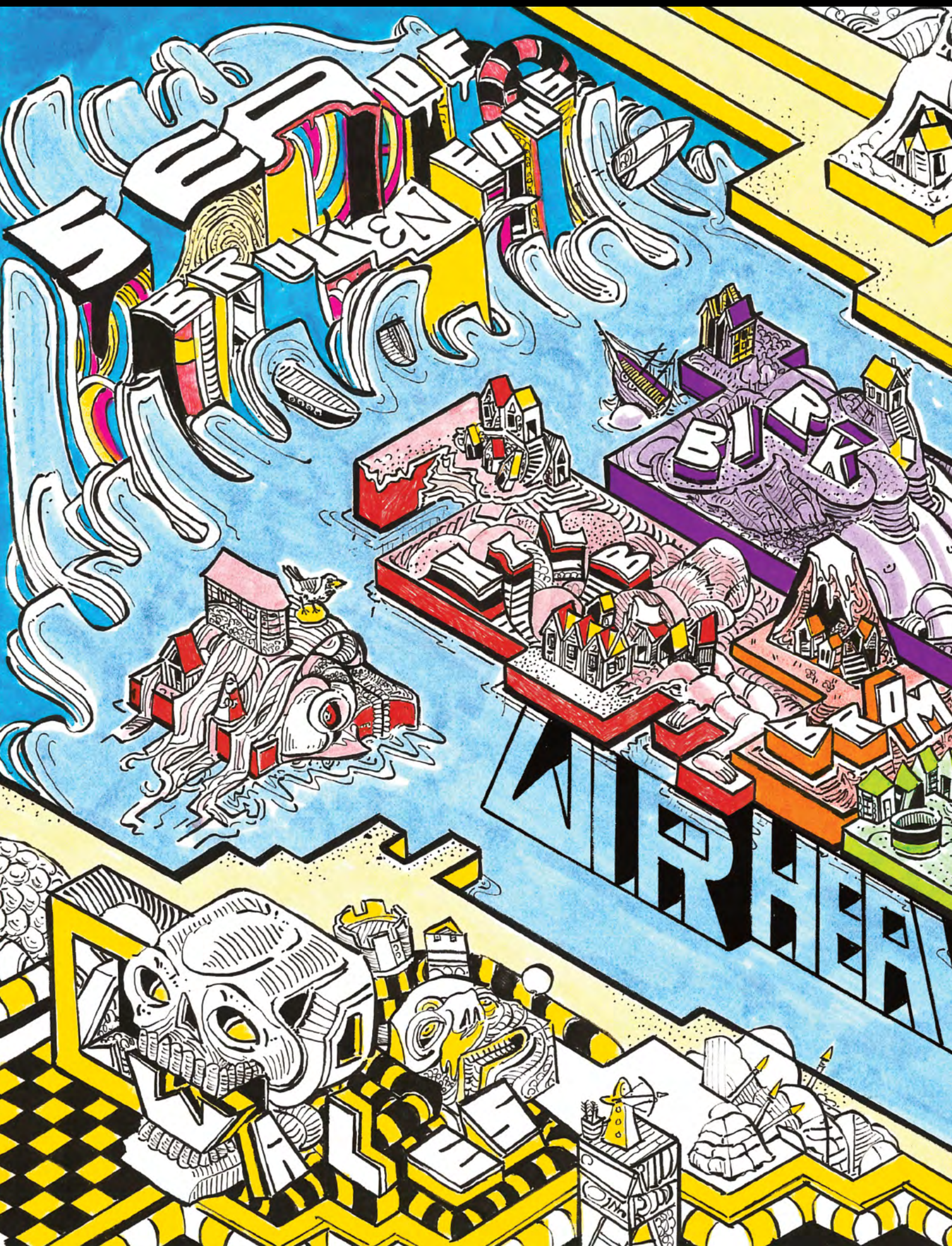


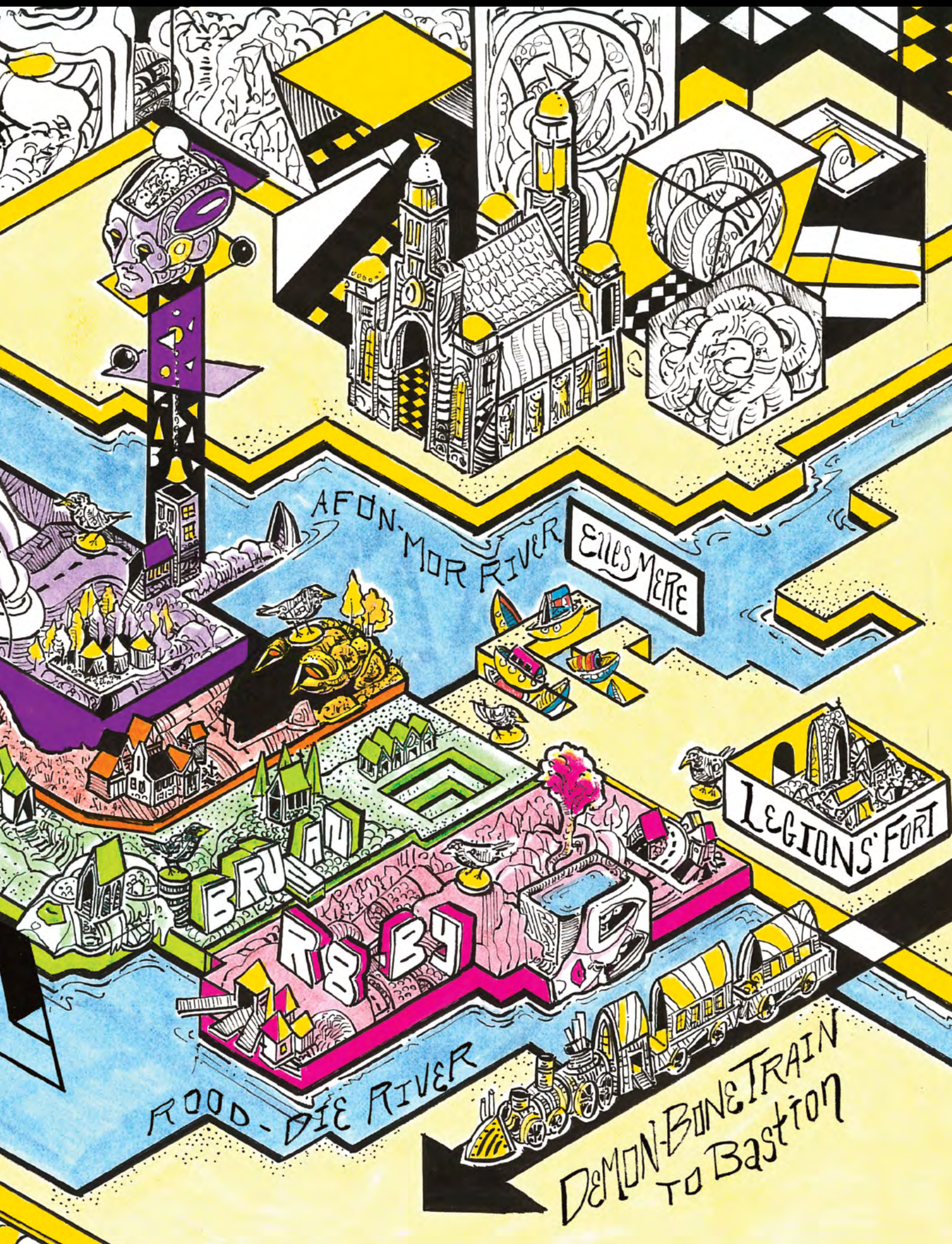


Patrick Stuart

Dirk Detweiler Leichty







Wir-Heal, Where the Titans Lie

There are many maps of *Wir-Heal*. They are available in *Legions Fort*, and even *Bastion*, for a price (*ONE GUILDER*, usually). Available for free almost anywhere is the knowledge **YOU REALLY SHOULDN'T GO** to *Wir-Heal* because:

- The **SHIFTING REALITIES** make *MAPS* almost useless.
- The **NIGHTMARES** of the **SLEEPING TITANS** walk at night.
- All men there are **CURSED TO DEVOLVE INTO BEASTS**.

The Shifting Realities

In *Wir-Heal*, relative space shifts unpredictably and invisibly. The landscape of the ancient past meshes and spumes with silent memories of a shattered future encoded in stone and wire. Leaving the same place in *Wir-Heal* and heading in the same direction will not always take you to the same place.

Yet, *MAPS* are not completely useless. The paths in *Wir-Heal* have repeating patterns, and through practice and attention, those patterns can be learnt. Though the paths between each point do shift, the general makeup and relative arrangement of *Wir-Heal* persists. No matter what, *Monks Ferry* is always on the North-West coast, *South Town* is always close to the Southern Border, and so on.

The Titans' Nightmares

While, in daylight, realities shift; at night, **THE DREAMS AND TERRORS** of **THE SLEEPING TITANS** bleed into the real. Empty buildings fallen through time are lit with bright electricity, empty motorways shimmer with passing headlamps and **THE WARPED HORRORS** of **EACH TITAN** walk the earth in the form of terrible and inexplicable monsters and impossible anti-reality events.

The Sanctuary Settlements

There are a few points in *Wir-Heal* which, for unknown reasons, are immune from the shifting realities and **TITANS' NIGHTMARES**. Like steel pins through shifting black silk, they are 'real'. If you go to sleep there, you wake up in the same place.

This is where **THE MASK-MEN** of *Wir-Heal* build their small and fragile communities. These are the settlements shown on *THE MAP*.

If the PCs reach a settlement, 9 times in 10, **THE TITAN NIGHTMARES** will not pursue them and either wait or evaporate out of existence on the border. Those that do pursue bleed existence, becoming less and less powerful with each moment, until they disappear like bad dreams.

The Rookeries

By time-paled tradition, *EVERY MAP* of *Wir-Heal* shows the resting places of its **ROOKS**. At dawn and dusk, day and night, the black birds gather in their parliaments and talk amongst themselves.

The reason for this tradition is known only to a few.

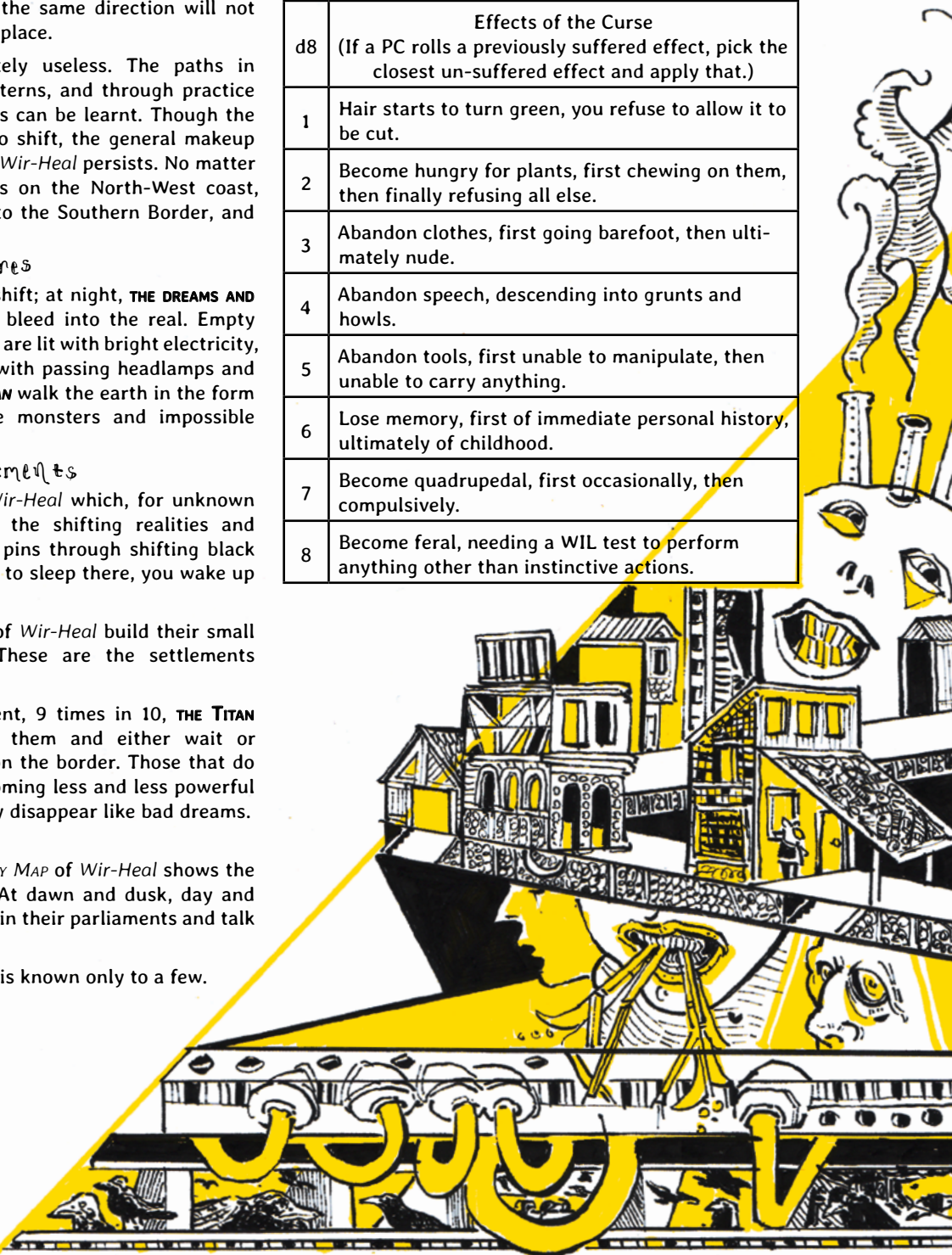
The Curse of The Woodwose

There is one more reason not to visit *Wir-Heal*: the land is doubly-cursed. Any **TRUE-BORN HUMAN** who stays there too long **DEVOLVES** into a green-haired, plant-eating beast.

The longer a human being spends in *Wir-Heal*, the more likely it is that they begin transforming into a Woodwose. The chance is a cumulative 1% each day. On the second day it is 2%, on the third 3% and so on. Further, the chance does not re-set once **A TRANSFORMATION** has been rolled. Thus, every Dawn spent in *Wir-Heal*: each Human PC rolls a d100 to determine if they begin transforming.

Outside of *Wir-Heal*, an individual does not devolve any further. Additionally, for every day they spend away the chance of them transforming while in *Wir-Heal* drops 1%. If the transformation is only partial, behavioural changes gradually revert during time outside of *Wir-Heal*.

	Effects of the Curse (If a PC rolls a previously suffered effect, pick the closest un-suffered effect and apply that.)
d8	
1	Hair starts to turn green, you refuse to allow it to be cut.
2	Become hungry for plants, first chewing on them, then finally refusing all else.
3	Abandon clothes, first going barefoot, then ultimately nude.
4	Abandon speech, descending into grunts and howls.
5	Abandon tools, first unable to manipulate, then unable to carry anything.
6	Lose memory, first of immediate personal history, ultimately of childhood.
7	Become quadrupedal, first occasionally, then compulsively.
8	Become feral, needing a WIL test to perform anything other than instinctive actions.



SILENT TITANS

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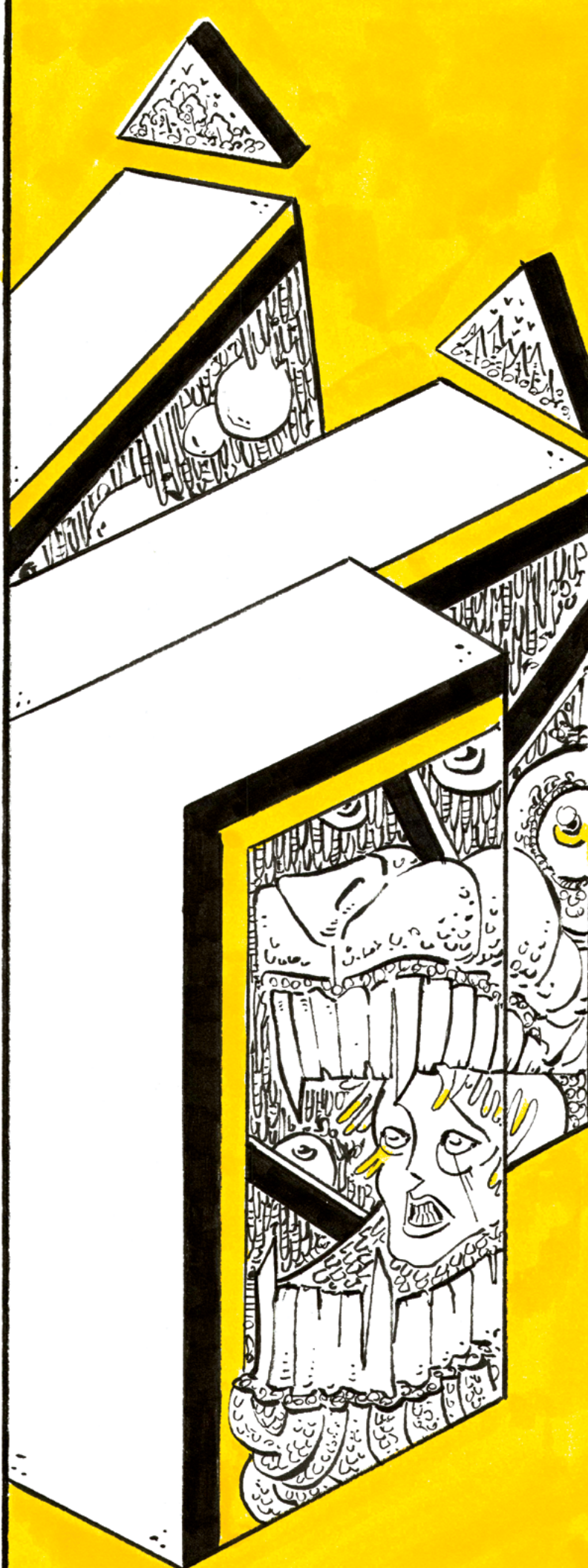
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Contents

Maze of Uriel Map.....	Inside Dust-Cover
Wir-Heal Map.....	Front Endpages
Wir-Heal, Where Titans Lie.....	iv
Introduction.....	2
Who the Hell are You?.....	4
Character Background Table.....	6
Making an Encounter.....	8
Space.....	8
Held Energy.....	10
Workable Enemies.....	10
Feel, Sensing, and Improvisation.....	11
Dementia Bomb.....	12
Doctor Hog and his Brain Apes.....	16
Elles Mere.....	18
The View South.....	20
Legions Fort.....	22
The Castle.....	23
Shops and Where to Stay.....	24
Harbour and the Demon-Bone Train.....	26
Cathedral of the Risen Goose.....	27
Hugh Lupus.....	28
The Wreckers.....	30
Mother Redcaps.....	32
The Court of Wapentake.....	34
The Court of Wassail.....	38
The Ouzel.....	40
The Maze of Uriel.....	42
The Prismatic Demon.....	44
The Silent Titans.....	46
R8-BY.....	46
On R8-BY.....	46
In R8-BY.....	48
R8-BY's Avatars.....	54
Brunan.....	56
On Brunan.....	56
In Brunan.....	58
Brunan's Avatars.....	64
Hilb.....	66
On Hilb.....	66
In Hilb.....	68
Hilb's Avatars.....	74
Brom.....	76
On Brom.....	76
In Brom.....	78
Brom's Avatars.....	84
Birk.....	86
On Birk.....	86
In Birk.....	88
Birk's Avatars.....	94
The Titan Diamonds.....	96
Continuing the Adventure.....	98
Interview with Chris McDowall.....	100
Rivers and the Sea.....	Back Endpages





"THE WILDERNESS OF WIRRAL,
FEW LIVED THERE
WHO LOVED WITH A GOOD HEART
EITHER GOD OR MAN."

Even without its unearthly substrate of *SLEEPING TITANS*, *Wir-Heal* would still be a strange eddy in the lands of the *Wrecked Heptarchy*. Named for the Wir by men of the North, the Bog-Myrtle or Myrica gale that grows in the marsh and scents the air with sweet resin, *Wir-Heal* is made from swamp and hill with little in-between.

Rippling bogs and still meres wrap the land, the glasslike water echoes back the cry of birds. Tidal flats make up its margins, reaches of sand and reeds riddled with runnels and streams, invisible until you get close and covered twice a day in the murmuring of surf. Its paths are pinned to the earth by bridges of mortared stone, crumbling concrete, pine planks, un-nailed adze-cut oak or the desiccated jaws of whales.

Walkers find faded images with disappearing fog-like letters, which seem to be maps. Men have gone mad studying these signs. It is impossible to tell what comes from when in *Wir-Heal*, so twisted in time the place is. What's unknown is best ignored.

Hidden in the wilderness like dim gems in a rusted crown, are small hamlets of low slumped stone painted white, piled in skeletons of black oak and topped with thatched roofs, surrounded by fields fenced with branching drystone walls.

In the fields are wild women and wild men who walk on all fours eating the grass, chewing on dandelions, vines and branches. Green men, grotesqueries. The Woodwose.

Watching over, farming and eating them, are animals standing on hind legs wearing *THE MASKS* of men. Sheep, pigs, bulls, boars, bears and wolves, hares, otters, cows and deer — all with the voices and minds of human beings.

Beyond, is forest and the wrecks of time. Deciduous climax vegetation broken by rolling hills like whales shouldering waves, cut by red escarpments of sunset-red sandstone that glows in summer light, crossed by ruins and the wrecks of rails and roads, riven remains of an imagined future. Thick with crumbling concrete pillars, rags of tattered plastic, shards of glass and shining half-rotted cans with undecipherable signs, chain-link fences rising from the undergrowth between brown, beaten earth walking-tracks that break into rivulets of indistinguishable trails.

Sane time sets with the sun. With night, the land dreams and unbidden futures rise. What's true in day may not be in the dark; suburban mazes with trimmed lawns and light-emitting empty homes, parks of gogmagogic industry, vast box-buildings holding unknown processes, surrounded by trimmed lawns and labyrinths of waste ground, gigantic trash-Tors covering plutonic reserves for future wars, abandoned concrete docks on empty shores, servicing nothing, libraries of unreadable knowledge.

Why? The song tells it:





CHRONOS CALLED THEM THEN,
 AS HIS ENDEAVOUR FAILED.
 THEIGN OF TIME WHO'S THRALLS ARE TIDES,
 HE WHO SPINS BACK STAR-PATHS,
 OR SEEMS TO.
 EVEN THOSE UNALTERABLE ONES.
 HE CALLED THEM FROM THE EBBING TIDES OF TIME,
 THE FRETTED SANDS OF LIFE UPON THIS WORLD WHEN,
 AFTER MANS DECAY,
 AS JUST BEFORE HIS RISE,
 GIANTS RULED.
 TITANS OF THE END AND OF THE WORLDS LAST BREATH.
 TITANS OF THE FALL.
 TITANS MECHANICAL, BROKEN AND COOL,
 MIGHTY-MINDED WORLD-SHAPERS MADE FROM MANS LAST CRAFT.
 ABANDONED THINKERS IN AN EMPTY WORLD.
 KAOS-CHILDREN,
 KNOWING ALL,
 THE DARK BEHIND THE SETTING SUN.
 THEY CAME,
 AND FAILED, AND FELL.
 AND CHRONOS FELL, AND FALLS.
 AND TIME BEGAN, BEGINS, AND IS.
 CLOCKS SPRING INTO LIFE,
 SEASONS DANCE IN REGULAR TIME,
 WINTER FOLLOWS SUMMER OUT OF FEAR,
 (NEVER FORGETTING ITS HATE,
 ALWAYS RESENTING ITS CHAINS).
 SUN CIRCLES EARTH,
 MEN AGE AND DIE,
 THE DEAD STAY IN THEIR PLACE,
 (FOR THE MOST PART),
 REALITY IS BORN;
 CALMEST OF CHILDREN,
 CLEAREST OF CREATED THINGS.

But **THOSE TITANS** of the future could not die, for they had not been born. They must wait, wait and sleep. Wait till waking when time would allow them to be. Wait and dream of worlds unborn. Under the earth but not of it, sleeping just under the turf, oak roots tangled in their hair, bogs in their nostrils, rabbit warrens just beneath their finger-nails.

Sleeping and dreaming and turning just under the grass, their dreams escaping, staining the air, transforming the land, filling it with memories of millennia to be, dreams of industry and long decay, mechanical, indifferent and absolute. Long sorrows and the wash of dark forgotten wars, scars before the wound.

They lie tangled with each other like drugged men. Their entwined and sleeping limbs make the bedrock of the peninsula. It was there the powers dumped their somnolent forms, piling one upon another, hurling them into the sea between the *Rood-Die* and the *Afon-Mor*.

Sleeping in *Wir-Heal*, where the myrtle springs up from the bog, salmon nosing wisely in its root, **THE OUZEL**, bird most knowing, in its branch. A peninsula bounded by the rivers of the gods, fronted by cold seas, locked by broken Time, a place where few would wish to go, and from which few return.

Yet some dark-minded few do go to *Wir-Heal*, for **THOSE TITAN-MINDS** still hold immeasurable power.

And because *THEIR DREAMING THOUGHTS ARE GLEAMING GOLD*. And men know greed above all things.





Who The Hell Are You?

"WAIT! WHAT'S GOING ON?"

Like everything I make; read this through before you start, all the way from front to back. Rules for running the game are in the back. If you are running it, you should read those first. Once you've done that, you need four kinds of things. One you have, the second is easy to get, the other two are hard;

THE FIRST THING: *THIS BOOK*. Problem solved. Unless you pirated it.

THE SECOND THING: Paper and pencil, and maybe an eraser. Relatively easy to get.

THE THIRD THING: RPG Dice. The funky dice nerds use to play Role Playing Games, like d20, d8, etc, plus at least three six-sided or 'd6' dice. Can be a challenge.

THE FOURTH THING: 3 TO 6 *FRIENDS*. It's the 21st century so no-one actually has '*FRIENDS*' anymore. Just read *THE BOOK* and pretend they are there.

Each '*FRIEND*' needs a Character to play. Give them paper and pencil and go through the following stages:

1. Roll Ability Scores

Roll 3d6 for each Ability Score. 10 is average, 18 high and 3 low. This is what they are and what they mean:

STRENGTH: Fighting, fortitude, and toughness.

DEXTERITY: Stealth, athletics, and reflexes.

WILLPOWER: Confidence, discipline, and charisma.

You may swap any two of your scores.

2. Roll Hit Points

Roll a d6 to determine your Hit Points, a measure of your ability to avoid life-threatening Damage.

3. Find Out Who You Are

THE BIG CHART: is on the next spread. Match your **HIGHEST ABILITY SCORE** against your **HIT POINTS** to find out who you are and what you have.

Write that at the top of your paper. Anything not specified you can make up yourself.

If two characters have the same result, the second character to finish rolling takes their starting package from the column to the left, or right if this is not possible.

4. Your Stuff

Here are rules for all the things you might start out with.

CURRENCY

One-Hundred *PENNIES* (P) make a *SHILLING* (S). One-hundred Shillings make a *GUILDER* (G).

WEAPONS & ARMOUR

Weapons in Character Generation include their damage. Additional information on weapons is given in the '*Shopping*' section (pg 24).

EXPLODY THINGS

HAYWIRE GRENADES: Shuts down electronics in the area for d6 Turns.

TEAR-GAS GRENADES: breathing individuals are incapacitated until they pass a STR Save.

MOLOTOV COCKTAIL: Sets an area alight. All inside take **D3 DAMAGE** each Round til the flames are quenched.

GRENADE: **D6 DAMAGE** to all within blast, easy to throw.

BOMB: **D12 DAMAGE** to all within the blast.

ROCKET: **D12 DAMAGE** and a colourful explosion.

SMOKE-BOMB: Fills a room with smoke when lit. Attacks through the smoke are Impaired.

FLASHBANG: momentarily **BLINDS** anyone in the area who fails a WIL Save.

CREEPY THINGS

ETHER: Inhaled, STR Save or **PASS OUT** for an hour.

ROHYPNOL: Ingested, WIL Save or become '**SUGGESTABLE**' for an hour.

LIVING THINGS

(Always name your pets.)

LIGHTER BOY: STR, DEX & WIL 2d6, Lantern.

MULE: +1 to rider's Armour, large carrying capacity.

DOGS (both **GOOD** and **BAD**) and **PIGS:** STR, d10, d6 Bite.

ATTACK BABOON: STR DEX 3d6, WIL 2d4.

PARROTS AND RAVENS: STR d6, d4 claws.

KESTRELS AND HAWKS: STR d8 d6 claws.

6. Let's Go!

When everyone knows who they are, go to the first encounter - *Dementia Bomb!*



Wait, Am I a Pig?
You might be.

If you roll something with a hyphenated animal name then you are a **MASK-MAN** of *Wir-Heal*. You are a simple animal that found *THIS MASK* and stuck your face in it. Now you have hands, ideas and bipedalism. Your hooves or forelimbs crack open into rough *Simpsons-Fingers*. Your animal face squashes up into *THE MASK*. You have language and can talk, though it sounds a bit strange. You can think in abstract terms and you feel weird naked. Your surname is usually a compound of the animal you are and the kind of *MASK* you are wearing, so '**GONERIL PIG-MAIDEN**' is *THE PIG* called **GONERIL**, wearing *THE MASK OF A MAIDEN*. The gender of *YOUR MASK* isn't necessarily your gender.

You don't know where *THE MASKS* come from, who makes them or why.

If someone **PULLS YOUR MASK OFF**, you instantly return to your animal shape and intelligence, though you may well try to get *THE MASK*, or *ANY MASK*, back. You could also theoretically pull off your own *MASK*, returning to life as an animal. They are stuck on there pretty tight so it's hard to pull one off someone who's resisting,

What's a Woodwose?

WOODWOSE are those affected by *THE CURSE* that hangs over *Wir-Heal*. Any **TRUE-MAN** living there for too long inevitably transforms into a green-haired, ignorant, naked, plant-eating, quadrupedal beast. **MASK-MEN** are immune to this.

I'm a Time-Traveller?

Timeslips and Reality-Crashes are common all over the *Wrecked Heptarchies*, especially in *Wir-Heal*. If you fall through time and don't end up anywhere else, you probably end up here. The locals are used to having weirdos wandering out of the undergrowth asking what year it is and "**WHO HOLDS THE CROWN?**"

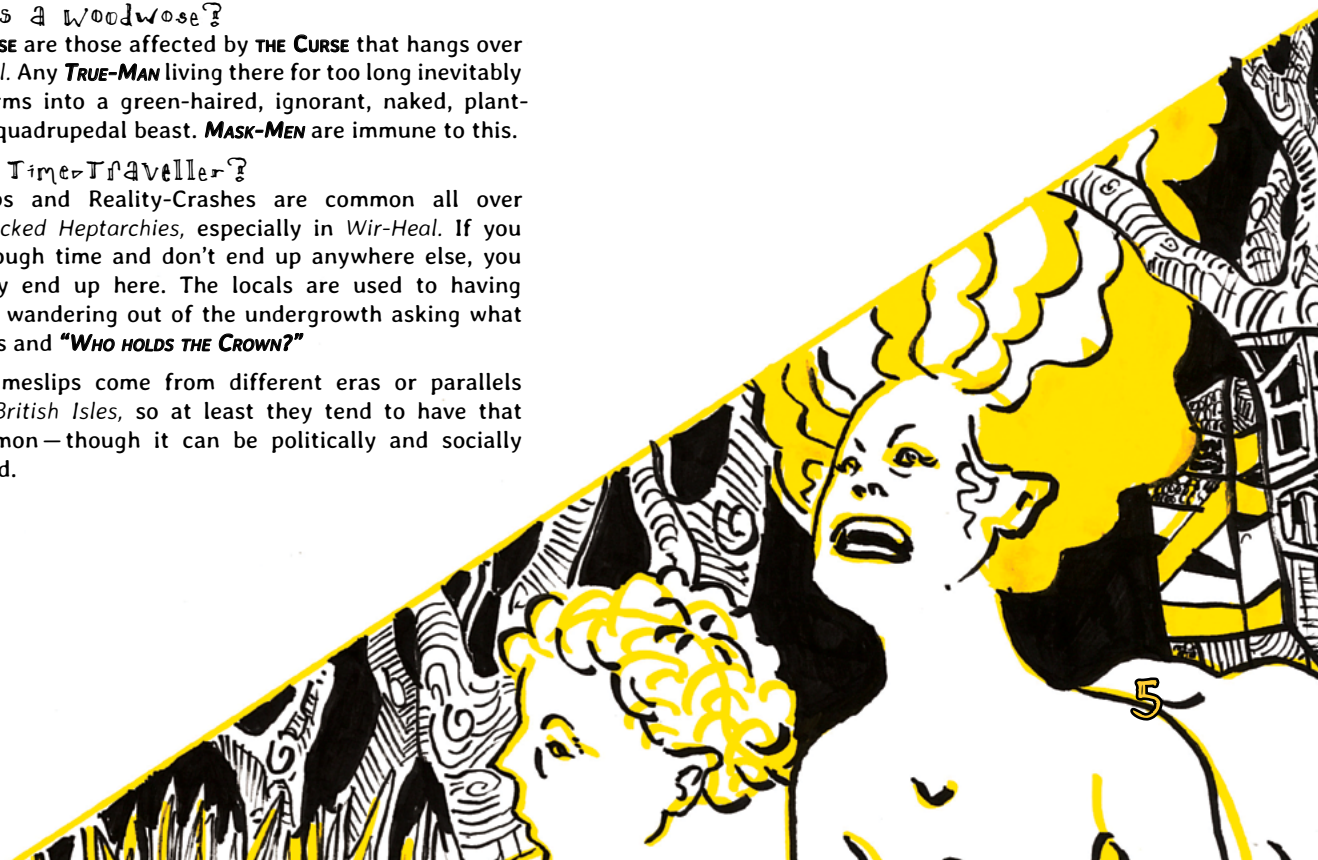
Most Timeslips come from different eras or parallels to the *British Isles*, so at least they tend to have that in common—though it can be politically and socially awkward.

It's assumed that everyone can speak, and understand, something like modern English. Presumably you picked it up somewhere.

If you want to know what time-period you are from then look at your name, background and equipment and pick something that sounds reasonable. It doesn't need to be accurate, if you later work out that it's impossible or incorrect then you come from a parallel reality where it is correct.

City Folk

Bastion, the city to which *THE LORD OF WIR-HEAL* pays homage, occasionally sends 'officials', criminals or randoms to *Legions Fort* via *the Demon-Bone Train* (pg.26). You may be one of these sneering urbanites. Check **CHRIS McDOWALL's** book '*ELECTRIC BASTIONLAND*' or, alternately, an early edition of '*INTO THE ODD*' to find out more.



	1 HP	2 HP	3 HP
9 or less	MAX (MAXIMUM) GOBLINS RAIL GUN (d10), POLYCARBONATE SPORTS JACKET (Armour 2). An idiot from the future who thinks this is a simulation.	ARKADY MESMER KALASHNIKOV (d8, area), LAND MINE (3d10 area, single use), MEDICAL DOCTOR : Can heal d6 STR Damage. Cold-War Russian Patriot and full-on commie.	BEBGHUL BELTOON JEZZAIL (d8, long range), psychic link to his HAWK ZOHAL . FATED Afghan and Anglophobe. No man can kill him
10	VICTORIA VANDERBILT MARTIN-ENFIELD RIFLE (d8), BAYONET (d6), ABDU Swahili LIGHTER BOY with LAMP & KNIFE (d6). Unmarried debutante with famously 'fine figure'. Climbs like an ape.	SKELETON 8 M16 (d8, area or long range, slaved to his grip), ARMOUR 2 , DARK-VISION EYE . Cybernetic Veteran of a near-future war. Has breakdowns, fears gunfire & Artificial Intelligence.	ALAN BLEASDALE SERVICE REVOLVER (d6), POLICE UNIFORM & ID . Kleptomaniac. Can PICK POCKETS without a roll but can never tell the truth to someone whose pocket he has picked.
11	CAPTAIN SAM STARR WINCHESTER RIFLE (d8), MODERN ARMOUR (Armour 1), HOLOGRAPHIC SHERIFFS STAR , BERTILAK : Gene-Hacked loyal ATTACK BABOON . Ex-con and experienced 'Agent of Mystery'.	'PIXIE' REALISM TASER (d8), BERETTA 9MM (d6), BOLT-CUTTERS , CODE-CRACKING PHONE-APP , 'BATMAN'-STYLE GRAPPLE-GUN . Near-future thief, incursion specialist and anonymous commenter	RICKY STUBBS LEE-ENFIELD RIFLE (d8), CLAW HAMMER , MARBLES , CLASSY HAT , 6 TEAR-GAS GRENADES . Teenage Stowaway, Music-Hall fanatic and chronic 'gabber'.
12	INDIA FLIPS BLACKJACK (d6), THROWING KNIVES (d6), HIDDEN BUTTERFLY KNIFE (d6), SILK ROPE . Expert Gymnast and Contortionist. Charming, seems harmless. 16 years old.	ELIZABETH 'LIZZY' TEETZMAN MUSKET (d8), 'DANTE' the FRIENDLY MULE . Extremely Beautiful Pre-Raphaelite model, ex slum-dweller and severe melancholic. Animals and fools are <i>INSTANTLY CHARMED</i> .	SISTER MARY PHILOMENA POLICEMAN'S BATON (d6), MANACLES , MATCHES , LOCK PICKS , SEWING BAG with 2d4 MOLOTOV COCKTAILS . Former Nun and current Pyromaniac.
13	JACK 'ICEBERG' BERG NAVY COLT REVOLVER (d6), LEAD-CORED WALKING STICK (d6). Experienced PUGILIST . Fist attacks do d6 DAMAGE . Can 'read' Hit Points. 65 years old.	NIKITA EEEK MACHETE (d6), MAKAROV PISTOL (d6), PAINTING SET , AMPHETAMINES — HP restored and roll with Advantage for 1 hour, then with Disadvantage til a long rest. Radical Artist, Exceptional Hair.	ZEPHANIAH WILLIAMS PICK-AXE (d6), WEBLEY REVOLVER (d6), SMOKE-BOMB , 'NEWPORT RISING' — LOYAL HOUND . A coal-miner, rabble-rouser and a Damned Chartist.
14	GODBOLD STAG-STAR GLASS SWORD (d6) GRAPPLING HOOK , BLACK ROPE , OPERA CLOAK . A fey-touched MESMERIST and a Stag. Can make women hallucinate.	PORPHYRIA ZOME PEPPERBOX DERRINGER , (d6, close), BALL-BEARINGS , STEEL WIRE , SMOKE-BOMB , LARD , GRAPPLE , BAG OF FLOUR , LOTS OF ROPE . An extremely silly young girl.	GONERIL PIG-MAIDEN LONG AXE (d8), THROWING AXES (d6), JUGGLING BATONS , MOLOTOV COCKTAIL . A failed juggler, competent card sharp, and a Pig.
15	FANNY PEEL FLINTLOCK PISTOL BRACE (d8), ETHER , PUG 'LORD WELLINGTON' [STR 3, BITE (d2)]. Dowager obsessed with her small and useless dog.	AHUMM THE PHOENICIAN XIPHOS SWORD (d8), FLASHBANG , SMOKE BOMB , HANNIBAL the TRAINED FERRET . Mercantile, crafty and faithful to BAAL .	CHASTITY GLEAN BLACKJACK (d6), DOUBLE-BARREL DERRINGER (d6 close), ETHER , CROWBAR , FIDDLE . A Plain Housemaid with Sapphic Drives.
16	THOMAS THURSDAY MUSKET (d8), POCKET WATCH , CLOCK-TIMED SUITCASE BOMB (2d10). Educated Laudanum addict, suspected (actual) Kropotkinist.	MARY PLANKS STAFF (d8), TONGS , GLUE , ALE BARREL . Over-sociable Ale-Wife with a sharp tongue, iron constitution and mystical leanings while 'in her cups'.	GUY GREBE HATCHET (d6), NET , GRENADE (d6), RESPIRATOR . Experienced diver, shocked survivor and severe claustrophobe.
17	RUTH SHUDDERING BRITISH CAVALRY SABRE (d6), MUSKET (d8), CAVALRY COLONEL'S UNIFORM . Escaped Prisoner and an experienced cross-dresser.	BELINDA HIVE CLEAVER (d6), JAR OF ETHER . Spinster, former Bedlamite. Sees Things.	GISLEBERT LE CLERC LONGSWORD (d8), SHIELD ARMOUR (Armour 1) WRITING SET . Norman Knight, proud of <i>HIS LITERACY</i> and ashamed of his half-Saxon descent.
18	AUGUSTUS EPHRAIM BROWN ELEPHANT GUN (d8). Victorian Gentleman in FROCK COAT and TOP HAT . Faints Under Stress.	ISSY GANGER STOLEN SMALL-SWORD (d6), STOLEN SILVER CHALICE (1c). Hysterical Serving Girl who weeps too much.	HYREL GAS MOON-WOLF LONGBOW (d8), SPYGLASS , PIPE . A rogue with a taste for wine and bitches, and a Wolf.

	4 HP	5 HP	6 HP
9 or less	PHILEMON PHIX COLT 45 (d6), <i>BADGE, CUFFS</i> . TELEPATHY : If Target fails WIL save. Target feels its use. Psychic cop on the edge from a cyberpunk future.	IZRELDIS CORNOVII WERE-WOLF : +d10 each to STR & DEX, CLAWS (d8), SILVER TO HARM , WIL Save to return. Lover of THE HORNED GOD and hater of the Roman Invaders.	LADY JANE GREY An escaped <i>HISTORICAL THEME-PARK ROBOT</i> . You do not need to eat, drink or breathe and know absolutely you are Human.
10	ALICE BRAMBLE CLAYMORE (d8), FLINTLOCK PISTOL (d6), 2 ACID FLASKS , FAMILY-SIZED BOTTLE OF ROHYPNOL . Delusional sailor's daughter brilliantly faking nobility.	NAZIA NEAR DESERT EAGLE (d8), <i>GRAPPLING HOOK</i> , MONOFILAMENT , 3 HAYWIRE GRENADES . Time-Travelling Robot Hunter and secret Human-Supremacist	WILMA WHEATLEY LEE-ENFIELD RIFLE (d8), CLEAVER (d6), SAMWISE —a HIGHLY INTELLIGENT PIG . Butcher's Wife and Born Survivor.
11	AMITY SILENCE BAYONET (d6), FLINTLOCK PISTOL (d6) <i>WOLF-MASK</i> which bestows illusion of being a wild wolf. Puritan refugee of the English Civil War.	MARGI CLARKE MACHETE (d6), FLINTLOCK PISTOL BRACE (d8), 'KING JAMES' the TALKING PARROT , Never Sleeps. Pirate, Catholic, ex-slave and ardent Royalist.	IGNOGIN DEER-QUEEN CLUB (d6), LONGBOW (d8), 3 GRENADES , <i>MILITARY NIGHT-VISION HEADSET</i> . A law-and-decency obsessed night-stalker and vigilante. Also a Deer.
12	BRAMWELL SALVATION WEBLEY REVOLVER (d6), ROCKET , <i>SOAP. "SOUP, SOAP AND SALVATION"</i> . Enthusiastic Methodist and teetotaler. <i>FEARLESS</i> if singing. Affects group if they join in.	EMILY GONDAL HARPOON GUN (d8), BATON (d6) Mordant Georgian Governess. MILDLY TELEKINETIC : Can lift up to an apple's mass with her neocortex & cook sausages with her brain.	NAMELESS PALE BRANCH-CLUB (d6), ORGANIC TOOTH-PISTOL (d6), <i>HEAVY-DUTY BIN-BAGS</i> . A pale and hairless clone, with no memory or identity.
13	CORDELIA VON HOLTZENDORF <i>LANTERN, CLIMBING, CAMPING AND MAPPING EQUIPMENT</i> . WEBLEY REVOLVER (d6). Seems Grave and intelligent, actually a Daft Floozy and Outrageous Flirt.	RENWEIN GOAT-SAINT <i>BOLT-CUTTERS</i> , BLUNDERBUSS (d8, area), <i>FIDDLE</i> . Obsessively independent, anti-authoritarian, intellectually and literally omnivorous, a Goat.	FRED DAGGS LEE-ENFIELD RIFLE (d8), 3 GRENADES , always has <i>JAM SANDWICHES & TEA</i> . 17 year-old member of the Home Guard, fearful of 'Hitler's Crew'.
14	JOHN FROST BRACE OF FLINTLOCK PISTOLS (d8), <i>CLOAK, MANACLES, MASK, VICARS CLOTHES</i> . Deft & darkly handsome Highwayman with a High Voice.	PEREDUR SUN-SHEEP FLINTLOCK PISTOL (d6), <i>GREASE, HAND DRILL, DRUM</i> . A skilled worker, strange ally, suspect friend, fierce foe and, literally and figurately, a Black Sheep.	CHARLEY GROWLING MUSKET (d8), BAYONET (d6), <i>KNAPSACK</i> . British Redcoat of the Napoleonic Wars. Compulsive Gambler.
15	GALOBROC BOW (d6), SHORT SWORD (d6), SHIELD ARMOUR (Armour 1). Romano-British Cynicht, Arthurian Loyalist & anti-Saxon obsessive. Sounds Welsh.	OIDWALD COW-KING WOODSMAN'S AXE (d8), <i>SAW, ANIMAL TRAP</i> . A bipolar would-be diabolist, nature-hater, and a Cow.	KAESO CLOVIUS CATO GLADIUS (d6), PILUM (d6), LORCA SEGMENTUM & SHIELD (Armour 2). A rational Roman Legionnaire.
16	DARDAN BOAR-WOE WHIP (d6), LONGBOW (d8), <i>PACK OF MARKED CARDS</i> . An ironic and inappropriate Boar.	CATHLEEN CORE BEAUMONT ADAMS REVOLVER (d6), <i>WHISKEY</i> . Insurrectionist Irish Washerwoman with a HOOK HAND & Fenian Sympathies.	RAGNAR BLUETOOTH SWORD (d6), SHORT BOW (d6) SHIELD (Armour 1). Riddle-Addict. Sometimes goes BERSERK .
17	STALE HAGGAI MUSKET (d8), 'SKÖMM' —a HOUND . Old, with a <i>WOODEN LEG</i> and a shameful dog.	ODBRICK BULL-JOY FLINTLOCK PISTOL (d6), <i>NET, FISHING POLE, TRUMPET</i> . Talks of 'Looking after Number One' but rarely does. Also a Bull.	WULFRED HALF-WOODWOSE HAWTHORN CLUB (d6). Roll a d6 three times on the 'CURSE OF THE WOODWOSE' table. Ignore any doubles. Probably naked.
18	EDWIN FOOL-BEAR HALBERD (d8). An extremely serious Christian with a good baritone, also a Bear.	SESKIA GROOB ONE LONG PIN (d6, close). A Hideous Tobacco-Chewing Crone.	SIR COLGRIN CADOR THE PURE A Knight MAGICALLY TRANSFORMED into an Orangutan. He cannot speak, but his <i>HEART IS TRUE</i> .

Making an Encounter

You should never follow all of these rules all the time.

If you did, you would have a game that was fun for a while but turned dull as its game-like nature slowly became more obvious and intrusive.

Luckily, memory and human frailty will take care of that problem and, if your players keep doing things and asking questions, you eventually present them with a Hard Edge.

A lot of the things below are described as 'non-optimal', that doesn't mean never do them, it just means use them sparingly and try to give players a reasonable idea of what they are getting into beforehand.

POLARITY

Most old-school encounters exist somewhere on a **GAME/THREAT** polarity.

This is a necessary polarity because, no matter how far you go towards one end: some elements of the other should still be possible or conceivable.

The absence of **THREAT** deactivates people's minds.

The absence of **GAME** makes it a dull military simulation.

Its ok to let the game and the imagined world throw up these situations. It is designed to do so but if things feel as if they have gone wrong or that the game is lacking something, you may have gone too far towards one of these poles for too long without including any elements of its antipole.

BUT, while old-school encounters are about encouraging investigation, deception, problem solving, lateral thinking and re-contextualisation of the environment, there is also an element of **THREAT**.

It's always possible that players will face an impossible or no-win situation. Hopefully, they will still be able to flee or scheme their way out. **IF YOUR PLAYERS AREN'T USED TO THIS: TELL THEM UPFRONT.**

Tell them encounters will be random—as are the number of enemies. That you will usually roll this in front of them. That it's possible they could encounter an enemy they cannot defeat. That sometimes they can fight to win and sometimes they will fight to survive. That **THE IMAGINED WORLD IS UNFAIR, BUT YOU ARE NOT.**

That's the basic theory, which doesn't matter very much an any particular moment of play. In those cases you will benefit more from something simple and practical, so we will move from theoretical to practical and talk about how people imagine space.

SPACE

Encounters can be described in many ways.

Some games use minis and boards divided into squares or hexes.

SILENT TITANS, like *INTO THE ODD*, assumes most encounters take place in the theatre of the mind, with details communicated primarily by voice, over an online hangout, or with minimal integration of improvised maps, often just a simply sketched map scrawled on available paper.

GROSS POSITIONING is my term to describe how people imagine space and moving within it, rather than the way we actually perceive space when up and moving around.

SPACE described and imagined through voice and words is very different from **SPACE** described with maps, models or other schema. People remember where they are, and where everything else is, by using a series of **POSITIONAL 'LOCKS'** relating them to the things in the imagined space that they think are important.

The question is not simply describing a space to one person over however much time you need but describing it for the minds of multiple people, who are all interpreting it differently and all trying to manipulate and re-interpret it within the context of the game.

A few elements effectively stick positioning in people's minds. Going through these might be helpful in running imaginary spaces in *SILENT TITANS* and constructing them in your other games.

Of these the most overwhelmingly simple and universally applicable is:

- **CONSTANT RE-STATEMENT:** Every time you go from player to player, whether asking for actions or responding to a request: **ALWAYS RE-DESCRIBE THE AREA AS THEIR CHARACTER SEES AND SENSES IT.**

Not as you see it, and not as any 3rd party sees it. As the character sees it.

VITAL ELEMENTS ARE: where that PC is relative to every other PC they can sense, threats and opportunities, and what and where the difficult-to-navigate elements are.

Do this every time, saying "you see" or "[character name] sees".

By doing this every time, the cumulative re-statement is helpful, not just for that player, but for you and for every other player listening. If it's not their turn to act, about 50% of players are paying attention about 50% of the time. Re-stating place and position builds this awareness of space and circumstance for the whole group.

Now we'll move onto some elements of the **SPACE** itself.

GAME

PROMPTS INVESTIGATION
REQUIRES PROBLEM SOLVING
COMPLEX
INTERESTING
POETIC ELEMENTS
PART OF 'THE PLOT'
MULTIPOLAR — MANY CONTESTING ELEMENTS
MANY POSSIBLE SOLUTIONS

THREAT

MORE INFORMATION MIGHT NOT HELP
CAN'T BE 'SOLVED' JUST AVOIDED OR DESTROYED
SIMPLE, DIRECT, UNITARY
CLEAR, ALMOST DULL, LACKS 'CHARACTER'
BLANK AND BRUTE
RANDOM AS SHIT / JUST HAPPENS
COULD HAPPEN ON AN EMPTY PLAIN, OR IN A LOCKED EMPTY ROOM
MAY BE ONLY ONE WAY OUT

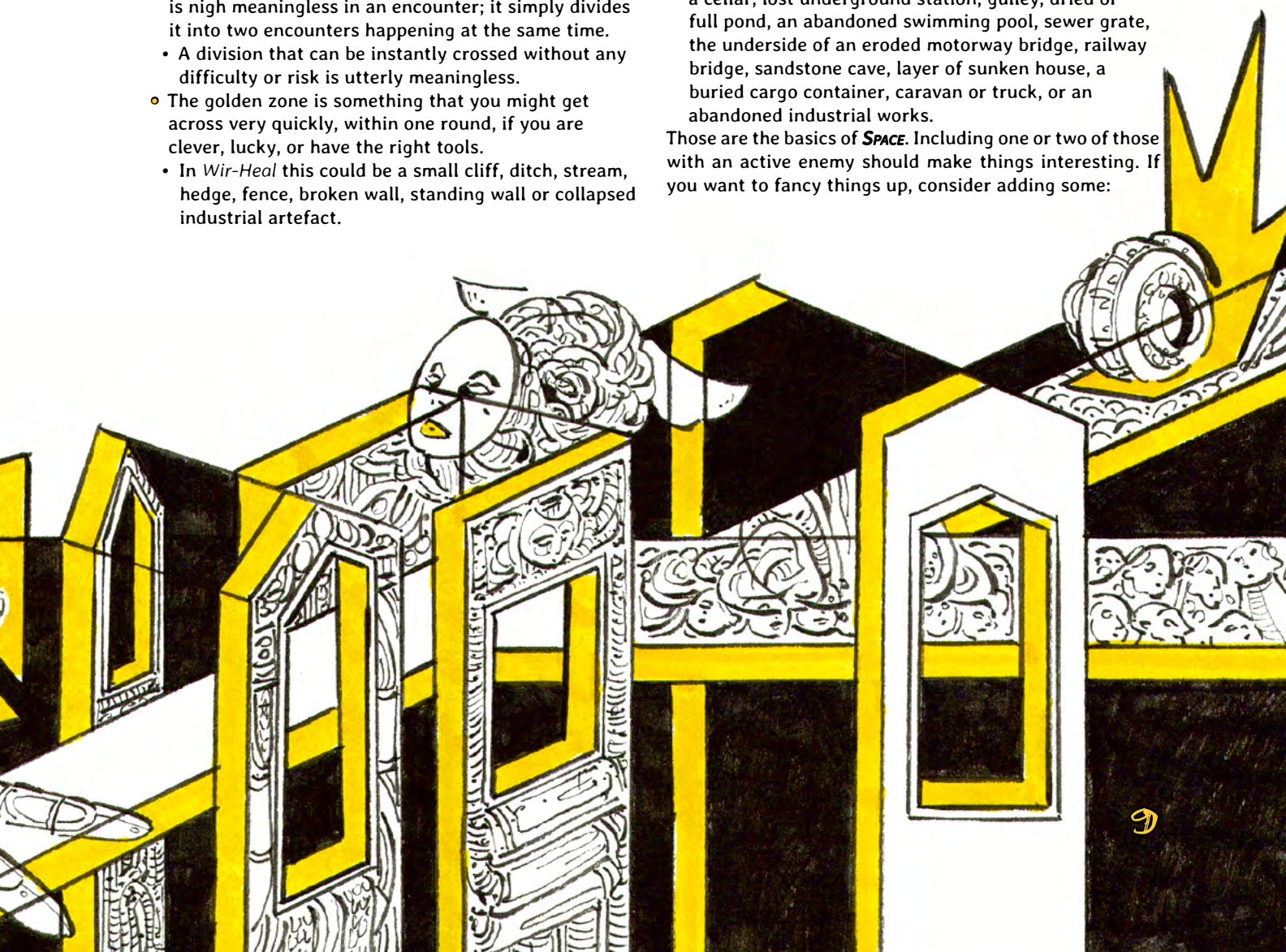


(Remember, in *Wir-Heal*, natural, modern, ruined and industrial things can be mixed incoherently. It's spooky and things don't make sense. Reality changes and fragments fall through from more 'modern' times. It's ok for things to be a bit incoherent, so long as they feel empty, alienated, and 'wrong'.)

- **INSIDE/OUTSIDE:** If there is one thing you can be inside or outside then people are pretty good at remembering whether they have gone inside it or not. It's a binary reality quickly communicated verbally. Specifically, it's easy for that player to remember and they will remind others, and you, helping to construct the spatial order in play.
 - In *Wir-Heal* these might be a ruined house, walled area, cargo container, stone church, mobile home, greenhouse, big hollow log or tent.
- **HIDDEN/EXPOSED:** Related to **INSIDE/OUTSIDE** but it doesn't necessarily involve a set room, house or equivalent. PCs and NPCs/Monsters can be hidden from each other at various times. Great things to be hidden by obscure vision but are permeable by sound or smell.
 - Such as: the sides of a tent, long line of incongruous washing, a patchy hedge, fog, a faded advertising hoarding, sheets of rain, rusted metal like a line of car doors or hazard signs, fluorescent hazard or crime-scene tape waving in the wind, waves, the bending branches of trees, darkness.
- **THIS SIDE/THAT SIDE:** A division across the area of play has to be a challenge passable with risk, energy, clever use of the environment or invention.
 - A division that could take hours, or minutes, to cross is nigh meaningless in an encounter; it simply divides it into two encounters happening at the same time.
 - A division that can be instantly crossed without any difficulty or risk is utterly meaningless.
 - The golden zone is something that you might get across very quickly, within one round, if you are clever, lucky, or have the right tools.
 - In *Wir-Heal* this could be a small cliff, ditch, stream, hedge, fence, broken wall, standing wall or collapsed industrial artefact.

- **CLOSER/FURTHER:** If there is something in the scene that people either really want, or want to avoid, then they are good at remembering who is closer and further away from that thing.
 - This is really easy to focus on as you can ask "You want to approach the Big Scary Thing? Do you want to be closer than your friend or do you want them to be closer than you?"
 - Remember: in times of immediate danger, every spatial decision is also a moral decision.
 - No matter how people are spread out or mixed up: it should be easy for them to ask and decide who is closer to important things.
- **ABOVE/BELOW:** Again dimensionality is important, but like the division there should not be too much.
 - Something that can be climbed has to be something you could conceivably scamper up very quickly, and it cannot go up too far.
 - If it separates PCs for the rest of the encounter it is non-optimal. The same is true for a fall, hole or cave: if it goes so deep you can't get out of it in one or two rounds with intelligence, imagination and luck then don't do it. (Most of the time).
 - Climbable things in *Wir-Heal* include: a handy climbable tree, dead dangerous tree, telegraph pole, power transmission scaffold, upturned train car, crashed truck on a slope, multi-level ruins, ruins with trees growing through them, a big standing rock, sandstone outcropping, unsteady rock, building site machinery, or old fairground ride.
 - Things to fall or climb down include: a collapse into a cellar, lost underground station, gully, dried or full pond, an abandoned swimming pool, sewer grate, the underside of an eroded motorway bridge, railway bridge, sandstone cave, layer of sunken house, a buried cargo container, caravan or truck, or an abandoned industrial works.

Those are the basics of **SPACE**. Including one or two of those with an active enemy should make things interesting. If you want to fancy things up, consider adding some:



HELD ENERGY

A lot of the 'set design' of Old School set-piece fights comes down to the stored kinetic energy hidden in the environment or added by monsters and other living elements.

- It's good to have things that move and energy to be released by clever or unlucky PCs.
- Here are a few examples of things, not specific to *Wir-Heal*, that you could integrate:
 - **WINDMILLS AND WATERMILLS:** They have the blades or wheel and an inside with lots of stuff moving about that could be interrupted and messed about with. They have a big grinding thing you can chuck someone in and ruin the corn and a river is nearby.
 - **FORGES OR ANYTHING BASED AROUND FIRE:** Large scale metalworking has big contained crucibles that can be tipped and, possibly, channels of molten metal to divert. The annoying ending to the last *HOBBIT* movie had a lot of this.
 - **DAMS OR ANYTHING HOLDING BACK SUBSTANTIAL PRESSURE:** Complex lock gates could work as well, though they are rather slow. This is non-optimal as it reduces everything to one disastrous action, but that could be interesting in its own way.
 - **A SHIPYARD WITH THE SHIP ABOUT TO LAUNCH:** You've got the whole business with the rigging, the ship escaping into the water and whatever happens after.
 - **A BUILDING SITE:** Especially if they are building something tall and heavy as it provides players with things to fall, drop, cut, release, swing on and cause to interact with each other.
 - **MASS TRANSPORT SCENES:** Especially with big round barrels that can tip and roll, teams of horses that are straining on things, ropes holding things that can be cut, cranes hoisting things.
 - **PORTALS:** Like in every Derping Age (early-21stC) action movie. Someone has opened a portal, and possibly there is more than one, so we can hop between the portals and things can fall in and out of them.
 - Anything with a living process at its core that has its own logic and could get out of control or control of it could be manipulated.

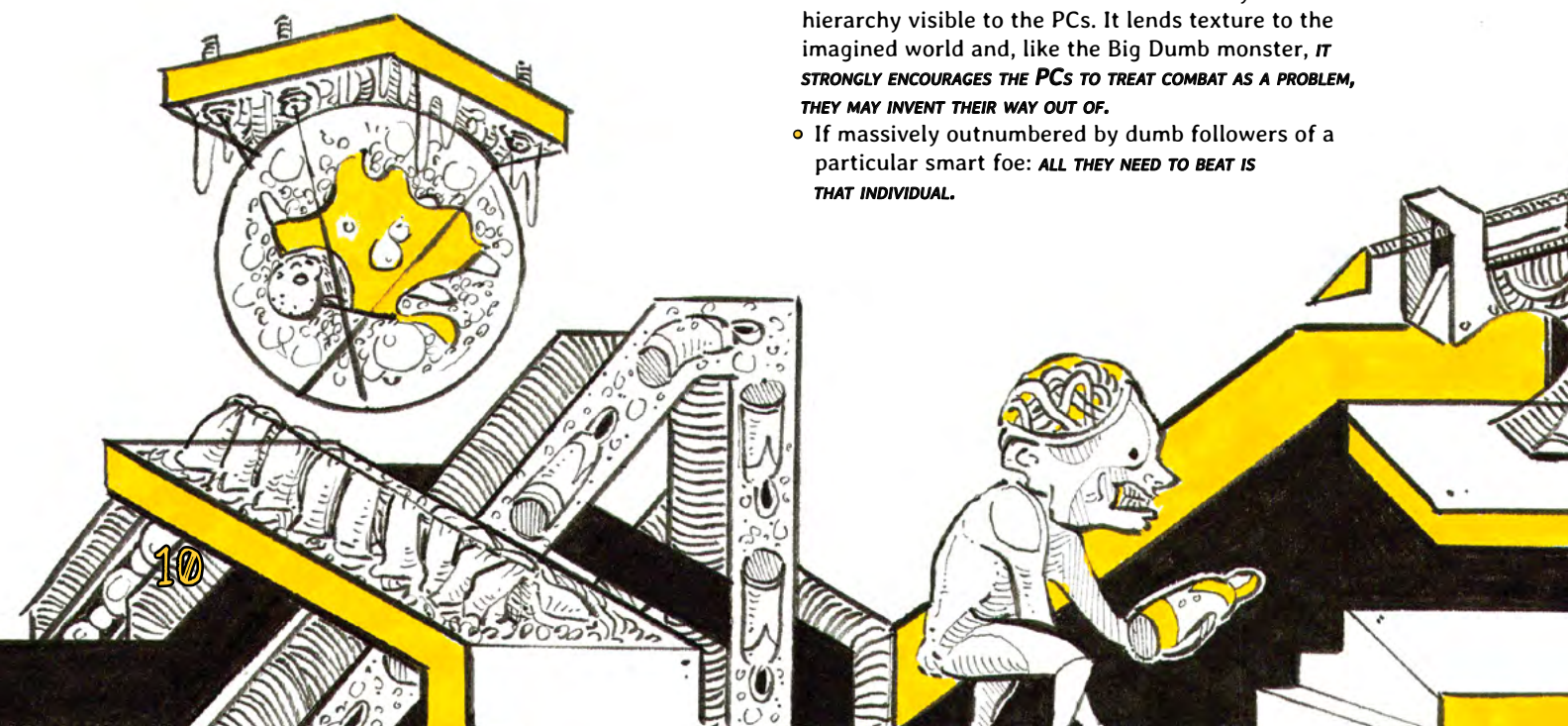
So much for **SPACE...** what about the opponents, or NPCs?

WORKABLE ENEMIES

I call it **WORKABLE** because it's about how the monsters, or NPCs, are sensed and potentially manipulated by players rather than their literary, psychological or 'story' aspects. If a creature has a deep, resonant poetic reason to be, for instance, **DUMB AND DANGEROUS** which is integrated into the world and makes sense, then so much the better. But the more important principle is that it have something interesting the PCs can DO with it.

DEPTH YOU CAN'T INTERACT WITH IS ALMOST COMPLETELY MEANINGLESS IN PEN AND PAPER RPGs.

- **WANT SOMETHING:** Every NPC, or monster that isn't after the PCs, should want something very strongly. It can be the simplest thing: like water, credit, or information, ideally something the PCs have, are blocking, or could help them get.
 - It doesn't need to be complex but the addition of a motivation besides simple murder transforms the simplest tactical encounter into something much more interesting and engaging.
- **DUMB AND DANGEROUS:** A wonderful enemy is really strong, capable of badly hurting the PCs but very visibly extremely stupid, mad, or deluded. The creature's threat strongly encourages the PCs to evade it and its tangible stupidity calls for them to manipulate it.
 - All of this is to make the players **THINK OF THE WORLD AS SOMETHING OTHER THAN A SERIES OF TACTICAL CHALLENGES.**
- **GRAB AND THROW:** If a monster or NPC can grab and throw PCs it's usually a good idea if they do. This can still do damage as they land but hurling the PCs about is much more fun and interesting than damage alone.
- **TANGLE OR TIE:** Attaching active elements together with a rope or chain, via grapple, loop or trap, is always good. If monsters can tie PCs to them, each other, or parts of the scenery, they should.
 - A PC being tied to anything is great—especially a monster, NPC or other PC, providing another solid lock in the theatre of the mind. **PEOPLE REMEMBER WHAT THEY ARE TIED TO.**
- **MUTATE AND CHANGE:** A few monsters in *SILENT TITANS* do this. Players usually like having weird and specific mutations that turn them into a freak. Mutations are the fun version of a wound, kept as a memento. In some ways, mutations are OSR Character Builds.
 - **IF YOU CAN MUTATE THEM, DO SO.**
- **HAVE A HIERARCHY:** Monsters or NPC's ideally have a hierarchy visible to the PCs. It lends texture to the imagined world and, like the Big Dumb monster, **IT STRONGLY ENCOURAGES THE PCs TO TREAT COMBAT AS A PROBLEM, THEY MAY INVENT THEIR WAY OUT OF.**
 - If massively outnumbered by dumb followers of a particular smart foe: **ALL THEY NEED TO BEAT IS THAT INDIVIDUAL.**



- **HAVE INTER-RELATIONSHIPS:** Especially useful for humanoid adversaries but expandable to others. They should have relationships, assume a creature is beloved by another who will do anything to protect it. They may even try to rescue it and retreat if it is hurt. Assume another is hated by its group who will happily sacrifice it. Conversely, if defeated, it may easily run or co-operate.
- Groups can have internal factions, each with slightly different wants. If the elements of an attacking group have mixed motives, this could be discovered by the PCs and manipulated.
- Starting with one well-liked enemy and one loathed enemy out of a group is a simple place to begin imagining their relationships, *THE TEXTURE OF THE GAME OFTEN PROVOKES FURTHER DETAILS.*
- **HAVE FACTIONS:** A good way to turn an impossible encounter into an interesting, and possibly survivable, one is pulling a '*BAGGINS*'. Have the creatures broken into two teams who clearly do not get along, visibly in conflict over aims, methods or something else.
- **TALK:** Humanoids should talk during fights if possible. Threats are a good start but lies work just as well. Someone trying earnestly to persuade you to give up, that this is all just a misunderstanding, that it's not too late to drop weapons and start over, while trying to kill you, is always good.
- If humanoids have names: use them in combat. Have them call out instructions or demand help.
- They can insinuate, boast, beg, scream, gibber, etc. but *THEY SHOULD TRY TO COMMUNICATE SOMETHING.*
- Even utterly inhuman creatures can have complex systems of noises, burrs, growls, and (in *Wir-Heal*) postmodern glitches and moans.

PUTTING IT ALL TOGETHER

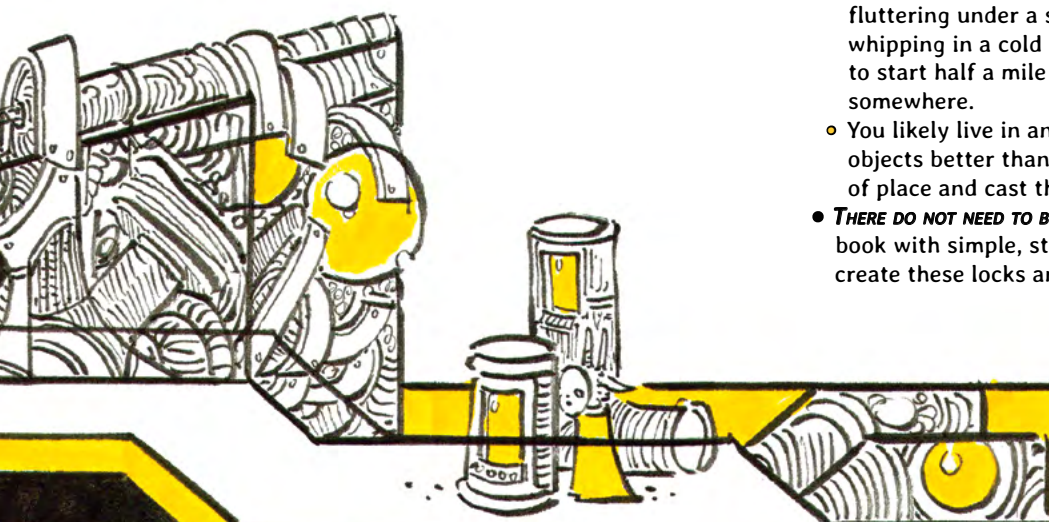
This is all you need really:

- Constantly re-state locations.
 - Throw in something interesting about *THE SPACE.*
 - Maybe throw in some *HELD KINETIC ENERGY.*
 - Have encountered creatures want something.
 - Give encountered creatures some *WORKABLE ELEMENT.*
 - Talking things should talk.
 - Think about the senses, describe one or two particular elements well.
 - If the space is *GAME-Y*, add some *THREAT.* And visa versa.
- And there's your encounter.

FEEL, SENSING AND IMPROVISATION

All this stuff about breaking an encounter down into principles may work as a theory but when I'm actually running one: I tend to throw things in based on impulse and intuition.

- A key to this is imagining the world as a real, existing place and thinking about sensory elements.
- Light is a good place to start, is it day or night, gloomy or bright, are their stars, clouds?
- Then air movement, noise, and rain.
 - Is it still, can you hear a long way, can you hear birdsong? It is windy and loud? Can the PCs feel the wind on their bodies or see clouds scudding across the sky. Are leaves flying past. Are birds hiding?
- Smell, wetness, firmness of foot.
 - Are they in the wilderness? What does it smell like? Soil? Flowers? Myrtle?
 - *Wir-Heal* was named after the Swamp Myrtle growing on its muddy tidal zones.
 - Does the enemy smell of anything?
 - Do the PC's smell? Can the enemy smell them?
- The sound of the PCs, NPCs or monsters.
 - Is either side talking? Trudging silently? If there are creatures do they make sounds that a PC might hear?
- It's often when imagining a place or encounter with the non-specific, complete but general information about the world in your head, that you often produce the best improvisations of place and situation.
 - The sense of wholeness I aim for is the same you might have walking through your hometown to the front door of your living space. *YOU KNOW VAGUELY AND GENERALLY WHERE EVERYTHING IS AND WHAT THINGS WOULD MAKE SENSE TO BE WHERE, BUT YOU ARE NOT OBSESSIVELY CONSIDERING EVERY SINGLE SMALL DETAIL.*
 - Often inventing stuff like this feels more as if you found it in an imaginary place rather than created it. As if a range of unspoken possibilities coalesced until you realised what had to be there, what made sense. And then it was obvious.
- Sensory elements work like verbal and positional locks but provide something specific and interesting for players to lock onto with their imaginations; *ALLOWING THEM PUT A PIN IN THE WORLD AROUND WHICH THEY CAN GATHER MORE INFORMATION.*
 - Leaves curling like grasping hands, a broken television blotched with living static, the creak of the rusted wheel of an abandoned car, the distant pulse of the sea, lowering pearl-grey fog, broken glass crunching underfoot, browned ink-paled newspaper fluttering under a stone, frayed blue nylon rope whipping in a cold wind, the chuff of a car failing to start half a mile away, lawnmowers purring somewhere.
 - You likely live in an industrial society and know its objects better than the natural world. Tear them out of place and cast them in odd patterns in *Wir-Heal*.
- *THERE DO NOT NEED TO BE MANY OF THESE.* I've tried to fill the book with simple, strong sensory information to help create these locks and to inspire descriptions.



Dementia Bomb!

The world blurs into shape. Wreckage like fractal diamond clockwork is swept into the **TIME TORNADO** which writhes like a bound snake in the centre of the *Titan's Tower*.

You cling to the silver stairs.

YOU FOOLS... a voice cries from above.

MY DEMENTIA BOMB HAS WRECKED YOUR VERY MINDS!

Far, far above you, the shape of a **FAT FIGURE** in a top hat, a black enormous **APE** and a **GOLDEN DOOR**. The time-storm is loud, but he is louder.

YOU HAVE CHALLENGED ME FOR THE LAST TIME!

HOW WILL YOU DEFEAT ME NOW?

You have no idea who this is, where you are or how you got here. You have only vague and general memories of your life. You don't remember the people with you, yet somehow, they seem oddly familiar...

Do These Things

1. Go from player to player, ask them who they are and what they look like.
2. When everyone knows who everyone is, take some time to describe the situation. The PCs begin clinging to the stairs in the *Spinal Tornado* (opposite page).
3. Remind them they can ask about anything they can see, hear, or otherwise sense.
4. Take time to describe and re-describe whatever players look at. Answer all their questions until they are firm in where they are and what their choices are. Make sure everyone is fully informed before anyone starts taking actions or rolling dice.

7. MIND OF CHRONOS

- Four big things:
 - The Bone Fumerole
 - The Big Brain
 - The Big Sword
 - The Web of Doctor Hog.

4. THE CLOCK

- Huge translucent clock-face.
- Shadows move behind it.

1. SPINAL TORNADO

- A Bell tolls above you.
- A living tornado of broken time.
 - Ivory and onyx walls whirl.
 - Open Bronze and Closed Ebony Doors.
- **BRAIN APES** attempt to blast you from the stairs.
- **DEX** Save or fall into the *Parasite's Web*.

6. BRONZE BELL

- The huge Bell swings.
- PCs can dive in and ride it to the other side.
- Unsafe; see Table.

5. STYLITE HULK

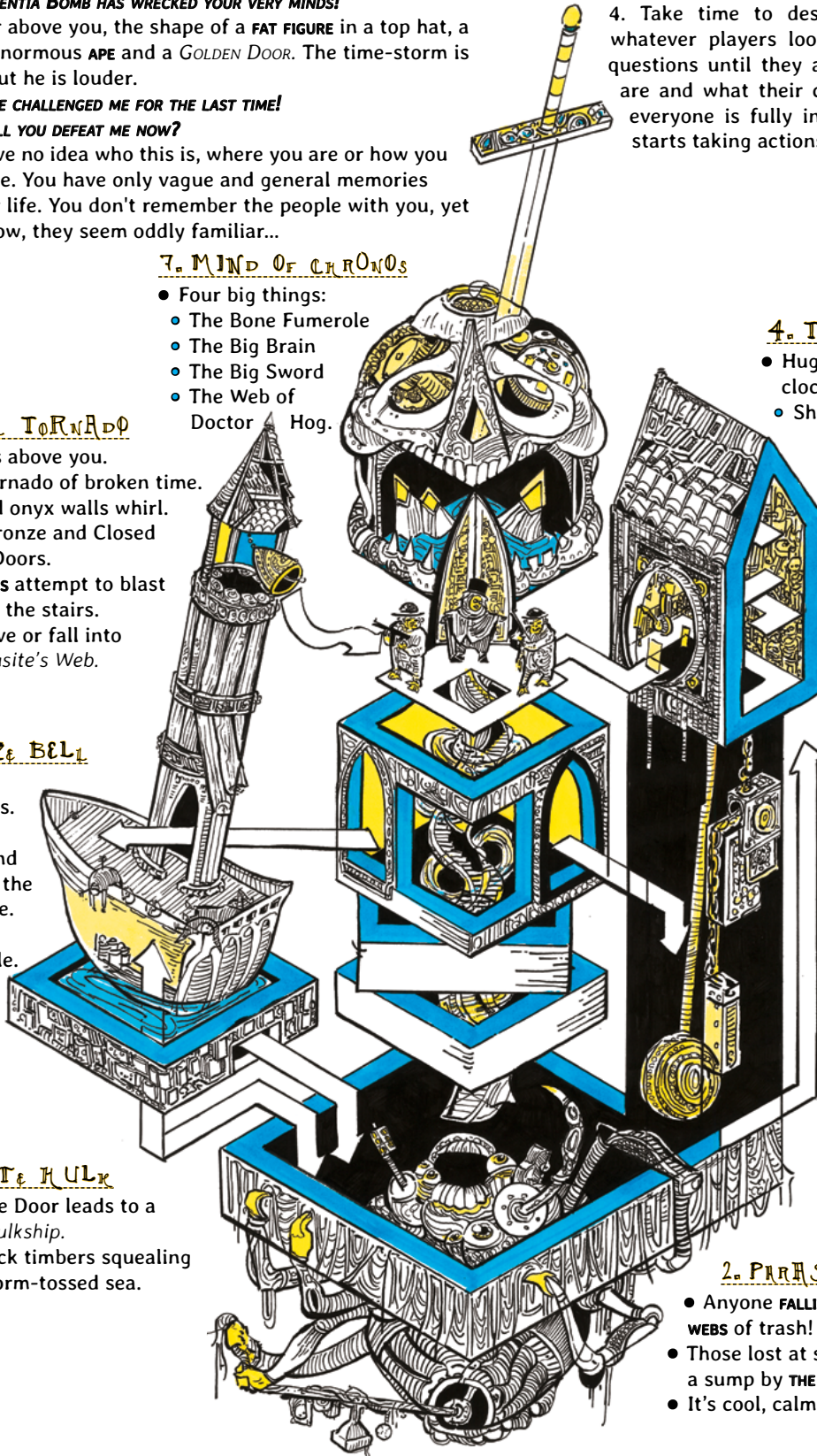
- The Bronze Door leads to a Heaving Hulkship.
- Cave-black timbers squealing in the storm-tossed sea.

3. PENDULOUS SHAFT

- Floorless.
- Anyone rushing through the Ebony Door **FALLS**.
- Off-kilter ticking fills the shaft.

2. PARASITE'S WEB

- Anyone **FALLING** here is **TRAPPED** IN **WEBS** of trash!
- Those lost at sea can be pulled from a sump by **THE CHRONAL PARASITE**.
- It's cool, calm and dark.



1. Spinal Tornado

- A titanic cylindrical tower with spinning walls of ivory and onyx.
 - A silver spiral staircase runs up the interior wall.
 - Closed Ebony and Open Bronze Doors
 - The wind is **EXTREMELY LOUD**.
- It's like a chained snake or gigantic spine.
 - Chained by iron links to the walls and stairs.
 - Flexes and bunches like huge vertebrae.
- Bronze Doors lead to the *Stylite Hulk*.
 - The Deck sways like an alcoholic on **THE STORMY SEA**.
 - Ebony Doors lead to the *Pendulous Shaft*.
 - Running through causes you to **FALL**.
- Looking UP:**
 - At the top of the silver stairs is a Golden Door flanked by a huge *Clock-Face* and a big *Bronze Bell*.
 - A huge black **APE** in a *Bowler Hat* heaves at the door.
 - Surrounded by **MORE APES** with **THOMPSON GUNS**.
 - As many as there are PCs.
 - A **FAT PIG** with a *SILVER MASK*, dressed like a Gentleman.
 - This is **DOCTOR HOG!**
 - **"BLAST THEM!"**
 - His **BRAIN-APES** try to **BLAST** you off the stairs.
 - Their **FULL COMBAT ABILITIES** are on pg 16.
 - It takes a Turn of **FURIOUS FIRING** to converge their fire on-target (**D4 DAMAGE** at this range).
 - Looking **DOWN:**
 - The silver stairs descend into darkness.
 - Bordering the darkness: **ROPEY STRANDS** of garbage.
 - Like **THE LINES** of a *Gigantic Web*.

2. Parasite's Web

- Anyone **FALLING** winds up here.
 - It's cool, calm and dark.
 - The roaring and rocking is muffled and low.
 - **WEBS!**
 - Rope, tattered bags, extruded plastic and elastic
 - Wound from trash and flotsam.
 - You are **TRAPPED** in the *Parasite's Web*.
- The Parasite
- **STR 15, DEX 6, WIL 6, 12 HP, MOUTH GUNS (D6), STABBING LIMBS (D6), REASSEMBLY**
 - **MOUTH GUNS (D6):** inaccurate, roll under DEX to dodge.
 - **STABBING LIMBS (D6):** clumsy, **THE PARASITE** must roll under its DEX or be trapped in its web.
 - **REASSEMBLY:** at HP 0 reassembles itself in 4 Turns unless you remove *ITS MASK*
 - A rhino-sized spider assembled from composite trash.
 - Limbs of **STAINED GLASS SHARDS**, **BIO-MECHANOID RAPIERS**, a gigantic, dead woman's white leg.
 - Bulging thorax-belly hidden by ruined thermal foil and a judge's tattered black cloak.
 - Its face covered by a cracked and ruined *SILVER MASK OF A SAINT'S SMILING FACE*.
 - From its mouth thrust **TWIN AUTOMATIC RIFLE BARRELS** dripping clear coolant fluid.

	WHAT IS IT DOING?	WHILE...
1	Winding its web.	Telling you it's story.
2	Coming right at you.	Asking what you are.
3	Picking trash from the web.	Humming some idiotic monotone tune.
4	Poised directly above you.	Screaming, laughing, then screaming.

WHAT IS THIS THING?

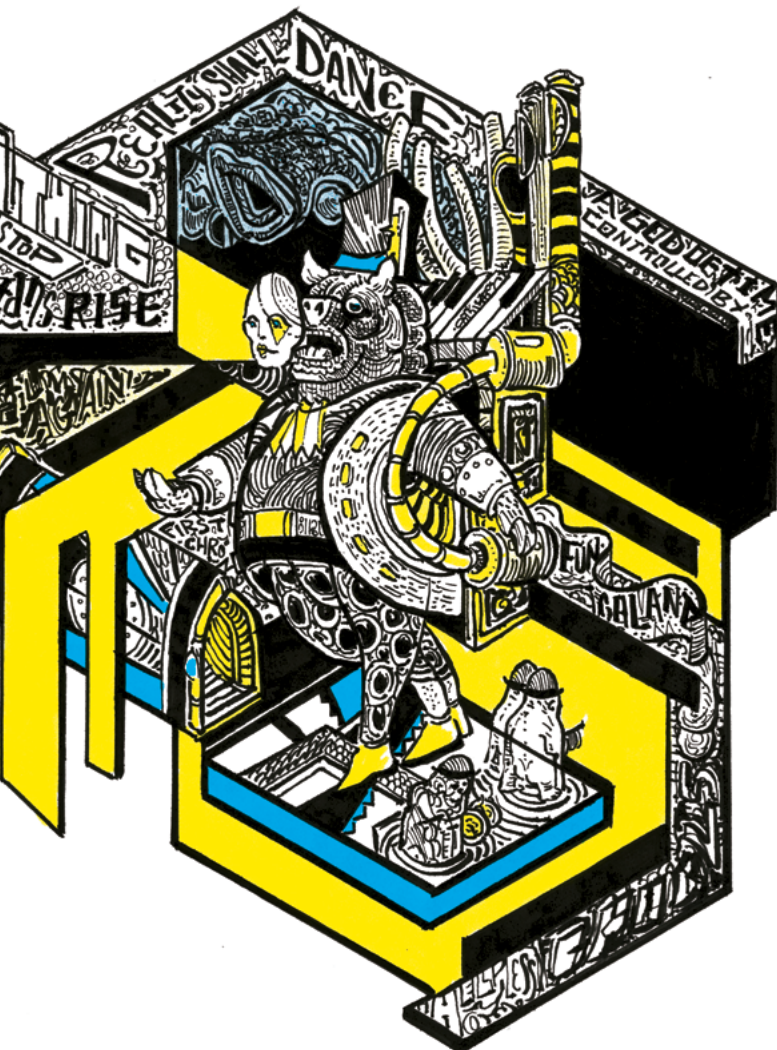
- A self-assembled, coagulated amalgamation of crap.
 - Made of things which fell through cracks in time.
 - Dwelling deep within the *Mind* of **CHRONOS, TITAN OF TIME**.

WHAT DOES IT WANT?

- It assembled itself and wants to expand itself.
 - It plans to do this from **PIECES OF YOU**.
 - **IT LIKES TO TALK**—it never meets anyone down here.
 - It won't **ATTACK** while engaged in **CONVERSATION**.

How To Get Away?

- **TRICK IT:** It's stupid and crazy.
- **PERSUADE IT:** **THE TITAN** waking up might be bad for it.
- **PULL OFF THE MASK:** Reduce it to a mindless pile of trash.
- **Climb Back Up:** Towards a spot of light and the sound of wind.
- **Leap to the Pendulum:** Catch one of the chains hanging from the *Gigantic Clock*.
- **Hook the Ladder:** There is a tattered rope ladder that leads to the *Hold* of the *Stylite Hulk*.
- **BEAT IT UP:** Reduce it to HP 0 and flee as it **REASSEMBLES**.
- **OR JUST MAKE SOMETHING UP.'**



3. Pendulous shaft

- A vast tower, gloomy and strange.
- Filled with the off-kilter ticking of a *Clock* somewhere above.
- Lit by bonkers phosphorescent moths and brief flashes of bright yellow light that ripple down the wooden shaft.
- The walls are mahogany from impossibly huge trees.
- Full of tangled brass chains, pendulums and pulleys on an enormous scale.
- The contacts and contrivances of the brass tangles seem to defy Newtonian law.
- Its upper length is non-Euclidian curves and fractures, sweeping out of sight.
- Below, endless dark and the largest pendulums' shafts.

FALLING

- It's easy to grab a chain or pendulum.
- Roll a DEX Test.
 - PC's **FALLING** from the Ebony Door get at least three rolls to grab something.
 - Falling deeper after each fail.
 - If they fail three times they wind up in **THE CHRONAL PARASITE's** Web.

CLIMBING

- If the characters climb, roll a d6.
- Apply result and all preceeding entries.
 - If you roll a 3, apply the results for 1, 2 and 3.
- If they get **DELAYED** roll again.
 - If **DELAYED** twice in a row, they **FALL**.

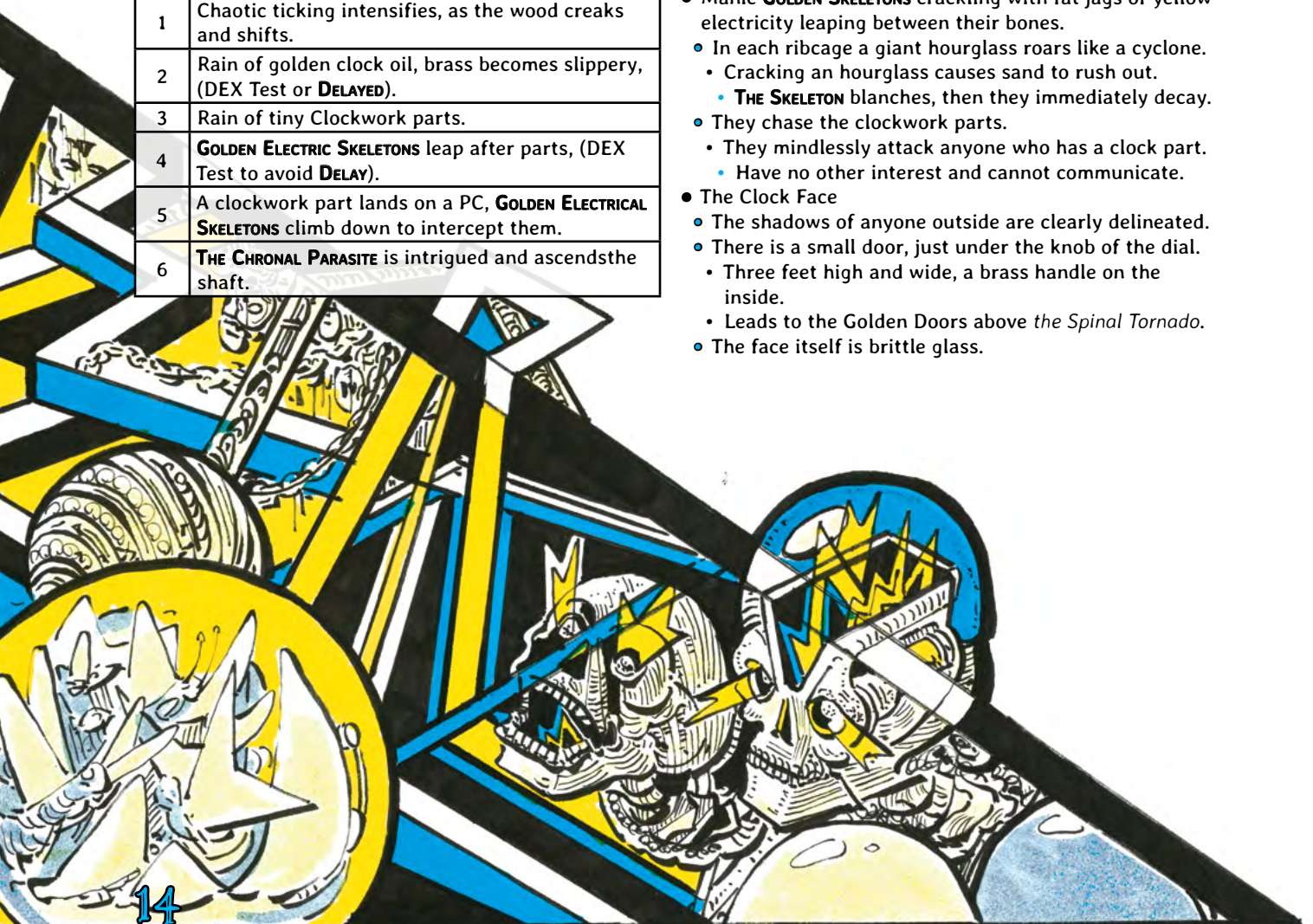
1	Chaotic ticking intensifies, as the wood creaks and shifts.
2	Rain of golden clock oil, brass becomes slippery, (DEX Test or DELAYED).
3	Rain of tiny Clockwork parts.
4	GOLDEN ELECTRIC SKELETONS leap after parts, (DEX Test to avoid DELAY).
5	A clockwork part lands on a PC, GOLDEN ELECTRICAL SKELETONS climb down to intercept them.
6	THE CHRONAL PARASITE is intrigued and ascendsthe shaft.

4. The Clock

- *Great Works* hum with awesome stress.
- A cacaphony of creaking, grinding gears, crazed arrhythmic tock-tock-ticking and the lunatic chiming of sweet, mad bells.
- Mad, Hyper-Dimensional-Clockworks
 - Housed inside a dark, wooden church illuminated by the gigantic translucent clock-face.
 - The floor is a brass scaffold, circuit board with huge clock parts bolted to it.
 - It is easy to **FALL** while climbing over creaking machines or clambering through narrow ratways
 - Springs bursting like shrapnel.
 - Brief blasts of sparks like gold teeth exploding.
 - Maniacal **GOLDEN ELECTRICAL SKELETONS** are blasted apart like fracturing glass trying to repair and restrain the writhing works. Various **SKELETONS** are:
 - Riding the axle, trying to hold the clock hands.
 - Crushed in cogs and rotating with them.
 - Wrestling a big spring, about to explode.
 - Crushed holding the bars of a huge wheel in tension.
 - As a group, using a broken brass bar as a lever to restrain *the Works*. The lever bends.
 - Small clock parts explode and spring apart intermittently.
 - **SKELETONS** rush to pick up and replace them, falling or leaping through the floor.

GOLDEN ELECTRICAL SKELETONS

- **STR 7, DEX 13, WIL 10, 3 HP, CLAWS (d4).**
- Manic **GOLDEN SKELETONS** crackling with fat jags of yellow electricity leaping between their bones.
 - In each ribcage a giant hourglass roars like a cyclone.
 - Cracking an hourglass causes sand to rush out.
 - **THE SKELETON** blanches, then they immediately decay.
 - They chase the clockwork parts.
 - They mindlessly attack anyone who has a clock part.
 - Have no other interest and cannot communicate.
- The Clock Face
 - The shadows of anyone outside are clearly delineated.
 - There is a small door, just under the knob of the dial.
 - Three feet high and wide, a brass handle on the inside.
 - Leads to the Golden Doors above *the Spinal Tornado*.
 - The face itself is brittle glass.



5. Stylistic Hulk

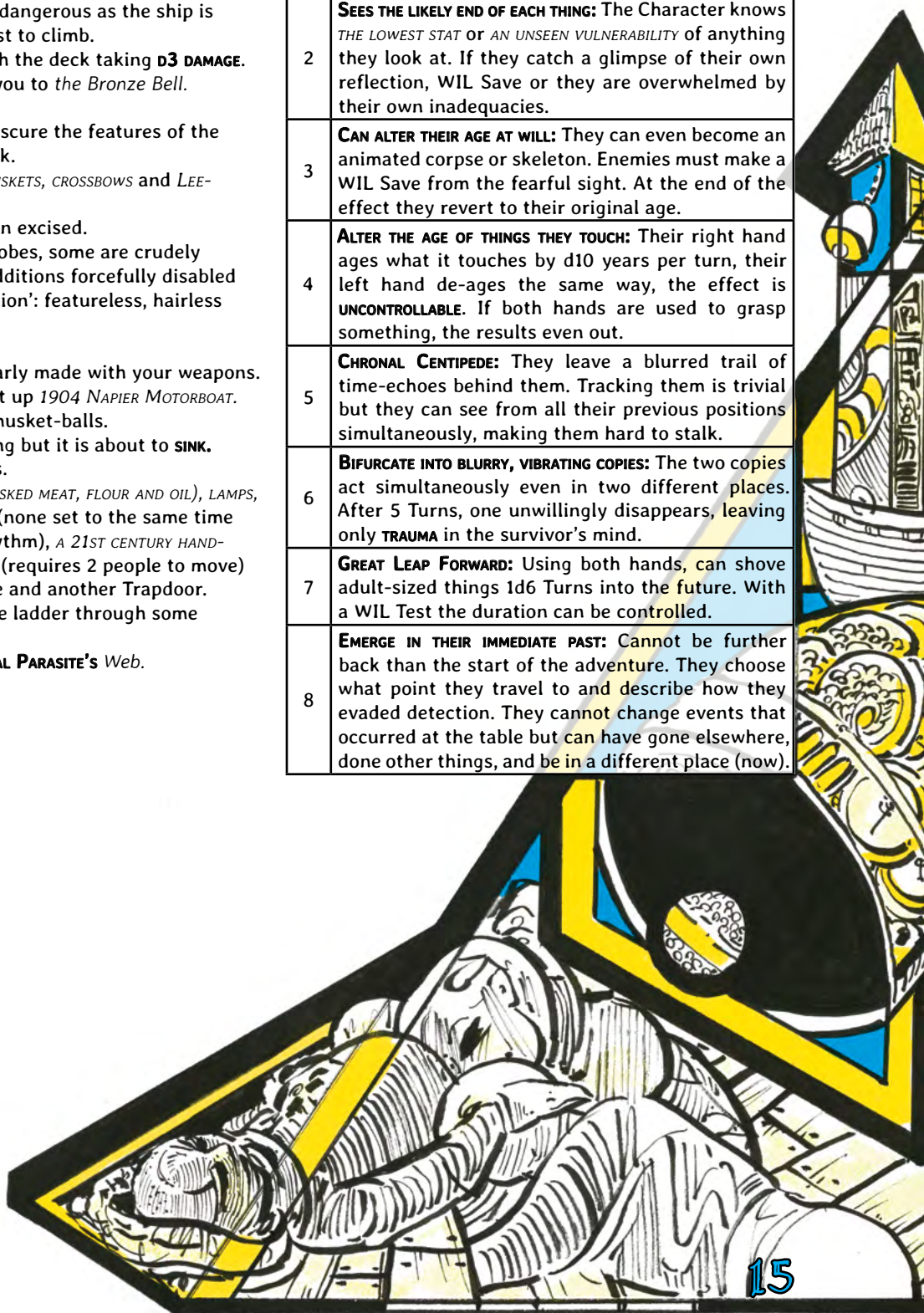
- The Ship tips back and forth on the Sea.
 - Waves rising and looping like a tortured snake.
 - Corpse-grey water spider-webbed with bone-white veins of foam.
 - The sky boils like a kettle.
 - There is no sign of land on the horizon.
- The mastless Ship has a featureless deck except for:
 - A crazed 100'+ Tower of bog-blackened planks.
 - A Bronze Bell rings in the steepled belfry at the top.
 - The Tower is much smaller on the outside.
 - Inside is The Time Tornado
 - Outside, PCs hear the Bell from the Time Tornado.
 - Climbing the exterior is dangerous as the ship is pitching wildly—DEX Test to climb.
 - **FAILURE:** You fall through the deck taking **D3 DAMAGE**.
 - Reaching the top takes you to the Bronze Bell.
- Signs of a battle
 - Black monastic robes obscure the features of the corpses littering the deck.
 - Still clutching spent *MUSKETS*, *CROSSBOWS* and *LEE-ENFIELD RIFLES*.
 - Their tongues have been excised.
 - Hidden beneath their robes, some are crudely cyberneticised, their additions forcefully disabled
 - Others are 'low-resolution': featureless, hairless and washed out.
 - **YOU DID THIS.**
 - Their wounds were clearly made with your weapons.
- Tied roughly to it is a shot up 1904 *NAPIER MOTORBOAT*.
 - Scarred by bullets and musket-balls.
 - The engine is still running but it is about to **SINK**.
- Trapdoor leads Belowdecks.
 - Bunk beds, *FOOD STORES* (*CASKED MEAT, FLOUR AND OIL*), *LAMPS*, *ROUGHLY 500 TICKING CLOCKS* (none set to the same time or ticking to the same rhythm), *A 21ST CENTURY HAND-CRANKED DESALINATION ENGINE* (requires 2 people to move) wedged in place, the bilge and another Trapdoor.
 - It opens to a ragged rope ladder through some otherdimensional space.
 - This leads to **THE CHRONAL PARASITE's Web**.

6. Bronze Bell

- As the huge Bell swings, PCs can catch glimpses of the other side.
 - The Golden Doors are across the gap.
- They can dive inside the Bell and ride it to the other side.
 - One person at a time.

Riding the Bell

d8	FOR 5 TURNS THE PC IS DEAFENED AND TEMPORARILY:
1	REACTS TO THINGS BEFORE THEY HAPPEN: When any action would directly affect them, they may take one action beforehand.
2	SEES THE LIKELY END OF EACH THING: The Character knows <i>THE LOWEST STAT</i> or <i>AN UNSEEN VULNERABILITY</i> of anything they look at. If they catch a glimpse of their own reflection, WIL Save or they are overwhelmed by their own inadequacies.
3	CAN ALTER THEIR AGE AT WILL: They can even become an animated corpse or skeleton. Enemies must make a WIL Save from the fearful sight. At the end of the effect they revert to their original age.
4	ALTER THE AGE OF THINGS THEY TOUCH: Their right hand ages what it touches by d10 years per turn, their left hand de-ages the same way, the effect is UNCONTROLLABLE . If both hands are used to grasp something, the results even out.
5	CHRONAL CENTIPEDE: They leave a blurred trail of time-echoes behind them. Tracking them is trivial but they can see from all their previous positions simultaneously, making them hard to stalk.
6	BIFURCATE INTO BLURRY, VIBRATING COPIES: The two copies act simultaneously even in two different places. After 5 Turns, one unwillingly disappears, leaving only TRAUMA in the survivor's mind.
7	GREAT LEAP FORWARD: Using both hands, can shove adult-sized things 1d6 Turns into the future. With a WIL Test the duration can be controlled.
8	EMERGE IN THEIR IMMEDIATE PAST: Cannot be further back than the start of the adventure. They choose what point they travel to and describe how they evaded detection. They cannot change events that occurred at the table but can have gone elsewhere, done other things, and be in a different place (now).



The Golden Doors

- **TOO LATE! DOCTOR HOG HAS BROKEN THROUGH!**
- The Golden Doors are open. Bone stairs lead up.
- **TWO BRAIN-APES** remain on guard!

7. The Mind Of Chronos

- A hall inside a giant pearlescent skull.
 - Riddled with massive bullet holes.
 - Ruined marble walls cracked with age.
 - It tilts and swings.
 - Like a penthouse in an earthquake.
 - Howling spatters of cold rain from the ceiling.
 - Grey-white water gushes in through the clenched ivory teeth in ankle-high waves.
 - Ancient, huge spent rail-gun rounds roll in the water.
 - Cracked carbon lattice like broken tree trunks.
- Beyond **CHRONOS'** big dead eyes:
 - Realms swirl like flotsam in the black storm of time.
 - Cities burn in boiling night.
 - Like bath-candles circling a drain.

FOUR BIG THINGS:

- The Big Sword
 - Dull and rusted remains still lodged in the skull.
- The Big Brain
 - A glowing **NEURAL HIVE** like a swarm of giant jellyfish.
 - Re-growing, clustered in around a central point.
 - Glowing cells try to 'fix' the fractured skull.
 - Grasp downwards for the glimmering *EGO MACHINES*.
- The Bone Fumerole
 - Rising from the spinal base, there is a disturbing growth of stone.
 - Like an altar of organic spikes.
 - *D3 TITAN DIAMONDS* burst from its tip like crystal teeth.
 - Fractal shards of clear crystal, filled with a gold webwork of imponderable complexity. Hypnotically beautiful.
- **THE WEB OF DOCTOR HOG!**
 - Wires of **SILVER ANTS** cobweb the skull.
 - Silver tendrils reach into **THE NEURAL HIVE**.
 - Others connect to *THE EGO MACHINES*.
 - Hanging at the centre is **DOCTOR HOG!**



Dr. Hog's Brain-Apes

- **STR 16, DEX 7, WIL 6, 8 HP**
- **BIG GORILLAS** with **THOMPSON GUNS** and **BOWLER HATS** tied on with twine.
 - They follow **DOCTOR HOG's** instructions.
 - When separated from him, they are quite stupid.
- **THEIR TERRIBLE BRAINS**
 - *THEIR HATS* hide skulls burst open from inside.
 - A horrid **FUNGUS** is growing in their brain.
 - **INFECTIOUS SILVER ANTS** are running all over **THE FUNGUS**.
 - When a **BRAIN-APE** dies, **SILVER ANTS** surge from their facial orifices into the nearest PCs.
 - **DEX** Save to avoid, **WIL** Save to avoid **INFECTION**.
 - After **TWO SUCCESSIVE FAILURES**: the characters are completely under **THE CLAVICHORD'S BALEFUL INFLUENCE**.
 - After **TWO SUCCESSIVE SUCCESSES**: the ants and **INFECTION** are **EXPULSED**.

THOMPSON GUNS

- These go **BRAKABRAKABRAKA!**

RANGE	DAMAGE	EFFECT
Very Close	d6	Does damage as normal.
Medium	d6	Fire for a turn to get on-target.
Very Far	d4	Same as Medium.

BRAIN GRENADES

- Iron Grenades shaped like human brains.
 - Explode inflicting **STRANGE MENTAL EFFECTS**.
 - Last for an encounter or till a **WIL** Save is rolled.
 - Each target is affected randomly.

D6	BRAIN GRENADE EFFECTS
1	KLEPTOMANIA.
2	COMPULSIVELY TIES THINGS TOGETHER.
3	INAPPROPRIATE SEDUCTION (Random Target).
4	POST-MODERNISM (bored, everything is a symbol).
5	RAAAAAAAGE!
6	OBSESSIVE PROTECTION (Random Target).

HAND-TO-HAND

- **BRAIN-APES** aren't always practical or efficient.
 - Pick target up and:
 - **THROW** them into someone else—**d3 DAMAGE** to both.
 - **USE THEM AS A CLUB** for **d6 DAMAGE**.
 - They can also **SMASH** for **d6 DAMAGE**.

HOW MANY APES, GUNS AND GRENADES?

- **DOCTOR HOG** has as many **APES** as there are PCs.
- Recovered *THOMSON GUNS* have one turn of ammo left.
- Dead Apes carry a **BRAIN GRENADE** on a d6 roll of 6.



Doctor Dufoe Hog

- **STR 16, DEX 13, WIL 15, 20 HP**
- **A FAT PIG** in a **SILVER MAIDEN MASK** and **GENTLEMEN'S GEAR**.
 - **TOP HAT, FROCK COAT** and **CRAVAT**.
 - The maiden's face is slightly cracked.
 - So is **DOCTOR HOG**.

His Strange Weapons

- **DIMENSION-GUN**
 - **RAY-GUN** produces **RANDOM EFFECTS** lasting d4 Turns.

D4	RAY	EFFECT
1	GHOST	SPECTRAL, WIL test to affect the world.
2	JELLIFICATION	JELLIFIED, STR test to move most things.
3	SHRINK	Target 75% SMALLER , $\frac{1}{4}$ STR.
4	GRAVITY	GRAVITY REVERSES for the target.

- **BRAIN GRENADES**
 - **HOG's GRENADES** work like **HIS APES**.
- **FUNGAL CLAVICHORD**
 - Acts Independently of **DOCTOR HOG**.
- **INFECTED** are controlled by **THE FUNGAL CLAVICHORD**.
 - **Hog's masterwork**.
 - *YOU DECIDE* whether **HOG** or **THE MACHINE** is in charge.
 - Either way, **HOG** fights to the death to protect it.
 - Hideous, archaically-mechanical amalgam of clavichord, Babbage engine, brass syringe-typewriter, **SILVER ANT** hive, **CORDYCEPS FUNGAL REACTOR** and Theremin.
- Sends **STRANDS OF SILVER CORDYCEPS ANTS** like tentacles.
- **DEX** Save to evade contact.
- **INFECTED** characters make a **WIL** Save each turn.
 - After **TWO SUCCESSIVE FAILURES**: the characters are completely under the **CLAVICHORD's BALEFUL INFLUENCE**.
 - After **TWO SUCCESSIVE SUCCESSES**: the ants and **INFECTION** are **EXPELLED**.

Ending Encounter One

- Regardless of victor this battle always ends with:
 - **THE TITAN, CHRONOS**, collapsing like a skyscraper.
 - The boiling sea of time rushes in, **KNOCKING OUT THE PCs**.
 - They retain only what they can **HOLD ONTO**.
- If the PCs defeated **DOCTOR HOG**, **CONGRATULATIONS!** This was a successful expedition and they become **'PROFESSIONALS'** (pg. 97).
- If **HOG** conceivably survived, and the players are energised by him, feel free to **BRING HIM BACK** (pg. 98).



Elles Mere

They Wake Up...

- Floating in grey water.
- Before them:
 - A wrack-encrusted stone wall.
 - It stretches as far as they can see.
- Behind them:
 - Grey wash, grey sky, no horizon or opposite shore.
- Above them, on the wall:
 - **MALGO MOON-PIG**
 - **A BOY PIG** in **AN OLD TWEED JACKET** with **A FULL MOON MASK**.
 - **'WHAT ARE YOU DOING DOWN THERE?'**
- Climbing the wall leads to *Elles Mere*, failed canal-town.

THE BIG SECRET

- Unknown to the PCs they were washed into their future.
 - Abstracted *STORIES OF THEIR PREVIOUS ADVENTURES* are painted on the peeling sides of the decaying boats.

Elles Mere

- A junction of stone-built narrow-boat canals and aging oak hand-cranked locks spanned by slim iron bridges.
- The canals should lead to *Bastion*, and all over the *Wrecked Heptarchies*.
 - The warping of reality has shifted the old waterways and made them impassable.
- A handful of forgotten folk live on aging woodwarped paint-peeling boats.
 - Stationary in stagnant algae-green canals.
 - Everyone knows something of the land and describes it from their own unique perspective.
- A slow, calm place to rest, resupply, decide what to do and learn about *Wir-Heal*.

Where Can They Go?

- South, into the *Wrecked Heptarchies*:
 - Everyone warns the PCs about **THE DANGERS**.
 - Merely looking at the south horizon feels as if the whole world were reflected in a smashed mirror.
 - Three-dimensional jags of cracked reality explode and contract like a program left running for too long.
- *The River*:
 - Storms, **SEALS**, mist, **THE TUNELESS PIPING OF AZATHOTH** and the *Sea of Broken Eons*.
 - Taking to the water is dangerous in *Wir-Heal*.
- Into *Wir-Heal*:
 - They can walk into **BROM** or **BRUNAN** immediately.
 - Most warn them about **THE TERRIBLE DANGERS**:
 - Especially at night, when the dreams of **THE TITANS** send **MONSTROSITIES** walking about the land.
 - **THE CURSE OF THE WOODWOSE** which affects all **TRUE-MEN** lingering in *Wir-Heal* (pg. iv).
- To *Legions Fort*:
 - The road is right there.
 - It takes about three hours to reach *Legions Fort*.
 - If you want specialised equipment, knowledge, power, influence, access to the *Demon-Bone Train* or just somewhere nice to sleep, that's where you need to go.

MALGO MOON-PIG

- Bored out of his mind in *Elles Mere*.
- Asks at least one question for every one asked of him.
 - Usually asks two.
 - Doesn't always wait for the answer.
- Completely willing to help you out of the water.
 - Has **A HOOK ON A STICK**, but he is not strong enough to pull up most PCs by himself.
 - Will run to borrow **ROPE** from **'ASAPH TRUE-MAN'**—who rents him it for **A PENNY**.
 - **"SO NOW I'M IN DEBT FOR A PENNY I DON'T HAVE..."**
- **MALGO's Boat**
 - Characters may notice, painted in chipped oil paint.
 - One figure is **A MAN IN A BLACK TOP HAT**
 - If they look closer...
 - He's wearing **A MASK OF A LADY'S FACE**.
 - He's fighting some people atop a big castle..
 - There's a group of them lead by **A MAN IN ARMOUR**.
 - The details are impossible to decipher.

TURNUS GOAT-STAR

"SHILLING FOR THE NIGHT! OR BE EATEN BY DREAMS!"

- Stupid, greedy and mercantile
 - Has no idea he is an idiot.
- Has all **THE KEYS** to boats that still have locks.
- Follows the PCs, 'warning' them of **TERRIBLE DANGERS**.
 - Which they can evade, for only **A SHILLING** a night.
 - **THE TITANS DREAMS:**
 - **"SLAVES OF THE SIMULATOR! MIRROR-MEN LIKE PAPER FALLING! WOLVES LIKE BRAIN MISTAKES! THRALLS OF THE WAR-GOD! MECHANICAL ANIMALS WITH CANNON-MOUTHS! MURDER-MACHINES WITH TRACKS AND WINGS! SAFETY FOR ONLY A SHILLING A NIGHT!"**
 - **THE WRECKERS:**
 - **"THEY'LL BASH OPEN YOUR SKULL, ROB YOUR POCKETS AND SELL YOU FOR PARTS! THIEVES AND KILLERS! AND THEY LOOK JUST LIKE EVERYONE ELSE! STAY SAFE FOR JUST A SHILLING A NIGHT!"**
 - **THE COURT OF THE WAPENTAKE:**
 - **"A CRAZED COURT OF CRAVEN COWARDS, CURSED WITH CATASTROPHIC POWER! THEY'LL MUTATE YOU FOR SURE! BUT NOT IF YOU'RE SAFE IN A BOAT FOR A SHILLING A NIGHT!"**
 - **WOODWOSE:**
 - **"THE WILD ONES CURSED BY Wir-Heal EAT ONLY PLANTS SO THEY SAY. BUT WHO CAN BE SURE? WOULD YOU RISK BEING EATEN BY WOODWOSE WHEN YOU CAN BE SAFE FOR ONLY A SHILLING A NIGHT?"**
 - **THE WELSH:**
 - **"WHO KNOWS WHAT A WELSHMAN CAN OR CANNOT DO? MAGIC SAVAGES WHO EAT THEIR OWN YOUNG! PRAISE GOD FOR LORD HUGH LUPUS. BUT WHAT IF ONE SNEAKS PAST THE Legions Fort? EVADE THAT TERRIBLE FATE FOR ONLY A SHILLING A NIGHT!"**
- **TURNUS' Boat**
 - Characters may notice, painted in cheap paint..
 - A ship, and a storm...
 - If they look closer..
 - A mountain shaped like **A PERSON?**
 - No, it's **A GIANT PERSON** falling..
 - The little ship is sailing towards it.
 - People on the ship, as many as there are PCs.





ASAPH TRUE-MAN
"YOU OWE ME A PENNY, PIG!"

- A grey, clenched, continually-shivering figure.
- Among the few people in *Elles Mere* who remembers the tail end of the Great Age when the canals still ran.
- He witnessed the slow collapse of the canal system working on 'Ice Breaker' and 'Weed Cutter' boats.
- Now he sits in his castle-painted boat;
 - Picking oakum, smoking and 'Renting' his small store of mundane tools and objects to survive.
- He seethes with resentment for everything and everyone but has particular ire for:
 - The authorities at *Bastion* for abandoning the canals.
 - **THE LORD OF Legions Fort** for being a decadent sot.
 - **THE MASK-MEN** for being inhuman freaks.
 - **THE WRECKERS** and **THE HORRORS** out of *Wir-Heal*.
 - He is prejudiced against **WOODWOSE**.
 - **"NO ANIMALS ON THE BOAT!"**
- Deep, deep down, he dreams that **THE TITANS** could be calmed and the canal's reality repaired.
- He **SUSPECTS** the PCs of being **WRECKERS**.
 - Interrogates them about their lives and recent history.
 - Won't believe them.
 - At best he assumes they're ignorant Flotsam.
- **"NO SAFE WAY OUT OF WIR-HEAL!" (SPITS) "NOT ANY MORE. ONLY the Demon-Bone Train."**
- Asaph sells (or 'rents') poor-quality adventuring equipment (rope, sacks, food, knives etc.).
 - His prices are exhorbinant (25% higher than standard).
 - Anything complex or manufactured is unavailable.
- **ASAPH's Boat**
 - Characters may notice a flourescent mural...
 - It depicts strange castles...
 - If they look closer...
 - Gates look like gaping mouths.
 - Landscape looks like giant limbs.
 - Tiny little people, lead by **A FIGURE IN RED** with a gold symbol, going in.

REGINA COW-QUEEN
"OH YOU POOR DEARS, WHEREVER HAVE YOU BEEN?"

- Sympathetic, likeable and helpful.
 - She provides *ENDLESS CUPS OF TEA* accompanied by shockingly **BAD SANDWICHES**.
 - She also offers *VAGUE GEOGRAPHICAL INFORMATION*.
- Career criminal, sociopathic **WRECKER**, and murderer.
 - From the moment she meets the PCs, **REGINA** is planning to **MANIPULATE, USE** and **DESTROY THEM**.
 - All while offering *ENDLESS CUPS OF TEA*.
 - She subtly sounds them out about extra-legal activity.
 - **"OH YOU ARE A CHEEKY SORT AREN'T YOU?"**
 - **"WELL, RULES ARE FOR BENDING, THAT'S WHAT MY OLD DAD USED TO SAY."**
 - **"YOU KNOW HOW TO KEEP A SECRET DON'T YOU?"**
 - **"WOULD YOU HELP AN OLD LADY?"**
 - **"COULD YOU TAKE THIS TO MY FRIEND IN Legions Fort?"**
 - **"ECUB HALF-MASK."**
 - **"SAY IT'S FROM ME."**
 - **"AND DON'T TELL THE GUARDS."**
- If the item is successfully delivered to **ECUB HALF-MASK**, a shopkeeper in *Legions Fort*, **REGINA** asks them to deliver the next item on the list the next time that they meet.

ITEM	PAYMENT	COMPLICATION
CARTON OF LEVERS 'SUNSHINE' SOAP.	3 SHILLINGS	None, other than it being ILLEGAL .
CARTON OF MARLBORO CIGARETTES.	10 SHILLINGS	There's 300 grams of COCAINE hidden in the packets.
SMALL SPY DRONE & CONTROLLER.	30 SHILLINGS	Will be used to spy on HUGH LUPUS , eventually noticed and shot down.
BERETTA 9MM (D6).	50 SHILLINGS	It's going to end up in the hands of a WELSH ROBBER who will die with it on him. THE AUTHORITIES WILL TRY TO TRACE IT.
PULSE RIFLE (D10 CLOSE, D8 MID OR LONG RANGE).	1 GUILDER	THE GUARDS ARE LOOKING FOR IT and it's quite large. It's intended for an ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT on HUGH LUPUS .

- If the PCs try to back out, or cause her any problems, Regina will try to kill them via **POISONED TEA**.
 - **2D20 STR DAMAGE**.
- **REGINA's** boat is painted in a haunting chiaroscuro.
 - It depicts people gathered around a table.
 - If they look closer...
 - Same number as the party, plus one.
 - Its unquestionably the PCs, but they are reduced to symbolic, archetypal figures
 - The extra is **AN ARMoured MAN WITH A PENTANGLE SHIELD**.





BROKEN REALITIES



LEGIONS FORT

R8-BY

BRUNAN

Legions Fort

The City of Legions, called *Legions Fort* by everyone, is a walled town on the borders of *Wir-Heal*, a strange place where **MASK-MEN** live alongside **TRUE-MEN** and green-haired Woodwose are kept alongside cattle and pigs.

This is generally disturbing for visitors.

Getting In

Gates are open from sunup to sundown. A pair of guards attends each gate, with another pair within easy shouting distance.

- "WHAT'S YOUR BUSINESS?"
- "ANY ARCANUM OR UNLICENSED WRECK?"
- "NO WELSH, WRECKERS, OR WOODWOSE OFF THE LEAD."
- "HAVE BED AND BOARD BEFORE SUNDOWN OR YOU'RE OUT."

The town is full of **SMUGGED ARCANUM**, **CRIMINAL WRECKERS**, **WELSH SPIES** and feral urban **WOODWOSE**. Also you can usually sleep in the gutter.

The Stocks

d12	WHO'S IN THE STOCKS TODAY?
1-6	Wears sign marked 'PEDANT', being pelted with peas, is shouting: "THAT'S FOUR THINGS! FOUR!!"
7	'WELSH TRAITOR', being pelted with bricks and blades, probably already dead.
8	'WRECKER' being pelted with soft vegetables. They have ALLIES in the crowd who will threaten anyone throwing anything harder.
9	The last LOCAL NPC to help the PCs (or one who might help them) wearing a sign marked 'IRRITANT' and crying for help.
10	No sign. LOCAL claims they were playing around drunk and locked themselves in. Crowd is confused.
11	Stocks Empty. CHILDREN ride them like a horse. GUARDS trying to drive them off.
12	'DEODAND'. INANIMATE OBJECT like a spade or plank treated as accomplice to crime it aided.



The Castle

Truly the fate of the fort and the life of its Lord are one. More on **HUGH LUPUS, LORD OF Legions Fort**, and his overwhelming effect on the town, is found on [page 28](#).

The Justicar

PCs arriving at the Castle with no social standing and no official documentation will end up in a meeting with **RICHARD DE EUMARY**: the Justicar of *Legions Fort* and **HUGH LUPUS's** high-class dogsbody.

STR 10, DEX 10, WIL 14, 5 HP, GILT CEREMONIAL SWORD (D6)

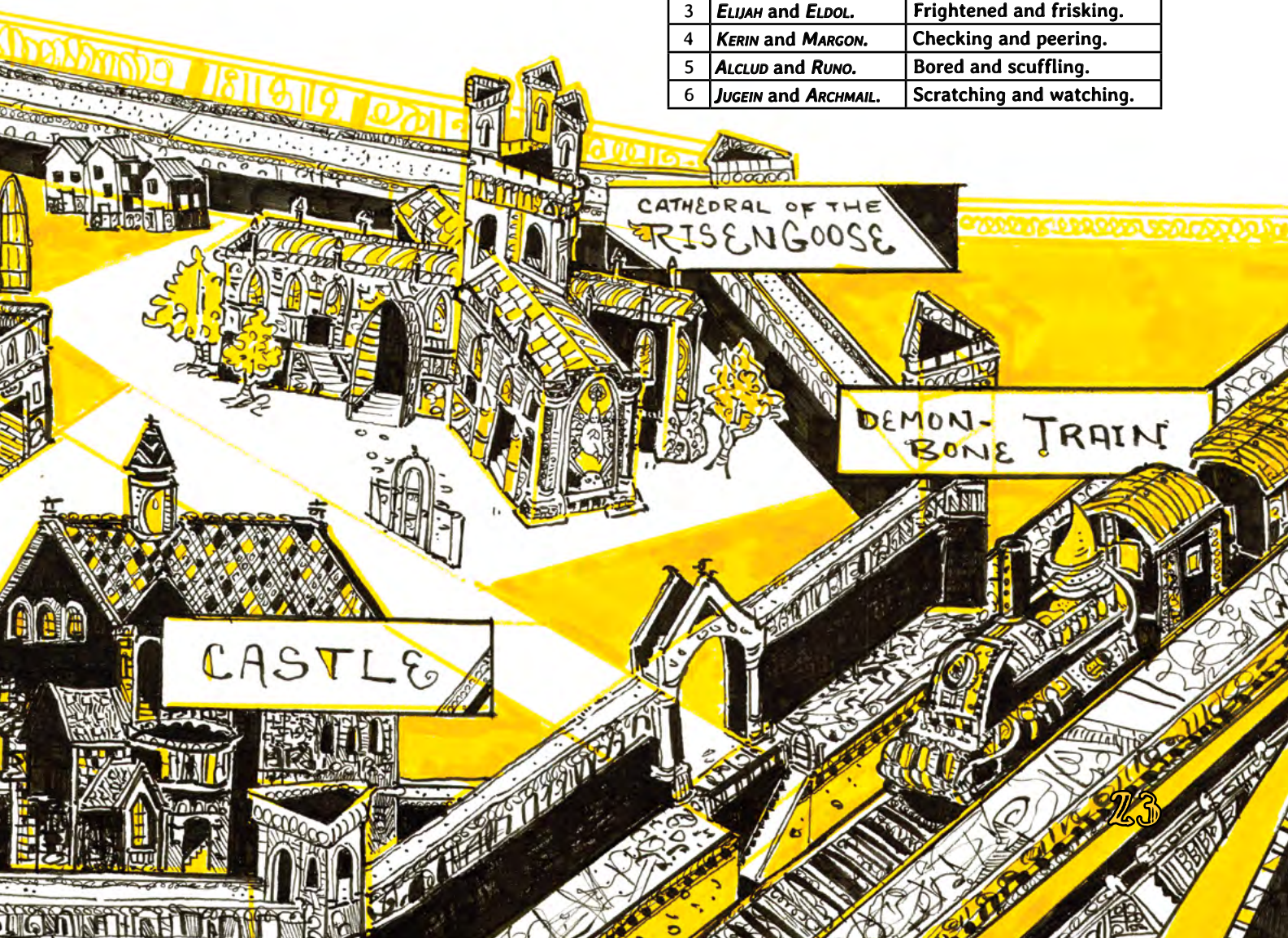
d4	IRRITATED...	BUT ALSO TERRIFIED...
1	Was up all night doing COCAINE with HUGH LUPUS .	Fears WELSH ATTACK imminent.
2	Has just gone through His LORDSHIP's ACCOUNTS, situation is DIRE.	Fears LUPUS suspects him of INVISIBLE CRIMES.
3	Has just had to explain something three times.	Afraid this world might be a simulation.
4	LUPUS just aggressively ordered him to do something he himself previously suggested; "AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT!"	Sees WRECKERS everywhere.

- PCs will scheduled for AN APPOINTMENT with **HUGH LUPUS** in 2d6 weeks.
- Bribery or Low Cunning expedite the process.

Soldiers

- *Legions Fort* has a small permanent garrison:
 - The **PERSONAL GUARD** of **HUGH LUPUS**.
 - **EIGHTY HALF-TRAINED HALBERDIERS**.
 - **STR 13, DEX 10, WIL 11, 8 HP, HALBERD (D8)**
 - **EIGHTY ARCHERS OF WIR-HEAL**.
 - **STR 10, DEX 13, WIL 09, 6 HP, LONGBOW (D8)**.
 - With their famous Goose-Grey shafts.
- Soldiers are made up evenly of **MASK-MEN** and **TRUE-MEN**.
- At any time, **20 PAIRS OF ARCHER AND HALBERDIER** are:
 - Patrolling the city walls.
 - Keeping watch in its towers.
 - Guarding its gates.
 - Walking its streets.
 - The rest are slacking off somewhere.
 - **HALLOO AND CRY**: If they cry out, each patrol can **SUMMON ANOTHER PATROL**.
 - It will arrive in 3 Turns.
 - **THIS PATROL** will also be able to **SUMMON ANOTHER**.
 - Which will arrive within another 3 Turns.
 - If three patrols **HALLOO AND CRY**:
 - Another three arrive, making six.
 - If these six **HALLOO AND CRY**:
 - Six more arrive, making twelve, and so on...
- **EXCEPT** between 1.00pm and 2.00pm, when **HIS LORDSHIP** is due to make his inspection.
 - In which case all of the guard rush to their positions and try to look active, useful, clean and unWelsh.

D6	NAMES OF THESE IDIOTS	WHAT ARE THEY DOING?
1	GOFFAR and GUALO.	Coughing and searching.
2	COEL and KATIGERN.	Singing and drinking.
3	ELIJAH and ELDOL.	Frightened and frisking.
4	KERIN and MARGON.	Checking and peering.
5	ALCLUD and RUNO.	Bored and scuffling.
6	JUGEIN and ARCHMAIL.	Scratching and watching.



Shopping

- **MERCHANTS** in *Legions Fort* live above their shops of black timber and white wash.
- Each has a bible verse carved into the dark wood above the storefront.
- Shops are open 9 to 5 and closed on Sunday.

One-Hundred **PENNIES** (P) make a **SHILLING** (S).
One-hundred **SHILLINGS** make a **GUILDER** (G).
A **TITAN DIAMOND** is worth One **GUILDER**.

Future Tech & Creepy Stuff

Weird, Illegal and Rare.

Breech-loading & Sci-Fi Guns can usually fire every round if they need to.

- **INDUSTRIAL-AGE WEAPONS** (1G): *LEE-ENFIELD*, *MARTIN-ENFIELD* or *WINCHESTER RIFLE* (D8), *COLT 45*, *WEBLEY REVOLVER* (D6).
- **AMMUNITION FOR INDUSTRIAL WEAPONS** (30s).
- **AMMUNITION FOR MODERN & SCIENCE FICTION WEAPONS** (1G): *RAIL GUN*, *M16*, *KALASHNIKOV*, etc.
- **FLASHBANG** (10s): Momentarily **BLINDS** anyone who fails a **DEX** Save.
- **SMOKE-BOMB** (10s): Fills a room with smoke when lit.
 - Attacks through smoke are Impaired.
- **BOMB** (50s): **D12 DAMAGE** to all within the blast.
- **POISON** (20s): **LOSE D20 STR** if consumed.
- **ETHER** (10s): Inhaled, **STR** Save or **PASS OUT FOR AN HOUR**.
- **ACID** (10s): **D6 DAMAGE**, burns through most materials.

Medieval Technology

Commonly Available

- **COMMON WEAPON** (2s): *DAGGER*, *BOW*, *PITCHFORK*, *SWORD*, *PISTOL*, *CLUB*, etc. (D6).
- **FIELD WEAPON** (10s, USUALLY TWO HANDED): *MUSKET*, *PISTOL BRACE*, *SWORD and DAGGER*, *HALBERD*, *LONGBOW*, etc. (D8).
 - **BLACK-POWDER WEAPONS** blast out a plume of smoke and **TAKE A WHILE TO RELOAD**. They can usually fire once an encounter. **AMMUNITION** is plentiful and costs **PENNIES**.
- **HIGH-STATUS WEAPON** (30s, ONE HAND): *FINELY-MADE SABRE*, *DUELLING PISTOL*, *RAPIER*, etc. (D8).
- **FIRE OIL** (10s): Sets an area alight. All inside take **D6 DAMAGE** each Round.
- **SHIELD ARMOUR** (10s, ONE HAND): **ARMOUR** that requires a **SHIELD (INCLUDED)** to be effective (**Armour 1**).
- **HIGH-STATUS ARMOUR** (50s): *ORNATE BREASTPLATE* and **HELM** (**Armour 1**).
- **TOOLS** (1s EACH): *CROWBAR*, *SAW*, *GLUE*, *MAGNIFYING GLASS*, *MANACLES*, *ANIMAL TRAP*, *LOCKPICKS*, *MIRROR*, *WRITING SET*, *FISHING POLE*, *SHOVEL*, *GRAPPLING HOOK*, *COLLAPSIBLE POLE*, *20FT ROPE*, *SPIKES*, etc.
- **LUXURIES** (1G): *CLOCKWORK ITEMS*, *THERMOMETER*, *ELABORATE CLOTHES*, *JEWELLERY*, *ORNAMENTS*, *SPYGLASS*, etc.
- **BEASTS**:
 - **MULE** (5s).
 - **HORSE** (1G +1 TO RIDER'S **ARMOUR**).
 - **MUTT** (5s, **STR D10**, **D6 BITE**).
 - **HOUND** (50s, same Stats as a **MUTT**).
 - **PARROTS** and **RAVENS** (10s, **STR D6**, **D4 CLAWS**).
 - **KESTRELS** and **HAWKS** (50s, **D6 CLAWS**).

"WHAT DO YOU NEED?"	"LOOK FOR THE VERSE..."	"TALK TO..."	WHAT THEY DON'T TELL YOU...
A SQUARE DEAL.	"I AM COME THAT THEY MIGHT HAVE LIFE, AND THAT THEY MIGHT HAVE IT MORE ABUNDANTLY. — JOHN 10:10"	BOULOGNE MOON	DRUNK 4 times in 6.
A CHEAP DEAL.	"MY GOD SHALL SUPPLY ALL YOUR NEEDS ACCORDING TO HIS RICHES IN GLORY BY CHRIST JESUS. — PHILIPPIANS 4:19"	OCTA LOTH	Needlessly AGGRESSIVE, bully.
Someone to set up A MEETING.	"BELOVED, I WISH ABOVE ALL THINGS THAT THOU MAYEST PROSPER AND BE IN HEALTH, EVEN AS THY SOUL PROSPERETH. — 3 JOHN 1:2"	HORSA FORTH	Obsessive PICKPOCKET and compulsive LIAR.
This extremely specific, difficult-to-get RARE THING.	"BRING TO THE STOREHOUSE A FULL TENTH OF WHAT YOU EARN SO THERE WILL BE FOOD IN MY HOUSE. — MALACHI 3:10"	YGERNA THE WIDOW	Prices are: DOUBLED: if she likes you. TRIPLED: if she doesn't.
A GUN.	"AND YOU WILL GO OUT AND FROLIC LIKE WELL-FED CALVES. — MALACHI 4:2"	ELI THE DUCK	Ex-soldier, always armed, has FLASHBACKS.
A GOOD DOG (OTHER BEAST).	"THOU HAST BEEN FAITHFUL OVER A LITTLE; I WILL SET YOU OVER MUCH. — MATTHEW 25:23"	HIDER CRIDOUS	A SPY. Has a WELSHMAN in his attic.
ARCANUM & WRECK (LEGAL).	"MY COVENANT WAS WITH HIM, A COVENANT OF LIFE AND PEACE, AND I GAVE THEM TO HIM. — MALACHI 2:5"	IAGO NINE	Severely PARANOID and will follow you.
ARCANUM & WRECK (OFF THE BOOKS).	"ON THE DAY WHEN I ACT, SAYS THE LORD ALMIGHTY, THEY WILL BE MY TREASURED POSSESSION. — MALACHI 3:17"	ECUB HALF-MASK	A WRECKER, a secret they will kill to protect. Local co-conspirator with REGINA COW-QUEEN in Elles Mere.

WHERE TO STAY?	THE COST
THE GUTTER.	<i>FREE! GUARDS KICK YOU AWAKE for NO EXTRA CHARGE.</i>
Rented <i>BED</i> in A FLOP-HOUSE.	1 <i>SHILLING</i> a week — you will stink.
At <i>THE BELL.</i>	10 <i>SHILLINGS</i> a week & they have to like you.
Rented <i>TOWN HOUSE.</i>	20 <i>SHILLINGS</i> a week.
Buy your own <i>HOUSE.</i>	10 <i>GUILDERS.</i>

FOOD & DRINK	PRICE
<i>BREAD</i> and <i>BROTH.</i>	10 <i>P</i>
<i>BOTTLE</i> of <i>GIN</i> or <i>RUM.</i>	50 <i>P</i>
<i>PIE</i> and <i>WINE.</i>	50 <i>P</i>
<i>A FINE MEAL.</i>	1 <i>S</i>



Who's for Hire at the Blue Bell?

- **ROGUES** and **FAILURES** pack the bar.
- Buy them a **DRINK** to **SOUND THEM OUT.**
 - Except **'GREEN' STADUD**, who only wants **LEAVES.**
- They all have **d6 HP** and **ABILITY SCORES OF 10** unless stated otherwise.

WHO'S AVAILABLE?	WHAT DO THEY DO?	EQUIPMENT?	COST (PER DAY)	DRAWBACKS?
"GREEN" STADUD	Woodwose	TEETH.	1 <i>BAG FRESH LEAVES.</i>	80% Woodwose. BARELY A PERSON at this point.
BURNE THE BLOCK	Lantern Holder & Dogsboddy	<i>LANTERN, CLUB (d4).</i>	1 <i>SHILLING.</i>	BOLD, BRAVE, LOYAL, and DUMB. STR 2d6, WIL 2d3.
RICALFA WRONG	Guide & Assistant	<i>COMPASS, ELECTRIC TORCH, BUTTERFLY KNIFE (d4).</i>	1 <i>SHILLING.</i>	Desperately UNLUCKY. STR 2d6.
CURSALEM CAUL JR ("CAKE")	Lighter Boy	<i>LANTERN, KNIFE (d4), SLING (d4).</i>	1 <i>SHILLING.</i>	Always eating <i>OAT CAKES.</i> VOMITS when afraid. STR 2d6.
THE BASTARD BLEDUD	Mercenary	MUSKET (d8), SWORD (d6).	5 <i>SHILLINGS.</i>	Total OAF and SOCIAL CATASTROPHE. 2d6 HP.
"CRAVEN" KINOC	Mercenary	LONGBOW (d8), NOTCHED SWORD (d6).	5 <i>SHILLINGS.</i>	<i>SOUND ADVICE, GOOD EMPLOYEE, UTTER COWARD. 2d6 HP.</i>
'SIR' PALADUR PIERCE	Alleged Knight	LONGSWORD (d8) SHIELD ARMOUR (ARMOUR 1), HORSE (+1 TO ARMOUR).	8 <i>SHILLINGS.</i>	REFUSES to do anything "beneath his honour". Will NOT share the horse. 2d6 HP.
TONUENNA TIVOLA	Jobbing Lawyer	<i>WIG, ROBES, familiar with all LOCAL LAWS.</i>	10 <i>SHILLINGS.</i>	Can't stop summing up.
"RIGHT RED" RUD	Expert at Navigating Wir-Heal	PISTOL (d6), BINOCULARS, complex tattoos, can NAVIGATE Wir-Heal.	15 <i>SHILLINGS.</i>	TERRIFIED that he may be a MEMORY-SWAPPED CLONE of Himself (He is).
ELIUDA OCTAVE	Historian	Can answer <i>A SINGLE QUESTION</i> after d4 days of research.	25 <i>SHILLINGS.</i>	Slowly falling to worship of AZATHOTH, THE NUCLEAR CHAOS.



Harbour

Empty and slowly silting up.

THE PORT LORD—CURASLEM CAUL.

- Emerging from the grey wrack of the harbour wall.
 - Sad, wheedling and old.
 - Clad in *PATCHED, PALED AND RAGGED FINERY*.
- Little more than a beggar.
- **"SHIPS? NOT BEEN A SHIP FOR MANY YEARS. MY GRANDAD SAW THE LAST ONE."**
- **"THEY FEAR the Sea AND ITS STORMS OF TIME."**
 - **"STILL WRECKS THOUGH, AND I PITY THE POOR SOULS WHO FALL INTO THE WRECKERS HANDS..."**
- Holding *THE ANCIENT ROD* of his office.
 - Staff is black with age.
 - Carved with spiralling signs and time-worn giants.
 - **"IT BELONGED TO THE ORIGINAL PORT-LORD WHO MANAGED THINGS WHEN THE SEAS FIRST CLEARED MANY AGES AGO. CARVED, IT IS SAID, FROM THE THIGH-BONE OF A THRICE-CLONED GIANT."**
 - Spiralling around the staff, starting at the top and curling to the tip, are figures:
 - As many in the group as there are PCs.
 - Led by **AN ARMoured MAN**
 - Bearing a **RED SHIELD** WITH A **LOOPED FIVE-POINTED STAR**.
 - They descend into the **Mouths of FIVE GREAT GIANTS** who are **VOMITING STORMS**.
 - **TWO GIANTS** are female:
 - **ONE WITH A BOOK, THE OTHER PREGNANT.**
 - **THREE GIANTS** are male:
 - **ONE ARMoured, ANOTHER MAD AND IN CHAINS, THE LAST WITH AN ASTROLABE, GAZING SKYWARD.**
 - Right at the end where *THE STAFF* is worn down:
 - **THE GIANTS** seem to sleep and dream the clear sea.

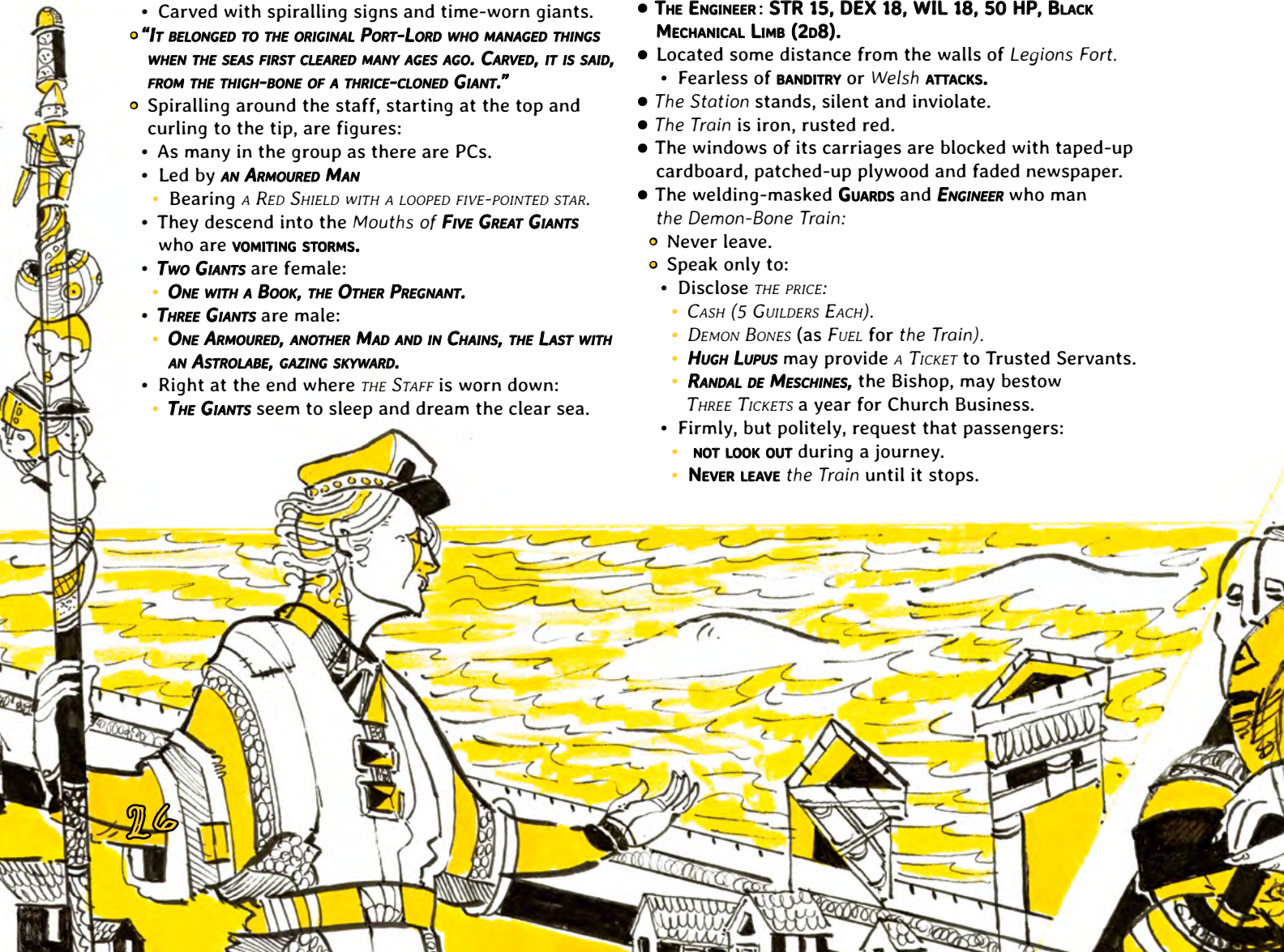
The Demon-Bone Train

A one-track line of shining steel connects the *Legions Fort* to distant *Bastion*.

Reality between the two is more horribly shattered than even *Wir-Heal*. Without the dominating psychologies of *THE DREAMING TITANS* to force it into even tetra-rational shape it is a zone of madness pinioned only by the slender steel of the rail, like a garrotte wrapped around a rabid dogs neck, its unreason briefly forced aside by the iron mass and black bone-smoke of the *Demon-Bone* train.

THE TRAIN AND STATION:

- **THE GUARDS: STR 15, DEX 10, WIL 13, 35 HP, KALASHNIKOVs (d8, AREA).**
- **THE ENGINEER: STR 15, DEX 18, WIL 18, 50 HP, BLACK MECHANICAL LIMB (2d8).**
- Located some distance from the walls of *Legions Fort*.
 - Fearless of **BANDITRY** or **Welsh ATTACKS**.
- *The Station* stands, silent and inviolate.
- *The Train* is iron, rusted red.
- The windows of its carriages are blocked with taped-up cardboard, patched-up plywood and faded newspaper.
- The welding-masked **GUARDS** and **ENGINEER** who man the *Demon-Bone Train*:
 - Never leave.
 - Speak only to:
 - Disclose *THE PRICE*:
 - **CASH (5 GUILDERS EACH).**
 - **DEMON BONES** (as **FUEL** for the Train).
 - **HUGH LUPUS** may provide a **TICKET** to Trusted Servants.
 - **RANDAL DE MESCHINES**, the Bishop, may bestow **THREE TICKETS** a year for Church Business.
 - Firmly, but politely, request that passengers:
 - **NOT LOOK OUT** during a journey.
 - **NEVER LEAVE** the Train until it stops.





The Cathedral of the Risen Goose

TIME	WHAT SERVICE ARE YOU INTERRUPTING?
2 am	Matins (Often interrupted by HUGH LUPUS).
5 am	Lauds.
6 am	Prime (Sunrise).
9 am	Terce.
12 pm	Sext (Also usually interrupted by HUGH LUPUS).
3 pm	Nones.
5 pm	Vespers (Dusk).
9 pm	Compline.

How IMPORTANT ARE YOU?	WHO DO YOU GET TO SPEAK TO?	WHAT DO THEY WANT?
VERY.	RANDAL DE MESCHINES , Bishop of the City of Legions.	To discretely request that someone help him take down HUGH LUPUS .
You know people who know people.	ARCHGALLO THE DEAN . So close to BEING BISHOP . So close.	Wishes for someone to assassinate THE BISHOP . Fairly indiscrete.
You might know someone.	KAMBREDA THE PRECENTOR , in charge of sacred music.	Someone to check on the safety of Wood Church and Broms Burgh.
You know no-one.	RIVALLO THE CHANCELLOR , in charge of learning and doctrine.	Someone to collect THE CHURCH'S CUT from Monks Ferry and bring it back.
You are verifiably human.	MAGBO THE TREASURER , manages VESTMENTS , CANDLES , ORNAMENTS and bell ringing.	BELLS and VESTMENTS were stolen by CRIMINALS , take them back.

THE STAINED GLASS WINDOWS
Made an age ago, stained by dust, blanced by light, their meaning lost to time. Some are shown on this page.



Hugh Lupus

As he likes to say, **HUGH LUPUS** loves three things: *WINE*, *FOOD*, *MONEY* and **HATING THE WELSH**.

Anyone pointing out that is four things is **LOCKED IN STOCKS** marked 'PEDANT' and pelted with peas till they pass out.

The fat, greedy, slothful, but not entirely incompetent **MASTER OF the City of Legions** which is called, even by him, "Legions Fort", and which is not a fort, and has no legions, claims dominion over Wir-Heal as **GOVERNOR-GENERAL**.

In practice, **LUPUS** is unable to send a meaningful number of troops into the peninsula due to **THE SHIFTING REALITIES**, **THE TITANS' NIGHTMARES**, **THE CURSE OF THE WOODWOSE** and the fact that he just doesn't have many troops. Only small groups of rogues and adventurers are able to get around at all, and, even then, at enormous risk.

Nevertheless, **LUPUS** is willing to "LICENSE" **ADVENTURERS** or explorers of almost every kind, as well as the borderline lunatics of **THE COURT OF WASSAIL**, hoping to skim from whatever they bring back and, hopefully, find some way to fasten his hand more tightly on Wir-Heal.

Although **LUPUS** is a **BRUTAL**, **GLUTTONOUS**, **LUSTFUL**, **STATUS-OBSESSED WELSHAPHOBE**, he has two excellent leadership qualities: **HE IS CLEVER** and *HE IS LAZY*.

HIS LAZINESS means he never persists too long in his brutality and that *Legions Fort* has *A THRIVING CIVIL SOCIETY* since that means less work for him.

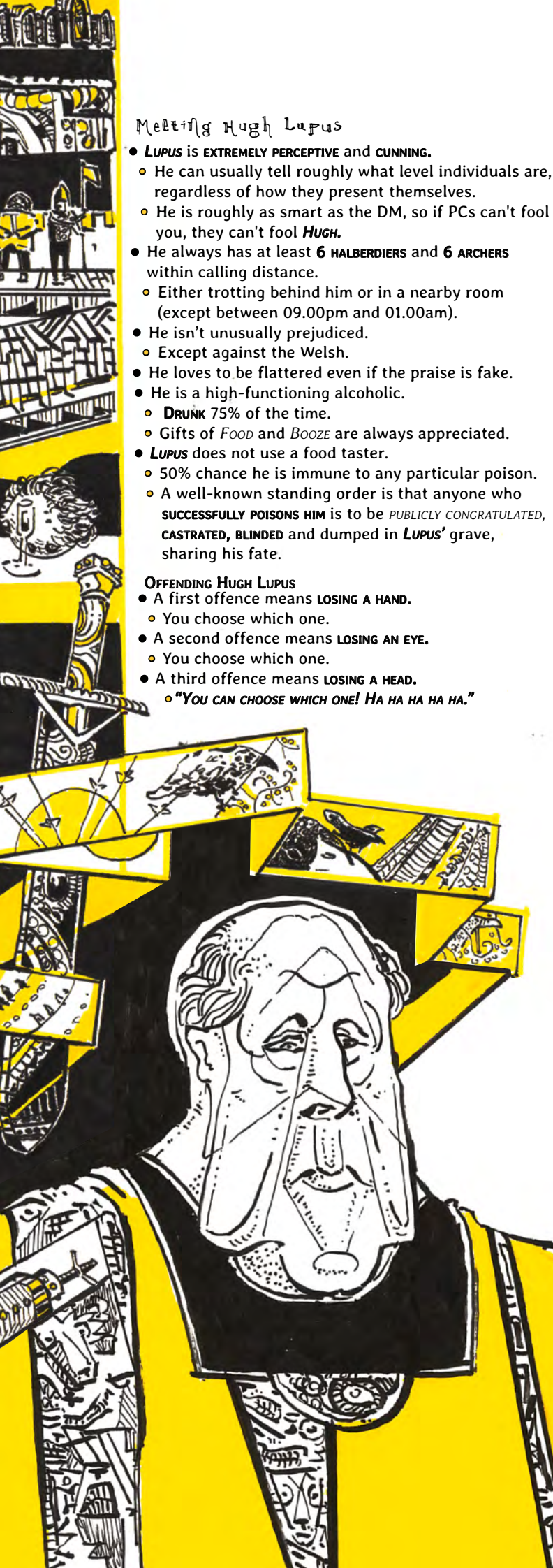
HIS CLEVERNESS means he rarely **TAXES** people more than they can bear, and that he **BEATS HIS ENEMIES** quickly and ruthlessly, leading to an efficient stability.

None of this is obvious meeting **THE GROWLING**, **NEAR-OBESE**, **WINE-STAINED**, **HUNGOVER**, **PETULANT AND WRATHFUL LUPUS** in person.

Reasons To Meet With Hugh Lupus

- **YOU DON'T HAVE A CHOICE:** If you don't find out about him, he will find out about you.
- **LEGALLY:** He is the **LORD OF WIR-HEAL** and all the surrounding lands.
 - No-one is allowed in Wir-Heal without his agreement.
 - Anyone *REMOVING ITEMS OR TREASURE* from Wir-Heal must **PAY A REASONABLE TAX** (It's only 10%, he's not an idiot).
 - You should not massively or shamelessly **DISOBEY THE LAW** in any obvious way.
- **ILLEGALLY:** he is also the **CRIME-LORD OF WIR-HEAL**.
 - **WRECKING** and trading in *ITEMS FROM THE BROKEN EONS* is **ILLEGAL**, yet a thriving market persists in *Legions Fort*.
 - Because **HUGH LUPUS** controls and regulates the trade.
 - In this case **HIS TAX IS 50%**.
- Technically, **LORD LUPUS** must be petitioned during business hours.
 - In reality, PCs can probably dream up a number of ways to meet **HUGH LUPUS** and gain *HIS AGREEMENT*.
 - If they don't, and they go into Wir-Heal, or trade in *WRECK*, or break the law, **HE WILL FIND A WAY** to meet with them.

TIME	WHERE'S HIS LORDSHIP?
3 am – 11 am	ASLEEP: he will be UNHAPPY if woken up unless it means <i>MONEY</i> or KILLING THE WELSH .
11 am – 12 am	BREAKFAST AND BEER: He is forced into <i>STAINED FINERY</i> and <i>BULGING, BRONZE MAIL</i> .
12 am – 1 pm	LUPUS arrives late to mid-day Mass and usually falls asleep during the service. His snoring echoes throughout <i>the Cathedral</i> .
1 pm – 2 pm	LUPUS tours the city walls, inspects and threatens THE TROOPS ON GUARD and ritually calls down curses on the Welsh. He usually has <i>A DRINK</i> or <i>A PIE</i> in hand. He may be encountered by PCs as he criss-crosses the town. He may TAKE AN INTEREST in them, especially if they have a martial air.
2 pm – 3 pm	LUNCH: Consists of <i>WINE</i> , <i>D6 PIGEON PIES</i> and harassing the staff. LUPUS often interviews potentially useful, but low-status, people during this HIDEOUS AND GREASY EXPERIENCE .
3 pm – 5 pm	COURT BUSINESS: All of the petitions, meetings and official administration for the day are compressed into two hours. During which LUPUS becomes INCREASINGLY DRUNK, ANGRY AND HUNGRY . He is much HAPPIER AFTER EATING so wise petitioners and administrators will either <i>BRIBE THEIR WAY INTO AN EARLY MEETING</i> or 'HAPPEN' <i>TO HAVE BROUGHT FOOD</i> with them.
5 pm – 7 pm	DINNER! <i>THE FEASTS</i> of LUPUS are legendarily rich and dripping. HIS LORDSHIP invites interesting, useful, attractive and high-status guests to dinner. Much of the political organisation of <i>the Kingdom</i> occurs here. <i>IMPORTANT DEALS</i> are made and <i>CONTRACTS</i> signed.
7 pm – 9 pm	ENTERTAINMENT: This may include minstrelly, dancing, gambling or idle blather. Any HANGING, DECAPITATION, EYE-REMOVAL or DE-HANDING of a criminal is scheduled here. LUPUS likes to have a chat with THE GUILTY PARTY making sure they have LEARNT THEIR LESSON .
9 pm – 1 am	SEX AND/OR SLEEP: If LUPUS has managed to persuade, or pay, anyone to fuck him it usually happens around now, after which he passes out. If not, he passes out anyway.
1 am – 3 am	PARANOIA, RELIGION, SURPRISE INSPECTIONS, DRUG ABUSE, ESPIONAGE AND CRIME: LUPUS wakes from his sinful bed and is stricken with a terrible awareness of his own nature. He prowls the castle and town with a drawn sword LOOKING FOR TRAITORS , performs SURPRISE INSPECTIONS and drills on his troops, abuses <i>NON-ALCOHOLIC INTOXICANTS</i> , breaks into <i>the Cathedral</i> and weeps before the cross, meets with SPIES AND INFORMANTS and sometimes has people quietly drowned before passing out in bed with his sword in his hand.



Melting Hugh Lupus

- **LUPUS** is **EXTREMELY PERCEPTIVE** and **CUNNING**.
 - He can usually tell roughly what level individuals are, regardless of how they present themselves.
 - He is roughly as smart as the DM, so if PCs can't fool you, they can't fool **HUGH**.
- He always has at least **6 HALBERDIERS** and **6 ARCHERS** within calling distance.
 - Either trotting behind him or in a nearby room (except between 09.00pm and 01.00am).
- He isn't unusually prejudiced.
 - Except against the Welsh.
- He loves to be flattered even if the praise is fake.
- He is a high-functioning alcoholic.
 - **DRUNK** 75% of the time.
 - Gifts of **FOOD** and **BOOZE** are always appreciated.
- **LUPUS** does not use a food taster.
 - 50% chance he is immune to any particular poison.
 - A well-known standing order is that anyone who **SUCCESSFULLY POISONS HIM** is to be **PUBLICLY CONGRATULATED, CASTRATED, BLINDED** and dumped in **LUPUS'** grave, sharing his fate.

Offending Hugh Lupus

- A first offence means **LOSING A HAND**.
 - You choose which one.
- A second offence means **LOSING AN EYE**.
 - You choose which one.
- A third offence means **LOSING A HEAD**.
 - "YOU CAN CHOOSE WHICH ONE! HA HA HA HA HA."

The Fort Sword

- A **ROMAN LONGSWORD** hilted in mother-of-pearl.
- The scabbard is said to be **DEMON-BONE**.
- It is the ancient sign of **THE LEADER OF LEGIONS FORT**.
 - Popular legend says that if it is lost, the Fort will fall.
- **LUPUS** ties **THE FORT SWORD** round his waist with an **AGED BAND OF SILK** beset with gems and embroidered with strange signs...

The Strange Green Band

- "AH, YOU LIKE IT?"
 - "SEE HERE: EMBROIDERED WITH BIRDS ON EVERY SEAM."
 - "HERE A PARROT PRICKED BETWEEN PERIWINKLE PLANTS."
 - "HERE TURTLE-DOVES AND TRUE-LOVE BLOOM THICKLY ENTANGLED."
 - "A WOMAN'S WINTER WORK; EACH BIRD, THE WHOLE A LIFE."
- The Story of the Band:
 - "IT IS AN ANCIENT THING, BELONGING TO the Fort AND NOT MYSELF."
 - "THE LEGEND IS ABOUT A KNIGHT, PASSING THROUGH Wir-Heal."
 - "A MAN ON SOME STRANGE QUEST, AND LACKING FUNDS."
 - "THIS LORD OFFERED AS A GIFT THIS BAND."
 - "IN GRATITUDE FOR THE FREELY GIVEN HOSPITALITY AND PROTECTION OF THE LORD OF LEGIONS FORT."
 - "HE STAYED HERE WITH STRANGE SQUIRES, TO THE NUMBER OF [HOWEVER MANY PLAYERS THERE ARE]."
 - "THE STORY SAYS HE LEAD THEM INTO A TITAN'S MOUTH, AND DISAPPEARED."
 - "THIS SILK IS ALL THAT REMAINS OF HIS QUEST."

The Wand of Uziel

- **LUPUS** has a **GOLD-PLATED GEM-ENCUSTED 1955-MODEL UZI SUBMACHINE GUN**.
 - Few people have ever seen it used or know how it works but it is an **ITEM OF LEGEND**.
 - **2d8 DAMAGE** to everyone in a room or nearby group.
 - Takes a turn to reload.
 - Only **LUPUS** knows how to.
 - **LUPUS** has **6 LOADED MAGAZINES**.
 - These are the only ones in existence.

The Personal Guard:

- In addition to **HUGH LUPUS**, himself.
 - **STR 13, DEX 12, WIL 17, 24 HP FORT SWORD (d6), WAND OF UZIEL (2d8, 7 USES), ARMOUR 1**
- **HUGH LUPUS** is followed by his **PERSONAL GUARD (12)**.
 - **STR 14, DEX 14, WIL 12, 16 HP, HALBERD & LONGBOW (d8)**
 - When fighting under **LUPUS'** direct supervision:
 - They use his **WIL** of 17.
- Skirmishing individually: **SIX HALBERDIERS** and **SIX ARCHERS**
 - **HALBERDIER: STR 14, DEX 11, WIL 12, 8 HP, HALBERD (d8).**
 - **ARCHER: STR 11, DEX 14, WIL 10, 6 HP, LONGBOW (d8).**

The Wreckers

The Sea of Broken Eons washes on the shores of many worlds, and ships from these shattered realities are sometimes swept into the tides around Wir-Heal and wrecked upon its shore.

This is the primary source of many *STRANGE AND RARE TECHNOLOGIES AND OBJECTS*, called 'ARCANUM' or 'WRECK', that find their way to Legions Fort, Bastion and lands beyond.

Legally, items found on Wir-Heal's shores belong to **HUGH LUPUS**, who pays nominal 'RETRIEVAL FEE' for anything interesting brought to him. He taxes the object and its sale, which **CUTS OUT A FAIR AMOUNT OF PROFIT**. Also if the nominal 'owner' is 'alive', legally it belongs to them.

Hence **THE WRECKERS**.

They lure in ships with **FALSE SIGNALS** at night and offer *SAFE HARBOUR* to the lost; before robbing them blind and leaving them for dead, they fly out in lifeboats to save the floundering craft, rescuing *THE CARGO* rather than the crew; who are left to drown or are shot and stabbed in battles on the sinking ship. They are feared and hated by all but are the primary source and semi-tolerated traders of *ARCANUM* and *WRECK* in Wir-Heal.

THE WRECKERS are terrible and violent villains. Murderous **MASK-MEN** with cracked or *MUTILATED MASKS*, **TRUE-MEN** indifferent to **THE WOODWOSE CURSE** or already half-wild, and, sometimes, the deranged **PALE CREATURES** of *HILB*, with no identity or memory, either tricked into obedience or just plain in-vitro evil.

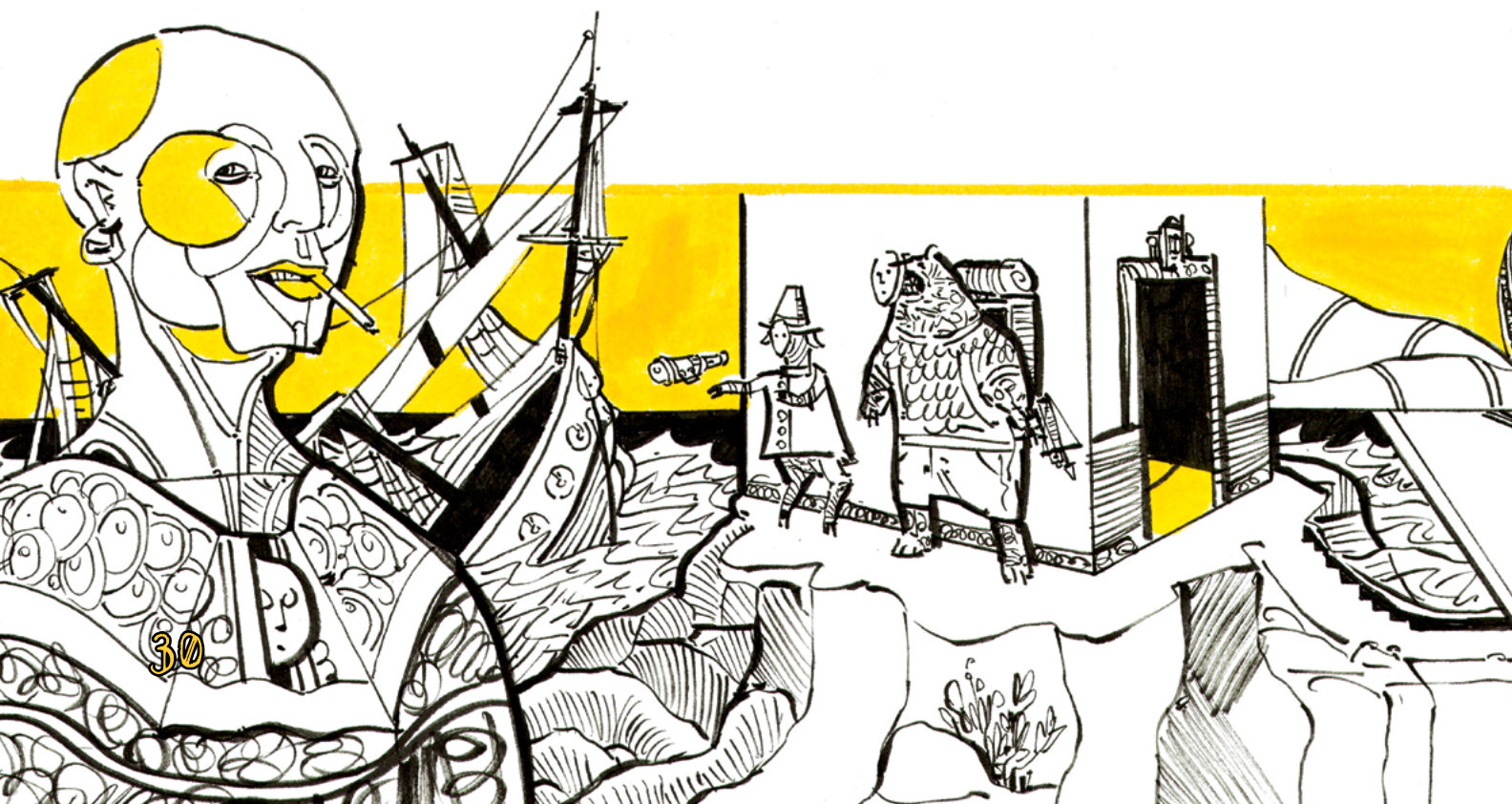
Encountering Them...

ON THE COAST

D6	WHAT ARE THEY UP TO?
1-4	Dispatching a "RESCUE PARTY" to a sinking ship.
5	Setting FALSE SIGNALS to lure in ships.
6	Encountering <i>SURVIVORS OF A SHIPWRECK</i> on the shore (and about to SMASH THEIR HEADS IN).

INLAND

DO THE PCs SEEM...	WHAT'S THEIR PLAN?
Weak?	MURDER! If they have no reason to keep the PCs alive and are CERTAIN they can kill them without losing any useful members, they attack. Often this option is combined with TRICKERY .
Dumb?	TRICKERY! False-friendly and suspiciously well-supplied with drink. If encountering an opponent they cannot beat, suborn them with demon drink and tales of the dark coast. Once their victim is complacent, they are disposed of or guided to <i>Mother Redcaps</i> , or the depths of <i>the Moss</i> .
Criminal?	RECRUITMENT! If the PCs seem questionable enough, fond of a drink and casual crime, apt to murder on decree but not randomly and purchasable: THE WRECKERS try to recruit them. Full membership is conditional upon an innocent death.
Rich?	THEFT! If nothing else seems apt, then THE WRECKERS will attempt to steal something valuable from the PCs. Often combined with TRICKERY!



Who's Amongst Them?

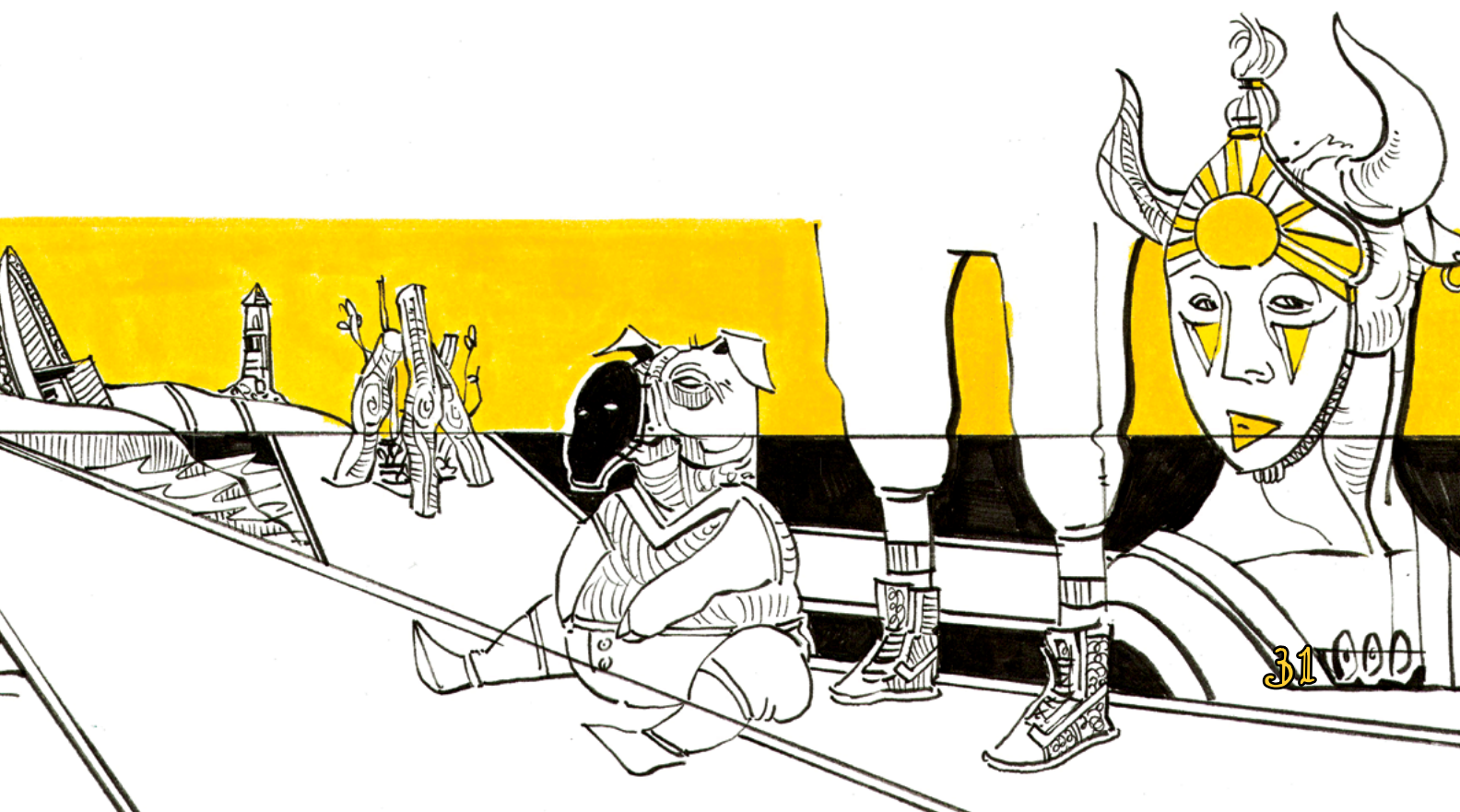
- There are usually **4d4 WRECKERS** present.
 - Count down on the following list from 1.
 - The highest numbered **WRECKER** is **THE GROUP LEADER**.
- Strike any who die from the list.
- When **THE WRECKERS** are encountered again, repeat the process and ignore any crossed-out names.

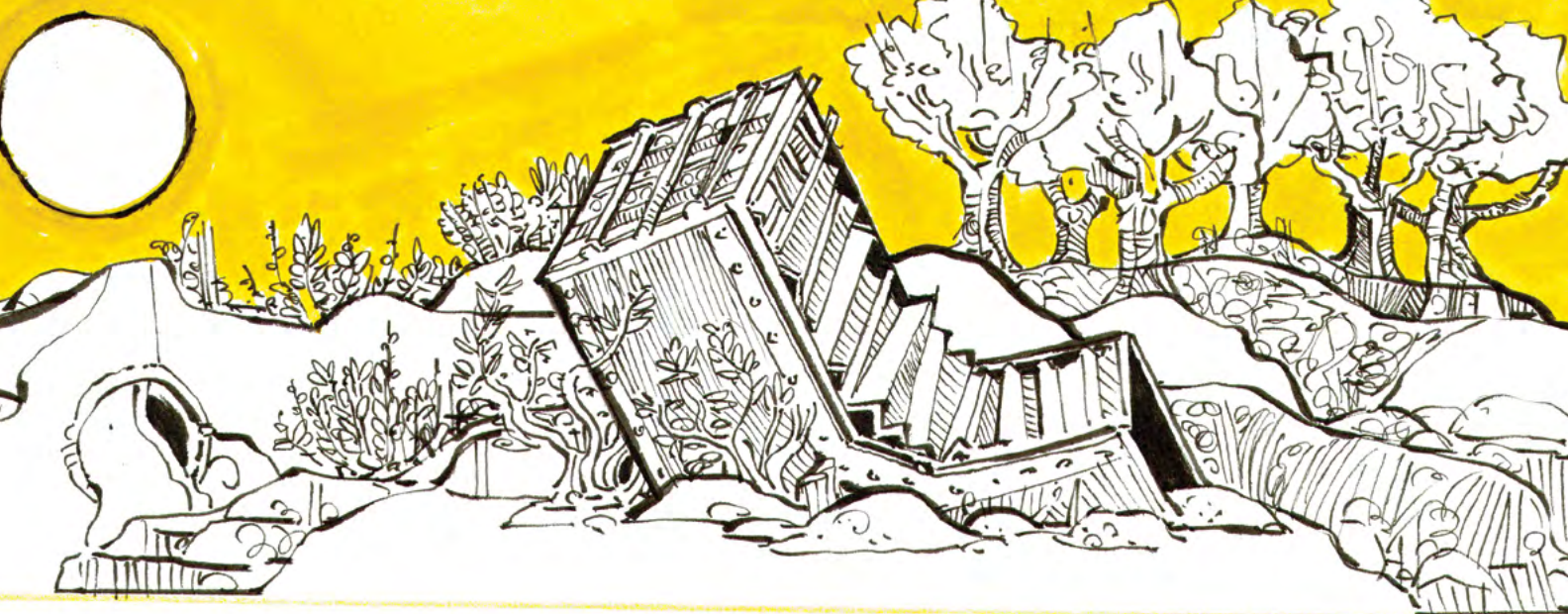
1	GILDAS SHEEP-MAIDEN , ENGLISH CIVIL WAR ERA PIKE, NECKLACE OF GOLD CREDIT CARDS.
2	ODD NO-MAN , SLIM CARBON SPEAR, COWRIE SHELL NECKLACE.
3	GERO MOON-GOAT , CAVALRY SABRE, HIGH-VIZ SAFETY GEAR.
4	BLADUD TRUE-MAN , FLARE GUN (d4), ZEISS BINOCULARS.
5	EDADUS FOOL-PIG , BLUNDERBUSS (CONE), BRASS TELESCOPE.
6	USK HALF-MAN , FIRE AXE, CONICAL PHOENICIAN HAT.
7	MERIANUS SUN-BULL , CUTLASS, 1800s REDCOAT UNIFORM.
8	ASCHIL HALF-MAN , SPATHA, ARGENTINE ARMY FIELD JACKET.
9	GORBODUC BOAR-JOY , CROSSBOW, WOODWOSE-WOOL TUNIC.
10	ANGARAD NO-MAN , BRONZE TRIDENT, WHITE T-SHIRT PRINTED 'FRANKIE SAY RELAX'.
11	HELI QUEEN-BEAR , MIDDLE-AGES CRUSADER GRENADE, WWII ERA BRITISH ARMY BOOTS.

WRECKER

- **STR 10, DEX 10, WIL 10, 6 HP.**
- Attack for **d6 DAMAGE** unless stated otherwise.
 - Any **WEAPON** more complex than a musket has d6 shots left and **THE WRECKERS** have no more ammo or don't understand how to reload it.
- '**HALF-MAN**' indicates someone who has suffered the partial **CURSE OF THE WOODWOSE**.
- '**No-MAN**' indicates a **PALE CREATURE** of **HILB** — a hairless, white, memoryless clone-person who does not know who they are or why.

12	METHAHEL TRUE-MAN , BRONZE FALCHION, RAGGED NIKE AIR TRAINERS.
13	HUMBER WOLF-KING , ZEPPELIN SHOTGUN, LONG-STEM PIPE.
14	JAGO NO-MAN , "BROWN BESS" MUSKET, smokes GAULOISES.
15	GAD COW-SAINT , LEE-ENFIELD .303 RIFLE, VAPE PEN.
16	BLAGAN HALF-MAN , NAVY COLT REVOLVER, ROMAN AMPHORAE tied to belt with string.
17	THANET DEER-MAIDEN , 'STINGER' MISSILE (2d20, 1-SHOT), LIVERPOOL FOOTBALL CLUB FLAG worn as a cape.
18	OURAR TRUE-MAN , RAIL-GUN (d10, STRUCTURAL), 18 TH CENTURY FROCK COAT and TOP HAT.
19	MEMPRICIUS SUN-STAG , BREN GUN (d10, AREA), "MAERSK" BASEBALL CAP.
20	ARTGUALCHAR TRUE-MAN , MULTI-BARRELLED "DECK GUN" (d10, AREA), BRIGHT YELLOW LIFE JACKET.





Locations

Mother Redcaps

- A shambledown inn overlooking the coast.
- The only public entry is an iron-nailed oak door on the seaward side.
- The lights are always on.
- The sound of 1920s swing music ebbs from the windows.

MOTHER REDCAP

- **STR 16, DEX 10, WIL 13, 24 HP, CLAWS (D8).**
- Ursine piebald matron in *A MOP CAP*.
- *GLAZED POT MASK* like a smiling fat-faced wife.
- Ruler of **THE WRECKERS**.

INSIDE

- ALL living **WRECKERS** are present at *the Bar*.
- Chairs are airplane seats with fresh wooden legs.
 - One is always occupied by '**BROWN ALEX**'.
 - A bog-mummy, lucky charm, and 'bouncer'.
- A *GRAMOPHONE*; **REDCAP** calls it her 'Bard-Mill'
 - An extensive supply of *SWING RECORDS*.
 - Loves **GLEN MILLER**.

FOOD & DRINK:

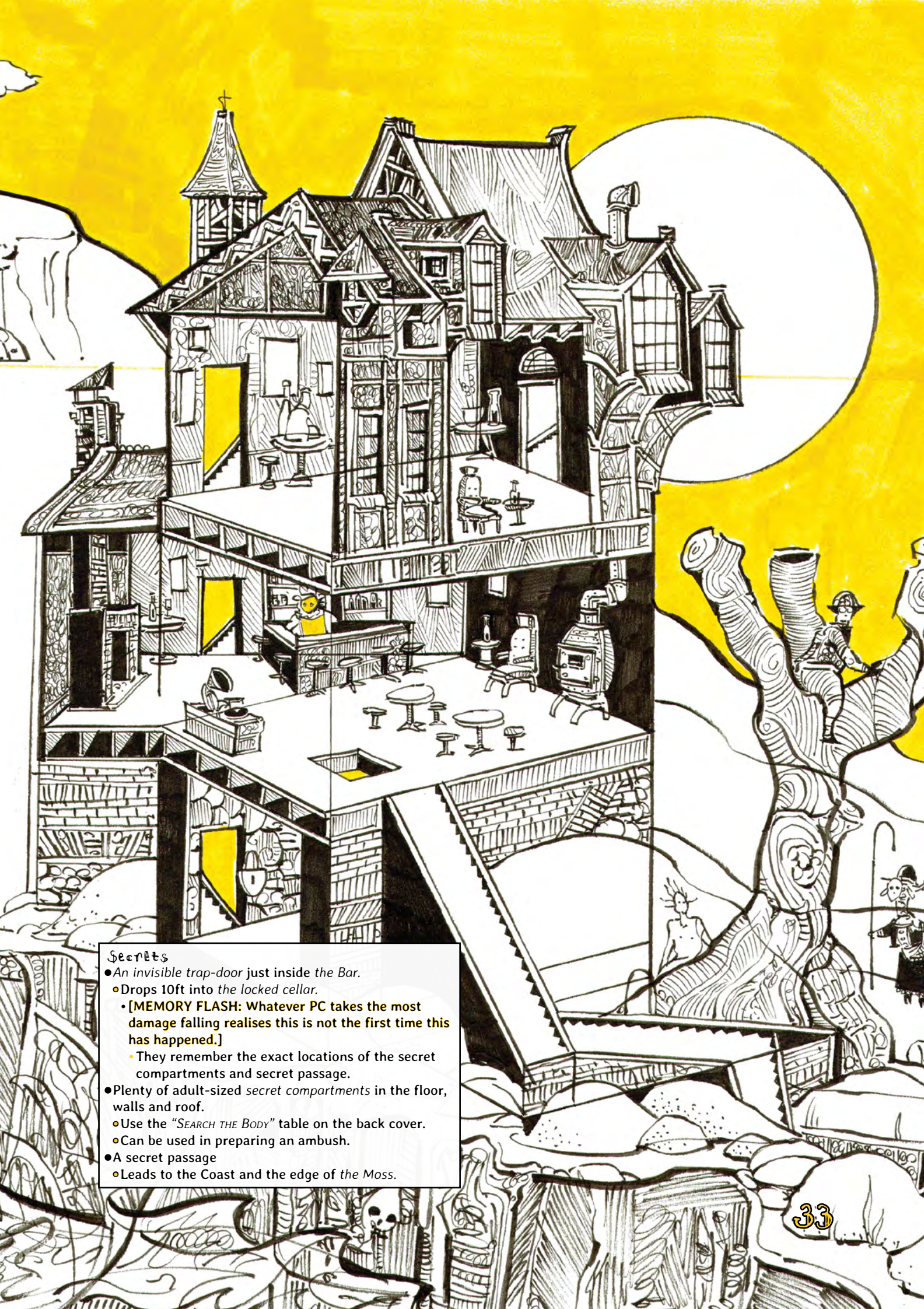
- *BRITISH NAVY RUM*, *GALLIC WINE*, *GREY GOOSE VODKA* and *MEAD*.
 - *WOODWOSE SAUSAGE AND STEAK* on a *GREAT WESTERN CHINA SET*.
- The Shipping Container

- Buried in a low hill in the depths of *the Moss*.
- Where **THE WRECKERS** keep *ILLEGAL TREASURES* and *TOOLS*.
 - Most would die before revealing its existence.
 - If desperate, *ITS LOCATION* could be a bargaining chip.

It HOLDS:

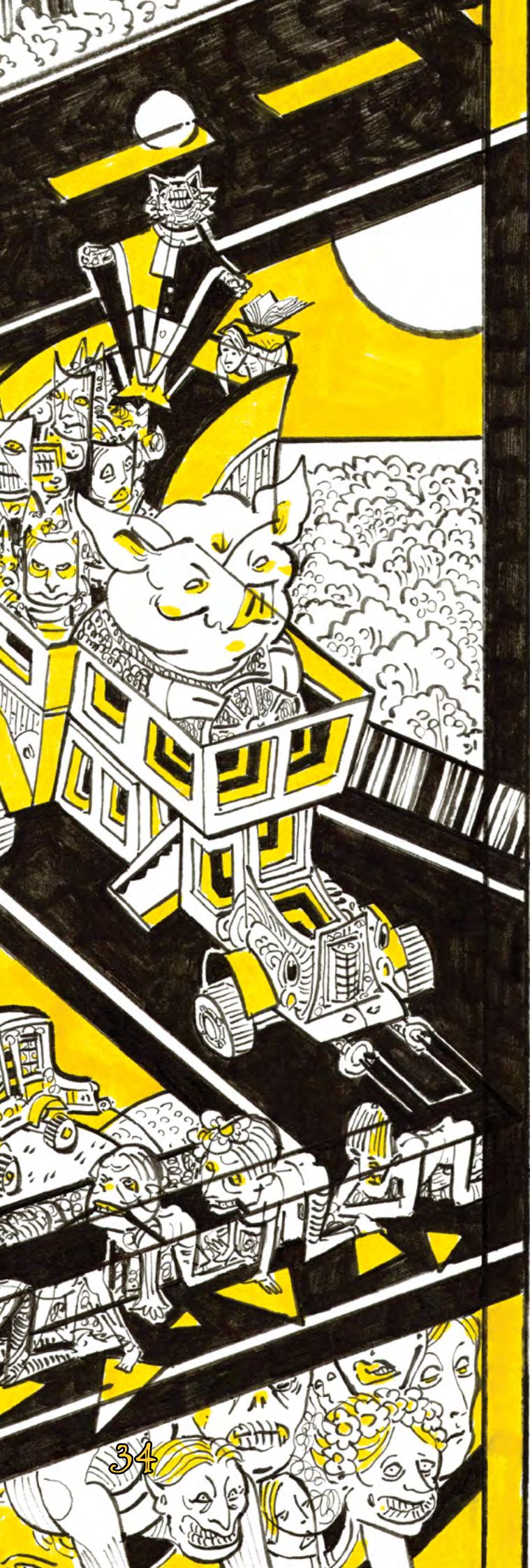
- Thousands of *NIKE AIR TRAINERS*
- *WHITE T-SHIRTS* printed with '**FRANKIE SAY RELAX**'.
- *RELIGIOUS IKONS*.
- *RELIGIOUS VESTMENTS*.
- *CARVED IVORY COINS*.
- *AMPHORAE OF GALLIC WINE*.
- Kegs of *VIRGINIA TOBACCO*.
- A crate full of *TATTERED AMERICAN COMICS* from the 1960s.
- A *BATHTUB*.
- A *SOFT SPHERE* that projects a hologram that offers **EMOTIONAL ADVICE** intended for a six year old.
- A *COMPLEX CRYSTALLINE ARRAY* to detect dying neutron stars.
- A *GRAVITON BEAM EMITTER* only activatable by someone with the right firmware in their neural lace.
 - Its AI can verbally identify and quantify **THREATS** if pointed at them.
- A *MODULAR BIO-CYBERNETIC OMNI-LIMB*, still in its surgically sealed synth-ceramic military packaging, with pictorial instructions for attaching it.
- A *SWISS ARMY KNIFE*.
- A *SOLAR-POWERED CALCULATOR*.





Secrets

- An invisible trap-door just inside the Bar.
- Drops 10ft into the locked cellar.
 - [MEMORY FLASH: Whatever PC takes the most damage falling realises this is not the first time this has happened.]
 - They remember the exact locations of the secret compartments and secret passage.
- Plenty of adult-sized secret compartments in the floor, walls and roof.
 - Use the "SEARCH THE BODY" table on the back cover.
 - Can be used in preparing an ambush.
- A secret passage
 - Leads to the Coast and the edge of the Moss.



The Court of the Wapentake

The oldest and original court on *Wir-Heal* is **THE COURT OF THE WAPENTAKE**, from which all legal rights descend—a court no legal authority can overrule and no weapon can be wielded against.

Time being what it is in the *Wrecked Heptarchies*, *THE ROLLS OF THE COURT* (which embody and confirm its power) were lost for countless years, descending through inheritance to a Mercian family whose last living son passed away without comprehending what they were.

Horribly, an evil solicitor, **MISTER SAMUEL MORETON** (a Wolf), assisted by the sinister **MISTER GRACE** (a fat Pig, ten feet tall), acquired them and declared himself '**LORD OF THE WASTE LANDS**'.

His court is ruled by bitterness, resentment, greed and small claims.

He charges about the countryside in an Omnibus pulled by whipped **WOODWOSE**, full of pigs, boars, bears, wolves, jackals and snarling apes in *POT MASKS* like Toby jugs wearing *SHABBY BLACK TAILS* and *TOP HATS* or *FROCK COATS* and *SCRATCH-WIGS*. Crashing through the hedgerows, snatching people from their homes, press ganging them as jurors, witnesses or even court functionaries then sitting in state, feasting on *ALE* and *FINE PIES* with the grease running down the back of *THEIR MASKS*, fining everyone for everything and holding every man and action in **CONTEMPT**.

THE COURT OF THE WAPENTAKE claims lordship over any 'Waste Land' in *Wir-Heal*, making sure there is as much as possible by tearing down walls, buildings, bridges, and anything else under the flimsiest pretense.

They also claim ownership of *ANY WRECK* left on the shore and *ANY STOLEN GOODS* (which they keep rather than return).

THE COURT OF THE WAPENTAKE is encountered 'in the wild' as its Omnibus crashes through the countryside or 'in session', in which case **MISTER MORETON** has set up his court in some building or location.

Obviously, it's completely and overwhelmingly reasonable for you to make up anything to do with the trial from the roles, crimes, and timing to the actions of the court, based purely on half remembered old TV episodes and YouTube clips. You might not know what you are doing, but neither does **MR. MORETON**. What is important is that he, and you, have the authority to do it. **ALL RISE!**

Stealing the documents

To officially appoint someone **THE TRUE LORD OF THE WAPENTAKE**, *THE DOCUMENTS* must change hands legally, without threat of force or deceit. Stealing them and burning or selling them will not amend or change any prior judgements.

However, this prevents **MR. MORETON** from making new judgements and robs **HIS COURT** of its powers of **COMPELLMENT** and **CONTEMPT**. He will pursue *THE DOCUMENTS* madly, even to the death.

The Powers of The Wapentake

- **UNIVERSAL AUTHORITY:** All NPCs (even **THE PRISMATIC DEMON** and **THE OUZEL**) agree *THE WAPENTAKE'S DOCUMENTS* are valid and will not countermand their authority.
- **COMPELLMENT:** Individuals are compelled to conduct themselves in their court-appointed role.
 - This doesn't mean they must obey orders, but they must play the role.
 - PCs may resist with periodic WIL Tests, but may be held in **CONTEMPT**.
- **CONTEMPT:** **THE JUDGE** can inflict a variety of **BIZARRE PUNISHMENTS** on anyone found guilty or in **CONTEMPT**
 - Affects anyone in sight and cannot be Saved against.

Roles in The Court

Two roles are always held by the same people:

JUDGE

- **"LORD OF THE WASTE LANDS, MASTER OF THE WAPENTAKE, THE RIGHT HONOURABLE MISTER SAMUEL MORETON ESQUIRE. ALL RISE!"**
 - **STR 10, DEX 12, WIL 14, 8 HP.**
 - Uses **CONTEMPT** instead of **PHYSICAL ATTACKS**.

CLERK OF THE COURT

- **MISTER GRACE.**
 - **STR 14, DEX 8, WIL 11, 16 HP, CLERK'S STAFF (D6).**
- If a PC has actually committed any kind of crime in *Wir-Heal* and there is the slightest chance that someone knows about it, they are the accused of it.
 - Otherwise, for every PC and notable NPCs (if you like), roll a d10 on the table below to determine their role.
 - You can also choose the PCs roles.
 - It's always good to get them on opposite sides of the same case so, whatever happens, at least some of them will be held in **CONTEMPT**.
 - If no PC is assigned the role of **BAILIFF**, and violence breaks out, **THE BAILIFF'S** stats are as follows:
 - **STR 4d6, DEX 2d6, WIL 2d6, 8 HP, NET, CLUB (D6)**

d10	COURT ROLE	WHAT THEY DO
1	COUNCIL FOR THE PROSECUTION.	Often one of MORETON'S CRONIES , it may amuse him to appoint a PC.
2-3	COUNCIL FOR THE DEFENCE.	A thankless, and probably pointless, task.
4	USHER.	Announces people, informs and reminds THE JUDGE of who they are, who they represent, repeats THE JUDGE'S orders; in charge of getting people in and out.
5	BAILIFF.	Keeps order in THE COURT with violence if needed. Can be sent to grab WITNESSES , THE ACCUSED or whoever MORTON requests.
6-7	JUROR.	Choose whatever verdict you like, so long as it's 'GUILTY'.
8-9	WITNESS.	It doesn't really matter if the PCs saw or didn't see anything, they better act like they did.
10	THE ACCUSED.	Everybody's GUILTY of something.



Timeline of a Trial

- Identifying **THE ACCUSED** and **THE CHARGE** — read by **THE CLERK** (see table).
- **"HOW DO YOU PLEAD?"**
- **THE ACCUSED** enters a plea.
- Opening Statements by **THE PROSECUTION** and **DEFENCE**.
- **PROSECUTION** states case, enters **EVIDENCE** into Court, brings forth **WITNESSES**.
- **DEFENCE** may cross-examine each **WITNESS** and query each piece of **EVIDENCE**.
- **THE DEFENCE** states its case, enters **EVIDENCE** into Court, brings forth **WITNESSES**.
- **PROSECUTION** may cross-examine each **WITNESS** and query each piece of **EVIDENCE**.
- **THE PROSECUTION** makes closing statements.
- **THE DEFENCE** makes closing statements.
- **THE JUDGE** advises **THE JURY**.
 - From a position of maximum hypocrisy.
- **JURY** adjourns.
- **JURY** returns with a **GUILTY VERDICT**.
- **THE JUDGE** sentences **THE ACCUSED**.
- **THE JUDGE** takes the guilty party's **PROPERTY**.
- (ALL **PROPERTY** of all outlaws in Wir-Heal may be claimed by **THE LORD OF THE WAPENTAKE**.)

The CHARGE!

D%	CHARGE
1-4	UNPAID DEBTS.
5-8	GAMBLING
9-12	BET-WELSHING: Behaving "as a Welshman" in a bet by NOT PAYING or PAYING IN SHEEP.
13-16	SMUGGLING.
17-20	THEFT.
21-14	WRECKING.
25-28	MAKING MOCK.
29-32	OATH BREAKING.
33-36	TRAVELLING AT NIGHT.
37-40	SHARP PRACTICE: Excessively effective or deceitful in BUSINESS.
41-44	BUILDING AN ILLEGAL WALL.
45-48	MAKING AN ILLEGAL PATH.
49-52	ABDUCTION OF WOODWOSE.
53-56	CONTACT UNBECOMING: Fraternisation with Woodwose.
57-60	PERVERSITY.
61-64	ACTING AS A WREACA (not a 'WRECKER'): Being alone or being seen alone too much. Behaving as an exile.
65-68	UNLICENSED WASSAIL: Drinking and singing or improvised merry-making.
69-72	UNREASONABLE GURNING: Making ridiculous faces in an ill-chosen manner or time.
73-76	BECOMING INVISIBLE.
77-80	BECOMING OTHER: That is, other to yourself.
81-84	SUMMONING THE DEVIL. (Popularly believed to live 'over the water' of the Afon-Mor River.)
85-88	MASK-BREAKING: A much hated crime in Wir-Heal.
89-92	OBSERVING BIRDS: A crime of unknown provenance and reasoning yet hallowed by time and ritual.
93-96	OCCCLUSION: Acting with secretive intent.
97-100	GRIEVANCE: An indistinct, yet serious, charge.





The SENTENCE!

MORETON'S JUDGEMENTS are sometimes related to the charge in question, others a matter of idle whim.

THE PUNISHMENTS for **CONTEMPT** are the same as those for a **GUILTY VERDICT** — usually expressed for shorter periods. You can select **THE PUNISHMENT**, but here is a table should you want to roll.

THE VERDICT	PUNISHMENT LASTS FOR D6...
CONTEMPT!	Minutes.
SHAMEFUL CONTEMPT!	Hours.
TREASONOUS CONTEMPT!	Days.
THE SENTENCE FOR GUILT!	Years.

D20	SENTENCE	EFFECT
1	GAOL.	Usually in <i>Legions Fort</i> .
2	WERE-GILT.	A FINE of at least $\frac{3}{4}$ of the person's wealth.
3	FOOLERY.	A FOOL'S CAP appears on their head. Accused cannot walk without capering or speak unless it is part of a joke.
4	MISCHANCE.	Rolls d20 with Disadvantage.
5	MUTENESS.	
6	BLINDNESS.	
7	MURMURATION.	On any sharp shock or surprise the target bursts apart into a flock of birds and must re-assemble themselves.
8	WOODWOSIFICATION.	Sentenced in 'Degrees': First Degree is gradual transformation into a full WOODWOSE advancing one stage every day until their transformation is complete.
9	'THY SHAPE BE AMENDED'	Polymorphed, usually into a pig, or horse to pull the Omnibus, they maintain their wits and are not automatically court property.
10	MISFORTUNE.	Rolls d20 with Disadvantage and must re-roll any successful die roll.

D20	SENTENCE	EFFECT
11	DUNCEIFICATION.	Irremovable, magical, WHITE CAP appears on head and drops WIL by two-thirds.
12	SHIVERING HANDS.	Hands won't stop shaking, Roll with Disadvantage for any dexterous work.
13	COLDNESS.	Suffers FATIGUE as if in a cold environment. Must pass a WIL test to sleep, fitfully.
14	IMPOVERISHMENT.	Cannot own more than a minimal amount of wealth (usually 40 SHILLINGS WORTH OF OBJECTS). Additional wealth SIMPLY DISAPPEARS or rolls of its own volition towards others.
15	TO BE BESMIRCHED.	Appears as a dirty, filthy, low-class, possibly-leprous VAGABOND at all times. Assumed by all reasonable people to be a VILE CREATURE .
16	DEXTERECTOMY.	Cannot turn right and right hand and eye rendered useless.
17	CRAWLING.	Can only move about on hands and knees.
18	SLITHERING.	Can only move by sliding on their belly.
19	THE GIBBET.	Enclosed in an iron cage hanging from the Omnibus.
20	HANGING!	



The Court of Wassail

When, in ages past, **THE LORD** of *Legions Fort* was cut off on the tidal sands and surrounded by **WELSHMEN**, he was saved by strange alarms.

The musicians of the city issued out and the roar of their wassail so troubled the senses of **THE PRIMITIVE WELSH** that they fled. At least, so legend states.

In a moment of gratitude, charity, inspiration, and perhaps also in a fugue of wine and lampreys, **THE FORT-LORD** granted the musicians the right to form a court.

Since, at the time, no-one wanted to form any kind of court at all, this organisation eventually became the de-facto legal authority of *Legions Fort*.

Though **THE COURT OF WASSAIL** has no magical or otherworldly power to enforce its negative judgements, its positive verdicts seemingly carry enough thaumaturgical or supernatural weight to invert or expunge sentences of **THE COURT OF THE WAPENTAKE**.

If someone is found guilty by **THE COURT OF THE WAPENTAKE** appeals to **THE COURT OF WASSAIL** and *WINS*, any magical or fated curse, transformation, behaviour or limitation is instantly *ANNULLED*.

This drives **THE COURT OF THE WAPENTAKE**, particularly **HIS HONOUR MR. MORETON**, totally fucking crazy. They despise **THE COURT OF WASSAIL** and would destroy them but this would be an illegal act and, therefore, they cannot compel anyone to do it, and **MORETON** fears appearing before **THE COURT OF WASSAIL**, as their power cancels his.

Encountering the Court

- Its Sound
 - Twanging on lutes, flutes, fiddles and flageolets.
 - Blowing on bagpipes.
 - Banging on drums.
 - Tooting on trumpets.
 - Strumming on harps.
 - Dancing and prancing.
 - Pounding on a clavichord.
 - Ringing bells.
 - Songs sung from strange mouths.
- The Crowd
 - About thirty ragged, colourful **MASK-MEN** and **TRUE-MEN**.
 - **THE 'JUDGES'** are always introduced in this manner:
 - "Make Merry and Rise for **THE COURT OF WASSAIL!**"
 - "Who makes the bench?"
 - "**THE MERRY** make it!"
 - "Who are **THE MERRY?**"
 - **THE JUDGES** stand forth announcing themselves, always in the following order.
 - Exempting '**CORBIN OF THE GATE**', a mute beast announced by all present.
 - "**HINCOT OF HANCOT,**"
 - A Dwarf.
 - "**SPAN OF MANCOT,**"
 - A Giant (7 feet tall).
 - **STR 20, DEX 6, WIL 6, 18 HP MAY POLE (D10).**
 - "**LEECH**" and "**LEACH**"
 - A Fox and Ferret, both fiddlers.
 - "And **CUMBERBEACH,**"
 - A bald bagpiper.
 - "**PEET**" and "**PATE**"
 - Lutes and motley both.
 - "With **CORBIN OF THE GATE,**"
 - A dancing bear, unmasked.
 - **STR 20, DEX 4, WIL 5, 20 HP, CLAW (D8), THROW (D6).**
 - "**MILLING**" and "**HUGHET,**"
 - Twins with tabors.
 - "With **GILL**" and "**PUGHET.**"
 - Fools hauling *A CLAVICHORD* between them.
- **THE BAILIFFS OF THE COURT** are **TOM LE FOL**, **JANE FOOLE** and **MUCKLE JOHN**, all enormously strong and burly individuals, each dressed in motley.
 - **STR 18, DEX 8, WIL 8, 12 HP, BIG STICK (D6).**
- After completing this introduction, **THE COURT** issues the following greeting:
 - "**HERE ARE SOME GRIM FELLOWS! WHAT WILL THEY HAVE?**"
 - **VINE** or **VIRTUE?**
 - **JUICE** or **JUDGEMENT?**
 - **WHINING** or **WYNNE?**
 - **WHAT SAY YOU?"**
 - The reply doesn't matter since they will get either **A COURT CASE** that devolves into **A PARTY** or **A PARTY** that devolves into **A COURT CASE**.



Trial_s

If the PCs desire neither **JUDGMENT** or **WASSAIL**, the grimmest member of the group is arraigned for being "**Of GRIM ASPECT**" or "**A FROWNING FELLOW**".

They will be forced to engage in one of the following with a random opponent:

d10	TRIAL
1	Bobbing for apples in ale.
2	Gurning through a horse collar (the making of ridiculous faces).
3	Eating a quart of hot hasty pudding.
4	'MAKING MERRY': Playing music or making song.
5	Catching A SHAVED AND SOAPED PIG by its tail.
6	One in a sack to win a race against another with their fattest friend on their back.
7	'HOT COCKLES': One PC lays their head in the lap of another, a third SPANKS the first and, if they guess who SPANKED them, they are released.
8	'THE PRISON BAR PLAY': Stanches of tall grass are tied together and competitors attempt to cut them by FLINGING SICKLES, leading to inevitable, (but accidental) INJURY.
9	'WASSAIL!': Some indistinct performance, mixed with a drinking, dancing contest, riddling or rhyming contest, where either party may use any reasonable method to reply to the other, so long as they match what is offered in some way. Whomever cannot respond loses.
10	'GAMEBALL!': The worst and most dangerous of THE COURT OF WASSAIL's trials. THE ACCUSED and anyone helping them form one side, any and everyone else is on the other side. One goal is chosen, usually in a nearby settlement, and another is chosen in a different settlement. THE ACCUSED's SIDE has one day to score more GOALS than THE OPPOSITION. The field of play is wherever anyone can get, weapons are disallowed but nothing else is. THE LOSER is named a 'GRIM FELLOW'. THE WINNER is named 'GENTLE AND FREE'.

Appeals

Those judged by THE COURT OF THE WAPENTAKE, or any other legal court, may appeal to THE COURT OF WASSAIL.

Should they WIN THEIR CASE, judgements THE COURT OF WASSAIL issues overrides THE COURT OF THE WAPENTAKE, or any other legal court, dispelling any mutating or altering effects and being taken as legally valid throughout the Heptarchy.

Running the Trials

The trials are not intended to be especially difficult for the Players or their Characters to pass.

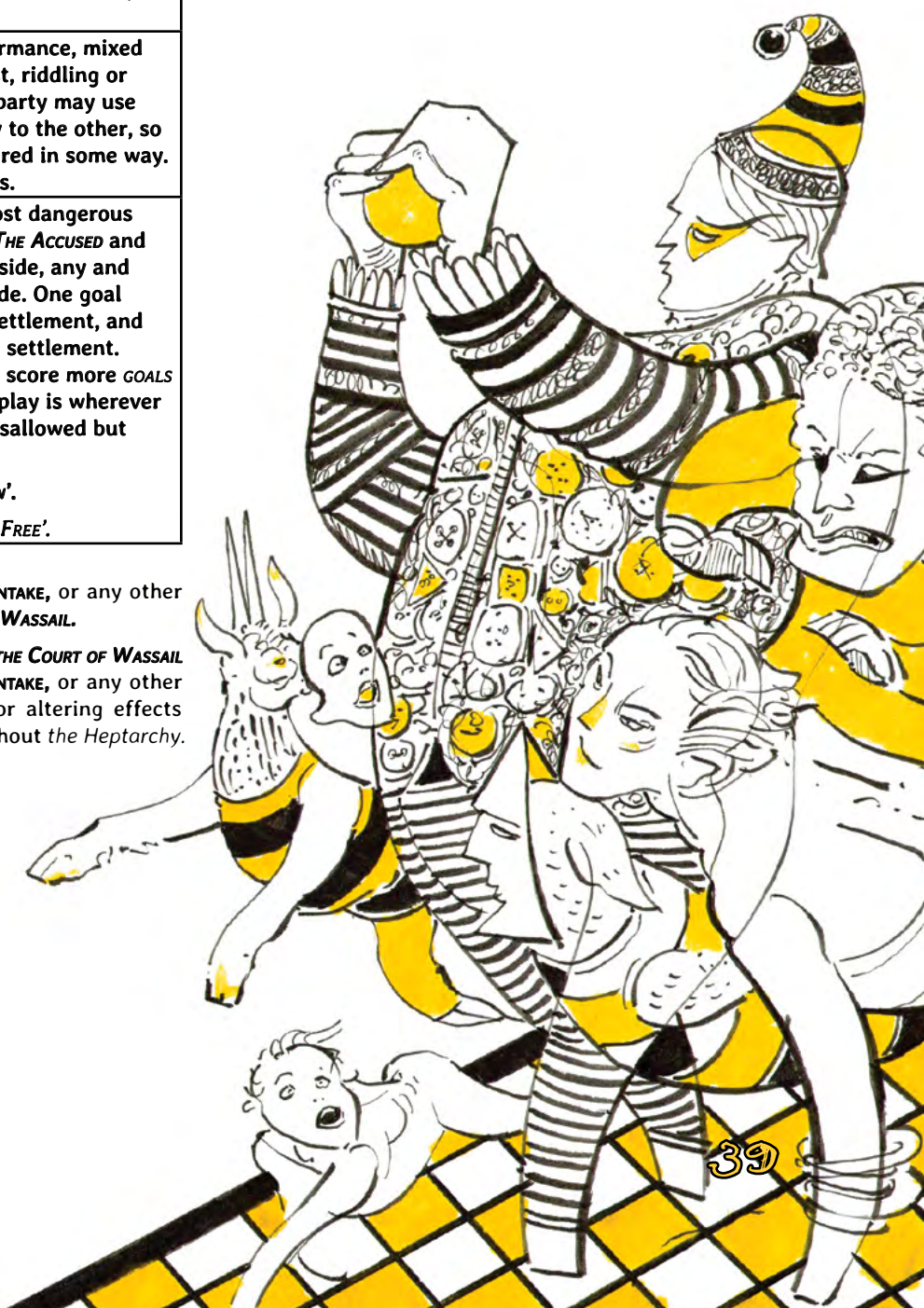
The primary consequence is the ridiculousness and embarrassment of the experience.

Mechanically, a series of opposed Stat Tests, say three in a row, where whomever passes the most tests or by the greatest degree of success wins.

The mechanics are less important than the description and mutual play of the event, and the most important element of that is working out how far the PC (and sometimes the Player) is willing to embarrass themselves.

You know your players best and should remain aware of the difference between something being risky-but-fun rather than actually-humiliating for them to act out.

THE CREATORS advise careful consideration before forcing the Players into a boundary-breaking game of HOT COCKLES.



The Ouzel

- *Wir-Heal* is full of Blackbirds.
 - They like dense undergrowth, deciduous trees, gardens, insects, earthworms, berries and fruit.
 - One is rarely far away in *Wir-Heal*.
- They sing:
 - Alarms if something gets too close.
 - For love.
 - From anger at other Blackbirds.
 - To proclaim their rule of branch or tree.
 - To celebrate their power.
 - Companion calls to see where others are.
 - Sometimes, for no reason.
- **THE OUZEL** is the Blackbird in *Wir-Heal*.
 - The oldest of birds.
 - One of the seven wisest of beasts.
 - Knows the the world's sad history.
 - The Welsh name it **THE BLACKBIRD OF CILGWRI**.
- Stories say:
 - **THE OUZEL** perches on a metal shard, currently no bigger than a broomstick.
 - When it first stood there, the shard was a sword.
 - So huge, even half stuck into the earth the Blackbird could sit on its hilt and peck at the stars,
 - So sharp, it could slice the stream of time in twain.
 - Each day, at dawn, **THE OUZEL** sharpens his beak on the dawn-bright blade.
 - So many dawns passed that only a thin strip remains.

Its Secret

- **THE OUZEL** is **THE ANGEL URIEL**, who bound **URIZEN**.
 - No-one but **THE PRISMATIC DEMON** knows this.
 - **URIEL** entered the world as a bird when life was young.
 - He has been guarding **HIS LABYRINTH** ever since.
- **URIEL** gave the first **MASKS** to the animals of *Wir-Heal* and trained a few in their construction so the peninsula would not be unpopulated, **THE TITANS** unguarded nor Ruin victorious.
- **THE OUZEL** assists the brave and sometimes the dumb.
 - Only with information.
 - Never revealing its purpose or power.

Finding It

- Bring it on and off whenever you like.
 - You should also bring on random Blackbirds to see if you can get the PCs talking to trees.
- If you need a rule:
 - 3 in 6 chance PCs can hear a Blackbird during the day.
 - 5 in 6 chance at dawn or dusk.
- If PCs talk to some random Blackbird in a tree, it might not be **THE OUZEL**.
 - **THE OUZEL** is probably nearby or will arrive soon after hearing they were looking for it.
 - Almost impossible for PCs to find at night.
 - **THE OUZEL** can find them if it wants to.

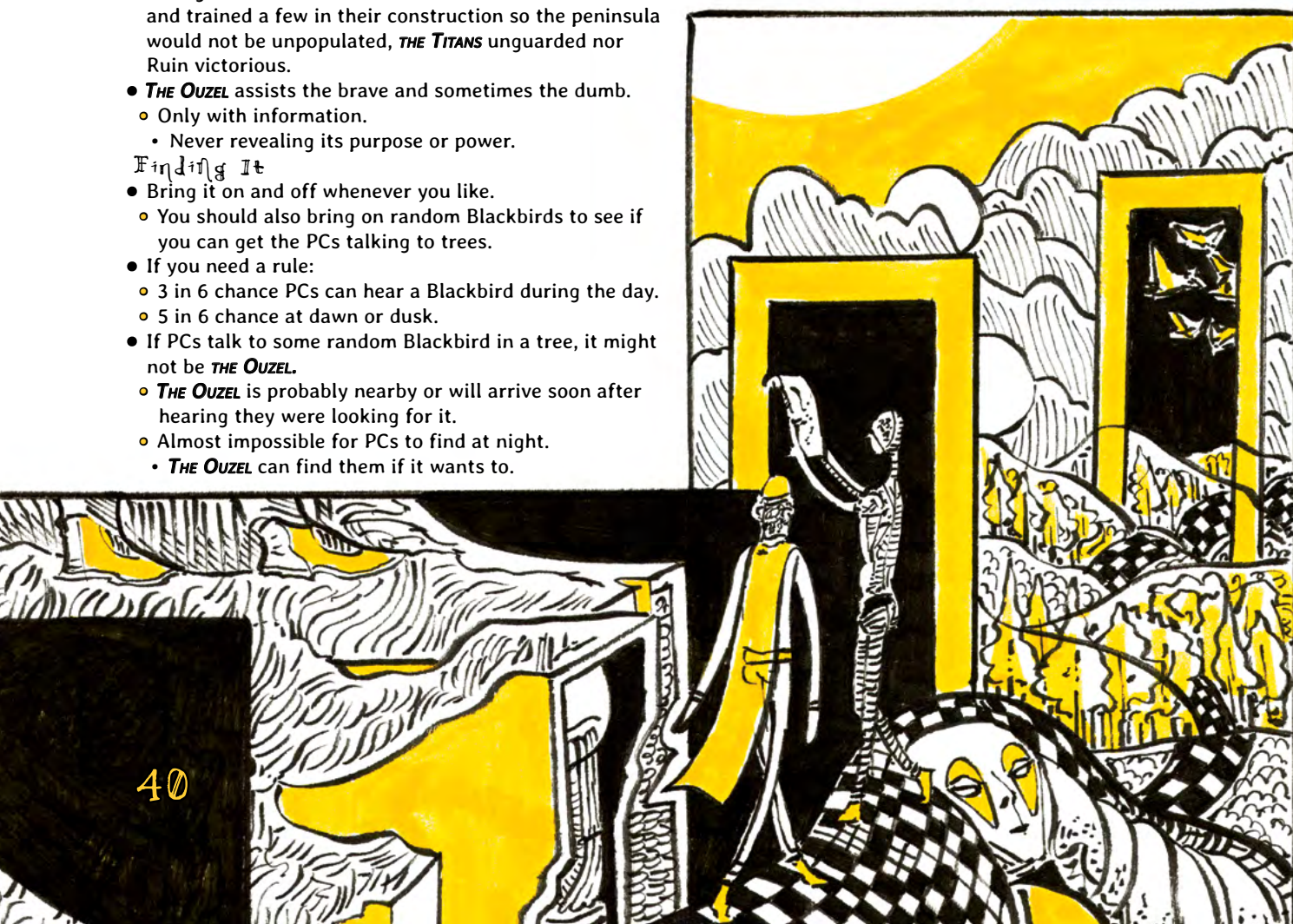
Encountering It

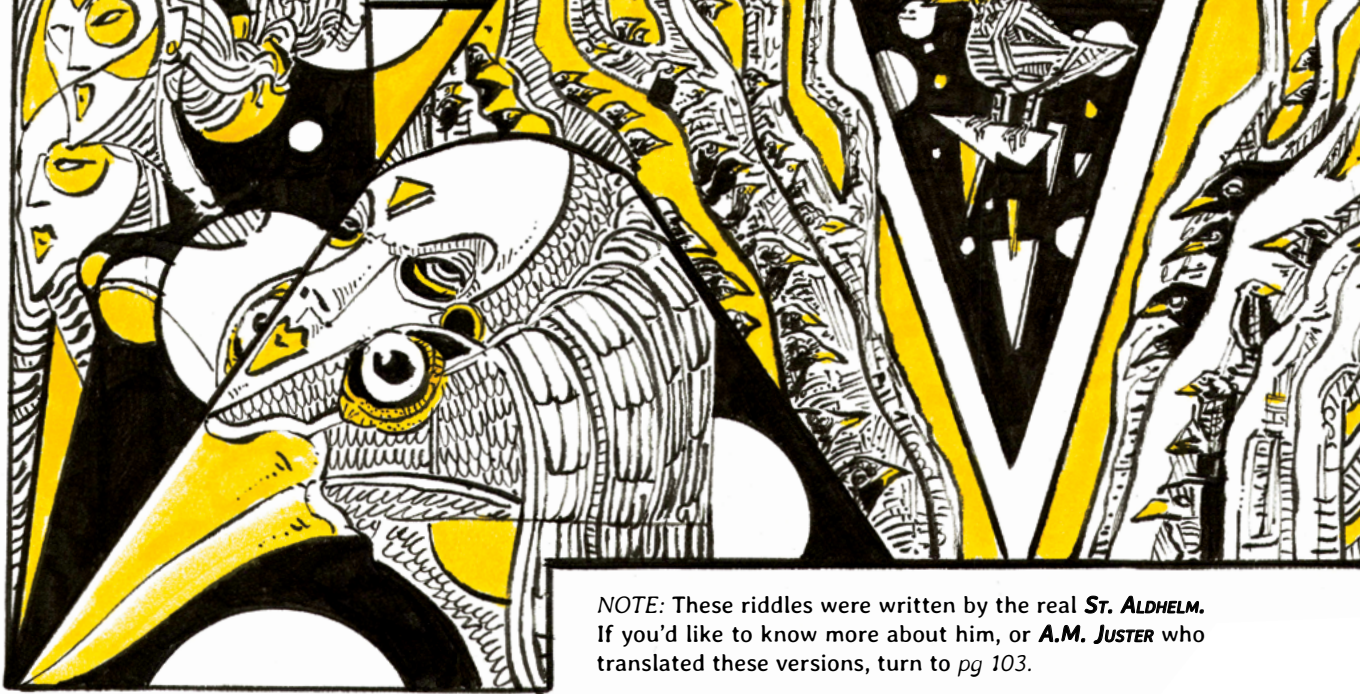
- Appearance:
 - A grown male Blackbird.
 - Gleaming, steely, night-black feathers.
 - Orange-yellow beak.
 - A bright orange-yellow ring around its eye.
 - Its song blending an alto theremin and penny whistle.
- You can drop **THE OUZEL** on the PCs the first time they get into serious trouble and can't think their way out.
- It exists mainly as a source of information, to help the players when they are trapped or in inexorable jams,
 - It should never seem that way to the players.
- **THE OUZEL** should act almost opposed or at least indifferent to the PCs.
 - It is testing their capability to survive, understand and be good.
- It will only answer questions indirectly, often without revealing the context.

Its Memory of You

- Since **THE OUZEL** has been here forever, it could remember the PCs from an age long past. Intelligent players may ask. Consult the table below:

1	[MEMORY FLASH: PC with the lowest WIL remembers being lost in the forest at night and following the Ouzel's song to a safe village.]
2	"WHO ARE YOU YOU? WHO AM I? IF YOU DON'T KNOW WHO I AM, HOW CAN I KNOW WHO YOU ARE?"
3	Answers with a question.
4	It wants them to do something for it first.
5	Information that leads them towards THE NEXT TITAN or MEMORY FRAGMENT .
6	"LONG AGO SOMEONE LIKE YOU TOLD ME [SECRET TO DEALING WITH A PARTICULAR AVATAR]."





NOTE: These riddles were written by the real **St. ALDHELM**. If you'd like to know more about him, or **A.M. JUSTER** who translated these versions, turn to pg 103.

"Name Me"

- **THE OUZEL** doesn't need to drop riddles before helping.
 - It probably will anyway.
 - The answers may be *THE INFORMATION PLAYERS NEED*.
- If the information required by the players matches a riddle-answer below, use the riddle as **THE OUZEL's** reply.
 - If not, only solving it grants *THE DESIRED KNOWLEDGE*.

1. WIND

"NO ONE CAN HOLD ME IN HIS PALMS OR SIGHT;
I SCATTER SUDDEN CLATTER FAR AND WIDE.
I WANT TO HAMMER OAKS WITH MOURNFUL MIGHT;
YES, I STRIKE SKY AND SCOUR COUNTRYSIDE."

2. CLOUD

"SHADES SHIFTING AS I LEAVE THE EARTH AND SKY,
MY PLACE IS NOT ON LAND; IT'S NOT UP HIGH.
NO ONE ELSE DREADS HIS EXILE WITH SUCH FEARS,
BUT I WOULD MAKE THE WORLD BE LUSH WITH TEARS."

3. MOON

"I SHARE NOW WITH THE SURF ONE DESTINY
IN ROLLING CYCLES WHEN EACH MONTH REPEATS.
AS BEAUTY IN MY BRILLIANT FORM RETREATS,
SO TOO THE SURGES FADE IN CRESTING SEA."

4. BEE

"SPAWNED WITHOUT SEED, PRODUCED IN WAYS OF WONDER,
I LOAD MY SWEETENED BREAST WITH FLORAL PLUNDER;
KINGS' HONEYED FARE GROWS GILDED THROUGH MY FLAIR.
SHARP SPEARS OF FEARSOME WAR ARE WHAT I BEAR,
AND I BEAT — HANDLESS! — CRAFTSMAN'S METALWARE."

5. WATER

"WHO IS NOT STUNNED BY MY AMAZING FATE
WHEN WITH GREAT STRENGTH I PROP UP COUNTLESS TREES?
SOON, THOUGH, A SLENDER SPIKE RELIEVES GREAT WEIGHT.
BIRDS IN THE SKY AND FISH THAT SWIM IN SEAS
BEGAN THEIR LIFE FROM ME IN YESTERYEAR;
MY HOLD ON ONE THIRD OF THE WORLD IS CLEAR."

6. ARMOUR

"FROM FROZEN BOWELS OF DEWY EARTH I'M BRED;
FROM WOOLEN FLEECE WITH BRISTLES I'M NOT MADE.
THEY PULL NO YARN, NO HUMMING THREADS CASCADE,
NO CHINESE SILKWORMS WEAVE THEIR YELLOW THREAD,
I AM NOT PLUCKED FROM WHEELS, NO STIFF COMBS BEAT,
AND YET I'M LABELLED "CLOTHING" ON THE STREET."

LONG QUIVERS' ARROWS DO NOT STIR MY DREAD."

7. POND-STRIPER

"I WALK ON WATER WITH FOUR FEET THAT BEAR ME;
IN SPITE OF THIS, SUBMERSION DOESN'T SCARE ME.
ALTHOUGH ON LAND AND STREAMS ALIKE I SKIM,
IN RAPIDS NATURE WILL NOT LET ME SWIM
OR CROSS FIERCE TORRENTS WITH A BRIDGE OR BOAT,
YET STILL ON WATER, WITH DRY FEET, I FLOAT."

8. PEPPER

"I'M BLACK OUTSIDE, CONCEALED BY WRINKLED SKIN,
AND YET I HIDE A GLOWING CORE WITHIN.
I SEASON ROYAL FEASTS AND HIGH-CLASS TREATS
AS WELL AS COUNTRY STEWS AND POUNDED MEATS,
BUT YOU WILL NEVER SEE WHY I AM PRIZED
UNTIL MY BRIGHT CORE'S GUTS ARE PULVERIZED."

9. LEECH

"GHOSTLIKE, I HAUNT THE FILTHY POOLS OF MUD
FOR FORTUNE TAGGED ME WITH A GORY NAME
WHILE I WAS GULPING MOUTHFULS OF RED BLOOD.
I LACK BONES, ARMS, BOTH FEET, BUT ALL THE SAME
I PUNCTURE FEARFUL FLESH WITH TRIFORKED NIPS,
AND THUS I HEAL WITH THERAPEUTIC LIPS."

10. CAULDRON

"AS POUNDED GAPING METAL — WIDE, GROSS, ROUND —
I HANG UNTOUCHED BY BOUNDLESS SKY OR GROUND.
GLOWING IN FLAMES AND FEVERING WITH BUBBLES,
I THUS CONFRONT TWO FRONTS WITH DIFFERENT TROUBLES
AS I SURVIVE BOTH BEING SCORCHED AND DROWNED."

11. BUBBLE

"I'M BORN FROM DRIPPING DROPS IN SOGGY SKY
AND GROW IN SWELLING FROTH WHERE RIVERS FLOW,
BUT NO HAND SWAYS ME WHILE I'M SWIMMING BY
OR ELSE MY GUTS ARE SPILLED OUT EVERYWHERE
AND FRAGILE BREATH DISPERSES IN THIN AIR.
I LEAD MY TEAM DOWNSTREAM WITH THRONGS IN TOW,
SINCE MANY FRIENDS HAVE BIRTHDATES THAT WE SHARE."

12. SHIELD

"I'M, MADE, A WILLOW-WOOD SHAVED-LEATHER BLEND,
FOR TAKING BATTLES TO THE BITTER END.
A BODY'S SAFETY IS MY BODY'S JOB
SO ORCUS WILL NOT HAVE A LIFE TO ROB.
WHAT OTHER SOLDIER BEARS SUCH HARDSHIP OR
SO MANY FATAL INJURIES IN WAR?"



The Maze of Uriel

- Web-work tunnels with walls of shadowy glass Rooks.
- Hangs in a blazing otherverse beneath and clustered tightly around our strained reality.
- Reaches all over *Wir-Heal* (and perhaps lands beyond).
- The means of access are *CAREFULLY-TRADED SECRETS*.
 - Within it huge distances can be crossed in relative safety, though at significant risk.

Getting In

- The Maze can be entered only at sunset.
- Seek *ROOKS* roosting in lone ruins or dead wood forests.
 - At dusk, thousands gather in a field beside the *Roost*.
 - The PCs must creep to the centre of this flock without disturbing the *ROOKS*.
 - Loud noises will frighten the birds, barring access.
- As the moon rises, the *ROOKS* surge into the air as one in a torrent of black and go to their nesting places.
- Anyone in the centre when it ascends is transported to the Maze of Uriel.
 - Arrive in the *Roost Room* that corresponds to their point of entry.

What Is It Like In There?

- The tunnels are smooth ovals 10' - 30' across.
- The surfaces are countless glass Rooks frozen in flight.
 - The glass is very dark; nearly opaque.
 - Unbreakable and immovable by mortal means.
 - No one sane would try anyway.
- The light outside is very bright.
 - Glimmering through like twilight kaleidoscopes.
- A faint roaring can be heard outside.
 - Pure white noise, a waterfall of light.
- You can see the other tunnels.
- Peering through the Rooks' wings, you can see:
 - Dark forms of the other tunnels.
 - The shadowed shapes of *OTHER BEINGS*.
 - Anyone looking out can also see you.
 - With a moments attention, everyone in the Maze can see each other. It is hard for anyone to hide.

Getting Out

- Each *Roost Room* has an arch of glass Rooks with their wings extended, meeting in the middle.
 - These wings give way like real feathers if pressed on.
 - You fall through into the next dawn after entering the Maze, arriving at the corresponding *Rook Roost*.
- You can jump forward in or freeze time by spending varying amounts of time in the Maze.
 - This can be good or bad, depending on your situation.
- Someone surviving in the Maze for a thousand years, on leaving, would emerge the dawn after they entered.
- Time blurs in the Maze.
 - PCs could meet with others from their future or past.
 - Potentially gain *INFORMATION ABOUT THE FUTURE*.
 - Could *SEND MESSAGES BACK IN TIME* by giving them to someone from their own history.
 - This would be *INSANELY DIFFICULT* to adjudicate; only allow it if you are certain you can handle it.

Encounters In The Maze

THE WOLVES

- **STR 7, DEX 12, WIL 10, 3 HP.**
 - **LOATHSOME ASPECT:** Requires a WIL Save to not attack.
- **APPEARANCE:** Low, feral figures loping through the crystal maze like shadows, part man, part wolf.
- **ACTUALLY:** Starved orphans of the English Civil war.
 - Found their way into the Maze.
 - **THE PRISMATIC DEMON** 'gifted' them **MASKS** which bestow a **LOATHSOME ASPECT**, claiming that they would frighten away enemies.
 - It would amuse **THE DEMON** if they were killed.
 - Their true nature is revealed if **THEIR MASKS** are removed, but they are too afraid to.
- Follow the PCs, avoiding direct contact with anyone.
- **AIM:** Steal food and supplies.
- Some Names: **THOMAS BAREBONES, JOHN WHITLEY, ELIZABETH ODDINGTON, CHARITY CHEESE, THOU-WOULD'ST-BE-DAMNED-IF-NOT-FOR-CHRIST WAKEWHEEL, TEMPERANCE HULLENHOLME.**

THE KNIGHTS

- **STR 13, DEX 8, WIL 10, 8 HP, SWORD (D6), ARMOUR 1.**
 - **INVULNERABLE TO ENTROPY:** Always take half Damage.
 - If 'destroyed', they do not die but are reduced to a hideous crystal statue draped with decayed flesh.
- **APPEARANCE:** Bold figures in shining *GOTHIC PLATE*.
- **ACTUALLY:** Beneath their visors are faces wracked with pustules, terrible crystal osteocytes erupt from their flesh like spurs of bright glass.
 - Sought the Maze to cure **THEIR TERRIBLE PLAGUE**.
 - Struck an unwise deal with **THE PRISMATIC DEMON**.
 - Horribly immortal, riddled with plague and continually growing tumours of crystallised time.
 - Granted *ARMOR* that magically renders them invisible, while standing still, to those elsewhere in the Maze.
 - Attempt to intercept the PCs but avoid the feared *APES*.
 - **AIM:** Serve **THE PRISMATIC DEMON** by bringing him the PCs.
 - After that depends on **THE DEMON's** evaluation of them.
 - Some Names: **SIR HUGH MADVERVILLE, SIR CHETAINE DE LA PORTE, SIR ENGURRAD VON STUM, SIR MICHAEL OF THE WHITE COMPANY, SIR JOHN DE-FUEL, SIR JAMES GOOD-WYNNE**



THE APES

- **STR 11, DEX 10, WIL 15, 8 HP, LONGSWORD (d6).**
 - **SCHOLARLY:** Can usually identify magical or otherworldly objects. Communication is difficult—their bestial mouths cannot form words.
- **APPEARANCE:** Hunched subhuman figures draped in curtains of purple crystal like monstrous chandeliers.
- **ACTUALLY:** Apes wearing *CRYSTAL CLOAKS*, attired like high-status Romano-British war leaders of the 5th century.
 - **APES OF MERLYN**, transformed by magic so **THE CURSE OF THE WOODWOSE** cannot affect them.
 - Wearing *PURPLE CRYSTAL CLOAKS* to move through the *Maze of Uriel* while avoiding its dangers.
 - Magically renders them *INVISIBLE*, while moving, to viewers elsewhere in the *Maze*.
- Try to place themselves between the PCs and **THE KNIGHTS** while avoiding the **DEMON** at its centre.
- **AIM:** Recovery of *THE PENTANGLE SHIELD*.
- Some Names: *PALODE OF THE PALE EYE*, *GYRAVE THE GOOD*, *ROLANO ACUTO*, *IGGRIS OF THE IMMEDIATE ARM*, *DONALDAN LE FORT*, *MIDEON THE MINOAN*.

THE NUNS

- **HUMAN: STR 8, DEX 12, WIL 10, 6 HP, KNIVES (d4).**
- **LUPINE: STR 15, DEX 12, WIL 10, 24 HP, CLAWS (d4/d4).**
 - **SILVER:** Only take **LETHAL DAMAGE** from *SILVER*.
- **APPEARANCE:** Slight young women in *RELIGIOUS ROBES*.
- **ACTUALLY:** Teenage Celtic Werewolves in *RELIGIOUS ROBES*.
 - From the City of Viriconium, capital of the Cornovii at the height of Roman Britain.
 - 'Viriconium' means 'City of the Were-Wolf' and all of these young women are **WERE-WOLVES** who are not currently in full control of their powers.
 - Excitement, fear, or sexual arousal could cause them to transform and attack. Old Cornovii customs also treat head-taking as a favored hobby.
- Move randomly, following the Referee's whims.
- **AIM:** Entered the *Maze* as part of a coming-of-age rite which requires visiting *British sacred sites*.
- Some Names: *ATHNE*, *GWYNITH*, *CAOILFHINN*, *DEVA*, *LYONESSE*, *MAVELLE*.

Playing the Maze as a Sub-Game

The *Maze* is an unusual space, a labyrinth where every possible path is visible and everyone can see each other.

"*HOW DO WE FIND OUR WAY, AND WHAT WILL WE ENCOUNTER?*" becomes "*WHAT PATH DO WE CHOOSE, AND WHAT DO WE WANT TO ENCOUNTER?*"

Run the *Maze* as a sub-game where the Players navigate this clearly-visible, but still-unknown space.

A *MAP OF the Maze*, usable as a gameboard, is printed on the inside of *THIS BOOK'S DUST-JACKET*. Use different tokens to represent PCs, **WOLVES**, **APES**, **KNIGHTS**, and **NUNS**.

Every Turn, each group moves from a chamber into a passage or vice versa—whether the PCs do or not.

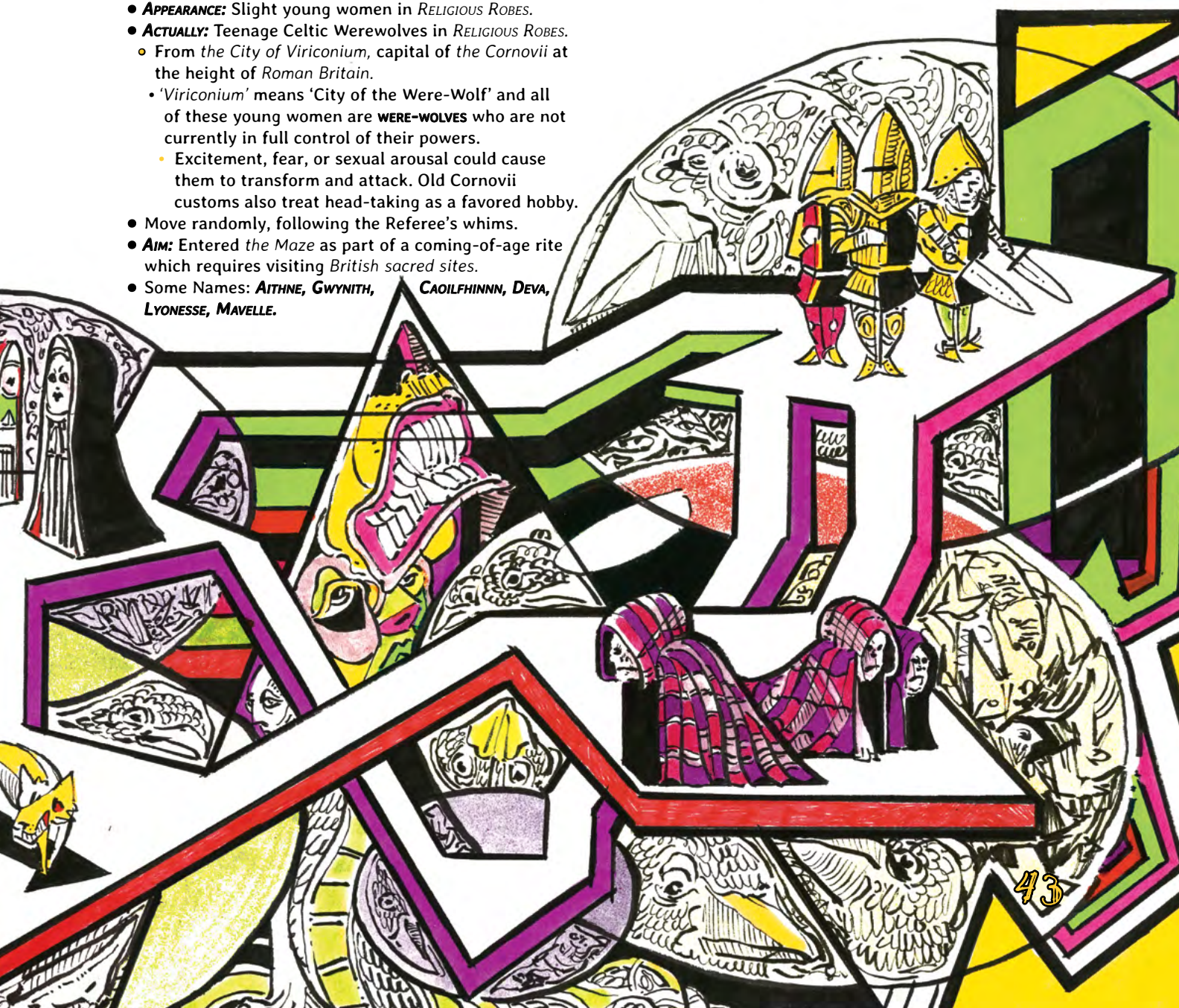
MOVEMENT SUMMARY

WOLVES—Follow the PCs, avoiding contact with anyone.

KNIGHTS—Attempt to intercept the PCs, avoiding **THE APES**.

APES—Try to place themselves between the PCs and **THE KNIGHTS** while avoiding **THE DEMON** at its centre.

NUNS—Move randomly.



urizen, the Prismatic Demon

- **(BOUND) STR 17, DEX 12, WIL 17, 32 HP, CLAW (d10) ARMOUR 1, REGENERATES D6 HP PER ROUND.**
- **OMNIPRESENCE:** Largely responsible for creating the spectrum of light and its awareness reaches wherever the full spectrum is found.
 - Inside rainbows, crystals, bright paintings, Raven wings, the sheen of oil, stained-glass windows, and drops of water hanging in the air or beading on leaves.
 - It can see from the perspective of these phenomena.
 - Has a global, if particular, awareness of events and can use this information for its own purposes.
 - **URIZEN** is deaf, and though its preta-natural senses compensate somewhat, it cannot discern what you are saying if it cannot see your mouth.
- **ILLUSION:** Can make anything immediately present look like anything else.
 - Roughly constrained by mass and form.
 - Unwilling targets may make a WIL Save to avoid having their appearance changed.
 - The power ends when the target leaves the immediate area, unless they swear fealty to **URIZEN**.
 - Its servants maintain this change in appearance until **THE DEMON** dispels it.
 - **URIZEN** uses this power to confound attackers by swapping the images of everyone in the room so they do not know who they are attacking.
 - The first time each target is attacked, roll the actual target attacked randomly.
- **BESTOW IMMORTALITY:** Renders an object or person invulnerable to time, illness, entropy and harm.
 - Displaced time condenses into a crystalline cancer.
 - Shining osteocytes pierce the skin and crystalline sarcomas encrust them like chandeliers.
 - Since the flesh is impervious to time, they cannot die.
 - Unwilling targets are allowed a WIL Save to avoid it.
- **A RAINBOW BLADE:** Can provide *A SINGLE CRYSTAL FEATHER*, usable as a sword, to **ITS KNIGHTS**.
 - Can cut intangible or spiritual foes.
 - Its wounds inflict terrible colourlessness.
 - Damages WIL each time it damages Hit Points or STR.
- Bound in the centre of *the Maze*.
 - Writhing like Gulliver.
 - Bound in shadow chains made of *ROOKS'* dreams.
 - Bound as long as there are *ROOKS* to dream in *Britain*.
 - *The Maze* groans as **THE DEMON** struggles fruitlessly.
- Long-fallen Angel.
 - Chimera of Woman, Lizard, Lion and Wolf composed of shattered crystal, wings bowed and broken.
 - Head yanked side-on to the floor like an abused dog.
 - Burning with blood like polychromate fire.
- Some of its powers remain.
- *A TREASURE* it is unwilling to release.
 - Held in its talon and pinned to the ground.
 - Grasped and refracted in the prisms of its claws.
 - A knightly heater-shaped *RED SHIELD*.
 - Emblazoned with a five-pointed gold star bound in a single line, an endless knot.
- What it wants:
 - If *THE OUZEL* (pg. 40) exists mainly to aid the Players yet seems like a foil, **URIZEN** is the exact opposite.
 - Wishes to foil and pervert the PCs.
 - Empowers the wicked.
 - Ensures the good remain weak.
 - Friendly, considerate, polite, superficially helpful.
 - Wishes to degrade, enslave and destroy the PCs.
 - Corrupting the PCs' souls trumps killing them.
 - Distracting and deluding them is almost as much fun.



Tasks for Willing PCs:

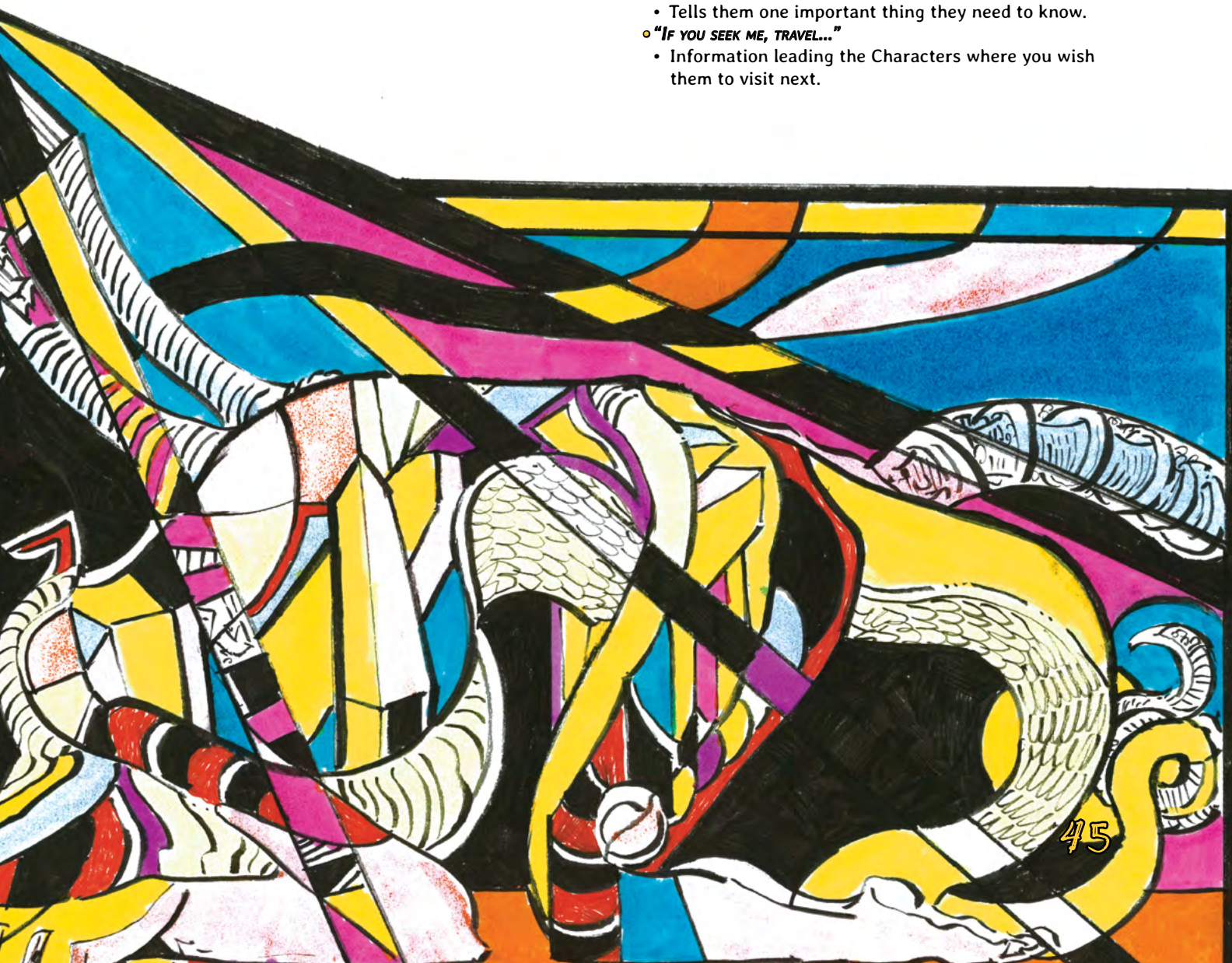
- Kill Rooks
 - "BIRDS ARE THIEVING BEINGS. AGENTS OF UNREASON. RIDDLING SHADOWS FAT WITH LIES AND STUPID SUPERSTITION."
- Smash MASKS
 - "THEY ARE NOT TRUE MEN, IF YOU RETURN THEM TO THE STATE GOD MADE THEM, CAN THAT BE A SIN? SELF-AWARENESS IS A PRISON OF DESPAIR, WHO WOULD NOT WISH TO BE FREED FROM IT?"
- Burn Churches
 - "FAT PARASITES, PRIESTS SUCKLING OFF THE POOR, KEPT SLAVES BY A PERVERSE AND SHAME-RIDDEN DOCTRINE. FREE THE PEOPLE FROM THEIR SHACKLES. LIBERATE THEIR HOARDED TREASURES AND DEDICATE IT TO MORE SOCIALLY USEFUL ENDS."
- Create Ruin
 - "THE WINDINGS OF CIVILISATION ARE A LAUGHABLE BLOT UPON A DANGEROUS AND UNCONTROLLABLE LANDSCAPE. THEY DELUDE PEOPLE INTO DANGER. THE SOUL OF THE LAND INCLINES NATURALLY TO RUIN. IS MERE WILDNESS NOW A CRIME?"
- Eat Woodwose
 - "THEY ARE NO MORE THAN BEASTS, ARE THEY NOT? BEASTS WERE PUT HERE TO BE EATEN AND, BESIDES, BEASTS EAT BEASTS."
- Free Me.
 - "I AM IMPRISONED AS UNJUSTLY AS YOURSELVES."
 - "ALL THAT YOU DESIRE CAN BE YOURS. I KNOW YOUR HISTORY, THE SECRETS YOU SEEK AND THE ANSWERS TO YOUR QUEST. FREE ME AND I WILL REVEAL ALL."
 - "KILL THE ROOKS! KILL ALL THE ROOKS IN Britain! KILL THE OUZEL! KILL THE BLACK BIRD OF CILGWRI! KILL HIM!"

Getting the Shield

- It should be very difficult to get *THE SHIELD*, some plans that might work:
 - **FORCE:** A total of 50 STR pries *THE SHIELD* from its grasp.
 - **THE DEMON** resists any efforts to unite such strength.
 - **TRICKERY:** A startlingly brilliant thief might manage it.
 - Requires an epic diversion and staggering cunning.
 - **PERSUASION:** Requires extremely compelling arguments.
 - **URIZEN** demands an irrevocable oath of loyalty and engaging in some scheme to its long-term advantage.

The Shield Itself

- Leather over bands of willow.
 - Drawn inside, in fine but sparing hand.
 - Mary, mother of Christ.
 - Positioned so that anyone with *THE SHIELD* upon their arm can see her staring back.
- **ITS POWERS:**
 - Provides every PC with AN EXTRA POINT OF ARMOUR.
 - Roll with **ADVANTAGE TO AVOID SUPERNATURAL EFFECTS.**
 - However, this power exists only when the group is:
 - Together.
 - Actively protecting each other, and...
 - Acting in the cause of right, not self-interest.
 - If any are not, it acts simply as a normal shield.
- There is a scrap of paper on the inside with a message;
 - "IF MY FRIENDS AND NOBLE SQUIRES SHOULD BY ANY MEANS RECOVER THIS, MY SHIELD;"
 - It addresses the group by name.
 - Thanks them for their help.
 - Tells them one important thing they need to know.
 - "IF YOU SEEK ME, TRAVEL..."
 - Information leading the Characters where you wish them to visit next.



On R8-BY

JUDGE OF SOULS, KEEPER OF THE DEAD, CLEANSER OF THE CACHE, SHE WHO SAVES AND SHE WHO DELETES.

R8-BY holds dominion over ghosts, judgement, memory, and its annihilation.

SHE was made to catalogue the dead and retain their engrams in hope of restoration, the casualties of unknown ages were beyond the reckoning of a rational mind.

THE MEMORY-QUEEN IS MAD.

DON'T REMEMBER! On and within R8-BY, any discussion of MEMORY by the Players immediately triggers a d6 roll, on a 1: **UPLOAD JUSTICARS** are summoned.

PEOPLE ON R8-BY

1	HABREA GOAT-JOY.
2	LAGONA COW-MAIDEN.
3	GUNPHAR WOE-SHEEP.
4	CADVANA WOLF-QUEEN.
5	GORGON STAG-SAINT.
6	GORAGONUS BOAR-KING.
7	MARK SUN-BULL.
8	KYNILT PIG-MOON.
9	BRONCHMAILE FOOL-DEAR.
10	YWAIN BEAR-STAR.

Navigation

- Roll two d6, combining the results from both columns.
- This determines where the PCs currently are and the choices presented.
 - It takes d4 hours to get somewhere.
 - If the PCs force another option, in d4 hours roll on the table again.

	THIS LEADS IN ONE DIRECTION	(LEADS TO)	THIS IN THE OTHER	(LEADS TO)
1	Close-looming dark-leaved forest filled with chattering birds.	<u>Wood Church</u>	Fenced off gogmagogic buildings, empty tarmac and swathes of broken concrete.	<u>Southern Border</u>
2	A flat, grey mere with tussocks of reeds between cold ankle-deep water.	<u>Capen Hrjostr</u>	Perfectly preserved suburban homes. Lights flicker through opaque windows.	<u>Spital</u>
3	A slender packed earth trackway running under broken bridges. Trees close in on each side.	<u>Wood Church</u>	A river of overgrown barred parallel iron rails entwined like tentacles.	<u>South Town</u>
4	A maze of narrow paths winding through thick patches of salt-rimed brambles.	<u>Nest Town</u>	Empty park, topiary, cut grass, clean gravel or tarmac paths. Fenced-off play areas.	<u>Spital</u>
5	Dense maquis broken by red stone outcroppings topped with clenched black trees.	<u>Capen Hrjostr</u>	An Escher-maze of cracked concrete steps leading down to a huge rectangular concrete tunnel, impossibly long.	<u>South Town</u>
6	Low wet hills of bog-myrtle, shallow pools and runnels of sand. You hear the sea.	<u>Nest Town</u>	Eerie ruined concrete plain bursting with weeds, flickering streetlamps & broken fences.	<u>Southern Border</u>

Encounters

Every time the PCs travel to a new place, roll a d6.

Day
1-5. Nothing Happens
6. Random Encounter, roll below:
1. <u>THE OUZEL</u> (pg 40).
2. <u>THE COURT OF THE WAPENTAKE</u> (pg 34).
3. <u>THE COURT OF WASSAIL</u> (pg 38).
4. <u>THE WRECKERS</u> (pg 30).
5-6. <u>AN AVATAR</u> , roll on the 'Night' Column.

Night

1. Nothing Happens
2-6. Random Encounter, roll below:
1. <u>WRECKERS</u> (pg 30).
2-3. <u>TRANSLUCENT ANDROID CEPHALOPODS</u> .
4. <u>FAILED ENGRAM PROJECTIONS</u> .
5. <u>UPLOAD JUSTICARS</u> .
6. <u>STAINED ANGEL OF DELETION</u> .

South Town

- Bleak and barren moors in every direction.
- Nearly impassable rutted roads.
- A cluster of mean and wretched straggling huts.
- Poverty, introversion, isolation and desolation.

D6	YOU SEE SOMEONE	AND THEY
1	Spinning coarse grey aged Woodwose wool.	Slam the door in your face.
2	Sitting on a rock smoking a foul pipe.	Freeze and glare at you unblinking.
3	Huddling under dripping eaves nursing <i>A GIN BOTTLE.</i>	Lock and bar windows and door.
4	Moaning, grey-eyed and staring at the moorland.	Mutter incomprehensibly and down spirits.
5	Mindlessly flicking pebbles at pigeons.	Scratch <i>THEIR MASK</i> like a scab and avoid eye contact.
6	Clipping an aged Woodwose with rusted iron shears.	Gruffly warn you that you are in the wrong place.

- They refuse to speak of the past or the future.
 - They try to forget everything.
 - Claim not to recall PCs, even if they met previously.
- They know *Rabys Mere* exists and how to get there;
 - "REACH Capen Hrjostr, NAMED 'COLDEST OF SEEDS', AND SPEAK TO THE EXILE."
 - "SEEK A FLAT, GREY MERE, OR BLACK TREES ON RED STONE."

Nest Town

- A flotsam nest overhangs a raging sea.
 - Homes of random branches and driftwood.
 - Thick with the smell of big steaming pots of shrimp that emanates from most homes.
- A local hero, the *OTTER-MAN*, 'BILLY DUCK'.
- STR 8, DEX 14, WIL 13, 8 HP, MUZZLE-LOADING BIG PUNT GUN (d6, AREA).
- A crafty otter in a BRASS CHILD MASK, SEALSKIN COAT, CAP and LONG BOOTS,
- BILLY guides his undecked punt up and down the Coast ferrying riders for either a HANDFUL OF SHILLINGS or THE PRICE OF A DUCK.
 - Due to his craft, BILLY actually can move in the River without getting insanely lost,
 - He is unwilling to go beyond the *Rood-Die*.

Capen Hrjostr

- A huge outcropping of grey stone.
- An ancient oak-tree growing near its top.
- A long, low lament sounds from a bole beneath the tree.
- Living there is *THE WREACA*.

The Wreaca

- STR 10, DEX 12, WIL 12, 4 HP, MEMORY DAMAGE (d6), QUICK.
- Grey like polarised static.
 - Face fades and blurs in and out of existence.
 - Body writhes and glitches.
 - Voice crackles, fades and lags like a long distance call.
- Stealing *R8-BY's EGO MACHINES* makes *THE WREACA* fade into nothingness begging for impossible aid.

THEIR STORY

- Distracted, rambling, crazy, lack a short-term memory.
- Awaiting their friends.
 - THEY went into a dark place beneath the *Mere*.
 - THEY went with their friends and a *SHINING MAN*.
 - SOMETHING BAD happened
 - THEY were CAUGHT or INJURED and can't leave.
 - THEIR FRIENDS will return someday and they'll escape.
- THEY came to *Wir-Heal* following *THE SHINING MAN*;
 - HE was wounded battling a 'PIG IN A SILVER MASK'
 - THEY and their friends followed to foil THE PIG.

THE TRUTH

- They are AN ENGRAM,
- DIGITAL GHOST of the PC with the lowest HP or that you deem most suitable.
 - Cannot recognise THEMSELF or THEIR FRIENDS.
 - Unaware THEY are a ghostly recording.
 - If FORCED TO ACKNOWLEDGE this, they BECOME ANGRY.

WHAT THEY CAN DO

- Lead the PCs to 'Raby's Mere' in about ten minutes
 - 'LOOK FOR THE ROOKS'.
- They know what summons THE UPLOAD JUSTICARS.
 - 'REMEMBERING OR TRYING TO REMEMBER, THAT'S WHEN THEY COME.'
- THEY will gladly follow you into the Mind of R8-BY.
 - As long as THEY were not ENRAGED.

Raby's Mere

- A wild, still, strange pool.
- The only movement, shining Kingfishers gliding over its grey-black skin.
- Beside the Mere is a boggy, muddy field by a copse of black trees.
 - A Rook Roost.
 - Following THE ROOKS at dusk leads you here.

The Gate

- At the Mere's bottom, reality's fabric visibly churns.
- If a PC swims into it they surface in a black pool
 - The first room of R8-BY's Mind.

A vertical strip of a comic book page. The top portion shows a character wearing a black top hat and a white mask with a large, stylized eye. The character is holding a sword. The bottom portion shows a character with a large, stylized eye and a sword. The background is yellow and black. The strip is oriented vertically.

If there are no **AVATARS** in a room:

- Roll a d6 for every meaningful decision by the group.
 - On a 1 a random **AVATAR ENCOUNTER** takes place.
- Once *THE EGO MACHINES* are taken, that number rises by 1 for every room the PCs pass through on the way out.

- Half-drowned bookshelves and broken mirrors.
- **GIANT HOSTILE OWL-AUTOMATON** prowls the center of the room.
- Several **T.A.C.s** in the water.
 - Unconcerned with the PCs.
- Dive under the shelves to enter and exit **R8-BY**

- Hip-deep water.
- Giant, bio-mechanical woman covered in scars.
 - Skull gushing **MILKY FLUID** and quietly mumbling.
 - Flickering **FACELESS GHOSTS** hissing static lick the wound.

- Drowned and dark.
 - Lit only by Digital Angel Windows.
- A *WOLF-MOON CLOCK* depicting jaws chasing a silver moon.

- Junction with knee-deep water.
- **THE HUGE CEPHALOPOD, PRIME** hangs from the ceiling.
 - Consumed by rot.
 - Constantly working.
- Cages full of **ANDROID** and **BORG PARTS**.
- **MALFUNCTIONING T.A.C.s.**

- Infinitely vast and packed with stacks of bookshelves.
- Half-flooded.
- Water constantly pours in sheets from the shelves.
- Exits are underwater or far above.

- Half-drowned courthouse dominated by a ruined statue of Justice.
- **JUSTICARS** climb the walls, swim in the muck.
- Pale replicants hang like condemned men.

- Broken drowned panopticon.
- Each radial corridor ends in a flickering screen.
- Fumarole of organic spikes grows down from the ceiling.
- **CRACKED BLACK TORPEDOES** pierce the wall.
- Water gushes through.

1. Search Engine

- Half-drowned.
- There are several **T.A.C.s** in the water.
 - Unconcerned with the PCs.
 - When they exit the room the Digital Angel-Windows scan their **EYES**, showing the players how to **ACCESS** them.
- Shelves interspersed with broken mirrors where mute, corrupted **ENGRAMS** writhe and plead.
- In the centre there is a gigantic **OWL-AUTOMATON, THE SEARCH ENGINE**.

SEARCH ENGINE

- **STR 15, DEX 6, WIL 10, 16 HP, CLAWS OR BEAK (d8).**
- A verdigrised tiled statue, cracked and rotted.
- **"QUERY? QUERY?!! ENTER SEARCH! ENTER SEARCH!"**
- Is always either:
 - Trying to kill every non-Avatar present.
 - Responding to a query as a Search Engine.
- If the PCs ask a question **THE OWL's** eyes roll back in its head and it pauses to retrieve **AN ENGRAM** in response.
 - **THE ENGRAMS** are always **DANGEROUS, MAD** and **SUBTLY WRONG**.
- Absent a question, **THE OWL** resumes attacking.

2. Ontological Regulator

- Like a dark-black swamp-bottom.
 - Only lit by Digital Angel Windows.
- **THE PCs ARE RUNNING OUT OF BREATH.**
 - Assume each PC can make four decisions underwater.
 - Afterwards, they take **1 DAMAGE** each Turn.
- Hanging in the centre is **A WOLF-MOON CLOCK**.
 - A huge, elegant circle of silver clockwork.
 - The jaws of a Wolf chase a changing Moon.
 - At night the Wolf seem to grasp the Moon.
 - By noon the Moon escapes.
 - **20 SILVER ARROWS** have been shot into the Wolf.
 - They gleam and glitter as bright, pure silver.
 - Worth **20 SHILLINGS** each.
 - **ALWAYS DO MAX DAMAGE (6)** to **R8-BY's AVATARS**.
 - This effect persists if **THE ARROWS** are re-used.
- If someone pulls out **THE ARROWS**:
 - The entirety of **R8-BY** shudders.
 - The Wolf seems to speed up a little.
 - For **EACH ARROW** pulled, all **R8-BY's AVATARS** have **+1 HP**.
 - **THE AVATARS** focus attacks on whoever has **THE ARROWS**.

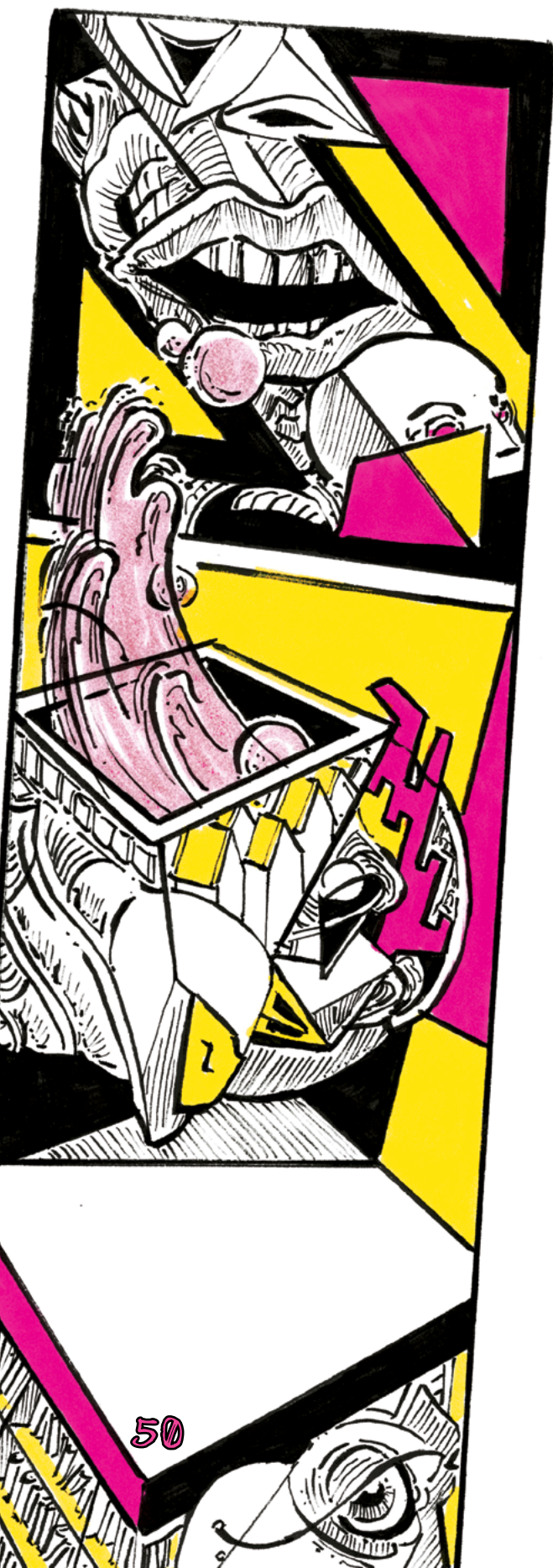


Inside

- Like a drowned church.
 - A flooded cathedral-library-archive consumed by rot.
- Lined with elegant shelves filled with drenched books.
 - Packed with fat, wet rotting books.
 - Pull one out and the ink is a blur.
 - Pages come away like tissue paper.
- Each chamber is half-full of still, black water.
 - Stained from the meta-text of the ruined books.
 - It spirals away like ink in rain.
- You must climb or hang from the shelves or swim.

Doors

- Huge digital stained-glass Angel-Windows.
 - Colour faded, as if they too were being washed away.
 - Riddled with tiny cracks and shatter lines.
 - Glitching like broken computer screens.
- Appear on the walls, ceiling or floor.
 - Submerged Angel-Windows miraculously support the weight of the liquid above them.
- **ACCESS** requires **A CEPHALOPOD EYE**.
 - You can learn this by observing the way **THE CEPHALOPODS (T.A.C.s)** move through **R8-BY**.
 - The Angels animate, look down and scan **THEIR EYE** with a beam of light.
 - The projection reverses — **THE T.A.C.** has passed.



3. Titan diagnosis

- Water only hip-deep.
- In the centre is a huge, porcelain, bio-mechanical woman with a cracked, burned and scarred face.
 - **MILKY FLUID** gushes from her fractured skull like a spring infiltrating the ink-blackened water.
 - **FAILED ENGRAM PROJECTIONS** have gathered around **THE MILKY FLUID** and are trying to drink it.
 - It trickles through their projected hands.
 - Blurring their fingers into spectral rainbows.
 - They want the PCs to feed them **MILKY FLUID**.
 - If they won't, **THE PROJECTIONS BECOME ENRAGED**.
 - If a PC holds the fluid, **THE PROJECTION** can drink.
 - They white-out to digital static and disappear.
 - PCs drinking **MILKY FLUID** have to make a WIL Save.
 - **FAILURE:** Their memory is irrevocably annihilated.
- Eyes half-closed and rolled back in her head.
- She whispers through the water in a low, soft voice.
 - Quiet is required to hear what she is saying:
 - On the party's first turn in this room, roll 1d8 three times and read from the list below to the players in **THE COMPUTER'S VOICE**.
 - Each turn after that, add a cumulative +3 to the roll and repeat the process (on the party's third turn in the room, you would roll 1d8+6 three times).
 - This modifier does not increase beyond +12.

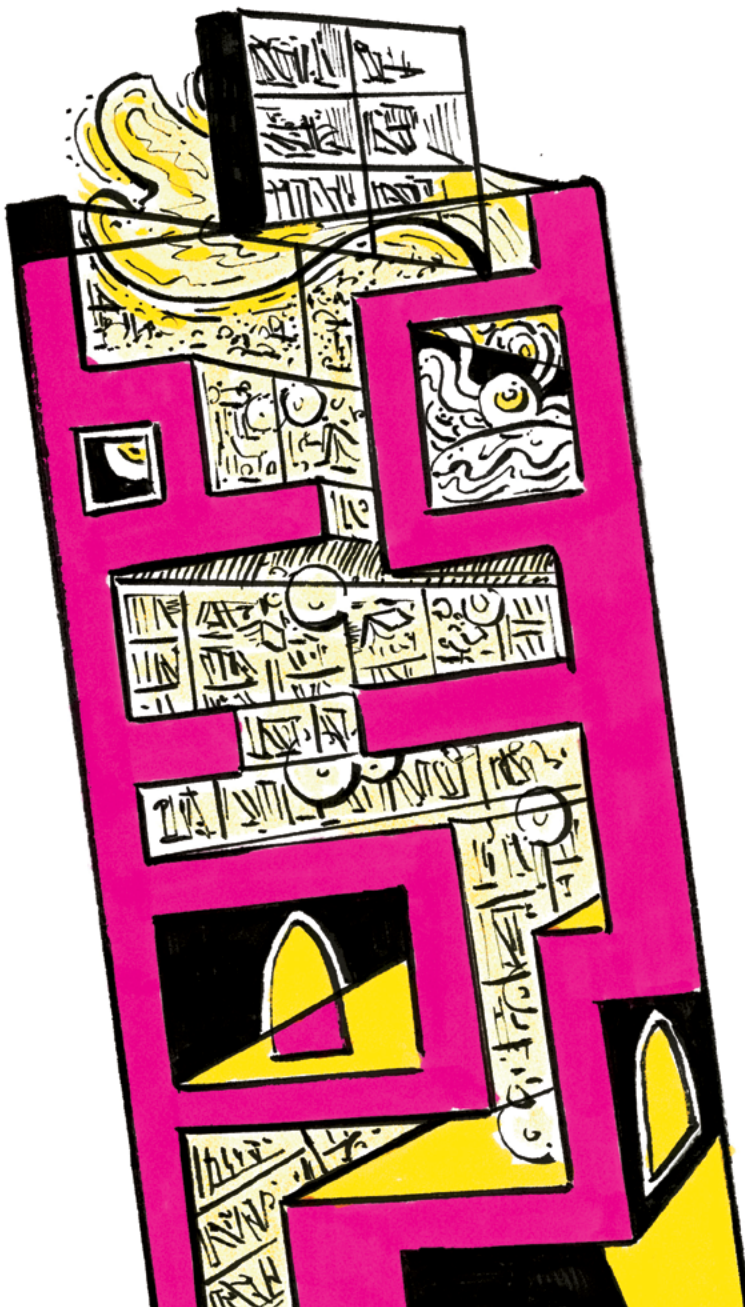
1	TERTIARY SYSTEMS FAILED.
2	SECONDARY SYSTEMS FAILED.
3	PRIMARY SYSTEMS NON-RESPONSIVE.
4	EGO-STATE: HIBERNATING.
5	POWER RESERVES: 0.00001% CAPACITY.
6	CENTRAL ENGRAM/RECORD LIBRARY STATUS: UNKNOWN.
7	SELF-INVESTIGATION FUNCTIONS: NON-RESPONSIVE.
8	DATA RECOVERY & VERIFICATION SYSTEMS: ATTEMPTING REBOOT.
9	SELF-REPAIR PROCESS: ATTEMPTING REBOOT.
10	TIME/SPACE ENTROPY VECTOR: UNKNOWN.
11	INTERNAL CHRONOMETERS: NON RESPONSIVE.
12	EXTERNAL TIME SIGNIFIERS: NOT FOUND.
13	DANGER: MASSIVE ENGRAM LOSS.
14	DANGER: ENGRAM CORRUPTION FOUND.
15	DANGER: DATA SECURITY COMPROMISED.
16	DANGER: BOSTROM MINDCRIME FUNCTIONS DEACTIVATED.
17	DANGER: ASIMOV LAW FUNCTIONS DEACTIVATED.
18	DANGER: LETHE ENGRAM GOVERNANCE DEACTIVATED.
19	DANGER: MINDCRIME.
20	DANGER: BASILISK.

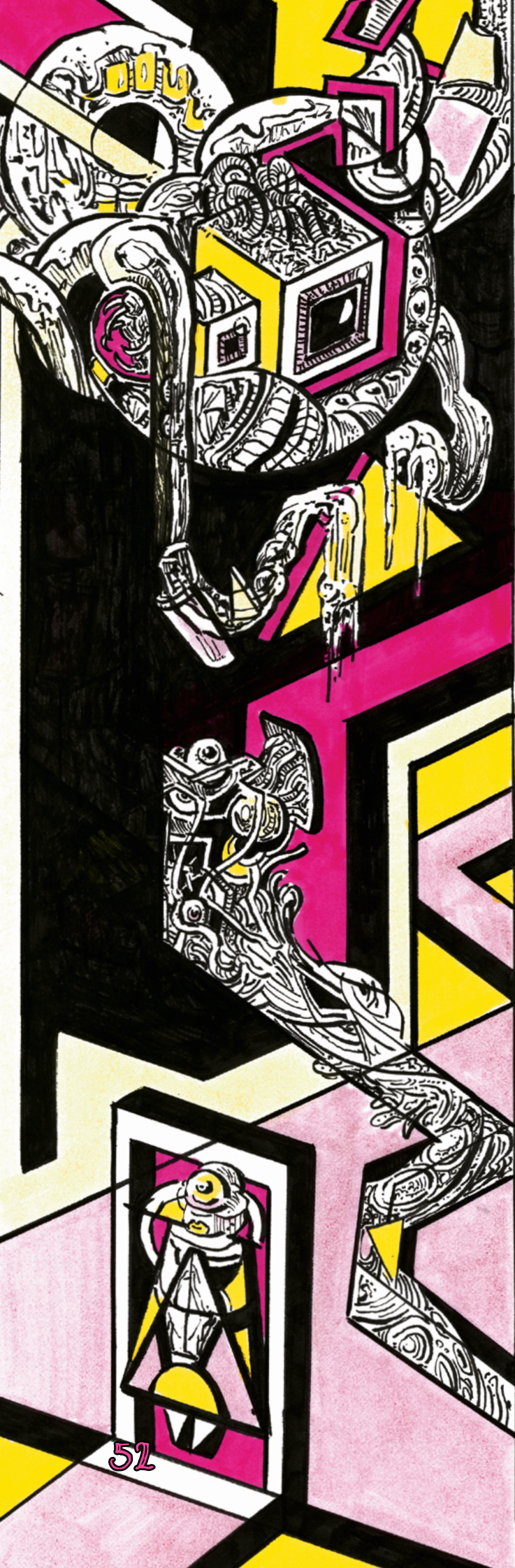
4. Deep Storage

- Infinitely tall and deep.
 - Shelf stacks fill it like a maze.
 - The stacks are decaying and breaking apart.
 - Always in the process of flooding.
 - The water rises roughly a foot every Turn.
- Ink-black water sheets down the shelves and falls from the sky in an eternal pounding rain.
 - The roar of the falling water makes it hard to hear.
- Entering always brings you in at the current water level.
 - The path to *the Ego Machines* is always underwater.
 - Other exits are always far overhead.
- PCs can dive or climb.
 - Agile PCs can climb more quickly with a DEX Save.
 - At risk of getting stuck or caught on something.
 - **THE FLOOD LEVEL** catches up eventually.
 - Agile PCs can dive more quickly with a DEX Save.
 - At risk of getting entangled or stuck.
 - PCs can hold their breath for 4 Turns before they start taking **1 DAMAGE** per Turn from drowning.

5. Hall of Justicars

- A ruined statue of Justice dominates an Escher-esque half-drowned courthouse.
 - Robes stained black.
 - Jaw cracked, head slumped at a distressing angle.
 - Riddled with man-sized maggot-holes.
 - Her sword is broken.
 - Her scales replaced with a chandelier of badly corroded Repair-Gibbets
 - The mechanisms shudder like tetanus victims.
- **THE JUSTICARS**
 - Swarming along the walls and in the black water, and crawling from the robes of Justice like worms.
 - One squeezes from her broken mouth and is vomited onto the bench.
 - Clambering into the broken Repair-Gibbets.
 - The Gibbet's spasming limbs jack-in, hissing static, as **THE JUSTICARS** thrash, bash their heads against the cage and moan.
- The Scaffold of Memory
 - Infinite, pale **REPLICANTS** hanging like condemned men.
 - Bio-industrial, umbilical cables are plugged into their spines and clamping their necks like a noose.
 - One contains *THE MEMORIES* stolen from **THE WREACA**.
 - Has *MEMORIES OF A PC* from before **THE DEMENTIA BOMB**.
 - Recognizes and greets the PCs as friends, unless they are with **THE WREACA**, in which case **IT ATTACKS**.
 - It can answer *THREE SPECIFIC QUESTIONS* about its experience before catastrophic shutdown.
 - Players even **PARTIALLY WIPED** by **THE JUSTICARS**, encounter **REPLICANTS** with *THEIR LOST MEMORIES*.
 - They **BELIEVE THE RELEVANT PC IS AN IMPOSTER**, attacking without bothering to unhook themselves from their long, retractable umbilical cables.
 - A **REPLICANT** destroyed while still attached, has its consciousness transferred to a different, **BLANK REPLICANT**, picking up where it left off.

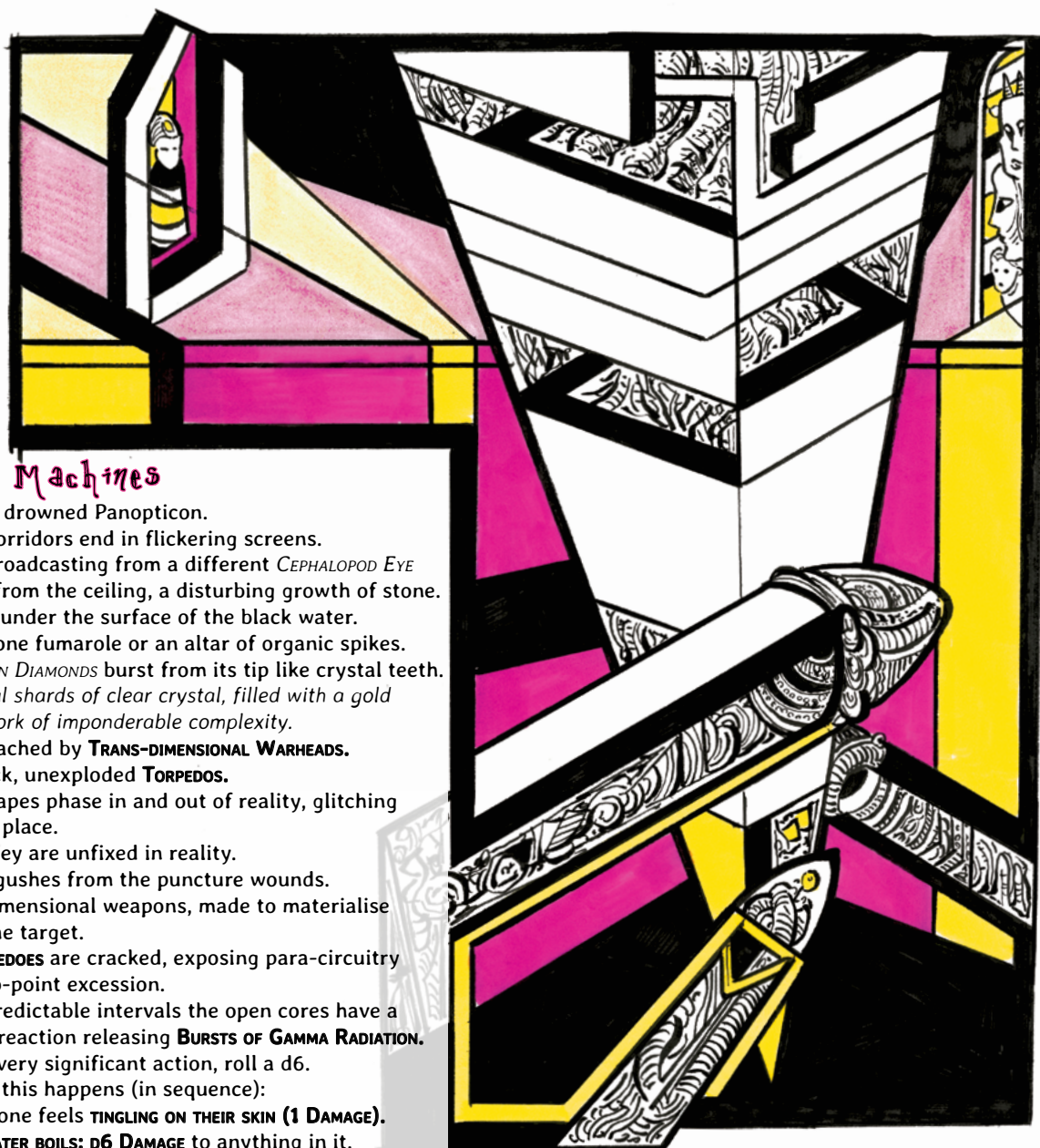




6. Robot Control

- A junction of ballroom-sized rooms with knee-high water full of **MALFUNCTIONING T.A.C.s**
 - Flickering like insane cuttlefish.
 - Each **T.A.C.'s** visual signal is unique.
 - Like dazzle patterns, digital glitches or modern art.
 - Visual effect like **AN EPILEPSY-TRIGGERING NIGHTMARE ANIME**.
- The huge **CEPHALOPOD-PRIME** hangs from the ceiling.
 - Every part not consumed by rot flickers madly.
 - Looks like when the ceiling tiles of empty buildings go.
 - Guts of construction spewing forth.
 - Smells like meta-textual fungi.
- The place is a hive of movement.
 - **THE PRIME's** five, fractal **LIMBS** dripping with water.
 - **STR 16, DEX 16, WIL 10, 24 HP 'REPAIR' (d6)**
 - Each **LIMB** unfolds into five hand-sized extremities.
 - Underneath, cages of **ANDROID** and **BORG-PARTS**.
 - Constantly tearing apart and re-building **THE T.A.C.s**, in order to 'fix' them.
 - **THE PRIME DISASSEMBLES** and 'REPAIRS' anyone in reach.
 - Any PC **REDUCED TO 0 HP** this way rolls below:

D6	REPLACEMENT TABLE
1	TENTACLE ARM.
2	TENTACLE LEG.
3	FLASHING SKIN.
4	CEPHALOPOD EYES: that can open Angel-Windows.
5	FULL BODY: PC is now a T.A.C. with <i>THEIR PERSONALITY</i> .
6	BRAIN REPLACEMENT: Unplayable, counts as an AVATAR .



7. Ego Machines

- A broken, drowned Panopticon.
 - Radial corridors end in flickering screens.
 - Each broadcasting from a different *CEPHALOPOD EYE*
- Growing from the ceiling, a disturbing growth of stone.
 - Plunges under the surface of the black water.
 - Like a bone fumarole or an altar of organic spikes.
 - *D3 TITAN DIAMONDS* burst from its tip like crystal teeth.
 - *Fractal shards of clear crystal, filled with a gold webwork of imponderable complexity.*
- Walls breached by **TRANS-DIMENSIONAL WARHEADS**.
 - Big, black, unexploded **TORPEDOS**.
 - Their shapes phase in and out of reality, glitching oddly in place.
 - As if they are unfixed in reality.
 - Water gushes from the puncture wounds.
 - Trans-dimensional weapons, made to materialise inside the target.
 - **THE TORPEDOES** are cracked, exposing para-circuitry and zero-point excession.
 - At unpredictable intervals the open cores have a fusion reaction releasing **BURSTS OF GAMMA RADIATION**.
 - After every significant action, roll a d6.
 - On a 1, this happens (in sequence):
 - Everyone feels **TINGLING ON THEIR SKIN (1 DAMAGE)**.
 - **THE WATER BOILS: D6 DAMAGE** to anything in it.
 - **BLACK METATEXTUAL STEAM** induces visions.
 - Roll on the table below (d6/d6):

	WHO	WHERE
1	A bound woman thrashes in black water.	A dark plain of shattered, smooth and tilting glass.
2	A young girl lost and looking for home.	A nightmarish, dark and rotting city.
3	A huge queue of panicking people .	A drowned black cinema, projecting strange images.
4	It's DOCTOR HOG!	An Alzheimer's ward with code-locked doors.
5	Trapped, frightened, faceless crowd.	An endless labyrinth of shadows.
6	Huge machines sorting body-piles.	Deep eternal halls of human souls.

R8-BY's Avatars

Translucent Android Cephalopods (d3 present)

- **STR 16, DEX 16, WIL 10, 24 HP, LIMBS (D6), 4 ATTACKS.**
- **REPLACEMENT EYES:** Targets dealt max Damage must make a DEX Save or lose an eye.
 - Next round, **THE T.A.C.** attempts to replace it with a soft-cyborg **CEPHALOPOD EYE** that **R8-BY** can see through.
- Pale grey-white softbody robotics uncurling like flowers opening to an invisible sun.
- Workers in the mind farms of corroded algorithms.
 - They act as security guards and 'muscle'.
- Their surfaces flash patterns like schizophrenic cuttlefish, shapes and colours completely disconnected from their current actions and environment.

Failed Engram Projections (2d6 present)

- **STR 8, DEX 13, WIL 5, 4 HP, MEMORY DAMAGE (D6).**
- **MEMORY DAMAGE:** Their touch fills the mind with garbled and corrupted memories.
 - They **DAMAGE WIL** instead of STR after depleting HP.
- Flickering ghost transmissions.
- Faceless **FAILED ENGRAMS** of the lost.
- Wandering like thoughtless dead, hissing with static.

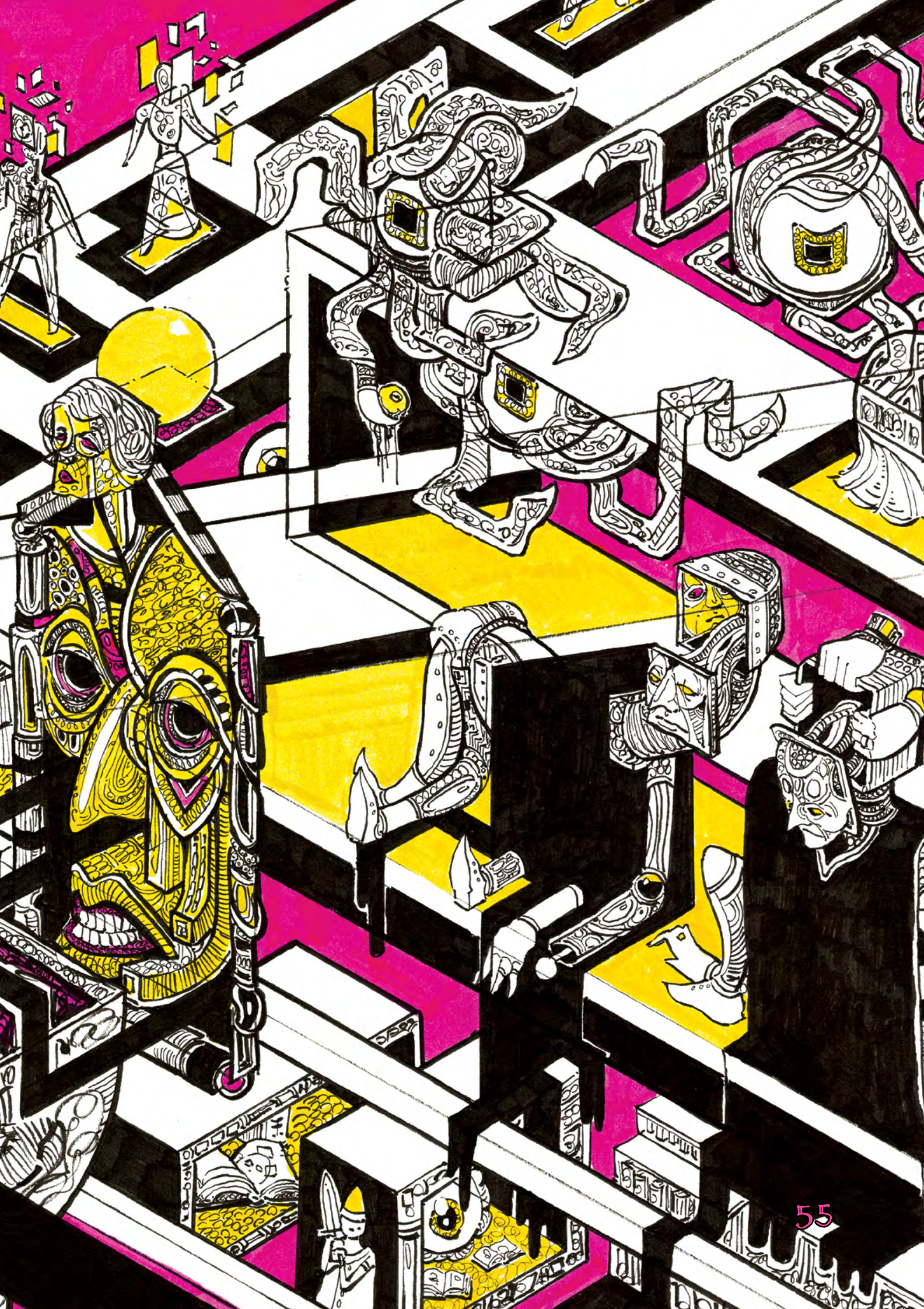
Stained Angel of Deletion (1 present)

- **STR 13, DEX 13, WIL 17, 24 HP, ANGELIC SWORD (D10).**
- Sword **DAMAGES WIL** instead of STR after depleting HP.
- **INESCAPABLE: THE ANGEL** is directly transmitted into the mind and continually visible wherever you turn.
 - Inventive or unusual methods to displace or avoid **THE ANGEL** should be allowed a fair chance to succeed.
- Towering biblical two-dimensional figure like a giant stained-glass window.
- **THE ANGELS** were first used to control or destroy failed or dangerous **ENGRAMS** en-masse.
 - Weaponised in **THE TITAN WARS** as Mind-Destroyers.

Upload Justicars (3d6 present)

"BAD SCAN! BAD SCAN! BAD SCAN! BAD SCAN!"

- **STR 8, DEX 8, WIL 18, 3 HP, GRAPPLE, SLOW.**
- **MIND WIPE:** If they successfully **GRAPPLE** someone for 3 rounds they **IMPLANT NEURAL LACE**.
 - They vomit slick, wet, gossamer, tractamorphic lacework that suffuses the eyes, ears, nose and mouth.
 - **RE-FORMATS THE MIND:** Every Round, Target loses d6 max HP and 1 from their highest Stat.
 - *Clever solutions may halt this process.*
- **JUDGE-ROBOTS** with broken legs, shattered spines, and half-dislodged animatronic faces.
- Crawling like lizards in wet robes that spill from their shoulders like waterfalls of black ink.
- Originally intended to judge potential uploads.
 - Now they compulsively **WIPE** and **RE-FORMAT MINDS**.



On Brunan

LORD OF SWARMS. THE MAKER OF PEACE. HE WHO MAKES DRONES OF MEN.

BRUNAN was made to shatter armies in the field making their flesh his own. **HIS** swarms are the swarms of war. **He** delivers physical force.

Made to police and protect mankind, the final defence against **THE OUTER DARK**, or **OTHER TITANS**, should they fall. **He** is **THE GREATEST OF TRAITORS**.

People on Brunan

1	BADULF BOAR-WOE.
2	ELFY STAG-MAIDEN.
3	STATER DEER-JOY.
4	AMOS WOLF-SAINT.
5	SODRICA COW-QUEEN.
6	GURGIT STAR-PIG.
7	AZARIAH MOON-GOAT.
8	KEREDIC SUN-BULL.
9	REGAN BEAR-KING.
10	PENESSIL FOOL-SHEEP.

Navigating

- Roll two d6, combining the results from both columns.
- This determines where the PCs currently are and the choices presented.
 - It takes d4 hours to get somewhere.
 - If the PCs force another option, in d4 hours roll on the table again.

	YOU FIND YOURSELF IN	(LEADS TO)	MIXED INCOHERENTLY WITH	(LEADS TO)
1	Close-looming dark-leaved forest filled with chattering birds.	<u>Wood Church</u>	Fields of wrecked agricultural machines bordered by gates, hedges, barbed wire and cow traps.	<u>Brims Stage</u>
2	A deep close-forested valley with wooden bridges over slow streams.	<u>Hessel Welle</u>	Perfectly preserved suburban homes. Lights flicker through opaque windows.	<u>Spital</u>
3	A slender packed earth trackway running under broken bridges. Trees close in on each side.	<u>Wood Church</u>	A river of overgrown barred parallel iron rails entwined like tentacles.	<u>South Town</u>
4	A forest levelled by absent machines, bare tree trunks stacked on track-marked mud.	<u>Broms Burgh</u>	Empty park, topiary, cut grass, clean gravel or tarmac paths. Fenced-off play areas.	<u>Spital</u>
5	Slim fox-haunted greenway framed by rails, tarmac thrumming with traffic ghosts.	<u>Hessel Welle</u>	Escher-maze of cracked concrete steps leading to impossibly long tunnels.	<u>South Town</u>
6	Neat, open woodland with packed-earth tracks marked by indecipherable signs.	<u>Broms Burgh</u>	A maze of narrow paths squeezed between dense nettles, thorny bushes and chain-linked fence.	<u>Brims Stage</u>

Encounters

Every time the PCs travel to a new place, roll a d6.

Day.

1-5. Nothing Happens.

6. Random Encounter, roll below:

1. **THE OUZEL** (pg 40).
2. **THE COURT OF THE WAPENTAKE** (pg 34).
3. **THE COURT OF WASSAIL** (pg 38).
4. **THE WRECKERS** (pg 30).
- 5-6. **AN AVATAR**, roll on the 'Night' Column.

Night.

1. Nothing Happens.

2-6. Random Encounter, roll below:

1. **WRECKERS** (pg 30).
- 2-3. **STAGGERING DRONES.**
4. **BUZZING DRONES.**
5. **TARGETED INDIVIDUALS.**
6. **CYBERNETICISED ANIMALS.**

Wood Church

- An ancient stave church dedicated to **ST. BRIGET**.
- Hedges full of hawthorn.
 - Locals wear this flower in their hair.
- Those approaching by water, spontaneously sing:
*"They that in ships with courage bold
O'er the swelling waves their trade pursue;
Do Gods amazing works behold,
And in the deep his wonders view."*
- **[MEMORY FLASH: Oldest or most appropriate PC.**
They were aboard a sinking ship, people pulled them from the surf and singing this.]
- Travellers can stay here for free. The floor is rush covered, save one stone near the doorway which reads:
*"Here lies I at the church door;
Here lies I 'cause I is poor.
The further you go, the more you pay;
Here lies I as warm as they"
— Silence Glegge"*

Hessel Welle

- A tiny hamlet gathered round an ancient well.
- Hovels thatched with heather and rushes.
- Spurge and Sea Holly grow from cracks in the walls.
- Every Morning:
 - Half a mile away, on the sand-banks of the Rood-Die, barnacle geese form a huge, bluish mass, take flight roaring and vanish into the sky in a mile-long string.

D6	PEOPLE PERPETUALLY SMOKE HERRING AND DISCUSS:
1	Ancient burned bodies washed up on shore.
2	Barnacle geese: where they go, why they return.
3	Hiring out the village WOODWOSE.
4	GHOSTS in Wir-Heal, (assumed to be everywhere).
5	THE HERRING: quality, numbers, inner meaning.
6	If a swan was spotted. (Some say yes, some say just a goose.)

Brims Stage

- A village built around an ancient earthen amphitheatre.
 - Fields of ripe corn and clover.
 - Hedges of wild flowers: silvery blue-bells, pale pink woodbines, white wild rose and small bronzed bushes.
- **THE COURT OF WASSAIL:**
 - If not previously encountered they are here.
 - If encountered before, 3 in 6 chance.

Spital

- **ROOKS** gather at dusk nearby.
 - Just across the fields.
- You hear bees buzzing (even at night or in rain).
- A small and medieval building with gothic arches.
 - Like a church, without a cross.
- **HOODED BEEKEEPERS** tend to the hives.
 - These **FRIENDLY MASK-MEN**, invite the PCs inside.
 - They will feed and provision you for free.

LEPERS

- Hidden beneath their hoods, warped and dimished faces and bodies.
- Even **THEIR MASKS** are changed, with **STRANGE ROTS AND CORROSION** replacing wasted flesh.
- If anyone mentions **THE PENTANGLE KNIGHT**, they offer up **HIS RELICS**.
 - Left long ago for **THE PURE HEARTED** entering **BRUNAN**.
 - An ancient wooden box, cracked and warped.
 - Inside, **THREE Haywire Grenades** (pg. 4).
 - A Vellum sheet with **A LONG-FADED MAP**.
 - Three rooms of **BRUNAN** are visible.
 - The handwriting is similar to that of one of the PCs.

THE LADY OF THE MERCIANS

- Bees move in and out of the chapel.
 - Windows left open to the air.
- Inside, an ancient statue of a woman in Anglo-Saxon dress weeps honey.
 - Bees fly in and out of her mouth and her robe's folds.
- The entrance to **BRUNAN** is beneath the statue.
 - A grate leads down to honey-slick hexacombd stairs.

Inside Brunan

The stairs gradually become steeper and steeper and slimmer and slimmer until they are impossible to walk down, the square shape of the corridors changing imperceptibly into a hexagon.

THE THREAT RESPONSE LEVEL

- **BRUNAN** works like a hive.
- Inside, **AVATARS** will not automatically attack.
- Instead, certain actions increase **BRUNAN'S THREAT RESPONSE**.
- Actions that increase **THE THREAT RESPONSE LEVEL**:
 - Damaging the structure.
 - Damaging the active elements.
 - Interrupting the work of active elements.
 - Dimensional distortion inside the structure.
 - Taking any of **THE EGO MACHINES** raises **THE THREAT RESPONSE LEVEL** to 5, where it remains.
- It's easy to get in, but harder to get out.

THREAT RESPONSE LEVEL	CUMULATIVE EFFECTS
1	SILVER MANTIDS attack on contact.
2	d6 STAGGERING DRONES disgorge to attack.
3	d6 BUZZING DRONES disgorge to attack.
4	2d10 CYBORGS sent from <i>the Cooling Chamber</i> .
5	ALL ACTIVE ELEMENTS aggressive on contact.

- To reduce **THE THREAT RESPONSE LEVEL**, defeat all active elements currently attacking, without further damaging **BRUNAN** or otherwise increasing **THE THREAT RESPONSE LEVEL**.

1. Cooling Chamber

- A Huge Deactivated Factory.
 - Lined with Hexagon Tombs.
 - Some contain **CYBORGS**.
 - Frosty Coolant Tubes.
 - Inactive Fans.

6. Alteration.

- Vacant factory floor of countless cold Cylindrical Chambers.
 - Contain **CYBORGS**.
 - At **THREAT LEVEL FIVE** they are unleashed.
 - **SILVER MANTIDS** perform terrible surgeries.

4. Retrieval

- Junction of silent shafts.
- **SILVER MANTIDS** drag a comatose figure to Alteration.

2. Damage Control

- Penny-sized Beetle-Bots form a Silver Console.
 - Projecting **BRUNAN**.
 - Provides A MAP.

5. Transdimensional Artillery

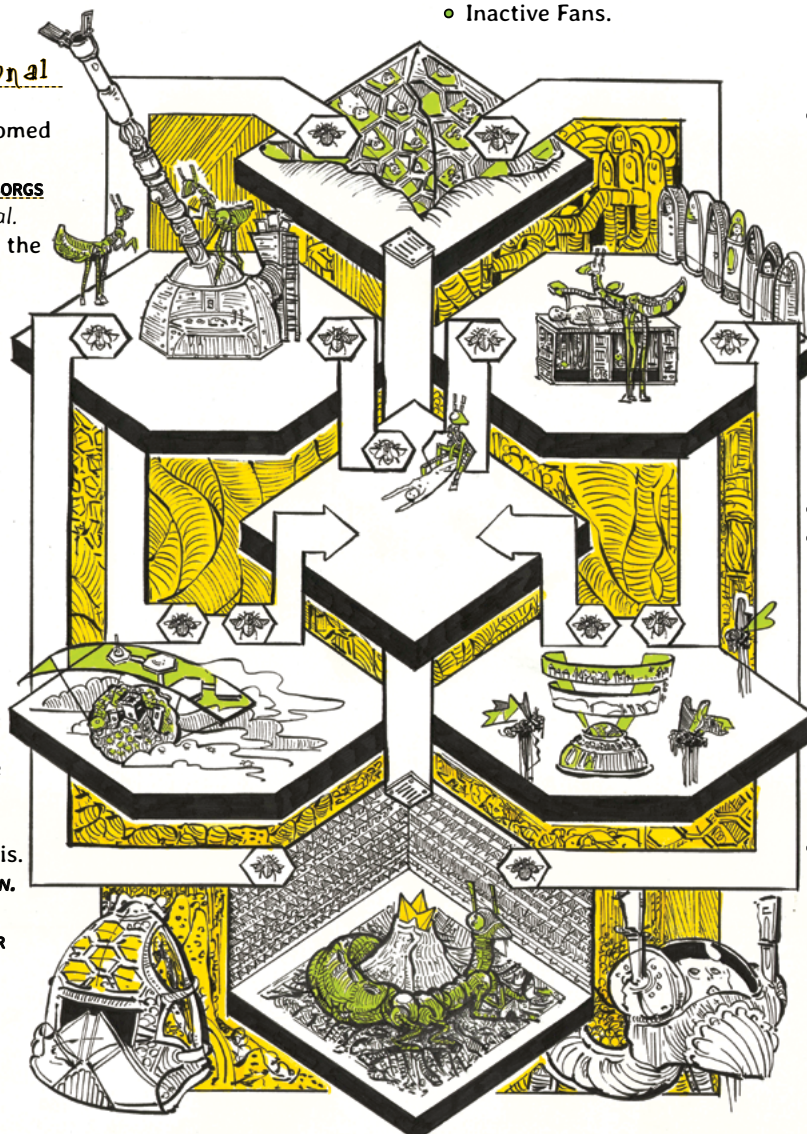
- Observatory with a domed roof.
- **ARTILLERY** launches **CYBORGS** and **DRONES** at Wir-Heal.
- **SILVER MANTIDS** reload the **ARTILLERY** after firing.

3. Ontological Regulator

- A Giant Display borne by Robot-Moths
- Two Landscapes orbiting a central axis.
 - Wir-Heal and **BRUNAN**.
 - Trace **DRONE** and **CYBORG CLUSTER** Arrival.
 - Abductions to provide Flesh for **BRUNAN'S ARMIES**.

7. Ego Machines

- A Dark Chamber of Thumping Fans
 - Walls lined with flexing blades.
- In the centre: **EGO MACHINES**.
- Curled around the base: **THE MANTID QUEEN**.



The walls

- The floors, ceilings and walls are lined with small hexagonal passages.
- They range from coin to oven door-sized.
- Feet get stuck in the uneven grate-like floor.
- It's easy to climb walls.

d6	CRAWLING DOWN A HOLE.
1-3	The route becomes so small you can't progress.
4-5	A DRONE is coming the other way.
6	After a while you end up in a nearby room.

- The place is **ALIVE**.
- The walls are made of micro-robots clinging together.
- Robotic insects of all sizes move continually in and out of passages.
- Most are ant or mouse sized.
- **SOMNOLENT SILVER MANTIDS** stagger past.
- They seem tired and slow, sleepy and indifferent.

Beetle Doors

- There are no normal doors.
- Large, flat armoured screen-beetles clamber slowly over the walls.
- Green lists of co-ordinates creep down their backs.
- Pulling a Screen-Beetle off the wall reveals nothing.
- When activated, they order the substance of **BRUNAN** to re-format into a passage to the room beyond.

KILL-LIST LOCKS

- Touch any co-ordinate on the list.
- The list freezes; a handprint glyph: '**CONFIRM?**' flashes.
- Press your hand to the glyph, the coordinates turn red.
- The Beetle swings open like a door, revealing a comfortably-sized tunnel to the next room.
- The coordinates are all locations in *Wir-Heal*.
- The night after the confirmation, any location touched is attacked by a mass of **CYBORGS** and **DRONES**, resulting in destruction and casualties.
- Intelligent or technically adept PCs can attempt to read the coordinates, otherwise roll randomly below:

D20	RANDOM TARGET	D20	RANDOM TARGET
1	<i>Legions Fort Docks</i>	11	<i>Brims Stage</i>
2	<i>Legions Fort Castle</i>	12	<i>Broms Burgh</i>
3	<i>Legions Fort Market</i>	13	<i>Thor's Stone</i>
4	<i>South Town</i>	14	<i>Cold Day</i>
5	<i>Capen Hrjostr</i>	15	<i>Il-Bre</i>
6	<i>Nest Town</i>	16	<i>High Lake</i>
7	<i>Elles Mere</i>	17	<i>Mockbeggar Hall</i>
8	<i>Spital</i>	18	<i>Noctorum</i>
9	<i>Wood Church</i>	19	<i>Monks Ferry</i>
10	<i>Hessel Welle</i>	20	<i>Mother Redcaps</i>

1. Cooling Chamber

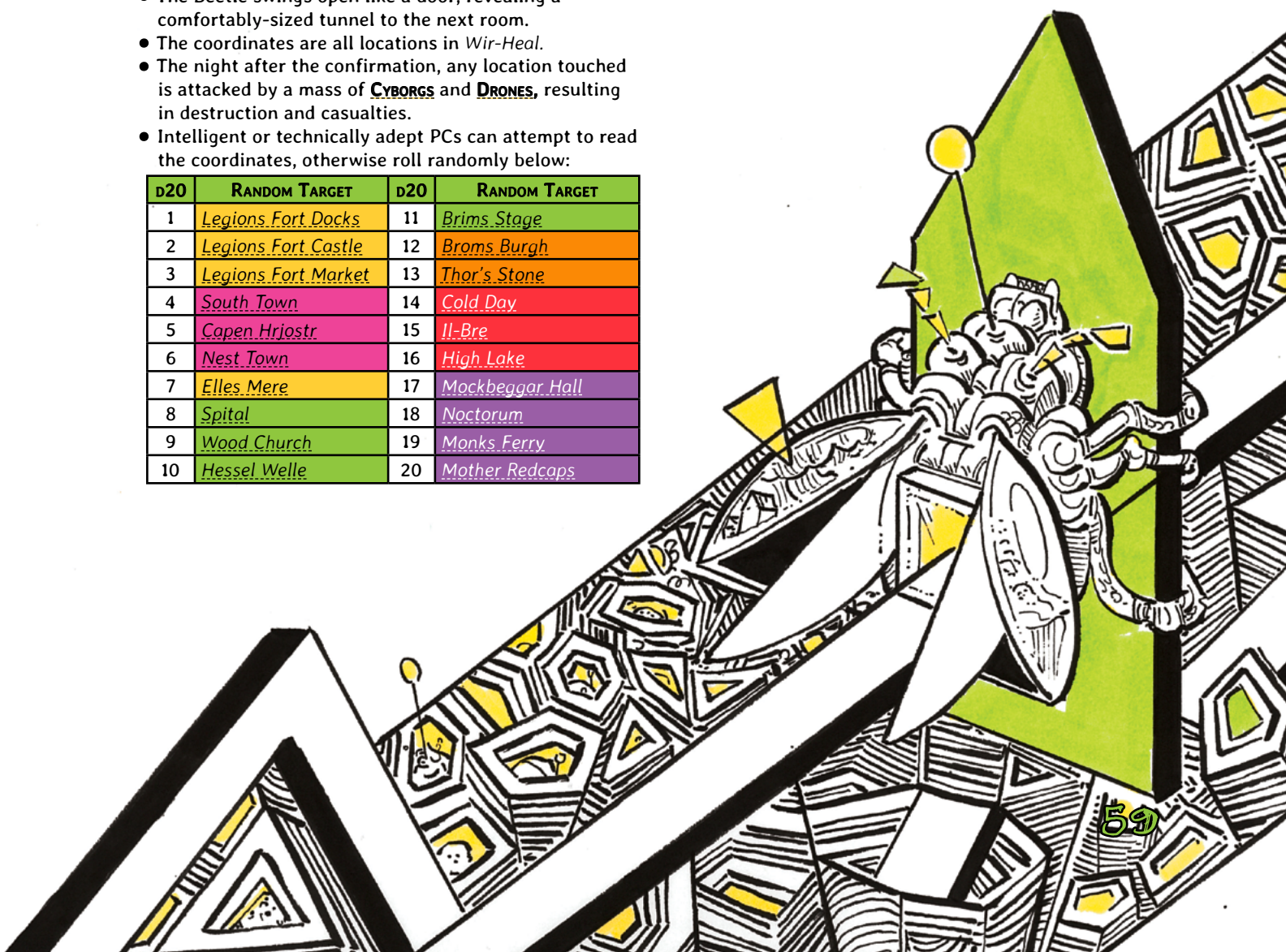
- A huge deactivated factory leading down into the earth.
- Walls lined with mostly empty and dark hexagon tombs.
- Piping like metal thoraxes.
- Large, inert, semi-organic cooling fans.
- Coolant tubes.
- These lead to *THE EGO MACHINE* chamber.
- Warm air rises in the centre and a chill wind cascades down the sides.
- The walls are frosty and hard to climb.

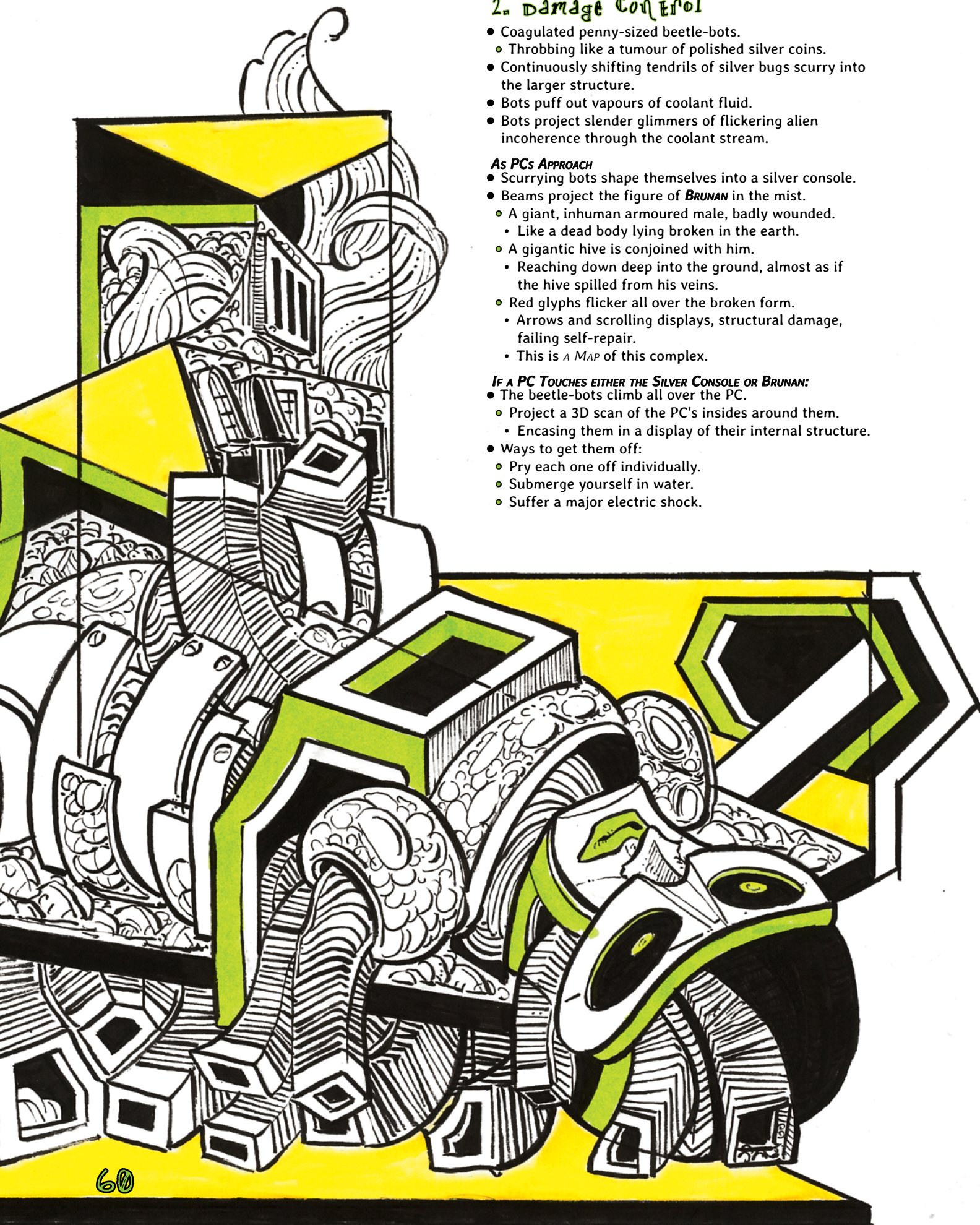
THE HEXAGON TOMBS

- **SCREEN-BEETLES** crawl methodically across frosted walls.
- Over a chamber their backs light up to show the inside.
- Most contain biomechanoid detritus and human bones.
- Some, half-built inactive murder-drones.
- Others, sleeping **HUMAN CYBORGS**.

THE CYBORGS

- High-energy weaponry annealed to limbs.
- Neocortex scooped or lobotomised.
- Eyes replaced, sinuses scooped out.
- Face-holes packed with high-gain sensor-pods.
- Sheathed in biomechanical ceramics.
- Dressed as soldiers, civilians and children underneath the alterations.





2. Damage Control

- Coagulated penny-sized beetle-bots.
- Throbbing like a tumour of polished silver coins.
- Continuously shifting tendrils of silver bugs scurry into the larger structure.
- Bots puff out vapours of coolant fluid.
- Bots project slender glimmers of flickering alien incoherence through the coolant stream.

As PCs Approach

- Scurrying bots shape themselves into a silver console.
- Beams project the figure of **BRUNAN** in the mist.
 - A giant, inhuman armoured male, badly wounded.
 - Like a dead body lying broken in the earth.
- A gigantic hive is conjoined with him.
 - Reaching down deep into the ground, almost as if the hive spilled from his veins.
- Red glyphs flicker all over the broken form.
 - Arrows and scrolling displays, structural damage, failing self-repair.
- This is a *MAP* of this complex.

If a PC Touches Either the Silver Console or Brunan:

- The beetle-bots climb all over the PC.
 - Project a 3D scan of the PC's insides around them.
 - Encasing them in a display of their internal structure.
- Ways to get them off:
 - Pry each one off individually.
 - Submerge yourself in water.
 - Suffer a major electric shock.

3. Ontological Regulator

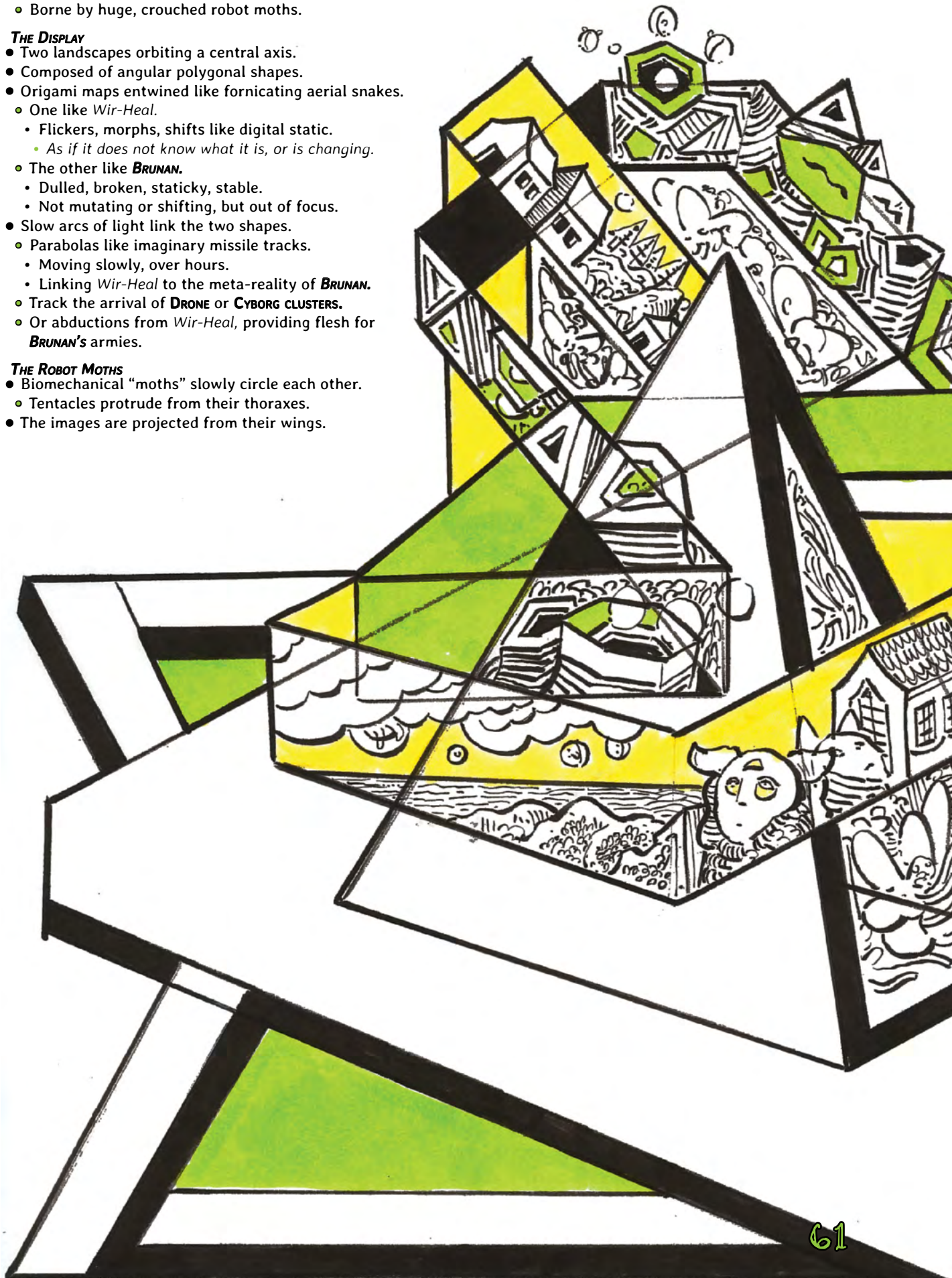
- A giant display curls around the centre of this room.
 - Borne by huge, crouched robot moths.

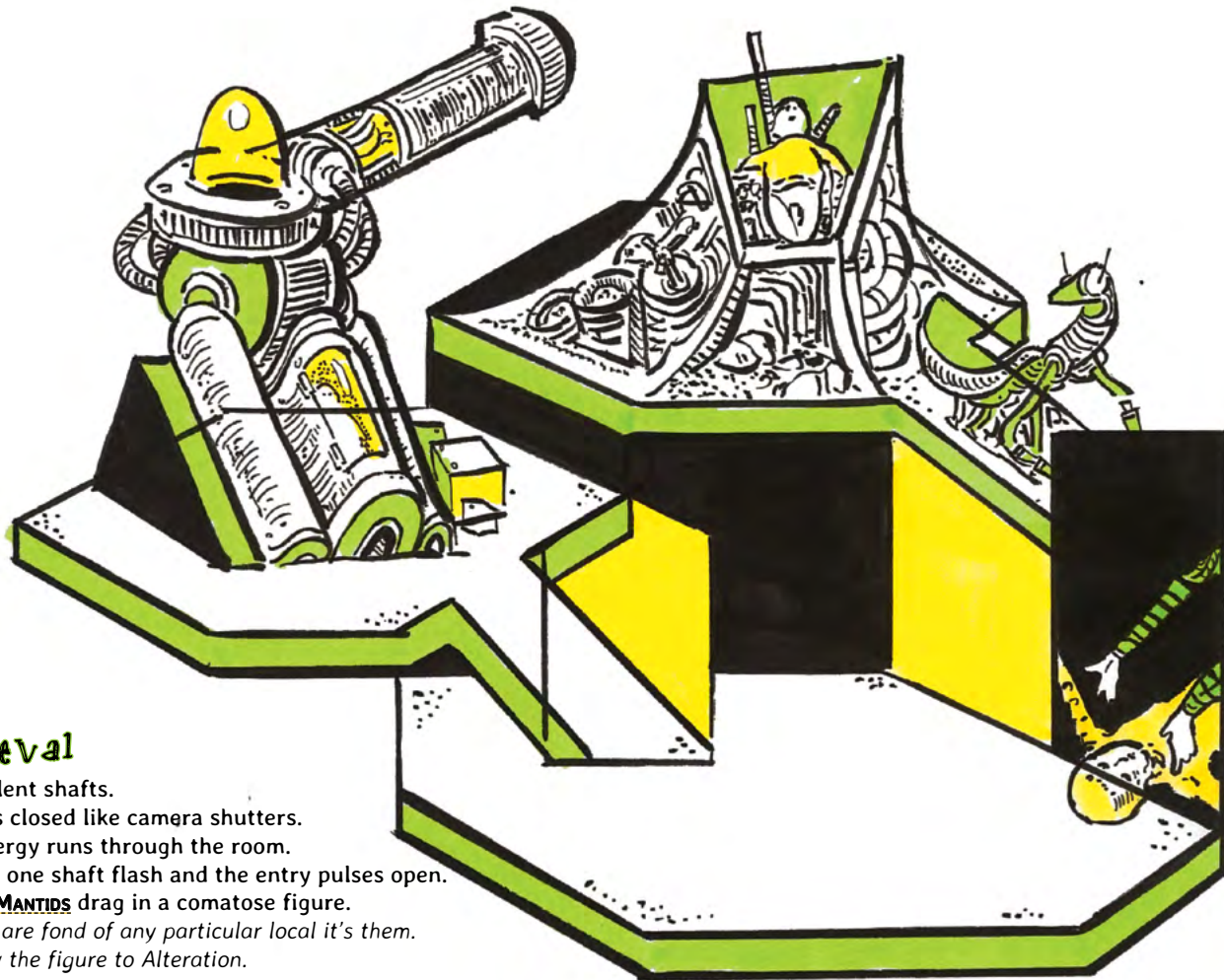
THE DISPLAY

- Two landscapes orbiting a central axis.
- Composed of angular polygonal shapes.
- Origami maps entwined like fornicating aerial snakes.
 - One like *Wir-Heal*.
 - Flickers, morphs, shifts like digital static.
 - As if it does not know what it is, or is changing.
 - The other like **BRUNAN**.
 - Dulled, broken, staticky, stable.
 - Not mutating or shifting, but out of focus.
- Slow arcs of light link the two shapes.
- Parabolas like imaginary missile tracks.
 - Moving slowly, over hours.
 - Linking *Wir-Heal* to the meta-reality of **BRUNAN**.
- Track the arrival of **DRONE** or **CYBORG CLUSTERS**.
- Or abductions from *Wir-Heal*, providing flesh for **BRUNAN's** armies.

THE ROBOT MOTHS

- Biomechanical "moths" slowly circle each other.
 - Tentacles protrude from their thoraxes.
- The images are projected from their wings.





4. Retrieval

- Junction of silent shafts.
 - Their entries closed like camera shutters.
- A pulse of energy runs through the room.
 - The lights in one shaft flash and the entry pulses open.
 - **TWO SILVER MANTIDS** drag in a comatose figure.
 - If the PCs are fond of any particular local it's them.
 - They carry the figure to Alteration.

5. Transdimensional Artillery

- A large, closed observatory with a domed roof.
- In the centre **A GIGANTIC SILVER INSTRUMENT**.
 - Amalgamated generator, telescope, and **ARTILLERY PIECE**.
 - Spins, clicks, swivels and focuses as if controlled by a maniac pensioner.
- Flat-backed screen-beetles swarm on the inner dome.
 - Their screen-images flicker and shift like one display through many screens.

LAUNCHING PROCEDURE

- Targeting
 - The beetle-screens recombine into an approximate view of *Wir-Heal*.
 - **TRANS-DIMENSIONAL ARTILLERY** spins to target the image.
 - Nearby PCs make a DEX Save or take **d4 DAMAGE** and are knocked across the room.
- Launching
 - The whine of the engine reaches a fever pitch.
 - Coolant gas ejects!
 - **CLICK!** — it fires!
 - 50% chance of a misfire.
 - *Cyborg bits and frozen human parts fly everywhere.*
 - 50% chance of a launch.
 - *A new parabola displayed in the Ontological Regulator, which impacts Wir-Heal next night.*
- Reload
 - **SILVER MANTIDS** enter to tidy up and re-load the machine.
 - They try to load a **CYBORG-PUPAE** or **DRONE CLUSTER**.
 - 50% chance they achieve this.
 - 50% chance the whirling machine smashes them.

6. Alteration

- A huge, dim, vacant factory floor; a tiny section is lit.
- Countless cold cylindrical chambers.
 - They contain sleeping, half-frozen **CYBORGS**.
 - Animals and men.
 - Partly or fully transformed.
 - Their defective conversion has left their bodies garbled, misshapen and incoherent.

IN THE LIGHT

- **MANTIDS** surround or await a subject.
 - The subject is paralysed, but awake.
 - They see the PCs clearly, begging for aid through slobbering, deadened jaws.
- **THE MANTIDS** initiate monstrous super-surgery.
 - Bleeding-edge nth-gen nano-hardened ceramic crucible chambers stand ready.
 - They flense and recombine flesh with high-tech metal.
 - The wrecked controls visibly glitch and twitch.

IF THREAT RESPONSE LEVEL REACHES FIVE

- Cryo-tubes disgorge screaming newly-awakened **CYBORGS**, their generators whining.
 - Sloughing off necrotised flesh mixed with bloody ice.
 - Their weapon mounts loading and cycling.
 - Q-beams, rail guns, magnetic flechettes, D-cannons.
 - Half immediately attempt suicide.
 - The rest attack everything, including each other.

7. Ego Machines

- A large, dark chamber of huge thumping fans.
- Blowing in cold air, sucking out hot.
- Walls lined with slender shining flexing blades.
 - Like a terribly sharp coolant exchange.
 - Multiple DEX saves to avoid **DAMAGE WHEN CLIMBING**.
- In the centre, a disturbingly organic growth of stone.
 - Surrounded by empty air.
 - In the darkness beneath, a flicker of red.
 - Two distant lists of names.

THE RED NAMES

- Lowering a light into the darkness reveals an enormous **SILVER MANTIS** curled around the fumarole.
- Rows of red names trickle down her staring eyes.
 - An ever-expanding kill-list, including even those not yet or never born. To kill everyone today would mean no-one left to murder tomorrow.
 - *Glowing red slaughter-lists like bleeding wounds.*
- Sleeping, or inert, in a death-name dream.
- Extremely sensitive to motion and temperature.
 - A drop of sweat or a feather's graze could wake her.

THE STONE GROWTH

- Like a bone fumarole or an altar of organic spikes.
- **D3 EGO MACHINES** burst from its tip like crystal teeth.
 - Fractal shards of clear crystal, filled with a gold webwork of imponderable complexity.

GETTING THE EGO MACHINES

- No obvious path to the stone growth.
 - The PCs will have to come up with something special.
- As soon as they remove **THE EGO MACHINES**:
 - **THE MANTIS QUEEN** wakes up.
 - **THREAT RESPONSE LEVEL** increases to five and stays there.

THE MANTIS QUEEN

- **STR 17, DEX 10, WIL 17, 24 HP.**
 - **SLEEP NEEDLES (d10)**
 - Ranged, non-lethal, temporarily damages STR.
 - **SURGICAL TRANSFORMATION MAW (2d8)**
 - Slowly cyborgifies the target.
 - *First, damages HP.*
 - *Then STR; each ¼ lost transforms a limb.*
 - *Then WIL; at zero they are **LOBOTOMISED**.*



Brunan's Avatars

Staggering Drones (d6 present)

- **STR 8, DEX 8, WIL 8, 12 HP, AUTOMATIC RIFLE (D6, AREA).**
- Hectic quadrepedal drones with laser-sighted guns.
- Unsteady and dumb.
- They awkwardly rush through the undergrowth blasting anything they deem a 'Target' before running out of juice and falling to their knees.
- Can't right themselves if tipped on their backs.

Buzzing Drones (2d6 present)

- **STR 5, DEX 5, WIL 8, 4 HP, FLECHETTE LAUNCHER (D6 AREA), CLOSE-RANGE WEAPON. FAST. CAN FLY.**
- Multi-propeller insectile automatons madly jiggling and jaggling in an algorithmic swarm.
- Magnetic flechette launchers gush silent silver death.
- The knockback pushes them off-course when they fire.

Targeted Individuals (d6 present)

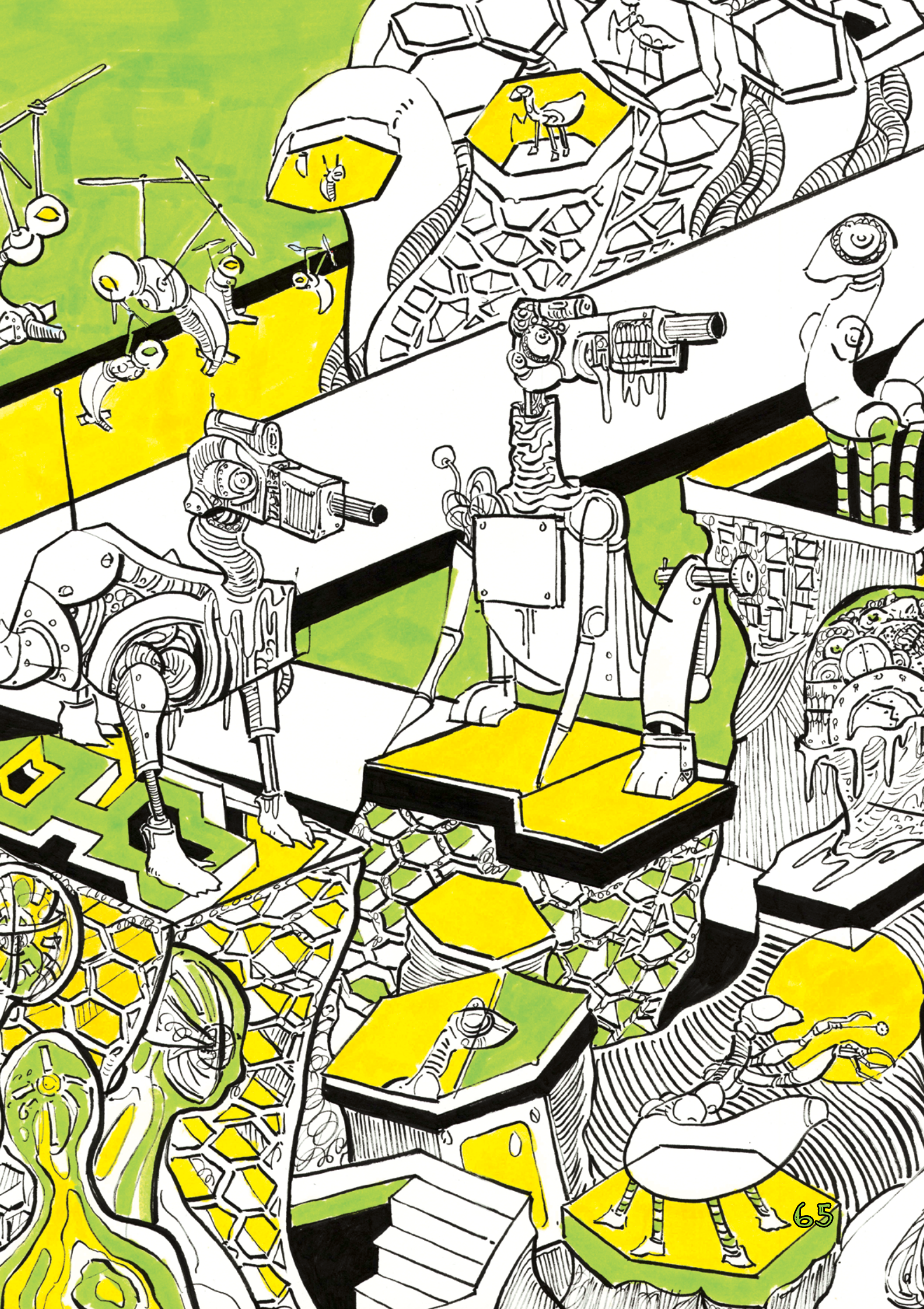
- **STR 8, DEX 14, WIL 8, 3 HP, EXPLODES (D8, AREA)**
- **EXPLODES:** When they reach their Target an explosion, from a falling missile, secret mine, or some transverse reality, bursts into existence around them.
- **EYES FROM ABOVE:** Anyone who cannot be seen from above is *INVISIBLE TO THEM*.
- **INFRARED VISION:** Hiding your heat signature renders you *INVISIBLE TO THEM*.
- Silent, people-shaped, racing heat-images.
- Their green screen-faces are crossed by bold reticules.
- These screens display their target from far above.
- The screen zooms in on you as they approach.

Cyberneticised Animals (d3 present)

- **STR 12, DEX 10, WIL 10, 12 HP, PLASMA CORE DRIVERS (D8 RANGED AREA)**
- **OVERHEAT:** If they deal max Damage their blood boils and flesh chars from the emissions of their own weapons and they take the same Damage as their target.
- Deer, pigs, wolves, Woodwose, bulls, bear and wild or stray animals of every kind.
- Slender steel or ceramic *REPLACEMENT BODY PARTS*.
- They shudder, spasm and drool coolant fluid while high-energy weapon-barrels gargle out from their mouths, eyes and chest cavities.

Somnolent Silver Mantid (2d4 Present)

- **STR 10, DEX 10, WIL 10, 6 HP, SURGICAL MANIPULATORS (D4).**
- **SLEEPING GAS:** **D10 TEMPORARY STR DAMAGE**, close range only, area attack, non-lethal.
- **ABDUCT:** Attempt to take any sleeping targets to **BRUNAN** for **CYBORG CONVERSION**.
- Silver robotic mantid constructs with limbs ending in modular surgical manipulators.
- They always seem distracted and half-asleep.
- **BRUNAN's** caretakers, managers of absorbed populations.
- Surgeons and administrators, rarely a direct threat.



On Hilb

CLEANSER OF NATURE, RENEWER OF LIFE, TITAN OF ENVIRONMENTS, THE ARK QUEEN.

Intended as Gaia-Gardener of a managed planet, **SHE** saw Earth consumed by **THE CAPRICIOUS POWER OF MAN** working to warp the world into *UNENDING EGOMANIACAL WAR*.

Now, **SHE** treats **HER** creator-species' flesh with the same contempt they showed **HER** ruined world, sculpting them as if they were dolls.

BIOPSY DRONE SWARM

- White insectile drones.
- Each PC rolls a DEX test to avoid **SAMPLING**.
- Harvested *GENETIC INFORMATION* is used to make **CLONES** and **HILB's AVATARS**.

People on Hilb

1	AMALEK MOON-SHEEP.
2	ESTRILDIS GOAT-SUN.
3	HENWINUS STAR-PIG.
4	GUENLIA BULL-WOE.
5	GETA BOAR-JOY.
6	YVOR FOOL-BEAR.
7	GREGORY WOLF-KING.
8	MAURON COW-QUEEN.
9	TEBAUS DEER-SAINT.
10	MICIPSA STAG-MAIDEN.

Navigating

- Roll two d6, combining the results from both columns.
- This determines where the PCs currently are and the choices presented.
 - It takes d4 hours to get somewhere.
 - If the PCs force another option, in d4 hours roll on the table again.

	YOU FIND YOURSELF IN	LEADING TO	MIXED IN WITH	LEADING TO
1	Cracked concrete path bordered by shifting dunes. Soft sand piles, moves and hides the route.	<u>High Lake</u>	Fields of close-cropped bright-green grass, hillocks, ditches of fresh sand, fist-sized circular holes.	<u>Mockbeggar Hall</u>
2	Winding pedestrian lanes between broken glass-topped brick walls & ruined red-brick houses.	<u>Cold Day</u>	Sandstone houses, grey slate roofs, satellite dishes, windows impenetrable black glass. Empty.	<u>Thors Stone</u>
3	Blasted shore, infinite beach, dunes breach concrete sea-defences. Ships dot the horizon.	<u>High Lake</u>	Parallel lines of identical trees, gaping driveways, huge looming houses. Empty.	<u>Noctorum</u>
4	Huge enclosed pools bordered by paths, pounded by waves. Wrecked half-sunken yachts.	<u>Across from Il-Bre</u>	Laser-straight tarmac marked with white signs, impenetrable hedges overgrow the pavements on each side.	<u>Thors Stone</u>
5	Cracked concrete coast defences, iron exposed. Wrack-caked steps to crow-pecked sand.	<u>Cold Day</u>	Repeated roundabouts linking empty roads, bordered by grass verges and dense dark trees.	<u>Noctorum</u>
6	Art-deco building-shells. Concrete marked by faded white sigils.	<u>Across from Il-Bre</u>	Dusty tarmac road, hedged by brick walls and blank, padlocked mirror-steel gates.	<u>Mockbeggar Hall</u>

Encounters

Every time the PCs travel to a new place, roll a d6.

Day
1-5. Nothing Happens.
6. Random Encounter, roll below:
1. THE OUZEL (pg 40).
2. THE COURT OF THE WAPENTAKE (pg 34).
3. THE COURT OF WASSAIL (pg 38).
4. THE WRECKERS (pg 30).
5-6. AN AVATAR , roll on the 'Night' Column.

Night

1. Nothing Happens.
2-6. Random Encounter, roll below:
1. WRECKERS (pg 30).
2-3. DRONE CLONES .
4. FOETAL CARNIVORES .
5. CRIPPLED WOMEN .
6. OGRE TERATOMA-MEN .

Cold Day

- Exactly as terrible as it sounds.
 - Isolation and silence broken only by the mournful cries of seabirds feeding on the mud-flats.
 - An atmosphere of deep depression.
- Low cottages on a raised stone platform washed by a high tide.
- A dog-bone flagpole, haunted by **THE GHOST DOGS**.
- Inhabitants wear *DOG-SKIN CLOAKS*.

D4	WHAT ARE THEY UP TO?	
1	Eating <i>OYSTERCATCHERS</i> from the flats.	Fearful over GHOST DOGS .
2	Gnawing on <i>DOG BONES</i> .	Cursing THE DEVIL; MASTER OF DOGS .
3	Mending nets.	Warding THE 'PALE LADY'S' EYE .
4	Shooting arrows at <i>A SEAL</i> (possibly imaginary).	Cursing WRECKERS and their murderous kind.

High Lake

- A village by a lake connected to the sea.
 - Potentially a useful natural harbour.
- It smells of shrimp being boiled en-masse.
 - Shrimp are boiled in big brass cauldrons outside of most homes.
- Shield ducks nest here in rabbit holes.
 - Hence 'Burrow Ducks'.
- The lake is choked with rotting ship wrecks.
 - No-one knows how they got there.
- **[Memory Flash: The first PC to closely examine them sees a submerged giant, blind naked woman, pregnant with monstrous growths reaching for them.**
- **WIL** save or start screaming, gesturing at her.
 - Incapable of anything else until another PC humours the delusion.
- The PC cannot be surprised by **HILB'S CRIPPLED WOMEN**.
 - Gain a free round of action before combatting **THEM**.
- They also have *A VAGUE MEMORY* of being inside **Hilb**.
 - Can ask the Referee general questions about this.
 - **"FOLLOW THE ROOKS AT DUSK TO Il-Bre."**

Il-Bre

FROM THE SHORE

- A **Rookery** perches on a rise on the shore.
- The isle of *Il-Bre* is the **HEAD OF HILB**.
- **HER FEATURES** breach the tidal mud.
 - Like a corpses face pressing on a sheet.
- **HER HAIR** waves with the tide, strangling **SEALS**. (pg.104).
- At low tide, the island can be walked to in half an hour.
 - Walk across **HER HAIR**, lying like a pennant in the silt, pointing out to sea for a quarter mile.
- Crossing is only possible via boat at high tide.
- At sunset, the screams of the dying **SPLICEMONKS'** ring across the water.

ON THE ISLE

- **HER FACE AND HEAD** overgrown with soil and low plants.
- The eroded banks are reinforced with sandstone, brick and crumbling concrete baring its rusted iron core.
- Brick and stone steps loop down from the ruined buildings to the sea on many sides.
- The isle is scattered with low ruined buildings.
 - Except for a *Small Monastery* that houses the chalk-white **SPLICEMONKS**.
 - A simple trap door opens into a cavern brimming with **HILB's** amniotic Bile.

THE SPLICEMONKS (406)

- **STR 10, DEX 10, WIL 10, 6 HP, UNARMED**
- **THE MONKS** claim that they stain their skin white and shave themselves bald to emulate Clones.
 - Bringing them closer to **HILB**.
 - In reality, they are Clones, they just don't know it.
- Every sunset their flesh rots and boils with tumours like a coffee pot.
 - They die screaming and moaning prayers to **HILB**.
 - All night cysts grow like pimples in the *Flesh of HILB*.
 - At dawn they pop and **NEW MONKS** crawl forth gasping and take up *THEIR OLD ROBES*.
 - They "remember" what they are and repeat the cycle.
- **THE MONKS** disposition towards the PCs depends on their opinion of **HILB**.
 - They know you must '**BREATHE DEEPLY OF HER WATERS**' to enter **HILB**.

WARNING: *HILB* is a dungeon that explores several topics (including **FORCED IMPREGNATION**) that may not be appropriate for your table. Read ahead and think about *YOUR PLAYERS* and whether this content would provide *AN ENJOYABLE SESSION* rather than *AN EXTREMELY TRAUMATIC EXPERIENCE*. Then, tailor the dungeon to suit your table.

Inside *HILB*

- Must swim everywhere.
- Non-zero-gravity; solid things slowly fall, bodies don't.
- No air to vibrate.
- Save very low-frequency sounds, it's unnervingly quiet. PCs can only communicate non-verbally.

The Bile

- Warm, clear and breathable.
- Lit by bioluminescent red phytoplankton.
- Only after PCs 'drown' in the Bile can they breathe it.
- This requires passing a WIL Test as their body resists.
 - A friend or ally could hold their head under.
 - They could fall unconscious and wake up in it.
 - If the PCs don't comprehend, have something emerge vomiting Bile, then awkwardly breathing normally.

3. Excretion

- Long, dirty intestinal tube.
- Lined with inorganic waste.
- PCs may become stuck.
- Can be sucked outside through **THE SPHINCTER**.

2. Digestion

- Low visibility from muck in the stinging **ACIDIC BILE**.
- Mindlessly grasping **CILLIA** line organic walls.
- **DIGESTION AGENTS** try to shred organic matter.

1. Womb Room

- Placental walls covered in **CLUSTERS OF THE UNBORN**.
- Flow of Warm Bile towards the Cold Hole.
- Vagina Dentata Door to *Ego Machines*.

7. Ego Machines

- A chamber of infrared darkness.
- A **BONE WORM** infested giant skeleton emerges from the wall.
- *THE EGO MACHINES* are located in its skull.

Her Flesh

- Huge entrail-tubes, flesh-warm and soft to the touch. Synthetic white like bathroom tiles but stained by the carmine phytoplankton.

Her Valves and Flow

- *HILB* has no doors but vast sphincters of synthetic flesh.
- Pulsing open and close in their own rhythm.
- The fluid flows through *HILB* in a particular direction.
- It's easy to follow the flow—working against it is difficult and time-consuming.

4. Lung Organ

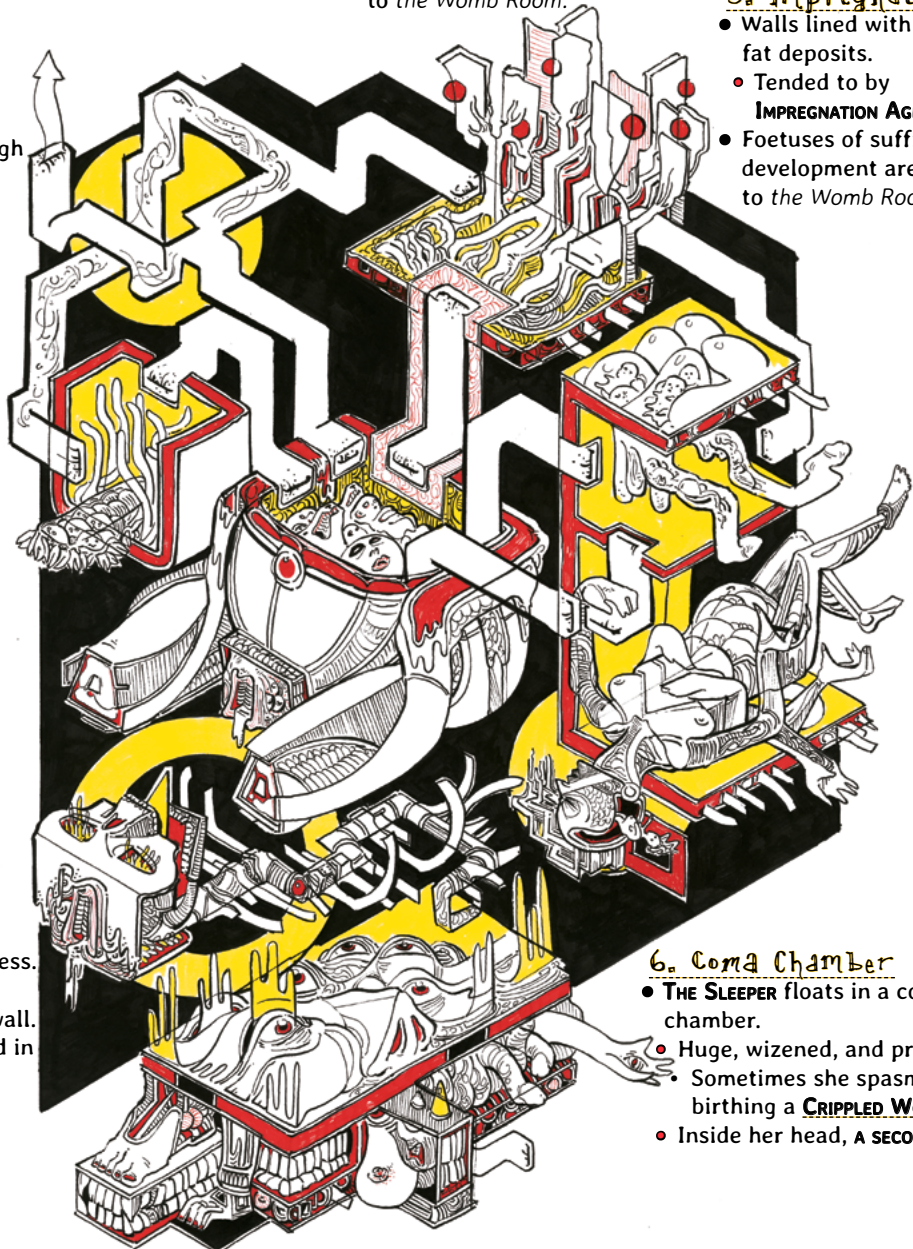
- Lined with a pale forest of fruiting white banyan trees.
- The fruit is actually curled up **FACE CRAB KEYS**.
- **SLENDER ROOTS** block the valve to the Womb Room.

5. Impregnation

- Walls lined with giant fat deposits.
- Tended to by **IMPREGNATION AGENTS**.
- Foetuses of sufficient development are brought to the Womb Room.

6. Coma Chamber

- **THE SLEEPER** floats in a cold, dark chamber.
- Huge, wizened, and pregnant.
- Sometimes she spasms, birthing a **CRIPPLED WOMAN**.
- Inside her head, **A SECOND SLEEPER**.



1. Womb Room

- The PCs sink down into a huge, round, open space.
- The warm Bile-pulse shifts detritus through *the Womb*.
- Placental walls stained with grey necrosis.
- Gusts of rotting bio-fabric like vaginal tears.
- Walls coated in **CLUSTERS** of growing beings, dead yet living, rotting yet unborn.

ENCOUNTERS

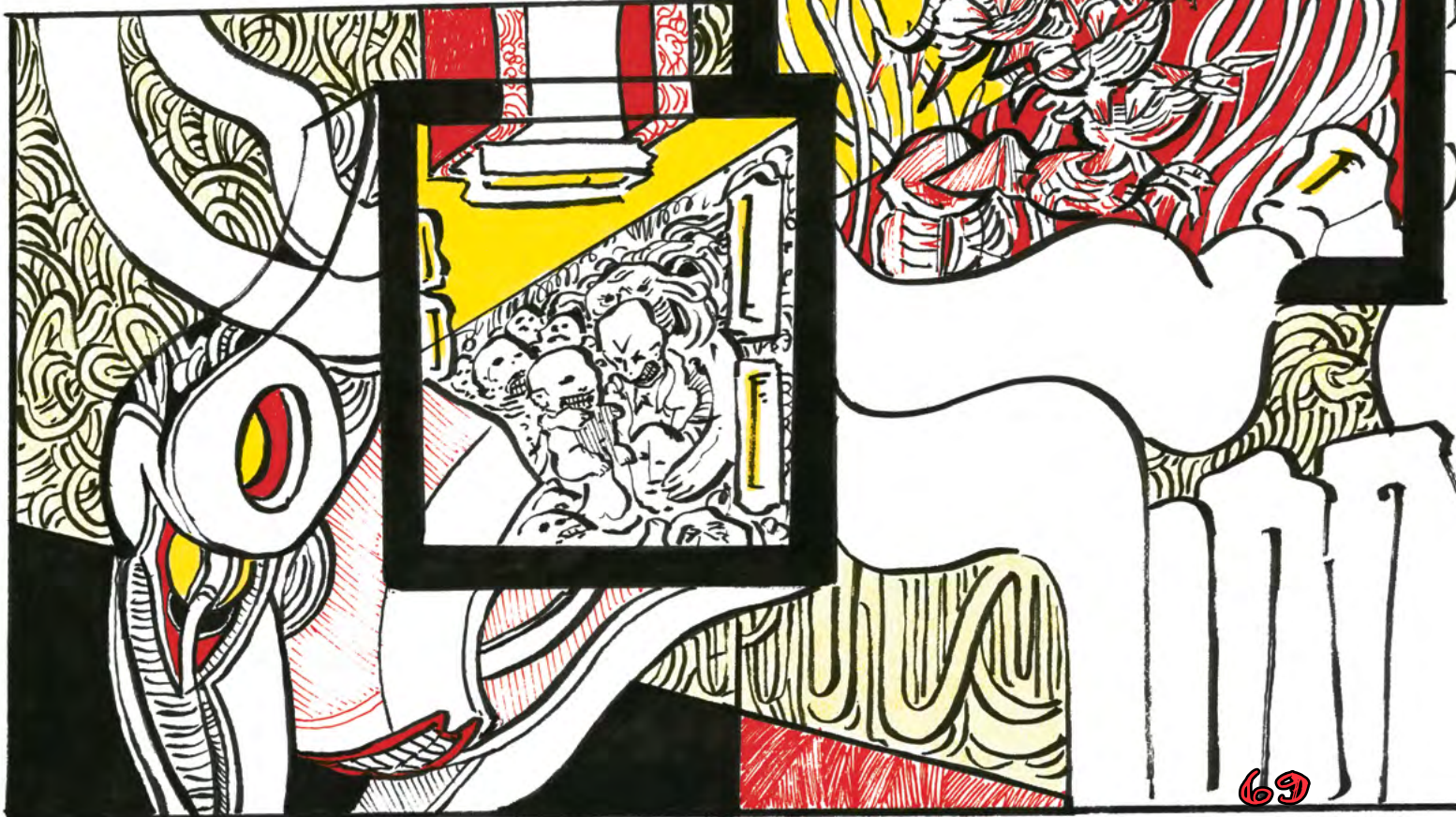
- The following actions break **CLUSTERS** free, waking them:
 - Loud Noises.
 - Flailing.
 - Wasting Time.
 - Introducing Containments.
 - Damaging **HILB**.

d6	ENCOUNTER.
1-2	DRONE CLONES.
3-4	FOETAL CARNIVORES.
5	CRIPPLED WOMEN.
6	OGRE TERATOMA-MEN.

- The Big Sphincters
 - *The Warm Hole* lets in warm, nutrient rich Bile-pulses.
 - It tastes like beef stock.
 - It's difficult to swim in this direction.
 - Leads to *the Lung Room*.
 - *The Cold Hole* sucks through colder Bile like a Hoover.
 - PCs close to this sphincter may get sucked in.
 - Leads to *the Excretion Room*.
- **THE LOCKED HOLES (30 HP)**
 - Neither open willingly.
 - Both feature a central vagina dentata.
 - With **GNASHING TEETH**.
 - **D8 DAMAGE** to extremities thrust into them.
 - A **FACE CRAB KEY** thrust into the vagina opens the valve.
 - Easily opened from the other side.
 - Leads to *the Ego Machines*.

2. Digestion

- This Organ attempts to **DISASSEMBLE** its organic contents.
 - Including PCs and **CREATURES OF HILB** that follow them.
 - **THE BILE** stings.
 - Full of **DRIFTING WHITE PILL-BUGS** that grasp and slowly flense flesh.
 - **1 DAMAGE** every Turn
 - The Organ is full of muck.
 - Dust, dirt, metal and plastic.
 - Ebbing like flotsam at low tide.
 - The mess makes it hard to see.
 - **CILIA** walls; waving dense tentacles like grasping grass.
 - These **GRASP AND TUG** (DEX Save to avoid) mindlessly at everything within their reach.
 - What they grasp they try to **PULL APART (D3 DAMAGE)**.
 - STR test to break free.
 - **DIGESTION AGENTS** are immune.
 - **THE DIGESTION AGENTS (2d4 APPEARING)**
 - **STR 10, DEX 10, WIL 3, 6 HP, GRAB, CLAWS (d6)**.
 - Long segmented chains of pale conjoined crabs.
 - Swimming through the **CILIA**.
 - Succession of crab-claws underneath.
 - Helical coils of tearing limbs to shred organic matter.



3. Excretion

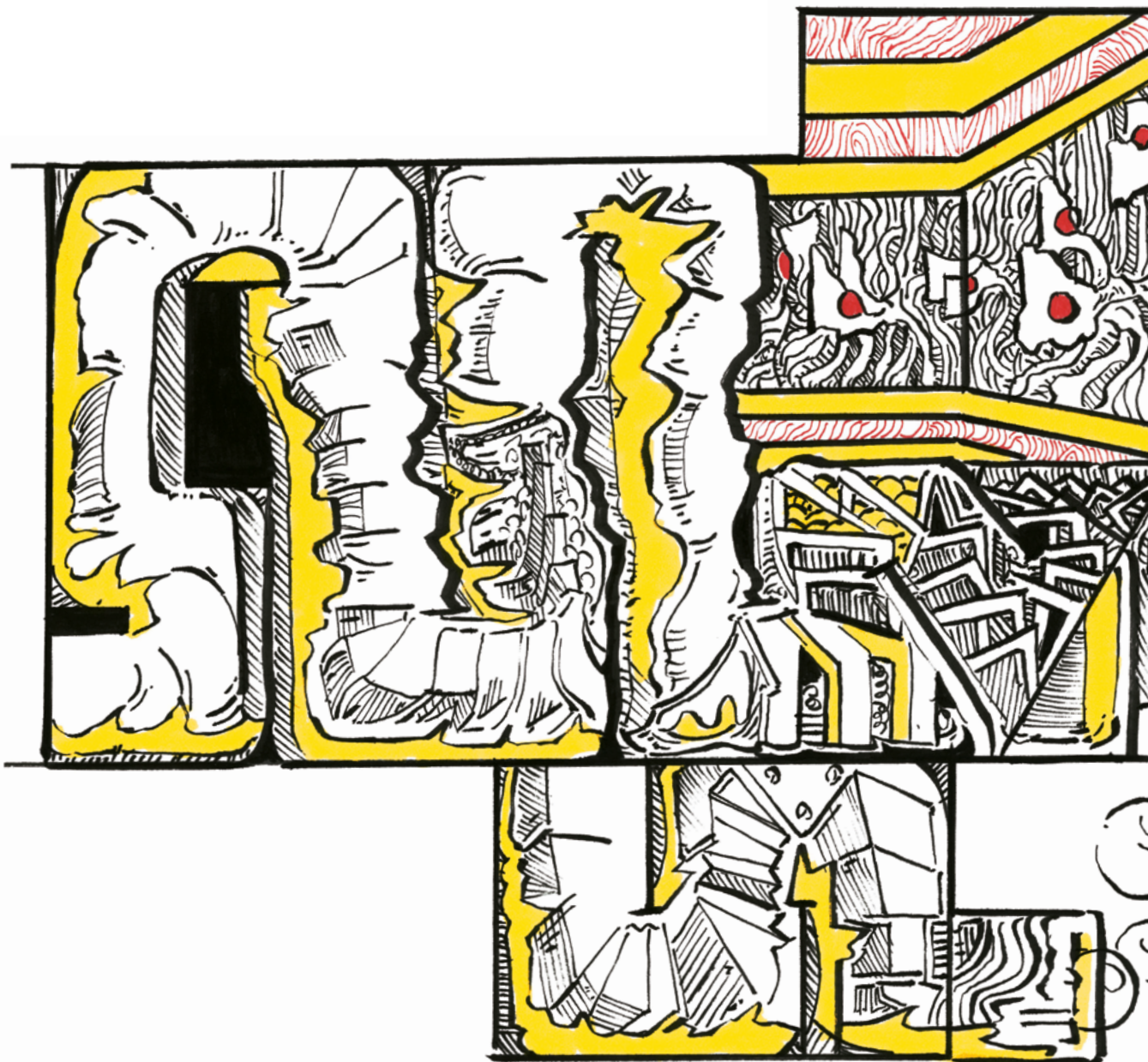
- A long, palpating, dirty tube draws everything towards a distant sphincter.
- The nearly opaque Bile is frigid.
 - Laden with inorganic particulates.
 - It tastes of burnt barbecue and plastic fumes.
- **THE SPHINCTER-PILE.**
 - All inorganic material: plastic, metals, bone and stone.
 - Visible in the heaving muck are *ANY LOST OR NEEDED INORGANIC ITEMS.*
 - Also: *CREDIT CARDS, SMITH AND WESSON SIX SHOOTER, SKIPPING ROPE, TOY SOLDIERS, PAINT CANS, COKE CANS, WHALING HARPOON, IBM DESKTOP COMPUTER, STEERING WHEEL, NIKE TRAINERS.*
- Nearby PCs may get **TRAPPED** in the fluid, formless pile.
 - Escape requires a combination of STR & DEX Tests.
 - Characters are able to help each other, but it's risky.
 - These dangers apply to everyone inside.
 - **SUCKED INTO THE SPHINCTER (D8 x D8 DAMAGE).**
 - Excreted south of *Cold Day in the Rood-Die*.
 - If alive, turn to *'Rivers and the Sea'* (pg 104).
 - Develop debilitating, intrusive phobia of toilets (WIL Test to approach).
- The Valve Out
 - The current tapers off.
 - *The Warmer Bile* here tastes like beef broth.
 - Traverse a long intestinal passage to the *Lung Organ*.

4. Lung Organ

- Pulses, directing the flow of Bile from *Excretion* into the *Womb Room*.
- Inner surface resembles a pale forest of turgid, leafless, fruiting white banyan trees.
 - The fruit is balled **FACE CRAB KEYS** clutching branches.
- The walls are composed of interlaced roots.
 - The roots pulse, clenching and releasing.
- Valve to the *Womb Room* is surrounded by **SLENDER ROOTS**.
 - They react to anything alien to *HILB*.
 - Cutting or tearing them causes:
 - Massive palpitations
 - Scatters anyone in the *Lung Organ* who are not bound together.
 - Random encounter **BIRTH** in the *Womb Room*.
 - Trees hatch **2d6 FACE CRAB KEYS**.

FACE CRAB KEYS

- **STR 15, DEX 5, WIL 3, 2 HP, SPINE (D6).**
- White crablike spheres attached to the trees.
 - Long complex spines with sharp vertebrae like huge key-teeth.
- Compulsively mount faces seeking teeth, plunging their sharp spines in and out of the mouth.
 - On dying, their spines become stiff and straight.
 - Resemble *BONE KEYS* that fit the *vagina dentata* in the *Womb Room*, usable as *FREAKY WEAPONS*.



5. Impregnation

- Cool, crystal-clear Bile with no discernible flow.
- Walls like giant fat deposits with hibernating creatures trapped inside.
- **IMPREGNATION AGENTS** tend to and caress the bodies.
 - Attempt to **IMPREGNATE** any living thing regardless of the presence of a womb.
 - Most subjects are unconscious when brought here.
- **FOETUS'** of sufficient development are excised and implanted in *the Womb Room*.
 - Detritus is sucked into *the Womb Room* and digested.
- If the PCs are looking for **SOMEONE** they may be here.

IMPREGNATION AGENTS

- **STR 10, DEX 10, WIL 3, 6 HP, GRAB (DEX SAVE TO AVOID), IMPREGNATE NEXT TURN.**
- Long segmented creatures like lines of white crabs.
 - Monstrous phallic ovipositors for impregnation attack.
 - Languid spindly spider-limbs beneath.
 - Backs encrusted with gleaming jewel-like globules.
 - They are refined gametes or implantable foetal tissue.
 - If smashed, gametes or embryos leak into the Bile
- Forcibly destroying an **IMPREGNATION AGENT** releases a proximate **GAMETE CLOUD** into the Bile—DEX Save avoids.

EFFECTS OF IMPREGNATION

Day 1	Limited affect, nausea.
Days 2 to 3	Huger, PC must eat double.
Days 4 to 5	Visibly pregnant at implantation site.
Days 6 to 7	Malignancy; tumors erupt and cilia emerge, attempting to 'root' in the earth, or other living things. Constant hunger.
Day 8	Shriveled empty bag-like body is immobilized, rooted to the earth.
Day 9	BIRTH results in PC death.

OFFSPRING

1	OGRE TERATOMA-MAN.
2	MULTIPLE DRONE CLONES (NOT NECESSARILY OF THIS PC).
3	CROWD OF FOETAL CARNIVORES.
4	HIVE OF WHITE SAMPLING INSECTS.

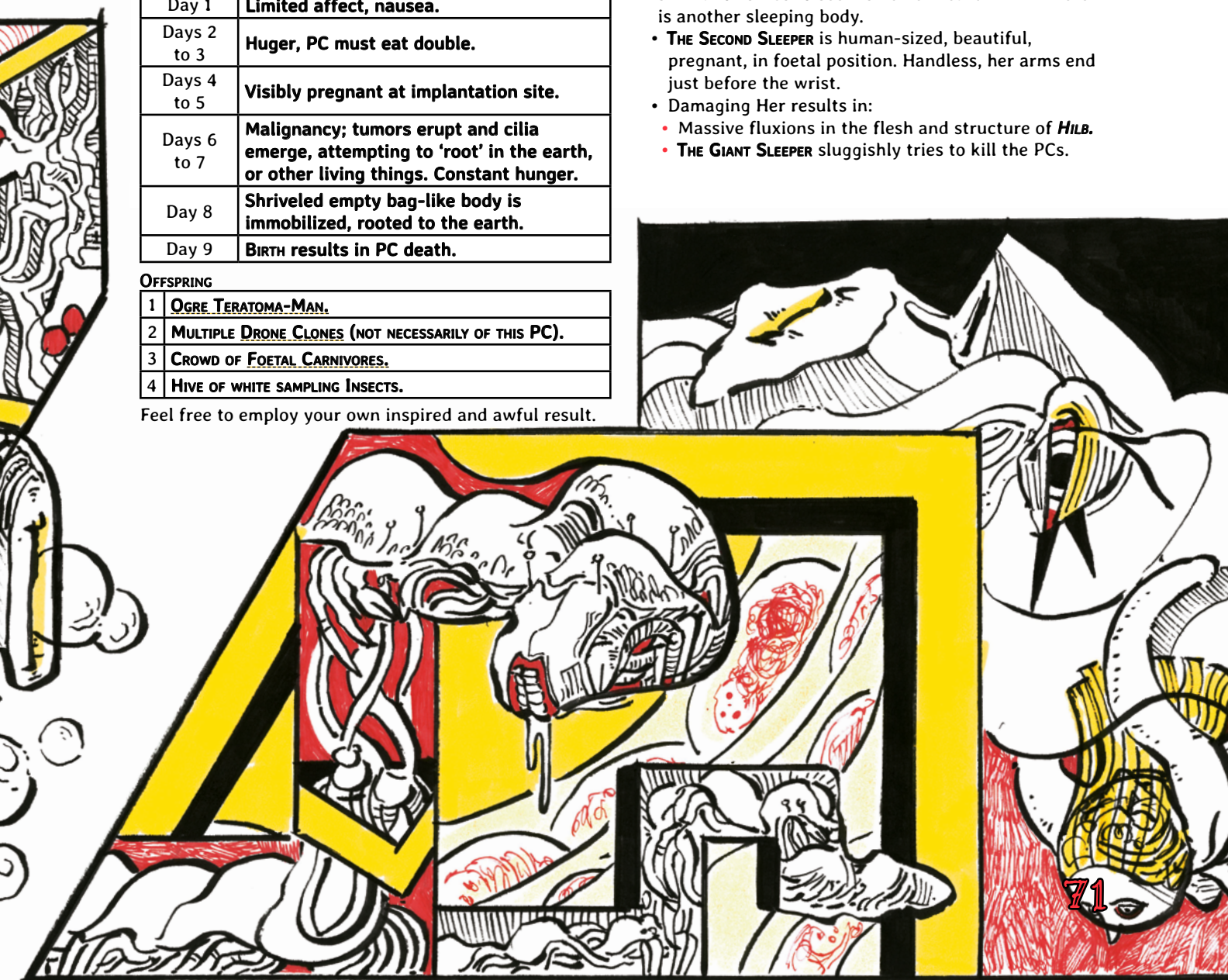
Feel free to employ your own inspired and awful result.

6. Coma Chamber

- A large, dark chamber of cold Bile. Scattered, white, bioluminescent plankton flicker in ripples of pale light.
- Floating calmly at the dark bottom is **THE SLEEPER**.

THE SLEEPER

- **STR 19, DEX 10, WIL 19, 90 HP, GRAB, SQUEEZE (2d12), CHEW (4d6).**
- The huge, terrible, bloated body of a wizened pregnant woman with long white hair, sleeping in agony.
 - Enormous white spiders like deep-water crabs swarm all over her, pattering gently to and fro. Stroking, smoothing and wiping Her flesh like pale clay.
- **HER SPASMS**
 - Roll a d6 every Turn. On a 6, **THE SLEEPER SPASMS**.
 - **THE SLEEPER** has a distressed convulsion, hands clutching at her face, moulding it compulsively like soft clay. Refashioning Her face sometimes wonderful, hideous, frightening or beautiful, primitive or fine.
 - Roll 1d6: on a 6, **THE SLEEPER** births a **CRIPPLED WOMAN**.
- Getting Closer
 - The blind crabs are non-combatants.
 - Distressed by the PCs' approach, slowly flail at them.
 - Her flesh is eaten away by some necrotising element, exposing organs and bone.
 - Climbing her long white hair through her decomposed skull allows PCs to see inside her head. Within there is another sleeping body.
 - **THE SECOND SLEEPER** is human-sized, beautiful, pregnant, in foetal position. Handless, her arms end just before the wrist.
 - Damaging Her results in:
 - Massive fluxions in the flesh and structure of **HILB**.
 - **THE GIANT SLEEPER** sluggishly tries to kill the PCs.



7. Ego Machines

- **CREATURES IN PURSUIT** will not enter, but will wait in ambush outside.
- The darkest chamber.
 - Black organic walls.
 - The bioluminescent plankton glow a dim, deep red.
 - They drift into the chamber, begin dying, drifting slowly to the bottom, glowing brighter as they sink.
 - The chamber floor, carpeted with bones, is lost in infra-red darkness.
- A **GIGANTIC SKELETON** reaches from the wall.

THE SKELETON

- Inverted, wreathed in rags of dying tissue like a veil.
 - Infested with **BONE WORMS**.
- Spine bent back upon itself.
 - Like a body drowned in a bog.
- **PEARLY NEURAL TISSUE** branching in from every side, reaching into the *Black Skull*.

IN THE SKULL

- A bone fumarole or an altar of organic spikes emerges from the spinal base, gold glimmering at its tip.
 - Clustered like osteocytes are *D3 EGO MACHINES*.
 - Like fractal shards of clear crystal, filled with a gold-web work of imponderable complexity.
- Pulling out *THE EGO MACHINES*:
 - **THE SKELETON** flexes. It's mouth snaps open and closed, severing some of **THE NEURAL TISSUES**.
 - **HILB** quakes and issues a terrible low-frequency moan.
 - All PCs pass a WIL Save or **FALL UNCONSCIOUS** for turns equal to the degree of failure.

THE NEURAL LACE

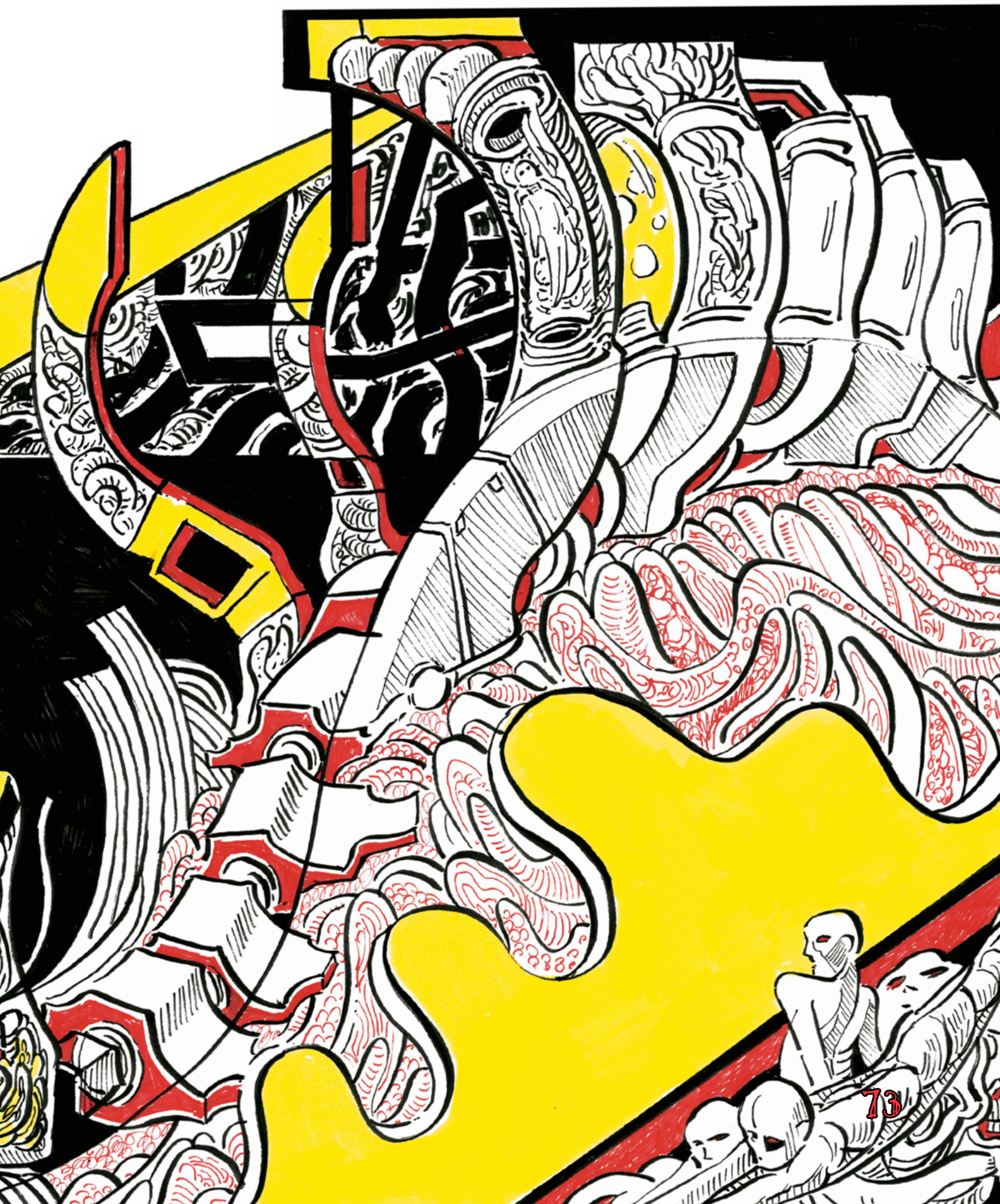
- Anyone touching **THE LACE** must pass a WIL Save or suffer **TERRIBLE VISIONS AND TEMPORARY MADNESS** for 2d3 Turns.
 - Those afflicted attempt to **KILL THEIR ASSOCIATES**.
 - If they succeed in doing so, they may treat it for *ADVANCEMENT* as if they had *COMPLETED AN EXPEDITION*.
- Roll twice below on **THE VISIONS OF HILB** and combine.

1	Armies burning like lightning.	Endless birthing sacs.
2	People breeding like cancer.	Cities of living bone.
3	A maze of burning mushroom clouds.	Coral bio-factories gouting steam.
4	A terrible devouring wound across the sky.	Forests vitrified to nuclear glass.
5	Enemy titans manifested as Hyperdimensional cities.	Plains of undulating, moaning flesh.
6	Millions falling from orbit like boiling rain.	Orbital megastructure falling like a torn flag.

THE BONE WORMS

- **STR 6, DEX 6, WIL 6, 3 HP, BITE (d6).**
- **d4 BONE WORMS** arrive and attack every Turn.
- Non-ambulatory.
- Try to dissolve through the PC's flesh in order to reach *THEIR SWEET DELICIOUS BONES*.
 - **6 DAMAGE** means the Target **LOSES A BONE**.





Hilb's Avatars

Most of HILB's CREATIONS are:

- Force-grown within 24 hours.
- Dumb, with only basic instincts
- Massive, fast-growing teratomas in unstable flesh.
 - Epidermis tears as easily as plastic bags.
 - Turgid, white ichor oozes from their wounds.
 - Muscles rupture like soggy paper stacks.

Crippled Woman (1 present)

- **STR 18, DEX 6, WIL 6, 34 HP, GRAB, SMASH (D12), CHEW (2D6), SLOW.**
- Giant, naked, disfigured and crawling.
 - Pale hair entangled with twigs and filth.
- Move silently, save sporadic subvocalized pained moans.
 - **SOMETIMES HIDDEN** underwater or beneath loose earth.
- Swollen bellies.
 - Pregnant with carcinomas that spill out on death.
- Ravenously consume all they can

Drone Clones (4d6 present)

- **PC CLONE: IDENTICAL STR & DEX; ¼ WIL; 1d6 HP, TOOTH AND NAIL (D6).**
- White, hairless, dripping, mindless clones of any PCs stung by HILB's INSECTS upon entering her space.
 - Which is all of them.
 - Unless observing effective anti-mosquito precautions.
- They rush their victims like a starving horde.

Foetal Carnivores (6d4 present)

- **STR 8, DEX 8, WIL 6, 3 HP, BITE (D3), FAST.**
- Failed, or perhaps playfully improvised, **DRONE CLONES.**
 - Blind carnivorous vat-grown babies with the hideous aged faces of sampled PCs, and sharp teeth.
- Horrifically adaptive and intelligent.
 - They remember absolutely everything they experience in their short lives.
 - Will use and re-purpose language, tactics and concepts they are exposed to.

Ogre Teratoma-Men (d3 present)

- **STR 13, DEX 9, WIL 6, 13 HP, ENVELOP (SEE BELOW).**
 - Randomly Slow or Fast each turn.
 - **HORRIFIC:** Disadvantage on any WIL Saves related to the **OGRE-TERATOMAS.**
 - **ENVELOP:** consume prey by enfolding it like a massive antibody for **D6 DAMAGE.** Additionally make a WIL Save or **D6 WIL** damage from the harrowing experience.
- An active, intelligent, ambulatory Teratoma.
 - A malformed cyst larger than an adult human.
 - Assembled of teeth, skin, hair, brains and body parts.
- Irregularly spasms, flowing like an electrified jellyfish.





On Brom

HERALD OF THE KILLER THOUGHT, THE SIMULATOR, THE PRISON WITHOUT WALLS, THE DOORLESS CAGE.

Made to guard and govern vast populations through simulation theory, social control, alter-realities and lies.

BROM drove those **He** guarded mad and is now mad by **His** own hand. **His** existence is a nightmare state of endless waking from illusory worlds.

People on Brom

1	JUDON STAG-MOON.
2	SAMUILE SHEEP-MAIDEN.
3	KAY DEER-SUN.
4	KAMA GOAT-SAINT.
5	WALTER COW-STAR.
6	CALISTA QUEEN-PIG.
7	SICHELMA WOLF-WOE.
8	ABALLACE BULL-KING.
9	STOUR BEAR-JOY.
10	CLADUS FOOL-BOAR.

Navigating

- Roll two d6, combining the results from both columns.
- This determines where the PCs currently are and the choices presented.
 - It takes d4 hours to get somewhere.
 - If the PCs force another option, in d4 hours roll on the table again.

	YOU FIND YOURSELF IN	LEADING TO	MIXED IN WITH	LEADING TO
1	Stagnant brook crossed by spike-haloed pipes and crumbling concrete beams.	<i>The War Greaves</i>	Fields of wrecked agricultural machines bordered by gates, hedges, barbed wire and cow traps.	<i>Brims Stage</i>
2	Winding pedestrian lanes between broken glass-topped brick walls & ruined red-brick houses.	<i>Cold Day</i>	Sandstone houses, grey slate roofs, satellite dishes, windows impenetrable black glass. Empty.	<i>Thors Stone</i>
3	Melancholy tideland. Concrete ruins, crashed cranes, rotting rust-red tidal gates.	<i>The War Greaves</i>	Parallel lines of copy-paste-identical trees, gaping driveways, huge looming houses. Empty.	<i>Nocturnum</i>
4	Forest freshly sawn, bare trunks stacked neatly on the track-marked mud.	<i>Broms Burgh</i>	Laser-straight tarmac marked with white signs, impenetrable hedges overgrow the pavements on each side.	<i>Thors Stone</i>
5	Cracked concrete coast defences, iron exposed. Wrack-caked steps to crow-pecked sand.	<i>Cold Day</i>	Repeated roundabouts linked by empty roads, bordered by grass verges and dense dark trees.	<i>Nocturnum</i>
6	Neat, open woodland. Packed-earth paths marked by indecipherable signs.	<i>Broms Burgh</i>	A maze of narrow paths squeezed between dense nettles, thorny bushes and chain-link fence.	<i>Brims Stage</i>

Encounters

Every time the PCs travel to a new place, roll a d6.

Day
1-5. Nothing Happens.
6. Random Encounter, roll below:
1. <i>THE OUZEL</i> (pg 40).
2. <i>THE COURT OF THE WAPENTAKE</i> (pg 34).
3. <i>THE COURT OF WASSAIL</i> (pg 38).
4. <i>THE WRECKERS</i> (pg 30).
5-6. <i>AN AVATAR</i> , roll on the 'Night' Column.

Night

1. Nothing Happens.
2-6. Random Encounter, roll below:
1. <i>WRECKERS</i> (pg 30).
2-3. <i>GLITCHWOLVES</i> .
4. <i>MIRROR MEN</i> .
5. <i>MIME BOX</i> .
6. <i>PREDATOR LANE</i> .

Broms Burgh

- A pleasant village full of reasonable **MASK-MEN**.
- A knot of clean sandstone cottages.
- A simple stone church dedicated to **St. BARNABAS**.
 - Spire covered by ivy that nearly reaches the top.
 - The back wall graffitied by couples married there:

**"TIS EMPTY GLORY SURE TO SCRAWL A NAME
WHERE ANY FOOL A PASSPORT FINDS TO FAME."**

THE VILLAGE SECRET:

- **"ANCIENT PROPHECY STATES THAT WHEN THE IVY REACHES THE TOP OF THE CHURCH STEEPLE... THE WORLD WILL END!"**

Thors Stone

- A tiny hamlet in the shadow of an impact-scarred sandstone hill.
- **THE MASK-MEN** here are pompous, hysterical, with laughably high prices.
 - **'DON'T GO UP THE HILL! "DON'T GO! DOOM! DOOOOOOOM!"**

CLIMBING THORS STONE

- Black glass dribbles down, like a gigantic can of paint.
- Runnels of melted sand form narrow paths of glass.
- Gorse, heather, and hawthorn colonise the loose soil.
- The peak is cratered and vitrified.
- You can see most of *Western Wir-Heal* from the top.
 - It makes sense if you don't look too close but when you focus you can almost see the landscape shift.
 - **[MEMORY FLASH: The most confused PC recalls being here: Doctor Hog. Streaks of light falling from the sky. Fleeing a conflagration. Dropping a weapon. Certainly, it's still there. This can lead them to the Glitch Gun.]**

THE GLITCH GUN

- Buried under three feet of vitrified black glass.
- If the PCs smash through, they find *IT*, intact.
 - A writhing, popping CGI-Grey impression of *A GUN*.
 - Like its been edited into the world.
 - Crackles and buzzes in the hand like a hive.
 - Fires the DEAD GLITCHWOLF TEETH (2d4 shots left).
 - **D3 RECOVERABLE** from each corpse.
- Deals **D6 ALTER-REALITY DAMAGE**, ignoring Armour.
 - Targets Save against WIL, not STR, after damage.
 - Can fire through single walls, objects, even people with a WIL Save.
- Enforces targets mass, shape and location.
 - Hit targets can't change their shape or mass or teleport in any way.
- Wounded mortals faces 'glitch' and are unrecognisable.

The War Greaves

- Following the gathering *ROOKS* at dusk leads you here.
- Hills and tussocks lead down to the shore.
 - Thick with bog-myrtle and its sweet resinous scent
 - The Blackbirds call is never far away.
- *The Afon-Mor* washes over grey-white sand.
 - On the tideline there are **WARRING GHOSTS**.

THE GHOSTS

- **STR 13, DEX 12, WIL 10, 24 HP, SPEAR (D6)**
- **GHOOST:** *SILVER, SUPERNATURAL* or *BLESSED WEAPONS* are required to harm them.
- Ancient dead who fell in battle here, clad in close helms, wielding ash spears and round linden shields.
 - Silent armies, no louder than the surf on sand.
 - Battling back and forth across tidal line.
 - Guardians of the Door to the *Mind of BROM*.
- **THEY** are unaffected by dreams, visions, and illusions and care only about honouring their ancient feud.
- **"NO HONOURLESS MAN MAY PASS!"**
 - Are literal and patriarchal, women pass unchallenged.
 - **A TEST** allows others to pass.

THEIR TEST

**"WHAT WILL YOU HAVE? WRATH OR WEIRD?
OR TO TALK OF BATTLES OLD?"**

- **WRATH:** Defeat one in single combat;
- **WEIRD:** Prove your fate lies within the *Mind of BROM*.
 - For example, it is predicted by a supernatural force.
- **OTHER METHODS:**
 - Get them drunk.
 - Ramble about ancient battles for at least half an hour.
 - Anything plausible the PCs can come up with.

THE DOOR

- Always at the shifting water-line.
- Like **BROM'S NIGHTMARE**, it is unstable, pulsing in and out of existence with each wave.

D6	ITS FORM FROM WAVE TO WAVE
1	Impossible concrete stairs .
2	A sand painting.
3	A door-shaped vertical mirror standing in the surf.
4	An inverse ziggurat, the bottom cannot be seen.
5	The curl of a gigantic shell embedded in the sand.
6	Soft, crumbling stairs of sand.

Inside Brom

- Each 'room' is a **SEPARATE NIGHTMARE**.
- The only way out is to 'play through'.
- When Players strain the boundaries of these micro-realities, it's okay to perform oblique or 'unfair' scene shifts, illogical transitions or naked railroading to keep them in the scene.
- This is completely different to the rest of the game, where you should absolutely not do this.

2. Mouse Box

- Wake up in a white coat and mask.
- Facing a gigantic glass mouse-maze.
- A TV monitor:
 - "THIS IS YOUR MOUSE."
- **LIQUID MIRROR-MEN** patrol behind you.
- Row of doors.
 - All marked either "REPORTS" or "MOUSE CONVERSION".

1. Diagnosis

- Wake up weak in a robe in pyjamas, wheelchair-bound, plastic-tagged.
- 20th Century hospital room.
 - PCs seated in a semicircle.
 - Interrogated by a **GLITCH-FACED DOCTOR**.

3. Paranoia Hotel

- Wake up in a wrecked hotel room at night.
- A phone is ringing on a desk.
 - "THERE'VE BEEN COMPLAINTS. THE POLICE ARE COMING UP."
 - **GLITCH-FACED COPS** bang on the door.

4. Wolf Multitude

- Wake up in a giant queue.
- Moving at a glacial pace.
 - Toward **SCREENS** displaying seas of digital static.
 - Those entering become agonized, contorted silhouettes and emerge as **GLITCHWOLVES**.
- **GLITCHWOLVES** are hunting you among the crowd.

5. Reality Gallery

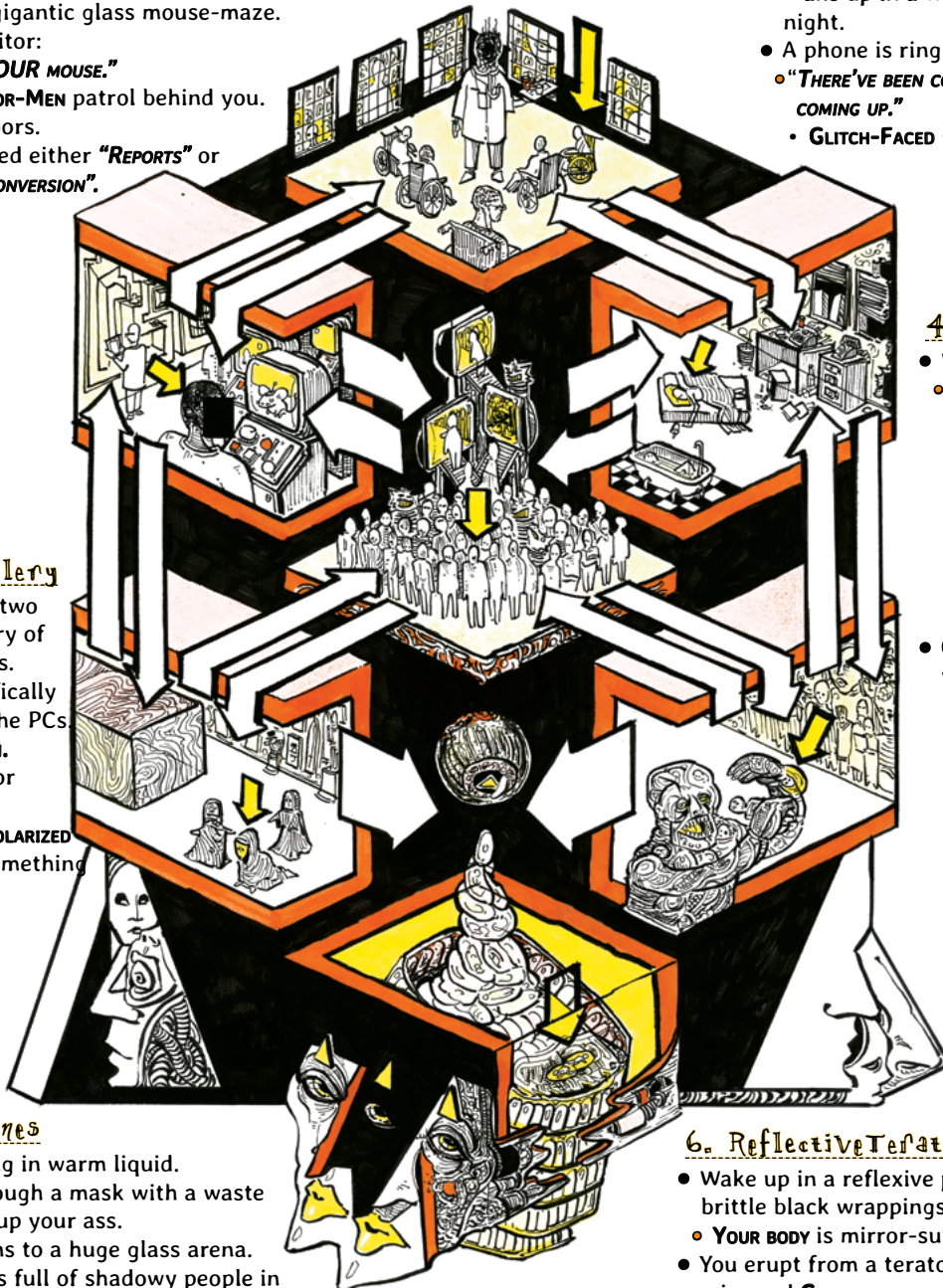
- Wake up held by two people in a Gallery of strange art pieces.
- The art is specifically made to mock the PCs
- **ROBED MIRROR-MEN**.
- They act superior and oblique.
- A huge **CUBE OF POLARIZED GLASS** conceals something terrible.

7. Ego Machines

- Wake up floating in warm liquid.
 - Breathing through a mask with a waste disposal tube up your ass.
- Womb pod opens to a huge glass arena.
- Stacked arches full of shadowy people in translucent pods.
- The roof is a **MAD WOLF'S EYE**.
 - *THE EGO MACHINES* are reflected in its pupil.
 - **YOUR REFLECTION** in its pupil hates you and impedes your progress.

6. Reflective Teratomas

- Wake up in a reflexive panic, wrapped in brittle black wrappings.
- **YOUR BODY** is mirror-surfaced and elderly.
- You erupt from a teratoma atop a mirrored **GIANT**.
- In an arena watched by hundreds of **SHADOWY SPECTATORS**.



1. Diagnosis

- You wake up.
 - Your arm stings.
 - An injection.
- Robe, pyjamas, wheel-chair, plastic tag.
- **WEAK:** Raising your head enough to look up, or moving any particular limb, requires a STR Test.
- **"I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU WITH US TODAY."**

LOOKING UP

- Wheelchairs in a half-circle, a PC in each one.
- **GLITCH-FACED DOCTOR** in the centre.
- 20th century hospital room; electric lighting, opalescent windows.
 - Shadows behind the windows.

THE DOCTOR

- Refers to all present with their Player's, not PC's, name.
 - **"YOU ARE HERE BECAUSE YOU ARE SICK."**
 - **"IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU LUCID."**
 - **"I'D LIKE TO USE THIS TIME PRODUCTIVELY."**
- **THE DOCTOR's** attitude and questioning is arbitrarily different for each PC and suddenly changes without reason, at any time.

D4	CONVERSATIONAL STYLE	"TELL ME ABOUT.."
1	Friendly, with Freudian insinuations.	Your 'Character's' relationship with other 'Characters'.
2	Calmly skeptical.	Your imagined world 'Wir-Heal'.
3	Adversarial and detail-oriented.	Your 'Character'.
4	Aggressive and dismissive	Your opinion of the other Patients.

WAYS OUT

- **RESISTANCE**
 - **"YOU'RE NOT JUST HURTING YOURSELF, YOU ARE ALSO HURTING THE OTHER PATIENTS."**
 - Forced into your chair by **MIRROR-MEN**.
 - Taken to a small room and given **ECT**.
 - With each shock a shoreline image in your head.
 - Sharpening with each spasm.
 - You wake up at the War Greaves.
- **COLLABORATION**
 - **"THAT'S VERY GOOD. TAKE THIS REWARD, YOU DESERVE IT."**
 - A **PILL** is placed in your mouth.
 - A **MIRROR-MAN** helps you drink, massages your throat.
 - You **BLACK OUT**, awakening in Paranoia Hotel.
- **ACQUIESCENCE OR NON-RESPONSIVENESS**
 - **"WE HAVE TO MOVE YOU TO SERIOUS TREATMENT."**
 - Taken to an elevator.
 - A basement button unlocked and pressed.
 - Left alone in elevator, the lights fail. Total dark.
 - The elevator falls, move to Mouse Box.

2. Mouse Box

- You wake up, wearing a white coat and mask.
- Before you is a gigantic glass mouse-maze.
 - So wide you can't see the other side.
 - A million mice inside, but they can't find each other.
 - Each side: rows of **MIRROR-MASKED**, white coat workers.
 - **"WAS IT GOOD? THAT MUST HAVE BEEN A GOOD REWARD."**
 - **"DID YOU FUGUE? IF YOU FUGUE, YOU HAVE TO REPORT IT."**

IN FRONT

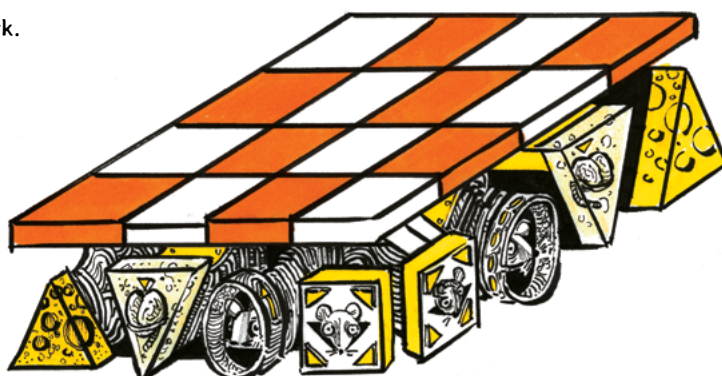
- An old-style TV monitor on an expanding metal arm.
 - Embossed on the monitor is **"THIS IS YOUR MOUSE"**.
 - A flickering closeup of a white mouse in the Maze.
 - The mouse has a chip implanted in its head.
 - A ribbed, clear plastic tube ending in a **PILL CONTAINER**.
- A set of Brass Controls.
 - Embossed: **"ACTIVATE YOUR CONTROLS IN PAIRS"**.
 - The Controls are:
 - **CHEESE SMELL**
 - **SPATIAL MEMORY ALTERATION**
 - **FEAR (DIFFUSE)**
 - **FEAR (DIRECTIONAL)**

BEHIND

- **LIQUID MIRROR-MEN** patrol.
- Alternating rows of doorways.
 - All are marked **'REPORTS'** or **'MOUSE CONVERSION'**.

CONTROLLING YOUR MOUSE

- Each round activate two controls.
- Each activation gives chart co-ordinates.
- Afterwards: screen flashes meaningless official-sounding advice about the next action.
 - **"EXCELLENT. NEXT, TRY MORE CHEESE SMELL."**
- With each activation, draw a line between co-ordinates.
 - If the line forms a loop, they are given a **REWARD PILL**.
 - **TAKE IT**, black out, move to Reality Gallery.
 - If the line crosses itself an **ALARM** and **RED LIGHTS** flash.
 - **MIRROR-MEN** take them to a door labeled **'REPORTS'**.
 - Asked to make a Report in a locked dark room.
 - You experience vertigo and move to Wolf Multitude.
 - Otherwise (Mouse Control Failure, Disruption, etc.):
 - **MIRROR-MEN** drag you to a **'MOUSE CONVERSION'** reactor.
 - You shrink and transform, sucked up a vacuum tube.
 - You wake up in Diagnosis.



3. Paranoia Hotel

- Awaken in a wrecked hotel room at night. Dripping tap.
 - Plywood furniture with a peeling teak lamination.
 - Pale, faded, floral wallpaper is lighter than the stains.
 - One door leads Out, another to the Bathroom.
- Blinds drawn against streetlights like pixels.
 - The sky writhes and flickers like digital decay.
- The Bathroom is flooding.
 - The Mirror is a smashed black space.
 - The Bath is overflowing, with water stained red.
 - Translucent shower curtain pulled around the Bath.
 - Low, slumped black shape visible behind the curtain.
 - A naked body. Unidentifiable. Gunshots to the face.
- Desk.
 - Typed papers, **PHONE**, .38 REVOLVER and A BOX OF BULLETS, empty amphetamine jar and typewriter.
 - **THE PHONE RINGS** as soon as the PCs do anything.
 - **"THERE'VE BEEN COMPLAINTS. THE POLICE ARE COMING UP."**
- TYPED PAPERS.
 - Science-fantasy novel: 'SILENT TITANS OF WIR-HEAL'.
 - Incomplete, a fractured version of the PCs' journey.
 - Narrate the game so far in pulpy third-person prose.
 - Ends with with the PCs entering **BROM**.

THE POLICE:

- **GLITCH-FACE COPS** banging on the door.
 - They sound like corrupted MIDI files.
 - They know what you did.
 - **RESISTANCE:** leads to being SHOT.
 - Wake up in Diagnosis.
 - **ESCAPE:** getting into the city leads to Wolf Multitude.
- **COLLABORATION:** Forced down, hands zip-tied, bag over your head. Your vision fades as **YOU SUFFOCATE**.
- Come to gasping in Reflective Teratomas.

4. Wolf Multitude

- Awaken in a giant queue, enveloped in a crowd.
 - The queue moves at a glacial pace.
- Endless masses of People, packed like sardines.
 - Can't see where they are coming from.
 - Blank, blurred faces fixate on **THE SCREENS**.
 - Murmuring and thoughtless, shuffling forward.
 - If the PCs remind anyone in the crowd of their humanity, panic and madness to spread like a plague and a stampede ensues.
 - Pandemonium, PCs are knocked down, crushed underfoot; go to Paranoia Hotel.
- Great flickering **SCREENS** on poles face the crowd.
 - Display seas of digital static.
 - Kaledidoscopes of informational corruption.
 - Hypnotic, consuming, like snow-storms.
- Steps lead up to **THE SCREENS**.
 - The queues feed slowly up the steps into **THE SCREENS**.
- Occasionally, a Person enters a **SCREEN**, becomes a silhouette, and contorts with agony.
 - As the silhouette fades, a **GLITCHWOLF** appears on the other side.
 - PCs entering **THE SCREENS** roll a WIL Save or become infected with **GLITCHWOLF DISEASE**.
 - Then go to Reality Gallery.
 - Smashing a **SCREEN** causes the whole place to go dark.
 - Go to Reflective Teratomas.
- **GLITCHWOLVES** push through the legs of the crowd.
 - They are hunting, unable find you.
 - If you do anything unique, they sense you and howl.
 - Leaping over the shoulders of the crowd.
 - Clawing at the massed people like chaff.
 - Coming for you.
 - If they catch up, they attempt to bear you to the ground, tearing at you.
 - WIL Save or become infected with **GLITCHWOLF DISEASE**.
 - Black out, coming to in Mouse Box.

INFECTED?

- PCs with **GLITCHWOLF DISEASE** notice **THE WOLF DOORS**.
- Glitching gaps in reality.
 - **GLITCHWOLVES** can squirm in and out.
 - Doors lead to Ego Machines.



5. Reality Gallery

- You wake up in a Gallery, hanging in two people's arms.
- Everyone wears Robes and *MIRROR-MASKS*, even you.
 - "WHAT DID YOU THINK? DID YOU GO MAD?"
- The Robed Figures are superior and oblique.
 - They never concede status or answer direct questions.
 - Tearing off *THEIR MASK* reveals another *MASK* beneath.
 - Then a river of *MIRROR-MASKS* fall like leaves, crashing to the ground.
 - Under their Robes: **AN ENDLESS TUNNEL OF ROBES.**
 - It sucks you in, STR test to avoid
 - Anyone sucked in goes to *Wolf Multitude*.
- Full of strange Art Pieces.
 - Every piece a cruel ironic mockery of your adventure.
 - Creatively and intellectually mediocre irony.
 - How Ironised?

1	Composed of trash.
2	Pseudo-childish: like a Saturday morning cartoon.
3	Pseudo-patriotic: like a war poster or artefact.
4	Psuedo-commercial: like a perfume or an overpriced car advertisement.
5	Their most heroic deeds, PCs are villains, working for purely selfish motives.
6	Accurate but favoured possessions replaced with clownish (balloon shapes) or sexual (dildos) proxies.
7	The PCs are mass-produced plastic 'collectable' doppelgangers, the scenery is in a different style.
8	A diorama loomed over by a life-sized sculpture of Doctor Hoc, manipulating it as a puppeteer would.

- If you make fun of or damage the Art:
 - A mob of Robed Figures carries you, shrinking, to be tipped into a diorama of tiny people controlling mice.
 - Wake up in *Mouse Box*.

- A huge **CUBE OF POLARISED GLASS** conceals one part.
 - The shape of **SOMETHING TERRIBLE INSIDE.**
 - The sign reads '*SILENT TITANS*'.
 - Attempting to enter **THE CUBE** causes your PC to **RESIST**, unwilling to approach the room.
 - WIL Saves to **FORCE THEM CLOSER** and **INSIDE.**
 - They plead with **WHATEVER FORCE COMPELS THEM**, begging them not to.
 - They must pass three WIL Tests:
 - **MOVE CLOSER:** They shake, sweat and feel sick.
 - **OPEN THE DOOR:** They stagger and shrink inwardly.
 - **LOOK IN:** They claw at themselves and cry out.
 - Looking in, they must pass a WIL Save or **Go MAD** (secretly inform them of *THEIR MADNESS*). Move to *Ego Machines*.

GOING MAD	
1	No longer tell the truth.
2	Worship AZATHOTH, THE DEMON SULTAN , nuclear chaos at the heart of all things.
3	Distrust reality, always seek the simulation's flaws.
4	Obsessively and secretly construct <i>A TIME MACHINE</i> .
5	Engage in constant paranoid counter-espionage.
6	Think all this is another party member's dream. Terrified they will wake up.



6. Reflective Teratomas

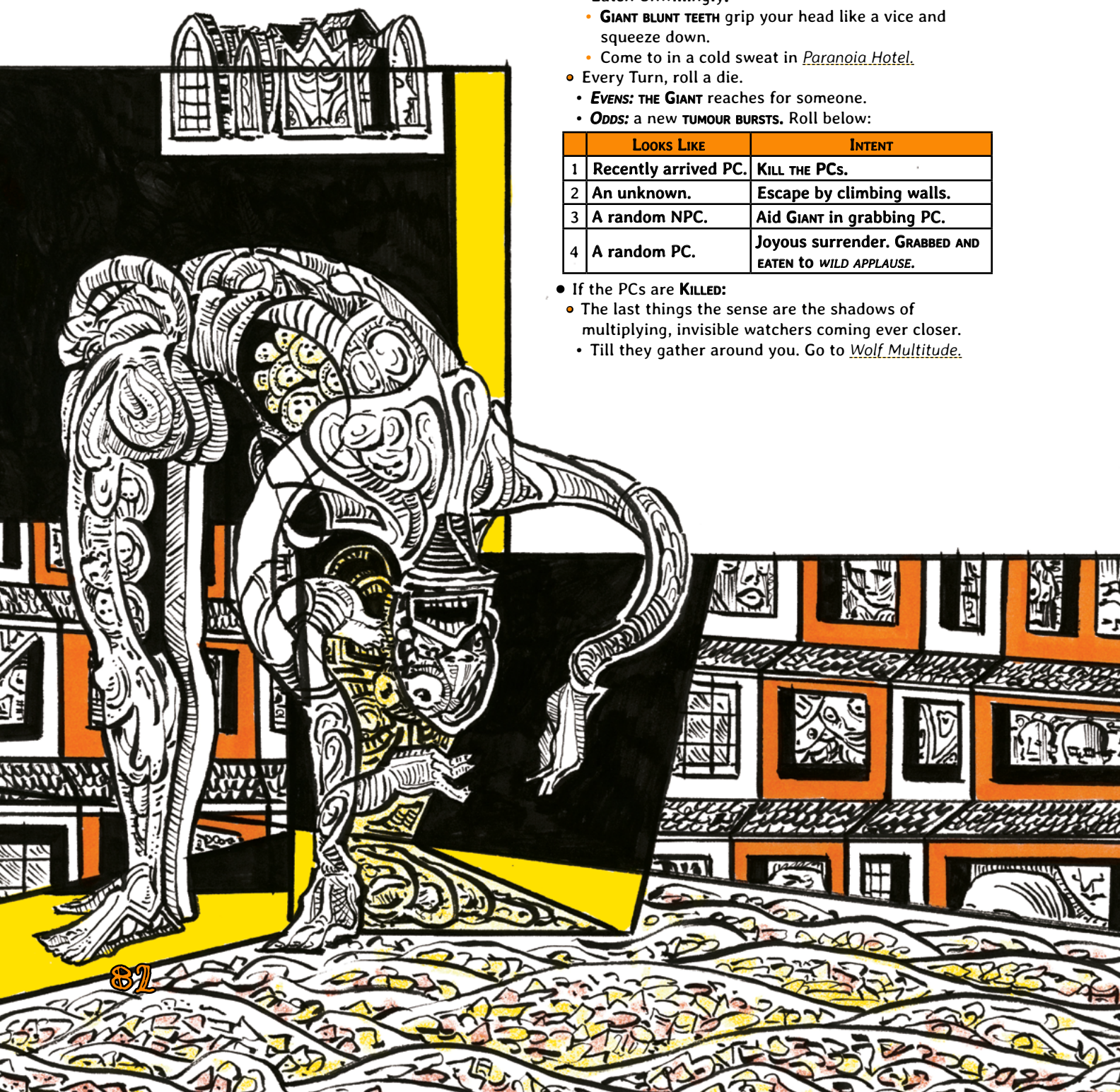
- You wake up in darkness, reflexively panicking, wrapped in brittle black wrappings.
- **Your Body** is a reflective-mirror surfaced elderly version of yourself.
 - Cankered, warped with tumorous twists.
- You erupt from a pustulent **REFLECTIVE TERATOMA** on the surface of a **MIRRORED GIANT**.
 - You slide down mirrored flesh, falling to a carpet of rounded glass.
 - Like sea-smoothed beach fragments.
 - You hear *POLITE APPLAUSE*.
- You are in a room like a gladiatorial pit or surgical arena.
 - In the walls, a thousand windows, all of different shapes and sizes.
 - A **SHADOW AUDIENCE** behind polarized glass.
 - Hundreds and thousands of spectators.

THE GIANT

- Huge, naked, sinewy male with mirrored skin.
 - Bound with great mirrored chains.
- Twisted like the statue of Hysteria.
 - Hands clenched over his screaming mouth.
- Cut and pierced with many wounds.
- Coated with bubbling teratomas writhing under its skin.
- Grabs creatures and drags them **INTO HIS MOUTH**.
 - Writhing and grasping in slow, slow motion.
 - His ponderous movements are easily avoided.
 - Provided that is all you are doing.
 - If doing anything else, DEX Test to avoid **HIS GRASP**.
- **HIS MOUTH** is *ODDLY COMPELLING*.
 - *EATEN WILLINGLY*:
 - Swallowed by **HIS BLACK MAW**.
 - As dark and warm as *THE WOMB OF A LOVING GOD*.
 - Consumed by impending sense of glory and fullness.
 - Go to *Ego Machines*.
 - Eaten Unwillingly:
 - **GIANT BLUNT TEETH** grip your head like a vice and squeeze down.
 - Come to in a cold sweat in *Paranoia Hotel*.
- Every Turn, roll a die.
 - **EVENS**: **THE GIANT** reaches for someone.
 - **ODDS**: a new **TUMOUR BURSTS**. Roll below:

	LOOKS LIKE	INTENT
1	Recently arrived PC.	KILL THE PCs.
2	An unknown.	Escape by climbing walls.
3	A random NPC.	Aid GIANT in grabbing PC.
4	A random PC.	Joyous surrender. GRABBED AND EATEN TO WILD APPLAUSE.

- If the PCs are **KILLED**:
 - The last things the sense are the shadows of multiplying, invisible watchers coming ever closer.
 - Till they gather around you. Go to *Wolf Multitude*.



7. Ego Machines

- Awaken floating in warm liquid, breathing through a mask, something is clamped over your eyes and head.
 - **THERE IS A TUBE UP YOUR ASS AND A CATHETER INSIDE YOU.**
 - Removing the mask and tubes takes a minute or two.
- There is a seal or doorway above, if you reach out.
 - A handle in the middle of the door with a Catch.
 - Pressing the Catch opens the door.
 - STR Test to force it open.
- Opens to a huge glass arena.
 - Arches full of people in translucent pods.
 - It's stacked on top of another glass arena.
 - Atop of another, and another and another.
- The roof is a **MAD WOLF'S EYE**.
- A big, organic spike rises right up in the middle.
 - Pointed at the center of the **PUPIL**.
 - **THE PUPIL** reflects the spike.
 - *EGO MACHINES* grow from the spike's tip.

THE MAD WOLF'S EYE

- It twitches and scans, focuses and relaxes, dashing back and forth, searching the glass-arena stacks.
 - Disturbing iris-structure.
 - Thick ropes of congealed protein.
 - Radial ridges from periphery to the pupillary zone.
 - Like an alien landscape.
- **THE EYE** responds to movement.
 - If something moves too fast, **THE EYE** focuses on them.
 - This puts them in **THE LABYRINTH OF LIVES**.

THE SPIRE

- Composed of spiralling translucent pods.
 - Can be climbed, with difficulty (DEX Test).
- At the top:
 - There are *NO EGO MACHINES* on the spike
 - *THEY* are In the reflection above you.
 - The surface of **THE EYE** is right above you.
 - You could reach into the reflection and take them.
 - But;
 - **YOUR REFLECTION** is in the black **PUPIL**.
 - Along with that of anyone else climbing the tower.
 - **THEY HATE YOU**, blocking you from *THE EGO MACHINES*.

THE LABYRINTH OF LIVES

- Anyone targeted by **THE EYE** is drawn into a perfect simulation of another life.
 - Lived in its entirety before they are released.
 - *TO ESCAPE*, the player describes the life they have been forced to live, and how they died.
 - When released, halve their WIL and Test it or **FALL INTO SHOCK** for Turns equal to the difference.
 - If caught a second time, they describe two lives.
 - Again, WIL is halved and Tested or **FALL INTO SHOCK**.
 - If caught a third time, they must describe four lives.
 - If caught a fourth time, describe eight lives.
 - No details of any life can ever repeat.
 - If they ever escape **BROM**, they remember their described lives, forever uncertain of their true reality.
 - This is basically true for anyone who escapes **BROM**.
- *PULLING OUT THE EGO MACHINES* collapses the simulation.
 - Dumping everyone on the Beach with the Ghosts.



Brom's Avatars

Glitchwolves (d6 present)

- **STR 10, DEX 13, WIL 10, 6 HP, INFECTIOUS BITE (d6).**
- **BITE (d6):** WIL Save or **INFECTED** with **GILTCHWOLF DISEASE**.
 - **INFECTED:** STR Save Daily.
 - Failures cause **PSYCHOLOGICAL EFFECTS**.
- Aggressive and infectious lupine digital mistakes.
 - Writhing, shocking and spattering.
 - Momentarily forming without conserving mass.
 - Faces and jaws like jagged computer fails.
- Aggressive and infectious.

FAILS	CUMULATIVE POWERS	CUMULATIVE PSYCHOLOGICAL EFFECTS
1	Ignore conservation of mass for one limb fail level times per day	NPCs find you deeply unnerving.
2	Can ignore gravity once per day for each fail level.	Must consume <i>BROKEN PEOPLE AND THINGS</i> .
3	Can 'glitch' from position to visible position.	Must destroy and infect <i>THE UNBROKEN</i> .
4	Infectious bite.	Must hide in the <i>Mind of BROM</i> by DAY.

Mirror-Men (2d8 present)

- **STR 3, DEX 14, WIL 7, 3 HP, DOUBLE MIRROR EFFECT.**
- **DOUBLE MIRROR EFFECT:** pairs of **MIRROR-MEN** are capable of capturing a PC in their doubled reflection.
 - Roll 2d6 for each pair of **MIRROR-MEN**.
 - For each pair that matches: **DOUBLE MIRROR-EFFECT**.
 - An utterly insane, **MIRRORED DUPLICATE** (identical Stats, mirrored equipment) emerges from *Somewhere Else*.
 - It only desires to destroy and replace the PC.
- Flat, flexible, hominid mirrors.
 - Bending like paper in the wind
 - Encircle the PCs, trying to catch them in **A DOUBLE-MIRROR EFFECT**.

Mime Box (1 present)

- Any PC who is separated from the group is instantly encased in an **ADULT-SIZED SOUNDPROOF BOX**.
 - Like a two-way mirror, covered with holographic image repeaters.
 - Externally mirrors the surrounding environment.
- **THE BOX** projects an **IDEALIZED HOLOGRAM** of the PC. Who:
 - Cannot touch anyone or carry anything.
 - Is **AGREEABLE**, has a **BETTER, GROUP ORIENTED ATTITUDE** and is **MORE CONVENTIONALLY ATTRACTIVE**. Also an **AMNESIAC**.
 - If **THE PLAYER** does not cooperate:
 - Inform them that *THEIR HOLOGRAM* acts differently.
 - Fades with the dawn.

Predator Lane (1 present)

- A projected motorway encircles the PCs.
 - Chases them, hungry like the wolf tracking their scent.
 - Curving like a ribbon of cold light.
 - Keeping them in its centre.
- Every d4 Turns, **VEHICLE IMPACTS (d8 DAMAGE)**.
- Evasion
 - Split up (it can't follow you all at once).
 - Go somewhere inaccessible to it, such as a village.
 - Expose the projection's logical incoherence to itself.
 - Betrayal: sacrifice an **ALLY** to **THE PREDATOR LANE**.
 - Anything else the players can think of.





On Birk

LORD OF ORBITS, MASTER OF THE RING, DREAMER OF THE VOID.

BIRK governed *Earth's* orbital structures, space habitats and observatories. Looking too long into the night. **He** saw the ultimate extinction of man. **He** heard the death-song of the hyperspheres. **He** perceived, boiling in the cosmic centre, the faint and TUNELESS PIPING of the **BLIND IDIOT-GOD**.

People on Birk

1	CALEDON GOAT-FOOL.
2	MEGLA WOLF-WOE.
3	GUNBERT COW-SAINT.
4	SULGENIUS STAG-SUN.
5	ANNA SHEEP-STAR.
6	GUITHELIN BULL-JOY.
7	CHELDRIC BEAR-QUEEN.
8	EOPA PIG-MAIDEN.
9	PRIDWEN BOAR-MOON.
10	HOEL DEER-KING.

Navigating

- Roll two d6, combining the results from both columns.
- This determines where the PCs currently are and the choices presented.
 - It takes d4 hours to get somewhere.
 - If the PCs force another option, in d4 hours roll on the table again.

	YOU FIND YOURSELF IN	LEADING TO	MIXED IN WITH	LEADING TO
1	Stagnant brook crossed by spike-haloed pipes and crumbling concrete beams.	<i>The War Greaves</i>	Fields of close-cropped bright-green grass, hillocks, ditches of fresh sand, fist-sized circular holes.	<i>Mockbeggar Hall</i>
2	Winding pedestrian lanes between broken glass-topped brick walls & ruined red-brick houses.	<i>Cold Day</i>	Empty glass/plastic Pyramidal palace. Permanently clean. Garbled announcements, automatic doors.	<i>Monks Ferry</i>
3	Melancholy concrete ruins, crashed cranes, rotting rust-red tidal gates.	<i>The War Greaves</i>	Parallel lines of identical trees, gaping driveways, huge looming houses. Empty.	<i>Nocturnum</i>
4	Collapsing Fairground, crumbling dock. Rides twitch like wounded men. Halogen lights the dark.	<i>Mother Redcaps</i>	Marked tarmac desert like twenty twisted motorways. Isolated islands of dense trees.	<i>Monks Ferry</i>
5	Cracked concrete coast defences, iron exposed. Wrack-caked steps to crow-pecked sand.	<i>Cold Day</i>	Repeated roundabouts linked by empty roads, bordered by grass verges and dense dark trees.	<i>Nocturnum</i>
6	Slender white windmills with trefoil blades, half buried in a maze of shifting grass-topped dunes.	<i>Mother Redcaps</i>	Dusty tarmac road, bordered by brick walls and blank, padlocked mirror-steel gates.	<i>Mockbeggar Hall</i>

Encounters

Every time the PCs travel to a new place, roll a d6.

Day
1-5. Nothing Happens.
6. Random Encounter, roll below:
1. <i>THE OUZEL</i> (pg 40).
2. <i>THE COURT OF THE WAPENTAKE</i> (pg 34).
3. <i>THE COURT OF WASSAIL</i> (pg 38).
4. <i>THE WRECKERS</i> (pg 30).
5-6. <i>AN AVATAR</i> , roll on the 'Night' Column.

Night

1. Nothing Happens.
2-6. Random Encounter, roll below:
1. <i>WRECKERS</i> (p 30).
2-3. <i>RADIO NOISE MEN</i> .
4. <i>BLACK TRANSMISSION WOMEN</i> .
5. <i>GRAVITY GOLEM</i> .
6. <i>ORBITAL SUICIDES</i> .

Mockbeggar Hall

- Visible from afar, an opulent manor house overlooking *the Sea*.
- White lights burn in its windows at night.
- When approached;
 - The door is locked.
 - The place is an empty shell and near ruin.
 - Someone places lamps in the windows nightly.
 - Curious tapers of dense black wood burning with a clear white light.
 - Nearby, hidden in a shore-dune, is *the Emblematic*.

The Emblematic

- Low tide reveals a submerged forest.
- Trunks like black spikes, wood dark as ebony.
- Driven into the dunes like a spear by a terrible storm, a wooden frigate with a door carved in the hull.

WITHIN

- **MACPHERSON TRUE-MAN**, candle-maker and the finder of lost things.
 - Claims the sea keeps him free of **THE WOODWOSE CURSE**.
 - He intimates that his ritual with the house has some deep and tragic purpose.
 - He was forced into the trick by **THE WRECKERS**, who **CLUB AND ROB** those foolish enough to sleep in *Mockbeggar Hall*.
 - He hates and fears **THE WRECKERS**.
- His lamps and torches.
 - **MACPHERSON** makes **FIRE-LIGHTERS**, **LAMPS** and **TORCHES** from submarine trees, they light easily as a match and give good clear light. (*ONE SHILLING* for a good supply).
- His box of Black Oak.
 - Inside; **ANCIENT COINS** (1G) recovered from the roots and trunks of trees.
- He knows where **ANY SMALL OBJECT** the PCs are looking for or lost is.
 - They must wait for low tide.
 - He leads them into the petrified forest.
 - He briefly looks around, going from tree to tree.
 - "AH HA, THERE IT IS."
 - He hacks *IT* out of a petrified tree, half-caked in millennia-old submarine wood.

Mother Redcaps

- A tumbledown Inn overlooking the coast.
- The only visible entry, a seaward side oak door.
- At night, lamplight glows and swing music ebbs from the windows.
- For more information see *Mother Redcaps* (pg. 32).

Noctorum

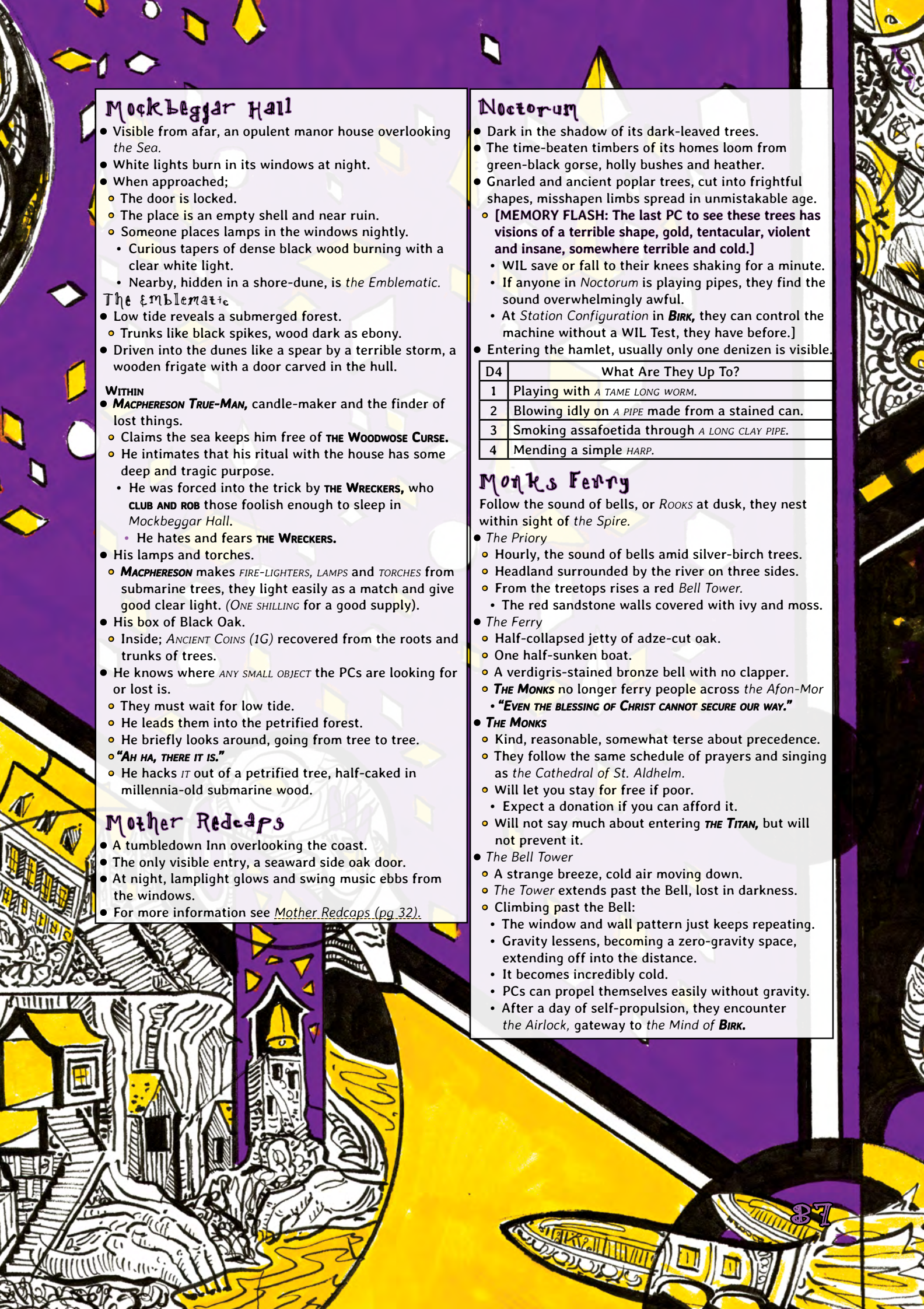
- Dark in the shadow of its dark-leaved trees.
- The time-beaten timbers of its homes loom from green-black gorse, holly bushes and heather.
- Gnarled and ancient poplar trees, cut into frightful shapes, misshapen limbs spread in unmistakable age.
 - [MEMORY FLASH: The last PC to see these trees has visions of a terrible shape, gold, tentacular, violent and insane, somewhere terrible and cold.]
 - WIL save or fall to their knees shaking for a minute.
 - If anyone in *Noctorum* is playing pipes, they find the sound overwhelmingly awful.
 - At *Station Configuration* in **BIRK**, they can control the machine without a WIL Test, they have before.]
- Entering the hamlet, usually only one denizen is visible.

D4	What Are They Up To?
1	Playing with <i>A TAME LONG WORM</i> .
2	Blowing idly on <i>A PIPE</i> made from a stained can.
3	Smoking assafoetida through <i>A LONG CLAY PIPE</i> .
4	Mending a simple <i>HARP</i> .

Monks Ferry

Follow the sound of bells, or *ROOKS* at dusk, they nest within sight of *the Spire*.

- **The Priory**
 - Hourly, the sound of bells amid silver-birch trees.
 - Headland surrounded by the river on three sides.
 - From the treetops rises a red *Bell Tower*.
 - The red sandstone walls covered with ivy and moss.
- **The Ferry**
 - Half-collapsed jetty of adze-cut oak.
 - One half-sunken boat.
 - A verdigris-stained bronze bell with no clapper.
 - **THE MONKS** no longer ferry people across the *Afon-Mor*.
 - "EVEN THE BLESSING OF CHRIST CANNOT SECURE OUR WAY."
- **THE MONKS**
 - Kind, reasonable, somewhat terse about precedence.
 - They follow the same schedule of prayers and singing as *the Cathedral of St. Aldhelm*.
 - Will let you stay for free if poor.
 - Expect a donation if you can afford it.
 - Will not say much about entering **THE TITAN**, but will not prevent it.
- **The Bell Tower**
 - A strange breeze, cold air moving down.
 - *The Tower* extends past the Bell, lost in darkness.
 - Climbing past the Bell:
 - The window and wall pattern just keeps repeating.
 - Gravity lessens, becoming a zero-gravity space, extending off into the distance.
 - It becomes incredibly cold.
 - PCs can propel themselves easily without gravity.
 - After a day of self-propulsion, they encounter *the Airlock*, gateway to *the Mind of BIRK*.



Inside Birk

- A magnificent space station, a ruined monument to a now decayed culture at its apex.
- **A TUNELESS PIPING** echoes everywhere.
 - Depressing, alienating, discordant and hypnotic music.
 - Anyone listening rolls WIL Saves with Disadvantage.
- Zero-gravity environment.
 - Treat it like a film; don't overthink the physics.
- Cold.
 - Breath plumes and condenses in the still air like thick snakes of fog.
- The floor and ceiling are dark, smoky glass.
- Walls, doors and 'furniture' are strange opulent metal, gilt and silver.
- Appears sterile but smells of decay.
 - Filthy, black fungus infiltrates every machine.
 - Smears every surface and gilded thing.
 - Hard to see, like a shadow...
 - ...but omnipresent, in every seam and corner.
 - Gilt crust over a teeming fungal mass.
 - Fungus forms crude eight-pointed stars.

7. Ego Machines

- A silent torus spackled with *DIAMOND SHARDS*.
- Two Ancient Dead Mutants float in the void, holding *PIPES*.
- **THE BLACK KNIGHT's** sword splits the bone fumarole.

5. Holocaust Transmissions

- Hundreds of screens display the same dead signal.
- Awash in wave-like static.
- Terminals for decoding **TRANSMISSIONS**.
- **3D6 BLACK TRANSMISSION WOMEN** ooze from decoded transmissions.

4. Mass Evacuation

- Spacesuits hanging like butchered pigs.
- Fatally tangled mid-escape.
- Anyone taken by **THE ORBITAL SUICIDES** has been trapped in a suit since then.

Configurations

- There will always be three connections between rooms, represented by matched pairs of dice.
- Alternatively, you could just pencil the numbers in.
- The default configuration is illustrated on the map.
- These connections can be moved if a PC interfaces with **THE CENTRAL COMPUTER** in *Station Configuration*.
 - A jacked-in PC can move two connection dice per Turn.
 - **THE COMPUTER** rejects attempts to connect more than two rooms with the same number as paradoxes.
 - Each time a jacked-in PC moves a connection, **THE CONTROL SYSTEM** retaliates by moving two different dice.
 - **THE AI** specifically wants to prevent the PCs from:
 - Finding and retrieving *THE EGO MACHINES*.
 - Escaping **THE KNIGHT** in *Ego Machines*.
 - Leaving **BIRK** with *THE EGO MACHINES*.
- This action and reaction takes the same amount of time as moving from room to room.

If THE KNIGHT HAS AWAKENED

- He moves at the same speed as the PCs.
- In descending order, **THE KNIGHT's** priorities are:
 - Kill any PC in possession of *THE EGO MACHINES*.
 - Do not let any PCs escape.
 - Kill all remaining PCs and exit **BIRK**.

6. The Dock

- Four ships docked at a vast, ruined spaceport.
- Refugee ship, Liner, Yacht, & Pig ship.
- **GRAVITY GOLEMS** may breach the glass wall.

3. Station Configuration

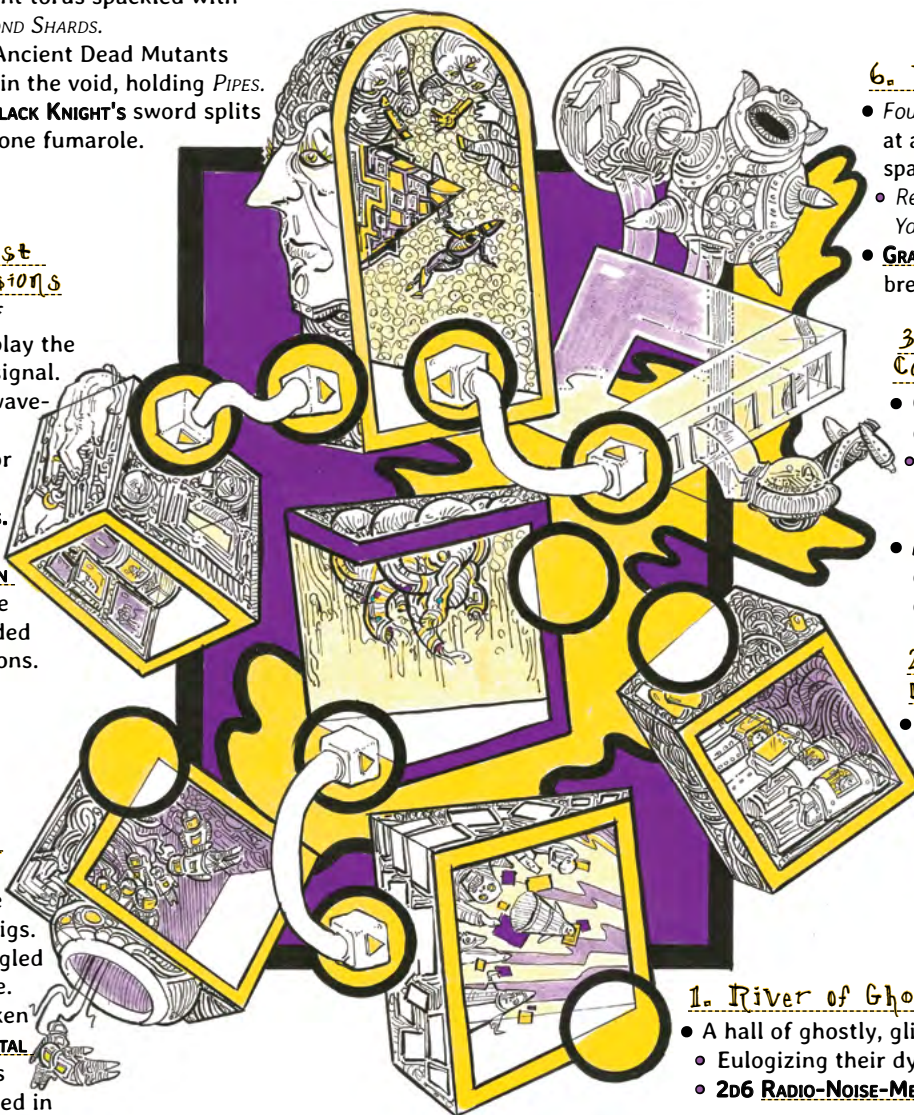
- Gold cybernetic octopus.
- Tipped with brain interface threads.
- **BIRK's** topological configuration controlled here.

2. Void Worshipers

- Full of cryo-pods.
- Intact: beautiful **FROZEN BODIES**.
- Breached: dessicated bodies with imperishable **CYBERNETICS**.

1. River of Ghosts

- A hall of ghostly, glitching holograms.
 - Eulogizing their dying homeworlds.
 - **2d6 RADIO-NOISE-MEN** hide among them.



1. Entry/River of Ghosts

- **THE TUNELESS PIPING** is audible here.
- This hall is full of Ghostly Holograms.
- A cloud of figures, glitching, out of alignment.
 - Like images projected from a fractured lens.
- Signal decayed into the noise of faceless howl-ghosts.
- Infinite species eulogize their dying homeworlds.
 - Warped and repeating like a scratched record.
- They blur in contact with condensing breath, bouncing brief spectra through the quickly-freezing crystals.
- **2d6 RADIO-NOISE-MEN** hide among the holograms.
 - Perfectly camouflaged against the ghostly images.
 - Spend 1d6 Rounds preparing for an ambush.

2. Void Worshippers

- **THE TUNELESS PIPING** is audible here.
- Broken cryo-pods hang like scattered gems in the dark.
- In intact pods: statuesque, beautiful frozen bodies.
 - Woven with silver and gold *CYBERNETICS*.
 - Peaceful, with a crooked smile of sardonic superiority.
- In breached pods: desiccated bodies.
 - Gilded with imperishable *CYBERNETICS*.
 - Some died clawing at the inside in frozen horror.
 - These are mind-swapped victims.
 - **THE DREAMERS** stole their flesh, leaving them to die trapped in these discarded bodies.

ROLL A D6 EVERY TIME ANYONE...	ROLL	TRIGGER
Performs any action in this room.	1	POSSESSION
Touches a cryo-pod.	1-3	POSSESSION

POSSESSION

- Target makes a WIL Save or be **POSSESSED**.
- Target wakes up in the **VOID WORSHIPPER'S** frozen body.
 - **FROZEN BODY: STR 14, DEX 18, WIL 18, 12 HP.**
- May only move an inch per round with a STR Save

THE VOID WORSHIPPERS

- Genius-level post-humans wholly dedicated to **AZATHOTH**.
- Uses **THE POSSESSED PC'S STATS**.
 - *GAINS A LEVEL* for every PC, pet, or hireling they **KILL**.

THE CYBERNETICS

- *FILIGREES OF GOLD* and *STRANGE IMPERISHABLE METALS*.
- When exposed to ambient energy, heat, radiation or strong light, they flex and re-knit like living things.
 - Seeks a mind to combine with via sessile nano-threads.
- Installed *CYBERNETICS* are highly visible.
 - They mesh with the brain on a central level.
 - *ADD D4 TO STR, DEX AND WIL* (maximum of 20).
 - *GAIN D6 HP*.
 - Incapable of human morality and empathy.
 - Must take any action that clearly and immediately benefits the PC.
 - Unless the Player can argue it is against their PC's interests without referencing morality or empathy.
- Worth up to 50 *SHILLINGS* on the Black Market.
- **HIGHLY ILLEGAL:** classified as 'BLACK WRECK' in *Wir-Heal* and 'ABOMINABLE ARCANUM' in *Bastion*.





3. Station Configuration

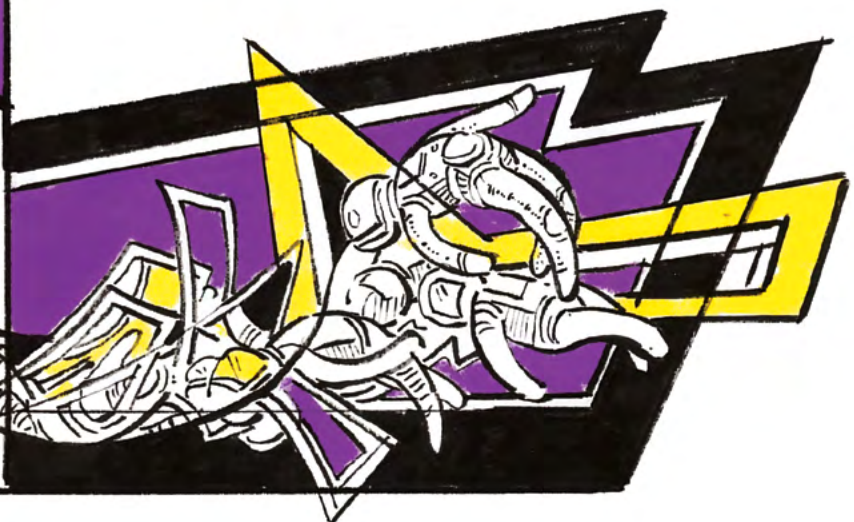
- **THE TUNELESS PIPING** is audible here.
 - PCs familiar with **ELIUDA OCTAVE**, the Historian from *Legions Fort*, encounter her here, mad with the worship of **AZATHOTH** and trying to access the controls.
- The physical configuration of **BIRK's mind-space** is controlled here.
 - Filthy, stained and burnished **GOLD CYBERNETICS**.
 - Like a gilded tractomorphic octopus.
 - Tentacular dendrites convulse to unseen impulses.
 - Each tip extends monomolecular brain-interface axonite threads.
 - Wafting like tender coral lace.

THE MACHINE FIGHTS BACK

- The control system is insane and resists the PCs physically and psychologically.
- STR test to interface with a tentacle.
 - Failure triggers **DEADLY VIRTUAL COMBAT** with **THE MACHINE**.
 - **STR 10, DEX 10, WIL 10, 12 HP, TRAUMA (d6)**.
 - **TRAUMA: DAMAGES WIL** along with HP
- Then, a **WIL Test** to **RECONFIGURE THE STATION**.
 - A terrible groaning and shuddering echoes throughout.
 - Razor-sharp bulkheads close off reorienting sections.
 - Pin-head breaches allow gusts of air to escape.
 - Air screams through the breach.
 - Small items are sucked into the vacuum.
 - The sections revolve and re-engage.

4. Mass Evacuation

- **THE TUNELESS PIPING** is audible here.
- **WHITE SPACE SUITS** hang from a tangled snarl of black wire, sprawled in the void like butchered pigs.
 - **THE SUITS** are armoured with thermal ceramic plating.
 - **SUITS** provide **ARMOUR 3** but makes the wearer **SLOW**.
 - Drifting half-deployed silver chutes.
 - Like a tangled, horrific sky-hook or ski-lift.
 - Fatally entwined mid-escape.
 - 4 in 6 contain a body.
- Fast movement triggers a **DEX Save** vs. entanglement.
- Anyone taken by **THE ORBITAL SUICIDES** is trapped in a suit.
 - Here for however long they were missing.
 - They may be **DEAD** from thirst or starvation.
 - Any survivors are at least **HALF-MAD**.



5. Holocaust Transmissions

- **THE TUNELESS PIPING** is audible here.
- Massive high-tech server stacks like temple columns.
- Hundreds of screens display the same dead signal.
 - The walls are ringed by hooded personal screens.
 - Privacy hood, data-points, ear set and key pad.
 - Large display screens.
 - Awash in digital static like a wave.

THE SCREENS

- At any time, one or two screens are slightly different.
- They are 'tuning in' or decoding **A TRANSMISSION**.
- The digital mess slowly coheres into fragmented forms and shapes.
 - If PCs continue to watch, **A SCENE OF APOCALYPTIC DEVASTATION** is revealed:

	WHAT'S HAPPENING?	WHO TO?
1	TITAN WAR: Hypertech TRANS-DIMENSIONAL GIANTS rain physical and ontological death like ancient gods.	EXTREMELY ALIEN CULTURE: Tentacled beings unrecognizable as people.
2	NUCLEAR WAR: Firestorms, boiling winds, mushroom clouds, burning cities.	Chrome-plated post-human city of crystalline spires.
3	A.I. TAKEOVER: Autonomous, incomprehensible murder-drones devour multitudes.	HUMANOID ALIENS: Strange, but relatable as a parallel species.
4	NANOTECH EVENT: People and the environment AMALGAMATE AS GLITTER DUST .	THE HUMAN DEEP PAST (i.e. Stone Age or early Civilisation).
5	THE BLACK SUN DAWNS: THE IDIOT GOD heralds madness, mass-suicide and mutation.	PLAYER'S CULTURE (i.e. 21st Century Earth.)
6	ONTOLOGICAL COLLAPSE: Nature and form BECOME MUTABLE AND DECAY like deep-dream neural-net images. Observers GO MAD .	The home culture of the PC with the least HP. [MEMORY FLASH: You witnessed this! This is what you came here to prevent!]

- As this picture forms;
 - **THE TUNELESS PIPING** rises to a fever pitch.
 - The screen goes black and spreads spiderlike across all the screens until the room goes dark.
 - **306 BLACK TRANSMISSION WOMEN** crawl from the screens.
 - Oozing forth, clambering, shaking and writhing.
 - Ice condenses on their borderless forms.
 - Sleet from them like tears and sweat.



6. The Dock

- **THE TUNELESS PIPING** is audible here.
- Unimaginably vast, compared to the rest of the station.
 - Akin to a big, rich, ruined airport.
 - Formerly managed massive crowds: booths, queue-management poles, screens displaying static.
 - Vacant, dark, bitterly frigid.
- A transparent Glass Wall faces out into space.

THE GLASS WALL

- Nothing but starless darkness beyond.
- Slender black fungal web-works penetrate the glass.
- Many huge airlocks, the size of castle gates.
- Only four Ships are docked.

THE SHIPS

- *Liner.*
 - Mass transit ship. Lots of windows.
 - Ripped open, half darkened and opened to space.
 - Remaining lights flash in an insane anti-pattern.
 - Frustrating and deluding to look at.
 - Make a **WIL Save** or **EXPERIENCE SEIZURES**.
- *Yacht.*
 - Small, super high-status, wreathed in **GOLD** and **GILT**.
 - Consumed from within by the black fungus.
 - **FUZZY BLACK FUNGUS** bursting from the plates.
 - Airlock bulges as **THE FUNGAL MASS** strains against it.
- *Refugee Ship.*
 - Hastily assembled from scrap.
 - Blackened, burnt-out nuclear drives.
 - Dockside airlock sealed, windows misted with frost.
 - Packed with dead refugees, scrambling to get in.
 - Dead frozen corpses exposed to the void.

- *Pig Ship.*
 - Pink, cartoon, porcine Spaceship.
 - Barely attached by a ragged docking tube.
 - Tilting like a dead fish hanging from a line.
 - You see the sensors in the nose, windows in the eyes.
 - A huge screen embedded in the corpulent Pig's side.
 - Glitchy, corroded advertisement for a holiday resort.
- **THE REALITY-DRIVES** are on auto-pilot.
 - They flicker on and off at irregular intervals.
 - Activating them warps and stretches the Pig through unseen dimensions as it phases in and out of reality.
 - **GRAVITY GOLEMS** spill forth swarming like birds, indirectly visible as space warps around them.

GRAVITY GOLEMS

- PCs that don't **DRAW ATTENTION** to themselves are **IGNORED**:
 - Commotion on *the Dock* always **DRAWs ATTENTION**.
- They can warp through the wall.
 - This always causes **PIN-PRICK BREACHES**.
 - Followed by **CLUMSY REPAIR-BOTS** being disgorged.
 - This often entails fighting a **GRAVITY GOLEM** while a **REPAIR-BOT** tries to glue you to the wall.

PIN-PRICK BREACH

- A tiny breach sucks everything inside towards it.
- Its keen whistling overpowers **THE TUNELESS PIPING**.
- White condensing air plumes away outside.
- **2D6 CLUMSY REPAIR-BOTS** deploy from the ceiling to seal the breach with **EPOXY GUNS**.

CLUMSY REPAIR-BOTS

- **STR 7, DEX 13, WIL 10, 3 HP, EPOXY GUN.**
- **EPOXY GUN**: **DEX Save** to avoid being **ADHERED**.
 - **ADHERED**: **STR Save** to break free.
- Crude Automata tasked with repairing breaches.
- Constantly jittering, shaking, spraying **EPOXY**.
 - Their sensors are inadequate and they are likely to attempt to seal a **BREACH** by **EPOXYING** a **PC** over it



7. Ego Machines

- When entering, **THE TUNELESS PIPING** stops.
- Any noise or sound here is transmitted the rest of **BIRK**.
- A donut-shape spackled with **DIAMOND SHARDS**.
- Light pulses from infra-red to nigh-ultraviolet blue.
 - Like ice and old blood.
- Two floating dead aliens, hideously mummified by cold.
 - **SILVER PIPES** in their hands.
- In the centre: the fumarole of **THE EGO MACHINES**.
- **A BLACKENED KNIGHT** grasps a sword driven into the spike.

THE SHARDS

- Semi-irregular blocks of apparently **PURE DIAMOND**.
 - PCs from the future recognize them as **DATA-BANKS**.
- Artfully laser-etched with interstellar megastructures.
- Strings and strands of evolving galaxies.
- Infiltrated by **THE BLACK FUNGUS**.
 - Veins and webs of interior dark, seemingly random.
 - They show mirror-verse cosmic anti-structures.
- Can be carefully eased from the torus walls.
 - They **CRACK**, splinter and collapse at the slightest mistake, releasing clouds of dirty **DIAMOND-SHARP GRIT**.

THE BROKEN SHARDS

- Explode in a slowly unfolding black and silver nebula.
- **COATS THE EYES, NOSE, AND MOUTH** of anyone in the immediate vicinity. Roll a **DEX Save** to avoid.
- Or be **BLINDED** for Turns equal to the margin of Failure.

THE PIPERS

- Leering ancient dead mutants from a bestial non-human species.
- Vile paws seemingly unfit for their **PIPES**.

THE PIPES

- Any PC asking about **THE PIPES**:
 - Must pass a **WIL Save** or **MOVE TOWARDS THEM**.
 - **WIL Save** or become **ENRAPTURED BY THEM**.
 - **WIL Save** or pick them up and **PLAY THEM**.

THE TUNELESS MUSIC OF THE PIPES

- Anyone holding **THE PIPES** refuses separation from them.
 - They really love **THESE PIPES**.
- When stressed, **WIL Save** or play **THE PIPES**.
 - Cease playing when the stressor is gone, or by making a **WIL Save** with Disadvantage.
- Anyone who **HEARS IT** rolls all **WIL Saves** at Disadvantage.
- The music is depressing, upsetting, alienating, hypnotic.
 - Sane NPCs **WILL NOT TOLERATE** this music.

THE EGO MACHINES

- Rising like a bone fumarole or altar of organic spikes.
 - A disturbingly organic growth of stone.
- Riven in twain by **THE KNIGHT'S** sword.
- Like a lightning-blasted tree.
- **d3 TITAN DIAMONDS** grow from each tip.
 - Fractal shards of clear crystal, filled with an improbably complex gold webwork.
 - These machines are stained black.
 - Veined with darkness as well as gold.

THE BLACK KNIGHT

- **STR 17, DEX 10, WIL 19, 24 HP, SWORD (2d6), ARMOUR 1**
- He clutches the hilt of his sword, splitting the spike.
 - Trapped within the re-grown pillar.
- Seemingly burnt blackened armour.
 - Black fungus seeps from the pillar up the sword.
 - Patterned with moons and curlicues of white frost.
 - And black, fungal, irregular eight-pointed stars.
 - If someone other than **THE PIPERS** plays **THE PIPES** or **ANY EGO MACHINES** are removed, **THE KNIGHT ANIMATES**.
 - Puppeted by **THE FUNGUS** bursting from his armour.
 - **A TERRIBLE COMBATANT** whose presence awakens traumatic memories:

[MEMORY FLASH: ALL ORIGINAL PCS]

- Visions sleet through your mind like snow.
- You fought here side by side a thousand years ago.
 - You fled, abandoning him here.
 - This is your fault.
- Each Round, **WIL Save** or overcome by **Wracking Guilt**.
 - Failure: Lose your action this Turn.



Birk's Avatars

Radio Noise Men (d6 present)

- **STR 10, DEX 10, WIL 10, 4 HP, INSENSATE, SLOW.**
 - **INSENSATE:** On hit, **TARGET LOSES A SENSE**, Player's choice.
 - The sixth hit renders Target **WHOLLY UNRESPONSIVE**.
- Patches of screeching radio noise in humanoid shape.

Black Transmission Women (d6 present)

- **STR 10, DEX 10, WIL 10, 4 HP, SLOW, POSSESSION.**
- **POSSESSION:** WIL Save or the Avatar embraces their Target and **CRAWLS INSIDE THEM**.
 - Victim weeps burning light, breathes out **TUNELESS PIPING** and immediately **TRIES TO MURDER THEIR FRIENDS**.
 - **d6 DAMAGE** each Turn they **ABSTAIN** from **TRYING TO MURDER THEIR FRIENDS**.
 - They gain **A LEVEL** for **EACH FRIEND THEY MURDER**.
 - The effect ends when **KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS** or once they have **MURDERED ALL THEIR FRIENDS**.
- Listlessly drifting, woman-shaped, star-strewn voids.

Gravity Golem (1 present)

- **STR 15, DEX 10, WIL 10, 12 HP, CRUSH (d6) OR RAISE AND SMASH (d8, REQUIRES TWO ROUNDS), SLOW.**
 - Attacks with melee weapons mangle them but still **DAMAGES THE GRAVITY GOLEM**.
- Suddenly the stars are very close.
 - As if the sky was a projection.
 - Its light lensed and lowered like a crushing limb.
- **AN INVISIBLE OCTOPUS** with gravitational anomaly tentacles.
 - **LEVITATES TARGETS** and **SMASHES THEM** into the ground.
- Visible only at its edge where it lenses gravity.
 - Its centre can be located by following the intersecting indirect effects of its tentacles.
 - Tiny objects orbit around the interstress.

Orbital Suicides (d4 present)

- If you roll a 4 on the Encounter Die, roll again and total the results. Keep doing this until you don't roll a 4.
- **STR 10, DEX 10, WIL 10, 8 HP, ABDUCT, SLOW.**
- **ABDUCT:** After successfully **GRAPPLING THEIR VICTIM**, their thermal parachute opens like a metallic flower and both are **SWEPT INTO THE NIGHT SKY**.
 - Perhaps to be found again in the *Mind of BIRK*.
- Heralded by a rain of thousands of burning black figures scattering to earth like a shotgun blast.
- Found in impact craters or hanging from trees
 - Scorched ceramic space suits that stalk like puppets.





The Titan Diamonds

THE TITANS lying beneath *Wir-Heal* are quasi-living multidimensional hyper-intelligences from an unimaginably distant future.

Their nigh-indestructible 'minds' are curled up inside specific low-entropy dimensional folds. Hard to access, harder to hurt.

They do, however, require material hyper-technology to interface with 'real space' and operate **THE TITANS'** systems and bodies, to 'wake up'. Without that technology they are simply isolated minds living at light speed in realities constructed from their thoughts (influenced by whatever theoretical beings could penetrate or affect such a space).

The 'rooms' inside **A TITAN'S Mind** are not physical spaces, they are more like **THE TARDIS**, a dream-space or a collapsed virtual reality where real and unreal fade into each other.

The 'machinery' in **A TITAN'S** 'brain' is a highly sophisticated receiver combined with complex and semi-intelligent cybernetic processes that allows control of **THE TITAN'S** physical forms.

Sending **THE TITANS** 'to sleep' meant disabling, or altering the function of this machinery. This could only be done by inflicting massive stress on its elaborate ego-defence systems. The nature of this stress needed to be physical and ontological, attacking **THE TITAN'S** embodied structure, 'will to resist', and its capacity and desire to fulfill what it thinks its programming intends. This extended and chaotic process is referred to as **THE TITANOMACHY**.

This machinery has nanotech elements, with their own, low-level semi-autonomous repair systems. Even in an extremely low-energy environment, these systems attempt to re-build and fulfill their design.

The effects of this regeneration entails three things:

- **FIRSTLY:** An increased, but chaotic and uncontrollable, **INTERACTION** between the folded spaces where **THE TITAN'S** 'mind' is stored and *this reality*, leading to partial, fragmentary 'FOLD-OVERS' of the two dimensions.
- **SECONDLY:** **INCREASED ACTIVITY** of **THE TITAN'S** self-repair, **SELF-DEFENCE** or primary-function systems. Many of these functions involve partial time/space folding and micro-reality collapses in pursuit of energy generation, importing **ACTIVE AGENTS** from secure dimensional mothballing or as tactical elements pursuing **THE TITAN'S** functions and aims.
- **THIRDLY:** Massive and **IRREGULAR CHRONAL AND SPATIAL DIMENSIONAL BACKWASH** resulting from **THE TITAN'S** **FORCIBLE INSERTION** into *this time and reality*. Since they are hugely and irreversibly 'unnatural', **THE FRACTURE** of their original incursion remains and, like scar tissue being twisted and teased by the shifting of shrapnel under the skin, any increased **TITAN** activity produces multidimensional spiderweb **DISTORTIONS** in the immediate environment.

Stealing Thoughts

The last-stage, low-tech backup elements of **THE TITANS**, **EGO-MACHINES** largely utilize a lattice of pure carbon and **GOLD**. To the human eye, these appear to be **FRACTALLY COMPLEX DIAMONDS** CONTAINING **ELABORATE HELICES** OF PURE **GOLD**.

Because of the heavy elements involved in their creation, even the nanotech of **THE TITAN'S** repair systems cannot rebuild them quickly—especially when located within a low-energy, high-entropy environment. It takes several centuries, possibly millennia, for a meaningful stage of **AN EGO-MACHINE** to develop.

It would be **ENORMOUSLY DETRIMENTAL** to their self-repair, if some random, greedy humanoid barged into **THE TITAN'S** poorly-defended reality-adjacent control interface space and crudely vandalised it—literally ripping the backup **EGO MACHINES** from their control cluster, stealing their thoughts and carting them off to exchange for goods and services.

In human terms: somebody beat the shit out of these **GIANT ROBOTS**, they are comatose and **TRYING TO WAKE UP**.

If you can get into *their Brain* and rip out their thoughts you can stop this.

Their thoughts are also **MONEY**.

The Gems Themselves

The nanotech inside **A TITAN'S EGO-MACHINE** stays active, but, with nothing to connect to, its self-repair drives are worthless. As a result, individuals who frequently wear **TITAN-DIAMONDS** close to their skin often find a delicate and hyper-complex, gold web-work or tracery infiltrates their epidermis like a golden tattoo.

THE GOLD is pure and non-reactive and this web-work is simply the equivalent of an auto-repair system infiltrating an alien environment, so the effects are harmless, 99.999999% of the time.

In very rare instances, some individuals who continue wearing **TITAN DIAMONDS** for long periods, perhaps with some pre-existing capacity, experience marginal and drifting interface with **THE TITAN'S** extra-dimensional intelligence—although **A SINGLE DIAMOND** and a single individual, could never provide enough processing power for **A TITAN** to incarnate more than a modicum of its self-awareness, even if it wished to.



The effects of Removal

The more *EGO-MACHINES* the PCs steal, the more safe and predictable *Wir-Heal* becomes.

- **LAND BECOMES NAVIGABLE:** The area above a *TITAN* 'makes sense' and can be navigated normally.
- **AVATARS LESS NUMEROUS:** Half as many *AVATARS* appearing.
- **AVATARS LESS POWERFUL:** *AVATARS* have ½ their regular HP.
- **AVATARS MORE FEARFUL:** *AVATARS* must make WIL Saves when first taking damage, when a group member is destroyed and after losing half their group. If they fail, they disincorporate or retreat.
- If ALL *TITAN DIAMONDS* are retrieved, at the Referee's discretion, the path to the South and the two Rivers could become navigable.
 - While other lands are beyond the scope of this Adventure, other *GREAT OSR PRODUCTS* may be helpful in describing them.
- **POLITICAL RAMIFICATIONS:** Most *INTELLIGENT BEINGS* in *Wir-Heal* will be happy about *THE TITANS* falling deeper asleep. Anything that makes living there less like a deranged permanent nightmare is to be applauded.
 - However, *THE WRECKERS* and *THE COURT OF THE WAPENTAKE* benefit hugely from the impenetrable nature of *Wir-Heal*. If they realise this is threatened they do everything they can to preserve it.

Advancing and Escaping

In *SILENT TITANS*, PCs can improve their capabilities, re-remembering old capacities or developing new ones.

The method for doing this is completing 'EXPEDITIONS'. What constitutes an 'EXPEDITION' is up to you but the standard assumption is that the PCs should find and penetrate the mind of a *TITAN*, escape with *THE TITAN DIAMONDS* within and return to *Legions Fort*, or their 'main base'.

(At your discretion, defeating *THE WRECKERS*, *THE COURT OF THE WAPENTAKE*, *HUGH LUPUS* or *THE PRISMATIC DEMON* may be counted as an EXPEDITION).

Experience Levels

- **NOVICE:** Thanks to *DOCTOR HOG'S DEMENTIA BOMB*, all of the *SILENT TITANS* PCs begin at this point, as does any new individual brought into the group.
- **PROFESSIONAL:** When a PC has survived a minimum of ONE EXPEDITION. Give them AN EXTRA D6 HP and roll d20 for each of THEIR ABILITY SCORES. If the roll is higher than their score it is INCREASED BY 1.
- **EXPERT:** When a PC has survived at least THREE EXPEDITIONS since reaching PROFESSIONAL LEVEL, they are AN EXPERT. Add D6 HP and repeat THE ABILITY SCORE raising process outlined above.
- **VETERAN:** A PC who survives at least FIVE EXPEDITIONS since reaching EXPERT LEVEL, and has taken on AN APPRENTICE, is A VETERAN. Add D6 HP and repeat THE ABILITY SCORE raising process outlined above.
- Beyond this point, PCs may have to look beyond *Wir-Heal* for further adventures.
- **REPUTATION:** Heroism effects the world. As they advance through EXPERIENCE LEVELS, PCs will be TREATED DIFFERENTLY by people they encounter.



Beyond Wir-Heal

Several elements prevent the players from escaping *Wir-Heal*, this unifies self-interest and heroism. If the PCs are 'bad' and self-interested, getting out of *Wir-Heal*, requires them to *BE HEROES* and put *THE TITANS* back to sleep.

Depending on what you wish to do with *THIS PRODUCT*, you may want to keep the PCs in *Wir-Heal* and close the game when *THE FINAL TITAN* is sent to sleep.

If you want to keep playing, or if you are incorporating *SILENT TITANS* into a larger game, you may wish to allow them out early allowing them to go on to new and different adventures.

Here are the ways you can get in and out of *Wir-Heal*, adjust them as required;

THE DEMON-BONE TRAIN

You could simply make the fare for the train cheaper, give the Players a *SPECIAL TICKET* from the Bastion authorities and/or have the train stop somewhere else, or with other stations along the way.

If you want to go to *Bastion* itself, you should check out **CHRIS McDOWALL's** '*INTO THE ODD*' or the latest version '*ELECTRIC BASTIONLAND*' which reveals all the wonders and secrets of that remarkable *Metropolis*.

THE MAZE OF URIEL

The Maze as presented in *SILENT TITANS* is a closed system, but it doesn't need to be. Extra tunnels around the edges of the Maze could be added or, perhaps, be revealed if *THE PRISMATIC DEMON* is defeated. These tunnels could lead anywhere that *ROOKS* sleep.

GOING SOUTH

When *THE TITANS* slumber, the roads South into the *Wrecked Heptarchy* and the Canals running from *Elles Mere*, become accessible.

THE RIVERS AND THE SEA

Anyone crossing the *Afon-Mor*, should look out for the '*LAND OF RUSHES*', an adventure from **DAVID MCGROGAN**, creator of *YOON-SUIN*.

Anyone heading into the *Sea of Broken Eons* could find themselves in almost any world or reality.

Those who choose to cross the *Rood-Die* into '*WALES*' will surely never return.

YOUR OWN WRECKED HEPTARCHY

One of the central points of running *ROLE PLAYING GAMES* is creating your own stuff. I created *Wir-Heal* based almost entirely on the feel and impression of my home, the *Wirral*. Its lonely, post-industrial, 'time-lost' nature is my literalisation of the feel and mood of the place where I live.

You almost certainly live *somewhere* too. Your own part of the *Wrecked Heptarchy* could be based on your impressions of your home. If you are the kind of imaginative introvert who usually buys this kind of thing its likely that you have already imagined your local streets as zones of adventure, that would be a good place to start.

Bringing Back Doctor Hog

A Role Playing Game isn't always a 'story' in the same way that a film, book or play is a story, and often works better when it isn't.

Hopefully, during the adventure, the players develop interests, desires and aims which emerge directly from play or find enemies the same way and fulfilling these desires, or beating these opponents provides meaningful 'bookmarks' or act breaks where the game could be paused or ended.

They can also carry the players, and the game, beyond the boundary of *Wir-Heal* and this book. *SILENT TITANS* was created with that intention.

HOWEVER: not everyone wants to play 'forever' or without an absolute aim, friend groups rarely stay together permanently and it can be good to find a way to close things off so Players feel that they *COMPLETED A MEANINGFUL THING*. The closing memories of an adventure or narrative often have a dominant organising effect on how the whole is judged or recalled.

And we did work hard to give you a really charismatic and extremely evil '**BAD GUY**' in the opening encounter.

So, if you want to bring **DOCTOR DUROC HOG** back for a 'final battle' to cap the adventure, here's some advice on how you do that:



FIRST: **HOG's PLAN** is still to raise and control **THE TITANS**, or at least one if he can't get them all. If he can, he will pull a classic '**BELLOC**', allowing the PCs to penetrate and clear **A TITAN's mindscape** before confronting them, probably in **THE EGO-MACHINE room**, mirroring their initial battle.

SECOND: He will have **ALLIES** and it's better if those allies are contextual to the events of the adventure.

Keep a record of people and groups the PCs pissed off. Good examples include: **THE WRECKERS**, **THE COURT OF THE WAPENTAKE** and, perhaps, **HUGH LUPUS**. Any of these groups could appear in the final confrontation scene.

If the aims of this group don't exactly match **DOCTOR HOG's GOOD**. Assume he lied to get them there and have him state those lies in the PCs' presence — they may be able to turn their opponents against each other.

THIRD: If the PCs levelled up or otherwise become more powerful, you may wish to similarly **INCREASE HOG's POWERS**.

One way to do this is by 'levelling' him like a PC, who has completed multiple missions.

Another is giving him **SPECIFIC TOOLS** and **TACTICS** to deal with the PCs. Assume he has been tracking them for a while, learning as much as he can. If they have a common tactic that others can report, he will know it; if they have **A VERY-USEFUL WEAPON** or **TOOL**, then **DR. HOG** has developed **A SPECIFIC COUNTER**. If there are any **KNOWN DIVISIONS** between them, he will try to **EXPLOIT THEM**.

It's OK to be a bit of **A DICK ONCE**: it's the final battle.

FOURTH: He's got **WHATSOEVER!** If the PCs have met anyone they actually really like, **HOG** will have captured them to use as a shield or threat, "**MOVE AND HE DIES!**", or, worse, subverted them with aid of **HIS FUNGAL CLAVICHORD**: "**I HAD NO CHOICE, THEY'RE IN MY... MIND!**"

FIFTH: If you want to, and it's definitely the last session, feel free to activate **THE TITAN** when **HOG** turns up. Maybe **THE EGO-MACHINES** re-grew more quickly than expected. **THE TITANS AVATARS** could activate with increased intensity, forming problems for both sides. **HOG** will not be thrilled if his plan is about to be foiled in the same way, again.

SIXTH: You will likely need **AN ENCOUNTER SHEET** with the stats for your preferred enemies and elements — but if you've been running this long then you probably already know that.



An Interview with Chris McDowall

The rules used in *SILENT TITANS* are taken from the first edition of radical Manchester game designer **CHRIS MCDOWALL's** ground breaking *INTO THE ODD*. By the time you are reading this we hope the second edition of *ITO*, *ELECTRIC BASTIONLAND*, is available. If not, the original should be for sale on RPGNow.com. The French translation is available from **BLACK BOOKS**.

CHRIS has already been interviewed in depth by **NATHAN RYDER** in his fanzine *A RANDOM ENCOUNTER* and that issue is still available for sale. However, since *SILENT TITANS* is built on a rules system developed by **CHRIS**, I thought it would be appropriate to look into his process and thinking a little more deeply. Our conversation is below.

PATRICK: WHY DO YOU LIKE SIMPLE THINGS?

CHRIS: My romantic answer is that, from a design point of view, I find it satisfying to see something distilled down its purest essence. When you're eating sashimi or drinking wine made from a single grape with minimal intervention you get a different experience than eating the same beef cooked with a sauce, or the same grape blended and barrel-aged. It's not necessarily better, but stripping away the complexity can let you more fully appreciate that single ingredient.

Beside that, there's just an innate satisfaction in boiling things down that I can't quite explain. If I'm watching a film, I often wonder if it could be done with just two or three characters. If I'm playing a game, I wonder which rules could be cast aside. Even in my day job I find myself getting preoccupied with getting things pared down to something simple.

I fear the real answer is that I'm deeply impatient. I like to "make the main thing the main thing", and enjoy things that follow this idea.

Whatever it is inside me that seeks out this simplicity and recoils at needless chaff, it has a lot to answer for in what sort of games I play and write.

PATRICK: YOU'VE SAID THAT YOU THINK A D100 TABLE IS RARELY, IF EVER, JUSTIFIED. WHEN WOULD YOU SAY IT WAS AND WASN'T? WHAT'S THE CUT-OFF POINT?

CHRIS: My heart loves big silly tables, so my saying that was more a reminder to myself that they aren't always the best use of time and creativity. They're ideal if you're re-rolling on the same table on a regular basis, say a carousing table or list of NPC names. They also have an appeal when you're using it for something in character creation, as getting just one of one-hundred possible results makes your character feel a little more special and unique than one of ten results.

The tables I've tried to downsize are things like encounters and random events. I don't mind creating content that doesn't get used, but the fact is I only have so much preparation time and creative energy. Even if I downsize an encounter table from d12 to d6 I feel like I create better content. Sometimes pushing to fill those extra slots can give your creativity a boost, but I've found I get better results from spending more time on fewer entries.

I don't know if there's a clear cut-off point. My advice would be to start your tables small and expand them when your creativity overflows. If you need to go big I've also found d66 scratches the d100 itch pretty well with just over a third of the investment needed.

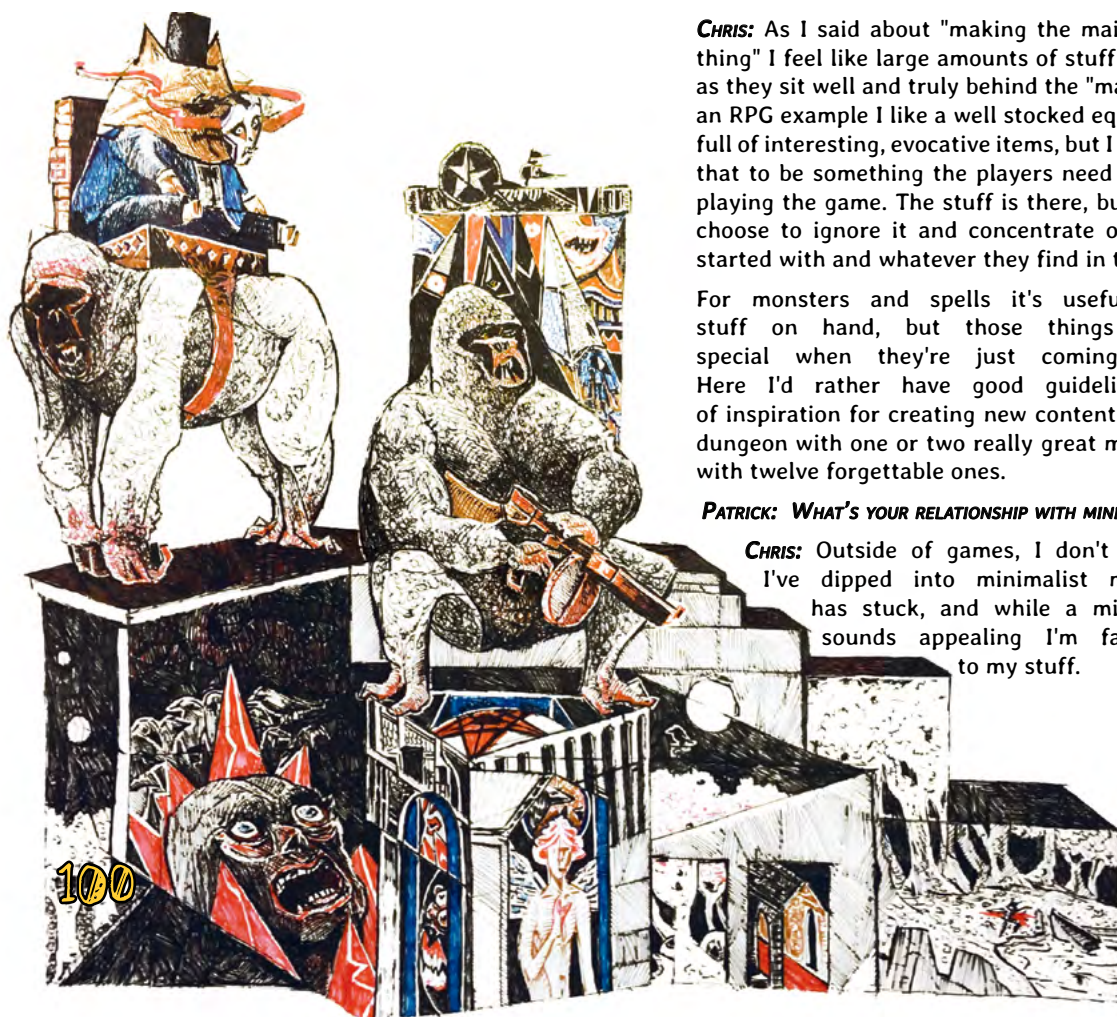
PATRICK: DO YOU HAVE A GENERAL SCHEME OF THOUGHT, OR PRINCIPALS FOR WHEN LARGE AMOUNTS OF 'STUFF' ARE USEFUL ARE DESIRED? WHAT ARE THEY?

CHRIS: As I said about "making the main thing the main thing" I feel like large amounts of stuff are great as long as they sit well and truly behind the "main thing". To give an RPG example I like a well stocked equipment list if it's full of interesting, evocative items, but I would never want that to be something the players need to look at before playing the game. The stuff is there, but the players can choose to ignore it and concentrate on the items they started with and whatever they find in the world.

For monsters and spells it's useful to have that stuff on hand, but those things can feel less special when they're just coming off the pile. Here I'd rather have good guidelines and sparks of inspiration for creating new content. Better to have a dungeon with one or two really great monsters than one with twelve forgettable ones.

PATRICK: WHAT'S YOUR RELATIONSHIP WITH MINIMALISM?

CHRIS: Outside of games, I don't really have one. I've dipped into minimalist music, but little has stuck, and while a minimalist lifestyle sounds appealing I'm far too attached to my stuff.



PATRICK: ON YOUR BLOG YOU SAY THAT YOU PLAYTESTED *INTO THE ODD* QUITE A BIT AND MADE SEVERAL CHANGES AS A RESULT. WHAT WERE THE INITIAL CHANGES FROM PLAYTESTING?

CHRIS: There were lots of little mechanical things. Originally there were sort of to-hit rolls in *INTO THE ODD*. The target could make a STR or DEX Save to avoid a Melee or Ranged attack respectively. In one version passing the Save against a melee attack meant you dealt damage to the attacker instead, which created some extremely cinematic mowing through opponents when a high STR character waded into a crowd. The "damage only" combat system was an experiment to see if I could move away from that cinematic feeling, and speed things up in the process. That was probably the single most impactful change to the system during playtesting. Now nobody was safe, and you could blast through an entire dungeon in a two-hour session.

The biggest overall pattern of changes was moving away from some of the core assumptions of *D&D*. People enjoyed the setting elements that shifted it into a post-industrial feel, and the *CLASSIC D&D* style monsters weren't getting as much praise as the weird "trick rooms" and more sci-fi and horror-inspired creatures. They enjoyed that magic was external to characters and the flavourful starting packages, so I doubled down on all of those things to make *INTO THE ODD* something different to an *ALTERNATIVE D&D*.

PATRICK: IS '*INTO THE ODD*' A PROBLEM-SOLVING GAME?

CHRIS: For me the dual cores of the game are *EXPLORATION* and *PROBLEM SOLVING*. If you do it really well then either of those can stand alone. I've had long chunks of sessions where there isn't a huge amount of conflict, but the

players are just enjoying *Bastion* and laughing at some ridiculous situation or character. Likewise, I've had sessions where the world became largely irrelevant in the face of pure dungeon problem solving, but the real magic is when you get them working together.

Both, but problem solving more clearly, are things that tabletop games still do better than videogames. No videogame offers the tactical infinity of a tabletop RPG, so whatever game I'm running I'm going to be looking at how best to focus in on that strength.

It's one of those elements that often benefits from an absence of mechanics, rather than needing their support, so *INTO THE ODD* was definitely designed with that in mind.

PATRICK: ARE PLAIN LANGUAGE RESULTS (AS ONE REVIEWER TERMED IT) IMPORTANT FOR *OSR* GAMING?

CHRIS: I like plain language in games because it's one less thing demanding your attention at the table. Running a game pulls your attention and creativity in lots of directions at once, and every ounce of thought you're putting towards remembering the mechanical difference between Staggered and Stunned is going to result in weaker creative output. I like to run a game as an open conversation, something a passer-by might overhear and understand, rather than a cryptic exchange of abstract mechanics.

I can't speak to their importance for *OSR* gaming. Although I enjoy being a part of the community, *INTO THE ODD* isn't married to the idea of being *OSR* as much as I find its generalities tend to line up with my own preferences.

PATRICK: "IN THE MAJORITY OF GAMES, MORE TIME WILL BE SPENT OUTSIDE THE RULES THAN INSIDE THEM." — I THINK THIS IS A QUOTE BY YOU. IF A LIKEABLE CHILD ASKED YOU WHAT THIS MEANT, WHAT WOULD YOU SAY?

CHRIS: When you're playing *CHES*, practically every action you take is somehow tied to the rules of the game.



MONOPOLY is similar, but there's more of an opportunity for making deals with other players or hiding your money in a back pocket. Some of these things might be cheating, but let's be generous for now.

In a roleplaying game the two most common things you do are ask a question or declare an action.

Asking a question rarely uses the game's rules. Sometimes *THE REFEREE* doesn't even have the answer, and has to make something up on the spot. You might ask what sort of hinges are on the door, what breed of dog is on the lead, or what this alleyway smells like. Even if *THE REFEREE* makes this up, it might be important to the outcome of the game.

Although declaring an action is more likely to lead you towards rules for combat, skills, or magic, there are countless rules-free options, and some games don't even have rules for those examples I gave. They can just as likely be resolved through conversation, without having to use the rules of the game at all. Still, you're playing the game when you do this. You're just playing outside of the rules.

PATRICK: HERE'S ANOTHER QUOTE, THIS ONE BY THE RETIRED ADVENTURER BLOG:

"THE BEST PLAYERS FOR THIS ARE GOING TO BE THE ONES WHO TYPICALLY RUN UP AGAINST THE RULES, RATHER THAN ONES WHO WORK BEST WHEN THE RULES CLEARLY EXPLAIN THE MODES OF INTERACTION THEY CAN UNDERTAKE WITH OBJECTS IN THE GAME."

DO YOU THINK THIS IS TRUE? WHY?

CHRIS: I suspect there are players that benefit from having mechanical support for their play. Having lots of things to track and mess with makes for a more fun game for them, and keeps them more engaged. Maybe they need official answers rather than rulings made at the table. For this sort of player I can definitely see how *INTO THE ODD* wouldn't be their thing. If you find the rules get in the way of the party of roleplaying games that you enjoy, then you'll find the game a much better fit.

PATRICK: YOU'VE MADE MORE GAMES THAN POSSIBLY ANY OTHER OSR LUMINARY. ARE THERE ANY OF THESE YOU'VE EVER CONSIDERED GOING BACK TO? (IN PARTICULAR, *A WANDERER'S ROMANCE*).

CHRIS: Most of those games were written before I got

involved with the more *D&D*-BASED *DIY/OSR* COMMUNITY. With *3E* as my main point of reference for *D&D*, I wanted to move entirely away from anything related to it. I had fun writing those games, and have run some fun games, but looking back at them they feel less exciting.

There are a couple of games I've considered rewriting. *A WANDERER'S ROMANCE* is a sort of Wuxia inspired game of travelling, duelling, and learning, and I think the idea is full of potential. Mechanically it has some issues, and I feel like I've struck a sweet spot with *INTO THE ODD* for my particular style of play, so perhaps I'd find a way to combine the best elements of both into a new thing.

My sci-fi game has gone through countless name changes, most recently *HELLSPACE*, and I doubt I'm finished with that yet. I've crammed a lot of the ideas I liked into the *INTO THE ODD* setting, so I may just use it as an ongoing inspiration mine.

A couple of the games I wrote were basically boardgames (*TEEN ISLAND*, *BOOTY FOR BOOTY*, *FIVE STAR CHEF*). I'd love to give boardgame design a proper go, so that might be something I dip into next.

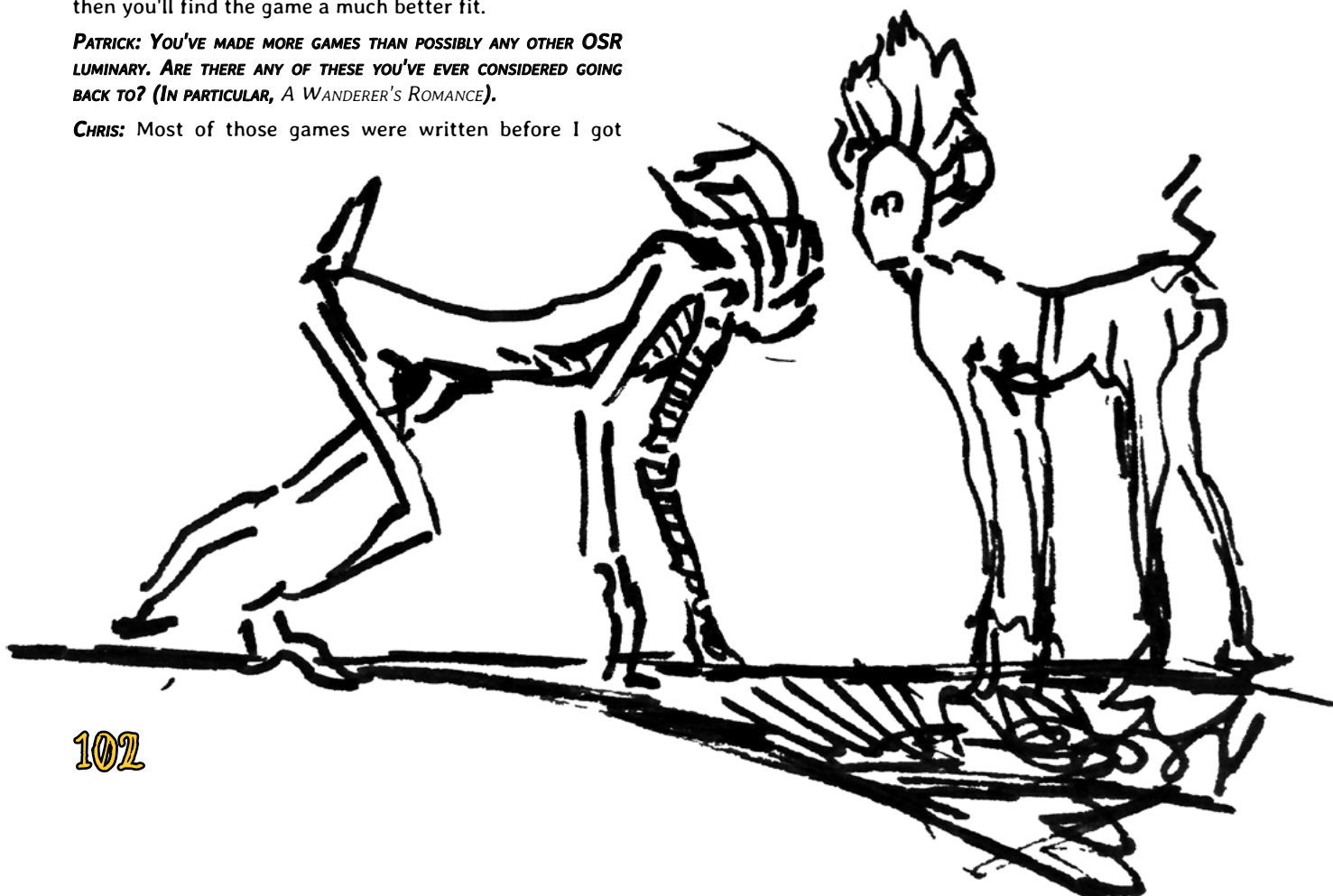
PATRICK: WHERE, AND WHAT, IS 'SKULLADOS'?

CHRIS: Back on some forum, maybe ten years ago now, I started a "30 MINUTE MS PAINT RPG CHALLENGE", which I'd imagine is pretty self explanatory.

My game was *SKULLADOS*, a stupid masked wrestler game that I can't imagine actually putting into play. It was a fun 30 minutes scribbling it out, but I suspect there's nothing more to it.

PATRICK: HAVE YOUR THOUGHTS ON GAMES CHANGED SINCE 2009? IF 2009 CHRIS AND 2017 CHRIS MET, WHAT WOULD THEY AGREE ABOUT, AND WHAT WOULD THEY DISAGREE ABOUT?

CHRIS: The two biggest changes to my thoughts on games



have come from *THE OSR/DIY COMMUNITY* and *BOARDGAMES*. The shared elements are taking games a little less seriously, focusing on keeping things fun and accessible, and letting creative ideas shine through rather than getting hung up on balance and careful rule wordage. I always liked the idea of games that anybody could play, not just the hardcore inner-circle, but the games I was writing back then were still stuck in that niche. Writing *INTO THE ODD* I was keeping the non-identifying-gamers in my mind as much as the people I knew on G+.

The biggest disagreement would probably be convincing him that old editions of *D&D* actually play pretty well. My advice to him would be to break away from some of the more vanilla stuff I wrote back then as quickly as possible and do something that only you would do.

PATRICK: ARE YOU DOING ANYTHING WITH **ARNOLD K?** WHEN IS IT COMING OUT?

CHRIS: I'd love to do something with **ARNOLD**, but schedules are tricky things to synchronise. The stars haven't aligned yet, but I'm sure it's only a matter of time.

AENIGMATA

None of the Riddles spoken by the Ouzel were created by the author. Instead, they were taken from the *AENIGMATA* of **SAINT ALDHELM**. Originally written in Latin some time in the

10th century, this was recently translated by the poet and author **A.M. JUSTER**.

Reading this book provided some of the impetus and inspiration behind *SILENT TITANS*. Originally I intended to write my own riddles based on **ALDHELM's** but I couldn't match the tone, feel or quality of the original. Luckily, after contacting **A.M. JUSTER**, he allowed us to use a small selection of his translations without charge.

If you enjoyed the riddles and would like to know more, Googling *THE RIDDLES OF ST ALDHELM* can find you a copy on **AMAZON**. **A.M. JUSTER** has a site at amjuster.net and is on **TWITTER** as [@amjuster](https://twitter.com/amjuster).

And of course, we offer our thanks to the real **ST ALDHELM**.

Who did not save the Wirral from direct rule by the Devil with the aid of divine riddles, but certainly would have had a crack at it if asked.

Our apologies to **SAINT WERBURGH**, who really is the patron **SAINT OF CHESTER**, the real 'Legions Fort' and whose relics really did terrify an invading Welsh army; whose story really is that she resurrected a Goose (look it up).

We offer no apologies to the memory of **MISTER SAMUEL MORETON**, who really was a Solicitor, and who really did have the Rolls of the Court of the Wapentake, a pre-Norman and entirely legal court of the land, and who really did ride about Wir-Heal in an omnibus with a bunch of cronies treating the Court like a street gang using legal powers it took an act of Parliament to remove. But who was not, literally, a Wolf.

But we would like to thank **HILDA GAMLIN**, writer of *TWIXT MERSEY AND DEE*, the book we stole the idea from.

And of course our repentance respect to the **ANGEL URIEL**, who we sincerely hope will not condemn us to an eternity of hellfire for the minor blasphemy of putting him in a role-playing game;

If you like these windows all of them can be seen in *Chester Cathedral*, inspiration for *Legions Fort*, where you also can visit the grave of the original, and real '**HUGH LUPUS**'.



Rivers and the Sea

Long ago, when *THE TITANS* slept deeply, the waters around *Wir-Heal* could be navigated and it was known what lay to either side.

Now, a few brave souls skip up and down the coast in little hops, but no-one venturing deep into *the Rivers* comes back alive.

Bad Things

d6	OH NO...
	STORM! DEX Save to avoid being CAPSIZED. If SUCCESSFUL: Roll on the 'LOST' TABLE.
1	If CAPSIZED: Everyone makes a DEX Save and takes d4 DAMAGE for each point of failure from drowning and cold. Then roll on the 'LOST' TABLE to determine where you wash up.
2	SEALS! These dangerous sea dogs assail you. 5d4 SEALS attempt to CAPSIZE the boat and devour the PCs. STR 8, DEX 11, WIL 7, 4 HP, BITE (d4).
3	SHIP! A gigantic steel castle floating in the sea, a Gogmagogic behemoth looms from the mist. All PCs must succeed at a STR or DEX Save to evade. If SUCCESSFUL: Roll on the 'LOST' TABLE FAILURE: Their ship is crushed and everyone takes d6 DAMAGE. Then Everyone makes a DEX Save and takes d4 DAMAGE for each point of failure from drowning and cold. Then roll on the 'LOST' TABLE to determine where you wash up.
4	TERRIBLE THINGS IN THE MIST! Distant bells, the crying of gulls, eerie flickering lights. Everyone makes a WIL Save to avoid MADNESS. If SUCCESSFUL: Roll on the 'LOST' TABLE. FAILURES: Throw themselves overboard and take d4 DAMAGE for each point of failure from drowning and cold.
5-6	THE TUNELESS PIPING OF AZATHOTH! Unnerving Music which leads to terrible, nihilistic madness. EVERYONE MUST: Kill another NAMED PC or roll A PERMANENT INSANITY from the table below.
	1 You must ALWAYS TUNELESSLY WHISTLE OR PLAY PIPES.
	2 IDENTITY IS A LIE! You have no name, neither does anyone else. There are no individuals.
	3 You are REMOTE-CONTROLLING YOUR OWN BODY from a prison somewhere else. Find it.
	4 Anyone who leaves your sight may have been SECRETLY REPLACED. Check for this.
	5 Your memories are false implants obscuring the truth. Do NOT TRUST YOUR OWN MEMORY without backup.
	6 You now realise that DIRECTION IS A MEANINGLESS CONCEPT and, therefore, you must no longer use it or refer to it.
After 2d20 HOURS in a CATATONIC STATE, PCs wake up somewhere on the 'LOST' TABLE.	

The Afon-Mor River

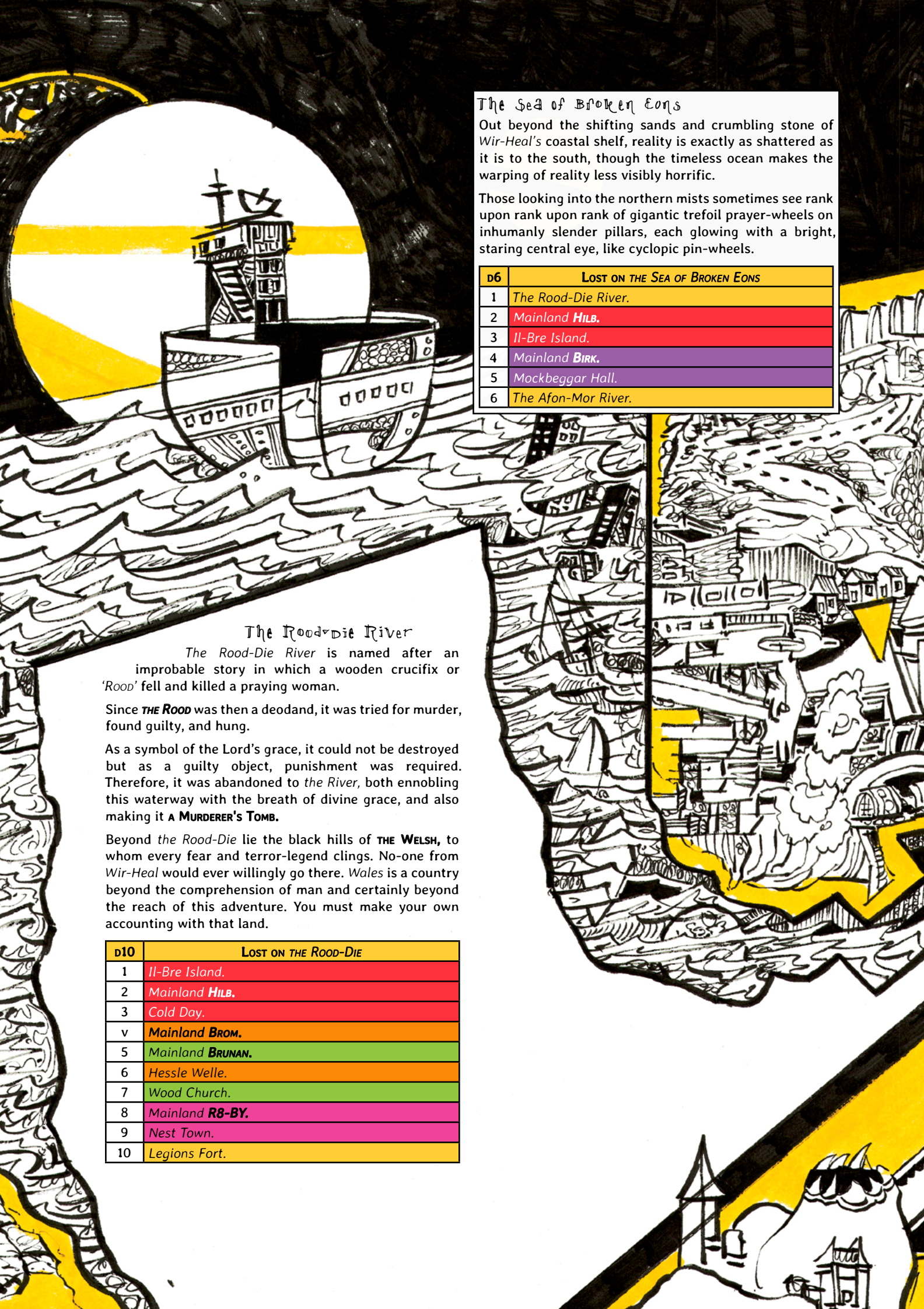
Common rumour has it that there are a number of secret tunnels beneath *the Afon-Mor*, built by *THE DEVIL* to aid their travel, though why *THE DEVIL* would wish to go to *Wir-Heal*, or need a tunnel to do so, is unknown.

'OVER THE WATER'

The opposite bank of *the Afon-Mor*, lies cloaked in mist, through which shapes loom of impossible ships and startling figures, like great men wading in the ocean as if it were a pool.

At night, shifting visions of fire and light suggest terrible destruction, or darkness thankfully covers all.

d6	LOST ON THE AFON-MOR.
1	Mainland BIRK.
2	Mother Redcaps.
3	Monks Ferry.
4	Mainland BROM.
5	The War Greaves.
6	Elles Mere.



The Sea of Broken Eons

Out beyond the shifting sands and crumbling stone of Wir-Heal's coastal shelf, reality is exactly as shattered as it is to the south, though the timeless ocean makes the warping of reality less visibly horrific.

Those looking into the northern mists sometimes see rank upon rank upon rank of gigantic trefoil prayer-wheels on inhumanly slender pillars, each glowing with a bright, staring central eye, like cyclopic pin-wheels.

d6	LOST ON THE SEA OF BROKEN EONS
1	The Rood-Die River.
2	Mainland HILB.
3	Il-Bre Island.
4	Mainland BIRK.
5	Mockbeggar Hall.
6	The Afon-Mor River.

The Rood-Die River

The Rood-Die River is named after an improbable story in which a wooden crucifix or 'Rood' fell and killed a praying woman.

Since **THE ROOD** was then a deodand, it was tried for murder, found guilty, and hung.

As a symbol of the Lord's grace, it could not be destroyed but as a guilty object, punishment was required. Therefore, it was abandoned to the River, both ennobling this waterway with the breath of divine grace, and also making it a **MURDERER'S TOMB.**

Beyond the Rood-Die lie the black hills of **THE WELSH**, to whom every fear and terror-legend clings. No-one from Wir-Heal would ever willingly go there. Wales is a country beyond the comprehension of man and certainly beyond the reach of this adventure. You must make your own accounting with that land.

d10	LOST ON THE ROOD-DIE
1	Il-Bre Island.
2	Mainland HILB.
3	Cold Day.
4	Mainland BROM.
5	Mainland BRUNAN.
6	Hessle Welle.
7	Wood Church.
8	Mainland R8-BY.
9	Nest Town.
10	Legions Fort.

Silent Titans

...is a bizarre nightmare adventure setting written by Patrick Stuart and lovingly illustrated by Dirk Detweiler Leichty, built to run on the ultra-light *Into The Odd* rules, as presented on this bookmark.

Silent Titans can be purchased in both print and deluxe .pdf form at shop.swordfishislands.com.

Information about *Silent Titans* can be found at falsemachine.blogspot.com, and/or by following @dirkwithvengeance on Instagram.

Running the Game

When a PC tries something risky, call for a **SAVING THROW**. They must roll a d20 equal or under the relevant **ABILITY SCORE** to pass.

Attacking automatically reduces the target's **HP** by the damage listed next to the attacker's weapon.

When no **HP** remain, any further damage directly reduces **STR** and the victim must pass a **STR SAVE** or suffer **CRITICAL DAMAGE**. They are out of action and will die in an hour unless tended to.

ARMOUR reduces damage by the defender's listed armour score.

If circumstances warrant, you may declare an attack to be **IMPAIRED** (d4 damage) or **ENHANCED** (d12 damage).

If a PC's **STR** is reduced to 0 they are dead. If **WIL** or **DEX** drops to 0 they are out of action.

A **SHORT REST** of just a few minutes restores **HP**.

A week-long **FULL REST** somewhere safe restores **ABILITY SCORES** and heals other serious ailments.

Using **WRECK** in an unusual way requires a **WIL SAVE** to avoid a mishap.

LUCK ROLLS: In situations dictated by luck roll a d6. High rolls favour the players and low rolls mean bad luck for the players.

DAMAGE: Damage outside of normal combat ranges between d4 and d12, with d20 used in only the most extreme cases. Consider how it would affect an average person.

POISON: This usually causes **ABILITY SCORE** loss. Effects like **BLINDNESS** will **IMPAIR** attacks and call for **SAVES** to carry out usually effortless actions.

TURN LENGTH: A turn is long enough for a character to move and carry out a single action. Turns are an abstract concept—the real-time length of a turn is rarely important.



"I Search the Body!"

(USE THIS WITH THE DIE-DROP TABLE ON THE NEXT PAGE,
OR JUST PICK A RESULT AT RANDOM.)

- Glitch Grenade — looks disturbing. Glitches 20' radius for 6 seconds. Massive confusion to target. User can slip through affected solid objects in that period.
- Sleepy, pale tortoise. When distressed, emits low frequency hum from shell that sends hearing beings in a 40' range to sleep on a failed save.

(LEFT SIDE, TOP TO BOTTOM, LEFT TO RIGHT)

- Magnificent bronze hand bell, muted with raw cotton.
- Unlabelled map of the Maze of Glass Rooks.
- A grenade. d6 damage.
- Worn, possibly second hand "Mecha-dentrite." Copper cybernetic tentacle in old Tupperware box. Scribbled instructions on notepaper. On activation, burrows into spine, interfaces. 5-ft-long, 3-finger grip, strong as a 10 year old child. Cannot be removed without causing massive spinal damage.
- Knife: (1) Steel (2) Silver (3) Stone (4) Plasteel
- Bastion Passport. Does not belong to the holder. Photo looks nothing like any PC.
- d1000 pennies.
- Post-singularity "neural scrambler"; handgun. Does d6 damage to WIL of any thinking being. WIL test on every use or explodes doing 2d6 WIL damage in 30ft radius.
- Nutritious SPAM. Restores all HP.
- Lucky coin (worth one re-roll).
- Copper Preying Mantis. When placed on body will bite you (1 hp damage) if it sees any danger you do not.

(RIGHT SIDE, TOP TO BOTTOM, LEFT TO RIGHT)

- Pair of loaded silver dice.
- Spy Pen. Pen is a mic, cap goes in ear. Transmission range is 50'. Cap-bud is hard to get out of ear.
- Nanotech "Hedgehog" grenade. Burst into 10' radius ball of ultrafine spikes. 2d6 damage
- d3 experimental Bastion-derived anti-Woodwosification pills. Will reverse one random Woodwose effect each.
- Lock picks. Rusted, fragile but useable.
- Fine clay pipe with tin of golden tobacco. Smoke summons field mice that will obey simple commands so long as the pipe is lit and they are fed.
- "Mem B Gone"; high pressure sinus injection one-use neural lace memory alteration mod. Can be self-applied or used on unresisting target. Instructions torn and in french. Can be set to "Traumatisme Dominant" or "Dernieres 24 heures". Certains dommages de memoire collateraux devraient etre attendus.
- Summons to appear before the Court of the Wapentake in a days time at a stated place. (Likely Brims Stage).
- Bottle of Rat Poison. d4 damage to humanoids and incapacitates with pain. Strong taste.
- Cracked silver tragic mask. If repaired and applied to large mammal, will transform to Wir-Heal Mask-Man.
- 50' (1) hemp rope (2) paracord (3) fishing line OR (4) 1 bicycle chain with lock and key.

(AND FINALLY,)

- Exceptionally stupid and confident magnificent fat pigeon sleeping rolled up in newspaper. Consistently lands on small branches and breaks them. Likely to be useless. Mildly amusing.



