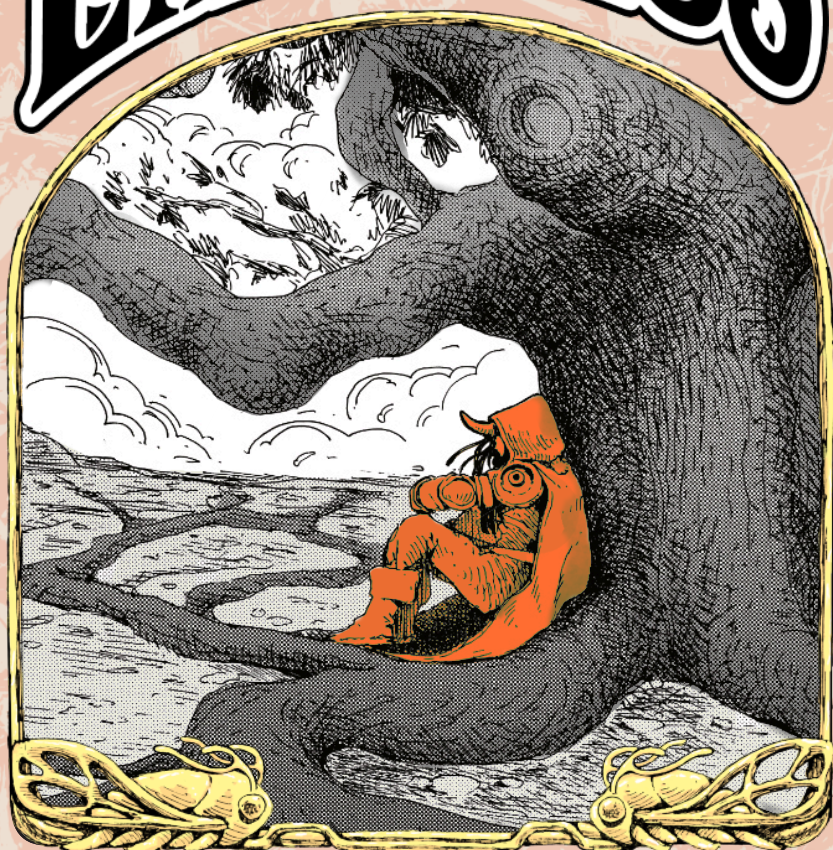


ECOLOGICAL SCIENCE FANTASY RPG

CLOUD EMPERESS



LAND OF CICADAS



FOR USE WITH THE
MOTHERSHIP
SCI-FI HORROR RPG

1E

WATT

HEX MAP OF THE LOWLAND WASTES

THE THICKWOOD



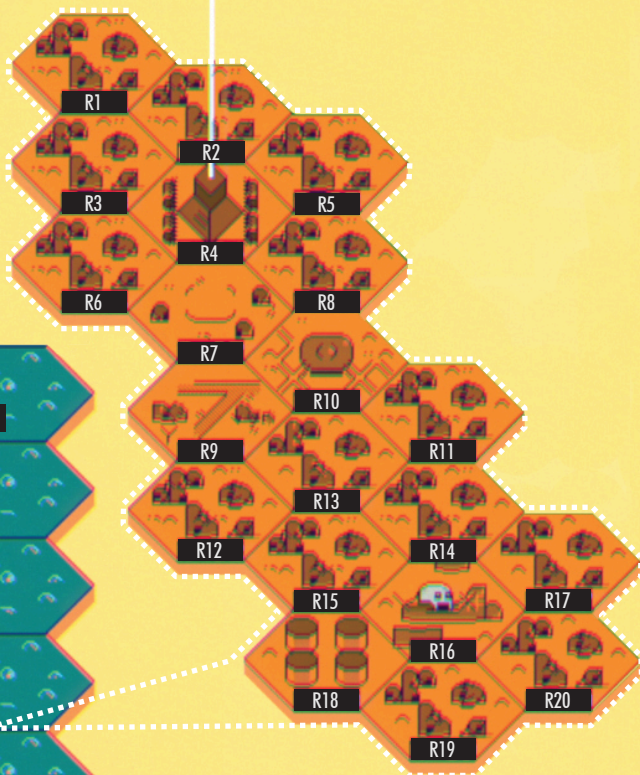
THE BREADBASKET

HEX SIZE

Each hex is 6 miles wide. The furthest the human eye can see to the horizon is generally 3 miles away. This means travelers can rarely see into adjacent hexes even in elevated positions.

BIOMES

Breadbasket (Hexes B1–B42)
The Weeds (Hexes W1–W44)
The Thickwood (Hexes T1–T29)
Rustbucket (Hexes R1–R20)



THE RUSTBUCKET

When traveling through the Rustbucket, use the hex map (above). Due to the dense industrial terrain, each hex in the Rustbucket is only 1 mile wide. All normal hexcrawl procedures still apply.

WATER

The water in the Acid Lake east of the Rustbucket deals 1d5 Damage every 15 minutes to anything organic that comes in contact with it.

Moving through/across rivers on the hex map requires an additional Travel action unless the party has a boat.

TRADE

Each inhabited village or camp has 1d10 items for trade (back rulebook cover). Trading couriers (pg. 58) are in inhabited villages and campsites 50% of the time.

THE WEEDS

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Cloud Empress was written on ancestral
land of the Dakota people in Mni Sóta
Maŋcoce. The lives, land, and culture of
the Dakota and Anishinaabe people
were destroyed in the name of colonial
growth and oppression. These harms
have yet to be meaningfully repaired and
many continue to this day. We stand in
solidarity with Native nations advocating
for the return of Indigenous land to
Indigenous people.

There are many types of games that do
many different things. Cloud Empress has
not been made to:

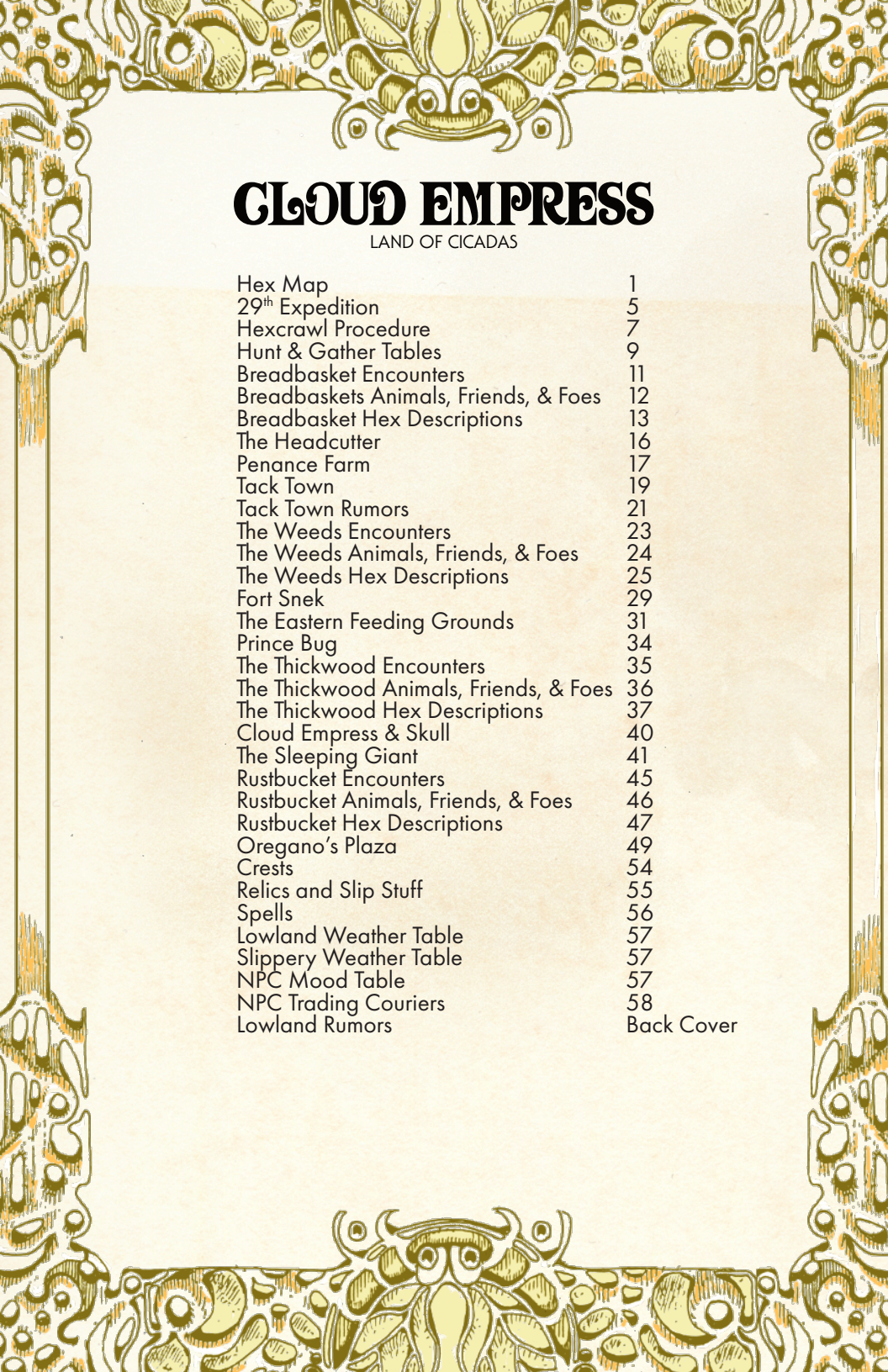
Treat the environment as
an object to plunder

Enact power fantasies,
especially violent ones

Degrade, humiliate, oppress, or create
caricatures of other beings

Content warning
Cloud Empress: Land of Cicadas contains
large bugs, sexual content, medical
experimentation, dead animals, body
horror, mental illness, blood, amputation,
military occupation, gun violence,
religious cults, and violence
to insects.

Character sheets and more at
Cloudempress.com



CLOUD EMPRESS

LAND OF CICADAS

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THE 29th EXPEDITION

In the Summer of the Century Brood, in the second year of the 108th Empress, a fleet of Cloudling thopters and barges descends through the clouds. The Lordlings from chandelier cities come grinning to the Lowland Wastes, set on glory, greed, and recapturing their missing Empress. House soldiers laugh, bounce, and sing together, confident in the lies of a quick and easy war. Who they hoped to fight and where victory would be found was an unnecessary complication to a beautiful dream.

History naggingly reminds them, this is not the first Cloudling Expedition into the Lowland Wastes for imperial ambitions. The Lordlings in the Clouds have made bloodshed and brutality a tradition over the last thousand years. Twenty-eight previous endeavors at Lowland conquest have been attempted by six emperors. What were the results? With each foothold they captured, the Imago beat them back, crushing their weapons of war, and breaking their ambition. Their children only saw the celebratory departures and the broken people who returned.

Who is here to meet the arrival of the 29th Expedition? Farmerlings, hats in hand, watch from the holes in their tents and the doors of their village shelters at the descending thopters. Many pick up hunting rifles and head for the woods, ready to make long war against the invaders. All prepare for fields to burn, folks to die, and Imago to head into winter fat on the bones of humanity. Farmerling elders have seen such folly before. They know they will be swept away by the intoxication of war before long. They remind their kin in times of conflict and cicadas: stay light, stay moving, and stay small.

By chance, fate, or great powers unknown, the Century Brood emerges seven years early. Tens of thousands of giant cicadas blanket the sky and dig great holes in the earth. The Imago harbor a ravenous hunger for the magical chalk in human bones and ancient technology. Prince Bug, the Imago's purple anger, leads the war swarm. The Imago bear down with chitin armor and psychic powers on the many war machines of the 29th Expedition.



IN THE LAND OF CICADAS

Cloud Empress: Land of Cicadas is a setting book supplement for *Cloud Empress: Ecological Science Fantasy Roleplaying Game*. It contains descriptions of the wilderness, people, and conflicts of the polluted landscape known as the Lowland Wastes during the Summer of the Century Brood.

WHAT'S A HEXCRAWL?

Cloud Empress: Land of Cicadas is a sandbox setting made up of four distinct biomes and 137 hex tiles. There is no single story to explore, and no right or wrong way to travel across the map.

Each hex tile is a smaller region of the map, used to abstract the logistics of travel and exploration. Each hex has a short description that highlights a particular point of interest, during a moment in time, in that region of the map. At just under sixty pages, this book only skims the surface of all the people, places, and secrets in the Lowland Wastes. The Warden is also encouraged to move most non-player characters (NPCs) across the map as the seasons change to evoke a living, breathing, and changing world.

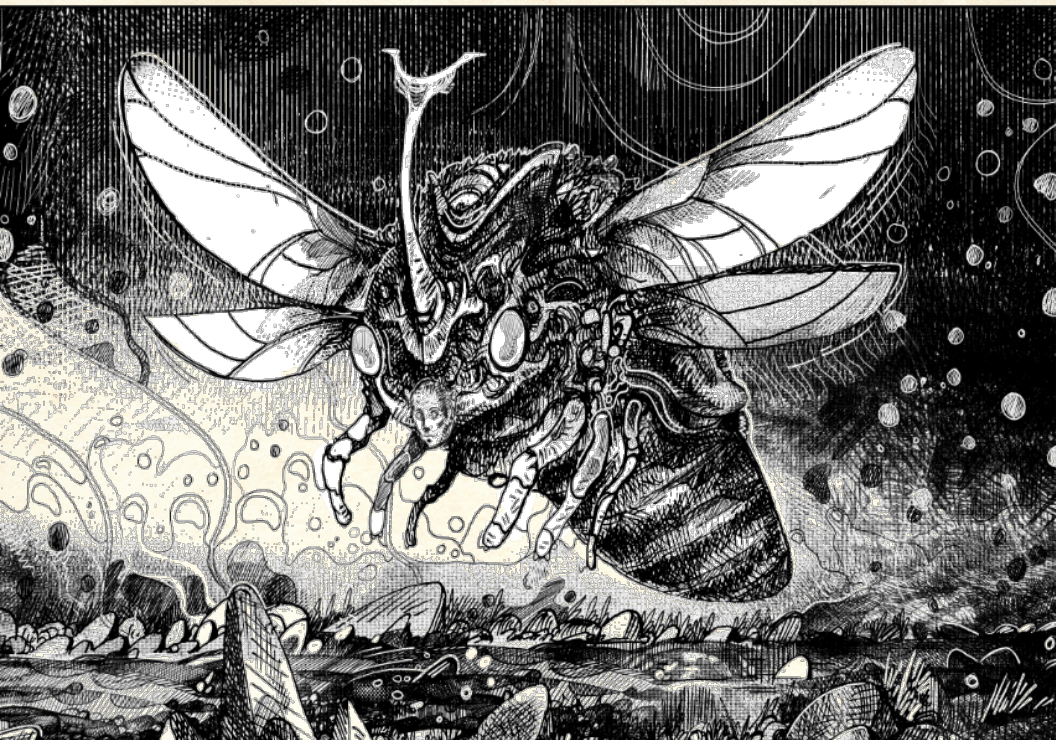
WHERE TO START ON THE MAP?

The *Cloud Empress* introductory adventure, *Last Voyage of the Bean Barge*, takes new players from the clouds above the Lowland Wastes to Tack Town below. Several hexes also mention characters first introduced in this adventure. *Last Voyage of the Bean Barge* can be downloaded for free at CloudEmpress.com.

Otherwise, a traveling party of PCs can start at any random location on the map, in a populated community such as Tack Town [B18], Absolution Village [B15], Fort Snek [W19], or Crawton [B36], or wherever the Warden or the players decide.

To play, print off a copy of the hex map and share it with all players, placing a coin or other marker on the PC's current location.

For groups that would like to spend more time on navigation and wilderness survival, hide the hex map from your players. Ask players to create their own map as the PCs move through the world.





HEXCRAWL PROCEDURE

CONSUMING PROVISIONS

At the beginning of each day, the traveling party loses 1 day's provisions. If the party chooses to forgo eating and drinking for the day, by choice or because they're out of provisions, each member takes 2 Stress and 2 Damage.

ENCOUNTERS

Twice per day, roll 1d100 on the current biome's encounter table. Roll on the NPC Mood Table (pg. 57) whenever an NPC's attitude towards the PCs is uncertain.

OVERLAND GROUP ACTIONS

As players move across the Cloud Empress hex map, **PCs can take three group overland actions per day.** Whenever there is an encounter with NPCs, creatures, or specific locations, "zoom in" on the action and play it out in more detail. The possible overland group actions are:

Travel Move from one hex to another at the party's travel speed.

Hunt and Gather Search for nearby provisions, good food & drink, and find safe locations to camp.

Rest The party takes a break and each party member reduces their Stress.

TRAVEL ACTION

The traveling party moves to a new hex following the steps below:

1. Set Direction - The players determine the direction they want to move.

2. Lost Check - The Warden rolls 1d10, on a 10 the players become lost. If they do become lost, the party ends their movement in a random adjacent hex that is not the hex they started their movement in and not the hex they intended to travel to (roll 1d5).

3. Movement - The PCs move to the new hex according to their travel speed.

4. Hex description - The Warden describes the PCs' surroundings

6. Players take actions - and make decisions

TRAVEL SPEEDS

On foot = 1 hex per Travel action
Packsquab/Rover = 2 hexes per Travel action
Thopter/barge = 5 hexes per Travel action

The number of provisions the PCs carry impacts their travel speed

3-4 provisions = $\frac{1}{2}$ travel speed*
1-2 provisions = travel speed
0 provisions = x2 travel speed

*At $\frac{1}{2}$ travel speed it takes 2 Travel actions to move from 1 hex to another.

Moving through/across rivers on the hex map requires an additional Travel action unless the party has a boat.

HUNT AND GATHER

The PC search the nearby environment for daily provisions, good food & drink, and safe locations to rest. The warden rolls 1d10 three times on the relevant biome's Hunt and Gather table (pgs. 9-10) to determine what the traveling party discovers. Some of the safe locations or good food that can be found represent roleplay opportunities; people who offer sustenance, shelter, or companionship for the road ahead.

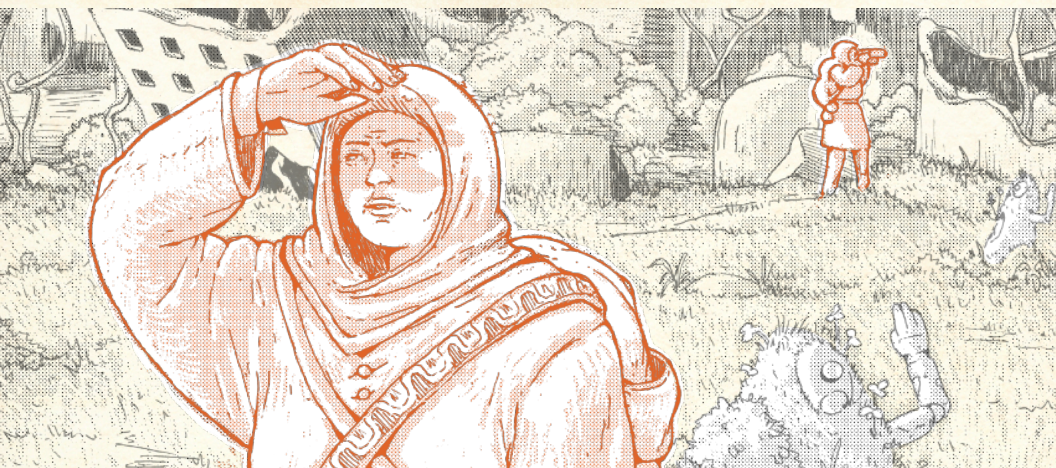
After a Hunt and Gather action, the Warden places a marker on the PCs current location on the map.

REST ACTION

The players recuperate from their travel and experiences. All PCs in the traveling party reduce their Stress by 2.

Safe locations provide the party privacy and protection. Safe locations typically have an overhead barrier of some kind, a shield from spying eyes, and protection from the elements. Natural features such as rock formations, caves, or large tree roots, and built environments like huts, bridges, or aqueducts can all make a location safe.

While resting in a safe location, the PCs can eat and drink good food, have sex and get good sleep, etc. to lower their Stress further (*Cloud Empress Rulebook* pg. 32).



Roll separately for each column whenever the players take the Hunt & Gather overland group action.

BREADBASKET HUNT & GATHER

1d10	Provisions	Good Food & Drink	Shelter
1	3	Rock candy (2 servings)	Empty grain silo (safe)
2	2	Loaf of freshly baked sourdough bread (6 servings)	Barn full of packsquabs (safe)
3		Heirloom tomatoes (4 servings)	Waystation (safe)
4		Mixed berry pie (5 servings)	Ancient tractor (safe)
5		Farm eggs (x6)	Vacant camper (safe)
6	1	Grape cider (4 servings)	Windmill
7		Two pounds of white cheese (3 servings)	Cornfield
8		Hen-duck meat (5 servings)	Ditch
9-10	Nothing		

THE WEEDS HUNT & GATHER

1d10	Provisions	Good Food & Drink	Shelter
1	3	Prairie turcken (2 servings)	Bunker (safe)
2	2	Military chocolate (6 servings)	Abandoned tank (safe)
3		Fried potato wedges (6 servings)	Farmhouse (safe)
4	1	Silver dollar pancakes x10 (4 servings)	Collapsing barn
5		Instant coffee (12 servings)	Thopter wreck
6		Boar beef sausages (3 servings)	Trench
7		River Catfish (3 servings)	Crater hole
8-10	Nothing		

1 serving of good food & drink = 1 meal for a single person.

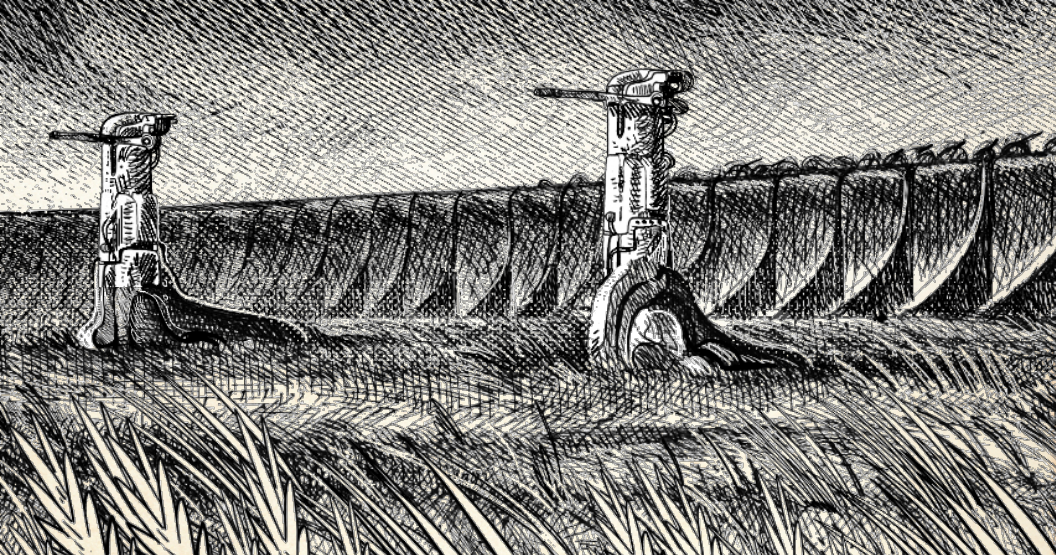
10 servings of good food & drink can be converted into 1 day's provisions.

THICKWOOD HUNT & GATHER

1d10	Provisions	Good Food & Drink	Shelter
1	3	Apples (6 servings)	Hermit's hole (safe)
2		Shrine cake(2 servings)	Giant roots (safe)
3	2	Deer-dog meat (12 servings)	Ancient Imago husk (safe)
4		Molasses (2 servings)	Empty skull of a giant (safe)
5		Psychedelic mushrooms (2 servings)	Massive hollow tree (safe)
6		Crawdads (2 servings)	Brood monk shrine
7	1	Wild forest turcken (3 servings)	Creek-bed
8		Catfish (2 servings)	Imago hole
9		Fresh greens (3 servings)	Open palm of a giant
10	Nothing		

RUSTBUCKET HUNT & GATHER

1d10	Provisions	Good Food & Drink	Shelter
1	3	Dehydrated snack cakes (2 servings)	Abandoned apartment (safe)
2		Container of chocolate syrup (7 servings)	Collapsed tower (safe)
3	2	Crabrat (8 servings)	Storage unit (safe)
4		Wild onion (2 servings)	Transportation tunnel (safe)
5		Lemon (1 serving)	Factory line
6		Salad greens (3 servings)	Sewer
7	1	Teabags (10 servings)	Bushes
8-10	Nothing		



BREADBASKET

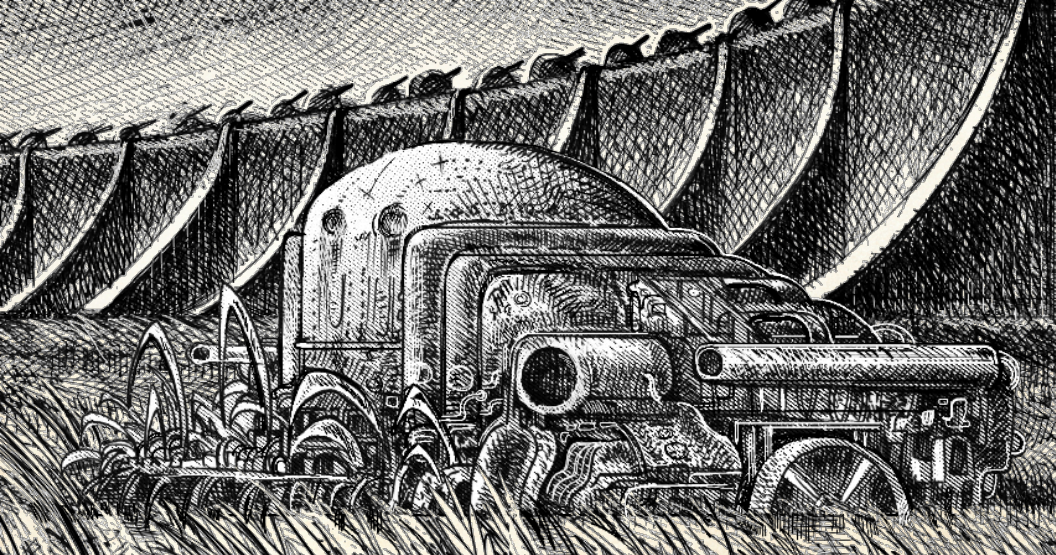
Fields of gold glimmer behind a plastisteel wall. This is the hearth of the world, the pantry too. In planting season, temporary communities convene among ancient ruins. Farmerlings chart careful paths and tend to small vegetable patches maintained for generations. The daring steal vegetables from under the noses of old guarding robos.

The Breadbasket is life thriving against dying machine routines. Robos carry on a dull dance of seasons, mending fences, spreading seeds, and packing produce

into sending tubes. This is their domain and they still carry the old tools of violence from their artless world of ample destruction.

Once in maybe a decade, the summons are made and a posse attempts to reclaim a green field by force. Once in a lifetime, a flesh-thresher leaks liquid from an untreated lesion and finally falls silent. Once in a hundred years, a sniper-crow's ammunition runs empty and then it is truly reaping time.

1d100 BREADBASKET ENCOUNTERS	
00–25 Nothing	81–84 1d5 Couriers carrying corpses in funeral urns
26–40 1d10 Farmerling Harvesters	85–88 1d10 Juvenile Imago
41–50 1d10 Farmerling Militia Members	89–91 1d5 Full-grown Imago
51–60 2d10 Cloudling Soldiers	92–94 Spore Keepers searching for Spike Head (pg. 18), who is hiding nearby.
61–70 A Trading Courier	95–97 The Headcutter (pg. 16)
71–80 1d10 Spore keepers	98–99 The Cloud Empress in disguise with her bodyguard Skull (pg. 40)



SNIPER-CROWS

INSTINCT: 60 AP: 8 WOUNDS: 2

20 ft tall Sniper-Crows were the Torturers' stationary field watchers. Farmerling elders teach their kids how to drop to their bellies as soon as they learn to walk. Spinning scarecrows fire on anything that moves within their 340° field of view. It takes them precisely 30 seconds to reload between shots.

Belongings: Mounted long rifle (4d10 Damage).

FLESH-THRESHER

INSTINCT: 50 (25 when facing away from a target)

AP: 10 WOUNDS: 4

Giant plastisteel beetles scour fields, slicing stalks down to the ankle and throwing the bales into hoppers on their backs. Charging flesh-threshers sound like thunder and move like lightning.

Belongings: Six scythes (1d10 Damage each).

SPORE KEEPERS

INSTINCT: 40 AP: 4 WOUNDS: 3

A cloistered and stoic people who manage the Breadbasket's underground spore cellars with ruthless discipline. Their livelihood is volatile, dangerous, and highly profitable. Spore Keepers chant resentful prayers in ceremonies of spite against the Torturers who abandoned the planet.

Belongings: Spore catalyzer and 3 random spores of the same type or 1 flame bellows (2d10 Damage), vinyl protective suit (4 AP), exquisitely carved copper coins, cups, or weeping harp.



SPORE
KEEPER

BREADBASKET HEXES

- B1** Three juvenile Imago lay as still as death, watching the remains of five corpses dry in the sun.
- B2** An Imago feeding ground, the deafening hum of the feast perceptible for miles around. A hundred dried corpses lay in careful piles made over the last year. There are 32 full-grown Imago, 56 juvenile Imago, 122 nymphs, and another 84 eggs. The young bugs let the sun harden their shells as they feed on dried bone. A single elderly brood monk sits among the bodies in meditative silence, sunburned, and dying.
- B3** The crash site of a luxury barge emblazoned with the Emperor's seal, with its accessway jutting up at a 30° angle and an old tarp stretched into a makeshift shelter. Two juvenile Imago chew on the engine. Silverware, china, perishables, and extravagant clothing are scattered throughout the campsite. All the food has been taken except for eight cans of anchovies. A pile of semi-burned letters lay in the corner of a sleeper cab, each from a Lordling begging the Cloud Empress to grant their heart's wish. In a small, single-occupant bathroom, blood in the sink is mixed with six inc locks of black hair. The entire cockpit crumpled on impact and the right seat is caked in a bucket's worth of dried blood.
- B4** Two Spore Keepers watch a sickly adult Imago struggle to take flight, each attempt dislodging thick white flakes of fungus from its carapace. Its progress is pathetically slow, but it threatens to infect the Western Feeding Grounds [B2].
- B5** Penance Farm (pgs. 17–18)
- B6** A flesh-thresher and a sniper-crow guard a field of swirling dust. A perimeter of notched stones carefully mark the edge of the sniper-crow's accurate range, but don't account for windy days or bad luck.
- B7** An old Farmerling, Broken Janus, sits with a barrel of water and a ladle. He happily offers lukewarm refreshments to travelers and watches the shag-grass horizon for bug sign.
- B8** A Spore Keeper Village, Purgatory, grows big and silent. The doors of the four remaining houses crumble outward, and huge stalks of white mold creep up the shaded sides of the buildings. In the rubble hides 6 random spores of the same type and a flame bellows (2d10 Damage).
- B9** A single house sits on a sandy hill, a skull painted on the door. An old woman, Worm, welcomes most visitors. Her hands tremble uncontrollably as she attempts to prepare tea. She seems confused, and any frustration quickly turns to violence. Worm feels no pain, her entire body having been taken over by the white fungus. Each digit, joint, and limb functions autonomously and must be destroyed separately to end the fight. Worm's wounds expel a white dust and any severed fingers try to crawl into mouths and implant the infection. The Hounds' Incense Burner (pg. 55) sits on a bookshelf near the kitchen.
- B10** Otherworldly, fungus-covered terrain, where the wind carries white spores like snow. Mushrooms collect in the crevasses of the Big Wall.
- B11** Vast wild fields filled with wild grain under a milk-swirled sky.
- B12** The dance hall is in ruins, but the glow of torches and the music of violins, accordions, banjos, and drums keep a lively crowd dancing together until the wee hours of the morning.

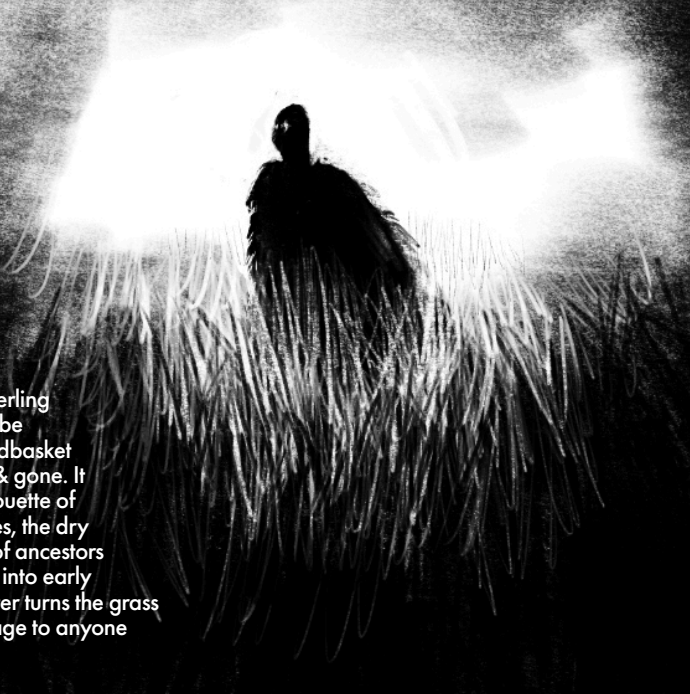
B13	Rows of concrete slime pits treat Tack Town's waste. Two guards joke and play dice in a tiny station at the edge of the field. Both are armed with military rifles and quick to draw them on anyone suspected of trying to steal the reprocessed fertilizer.
B14	Two dog-sheep (1:35 AP:0 W:4 Bite 1d10 Damage) pant and stumble under a few birch trees, the only shade for miles. Their vision is blurry, coats matted with white spores, and they are prone to violence. Their owner is dead, laid up against a tree trunk with her throat torn out.
B15	Three houses and a larger plastisteel building make up the Spore Keeper village of Absolution. The big building is a spore packing facility. Four packsquabs mill about in a pen. A leased two-pilot Cloudling thopter is hidden under tarps. The seven spore keepers, Ylva, Claws, Gert, Odhild, Frogun, Myr, and Enoch are well-fed, well-built, and well-armed.
B16	The Beardmaker lives in a clay brick hut. She crafts fake beards and wigs out of prized dog-sheep wool and donated human hair. Many Farmerlings are eager to trade for hair pieces to change their identities at the start of a season. On hand are two dozen beards, wigs and mustaches in every hair color.
B17	45 tents on the outskirts of Tack Town. The city overflows with activity and the runoff sleeps in the fields. It is common for Farmerlings to gather here in late Spring to form traveling and farming parties. Laughter, song, drunkenness, and conflict abound.
B18	Tack Town (pgs. 19–22)
B19	Three Spore Keepers in their skivvies bathe in the cool runoff of a drainage ditch. Two are armed with military rifles (2d10 Damage) and the other with a flame bellows (2d10 Damage). They are well-muscled and tattooed. They wait for their messenger to return from Tack Town with aid. A nearby white spore infection is the worst seen generations and they cannot control it alone.
B20	Two sniper-crows survey an orchard of artificially matured pears and apricots. The sniper-crow at the edge of the field hisses and gasps, out of ammunition. The one in the center of the field still fires with deadly accuracy.
B21	Acorn Village is barricaded and surrounded by six cloudling soldiers. The soldiers are exhausted, dehydrated, and tired of sleeping on the ground in their Tack Town camp [B24]. Occasionally, the Farmerlings within the plastisteel house throw a glass bottle out of the window, followed fast by a slew of curses.
B22	A dusty gravel footpath splits two leafy fields. Daisy, an aggressive goose-meow, prowls the road, nipping at heels and charging at travelers. Despite her foul temperament, Daisy is somewhat of a local hero.
B23	Eight teenage Farmerlings sit in trees on the edge of Turnip Lake. They have stripped to their underclothes and take turns jumping into the water. When they pierce the water's surface dozens of water snakes dart in their direction and the Farmerlings frantically swim to the safety of the shore.
B24	A small encampment of Lordlings (4 random crests between them) and their house soldiers futilely attempt to seize Tack Town. They are under-prepared, uncomfortable, and as awkward as their leader Tremire the Puzzler (Major Crest of Advanced Aging, pg. 54).
B25	Two Cloudling deserters stumble from the woods. One of them, Jane the Cod, a former officer, calls three others from hiding if she feels she can trust the PCs. Jane's eye is bandaged shut and the other soldiers are bloodied and bruised. They beg for provisions and spare clothing to disguise themselves, throwing their Cloudling insignia to the ground. Those able to speak, tell of another Imago slaughter in the Weeds [W11].

B26	A path through an old oak tree farm that once belonged to Fort Snek. The thick trees provide heavy shade, and keep the undergrowth low and full of acorns. Human travelers are berated by the incessant caws of angry crow-crabs that nest here in the summer.
B27	Two green Farmerlings tag a concrete wall with a bucket of paint. Three of their friends sit in the shade of the collapsed aqueduct watching, laughing, and flirting.
B28	Eight Farmerling kick the dirt, smoke spore pipes, and mutter. They are the largest posse gathered in five years, and are gearing up to retake a field to the east. Together they carry four military rifles (2d10 Damage), several farming tools (1d10 Damage), four sticks of chalk, and three day's provisions.
B29	A flesh-thresher is stuck in a ditch. Nearby, a second flesh-thresher hides in the tall locust infested grass, ready to defend its downed field mate.
B30	Fields of stunted corn stretch for miles in every direction. A friendly human-sized robo silently stalks the cornrows bird watching.
B31	Flint and Shell roll around playfully on a grassy embankment. One of the boys is wearing a ceremonial joining frock, and the other is armed with a revolver and has a yellow bandanna around his neck. The lovers staged an abduction at Flint's arranged joining [B37] and plan to abscond through a hole in the Big Wall.
B32	A 7 ft hole in the ground conceals a large chalk forge. The two Couriers who operate it process thirty sticks a week, storing the fruits of their labor in a buried canister. Fifteen Imago swarm nearby, drawn to the massive concentration of chalk.
B33	A migrating village of eight Farmerlings march dejectedly through fields of wheat. One day ago they were robbed and ejected from Oatton [B39] by an upstart Lordling. Their three water bears pull a cart full of furniture.
B34	A taut rope tether leads from the outskirts of Oatton [B39] into a 5 ft high field of corn. The tether violently shakes before dropping slack to the sound of screams. Two flesh-threshers mow through the fields, chasing three Farmerlings.
B35	Four flesh-threshers idle near the barn-sized sending tunnel. Inside the plastisteel cave is a giant sphincter of a thousand plastic tubes. The maw sucks down anything thrown in. The Thinking Head (pg. 55) is caught in a one of the tubes.
B36	The six plastisteel buildings of Crawton, five empty, wait for summer travelers to gather. Each dorm is filled with carefully packed furniture, silverware, and small luxuries left by last year's lodgers. A single old Farmerling, with a similarly decrepit packsquab, sweeps away at the accumulated dust before starting to cook a stew for the many inbound travelers.
B37	A field has been scythed low and dozens of mismatched blankets have been spread to cover the fresh-cut grass. Thirty people in their best clothes, yell, cry, and fan themselves in shock. Lussiff, one of the brides, lies inconsolable in the center, her white pancake makeup dripping onto her blue dress. They tell anyone who listens about the pistol-toting bandit who abducted the groom mid-service. The joining ceremony attendees plan to head west and kill the bandit once they can secure enough pistols to form a posse.

THE HEAD CUTTER

INSTINCT: 87

A Folk myth made real by Farmerling belief. The Headcutter can only be destroyed when folk in the Breadbasket believe the Headcutter is dead & gone. It stalks the fields as a solemn silhouette of jangling bones. Wherever it goes, the dry dirt gurgles up blood, the jaws of ancestors bite at ankles dragging their kin into early unmarked graves. The Headcutter turns the grass into knives, dealing 1d10 Damage to anyone passing through its meadows.



B38 A misty cornfield with fog so thick that the border between crops and sky is imperceptible. Three tethered & daisy-chained Farmerlings sit arguing about the Funeral Urn of an Anti-Saint (pg. 55) laying in the path.

B39 Rivers of discarded belongings stretch from tents and domiciles towards the village hall of Oatton. Farmerlings shout and spit at two Cloudling soldiers carrying a large plastisteel grill. Inside the village hall, soldiers lay valuables before Genmo. Genmo is draped in a crushed velvet tunic with a trinket crest pinned to his Lordling attire (Standard Crest of Ghostly Attraction). The Chastity Dagger is hidden in the pile (pg. 55).

B40 Wild fields with the occasional patch of sugarberries or nearly ripe gourds. The air grows thin and reality gets slippery. Roll on the Slippery Weather Table (pg. 57).

B41 A labyrinth of barbed wire fences blocks the way to a plastisteel control bunker. A sniper-crow and two flesh-threshers sit docked at the bunker for minor repairs. The control bunker acts as the central nervous system of the eighty operational flesh-threshers, sniper-crows, and servitors still working in all of the Breadbasket's fields. Disabling the facility decreases flesh-threshers' and sniper crows' Instinct by 10.

B42 Two rovers sit outside of an incomplete manor. The building is a half-crumbled ruin, covered in wooden catwalks, cranes, and construction rigs. Laborers from Tack Town toil day and night to repair damage from emerging Imago. Brownbearded Cran (Crest of Stored Energy, pg. 54), an emigrated Cloud Lordling with a fake woolen beard, stubbornly refused local advice and built his home right on the ground. The local workers refuse to sleep near the work site due to the two chalk generators, which attract 3 Imago each week.

PENANCE FARM

Penance Farm is a burnt-out husk of its former self. Following rumors of an out-of-control spore infestation, Abert and his band of Spore keepers journeyed from a village North of the Thickwood to investigate. They euthanized the Farm's infected and began burning back the white spores which fill the village. They are currently considering making a new life for themselves in the newly vacant village. Finger sits atop the central tower, their rifle trained on all passersby. They require everyone to submit to a search before being granted entry.

MINOR NPCs

Abert (he/him)

INSTINCT: 38 AP: 5 WOUNDS: 3,
shovel (1d10 Damage).

Gunna (they/them), Bodyhopper

INSTINCT: 27 AP: 0 WOUNDS: 2,
kitchen knife (1d10 Damage).

Finger (ne/nim)

INSTINCT: 40 AP: 3 WOUNDS: 3,
long rifle (4d10 Damage).

Hals (he/him)

INSTINCT: 30 AP: 0 WOUNDS: 3,
shovel (1d10 Damage).

Torny (she/her)

INSTINCT: 40 AP: 5 WOUNDS: 3,
flame bellows (2d10 Damage).

1. STREET CENTER

Hals builds a pyre in the center of town out of old wooden furniture and white-glazed corpses. Torny splits wood for the unlit pyre while Abert douses it with fuel. They've been clearing the town for hours.

Abert offers lunch to travelers and needs help checking on the old woman southwest of the village [B9]. She won't speak to the Spore Keepers, but if she's infected she needs to be put down. Once that is done, they'll be ready to light the pyre and kill Spike Head.

2. TOWER HOUSE

The tiny prefab tower is a mess of destroyed ceramic plates and ripped scraps of clothing. Finger sits on the roof watching the village through their rifle scope.

3. YELLOW HOUSE

A plastisteel structure filled with the ash of burnt spores and one urine recycler.

4. VILLAGE HALL

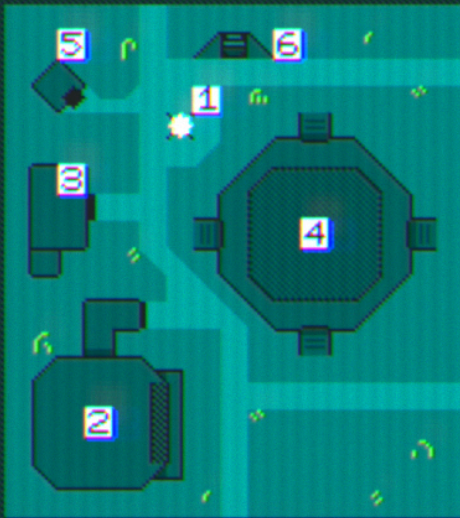
An open-plan mess hall filled with broken chairs and bloodstains. The room is hot, thanks to the still functioning oven in the corner. Gunna cooks and cleans, as their bread bakes. Edible food spores decorate the table making for a bland but hearty meal. Once everyone is seated, Abert leads the group in prayer; a curse upon their god for ruined hands, hearts, and stomachs.

5. OUTHOUSE

A plastisteel outhouse with Spike Head locked inside. Spike Head cries for help through a small grate window in the back. It cries about its memories; memories of being broken, of its vision going white, and the whole town hurting one another when it awoke. It blames Torny for trapping it before it could get help.

6. SPORE CELLAR

Cobblestone stairs lead to a thick door dug into the earth. Respirator masks hang in a line on the way down along with flame bellows (2d10 Damage) and a spore claw (2d10 Damage). Inside the cellar, rows of spore gardens, dark, musky, and hungry, stretch beyond the light of the door. There is no evidence of the dangerous white fungus here.



- 1 STREET CENTER
- 2 TOWER HOUSE
- 3 YELLOW HOUSE
- 4 VILLAGE HALL
- 5 OUTHOUSE
- 6 SPORE CELLAR



SPIKE HEAD

Primordial Emissary

INSTINCT: 32 AP: 0 WOUNDS: 3

If Spike Head is killed, nearby unmasked life is infected with the White Spores. A cure, if there is one, must be administered within the first week of infection, otherwise, the victim grows violent and the symptoms cannot be reversed.

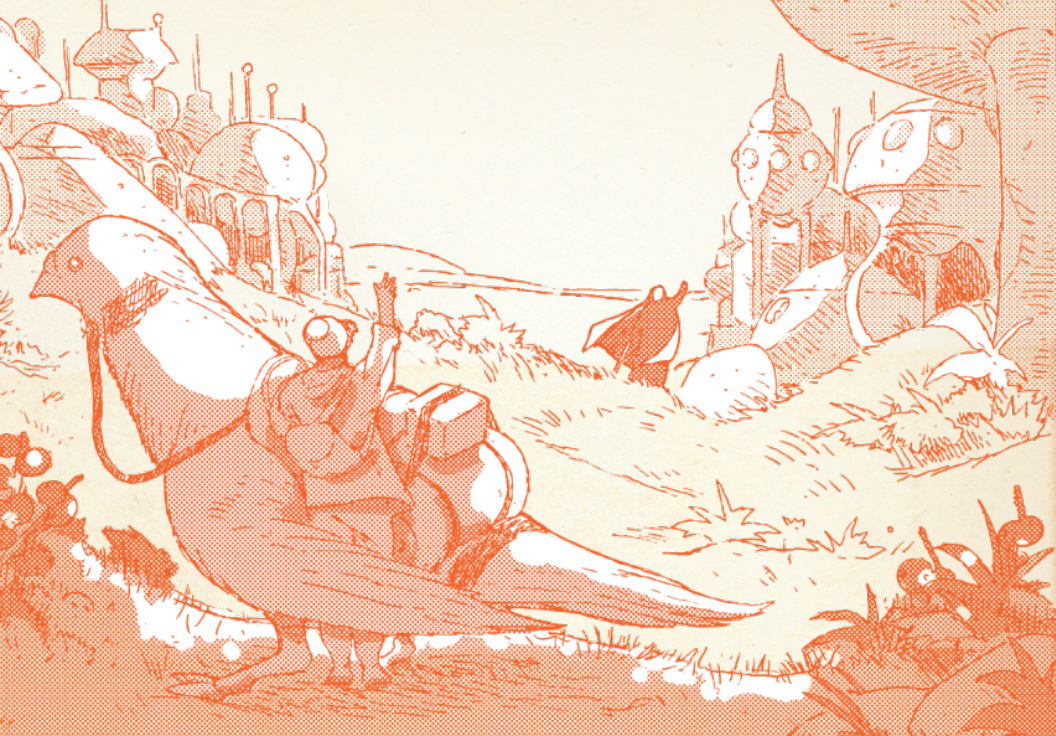
Belongings: Beaded jewelry, gourd canteen, moldy book of prayers, packets of sugar (3), Spore Keepers' funeral robes

A Spore Keeper died in a cellar and was never found. Their yucky stuff became a tapestry for understanding and a lattice for building. The first miracle in a thousand years, the dead man rose from the cellar and called itself Spike Head.

What miracle isn't disturbing? For aren't miracles meant to be a disturbance to everyday life? The world always takes the side of change and only one careless cigarette butt is needed to create a wildfire.

Spike Head has nothing to preach. Its existence is scripture enough. To walk a careful blind path through the world would be enough. Its head has been cracked open by a spear, shot by a dozen bullets, and burnt to a crisp. Each time, there was darkness immediately followed by overwhelming white light. The white grows and consumes.

When it can, Spike claims its big head is a costume, but such lies rest uneasily on a young life. When it can, Spike sterilizes the white, healing the afflicted. When it can, Spike absorbs sweet tea and hums overheard Farmerling melodies.



TACK TOWN

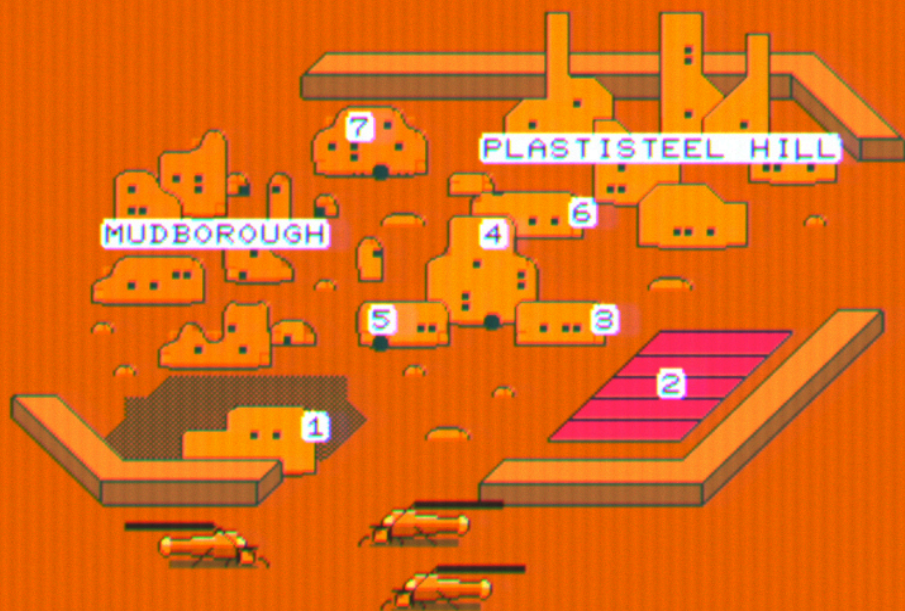
There isn't an adult Farmerling who has not spent a season in Tack Town and only badly misplanned Farmerling children are born outside its crumbling plastisteel walls. The Lowland's last city is filled with a jumble of hard shell tents, ancient dwellings, and tack-shaped rolling campers resistant to the unearthing Imago.

Approaching the plastisteel ring walls, three Couriers trudge out of town wearing overloaded packs slung high. Two thopter engines start their pre-flight flutter and the burnt sugar smell of liquefying engine chalk intermixes with the acrid odor of packsquab droppings near a tie-off post.

Shouts of elation and defeat draw eyes to the Soggy Gourd where gamblers throw dice and bet on racing shrimp-mice. Nearby, the cries of blasphemy have begun. A priest, with a muddy blonde undercut, wails and throws her sandals at the ruined sky. Nearby Spore Keepers drop to their knees cursing their god.

Many make their way to the cafeteria, waiting to taste today's sweet-meat soup; milky bone broth infused with cardamom and honey. Farmerlings high on mushroom tonic gulp down bowls of the stuff, stumbling past a parading Lordling and nir guards. The Lordling finds few eyes meet nir gaze and the Farmerlings that do bite their thumbs in anger.

In the market, travelers buy handfuls of seeds with their winter savings, preparing to make their way back to ancient farmlands. There is no singular day of departure, just a growing feeling that it is time to move on. Folks trickle out, four or five at a time, and only the old and unwell stay behind preparing Tack Town for its next winter.



1. SALVAGE YARD

The city's plastisteel forge and repair shop. Calvin will fix anything if given enough time and parts. Well, almost anything. Grubby Stanno complains to any who will listen that Calvin is a coward for not buying scraps of a 29th Expedition tank [W12] just because Cloudling soldiers kill looters.

HOT HANDS CALVIN

Plastisteel Smith (they/them)

INSTINCT: 30 AP: 0 WOUNDS: 3

Calvin is convinced that, once formed, plastisteel was meant to be reshaped. Bashing, boiling, melting, and forming the world's strongest metal into modern-day necessities. There is no finer smith alive, but you wouldn't know it from how they speak. They obsess over minuscule errors, undercharging for their best work.

2. COURIER'S CORNER

An open meeting place for Couriers and Farmerlings where goods are exchanged, new destinations are determined, and packages are delivered and mailed. A Courier sits on a Water Bear Box (pg. 55), collecting giant tardigrades from alternate realities and hawking them to passing travelers.

3. ELDERS DORMITORY

Communal living space for the eldest Farmerlings. The elderly and their caregivers stay year-round. Jubilee the Wise is currently putting up a fuss, much to their carers' chagrin. Jubilee is insistent on leaving for Oatton Village [B39], sure they'll flounder and blunder without her help.

4. CAFETERIA

A large plastisteel structure staffed with volunteers. When the harvest is good and the Farmerlings generous, they can feed the entire city. Volunteers are rewarded with kitchen passes and successful hunters also eat their fill for free. A sullen, empty-handed hunter begs for food, his hunting grounds ravaged by the white spore [B10].

5. COUNCIL'S CHAMBERS

An ancient gathering space for decision-making and discussion. Spring, Summer, and Fall Heads of Council are picked by lottery while Winter Heads are elected for their frugality and sound judgment. Council Head Grey Marv and the Matron are arguing over a plan to preemptively attack the Clouding camp [B24].

Id10	TACK TOWN RUMORS	Location
1	The monster of the Thickwoods is awakening. Its cyclopean eye floods the clouds and its starving belly rumbles the earth. Spooky.	[T19]
2	The Emperor's Expedition force is camped at Fort Snek. They still let the Couriers and Farmerlings stay, but no one believes the peace will last.	[W19]
3	The old Godheads could find the Cloud Empress in a minute. Oh, I can't believe the power we've lost. The Godheads can't all have died off in the Rustbucket, can they?	[R10]
4	Everyone knows if you kill Prince Bug, you become Prince Bug. I'll get my bow ready the next time I go to the Weeds.	[W4]
5	I can only imagine the chalk in those molted shells at the Feeding Grounds this year. Enough to turn a whole village's fortunes! Damn Sellswords will pilfer it down to the gravel though. What do they care if their companions die by the handful?	[B2]
6	The Anti-Saint went to broker piece with Cloudling forces at Fort Snek. We all wanted her to turn the place to ashes and dust, but I guess peace will do.	[W19]
7	A Cloudling force is aiming to burn out the Eastern Feeding Grounds. I knew the Emperor would finally free us the Imago's curse!	[W17]
8	Spore Keepers in Purgatory Village are promising a big crop this year. New breeds are growing like gangbusters, but hard to control.	[B8]
9	The elevator is climbing up its threads again. Disposables are filling the platform with rotten meat. Even the robos have lost all their senses.	[R4]
10	The Rustbucket is blasphemy, only the greedy travel there. The Torturers doomed the world and left their hideous servants to wander and kill for their absent masters. It is a testament to failure, not a salvage yard.	[R1]

6. INFIRMARY

Communal hospital for the injured and those with chronic illnesses. Filled with reclaimed ancient medical equipment. The chronically ill and their caregivers stay year-round. Captain Stello lies on an uncomfortable straw mattress bed, dying. He scratches an ink quill at a memoir laid over his lap, praying for the Empress to shine her light upon him.

RASPBERRY

Village healer (he/him)

INSTINCT: 20 AP: 0 WOUNDS: 3

Raspberry heals the wounds of Tack Town's many returning travelers—lacerations, broken bones, poisonings, and worse. Rather than scaring him away from the dangers of the wide world, the tales and injuries have given Raspberry an itch to travel in his middle age. He plans to abandon his post in the dead of night come the summer solstice.

7. THE OLD PLANK

"Which bar? The one with the cursed Sellsword out front. You can't miss it." Tucked in Mudborough by the Slime Pits, the Old Plank is an equally slimy bar favored by traveling Sellswords and unsavory types.

GULLIVER THE FENCE

Frog-Dog Maven (she/they)

INSTINCT: 50 AP: 3 WOUNDS: 3

The Guild of the Frog-Dog is a hub of Sellsword information in the Breadbasket, and Gulliver acts as the guild's brains from her booth in the Old Plank. She nurtures the shreds of comradery between Sellswords with strong drink and stronger praise. She betrays the useless and always covers her back. Gulliver trades chalk, slip stuff, ancient items, crests, spells, and thopters. Today, two Sellswords haggle for the location of the Order of the Broken Bread's hideout [W37] to claim a high bounty placed by Tremire the Puzzler [B24].



THE MATRON

Community Elder (she/her)

INSTINCT: 45 AP: 0 WOUNDS: 2

Belongings: Brass jewelry, tasseled robes, locket with a photo of twin babies, walking staff (1d5 Damage), and a necklace of her own wisdom teeth.



CURSED ZANZO

Down and Out Sellsword (he/him)

INSTINCT: 45 AP: 5 WOUNDS: 2

Belongings: 3 sticks of chalk, a bone comb, a bottle of black nail polish, a bundle of dried flowers, a club (1d10 Damage), a chalk pipe, weathered battle casing (5 AP), a tattoo that has been hastily crossed out; Papon.

The Matron is called from her home for the third time today. She pieces through a cart of salvage brought to her doorstep. Onlookers gather, awaiting her assessment.

"That's all you could manage?" she chuckles. "I didn't know your back was hurting you that bad Rook." Everyone laughs, even Rook. She turns each piece of salvage over in her hands. Villagers say that she saw so much of the world's wonders that her eyes closed forever. In truth, the Matron lost her sight as a bright and arrogant Magician. She allocates seventy percent of the salvage to those most in need across Tack Town.

As the longest resident of Tack Town, most folks turn to her for help with difficult decisions. During times of war her quiet words are more easily ignored by angry voices and closed minds.

Gulliver, Zanzo's boss, uses Zanzo's intimidating appearance to keep order and bring rowdy drunks back in line. Everyone always asks Zanzo how he caught the curse. He always lies, but can never forget...

He will never forget the flag of a foolish rebellion cut down from Cloud City Kappa's ramparts. He will never forget running into the night crying as his bleeding mouth filled with fangs, bullets cracking around him. He will never forget what his compatriots told him after, that his brother Papon turned informer—Papon ruined them all.

Zanzo would be content to waste his life away in self-pity if it weren't for the arrival of Papon the Crestless [W19] and the 29th Expedition. Zanzo is again filled with a fiery purpose.



THE WEEDS

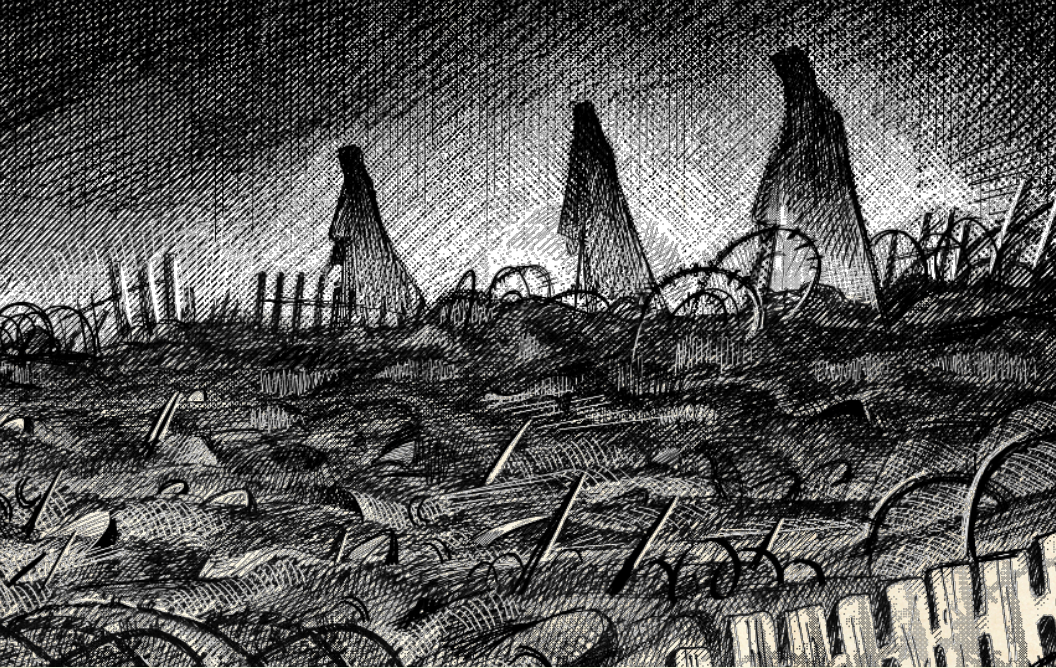
The Weeds will never renounce their claim to the open fields, but the grass can only work so fast. Fields return to nature, but rusted barbed wire is yanked out of stubborn dirt for another battle.

Soldiers plan new campaigns in collapsing bunkers. The 29th Expedition builds its forces at Fort Snek, the World Gate, before campaigning through the countryside leaving death and misery in its wake. Meanwhile, saboteurs from the Order of the Broken Bread and rampaging Imago hamper their every maneuver.

The battlefield is an unnatural maze, connecting all sides in constant bloodshed. Trench lines, once straight and narrow, warp with the wind.

Chickendoves and foxhawks pick through the rubble while Wanderlings float frozen in no man's land. The dead cry a warning from their fleshless diaries imploring the young to savor the warmth of the sun. In the Hereafter, it seems that once something happens it will keep happening, forever and ever, until the end of time.

1d100		WEEDS ENCOUNTERS	
00–25	Nothing	81–84	A trading Courier
26–40	2d10 Cloudling soldiers	85–88	2d10 Cloudling commandos
41–50	2d10 Saboteurs of the Order of the Broken Bread	89–91	1d5 Cloudling deserters
51–60	1d5 Wanderlings	92–94	1d10 Cloudling soldiers vomiting blue liquid
61–70	2d10 Full grown Imago	95–97	Prince Bug and 1d100 Imago (pg. 34)
71–80	2d10 Huskers	98–99	The Cloud Empress in disguise with her bodyguard Skull (pg. 40)



HUSKERS

INSTINCT: 40 AP: 7 WOUNDS: 3

In secret fellowship, Farmerlings craft chitin armor and stash it away for summer rituals. When the Imago's summer song reaches its apex, average Farmerlings sneak off for weekend trips to devour human flesh and in a twisted imitation of Imago life.

Belongings: Imago chitin armor (7 AP), ash and blood war paint, chitin spears (1d10 Damage, ignores AP), dried corn rattles and bellowing horns.

WANDERLINGS

INSTINCT: 20 AP: 0 WOUNDS: 1

(Wanderlings can only be harmed by spells and crests) This reality has many entrances, exits, and hallways. Wanderlings are radio towers. Wanderlings are mirrors. They are scrapbooks. They are ghosts of the dead. They are the ghosts of those yet to live.

Belongings: Fading memories, emerging memories, shattered knowledge of the great beyond, a hunger to materialize, and phantasmal fingers (1d10 Damage).

BROKEN BREAD SABOTEURS

INSTINCT: 35 AP: 4 WOUNDS: 3

For ten years Farmerlings laughed at the Order of the Broken Bread. The traditional braids and thick canvas uniforms reeked of ambition and their lectures on morality weren't much better. But who was ready to fight when the Cloudlings came? While most Farmerlings lamented war, many begrudgingly grew their hair long and began preparing their rifles for service in the Order.

Belongings: Earth-tone canvas uniform (3 AP), jerky rations (2 servings), a memento from a loved one, a long rifle (4d10 Damage) or two hand bombs (3d10 Damage), OOBb pamphlets, and an embarrassing yellow sash.



W1

The Big Wall's terminus, where either funding ended or tragedy struck. A Lordling, Crisp the Lonely, and her bodyguards inspect the unfinished work and ancient cranes. They are preparing to extend the wall to the water's edge.

W2

An old couple, Mitch and Matilda, sit in Daffodil Village and stare out at the Thickwood. They watch for the ominous orange lights that appear through the treetops each night. They think the Sleeping Giant [T19] is waking. Sometimes Mitch hears loud metal groaning. Sometimes Matilda feels tremors. They both nod—no good. As children, Mitch and Matilda plumbed the giant's depths, painting their names on the walls and necking in the shadow of its broken hands. Matilda's fingers still itch painfully from when she touched the giant's walls.

W3

Flowers bloom anew among the smoking debris and silence of the battlefield. Each 10 ft wide flower patch covers the corpse of a Cloudling soldier, flowers sprouting from every mouth and eye.

W4

Battle at the Eastern Feeding Grounds (pgs. 31–33)

W5

Two wounded soldiers joyously dance around a grandfather clock. Cutty has a broken femur and dreams of baking bread in their own oven. Clyde has burned corneas and has no dreams left at all. The soldiers sing and dance, enthralled by Prince Bugs' song. *"Those that end cannot begin. Those that start cannot stop. Those that die can only live."* Rain, a foppish Lordling, sits near a discarded bust of the emperor, and drinks from his canteen, the water staving off the Prince's spell.

W6

A celebration of barbed wire tangles up an entire field. Local children have found small gaps and clipped holes to make a hidden path to their secret play fort.

W7

Six Cloudling university students attempt to hold a lakeside funeral for their revered professor, while four juvenile Imago try to dig him up. The attendees try in vain to keep the bugs at bay.

W8

A Cloudling tank covered in imperial regalia fruitlessly struggles in muddy water. A crowd of picnickers, engineers, officers, and socialites watch on in amusement or outrage.

W9

A 40 ft waterfall bursts from a dam. Atop the massive concrete structure, Cloudling soldiers shout and struggle to stem the flow.

W10

A fine-looking hill overlooks an ugly battlefield. A dozen picnics have been sent into pandemonium; well-dressed Lordlings flee in panic down mucky embankments. A large "victory" banner has broken loose from its flagpole and is causing chaos in the crowd, knocking over a brass band of elderly musicians. Juvenile Imago smash wicker baskets searching for turken bones, barely concerned with the Lordling firing his peashooter at them.

W11

Great heaps of smoke rise from flaming the grass. A thousand small Imago lay burning, their legs pulled inwards like skyward claws and their corpses crackling like popcorn. Most of the dead Imago were young and weak. Two immolated corpses sit nearby, their empty flame bellows still trained on one another.

W12	A Cloudling campsite burns amidst the shrieks of fleeing soldiers and beastly war cries. The noise of clacking, dangling bone and Imago chitin precedes seven Huskers with mouths full of kinblood and chanting. In 15 minutes a small swarm of four adult Imago descends upon the dead.
W13	The collapsed walls of a Torturer archive, the plastisteel rubble exposing thousands of plastic books to the elements. Librarian Jal scurries through the mess, antagonizing anyone who touches the books. When the wind picks up, he uses the spell Ground to Earth (pg. 56) to keep them in place. Jal teaches the spell to travelers who respect the books and spend at least a week helping him repair the library and re-categorize the titles.
W14	An ancient bone-skin transport snake sits half-buried in sand and trash, whirring and straining. Each segment holds advanced genetic material intended for cloning procedures. The massive lock on the cargo only opens at the intended destination, Fort Snek [W19]. If freed, it will make its own way there.
W15	An OOBb saboteur sleeps on the grassy banks of Fur Creek, exhausted. He holds the Heart Seed (pg. 55) close to his chest, ready to defend it with his life. He's headed to Tack Town.
W16	Eight Cloudling soldiers and their Lordling, Whispering Jeff (Crest of Arresting Limbs), guard an ancient plastisteel bridge. Only Cloudling military personnel are allowed to pass until the Eastern Feeding Grounds [W4] are claimed for the Emperor.
W17	Smoldering camping fires linger in a vacated Cloudling military camp. Two Couriers sit washing out old food pouches and cutting abandoned flags into usable strips of cloth. Others rummage through crates of half-filled aquamarine pills, perplexed, before dumping the poison medicine and taking the containers. They say Sleepy Renault shelled the fields for weeks only to walk into an ambush when the artillery stopped.
W18	Two Cloudling observation balloons wait, still grounded. Over a radio, an officer pleads with the pilots to take off. The invasion force needs details of the Imago's movement. One pilot finds the officer's pleading hilarious. The other pilot smokes somberly, never looking up.
W19	Fort Snek (pgs. 29–30)
W20	Four thousand ancient Imago corpses, charred and strewn about. Pandemonium, two fields long, leads to the breached outer gate of Fort Snek. Each shell is dried to dust and is useless. The bugs appear to have been burned from the inside out.
W21	Hot ash from the battlefield [W11] floats in the wind and spreads a prairie fire. Three Sellswords, Bush Eight Fingers, Selvine the Wasteless, and Aunt Selb are trapped by the flames. Their best chance of survival is the river, but Bush cannot swim.
W22	A farmhouse is being ransacked by Cloudling soldiers. Belongings are dumped in a pile near the front door where Captain Lyne kicks through them laughing. Nails the Lonely and her daughter, Gittle, run for the fields with soldiers in pursuit.
W23	30 ft high sewer pipes lead the Broken Back River through the walls of the Rustbucket. The water moves slowly and silently into absolute darkness, laden with hundreds of crabrats.
W24	Two dozen Farmerlings set up picnic tables near the entrance to the Old Old Town Bunker. Each table holds a feast of delicately latticed pies with fillings made from the last of the bunker's ancient dehydrated food pouches. Strangely delightful and obviously disgusting pie flavors abound.

W25	Fallen cannon barrels the size of chimneys lay under the Big Wall, ripped from their housings by swarming Imago centuries earlier.
W26	Floating four feet above the tips of the prairie grass, two Wanderling lovers fuse and separate, endlessly intermingling in a strange glowing mass. They beg for a beginning or an ending. They are held to this space by the love notes kept in a slippery rusted mailbox 200 ft away.
W27	Dredgeapolis, an old river cleaning station turned port of commerce. The village lacks most luxuries but provides lodging, simple meals, and ample opportunity for work. The cheaply constructed rafts and salvaged riverboats charge passengers high prices. Two river Couriers look to sell their craft and leave their trade due to a crew of privateers upriver. A Cloudling officer recruits for the 29th Expedition, pitching it as, "regular meals and a once-in-a-lifetime chance to earn a crest."
W28	A flooded bunker. 28 days worth of meat pouch provisions are hidden under a soggy carpet in the center of the room.
W29	A privateer skiff filled with four Sellswords lulls in the weeds of the Broken Back river. They are paid by Gaspar the Hungry, a leader in the Order of the Broken Bread, to tax passing Farmerling vessels and sink Cloudling ships.
W30	Fields golden with dandelions. Timeck and Screws, two old Farmerlings, pick handfuls of flowers and stow their gains in shoulder sacks. They have ten extra sacks to fill before they return to the Old Old Town Bunker, and eagerly accept any help.
W31	Three hundred fallen trees lead to a sudden cliff. Below laps the murky water of the Acid Lake.
W32	A trash mountain of concrete, plastisteel, and household appliances. The refuse is piled against the Big Wall, stopping just 30 ft short of the top.
W33	The Scribbles, a strange patch of land named for the hundreds of intersecting ditches and trenches constructed with no discernible pattern.
W34	Thin woods obscure the meeting of the Snek and Broken Back rivers. Each river is 200 ft wide. The area is filled with hundreds of river capillaries melting and dispersing the water in the delta.
W35	Five crocodogs with powerful jaws (2d10 Damage). They escaped from a Courier in Dredgeapolis, and now pad the sandy river shore, diving in and out of the water. They are jubilant in their freedom from toil in the southern marshes, but become violent if cornered.
W36	Once a desolate no man's land, specks of moss now climb the trunks of gray, bullet-torn trees, and returning woodpeckers hammer away, searching for the bugs within.
W37	Inside a dried-up mine, fifteen OOBb saboteurs lick their wounds after a failed ambush. Two of their company sit at death's door. The saboteurs craft bombs and talk big. They sleep hungry except once a week, when one of Peta's lovers, Gef, brings big home-cooked meals from Old Old Town. Gef begs Peta not throw her life away in an upcoming assault on Fort Snek.
W38	A golden field equal parts weed grass and wheat, sits prosperous but untouched. There are live landmines in the field (each deals 2d10 Damage, nearby). A guide rope charts a path through, but twists in the wind ending in a blackened crater.

W39

A Cloudling military campsite, protected by fifteen poorly trained soldiers. A tank in the center of the campsite sits immaculately clean, the pride of Delta City, and a priority target for the OOB. The Lordling Melbin the Impure (Crest of Failed Ambition) watches the tank. He hides the writhing Hand of a Fort Robo (pg. 55) hidden in his quarters.

W40

A tour guide leads a group of Lordlings along the riverbank, pointing at a crashed Cloudling military barge poking through the water like its own island. The Emperor's Eighth war marshal suffered total defeat attempting airborne battle with the Imago. Some say the barge is laden with Cloudling treasure.

W41

The rubble of an old river town is an occasional home to passing travelers. Three Sellwords sit around a bonfire, trading stories, snorting chalk, and drinking heavily.

W42

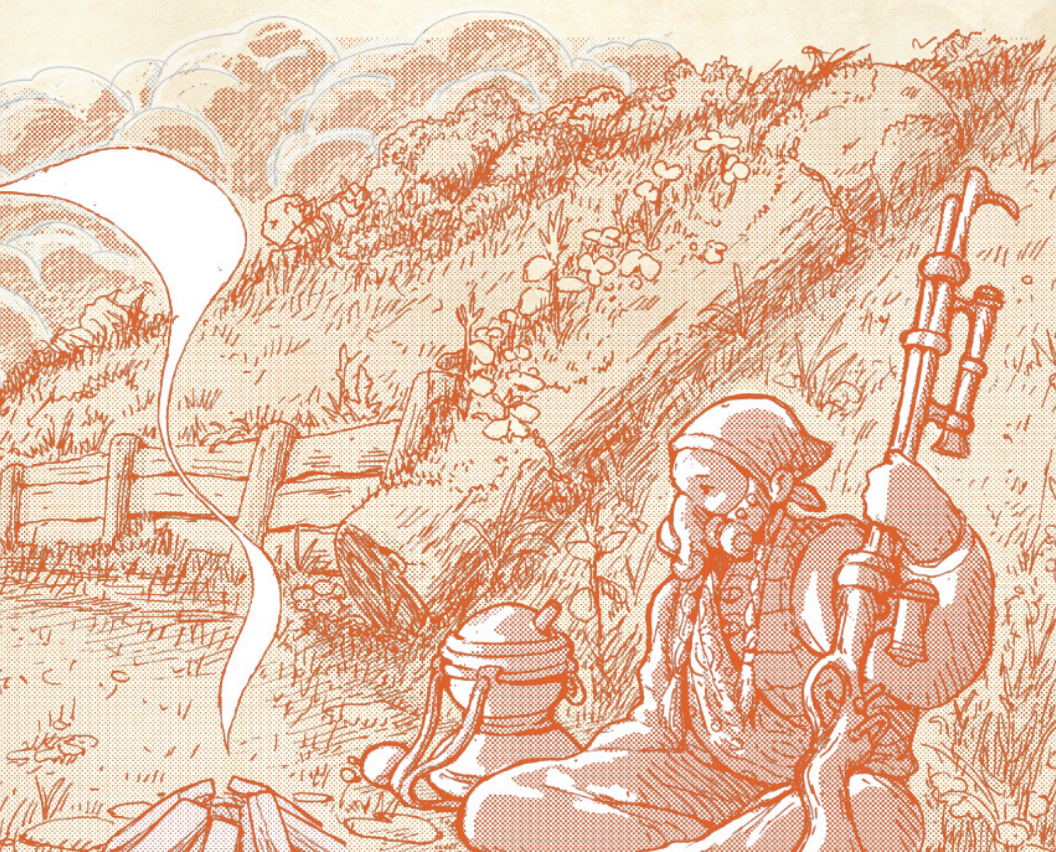
Wanderlings float through an overgrown, torn-apart cemetery search for the weapons of dead soldiers.

W43

In a dusty field, a tour guide lies to three extravagantly dressed Lordlings about the meaning of an ancient plastisteel transit bench. "This sacrificial pedestal held the blood-oil used by a Torturer Queen for nightly rituals of extravagant blasphemies."

W44

Four farmerlings carve heaps of mussels off the hull of a wrecked barge. They joyously sing while deftly avoiding the acid waves beneath their feet.





FORT SNEK THE WORLD DOOR

A plastisteel fortress limping through its last days. Fort Snek sits embedded in the eight-story "Big Wall" dividing the Breadbasket from The Weeds. It was recently seized by the 29th Expedition for the fort's strategic positioning.

OUTER GATE

A forty-foot gate topped with chewed turrets. The entry has been forced by a thousand mouths tearing apart a flaw in the seal. Displaced Farmerlings and Couriers mull about near the entrance, disgruntled from their recent eviction from the camp. They swear revenge on Papon the Crestless.

FORT CAMP

A massive mud floor tent filled with cots, boots, and soldiers. A string of smaller tents used for basic camp functions surround the main tent; chow tent, weapons tent, medical tent, and latrine.

CONTEST RING

Muddy flats in the center of camp used for dueling. Dulled sabers are customary, but pistols and sharps are used when honor is at stake. Teng the Climber is the latest king of the ring.

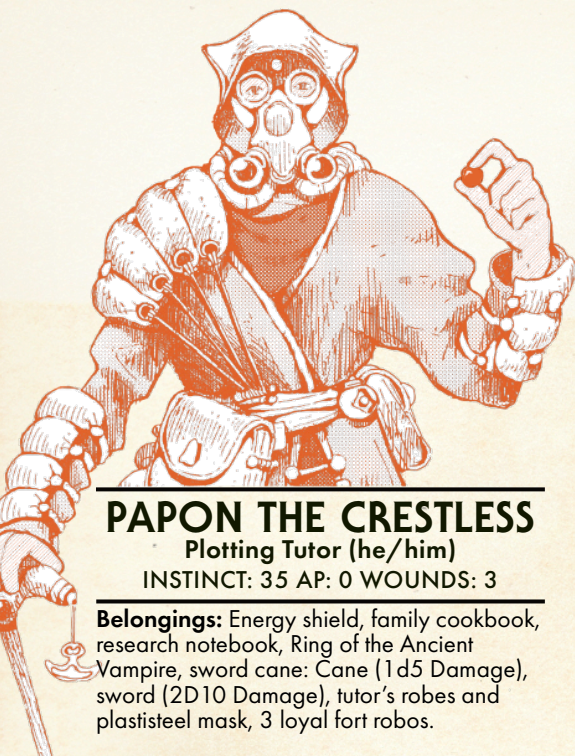
TORTURERS' TUNNEL

A hidden door activated by Papon's ring. The tunnel leads to the dark depths of ancient bone-skin catacombs. Vizi uses the tunnel as a prison and workshop. Papon mixes his blue poison pills and experiments on the twenty fort robos lined against the wall. Here the Anti-Saint is also locked in a cell with a library of books.

FORT ROBOS

INSTINCT: 50 AP: 10 WOUNDS: 4
Plastisteel fists (2d10 Damage, nearby)
Laser eye (3d10 Damage, long-range),
rolls of 10 cause the robo to explode.
Ancient plastisteel guardians
programmed to hunt for any Imago that
enter Fort Snek. Only Papon's three
tampered robos can harm human life.

Belongings: Chalk crystal core, Hand of
a Fort Robo (pg. 55), 200 lbs of plastisteel.



PAPON THE CRESTLESS

Plotting Tutor (he/him)

INSTINCT: 35 AP: 0 WOUNDS: 3

Belongings: Energy shield, family cookbook, research notebook, Ring of the Ancient Vampire, sword cane: Cane (1d5 Damage), sword (2D10 Damage), tutor's robes and plastisteel mask, 3 loyal fort robos.

A crestless Cloudling is a sad thing. Papon's peers look down on him, openly gossiping about his role in a coup to overthrow the Emperor. Let them talk. Let them shun him because of the bits and bobs pinned to their chests. Why would he care? Real power needs no approval. No love. No family. He was spared by the Emperor's grace so that he could bring humanity back to the stars.

Now the Lordlings and their soldiers fill themselves with Papon's blue poison. Each blue pill is taken greedily as a cure for Papon's invented illnesses. The poison grows in their bones. Papon forces himself to take rigorous notes of his soldiers' deterioration, knowing that he is sacrificing everything for the future of humanity. The soldiers pray the pills will help them turn a corner. No corner comes. Imago eat the soldiers. Then the vile bugs get the same sickness. The Emperor will applaud Papon's blasphemies in due time.



GENEVIEVE THE ANTI-SAINT

Aging Savior (she/her)

INSTINCT: 60 AP: 3 WOUNDS: 3

Belongings: Thimble crown, Anti-Saint's robes (3 AP), walking staff (1d5 Damage), 4 sticks of chalk, a chunk of unprocessed chalk. Spells: Grow Big, Dreamwalk, Grow Gills, Form of Vermin, Animate Snake (pg. 56).

The twelfth Anti-Saint's accolades grow around the campfire each summer. *"The Anti-Saint quelled the Snek River. The Anti-Saint fed the hungry during the Spring blizzards. The Anti-Saint killed an Ancient Imago."* On and on the stories go, many false, but some true.

This summer, everyone in Tack Town said only the Anti-Saint could stop a war. Doubtful of her own knack for political negotiation, Genevieve still tried to make a deal with Papon the Crestless at Fort Snek. Genevieve rightly saw a hawk who would do anything to bloody his beak. Papon wrongly saw a mouse being dropped in his nest.

Imprisoned, Genevieve willingly waits in a hidden cell in Fort Snek. It would be too easy to kill her teenage guards or destroy the battlements. She might have shed blood if she were younger. Genevieve thinks it best to stoke Papon's arrogance behind the bars of a cell, waiting for the time to act.

THE SLAUGHTER AT THE EASTERN FEEDING GROUNDS



In an attempt to reclaim control of the Lowland Wastes, Grand Marshall Sleepy Renault leads the vanguard of the 29th Expedition in an all-out assault on the Eastern Feeding Grounds. In opposition, Prince Bug and a host of Imago slaughter and consume Cloudlings by the dozens. Huskers patrol the burned fields enacting revenge on whomever they find.

1. BATTLEGROUND A

Two hundred mud holes to hell. Each opening is 8 ft wide with no bottom in sight. This is where the earth opened up underneath the Cloudling army. One thousand Imago ambushed them, breaking their formations like glassware. Fourteen Imago still feed on the dead, their mouths blue from poisoned bone.

2. BATTLEGROUND B

The way is unstable and treacherous, filled with artillery craters, slippery guts, and splintered furniture. Each length of the battlefield is one part butcher shop, one part antique store. Human organs spill from priceless dressers and wardrobes. Fine Cloudling tables have been cracked in half and doused in blood. Human skeletons have been melted. The dead have exploded from within, showering the world around them. Three Imago with blue mouths stumble towards the feeding grounds, too poisoned to fly.

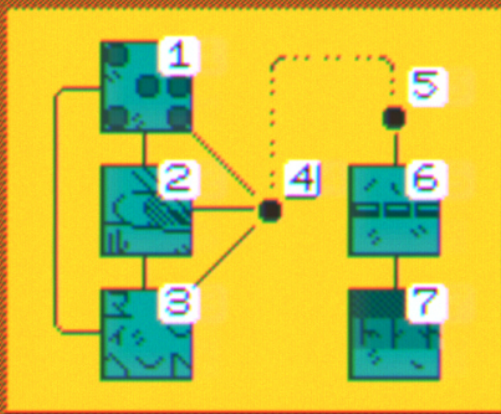
3. BATTLEGROUND C

Four clumsy soldiers bash rocks on the entry hatch of a tank stuck in a ditch. The soldiers are ensnared in an Imago illusion, oblivious to the world. Their violence is singular and only directed toward the tank. The tank's periscope spins, looking around before it is broken off. Great amounts of drinking, splashing, or bathing are the only way to break Prince Bug's hold over the ensnared soldiers.

The tank's two operators holler for help. Both are sick from the blue poison pills they ingested at the start of the operation. If freed, they share stories of a failed battle, their zombified compatriots, and a purple bug floating above the others with the horn of man—Prince Bug. The operators credit their headsets with maintaining their mental faculties.

4. TRAIL

The way is rocky and precarious. A litter of statues, carpets, and china crash down from the winding trail 30 ft above. Someone tosses a massive burnt hog-frog on a spit over the edge. White dresses flutter down like falling feathers. Someone is screaming.



- 1 BATTLEGROUND A
- 2 BATTLEGROUND B
- 3 BATTLEGROUND C
- 4 TRAIL
- 5 TRAIL END
- 6 BARRICADE
- 7 EASTERN FEEDING GROUNDS

4. TRAIL END

A young Lordling in regal attire, Simon the Lamb, runs along a line of staggering servants, liberating them from their oppressive loads. He throws luggage down the ravine. Heavy statues, confectioneries, and handcrafted chairs are next to fall. The servants stand in disbelief. A lavishly dressed Lordling desperately chases after Simon. Simon turns, waving an ornamental sword intent on killing his uncle, Sleepy Renault, the leader of the 29th Expedition. Renault carries the Major Crest of Mass Slumber (pg. 54).

6. BARRICADE

Six Cloudling soldiers peer from behind an improvised barricade made of furniture. They have a single chalk cannon among them. The feeding grounds lie fifty yards ahead, swarming with furious Imago. A Cloudling officer shouts something she once read in a cheap book, "We've got them now! Nowhere to run bugs!" The other soldiers worry. They charge in fifteen minutes regardless of their prospects.



SIMON THE LAMB

Disaffected Lordling (ne/nim)

INSTINCT: 38 AP: 7 WOUNDS: 3

Belongings: Full armor (7 AP), engraved family saber (2d10 Damage), 2 sticks of chalk, Sleepy Renault's tome of personal histories, standard Crest of Twisting Stomachs. Spell: Hiding Chameleon.

7. EASTERN FEEDING GROUND

A graveyard of mummified bodies, tucked away at the edge of the great forest. Dozens of ancient Imago guard 583 of their young.

At the edge of the forest, eggs jut out from splits in the great trees. Green Imago nymphs skitter and waddle clumsily. Many of the full-grown cicadas from the battlefield twitch and spasm unnaturally. Their mouths drip fluid from aquamarine sores, infected by the poisoned corpses they devoured.

Twenty feet above the brood, a Magician rides the head of a full-grown Imago. The silhouetted figure floats in space like a singularity—Imago and human dead swirling around a glowing spell woven by Prince Bug. The sky darkens. Reality slips. Prince Bug watches with glowing a red eye. Few answers calm his need for bloody revenge.

The insulated ignorance of Simon's life has been torn away today. The blithe confidence in his family name scrapped by three miles of death, destruction, and incompetence. Soldiers were massacred while wrestling with his Uncle's suitcases, statues, and armoires.

As Sleepy Renault's personal squire, Simon carried his Great-Great-Grand Uncle's personal history in a leather-bound book. Of all the memories Uncle demanded Simon record, Simon realized not once had his Uncle tasked him to note a mistake or personal failing. Uncle would soon lose the memories of any guilt in another bodyhop after all.

After seeing Renault's true character, Simon can no longer permit the three-hundred-year-old bastard to live another day.

PRINCE BUG

"I never asked for this." The agony of sprouting bones as a bed of flowers and roots climb from between teeth. Prince Bug, the winds which called you here say, Herod, what has drawn you to this place? Have you come to see the ruins of your life's work?

Instinct: 88.

"The things I'm made to do," The heat grows inside until there is a light and an explosion. Bound marauder, you may find yourself on the wheel of ten realities. Merlin chained to the helm. Headed into the sun. Weeping. **AP: 24.**

"I know I am criminal." Skeletons crawl from skin shelters to Prince Bug's lips and feed the magic inside. Ezekiel saw a wheel in the middle of the wheel. A single force pulling chalk to a fulcrum. **Wounds: 20.**

"But how could you punish men?" Compelled to dance, swinging frantically round and round. Eos asked Zeus for eternal life but was tricked. She remained ripe, but Tithonos grew rotten—he became a shriveled Cicada. **Charging Imago (3D10 Damage, nearby).**

"Frail things have no power" Floating in the air, objects dance out of reach. It is said in their time Sisyphus was viewed as a hero rather than a victim. After the money's gone, after the youth is gone, after the health is gone, you will still have your yoke. **Purple chitin, chain of crystalline chalk.**

"The Imago summoned me to their brood. Humankind summoned me to war." Tongues chant words from other worlds. Kin turn weapons on their kin. A million voices in a thousand truths, and none convinced Thomas. A million songs on the radio and you still ask yourself, "How did I get here?" **Lost Ring of the Emperor's Child.**





THE THICKWOOD

A thousand-year forest grows one seed at a time. Farmerlings lay their dead in bordering feeding grounds, placing a single seed on the tongues of the departed. Then the Summer Imago feast. Once the Torturer's technological heart, the Thickwood is now an empty chest cavity. The faces of old bone-skin giants watch over the cadavers of the newly devoured from a mass of nearly impenetrable trees. The forest is an Imago palace.

Nymphs grow strong and develop psychic powers under the watchful eye of ancient Imago and the occasional brood monk devotee. A thousand other species make their home among the ancient trees. Chalk dust floats through the air and forest life laps it up. Old-growth trees can stretch as wide as a village. Millennium trees can hold entire Imago broods in their expansive limbs. In the heart of the forest, they say miracles are commonplace. Many travelers and big game hunters lose solid lives searching for ethereal dreams and magical promises.

1d100		THICKWOOD ENCOUNTERS	
00–25	Nothing	81–84	3d10 Imago nymphs
26–40	2d10 Full grown Imago	85–88	2d10 Cloudling explorers
41–50	1d10 Brood Monks	89–91	A Hermit
51–60	1d10 Big game hunters	92–94	A Lost Courier
61–70	1d10 Wild packsquabs	95–97	1d100 Juvenile Imago
71–80	1d5 Ancient Imago	98–99	The Cloud Empress in disguise with her bodyguard Skull (pg. 40)



BROOD MONKS

INSTINCT: 32 AP: 2 WOUNDS: 3

Mendicants inspired by the awe and mystery of the Imago. Loosely organized, members of the faith travel the Hereafter preparing corpses for Imago consumption or spending their summers protecting the Thickwood from interlopers. They know the secret songs that can calm or enrage the Imago. Even though chalk is strictly restricted for psychedelic religious ceremonies, unscrupulous monks make comfortable livings off the chalk they smuggle out.

Belongings: Worn robes, clay or wooden mask, 3 sticks of chalk, Imago tracker, walking stick (1d5 Damage) or hand scythe (1d10 Damage). Spells: Throw Voice, Grow Big, Throw Flame.

BIG GAME HUNTERS

INSTINCT: 35 AP: 4 WOUNDS: 3

Game hunters work to excise nature's most exceptional specimens and take the ancient world's most valuable secrets home with them. In the Thickwood, a Lordling hunting party may meticulously track an apex boarbird for an entire summer. A pack of bored Sellswords may massacre twenty deerdog in an afternoon. Once the violence begins, the timer is set though, and the hunters must hurry out of the forest with the Imago on their heels.

Belongings: Bandages, fur cloak, clay jug of rice wine, long rifle (4d10 Damage) or flame bellows (2d10 Damage) or revolver (1d10 Damage), string instruments, game meat, bullet press.



BROOD
MONK

T1	A pouting Lordling hides behind the silk drapes of an abandoned litter. Chests and belongings lay on the forest floor, ransacked by fed up porters.
T2	An arched door embedded in the side of a rock wall. The single room hermit hole is empty, but well stocked with aged wines and unkempt mint, parsley, and oregano plants. A bookshelf with a hollow back is stocked with rare fiction and histories. The hidden door leads to a Magician's study. Imago drawings, indecipherable insect spells, and molted horns fill the room like an infectious obsession. Two random spells can be found on the old computers, if they can be made to boot up. The Metamorphosis spell (pg. 56) has been carved into a circular wooden table. Dust covers everything. In the corner an old Magician is split down the middle, bloodlessly bisected, their organs cleanly removed.
T3	A skeleton at the bottom of a freshwater lake holds three shimmering Trinket Crests of Incessant Duplication (pg. 54). Twelve Full Grown Imago guard the lake from the branches of giant birch trees and an Ancient Imago lies buried in beach sand.
T4	Six Imago Nymphs slowly crawl from eggs carved into the old growth. They are soft and green. Two starving old Brood Monks, Cleb and Fan, hide in the bushes with dartpipes, ready to protect the bugs from hunters. Due to their frequent use of the Detonate Body Part spell (pg. 56), Cleb has lost the use of his legs and Fan has lost the use of her arms. Neither will leave until the nearby party of big game hunters has been driven off.
T5	A single lidless eye from a bone-skin giant lays clouded and stirring. It is 8 ft across and impervious to harm. A dark shadow inside follows nearby movement, but has no means to communicate its ancient wisdom.
T6	Water drips over a partially frozen waterfall. 3 ft of ice seals the entrance to an ancient laboratory. Behind the wall of ice, breeding pods leak frost. Blurry, irregular figures with pleading eyes float inside each pod. A terminal reports contamination in the Torturers' script. Any untrained tampering unseals the pods and liquefies their inhabitants.
T7	A bone-skin facility carved into the side of a cliff. Thick doors the size of the surrounding pine trees have been forced open from the inside by a giant's hand, causing the entire tunnel system to collapse and kill the escaping giant.
T8	Huge pieces of stone and rock chips mark a bombed out hill. A bone-skin door to a Torturer's cave is obscured by thousands of stone pieces from a collapsed passageway. Inside, there are two functional jockey kits (pg. 55) attached to dangling cords like entrails.
T9	A lattice of downed trees creates a bridge over a creek bed. Water flows around the white wheels of an immaculate Ford Model T.
T10	A forgotten Torturer's site stockpiled with dozens of giant skeletal arms and legs. A dilapidated crane was once used to move the bone-skin limbs to a central platform for assembly. The skull and ribs of a giant's skeleton sit on the raised construction platform filled with 8 lbs of unprocessed chalk.
T11	A floating village smashes against the rocky shore. Eight people frantically pull their belongings from the sinking boats. The acid burns at their hands, but their lives' work is sinking before their eyes.

T12	Five porters draped in pearls, silks and antique weapons make their way down a perilous hill towards the edge of the forest. They are eager to trade stolen goods to fill their hungry bellies. They carry an artificial tiger-sheep rug, a broken glass chandelier, five sticks of chalk, an engraved cloudling saber (2d10 Damage) and a Trinket Crest of Belligerent Voice.
T13	A reflecting pool in a stone goblet sits under the open sky—a travel device from another time. Even when the Goblet is disturbed the water sits flat like a perfect mirror. The water reflects a sky, but not the sky above it. Sprinkling chalk over the water causes the goblet to glow, before transporting all nearby humans to [T19].
T14	A full-grown Imago in a forest clearing guides six juveniles. The young imago lift tiny rocks with telekinesis, in imitation of their teacher's floating boulder.
T15	A small compound of six plastisteel hovels surrounded by twice as many traveling tents. Thirteen brood monks, many with lifeless limbs, anxiously help each other eat near a minuscule fire. Four other brood monks wash laundry, each only using their right hands in the wooden buckets. Two monks haven't returned from their trip north to scout for Imago eggs [T4]. The monks know and teach the secret spell, Detonate Body Part (pg. 56) to like-minded travelers.
T16	A giant metal tymbal covered in Buddhist engravings hangs from a branch dozens of feet in the open air. Underneath, mangled human bones fill a massive stone feeding bowl. When a handle is pulled, the metal tubes mimic the sound of ancient Imago. 1d20 Juvenile Imago come to feed at the call.
T17	A sucking mud field where green trees collapse and sink deeper in the wake of the giant snapping turtle-phant (1:60 AP:6 W:5, bite 2d10 Damage). Dead leaves on the mud's surface belie safe steps.
T18	The Sleeping Giant (pgs. 41–44)
T19	A reflecting pool in a stone goblet surrounded by a trash pit. The water in the pool reflects a sky, but not the sky above it. Sprinkling chalk over the water causes the goblet to glow, before transporting all nearby humans to [T13]. White plastisteel appliances lay junked in the hole and something in the pile crackles and sparks. An indeterminate soggy animal carcass rots in the wet pit.
T20	Twelve fallen bone-skin giants create a mountain of tangled limbs, forever frozen in the midst of a great melee, wrists grabbing ankles, legs kicking faces, and knuckles breaking limbs. Each giant's chest has exploded or been evacuated.
T21	A winding path up the side of a rocky crag, carved by generations of Brood Monks. The faces of great sages and ancient Imago preside over resting benches every 360 steps. The peak is level with the tops of the surrounding trees and provides a view for 10 miles. The most venerated Brood Monks sit in silence with Ancient Imago here every full moon.
T22	Twenty full-grown Imago chase three Couriers and a Magician. Their sacks full of chalk. The four travelers use wide sheets of scrap metal to float out on the acid lake, while the Imago buzz and swarm the shore. The scrap will only keep them afloat for 30 minutes.
T23	A beaver-bear cub tumbles in a narrow stream, playing with a dying fish. The beavers have made a 4 ft high dam entirely out of pink lawn flamingos. In ten minutes, the mother beaver-bear attacks nearby characters (1:55 AP:0 W:4 claws 2d10 Damage).
T24	Fields of poisonous, waist-deep muck. The filth gurgles from a central point in the field, bubbling with horrible smelling gasses. Miles of wooden decking form a walkable path through, but many of the segments are rotten or missing.



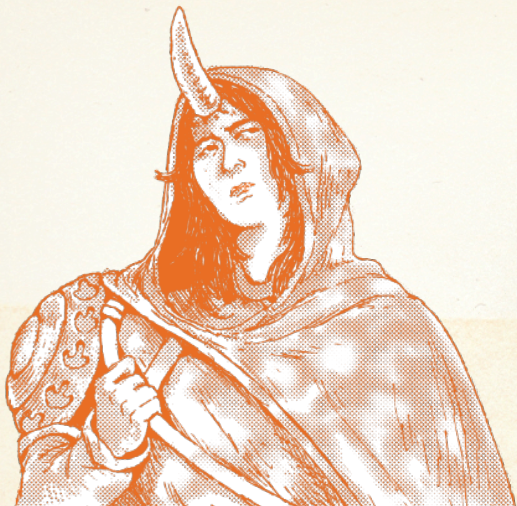
T25 A still and silent lake, reeking of rotten eggs. The water is sulfurous and poisoned.

T26 A small wooden cabin sits nestled among the forest moss and trees. A brood monk, Dove, greets visitors at the door, expecting donations. Inside, eight old Magicians in white pajamas lay across a single room. Only a couple of them appear to be younger than eighty, and most of them are missing all of their fingers and toes. One patient has padded bandages over swollen eyes and another tries numbly to escape through the bars on the window, thick scales protruding from skin sores on her arms. "They crave the Thickwood's chalk above all else," Dove says somberly. As much as it pains them, Dove has no time to search for a cure given their current care responsibilities.

T27 Five Brood Monks sing calming songs while frantically pushing a cart containing a wounded juvenile Imago. The bug's shell is cracked along the side from the butt of a rifle. The cart's wheels struggle in inches of mud.

T28 Harborville, population 84, nests in the dry grass and sand of a former beach. The people here have the knowledge of fishmongers and still make meager meals using their sailboats, nets, and the grace of the wind on dangerous water. Those Couriers and Farmerlings who abandon work on the lake make a better living resupplying travelers journeying into the Thickwood. Those better off share their take with the often empty-handed and resentful fish catchers.

T29 Three massive plastisteel piers stretch into a retreating lake. The piers rest on wobbly support legs, each over 50 ft long, while several ancient ships lay wrecked in the sand-mud below.



CLOUD

Cursed Runaway (she/her)

INSTINCT: 40 AP: 2 WOUNDS: 3

Belongings: Traveling wear, saber (2d10 Damage), Imago whistle, coded journal, 5 sticks of chalk. **Spells:** Grant Wish, Illumination, Throw Flame.



SKULL

Spooky Bodyguard (they/them)

INSTINCT: 60 AP: 7 WOUNDS: 4

Belongings: Full armor, Mace (2d10 Damage), plastisteel skull mask, a pendant with four locks of hair from their past wards, food processor, flare rifle (1 Damage).

When the Emperor's Magicians came to the tiny sewer in which Cloud lived, it felt like a fairy tale, like her fortunes were about to change. Her mother could sleep with a full stomach, and her hands would no longer go numb in the morning cold.

All these comforts came quickly in her new position as empress, but she no longer remembered her name. She had not seen her mother in over three years.

Then came the wishes. Her tutors presented her with a list of the Empire's needs. She placed her hands beside the list and read the first entry, "Sleepy Renault requests an adolescent son." Cloud let the possibility come to mind—a new reality. She brought a new son into being from behind a closed door. Her fingerprints flected off like broken porcelain, the pain unimaginable. The tutors picked her up and pointed to the next entry on the list.

After Cloud's first escape attempt, they sent her to a tiny room in a lonely tower. The cold became her only company. On one particularly cold night, when she thought the freezing wind would end her, Cloud's spookiest guardian, Skull, burst through the door holding out a warm open hand.

Skull said "run" and they ran. They were chased the whole way, chased into the fiery earth. Eventually, she awoke, miraculously unharmed, cursed and crying. A sharp horn protruded from her forehead.

Cloud still has no name, but she has a life to live. Skull and Cloud wander the countryside, watching the Imago and avoiding all those who wish to cage an Empress.

THE SLEEPING GIANT

GIANT'S TRAIL

The forest is filled with amber light from a source in the distance. A narrow trail leads to the Sleeping Giant like a sandy thread. Dozens of mutated deerdogs graze upon the crowded vegetation in the surrounding brush, oblivious to any danger. A wooden sign on the trail reads: "Workers needed. Chalk payment. This way." Another mile deeper, and a second wooden sign reads "Protect yourself. Put on the suits or die a grizzly death." Six thick plastic suits (AP:4) are piled beneath it. Those that do not cover their skin near the Sleeping Giant begin to lose it in 10 days. Little can be done for them.

1. GIANT'S CAMP

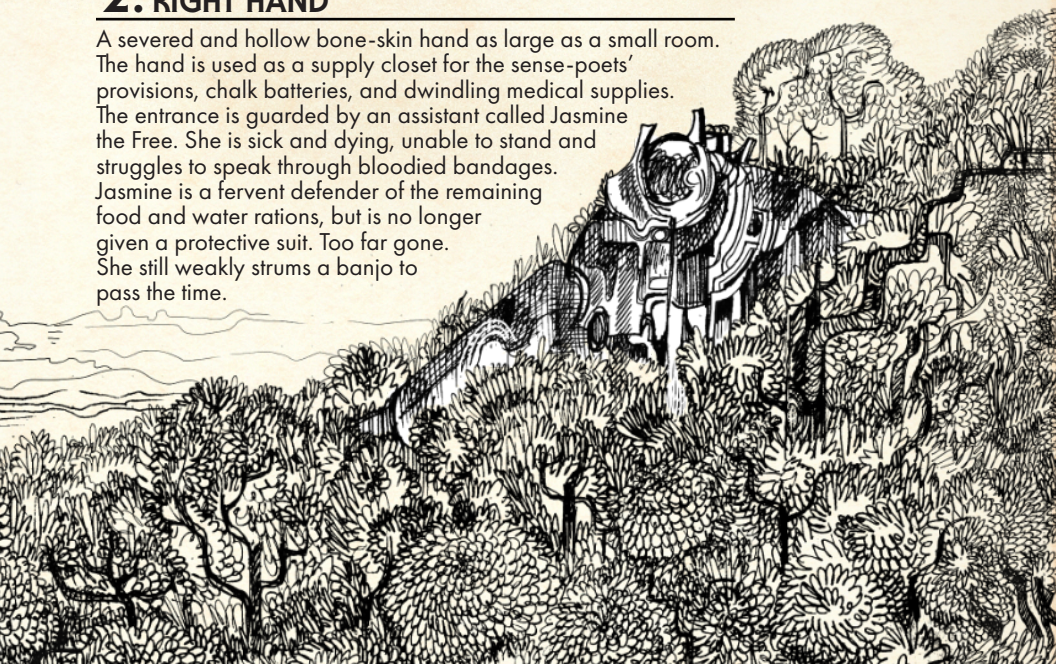
Workers call to one another in the distance; the discordant sound of injured fingers hitting the wrong notes on a banjo. The sense-poet camp is situated at the base of the giant's severed right hand. Sense-poets use ancient devices to transcribe history, physical spaces, and important events into metaphysical recordings. Three hard shell tents and a clothesline are organized around a smoldering campfire. Several sense-poet sensors and recorders lean against the tents. There is a radiation ravaged body in one of the tents, covered in bandages. A cast iron tea kettle simmers over a dirty grill. Bloody bandages, human mucus, discarded skin, and half-eaten food litter the camp. Cold Oola meets new workers at the center of camp if she is aware of their presence. After a quick inspection of a new worker's protective suits, she gives orders and returns to her own efforts in the Giant's chest cavity.

2. RIGHT HAND

A severed and hollow bone-skin hand as large as a small room. The hand is used as a supply closet for the sense-poets' provisions, chalk batteries, and dwindling medical supplies. The entrance is guarded by an assistant called Jasmine the Free. She is sick and dying, unable to stand and struggles to speak through bloodied bandages. Jasmine is a fervent defender of the remaining food and water rations, but is no longer given a protective suit. Too far gone. She still weakly strums a banjo to pass the time.

THE GIANT

A bone-skin colossus is enveloped by green plants and buried by a hilltop. Great tubes spread like entrails from the ripped abdomen, stuffed with moss and tree roots. While pieces of the giants are common collector's items, the sleeping giant's intact torso is one of a kind. Even dead and crumpled, the sleeping giant is over a 100 ft tall. There's an opening where the giant's right hand has been severed. A carved bone-skin ball as big as a human rests, cracked in half, in front of the dark entrance. The bone-skin ball rattles when approached.





3. RIGHT FOREARM

Four chambers line the walls of the forearm. Each chamber is closed off by a set of spiky finger cages too narrow to slip through. At the elbow, Glint Shimmer fidgets with the hammer of his revolver. Glint frightens easily and waves his pistol if he catches anyone talking to Onion. New workers are not allowed to pass.

Chamber A is empty. There is chalk residue at three equidistant points around the entrance arch; applying a stick's worth of chalk to these points opens the door.

Chamber B & C have 6 ft high balls inside. These balls thump on the chamber doors. If released, they attempt to crush all moving targets.

Chamber D is used as a makeshift cage. Sweet Onion, waits inside wearing a protective suit. Oola locked them up and plans to steal their body.

4. RIGHT UPPER ARM

A dark, vertical cavern. Ropes have been pulled and tied to make a network of climbable wires. Glowing sacks of liquid on the walls cast an uneven red light, illuminating the recesses of ancient symbols. Halfway up a thumping sound begins to play. A sense-poet device mounted on the ceiling is rigged to emit subsonic frequencies when intruders climb up the arm. The thumping rattles the ropes and causes the highest liquid sacks to burst, showering interlopers in slippery orange chalk-sweat. Being adjacent to the thumper without protective equipment causes eardrums to burst.

5. HEAD

The giant's bone-skin tongue dangles from its open mouth, revealing a 7 ft long super weapon lodged in its throat. A sense-poet, Pere, waves a red beam back and forth across the nearby trees. He complains about Oola to anyone who will listen. He says she's had so many bodyhops that she can hardly remember her name anymore. Pere's been instructed to sit up in the head all day to make the local villages think the giant is coming alive. He wants to leave, but knows Oola will kill him if he tries.

6. LEFT UPPER ARM

A mostly collapsed bone-skin tube filled with 32 juvenile Imago. They are packed in tightly, leaving no room to pass. The Imago feast upon the arm's liquid sacks, which constantly replenish with orange chalk-sweat. Their buzz can be heard a mile away. The bugs gladly accept treats of bone or chalk, but swarm if their feeding is interrupted. The names *Mitch & Matilda* have been painted in faded red letters on the wall.

7. CHEST CAVITY

Great bones crisscross the cavity, like a bone-skin jungle gym. The perimeter of the cavity is dry, while rivers of orange fluid flow through translucent tubes near the giant's flapping heart. At the heart, feathery red tendrils of flesh dance as if caught in the wind. The tendrils move to the shrieks of Oola's pan flute. Glowing red lights are cast from twelve pink chalk crystals cores in the walls. Inside the heart, a limbless Torturer pilot dangles behind several protective folds. Decay has left only misshapen skeleton in a jockey's harness (pg. 55).

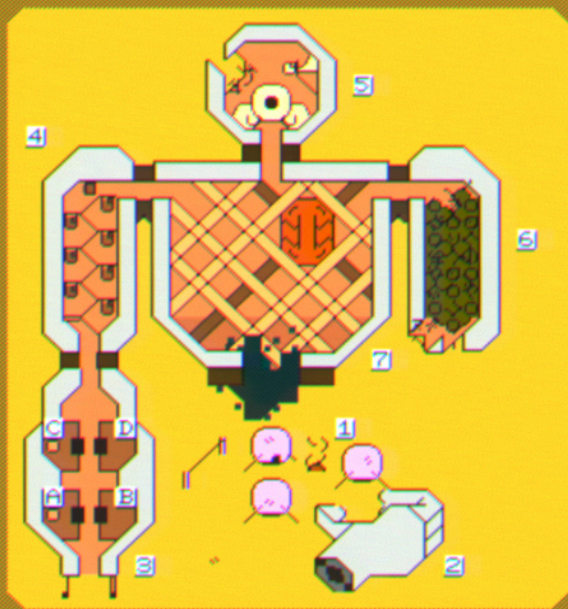
TIMELINE IF THE PCs DO NOTHING

In 1 hour: Oola strangles Onion and bodyhops into their corpse.

In 2 hours: Oola disrobes and implants herself into the giant's heart. There is barely anything left of her, but what is left is unwilling to fail.

For three days, the giant screams to life in painful misery, gathering its strength and attempting to attach its hands. Eventually it crawls to Daffodil Village [W2], destroying everything in its path.

Four days later, a thousand Imago flock to the giant. The bugs latch onto the body and tear out the overheating chalk cores. Each removed core causes a massive explosion, killing hundreds of imago. Eventually, the entire giant detonates, immolating all of the hexes surrounding [W2].



- 1 GIANT'S CAMP
 - 2 RIGHT HAND
 - 3 RIGHT FOREARM
 - 4 RIGHT UPPER ARM
 - 5 HEAD
 - 6 LEFT UPPER ARM
 - 7 CHEST CAVITY
-
- A CHAMBER A
 - B CHAMBER B
 - C CHAMBER C
 - D CHAMBER D



COLD OOLA

Obsessed Sense-Poet (She/her)

INSTINCT: 42 AP: 5 WOUNDS: 2

Belongings: Radiation suit, Ancient's jewelry, Ancient's wisdom teeth, incoherent research journal, tattoo kit, a relic flute named Whisper (pg. 55), two sense-poet servitors (I:18 AP:4 W:1 Heat Ray 1d10 Damage). Spells: Blackout (pg. 56), Imperfect Memory Transfer.

Oola commands her cadre of sense-poets sharply. She is protective though; everyone must wear their suits at all times. Even in the shielded confines of the tents, she never removes her coverings anymore. Her voice seems to change week to week. No one must discover her secret. Oola kills her colleagues in staged accidents and then bodyhops into them. Her body sickens rapidly in the irradiated core of the sleeping giant.

The giant is waking, and crumbling to dust. Oola must learn all she can. She only agonizes over her lost memories and the evaporating resources. The giant's greatness compels her to sacrifice endlessly. Sense-poetry is the shackle breaker. She plans to enter the chest core to merge with the dying giant, letting her mind flow freely, inter-melding with the minds of the ancients and recapturing secret knowledge humankind carries before birth.

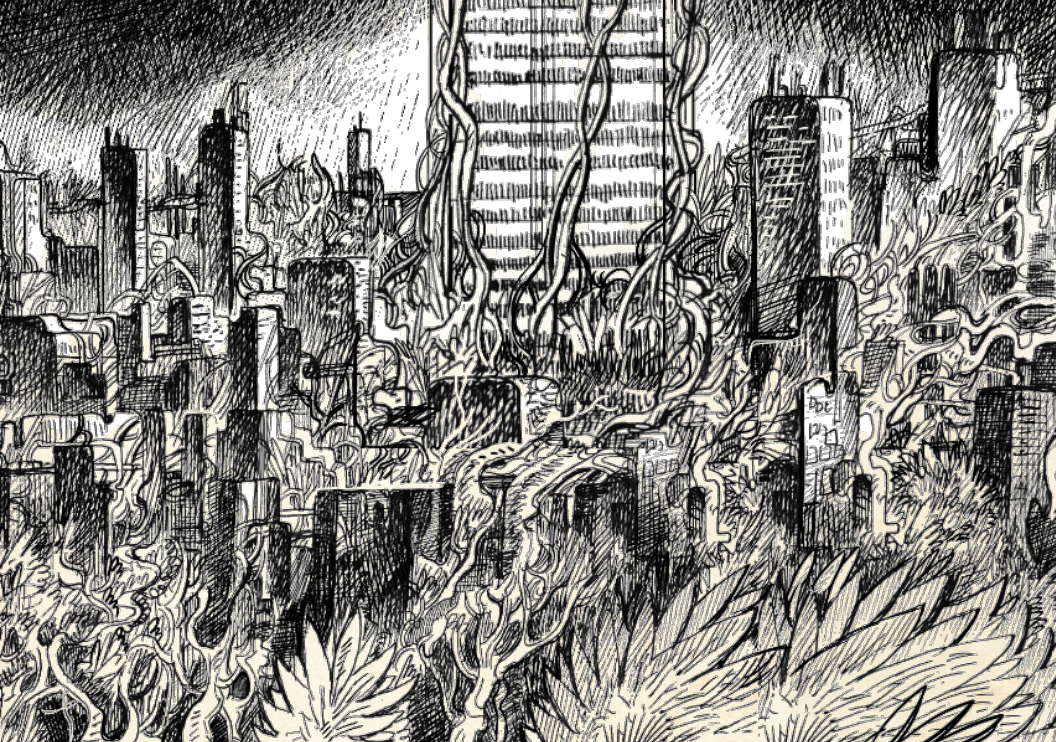


RUSTBUCKET

Where the impossible spires of an ancient city once met the sky, they lie now in pieces. The city's forms have mostly failed, but its ageless alloys will wait intact for eons. In the depths of a plastisteel jumble, strange creatures trace invisible patterns in the narrow metal passages. Candlelit and ominous, dying robos chant to their new gods from old factories. They coat themselves in wax and pace like living cathedrals. Here the ancient Torturers' deeds are most exalted.

The Disposables believe great work was accomplished here once and that great work will begin again. Tirelessly, robos fill the last space elevator with rotten meat and send it to unknown destinations above the atmosphere. Its descending lights mark the night's passage like a new year's ball drop. The repetitive buzz of the motor up and down makes for a strange bell tower, calling attention to a city shunned for centuries by Farmerlings and Cloudlings alike.

1d100 RUSTBUCKET ENCOUNTERS			
00–25	Nothing	81–84	2d10 Disposables in religious reverie
26–40	3d10 Disposables	85–88	1d10 Farmerling scrappers
41–50	2d10 servitors	89–91	1d5 full grown Imago destroying their surroundings with telekinesis
51–60	1d100 crabrats	92–94	Oola (pg. 44) vainly searching for signs of the Bone-skin giants
61–70	1d10 Sellsword treasure hunters	95–97	Vanni (pg. 50) speaking sympathetically to some long-dead proxies he's murdered
71–80	A trading Courier	98–99	Vanni (pg. 50) supervising the work of oblivious Disposables



DISPOSABLES

INSTINCT: 28 AP: 4 WOUNDS: 1

When a Disposable's chest is damaged there is a 1 in 10 chance the Disposable explodes dealing, 1d10 Damage to everything nearby.

Overgrown with shrubs and bushes, Disposables' ricemetal shells are hotbeds of Rustbucket plant life. Disposables save precious energy by spending most of their time asleep. For these robos, centuries pass in moments. Awoken by disturbances or rotating watchers, Disposables hold odd rituals for starving gods who chatter to them in secret radio signals. They may only harm human life in self-defense or when they are stolen from. Disposables often emerge from underneath trash and dirt, quickly encircling unsuspecting travelers.

Belongings: Fists (1d5 Damage), tattered cloaks and ricemetal shell (AP 4), Ancients' kitchen appliances, vegetation, weak chalk core.

SERVITORS

INSTINCT: 18 ARMOR: 4 WOUNDS: 1

Small robos of simple construction and simpler function. Gangs of servitors parade a hundred tiny legs through the Rustbucket's open streets. Servitors are bundles of basic impulses, repetitiously carrying relics, flags, corpses, and plants, back and forth through the city. Servitors are overjoyed to serve, but struggle to process new directions.

Belongings: Heat Ray (1d10 Damage, Long range), minuscule chalk core, six autonomous plastisteel limbs.



DISPOSABLE

RUSTBUCKET HEXES

R1

A returning hunting party of 12 Disposables carelessly drag the corpses of two deer-boars behind them. Their fur is matted with blood and dirt. The robos march in disjointed chaos, each one in a unique state of disrepair. Between them, they carry three bows (1d10 Damage) and four spears (1d10 Damage).

R2

A plastisteel meat kabob the size of a whale has fallen through the glass ceiling of an enclosed dining area. Plastic advertising holoframes cover every surface, but no longer transmit messages. Fifteen needle feeders sit beside ergonomic tables and chairs, designed for beings with much longer limbs.

R3

A frozen sewer tube bursts into an alley. The sewer is over 100 ft long, branching to other sewer openings across the city. If the ice is thawed, it releases a foul smell into the tunnel that quickly becomes unbearable.

R4

Four thin elevator threads reach from an expansive armored facility to the cloudy sky above. A massive metal platform, 40 ft square, carries huge parcels of rotten meat up into the sky. It takes a crew of 30 Disposables two days to complete the transfer, and a further day for the platform to return. The majority of the facility has been welded shut by ancient evacuees. Eight uniquely modified Disposables serve in an honor guard stationed around the elevator. Each honor guard Disposable (1:55 AP:5 W:3) has a modified frame, their hands replaced with twirling swords (2d10 Damage), and their eyes have been removed. These changes allow the Disposables to ignore their anti-violence programming and become vicious human hunters.

R5

Creaking industrial towers whistle and moan in the wind. The floors of the buildings have collapsed over centuries, filling the lower levels with sheets of concrete like slices of bread. Outside their walls, Disposables slop animal carcasses into boiling pots and render the fat for candle making.

R6

A narrow retractable bridge over a seemingly bottomless chasm. The entire city is separated from the surrounding areas. Live turrets whirl menacingly at those crossing the bridge but have long since run out of ammunition.

R7

A candlelit plaza full of collapsed and broken stone columns. Clanking bodies writhe in the shadows; dozens of Disposables with hollow eyes covering themselves in boiling wax, before kneeling at their altars of light.

R8

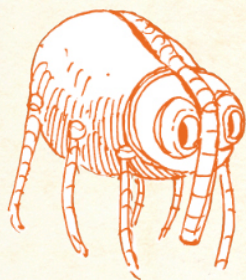
Signs of an old robo massacre start on a grand staircase and lead down to an ornate plaza. Robos have been piled high like crops on reaping night, topped with great green bushes that have found purchase in the eyeless faces. One robo at the bottom of the pile clings to a traveling case kept closed with a tiny rusted padlock. Inside the case is an energy shield.

R9

An airfield covered in massive impact craters from a bombardment. Fifteen burnt-out thopter hulks are strewn across the tarmac. A savvy scavenger could probably salvage enough working parts to build a functional thopter.

R10 Oregano's plaza (pgs. 49–54)

R11	A giant wall separates the crumbling city from a power plant. The giant plastisteel door has a human-shaped tunnel melted through it, culminating after 20 ft in a charred skeleton. The Fissure Fist (pg. 55) is fused to the skeleton's arm.
R12	Two thousand thin plastisteel crosses protrude from the dirt, pointing the way to 18 octagonal launch pads. Most of the crosses are marked in ancient script, and many are still covered in rosaries, melted plastic photographs, and buried plastisteel luggage. The messages in an ancient language mourn those left to die on a forsaken Earth.
R13	Ten overgrown disposables sit next to an old bone-skin snake mover transport stop. They take turns springing to life and scattering birdseed across the old benches, before capturing any birds or crabrats who try to take the bait. The Disposables often accidentally net and detain human travelers, but let them free once their prey's humanity is confirmed.
R14	A muddy beach overlooks a dozen flooded levies in the Acid Lake. A boat rental houses four old canoes, though two are cracked and broken. The intact canoes float fine, but will only last an hour in the acid lake.
R15	A plastisteel perimeter covered in mossy defense cannons. Each of the many 4 ft wide barrels are filled with bird nests.
R16	The roof of an old power plant has fallen away, exposing the dissolving face of a factory head. These god machines once ran the Torturers' cities with precision. Now the fallen god screams hollow taunts over the loudspeakers. On the weekends, Old Old Town residents come out to dance to the factory head's rhythmic warbled alarms.
R17	The beams of a melted apartment complex are a lattice of hundreds of bird nests. There are some signs that people live in the dank and treacherous lower levels. Underneath a sponge mattress, someone has hidden the Helm of the Emoticon (pg. 55). Miscellaneous trash and treasures fill the other units, but all are covered in bird poop.
R18	Old Old Town is a refuge for Farmerlings who no longer wish to travel. The village runs vertically through ancient silo bunkers. Here, former Farmerlings live stubborn, confined, and routine lives with little thought to the passing of the seasons. Old Old Town has decades of freshwater, oddly-flavored but nutritious food pouches, and a lifetime of console reading materials. When one of the 120 living quarters becomes vacant, the community takes applications for new residents, though many current residents would prefer to be left alone.
R19	A bone-skin snake transit tube fades into sandy oblivion. Two 8 ft high bone-skin transit snakes jut out of the white sand, one snake frozen with its jaws around the other.
R20	A thousand dangling wires dance in the wind between rows of ancient buildings. Some wires crackle with electricity. A parade of servitors carry six pristine electric guitars along a preprogrammed path.



SERVITOR

OREGANO'S PLAZA

There, at the center of the worm tunnels, lies a snake station. The worms have lost their purpose and now speed dangerously along the tracks in search of thrills. The plaza was once a great meeting place, a center of trade and travel, but, like its withered guardian, it is no longer needed.

1. VANNI'S STATION

A circular open-air terminal in the sky. A strange creature, Vanni the Last Proxy, waits on a bench. The station is shot up, but elegant. The remaining Greco-Roman columns hint at an old nobility, but most are in ruins. Vanni often throws servitors at the columns out of frustration or boredom. Between the columns is a hidden door, painted to blend into the station wall. It leads to Vanni's Closet.

The plaza is the nexus for twenty tunnels. The resident bone-skin transit snakes speed through and change paths every thirty minutes. Shallow divots lead transit snakes around a 50 ft long seating platform.

At the very center of the station the floor opens to a massive, black pit. A crumbling circular stairway meets a narrow metal ladder. A railing holds back the enormity of the shaft. The ladder seems sturdy, but two of the rungs are broken. It sways slightly in the warm updraft.

2. VANNI'S CLOSET

Vanni lives here, in filth and squalor. A foam mattress is tucked into a corner next to a slop sink and piles of moldy cleaning supplies. A terminal on the wall flashes urgent red messages in the Torturers' script.

Six proxy tubes dangle over a wet trough. Four are empty. One is filled with murky purple liquid swirling around a limp figure, creating the impression of life. Vanni has smashed his replacement's tube and chunks of proxy float around in rust-colored liquid.

3. MIDWAY PLATFORM

At the end of the ladder two rotting corpses lay jagged and broken from their fall. The only salvageable goods they carry are a revolver, a knapsack, and two sticks of chalk.

The walls of the tube are nothing more than a mess of cabling. Electrical wires and huge pipes run downward. At the center of the ledge, the cabling has been torn away by an explosion **leading into the Organo Library** (pgs. 53–54). There is another ladder leading downwards, this one more rusted than the last.

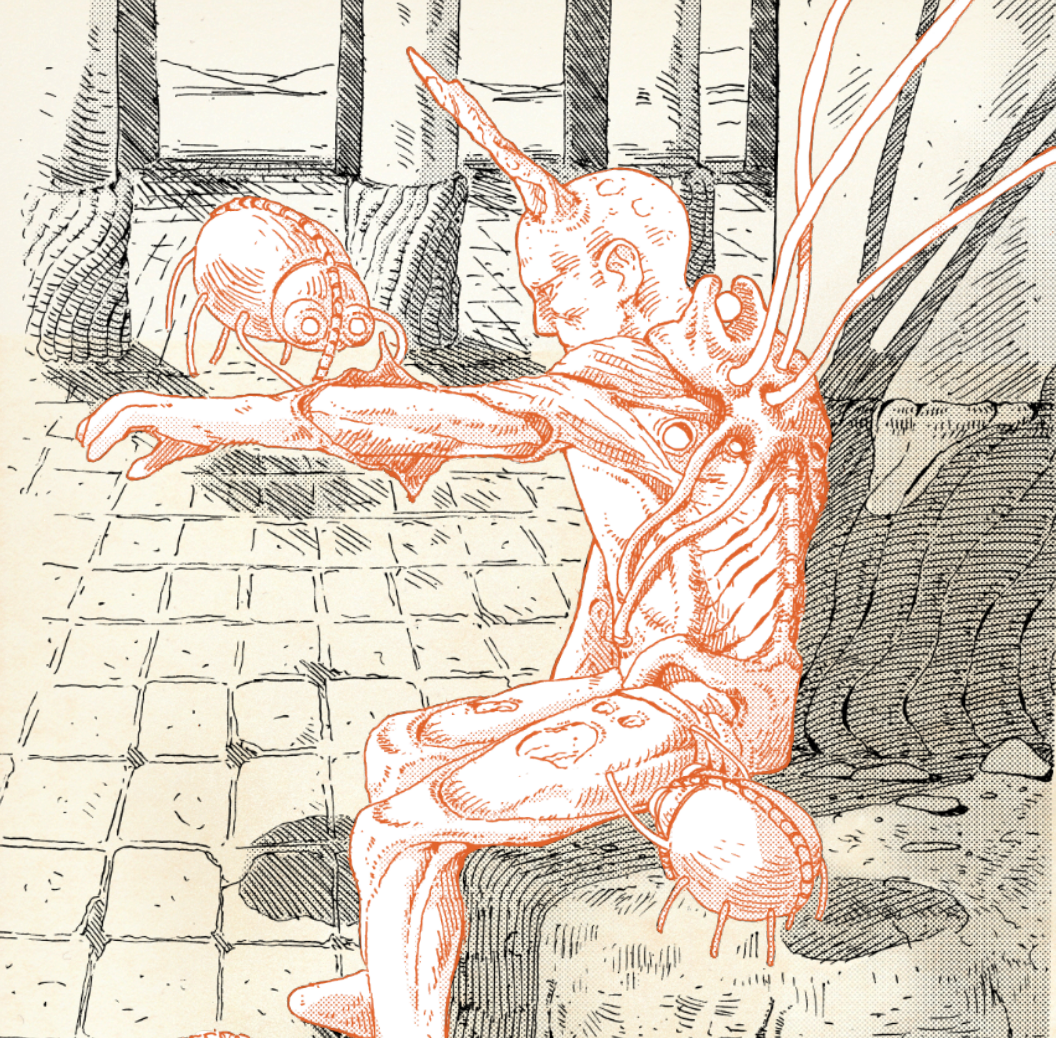
4. LITTLE OREGANO

The elevator in the tube has a metal face like a skeleton and the impulsiveness of a toddler. Little Organo rises to meet travelers at the midway platform. Built for industrial transportation, the massive circular platform has no railings. The corpse of a proxy, Vanni's predecessor, lies dangling over one edge.

Little Organo wants to help, it really does, it's just so dull being alive all the time in the lonely shaft. It doesn't mean for bad things to happen, but they just keep happening.

Little Organo will listen to its friends, but Little Organo believes friends always play games together. Its games can take centuries. Little Organo will only truly become obedient with orders from Big Organo. Little Organo, of course, doesn't like following Big Organo's instructions and requires their shared password, "Say Cheese" to comply.

If Little Organo kills a PC, it becomes extremely compliant as long as the other PCs promise not to tell Big Organo what happened. Little Organo takes no responsibility for wounding a PC and makes endless excuses.



VANNI

The Last Proxy (he/him)

INSTINCT: 62 AP: 0 WOUNDS: 8

Belongings: Fists: (2d10 Damage),
Death Poems (3d10 Damage, nearby).

Vanni, is only an impression of greatness. Two stumbling servitors spin around Vanni like a pit crew, mending, excising, and regrowing rapidly decomposing flesh (healing him for 1 Wound each round). The servitors are failing to stem his decay and it shows in their work. He has -482 days to wake his replacement and recycle his materials in the offboarding chamber.

Vanni's voice is controlled, but he hides a life in chaos. He's biologically compelled to serve Oregano, the Factory God, but lives in scheming defiance. An eternal servant, Vanni will be terminated if Oregano ever loses power.

Vanni needs someone to go down the shaft and feed Oregano its monthly meat. He is the last proxy (having killed the others), and he dares not risk another death. He points to a wet sack of deer-dog meat, and explains the superhuman abilities that can be acquired in Oregano's library below. If rewards do not entice action, he turns to threats. Vanni knows death poems and can maim a PC with a round of recitation.



OREGANO

Factory God

Oregano cannot be damaged by conventional means. Oregano can evacuate the air from its chamber at any time; the process takes 10 minutes.

Oregano is a metal mountain with the face of a mouthless skull. Its mind and body are deteriorating. Oregano keeps great histories in its library banks, but can no longer access them.

Vanni keeps Oregano trapped with idolatry. Oregano absorbs the sacks of meat the Disposable followers throw through the airlock, but devout Disposables dare not speak to their god.

The meat maintains Oregano's alien growth processes, but its mind is agonizingly bored.

Oregano has not spoken with anyone in 80 years and so treats entrants as welcome guests. If the PCs provide good company to Oregano, it eventually asks them to end its suffering. Several of its critical functions are housed in a nearby organ library and if they are disconnected, it will be destroyed. Oregano's external organs include the Processors of Pain, the Memories of a Preventable End, the Hunger Hard Drives, and the Endless Operations Executed at Oregano's Expense.

LITTLE OREGANO'S GAMES

1d10	Name	Description
1-2	Spin! Spin! Spin!	Spins faster and faster until a PC is thrown from the elevator platform.
3-4	Gooooooo sloooooow	Moves downward at a snails pace.
5-6	Bounce House	Repeatedly and unexpectedly drops 3ft at a time.
7-8	Hide and Seek	Moves to a new position and turns off the remaining lights in the elevators shaft until it can be found.
9-10	Simon Says	Barks orders followed by "Simon says," (example: disable your break pads and fall to the ground).

5. GLOWING ENTRANCE

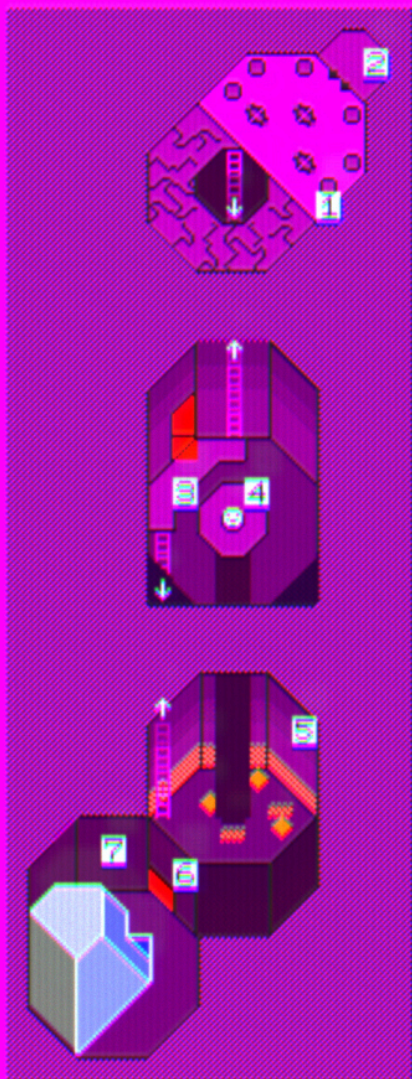
30 Disposables hold candles and prostrate themselves before a sealed airlock. The floor, the walls, and even the steps of the ladder are covered in old wax and lit candles. The wax-clogged Disposables try to prepare those who would enter the airlock by pouring buckets of hot wax over their heads.

6. AIRLOCK

A brightly lit tunnel, 40 ft tall with devotional binary scrawled across the white walls in blood. The decontamination spray is no longer functional, although the airtight seals of the doors are intact. Opens to Oregano's Chamber.

7. OREGANO'S CHAMBER

A deteriorating factory god in a sealed audience chamber, endlessly waiting for conversation.



- 1 VANNI'S STATION
- 2 VANNI'S CLOSET
- 3 MIDWAY PLATFORM
- 4 LITTLE OREGANO
- 5 GLOWING ENTRANCE
- 6 AIRLOCK
- 7 OREGANO'S CHAMBER

1. ORGAN LIBRARY

The expansive amphitheater spans three levels patrolled by 12 disposable guards set on keeping the library in its exact state of disrepair. The widest outer levels are filled with 5 ft tall shelves, each containing ten plastisteel chests. Each chest has a light near the release handle indicating the status of the organ inside. Most of the sixty chests are offline (no lights), 13 organs have been terminated (red), and four of Oregano's organs remain viable (blue). The organs are poetically labeled in an ancient script. All these organs can be implanted by using the operating platform. If an organ is implanted or an item is taken, all 12 disposable guards tirelessly pursue the retrieval of the stolen item(s).

2. OPERATING PLATFORM

The operating platform is a large mechanical spider that sits hunched on an illuminated table. When activated using a nearby console, the spider takes the nearest organ container and human-sized being into its dozen arms, swallowing them whole. The cruel processes within the machine's stomach fit the patient with their brand new organ. Whether or not the patient survives, the surgery spider places them in a recuperation tube in the adjacent room.

3. OBSERVATION ROOM

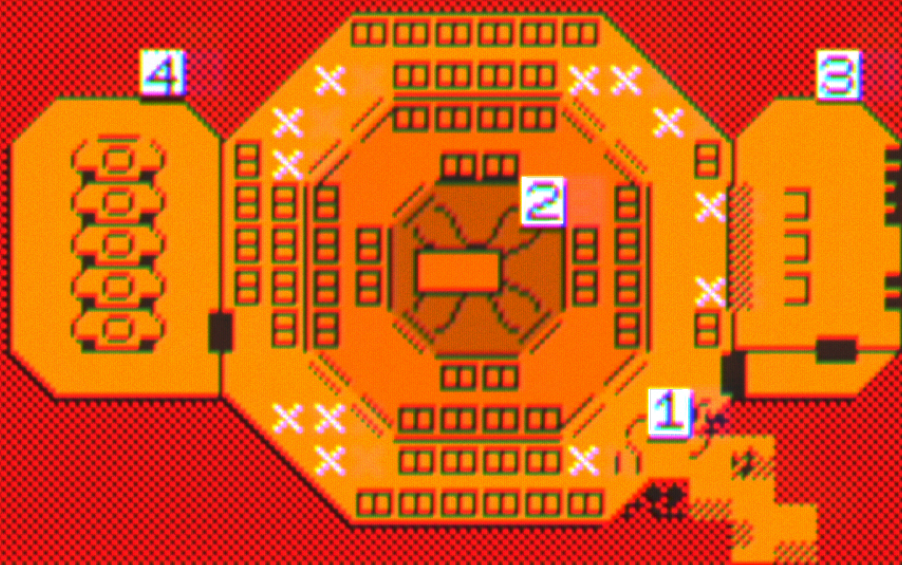
A smashed barricade leads to broken safety glass and toppled chairs. Bullet holes pepper every surface. "Death to Exiles," is painted on the walls in the Torturers' script. Two skeletons with bullet holes between bulbous horns decay in ancient suits of powered armor. The bones of many other dead intermix on the cracked tile floor.

OREGANO'S ORGANS

Name	Description
Processors of Pain	The organ looks like two ears. When implanted, the owner feels all pain within a one-mile radius. (Take 1 Stress per hour).
Memories of a Preventable End.	The organ looks like a strange manta ray with an exposed brain. When implanted, the owner gains a photographic memory of the last eight thousand years. The users' stats become Mind: 100 Heart: 0 Strength: 0 Speed: 0.
Hunger Hard Drives.	The organ looks like eight limp sacks. When implanted, the owner gains all the knowledge held by the organic material they ingest. (You require one entire provision to yourself each day. You take 5 Damage from hunger).
Endless Operations Executed at Oregano's Expense	The organ looks like a bony crab, always writhing. When implanted, the owner is able to predict the outcome of all games of chance, but only while spinning around. (Take 1 Damage whenever a Check or Save is rolled at the table.)

4. RECUPERATION SPACE

Four smashed tube chambers line the wall, full of dead Proxies. Next to the chambers are horned skeletons, haphazardly thrown to the ground. There is one chamber still intact and functioning, and it has the capacity to heal a single character of all Wounds and Damage before breaking.



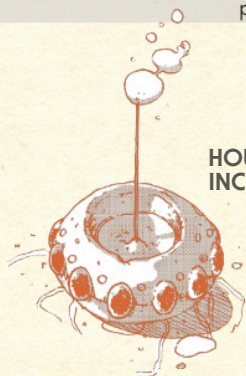
☒ DISPOSABLE

CRESTS

Location	Crest Name	Chalk Cost	Effect
[B24]	Major Crest of Advanced Aging	3	Targets an adjacent character, aging them by 5 years.
[B42]	Major Crest of Ghostly Attraction	3	The crest summons all nearby Wanderlings (1d100) to its location. The first of the Wanderlings to touch the crest is granted physical form, for as long as they hold it. Knowledge of this effect causes the Wanderlings to fight amongst themselves to reach it.
Sleepy Renault (pg. 33)	Major Crest of Mass Slumber	3	Targets everything within Long Range, including the user, and puts them to sleep for 30 minutes.
[B42]	Standard Crest of Stored Energy	2	Absorbs all nearby chalk energy such as spells, engines, machinery, and weapons making, them useless for 15 minutes.
[T3]	Trinket Crest of Incessant Duplication	1	The crest creates another Trinket Crest of Incessant Duplication.

RELICS & SLIP STUFF

Location	Name	Effects
[B39]	Chastity Dagger	A holy dagger given to a former Cloud Empress. The blade detaches from the handle and soars freely, swinging to the rhythm of the user's heart. (2d10 Damage, long-range, roll attacks with Advantage).
[R11]	Fissure Fist	The gauntlet of a mighty carapace, once used by the Torturers for carving and etching bone-skin. The Fissure Fist melts pretty much anything if given enough time and chalk (3d10 Damage). It takes 3 sticks of chalk to power it for 10 minutes.
[B38]	Funeral Urn of an Anti-Saint	A stone casket containing the corpse of a former Anti-Saint. Such a relic impresses mystics and religious practitioners who insist that only the enlightened can carry such a heavy weight. Hungry Imago follow the urn. The urn allows the carriers to roll Miscasts with Advantage.
[W39]	Hand of a Fort Robo	The severed hand of defense robo. Autonomous and violent, the hand has been reconfigured to indiscriminately hunt humans once removed from its storage bag (2d10 Damage).
[W15]	Heart Seed Sapling	The spark for the next thousand-year forest. The seed of a millennium tree, grown in recirculating chalk waters. Priceless beyond measure and revered by Farmerlings.
[B26]	Helm of the Emoticon	The helmet allows near-perfect transmission of emotions between the wearer and a single nearby target.
[B9]	Hounds' Incense Burner	A clay dish with a pungent incense from a cousin reality. Lighting the incense summons 1d10 Hounds of Love who ruthlessly retrieve the lit stick of incense. The aggressive hounds are easily distracted, and can only be harmed by magic.
[T8]	Jockey Harness	A bone-skin cage that is locked around the head, chest, hands, and waist. The harness drastically lowers the wearer's metabolism and heart rate. A user only needs to eat and drink once per week. Stress cannot be reduced while wearing the harness.
[B35]	The Thinking Head	The head of an ancient robo, full of untold knowledge. Rumors say the Thinking Head saw the beginning of creation. It answers a single yes or no question per day, to the best of its ability. Occasionally it wakes up screaming in the middle of the night.
pg. 20	Water Bear Box	When three sticks of chalk are inserted into the slots on the side of the crate, 1d5 water bears are summoned from an alternate dimension. Water bear farmers are cautious not to overly exploit this interdimensional resource.
pg. 44	Whisper	This flute is handcrafted from giant's hair and chalk. Its clear, delicate tone is so sensitive to acoustics that those with a practiced ear can use it to navigate in pitch-black darkness.



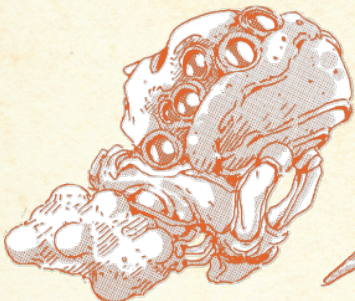
**HOUNDS'
INCENSE BURNER**



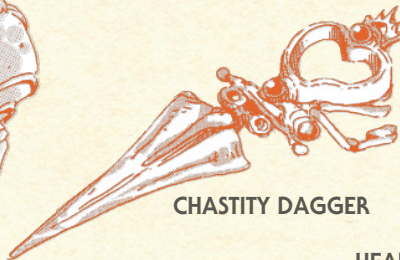
FISSURE FIST

SPELLS

Location	Spell Name	Chalk Cost	Effect	After Effect on Caster
[T2]	Accelerated Metamorphosis	10	Targets the caster, causing their skin to slough off and reveal a bipedal insectoid within. All of the caster's Stats and Saves are increased by 20.	The first time a character sees the caster's new insectoid form, they must make a Panic Check.
[W19], pg. 30	Animate Snake	3	Targets a bone-skin transit snake within long range, bringing it to life. For 30 minutes, the caster can direct the snake with their fingers.	The caster becomes disgusted with their limbs. For the next week, the caster only reduces their Stress when resting if their limbs are tightly bound.
[T19]	Blackout	2	Targets all nearby creatures, causing them to lose their sight for 15 minutes.	The caster becomes blind for 3 days.
[T16]	Detonate Body Part	3	Targets the caster or a nearby character, causing a part of their body to explode. For every 6 inches of flesh sacrificed to the spell, the explosion deals 1d10 Damage.	The caster's body mirrors their target; the caster loses all use of the body part that they caused to explode. (e.g. if the caster detonated the target's right leg, their own leg becomes useless)
pg. 40	Grant Wish	3	The caster calls a new reality into being. No wish is too large, but each wish must come from the heartfelt desire of someone other than the caster. In most cases, only the caster remembers the state of the world before the wish was granted. This spell requires a deep knowledge of suffering, and years to master.	The caster's lifespan is reduced by one-third.
[W37]	Send to Earth	3	Targets all creatures within long range, pulling them 3 ft down into the ground, trapping them there for 30 minutes.	For 3 days, gravity is inverted for the caster. If they are not tied down or held in place, they will float into space.



THE THINKING HEAD



CHASTITY DAGGER



HEART SEED
SAPLING

LOWLAND WASTES WEATHER

Roll a new weather pattern every 24 hours.

1d100	Late Spring	Summer	Early Fall
00–20	Sunshine	Sunshine	Partial cloud cover
21–30	Heavy cloud cover		Heavy cloud cover
31–40	Light rain	Partial Cloud Cover	Light rain
41–50		Light Rain	
51–60	Fog (Long range and extreme range attacks at Disadvantage)	Thunderstorm (Roll 1d100 for each PC, for any results of 99 that PC takes 3d10 Damage)	Fog (Long range and extreme range attacks at Disadvantage)
70–80	Light snow	Heatwave (+2 Stress)	Light snow, falling leaves
81–90	Heavy rain		Heavy rain
91–93	Thunderstorm (Roll 1d100 for each PC, for any results of 99 that PC takes 3d10 Damage)		Freezing temperatures, falling leaves
94–96	Heavy snow (1/2 travel speed, +2 Damage without warm clothing)	Tornado (Deals 3d10 Damage to each PC)	Heavy snow (1/2 travel speed, +2 Damage without warm clothing)
97–99	*Slippery weather	*Slippery weather	*Slippery weather

SLIPPERY WEATHER

Slippery weather within a 1d10 mile radius.

1d10	Reaction
1	A small meteor shower. Meteorites that hit the ground deal 1d10 Damage.
2	Deadly cold snap.
3	Ash rain
4	All humans take the form of animals. All animals take the form of humans.
5	Wall of fog.
6	Frog rain.
7	Whiteout blizzard.
8	Translucence. Everything except the ground becomes semi-transparent.
9	A mass of 1d100 of Wanderlings doing a group activity, such as singing, playing, fighting, etc.
10	Spreading flames.

NPC MOOD TABLE

Roll on the Mood Table whenever an NPC's mood towards the PCs is uncertain.

1d10	Mood
1	Generous
2	Friendly
3	Curious
4	Needy
5	Disinterested
6	Wary
7	Afraid
8	Defensive
9	Aggressive
10	Cruel

NPC TRADING COURIERS

Roll 1d10 to determine which Courier you meet (which column).

Roll 1d10 to determine how many items the Courier is carrying (how many rows).

For example, if you roll a 1 and a 4, the players meet the Courier Friendly Brothie.

Brothie would be carrying four items, a miniature oven, a packsquab, a bucket of fertilizer, and 1d5 provisions for trade.

Who is the merchant? (1d10) →	1–2	3–4	5–6	7–8	9–10
How many items do they carry? (1d10) ↓	Friendly Brothie	Foxhawk the Stingy	Lumi the Sloth	Chester the Ruined	Creepy Grelfo
1	1d5 provisions	Pocket watch	Hanging shower	Damaged instrument	30 ft ladder
2	Bucket of fertilizer	Bullet press	10 old books	1d10 provisions	1d100 Drowsy pills
3	Packsquab	Fishing spear	1d10 provisions	Walking staff	Spyglass
4	Miniature oven	1d10 provisions	Hardshell tent	1d5 sticks of chalk	1d100 pep pills
5	Saber	Tape	Sense recorder	Old metal flask	1d10 sticks of chalk
6	Traveling knife	1d10 sticks of chalk	Water Recycler	Wool blanket	Military Rifle
7	Revolver	Fresh beef-boar rations (5 servings)	1d10 glow sticks	2d10 sea kelp piles	Dartpipe
8	Solar lantern	Portable reading console	2d10 pouch rations	40 ft rope	Servitor
9	Hot soup (1 large pot)	Powder detergent	1d5 jugs of fresh water	Sickle	1d10 provisions
10	1d10 sticks of chalk	Water bear	Packsquab	Wood glue	Climbing hook

1d10	LOWLAND WASTES RUMORS	Location
1	After defeating some Lordling in Delta City, Teng the Climber has set up shop in Fort Snek. Xe challenges every Lordling carrying a saber.	[W19]
2	The bone-skin giants were interstellar marauders brought to heel by the Torturers' machines. Their graveyards litter the farthest reaches of the Thickwood. Bone-skin is valuable, but dangerous to collect.	[T20]
3	Everyone knows Tack Town's Matron is not long for this world. If we could find the Thinking Head, it could allocate resources, interpret weather patterns, and resolve conflicts in her place for the next thousand years.	[B35]
4	Papon the Crestless has warned us of chalk poisoning. The bugs won't eat my bones now that I take his little blue pills. They were on back order for weeks. Boy am I lucky.	[W17]
5	My application to live in Old Old Town was rejected. They said I talked too much in my interview. How dare they withhold provisions while folks like me have to sleep hungry half the year.	[R18]
6	Somewhere in the Breadbasket, there must be a flesh-thresher repair depot. I've seen flesh-threshers shot to pieces one Summer, only to return with their bullet holes filled the next.	[B41]
7	This conflict between Farmerlings and Cloudlings would be resolved in an afternoon if we had the Torturers' emotion machines. As a child I saw a campsite ready to kill one another until a Courier used the Helm of the Emoticon. Snap! Just like that everyone was hugging and apologizing for the pain they had caused.	[B26]
8	Acid Lake has absorbed too much of the poison from the clouds. Now even dipping a toe in the water will give you sores for weeks. Some Farmerlings live in floating villages on the lake, though I don't know how.	[T11]
9	All our tolerance of the Brood Monks and look at where it got us—another Century Brood filled with death and destruction. Traitors to human kind, I say. I hear the oldest monks plot with the Imago on Sandrock Peak.	[T21]
10	Sleepy Renault will give a crest to anyone who brings him the Farmerling pirates on Broken Back river.	[W29]

