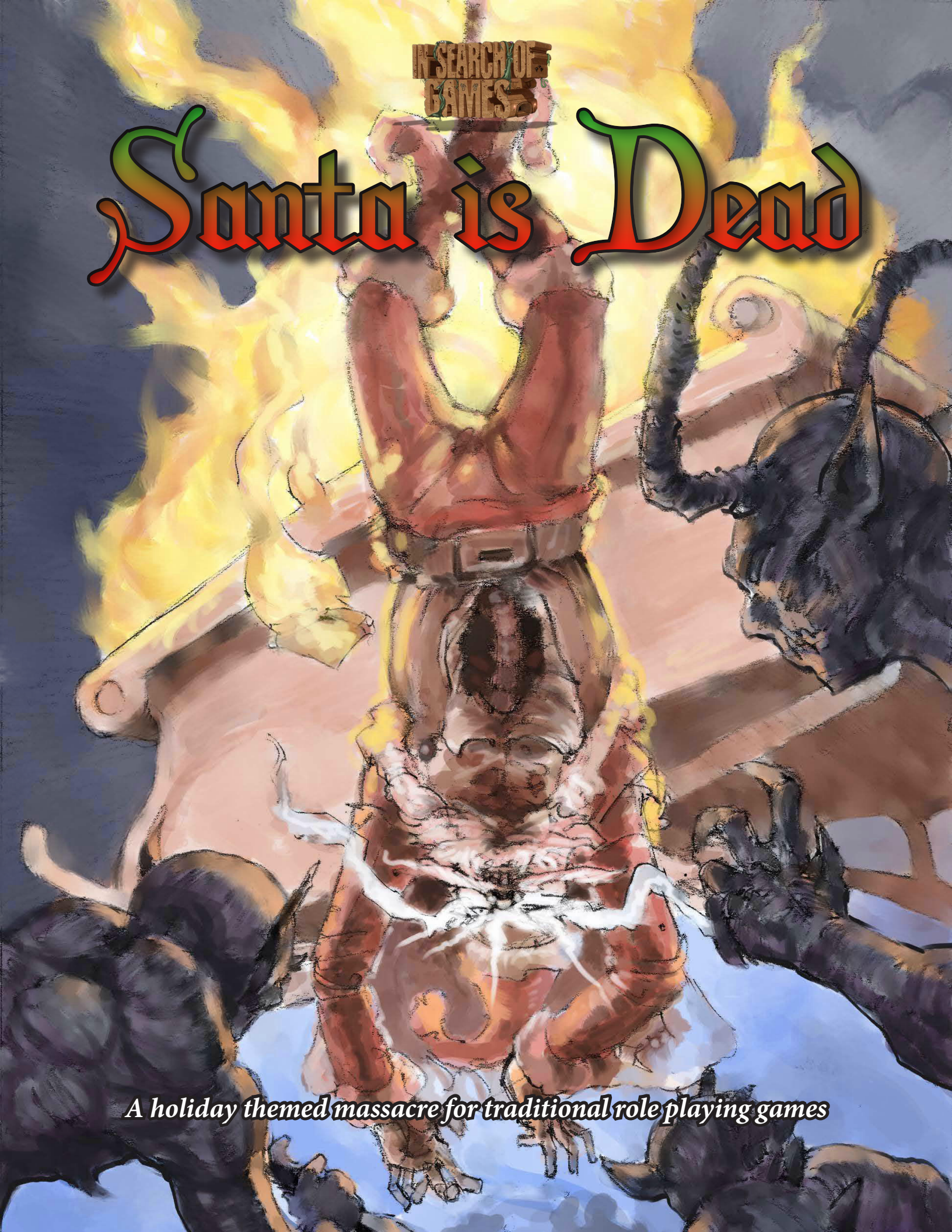


IN SEARCH OF
GAMES

Santa is Dead

A holiday themed massacre for traditional role playing games



Santa is Dead

*A Holiday Themed Massacre
for Lamentations of the Flame Princess
and other traditional role playing games*

Writing

Evey Lockhart

Editing

Jarrett Crader

Layout

Kiel Chenier

Art

Claudia Cangini

Michael Clarke

Christopher Hopkins

Thomas Novosel

Juan Ochoa

Cédric P

Eric Quigley

Production

Christopher Mennell

Ariana Ramos

Development

Elizabeth Chaipraditkul

Cartography

Glynn Seal

Cover Art

David Lewis Johnson



100% of profits from this adventure PDF are donated to



The Ehlers-Danlos Society™

“We are striving toward a time when all those with Ehlers-Danlos syndrome achieve their right for an early diagnosis, good management, respect and recognition for their condition — time when geography does not determine your quality of life and when you tell some one you have Ehlers-Danlos syndrome, you are not asked what that is”

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Foreword.....	3	Yeti Cave & 4th Dimensional Gallery.....	16
Introduction.....	4	Yeti Cave Map.....	17
One Shot Rules.....	5	Room Breakdown.....	18
Random Starting Weapons & Items.....	6	Sundry Objects Strewn About The Cave.....	20
So It Begins.....	8	Timeline.....	21
Summary & Background.....	10	Resources.....	23
Along Came The Player Characters.....	11	Chase Mechanics.....	23
Chesnut (town).....	12	The Wild Hunt.....	25
Crash Site.....	13	Rider Generator.....	26
Crash Site Map.....	14	Creature Stats.....	28
		Creating A Tiny Town On The Fly.....	30
		Unlabeled Maps.....	31



FOREWORD

Blogging about your game ideas has always been motivated by a kind of karmic economy: you think of something to use in your game and you publish it, then someone else comes along and builds on it and you get to use that in your game, too, and then you build on their thing and on and on forever.

About six years ago, on the first anniversary of the death of Dave Arneson—the other inventor of D&D—I had an idea to formalize this into a “Secret Arneson Party”. Readers would write down ideas for game tools they needed, these were then mixed up and redistributed for people to flesh out into useful form and I put them all up on my blog. A few years later, this turned into “Secret Santicore”—Jez Gordon volunteered to take over the mixing and matching and also had the idea to show everyone his graphic design chops by making it all into a single, properly-designed pdf. From there it evolved into a surprisingly organized collective yearly effort. Like the One Page Dungeon contest before it, it became a force bigger than any one person where each year new talent crawled out of the woodwork to usually quite successfully outdo those who’d organized the one before.

This year Evey, Chris and company have come up with something true to the spirit of Santicore: cute but horrible, seasonal but broadly useful, instantly recognizable but containing some clever new twists, quirky but carefully made. And, most importantly: good. I like especially the stomachless yeti who eats you anyway just for the thrill of chewing.

Although many of us have gone on (and will go on) to make and sell RPG things to each other, the heart of DIY D&D will always be about the free stuff, freely given. Enjoy the feast.

-Zak Sabbath, Playing D&D With Porn Stars

INTRODUCTION

Dec. 24. 1882,

Father Christmas, Sinterklaas, and Jolly Old St. Nick have been conflated into something new, something uniquely American. Stolen from a myriad of cultures, devoid of anything but ruthless optimism and joy, half remembered bits of Germanic mythos converge into a new being.

Small miracles spawn in the wake of a flying sleigh pulled by reindeer. Small bright bits of kindness, remembering only the giver of winter... forgiving and forgetting the terrible toll of December, the devouring form of midwinter, the savage joy of pursuit, the destroyer, the Hunter...

Such a travesty, this laughing New World oaf.

It cannot be abided.

Wodan Rides.

On the very night Santa was born, he died.

Before You Begin

The stat blocks and rules included in this adventure are written with *Lamentations of the Flame Princess* (LotFP) in mind. Converting them to any other Fantasy Roleplaying Game should be fairly straightforward. Slotting **Santa is Dead** into an existing campaign shouldn't be difficult. Use it just like any other adventure.

However, you might want this to be its own terrible story, isolated like a mountain town ringed in ruthless snow. You might want the naked terror of these events to stand alone. You might not want to make Santa a canon element of your home game.



If you're using this adventure as a one shot game, the following is suggested:

You play the role of esoteric investigators.

All characters are first level *Lamentations of the Flame Princess* (LotFP) Specialists but choose from the following skills:

- European Mythology (Knowledge Set)
- Constructed Indo-European Mythology (Knowledge Set)
- Nihilistic Cosmological Studies (Knowledge Set)
- Mystical Traditions
- Stealth
- Sneak Attack
- Orienteering
- Wilderness Survival

Knowledge Sets require only a single point to obtain. Throughout the adventure, extra information can be gleaned by those with the proper knowledge sets.

Mystical Traditions give an x-in-6 chance to correctly interpret and perform arcane rituals. These rituals include but are not limited to:

- Binding of Spirits- entrapment in circles
- Summoning Friendly/Willing Spirits- they know exactly what is happening, but usually want something.
- Summoning things that **SHOULD NOT EVER BE SUMMONED** – these things are uncontrollable and terrible, terrible ideas – treat as a Summon spell with the resulting creature having HD 1d10.



New Characters...

Each character receives one of the following random weapons:

RANDOM WEAPONS - ROLL 1D6

- 1 **Pepperbox Pistol** – short range, 1d10 damage.
 - Takes 3 combat rounds to reload.
 - 12 paper cartridges.
- 2 **Army 1860 Revolver** – medium range 1d12 damage.
 - Six Shooter. Takes 4 combat rounds to reload each chamber.
 - 12 caps, 12 bullets, small horn of powder.
- 3 **Cane/Parasol Sword** – melee range, 1d6 or 1d4 damage as a bludgeon.
 - +1 to hit and damage with surprise.
- 4 **Pair of Brass Knuckles** – punching range, 1d4 damage.
 - Two attacks.
- 5 **Lever Action .44 Carbine** – long range, 1d12 damage.
 - 8 shot magazine. Takes 1 combat round to toss in another brass cartridge.
 - 12 brass cartridges.
- 6 **Double Barreled Shot Gun** – short range, 1d12 or 2d12 damage.
 - Takes 2 rounds to reload. Fire one or both chambers.
 - 6 brass cartridges.

The Party Shares The Following Items...

- A box of matches
- A lantern
- A portable limelight- this is a hydrogen/oxygen torch pointed at a block of slaked lime with a convex mirror which produces a very bright light. These are also ingredients for a bomb which does 1d6x10 damage in a 20 ft. radius.
- A camera
- Handbook of Esoteric Geometries - +1 to Mystical Traditions checks if consulted beforehand.
- A bottle of tawny port
- A flask of laudanum- consider a belt to heal 1HP from pain deadening. Contains 1d6 doses.
- Several fountain pens
- Bottle of ink
- Several notebooks
- Bundle of sage
- Box of crackers (biscuits)
- A summer sausage
- Pen knife
- A carriage
- Two horses
- A bag of oats (horse feed)

Character Motivations...

If you don't have one in mind roll 1d6:

1. Profit
2. Curiosity
3. Academic interest
4. Fame
5. A traumatic and spooky past
6. Power



SO IT BEGINS

On what would have been a quiet Christmas Eve night, hope, kindness, and whimsy became physically manifest. Cheer was set to spread like a fungal bloom. Unfortunately, the corpse remembered itself- what was left of Odin rose up unsteadily.

He had once been whole, more or less. Many skalds sang his many songs while ravens and disembodied heads gave him sweet wisdom. Mead alone sustained him, yet he looks too much like a man for you or I to remember that he is not.

He fed great wolves from his table.

*Óðinn, Wodan, Wōtan...
Many peoples spoke his many glorious names.*

The smile was torn away from him, and put into another. The ruddy red glow of his cheeks stolen, the wise steel of his eye replaced with an idiot gleam. His cloak was traded for a red jacket with bloodless white cuffs and shining black boots, his far reaching wisdom diminished to a ridiculous list. All good fortune, all blessings, all jollity once belonging to Odin, torn away and given to this new and garish god.

What then was left behind to rot?

Bloodlust, ill omens, hunger, the hunt.

The hunt. The Hunt. The Wild Hunt.

Wodan rode. Wodan will ride.

Many more will die.





Summary

Odin, the Captain, has risen from the grave and murdered Santa. He is bent on bloody revenge and is destroying everything in his path with the help of his Riders, members of the Wild Hunt. It is up to the players to stop him (or not) in eight nights.

The Timeline outlines Odin's actions each night and what will happen if he is not stopped. Because the Riders are extremely deadly, it is more than likely the party will be involved in a chase at least once during the game. Both the Timeline and Chase Mechanics can be found in the Resources section at the end of this adventure.

Background

What do the Riders want? To hunt, to chase, to frighten, to laugh as soft flesh is torn open underneath the big winter moon.

What does the Captain want? To destroy all trace of the religion that made Santa Claus possible. The Captain is totally Odin, Odin without mercy or laughter or kindness. Odin tends to focus on churches when present, and likes to taunt and hunt the most devout.

What happens if the players somehow evacuate all of the towns between Chestnut and the Standinstone? It will buy them a night as the Captain discovers the new circumstances via searching through the countryside. The very next night, the Hunt will Ride through the Standinstone.



ALONG CAME THE PLAYER CHARACTERS

Spectacular lights were reported last night above the nearby mountain town of Chestnut. A column of eager black smoke still stands in the morning light.

Wilhelm Hammerwright, professor of Germanic Studies at the Burgher University in Standinstone, is concerned, no, deeply worried, no, concerned. He has not slept in seven days. Once robust, he has been reduced to a withering husk. Mad visions haunt him.

“Deer hunted becoming deer hunting. Man-flesh roasting on an open fire. Screaming in the merciless white night of the terribly full moon in still, wet winter...”

“Still, wet winter. Blood on snow. Deck the halls in terrible glee.”

Professor Hammerwright needs someone in better health to investigate the strange lights above Chestnut. He sees a witch and a headless body whenever his eyes are closed. The professor believes something profoundly evil is happening.

“BE CAREFUL, damn you, bless you. Go with God!”

Upon the wall in his dark, panelled office hangs a newspaper clipping, almost lost amongst rubbings of stone ruins, diplomas, and a collection of pinned butterflies. The clipping contains details about the connection between Nordic myth and Christian celebrations.

From Standinstone to Chestnut

The carriage ride between the city and Chestnut is idyllic and a bit boring. Seven tiny towns, barely more than smatterings of old buildings, are scattered along the way. Any of them could be missed in the space of a yawn: Wednesdaytown, Hogcamp, Oldpine, Stonebridge (the bridge washed away ages ago), Wistful, Blinkin, and Nod. It takes around 10 hours to ride from Standinstone to Chestnut at a steady clip. The road is infrequently graded, making it an unpleasant journey given any speed.



Chestnut

There are six structures in all of Chestnut.

- Three private homes –locked up. Shutters chained closed. The insides are wrecked.
- A General Store – locked up tight. There is an open window on the second floor. Lots of basic supplies can be found here.
- The Woodsmen’s Inn – unlocked. A thin trail of greasy smoke climbs from the chimney, the only smoking chimney in town. The main room has been decorated with the offal of many butchered

folks. In the great fireplace, a headless fat man, trussed and spitted, has become terribly burnt on the bottom.

- A closed and boarded Post Office – smells of smoke. An envelope addressed to Santa and filled with ashes has been slipped under the door.

A switchback trail heads off from town square and up the frosted hillside. A column of black smoke towers like a wretched portent above the hill and the trail comes to an end near whatever burns halfway up the mountainside.

Crash Site

X| Main Crash Site- Santa hangs upside down from the single unbroken lamp post of his unlikely sleigh. He has been bitten, struck, stabbed, gored, gutted like a deer, and his left eye is gouged out. The great puddles of blood underneath him burn without being consumed. Nearby, a squirrel chews on Santa's indestructible eye.

The fires will burn until the end of time unless actively put out. They can be quenched by normal means (doused with water or sand, for instance), but the trick is that an active will must be causing the flames to cease- a human tossing a bucket of water will smother the fires, the rains never will...

A| Headless corpse of some sort of horse, goat, man, and lizard chimera.

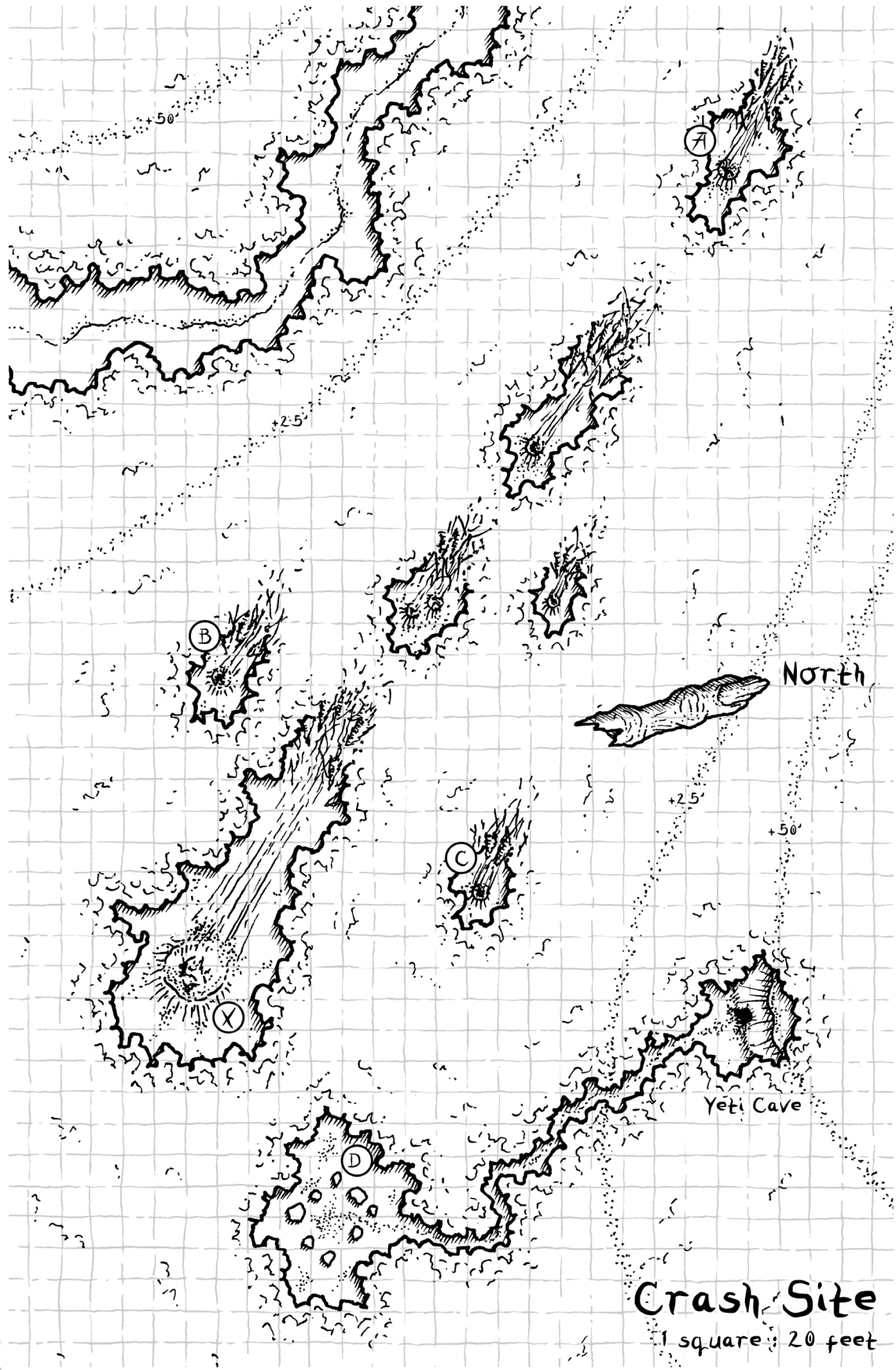
B| Threadbare and charred satin sack. Functions as a more or less infinite 'Bag of Holding'. Anything capable of being put through the sack's two foot wide opening can be held within, conferring no weight upon the carrier. It is currently empty.

C| A disembodied human head with uneven goat horns.

D| Fire-blackened standing stones, and a trail heading off towards the yeti cave complex.



Map of Crash Site





YETI CAVE & 4TH DIMENSIONAL ART GALLERY

Dead white eyes see nothing in dead white snow. But it knows.

It knows.

Its mouth gapes and drools, distending impossible. It doesn't hunger; it feeds.

Maybe it lives on screams.

It is quiet, too quiet. It does not breathe.

When a twig snapped before it swallowed you whole, it meant for you to know.

There is not really much of use in the yeti's cave. Interesting statues of things best unexamined, bones, and hidden bits of old power- mostly old bones and older stones.

The yeti stalks any who enter its large, cold lair. It knows every step that will be taken, can be taken, in this place. It has a hunger even the mountain could not bury nor the world satiate.

The yeti's eyes pour cold smoke, unless closed.

It knows. It does not care.

The yeti always follows a basic narrative: stalk and frighten, then grin and rend. The beast's awful throat leads to nowhere, an empty chest cavity busted open. Victims sometimes survive, falling out of its guts through dry and ragged ribs. The yeti does not mind. They have been swallowed, and that is enough. It is an unconcerned and fatalistic beast, filled to overflowing with violent apathy.

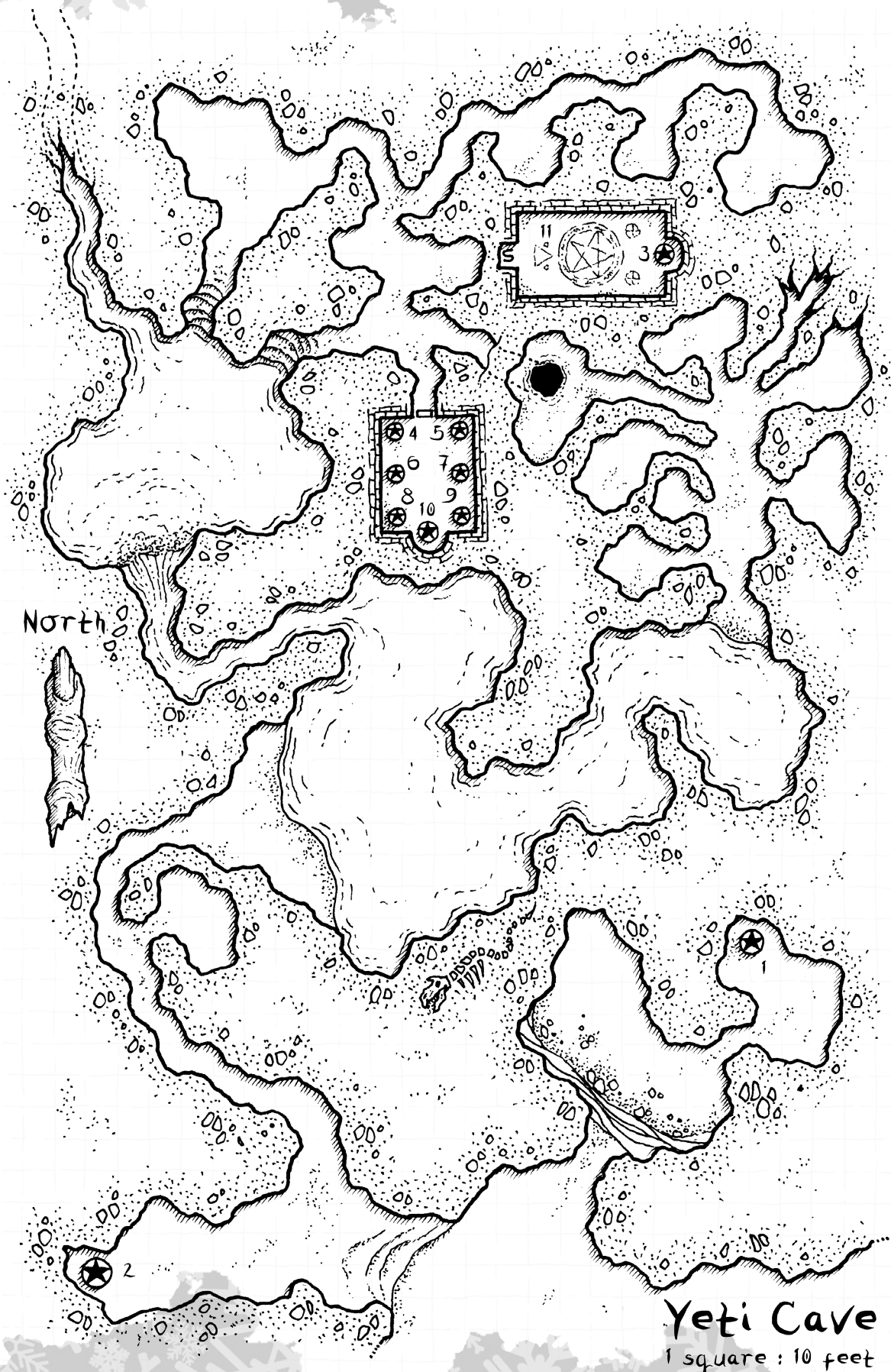
YETI

The yeti knows every step the party will take before they even enter the cave. It will ambush them at the worst possible time.

HD 5+3. AC 16. 2 Attacks: 1d6+3/1d6+3 claw/claw. Move: surreally soundless, fast. 6/6 Stealth. Special: On a natural 20 it swallows victims whole, doing an extra 1d20 acid/constriction damage. It can (and will) automatically swallow sleeping, tied, or otherwise restrained victims.

Swallowed victims who survive will be ignored. The yeti cannot be blinded, for it sees with the eyes of fate.

Map of Yeti Cave



Yeti Cave Breakdown

Falling into the water does 1d6 damage + 1d6 damage per additional minute of exposure.

Non-fatal damage can be cured by 1 hour of warmth.

1- (Statue) A solid block of basalt radiates faint heat.

2- (Statue) A twisting mass, a mess of bold lines radiating up and out of a rough block of basalt. It both does and does not exist in only three dimensions. It does not quite move- instead, it subtly, surreptitiously, shifts.

It was a lazy piece, by valuation of its sculptor. For convenience, we will refer to the sculptor as she, though really “she” is far beyond carbon considerations and sexual dimorphism. Isn't it odd that even the unspeakable outer gods suffer from avant garde art movements?

The flowing lines of smoothly simple textured stone bend and weave but never quite join. Each line is a complex pathway formed like some overextended pseudopod. Still and stony, the piece is clearly about movement.

So it is still, but it moves?

Ah. How to explain?

Imagine, you circle a block of stone, moving along the axis x, y, and z as you please. While doing so, you remove bits of the stone, to cut the unforgiving cube into organic shapes. You could polish this stone or rough it up with tools and chaotic movements.

Imagine you can reach through time, like she can; the

same way you can push your hand through the air, allow it to list to the right, and fall slightly downward.

Remember that it was a lazy piece? She sculpted the bulk of it all at once, in the very same instance of time. She had something resembling a hangover so she didn't want to move too much.

Through time, she changed its texture. Polished surfaces, gleaming obsidian black, slowly and subtly became etched diamond. Rough and haphazard surfaces slowly eroded in her hands, wearing away into smoothness... all this happening at this time—before your very eyes. Wait?! Doesn't that imply she is there while it is being viewed?

Yes. It wouldn't be much fun if she didn't get to see the reactions to her work.



Secret Door – Illusionary. All opaqueness has been carved away. Functionally, it's an illusion of the cave wall.

3 – (Statue) Mudstone flowing like slow motion fire.

4 – (Statue) A giant ear carved from pink granite. Whispers in an alien tongue- best not to listen.

5 – (Statue) A flat slab of white marble, hung vertically from the ceiling by bronze chains. Colored lights race and blend across two of the slabs largest surfaces with no apparent source.

6 – (Statue) A huge hanging “icicle” made from lead crystal. It is frigid to the touch. Around it red sandstone “clouds” flow up from the floor. They are scalding to the touch.

7 – (Statue) This mirror, opposite of Statue 6, is made of crystal icicles which are scalding to the touch. Red sandstone “clouds” surround it. They are frigid.

8 – (Statue) Strange fluorescent pigments flow haphazardly across a Klein Bottle carved from smoky quartz.

9 – (Statue) A rough pillar of opaque pink salt crystals. Touching it results in terrible pain, tasting it results in terrible pleasure.

10 – (Statue) A frozen explosion in obsidian, immovable razor sharp shards hanging in mid-air. A violent moment never allowed to bloom.

11 – (Room) The Bringing Circle. It is a loud but lazy advertisement to come watch these tiny 3d humans react to basic 4d art. Summonings attempted using the circle will always be answered, even friendly spirits after Night One.



Sundry Objects Strewn About the Cave

- Four \$20 golden coins, with smiling faces crudely scratched across the eagle
- Six complete adult skeletons
- Five spare pinkie finger bones
- Lots and lots and lots of red sandstone scree



THEMELIAE

When the Player Characters (PCs) arrive on the scene, Night Zero has already occurred. Ignoring travel shenanigans, those events are set in stone. The events of Nights One to Eight will unfold with no survivors should the PCs not interfere.

Night Zero – One hour after sunset, Santa's Sleigh was overtaken, the Jolly One was slain, and Chestnut was massacred in mere minutes. Twelve riders and the Captain of the Wild Hunt survive the attack on Santa.

Night One – 1d4 hours after sunset (6pm), the town of Nod will be attacked. Add 1d6 extra Riders to the Hunt beforehand. After this night, Friendly Spirits will no longer answer summons.

Night Two – 1d4 hours after sunset, the town of Blinkin will be attacked. Add 1d6 extra Riders to the Hunt beforehand.

Night Three – 1d4 hours after sunset, the town of Wistful will be attacked. Add 2d6 extra Riders to the Hunt beforehand.

Night Four – 1d4 hours after sunset, the town of Stonebridge will be attacked. Add 2d6 extra Riders to the Hunt beforehand.

Night Five – 1d4 hours after sunset, the town of Oldpine will be attacked. Add 2d6 extra Riders to the Hunt beforehand.

Night Six – 1d4 hours after sunset, the town of Hogcamp will be attacked. Add 2d6 extra Riders to the Hunt beforehand.

Night Seven – 1d4 hours after sunset, Wednesdaytown will be attacked. Add 3d6 extra Riders to the Hunt beforehand.

Night Eight – 1d20 minutes after sunset, the city of Standinstone will be attacked. Add 3d6 extra Riders throughout the night.

Once the Captain has been killed, trapped, or Standinstone has been ravaged, the Wild Hunt will cease. If not destroyed or trapped, the Captain will ride again, next year.

Merry godsdamned xmas, motherfuckers



RESOURCES

Chase Mechanics

Hollering
Distance

Shooting
Distance

Spitting
Distance

Grabbing
Distance

Right On
Top Of Them

--	--	--	--	--

Running away is a really, really good idea.

The monsters of this adventure will almost always win if confronted with brute force. Having a few backup player characters in mind is probably a good idea, too, as is stressing the horrible strength and endurance of these savage Hunters. If your words fail, dead PCs will probably work just as well.

Whenever the PCs come into contact with members of the Wild Hunt, have them declare whether they are fighting or running (or trying something else).

If They Run...

Most chases begin with a Hunter (the party or parties in active pursuit) at the far left of the Position Chart (Hollering Distance). All chases feature the Prey (those actively trying to escape) at the far right.

Participants in the Wild Hunt are driven by the thrill of pursuit. Unless the PCs have shown themselves to be very dangerous, assume all chases begin at Hollering Distance.

Each Combat Round, all parties roll a Chase die.

- d6 + Con modifier for characters Afoot.
- d8-1 for Exhausted mounts.
- d8 for Tired mounts.
- d8+1 for those on Fresh mounts.

When the Hunter(s) roll higher, Hunters move one step right. If the Prey rolls higher, the Hunters move one step left. The chase is over whenever the Hunters move off the scale. If it's to the right of the scale, Hunters have successfully overtaken the Prey. If to the left, the Prey has gotten away.

A character who has been injured will be overtaken in the next round.

Mount Energy

Fresh Mounts– If a mount has been ridden for more than a mile or so in the last hour, it is not considered “fresh”.

Tired Mounts– If a mount has been ridden for than a mile or so in the last hour or involved in a formal chase, it is considered tired.

Exhausted Mounts– A “tired” mount ridden for more than a mile or put through a formal chase is now an “exhausted” mount. Riding an “exhausted” mount for more than a mile or forcing an exhausted mount to endure a formal chase kills the mount.

The mounts of the Wild Hunt are not subject to becoming tired or exhausted- nothing is ever fair.

Distances

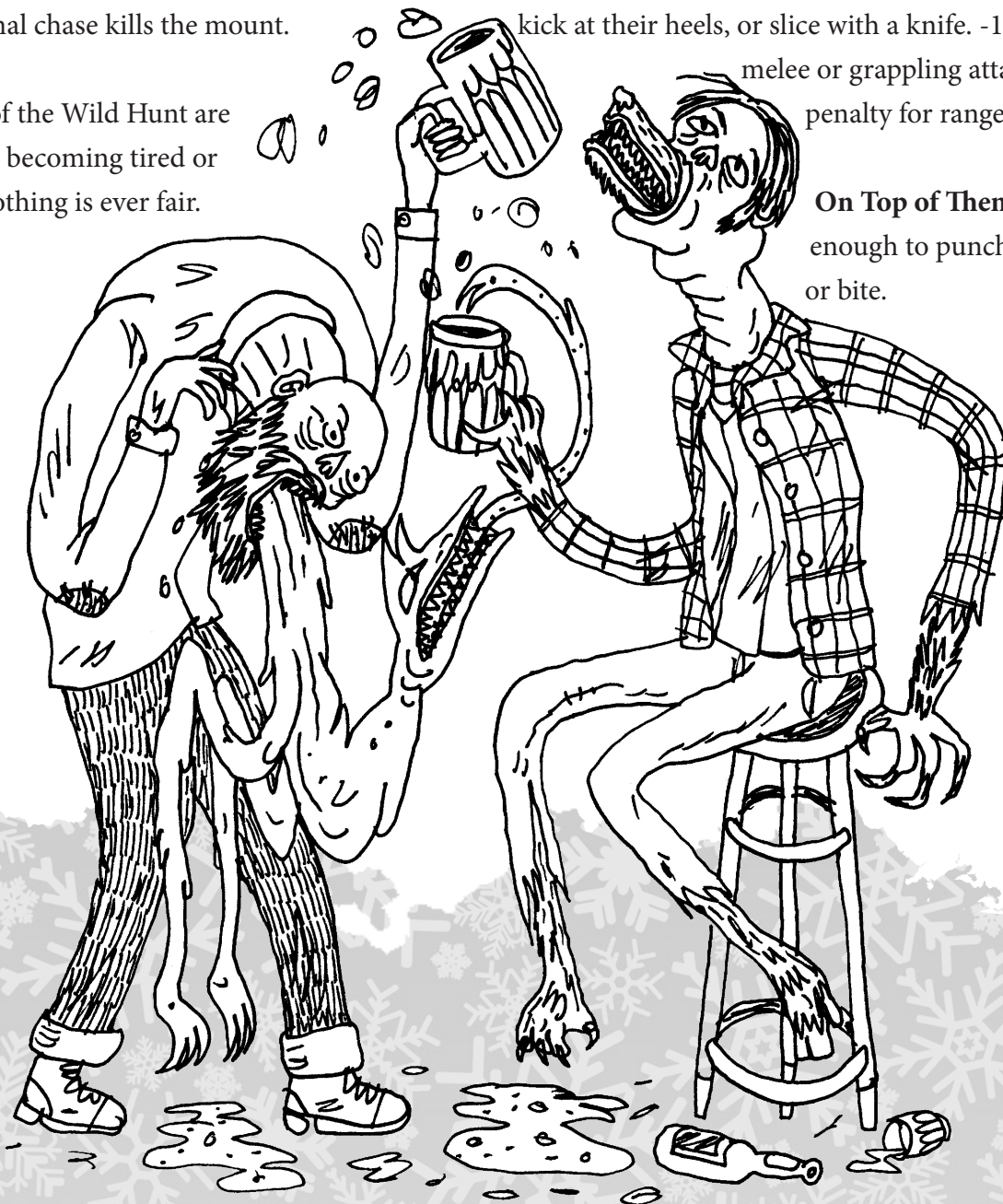
Hollering Distance – Prey is just out of sight... though the Hunter saw where you went. They are approaching with wild smiles.

Shooting Distance – Plenty close to fire off a gun. -1 to hit for being on the run.

Spitting Distance – Close enough to throw a stone, thrust a long spear, or toss a lasso. No penalty for ranged weapons here.

Grabbing Distance – Close enough to swing an axe, kick at their heels, or slice with a knife. -1 to hit for melee or grappling attacks. No penalty for ranged weapons.

On Top of Them – Close enough to punch, push over, or bite.



Important Facts About The Wild Hunt

Strange lights and the sound of barking thunder announce the immediate arrival of the Wild Hunt. This is fairly common knowledge amongst anybody who knows what the Wild Hunt is.

Upon seeing the Wild Hunt, those with European Mythology and Constructed Indo-European Mythology knowledge sets will recognize it for what it is. There is also a good chance your very clever players will just figure that shit out, yo.

The Hunters wish to hunt, so boldly asking for a running start will almost always result in a sporting chance of a 1d6 minute head start. (European Mythology).

Fear feeds the Hunters like a fine spiced-wine. (European Mythology).

Requests to join the Hunt will usually be honored. (European Mythology).

Demands to join the Hunt directed at the Captain will always be accepted. Some sources indicate the participant's personality will remain intact- allow a Save vs. Magic to keep one's mind intact throughout the transition. (Constructed Indo-European Mythology).

No one in the Hunt can deny a challenge of wits or arms so long as blood is on the line. (Constructed Indo-European Mythology).

Wild Spirits cannot abide the touch of salt- crossing over a line of salt does 1d6 damage, physically touching salt does 1d8 damage. Only the Captain's mount is immune to this. (Constructed Indo-European Mythology).

The Captain's strange mount can and will consume anything. It is called something you cannot pronounce that seems composed of consonants and insect clicks, but translates to 'places of faith take an extra 1d10 minutes to consume.' (Nihilistic Cosmological Studies).

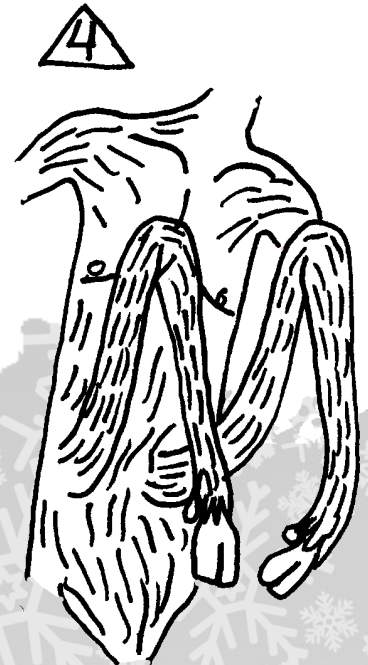
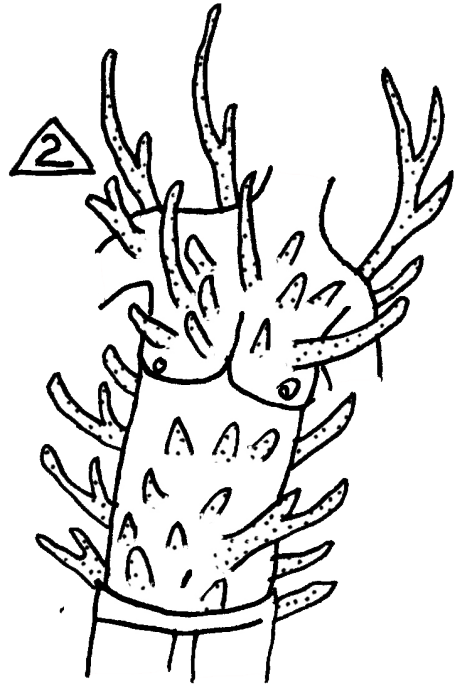
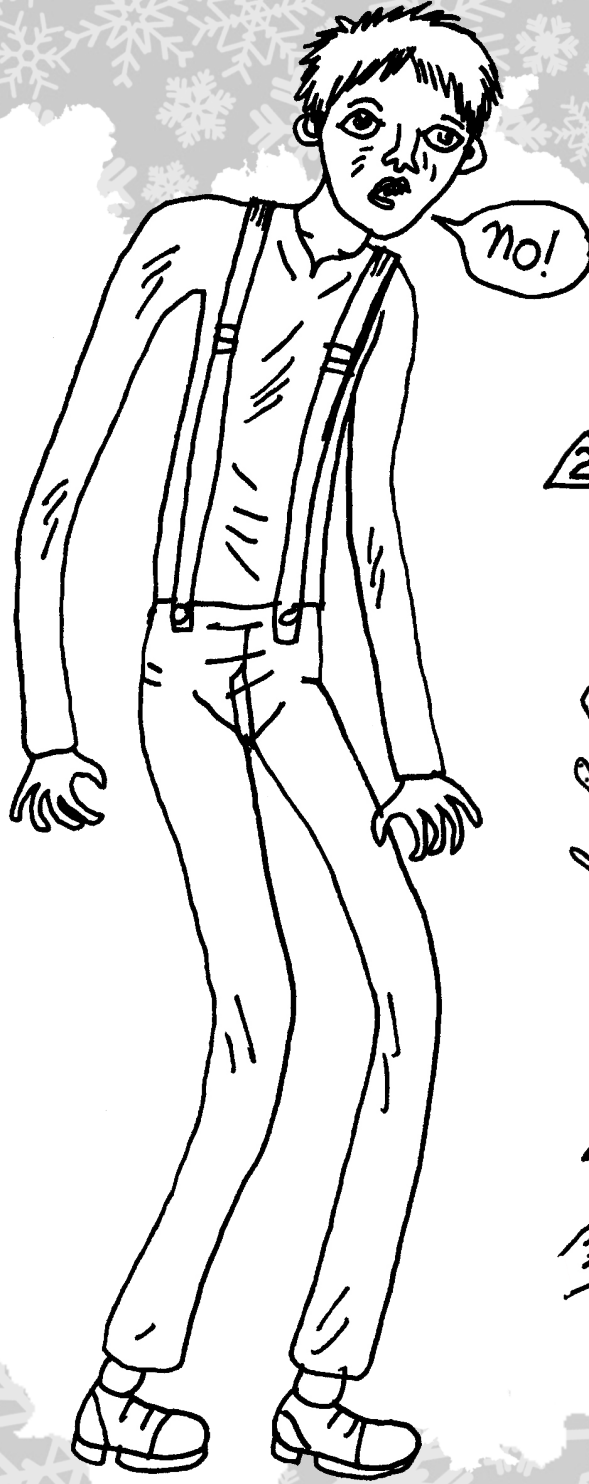
The Nordic Pantheon and the Unspeakable Outer Gods have a very antagonistic relationship. (Nihilistic Cosmological Studies).

Certain arcane geometries, created by the Unspeakable Outer Gods can easily hold powerful spirits in place. (Nihilistic Cosmological Studies).

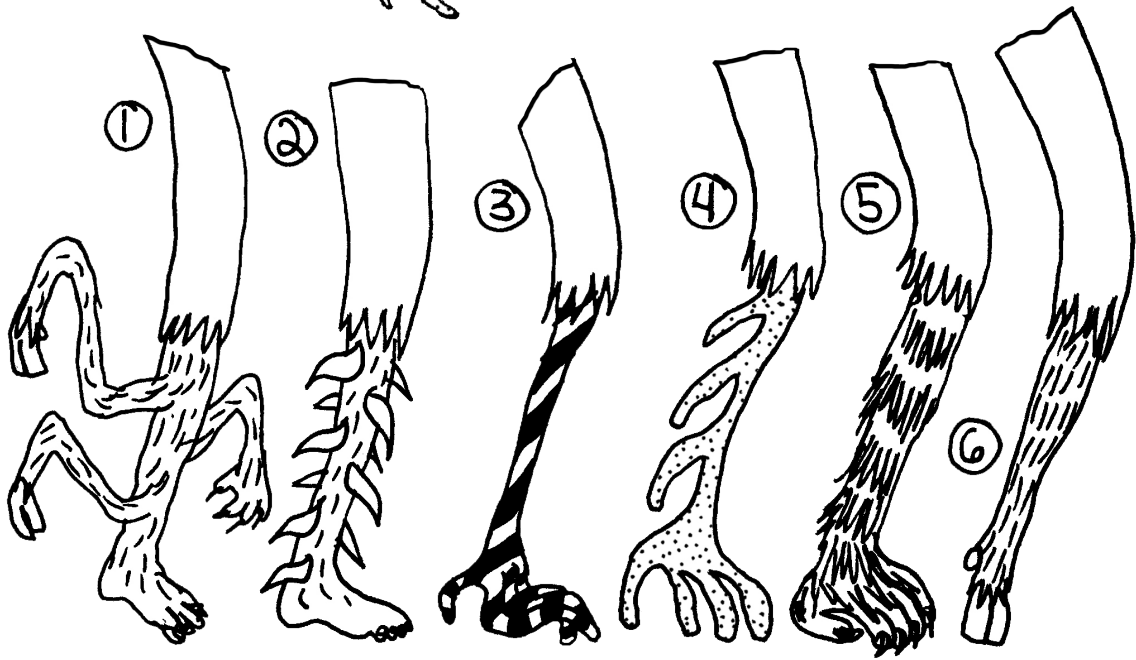
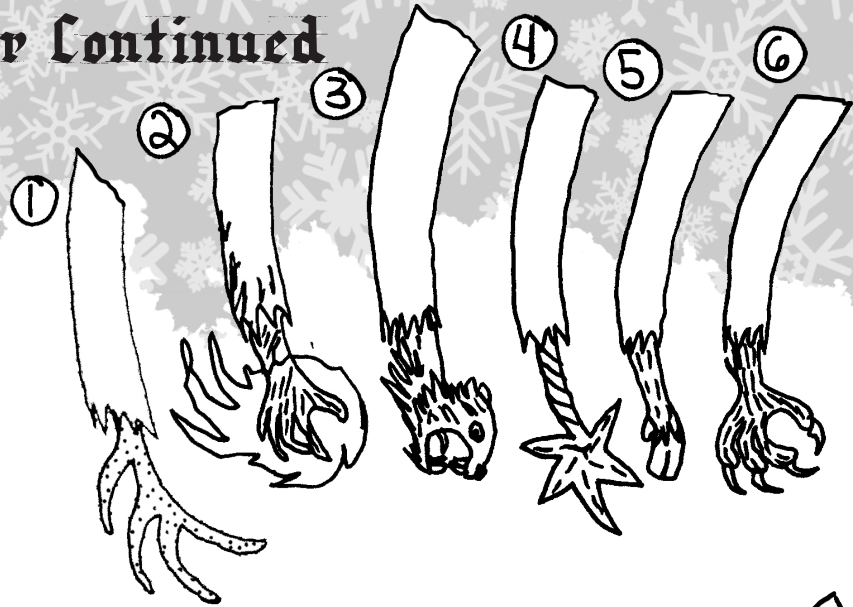
Destroying the Captain stops the Hunt. (No knowledge sets are aware that this is possible).



Rider Generator



Rider Generator Continued



Creature Stats

THE CAPTAIN/ODIN

He is tall and thin and mean. A gore soaked mockery of a modern Santa Claus.

**HD 10. AC 18. 1 attack while mounted:
1d8+3 Dane Axe. Move: like a starving
wolf having a fun day.**

CAPTAIN'S MOUNT

A minor servant of the unspeakable Outer Gods stolen by Odin long, long ago. The mount does not ambulate so much as writhe and vibrate towards its goals. A tentacled wyrm with a gaping maw, it shimmers in terrible glory.

**HD 8. AC 16. 4 attacks:
1d6/1d6/1d6/1d12 tentacle/tentacle/
tentacle/bite. Move: jogging speed.**



EXTRA RIDERS

These were men only hours ago... lonely men from nearby cabins and camps. They answered the summons when the Wild Hunt came calling. Now, they are bestial things, part human, part animal, part shadow and smoke.

HD 2. AC 13. 1 attack: 1d6 or by weapon. Move: like a tireless human. They can keep up with the rest of the Hunt by riding shadow horses that don't quite actually exist.

(13) THE RIDERS' CHIMERIC MOUNTS

Thick bodied beasts, the Mounts are surreal amalgams of mundane animals made dangerous and huge.

HD 3. AC 13. 1 attack: 1d8 charge/gore/bite/whatever. Move: like a horse that never tires.

(12) ORIGINAL RIDERS

Something like deer, something like goats, something like men, these monstrosities stand upwards of 10 feet tall. Cruel laughter and spittle frequently flow from their distended mouths.

HD 4. AC 14. 1 attack: 1d6 or by weapon. Move: short bursts of terrifying speed.



Creating A Tiny Town On The Fly

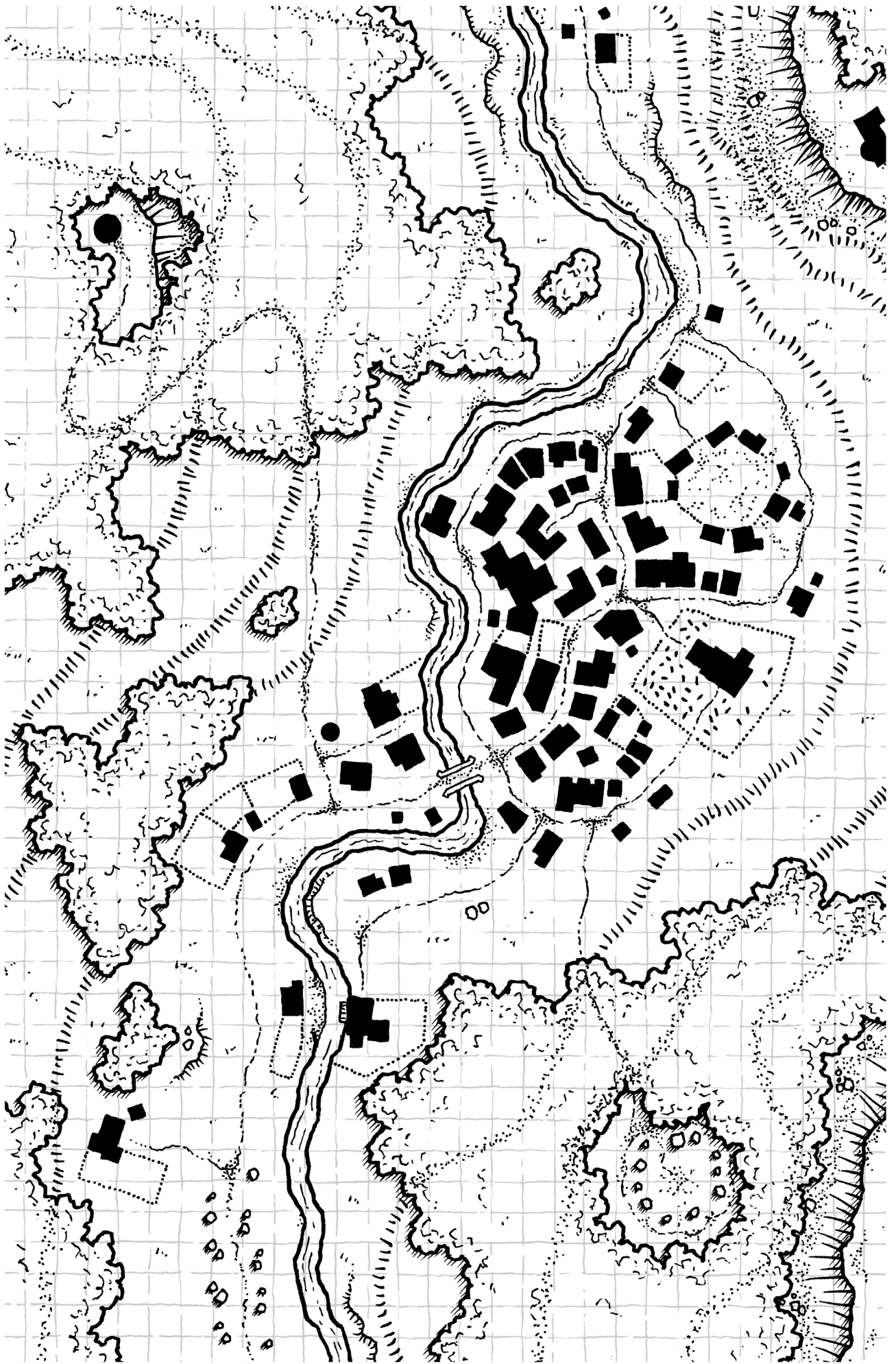
Take a handful of d6s (at least 6), shake them in both hands, and then set them all down at once on a piece of paper.

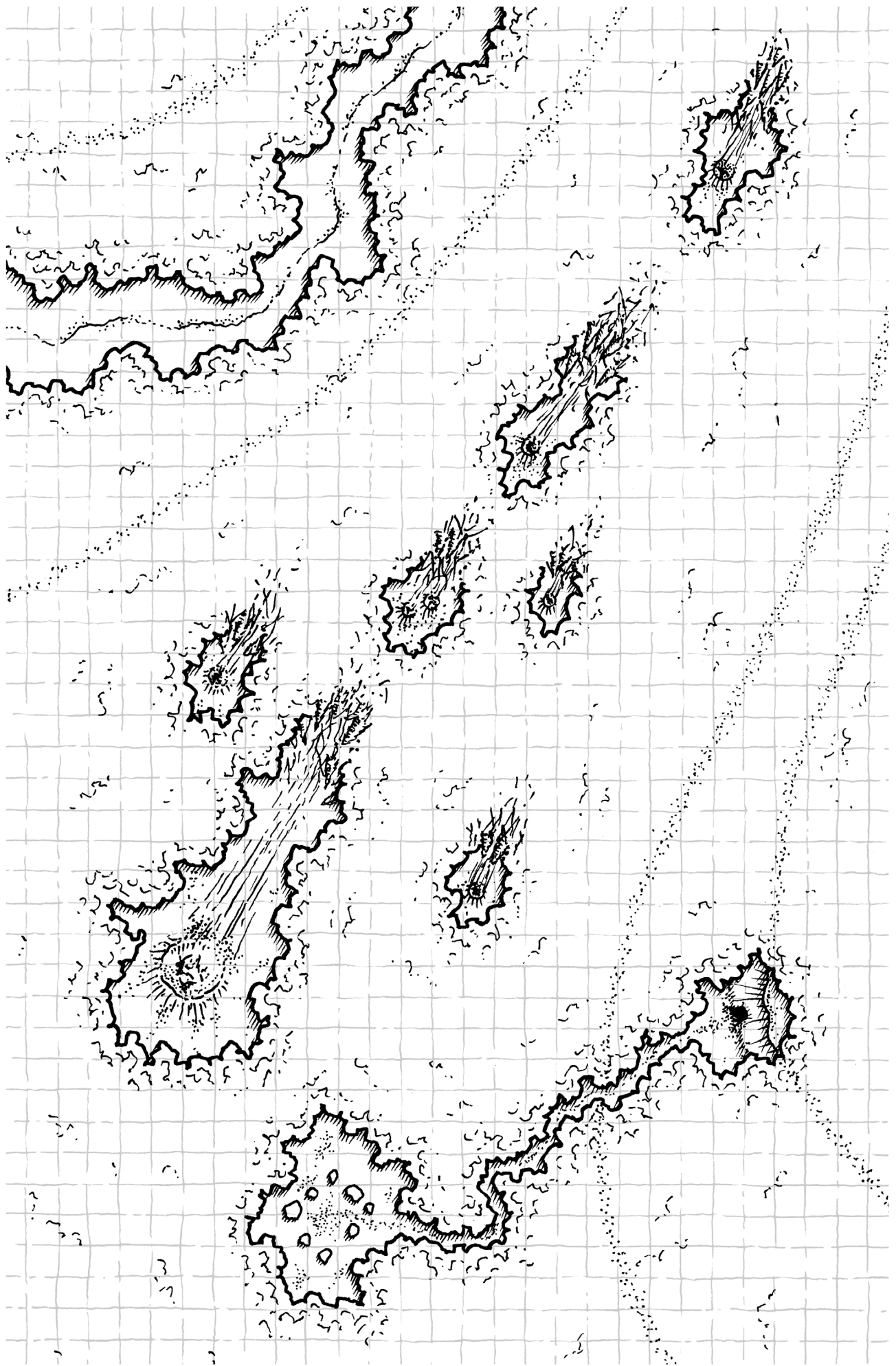
Each die is a (1-4) home, a (5) business/home, or a (6)

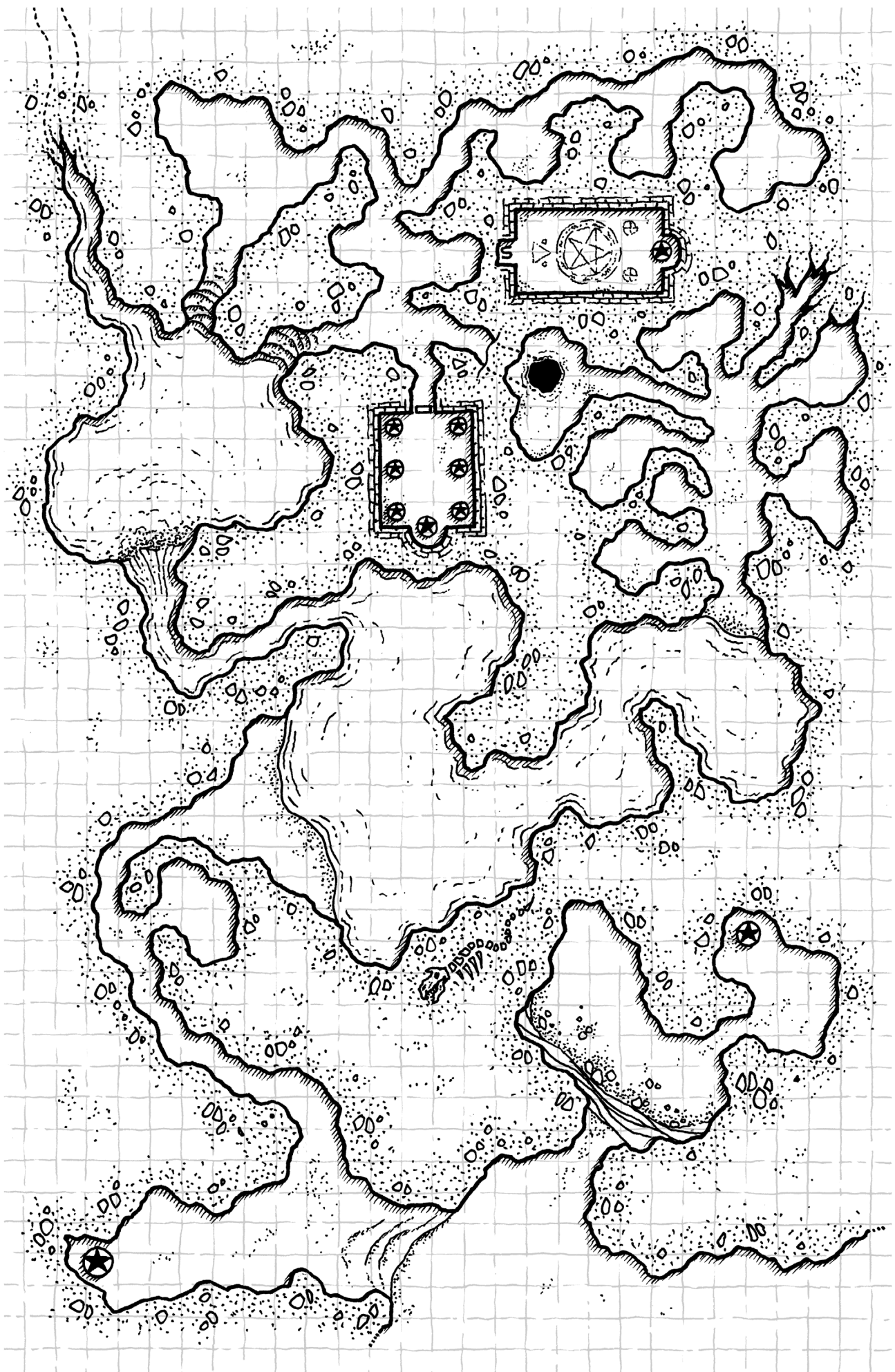
church. The population of each building is twice the number shown (example: 4 pips equals 8 souls.) There are a dozen folk terrified of the Wild Hunt praying in each church. Business/homes have relatives visiting from out of town (10 total souls in each). The businesses are whatever makes sense, just go with your gut instinct. If you freeze, make it a tavern and the inhabitants drunks about to get torn to shreds.

Hey look at that, a MAP!











Santa is Dead

Father Christmas, Sinterklaas, and Jolly Old St. Nick have been conflated into something new, something uniquely American. Stolen from a myriad of cultures, devoid of anything but ruthless optimism and joy, half remembered bits of Germanic mythos converge into a new being.

Small miracles spawn in the wake of a flying sleigh pulled by reindeer. Small bright bits of kindness, remembering only the giver of winter... forgiving and forgetting the terrible toll of December, the devouring form of midwinter, the savage joy of pursuit, the destroyer, the Hunter...

Such a travesty, this laughing New World oaf.

It cannot abide.

Wodan Rides.

* * *

Santa is Dead is a Old School Renaissance (OSR) adventure filled with holiday dread. It will take to you from the sleepy town Standinstone to Chesnut, a sleepy town where something is *definitely* amiss. All proceeds from this adventure will be donated to the **Ehlers-Danlos Society**.

Find out more about the great work it does here:

ehlers-danlos.com