

The Devil's Chapbook

A GAME DESIGNER'S NOTEBOOK

by Harley Stroh



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FOREWORD



he process of writing adventure modules produces many fragments of the imagination. Encounters that are too complex get simplified. Levels that take too long to complete get streamlined. Page counts and word count limits force writers to drop great ideas that just don't fit. And sometimes the brainstorming process generates terrific ideas that can't quite fit into the final adventure.

An experienced adventure writer has a lot of these fragments saved on his computer. And Harley Stroh is such an experienced writer. The book you hold in your hands is like an artist's sketchbook. It is a compilation of ideas, loosely organized, not quite polished, but interesting enough that the general public may enjoy reading them. What you will find here is "gameable" material for the most part, although not as thoroughly playtested as a published product. Some of these ideas may eventually appear again, more fine-tuned, in a future publication. For now, they are presented as-is, in the state that Harley left them when they fell by the wayside as he finalized other projects.

This work has not been edited. As noted, it is truly supposed to be a "writer's sketchbook." An artist sketching at a convention does so without the benefit (or hindrance) of an art director; here too, the writer works without an editor.

Gen Con 2016 marks our first publication of such an adventure writer's sketchbook. Let us know if you like it!

Joseph Goodman
July 2016



INTRODUCTION: CITY OF A THOUSAND MISSED DEADLINES

Punjar was an accident of fate.

It was 2008. We were caught between editions and needed a product for Free RPG Day that was rules neutral, but that could also serve as a tentpole for the DCC adventure line. The band, such as it was, huddled up in a midwest hotel room and brainstormed ideas on a potential release. By luck and weird coincidence I had been mapping Punjar in my spare time, and had brought the map – sketched on butcher paper – with me.

That June saw the release of the Tarnished Jewel, a rules-neutral setting for the 4e line of DCCs. It was an intentional step back towards the source texts of Appendix N, with follow up adventures like Sellswords of Punjar – an obvious homage to Leiber's masterpiece. Punjar saw 4e support from some of our finest writers, including Chris Doyle and Rick Maffei, and then, with the release of the DCC RPG, from rising luminary Daniel Bishop and others. But through all the edition changes, the vision of Punjar has been curated by Doug Kovacs; like a murderer grinding blades in the dark, he's sharpened and honed what it means for the ruinous city to be both alive and dying.

Presently Punjar and its immediate environs are home to a host of adventures, including #35B The Thief Lord's Vault, #53 Sellswords of Punjar, #56 Scions of Punjar, #59 Mists of Madness, #60 Thrones of Punjar, The Infernal Crucible of Sezrekan the Mad, #70 Jewels of the Carnifex, The Jeweler that Dealt in Stardust, #74 Blades Against Death ... and hopefully, come Gen Con 2016, a few more adventures written by the rising class of DCC authors

Whether due to the whims of fate, or my own, snail-slow writing process, Punjar has had an opportunity few other commercial RPGs receive. Whereas any other project would be commissioned, outlined and set to deadlines, Punjar has had the chance to simmer. No doubt this has led to some consternation with Joseph and the DCC RPG release schedule, but for the City of 1000 Gates, it has been a boon. Ideas for Punjar appear, thrive and die. Some blow away like dead leaves, while others take root in the cracks between the greasy cobbles, sending their tendrils in search of life.

Will we ever see a formal Punjar release? Maybe. But does Punjar live? Absolutely. The oily fat-lamps of the Souk burn nightly at DCC RPG tables the world over, casting the long shadows that inspire every pauper to become a thief, and every thief a hero.

But until that day, here are some scraps from the working files.

Harley Stroh
June 2016

MOCKUP INTRO FOR DCC RPG PUNJAR CITY SET (2014)

Punjar -

God-Haunted, the City of Long Knives, Thieves, and a Thousand Gates,

- where a quick blade and a shirt of mail are a warrior's best defense, magic can never be trusted, and even gods fear Death.

A sandy collection of spiderwebbed tenements, chaotic alleys, crumbling walls, and rat-ridden bazaars – the city's crowded wards have birthed some of the worst rogues and villains to ever stalk the storied thrones of the north. Blackened by fire, soiled by pestilence, and scarred by war, Punjar's history is like a jagged wound drawn by the hands of the gods across its chaotic streets and specter-haunted ruins.

But Punjar is also a city of chance and wealth, where fortunes are won in a night, and lost before dawn. Where the gold-plated thrones of courtiers are born on the backs of exotic slaves, and miracles can be bought if the coin is right. Where sorcerers gather in dark conclaves to exchange eldritch secrets, holy men invoke dead gods from atop smoky ziggurats, and drunken thieves dice for strange idols and bloody jewels in the back of smoky taverns.

Foremost, Punjar is a city of fierce contrasts. It boasts fabulous wealth and abject poverty, packed bazaars and forgotten alleys, haunting beauty, torrid wickedness, unbridled weal, and terrible woe.

So loosen your sword, keep a hand on your coin purse, and take your first steps into Punjar's shadowy, torch-lit streets. A black mist is rolling in off the salt marsh, and the ancient city beckons...

ADVENTURES IN THE CITY OF LONG KNIVES

Even in a city as vast and exotic as Punjar, PCs are exceptional. The fat-bellied tender behind the bar might be a retired soldier, but he was never an *adventurer*. Ambition, whether born of desperation or destiny, sets PCs apart. While most of the city doesn't think beyond their next score, PCs – and some villains – quickly distinguish themselves as special, drawing both the admiration and the ire of their fellows.

Warriors: While every son or daughter of Punjar carries a weapon, heavy armor is the sole province of soldiers –

either the Overlord's Dragonne, or men-at-arms sworn to the service of a guild house. The idea of a free-sword, cutting a bloody path to his own destiny and answering to neither man nor god is an affront to Punjar's accepted social structure of master and supplicant. Free-blades represent a threat that must be crushed, fawningly appeased or broken on the yoke of vice.

Wizards: Very little strikes more fear in heart of Punjarans than the sight of a sorcerer: a man who has traded his own soul for arcane power. In a city where everything has a price, wizards are despised as the filthiest of the unclean, and universally feared for the forbidden powers they've won at such a terrible cost.

Clerics: Whether wild-eyed madmen pronouncing the end of days, or mail-clad priests crushing the skulls of heathens underfoot, clerics of Punjar are nearly as ubiquitous as its thieves. The city is awash with superstition, a ghost-world of strange signs and fell portents, navigable only by the holy man. The priests that leave their sooty temples behind to champion religion to the wider world are either madmen or true prophets – and only a fool mocks either.

Elves, Dwarves and Halflings are uncommon in the city and quickly dismissed among the menagerie of exotic creatures marched through the dusty streets. This bigotry is especially common among both the lower classes and the guild house elite; the first despises the races for their talents, while the second looks askance at humans willing to treat the "lesser" races as equals. Elves are commonly believed to be agents of demons, or worse, as cambions, engaging in a brisk trade of souls. Dwarves are envied for their handiwork, and yet reviled for their gold-lust. Halflings are regarded as jesters and fools, existing solely for the sake of entertainment. Certain enlightened minds are willing to look past the simple stereotypes, but even they are quick to condemn demi-humans daring to rise above their station.

And finally, the city's namesakes:

Thieves: Once the red orb of the sun drops beneath the horizon and the fat lamps sputter to life, thieves rules the night, reaping the fruits of the city and all its riches. In a city of coves, cutthroats and made men, most seek security in organized mobs, swearing obeisance to a godfather; some operate alone, trusting only in their own arts. But with a fistful of jewels, even a made man becomes a mark, and surviving success is can be the deadliest heist of all.



he nature of DCC RPG, and by extension, Punjar, turns certain gaming conventions on their head (and leaves them bleeding out in the alley). Even something as simple and ubiquitous as hirelings and henchmen need to be reconsidered and viewed in the grim reality that adventurers *will* die. To sign on with a doomed company – replete with demonic sorcerers, god-haunted priests and pale reavers – is a sign of just how desperate a hireling has become.

HIRELINGS (2015)

When following a stranger into a black, Chaos-infested hole is a better alternative than going home at night, you might be ready to become an adventurer's hireling.

Recruited from back-alley bars and soot-choked drug dens, perspective hirelings are souls bereft of hope or opportunity. Signing on with a band of adventurers serves only as a placeholder forestalling the inevitable.

Each hireling comes with his or her own story: a series of failures and missteps that have brought them to this miserable place.

Some were laid low by bad luck. Others succumbed to addiction in efforts to salve their wounded souls. And some are simply mad – a valuable trait when coping when your employer is hell bent on plunging headlong towards death.

Dubious Hirelings

When the PCs hire a sellsword or linkboy from a Punjaran dive, roll 1d12, modified for Luck, to discover the hireling's secret backstory.

1d12 Hireling Qualities

- 1 Young and stupid. Makes horrible decisions under pressure. If NPC makes it to 1st level, matures out of stupidity.
- 2 Sadist. Adventures solely for the opportunity to inflict pain on others.
- 3 Debtor. Owes hundreds of gp. Takes every opportunity to steal additional treasure.
- 4 Confidence artist. Takes advance and any gear and vanishes.
- 5 Escaped slave. Any time the party is in a tavern, inn or other public gathering, there is a 13% chance is recognized by slave hunters.
- 6 Plant. Hireling loyal to party of rival NPCs. Misleads party to the benefit of rivals.
- 7 Outlaw. Any time the party is in a tavern, inn or other public gathering, there is a 25% chance is recognized by bounty hunters.
- 8 Suicidal. Actively seeks to get self and party killed.
- 9 Addict. Spends any advance and pawns any gear to get next fix; shows up next day hungover / crashing from the high.
- 10 Spy. Loyal to antagonists / villains; leads party into ambush.
- 11 Desperate to prove self in battle. Charges into danger, heedless of tactics.
- 12+ Unexceptional hireling.



CASTE (2016)

This next Punjaran scrap came about from daydreaming about old Conan stories and comics. Too often, in my quest to make the PCs' passage from "zero to hero" really matter, I forget that achieving first level is a significant accomplishment that should be regarded by the rest of the world with awe. The PCs went into the chaos lord's keep ... and somehow came back out. The goatboy the town spit on last week, is now spoken about in awed whispers (if only for the horns that now adorn his temple).

When Conan brooded at the back of the tavern, everyone felt it – the wolf amidst a pack of sheep. PCs should enjoy the same fame or infamy; they're not normal people, and normal people will never be like them. They're wolves.

At the same time, PCs are often devoid of social ties. The priest is out crushing heathen skulls, not doing his part lobbying the overlord for the new cathedral. The warrior doesn't kowtow to the rank and file, he's a slayer. Even the thief will affirm that she'll be the first to kick her guildmaster towards the gallows when the Dragonne come calling.

Characters are caught in a dual role. While they are often saviors, they are also an explicit threat to the social order. The city fathers want them around with there is a devil that needs killing, but not any longer once the devil is slain. Without establishing their own towns or bases, most PCs are cursed to wander the earth, outcasts and exiles from the very people they defend.

For while PCs are more deadly, established NPCs have far more *social* power.

Thus the caste table, establishing a baseline for how an NPC might choose to treat a PC. Will the bartender defer to a PC's every wish, or spit in his ale? Will that merchant lord demand the PC step aside, or retreat back into his villa? Who has social power when the wolves enter city.

The left half of the table ranks the overly proud and cruel citizens of Punjar. The right half lists PC classes, by level. It assumes that, like Conan, PCs are mysterious (and likely deadly) strangers.

The table is explicitly Punjaran – the Overlord is the son of heaven no matter how mighty the PCs become, and the demihuman races are treated with abhorrent racism. Wizards are feared, perhaps beyond the scope of their real powers, and holymen stand above all, acting out the will of their gods.

For another campaign, or another city, I'd clear out the right side of table and assign values that better suited the specific community. Hirot would be a fun one, though in fairness the table is the sort of thing you look at once and then discard. Once the PCs are into the community, making alliances and enemies, a blanket assignment makes less sense. Perhaps specific groups should have modifiers (it helps to be on the Overlord's side), and a PCs neighborhood of origin certainly should have an impact. You can take the orphan out of the gutter, but ...

After a while though, you just have to shut up and play.

So we offer you a table that you might only use once: the Punjaran Caste table.

Once the judge determines whether the PCs have a ranking higher, or equal or lower to that of the NPCs roll or pull a result from the appropriate subtable, below.

And yes, all the results are bad. NPCs only treat you nice when they want something.

Subtable I. NPC rank greater than PC

Roll 1d14	NPC Attitude
1	Disdain
2	Patronizing
3	Arrogance
4	Ignorance
5	Contempt
6	Annoyance
7	Abusive
8	Condescending
9	Cruel
10	Rude
11	Manipulative
12	Insecure

Subtable II. NPC rank less than PC

Roll 1d12	NPC Attitude
1	Boot licking
2	Envy
3	Antagonistic
4	Sycophantic
5	Servile
6	Conniving
7	Slavish
8	Hatred
9	Duplicity
10	Resentment
11	Rivalry
12	Skullduggery

	NPCs					PC Classes				
Caste level	Nobility/ Merchant	Clergy	Warrior	Townsfolk	Criminal	Cleric	Thief	Warrior	Wizard	Elf / Dwarf / Halfling
20	The Overlord									
19						Cleric 10				
18	Vizier					Cleric 9				
17	Merchant Lord in the Overlord's inner circle	Head of Church				Cleric 8		War 10		
16	Major Merchant Lord	Major Church Leader	Overlord's General			Cleric 7				
15	Lesser Merchant Lord House	Lesser Church Leader				Cleric 6		War 9	Wiz 10	
14	House Prince	Cardinal				Cleric 5	Thief 10	War 8	Wiz 9	
13		Archpriest	General		Godfather	Cleric 4	Thief 9	War 7	Wiz 8	
12		High Priest				Cleric 3	Thief 8	War 6	Wiz 7	
11			Dragonne landed		Beggarmaster	Cleric 2	Thief 7	War 5	Wiz 6	E / D / H 8 +
10		Priest	Dragonne Captain			Cleric 1	Thief 6	War 4	Wiz 5	E / D / H 7
9		Friar	Dragonne		Fence		Thief 5	War 3	Wiz 4	E / D / H 6
8	Caravan Master	Monk / Nun					Thief 4	War 2	Wiz 3	E / D / H 5
7		Lay Brother / Sister	House Man-at-arms	Artisan			Thief 3	War 1	Wiz 2	E / D / H 4
6			Mercenary		Made Man		Thief 2		Wiz 1	E / D / H 3
5			Conscript Soldier	Master			Thief 1			E / D / H 2
4				Servant	Pimp / Thief / Cove					E / D / H 1
3				Gong Farmer, untouchables	Street Walker					
2				Slave	Beggar					
1				Slave Black Swamp Dweller	Escaped Slave / Out-law					



hich brings us to the House of the Rat, an incomplete DCC RPG adventure set in the City of Punjar, where the rich, fatty drippings from the waste and decadence of the upper class have combined with an overwhelming rat population to form a vessel for a primordial rat god.

IN THE HOUSE OF THE RAT: A FRAGMENT (2014)

INTRODUCTION

The House of the Rat is well known to all of Smoke. Even those hailing from outside the ward are have likely heard of the strange where rodents reign. While rats are common throughout the city, nowhere are they as pervasive as the House. Rodents scurry through the black puddles, watch from atop crumbling stone walls, and peer from the darkness with unblinking eyes.

Here the domain of Man has been ceded entirely to that of the Beast. The PCs are the vermin, unwanted and unwelcome – and when left undisturbed by man and his kin, even rats may plot.

PLAYER START

Read or paraphrase the following:

The house has collapsed into ruin: crumbling stone walls, fallen beams and blocks pitching into a black pit below.

Behind the house, a towering mound of trash – cast from Overlord's high walls – threatens to pour over the house like a slow avalanche. The air is thick with the slow buzz of fat flies and the stink of rot.

Everywhere are the rats. They perch atop the walls and fallen beams, chitter from the darkness, and skitter underfoot like an undulating carpet fur and fangs. Surely this is the ill-fated House of the Rat that you and your companions seek.

LEVEL 1: IN THE HOUSE OF THE RAT

The house proper is a partially collapsed stone ruin. The roof and floor have fallen in, revealing a collapsed basement and beneath that, a stone cistern. Rats and mice are everywhere: a seething carpets of fur lines the ground, while rows of glittering eyes watch from every wall and beam.

Refuse, cast from the palace ward sloughs down the Black Wall, piling in a mountain of trash that threatens to engulf the house in buzzing flies, splintered bones, rancid

sweetmeats, and the weeping night soil of Punjar's elite.

Natural light creeps down into the sodden basement in spare rays and shafts of light. Beyond this, PCs must supply their own light. The entire ruin is slick with waste – staining clothes and leather, and leaving a stench that is impossible to remove. The air is cool and moist, and seems to clot the lungs with the pit's miasma.

Rats and mice are ubiquitous, retreating a few dozen feet to let the PCs pass, before closing in behind the party. Except where noted, the rats present little threat to living PCs. The same is not true of dead or unconscious PCs: if a body is left undefended for more than 3 rounds, it is swarmed by a tide of rats. After 1d5+2 rounds, all that remains are bloodsoaked bones. Obviously, attempts to Roll the Body Over must take place prior to the rats' final meal.

The rats are deterred by fire, but retreat only as far as the flame's reach. Empowered and emboldened by their fell idol, the rats quickly shrug off magical compulsion and fear, returning to harass the PCs. Effectively, the rats are without number; the slain are quickly replaced by their chittering brethren.

Pit Rats (innumerable): Init +2; Atk bite -2 melee (1d2); AC 13; HD 1d3; HP 2; MV 25'; Act 1d20; SV Fort +1, Ref +1, Will -2; AL N.

Characters can "enter" the house by climbing over the low walls, stepping through the archway where the great doors once stood, or by ascending the mound of trash and picking their way over the wall. The first two means egress are safe, but climbing the mound of trash is not without risk. For those brave souls daring ascend the mountain of refuse, see area A-1b.

Area A-1 – The Pit: *The interior of the ruins opens to a yawning pit. It is unnaturally deep, as if the ground itself simply gave way, exposing a cavity in the city streets. Fallen beams, stone blocks, and rotting floorboards obscure line sight, concealing the base of the pit.*

Characters peering over the lip of pit can readily identify the remnants of the house's first floor and basement, and beneath that a ruined cistern. The floor of the cistern is

50' below, though the depth is difficult to discern from the street. The pit is choked with hanging debris – rotting beams, moldering rags, rope, stone blocks, slate tiles, and the like – used to great advantage by the ever-present rats.

Characters can descend as far as the former basement level via the stone steps. To proceed further, PCs must navigate the waste-slick debris clogging the pit. Under normal circumstances this would be a disgusting, but not challenging task. However, thieves and other experienced climbers do note that the fallen debris is anything but stable.

Descending through the rubble towards the base of the cistern (area A-1d) provokes the rats. A verminous horde races down the walls and any remaining debris, chittering excitably, eyes and fangs flashing. If the PCs press their descent, the rats hurl themselves to the attack. Alone, any single rat may be killed in a single blow, but together, they are like swarming death.

Each round 1d7 rats hurl themselves at the lowest PCs. For speed of resolution, ask the other players to make the rats' attack and damage rolls. Any round a PC is struck by 3 or more rats, the character risks falling (DC 10 Climb check for thieves, DC 13 Ref save for all others).

On a failed check, the PC slips and catches himself on the refuse. Call for a roll beneath the PC's Luck. On a failed Luck test the debris collapses, pitching climbers, the debris, and a cascade of rats to the base of the cistern (area A-1d) for 2d6 damage.

Crossing to the hidden side tunnel (area A-1c) doesn't provoke the rats. The rodents will chitter, swarm, and follow the PCs into the tunnel, but do not attack. See above for the rats' combat stats.

Area A-1b – The Mound: *The towering mound of refuses stretches up the steep slope to the ward wall. Even as you watch buckets of night soil, rags and greasy bones are pitched over the wall. Rats pick their way about the trash, and buzzing flies choke the air. The base of the stinking mound extends over the house wall, affording a view of the collapsed ruin below.*

While appearing solid, the mound is riddled with rat tunnels. Any PC crawling atop the mound must succeed on a DC 15 Ref save. On a failed check the mound collapses beneath the PC. The character – along with any other PCs atop the mound – is sucked down into the maw of offal. The collapsing mound sucks PCs down to area 2-4; PCs must succeed on a DC 15 Fort save or be trapped beneath the debris. Trapped PCs may attempt one Fort save per round in their efforts to escape. Characters that haven't escaped by the third round are eaten alive by a carpet of swarming rats.

Area A-1c – Side Tunnel: Set into the wall of the pit is a narrow, waste-slickened tunnel. Obscured by debris, the tunnel is easily missed by intent climbers focusing on their descent. If PCs explicitly inspect or search the walls of the pit, they discover the tunnel entrance.

Leaping from the debris to the entrance requires a DC 10 Strength check. Characters failing the check can attempt a DC 10 Ref save to seize hold of the lip of the tunnel. Failing that, they plummet to the base of the pit and suffer 2d6 falling damage.

The tunnel is 2' in circumference, permitting characters to wiggle and crawl inside, but little more. The tunnel descends at a slight angle, as indicated by the stream of sewage curling down the center of the tunnel.

Area A-1d – Ruined Cistern: *The bottom of the pit is an ancient cistern, now partially collapsed. Ichorous black water fills the base of the cistern. Here and there bits of stone or rotted beams peek from the water.*

At the rear of the cistern is a small island of muck and rubble. A pair of carved wooden doors, framed by stones long stones, is set into the pit wall.

The cistern is filled with 7' of standing wastewater; ink black, the filth stains anything it touches. Rubble is scattered around the base and with DC 10 Agility checks PCs can perch atop the rubble, avoiding the slurry. (If the hanging debris in area A-1 was dislodged, PCs need only DC 5 Agility checks to avoid the water.)

Descending this far provokes the rats. A chittering tide descends upon the PCs, dropping from above, leaping from beam to beam, and even swimming through the filth. Each round each PC in the base of the pit is attacked by 1d3 rats.

Characters reaching the island discover that the doors are clearly out of place: over 10' in height, carved of precious woods, and haphazardly set into the hand-carved tunnel. Inquisitive clerics can deduce the portals were stolen from a church, though the carvings are too scored to reveal their specific origins.

The brands are readily deciphered by thieves (DC 10 Read Languages) or holy men (DC 15 Intelligence check). The brands signify: hands / knees / disease / church / holy. The brands are scored within in a 5-pointed star, marked by heliotrope jewels crudely set in the wood (5 jewels in all worth 10 gp each).

The door is swollen and stuck (DC 10 Strength check to force open). The door can also be broken down by any attack dealing 5 hp or more. Obviously, if smashed open, the door cannot be closed again to ward against the swarming rats.

LEVEL 2: CHURCH OF THE RAT

The church is home to the weirdling rat-idol and where the Mad Cavalier breeds his plague-bearing fleas.

Except where noted the tunnels, chambers and vaulted galleries have all been scratched out by the rats – thousands of tiny clay marks score the clay and stone. Bowls, carved into the walls, hold pools of flaming oil, that cast a dim, crimson light and blacken the ceilings with greasy soot.

Raw sewage pools on the floors, filling the air with the overwhelming stench of effluvium. Lungs sting with every breath, and at the judge's pleasure, open wounds risk infection with a host of horrific diseases.

As in the pit, rats are pervasive, retreating from the advancing PCs, and then closing in behind. Where indicated, the rodents defend their holy fastness, devouring intruders without hesitation.

Area 2-1 – Sacristy: *A massive chest wooden chest occupies the back of the chamber. Easily large enough to hold two or more bodies, the iron-bound chest is rusted and saturated with moisture.*

The enormous wooden chest is nearly 6' long, and 4' deep and tall. The chest is secured with three simple locks (DC 10 Pick lock) but they serve little purpose as the rotting wooden planks are easily kicked in (DC 15 Strength check or 4 points of damage).

Characters opening the chest are immediately assaulted by the pungent smell of cinnamon, eucalyptus, corpseoil and clove. Inside the chest are three leather bundles secured with rope, and a small iron strongbox.

The bundles are leather overcoats, saturated in strange oils and stitched with the sigil of the crusades. Inside each overcoat is a leather crow mask. Citizens of Punjar immediately recognize the opened bundles as the garb of plague doctors. The oil are sufficiently pungent to repel the fleas in area 2-2. Note that there is sufficient oil to slather the PCs; wearing the coats and masks is not necessary to repel the infected fleas, though it is left to the PCs to determine the oil's efficacy.

The strongbox is made entirely of iron, secured with a sophisticated lock (DC 15 Pick lock) and trapped with a trio of poisoned needles. The needles can be disabled by depressing a hidden panel on the back of the box, or with DC 20 Find and Remove traps checks. Triggered, the poison needles pierce the hand of any would-be thief for a total of 1d3 damage and three DC 10 Fort saves. If the victim fails any of the three saves he suffers 1d10 hp damage, every hour, until dead or cured. Multiple failed saves are not cumulative.

Inside the strongbox are 3 large silver idols depicting a trio of gods, a pair of metal clippers and 3d30 bits of silver (each roughly equivalent to 3 silver pieces by weight). The Mad Cavalier has been slowly using the stolen idols to fund his schemes. Each of the mutilated idols is worth 1d100 gp.

Both the key to the strongbox and the antidote to the poison are concealed in area 2-5.

Area 2-2 – Vestry: *The darkened chamber seems curiously warm, and for once the ever-present chittering is absent. A trio of humanoid forms rest against the far wall, bundled head-to-toe in brown cloth. Before the forms is a mound of half-rotten rat carcasses.*

From a distance, PCs can see the forms writhing in the darkness, and if the PCs are silent they can hear a mewing in the darkness. As PCs approach, the "cloth" melts away from the bodies, revealing it to be a coating of fleas over living bodies. The bodies are covered in weeping, puss-filled buboes. Clerics, plague doctors and the like immediately recognize the signs of the plague.

Disturbed by the PCs' approach, the fleas scatter throughout the chamber. Without extreme, immediate action, there is no hope of evading the diseased parasites. Anything short of setting oneself on fire or plunging the chamber into sub-zero temperatures is likely to fail, as determined by the judge.

Every round the PCs spend in the chamber, they must make a DC 10 Luck check or be bit by a disease-bearing flea. Different constitutions are affected differently; infected characters must attempt Fort saves, with the following results in 1d4 hours:

Fort save	Effect
1-5	Death. The PC succumbs to the plague, his skin and orifices erupting with weeping blisters.
5-11	The PC is covered in puss-filled infectious sores for 1d3 weeks. The sores scar as they heal, leaving the PC forever disfigured (not unlike most the inhabitants of Smoke).
12-15	Fever dreams. The PC's diseased-riddled mind perceives a world transformed: humans and their ilk appear as rats, he can understand the language of rats, and the most disgusting waste appears as a bountiful banquet. The hallucinations fade after 1d3 days, but thereafter whenever placed under mental stress the PC must succeed on a DC 15 Will save or lapse back into delirium for 1d3 days.

16-19 Asymptomatic. The PC shows no signs of the plague, but can infect others with saliva or blood.

20+ The PC successfully fights off the disease, suffering no ill-effects.

Attempts to cure the disease while in the rats' demesne suffer a -1d penalty. Destroying the idol in area 2-6a ends the plague over the course of 1d4 days.

The mewling bodies are the Mad Cavalier's test subjects, kidnapped from their homes. Each is covered in the diseased sores and hovering on the verge of death. The judges can use the victims to introduce hooks for future adventures, or use the following characters:

Radep - A gaunt caravan master. While his caravan left long ago, Radep is familiar with merchants in the Souk, and can call in multiple favors to reward his saviours.

Jagdish the Fishmonger - A middle-aged fishwife, with long silver hair (now coming out in bloody clumps). Her son is a heartless duelist with a dozen kills to his credit, but willing to do anything to see his mother returned safely.

Ambar - A penniless dandy. He masquerades as the son of a prominent Merchant Lord, hoping to buy his way to freedom. Returned to health, he abandons the PCs as quickly as possible, but not before "borrowing" a handful of coins with promises of repaying the PCs tenfold.

Characters wearing the plague masks and coats (found in area 2-1), or are slathered in the oil of the same, have nothing to fear from the diseased fleas.

Area 2-3 - Narthex: *The rough-hewn passage opens into a vaulted gallery bisected by a wooden wall. An ornately carved door is set in the center on the wall; to either side of the door are garish icons depicting rats masquerading as holymen.*

A blackened marble font stands in the center of the chamber, beneath a glistening black stalactite. The chill air is thick with moisture and the overwhelming stink of rot.

Multiple passageways - clawed out from the earth - exit the chamber; one rises several steps to a simple door.

Judge's note: Hotic and his assistants are resting in the adjacent chamber (area 2-4). Exceptionally quiet and cautious parties have a chance of surprising the trio, but loud groups instantly alert the kidnappers to their presence.

Characters inspecting the wooden paneling immediately note the series of 4" holes perforating the base of the wall. The holes allow the rats to pass to the apse (area 2-6) and back.

The stained marble font serves as the temple's basin for un-holy water. Above is a stalactite, composed entirely of

hardened fat, coagulated waste, and soot - the result of the surface waste slowly leaching through the sediment and precipitating on the ceiling. A slow trickle of inky ichor dribbles down the stalactite and into the font.

If the PCs anoint their bodies with the unholy ichor, the rats permit them to pass into the apse. Clerics undertaking this sacrilegious act immediately incur 5 points of disapproval.

If the PCs opt not to anoint themselves before trying the door, or desecrate the narthex, the rats attack en masse. They pour through the holes at the base of the wall, press in from every side, and swarming over the PCs.

Area 2-4 - Larder: *Four figures crouch in the the larder, warming their hands around a raised iron brazier. In the red light of the glowing coals they take of a devilish cast, their scarred faces hard and grim.*

Hotic and his three assistants lounge here, awaiting payment from the Mad Cavalier. Hired to kidnap victims for the rat priest's experiments, the four are thoroughly despicable individuals, driven solely by greed. They refuse to aid the PCs unless offered some sort of material reward.

As noted in area 2-3, the PCs risk alerting the kidnappers to their presence. Judge the PCs' appearance and actions; if they could pass for Smoke rogues, Hotic and his men respond warily. But if the PCs give the appearance of hailing from another ward, or behave like champions of Law, the kidnappers hastily barricade the door (DC 15 Strength check to force open or 15 hp to destroy), and prepare an ambush.

Hotic is a squat man with a balding pate ringed by long tendrils tendrils of oily hair. Despite his portly size, the rogue is quick on his feet and exceptionally strong. Cunning and utterly bereft of morals, he always errs on the side of self-preservation. Hotic is girded in filthy studded leather armor (stained with blood and drippings) and fights with a worn shortsword. He carries 23 sp in a belt pouch, and hides a jeweled dagger (15 gp) in his boot.

Hotic's rogues are cut from the same cloth as their master, with filthy armor and unkempt weapons. They (foolishly) trust their master not to betray them, and regard the PCs with tight-lipped suspicion.

The larder is outfitted with several casks of sour wine, a half-eaten wheel of rotting cheese and several creels of smoked fish. In addition the foodstuffs there are 4 flasks of lamp oil, a bundle of 7 torches, and a moldering basket filled with half-eaten fruit.

Hotic:

Rogues (3):

Area 2-5 – Rectory Cell: *The small chamber holds a simple cot, a small wooden chest, and a small table with several half-burnt candles and a crusty wooden bowl. The floor is covered in rat droppings in pools of fouled water.*

The Mad Cavalier makes his home in the humble chamber. The rare hour he is not at prayer, he can be found here, resting and eating.

Characters investigating the cot discover that it is threadbare rag cast over a bed of blood-encrusted blades. Ever penitent, the crusader sleeps nightly atop the “bed” so that even in repose, he suffers. Characters attempting the same (or, forbid, jumping atop the “bed”) suffer 2d3 points of damage for their incaution.

The chest is neither locked nor trapped. Inside PCs discover a change of stained, homespun robes marked stitched with the sigil of the Rat God. Beneath the robes are a bloody flail, a pouch of salt and black ash, and 3 glass vials.

Clerics and sages recognize the flail, salt, and ashes as the tools of a flagellant. The spiked flail deals 1d5 dmg check in combat.

The glass vials contain healing salves. If applied to open wounds, the salves heal 1d12 points of damage per vial, but leave weeping scars in their wake.

Area 2-6 – Apse: *The vaulted gallery is dominated by a massive sculpture of a crouching rat. Easily 6’ tall, the statue seems composed of congealed, blackened fat, dripping from the ceiling. A steady stream of noxious black vapors drift from the statue’s open maw.*

The rat idol is surrounded by a mound of soiled coins, seeds, droppings, shredded cloth, buttons and the like. A constant tide of rats courses through the chamber, depositing offerings at the base of the idol before scurrying back into the darkness.

A gaunt man kneels before a smoking brazier amid the swarming rats. Stitched robes hang in tatters about his waist, revealing hundreds of scars lacerating the man’s back and chest. An ebon rat crouches on his shoulder, chittering softly within his ear.

The Mad Cavalier is burning incense in veneration of the Rat God. Unless the PCs have found a way to hide themselves completely from the rodents, the rats already alerted him to the PCs’ presence. Directed by the rat crouched on his shoulder, the paladin beckons for the PCs to enter. He offers up the searing brazier with his bare hands, the scent of his burning flesh mingling with the sickly-sweet incense.

The Mad Cavalier expects each of the PCs to display their devotion by taking an ember (and suffering 1d3 damage per round for 1d4 rounds). If the PCs accept, he continues

with his ritual, breathing deeply of the eldritch fumes, crying out in ecstasy to his rat god, and offering sacrifices up to the idol. The paladin expects the PCs to do the same, offering items of value up to the idol. He commands the PCs to approach the idol with their tributes, speeding their transformation (see area 2-6a below).

If at any point the PCs balk, the paladin recognizes them as intruders. He flings the embers at the party (1d5 damage, DC 10 Ref save to avoid) and hurls himself into battle. The Mad Cavalier shouts orders to hordes of rats like a general commanding an army, ordering the cavalry to circle around and press the flanks, the pikemen to press down the center, the swordsmen to form up a shield wall, the “skirmishers” to harry the baggage train, and the like. This produces no noticeable differences in the rats’ tactics, who simply strive to overwhelm the PCs and rend the flesh from their bones.

A life of flagellation has steeled the Mad Cavalier’s flesh against physical punishment. Damage by mundane attacks are reduced by -1d. As an attack action, the crusader can grab a foe’s weapon with a DC 10 attack roll; on a successful hit he attempts to wrest the weapon from the wielder’s grasp with a contested Strength check. The Mad Cavalier receives a +2 bonus due to his prodigious strength. If he successfully seizes a weapon, he can use a subsequent action to break it in two. (Magical weapons, alone, are immune to the crusader’s strength.)

Throughout the battle, the Mad Cavalier’s actions are directed by the ebon rat perched atop his shoulder. So long as the rat retains its place, the crusader anticipates all attacks with seemingly preternatural awareness, allowing him to avoid backstabs and reducing all critical hits and Mighty Deeds to normal strikes (a Mighty Deed’s bonus damage still applies, though any special effects dealt to the paladin are lost). If the ebon rat is killed or knocked from the crusader’s shoulder, all these benefits are lost.

When the Mad Cavalier is reduced to 15 hp or less, he flees towards the idol (area 2-6a), beseeching his god to deliver him from his foes. As the crusader draws within 15’ he begins to transform into a rat: shrinking in size, sprouting a coat of fur, and his face extending into a snout. By the time he reaches the idol the transformation is complete: save for its silver shock of fur, the Mad Cavalier is indistinguishable from the thousands of other rats flooding the chamber. Reduced to rat form, he seizes the jewel from the forehead of the idol, and scampers away into the transept (area 2-8).

Mad Cavalier:

Ebon Rat:

Pit Rats:

Area 2-6a – Beloved of the Rat God: *The crouching rat idol rises 8' in height, and is slick with ichor. A black miasma drifts from the idol's open maw. A brilliant jewel, cut in the shape of a faceted tear drop, sits atop the rat's forehead like a stygian diadem.*

The statue is entirely composed of congealed fat and waste, yet is hard as stone. The obsidian jewel is cut in the shape of a faceted teardrop, emits a faint sickly glow and is warm to the touch. The jewel is the source of the magical plague and the miasma drifting from the the statue's open maw.

So long at the jewel remains in the PC's possession (though not necessarily on his or her person), the PC is immune to mundane or magical disease. However, the character risks infecting others; any character that comes into skin-to-skin contact with the PC, or a must make a DC 10 Fort save or succumb to the plague.

The jewel is worth 250 gp to a jeweler ... if unfortunate soul knows nothing the jewel's powers. Of course, fenced to a group fully conversant with its nature, the jewel may fetch a great deal more.

Approaching the statue requires passing into the cloud of miasma. Characters engulfed in the cloud the statue suffer the same fate as the Mad Cavalier: PCs coming within 15' begin to shrink, sprout bristly fur and a tails, beginning the transformation into ratmen. Characters coming within 5' are fully transformed into mice, indistinguishable from the other rodents swarming the chamber.

Mice as PCs: For the purposes of simplicity, the PCs' stats remain largely unchanged: while rats, PCs receive +1 bonuses to both their Luck and Agility, and +5 bonuses to Climb checks. All other stats and details remain the same. Armor translates into thicker hides, and weapon transform into fangs and claws. Gear is similarly transformed but cannot be employed while a rat. Wizards, elves and priests can spells without inhibition (though the incantations are indistinguishable from the frantic squeak of mice).

Other creatures, however, grow vastly in relatively power. Following are adjusted stat creatures the PCs are likely to encounter while in rat form. Note that, relative to their size as mice, human-sized creatures and their ilk are largely indistinguishable for their destructive might.



VIKING CRAWL CLASSICS

Along with Punjar, I also find myself daydreaming about VCC (a Nordic-inspired iteration of DCC RPG) and Katanas & Cthulhu (the first DCC variant to demand a manga artist!).

One of the ideas for VCC that I find exciting is the notion of priests and clerics calling for a god's blessing *prior* to a battle. There would be no magical healing, apart from this initial *lay on hands*. So if Thor looks upon you with pride, you might enter battle with +3d hp, but if your priest botches the check, suddenly you're in the fight of your life against an army of furious jotuns.

The Ulfberht sword was a stab at VCC, a mythic take on the real blades.

Ulfberht Sword: Forged by the dwarf lords as gifts to the gods, on rare occasions the legendary blades can be found in the hands of mortals. Impossibly strong and sharp, the swords are prized for their ability to sunder other weapons and cleave foes in twain. In lieu of a Mighty Deed, a warrior or dwarf can use his deed die to roll on the following table. All other classes roll 1d3 when wielding the blade.

Most blades are either longswords or two-handed swords. Legends tell of both cursed and blessed blades. However the majority – while exceptional – are non-magical.

By virtue of their dwarven make, all Ulfberht blades are immune to dragonfire.

Roll (1d3 or Deed Die)

- | | |
|-----|--|
| 1 | +1 damage; 25% chance to sunder foe's weapon. |
| 2 | +d2 damage; 50% chance to sunder foe's weapon. |
| 3 | +d3 damage; 75% chance to sunder foe's weapon. |
| 4 | +d4 damage; foe's weapon sundered! |
| 5 | +d5 damage; sunder as above OR cleave hand at wrist (DC 10 Ref save to avoid). |
| 6 | +d6 damage; sunder as above OR cleave arm (DC 10 Ref save to avoid). |
| 7 | +d7 damage; sunder as above OR disembowel (DC 15 Ref to avoid). |
| 8 | +d8 damage; sunder as above OR sever spine (DC 20 Ref save to avoid). |
| 9 | +d10 damage; sunder as above OR decapitate foe (DC 25 Ref save to avoid). |
| 10+ | +d12 damage; sunder as above OR foe decapitated.* |

**At judge's determination, non-humanoids suffer extra damage only.*



. Talsorian's Cyberpunk remains one of my favorite games, for its *feel*, if not the mechanics. It was the first RPG I encountered outside of the TSR universe, and Mike Pondsmith's vision informed my view of what it could mean to write games. For the outcast farm kid about to move into the city, Cyberpunk came at just the right time.

Fast forward twenty years. I'm running a playtest of the very first tournament funnel for Total Escape Games. The 0-level PCs are in Punjar on the run from a zombie plague, and Andy Collier of the Wombat Podcast leans back in his chair and muses:

"You know, this would be great for cyberpunk."

Then Andy promptly returns to stabbing zombies and shoving characters into the sewers ahead of his PC.

What follows is nothing more than a framework, hinting at how a 0-level cyberpunk ultraviolence funnel might be played through the lens of the DCC RPG. It's an attempt to get at the cyberpunk feel. Unlike the brilliant Mutant Crawl Classics, there's no aspiration of seamless conversions to or from DCC RPG. There's no attempt at classes and it leans heavily on other systems; to play you'll need your favorite cyberpunk RPG and the willingness to make things up as you go.

But you can handle it. You're Cyberpunk.

DCC-PUNK (2015)

BASIC NOTES

Luck is now Cool. Cool, not Agility, modifies your attack roll with firearms. The more cyberware you install, and the more combat drugs you take, the more twitchy you get, causing your Cool to drop.

COMBAT ARMOR

A character's Armor Class is equal to their Agility score, including any modifiers for drugs or speedware.

Wearing armor doesn't improve AC. Instead it reduces the size of damage die rolled when you take a hit, per the dice chain. In most cases, no damage roll can be reduced less than 1d3.

Especially bulky armors worsen a character's AC and Initiative rolls by reducing their Agility scores, slowing the characters down and making them easier to shoot or hit.

Dermal and subdermal armors can be stacked with body armor. Stacking armor always reduces a character's Agility and Initiative by -2, in addition to any armor penalties. Multiple body armors cannot be stacked, and the player will be subject to mocking by the judge.

Example: Manhole is wearing a flak vest (-3d) when he is hit by an assault rifle slug dealing 1d10 dmg. If Manhole had been wearing no armor, he'd take 1d10 dmg, but thanks to the flak vest, he only takes 1d6.

ARMOR PIERCING AMMO & BLADED WEAPONS

Armor piercing rounds and bladed weapons mitigate an armor's damage reduction. Note that armor piercing weapons only reduce an armor's efficacy; they never improve damage above the original die.

Example: Manhole is wearing a flak vest (-2d) when he is hit by an .50 AP slug dealing 1d12 dmg, with an armor penetration of +1d (listed as dmg 1d12,+1d). The flak vest would reduce the 1d12 dmg to 1d8, but the slug's AP increases the dmg back to 1d10. If Manhole had been wearing no armor, the AP would have had no additional effect – slug would still have "only" dealt 1d12 dmg.

MELEE ATTACKS

Melee attacks are made by rolling the character's action die + any Strength modifier. Strength modifiers also add to the attack's damage roll.

Armor	Locations	Dmg Reduction	Agility
Kevlar t-shirt, vest	Torso	-1d	-
Light Armor jacket	Torso, arms	-1d	-1
Med Armor jacket	Torso, arms	-2d	-2
Heavy armor jacket	Torso, arms	-3d	-3
Flak vest & pants	Torso, legs	-3d	-3
Doorgunner vest	Torso, legs	-4d	-5
Hardshell armor	Entire body	-5d	-4

RANGED ATTACKS

Ranged attacks are made by rolling the character's action die + any Cool modifier. (Fast twitch reflexes are worthless if a character is so hopped up on wire that he can't hold his gun steady.)

Range Modifiers & Accuracy

Due to their length, long arms are difficult to use in close combat, and cheap pistols are often worthless at longer ranges. Each ranged weapon is rated for Point blank, Medium and Long ranges. The modifier reduces (or improves) the action die used for the attack roll.

Melee Weapons	Dmg	AP	Range	Concealability
Bat / crowbar	1d4	-	-	Long coat
Chainsaw hand	1d7	+1d	-	Var.
Cyberlimb punch / kick	1d4	+0	-	-
Mono-Katana	1d8	+2d	-	Long coat
Forearm Blades	1d6	+2d	-	Cyberlimb

Ranged Weapons	Dmg	Acc.	Range	Concealability
Light Autopistol	1d3	+0	- / - / -3d	Pocket
Medium Autopistol	1d4	+1	- / - / -3d	Jacket
Heavy Autopistol	1d5	+0	- / - / -2d	Jacket
Very Heavy Autopistol	1d6	-1	-1d / - / -1d	Jacket
Light Submachinegun	1d4	+0	-1d / - / -3d	Jacket
Medium Submachinegun	1d5	+0	-1d / - / -2d	Jacket
Heavy Submachinegun	1d6	-1	-2d / - / -2d	Long coat
Lt. Assault Rifles	1d8	+1	-3d / - / -	-
Hvy. Assault Rifle	1d10	+0	-3d / - / -	-
Combat Shotgun	1d12	-1	-3d / - / -2d	-
Borg Rifle	1d14	-2	-4d / - / -	-
Missile Launcher	1d16	-4	-5d / - / -	-
Grenade	3d6	-	- / - / -	Pocket
Claymore	4d6	-	- / - / -	-

Automatic Fire

Automatic fire can be done with either submachine guns or assault rifles. There are two kinds of autofire: direct and suppressive. Both types of autofire empty the magazine; the character needs to spend an action reloading before firing the weapon again.

Direct Autofire

Direct autofire concentrates a large number of bullets on a single target. Direct autofire improves a weapon's damage die by +3d.

Suppressive Fire

Suppressive fire throws a cloud of bullets at the opposition. The shooter doesn't pick a single target, but anything and anyone has a chance of being hit.

To use suppressive fire, a character first determines the width of the fire zone. Anything caught within this area is considered a target unless defended by cover. For every 5' increment, the attacker's action die is reduced -1d. Make an attack roll for each possible target.

Example: Nighthtrain unloads his assault shotgun at a mob of rampaging neo-nazis. His action die is 1d20, and his Cool modifier is +2. His fire zone is 15' across, reducing the attack roll by -3d, to 1d12. Every target in the fire zone is targeted by a d12+2 attack roll.

DEATH & DISMEMBERMENT

Make a Fort Save against this table when a character takes a hit bringing him to zero hit points or less, and each time a character with 0 or less receives another hit.

Typically, NPCs will still be considered “dead” at zero hit points. Important NPCs, however, might use the table.

Fort Save	Action Die Penalty	Result
5 or less	-	Instant death.
6 - 7	-	Mortal wound and comatose. Death in 1d3 rounds
8 - 10	-	Unconscious and bleeding out. Death in 1d6 rounds.
11	-3d	Walking wounded. DC 10 Will save each round to stay conscious. Condition ends with major medical treatment.
12	-2d	Severed or destroyed limb. DC 10 Will save to take any action. Requires major medical treatment.
13	-1d	Shock. Condition ends with medical treatment.
14 - 15	-1d	Stunned. Condition and penalty ends with a DC 10 Will save or medical treatment or first aid.
16+	-	No effect. PC is still in the fight, but at 0 hp.

VINOTOK (2013)



ey to Goodman Games’ success are the talented people that make up the band. My writing benefits enormously from the dedicated developers, playtesters, editors, layout artists, illustrators and cartographers. But perhaps most of all, my writing is improved by working side by side with Doug Kovacs, whose paintings push me to do more and think harder. Doug won’t let you get lazy.

I’m also blessed to call Doug my friend. For a shy introvert, perpetually at odds with the world, that is no small thing.

A few years back Doug traveled cross country to spend some time in Carbondale, Colorado. During his visit we ventured over a few mountain passes to Crested Butte and took part in Vinotok: a townwide, neo-pagan celebration of winter, where everyone present is encouraged to cast off their regrets from the year. Townsfolk dress in medieval garb, shouted praises to the Green Man, and march a towering effigy (stuffed with slips of paper recording the year’s regrets) to the outskirts of town, where the effigy is burned “alive” in a massive bonfire.

Of course, there is usually some drinking involved.

Doug, playing the role of Mouser, was perfectly at home in the crowded chaos, slipping through the tumult with ease. I, in the part of a short, pudgy Ffahrd, was suitably suspicious and slow, and only involved myself for the sake of my companion.

In commemoration of that chaotic night, and my ardent love for DK and the entire Goodman Games crew, I’ll close this chapbook with a carousing table inspired by that night’s adventures. While I doubt that all the entries are true, I am certain that none of them are wholly false.

VINOTOK CAROUSING TABLE

Roll 1d3 each time a drink is imbibed during the course of the night. Results are cumulative.

1d3 / drink	Result
1	Luck of the Tramp! Find an abandoned lot to pitch your sleeping bag.
2	Lose misanthropic artist in mob. DC 10 Luck check to recover.
3	Comp'd by heavy-handed bartender. Don't be rude, roll again.
4	Cheap Date: You forgot Crested Butte is 9,000 feet above sea level! Start rolling d6s for drinks.
5	Mummer's Dance. Make ally with kindly soul in corset. See #10.
6	Companion commands, "Assume the Queen's Position." DC 15 Personality check to explain to on-lookers that it is really was a chess metaphor.
7	Burn the Grump. Attempt DC 10 Int check to avoid attempting to Jack-be-Nimble the bonfire.
8	Share the Bottle. Don't be rude, roll again.
9	Explain it to me as if I were a Mingol. DC 25 Personality check to convince well meaning passerby that, yes, you and Goodman Games' head artist will survive the night.
10	Slap Fight! Inter-party intrigue leads to PvP combat. Loser gets a skinned forehead but wins the girl.
11	Curse of the White Witch. Awaken covered in frost. DC 13 Fort save or hypothermia.
12+	Merciful Release. Companion can't recall the second half of the night, but awakens with a killer charley horse, a torn palm, and a lump on the back of his head. Mock him without remorse.



Credits Writer: Harley Stroh • Cover Artist: Jeff Easley
 Interior Artist: Doug Kovacs • Layout: Joseph Goodman
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Tunjar
The Tarnished Jewel

Great Black Swamp

Spidersant Spire

Great Black Swamp

Spidersant Spire

300 ft.

