
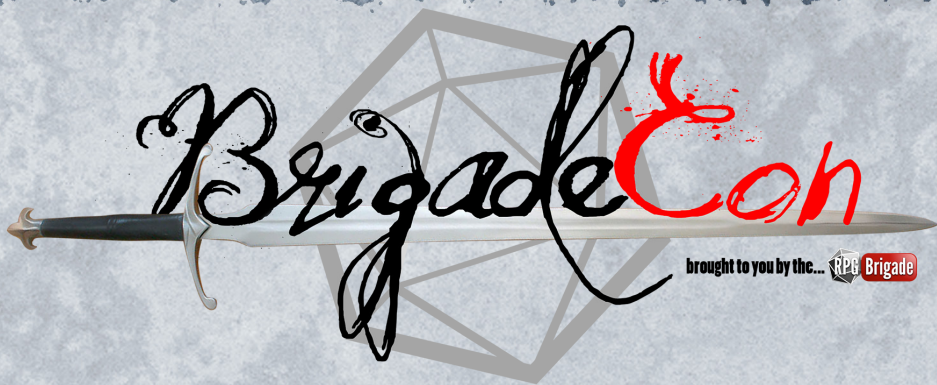




Locations, Encounters & Hooks

brought to you by the...  **Brigade**



BrigadeCon 2014 is the first convention hosted by the RPG Brigade. This collective will be holding online events to promote tabletop roleplaying games and raise funds for Child's Play.

Since 2003, Child's Play has setup and organized a game industry charity dedicated to improving the lives of children with toys and games in their network of over 70 hospitals worldwide. Over the years, their community has answered the call and come together to raise millions of dollars.

Child's Play works in two ways. With the help of hospital staff, they set up gift wish lists full of video games, toys, books, and other fun stuff for kids.

Child's Play also receives cash donations throughout the year. With those cash donations, they purchase new consoles, peripherals, games, and more for hospitals and therapy facilities. These donations allow for children to enjoy age-appropriate entertainment, interact with their peers, friends, and family, and can provide vital distraction from an otherwise generally unpleasant experience.

The RPG Brigade & BrigadeCon 2014 proudly support Child's Play. By utilizing Booster.com we present the official BrigadeCon 2014 T-shirt. all profits raised will go directly to Child's Play.

Festivities will include discussion panels, public gaming events, reviews, and much more. All are welcome to contribute, and we look forward to donations and participation both in this booster and during BrigadeCon 2014!

To learn more and/or participate in BrigadeCon, please visit us at:

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To support Child's Play, please purchase a BrigadeCon t-shirt at:

www.Booster.com/RPGB4ChildsPlay

Who is the YouTube RPG Brigade? Well, that's a long story. The RPG Brigade saw its beginnings on YouTube in 2010; a small collection of roleplaying enthusiasts with a passion for reviewing, discussing, and dissecting tabletop roleplaying games. Back then, the community numbered less than ten. Quickly these contributors and their channels began to reach out to more and more fellow gamers, who joined them in creating vlogs about the hobby they love.

Today, the YouTube RPG Brigade numbers nearly 1000 members with many spin-off groups that specialize in specific RPGs, genres, styles, and purposes.

One does not need to have a YouTube channel to participate (though it is certainly encouraged), so if you want to become part of one of the greatest role playing communities on the internet, please join us and see what it's all about.

Find us on Facebook at:

www.Facebook/groups/RPGBrigade

Locations, Encounters and Hooks

This is a collection of role playing ideas from some of the most brilliant minds in the RPG Brigade. Since that is the case, we have done our best to leave the material in its original state. This means that the length, style and formatting differs quite a bit from entry to entry.

Keep in mind that although many of these have been created for a specific genre, they are often easily adaptable to and genre and/or role playing system.

The Angel

by Ragith Saba

The town has been visited by an angel. The angel tasks the players to perform several tasks, such as searching for missing children or eliminating nearby orcs. The angel communicates without moving his lips, and no one has seen him move his wings. The players eventually find out he is not, in fact, an angel. In fact, he is the one who orchestrated the children's disappearance, as well as commissioned the orcs to attack the town so he could appear as a savior.

Beasts of Burden

by Dungeomaster Brad

The townsfolk are quite alarmed, and rightfully so. Something is happening to the local animals, livestock, birds, fish, pets, etc. The symptoms are mild in the beginning, but they worsen quickly. The first symptoms are a white glaze over the animal's eyes and a constant yellow drool dripping from its mouth.

Within two to three days after the affliction begins for each animal, one of these things happens:

Roll 1d6

1. The animal's eyes pop out of their sockets on long flexible stalks that can turn and see in any direction.

2. The animal develops a powerful stench of rotting flesh that makes anyone sickened within 30 feet of it.

3. Large pustules begin to grow all over the animal's skin. The growths will randomly pop and squirt streams of milky green fluid up to 10 feet away.

4. The animal's skin and fur/feathers becomes completely transparent.

5. The animal suddenly and uncontrollably begins to vomit acid once every round. The acid does not seem to harm the animal itself.

6. The animal grows or shrinks to five times its normal size.

After two to three more days, the animal's condition worsens and one of these things happens:

Roll 1d6

1. The animal begins to bloat until it almost doubles in size; it then slowly lifts off the ground and begins to float away unless it is tethered. After one hour, the creature explodes in a rain of blood and entrails.

2. The animal's skin instantly dissolves. Organs, blood, muscles and bones splatter onto the ground into a grisly pile of gore.

3. The animal begins to dry out and wither; it shrinks to a skeletal image of itself and then suddenly crumbles, turns to dust, and blows away.

4. The animal suddenly becomes petrified. It looks normal but upon inspection it is as hard as stone throughout its body.

5. Writhing masses squirm under the animal's skin. Suddenly a disgusting, tentacled creature (perhaps a small Otyugh), bursts out of its body.

6. The animal begins to gag and choke. Its mouth opens unnaturally wide as it begins to regurgitate a long, cylindrical, egg-like object. The egg will break open within five minutes and hundreds of spiders, centipedes, beetles, and/or scorpions will emerge. The vermin quickly swarm upon the animal and devour its flesh, leaving only bleached white bones.

Possible causes of the afflictions could be:

1. The food and water are contaminated. The party needs to find the source and stop it.

2. A curse from an evil wizard or hag. The party needs to destroy or bargain with the evildoer to lift the curse.

3. The townsfolk have done something to displease a deity, such as torn down an old shrine dedicated to him/her. The party will need to find a way to help the townspeople regain the deity's favor.

4. A demonic presence (higher levels) has come into the area and must be dealt with.

Being Watched

by Joseph Morgan Batlle

Too long; didn't read: You are being watched.

Your actions are being observed. NPCs you know are being killed. Things seem different. Friends report weird people asking questions about you. You see shadowy figures looming in the corners of your vision. You know you are being watched – hunted, even. Why? By whom? How do you respond? Run? Try to set a trap for your pursuers? Let them know you are aware of their presence? Do they know? Are they really a “they?” Is it safe to sleep? To eat? Is it too late to respond? Is there a deadline? What if you are being watched while reading this?

A Bounty Steep for Sheep

by Carl Salminen

Adventurers enter a rural town where they find that a rather generous bounty has been put up for killing wolves. The local shepherds have pooled their wealth together, hoping someone will track down a pack of wolves dragging away their sheep.

The mayor of the town is found arguing with the shepherds, warning the townsfolk that if they offer such a bounty, that vagabonds and miscreants from all over the county will be drawn to town to claim the bounty.

The mayor insists, “The peaceful nature and quality of life of our small village would be compromised by all of this!”

If the adventurers mingle with the citizens in search of rumors, they will discover that more than 10 sheep have gone missing over the past week, all surrounding the

“Festival of the New Moon.”

Some superstitious villagers will possibly even blame werewolves!

If the adventurers take on the task and track down the culprits, they discover a den of gnolls in the deep woods. Upon dispatching them, they will also discover the remains of one or two sheep nearby.

After returning to town and collecting the reward, the village celebrates but the celebration turns to dismay, when another sheep is found missing, leaving behind the same bloody traces as seen previously.

This time, it's a fresh kill, so the adventurers can track signs back to the mayor's house, where they discover that the mayor is a lycanthrope, in the form of a wolf, devouring the sheep!

The werewolf overmatches the adventurers, but with the villagers backing them up with torches and pitchforks, the mayor/werewolf is forced to flee. He swears to track the adventurers down one day and finish them off. The mayor can now become a recurring villain to be faced in future adventures.

Bump in the Night

by Robert R. Waldo

Your party is camping for the night. You've found shelter along the King's Road just away from the forest line. The day's trip has been largely uneventful. There are several fresh wagon tracks ahead of you. You've heard that Mendelson's Mead wagon was returning to its bee farm out in the woods. Having dropped off its product to several inns, a few nuns had chartered the brewer's wagon for transport to a nearby convent. They must have passed this way too.

During the day's travel, a few of

your party noticed a single fox – markedly RED in color. Such a critter might haunt the well-traveled route – perhaps in hopes of seeking handout from a soft-hearted travelers.

As you camp for the night and eat your trail rations, you notice the fox has captured its meal for the day. It gives you one last look and it bounces gleefully through the forest towards its den – carrying a freshly caught fish in its mouth: a trout, a HERRING, or perhaps some other kind.

All is quiet, late into the evening. Those on watch witness the sky clear and a gibbous moon appears, its dim light creating a darkened silhouette of the nearby treeline. The forest now takes on an awful aspect as the wind buffets the pines, their branches clattering against each other like an infernal symphony performing a hideous and nameless tune. Just as quickly as it began, the wind dies down – and the air is still once more. What seems like an hour passes, and the eerie forest is slight, dead silent.

[Bump]

[Bump!]

[Bump!]

From beyond the treeline, the party hears a loud noise, like the footfalls of a giant beast. Branches clatter together, and...

[BUMP!]

Your party FELT that now. Suddenly your hear shrieks in the night!

“Help!” “Ah! Help me!”.

[Bump]

[Bump!]

[BUMP!]

It's clear that something is chasing a wayward human in the forest. What do you do?

This distraction is the work of a few troublesome goblins. Lead by Knockhead, this band of a dozen goblins have stolen a "Boot of Stomping" from a wayward adventurer. And they have just started using to distract the adventurers. Wadair, one of their female goblins, is able to perfectly replicate the wail of a wayward human! Her vocabulary is limited, but she can produce a few words, enough to distract to draw the attention of a heroic party.

This is their first enterprise to mislead or distract a party from the important task of guarding their campsite.

If the goblin's distraction IS successful:

Four of Knockhead's goblins will attack the camp and take on whomever is left guarding it. First, they will use a stolen wand of Silence and then attempt to entangle anyone in nets. They are after the party's goods, and will attempt to steal anything they can carry.

Knockhead's goblins will not fight to the death, nor are they interested in killing any one. Instead, they will entangle them in nets and bind and gag any lone watchman. A humiliating hogtie will do. They realize that the bounty for simple thievery and prideful adventurers will be unlikely to report that they were duped by such crafty goblins.

If the goblin's distraction is NOT successful:

Knockhead will stomp around the forest for about an hour or so and

then give up. The PCs were not fooled this day, but he certainly won't let them get a good night's sleep.

Don't Let Daddy Find Out

by Escape Games

A sweet and innocent woman/man meets the character and slyly starts to flirt with them, and spends the rest of the evening with them (preferably at a party). After the party, the person leaves without a trace, leaving behind only intrigue. The person is the son or daughter of a large and powerful crime lord in the city, who also happens to be very protective over his child... This is all fine and dandy until the person starts looking for the player character again, hanging up wanted posters all over town. Does the player try to make contact with the overprotective crime lord's kid again and risk the consequences, or do they try to ignore that there are posters of them plastered around town?

Fallen Star

by Matt Click

The wood elfen conclave and mountain dwarf stronghold find themselves on the brink of all-out war when a falling star lands on the border of their respective kingdoms. The elves revere the star as sacred; the dwarves want only for the precious starsteel within. The adventurers find the two armies camped on opposite sides of the crater, mere moments from killing one another over a hunk of fallen rock. Will they intervene and treat with both armies, or pick a side in the battle for the Fallen Star?

Green Flame!

by Runeslinger

Intermittent streaks of green fire have been visible in the night sky for a few days. These are growing large and bright enough to be seen during the day. The markets and gathering places, like the halls of power and of academia, echo with speculation about what such signs could be leading up to. Some wonder what this omen might mean. That something is coming, is a palpable belief among the majority. That it does not bode well, is no less evident. Hucksters and devout folk alike are offering lies, opinions, and tenets of faith as a result of the growing unrest.

In the growing panic, as rumors fester into facts, ancient sites all over the world begin to emit powerful surges of energy no one can explain. Everything about what people believe that they know of religion, science, and ancient history is cast into doubt. Power vacuums are created in all levels of society, hungering to be filled. Everything is in flux.

The green streaks of fire dwindle, as do the ancient energies. No explanation is forthcoming...

Golem Trap

by John Poland

The players find themselves trapped in a treasure vault or similar room with no exit. There is a panel with 10 symbols. (With a little searching and research, the players figure out the symbols correspond to numbers 1 through 10 and can be pressed like a keyboard.) Two massive metal fists hover menacingly above the panel. On the wall above the panel a monstrous bas-relief face cut into the stone, its dark eyes staring

at the players. When the trap triggers (either upon the players entering the room, pressing a symbol, or perhaps picking up an item), the eyes of the bas-relief light up with fire and it begins to speak the riddle in a deep gravely voice.

"A rogue was hired to steal a spell book from a powerful wizard. This rogue did not know the password to bypass the golem guarding the door but being a canny fellow he hid beside the tower and waited. A short time later, one of the wizard's apprentices knocked on the door.

"The Massive golem bellowed, "TWELVE" and the apprentice responded simply with, "six." The golem stepped aside and let the apprentice through the portal. A second apprentice approached the door and knocked. The golem bellowed "SIX." The apprentice responded immediately with "three," and was let through the door.

"The rogue, believing he had figured out the riddle, jumped from the bushes and knocked on the door with a wry smile on his face. The golem boomed, "TEN." Chuckling to himself, the rogue said, with all confidence, "Five."

"Faster than the rogue could react, the golem slammed him with massive fists, killing him instantly. What should the rogue have said?"

The players choose a number and push the corresponding key to solve the riddle. The answer is "Three" (six letters in the word "twelve", three letters in the word "six" and three letters in the word "ten"). The massive fists will smash anyone who pushes the wrong button for the first two incorrect answers, and the mouth will breathe poison gas for the third incorrect answer. To make the trap more deadly, remove the two slams and just release the gas. After a half

hour, the door opens, letting anyone who survived out, as well as the poison gas. and resets the trap.

The Greater Evil

by Philip Posey

Off in the distance, the loose jaws of ghouls moan. Reflected in their mud-caked teeth, an unholy storm wakes in the sky. Overhead, a flock of crows feasts on a Draco-Lich powering its way through the sudden lightening. Acid rains sizzle on your plate mail as the heavens crackle and boom. Your hot foul breath steams the cold air as you walk deeper into the forest of impaled children slithering with maggots. The fog of the forest floor forms a pillar. From this pillar a figure appears. It is Dúkhaan, the smoke demon, beckoning you with a dissipating hand. "You've entered my domain for a reason, hero, but have you a sacrifice?" The smoke clears, and in its place stands an impaling tree. What do you do?

Out of Sight, Out of Mind

For Call of Cthulhu, by Runeslinger

This seed is a play on the idea of out of sight, out of mind, and will put the investigators face to face with evidence that their own experience and memories have been altered in some way. While it could run as a short investigation over two or three sessions, the seed has the potential to grow into a much longer campaign.

This story seed can be planted for any level of experience, but should be for a group. The optimal group would be a mix of police officers of different grades, a private investigator, and one or two who work in charity groups for orphans and/or the homeless. The seed is set in the 1930s, but can be

repurposed for other eras easily. For ease of description, just one era will be described here. The characters become involved when colleagues reveal that they have all been made complicit in some horrible plot about stolen identities and lost memories.

The Details: Going over a case file, a new detective on the force notices that the informant whose photograph and description are enclosed does not match the informant his new partner introduces. Later, with files old and new in hand, he is able to rouse his partner from the mistaken belief that the informant spoken to today is the same man in the official file. So begins the tale...

It is not long before they uncover others who have been replaced, and others who have been deceived into not noticing the replacement. The two detectives slowly begin waking and recruiting others who have been so deceived. Cops, private dicks, shelter workers.

Not long after, they feel the eyes of the city's unwanted upon them all the time.

How long will it be before they are replaced as well?

They are everywhere.

What's Going On: Imagine that people you rely on to do your job effectively – people you see three or four times a week – were no longer the people you thought they were. Imagine that the evidence of this has been staring you in the face for months, but you didn't notice. Imagine suddenly having it pointed out to you.

In this seed, most of the physical evidence remains unaltered. Little by little, things are being changed – by the characters in the grip of their altered memories – but for the most part, files, records, photographs, and

reports make it clear that the truth of today is not the truth of yesterday.

Something out there is haphazardly and more or less incompletely taking over the lives of the “lower orders” of humanity. The invisible, the forgotten, the broken, and the discarded have become the beachhead for those who lurk inside the skin and behind the eyes of others. The man who was barely noticed in line for soup yesterday is not the man in line today... although parts of him are. The characters, however, have been duped into seeing the newcomer as the man he was.

This seed is about what happens when their eyes are opened to these lies.

The original people cannot be found. They are consumed in the process of replacement and disguise. Sadder that they have been sacrificed in this gruesome way is that not even their friends and fellows on the street noticed they were taken. For them, the disappearance went unremarked.

If examined, the Replacements appear entirely human. If psychoanalyzed they again read as human, but cannot hide the sense of curiosity and superiority which guides their actions. How this affects the analyst is up for debate, but despite the likelihood of being assessed as narcissists or prone to delusions, it would be hard for an analyst to assess them as dangerous and be entirely honest about it.

The analyst might have unsettling dreams and be prone to illness for months afterward, however. In close contact, the Replacements leech the CON and POW of those around them, leading often to confusion, weakness, and eventual death.

One wonders how long they have been among us.

The Quill is Mightier than the Sword

by Runeslinger

This involves a peculiar magic item and the wide-reaching effects its use can have on those around it.

The party may take shelter in an Elven ruin, or be intent on recovering some lost treasure or other, and while otherwise engaged, will come in contact with an unassuming item with the ostensible capacity to change all that ever was. Whether they take it or not, its proximity may be used to lend an air of mystery and ineffable magnitude to the world.

The Details:

While the group rests, those who set up their camp will find a luxurious quill looking as fresh and clean as the day it was prepared for writing. Regardless of their choice to keep it or leave it, the quill will provide them all with great dreams of mistakes undone, dreams fulfilled, and victory always at hand. They will speak more glibly, plan more effectively, and learn faster while in the presence of the quill.

What they do with this experience, and the quill, is the fruit of this particular story seed.

The quill is a fabulous, seemingly natural feather with shadings of gold and hues of rich browns, with hints and glints of other spectra depending on the light. It is roughly of similar length and width to a human forearm. It has one small rune etched in its shaft which has little or nothing in common stylistically with the runes known to the people of the world, but glints in the light like silver would.

If used to write, the quill will function like an exceptionally good one, but will manifest no unusual powers. However, asleep or awake,

those around the quill will find themselves able to speak more descriptively and accurately, and will similarly feel like their thoughts are clearer and faster than usual. When they sleep, they will dream great dreams of ambition and correcting past mistakes.

If used to write on a specifically prepared piece of parchment, whatever written will come true.

The quill itself, over time, will impart this knowledge to a long-term possessor through intimations and feelings, but is not intelligent and is in no rush. Those who come in contact with the quill, even for a short time, will dream strange dreams ever after and will find the memory of the quill is often drawn to the surface of their mind when faced with a tremendous challenge for which solutions seem unlikely.

The limitations of the quill are threefold.

The first limitation is that it is empowered to edit the history only of the person writing with it. If they write that they were born into wealth, this will become the truth. If they write untruthfully that they do not remember their childhood, that will likewise become real. It cannot add new details to the skein of someone's life, but it can change any detail therein.

The second limitation is that it will always write in a firm, bold, and fairly large script (roughly 14 point, double-spaced, with appreciable margins of 4 cm). No matter how the writer seeks to shape their text, the script will flow out as the quill has been enchanted to write.

The third limitation is that it may only affect a person a limited amount – one page of parchment of standard size to be precise. After this limit has been reached, the writer will find no further edits take effect.

Red in Tooth and Claw

by Matt Click

A nobleman recently invested in some real estate, acquiring an old, dilapidated manor house for cheap with the intention of renovating. Unfortunately, the manor appears to be infested with redcaps (thus the cheap buying price), who use the myriad secret tunnels and hidden doors of the manor to deadly effect. The nobleman has already lost a cleaning staff and a handful of carpenters, so he hires the adventurers in the hopes that they can clear the redcaps from his new home.

Rejected

by Matt Click

The adventurers come upon a large, gaping crowd in a small trading town. The men mutter worriedly while the women cry and shield the eyes of their children. A guard steps forward, ushering people away, ordering them to return to their homes. The adventurers soon discover what all the fuss is about – the bloated corpse of the mayor hangs from the town's walls, his face a twisted rictus of pain and terror. Bloodstained gold coins drop from his gaping mouth like dripping blood. Three days prior, the mayor left with a handful of guards and a chest of gold to treat with the local barbarian tribe. His body has been returned, stuffed with the very gold he intended to offer as tribute. It seems the savages have refused the mayor's offer of peace.

Ship of Fools

by Kirk Wiebe

You come upon a ship lodged between two cliff faces of a canyon, high above the canyon floor. Maybe

it was a river that dried up, and this sunken ship is now above and no longer below. Either way, is it sturdy? Is it about to break and fall? Is there treasure aboard? Foul creatures? How do we get to it?

So Sails the Ship Witch

by Tabletop Terrors

While attempting to leave the city by boat, the PCs are repeatedly turned away. The local authorities are telling anyone who asks that the boats are delayed until further notice due to a 'strange ship in the harbor.' No one is being allowed near the docks or the harbor until further notice. If the PCs convince someone to take them on a private boat, that NPC will renege and return their money due to the danger.

If the PCs investigate rumors around the town and shipyard they will find out that the vessel that has appeared in the harbor is rumored to be The Valiant Rook, a ship that was lost at sea over five years ago. Upon sneaking into the shipyard, The Valiant Rook looks like a floating shipwreck— by all accounts it shouldn't even be floating. Barnacles are rampant, smattered and smeared across the whole of the ships remains. The mast is shattered and fallen, and the side of the ship has an enormous hole in it that is emanating a strange light (or you can refer to the table below). In addition, a supernatural cloud of darkness hangs directly above the ship.

The Encounter: The Valiant Rook has been taken over by a monster called a Ship Witch-- violent oceanic spirit that inhabits wreckages and feeds off of their negative energy. The Ship Witch animates the wreckage to become what could be considered a 'Shipwreck

Golem', or a large animated object. In essence, your characters will be fighting a single creature that is a shipwreck-come-to-life.

How you can use this at any level:

You can reskin a creature of any challenge rating that you'd like to be a Ship Witch. Choose the appropriate challenge rating creature, and then match the size and shape of the The Valiant Rook to fit. It can be a smaller fishing boat for lower level parties, and a larger royal battleship for higher level parties. Here are some ideas:

Easy Encounter - Skin the Ship Witch as a Bugbear or Orc type creature. Instead of using martial weapons and melee, simply replace the 'sword' type attack with 'Rotted Wooden Appendage'. Any ranged attack could be 'Shipwright Nails', as the Ship Witch spits and flings the very nails that used to hold it together.

Medium Encounter - Skin the Ship Witch to be some sort of Ogro Mage or larger creature with spell like abilities. Take the spells that this creature would normally have, and replace their names and descriptions to match the shipwreck and haunted ocean theme. Here are some ideas for key words: 'Drowning Ray', 'Rotted', 'Waterlogged', 'Decrepit Waters', 'Haunted Mist'. You can still use the above descriptions of the melee attacks (or create new ones!)

Difficult Encounter - Skin the Ship Witch to be a large sea creature, but allow it to work on land. Give the Ship Witch the same sort of swallow attacks, tentacle attacks, and even allow the movement to be in every dimension as though it were in water. For this encounter, you can also add the Haunted Spirits of the shipwreck

in ghost form to attack the PCs separately. If you don't want go the ghost route, you can reskin a smaller creature such as a Goblin or Kobold to break off from the larger creature and act as miniature pieces of shipwreck that the PCs have to fight separately.

Table: The Hold in the Ship Witch:

Here is a table that you can roll on to see what lives inside the gaping hole of the Ship Witch.

Roll 1d6:

1. A haunting sound emanates from the gaping hole in the wreckage of The Valiant Rook, each player hears a different familiar song from their childhood.

2. A tangled mass of long-dead sea creatures that emits a smell so foul that it makes it difficult for the PCs to focus.

3. An odd, multi-colored light that pulsates and shifts, changing colors, but never casting a shadow.

4. The fetid remains of the Captain of The Valiant Rook, who dangles from a water-logged rope in the place he hanged himself below deck.

5. A tangle of seaweed, kelp and other oceanic vegetation, that seems to sway and flow as though it were underwater, even though it is above water.

6. A thickly knotted cargo net that is unnaturally animated, using its tensile rope strands like a mighty hand, slowly crushing cargo into pieces.

The Sunken Horror

by Aaron D. Van Scyoc

A group of investigators are invited to the estate of Lyle Warton, a young Massachusetts shipping magnate and the last of his line. The estate is deep in the countryside of Massachusetts, situated on a fictional lake, Lake Hobbomack, and surrounded by deep woods. The only way to reach the house is by taking a boat from the small village on the other side of the lake. Whether the investigators are friends or professionals hired for their services, they are asked by Warton to investigate the strange occurrences happening at the estate.

The Facts: Lyle Warton has recently graduated from Miskatonic University. His mother died in childbirth, and his father went missing when Lyle was a teenager. Since he has been back at the estate, Lyle has been having strange dreams of falling through an infinite abyss. He wakes up to find his bed soaked every morning. One day he woke up to find the many hunting hounds missing, and his bed covered in blood. Most recently, he awoke in the lake, and began to drown. Luckily one of the servants saw him, and saved him from death.

There are only five residence of the estate, Lyle and his four servants. The servants are Native Americans of a fictional Wampanoag tribe that still flourishes in the surrounding area-the Potamak. The family has been working for the Wartons for centuries. Generation after generation has served at the estate. The matriarch of the family is Chimoset, the cook, a venerable woman who mistrusts the investigators, and has raised Lyle like a mother. Her son, the butler/ valet, is Homack, and his wife is the

maid Askimah. Their son is Christian, named so that he might assimilate and move on from servitude, and he is the groundskeeper and all-around handyman of the house. The servants exist to play off the racial intolerance of the time period, as well as the work of H.P. Lovecraft and many pulp writers. The investigators should quickly latch on to Chimoset's suspicious behavior and unwillingness to cooperate.

The Truth: Lyle Warton's ancestor from centuries ago would hunt and fish on lake Hobbomack--a word for a devil-like spirit in Wampanoag culture. There, he met a mysterious and beautiful woman on the shores of the lake. He fell in love, and built what is now the Warton estate so that he might be closer to her. They married, and had a son.

The woman is a spawn of Abthoth, an outer god who lives in the lake. This is soon revealed to Warton's ancestor, who is driven mad by fear and love, and begins to worship the Unclean God. Now, the Warton line is the line of Abthoth, and lying dormant inside the DNA of every Warton is the stain of Abthoth. Sooner or later, they all change into the writhing spawn of the Filthy One.

Many years back, a servant of the Wartons recognized this, and worked to control the demon inside his masters. Chimoset now takes on that responsibility, performing rituals and rites to stop the transformation. But all is futile as Lyle, like the generations of Warton men before him, begins to take on his true form, returning to the lake and his father Abthoth...

Times Change

by Matt Click

A withered, wild-eyed old man, layered in heavy robes and smelling of filth, approaches the adventurers and claims to be carrying a message from the future – a message penned by the adventurers themselves. What does the message say?

To Me

by Ben McInnis

The characters arrive at the city of Stormhold. Stormhold is a city built on both the inside and outside of a mountain that juts out of the sea just off the mainland. While the characters are enjoying the hospitality of one of the city's finer taverns, a young acolyte bursts through the door of the tavern and announces that an undead army is making its inexorable way up the mountain.

Because the city's necropolis is on the same level as the docks, seaborne escape from Stormhold is cut off. The city's guard is ill-equipped to deal with an uprising of this magnitude. What do the characters do?

Tower of the Forgotten Dreamer

by John Alan Large

No one knew how long the tower had been there. A curved tower built of a strange translucent green stone. When the light caught the tower just right in the dawn, people swore they could see strange, dark shapes moving about inside, although none could say they had ever seen anyone enter or leave.

A circle of metal uprights surrounded the tower, each taller than a man. People disagreed on the number of the uprights – some would say it was six, others four and some people said as high as ten. Those who had observed the tower said that the number of metal satellites changed, although never when you were looking at them.

Indeed, wise sages and sorcerers spend years studying the patterns and sequences of numbers that the metal uprights appeared in, as though they could somehow define the future in the strange patterns – perhaps some of them even did. The disgraced sage Halfir the Mad wrote a missive in which he referred to the tower as “the God at the beginning and end of all things, whose language gave birth to the world and would bring about its destruction,” although the value of his writing and mental state have subsequently been called into question.

It was the behavior of the tower during the all-to-frequent lightning storms that drew most attention. When a storm rose to its peak, there would inevitably be a large number of lightning strikes in the surrounding area; each strike would be accompanied by a local claiming to have received a visitation from a dead loved one. Pale, translucent phantoms who would seem to be only vaguely aware of their own deaths, seeking to comfort their loved ones but unable to provide any knowledge about the great beyond. It is possible that these appearances are not connected to the tower save that, as the storm potency faded, the various phantoms would be drawn back towards the tower where

they would merge into a field of hazy white energy that would lance up into the tip of the tower like a lightning strike played in reverse.

Unhallowed Ground

by Anonymous

The PCs are investigating some odd circumstances at a local graveyard. Specifically, several graves seem to have been recently dug up, and the dirt put back carefully but not perfectly. After the rumors bandied about the local town for a few months, one person finally put it to the test and dug up one of the graves, only to find an empty coffin.

By investigating the graveyard and questioning the locals, the party can learn any or all of the related facts below. How difficult it is to learn any particular fact is up to the DM, and should be heavily weighed by the efforts the PCs make.

- All of the suspected graves (perhaps four, although it is actually six) had children buried in them.
- All of the children died within the past 5 years.
- Each child was exhumed within weeks of it being buried.
- A dark figure was seen by locals visiting lost loved ones, hanging around an old tomb.
- There has been a rash of petty thefts, all related to toys owned by the dead children.

DM Notes: A local priestess, considered friendly by some and aloof by others, is unable to have

children of her own. Her husband left her many years ago because of this. Through some magical research, she has learned how to reanimate the dead. She has used her ability to bring back six dead children over the past five years. She dresses them up, and keeps them in "bedrooms" beneath the church. Each zombie child is chained up and cannot escape.

Where the confrontation takes place is determined by the DM and the players' actions. It might be at the church, or it might be catching the priestess in the act itself at the graveyard or at the tomb. The party might find that below her church, she has children's bedrooms all done up with appropriate decorations and toys.



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