

Children of the Revolution

New occupations, backgrounds, drives and rituals.

Thirty-Six Royal Secrets

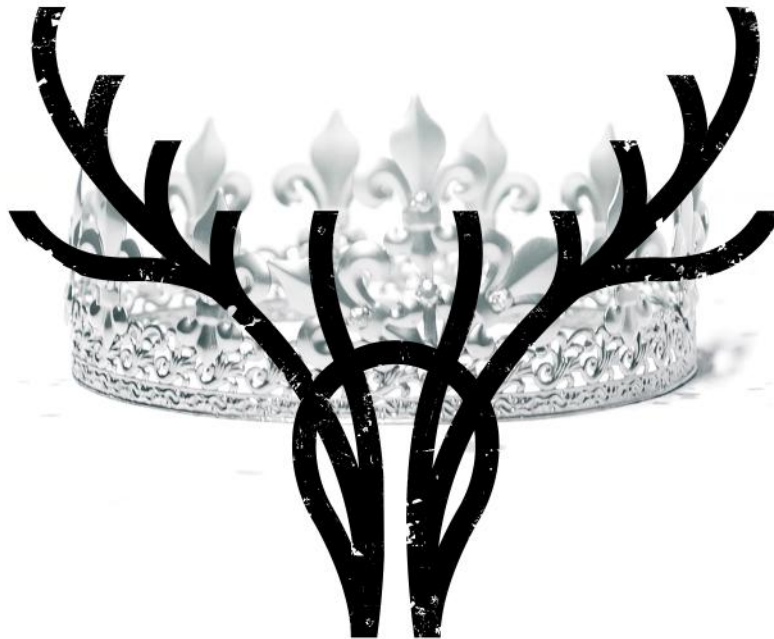
Things kept hidden by the keepers of the realm.

Noble Beasts

A bestiary of aristocratic nightmares.

Regicide

An incursion during the first chaotic hours of the revolution.



TROPHY

LUDOVICO ALVES

Children of the Revolution

The following are new options for treasure-hunters for use with the *Incursion Regicide*, or any other session of *Trophy*.

OCCUPATIONS

Gazetteer (*skilled in barter, gossip, writing*)

Procurer (*skilled in chase, laws, lies*)

Seamstress (*skilled in needlework, terror, vigilance*)

Wageworker (*skilled in commiseration, labor, making do*)

BACKGROUNDS

Political Prisoner (*skilled in insurrection*)

Proximity to Power (*skilled in flattery*)

Repentant Soldier (*skilled in the wages of war*)

Secret Monarchist (*skilled in treason*)

RITUALS

Artifice (*create a perfect fruit of your craft*)

Heartblood (*trace a drop of blood to one's kin*)

Mill (*grind a wheel to a halt*)

Whetstone (*sharpen the blunt end*)



DRIVES

Escort the last royal scion home

Liberate a piece of art from unworthy eyes

Make something beautiful from a symbol of oppression







Protect your family from the revolutionaries







Sate your hunger in the excesses of kings







Steal the fruits of the labor of generations

Thirty-Six Royal Secrets

The nobility have too many closets in which to hide their skeletons. Roll a dark and light die to see what is behind this door.

-  Purple slippers, comfortable for hoofed feet
 -  Ajino's masterpiece *The Surrender of the Kingsguard*
 -  Letter from a prisoner in Barsul Prison cell 733
 -  Duchess Pastry, meowing for treats
 -  Reenactment of a family dinner, immortalized in dessicated flesh and platters of wax
 -  Earl Jagrati Melino, never the same after they replaced his blood with lead
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-  Non-Euclidian family tree
 -  The true reason for the war
 -  Deed to land held by another power
 -  Aunt Ophelia Keshibel, still in her coffin
 -  Lost symphony of Maestro Alexandra Jayfex
 -  Forgery of a diamond diadem—whose original you already stole
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-  Embroidered handkerchief, folded over a royal kiss
 -  Spectral curator of the Museum of Royal Conquest and Plunder
 -  Peculiar diplomat of the Basalt King
 -  Liver-soaked peach tree; its fruit heals the ailing old blood
 -  Bottled, enchanted Serpent Starwatcher
 -  Pickled hearts of patriarchs
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36 ROYAL SECRETS

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- Glorious hand of Kurius the Usurper, still grasping their crimson knife
 - Atlas of unconquered worlds and tearful seas.
 - Imperial Lepidoptera and their purple appetites
 - Hourglass holding five stolen centuries
 - Bleached bones of the visage-thief, Countess Karine Hoggard
 - The last manifold-gemmed egg
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- Malign mouth of the royal confessor
 - Records of the royal observatory
 - Prince Luise Jefferer, visiting for the executions
 - Gauntlet of the Abdicating Dictator
 - Heir-Apparent's special wild cartoon diet
 - Flooded Moonwell, still holding the latest victim of monarchic caresses
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- Fae princess, sealed away in a cameo; revenge for her wife's fate denied
 - Kingsguard-appointed, good old uncle Klaus, forgotten behind a wall
 - A secret hour, habitable only by those of royal blood
 - Toy meteoric-iron sword
 - Disturbing, lifelike statue of the last monarch of the previous dynasty
 - True name of the king and instructions on how to banish them
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Noble Beasts

Nobility deals in stolen power, be it by seizing the works of the people or through unlawful marriage to the land. These interlopers between the desires of the people and the power of bound nature are able to live unburdened, ostentatious existences. But they languish on borrowed time. People may rebel and take their heads, or the land may twist them into more befitting forms.

Below is a system you can use for generating aristocratic monstrosities.

First, roll a dark and light die to select the monstrosity's **desire** and **ability**:



suffering



wealth



life



dread



memories



mercy



mimic you



deliver cruelty without end



lead you astray



reveal your secrets



command enslaved nature



raise the dead

Then, roll again and add the two dice to see what **guise** the monstrosity takes:

2 innocent

5 authority

8 construct

11 incomprehensible

3 pious

6 angelic

9 law-abiding

12 awesome

4 tempter

7 telluric

10 familiar

Finally, roll again and add the two dice for its **features**:

2 badge of office

8 elaborate mask

3 blood-soaked crown

9 a sword and an orb

4 impeccably-tailored suit

10 pronounced grooves and tusks

5 intricate suit of armor

11 shining goo

6 vain nationalism

12 a dozen grasping hands

7 tiara and lappets

INCURSION

Regicide

*Let the damned of this land
Into the gilded pigsty
Let the hungry condemned
Into the final feast.*

*Upon our bones you set your tables.
Your walls divide the world.
Horns of the forest raised us up.
From twisted branches we conquer bread.*

*Turn the tables, turn the world!
We that were nothing, we will be all there is!
For tomorrow has come to this land.
And tomorrow has no use for TROPHIES.*

The gates of the Royal Palace have been breached. You are among the first to break ranks and seize the bounty the most Exalted Majesty seized for themselves. The realities of power are not what you expected.

THEME

Purple

MOMENTS

- ◇ Revolutionary chanting.
- ◇ Untarnished beauty.
- ◇ Uncanny sense of familiarity or déjà vu.
- ◇ A lifelike, painted mannequin has real hair.
- ◇ Perfect replica of your home or workplace.
- ◇ A diorama of their biggest regret.
- ◇ A perfect house, unwitting crime scene.
- ◇ Rare moment of silence, interrupted by breathing and ruffling leaves.
- ◇ A doll in the corner, missing its clothes.
- ◇ Fluttering of wings in an empty room.
- ◇ Two gilded carriages side-by-side.
- ◇ Filigree ivy, climbing decorative marble columns.

INCURSION: REGICIDE

- ◇ Ghosts of dances past.
- ◇ Music box playing in a loop.
- ◇ Majestic bed, purple curtains embroidered with gold; they do nothing to stop the sobbing.
- ◇ Scratching of fingernails into wood.
- ◇ A thousand condescending stares.
- ◇ Family portrait ripped to shreds.
- ◇ Rotten flesh mixed with saffron and roses; disturbingly sweet.
- ◇ Mute warnings from those that came before.
- ◇ Grunts and grinding as the Hall grows impatient with your insubordination.
- ◇ Purple drapery, hanging from rods and rails carved of galvanized bone.
- ◇ Bloodstains marking where you are expected to kneel.

CONDITIONS

- ◇ A nasty gash, purple and of sulphurous stench.
- ◇ Enmity of corvids.
- ◇ Compulsion to exchange clothing with one villager.
- ◇ Murmur a working song.
- ◇ Address a mannequin as one would a relative or friend.
- ◇ Obsessing with the flaws of a scene.
- ◇ Scent of warm, upturned earth.
- ◇ Itching and feathers.
- ◇ Unable to keep secrets.
- ◇ Conspiring against long-dead plots.
- ◇ Ready for the ball.
- ◇ Urge to collect shiny gossip.
- ◇ Incessant chirping.
- ◇ Regal affectations and delusions of grandeur.
- ◇ Sharp, dangerous edge that cuts both ways.
- ◇ Twisted tongue, with venom to match.
- ◇ Overburdened by loot and running out of pockets.
- ◇ Aesthetic overload.
- ◇ Claimed by the princeling.
- ◇ Zealous dedication to the royal family.
- ◇ Lost "scion" here to claim their "birthright."
- ◇ Curtsies and bows uncontrollably.
- ◇ Collects trophies and medals.
- ◇ Unable to see the color purple.
- ◇ Serpentine.

INCURSION: REGICIDE

RING 1

TERRORS: Open with the treasure-hunters making their way across the vast Royal Park which separates the upper aristocracy from mundane concerns and the consequences of misrule. The Royal Park is a charmed location, beautiful under the moonlight, filled with artificial grottoes and cascades, transplanted ancient trees, lovely arcadian huts, and marbled belvederes. The idyllic paths lead to the entrance of the Royal Palace: a red wall and a purely decorative gate, the stone decorated with intricate tiles. Those with plebeian perception of reality are assaulted by headaches and terrors as they study them.

Questions to ask the treasure-hunters:

- How did you find your way through the Royal Park?
- Which wonder do you find within, and what rumors have you heard about it?

TEMPTATIONS: Hooded lanterns illuminate a rag-tag, diverse group, armed with improvised tools and with two pikes among them. The smell of grease and sweat clings to them. They will salute the treasure-hunters and welcome them, especially if they have drinks or bread to share. They are members of the Corvine Militia, volunteers keeping nobles, loyalists, or arsonists from entering the palace. Though bored and cold, they are optimistic about the dawning future. Despite their duty, they are cordial and attempt to de-escalate any hostilities. They only raise concerns if someone is carrying flammable material or displays symbols of nobility; if that is the case, they will try to turn the treasure-hunter away, claiming they cannot allow entry to anyone that plays with matches. The Corvines will stop no one else from entering the Royal Palace—these are not the first looters they see tonight, and they will not be the last.

Questions:

- Why did you abandon the Corvine militias when it was time to storm Ambaret?
- Which of your possessions would comfort the guards?

RING 2

TEMPTATIONS: The trees thin beyond the gate, barely thick enough to preserve the seclusion of the Royal Palace. The towers and halls of the Royal Palace loom over mazes, statuary, tennis courts, and pavilions. The path takes the treasure-hunters across vegetable gardens, leading to the low, humble houses of what one would assume to be the servants' quarters.

INCURSION: REGICIDE

Treasure-hunters find instead a village, or rather, a mockery of one. A hyper-real depiction of bucolic life as seen through the eyes and imagination of the obscenely wealthy and the grotesquely powerful. Fake houses, life-scale dioramas, simple and joyful dolls and mannequins; a colorful joke at the expense of the masses.

Questions:

- What makes you realize this place is not real?
- Which precious trinket lays at the center of the village?
- Where do you find a clue to what you desire?

TERRORS: The Hunter appears. A headless huntswoman skilled in flame and axe hunts them across the mock village, slashing at meat and straw alike. It is hellbent on driving the hunters out of their hunting grounds and once the thrill of the hunt consumes them, they will only stop pursuing the treasure-hunters once they enter the Royal Palace.

Questions:

- Why do you believe the Hunter has marked you as its prize?
- What trap has the Hunter laid as you explored the village?
- Why do you fear the Royal Palace more than the Hunter?

RING 3

TERRORS: The treasure-hunters make their way to a massive ballroom, decorated with paintings of magpies on the ceiling. Each magpie is an executed courtier, bound to the painting by the secrets of the royal family. Without the cowering presence of royalty, they see an opportunity for mischief and freedom. They will try to flutter invitingly, luring the treasure-hunters. They ask if the treasure-hunter would hear their secret; if they do, the magpie can release itself from the painting and fly free. However, the Palace gains a foothold in the mind of the treasure-hunter.

Questions:

- What makes you feel small and insignificant?
- Which secrets would you rather have the magpies keep?
- Why do you return to the ballroom?

INCURSION: REGICIDE

TEMPTATIONS: All the secrets are absolute truths, but the magpies have experience twisting words and meaning. The magpies will try to manipulate the treasure-hunters into learning more, be it about their companions, about the royal family, or about the treasures within the Palace. The cursed birds will try to set up situations that can be easily resolved by letting a magpie reveal a second secret—and invite further darkness into the inquiring treasure-hunter. Once a magpie unloads its second secret, it can leave the Royal Palace.

Questions:

- What knowledge do you hope to gain?
- How has a secret eroded your drive?
- Why do you trust another treasure-hunter despite what you learned?

RING 4

TERRORS: The Royal Quarters are filled with monstrous horrors of the nobility: petulant sycophants and royal advisors. They will chase the treasure-hunters down, trying to drive them into traps. False succor presents itself as a secret passage leading into the private quarters of a forsaken princess. Ask the treasure-hunters about the children of the royal family, what object in the room confirms what they heard about the princess and what they find hidden that reveals their complex character. But this room no longer belongs to them.

Questions:

- You could swear one monstrosity got to you, but you see no wound. How do you explain this to yourself?
- Which monstrosity resembles a treasure-hunter?
- You are sure that was another human! Are they an innocent trapped within or a rival treasure-hunter? Why are they running away from you?

TEMPTATIONS: A princeling lives in the room, a living patchwork blanket of skin, eyes, silk, and ermine — a squirming assembly, a legion of discarded heirs. The princess was its last victim, but they will not be the last. It moves impossibly fast, a flat millipede with extremities of teeth and broken bone. It can fold into a ball and slingshot itself over incautious treasure-hunters. The princeling hides its monstrous nature with saffron and pine resin, playing to the treasure-hunters' assumptions. Once provoked, it will try to kill any "rival" with low Ruin and wrap itself around the last survivor, turning it into a living puppet. A dangerous horror, but the wealth of its room makes it all worthwhile. Keep dropping treasure to tempt the treasure-hunters.

INCURSION: REGICIDE

Questions:

- Which words muttered by the princeling resonate with you?
- What here is worth more than your life?
- How does the princeling attempt to convince you to support them against the Royal Patriarch?

RING 5

TERRORS: The Hall of Patriarchs is filled with portraits, statues, and funerary masks of previous monarchs, all facing the throne with stark admiration. The air reeks of perfume and rotting flesh; the soft but disquieting scratching of crass fur against silk fills the hall. Behind the throne, you can see the half-open doors of the treasury, its bounty of silver and gold awaiting liberation. As one approaches the throne, they find a figure leaning against it. Proximity delivers clarity: the figure is the statue of a decapitated triton with serpent-headed legs, awkwardly propped against the throne. Ground rotten meat, wrapped in radiant purple robes, drips from the statue's torso and oozes all over the throne. The trophy of the Heart-Beast of Kalduhr replaces the missing stone head, bleeding from its glass eyes, an iron crown hanging from its unbroken horn.

Questions:

- What remains of the last victims of the Royal Patriarch?
- Where lies the head of the triton?
- Why are you not running?

TEMPTATIONS: The Royal Patriarch promises you anything you desire. Wealth beyond measure. Lands and a title to match. A position in court. The life of your enemies. The illusion of freedom. All you need to do is kneel and kiss its ankle snakes.

Questions:

- The crown is just there, within reach. Dare you?
- How will you prove loyalty to the royal family?
- Can you bring fire to this place?

