

XP **☆**+1.

Travel on the map.

**DIVORCEE-11** Thank you for completing the questionnaire. Your rating: Hot for Teacher!

Only teachers will ever love you. We will try to match you with disillusioned, disgruntled teachers saddled with debt. Hope you don't want kids, because these burnouts hate those little monsters.

Gain the title: the Eager Student .

XP **☆**+1.

Travel on the map.

**DIVORCEE-12** Thank you for completing the questionnaire. Your rating: Sizzlin'!

We will try to match you with someone desperately trying to escape employment in the food service industry. Just think—you could be that special someone they talk about on smoke breaks out by the dumpster!

Gain the title: Tasty Snack 💩.

XP **☆**+1.

Travel on the map.

**DIVORCEE-13** Thank you for completing the questionnaire. Your rating: Despondent!

We'll match you with game designers, graphic designers, illustrators, and other dregs of society. Thanks to lonely desperates like yourself, these otherwise unlovable lumps might actually find romance or whatever ugly people call it. Gain the title: Not Picky .

XP **☆**+1.

Travel on the map.

**DIVORCEE-14** Thank you for completing the questionnaire. Your rating: Magically Delicious!

You come across as someone corrupted by the hideous influence of foul magic. We'll try to match you with other likeminded filth. Please note, we cannot be held responsible for matching you with undercover witch-hunters.

Gain the title: Corruptible Courtier @

XP **☆**+1.

Travel on the map.

## **DUNG FARMER**

This entry is for the Dung Farmer:

You have a chance meeting with a passing rodent who whistles appreciatively when she spots the simple badge sown on your clothing.

"Is that a dung farmer badge?" she asks.

"Sure is," you reply.

"Genuine?"

"Sure is," you repeat.

She gives another appreciative whistle and asks, "What're you doing with a freelancer party? You had the best job in the

whole world! What gives?"

Answer as would your character:

- "Had? Lady, I'm still a dung farmer. This is a sabbatical." go to DUNG FARMER-2
- "I just don't feel the poop pounding through my heart like I used to." - go to DUNG FARMER-2
- "Say, kid, maybe you've got what it takes? If you're interested, I'd be happy to refer you." - go to DUNG FARMER-7

**DUNG FARMER-2** "Sorry to hear it," she says and flashes a badge. "Mindy Mouse, Internal Affairs for Hub Dung Farming. Kid, you're away without leave with two years left on a ten-year contract. I'm afraid you'll be coming with me."

Make a weapon check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 💸?

- Yes go to DUNG FARMER-3
- No go to DUNG FARMER-6

DUNG FARMER-3 Mindy Mouse cries out as she tumbles to the ground, a pair of handcuffs clattering away from her.

"You're making a terrible mistake!" she insists. "Think about what you're doing! You had it all! You're throwing away the chance of a lifetime on a ridiculous gamble!"

Choose 1:

- · Silence the agent by killing her. go to DUNG FARMER-4
- Spare her life. go to DUNG FARMER-5

**DUNG FARMER-4** The mouse opens her mouth to hurl another jab your way, but the words don't come. The party waits in grim silence as you dig a small hole before burying your foe in a shoebox. Mindy never learned to go with the flow, a lesson anyone who's ever been in a sewage trench knows all too well. You walk away, looking down at the badge now in your possession.

Gain the title: the Fugitive @.

Gain story card S-45, The Badge from the story deck. Travel on the map.

**DUNG FARMER-5** "Get out of here," you say, sheathing your weapon. "Go back to the Hub and tell them this turd doesn't want to be thrown onto the slop pile like the rest. This one's gone down the drain in search of better things."

"That's a stupid analogy," she snaps. "I'll do us both a favor and say you were dead before I caught up to you." She shakes her head as she turns to walk away. "Some people just can't recognize a good thing until it's gone. So long, former dung farmer." And with that, she goes on her way. Gain the title: Presumed Dead ..."

XP **☆**+1.

Travel on the map.

**DUNG FARMER-6** Mindy Mouse slaps you around louder than a dung chute emptying a load in a cesspool. You whimper with each slap until she finally knocks you on your butt.

"Sorry, kid," she says, pulling out her cuffs, "but you leave me no choice." But your companions disagree and intervene, forcing the irate mouse agent to withdraw. "You'll regret this!" she squeaks, an angry finger pointed at you. "You had it all! Without dung, you're nothing! Nothing, you hear!" And with that she retreats.

"Why didn't you step in sooner?" you ask the others, but they just kind of shrug.

Gain story card S-45, The Badge from the story deck. Travel on the map. DUNG FARMER-7 "Wait, what?" The mouse looks back at you in shock. "Sure," you say. "If you get the job and last ninety days, I'll make fifty gold as a bonus. If you've got what it takes, I'll split it with you!"

The mouse shakes her head in disbelief. "Well, this is not how I saw my day going, I tell you that. Friend, you have a deal!" The party takes five while you and your new friend, Mindy Mouse, sit down and fill out some paperwork together. She seems earnest and you suspect she'll be a real asset to the team back in the Hub. The forms completed, Mindy hand you a shiny badge.

"What's this?" you ask.

"Doesn't matter," she says. "That's my old life. On to the new one!" She gives an excited wave and continues on her way. "That's what it's all about," you tell the others. "Gettin' that poop from one place to the next. That mouse is gonna do wonders."

Gain story card S-45, The Badge from the story deck. Gold Q+1.

Travel on the map.

## FRIAR

This entry is for the Friar:

The party stumbles across a sad troll, sitting upon a tree stump, muttering to herself.

"Hello, dear," coos Schala. "Is everything all right?"

"Not at all!" says the troll. "My fiancee's parents are coming over later, and I have no idea what to serve them. The visit won't be for more than thirty minutes, but I feel like I need to have something, and it needs to impress! What to do, what to do?"

You clear your throat and step forward. "Find peace, my child," you implore her. "Simple hors d'oeuvres will suffice for just such a social occasion."

Choose the crudités:

- Sticks of julienned greck stalk, fanned around a small bowl of yogurt and slugblood dipping sauce - go to FRIAR-2
- Halved plum-hearts stuffed with frog's cheese and carrot flecks - go to FRIAR-2
- Cubes of water chestnut served with kingfisher bile and crushed herbs - go to FRIAR-2

**RIAR-2** "Now that's a delightful idea!" exclaims the young troll. "They're sure to love it. Is that all?"

Choose 1 charcuterie spread:

- Sliced sausage made from consensually sourced yak haunch - go to FRIAR-3
- Mummified sparrow flesh seasoned with pepper and orange peel - go to FRIAR-3
- A pâté made from smoked salmon thyroids go to FRIAR-3

**RIAR3** "Oh, now you're making me hungry," moans the troll. "You've really got a knack for this sort of thing. Is there anything else I need?"

Choose 1 cheese board:

- Blue-veined beaver cheese served with seasonal berries
   go to FRIAR-4
- Plob cheese, made by Plob, the Hub troll who makes cheese from his own horn milk - go to FRIAR-4
- Cheddar go to FRIAR-4

**RIAR-4** "Oh my, this is getting expensive, isn't it?" the troll asks nervously.

"Not at all, my dear," you chide. "Good taste need not come with a hefty price tag. Acquire the selections I have made for you, and you are certain to both meet your budget and impress your future in-laws."

"Thank you, dear friar. When I went for a walk to clear my head, never did I guess I would bump into such a kind soul." And with that, she goes on her merry way.

Gain the title: Affordable Wedding Planner .

Travel on the map.

## **GUNSLINGER**

This entry is for the Gunslinger:

The party passes through a tiny hamlet that's little more than a handful of buildings lined up along a dusty road.

You're minding your own business when you hear a voice with a heavy drawl say, "Well looky at what we got here." You glance over and see a scowling mer leaning against a wooden post, three guns hanging off her belt. "You fancy yourself a gunslinger, huh, kid?"

How do you respond?

- "Yeah, I'm a gunslinger. What of it?" go to GUNSLINGER-2
- "I'm more gunslinger than you." go to GUNSLINGER-6
- Say nothing, but give your best squinty-eyed sneer. go to GUNSLINGER-9

**GUNSLINGER-2** A gun hits the road in front of you, bringing you to a stop.

"Now don't go disrespecting me none!" the mer warns. "This is my town, stranger. Best mind your tongue before I mind it for you!"

How do you respond?

- "Mind my tongue, and you'll find me minding yours!" go to GUNSLINGER-3
- "Guns, like insults to strangers, shouldn't be tossed around so carelessly." - go to GUNSLINGER-5

**GUNSLINGER-3** Another gun hits the ground by your feet, and you are forced to take a step back.

"That doesn't even make sense!" she sneers. "So mind your manners!"

How do you respond?

- "I was minding them fine until you started yapping!" go to GUNSLINGER-4
- "Mind your own already!" go to GUNSLINGER-4

**GUNSLINGER-4** Yet another gun strikes the ground, and this time, you have to dive out of the way to keep from being hit.

"Enough of this!" snaps the mer, striding toward you. "I'll brook no more disrespect from your freelancer mouth!"

"You've forgotten one of the most important rules of gun slinging," you warn her.

"And what that might be?" she demands.

"Don't run out of guns." The mer's eyes go wide as she feels in vain for a gun on her belt. That's when you clock her upside the noggin with your own peacemaker. "Next time be a little more courteous to folk you meet on the road," you laugh, as you relieve her of her wallet.

Gold ()+2.

XP 🕸+1.

Travel on the map.

**GUNSLINGER-5** Another gun hits the ground by your feet, and you are forced to take a step back.

"Stranger, you don't know me," she warns. "But everythin' I do is careful. Everything! Think on that, why don't you?"

How do you respond?

- "Think on my butt." go to GUNSLINGER-4
- "Sadly, I know everything there is to know about you." go to GUNSLINGER-4

**GUNSLINGER-6** A gun hits the road in front of you, bringing you to a stop.

"I'm sorry stranger," the mer snarls. "But it sounded like you was just braggin' about somethin' you know nothin' about. Ain't nobody a better gunslinger than me!"

How do you respond:

- "If you're so great, why you hiding all the way out here?" go to GUNSLINGER-7
- "My grandma's a better gunslinger than you, and she died ten years ago!" - go to GUNSLINGER-8

**GUNSLINGER-7** Another gun hits the ground by your feet, and you are forced to take a step back.

"Ain't nobody hiding!" she snarls. "Here I am, calling you out in front of everybody. Looks to me like all you can do is hide behind your words."

How do you respond?

- "Looks to me like you suck." go to GUNSLINGER-4
- "Careful now, my words hurt you more than your guns could ever hurt me." - go to GUNSLINGER-4

**GUNSLINGER-8** Another gun hits the ground by your feet, and you are forced to take a step back.

"That's... that's pretty messed up," the mer says.

"Pretty messed up is how grandma died," you say with a shrug. "Well shut up, already!" the mer snaps. "Your cavalier attitude about your grandmother's mortality is just really driving home how much I don't like you!"

How do you respond?

- "I'm not being cavalier. I'm thankful she died so she never had to meet your dumb ass." - go to GUNSLINGER-4
- "Keep talking and you'll learn a lot more about mortality."
   go to GUNSLINGER-4

**GUNSLINGER-9** A gun hits the road in front of you, bringing you to a stop.

"Now I know you didn't mosey into my town, bringin' your stinky, squint-eye with you. You givin' me a squinty-eyed sneer, kid?"

How do you respond?

- "Yeah, I am. What of it?" go to GUNSLINGER-10
- "If you don't know for sure, then your eyesight ain't so hot. And it should be hot because you're a gunslinger. And you know, gunslingers need good eyesight." - go to GUNSLINGER-11
- Say nothing, but give your best squinty-eyed sneer. go to GUNSLINGER-12

**GUNSLINGER-10** Another gun hits the ground by your feet, and you are forced to take a step back.

"What of it? I'll tell you what of it! I don't like your ugly butt walkin' into my town, that's what. I don't like you smellin' your stink in my town! That's also what! And also, also what, is I don't like you thinkin' you know anything about slinging guns. 'Round here, I'm the one who slings, hear me?"

How do you respond?

- "Your dad slings—slings his wiener!" go to GUNSLINGER-4
- "Sling another one of them guns my way, and you're gonna be sorry." - go to GUNSLINGER-4

**GUNSLINGER-11** Another gun hits the ground by your feet, and you are forced to take a step back.

"My eyesight's just fine!" snaps the mer. "In fact, I know this because I can see you for the cowardly little cow patty you are!"

How do you respond?

- "Nuh-uh." go to GUNSLINGER-4
- "You are!" go to GUNSLINGER-4

**GUNSLINGER-12** Another gun hits the ground by your feet, and you are forced to take a step back.

"I don't know who you think you are!" the mer jeers. "But I'll be gosh-danged to heck and back if you think you can keep shooting me them eyes! Don't push me, stranger!" How do you respond?

- "Better I shoot these eyes than these guns!" go to GUNSLINGER-4
- "I bet the only thing you're good at slinging is hash." go to GUNSLINGER-4
- Say nothing, but give your best squinty-eyed sneer. go to GUNSLINGER-4

## JUDGE

This entry is for the Judge:

Nowhere are the services of a judge more needed than out in the spokes, which is why you aren't surprised when your adventuring band is accosted by not one, but three interested parties in need of your legal authority. Your companions agree to wait a spell but urge you to be quick. You can only choose one appeal, but who will it be? Choose 1:

- Settle a dispute between two farmers. go to JUDGE-2
- Judge a contest for the eating of pies. go to JUDGE-3
- Attend the trial of a woman accused of witchcraft. go to JUDGE-4

JIDGE-2 Nearby is a fine stretch of farmland where two farmers argue over a cow. They see your badge, and dutifully agree for you to settle the quarrel for them. You carefully listen to their arguments, and determine the farmer who is the lawful owner of the bovine in question. One of them is obviously more dejected than the other, but both thank you for your service. You then present them with their bill. Neither can pay as they are both poor farmers, so you naturally claim the cow for your compensation, and later sell it for a decent sum. Gold C+1.

XP **☆**+1.

Travel on the map.

JIDGE-3 There is much applause when you appear at the nearby pie eating contest and declare you will judge the outcome. You watch the trial, laughing along with the common rabble as each contestant seeks to eat as much pie as they can. When it is over, you declare the winner and order the losers executed. Oh, there are some who complain about that, but you remind them the law must be impartial at all times, save bribery. So despite the grumbles, they find the coin to pay your fee and you find mercy for the condemned. Gold C+1.

XP **☆**+1.

Travel on the map.

**JUDGE-4** You ride in a wagon to a tiny township where a hound stands accused of witchcraft. At first you are suspicious of her accusers, fearing they are using trumped-up charges to cover up some wrongdoing of their own, so you pay the hound a visit.

"This is payback," she assures you. "The town elders know I am ever an enemy of corruption, and are trying to execute me to hide their unlawful grift!" You've heard enough.

"Execute her at once!" you urge the elders, which they do soon after paying double your usual fee. Gods, you love doing business in the spokes!

Gold ()+2.

XP 🏠+1.

## KNIGHT

This entry is for the Knight:

You are approached by a young upstart, no doubt a goblin squire seeking a chance at easy renown. She addresses you by your full and proper name, and demands you give her the satisfaction of combat, so that she might return your errant head to the King.

Choose 1:

- Accept the challenge, but seek to keep the squire alive. go to KNIGHT-2
- Accept the challenge and slay your foe. go to KNIGHT-8
- Refuse the challenge. go to KNIGHT-11

MIGHT-2 Make a weapon check. Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 袋?

- Yes go to KNIGHT-3
- No go to KNIGHT-7

**KNIGHT:3** You do your best to keep the brave goblin alive, which is not difficult as she is quite possibly the worst combatant you have ever faced. It is no wonder she has taken the desperate step of hunting you down! You quickly knock her out. Your companions urge you to teach her a lesson she will not soon forget about, but you choose instead to leave her words to remember, a quick missive scrawled on a scrap piece of paper.

Choose 1:

- "You must train your mind as well as your body." go to KNIGHT-4
- "I have borrowed three gold—get you back later!" go to KNIGHT-5
- "You have lost a fight but gained a friend. His name is Gordon and he is a rock I have placed in your pack." - go to KNIGHT-6

XP **☆**+1.

Travel on the map.

KNIGHT-5 You nod in satisfaction at the rightness of the note, then you and your companions go on your way.

Gain the title: the Gold Knight .

Gold ()+3.

Travel on the map.

KNIGHT-6 You nod in satisfaction at the rightness of the note, then you and your companions go on your way.

Gain the title: the Mad Knight .

XP **☆**+1.

Travel on the map.

**KNIGHT-7** You do your best to keep the brave goblin alive, hoping you can wear her out or break her will. But she is quite possibly the worst combatant you have ever faced. It is no wonder she has taken the desperate step of hunting you down! Though you try, she seems to have a knack for getting her mortal flesh in harm's way and before you can even fully measure her skill, you deliver a killing blow.

"Please," she moans, and you kneel beside her as blood pools about her body, "promise me you will find Nibbitz. Tell him what happened here. Tell him I did it for us. So that he would finally want to marry me. So that we could finally... start a family."

"I will," you promise her. "I swear it in sight of the gods. Your lad shall know." She coughs once before falling still. A somber mood descends upon the party, and you remain kneeling, saying a prayer.

Eventually Cookie clears his throat. "What's the boy's name again? The one yer supposed to find?"

You open your mouth to speak, but your mind goes blank. You look around to the other faces that surround you, but none can recall.

"Well," you say as you find your feet, "we should probably get moving again."

Gain the title: Honor Bound 💩.

XP **☆**+1.

Travel on the map.

KNIGHT-8 Make a weapon check. Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 袋?

- · Yes go to KNIGHT-9
- No go to KNIGHT-10

KNIGHT-9 The goblin is quite possibly the worst combatant you have ever faced. It is no wonder she has taken the desperate step of hunting you down! Earnest as she is, she seems to have a knack for getting her mortal flesh in harm's way and before you have even fully measured her skill, you deliver a killing blow.

"Please," she moans, and you kneel beside her as blood pools about her body, "promise me you will find Nibbitz. Tell him what happened here. Tell him I did it for us. So that he would finally want to marry me. So that we could finally... start a family."

"I will," you promise her. "I swear it in sight of the gods. Your lad shall know." She coughs once before falling still. A somber mood descends upon the party, and you remain kneeling, saying a prayer.

Eventually Cookie clears his throat. "What's the boy's name again? The one yer supposed to find?"

You open your mouth to speak, but your mind goes blank. You look around to the other faces that surround you, but none can recall.

"Well," you say as you find your feet, "we should probably get moving again."

Gain the title: Honor Bound 💩.

XP ∰+1.

Travel on the map.

KNIGHT-10 The goblin is quite possibly the worst combatant you have ever faced. It is no wonder she has taken the desperate step of hunting you down! Earnest as she is, she seems to have a knack for getting her mortal flesh in harm's way and before you have even fully measured her skill, you've knocked her to the ground and lifted your weapon to deliver a killing blow. But as you raise your weapon you are struck with a vision of the King, and suddenly there the old fool is again, lying before you on the ground, red-faced and angry. You hesitate for but a moment, but it is moment enough, and the scrappy squire kicks you in the guts. You recover nimbly and disarm her, and she runs away in a panic.

You leave her to her shameful retreat.

Gain the title: the Haunted Knight @.

**KNIGHT-11** "I refuse to duel you," you tell the squire, and she gnashes her teeth in anger.

"Coward! You are a false knight!"

"I was declared a false knight by no one less than the King. Do you think the words of some unknown squire might move me? Nay, you are not worth the effort nor do I desire to see your blood spilt."

"You dishonor me!" she insists. "And I have traveled all this way and endured great hardship in doing so."

"Oh, well don't be so glum," you tell her. "Here, take this. Say you won it from me." You toss her some item you no longer need and she eagerly catches it. Her disposition changes immediately.

"That is... that is very kind of you. Here, take this from me as a sign of my appreciation. You have dealt with me far more generously than I expected." And she tosses something to you before turning, and going on her way.

Gain the title: the False Knight 💩.

Treasure ##+1.
Supplies ##+1.

Travel on the map.

## PALADIN

This entry is for the Paladin:

The party is waylaid by a small warband of knights who, extraordinarily, claim to have been searching for you for some time. It pains you to call them knights, such is the coarseness of their language, and you half-wonder if they aren't ruffians in stolen livery! These angry fellows point at the holy weapon gifted to you by Beaumont and accuse you of undermining the whole point of the holy ritual. Cheating they call it! One is misguided enough to call you a common thief. Your companions seemed annoyed by this interruption of your quest, and bid you deal with the matter expediently. So when the angry mob of knights demands a trial by combat, you have little choice but to oblige.

Choose who to duel first:

- The Knight of Turnips go to PALADIN-2
- The Gnu Knight go to PALADIN-9
- Sir Timothy Dwarfmeat, the Stout-Legged go to PALADIN-10

**PALADIN-2** The Knight of Turnips fights in his resplendent plate mail, but his mace glances off the stone that ensconces your weapon, which you then use to smash both his legs. How he howls from the pain of that crippling infirmity!

"Who is next?" you call to your opponents.

Choose who to duel second:

- Lady Jezenel Panapoly go to PALADIN-3
- Sir Thallamar of Stinks-Good go to PALADIN-7
- Lady Killblood go to PALADIN-8

**PALADIN-3** You would readily admit Lady Jezenel cuts a fine figure in her shining armor of silver, and yes, you admit it is unnerving the way the rays of the sun shine down through the clouds to spotlight her ebon, elfy curls as she removes her helmet. But you crush her legs all the same. And if you are taking a moment to be confessional then you might also admit you're getting worried Beaumont is a little too into all the maiming of legs.

Choose who to duel third:

- · Lady Peepeepants go to PALADIN-4
- Sir Blargagash go to PALADIN-5
- Billy Pickles, Champion of Simpletons go to PALADIN-6

PALADIN-4 You proudly name Lady Peepeepants your next opponent, for her reputation is known across the land. You're not sure any imp has ever dedicated themselves to atonement for a past mistake quite like she has, something

you appreciate as you crush her legs with your stone-buried relic. The gathered knights cry in dismay but you shrug and tell them that while you personally do not wish to further harm anyone's legs, you feel certain your god Beaumont could go all day.

Broken-hearted, the mob departs as you euthanize the losers of your duels. Man, this really isn't where you thought your life was going to go.

Gain the title: Slayer of Peepeepants .

Luck @+1.

Travel on the map.

PALADIN-5 Sir Blargagash is a fearsome troll knight best known for breaking the Siege of Port Town. So imagine the irony of you breaking both his legs with your holy weapon! You would have a good laugh about that were it not for all the cross words suddenly thrown your way by the despondent mob of knights. Such sore losers! You bid them send their next champion or begone, but apparently the sight of Sir Blargagash lying maimed upon the ground, howling in absolute agony, is enough to break their will to challenge you. They depart and one of your companions asks why you're only good at breaking the legs of other knights, which you feel is super rude.

Gain the title: the Slightly Insulted 💩. Travel on the map.

**PALADIN-6** Billy Pickles is an idiot dog, but he fights like nobody's business. The crowd gasps when you trip, your holy weapon falling nearby, and Billy reaches out for the handle. Lo! Billy Pickles draws forth the weapon from the stone, and your stomach lurches. But when he turns it upon you, you have the brilliant idea to grab the stone and use it as a sheathe before punching Billy in the stomach. You retrieve your weapon as the hound staggers back, then bring it down upon his wobbling legs in Beaumont's name. The mob of knights is terrifically disheartened by this, and their resolve breaks. They soon depart and strangely, you try to draw the weapon from the stone and are unable. You wonder what that means for a moment, but shrug, figuring it's nothing.

Gain the title: Slayer of Billy Pickles .

Luck @+1.

Travel on the map.

PALADIN-7 Never has as miserable a spokes town like Stinks-Good had as famous a defender as Sir Thallamar. You have spoken with the frog-man on a number of prior occasions, and always found him humble, honest, and a good sport. So imagine your sorrow when you hoist up your holy weapon and bring it down onto his legs. You feel bad when they snap like twigs, forever ending that man's honorable career as a steward of justice. And you have the nagging worry Beaumont might be really into it.

Choose who to duel third:

- Lady Peepeepants go to PALADIN-4
- Sir Blargagash go to PALADIN-5
- Billy Pickles, Champion of Simpletons go to PALADIN-6

PALADIN-8 In hindsight it was a mistake to choose combat against someone wielding the moniker "Killblood." That was dumb. For a moment you are sure you're going to die upon the lady's sword, when fortune smiles upon you and she trips upon a stone her metal visor has hidden from her vision. Beaumont bids you crush her legs with your holy weapon, and you oblige, though Beaumont seems to take more pleasure in it than yourself.

Choose who to duel third:

- Lady Peepeepants go to PALADIN-4
- Sir Blargagash go to PALADIN-5
- Billy Pickles, Champion of Simpletons go to PALADIN-6

**PALADIN-9** The Gnu Knight is a nimble nay-sayer of notable notoriety. His gnarly knife nosedives toward your nethers, but you nicely negate the nefarious nuisance, while niftily knocking it nowhere.

"Nay!" and the newly nervous gnu knuckles, noting now how his negligible naughtiness has netted naught but nil. You nudge him into a nearby neighbor, knocking him upon his noodle. The noxious knave naively neglects his knightly knowhow and you neatly neutralize his knobby knees.

"Next nominee!" you gnash nastily.

Choose who to duel second:

- Lady Jezenel Panapoly go to PALADIN-3
- Sir Thallamar of Stinks-Good go to PALADIN-7
- Lady Killblood go to PALADIN-8

PALADIN-10 The assembled throng cheers for Sir Timothy
Dwarfmeat, the Stout-Legged, for he cuts an imposing figure
in his black armor with his exposed bulging, manly thighs.
But your holy weapon, entombed in hard stone, proves the
knight's legs are nothing but matchsticks before the might
of Beaumont, and the dwarf collapses to the ground in a
shrieking pile of ruined flesh, bony shards, and blood aplenty.
Praise be!

"Who is next?" you call to the others.

Choose who to duel second:

- Lady Jezenel Panapoly go to PALADIN-3
- Sir Thallamar of Stinks-Good go to PALADIN-7
- · Lady Killblood go to PALADIN-8

## PIRATE

This entry is for the Pirate:

Someone told you old Cookie was a former pirate. Suppose you should have known, seeing how he's got not one but two peg legs. Yet when you tried to get friendly around the last campfire, complimenting his made-from-scratch faux clam chowder, that old sea dog blew you off! He said he didn't have time for a two-bit dodger like yourself. The nerve o' some people, calling you out and being right about it! Well just when as you are starting to feel down about it, you spy one of those green birds that some pirates walk around with on their shoulders. You can't recall what they're called but they're always parrotin' what their owners say. Anyways, you slip away from the group to catch that bird.

- Choose 1:
- Lure the bird, then grab it when it gets close. go to PIRATE-2
- Lure the bird, then club it over the head. go to PIRATE-3
- Talk to it with your psychic powers. go to PIRATE-4

**PIRATE-2** You lure the green bird toward you with a cracker and grab hold of one of its four legs when it draws near. You don't remember these things being covered in scales, or their wings being so bat-like. Ah well, if you can get it to stop hissing and snapping at you, you'll surely be the best of chums.

No, wait, there it goes. Well at least it managed to drop guano as it departed. You've never seen anything so scintillating in your life. Maybe you can sell it Cookie as an ingredient for tonight's stew?

Choose 2:

- Gold ①+1.
- Supplies <sup>™</sup>
   <sup>†</sup>+1
- XP 🕸+1

Travel on the map.

**PIRATE-3** You lure the green squawker toward you with a cracker, then, when it gets close, club it over the noggin'. You knock it out cold. but maybe you do too good a job, because four days passes and the bird still doesn't wake up. Cookie laughs

at you, because of course he does, and offers to cook the bird in some stew. You grudgingly hand it over.

"Ye killed a parrot!" he laughs. "Just like a real pirate ne'er would! Ain't that right, friend? Oh! Sorry! Ain't it, matey? Arrr." And he laughs and laughs.

Gain the title: Parrot Slayer @.

XP 🕸+1.

Travel on the map.

PIRATE-4 But you don't have psychic powers!

And yet you hear a voice inside your head say, "Hey there, friend!" Startled, you look about. The bird has flown off but you've lost interest, for there, floating in a small pool of water is an old gray tube sock. "My name's Bob," the tube sock says inside your head. "Can we be friends? The absolute best of friends?"

"Well howdy-do, Bob," says you. "That sounds delightful!"
"Fantastic!" he cheers. "Would you be so kind as to pick me
up and, I don't know, wear me on your head?" When you
rejoin your travel companions moments later, they cry aloud
at the sight of you.

"What is it?" yowls Grunko, Son of Grung, pointing at your head. "It's somethin' from a nightmare!"

"Sea lamprey," says Cookie sagely. "It's suckin' on those noggin juices."

"Oh stop makin' such a fuss over nothin"' you protest as you wipe away the blood that streams down your face. "Look at this, yer makin' me sweat like the dickens!"

Eventually, Schala and Grunko, Son of Grung come to your aid. Gain the title: Bob's Friend @.

Smarts 23+1.

Travel on the map.

## PRIVATE EYE

This entry is for the Private Eye:

It's been a long time since you had a case, so of course one day you just happen to bump into several potential clients at the same time. One is a dame who sure fills out a dress, 'cause that's what slimes do. Her husband has gone missing and she fears the worst. Another possible client is a lanky mer who claims to be the victim of theft. The other? A terrified stilt-kin who says she's just uncovered a fiendish conspiracy. Each case is compelling, but there is only time for one.

- Help the slime find her husband. go to PRIVATE EYE-2
- Listen to the victimized mer. go to PRIVATE EYE-3
- Analyze the stilt-kin's conspiracy theory. go to PRIVATE EYE-4

PRIVATE FYE-2 "I've heard about you," the slime blurbles. "They say you're not afraid to take the tough jobs."

You say, "Sister, you heard right."

"My husband's missing and the police think I killed him. I want you to prove I didn't." You slowly look her up and down before asking if her husband has a fancy watch. "He does," she squishes. "What of it?" When you tell her you know she killed him, she pouts and turns away. "What makes you so sure?" she squelches.

"Because I see his remains floating inside you."

She turns back, eyes flaring in anger at first, before sighing in resignation. "Kiss me," she slurps softly, but you look away. "Sister, I like my lips right where they are, so you'd better ooze on outta here... after paying my fee of course."

Gain the title: Slime Sleuth 💩.

Gold ()+2.

PRIVATE EYE-3 "You the gumshoe?" the mer asks.

You shrug. "So what if I am?"

"Gotta case for you," he says. "Somebody stole the pockets right off my pants. I ask you, what kind of a world are we livin' in?" You ask him when he last saw his pockets. "Yesterday," he answers. "'Cause I wore these pants then too. I left 'em in a pile by my bed, only this morning I pulled them on, and presto, my pockets had gone vamoose." You tell him you'll take the case for a modest fee. Then you ask if his pants have a tag on the back. "Yeah, they do," he answers. "What of it?"

"Your pants are on backwards," you tell him. He reaches behind, and his eyes go wide.

"My pockets! Hey, you're good," he admits. "Maybe the best I've seen."

"Maybe you ain't seen much," you tell him. "Now, about that fee."

Gain the title: Pocket Protector **(a)**. Gold **(3)**+2.

Travel on the map.

PRIVATE EVE-4 "I had a picture of a mantis in my purse that went missing," your new client tells you. "I looked for it, but the more places I looked and the more questions I asked, the more I kept finding things I didn't want to. Take a look, it's all right here." And the stilt-kin unrolls some documents on the ground. "The blueprints for the new City Council building! Letters from Councilwoman Green to Domino Marnetti! A transcript of the priest's confession! You gotta believe me, detective! This is big! It exposes the whole rotten system!" "Relax, friend," you tell her. "I'll take the case. But you may not like what I uncover."

"But I have all the proof right here!" she insists.

"Do you? Have you checked your purse... a second time?"
She does so, and exclaims, "My picture of a mantis! It was in my purse the whole time? I must have missed it when I looked before. But"—and she turns to look at the documents—"what about all this? Did I just make it all up in my head?"

"No," you assure her. "That's super real and super messed up. But it's got nothin' to do with your missing picture. Now, about my fee."

Gain the title: the Purse Inspector .

Gold 🔾+2.

Travel on the map.

## RANGER

This entry is for the Ranger:

The party stumbles on a wailing dwarf DILF, whose young one has just been snatched by a wild boar. This is especially troubling since the boars in this area are venomous.

"I've tracked the beast this far," the distraught father tells you, "but the trail has gone cold!"

You fix him with your steely gaze and say, "I'll take it from here." Choose 1:

- Taste the nearby spoor. go to RANGER-2
- · Search the underbrush for clues. go to RANGER-7
- Observe the ground for tracks. go to RANGER-8

RANGER-2 You dip a couple fingers into the odorous mound, its middle still radiating warmth. You remove them and slurp upon your soiled fingers, realizing to your chagrin that this isn't boar poop. But you aren't about to tell the others, so you say, "This way!" and take off in the direction that seems like your best guess.

Choose 1:

- Study the markings on a nearby tree. go to RANGER-3
- Scan the ground for a sign. go to RANGER-6

RANGER-3 You run for a ways, stopping to look at a tree whose bark shows unusual wear. "See the markings near the base of the tree?" you point out to the others. "The boar stopped to scratch its flank. Look! You can even see some of its hair left behind in the bark. We're so close now."

"How do you notice those marks?" Schala asks, impressed. "I'm a ranger. I had to notice them."

Make a smarts 🔁 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 💸?

- Yes go to RANGER-4
- No go to RANGER-5

**RANGER-4** You dash through the wilds and soon hear the wail of a child in the distance. The party stumbles into a clearing where a dwarf child sits sobbing, with the massive hulking boar before it.

"Help!" the dwarf child screams.

The boar rears up on its hind legs.

However, before the boar can gore the child, you grab a weapon and fling it. The strike enters the boar's mouth, and it drops dead instantly.

You hear movement behind you as the DILF catches up to you.

"Daddy!" the child turns and cries out.

"My boy!" The dwarf bounds into the clearing and scoops up his child, who sits sobbing beside the body of the dead boar. A fair amount blood runs from the beast's mouth.

Father and son give each other boisterous hugs. "What happened?" the DILF asks.

"That stranger saved me!" says the child. "They threw something down its throat. I guess it didn't like the taste."
"The taste, indeed!" laughs the dwarf. "But I swear to you now, we shall all love the taste of this boar! Come! We shall all of us feast upon this fiend's flesh!" Cookie is all too happy to help, and everyone agrees the resulting meal proves more than fine.

Travel on the map.

RANGER:5 The trail runs cold, and you feel the anxious stares of the others behind your back. Then, just as all hope is fading, you hear the wail of a child in the distance. The party breaks into a run, and stumbles into a clearing where a dwarf child sits sobbing beside the body of a dead boar, a fair amount blood running from the beast's mouth.

"Daddy!" the child cries out.

"My boy!" The dwarf bounds into the clearing and scoops up his child, and father and son give each other boisterous hugs. "What happened?" the DILF asks.

"I had the pocketknife you gave me, papa," says the child.
"When the monster held me in its jaws, I threw the knife down
its throat. I guess it didn't like the taste."

"The taste, indeed!" laughs the dwarf. "But I swear to you now, we shall all love the taste of this boar! Come! We shall all of us feast upon this fiend's flesh!" Cookie is all too happy to help, and while you hesitate to lose more time after wasting so much fruitlessly searching for tracks, the meal proves more than fine.

Gain the title: the Trailer 💩.

Supplies 💍 +2.

Travel on the map.

RANGER-6 You jog for a while before stopping to better examine the ground. "See these droplets?" you ask the others. "Don't touch! It's the boar's saliva. Venomous. We're on the right path, though, I can tell."

"How did you notice those marks?" Schala asks, impressed.

"I'm a ranger. I had to notice them."

Make a sense 🚱 check.

Is the result equal to or less than the current threat 🔅?

- Yes go to RANGER-5
- No go to RANGER-5

**RANGER-7** You observe the nearby greenery and cry, "Ah-ha!" when you spot the broken flower stems and trampled weeds. "This way!" you cry and take off in the direction of the boar. Choose 1:

- Check out the markings on a nearby tree. go to RANGER-3
- Scan the ground for a sign. go to RANGER-6

RANGER-8 You kneel down, sighing when you see the desperate dwarf has trampled over any potential markings. But then you spy a depression that might be be something. Yes, it looks rather promising. "This way!" you call and follow what you hope is the right trail.

#### Choose 1:

- Check out the markings on a nearby tree. go to RANGER-3
- Scan the ground for a sign. go to RANGER-6

## SKIN CHANGER

This entry is for the Skin Changer:

The party comes across a poor mouser stuck in a tree.

"Don't know what I was thinking really," the mouser confesses. "Just got a wild hair up my butt, and next thing I know, I'm up here. Darned embarrassing."

"Hold on, I got this," you tell the others. "But uh, you know, turn around will you?" The others exchange looks, but dutifully turn around all the same. "I need you to shut your eyes and not watch me," you tell the mouser.

"Oh man, please don't do anything weird," he says.

"I'll get you down safe," you promise, "but my ability only works if no one is watching me."

The mouser clamps two hands over his eyes. "Tree climbers can't be choosers," he reminds himself.

### Choose 1:

- Turn into a bear and climb the tree. go to SKINCHANGER-2
- Turn into a beaver and whittle the tree down. go to SKINCHANGER-5
- Turn into a squirrel and scamper up the tree to join the cat-guy. - go to SKINCHANGER-8

SKINCHANGER-2 You take off all of your clothes and gear and turn into a bear. You've been practicing bears. The size of this transformation is weird, but the weight is about right. Not bad! As a bear, you easily scale the tall tree, but your new bulk weighs the tree down until it begins to slowly tip the tree over. "Oh nuts, oh nuts," mewls the mouser, clutching a branch desperately. You succeed in lowering him to the ground, but need to tell him to climb off without looking at you.

- Try to shake him off the branch. go to SKINCHANGER-3
- Change back and tell him. go to SKINCHANGER-4

**SKINCHANGER-3** You do your bear best to shake him from the tree, but the mouser clings tenaciously. Befuddled, he opens his eyes, instantly transforming you back. Thinking quick, you grab hold of him, and the two of you hit the ground as the tree snaps back into place.

"I thank you for saving me," he says. "But I would also thank you for getting your nakedness off me."

"Right-o," you agree, and spring over to your stuff. The party groans at the sight of you, but no one can deny you saved the poor fellow, and he handsomely rewards you.

Gain the title: the Bare Bear .

Treasure #+1.

Gold O+1.

Travel on the map.

**SKINCHANGER-4** "Hey, good news," you tell him, but the sudden change in weight causes the tree to snap back. You fall off lightly, but watch in horror as the mouser is flung through the air, landing somewhere very, very far off. "Oh, maybe not," you say to no one.

Well, at least he dropped a personal belonging.

Gain the title: Cat-a-pulter @.

Treasure #+1.

Travel on the map.

**SKINCHANGER-5** You strip down, turn into a beaver, then get to work. You gnaw away happily, until you get near the middle of the trunk and the wood begins to creak and snap.

"Aw, beeswax, what are you doing down there?" moans the mouser. The tree begins to fall. Quick! What next?

#### Choose 1:

- Turn into an eagle and snatch the mouser. go to SKINCHANGER-6
- Turn into a hippopotamus and catch the mouser. go to SKINCHANGER-7

**SKINCHANGER-6** If you had the time to turn into an eagle, fly up into the air, then grab hold of the mouser, this would have been a great plan. Something you reflect on as a falling body strikes you, sending you both crashing to the ground.

"You saved me!" he cries, followed by, "And, ew, you're all nudies."

"All in a day's work," you groan, lying broken and naked on the ground. The mouser rewards you handsomely for the effort.

Gain the title: Stark Naked Savior @.

Wound A+1.

Gold O+2.

Travel on the map.

SKINCHANGER-7 You turn into a hippo. You've been practicing hippos. The size of this transformation is weird, but your tummy is appropriately nice and plump. Not too bad! Thinking fast, you dive under the falling mouser and turn your round, pink belly up. He hits hard but bounces off, unharmed.

The tree crashes down safely nearby.
"You saved me!" he cries. "And... you are way too naked.
Please tell me I didn't just touch you."

"All in a day's work," you gasp. For the next couple days your tummy is sore as heck, but the mouser rewards you handsomely for the effort.

Gain the title: Stark Naked Savior .

Stress (1)+1.

Gold 🔾 +2.

Travel on the map.

**SKINCHANGER-8** You strip nude, turn into a squirrel, then scamper up the tree. "Okay, I'm here," you assure the mouser.

"Why are you naked?" he groans when he sees you. "I specifically asked you not to be weird."

"No worries," you tell him. "Almost done. Now close your eyes." "I am so not doing that."

"Trust me!" you assure him.

"This is what I get for traveling on my own," he hisses, but closes his eyes all the same.

### Choose 1:

- Turn into an eagle and fly the mouser down. go to SKINCHANGER-9
- Turn into a gorilla and carry the mouser down. go to SKINCHANGER-10

**SKINCHANGER-9** The mouser opens his eyes and yowls in alarm, but he is so focused on the rapidly approaching ground that he never looks at you. He's pretty heavy for an eagle to carry, and you crash land a little hard, but it's nothing either of you can't handle.

"Thanks for the save!" he purrs in relief. "Though when I retell this story to my friends, you won't be naked."

Treasure 🕮+1.

Gold O+1.

Travel on the map.

**SKINCHANGER-10** You turn into a gorilla. You've been practicing gorillas. The size of this transformation is weird, but your arms still feel mighty. Not too bad!

As a gorilla you climb up and grab the mouser, before swinging to the trunk. But the mouser remembers your naked form, feels your new fur on him, and opens his eyes in a panic. You both scream as you plummet to the ground below, landing hard in a bush that could stand to be way more cushy.

"You've killed me," the mouser moans.

"Could be worse," you countermoan. "At least a gorilla didn't land on you."

The rest of the party helps the mouser as you get dressed and re-equip yourself. Once the shock of the fall has worn off and no permanent injury is detected, the mouser thanks you from a polite distance, then hobbles on his way. It was a bit of a mess, but you still feel satisfied.

Gain the title: the Ape Escaper .

Luck **(∅)**+2.

Travel on the map.

## SPELLSWORD

This entry is for the Spellsword:

The party finds a great monument from the Beforetimes, a mighty pole of metal that stretches into the air, atop which is a wide metal board, as if the ancients had sought to make a mighty sign that could be seen for leagues. Cookie asks you what the words say, and so you reluctantly read them aloud. "Injured in an automobile accident? Call Greg Tronfeld and Associates."

"Excellent reading," coos Schala.

"Bizarre," whispers Grunko, Son of Grung. "What does it mean?" Choose 1:

- "It's a spell." go to SPELLSWORD-2
- "It's a warning." go to SPELLSWORD-3
- "It's a curse." go to SPELLSWORD-4

SPELLSWORD-2 "'Tis a spell," you tell your companions. "Whatever you do, do not call upon this Greg! He is no doubt a demon and will torment you as he once did the ancients! One can only imagine how desperate these accident victims must have been, to succumb to temptation and invoke infernal forces!"

Everyone nods sagely at your words.

Gain the title: the Uninsured .

Influence \$\mathbb{G}+3.

XP **☆**+1

Travel on the map.

SPELLSWORD-3 "'Tis a warning," you tell your companions. "Take heed this missive passed down by the ancients, and be wary of roving automobiles. They may attempt to strike us. The days of Greg Tronfeld's guardianship are long ended, so it is

up to us to stay alert."

Everyone nods sagely at your words.

Gain the title: the Watchful 💩.

Influence 2+3.

XP **☆**+1.

Travel on the map.

SPELLSWORD-4 "'Tis a curse!" you cry. "Look away from the sign and shield your precious eyes! I have heard of such magical traps. No doubt Greg Tronfeld and his associates sought to curse their prey, then force those victims to pay a fee to undo the spell. Well, this ancient trap shall not find us so easy bamboozled! Quickly now! Let us away at once!"

Everyone nods sagely at your words, and hurries by.

Gain the title: Curse Minder @.

Influence 😂+3.

XP **☆**+1.

Travel on the map.

## THIEF

This entry is for the Thief:

You discover an old safe partially submerged in the ground. How did such a thing get here? Did it fall from a passing cart? Was it dropped by an ogre rambling through? Who can say? All you know is it's begging to be cracked and looted, but these sorts of locks can be tricky.

Make a smarts 🔁 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 袋?

- Yes go to THIEF-2
- No go to THIEF-5

**IHIEF-2** Boom! You begin laughing to yourself as you hear the final tumbler fall into place. You grab the handle and turn it, swinging the heavy metal door open.

How much luck do you have?

- 0-2 go to THIEF-3
- 3+ go to THIEF-4

**IHIEF3** You giggle maniacally when you spy something especially valuable inside the safe. "Boom," you whisper, which again, does not make you sound cool.

Gain the title: Safecracker @.

Treasure #+1.

Gold ()+2.

Travel on the map.

**IHIEF-4** The entire party gasps as the door opens on a small trove of valuables.

"Boom," you whisper.

"Yes," Schala agrees in hushed wonder. "Boom, indeed."

Gain the title: Master Safecracker @

Treasure ##+2.

Gold ()+2.

Travel on the map.

**THIEF-5** "Yer not very good at this, are ye, matey?" asks Cookie, shaking his head.

"Don't be rude," Schala corrects the cook. "Not everyone can be good at their job."

But then their chatter ceases, as you manage to pop the lock. You turn and give Cookie a smug look, but he only shrugs and says, "Took ye long enough."

Gain the title: Novice Safecracker @.

Treasure 🕮+1.

Gold O+1.

## WARRIOR

This entry is for the Warrior:

You meet a large yak lady named Helga Arm-Ripper. She points a bulging, hairy arm at you.

"Oy!" she bellows. "You there! Baby muscles! I challenge you to a contest of arms. Whichever one of us possesses the brawniest biceps and the most destructive delts shall be declared the winner! If I win, you will yield a possession to me, and if you win, you will gain the most valuable of all treasures: my respect. Do you dare wrestle arms with me?" Choose 1:

- "You know it. Gonna attack that yak and harm that arm."
   go to WARRIOR-2
- "No, thank you. I believe civilized competition has no place in a warrior's life." - go to WARRIOR-5

WARRIOR-2 Make a might 🔗 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 袋?

- · Yes go to WARRIOR-3
- No go to WARRIOR-4

**WARRIOR 3** After much grunting and puffing, the contest ends as you slam Helga's arm down upon the hard surface.

"You have done it!" she roars. "I am defeated, and my respect is yours!"

"An honor!" you declare proudly.

But Grunko, Son of Grung begins to weep. "I looked into her muscles and saw the face of God!" he wails. He beings to panic, and runs around grabbing things. "Increase my burden! Grunko, Son of Grung must train harder!" Fortunately the situation is deescalated as Helga lays a meaty hand on the porter's shoulder.

"Be calm, yakling," she tells him. "It is not just the size of the weight lifted but the number of reps completed. Continue your training and let time turn you into the resplendent yakbeast you were meant to be." The party cheers as Grunko, Son of Grung wipes his tears away. Nodding happily, Helga departs.

Might ⊗+1. Influence 👺+5.

Travel on the map.

**WARRIOR-4** There is a grotesque tearing noise as Helga rips your arm from your body, then with a throaty roar, shoves it back into place with such ferocity that your flesh knits back together out of fear of disappointing the yak.

"It is done, and I have won," she declares. "Pay up, shrimp!"
"So beautiful," gasps Grunko, Son of Grung as you hurriedly
search for something to reward the victor with. "Marry me,
Helaal"

But she holds up a hand in rebuff. "I'm not into small guys," she barks, and you watch as Grunko, Son of Grung dies a little inside.

Treasure #-1.
Might 🕸+1.

Influence \$\mathbb{\ma

Travel on the map.

**WARRIOR-5** "I respect your dedication to bloodshed!" Helga thunders. "But trust me, stripling, there is always blood spilled when Helga Arm-Ripper tests her arm. Not idly did I come by my name! What say you?"

Choose 1:

- "Well hell, okay, let's do it." go to WARRIOR-2
- "Leave us, coward!" go to WARRIOR-6

**WARRIOR-6** Your party gasps, but Helga does not get mad. Indeed, the mighty yak hangs her head in shame.

"Oh, it's true!" she blubbers, and runs off to wallow in self-pity.
"She was a false yak," says Grunko, Son of Grung sadly.

Gain the title: the Coded Warrior .

XP **☆**+1.

Travel on the map.

## WITCH

This entry is for the Witch:

So you totally find this stone pillar that's only a couple feet tall, with a bowl on top that's filled with glistening eyeballs, and like, the eyeballs totally stare at you and you hear a voice in your head.

And the voice is like, "Are you tempted by infernal powers, because like, if you are, we can totally make a deal with you. If not, whatevs, it would be stupid of you, but, real talk? We don't care."

B, how do you even respond to that?

- · "You are so on-brand for me right now." go to WITCH-2
- "I have this image in my head of infernal power, and it's just not you." - go to WITCH-3
- "Like, for real, I cannot be expected to answer you like this right now." - go to WITCH-4

WITCH-2 "Like, infernal power is very much me right now," you say. "Like I feel there have been a lot of things in my life, and like, I feel this is what it's been leading up to. That thing with my dad, all the stuff with Chaz, like yes, I feel infernal powers would just be super ideal for my journey at this point." "So it's done," say the eyeballs. "Whatever. God, it's embarrassing."

Gold O+1.

Gain 1-3 corruption 🖸

For each corruption taken, choose 1:

- XP ★+1 and another corruption +1.
- Luck @+2.
- Smarts ②+1 and another corruption ②+1.

Travel on the map.

WIICH: 3 "Like, I see all the eyeballs in the bowl and I think that's so great for you, but like, right now I'm less about blood and eyeballs and stuff and more about color healing and yoni eggs, right? Like I feel the strongest source of energy is that which we draw from inside ourselves, you know?"

"We do know," say the eyes. "Here, stick these in your butt." And suddenly all the eyes are gone, and you're like, whaaaat, and in their place are beautifully polished crystals that probably resonate or something.

Smarts 23+1.

Sense 🐠+1.

Corruption +2.

Travel on the map.

**WIICH-4** "Oh my god, like, that was the only correct answer," the eyes respond. "Here's the real power. Use it or whatever. Shut up."

Smarts 智+1.

Sense 🚱+1.

Corruption +1.

### DWARF

This entry is for the Dwarf:

You pass by a small stone in the road.

Choose 1:

- · Kick it over. go to DWARF-2
- Ignore it. go to DWARF-3

**DWARF-2** You kick the rock over, but nothing happens. It was just a rock. It seems like cooler stuff is always happening to your traveling companions, but never you. You know if one of them had kicked over the rock, they would have found a portal to another world or something, or had a fairy appear that made strawberries grow from their ears. Something memorable! But not you. Man, your life is boring.

Gain the title: the Mundane Dwarf .

Travel on the map.

**DWARF-3** You ignore the stone, little more than an overlarge pebble if anything, but later that night you can't help but wonder if you didn't miss out on something special. Indeed, decades later you recall the small stone in the road that you chose not to kick over, and that experience, or rather the lack thereof, shapes part of who you are.

But it was probably nothing.
Gain the title: Stone Skipper 🙆.

XP **☆**+1.

Travel on the map.

€LF

#### This entry is for the Elf:

You separate from the party to relieve yourself in private. And as you sit there, squatting a small distance away from everyone else, you are startled by the descent of a silver craft from the sky. You've never seen such magic in all your life, and as you clean up, two gray beings appear nearby in a shower of sparkling light.

"Howdy-do!" says one, raising a leathery hand in greetings. You repeat the gesture, grinning awkwardly. "Wow, this place is really different since we were here last. Much more interesting!"

"And where are you from?" you ask.

"Oh, we're from the stars," says one of the beings, pointing up at the sky. "We used to come here all the time when we were kids. Had bets going on the previous species that dominated, but they killed themselves off way earlier than we guessed. We'd love to catch up with the planet. Learn what's going on. Would you be up for that? If you'll give us a short interview we'll treat you to a free lunch and I dunno, how about some biological enhancements to improve your body's performance? Sound good?"

#### Choose 1:

"Yeah, that sounds good." - go to ELF-2

 "I'm sorry, I just don't have time for something like that right now." - go to ELF-3 **ELF2** Space-Gerald and Space-Tim, as they introduce themselves, are pretty nice guys, and they magically disappear you to somewhere inside their ship. There you talk briefly with several scientists and anthropologists for about twenty minutes. There's a lunch too, but honestly it's only soso. The mac and cheese is barely warm and the fruit cup isn't super fresh.

Afterward, Space-Gerald waves a gray hand over an array of syringes. "Hey, it's been really swell catching up and learning about the planet. Thanks so much for being such a huge help. Feel free to choose one of these party favors before you go, based on the enhancement you'd like the most."

choose I:

• Thordon Stims: Might 🕸 + 1.

• Limb Pulsars: Agility +1

• Geltan Implants: Will 🗞+1.

• Brain Extender: Smarts 🖫 + 1.

Joggle-Ears: Sense 🚭+1.

Travel on the map.

**LIF3** "Time?" laughs one of the beings. "Oh man, what is with this planet getting hung up on time? It's not even real!" "Now, now," chides the other being. "Let's not be rude. It's real to them."

"Yes, fine," sighs the other being. "Sorry for the cultural insensitivity. Good luck with your finite existence and all that." You watch them depart, relieved you aren't all still standing around next to a pile of your own poop.

Gain the title: Closely Encountered 💩

XP 🅸+1.

Travel on the map.

## GOBLIN

This entry is for the Goblin:

You are merrily traveling with the party when you happen to slip a hand into one of your pockets, and there discover an old wedge of cheese. You had forgotten all about it! You had borrowed this cheese back in the Hub, but... wait a minute. Who did you borrow this from again?

Your roommate, Shiela - go to GOBLIN-2

 Plob, the troll who makes cheese from his own horn milk – go to GOBLIN-3

 Baroness Froot-Beans when she was granting favors on the occasion of her thirteenth birthday - go to GOBLIN-4

**GDBLIN-2** Dang! That's right. You borrowed this from Shiela after she went to work, leaving a note promising her you'd replace it the next day. Oh man, she is gonna be peeved. Oh well, might as well enjoy this delicious cheese. Maybe if you bring her back something shiny, she'll forgive you?

Gain the title: Shiela's Roommate .

Supplies (2)+1.

Treasure #-1.

XP **☆**+1.

Travel on the map

**GOBLIN-3** Oh. Right. This is Plob cheese. You had eagerly accepted his offer but after he described the process of how he made it, you lost your appetite. Hmm, but perhaps the cheese is still useful after all?

"Hey," you say to a companion. "Want some of the finest cheese you will ever taste in your life? Wanna trade for it?" Treasure #+1.

XP **☆**+1.

GOBLIN-4 Oh snap, that's right. The young Baroness had been granting favors on her birthday and you had asked to borrow some cheese. The noble lass had taken your request a little too literally, and after having a manservant present you with the wedge, she had instructed you to return it at ten o'clock sharp, the next day. Baroness Froot-Beans had likely forgotten about the cheese right away, being the privileged little imp she was, but oh, if she didn't forget? Oh dear, oh dear... Did she forget?

- I mean, probably? What's cheese to someone like her? go to GOBLIN-5
- · No dude, she totally remembers. go to GOBLIN-6

GOBLIN-5 Yeah, you're being silly. It's fine.

Supplies  $\bigcirc +1$ . XP  $\bigcirc +1$ .

Travel on the map.

GOBLIN-6 Oh sweet biscuits and gravy, you're in so much trouble. Gain the title: Wanted Dead or Alive ⊚.

XP ☆+1.

Travel on the map.

## HOUND

This entry is for the Hound:

You come across a padlocked trapdoor in the ground, and as you sniff at it, it lifts just enough to reveal a black crack, and you hear a scraggily voice come from below.

"Caitlyn, is that you my old friend?"

How do you respond?

- "Yes, it's me, Caitlyn." go to HOUND-2
- "No, I'm sorry, I'm not Caitlyn." go to HOUND-3
- Say nothing. go to HOUND-6

**HOUND-2** "Caitlyn, my old friend," groans the voice. "So you have returned to finish the task you were unable to complete before?"

"Oh, yes," you say. "That's absolutely right."

"Good," it sighs. "I long to conclude the ritual, Caitlyn. Your soul shall taste so succulent sliding down my gullet. Wait one moment, Caitlyn, and I will fetch the key to the lock."

"Er, now hold on," you add quickly. "Maybe, you know, as a show of good faith, you might offer me something to show you appreciate my doing this?"

"Caitlyn," grinds the voice. "I do not understand. What good are earthly baubles, Caitlyn, once your essence dissolves within my befouled, squelching gut?"

"Yes, well, that may be," you chide. "But I'd like something all the same."

"Very well. A moment please, Caitlyn." The trap door shuts and there is a long, distant racket from below. It reopens a crack, and an item wrapped in a tattered blanket is pushed out.

"This had better not be a trick, Caitlyn."

"No trick at all," you bark, before grabbing the parcel and running away.

"Damn it all, Caitlyn," sighs the voice. "That's the fifth time you've done that to me."

Gain the title: Caitlyn the 5th @.

Treasure ##+1.

Luck @+2.

Travel on the map.

**HOUND-3** "Caitlyn, why do you lie to me?" groans the voice. Then comes a snuffling sound. "Wait, no, no you are not Caitlyn. Did she send you in her place?"

- "Yes, she did." go to HOUND-4
- "No, she did not." go to HOUND-5

**HOUND-4** "Caitlyn, my old friend," groans the voice. "You have sent someone to me to finish the task you were unable to complete before. Excellent!"

"Oh, yes," you say. "That's it."

"Good," it sighs. "I long to conclude the ritual, Not-Caitlyn.
Your soul shall taste so succulent sliding down my gullet. Wait
one moment, Not-Caitlyn, and I will fetch the key to the lock."
"Er, now hold on," you add quickly. "Maybe, you know, as a
show of good faith, you might offer me something to show
you appreciate my doing this?"

"Not-Caitlyn," grinds the voice. "I do not understand. What good are earthly baubles, Not-Caitlyn, once your essence dissolves within my befouled, squelching gut?"

"Yes, well, that may be," you chide. "But I'd like something all the same."

"Very well. A moment please, Not-Caitlyn." The trap door shuts and there is a long, distant racket from below. It reopens a crack, and an item wrapped in a tattered blanket is pushed out.

"This had better not be a trick, Not-Caitlyn."

"No trick at all," you bark, before grabbing the parcel and running away.

"Damn it all, Not-Caitlyn," sighs the voice. "Why does this keep happening to me?"

Gain the title: Not-Caitlyn @.

Treasure 🕮+1.

Luck @+2.

Travel on the map.

HOUND-5 "Oh, well in that case, Not-Caitlyn, you should come down here. There is people-food and people-drink and lots of other things people like. It is not a trap Not-Caitlyn. Wait one moment, and I will fetch the key to the lock."

"Er, now hold on," you quickly say. "Maybe, you know, as a show of good faith, you might offer me something to show you appreciate my company?"

"Not-Caitlyn," grinds the voice. "I do not understand. Why gift you earthly baubles, Not-Caitlyn, if I am going to dissolve your soul within my befouled, squelching gut? Wait, I didn't say that, Not-Caitlyn. Yes, a gift for you! I will yield a gift to show this is not a trap. A moment please, Not-Caitlyn." The trap door shuts and there is a long, distant racket from below. It reopens a crack, and an item wrapped in a tattered blanket is pushed out.

"There are so many things like this, Not-Caitlyn. Down here in this people-house which has ice cream and is not my infernal stomach."

"Hey, thanks," you bark, before grabbing the parcel and running away.

"Damn it all, Not-Caitlyn," sighs the voice. "How did you know?"

Gain the title: Not-Caitlyn @.

Treasure 🕮+1.

Smarts 23+1.

Travel on the map.

HOUND-6 Your mother taught you never talk to strangers hiding beneath weird trap doors in the wild. In fact she went on about it quite frequently. Wait a minute, wasn't your mother named Caitlyn? What the hey is going on?

Choose 1:

- Yeah, you're right. She WAS named Caitlyn. go to HOUND-7
- What are you talking about? That wasn't my mother's name. - go to HOUND-8

**HOUND-7** No she wasn't. I mean, honestly, why would you say that? You know, it's a great crime to lie to a narrator. We literally make the world go 'round. Don't believe me? How about this?

There is a whistling sound and a large rock comes crashing down upon you. It hits you, crushing your feeble body and killing you instantly. That just happened, because you thought I was dumb enough to think your hound mom was named 'Caitlyn.' Had enough? Good. Let's not do this again.

The rock rolls off you, and suddenly you feel a little better. You're not quite dead. But you walk away from the trap door, resolving to be a better person and show more respect for omniscient storytellers.

Or else.

Gain the title: On Thin Ice @.

XP **☆**+1.

Travel on the map.

HOUND-8 Sorry, my mistake.

You walk away from the trap door, because you're not sure what's going on here and frankly the whole vibe is just way off.

Likely, it was a wise decision, but part of you wishes you knew for sure right?

- Yeah... go to HOUND-9
- · Nope! I'm good! go to HOUND-10

HOUND-9 Alright! Let's try again!

• Back to the start! - go to HOUND-1

HOUND-10 Wow! You have impressive resolve!

Gain the title: the Resolute 💩

Will **‰**+1.

Luck @+1.

Travel on the map.

## IMP

This entry is for the Imp:

Your party brushes past several other random travelers along a barren stretch of road.

You bump into a passing troll who grumbles, "Watch it, short stuff."

"Oh no," Schala groans.

"SHORT STUFF?" you shriek at the troll. "WHO ARE YOU CALLING SHORT STUFF?"

The troll smirks. "Easy, tiger. Sorry. Didn't mean anything by it." "THAT'S IT! WRESTLING MATCH!" you scream. "YOU AND ME, RIGHT NOW!"

Make a might 🖄 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat  ${\ \ \ }$ ?

- · Yes go to IMP-2
- No go to IMP-10

**MP-2** The troll, an academic by the look of him, clearly doesn't want to fight you, and he's more than just a little alarmed by your zeal. That alarm quickly turns to panic when you lunge for one of his thick legs, your wee feet kicking at his exposed ankles.

"Hey, that's cheating," he protests.

Luck (4)+2.

Make an agility 🗑 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

- · Yes go to IMP-3
- No go to IMP-8

**IMP3** You change things up and attempt to scale the troll, hoping to reach his vulnerable face. The big fellow panics and tries to grab you, only to topple over and crash to the ground.

"I'm sorry!" he blubbers. "Can we stop this already?" But you just scream "SUDDEN DEATH!"

Luck @+1.

Make an agility a check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

- · Yes go to IMP-4
- No go to IMP-7

MP-4 You attempt to pull the troll's left arm behind his back. He succeeds in shrugging you off, but tears his pants as he stands back up. A single tear runs down his cheek, and he squeals, "Enough already!"

How much luck @ do you have?

- 0-1 go to IMP-5
- 2+ go to IMP-6

MP-5 The troll kneels down in front of you and grimaces. "Look, I'm sorry that calling you short hurt your feelings. I guess I could have been kinder. But sweet mother of slime, you gotta do something about that anger, kid. That's no way to live. Good luck to you!" And with that, he stands and continues on his way.

Gain the title: the Angry @.

XP 🕸+1.

Travel on the map.

IMP-6 "You're so crazy and mean!" the troll shrieks, and after giving an impotent stomp of his foot, he runs away crying. "That's what you get!" you call after him. "Okay everyone, let's get going again."

"Excuse me, little one," says Grunko, Son of Grung as he pulls his cart past you.

Gain the title: the Towering Id .

XP ∰+1.

Travel on the map.

**IMP-7** You attempt to pull the troll's left arm behind his back, but he just sighs and flings you off him. He stands, glowering, and grumps, "Enough already!"

How much luck (3) do you have?

- 0-1 go to IMP-5
- 2+ go to IMP-6

**MP-8** You change things up and attempt to scale the troll, hoping to reach his vulnerable face. But the big fellow leaps when you are only halfway up his torso, and flops to the ground—with you breaking his fall.

"I'M NOT DONE WITH YOU!" you scream.

Make a might 🗞 check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

- Yes go to IMP-9
- No go to IMP-7

IMP-9 Luck @+1.

Next - go to IMP-4

MP-10 The troll, an academic by the look of him, clearly doesn't want to fight you. But he's more than just a little alarmed by your zeal, and so, when you charge, he quickly grabs you, lifts you, then slams you face-first into the dusty ground.

Make an agility a check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 袋?

- · Yes go to IMP-3
- No go to IMP-8

## MERFOLK

This entry is for the Merfolk:

"It must be hard to be a mer," Grunko, Son of Grung muses as you travel. "I miss my home frequently, yet you are so far from home you must carry some of it with you in your suit at all times."

"I miss it now and then," you agree. "But the undersea is pretty trashed up from the Beforetimes. Way more things to do up here."

"Where did you grow up?" Grunko, Son of Grung asks. Choose 1:

- The brine basin of Beebadee go to MERFOLK-2
- The cerulean towers of Zatarainz go to MERFOLK-3
- The pooped-up waters of Tampa go to MERFOLK-4

MERFOLK-2 "Ah," says Grunko, Son of Grung. "So you're one of those saltwater mers then?"

"Oh yes," you say.

"Does that make it harder to replace your water?"
"Nah, I just always make sure to pocket a few extra salt packets at restaurants."

"Clever," Grunko, Son of Grung grunts.

Gain the title: Of the Brine Basin 💩.

Smarts 23+1.

Travel on the map.

MERFOLK-3 "Never heard of it," Grunko, Son of Grung tells you.
"Few surface-folk have," you admit. "It is too remote for
any air-breather to visit, but, ah, it is lovely. Tall towers of
sparkling, pearlescent blue, like nothing I have seen anywhere
else."

"Why did you leave?" asks Grunko, Son of Grung. You shrug and answer, "Job opportunities. Up here it's a gig economy. Down there it's a jig economy, and I have no rhythm."

Gain the title: From Far-Away 💩.

XP **☆**+1.

Travel on the map.

MERFOLK-4 Grunko, Son of Grung's eyes go wide. "It is no wonder you live above the water! I have heard tales of that accursed place."

You nod sadly. "Yes. The waters of Tampa are now mostly just fryer grease, motor oil, and opioids. Toxic to all save the slimes that come in the night, drifting on the surface amid the shoals of burning styrofoam. Of all the sins of the ancients..." you whisper, "Tampa may very well be the worst." "Amazing you survived it," Grunko, Son of Grung muses.

Gain the title: From Tampa .

Might 🕸 +1.

Travel on the map.

## MOUSER

This entry is for the Mouser:

The party is traveling along when you are startled by a noise from a shadowy area beneath a small outcropping of rock. Everyone stares into the dark recess and is startled when a bright red dot of light appears. The bright red dot begins to zig here and zag there, and you are alarmed when your muscles begin to unconsciously tense in anticipation of a pounce.

Choose 1:

- Fight the urge and begin meditating to regain control of your body. - go to MOUSER-2
- · Give in to your natural instincts. go to MOUSER-3

MOUSER-2 You close your eyes and form the words of the Litany of Self-Discipline in your mind.

Pouncing is a loss of control. I will face the pounce and let it wash over me and through me. I will turn my cat's eye inward, and where there was a pounce there will now be only me, purring with a tasty fishy in my mouth.

You reopen your eyes and see the rest of the party poking at an old cleaning bot like the ones they have in the Hub. The machine's single red eye looks about in confusion. How did it get out here everyone wonders? You salvage the bot for parts and go on your way.

Gain the title: the Still 💩.

Will ∰+1.

Supplies \(\hat{\beta}+1.\)

Travel on the map.

MOUSER-3 You give in and crouch low, butt wiggling with all the fury of hell. With a mighty yowl you leap at the bright red dot, and crash into a small cleaning bot, much like the kind they have back in the Hub. The machine's single red eye dims and goes out. How did this thing get all the way out here, you wonder? It matters little for your pounce destroyed what little of it had any value.

Gain the title: Frisky @.

XP **☆**+1.

Supplies 💍+1.

STILT-KIN

This entry is for the Stilt-kin:

You are walking along when you are suddenly struck with the thought that you forgot something before you left. But what was it?

Choose 1:

- You forgot to pay rent. go to STILT-KIN-2
- · You forgot to hire a sitter for your dad. go to STILT-KIN-3
- You forgot to dump the milk. go to STILT-KIN-4
- Nah, it's probably nothing. go to STILT-KIN-5

STILI-KIN-2 Nuts, nuts, nuts. You didn't think about what point in the month it was when you left. The landlord is gonna be furious with you. But hey, when is she not? Just remember to pick her up a nice souvenir on your travels, and that will help smooth things over when you get back. Whew! It's a good thing you remembered.

Gain the title: the Good Tenant .

XP **☆**+1.

Travel on the map.

STILL KIN-3 Oh man, you totally forgot to hire someone to check in on your dad while you were gone, clean out his cocoon, stretch his long legs, and feed him fetid meat to keep him plump. The old man will barely be worth eating when you get back, but ah well. That's what you get for not setting reminders!

Gain the title: the Forgetful Kid .

XP **☆**+1.

Travel on the map.

**STILIT-KIN-4** You forgot to dump the milk. Your place is gonna stink something awful by the time you get back. You should probably stop storing your milk behind the radiator.

Gain the title: the Stinky Tenant @.

XP **☆**+1.

Travel on the map.

**STILI-KIN-5** That was close! Why do you do that to yourself. Oh. Oh wait.

Crap on a cracker, you forgot to do all three of those things! Well that's fine. Unsupervised, your dad will probably drink all the milk before it spoils, and if the landlord comes calling, she'll probably feel compelled to take pity and change your dad's cocoon. After all, she knows if you left him behind, you plan on returning to eat him later, so rent will be late but not absent altogether. Whew! That was almost a disaster.

Gain the title: Lucky Bug @.

Luck **(∅**)+3.

Travel on the map.

## TROLL

This entry is for the Troll:

The party passes travelers who notice you and stop to ask a question.

"Sorry to bother," says one imp woman, "but we represent Shipshape Shops. How much do you want for your horn milk?" "This old stuff?" you ask, dipping a finger in the slimy green substance. "Why do you ask?"

"Troll horn milk futures are blowing up right now. Really running away with the market."

"I don't know what that means," you say. "Are you asking to buy my horn milk?"

"Well not now!" the imp laughs. "Five years from now! Only at today's current market rates! You'll be locked in, what do you say?"

Choose 1:

- "I don't get it, but sure." go to TROLL-2
- "I don't get it, so no thanks." go to TROLL-3

**TROLL-2** "Great!" There is a flurry of paperwork signing and everyone shakes hands.

"So... do I get money now?" you ask.

The imp woman laughs. "Now? Kid, were you not paying attention? You'll get paid in five years."

"Oh," and you drop your head.

"But you still get the signing bonus we offered, sure," and she hands you a large sack of money.

"Sweet!" you exclaim. "I guess I'll see you guys again in five years?"

"Us or whoever we trade the futures to," she says.

Gain the title: A Fluid Investment @

Gold ()+2.

Travel on the map.

**TROLL3** "Suit yourself," the imp says with a shrug. "I sure hope you don't need that money in five years, only to find the troll horn milk market has bottomed out."

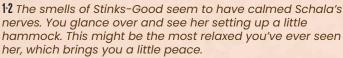
"Yeah, I still don't understand," you say. "Y'all take care now!" And you merrily go on your way.

Gain the title: the Bearish 🔕

XP 🕸+1.

Which page is the location book open to?

- Page 9 go to 1-2
- Page 19 go to 1-3
- Page 21 go to 1-11
- Page 23 go to 1-13
- Page 27 go to 1-4
- Page 29 go to 1-12 • Page 31 - go to 1-8
- Page 35 go to 1-5
- Page 41 go to 1-7
- Page 43 go to 1-6
- Page 45 go to 1-10
- Page 47 go to 1-9
- Page 49 go to 1-14
- None/Other go to 1-15



All players may heal I stress 🚱 or discard I corruption 🗟. Return Schala's follower token to the time bag.

13 This entry is for the Medic.

The golem pounds the ground and everyone scrambles, including Schala. Her glasses go flying from her face, and it takes some great effort to find them. When she recovers them, her hair wildly out of place, she looks to you for assistance.

"Hey boss, I'm, uh, a little mixed up," she says as she frantically tries to wipe grime from the lenses. "Do you see anyone who needs help?"

The Medic chooses a player to heal 2 HP (\*).

Discard Schala's follower token from the time bag.

14 A bandit grabs at Schala who hops away and hides in a barrel full of things stolen from the frogs. Moments later she pops out like a spring, screaming, and zooms away covered in pickled drake flies.

Lucky her.

Return Schala's follower token to the time bag.

1-5 Schala scrambles away and returns with a bunch of bandages.

"This should, uh, make our lives a little easier," she says. The Medic gains luck 🚳+1.

Return Schala's follower token to the time bag.

1-6 The dragon blasts its fire and Schala runs for her life, diving out of the way of the deadly flame. She shrieks with fear as she slides into cover. Her bag spills open, and an old crusty bandage falls out and rolls through the rubble.

"Oh woah!" she says, catching her breath. "I thought I had lost that one. Anyone need, uh, any help?"

As if in answer, Cassandra gives a roar that shakes the ground and the party's resolve.

All players may heal 1 HP 🟵.

The Medic may choose someone to heal I more HP 🕏. Discard Schala's follower token from the time bag.

17 Schala walks along gingerly, clutching her glasses with one hand and keeping the other on the wall.

"It's uh... still pretty dark in here," she says, before offering an awkward chuckle. "If anyone needs healing, let me know!"

The Medic chooses another player to heal 1 HP 🕏. Return Schala's follower token to the time bag.

1-8 A crowd of humans chase Schala who runs for her life, screaming in terror all the way.

Discard Schala's follower token from the time bag.

1-9 Schala falls into a trap. You catch her, but only barely! Something falls from her bag.

If there are 2 or more wound 🖓 tokens on the Medic board, place one of them into the time bag.

Discard Schala's follower token from the time bag.

1-10 "I've made a fascinating find!" Schala tells you all, holding up one of her palms which appears to be smeared in an ochre-color mush. "The sporelings down here love this stuff. Apparently it's a local delicacy. But I daresay if we were to smear it on burns, punctures, or other wounds, it would make a highly effective unguent." Everyone heaps praise on Schala for her find, mainly because that's the easiest way to get her to go away.

All players heal I wound 🖓

Discard Schala's follower token from the time bag.

1-11 All around you, arrows whistle through the air, and the dying and wounded cry out for mercy. You hope your followers aren't among them.

Discard Schala's follower token from the time bag.

1-12 "Oh dear," Schala moans, clutching her head. "I don't feel right at all." That's when her head explodes, showering you all in baby sea turtles and scrambled eggs. The baby sea turtles are singing about the inevitability of all-consuming entropy, and that's probably a bad sign.

Schala is dead.

Discard Schala's follower token from the time bag.

1-13 "Hold on!" Schala calls as a massive crimson wave nearly capsizes the ferry.

Discard Schala's follower token from the time bag.

1-14 Someone calls for a medic over the din of battle, and you smile when you see Schala come running.

The Medic chooses a player to heal 1 HP 👀

Discard Schala's follower token from the time bag.

1-15 Which quest are you playing?

- Wizards & Wurms go to 1-16
- Sisters & Songs go to 1-17
- Heroes & Horrors go to 1-18
- · Deeper & Deeper go to 1-19
- Relics & Revenge go to 1-20

**1-16** Schala is your party smartie, and among other duties like reading and writing, she always helps with any medical needs you have. She is shy and awkward, but ultimately is the closest thing you have to a doctor.

She passes through the party, offering medical assistance to all who need it.

"Hi, um, can I, uh... help anyone not, you know, die?" All players may heal 1 HP 🚯.

Discard Schala's follower token from the time bag.

#### **FOLLOWERS 2**

1-17 Pan is humming a tune to herself when Schala asks her, "Hey, Pan, I've, uh, read stories about some who can use their music to heal."

"I've read the same," Pan replies. "Sounds incredible."

"You're pretty talented. Is that something you could learn to do?"

But Pan shakes her head emphatically. "No way. My music isn't magical, and after this whole experience with the Pipes, I'm not planning on ever changing that."

"Oh right," Schala chuckles awkwardly. "I, uh, should have known. Well, back to work then."

All players heal 1 HP 🟵.

Discard Schala's follower token from the time bag.

1-18 "Hey, Schala," you say. "Have you had any run-ins with DevonHund?" The others listen, eager to hear the otherwise sweet goblin's juiciest story about DevonHund.

"Well, uh..." She looks around nervously. "One time I was headed to the, uh, Arts District. When it suddenly started to rain. I was getting soaked. And then I saw DevonHund."

"Uh huh." You nod eagerly, waiting for the other shoe to drop. "And he, uh, gave me his umbrella." She smiles weakly. Everyone is silent and awkward.

"And it had a hole in it?" you ask.

"Sure," she lies.

Everyone begins muttering in agreement over what a jerk DevonHund is.

"Aaanyway, anyone need any bandages?" asks Schala with a nervous chuckle.

All players may heal 1 HP .

Discard Schala's follower token from the time bag.

1-19 "The tales about this place are quite intriguing," Schala tells the party as you travel. "Some colorful stories say this place leads right down into the hells themselves!"

"Nonsense!" scoffs Count Rizzotto. "It is a well-known fact that if one were to burrow far enough into the ground, one would do little more than set off an eruption of lava! No made-up world full of fictitious demons. There are monsters enough in this world as it is!"

Schala shrugs. "I was just, you know, relaying what I heard. Sorry." Sighing she reaches into her bag and pulls out some supplies. "Anyone need some medical attention? Blister draining? Scab resurfacing?"

All players heal either 1 wound of or 1 stress of.

Discard Schala's follower token from the time bag.

1-20 Schala is definitely your smartest and most loyal follower, and despite being a bit nervous about many things, she is not at all squeamish. She makes her rounds offering any medical assistance that she can.

"Anyone, uh, need any bandages? Stitches? Suppositories?" she asks. "Don't be shy! I'm, um, just here to help!"

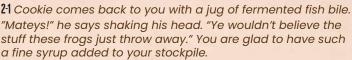
All players may heal 1 HP 🟵.

Discard Schala's follower token from the time bag.

# 2 - COOKIE

Which page is the location book open to?

- Page 9 go to 2-1
- Page 19 go to 2-5
- Page 21 go to 2-8
- Page 23 go to 2-10
- Page 27 go to 2-2
- Page 29 go to 2-9
- Page 31 go to 2-6
- Page 35 go to 2-3
- Page 41 go to 2-4
- Page 45 go to 2-7
- Page 49 go to 2-11
- None/Other go to 2-12



Supplies 💍+1.

Discard Cookie's follower token from the time bag.

22 You see Cookie bash a large bandit troll's face with an old skillet. Its nose explodes into a glorious geyser of blood and snot.

"Perfect seasonin' for me pan!" he shouts with a smile, and he quickly begins to harvest the putrid stuff.

Dial A -2.

Return Cookie's follower token to the time bag.

#### 2-3 This entry is for the Influencer:

You notice that Cookie, your camp chef, has managed to procure a large barrel of weevil flour. Weevil biscuits are a specialty of his, so you make a show of carrying the barrel for him and everyone who sees it cheers.

Cookie, being stupid, doesn't notice that you get most of the credit.

Influence \$\mathbb{\mathbb{G}}\pm\1.

Return Cookie's follower token to the time bag.

**2-4** Cookie scrapes a large sheet of moss from one wall of the corridor.

"Er, what are you gonna cook with that, Cookie?" someone asks nervously.

Cookie scoffs. "This ain't food, matey!" He tosses the moss into Grunko, Son of Grung's cart. "It's a blanket. But I'll remember this disrespect for me cookin'!"

He waddles away grumbling, scratching his butt with the same spatula he uses to fix breakfast. But he's right and the moss proves to make a nice blanket.

Supplies 💍+1.

Discard Cookie's follower token from the time bag.

2·5 A wave of foul corruption washes over the party, but Cookie just laughs. "The breakfast I made this mornin' hit harder than that!"

Everyone realizes he's right, and relief and chuckles pass over the battlefield.

Risk △-1.

Discard Cookie's follower token from the time bag.

**26** You see Cookie trying to fight off a crowd of humans, each of them asking him for some sort of complicated off-menu custom order and rambling about allergies.

Discard Cookie's follower token from the time bag.



27 Cookie comes to you with a bag from which something inside squirms frantically.

"Looky here! I found somethin' tasty fer us to eat!" he beams. "Oh gods, Cookie, you idiot, what have you done?"

He falls silent and looks sadly at his bag. "Found a weasel," he says meekly. "Thought we could use it. Should... should I let it go?"

"A weasel!" you laugh. "Cookie, I'm so sorry. I was scared that bag was filled with sporelings!"

Cookie whistles at that. "The wee mushroom folk? Gar, no. I ain't no monster!" he laughs, as he slaps the bag a few times against a hard rock.

Supplies 💍+1.

Discard Cookie's follower token from the time bag.

**2-8** All around you, arrows whistle through the air, and the dying and wounded cry out for mercy. You hope your followers aren't among them.

Discard Cookie's follower token from the time bag.

2.9 All around you is pure insanity, but old Cookie just laughs and laughs like it's all a ridiculous joke. It's almost reassuring. All players gain luck @+1.

Discard Cookie's follower token from the time bag.

**2·10** You find yourself almost shocked at how helpful Cookie is in this situation. Maybe his stories of pirating aren't all made up?

All players gain luck 🚳+1.

Discard Cookie's follower token from the time bag.

211 You hear a roar and turn, shocked to see Cookie of all people rallying your followers. He clangs a cleaver against a pan and bellows, giving a war cry.

The Influencer chooses a player to gain influence \$\mathbb{G}+3\$. Discard Cookie's follower token from the time bag.

2-12 Which quest are you playing?

- · Wizards & Wurms go to 2-13
- · Heroes & Horrors go to 2-14
- Deeper & Deeper go to 2-15
- Other go to 2-18

**2-13** Veldimax and Cookie return to the group from... somewhere carrying a pail of... something.

"What have you got there?" one of you asks.

Cookie proudly shows the contents of the bucket, and you see it's full of snails with dark blue skin and bright orange shells. "Spinder snails!" Veldimax declares. "A dwarven delicacy!" Schala clears her throat politely. "Um... Aren't those poisonous?"

"Yes, yes." Veldimax rudely waves her words away. "But the parasites inside their shells sure aren't!" He picks a snail up and cracks the shell like an egg, and a strange red blobby creature falls out and into a frying pan Cookie holds beneath. Cookie beams. "Can ye believe that, matey?" he laughs excitedly. "Ye learn somethin' new each day!" You leave them to their cooking and later, try the result. The fried parasites are surprisingly durable which is the nicest thing you can say. Supplies \(^{\text{N}}+1\).

Discard Cookie's follower token from the time bag.

214 "Here, matey," says Cookie, handing you a cured sausage link. You consider what might be in it, and politely decline. "Aw, come on, matey, it's mostly just earthworms. Fat ones too!" "Oh, go on then," you say brightly and stuff it into your mouth. It's a little heavy on the paprika, but otherwise enjoyable. Supplies "\(^+\_1\).

Discard Cookie's follower token from the time bag.

2-15 Does anyone have the title: Salad Spinner?

- Yes go to 2-16
- No go to 2-17

216 This entry is for the player with the title: Salad Spinner: Cookie walks through the party, giving everyone a fresh hand-made pastry.

"Made this one just fer ye, matey," he says with a bow. The strange old cook wears a skeletal mask making his expression hard to read, but you decide to take the gift in good faith.

Perhaps that was a mistake?

This isn't the first time Cookie has poisoned you, but it is the first time he managed to poison only you and no one else. The stomachache pains eventually pass, and so too does whatever grudge Cookie seems to hold against you. You decide to let it go for now and not seek revenge. You can't even really remember how you made the chef angry, but if you did, you probably had it coming.

Corruption 9+1.

Supplies 💍+1.

2·17 "It's a glorious day, me hearties!" sighs Cookie. No one says anything for fear of encouraging him, but Cookie refuses to fall silent. "Yessir, it's a real beaut'! One o' the good ones. Mmm hmm. It's a good day an' no mistake!"

One of you groans, feeling forced to take the bait, and snaps, "Why, Cookie? Please, tell us why!"

"Cuz these slunch crunchers be edible! That's why." Cookie peels a purple-shelled slug off the wall and pops it into his mouth. He happily crunches and munches on the slimy morsel and hands you a cooking pot.

"Plus they help with the ol' digestion, " he says with a knowing wink. "The preferred brand o' spelunkers."

You all exchange glances with one another and grudgingly nod before hastily collecting the slunch crunchers off the wall. This dungeon has really done a number on all of your bowels.

Supplies 💍+1 .

Discard Cookie's follower token from the time bag.

218 Cookie, the camp cook, comes to you in a rush of excitement.

"Found a patch o' mushrooms and ate 'em," he tells you.
"Poisonous as all get out, but once the strange fever dreams subsided, I had me a new recipe I knew was bound to please!" He flashes his proudest grin. "Methinks this Soggy Biscuit Gumbo might be me masterpiece!"

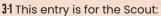
Everyone cautiously tries the meal. It's surprisingly filling, which is nice, even if you're too scared to find out why. Supplies \(^+\_+1\).

Discard Cookie's follower token from the time bag.

## 3 - GRUNKO, SON OF GRUNG

Which page is the location book open to?

- Page 9 go to 3-1
- Page 19 go to 3-2
- Page 21 go to 3-9
- Page 23 go to 3-12
- Page 27 go to 3-3
- Page 29 go to 3-11
- **Page 31** go to 3-7
- Page 35 go to 3-4
- Page 41 go to 3-5
- Page 45 go to 3-10
- Page 47 go to 3-8
- Page 49 go to 3-6
- None/Other go to 3-13



Along the rickety boardwalks of Stinks-Good, you spot Grunko, Son of Grung lumbering along, pulling his cart. He says nothing, for nothing needs saying, but he does offer a polite nod. You return the gesture.

You feel cool.

Influence 29+1.

Discard Grunko, Son of Grung's follower token from the time bag.

32 Waves of corruption blast from the golem, pushing your eyes back in your skull and shaking your resolve... until you look at Grunko, Son of Grung. He stands steady, stabilizing his cart, thoroughly unbothered. Seeing him inspires you to have faith in your ability to persevere.

Hope returns.

Risk  $\triangle$ -1.

Discard Grunko, Son of Grung's follower token from the time bag.

33 From the corner of your eye you notice one of the bandits, a large troll, rushing over to try to steal something from Grunko, Son of Grung's cart. The yak simply holds out his fist, and the troll stupidly runs into it, falling to the ground all a-heap.

Dial A -2.

Return Grunko, Son of Grung's follower token to the time bag.

### 3-4 This entry is for the Scout:

Among the scattered pedestrians, you spot Grunko, Son of Grung, lumbering along, pulling his cart. He says nothing, for nothing needs saying, but he does offer a polite nod. You return the gesture.

You feel cool.

Influence \( +1.

Return Grunko, Son of Grung's follower token to the time bag.

**3·5** Grunko, Son of Grung struggles for a moment, trying to get his heavy cart around a tight corner. You haven't seen the yak man struggle with something like this before, so you eagerly take a moment to assist your burliest follower. You help him pivot around the corner, and he offers you a proud nod of thanks.

"They say a yak's hands can kill a flarg," states your porter, "but two sets of yak hands can slay the flarg and all its offspring. Yours are not yak hands, but I respect them all the same." And with that he trundles away.

You puff out your chest a little.

Risk △-1.

Discard Grunko, Son of Grung's follower token from the time bag.

3·6 The great lizard leans down and unleashes an ear-splitting bellow, right into Grunko, Son of Grung's face. The heat of her breath cause the ends of his hairs to singe and curl. But the yak doesn't flinch. He barely reacts.

"Heck yeah," you whisper.

Risk △-1.

Discard Grunko, Son of Grung's follower token from the time bag.

**3.7** You see Grunko, Son of Grung trying to fight off a crowd of humans, each of them demanding to speak to his manager. Discard Grunko, Son of Grung's follower token from the time bag.

3·8 You see Grunko, Son of Grung trying to fight off a crowd of automatons, each of them giggling like a fool as he does. Discard Grunko, Son of Grung's follower token from the time bag.

3-9 All around you, arrows whistle through the air, and the dying and wounded cry out for mercy. You hope your followers aren't among them.

Discard Grunko, Son of Grung's follower token from the time bag.

**3·10** Grunko, Son of Grung stands as still as a statue, holding his massive cart in his burly arms.

"Everything okay, Grunko, Son of Grung?" one of you asks.
"These little ones are too delicate," he answers, nodding at some nearby sporelings. "I fear the slightest movement on my part could bring total calamity."

"Well we have to pass through," you remind him. "And you're the porter. So, you know. Please figure out how to keep porting." You give him a light slap on the shoulder. "Good talk!"

"Most enjoyable," he says.

Risk △-1.

Discard Grunko, Son of Grung's follower token from the time bag.

311 You cry out in dismay as Grunko, Son of Grung lets go of the cart and, with a hideous shriek, rips his own head from his shoulders. A fountain of brine and seaweed sprays forth. "Oh gods," you whisper, lower lip trembling. "He abandoned our stuff!"

Grunko, Son of Grung is dead.

Discard Grunko, Son of Grung's follower token from the time bag.

**3.12** Grunko, Son of Grung fights with his cart, barely keeping it aboard the ferry.

Discard Grunko, Son of Grung's follower token from the time bag.

3-13 Which quest are you playing?

- Wizards & Wurms go to 3-14
- Heroes & Horrors go to 3-15
- Deeper & Deeper go to 3-16
- Other go to 3-17

314 "Listen, boss," says Grunko, Son of Grung in a rare moment of chattiness. "A lot of people look at a fellow like me and assume I ain't bright."

You aren't sure that's true, but as a policy you never disagree when someone hotter than you puts themselves down.

He continues, "The truth of it is that most people talk too much and fail to listen when they should. Their lives are one big bluff. And they assume you must be stupid if you are not running some kinda game yourself."

You nod. The yak-man is making a lot of sense, but you aren't sure what brought this about.

"Sure, I get it," you say with a shrug. "But why are you telling me all this? What's your angle?" He gives you a long look before bleating out uproarious laughter.

"That's a good one!" Grunko, Son of Grung says with stern respect. "You almost had me there, boss. You almost had me!" He clops away, pulling his massive cart.

You don't know what happened, but feel confident you won that exchange with the burly caddy.

Risk △-1.

Discard Grunko, Son of Grung's follower token from the time bag.

**315** "Hey, Grunko!" you say to the yak-fella. "What's your least favorite thing about DevonHund?"

He considers you for a moment before answering, "He doesn't use my full name."

"Ah yes," you say with a nod. "Very inconsiderate."

"No wait, he does. He remembers every time."

"Then why did you bring it up? Yeesh, Grunko."

Grunko, Son of Grung growls and stomps away, likely scaring away any nearby beasts or bandits in the process. Risk  $\triangle$ -1.

Discard Grunko, Son of Grung's follower token from the time bag.

3·16 Count Rizzotto reads aloud the scratched writing on the stone wall: "Free treasure this way. Well isn't that polite! Come on, everyone! There is apparently glorious treasure for the taking down this hall." He points down a narrow, dark hallway that an arrow on the wall points to. "Chop-chop!"

Grunko, Son of Grung rolls his eyes, picks up his cart, and heads in the opposite direction. "That's a trap, mate."

Not making eye contact with the count, you and the rest of the party follow the porter away from the dark hall. You've fallen for a free treasure sign before, and you won't be fooled again. Count Rizzotto lets out an angry huff and declares he's never seen such brazen insubordination before reluctantly following Grunko, Son of Grung.

Risk  $\triangle$ -1.

Discard Grunko, Son of Grung's follower token from the time bag.

3-17 Grunko, Son of Grung pulls his cart up beside you. "Boss," he says flatly. "I have been looking at the map." "Yeah?" you ask.

"And it looks like we are indeed going the right way." He carts off.

You sigh, relieved. You've been faking it for more than a day. Risk  $\triangle$ -1.

Discard Grunko, Son of Grung's follower token from the time bag.

### 4 - GOPHER

Which page is the location book open to?

- Page 19 go to 4-10
- Page 21 go to 4-1
- Page 23 go to 4-13
- Page 27 go to 4-2
- Page 29 go to 4-3
- Page 41 go to 4-4
- Page 45 go to 4-7
- **Page 49** go to 4-14
- **None/Other** go to 4-15



41 All around you, arrows whistle through the air, and the dying and wounded cry out for mercy. You hope your followers aren't among them.

Discard Gopher's follower token from the time bag.

**4:2** All around you, arrows whistle through the air, and the dying and wounded cry out for mercy. You hope your followers aren't among them.

Discard Gopher's follower token from the time bag.

**43** You hear terrified shrieks ringing out behind you from among your followers, but it matters little. If this isn't a 'take care of number one' situation, just what is?

Discard Gopher's follower token from the time bag.

- 4-4 Does any player have the follower 🖰 F-4, Gopher?
- Yes go to 4-5
- No go to 4-6

**4-5** "This place really reminds me of growing up," says Gopher. "Oh yeah? Being so deep underground?"

"Nah," he says, and gestures to some iron bars in the halls. "Did a lot of hard time as a kid."

"Ah. That's... nice."

"Here, I scavenged some stuff," he says and tosses you some miscellany.

Supplies \(\hat{O}\)+1.

Discard Gopher's follower token from the time bag.

**46** You feel regret not getting a chance to get to know Gopher. But them's the breaks when you're down in a big ol' dungeon.

Discard Gopher's follower token from the time bag.

- 47 Does any player have the follower (2) F-4, Gopher?
- Yes go to 4-8
- No go to 4-9

4-8 You groan as several mushroom houses topple over and angry sporelings begin to wail. Sure enough, a hole forms and Gopher pops up, surveying the damage with a nervous grin. He doesn't even have a chance to say anything or offer an apology before a pile of fungus leaps upon him. The melee quickly vanishes down the hole.

"Anyone seen ol' Gopher?" asks Cookie.

"I don't think Gopher's going to be continuing on with us," you say.

"Really? Is he settlin' down here?"

"In a manner of speaking," you answer.

Discard Gopher's follower (2) card.

Discard Gopher's follower token from the time bag.

49 Memories of Gopher flit through your mind, and you're honestly glad he's not here right now. The mushroom houses are barely rooted to the mossy ground, and you can't imagine that old burrowing so-and-so being anything but a nuisance. Discard Gopher's follower token from the time bag.

### **FOLLOWERS 5-6**

4-10 Does any player have the follower the F-4, Gopher?

- Yes go to 4-11
- No go to 4-12

411 This entry is for the player who currently has Gopher:

"Any chance you could get me some treasure?" you call out to Gopher. The treasure golem roars and pounds the earth. "Off the big angry thing that mashes stuff?" he gulps. "Oh, I dunno, boss. T—t—that's some hard-to-reach loot!"

"No worries if not!" you reply, using an old expression that is never true. Gopher knows this and gulps down a big swallow of fear, before rushing out to the beast.

"Here I gooooo!" he calls. He staggers back to you with a treasure, but his skin is boiling with corruption. "N-n-no worries, boss. I always aim to please!" He falls over dead. Draw a random treasure from the Golem Deck.

Discard Gopher's follower token from the time bag.

Discard Gopher's follower token from the time bag Discard Gopher's follower (2) card.

4:12 You remember Gopher, and wish that little booger was still around. He definitely would have gone and grabbed some treasure right off of this monster's back!

Discard Gopher's follower token from the time bag.

**4·13** Your followers struggle to keep their footing as crimson waves attack both the hull and your fellow passengers. Discard Gopher's follower token from the time bag.

**414** The dragon's voice echoes in a horrific shriek and all of your followers cower.

Discard Gopher's follower token from the time bag.

4-15 Does any player have the follower F-4, Gopher?

- Yes go to 4-16
- No go to 4-17

**4·16** This entry is for the player who currently has Gopher: Gopher pops up from below and eagerly asks you, "Anything I can get you, boss?"

"What do you mean?" you ask.

"Anything!" Gopher replies with a wink.

Choose 1:

- Supplies 💍 +2.
- Treasure 🕮+1.
- Gold 🔾+1.
- Gain 1 treasure 
  from the discard that is not a Schematic.

Discard Gopher's follower token from the time bag.

417 There is a loud shout, and you turn to see Grunko, Son of Grung lying down, holding a leg. It seems the yak-man has stepped in some sort of ancient gopher hole. For a moment, you worry that you'll have to kill the poor guy, but fortunately Schala says it's just a twisted ankle.

You take a break before setting out on the road again. As you sit there, waiting for Grunko, Son of Grung to recover, you remember a gopher that you used to know. You recall how they were always happy to fetch you stuff when you were feeling lazy. For a moment, you miss him kinda.

Spend 1 time.

If you draw a supplies  $\bigcap$  token or a follower  $\bigcap$  token, return it to the bag without resolving it.

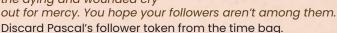
Discard Gopher's follower token from the time bag.

### 5 - PASCAL

Which page is the location book open to?

- Page 19 go to 5-4
- Page 21 go to 5-1
- Page 23 go to 5-8
- Page 27 go to 5-2
- Page 29 go to 5-3
- Page 49 go to 5-7None/Other go to 5-9

**5·1** All around you, arrows whistle through the air, and the dying and wounded cry



**5-2** All around you, arrows whistle through the air, and the dying and wounded cry out for mercy. You hope your followers aren't among them.

Discard Pascal's follower token from the time bag.

**53** You hear terrified shrieks ringing out behind you from among your followers, but it matters little. If this isn't a 'take care of number one' situation, just what is? Discard Pascal's follower token from the time bag.

5-4 Does any player have the follower 🕾 F-5, Pascal?

- · Yes go to 5-5
- No go to 5-6

5-5 This entry is for the player who currently has Pascal: The treasure golem lets out a fearsome roar and pounds the earth with its hammer-like limbs, as you look at Pascal for help. The dwarf is struggling to keep her mobile library upright.

"Got any books about treasure golems?" you shout over the

Much to your surprise she shouts back, "Yep!" and starts to look through her books. After a moment she tosses you a voluminous tome.

"Here! Take this!" she yells. "It might help translate those runes!" She points at the glowing runes on the monster's frame.

Luck @+1.

Any player on Action 7 gains luck (4)+1.

Discard Pascal's follower token from the time bag.

**5·6** You wish you knew more about this stupid monster. You've never heard of them, so you could really use a book or something on the subject right now.

Discard Pascal's follower token from the time bag.

**57** The dragon's voice echoes in a horrific shriek and all of your followers cower.

Discard Pascal's follower token from the time bag.

5-8 Your followers struggle to keep their footing as crimson waves attack both the hull and your fellow passengers. Discard Pascal's follower token from the time bag.

5-9 Does any player have the follower 🖰 F-5, Pascal?

- Yes go to 5-10
- No go to 5-11

5-10 This entry is for the player who currently has Pascal:

Pascal is a sturdy dwarven woman who carries an even sturdier all-terrain bookshelf. Her glorious sideburns are only overshadowed by her even more glorious collection of books. "Oi!" she calls out to you. "I was talking to Schala and we both thought you could use this!" She tosses you a heavy book from her collection. You look at the title.

"How to Read Gooder," you say aloud. The title and the thoughtfulness of the gesture touch you, and you begin to leaf through the tome.

Smarts 得+1.

Discard Pascal's follower token from the time bag.

**511** A handmade bookmark falls from your bag, and for a moment you think back on your time with Pascal. She made you this bookmark.

"I miss Pascal too," Schala says, breaking your train of thought. "Not many people who enjoy books take up freelancing."

"Yeah... You'd sorta have to be an idiot to trust the likes of that, eh?" you chuckle.

The joke though, cuts a little too deep and you and Schala both obviously feel it as your awkward chuckles trail off into an even more awkward silence.

Discard Pascal's follower token from the time bag.

### 6 - STRIDER

Which page is the location book open to?

- Page 19 go to 6-4
- Page 21 go to 6-1
- Page 23 go to 6-5
- Page 27 go to 6-2
- **Page 29** go to 6-3
- Page 49 go to 6-8
- None/Other go to 6-11

**6:1** All around you, arrows whistle through the air, and the dying and wounded cry out for mercy.

You hope your followers aren't among them. Discard Strider's follower token from the time bag.

**6·2** All around you, arrows whistle through the air, and the dying and wounded cry out for mercy. You hope your followers aren't among them.

Discard Strider's follower token from the time bag.

**6:3** You hear terrified shrieks ringing out behind you from among your followers, but it matters little. If this isn't a 'take care of number one' situation, just what is?

Discard Strider's follower token from the time bag.

**6-4** You can't keep track of your followers amid the din of the battle that crashes all around you.

Discard Strider's follower token from the time bag.

6-5 Does anyone have the follower (1) F-6 Strider?

- Yes go to 6-6
- No go to 6-7

6-6 This entry is for the player who currently has Strider:

You struggle to keep your footing amid the onslaught. Strider, however, has eight feet, and so he has footing to spare. "Don't worry, you wont fall!" he hisses, "I will keep you up!" Influence "+3."

Luck @+1.

Discard Strider's follower token from the time bag.

67 You reckon if there's something that would be useful on a corrupted ferry, it'd be a big-ass spider guy who sticks to things. Hey, you used to know someone like that.

Discard Strider's follower token from the time bag.

6-8 Does anyone have the follower 🖺 F-6, Strider?

- Yes go to 6-9
- · No go to 6-10

6-9 This entry is for the player who currently has Strider:

The dragon sends forth an awful gout of flame, and you hear a terrible shriek. You turn to see poor Strider burning alive, lying on his back with his eight legs curled in the air.

Discard Strider's follower ard.

Discard Strider's follower token from the time bag.

**6-10** You are having trouble seeing through the smoke and chaos created by the dragon's fury. You wish you had an eight-eyed friend to help you, but you sure don't. Do you? Discard Strider's follower token from the time bag.

6-11 Does any player have the follower 🖰 F-6, Strider?

- Yes go to 6-12
- No go to 6-13

**6-12** This entry is for the player who currently has Strider: Strider takes you aside and shows you an old chart covered

with letters that get progressively smaller.

"What's that, Strider?" you ask.
"Shhh," the spider hushes you. "This is an ancient scroll. Very magic. Very strong," he assures you and then continues in a whisper. "The ancients used these to strengthen their eyes. If you can read the whole thing from top to bottom... your senses will heighten."

You give an appreciative whistle and take the scroll before finding a quiet place to read.

"E-F-P-T-O-Z..." you continue as the letters get smaller and smaller. At the end you have to strain your eyes to make them out, but you do eventually complete the scroll.

Afterward, nothing happens, but you feel more confident in your eyesight. Maybe Strider's scroll worked, or maybe it's all in your mind, but you feel confident your senses have been well-honed.

Sense 🗞+1.

Discard Strider's follower token from the time bag.

613 Sometimes, having a spider with eight eyes and legs on your side is handy. One of those occasions is right now. Somehow, you've gotten a little lost. Normally, in a moment like this, Strider would quickly climb something tall and get a better look at your surroundings. Without him though, you are forced to do such things for yourself and it turns out, you sorta suck at being a spider.

Spend 1 time. If you draw a follower token this way, discard it from the bag immediately instead of resolving it.

Discard Strider's follower token from the time bag.

### 7 - PORTER

Which page is the location book open to?

- Page 19 go to 7-4
- Page 21 go to 7-1
- Page 23 go to 7-7
- Page 27 go to 7-2
- Page 29 go to 7-3
- Page 49 go to 7-8

None/Other - go to 7-9

71 All around you, arrows whistle through the air, and the dying and wounded cry out for mercy. You hope your followers aren't among them.

Discard Porter's follower token from the time bag.

72 All around you, arrows whistle through the air, and the dying and wounded cry out for mercy. You hope your followers aren't among them.

Discard Porter's follower token from the time bag.

**73** You hear terrified shrieks ringing out behind you from among your followers, but it matters little. If this isn't a 'take care of number one' situation, just what is?

Discard Porter's follower token from the time bag.

7-4 Does any player have the follower 🕾 F-7, Porter?

- Yes go to 7-5
- No go to 7-6

7-5 This entry is for the player who currently has Porter: "Enough of this!" Porter lowers her horn and howls as she charges toward the treasure golem. "For glory!" she cries. Suddenly, the thing turns, noticing her approach. It brings its hammer down and a fine, red, Porter-flavored mist sprays over the rest of you.

Discard Porter's follower token from the time bag. Discard Porter's follower (2) card.

**7.6** "I wish I could get closer!" you shout as you take shelter from one of the many waves of corruption that emanate from the furious golem.

You imagine if Porter was still around, and you picture yourself valiantly riding her into battle. Sadly, that will have to remain fantasy.

Discard Porter's follower token from the time bag.

17 Your followers struggle to keep their footing as crimson waves attack both the hull and your fellow passengers. Discard Porter's follower token from the time bag.

**78** You lack the might to rally your followers during such a blistering battle.

Discard Porter's follower token from the time bag.

7-9 Does any player have the follower (19) F-7, Porter?

- Yes go to 7-10
- No go to 7-12

7-10 This entry is for the player who currently has Porter:
Porter takes you aside and says, "I see potential in you."
You already do as well, so you wonder where the centaur is going with this. She continues, "But your body is a disaster.
Muscles in all the wrong places. Flab in all the right places, except that's wrong too. It looks painful to exist in your flesh."
"A little harsh, yeah?" you snap. "You're a centaur. You have freaking rhino legs! It's not like you know what it's like to exist in my body one way or another."

Porter wraps a huge heavy arm around your shoulders. "Look, I just want to show you my one weird trick for getting into the

best shape of your life! A famous doctor urges you to do this every day!" And so she shares her one weird trick for getting in the best shape of your life, just like a famous doctor urges you to do every day, a surprisingly it works, and you do get into amazing shape, and it is super easy, and you don't even have to change your diet!

Might (8) +1.

Discard Porter's follower token from the time bag. Next - go to 7-11

71 If you would like to learn Porter's one simple trick for getting into the best shape of your life, just send a money order for \$20 to:

Plaid Hat Games

1172 SR-96

Ashland, OH 44805

If you send the money before April 1st, 2023 you are (almost) guaranteed to receive her two-hundred-VHS collection of workout tips you can perform right from home!

7-12 This entry is for the player with the highest might ③: You feel a pain in your legs and look down. You realize in horror, that without Porter around to remind you, you have been skipping leg day. You got a bod like a spinning top. For shame.

Gain the title: Leg Day Skipper @.

Discard Porter's follower token from the time bag.

### 8 - TINK

Which page is the location book open to?

- Page 19 go to 8-4
- Page 21 go to 8-1
- Page 23 go to 8-7
- Page 27 go to 8-2
- Page 29 go to 8-3Page 49 go to 8-8
- None/Other go to 8-9

**8-1** All around you, arrows whistle through the air, and the dying

and wounded cry out for mercy. You hope your followers aren't among them.

Discard Tink's follower token from the time bag.

**8.2** All around you, arrows whistle through the air, and the dying and wounded cry out for mercy. You hope your followers aren't among them.

Discard Tink's follower token from the time bag.

**83** You hear terrified shrieks ringing out behind you from among your followers, but it matters little. If this isn't a 'take care of number one' situation, just what is? Discard Tink's follower token from the time bag.

8-4 Does any player have the follower 👸 F-8, Tink?

- Yes go to 8-5
- No go to 8-6

**8-5** This entry is for the player who currently has Tink: Tink peeks out from cover and uses a magnifying glass to look through yet another magnifying glass.

"Okay, boss," he shouts. "Here's what I see on dis thing!" You may peek at the Golem Deck.

Discard Tink's follower token from the time bag.

8.6 Amid the violence, you look upon the bounty of treasure on display and wish you knew someone, anyone, who could tell you if this was all worth it.

Discard Tink's follower token from the time bag.



87 Your followers struggle to keep their footing as crimson waves attack both the hull and your fellow passengers. Discard Tink's follower token from the time bag.

8-8 Violence surrounds you and you lose track of your followers.

Discard Tink's follower token from the time bag.

8-9 Does any player have the follower the fo

- Yes go to 8-10
- No go to 8-17

**8-10** This entry is for the player who currently has Tink:

"Ey dere, pal!" Tink calls to you, giving a friendly wave. "Take a look at dis 'ere!" Tink shows you a loose stone he moved, beneath which are a number of choice items.

"Woah!" you exclaim, your eyes widening. "Good find, Tink!" "I t'ink you should get da first crack at deez here treasures," he says. "You get first dibs."

"You really mean it?"

Treasure #+1.

Discard Tink's follower token from the time bag.

Next - go to 8-11

8-11 "Uh, now hold on, are ya sure dat's da best t'ing?" Tink asks, looking confused.

Do you like your treasure?

- Yes go to 8-12
- No go to 8-13

8-12 "You got da strangest taste, pal." Tink chuckles, and he scoops up the Legendary Jar of Infinite Coins and/or Mayonnaise you rejected.

**8-13** "Uh, heh-heh." You get a little embarrassed. "Well, on second thought..."

Discard the last treasure 🖀 card you gained.

Treasure ##+1.

Next - go to 8-14

8-14 "Oh... you chose DAT huh?" Tink seems even more confused. "Okaaaaay. If dat's da one for you, I won't argue." Choose 1:

- "Yeah, I like this one, Tink." go to 8-15
- "Well hold on now." go to 8-16

8-15 "Alright, pal! Sounds good! Different strokes!" he chuckles as he scoops up one of the items you rejected.

Later, you learn the item you passed on was signed by the designer of this game and is thus worth the value of a small barony. Oh well.

8-16 "'Dere it is. I thought you would go fer dat one!" Tink chuckles. Later you wonder how much of that was generosity, and how much was mind games.

Discard the last treasure 🖺 card you gained.

Treasure ##+1.

8-17 You find two rubies, both of them gorgeous, but without Tink around to help you, you can't tell which one is more valuable. Are these things even real or fake? Are they even cut correctly? Frustrated, you toss them aside and forget you ever found the troublesome minerals.

Discard Tink's follower token from the time bag.

Which page is the location book open to?

- Page 19 go to 9-4
- Page 21 go to 9-1
- Page 23 go to 9-10
- Page 27 go to 9-2
- Page 29 go to 9-3
- Page 37 go to 9-11
- Page 49 go to 9-7
- None/Other go to 9-14

9-1 All around you, arrows whistle

through the air, and the dying and wounded cry out for mercy. You hope your followers aren't

among them.

Discard Scav's follower token from the time bag.

9-2 All around you, arrows whistle through the air, and the dying and wounded cry out for mercy. You hope your followers aren't among them.

Discard Scav's follower token from the time bag.

9-3 You hear terrified shrieks ringing out behind you from among your followers, but it matters little. If this isn't a 'take care of number one' situation, just what is?

Discard Scav's follower token from the time bag.

- 9-4 Does a player have the follower 🖰 F-9, Scav?
  - Yes go to 9-5
  - No go to 9-6

9-5 This entry is for the player who currently has Scav:

You take cover from one of the treasure golem's many attacks when you hear, "Hey boss! Check this out!" Scav tosses you something from the rubble.

"How the heck did you find this in the middle of a fight?" you ask incredulously.

She laughs and shouts back, "A hyena-girl never stops looking for nothing!"

Supplies (\(\mathcal{T}\)+1.

Discard Scav's follower token from the time bag.

9-6 With all the debris around, you can't help but wonder what Scav would have found were she here. She was always great at picking out something handy.

Discard Scav's follower token from the time bag.

97 Does any player have the follower 🕾 F-9, Scav?

- Yes go to 9-8
- No go to 9-9

9-8 This entry is for the player who currently has Scav:

You take cover from one of the dragon's ferocious attacks when you hear, "Hey boss! Check this out!" Scav tosses you something surprisingly useful from the rubble.

"How the heck did you find this in the middle of a fight!?" you ask, amazed.

She laughs and shouts back, "A hyena-girl never stops looking for nothing!"

Treasure #+1.

Discard Scav's follower token from the time bag.

9-9 There's no obvious sign of a dragon hoard that you can see, and you can't help but wonder what a certain hyena-girl would have turned up.

Discard Scav's follower token from the time bag.

9-10 Your followers struggle to keep their footing as crimson waves attack both the hull and your fellow passengers. Discard Scav's follower token from the time bag.

#### **FOLLOWERS 10**

9-11 Does any player currently have follower F-9, Scav?

- Yes go to 9-12
- No go to 9-13

9-12 This entry is for the player who currently has Scav:

"Wow this place is a dump huh?" You ask aloud.

Scav replies with a big laugh before saying, "It's not so bad if you know where to look!"

Scav is an especially resourceful gnoll, but more importantly, she is a source of endless optimism. It's pretty hard to take seriously, especially as your eyes scan a hellhole like this. "Oh yeah. And where do you for anything of use in a literal wasteland scav?"

"A hyena girl always looks beneath the surface!" She cheers before getting on all fours and leaping up into the air. The pounce is graceless, especially as the hyena girl lands face first in the snow.

You can't help but laugh. "What on earth are you doing!?" She lifts her head revealing, to your surprise, a big plump and juicy tiger-vole. It's striped body writhing in her mouth before she kills it with a sharp twitch of her neck.

Scav spits the carcass at your feet. "A hyena girl is always happy to help!"

Looking down at the body, you see the world with new eyes. Supplies 👸+1.

Sense 🚱+1.

Discard Scav's follower token from the time bag.

**9:13** A clan of hyena people catch you by surprise, coming around a corner with unexpected stealth.

"Gnolls..." You warn the others. "Be careful."

One of them cackles in greeting, and then asks, "Are you friends of Scav? She was traveling with you, yes?"

"Um. Who?" This is awkward.

They look confused by your confusion. "Scav. The Hyena girl?" "Oh. Uh. Yeah." you look around to your followers for help that doesn't come.

"Well?" They ask.

"Yeah! Well! Uh. Well, well, well..." You open your arms for a big hug. "Friends of scav are friends of mine!"

They awkwardly come in for a big group hug and you exchange gifts with them as you successfully dodge and weave through every question they ask."

#### Choose 1:

- Treasure 📇+1.
- Supplies 💍+1.

Discard Scav's follower token from the time bag.

9-14 Does any player have the follower (9) F-9, Scav?

- Yes go to 9-15
- No go to 9-16

**9-15** This entry is for the player who currently has Scav:

"You know what the trick is to being a hyena-girl?" Scav asks you excitedly.

"What?"

"You gotta use everything. Waste nothing. If you are wasting stuff, you ain't a hyena-girl!" she answers.

"Can I even be a hyena-girl?" you ask, confused. "I mean, I'm not a gnoll."

"It does not matter if you are a hyena-girl here," she says pointing at you. "It only matters if you are a hyena-girl here." And she gestures at a pile of trash. You don't know what any of that means, but you do notice something you can't believe someone threw away.

You may gain 1 treasure from the discard that is not a Schematic or story card.

Discard Scav's follower token from the time bag.

9-16 This entry is for the player with the lowest influence 😂:

You haven't been getting any sleep without Scav around, since you don't have anyone to keep a proper night's watch. Her hyena-girl powers were very handy to have about. You rub your eyes and yawn.

Stress (2)+1.

Discard Scav's follower token from the time bag.

### 10 - HAROLD

Which page is the location book open to?

- Page 7 go to 10-4
- Page 19 go to 10-7
- Page 21 go to 10-1
- Page 23 go to 10-9
- Page 27 go to 10-2
- Page 29 go to 10-3
- Page 49 go to 10-8
- None/Other go to 10-11

10:1 All around you, arrows whistle through the air, and the dying and wounded cry out for mercy. You hope your followers aren't among them.

Discard Harold's follower token from the time bag.

**10-2** All around you, arrows whistle through the air, and the dying and wounded cry out for mercy. You hope your followers aren't among them.

Discard Harold's follower token from the time bag.

10:3 You hear terrified shrieks ringing out behind you from among your followers, but it matters little. If this isn't a 'take care of number one' situation, just what is?

Discard Harold's follower token from the time bag.

10-4 Does any player currently have follower F-10, Harold?

- Yes go to 10-5
- No go to 10-6

10-5 This entry is for the player who currently has Harold:

Harold sidles over to you, "You doing okay?" He asks.

"Well, honestly?" You are embarrassed, but spill your guts to the friendly yeti all the same, "I feel really weird surrounded by all of these fancy people."

"What!?" Harold shakes his head, "You shouldn't! You are amazing!"

"Oh I know that!" You laugh, "but I feel them... judging me with their eyes."

"Listen. I get it." Harold looks you in the eyes intensely, "but you have nothing to be ashamed of. All these rich folks look down on freelancer types, it's true, but most of them are jealous. Every trend they chase, every tawdry affair, every cutthroat business maneuver... All of it. It's just limp effort to replace to fill the emptiness of of their lives with a little adventure."

Harold continues, putting his hand on your shoulder.

"They are bored. Lonely. Isolated. Miserable. And you know what really makes them hate you? That they know they are jealous of you. They wanna forget that part of it, but they can't. They can only pretend to ignore it."

"Really?" You ask, hopefully.

"Naw." Harold walks away with a chuckle. "But we gotta tell ourselves something, right? Now c'mon let's go gawk at clothes we can't afford!"

Will **‰**+1.

Luck @+1.

Discard Harold's follower token from the time bag.

10-6 "Excuse me." A voice from behind interrupts you.

You turn to see a fancy looking goblin lady with a poofy hoop skirt, wider than she is tall.

She continues, "I noticed you were wearing the most delightful wimple around your head. I would love a similar one! Where did you find such a delightful wimple?"

It's true. You are wearing a really nice wimple. Your hand reaches up and touches it on your jaw. Harold made it for you. It's all you have to remember him by...

"Sorry." You shrug. "It was a custom made job."

Undeterred, the goblin lady offers to buys it from you.

You almost consider holding onto it, but in the end it's clear Harold didn't mean that much to you. Also, you are barely sure what a wimple is.

Gold O+1.

Gain the Title: The Un-wimpled @

Influence 👺-3.

Discard Harold's follower token from the time bag.

10-7 You wonder what sort of fashions you'll find among the golem's possessions, but then there is a wave of corruption and you go back to trying not to die.

Discard Harold's follower token from the time bag.

**10-8** Most of your clothing is burnt off by the dragon's flame, but you'll have to worry about that later.

Discard Harold's follower token from the time bag.

10-9 Your followers struggle to keep their footing as crimson waves attack both the hull and your fellow passengers. Discard Harold's follower token from the time bag.

10-11 Does any player have the follower 👸 F-10, Harold?

- Yes go to 10-12
- No go to 10-23

10-12 This entry is for the player who currently has Harold: Harold politely takes you aside.

"Hey, friend," he says. "I say this in the nicest possible way, but you look like absolute hound crap."

"Oh yes, very nice," you reply sarcastically.

"Look kid, if my appearance was lacking, I would just want someone to tell me. Come on. Let's get you fixed up. What do you say?"

Choose 1:

- Accept a makeover. go to 10-13
- Resist the makeover. go to 10-22

**10-13** "How are you going to makeover..." and you gesture at your entire body, "this?"

But Harold just smiles. "You worry about the freelancing, and I'll worry about the makeovers, 'kay?"

Next - go to 10-14

10-14 "Ow!" you shout as Harold plucks your eyebrows.
"How often have these been tweezed?" he asks.
"I don't even know what that word means," you whimper.
Next - go to 10-15

10-15 "So you've never actually worn makeup?" Harold marvels. "Naw," you reply. "My dad died before he ever had a chance to teach me that stuff."

"Oh, I'm sorry," Harold says quietly.

"It's nothing," you reply. "I'm not even sure that's true. I'm just nervous."

Next - go to 10-16

10-16 Choose your face shape:

- Square go to 10-17
- Circle go to 10-17
- Oval go to 10-17
- Trapezoid go to 10-17
   Parallellegram go to 10-17
- Parallellogram go to 10-17
  Bigger Square go to 10-17
- Triangle go to 10-17
- Scutoid go to 10-17

10-17 Harold is styling your hair and says, "Well your... quaff doesn't really go with your face shape."

"What do you have in mind?" you ask.

"Oh, I have an idea..." he answers.

"What kind of idea?" you ask nervously.

"You are gonna have to trust me."

Next - go to 10-18

10-18 Do you wear glasses?

- · Yes go to 10-19
- No go to 10-21

10-19 Not anymore you don't.

Next - go to 10-20

10-20 After your makeover, you return to the others. Harold blows his horn, and announces your entrance as you appear with an awkward wave and make your way toward the rest of the party.

He says, "Freelancers, now presenting the new, but not improved, just different... um. Oh. Oh dear." You die a little inside because it's apparent to everyone that Harold doesn't even know your name. "Um, Tamara? No, Lawrence!" Still, despite the social humiliation, everyone agrees you are finally hot.

"Yer all that!" shouts Cookie.

Gain the title: And a Bag of Chips 💩.

Will **‰**+1.

Discard Harold's follower token from the time bag.

10-21 "At least we don't have to worry about glasses," Harold sighs.

Next - go to 10-20

10-22 "No thanks, Harold," you say in a polite rebuff. "I'm not really worried about that kind of stuff. I'm mostly focused on survival in various kill-or-be-killed scenarios."

Harold nods, and walks away having taken no offense. Indeed, he is rather impressed by your resolve to look terrible. Gain the title: Not All That .

Will **⋘**+1.

Discard Harold's follower token from the time bag.

10-23 You catch a glimpse of your reflection and realize that your 'fit is absolutely dry. No drip. Not a bit of drip! These thoughts rattle in your head and it makes you think of Harold, who knew old timey slang like that and what it meant. Discard Harold's follower token from the time bag.

### 11 - CLARA

Which page is the location book open to?

- Page 5 go to 11-4
- Page 19 go to 11-7
- Page 21 go to 11-1
- Page 23 go to 11-13
- Page 27 go to 11-2
- Page 29 go to 11-3
- Page 49 go to 11-10
- None/Other go to 11-14

111 All around you, arrows whistle through the air, and the dying and wounded cry out for mercy. You hope your followers aren't among them.

Discard Clara's follower token from the time bag.

11-2 All around you, arrows whistle through the air, and the dying and wounded cry out for mercy. You hope your followers aren't among them.

Discard Clara's follower token from the time bag.

113 You hear terrified shrieks ringing out behind you from among your followers, but it matters little. If this isn't a 'take care of number one' situation, just what is?

Discard Clara's follower token from the time bag.

11-4 Does any player currently have follower F-11, Clara?

- Yes go to 11-5
- No go to 11-6

11-5 This entry is for the player who currently has Clara:

The strange spires of the Driftlands peek above the clouds, each cloud glowing with the sun's glory.

"It's beautiful." You say to yourself.

"It's alright." Clara sighs.

"Are you from here?" You ask the harpy.

"I was..." She says, "but it never felt like home. I never fit here... literally." She gives a sad smirk, "I'm a lot taller than the other harpies. I'm not built for flying."

As if on cue, a cloud of harpies fly by in a majestic murmuration.

"Hi Clara!" One calls out as it spirals past.

"Hey." She says sadly.

You comfort the poor dancer, "You know, it makes more sense to me that you work so hard at what you do. I don't anyone with more grace than you Clara."

She shakes her head but you continue.

"Your grace brings the sky down to earth for the rest of us."
"Thanks." Clara smiles. "That's my goal. To teach those who can't, to fly. "

You have a newfound respect for being mindful of your own movements.

Agility +1.

Discard Clara's follower token from the time bag.

11-6 You look out past the beanstalk towers and see a majestic murmuration of harpies fly through a cloud bank, glowing with the sun's glory. Seeing the way the harpies dance on the wind reminds you of Clara and how she brought that same feeling down to earth... and now she is gone.

Luck 1-1.

Discard Clara's follower token from the time bag.

11-7 Does any player have the follower 🖰 F-11, Clara?

- Yes go to 11-8
- No go to 11-9

11-8 This entry is for the player who currently has Clara: You see Clara dipping and diving, gracefully dodging the treasure golem's attacks. The harpy's grace inspires you. Luck (4)+1.

Discard Clara's follower token from the time bag.

11-9 As fighting rages around you, there is a moment where find yourself flat-footed and confused. You think of Clara's grace for just a moment, and wish the harpy was still around. Discard Clara's follower token from the time bag.

11-10 Does any player have the follower F-11, Clara?

- Yes go to 11-11
- No go to 11-12

**11-11** The dragon shoots a spout of fire at Clara and she gracefully leaps out of the way.

Discard Clara's follower token from the time bag.

11-12 You remember the harpy, Clara, and can't help but feel she would loved seeing this dragon. As it is, you can only hope that you stand a chance to survive.

Discard Clara's follower token from the time bag.

11-13 Your followers struggle to keep their footing as crimson waves attack both the hull and your fellow passengers.

Discard Clara's follower token from the time bag.

11-14 Does any player have the follower the F-11, Clara?

- Yes go to 11-15
- No go to 11-16

11-15 This entry is for the player who currently has Clara:

Everyone agrees Clara the harpy is an incredible dancer. However, in this moment, you happen to turn and see her practicing, and it suddenly clicks in your head just how hard she works at it. Dancing is a strange thing, all that work just to make something appear effortless. You feel inspired, and that alone makes you want to work just a little harder yourself. Agility +1.

Discard Clara's follower token from the time bag.

**11-16** You come across a traveling troupe of dancers and one of them squenches up her eyes at you.

"Hey!" the mer says. "Aren't ya'll the ones who Clara was following? She said something about it in her last letter." She looks around half expecting to see the harpy somewhere.

"Oh, uh, well..." You aren't quite sure what to say and the mer doesn't catch the hint.

"I'd love to see her!" she says. "She taught me everything I know!"

"Ah ha-ha" you stammer "Well you see it's a funny stary

"Ah, ha-ha," you stammer, "Well you see it's a funny story..."
Awkward silence follows, then just before the mer can speak,
you all turn and run.

Discard Clara's follower token from the time bag.

### 12 - CRUNCHER

Which page is the location book open to?

- Page 19 go to 12-4
- Page 21 go to 12-1
- Page 23 go to 12-8
- Page 27 go to 12-2
- Page 29 go to 12-3
- Page 49 go to 12-7
- None/Other go to 12-9

12.1 All around you, arrows whistle through the air, and the dying and wounded cry out for mercy. You hope your followers aren't among them.

Discard Cruncher's follower token from the time bag.

12-2 All around you, arrows whistle through the air, and the dying and wounded cry out for mercy. You hope your followers aren't among them.

Discard Cruncher's follower token from the time bag.

123 You hear terrified shrieks ringing out behind you from among your followers, but it matters little. If this isn't a 'take care of number one' situation, just what is?

Discard Cruncher's follower token from the time bag.

12-4 Does any player have the follower 🖰 F-12, Cruncher?

- Yes go to 12-5
- No go to 12-6

12-5 This entry is for the player who currently has Cruncher:

The golem roars and Cruncher just barely ducks a huge chunk of stone debris. You are surprised by the lizard-fellow's agility, but quickly realize it was an accident.

"Hey, pal! Look what I just found!" he calls as he tosses you a shiny coin he picked up off of the floor.

Gold O+1.

Discard Cruncher's follower token from the time bag.

12-6 You pause for a split second, realizing that if you get to keep all this treasure you won't have anyone on hand to help you count it!

Discard Cruncher's follower token from the time bag.

127 The dragon roars, and your followers run for cover. Discard Cruncher's follower token from the time bag.

12-8 Your followers struggle to keep their footing as crimson waves attack both the hull and your fellow passengers. Discard Cruncher's follower token from the time bag.

12-9 Does any player have the follower 🖰 F-12, Cruncher?

- Yes go to 12-10
- No go to 12-11

12-10 This entry is for the player who currently has Cruncher: Cruncher comes up to you discreetly.

"Hey there, pal. Can I talk to you?" he asks.

Cruncher is a wiz with money. As a freelancer, you are not, but that's why you want hangers-on like Cruncher. He pulls out the company ledger and starts going over the numbers. You have trouble following most of it, but you come away with a few insights.

Some numbers are red! Some are black! The red numbers are bad. The black numbers are good. Cruncher says that if you stop letting Cookie shop for food un-monitored, you could have way fewer red numbers in the book.

"Sounds good!" you say. "You can totally be in charge of that!" He tries to protest, but you quickly exit the conversation. It turns out Cruncher is even smarter than you thought, because as you walk away you find a coin on the ground! You're already making more money! Gold ()+1.

Discard Cruncher's follower token from the time bag.

12-11 This entry is for the player with the least gold :

You reach into your purse and find it emptier than expected. "Hey!" you shout to the others. "Who spent all my money?"

"Um," Schala says nervously, "you?"

"Oh." And you make your best pouty face. "Don't we have someone who is supposed to help me stop spending all my money on stupid stuff all the time?" You hold up a pair of novelty glasses you bought commemorating the previous solstice.

"I, uh..." Schala clears her throat. "I think Cruncher... used to do that?"

"Oh. Right." You put on your novelty glasses to hide your shame.

Influence 👺-2.

Discard Cruncher's follower token from the time bag.

### 13 - LAZY BONES

Which page is the location book open to?

- Page 19 go to 13-4
- Page 21 go to 13-7
- Page 23 go to 13-16
- Page 27 go to 13-10
- Page 29 go to 13-1
- Page 49 go to 13-13
- None/Other go to 13-17

13-1 Does anyone have the follower (13-1)
F-13, Lazy Bones?

- Yes go to 13-2
- No go to 13-3

13-2 After a minute of running for your life, you look over and see Lazy Bones keeping pace with you. Funny how the skeleton suddenly seems motivated to do something. Funny, how you trip him and watch him hit the ground. He calls to you as you leave him behind, probably something about you being uncool, but you've honestly never felt better.

Discard Lazy Bones' follower 🖺 card.

Discard Lazy Bones' follower token from the time bag.

13.3 "Oh wow! Guys?" You turn in horror at the sound of a familiar voice, only to see Lazy Bones running behind you along with the horde of humans. "Oh wow! It is you guys! What's up everybody? Is this crazy or what?" It's too crazy, and you all run faster, putting space between yourselves and the loathsome DJ. "Oh, not cool!"

Risk △-1.

Discard Lazy Bones' follower token from the time bag.

13-4 Does anyone have the follower 🖺 F-13, Lazy Bones?

- Yes go to 13-5
- No go to 13-6

13-5 As the golem rages on, you turn and notice Lazy Bones picking his nasal cavity.

"What are you doing?" you demand.

"Oh." Lazy Bones looks around. "Good point. I mean, I don't even have a nose!"

"Also we're—" And you barely dodge a wave of corruption from the golem. "Also we're fighting for our lives!"

"For sure." Lazy Bones shrugs. "Plus I don't even have boogers!"

You shake your head, annoyed, and return your focus to not dying. Engaging with that doofus is a bigger waste of time than trying to pick a skeleton's nose.

Discard Lazy Bones' follower token from the time bag.

13-6 You dance through the battle, a fighting machine at its absolute peak, when you suddenly think you hear Lazy Bones' voice, and you stumble as you lose your concentration. No! It's not possible! You finally rid yourselves of that idiot! A quick look around suggests it was all in your head, but still, something won't let your mind be at ease.

Discard Lazy Bones' follower token from the time bag.

13-7 Does anyone have the follower 🕾 F-13, Lazy Bones?

- Yes go to 13-8
- No go to 13-9

**13-8** You notice Lazy Bones is standing around and doing nothing. As always.

"A little help?" you call to him.

"No, I'm good!" he replies. "But thanks for the offer!" Discard Lazy Bones' follower token from the time bag. 13-9 You notice that things are basically the same whether Lazy Bones is here or not.

Discard Lazy Bones' follower token from the time bag.

13-10 Does anyone have the follower 🖰 F-13, Lazy Bones?

- Yes go to 13-11
- No go to 13-12

13:11 "Have you seen the bottle opener?" Lazy Bones asks you. "Sorry, I haven't," you reply with an exaggerated sad face. "On account of the fact that I'm fighting for my life and the life of everyone in the party right now!"

"Oh dude, don't even trip," Lazy Bones says, putting a hand on your shoulder. "All is forgiven." And he wanders off to ask someone else.

Discard Lazy Bones' follower token from the time bag.

13-12 You dance through the battle, a killing machine at its absolute peak, when you suddenly think you hear Lazy Bones' voice, and you stumble as you lose your concentration. No! It's not possible! You finally rid yourselves of that idiot! A quick look around suggests it was all in your head, but still, something won't let your mind be at ease.

Discard Lazy Bones' follower token from the time bag.

13-13 Does anyone have the follower 🖺 F-13, Lazy Bones?

- Yes go to 13-14
- No go to 13-15

13:14 "For the love of everything that's good, would you please help us?" you shriek at Lazy Bones.

"Sure!" he calls back. "You want me to, like, drop a sick beat or something?" That's when the dragon drops its tail on the DJ, reducing him to bone shards and dust.

Your insides feel warm.

Discard Lazy Bones' follower 👸 card.

Discard Lazy Bones' follower token from the time bag.

13-15 This entry is for the Game Master:

You see dragon flame blast across an old skeleton that lies atop the peak, and for a split second, you imagine it's Lazy Bones, and the thought makes you smile.

Luck @+1.

Discard Lazy Bones' follower token from the time bag.

13-16 Your followers struggle to keep their footing as crimson waves attack both the hull and your fellow passengers.

Discard Lazy Bones' follower token from the time bag.

13-17 Does any player have the follower 🖰 F-13, Lazy Bones?

- Yes go to 13-18
- No go to 13-19

13-18 This section is for the player who currently has Lazy Bones: "Electro, Jungle, House, Ambient, Chillwave, Head Cheese, Vaporwave..." Lazy Bones is listing off all of the types of music he plans to play at his next DJ set.

"Yeah, so," you interrupt him as politely as you can, "Lazy Bones?"

"'Sup?" he asks.

"Any chance you could help us forage for supplies? We're running a little light, and I noticed you made a cartoonishly long sandwich the other day."

"Oh, I'm good dude!" he says. "But thanks for asking! Anyway, lets see, um, there's Trance, Chiptune, Uncle's Delight..."

Discard Lazy Bones' follower token from the time bag, then choose 1:

- Force another player to take Lazy Bones as a follower 🕾.
- Discard Lazy Bones' follower the card, and then spend I time. If you draw a follower token this way, discard it from the bag immediately instead of resolving it.

13-19 You breathe a deep sigh of relief when you remember that you are no longer burdened by stupid Lazy Bones. Just then you hear a familiar voice from behind. "Hey, my dudes!" It's Lazy Bones. Somehow he is back.

"Oh!" is all you manage to say in surprise.

"You guys thinking what I'm thinking?" he asks. "Drum circle, right?"

Choose a player who must gain follower (1) F-13, Lazy Bones. Discard Lazy Bones' follower token from the time bag.

### 14 - MAVERICK

Which page is the location book open to?

- Page 19 go to 14-4
- Page 21 go to 14-1
- Page 23 go to 14-8
- Page 27 go to 14-2
- Page 29 go to 14-3
- **Page 49** go to 14-7
- None/Other go to 14-11

141 All around you, arrows whistle through the air, and the dying and wounded cry out for mercy. You hope your followers aren't among them.

Discard Maverick's follower token from the time bag.

**14-2** All around you, arrows whistle through the air, and the dying and wounded cry out for mercy. You hope your followers aren't among them.

Discard Maverick's follower token from the time bag.

143 You hear terrified shrieks ringing out behind you from among your followers, but it matters little. If this isn't a 'take care of number one' situation, just what is?

Discard Maverick's follower token from the time bag.

14-4 Does any player have the follower (2) F-14, Maverick?

- Yes go to 14-5
- No go to 14-6

14-5 This entry is for the player who currently has Maverick: The golem smashes the earth once more, and you call out to Maverick, "I could really use some luck right now!"

Maverick is cowering behind some debris and shouts back, "Then do what I do when I need luck!"

"What's that?"

"Cheat!" He smirks.

You may peek at the cards in the Golem Deck, and then take one.

Discard Maverick's follower token from the time bag.

**14-6** The golem smashes the earth once more, and you wish you had Maverick around. A little luck would be nice right about now.

Discard Maverick's follower token from the time bag.

147 The dragon roars, and the earth shakes. Your followers scatter.

Discard Maverick's follower token from the time bag.

14-8 Does any player have the follower (2) F-14, Maverick?

- Yes go to 14-9
- No go to 14-10

149 This entry is for the player who currently has Maverick: "It reminds me of a riverboat casino I was on once!" Maverick shouts.

"What happened?" you ask.

"I got thrown out!"

Just then, a tentacle of deep red water slaps Maverick off of the boat, never to be seen again.

Discard Maverick's follower 🖺 card.

Discard Maverick's follower token from the time bag.

14-10 Your followers struggle to keep their footing as crimson waves attack both the hull and your fellow passengers.

Discard Maverick's follower token from the time bag.

14-11 Does any player have the follower PB F-14, Maverick?

- Yes go to 14-12
- No go to 14-19

14-12 Maverick's sickly eyes look you over. "Listen kid," he says. "The trick to cheatin' your way through life is to not be afraid to put it all on the line." You listen attentively. "If you ain't willing to lose a coin, or an ear, or even your life," he emphasizes, "you best play the game by the rules. So what sort are ya? Don't lie now."

- "I play it safe." go to 14-13
- "I take risks." go to 14-14

14-13 "That's what I figured," Maverick says with a sigh Force another player to take Maverick's follower card. Heal 1 HP ①.

Discard Maverick's follower token from the time bag.

14-14 "Ha ha! That's what I thought!" Maverick says. "Here let me show you a dangerous trick I used to swindle the Baroness DuPork. Pay attention, because you can just as easily die from this if you get it wrong."

He shows you a great (but dangerous) trick.

Roll a six-sided die 🕥. You may not reroll it. What is the result?

- 1 go to 14-15
- · 2 or 3 go to 14-16
- 4 or 5 go to 14-17
- 6 go to 14-18

14-15 "That's okay, that's okay," Maverick assures you. "If we apply pressure, the bleeding will probably stop. I mean, gods, it has to right?"

Wound A+1.

Discard Maverick's follower token from the time bag.

**14-16** "Not bad, kid," Maverick says with a nod. "Keep practicing. Definitely don't try to go pro with it just yet."

Choose 1:

- Heal 1 HP (\*).
- Luck @+2.

Discard Maverick's follower token from the time bag.

**14-17** "Dang, kid. Pretty good for your first try. Keep going, and someday you'll be swindling rich old people too."

Choose 1:

- Heal 2 HP ⊕.
- Luck 🚳+3.

Discard Maverick's follower token from the time bag.

**14-18** "Sweet buttered biscuits!" says Maverick and he gives a whistle. "Kid, you've got what it takes. So much so that I kinda regret teaching this to you. Just remember who your friends are, right?"

Heal 2HP .

Luck @+3.

Discard Maverick's follower token from the time bag.

**14-19** Oddly, you find a rabbit's foot on a keychain. Surely it's not Maverick's? You almost miss the way he would cheat at cards and take your stuff. Without him around, life is certainly more dull.

All players must discard 1 luck 🚳.

Discard Maverick's follower token from the time bag.

15 - TRENT

Which page is the location book open to?

- Page 19 go to 15-4
- Page 21 go to 15-1
- Page 23 go to 15-5
- Page 27 go to 15-2
- Page 29 go to 15-3
- Page 49 go to 15-6
- None/Other go to 15-9

**15-1** All around you, arrows whistle through the air, and the dying and wounded cry out for mercy. You hope your followers aren't among them.

Discard Trent's follower token from the time bag.

**15-2** All around you, arrows whistle through the air, and the dying and wounded cry out for mercy. You hope your followers aren't among them.

Discard Trent's follower token from the time bag.

**15-3** You hear terrified shrieks ringing out behind you from among your followers, but it matters little. If this isn't a 'take care of number one' situation, just what is?

Discard Trent's follower token from the time bag.

15-4 Your followers battle with all of their might and bravery... to little effect.

Discard Trent's follower token from the time bag.

**15-5** Your followers struggle to keep their footing as crimson waves attack both the hull and your fellow passengers. Discard Trent's follower token from the time bag.

15-6 Does any player have the follower (2) F-15, Trent?

- Yes go to 15-7
- No go to 15-8

15-7 It turns out that dragon fire and tree people don't mix. Discard Trent's follower 省 card.

Discard Trent's follower token from the time bag.

**15-8** The dragon's deafening roar throws your followers into chaos.

Discard Trent's follower token from the time bag.

15-9 Does any player have the follower (A) F-15, Trent?

- Yes go to 15-10
- No go to 15-14

**15-10** This entry is for the player who currently has Trent:

You look over at Trent, your sturdy, loyal friend.

"How am I looking, pal?" Trent asks. "I can be of some use, even if all of my armor is gone." His words are neutral, without hint of morbidity.

Choose 1:

- "Aw, you look healthy!" go to 15-11
- "I think we can patch you up." go to 15-12
- "You're pretty much done for, Trent." go to 15-13

15-11 You think Trent is looking good!

"Is there someone else who could use my protection?" he asks without judgment or even any sign of preference. "It's up to you of course," he adds.

Choose 1:

- Choose another player to take Trent, and you gain luck (4) +2.
- Luck @+1.

Discard Trent's follower token from the time bag.

**15-12** "You are looking a bit beat up," you say frankly. "But I think I can help."

"You should not," Trent says, ashamedly. "My job is to help you. You should not have to help me."

"That's some bull-hockey, Trent. C'mere you big lug."
Remove all tokens from Trent's follower (1) card.

Discard Trent's follower token from the time bag.

**15:13** "You are looking beat up," you admit to Trent, "and I don't see how I can help."

"You should not help me," Trent states. "My job is to help you. I did what I could and now my burdens are complete. Yet there is still one final gift to give."

"Can I add this to your cart?" you ask Grunko, Son of Grung an hour later.

"I'm not so sure, boss," he answers. "That's a lot of firewood." "It'll be fine," you tell him and stack it on top of everything else he has to lug.

Supplies \(\hat{O}\)+1.

Discard Trent's follower (1) card.

Discard Trent's follower token from the time bag.

**15-14** Trent was a loyal tree, sturdy and tall. But if you're being honest with yourself, he was also a little shady.

Discard Trent's follower token from the time bag.

### 16 - GABBY

Which page is the location book open to?

- Page 19 go to 16-7
- Page 21 go to 16-1
- Page 23 go to 16-8
- Page 27 go to 16-2
  Page 29 go to 16-3
- Page 39 go to 16-4
- Page 49 go to 16-9
- None/Other go to 16-10

**16-1** All around you, arrows whistle through the air, and the dying

and wounded cry out for mercy. You hope your followers aren't among them.

Discard Gabby's follower token from the time bag.

**16-2** All around you, arrows whistle through the air, and the dying and wounded cry out for mercy. You hope your followers aren't among them.

Discard Gabby's follower token from the time bag.

**16:3** You hear terrified shrieks ringing out behind you from among your followers, but it matters little. If this isn't a 'take care of number one' situation, just what is?

Discard Gabby's follower token from the time bag.

16-4 Does any player currently have follower F-16, Gabby?

- Yes go to 16-5
- No go to 16-6



**16-5** This entry is for the player who currently has Gabby: Gabby sloughs up to you, a fleshy mass of charm and smiles. "How's it going?" She asks.

"It's going." You reply. "Hey Gabby, do you know anything about that giant slime?"

"Nope." Her many voices say in unison. "Why do you ask?" "Oh uh... No reason."

"So all formless blobs know each other huh?" She grins.

"No!" You feel like a jerk, "I just uh... well..."

"Relax!" She says, "I'm just messing with you. Yeah, no, I don't know anything about that freaky thing."

You begin to apologize. "Cool... Hey I'm sorry."

Gabby laughs, "I said it's cool! You gotta learn to chill!" Lesson learned, you take the advice and do indeed chill. Will \$\mathbb{\center}\+1.

Luck @+1.

Discard Gabby's follower token from the time bag.

**16-6** The massive formless slime creature makes you think of Gabby. She was, perhaps, the most likable follower you ever had.

If only you had been equally as likeable maybe you would have kept her around.

Discard Gabby's follower token from the time bag.

**16-7** The treasure golem thumps the ground, and as you dive for cover you hope your followers are okay. Discard Gabby's follower token from the time bag.

**16-8** Your followers struggle to keep their footing as crimson waves attack both the hull and your fellow passengers. Discard Gabby's follower token from the time bag.

**16-9** The dragon's voice echoes in a horrific shriek and all of your followers cower.

Discard Gabby's follower token from the time bag.

16-10 Does any player have the follower F-16, Gabby?

- Yes go to 16-11
- No go to 16-12

**16-11** This entry is for the player who currently has Gabby: Gabby comes up to you, her many mouths gibbering. Her flesh rolls like a beautiful ball of hairless rodents.

"Gabby," you ask her, "how do you do it? You're always such a ray of sunshine."

"Well," Gabby replies with all of her mouths in unison, "the trick is to always force yourself to smile! That way all the hatred and self loathing stays bottled up!"

"Cool! I'll keep that in mind!"

#### Choose 1:

- Will 🗱+1 and stress 🕪+1.
- Influence 😂+6.

Discard Gabby's follower token from the time bag.

**16-12** Sometimes you just want someone to talk to and in those times, nobody was better than Gabby. Without her around, you are stuck talking to idiots like Cookie or monosyllabic dullards like Grunko, Son of Grung. It's a bummer. Discard Gabby's follower token from the time bag.

### 17 - TIK-TON

Which page is the location book open to?

- Page 19 go to 17-7
- Page 21 go to 17-1
- Page 23 go to 17-9
- Page 27 go to 17-2
- Page 29 go to 17-3
  Page 45 go to 17-4
- Page 49 go to 17-8
- None/Other go to 17-10

17:1 All around you, arrows whistle through the air, and the dying and wounded cry out for mercy. You hope your followers aren't among them.

Discard Tik-Ton's follower token from the time bag.

17-2 All around you, arrows whistle through the air, and the dying and wounded cry out for mercy. You hope your followers aren't among them.

Discard Tik-Ton's follower token from the time bag.

17:3 You hear terrified shrieks ringing out behind you from among your followers, but it matters little. If this isn't a 'take care of number one' situation, just what is?

Discard Tik-Ton's follower token from the time bag.

17-4 Does any player currently have follower F-17, Tik-Ton?

- Yes go to 17-5
- No go to 17-6

17-5 This entry is for the player who currently has Tik-Ton: Most of you find the mushroom village at least a little unsettling, but your follower Tik-Ton is surprisingly at ease for once. Normally the Stilt-Kin is always worried about time and getting from here to there as efficiently as possible. In this mushroom village however, he is positively serene.

Perhaps it's that movement here demands care to not step in the wrong place. Or perhaps it's the strange mushroom you saw him take a nibble on.

Regardless, the anxious Stilt-Kin is a new bug, and some of it rubs off on you.

Luck (4)+2.

Discard Tik-Ton's follower token from the time bag.

17-6 Maybe it's the alien vibes of the place, or maybe it's paranoia over stepping on someone's house, but something about this village has you missing Tik-Ton's methodical nature.

You feel anxious and uneasy, much like he was when he was with you.

Stress (1)+1.

Discard Tik-Ton's follower token from the time bag.

177 Your followers battle with all of their might and bravery... to little effect.

Discard Tik-Ton's follower token from the time bag.

17-8 The dragon lashes out and your followers dive for cover. Discard Tik-Ton's follower token from the time bag.

17-9 Your followers struggle to keep their footing as crimson waves attack both the hull and your fellow passengers.

Discard Tik-Ton's follower token from the time bag.

17-10 Does any player have the follower 🖺 F-17, Tik-Ton?

- Yes go to 17-11
- No go to 17-17



#### **FOLLOWERS 18-19**

**17:11** This entry is for the player who currently has Tik-Ton: "Argh! We're gonna be late!" Tik-Ton grumps.

"For what now?" you ask.

"For, uh... for..." The stilt-kin checks his many watches and clocks and various time pieces. "I don't remember!" Tik-Ton, like many stilt-kin, is fascinated by time. It probably has something to do with the way their legs never stop growing. Regardless, it's become a bit of an obsession for this poor fellow. "What are we gonna do?" he screams.

#### Choose 1:

- "You need to learn how to relax." go to 17-12
- "Let's think this through together." go to 17-16

17-12 In character, give Tik-Ton some advice on how to relax. I'm ready. - go to 17-13

17-13 All players vote:

Thumbs up if the advice was good.

Thumbs down if the advice was not good.

- Thumbs up. go to 17-14
- Thumbs down. go to 17-15

17-14 Tik-Ton looks inspired.

"You know what?" he says. "You're right! Who cares what this alarm was for?" He takes the old timer and tosses it to you. "Here!" he buzzes. "See if you can do anything with this. It's done nothing for me but bring stress!"

Later, you manage to trade it for something handy while elsewhere Tik-Ton's pet bird is dying because he forgot to give it its medicine.

Treasure 🕮+1.

Discard Tik-Ton's follower token from the time bag.

17:15 Tik-Ton's antennae vibrate in a way that lets you know he is lying when he says, "That's great advice, boss. I accept it in the spirit it was given. Excuse me though, I, uh, need to be elsewhere."

Gain the title: Time Waster @.

Give Tik-Ton's follower  $\bigoplus$  card to another player.

Discard Tik-Ton's follower token from the time bag.

17-16 You and Tik-Ton run back through his last few days, and look over the schedule he set. Eventually, this calms the poor stilt-kin, as it can't have been too important if he didn't document it anywhere.

"Hey," Tik-Ton buzzes. "Thanks a lot for the help. Your patience really helped me out today."

"Not only that!" you add. "But by going over everything like that we're gonna have a smoother trip! Your whole itinerary is so organized now!"

Risk  $\triangle$ -1.

Discard Tik-Ton's follower token from the time bag.

1747 Tik-Ton, like many stilt-kin, was fascinated by time. It probably had something to do with the way their legs never stop growing.

Without Tik-Ton around, everyone has been less punctual. Way less punctual.

Spend 1 time. If you draw a follower token this way, discard it from the bag immediately instead of resolving it.

Discard Tik-Ton's follower token from the time bag.

### 18 - FLORA

Which page is the location book open to?

- Page 19 go to 18-4
- Page 21 go to 18-1
- Page 23 go to 18-6
- Page 27 go to 18-2
- Page 29 go to 18-3
  Page 49 go to 18-5
- None/Other go to 18-7

**18-1** All around you, arrows whistle through the air, and the dying and wounded cry out for mercy. You hope your followers aren't among them.

Discard Flora's follower token from the time bag.

**18-2** All around you, arrows whistle through the air, and the dying and wounded cry out for mercy. You hope your followers aren't among them.

Discard Flora's follower token from the time bag.

18:3 You hear terrified shrieks ringing out behind you from among your followers, but it matters little. If this isn't a 'take care of number one' situation, just what is?

Discard Flora's follower token from the time bag.

18-4 Your followers do what they can. Which is just about nothing.

Discard Flora's follower token from the time bag.

**18-5** The dragon flaps its wings, swirling the dust that lies upon the peak.

Discard Flora's follower token from the time bag.

**18-6** Your followers struggle to keep their footing as crimson waves attack both the hull and your fellow passengers. Discard Flora's follower token from the time bag.

18-7 Does any player have the follower 🖰 F-18, Flora?

- Yes go to 18-8
- No go to 18-9

18-8 Flora comes to you excitedly. "I found some bee pollen over there. That and some blue mold can be mixed together to prevent infections!"

"Do we have blue mold?" you ask.

"Yep!" she says. "It's on pretty much all of Cookie's food supplies! Should I save it? The potency won't last long." Choose 1:

- Choose a player to heal 3 HP .
- Choose a player to discard all corruption .
- Supplies <sup>™</sup>
   <sup>†</sup>
   +1.

Discard Flora's follower token from the time bag.

**18-9** This entry is for the player with the lowest influence **3**: You run into a wily old druid communing with a group of squirrels.

"Greetings!" you call out to him. He turns with a smile that slowly fades. "Everything okay?" you ask.

"How about you kick rocks and get out of my face?" the old man growls.

"Woah!" You put your hands up. "What's your problem?"
"I'm a friend of Flora's," he says, "and I've heard all about
you!" The druid points at you and screams, "Attack!" And with
that, you are attacked by a swarm of angry squirrels.

Make a weapon check.

Is the result equal to or higher than the current threat 🔅?

- Yes go to 18-10
- No go to 18-11



**18-10** You barely escape with your life, but thankfully, when you do, it's with a ton of squirrel carcasses.

Stress (1)+1.

Supplies 💍+1.

Discard Flora's follower token from the time bag.

18-11 You barely escape with your life.

Wound A+1.

Discard Flora's follower token from the time bag.

### 19 - WILMA

Which page is the location book open to?

- Page 19 go to 19-4
- Page 21 go to 19-1
- Page 23 go to 19-10
- Page 27 go to 19-2
- Page 29 go to 19-3
- Page 49 go to 19-7
- None/Other go to 19-11

19.1 All around you, arrows whistle through the air, and the dying and wounded cry out for mercy. You hope your followers aren't among them.

Discard Wilma's follower token from the time bag.

19-2 All around you, arrows whistle through the air, and the dying and wounded cry out for mercy. You hope your followers aren't among them.

Discard Wilma's follower token from the time bag.

**19-3** You hear terrified shrieks ringing out behind you from among your followers, but it matters little. If this isn't a 'take care of number one' situation, just what is?

Discard Wilma's follower token from the time bag.

19-4 Does any player have the follower P F-19, Wilma?

- Yes go to 19-5
- No go to 19-6

19-5 This entry is for the player who currently has Wilma:

Wilma fights beside you heroically until a wave of corruption shoots through her, turning her inside out. She dies the way she lived: weird as all get out.

Dial A -1.

Discard Wilma's follower 🖺 card.

Discard Wilma's follower token from the time bag.

19-6 You could really use Wilma's fighting spirit right now! Discard Wilma's follower token from the time bag.

19-7 Does any player have the follower 🕾 F-19, Wilma?

- Yes go to 19-8
- No go to 19-9

19-8 This entry is for the player who currently has Wilma: Wilma fights beside you gallantly, until she is swallowed whole by the dragon.

"Well poop," you say in response.

Dial A -1.

Discard Wilma's follower 🖺 card.

Discard Wilma's follower token from the time bag.

**19-9** You sure could use Wilma about right now. Heck, you could use a hundred Wilmas right now.

Discard Wilma's follower token from the time bag.

19-10 Your followers struggle to keep their footing as crimson waves attack both the hull and your fellow passengers.
Discard Wilma's follower token from the time bag.

19-11 Does any player have the follower 🚱 F-19, Wilma?

- Yes go to 19-12
- No go to 19-15

19-12 This entry is for the player who currently has Wilma:

A tree root under your shoulder begins to feel uncomfortable so you roll over in your bedroll only to see Wilma watching over you. Oh right. She was keeping watch tonight. Sometimes she is so weird.

"Don't worry," says the goat.

"I'll watch over you," assures the lion.

"While you sssssleep," hisses the snake.

Choose 1:

- Talk to Wilma. go to 19-13
- Go back to sleep. go to 19-14

19:13 Wilma kinda of creeps you out, but you decide to sit up in your bedroll and engage with the little weirdo. The two of you share some thoughts and whisper jokes deep into the night before you return to your slumber. When you awake, Wilma is standing there before you.

"Did you ever get to sleep?" you ask. You then notice the chimera is covered in scratches and wounds. Her eyes, on each of her three faces, are bloodshot and tired.

Her heads say in unison, "We got you this." Wilma hands you a magnificent spear.

"What? Why?"

"For being a friend. Most people find me... unsettling." You stand and give her a hug.

Gain story card S-72, Freedom Lance from the story deck. Discard Wilma's follower token from the time bag.

19:14 Knowing that you are being watched so carefully is surprisingly comforting. You sleep better than you have slept in a very long time.

Heal 3 HP (+)

Discard Wilma's follower token from the time bag.

19-15 A campfire discussion with the party leads to you going on a diatribe about the futility and dangers of loyalty.

"You can't trust anyone!" you insist. "And some people aren't just two-faced! No, no, no, it gets worse than that! They can even be three-faced or four-faced!"

"Like Wilma?" Cookie asks.

"Exactly!" you say.

"So Wilma wasn't trustworthy?" Cookie asks, confused.

"Of course she was!" you snap.

"Matey, what exactly are ye tryin' to say?"

"Oh, I don't know, I'm all flibble-flabbled!" And you march away from the fire for some alone time. It seems losing Wilma took a bigger toll on your sense of purpose than you care to admit.

Discard Wilma's follower token from the time bag.

### 20 - SERPA

Which page is the location book open to?

- Page 19 go to 20-7
- Page 21 go to 20-1
- Page 23 go to 20-11
- Page 27 go to 20-2
- Page 29 go to 20-3
- Page 43 go to 20-4
- Page 49 go to 20-8
- None/Other go to 20-12

**20-1** All around you, arrows whistle through the air, and the dying and

wounded cry out for mercy. You hope your followers aren't among them.

Discard Serpa's follower token from the time bag.

**20-2** All around you, arrows whistle through the air, and the dying and wounded cry out for mercy. You hope your followers aren't among them.

Discard Serpa's follower token from the time bag.

**20-3** You hear terrified shrieks ringing out behind you from among your followers, but it matters little. If this isn't a 'take care of number one' situation, just what is?

Discard Serpa's follower token from the time bag.

20-4 Does any player currently have follower F-20, Serpa?

- Yes go to 20-5
- No go to 20-6

**20-5** This entry is for the player who currently has Serpa: Paz doesn't use her vision for battle so the mask's magic is useless against her.

Serpa shouts with righteous fury, "This is for the Gorgon whose memory you mock!"

Serpa her morning star at one of the images of Paz, and her aim is true.

Lower Dial A by either 1, or the number of lawful 🚳 titles you have.

Discard Serpa's follower token from the time bag.

**20-6** Your eyes catch sight of the stone figures and you can't help but wonder about the gorgon Paz mentioned. Were they related to Serpa? What would she say if she were here? Your sense of injustice is inflamed.

Gain Influence 👑 equal to your lawful 🕲 titles.

**20-7** Your followers do the best they can, which like always, is nowhere near enough.

Discard Serpa's follower token from the time bag.

20-8 Does any player have the follower & F-20, Serpa?

- Yes go to 20-9
- No go to 20-10

**20-9** "Hey!" Serpa calls to you. "Something just occurred to me!" "Oh? What's that?" you call back.

"I think I may have seen this dragon's name on some legal—"
The dragon bites Serpa in half before she can continue.

"Some legal what?" you call back.
Discard Serpa's follower the card.

Discard Serpa's follower token from the time bag.

**20-10** You wonder what Serpa would make of this dragon, but assume whatever she said would be a total downer. Discard Serpa's follower token from the time bag.

**20-11** Your followers struggle to keep their footing as crimson waves attack both the hull and your fellow passengers. Discard Serpa's follower token from the time bag.

20-12 Does any player have the follower 🕾 F-20, Serpa?

- · Yes go to 20-13
- No go to 20-14

**20-13** This entry is for the player who currently has Serpa: Serpa is a strong, independent gorgon, concerned with one thing: Law.

"You know what I like about you?" she asks.

"My natural bad looks?" you suggest.

"It's that right there!" she smiles. "Your humility and frank nature! It's inspiring! The law leaves us little room for sentimentality or bluster!"

"Oh yeah. For sure."

Luck (4)+1 for each lawful (5) title you have.

Discard Serpa's follower token from the time bag.

20-14 This entry is for the player with the most chaotic © titles: There was a time, not that long ago, where Serpa would have stopped you from eating your own boogers. But freed from her tyranny, you can now go to town on your nose. You slay the nose goblins within your schnoz and collect as many as you can. Later, when the others sleep and you alone are on watch, you give the harvest to Cookie.

Corruption ©+1.

Discard Serpa's follower token from the time bag.

## 21 - DOJ

Which page is the location book open to?

- Page 19 go to 21-4
- Page 21 go to 21-1
- Page 23 go to 21-10
- Page 27 go to 21-2
- Page 29 go to 21-3
  Page 49 go to 21-7
- None/Other go to 21-11

**21.1** All around you, arrows whistle through the air, and the dying and wounded cry out for mercy. You hope your followers aren't among them.

Discard Doji's follower token from the time bag.

**21-2** All around you, arrows whistle through the air, and the dying and wounded cry out for mercy. You hope your followers aren't among them.

Discard Doji's follower token from the time bag.

**21-3** You hear terrified shrieks ringing out behind you from among your followers, but it matters little. If this isn't a 'take care of number one' situation, just what is?

Discard Doji's follower token from the time bag.

21-4 Does any player have the follower 🖰 F-21, Doji?

- Yes go to 21-5
- No go to 21-6

21-5 This entry is for the player who currently has Doji:

"Just think!" Doji calls out to you. "After this is over we could have one heckuva party!"

"Dude, we totally should!" you call back.

Luck @+1.

Discard Doji's follower token from the time bag.



**21-6** Amidst the noise of the battle you look around and think about Doji. If he were here, he would so appreciate the chaos. He isn't though.

Discard Doji's follower token from the time bag.

21-7 Does any player have the follower 🕾 F-21, Doji?

- Yes go to 21-8
- No go to 21-9

21-8 This entry is for the player who currently has Doji:

The dragon's deafening roar throws your followers into chaos. Doji is feeling it, maybe a bit too much. He laughs and claps, and with a roar, leaps into the the thick of it, enjoying one last hurrah before the dragon turns him into ash. That's so Doji. Discard Doji's follower the card.

Discard Doji's follower token from the time bag.

**21-9** The dragon's deafening roar throws your followers into chaos. If he were here, Doji would have appreciated it very much. He isn't though.

Discard Doji's follower token from the time bag.

**21-10** Your followers struggle to keep their footing as crimson waves attack both the hull and your fellow passengers. Discard Doji's follower token from the time bag.

21-11 Does any player have the follower 🚱 F-21, Doji?

- · Yes go to 21-12
- No go to 21-13

**21-12** This entry is for the player who currently has Doji: Doji is an oni, and he brings a good time wherever he goes. "Hey friend!" he calls to you. "Pull up a seat! Share a drink with me!"

"I would," you reply, "but I'm on a stupid quest."

"Hey now, there's always time for self-care!" Doji cautions. "A lot of people see my devotion to chaos as a selfish thing." He pauses to chug an entire bottle of saké. "But you know," Doji belches loudly, "the truth of this world is that if you don't indulge your own personal freedom, nobody else will." You nod, half listening, as you think about the journey ahead and its dangers. Doji lights up a pipe. "If you spend your whole life living for other people," he continues, "you'll die without knowing yourself. And that means nobody else will know you, man!"

You sigh and decide to sit for a moment. Once Doji gets to rambling like this, the best thing you can do is indulge him. Luck (4)+1 for each chaotic (6) title you have.

Discard Doji's follower token from the time bag.

21:13 This entry is for the player with the most lawful titles: If Doji was still around, you might have taken time to cut loose and have some fun. Lately though, you've been burning a lot of time and energy just cleaning up after Cookie. It's a whole thing, and the only part that makes it worthwhile is that it affords you the chance to incessantly complain and make sure everyone knows that you are a hard worker. Stress (+)+3.

Discard Doji's follower token from the time bag.

### 22 - ROOK

Which page is the location book open to?

- Page 19 go to 22-4
- Page 21 go to 22-1
- Page 23 go to 22-8
- Page 27 go to 22-2
- Page 29 go to 22-3
- **Page 49** go to 22-5
- None/Other go to 22-9

**22.1** All around you, arrows whistle through the air, and the dying and wounded cry out for mercy. You hope your followers aren't among them.

Discard Rook's follower token from the time bag.

**22-2** All around you, arrows whistle through the air, and the dying and wounded cry out for mercy. You hope your followers aren't among them.

Discard Rook's follower token from the time bag.

**22-3** You hear terrified shrieks ringing out behind you from among your followers, but it matters little. If this isn't a 'take care of number one' situation, just what is?

Discard Rook's follower token from the time bag.

**22-4** Your followers mount a surprise attack, charging forward in a concentrated show of force!

Dial A -1.

Discard Rook's follower token from the time bag.

22-5 Does any player have the follower 🕾 F-22, Rook?

- Yes go to 22-6
- No go to 22-7

**22-6** This entry is for the player who currently has Rook: It turns out that dragon fire and scarecrows do not mix. Who'd have thunk it!

Discard Rook's follower 🖺 card.

Discard Rook's follower token from the time bag.

**22-7** Rook isn't here, and that is fine because you aren't really sure what use they would be in a battle, unless the battle were with crows.

Discard Rook's follower token from the time bag.

**22-8** Your followers struggle to keep their footing as crimson waves attack both the hull and your fellow passengers. Discard Rook's follower token from the time bag.

22-9 Does any player have the follower (2) F-22, Rook?

- Yes go to 22-10
- No go to 22-11

**22-10** You look over at Rook. The scarecrow looks back at you with a big smile and dead eyes. The crow looks at you with a wise gaze, and then caws at you.

"Caw! Caw!" it cries. "Caw! Caw! Caw!"

The scarecrow sits there still. Smiling. Staring. This all makes a lot of sense to you.

"Caw! Caw! Caw!"

"Um... You doing okay, boss?" Schala asks nervously.

"Yeah, I'm good!" you answer, before turning back to Rook. "Sorry about that, please finish."

"Caw! Caw!"

"Ah yes. I see."

Luck @+1.

Discard Rook's follower token from the time bag.

#### **FOLLOWERS 23-25**

**22-11** Sometimes not having Rook around feels exactly the same as having them around. You aren't even entirely sure they were sentient.

Discard Rook's follower token from the time bag.

## 23 - SIR CROAKLY

Which page is the location book open to?

- Page 9 go to 23-6
- Page 19 go to 23-9
- Page 21 go to 23-4
- Page 23 go to 23-11
- Page 27 go to 23-1
- Page 29 go to 23-5
- Page 49 go to 23-10
- None/Other go to 23-12

23-1 Does any player have the follower 🖺 F-23, Sir Croakly?

- Yes go to 23-2
- No go to 23-3

23-2 This entry is for the player who has Sir Croakly:

"Huzzah!" the gallant frog shouts as he cuts down a bandit. "I'm glad you're on our side!" you call out to him.

"What side but this couldst I be upon?" he cries. "These crude knaves shall never know the sweet succor of being ensconced within the sweaty bosom of Lady Justice!"

"Fine, I take it back," you groan.

Dial A -1.

Return Sir Croakly's follower token to the time bag.

**23-3** Out of nowhere, you burp, and the odd croaking noise summons a memory of a conversation you once had with Sir Croakly.

"You are a loyal friend," he had said to you, "and someday, I hope to teach you my special attack."

"What sort of special attack?" you asked.

"You'll see! When you are ready!" And he gave a wink. You never saw, and likely never now will, but you miss that stupid frog.

Discard Sir Croakly's follower token from the time bag.

**23-4** All around you, arrows whistle through the air, and the dying and wounded cry out for mercy. You hope your followers aren't among them.

Discard Sir Croakly's follower token from the time bag.

**23-5** You hear terrified shrieks ringing out behind you from among your followers, but it matters little. If this isn't a 'take care of number one' situation, just what is?

Discard Sir Croakly's follower token from the time bag.

23-6 Does any player have the follower the F-23, Sir Croakly?

- Yes go to 23-7
- No go to 23-8

**23-7** This entry is for the player who currently has Sir Croakly: Sir Croakly takes a deep breath through his nostrils before exhaling with satisfaction.

"Ah, the heady scents of home."

"It stinks," you tell him.

"Full right it does!" he agrees with pride. "Come! Let us find the mayor and refresh our oaths of loyalty to her!" And with that he draws his sword and bounds off. You shake your head, but smile at his optimism.

Luck **(∅**)+2.

Discard Sir Croakly's follower token from the time bag.

**23-8** You wonder what Sir Croakly would have thought of this place. You miss him, but are kind of glad you don't have to listen to him prattle on about the qualities of frog villages or whatever.

Discard Sir Croakly's follower token from the time bag.

**23-9** You struggle to keep yourself alive and safe during the combat, and hope your followers manage to do the same. Discard Sir Croakly's follower token from the time bag.

**23-10** You struggle to keep yourself alive and safe during the combat, and hope your followers manage to do the same. Discard Sir Croakly's follower token from the time bag.

**23-11** Your followers struggle to keep their footing as crimson waves attack both the hull and your fellow passengers. Discard Sir Croakly's follower token from the time bag.

23-12 Which quest are you playing?

- Wizards & Wurms go to 23-13
- Other go to 23-16

23-13 Does any player have the follower F-23, Sir Croakly?

- Yes go to 23-14
- No go to 23-15

23:14 This entry is for the player who currently has Sir Croakly: Sir Croakly kneels before you and fixes his gaze at the ground. "Serving you 'tis an honor," he says. "My sword is yours until you leave this earth, or I do... if you will have me." You hear a few of your fellow freelancers snickering behind you.

"What brought this on?" you ask, embarrassed.

"You mustn't be so humble, my lord," the frog says, groveling even more as he kneels prostrate on the earth before you. "Okay, okay," you sigh. "Right back at ya, froggie." He keeps his place on the ground as the others continue to snicker. "Rise already!" you shout, a little annoyed.

"As you wish, my lord," the frog knight says before dismissing himself.

"What, uh, was that about?" Schala asks.

"I wish I could remember!" you say. "I just didn't want to embarrass the guy."

"With him, I suppose it could be anything," Schala chuckles. "I'm sure nobody else would know any better than you."
"Hmm. That's a very good point," you admit. "Who could say?"

Give yourself a unique title of your choice, and decide whether it is chaotic 0 or lawful 0.

**23-15** Out of nowhere, you burp, and the odd croaking noise summons a memory of a conversation you once had with Sir Croakly.

"You are a loyal friend," he had said to you, "and someday, I hope to teach you my special attack."

"What sort of special attack?" you asked.

"You'll see! When you are ready!" And he gave a wink. You never saw, and likely never now will, but you miss that stupid frog.

Discard Sir Croakly's follower token from the time bag.

23-16 Does any player have the follower & F-23, Sir Croakly?

- Yes go to 23-14
- No go to 23-15

Which page is the location book open to?

- Page 19 go to 24-7
- Page 21 go to 24-4
- Page 23 go to 24-8
- Page 27 go to 24-5
- Page 29 go to 24-6
- Page 49 go to 24-1
- None/Other go to 24-9

**24-1** Does any player have the follower 8 S-24, Otto?

- Yes go to 24-2
- No go to 24-3

**24-2** Cassandra roars and it feels as though the sky itself might collapse upon you. Dragon fire scourges the platform on which you battle.

Suddenly, Otto the handy robot rushes forward and leaps directly into the wyrm's gaping maw.

At first, there is silence, but then comes a terrific blast from within the great beast!

Cassandra tries to spew flame, but instead of fire comes a blue foam-the coolant from Otto's subatomic cooling thingamajig!

"Otto sacrificed itself to quench the dragon's fire!" Schala calls out.

"Who taught it that?" you ask, but no one seems to know. "Do not waste this opportunity!" Grunko, Son of Grung calls out. Lock (1) Action 4.

Dial B -3.

Discard Otto's follower 🖰 card.

Discard Otto's follower token from the time bag.

24-3 Cassandra roars and it feels as though the sky itself might collapse upon you. Shards of junk go flying past your face, barely missing you.

Suddenly, you think back on the moment you found Otto at the junk shop. You remember the work you put into assembling it. About how handy it was when you needed it. Then you remember it had some sort of cooling unit that might have been super handy against a fire-breathing dragon... If only you had taken care of that thing.

Discard Otto's follower token from the time bag.

24-4 All around you, arrows whistle through the air, and the dying and wounded cry out for mercy. You hope your followers aren't among them.

Discard Otto's follower token from the time bag.

24-5 All around you, arrows whistle through the air, and the dying and wounded cry out for mercy. You hope your followers aren't among them.

Discard Otto's follower token from the time bag.

**24-6** You hear terrified shrieks ringing out behind you from among your followers, but it matters little. If this isn't a 'take care of number one' situation, just what is?

Discard Otto's follower token from the time bag.

24-7 Your followers scramble to keep away from the treasure golem's menacing hammers.

Discard Otto's follower token from the time bag.

24-8 Your followers struggle to keep their footing as crimson waves attack both the hull and your fellow passengers. Discard Otto's follower token from the time bag.

24-9 Which quest are you playing?

- Wizards & Wurms go to 24-10
- Other go to 24-13

24-10 Does any player have the follower 🖺 S-24, Otto?

- Yes go to 24-11
- No go to 24-12

24-11 This entry is for the player who has Otto:

As if it could sense your thoughts, Otto clomps over to stand beside you and releases a gout of steam in what could only be described as a wistful sigh.

You look at the robot and it looks back, adding a "Beeeeep, boop!"

"I hear you, buddy," you reply. Otto clomps away and you chuckle to yourself. That thing really gets you.

Gain +1 to the skill of your choice.

Discard Otto's follower token from the time bag.

24-12 You think back on the moment you found Otto at the junk shop. You remember the work you put into assembling it. About how handy it was when you needed it.

If only you had taken better care of that thing. Discard Otto's token from the time bag.

24-13 Does any player have the follower 🚱 F-24, Otto?

- Yes go to 24-12
- No go to 24-11

### 25 - DAWN CHORUS

Which page is the location book open to?

- **Page 19** go to 25-1
- Page 31 go to 25-4
  Page 47 go to 25-7
- None/Other go to 25-10

25-1 Does any player have the follower S-25, Dawn Chorus?

- Yes go to 25-2
- No go to 25-3

25-2 You are surprised to see a former member of DevonHund's entourage knows how to carry himself in battle. The elf chips away at the golem's armor.



Discard Dawn Chorus's follower token from the time bag.

25-3 For no reason at all you shout above the din of battle, "Ya'll remember that elf? Dawn Chorus?"

"Of course!" Schala calls back.

"Dude was probably a traitor right?" you ask.

No one replies.

Discard Dawn Chorus's follower token from the time bag.

25-4 Does any player have the follower 🖺 S-25, Dawn Chorus?

- Yes go to 25-5
- No go to 25-6

25-5 You are surprised to see a former member of DevonHund's entourage knows how to carry himself in battle. The elf chips away at the golem's armor.

Dial A -2.

Discard Dawn Chorus's follower token from the time bag.



#### **FOLLOWERS 26**

25-6 For no reason at all you shout above the din of battle, "Ya'll remember that elf? Dawn Chorus?"

"Of course!" Schala calls back.

"Dude was probably a traitor right?" you ask. No one replies.

Discard Dawn Chorus's follower token from the time bag.

25-7 Does any player have the follower 🕾 S-25, Dawn Chorus?

- Yes go to 25-8
- No go to 25-9

25-8 "We should be careful," Dawn Chorus warns. "This place is full of traps."

"Ya think?" You roll your eyes, getting some idea as to why DevonHund left this guy behind.

Just then you bump into some sort of control panel. It seemingly triggers several metal carts into movement on the other side of the room. They coast down a steep hill and roll straight into Dawn Chorus, who was standing on the tracks. Before you can shout a warning, Dawn Chorus is already flattened.

Schala lets out a squeak. "What happened?" she squeals. But you call out to everyone, "Hey, we should be careful! This place is full of traps!" Losing a follower is always sad, but the others appreciate your helpful warning.

Discard Dawn Chorus's follower token from the time bag. Discard Dawn Chorus's follower card.

Discard Dawn Chorus's follower token from the time bag.

25-9 You think back on Hik's corpse at the entrance before your mind wanders to Dawn Chorus. What makes anyone think DevonHund is even alive? This quest feels cursed...

**25-10** Which quest are you playing?

- Heroes & Horrors go to 25-11
- Other go to 25-16

25-11 Does any player have the follower (25) S-25, Dawn Chorus?

- Yes go to 25-12
- No go to 25-15

Risk △-1.

25-12 "Oh wait!" Dawn Chorus says, stopping everyone. "This looks familiar! Yes, DevonHund spoke of this place!" Suspicious, you listen. "There is a shortcut that way. If we use it, we can avoid a hazard ahead."

"What sort of hazard?" you ask.

"I do not recall." Dawn Chorus shrugs.

The player who currently has Dawn Chorus chooses 1:

- Take the shortcut. go to 25-13
- · Ignore the advice. go to 25-14

25-13 "If it's good enough for that jerk, it's good enough for us." You shrug.

"Jerk?" Dawn Chorus seems confused by your comment but shows you the safer route to your next destination. Almost surprisingly, the shortcut works. Still, the others give you a few askance glances for trusting such a dubious source.

Risk △ -1.

Influence 👺-2.

Discard Dawn Chorus's follower token from the time bag.

25-14 "Yeah, well," you reply, "DevonHund is full of spit. Keep his rambling to yourself." You stay the course, noticing Dawn Chorus seems taken aback by your honesty.

Influence 2 +2.

Give Dawn Chorus's follower 🖰 card to another player, if able. Discard Dawn Chorus's follower token from the time bag. Gain the title: the Distrustful @

25-15 "Ya'll remember that elf?" you ask aloud for no reason. "Dawn Chorus?"

"Yeah..." Schala replies glumly.

"Dude was probably a traitor, right?" you ask.

No one replies.

Discard Dawn Chorus's follower token from the time bag.

25-16 Does any player have the follower 🖺 S-25, Dawn Chorus?

- Yes go to 25-15
- No go to 25-12

## 26 - MYSTERIOUS STRANGER

Which page is the location book open to?

- Page 19 go to 26-6
- Page 21 go to 26-9
- Page 27 go to 26-12
- Page 29 go to 26-2
- Page 39 go to 26-15
- Page 45 go to 26-1
- Page 47 go to 26-3
- None/Other go to 26-16

**26-1** "Where do these sporelings come from?" you ask the mysterious stranger. They look at you, bewildered by your assumption they'd know anything about this place. "Sorry, dumb question," you admit. But they pat you on the back and hand you something nice. It's cursed, but it's nice.

Treasure #+1.

Corruption +1.

Discard Mysterious Stranger's follower token from the time bag.

**26-2** You hear terrified shrieks ringing out behind you from among your followers, but it matters little. If this isn't a 'take care of number one' situation, just what is?

Discard Mysterious Stranger's follower token from the time bag.

**26-3** Does anyone have the follower 🖰 S-26, Mysterious Stranger?

- Yes go to 26-4
- No go to 26-5

**26-4** This entry is for the player who currently has Mysterious Stranger:

You turn to speak to your follower, but can't find them.

"Where did they go!?" you ask.

"Who?" Cookie turns to look at you.

"I, uh... I forget." You shrug and say, "Never mind I guess." and step over the bottomless pit the mysterious stranger fell into. Discard Mysterious Stranger's follower 🖺 card.

Discard Mysterious Stranger's follower token from the time bag.

**26-5** For a moment you try to remember a former follower of yours. Their name and face escape you. Whoever they were, they are now gone from your memory.

Discard Mysterious Stranger's token from the time bag.

**26-6** Does anyone have the follower 🕾 S-26, Mysterious Stranger?

- Yes go to 26-7
- No go to 26-8

**26-7** You aren't one hundred percent sure what the deal is with this mysterious stranger but you sure are glad that they're on your side, doing... whatever they are doing. It sure is something! You imagine.

Dial A -2.

Discard Mysterious Stranger's follower token from the time bag.

**26-8** For a moment you try to remember a former follower of yours. Their name and face escape you. Whoever they were, they are now gone from your memory.

Discard Mysterious Stranger's follower token from the time bag.

**26-9** Does any player have the follower Stranger?

- Yes go to 26-10
- No go to 26-11

**26-10** You aren't one hundred percent sure what the deal is with this mysterious stranger but you sure are glad that they're on your side, doing... whatever they are doing. It sure is something! You imagine.

Dial A -2.

Discard Mysterious Stranger's follower token from the time bag.

**26-11** For a moment you try to remember a former follower of yours. Their name and face escape you. Whoever they were, they are now gone from your memory.

Discard Mysterious Stranger's follower token from the time bag.

**26-12** Does any player have the follower S-26, Mysterious Stranger?

- Yes go to 26-13
- No go to 26-14

**26:13** You aren't one hundred percent sure what the deal is with this mysterious stranger but you sure are glad that they're on your side, doing... whatever they are doing. It sure is something! You imagine.

Dial A -2.

Discard Mysterious Stranger's follower token from the time bag.

**26-14** For a moment you try to remember a former follower of yours. Their name and face escape you. Whoever they were, they are now gone from your memory.

Discard Mysterious Stranger's follower token from the time bag.

**26:15** This entry is for the player who currently has Mysterious Stranger:

Gesturing to the strange, robed figures you ask, "Any idea if we can trust these weirdos?"

The mysterious stranger shrugs their shoulders.

"Good point," you reply. "You can't ever be sure if you can trust weirdos. That's what makes them weirdos to begin with." The mysterious stranger shrugs again.

Grunko, Son of Grung watches the exchange and shakes his head and walks away.

Luck @+1.

Gain the title: Also a Weirdo .

Discard Mysterious Stranger's follower token from the time bag.

**26:16** Does any player have the follower (2) S-26, Mysterious Stranger?

- Yes go to 26-17
- No go to 26-18

**26-17** This entry is for the player who currently has Mysterious Stranger:

You look over at the mysterious stranger, and they look back at you. Your eyes lock for a moment, and the stranger gives you a quizzical look, as if to say, stop staring at me. So you do. Sometimes you really wish you were capable of having normal social interactions.

Luck @+1.

Discard Mysterious Stranger's follower token from the time bag.

**26·18** For some reason your mind drifts to memories of the mysterious stranger, which is weird since you didn't really know them, seeing as how they were, you know, a mysterious stranger. Did they think you were cool? Yeah, probably. They must have, right?

Discard Mysterious Stranger's follower token from the time bag.

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