



RICHTER

THE ROTTING CITY

EMBER + ASH





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Richter: The Rotting City ©2020 Ember + Ash | [@ByEmberAndAsh](#)
First Edition December 2020
Softcover Edition ISBN : 978-1-952731-05-1

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Cover Illustration by [Jesse Ross](#) ©2020 and used with permission
Production assistance provided by The Gauntlet Publishing
Layout done in Affinity Publisher, using the fonts Metamorphous, Corbel, and Caveat.

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INTRODUCTION

Richter is a terrible city. How people eke out their survival is outlined in *Welcome to Richter*. Some of the factions of influence in the city are described in *Powers*, and some of the neighborhoods are outlined in *Places*. Neither of these are intended to be an exhaustive look, and future supplements will explore new places and powers, as well as these in greater depth.

We believe this information will be useful for anyone who would like to include a terrible, baroque city in their campaign.

Richter itself is set in the world of Kalduhr, created by Jesse Ross, and the setting of the game *Trophy*.

Welcome to The Rotting City, and have a pleasant stay.

CONTENT WARNINGS

Life in Richter is bad. It is dirty and horrific, and the horror usually comes at the hands of people, not monsters. In Richter there is a lot of violence, crime, and vice. There is child labor, sex work, and the depraved treatment of other people that comes with wealth and power and the complete lack of legal consequences. Bad things happen to animals. The Rot reveals itself in physical changes, so there is more than a little body horror.

All that and, yet, it isn't entirely terrible. While some groups in the city might espouse racism or sexism, by-and-large in Richter no one cares about skin color or gender; with its history of trade there is no idea of a "pure" Richteran, and a variety of skin tones and features exist.

Richter will never be portrayed as including physical violence towards children, any kind of sexual violence, or any kind of queerphobia. Life is bad enough in Richter without that.

Safety Tools

In a city so filled with horrors, it's important to create a safe space so everyone can fully take part. The TTRPG Safety Toolkit is a resource co-curated by Kienna Shaw and Lauren Bryant-Monk. The TTRPG Safety Toolkit is a compilation of safety tools that have been designed by members of the tabletop roleplaying games community for use by players and GMs at the table. You can find it at bit.ly/ttrpgsafetytoolkit.





WELCOME TO RICHTER

Richter is an old city continually sinking into the marsh and being built on top of itself; it looks most like the festering corpse of some titanic beast peppered with the arrows and spears that killed it. Despite this, a great many call it home.

At times the city has been prosperous and welcoming of new peoples and ideas, but the affluent have always proved prone to decadence. It has also, at various times, tried to burn out the most diseased parts of itself. Yet, no matter the efforts taken, the plagues always seem to reemerge. Something has changed this time and the city is not recovering from its wounds. This insidious malice is known as *The Rot*.

THE ROT

No one is certain what The Rot really is, but everyone feels it. The surrounding countryside is no longer fertile ground for crops. All water is slightly brackish. Moss and mould grows more quickly and there is an oily grime that never quite comes clean.

Injuries take longer to heal and illnesses linger.

The Rot is also in the mind: a greater predilection for violence, for greater cruelty, for selfishness in every expression. It is an apathy to what could be, and a nihilistic dwelling on what currently isn't.

These forces linger and build upon themselves. It is behind the eyes of all who live there. The state of Richter today is a demonstration of such depravity and loathsome cruelty that most who dwell near its heart have abandoned hope of any cure.

Parks

Over the course of its history, a succession of tragedies have befallen different neighborhoods of Richter. Recovery efforts have been able to restore some of these to usability, but some have proved impossible to cleanse.

These sections of the city lost to The Rot are rarely referred to directly. When giving directions or warnings, Richterans colloquially refer to these places as "parks", as in "You're looking for Tanner's Row? Down that street and when you get to the park, go around it to the left. About a quarter mile on, you'll smell it."

Despite clear danger, the downtrodden, the ne'er-do-wells, the desperate, and the adventurous sometimes seek to live or scavenge there, if they are brave or foolish enough. The parks are a breeding ground for strange things, out of sight. These newly emergent creatures, pestilences, and anomalies have a sort of value to be discovered all of their own. Derisively, those who take on this task are called "gardeners".



The Moths

No one is certain why, but Richter is home to a spectacularly large number of moths of many different species. Some are unique to the Rotting City : with wings the exact shade of brickwork with a thick layer of soot from the kilns of The Bottles, or the speckled marble of the Solarium walls.

The moths flutter and swarm and serve as a marker for the influence of The Rot. When things become worse, moths become larger and more aggressive. In some of the parks, people say that the moths have grown huge – as large as horses, some say.

There are folk stories of moths swarming a noble and eating every stitch of clothing. Less funny are the bodies, bloated, covered in weeping welts, who are found some mornings after the moths have been seen especially thick. They don't just flit about in the light; some of these moths have developed mandibles for the maceration and digestion of blood and flesh.

Light Skimmers

A distinctive Richteran profession, *Light Skimmers* (called "skimiks" by locals) use tightly woven nets to catch specific varieties of moths that are sold to local eateries. Most Richterans have favorite breeds, much as people from other places may prefer different varieties of cheese.

Skimiks make a few copper *scales* per bug, but the work is safe (enough), steady, and pays alright once the cycles and behaviors of different species are understood. Many skimiks are better entomologists than the natural philosophers at some higher institutions of learning.

Moth Generator

Color	Size	Name (1)	Name (2)	Wings
☐ green	thimble	flit	eye	smooth & sharp
☐ pink	palm	glit	stitch	tattered
☐ yellow	tooth	riddle	mire	translucent
☐ black	wash basin	gloom	wight	opalescent
☐ blue	rame ducati	rime	gust	downy
☐ brown	kitten	wither	fen	glossy



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TRAVEL IN RICHTER

Richter is an old city. Parts of it have been built on the sinking ruins of earlier buildings. Between grouped buildings are canals; a vain attempt to control the marsh water in which Richter sinks.

Street travel is possible. Streets are in a constant process of washing out, suffering wear, and being replaced. Many bridges have been built, but travel on foot is an inefficient process.

People use canal boats: a flat bottomed raft poled along. In many neighborhoods in the city, these rafts are common, both in transit and waiting for a fare.

People who desire faster travel will turn to eels. Throughout the city, specially bred, giant eels are attached to a howdah in which people ride. The eel driver is technically called a karnac, but almost everyone calls them "nackers". Nackers use long, wicked, hooked blades to change direction and keep the eels from submerging (and taking its passengers along).

The wealthy may have their own canal boats, or more rarely their own horse-and-carriage. Rarer still are those with enough funds to maintain their own private eels, ready to traverse the canals at a moment's notice.







WEATHER

The weather in Richter is temperate. In winter, it is rarely cold enough to freeze the canals. Summer temperatures are comfortable, but the air is still and humid and creates a constant cloying feeling on the skin.

To determine the current weather, you might choose from or roll randomly on these tables for each season. Unless otherwise noted, assume there are thick clouds obscuring the sun.

DAILY LIFE

For the ordinary people living ordinary lives, Richter seems, mostly, the same as would anywhere else. Only a little colder, a little more damp, and candles don't shine quite as brightly. They ply their trades and some brave few even continue trading with the outside world. Few merchants return with goods, so

anything from the outside world is costly and generally reserved for the wealthiest in Richter.

Violence is common and there is a thriving underworld - both literally and figuratively - that draws in the cold, the cruel, and the desperate. What little coin can be captured selling tallow candles, sweetmeats (don't ask what kind), and pretty marsh flowers is not enough to put real meat on the table. Thankfully, there are almost always cheaper, if less pleasing, alternatives.

For the wealthiest, life is entirely different. They reside in the heights of towers, far above the ever-present smog of industry. They feast on imported delicacies and drink the finest wines. They wear fashion brought in from all over the world.

■ + □ Winter

- 2 Freezing Cold
- 3 Breath Fogs
- 4 Thick, Cold Fog
- 5 Cold Rain, Slightly Sunny
- 6 Mix of Rain, Snow, Ash
- 7 Cold, Damp
- 8 Thick Downpour
- 9 Cold Fog, Light Rain
- 10 Fog So Thick Sound Is Muffled
- 11 Slightly Sunny, Crisp Air
- 12 Blizzard

■ + □ Summer

- 2 Ceaseless Downpour
- 3 Rain
- 4 Slightly Sunny, Warm Breeze
- 5 Partly Sunny, A Little Chill
- 6 Thunderstorm
- 7 Humid, No Breeze
- 8 Heavy Clouds, Strong Wind
- 9 Hot, Humid, No Breeze
- 10 Rain Thick With Ash
- 11 Some Sun, A Little Rain
- 12 Sunny, Pleasant Breeze

■ + □ Spring

- 2 Cool But Clear
- 3 Drizzling
- 4 Heavy, Soaking Rain
- 5 Misting With A Light Breeze
- 6 Morning Fog, Sun By Noon
- 7 An Even Gray, No Warmth
- 8 Sweet, Clean Air
- 9 Sun, But Little Warmth
- 10 Humid, Heavy Fog
- 11 Sudden, Petulant Storm
- 12 Shrouding Smog, Thick

■ + □ Autumn

- 2 Heavy Smog, Overcast
- 3 Chill Breeze, Fitful Rain
- 4 Strong, Cold Breeze
- 5 Cool, Dry With Sun Breaks
- 6 Moist, Constant Mist
- 7 Grumbling, Distant Storms
- 8 Clean Rain
- 9 Capricious Rain, Some Sun
- 10 Sun, Wet From Overnight Rain
- 11 Dreary, Constant Rain
- 12 Quite Cold



MASKS

The aristocracy wear masks as their brethren in Ambaret do and claim a similar relationship to the near-mythical fae. This fashion has spread broadly in Richter, to the point that it is uncommon to see any but the most destitute without a mask in public.

Most every organization has a style of mask worn while conducting its business, with one significant exception: when a contract is signed and witnessed, all involved must be unmasked.

ARCHITECTURE THRIVES

Among its few valuable exports, Richter counts its well-educated architects among its finest contributions to the world. Between the soft marsh beneath the streets and the corrosion of salty sea air, Richter is absolute murder on buildings.

Things must be built well, the first time, or be built and rebuilt far more often than other places. This drives innovation in architectural design and construction. Often the best course is to build the new right on top of the old. Sometimes a poorly built wall can be made a fine foundation.

Those who survive what is a challenging course of study at the Royal College of Architecture become Master Builders sought the world over, recognized by their gold-triangle brooches. Each can further receive up to three pearls of distinction, and a master builder with a three-pearled brooch is a resource wars have been fought over.

FOOD

While the wealthiest residents of Richter dine on imported pastas, veal, and foie-gras; for everyone else, the menu is rather more limited. Pork is the cheapest meat available, often served with local mushroom varieties and potatoes. Street food takes the form of pasties and meat pies; the wheat farms have become unproductive, and most bread and pastry is made with cat-tail and potato flours.

To spice up - quite literally - the menu, growing and importing spices is one of the most vibrant aspects of life in Richter. Salt is plentiful, as are things like rosemary and mustard seed. Peppercorns and dried chilis from more tropical climes are prized. Those with the coin can enjoy Richter's thriving food

scene: innovatively utilizing spices and exploring methods of preparation and preservation.

What the city most notably lacks is almost any kind of sweets. Without sugar cane or honey available, "dessert" is fruits like apples, pears, and persimmons, often served in aspics or jellies. Liqueurs prepared from fermented fruits serve to warm and sweeten the most costly treats.

VICES

Daily life in Richter is... challenging, and residents often drown their sorrows in a great number of vices. Drink is prevalent, drugs commonly available, gladiatorial brawls are a sight that can be seen, and prostitution is legal.

Beers and Wines

While Richter imports a variety of fine beers and wines from whatever merchants will venture here, these imported goods are typically reserved for the elite. The most common drinks seen in the city are mushroom beer and blackberry wine.

Mushroom Beer. This beer is dark and has a thick texture, almost a slurry, really. It is served room temperature and salted when poured. It has a very savory flavor alongside the bitterness.

Blackberry Wine. Richter lacks the landscape and climate best suited to grapes, but the surrounding countryside is home to a broad variety of brambles, chief among them blackberry. The typical process for making this wine leaves out a lot of added sugar, so this wine is lower in alcohol and very tart.

Chemical Escapes

Dreampearls. A frequent sight at the debauched fêtes of the wealthy, these specially-grown oysters eaten live create a relaxed state where the imbiber experiences dreams while still awake.

Glow. Distributed by the Solarium in return for significant donations, this yellow oil is stored in clear, decorative crystal vials. It has a faint glow while in the bottle, but when rubbed into the skin of the upper chest the oil's special properties become active and it radiates a brilliant glow. The user breathes in the warmed oil's fumes and experiences a sense of calm and pleasure. It also produces vague hallucinations which some feel are spiritual revelations. Frequent use stains the skin red, like a sunburn.



The Baths of Delectation. This sprawling bath house is ancient. Once inside, patrons can find both warm and cool baths, steam rooms, and rooms for massage and oils. In the center of the baths lies a most special pool, reserved for only the most discerning patrons. The room itself is a vaulted temple with only the slightest amount of light and full of obscuring steam. In the pool, the naked figures of patrons writhe in ecstatic pleasure as they are caressed by the wispy tendrils of eldritch jellyfish.

Verit's Kiss. One unusual species of moth, *St. Verit's Moth*, excretes a waxy oil onto its body. The merest touch causes small creatures to quickly fall asleep and a little more will put an adult to sleep. The moths' wax is gathered by specialist skimiks, compressed into wax sticks, then smeared against exposed skin. Frequent users develop strong and strange delusions involving self harm.

Fireshell. A powder refined from the ash of burned blue-shell oysters' shells. When inhaled, it creates a rush of energy for the imbiber, feeling almost as restorative as a whole night's sleep. For those already wide awake, it can feel as if they are moving faster than the rest of the world. This is a highly addictive substance and withdrawal symptoms are brutal.

Witherdamp. This roughly conical mushroom has a lattice-like structure on its cap. Grey and

unremarkable, touching it provokes a painful burning sensation. Once dried and ground, however, inhaling its distinct blue smoke enhances the sensations of light, sound, and touch. Sometimes large braziers of it are burned at parties to "set the mood".

CURRENCY

Richter has a decimal coinage currency system with 3 coins, each of which has a colloquial term. The smallest is a triangular, copper *rame ducati*, called a *scale*. 10 scales is worth 1 *tile*: a square, silver *argenti ducati*. 10 silvers is worth 1 circular, gold, *oro ducati*, dubbed a *sun*.

All coins have a hole through the middle, allowing citizens to thread their money together with a heavy cord. Some tie this cord (called a *hook*) to their clothing, making it more of a challenge to shear off than the coin purses used by other cultures.

Foreign currency can be changed over by weight at the mint, but isn't accepted by most Richteran vendors who see it as too easy to counterfeit. Richter's coins are engraved with complicated – and difficult to replicate – designs of fish, sailing ships, and radiant suns.





POWERS

There is a lot of power up for grabs in the ever-changing landscape of Richter. These groups interact via a complicated tangle of plans, rivalries, and displays of one-upmanship. Any of these might be interested in artifacts the treasure-hunters might retrieve, or even commission them to retrieve something of particular interest.

Fellowship of Flame. See no difference between saints and demons. Follow apath of nihilistic hedonism.

Goblins. Exiles from the fae courts. Oppose fae influence in Richter.

Hounds. Local gang in the Kennels, wears skinned dog faces as masks.

House diAnguilla. Noble house that breeds the eels used as transport.

Kiln Cutters. Gang in the Bottles, opposing the shift in labor from human workers to manikin laborers.

Marquess Kirran. Buying up and tearing down buildings in the Kennels to build factories. Not above burning people out.

Ministers of State. These heads of noble families defend the status quo and enrich themselves.

Order of Preservation. Librarians turned spirit mediators turned demon hunters. Explore “resonance” of amber.

Orthodoxy of Abriana. An unusual and insular group, considered a cult by most. One of the last groups that publicly worship the sisters.

Raven Sisters. Coven of esoteric women studying the mystical forces in the Kennels and the many parks there.

Revered of Saint Agria. Believe that reliance on so-called “saints” and other magics is what causes The Rot.

Royal Guard. The too-small group that is the closest thing in Richter to police.

Royal Navy. Richter’s Royal Navy has been the power behind the spread of Richter’s shipping trade. Currently, it is a group lacking both power and prestige.

Solarium. This group of sun-worshippers has had a large doctrinal change over the last century and has become the dominant religious group in the city.

Via Occula. Study the control of demons to use that power for their own ends.

Vying Nephews. The seven grand-nephews of the queen, each trying to claim the throne on her passing.



FELLOWSHIP OF FLAME

Some Richtersans feel the world must surely be coming to an end, and the growth of The Rot is a symptom of that. They prefer to spend their last days in orgiastic hedonism and will pursue whatever beings, magics, or compounds will distract them. The group throws lavish parties and orgies, and a fortunate business or government connection can be made during those fevered evenings.

Notable Members

- ◊ **Constance diRuggiani.** Something of a “high priestess” to the group, she was the originator and is a frequent host. She claims a sort of divine revelation in the formation of the Fellowship.
- ◊ **Alston Brecht.** Often responsible for the group’s demonic summonings, this former member of the Order of Preservation has suffered too much damage from Resonance, and is no longer entirely in control of his mental faculties.

Notable Locations

- ◊ **Tower Ruggiani.** One of the massive structures in the Towers, this castle for the noble diRuggiani family is host to many of the group’s larger gatherings. It is architecturally noted for its expansive balconies.
- ◊ **Villa Aqua.** This quayside warehouse has been boarded off and appears unused, but remains accessible by boat. The fellowship uses it - and its enclosed ocean-pool - for their aquatic engagements.

Allies. Via Occula.

Enemies. Ministers of State, Order of Preservation, Revered of Saint Agria.

Assets. They maintain a network of friendly spirits, alchemists, and occult practitioners.

Weaknesses. Rarely plan as they don’t believe there will be a future.

Masks. Members of the Fellowship of Flame don’t really advertise their involvement with any public displays. At their gatherings, all those involved wear identical masks: an androgynous face upturned in an expression of ecstasy with flames as the upswept hair. Masks are made of soft leather to be easily folded and hidden at a moment’s notice.

Would Like To Buy. The *Liberis Vocatiis* located in The Porphyry Archive. Unique narcotic substances and compounds.



GOBLINS

The members of fae courts are creatures of beauty, in some fashion, and those deemed "malformed" are exiled. These people have found a home in Richter and made a community of rejects. They are giving shelter to a young fae prince whose family was on the losing side of fae intrigues.

Notable Members

- **Volinn.** Proprietor of The Pickled Eel, a common gathering spot. They have a caring streak a mile wide for the goblins, but they also hold them to high standards; customers have heard the edge of more than one tongue-lashing.
- **Resrick.** Even for those with elven magic, Resrick has a unique gift at blending in. He works as a messenger and gossipmonger for the goblins and their allies.

Notable Locations

- **The Pickled Eel.** Taproom just inside the borders of Widow's Wake. A back entrance to the basement leads to a private meeting space.
- **Ambrin's Illuminations.** A high-end dealer in illuminated manuscripts, their clientele consists primarily of members of the aristocracy. The store, located in the Towers, is by appointment only.

Allies. Raven Sisters, Hounds.

Enemies. Solarium, Revered of Saint Agria.

Assets. Connected to most underworld and occult groups.

Weaknesses. Without magic and masks, their nature would be obvious.

Masks. The Goblins generally wear masks that reflect their position in their everyday lives. Between that and their natural abilities in illusion, they can pass undetected in primarily human spaces.

Would Like To Buy. An updated map of the ever-shifting Leper's Walk, a passage leading from somewhere in the Plaguewarrens to north of the city. The *Ferrous Lenses*, rumored to have last been held by the owner of an opera house.



HOUNDS

A few decades old, the Hounds is a violent street gang in the Kennels. They're definitely criminals, but they do keep the peace fairly well and even clean up the monsters that slink forth from the area's parks.

The Hounds have a single leader and a group of advisors, but otherwise the group is more like a partnership. To join, you buy in and the profits are shared among all the members. In return, you are expected to keep earning. You can be peacefully removed by a vote, but most "retirements" are not so peaceful.

Notable Members

- ◊ **Beren.** This portly gentleman worked his way up the ranks the hard way and is enjoying the comforts of success. He has a shrewd eye for knowing just where to push into other groups' territories to expand the Hounds' reach.
- ◊ **Koaba.** It isn't clear if Koaba is human, or what they look like beneath their voluminous layers of robes. They are a top earner and chafe at Beren's rule: they believe bold actions are needed.

Notable Locations

- ◊ **One Dirty Run.** A favorite taproom of the Hounds, it has become something of a members-only club – most locals avoid it.
- ◊ **Elsen's Square.** A small, local market square where Hounds often gather, both to make sure there's no trouble, but also to make sure they get their cut.

Allies. Raven Sisters.

Enemies. Marquess Kiran.

Assets. Members ready for violence, a local populace that is slightly supportive.

Weaknesses. They don't have much financial backing and can be outbid & outspent by larger factions.

Masks. The skinned faces of dogs fall loosely across their heads and, ultimately, rot to uselessness before being replaced. While most members of the public (and a fair few Hounds as well) find their masks disgusting, the Hounds stick to it as both a tradition and an avenue for intimidation

Would Like To Buy. Weapons in usable condition. The *Wrecker's Bar* – last seen in the hands of a treasure-hunter venturing into Bottle Kiln Park.





HOUSE DIANGUILLA

Gariba diAnguilla practiced whatever magic she needed and created the first giant eels about 350 years ago. Now, Kaeless diAnguilla runs the family and the business, and hopes to become the next queen of Richter.

Due to the recent resurgence of young aristocrats fancying themselves naval experts, there are more civilian-powered boats in the canals and harbor. The diAnguilla see this as interference with their domain and respond... forcefully.

Notable Members

- ◊ **Lady diAnguilla.** Head of the family and Minister of State. The Royal Builder in charge of infrastructure and transportation; she is arrogant, but usually right. Her mask has a gold center-line, rather than the typical black.
- ◊ **Keiber diAnguilla.** The Lady diAnguilla's second cousin once-removed. Oversees the eel breeding. Mostly found at the eel breeding pools on the Macabre Coast, but known to be fond of The Pools of Delectation.

Notable Locations

- ◊ **The Breeding Pools.** North of the city, on the Macabre Coast, the diAnguilla family has a heavily guarded series of underground caverns where they breed and train the eels that form the backbone of transportation in Richter. This process is a trade secret.
- ◊ **The Howdah Berthworks.** A facility for the repair and manufacture of eel howdahs, located at the confluence of several major canalways.

Allies. Ministers of State, Royal Guard.

Enemies. Vying Nephews, Revered of Saint Agria, Royal Navy.

Assets. Fantastical wealth and the giant eels that they have bred and trained.

Weaknesses. Few people actually like Lady diAnguilla, and most of their guards are outside of the city.

Masks. Members and servants of the diAnguilla wear a full, red mask with a fine black line down the center, neither smiling nor frowning. These custom-fitted masks are burned with their owner's body after death.

Eel nackers serving the diAnguilla wear a distinct, red, half-mask, only covering their nose and mouth. The half-mask is to ensure their ability to see clearly on even the darkest nights in Richter.

Would Like To Buy. Information about the *Blood* sigil; there aren't any known sources. Any Rot-twisted aquatic animals.



KILN CUTTERS

When kiln and pottery workers were fired in favor of cheaply animated manikins to toil until they fell apart, the workers didn't have a lot of options. Some of them decided it would be best to show the bosses how slave labor wasn't a good idea. Part gang, part terrorist group, part desperate people just trying to survive.

Notable Members

- ◊ **Gittzo.** Less a leader than a wrangler, for this mostly anarchic group. Very good at listening to those smarter than him when making plans.
- ◊ **Maeker.** A giant of a man, Maeker spent his time in factories hauling sleds of wet clay. When the Cutters need something broken, he is usually the one sent.

Notable Locations

- ◊ **The Broken Bottle.** The Kiln Cutters gather in an old pottery factory that has been closed and is falling to ruin. In atmosphere, it's a blend of ad hoc bar and union hall. Its location is mostly secret, but wouldn't be hard to find.

Allies. Revered of Saint Agria.

Enemies. Royal Guard, Marquess Kiran.

Assets. Not much left to lose, willing to use any amount of force necessary.

Weaknesses. People they care about.

Masks. Masks are painted like porcelain dolls faces: round, pink circles on the cheeks, bright red lips, long lashes around the eye holes, and a tear if they have destroyed a manikin with their bare hands. The masks are, of course, made of porcelain. These are worn only when acting as a member of the group. Otherwise, daily-wear masks are worn.

Would Like To Buy. Weapons in usable condition. A ritual that can de-*enliven* a manikin. Preferably from a distance.



MARQUESS KIRAN

The Marquess, who is wholly irrelevant in city politics, desperately wants the accolades of his peers. Actually, he wants to be elevated above the level of his peers. In a desperate plan to rebuild local manufacturing and exporting, he is buying buildings in the Kennels and destroying them, replacing them with factories, principally running on the labor of manikins. In the course of his acquisitions, several mysterious fires have destroyed the property of (and at least once, killed) those who refuse to sell to him.

If he grew in notoriety, Kiran would draw the ire of those who dislike the use of demonology, such as the Order of Preservation.

Notable Members

- ◊ **Marquess Kiran.** An utter, if ruthless, buffoon assured of his own importance. Would (and does) join any cult offering any kind of occult power, which he hopes will elevate public perception of his power.
- ◊ **Vikkan.** A sycophant and low-life thug working as Kiran's chief enforcer.

Notable Locations

- ◊ **King's Standard Arms.** The first factory built by Kiran, it churns out cheap, ineffective weaponry and armor. It is so ineffective it's unclear how, or even if, it is making a profit. Kiran keeps his local office and apartments here.

Allies. Via Occula.

Enemies. Hounds, Raven Sisters.

Assets. The demon Besstissit has a deal with Kiran. Kiran has no regard for other peoples' lives or suffering.

Weaknesses. He is astoundingly dumb and is only capable of expressing himself through violence.

Masks. The Marquess wears any number of personal masks of different material and design as his whim dictates, but all are exceptionally flamboyant and designed to draw the eye. All are additionally marked with a small blue crown over the left brow to declare his station.

The servants, including manikins, wear flimsy, porcelain masks that aren't glazed.

Would Like To Buy. Any occult objects relating to demonic summoning.



MINISTERS OF STATE

These six heads of noble houses have a vested interest in maintaining the status quo: they're becoming even wealthier. They defend the elderly queen and oversee the business of the city. They are trying to maneuver one of their number, Lady diAnguilla, to be named as heir.

Notable Members

- ◊ **Lady diMarlo.** While she is a long-serving and competent chancellor, Lady diMarlo has never been able to escape the rumor that she poisoned her predecessor to seize this position. The Lady diMarlo denies this, of course, but not very convincingly.
- ◊ **Lord Montagh.** The Royal Steward. Lord Montagh is a gregarious figure known for his constant inability to remember what position he holds or what promises he has made.

Notable Locations

- ◊ **Palace Tower.** While none of the ministers reside here — their families each have their own towers — this does serve as their meeting place and holds much of the higher level bureaucracy they interact with.
- ◊ **The Heart Removed.** Myths say this room is accessible only to the most important people of Richter, where they can see any place and event (current or previous) within the city. It's also said this room isn't in this world.

Allies. The Royal Guard, The Royal Navy, The Order of Preservation.

Enemies. The Vying Nephews, The Solarium.

Assets. Incomprehensible personal wealth and control of the treasury and bureaucracy of Richter.

Weaknesses. Physical presence in most neighborhoods is thin. They are mostly blind to the travails and intrigues of those they view as "lesser".

Masks. As a body, the Ministers do not have an associated mask or particular emblem besides personal status markers. They choose their own style, though they are universally extravagant.

Would Like To Buy. Artifacts which might extend the Queen's life or stabilize her mental state.



ORDER OF PRESERVATION

Originally an order of archivists and scholars, the Order was the first to re-learn the ancient secrets of "resonance": ways to cut and shape amber so it can be used to affect the spirit world. While their central task is archiving knowledge, over the last 200 years, people have also asked the Order to be mediators between mortal and spirit beings.

Recently, the Order has taken up arms against the growing influence of demons and shown a blossoming enmity toward the Solarium. Their archives are spread throughout the city and an increasing number now reside in various parks. These are, for the time being, inaccessible stores of knowledge and artifacts.

Notable Members

- ◊ **Chief Archivist diTorran.** In her middle age, Agrippa diTorran seems incapable of slowing down. She leads the Order with a bold and passionate vision that remains focused on what is practicable.
- ◊ **Artisan Pirrus.** Leader of the amber artisans, he increased the effectiveness of amber devices when he realized that they had to be uniquely created for each wearer and their personal vibration. The devices are now art as much as tool.

Notable Locations

- ◊ **The Serpentine Archive.** Built from a distinctive green stone, this is the central archive of the Order. Many tomes and codices are gathered here, as well as the artisans who work the members' amber tools.
- ◊ **The Porphyry Archive.** The loss of this archive to The Rot was a staggering blow to the Order. Researchers here primarily studied the movements of heavenly bodies and the arts of divination. Their works, and other tomes of prophecy, remain within its walls.

Allies. Raven Sisters, Ministers of State.

Enemies. Solarium, Fellowship of the Flame, Via Occula.

Assets. Unmatchable knowledge. Amber masks, swords, gauntlets, and cloaks that allow them to (more) safely manipulate magic.

Weaknesses. A lot of knowledge has been lost due to growth of The Rot. Also, compared to the Solarium, they are playing catch-up.

Masks. Members wear beautiful and terrifying masks of finely worked brass, amber, and ivory. They are custom created to the spiritual resonance of each person; each mask is a unique work of art.

Would Like To Buy. Any items retrieved from The Porphyry Archive. Any recovered tomes and artifacts.



ORTHODOXY OF ABRIANA

What few people have heard of Saint Abriana believe worship of her is limited to the insular village of Saint Abriana's Run. In this, they are wrong. A growing number worship this patron of those who dwell in the deep.

Saint Abriana is sometimes called "The Eyeless Devourer" and represented by the shape of a leviathan. Worship of this faith is spreading widely through the Royal Navy, especially the young officers. In ten years, it will be a rare captain who does not follow this Sister.

They are also attempting to infiltrate the diAnguilla family, though not to control it. They consider the diAnguilla to be perverting nature and would like nothing more than to end the breeding of the eldritch giant eels.

Notable Members

- **Chief Petty Officer Pierce.** Working at the headquarters of the Royal Navy, this officious and pompous man is uniquely able to put fellow cult members in positions of influence: he largely creates the post and ship assignments for the Royal Navy. While the Lord Admiral signs off on these orders and can change them, in practice he rarely does so.
- **Graham Wholam.** A displaced shipwright, Graham lives in The Graving Dock and subtly spreads the faith. An avid scrimshaw artist, most people view his altar to Abriana as a mere collection of his work, but hidden among his (admittedly well-done) carvings are some artifacts of actual power.

Notable Locations

- **The RNS Goshawk.** Just about the entire crew, from Captain Carter on down, is loyal to the Orthodoxy of Abriana. The ship's doctor, Nedrance, isn't a holdout so much as oblivious. Pierce often places new officers onto this crew and Carter uses the isolation of sea voyages to recruit them to the faith.

Allies. In some ways, the Royal Navy.

Enemies. While largely unknown to them, the Solarium, the diAnguilla, and the Revered of Saint Agria would all oppose them.

Assets. Several ships-of-the-line are controlled by crews loyal to them. Saint Abriana's Run is a safe hideaway.

Weaknesses. Slow growth.

Masks. None. The costs of infiltration are too high to enable the anonymity of a mask and gatherings are held without them.

Would Like To Buy. Artifacts of Leviathans.



RAVEN SISTERS

The Raven Sisters are a group of women who have aptitude for magical arts. They train newer members how to do so with as little risk as possible. Many also study herbalism and alchemy so that not every problem need be solved with magic.

Outside the Order of Preservation, they are the group with the most knowledge of The Rot, its Blooms, and city's varied parks. They have studied those in the Kennels for decades.

This study can be dangerous: magic cannot be interacted with without risk of becoming infected. Parks cannot be studied without venturing within and facing the dangers. Surviving training is not even assured. The Raven Sisters only train those with clarity of purpose: their teachings are too dangerous to be made public.

Notable Members

- ◊ **Tivari.** The sister who is most adept at magic, she has also gone blind from its effects. Perhaps as a gift, she has been granted a type of second sight, but she rarely speaks of what it shows.
- ◊ **Eirin.** Though she has never used her knowledge of the arcane, she is considered the most expert alchemist in the organization, and is always interested in finding new and unique compounds in her experiments.

Notable Locations

- ◊ **Temple of Saint Caledo.** This temple to Saint Caledo, patron to the study of healing, is a religious center, school, and home to many Raven Sisters. Problematically, it is within the area Marquess Kiran would like to control.
- ◊ **Grimmin's Loft.** This small theater on the fringe of the Covered Lamp district is an unsavory dive, with drinks and loose woman during the day, ribald guignol shows in the evening, and secret host to the Raven Sisters (as long as they don't burn the house down) at night.

Allies. Order of Preservation, Hounds, Goblins.

Enemies. Marquess Kiran, Revered of Saint Agria.

Assets. Occult knowledge and power, several artifacts of power.

Weaknesses. They are few in number.

Masks. Black masks of thick, starched fabric with white lace around the eyes. The masks reveal the mouth and chin and the sisters wear black lipstick. Incidentally, the popular fashion declares it subversive or rebellious to wear black lipstick in Richter.

Would Like To Buy. Remnants of flora and fauna that has been Rot-twisted. Samples of the serums Dr. Addersap uses in his treatments at the Addersap Sanatorium (unpleasantly located in the Plaguewarrens).





REVERED OF SAINT AGRIA

A small but growing secret society, they believe that magic and the supernatural (including worship of the saints) is the cause of The Rot and that the only way to save Richter is to destroy and drive out all that is not human.

They act to influence laws and policy to reduce the use of magic and to remove non-humans from the city. They steal and destroy texts and artifacts. They distribute propaganda and have assassinated opposition when they safely could.

If they were visible and vocal, the Revered could be crushed in a single afternoon. However, they keep to the shadows and strike only when no one is watching. Some are starting to piece together signs that the Revered are finally putting their long-term plans into action.

Notable Members

- ◊ **This is the secret that** members of the Revered would die to protect. It might be anyone, but without knowing the secret signs yourself, how could you tell?

Notable Locations

The Oubliette of Iron. A forgotten jail at the bottom of a forgotten keep just within the bounds of a park. The revered believe the cold iron protects them from magic and will kill any fae creature that comes into contact with it. Their candle- and chanting-fueled hate rallies happen here in the dead of night.

Allies. Kiln Cutters.

Enemies. Raven Sisters, House diAnguilla, Goblins, Fellowship of Flame, Solarium, Via Occula.

Assets. Near total secrecy, certainty of purpose.

Weaknesses. Small membership and reliance on subterfuge.

Masks. Oval, gray masks with no obvious mouth or eye holes; the face is fully obscured. The masks' simplicity and lack of decadence are a rejection of a hedonistic culture that craves unnatural magical workings.

Would Like To Buy. Substances from Rot-twisted flora and fauna that can become untraceable poisons. Any occult artifacts, so they can destroy them.



ROYAL GUARD

The Royal Guard is meant to police the city and enforce the laws of the Monarch, but in the twilight of the Queen's reign, recruitment of new guards-people has proven challenging. Corruption in the city is so pervasive that any force the Guard could muster is far outmatched by those wealthy or cunning enough to subvert the Law. Still, they serve the Queen and some few still work to keep order and defend what honest citizens remain. Following the near complete dissolution of the Navy, the Guard has taken on the responsibility of the Port Authority, overseeing the legal transit of goods through the Port (and accepting bribes for the illegal).

Notable Members

- ◊ **Regiment Captain Donnaley.** One of the most brash and abrasive residents of Richter. Less interested in the good of the city than weighing down his hook. Leads the Dockside Regiment, who are ostensibly tasked with keeping order in that neighborhood.
- ◊ **Regiment Captain Fews.** A distressingly overworked but determined enforcer of law. Has family in the Hounds. Young and more than a little naive.
- ◊ **Second Lieutenant Lalen.** Reports to Lieutenant Rockmonte and serves as the face of the Guard to most outside parties if Rockmonte is indisposed. She is more than willing to lead and is very hard-nosed on matters of the Law. Loyal to both Rockmonte and the crown.
- ◊ **Lieutenant Rockmonte.** Old, frequently ill, but fiercely loyal to the Queen and refuses to 'abandon the Crown in its hour of need'.

Notable Locations

- ◊ **The Barracks.** Where most of the guards sleep, as well as a meeting space for planning and training recruits. Has an attached armory under lock and key.
- ◊ **The Riven Tabard.** An alehouse where many guards start and end their shifts.

Allies. House diAnguilla, Ministers of State, Royal Navy.

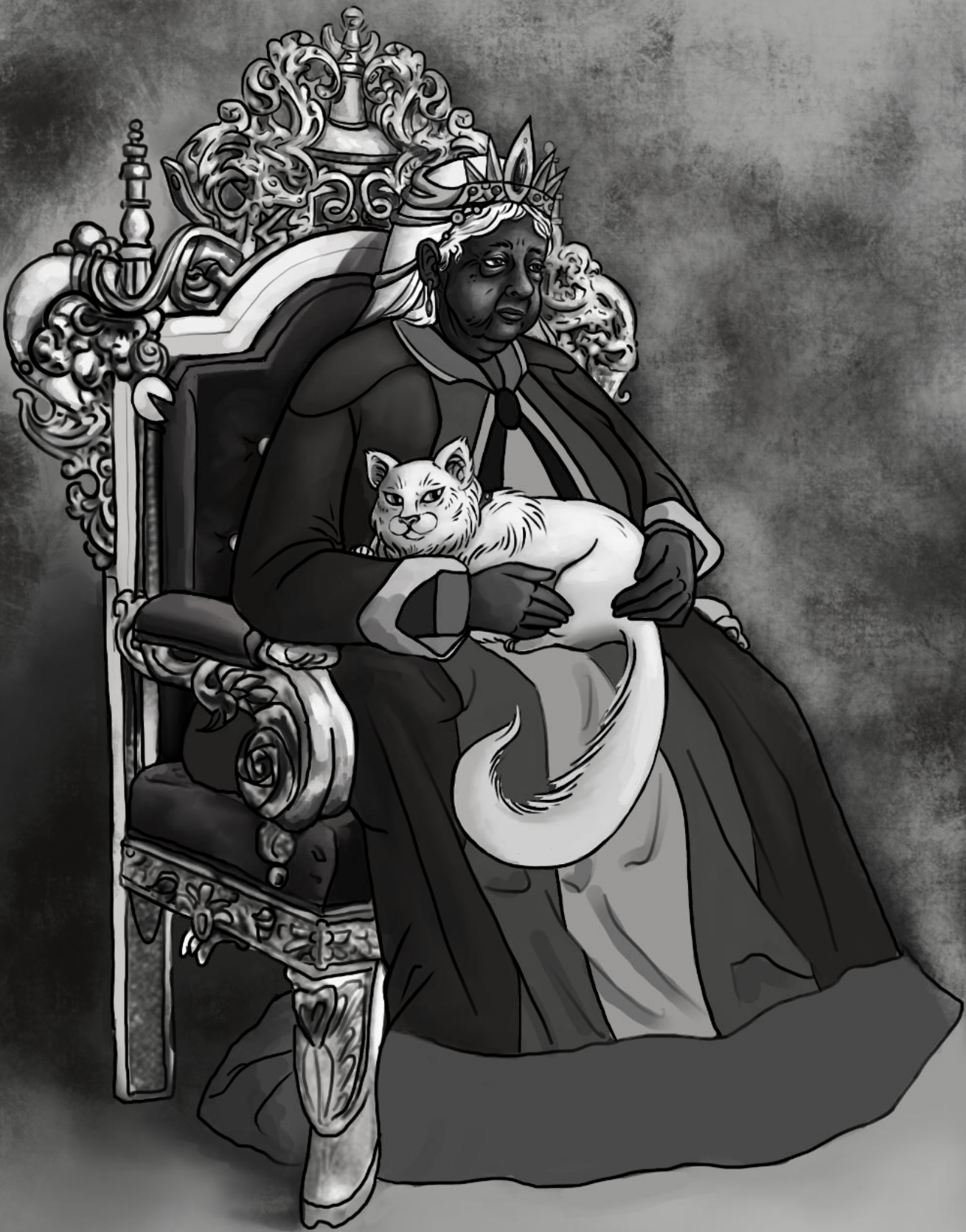
Enemies. Marquess Kiran, Kiln Cutters.

Assets. Weaponry, permits for transit, traditionally respected.

Weaknesses. Understaffed and overworked.

Masks. Vibrant blue masks with a smiling mouth. Officer rank is shown in black stars in a descending line along the right cheek.

Would Like To Buy. As a group, they don't have agendas served by items wondrous and strange, but they' periodically offer bounties on dangerous beasts.





ROYAL NAVY

Not so very long ago, Richter was a naval powerhouse. The Lord Admiral was known as "The Prince of the Seas", and Richter's flags would be seen in every port. Today, the ships lie rotting and half-sunk in the silt-choked harbor, and the current Lord Admiral, Lord Corton Pierce, has never set foot on a ship.

Eyeing a return to prominence, Pierce has turned his shrewd eye toward recruitment, making it somewhat fashionable for the children of the nobility to enlist as officers. This has started moving funding in a positive direction, but people wonder how the Navy can rebuild its fleet: there aren't enough shipwrights left in Richter to craft them.

Notable Members

- ◊ **Lord Admiral Corton Pierce.** Lord Admiral of the Royal Navy and captain of fleet's flagship, the Rittersfoel, which is inconveniently located under 30 feet of water or so. In otherwise excellent health, he hides the tremor in his hands by keeping them firmly in his pockets.
- ◊ **Admiral Leutence.** A middle-aged and very serious administrator. Works tirelessly to collect donations which are intended for improvements to the docks, maintaining the "Fleet", and the care of retired Naval officers.

Notable Locations

- ◊ **The Commodore.** A social hall with walls and cabinets detailing the achievements of the Royal Navy, where stories can be exchanged. A lot of gray haired septuagenarians talking about their good old days at sea.

Allies. Ministers of State, Royal Guard.

Enemies. House diAnguilla.

Assets. A well-stocked armory of small arms and ship-mounted ballistae that remain — broadly speaking — functional.

Weaknesses. They are a laughingstock.

Masks. A turquoise, triangular mask of supple leather, one point at the chin and the other two touching either temple. Officers have a gold trim. Captains have one black anchor painted on the cheek, Admirals two, and the Lord Admiral has a gold anchor.

Would Like To Buy. Somewhere up the Macabre Coast, the RNS Peregrine sank; they would like its figurehead returned. Notes and information on how the diAnguilla breed their eels.



SOLARIUM

The Solarium are the central religious force in Richter. Scholars disagree whether sun worship emerged before the worship of saints, or as a direct competitor to the practice. Often, members of elite society hold ceremonial positions in the most lavish solariums (temples) of the group.

Those who pledge themselves to the faith undergo a ritual which confers power and burns away their eyes. The scars are a mark of belonging. These people, called The Stellari, somehow see without sight.

There are rumors, and more than rumors, that The Stellari have fallen under the power of a dark force turning the institution's power to its own ends.

Notable Members

- ◊ **Stellaris Genisa.** She has all the rhetoric flourish of an impassioned minister, but her primary responsibility is the production of *glow*. She is known to be free with her affections and has been involved in several very visible and illicit affairs.
- ◊ **Stellaris Peter.** The affable, soft spoken, steely eyed First Risen of the Stellari. Even those outside the group are aware of his occult power, but few realize the true extent.

Notable Locations

- ◊ **The High Solarium.** A large cathedral complex nearly overshadowing the royal palace, it is a wonder of glass, marble, and brass. Contains spaces for meetings, worship, and religious education.

Allies. Vying Nephews.

Enemies. Revered of Saint Agria, Ministers of State, Order of Preservation, Via Occula.

Assets. Significant wealth and power, secret brokers, Glow distribution, true magic among the Stellari.

Weaknesses. No physical enforcers, reliance on subterfuge, don't like to get their hands dirty.

Masks. Regular Stellari wear bronze masks with hard angles and an unsmiling mouth. Every day, they paint a radiating sunburst pattern around their left eye in their own blood.. First Risen Peter wears an elaborate, golden sun headdress in addition.

Would Like To Buy. Any relics related to religion, gods, or saints.



VIA OCCULA

A secret cabal of magic practitioners who study and summon demons. None outside the organization know its members or aims. Their drive for knowledge and power has led to some regrettably visible (and gruesome) deaths.

The power offered by demonic beings is intoxicating, but those who can't make good on their part of a deal find that a demon will always get its due.

Notable Members

- ◊ **Lord Cain Wickwell.** His uncommon first name is shared with Saint Cain, known as the "Saint of the Blood-Black Shroud". Some whisper Lord Wickwell is that very same saint. Charming as a snake, tall and lean, of indeterminate age. The only visible member of the cabal who appears to be earnestly working to legitimize this "research".

Notable Locations

- ◊ **Various parks.** Members of Via Occula are said to meet frequently in parks, especially on moonless nights.
- ◊ **Lord Wickwell's Manor.** None walk past its gates after sunset without clutching a talisman or whispering a prayer to deflect wicked intent.

Allies. Fellowship of Flame, Marquess Kiran.

Enemies. Order of Preservation, Solarium.

Assets. Significant occult power, blackmail, forbidden knowledge.

Weaknesses. Few true members, many sycophants, and considerable danger.

Masks. Unusual and elaborate masks of brass, silver, and black leather, resembling the face of a raven. Green-glass goggles are worn over the long brass and silver beaks, to clarify vision in low light. The beaks are said to contain aromatic herbs and spices to keep the member sharp during lengthy, extremely delicate rituals.

Would Like To Buy. Unusual herbs or animal parts for use in rituals. Relics and rarities of demonic import.



VYING NEPHEWS

Not a united faction, the seven grand-nephews of Queen diCollio are each gathering their own power bases and plan to take over after her death. Some of them are actively attempting to move that date forward.

Notable Members

- **Kedrick diCollio.** Second eldest of the group. He embraces a simplistic view of power as a manifestation of physical strength. He is building a coalition of local gangs and disenfranchised laborers in the city, hoping to forge them into the army that will help him claim the throne.
- **Vothan diCollio.** The youngest of the group, a childhood marked by frequent bullying lead to him pursuing powers of an occult nature. His exact relationship with Via Occula is unknown, but their goals and methods are closely aligned.

Notable Locations

- **Various personal estates.** Lacking a central focus, there are few locations in the city known to be held by any of this group, aside from the personal estates they all hold.

Allies. The Solarium, Revered of Saint Agria, various insignificant organizations, though each man has their own particular coalition

Enemies. The Ministers of State, House diAnguilla.

Assets. Willing to work with just about anyone.

Weaknesses. No centralized power systems, inconstant allies serving their own interests.

Masks. Each nephew wears the mask of the diCollio family: a full face, silver mask, meticulously embellished with floral engravings. Each has additionally painted a golden crown upside down on their right cheek, to show that they are potential heirs to the throne.

Would Like To Buy. Any object that provides direct power. Vothan may be the only one interested in more esoteric treasures.



PLACES

In a city as large as Richter, no guide could ever hope to catalog the entirety of the unique, the dangerous, and the absurd. Herein we explore seven neighborhoods where treasure can be found and the webs of intrigue are thick.

Covered Lantern. One of the most notable entertainment neighborhoods, the Covered Lantern hosts the Grand Guignols lurid enough to draw the rich to a shady part of town.

Market Square. Near what was Richter's original market ground, Market Square is home to the city's largest market day and is home to a variety of lauded artisans.

Saint Abriana's Run. A small and insular fishing community, absorbed as Richter expanded.

The Bottles. Named for the bottle-kilns that dominate the skyline, this industrial center of Richter hosts its profitable porcelain trade and houses its workers.

The Kennels. Principally a residential area, the Kennels is rife with the conflict of small warlords trying to grab their piece of the pie.

The Towers. Home of Richter's royal palace and the tower-homes of Richter's most elite citizens. During the day, it hosts most of the city's government staff.

Widow's Wake. In the past, these rotting dry docks built Richter's massive naval fleet, but even if the materials and workers could be found, these shipyards are past the point of repair.



COVERED LANTERN

The Covered Lantern District is the center of Richter's entertainment. There are shows and exhibitions for those of means as well as for those more humbly born. The artists and entertainers who perform in this neighborhood often live here, often packed into tenements. Theaters, galleries, and shops are crammed together. The streets are lit by distinctive lanterns, covered by pierced metal hoods that move with the slightest breeze. These lamps cast strange dancing shadows and glimmers of refracted light.

Places of Note

One For The Lady. A small but highly lauded venue known for Busker's Best: a curated, weekly show hosting the best of Richter's street performers.

Lankin Longfellow, Proprietor. His name is an admitted pseudonym. A former juggler and comic, he supports his peers by providing a venue. Always sides with the performer..

Skycrest Theater. The "it" theater in the area, hosts the best of Richteran musical and dramatic performances. It is a lavish, baroque opulence with gold-chased moldings and cherubic figures. The wealthy attend to see and be seen. Post-show parties often end in private, upstairs rooms as gatherings of the Fellowship of the Flame.

Lord Canthus of Bindthorpe, owner. Wealthy man who has remained unmarried despite his striking good looks and social graces. Some come to the theater to see him, and not the shows. He claims to own a vast estate, Bindthorpe, in a distant land.

Belly's Up. A home for satirical drama and comedy. Lampoons nobility, royalty, the Guard, the Navy, and (most of all) the Solarium. To protect the reputations of attendees, each is handed a house mask at the door.

Bell Clapmore, Proprietor. A short, older woman with tight curls and energy to spare. Insists her last name is a family name. She's a one-woman sound-effects crew.

The Flintlock Galleries. An entire block of extensive art galleries with the finest works on display. At night it hosts grand balls and fetes.

Ruberen, Proprietor. A foreign-born dandy, desperate to impress Richteran nobility and ingratiate himself with civic art societies.

Ugly Dell's. The faded sign on this building can't be made out and no one remembers what it was originally called, but everyone calls it "Ugly Dell's" in honor of the previous – and now deceased – owner, who was profoundly ugly, but a great publican. Serves late night food and beer to local performers.

Iria, Publican. Much more attractive than her grandfather. A smart woman, and very connected to the area's goings-on. She won't often tell tales, but to a trusted friend she might.

Places of Adventure

The Old Royal Theater. This large, ornate building has fallen completely derelict as The Rot spread throughout the interior. The doors and windows had been sealed with wax, but that has done little to slow treasure-hunters who retrieve props and extravagances. Local children tell stories of seeing insects putting on performances on the stage.

The Pit. This block of apartment buildings became infected with The Rot fairly recently. Per procedure, the Royal Guard evacuated everyone and burned it to the ground. Only it continued burning down into the earth. It left in its place a block-sized pit of indeterminate depth. It still smokes as if burning and no one has any idea why, or what is at the bottom.

Rumors

- ◊ Lankin Longfellow got money for his venue by selling a secret he discovered in a park to the DiAnguilla's. It is also said that he's a Goblin.
- ◊ Lord Canthus's estate is entirely fictional, and the Theater is bankrolled by The Solarium.
- ◊ Lankin Longfellow is a monster who killed a man's wife and child before coming to Richter.
- ◊ Children don't last long on the streets of this district. Something lives in the shadows here, and drags them screaming to its lightless home.
- ◊ Music and the sound of laughter occasionally comes from the Old Royal Theater, and figures both monstrous and human pass behind the glazed windows.
- ◊ Some nights a contortionist performs on the streets. He performs feats that are completely impossible for a living person. Nobody knows what he is, but he doesn't leave until someone pays him a gold coin.



MARKET SQUARE

The Richter City Commons has grown and changed over time. A large cobbled plaza was laid near its original pastoral site where a collection of stalls, tents, and hawkers spring up during twice-monthly market days. Patrons are plied with food and drink, live music, and entertainment from the Covered Lantern neighborhood. The vendors are an eclectic and ever-changing mix: by ancient custom, spots are claimed first-come, first-served following dawn.

Aside from the market square itself, the neighborhood has something of a double nature. One end still holds tanners, dyers, and smiths – the original industrial center of a fledgling town. The other end holds the homes and establishments of many merchants and guild artisans. Outside of Market Days, these groups rarely mingle.

Places of Note

Charcuterie Blue. Still thriving on the buzz of being a newly-launched restaurant, Charcuterie Blue is lauded as leading a culinary revolution with their meat preparation. The owners have an off-site facility in a much less desirable location where the majority of the smoking and curing is done. One popular dish is an aged goat flank and mushroom tartare with blue cheese crumble.

Maissen Quillet, Chef de Cuisine. The chef of Charcuterie Blue has assumed a foreign-sounding name but is really from a family in the Bottles. Once every week or so, he sends a meal by messenger back to the Bottles, but no other knows to whom or why.

Tanner's Street Tap. The stench of salt and dyes doesn't bother the crowd here as they are mostly local tanners. Serves simple mushroom beer and pasties on rough but heavy wood tables and stools.

Berga Sinton, Proprietor. A plump and jovial matron, her hands permanently stained red from tannic acid.

Wellian's Reserve. Located just off the market square, Wellian's Reserve serves a lauded, dry white wine barreled on their own vineyards, to a posh clientele. No one knows where the vineyards are.

Lithia Wellian, Vintner. The Wellian family has chased nobility for decades but continues to fall just short.

Omeaus' Leathers. A small tannery that specializes in custom dying and tooling. Despite the stench on Tanner's Street, the quality of the work draws a high class clientele.

Omeaus Grinnndt, Artisan. Known for his honest dealings and kind demeanor.

Kein Blades. Not especially "keen", this smithy makes basic knives and tools for kitchen and craft.

Keinrogh Grinnndt, Smith. Keinrogh is Omeaus' brother and has a reputation for being brash and quick-tempered.

Bickle's Brick-a-Brack. A quite small, cramped, overstuffed shop that sells curiosities; as likely to be useless junk as items of significant value.

Derena Bickle, Appraiser. Previously a smith but got hit in the head with a hammer and changed professions.

Places of Adventure

The Grove. Originally, the common pasture where sheep and goats grazed and markets were held. Corrupted by The Rot, it is now one of the oldest and largest parks in Richter. Every so often a treasure-hunter emerges with a museum-worthy artifact. These rare treasure-hunters share little about what they've encountered, compared to how readily they share tales of other exploits.

Rumored Treasures. A limb from The Weeping Tree at the center of The Grove. Early-Richterian porcelain.

Rumors

- ◊ Wellian's Reserves wines aren't wines at all. They're pressed drippings from some odd fungus that grows on human waste.
- ◊ Vander's blades are priced cheaply because each one has seen previous use in a murderous crime.
- ◊ An alley behind Cadri's Silks is where the destitute consume dreampearls of dubious origin. Cadri might be trading them in exchange for labor.
- ◊ Omeaus and Keinrogh once loved the same man, a powerful nobleman. Their fight drove a permanent wedge between them. In a fit of rage they literally tore their beloved apart.
- ◊ Derena Bickle plays at being addled, but she knows the history of any object she touches.
- ◊ Berga has murdered 3 husbands, each body skinned and sold.



SAINT ABRIANA'S RUN

As the city of Richter grew, it surrounded and encompassed numerous smaller communities. Saint Abriana's Run was one such town. Originally, it was founded as a fishing port where the River Ivar flowed into the Western Ocean. It also serves as the first place to harvest blackfin salmon during the autumn spawning runs.

Always a tight-knit community, residents of Saint Abriana's Run staunchly resist identifying as Richteran and interact with the rest of the city as little as possible. Most residents of Richter are happy to leave them to this insular area as locals' bodies have repulsive proportions: eyes too widely set and wide, flat mouths.

The few who travel from Richter to Saint Abriana's Run often observe the pathways lined with motionless, watching cats. They don't do anything, they just attentively watch. No one knows why.

Places of Note

Rickar's Quill. Because even the Solarium leaves this part of town alone, this bookshop is one of the best resources in Richter to locate tomes about the Saints and various religious practices.

Yan Rickar, Bookseller. A nondescript man of middle-age, no one remembers Yan being younger, or anyone else having ever run this long-open store.

Vestry of the Deep. The sole (known) location of worship for the Orthodoxy of Abriana, this two-story, wood building is grey and weathered, but still strong. Through the main doors, the cavernous single room looks much as any shrine to the Saints would – an altar and benches – but the interior shape doesn't quite match up with the exterior footprint.

The High Priestess Byssra. Byssra is a tall woman, not just compared to the slightly-smaller-than-normal locals, but compared to anyone from Richter, and she has a commanding presence to go along with it. She is stern and demanding and acts more like a ruler than a priest.

Nets & Spears. This dockside shop, sprawling through the interior of what had once been separate neighboring buildings, now merged, provides most of the fishing tackle and supplies sold in the area. It also serves as a general goods store, local market, small shipwright, and art gallery for Saint Abriana's Run.

Pietro Voel, Owner. In contrast with most wealthy business owners, Pietro prides himself being Abrianan, not some parasitic *Richteran*. He may be the fourth generation owner, but he works sunup to sundown doing any and every menial task that needs to be done, and pays his employees fairly.

Places of Adventure

Lightless Depths. This cavern system is only accessible through an underwater passage beneath the local docks. Spread throughout the area below Saint Abriana's Run, these caverns contain unique creatures whose bodies provide materials used in a number of alchemical preparations. Some people also say there is an ancient temple to a leviathan, but no proof has been provided.

Rumored Treasures. The Abyssal Crown. The Ten-Fold Flail. *Cantos of the Bathyc Prince.* Stingers of the glass jellyfish.

Rumors

- ◊ There is a hidden tunnel from the Vestry of the Deep that leads to the temple in the Lightless Depths.
- ◊ Nobody in Saint Abriana's Run will eat a cooked fish – they prefer them still wriggling.
- ◊ Yan Rickar is an Elven Lord in hiding.
- ◊ Nyiss, captain of a fishing trawler, is having an affair with Pietro.
- ◊ Cats won't come close to the Vestry of the Depths or to Byssra.
- ◊ The ship *Sea Lantern* engages in smuggling and disposes of bodies for only a nominal fee.



THE BOTTLES

Named for its many coke-furnaces and bottle-kilns, The Bottles is the center of the porcelain industry in Richter. The bone porcelain is widely renowned for its translucent grey color as well as its strength. The exported flatware, cups, vases, and tea sets are limited to those of means, while in Richter, laborers eat from the same flatware as those distant kings.

Laborers occupy cramped tenements. Owners and bosses, though, live in sizable, walled riads.

The air in the Bottles has a pervasive smog of suspended ash. Every breath and every bite of food is made bitter with it. Respiratory illnesses are common here, and competent healers and apothecaries are rare. Hucksters selling tinctures and "magical" talismans promising cures are, sadly, common.

Places of Note

Down Potter's Lane. Not actually near Potter's Lane, this tea house is home to a collection of unique or quirky porcelain teacups. Those too damaged for use serve as decor or candle-holders.

Gray Sounder, Tea Master. He is a tight-lipped, older gentleman. When his flighty daughter, Constance, comes around he brightens up considerably.

Clarey Porcelain Works. One of the largest and most active bone porcelain works in Richter. Uses only highly skilled manikin labor.

Clifford, Foreman. A wide manikin with wide, flat hands. Escaped dock work in Ambaret to a new life in Richter as soon as opportunity allowed. Turns out most humans still see manikins as things, not people, no matter where you go.

The Muck Pit. As charming as it sounds. Hosts brawling matches as a cheap, nasty form of entertainment. Some nights the "brawlers" fight dogs or captured Rot-ruined beasts.

Shank, Master of Ceremonies. His family has lived here for hundreds of years. Has several long, slashing scars across his arms which he doesn't appreciate being asked about.

The Ragman's Pile. A small corner shop that sells used clothing and fabric scraps. The clothing comes from upper and middle-class families that wear fabric more gently before discarding it. Every three years the Ragman discards his current assistant and hires a new one with no indication of why.

The Ragman. He won't answer to any other name and offers no information about himself. The more questions asked, the more expensive his wares.

The Killing Jar. A tucked away little store selling unusual bottles, insect specimens, and skimik supplies. Imports jars from all over the world.

Proprietor: Madame diMonteclair. Obsessed with the classification and documentation of every species of moth in Richter. This mid-30s, noble-born woman lives in a flat above her shop: "she'd rather breathe the soot of The Bottles than spend another day trapped and judged by other nobles."

Places of Adventure

Bottle Kiln Park. The oldest and most widely known park in The Bottles. Many abandoned porcelain factories and homes of the owners. Some still contain riches, hastily forgotten when fleeing.

Rumored Treasures. The amber eyes of the statue *Ascending Woman*. The Wrecker's Bar.

Ashfall Park. This park stretches out from the diAmina Tower, home of the family and workshop that made the most stunning and skilled manikins in Richter. The air is choked with smoke and cinders. Strange, large shapes can be seen lumbering through these streets.

Rumored Treasures. *17 Rituals for Establishing an Arcane Workshop*. The Rod of Fabrication.

Rumors

- ◊ An alchemist at the Wyran Hill Market sells a working love potion.
- ◊ The Ragman gathers his merchandise from the recently dead. He'll even hasten a death to get a great outfit into his shop.
- ◊ Bottle Moths are especially bloodthirsty and something in their bite makes people increasingly apathetic toward witnessing and committing acts of violence.
- ◊ Sometimes, babies are born that have clay rather than skin. They have to be fired and burned or they grow up to be terrible monsters.
- ◊ The same four men walk into the pub A Walking Pig every day. They are never seen leaving.
- ◊ You can grow turnips in kiln ash. They grow quick, have black flesh, and taste incredible.



THE KENNELS

When Richter was young, the story goes, a noble offhandedly referred to this densely populated area as "kennels", because the people living there were "packed together like dogs" and the name stuck. The apartments here are quite small. Much of the neighborhood remains residential, but ground floors often have the shops and services for locals.

More-so than in other neighborhoods, buildings have been built on the crumbling ruins of others, and the result is a mishmash of disparate styles. Some buildings have three or four lower stories in heavy stone with small windows, then another five or six above with a gothic flair. It is by no means rare to see flying buttresses added to and arches cut out of stacked stone buildings. The streets are narrow, filthy, and poorly lit. There used to be frequent, unpoliced violence, but the Hounds do policing these days.

Places of Note

Stout Lubbok's. A popular worker's bar with a simple menu: dark mushroom stout, or darker mushroom stout.

Lubbok, Bartender. Lubbok was an armorer but found retirement didn't suit him and he wasn't interested in going back to the forge.

Vaness Holik, Mercenary. Frequently found here, Vanessa's a fighter for hire and good with knives in tight spaces. She's not cheap, but she's worth it.

Houndstooth General Goods. Where most local residents go to purchase household necessities, basic clothing and patterns, and dry goods.

Bendajin "Ben" Cale, Proprietor. A middle-aged man with thinning hair up top but a thick, bushy beard and mustache. He marks everything up considerably.

Rainy Day Haberdasher. A respected hat shop, worthy of noble patronage and some do slog their way through the impoverished neighborhood it sits in. Sells a selection of hats for every strata.

Galla, Haberdasher. A short, fast, smooth talking person with androgynous features and a devilish smile that can win anyone over. Sometimes handsy.

Rook's Pawn and Loan. A shadowed little storefront under the sign of a large, black rook. The loans carry high interest and onerous payments.

Tabor, Loan master. A man of few teeth, pungent body odor, and rank breath. Friendly with his knife. If he isn't repaid, he exacts his fees personally.

Cyric and Morris, Pawn masters. These two, tall young men are difficult to tell apart – they're fraternal twins. Often finish each other's sentences. Personable enough to keep the business afloat.

Barringar's. With nightly fights and nearly-nightly live music, Barringar's is a place to bend an ear, or maybe rip one off. If you want to get drunk on local watery beer and forget your shit life, this is the place.

Barringar diVotro. Once a member of the nobility, Barringar got deep in debt and lost everything, including his title. He is a bitter, cruel, old man now. When he's gone, the place will belong to the rats.

Places of Adventure

Broke Collar Rise. This four-story apartment building has suffered a recent bloom of The Rot that has led to a number of former residents having to live on the street. Any day now, the Royal Guard are expected to come burn it to the ground.

Rumored Treasures. The residents have a 4th floor vaults. It's said the deed to the land Broke Collar Rise sits upon is locked up here, too.

The Gatehouse. Once a central entry point into Richter, the city expanded past this fortified remnant. An imposing stone building with a large, black iron gate that is welded shut. Half the building was engulfed in a fire a century ago.

Rumored Treasures. The still-supplied armory in the basement. Three casks of Drublaue 310, a rare, cornflower blue wine worth a fortune to a collector.

Rumors

- ◊ Tabor, of Rook's Pawn and Loan, makes demonic pacts and will sooner filet you than greet you.
- ◊ Broke Collar Rise was intentionally seeded with The Rot by The Order of Preservation as an experiment.
- ◊ At night, The Hounds take the form of dogs and run through the streets devouring those they encounter.
- ◊ The ghost of a child, Pip, wanders the streets causing mischief. If spoken to, he steals the person's spirit and keep them as a plaything.
- ◊ Kitsel lives in The Gatehouse and eats the flesh of treasure-hunters who come to plunder it.
- ◊ There's a beggar on the street with the tin building who wears a red hat. He knows everything that happens around the Kennels.



THE TOWERS

The Towers — the political center of Richter — holds the sprawling royal palace as well as the exquisite tower-estates of the city's most important noble families and is the only part of the city that is exceptionally policed by the Royal Guard.

The Towers is built on a fairly large, granite plateau. While not much higher than the land around it, the solid base has kept it from sinking. Accordingly, the buildings here are in some of the best repair, even if they have been added to and expanded over the years resulting in a strange and eclectic mix of buildings.

As the city's industry industry — and pollution — grew, the "important" people built higher, so they could still relish the crisp, clean, sea air. Some families find it preferable to cement their alliances through interconnected sky bridges than through marriage; the ease of access is both more convenient and requires fewer messy assassinations. Someone born of high enough station could, conceivably, live their whole lives without setting their feet on the ground.

Places of Note

The Royal Palace. The Royal Palace isn't quite the oldest building in The Towers — but it's close — and it has been built upon and expanded over centuries. The palace hosts a majority of the city's bureaucracy and the armory of the Royal Guard.

Queen Annalise diCollio. Annalise diCollio was never a political powerhouse. Now in her 80s, she has outlived her husband and her children and has no grandchildren, resulting in a crisis of succession.

The Tavern at Tower Inn. Tower Inn is the closest inn to the palace and caters to a clientele that expect a royal treatment. The restaurant, still named simply "The Tavern", has been a fixture for over 300 years. There aren't many travelers these days, but up-and-coming locals still hope to catch a glimpse or make a connection at its tables.

Ricalla Prin, Sommelier. Ricalla is regarded as having the finest palate in Richter. They are paid an incredible amount to provide consultation on pairing wines at the most exclusive dinners of the nobility.

Gull & Standards. Though this shop is small, it is the absolute center of men's fashion in Richter and has been for over two centuries. Fittings are by appointment only, and even the diCollio family is subject to a waiting list two years long.

Henri Brummel, Tailor. Henri is the eight generation proprietor of Gull & Standards. Strangely enough, he is a mousy man and rarely accepts invitations to the glamorous events for which his clothing is created.

Places of Adventure

The diRezzia Tower. It has been over a hundred years since any member or servant of the diRezzia family has been seen in public, but strange lights still shine through the highest windows of this tower. Reputed to be scholars and warlocks, the secrets hidden within must be esoteric and valuable.

Rumored Treasures. *The Grimoire of the Blue Square, Agarizzi's Principles, The Watcher's Eye, Scepter of the Kingfisher.*

Catacombs of Saint Espiria. This temple to the patron of Honest Accountants — and the previous dynasty — was burned to the ground during the civil disorder when the diCollio family came to the throne. Though the surface was reduced to ruins, its extensive catacombs remain and are mostly unexplored due to The Rot. The surface level has been built over with bureaucratic offices, but some enterprising treasure-hunters have found entrances (or, rather, made entrances) from the sewers.

Rumored Treasures. *Saint Espiria's Ewer. The Abacus of Accurate Counting. Ten Cantos on Economic Virtues.*

Rumors

- ◊ There is a window on the third floor of the palace on which deathly pale hands smear arcane sigils in fresh blood.
- ◊ The diRuggiani Tower has a secret, underground path leading to a very disreputable brothel.
- ◊ On the third day of the month, anyone can present themselves at the palace and have all of their debts discharged.
- ◊ There are eleven buildings in this district that sit atop magically significant locations and the crown uses these places to mind control the citizens of Richter.
- ◊ The queen's secret grandson is a Royal Guard captain and will be named heir upon her death.
- ◊ Châtelaïne Riccar has overseen the castle for every diCollio ruler for the last 300 years.



WIDOW'S WAKE

A portion of Richter's docks and shipyards that has lost almost all of its industry. Displaced dock workers and shipwrights are scratching out a meager existence living in old docks and warehouses. Unfortunately, since the buildings no longer make money for anyone, they're ill-maintained and collapses and fires are not uncommon events.

Still, some small areas of the Wake remain presentable and it does provide a great view of sunset over the harbor. Property is also cheap to come by, and a number of "reputable businesses" are opening shop as "import/export groups".

Places of Note

The Graving Dock. When this shipwright closed, the workers were out of jobs and soon lost their homes. They setup a tent city in this unused ship bed (complete with a half-constructed four-bank galley) which has become an impromptu commune for these out of work laborers.

Tylec Spotslip, Community Activist. Brother to Beren, the leader of the Hounds. Anyone tempted by the idea of a violent reprisal in responses to Tylec's attempts to organize the workers of the dockyards would do well to remember the vengeful and loyal nature of the Hounds. Tylec is a peaceful activist, though, and is always ready to help his fellow workers.

Anchor's Grave. The four great anchors that were going to be mounted on the ship in the Graving Dock were loosely grouped in one corner of the space. Too heavy and worthless to move, they've been used as walls for this bar. It serves the cheapest local beer but has plenty of fresh-caught fish to serve, as fisherfolk locals frequently trade the fruits of their labor for drinks.

Keivler, Bartender. Keivler was known for innovative space designs in galley construction and while that didn't save his job, it did give him the skills to setup this bar. He's been keeping an eye on the Kiln Cutters and is considering collaborating with them.

The Seafarer's Crown. Once a popular scene for the wealthy of the shipping trade, the Crown faded into obscurity as Richter's seafaring trade diminished. These days, it's a family-oriented restaurant serving seafood amid faded elegance. It occupies an elevated space in one of the larger building and does have a wonderful deck for dining.

Vivian, Hostess. An extraordinarily beautiful woman, Vivian and the other waitstaff here are a little out of place in this modest eatery. She has an incredible wit and is a sparkling conversationalist.

The Catch. The proprietor traveled widely and returned to Richter to open this small taproom. It's stocked with trinkets from faraway places and serves a considerable variety of drinks. However, stocks are limited in supply, so after each special offering have been sold, it may never be available again.

Vossen, Proprietor. His return to Richter via ship was surprising, as his family had given him up for dead after he was last seen entering a park over a decade ago, an adventurer's pack on his shoulder. He came back missing a leg, having received quite a few stories to share by way of compensation.

Places of Adventure

The Customs Office. This large warehouse structure held the official, royal customs office. But as Richter's trade diminished, so did the space this team needed, until only a single, small room was required. The rest of it has sat, unused, full of whatever cargo was seized or held, then forgotten about. Now, no one uses the office for business, but something has moved in, though no one knows what it is or recognizes the noises it makes.

Rumors

- ◊ The waitresses at The Seafarer's Crown are all sex-workers or assassins.
- ◊ Kaliss, Vossen's sister, believes the man who returned isn't her brother.
- ◊ Some of the laborers kidnap nobles and other rich folk and put them on "trial" on the top deck of the galley, then make them walk the plank, falling to their deaths on the ground of the Graving Dock.
- ◊ There are undercover Royal Navy officers living in the Graving Dock to nip any labor organizing in the bud.
- ◊ Strange aquatic goblins live in the rotting hulks in the harbor, coming ashore to trade only on the days when the mist is thickest.
- ◊ There's a secret tunnel that leads all the way up to the palace, put in place so the monarch could escape Richter.



CREATURES OF THE ROT

In all the varied ways The Rot manifests, its most visible effects are on living beings. It tends to swell them to incredible size. It builds muscle and hardens bones. It can imbue a creature with some variety of magic; perhaps it will wreath one creature in fire and another will discharge static electricity. It has no consistent effects, save that the results are terrifying.

While the Rot-twisted beasts who emerge from parks are the most emblematic of this, plants are affected as well; though their immobility for the most part makes them easier to handle. And it warps people: turning their aspect and outlook to the monstrous.

Moths

The people of Richter know the dangers of moths even without The Rot. But with it, a swarm might strip the flesh from a horse — or become the size of one — with wickedly sharp mandibles and wings that can smother. They are ever-present and cautious. Richterans stay out of bright light when the moths are thick.

Birds

Most often when a bird becomes Rot-twisted, it will grow to a large size: perhaps that of a large dog. But it doesn't scale evenly. The head and body lag behind, while the wings, beak, and talons grow immensely. These wretched creatures can only thrash their fleshy wings about, no longer having the

power of flight. But their beaks and talons are strong enough to pierce thick leather.

Cats

The cats that walk Richter's streets and alleys seem to be completely unaffected by The Rot. They can be seen crossing the borders of parks and eating the flesh of the Rot-twisted without a care. Some believe this is evidence that all cats are Rot-twisted and kill them on sight. Others believe they have some innate resistance and subject them to the worst cruelties of natural philosophy.

Dogs

In contrast with cats, dogs seem especially weak to the effects of The Rot, becoming Rot-twisted with almost no contact or provocation. While it is by no means universal, most dogs affected by The Rot will grow in size, gain longer teeth and stronger jaws, and their claws will lengthen and become strong as iron. Their flesh hangs off their bodies as if not attached to the muscle layer, and some will even have portions of fur stripped away to reveal glistening red muscle beneath. They seem to experience no pain and will hunt in packs.

Note: While these may be commonly-known adaptations of The Rot, when playing in The Rotting City, you should use these as inspiration for adapting your own terrors, rather than using this section as an encyclopedic reference.



Bladebird Swarms

Endurance 8

Walnut-sized fowl that form dense flocks of 10 - 20 brightly colored individuals. Average plumage ranges through shades of blue with green ticking; scouts have vibrant red feathers. They consume both flesh and bone and can pick a still twitching corpse entirely apart in minutes.

HABITS

- On the wing, hunting for prey
- Disabling prey with Vertigo Screams
- Singing to alert their flock
- Avoiding torches and bright light
- Surrounding their prey
- Defending their territory

DEFENSES Vertigo Screams (causes the target to experience vertigo)

WEAKNESSES Bright Light

HARVEST/LOOT Razor-wings. Vertiginous voice-box



Mood: Abomination

Brawn: +1 Wit: +0 Will: -1 Vigor: 6 Grip: 0 Armor: 8

Advancements: Bloodscent, Devour, Flying, Nimble, Slippery, Unstoppable.



Blanket Moth

Endurance 9

Especially large moths with off-white wings, each the size of a throw blanket.

HABITS

- Dropping onto prey
- Calling for mates with rhythmic vocalizations
- Smothering prey with wings
- Crooning in fear
- Crushing struggling prey
- Singing from the pleasure of being well-fed

DEFENSES Smothering Wrap (restrains and suffocates the target)

WEAKNESSES None

HARVEST/LOOT Vibration-sensing antennae. Large fleshy wings



Mood: Abomination

Brawn: +2 Wit: +0 Will: +0 Vigor: 10 Grip: 0 Armor: 6

Advancements: Devour, Flying



Blood Hounds / Pack of 4-6

Endurance 8 / 11

Canine beasts that hunt in small packs of 4 to 6 enormous individuals, standing 5' at the shoulder with massive, ragged teeth scissored through their lips. A constant stream of red blood trickles from their mouths.

HABITS

- Ignoring physical harm short of total destruction
- Guarding wounded pack mates
- Acting in solidarity with their pack
- Avenging dead pack mates tirelessly
- Freeing restrained pack mates
- Tracking by scent

DEFENSES Vertigo Screams (causes the target to experience vertigo)

WEAKNESSES Bright Light

SPECIAL The first time they are overcome, the Blood Hound continues fighting with 1 less endurance.

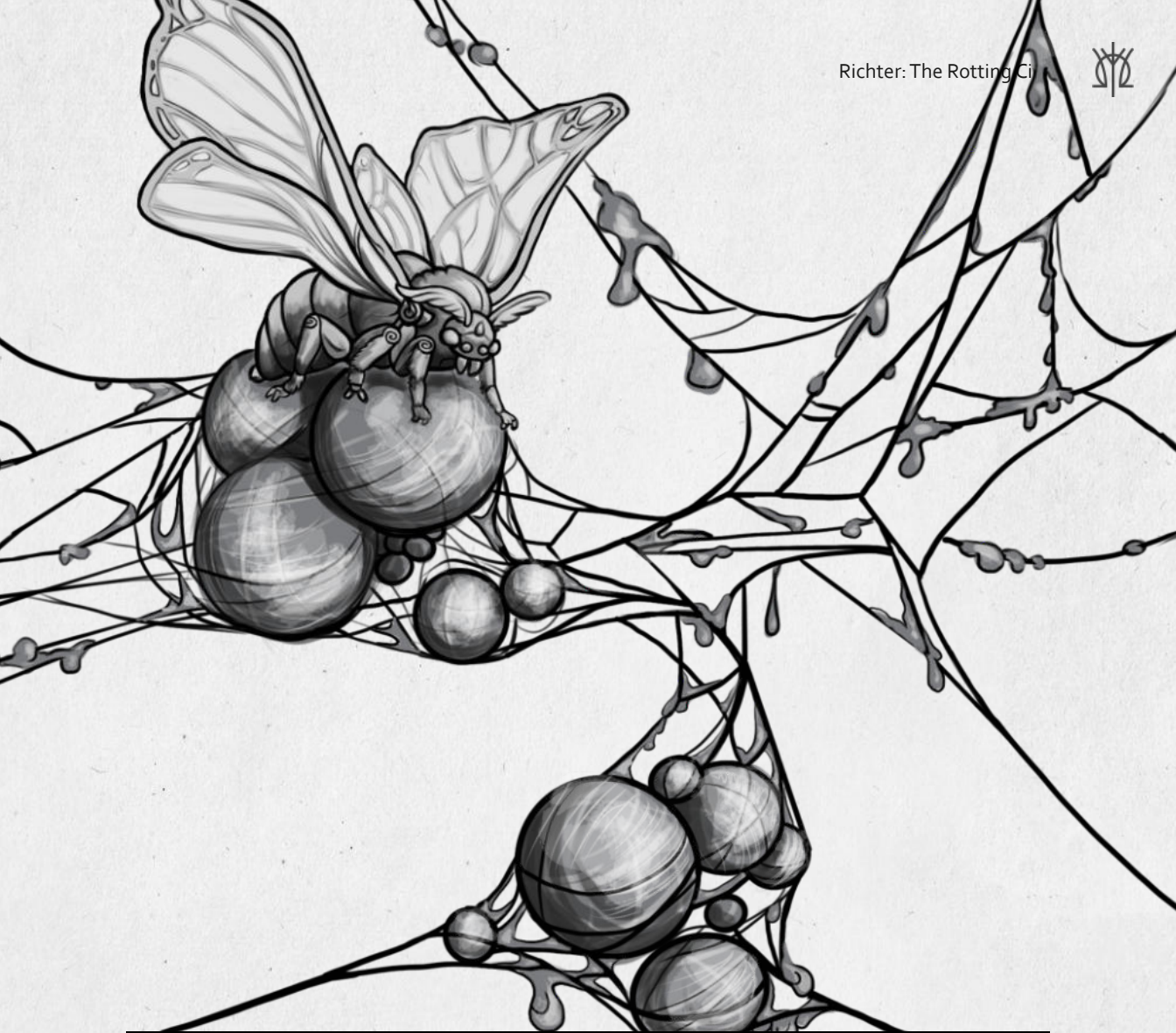
HARVEST/LOOT Large, scissored teeth. Amygdala.



Mood: Abomination

Brawn: +2 Wit: +0 Will: +1 Vigor: 8 Grip: 0 Armor: 8

Advancements: Bloodscent, Unstoppable



Brinewing

Endurance 7

These moths are the size of a serving platter with stringy, acidic brine-saliva

HABITS

- Stringing saliva webs across doorways, between rubble, and over pitfalls
- Pickling their prey alive
- Tripping and ensnaring prey on saliva webs
- Slurping the liquefying prey from its cocoon
- Secreting acidic saliva on restrained prey
- Feeding prey-goo to its spawn

DEFENSES Acidic Cocoon (Entraps and dissolves the target)

WEAKNESSES None

HARVEST/LOOT Salivary gland.



Mood: Abomination

Brawn: -1 Wit: +1 Will: 0 Vigor: 5 Grip: 0 Armor: 5

Advancements: Devour, Flesh-gorging, Paltry, Spider Climb



Carcosa

Endurance 10

Felines with elongated, striped legs and tails; exaggeratedly large, slanted eyes; and wide paws sheathing wicked claws. Carcosas were rumored to have been brought "as is" from a distant, blighted city and adapted quickly to Richter's kindlier climes. They are rumored to be capable of intelligent speech, but it's rude to play with your food.

HABITS

- Hunting alone
- Hunting for sport
- Mimicking the pleading cries of their victims
- Slowly disemboweling prey
- Napping in patches of sun
- Fitting into boxes that are too small to fit them

DEFENSES None

WEAKNESSES None

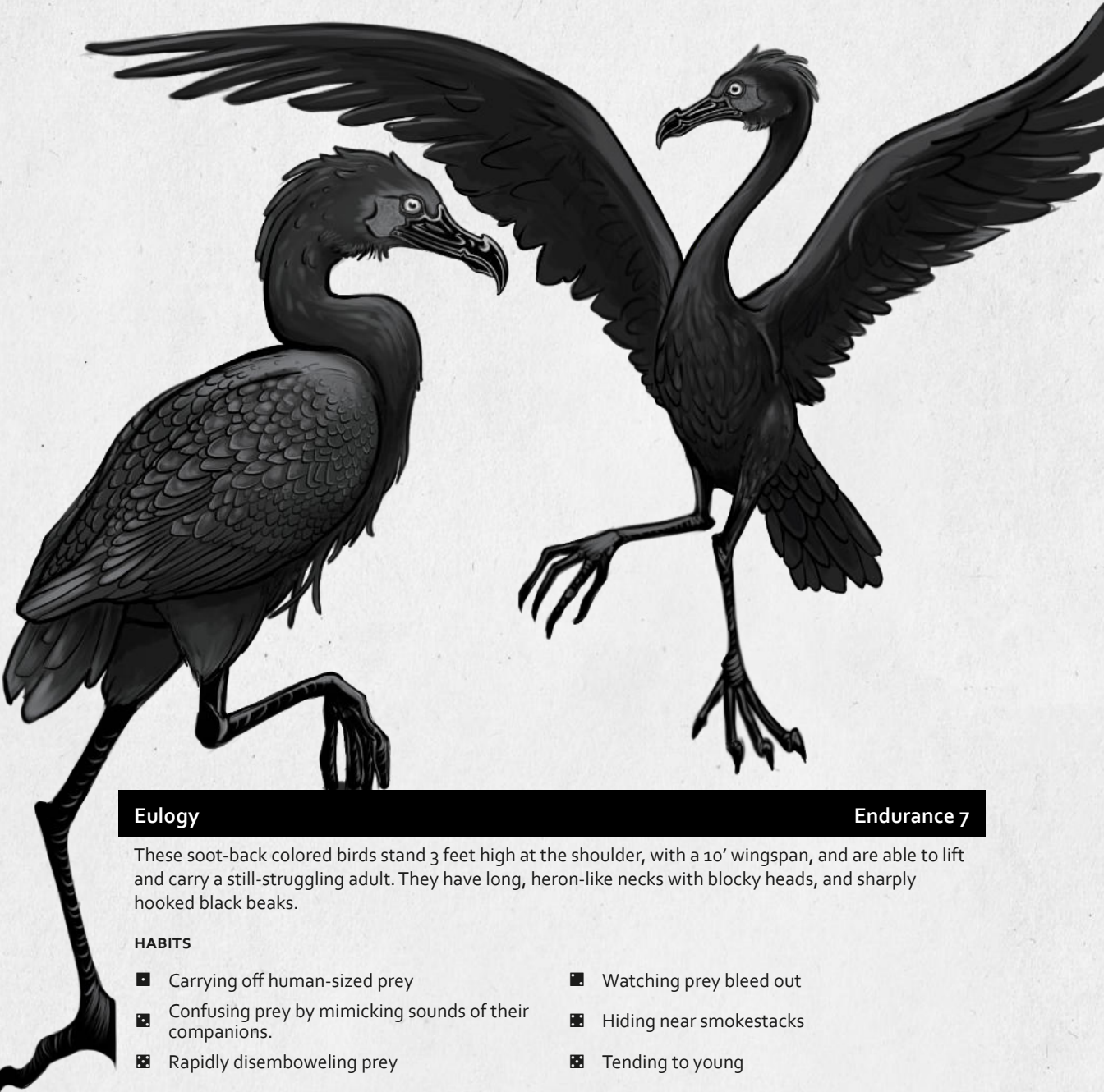
HARVEST/LOOT Claws. Eyes. Tail. Fur.



Mood: Great Beast

Brawn: +2 Wit: +2 Will: +1 Vigor: 12 Grip: 0 Armor: 8

Advancements: Bloodthirsty, Hex-proof, Nimble, Razorclawed



Eulogy

Endurance 7

These soot-back colored birds stand 3 feet high at the shoulder, with a 10' wingspan, and are able to lift and carry a still-struggling adult. They have long, heron-like necks with blocky heads, and sharply hooked black beaks.

HABITS

- Carrying off human-sized prey
- Watching prey bleed out
- Confusing prey by mimicking sounds of their companions.
- Hiding near smokestacks
- Rapidly disemboweling prey
- Tending to young

DEFENSES None

WEAKNESSES None

HARVEST/LOOT Beak. Soot-black feathers.



Mood: Abomination

Brawn: +2 Wit: +0 Will: +0 Vigor: 11 Grip: 0 Armor: 7

Advancements: Flying, Knife From The Shadows, Shadowclad



Grip

Endurance 12

Canids the size of bulls with fur as black as pitch. Their claws are as long as 8-10 inches and sharper than most steel blades. Most packs range from as small as 3 to as large as 12 individuals.

HABITS

- Gut-churning howl
- Torturing prey
- Marking territory with discarded prey-hands
- Returning dead prey to dens to feed offspring and non-hunters
- Running on all fours
- Fighting bipedally

DEFENSES Knock You Down, Stomp On You, Rip You In Half

WEAKNESSES None

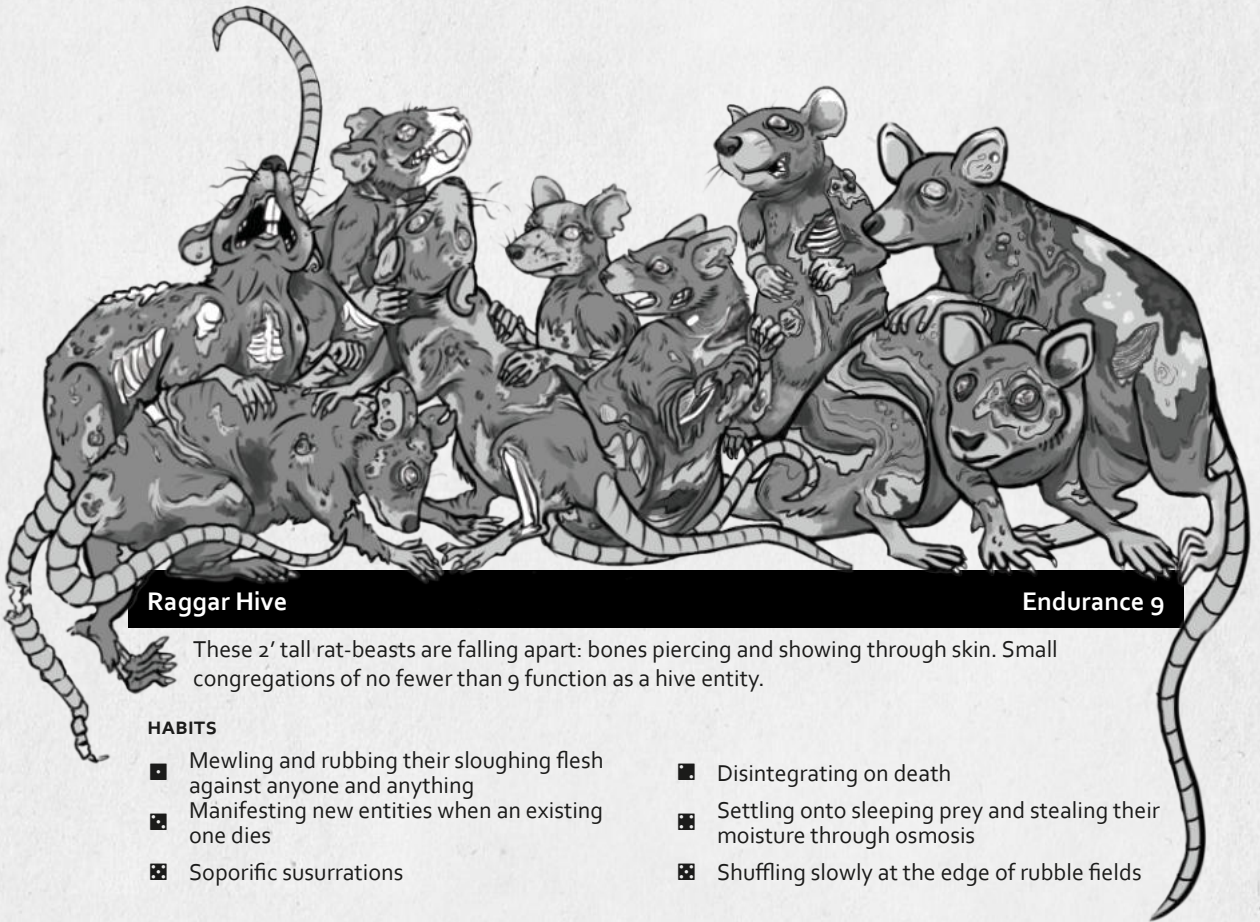
HARVEST/LOOT Claws. Fur.



Mood: Great Beast

Brawn: +3 Wit: +2 Will: +2 Vigor: 24 Grip: 10 Armor: 12

Advancements: Fearsome, Ferocious Charge, Hulking, Maiming Strike, Rampage, Razorclawed, Shadowclad, Unstoppable



Raggar Hive

Endurance 9

These 2' tall rat-beasts are falling apart: bones piercing and showing through skin. Small congregations of no fewer than 9 function as a hive entity.


HABITS

- Mewling and rubbing their sloughing flesh against anyone and anything
- Disintegrating on death
- Manifesting new entities when an existing one dies
- Settling onto sleeping prey and stealing their moisture through osmosis
- Soporific susurrations
- Shuffling slowly at the edge of rubble fields

DEFENSES Soporific Susurrations (creatures hearing them drift to sleep), Moisture Drain (physical contact drains moisture from the target)

WEAKNESSES None

HARVEST/LOOT Raggar dust. Bones.



Mood: Critter

Brawn: -1 Wit: +0 Will: +1 Vigor: 8 Grip: 0 Armor: 6

Advancements: Beetleflesh, Paltry, Petrifying Gaze, Unstoppable



The Robber Spider

Endurance

A thick, oval cephalothorax roughly 2 feet in diameter, covered in anywhere from 8 to 20 beady black eyes (new eyes appear with each molt). 5 foot long, pencil thin, irregularly jointed legs can be regrown if broken off. Cream colored across the body fading to black at the tips of the legs with two barbed pedipalps. Bodies are very soft and easily bruised. Lairs are camouflaged with human detritus; parchment, soiled clothing, dirty dishes.

HABITS

- Tapping at windows and walls to find a way inside
- Sneaking up on prone victims and laying eggs in them
- Camouflaging their lairs in enclosed human spaces (closets, under beds, inside walls)
- Hatching suddenly from walking human/ animal incubators and devouring them alive
- Ambushing solitary victims and quickly crushing bones to incapacitate them
- Neatly dissecting prey, ripping them apart in strips

DEFENSES Quick Getaway (will attempt to flee after the second combat roll), Escape Artist (if restrained by a leg, it can snap its leg off easily to escape)

WEAKNESSES Thermal vision (blinded by intense light or high heat)

HARVEST/LOOT Barbed pedipalps. Eyes.

Mood: Critter

Brawn: +0 Wit: +1 Will: +0 Vigor: 6 Grip: 3 Armor: 6

Advancements: Flying, Knife From The Shadows, Nimble, Shadowclad, Toxic Blades (Brittleskinned, Paralyzing)





Shine-Eyes

Endurance 8

These beasts — which were once people — pass reasonably well for a normal person until up close, when their unusually reflective eyes are obvious. Once in range, shine-eyes unfold their set of abdominal mandibles and quickly restrain their prey. A secondary pair of smaller arms assists in tearing off pieces of their prey and inserting it into their abdominal orifice. They prefer to act as lost children or “injured” adults. Solitary hunters.

HABITS

- Walking with a jolting step
- Pretending to be a lost child
- Restrain prey with abdominal mandibles
- Pretending to be injured
- Consuming restrained prey with their secondary, smaller abdominal mandibles
- Hunting alone

DEFENSES Abdominal Orifice (mandibles and extra arms that immobilize and consume prey)

WEAKNESSES None

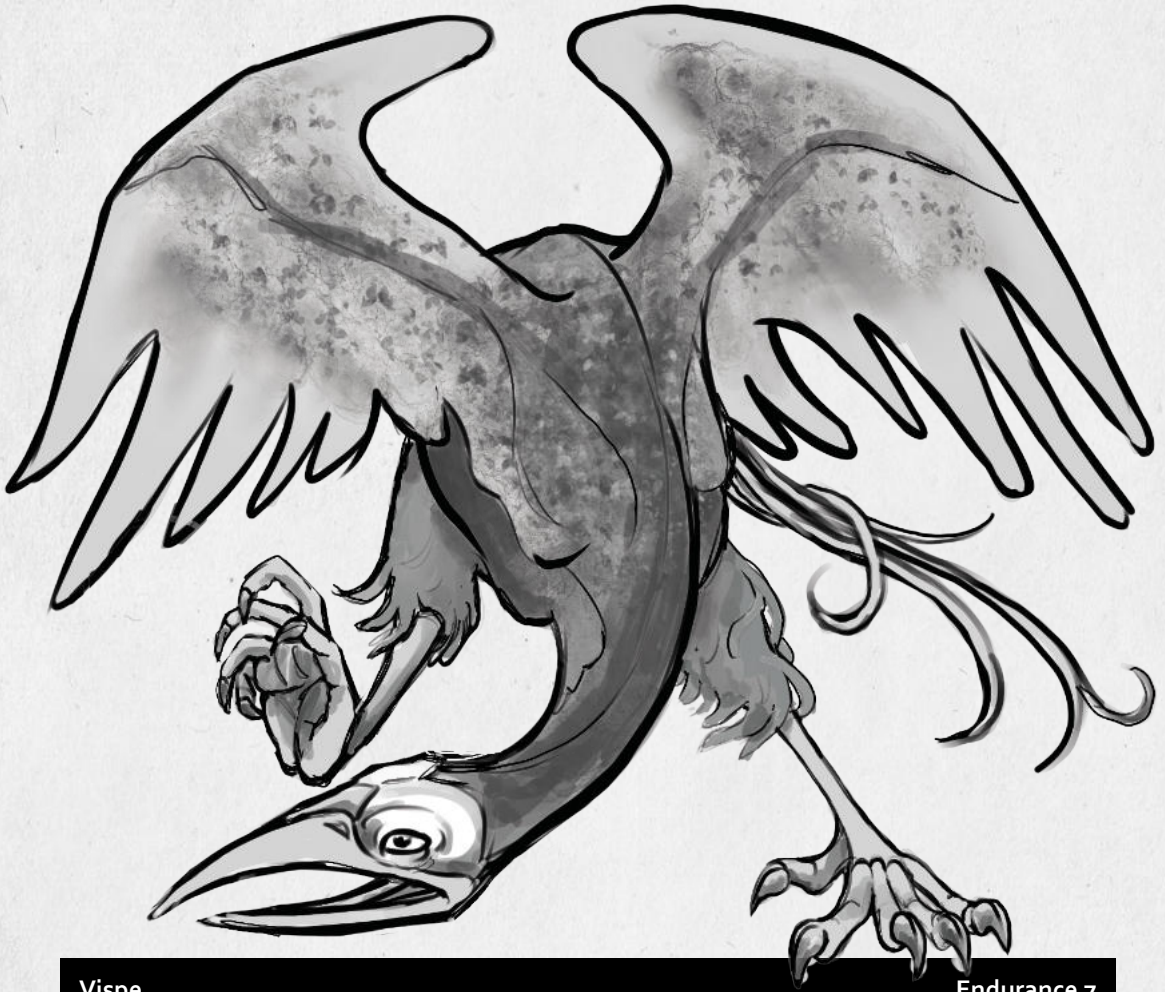
HARVEST/LOOT Eyes. Mandibles.



Mood: Cultists

Brawn: +1 Wit: +1 Will: +0 Vigor: 9 Grip: 0 Armor: 8

Advancements: Devour, Disguise, Gelatinous Grip



Vispe

Endurance 7

A medium sized, lean, mottled-grey bird standing 1 foot at the shoulder with a 4' wingspan.

HABITS

- Preparing to ambush
- Envenoming prey, then backing off
- Darting in to stab with its beak
- Hiding among Richter's buildings
- Eating the viscera of prey — even before it dies
- Flying between hunting ranges in multiple parks

DEFENSES Weakening Venom (weakens the target to the point of collapse)

WEAKNESSES None

HARVEST/LOOT Camouflaging feathers. Venom glands.



Mood: Critter

Brawn: +0 Wit: +1 Will: +0 Vigor: 6 Grip: 3 Armor: 6

Advancements: Flying, Knife From The Shadows, Nimble, Shadowclad, Toxic Blades (Brittleskinned, Paralyzing)



ADVENTURE IN RICHTER

Even when you set aside the horrifically Rot-twisted creatures that emerge from the city's parks, Richter is a dangerous place. There isn't a strong central authority to keep everyone in check, so people grab power as they can... often at the point of a blade.

Magic

The people of Richter are familiar with the practice of magic, even though it is not a daily practice. The Stellari of the Solarium wield miraculous-seeming powers. Scholars have researched and constructed ritual magic. Many people, especially sailors, have asked a boon of the Saints. Sometimes they respond with favor. And it is known that there are sigils of power that can be etched into skin.

But all of these magics come with a risk of ruin. Magic is a wild, fundamental force. Sometimes touching it invites in The Rot. Why this happens is a debate among philosophers. The Revered of Saint Agria believe that The Rot is the influence of magic run amok. As with most things in Richter, however, power of every kind is held with little regard to the cost.

Arms and Armor

Most everyone goes armed with at least a cursory weapon. The wealthy often travel with armed guards. Weapons carried on a regular basis are small hand weapons - knives, daggers, bolt throwers, and such.

When a group gathers for war, the armaments increase commensurately. Long blades, glaives, and powerful reverse-draw crossbows are the norm. On a good day, people armed like that are gathered to clear out park-spawn. On a bad day, it's a local warlord out for increasing the size of their territory.

Most residents of Richter don't wear armor on a regular basis, even those looking for trouble.

Maintaining a numerical advantage and an intimidating attitude are more profitable than engaging in physical conflict. Those hunting park-spawn might wear thick leather and a breastplate to ward off a glancing blow, but no amount of armor will protect against the worst The Rot has to offer.

Adventuring

When creating adventures set in The Rotting City, there are some general principles to keep in mind.

The Rot is ever present. It is an inescapable force in the city and even the most lavish towers have been marked by it. Outside the parks, as well, The Rot changes things, usually in small ways. But always in horrible ways. Confirmed Blooms (newly identified footholds of Rot) are controlled with flame and magic, but these efforts are frequently — and increasingly — unsuccessful.

The Architecture is hostile. Buildings have been built upon buildings, over and over again. It is common to have hallways that just end at another building's wall. Windows that look into rooms rather than outside.

The people are hostile. Conjure every idea you can have about treating other people as resources to be exploited, and that describes most Richters. Especially when looking down the class ladder.

Richter isn't a bright, colorful, fantastical place with wonders and wondrous workings. It's dark, usually overcast with some fog, and The Rot is more likely to bring about a giant, flesh-eating moth than a wyvern or a manticores. Ask the people in Richter, and they'll tell you creatures like that are only found in scary stories told to children.



TROPHY

Located in the canonical world of Trophy by Jesse Ross, Richter embraces the themes of both Trophy Dark and Trophy Gold. Doomed treasure-hunters venture into the dangerous “parks” of Richter, often never to be seen again as The Rot twists and warps their bodies and minds. The lucky ones wander out of the parks’ confines and are quickly slaughtered. The unlucky ones lurk and grow and lose any trace of who they had been.

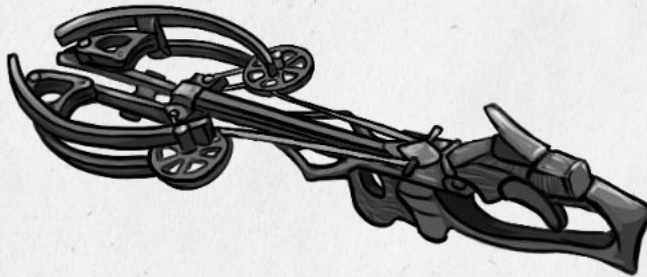
Some, however, make a trade of their desperate attempts to loot forgotten treasures from these places. Many an antique, tome, or artifact can be recovered and sold on for good coin. Alchemists or diabolists will pay greatly for the strange anatomies of Rot-twisted creatures.

When creating an incursion for Trophy Dark, it should have a slightly different feel than an incursion into the forest of old Kalduhr. The big difference: The Rot wants you there! As ruin increases, conditions will often have benefits as The Rot shapes

you into a tool of its own. Killing you or driving you out is much less desirable.

Whether Dark or Gold, there are some additional things to keep in mind. Importantly, Richter is an urban environment. While a park may not have been recently inhabited by people, it still has the canals, narrow streets, and tight rooms that much of Richter has. These warren-like structures can be confusing to navigate and present a significant impediment of their own.

Because the incursions are more likely going into lost places than specifically defended ones, there won’t often be intentional traps built in. However, The Rot affects all living creatures and existing structures. New hazards exist that have never before been encountered: mushrooms that explode into clouds of noxious, growing spores; bridges that retract themselves; or even water that surges from its banks to envelop the unwary. These environmental hazards are unwelcome surprises for treasure-hunters.



DRIVES FOR RICHTERANS

Buy entry into The Hounds

Book passage on a ship leaving Richter

Pay Dr. Addersap’s fee to treat the plague

Have your future read by Edelrine the Cursed

Rebuild the family home

Hire the assassin known as the Sand Asp

Secure an invitation to one Fellowship of Flame party

Secure a naval officer’s commission for your cousin

Have a custom mask crafted by Kittran



BEST LEFT BURIED

There is not much to say about running Best Left Buried in the setting of Richter that the Doomsayer's Guide To Horror doesn't make pretty clear on its own. Seriously. It is a great resource for running BLB games.

One thing that is different between Richter's "crypts" and those presented in Best Left Buried is that Richter's crypts are not far from civilization — at least, not in terms of physical distance. On the contrary, the characters might be able to look out of their crypt and see a patrol of Royal Guards.

Emphasize the horror of knowing that help might be *right there*, but it will never come. They are as alone against these horrors as they would be in the middle of a forest or stranded at sea. Take the time to show them the help and the resources that will never be coming. Emphasize this when things seem desperate.

If you would like to locate Richter in the Thirteen Duchies of Lendal, we recommend the marsh-filled, southeastern part of The Great Isle, on the coast south of Rytik.

OSR SYSTEMS

Both Trophy Gold and Best Left Buried embrace the narrative of the treasure-hunt, and you could do the same in just about any fantasy role-playing game of your choice. In Richter, treasure-hunters are spoiled for choice. Of the parks in the city, some are as large as entire neighborhoods and some are as small as a single house. Much of the time, the previous resident's departure was sudden and their treasures have been — seemingly — abandoned.

Richter is also an old city with unused and forgotten temples and tombs. Every one of those is likely to hold treasures unique and strange. Many modules and maps created for other games could be placed into Richter. We suggest de-emphasizing the fantastical focus on twisting the commonplace: the adventure might have a dragon, but in Richter you may want to replace it with a Rot-twisted crocodile. The horrors in Richter are right next door and should have a feel of familiarity.

BLADES IN THE DARK

Planning heists and playing out factional conflict is a style of play that Richter welcomes. Richter can just about be a 1-to-1 swap for Doskvol. Almost.

Similarly to the factions at play in Doskvol, there are numerous powers in Richter with influence and power ranging from fighting for a single city block to uncontestedly controlling large swathes of the city. Some of these groups are explicitly criminal and some... well, no one in Richter has squeaky-clean hands at the end of the day.

Technologically, Richter is a little behind Doskvol. It is pre-clockwork and pre-gunpowder. In terms of items, swap guns for bows and crossbows, including hand

crossbows. A lot of the "tinker" items should also be simplified. Otherwise, the playbooks can pretty much run straight away. The "Hull" playbook would be called a "Manikin" in Richter and be an entirely magical construct, rather than be constructed of partially mechanical elements.

As of the time of this writing, there are a number of fan-creations linked from the Blades in the Dark website (<https://bladesinthedark.com/fan-creations>) that could be used whole-cloth or easily adapted. Historically, Richter has been a diverse city and using Johnstone Metzger's Iruvian Playbooks would reflect the cultural variety that exists in this rotting seaside metropolis due to its long history of trade.

THE KITREN HOUSE OBSERVATORY



Nestled in the tight streets of The Kennels, Kitren House stands both a testament to the ingenious and durable building of Richter's architects, and a reminder that The Rot can infect anywhere. Few locals mention it aside from oblique references to "Kitren Park", but it was a thriving work/live building as recently as 50 years ago.

Since then, its added upper-stories (with a bizarre collection of gothic features) have largely collapsed, leaving ribs of stone sticking into the sky, while the heavy, thick-walled, stone lower building is mostly intact. A decade of unexplained lights and the occasional emission of gaunt, void-eyed monsters have kept it untenanted by any but the most desperate.

Of particular note, though, was that the architect of the gothic addition built an astronomical observatory — a great, rotating brass dome — which remains nearly intact in the collapsed roof.

Why are the treasure-hunters here?

This is a widely known building within the neighborhood The Kennels, and they would be aware that manifestations of The Rot has kept it from being too plundered. Rumors say the Royal Guard will soon be coming along to burn it down (rumors further say that they're doing so because Marquesse Kiran paid them off to do it). So the time to be getting in and grabbing the choice pieces is now.

There's no maps!

This adventure does not have a room-by-room description or map of the spaces the treasure-hunters are exploring because we don't want to waste anyone's play time by suggesting players should try to find things that aren't there. This adventure is focused on presenting what *is* there to find, and you should feel free to embellish beyond that. If you're using *Trophy Gold* to play this adventure, the format will be familiar. If you're using other systems, here's how to use this:

Each **SET** represents an entire area of the adventure. When the players enter the set, the **PROPS** are the things they might choose to explore. These could be told to the players to let them choose their own exploration, or you might pick and choose what they encounter as they proceed. The **MOMENTS** are yours to sprinkle in as you want some filler elements; they are especially good to add in when transitioning from one prop to another.

Each Prop may have **TRAPS** or **TREASURES** the characters can interact with or claim, and might suggest if there are triggers or steps to each. Each Set might also include **ADDITIONAL TRAPS** and **ADDITIONAL TREASURES** which you can use to torment or reward players as they navigate the set in ways we did not anticipate or you just want to give them a *little more*.



ENTERING & NAVIGATING THE BUILDING

Despite the damage throughout the building, it is still a standing structure within the tight confines of a Richter city street. From any of the still-occupied neighboring buildings, a board of decent length could serve as a bridge to enter at any elevation, easily reaching **THE CENTRAL ATRIUM** or going directly to the rooftop and **THE CRUMBLED OBSERVATORY**. From the city's sewers, the treasure hunters could come into the partially-flooded kitchen and easily access **THE SNOWFLAKE OBSIDIAN HALL**.

Once inside, the sets can be reached in any order through the building's existing corridors and stairs.

Transitional Moments

As the treasure-hunters pass from one set to another and they are traversing the halls and corridors of this building, you might use these to provide some flavor and texture in those moments. If you particularly want to torment your players, you may also have them encounter some denizens of the structure roaming, especially the **ASHEN-SKINNED HUMANS (PAGE 59)** singly or in small groups. The cramped and damaged hallways should make for a challenging combat encounter.

- A hallway littered with thousands of crushed glass marbles, glinting with reflected light.
- A lone, many-legged shadow, darker than dark, slides from a doorsill into one of the treasure-hunter's shadow, prompting a cold shiver running up the spine.
- A grinding rumble. Two planets in the orrery align their orbits for a moment, but that can't be related.
- The walls vibrate and can almost be heard singing.
- Dust motes in the air spin in tight spirals, not quite falling.
- Resting on a windowsill is a small blue top marked with black stars.
- A candle burns in the center of the floor in an otherwise empty room. Spiders have woven webs all around it, shrouding it in a sphere of web.
- A room containing only wooden furniture. On a table, a coin is slowly spinning. If any treasure-hunters enter the room, any metal objects they have start vibrating.
- A hallway thick with diaphanous, draping fabrics. Walking slowly, the fabrics move easily out of the way. Moving quickly, they tangle and ensnare.
- Every surface in this room is covered in writing in chalk and charcoal, reading "there is no end" over and over.
- From further down the hall: the sound of a bell ringing. Upon reaching the place the sound comes from, there is a bell's clapper on the floor, but no bell.
- A pool of water has formed, dripping from the cracks in the ceiling. Its surface glistens and swirls.



THE SNOWFLAKE OBSIDIAN HALL

This large dining hall is entirely made from sheets of snowflake obsidian – a deep inky black stone with small white flecks. The walls, the ceiling, the pillars, the tables, chairs, sideboards... everything. Standing in the room feels like standing in space, surrounded only by stars.

Suspended overhead is a large ORRERY serving as a chandelier; its orbs casting multi-colored mage-light into the room.

Spectral figures dance on the DANCE FLOOR. Above the head table is a large, FRAMED PAINTING completely covered with a cloth. The four corners of the room each have a large, free-standing mirror.

Moments

- For the space of a breath, the head table is laid out with a sumptuous banquet. It has a wonderful aroma, then it is gone.
- Briefly, in a doorway an ASHEN-SKINNED HUMAN (page 59) stands in a doorway, tugs at a loose thread in the mass of rags covering their body, then runs away and vanishes into the building.
- Across the entire floor, the snowflake obsidian appears to warp and shift as though liquid and something is slowly stirring it. Then it slows and subsides. It remains physically solid throughout.

PROPS

THE DANCE FLOOR

Some 30x30 feet in the center of the hall, this open dance floor is thickly covered by spectral couples dancing to an unheard music. They are dressed in outdated finery and pay no attention to events off the dance floor.

TRAPS

If someone steps on the dance floor, the dancers will draw spectral weapons and attack them in a way that blends seamlessly into the dance. If not avoided, being hit by these spectral blades ages the treasure-hunter one year for each hit. Being incorporeal, armor is of no use against this effect, but a treasure-hunter moving with the music would be able to avoid the attacks.

TREASURES

In the center of the dance floor is a corporeal woman in a fashionable, full-skirted dress. She is held in a sweeping, arched position, but completely immobile, almost as if a statue. On the bare skin between her collarbones is a lavish ruby pendant. If it is removed, the spectral figures disappear and the woman comes alive. The Lady Alessia diHirudi is confused: her last memory was of a party that happened 50 years ago.

The diHirudi were a family thought dead - their tower, located also in The Kennels, is abandoned and recently taken over by the Marchers (The Marchon Street Gang). She would gladly give the pendant as reward for freeing her from the curse and might seek to engage the treasure-hunters in helping to reclaim her family home.

While the pendant is nicely worked and the ruby is large, it has many inclusions and is resultantly worth about 20 oro ducati (20 gold). Arcane examination finds no trace of what magic (if any) it may once have held.

THE ORRERY

The orrery floats in the empty space above the middle of the room, with no support. It stretches to nearly 20 feet in diameter.

While it is not to scale, it shows the sun (a 4 foot sphere) and planets (5, each a 2 foot sphere) known in the heavens. Strangely, the planet Richter occupies is shown as having three moons (each a 1 foot sphere).

Each celestial body is a glass sphere, each glowing a different color.

TRAPS

Coming near the orrery (which would require a ladder — it's over 20 feet above the floor) results in strong electrical arcs which will shock and badly burn anyone coming near to it.

TREASURES

Removing even a single element results in the entire enchantment failing and all pieces of the orrery crash to the floor, breaking if not caught. If removed, each fragile orb continues to glow with its strange mage light, which is an uncommon magic outside the halls of Richter's nobles. The sun would be worth 100 oro ducati (100 gold), each planet 50 oro ducati, and each moon 30 oro ducati.



FRAMED PAINTING

The large painting is about eight feet tall, including the frame and hung on the wall. It is completely covered by a black cloth. If the cloth is removed, it displays a mirrored version of the room, full of well-dressed party-goers (though of an older style of dress than the spectral dancers). Despite looking like a painting, the surface is smooth, like glass.

There is a central figure, life-sized, of a man dressed all in black — as an assassin might be — carrying two wicked, curved short swords with an expression of fury and frustration.

A moment after being revealed, the figure blinks and begins moving, eventually pushing through the surface of the painting, emerging into the room the treasure-hunters occupy. The enchantment broken, the “painting” becomes a mirror.

TRAPS

Once, freed, the ASSASSIN will try to murder the treasure-hunters to prevent anyone reporting his release. If any escape and he lives, he will relentlessly hunt them down.

TREASURES

If taken from the corpse of the assassin, wielding both of his blades allows the bearer to enter one mirror and emerge from any other mirror they can see.

BESTIARY: THE ASSASSIN

Endurance 13

The assassin is a male figure, clad entirely in close-fitting black clothes including some leather armor. He moves quickly and with purpose, and spares no effort for speech.

DEFENSES

- His daggers are wicked sharp
- If there is no one nearby to strike, he will pelt everyone with pebbles: once thrown, they grow as hot and bright as a sun, painfully burning anyone they touch.

SPECIAL

After the first combat roll, the assassin will jump into the nearest mirror in the room, appearing at the mirror farthest from any treasure-hunters, ending combat. He will attack with his burning pebbles as long as no one is close and begins combat with him. After this mirror-jump, reduce endurance by 1.

In the next combat, he will do this again after 2 combat rolls, then three, then four, and so on. After each jump, reduce endurance by 1. If the treasure-hunters destroy a mirror, he cannot use it to travel. If there are no mirrors remaining, he will not attempt to use this teleport ability, focusing entirely on murdering the treasure-hunters up close.

Brawn: +0 Wit: +3 Will: +1

Vigor: 20 Grip: 7 Armor: 8

Weaponry: twin daggers (light)

Advancements: Assassinate, Blinking, Firebreathing, Quick Reflexes





THE CENTRAL ATRIUM

This wide open space in the center of this building ascends the full-height of the original, heavy-stone structure. Each of the six stories of the building have an inner balcony facing the courtyard. Originally, this room was open to the sky, but later construction covered it over, leaving it a nearly black interior. Any light source such as a lantern or torch would only illuminate a small space; the majority would be complete shadow. The space is now full of criss-crossing vines, ropes, and walkways.

Originally an open space, it was lit by the sky. Covered over, it has no light source. Anything like a torch or lantern would provide a limited, local light at best, the majority of the room would remain in deep shadows.

Far ahead, suspended from the ceiling, is a white-fleshed, vined HANGING PLANT. Suspended from its ropy vines are strange fruits emitting a wan, purple light. About halfway up the room, a balcony has a lit torch and an entrance to an OCCUPIED ROOM. The floor of the room is ringed by withered garden beds crusted with fungal growths. The center is given over to a REFLECTING POOL and a BALINDRAKIR STATUE.

PROPS

REFLECTING POOL

Broadly, this pool is circular and about 60 feet across. However, one side has a raised, circular dais (20' across) on which the BALINDRAKIR STATUE rests. The water itself is completely free from clutter — not even a single leaf is in the water. The water, even in light, is inky black, with no movement. Inside the water, it looks as if it was reflecting a starry sky above, though there is no source of this reflection.

TRAPS

Anyone touching the water will be pulled underwater by a solid tendril of water which will attempt to hold the treasure-hunter underwater and drown them. Escaping is challenging, but almost any approach to freeing them is capable of working.

BALINDRAKIR STATUE

From a distance, this statue of a balindrakir (the whale-like leviathans of the antediluvian deeps), looks poorly and roughly made. Up close, it is easy to see why: it has been assembled from whole

Moments

- A cloud of faintly purple-glowing pollen falls slowly through the room and settles into the dust on the floor. It smells sweet and floral.
- Beginning at the top of the room, in the deepest part of the plant, a flare glows and ripples through all the vines, fading to a faint glow, then darkness again.
- A fruit from the plant above falls and impacts the floor. Like a ripe fruit, it splits and spills a violet ichor with a bright, blue froth. If one looks closely, this ichor contains tiny creatures swimming within the fluid.

bones. Some animal, some human, some which no expert would be able to identify. It is held together by ties of gauzy fabric. Even the slight air movement in this room is enough to make it ripple as if water were coursing over its skin. Close inspection will reveal some of the bones to be fresh, still carrying the rank remains of rotting flesh.

TREASURES

The statue itself, though sadly impossible to remove, is a nearly-priceless object of "folk art". However, its imagery is associated with cults and spirit worship such that The Solarium would destroy it out-of-hand (and probably right alongside those in possession of it). A treasure-hunter with expertise in balindrakirs or who can sense magic would locate the core of this statue being an elaborate scrimshaw-carved balindrakir tooth. Its motif is of balindrakir and ships sailing through stars. Its origin, purpose, enchantment, and value are not immediately apparent.



OCCUPIED ROOM

The balcony door is the only entrance to this room: all other entrances have been sealed. There is a rope ladder on the balcony which is the obvious means of egress, however, when the treasure-hunters arrive, it has been pulled up. To reach this room, they will have to ascend the atrium heights through the hanging lines and walkways (surely a risky task).

Within the room, the other entrance has been boarded up; the only access is via the balcony. Inside, three ASHEN-SKINNED HUMANS are in residence here. There is a refuse pile in one corner and a large mural of an incredibly tall figure, frail with ashen skin and enlarged eyes. It is portrayed as floating – levitating – ascending over an indistinct landscape. The figure looks humanoid, if not human. Perhaps a fae creature, though no one would be able to suggest what type.

TRAPS

The residents become agitated if the treasure-hunters enter, but are not immediately violent. If given a wide berth, they will allow a search of the refuse pile. They will defend themselves and the mural.

TREASURES

Amid the bones and strips of rotting meat (some animal, some human), there are clothes (mostly reduced to rags). A thorough search will find a boot with a false heel containing 3 oro ducati — 3 gold).

HANGING PLANT

The ceiling of this room has the appearance of a vined jungle, but upside down. Suspended from the fleshy, white vines are faintly glowing purple fruits, spherical, somewhat like large cherries. There is motion in the dense foliage at the highest portion of the room.

TRAPS

At the densest part of the plant live a pair of ROT-TWISTED LEMURS who will attack any opportune targets. Attempting to pick any of the fruits will trigger the vines to grab and constrict the treasure-hunters.

TREASURES

The GLOWING FRUIT is also a valuable alchemical ingredient, worth 1 gold per fruit. If eaten, it is very sweet and a little tart. For a few hours after eating a fruit, a treasure-hunter will sometimes see spaces receding from them, extending into a black void of infinity before returning to normal.

BESTIARY: ASHEN-SKINNED HUMANS

Endurance 7, 9 for all 3

These humans have a pallid grey skin that hangs on their skeletal frames as if worn. Their clothing is an indefinable mix of rags. Their movements are jerky, almost bird-like. They act almost as if they understand language, listening intently, but don't seem to comprehend any meaning. Communication between them is primarily clicking sounds and gestures.

DEFENSES

- Crude, stabby knives
- Unsettling keens



Mood: Civilian

Brawn: +1 Wit: +1 Will: +0

Vigor: 6 Grip: 0 Armor: 7

Weaponry: bone clubs (paltry)

BESTIARY: ROT-TWISTED LEMURS

Endurance 8

These lemurs are the size of large dogs, with thick claws and tails. Their fur is the same white as the plant and has purple rings around their eyes and tail. They scamper very quickly through the vined plant.

DEFENSES

- Wickedly sharp claws
- Bites that may carry disease



Mood: Critter

Brawn: +1 Wit: +2 Will: +0

Vigor: 9 Grip: 30 Armor: 8

Weaponry: claws (light)

Advancements: Nimble, Razorclawed, Shadowclad



THE CRUMBLLED OBSERVATORY

Though much of this floor is open to the sky, the piles of rubble have been cleared away from the intact brass observatory dome. The RUBBLE FIELD is in piles much taller than a person. The entrance of the dome is completely askew and a set of poorly made DOORS have been fitted. Inside the dome, there is a STILL-FUNCTIONAL TELESCOPE, SHELVES AND DESKS, and the (inhuman? once-human?) STARLIGHT OBSERVER waits within.

Moments

- A flash in the sky as a meteor crosses overhead.
- A group of fat crows caw and watch the treasure-hunters knowingly.
- On the roof of a nearby building, a group of people light a fire and relax on chairs. You can even hear the faint notes of a small harp and an indistinct singing. They absolutely will not look at or acknowledge any event on Kitren House.

PROPS

THE RUBBLE FIELD

Building materials, broken windows, entire sections of arched windows are mixed with ruined household goods: clothes, furniture, and the like. Other than in a circle around the dome, there is no clear floor. It is a shifting, unstable mass of rotted wood.

TRAPS

Depending on how the treasure-hunters choose to cross, they may have to deal with A RUBBLE AVALANCHE or fall through a HOLE IN THE FLOOR. Three FLESH-EATING ROT-PELICANS are roosting on the far side from where the treasure-hunters ascended.

TREASURES

The pelicans have some cast-off, rotting body parts near their nest. Among them, the treasure-hunters can find a FLORAL-ENGRAVED BRASS WRIST-CUFF (still on the now-bony wrist) and a SCRIMSHAW PIPE BOWL in a blood-soaked pile of clothes.

THE DOORS

Whoever made these had no idea how to make doors. Boards are joined all akimbo and poorly fit the frame, but it seems functional. The gaps in the door are wide enough to see a narrow wooden stick holding the doors shut.

TRAPS

If the treasure-hunters can't quietly address the door, they will alert those inside to their coming as well as draw the attention of anyone in the rubble field they have not encountered.

STILL-FUNCTIONAL TELESCOPE

Though dinged and scratched, this brass-tube telescope is as long as the tallest-treasure-hunter, and as heavy as the heaviest. Twelve inches in diameter. It is mounted to a floor-stand, but could be removed with a risk of damaging it beyond

repair. On a clear night (though an unlikely occurrence, if the treasure-hunters reach this area late in the day, allow the sky to be clear), looking through the telescope at the night sky, will reveal a golden glowing balindrakir being assaulted by a pack of red-glowing sailing ships. This is not visible to the naked eye at all.

TRAPS

Absolutely botched or incompetent attempts to remove the telescope could pin a treasure-hunter beneath it and might break bones.

TREASURES.

Theoretically worth a fortune, the most likely purchasers of this TELESCOPE is the Order of Preservation who would pay each treasure-hunter 10 gold. However, removing and transporting it is a difficult group task bound to draw attention.

SHELVES, TABLES, AND DESK

Grouped together, these items of furniture are in surprisingly functional condition and covered with books, papers, charts, sketches, charcoal, and ink pots.

TRAPS

Careless interaction with the tables could spill ink, ruining the papers and getting the treasure-hunter's hand absolutely filthy!

TREASURES

These books and papers, if gathered, could be brought to the Order of Preservation who would be grateful for the priceless WRITINGS OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY. They would also note that some seem to have been taken from their libraries in the Porphyry Archive, and may be inclined to retain the treasure-hunters for a future expedition into that lost building.



STARLIGHT OBSERVER

When the treasure-hunters enter, the STARLIGHT OBSERVER will yell they are interrupting his research and must leave. At any sign of hesitation, he will attack heedless of his own life.

TRAPS

The STARLIGHT OBSERVER is fairly hostile to anyone within the dome.

BESTIARY: FLESH-EATING ROT PELICANS

Endurance 7, flock of 3 pelicans: 9

The grey feathers of these pelicans have dark green tips. Larger than regular pelicans, their legs and wings have an extra bend in them. Their beaks and claws are thick and rough, like heavy forged iron. When they fly, their wing-bones audibly click with each powerful downbeat.

DEFENSES

- Their beaks are ragged and sharp, like serrated knives.
- Their mouth pouch contains a viscous black substance that smells like sea water and sticks like tar, which they spit onto enemies and prey.

Brawn: +1 Wit: +1 Will: +0
 Vigor: 11 Grip: 0 Armor: 8
 Weapons: beaks (hand)
 Advancements: Fearsome, Flying,

BESTIARY: THE STARLIGHT OBSERVER

When PHASE 1 is overcome, do the TRANSITION, then continue combat with PHASE 2

PHASE 1

Endurance 9

Clad in tattered, grey robes, this wizened figure has black voids for eyes. He suspends a large lens in front of his face through some magical means.

DEFENSES

- He will use the lens as a telekinetic battering weapon.
- His eyes will glow and project beams of searing starlight through the lens.
- He flails wildly with his strong and sharp claw hands.

WEAKNESSES

- The Starlight Observer is (effectively) blind, and is hampered by deafening sound.

Brawn: +0 Wit: +1 Will: +4
 Vigor: 18 Grip: 7 Armor: 8
 Weapons: lens (heavy with will), claws (light)
 Advancements: Firebreathing, Violent End (the transition phase)

TRANSITION

When overcome, the Starlight Observer will collapse to his knees, dying. After a moment, cracks will form in his skin, which emit black light. The cracks grow until the body collapses in on itself into a black sphere. It begins sucking loose items and the treasure-hunters in toward it, after which it explodes in a cacophonous eruption of light, heat, and sound causing 1 Ruin worth of harm. With a Risk Roll to attempt to escape the suction (a 4+), the treasure-hunters can get out of range or behind large enough debris to avoid this harm. You might offer devil's bargains of losing weapons, armor, or equipment, and they do get a dark die for risking their body.

PHASE 2

Endurance 10

In this phase, the Observer is substantially larger and has the appearance of swirling nebula clouds loosely contained in the same tattered grey robe. The lens expands, and becomes the figure's "face".

DEFENSES

- With a high pitched shriek, the lens erupts in a burning-hot starlight beam that sweeps through the space.
- It can create gravity wells with its hands, pulling in and holding the treasure-hunters.
- It sweeps with its large, but intangible claws, burning from the inside of the body (Ruin gained from this attack cannot be reduced or blocked by armor)

WEAKNESSES

- Freezing Cold
- Existential Dread

Brawn: +0 Wit: +1 Will: +4
 Vigor: 24 Grip: 7 Armor: 8
 Weapons: claws (hand, elemental: fire)
 Advancements: Ethereal, Fearsome, Firebreathing, Flamewreathed, Gelatinous Grip, Luminescent, Unstoppable, Weakness (cold)

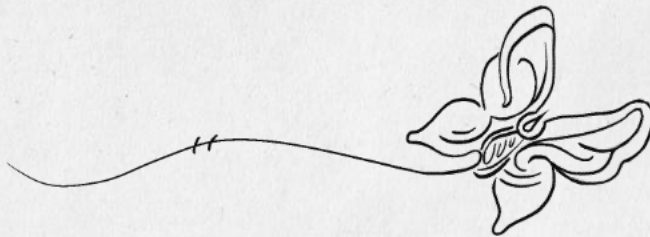
A BRIEF POSTSCRIPT

Richter: The Rotting City has been an eye-opening and challenging project for us. It is — truly — a project that could not have happened without the generous support of our Kickstarter backers, and to each and every one of you, thank you. We hope your adventures in the Rotting City are thoroughly terrible (in a fun way, of course) and we hope you will share them with us: tag @ByEmberAndAsh on Twitter if you share your experiences. We would love to hear about them. Especially the horrifying ones.

One of our key inspirations for Richter was the game *Bloodborne*. Almost any character you speak to in the game ends the conversation with an unsettling chuckle. So here, in the final breath of Richter, we say to you “heh heh heh”.

Much Love,

Natalie & Madeleine



WELCOME TO THE CITY IN THE SWAMP

The cause of The Rot is a debate for philosophers, but its effects are both pernicious and dramatic. It is a monstrous transformation. It takes the worst of the city and corrupts it further. It consumes whole neighborhoods, making them unfit for habitation. On the plus-side, plenty of treasure and unusual resources are left behind in these ruined locations, ripe for the taking by those daring and desperate enough to try.

Richter: The Rotting City is a system-agnostic setting book that establishes Richter inside the world of Kalduhr from Jesse Ross' *Trophy*, adding new history and horrors to an already doom-filled land. Within these pages, you will find:

Welcome to Richter. What life is like for the residents of the city, including: travel along its network of canals (spoiler: giant eels), weather, food, and opportunities for the indulgence of vice. It also introduces manifestations of The Rot, the mysterious force that twists, warps and poisons life in Richter.

Powers. 15 different factions that can serve as patrons, friends, and foes to the treasure-hunters at your tables.

Places. 7 different neighborhoods, each with key locations, notable NPCs, rumors, and places lost to The Rot.

Creatures of the Rot. 11 unique and terrifying manifestations of The Rot.

Adventuring in the Rotting City. Suggestions for GMs on how to use Richter in their own campaigns, in their preferred game systems.

The Kitren House Observatory. An adventure to introduce your players to Richter and launch your own campaigns of exploration.



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ISBN 978-1-952731-05-1

