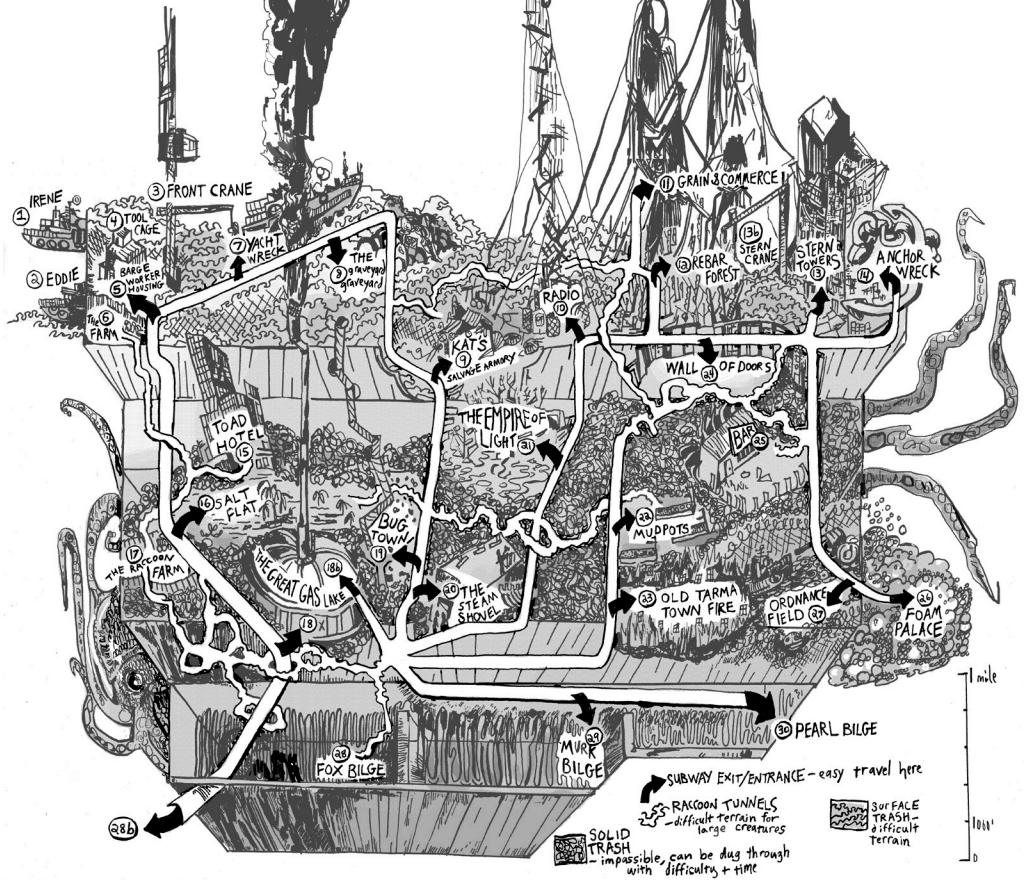




YOU GOT A JOB ON THE GARBAGE BARGE



THE KNOWN BARGE

THE SUBWAY

About a week ago, a barge worker named Thalia found a mostly intact pneumatic tube system. Squatters on the barge pooled most of their money and paid the wizard Boathouse “Bat-house” John Coughlin to cast a souped-up enlarge spell on it, and now there’s a way to get about the interior in relative safety. The tunnels have opened paths to places that used to be inaccessible, but they’ve also punched a hole in the hull. (28b)

THE TUGBOATS

The tugboats employ whoever signs up to keep the barge afloat and load on more trash and supplies. Pay starts at 10 silver per day, but once you figure in room & board, tool rentals, and processing fees, most barge workers will come up with just enough for one night in whatever town you’re stinking up this week. Turnover is high, although a surprising number of crew members don’t so much quit as go freelance.

1. IRENE

Irene is the pilot of the tugboat Irene and the captain of the barge. She only communicates by radio, and she never leaves the tugboat because she's an autopilot computer that's built into it. She only cares about keeping the operation running the way it always has. She has a down-to-earth manner and is pretty casual about on-the-job mortality. She employs a monstrous Humboldt squid to keep anyone from interfering with her boat, and the cabin is encased in a steel box, windows and all. She's planning to hire a huge new crew in Dixville Notch and send them below to clear out squatters—things have gotten a little out of hand, and the subway was the last straw.

GIANT HUMBOLDT SQUID

Sunburn red, 60' long, and infuriated, the squid patrols the waters around Irene's tugboat. It will shove off anyone getting close with a wall of water, but you only get one chance with this squid. Try it again and you're for dinner. It will not go more than 30' from the tugboat.

Squid: HD 12, AC: chainmail, Move: 30', Attacks: Summon water or Tentacle: 1d4 & Grappled (range 40')

Summon Water: A wall of water 20' high and 20' wide emanates from between the squid's feeding tentacles, striking with enough force to push creatures and objects 50' from the squid, in any direction it chooses (including underwater). Creatures can make a DC 18 strength save to avoid being caught in the undertow. This will always be the squid's first attack.

Tentacle: A good squid always eats what it catches.

-On its first round the squid attacks with two 40' long feeding tentacles. Succeed on a DC 15 dex or strength save, or be immobilized and take 1d4 damage from tiny rows of teeth that line the squid's suckers.

-On the squid's next round it will transfer its victim to one of its 8 arms and the victim can attempt a DC 10 dex or strength save to escape. The squid will cast Summon Water to push other attackers out of range.

-On the squid's third round a grappled victim is drawn back to the squid's beak for 2d8 biting damage, and the squid will attempt to capture a second victim with its feeding tentacles.

2. EDDIE

Eddie pilots the tugboat *Wanderer*. He's a human, about 70 years old, and Irene is his best friend in the world. The last living inhabitant of the

town of Old Tarma, he got a job on the barge as a kid because he figured that's where the town went when it vanished. He also beached the third tugboat, Myrnabell, in the Ordnance Field fifty years ago. Eddie thinks he's got the best job in the world, and he likes to tell new workers that maybe, if they work hard and don't get killed, it'll be theirs one day.

3. FRONT CRANE

How barge workers get the trash on board. There's always room. No one has looked into this.

4 .TOOL CAGE

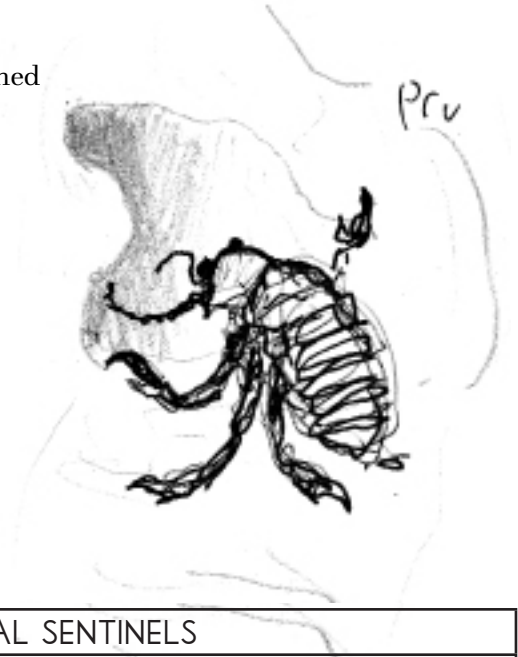
Barge workers can get supplies here from Nina Dove. She'll do her best to load you down with equipment while being vague about the costs—of course she's happy to advance you credit on your first paycheck. She keeps very detailed records.

FOR SALE	
Blackdamp in glass bottles. Creates a 1d6, 2' fireball that lasts 1 minute when glass breaks	1g
Heart-balm. A cure-all that's mostly alcohol. It adds 1 hp, removes poison symptoms and magical effects, but only for an hour.	5s
A tiny dried fish with living eyes. Swallow it whole and it'll breath water for you for an hour. Comes in a triple-sealed bottle labeled 1-HOUR AQUALUNG! Always wait 45 minutes after eating before you take Aqualung. You vomit the fish up later, and you have to catch it if you want to use it again. It smells really bad.	5s



ANIMAL SENTINELS

Your animal sentinel's finely tuned senses can warn you of bad air, damps, and pressure changes.
5s/day



ANIMAL SENTINELS	
Thackery	A fish in a jar with a straw stuck through the lid. He's saving up to buy his girlfriend a nice house on land. He'll complain if you don't aerate his water often enough. He'll also complain if you do.
Pru	A louse. You could carry her in a box, but it's much easier to put her in your hair so she can whisper directly into your ear.
Gentle	A rat. Communicates via expressive shrugs.



FOR RENT	
Gas masks	5s p/day
Lanterns	1s p/day
Headlamps	5s p/day
50' rope	1s p/day
Fishing kit	5s p/day
Diving suit	1g p/day

5. BARGE WORKER HOUSING

Furnished with alley finds. So not trash, exactly.

6. THE FARM

A barge worker named Nikki Lewis raises goats and horseradish here. They host barbeques and make okay cheese. Raccoons steal the goats regularly.

7. YACHT WRECK

Reflections, featuring a prominent hole in the hull and convenient ground-level entryway.

8. THE GRAVEYARD GRAVEYARD

Misspelled engravings and badly sculpted sheep, loomed over by a mourning lady on a bier who turned out too sexy.

9. KATS SALVAGE ARMORY – BY SCRAP PRINCESS

A workshop in a junkyard in a junkyard. Kat runs a business crafting unreliable armor, weapons, headlamps, and experimental musical instruments out of trash. You can only ever buy three things at a time here, because they keep taking things apart to make something else. Kat prefers barter to cash.

THREE OF THESE ARE AVAILABLE	
1	Power washer. 1d8, 20' range. Refill water after 3 uses.
2	Reverse fishtank. A small, square, slow-moving glass submarine (seats two if you squish).
3	Bag of snacks. Spiced hoppers, sweet hoppers, chocolate hoppers, all-dressed hoppers, or just-the-legs.
4	Carriage armor. Has retractable wheels. Increases speed by 20' if the floor allows rolling.
5	Suit of air. An oscillating fan on a helmet, or basically a retaliatory gas mask. Range: 10'
6	Bridge gun. A harpoon loaded with 50' of cable that can support 200 lbs.

However if the characters bring back more materials, Kat, through a process of experimenting, repairing and cannibalizing, will be able to expand the shop's inventory.

It will be a haphazard , unpredictable process though, as in there's a table to roll on to see how much the donations benefit the shop.

Roll individually for each players donation(s), but not for each individual object

-For debris, broken parts, basic tools or small incidental objects : roll a d6

-For 1-2 small machines or hand sized parts of bigger machine: d8

-For a working medium size machine (like a machine gun or go-kart) : d10

-For a very complicated or rare small machine, or an inconvenient to carry amount of machine parts : d12

SHOP DONATIONS	
1	No obvious benefit, but next roll on this table gets +1
2	Experimenting with the donated item results in a mild disaster ruining a bunch of parts, one less item available
3-4	Random new item option but with an additional liability (see table below)
5-6	Random Item option is upgraded (see table below) or liability removed
7-9	+1 to the amount of items that can be had from the shop at the same time
10-12	New random item available



LIABILITIES

1	Noisy : as loud as blender full of nails. Even when not activated makes a constant drone about as loud as some talking
2	Bulky, like a large , often distracted, dog
3	Unnecessarily complicated , fumble range +1
4	Leaks flammable oil
5	Needs a round of turning cranks , pulling start cords, and several cusses before it can be used
6	Dangerous , does a d4-3 damage each round it is used (minimum of zero damage)
7	Cantankerous : Any fumble , mishap or misfortune that might damage equipment will also and always knock this item into non-operative status
8	Poorly wired : if this item gets splashed with any conductive liquid it has a 1 in 3 chance to short out , doing 1d6 damage to anything in conduct with it .It will then be inoperable for 1d4 rounds. If it is full submerged , it will do 3d6 damage to anything else in the water and with 20 feet of it and be broken requiring extensive repairs.



UPGRADES	
1	Well constructed , not affected by casual mishaps or incidental damage. Whenever the bearer of it is exposed to an event that would likely damage some equipment, exclude this item. It can even be used as a small shield.
2	Efficiently constructed , can be used with one hand
3	Double range, area of effect, or duration
4	Improvisable ammo / fuel: If it runs out of ammo / fuel/ becomes depleted something similar can used instead, for example molted wax for petrol, nails for bullets, piss for water. Any attack rolls or similar d20 based roles involving the equipment cause it to be depleted on a 1 and 2 now, and with rolling a 1 causing a equipment jam that will require being fixed in a workshop.
5	Fortuious Design ; easily adapted to non-standard use. If used in unconventional ways . negate any Disadvantage this would cause
6	Self destruct mode: will detonate in (users choice) of 1d4 , 1d6,or 1d20 , rounds
7	Discrete:It appears too much like an innocuous piece of gear to warrant special attention or alarm in others
8	Brutality mode: It can used as a reasonably effective weapon up close, either because a mounted weapon, protruding spikes, messing with the setting or its just heavy enough to hit someone with it

NEW ITEMS	
1	Glue gun: Variable control of viscosity and stickiness. Results can then range from make ropey strands that can just support human weight, to a fly-paper like coating that even a bear would struggle to free itself from
2	Magnet gloves : internal switch in glove allows turning on and off, so can climb metal structures.
3	Potato cannon: a tube and an air pump. Jam something in the tube after wrapping it in pillow stuffing to get a flush fit then use compressed air to launch it at blink-and-you'll-miss-it speed.
4	Electrifier : attach clamps to object to give it an unfeasible static charge capable of knock a man off his feet , stopping hearts, and blowing off fingers. Electrifier can charge 1d4 microwave sized objects or one fridge sized object. It does not need to remain attached to object. Object needs to be metal or have a high water content such as a living plant, fresh cut wood, or a dead pig. Discharge happens when object comes into contact with another object that is of the same range of conductivity.

NEW ITEMS

5	<p>Microwave beam: 100 feet range , will cause intense pain to living beings, boil water in about a minute, causing sparking and minor burns to metal. A living being unable to move away from beam will take 1d4 damage after 3 rounds of exposure. Then a d8 on the next round, a d12 , then finally a d20 each round until their insides are boiled dry.</p>
6	<p>Flavourator. Presumably used in low quality food production, looks like a industrial strength turkey baster crossed with a nerf gun. Squirts a sticky salty liquid that requires extensive cleaning to remove its smell.</p> <p>The smell will be detected by any and all carnivores within a kilometer. To them it will be the smell of the most delicious, nutritious, easily obtainable prey they have ever smelt. This will cause all but the most recently feed of them to immediately start searching for the source .</p>
7	<p>Life-Straw. Looks like a large bong. Stick one end in a liquid and suck on the other and it will convert the liquid into a refreshing , but alcoholic , drink. Strength of alcohol erratic and arbitrary, and any use of it is the equivalent of having 1d4-1 standard alcoholic drinks. Won't work on liquids that will actively destroy the life-straw like molten metals or very strong acids</p>
8	<p>Full bodied airbags : puffy neon oversized orange overalls . When the wearer is assigned 5 or more points of damage the airbags explosively inflate, negating the damage and inflicting 2d8 damage to anything in direct contact (e.g grappling or biting) . The wearer is then barely able to move or see from the massive ballooning of the suit until they spend 1d4 rounds deflating the bags. While so inflicted their armour class is improved as if they are wearing plate armour.</p>
9	<p>Universal Welder : like an arc welder but can join any material to any other material. Bone to wood, plastic to metal, flesh to glass, it's all good. Looks like a pair weaponized tuning forks, with a portable generator wired to them. Works by putting each fork in the to-be-welded-objects and adjusting the vibrations until the objects have bonded on a submolecular level</p>
10	<p>Freezer bag : about the size and appearance of a body bag but blue and with a cheery arctic scene decorating it. If something is placed inside it and the zipped closed , it will shrink wrap around it, and then freeze that thing in time. As long as the zip is fully closed and the bag is undamaged time will not pass for anyone or thing in it.</p>
11	<p>Squirrel suit, retractable: pull the ripcord and ray ribbed membranes extrude from the suit's sides until their profile is that of a flying squirrel. With this suit thus, the wearer can glide with a fair amount of manoeuvrability . This means for every foot of vertical distance they descend they can move 10 feet of horizontal distance.</p>

NEW ITEMS

12	Universal Starter A metal box that you can attach to any mechanical device, allowing you to activate , bypassing whatever was the usual (advisable) way. The activation results in an initial “over-charged” state :1d4 rounds of violent , spasmodic , and extremely unruly operation. It also has a timer , allowing the activation to be delayed up to an hour.
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DEPLETION SYSTEM

If an equipment doesn't mention uses or ammo , assume it depletes on rolling a 1 on an attack roll or any relevant roll. If its use is mostly passive and its use doesn't normally occur with rolls then as the dm just roll a d20 whenever the players are talking amongst themselves and you are just looking for something to do.

10. WDL2364 BARGE RADIO

A radio tower built of mismatched scaffolding, with the first ten feet enclosed in mattresses and a structural accretion of wheat-pasted posters. A great place to gather unreliable information and scavenged coffee mugs.

11. GRAIN AND COMMERCE

The Old Tarma Bridge Guardians are two 30-foot-tall living sculptures of angular women built into the towers of a suspension bridge. Their river gone and their purpose lost, they've taken to throwing fistfuls of steel at anyone who comes close enough. Much of the rebar forest is unsafe because of this, and now that's where the best scrap is (5 minutes search within 60' of them will always succeed—roll on the trash table). Given time, they'll probably pull enough steel out of themselves to become unthreatening. Their bridge once connected Tarma and Old Tarma. Grain holds a sheaf of wheat, and Commerce holds a book. They want revenge, and they're not picky about their target.

Bridge Guardian: HD 10, AC: chainmail , Move: 0', Attacks: Steel Throw 2d8 (60' range, depletes after 1d10 uses), Cable Whip 2d8 (range 10')
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Steel Throw: The first bridge guardian to run through her steel supply will collapse into the arms of the other, providing an additional 1d10 shots.

12. THE REBAR FOREST

Metal scrap topped with a layer of rebar spiking out of crumbled cement. It's a maze, and the ground is very unstable. If you know your way around and feel lucky, it's a good place to run away from pursuers.

13. STERN TOWERS

Discount high rises, slowly becoming less grim as people knock out walls and add hanging balconies, ladder bridges, and rope swings. Surrounded by a tangle of spliced wiring.

13B. THE STERN CRANE

Barge workers stopped using this crane after the Stern Towers were brought aboard, blocking the crane's access to the water. It can still reach trash on the barge, but it's not hooked up to a power source.

14. ANCHOR WRECK

Memorial to an age when the barge was light enough to require one.

SUBSURFACE TRASH



15. TOAD HOTEL

The remains of a glassy luxury hotel, the Undine, that fell prey to hospitality-industry sabotage. It now features three floors full of toad bones, purposefully vague modern art, and an infinity pool.

A single hotel toad will replicate itself by vomiting up 1d4 toads a day. The toads are otherwise completely ordinary (although they are by necessity cannibals) with the exception of the initial toad, Volume One, who was chosen for being intelligent enough to stay hidden until the infestation took hold. He lives in the grand ballroom draped in chandelier crystal, and has grown round and powerful. Stray toads are a common nuisance and food source on the barge.

16. THE SALT FLAT

A desert of dewatered mine tailings. In a few places, shafts of light filter through to create lush islands of radioactive greenery. Everything that grows here looks more fractal than usual.

AFTERDAMP

A purple mist that drifts across the salt flat. Breathing afterdamp will give you a sudden hallucinatory, interactive vision of a specific moment from your past (the player's choice). If you try this more than once a month, you will become unmoored from the present and lose a day to conversations with people no one else can see.

THE BACK OF A HIPPOPOTAMUS

The afterdamp is coughed up by a huge, gentle creature that eats the poisonous plants of the salt flat. It will plead with you to leave it alone and then walk away slowly, even if there's a wall in the way.

17. THE RACCOON FARM

Goats on loan from the other farm.

18-18B. THE GREAT GAS LAKE

A wrecked dam. And its reservoir. And a likely site for your first job (see p. 34).



19. BUG TOWN

A low-ceilinged room just big enough for a house show. There's a cardboard box full of grubs, a big sheet of paper tacked to the wall with a novel scrawled on it, a planetarium, and a couch.

20. THE STEAM SHOVEL

A large cleared area forming a loosely rectangular hall with a low ceiling, with the steam shovel that cleared it still parked in the corner. There's a show here every other week and usually a few people around at other times, playing cards or cutting each other's hair.

21. THE EMPIRE OF LIGHT

A biosphere run by dryads hoping to survive the world's ultimate environmental collapse. In reality, a sickly hydroponic orchard growing under fluorescent lights. Electric eels live among the trees' roots and help to power the lights. They've attracted a following of speaking beetles who live in the branches and will only talk to you about the coming stability, when all the good bugs will live a simple life on land. The dryads have all gone insane. They also have the only generator on the barge powerful enough to run the stern crane.

22. MUDPOTS

Three Olympic swimming pools now filled with gently simmering muck.

23. OLD TARMA AND THE OLD TARMA FIRE

A small town, thoroughly burnt out and still smoldering. Used to be you could only see it from the roof of the Gas Lake. The Copper Mask Wizards consider it their greatest failure, and they've spent the sixty years since they stole it meeting weekly in the town square to argue about whether they should try again.

24. WALL OF DOORS

Leave a door, take a door. You should knock first, because sometimes they still work.

1	Door to random barge map location (changes daily)
2	Door to another door, just big enough to fit, forever
3	Mei & Emily's house
4	Broom closet
5-7	Free door, you can have it
8	Bathroom

25. BAR

Hyacinth's. Five chairs, three walls, one refrigerator, and no arguments.

26. FOAM PALACE

An ever-shifting construction of bubbles and mucus clinging to the side of the hull.

THE ARCHITECT CLAM

The architect lives in a throne room, endlessly drooling new and more decorative ornamentation. He can create hardened foam objects of any shape, which will last one day before evaporating—two days if you can keep them immersed in water. Easily flattered and starved for recognition. While expounding on his oeuvre, he will covertly decorate the party with foam clothing and accessories so they don't clash with the interior.

27. THE ORDNANCE FIELD

Pockmarked dirt like the surface of the moon, an old battlefield full of exploded and unexploded mines, disorganized barbed wire, and two tanks and a cannon all aimed at the dark wreck of the Myrnabell. A headstone has a sign wheat-pasted over it:

In Memory of the Citizens of Old Tarma
Your Murderer Rots Here Forever, Powerless

Following is a list of names, some of them incomplete, some of them just descriptions.

MYRNABELL

The autopilot of the missing third tugboat, the Myrnabell. She is beached and powerless deep within the trash in the middle of the ordnance field. In her control room, a dim red light fades in and out like breathing. She has just enough reserve power to talk for ten minutes if awakened. She'll tell you that the Copper Mask Wizards were supposed to move only the buildings of Old Tarma and leave the inhabitants behind. Anyway, Irene agreed to the job too. Myrnabell will do or say anything to get back in the water.

30. THE PEARL BILGE

The bilge tank nearest the bow, its water gone glassy with oil. Small barge clams live in orderly rows of steel shelving at the bottom.

BILGE DIVERS

Leather diving suits with glowing eyes, and with wet white gnomes inside. They tend to the barge clams, feeding them the most ornate trash they can find and retrieving the baroque pearls

that result. They're saving their profits to buy better equipment. Since the subway expansion, the water level has been rising, and the fox snake has been coming through the murk bilge to drag them down farther than their lines can reach.

29. THE MURK BILGE

Mid-barge bilge tank.

WILD BARGE CLAMS

The bilge divers stopped trying to keep clams here years ago. It's too dark, there's too much coral, and something keeps dragging your diving partner out of sight, never to return. There's still a scattering of shelves near the underwater entrance, but the clams there have grown large and wild, their jaws wedged open around huge and terrible pearls. They'll close immediately if you manage to dislodge them, but they'll attack with jets of water to stop you doing so. They wouldn't be so aggressive, but they're hurting awfully.

Wild Barge Clam: HD 1, AC: chainmail, Move: 0', Attacks: Water Jet: 1d6 and pushed 20'
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BARGE CORAL

A bone-pale coral making do without sunlight, and aggressively predatory as a result. The center grows into shapes well tested for their temptations: beautiful faces, half-eaten fish, treasure chests. It slams its branches into a rock-hard cage once you're in reach, and then it eats by extruding its stomach inside-out onto you.

Barge Coral: HD 5, AC: chainmail, Move: 10', Attacks: Trap and Digest 1d6 p/round

Trap: the skeletal branches of the barge coral snap shut as soon as a target is within 10' of the central branch. It would be easy to avoid them if they weren't growing in such tangled clusters around the bilge doors, or directly across from the water jets of the barge clams.



28. THE FOX BILGE

The largest, deepest bilge tank. No light reaches here. At least, it didn't until the subway came through. (28b)

FOX SNAKE

Deep in the dark waters of the bilge, the fox snake picks off pearl divers and cries sand tears. It coils around a pile of bone. It's very lonely and wants friends, but it doesn't mind if they're dead. If the water level rises, it will make as many friends as it can reach. It can be placated with offerings of dead goats, if you can convince it the goats were very wise.

Fox Snake: HD 10, AC: chainmail, Move: 30', Attacks: bite 1d6 and constrict.
--

Constrict: A target (the fox snake can hold three at a time) is

wrapped in coils so tight its blood stops moving. They will be unconscious in 2 rounds, but otherwise unharmed, and will remain unconscious but alive until they run out of air. The fox snake will tell them stories until they turn to bones.

FRIENDS, ENEMIES, AND PEOPLE YOU FEEL INDIFFERENT TO

BADLANDERS

A badlander will switch forms cyclically, changing each round. You'll find them guarding something a Copper Mask Wizard wants kept secret. Damage accrues only to individual forms, but taking out one will stop the cycle.

Round 1. A regular chicken: HD 1, AC: Leather, Move: 20' flight, Attack: Peck 1d4

Round 2. An old man with a shotgun who wants you off his land: HD 5, AC: Leather, Move: 30', Attack: Shoot 1d6

Round 3. Living fire: HD 9, AC: Chain, Move: 10', Attack: Fire Whirl 1d8 in a radius of 5'

Round 4. The area you're in now, but with teeth on it: HD10, AC: Plate, Move: 0', Attack: Bite 1d4 in a radius of 20'

Round 5. A bulldozer: HD 10, AC: Plate, Move: 30', Attack: Crush 1d8

CHARLATANS

Found roosting in dark corners of the barge. Violent if woken. A whole swarm of them once woke up when one wizard shouted "Charlatan!" too loudly at another, and now that's what everyone calls them. They look like angular bats while they're alive and like broken umbrellas afterward. They will always be encountered in groups of 1d6+3.

Charlatan: HD 1, AC: leather, Move: 30' flight, Attacks: Bite 1d4 or Scream

Scream: 3 charlatans within 5' of each other circle their wings like a megaphone to make a 3d8+3 sound attack in a 15' cone. If they are kept separate, or their number drops below three, they cannot use this attack.

COPPER MASK WIZARDS

A society of wizards meets on the barge. They wear flat copper masks to hide their identities. To study the magical effects of loss, they've been stealing beloved objects, buildings, and one time a small town, and hiding them deep within the barge's trash heaps. Once something's been missed long enough, it's destroyed utterly and the psychological recoil is used in spellcasting. On a small scale, this creates a portable hole. The town of Old Tarma, still on fire somewhere on the barge, marks an unsuccessful attempt to create a hole to another world. If the fire ever goes out, the spell will finally take effect, but Bat-house is the only one of the wizards that knows this, and he's keeping the fire lit.

1	Boathouse “Bat-house” John Coughlin is a Copper Mask Wizard who isn't taken seriously by his peers. He's not a reliable wizard, but he can throw an excellent party. He always needs money.
2	Alejandra Bernal is the president of the Copper Mask Wizards. She doesn't care what happens on the barge as long as it doesn't interfere with wizard business. She's trying to find out who's responsible for the subway—it's made the ruins of Old Tarma easy to reach, and she would prefer to forget that ever happened.
3	Allison Notley is the former president of the Copper Mask Wizards, and the inventor of the spell that was supposed to open a portal through Old Tarma. She's been campaigning tirelessly for the chance to try again.
4	Suse Fargrim joined the group last week and is already regretting it.



DAMPS

AFTERDAMP

See page 13.

BLACKDAMP

A dark mist three feet deep that hovers at ground level. It will wait till the party are inside the room and then envelop the one carrying the brightest light. Light won't pass through it, and it will move with the light until it goes out. In one hour, a blackdamp will drink enough light to ignite, doing 1d6 damage everywhere the mist was. If collected in bottles just short of that point and kept carefully covered, it can be handy as an explosive.

FIRE DAMP

Firedamp makes all sources of light produced by the party—headlamps, torches, magic spells—take on a red hue like the lights of a darkroom. Light sources infected with firedamp will never go out, but if sunlight hits them the firedamp will pour out like flames from a flamethrower for 1d6 minutes.

STINKDAMP

You can smell a stinkdamp from two rooms away. It will be infusing the most valuable object in the area with its distinctive perfume of rotten eggs and wet dog. Stinkdamps are intelligent and highly discerning: if you bring one within ten feet an object it deems more beautiful, valuable, or sentimental than its current home, it will move house. This is a good way to find hidden treasure, if you don't mind paying for the privilege. Any party carrying a stinkdamp will have a charisma disadvantage.

GARBAGE CUBE

So full of trash that it's indistinguishable from its surroundings except by the slight oily sheen of its gelatinous superstructure. Will vomit random projectiles at you in defense. Often found lodged tightly into otherwise passable tunnels. A garbage cube will explode if you embed objects in it faster than it can eject them and will leave behind a heap of trash indistinguishable from its surroundings.

Garbage Cube: HD 4, AC: leather, Move: 20' (0' if stuck), Attacks: Trash Projectile 1d6 (range 80'), takes half damage from melee weapons, double from ranged. Immune to cold, electricity, fear, paralysis, sleep.

SPEAKING BEETLES

A beetle lives for about a year, which means they have to choose their life paths quickly and be comfortable with mortality. They form intense, immediate friendships and adapt well to new situations. They're writing a collective novel, which they no longer read the beginning of. Young beetles grow up in a cardboard box covered with names for them to pick from, mostly inanimate objects. A beetle will join your party with only the mildest prompting. Aside from intelligence, a sunny outlook, and a tiny size, they have no special abilities. The iridescent elytra of especially beautiful beetles are used as currency on the barge.

1	Milk is three months old and looking for a job. He doesn't know what milk is. He can be found hanging around with Pikelet, whom he idolizes.
2	Pikelet is a beautiful golden-winged beetle. She's nine months old and has joined the revolution. Her wings are worth a lot of money, at least on the barge.
3	Basket grew up in the Empire of Light. She ran wild for a few months, but now she volunteers at the radio and keeps more regular habits. She has a hard time relating to the other beetles.
4	Flamethrower is going to die in about two weeks. He never really found his calling, but hey. There's still time.
5	Harbor studies the stars.
6	Raindrop was in the pneumatic tubes when they were enlarged, and now he's very big, and also stuck. He thinks being big is cool, but he'd like to get out as soon as possible, and also a lot of food.

FLAME THROWER





SPEAKING BETTAS – BY ZEDECK SIEW

An opaque bubble forms and grows bigger, bigger, bigger.

Pop! A fish crashes onto the deck: big as a bluefin tuna, but with blooming fins blustery as flamenco skirts. It thrashes, smashes furniture, flips, flops up – then hangs there. It floats in mid-air.

Its mouth is upturned in a permanent scowl. "What?" it growls. "Whatchuh looking at, huh?" It turns and bobs away, tail billowy.

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The Mere-Worlds are pocket-realms, nestled between the Elemental Planes of Wood and Water. There the bettas are knights and rajahs. There they are always at war.

If they die ignoble deaths, they fall through reality, and wake aboard the Garbage Barge. This is their purgatory.

Why here? Some theories:

- 1: This reality is a test, a chance for piscine redemption. If they bring order to this midden-heap, they'll be reborn.
- 2: The fox snake. Its loneliness is a lodestone that draws souls from the outer spheres. But why only fish souls?
- 3: Copper mask wizards. They're looking into interplanar travel, right? Too bad the bettas only travel one way.
- 4: The raccoon god, Failing That. The Barge is one of her hoards, and she finds the fishies irresistibly shiny.
- 5: Squatter rebels. They found a borked summoning spell. Sooner or later, something truly nasty will come through.
- 6: This reality is a staging ground. War in heaven is coming. The multi-verse's greatest warriors assemble here.

+++

A SPEAKING BETTA

Is always eager to fight -- outwardly, at least. Their honour demands it.

Floats at about shoulder height. Never higher. That they have to look up -- however slightly -- to speak eye-to-eye with a mortal such as yourself? Humiliating. Hence their bad temper.

Has telekinesis the equivalent of a human limb: they can lift champagne glasses, swing swords, kick doors open.

Will accept jobs, so long as it is clear you are paying for the privilege of their skill and august presence.

Permanently dies, if slain on this plane; may not be resurrected under any circumstances.

+

COLOUR

Strikingly hued:

1	The deepest, light-devouring black.
2	Iridescent, like the swirls off a supertanker's spill.
3	The richest, most expensive indigo.
4	Wine -- meaning you might see red, but your friends see blue.
5	The bloodiest, most oxygenated crimson.
6	Gleaming like burnished brass, edged in silver filigree.
7	The warmest, most sunset tangerine.
8	Laced with tight gold traces, like a Damascened surface.
9	The purest, most bleached bone.
10	In the whites and cyans of an inverted-colour image.

+

PHYSIQUE

And damaged:

1	One eye gone. Wears an eyepatch with an even more scowly eye painted on it.
2	A tattered web of a tail. Its spines have their ends capped with bronze spear-tips
3	Missing scales. Some vacancies have been patched with beetle elytra and gold.
4	One pectoral fin gone. Replaced with a delicate bamboo and painted-paper fan.
5	Teeth knocked out. In their place, a set of dentures full of hook-like snake fangs.
6	A lost lower jaw. Instead: a gramophone horn amplifying an electronic voice-box.
7	Shredded gills. Without its water-filled rebreather, the betta gasps every breath.
8	No dorsal fin, In its place, a blade: as broad as a sail, as sharp as a sushi knife.
9	Punctured swim bladder. Walks on four clockwork spider-crab-legs. Hates this.
10	No flesh. Bones and cartilage only. It doesn't seem too hampered by this fact.

+
POWER

Born of the divine principle of water, they may:

1	Charm a creature with the flaring, mesmeric motions of their fins.
2	Animate and command a body of liquid equal to their own volume.
3	Exhale an obscuring mass of bubbles, big enough to fill a barroom.
4	Ejaculate milt that eats through organic matter. Range of a spear.
5	Lay enough sauce-laden roe to feed and hydrate seven persons.
6	Bring their body-moisture to a boil. Heats and scalds on contact.
7	Control their skin colour, useful for threat displays or camouflage.
8	Stop needing breath. They could survive in poison gas, or vacuum.
9	Spit hail. This hits with the force of a sniper rifle. Same range, too.
10	Channel godly majesty. All who see them cower in sheer terror. Once per day, lasting an hour.

+
PURSUIT

Currently spending their days:

1	As a courtier in the Foam Palace. Very boring, but the architecture is a comfort.
2	Assisting a copper mask wizard. Mainly asked to hunt down failed experiments.
3	As a bouncer for Hyacinth's bar. Their overzealousness is driving away customers.
4	Working with Kat on a suit of shell-and-ceramic armour. Demands all of her time.
5	Helping Charlie with donations for the radio. "Yo, buy a mug," they say. "Or else."
6	Bodyguarding for LACEWING EYES. Loyal to the revolution. Raise the Myrnabelle!
7	Addicted to afterdamp. Reliving their most disastrous day. Trying to make it right.
8	Courting the Humboldt squid. They're sure they will wear it down, sooner or later.
9	Leading a cult of beetles. Their dogma is devoted to bad-mouthing a rival betta.
10	Gorging on hotel toads. They cannot get enough hotel toads. More hotel toads!

+

POSSESSION

Taken a liking to:

1	A gilded shisha, mounted on office-chair wheels, so they can drag it along with them.
2	A rapier, the emerald once fixed into its basket guard pried off. Still a really good rapier.
3	A parasol brocaded with green silk and silver thread. Moth-eaten, musty, bladed rim.
4	A grapefruit-sized knot of earrings -- jade and precious metals -- impossible to untangle.
5	A sentient knife. Flies. Has a complex because of its size; always spoiling for violence.
6	A raccoon handmaid. The brains of the duo; manipulates her betta to do what she wants.
7	A set of two-way handheld radios. Four total. On the same frequency as the barge radio.
8	A set of two hundred colour pencils -- one hundred and ninety-nine. One pencil missing.
9	A skull. Belonged to a radical philosopher. Knows a useful cantrip; speaks it if rubbed.
10	A golden wreath, each leaf as large as a guilder. Awkward to wear; keeps slipping off.

+

RESIDENCE

Drop a d10 on the Barge map; where it lands is where this is:

1	A fastidiously sanitised dumpster. Floral scent. Lid propped open with a boar spear.
2	A yurt skeleton-ed with salvaged rebars, skinned with woven rugs. A low fire, within.
3	A rented loft totally mosaicked with glass shards. Your reflection is a million fragments.
4	An elaborate wishing fountain. Tarpaulin thrown over the pissing cherubs, for privacy.
5	A sculptor's atelier. Full of half-finished, life-size self-portraits -- smashed in frustration.
6	A zip-up camping tent, pitched right in the middle of the area's primary thoroughfare.
7	A scrap fort, constantly expanded. Parts obviously salvaged from surrounding homes.

8	An upended skiff. Many KEEP OUT signs. All approaches mine-field-ed with bear traps.
9	A rooftop lean-to. Telescopes trained on neighbours, local businesses, points of egress.
10	A modest townhouse made of bubbles. Requires daily maintenance, else it dissolves.

+++

PLAYING AS A SPEAKING BETTA

You are mighty. You have +2 Strength or Dexterity.

You are magnificent. You have +1 Charisma.

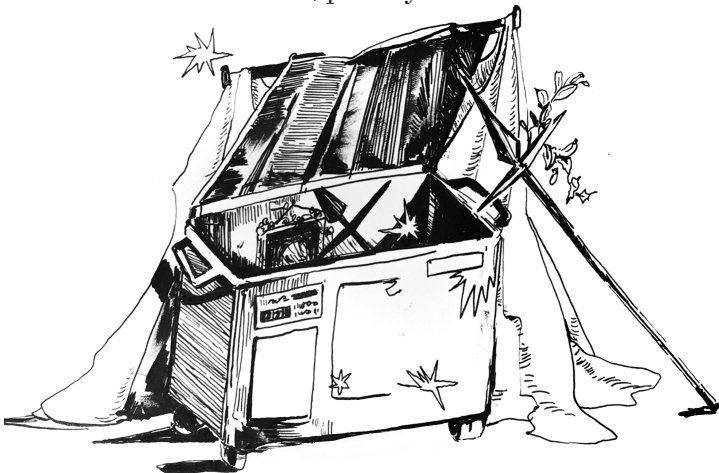
You have an innate understanding of heraldry. +2 to checks involving flags and symbols.

You are an avid student of war. +2 to checks involving tactics and siegecraft.

You are a prince of the divine principle of water. +2 to checks against aquatic creatures.

You are a model of martial prowess. You have HD, saves, and proficiency progression as a Fighter.

At character creation, roll on the Colour, Physique and Power tables. Every two levels, roll on the Power table. If you roll a power you already have, you have one extra use of it, per day.



SPEAKING POSSUMS – BY DUNGEONS AND POSSUMS

Possums have short lifespans, which means they breed like crazy and they keep detailed records to make up for their otherwise short institutional memory. Unfortunately, those records are basically indecipherable to anyone but the author, because possums each write in their own variety of anxious nonsense. Still, they try their best. On the barge, possums are witnesses and observers, but confused and unreliable ones. They're usually screaming, often at nothing. When they aren't, they are. And when they really aren't, they're playing dead.

1	Teefs is very proud of her chompers. She has so very many - possums have fifty of them, don't you know. She keeps them sharp in case she needs to protect her babies, of which she has nine. She's a little absent-minded, though, so she's not so sure where she put them all. She might need a little help finding them.
2	Corncob is a very old possum. Next month he will see his fourth birthday. He might be the oldest possum ever, which means he knows a lot. Some of it is a little mixed up, now. And he's really nervous about passing on to the Great Indoors Beyond, where possums are warm all night and safe all day, without sharing everything he's learned about the barge.
3	T. Rex - His parents had lofty aspirations, but he wound up less "tyrant" and more "terrified of everything." He knows some spells. It's not that he can cast them, so much as he knows a few. Well, he's pen pals with them. Okay, acquaintances. But still. He knows some spells, and he could introduce you.
4	Pimento likes to put things back together again. She might not put them back together exactly right, but man, she puts things back together. People (four limbs is four limbs; stop worrying about how many hands and which side they're from). Books (if you already know which pages go where, why did you even need it fixed, smart guy). Ideas (no, yeah, I'm sure The Revolution is a band). She just loves to put things back together!



SPEAKING RACCOONS

The raccoons are belligerent. They would rather steal things than ask. They do not believe in jobs.

1	Onslow is an organizer of schemes, most notably the delivery of stolen goats to whoever wants them. She knows every secret tunnel through the trash and will accept money to guide you, neglecting to mention in advance that many of the tunnels are raccoon sized.
2	Fine Baked Beans is Onslow's little brother. He tries hard, but Onslow will never respect him. He'll tell you proudly that his mom always said he was a real bad raccoon.
3	Tasha hangs around with Onslow. She's a raccoon of few words. She spent a year on land once, and if you ask why she came back she'll tell you that sometimes love's not enough.
4	All the Cats didn't do as well in his namesake fight as he lets on.
5	Patience has joined the revolution. She's gonna make three more barges and a garbage town and a trash castle.
6	Hero Wolf deals in toads and toad parts. He's responsible for most of the stray toads you see around, because he's hopelessly careless.

SQUATTERS

A community of humans make their home here, most of them in the towers that were dumped on the stern. They fish in the barge's lakes, craft discount armor from scraps, and dig up unknown substances and sell them to wizards. They raise families and run a radio station. They want to be left alone, or failing that put in charge. Some of them know where the third tugboat, the Myrnabell, is beached, and they've formed a secret organization to put her back in the water.

1	Charlie Tabrizian built the radio. He can be found at every gathering on the barge with a box of tapes. He'll ask you to buy a mug for the radio, and if you want to do a show.
2	Hazel Maar is the guitarist for LACEWING EYES and mastermind of the plot to raise the Myrnabell. She makes everyone a little nervous.
3	Rock Tapaculo is ten and is not supposed to be here.
4	Jess Okheena enjoys telling stories about her time in the rebar forest. Mostly stories about impalements and crevasse falls and what a brain looks like.

5	Olive Lewis has taken too much afterdamp and drifts about the barge talking to a poet he used to know. His words are thought by some to contain accurate if obscure prophecies. These will take the form of random lines from whatever book of poetry you have around.
6	Hyacinth Shapley runs a bar under the Stern Towers. He's got a knack for naming cocktails (Lullaby, The Golden Mean, A Clout Sour), but they are universally terrible.

TATZELWURMS

Nico is angry and is looking for her kittens. She'll fight you if she thinks you know where they are.

Lux is Nico's boyfriend. He's just angry in general and likes to make threats, and he'll attack unprovoked and will never back down.

Nose, Naomi, Hafti, Ruby, and Tyler are five kittens with very long tails. They've run away from home because they don't get along with their stepdad. They're petulant and hungry.

Tatzelwurm Cats: HD 5, AC: Chain, Move: 30', Attacks: Bite 1d10 and Teleport
--

Teleport: 4/day, one target is teleported to anywhere in view within a 60' range. This includes up in the air, and underneath the cat, but not inside of opaque objects. The target must be able to hear the cat, who will be whispering or growling exactly where they can go right to.

Tatzelwurm Kittens: HD 2, AC: Leather, Move: 30', Attacks: Bite 1d4 and Unreliable Teleport

Unreliable Teleport: 2/day, one target is teleported to a random location within 60' of the kitten, excluding opaque objects. The kitten will begin by confidently telling you exactly where to go anyway. 1d4 chance the kitten teleports itself.





THE YUHOOS (said "you-whose") – BY SCRAP PRINCESS

With all the bizarre chemicals and mutagens dumped and incidentally created here it was inevitable that there would be some kind of mutant animal life.

Just what kind the YuHoos are is well, a bit of all of them?

A chimerical mix of human, rat, cat, cockroach , pigeon and seagull, their mixed up forms are even more alarming due to their cultural practises which have been created through a diet of scavenged media.

The preceding YuHoos rejected any media that didn't feature talking animals ,fixating on puppets, muppets, stop motion, and live actors with animal costumes.

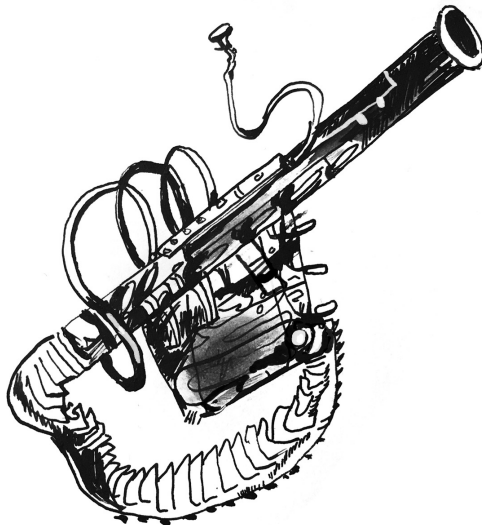
Their developing culture saw deep symbolic meaning in the deliberate falsity of forms, the transformative power of masks and costumes and transfer of animus to objects.

The YuHoos protean mythology couldn't understand each media being separate stories.. Instead the Yuhoos see all these stories as depictions of different realms, a complex web of heavens and hells and slapstick purgatorys , beings travelling through them taking on different forms and power relationships.

Each Yuhoo will be wearing a garish and brightly painted animal costume , and further festooned with animal skins, cut up soft toys, and bits of other costumes.

Adding to this visual clutter are various signia and slogans declaring that particular Yuhoos allegiances and deeds.

They are split into a number of different sects each with a slightly different incomprehensible dogma that they bitterly fight with the others over. Allying with any one of these sects will make you an enemy in the rest.



Yuhos have a high degree intelligence in regarded to mechanic matters, university student mid acid trip in regards to metaphysics, a childs intelligence in regard to abstract reason, and an animal's intelligence the rest of the time

Name	BIG-FUN	WHIZZERS	BOSCOS BOUNCY BOYS	HAPPYS	GOGOS	WOBBLE GANG
Mostly	Apes	Crows	Dogs	Cockroaches	Lizards	Rats
Wearing a costume of a	Dogs	Grandmas	Cats	Business men	A rainbow that had a very extensive accident	sports athletes
Fes-tooned with	Bells	Mirrors	Old sneakers	Money	LED lights	Foam Padding
Hordes	Containers	Shiny Objects	Glass	Paper	Teeth	Non-perishable food items
Takes as an act of aggression	Not singing and dancing when they are	Not laughing at their slapstick	Refusing To Share	Refusing to Trade	Not being impressed by their outfits	Not showing 5 examples of an asked for geometric shape
Armed with	Bassoon guns and slide whistle blow guns	Engine Guns	Weaponized Pogo-sticks	Yoyos	Taser-Spears	Claw-hammer-nunchuks

Bassoon Gun: Is a Bassoon modified to launch blasts of shrapnel via compressed air.

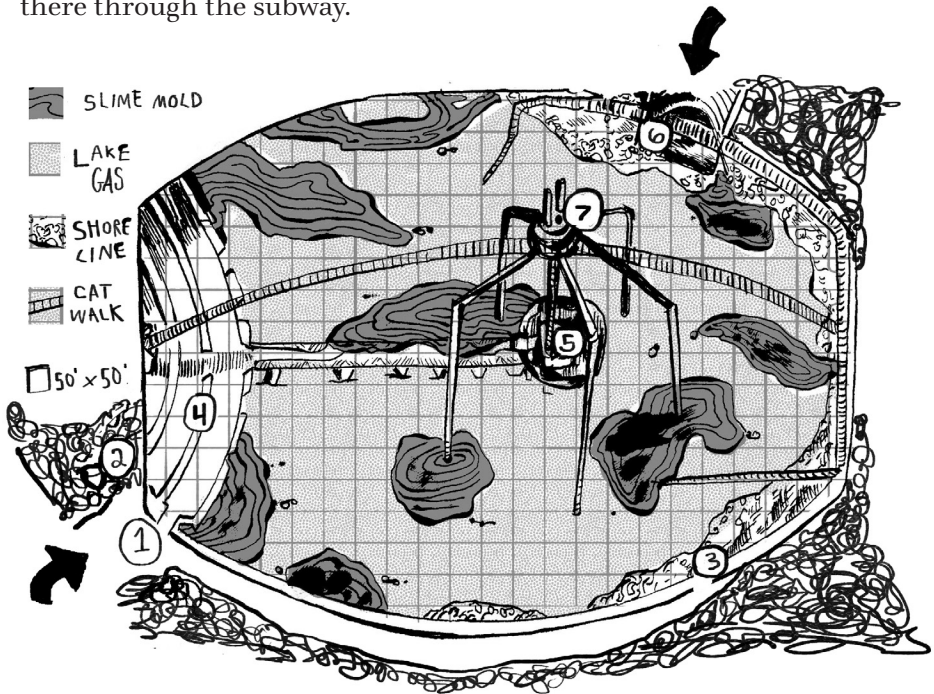
Engine Guns are a barrel with an array of wheels inside. Rods , spears or other weaponable shafts are put in and the wheels rapidly spin and launch it

A Taser spear is a barbed spear with a current generator at the base. When it stabs someone the charge is released electrocuting them as well.

YOUR FIRST JOB IS TO KEEP THE GAS LAKE FROM EXPLODING

A river was once dammed up, and a slime mold that drowned in the new lake grew strange and out of control. The dam, the lakebed, and the slime mold were all eventually dumped onto the barge and encased in cement. But every few years, the gas given off by the slime mold reaches dangerous volumes and a crew has to go down to open a vent and light a gas flare. That time has come again.

After signing on and being issued your official whichever-jump-suit-fits-best, visit the tool cage and pick up any supplies you think you need. Martina will be waiting for you at the Gas Lake, and you can get there through the subway.



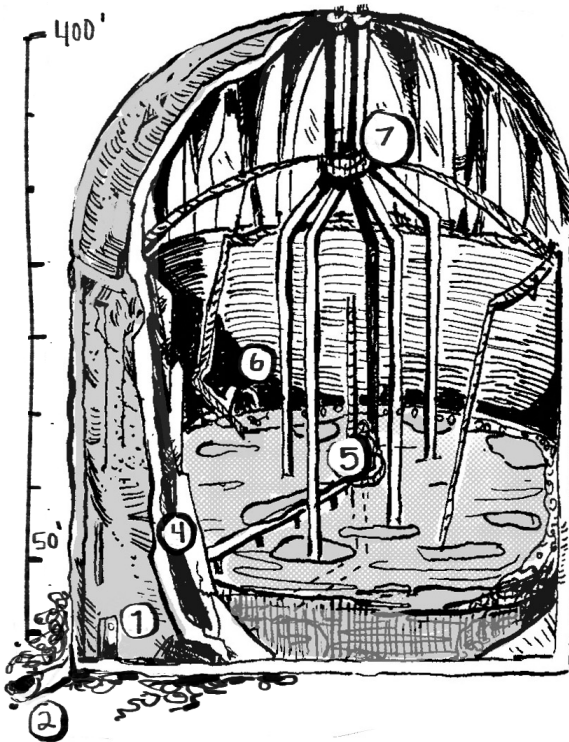
1. THE DOORWAY

The subway opens into a tall, narrow, cement canyon that your light doesn't reach either end of. Across from you is a heavy door with a wheel to open it and the words NO ENTRY scratched into the paint. This door leads into the dam.

To the east, the canyon narrows until most people can't squeeze any further in (3). A brilliant orange glow comes through a crack in the cement that opens onto the northern shore of the Gas Lake, a dark sand beach with orange mist washing over it.

2. WATER INTAKE PIPE

To the west, the cement gives way to walls of trash. Somewhere among them, a covered manhole opens into a tunnel that descends a couple of fathoms and then runs northeast, under the dam and across the lake bed to the water crib. This used to be the water intake pipe. There's a port-hole at the midpoint from which you can see, hazily through the neon orange glow, a half-sized, gently pulsing model of the dam, the pier, and the water crib.



4. THE DAM

The dam is four stories tall and 500 feet long or so, and it follows the west shore of the Gas Lake, its ends curving gently away from the lake bed. A pier runs from the dam across the lake's surface to the water crib in the middle (5). A catwalk also arches out from the top of the dam to meet the venting pipes and flue stack above the water crib (7), and then continues

on to the far shore.

The interior of the dam is a single wide room. The floor is strewn with electrical wiring and tools, and a control panel against the wall has had all its guts pulled out. Saturated orange light like the glow of sodium-vapor streetlamps pours in through three thick glass windows in the east wall that give a wavery view of the lake. The fourth window, farthest from the door, shows only blackness. A light directed into it will reveal a cluttered storage room: boxes, furniture, a piece of taxidermy most of which looks like a bear. You can see from the other windows that no room could be there, and the glass is too thick to break without causing structural damage. Between the middle windows, a door opens onto the pier.

MARTINA FISCHER

Martina's a crew boss, and she's going to pilot a tugboat someday. She knows everything about staying alive on the barge, and she loves giving advice. Her last crew ran off in the middle of a job to join some kind of union, and she doesn't want to talk about it but she's absolutely going to.

Martina will explain your job. She'll stay at the dam to control the rate of gas release through the flue using industrial fans. The controls in the water crib aren't working, so unless you can fix them you'll have to climb up to the top of the flue stack, open the vent and light the fuse manually (7). Martina will point out a few slicks of slime mold crawling onto the pier and tell you not to touch it with anything—it's the reason this whole place got thrown out, though she's not clear on what exactly it does. There's an extensible ladder in the water crib, and you can winch it up to get to the top of the flue stack. There's also access by the catwalk from the dam roof, if you don't mind the height and the fact that it's broken in spots, and watch out for the jellyfish. She'll also tell you not to go anywhere alone. You'll have a few hours before the pier is completely under the gas; once that happens, the slime mold can get anywhere it wants.

THE LAKE GAS

Luminous, heavy, glowing, and orange, it fills the bed of what was once a water lake. The slime mold creates it, lives at the bottom of it, and can travel through it freely. The gas is explosive and accumulating, and ideally it should be burned off at a controlled rate.

THE SLIME MOLD

The gas is produced by the slime mold, a glowing orange organism hunting for form and purpose. It can move slowly anywhere within reach of the lake gas. It is drawn to movement and will begin sidling closer once you're within 20 feet. If the slime mold

touches a person or object, it will produce a copy that looks and acts in a low-resolution way like the original, with changes to allow movement if necessary. Weapons will act aggressively, according to their nature, ropes will tie things up, matches will start fires. A copied person is a completely uninhibited and amnesiac version of the original.

Creating a copy takes the slime mold 1 minute for a simple inorganic thing like a weapon and 10 minutes for an entire person. Copied things & people will have the same stats as the originals, but no armor. A damaged copy will reconstitute itself as best it can in one round using its constituent slime. The slime mold has already created a double of much of the lake infrastructure and is no longer interested in it.

JELLYFISH

Floating orange slime jellyfish filled with concentrated lake gas that will explode like a flare if hit. A strong gust of air is enough to send them safely on their way, but if you get caught in their sticky tentacles there's no way to get free without setting them off. They drift in a slow cloud of 1d100 jellyfish, following the air currents above the gas lake, circling the roof once every 30 minutes. Many of them have become lodged in the gratings of the catwalks (dex save or move at half speed to avoid stepping on them). They are not intelligent, and they do not want anything.

Jellyfish: HD 0, AC: none, Move: 10' flight, Attack: Explode 1d6 in a 5' sphere

Explode: If a jellyfish is damaged (pierced, pulled on, exploded near to) the concentrated lake gas that fills it will explode.

JELLY SHARK

A glowing orange shark that seemingly doesn't have any idea what sharks do. Instead of swimming, it just floats stiffly, sideways, upside-down, or upright—no real preference. It attacks from 15' away by growing its teeth very fast and then drawing them back in once they've snagged you. It can be found hovering near the roof of the water crib or around the catwalks. It likes to grab someone from the edge of the group and then act like it didn't. If any projectiles directed at the shark miss and fall into the gas lake, slime copies of them will appear and attack after 1 minute, with the same attack bonus and damage as the original projectiles

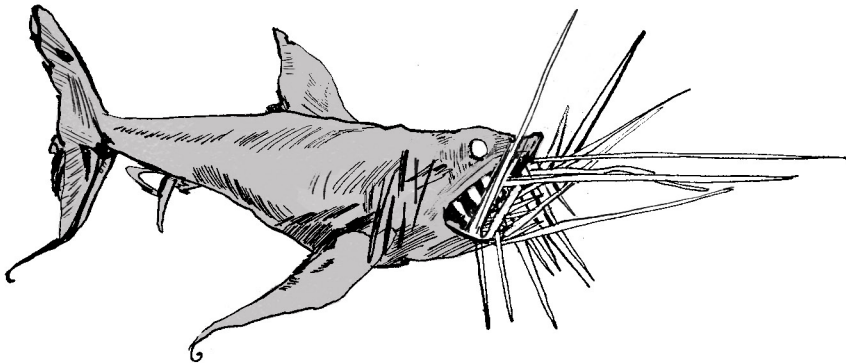
As the shark takes damage it will reconstitute itself as best as it can from its remaining slime. The teeth will be the last to go.

Shark: HD5, AC: leather, Move: 30' flight, Attacks: Bite (15' range) 1d4 & Impale

Impale: When the shark succeeds with a bite, it impales its target on its extended teeth. The target is immobilized and has disadvantage on any physical action. On its turn, the target may make a DC 12 strength save to extricate itself from the teeth. Otherwise, on the shark's turn, the target is drawn 5' toward the shark.

If the shark draws the target completely into itself, the target takes 3d4 damage from the shark's gooey chemical body before the shark withdraws its teeth and the target falls out of the shark.

While a target is impaled, the shark moves at half speed as it hauls the bulk of its target toward it; the target moves with it. The shark has a few teeth to spare and can continue to make an attack each round, although it prefers to drift nonchalantly away with an impaled victim.



FISHERS

On the northeast shore, near a hole punched in the hull by a subway tube (6), Mei and Emily are fishing on rafts made of inflated trash bags. Martina's told them to get out, but they want to get one last catch in before the lake goes. They are cheerful and impossible to hurry. In addition to a variety of glowing fish, they have a silk parachute, a regular living trout, a ball gown, and a collection of burnt-out lightbulbs.

5. THE WATER CRIB

A small round building on the end of the pier that used to serve as the water intake for towns near the lake. Now it's surrounded by five bent-up pipes meant to draw gas up from the lake bed and funnel it to the flues

that lead through the roof to the open air. It has a heavy door like the entrance to the dam, and inside it's strewn with a glowing tangle of wire the same color as the slime mold. There's a set of windows facing west above a control panel, and a wall of empty, disarranged cardboard boxes.

LIVING WIRE

20 feet of glowing orange wiring strewn on the floor with both ends ineffectually plugged into the same outlet. Its former connection is easily found by following a line of slightly less dirty wall outside and on to the roof of the water crib, where you'll find a fuse box attached to the flue. Reconnecting the wire will repair the controls, allowing you to finish the job from here. In the fuse box are 5 cut wires and a handwritten, crumbling note reading THIS ONE which has fallen from where it was taped. The wire moves like a snake, and it will react violently to any attempt to disconnect it by trying to plug itself into the nearest device or creature that gives off an electrical charge. Cutting it in two will result in two disconnected wires with identical stats, both searching for an outlet. Pieces under 1' long will no longer be able to move.

Wire: HD 1 , AC: leather, Move: 30', Attack: Electrocute: 1d4 damage/round until wire is removed
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EXTENSIBLE LADDER

In the center of the room are a large wheel and a wall of ladder. Turning the wheel will raise the ladder a section at a time and slide the next section into place beneath. It takes about 20 minutes to winch it up to the flue stack (7) so that you can reach the fuse and open the flue manually.

WATER INTAKE ACCESS

On the east side of the room is a ladder leading down to the former water intake pipe.

A WIZARD'S BASEMENT

A portal hidden behind the carelessly heaped boxes leads into a regular basement lit by an orange glow from a window identical to the ones in the dam, view included. You can hear the muffled sounds of a dinner party happening in the rooms above. The basement is full of stored wizard property, including the following:

Fortitude sword: A rusty longsword wrapped in grey leather. Someone

has scratched FORTITUDE messily onto the blade. Once per day, if you are fighting with it and drop below 5 hit points, on your next attack you get 5 temp hit points.

Water safety manual: sodden, still legible diving suit repair instructions

Two (dead) rogue-taxidermied animals: Roll 3x to create a combo animal. Arrange the available parts for the most effective attack and distinctive appearance.

1	Spiders	11	<i>Amanita phalloides</i> , the death cap mushroom
2	Antelope	12	Dairy cow
3	Crown-of-thorns starfish	13	Giraffe
4	Grey wolf	14	Pembroke corgi
5	Human man	15	Giant salamander
6	Squirrel	16	Cobra
7	Pangolin	17	Coconut crab
8	Hagfish	18	Alligator snapping turtle
9	Greater bird-of-paradise	19	Kakapo
10	Puma	20	Puffer fish

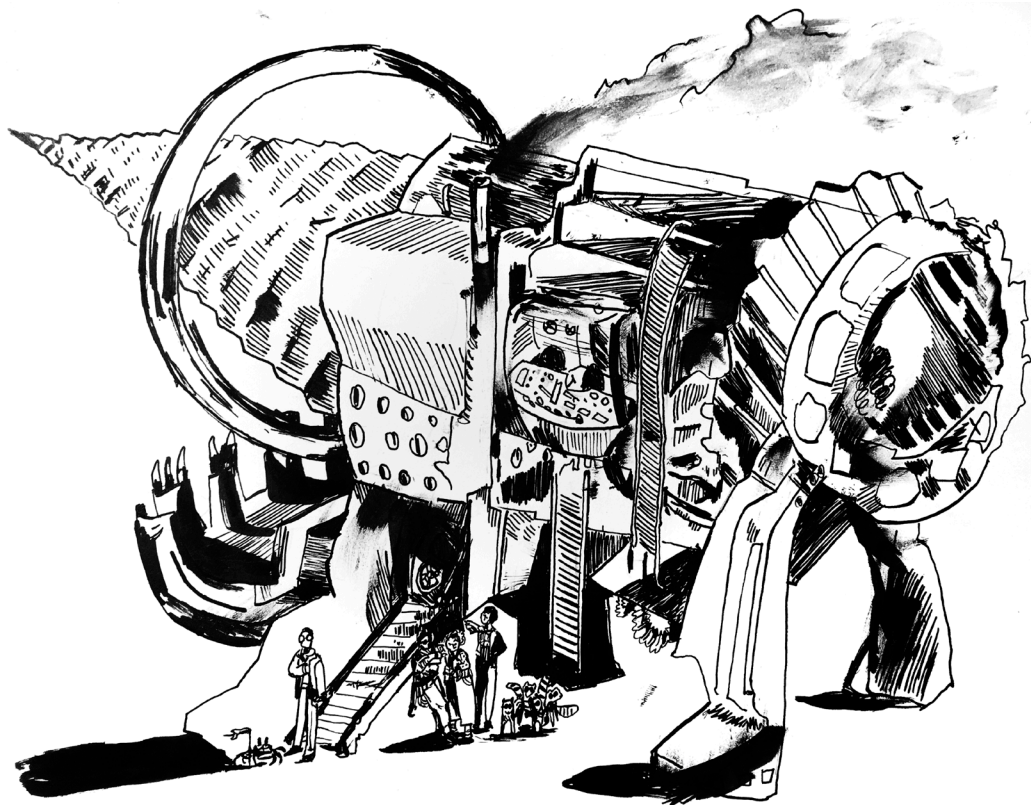
BOATHOUSE "BAT-HOUSE" JOHN

This basement belongs to Boathouse "Bat-house" John, who made the portal for easy access to the Gas Lake, which he's been using to create experimental animals. The shark is his fault. He's upstairs right now, hosting a fancy dinner party in the town of Dixville Notch, and he really doesn't have time to help you out. But he doesn't mind if you take the sword.

THALIA FLORA-KARAVIA

A member of Martina's old crew who went off into the trash to join the revolution. A noticeably unkempt dinner party guest. She'll try to recruit you. She's working on getting the stern crane running again so they can raise the Myrnabell. She really thought Martina would go with her—she felt they had something special. The wand she bought from Bathouse John is charged with two remaining enlarge spells.





YOU'RE GOING ON A TRASH DIVE

BY SASHA SIENNA AND JONATHAN SIMS

THE DEAL

The garbage barge has been around as long as anyone can remember, and has never even come close to filling up. It's commonly assumed that some sort of weird magic allows the rubbish to go down almost infinitely, far below the 'bottom' of the vessel itself, but few have been able to put such theories to the test.

Ossifer Hunch, a self-described 'visionary scientist', seeks to change this. He has constructed/enchanted/stolen a huge machine that he's christened Scoopin' Jenny. Inside its rickety hull, he plans to tunnel deeper into the trash than any before him. And he needs expendable folk to protect him from the dangers lurking below. So he's hired you.

Unfortunately, he's also hired a crew of mechanics led by one Jimlad Pewter. Pewter recently came into possession of a partial map, related to an old legend of a god that was thrown away by an ancient civilization and still waits, deep under the trash. Epox, the God of Broken Things. If the map can lead them to this discarded deity, it could make them very rich and very powerful. And if they have to get rid of Hunch and take over the Jenny to do so, well... accidents happen.

CHARACTERS

THE EXPEDITION

OSSIFER HUNCH

The chief scientist/expedition leader of the dive is never seen without what he earnestly believes to be a lab coat and seems to believe his chosen title of 'professor' is short for 'Professional Fessor'. It is not clear what he believes a fessor is. He broadly sorts trash into two categories: 'Science' and 'Misc.' and records his observations into a small tape recorder. He only has one tape for it and simply records over it when it's full. He would be dead many times if it wasn't for the efforts of Mr Mandible.

Hunch is keen to begin the dive immediately due to the fact that many of the magical components of Scoopin' Jenny were 'proactively borrowed' from the Copper Mask Wizards and it's only a matter of time before Alejandra Bernal sends something to retrieve them.

MR. MANDIBLE

The long-suffering crabservant of Ossifer Hunch, Mr Mandible is always polite, competent and impeccably dressed in a single bowtie. He's fiercely loyal to his employer and, although he never drops his air of formality in front of the crew, there are rumours that Ossifer and Mr Mandible are familiarly tender in their private moments.

If Mr. Mandible becomes comfortable with anyone other than Ossifer Hunch, he may approach them in a great state of embarrassment - he has grown too large for his shell and must find a bigger replacement before he bursts right out of his current casing at what is sure to be a most inopportune moment!

SCOOPIN' JENNY

The Scoopin' Jenny's autopilot is rudimentary compared to the sophisticated AIs of the larger tugboats, but she's advanced enough to make a valiant attempt at personality. Her likes include trash, her captain, junk, her crew and garbage (in that order). She dislikes 'humpdays', though she doesn't think she's ever tried one. Recently, she's been experimenting with jokes. She has plenty of memory to store both set-ups and punch-lines, but isn't programmed well enough to properly pair them up. Shortly after any mutiny attempt, Jenny expresses worry that the crew aren't getting along. She's decided the tension has appeared because they don't have a water cooler to gather round and gossip at. She asks the characters to look out for one to bring aboard.

THE MECHANICS

JIMLAD PEWTER

There's not one thing Jimlad Pewter owns that he came by honestly. His boots were taken from a sleeping wizard, his hair was the wig of a former squatter radio host, and even his teeth were stolen from a dentist's dummy. He makes it work, though, and so far has always been able to talk his way out of any trouble and into any heart he chooses. He reckons with a genuine god on his side, he might be well on the way to running the whole damn barge.

Jimlad knows Ossifer Hunch is unlikely to agree willingly to his treasure hunt, so has taken the liberty of preparing a little mutiny, should it come up. He'll sound the characters out over the first couple of strata to see where their loyalties lie, and take likely allies into his confidence.

RUFIA BLUNGE

The Jenny's navigator is a tall, thin woman with a conspicuously absent nose. She's known Jimlad for decades and has an almost inexhaustible supply of old-timey stories about her time on the barge. Her inability to smell is seen by many as a hindrance, but Rufia says she's learnt to navigate the stench by mouthfeel (in fact, she won't stop saying that, no matter how much the rest of the crew protest).

Rufia used to be a goat-hunter, and lost her nose to the fabled Übergöät, a terrifying beast said to hail from deep below the trash. In the sixth strata she will go full Ahab and drive the crew to try and hunt the colossal creature to the end.

GRANNY HOGGIN

A once-beloved grandma dumped onto the barge when her grandchildren grew tired of her, Granny killed for the first time about four months ago and has developed a real taste for it! She's fast friends with Jimlad and keen to swap murder tips with any character who looks capable of significant violence. She dislikes people referring to any other grandmothers.

If too long goes by without any real killing, Granny may get a case of itchy knives and start sizing up the rest of the crew. If there hasn't yet been an open mutiny, she may set her sights on the character whose skill she most respects.

THE BOFFS

Somewhere between three and seven identical raccoons who all have the same name (Boff) and get irate if you get them mixed up. They have one eyepatch, which they share.

The Boffs are an intensely tight-knit group with a social dynamic so complicated it's practically arcane. On the rare occasions their conflicts threaten the cohesion of the group, a trusted outside party might be invited to adjudicate their squabbles. It is not a good idea to reject said invitation.

LOCATIONS

UNDER THE GARBAGE

Hunch's theory is in essence correct: the garbage barge does indeed seem to go down without any apparent end. Unlike his initial projections, however, the geology of this detritus is organised into rough stratas not by age, but by type of refuse. The trash currents (which Rufia gradually becomes accustomed to navigating) assemble specific layers over the course of epochs, separated by stretches of generic rubbish.

STRATA ONE – JIGSTORM

On being unceremoniously ejaculated from the subway tube, the Scoopin' Jenny emerges in the middle of a raging miasma of strong currents; this is the Jigstorm, all the missing pieces of jigsaws that have been lost over time, whirling and swirling violently as pieces shift, connecting and disconnecting endlessly as they move. The Jigstorm tries to take little pieces from whatever it comes into contact with - ship or person - and it will take some serious trashmanship to avoid being flung off course.

Deep Underbarge legend claims that, if you're reckless enough to try to catch a handful of flying jigsaw pieces, they might just fit together to show what you most need to know to fill your heart's desire.

STRATA TWO – KOCKEROACH CITY

Escaping the jigsaw storm will lead wayward explorers to 'The Pasta Layer', known as Kockeroach City to its inhabitants (about 50,000 cockroaches). The generations of cockroaches that first found their way to this starchy utopia of crisped cannelloni and burn bucatini have long since passed on and their descendants have developed into a unique and complex society. Although different neighbourhoods have their own flavours (literally, as locales are divided by predominant sauce type), the cockroaches are community minded and extremely democratic, with the designated spokesroach changing in a way that seems both perpetual and arbitrary to onlookers. On the whole, Kockeroach City residents are curious about 'uptoppers' and helpful to anyone willing to share a story, though they'll really go out of their way for travellers who can introduce them to a new type of carbohydrate.

The cockroaches are acutely attuned to the constant seismic activity of the Garbage Barge, and the subway opening hasn't escaped their notice. A small group of pioneering souls are planning their own expedition to the strata above. They're sure they're going to make great friends with whoever's up there.

STRATA THREE – THE AFTERPARTY

All the discarded dregs of celebration and intoxication gradually find their way here, drawn by the echoes of a rager that ended centuries ago with no survivors. The smell here is truly existential and handling any-

thing with your bare skin is likely to result in severe intoxication, with an emphasis on the toxic. Jimlad is certain that the final piece of the map is here, and he's right, though Hunch refuses to allow a search (a potentially mutinous flashpoint). The map fragment lies crumpled behind the Great Bar, but it's guarded by a ferocious bottle golem.

BOTTLE GOLEM

Ten feet tall and constructed from cracked and shattered green and brown bottles, the golem is remorseless in its efforts to destroy any sober thing it focuses its discoball eyes on. Its blows are razor sharp and it can vomit a foul cocktail of bottom-of-the-bottle liquor in a poisonous spray.

STRATA FOUR – SMUTPILE

About a day's burrowing below the Afterparty lies a vast expanse of discarded erotic fiction, censored and tossed away by prudish societies across a hundred dimensions. Jenny breaks through a thin crust of bookcloth into a mass of pulpy paper, which is likely to gum up her diggers until it's cleared manually. Stepping out into the strata reveals other tunnels carved through the smut: square tunnels of exactly ten feet by ten feet. This is the work of the local garbage cube Prince Victor Lorenzo.

PRINCE VICTOR LORENZO

Paper products are remarkably easy for a gelatinous cube to digest, leaving Prince Victor much clearer than its topside siblings. The only things floating inside it are about a dozen metal bookmarks, which it uses to communicate with simple emoji-like smiley faces. Eating tens of thousands of dirty romances has left Prince Victor a very flirty cube and it's easy to seduce for any character who likes 'em geometric and highly corrosive. It has no way to communicate the fact it has decided its name is Prince Victor Lorenzo.

STRATA FIVE – HERMITS GARDEN

Visitors find it hard to tell when they've entered the Hermit's Garden, as the only immediate clue is the unusual number of wind chimes for a place too deeply buried for a breeze. For some, this will be all they see, but a few minutes after the Scoopin' Jenny arrives, she's hailed by a crooked figure robed in greasy baking parchment.

KAPPIN

Kappin is the trash hermit who occupies the garden. He invites the crew to his home, a "palace of his own creation" made entirely of used bubble wrap (he occasionally finds still unpoppered bubbles in his house, which he takes as an omen of great significance, and believes that when he finds and pops the final bubble, his life will have come to its natural end). He tells the crew that their coming was heralded by the "snap orbs"

and offers to help them in their noble quest. He uses the same tea leaves over and over again to divine the future, and both his stories and predictions are dangerously boring (though not necessarily untrue or unhelpful). Though his ramblings can cause physical damage, he is more of a trial than a threat.

STRATA SIX – CAVERN OF THE ÜBÈRGÖÄT

If the laws of space worked right, by now Scoopin' Jenny would be below the ocean floor, but instead she keeps pushing through the refuse until she comes to a huge, empty cavern. This far below the barge a hollow space simply shouldn't exist, and if the vessel enters directly downwards, the crew are in for a nasty drop that could severely damage Jenny. There's enough space for rest and repairs, but it may be hard, as this is the home to the all-consuming Übèrgöät, which ate the bubble into existence.

THE ÜBÈRGÖÄT

What at first looks to be just a normal goat is actually just very far away. Its fur is thick as a mold-hardened welcome mat, its teeth can cut through rebar with ease and its horrible goat eyes cause terror as you realise we're all just so much trash to the Goat. Anything that goes into its adorable round stomach is lost forever into the void of **caprine nothingness**.

THE TEMPLE OF EPOX

To get to the Temple of The God Formerly Known as The God of Broken Things, both vessel and crew should be in a state of perfect repair. Anything that could be described as 'broken' will find its faults start to shift as they get closer to the temple (a broken arm, for instance, may reset, but with the bone on the outside, or a compass needle that has ceased to spin could begin to always point widdershins). The temple itself was once a columned hall with a large pyramid where the roof would sit, but any attempts the building now makes at geometry are futile. Finding the temple is the easy part; getting in is harder. Epox has been trying to fix his damaged temple for millenia. It's now a huge mess and has been "repaired" shut. Attempts to break in must be quick as the walls keep sealing back up, and errant burglars may be used as building materials.

EPOX, THE BROKEN GOD OF THINGS

Once venerated as a god of mending, the millennia of loneliness and strange energies of the barge have left Epox greatly reduced in power. He can no longer remove the brokenness from a thing, but can only change it into a new form (a change not entirely under his control). He'll still try to bluster about his power when confronted, and if the mutineers are in charge they will try to capture him by force, leading to a very strange battle. If approached as a friend, however, he's desperately happy to have company and keen to return to the surface. If anyone prays to him, even

as a joke, he is moved to tears and becomes incredibly clingy to his new 'high priest'.

APPENDIX A. SMELLS – BY AARON KING

1	wilting lilacs
2	a sentient smell; roll again for what it smells like; then roll on Table A for its goal
3	antique books
4	cathedral incense
5	wet displacer beast
6	roasting meat left to cook too long
7	petrichor
8	rusted iron
9	crushed chalk
10	feet walking long in sealed rubber boots
11	gasoline
12	ozone
13	boiling red wine
14	cloves and cardamom
15	sour mouse droppings
16	old beer; roll on Table B for the kind of beer
17	smoking matches
18	mothballs in a long-locked closet
19	soap applied in vain; roll on Table C for the kind of soap
20	rotting flesh; roll on Table D for whose flesh

21	saltwater
22	swamp gas
23	fart elemental
24	dead, dry holiday ever-green
25	crayons abandoned by a child after being yelled at for being too old to color
26	the cursed and rare ANTI-SCENT, Obliterator of Olfactory Organs; roll on Table E for what happens to those who smell it
27	litter box
28	dragon drool
29	morning breath
30	dishrag that should be thrown away
31	the armpits of an athlete (perhaps a javelin-thrower) lost in the desert
32	as the spell stinking cloud
33	amateur magic
34	sour milk
35	a sink drain clogged with vegetable ends
36	cheap coffee grounds

37	sharp alcohol or hydrogen peroxide
38	vomit (pizza and orange juice) suffused with pink antacid
39	abandoned sauces rebelliously escaping from a refrigerator door
40	soggy cardboard
41	durian fruit
42	vinegar; roll on Table F for the type
43	bleach
44	forceful hairspray banned by most civilized nations for the dangerous chemicals it contains
45	cigars intended to announce a powerful person's presence
46	brussels sprouts snuck into the garbage by a picky eater
47	asparagus pee
48	burnt plastic
49	a freshly cracked soda rumored to reduce sperm count
50	used diapers
51	vinyl records
52	sunscreen
53	full spittoon
54	crushed stinkbug
55	shucked corn husks behind an old mill
56	old eggs
57	cold storage

58	your grandmother's basement
59	wine gone bad (in both the expired sense and in the turned-evil sense)
60	a wood shop engaged in mysterious contracts
61	jazz club alley where dice games rule
62	1d3 kinds of perfume; roll on Table G
63	beeswax
64	gut wound, possibly infected
65	clove cigarettes
66	fish kill
67	dead mouse (resting place unknown)
68	laundromat after midnight
69	swimming pool
70	bonfire
71	middle school gymnasium
72	backstage at a fashion show
73	baking bread
74	mold-a-rama machine
75	cleaning day at the meat processing plant
76	compost
77	bird island
78	deep-fryer oil
79	humidifier vapor (with or without essential oils)

80	sock drawer (that is possibly a hiding space as well)
81	windex
82	hot dog warmer
83	citronella
84	a collapsing bus station in winter
85	a newly rebuilt bus station in summer
86	contaminated tap water
87	sauerkraut
88	discarded pizza; roll 1d4 times on Table H for toppings
89	dust
90	fresh paint
91	skunk (both kinds)
92	the flu
93	funeral flowers
94	sun-warmed rocks
95	turpentine
96	hospital corridor with asbestos beneath the tiling
97	Amorphophallus titanum
98	baby powder
99	beets, sliced and boiled
100	paraffin



TABLE A- SENTIENT SMELL GOALS	
1	to kill
2	to reside in the nose of a beloved being
3	to reside in the nose of a hated enemy
4	to change its smell
5	to be taken elsewhere
6	to learn a spell

TABLE B- BEER SMELLS	
1	cheap lager of the kind favored by students
2	hops-rich pale ale
3	milky stout
4	sour ale
5	sickly rich honey
6	spicy hefeweizen

TABLE C- SOAP SMELLS	
1	lavender
2	fresh rain
3	vanilla
4	lemon and mandarin orange
5	aloe vera
6	reeking masculinity (BATTLEAXE BODY SPRAY, YETI GEL, etc)

TABLE D- ROTTING FLESH	
1	human (you know)
2	raccoon (the vapors off a pot of boiling, gamey venison)
3	elf (old chicken dressed in marigolds and rotting oak)
4	dwarf (moldy metal shavings and talcum dust)
5	gnome (crushed bird berries on a sunny day)
6	halfling (dank pipe weed kept in melted wax paper)

TABLE E- CURSES OF THE ANTI-SCENT	
1	take 1d6 necrotic damage
2	your eyes sting and water for 1d10 minutes; take disadvantage on ranged attacks and skill checks involving sight
3	pleasant smells generated by you and things you're wearing are destroyed; take disadvantage on your next Charisma skill check
4	your nose becomes overwhelmingly sensitive, causing you to despise those around you for daring to generate sense; you cannot take the Help action or any other action that would grant advantage to an ally, nor can you benefit from such abilities, for 1d4 days

TABLE F- VINEGARS	
1	balsamic
2	rice
3	red wine
4	white wine
5	apple cider
6	hot sauce in disguise

TABLE G- PERFUMES	
1	ambergris
2	leather and tobacco
3	sandalwood
4	cucumber
5	tonka bean
6	bergamot

TABLE H- PIZZA TOPPINGS	
1	pineapple
2	anchovies
3	goat cheese
4	pork sausage
5	basil
6	cream sauce
7	banana peppers
8	oily pepperoni



DOLLARS AND SCENTS, OR, THE ECONOMY OF SMELLS

There are scents to be avoided, obviously, and there are scents that are pleasing. In many places, it's easy to favor the latter over the former. This is not the case on the garbage barge, leading many to pursue the buying and selling of smells, either to please or to harm. Below are a number of scent merchants along with their goals and common wares.

MADLINE DRESSED IN CARAPACE, BUG-HATING CANDLE MERCHANT

Her brother was killed by a swarm of tiny hell-wasps, and she vowed vengeance. She learned at the feet of the legendary Citronella Sorcerer and traveled the world to learn of stinging and biting things. Strings of glittering bug shell hang over her simple leather armor and an apiarist's

cowl. She sells candles in innumerable shapes and sizes and scents that, when lit, give insects and bugs disadvantage on saving throws in their area. She might offer a discount to those who will collect samples or kill a particular bug beast.

STINKDOG, WHO ROLLS IN VILE MATTER, DOGMAN STINK SELLER

Stinkdog was the runt of a cynocephalus litter and lived a happy life. While his older siblings joined the clergy or an army, he was left to wallow in the most pleasing smells of decay and digestion. When he came of age, he decided to proselytize his hobby and now travels far and wide to preach the power of stink. He sells vials filled with the smell of famed feces, the decay of legendary beasts, and the magical stinks of ghouls, skunks, and troglodytes. He also sells empty vials to those who seek smells.

VERONICA UPDO, PERFUME MERCHANT

She's 5'4" in flats, and her hair is 1'2", a shellacked hive pocked with beautiful spray bulbs and intricate glass bottles. A veil hangs over her delicate features, and her collection of dresses puffs and bulges. She sells perfumes that beautify the natural humanoid scents (perhaps serving as one-use items that grant advantage on the next Charisma skill check) and protect adventurers from smell-based attacks (offering another chance at a saving throw). She's been exiled from her aristocratic family for crimes of extreme romance and loveliness, so she seeks news from the outside world.

THE SMELLSMITH, WARFORGED ALCHEMIST WHOSE POTIONS MUST BE INHALED

They're rounded hillock of a body, on short legs and broad feet, would bring to mind the image of a bell were it not for the two protuberances near the bottom. It can't be unseen: the Smellsmith looks a lot like a 6' tall steel nose. They outlived their wizard creator and inherited her alchemical equipment. The wizard's lover had throat cancer, so the wizard created potions that could be inhaled instead of swallowed. The Smellsmith carries on this work, refining many-colored vapors that heal, strengthen, and grant magical abilities. There are a multitude of alchemical reagents on the barge, and the Smellsmith is always looking for help gathering them.

MARGIT THE ADDICT WANTS TO SMELL EVERYTHING

Her father was a painter who kept meticulously handmade color wheels. Her mother was a birdwatcher who filled reams of paper with sightings, dates, and descriptions of plumage and song. Margit inherited her parents' mania but applied it elsewhere: she's obsessed with smells. She has stacks of journals mapping where and when she's smelled what along with weather patterns, historical records, and personal entries. More useful to adventurers, she has a list of places she hasn't visited along with the smells to be found there. She'll pay folks who go there and capture

smells to bring back to her, and she'll sell them maps and help them predict the weather.

LUMPY TODD, SIX RACCOONS IN A TRENCHCOAT AND A MAN MASK

The Todds serve as a pawn shop, lending out money in return for holding on to your personal scent. While they have it, though, they commit crimes and leave your scent to frame you or as a red herring for investigators. Still, if you need money quick, Lumpy Todd is (are) your man (raccoons).

Adjacent to (and often at odds with) the merchants of smells are the librarians of the Traveling Museum of Olfactory Catalysts. [worldwide but with a particular density of librarians and curators aboard the barge]

BARD COLLEGE- SCENT SKALD

Where most bards work through sound, whether it be speech or music, you weave your arts with smells. Good and bad, familiar and alien, you travel the scentways and bring them to bear on your allies and enemies.

SCENTS & SCENTS ABILITIES

When you become a Scent Skald at 3rd level, you gain proficiency with either the Nature, Perception, or Survival skill. You have advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks involving smells. Humanoids and mammals have disadvantage on rolls to track or perceive you if those rolls rely on smells.

SPELLCASTING FOCUS

As a Scent Skald, you can use rare or important scents (DM's choice) sealed in jars or other containers as a spell focus.

CUTTING SMELLS

Also at 3rd level, you learn how to use your smells to distract, confuse, and otherwise sap the competence of others. When a creature that you can see or smell within 60 feet of you makes an attack roll, an ability check, or a damage roll, you can use your reaction to expend one of your uses of Bardic Inspiration, rolling a Bardic Inspiration die and subtracting the number rolled from the creature's roll. You can choose to use this feature after the creature makes its roll, but before the DM determines whether the Attack roll or ability check succeeds or fails, or before the creature deals its damage. The creature is immune if it can't smell you.

SMELT AND DEALT, DENIED AND SUPPLIED

Starting at 6th level, you can target allies or enemies that you can smell with spells even if you can't see them. This does not increase the range of your spells, and it might require a Wisdom (Perception) check.

Additionally, when you cast a spell, instead of originating from you, it can originate from the space of an ally you can see or smell. When you use this feature, you must finish a short or long rest before you can use it again.

SCENT SYMPHONY

Starting at 14th level, when you cast one of the following spells, you can choose not to expend a spell slot. You must know the spell. When you use this feature, you must finish a short or long rest before you can use it again.

- **cloudkill, fog cloud, gaseous form, gust of wind, incendiary cloud, locate animals or plants, locate creature, locate object, stinking cloud, true smelling (as true seeing)**

APPENDIX B. EVERYTHING AROUND YOU IS TRASH

But it can be useful. Take 20 minutes and roll 1d6 to dig through the trash. 1-4, there's nothing here. 5-6, roll on the following list.

Note: All these things are broken.

1	Printing press
2	Plaster gargoyles
3	Snowshoes
4	Sack of mail
5	Clay pipes
6	Carriage
7	Model train tracks
8	Microscope and box of slides

9	Kit house still in boxes
10	A broken pipe connected to something deep within the trash is constantly dripping molten steel
11	Bear spray
12	7 glass eyes
13	5' of barbed wire
14	Trunk of an enormous dead oak tree

15	Car jack
16	Boxes of religious cartoon pamphlets
17	Large allegorical painting of Chastity and Frugality standing on a seashell
18	50' of clear plastic tubing
19	Three sticks of dynamite in a metal case
20	Bandsaw
21	Tangled Christmas lights
22	Locker containing dirt, mushrooms
23	Bedframe
24	Fire hose
25	Heaps of ash
26	Railcar that smells of fresh fruit
27	Soccer net
28	15 tons of congealed fat
29	Oven filled with a mass of melted marbles
30	Medicine cabinet containing 3 jars of Dr. Thomas' Eelectric Oil (restores 1d6 hit points, user will immediately emit one 1d4 electrostatic discharge at the nearest ungrounded object/person) and one jar of Dr. Thomas's Photosynthetic Dinners (1d20 pills, each one equal to one day's rations if taken with 5 minutes of sunlight. Turns skin green while in use)
31	Weathervane depicting a fortress expelling a cannonball

32	Box containing 799 puzzle pieces
33	Single blade of a wind turbine
34	Decorative iron bench, like in a pleasant garden
35	Cage full of cages
36	Box of wigs
37	5 plastic squirt guns
38	Vanilla bean, carefully wrapped
39	Soldering iron and roll of solder
40	A jumble of bones wrapped in a carpet and wearing a necklace of 20 green beetle elytra
41	22 lead curse tablets (3 are still blank)
42	50 pretty bad chocolate bars labeled "Make MEG your ALDERMAN for a Sweet Future!"
43	4-track mixer with a demo tape still in it
44	Small clay pot of incredibly good mascara
45	Fishing lure tying kit
46	200 radioactive glow-in-the-dark watch dials
47	Working Antikythera mechanism
48	Monogrammed silk handkerchiefs
49	Can of whale oil
50	Spurs
51	Stainless steel slop sink
52	Fireplace tools

53	Elevator car
54	Ductwork
55	Cauldron
56	Bidet
57	Automat
58	Room-sized museum diorama: A Sailor's Life in the Old Days
59	Extensible tripod
60	Your childhood stuffed animal
61	Obsidian spear tip
62	Un-upholstered settee
63	Rolls of flocked green poison wallpaper
64	Extra-long beaded curtain
65	Axe-gun combo, still in box (1d8 gun, 1d6 ax. You can attack with both in a single round, but the gun will break following first use of the ax)
66	Novels deemed offensive
67	Glue gun and sticks
68	Birdbath
69	Handheld programmable projector
70	Incubator
71	Articulated dimetrodon skeleton
72	Skateboard

73	Life-sized bronze sculpture of a man draped in a sheet and holding a steel sword and an owl with ruby eyes. Removing either sword or owl will prompt an attack by the other until it is returned. The man moves slowly but will never tire. Owl: HD1, AC: Plate, Move: 100' flight, Attack: 1d4 Man with sword: HD9, AC: leather, Move: 5', Attack: 1d8
74	Box of stopcocks
75	Shrine containing a small doll in an embroidered dress whose eyes have been put out.
76	Free weights
77	Sextant
78	Scrapbook dedicated to Jack Dusty, a prize-winning cow
79	Space heater
80	Immersion blender
81	Ferris wheel gondola
82	Birchbark canoe
83	Shaving kit
84	Bicycle wheels
85	Telepathic megaphone
86	Iron lung
87	Circular saw blade
88	10 cans labeled "Liquid Meat Smoke"
89	Electromagnet

90	Wine bottle with something clinking at the bottom: a gold ring engraved "My Heart & My Hand Are at Thy Command" that allows the wearer to cast mage hand twice a day. If not used every day, it will write laudatory verse about the wearer on any surface using any available tools
91	Fake famous jewelry (glass and plastic, very fragile; convincing at a distance)
92	Insect collection (mostly gall wasps)
93	World's former largest ball of twine
94	Lithography stone etched with backwards map
95	15'-tall inflatable protest rat
96	Leather bag with a compass drawn on it, containing 3 animal bones scratched with the words yes, no, and out of range. Only answers questions related to wayfinding. Shorts out after 2 questions, and all bones drawn will be blank for the next 24 hours.
97	Pipe organ
98	Deep fryer
99	Bucket of Vantablack
100	Spinning wheel

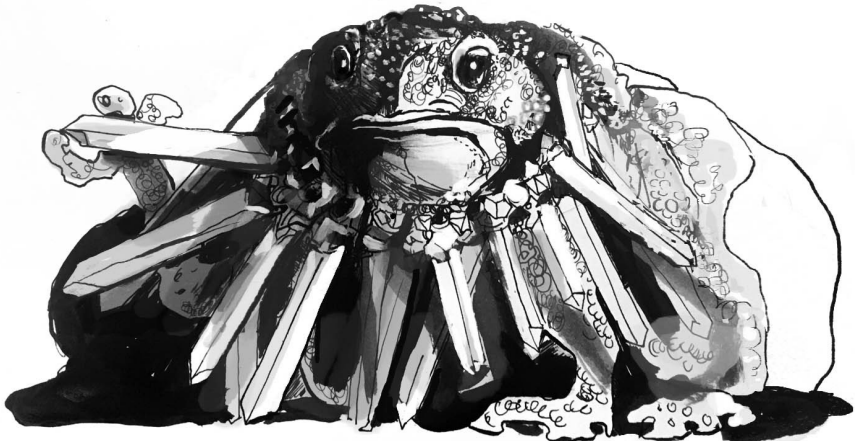


APPENDIX C. RANDOM ENCOUNTERS

Every 20 minutes of travel, roll 1d6, and on a 1, roll on the following table.

1	1 of 6 beetles (p. 21)	17	scattering of fliers for a show last week; Sunk & Manasquan opened for LACEWING EYES
2	1 of 6 squatters (p. 29)	18	2 of 6 beetles (p. 21)
3	stray goat	19	Some of the Boffs (p. 43)
4	Nico, looking for kittens (p. 30)	20	Half disassembled machinery. attached note reads DON'T TOUCH. KAT'S. If ignored, roll on new items chart +3 liabilities (p. 9)
5	Lux, looking for Nico (p. 30)	21	3d6 hotel toads
6	All 5 kittens (p. 30)	22	pungent, sweet condensation drips from above
7	1 of 6 scent merchants (p. 51)	23	two ladders tied together bridge a chasm
8	1 of 6 raccoons (p. 29)	24	sawdust floor, hip deep
9	1 of possums (p. 28)	25	Stuck garbage cube (p. 20)
10	YuHoos (p. 31) , arguing	26	10 foot pit containing 5 feet of Hotel Toads
11	pitched tent scrawled all over with names	27	Afterdamp rising from a grate in the floor
12	Stinkdamp-infested leather jacket (p. 20)	28	Charlatan nest (p. 18)
13	carpeted floor sags wetly with each step	29	Wizard still guarded by a Badlander (p. 18)
14	a small trash quake. roll on the trash table to see what has come to light.	30	Blackdamp (p. 20)
15	a regular, non-speaking beetle	31	A pearl diver, trying to find anyone to help him rescue a friend who disappeared into the murk bilge
16	A speaking betta (p. 22)	32	A tiny charlatan, all alone (p. 18)

33	graffiti of a ghostly green tug-boat	37	a single hotel toad
34	Porthole. if you shine a light out, a squid's eye the size of a dinnerplate will appear and stare silently back at you	38	elaborate, poisonous greenery transplanted from the salt flat
35	a timid combo animal made of glowing orange slime (p. 40)	39	Speaking betta Rrsidence (p. 26)
36	Mobile garbage cube (p. 20)	40	barbeque gone wrong



The Trash Shanty is by Jonathan Sims

Scrap Princess made the art on pages 4, 5, 7, 12, 13, 17, 21, 22, 31, 40, 49, 57
& I made the rest

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Amanda Lee Franck, in April, in Chicago, 2020

Trash Shanty

Traditional Melody Arr. by Gus 'Vomit' Gusserson

When I was a little child

ALL: Hey-ho, the smell below

My mother told me I was vile

ALL: Hey-ho below

She said 'You'll never make me proud

A garbage heir to a garbage house'

If she could only see me now!

ALL: On the stink-drunk sea

I found a piece of concrete bar

ALL: Hey-ho, the smell below

Swapped it for a coat of tar

ALL: Hey-ho below

A beetle said she'd give me gold

To taste a hundred types of mold

But lied did she, my coat she stole

ALL: On the stink-drunk sea

I fell in love with a mildewed chair

ALL: Hey-ho, the smell below

Cushions soft as rotten pear

ALL: Hey-ho below

At a soup-stained altar we were wed

The bride wore grime and I wore red

With dirty rugs for a wedding bed

ALL: On the stink-drunk sea

I found a god the other day

ALL: Hey-ho, the smell below

Crumpled up and thrown away

ALL: Hey-ho below

He said that I could be redeemed

He'd take my soul and wash it clean

But he floated down a rancid stream

ALL: On the stink-drunk sea

They say that it's a point of view

ALL: Hey-ho, the smell below

What trash or treasure be to you?

ALL: Hey-ho below

Well if that's true I hope a king

Will tire of his ruby rings

And dump his crown in a rubbish bin

ALL: On the stink-drunk sea

