



# The Artificer Awakens

An Alloyed RPG 'New Hinterland' Campaign by Steve Lorch



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**Artwork:** As cited throughout. Miniatures of the creatures and NPCs in this campaign can be purchased/printed from the following artisans: Artisan Guild (AG), Cast n Play (CNP), Crosslances (CL), Daybreak Miniatures (DM), Epic Miniatures (EM), Great Grimoire (GG), Mammoth Factory (MF), Print Your Monsters (PYM), Tytan Troll Miniatures (TTM), White Werewolf Tavern (WWT).

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*'Don't give up. Normally, it's the last key on the ring which opens the door.'*  
Paulo Coelho de Souza, Brazilian novelist



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## The Artificer Awakens

(A 'New Hinterland' Campaign by Steve Lorch)

**SPOILERS:** This module is intended for the DM's eyes only! Shaded paragraphs are those that should be read to the players, with additional information shared at the DM's discretion.

**Overview.** The Artificer Awakens is a one-shot campaign appropriate for all levels of players and DMs. This 4-Act campaign begins and ends in the town of Riverbend, New Hinterland. Gameplay is roughly 3-4 hours with breaks.

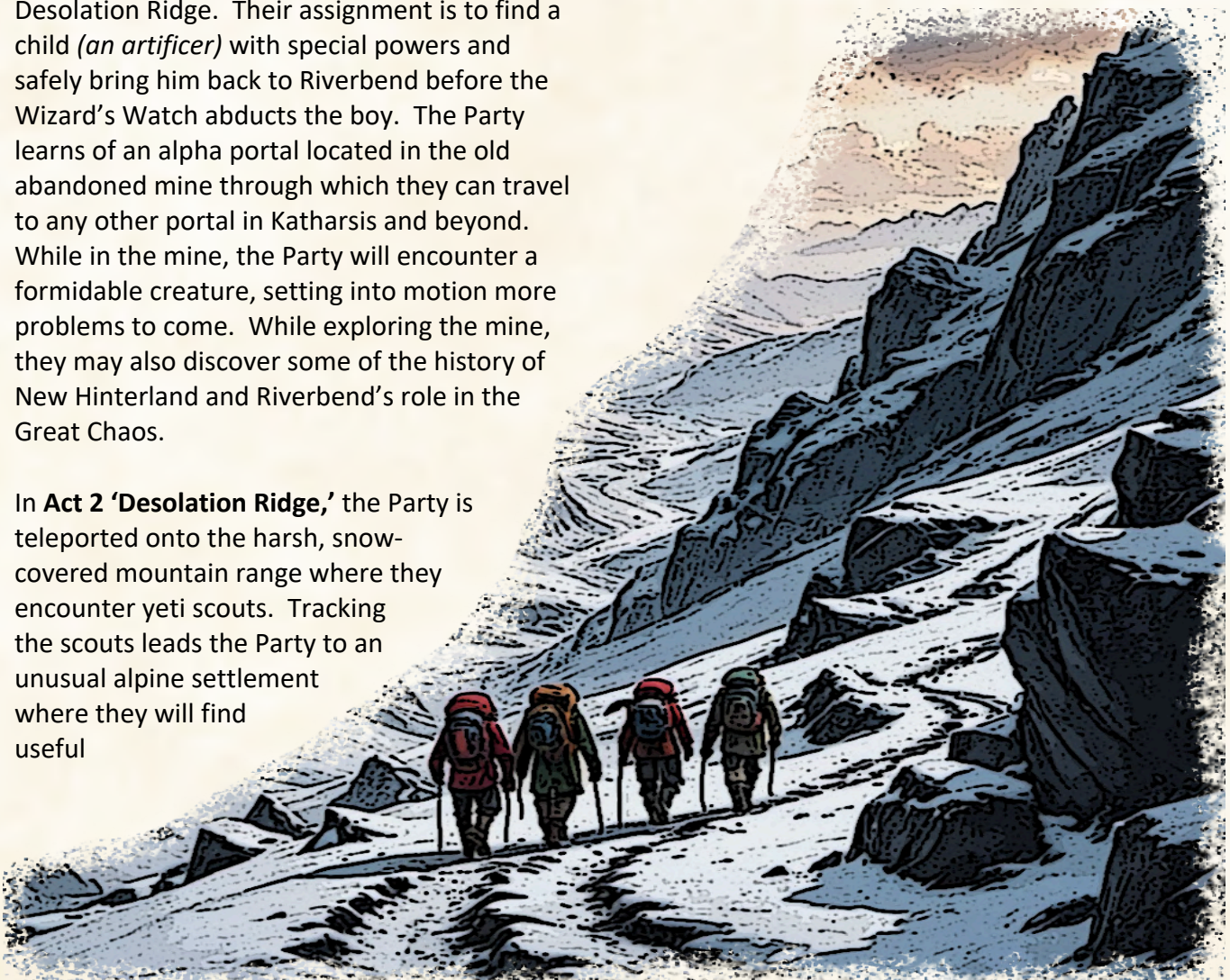
In **Act 1 'Mines to Mountains,'** the Party is enlisted by The Benefactor to journey to Desolation Ridge. Their assignment is to find a child (*an artificer*) with special powers and safely bring him back to Riverbend before the Wizard's Watch abducts the boy. The Party learns of an alpha portal located in the old abandoned mine through which they can travel to any other portal in Katharsis and beyond. While in the mine, the Party will encounter a formidable creature, setting into motion more problems to come. While exploring the mine, they may also discover some of the history of New Hinterland and Riverbend's role in the Great Chaos.

In **Act 2 'Desolation Ridge,'** the Party is teleported onto the harsh, snow-covered mountain range where they encounter yeti scouts. Tracking the scouts leads the Party to an unusual alpine settlement where they will find useful

technologies, resources, and information to help them in their quest.

In **Act 3 'Maesteg Monastery,'** the Party makes its way through the mountains to a legendary cloister, the location of the young artificer. The ancient temple is protected by obstacles and puzzles without and within. Once inside, the Party encounters the boy, fiercely guarded by a giant tryclops.

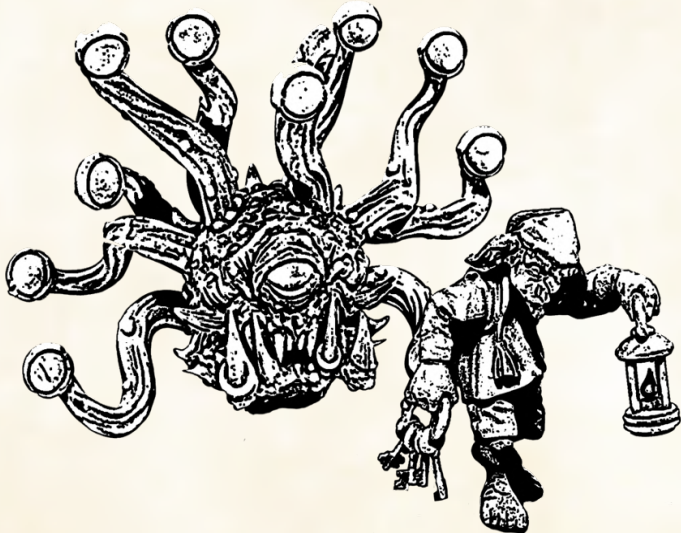
In **Act 4 'Don't Bug Me,'** the Party returns to the mountain portal to head home. They must deal with some unfinished business to escape the tunnel pestilence and claim their reward – if they can deliver...





**Background:** You've been summoned once again to gather at the **Three Brothers Gnome Curiosity Shoppe** and Provisionary at the request of **The Benefactor**. Strange things have been afoot in the town of Riverbend, and the invitation was half-expected. Rumors of foul creatures and fantastical devices with otherworldly powers have been trickling down from Desolation Ridge to all parts of New Hinterland. There's talk of hooded beings seen entering the Keep at Wizard's Watch, but never leaving. Since the disturbance of the portal on Alnico Island, stories from the rural villages perpetuate tales of encounters with creatures thought to be extinct or lost to legend. The commoners persist in clinging to the prophecy of a coming hero, an artificer, one who could shift the balance of power in Katharsis.

**Act 1, 'Mines to Mountains.'** The Curiosity Shoppe is bustling with characters of all kinds, stocking up on provisions and preparations for something, even if they're not quite sure what that 'something' is. Brother Brentin greets you on the shop floor. *'Welcome, friends! You've come not a moment too soon. He's waiting for you upstairs.'* Brentin leads you to the back of the store and up a spiral staircase where you meet your host.



The large, hovering orb of a creature (*The Benefactor*) floats slowly toward the Party, his ten eyes on stalks methodically scanning every direction, while the huge central eye focuses like a laser directly on the Party. *'Thank you all for coming on such short notice. Once again, New Hinterland is in need of your services...and your utmost discretion. It seems that Wizard's Watch has been planning yet another attempt at shifting the balance of power. Our spies tell us they are plotting an abduction of sorts.'*

*From the information we've gathered, we believe the Mages of Wizard's Watch are trying to get their hands on a young artificer – one who has not yet been corrupted by the world at large. Pure power like that could be harnessed to create devices that will greatly amplify their Dark Arts. We must not allow that to happen! We know of only one such artificer who meets the criteria, a half-elf orphan named **Jaden**, who lives in seclusion with the Maesteg Monks somewhere amidst the snow-covered peaks of Desolation Ridge. Your mission, should you choose to accept it, is to find Jaden and bring him back (alive) to me here at Riverbend. No one must see you – I cannot emphasize this*



enough. Brother Aldrin will assist in your provisions.' And with that, The Benefactor fades into a whisp of smoke and disappears.

'Very well, then,' says Brother Aldrin. 'I suggest you Gear up. You have a long and perilous journey ahead.' He leads you back downstairs to the shop floor. 'The mountains are cold on Desolation Ridge. Snow, avalanches, predators...I don't envy you!' Brother Aldrin further explains that there's another little-known, but extremely powerful space/time portal hidden within Riverbend's abandoned mine. He hands you a map of the mine. 'This is the fastest way to get to Desolation Ridge, but you must not be seen entering or exiting the tunnels.' Aldrin turns to attend to the other customers, then pauses. 'Oh! I almost forgot. You're going to need these. He reaches into his coat pocket and pulls out three (3) large brass keys. 'Don't lose them or you'll never get back!' (see note)

**DM Note:** Each Player rolls 1d20. The highest 3 Players are each entrusted with a key from Brother Aldrin. At this point, the Party can add Gear to their character sheets. **The keys entrusted by Brother Aldrin each count as one (1) piece of Gear.** Remind the Party that campaigns involve more than fighting, so they should think carefully about the limited Gear they choose, especially Magic.

It's mid-day. The Party must now decide how best to meetup and head to the mine (see map of Riverbend). Starting during the day runs the risk of being seen. Starting at night risks a more treacherous descent down the ravine to get to the mine entrance.







# RIVERBEND

Old Mine

Three Brothers  
Gnome



**If starting by Day:** The descent into the ravine is fairly uneventful. The Party makes their way down to the mine entrance without incident and without being seen...until they reach the cavern door.

<sup>1</sup>You reach the entrance of the old abandoned mine. Barbed wire and ominous signs warn unauthorized personnel to KEEP OUT! Most locals want nothing to do with the place – almost everyone in town knows someone who's gone missing while exploring in there. A large steel door with a rusty padlock blocks the way forward.

Unlike typical doors of Normal Action, this door is Hard Action, Target 5, HP20. The Party must decide how to enter the mine through the entrance without being seen or heard (*there are no alternate routes or hidden entrances*).

As they're attempting to get past the door, a little girl appears at the top of the ridge (*see note*). She's holding a pink, stuffed bunny rabbit.

**DM Note:** Even the slightest clanking on the door attracts attention as it echoes throughout the canyon. Every player has an 85% chance of being spotted by the girl. If one player is spotted, the whole Party is spotted.

The girl is **Abbey Thatcher**, the youngest daughter of the local roofer. She is smart, curious, and prone to tattle. It is up to the DM's discretion as to how much of Abbey's backstory to share with the Party.

If the Party is seen, the girl yells, '*Hey, what are you doing?!? You're not supposed to be down there. I'm telling...*' They'll have to decide what, if anything, to do about the girl as she



will most likely blow their cover. Either way, she will eventually run away toward town.

**If starting by Night:** The narrow footpath is only wide enough to allow for the Party to travel single file (*you may want to roll for Turn order along the path*). The trail is almost completely dark and obscured, with only the hazy starlight giving illumination to the route. The steep incline, the narrow trail, and the loose gravel make one's footing difficult, especially for those carrying particularly heavy or bulky gear (*see note*).

**DM Note:** All must roll against a Target 13 (Body). Failure results in sliding down the path on the loose gravel for Light Damage. Any 'key-bearers' who failed must roll against a Target 7 or their key is dropped and they have to search for it. Percentage chance of finding the key is up to the DM.

Once the Party makes it to the entrance, they are faced with the locked door<sup>1</sup>, just as during the daylight scenario, **but without being spotted by the little girl**.





*'Writing is like mining for gold in the hillsides of your mind.'*

D. Baboulene, Consultant Academic



At this point, both Day and Night scenarios converge. When the Party finally opens the door, whether by Day or by Night, they will be able to enter the mine.

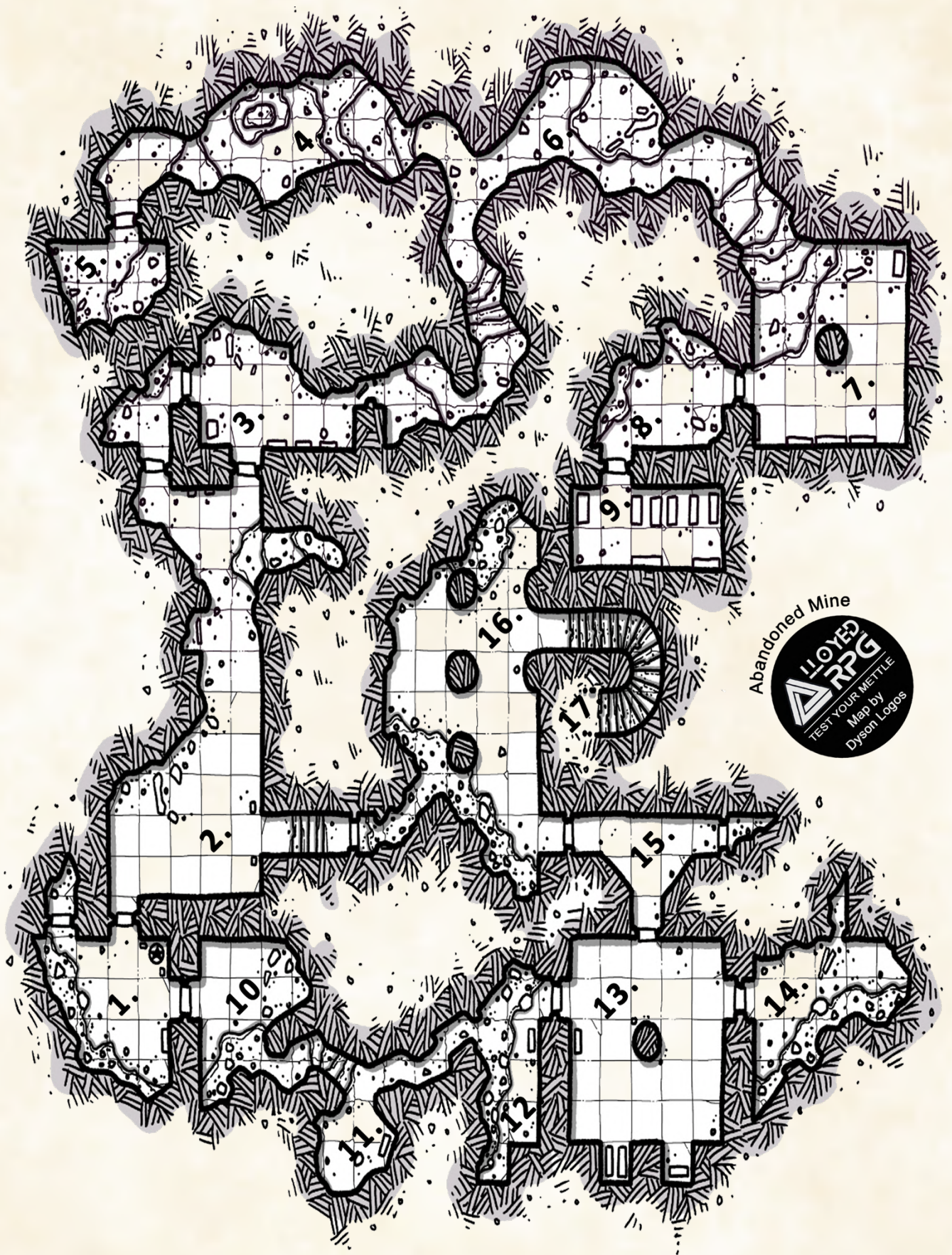
After much effort and unfortunate clanking, the metal door finally gives way. The sound of compressed air moans from the entrance. Dank, musty wind blows past your nose. Clearly, no one has been in this mine for a very long time.

**Abandoned Mine** (*see map*). The entrance opens into a medium sized foyer (*Loc.1*) covered in dust and cobwebs. Rubble and other debris are strewn about the floor, but there's nothing of interest in the room (*see note*).

**DM Note:** Staying too long in any room or tunnel may trigger a 1d20/5 (up) number of rounds timer for the introduction of a low-level cave creature of the DM's choosing.









**Heading Left:** (Loc.2) The large room seems to be a staging area where miners stored their personal belongings, changed clothes, and took breaks. A mural adorns the lengthwise wall, depicting the arrival (*through a portal*) of seven beings from other worlds, one of which looks like The Benefactor, and the construction of the town of Riverbend. Aside from a few broken headlamps, there's nothing in the room. The passage between (Locs.2 & 16) is completely blocked by a cave-in at the bottom of the stairs.

Upon the Party exiting (Loc.2):

As you continue down the corridor, you hear a dull, slow thumping sound with an occasional click. It's hard to tell from which direction the sound is coming, but it does seem to be getting closer as you go on.

The sounds are those of a **crab hulk** (Loc.3). It has sensed the Party's presence and is using its echolocation to find its prey.



(Loc.3) A heavy dampness permeates the room. Broken turquoise tiles form the floor of what seems to have been a shower or washroom. Decades of grime and coal dust have dulled the once-vibrant colors. Shower stalls and sinks line the right wall. (*Just after the last of the Party enters*), you hear several iron doors drop down and slam shut behind you. The thumping and clicking sounds, now very much louder, are coming from the dark shadows, merely a few yards/meters away.

The Party is trapped inside the room with a crab hulk. All doors leading back to (Loc.2) are sealed until the encounter is finished. Upon the monster's death:

The massive beast collapses with a shriek as thick, turquoise blood gushes from its wounds. You take a moment to catch your composure. A faint 'sizzling' bubbles up from the tile floor. Rather than popping or disappearing, the bubbles are starting to take shape, the form of each morphing into a tiny beetle (*see note*).

**DM Note:** Each player rolls 1d20 (Mind) against Target 7. Every successful player gets a simultaneous vision of The Benefactor saying, '*Run! Turn back and run!*' accompanied by an impending sense of doom. The door between (Locs.2 & 3) unlocks and slides open as if by a divine hand. The door to (Locs.4-9) is locked and those areas are closed off for this campaign.

The Party makes its way back through the mine as you are ultimately leading them toward (Loc.16) and to the portal in (Loc.17).

**Heading Right:** (Loc.10) This room is roughly the size of the entrance foyer (Loc.1) and appears to have been some kind of equipment storage. Pieces of old miners' lamps lay broken on the floor, but none are operational.





*'A crab's claw is a reminder that we always have a way to fight back.'*  
Rebellion on the High Seas, Ch. 17

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Rubble and other debris are piled up toward the far corridor leading to *(Loc.11)*. The passage is navigable, but any rolls involving Body within *(Locs.10-12)* will be at Disadvantage due to the terrain.

Getting past the rubble and debris, you find yourself at the top of a very steep, stone staircase. Small drops of water slowly drip from cracks in the rock ceiling onto the smooth, worn steps *(see note)*.

**DM Note:** Each player rolls against Target 12 (Body) with Disadvantage. Unsuccessful players slip and tumble down the stairs, landing hard in *(Loc.11)* and suffering Light Damage. Unsuccessful players carrying keys must also roll against Target 8 (Body) with Disadvantage. Failure results in having to search for the fumbled key in the cold, slimy water of *(Loc.11)*. However, during the search, the key-bearer with the highest Mind finds a Magic item of the DM's choice.

As you slosh your way through the corridor, you keep feeling small, wriggling things brushing up against your ankles. Eventually, the mucky puddle gives way to sand and crushed stone, finally leading back up to more rubble and a dry, stone floor as you enter *(Loc.12)*. While drying off, you notice a small trickle of blood meandering down your ankles. The 'wriggling things' are leeches. You spend the next several minutes picking leeches off one another. Although they've done no physical harm, anyone with <2 Spirit loses -1 Spirit from the heebie jeebies until the next Act begins.

An iron guillotine door is partially open between *(Locs.12 & 13)*. It will not budge, requiring the Party to crawl under it through an 18-inch (45cm) gap. Roll for Turn order. As soon as the last player enters *(Loc.13)*:

As the last of your Party enters the room, the doors to *(Locs.12 & 15)* slam shut. A small electric bulb flickers and sparks at the center of the stone ceiling. It abruptly goes out, and the room goes pitch black. Exactly 90 seconds later, the electric light flickers back on for another 30 seconds before going out again. You begin to smell the faint odor of natural gas filling the room *(see note)*.





**DM Note:** The last player to enter (*Loc.13*) rolls 1d20/4 (up). In so many cycles of the light, the gas level in the room is high enough to ignite. Set an actual timer for 2 minutes per cycle. If the Party procrastinates their actions past the timer and it does ignite, anyone still in the room not wearing a holocaust cloak or without some kind of Magic protection suffers Medium Damage from the explosion. Players who escape into (*Loc.14*) evade the blast. The gas is coming from the broken exhaust pipe in the center of the room.

As you enter (*Loc.14*), you are nearly overcome with the stench of rotting seafood. The room is dark, fading to pitch black toward the edges. As your eyes adjust, you can barely comprehend the outline of a hulking shape slumped on the floor in a shadowy corner. Its chest heaves slowly and sporadically as it breathes. Every so often, the being emits a dull thumping sound and a few clicks.

The sound is coming from another **crab hulk**. This one, however, is nearly dead from the propane gas. Whether the Party kills it or it expires on its own, within minutes of being seen, it will start to ooze blood.

A faint 'sizzling' bubbles up from the stone floor. Rather than popping or disappearing, the bubbles are starting to take shape. The form of each is like a tiny beetle (*see note*).

**DM Note:** Each player rolls 1d20 (Mind) against Target 7. Every successful player gets a simultaneous vision of The Benefactor saying, 'Run!' accompanied by an impending sense of doom. The door between (*Locs.13 & 15*) unlocks and slides open as if by a divine hand. The door to (*Loc.12*) is locked.

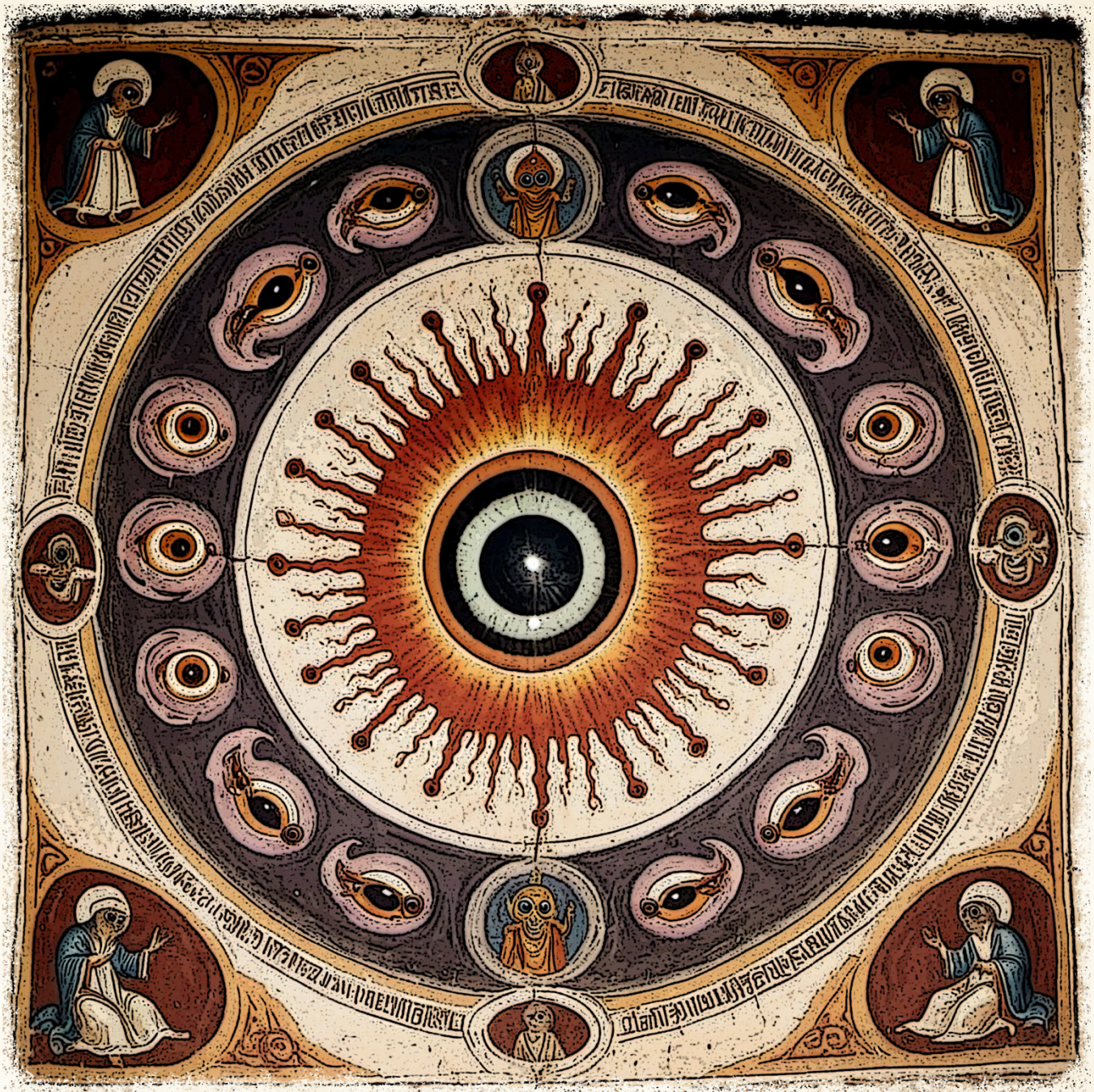
(*Loc.15*) is a simple area of no special significance. Charred bones, the torso of another previous adventurer, are in the far corner. Upon inspection, the skull has a gold tooth. If anyone extracts the tooth, they should roll against Target 8 (Mind). Success reveals the tooth is engraved with the seal of the Dark Bard of Thura.



(*Loc.16*) is a large room with three granite pillars covered in hieroglyphs. One depicts a story of the arrival of seven off-world beings through a portal. One of the beings looks like the Benefactor. The second pillar shows the construction of Riverbend involving unfamiliar or lost technology. And the third pillar outlines what appears to be an invasion of hooded creatures defeating and killing the people of Riverbend.

The Party has a 75% chance of noticing an odd fresco on the ceiling (*next page*). The language is ancient but points to some kind of interaction between the off-worlders and the genesis of life on Katharsis (*pre- or post-Scouring is unclear*). Whereas most of the ceiling is covered in coal dust and soot, the fresco itself is remarkably vibrant and well-preserved.





*'There will come a time when you believe everything is finished. That will be the beginning.'*  
L. L'Amour, NoDak



The passage between (Locs.16 &17) is completely obstructed by a floor-to-ceiling mirror. This is an arcane mirror that cannot be moved or broken by any physical or Magical means. Any attempts at Magic will only result in casts reflected back upon the caster.

Even a cursory look at the mirror reveals that a small, triangular piece is missing. Players who look for the missing piece roll against Target 7 (Mind) to find it. Once found, when placed back into the mirror...

The fresco above you begins to glow with a faint, celestial pulse. The central eye continues to increase in its intensity as a plasma beam of light ominously forms and narrows into focus. Before you have time to react, the laser discharges toward the mirror's fractured triangle. The air around it crackles as it screams



toward the glass. With a bright flash, the beam refracts toward the first column on the left where it remains, steadily glowing. The thin layer of coal dust smokes and hisses as it burns away to reveal a keyhole (*see note*).

**DM Note:** The 3 key-bearers roll for order. The pattern is 2, 1, 3. The #2 key fits into the 1<sup>st</sup> column keyhole. Once inserted, the beam of light reflects off the key to reveal another keyhole on the 2<sup>nd</sup> column. This fits key #1. Once inserted, the beam reflects off the key to reveal another keyhole on the 3<sup>rd</sup> column. This fits key #3.

As the third and final key is inserted and turned, the beam of light extinguishes, leaving the room pitch black. A few seconds later, the mirror fades and vanishes, ushering the way into the narrow staircase it had concealed.

The mirror slowly fades and eventually disappears. A narrow passage, once concealed behind the mirror, leads to a curved stone staircase. Faint green light glows dimly from somewhere down below and you hear the dull, pulsing buzz of electricity.

At the bottom of the stairs is a portal the Party must go through to reach **Act 2, 'Desolation Ridge.'** They should be reminded to retrieve the keys as they will need to return them at the end of the campaign and may need them along the way. As soon as the last Party member enters the passageway...

As you cross the threshold into the narrow passageway, the mirror re-solidifies behind you, blocking the way back into the mine. The light at the bottom of the stairs beckons you...

The bottom of the stairs brings you face-to-face with a huge, ancient portal. You are awestruck



by its sheer magnitude and craftsmanship, having only been familiar with smaller, more commercial versions. By its age, size, and markings, this is undoubtedly the famed Alpha Portal of New Hinterland (*see note*).

**DM Note:** Roll for turn order to enter the portal. The DM may (*suggested*) or may not utilize portal outcomes from the Core Rules.



*'Time is but the space between our memories; as soon as we cease to perceive this space, time has disappeared.'* H.F. Amiel, Moralist Philosopher





**Act 2, 'Desolation Ridge.'** The first player through the portal lands on a very narrow, snow-covered ledge. As he/she is catching a breath, the others are spit out of the portal one-by-one on top of each other. There isn't enough room on the ledge for everyone, so the first player gets pushed off, falling 15 feet (5m) down to the next plateau and sustaining Light Damage. On a positive note, at least that

player is already down to where the Party needs to go (*the rest of the Party must figure out how to get down to the lower ledge*).

Once on the plateau, the Party will encounter a pair of **yeti** scouts, both armed with spears...

The plateau is roughly 30ft (10m) wide, snow-covered, and strewn with huge boulders near



the ledge wall. It's late afternoon and a light snow is falling. An obvious path, marked by a single, small set of fading footprints and two sets of very large fresh footprints, extends out of sight in both directions. As you contemplate the path, you hear rough, almost growling noises coming toward you from the trail on the left. The sounds are faint but seem to be getting closer. Upon further listening, you get the impression of two creatures having a conversation, though you can't quite make out the words. At this point, the beings are still out of sight, but you only have a minute or two before they round the corner to your position.

The best option here is to hide, listen, and follow the yeti scouts from a distance. **If the Party fights** (*unadvisable*), the yetis roll with Advantage in this snowy terrain. Everyone in the Party rolls with Disadvantage for the same reason (*see note*).

**DM Note:** If the Party fights and defeats the two yetis, they should be encouraged to search the bodies. On yeti #1, they find a note with a child's scribbled drawing. It reads, 'Have a good day at work, Daddy. I love you! Samantha.' The player who killed yeti #1 loses -1 Spirit when the note is discovered. On yeti #2 is a small scroll with an unbroken wax seal bearing the mark of the Wizards Watch. Any Party member with 2+ Mind will recognize this as a *Scroll of Binding* that wraps whomever opens it with unbreakable cords. The victim cannot move on their own for five (5) rounds. This scroll may come in handy in Act 4.

**If the Party hides** (*best option*), they will be able to hear the conversation between the yetis, but without appropriate Magic (*Discernment, Insight, etc.*), they will only be able to surmise that it's a mundane conversation. With Magic, they will hear,



*'That stupid kid will be the death of us. I'm tired of searching up and down this mountain every time he decides to run off. The Wizards Watch will have our heads if we don't deliver him soon. At this rate, we'll barely make it home by sundown – just in time for some nice, warm stew.'*

After the yetis pass by or are defeated, the Party may explore the path. **The left** (*where the yetis came from*) leads to an expansive wilderness of snowy mountain ranges as far as the eye can see. Following this path for roughly ¼ mile (400m), the two sets of large (*yeti*) footprints stop and turn around. The single set of small footprints continues a few more yards/meters before disappearing, obscured by the snowfall. Dusk is closing in.

**To the right** (*where the yetis have headed*) leads to the settlement of K'huraldai...





*'Thousands of candles can be lit from a single tallow. Wisdom never decreases from being shared.'*  
Proverb of K'huraldai

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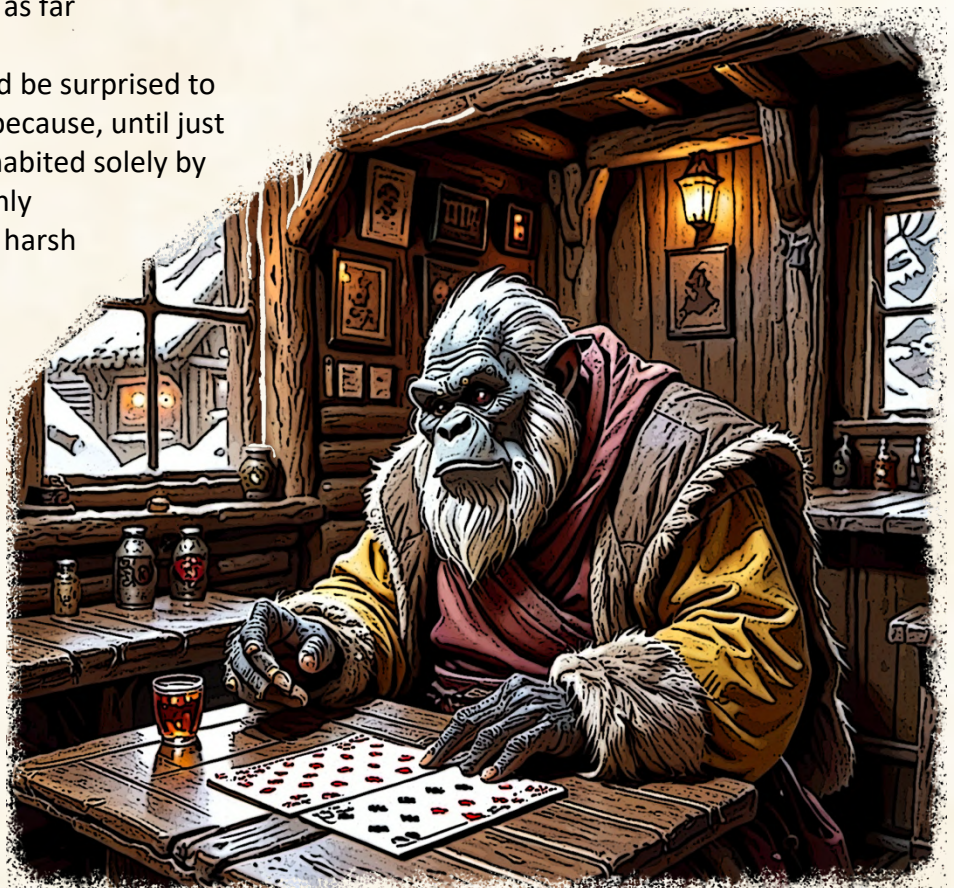
You follow the yeti tracks in the snow, staying close to the cliff wall so as not to be seen or heard. A summit lies 300ft (100m) ahead. The sun is setting, it's cold, and the wind is picking up.

Looking down from the crest of the ridge, you see a medium-size settlement. Unlike the torches and oil lamps of Riverbend, this town is lit with a bright, flickering glow of something more magical. Tall poles with wires running between them are placed throughout the settlement. Yetis, humans, dwarves, and all other manner of persons are bustling to and fro as they finish their daily routines. A large building, something like a Viking great hall, stands out in the center of town.

The large building is a tavern, the central meeting point for the village of K'huraldai. The town predates the written historical records of New Hinterland, going at least as far back as 850 BGC (*Before the Great Chaos*). The Party should be surprised to see the dwarves and humans because, until just 5 years ago, K'huraldai was inhabited solely by yeti monks as they were the only creatures able to live in such a harsh alpine environment high atop Desolation Ridge. The latest stirrings from Wizard's Watch have caused division among the yeti. The more devout of The Order wish to preserve their centuries-old isolation from the rest of New Hinterland. Others long for the progress and prosperity that come from making alliances with the southern Keep. Still others want to fight what they see as an imminent threat from the Dark Mages.

In the tavern, the Party is welcomed with surprisingly little suspicion. They are recognized as newcomers, but in recent years, this outpost has become a more popular stopover for trappers and pioneers looking to improve their fortunes away from the overpopulated valley towns. Other than the Aridian Desert, the mountains of Desolation Ridge are home to some of the last true wilderness left in New Hinterland.

The tavern is warm and bustling with yetis, dwarves, and humans, with a few unfamiliar races here and there. Food, drink, and music flow freely. Strange robotic devices are serving the patrons, and the music seems to be coming not from a band, but rather from a glowing metal box in the corner of the room. An old yeti monk is playing some kind of solitaire card game in the corner. He waves you over to join him at the table.





The Party should be encouraged to join the monk at the table. If they do, he greets them:

*'How was your trip through the portal?' he asks. 'Don't look so surprised – I can smell it on you. First timers, I presume. You are a long way from home...in more ways than you know. What do you seek on Desolation Ridge?'*

Everyone roll 1d20. The highest number speaks for the Party. Let that player explain the Party's business as much or as little as they choose.

The monk sighs and looks down at his cards. He flips one over, face up, revealing a three-headed skull with a dagger stuck in the middle. *'And so it is,'* he sighs. *'I will miss you, old friend.'* The monk looks each one of you in the eye. *'Evil days are upon us. The one you seek is at Maesteg Monastery toward the south. May you accomplish your goal, yet I pray you have the wisdom to show mercy in the midst of malice.'* He advises you get some rest and start out early in the morning, then abruptly gets up from the table and leaves. (see note)

**DM Note:** The tavern is safe. The Party can eat, refresh, and spend the night here. Each player can roll to gain 1d20/4 (up) HP.

If the Party decides to hang out in the tavern, they'll hear more about the town of K'huraldai. They'll also see lots of strange technologies that, to them, appear to be Magic. Things like food that becomes hot in 1-minute after being put into a magic, glowing box (*microwave oven*), moving images of people trapped in a window (*tv*), etc. Think of modern objects that are everyday items or processes to us but would be completely incomprehensible to someone in the 1700s or earlier.

Eventually, a young yeti girl sheepishly approaches your table. *'You'll need a guide if you're going to Maesteg Monastery.'* She gives a polite nod. *'I'm Samantha and I can take you there. My dad taught me how to scout.'* (see note)



**DM Note:** If the Party has killed Samantha's father (*yeti #1 at the beginning of this Act*), she'll say, *'I wonder where he is.'* And all Party members lose -1 Spirit. If her father is still alive, she simply points to him sitting in the tavern.

If the Party agrees to hire Samantha, they can get a good night's rest and meet her outside the tavern in the morning.

Samantha is waiting for you early the next morning outside the tavern. *'I'll get the iron horse,'* she says. A few moments later, you hear the startling sound of a thousand small explosions coming from behind the building. A plume of diesel smoke billows as a giant tank-like machine chugs into view. Samantha smiles from the driver's seat. *'Get in!'* she yells over the engine's roar.





*'Optimism, patience, idealism and courage. These are the traits that an explorer requires to succeed.'*  
E. Shackleton, Arctic Explorer

*'We were helpless intruders in a strange world, our lives dependent upon the play of grim elementary forces that made a mockery of our puny efforts.'* Also E. Shackleton, Arctic Explorer

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**Act 3, 'Maesteg Monastery.'** Perched high atop an isolated crag about 50 miles (80km) north of K'huraldai, this ancient holy place has been home to the Maesteg Monks for centuries. Other than having (*notoriously*) produced the likes of Ogru Maling, The Collector of Precious Things (*ref. 'Creature Compendium, Vol. 1)*, the cloister has largely remained outside the public eye. Rumors abound of strange rituals, odd spiritualism, and mythical beasts, but those remain what they are...rumors.

One thing is for certain: The monk's life is a lonely life, dedicated to the pursuit of simplicity, austerity, and self-denial. The indulgences of 'valley dwellers,' be they food, song, or possessions, are considered mere obstacles to overcome on one's path toward enlightenment. To the followers of Maesteg, *'extinction is the only true existence' (at least that's what the bumper stickers say).*

You spend most of the morning traversing the narrow paths along Desolation Ridge. The iron horse chugs its way through the snow and ice. The sky has been clear to this point, but small dark clouds are gathering on the horizon.

Samantha stops the machine at the base of a large peak. *'Here we are. Maesteg Monastery. And here's where I leave you. Good luck.'* She points toward a narrow stairway of rough-hewn stones winding its way up the steep mountainside. Your eyes trace the footpath up past cliffs and overhangs, crags and clefts, to where it finally disappears into the snowy fog. *'Oh, I almost forgot. You're probably going to need this.'* The girl hands one of you a long, metal trident wired to a battery pack.

About an hour into the easy ascent, the stairs dead-end at a 20ft (6m) tall rock face. There's nothing to perceive here (*no hidden doors,*

*etc.*). Scaling the cliff will require equipment (*ropes, grappling hooks, etc.*), teamwork, and/or Magic to overcome the obstacle and return to the path (*see note*).

**DM Note:** Non-magical attempts at climbing will be Normal Actions against a minimum Target 8 (Body) with a chance of falling, resulting in Light Damage.

Once the Party makes it up the cliff and back onto the path, the remainder of the journey to the monastery will be fairly easy. This is a good time for character backstory development, roleplay, jokes, and/or storytelling. The DM could throw in a **random encounter** or wandering monster here, but that is not recommended as there will be plenty of peril coming soon enough.

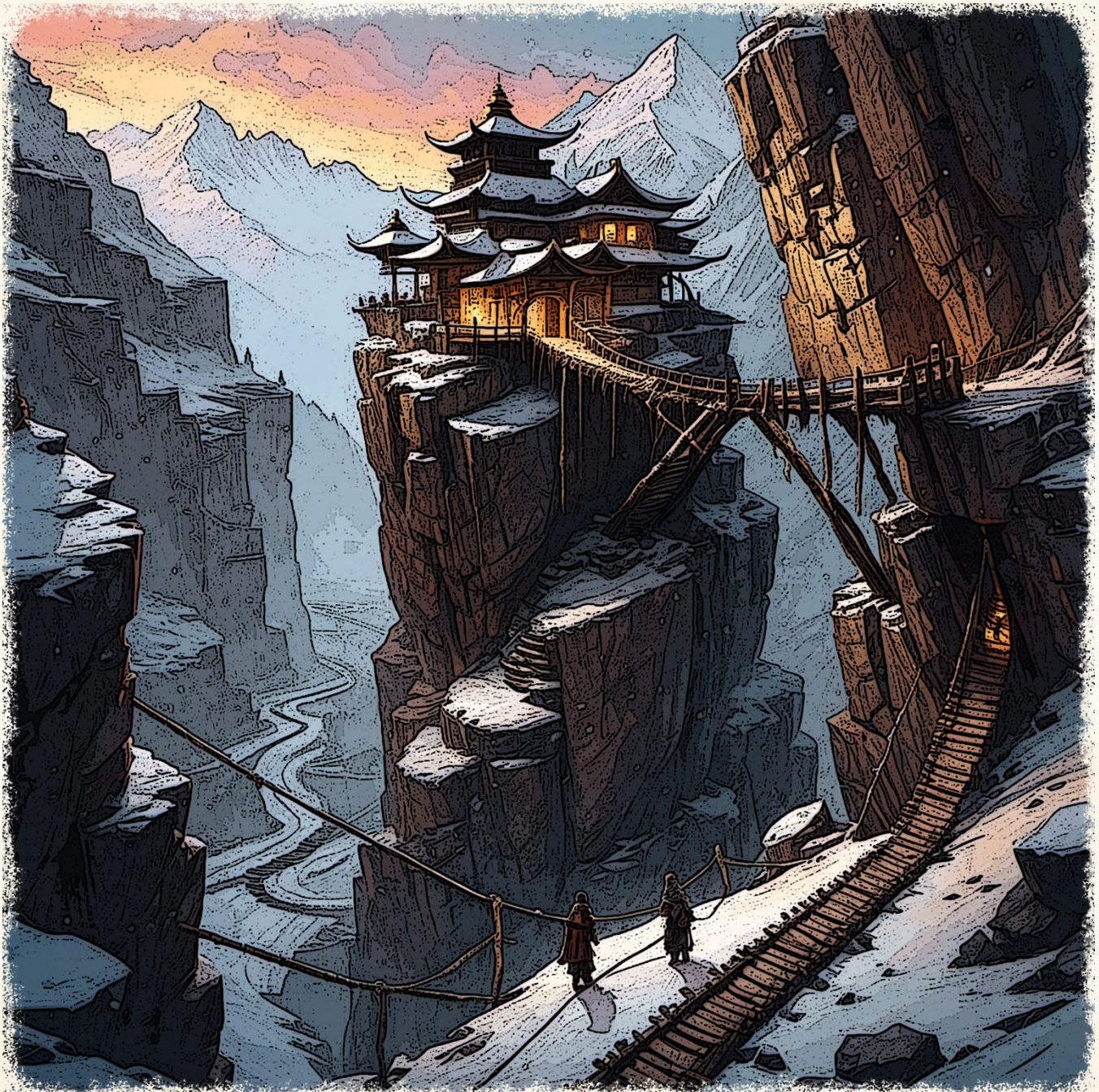
You reach the crest of the ridge just as the sun is setting. A storm is rolling in and dark clouds gather on the horizon. A long (150ft/45m) suspension rope bridge stands between you and Maesteg Monastery on the other side of the chasm. The wind picks up, causing the bridge's hemp lines and wooden steps to creak as it sways back and forth (*see note*). From the faint glow of candles and torches, the old cloister appears to be occupied. Daylight will be gone within a couple of hours.

**DM Note:** Once again, passage will be fairly easy, so unless the Party does something really risky, they should make it to the other side of the bridge without any trouble. Nevertheless, just to create some tension, have everyone roll for turn order, then 1d20 (Body). The rolls mean nothing and are only intended to create suspense. Players with less than 2 Spirit will have to roll against Target 10 (Spirit) to muster enough courage to cross the bridge without assistance.

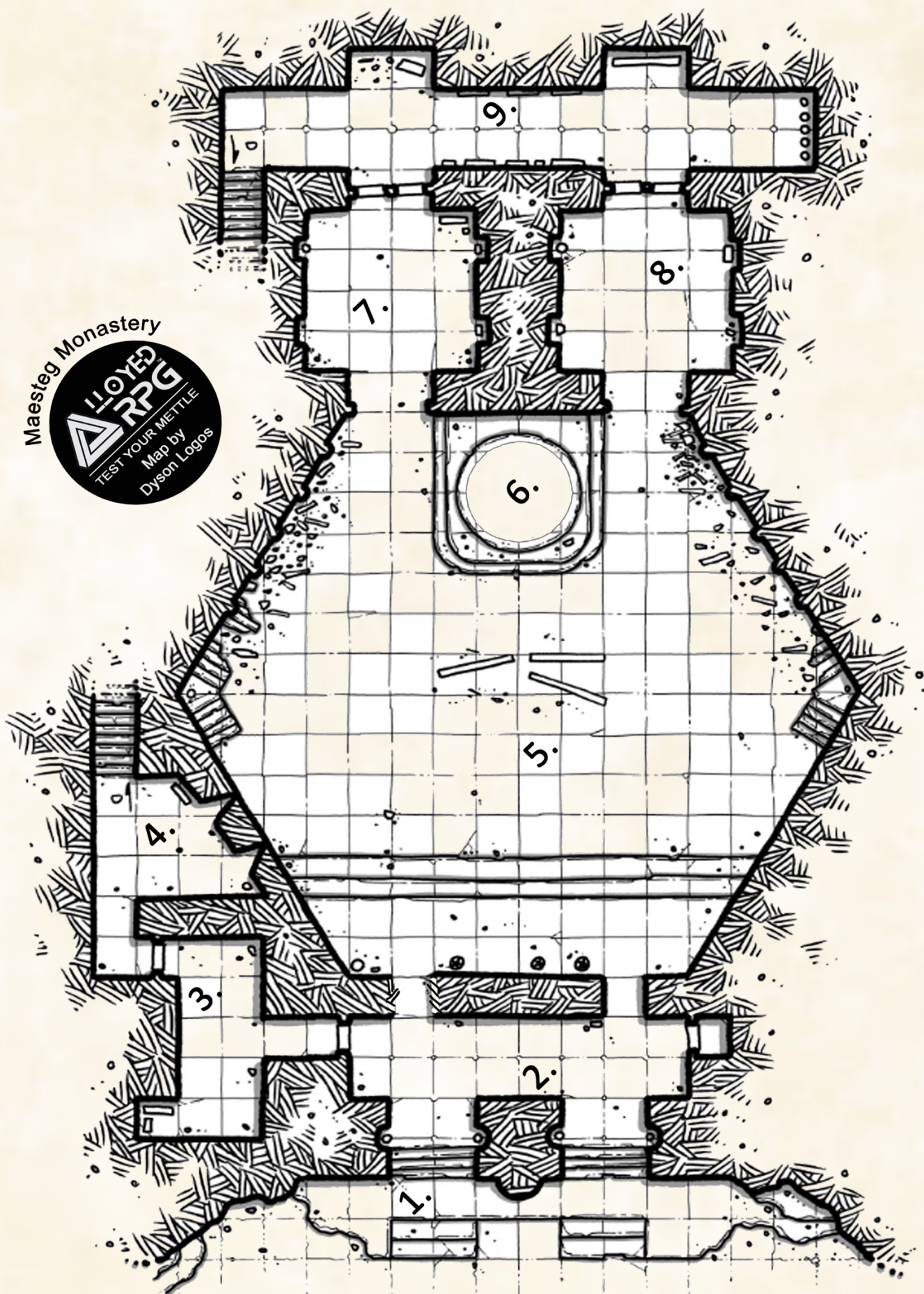


You arrive safely to the other side as the final minutes of daylight fade into the night sky. Standing before you is Maesteg Monastery, an impressive masterpiece of ancient Tibetan architecture and arcane wonder. The comparatively small flagstone patio (*Loc.1*) serves as the entryway through a massive pair of hewn timber doors set with wrought iron hinges. Ornate carvings of mythical creatures

cover nearly all of the structure's exposed beams and eaves. The 15ft (5m) tall entrance is flanked by two huge (10ft/3m tall) bronze statues of ***gryphs***. The monastery doors are closed tight and quite secure. An engraved symbol of a 3-headed beast adorns the iron knocker in the middle of what appears to be a Magically sealed wizard's lock (*see note*).









**DM Note:** If anyone knocks, roll 1d20/2 as a clock timer (*number of actual minutes, started immediately*). Everyone rolls 1d20 (Mind) against a Target 8. Success perceives that the statues are slowly starting to animate. Give the Party a minute to act, then have everyone roll 1d20 (Mind) against Target 7. Success perceives a keyhole in one of the doors. Key-bearer #3's key unlocks the doors and re-solidifies the statues. If the Party does not unlock the doors within the timer setting, they will have to engage the gryphs until the doors are opened.

Once the gryphs are neutralized and the doors are opened...

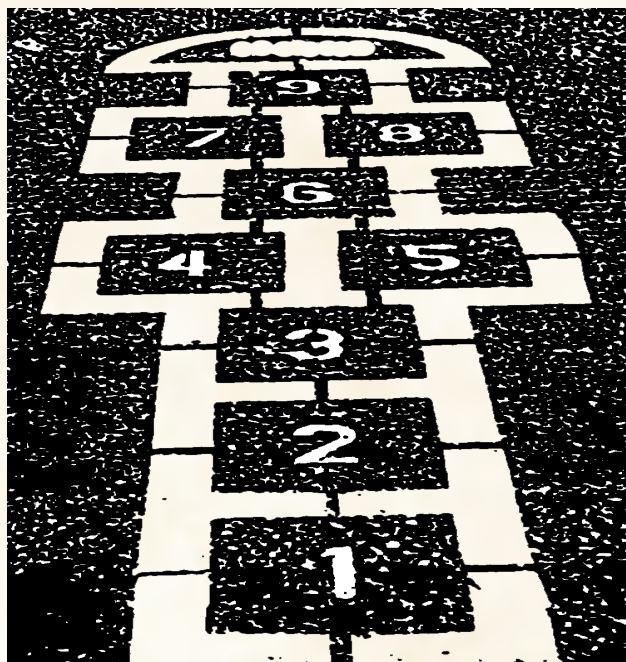
You find yourselves in a foyer (*Loc.2*) with hundreds of ornate golden statues of monkeys lining the hall on both sides. Hanging on the main wall is a huge tapestry. The scene is nearly identical to that of the fresco on the ceiling of the old Riverbend mine. At the end of



the hall is an archway illuminated by what appears to be firelight coming from the next room. The marble floor in front of you is quite plain – except for an odd pattern etched into the tiles.

The pattern is a hopscotch grid (*see note*).

**DM Note:** Hopscotch rules to follow. If possible, tape the floor of your game area and have players physically hop the puzzle. Any player attempting to bypass the grid without hopscotching (*physically or virtually*) is shot immediately by a tranquilizer dart from one of the golden monkeys and rendered immediately unconscious for 1d20/5 (up) turns.



Players roll for turn order, and this challenge gets progressively harder to complete as follows: The first player must hopscotch through the grid or do so virtually by rolling against a Target 5 (Body). Failure results in getting shot with a poison dart from one of the golden monkeys, rendering the player immediately unconscious for 1d20/5 (up) turns. When the first successful player completes the



grid, one of the golden monkeys mechanically tosses a gold coin onto the #2 spot on the grid. The next player must hopscotch through the new grid or do so virtually by rolling against a Target 7 (Body). Failure and/or picking up the coin results in getting shot with a poison dart from a golden monkey, rendering that player immediately unconscious for 1d20/5 (up) turns. When the second successful player completes the grid, another golden monkey mechanically tosses another gold coin onto the #5 spot on the grid. The next player must hopscotch through the new grid or do so virtually by rolling against a Target 10 (Body). Failure and/or picking up a coin results in that player getting shot with a poison dart from a golden monkey, rendering that player immediately unconscious for 1d20/5 (up) turns. When the third successful player completes the grid, another golden monkey mechanically tosses another gold coin onto the #7 spot on the grid. The next player must hopscotch through the new grid or do so virtually by rolling against a Target 13 (Body). Failure and/or picking up a coin results in getting shot with a poison dart



from a golden monkey, rendering that player immediately unconscious for 1d20/5 (up) turns. When all players have either been successful or rendered unconscious, the challenge is ended and the passage is safe (*see note*).

**DM Note:** The gold coins are safe to take when the challenge ends. All players who take a coin roll against Target 6 (Mind). Success reveals that the coins are stamped with the mark of the Wizard's Watch.

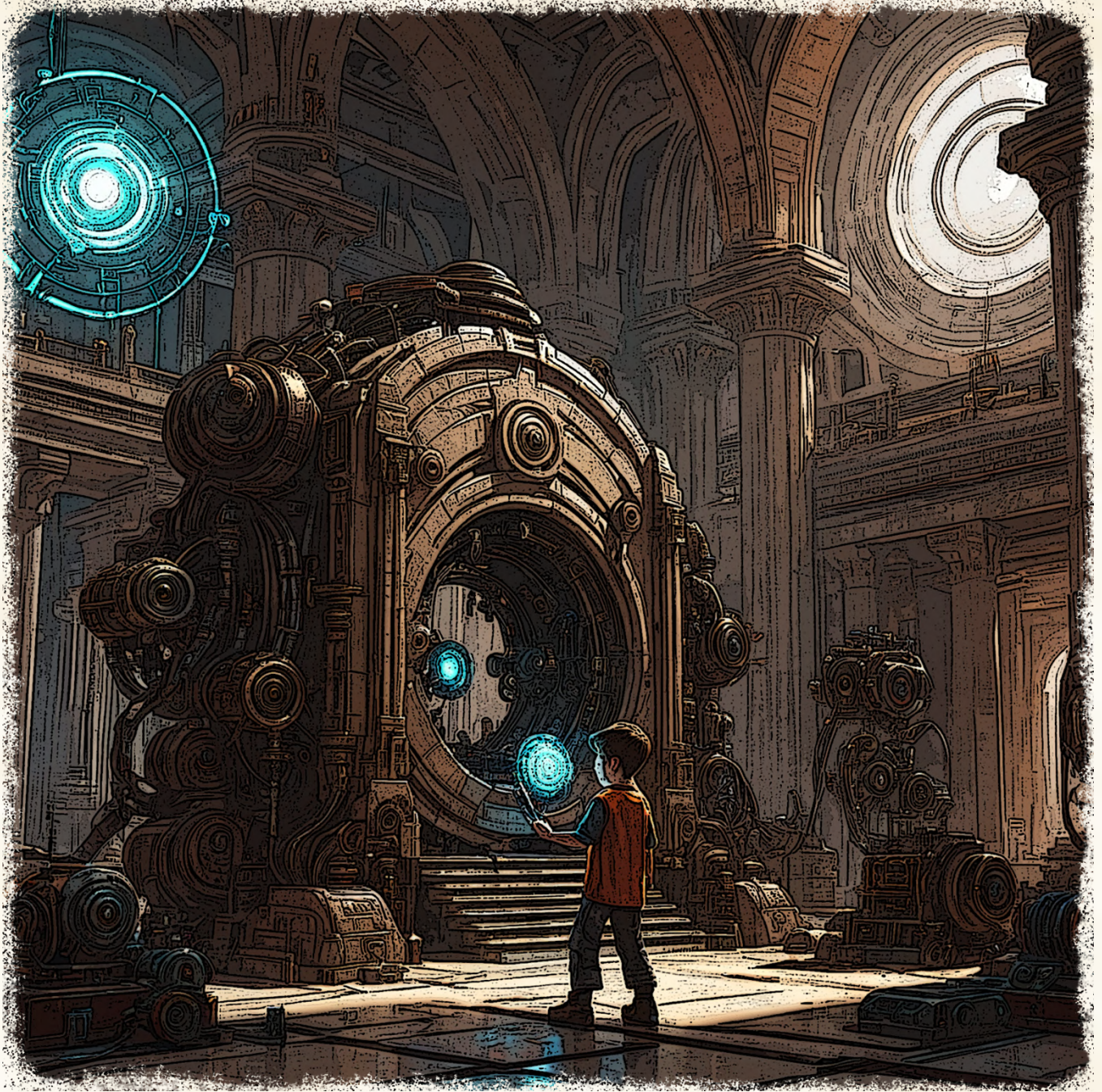
(*Loc.3*) is a prayer room. It is sparsely furnished with a few stations of incense, some of which are still burning.

(*Loc.4*) is a cloak room. Heavy robes and hooded coats fill the hangers along the walls. Fur-lined boots are neatly placed on the floor near the exit steps. The stairs lead to a door opening onto a small (12ft x 12ft/4m x 4m) rock ledge overlooking the mountainous ravine below. This is a place of cold, stark meditation for the Maesteg Monks as they watch the sun rise over the frosty peaks of Desolation Ridge.

(*Loc.5*) is the main sanctuary. It is quite spacious, but cluttered with all manner of parts and pieces of mechanical devices. The room is a strange combination of holy place and machine shop. This is where **Jaden the Artificer**, works his Magic.

A faint blue light emanates a pulsing glow from beyond the archway at the end of the hall. You hear the sound of a child's voice. As you round the corner, entering the archway, you see the silhouette of a small boy (5-6 years old) bathed in the eerie blue light. His back is turned to you as he stares wildly into a giant, otherworldly device (*Loc.6*). As soon as you enter (*Loc.5*), the boy raises his right hand and snaps his fingers.





*'Just because you can doesn't mean you should.'*  
Kinley MacGregor, Paranormal Novelist

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The room goes instantly dark. A split second later, the sanctuary is as bright as day. The boy, however, is gone.

Standing in front of you, toward the back of the room, is the otherworldly machine (*a portal generator from the looks of it*). Standing in front of *that* is a giant, three-headed beast. And he does not look happy to see you. The **tryclops** charges to within 15ft/5m of you and stops with an earthquaking roar. As the vibration builds, Samantha's trident begins to hum and flicker with electricity (*see note*). Anyone still conscious, roll for turn order.

**DM Note:** The trident is a high-powered cattle prod taser. It can discharge 1x/round, hitting on a Target of 7 within 20ft/6m to deal Supreme Damage.

The tryclops is sworn to protect the artificer and will fight to the death to do so. Although the beast knows the mission of the Party through its chronovision ability, any aggression toward the tryclops will be met immediately in kind. The tryclops will also be given two (2) attacks per turn for any parts of the encounter taking place inside the sanctuary. The Party cannot leave without the artificer in custody, but it will be up to them to decide how to engage the tryclops and how far to go with it.

**If the Party chooses to negotiate** with the tryclops, they will be telepathically ordered to set aside all weapons. They'll have to persuade the beast to hand over the artificer peacefully, with only a 20% chance of that happening.

**If the Party chooses to fight**, keep track of which members are still unconscious from the

poison darts. As soon as the tryclops drops to 7HP or less, Jaden will run out of hiding, positioning himself between you to protect it.

*'Stop! Please don't kill him – he's only protecting me. I'll come with you, just don't kill him. Don't kill Fluffy.'*

For the remainder of this scenario, (Locs.7-9) are rooms of no particular significance. They are furnished with what you'd expect in a Tibetan temple. (Loc.9) stairs lead





out to a meditation balcony similar to that of (Loc.4).

**If the Party allows the tryclops to live:**

The tryclops ceases to fight, laying on the ground with arms stretched wide in defeat. Somewhere in your mind, you collectively hear a weary voice saying, *'Give me the keys. We can only trust you if you give me the keys.'*

**If the Party kills the tryclops:**

Upon the tryclops's death, the artificer lets out a terrifying scream. His hands begin to glow with bluish electric light. The entire building creaks and groans as tiles and bricks shift and fall to the floor. A pulsing circle of visible energy forms in front of the boy. It continues to grow until it is roughly 7ft/2m in diameter. Jaden looks at you with menacing, tear-filled eyes...then jumps through the portal and disappears.

**If the Party hands over the keys:**

The tryclops examines the keys, then crushes them into powder with his bare hand. He opens his hand and blows on the dust, covering each of you in fine particles. The dust swirls around you, magically forming into amulets hanging upon each of your necks (see note).

The tryclops looks somberly at Jaden. *'It's ok. Go with them. They are safe. I'll be fine here.'* The boy's hands begin to glow with bluish electric light. The entire building creaks and groans as tiles and bricks shift and fall to the floor. A pulsing circle of visible energy forms in front of the artificer. The orb continues to grow until it is roughly 7ft/2m in diameter. Jaden looks at you with a wary eye...then jumps through the portal and disappears with a mischievous laugh.

**DM Note:** The amulets are free Magic items (no Gear slots used) that allow the wearer to traverse a portal without rolling for portal outcomes.

The portal is open, but starts closing as the monastery is now quaking and falling apart.

**If the Party follows Jaden through the portal:**

You open your eyes to find yourselves in the portal room (Loc.17) of the Abandoned Mine. The artificer, however, is nowhere to be found.

**If the Party does not follow Jaden through the portal (not advisable),** they will have to get out of the crumbling monastery and work their way back to K'huraldai and back to the original portal on Desolation Ridge, starting with traversing the chasm. The suspension bridge is now sketchy and breaks as the last person is on it, causing Medium Damage as it impacts the cliff wall. In addition, that player must roll against a Target 13 (Body + Spirit) to climb up. Failure results in the Party having to rescue with a 30% chance of each member slipping and falling to his/her death.





**Act 4, 'Don't Bug Me.'** The Party is teleported back to (Loc.17) in the Abandoned Mine.

You're all spit out onto the cold stone floor as the portal fades and closes behind you. Your bodies ache from the rough ride and you feel a splitting headache coming on (*all Party rolls are at Disadvantage from this point forward*). Jaden, the artificer, is long gone, leaving you to return to the Benefactor empty-handed, without the boy and without the keys with which you were entrusted. As you contemplate your predicament, your eyes adjust to the darkness. A faint sliver of light peeks its way in from the top of the winding stairway.

When the Party enters (Loc.16), have them roll against Target 8 (Mind). Any success allows the Party to perceive a ray of light coming from the pile of rubble leading to (Loc.2). Some of it must have shifted loose from the portal's shaking. This will be the quickest way out of the mine. The rubble can be cleared out enough to allow the Party to crawl out in

1d20/4 (*up*) rounds. In the meantime...

As you contemplate your predicament in the darkness of the mine, you hear little legs scurrying across the hard pavement. The source is unclear and a little distant, but it seems to be getting closer...and whatever it is, there's more than one (*see note*).

**DM Note:** The scurrying is from **blood beetles** that were spawned from the crab hulk(s) at the beginning of the campaign. There are 2d20/2 (*up*) of them coming from (Loc.15). They will reach the Party in 1d20/5 (*down*) rounds. Horde rules apply.





At this point, the main objective for the Party is to escape the mine with their lives. The keys are gone, and they have no artificer.

You exit the mine, beaten and weary, with no artificer in hand. It is sunset as you make your way up the ravine and back to The Three Brothers Gnome to admit defeat and forfeit your rewards. Brushing aside the saloon style doors, you see The Benefactor seated at a corner table. He's been waiting for you. He looks angry. *'You have failed me! Not only that, you were seen on the way in. I specifically told you not to be seen! You leave me no choice...'*

In a flash, all ten eyes whip around and radiate with fierce energy as electricity accumulates into a single bolt. And then, just as quickly, it stops. The Benefactor stares at you, stone-faced...

*'I'm kidding – you guys did great,' he laughs boisterously. 'I never expected you to survive the mine on the way in, let alone make it to Desolation Ridge and back. You should see the look on your face! Priceless! Jaden here put me up to it.'*

The artificer sheepishly peeks out from the corner seat. He's playing cards with a little girl (*his cousin*) and a pink, stuffed bunny rabbit.

#### Tying up loose ends:

-If the Party has killed the yeti scouts, the old monk in K'huraldai and the Benefactor already knew that they were working for the Wizard's Watch. The village's position is that, while sad, they knew the risk. Samantha will continue to be a potential loose end.

-If allowed to live, the tryclops destroys Maesteg Monastery, leaving no trace of the artificer such that nothing could be used by the Wizard's Watch. He then portals off-world to his own people. If the Party has killed the tryclops, Jaden places a Mage's mark on each player. You each owe him a huge favor for the loss of his friend. The mark comes off when the debt is paid. Even so, everyone who matters knows that this was the destiny of the tryclops as the prophecies had foretold of his willing sacrifice for the Greater Good. He died an honorable death and will be remembered as a hero of Katharsis.

**DM Note:** At this time, all HP is fully restored and each character may roll 1d20/2 (up) for additional HP. They may also completely re-supply, replacing and/or exchanging any of their Gear and adding one (1) additional Magic if slots are available. You may also allow the characters to add +1 to any one (1) Ability of their choice. The three players entrusted with the keys are each given 50 gold pieces for their trouble. Any additionally promised compensation is given to the individual characters.

## CONGRATULATIONS!

**If this is your first Alloyed RPG™ campaign, welcome to the Party. Be sure to check out other Alloyed RPG™ campaigns as they publish and spread the word! For questions and comments, email us at [DungeonMaster@AlloyedRPG.com](mailto:DungeonMaster@AlloyedRPG.com)**





## APPENDIX: Creatures & NPCs

Many of the following creatures and NPCs can also be found in '*Creature Compendium, Vol.1*,' '*Lost Envoys of Alnico Island*,' and/or '*Core Essentials*.' Please refer to the Credits page for specific STL miniature artists to buy/print minis and support their work!

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# Three Brothers Gnome

*'What merchant will hazard his fortunes when he knows not if his plans may be rendered unlawful before they can be executed?'*

-J. Madison, Founding Statesman

**A Small Start.** In AGC 5, just after the height of the Seven Years War, supplies were running low on all sides, but especially so for the Alliance. Three gnomish brothers decided to make a difference by sneaking across enemy lines to smuggle whatever goods they could procure. And thus, the Three Brothers Gnome Curiosity Shoppe and Provisionary had its heroic-yet-humble beginnings. In acknowledgment of its efforts during the war, the Three Brothers Gnome was granted *'perpetual exemption from taxes, restrictions, and regulations on any and all goods passing through its doors.'* The Brothers and the Benefactor are also covered under diplomatic immunity, a status recognized throughout Katharsis.

**Crispin.** An accomplished alchemist, Crispin is the de facto spokesman for the shoppe. He's most interested in quests involving plants, potions, poisons, and Magic. If you need anything arcane, Crispin is your guy.

**Aldrin.** The most reserved of the three, Aldrin is the bookkeeper who signs the invitations and, more importantly, the paychecks. He's missing a finger (*but don't ask him about it*).

**Brentin.** Loud and boisterous, Brentin is a master locksmith and key maker. He's also fond of firearms and mechanical devices. Brentin's keen on gambling, often placing bets with adventurers to raise the stakes.



## Three Brothers Gnome (WWT)

*Small merchant humanoids, neutral*

BODY	MIND	SPIRIT	ATTACK	DEFENSE
0	2	2	0	0

**TARGET** 10 **HP** 50 **DAMAGE** Don't ask

**Traits.** Three merchant brothers with diverse backgrounds and talents.

### ACTIONS/ABILITIES

**Procurement.** Owners of the oldest mercantile in Katharsis, the shoppe is able to acquire anything and everything needed for a quest. They have complete diplomatic immunity.

**Motivation.** *Commerce.* They believe in the free market as the means of independence.

**Weakness.** *Rudeness.* They can't stand obnoxious, entitled adventurers.



# The Benefactor

*'Most men don't know what they believe, rather, they only know what they wish to believe. How many people blame God for man's atrocities, but wouldn't dream of imprisoning a mother for her son's crimes?'*

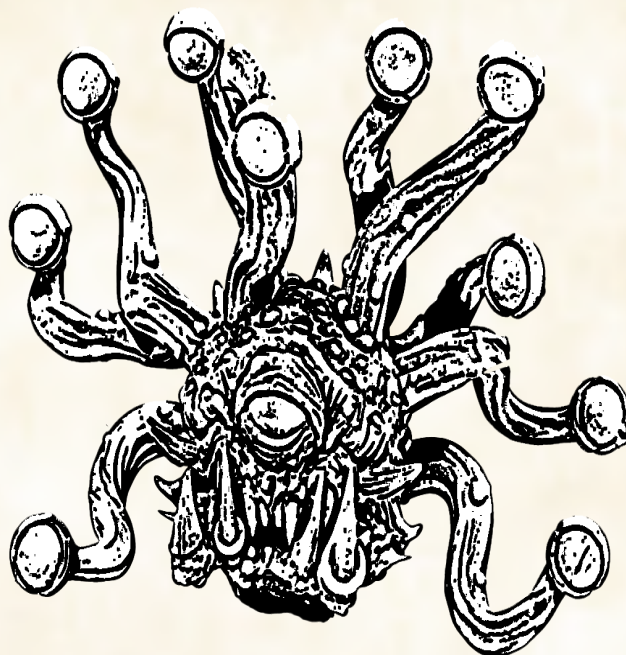
-C. Jami, Poet Philosopher

**History.** When the portals were first created by the Architects, it was an impressive advancement in technology that far surpassed the current state of ethics and morality in Katharsis. This imbalance of power and responsibility caught the attention of many worlds beyond the Four Corners. Various delegations were sent to Katharsis to keep an eye on things. As centuries passed with little drama, folks began to forget about *'The Watchers'* until eventually, their memory was all but lost to time and legend.

**All Magic.** To the Benefactor, Magic is simply wielded science beyond the scope of our current understanding. And he wields it all.

**Intentions and Limitations.** The Benefactor is not infallible, omniscient, omnipotent, nor omnipresent. His judgments are usually just and accurate, but he can make mistakes and he does have his own agenda. Thankfully, he's right 99.752% of the time.

**The Benefactor.** Over time, hostility toward outside supervision grew, especially among the Dark Mages and Architects. Those greedy for power didn't want to share it. Several of the Watchers left the planet, while those who remained became more and more discrete, choosing to pull strings from behind the scenes rather than engage in open action. The Benefactor prefers to employ on-world adventurers to conduct his business.



## The Benefactor (DM)

*Large off-world being, neutral*

BODY	MIND	SPIRIT	ATTACK	DEFENSE
5	5	5	0	0

**TARGET** 20 **HP** 150 **DAMAGE** Heavy (*to Mind and Spirit Abilities*)

**Traits.** Intelligent, alien, able to cast ALL Magic, works to keep evil in check.

### ACTIONS/ABILITIES

Able to cast **ALL Magic**. Every Magic in the list is at the Benefactor's disposal as well as Magic yet to be discovered.

**Motivation.** *The Greater Good.* As an alien, he works to keep the Dark Mages and evil at bay.

**Weakness.** *Agenda.* The Benefactor is powerful but not perfect.



# Abbey Thatcher

*'A windy day is not the day for thatching.'*  
-Irish Proverb

The Thatcher family has lived in Riverbend for many generations, from even before it became a city proper. Their farmhouse on the outskirts of town is modest, but comfortable, where they grow their own vegetables and straw.

**Thatching.** Named after their profession, the Thatchers have installed most of the straw roofs in Riverbend and nearby. Like any other trade, there's a skill and craftsmanship that comes from experience. It also helps that the family produces their own material and can control the quality of the straw.

**Family.** Abbey is the youngest of three children. The older two are grown and have ventured off to carve their own lives beyond the city. Her adventurous brother, Charles, had his sights set on Thura, while her more mild-mannered sister, Greta, married and moved with her husband to The Vale. Abbey's father, Jacob, is middle-aged, a hard worker, and commands a lot of respect among the craftsman. Her mother, Darwyn, is a slender lady with pleasant-but-stern mannerisms.

**Smarts and Optimism.** Abbey is known throughout Riverbend's 'rougher' neighborhoods, where she likes to explore and learn about anything she can. Formal education is boring to her, and she'd much rather glean wisdom from a street urchin hustler than in a stuffy classroom. She has a knack for mechanical devices.

**People Pleaser.** Abbey wants to be known for her accomplishments and seeks approval from those whom she respects and/or admires.



## Abbey Thatcher (GG)

*Young girl, neutral*

BODY	MIND	SPIRIT	ATTACK	DEFENSE
0	0	5	0	0

**TARGET 6 HP 8 DAMAGE N/a**

**Traits.** Inquisitive, smart, fearless, poor with aspirations of doing great things, tattle tale.

### ACTIONS/ABILITIES

**Supremely Optimistic.** Abbey has an unbreakable Spirit with boundless imagination. To her, nothing is impossible and the whole realm of Magic seems entirely plausible.

**Motivation.** *Hopes and Dreams.* She wants to do something big with her life.

**Weakness.** *Acceptance.* Wants approval from authority figures, especially from her parents.



# Crab Hulk

*'Never forget where you came from. That's what I always tell myself upon entering a cave.'*

-D. Martin, Itinerate Jester

Reaching a height of 12ft (4m) and weighing 4 tons (3600kg), crab hulks dwell in large caves and rocky places near stagnant and/or mineral-rich water sources. They are solitary and extremely territorial to the point of cannibalism, attacking even if unprovoked.

**Blood.** The blood and body fluids of crab hulks are mildly acidic and are often infected with **blood beetle** larvae. Their plasma, when not exposed to any oxygen, is said to possess magical properties, such as healing and strengthening of bones, but no one has yet been able to obtain a sample and live to tell about it.

**Habitat and Blindness.** Crab hulks prefer large caves with heavy mineral deposits to incorporate into their exoskeletons. This durable coat is strong and flexible, leading many indigenous warriors to use various plates as shields and armor (*the back and shoulder plates are particularly sought-after*). Crab hulks spend most of their lives in the dark and are therefore extremely sensitive to bright light. Many can use echolocation, employing clicks and thumps to detect their surroundings and prey.

**Metabolism.** Upon reaching adulthood, a crab hulk's metabolism slows down to near-hibernation levels. Constantly wandering about their domains in search of their next meal, they generally move quite slowly...until prey is detected, at which point they can be surprisingly quick.



## Crab Hulk (AG)

*Large wandering monster, hostile*

BODY	MIND	SPIRIT	ATTACK	DEFENSE
2	0	0	1	2

**TARGET** 10 **HP** 25 **DAMAGE** Medium (*impact*) or Heavy (*claws/crushing*)

**Traits.** Territorial, photosensitive (*blind in daylight*), unintelligent.

### ACTIONS/ABILITIES

**Echolocation.** Anyone wearing metal within 15ft (5m) must roll >80% not to be detected. Anyone not wearing metal within 15ft (5m) must roll >25% not to be detected.

**Motivation.** *Hunger.* With little nourishment in caves, they are always on the hunt for food.

**Weakness.** *Light.* Crab hulks are extremely sensitive to brightness.



# Yeti (*Sasquatch*)

*'I don't believe in you either.'*

-Bigfoot, 1997

Sasquatch, yeti, bigfoot – all of these humanoid cryptids are essentially the same except for their particular habitat. Yeti prefer colder, snowy climates and have white, heavy fur that camouflages with the snow.

**Cryptids.** As the term implies, these creatures are difficult to see unless they want to be seen. They've observed the world from a distance, its chaos, its greed, its suffering, and they want no part of it. Only when something or someone encroaches on their land or existence will these beasts show themselves.

**Vision and Smell.** Yetis can see clearly up to 2 miles (3km) away, and almost half that in a snowstorm. Where such conditions cause Disadvantage to most, sasquatch function at Advantage. Their smell is equally impressive.

**Strength.** Sasquatch spend their entire lives in the wilderness doing wilderness stuff. Everything is heavy. Trees, boulders, etc. are all daily routine for the yeti. In addition, they have amazing stamina to traverse rugged mountains and woodland hillsides at speeds akin to bears. That goes for climbing as well. Other than the mountain goat, few can compete with a bigfoot when it comes to climbing.

**Fire.** Just about the only thing that will scare a yeti is fire. Many of the sasquatch have had to relocate multiple times due to careless campers leaving their firepits unattended. Much of what is known of their biology comes from a few burned yeti cadavers.



## Yeti (*Sasquatch*) (MF)

*Large wandering monster, neutral/hostile*

BODY	MIND	SPIRIT	ATTACK	DEFENSE
3	2	2	0	0

**TARGET** 10 **HP** 17 **DAMAGE** Medium (*teeth, claws*) or Heavy (*weapon*)

**Traits.** Stealthy, reclusive, cold-climates, excellent vision & smell, survivalist.

### ACTIONS/ABILITIES

**Vision, Smell, and Strength.** Survival in the wilderness has honed these abilities in the creatures beyond normal animals. They can see, smell, and run for miles.

**Motivation.** *Primal/Family.* Puts effort into survival and protecting its kin.

**Weakness.** *Fire.* Like many animals, has a fear of open flame.



# Gryph

*'I have not thoroughly enjoyed serving with humans. I find their illogic and foolish emotions a constant irritant.'*

-S.C.T.G. Spock, USS Enterprise

Related to dragons, these flying monsters are wiser and less dangerous than their larger, more notorious cousins. Gryphs also share a common ancestry with eagles, hence the raptor-like head and talons.

**Portal Tether.** Most gryphs wear a set of gold chains around their necks and left forearm. These are Magical bonds that restrict their motion to within a 5-mile (8km) radius from the nearest portal. This restriction was placed on them by the High Council when the Dark Mages (*falsely*) assumed the gryphs would side with Draighwych, seeing as they share similar DNA. The chains are a very sore subject between the gyphs and Dark Mages.

**Ice Breath.** The creatures are able to generate sub-zero temperatures within themselves, releasing a stream of ice from their mouths up to a distance of 100ft (30m).

**Wisdom.** Gryphs are very intelligent beings. Upon encountering strangers, their first instinct is to determine what, if anything, may be learned from them. If one has the wherewithal to engage in meaningful conversation, a gryph will gladly reciprocate. But, if one is so inclined to stupidity, the beast will just as gladly kill you.

**Emotion and Illogic.** Gryphs find erratic emotions puzzling, unnecessary, and annoying. Logic and reason are their only recognized currency of value. Problems are for solving, not for sobbing.



## Gryph (TTM)

*Large flying monster, neutral/hostile*

BODY	MIND	SPIRIT	ATTACK	DEFENSE
2	2	2	1	0

**TARGET 12 HP 30 DAMAGE** Heavy (*beak, claws, spiked tail, ice breath*)

**Traits.** Intelligent, ice breath, flying, related to dragons, tethered to portal.

### ACTIONS/ABILITIES

**Wisdom.** Gryphs have both knowledge and understanding of many things. They can also freeze you with their **ice breath**. How to engage them is up to you, but choose wisely.

**Motivation.** *Wisdom.* Seeks to know those who seek to know.

**Weakness.** *Emotion.* Gryphs deal in order and logic. Emotion and feelings annoy them.



# Tryclops

*'In the land of the blind, the one-eyed man is king. How much more so the tryclops.'*

-Desiderius Erasmus, Satirical Theologian

Keepers of the natural order, tryclopses were charged by the Architects to guard and keep watch over sacred and powerful beings and artifacts lest they fall into evil hands.

**Chrono Vision.** A tryclops can see into the past, present, and future simultaneously. Each one of its heads and eyes is responsible for a piece of the timeline. Chrono Vision, Discernment, and Telepathy, give the creature an uncanny ability to assess motives and anticipate actions.

**Force Field and Phasing.** A tryclops can use its force field to envelop and protect beings and objects under its care. It is also able to phase through solid matter with those beings and/or objects within the force field.

**Portal Creation.** In extreme circumstances (*and upon their own death*), tryclopses can create small, temporary portals through which they can escape to safety. Only the tryclops knows the terminal location of the portal, and only the tryclops controls how long the portal remains open. Those foolish enough to follow may find themselves trapped in a dimensional prison from which there's no escape.

**Sustenance.** Sustained by the world's raw energy, tryclopses need neither food nor water to live. Every thought, every intention, every dream – they all feed the beast. That said, a tryclops will gladly consume any being it kills. When consumed, the tryclops gains ½ of that being's original HP.



## Tryclops (EM)

*Huge guardian monster, neutral*

BODY	MIND	SPIRIT	ATTACK	DEFENSE
2	3	5	0	0

**TARGET** 15 **HP** 80 **DAMAGE** Heavy (*teeth, fists*)

**Traits.** Powerful, chrono vision, various Magic, guardian.

### ACTIONS/ABILITIES

**Portal Creation.** Able to create small portals at will. Casts **Discernment**, **Force Field**, **Phasing**, and **Telepathy** among others. **Chrono Vision.** Able to see into Past, Present, and Future.

**Motivation.** *Protection.* Safeguards rare and important beings and objects.

**Weakness.** *Duty.* Will lay down its life to protect that which is in its care.



# Jaden the Artificer

*'The enemy of creativity is self-doubt.'*

-S. Plath, Confessional Poet

Few folk in Katharsis know of the existence of this boy; fewer still know his origins.

**Prophecy.** Ancient scrolls tell of a young boy, an artificer, who would one day prove instrumental in the stand against the Dark Mages. As the millennial anniversary of the incarceration of Draigwych the Usurper approaches, tensions and expectations run high. Many would-be saviors have arisen only to be proven false.

**Family.** By all accounts, Jaden is an orphan, given up at birth to the care of the Maesteg Monks. In many ways, this could be compared to a spiritual 'witness protection program' whereby all references to a previous identity are stripped away. In Jaden's case, however, records have been kept...or rather, entrusted. Some claim he was born to a Sister of the Forest, while others to a Dark Mage. Any speculation remains just that – speculation.

**Artifice.** Though still very young, Jaden's innate mechanical ability and power to create devices from thin air are nothing short of genius. Whatever he thinks, he manifests. Where Mages devote their entire lives to learning the arts of creation, Jaden simply creates. Such raw power, while still innocent, can be a huge boon to the people of Katharsis. But, in corrupted hands...

**Anger Issues.** If a young boy can make whatever he wants, whenever he wants it, you can see how things can turn if he doesn't get his way. This is in great part why he has been entrusted to the monks' disciplined tutelage.



## Jaden the Artificer (CNP)

*Young boy, neutral*

BODY	MIND	SPIRIT	ATTACK	DEFENSE
0	3	5	0	0

**TARGET 6 HP 11 DAMAGE N/a**

**Traits.** Artificer, mischievous, fearless, hyperactive, easily angered.

### ACTIONS/ABILITIES

**Artificer.** Jaden is a rarity among Mages in that his ability to create from nothing is innate rather than learned. Though still juvenile, his artifice ability will only grow as he does.

**Motivation.** *Curiosity.* He creates cool stuff just because he thinks it's cool.

**Weakness.** *Juvenile.* Though quite powerful, he is still just a boy.



# Blood Beetle

*'Like any parasite, thought cannot exist without a compliant host.'*

-Barnyard Becket, Mathematician

Blood beetles are endemic throughout Katharsis, infesting hosts of various species. Any creature with blood can become an unwitting host to these disgusting insects, but they do seem to favor cavern dwellers.

**Infection and Spawning.** All blood beetles carry exactly ten (10) eggs, five (5) per pincer. If pinched, there's a 20% chance of being infected with the parasite. Once infected, the eggs remain dormant until the host is wounded and sheds blood. Upon contact with air, infected blood bubbles into larvae which quickly grow into 1d20/2 (*up*) mature beetles.

**Aversion to Light.** Spending their formative life inside the body of their host, blood beetles are accustomed to living in the dark. After spawning, it takes several hours for the beetle's eyes to adjust to the light.

**Symptoms and Antidote.** Signs of blood beetle infection show up about one day after being bitten. Up to ten (10) small bumps appear under the skin near the bite. The only antidote is to physically cut out each egg, resulting in the metamorphosis of the larvae as in spawning.

**Benefits.** Once infected with blood beetles, the host cannot be infected with any other diseases. In addition, blood poisons are metabolized by the bugs, prompting some to deliberately infect themselves prior to traveling into high-disease areas. They consider it to be the '*lesser of two weevils*.'



## Blood Beetle (PYM)

*Small swarming insect, hostile*

BODY	MIND	SPIRIT	ATTACK	DEFENSE
0	0	0	0	0

**TARGET 3 HP 3 DAMAGE** Light (*pincers*), possible infection.

**Traits.** Swarming, voracious, parasitic, born from blood of host upon death.

### ACTIONS/ABILITIES

**Swarm/Horde.** Once spawned, the beetles attack according to horde mechanics for 1d20/2 (*up*) beetles in the horde.

**Motivation.** *Sub-Primal.* Their only objective is to find a new host.

**Weakness.** *Bright Light.* Their primitive eyes are unaccustomed to strong light.