



the SHADOW of GOLGOTHA

B/X EDITION

CREDITS

Creator: Rose Bailey

Authors: Rose Bailey, Benjamin Baugh, and Meghan Fitzgerald

Illustrators: George Cotronis, katalinks, Oryx Design Lab, Stefan Keller, Enrique Meseguer, and Bern Scheurer

Special Thanks: Erin Cardosi, Emily Brumfield, Nathan Easton, Eric Eves, Josh Traub, and Eddy Webb

Check out patreon.com/fantasyheartbreaker for Rose's latest and greatest games, and drivethrurpg.com/browse/pub/4895/Fantasy-Heartbreaker for her complete catalog!

This setting previously appeared in Miserable Secrets, a game of gothic noir. If tactical investigation and battle sound like your kind of party, then get rocking here: drivethrurpg.com/product/245941/Miserable-Secrets.

CONTENTS

| | |
|---------------------|-----------|
| Introduction | 2 |
| I. Setting | 4 |
| Christendom | 5 |
| Those Who Rule | 6 |
| Those Who Pray | 9 |
| Those Who Toil | 11 |
| The Unruly | 13 |
| Unsaved Lands | 15 |
| The Lonely Barrows | 15 |
| The Dreaming South | 16 |
| The Fecund East | 17 |
| Above and Below | 19 |
| II. Monsters | 22 |
| Monster Rules | 23 |
| Barghest | 24 |
| Clockwork Mutant | 25 |
| Death Herself | 26 |
| Hollow Knight | 28 |
| Mandragora | 30 |
| Mortals | 32 |
| Mother Medusa | 34 |
| Mourning Gargoyle | 36 |

| | |
|-----------------------|-----------|
| Night Visitor | 37 |
| Ophan | 38 |
| Poltergeist | 39 |
| Radiant Skull | 40 |
| Skeleton | 41 |
| Lady Regina Drake | 42 |
| Maid Paladin | 44 |
| III. Towns | 46 |
| Town Organization | 47 |
| Building Towns | 48 |
| Steps | 48 |
| 1.Under Green Shadow | 50 |
| Variations | 51 |
| 2. By the Waters | 53 |
| 3. Skeleton City | 55 |
| 4. Big Sky Plains | 58 |
| 5. Amongst the Crags | 61 |
| Variations | 62 |
| 6. Edge of the Wastes | 64 |
| Variations | 65 |
| 2. Theme | 67 |
| 1. Market | 67 |
| 2. Agriculture | 67 |
| 3. Crossroads | 68 |

| | |
|---------------------------------|-----------|
| 4. Craft | 69 |
| 5. Industry | 69 |
| 6. Seat of Power | 70 |
| 3. Landmarks | 71 |
| 4. Locals | 71 |
| Personal Name | 71 |
| Clan and Family Names | 72 |
| Description | 72 |
| 5. Prevailing Conditions | 72 |
| 6. Troubles | 73 |
| 1. Region (d6 x d4) | 74 |
| 2. Theme Table (d4 x d6) | 75 |
| 3. Landmark Table | 76 |
| Personal Names | 77 |
| Clans and Families | 78 |
| Description | 79 |
| 5. Condition Table | 81 |
| 6. Trouble Tables | 83 |



INTRODUCTION

It is an age beyond our reckoning, where humanity has given way to monstrosity, science to sorcery, and our well-tamed garden world to a wasteland ruled by vampires, werewolves, and all manner of strange creatures.

Born into this world, made a wanderer by choice or misfortune, you travel from town to town, looking for work, companionship, and very occasionally peace.

- *The world can be as bloody as it is thrilling, but somewhere between the adrenaline rush of sacking crimson cathedrals and the freezing embrace of Death Herself, you find people worth fighting for.*

It's time to uncover the world's secrets. It's time to out its corruptors. It's time to bring the light against...

The Shadow of Golgotha

Welcome to gothic fantasy in the impossible future. The Shadow of Golgotha is a fantasy adventure setting for old school roleplaying games.

My favorite's TSR's *Rules Cyclopedia*, but this book is also written for compatibility with Goblinoid Games' *Labyrinth Lord* and *Mutant Future*, or Sine Nomine's *Scarlet Heroes*.

Chapter 1: Setting reveals the world under the benevolent rule of the Noblesse, the fecund horrors of the Green, and the dreaming cities of the Kindly Ones.

Chapter 2: Monsters introduces creatures ranging from clockwork mutants to mighty Nobles and their retinues.

Chapter 3: Towns provides tools for detailing the settlements of Christendom, including geography, livelihoods, and fractious inhabitants.



I. SETTING

You live in a dirty age.

Huddled in villages and barricaded in walled towns, the people of Christendom live every day with fear.

They hurt each other, and themselves, and then bury those secret crimes. They become prey for monsters, from within and without.

Whatever you're looking for, you won't find it easily. You might have to look in every shallow grave and every hidden heart in the world. You'll find mud and bones and crime and love.

You'll find the truth. And you'll deliver the consequences.

That's the world you live in, and the role you play. But how did we get here?

Civilization ended in an eyeblink. The Six Minute War unleashed the full fury of the world's arsenals, leaving a frightened and devastated people to claw their way through the ruins of humanity's

greatest age, beset on all sides by demons and darkness. They were guided by the Thinking Machines, those mechanical servants that had served faithfully until the end of the world.

Before long, the servants became the masters, and the masters became fractious. The Machine Nations marched relentlessly to war with each other, and their flesh-and-blood subjects chafed under their rule. As the centuries went by, as humanity tried to reclaim land and ruins amidst the schemes of the machines, an ancient species reemerged into the world.

An alternate branch of humanity, glorious and immortal, they led the common folk in a crusade against the machines. They broke the power of the mechanical minds, destroying them or banishing them to the radioactive wastes.

Their powers were uncanny - divine, even. After the crusade, as humanity rebuilt again, the immortals became the Noblesse. They seized the reins of Church and State, and ruled generously across their many fiefdoms. All they asked for in exchange was blood.

Most of the mutants and devils were driven out in great crusades, forced to form their own kingdoms in the south. Others became part of the Noblesse's grand society.

Yet far too many monsters lingered in the wild places, preying upon unwary travelers. Sin and longing create more, and while people may hold out hope for heroes, the monsters have hopes of their own.

CHRISTENDOM

The misty, muddy valleys and sharp, saw-toothed mountains of Christendom occupy the western portions of the known world, with more tenuous ties to archipelagos in the Sea of Martyrs. Christendom is an agricultural society where the leader with the largest food supply (in meat, grain, and mortal blood) holds the most power.

Christendom has many squabbling kings, but true power shifts almost with the cycle of the moon; the real authority and stability is in the hands of the barons and the Church of the Grail.

Not all of the common people believe in Christ; they have many faiths, cultures, and languages. But the Church, which has the allegiance of the Noblesse, holds most of the political and financial power.

The people of Christendom are divided into three estates: those who rule, those who pray, and those who toil. The first two are dominated by the Noblesse, while the third are mostly mortal. Foreigners who travel through Christendom rarely have any legal status or protection.

THOSE WHO RULE

The blood-drinking Noblesse have cemented their power over the recovering farmlands. They rule from the castles and cathedrals they have built as monuments to their own grandeur. Their rule is nigh-absolute, yet even they covertly lust after the secrets of bygone ages.

The Noblesse are the scions of Joseph of Arimathea, who collected the blood from Christ's wounded side in a cup, and spared a few drops to wet his own lips. Joseph became like, though not equal, to Christ.

Joseph protected the Apostles and their churches in times so far gone as to be almost unthinkable, and the Noblesse carry on his vow to protect Christ's flock and bring God's Kingdom to Earth.

In exchange for their holy service, the Noblesse must bear the burdens of Christ. Crucifixes weaken them and drive them back, forcing them to re-live the pain of the Savior's murder on the cross. And as the cross was made of wood, so too does wood through the heart wound them gravely. Silver, the metal of Judas' betrayal, is a potent poison to them.

These infirmities are balanced by their holy gifts. A noble may soar through the sky on wings dark as midnight and just as full of stars, may transform from person to beast, or drain the veins of their foes miraculously from across a battlefield.

The Noblesse are strongest at night, when God's Heavens can be seen in glory. The moon is the emblem of Mary's piety, and they call it mother.

Signs in the heavens often herald great upheavals in Christendom. An eclipse or comet may send a noble to their sick bed, even requiring that they be entombed for decades or centuries while their reciprocal heirs take over.

Each planting season, a noble consecrates their fields with a mixture of their own blood and that of their subjects, making them one with the land and encouraging good harvests. Thus, the Noblesse become tied to their lands, feeling the pleasures and pains of crops, forests, and even their subjects.

The noble's humours are affected by the land they govern and, ultimately, feed from, and the connection goes both ways. A wounded noble may bring blight to their holdings, while one who is healthy and in God's grace brings unparalleled prosperity.

The Noblesse are served by more than their mortal flocks. For even if you can teach a sheep to carry a shield and pike, it is still a sheep.

Thus, they accept the vassalage of other powers of the night and day, of monsters their crusades did not drive out. Lamiae, cyclops, and even sometimes Death herself march with their armies.

THE ILLEGITIMATE

The Noblesse reproduce only very slowly among themselves. And they are enough like their mortal subjects so as to make trysts inevitable. Some of these become marriages (see "The Beloved"), but many more are simply fleeting affairs of the heart.

Yet even the most fleeting union can be fruitful. Noblesse who dally with commoners sometimes sire or bear children by them. These children are not truly immortal, but possess embers of their parents' divinity.

Like their immortal parents, half-nobles have a sacred thirst for human blood, freely given. They also inherit divine gifts. The ability to become a flock of birds or bats is common, and their health is vigorous, if not perfect.

Elegantly dealing with these bastards is an ongoing problem in Noblesse society. Many are given appointments in the militaries. The elite Maids Paladin, for example, are the cream of the officer corps. They are trained and equipped so as to be nearly as powerful and deadly as full-blooded Nobles.

Others are diverted to the Church. An illegitimate child is unlikely to become a cardinal, but may rise to prominence as an abbex or even a bishop. And clerically-trained offspring can be valuable courtiers, regardless of the individual favor or disfavor shown by their parents.

A very few half-nobles have their lineage concealed by their parents, and are raised and passed off as full-blooded Noblesse, simply a little sickly or unusual. These would-be heirs may not even know their true parentage, and the consequences when the truth is revealed are often catastrophic for everyone involved.

And some, those strange children who can't easily accept that they are different from their parents and siblings, take to the road, becoming adventurers, hired swords, even rebels and monster hunters.

THE BELOVED

The Noblesse are far from heartless, nor are they entirely above elevating beloved subjects to their ranks. Commoners thus elevated are respected as the Nobles they become. A once-mortal spouse is even preferable ~ the plural marriages and long reigns of the ruling class create very complicated webs of intrigue, whereas the worst

a former commoner can do is be a touch too indulgent with her humble family.

Yet ascending from the third estate to the first takes more than love and ceremony. It's unpredictable and deadly.

To raise a commoner, a noble drinks from them by night for every night of a lunar month. As always, the commoner must give their blood willingly, for eternal life is meaningless without want.

When the commoner's mortal self has wasted away from anemia and desire, their family and friends entomb them in heavy stone, as Christ was entombed.

Unlike our Savior, the new bride does not rise in three nights. Mortal bodies become divine only slowly, or not at all. A noble's beloved might rise in a few nights, a few moons, or many years later, while their would-be spouse longs or mourns or forgets.

Then, abruptly, the beloved rises from death and into new life. They are ravenous, but weak. A new spouse is crazed with hunger, a danger to anyone they chance upon.

Thus, they are interred with bells around their necks or over their mausoleums. The bells toll when the new noble struggles with or throws aside the stones that sheltered them in death.

And so, the toll of a bell in the night never fails to quicken heartbeats. For the Noblesse, it signals the end of long nights alone. For the common people, it heralds the prowling of something devouring yet divine.

THOSE WHO PRAY

The Church of the Grail preaches salvation through obedience to the social order and penitence for temporal sins. It also sells indulgences for blood, though particularly gluttonous Church officers may find themselves in conflict with a noble's natural right to the blood of their subjects.

The Church theoretically operates in a strict hierarchy, with the Tripontiffex and College of Cardinals at the top, and the lowly parish priests at the bottom. In practice, many cardinals have minds of their own and treasures and armies to match. And at the bottom, where the priests may not have any nobility in their blood at all, they're often aligned with the interests of local nobility or their fellow mortals more than with the Church as an enterprise.

Many second or illegitimate children of the Noblesse find roles in the middle echelons of the Church, and a few rise higher. Even a trickle of noble blood can be a great advantage to a Church career.

NUMEROLOGICAL MONKS

The demise and/or exile of the Thinking Machines left a role for those able to perform complex calculations in their stead. The Church maintains monasteries to educate these human computers.

Most numerites are laity who have taken vows of chastity, obedience, and accuracy. They cannot offer the sacraments of the Church. Some, however, are called to become canons, who mix with local communities and perform services that both elevate the soul and enlighten the mind.

Among the numerites are also anchorites, who seclude themselves from the world to advance the science of mathematics.

EVANGELIM

The Word of God is not always easily received, and so the Church sends forth charismatic preachers to expand the frontiers of Christendom. Inspired by John the Baptizer, evangelim wield words which both burn and salve, and practice the rare tradition of baptism by full immersion. For rivers, they preach, are the blood of Christendom, and so the convert must bathe in them as the noblesse are baptised in baths of blood.

THOSE WHO TOIL

The common people are a varied lot. They vastly outnumber the other estates, and they are the producers and food supply that allow Christendom to survive. Most are farmers or fisherfolk in small villages, many are crafters in those same villages or the larger towns and cities, and a few are merchants, climbing the social ladder as high as any mortal can.

FARMERS

Before the Noblesse and their unheralded commoner armies drove out the Thinking Machines, the farms existed mostly to supply the vast workforce who labored in the mines and at the refinement sites. These unfortunates extracted and processed metals that became deadlier with every step, ultimately bringing them to the remote fortresses of the Machines. Their lives were short, but they worked themselves to death so that their families would be given the calendars that ensured survival.

Under the present regime, food is produced primarily to sustain the mortal populace, who in turn sustain the greater estates. The Church is more generous with the output of its monks than the Machines were with theirs, and literacy is slowly spreading.

CRAFTERS

The technology available to the third estate varies. Craftmistresses choose apprentices carefully and inculcate them with the ideals of secrecy. Thus, some crafters can produce wonders on nearly the level of the Machines, so long as they have the deadly fuels their hungry miracles require. Meanwhile, others labor with equal vigor and intelligence to make far cruder implements, lacking only the training of their flashier peers.

In practical terms, a crafter from a grander tradition, and with the right ancient pieces, can create automatons and weapons capable of killing people in scores, or soaring cathedrals that bring a bit of Heaven to Earth, while those with humbler legacies carve and forge the tools and weapons that keep society running.

MERCHANTS

With the Thinking Machines banished, some mortals are permitted to move freely and haul goods between villages, towns, and cities. Some of them even rise above driving their own carts and putting their own children to work, living in great houses and learning the art of accounts from the monks.

Though the relationships between the pious princesses of Christendom and the people of the South and East are strained, and though reaching those lands often requires the forbidden knowledge of Wise Ones and great personal risk, in recent decades some merchants trade in foreign luxuries. The soothing incense of the Dreaming South and the mind-molding molds of the Fecund East fetch high prices, but the true backbone of foreign trade is what can be sold to the person in the field or street, or given to a craftmistress to make an intricate device.

PENITENTS

People often journey to visit blessed places or the relics of saints. They're looking for cures, forgiveness, or just advice from a well-known preacher. A few, though, go not for their own sake, but for others.

Penitents are professional pilgrims. They ritually consume the sins of the weary, then carry those sins on long journeys to the grandest or most inaccessible of holy places, their burdens lifted only when they are able to kneel before God and be absolved of the guilt they have assumed.

The reputation of penitents varies. For some, they're almost an institution of the Church itself, a vital part of securing a place in Heaven. For others, they're a frustration, turning up to beg hospitality and offer a sympathetic ear exactly when you're penniless and don't want to talk.

Like any other pilgrims, penitents often travel together, and among themselves they're surprisingly jolly, surviving the backbreaking weight of their fellows' sins by indulging in music and earthy humor.

With the stabilization and centralization of the Church, penitism has become a more reliable calling. In the last few generations, penitents have formed families of flesh as well as fellowship, passing their strange trade from parent to child.

THE UNRULY ALCHEMISTS

With long lives and blood of liquid gold, the alchemists are set inevitably apart from the estates. Yet it was their compassion for those who toil that made them what they are.

Under the reign of the Thinking Machines, a few commoners dared to outthink them. They cultivated strange crops in secret groves, they stole the arcane flesh of the Iron Ogres, and they performed the most dangerous and compassionate work a learned person could: they worked to preserve the lives of miners.

The alchemists of the Machine Age brewed elixirs that soothed radiant burns, bread that prolonged life, and wine that put tormented minds at ease. As their forbidden ministry succeeded, a few became more ambitious. They applied their science to defying Death itself.

In modern times, many alchemists still practice healing arts, but they share that calling with people of the Church and the improvised traditions of the Wise Ones. In their heart of hearts, all of them share one dream: to make transient mortal flesh unchanging and divine. And in their mind of minds, they know how to do it: they must craft machines of their own.

These machines are not the sprawling monstrosities that dwelt in dark fortresses. Quite the opposite, the machines of alchemists are impossibly small. The work that separates lifelong apprentices from true mistresses of chymistry is to produce a machine so tiny and inventive that it can replace the infirm blood of a mortal.

Once they have made one of these machines, they seed it in their marrow and let it reproduce. The process is long and sickening, and secondary infection is a constant hazard until their blood is fully

remade. But once they have become golden, they have powers that astonish their fellow mortals. They can see the places they have shed blood upon, and they can form that blood into tools and weapons.

While the Noblesse look on with admiration and suspicion, the alchemists plot secretly to bring their work to the wider world. But for now, the process is too dangerous to inflict upon another. And so the work continues.

SHADES

The Six Minute War turned bodies into so much irradiated vapor, creating contaminated spirits with a half-life of thousands of years. These maddened creatures still haunt the the ruins, the moors, and the lonely places... and those created in the war were not the last. The souls of the dead still return, radiant spirits whose touch brings the corruption of the ancient wars. Not all are hostile, but their urge to touch the living once more can be very dangerous.

HOUNDS

The wolves are not subjects of the noblesse in the way that humans are. Many owe no allegiance at all, being wild packs that take what they need from the land and the people. For wolves are the Hounds of God, and as a hound is a partner with a human, so they are partners with Christ.

These Hounds generally care little for the Church, seeing themselves as parallel to and above its institutions. If the noblesse are the Lord's shepherds, and the humans His sheep, then the wolves are the predators who will not allow the flock nor their guardians to grow complacent.

There are credible reports of a nation of winter-wolves to the north, but if they're out there, they're reclusive, shunning trade or even banditry against their neighbors.

WISE ONES

Despite the crusade, ancient traditions of science and supernatural arts remain, practiced in hidden enclaves throughout the land.

These witches wield long-lost sorcery and forgotten wisdom. They brandish their amulets of wire and spark plugs, and speak to the shades who know the secrets of the old world. They sport chrome tattoos of crows, and mix their blood with gasoline. They are the only hope for crossing the wastes into the unsaved lands.

UNSAVED LANDS

Christendom is only the westernmost part of the known world, and the “known” world is believed to be only a sliver of what humanity knew before the Six Minute War. Most godly people will never stray far from their homes, but all have heard fantastic tales from reliable tellers about the world beyond their own.

THE LONELY BARROWS

Christendom is dotted with mounds a mile or wider, fallout and soil accreted over structures that perished in the the great War ~ or were meant to survive them. Reliable stories say that thinking beings live in these eerie forts, content usually to mind their own business, but vengeful when their homes are disturbed or their processions and hunts interrupted.

But these are merely the outlying forts. The people of Christendom give the greatest monuments of the ancient world a wide berth. These cover hundreds of square miles, and from their centers rise the skeletons of great buildings, metal bones rising from overgrown rubble. These palaces are admired on the skyline, but given a respectful distance.

A few mound-palaces are held in particular awe... those that illuminate the night with eerie lights from within their towers of metal bone.

As for the inhabitants? Their majesties and baronesses are thought to be above interacting with mortals who don’t harm them first. But their exiles, the ragged folk too old or hideous or compassionate to

mix freely with their fellows, can be found wandering the mountains and valleys of Christendom, particularly near woods or water.

WANDERERS FROM EASE

Some of the barrow wights may feel mysterious obligations to or affection for the people of Christendom. They are even said to give of their own flesh, replacing infants who suffer crib death with their own precious children, earning them the nickname “the good folk.”.

There are too many reports to ignore of wandering spirits like the banshee warning travelers of doom, too many accounts to fully disdain of phantom travelers joining caravans.

Yet it is fashionable to wonder among some of the Noblesse ~ are these exiles and defectors sent to roam the human lands, or infiltrators from the world’s former rulers sent to assess Christendom’s strength against these rival and pagan aristocrats.

THE DREAMING SOUTH

The south, like the west, is ruled under the light of the moon. But who exactly rules it is unclear, for the humans of the south are commanded in their dreams. The obedient and vigorous are given signs by which they prosper, while the disloyal and shiftless suffer terror every night.

These are subtle incentives and punishments, thoughts and feelings that fade with sunrise. Yet they and their interpretation are the means of government in the south, and those who have visited speak of cities not of a few tens of thousands, as in Christendom, but of millions.

THE KINDLY ONES

The merchants and laborers of the south call their rulers the Kindly Ones. Some say the name with a grimace, others with a smile. They say that the Kindly Ones rule from clifftop aeries, and that the greatest of them has wings that encircle the Earth, with the Moon her watchful eye and the stars her gleaming feathers.

For people from the west, it can be hard to understand how literal this is meant to be. The languages and laws of the south all treat dreams as pure truth, but they come from entirely different families than those of Christendom, so comparisons are difficult.

To God-fearing people, the ways of the Dreaming South seem exotic, impractical, and perhaps even blasphemous. Their traders, though, are equitable, and offer luxuries and raw materials no one in Christendom can provide.

DREAM-THIEVES

Dream-thieves are rarely seen in the south, but claim to come from there, and their faces come in the shapes and shades of southerners. They can walk in dreams, and use various translations of “my heart lies dreaming” in the same way the westernmost people of Christendom say “life goes on.”

Clergy and commoners alike often denounce them as devils (the name “dream-thief” is endured but not self-applied), but there are few laws restricting them. They’re often assumed to be the Kindly Ones or their children, but confronting a dream-thief with this assertion is likely to earn a roll of the eyes or a sarcastic aphorism.

Scholars and keen observers often wonder if the seemingly bizarre mood-shifts of dream-thieves are manifestations of culture clash, or of a supernatural empathy that picks up unspoken disturbances in the people around them. Once again, asking a dream-thief usually results in a half-smile or quirked eyebrow, and a blunt “that’s just how I am.”

THE FECUND EAST

The eastern lands were once the realm of the Noblesse, before the Green crept into their homes and sent them fleeing west to find purpose in invading the lands of the Machines.

THE GREEN

The Green is a vast forest that marches further west every year. It is a place of poisonous flowers and skin-splitting spores, where no

ordinary animal can survive. Strange, walking plants stalk between the trees, drawing their energy from sun and rot in equal measure. The few humans who live here hide in sealed bunkers, many left over from the ancient wars. They never go out with even an inch of flesh uncovered.

Copies of ancient maps show that the Green may have overgrown holy cities like Lost Jerusalem, revered and much-coveted by the Church. Even Mecca and Medina, revered by the many followers of the Prophet, may now be overgrown tangle of brambles and vines.

By attempting to reconcile various conflicting chronologies and inconsistent reports of the Green's expansion rate, numerological monks have projected that the Green's expanse may have been born from the True Cross, which in turn was cut from a tree sprung from the mouth of Adam's corpse.

Church orthodoxy, however, claims that the land where Christ's blood was spilled by the centurion is incorruptible, suggesting that the Golgotha they revere may be a pristine island within a forest of monstrosities.

The Church and other faiths want sorely to retake the Holy Land, but even if the maps are accurate, there are no known means of razing the Green on the necessary scale.

Even now, Jerusalem and Golgotha are sites to which penitents carrying the gravest of sins may rally their courage to seek out. While there are claims that many of these pilgrims eventually reach their goals and achieve absolution, these are second and third hand, for few penitents who return are willing to speak of their travails.

MANDRAGORA

The most intelligent of the mobile plants, Mandragora are plants that walk the forest in the shape of humans. They live in small family groups and war endlessly with each other. The mandragora are usually indifferent to the humans who share their forest, certain that the mortals will die out or destroy themselves.

In the west, the dying scream of a mandrake is reliably reputed to bring sudden death or a blessed life. Alchemists, Wise Ones, and the other scientists of Christendom covet their sap, but do not know whether any single drop will bring transcendent rapture or death by fright.

HARBINGERS

Some humans worship the Green, and are exiled by their own tribes. Unable to survive for long outside the bunkers, they travel west, ahead of the forest's expanse. They preach the gospel of the woods, and are able to call upon a small portion of the Green's boundless life force, bringing its growth and poison to the lands beyond.

Harbingers often tend sacred, secluded groves that remind them of the Green. They may even grow a few of its crops in these groves, for worship or sale.

ABOVE AND BELOW

God's people live upon God's Earth, and each night, they raise their eyes to Heaven and sing their nightly hymns. Mary's moon lights most nights, and even when she must rest, each star is an angel, from the swift messenger Gabriel to Michael the bringer of war.

The godly are interred in consecrated ground, wrapped in shrouds bearing their families' prayers, that their souls might ascend and carry those prayers with them to Heaven, where they will be seated at the third hand of the Father.

Heaven is a cold place, but in the kindest of ways, a dark winter spent forever nestled in the warmth of God's love, as well as that of saints and the dearly departed. Every person of Christendom longs for the solace of God's dark halls and hearths of purest affection, to hear hymns that praise their virtues and those of all they ever loved, to be reunited in purity and rest with their best friends and most beloved pets.

But even one who says their prayers at night fears that they are not destined for Heaven. They worry that rather than emerging from the womb of their grave soil to join the choirs of the stars, they will be dragged down much, much further.

For just as each mortal soul is a pearl grown around a grain of original sin, so is the good Earth a shell around a realm of dread.

The world is hollow, and within lies Hell.

Hell is not just beneath Christendom, but beneath all the world. At its center, the Lightbringer's wounded eye gazes in eternal torment, a Sun of Sin that casts eternal, burning day over their would-be kingdom. The devil's body was slain in the time before time, but the ten parts of an angel's soul endure as eternally as those of every child of God.

The tears of Satan's eye are so potent that they run throughout their dominion as liquid sunlight, filling seas that mock the cool, night-dark oceans of God's world above.

Damned souls till the fields of the hollow world, just as good folk do the lands above, but they harvest only one crop ~ each other's pain. In Hell, there is no distinction between farming, torture, and war. Sinners' grief is cultivated, reaped, and milled, turned into the bread and beer of the demon elites, who bask in the Devil's infernal light, in mockery of the moonlight repose of God's Noblesse.

Thus the hollow Earth, like the godly shell around it, has its farms and mills and villages, ruled over by wretched creatures who style themselves aristocrats and kept running by the labor of poor sinners not yet stripped of either guilt nor tenderness. Well-read experts and charismatic preachers teach that just as even in Hell, there is toil, even in Hell, there are feeling and conscience.

Only when a sinner has suffered so much that their soul can no longer recall its sins is it released. Theologians disagree on what comes next. Some believe the once-damned are reborn upon the Earth, given new chances to live purer lives. Others aver that a soul

from which no more pain can be harvested is given a last rest as foam upon the Sea of Martyrs.

The last group, the most cynical, believe that no soul can be truly purified, that demons ultimately pump exhausted sinners up through the veins of the Earth.

Those who did some good in their lives become useful metals. Those who did enough penance to be almost worth saving become gems to adorn God's churches and nobles. And those who did the most monstrous of deeds, those who can never be clean for even a moment... those souls become the metals that power the Thinking Machines.

Yet even then, Hell is not always so remote as a deep mineshaft. For sometimes the liquid sunlight of the inferno bubbles up through the ground as molten, destroying all it touches.

When it does, it's accompanied by the smoke and ash left over from refined pain, the corruption so toxic even demons will not feed upon it, the anguish too heartrending for even creatures of purest evil to consume. And that pollution always carries the screams of those whose souls it's being harvested from.

Some bold explorers venture through these wounds in the Earth, to meet and redeem the damned, to break the bondage of Satan.

A few have even claimed to return, and their tales ring of terrifying truth.



II. MONSTERS

They are everywhere.

In the forests, the ruins, the towns, the corner of your eye.

They are creatures of curses and memory, creatures of sin and dread, creatures that must be bought off or bargained with or slain or loved.

They were once like you, yet now stand on the other end of your sword.

They are monsters.

Suppose you're an alchemist, or one of the wise, and you sneak through the remains of an ancient city in search of the lucid shade of an ancient doctor. She stands before you in cancerous radiance, watches closely as you unroll your pack and take out the samples you've so carefully preserved from the horrors you've encountered.

You show her the hand of a hanged man, the claws of a barghest, the glowing salts left by a heretic martyr, even, cautiously, the menstrual blood of a bishop.

You ask “which of these are monsters? what makes them so?”

The shade cannot answer. Even if you could translate from the doctor’s scientific language to yours, there is nothing in blood or bone that distinguishes a creature of evil from one in God’s grace.

You turn back to your own spiritual science. By boiling or fire or acid, you separate the samples into their component humours. You might come closer to an answer here. You will find deficiencies, over-abundances, variations.

But the truth is this: a monster, like anyone else, is defined not by their biochemical composition, but by their deeds. They are defined by their sins, by the needs they fulfill, by the cruelties they commit and the prices they demand.

Monster is not a nature. It is a judgment.

MONSTER RULES

All of the monsters of Christendom roll d8s for hit dice.

Each monster has a Facts table, including information PCs might be able to learn about the monster. The larger the die, the more secretive the monster.

When the PCs first hear about a monster’s presence, roll the listed die for the entire party. If the die comes up 4 or less, they know the corresponding fact. The 1-2 result is obvious upon meeting it.

BARGHEST

When you see the devil's eyes through the fog, you could swear you hear the tolling of a great bell.

These huge hounds live on the moors, appearing from the mist to presage doom. Some of the Noblesse capture and tame them to heel and hunt on command, but sages and fools both whisper that a barghest cannot be tamed – it only bides its time.



| d6 | Facts |
|-----|--|
| 1-2 | Glowing red eyes |
| 2 | Knows when you will die |
| 3 | Claws made of silver |
| 4 | Protects those whose time has not yet come |

BARGHEST VASSAL

| | | | | | |
|----------------|-----------------------|---------|---|-----------|----|
| No. Appearing: | 1-3 | Morale: | 6 | | |
| Hit Points: | 2HD | Armor: | 8 | Saves As: | F2 |
| Attacks: | 2; Claw/Bite; 1d6/1d6 | | | | |

BARGHEST LORD

| | | | | | |
|----------------|---|---------|---|-----------|----|
| No. Appearing: | 1 | Morale: | 6 | | |
| Hit Points: | 4HD + 4 | Armor: | 7 | Saves As: | F4 |
| Attacks: | 3; Claw/Claw/Bite; 1d6/1d6/(1d4 for 2 rounds) | | | | |

On a 20, a barghest lord's bite continues to burn for one night, dealing 1d4 damage the next time the victim sleeps.

CLOCKWORK MUTANT

It shudders and sparks, speaking a monotone litany of numerical blasphemies you can almost comprehend.

Broken, mechanical remnants of the Machines of old limp across radioactive wastelands, harboring dormant equations that seek solutions and sleeping terrors that awaken when its heart ticks its last.

| d8 | Facts |
|-----|--|
| 1-2 | Mechanical ticking heralds its approach |
| 2 | Decipher the calculations hidden in its heart to learn an ominous Machine secret |
| 3 | Its scrap fetches good prices among the Wise |
| 4 | Never forgets a face |

CLOCKWORK COG

| | | | | |
|----------------|--------------|---------|-----|--|
| No. Appearing: | 1-6 | Morale: | n/a | |
| Hit Points: | 1HD | Armor: | 6 | |
| Attacks: | Saves As: F1 | | | |

On a 1, a cog falters and explodes, dealing 1d6 damage to anyone it could have attacked.

CLOCKWORK CYPHER

| | | | | |
|----------------|--------------|---------|-----|--|
| No. Appearing: | 1-2 | Morale: | n/a | |
| Hit Points: | 2HD | Armor: | 6 | |
| Attacks: | Saves As: C2 | | | |

On a 20, the cypher can heal a cog for 1d4 HP. The healed parts rust, however, so the cog now treats 20s as 1s.

DEATH HERSELF

The flap of a black cloak, the flash of a pale mane—then the air fills with heart-seeking blades.

Death and her three siblings ride like dark gods across the skies on great galloping steeds. They rose in the Seventh Minute, at the end of the Six Minute War. The Thinking Machines held no dominion over the Horse Lords, and the Noblesse are wary of their willingness to serve.

The Church's is particularly wary: the release of Death is truly a holy purpose, yet the Reaper's scythe is rumored to include a piece of the True Cross. Worse, she calls the dead as servants, rather than revered saints and ancestors.



| d10 | Facts |
|-----|--|
| 1-2 | Rides a pale horse and carries the Scythe of Souls |
| 2 | Can open a portal to the Underworld |
| 3 | Winning a game of chance with her grants a one-day reprieve from death |
| 4 | Grants safe passage anywhere on her horse for a price |

REAPER

| | | | | | |
|----------------|--|---------|----|-----------|----|
| No. Appearing: | 1 | Morale: | 12 | | |
| Hit Points: | 8HD + 8 | Armor: | 5 | Saves As: | W9 |
| Attacks: | 3ish; Sweep (3 targets); 1d8 + 2 for all targets | | | | |

If the reaper personally grasps a creature, the flesh inflames and dies as if frostbitten.

REAPER'S SICKLE

| | | | | | |
|----------------|---------------|---------|-----|-----------|----|
| No. Appearing: | 3 | Morale: | n/a | | |
| Hit Points: | 1HD + 4 | Armor: | 9 | Saves As: | F1 |
| Attacks: | 1; Slash; 1d6 | | | | |

HOLLOW KNIGHT

Swords ring against its impenetrable armor like gongs, and a void fills the space where flesh should be.

The Noblesse claim to have created these suits of armor that walk and fight with divine will. But reliable sources say forbidden alchemy animates them. What hypocrisy would the nobles show if they admitted to using outlawed chymistry?



d6 Facts

| | |
|-----|--|
| 1-2 | The earth shakes when it moves |
| 2 | Doesn't understand surrender |
| 3 | Bears its maker's name inscribed on the inside |
| 4 | Its loyalty can be earned but not bought |

HOLLOW KNIGHT

| | | | | | |
|----------------|-------------------------|---------|---|-----------|----|
| No. Appearing: | 1-4 | Morale: | 8 | | |
| Hit Points: | 4HD + 2 | Armor: | 6 | Saves As: | F4 |
| Attacks: | 2; Honor Sword; 2d6/1d6 | | | | |

On a 1, the knight howls in pain from some ancient wound, and makes a morale check at -1.

HOLLOW SQUIRE

| | | | | | |
|----------------|----------------------|---------|----|-----------|----|
| No. Appearing: | 1-4 | Morale: | 10 | | |
| Hit Points: | 2HD + 2 | Armor: | 6 | Saves As: | F2 |
| Attacks: | 1; Squire's Axe; 2d6 | | | | |

On a 20, the hollow squire shields their knight, reducing its AC by 1 for the next round.



MANDRAGORA

Like orchids, their flesh is lush and almost human. And like orchids, their perfume is sweet until you smell the rot beneath. You inhale deeply, and let it fill your lungs.

Most of Christendom's mortals think of the Green as a distant threat, but it creeps forward with every passing year. Its advance promises fertility... at the cost of mutation and ultimately oblivion. Its most advanced inhabitants are the mandragora, human-like plants who both intoxicate and infest.



Few mandragora reach the far west, and those that do often hide themselves in forests or bogs. But in a land where most of the population relentlessly toils, they promise something few others can — release. With their own charms, and the ability of their kind nepenthe to grant wishes in the mind's eye, they mix deliverance and death.

d6 Facts

| | |
|-----|---|
| 1-2 | A graceful human form... |
| 2 | ...which blossoms to reveal impossible glories. |
| 3 | Expert on (and source of) miraculous elixirs. |
| 4 | Binds your heart with seeds in your flesh. |

MANDRAKE PRINCE

| | | | |
|----------------|--------------------------|---------|---|
| No. Appearing: | 1-2 | Morale: | 5 |
| Hit Points: | 3HD + 4 | Armor: | 8 |
| Attacks: | 1; Heartswood Blade; 1d8 | | |

On a 20, a nearby character becomes intoxicated by the Prince's perfume, and becomes a harbinger priest until the sun sets.

HARBINGER PRIEST

| | | | | | |
|----------------|--------------------------|---------|---|-----------|----|
| No. Appearing: | 1-6 | Morale: | 3 | | |
| Hit Points: | 2HD | Armor: | 9 | Saves As: | C2 |
| Attacks: | 1; Thorned Club; 1d6 + 1 | | | | |

On a 1 or a 20, the priest's attack gives verdant life to the target, immediately healing 1d6 damage. However, infections in the body also grow, inflicting 1 damage per day for 1d4 days.

If using an Advanced system, the priest also has the abilities of a level 2 druid.

KIND NEPENTHE

| | | | | | |
|----------------|---------------------------|---------|-----|-----------|----|
| No. Appearing: | 1 | Morale: | n/a | | |
| Hit Points: | 2HD | Armor: | 9 | Saves As: | C2 |
| Attacks: | 2; Vine Whip; 1d6 + 1/1d6 | | | | |

On a 20, the kind nepenthe casts Sleep instead of attacking.

MORTALS

They fill the streets. They are everywhere you go. If they were to turn violent... there'd be Hell to pay.

Most of the people of Christendom are mortals. They till the fields, trade goods, fight in armies. They're easy for their rulers to take for granted or their peers to despise. But they have all the passion and fear and individuality of any of God's creatures, and as Christ's flock, there are seats prepared for them at the third hand of the Father.

Mortals' loves and grudges and intrigues can rouse them to great deeds, and they can ally themselves in great numbers. Never fail to realize that the ordinary are extraordinary.

Facts

Everywhere you go.

No two alike.

Prize things their "bettters" overlook.

Band together in times of need.

ANGRY MOB

| | | | | | |
|----------------|---------------------------------|---------|--------------|-----------|----|
| No. Appearing: | 1-3 mobs of 1-8 people | Morale: | 1 per member | | |
| Hit Points: | 4HD + 16 | Armor: | 9 | Saves As: | F1 |
| Attacks: | 3; Farm Implements; 1d4/1d4/1d4 | | | | |

On a 1, villagers infight and the mob takes 1d4 damage.

CONSTABLE

| | | | | | |
|----------------|----------------|---------|---|-----------|----|
| No. Appearing: | 1 | Morale: | 5 | | |
| Hit Points: | 2HD + 2 | Armor: | 9 | Saves As: | F2 |
| Attacks: | 1; Cudgel; 1d6 | | | | |

On a 20, the constable can whip up a mob with 1d6 + 1 morale.

REVOLUTIONARY HERETIC

| | | | | | |
|----------------|----------------------------|---------|---|-----------|----|
| No. Appearing: | 1-3 | Morale: | 8 | | |
| Hit Points: | 1HD + 2 | Armor: | 9 | Saves As: | F1 |
| Attacks: | 1; Poisoned Quill; 1d4 + 2 | | | | |

TORCHER

| | | | | | |
|----------------|---------------|---------|---|-----------|----|
| No. Appearing: | 1-4 | Morale: | 4 | | |
| Hit Points: | 1HD | Armor: | 9 | Saves As: | F2 |
| Attacks: | 1; Torch; 1d8 | | | | |

On a 20, the torcher sets their target on fire, for 1d4 ongoing burning. On a 1, they set the immediate area on fire instead, endangering everyone.

TOWN LEADER

| | | | | | |
|----------------|-------------------------|---------|---|-----------|----|
| No. Appearing: | 1 | Morale: | 3 | | |
| Hit Points: | 1HD | Armor: | 9 | Saves As: | F2 |
| Attacks: | 1; Veteran's Sword; 1d6 | | | | |

Instead of attacking, the town leader can increase anyone's morale by 2 for their next check.

MOTHER MEDUSA

You let the sound of rushing water lead you through the cave, only to discover it wasn't water at all – you'll drown in hissing snakes instead.

Medusa and her sisters were once ordinary gorgons, taking holy orders and serving the Noblesse, but never trusting them. On command, they pursued ancient evils into tainted lands and became shade-touched, mutating beyond their original forms to become something new. They rebelled against their immortal masters and sought new purpose among the wastes.



While Medusa and her two born sisters make their own inscrutable pilgrimages, other gorgons with closer relationships to the Church (including some of their own children) have been inspired to take holy vows and promote reform by example. Many of these are too potent or charismatic for the traditional Church to touch, but some have been rooted out and martyred.

d10 Facts

| | |
|-----|--|
| 1-2 | Flowing locks of sinuous snakes |
| 2 | Once turned her lover to stone |
| 3 | Keeps a lovely garden containing the statues of those who've tried to kill her |
| 4 | Loves but competes with her sisters |

MOTHER MEDUSA

| | | | | | |
|----------------|------------------------------|---------|----|-----------|----|
| No. Appearing: | 1 | Morale: | 12 | | |
| Hit Points: | 6HD + 8 | Armor: | 6 | Saves As: | C7 |
| Attacks: | 3; Serpent Lash; 1d8/1d8/1d8 | | | | |

Given one day and an audience, Mother Medusa can convert 1d4 people into revolutionary heretics.

MEDUSAN ANCHORESS

| | | | | | |
|----------------|----------------------------------|---------|---|-----------|----|
| No. Appearing: | 1-3 | Morale: | 4 | | |
| Hit Points: | 4HD + 4 | Armor: | 8 | Saves As: | C5 |
| Attacks: | 1; Holy Water Sprinkler; 1d8 + 2 | | | | |

MEDUSAN MARTYR'S HEAD

| | | | | | |
|----------------|--------------|---------|---|-----------|----|
| No. Appearing: | 3-9 | Morale: | 4 | | |
| Hit Points: | 1HD | Armor: | 9 | Saves As: | C1 |
| Attacks: | 1; Bite; 1d3 | | | | |

On a 20, a head petrifies its victim. If it misses an attack or the victim succeeds at a save, it also does this on an 19, and so on.

MOURNING GARGOYLE

You pass under the statue-laden arch, suspecting nothing—until its claws are at your back, and when you turn you see the murder in its blank stone eyes.

Long ago, the Church raised children in isolation to be the perfect assassins, feeding them a diet of Aristocratic blood and ritual to make them deadly, ruthless, and nigh-immortal. These children became silent gargoyles, cursed to stand as statues whenever living eyes fell upon them. When the Knights Vigilant became lax in their duty to constantly watch over these lonely assassins, they escaped into the night.



| d8 | Facts |
|-----|--|
| 1-2 | Never seen in motion |
| 2 | Created by but escaped from the Church |
| 3 | Remembers the ritual that made it |
| 4 | Wants nothing more than friendship |

| | | | |
|----------------|--|---------|---|
| No. Appearing: | 1-4 | Morale: | 7 |
| Hit Points: | 2HD + 4 | Armor: | 5 |
| Attacks: | Saves As: F4 1; Stony Grip; 1d6 + 2 | | |

On a miss, a mourning gargoyle can teleport anywhere it can see but its attackers can't.

NIGHT VISITOR

You take his hand, longing to hear his voice sing to you once again, though you know he died years ago.

These demons from far southern lands visit people in dreams just as the dream-thieves do, hungering for companionship and Hope to sustain them. The Church calls them tempters who seek humanity's downfall, but while some are hostile, others will bargain or befriend to get what they need from humans. Some legends claim the Night Visitors serve dream-thief devil-rulers; others say they're rivals for power.

d10 Facts

| | |
|-----|---|
| 1-2 | Perfect beauty |
| 2 | Invades dreams |
| 3 | Keeps collected Hope and life energy in a silver amulet |
| 4 | Illusions make them look like loved ones |

| | | | |
|----------------|--|---------|---|
| No. Appearing: | 1 | Morale: | 5 |
| Hit Points: | 2HD + 4 | Armor: | 8 |
| Attacks: | 1; Claws of Night; 1d8 (+4 on sleeping target) | | |

A night visitor can disappear when dealt any mortal blow, but next time its would-be slayer sleeps, it must answer three questions truthfully.

Night visitors interact with all illusions and dream-conjurings as if they were real. This applies whether the illusion is helpful or harmful to them.

OPHAN

A second sun blazes to life in the sky, and speaks your darkest secrets in a voice that brings you to your knees.

The ophanim are angelic beings who are born each evening in glory when the sun sets, and who die again each morning at dawn. They take the form of ever-spinning wheels, replete with many eyes and many wings. While not Church doctrine, most people believe the stars in the sky are faraway ophanim, burning with holy fire and looking down upon them in judgment.

| d8 | Facts |
|-----|--|
| 1-2 | Many eyes and many wings |
| 2 | High-ranking clergy can summon them |
| 3 | Blood has healing properties when subject to the right rituals |
| 4 | Answers to God, but not necessarily to the Church |

| | | | |
|----------------|-------------------------|---------|-----|
| No. Appearing: | 2-6 | Morale: | n/a |
| Hit Points: | 5HD + 8 | Armor: | 4 |
| Attacks: | 1; Wheel of Virtue; 2d8 | | |

On a 20, the ophan reveals the target's greatest sin to all present.

POLTERGEIST

Whirling debris fills the room, waltzing to the tune of raucous screams.

A faceless, formless spirit that must clothe itself in chaos to be seen or heard, a poltergeist yearns for vengeance for its own brutal murder, but no longer recognizes its killers even if they still live. It clamors for attention by flinging the possessions of the living around in a howling tantrum, and seeks retribution from anyone who matches its vague memories of tormentors from life.



| d6 | Facts |
|-----|--|
| 1-2 | Sound and fury signify its presence |
| 2 | Died by violent murder |
| 3 | Revenge soothes the spirit |
| 4 | The right curse can set a poltergeist to doggedly haunt one person |

| | | | |
|----------------|---|---------|---------------------|
| No. Appearing: | 1 | Morale: | 8 - no. witnesses |
| Hit Points: | 1HD + 8 | Armor: | 9 Saves As: W2 |
| Attacks: | no. witnesses; Swirling Objects; 1d4 per attack | | |

The poltergeist is incorporeal, but can be wounded by shattering the objects it throws.

On a 20, the poltergeist can manipulate the target's bones as thrown objects for the next round.

If using a system with radiation rules, it is slightly radioactive.

RADIANT SKULL

You feel its heat at your back wherever you run; you're never in the dark anymore.

The souls of those who died by fire may linger to inhabit their skulls after death, seeking to visit the same fate upon others. The oldest of these spirits burn with the forbidden fire of ancient weapons.



| d6 | Facts |
|-----|---|
| 1-2 | Wreathed in flame that intensifies with passions |
| 2 | Deadly temper |
| 3 | Sees the secret desires of those whom its flame burns |
| 4 | Fiercely defends those it trusts |

ABANDONED RELIC

| | | | | |
|----------------|-----------------------------------|---------|---|--------------|
| No. Appearing: | 1-4 | Morale: | 5 | |
| Hit Points: | 1HD + 8 | Armor: | 8 | Saves As: W2 |
| Attacks: | 1; Sickly Aura; 1d6 (1d3 on miss) | | | |

On a 20, the relic forces the victim to relive the relic's death.

UNQUENCHABLE FIRE

| | | | | |
|----------------|------------------------------------|---------|---|--------------|
| No. Appearing: | 1 | Morale: | 5 | |
| Hit Points: | 2HD + 4 | Armor: | 8 | Saves As: W3 |
| Attacks: | 1; Burning Glow; 1d8 (1d4 on miss) | | | |

If the fire misses, then rolls a 1 for damage, that damage can only be healed by marrying a priest.

SKELETON

It lurches forward, bog-tanned skin stretched across brown bone, something rattling within its tattered robes.

Skeletons are theologically controversial. Some clergy say the skeleton represents the enduring part of humanity, which will be brought back to life on the day of judgment. After all, many relics are pieces of bone. Other theologians claim that the skeleton, as the innermost part of the body, represents original sin itself



| d4 | Facts |
|-----|--|
| 1-2 | Its rattle makes your own bones shake |
| 2 | Remembers the worst thing it did in life |
| 3 | Carries a weapon or token of no small value |
| 4 | Has no heart, but can feel the hole where it was |

SHAMBLING SKELETON

| | | | |
|----------------|---------------------|---------|---|
| No. Appearing: | 2-8 | Morale: | 3 |
| Hit Points: | 3HD + 4 | Armor: | 5 |
| Attacks: | 1; Rusty Sword; 1d6 | | |

When hit for 6 or more damage in a single blow, the skeleton shatters and becomes a mound of bones with the same HP.

MOULD OF BONES

| | | | |
|----------------|---------------------|---------|---|
| No. Appearing: | 1-6 | Morale: | 3 |
| Hit Points: | 4HD | Armor: | 5 |
| Attacks: | 1; Bone Shards; 2d6 | | |

LADY REGINA DRAKE

You catch yourself falling in love with her and don't dare stop, but you wonder whether what you hear in her sweet whispers is fondness or disdain.

The Lady Drake is among the most feared and respected of the Noblesse. Stories whisper that she was among the first to emerge as a savior of humanity; some go so far as to suggest she is a survivor of the Six Minute War itself, granted a semblance of Christ's immortality at the end of her life to give hope to those toiling under the Machines. But darker tales surface, too — tales of dark sorcery and blasphemous rites that will keep her heart beating even if she's turned to dust.

| d10 | Facts |
|-----|---|
| 1-2 | Mesmerizing eyes and presence |
| 2 | True heart is hidden within the depths of her castle |
| 3 | Has a library containing secret histories and ancient forbidden tomes |
| 4 | Centuries-long lovers' tryst with Death Herself |

LADY REGINA DRAKE

| | | | |
|----------------|--|---------|----|
| No. Appearing: | 1 | Morale: | 12 |
| Hit Points: | 9HD + 8 | Armor: | 3 |
| Attacks: | Saves As: F8 2; Wicked Tongue/Hundred Fangs; 1d10/1d8 | | |

Lady Drake's sword replaces her Hundred Fangs when it's in her hands, and does 1d8 damage. It separates from her if she rolls a 1 on damage or is disarmed.

Anyone who slays Lady Drake shall never sleep again.

DRAKE'S CONFESSOR

| | | | | | |
|----------------|----------------------------|---------|---|-----------|----|
| No. Appearing: | 1 | Morale: | 8 | | |
| Hit Points: | 4HD + 4 | Armor: | 8 | Saves As: | C4 |
| Attacks: | 1; Priest's Curse; 1d6 + 3 | | | | |

Any creature who reveals its darkest sin to Drake's confessor (including in combat) immediately regains 1d6 + 1 HP.

DRAKE'S MOURNING BLADE

| | | | | | |
|----------------|--|---------|-----|-----------|----|
| No. Appearing: | 1 | Morale: | n/a | | |
| Hit Points: | 3HD + 8 | Armor: | 5 | Saves As: | F4 |
| Attacks: | 3; Slash/Thrust/Blade's Song of Sorrow; 1d8/1d6/1d10 | | | | |

On a 1, the blade's song reveals the location of a great treasure.

If using an Advanced system, the blade has the abilities of a level 1 bard.

DRAKE'S FOOT SOLDIERS

| | | | | | |
|----------------|------------------------------|---------|---|-----------|----|
| No. Appearing: | 1-6 | Morale: | 5 | | |
| Hit Points: | 1HD | Armor: | 8 | Saves As: | F2 |
| Attacks: | 1; Swords and Pikes; 1d6 + 1 | | | | |

MAID PALADIN

You tremble to hear her battle cry, knowing the rhythmic clash of steel on steel is naught but a dirge for her enemies.

The Maids Paladin are an order of half-noble generals, feared and respected in equal measure for their peerless training and exquisite panoplies. Only those who have proven their mettle time and time again, earned enough trust and loyalty to rise through the ranks of the noble armies, and led troops to victory from the vanguard may be granted this honor.

Maids Paladin can be of any gender, but are frequently called Maids after their patron saint Jeanne, the Maid of Lost Orleans. They commonly take variations on that name as an addition to their given or chosen name at their initiation into the order, such as Joan, Jan, Jone, Jona, or Jon.

Many Maids Paladin also acquire additional nommes de guerre; the Ruby Paladin is one of the most-feared.

RUBY PALADIN

| | | | | | |
|----------------|-----------------------------|---------|----|-----------|----|
| No. Appearing: | 1 | Morale: | 10 | | |
| Hit Points: | 4HD + 16 | Armor: | 3 | Saves As: | F6 |
| Attacks: | 2; Bejeweled Blade; 1d8/1d8 | | | | |

The Ruby Paladin's horn always summons her retinue within 1d3 rounds.

If using an Advanced system, the Ruby Paladin has the abilities of a level 6 paladin.

Her steed is clothed in blood-red flame When she rides it, its hooves replace one of her blade attacks, and deal 2d4 damage.

PALADIN'S CAVALRY

| | | | | | |
|----------------|--------------------|---------|---|-----------|----|
| No. Appearing: | 1-4 | Morale: | 6 | | |
| Hit Points: | 2HD + 4 | Armor: | 4 | Saves As: | F2 |
| Attacks: | 2; Lances; 1d6/1d6 | | | | |

Any creature the cavalry deals 6 or more damage to in a single round is winded, and cannot perform physical labor on the next round.

PALADIN'S CHAPLAIN

| | | | | | |
|----------------|-----------------------------|---------|---|-----------|----|
| No. Appearing: | 1 | Morale: | 6 | | |
| Hit Points: | 2HD | Armor: | 8 | Saves As: | C2 |
| Attacks: | 1; Chalice of Acid; 1d6 + 2 | | | | |

The chaplain can shout a battle prayer once per encounter, allowing their comrades to reroll a morale check.



III. TOWNS

We evolved to thrive in is the company of other humans. We're so good at recognizing and reading faces that they we them everywhere. In the gnarled bark of an old oak, in the swirl of cut agat, in a wolf pup.

When others hurt, we feel it in our gut. That leads us to help, but also to place harmony over justice. The dark side of shared pain is the urge to eliminate the obvious source ~ the victim.

- *And so towns become sick with secret crimes and unavenged wrongs.*

If you asked the people of Christendom, they'd tell you that they've banded together against the beasts and the wilderness, that acre by acre they're reclaiming the world under the fierce and glorious leadership of the Noblesse. They'll vaunt their independence, their unity.

Beneath the surface, though, there are grievances. And at the edges, there are fears. And that means that everywhere, there's a need for outsiders to find truths, to resolve conflicts, and to strike out from the borders of civilization and into the places where only beasts and horrors dwell.

The War and the ancient works of humanity are ancestral memory, and only the Wise know the reasons the people of old built their skeleton cities and vast dams, how the rusting hulks of their carriages operated, or what the steel fingers hanging with heavy cable once carried. The commoners see no difference in advanced technology and sorcery, nor do those who study them. It is a world of steel and blood, and gunpowder is a witch's trick.

TOWN ORGANIZATION

Similarly, social structures are arranged in ancient ways. Clans unite kin across regions, and locally, families and their elder members hold great power. The Noblesse claim their nations, name themselves queens, anoint their lesser fellows as dukes and earls. They elevate some commoners to the ranks of their knights. Each noble has their demesne peopled by commoners who are their direct vassals, and they are liege to lesser nobles who control part of their domains.

Towns are peopled mostly by commoners. They possess some rights, and have expectations of their noble lords. They have the right to serve in local militias to enforce law and order, to elect their mayors and councilors, and they can expect to take their grievances to court and have them decided, with decisions on ultimate appeals belonging to their lord.

Peasants may own and inherit property so long as they meet their obligations to provide for the common defense (in the form of taxes and in providing levies from each family in time of war). Education is not a right, but literacy is increasingly common.

A town's Charter defines its territorial boundaries, and any special rights and privileges enjoyed by its members ~ such as the right to hold a market, exclusive right to make a certain product, or the promise that an official court position will always be filled by a resident of the town. Town charters are formal and binding documents. Some are signed in blood, and thus as divine as the planting of crops.

BUILDING TOWNS

This chapter helps you create and manage your town. If you want to generate it randomly, we've provided tables.

STEPS

The system for generating a town takes place in six steps.

- 1. Region:** In what part of the world is the town situated? What features does the town inherit from its region?
- 2. Theme:** What kind of settlement does the town represent? What is its lifeblood and what work dominates the life of its citizens?
- 3. Landmarks:** Major features and locations.
- 4. People:** The town's notable inhabitants, their homes and places of work, families, clans, and relationships, as well as their troubles and secrets. This is the most detailed step, and can easily be used independently of the rest of the system.
- 5. Conditions:** Prevailing conditions of the town, its relation to the Noblesse, Church, its wealth, the state of justice, and of health.
- 6. Troubles:** The hazards and monsters afflicting the town and its surrounding environs.



1. UNDER GREEN SHADOW

The Green creeps closer with each passing year. The town sits at the edge of this encroachment... or even a bit beyond.

Grandeur

The eastern skyline is dominated by the outline of vast trees, as large as the towers people built before the Six Minute War. The night music of the Green can be heard, the weird harmonies of insects and mandragora. The Green is a threat, but also a promise, a promise of transformation, a reminder that there is wonder and horror in the world.

Ruin

The smell of the Green in Summer reminds everyone that the forest does not care, and will one day claim the town. Those who garb and mask themselves to walk through the Green can see how it has already claimed other, greater cities.

Opportunity

As an outpost at the edge of the Green, the town can hunt and cut wood, supply green-seekers who wish to travel under the shadow, and enjoy the unnatural fertility of soil and fecundity of animals and people alike that precedes the Green.

Trouble

The Green's influence is felt in the weird fevers and diseases that often afflict the people and animals of the town, and the creatures of the Green make forays outward, when Summer is high, and the cicadas sing their battle hymns.

Monsters native to the region all have Diurnal and Toxic keywords.

VARIATIONS

1. Scent of Summer

The Green is still distant, its influence hardly felt at all during Autumn and Winter. It is a problem for another generation to deal with, and few within the town can rouse much concern about it despite the great swaying tree-shapes on the horizon.

Implies Green Watchers who keep an eye on the encroachment.

Implies a Watchtower where they keep their vigil.

2. Edge of the Green

The town sits amongst the brambles and briar of the Green's first reach. The native vegetation is dying or becoming strange, and crops grow erratically. Houses are carefully sealed with caulk and rag against outside airs, so when the pollen is high people can shelter. The creatures of the Green sometimes walk the streets of the town, weird and curious. On those days, the wise bolt their doors.

Implies Green-Seekers who hunt the forest.

Implies Storehouses for keeping the bounty of the Green.

3. Overgrown

The town is recently overgrown, but not yet overwhelmed. Aggressive cutting and burning keeps the town *almost* safe within a shrinking circle of cleared land. Yet, as the Green claims more land and people, the soil proves more and more fertile, particularly for exotic and medicinal plants, and those used to brew esoteric drugs.

Implies Burners who scour the lands around the town to keep it safe.

Implies Green Brewers who make the valuable drugs and a Drug Brewery where they do it.

4. Bunkertown

The town is wholly lost within the Green, and built within an ancient pre-war bunker sealed against the outside. None leave the bunker without protective clothing and filter masks. Over the years, the town has expanded into hr bedrock., tunneling down into the bedrock.

Implies Green Delvers who mask themselves and seek weird treasures deep in the Green.

Implies Tunnel Rats who dig deeper, expanding the town.

2. BY THE WATERS

Blood is life, and there's no blood without water. No matter how many times a city by the water falls, it will always return.

Grandeur

The meeting of water and rock, land and sea always draws people. Settlements by the waters are always liminal, existing at the edge of two radically different realms. To creatures of the sea, the land is dry desolation. To creatures of the land, the sea is cold and suffocating. Looking out across the waters means wondering what lurks within.

Ruin

Water dissolves everything eventually. A leaky roof will one day rot and collapse. Floods can crush any human work, and drag it away to entomb it in mud. The slow trickle of water inexorably cuts stone. In the end, water claims everything. Every water town's edge is marked by buildings that have lost the struggle.

Opportunity

Waters offer what they have always offered humanity ~ food, drink, irrigation, and transportation.

Trouble

Waters also threaten what they have always threatened humanity with ~ flood, storm, and piracy. Monsters native to the region all have Amphibious and Swim keywords.

VARIATIONS

1. Riverport

The town sits on the shore of a wide navigable river along which trade flows. A riverport has a larger transient population than many

towns, and intermarriages from towns up and down the river are common.

Implies Docks where boats can load and unload.

Implies a River Constable who manages the Docks, pursues smugglers, and collects duties.

2. Seaport

The town sits in a protected cove or bay on a great body of water, large enough that it extends past the horizon. It is a port for coastal sea traffic, and the occasional exotic vessel from further away. Seaports are often also hubs of land traffic, and support shipbuilding and repair businesses.

Implies the Docks and Dockmaster who manages them.

Implies the Shipyard and the Shipwright and Guild that build and maintain ships.

3. In the Marshes

The town is built in and around marshland, croaking with life, home to crocodiles and crabs, and filled with secret boatways through the swaying reeds, hidden islands, and bottomless hungry bogs.

Implies a Marsh Constable in charge of patrolling the marshes and finding the lost.

Implies a Fishing Guild and its master.

4. Floodtown

The town is built on the water itself, or was once built alongside the water, before flooding forced people to build upwards on piers and piles. They abandoned the bottom floors of homes, building drier ones above.

There are boatways rather than streets in floodtown, raised walkways, and swaying rope bridges linking buildings. The waters around a floodtown are filthy with human waste, and alive with the creatures that thrive in such filth.

Implies Mud Divers, who swim beneath the town seeking lost valuables.

Implies a Punters Guild and Guild Leader to operate the for-hire boats in town.

3. SKELETON CITY

The old cities that were not reduced to ash and rubble in the War were left uninhabitable, pockmarked with bullets, scoured by fire, choked in the toxic dust of fallen towers.

To modern eyes, the ancient cities are alien and impossible ~ how did the ancients build so high? And why?

Grandeur

The wonders of the ancient world are still on display, with the bones of skyscrapers reaching upwards, deep subway tunnels still passable, and surviving works of public art standing in testament to the industry of humanity.

Ruin

Possibly the purest example of ruin, the grand old structures are only bones, and the bones of those who dwelled there are only dust. A skeleton city seems to modern observers entirely divorced from anything human.

Opportunity

A skeleton city offers unparalleled opportunity to recover functional wonders of the past, to reclaim materials impossible to make anymore, to recover knowledge, or trade secrets.

Trouble

Living in a skeleton city means living among the barrow folk and their courts, seeing their luring-lights in the night. Woe betide a traveler who walks down a moonlit street only to have the ancient lamps flicker to life and a procession of the barrow folk begin.

Like any corpse, a skeleton city attracts scavengers. Inhuman ones have Hardened Flesh and Stand Ground keywords, be they automatons or mutant insects.

VARIATIONS

1. Tower Town

The town is built mostly into one of the ancient towers, new and scavenged materials added to replace the broken glass and cladding that once covered the structure. Systems of pipes and troughs catch rainwater for drinking. Some floors hang vegetation in vertical farms, while others are residential.

Implies an Elevator Constable, empowered to regulate what passes between floors.

Implies a Hauler's Guild and Guild Leader of laborers who carry things up stairs and pull ropes lifting things into the tower.

2. Scavtown

A scavtown is a rough but vital thing, a hive of industry and activity. It is built entirely from scavenged materials, a chaotic mess of dwellings without any central plan, and supported largely by scavenger crews seeking valuable resources out in the uncleared zones of the skeletal city.

Implies a Junk Market where things are bought, sold, and bartered

Implies a Zone Patrol and Patrol Leader who protect Scavtown from marauders and opportunists.

3. Feral Parkland

Within many ancient cities, there were zones of tame nature, reminding folk what life looked like. These now-feral parks offers access to the city for scavenging, but also the opportunity for growing crops. Passage through the dangerous city keeps feral parkland towns isolated.

Implies a High Orchardist who sees to the health of the valuable fruiting trees.

Implies a Border Guard and Chief who protect the parkland from the dangers of the city beyond, and escort caravans.

4. Tunneltown

Beneath many ancient cities, there were networks of tunnels and passages for people to walk or travel on. These offered shelter to some of War's survivors, and some made them into homes. Living perpetually underground can make people strange, and in some tunneltowns, access to sunlight is a privilege reserved for only the elite.

Implies a Mistress Rat, leader of the Rat's Guild of tunnel explorers and mappers.

Implies a Mirror Mistress in charge of the mirrors and light channels which pipe sunlight from above to those deemed worthy of it below.

4. BIG SKY PLAINS

The wide-open spaces of prairie and steppe speak to a certain kind of person, one who sees the boundless scope of the land as an opportunity, possibly a second chance. Under the Big Sky people are sometimes reborn, becoming new in spirit and in flesh.

Grandeur

The flatness of the land leads the eyes upwards, and makes every hill and butte stand out dramatically. At night, the sky is lit by stars and moon almost bright enough to read by, and during the day dazzling blue.

Ruin

Out on the plains, lost things can last a long time, mysterious and lonely. A single abandoned farmhouse, plates set on the table as if for dinner, no round by the creak of door hinges, nothing maring the layer of dust on everything. An old truck rusted to a hulk, by the faint impression where a road once ran. A skeleton in the driver's seat still holding the wheel. And the craters, of course, where one old machine struck at another with devastating weapons.

Opportunity

The grasslands offer grazing for beasts, soil for planting grains, and if one knows the wisdom of drills and pumps, access to the black blood of the earth.

Trouble

The plains are a lonely and haunted land, trackless and happily posthuman. They offer room for industry, but few supplies. Fire is always a danger, and water can be precious.

Monsters native to the region have Evade and Jump keywords.

VARIATIONS

1. Seasonal Nomad Camp

The town is a semi-permanent seasonal camp of a largely nomadic population who follow the grazing or the sun. There are few permanent structures, but many families establish their camp in the same location year after year.

Implies a Caretaker and their Compound, one of the few who remain on site year round, protecting and preparing the place for the seasonal arrival of the rest of the population.

Implies a Bazaar where all manner of strange things collected in the people's travels are traded and sold.

2. Waves of Grain

The town sits amidst vast fields of grain which are harvested and stored, processed, and sold. It's heavy but lucrative work.

Implies a Grainery where the harvest is processed and stored, and the Lead Thresher who manages it.

Implies a Brewer who ferments some of the harvest in a Brewery, and might imply a Distillery where a fermented mash is turned into pure and valuable spirits by a Distiller.

3. Turbine Farm

The town is situated among a still-functional swath of spinning wind turbines, and produces abundant electricity which it might export via cables. Electrical power drives well-pumps, cooktops, cooling fans, and even some electrical lights. Mechanics can always find work in the turbine fields, and the wise can hear omens in the screams of the fans.

Implies a Head Wrench and their Workshop, where vital mechanical engineering is done and the skills handed down.

- *Implies the Turbine Fields, where the windmills stand and spin perpetually.*

4. Badlands

The town sits in rough country, among mineral-rich foothills of broken rock and trees bent as if in agony. Erosion has clawed the landscape into a maze of short canyons and gullies, and the exposed soil is often strangely colored. Inhabitants must be self-reliant; the country is not forgiving.

Implies a Mistress of Mines and the mines they administer.

Implies a Riding Constable to seek outlaws and scout the surrounding lands, and the Road.

5. AMONGST THE CRAGS

Living in the mountains means accepting isolation – sometimes profound isolation, lasting months as snow chokes passes. Mountain towns are some of the most remote, beautiful, and strange. A mountain is a presence in the world and in the mind, looming in the corner of your thoughts all the time, a presence at once protective and hostile.

Grandeur

The loom of raw stone and naked rock reaching thousands of feet above is primally magnificent, a kind of awe that animal ancestors also felt. Life among the crags is harsh, cutting like winter wind, but sometimes the mountains feed a starving person on beauty alone, and they learn to live on it.

Ruin

The mountain claims its own in the end, and is harder on foolish youth than anywhere else. The mountain takes its tithe of lives and livelihoods – winter avalanches, spring rock slides, and dry summers.

Opportunity

Mountains offer unparalleled opportunity for defense. A mountainous locale is a natural fortification. Mountains also lift minerals usually locked deep in the earth to an accessible height, and mining can be a vital local industry.

Trouble

Mountain paths are treacherous, passes become blocked by snow or rockslides, and many sins can be hidden behind hills and in deep valleys.

Monsters native to the region have Jump or Flying keywords.

VARIATIONS

1. Shadowed Valley

Valleys hidden deep inside the crags collect good soil and run with clean water. These green slivers offer a good life to the kind of people who don't mind living very close to neighbors. Shadowed valleys are often profoundly isolated, and towns can sometimes become pressure cookers of intrigue and resentment with a veneer of gingerbread and fretwork.

Implies a Lead Guide and a Guides' Guild of mountain-wise people who lead others through the passes to and from the valley.

Implies a famous Climber that younger climbers wish to surpass.

2. Foothills

A town in the foothills is built on wildly uneven country but sits beneath the towering crags, which act as a rear guard for the settlement. Foothill towns are often built at the mouths of passes, where people and ore can move easily.

Implies a Road Constable to patrol the road up into the mountains and down from the hills, collecting duties from those who wish to use the pass the town protects.

Implies a Storehouse for ore and other products of the mountains which are shipped down and for the goods carried up seasonally as weather permits.

3. Thin Air

A town built up in the thin air exists a mere gasp below the point where a human might suffocate, and moving there takes a long period of adjustment marked by weakness, headaches, and other amusements. But for those looking to hide or achieve solitude, it's ideal.

Implies a Watcher whose job it is to keep vigil for whatever it is that drove the townsfolk to live at this altitude.

Implies a Lead Herder who manages the herders that keep the town's flocks of sheep, goats, alpaca, or other beasts.

4. Mountain Fastness

A mountain fastness is a fortress town, built in the most inaccessible of locations, on top of and within a crag itself. Many of these towns rise up around the manse of a noble, though some exist independently of a mistress's castle, or the castle sits abandoned. The existence of such formidable defenses suggests an equally formidable enemy to defend against.

Implies a Leader of Fortifications who must keep the defenses in repair, less they become dangerously unstable.

Implies a Mayor, who rules by the will of (or in the memory of) the noble around who's castle the fastness town was built.

6. EDGE OF THE WASTES

The War left some parts of the world desert and worse than desert, blasted, poisoned, broken, and suitable only for outlaws and mutants. Yet, even on the edges of places like this, humans find some way to live, and sometimes to thrive.

Grandeur

The ravaged land is beautiful, even if that beauty is sometimes lethal. The weapons of the war left the land twisted into alien shapes, and the Wastes are not merely desolate, they are transformed. Travellers see ridges of hills like spiked vertebrae, hundred foot fans of liquified rock frozen mid-splash, great sheets of ground vitrified into green glass, and, at night, a swirling kaleidoscope of colors and auroras above the chill wind.

Ruin

The grandeur of the wastes *is* ruin. Every beautiful thing there arises from destruction, every color is also a poison, every lake is a steaming crater. The earth itself was split to the bedrock and beyond, and what humanity's weapons could not destroy, the volcanic fury from Hell below could. The greatest ruin of the waste is in knowing that once these places were once homes, now scrubbed from existence.

Opportunity

The doomsday weapons transformed the land, and created things which exist nowhere else, or places where reason breaks down. Waste Walkers find caves where the dead awaken, where time runs backwards, races forward, or stops entirely. Objects brought out of the wastes sometimes have impossible properties.

Trouble

Trouble is the Waste's greatest resource and chief export. The lands are poisoned, the waters acid and toxic, and what lives there is changed hideously. It is a land of mutants, radiation, and in places the end of causality.

VARIATIONS

1. Last Water

At the very edge, a last water town is the only place to get a clean drink for miles around. Water is the town's major resource, and what makes live there possible and weirdly prosperous. Waste walkers looking for treasure fill their water tanks here, and sell their finds in the market. A last watertown has to be heavily fortified.

Implies Waste Walkers and the market where they sell their finds.

Implies a Palisade to defend the town and the Wall Sentinel and their Guards who staff it.

2. Clean Oasis

Surrounded by the wastes, yet untouched by their poison, a clean oasis town sits in a miraculous zone of comfortable conditions and clean water. The source of the protection might be old magic, something newer, or a work of the Thinking Machines.

Implies a Water Keeper who is responsible for apportioning and guarding the Water.

Implies a Curious Meddler seeking the source of the Oasis's miraculous protection.

3. Blacktop Battlezone

The town exists to service and build the wheeled beast machines that can cross the wastes fast enough that passengers might survive.

- It is loud, industrial, and filled with and largely made from scavenged vehicle parts. Garages compete ~ sometimes violently ~ for business, and the weapon of choice is a heavy wrench or hammer.

Implies a Witch Mechanic and their garage.

Implies a Parts Market where scavenged vehicles are broken down and sold off.

4. Radiation Blistered

The town is dying, though nobody will admit it. The waters are drying up, or maybe the waste's poison is slowly leaking in. The weird weather of the waste has shifted, and a constant hot wind blows across the face of the town, and has stripped every windward surface of paint. Residents sport visible radburns on exposed skin. Children are born... wrong.

Implies a Desperate Mayor, unwilling to admit the town is probably doomed.

Implies a Struggling Physician, seeking some way to counter the poison of the waste.

2. THEME

Themes describe the major activity for a town, what occupies the energy of its citizens. Each theme implies a location and at least one local.

1. MARKET

A market town lives on trade and is known for it.

1. Caravansary

The town is a stopover for traveling merchants and caravans, who resupply and sell their wares at a Caravansary location.

2. Seasonal Market

The town holds charter as a market hub, and hosts one major market festival a season which brings trade from the whole region.

3. Bazaar

The town is home to a permanent market in which individual merchants rent space to sell almost any conceivable thing, with some stalls being permanent, some coming and going with the season.

4. Illicit Trade

The town's fortunes are tied to a black market, a trade in something illicit, illegal, or secret ~ drugs, heresies, espionage, human lives.

2. AGRICULTURE

A farming town, which produces enough agricultural product to support itself and to trade.

1. Herding

The town raises domestic animals, valuable for meat, milk, eggs, fur, or something stranger.

2. Orchards

The town has well-tended trees which provide its bounty of fruit, nuts, or other produce.

3. Gardens

The town plants gardens producing a variety of produce.

4. Narcotics

The town is famous for its production of plants that get people high, such as opium poppies, coca leaf, hashish hemp, mushrooms, and many other possibilities.

3. CROSSROADS

The town sits at a point of transition, where things cross and come together.

1. Place of Pilgrimage

The town is a place on which pilgrims converge, home to a shrine where miracles occur, where one can touch a saint's bones.

2. Contested Borderland

The town sits in the contested area between two or more powerful nobles' demesne, claimed by all, and in a precarious position. The contesting nobles bribe and scheme to gain control.

3. Refugee Crisis

The town is flooded with refugees fleeing something terrible in a neighboring region ~ famine, plague, war, religious persecution, genocide, or some genuinely inhuman threat.

4. Smuggler's Den

The town owes its livelihood to the subtle work of smugglers or traffickers, operating as an open secret.

4. CRAFT

The town is famed for its craftspeople and their products.

1. Carpentry

The townsfolk make beautiful and practical things from wood, and the carpenters are supported by those who make their tools and supply them with materials.

2. Stone Cutting

The town is known for its stonemasons, exporting expertise and tools.

3. Brewing

The town is home to at least one famous brewery or distillery, and coopers do a brisk business.

4. Weaving

The town's craftsfolk turn fibers into yarns, rope, and cloth. It might also be known as a place which produces tailors, dressmakers, and upholsterers.

5. INDUSTRY

The town is supported by manufacturing and factory production, using techniques gleaned from the ruins of the old world, or devel-

oped under the tyranny of the Thinking Machines. Industry towns are often plagued by noise, smoke, and stench.

1. Slaughterhouses

The town takes in animals and renders them into a hundred different things, from sausages, to steaks, to hides for leather, gelatin, bone meal fertilizers, or cooking lard. The slaughter yards are a stinking, fly-infested engine of wealth.

2. Smelting

Raw ores or scavenged alloys are rendered down in smelters, and cast into new shapes. Smelting towns consume prodigious quantities of coal, lumber, or power.

3. Lumber

The town is driven by the cutting and milling of trees and tree-like things into useful boards and planks, resins, mulch, and sawdust insulation.

4. Mining

The townsfolk send their youth down into the dark to hammer wealth from the clutches of greedy rock. Too often, the rock is angered by the theft, and takes lives as compensation. No family in a mining town is untouched by a hungry mine.

6. SEAT OF POWER

The town is the ruling seat of a notable individual or organization of regional power.

1. Warlord

A warlord, risen from the peasantry, has claimed the town as their own. The warlord may or may not be hostile to the town, and much

depends on the relationship between the town and the Nobles and Church.

2. Criminal

The town is the secret seat of power for a major regional criminal syndicate, and a great deal of wealth flows through the town, even if it maintains a respectable appearance.

3. Noble

One of the Noblesse claims the town as their demesne, under their direct authority.

4. Church

The town is the site of a major center within Christendom, such as a cathedral or the seat of a cardinal.

3. LANDMARKS

Roll 1d4, then roll that many d6s. Consult the table at the end for landmarks your town is known for.

4. LOCALS

The locals you create are the heart of the game, harboring secrets and revelations that drive play.

PERSONAL NAME

Pick a personal name from the following list, or come up with one you like. The list is randomized, so you can select the next name along without leading to a town where everyone's name begins with A.

CLAN AND FAMILY NAMES

A clan is a loose association of people with kinship or implied kinship. A family is a person's immediate relations.

Clans have different families, and families different members. This *implies* many kinships within a community, and each clan represented in a town *implies* a clan Steward, usually an elder clan member. Clans also imply the possibility of inter-clan conflict, and of settling scores in the old ways according to clan law ~ blood for blood.

Each Family represented in a community implies a family Head, again usually an elder family member.

Create these locals, or assign these roles to locals you have already created. Stewards have authority over the local members of their clan, as do Heads over their families.

DESCRIPTION

Roll 4d6 to describe the local you have just named. The description elements can be used to write a short sentence.

Many occupations *imply* a place of work or home of special significance for the local, so you could make location cards for these and place them on the map.

5. PREVAILING CONDITIONS

How does the town relate to the powers and authorities of the world? What is the state of its wealth? The happiness and health of its people, and the justice they might expect?

Roll 1d6 on this table.

6. TROUBLES

A town's individual troubles are its immediate crisis and dangers. Troubles are exceptional events which stand out and alarm the whole population. A town's troubles may be symptoms of a deeper problem, the source of further problems, or unrelated complications to a more fundamental problem. But regardless, they are acute rather than chronic woes.

A town can be suffering from more than one trouble when the heroes arrive. If you want to know how many but not simply decide, roll 1d4.

1. REGION (D6 X D4)

| d6 x d4 | Region | 1 | 2 |
|---------|--------------------|---------------------|-------------------|
| 1 | Under Green Shadow | Scent of Summer | Edge of the Green |
| 2 | By the Waters | Riverport | Seaport |
| 3 | Skeleton City | Tower Town | Scavtown |
| 4 | Big Sky Pains | Seasonal Nomad Camp | Waves of Grain |
| 5 | Amongst the Crags | Shadowed Valley | In the Foothills |
| 6 | Edge of the Wastes | Last Water | Clean Oasis |

| d6 d4 | Region | 3 | 4 |
|-------|--------------------|----------------------|---------------------|
| 1 | Under Green Shadow | Overgrown | Bunkertown |
| 2 | By the Waters | In the Marsh | Floodtown |
| 3 | Skeleton City | Feral Parkland | Tunneltown |
| 4 | Big Sky Pains | Turbine Farm | Badlands |
| 5 | Amongst the Crags | Thin Air | Mountain Fastness |
| 6 | Edge of the Wastes | Blacktop Battle-zone | Radiation Blistered |

2. THEME TABLE (D4 X D6)

| d4 x d6 | Landmark |
|---------|------------------------|
| 11 | Unexplored Cave System |
| 12 | Standing Stones |
| 13 | Deep Lake |
| 14 | Rich Fossil Beds |
| 15 | Hot Springs |
| 16 | Ancient Tombs |
| 21 | Stables |
| 22 | Central Well |
| 23 | Smithy |
| 24 | Aqueduct |
| 25 | Machine Graveyard |
| 26 | Regional Court |
| 31 | Graveyard |
| 32 | School |
| 33 | Abbey |
| 34 | Regional Guildhouse |
| 35 | Ecclesiastical Court |
| 36 | Famous Holy Shrine |
| 41 | Rowdy Tavern |
| 42 | Rooming House |
| 43 | Amphitheater |
| 44 | Bathhouse |
| 45 | Library |
| 46 | Pleasure Garden |

3. LANDMARK TABLE

| d4 x d6 | Landmark |
|---------|------------------------|
| 11 | Unexplored Cave System |
| 12 | Standing Stones |
| 13 | Deep Lake |
| 14 | Rich Fossil Beds |
| 15 | Hot Springs |
| 16 | Ancient Tombs |
| 21 | Stables |
| 22 | Central Well |
| 23 | Smithy |
| 24 | Aqueduct |
| 25 | Machine Graveyard |
| 26 | Regional Court |
| 31 | Graveyard |
| 32 | School |
| 33 | Abbey |
| 34 | Regional Guildhouse |
| 35 | Ecclesiastical Court |
| 36 | Famous Holy Shrine |
| 41 | Rowdy Tavern |
| 42 | Rooming House |
| 43 | Amphitheater |
| 44 | Bathhouse |
| 45 | Library |
| 46 | Pleasure Garden |

4. PEOPLE TABLES

PERSONAL NAMES

| | | | | |
|-----------|-----------|-----------|-----------|----------|
| Chayce | Amory | Wilmer | Coeur | Do |
| Outacite | Creasy | Maine | Adrian | Aero |
| Cheney | Garnet | Whitney | Troy | Corliss |
| Chandell | Mortimer | Tayelor | Courtenay | Everly |
| Sinclaire | Amelot | Louvain | Davignon | Whitley |
| Delaynie | Savon | Bijou | Rusty | Remy |
| Alvia | Sage | Phoenix | Celestine | Platt |
| Gabriell | Patrice | Trais | Dareall | Wren |
| Matiese | Esmae | Shante | Travis | Cezanne |
| Bay | Dior | Rafamy | Camden | Monroe |
| Michon | Toulouse | Meredith | Shantel | Belot |
| Rema | Erembourc | Evelyn | Nakia | Rusti |
| Auberi | Komal | Madden | Sheryl | Raleigh |
| Dejah | Chevis | Kari | Deor | Chandler |
| Ora | Crescent | Chandelle | Sydney | Noe |
| Kelsey | Domenique | Darel | Coty | River |
| Ola | Parrish | Rivera | Ramsey | Shantell |
| Ara | Jonatha | Tre | Marquette | Celestin |
| Taylyr | Gervaise | Arden | Oda | Leonidem |
| Sacha | Avignon | Lavern | Evelyn | Ashe |

CLANS AND FAMILIES

| Clan | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | |
|------|------------|----------|-----------|---------|---------|
| 1 | Vicianti | Durand | Baptiste | Lefevre | Duval |
| 2 | Opal | Berger | Gagne | Mullins | Paquet |
| 3 | Draemont | Alair | Trosclair | Girerd | Carrier |
| 4 | Sousburg | Fourier | Mercier | Page | Brodeur |
| 5 | Delarocher | Beaulieu | Clanless | Dupont | Leblanc |
| 6 | Clanless | Mire | Pike | Fetch | Drue |

DESCRIPTION

| | Occupation | Quirk | Trouble |
|----|------------|---|--|
| 11 | Child | A former soldier | Has greatly exaggerated their skills |
| 12 | Youth | Inherited a grand house | An imposter living under a stollen name |
| 13 | Herder | Famously beautiful singing voice | Infected with a curse nearing its culmination |
| 14 | Herbalist | Sitting on a fortune in art | Dying of an unknown exotic disease |
| 15 | Farmer | Unbreakable loyalty | Owes a great deal of money to the Wrong People |
| 16 | Witch | Highly skeptical of claims about the supernatural | Haunted by an restless soul |

| | Occupation | Quirk | Trouble |
|----|------------|---------------------------------|---|
| 21 | Constable | The town's most famous beauty | Only witness to an unsolved murder, and too scared to testify |
| 22 | Carpenter | A touch of Wolf's blood | Haunted by dreams of a coming doom |
| 23 | Brewer | Madly, wonderfully in love | Tragically enthralled by forbidden love |
| 24 | Miller | A near miraculous healing touch | Secretly sewn together from the parts of dead people |
| 25 | Blacksmith | A deft hand with the fiddle | Initiate of a savage cult |
| 26 | Merchant | Unfailingly generous | Fighting a terrible addiction |

| | Occupation | Quirk | Trouble |
|----|------------|------------------------------|---|
| 31 | Priest | Member of the mortal clergy | Amnesiac unaware of their former life |
| 32 | Scholar | The gift of second sight | Being blackmailed for a secret sin |
| 33 | Teacher | A confidante to the powerful | Helped bury evidence of a loved one's crime |
| 34 | Beadle | A touch of Noble blood | A ghost, dead but unaware of it |
| 35 | Physician | Comfortably rich | Deeply in debt, and borrowing more to keep up appearances |
| 36 | Wise One | Seems genuinely Trustworthy | Baptized in a pagan faith |

| | Occupation | Quirk | Trouble |
|----|----------------|--|--|
| 41 | Artist | Fearless | Violent Drunk |
| 42 | Potter | Easy to Like | A spy who has betrayed the town to outsiders |
| 43 | Musician | Owns a great deal of real estate | Seriously unfaithful |
| 44 | Judge | Will come into a fortune when they marry | Missing the hours of sunrise and sunset, with no memory of what they do during those times |
| 45 | Town Counselor | Gifted Poet | Buried alive by unknown murderer, and only barely survived |
| 46 | Mayor | Unfailingly Honest | Secretly a cunning machine-mind automaton |

5. CONDITION TABLE

| | Noblesse | Church | Health |
|---|--|--|---|
| 1 | A Free City, having wholly thrown off Noble rule | A pagan town, almost entirely Un-churched | Plague time, dying time |
| 2 | Active plots to rebel against Noble rule | Mostly still pagan, with a minority of Christian congregants | Afflicted by many chronic and seasonal pestilences |
| 3 | A distant Noble who is mostly ignored | Casual churchgoing, mixed with pagan and folk religion | Occasional pestilence not chronic |
| 4 | A noble who makes occasional demands or pronouncements, but rarely acts directly. | Christendom predominates, with pagan faiths pushed out or pushed underground | Deadly illness is rare, though not entirely unknown |
| 5 | Noble rule is felt in everyday life, though the town may not be in direct vassalage to the Liege | A strong center of Church worship, with no open pagan worship | All illness is rare, though not entirely unknown |
| 6 | Directly overseen by a Noble, with all locals direct vassals to the Liege | A center of orthodox theological observance, with no known pagan worship | Almost universal health and longevity |

| | Prosperity | Harmony | Justice |
|---|--|---|---|
| A | Ruined. Almost universal poverty | Open armed conflict between clans and factions | No courts, and the only law is Clan Law and blood feud |
| 2 | Grinding poverty, though some few have more than they need | Constant danger of factional violence | Courts are called only for major crime, Clan Law dominates otherwise |
| 3 | Many are poor, some are rich, and some aspire to riches | Simmer tensions, occasionally resulting in factional violence | Clan law and the courts compete to win hearts and provide justice |
| 4 | The comfortable outnumber the poor | Generally harmonious, though a great shock might still drive violence | The Courts provide most of the justice in town, and clan law is pushed into the shadows |
| 5 | The wealthy outnumber the poor | Very peaceable, with locals pursuing dialogue over violence when possible | Applying Clan Law is illegal, and the courts work hard to achieve justice. |
| 6 | Many are wealthy, none are truly poor | A town that speaks with one voice | The courts manage justice efficiently, supported by a professional constables service |

6. TROUBLE TABLES

| d4 x d6 | Trouble |
|------------|--|
| 11 | A monster native to the region stalks the outlying cottages and farms |
| 12 | A mysterious explosion destroys an otherwise innocuous building |
| 13 | Marauders threaten to burn the town unless it complies with their demands |
| 14 | A highly addictive drug is given to local youth, with the promise of more if they comply with some simple demands |
| 15 | A sinkhole opens suddenly, consuming several cottages, and the people within |
| 16 | A local's past as a mercenary soldier catches up with them when their former comrades arrive and demand the local leave with them |
| 21 | A monster of unknown type and foreign nature stalks the town and none know its name or how to stop it |
| 22 | A shady character has opened a gambling den, and a surprising number of locals find themselves as regular patrons, despite many being strongly averse to games of chance and wagers. When their losses mount, the shady character offers a deal to help clear those debts. |
| 23 | During renovations of the Mayor's Court, the bones of a ritually sacrificed youth are found packed into the floorboards beneath the judge's stand, surrounded by the symbols of demonic worship |
| 24 | The crows have begun hanging about, and muttering about <i>the great feast to come</i> |
| 25 | A rash of poisoned wells has left several families terribly ill, and a few old folks dead. |
| 26 | An ominous cloud hangs over the town, and lightning stabs downwards, though only seems to threaten members of a single clan |

Trouble

| | |
|----|---|
| 31 | Monsters normally too stupid or animalist to work together have begun to attack the town as an organized force, with surprising tactical acumen |
| 32 | Major local industry or trade collapses, plunging the town into potential ruin |
| 33 | Fire ravages the local church, leaving it a burnt-out shell and destroying everything within. |
| 34 | A zealot priest militant has come to town to persecute witches, and seems to have no trouble finding targets they deem infernal enough to harass |
| 35 | A popular child has run afoul of Hounds while playing outside of town, and they howl louder and creep closer every night until the child is given over to them, or somebody intervenes somehow. |
| 36 | A genealogical researcher finds evidence that the first family of the town are illegitimate heirs to the family name and fortunes. |
| 41 | A monster demands to be admitted to the town as a citizen, and offers to share its wealth and power to help the town. The price it asks seems so small. |
| 42 | Children are snatched in the night, and last night the child of somebody very powerful was taken |
| 43 | A Harbinger is caught planting Greenseed around the town |
| 44 | A betrothed youth has vanished on their wedding night |
| 45 | The Mayor is dead, killed by a single stab to the heart. |
| 46 | A foreign Noble has arrived in town for mysterious reasons. They and their people are unfailingly polite, but many of the local youth have come down with acute anemia. |

