



Desperate Hunters in the Thrall of Plunder

New occupations, backgrounds, drives, and rituals.

Thirty-Six Remnants of Hunters Past

Traces of treasure-hunters here before you.

The Forest of Blades

The dead still march in this incursion
to an ancient field of battle.



TROPHY

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Desperate Hunters in the Thrall of Plunder

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

OCCUPATIONS

Knight (*skilled in combat, fortitude, athletics*)

Marksman (*skilled in sharpshooting, surveillance, tracking*)

Scavenger (*skilled in appraisal, foraging, escape*)

Smith (*skilled in maintenance, repair, crafting*)

BACKGROUNDS

Abandoned Veteran (*skilled in warfare*)

Fugitive Servant (*skilled in evasion*)

Grief-Stricken Poet (*skilled in words*)

Penniless Scholar (*skilled in history*)





DRIVES

Retrieve the lost banner of the Nameless Legion

Find the resting ground of the Morning Knight

Restore the name of your scandal-stricken family

Establish an inn at the Velanti crossroads

RITUALS

Kindle (*produce fire from oneself*)

Numb (*reduce sensation within a body*)







Wail (*produce a disorientating sound*)







Wither (*reduce flora to ash and rot*)









Thirty-Six Remnants of Hunters Past

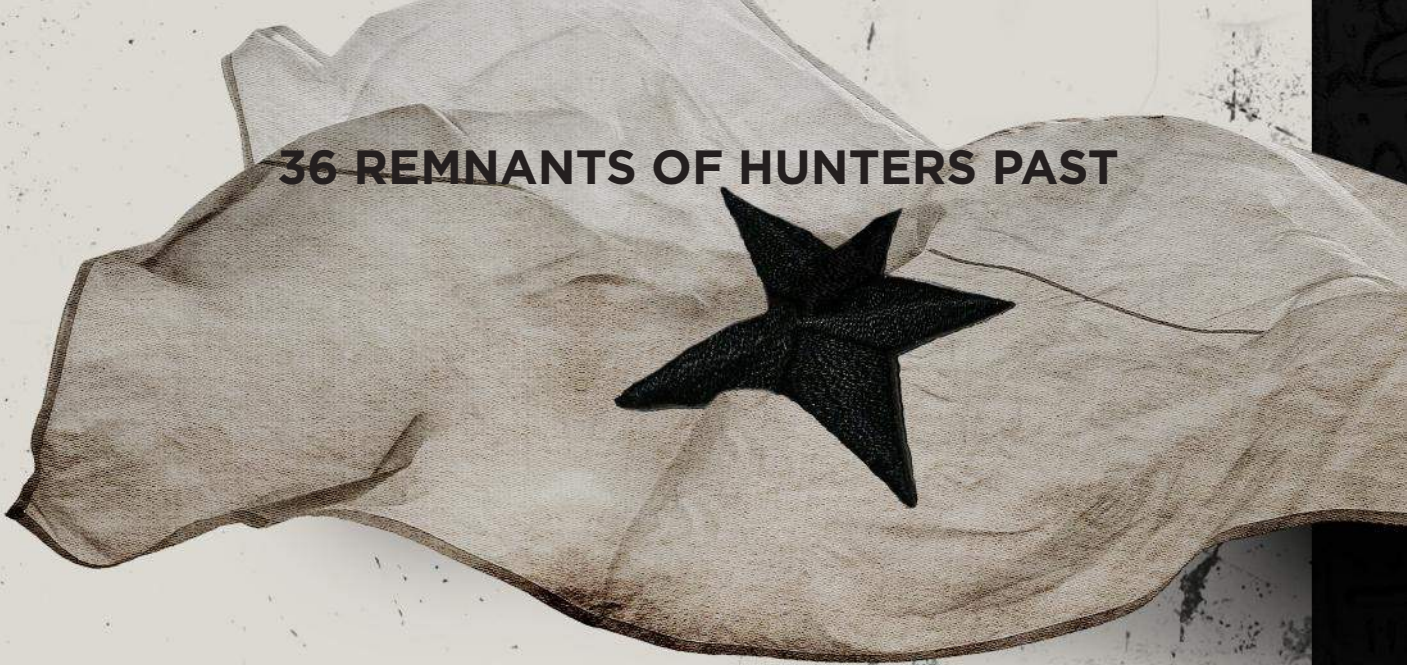
You are not the first to venture into this forest. You surely won't be the last. When a hunter is certain and confident of their course, roll a dark and light die to remind them of the doom others found here.







-  Sagging headstone made of branches and mud.
-  Hollowed-out tree trunk full of loose coins and scraps of clothing.
-  A trail of arrows leading you out of the forest.
-  The flag of an old nation, black star on white, hanging limply off a branch.
-  A scattered path of knives, the blades worn down to the hilt.
-  The remains of a makeshift barricade, splinters of wood covered thick with blood.







-  Small, buried chest of fake jewels, glass glittering in the sun.
-  Hooks embedded on a tree, used to climb to relative safety.
-  Wet campfire put out by a strange, luminescent liquid.
-  Names in another language, desperately carved on the soil itself.
-  Lonely skeleton, curled up in a cave, fingers gripping tightly on a rotted crossbow.
-  Putrified, gray hand grasping out of the ground, rings of royalty on the fingers.







-  Boot prints in the mud, sizzling with smoke.
-  Ancient tapestry, riotous in colors and history, converted into makeshift hammocks.
-  Huddle of burnt corpses surrounding a funeral pyre, arms around each other.
-  Cartographer's satchel, filled with potentially useful tools, covered with dark ichor.
-  Bouquet of flowers from every corner of the world, planted on the ground like a sentinel.
-  Ratty journal, detailing a youth's hopes and dreams of winning their beloved's hand.

36 REMNANTS OF HUNTERS PAST



-  Collection of small religious icons arranged into a shrine, each icon familiar to the party.
-  Lit candles melted into the surface, reduced to nubs.
-  Upturned chest of clothes, beautiful finery turned threadbare by the elements.
-  Scarecrow of rusted armor, hung on branches and bones.
-  Locket abandoned on the soil, containing a picture of someone precious.
-  Cooking utensils left behind, used to cook some foul-smelling substance.

-  Unrecognisable corpses chewed upon and stripped to the bone.
-  Paintings daubed in blood, warnings to the foolhardy.
-  Battered, punctured iron helm thrown haphazardly to the ground.
-  Activated steel traps on the ground, barbs glistening with gristle.
-  A lonely verse from nowhere, the last breath of a dying fool.
-  Map of the area written in another language, annotated with desperate scribbles.

-  Empty, makeshift stretcher, stained and worn.
-  Upturned bottles of liquor, spilled in a hurry.
-  The scent of vomit permeating the ground.
-  A sword broken violently in two.
-  Satchel full of stale, mouldy fruit and bread.
-  Weather-beaten lyre used to fill the silence with song.

INCURSION

The Forest of Blades

It's an old story but an enticing one. The day of shattered skies and broken steel, when warriors mighty in power and prestige proved their worth and a thousand blades clashed. Scholars and priests differ on who led what side or what the battle was even about. Hence, its many names: the Sunset War, the Battle of Kalhmadur, the Skies Asunder, and more. The one thing they agree on: the battle was on a scale beyond what any today could imagine.

A forest now grows upon that ancient battlefield. The old stories say that within that forest lay powerful artifacts, weapons crafted to smite the ground and tear the sky apart—not to mention heirlooms of the past, the booty of soldiers still unclaimed. Any soul brave enough and clever enough to negotiate the forest would surely come out with a sizeable bounty. But the stories warn that the forest has been watered by the blood of the dead. And the dead prefer to be undisturbed.

THEME

War

MOMENTS

- ◇ Starved, emaciated dogs feast noisily and happily on what seems to be fresh corpses.
- ◇ A wet, sticky fog that smells of rust and tastes of blood, engulfing your path.
- ◇ The slow, rhythmic marching of boots on marshy ground, always just past the trees.
- ◇ You hear the crying, snivelling, pleas of a warrior at death's door in the distance.
- ◇ A patch of land full of frozen, grasping hands poking from the dirt.
- ◇ A row of graves, hastily dug—still fresh—with nothing but swords for headstones.
- ◇ Trees sprouting from rusted armor, branches twisted to look like arms, bark curled into despairing faces.

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- ◇ A man recently dead, pinned to a tree by a storm of arrows, eyes gazing desperately at you.
- ◇ The flowers hum marching tunes, songs to keep the spirits up in desperate times.
- ◇ Carrion birds follow your every step, waiting for their next feast.
- ◇ The sky is perpetually unseen, covered in a dry, colorless fog, twisting one's perception of time.
- ◇ A ditch of bones, bleached with age, skeletons trying to climb over each other.
- ◇ A path is paved in broken swords and shields, blades sticking out of the ground.
- ◇ The whistling of arrows passing close to your ear, close enough to have been a headshot.
- ◇ Empty suits of armor litter the forest floor, reeking in rot, blooming in fungi.

CONDITIONS

- ◇ Footing becomes imbalanced as the ground seemingly becomes uneven under your feet.
- ◇ You hear the din of battle constantly, the screaming and the clashing overwhelming your senses.
- ◇ The stench of rot refuses to escape your nostrils, no matter how hard you try.
- ◇ You find yourself suddenly covered in a combination of blood and mud.
- ◇ Color is increasingly becoming more and more bleached in your vision.
- ◇ A desperate need to return home—back to comfort and civilization—grips you.
- ◇ Movement becomes much heavier and harder, as if over-encumbered by armor and fatigue.
- ◇ You lose hearing suddenly, leaving you with nothing but a high-pitched whistle.
- ◇ The sobbing of a loved one, wishing for your presence, invades your ears.
- ◇ You feel a trickle of blood seeping from your body, staining your clothes, seemingly out of nowhere.
- ◇ Your vision narrows to a tunnel, leading towards a sight of home you can never reach, no matter how hard you run for it.
- ◇ Scars start appearing all over your body, each with a memory of how they came to be.

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- ◇ You see what seems to be soldiers coming for you always in the corner of your eye but never actually there.
- ◇ Time seems to stretch out, every second becoming an hour, every minute an eternity.
- ◇ You begin having memories of dying, in myriad violent ways. A sword to the gut. An arrow to the face. A slow, drawn-out death through blood loss.

RING 1

TERRORS: The edge of the forest is guarded by a ragged band of warriors, wearing mismatched armor and wielding rusty blades. They claim to be the “shield of the forest”, remnants of a once-mighty company of warriors, now reduced to guarding the graves of their forefathers. Their raiment is old, meant to evoke the noble soldiers of the past they now claim to protect. Emphasize their nature as living ghosts, clinging to ancient tales.

Though they will brook no negotiation, these warriors are clearly pathetic scum. They will be no trouble for the treasure-hunters if they choose to engage in combat. Contrast the treasure-hunters, well-equipped and ready, to these poor sods clinging to the past. How they deal with these warriors will set the tone for the rest of the adventure, i.e. meet violence with violence or slipping past them.

TEMPTATIONS: The warriors will boast about the prowess of their forefathers, the craft of their weapons, and the power of their magic. One will claim to have a cracked ring that used to contain magical power. Whoever gets their hands on it gets a sizzle, a shock of energy that briefly fills up their senses before fading entirely. Ask whoever claims it what power that could be, and ask everyone else what they would do with such power. Ask the players what they know of the battle that created this wood and how it ended. Let them define what each character believes to be the tale of what occurred on this land.

RING 2

TERRORS: The trees quickly occlude the sky, obscuring the senses, forcing the treasure-hunters to produce light. If they break for camp, they will find no signs of daylight, only an omnipresent fog and trees watching over them like sentinels. Emphasize the loneliness, the lack of fauna in view. But don't fill

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their journey with silence. There's always a shuffling of feet, a plaintive cry, a gentle whistling just inside their awareness. Emphasize the inability to know what's over the edge, where the horizon could be. There's always something in the corner of their eye. The uncertainty that is the fog of war has claimed them.

Keep the hunters moving using aural phenomena: the snivelling of a wounded soldier dying, the cheerful rhythms of ghostly marching tunes just beyond the trees. Keep them guessing and reacting feverishly to each perceived threat.

TEMPTATIONS: The treasure-hunters find the remnants of a well-trodden war camp full of rotted tents, hastily-erected battlements, corpses stripped of their loot, and a lonely bonfire still lit by a broken staff. The bonfire will resist all attempts to douse it. Some diligent searching from the hunters may find other bits of treasure in this camp, somehow still here despite the years. But make such searching a Risk Roll and be ready to keep the above Terrors in mind should a failure or complication be invoked.

With this clear sight of magical power from the bonfire, ask the characters what they expected to find in the forest. Let them define what it is they've come here for. Why seek the loot of the dead? Why seek treasure wreathed in blood and violence? Here is a chance to firm up their reasons for coming into this forest.

RING 3

TERRORS: The forest begins to thin out, paths suddenly widening out. Ask them for signs of what movements, what changes would an army visit upon the landscape. They will come across a run-down inn, derelict and abandoned to the elements, but seemingly intact, a perfect place to take refuge in. It is a cold and barren place, barely standing but chock full of sad tales.

Any seemingly-worthless treasure looted from the first two rings begins to crackle with power as the party gets closer to the center. That treasure disappears from the one who claimed it and appears in the pack of the one who wants it.

TEMPTATIONS: Remnants fill the walls inside the inn, not just of the battle from millennia past but of other hunters as well, past adventurers with maybe the same hopes, the same fervent desires as those in our party of treasure-hunters. Have them reiterate and reinforce why they came to this forest. Contrast

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those hopes with the remains in the inn. This used to be a place of refuge until war and death swept through it. Remind them of whatever home they might have outside the wood. What did our hunters leave behind to come here?

RING 4

TERRORS: The dead begin to wake up. Warriors reminiscent of those from Ring 1 attack the party, laying siege upon the inn, far more deadly and terrifying than their sad descendants. This sudden attack should drive our hunters out of the inn. These are soldiers far from the epicenter of the battle; not so much crazed undead but deserters, hungry and desperate to escape. They see the hunters as an impediment to that escape and will try to kill them, wielding magnificent and terrifying weapons in doing so. Evoke the party's wants, expressed in earlier rings, with what these soldiers wield. They try not so much to kill the party but to drive them towards the epicenter of the forest.

However they manage to escape from the inn, the treasure-hunters will find that the forest has come to life with the drippings of the dead. Animals made from corpses and steel harass the party. Shambling suits of armor stuffed with vines and viscera appear. They see the party as aberrations, incongruous examples of *life* when everything here has long since passed. They seek to drive these aberrations to the edges of the last ring, which should hopefully claim them. Emphasize the stench and the rot of dead flesh here. These aren't ethereal ghosts, this is the raw matter of the dead attacking the treasure-hunters.

TEMPTATIONS: The treasure-hunters suddenly find themselves in a large, open field. The sky is still obscured, but in the distance, they can see a small beacon of light, much like the bonfire they found earlier, beckoning them forward. They just have to cross a large, foggy field where they can hear—and sometimes glimpse—the signs of battle still happening, crazed warriors forever locked in combat, who see everything as a threat.

The run towards the beacon of light will be difficult. The fog occludes obstacles such as trenches, barricades, piles of corpses squirming as they try to extract themselves from each other, never-ending melees. The whistling of arrows, the relentless clash of steel, the desperate pleading of the damned, they permeate the air and surround the party. But the end is in sight. They just have to run fast and don't look back.

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RING 5

TERRORS: The light is coming from a funeral pyre within a small fort town, preserved well against the elements. There are living cadavers here, only they bear familiar faces. Some are the treasure-hunters' family or loved ones, figures from their past. Some are other groups of treasure-hunters, cackling madly over their ill-gotten gains. Some are just warriors, soldiers stuck between life and death, hollowed out. Here, you're allowed to break a fundamental rule of the game: these monstrosities are named. They're not shambling, faceless undead. They were people. They had lives and aspirations and names. Until death, cruel and pitiless, came for them.

The denizens of this fort town will not attack the treasure-hunters on sight. Instead, they reenact their time in the living, muttering and cursing to themselves. Have these corpses speak truths that haven't been spoken out loud yet. The town itself warps into recreations of the party members' past, trying to confuse and divide them. Make no pretence that this is different from reality. This is *their* world now, too. The forest has long since gorged on the fears of the party and are ready to let them bloom.

TEMPTATIONS: These walking corpses will each have something valuable on them. Connect these treasures to the wants of the characters, expressed in earlier rings. Have the corpses holding these treasures connect to the backstory of whichever character confronts them. Describe these treasures in detail—their make, their power, and their value. If these weapons have true power, use them to warp the surroundings, demonstrating their strength. Bring these treasures just within reach, but ensure they'll have to fight in order to get their hands on them. The parting with whatever treasure they hold will be horrible and traumatic for the cadaver holding it. Deny a happy ending.

