

Thirty-Six Treasures Beyond Our Sphere

Strange items from another world.

Hellish Sorcery

New rituals.

The Pit

An incursion where light don't shine
and hate calls home.














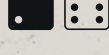
TROPHY







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Thirty-Six Treasures Beyond Our Sphere

When a treasure-hunter finds an otherworldly object, roll a dark and light die to describe their peculiar discovery.







-  Fragmented sphere that exerts a constant pull. Heat increases the force.
 -  Jar of puce paste the texture of ground fish. Grows fingernails when you aren't looking.
 -  Small, clear box holding sod and strange plantlife. It grows happily.
 -  Single high-heeled shoe carved from gemstone. Looking at it too long hurts.
 -  Key made from iridescent steel, an orgy runs down its length.
 -  Sheets of unbendable metal with astronomical figures etched into them.
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-  Lacquered, cross sectioned brain that holds thoughts like a message in a bottle.
 -  Rusty coin. You catch a cold. Your skin gets harder as your fever rises.
 -  Heavy metallic box with a spinning knob and locked lid. Something rattles inside.
 -  Round lens shows an alien landscape, red of tooth and claw.
 -  Incorruptible jaw and tongue belonging to one of the Sisters.
 -  Star-shaped blade that hurts when you look at it and sounds like meat tearing.
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-  Porcelain cube endlessly chiming strings of numbers.
 -  Aggressively territorial, bejewelled mud daubers that use flesh as nests.
 -  Bottle full of amber fluid. Smells like burning plastic. Highly hallucinogenic.
 -  Fully articulated steel hand with six fingers and coiled blades in the palm.
 -  Smooth metallic brooch that makes a chirping noise when you squeeze it.
 -  Helmet within a helm. Nests of wires suspend the inner helm while the outer helm sports a six-spoked wheel sigil.
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36 TREASURES BEYOND OUR SPHERE



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-  Pair of spheres that burn hotter the closer they get.
 -  Ornate stand holding a mundane candle. You see your doom in the flames.
 -  Clockwork scarab which burns an incomplete map when wound. It's numbered "4."
 -  Hollow blade harvested from plants found in the Barrens. It sweats a paralytic toxin.
 -  Hand-painted hourglass with a hairline crack. Most of the gem dust inside has leaked out.
 -  Iron frame as large as a person. It burns white hot with a long lost command word.

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-  Clot of flesh beats with an internal rhythm. Coraline arteries rise from the surface.
 -  Metallic slab with raised bumps covering one side. Ritual sigils label each one.
 -  Beating mass of clay, shelf mushrooms, and moss resembling a human heart.
 -  Leathery animal bladder leaks wisps of mist. Breathing it frees you from sleep for a time.
 -  A bowl warm to the touch. A cheerful voice speaks when the bowl is filled with blood.
 -  Glass womb for growing a homunculus without resorting to sorcery.

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-  Small statue of a four-legged chimera. An unintelligible phrase is carved in its flank.
 -  Steel orb with a hole in one side. It lights up on contact with your bare skin.
 -  Smooth-lined chest in a pleasing teal color. It hums softly and feels cool to the touch.
 -  Collection of myriad runes and protective symbols made of an unidentifiable material.
 -  Ornate ring with a secret catch. The hatch emits a burning ray.
 -  Crown of upraised hands laced together with copper wire. You feel spirit hands reach out while your physical ones hang uselessly.
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Hellish Sorcery

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

RITUALS

Brimstone (*grow scorching hot to the touch*)

Carve (*alter someone or something via sorcerous subtraction*)

Challenge (*force an opponent to make a choice: freeze, back off, or draw steel*)

Crucible (*heat a metallic object to melting*)

Fault (*strike the weakest point of a physical object with phantasmal force*)

Feather (*reduce the density of an object*)

Inscribe (*create or alter a written or carved message*)



INCURSION

The Pit

*Ten years ago, 'neath the bleak sky
Ruby red stars fell from on high*

*Oh the sun was choked by smoky haze
People thought it was the end of days*

*Howlin' for saving they've yet to earn
You're my next witch to burn*

— *“The Inquisitor’s Lament” Verse 1*

Over Fort Duhrin’s walls and beyond the awful woods lie the Barrens, unwatched by the Sisters. Once rolling grasslands are now shambling knolls; land, beasts, bodies, and minds twisted by the impact of a fallen star. Despite the inquisitors’ best efforts, doomsday cults grew among the warped, led by prophets and doomsayers. They bought treasures from hunters for foul rites held in basements and back rooms before leaving the gossamer safety of civilization to mysteriously vanish into the trackless waste.

It seems they have returned, led by the mysterious *Sybil* and set on terrorizing the area. Waylaying caravans. Killing militia patrols. Looking for something. Now you have returned as well. You fought through Kaldhur but this cabal snatched your prize away.

Now the cabal flees across the Barrens, and the treasure-hunters follow.

THEME

Hell

INCURSION: THE PIT

MOMENTS

- ◇ A shrike spears a mouse onto thorns; the beast bleeds but the dust doesn't drink.
- ◇ When the hunters go to collect water, they find mirages and heatshimmers.
- ◇ Wounds don't bleed much. They trickle. There isn't enough fluid.
- ◇ Vultures are pulling apart a corpse piecemeal. Layer by layer; skin and fat and muscle and bones and offal. Intestines uncoil and glisten.
- ◇ If you look closely, the hills surrounding the Pit resemble blackened bodies clinging together.
- ◇ A Thing bleats with pain and panic at the bottom of a fall. Its back half is twisted 'round.
- ◇ A muddy light flickers from a fallen torch. It burns cool and dry, providing respite from the oppressive humidity.
- ◇ A stark black obelisk, scarred with the cabal's brand, glows with a faint white outline.
- ◇ Scorched skeletons tangled among weapons, insignia of the King's Rangers around their necks: explorers sent to investigate the fallen star out here in the Barrens.
- ◇ Leaning against a wall to catch their breath, cooked muscle and skin strips off the hunter.
- ◇ An initiate's corpse stapled to the wall is easily overlooked until a low, pulpy pop is heard. The skull bursts and well-done brains dribble to the floor.
- ◇ Cords slither, snakelike, from pitted holes in the walls, seeking to bury their exposed, blunt plugs in hunters' moist bodies.

CONDITIONS

- ◇ A row of scabby orifices pucker down your back. Pleasurable to touch.
- ◇ Three barbed claws burst from your wrist, ruining your hand. Useless fingers and palm meat slowly sweat away.
- ◇ Lights bright as fire burn you. Nothing else hurts anymore.
- ◇ Skin on your extremities peels, onion-like. The fat drips oily, and the muscle is now wound steel twine.
- ◇ A faint tearing noise as your eye blossoms, while mucus and tears trickle down your face. Rods and cones sway like fronds in the sweaty breeze.
- ◇ Hornlike growths rise from your temples and you can "see" through them.
- ◇ Your companions' steadily rising heartbeats stir your hunger.

INCURSION: THE PIT

- ◇ Cartilage and body fat melts away, leaving waxy build up in the corners of your equipment.
- ◇ The light of a furnace can be seen in the back of your throat. Teeth burn red hot and scorch your lips.
- ◇ You find new tastes in the air and take to flicking your tongue in and out. Greed is umami.
- ◇ A desire to punish and torment rises within you.

RING 1

TERRORS: The treasure-hunters are chasing the sorcerous cabal.

- What did the cabal run away with? It must be very precious for the treasure-hunters to give chase.
- How is the cabal outpacing the hunters?

The Forest's blood-flushed foliage thinned out awhile ago, ceding the landscape to fierce yaupon, fleshy yucca, and rugged hackberry trees. Soft loam parts before shale's hard edge. Cabal initiates lie in wait for the treasure-hunters with bow and ritual at the ready as the hunters skirt a sunbaked canyon.

- Ask the treasure-hunters about the companions left behind to die in the woods. Draw parallels between the initiates they're actively fighting and the abandoned they passively killed.
- What is the cabal's brand?

Though they aren't difficult to defeat, be sure to offer Devil's Bargains, and bloody the hunters' noses with cursed arrows, buffeting winds, or a swarm of ensorcelled snakes.

TEMPTATIONS: The initiates utter prayers and incantations with dying breaths, beseeching their patron for aid as the hunters liberate their spirits with steel. "Let me look upon your face!" and "Shine your face upon me!" are words the initiates might cry. Ask the hunters questions about who really initiated their drives.

- How does the stolen treasure intersect with their drive? Liberation? Revenge?
- What have they heard about the Sybil?

INCURSION: THE PIT

RING 2

TERRORS: The sun hides behind the horizon as the treasure-hunters arrive at the Pit. The opening yawns wide, a half-ring of uneven stone pillars akin to rotting teeth. Weather-worn curses and warnings mar their surfaces and the cabal's brand, freshly-carved, gazes out at them.

- What are signs this place is forsaken by the Sisters?

A hot breeze periodically rolls out from the entrance.

- Do the hunters press into the night below or huddle together for warmth? If they camp, no one finds rest, their dreams dominated by sweltering heat.

Pressing past the entrance, the hunters quickly begin tracking dirt through pitted and pebbled metallic passages. A maze of rust-sharpened fangs. A low jale light emanates from the seams. Not enough to see by, just enough to cast everything in feverish tinge.

- What are the signs the cabal leave behind as they flee?

The torchlight seems to shrink from the darkness. It's easy to get lost in the labyrinth; it's all canted at odd angles, and the floor could drop out suddenly.

TEMPTATIONS: A portion of flooring comes apart in a cloud beneath the hunters' weight, dropping some of them into a box bristling with tines and a freshly-mangled cabalist. Something wrong stirs the characters' memories.

- Where were you when the star fell?
- What awfulness stemmed from that dreadful night, and how does the corpse carry those marks?

Take notes, for the monstrosities of Ring 4 will also bear the taint.

RING 3

TERRORS: Cabling and cordage dangle from the ceiling and wall, poking up through corroded plating. Hunters heedless with their footing sink like quicksand. The light grows stronger from fully-exposed pinpricks and suffuses frothy mist rising from the black intestines, its moist warmth no succor from the heat. The mist strangles the hunters' torches, rots their waterskins, and pits exposed metal. Thickening, clotting, and cloying.

INCURSION: THE PIT

In the voluptuous hues, shadows and movement become deeper. Richer. Suggestive. Tempting the hunters with a whisper of unearthly delights, the mist shifts from promises of pleasure to mirrors of pain. The panorama of your shared shortcomings laid bare for all to see.

- What did you desire before you became a treasure-hunter?
- One of your companions has an inappropriate response. Who is it and what is their response? What are you going to do about it?

TEMPTATIONS: As curdled ambitions swirl around the hunters, they coalesce into the faces of people held responsible for the hunters' misfortunes—the architects of their circumstances.

- Who do you blame for your failures? Think about—but do not speak—the punishments and righteous torments you wish for them.

RING 4

TERRORS: Pursuing their quarry through the heat and the dark, the party finally catches the cabal as the Pit's defenses rouse against all interlopers. The cabal's defensive ring of spear, shield, and sorcery has created some space; the hunters can see the Sibyl in the center, haloed with witchfire. Mist so thick the hunters feel underwater; even breathing meets resistance. Muscles quickly burn with fatigue. Human carrion push from the braided undergrowth, connected via umbilicals to the larger structure. Every limb a spring-loaded skewer or scissors. The light shifts from surreal to painful.

- Incorporate the fallen star's taint from Ring 2 and don't use shorthand. Don't say mohrgs or skeletons. They're *motorized bare bones skittering through the fog with uncanny grace. Clusters of eye hollows track prey mercilessly.*

The monstrosities won't immediately attack if the treasure-hunters strike the cabalists first.

TEMPTATIONS: If the cabalists' defensive formation breaks, their leader, the Sybil, flees the scene, diving for a narrow opening. Clutching the treasure, she attempts to shut a grate behind her. A bright peal of youthful laughter—a disquieting contrast to the screams of the dying and the rasping hiss of their killers—rises up.

INCURSION: THE PIT

RING 5

TERRORS: The heat proves nearly unbearable as the hunters shoulder through the Sybil's feeble obstacle. The subject of the cabal's worship hangs here, enmeshed with the oily offal running through the Pit and a mandorla of etched obelisks. A poor excuse for a cosmic throne. Their appearance varies based on how much Ruin the treasure-hunters have:

- **Ruin 1–2:** A churning, soupy ball of guts, mangy wings, assorted skulls (ox and lion and eagle and man), and eyes of molten steel. Ask a hunter what's most inhuman.
- **Ruin 3–4:** A smooth torso with a beautiful face growing beneath the shoulders. Alternate asking the hunters for details horrible and attractive.
- **Ruin 5:** A devil most sublime with crown of flame and scalding eyes. Ask the hunters what's most beautiful.

Anyone with 3+ Rituals sees the cabal's brand among the other etchings on the structure's surface: *The Child Upon Whom We Dare Not Look. Prince of Traitors. Desire Flowing Downward.*

To gaze upon them is to fall for them. The Sybil is rapt and steps past the obelisks, under the oppressive fervor she stumbles with the treasure outstretched. Burnt hair and scorched pork smell fills the room. The Child Prince turns her around, her skin shrinking like paper from open flame and her flesh running waxy, grasping her throat. All the mouths move in unison and the hunters hear two voices, one sings while one speaks.

TEMPTATIONS: The Child Prince offers shattered baubles and broken toys if the hunter would just entertain them for awhile. The Sybil and Child motion wide in unison to treasures littering the tangled floor in states of disrepair and dissection. Each hunter feels like they are the only one addressed, and the others' faces become those of their tormentors from Ring 3. Bile and cutting remarks slay the listener.

The tools they need to inflict their justice materialize on hand from mist and heat shimmer. Cruel, barbed, alien, and organic.

- How do you punish the traitor?

