

Thirty-Six Reasons You Know Where to Go

Starting points just as strange and dangerous as the destination.

To Make My Bread

An incursion to the ruins of an ancient mill.





TROPHY



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Thirty-Six Reasons You Know Where to Go



Every journey begins somewhere. Roll a dark and light die to determine how the treasure-hunter leading the party knows about this particular location.

  A squat man with spider's legs speaks the route to you while you sleep.



  A witch screamed of a hidden passage as she burned on the pyre.

  You received a freshly drawn map as your only inheritance.

  You paid attention to the details in an amputee's drunken brags.

  You stalked a treasure-hunter, killing them once you knew their secrets.



  You were hired by a masked noble to investigate a rumor.



  Many years ago you were led here as a sacrifice but you escaped.



  A miscast ritual revealed the location to you as a vision in a flickering flame.



  You bribed a desperate ranger in the kingsguard.

  This location was mentioned in ancient records you've studied.

  You deciphered a code hidden in a children's song.

  You noticed part of a crude map scrawled on the ground near a goblin hovel.

  A wandering fortune-teller traced it on your palm.

  It was a residual memory after being temporarily possessed by a forest spirit.

  Your sister was the lone survivor of a previous expedition.

  You've observed where the local wildlife refuse to go.

  A dying man shared it with you in exchange for the care you gave him.

  You sold your farm to a retiring treasure-hunter for her guidance.



36 REASONS YOU KNOW WHERE TO GO



You hired a scout to survey the forest's depths, who returned speaking in riddles.



It was mentioned in a book held in your temple's forbidden library.



You bound a forest spirit to a glowing orb which leads the way.



The constant buzzing in your head only quiets as you get closer.



You woke up after a rough evening with a map tattooed on your forearm.



You pieced together stories overheard while serving as valet to an antiquarian.



The path was woven into a tapestry your family has had for generations.



Orfilios, the patron saint of prosperity, blessed you with a vision for your devotion.



You were illegally hunting in the forest and tracked your quarry here.



Your uncle's mad ramblings alluded to landmarks, and you recognized the first two.



You read private letters you were meant to deliver to the governor.



You won directions from a reckless and luckless gambler in a high-stakes dice game.



The stars write their demands on the canvas of a heaven only you can see.



You were the torchbearer for a previous expedition which passed over this site.



A strange pattern on your goat's fleece bears a striking resemblance to local terrain.



The steel-gray fox which you found and have taken as a pet pulls in one direction.



You were meant to accompany your love here, but he took your gear and left in the night.



You are the reincarnation of Queen Sehtet ils Noh and you know the way home.

INCURSION

To Make My Bread

Just inside the edge of the forest, a half day's journey from the safety of Fort Duhrin and nestled into the banks of the Naveh River, is the ruins of a massive old mill known as Kormoran's Wheel. Given the strategic location of the mill ruins, a tent city has sprung up around it, an unlicensed gathering point for treasure-hunters and those seeking to profit from their journey. The Fort's Governor has sent in the kingsguard four times to toss out the squatters and tear the tents down, and four times the city has been rebuilt bigger than before.

The residents of Kormoran's Wheel have little fear of the kingsguard or any other so-called authority figure with fancy proclamations and fancier horses. What they do fear—and are right to fear—is the fine, white mist that is sometimes seen drifting from the mill ruins, and whatever is drawing the young men away from home, never to be seen again.

THEME

Bone

MOMENTS

- ◇ A chalky, white mist drifts from deep in the mill ruins
- ◇ Your mouth moistens as you inhale the warm aroma of freshly baked bread
- ◇ The millstone begins turning, the deep grumble of stone on stone
- ◇ A delicate and playful melody pricks the air: a deftly-played bone flute
- ◇ Slippery and noxious plants grow around the mill, they buzz with slow and stupid flies
- ◇ The air is burnt and heavy with black ash
- ◇ An anxious bird flops around on the ground, its wings no match for its grossly heavy body
- ◇ A man screams, though maybe it was only the cry of a bird
- ◇ A twisted goose-man stumbles from the shadows, falls and breaks its neck
- ◇ Everything is caked in a powdery residue, a mix of white, black, red and gold

INCURSION: TO MAKE MY BREAD

CONDITIONS

- ◇ Every joint in your body aches with the heat of an oven
- ◇ Your teeth crowd and merge, growing into a hard beak
- ◇ Everything is cold and you have goosebumps that refuse to go away
- ◇ Small nubs burst through your skin, sprouting into downy feathers
- ◇ You feel compelled to follow the lullaby of a flute only you can hear
- ◇ Your skin loosens and begins to slough off, revealing the muscle and bone—and flecks of gold—underneath
- ◇ Your arms feel empty and look extremely large and distended to you
- ◇ You see the wheels within wheels that are the sacred geometry underlying everything
- ◇ You want to seek high ground, but everything feels heavy
- ◇ Your boots keep falling off as your feet and legs feel awkward to walk on
- ◇ Things become difficult to swallow and your neck feels long
- ◇ The sweat trickling down your forehead is flecked with gold
- ◇ Your own voice sounds like honking, though others understand you normally
- ◇ Your fingers stretch into featherless wings, making your hands unusable
- ◇ Your belly swells and bursts as an orb of pure gold spills out

RING 1

TERRORS: The treasure-hunters are starting an expedition into the Kalduhr but have stopped in the tent city of Kormoran's Wheel to get provisions for the journey. The party buys fresh bread from a kindly old woman named Risti and as they step away a fight breaks out. Joban, an old treasure-hunter turned forest guide, accuses Risti of murdering his adult son, Jakob, who has not been home for two days. Joban has found a golden tooth in a roll he bought from her, and Jakob had just such a tooth. Risti swears she is no murderer and begs the party to help her. When pressed, she admits that the roll came from the mill ruins. Her hands have become too arthritic to knead the dough required for her breads, but thankfully the forest spirits have been blessing her with a daily delivery of baked goods to sell. Risti will guide the treasure-hunters there, to defend her good name and help learn the truth behind Jakob's disappearance.

TEMPTATIONS: Risti offers the treasure-hunters her eternal gratitude. If that's not enough, she says that deep in the mill ruins is a pile of treasure: offerings to the forest, which she herself would take but for her bad joints and fragile bones.

INCURSION: TO MAKE MY BREAD

RING 2

TERRORS: The mill ruins are treacherous, due to the collapse of the foundation by the migration of the river over centuries. Slips and falls are likely. Call for frequent Risk Rolls just to navigate, with any increases in Ruin leading to broken bones. Eventually, a cave-in happens, forcing the party to press forward in search of an alternate exit.

TEMPTATIONS: Risti leads the party to the well and its treasure. Just as she claimed, the well is deep and would surely be impossible to get to the bottom of if not for the fact a couple of geese can be seen rooting around in the collection of visible coins and trinkets. The cave-in has opened a possible new route which should provide access, though getting there will be slow-going, especially since Risti demands to be brought along.

RING 3

TERRORS: A rumble from above threatens a second cave-in, but it's quickly followed by a rhythmic grinding. A millstone is turning. Risti laughs, but whether it's nervous or knowing laughter is difficult to determine. She deflects any accusations made toward her. She will aim to ally herself with whoever has the highest Ruin (assuming they're showing her sympathy) and will very, very subtly push her ally to identify the other treasure-hunters' flaws and weaknesses, especially the ways in which they could be dangerous to the ally. Additionally, a mess of blood and organs—but importantly, no bones—are discovered. Investigating them closely reveals them to be the remains of one or more birds, since feathers are discovered. Embedded in the viscera are a few pebbles of pure gold.

TEMPTATIONS: Risti injures herself and needs to sit and rest. She offers everyone sweet rolls (which she claims are not gifts from the forest and she really did make them herself) and plays familiar tunes on her bone flute. Ask the players what loved one the songs remind their treasure-hunters of and how their planned expedition into the forest was intended to help them.

INCURSION: TO MAKE MY BREAD

RING 4

TERRORS: The treasure-hunters make their way deeper into the mill and the treasure, where they are overwhelmed by the smell of baking bread and the heat of an oversized oven. Geese wander aimlessly. There is strained honking as a monstrous hand plucks one of the geese from the gaggle and carries it away. Call for Ruin Rolls here, with any resulting increases in Ruin pushing the treasure-hunters to develop bird-like qualities.

TEMPTATIONS: One by one the geese are slaughtered by the giant monstrosity and their bones are removed and cracked in half. The bones contain liquid gold that is poured out into a huge vat. The hollow bones are then ground under the mill wheel. Around the vat, nuggets of solidified gold are visible and recoverable, but would require the treasure-hunters to put themselves dangerously close to the giant.

RING 5

TERRORS: Risti will play her flute loud enough for the monstrosity to hear, attempting to draw it away. It will smash anything it can to get to her, including destroying the vat of gold and opening up an exit for anything that can fly out. This leaves the treasure-hunters and any remaining geese to try to get out. Any increases in Ruin will lead to a treasure-hunter noticing gold dripping from their wounds, which all their companions will also notice.

TEMPTATIONS: A treasure-hunter who sees gold spilling from one of their companions must succeed on a Ruin Roll or attempt to get all the gold out of the victim by any means necessary. Clear blue sky is visible overhead through the opening the monstrosity tore in the roof of the mill. It seems impossibly out of reach.

Fi, Fai, Foh, Fum.
I smell the blood of a little one.
Be you alive or be you dead,
I'll grind your bones to make my bread.

