

The Adventure

Seizes-the-Horizon is an extremely wealthy Aelfir from Spire. Hailing from a family of middle influence he has risen, quite suddenly, over the last decade to immense power. This climb has led to speculation and rumor but there is little doubt to his fortune and influence.

His rise hasn't been without tragedy as Seizes-the-Horizon has seen most of his family tragically pass over the last decade. Each death adding more fire to his growing legend. Only his daughter, Dreams-are-Never-Enough, has survived. Dreams has spent her life as a spoiled socialite, her father's wealth funding an exorbitant lifestyle. Over the years she has been the center of a number of scandals, often to the embarrassment of Seizes-the-Horizon.

Recently, Dreams has fallen in with a cult, The Followers of Shifted Fate. The Followers have exploded in popularity among the wealthy young elite of Spire. They believe that the Heart can alter fate, and allow an individual to pursue a multitude of existences that are normally held back by reality. Until recently the cult has simply discussed the concept philosophically in the safety of Spire, but a group of eight, with Dreams being a member, have decided to finally seek out this truth firsthand. With near limitless funds an expedition to the Heart was secretly planned.

The cult hired a competent group of delvers as guides. The families of those involved wish to avoid embarrassment of such a fool errand and wish for their children to be brought back safely. With the groups head start there is no time to put together a formal retrieval team so each family is racing to retrieve their own blood. Seizes-the-Horizon, anxious for the return of his daughter, has the deepest pockets. The promise of a favor from one so powerful is sure to attract some attention below Spire.

What's Really Going On?

Seizes-the-Horizon is truly anxious to retrieve his daughter, though his motives are less than honest. Years ago, Seizes-the-Horizon managed to strike a deal with a god-like being, The Author of Shifted Fate. In exchange seven souls of his family he was allowed to break his chains of fate and was elevated to a level of wealth and power far beyond what he could attain alone. Over the last decade he has fulfilled six of the souls, and the bill for the final soul is due.

His daughter, Dreams, is the last soul required to pay his debt. He fully intends to sacrifice her, as if he does not his own life will be forfeit. There is a small ritual he must personally complete that requires her presence alive. Dreams sudden disappearance with the Followers has come at the worst time. If she perishes below Seizes-the-Horizon will be unable to complete his part of the deal, there are no substitutions.

What he doesn't know is that Dreams is aware of his deal. The Author of Shifted Fate has spoken to her of it. It has also given her a way out. She was given a list of seven souls, if she can bring them to its sanctum she will both fulfil her bargain, and void her fathers, though keep his fortune. Dreams was pivotal in the formation of the cult, as well as motivating the required individuals to follow her down towards the Heart.

Important Events

The Pilgrimage, Dreams and seven other Aelfir have begun descending with the aid of a group of delvers they have hired to guide them. The specific identities, motivations, and details concerning the journey are open to be molded as needed with a few exceptions.

- Dreams and six of the Aelfir can be waiting at the final haven.

- A seventh Aelfir cannot be present in the final haven. They have died and should be discovered before the final haven. (In this adventure they are discovered in the Vermissian Sea)
- None of the Delvers hired can be present in the final haven. (Sprinkle them dead or mad throughout the Delve).

At the end of the adventure is a pre-generated list of Aelfir and Delvers to reference if needed. Feel free to use members of the pilgrimage to meet the needs of the fiction or complete story beats.

Beginning the Game

Seizes-the-Horizon's arrival in town causes quite the stir. Elite guards and a small caravan of servants lock a local hotel down, booting current guests to the street unceremoniously. Rumors have already been circulating of powerful Aelfir families offering lucrative deals for work in Derelictus above, but Seizes-the-Horizon is jumping ahead and making the offer deeper, where he hopes to find better suited candidates. Time is of the essence, contracts with ink still drying are waiting to be signed. Even with such urgency the army of lawyers won't accept just anyone. Solo delvers won't be likely to get an offer, so many partnerships are being struck.

Martsan

Domains: Haven, Warren

Default Stress: D4

Haunts:

- Krindil, Retired Army Doctor (Blood D8)
- Snubnose, Owner of "The Kennels" a repurposed barracks. (Mind D8)
- Abandoned Caravan (Supplies D6)

Description:

A large cavern littered with unmapped paths.

Though many are unexplored it's often said that any path taken in the heart surely crosses through Martsan.

Once used as a staging ground for some long forgotten military campaign the remaining structures have been repurposed to provide a safe haven for those embarking on a delver below. A large trade caravan, abandoned when it could go no further into the smaller caverns, it has been changed into a local street market.

NPCs:

Truth-Before-Imagination, One of many lawyers sent out by Seizes-the-Horizon to begin contracting aid to save his daughter. He is polite and business like, surprisingly so for an Aelfir under Spire. The rewards are fantastic, but he will not blindly allow just anyone to enter a contract. He will require a group, and they must at least be able to impress upon him their ability to succeed. They are offered nothing up front, but if pressed he will add a negotiation clause to the contract allowing the delvers to claim additional hardships and costs associated with the delve.

His mask is a solid piece of parchment, with a gorgeous hand inking what appears to be legal code.

Seizes-the-Horizon, An extraordinarily rich and powerful Aelfir of Spire. He has no desire to handle any communication personally and leaves the work to a legion of lawyers on his payroll. He will be under heavy guard and is not interested in speaking with any Delver. His mask is a single golden sheet, with the etching of a solar eclipse. The mask glows brightly through unknown means making it uncomfortable to look at.

Hoard of Lilg – The First Delve

Domains: Desolate, Warren

Stress: D4

Resistance: 10

Description:

Endless damp caverns overflow with many lifetimes worth of garbage and human waste. A terrible smell permeates through the winding tunnels, accompanied by an oppressive heat that grows as one travels deeper. Sifting through the debris one can find mountains of broken furniture, ruined books, and rotting food in addition to piles of human waste. Scattered about are rotting remains of the broken and battered bodies of those unlucky enough to be caught by collapsing piles of the hoard.

Events: Search the hoard to find something is not right, books all seem the same identical illiterate gibberish, the wood hollow and weak; Calls for help from dark dead ends, pleas from those trapped under collapse; Lilg, able to traverse the hoard supernaturally fast, spying to ensure no theft of her precious collection; The piles ahead of you seem to change as you travel, things aren't where you remember them.

Resources: Dirty Religious Symbols (D4, Religion); Surprisingly clean fashion accoutrement (D4, Haven).

Connection: Burn the hoard. Fire won't take hold on the edges, only from deep within, and the hoard will protect itself.

Encounters: Lilg; Horedlings; Large insects; Crazy and Lost survivors; The Soul of the Hoard.

NPC:

Hoarding

The unfortunate souls who have died in the hoard. What remains gives in to the hoard anxious to claim new treasures for to begin collecting itself.

Descriptors: Desiccated or rotting corpses that

rise, pulling together whatever fragments of the hoard it can to reconstruct its body; clawing blindly at anything new to add to the hoard.

Motivation: Mindless, driven only by the desire to collect more items.

Difficulty: Standard

Resistance: 4

Protection: 0

Resources: Filth covered mementos (D4, Haven).

Equipment: Rust covered remnants of past weapons (D4, Degenerating – **Endure+Cursed**)

Domains: Desolate, Warren

Lilg

Lilg appears as an ancient human female.

Stooped with age and reeking like the hoard she lives in. Her skin is riddled with boils, ready to burst at the slightest touch, her long fingernails constantly drip with the filth of her collection.

The Hoard is her life. She remembers every part of it, misplacing even a single item can draw her ire. She may need to be bribed for passage, though her idea of value is impossible to grasp. Attempts to remove, clean, or bypass the hoard without her permission can send her into a violent fury.

If defeated Lilg's thin rotten flesh will split revealing nothing but a collection of human waste and insects given sentience by the Soul of the Hoard.

Descriptors: Singing a beautiful soft melody as she ushers one pile of trash to a new location; Frantically digging and searching for a "special" item she is certain is nearby; mutilating corpses of those found in the Hoard, chastising their dead bodies for disturbing her perfection.

Motivation: To continue to add to her collection. Her eye for value is skewed beyond understanding, she may be tempted by unusual, useless, or disgusting items just as often as valuable resources.

Difficulty: Standard

Resistance: 5

Protection: 1 (0 if Fire is involved)

Resources: Corroded antique trinket (D6, Haven); Ritual Scrolls to Cleanse the Horde (D6, Occult).

Equipment: Ragged Fingernails (D6, Debilitating) Vomit (D6, Ranged)

Special: The first time Lilg defeated her skin bursts (D6, Spread - **Evade+Cursed**) she can return without her skin at any time. If she is defeated a second time she will eventually reform with her skin intact the next pulse.

Domains: Desolate, Warren

Soul of the Hoard

Every item has a story, a memory of the life it once lived, of the people it once belonged to. This close to the heart those memories can become desire, and that desire given life. Untold thousands voices calling out, each wishing to be returned, to be liberated from this endless forgotten heap. Those voices, unable to agree, have long since drowned in insane fury, lashing out in violence in an effort to sate such hatred in the blood of those foolish enough to rouse it.

Descriptors: A cacophony of whispers through the hot tunnels, though everyone hears something different; an item in the horde evokes a strong memory of childhood but upon inspection vanishes; the impossibly balanced towers sway without toppling.

Motivation: Long past the ability to reason, every item in the hoard has its own agenda and spends eternity screaming its plea, unheeded, into the roiling mass of madness.

Difficulty: Standard

Resistance: 8

Protection: 2 (0 if Fire is involved)

Resources: Tarnished Heirlooms bearing ancient crests (D6, Haven); Filth covered mechanism (D6, Technology).

Equipment: Fountains of filth (D6 Ranged – inflicts Fortune stress); Mountains of trash (D6 Piercing).

Special: The Soul cannot be killed, it will exist as long as there is something in the hoard to power it. If beaten back the voices quiet long enough to no longer threaten. If the entire hoard is burned away it will simply cease to exist.

Domains: Desolate, Cursed

Atmosphere: The Hoard

- Claustrophobic - Having to wiggle through tight corridors or even crawl through collapses.
- Dirty – The filth is everywhere, you can't avoid it. It will coat and cover you, you will taste and smell it.

Possible Prompt: The Hoard

- Crawling through a tight hole. The cavern and hoard so tight they will have to wriggle through like snakes. They will get stuck, crushing. The suffocation, the hopelessness. Attempting to clear out can awaken hoardlings.
- Lilg cradles your face almost tenderly. Leaning in slowly as if to lay a kiss on your lips. She instead clamps her diseased mouth across your mouth and cheek. Her rotten teeth shift in her diseased gums as she bites down. Without warning she vomits. The thick bitter liquid, uncomfortably hot, spills across your face and rushes into your mouth.
- The Hoardling wrenches at your flesh, desperate to claim a new treasure for itself. The flesh of its hands, rotten and bloated, sloughs off but the sharp bones underneath hold fast as it pulls.
- A tower of trash and filth collapses atop you. A wet rain of foul liquid, almost burning hot, splashes across you leaving a greasy sheen that never seems to wipe fully off. The smell, nearly unbearable before, intensifies as the hoard is disturbed, catches in your throat making breathing a chore.
- A hand grabs you from the pile below. Moving the hoard reveals some poor soul crushed beneath. Their wounds fester with insects and their body

broken, perhaps beyond recognition. They beg for some form of salvation.

- The floor dips ahead, trash and waste seem to float atop foul waters of unknown depth. Insects and small beasts seem to thrive in the thick liquid, but something larger may hunt below. The smell becomes almost a physical force to withstand. Crossing will be no easy task.
- A low rumble can be felt in the hoard. Something burrows through the trash somehow surviving the desolation.

Special Fallout

Hoarding: [Minor, Blood/Mind] You can no longer bear to part with anything. If you lose any item, no matter how insignificant mark D4 stress to MIND no matter how insignificant its worth may be (This includes paying with a resource). [Ongoing]

Clean Freak: [Minor, Mind] The idea of staying clean consumes you. All checks that involve possibly getting dirty become Risky. [Ongoing]

Sickened: [Minor, Blood] The sights and smells of the Hoard have infected you. You vomit and heave for a time. Your next check becomes Dangerous. The vomiting passes though the weakness stays with you. **Endure** checks become Risky. [Ongoing]

The Lost Ring

Domains: Haven, Occult

Default Stress: D4

Haunts:

- Famished Crescent (Mind D6, Supplies D4)
- Reddell, the Butcher (Blood D8)
- The Chasm (Fortune d4, Echo D4)

Description:

A narrow cavern that widens as it curves until what was once only a handful of feet wide now spans dozens or more. At the caverns widest the inside wall is adorned with buildings, half built and half carved into the stone itself. The outer wall opens into a vast panorama of infinite darkness. The jagged rock walls of the cavern become smooth and polished at the missing edges, as if an entire portion of the cavern suddenly ceased to exist.

In the center of this window into the darkness a well-built bridge a dozen feet or so long connects to large platform. Aside from the bridge the only other construction on the Chasm side is a small shack sitting on the far edge.

Though the chasm extends into darkness if one stares long enough it seems to roil as if a storm of the blackest clouds. No wind or sound comes from the chasm, though anyone asked will swear they can hear it speak sometimes.

A sense of hunger is shared by all those near the Chasm. Growing slowly, it is unsated by food or drink, only by feeding the void can there be any relief. This sense of hunger can be appeased by various means, though living creatures seem to give the most relief.

Continuing past the makeshift town leads to the widened cave continuing to curve and narrow. Eventually the cavern widens back into the town, seeming to complete a ring with no obvious way to exit the cavern.

NPCs:

The Chasm, Though not a living entity the chasm that spans the widest portion of the cave is a center point of the location. The deep darkness of the chasm appears to be an infinite empty expanse. Light dropped into the chasm will fall until it fades from view. The darkness is still and even but those who meditate long enough on it begin to see a roiling in the distances and some have heard unintelligible whispers. Standing at the edges gives one a sense of peace and a slowly building feel of the call of the void.

Onetusk, owner of the Famished Crescent. The hulking gnoll has resisted the call of the Chasm longer than any other. Battered and scarred from a violent life they finally found peace at the edge of the Chasm. Always happy to lend an ear, and full of surprisingly safe advice they are the most permanent fixture of The Lost Ring. They are happy to share with the delvers that in order to leave the ring the chasm must be satisfied (which takes a living being of roughly human size, or a D8 resource, luckily for the delvers there are plenty of people on the edge of answering the Chasms call.

Agota, Drow scholar fascinated by the Chasm. They have constructed a small shack which filled with coiled rope. They have descended hundreds of feet down the sheer wall and seeks to climb lower. Always looking for more to further descend into the Chasm they are willing to trade rope and climbing supplies for trinkets they have on hand. (Mark D4 to D6 stress to Supplies in exchange for a resource matching Die. Agota can complete this once.)

Resources:

- Brightly polished telescope, belonging to Agota and cherished greatly. (D10, Technology)

Scenes in The Lost Ring

- **As the delvers arrive:** A sudden hunger strikes each delver as if they haven't eaten in days, no amount of food seems to satisfy this hunger.
- Some poor soul seems to be meditating at the platform, after a moment or two they simply fall into the Chasm. The gnawing hunger fades noticeably.
- **As the delvers approach:** Agota is uncoiling rope, checking over the immense length for damage, feeding the rope down the Chasm as it passes their scrutiny.
- Continuing past the town and reaching what should be the exit, assuming the Chasm has not been fed enough, a group of confused delvers are anxious to exit and complain of the looping nature of the ring.

Vermissian Sea – The 2nd Delve

Domains: Technology, Wild

Stress: D6

Resistance: 14

Description:

Wide tracks curve and flow out across a vast ocean. The sky glows with an eternal dawn as huge orange clouds climb forever higher. branching and connecting at odd angles. Rising across the ocean are tall monoliths, black pillars leaking dark water into the surrounding sea.

The pillars appear to be windows into another world. A permanent nighttime sea rising a thousand feet into the air. The dark waters spill out in crashing waterfalls down every side. A haunting green light can be seen through the pillars, an alien moon seeming to spy open the brighter waters.

From the dark sea pour forth a seemingly infinite flood of identical beasts, ravenous creatures that feed on one another growing larger with each meal. There appears to be no limit to their size, with the waters in the distance sometimes churning with creatures that have grown to unbelievable size.

The tracks weave a mad. Occasional ticket stations and courtesy stops dot the track. The construction is too large, and haphazard, to have been built by mortal hands. The tracks vary in size and height, with portions that must be climbed like ladders, and others too narrow to support a real train. Some parts of the tracks seem to be turning into flesh connected directly to the steel surrounding it.

****Special:** The half eaten remains of Truly-Led-to-Glory and two Delvers are discovered here.

Events: A massive beast surfaces, swallowing untold thousands of its brethren before smashing into the tracks threatening to collapse a portion of the path; A dark pillar has risen right in the middle of the path, the way forward

uncertain; A rail station houses a lost party; a pristine Vermissian Train rests on the tracks guarded by some terrible force.

Resources: A Vermissian maintenance log (D6, Technology), Various repair supplies (D10, Awkward).

Connection: Every rail station has a schedule board, changing them to be accurate seems to reduce the distance covered (+D8 Resistance)

Encounters: Flying Beasts; Toll men; A mad engineer; Metal Marionette (Below), A group under the banner of the Hounds.

NPC:

Metal Marionette

The tracks are a lie, a technological monstrosity building itself into flesh. Those unlucky enough to be chosen by the track are used as living conduits of its will, once their bodies are broken and spirits snuffed, the remains convert to a more perfect being.

Descriptors: Steel wire and twisted cables bury into a still living body, hoisting it into the air and controlling it as a puppet. Chaotic iron shapes of ragged blade and pointed steel emerge from what was once arms. The unlucky host writhes in agony begging for the end as it is manipulated by the track below. If the being dies the assimilation continues faster until the entire body is little more than a powered machine.

Motivation: The track uses this puppet almost as a window to the organic world. A sensory organ to understand the fleshy components it seeks to assimilate.

Difficulty: Standard (Risky if part of a beat)

Resistance: 5

Protection: 1

Resources: Half assimilated organ (D8 Technology, Cursed)

Equipment: Bladed hands (D6), Air Blast (D8, One Shot).

Domains: Technology

Story Element

Truly-Led-to-Glory can be found shortly after arriving here, seemingly having slipped into the water two other Delves looked to have tried to save them but also succumbed. Their bodies lay half eaten, surrounded by the creatures from the sea. Each various size though otherwise identical. A small pool of water nearby has a few tiny creatures surviving. They can be seen to feast and devour on themselves, growing each time.

Atmosphere: Vermissian Sea

- Infinite – Though the tracks follow a mad path the sea itself extends in all directions endlessly. The black pillars as well lend a view into a dark world that has no edges.
- Desolate – Walking the tracks it is hard to ignore how isolated and alone one is.
- Out of Place – Something here is not right. These tracks could not have been built, this could never have been planned. These creatures don't live here. Nothing seems right.

Possible Prompt: Vermissian Sea

- A low rumble, like thunder, echoes around. An untold distance away a beast, larger than imagination, rises and sinks back into the distant sea. Hours later massive waves wash over the tracks.
- The track is broken ahead, there is no way to get to the next part without entering the water. The beasts churn in a feeding frenzy below.
- A group of people have taken up refuge to drink from the water. They swear it enlightens them, though the strange beasts slowly eat them from the inside out.

- A crazed knight refuses those to travel any further. His armor has grown and seems to drive him
- Nearing the end of the Delve the truth is revealed. The fleshy growths seen are the true landscape. Growing and feeding the infinite beasts. The track has been assimilating it this entire time.

Special Fallout

Thirst of Insight: [Minor, Echo] The black waters has answered questions none have thought to ask. Your mind cannot begin to understand this knowledge and fractures briefly. You lose a domain you have access to, then gain a domain you did not previously have. [Immediate]

Wired: [Minor, Blood/Echo] Thin steel wires feed into your veins, wriggling as if they were alive your body feels like something else is controlling it. You cannot gain extra dice from skills. Can be upgraded to **Assimilated**. [Ongoing]

Assimilated: [Major, Echo] The steel has taken a stronger hold of your body. Once per situation it acts of its own accord. You may attempt to regain control with an **Endure+Technology** check. On a failure you lose your next action, guided instead by the will of the steel. Success allows you to keep control of your body, though partial deals D4 Body. [Ongoing]

Tactus

Domains: Haven, Wild

Default Stress: D6

Haunts:

- The Stars Above, Bar (Mind D6)
- Eyes-of-the-Believer, Faith Healer (Blood D8, Echo D8)
- Anomaly (Fortune D4 – This meditation is free, though it only removes stress the first time)

Description:

A forest spreads out before you, the trees swaying as if a powerful wind moves them though the air is still. Thick vines, covered in sharp thorns seem to entwine nearly the entire forest. From the center of the trees rises a stone mountain, its pointed peak seemingly touching a mirror image of the landscape below, flipped and suspended overhead.

The vine, actually a single living creature coiled throughout the trees, lashes out occasionally its deep vines slicing over the trees, causing them to weep and bleed. Thicker than a man, those unwary of its movements can easily be struck down and add their blood to the soil to be feasted on by the swarm of insects that live inside the vine.

Near the peak (on both sides) a small town has been set up. Buildings above and below, with the two peaks coming within arm's reach of one another. Between the two spaces it seems to warp creating a sphere of light that seems to fold in on itself forever. Those who focus on the anomaly feel refreshed. Touching this anomaly has no ill effect, even as an individual's limb twists and contorts a trillion times over.

When ascending the peak it is a simple matter of climbing to the next peak and gravity corrects itself accordingly. There is thick wooden tower built specifically to aide crossing the anomaly.

NPCs:

Has-Seen-Beyond, Aelfir, addicted to the Anomaly. Spends their life trying to understand it further, often found contorted and levitating inside. Originally a botanist studying the vine beyond has given up on the pursuit to instead meditate on a deeper meaning to the anomaly. **Jorian**, Drow, unkempt, nervous, and skittish. Jorian carries a small urn which they are anxious to pay to have delivered closer to the Heart. He is willing to pay, much higher than his tattered clothes would indicate (D8, Occult) though if questioned about the purpose or origin of the urn it becomes increasingly impossible to pin down details. However he always seems to revisit that they must be willing to accept the responsibility of the urn. The urn is sealed with no visible way to open. It is also cursed. Anyone who carries it for more than a few hours will find things seem to go wrong for them whenever possible (Mark D4 stress to Fortune at the end of every situation in which the character rolled to resist stress). If the Urn is abandoned it will always reappear in the individuals possession. If someone willingly accepts the urn, even with payment it will latch on to them instead. If the urn is destroyed it releases a Slaugh (Below). Defeating the beast will break the curse.

Slaugh

A being that feeds of fortune. Slowly supping on probability. It cocoons itself in a small black urn. If the urn is broken the Slaugh is released. If the bearer of the urn hasn't suffered enough misfortune, and still has plenty to feast on, the Slaugh will attempt to subdue but not kill them and make a deal to continue its feast. (It is willing to wait to feed and if passed on successfully will remove D4 stress to Fortune). If the individual has been fed upon enough, or presses the attack the Slaugh will attempt to kill

them.

Descriptors: Easily standing half again as tall as most humans the Slauch has a thick barrel chest and broad shoulders with thick long arms, though below its waist and legs are unbelievably thin, and at first glance could not support the beast above. White skin is pulled taut over the form, the where the face should be are not more than a series of holes showing only darkness where its features should be.

Motivation: Slauch are only out to feed, though they are intelligent enough to reason with they have little goals in life other than the intoxicating feel of draining the fate of others.

Difficulty: Standard (Risky if part of a beat)

Resistance: 5

Protection: 1

Resources: Broken Urn of the Slauch (D4, Occult)

Equipment: Powerful claws (D6), Ethereal Proboscis (D4, Ranged – mark this stress to Fortune, Slauch regains resistance equal to the stress marked.)

Domains: Occult

Unwitting Protection: [Minor, Fortune] The next time an ally marks stress, you mark the same amount; you then remove this fallout. [Immediate]

Scenes in Tactus

- **As the delvers arrive:** Water overhead seems to trickle straight forward, as though falling parallel with your path high above the ground. The cavern before you curves up, a giant pool sits on the far wall, suspended in place, the trail of water falling into it.
- The coiled vine seems to shift all at once, across the entire forest is the sound of a whip cracking followed by the shrill shriek of pain and terror that never seems to fade entirely.
- The mountain before you gently raises above, coming to a peak that seemingly to touch another mountain suspended from above, a mirrored landscape continues to rise above with the sky replaced by a sea of trees swaying around a long barbed tentacle.
- Bleeding trees, scarred with various wounds weep crying softly from the pain. They seem to bend out of the way of the vine. The blood is collected by what appear to be small ants, drinking until they are engorged and slowly making their way back to the vine.
- **As the delvers approach:** The vine flexes expectantly, the thick rough exterior covered with tiny sharp hairs, as if covered in thorns, with the largest serrating and being many feet long. It twitches and snaps unexpectedly and an unlucky Delver being in the way can lead to disaster. Touching the vine can cause that portion to swell and bend outward, seemingly independent of the rest as it attempts to defend itself. **Evade+Wild** (D8 stress to Blood).
- If the vine is damaged, by fire or blade, a stream of tiny insects that appear as bright red swarm out to protect their home. Their relentless biting destroys anything they swarm. The insects have little interest in pursuing anything, happy to return when the threat ceases.

The Bygone Sepulcher – The Third

Delve

Domains: Cursed, Occult

Stress: D6

Resistance: 17

Description:

Even time must die, and here the past comes to rots. The Watchers loom in this malleable darkness feasting on the fading memories. That which is forgotten waste away here, growing more profound in a twisted mirroring of memory. The cloudy holes left by the people and events strongly recalled are filled in and twisted by the Watchers.

Those who traverse the dark caves will find their surroundings often reshaping to mimic their own past. Forcing them to face regrets or loss, or revisiting happier times with a new suffering twist.

Events: A recent tense situation is revisited, though not as everyone recalls; the party of delvers meet themselves minus a member; past betrayals or mistakes play out for all to see;

Resources: Forgotten Baby Rattle (D8, Occult, Niche)

Connection: Face a painful memory, one twisted and nearly forgotten. The Watcher's will not take kindly to your meddling.

Encounters: An old enemy, victim, or even friend; Delirious delver, unable to determine what is real; A Watcher impatient to feast; A different version of yourself, angry at a squandered life.

NPC:

Watcher

Cloaked in dark silence the watchers walk the halls of the past. Their purpose unknown, seeming to eat holes into the past and fill it with their own twisted expectations. Shaping what was into a hollow shell of truth.

Descriptors: Bright eyes of powerful light; cloaks of seeming pure darkness obscuring the

body; baring terrible maws that can't be clearly recalled to feast upon the memories of the past. **Motivation:** Their goal and purpose unknown Watchers seem to drift through the memories of the past, feeding when the need strikes them and filling in the holes left behind with their own agenda. Outside of this they seem to mainly linger, always on the edge of sight, watching.

Difficulty: Risky

Resistance: 7

Protection: 2

Resources: A pristine memory (D8 occult, fragile)

Equipment: Shadowy claws (D8) Feasting Maw (D8; **Endure+Curse/Occult** failure makes next action Risky.)

Domains: Cursed, Occult

Story Element

A single dead watcher can be found, alongside a number of delvers. Coming into contact with any may well relive the final moments of the group being slaughtered by the beast attempting to protect the Pilgrimage.

Atmosphere: The Bygone Sepulcher

- Regretful – Memories of old, but different. Do you not remember it right? Or has it been altered here...
- Paranoid – Someone or something is watching you. No matter where you go, the eyes are always on you.
- Resentful – Things here are forgotten in some way, and these memories don't appreciate it.

Possible Prompt: The Bygone Sepulcher

- Revisit past specifics from the game as relevant. The Watchers often wish delvers to recreate a scene in a new way, or face poor choices and regrets anew.
- Three figures break through the fog. The delvers stand before you, but one of the party is missing. How can a memory be older than you, and who do they stare at so untrusting.

Special Fallout

Forgotten: [Minor, Echo] Some part of your past is gone, eaten away by the watchers. You can't even remember what you lost. You lose access to a skill until this fallout is removed. [Ongoing]

Déjà vu: [Major, Fortune] You will immediately face an obstacle or encounter that mimics your most recent. Things have changed though, and you seem to be at a disadvantage. [Immediate]

Unborn: [Critical, Fortune] You forget everything. You feel your past being ripped from your mind in a wave from your earliest to most recent memories. Your next action is the last thing you'll remember before it too is taken from you. If you are in no danger you collapse, overwhelmed like an abandoned newborn. [Immediate]

The Citadel of Shifting Fate

Domains: Cursed, Religion

Default Stress: D8

Haunts:

- None

Description:

After what seems hours of traversing the smooth flat plains, devoid of anything beyond the stone ground stretching forever in all directions and a small structure in the distance,, a profane auditorium suddenly looms large in the foggy darkness. From the outside it appears as a simple square structure rising a dozen or so feet off the ground, inside is vast.

A center stage sits slightly raised, surrounded on all four sides by ever growing rows of seating. The rows of seating raise out of sight, fading into the distance. Sitting in the center is The Author of Shifting Fate. This powerful entity basks and sways to the sound of a billion quills writing out the fates of a billion lives. In each row of seats surrounding it sits a hunched and disfigured form, covered in a white sheet, working tirelessly over a small writing desk. Quill in hand they write on a small sheet of paper, incomprehensibly scribbling words over words every sheet, leaving a inky mess on every page. A light emanates from above, an invisible sun which twists the mind and spirit if looked to.

Seated on the edge of the stage beside the Author is Dreams-are-Never-Enough. A half dozen young Aelfir stand petrified in terror.

When The Author speaks no words escape its twisted smile. Instead the congregation's voices rise up to communicate. The Author, bound by laws unfathomable in this reality, can alter the very fabric of fate, granting the wildest of wishes, but at what cost?

Special:

Those entering the Citadel must make an

Endure+Religion check (D6 Mind on Failure, D4 Mind on partial success).

NPCs:

The Author of Shifting Fate, hardly a creature and more a concept embodied. The ten thousands fingers of this being close around every part of its body. The fingers that make up its head can spread wide lifting an eye to see the world. The pupil in the eye is unnerving, with those who dare meet its gaze assailed by a thousand regrets of paths not taken.

The Author fears nothing, it can be killed no more than any other abstraction. It cares only for an opportunity to break the fate which it is bound to record. If attacked it may ignore the feeble attempt or strike back, often fatally. The Author is more than willing to offer a new Fate to any who have the resolve to deliver what it requires. Though the price it may demand for such a thing is often meaningless to the individual, one can be sure the payment upsets the balance of fate as much as possible.

Dreams-are-Never-Enough, Aelfir, Daughter of Seizes-the-Horizon. Portraying herself as an uninterested socialite taken to flights of fancy, her true shrewdness was easily recognized by The Author. It spoke to her of the deal her father had made, slowly removing each member of their family for more and more power and prestige, and offered her a counter. For the souls of the young she brought the families in the city above would be shaken to their core.

She is eager to punish her father, and happy to make a deal with any delvers to ensure she doesn't get returned.

The remaining Aelfir are present though cowed in fear. A brief description of each is in the appendix if needed.

Scenes in The Citadel of Shifting Fate

- **As the delvers arrive,** A barren void suddenly expands before you, as if the very caverns you once walked stretched instantly to some unimaginable scale. Turning around shows no evidence of where you came from. No matter what direction you turn, or what way you walk every path seems to lead to a structure on the horizon.
- **As the delvers approach,** As the distance to the structure ahead inevitably closes a faint noise, almost a soft rustle, begins to grow stronger with each step. When outside the structure the loud scratching noise is overwhelming. Those entering the citadel are assailed by the sound of a billion pens writing. Even in this an individual seems to hear a single specific scratching distinct from the rest as their fate is recorded in real time. Those who hear this must make an **Endure+Religion** check. (D6 Mind on Failure, D4 Mind on partial success) That personal sounds ebbs and flows as an individual acts, recording their every move.

Ending the Adventure

Dreams was the seventh sacrifice, the final piece to her father's plan. She was required to bring seven other souls to pay for her bargain. Six of the Aelfir are present, their fate known only to The Author. The 7th (the young Aelfir found in the Delve) did not make it. A few things set up the climax.

- The Delvers are free to go, they need not remain and are not being held. If they ask to leave the exit will be provided. Even if they leave they have caught the notice of The Author, who may be looking closer at their fates in the future...
- Dreams cannot leave as her deal is underway and the debt not paid. The six other aelfir can leave, but are terrified into staying at the moment by Dreams. No amount coercion will remove Dreams and attempts to force or injure her will be brutally opposed by The Author (unless a deal is struck).
- Dreams was instructed to bring seven souls to make a deal, six have made it (Her soul is not valid in the offer). The Author is more than happy to substitute the seventh. If the Delvers do not make the connection The Author or Dreams can point out with the arrival of the Delvers there are at least 7 souls in the citadel.
- Dreams, though armed, is no threat to the Delvers and cannot hope to physically force her will on any of them. The Author prohibits her from attacking them unless their soul has been bargained.
- Without sacrificing seven souls Dreams cannot break her father's pact. Unless her father sacrifices her himself he will die and his fortune lost. If nothing

changes it is likely that both Seizes-the-Horizon and Dreams will perish.

- If Dreams somehow dies (likely through a separate bargain) The Author is happy to offer an additional deal for other souls to create an acceptable alternative sacrifice to be delivered to Seizes-the-Horizon. This item (Dreams Soul; D12, Occult, Taboo) if brought to Seizes-the-Horizon will be accepted as a successful completion of the contract, and the Delver rewarded accordingly. The price of this is negotiable below 7 souls if there are less left.

If the Delvers look to deal The Author is honest and forthcoming about the terms and result. It is not interested in "tricking" anyone. It will not speak secretly, all deals in its presence must be made publically.

Dreams wants a seventh soul to complete her deal. Should she succeed she will surely inherit a massive fortune and immense power. She will leverage this future wealth to get her way.

A Delver can attempt to make an entirely new deal for the cost of seven souls. The Author will only accept souls from present company. The Author will remind any Delver that Dreams soul is not available to bargain with as it is currently owed for her Father's debt. The Author can grant almost anything though any deal would leave at least one other Delver still on the chopping block.

Numerous deals can be presented to The Author, he is willing to honor any based on first come first served payment. Though Dreams is currently under protection The Author provides no further protection to the others, if they make deals that put them in danger they are not protected. Attempts to "fool" The Author will end in voided deals.

There are numerous ways the party may choose to wrap this up. Some of the likely ways to play out are:

- The Delves leave. They accept no reward and let the madness die with the two Aelfir, neither of which deserved their wealth. By the time they return Seizes-the-Horizon will be dead and a number of scandals break slowly tearing his once vast wealth apart. They are free to try to rescue as many of the Aelfir as possible for what reward there may be. Dreams will likely begin killing them out of spite. If saved they are practically worthless on the ascent and would require help every step of the way.
- The Delves make a deal to return Dreams. This will result in a seventh soul being required to end her pact. If paid the Authors protection lifts. Dreams fights with all her being to resist, though cunning she is no fighter and would be little threat. She would rather kill herself than be returned and sacrificed to the Author and would attempt to do so in any given circumstance if she is captured. The Delves would need to handle her accordingly. It may be easier to accept an additional deal and find a way to bind her soul...
- The Delves make a deal to support Dreams in exchange for some reward. This will result in a seventh soul being required to pay her price. Dreams is happy to accept an escort back above, though can she be trusted?
- The Delves can strike some deal of their own. The Author is very powerful can make a multitude of things come to fruition, but this will require seven souls, not dealing with Dreams will

result in the death of her father, her, and the loss of their wealth.

Any number of Delves can potentially survive (even all if they somehow managed to convince an additional soul to follow them to the end prior to meeting The Author). If any die in the process their loss weighs heavier than anticipated on the survivors, a price of ending ones fate so close to its origin.

The Ascent back can be played out, if time permits, back tracking the original path. If not a simple montage or narration of the return can suffice.

Appendix A

The Pilgrimage

One of the below cannot be present in the final haven. In the above details Truly-Led-to-Glory died entering the Vermissian Sea.

Dreams-are-Never-Enough

Mask- A solid black full face mask, painted with stars. Across the front in nearly unbelievable craftsmanship seems to float a wire wrought shooting star of precious glowing metal.

Truly-Led-to-Glory

Mask – A golden mask, shaped like a fan over the face, where the eyes would be is an image of the rising sun, its rays extending off the mask in thin golden rods.

Dedication-through-Devotion

Mask – A full face mask that mimics a shape almost like a barn owl.

Inspires-and-Aspires

Mask – A headdress with a veil of thousands of hair thin strands of gold, each connected to a diamond at the bottom.

Hard-Work-Pays-Off

Mask – Solid steel face plate, expertly carved with a vantage of spire and an army of Aelfir building its glory.

Lead-by-Astonishing-Example

Mask – A masquerade style covering mimicking the sea, crystal rocks protrude from the corners. A thing golden light house rises from the center of the forehead with a light atop.

Let-Logic-Lead

Mask: A working set of gears and cogs that seem to flawlessly twirl and spin adorn the well worked leather covering

Blooms-at-Night

Mask: A crescent moon curved over the face with a “waterfall” of small gems over it.

Delvers

None of the Delvers should survive into the final haven. Their identities are not important in the above story but can be used as needed for the fiction so long as none make it to the final confrontation. It is assumed most died on the way down defending the Pilgrimage. In the above details the final group died holding back a watcher shortly before the final haven.

Vrakas – Drow Delver

Kefalas – Drow Delver

Andreas – Human Delver

Mannan – Human Delver

Anwar – Human Delver

Spotsnout – Groll Delver

Stoneperch – Groll Delver

Mutleeb – Groll Delver

Forgotten – Aelfir Delver

Lips-Last-Kiss – Aelfir Delver

Appendix B List of Random Characters

Hiroto Petridis, Drow

Lennart Topias, Drow

Goran, Drow

Mateok, Drow

Colter Abdi, Drow

Demenius Begum, Drow

Rustam, Drow

Nikodem, Drow

Gelenius, Drow

Hagen, Drow

Edvard Sharma, Human

Egil Maddsen, Human

Albin Campwell, Human

Ole Shah, Human

Teodor Cork, Human

Rudolfinn Hardig, Human

Anika Bolt, Human

Arslan John, Human

Mona Sandrig, Human

Mardius Greem, Human

Whispers-In-Autumn, Aelfir

Closer-To-Infinity, Aelfir

The-Word-Speaks-True, Aelfir

Burdens-Are-Carried, Aelfir

Perfection-Comes-After-Tribulation, Aelfir

Darkness-Cannot-Hide-Me, Aelfir

Erase-Youths-Ignorance, Aelfir

Worship-Attains-Transcendence, Aelfir

Humility-Brings-Beauty, Aelfir

Broken-Blades-Still-Cut, Aelfir

Milkeye, Gnoll

Striped Hair, Gnoll

Blackwood, Gnoll

Lowhowl, Gnoll

Bloodscent, Gnoll

Gyljan, Gnoll

Frasheed, Gnoll

Hatmakh, Gnoll

Lenkesh, Gnoll

Jirdain, Gnoll