

Hunters Who Hunger for Knowledge Forbidden

New occupations, backgrounds, drives and rituals.

The Flocculent Cathedral

A moss-covered incursion to the
hidden home of your patron saint.



TROPHY

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Hunters Who Hunger for Knowledge Forbidden

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

You may add the following additional options to the starting treasure-hunters, or fully replace one or more lists for a moss-specific adventure that leans more on Lovecraftian tropes than OSR fantasy tropes.

OCCUPATIONS

Assassin (*skilled in stealth, murder, misdirection*)

Historian (*skilled in translation, research, engineering*)

Laborer (*skilled in brawling, construction, hauling*)

Messenger (*skilled in wrestling, navigation, evasion*)

BACKGROUNDS

Bankrupted Merchant (*skilled in haggling*)

Discredited Academic (*skilled in disputation*)

Disgraced Courtesan (*skilled in flattery*)

Disowned Heir (*skilled in debauchery*)

Humiliated Gladiator (*skilled in dueling*)

Impeached Official (*skilled in lying*)



DRIVES

Take revenge upon the Sultan of Borobudur

Restore the Temple of Tanahlot

Repay your debt to the Chieftan of Ubud

Resurrect the Cult of Derawan

Humiliate the Chancellor of Yogyakarta Lyceaum

Free the serfs of Bandung Prefecture

RITUALS

Bottle (*force a spirit into an object*)

Germinate (*compel plants to furious growth*)

Mirror (*take on the form of a known person or animal*)

Obscure (*hide a person or object from spirits*)

Repel (*push away animals or people with spiritual force*)

Smite (*strike a being or object with a spiritual weapon*)

INCURSION

The Flocculent Cathedral

*Saint who spilled their blood for me
Lain in flocculent reverie
I seek your light upon my brow
I would be your Trophy now.*

*Chained within this dank domain
Your relics all that I retain
All your teachings I avow
I would be your Trophy now.*

*This foul entombment of your will!
I would not see you slumber still!
No quarter to what men allow!
TAKE ME AS YOUR TROPHY NOW!*

THEME

Moss

MOMENTS




Choose any of these as the situation demands, or roll for a random option.









- Two dessicated corpses sit across from each other atop a flat rock; the rotted remains of a picnic lunch laid out between them. Each has a hand placed in the other's mouth, which is filled with a fistful of loamy soil.
- Two dozen skulls, their tops neatly sawed off, have been arranged to form planters from which garishly-colored carnivorous pitcher plants grow; fat iridescent horse-flies buzz languidly around them.
- A broad, shallow pond filled to capacity with foot-long koi, each with a thick, mottled coat of slimy, multi-colored moss covering it like fur.

INCURSION: THE FLOCCULENT CATHEDRAL



-  An ancient but still-standing well of rough but carefully-fit moss-covered stones. A powerful smell of damp mold rises from it. Fat violet slugs line the inside stones where the sun does not fall.
-  The remains of a campsite atop a vast soft bed of turquoise moss. Ragged, rotting bits and pieces of tattered and trampled gear are scattered across it. A powerful smell of animal musk hangs in the air.
-  At the foot of a high waterfall, a cold river thunders down to form a large pool, the water tinted a soft dull green. Drinking it tastes like eating a fistful of ground-up grass, but it is not poisonous. The pool is filled with tiny, sickly, albino freshwater crawfish, their claws oversized and twisted.

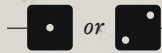








-  A wide, shallow pool perhaps 60 feet across, filled to overflowing with clutches of frog eggs the size of robins' eggs.
-  A handful of ancient practice dummies stand in ankle-deep bog. They have been impaled with rusting swords, rotting arrows, and splintered spears. Sprays of dark red moss grow from the "wounds" in a pattern reminiscent of bloodstains, as thick clouds of tiny crimson gnats hover around them.
-  A moss-covered wall of ancient stones, waist-high, extends in a jagged line in both directions, disappearing into the woods. The wall moans softly for a few moments if any stones are removed.
-  Three leather-armored corpses, their helms staved in, lie in the root cluster behind a huge tree drowning in Spanish moss. A massive, intricate spider web glistens between their bodies. Exactly 13, three-inch-long emerald-green spiders scuttle along its strands.
-  The oddly-shaped arch that rises a score of feet over the trail is actually a pair of colossal antlers, overgrown with dull brown moss. Digging into the soil below the arch reveals a hard surface the color and consistency of bone.
-  The messily-decapitated head of an ancient, colossal statue lies face-up to the sky, half-sunken in the wet soil. Brackish, algae-scummed water fills its gaping mouth and pools in its eyes. A thick cloud of dragonflies, iridescent green and blue, copulate in mid-air as they flit above.

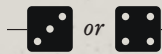
INCURSION: THE FLOCCULENT CATHEDRAL







CONDITIONS

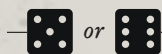
Choose any of these as the situation demands, or roll for a random option.





-  Colors wash out and everything has a patina of dull green. Anything already green shows as verdant, almost glowing.
-  A minor wound you took now seems to have a permanent cloud of tiny, bright, crimson gnats hovering around it.
-  Every step feels as if something viscous and lukewarm squeezes between the toes of your left foot.
-  Your clothing and armor sprouts a fine coat of reddish tendrils, soft to the touch, that sways gently to an unseen breeze.
-  A wet crackling sound, as of maggots feasting on a corpse, rises in your ears whenever you approach within arms reach of your companions.
-  Sticky spider webs, populated with tiny, barely-discernible dull green spiders, have sprouted between your fingers.

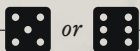






-  Strands of thick, foul-smelling kudzu spring from the wood of your weapons and tools. It grows back in a few minutes if you remove it.
-  Your teeth fall out one by one and thick, fibrous morels grow in to replace them.
-  A smell of mold permeates every breath. Actual mold smells like spilled wine left to turn.
-  Whenever your blood is spilled, it can be seen to contain masses of barely-visible tadpoles swimming slowly through it.
-  Hair on your body grows wetter and heavier until it is soaked through and dripping. No matter what you do it will not dry out.
-  Sounds suddenly becomes muffled, indistinct, distant. Digging in your ear will reveal they are thickly packed with dark green moss. Digging out the moss provides only a few minutes of relief before it starts to build up again.



-  Your feet are slowly curling and hardening into cloven, moss-covered hooves. Any footwear causes excruciating pain.
-  Your tongue begins to fold in half and grow sticky. You are unable to hold down any food that is not insects.

INCURSION: THE FLOCCULENT CATHEDRAL



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-  Your tongue now slowly slides back and forth across your mouth of its own volition. Examination reveals it has tiny, dark protuberances like a slug's antennae jutting from its tip.
 -  The dirt ground under your fingernails is visibly working its way under the entire length of your nails. You can feel it stuck there.
 -  Any significant impact on your skin leaves an ugly, visible indentation as if there were just loose soil underneath.
 -  Whenever you exhale, a visible cloud of fine, dull green spores spews out with your breath.
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RING 1

TERRORS: A gang of forest bandits, lurking in a mangrove maze on the edge of the Mire to evade the militia. They are, at a glance, filthy and degenerate, but at least well-fed: the forest provides, for a price. The mismatched pieces of militia regalia and gear they openly wear indicate they are hard folk used to defying authority with force of arms.

What sign does each treasure-hunter notice that living on the edge of the Mire takes it toll on those who dwell here in a way that city life never would?

They allow any who enter in peace to join them in revelry, but demand tribute to pass into the ring beyond. They can be bought off for the right price, beaten back by sufficient force, or waited out until they fall into a drunken stupor. Either way, their wheezing, sickly laughter will ring in the characters' ears as they pass deeper into the forest.

One or more of the bandits may be induced to travel with the treasure-hunters under sufficient duress or inducement, but they will not prove reliable, able, or durable companions. Wield them appropriately.

TEMPTATIONS: The bandits sing drunken songs and shanties about those who found their way to the Flocculent Cathedral but promptly squandered the riches they brought back from the depths of the Gloaming Mire before it managed to reclaim what was stolen, by sorcery, trickery, or simple ill fortune. The songs can be heard echoing through the mangroves as the treasure-hunters approach, and snatches caught on the wind in later rings after they leave.

What overheard bit of doggerel verse does each treasure-hunter take note of that reminds them of their background, and how will it help them avoid the fate of those other poor fools who were motivated only by greed?

INCURSION: THE FLOCCULENT CATHEDRAL

RING 2

TERRORS: The treasure-hunters pass out of the mangrove maze and into an area of thick brambles and stunted trees with marshy soil.

Thick swarms of buzzing, biting, and stinging insects beset the characters from all corners. The bugs get in eyes, ears, hair, mouth. Masses of centipedes writhe around their feet and wriggle into their boots. They swarm so thickly that characters lose sight of each other and stumble into bogs and brambles. They buzz so loudly, characters must bellow to be heard above the cacophony. They may be hidden from or driven off for a few moments, but each time they return more persistent than before until the characters escape the ring.

TEMPTATIONS: Shrines, set along the path, each depicting an effigy of one of the Sisters worshipped in the Flocculent Cathedral. Each treasure-hunter should describe the Sister who is a patron saint of their occupation in a sentence or two when her shrine is discovered. They may give her a name or simply call her "The Holy Mother of [Occupation]." Take note of their descriptions. These oases provide a temporary reprieve from the swarms, which seem unable to approach within 7 feet of each one.

RING 3

TERRORS: A narrow band of stone outcrops and more solid ground provides a place to get a view of the woods ahead and the large area left behind.

The ordeal with the swarms have left the treasure-hunters ill and feverish. They fall in a heap and experience terrible fever dreams of drowning and disintegration before myriad mandibles and stingers. When they awake, each has been visibly scarred by their encounter.

What outward manifestation of the malignancy of the swarm lingers in the treasure-hunter to each player's left? How will it threaten your success if not kept in check? (Players may roll randomly on the Conditions list if they don't have an idea they like for this.)

TEMPTATIONS: You discover somewhere on your person or amongst your gear that a loved one or friend has included a physical token to remind you of your drive. What is it, and what one- or two-sentence memory does it evoke?

INCURSION: THE FLOCCULENT CATHEDRAL

RING 4

TERRORS: Thick, gnarled cypress trees, draped with copious moss of all sorts. It's easy to get separated, and there are thick networks of roots underfoot.

A colossal rutting stag the color of jade, 15 feet high at the shoulder, its rack of razor-sharp antlers overgrown with thick moss and lichen. Its nostrils spew clouds of foul-smelling spores that will poison any who inhale them. It appears suddenly from behind a gigantic tree, and though it approached silently, its hooves shake the ground when it charges.

Former treasure-hunters, bloated and reeking of rot. Hundreds of black and purple mushrooms the color of ugly bruises sprout everywhere from their skin. They squat around a long-dead campfire in some reenactment of their former life. They gurgle your names in a parody of human speech. There is one for each of you, bearing some rotting or rusted signifier of your profession, and they pursue doggedly unto the threshold of the Cathedral.

Visions of the other patron saints appear to each character, and plead with them to reach the Cathedral first. They will suggest "hidden paths" and "shortcuts" that lead to sucking bogs, quicksand, and harrowing, leg-breaking falls into gullies and pits.

TEMPTATIONS: Visible through the trees, glints of silver and jade.

You can hear hymns in the voice of the Fen. The Cathedral itself is a natural grove of colossal, tightly-packed trees, utterly overgrown with thick layers of moss and lichen many feet thick. They encrust the tiny gaps between the boughs, but you can just make out the smooth altar of meteoric iron, the delicately-wrought silver candelabra, the intricate statues that make up the Stations of the Saints. A heavy tome, bound in verdant green leather and banded in intricately worked copper, rests on the smooth stone lectern. And surrounding it all, stone pews draped in thick moss, decadent and somnolent.

There are but two remaining entrances to the Cathedral: in through the dizzying height of the bell tower, after climbing the sloping sides to the roof, a thick thatch of detritus fallen from above, fecund moss, and packed leaves, to the heights of the tower itself, a single massive hollow tree, from which bone-shattering falls are all too likely. Or, by plunging into the pool and swimming through the sluice that feeds the Cathedral's well. It is twisty, pitch-black, and narrow, and only the strongest swimmers will be able to keep from drawing breath while submerged.

INCURSION: THE FLOCCULENT CATHEDRAL

RING 5

TERRORS: The saints fully manifest, looming over each character in a monstrous distortion of their previous beauty. Each character sees hideous apparitions hovering over the others, in contrast to the beatific figure revealed to them. Ask them how their saint is even more sublime than they understood, and what the fell spirit that possesses the treasure-hunter of the player to their left looks like.

The saints demand action, now, and deliver visions: in the well, on the pages of the tome, in the flickering light of the candles. Visions of their companions not only seeing their drives fulfilled, but casually partaking of the fruits of the treasure-hunters drive as well! These reveries lead to Ruin....

TEMPTATIONS: The saints show the treasure-hunters the object of their fondest desires, locked away in the crypts below, buried beneath the altar, grown into the wood of the walls, resting at the bottom of the font, suspended in webs in the rafters. All that's required, in the end, is blood. Blood to open the crypt, blood to part the waters, blood to peel back the boughs. Blood that has come from outside, that has been tempered by the Fen. The more they can spill, the easier their path; the saints are very clear on this.

