

Juskar Mountains

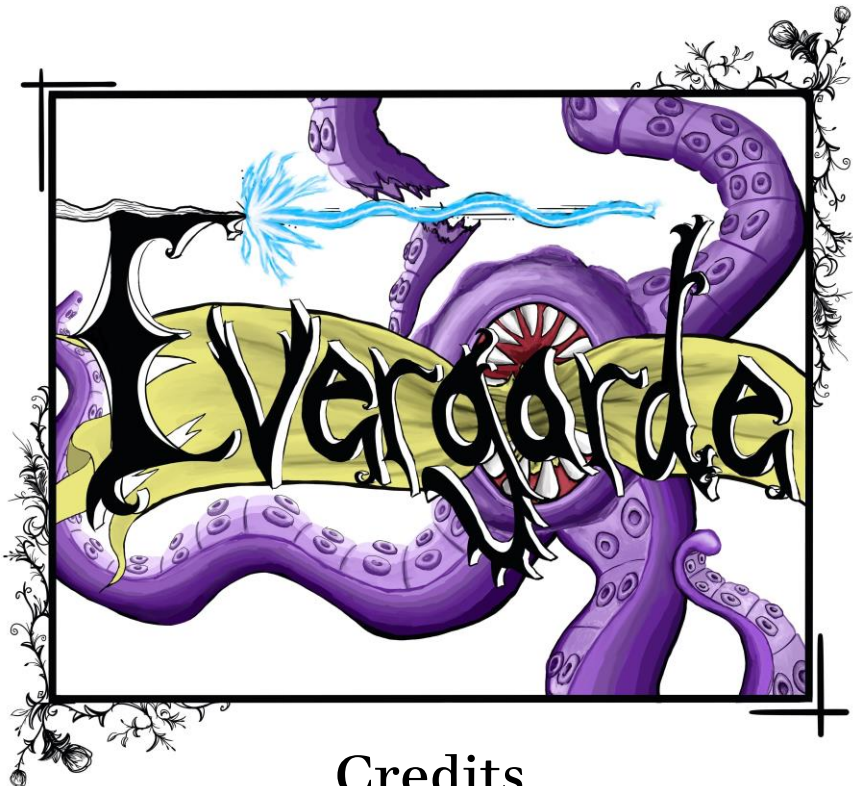
Harbor

Evergar

Moor Lake

Evergarde





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What is *Evergarde*?

E*vergarde* is an RPG supplement for 5E and OSR (Old School Renaissance) that imagines a world where magic is ubiquitous and juxtaposes that against the dour tone of the apocalypse.

These pages contain a fully-realized setting, including 9 unique Factions with their own agendas, a wasteland-delving adventure, a 22-creature Bestiary, and 10 random tables to generate mutations, High Magic events, and bizarre wasteland encounters.

There are several important concepts to the world of *Evergarde*:

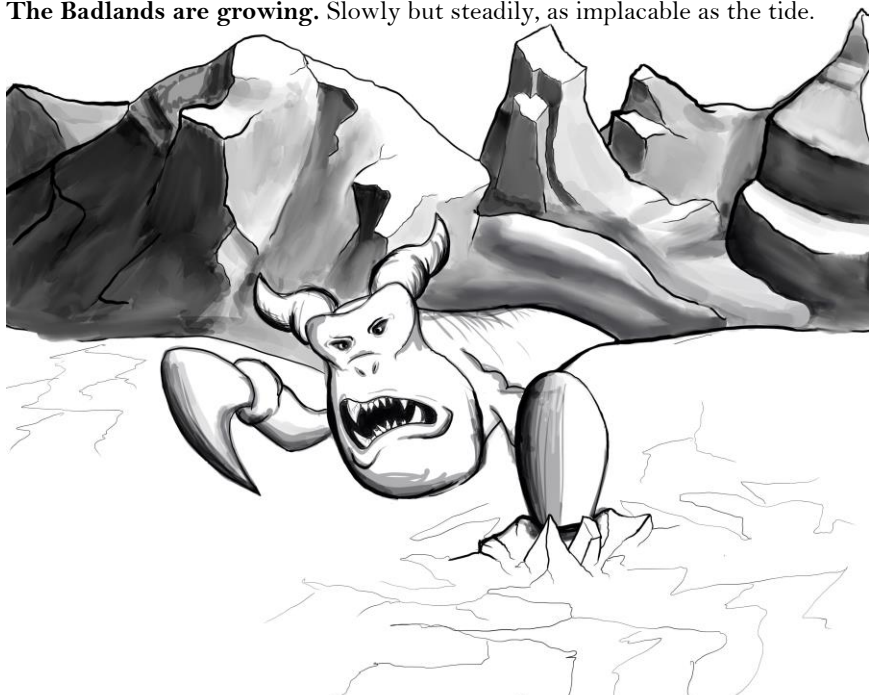
Magic is a part of everyday life. Flying carpets, impossible buildings, quirky magic items. Even peasants use magic to better their lives.

Magic is closely sanctioned. Spells above cantrip can only be cast by licensed practitioners, punishable by fines and imprisonment. Licenses are only granted to graduates of Evergarde, School of the Arcane.

Magic scarred the world. The Badlands were created by a magical calamity. There are many rumors about what happened, but nobody knows the truth.

The Badlands pervert magic. Spellcasters who perform magic within the Badlands must roll on Magical Mayhem tables to generate strange effects, for good or ill.

The Badlands are growing. Slowly but steadily, as implacable as the tide.



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It is like something out of a dream...

Curtain walls like mountains. Bent, spiraling towers skewering the clouds. Foundations rising from an unassailable plateau, with no ramp mounting to the shimmering gates.

Evergarde, School of the Arcane. *Here, even a first year from a dirt farming village can learn to bend fate to their will.*

*As you gather your belongings, your eyes are drawn East, toward the **Badlands**. They say the wasteland undoes magic. Snuffing it out, even.*

Your father once lead an expedition into the Badlands in search of fortune. Twenty men, all Guild Prospectors. Steady hands.

Two came out, so changed as to be unrecognizable. Mutated and raving.

Eventually the village burned the men at the stake and buried the ashes. What else could be done?

Blighters overran the village when you were a child, forcing your people into an unsettled, nomadic existence from which they've never recovered. Home is lost to the Badlands now, miles behind the border.

Home is a suitcase. Yours is worse for wear, and the wheels are prone to sticking. It was your father's.

It used to puzzle you, that men would risk so much on such a thin hope. But now you understand.

When facing the end of all things, even the faintest spark gives off light.





Character Creation

Character creation is done per the existing rules for 5E or your favorite OSR game, with these addendums:

- Characters start at 2nd level.
- Characters start with one more cantrip than specified. Even martial characters know a spell.
- Starting equipment includes an uncommon wondrous item, approved by the DM.
- Characters choose a starting Faction.

Character progression follows the rules in your system of choice, keeping in mind the perks noted in the Faction itself.

You will find much of the terminology in this book was written with 5E in mind (referencing things like cantrips, certain skill checks, etc.). That in no way invalidates the use of OSR systems for *Evergarde*, but it does require a few minor adjustments:

- No cantrips in your OSR game? Substitute a 1st level spell instead.
- Don't want to use the Advantage/Disadvantage mechanic? Apply a suitable modifier to such rolls (we suggest +5/-5).
- No skill checks? Make an equivalent Attribute-based roll.



Factions

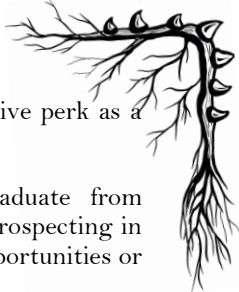
Factions provide both benefits for the player and adventure possibilities for the DM. Admittance to a Faction is a matter of character class (warlocks can't belong to an Evergarde house, for instance) and player choice, though each Faction has certain requirements that must be met.

Boons are only available as long as the character belongs to the Faction. This is supported by the fiction: a fighter who leaves the Iron Shield finds they don't train as hard, and they subsequently lose their Ability bonus. Losing boons in this way also prevents players from loading up on boons by joining multiple Factions in succession. *Not that any players would ever think to do that.*



Some Factions also include Banes, some sort of penalty or negative perk as a result of membership. Tuition, for instance.

Faction membership might not be permanent. Wizards graduate from Evergarde or fail out. Warriors may decide to try their hand at prospecting in the Badlands. Such movement should arise naturally from new opportunities or as ramifications for choices made.



Evergarde includes the following Factions:

Evergarde, School of the Arcane

House of the Half-Moon: Concerning life, death, and the somewhat nebulous layer between the two.

House of the Old Oak: The most traditional house, emphasizing classical magic such as conjuration and far-seeing.

House of Stone: An arcane tradition embracing superiority through power.

House of the Veil: Tricksters, shadow dancers, and mind benders.



Non-Evergarde Factions

Acolytes of the Eternal Sun: Association of priests, laymen, and druids who name the Badlands a punishment and seek to heal the land.

Guild of Prospectors: Scavengers and miners, the desperate and the insane, all united by a common purpose: brave the Badlands and bring back what wealth will travel.

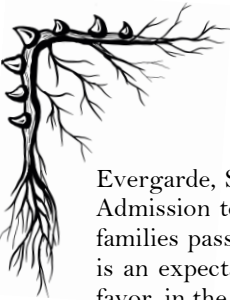
Iron Shield: A once-noble institution guarding the border and repelling the horrors of the Badlands.

Shadow League: A secret society of outlaws, Evergarde rejects, and anarchists, hidden behind the facade of reputable businesses, performing forbidden rituals and fomenting rebellion.

Outsider: There is great freedom in being answerable only to oneself.

When the game begins, it is assumed your character already belongs to a Faction. Review the Setting materials to get a full understanding of that Faction. Then spend a few minutes imagining how your character joined, and jot some of that information on your sheet.





Evergarde Houses

Evergarde, School of the Arcane, is one of the main pillars upholding society. Admission to the school is a source of great pride; peasants and working-class families pass down such stories like old heirlooms. For the nobility, admission is an expectation, and vast sums of money are spent to tip the scales in their favor, in the form of private preparatory schools and the finest tutors.

Evergarde only accepts students with the acumen to be Wizards and Witches. Students are sorted into one of four Houses, based first on ability, and then on student preference. In RPG parlance: **Evergarde Houses are only open to Wizards.**

Evergarde accepts students of any race or background. The only stipulation for admittance is aptitude. Each House has its own requirements. Once admitted, it's upon the student to keep up with the material and the exorbitant tuition.

If you don't meet the requirements for any of the Houses, your application was rejected. You must instead find your way through affiliation with a non-Evergarde Faction. This doesn't mean you *can't* still be a Wizard, but you will find the going much harder without ready access to textbooks and materials.

That's right: *If you don't attend Evergarde, you don't start with a spellbook.*



Each of the Houses specializes in two traditional schools of magic. This means that as characters advance, they get the benefits of both schools. Instruction is done within the House; co-mingling with other Houses is limited to official school functions. This book does not include systems for simulating the school experience—that should be handled as downtime as player interest warrants.

All Evergarde students start with two cantrips and one 1st level spell of *any* school, which reflects their already burgeoning abilities. Additionally, each House allows its students to copy all level-appropriate spells for their schools of magic into their personal spellbook. Leveling up means access to more advanced materials (e.g. higher-level spells).

Students expelled from Evergarde due to misbehavior, inability to pay tuition, or refusal to comply with House standards are forever after banned from Evergarde. In addition, **their personal spellbook is seized and burned.** Discipline falls under the Head of House's purview, though the Headmaster intercedes on rare occasions. In general, students should not expect charity or sympathy.

My OSR game doesn't group spells by school / tradition.

In this case, the DM will need to make judgement calls regarding the spells that fall in the applicable Houses. They won't need to do this for all Houses, just those in play. Also, given the smaller spell lists of most OSR games, expect a degree of overlap. This doesn't need to be a precise activity.



House of the Half-Moon

Power Beyond Death

Specialties: Evocation and Necromancy

Requirements:

- Wizard
- 18 Intelligence



Boon: A spellbook containing all level-appropriate spells of the House's specialty; two cantrips and one 1st level spell from any specialty

Bane: 100 gold in tuition, due monthly

Half-Moon students often prefer undead constructs as their familiar.

Head of House: Archaeon, a Lich of ancient vintage. The few bits of flesh left to it are sunken and pulled tight across the bone. Archaeon has a ghoulish sort of humor and takes pleasure in frightening first years; between its age-worn visage and its flowing robes, Archaeon seems a facsimile of death itself.

Outlook: The Half-Moon has long been associated with elitism, but none can deny that it produces talented spellcasters. Many of its students adopt a coldly clinical view of life, their humanity slowly ebbed away in the dungeons beneath the Twilight Tower.

Archaeon is practically an institution all its own, having outlasted five Headmasters. Despite this, it has yet to put its own name up for consideration. In its view, manipulation of life and death is the only power worth pursuing.

Untethered by administrative constraints, Archaeon is free to pursue its own ends. Of late, it has taken special interest in dissecting Blighters from the Badlands. For purely academic purposes, of course.

Allied Factions: The Half-Moon House would use the term “ally” lightly, seeing no need to align so dogmatically with any outside other. However, the Guild of Prospectors often prove themselves useful, and we’ve deigned to use our influence on their behalf in the past.

Opposed Factions: When mastering the very powers of life and death, mortal squabbles are not worthy of attention.

Goals: Hold seats of council and influence nobility. Convince the headmaster to further restrict admissions. Scrutinize the Badlands and its denizens to deepen the knowledge of life and death.



House of the Old Oak

Rooted in Tradition

Specialties: Conjunction and Divination

Requirements:

- Wizard
- 16 Intelligence, 14 Wisdom



Boon: A spellbook containing all level-appropriate spells of the House's specialty; two cantrips and one 1st level spell from any specialty

Bane: 100 gold in tuition, due monthly

Head of House: Professor Gala Elkhorn, a Firbolg with a beard of moss. He is prone to long-winded lectures and misplacing his belongings.

Outlook: Acorns, as Professor Elkhorn calls students belonging to this house, quickly learn that the Weave is not something to be controlled; instead, it is an awesome power that must be protected and shepherded. Control and intent are more important than outright power.

With its emphasis on far-seeing and conjunction, House of the Old Oak is the most traditional house. Six of the last ten Evergarde Headmasters are alumni, a matter of no small pride, though it has been two hundred years since Old Oak last occupied the position.

All of the Houses take an interest in the Badlands, but Elkhorn alone feels a responsibility for what transpired, and a determination to see the blight reversed. And perhaps not unwarranted—after all, how was it that wizards specializing in divination did not foresee the danger that beget the Badlands?

Allied Factions: The Old Oak stands apart. It is not an antagonist sort of indifference, such as one might find with the House of the Half-Moon, but rather formed by the profound belief in the rightness of our cause.

Opposed Factions: Like a court of jesters, the Veil affects an air of harmless, chaotic disorganization. But the Old Oak has glimpsed their true purpose through the all-seeing power of the Weave, and we will stymie the Veil at every turn.

Goals: Spread awareness about the importance of preservation. Successfully petition the headmaster to expand Evergarde's Starlight Grove. Restore life to the Badlands.

House of Stone

Clarity Through Strength

Specialties: Abjuration and Transmutation

Requirements:

- Wizard
- 14 Intelligence, 12 Strength, 12 Wisdom



Boon: A spellbook containing all level-appropriate spells of the House's specialty; two cantrips and one 1st level spell from any specialty

Bane: 100 gold in tuition, due monthly

Head of House: Professor Dorian Suthra, a stern Tiefling woman with onyx horns and a hearty laugh. She is blunt and likes to take the measure of new students by arm wrestling them.

Outlook: Power comes from body, mind, and spirit working as one. In view of this truth, House Stone students regularly test themselves against one another in wizard duels, feats of strength and endurance, and puzzles of the mind. Professor Suthra keeps tallies and ranks the students accordingly. The Lists are publicly posted outside the amphitheater known as the Arena.

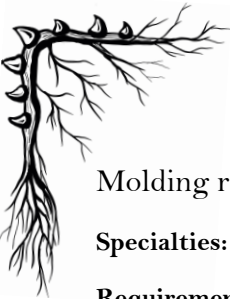
This environment of competition for its own sake has given House of Stone students a notorious reputation as being unnecessarily confrontational and, at times, belligerent. House of Stone does nothing to dissuade such thoughts. Their opinion often being: if you are so weak as to be threatened by my strength, you are not worthy of my attention.

With its embrace of physicality and martial superiority, House of Stone is the least traditional of the Evergarde houses. Such is their self-confidence that they don't mind.

Allied Factions: While many pay lip service to the Iron Shield, even ostensible allies such as the Old Oak see them as little better than sanitation workers—necessary but unseemly. House of Stone recognizes that there is no greater foe than the Badlands, and we stand shoulder-to-shoulder with the Shield.

Opposed Factions: The other Houses sleep to the danger posed by the Shadow League, leaving the House of Stone alone to confront the League. The majority of Reapers were first tried in the Arena as youths.

Goals: Convince the headmaster to institute a school-wide dueling circuit. Achieve great physical accomplishments without the use of magic. Change the very idea of what a wizard or witch can be.



House of the Veil

Molding reality

Specialties: Enchantment and Illusion

Requirements:

- Wizard
- 14 Intelligence, 14 Charisma, 12 Dexterity



Boon: A spellbook containing all level-appropriate spells of the House's specialty; two cantrips and one 1st level spell from any specialty

Bane: 100 gold in tuition, due monthly

Head of House: Professor Kalian Amodeus, a handsome and charming Human who is always smirking like he's just gotten the better of you and is waiting for you to catch-up to the fact.

Outlook: The House of the Veil has a reputation as a place for prima donnas and rabble rousers. Less serious Wizards, in other words, and certainly less studious ones. It is a distinction Professor Amodeus is careful to encourage while pursuing his true purposes in the shadows.

Those of the Veil believe the weave is a tool to amplify one's natural talents, not as a crutch for the feeble or the infirm. Magic is the power that makes the world spin, but what is the point if the mind behind that power is unimaginative and, gods forbid, boring?

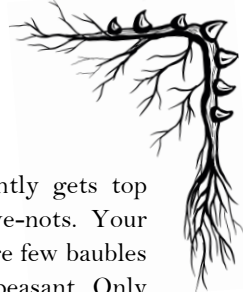
So, aided by illusions and magical effects, the Veil puts on awe-inspiring shows, all the while making plans backstage for a truly wondrous third act, one which will see the balance of power change forever.

Allied Factions: The Veil is place of pragmatism as much as anything else and has learned the value of unconventionality. Though the Shadow League would be mortified to learn it, we've placed alumni high up in their organization. They work toward our ends now.

Opposed Factions: The Old Oak is a meddlesome nuisance, prying where they aren't wanted. They may think their third eye has given them special insight, but the Veil remains the masters of enchantments and illusions, and the Oak will see only what we wish them to know.

Goals: Be useful to those in power, that power might return in kind. Manipulate the other Houses into advantageous squabbles. Convince the headmaster to abdicate in favor of the Veil.

Non-Evergarde Factions



In a world where magic is tightly sanctioned, Evergarde rightly gets top billing. This is very much a world of the haves and the have-nots. Your everyday peasant may have an easier life because they have a spare few baubles to ease their labors, but at the end of the day, they're still a peasant. Only Evergarde has the magic to turn societal frogs into princes.

But that doesn't mean it's the only avenue to power, fame, or wealth.

The Acolytes of the Eternal Flame is a rekindled order that predates Evergarde by centuries. The Eternal Flame is not a deity in itself, but a life force that dwells in all things. Worship, then, is not tribute to some great other, but a way of channeling this energy. For those accustomed to the reliability of magic, it's all a little vague and suspicious; nobles and urbanites believe the Acolytes are little more than charlatans. But those far from civilization's bright light are often more amenable to the Acolytes' teachings.

Many label the Guild a loose confederation of misfits and freaks who would bury their grandmother if it led to a score. And while most Prospectors *are* motivated primarily according to self-interest, their scavenging is not without benefits to society at large. Evergarde pays handsomely for relics and oddities brought out of the Badlands, and there is a burgeoning black market for organic materials harvested from Blighters. No serious expedition would think of trying the Badlands without a Prospector along as a guide.

The Iron Shield has fallen on hard times. Gone is the noble spirit that once imbued its ranks. The quality and caliber of its soldiers has likewise declined. It is now readily apparent, decades on, that this is not a war that *can* be won. Still, even burdened by doubt and neglect, the Shield crouches behind makeshift barricades and readies for the next surge. Quitting is not an option. There would be great renown indeed to the one that finally turned the tide.

The Shadow League was born during the days after the Badlands came to hideous life, in direct response to the edict that all higher magic be sanctioned, and therefore controlled, by Evergarde. Despite setbacks and the continued harassment of Reapers, the League has steadily grown and is now poised to enter a new era. Soon, the time for hiding will be at an end.

There have always been those more comfortable going their own way. People who do not fit in elsewhere. These are collectively called Outsiders by the other Factions; the unaffiliated consider themselves independent thinkers.



Acolytes of the Eternal Sun

Cleansing Worship

Requirements: Cleric, Druid, or Paladin

Boon:

- Learn a new cantrip every level
- Increase Charisma or Wisdom Ability score by 1
- Learn three languages of your choice
- Rousing Speech: Once per day as a Free Action, grant temporary HP equal to level + Charisma modifier to allies within 30 feet.



Head of Order: Magnificence, an Elven Druid of indeterminate age and indescribable beauty. She is coldly aloof when dealing with people but loves animals and nature. The Badlands seem to pain her physically, and she tries to maintain a careful distance from the border at all times.

Outlook: There have always been those that venerated the old ways and honored nature, but they largely kept their views to themselves for fear of being ostracized—or worse. But with the Badlands growing unchecked, many find comfort in superstition.

Rural towns and villages near the border are often Acolyte strongholds. The Acolytes feed the poor, shelter the homeless, and bludgeon any unholy abominations that stumble from the neighboring Badlands.

There are some in Evergarde and among the nobility that see the Acolytes as little better than the Shadow League—brazenly flouting the law while wielding forbidden powers. Some would see the Acolytes disbanded and in shackles.

Magnificence has been plotting a substantial move into the urban power centers for some time, as she believes true reconciliation with the divine can only come through a mass act of contrition. But she knows doing so may upset the balance and, for now, continues only to plan.

Allied Factions: The noble order of the Iron Shield is a bastion of light in these dark days. Our gifts can buoy the Shield, lifting sagging spirits and reviving weary bodies.

Opposed Factions: The House of the Half-Moon is an abomination on order with the Badlands, led by an undead creature with twisted ideals. Archaeon makes no secret of its desire for all things Badlands—what is to say the lich did not have an active hand in its creation?

Goals: Fight the Badlands in all of its forms. Convert influential members of society. Establish significant parishes within the largest cities. Convince the Crown that divine magic is a byproduct of worship and not a threat.

Guild of Prospectors

Whatever Ain't Bolted Down

Requirements: none

Boon:

- Learn a new cantrip every level
- Increase Constitution Ability score by 1
- +5 to Initiative
- Advantage on checks to detect secret doors and to avoid traps

Bane: Start with a Minor Mutation

Guild Master: Tomas Bloody Eye, a Dwarven Barbarian with a graying beard and a pronounced limp. Tomas has a third eye in the center of his forehead that continuously weeps blood and is rumored to bestow extrasensory abilities.

Outlook: The Guild is essentially a legalized, loosely organized collection of grave robbers, and tends to attract the sort of person for whom that is not a deterrent. Unlike other Factions, the Guild has no uniform and no unified purpose; if the Guild had official colors, they'd be gold.

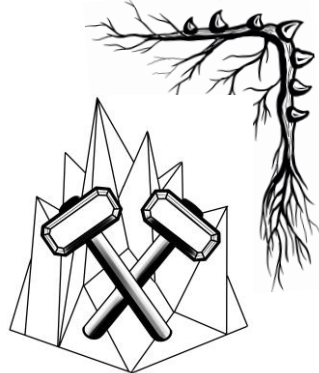
Guild prospectors are licensed, which legalizes their reclamation efforts; scavengers caught operating without a license are hauled off to the Night Fortress and imprisoned with the detritus of society. Distribution and enforcement of licenses is the only real sort of organization the Guild undertakes. This administration is seen to by Tomas' extended kin.

The business of delving into the Badlands is as brisk as ever, and Evergarde's thirst for unique magical devices is unabated. But as the Badlands continue to grow, so too do public demands to find a way to stop them. Which isn't good for business.

Allied Factions: There's not a soul in the land that isn't interested in buying the baubles we Prospectors bring out of the wastelands, but the Half-Moon has been an especially *appreciative* patron, and they get right of first refusal.

Opposed Factions: The Acolytes are a preachy lot, going on about higher ideals and consequences and whatnot, but it's the Iron Shield that really stoppers my bottle. Word is, they mean to implement stricter border controls. Which sounds like a sneaky way of restricting our cashflow. Well, we Prospectors ain't having it.

Goals: Make money as long as possible, in whatever form: plunder, surveying new ruins, scouting for other Factions.





Iron Shield

We are the Line

Requirements: none

Boon:

- Learn a new cantrip every level
- Increase Strength or Dexterity Ability score by 1
- Into the Gap: Advantage on melee attacks when charging at least 20 ft
- 25 gold monthly salary; Chainmail, spear, shortsword



Bane: 1 year of magically binding service

Head of Order: The Black Duke, a Human Fighter of considerable renown, so-called for his demeanor and his full plate armor. Outwardly, the Duke is coolly courteous and well-bred. Beneath the thin veneer of civility, a fierce anger boils. He seems to take the Shield's continual losses as a personal affront.

Outlook: For years, the Shield has been slowly giving ground to the Badlands. Recently named Castellan of the Order, the Black Duke has ended years of meek acquiescence and started pushing back. He has reinforced key choke points and won a few skirmishes. Now there is talk of launching an offensive across border. Many veterans consider such talk foolishly shortsighted.

The Iron Shield remains well-funded and its larders are stocked; what it needs are capable soldiers. Insulated from the danger, faithless nobles pay little mind to the Shield's pleas. Evergarde remains sensitive to the danger, but what good are spells in a place where magic fails?

There has been talk of conscripting young adults, but for now the Crown has bolstered the Shield with criminals on early parole. Many prefer the dungeons.

Allied Factions: Evergarde proports to support our cause, but only the House of Stone comes to our aid in times of need. The Acolytes have been boon companions since the earliest days of the Badlands, fighting the corruption with their incorruptible powers, and chasing the darkness from our souls.

Opposed Factions: The Guild is nothing but a bunch of legalized grave robbers, sanctioned by those in power to pick over the bones of the past. Their unchecked greed has helped the Badlands grow as much as the Blighters have.

Goals: Convince the Crown to institute compulsory service. Reclaim Grimspire, deep behind the border, and rebuild its defenses. Launch a sortie into the Badlands and establish a forward base.

Shadow League

We Don't Bow

Requirements: Bard, Cleric, Druid, Sorcerer, Warlock, or Wizard

Boon:

- Learn a new cantrip every level
- Increase Charisma, Intelligence, or Wisdom Ability score by 1
- Advantage on Deception checks
- A Facade

Facade: A business or operation masking an operative's true nature. The League is a collection of Facades, mostly acting independently. Above all, the sanctity of a Facade must be preserved.

Work with your DM to craft a Facade of your own.

Bane: Highly illegal; need to hide abilities or risk imprisonment

Head of Order: The Faceless One, a Sorcerer of unknown gender or race.

Outlook: There has never been a good time to practice unsanctioned magic, but this current day is somewhat less traumatic to magical apostates. Openly practicing magic will still result in imprisonment; Reapers—magical law enforcement—ceaselessly harry the League. But the Badlands' continued growth has diluted the Crown's attention, leaving them blind to the real threat.

The League operates in every mud hole and metropolis. They are everywhere, masked by the garb of respectability. They are the smiling innkeeper. The shrewd blacksmith. The perfumed merchant.

Still, there can be no great confrontation yet. The League may be legion, but it is fragmented (by necessity) and its members are prone to mistrusting very nearly everyone... including other League operatives.

Allied Factions: Those of the Shadow quickly learn to trust no one. Not even the League itself. Chaos is the League's only true ally.

Opposed Factions: All are against the freedom we aspire to, but none more than the House of Stone. They are the power behind the hated Reapers. The Stone must crumble if the Shadow is to flourish.

Goals: Infiltrate the highest levels of Evergarde and the Crown. Seize the Sacred Font from the Acolytes of the Eternal Sun. Harness the power of the Badlands and turn it against the Crown.





Outsider

Better on my Own

Requirements: none

Boon:

- Learn a new cantrip every level
- Increase one Ability score by 1
- Choose: Advantage on Stealth or Survival checks
- A hideout: a ruined watchtower, a secluded cave, a treehouse, etc.



Contacts:

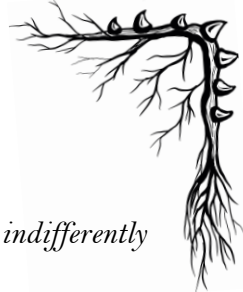
- Ramalda Finigan: Half-Elven young woman with quick fingers, a sarcastic sense of humor, and a bit of a drinking problem. Ramalda trades secrets for ale and can usually be found in the darkest corner of the *Leaky Pub* in Harbor.
- Silas the Mystic: Nervous, self-serious Human male who reputedly was a Wizard of some renown, until some disastrous circumstances saw him expelled from Evergarde. At least, that's how Silas tells it. He pays handsomely for artifacts from the Badlands. Silas is the sole proprietor of *Wonders of Antiquity*, a dusty antique shop in Harbor.
- Bruba Stonethrower: Burly Dwarven female with a pragmatic life and no sense of humor. Bruba is head of the infamous Stonethrower crime family. She trades favors for favors. The Stonethrower complex is an underground series of tunnels miles long, with hidden doors and traps and dead ends.
- Riktus Sempro: Mutated Human wrapped in dark robes eager for you to sample his newest concoctions. Once a Guild Prospector, Riktus now operates a stall in Harbor that sells potions with unique and often unanticipated properties. He buys organic bits recovered from the Badlands.

Outlook: It is never easy being on your own. Especially when Evergarde and the Guild and all the rest are only concerned with seeing to theirs. But there's something to be said for being beholden to nobody.

And having no allegiance can be profitable. When a job needs doing and the powers that be can't trust one another, they turn to the free agents of the world to see it done.

Goals: Keep your independence.

The Badlands



“A broken wasteland haunted by the echo of what was, indifferently malignant, inexorable as the tides, refusing to let us forget.”

~ Magus Elestar, former headmaster of Evergarde

A thick fog obscures the Badlands, wretched as an old mourning shroud; no wind can coax it to so much as swirl. Tall, twisted growths of coral burst from cratered plateaus. Fields of sharp onyx crystallite crunch underfoot and reform moments later. Forests of strong oak bent and shriveled, leaning on one another like old men. Rivers slowed to a turgid crawl of black, viscous fluid. Wildlife corrupted from the inside out, twisted into abominations.

Those that foolishly wander the Badlands often emerge to find themselves irrevocably changed, a perverting that no magic can make right. Creatures that become completely corrupted lose all sense of self. They know not fear or fatigue.

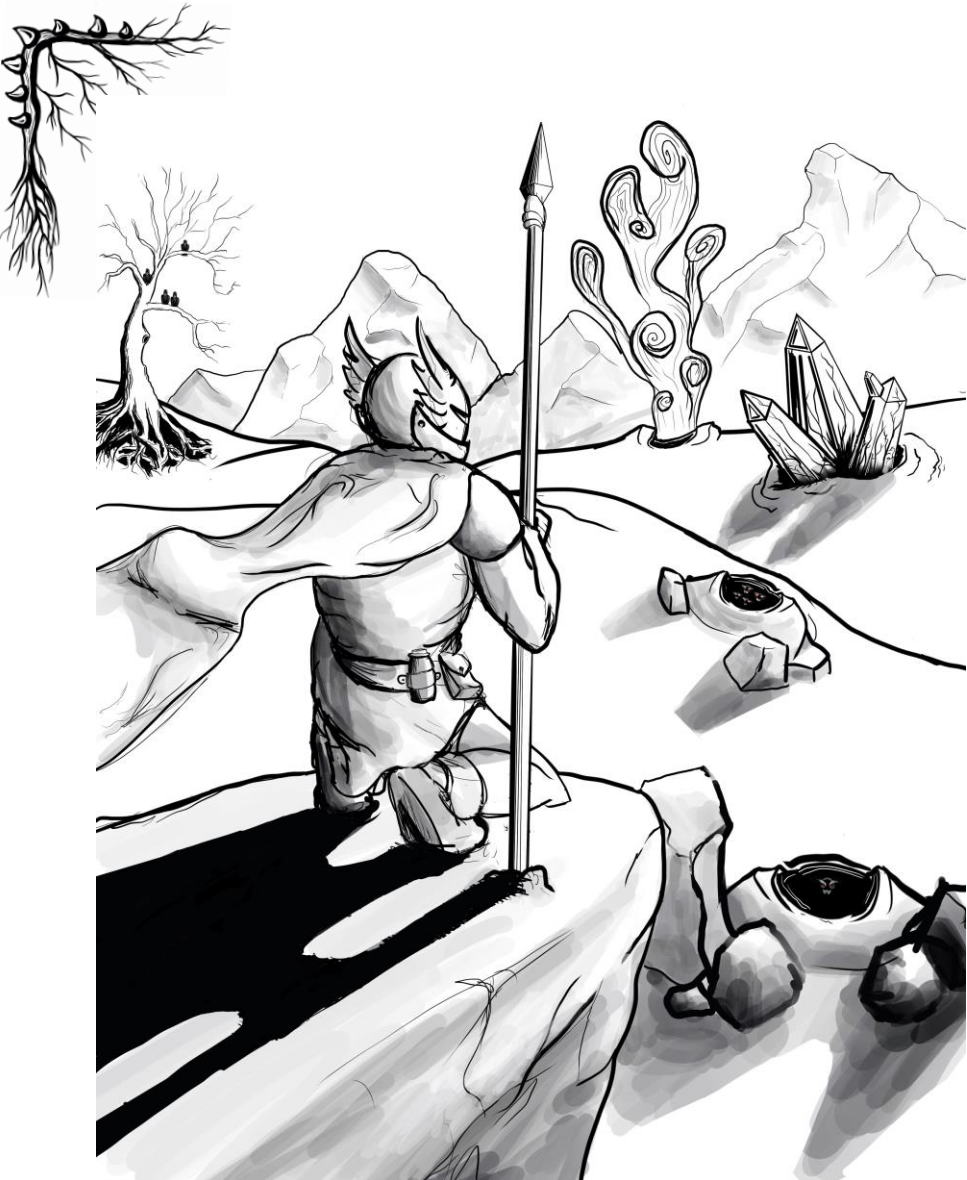
Blighters are driven completely by hunger. With nothing to eat in the Badlands aside from other Blighters (which they only do as a matter of last resort), they cross the border in search of flesh. Blighters are ferocious when hungry, but once sated, drift back into the Badlands.



The spread of the Badlands seems to be tied to these attacks. Strongly defended areas able to repulse the Blighters remain free of the Badlands’ corrupting effects. Conversely, areas that fall to the shambling horrors quickly succumb into decaying wasteland, for which there is no known remedy.

Evergarde has tried to stymie the Badlands through the use of powerful magics—shaping the earth into great breastworks, deploying explosive spells against the creatures, granting the defenders greater fortitude, speed, or strength. But all such attempts ebb away when deployed near the border. And, sometimes, the spell backfires spectacularly. The only reliable way to counter the threat is with sword and shield. Even this is only a holding action.

There are many rumors about what caused the Badlands, and who is responsible. Magical experimentation gone wrong. Space rocks carrying strange creatures. A portal to another plane that remains ajar. The only agreed-upon truth is that fifty years ago, the neighboring kingdom abruptly went silent. Messengers and merchants who tried the roads never returned. Or, at least, not in any recognizable form.



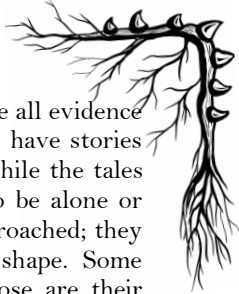
What caused the Badlands?

Rather than tie it down to a specific event, we've provided [a pair of tables](#) to provide the What and the Who: what caused the Badlands, and which Faction precipitated it?

Missing is the Why; that is for the DM to determine. Why was the Iron Shield (an organization formed only after the threat of the Badlands emerged) meddling in demonic rituals? Why was the House of Stone involved in an invasion from the underworld? Juicy questions, those.

The Badlands' origin story points to its possible reversal (if at all).

There are rumored to be people living within the Badlands, despite all evidence that such a thing isn't even possible. Many longtime prospectors have stories about encountering these creatures, which they call **Duskers**. While the tales strain credibility, all agree on a few points: the Duskers tend to be alone or groups of no more than four; they fade into the wastelands if approached; they wear long, flowing cloaks that suggest a vaguely humanoid shape. Some prospectors claim they wear hideous masks, others contend those are their faces.



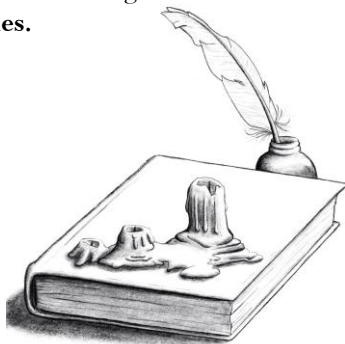
Find out more about Duskers in the Bestiary.



Badlands Mechanics

The danger of traversing the Badlands is modeled via the following mechanics.

- Characters traveling the Badlands must check to see if they develop a mutation. (More information on page 23.)
- Spell checks must consult the Magical Mayhem table (details below).
- All Perception checks are made at Disadvantage due to the dense fog.
- **Blighters ignore all such penalties.**

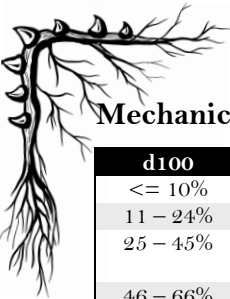


Magic and the Badlands

Much in the same way that it corrupts life, the Badlands pervert magic itself. Whenever non-deity magic is cast in the Badlands, the Magical Mayhem tables must be consulted prior to rolls the spellcaster or their target normally makes.

Based on playtests, we suggest capping the highest results (80% or more) to spells of 3rd level or greater. This is hard won wisdom, arrived at after a wizard cast Magic Missile in successive encounters, summoning a lightning strike and then a purple worm. If you prefer your Badlands a little more volatile, by all means, disregard this suggestion.





Mechanic: Magical Mayhem

d100	Result
<= 10%	Spell fizzles out
11 – 24%	Spell cast normally
25 – 45%	Spell cast normally and generates an additional effect (generally mundane or positive)
46 – 66%	Spell cast normally but also causes an effect (generally unpleasant or negative)
> 67%	Spell isn't cast, instead some drastic effect is generated

Note: Magical effects generated by items work normally in the Badlands, a behavior which mystifies academics. Seasoned travelers of the Badlands are easy to spot, carrying a variety of magical items to aid in their endeavors.

Optional Rules: Truly Erratic Magic

The guidelines above are those that best articulate the strangeness of the Badlands without adding much in the way of rules. Here are some additional ideas if you want to double-down on the Badlands as a place that truly mutates magic.

The Mayhem table applies to *all* magic, regardless of the source

If the Acolytes are not exempt from rolling on the Magical Mayhem tables, the party's cleric is no longer a guaranteed source of HP. In fact, attempting to heal a party member may invite more trouble than its worth, making such decisions wrought with drama.

Modify the Mayhem roll by spell level * 10%

This makes high level magic exceedingly risky and potentially dangerous. It also neatly addresses a logical gap in the fiction of high magic worlds: why are low-level nobodies doing all the dirty work?

Magic items do not work reliably

If spells are no longer fire-and-forget, magic items shouldn't be either. This applies to items and potions alike.

The first time each day an item is used, make a check using the table below. We recommend restricting this to items that generate effects, opposed to passive buffs to AC, attack bonuses, and the like, for the simple reason that such effects are easier to adjudicate and provide more entertainment value when they misfire.

d100	Result
<= 10%	Item doesn't work at all
11 – 66%	Item works partially
> 67%	Item works normally



Mutations



Whenever a creature ventures into the Badlands, it risks corruption. This process manifests as a series of worsening mutations. Complete corruption eradicates the old in place of something twisted that knows only hunger.

The progression of mutation is:

- **Minor Mutation:** The initial mark of the Badlands alters the body in a disturbing way. *All subsequent Charisma-based social checks are made at Disadvantage.*
- **Lesser Mutation:** Behavioral changes manifesting from the tumor-like growth of corruption.
- **Greater Mutation:** Profound physical changes, such as the ability to regenerate lost limbs or the sudden appearance of wings. These mutations impart mechanical advantages but represent an alarming progression of the corruption.
- **Corruption:** An explosive transformation into something hideous, obliterating the self. For player characters, Corruption is death, completely irreversible.



Mutation tables are provided in Appendix C.

This process is handled via a Constitution Saving Throw based on the duration of time spent in the Badlands:

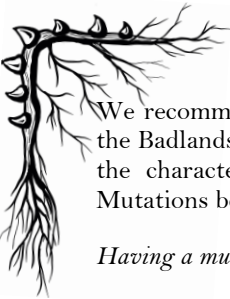
- Initially in the first three days: DC10
- Once for each subsequent day: DC15

Example: Simeon the Guild Prospector is foraging in an abandoned mine. He spends three days traveling to the site, another day in the mine, and three days coming back. He would therefore make an initial check against DC10 sometime in the first three days, and a check against DC15 each of the following days.

The DM is the arbiter for when this check is made. We suggest doing it during an otherwise mundane moment: After breakfast, for instance, or while taking the watch. You don't even have to tell the PC what they are rolling for. They are just going about their business and notice they have grown a tail.

Can a character develop multiple mutations during the same adventure? That's a decision driven by how much the DM wants mutations to affect their game; characters who quickly develop a Greater Mutation may be reluctant to return to the Badlands at all! This is less of a concern for one-shot games, but something to consider for campaigns.





We recommend restricting characters to only one mutation each journey into the Badlands. If you wish to further dampen the progression, you can also keep the characters longer at each level. For instance, developing two Minor Mutations before moving onto Lesser Mutations.

Having a mutation does not affect the likelihood of developing future mutations.

Mutating Random Encounters

Using a random encounter table along with the mutation tables creates unique creatures and truly memorable encounters.



For instance, the DM has determined the party will encounter a group of mutated Drow. This provides the creature's base stats and general disposition (Note: since the fog keeps the Badlands in a state of persistent gloom, they aren't affected by the hated sun).

A roll of 3 on the Minor mutation table gives our Drow a crown of horns. You may, if you wish, roll individually for each creature. Certainly that would be the most believable outcome, but for the sake of time, we'll just give these Drow the same mutation.

The Lesser mutation table is mostly character-facing, providing prompts for ongoing behavior. But as Drow are sentient, let's roll and see what happens. We get a 5, which means these Drow believe they can predict the future by casting stones. Interesting. If nothing else, this perhaps provides the seeds of an encounter—how it begins, or how the Drow behave toward the party.

We could stop now, but the DM decides the Drow have been coming to the Badlands for some time and have the mutations to show for it. We roll on the Greater mutation table, getting a 7. These Drow have gills.

So we have our unique mutated Drow. What happens next? *Use the mutations to inform the encounter.* Perhaps the Drow emerge from a lake or flee into one if the battle turns against them. Maybe they consult the stones before interacting.

Daddy, Where Do Blighters Come From?

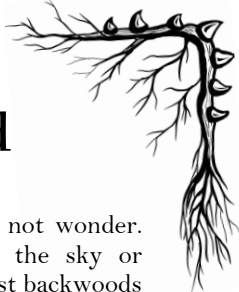
Blighters is the name given to the horrors that have succumbed to corruption. They are entirely new creatures in every way.

Creating a Blighter is only one additional step. In this case, our Drow have pushed their luck too far. A roll of 1 sees their bones liquified, reducing them to wailing puddles of flesh that inch across the ground. As this creature is no longer the mutated Drow, but something different, it takes on the stats and abilities noted in the Corruption table.

So too with characters lost to the Badlands.



The High Magic World



The everyday world of *Evergarde* is a place of magic but not wonder. Nobody bats an eye when people go flying through the sky or inanimate objects act in very animated ways. Even the most backwoods peasants are immersed in magic on a daily basis: pots scrub themselves, needles knit sweaters, old rusty golems fill the feeding troughs. Imagine the world of Harry Potter, except medieval and without muggles, and you won't be far off the mark.

This isn't to say that everyone can *do* magic, of course. Those peasant farmers referenced above use magic items without a second thought but might be hard-pressed to perform the simplest cantrip. Or perhaps they know the one family spell, handed down for generations, that allows them to mend clothing or lift small objects using only their mind.

Magic isn't magical; it's a commodity. Even though it is sanctioned, magic is everywhere. People have different degrees of it, but everyone has some.

The best way to convey the High Magic world is through telling details. The DM's problem, naturally, is imparting this to the players without falling back on the same tired examples every time (oh look, *another* flying carpet). To that end, we've provided two High Magic tables to help DMs inject variability.

Eccentric Magic Items: Forget *Bags of Holding* and +1 swords—a High Magic world is one of bizarre and highly specialized items.

Magical Events: A longship rowed by zombies. Skywriting. A blindfolded child searching for her friends while the blindfold shouts ridiculous clues. These are but 3 of 100 events to help DMs inject a little magic on the spot.

Healing Houses

One of the central conceits of *Evergarde* is that higher magic is something carefully meted out to those deemed worthy. Power bestowed by other means can't be regulated. Therefore, the Crown has denigrated the Acolytes and instead championed Healing Houses.

Coldly beautifully buildings of glass and pale brick, Healing Houses are staffed by Half-Moon alumni and upper classmen. The skilled healers are indifferent to their patients, seeing them as transactions at best and specimens at worst. Those seeking healing do not linger here any longer than necessary.

Healing Houses are located in every settlement of modest size and charge a flat rate based on the amount of health restored.

HP Recovered	Cost
< 10	20 gold
11 – 25	40 gold
25+	80 gold
Resurrected	A favor to be named later (magically binding)



Adventuring in *Evergarde*

For your first session of *Evergarde*, consider players already part to their respective Factions. Unless the entire party belongs to the same Faction (a possibility covered below), roleplaying the initiation processes might be less than ideal. In other words: boring.

This is, in part, why characters start at 2nd level. They aren't unseasoned newbies. Students are only accepted to Evergarde *after* they've proven themselves, in some way. Same goes with the Iron Shield or the other Factions. Even the Outsider is only really able to stand on their own because they have already proved self-sufficient.

Though we don't include the prescribed steps that must be completed in order to join a Faction, you can be sure they exist. Players are encouraged to think of something suitable for the Faction in question, should the need arise. Feats of magic, perhaps even a trial of some kind, for Evergarde students. An act of attrition or self-sacrifice for the Acolytes. A wild melee for the Iron Shield. The payment of an enormous fee to join the Guild. Players should include such details in their backstory, subject to DM approval.

The characters begin as part of a Faction. How then do you play *Evergarde*?

Characters Belong to Multiple Factions

This is probably the default option, in that it's unlikely all the players will choose the same Faction (or choose to be wizards). Which naturally begs the question: how do you run a game in which everyone has competing interests?

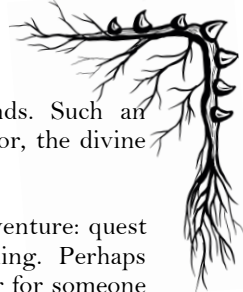
Imagine a party comprised of an Iron Shield warrior, a Shadow League operative, a student belonging to the House of Stone, and a Guild Prospector. To generalize a bit: The Shield wants to keep the lands safe; the Shadow wants personal power; the Stone wants to use their magical might to change the world; the Prospector wants to brave dangers and get rich. Going just a bit deeper, there are some inherent inner-party conflicts: the Shield is trying to keep people safe, and the Prospector nonchalantly risks danger every time they cross the border; the Shadow needs to keep their abilities hidden (and thus pose as something else entirely), especially from the Stone, who could report them.

But beyond all that: what does such a party do? What unites them in purpose? Why are they a party, in other words?

It all goes back to the Badlands.



Evergarde routinely sponsors official quests into the Badlands. Such an undertaking could require the pathfinding abilities of a prospector, the divine blessings of a priest, the sword of an Iron Shield warrior.



These quests wouldn't necessarily differ from your standard adventure: quest giver incentives the party to go somewhere and do something. Perhaps Evergarde wants a tissue sample of a certain kind of Blighter. Or for someone to investigate strange ruins. Or to locate a party that went missing. Or any of a hundred other things.

The Factions play alongside this overarching goal and may give characters additional tasks. Whether or not these goals compromise the overall mission is for the DM to decide—do you want a more adversarial game, or one in which the characters are allied, even if somewhat reluctantly? We advocate for the latter, but the former can be great fun, provided everyone is on the same page.



Mechanic: Faction Roll

At the start of the adventure, have each character roll 1d6. If the result is a 5-6, that character's Faction is especially interested in some aspect of the quest. In cooperative games, it could be to retrieve some additional substance, make contact with Duskers, or secretly plant a device. More adversarial groups may have secondary objectives that involve sabotaging the effort entirely. The specifics are for the DM to decide and should be shared secretly with the impacted player(s).

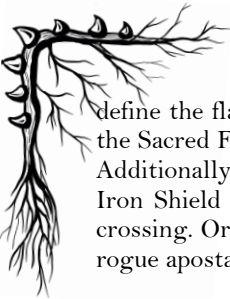
These objectives should arise naturally out of that Faction's worldview and the current events of your setting. Successfully completing the objective should bestow a benefit to the character: an item or some special distinction, such as a promotion or in-world perk. Failure should jeopardize the character's standing in the Faction; enough of those and the character finds themselves ousted entirely.

Characters Belong to the Same Faction

Perhaps they are all scavengers, delving the Badlands in search of great wealth. Iron Shield warriors trying in vain to hold the line, or Shadow League operatives working to undermine the social fabric. You can even imagine a Hogwarts-esque game wherein the characters are all students, and the game follows their exploits.

In such games, the Faction takes on significant importance. The Faction head becomes the game's principal NPC, and the Faction's outlook and objectives





define the flavor of the game. A game where the characters are all Acolytes of the Sacred Flame differs entirely from one where they are all part of the Guild. Additionally, the other Factions may be deployed openly antagonistic. The Iron Shield may decide to shut down the border, preventing the Guild from crossing. Or perhaps the Crown has declared the Acolytes of the Sacred Flame rogue apostates and has ordered Evergarde to hunt them down.

The Factions were created in such a way that it should be easy to identify places of conflict between the groups, and those pinch points should naturally result in quests and adventure hooks.

In order to really bring such a game to life, the DM needs to fully flesh out the primary Faction, which means introducing a slew of NPCs. Using the Hogwarts analogue again, that could include the Headmaster, Heads of Houses, Professors, students, alumni, even shop owners. There should be allies and enemies and friendly rivals. The advancement of the students should be of primary concern, as well as improving the status of their House.

An Iron Shield centric game might become a military campaign, with sergeants and chefs and camp followers. Magic could transform camps into places of comfort, where food is plentiful. Or maybe the Shield has taken a low opinion of magic and embraces a more stoic lifestyle, with pitch tents and days-old food and miserly fires. In either scenario, the fog of war and the disconnect between high command and the front lines should be an ever-present reality.

Games of this nature can use the Factions and the setting as a starting point but would require some work on the DM's part to really create a believable setting. A game focused completely on the trials and tribulations of young wizards and witches could be an entire supplement on its own.

On the plus side, if your players all choose the same Faction, it is immediately obvious what type of game appeals to them, and you can tailor the campaign accordingly.

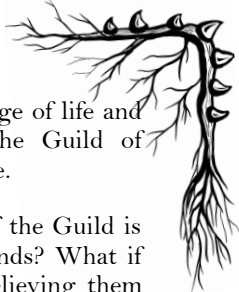
Roleplaying the Factions

If not readily apparent, much of the juice from this setting comes from the Factions, specifically how they inform character options and the interplay between the Factions themselves. We've touched on the Factions a fair amount but haven't yet addressed how the DM should use them in play.

In roleplaying games, the characters are often the primary agents of change. In the world of *Evergarde*, you should consider the Factions on an equal level with the characters in ability to influence the world. That is to say, the Factions should be active even when they aren't interacting with the players.

How do you do that? It starts with having a clear idea of what the Faction is about and what its goals are. House of the Old Oak is keenly interested in seeing the Badlands restored. House of the Half-Moon is more intrigued by

studying the Blighters, and in so doing, extending their knowledge of life and death. The Iron Shield wishes to push back the blight. The Guild of Prospectors want to keep this good thing going as long as possible.



You probably can already see Faction conflicts brewing. What if the Guild is bribing the Crown and Evergarde to restrict study of the Badlands? What if the Acolytes start hunting down Shadow League operatives, believing them responsible for this disease upon the land?

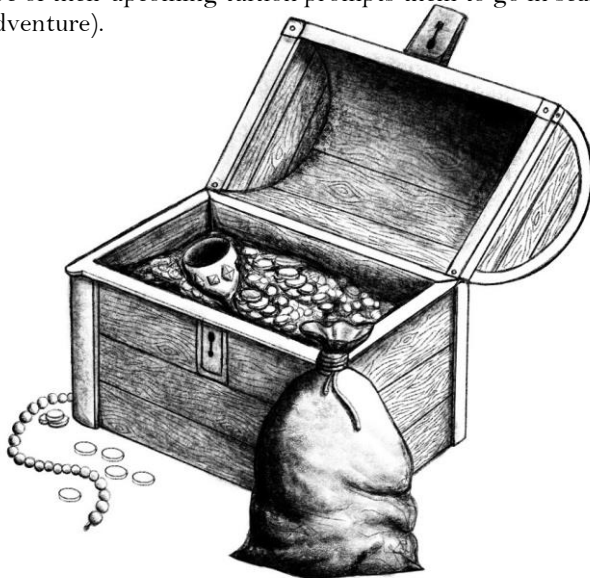
With nine different Factions, it would be difficult to keep that many plates spinning without dropping any, but that's not what we are suggesting. The primary Factions should be those your players are a part of, and you should selectively choose from among the others when you want to inject some drama.

In order to help create a fully realized world, you may want to think of some Faction-specific downtime activities. What do students at Evergarde get up to between adventures?

Money and the Passage of Time

Several of the Factions have monetary rewards or penalties tied to them: The Iron Shield draws a salary and students at Evergarde owe regular tuition payments. Consider the amount listed as a suggestion. If money tends to flow freely in your games, bump these numbers up; conversely, if you reward your players in coppers, maybe nudge them down. The key point is the amounts should feel substantial enough to affect the narrative.

Knowing when to shift this money around is another consideration DMs will need to make. If you are good about tracking the passage of time, consider monthly payments. Otherwise, tie these payments to story events. Maybe tuition comes due after players return from an adventure. Or, perhaps making players aware of their upcoming tuition prompts them to go in search of money (and thus, adventure).





Setting Information

Evergarde, School of the Arcane

“One cannot trace the lineage of the wind. Some things simply are.”

~ Professor Elkhorn, head of the House of the Old Oak

Evergarde is not as ageless as Professor Elkhorn portends; nevertheless, a sense of permanence does imbue the school. It is built in the impossible fashion that only magic affords. Curtain walls taller than mountains, battlements bristling with automaton* soldiers. Slender, spiraling towers wreathed by clouds. The very ground itself, magically shaped into a sleek-sided plateau, with no ramp or other mundane means of mounting to the shimmering gates.

While Evergarde may affect an air of timelessness, in actuality the school is just over seven centuries old. Capable practitioners of restorative magic and longer-lived races can remember when there was no Evergarde. But Professor Elkhorn’s comment wasn’t about time, any more than it was about the wind.

Evergarde is synonymous with magic. Graduates are ensured a long, prosperous life of comfort, ones where they pursue interests at their leisure.

Every summer, applicants are put through a battery of cognitive and aptitude tests, culling roughly one thousand potential students to about seventy. Those that are denied admission, or fail out in subsequent years, can never again step foot onto school grounds. Evergarde is open only to students, staff, and alumni, though special temporary dispensation is sometimes granted to outsiders working on Evergarde’s behalf. Many alumni live at Evergarde year-round, pursuing magical research of their own.

The school grounds consist of four distinct areas: Streets of Sulfur and Smoke, the House dormitories, the Catacombs, and the Spire.

Streets of Sulfur and Smoke



A warren of crooked avenues and leaning buildings where students and staff acquire spell components, potions, and magical devices. The Streets, as they are more commonly known, are located just inside Evergarde’s main gates. Despite their unruly appearance, the Streets are quite safe, and many students spend their idle hours here.

*Students create these automata prior to graduation. The golems are left to man the walls, so that a piece of the student forever remains at Evergarde. Students are encouraged to make the golem uniquely their own. For some, that means scratching initials onto a boot. For others, it means rethinking what automata can be.

House Dormitories

Evergarde's magical houses have their own facilities, each as varied in appearance as the houses themselves. These locations are equal parts dormitory and classroom. Within, students learn the arcane secrets of their respective houses.

Twilight Tower: The *House of the Half-Moon* makes its home in a spindly tower that glows faintly with silver light during the night; by day, the stones are the depthless black of a deep cavern, reflecting no light, instead seeming to drink it in. The highest floors are given over to dormitories and common spaces, with younger students above and the most senior ones at ground level. A vast dungeon sprawls underneath the tower, filled with laboratories and the echo of experiments. Archaeon, the head of house, keeps its chambers at the deepest level and is rarely seen above ground, much less outdoors.

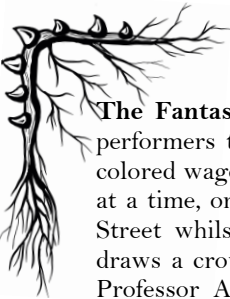
Bramble and Branch: an acre of old growth forest, rife with game and quiet waters, is where the *House of the Old Oak* makes its home. Several dozen cottages stand beside a clear pond at the forest's heart, each large enough to accommodate eight students. Classes are taught in the open, with students often sitting on stumps, in branches, or on the ground. Professor Elkhorn's personal chambers are held aloft by the boughs of an abnormally large, ever-flowering magnolia tree.

Are there other schools?

There are a number of finishing schools that prime potential applicants for Evergarde, with varying rates of success. These schools don't teach magic so much as the fundamentals of spellcasting. Some learning can't be helped though, which is why Evergarde students start with a few spells.

Evergarde is the only sanctioned place to learn real magic, though there are affiliations such as the Shadow League that sponsor illicit spellcraft, and an active black market for rare spell components flourishes in the dark corners of the world. Such organizations are inherently dangerous as they dabble in things they don't understand, and scoff at the sort of safeguards Evergarde endorses.

The Bloody Stone: If Evergarde was a traditional castle, the *House of Stone's* dormitories would be the inner keep, complete with barbicans and battlements and leering stone gargoyles. A ring of nondescript (some might say unimaginative) stone buildings comprise the living spaces, all of which encircle an enormous amphitheater. Beyond the theater's dramatic arches, tiered seating spirals down toward a sandy floor. This is the Arena, where bouts are fought and mettle tested. Professor Suthra's chambers are positioned at the north end, where she watches the bloodletting from her private balcony.



The Fantastique: The *House of the Veil* behaves more like a wild troupe of performers than academics, circling Evergarde's streets in dozens of brightly colored wagons. These "accommodations" have a habit of disappearing for days at a time, or parking atop steeply angled turrets, or blocking all traffic in the Street whilst conducting impromptu performances. The Fantastique always draws a crowd, and the atmosphere tends toward barely controlled mayhem. Professor Amodeus presides over the rowdy affair from his double-decker wagon, orchestrating the chaos like an unhinged conductor.



The Catacombs

The impressive stone plateau upon which the school stands is not just a way of setting Evergarde above the everyday and its mundane concerns. Miles of tunnels worm through the plateau, hosting all manner of foul creature. Knowledge of this warren is kept from the outside world; this secrecy is not malevolent but instead is considered a school matter, and therefore of no concern to any but the school.

These dungeons were established principally to provide rare organic spell components, but they also give students a place for practical learning. The dark caves are not without danger, hence they are commonly called the Catacombs. The risk is small enough, so long as younger students do not wander.

Spire

A lone, slender tower stands at the exact center of the plateau. Impossibly tall, it lords over everything. The current Headmaster, a female elf called Calisera, spends many evenings studying the Badlands from the highest balcony.

Spire has housing and offices for the school's administrative staff, including the headmaster. The Master of Defenses keeps a kennel of automaton hounds on the lowest level, watching over the entrance to the Catacombs; any who access the tunnels without authorization are set upon by a flurry of metal teeth.

Murkland

Those areas that just recently succumbed to the Badlands are collectively called Murkland. While the innermost Badlands are almost entirely desolate, these newly corrupted places retain a twisted shadow of what they once were.

Empty villages slowly collapsing into ruin. Windmills swallowed whole from underneath. Lakes covered by a morass of algae and decomposing fish, echoing with the cries of dying birds ensnared by vaguely sentient sludge. Graveyards turning over like fresh-tilled soil, unearthing bones and bodies. Horses and dogs and men blended with shrubbery and tree into a nightmarish confusion of sinew and branch where the only obvious thing is the look of terror captured like a stone relief.

In the span of a few months, these vestiges will be gone, consumed entirely by the Badlands.

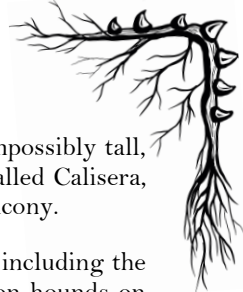
Murkland is a popular target for scavenging because a lot of belongings were typically abandoned in the haste to escape Blighters. This sort of activity is scarcely better than grave robbing in the eyes of many Guilders, who prefer the rarer finds that delving deeply into the Badlands uncovers. But for new Guild members, it's a quick and relatively safe way to turn a profit.

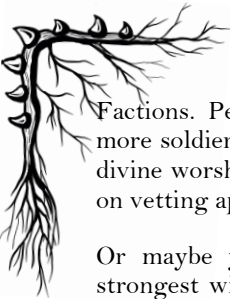
The Crown

The ubiquitous term applied to the nobility that rules the land. As in our own world, the elite are mostly interested in pursuing their own interests and acquiring power. Most are Evergarde alumni; nobles that don't graduate or, crown forbid, can't pass the entrance exams, are quietly shuffled off to some dark corner of the world where they can't embarrass the family further.

The Crown rules, but Evergarde's opinions carry their own weight. Mostly, Crown and School operate in different spheres of influence, and each leaves the other to conduct business as they see fit.

For the purposes of this setting, we suggest using the Crown as forces of antagonism that can be reasoned with (as opposed to the Badlands and its horrors). The shape this antagonism takes will be determined by your players'





Factions. Perhaps the nobility (far from the border) argue against sending more soldiers to the Iron Shield. Maybe the Crown issues a new edict banning divine worship of any kind. Or outlaws prospecting in the Badlands. Or insists on vetting applications to Evergarde first. Or any of a hundred other things.

Or maybe your version of the setting doesn't have nobility. Maybe the strongest wizard rules the land. After all, this is a High Magic world we are talking about. Why shouldn't Evergarde's Headmaster rule as though they were king?

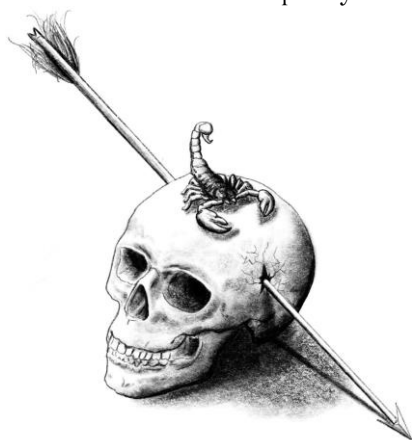
You can certainly go that route. If you do, we suggest spending time thinking through ways to create the sort of dramatic turns you would get from the Crown.

Grimspire

Built on a commanding rise at what was once the border, the mighty Iron Shield fortress is now leagues deep into the Badlands. Its proud ruins still stand, and there are stories of the brave defenders who even now man the crumbling parapets, though any warrior who serves with the Shield quickly learns how ridiculous such claims are.

Of less dispute is the fabled Vault of the Spire, the fortresses' armory, said to possess all manner of legendary weapons and magical devices the like of which the world hasn't seen for decades.

The Black Duke's strategies all center around seizing the fortress, making fast its defenses, and using it as a staging area for movements deeper into the Badlands.

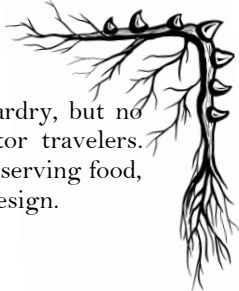


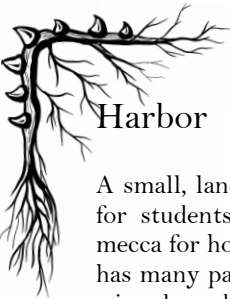
The Inn of the Silver Comet

The Comet, as it is colloquially known, is a bustling two-story manor of stout, hand-hewn beams and stone hearths. While the construction is old world, the inn offers modern amenities such as sound muffling booths that prevent eavesdropping, fare that bolsters flagging spirits, and nightly entertainment. Overlooking the Jade Run, the Inn does brisk business with riverboat traffic and travelers on the Crown Road. It is also popular with Evergarde students and staff, which is ironic given its secret purpose.

The Shadow League utilizes the Inn as a waypoint for new applicants, who are quietly shuffled off by mundane means: broom closets with secret panels, cellar tunnels hidden behind barrels of ale, covered wagons driven by automata. Additionally, the Comet has been used to host small gatherings and discretely disseminate important information to operatives passing through.

The Comet has fallen under suspicion for harboring illegal wizardry, but no proof could ever be found. These days, Reapers mostly monitor travelers. Familiarity and routine dissuade them from considering the maid serving food, the barkeep pouring drinks, the old hag scrubbing floors. As per design.





Harbor

A small, landlocked city crouching in Evergarde's shadow, Harbor is a refuge for students dismissed from Evergarde, a gathering point for dissidents, a mecca for hopeful applicants who merely want to be close to the school. Harbor has many pawn shops and back alley apothecaries, which draw both legitimate wizards and those practicing outside the law. Reapings—raids by magical law enforcement—are nightly occurrences.

Though the mayor ostensibly keeps order, three gangs control much of the city: Jackals, Stonethrowers, and the Cavarettis. They mostly live harmoniously, but occasionally turf wars flare up. In general, it is better for all involved to focus on business—that being extortion, theft, smuggling—rather than risk drawing attention from the Reapers. It is an uneasy peace.

Riktus' Potent Potions: A small wooden shack wedged between larger buildings, studiously avoided by Harbor townsfolk. Those new to Harbor often stop to peer between the cracks in the siding, drawn by the strangely flickering lights, until they can no longer stomach the noxious smells wafting from within. Only the truly desperate ever enter the dilapidated eye sore.

The shoppe is that of Riktus Semprow, onetime Guild Prospector, now town outcast. Suffering the effects of the Badlands, he spends his days seeking a cure. At this point, it is an open debate whether his tonics have done Riktus more harm than the Badlands.

Despite the interruption to his experiments and his ongoing dialogue with unheard voices, Riktus is always thrilled to see customers. His work is not without hazards, nor can he guarantee results. If possible, he encourages his victims, erm customers, to drink the potion in his presence. For research.

Potent Potions are healing potions, though no two are alike; some bubble and steam within stoppered bottles, others shift with the viscosity of molasses. Riktus has modified the potions with ingredients from the Badlands, which can cause interesting side effects.

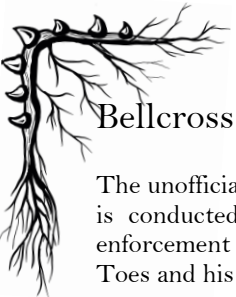
Each bottle includes a disclaimer: *"Warning! Side effects unknown. Consume at your own risk."*

When drinking a *Potent Potion*, roll a d20. A roll of 10 or more means the potion works as expected. A roll of less than 10 means the potion does NOT work and the results vary wildly (roll on the *Potent Potion Effects* table).

- Minor Potion (2d4 Healing) = 50 GP
- Lesser Potion (2d8 Healing) = 150 GP
- Greater Potion (4d8 Healing) = 250 GP



D8	Effect
1	Your skin bubbles and begins to itch; you immediately suffer a lesser mutation. Roll on the <i>Lesser Mutations</i> table.
2	You lose control of your mind and begin attacking the closest creature to you. The effect lasts 1d4 rounds.
3	You are seized by paranoia and no longer trust anyone. You suffer 1 level of exhaustion due to the constant anxiety (all Ability Checks are made at Disadvantage until your next long rest).
4	Your flesh desiccates before your eyes; you suffer 1d10 necrotic damage and your max health is lowered by that same number until your next long rest.
5	Your eyes burn with searing pain. As the sensation fades, the world comes into sharper focus. Advantage on Perception checks until your next long rest.
6	You are sickened for the next few minutes: intense fever, headache, sweating profusely. A random Ability Score is reduced by 1 for the rest of the session.
7	You are infused with new vigor, regaining all missing hit points and an additional 1d10 temporary hit points.
8	Scales fall from your eyes as you are drawn into communion with the cosmos. Choose an ability score to increase by 1 for the remainder of the session.



Bellcross

The unofficial seat of the Guild of Prospectors, in that the business of the Guild is conducted here: namely, turning scavenge into coin. The issuance and enforcement of Guild licenses is also administered here by Tomas Twenty Toes and his dwarven kin.

Though it has all the trappings of an ordinary town, the buildings have been bewitched that they may always remain ahead of the retreating border. When it is deemed sensible to retire to more agreeable ground, Tomas will retrieve the Bell of Leaving from his safe. Its call prompts buildings to sprout legs, or reshape roof tiles into wings, or roll along like the world's most awkward wagons.

Bellcross is a popular destination for Evergarde students looking to blow off steam, relic hunters wishing to barter at the daily auction, and ne'er do wells hoping to lie low (of which, a number are licensed by the Guild). As such, Bellcross has a festive atmosphere that can quickly turn dangerous.

The Sacred Font

Deep in the Tangled Grove, amid the tranquility of quiet waters and flowering bushes, a magical wellspring of unknown origin has manifested as a placid pond. Its waters are as quicksilver, the surface a perfect mirror. Standing in the pond's vicinity bestows greater magical acuity; disturbing its waters causes madness and eventual death.

In centuries past, various sects laid claim to this arcane font. All around the periphery, the detritus of this history can be found under just a few inches of dirt and moldering leaves—broken altars, the foundations of great structures, subterranean chambers.

More recently, the Acolytes of the Eternal Flame christened the pond as the Sacred Font and built cabins along its shore. The intent was to foster an idyllic sort of life, given to long periods of quiet contemplation, but their rest has been plagued by dark dreams.



Beneath the Black Dunes



The *Leviathan*, a fabled treasure ship of old, disappeared during the chaotic first days of the Badlands. It was rediscovered ten years ago, partially buried in the landlocked Black Dunes. An expedition was mounted to salvage the *Leviathan*'s wealth.

None returned. Any who followed in the expedition's footsteps likewise vanished.

There are rumors of a nameless horror that stirs under the black sand. Of an undead crew that toils under moonless skies to raise the ship from its sandy grave. Of a band of wild Duskers who massacre any who step onto the dunes.

The treasure of the old world awaits those with courage to uncover the truth beneath the Black Dunes...

Beneath the Black Dunes is an adventure designed for parties of 2nd and 3rd levels. It was written to give new players a taste of the Badlands: Strange landmasses; grotesque flora and fauna; Duskers, alien and indecipherable; the allure of fabulous treasure; the mystery of the old world.

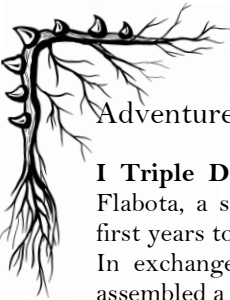
The Black Dunes are a series of landlocked mounds and ridges deep within the Badlands. They are not made of sand, but of onyx crystalline dust. The bow of the *Leviathan* protrudes from the tallest dune like a blade.

There have been enough unexplained phenomena and disappearances in this area that both the Iron Shield and the Guild of Prospectors give it a wide berth. Of course, that only further enhances the *Leviathan*'s mystique.

A mystique we're not going to spoil. *Why* the *Leviathan* vanished, only to reappear years later, partially buried hundreds of miles from the nearest sea, is immaterial to the adventure. A bit of mystery is a fantastic way to add magic to your world, and the unexplainable is exactly what the Badlands are all about.

All Aboard! Next Stop: Adventure

We've briefly established what the adventure is about, but just as important is the *why*. What is motivating the characters to leave the safety of their cozy beds to risk disfiguration and death in the Badlands? Here are some adventure prompts to choose from, as well as optional Faction prompts if the Faction Roll comes into play.



Adventure Prompts

I Triple Dog Dare You: It started as a dare dreamed up by Iginimous Flabota, a senior student from House of the Veil—convince some dewy-eyed first years to bring back a piece of the fabled *Leviathan*—and quickly snowballed. In exchange: a 500-gold bounty and Evergarde immortality. Thus, you’ve assembled a group as desperate as yourself and set out for the Badlands.

The Wealthy Patron: The Grego family, an old noble line, has commissioned you with the recovery of a small chest etched with the family’s seal (a stylized G sprouting roses). You are instructed not to open the box, and that any tampering will be readily evident. The contract pays 600 gold, half up-front.

When the Lights Go Out: Professor Elkhorn believes the sudden reappearance of the *Leviathan* may illuminate some mystery about how the Badlands work. He has sponsored a fact-finding expedition, offering 300 gold and a future boon from the House of the Old Oak. In exchange, he would very much like the Captain’s Log, which should provide a first-hand account. *Note: the Half-Moon’s Faction Prompt may be in conflict with this quest.*

Faction Prompts

Faction Roll: At the start of the adventure, have each character roll 1d6. If the result is a 5-6, that character’s Faction is especially interested in some aspect of the quest.

- **Half-Moon:** Recover any record of past expeditions or of the crew.
- **Old Oak:** The fabled *Eye of All-Seeing* was reportedly aboard the *Leviathan*. Recover it if possible, destroy it if not.
- **Stone:** Surely the *Leviathan*’s hoard included items to improve one’s combat prowess (e.g. *Gloves of the Stonefist*); recover them.
- **Veil:** One of our number, a Wizard named Salider, was part of the first expedition. It would be a great boon to us if you retrieved his amulet.
- **Eternal Sun:** Perform final rites on those that expired beneath the dunes and end the suffering of any mired in a corrupted half-life.
- **Prospectors:** No single expedition can scavenge all the meat yet on those bones; map a safe route and we’ll see you properly compensated.
- **Iron Shield:** Captain Trudoor accompanied the initial expedition to the Black Dunes; discover his fate and recover his remains (if possible).
- **Shadow League:** Recover the *Final Pact*, a scroll that binds a demon in service to the wielder.
- **Outsiders:** Bruba Stonethrower will square your debt if you recover the ledger recording the *Leviathan*’s travels.

A Journey Begins with a Single Step

The adventure begins with the party already at the partially buried wreck. Getting to the border is a trifling matter, as the sort of people sponsoring such



a quest will have ready access to magic allowing for rapid transportation: flying carpets, teleportation circles, etc. Crossing the Badlands could be an adventure itself, as the wastelands are no place to walk lightly. **Roll on the Badlands Events table (Appendix B) once for each day of the journey.**

Assume it is a three-day journey on foot from the border to the Black Dunes. Therefore, **all characters should make a mutation check before arriving.** And make subsequent checks for each additional day in the Badlands, as noted in the section on Mutations.

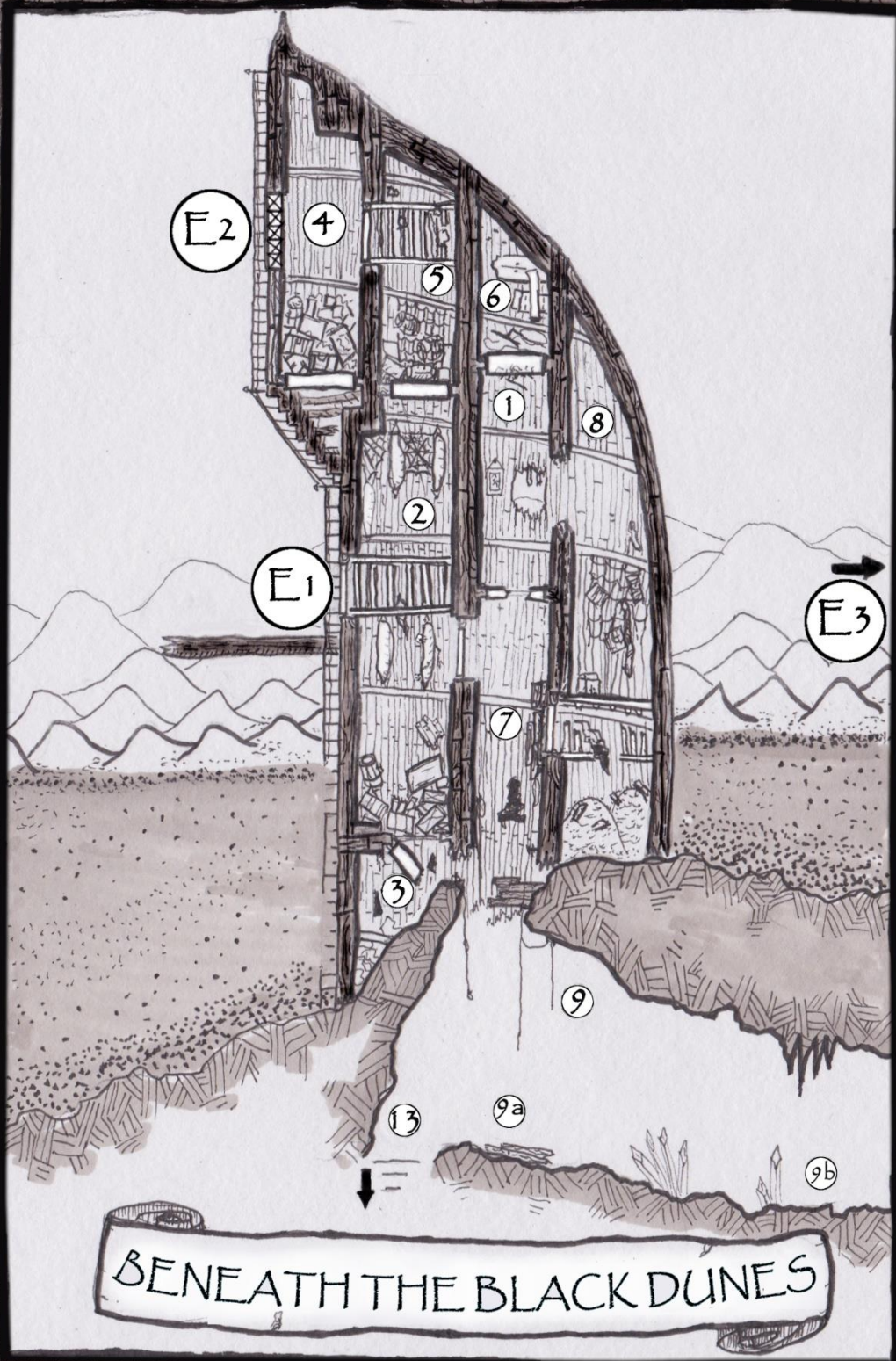


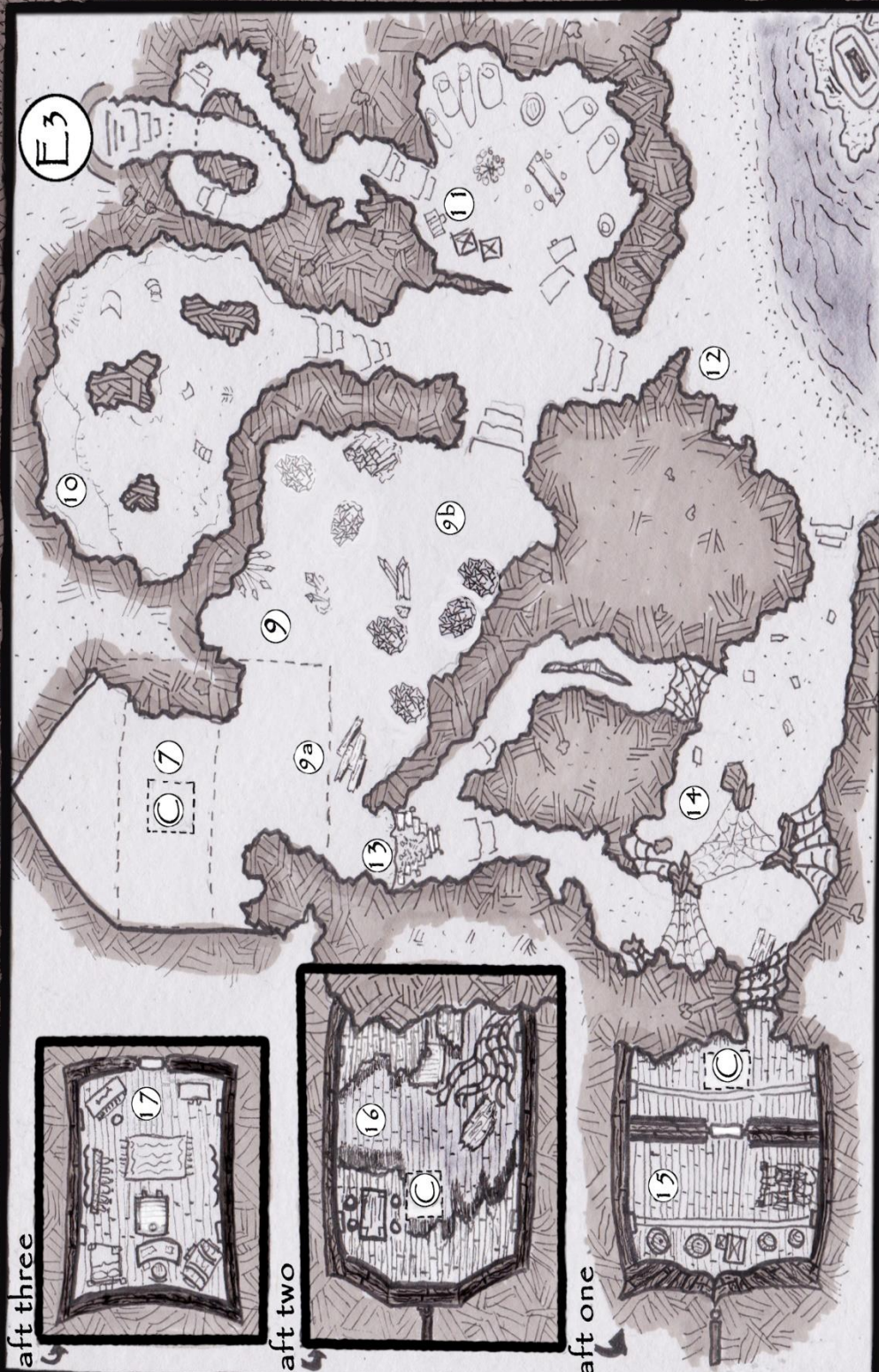
Random Events

We've provided a list of thematically appropriate random events to add variability to the proceedings. We recommend rolling for random events whenever the party enters a new area, dallies in a single area too long, or makes excessive noise. **Note:** there are no random events in the Dusker territory (Areas 10-11) or the ship's aft sections (Areas 15-17).

Unless otherwise noted in the area's description, roll a d8 to determine if there is an event. Events trigger on a roll of a 1. Events are meant to be unique; if you've already rolled a given event, roll again or choose another.

d12	Event
1	1d8+1 Duskers celebrate a clutch of new eggs by feasting upon their eldest mount.
2	1d6+1 Mutated Humanoids scavenging the area. Roll on the Mutated Encounters table, and perhaps give them some plunder from the Eccentric Magic Items table.
	Initial disposition (1d6): 1. Friendly; 2. Suspicious; 3. Bargaining; 4. Cautious; 5. Territorial; 6. Hostile
3	A 6-foot crystalline shard bursts through the floor. Choose one character at random. DC13 DEX save or take 1d4+2 piercing damage.
4	3d4+3 Buzzers roosting in a dark nook.
4	A grotesquely bloated Chitter, surrounded by old, desiccated husks.
5	A shrub untouched by corruption grows in the dark. Red berries dangle from the ends of its branches. Each berry restores 1 HP.
6	A recently dead dwarf is propped up against the wall. If touched, the body bursts open like an overripe fruit, releasing a writhing mass of Creepers.
7	Everyone (including elves) falls into a magical slumber for 1d4 hours. When they awaken, all of their (1. Food; 2. Money; 3. Clothes; 4. Mutations) is gone.
8	1d4 Hungries begin stalking the party, waiting for the opportune time to attack.
9	A storm sweeps into the area, complete with rain, wind, and lightning. It passes in 1d6 minutes.
10	1d8 Seaman digging in the ground. They attack if disrupted or the party calls attention to itself.
11	A flash of blinding light sweeps through the area. In its wake, every surface is magnetized for the next 1d4 minutes.
12	1d6 Weepers fighting over the scraps of a dead elf.





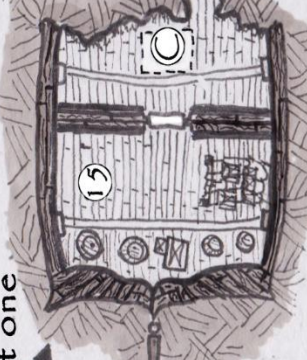
E3



aft three



aft two



aft one

TOP DOWN



Leviathan Exterior

Read aloud: From afar, there is a quiet majesty to the Black Dunes, rising above the twisted landscape as though somehow apart from it. The illusion shatters as you begin to climb the soft incline, boots crunching through a crust of onyx crystalline, churning up a noxious cloud of razor-edged dust.

The bow of a ship thrusts through the tallest dune like an ancient, half-buried monument. The hull is the pale green of old copper and riddled with small holes. Engraved under the rail in flowing script is the word *Leviathan*.

The ship's bow rises 50 feet into the air. The exposed hull was wood, once, but has been transmuted by the Badlands into a strange green metal; the whorls and striations of wood grain are visible up close. The surface area of the exposed deck is roughly 50 feet long by 30 feet wide.

Roll a d12 to determine random events in all exterior areas.

There are four possible points of entry; by ease of access:

1. **Area 1:** 20 feet up, a chaos of bent, splintered boards in the starboard side has formed a rough opening. Ropes dangle to the ground.
2. **Exterior 1:** 15 feet up, an open hatch near the forward mast.
3. **Exterior 2:** 30 feet up, a stout, iron-bound door in the forecastle.
4. **Exterior 3:** 150 feet east of the *Leviathan*, screened by dunes and a cluster of crystalline boulders, is a cavern entrance used by Duskers. This should be hidden to all but the most curious groups.

The deck is slick, but the pitting provides ample handholds, and the pliable metal easily accepts pitons or other implements. It is possible to use the rails along the sides as a kind of ladder, though both the hatch and the forecastle door are positioned in the center of the deck.

Something to keep in mind at all times: the ship is completely inverted. Doors are therefore repositioned as though in ceiling or floor, and what was once the ceiling and floor are now walls.

Exterior 1 (E1) – Down the Hatch

The jagged remnants of the forward mast lean crookedly over an open hatch. Within, the first rungs of a ladder can be faintly seen.

The ladder descends to interior Area 2.



E2 – Forecastle Ascent

Thousands of white streaks bespeckle the forecastle's upper half. A family of strangely bloated avian creatures ponderously circle the top of the ship, occasionally disappearing from sight as they alight on the hull.

The windows of the forecastle are cracked and discolored, and the port staircase leading to the bow is missing stairs. An iron-bound door is flanked by a pair of ornate iron lanterns that flicker with a ghastly light.

Iron latticework encloses the windows, effectively barring them off, though they are little more than fancy portholes.

Hazard

The door is unlocked but weighted down by furniture and almost impossible to push open (DC25 Strength check). Should they somehow prove successful, a cascade of debris pours through the opening; everyone directly below the door must make a DC15 Dexterity Saving Throw or take 1d6 bludgeoning damage.

Blighters

The avian creatures are Floaters: bulbous, melon-sized floating creatures covered in sharpened bits of bone (stats in the Bestiary). A dozen Floaters nest atop the forecastle. They descend to attack any creatures climbing to within 10 feet of the forecastle.

E3 – Dusker Backdoor

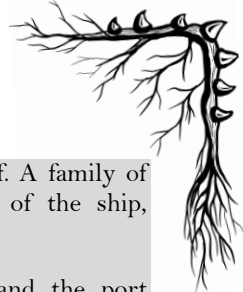
A trio of crystalline boulders rest in the shadow of a dune, out of sight of the *Leviathan*. The boulders screen the entrance to a subterranean cavern. Steps roughly hewn from bedrock descend out of sight.

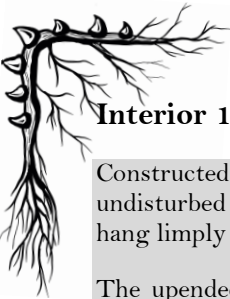
A winding cavern descends to Area 11: The Dusker encampment. The cavern is pitch black after 30 feet.

Trap

The Duskers have set a tripwire $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way down the tunnel. If tripped, grasping vines erupt from a depression in the cavern's walls, ensnaring all within 20 feet (DC15 Dexterity Saving Throw to avoid). In addition, a high-pitched keening emits from holes in the rock wall; it goes on for thirty seconds and cannot be disabled. The noise alerts all Duskers in Area 11.

The trap can be found with a DC17 Perception check (Disadvantage if using Darkvision) or by showing adequate care. If unseen, each character has a 30% chance of tripping. Circumventing the wire is a trifle once discovered.





Interior 1 – Into the Breach

Constructed just inside the hole, a small driftwood platform covered in undisturbed dust leans out over a vertical drop. Ribbons of peeling wallpaper hang limply from the walls. The air is dry and stale.

The upended ship has transformed reoriented walls into floors and ceilings. Just below the platform, an open doorway grants passage into the ship's dark depths. Overhead, a closed door is out of reach. Another area can be seen through an enormous hole in one wall.

This was once a richly appointed stateroom, but exposure and scavengers have stripped away its glamour, and gravity carried away the rest.

The room's dimensions are roughly 20x20x30.

Players have 3 options:

1. 5 feet beneath the platform, an open doorway looks down into Area 7.
Hazard: The floor is structurally weak. Each time someone steps on the floor, there is a 40% chance it collapses, sending anyone on it plummeting 25 feet and taking 2d6 falling damage (DC13 DEX save).
2. The hole in the wall leads to the forward cargo hold (Area 8).
3. 15 feet overhead, a closed door leads to Area 6. The door has an arcane lock that refuses all attempts to open it, and it is faintly scratched as though someone tried to hack their way inside. It can only be unlocked with the key found in Area 17; no attempts to pick the lock or magically force it open will work (ingenious characters may go through the wall, however).

2 – I'll be in my Bunk

The ladder's lower half has been rebuilt from random bits of wood: a bedpost, the spokes of a chair, indecipherable driftwood. It leads into the center of a deep vertical corridor, where the tattered remnants of old hammocks hang like desiccated cocoons.

The floor far below is piled high with debris, though it has been cleared in one area. Overhead, a thick tangle of bedding blocks view of the corridor's ceiling.

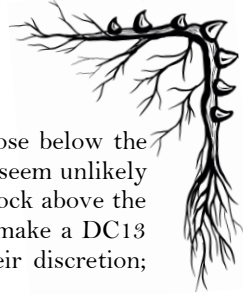
The deck's hatch leads into what was once the crew's quarters. Characters can cling to the ladder while getting their bearings.

The room is roughly 20x20x40.

Navigating

Hammocks run the full length of the corridor. Characters can leap from hammock to hammock with DC10 Strength or Dexterity checks. It takes 3 such checks to reach either the ceiling or the floor from the ladder.





Hazard

Should anyone study the hammocks, it will be apparent that those below the ladder have been reinforced with extra ropes, but those overhead seem unlikely to support anyone's weight. Each time someone pulls on a hammock above the ladder, there is a 50% chance the hammock rips. The PC must make a DC13 DEX save or fall. The DM may allow additional checks at their discretion; there are ample handholds throughout this area.

Below: Broken chests and bits of furniture have been cleared away from a door which hangs open into Area 3.

Above: Nestled amid the knot of hammocks is the mummified corpse of a spider with a man's face growing from its abdomen. The corpse should fall from the nest after any 2 of the overhead hammocks are ripped.

The door overhead is closed. Some debris is leaned against it, but the door can be forced with a DC15 Strength check. The door leads to Area 5.

3 – End of the Line

The ship ends abruptly, wood giving way to a shelf of stone that punches up from the subterranean depths. The rock is sharply sloped, the narrow gap between stone and the ship's buckling walls filled with debris.

A wooden platform is anchored to an opposite outcropping. Ropes dangle from the platform into a natural cavern aglow with warm, flickering light.

This had been part of the galley once, but all trace of it was obliterated in the union of ship and stone, and that violent coupling has filled this space with shattered lumber, rocks, and odd bits of furniture mangled beyond recognition.

The space is 20x20x30 at its widest, but rapidly narrows toward the bottom.

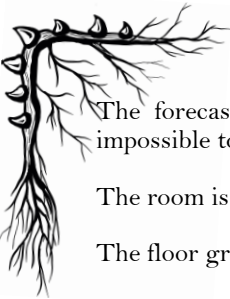
There is a narrow gap through which Area 9 can be partially seen. Area 7 is directly above the makeshift platform.

4 – Forecastle

The room smells strongly of cinnamon and cedar, and faint light filters through grimy windows. Amid a scatter of shattered furniture, a four-poster bed lays upside down and an armoire sprawls on its side, bleeding clothing from a gaping hole in its back.

Snagged on one corner, a blanket hangs from an iron grate halfway up the wall.

Tucked against the ceiling, iron-banded barrels and stout blackwood chests strain against the netting pinning them in place.



The forecastle door (from E2) is weighted down by furniture and almost impossible to open. Amid the wreckage, a few intact chests can still be found.

The room is 20x20x30.

The floor grate (now halfway up the wall) leads to a ladder and Area 5.

Treasure

Found among the chests:

- A tiny clockwork soldier looking for its rifle (stats as homunculus).
- A scroll sealed in with a demonic mark that resists attempts to open it. This is the *Final Pact*, which binds a demon in service to the wielder.
- Serendipity: A round vial of purple liquid. Grants Advantage on all Ability checks for the next hour; single use.
- Eyepiece of Estimation: Circle of brass-rimmed glass that grants Advantage on any checks to appraise the worth of something.



5 – Suffocating Sleep

Sunlight punches through fist-sized holes in the ceiling. Hundreds of iridescent, feather-like tufts drift lazily about the room. Thousands more carpet the floor, now dry and brittle, burying the room's contents in rounded heaps.

The air is pungent with the stink of decay.

An incoherent mass of bark and moss grows over the lower half of a ladder running parallel to the ceiling. Long thorny vines dangle from the mass, drifting back and forth on an invisible breeze.

This area had been used to store foodstuffs (long spoiled) and general supplies (ropes, tack, sails). A few of the barrels still hang, caught in netting, but most of it is piled on the floor (these are the rounded heaps). Buried among the supplies are a pair of corpses punctured through the chest and drained.

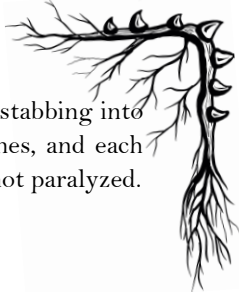
Room dimensions are 20x20x30. The ladder leads to Area 4.

Blighter

The plant is a variation of a Walking Fungi, though this one does not move. The lightweight seeds are a paralyzing agent. Any characters ingesting the seeds must make a DC12 CON save or be paralyzed for 1d4 hours. Unless precautions are taken, it is impossible to move about in this space without ingesting the seeds. On a successful save, no further checks are needed.



The Walking Fungi attacks any paralyzed characters with a vine, stabbing into their chest. The vine does ongoing 1d6 damage. There are 5 vines, and each has an AC of 13 and 10 HP. The vines ignore characters who are not paralyzed.



6 – Swanky Stateroom

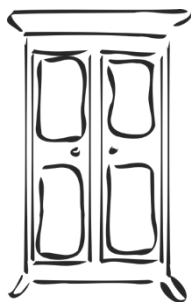
This plush stateroom has remained unspoiled. Save for some pillows and blankets, everything is fixed in its original position, and thus defies gravity as it poses on the walls. A four-corner bed, the posts carved to resemble waves, and a matching wardrobe. A writing desk and upholstered chair. A blackwood chest traced with silvery runes.

Wardrobe: racks of fine silk clothing; a plush **Robe of Warming** (wearer is pleasantly warm, despite external temperatures).

Desk: ledger of the *Leviathan*'s journeys; miniature storm in a bottle; **Conch of Lullaby** (emits a lullaby when held to the ear; DC12 WIS save versus sleep).

Chest (unlocked; the runes are non-magical):

- Floating in a glass jar of embalming fluid, an enormous eye that follows movements. **Eye of All-Seeing:** DC20 WIS save to use. Success: the eye shows you the answer to one question about the future; Failure: beset with twisted nightmares for 1d4+1 days, 1 level of exhaustion.
- An animated, lifelike painting of a severe-looking family standing over the corpse of a small dog.
- **1d4 Potions of Rejuvenation:** recovers 2d4+2 HP.



7 – The Descent

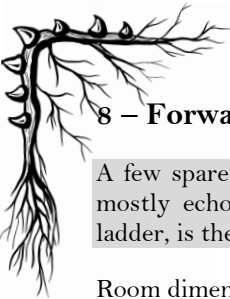
A vertical shaft strung with dusty cobwebs plummets into the earth, with nothing to stop a fall. Near the bottom of the shaft, a light is flickering.

The shipwreck ripped away the areas below Area 7, turning this into a long vertical corridor. There is an opening 5 feet into the room leading to Area 2, but the ladder is long gone. 10 feet into the room is a hatch to Area 8; this opening has been boarded over with random bits of wood.

20 feet down, the ship's walls are replaced by two great arms of stone separated by a 10-foot gap. A wooden platform has been constructed here, anchoring to stone. A pair of ropes descend into Area 9, which is the source of the light.

Overall dimensions are 20x20x25.





8 – Forward Holds

A few spare crates are webbed to the walls by nets, but this cavernous space mostly echoes with emptiness. Far below, beyond the broken remains of a ladder, is the heaped remnants of the rest of the cargo.

Room dimensions are 20x20x70.

The forward hold was used to store large cargo, which now fills the bottom 20 feet of the room. Higher up, crates of nautical equipment and general supplies are still held in place by nets. Just above the debris piles, a broken ladder leads to Area 7, but the opening is boarded over from the outside.

Hazard

The floor is covered with broken cargo, black dust, old animal nests, and scattered bones, forming a pair of massive, humped piles. The footing is uncertain; anyone that falls into this area is half-submerged in filth and must make a DC10 Strength (Athletics) check to pull themselves out.

Blighter

Any movement on the piles alerts the two Garbage Gators that live here. They attack from below, with Advantage on Stealth to do so with surprise.

9 – Crystal Cavern

The cavern is wide and broad, with a high, sloped ceiling. Crystal stalagmites twenty feet tall erupt in sporadic clusters, shot through with red striations and pulsing with the warm light of a campfire. The combined effect chases all shadows from the cavern.

A crude wooden hut is built in the *Leviathan's* shade, near a vertical cavern boring into the depths. The rest of the ship is found here, too, scattered across the stone floor like rolling tides of debris. The wreckage has been cleared away from a tunnel on the cavern's eastern edge.

The cavern has been sub-divided into two sections for ease of play. The overall dimensions are roughly 70x50x50. Ropes from Areas 3 and 7 come within 5 feet of the ground in area 9a.

9a - Basecamp

A wooden lean-to slumps beside a circle of fire-blackened stones. Coils of rope lean against neatly stacked pyramids of lumber. A thick layer of black dust coats everything.

At the edge of the camp, wooden stairs descend into darkness.

This is the remnants of a Guild basecamp, a fact immediately apparent to any of that Faction. A DC13 Intelligence (Investigation) check or an appropriate



background will deduce that the camp likely supported 5-6 prospectors, though their fate is less certain. Aside from a general sense of wrongness about the camp, everything appears in order, and there are no signs of fight or flight.

The firepit holds only ash and the head of an old hammer.

Hut

A tight, stifling space with a half-dozen old bedrolls squeezed in. There is a journal tucked into one of them.

Any who sleep here have vivid dreams of: 1. A faceless hunger; 2. Writhing tentacles from the depths; 3. The party bloodily turning on one another; 4. Skittering nightmares bursting from fleshy sacks.

Journal

A battered leather book, anonymously authored by a Prospector. It ends on a hopeful note, indicating they would be descending to the aft section the next day.

Anyone skimming quickly uncovers:

- The aft compartment is where all the choice merchandise was kept.
- The stairs should lead to where the aft section broke off.
- The author had been having strange dreams of late.
- There is treasure in the cavern's debris field.

Spending 4 hours reading the entire thing additionally reveals:

- The crew included 3 other Prospectors, an Iron Shield Captain, and an Evergarde alumni; the author believed the Wizard, called Salider, was up to something.
- Something has taken residence in the tunnels East of the basecamp; against Captain Trudoor's wishes, the team is ignoring the tunnel in favor of a rapid descent.

Stairs

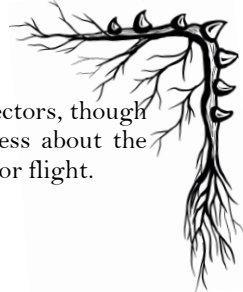
A set of wooden stairs switchback down a vertical chute to Area 13.

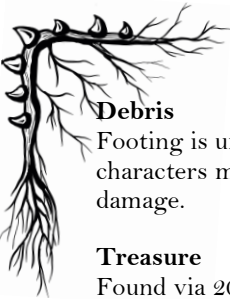
9b – Leviathan Graveyard

The cavern is filled with heaps of broken lumber, shattered furniture, crumbled stone, and violently twisted bits of metal. Amid the confusion of debris, glowing crystal shards stand like bright buoys on a sea of refuse.

Beyond the chaos, a circle of stones stands in an area cleared of debris.

The cavern slopes downward west to east, allowing someone standing in 9a to see the entirety of 9b.





Debris

Footing is uncertain; it takes 20 minutes to cross the cavern. Every 10 minutes, characters must make a DC12 Dexterity (Acrobatics) check or take 1d4 slicing damage.

Treasure

Found via 20 minutes of searching the debris or a DC13 Perception check. Roll on the Eccentric Magic Items table (found in Appendix A). *There is one of each item; if someone rolls the same result, roll again or DM's choice.*

Eggs

In a depression on the cavern's eastern edge is a circle of broken, leathery shells. The shells are 3-4 feet tall and half as wide. Dried mucus clings to the insides of the empty shells. Lying nearby are two skeletons, one dressed in the mismatched accoutrement of scavengers, the other in mail. The figure in mail is that of Captain Trudoor. The men's cause of death isn't apparent. For the DM: the Duskers were forced to kill them when they began attacking their eggs.

Exit

A series of low ledges form a natural set of stairs, leading to Areas 10 – 12. The junction between these areas is a dark, oval cavern. A closed, iron-bound chest sits in the center of the area. **Trap:** The chest is empty and used as bait. If opened, it emits a bright light and a thunderous roar, Blinding and Deafening all creatures within 20 feet (separate DC18 CON saves) for 1d6 rounds. The trap can be identified with a DC17 check and disabled with a DC15.

Roll 1d6. On a result of 1-4, a Dusker and its insect mount cling to the ceiling 30 feet overhead, hidden among stalactites (DC18 to spot). If the trap is tripped, the Dusker drops to the ground and tries to quickly disable any unaffected PCs, and then turns to the rest. The sound also brings 4d4 Duskers on foot from Area 11.

The Duskers do not try to kill the PCs. They will try to incapacitate them, bind them with old rope, and drag them to Area 11. The entire colony will gather in an intimidating circle and rouse the PCs. Area 11 has more information about roleplaying the Duskers.

If they are unable to overcome the PCs here, the Duskers will retreat to Area 11. They will prepare a hasty defense by flooding the entrance with crates and barrels, and then fight a tactical retreat, escaping to the surface.

10 – Insect Warren

A narrow tunnel briskly climbs a dozen feet before widening into a cavern with a low ceiling. Natural stone pillars block view of the back of the area. The air is unnaturally humid and brittle stone crushes easily underfoot.



This area serves as the stable for the Dusker's huge insect mounts. The front of the cavern is covered with shed carapaces and old scales (these are the brittle stones). A DC13 INT check will identify these as belonging to giant insects.

The insects are varied in appearance and are completely docile. Treat them as giant insectoid cows. (Stats in the Appendix.) They mostly ignore the characters, content to eat from giant, low-lying stone troughs filled with a stinking mash of crystalline, water, bone meal, and fungi.

The area is roughly 30x50x10.

11 – Dusker Colony

If the PCs enter under their own power: The darkness parts abruptly, as though a veil is suddenly ripped away. (*Continue with the description below.*)

If the PCs awaken here: A fire burns brightly in the center of the cavern, though it gives off no smoke. Leaning stacks of crates and barrels piled to the ceiling fill one corner. The rest of the perimeter is taken up by bedrolls, old tents, bizarre animal skins.

Dozens of robed figures stare at you, onyx eyes unblinking under heavy hoods. The robes are the gray of colors lost to time, fraying, and heavily patched, the bodies underneath varied in size, but share the same hungry gauntness.

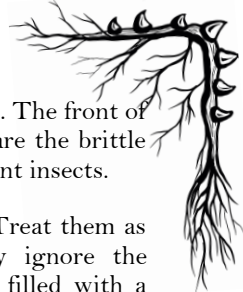
There is a permanent spell of Darkness cast on the entrances to this area, to hide the Dusker's firelight from view. Those approaching warily can still hear the sounds of daily life going on within the dark veil.

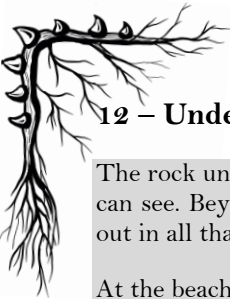
This is the living space for a mid-sized Dusker colony, roughly 30 men, women, and children. Much of the room is filled with ill-gotten plunder: tools, foodstuffs, equipment. Any character making a cursory look should be able to identify something from their Faction (gotten from previous expeditions).

The room is roughly 40x20x20. Of the Duskers, 20 are men and women capable of fighting. They will fight if provoked, but only to buy time for the children to flee to the surface. Then the adults will likewise retreat.

Some of the Duskers should be nakedly wielding wondrous magical items they recovered from the debris in Area 9b. Check the Eccentric Magic Items table for ideas to spice up the encounter. You may wish to give a Dusker the item *Full Disclosure*, which will allow for a one-sided conversation at least.

The Duskers would prefer a diplomatic solution. The presence of the *Leviathan* so near their home means people will continue to come. They want someone to finally empty out the treasure and leave them alone.





12 – Underground Lake

The rock underfoot gives way to soft sand as a beach stretches as far as the eye can see. Beyond the beach, an underground lake as black and flat as glass, and out in all that still emptiness, the vague suggestion of a landmass.

At the beach's eastern edge, natural stone steps lead to a tunnel.

This cavern extends far out of sight, most of it taken up by an enormous underground lake. The lake is freshwater, and completely safe, though it is cold and rather deep.

The tunnel goes to Area 14.

There is a small island about 40 feet off the beach, and on the island an ancient, lichen-covered shrine. The shapeless, worn shrine is to a god lost to memory. Buried at the base of the shrine is a mysterious stone amulet that glows faintly and gives off an aura like warm sunshine.

Amulet of the Old Sun: a stone amulet roughly shaped like a sun, hung on a rotting string of leather. This relic predates the Eternal Sun sect by several centuries; an Acolyte will recognize this device as an early version of their own faith. The amulet flares with light in the presence of corruption; *once per day, the amulet grants the wielder Advantage on checks (including Attacks) against Blighters.*

13 – Staircase to Nowhere

The stairs end abruptly at a landing. Twenty feet down, neatly cut bits of wood haphazardly litter the ground. A skeletal arm protrudes from underneath the pile.

A pair of hammers lay at the edge of the landing.

The stairs from Area 9A end halfway to the floor. The rest of the stairs have been removed from above and let fall to the ground. A pair of skeletons can easily be seen among the fallen stairs. If the debris is shifted, the remains can be ascertained.

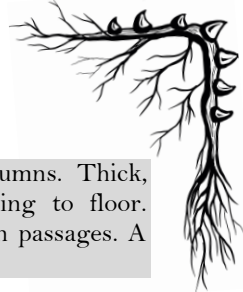
The bodies belong to an unnamed scavenger and the Wizard Salider (wrapped in dark robes). They were not killed by debris, but from enormous holes in their chests (from the strands in Area 14). Salider wears a quartz amulet bound on a leather cord.

Amulet of Lies: casts a permanent illusion of an object, creature, or phenomena that activates under specific circumstances, creating sounds and other sensory details. DC18 INT save to disbelief. Amulet has 3 charges.



14 – Fiber Overload

Several passages converge in a cavern with natural stone columns. Thick, fibrous strands drape large sections of the cavern from ceiling to floor. Discarded supplies litter the floor near the northern and eastern passages. A wooden room lurks behind curtain-like strands to the east.



The passage into the ship is barred by thick, fibrous strands. The strands worm throughout this area, typically from ceiling to floor. Close study reveals the strands are punched through the rock. Though the gray strands resemble the web of a giant spider, they are not sticky.

It is not possible to reach Area 15 without touching the strands. They are safe as long as they aren't touched by bare skin.

Hazard

Touching the strands with bare skin imparts a tiny electric shock that is not unpleasant. Quite the opposite, in fact. The character feels compelled to touch it again and must make a DC15 WIS Save to resist. Failure means the character empties their hands, drops to their knees, and hugs the strands tightly. They resist all attempts to dislodge them, fighting back as necessary.

The character takes ongoing 1d8 necrotic damage as long as they are touching the strands. They may attempt to the WIS saving throw again each round. If a character is unable to save, they are shriveled to a husk. After absorbing any health, the gray strands take on a noticeable pink tint.

The strands can only be damaged by silver weapons. They ignore all other attacks. If attacked by a silvered weapon, the strands rapidly retreat through holes in the walls and ceiling, thereby granting free passage. It is entirely possible to briefly push aside strands using poles or weapons.

Ship

A shriveled corpse lays just inside the curtain of strands, climbing and mining gear near the body. A ladder leads to a closed hatch overhead (Area 16), and a closed door leads to the Aft Hold (Area 15).

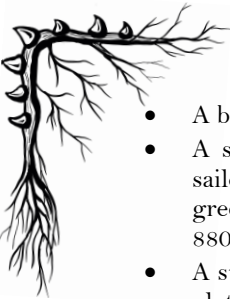
15 – Aft Hold

A low-ceiling hold, with a stuffy, closed-in feeling. In the back, crates, barrels, and chests are disheveled but intact, held in place by taut nets.

The aft hold stored the *Leviathan's* more traditional wealth. A Bag of Holding aside, there is more wealth here than can reasonably be carried back in one trip.

- A barrel filled with 12d10 rubies, 8d10 emeralds, and 6d10 sapphires. Each gem is a different size, but the rubies are generally worth 100 gold each, the emeralds 150 gold, and the sapphires 300 gold.





- A barrel filled to the brim with gold coins (1567 coins).
- A straw-filled crate containing framed, moving artwork depicting a sailor standing on a windswept bow, lovers entwined in a field of green, mounted knights facing off over a bloody field. Sailor is worth 880 gold, Lovers is worth 1150 gold, and Knights is worth 1350 gold.
- A straw-filled crate storing the bust of a severe hooded figure. A brass plate at the base is inscribed thus: *Leopold, Master of the Arcane. Say my name.* If the statue is touched or the name said aloud, Leopold comes to life. He has been in this dusty place far too long and wishes only to feel the sun on his face again, for which he offers ancient arcane knowledge. The bust weighs 300 pounds.
- A locked iron lockbox (DC15 to open). Filled with 487 platinum coins.
- A chest containing a pair of silvered shortswords. Elven inscribes the blades, named *Wind* and *Rain*. **Silver Shortswords:** +1; on a crit, wielder can choose: Deluge (additional 2d6 bludgeoning damage), Fly, Gust (double speed). All effects last for the rest of the encounter.

16 – Under New Management

The hatch swings open into a dimly lit, cavernous room. A large, ragged hole is torn in the ceiling, and through the opening a second story can be seen. The lower level is littered with broken barrels and crates.

Poised over the hole in the ceiling by dozens of thick, veiny strands is a bloated horror. The creature appears to have been a man, once, but has swollen to grotesque proportions. It breathes noisily, head slumped between tumorous shoulders. The gray strands swell and diminish with each labored breath, pulsing with sickly light.

The creature stirs, lifting its head. In a whispery voice it asks, “Who’s there?”

The floor between two levels of the deck has collapsed, making this one large vertical area. The lower level was used to store provisions and is littered with broken barrels and crates. The upper story was the ship’s galley; tables and shelves remain bolted to the floor. The strands from Area 14 originate here.

This area is roughly 50x20x40. The hatch from Area 15 is about 5 feet into the room. A hatch in the ceiling, sans ladder, leads to Area 17.

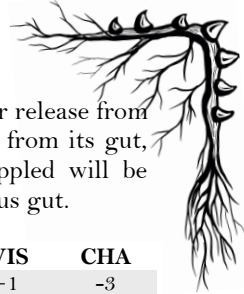
For every character who loses HP to the tendrils in Area 14, increment the number of crew by 1. Minimum crew is 8.

Captain Blight-er

Huge monster

The *Leviathan’s* Captain has mutated into a bloated horror, lurking in the depths like a ghostly spider. He retains fleeting fragments of who he once was, and will attempt to use these glimpses of his humanity to lure prey in.





If possible, it will lure the characters in close, begging for help, for release from the pain. Otherwise it will expel a horde of shambling creatures from its gut, which will try to grapple the nearest characters. Anyone grappled will be dragged toward the nest and fed into the captain's vast, carnivorous gut.

AC	15	STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
HP	136 (16d10 +48)	+4	-3	+3	-	+1	-3
Speed	n/a - immobile						
XP	2500						
Darkvision	60 ft.						

Revulsion: At the start of combat, the Captain's enormous gut irises open, releasing a crew of shambling horrors. Each creature within line of sight must succeed on a DC15 WIS save or become Stunned with revulsion for 1 minute. Creatures can repeat the saving throw at the end of their turns.

Perks of Command: Each round, the Captain can Make it So, Strike, and Engulf.

Make it So: Captain directs his crew to Grasp or Attack a target, granting Advantage.

Strike: The Captain attacks with 4 fibrous tentacles. +7 to hit, 1d8 necrotic damage. The tentacles can be in Area 16 or Area 14 reaching into Area 15 to harass hiding PCs.

Engulf: As a Free Action, the Captain's gut engulfs a Medium or smaller creature within 5 feet. The engulfed target is Blinded, Restrained, unable to breathe, and must succeed on a DC14 CON save at the start of the Captain's turns or take 2d8+4 bludgeoning damage. The Captain can engulf two characters at a time.

All Hands On Deck: The Captain calls his crew to his side, forming a wall between him and his adversaries. Attacks against the Captain are at Disadvantage.

Expel: Full Action. The Captain's gut belches open, expelling a noxious flood of bones and bile. Characters in a 20-foot arc must make a DC15 DEX save or take 3d10 acidic damage (save for half). Any characters currently engulfed are voided. Recharge on 5-6.

Crew – Horde (8+ creatures)

Medium humanoid

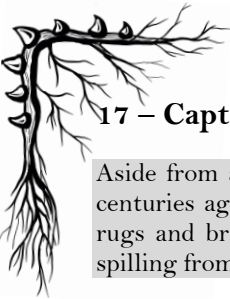
Shambling horrors of flesh and vines draped in faded scraps of uniform.

AC	8	STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
HP	22 (3d8 +9)	+1	-2	+3	-4	-2	-3
Speed	20 ft.						
XP	50						
Darkvision	60 ft.						

Grasp: Crew use their vine arms to entangle a creature. +5 to hit. Grasped characters are grappled and dragged back toward the captain (escape DC13). Drag at half speed.

Attack: Pummel with arms. +3 to hit. 1d6+1 bludgeoning damage.



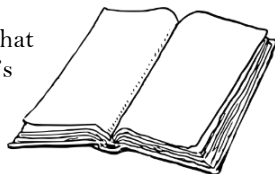


17 – Captain’s Quarters

Aside from a layer of dust, everything is undisturbed and arranged as it was centuries ago. A rich mahogany desk peeking out under piles of charts. Plush rugs and bright paintings. A black iron chest partially obscured by blankets spilling from an unmade bed.

The bulk of the treasure is found elsewhere, either in the ship’s holds, scattered across caverns, or carted away by scavengers. What remains in this place untouched by time are a few unique items:

- A small chest etched with a stylized G sprouting roses. The lock is only moderately difficult to pick. Within, nestled on a bed of satin, is the mummified remains of a child’s hand.
- **Stone of Sending:** A polished rock swirling with inner light; can cast teleport once daily.
- **Gloves of the Stonefist:** unarmed strikes deal 1d6+2 damage; usable by all classes.
- **Captain’s Log:** A detailed accounting of the events that transpired on the *Leviathan*, including the Captain’s own descent into corruption.
- A skull-shaped key that opens the door to Area 6.



The Stone of Sending is a convenient way of letting the party immediately jump back to the normal world without trekking back through the dungeon and across the wastelands. Savvy parties may conspire to use the device to quickly transport the bulk of the *Leviathan’s* wealth back to civilization. We recommend letting them, to a point. It will be hard to maintain the ship’s mystique if it’s reduced to an ATM. Here are some ideas if you don’t want the party stripping the wreck for parts.

- The ship disappears as mysteriously as it reappeared.
- The Badlands slowly erodes the Stone, making it problematic to use.
- Evergarde, the Crown, or one of the Factions commandeers the Stone for political, strategic, or nebulous reasons.
- The Duskers grow increasingly hostile with each subsequent trip.
- The Guild muscles in on their territory and strips the place clean.

Conclusion

Should the party prove successful, they will be briefly feted as celebrities and then forgotten. But the Factions don’t forget so quickly, for good or ill.

Don’t forget to resolve Adventure and Faction Prompts!



Bestiary



Herein lies a cadre of creatures found in the Badlands. Most of these horrors were first encountered by scavengers, thus their rather colorful names.

Blight Baby

Small beast

Winged cherubic creatures with raw, blistered skin and needle-like teeth. Typically found in groups of 2d4, Blight Babies frequent bogs and marshlands. Deviously intelligent, they delight in setting ambushes with their convincing cries and then pouncing en masse on their prey.

AC 13
HP 10 (3d4 +3)
Speed 20 ft., fly 40 ft.
XP 200
Darkvision 60 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
-2	+3	+1	-	+1	+2

Somebody Help Me: +5 to Deception checks when setting an ambush

Attack: 2 Bites, each +3 to hit. 1d6+3 piercing damage. Bitten creatures must make a DC 12 CON saving throw or take 2d8 necrotic damage (save for half).

Blob

Large beast

Engorged sacks of flesh covered in dirt, rocks, and whatever else sticks to its glistening body. Propelled by long tentacles that pull the shapeless mass along, stuffing anything remotely edible into its dripping maw, including other Blobs.

AC 7
HP 85 (10d10 +30)
Speed 20 ft., climb 20 ft.
XP 1000
Blindsight 60 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
+3	-3	+3	-5	-2	-5

Climb: Blobs can use their tentacles to climb vertical surfaces.

Attack: 4 Tentacles, each +8 to hit. On successful hit, target is grappled and bludgeoned into the ground (2d8+4 damage). Unconscious targets are stuffed into the mouth (automatic failed Death Save).



Bull

Large beast

A toothy maw surrounded by writhing tentacles, borne about on muscular legs, hooves oozing ichor. When it spots prey, the Bull charges forward and bullies the target to the ground. Bulls travel in packs of 1d4+1 and prefer open plains.

AC 20
HP 93 (11d10 +33)
Speed 60 ft.
XP 1250
Darkvision 60 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
+4	+1	+3	-2	+1	-2

Eye See You: Advantage on Perception-based checks.

Attack: Charge or 2 Tentacles.

Charge: +9 to hit. Targets are knocked prone and suffer 2d6+4 bludgeoning damage as the Bull stomps on it.

Tentacles: +7 to hit. If it is unable to charge, the Bull lashes out with 10-foot tentacles. Targets are grappled on a success. As a free action on its next turn, grappled targets are stuffed into its maw for 2d6+7 damage (escape DC14).



Buzzer

Small beast

Semi-translucent wings bear about a stooped, chitinous form. A long proboscis unfurls from a remarkably human face. Buzzers roost in caves and travel in packs of 3d4+3. When encountering prey, they spit from afar and then swarm.

AC 14
HP 18 (2d10 +4)
Speed 10 ft., fly 40 ft.
XP 100
Darkvision 60 ft.

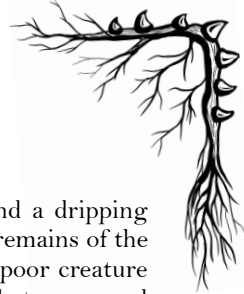
STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
-3	+3	-	-3	-1	-4

Spit: Target must make a DC13 DEX save or takes 2d6 acid damage. Range 20 ft.

Swarm: If at least 3 Buzzers are swarming, each has Advantage on its Drain attack. Up to 6 Buzzers can swarm a single Medium-sized creature; Buzzers will crowd around the nearest target until this threshold is met.

Drain: +5 to hit. 1d6+3 piercing damage. As long as the Buzzer is attached, it does 1d6+3 of damage at the start of its turn. The Buzzer feeds until the target is drained. Attacks against an attached Buzzer are made at Advantage. DC9 to escape the drain.





Chitter

Large beast

A grotesque, spindly creature with bone-edged arachnid legs and a dripping stinger. Partially hidden by tufts of black hair on its back are the remains of the original humanoid, including a remarkably unchanged face. The poor creature recalls some semblance of what it once was and alternates between mad gibbering, quiet weeping, and anguished pleas to make it stop, even as its new form scuttles about, seeking new prey. Solitary creatures found in dark places.

AC 15
HP 55 (7d10 + 16)
Speed 30 ft., climb 30 ft.
XP 500
Darkvision 60 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
+2	+3	+1	-4	-1	-4

Attack: 2 Leg Stabs and 1 Sting

Leg Stab: +4 to hit, 1d8+2 piercing damage and the target is pinned (escape DC12).

Sting: +4 to hit, 1d10+4 piercing and target must make a DC14 CON save or take 3d8 poison damage, half damage on a save. Advantage on the attack if the target is pinned.

Clacker

Medium beast

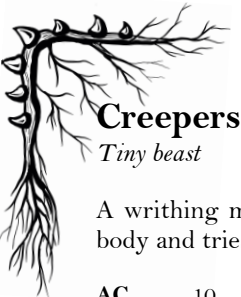
Bipedal humanoids with insectoid heads and the inverted legs of grasshoppers. Serrated lengths of chitinous exoskeleton cover forearms and shins. Clackers derive their name from the unnerving way they rub their mandibles together; some have surmised it may be a form of communication. Clackers are typically encountered in groups of 1d6+1 in old forests, shallow chasms, and marshland.

AC 15
HP 52 (7d10 + 14)
Speed 30 ft., standing jump 30 ft., running jump 45 ft.
XP 700
Darkvision 60 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
+2	+1	+2	-1	-1	-3

Leaping Strike: The Clacker leaps to one target, makes a Claw attack, then leaps to a second target and attacks them too. +7 to hit. 1d8+2 slicing damage.

Claw Claw: 2 Claw attacks, each +5 to hit. 1d8+2 slicing damage. This is a matter of last resort when the Clacker can't leap for some reason.



Creepers

Tiny beast

A writhing mass of carnivorous worms that crawls toward the nearest warm body and tries to burrow inside.

AC 10
HP 24 (6d8 +4)
Speed 30 ft., climb 30 ft.
XP 100
Blindsight 60 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
-1	-	-1	-4	-	-5

Bite: +2 to hit, 2d6 piercing damage.

Burrow: Upon a successful Bite, Creepers automatically Burrow the following round. Burrow does an ongoing 1d8 piercing damage and is complete in 3 rounds, after which it is impossible to remove (remove DC11). If the limb is not amputated immediately, the Creeper consumes the creature from the inside out over the course of 1d4+2 days.

Dusker

Medium humanoid



Enigmatic, cloaked humanoids that somehow live where no others can. Wrapped in little more than rags, faces hidden behind hideous masks, Duskers are gaunt, half-starved creatures that speak a guttural, indecipherable language. It seems a poor sort of life, but they show no interest in leaving the Badlands.

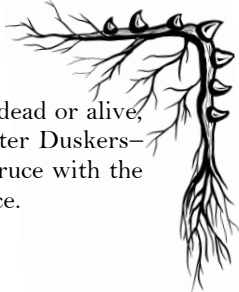
Duskers live in colonies of 30-50, mostly adults with a few small children. Life in the Badlands being what it is, there are no elderly. They celebrate life above all and are pacifists by nature. They will fight only if the colony is threatened.

Nobody knows where the Duskers came from. The prevailing theory is that they lived through the apocalyptic event that birthed the Badlands, and were in turn, changed themselves. Some further contend that they are now ageless, sort of self-aware ghouls. Of equal mystery is how they survive in a lifeless place without ready sustenance.

There are a great many stories whispered of Dusker in hushed, almost reverent voices: they aided an otherwise-doomed prospector, supplying him water and setting his broken leg; they besieged a Shield patrol in a chasm for two days before fading into the fog; there are great underground caverns where the Duskers gather and sacrifice to their dark gods; they harness enormous multi-legged insects to sleds and drive them like chitinous mounts.

Whatever the truth, Duskers are a topic of intense interest to academics, who believe they hold the key to traversing the Badlands, and perhaps restoring

them. House of the Half-Moon has an open bounty for a Dusker, dead or alive, but thus far it's been uncollected. Those that most often encounter Duskers—the Iron Shield and the Guild—maintain something of an uneasy truce with the nomadic figures, and neither Faction is anxious to upset the balance.



Duskers in the Wild

Duskers are typically encountered in groups of 3-4, all mounted on enormous insectoid beasts of burden. They usually maintain a watchful distance before fading away. In the few instances where they interact with people, it is bizarre, which only deepens their mystique.

All Duskers have some latent magical abilities, which they primarily use to go unnoticed or to suddenly disappear. Living in such an inhospitable place, Duskers cherish life and will sometimes intervene to save the lost or dying. This charity excludes Blighters, which Duskers indiscriminately kill on sight.

Traversing the Badlands would become boringly predictable if everything the players encountered wanted to kill them. Duskers open an avenue for social roleplay in an otherwise inhospitable place. That any such encounters are bound to be bizarre is another way of bringing home the strangeness of the Badlands.

Duskers are survivors; their first thought will always be to preserve the colony. That means ensuring they're not followed home, trying to scare off intruders, attacking if they must (though not to kill), abandoning their home if necessary.

If the first rule of roleplaying Duskers is to protect the colony, the second rule is that they are truly alien creatures. The best way to get this across is to give the Duskers bizarre motivations. There are a number of Dusker Encounters in the Badlands Events table you can use for inspiration.

AC 15
HP 35
Speed 30 ft.
XP 300

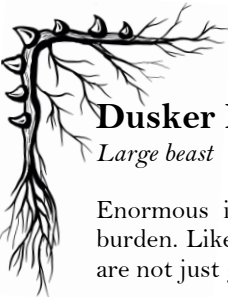
STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
-	+2	+2	+1	+2	-2

Spellcasting (at will): Darkness, Druidcraft, Light, Minor Illusion, Pass Without Trace, Produce Flame, Spare the Dying (all unaffected by the Badlands)

Immunities: Mutations, Charm or Sleep spells

Attack: 2 strikes with an improvised staff. +4 to hit. 1d6+2 bludgeoning damage.

Duskers fight only as a means to an end: incapacitating a senseless creature, buying time to evacuate the colony, protecting a clutch of their mounts' eggs. They will kill Blighters without any hesitation, however.



Dusker Mount

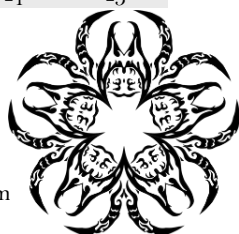
Large beast

Enormous insectoids the Duskers have domesticated and use as beasts of burden. Like their masters, the mounts are non-confrontational. These mounts are not just giant insects, but instead are bizarre insectoid blends.

AC 13
HP 10 (3d4 +3)
Speed 20 ft.
XP 50
Darkvision 60 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
+2	+1	+2	-2	-1	-3

Head (1d6): 1. Ant; 2. Beetle; 3. Fly; 4. Mantis; 5. Slug; 6. Spider
Legs (1d6): 1-2. Centipede; 3-4. Ant; 5. Grasshopper; 6. Spider
Body (1d6): 1. Ant; 2. Beetle; 3. Grasshopper; 4. Mantis; 5. Slug; 6. Worm



Floater

Tiny beast

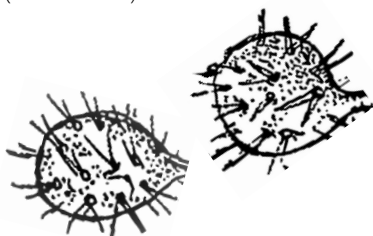
Bulbous, melon-sized avian creatures covered in thorn-like protrusions of bone. Floaters fly more like balloons than birds, and as such, are a bit slow and clumsy. Floaters travel in flocks of 1d12+3 and roost in the hollows of fallen trees, atop tall bits of crystalline, and amid ruins.

AC 14
HP 36 (8d8)
Speed fly 20 ft.
XP 450
Darkvision 60 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
-1	-2	+1	-3	-1	-4

Piercing Thorns: +6 to hit. 2d6 piercing damage as Floater flies into a target, impaling them with multiple thorns. Target must make a DC10 CON save or take 4d6 poison damage, half damage on a successful one.

Burst Upon Death: when the Floater is reduced to 0 HP, it bursts, sending bone shards in every direction. Creatures within 10 feet must make a DC12 DEX save or take 2d6 piercing damage (save for half).



Garbage Gator

Large beast

Fearsome, toothy creatures that live amid the loose piles of crystalline and debris that form hills in the Badlands. Few people have gotten a good look at a Garbage Gator; attacks are sudden, as people are viciously dragged under the surface. Despite the name, these creatures are more plant than reptile, with bark-like, mottled skin. Territorial creatures, Garbage Gators tend to lurk in individual hills, though an area could be swarming with up to 8 Gators (1d8). A feeding frenzy will bring Gators from neighboring areas.

AC 14
HP 38 (8d8+2)
Speed 30 ft.
XP 300
Blindsight 60 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
+2	+1	+1	-4	-1	-3

They Come From Below: Gators are intricately tied to the area in which they live, and are aware of any disturbance. They have Advantage on Stealth and attack with surprise.

Bite: +5 to hit. 1d10+2 piercing damage. The target is grappled (escape DC13). If the Gator has any movement left, it burrows deep.

Worry: If the Gator is already restraining a creature, it holds on, grinding its teeth (automatic 1d8+2). The Gator holds onto their quarry until they stop breathing, then it begins to devour the creature.

Hungry

Small beast

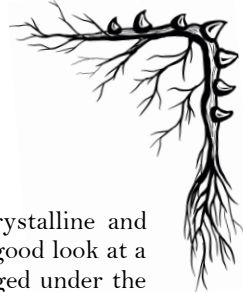
A small, slippery, black creature of sinew and bone. Hungries are primarily solitary creatures but are devastating when they hunt in packs of 1d4. They lurk in the dark places of the world where their natural camouflage allows them to move about unseen.

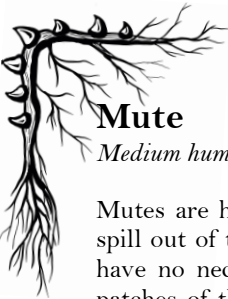
AC 19
HP 35 (8d8)
Speed 50 ft.
XP 850
Darkvision 60 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
-2	+6	+1	-	+2	-3

Won't See Me Coming: Hungries are hunters and stalk their prey until an advantageous opportunity presents itself. They have Advantage on Stealth checks, and when hunting in dark environments, creatures have Disadvantage to Perception.

Feed: +8 to hit. 2d6+2 piercing damage as the Hungry's jaw unhinges and it begins to greedily devour its prey. The target must make a DC18 CON save or take an additional 2d6 acid damage (save for half).





Mute

Medium humanoid

Mutes are humanoids that shamble about, clutching the pulsing entrails that spill out of their bodies. Heads thrust violently down into their chests, Mutes have no necks and not much of a face either, just a sickly pair of eyes and patches of thinning hair. Their fingers end in long, jagged talons. Mutes are found in areas nearest the border, typically in groups of 1d8+2.

AC 13
HP 36 (8d8)
Speed 30 ft.
XP 450
Darkvision 60 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
+3	+1	-	-	+1	-2

Strangle: +6 to hit. Upon a successful hit, the target is wrapped in glowing entrails, grappled (escape DC15), and takes an ongoing 2d6 acid damage.

Claws: 2 Claw attacks, both +5 to hit. 2d6+3 slashing damage. Claw attacks are made at Advantage if the target is already Strangled.

Old Devil

Small beast

Diminutive creatures with folds of yellow skin, long curled horns, and a forked tail. Old Devils are cunning creatures who use their Choking Cloud to entrap prey, leaping down upon the creatures while they cough uncontrollably. Old Devils occasionally travel in the company of Mutes, Seamen, or other Old Devils, and prefer tight, enclosed spaces where they can stage elaborate traps. Despite their propensity toward other Blighters, Old Devils are usually encountered in small groups (1d4).

AC 13
HP 25 (5d6+4)
Speed 20 ft.
XP 500
Darkvision 60 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
-	+2	+1	+2	+2	-2

Chess Master: In the 1st round of combat, Old Devils bestow Advantage to any other Blighters they are coordinating (excludes other Old Devils).

Headbutt: +5 to hit, 2d6 damage, requires at least 10-foot charge.

Claws: 2 claws, both +3 to hit. 2d4 slashing damage.

Choking Cloud: a 20-foot radius of noxious gas that is heavier than air and only dissipates after 5 minutes. Any creature in the cloud must make a DC11 CON save or be poisoned for 1d4 rounds, which confers Advantage to any attackers.



Puppeteer

Tiny beast

A slender, snake-like creature with arms and webbed fingers, coiled around the neck of a headless humanoid. The creature conducts the body, using it as a form of transportation, a home, and personal bodyguard. Puppeteers are solitary creatures that lurk near ruins and fetid swamps.

AC 16
HP 47 (4d10+4)
Speed 30 ft., jump 15 ft.
XP 750
Darkvision 60 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
+2	+2	+2	+2	+2	-3

Pummel: The host strikes with 2 fists, both +8 to hit. 1d6+2 bludgeoning damage.

Spit: +6 to hit, range 30 ft. Target must make a DC15 CON save or take 8d8 poison damage (save for half). Recharge 5-6.

Hide: The Puppeteer retreats into the chest cavity of its host and regains 1d8+2 HP for every round spent inside. Damage to the host in no way affects the Puppeteer.

Window Shopping: The Puppeteer launches itself onto the neck of the nearest humanoid and begins slicing its neck with its claws. +8 to Hit, 2d8 poison damage. The target must make a DC15 CON save or be paralyzed for 1d6+1 rounds.

Moving on Up: The Host is destroyed if it takes 50 points of damage. As an immediate Reaction, the Puppeteer can go Window Shopping.

Seaman

Medium humanoid

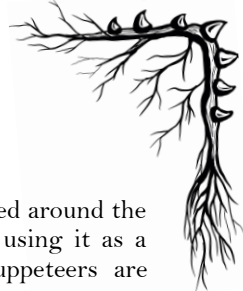
Humanoids covered in barnacles, leaking brine from clusters of tube sponges on their head and backs. Seaman drag heavy, enormous lobster claws as they shuffle about in crews of 1d8+2, traveling between bodies of water, vaguely searching for the sea.

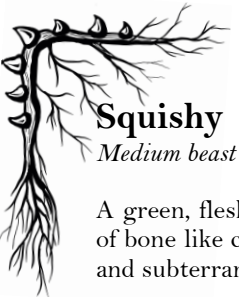
AC 15
HP 45 (6d10+12)
Speed 30 ft., swim 20 ft.
XP 450
Darkvision 60 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
+4	-	+2	-1	-	-3

Claws: 2 claw attacks, both at +6. 2d4+4 slashing damage and targets are grappled (escape DC14).

Tear: If a target is grappled, the Seaman can grasp it with a free claw and pull for an automatic 1d10+4 damage. Seaman will even pair up to perform this maneuver.





Squishy

Medium beast

A green, fleshy sack covered in weeping spores, carried about by serrated bits of bone like chitinous legs. Squishys are solitary creatures, preferring wetlands and subterranean caverns.

AC 15
HP 136 (16d10+48)
Speed 20 ft., climb 20 ft.
XP 1800
Blindsight 60 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
+4	-1	+3	-3	-2	-3

Crush: The Squishy throws its bulk into a creature twice. +7 to hit. 2d8+4 bludgeoning damage. If either attacks hit, the target is grappled (escape DC14).

Swallow: Engulfs a Medium or smaller creature it has grappled. Swallowed targets are blinded, restrained, unable to breathe, and must succeed on a DC14 CON save at the start of each of the Squishy's turn or take 2d8+4 bludgeoning damage. Can only swallow one creature at a time.



Tall Boy

Large humanoid

A lanky, emaciated humanoid standing 12 feet tall, with skeletal limbs and a ferret's head crouching between sunken shoulders. Tall Boys travel in groups of 1d6+1 and go wherever they can find food.

AC 15
HP 84 (8d10+40)
Speed 40 ft.
XP 1200
Darkvision 60 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
+4	+1	+5	-2	-3	-3

Enhanced Senses: Tall Boys have keen senses of smell and sharp eyesight; Advantage on Perception checks.

Smash and Feed: Tall Boys attack twice with their claws and once with their bite. All are +7 to hit. Bite does 1d6+4 piercing damage; Claws do 2d6+4 slashing damage.

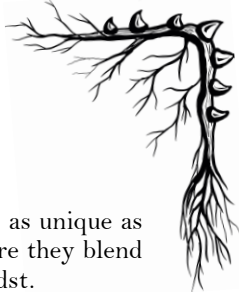
Throw: Attempt to grapple (+8 to hit). If successful, on the same turn the Tall Boy throws the grappled creature 30 feet, inflicting 3d6+4 damage and knocking the target prone.



Twisted

Medium beast

Bastard amalgamations of beast, man, and plant. Each Twisted is as unique as it is horrific. Twisted lurk in old forests in groups of 1d6+2, where they blend in with the flora and wait for unwary prey to wander into their midst.



Beast (1d4): 1. Horse; 2. Lion; 3. Alligator; 4. Bear

Plant (1d4): 1. Spiny Shrub; 2. Giant Venus Flytrap; 3. Thorny Vines; 4. Poison Oak

AC 14
HP 28 (7d6+2)
Speed 30 ft.
XP 500
Darkvision 60 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
+2	+1	+2	-2	+1	-3

Blend: Twisted have Advantage on checks to blend in with their environment.

Attack Depends on Plant type: Shrub, Flytrap, Vine, Poison Oak; all attack twice.

- **Spiny Shrub:** +6 to hit. 2d6+2 bludgeoning damage.
- **Flytrap:** +5 to hit. Target is grappled (escape DC12) and takes 1d10+2 crushing damage.
- **Vine:** +5 to hit. 1d6+2 crushing damage and target must make a DC13 CON save or take ongoing 2d4 poison damage (save for half).
- **Poison Oak:** +7 to hit. 1d8+2 bludgeoning damage and target must make a DC12 CON save or take ongoing 1d6 poison damage (save for half).

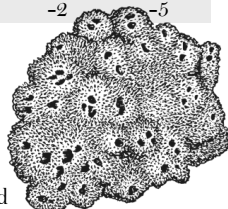
Wailer

Medium beast

A blubbery puddle of flesh dragged by pseudopods, covered in hundreds of mouths which moan when sustenance is near. It has lost the ability to speak other than “need”. Wailers are solitary creatures and stick to dark places.

AC 8
HP 85 (9d10+12)
Speed 10 ft., climb 10 ft.
XP 1100
Blindsight 60 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
+2	-2	+2	-4	-2	-5



Boneless: Can squeeze through openings as small as 1 inch.

Come Here: 2 pseudopod attacks, +4 to hit. 1d6+2 bludgeoning and 2d6+2 acidic damage and creatures are grappled (escape DC13). Has 8 pseudopods.

Death by a Thousand Bites: In subsequent rounds, grappled creatures are pulled toward the Wailer’s mouths, taking an automatic 10d6+2 piercing damage.



Walking Fungi

Medium beast

Vaguely humanoid-shaped creatures covered in moss, bark, and fungi. Fronds shaped suspiciously like faces encircle the Fungi's upper half. Vines edged in oozing thorns mingle with the native flora and can be used to gain elevation. Cluster in groups of $1d6+2$ wherever their natural camouflage can be used.

AC 13
HP 45 ($8d8+5$)
Speed 20 ft.
XP 400
Blindsight 60 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
+2	-1	+1	-3	-2	-3

Natural Camouflage: While motionless, indistinguishable from other flora.

King of the Jungle: Ignore movement penalties while traversing treetops, areas congested by shrubbery, and other flora-related difficult terrain.

Thirsty Vines: Thorn-covered vines make 2 attacks, each +4 to hit. $1d8+2$ piercing damage, the creature is grappled (escape DC12), and must make a DC12 CON save or take ongoing $1d6$ poison damage.

Weeper

Medium beast

Humanoids of exposed muscle, bone, and sinew, endlessly weeping bloody tears from empty sockets. Hunched over, they hunt in packs of $1d6+1$; when a Weeper catches a scent, it raises its head and gurgles excitedly. Weepers are often found near the border and popular sites for scavenge.

AC 12
HP 35 ($7d8+3$)
Speed 30 ft.
XP 500
Blindsight 60 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
+1	+2	+1	-2	-	-3

Heightened Senses: Advantage on Perception checks using smell or sound.

Pack Tactics: When 2 or more Weepers attack a single creature, each gets Advantage.

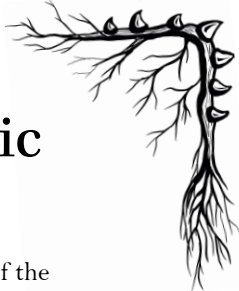
Frenzy: 3 attacks (1 Bite and 2 Claws), all +6 to hit.

- **Bite:** $2d6+2$ piercing damage.
- **Claws:** $2d4+2$ slashing damage and the target must make a DC10 CON save or be paralyzed for $1d4+1$ rounds.



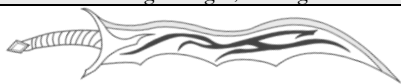
Appendix A – High Magic

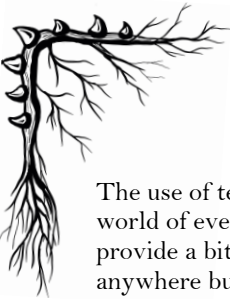
Eccentric Magic Items



One way to make magic truly ubiquitous is via magic items. Part of the equation is increasing the quantity of items and placing them in the hands of NPCs. The other part is making the items bizarre or highly specialized. Here's a list of such items to drop into your game or hand out as treasure.

d20	Item	Description
1	Bag of Finding Lost Things	Embroidered with a sock. Randomly draw out something people typically lose: money, keys, hair, etc.
2	Walking Carpet	A fraying flying carpet that prefers walking. DC12 Wisdom check to convince the carpet to fly.
3	Slippers of Drowsiness	Plush velvet slippers. DC10 Constitution save vs nap.
4	Sound Sponge	An orange kitchen sponge. Soaks up all sound in a 20-foot radius (as Silence spell). 1d8 charges.
5	Corset of Cleavage	A self-lacing leather and satin corset that endows the wearer with ample cleavage, regardless of gender.
6	Twinkle Toes	Polished leather shoes that confer Advantage on checks to dance.
7	Birder's Boon	A set of non-descript binoculars engraved with a bird in flight; identifies any species of bird it is trained upon.
8	Cape of Corniness	When wearing this silk half-cape, the wearer must make a DC20 Wisdom save or make corny advances on <i>everyone</i> they see for the rest of the day. The entire time, the wearer will believe themselves incredibly charming.
9	Chest of Frosting	A plain wooden chest that holds a perpetual spell of frost, such that anything placed inside is immediately cooled.
10	Belt of Girdling	A slim, studded leather belt that comfortably cinches tight, slimming away up to 20 pounds of excess weight.
11	The Barber	An animated, silver straight-edge that self-lubricates.
12	Full Disclosure	An iron band centered with an emerald. The wearer's every thought is transmitted into audible Common by a precise voice that in no way matches the wearer's own.
13	Philoban's Good Sleep Pillow	A full night of restful sleep – in only 4 hours!
14	Hose of Strangulation	A pair of crimson hose embroidered with musical notes. The wearer's singing voice is transformed into a high-pitched soprano capable of shattering glass.
15	Mirror of Best Self	A plain hand mirror that accentuates one's best features.
16	I Got Your Back	A cowardly animated shield that shouts encouragement at a safe distance from any combat.
17	Helm of the Hawker	A stylized helm that translates the wearer's words into a hawk's screech, attracting any hawks within 4 miles.
18	Striders	Open-toed sandals carry the wearer along, hovering exactly one inch above the ground. Impossible to run while wearing.
19	The Fall of Stonecrest	A box that contains a diorama and tiny animated soldiers. When setup, the soldiers reenact the battle in all its gory detail.
20	Razor's Edge	A fierce-looking sword that shrieks war cries when drawn from its scabbard. It is a theatrical prop, lightweight, the edge blunted.

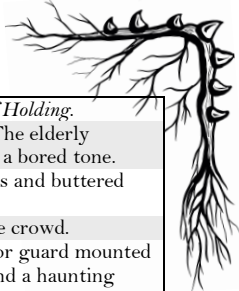




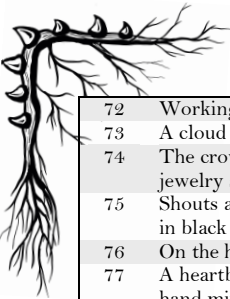
Magical Events

The use of telling details will really make players feel as though they are in a world of everyday magic. To that end, we have provided this table to help DMs provide a bit of magic, on the spot. This table can be used whenever players are anywhere but the Badlands.

d100	Description
1	Jockeys race the animated skeletons of giant lizards on cordoned off streets.
2	Touching the ruby on his choker, a man is transformed into a tabby cat that leaps onto a fence and nimbly walks along the top.
3	A domestic argument comes to a head when the man rips open his <i>Backpack of Everholding</i> and tries to stuff the woman into it.
4	Teenagers sit in a loose circle, betting on matches between miniaturized ogres and trolls.
5	An elf is borne through the sky on the back of a gigantic butterfly.
6	The air is filled with a steady <i>thunk</i> as a pair of animated wood axes chop firewood.
7	A mother mends her child's skinned knee by pouring water from a chalice onto the wound.
8	Squatting on the ground, a carpenter retrieves a short ladder from his satchel. The ladder grows to its full height once he leans it against the building.
9	A twenty-foot tall cactus covered in spigots provides fresh water to any that want it.
10	On a small, curtained stage setup in a market booth, a pair of masks perform to a crowd.
11	The headstones in the graveyard project the moving likeness of the deceased.
12	A merchant demonstrates her marvelous jumping beans by letting kids try them.
13	Light flashes as a puff of smoke obscures a potion maker. When the smoke clears, the befuddled woman discovers she has shrunk one hand while enlarging the other.
14	Barking wildly, a dog chases a <i>Ball of Ever-Bouncing</i> .
15	While a crowd looks on, a street artist draws figures in precarious predicaments on a large parchment. The figures come to life once fully realized, panicking at their situation, to the raucous amusement of the crowd.
16	Screaming loudly, a man bustles through the crowd, followed closely by a menacing version of his own shadow.
17	Drunkards pass around a magical gauntlet and take turns punching holes in stone walls.
18	Prickly fruit growing from a tree grumbles if someone tries to pick it.
19	Bits of paper thrown into a fountain are transformed into elaborate winged ships, dragons, and birds, which take to the wind and fly away.
20	Whimsical music fills the air as a carnival tent walks into the square and settles to the ground. Monkeys in short coats emerge to harangue the crowd into seeing the show.
21	A small child with a small, chipped shovel builds a living sandcastle with billowing flags, catapults, and tiny men walking the walls.
22	Hooded and bent, a crone beckons passerby into a shadowy alley with promises of eternal youth, fortunes read, curses made.
23	Academics admire a historical map as it recreates troop movements during a decisive battle.
24	As customer and proprietor complete a transaction, a pair of animated scissors binds the package in ribbon.
25	Blindfolded, a child searches for her friends while the blindfold shouts ridiculous but accurate clues, to the merriment of the other children.
26	In the window of a dwarven jewelry shop, ruby and emerald turtles swim in a glass bowl.
27	A miniature rain cloud waters a vegetable garden for several minutes before disappearing.
28	Two gentlemen blow pipe smoke that takes on rival shapes: swordsmen clashing, a lion stalking a deer, a troll trying to crush a halfling.
29	A winged parchment swoops down from the sky and disappears through an open window.
30	The cracks in an inn's foundation are repaired using stone shape.
31	Horseless carriages rumble down the cobblestones.
32	The statue of a plump man stands at a busy intersection; it comes to blustery life, issuing decrees and dispatching the news of the day.
33	An exasperated mother mutters a spell, cleaning the fresh vomit off her child's shirt.
34	Shouting obscenities, a scrawny half-elf struggles uselessly in a golem's iron grip.



- 35 Debutantes attended by animated parasols tuck their purchases into *Bags of Holding*.
- 36 A flying ship with a glass bottom and many windows passes over the city. The elderly passengers gawk as the ship's marionette pilot points out sites of interest in a bored tone.
- 37 A portly merchant paces outside a market stall, loudly hocking candied yams and buttered turnips, while a small army of kitchen utensils prepare the food.
- 38 Deeply apologetic, a snake wearing a top hat and satchel worms through the crowd.
- 39 The streets are closed off for a lengthy funeral procession involving an honor guard mounted on griffons, a casket whose animated carvings depict a tremendous battle, and a haunting dirge played by a sad quartet of marionettes riding on the coffin.
- 40 With a sudden rush of wind and a bright flash, a witch materializes. She takes a moment to get her bearings and heads toward a distant tower.
- 41 A flight of halflings in bright garb conduct a synchronized performance on brooms.
- 42 Raw meat on a spit is quickly blackened by a fire-breathing halfling sitting on a stool.
- 43 A mismatched group of adventurers upend a *Bag of Holding* and divvy up their treasure.
- 44 Scribbling furiously, a quill captures the anguished words of a young man in a frilly blouse.
- 45 Bleeding from her eyes, a woman blindly grasps at passerby, begging for healing.
- 46 Crouched in a narrow alley behind whatever cover is at hand, teenagers watch a young girl reading failingly from a tattered scroll. Reaching the end, the scroll bursts into flames. Smoke pours into the alley. When it fades, the girl is gone.
- 47 Snarling and snapping its jaws at the thick chains binding it to a wagon, a hulking werewolf is rolled down the street, flanked by four soldiers.
- 48 A carriage pulled by a team of snow elk stops in the town square. The glittering signage proclaims this as *Marten's Magical Emporium*. A short, plump old man floats through a hole in the roof and begins dazzling the crowd with flashy magic.
- 49 Iridescent, disembodied hands carry sloshing buckets of water as they wash windows.
- 50 A young, lovestruck couple pays a hedge wizard to stone shape their initials into the foundation of the tavern where they first met.
- 51 An illusion of a buxom woman beset by brigands is used to lure the wealthy into a trap.
- 52 The ground rumbles as an enormous bean stalk erupts from the ground, the top disappearing into the clouds. Immediately a group of teenagers begin climbing.
- 53 Three bloody elves emerge from a shimmering portal that appears in the street.
- 54 A wizard shops for fresh vegetables while a trio of decrepit skeletons hold his purchases.
- 55 Wearing *Boots of Levitation*, a boy repeatedly offers a knapsack to a child and then rips it away as he bobs into the sky.
- 56 A deep thrum echoes as a great horn is blown nearby. A flight of birds descend; using their beaks, they lift a gnome into the air and carry him away.
- 57 There is a blur of movement and a rush of wind as someone runs through the square, gone before you realize they were even there.
- 58 With the coming of twilight, bobbing globes of yellow light wink into existence all around the city.
- 59 A longship rowed by zombies pulls into the docks and a one-eyed female dwarf disembarks.
- 60 Bricks crack and dust flies as a concussive force topples a bakery.
- 61 People crowd alleys and peer from windows, keeping a safe distance as a pair of wizards duel.
- 62 A woman leaps from a high tower and gently drifts to the ground.
- 63 Sitting closely together, an elderly man takes a deep pull of his pipe and blows smoke in his wife's face. Her eyes clear and she clutches at his hands. Wreathed in smoke, they weep.
- 64 Standing at the shore, a fisherman throws a net into the sea. When he drags it out moments later, the net is bulging with fish.
- 65 Teenagers scare their friends by removing the lid of a black jar and letting loose a banshee's earsplitting wail.
- 66 High overhead, a figure in flapping robes walks upright along the side of a tower, paging through a book as he goes.
- 67 A woman throws a dagger at the silhouette of a target drawn onto a wooden fence. The dagger rips itself free of the wood and returns to her hand.
- 68 Articulated wings burst from a man's backpack. Flapping, they carry him into the sky.
- 69 A dwarf withdraws a tiny pony from her pouch. Sprinkling dust over it, the pony reverts to life-size.
- 70 Smoke pours into the sky as flames devour a tavern. While a crowd looks on, a wizard calls down rain from the sky.
- 71 A chariot pulled by a team of ivory swans flies over the city.



- 72 Working in tandem, a broom and dustpan clean the street.
- 73 A cloud of gray smoke coalesces on a street corner as an elf reverts to his physical form.
- 74 The crowd is jostled suddenly by an unseen assailant. A red-faced dwarf emerges from a jewelry shop, shouting for someone to stop the thief.
- 75 Shouts and curses clear a path for a dozen stern-faced wizards escorting a prisoner. Dressed in black garb, the man is lashed to a floating slab and muzzled with a bloodstained cloth.
- 76 On the horizon, a tower relocates to high hill with a view of the water.
- 77 A heartbroken young woman watches scenes of her former happiness in the cold glass of a hand mirror.
- 78 The remnants of a large stone egg weigh down a wagon lashed to horses. Amid the fragments are the desiccated remains of a stillborn dragon.
- 79 Sitting in a lavishly upholstered chairs, lords and ladies nibble at cakes and drink wine while illusions of themselves parade about in different attire.
- 80 A dwarf leaps into the sky and ensnares a bird. Twisting its head off, the dwarf tosses the corpse into bloody pile and then leaps into the air once more.
- 81 The ground rumbles as a dog thirty feet tall runs along a parallel street.
- 82 Held aloft on a floating platform, a workman washes the windows of a tower.
- 83 The flames in a firepit flare up, taking on the rough shape of a man's upper body. The fiery form whispers to a robed figure and then reverts to benign flame once more.
- 84 Orphans crowd around a jovial man with a great beard who conjures pastries from thin air.
- 85 A pair of men leap acrobatically from rooftop to rooftop, dramatically fighting with glowing swords, while a crowd below cheers them on.
- 86 Under her mother's watchful eye, a young girl causes a bud to bloom into a vibrant flower.
- 87 Backed into a corner by drunkards, a young gnome's skin hardens into bark.
- 88 Clouds thicken overhead, spelling out a phrase: "Galadon the Great was here."
- 89 Trailed by a line of squirrels and rabbits, a wizened old man speaks at length to the frog on his shoulder.
- 90 Roots erupt from the ground, ensnaring a fleeing thief.
- 91 A raft fashioned from roughly cut logs careens about the sky, bashing into buildings, while its neophyte aviators try to get it under control.
- 92 The wet footprints of an incorporeal being wander the streets, seeming to walk through people and other obstructions, leaving a trail that gradually disappears.
- 93 Self-animated dollies carry barrels and crates down the street.
- 94 An old woman wanders the crowd, asking passerby if they know where the Tower of Mirrors has gotten to.
- 95 A thick wall of thorny vines part for those who know the right words, granting admission to a dark, sloped tunnel beyond.
- 96 Tiered rows of glass domes fill a market stall. Each contains a unique miniature city. Up close, it's possible to see tiny humanoids wandering within, oblivious to all beyond the glass.
- 97 Cobblestones slide back as an opening appears; below, stairs take shape from rough stone. A frazzled woman emerges, blinking in the light. She asks what year it is and then, panicked, rushes away, leaving behind the staircase into the depths.
- 98 A dozen robed figures converge on a nondescript home. They kick in the door, disappearing inside. Spellcraft shakes the foundations. Moments later, an elegant half-elf emerges from the smoke. Smoothing her lapels, he looks around and then disappears.
- 99 A long line of people queues up to ask questions of an animated statue of a great philosopher.
- 100 Day is suddenly as night. Lightning flashes. The ground rumbles. Clouds take on the appearance of howling ghosts. The wary crowd mutters of dark curses suddenly unleashed.



Appendix B – The Badlands

What Caused the Badlands?

The exact cause of the Badlands is intentionally left vague, but something—and more importantly, *someone*, is to blame. What is the origin story of your world?



d100	Faction
1-10	House of the Old Oak
11-25	House of the Half-Moon
26-36	House of Stone
37-50	House of the Veil
51-60	Acolytes of the Eternal Sun
61-75	Guild of Prospectors
76-86	The Iron Shield
87-100	The Shadow League

d10	Event
1	Magical experimentation gone wrong.
2	Space rocks carrying strange creatures.
3	A portal to another plane that remains open.
4	Divine retribution.
5	An invasion from the underworld, to which the Badlands are a vanguard.
6	An anomaly in space-time that is warping reality.
7	Dwarfs delved too deep and unleashed dormant evil.
8	A demonic ritual.
9	A conspiracy involving the highest levels of the Crown and Evergarde.
10	A natural side effect of a world that is deploying too much magic.

Mutated Encounters

Here is a sample table to get you started, but any creature list will do. To generate a Badlands-afflicted creature, roll on this table and then the subsequent Mutation tables (as many as you want). This table provides the creature's base stats, the mutation tables make the encounter memorable.

d12	Animal	Humanoid	Monster
1	Black Bear	Bugbear	Basilisk
2	Boar	Dragonborn	Dryad
3	Crocodile	Drow	Hag
4	Dire Wolf	Duergar	Harpy
5	Giant Centipede	Gnoll	Manticore
6	Giant Scorpion	Goblin	Minotaur
7	Giant Snake	Hobgoblin	Ogre
8	Giant Spider	Human	Owlbear
9	Mammoth	Kobold	Salamander
10	Swarm of Rats	Lizardfolk	Stirge
11	Wolf	Orc	Treant
12	Worg	Tiefling	Troll

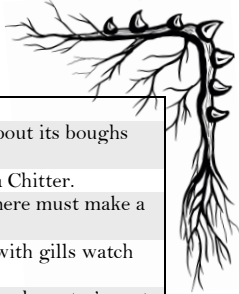




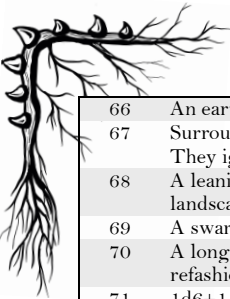
Badlands Events

Random events to bring the Badlands to bizarre life. Such details can be used to flesh out journeys across the wastelands on the way to adventure or could spur adventure in and of itself. This table contains strange terrain, curious encounters, unexplained phenomena, and combat encounters.

d100	Description
1	A Blob slowly consumes a mutated elk that kicks feebly but is unable to escape.
2	At the center of a dried-up lakebed, a dead giant squid wears a jeweled crown.
3	A stone obelisk sundial records the days since the Badlands were created.
4	With the coming of dawn, the ground is found to be covered in thousands of corpses; the bodies disappear moments later.
5	Hills of crystalline shard are littered with discarded equipment. The hills are home to 1d8 Garbage Gators that attack if anyone sets foot on them.
6	Black mountains echo with the fall of hammer and the grind of gears; the sound seems to be coming from within the rock but there is no apparent way inside.
7	A miserable Black Bear doubled in size (STR 20) and covered in writhing worms has chased an elven woman with mottled skin up into a tree.
8	Sitting in the high branches of a dead tree, a black bird clutches a bulging sack in its craw.
9	A scorched workbench of stone, upon which sits a single glass vial. The stoppered vial contains a perfectly healthy miniature elephant that butts the glass with its tusks.
10	A small crowd of Duskers watch as one of their mounts is slowly swallowed by the Badlands. They do not aid the creature, but instead console their other beasts of burden.
11	Piles of mismatched supplies rest in a natural valley between hills of crystalline shards; 1d6+1 Weepers attack anyone that inspects the supplies or lingers in the valley.
12	Nearly skimming the ground, a solitary raincloud pours beetles that secrete water.
13	A silver tower appears at dusk and vanishes at dawn, attended by a hundred spectral mage hands which buff the stones, stoke the hearth, and polish the silver.
14	Cheerful music issues from a bright tent on a high ridge. The music stops immediately if anyone steps inside the empty tent, only to start up again when they exit.
15	1d8+2 Mutes shuffle amid the stone ruins of a pale zigurat.
16	A driving blizzard quickly buries everything in 6 feet of snow. Characters must make a DC14 CON save or take 1d6+1 damage due to hypothermia.
17	A group of Orcs with thorny crowns, mounted on Bulls, believe themselves gods.
18	An enormously fat serpent is curled around a perpetually filled bowl of steaming soup.
19	A great eye chiseled into the side of a boulder opens when touched by moonlight and weeps.
20	Duskers celebrate a clutch of new eggs by slaughtering their eldest mount and feasting.
21	1d8+2 Seamans luxuriate in a turgid creek of brackish water.
22	Rotted pumpkins the size of carriages host swarms of bloated, sluggish worms.
23	An unadorned iron key embedded in an outcropping of rock draws passing creatures to it; the key yields itself to any of noble bearing and a stout heart.
24	Masks 50 feet tall carved into the face of a mountain. The masks are white as ivory, and red light glitters from within their empty eye sockets.
25	A vast patch of sand, miles long. This area slopes sharply toward the middle, where a fully buried, tentacled beast waits to ensnare its next meal. DC10 DEX save or begin tumbling uncontrollably toward the creature's open maw.
26	Shrieking, a bearded man plummets from the sky, falling into a black portal 10 feet off the ground. He reappears moments later, screaming as he plummets from the sky.
27	A sickly, confused Treant drags a desiccated elephant's trunk, at times borne about by the wind itself (limited weather control).
28	The bloated corpses of hundreds of animals and humanoids encircle a 30-foot tall beehive that glistens with honey and is attended by enormous bees with sword-like stingers.
29	Partially buried in dirt, the hunched over form of a petrified giant has become a lonely hill.
30	A group of Dusker excavate the partially buried ruins of a dwarven cairn.
31	1d6+1 Tall Boys lurk in the shadows of a dilapidated bridge, fighting over a dead human.
32	The nest of a giant bird lays upon the ground. Within, maggots 3-inches in length devour the remains of a giant falcon.

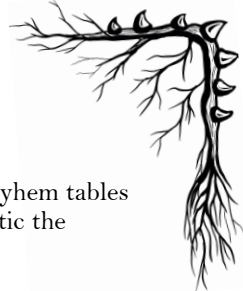


- 33 3d4+3 Buzzers nest in a shallow cave in the side of a low stone hill.
- 34 On a high hill, a perfect tree stands sentinel over the Badlands. Birds flit about its boughs and squirrels and rabbits circle its thick roots.
- 35 Long grasses grow across the mouth of a cave, partially hiding the lair of a Chitter.
- 36 A field of tangled roots that wrap around shattered bones. Any who walk here must make a DEX DC15 save or become entangled unto death (escape DC12).
- 37 Lying amid the low reeds of a fetid pond, a pack of withered Dire Wolves with gills watch the shoreline for easy prey.
- 38 Carved stone tablets litter the ground. Some seem to depict an aspect of the character's past, others recount events yet to come.
- 39 An enormous bog giving off noxious fumes (DC20 CON save or 1d8+2 damage / round) blocks the way forward, adding a day to the journey as the party is forced to go around.
- 40 A lone Dusker wanders the wastelands on foot. Stumbling and delirious, it refuses aid.
- 41 1d6+2 Walking Fungi blend into a half-mile knot of thick, viny trees that bar the way.
- 42 A woman with an old cloth wrapped around her sightless eyes wanders the wastelands, assisted by the marionette riding on her shoulder.
- 43 Bathed in white light, a marble bridge arcs over a dry riverbed where fish untouched by corruption swim through the air.
- 44 A stone chest protrudes from the center of a pond of black bubbling acid.
- 45 Bloated corpses lie amid sickly weeds; the bodies burst if disturbed, releasing Creepers.
- 46 A black iron ladder floats a foot of the ground, climbing two hundred feet into the clouds.
- 47 A tribe of Gnolls covered in bright feathers dig in the ground for insects, which they greedily devour.
- 48 A shovel is stabbed into the ground near a 3-foot hole. There seems to be something buried just under the surface, but no matter how much dirt is removed, the hole goes no deeper.
- 49 The burnt-out husk of an old forest blanketed with magically charged dust particles that act as powerful hallucinogens. There is no way to avoid inhaling the particles. Circumventing the forest takes 1 week.
- 50 A solemn Dusker funeral, in which the deceased is beheaded and immolated. While the body burns, the head is passed around and each mourner consumes a handful of brains.
- 51 An overgrown, fetid swamp buzzing with bloated insects is home to a Puppeteer.
- 52 A cinched leather pack writhes upon an old stump; the pack contains a hundred butterflies and a butterfly net.
- 53 Where a dazzling rainbow meets the ground, an abacus sits beside a stone tablet inscribed with a complex equation.
- 54 A stone pedestal stands in an empty plateau, upon which rests a book that reads itself and turns its own pages. It is bound to the pedestal but eagerly speaks with passerby.
- 55 2d4 Blight Babies set an ambush in a bog of stinking gas and partially submerged trees.
- 56 The dried-up remains of a humanoid dressed in a House of Stone cloak, surrounded by the corpses of a dozen Clackers.
- 57 A bizarre blend of Troll and skunk circles on leathery wings, looking for dinner.
- 58 The ground crumbles underfoot; characters must make a DC13 DEX save or be sucked into an underground cavern.
- 59 The air shimmers faintly in a 20-foot square. This is a Time Vortex; any who step inside are randomly aged/de-aged by 1d10 years.
- 60 A group of Dusker struggle to hoist an enormous stone slab while their mounts stand idle.
- 61 Misshapen trees covered in strange growths that hide 1d6+2 Twisted.
- 62 Amid the empty desolation, a perfect oasis: sparkling water flowing from fountains, tables laid with food, beds with sheer canopies. This magical mirage is only decipherable with a DC22 WIS save. Failure means the character spends the next 1d4 days in ignorant bliss, eating dirt, drinking foul water, sleeping on the ground, after which the oasis vanishes. Characters take 1d4 damage per day.
- 63 The Weeping Forest: a somber air holds over these trackless miles, where the only sound is that of the gently weeping trees. Shed bark like ripped garments covers the forest floor. Though animated, the trees leave passerby alone provided their grief is not mocked.
- 64 Miles of arid desert take 1d8+2 hours to cross. Characters lose 1d6 HP and are dehydrated.
- 65 Stinking marshland stretches as far as the eye can see, buzzing with carnivorous insects. Circumventing the marshland will take 1d4 weeks; crossing it 1d4+1 days. For every day in the marshland, characters must make a DC17 CON save or become Poisoned. There is no way to reverse the condition while still in the marshland.



- 66 An earthen cavern climbs into the sky, twisting toward the clouds like a giant stone snake.
- 67 Surrounded by piles of treasure, a pair of identical dwarves arm-wrestle on a slab of stone. They ignore everything but the bout, which has been going on for years.
- 68 A leaning shelf of pink foam half a mile wide and 200 feet tall slowly oozes across the landscape, sweeping up debris and creatures alike.
- 69 A swarm of regenerative rats have constructed a giant nest from their own shed skin.
- 70 A long Dusker caravan travels across the plains, insect mounts lashed to shed carapaces refashioned into sleds.
- 71 1d6+1 Clackers lurk in a wide chasm of many dark nooks, ledges, and outcroppings.
- 72 A dust storm sweeps through the area, obscuring all sight. The razor-sharp crystalline dust inflicts 1d6 damage per round of exposure. The storm rages 1d8 hours.
- 73 The shade of an elf lord haunts the wreckage of an airship, grieving for his daughter.
- 74 A jeweled goblet half-filled with water basks in a column of starlight.
- 75 Tall, jagged spears of crystal stand like limbless trees; 1d12+3 Floaters nest amid the tops.
- 76 Bloated and bleeding from its eyes, a giant one-legged spider drags itself through a dry riverbed.
- 77 Partially masked by a cloud that stinks of vomit, a tribe of Kobolds with webbed hands and feet cover themselves with mud in anticipation of the full moon.
- 78 The corpse of an enormous sand worm, hundreds of feet long and twenty feet wide, barricades a section of a cavern. Dozens of hairy beastmen wielding sharp rocks swarm over the corpse, assaulting a group of mutated humanoids dressed in faded Iron Shield tunics.
- 79 A crystalline cyclone whips through the area. DC13 STR save or be swept up and randomly flung 1d6 * 100 feet, taking 1d6 damage for every 10 feet.
- 80 A group of Dusker bathe their insect mounts in bog water, though they themselves are careful not to get wet.
- 81 A cavern of razor-edged crystalline stalagmites that is home to an aggressive Squishy.
- 82 Rumbling, the ground splits open as lava arcs into the sky. DC13 DEX save or 3d6 dmg.
- 83 On the shore of a sad, dried-up lake, a half-dozen pristine cots grant a night's peaceful rest.
- 84 Stone doors set into the ground seal an underground bunker that contains well-stocked shelves of alchemical supplies, maps of the Badlands, and three corpses that look remarkably like the lich Archaeon, the head of the Half-Moon House.
- 85 A collapsed, partially buried tower forms a subterranean tunnel where 1d4 Hungries lurk.
- 86 The fog thickens until it is tangible, blocking the way forward. Circumventing the invisible wall takes 1d6 hours.
- 87 Covered in twigs and possessing a chameleon's ability to blend, an Owlbear hunts.
- 88 Crackling with magical energy, a sudden storm pummels the party. The deluge becomes a fast-moving flood that threatens to sweep away characters (DC12 STR save), and lightning seeks out those in metal armor (75% chance, DC18 DEX save or take 3d6 dmg).
- 89 On a plot of land cleared of debris, three walls of a partially constructed Eternal Sun chapel provide a convenient windbreak. Neat stacks of pre-cut bricks stand beside supplies for mortaring, and shovels lay near the beginnings of a well.
- 90 Using old, serrated mandibles like saws, a work team of Dusker bring down an old forest.
- 91 A horned helm twenty feet tall rests amid the burnt-out remains of a cabin; the helm is large enough to provide shelter, and contains old cookfires, animal droppings, and bones.
- 92 Somehow untouched by the devastation, a pyramid of black stone stands like a solitary mountain. Any who climb to the peak find a jeweled amulet hanging from the top.
- 93 A shimmering portal floats in mid-air. Through the portal is a small, empty cave where an ever-bubbling cauldron cooks a delicious stew.
- 94 Wooden stakes 20 feet tall form a vertical X that is visible miles away, marking a buried cache of supplies left by Guild Prospectors: preserved food, canteens of water, tents, ropes.
- 95 A pack of 1d4+1 Bulls travel across a raised plateau of fused crystalline.
- 96 Acidic, inhospitable ground passable only via a box canyon thick with strangely flowering vegetation with a taste for blood.
- 97 An Ogre with limp, fleshy tentacles growing from its head tries to hide from the nightmares in the back of a dank cave.
- 98 A jagged onyx tower with no obvious means of entry hosts an active Shadow League coven aggressively mistrustful of outsiders.
- 99 Fitted gold bricks form a broad, 10-mile road perpetually clean of debris or hazards.
- 100 A rowdy group of Dusker drunk on fermented fungus ale wager random magical doodads on who can stand being buried alive longest.

Magical Mayhem

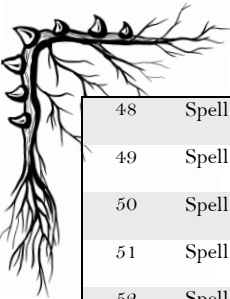


Any time non-deity magic is cast in the Badlands, the Magical Mayhem tables must be consulted. The higher the roll on the table, the more drastic the outcome (for good or ill).

Based on playtests, we suggest capping the highest results (80% or more) to spells of 3rd level or greater. If you prefer the Badlands more volatile, disregard this suggestion.

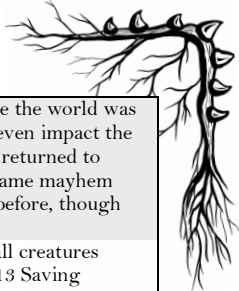
Effects generated by magic items are exempt (though you may use the optional rules if you want to really make the Badlands a place where magic is mutated).

d100	Spell Outcome	Additional Effect
<= 10	Spell fizzles out	n/a
11-24	Spell works	n/a
25	Spell works and...	all of the hair on the caster disappears in a puff of smoke.
26	Spell works and...	an animated wooden puppet emerges from the caster's pack.
27	Spell works and...	a dozen pixies wink into existence. They fluttery angrily around the party and bewitch some part of their appearance, then fly off.
28	Spell works and...	every item on the caster's person is duplicated.
29	Spell works and...	the specter of a hobbled old man appears at the caster's side. He follows the party around for an hour, criticizing their choices
30	Spell works and...	the caster's skin shines with golden light for the rest of the day (as Light spell).
31	Spell works and...	the caster's voice is imbued with the ringing command of a god; for the rest of the day, can cast Command 3 times, or once at 3rd level.
32	Spell works and...	all allies within 30 feet are granted 10 temporary HP for the rest of the day (includes caster).
33	Spell works and...	a magical shield appears at the caster's side, guarding their back for the rest of the day; AC +3.
34	Spell works and...	foreign war chants fill the caster's ears, imparting Advantage on any Saving Throws for the rest of the hour.
35	Spell works and...	the party gender swaps for a (1. Hour; 2. Day; 3. Week; 4. Month).
36	Spell works and...	the caster is instantly covered head to toe in unseemly warts, which will gradually fade over the course of a month.
37	Spell works and...	a beautiful, winged horse descends from the clouds and accompanies the caster for the remainder of the day.
38	Spell works and...	the caster permanently learns a new language (chosen by the DM).
39	Spell works and...	the caster levitates 5 feet off the ground, their clothes and hair rustle as though in a light wind, and those nearest faintly hear an angelic choir. Lasts 1 hour.
40	Spell works and...	the incantation of a new spell appears in fiery script floating in the air; the words remain until written down or said aloud. (5th level spell, determined by DM).
41	Spell works and...	a spring of clear water erupts at the caster's feet, geysering 10 feet into the air; the water flows for 30 minutes.
42	Spell works and...	1d4 Skeletons claw through the ground and fight beside the caster for the rest of the day.
43	Spell works and...	the caster receives a prophetic vision of the near future.
44	Spell works and...	for the next minute, the caster gains the ability to spit (1: fire 2: acid 3: ice 4: lightning) as a free action for 2d8 damage.
45	Spell works and...	the caster is invested with good fortune: Advantage on all rolls for the rest of the day.
46	Spell works but...	the caster shrinks one size for the next hour (Medium to Small, Small to Tiny, etc.); belongings remain their normal size.
47	Spell works but...	any food within 20 feet turns rancid and is crawling with maggots.



48	Spell works but...	a plague of frogs erupts from the ground in a 50-foot square around the caster, making any movement difficult.
49	Spell works but...	flares shoot into the sky, attracting the attention of a group of Blighters (random encounter).
50	Spell works but...	the bones of the caster's legs snap painfully, leaving them immobile. Can be reversed with a healing spell or potion.
51	Spell works but...	a random party member inflates as though a balloon; unless stopped, they drift into the sky in 2d4 rounds. Wears off in 1 day.
52	Spell works but...	the caster is transformed into a (1. Cat; 2. Owl; 3. Rat; 4. Toad) for the next hour.
53	Spell works but...	every creature within 20 feet must make a DC15 Constitution Save or be violently sick for the next minute, conferring Disadvantage on all rolls and granting Advantage on any attacks against.
54	Spell works but...	nearby bits of crystalline coalesce into a lumbering giant (stats as Flesh Golem). Roll 1D10 - on a result of 1, it attacks the caster. Otherwise it joins the party as a faithful servant until destroyed.
55	Spell works but...	the spell takes all of your effort; caster takes 1 level of exhaustion.
56	Spell works but...	everyone within 20 feet of the caster has their age changed rapidly, transforming them into a (1. Toddler; 2. Child; 3. Teenager; 4. Elderly Person); roll separately. Effect lasts 1 hour.
57	Spell works but...	writhing tentacles emerge from the ground in a 20 feet square, ensnaring all on a failed DC10 STR save (escape DC12). Empty tentacles subsequently act on caster's turn. Grappled creatures take 2d6 ongoing damage. Tentacles disappear after 1d6 rounds.
58	Spell works but...	a random party member has their weapon permanently bewitched, granting it a personality: (1. Belligerent; 2. Wise; 3. Conniving; 4. Friendly; 5. Boastful; 6. Maniacal).
59	Spell works but...	it brings the party to the attention of a nearby tribe of Duskers, who begin tracking the party. (Their intent is left to the DM.)
60	Spell works but...	a random party member and random NPC/creature are bewitched and believe themselves in love for the next week.
61	Spell works but...	a brilliant light blinds the caster; the condition lasts for the remainder of the day.
62	Spell works but...	a horrible keening erupts from the caster's pack for the next hour, tripling the chance of wandering monsters.
63	Spell works but...	any magical items on the caster are instantly stripped of their power and reduced to mundane objects.
64	Spell works but...	the caster is rendered unconscious for the next 10 minutes.
65	Spell works but...	the ground opens up under a random creature within 30 feet of the caster, sending them plummeting down a 20-foot shaft. Dexterity Saving Throw vs DC15 or suffer 2d6 damage.
66	Spell works but...	the spell is cast 3 levels higher than intended.
67 - 80	Instead...	an entirely different spell is cast, determined randomly or by the DM. Note: the caster need not know the substituted spell, nor does this effect grant them knowledge to cast it again.
81	Instead...	the magic rebounds; the caster immediately takes a mutation.
82	Instead...	An endless fountain of blood erupts from the ground, eventually drawing Vampires from all directions. In time, a powerful Vampiric coven will claim the spot and build a gothic keep.
83	Instead...	a stampeding herd of giant insects overrun the area. DC14 Dexterity Saving Throw, half damage on save. 4d6 damage.
84	Instead...	a thick cloud of poisonous gas smothers everything in a 50-foot radius; DC13 Constitution Saving Throw or take 3d8 damage.
85	Instead...	a stone oasis appears, complete with fountains of clear water, trees of fresh fruit, and comfortable beds. A short rest restores a person, as though they'd slept 8 hours. The oasis remains in place until left.
86	Instead...	an empty fortress of glittering crystalline materializes on the very spot, with ramparts and towers and an inner keep.





87	Instead...	the party (and any adversaries) time travel to before the world was broken. They may wander for a time, and perhaps even impact the future in some small way. With the dawn, they are returned to their own time. (Should a party somehow roll the same mayhem again, they are returned to the exact same time as before, though their location may be different.)
88	Instead...	clouds darken the sky. Lightning flashes, striking all creatures within 30 feet of the caster... except the caster. DC13 Saving Throw or 3d10 damage, half on save.
89	Instead...	everyone within 30 feet off the caster must make a DC14 Will Saving Throw or fall into a magical sleep (also affects elves). Any such creatures sleep for a week and can only be roused by magical means. While asleep, creatures are in suspended animation and can go without food or water.
90	Instead...	a mysterious traveler from afar (another time or plane or universe) arrives. They are elf-like but alien and speak a foreign tongue. If the party can determine a way to communicate, the traveler offers to trade a powerful device in exchange for something mundane: rope, food, iron.
91	Instead...	the area in a 50-foot radius (centered on caster) quickly calcifies. Living tissue begins to turn to stone. Creatures in the area after 3 rounds are petrified and so remain until undone by magical means or the "body" is removed from the Badlands.
92	Instead...	an army of corpses (3d20) claw through the surface and immediately set upon any living creatures. Stats as Zombie.
93	Instead...	the ground trembles and splits, spewing molten lava 30 feet into the air. DC12 Saving Throw or 4d10 damage, half on save. In 6 rounds, a 100-foot diameter lake of fire forms, centered on the caster's location at spellcasting.
94	Instead...	fiery meteors rain destruction in a 100-foot radius. DC15 Dexterity Saving Throw, half damage on a save. 6d8
95	Instead...	a powerful (1. Person; 2-3. Creature; 3. Entity) is summoned; they are less than pleased at the rude interruption.
96	Instead...	a hole is torn in space-time and a shimmering portal appears.
97	Instead...	a cloud of carnivorous insects descends, devouring everything in their path. Characters have 6 rounds to find shelter or are consumed to the bone.
98	Instead...	the caster attracts the attention of a demon, who immediately absconds with them. They demon keeps the caster until they agree to complete an unnamed task at some point in the future.
99	Instead...	a purple worm tunnels up within 50 feet of the caster and starts attacking anything in reach.
100	Instead...	the caster teleports to another plane or dimension and is offered an extraordinary relic in exchange for service to a higher entity.



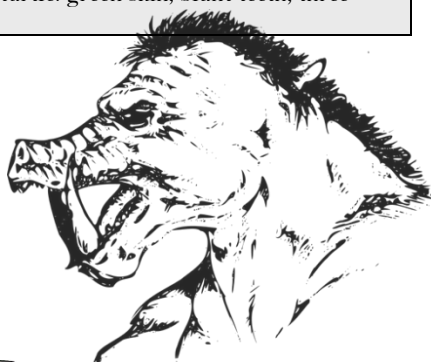
Appendix C – Mutations

Minor Mutations

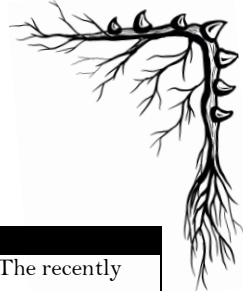
The first discernible mark of the Badlands.

All subsequent Charisma-based social checks are made at Disadvantage.

d20	Mutation
1	Open sores on your (1. Face 2. Neck 3-4. Arms), ooze (1. Puss 2. Blood 3. Worms 4. Ichor).
2	Crumpled, stillborn wings of bone and gray sinew lay across your back.
3	A crown of thorns bursts from your skull, and similar protrusions grow from your elbows, wrists, and your heels.
4	A foot-long tongue dangles from your mouth.
5	You take on the anatomy of a skunk: black and white hair, feral features, needle teeth, a tail. Control of your stink glands is up to DM fiat.
6	A small army of (1. Rats 2. Cockroaches 3. Wasps 4. Snakes) follows you around; you can't control or disperse them.
7	You constantly shed your skin like a snake.
8	Your entire body is covered in tufts of coarse, black hair.
9	Your skin withers; in 2d4 weeks you resemble a corpse.
10	A pair of limp, fleshy tentacles hang from the back of your head.
11	You develop the appearance of a bipedal lizard: short legs and arms, a long trunk, a whip-like tail, elongated head, leather-like skin, slit pupils.
12	An enormous elephant's trunk grows from where your nose was previously.
13	Like a shark, you have rows of teeth which are constantly growing and falling out.
14	Spindly twigs with almond-shaped leaves sprout from your face and neck; they can't be removed.
15	Your neck elongates three feet.
16	A miasma of (1. Rotting flesh; 2. Feces; 3. Dead fish; 4. Fresh vomit) seeps from your pores and follows you like a foul cloud.
17	You are covered in golden fur and grow a glorious lion's mane around your face, which takes on a feral feline quality.
18	Your body is covered in (1. Black; 2. Multi-colored; 3. White; 4. Player's choice) feathers.
19	All the hair falls off your head, and the skin sucks tightly to your skull, turning (1. Blue; 2. Yellow; 3. Green; 4. Red).
20	You take on the anatomy of a bipedal turtle: green skin, blunt teeth, three-fingered hands, a hard shell.

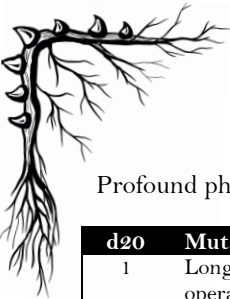


Lesser Mutations



Behavioral changes manifesting from inner corruption.

d20	Mutation
1	Peculiar appetite: you only find nourishment by consuming (1. The recently deceased 2. Domesticated animals 3. Insects 4. Rodents)
2	You befriend a two-inch horned worm, believing it (1. Contains the soul of a loved one 2. Is the herald of a god 3. Grants luck 4. Talks to you).
3	Every full moon, you are compelled to strip naked and slather yourself in mud.
4	You hear a persistent whisper, which insists that you (1. Kill an innocent 2. Throw your possessions into a lake 3. Walk into a sucking black morass 4. Can fly).
5	You believe you can predict the future by studying the shape of stones cast from your hands.
6	You are seized by the notion to invent a new device, and spend your time sketching and muttering to yourself.
7	Healing magics inflict great pain; the only way you can rapidly recover health is to (1. Bath in blood 2. Hold a newborn 3. Drink the milk of a spotted goat 4. Kill something).
8	You develop a severe allergy to iron and take 1 point of damage for every hour you wear armor or wield a metal weapon.
9	You believe that you can see spirits; sometimes they converse with you.
10	You are terrorized by nightmares and can only sleep in a well-lit area, preferably with a door and no windows.
11	You develop a split personality that mirrors the alignments; each morning, you roll to determine your dominant personality for the day.
12	You can no longer feel physical pain.
13	You are absolutely convinced that someone is out to get you (work with your DM to flesh out your paranoia).
14	You have begun to wake up in strange circumstances or places of which you have no memory, often with markings on your body.
15	You are certain you have contracted lycanthropy; whenever there is a full moon, you tear your clothes, and run off naked to hunt.
16	You are a god in flesh, come to the world to fulfill some purpose only you understand.
17	Once you sacrifice enough (1. Gold; 2. Sheep; 3. Virgins; 4. Nobles), you will transcend this plane of existence.
18	You believe yourself a vampire and must act accordingly or take psychic damage.
19	You can only enter into combat after first completing an exacting ritual, which involves posing and chanting.
20	You've had it with this life; you begin making plans to vanish into the Badlands forever.

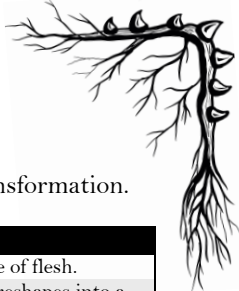


Greater Mutations

Profound physical alterations. The corruption is nearly complete.

d20	Mutation	Ability
1	Long, thorny tentacles sprout from your shoulders, operating as an additional set of limbs.	Multi-attack, 1d8. Grapple on success and ongoing 1d6 poison
2	Enormous wings grow from your back, granting you the ability to hover and fly.	Flight
3	Your skin develops chameleon-like qualities.	Advantage on Stealth
4	Cuts rapidly heal and whole appendages grow back in 7 days.	Regenerate 1d6 HP every hour
5	Tiny bristles sprout from your fingertips, giving you incredible grip strength.	Climbing speed equals movement speed
6	Your skin takes on the texture and quality of (1: Scales 2: Leather 3: Stone 4: Wood).	AC16 (minimum)
7	Gills form on the sides of your neck.	Water breathing
8	Your legs painfully rearrange into those of a grasshopper.	Jumping distance tripled
9	You grow a furry, four-foot prehensile tail.	Advantage on Climbing
10	A pair of two-foot antenna grow from your head.	Advantage on checks to discern motive
11	Your hands become webbed and your feet take on the physicality of flippers.	Swim speed tripled
12	Your height doubles and your muscles burst with vitality.	Strength increased to 20
13	You can dematerialize, allowing you to phase through certain types of materials: (1. Wood; 2. Metal; 3. Earth; 4. Flesh and bone).	Phasing, limited
14	You develop enormous compound black eyes like those of insects.	Advantage on Perception
15	Your hands burst into flames on command.	Extra 1d6 fire damage on successful melee attacks
16	Fate marked: you cannot die, but instead reawaken in 1d8 hours. Each such return costs you a body part, in escalating fashion, until you are nothing but a head.	Immortality, limited
17	The blighted creatures of the Badlands show a special affinity to you.	Animal Handling checks for Blighters
18	Once per day, you can control the weather, for up to 1 minute. During this time, you may fly, call down lightning, harness the wind, release a deluge of rain, etc.	Control Weather, limited
19	You can move up to your body weight of matter with the power of your mind.	Telekinesis, limited
20	You can take on the physical appearance of anyone you have seen before. This does not include their voice and does not impart their knowledge.	Shapeshifting, limited

Corruption



Eradication of the self as the body undergoes a final, explosive transformation.

d20	Corruption
1	Wailer: Your body liquifies your bones, reducing you to a wailing puddle of flesh.
2	Garbage Gator: Your skin hardens into a mottled bark and your body reshapes into a vaguely amphibian creature with a large, toothy maw.
3	Creeper: Your body abruptly explodes into hundreds of wriggling, carnivorous worms start crawling toward the nearest source of food.
4	Floater: You rapidly shrink, condensing into a dozen bulbous, melon-sized avian creatures covered in thorn-like protrusions of bone.
5	Hungry: A small creature of sinew and bone bursts from your chest and devours you while you yet breathe.
6	Twisted: Your bones painfully reform as you are shaped into a bastard amalgamation of beast, man, and plant. Beast: (1. Horse; 2. Lion; 3. Alligator; 4. Bear) Plant: (1. Spiny Shrub; 2. Giant Venus Flytrap; 3. Thorny Vines; 4. Poison Oak).
7	Chitter: 8 spindly, bone-tipped legs erupt from your back and a dripping stinger forms from the melding of your original legs. The new arachnid legs carry you with a mind all their own, while you are borne about on your back, fully aware of everything going on.
8	Mute: Your head is thrust into your chest until only the eyes are visible. You claw your stomach open with newly formed talons, pulling out entrails that pulse with sickly green light, carrying them as if in offering.
9	Old Devil: Your flesh rapidly desiccates and your bones shrink until you resemble an old, wrinkly child. Long, curling horns protrude from your forehead and a forked tail from your back.
10	Puppeteer: Your skull cracks like an eggshell. Scaled hands pull a snake-like creature through the opening. It coils around your neck and conducts your body.
11	Bull: Your arms reform into stout legs. Hands and feet become cloven hooves. Your head is transformed into a single, enormous eye, and thick tentacles encircle a glistening maw in your back.
12	Blob: Your stomach grows to gargantuan portions, swallowing your appendages until you are an enormous, distended sack of flesh. Long glistening tentacles pull you along and ensnare prey, which is stuffed into the dripping hole in your belly.
13	Tall Boy: Your body is rapidly reconstituted into that of a lanky, emaciated giant, with long, skeletal limbs and a ferret's head atop sunken shoulders.
14	Squishy: A green, fleshy sack covered in weeping spores bears you to the ground. So cocooned, your body is rapidly decomposed into a nutrient soup that nourishes the spongy shell. Once the metamorphosis is complete, serrated bits of bone emerge from the bottom of the sack and carry the blubbery bulk like chitinous legs.
15	Blight Baby: Your body collapses like a pile of clothes. 2d4 winged, cherubic creatures with blistered skin and needle-like teeth crawl out from under the folds of skin.
16	Buzzer: Vomiting acidic fluid onto yourself, you quickly slough away skin, revealing the stooped, chitinous form within. Semi-translucent wings bear you aloft and a long proboscis unfurls from a head that is remarkably unchanged.
17	Clacker: Mandibles emerge from your mouth, rapidly pulling forth an insectoid head and discarding your face like the hood of a cloak. Serrated lengths of chitinous exoskeleton erupt from forearms and shins, and the bones and musculature of the legs rearrange into those of a grasshopper.
18	Walking Fungi: Vines edged in dripping thorns burrow from underneath your skin. Moss, bark, and fungi cover you, and fronds shaped suspiciously like your face grow from what was once your torso and head.
19	Weeper: Your skin peels away in long ribbons until gone. Muscle and sinew exposed, you further self-mutilate, gouging out eyes, tearing your tongue. You consume it all, and thereafter hunt by smell and sound.
20	Seaman: Barnacles grow on your skin and your arms painfully reform into enormous lobster claws. Brine constantly leaks from clusters of tube sponges atop your head and on your shoulders.



Appendix D – Rules Reference

Consolidating all of the *Evergarde*-specific rules onto one page.

Character Creation

- Characters start at 2nd level.
- Characters start with one more cantrip than specified.
- Starting equipment includes an uncommon wondrous item.
- Characters choose a starting Faction.

Faction Roll

At the start of the adventure, each character rolls 1d6. On a 5-6, that character's Faction is interested in some aspect of the quest.

Badlands

- Characters delving the Badlands must check to see if they mutate.
- Spell checks must consult the Magical Mayhem table.
- All Perception checks are made at Disadvantage due to the dense fog.
- Blighters ignore all such penalties.

Mutations

Whenever a creature ventures into the Badlands, it risks corruption. The progression of mutation is:

- Minor Mutation: Charisma-based social checks made at Disadvantage.
- Lesser Mutation: Behavioral changes.
- Greater Mutation: Profound physical changes.
- Corruption: An explosive transformation into something hideous.

Mutation is handled via a CON save based on the time spent in the Badlands:

- Initially in the first three days: DC10
- Once every subsequent day: DC15

Magic and the Badlands

Whenever non-deity magic is cast in the Badlands, the Magical Mayhem tables must be consulted prior to rolls the spellcaster or their target normally makes.

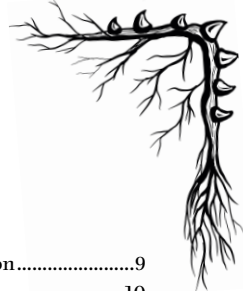
d100	Result
<= 10%	Spell fizzles out
11 – 24%	Spell cast normally
25 – 45%	Spell works normally and generates an additional effect
46 – 66%	Spell works normally but also causes an effect
> 67%	Spell doesn't work, instead some drastic effect is generated

Optional Rules: Truly Erratic Magic

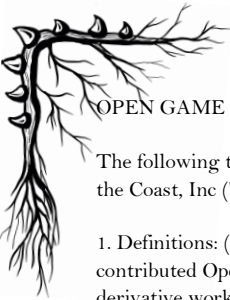
- The Mayhem table applies to *all* magic, including deity sourced.
- Modify the Mayhem roll by spell level * 10%.
- Make a check the 1st time a magic item is used that generates an effect:

d100	Result
<= 10%	Item doesn't work at all
11 – 66%	Item works partially
> 67%	Item works normally

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