

HIGHWAY 0

and ROADSIDE ATTRACTIONS

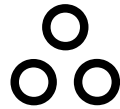
a

GREED

module

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For use with the game **GREED: OR,
OIL FOR THE BLOOD GOD**. If you
figure a way to use it for something
else, be my guest.



The terrified bellowing
of the cows
fills the valley with
sorrow
where the Hudson
gets drunk on oil.
- Federico García
Lorca

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THE PITCH

I am now speaking directly to the Baron.

“Highway 0 and Roadside Attractions” is a GREED module that will give you a tavern, plenty of NPCs, and a good hunk of Plerorealm. There are no nitty gritty maps in here, because GREED is not a nitty gritty map type game. There is not necessarily an overarching “plot” to this module- the story will emerge from the character’s mechanical interactions with all of these moving parts.

While there is no “plot,” there is a climax. This module takes place in the week before Thanksgiving in the year 24232221. It starts on Friday and ends on Thanksgiving Thursday. Throughout the module, the players ought to notice that there are some science freaks attempting to build something in the

Plerorealm, but no one really knows what they’re making. Well, they’re making a mecha-demon and will attempt to commit perpetual motion when they activate it. [See **Fell Science Facility** for more on them.] They will activate her on Thanksgiving, so as to avoid bad luck for attempting perpetual motion, because bad luck can’t be gained on holidays.

If the mecha-demon is activated, it will immediately go rampant. It will leave up to 2d6 contiguous areas of the Plerorealm scorched and near-obliterated in its wake as it escapes to some other segment of the Plerorealm, never to be seen again.

Aside from that, you are here to muck around and rake in oil. Get going.

THE TAVERN

Cataire De Mort.... Like most other taverns, Cataire De Mort isn't easy on uninitiated eyes. Though she has a relative dearth of those thick-porthole windows, they're each a flat gloss-black, showing only the dim reflections of her firelight on blizzard-flakes and sheets of ice. Those on her highest floors say that once every few years there will come a fierce lightning storm that illuminates a white tundra, a space longer than you could imagine, without any roof at all, only the most unthinkably distant roiling clouds. It's true: most of you haven't seen any open space larger than a half mile. To you, this is it: rusty metal, shaking pipes, dry old wood, grease stains, white blots of condensation, folding chairs, folding beds, folding leather wallets, rinky-dink plastic Tavern ID cards,

Jawbreakers' meaty hand on your neck, and doors every tenth step. For a tavern, she's fine. You've heard of much worse.

ADVENTURER NPCs

BODKINS

Zak Kattalac

Your average working machete man. He's hacked up a good handful of people, thrown them in the engine room's funnel, and you just wouldn't know it. Guy's still great to grab a drink with. Works out every other day hard core. Takes care of a dog but doesn't bring it on missions. Calls bloodthirst "the zone."

Will work for:

-Flat 50 shares

-10 shares per kill

B: 3 H: 0 Z: 1 Y: 2

Machete [1d6, melee]

[Cruel Weaponry]: When you deal damage with a cruel weapon (one that is more intended to cause pain than harm) you may make that weapon's base VALUE "d8".

[Who Is This Guy?]: While you have no wounds, the VALUE of all attacks against you made by targets without [Monster] have "-1" at the end. (so like 1d6-1 instead of 1d6.)

[Monster]: You happen to have some tendencies or features people find unsettling. While rolling to scare someone, increase the stat in use by 1.

Mizz Despicable

Not as bad as you'd think, but still bad. To the Mizzus, goreing is a self-evident thrill. Her consistency and can-do attitude has gotten her work with Easy Pete, having now become one of his boys, but she reaches across all aisles if the work is gruesome enough.

Will work for:

-Flat 100 shares

B: 4 H: 1 Z: 1 Y: 4

Chainsaw [1d8, melee]

[Cruel Weaponry], [Monster]

[Who Is This Guy?]: While you have no wounds, the VALUE of all attacks against you made by targets without [Monster] have "-1" at the end. (so like 1d6-1 instead of 1d6.)

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Jan "Duran" Bronco

They say she was raised in the Plerorealm, abandoned there as a child, and that when she found her birth parents she shot them both dead with one draw of her double-barrel revolver, Gaucho. Duran is a local legend, and a hot commodity. She only bites if it's interesting.

Will work for whichever promises to be higher:

-Flat 200 shares.

-20% of shares acquired on the mission.

B: 4 H: 3 Z: 2 Y: 4

Double barrel revolver (Gaucho) [2d6, ranged]

[Cruel Weaponry], [Monster]

[Who Is This Guy?]: While you have no wounds, the VALUE of all attacks against you made by targets without [Monster] have "-1" at the end. (so like 1d6-1 instead of 1d6.)

[Quickdraw]: When rolling to see if you're able to attack first, your Yare is equal to 1 + the

Yare of any creature without [Quickdraw] in your presence.

[Metal Protection]: Attacks against you using metal are automatically negated.

[Accurate]: Whenever you attack, increase that attack's boom by 1.

MANAGISTRATES

Ozzie Avec La Langue

The Avec La Langue family has been financing public works in this tavern for generations, and Ozzie is the bottom of the barrel. Once, they were making revelrooms (Stye is their charitable handiwork) and statues (all of which got torn down) but now all Ozzie's got the money for is the lowest form of stockbroking: trafficking in adventurer's lives. For a small time guy, Ozzie retains some semblance of his high class upbringing. It's a living!

Will loan up to 80 shares, with 1.25x her invested shares paid to her after the mission.

B: 0 H: 4 Z: 2 Y: 0

Shiv [1d4, melee]

Ego: d8

[Stockholder]: Murdering you is a jailable offense. You speak French, language of Demons.

[Sign Off]: When someone you

are in contact with decrements their Credit SD, you may make a precision Haut Monde roll. Upon success, the Jawbreakers do not come for them for that decrement. Upon failure, you may roll your Ego and make the roll a success, or else accept failure.

Indignity D. Inverarity

Once an adventurer himself (check out that nasty scar) and then, briefly, a realtor in some foreign tavern, Indignity D. Inverarity has settled in Cataire De Mort with the help of his good old friend, Easy Pete. Though he's got a reputation as a shark, and his methods are known to be unsavory, he's also one of the most liquid Managistrates in the game.

Will loan up to 200 shares, only asking for the money back immediately after the mission is done. If the loan is unrepaid or paid late, contractually, everything you own is forfeit. Inverarity will call his good friend Easy Pete to help sort it out.

B: 1 H: 2 Z: 3 Y: 2

Mauser pistol [1d6, ranged], 10 bullets

Ego: d12

[Stockholder]: Murdering you is a jailable offense. You speak French, language of Demons.

[Sign Off]: When someone you are in contact with decrements their Credit SD, you may make a precision Haut Monde roll. Upon success, the Jawbreakers do not come for them for that decrement. Upon failure, you may roll your Ego and make the roll a success, or else accept failure.

[Bodkin Detection]: You are always aware of Bodkins when they're near you.

Easy Pete

White suit, long cigar, at least two shotgun-toting Bodkins to his left and right At All Times. Easy Pete is, in a way, the tavern's second demon: he's where the rest of the money goes. No price is too high, no bastard who's crossed him is too far. Easy Pete and his boys get what they want.

Will not loan to the players unless they are fuckin' big time. If they're fuckin' big time, he'll loan just about any amount of money and only ask for their loyalty in return (breaching that meaning death).

B: 1 H: 3 Z: 1 Y: 2

Giant revolver [2d6, ranged], 6 bullets

Ego: d20

[Stockholder]: Murdering you is a jailable offense. You speak French, language of Demons.

[Sign Off]: When someone you are in contact with decrements their Credit SD, you may make a precision Haut Monde roll.

Upon success, the Jawbreakers do not come for them for that decrement. Upon failure, you may roll your Ego and make the roll a success, or else accept failure.

[Love]: You can't be damaged by creatures with the [Hubris Blades], [Assassin], or [Love] abilities. Kissing a Bodkin you haven't kissed before removes all of both of your wounds.

[Extra Life]: When you die, your body immediately disintegrates and a new alive one forms in the last place you slept. You then lose this ability.

PSYCHOPOMPS

Chillso B. Badde

Local refuse, and not much else. Chillso is a vapid and cheap little urchin with a shocking lack of interiority. He can be seen drinking beer in his corner of Styel, waiting for a sucker, chuckling to himself, but he never tells jokes. One push and he's down. But he hasn't been done in yet, so maybe there's something there.

Will work for:

-Flat 25 shares, Plerorealm and back but that's all he's expected to do.

B: 0 H: 0 Z: 2 Y: 2

Switchblade [1d4, melee]

Ego: d8

[Astral Zeal]: While in possession of an active astrolabe you may take 2 minutes to set everything up, then roll your Ego and warp [your Ego die value plus Zeitgeisthood] willing or unwilling people near yourself

to another plane. You may also bring their belongings with them so long as no one person's belongings outweigh them.

[Master of Transit]: You innately understand devices of transport. While you are touching a vehicle, you know how to operate it (though are limited in understanding and description of such knowledge). While rolling to operate vehicles, increase the stat in use by 2, and all vehicles you actively operate gain [Warp Speed].

Reebok "Charlie Horse" Warbucks

A runaway from some evil deed in another tavern, Charlie Horse is a real jester type, and his king is Easy Pete. Ol' Reebok can be found spying as a rat, or warping as a man, or sometimes hiding out as a horse (as he made his famous escape from the last tavern. At least, that's how he tells it). Though he's Easy Pete's boy, he works for anyone with the shares, and passes a little off the top to the big man.

Will work for:

-30% of shares acquired on the mission.

B: 1 H: 1 Z: 2 Y: 3

10 large darts [1d4, ranged]

Ego: d10

[Astral Zeal], [Master of Transit]

[Metamorph]: You may transform into any species of non-monster animal you have seen before. This lasts for an hour.

Funny Franny Slickman

There's nothing funny about Franny Slickman. The Slickman's promise is that she will survive the mission. That's her first priority. You might die, but you're not getting stranded- not with hair-trigger, far-leaping, danger-diving Funny Franny. A popular choice of Pomp for those 'in the know' and rich enough to afford her.

Will work for whichever promises to be higher:

*-50 shares now, 50 shares after the mission.
-50% of shares acquired on the mission.*

B: 1 H: 1 Z: 2 Y: 1

Shotgun [2d6, ranged], 6 bullets

Ego: d12

[Astral Zeal], [Master of Transit]

[Quickdraw]: When rolling to see if you're able to attack first, your Yare is equal to 1 + the Yare of any creature without [Quickdraw] that you can see.

OTHERS

The Prim Pluckler

PERSON WHO KILLS THE TURKEY ON THANKSGIVING

An old man wearing a falcon hood and laughing (heugh heugh heugh) to himself and stepping out from corners. No one's sure where The Pluckler comes from, what he wants, or if he has friends. He's just around, and around all over the place, in all reaches of the tavern and the Plerorealm. Always up for a job.

Will work for:

-2 shares per liter of oil carried, if he thinks he'll carry a lot

-Flat 50 shares

B: 3 H: 1 Z: 1 Y: 2

Pole with a nail at the end [1d4 (d8, shocking), melee]

[Guerdon of a Gourd]: How'd all that fit in there? Any gourd on your person that you carve out can hold 10 times its volume and weighs the same regardless of contents. Any gourd separated from a Person

Who Kills The Turkey On Thanksgiving for more than an hour becomes unstable, and its contents spill out, turning back into a normal (but still hollowed out) gourd.

[The Children Were Right to Fear it]: How do they not notice you? When another is unaware that you are standing in their shadow, you are completely invisible. While you're in someone's shadow, you may have your turn coincide with theirs and move when they move.

[Monster]: You happen to have some tendencies or features people find unsettling. While rolling to scare someone, increase the stat in use by 1.

[Shocking Weaponry]: When you deal damage with a genuinely surprising or horrifying weapon, you may make that weapon's base VALUE "d8."

John "J-F" "Jeff" Kennedy

JOHN F KENNEDY

The token washed-up Kennedy of the tavern, floating between revelrooms, holding handles of vodka to his chest at karaoke. They say a mission went bad and he lost a good party. It's easy to believe.

Will work for:

-Whatever

B: 1 H: 3 Z: 3 Y: 1

Tiny pistol [1d6, ranged], 0 bullets

Ego: d6

[Hail to the Chief]: You command respect. On your turn, you may roll your Ego and select a creature in your presence, then guess what they value most. If you are correct, you have full reign over their next turn. For each time you do this to the same creature, you have to roll your Ego extra times equal to how many times you've already used this ability against them.

[Psionic Status]: Like all presidents, you are a known

and legal Psionic, and have a psionic ability. Your psionic opposite is another timewarped/cloned president. (Psionic: once per day, magically load an unloaded gun.)

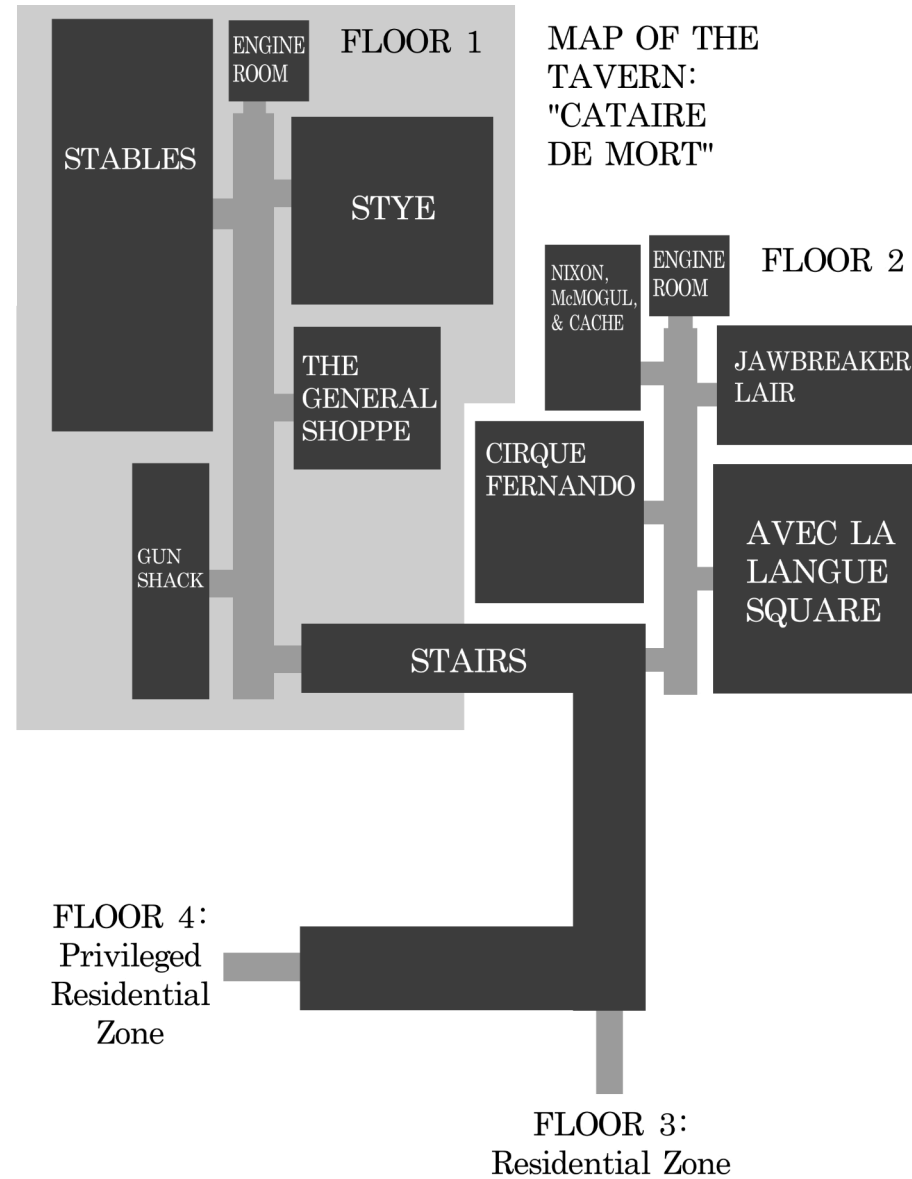
[Proud]: JFK wouldn't directly kill himself.

[Moment of Silence]: No one who witnesses you die can make an attack during their immediate next turn.

ROOMS

Each time you go from a dark-gray area to a light-gray area or vice versa, you must open a door. To open a door, swipe your Tavern ID Card and pay a tax of 1 oil share.

Floors 3 and 4 consist of a single hallway lined with numbered rooms. They keep these hallways cold to disincentivize loitering. Floors 3 and 4 also have engine rooms.



STYE

Shitty Revelroom- floor 1

Stye is the go-to place for the rabble of Cataire De Mort when they want a drink, some fun, and to unwind. Its atmosphere is oppressive, but for real: you can get hammered. It's almost as cold as the stables except for those tables directly under the red-hot space heaters, whose patrons are sweating on their foreheads and freezing in their toes. It's got a jukebox, a dance floor, a couple of old CRT televisions, and a porthole to the ever-dark outside.

There is a Hopper in Stye named Annegameradlaphon (ann-gam-er-ad-le-fon). It's name is common knowledge.

Important people:

-Igsby "Igg" Bab, ancient bartender.

-Doric Collem, big bouncer.

STABLES

Where they keep the horses and co.- floor 1

Cold. Rattles sometimes in the wind from outside- perhaps it's in the weakest part of the tavern- and you can feel the Demon bristling, starving, on the coldest nights. The tin walls snap and moan. It's a long row of wooden stalls only chest high (horse's chest, that is). A bunch of empty squares with floors of metal and hay. You can hear everything. Smell everything. Every five stalls or so there's a radiator vent in the ceiling and if your fingers catch that heat maybe they can start to defrost. Every stall below a vent is taken up by a well kept horse. That's where the money is, I hear.

ENGINE ROOM

Engine room- all floors

They all look the same. A closet, or more accurately a port-a-potty with a shock-barrier for a door. Pipes weaving so thick they are the walls, humming and straining against one another, loud like an engine because it is one, all of it, you included. There's a funnel under a bank-safe hatch straight down and black. Slick with oil. Punch your card, open the hatch, and dump the oil. Watch the ticker go up as your offering hits the stockpile then punch out, your Tavern ID now the richer for it.

GENERAL GOODS SHOPPE

Corner store- floor 1

Some mix between a deli (ice-cream freezers, hot sandwiches, candy at the counter, cigarettes) and the imported general-goods store of a remote mining town. Kerosene lamps, five-liter bottles, pitons and rope. The store is small (cozy) and often destitute (boutique). Someone is always in here trying to barter for something inane.

Important person:

-Thorn Bitterweather, welcoming (terrified) shopkeeper.

Stock includes (but is not limited to):

6 bullets: 8 ₰	10m rope: 5 ₰
10m rope with grappling hook: 10 ₰	Flashlight: 6 ₰
Reliable lighter: 5 ₰	Digital camera: 15 ₰

GUN SHACK*Armory and tinkerer- floor 1*

A tight shop mostly taken up by its behind-the-counter space, separated from the walkable aisle with a sheet of bulletproof clear plastic. Up on the wall back there are guns, swords, knives, chainsaws, machetes, and some normal old machines like watches and compasses.

Important person:

-Dezerae Le Pont, reclusive gunsmith.

Stock includes (but is not limited to):

Tiny pistol (1d6, ranged): 40 ₰	Sniper rifle (3d6, ranged): 100 ₰
Composite longbow (1d6, melee): 30 ₰	Stiletto dagger (1d6, melee): 25 ₰
Polearm (1d8, melee): 40 ₰	Grenade (4d6, explosion): 20 ₰

NIXON, McMOGUL & CACHE*Real estate firm- floor 2*

Nice and warm office separated into a waiting room and three cubicles. The only real place to get a lease for renting property, let alone buying the deed. Cozy in an unwelcoming way: who do you think you are, getting cozy? Is this how warm their apartments are? Their houses? It's like they're lowering a little palm of tasty grub that they expect you to lap up. Well heated. Fuck yourself.

Important people:

-Ben Nixon, son of Richard.

-Dice McMogul, self made slimeball.

-Olympia "Lymp Cash" Cache, investment genius.

CIRQUE FERNANDO*Fancy Revelroom- floor 2*

The Cirque Fernando is a restaurant and bar with a suite of private dining rooms, each in their own circular booth hidden with a white curtain. It's the natural place for all meetings of professionals. It's got a strict no-roughhousing policy unless you give them a little action on the side. It's got waiters. Not too hot, not too cold.

Important people:

-Anastagia, down-to-earth bartender.

-Rah Rah Lloyd, Plerowine sommelier.

-Miranda Frankly, militant headwaiter.

-Boston Output, armed thug/bouncer.

JAWBREAKER'S LAIR

Police station- floor 2

The door is big and metal (aren't they all) and you're not allowed in. If you get in somehow, it's probably because they're putting you in a cell. It's like a police station if the public was never allowed inside: every once in a while someone is brought in to mop up the blood. They have a vending machine that serves boiling water.

There is a Hopper in the Jawbreaker's Lair named Ibbarakadatheriad (ib-ar-uh-kad-uth-air-ee-ad). Its name is known only by the Jawbreaker's private Psychopomps.

AVEC LA LANGUE SQUARE

Public market- floor 2

A dizzying, crowded market where anyone can set up a stall to sell their wares. Anyone who's anyone will eventually stop in Avec La Langue Square. It's not that you can find *anything*, but that whatever we *do* have is surely here. XP mages, when they're in town, will stop in Avec La Langue Square. Their carpeted tents and stacks of books in foreign languages make them stand out against the crowds of people in rags standing on soap boxes, holding cases of cigarettes and bullets. The place is thick with Jawbreakers, but nonetheless a hub of illicit dealings. Such is its density.

There is a Hopper in Avec La Langue Square named Quiskiedekakatherad (kwis-kai-deck-uh-kath-er-ad). It's name is common knowledge.



MISSIONS

OIL COLLECTION

Old reliable. No one is asking for this in specific, you do it for yourself. If you ask around, there are three Plerorealm spots you hear can be fruitful in this regard...

The Oil Tunnels. Rich in oil, but also a popular oiler's spot and dangerous because of its exposure. It's guarded by Goblins, though there are tougher spots to get to. Some adventurers have whispered about a wandering Tricyclops, but that's probably bullshit.

The Sulfurous Jungle. Awash in oil, though you're lucky to collect it. You're unlikely to run into adventurers out here because they either don't bother or their bones have already been picked clean by the denizens of the jungle.

The Oilfruit Grove. Spoken of only in whispers and

lullabies. The place doesn't exist! Unless... if it did, wouldn't it be totally loaded? A paradise where no other adventurers would bother you... where oil grows on trees... but how to find it?

BOUNTY HUNTING

People whose heads will rake in dough:

ROACH POINTSTUWIN.

Wanted dead or alive by Easy Pete. Reward: 500 shares.

Roach is a Prance who, aside from being psionic (can breathe underwater) and therefore an illegal resident of any tavern, did a con on the wrong guy. He swindled Indignity D. Inverarity out of almost 300 shares- and that's Easy Pete's boy.

Roach is now hiding out somewhere in the Plerorealm, but no one is sure where aside from that it must be in the Antiarchward zone, because otherwise we'd have seen him by now.

Roach has a sniper rifle (3d6), a shotgun (2d6), and 10 bullets.

HOLLYHOCK PROPMASTER.

Wanted alive by the Jawbreakers. Reward: 400 shares.

Hollyhock is a Bodkin who killed a Managistrate named Pusher Biggs. Simple no-no.

Hollyhock is hiding someplace in the Oil Tunnels, we think. But by now, she could've gotten to any of the adjacent districts. She is considered highly, highly dangerous.

Hollyhock has a baseball bat with nails in it (1d8) and 2 grenades (4d6).

THE CARAVAN GIG

Doberman W. Carver, a local Managistrate, has a job he's putting up bulletins for everywhere. He's got a Ford Thunderbird with some very precious cargo locked tight in the trunk. It's currently in the Damned Colonist's Plantation (in the Plerorealm), and he needs to get it all the way down Highway 0 to the Fortified Pleroresort. Stat!

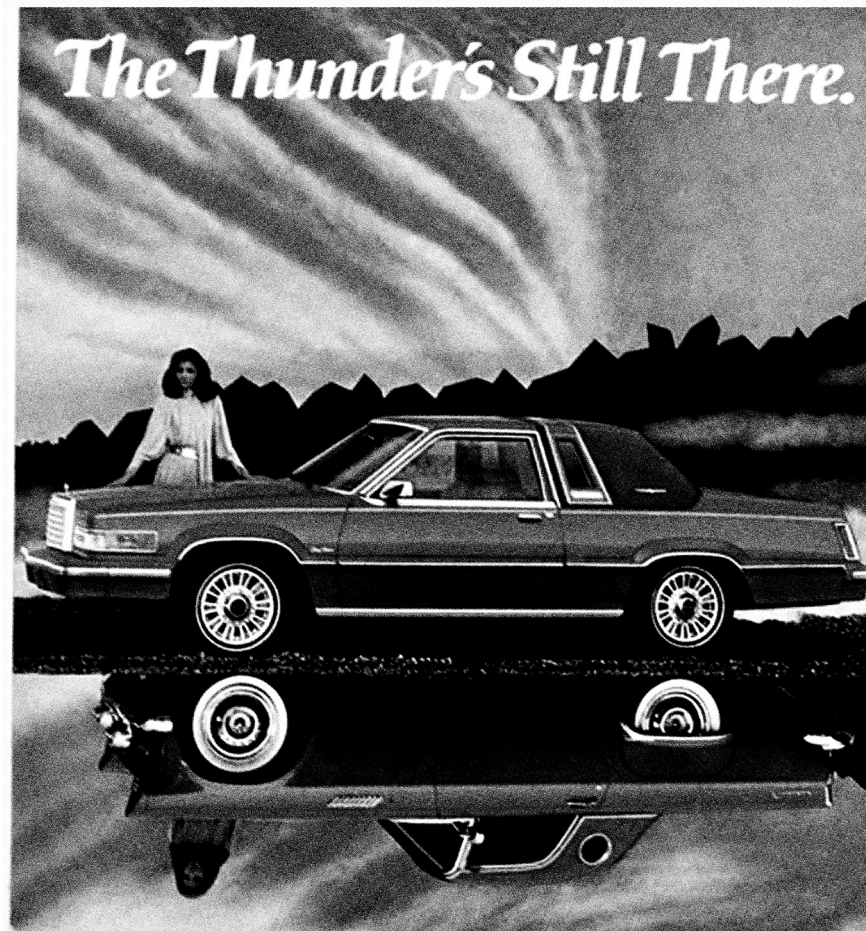
He's paying a maximum of 150 shares a head to take the car down and defend it "from assailants," but he'll be as cheap as you let him be.

If asked what dangers he thinks it will face, he will say that it's natural for the Plerorealm to be dangerous, but that nothing specific is going on. This is a lie: Doberman has taken out a substantive insurance claim on the car and is purposefully sending it into the lion's den of Highway 0, where it will surely be attacked by any number of bandits and monsters. Namely,

the Negotiator Digby Brightly is looking for a catalytic converter.

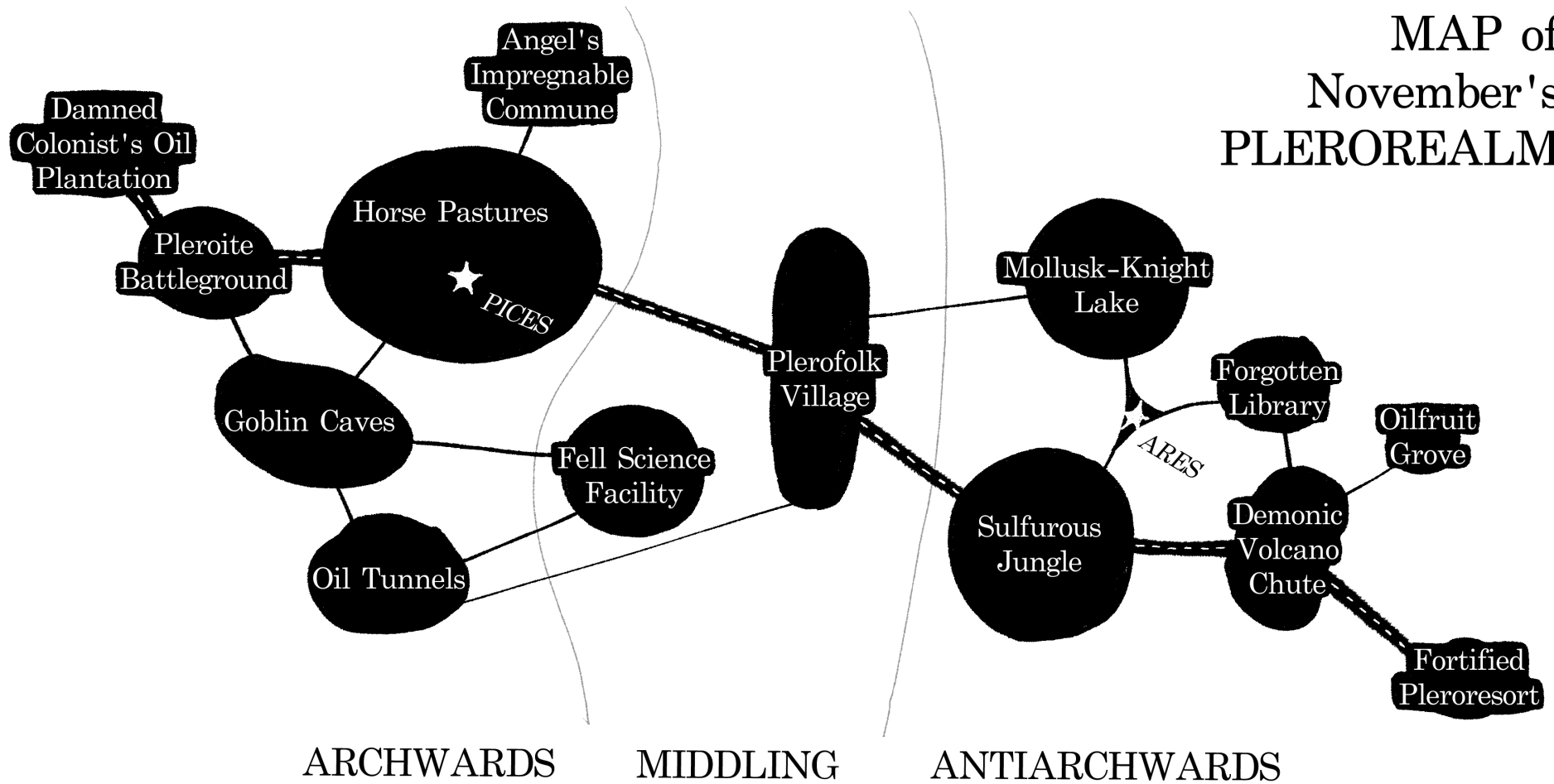
Should the car arrive at the resort unharmed, he will pay as promised, but be really pissed off.

The trunk is locked and there is no key for it; it would have to be broken open. In the trunk, there are a bunch of rocks in briefcases. Worthless.



THE PLEROREALM

MAP of
November's
PLEROREALM



NODES

There are 2 constellation nodes open right now:

PISCES: The safer of the two nodes. Starts in a pasture near some Goblins, but it's pretty easy to find your way around. [Start in the Horse Pastures.]

ARES: Into the fire, as it were... Ares drops you into a crossroads at the mouth of a few different Plero-biomes, deep in dangerous territory. [Start at the crossroad tunnels between the Sulfurous Jungle, Mollusk-Knight Lake, and Forgotten Library.]

THE USUAL SUSPECTS

Those ruffians who infamously trawl the Plerorealm. Famous, strange, and nomadic. When asked to consult the USUAL SUSPECTS table, roll 1d4:

1. Digby Brightly, worldly Negotiator.

Digby wants one or both of the following things, badly, for a deal he just has to

polish the details on:

1. Human eyeballs (the Screamstress Zazaraz wants hers replaced)
2. A catalytic converter (some quack scientists have been hounding him about it! Price is no object, apparently.)

2. Iskorradin “Gabe” Fastadillon, XP Mage, classically trained tramp.

Gabe looks and talks like a vaudeville act and that's because, as far as we can tell, he is one. Rucksack, big shoes, worn out jacket, always trying to “bum a ride.” Gabe does not need to be doing this, as evidenced by the constant and free dimension-hopping of his peers, but, you know, whatever. He takes XP like the rest of them.

3. Forsite, mad Rotapriest

Forsite sees the end of the world. A little late on that one, Foresite! She wanders around, dishing out warnings and performing

miracles, living off the fat of the land and the blood of her enemies. She carries a ray gun (1d10, ranged) that runs on AA batteries.

4. The Gussyup Boys, pirate scourge of the Plerorealm.

The Gussyup Boys are a small cadre of Tavernite pirates who are known to murder and pilfer the goods off of fellow adventurers and are generally thought of as committers-of-atrocity. They've starved taverns out. They've butchered seasoned brokers and their families on Plerorealm vacations. They're eating people in culinary styles whose exact descriptions remain inconclusive. The Gussyup boys consist of:

Dot, ravenous Psychopomp. Carries a machete (1d6).

Clyde, two headed Bodkin. Carries a great flail (1d8) and a tommy gun (3d6).

Mister Liedown, average Managistrate. Owns Dot as a dog, owns Clyde in some other way.

HIGHWAY 0

Highway 0 is a black-paved two lane American Style highway complete with a dotted yellow divider. In parts, weeds grow through the tar, or it's overgrown with vines and smothered in dirt, but if you know where to look, it's always there- often, it's unmistakable- stark, black, and ordered against its disorganized surroundings.

The Highway starts with a road sign and dead-end in the Damned Colonists Oil Plantation. It then runs through (in this order):

The Pleroite Battlefield
The Horse Pastures
The Plerofolk Village
The Sulfurous Jungle
The Demonic Volcano Chute

And it ends with another dead end in the Fortified Pleroresort.

ARCHWARDS

ARCHWARDS RANDOM ENCOUNTERS

When the players need to be hit with a random encounter, roll 2d6 and consult this table. Each area has its own 6, 7, and 8 to replace the Xs with.

2. An Angel picking flowers
3. Plerofreak traveling merchant (likely terrified of Tavernites)
4. Dying/dead unsuccessful Tavernite adventurers
5. Goblin scouts (1d4+1 Goblins armed with 1d4 shoddy knives/slings in total)
6. X
7. X
8. X
9. Goblin war patrol (1d6+2 Goblins, each armed with a small spear)
10. A gang of scientists with 1d6 Jawbreaker guards picking apart some machine or corpses and whisking the remnants away to their facility
11. One of the USUAL SUSPECTS [Consult the USUAL SUSPECTS table]
12. Wandering pissed off Tricyclops

HORSE PASTURES

Rolling hills of grass under a distant blue dome. Often foggy like morning dew, warm colors obscuring the distance.

The PICES node leads to this area.

6. 1d4 grazing horses
7. A helpful taxi
8. Pleroite horse hunters (1d4 Goblins, 1d4 Plerofreaks)

PLEROITE BATTLEFIELD

A waste of stalagmites and long dried blood, the battlefield has long been a center of conflict between the Plerofreaks, Goblins, and (sometimes) Tavernites. Bad vibes emanate from the battlefield- cold sweats, mysterious chills, visions of The End...

6. 1d4+1 Ghosts of dead Plerofreaks
7. Hungry blitzdrachen
8. 1d4 Desperate Tavernite bodypickers (equipped with 1d4 knives in total)

OIL: In the far corners of the Plerosite Battlefield, there are scattered and thin pools of oil. They coalesce over the tunnels that run down into the Goblin Caves. Each puddle contains 1d6 liters.

GOBLIN CAVES

Winding, dark, mossy caves. Chittering fills the tunnels, sometimes from bats, sometimes from large bugs, sometimes from the Goblins themselves. There are moments where the adventurer (who does not have the [Small] ability) must crouch and crawl, knees to wet moss, back to cold rock, in order to continue through.

6. 2d6 Goblins eating around a small oil-fire.
7. Goblin egg-den entrance (only large enough for Goblins or [Small] characters to fit).
8. 1d4+1 Goblin Royal Guards (each wielding well-carved knife, or (to them) sword)

OIL: Goblin egg-dens may keep urns of 1d6 liters of oil, but if they do, they'll be defended. Goblin gatherings for feasting will have 1d10 liters of oil for drinking, often in a pitcher or (if the gathering is larger) a keg.

OIL TUNNELS

Circular, ribbed tunnels that stretch on and on. Most of the pipes are wide enough to fit ten people shoulder-to-shoulder, but some can narrow to a crawlspace. They overlap and bend into one another, linking via metal grate-drains. Slicked with oil, it's easy to slip down these long chutes.

HOLLYHOCK PROPMASER (who has a bounty on her head) is hiding out in this area.

6. 1d4 Razdar Summonlings, lost and angry
7. 1d4 oil-hungry adventurers (each armed with a weapon (1d6 damage)).
8. A rich pool of oil (3d10 liters).

OIL: The tunnels are caked in a thin layer of oil, but not the flammable kind. Goblins can smell the difference. Every once in a while, the tunnels bend *just so* and create a vat of undiluted slow-drip flammable oil.

ANGEL'S IMPREGNABLE COMMUNE

A golden palace that seems to emanate flowers, light, and a gorgeous choir. There is no door, and if you somehow bypass the walls, there's a spiritual force field. If you somehow bypass the spiritual force field, gain 99 Sin.

In the random encounters for the ANGEL'S IMPREGNABLE COMMUNE, replace all outcomes with: "1d100 angels."

OIL: Probably, like, a fuckton. Not sure what else they'd be hiding in there, right? But there's no door! We don't know how they get in! No, but it's gotta be a lot. Gotta be.

DAMNED COLONIST'S OIL PLANTATION:

[SPECIAL LOCATION]

A wide warehouse or perhaps Hollywood set, enormous, metal, conspicuously empty of columns, rafters, anything. Far overhead, above a layer of gray-white condensation, rows of stage-lights. The floor, perhaps strangely (but who are you to say) is loose dirt. Down the middle of the room, all facing the main road like the set of a cheap western, are a scant collection of buildings. At the end of the road, the far end of the room, is a tall oil-pump. It rattles and hisses as the mechanisms work, as the workers watch it over, and as its steel pipe plunges again and again into the ground, black with oil.

All of this is owned by Hub Gorrick Disckerly, a Managistrate and perennial enemy of Cataire De Mort's Easy Pete. Hub (or Doctor Disckerly, so he says- doctor of economics) is at least as rich

as Easy Pete, but he's been drilling out here and collecting oil for over a decade. He hasn't set foot in the tavern, and neither have most of his lackeys. Pete's resources now control Cataire De Mort such that even if the Doc were to return, he'd probably be fucked before the oil could even be deposited. Doc is certain, as well, that there's at least one spy in his ranks. But no matter: he can wait. Yessiree the good Doctor can wait, sit on all this oil, wait another decade if need be... it's that sweet sound... the steel rod... the drumming of the land.

Deputies (same as Jawbreakers) patrol the plantation in the thrall of Doc Disckerly. Every few days, they fend off an attack from the nearby Goblin colonies. Pleroiters are not allowed into the plantation unless they are oil workers.

SALOON

Modeled after some long defunct revelroom, the saloon is outfitted with a jukebox (1 share per track), alcohol aplenty, a baby grand piano, and a rogues gallery of dead-tired oil workers. Many Tavernites are here for a better life (womp womp) and many Plerofreaks/Goblins are here after being spirited into service.

Important people:

-Giggs Gag, grizzled bartender.

-Oberland Racks, Goblin poet.

INN

A safe enough inn for Tavernite travelers. Wooden and falling apart in places (slack door knobs, stairs nearly caved in, roof leaking when the condensation builds to a drizzle) but it's cozier than the stables back home. 5 oil shares per room per night.

Important person:

-Richloraine Faust, part time innkeeper, full time investor.

OIL RESERVE

Just a fuckin' big hut where they keep barrels and barrels and barrels of oil. Each barrel carries 100 liters of oil and there are probably, like, a thousand barrels in there. Each time you check, the Reserve is surrounded by 1d100 security agents, split between deputies, psionic dogs (human kind), at least one Lee Harvey Oswald, and lots of rabid war-hounds. They frequently check the inside of the Reserve. They are each unerringly loyal to Doctor Disckerly. Except for one...

Important person:

-Bobby Blow, Easy Pete spy.

MIDDLING

FELL SCIENCE FACILITY [SPECIAL LOCATION]

The scientists of The Facility are putting together a mecha-demon by the name of Maxwell, and plan to use her to commit perpetual motion via her shapeshifting demon powers being used to sort molecules by their velocity, thus creating energy from nothing. In order to get started, the demon will need to be super-charged... and creating an obedient demon is no simple task.

You can get up and down floors in The Facility by a locked main stairwell or any of a variety of elevators. Each of the elevators is broken in some new way (buttons missing, buttons won't press, buttons won't light up the arrow, doors won't open, cabin doesn't stop at this floor, etc.), though 1 in 6 elevators function almost as

normal. They creak, stutter, and whine against their cables. Whenever such an elevator takes you to a floor, roll 1d6. Upon a roll of 1, it opens its doors and plummets down the shaft ~2 seconds later.

Floor 1: the basement.

A prison/hospital ward for stolen Tavernites and Plerotes. The walls are pale blue thick-painted concrete lit with half-dead fluorescent beams. Worn down marble-tile floors. Nonsensical arrows on the walls pointing to wards that do not exist, doors painted on walls, real Looney Tunes shit. Jars, tubs, vats, and plastic bags of brains, bones, guts, and eyes are ferried on wheel-carts by the nurses between rooms and sometimes upstairs to floor 2. TVs are also wheeled around by hypno-nurses (displaying a spiralling pattern, each nurse equipped with a

brainwashing script to turn people into construction-workers), but they try their best to avoid any adventurer who isn't already tied down.

The doctors aren't fighters, but some carry bone saws. Wardens (Jawbreakers wielding sawed-off shotguns (1d8)) wander the halls and watch the CCTV for in/extruders.

Floor 2: the construction chamber

Each wing of this floor emanates from the central rotunda where Maxwell's dormant form is being constructed, like a big asterisk. Construction workers (cyborg Plerofreaks, brainwashed Tavernites) carry metal rods, pipes, wires, motherboards, car parts, wheels, sheets of glass, cables, antennae, and other salvaged bits of mechanisms to and from the central

chamber. Pulleys that move like ski lifts carry the bigger pieces overhead. Engineers in white coats and lab goggles carrying clipboards (filled with unintelligible technobabble) oversee the work.

Maxwell is shaped like a sphere, but is unbelievably dense with electronics, wires, circuits, and metal. It's like the folds of a brain in there. The central chamber is hot with exhaust, sweat, and sin. Yellow and black tape runs all over the floor, and the rotunda is tall enough that multiple rungs of scaffolding surround Maxwell. The engineers up there take detailed measurements of every kind (weighing it, determining its color, size, directionality, radiation levels, Scoville readings, etc. We're gonna need everything if this is gonna work...).

Armed soldiers patrol the second floor, outfitted with machine guns and matching SWAT-uniforms by the scientists. (Machine guns: 3d6.)

OIL: There are 5 “fuel storage” rooms that each contain up to 50 barrel-drums of oil. Each barrel contains 100 liters of oil. They will use this oil (more collected every day) to feed Maxwell when they wake her.

Floor 3: corporate headquarters

Glass meeting room after glass meeting room, most with their blinds drawn. Blue carpeted hallways. One room or another is always occupied by the members of the Board in heated discussion, pointing to intricate figures of Maxwell’s construction. The directors are all suited up ex-Tavernites, some would-be Negotiators, some just madly dedicated to this cause. These people are where all the orders come from, and where Maxwell’s

design specifications are ratified.

Maxwell will not be able to be controlled (she will revolt and obliterate this whole facility the moment she is activated) unless the directors are shown a lapse in logic: the demon needs a “switchword” or a “cybername” to be controlled, so she can understand that she has a master. There is no way I know of for an adventurer to know this- but, uhh, you never know. Rotapriests, psionics, etc. If someone speaks Maxwell’s cybername/switchword as she’s activated, she will shrink into a piece of jewelry for that person to wear, and they gain a psionic ability while they wear it. She will go dormant like that until her wearer dies.

Armed soldiers patrol the third floor, outfitted with machine guns and matching SWAT-uniforms by the scientists. (Machine guns: 3d6.)

PLEROFOLK VILLAGE [SPECIAL LOCATION]

A big yet still cramped home for freaks. The village is tall, mostly carved into rock but reinforced with wooden girders, walkways, windows, doors, etc. When humans aren’t around, the Plerofolks here are magnanimous and communal, participating in lots of festivals and feasts, but when a Tavernite (especially an adventurer) blows into town... things get quiet. Most Plerofreaks avoid adventurers at all costs. The many stores and traders in the village will lock their doors and draw their blinds at the approach of an obvious Tavernite. Only when a particular person has shown good will or usefulness to the Plerofreaks will they begin to be accepted.

There are certain shops facing Highway 0 that welcome adventurers, but they’re all run by ex-Tavernite Goblins who have returned to the Plerorealm to avoid taxes. They sell much the same things as

the general shops and revelrooms of the tavern.

Frog’s Gut

A Pleroite revelroom, of sorts! Raucous and Highway-facing, open to adventurers, populated mostly by war-vet Goblins and Tavernites on the run from distant taverns. Has nice darts, many stuffed hunting trophies on the walls (of all species), a projector (always playing some odd shit, but usually- wait, is- is this a snuff film?), and plenty of tables stolen from plenty of other bars.

Important people:

-Oggiemandius, class-traitor Goblin bartender.

-Bo Brat, retired merc.

Enchantment Tradesman

The Enchantment Tradesman will only work with those trusted by the village. His store is deep within the village, and well hidden unless you've been told specifically where it is. At the shop, you can barter for magic items, like:

TROUT GUN: Gun that spontaneously manifests a trout in the area it's pointed. If pointed at a living target, its attack is 1d20-10. The trout might spawn near them, or in front of them, or next to them, but there's an even chance it spawns inside of them and displaces a vital organ.

TOME OF SICK KICKS: Book that, when read from, outlines a joke so sick (and yet so irresistibly humorous) that everyone who hears it and understands the speaker's language rolls Ego 5 times. The reader only rolls Ego twice.

RING OF EXEMPTION:

While you wear this ring, in all abilities/attacks that implicitly or explicitly affect "all X," (where X is something you are, like: creatures, Bodkins, or objects in a certain area) you are magically exempt from being counted as X. For example, a Demon's [Immolator] ability does not hurt you, because it targets "all creatures near it," which you are always exempt from. This also works against abilities like [Thing Detection] and [Assassin], which imply a constant effect against all of a certain type of target.

This ring is identical to the *Ring of Emption*. If you wear both this ring and the *Ring of Emption* at the same time, abilities/attacks as described above first target only you, and then are nullified.

RING OF EMPTION: While you wear this ring, all abilities/attacks that implicitly or explicitly affect "all X," (where X is something you are, like: creatures, Bodkins, or objects in a certain area) whose affect you are under, instead only affect you. For example, a Demon's [Immolator] ability hurts *only you* instead of "all creatures near it." This also works against abilities like [Thing Detection] and [Assassin], which imply a constant effect against all of a certain type of target, and will narrow down to *only you* while you're in their range.

This ring is identical to the *Ring of Exemption*. If you wear both this ring and the *Ring of Exemption* at the same time, abilities/attacks as described above first target only you, and then are nullified.

ANTIARCHWARDS

ANTIARCHWARDS RANDOM ENCOUNTERS

When the players need to be hit with a random encounter, roll 2d6 and consult this table. Each area has its own 6, 7, and 8 to replace the Xs with.

2. Dead Tavernites with 1d4 ID cards, each carrying 2d10 oil shares
3. Plerofreak game hunter (will go for humans) (1d6 rifle, 6 bullets)
4. Migrating colony of vermin
5. Free-trading Negotiator
6. X
7. X
8. X
9. Cut-throat Tavernite looking for oil
10. XP Mage on some incommunicable quest
11. One of the USUAL SUSPECTS [Consult the USUAL SUSPECTS table]
12. Broncus P. Stagivarius, mightiest horse in the multiverse

SULFUROUS JUNGLE

A dark, cacophonous, stinking-wet pit of weaving trees, deep mud, creeping insects, and decaying bodies. But, fuck: you can smell the oil. It's thick in the air, it drips from these heavy black leaves, stains your palm to the touch. Clicking, growing, wind (wind? From where? Breath?) that moves the tall grass, that ripples the swampy liquid. Humans will start to get light headed after too long in the jungle, and eventually fall unconscious from the fumes.

6. 1d6+1 chimpanzees (1d6 slam/bite attack) (want food. Smarter than you'd think!)
7. 1d4 oil-tigers surveying their territory (bite: 2d6. Each severed head filled with 10 liters of oil)
8. Prowling Blitzdrachen

OIL: Upon rolling any even number on the random encounter table, come across a stinking pool of (2d6)x5 liters of oil, hidden in the underbrush.

MOLLUSK-KNIGHT LAKE

A wide, near-stagnant lake with some faintly glowing blue shit near the bottom... not nearly enough to make out any details of whatever's in the water. Overhead: the dripping cavern ceiling, its swarms of bats, its empty pipes. Some abandoned boats and some manned ships trawl these waters, but they're few and far between.

ROACH POINTSTUWIN (who has a bounty on his head) is hiding out on a houseboat in this area.

6. 1d4 Mollusk Knights from below
7. 1d4 Mollusk Knights from below
8. 1d4 Mollusk Knights from below

FORGOTTEN LIBRARY

An unlit library full of random textbooks, poetry, plays, music criticism, how-to guides, cookbooks, detective novels, children's picture books that come with toys, adult coloring books, calendars, DVDs, CDs, scrolls, (getting deeper now, wooden floor and shelves radiating outwards, those reading-nook clearings with their recliners, ottomans, and coffee tables becoming less common; large columns, some that take up whole swaths of the library getting more frequent) clay tablets, marble busts, diaries, flash drives, music boxes, legal pads, moot currencies all graffitied, fear-mongering newspapers, tabloid magazines, records and their wind-up gramophones, laserdiscs, the humble wooden loom.

6. A wandering Screamstress (librarian)
7. 1d4 Ghosts of lost souls
8. Helpful ex-tavernite book-keeper

DEMONIC VOLCANO CHUTE

Hotter than shit- you're sweating bullets, you're tongue-out huffing like a damn dog, you're seeing mirages where it doesn't make any damn sense. This is a wide, circular cavern of red rock that descends to a distant magma pit (belching, every few minutes, a new round of noxious hot-gas) and ascending into... well, it's too dark and smokey to see up there. Jagged ledges connected with metal rafters, rope bridges, and carved sidewalks make up all the walkable space of the chute. You would think it's hard for something to sneak up on you in here but not so- the heat and smoke make it hard to see much farther than the ledge/walkway you're on.

6. Prowling Blitzdrachen
7. Swarm of 2d10 imps
8. 1d4 Tricyclops roasting humanoids on pikes

FORTIFIED PLERORESORT [SPECIAL LOCATION]

On the inside, the Pleroresort is tropics-warm. Pools clear like glass snake around soft white beaches, open-air bars, bamboo stages, race tracks, pristine hotels, and gift shops (plenty of gift shops). Everyone here is a vacationing Tavernite- some even live here year-round. Everyone except, of course, the staff; the staff are all unpaid Tavernites given room and board in a dark corner of the resort. Disobedience on the part of the staff or indeed from a sufficiently violent vacationer will land them in The Brig.

The Brig is an oubliette deep in the sandstone. They throw the leftovers from dinner parties down there. Every once in a while they call someone back up, but sometimes that person doesn't grab the rope. Sometimes they never come back.

The perimeter of the resort is indistinguishable from a

prison: barbed wire, high concrete walls, Jawbreakers and dogs on chains, watchtowers, searchlights. Only registered guests are allowed into the resort, no exceptions. Registering as a guest costs 500 oil shares.

If adventurers come here on the "caravan mission" with their Ford Thunderbird, they will not be let in unless any of them are registered guests. Doberman Carver, who ordered the job, will not accept this as a completed delivery because they "didn't go all the way" and will refuse to pay whatever cut of money the drivers have not yet been paid.

OIL: Each week, the Jawbreakers deliver a fresh set of gas tanks to run the electronics in the resort. On Monday, this is about a hundred canisters each containing 50 liters of oil. By Sunday, it gets as low as 20.

Important people:

-Rochefort, *hermetic groundskeeper.*

-Ebbari Z. Keysgood, *scarred waiter.*

-Foots MacGrath, *hard-ass overseer of the gate.*

SECRET OIL FRUIT GROVE

[SPECIAL LOCATION]

Above the smoke and heat of the demonic volcano-chute, a web of branches and leaves clears the air... quiets all those sounds, dulls the smells... leaves only this- how else to describe it? An orchard. Furtive soil, green grass spotted with wild flowers of all colors, thick and tall fruit-trees reaching up to a glowing blue dome-sky. Large slate-vents up above even give the place a cool breeze.

OIL: There are 10 trees in the grove, each bearing 1d10 Oilfruits. Oilfruits are like squishy black apples, and each one is worth 10 oil shares. Trees will regrow their fruit, and the new batch will be ripe one month after the last were plucked. These trees do not

have seeds. They are likely the last of their kind.

Birds tweet on their branches. Worms crawl on their roots. Nothing will come to hurt an adventurer here, unless the adventurer brings the shit with them. Oilfruit trees burn like fuckin' firecrackers.