



3 Fiendish Funnel Starters

for use with *Funnel World*

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The Blob What Ate We Village

BY MARK TYGART

Player Intro

The stars are ever-present wonders, evidence of both the ultimate benevolence of the gods and their delightful sense of aesthetics. That's what Father Martin used to say, before he died of the Plague. Or was it Bleeding-Eye Fever? At any rate, a star fell from the sky last night, and who knows—it might be valuable! Or at least edible. I heard a rumor that it's a glowing princess that looks like Claer Daens (you know, that one server at the Crimson Dragon).

In any case, it should be worth a look. The crater's still smoking on that hillside over there. And that smoke—y'know, it doesn't smell half bad...

Note

Consider mapping the the home town before play (see *Funnel World*, page 18).

Questions

- * Who among you leads this band?
 - * Who here is family to you?
 - * What other questionable wisdom and/or life lessons did Father Martin impart upon you?
 - * Why do you feel so famished?
 - * How many coins to do you owe the proprietor of the Crimson Dragon for past carousing?
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Stakes

- * Why did THE BLOB land here? Summoned by foul witchcraft?
- * Who in town looks like they could be a witch? Don't believe in witches? Sounds like witch talk to me!
- * How many villagers will die?
- * Will THE BLOB consume the village? The kingdom? The world?
- * Will Claer Daens ever quit her crappy job at the tavern?



Adventure Move

When you *pray for help at Father Martin's grave*, roll +WIS: on a 10+, you remember his lecture that one time about what harms a witch pudding (fire!); on a 7-9, you realize that THE BLOB is, in fact, a witch pudding, but the question remains as to whether it's as edible as its name implies.

THE BLOB FROM BEYOND

Solitary, Amorphous

Damage Acid touch 1d10 (*touch*, ignores armor)

HP 15 **Armor** 1

Special Qualities Vulnerable only to magic and fire

The typical pudding is about 10' across and 2' thick. Before dining commences.

Instinct To consume all

- * Lurch quickly up along any weapon or object
- * Burn through flesh
- * Grow larger with each passing snack (+1d6 HP, becoming *Large* at 30 HP and *Huge* at 60 HP)

The Ghost Ship Demeter

BY MARK TYGART

Player Intro

Aaaah, the magnificence of a life at sea! Rum, brutality and the lash, surrounded by water that'll drown you even as it remains undrinkable! What could your father have been thinking? Was he countin' the coins that he and them other village elders received as a bonus for enlistin' you an' your "friends" as apprentice sailors on the briny deep? I'm sure they only had your welfare at heart when they sold you into twenny years of servitude on the good ship Demeter, eh? But does that means it's a good thing or a bad thing that when you woke up to swab the decks this mornin', you discovered the rest of the crew's gone missing in the night?"

Questions

- * What's your job on board the ship?
- * Can you swim?
- * Who here's the worst landlubber?
- * Who among you can read the stars?

Stakes

- * Will anyone survive?
- * Who will be the first to turn thrall?
- * Will LORD ABZU reach his goal, civilization and its wealth of souls?

Impressions

- * The lap of the waves against the ship's hull
- * The cry of gulls
- * The salty ocean air
- * A wall of fog off the starboard bow

Adventure Move

When you *explore the ghost ship Demeter*, roll +INT: on a 10+, you find a clue (GM chooses, see below); on a 7-9, you have an encounter (GM chooses, see below).

Clues

Reveal these in any order except for the last one, which is always found last.

- ☐ There are no rats on board
- ☐ A human hand, clearly ripped from the arm to which it was attached
- ☐ Crates of rare earth, stacked in the cargo hold
- ☐ Scrawled on a bulkhead in blood: *Drowning would be bet—*
- ☐ Captain's diary, containing mention of a strange, aristocratic passenger
- ☐ Bloodstained navigation charts

Encounters

Reveal these in any order except for the last one, which always comes last.

- ☐ The ship drifts into a heavy fog
- ☐ Strange dreams of eerie woods and craggy mountains
- ☐ The howl of a wolf
- ☐ A bat flitters out of a hatch and into the night
- ☐ LORD ABZU tries to lure someone away, with the intent of draining them and throwing the corpse overboard (destroying the thrall that would otherwise arise)
- ☐ An ebon box (LORD ABZU's coffin), in its hiding place

LORD ABZU, THE REVENANT

*Solitary, Organized, Intelligent,
Stealthy, Cautious, Magical*

Damage Life drain 1d8+5 (*hand*,
1 piercing)

HP 10 Armor 2

Special Qualities Undead; vulnerable only to sunlight, fire, moving water (ocean counts), a wooden stake through the heart

Vampires beget vampires. Suffering begets suffering. To be seduced is to be gifted with a crown of shadows and the chains of undying grief.

Lord Abzu is only active at night. During the day he must rest in his ebon coffin, filled with earth of his native land.

Instinct To feed

- * Retreat to plot their demise
- * Become a bat, a wolf, mist
- * Drain them dry

When you *feel your essence being drained away by Lord Abzu*, roll +CON: on a 10+, you tighten your grip on life and resist, for the moment; on a 7-9, you are claimed by Abzu's Curse, and feel a sudden burden—your conscience or a great sadness (describe the feeling); on a 6-, you suffer full damage.

When you *are claimed by Abzu's Curse*, take -1 ongoing against him, and your mind is bound to his—he knows what you know, at all times, until one of you is destroyed.

When you *are slain by Lord Abzu*, you will arise as his thrall within three days (use the same stats as above, but 8 HP and under Lord Abzu's control).

When you *are a thrall and Lord Abzu is destroyed*, you become a full-fledged revenant (use Lord Abzu's stats).



Midnight Snack

BY MARK TYGART

Player Intro

Folks round here is always complaining about being poor, but they never do nothing about it. Look—someone dies from the plague or the knife every other day in this backwater, and the Imperial College of Necromancy is offering two gold crowns for each body delivered to its doors. It's not siege math. Coin for corpses! So you'd better find yourselves some shovels and a wagon before I start calculating how much you'd be worth to me not breathing. Not afraid of the graveyard at night, like everybody else, are ya? Bloody crybabies, the lot of you, or my name ain't Craven. Now get to work!

Note

Consider mapping the the home town before play (see *Funnel World*, page 18).

Questions

- * What's your job in Craven's Crew?
- * How were you forced into this life?
- * Where is the town graveyard?
- * Who among you recently saw a close relative buried there?
- * Where is the Imperial College in relation to your town?

Stakes

- * Who will see an opportunity to get out from under Craven's thumb?
- * Will anyone trade corpse for coin?
- * Is Craven in league with the GHOUL?
- * How does the GHOUL like its meat?

Impressions

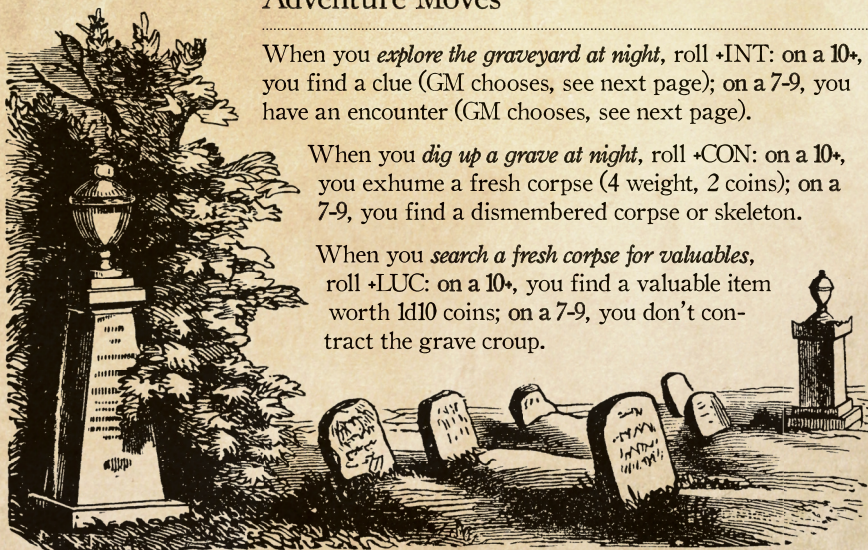
- * A gibbous moon, leering down
- * Broken grave markers, all around
- * The smell of damp earth and death
- * The cold night air, colder here

Adventure Moves

When you *explore the graveyard at night*, roll +INT: on a 10+, you find a clue (GM chooses, see next page); on a 7-9, you have an encounter (GM chooses, see next page).

When you *dig up a grave at night*, roll +CON: on a 10+, you exhume a fresh corpse (4 weight, 2 coins); on a 7-9, you find a dismembered corpse or skeleton.

When you *search a fresh corpse for valuables*, roll +LUC: on a 10+, you find a valuable item worth 1d10 coins; on a 7-9, you don't contract the grave croup.



Clues

Reveal these in any order except for the last one, which is always found last.

- ☐ A broken whiskey bottle
 - ☐ Claw marks on a tombstone
 - ☐ A messily excavated grave containing a shredded burlap body bag
 - ☐ Strange tracks (human, barefoot) in soft earth
 - ☐ A stone funerary urn filled with blood, black in the moonlight
 - ☐ Human entrails, arranged on a stone table in an orderly manner
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Encounters

Reveal these in any order except for the last one, which always comes last.

- ☐ The harsh cry of a raven
- ☐ Guttural laughter or animal grunting, it's hard to tell
- ☐ A hunched figure, stock-still and watching from the treeline
- ☐ The GHOUL ambushes someone at an opportune moment
- ☐ A skeletal hand, wearing a silver ring set with a pale green peridot (100 coins)
- ☐ A tomb—the GHOUL's lair—its stone door broken to pieces

GRAVEYARD GHOUL

Solitary, Stealthy, Cautious

Damage Claws 1d8 (*close, messy*,
1 piercing)

HP 10 Armor 1

Special Qualities Feral, night vision

Hungry, hungry, hungry. All the time, hungry. And the flesh buried underground is always sweetest.

Instinct To feast upon the dead

- * Take a bite of living flesh and spit it out in disgust
- * Lunge with freakish speed
- * Flee into the darkness

When you *realize that this horrific thing was once human like you*, roll +WIS: on a 10+, file that information alongside all the other depredations to which you've borne witness; on a 7-9, you are paralyzed with horror or sympathy, of which the ghoul takes full advantage, this instant.

