

ADVENTURE KIT

• SHADOWS OVER •
DRIFTCHAPEL



A Modular Toolkit to Build Endless RPG Adventures



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TABLETOP ◆







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Special Thanks: To Tealah and Rhowan – my lanterns in the darkness.

ADVENTURE KIT



This Adventure Kit was created with the help of 950 Kickstarter backers.

PREP LESS, PLAY MORE

Somewhere between pre-written adventure modules and your own simple prep notes, there's an RPG sweet spot. Adventure Kits from Absolute Tabletop provide versatile, flexible frameworks for roleplaying game adventures. Much like a model kit, some assembly is required. We provide the pieces – all you need is some paint, a little glue, and a steady hand.

Build fun, limitless adventures quickly and easily with Adventure Kits from Absolute Tabletop!

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Shadows Over Driftchapel is set in the following fonts: Aller, Diavlo, and Graveside.

FOREWORD

"That is not dead which can eternal lie, and with strange
aeons even death may die."

– H.P. Lovecraft

Like many, my love for cosmic horror began with H.P. Lovecraft. Likewise, my love of pulp began with Robert E. Howard. I devoured these stories of dark, unfathomable horrors and grim heroes, and to this day find myself drawn to them.

Here, in Adventure Kit: *Shadows Over Driftchapel*, we share with you our love letter to Lovecraft and Howard, fusing the purest essence of both into a strange amalgamation of our own. Here lurk Deep Ones, gibbering cultists, and elder horrors that defy understanding – and yet dogged heroes stand fast against the encroaching darkness with fire, steel, and flintlock in hand. This is everything we love about the Cthulhu mythos, with a distinct pulp edge – all bolstered by the modularity and usability you've come to expect from our Adventure Kits.

Shadows Over Driftchapel works seamlessly with our first Adventure Kit: *Oath of the Frozen King*. So get creative – mix and match your favorite modular elements from both Adventure Kits to build something truly unique. Hide Qatu's Dark Idol in the frigid halls of the Maw of Black Ice, and send adventurers to face its dangers with flintlock weapons. Infest the Dripping Caves beneath Driftchapel with skeletal warriors and cannibals, pitting players in a race against time before the Frozen King is resurrected.

Much of what you'll find in *Shadows Over Driftchapel* will feel familiar – but we hope it feels new and improved as well. What you hold is an Adventure Kit made even more modular, more inspiring and thematic, and more useful in prep and at-a-glance – thanks to your feedback.

This is a book we hope doesn't spend much time on your shelf.

We hope you enjoy exploring the cursed world of Gloam as much as we enjoyed creating it. Now grab your flintlock and your lantern and venture into the inky darkness with us.

From our tabletop to yours,

Matt (and Barker, and James, and Tim)

ABSOLUTE TABLETOP



MATHIAS THE MAD

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USING THIS BOOK

Prep less and play more with Adventure Kits from Absolute Tabletop. Adventure Kits are fully compatible with the fifth edition of the world's oldest fantasy roleplaying game, and provide versatile, flexible frameworks for roleplaying game adventures. Much like a model kit, some assembly is required. We provide the pieces – all you need is some paint, a little glue, and a steady hand.

The locations, encounters, and other assets supplied in Adventure Kits are intended to give Game Masters some fast, fun, and ready-made material with which to construct adventures of all kinds. There's no right or wrong way to use this book – try some of our methods, tinker with your own, and discover the tools and techniques that work for you and your prep style.

WHAT'S INCLUDED

In *Shadows Over Driftchapel*, you'll find inspiration, unique mechanics, and ready-made adventure elements for crafting an eldritch horror investigation in the eerie, seaside town of Driftchapel. Let's take a look at the sections of this Adventure Kit and what you'll find therein.

Adventure Setting: Discover the thematic tenants of the near-apocalyptic fantasy world of Gloam, where the dwindling vestiges of humanity wield black powder weapons against a ceaseless, writhing darkness.

Adventure Overview: This top-down view includes the basic elements of the Adventure Kit, a breakdown of possible conflicts, and some handy roll tables to quickly generate quests, twists, and motivations for the adventurers.

Maps: A detailed map of the town of Driftchapel, as well as a detailed regional map of the crumbling human dominions of Gloam.

Locations: Each modular area of this adventure includes a flavorful description and easy-to-reference sights, sounds, and sensations.

Encounters: Fun and challenging combats, skill challenges, environmental hazards, puzzles, and roleplay encounters.

NPCs: A handful of unique non-player characters, complete with physical descriptions, personality traits, and some possible dark secrets.

Monsters: Pre-generated thematic monsters with basic stats and simple guidelines to scale them for any challenge level.

Resolution and Rewards: Suggested adventure conclusions, ideas for satisfying rewards, and treasure for the adventurers.

Toolbox: Modular add-ons and adventure enhancements, including set dressing, loot, and simple generators for monsters, skill challenges, traps, and more.

Gloam Gazetteer: Delve deeper into the dwindling world of Gloam and discover the locations and points of interest that lie beyond the borders of Driftchapel.

WHAT YOU'LL NEED

- This Adventure Kit (and any other Adventure Kits you want to pull material from)
- A fistful of polyhedral dice to roll on the provided tables
- A pencil and some paper or index cards to plot out your adventure

A NOTE ON NUMBERS

Adventure Kits are designed to be compatible with the fifth edition of the world's oldest fantasy roleplaying game, but we've intentionally left out a lot of the numbers to make it easy to run with your preferred system and with player characters of any level. For instance, an encounter might mention making a Dexterity saving throw, but leave the exact target number or DC to the GM's discretion. When you need a number, lean on your system of choice and the level of your adventurers. Guidelines for DCs, damage, and monster stats are included in the Toolbox at the back of this Adventure Kit.

WHERE TO BEGIN

If you want to dive right into your adventure, we have a few easy suggestions to get you started with this Adventure Kit. Remember: game prep is an art, not an exact science. Use these methods and modify them to your tastes – find what works for you as a Game Master!

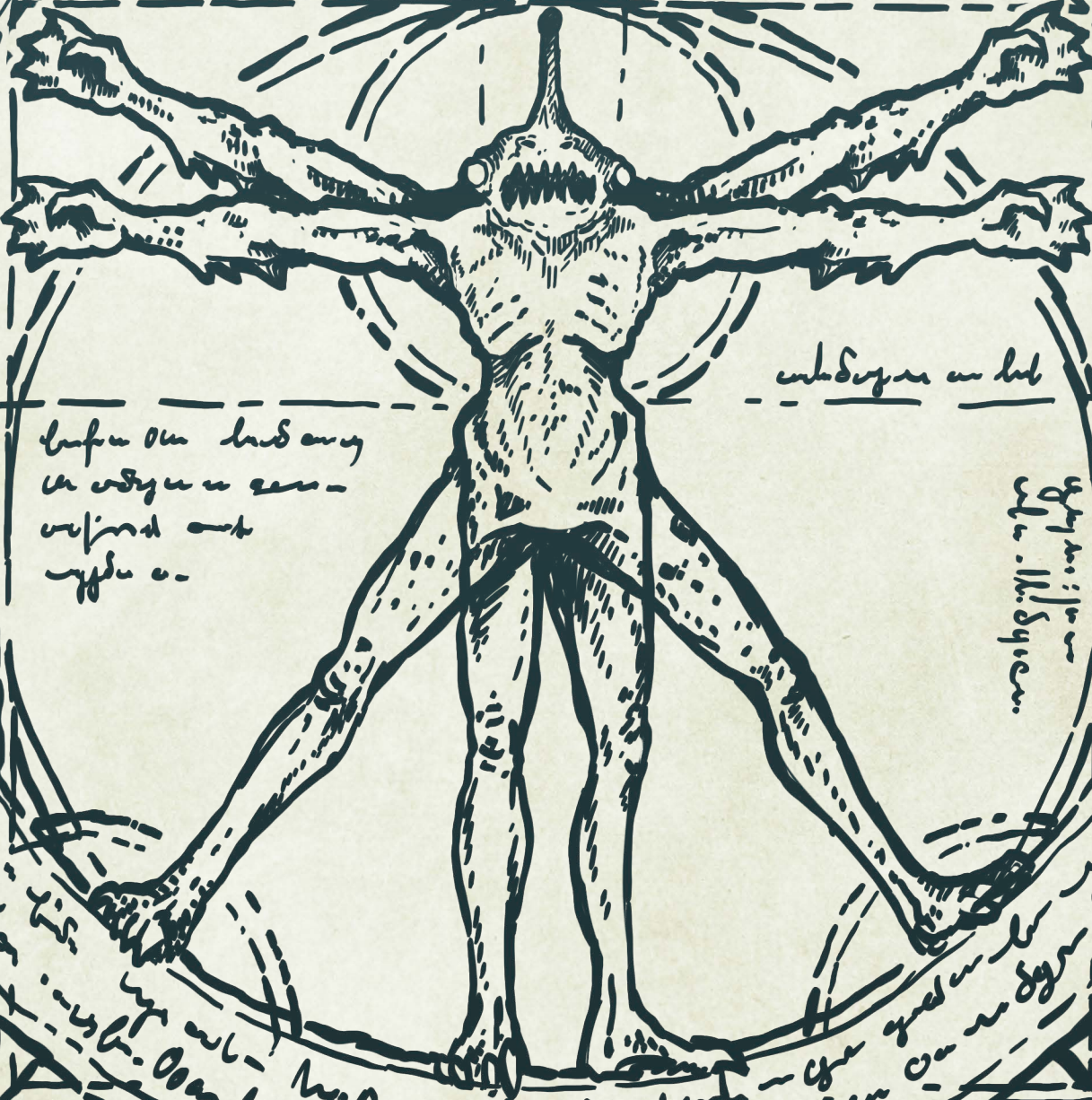
QUICK-START ADVENTURE

Want to get rolling right away? Use the following combination of locations and encounters to immediately jump into the action!

QUICK-START ADVENTURE	
Location	Encounter
The Streets of Driftchapel	Lighting the Lamps
The Rivermouth Inn	The Sole Survivor
The Profane Chapel	The Deep Ones
The Ordist's Lab	Call of the Idol
The Taxidermy Shop	Roving Madmen
The Dripping Cave	The Cult of Qatu

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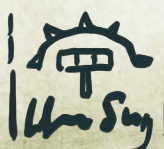


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 and in the first year. and

BUILD-YOUR-OWN ADVENTURE

Work your way through each section to quickly build and customize your own unique adventure. Grab a sheet of paper and something to write with, and get prepping!

1. Start in the Adventure Overview section. Read through the overview to get a handle on the background lore and components of the adventure. Use the tables in this section to create a framing quest to kickstart your adventure. Note these elements on your prep sheet.
2. Proceed to the Locations section. Familiarize yourself with the locations of Driftchapel, considering what challenges each area might hold for your adventurers. Pick an appropriate number of locations, and note these on your prep sheet.
3. Turn to the Encounters section. Decide which encounters you'd like to include and pair each of them with one of the locations on your prep sheet.
4. Flip through the NPC and Monster sections. Populate your locations and encounters with people and creatures for the adventurers to interact with. Jot them down on your prep sheet.
5. Finally, use the Toolbox to generate some loot, a trap or two, and some additional hazards, NPCs, or minor locations to fill in the gaps. Now it's time to run your unique adventure!

DICE DROP ADVENTURE GENERATOR™

For a fun, randomized prep method, roll some dice across a piece of paper and watch your adventure take shape using the provided tables.

1. Grab a blank sheet of paper and a fistful of polyhedral dice. You'll need one each of the following: d4, d6, d8, d10, d12, and d20.
2. Roll the dice across your sheet of paper. These dice now represent your locations.
3. Slide the dice around to create your preferred layout and draw an outline around each die.
4. Next to each outline, note the die type as well as the result of the roll.
5. Remove the dice, and draw connecting lines between your locations – these lines are now the various streets, alleyways, and canals of Driftchapel.
6. Use the provided tables to discover what each location contains. If you get a duplicate, feel free to roll again or choose a different option.
7. Now fill in any holes with elements from the Toolbox, and get ready to run your adventure!

d4 The Streets of Driftchapel

- | | |
|---|-------------------|
| 1 | The Sole Survivor |
| 2 | The Deep Ones |
| 3 | Roving Madmen |
| 4 | Call of the Idol |

d6 The Rivermouth Inn

- | | |
|-----|--------------------|
| 1 | The Elder Thing |
| 2-3 | Lighting the Lamps |
| 4-5 | Call of the Idol |
| 6 | The Sole Survivor |

d8 The Profane Chapel

- | | |
|-----|----------------------------------|
| 1-2 | Call of the Idol |
| 3-4 | Reward – Roll on the Loot table! |
| 5-6 | The Deep Ones |
| 7-8 | The Elder Thing |

d10 The Taxidermy Shop

- | | |
|-----|----------------------------------|
| 1-3 | Lighting the Lamps |
| 4-6 | The Sole Survivor |
| 7-9 | Reward – Roll on the Loot table! |
| 10 | Roving Madmen |

d12 The Ordist's Lab

- | | |
|-------|--------------------|
| 1-3 | The Elder Thing |
| 4-6 | Roving Madmen |
| 7-9 | Lighting the Lamps |
| 10-12 | The Deep Ones |

d20 The Dripping Caves (The Cult of Qatu)

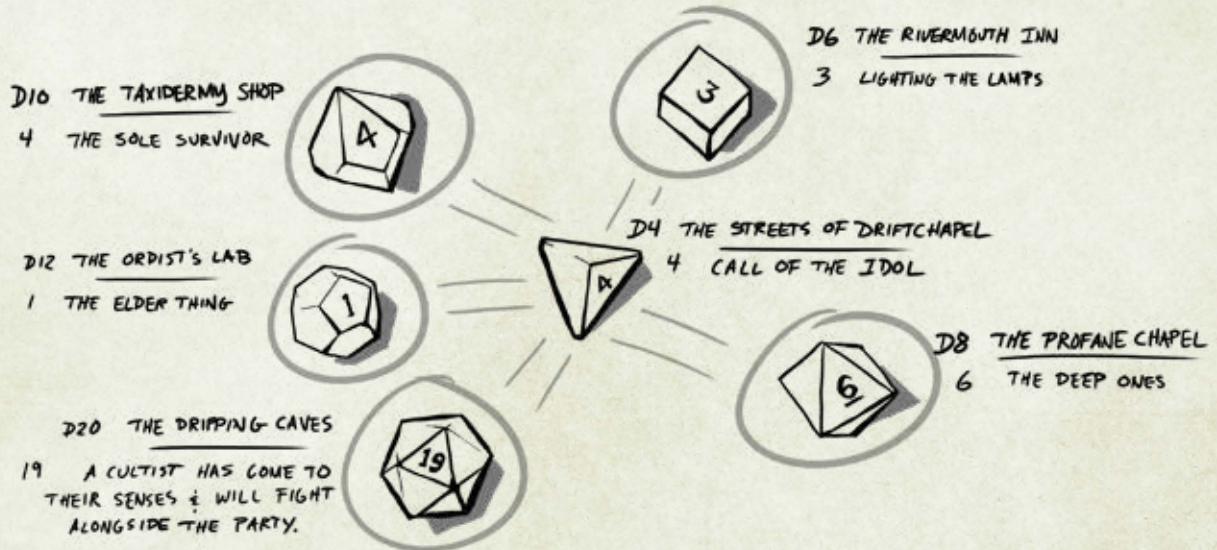
- | | |
|-------|---|
| 1 | The cultists are distracted while bleeding themselves into the sea. |
| 2-5 | A friendly NPC is about to be sacrificed! |
| 6-10 | Deep Ones have joined the cultists in their ritual. |
| 11-15 | Qatu's servants await you in ambush. |
| 16-19 | A cultist has come to their senses, and will fight alongside the party. |
| 20 | Qatu has already risen – you are too late. Fight for your lives! |

DICE DROP ADVENTURE GENERATOR™



STEP 1: ROLL A FISTFUL OF DICE

STEP 2: CONSULT THE TABLES. ASSIGN LOCATIONS AND ENCOUNTERS.



STEP 3: FLESH OUT THE MAP, SPRINKLE WITH YOUR FAVORITE STUFF FROM THE TOOLBOX, AND GET PLAYING.



ADVENTURE SETTING

This adventure takes place in the world of **Gloom**, a near-apocalyptic, Victorian/Colonial-inspired fantasy realm where burgeoning technology has brought an end to old magic and ushered in an era of grim survival, black powder, and shadowy horrors beyond human reckoning.

Now, foolhardy men and women, wielding misplaced bravery and trusty flintlocks, venture beyond the crumbling walls of their cities on horseback or aboard dirigibles, seeking fortune or redemption down the **Withered Road**. Humanity rules over a doomed world.

The adventure begins in the **Barony of Strand**, a rain-soaked coastal region veined with rivers and wetlands. It borders Trawler's Bay, a dark stretch of water. Strand is overseen by Baroness Yesenia Foxglove, whose infamously bloody rise to power left her father, three brothers, and husband dead. Watery horrors emerge from the sea and marshes, and rumors swirl of a coven of witches practicing illegal and profane magicks in the darkest depths of the Irwhile Bog.

FLINTLOCKS OF GLOAM

The world of Gloom survives on the tail end of an industrial revolution that provided humanity with the means to drive elves and dwarves to near-extinction. Dirigibles float overhead, gaslight lamps quell the darkness, and humans entrench themselves with destructive black powder weapons.

In the Flintlocks and Ammunition table, you will find some sample flintlocks and shot to include in your game. You can also opt to not include this level of technology and run this Adventure Kit as a traditional fantasy adventure without much tinkering.

FLINTLOCK RULES

Flintlocks are powerful weapons that dish out crippling damage at range. However, the technology is not perfect, and many limitations exist. While wielding flintlocks in Gloom, the following rules apply:

- Flintlocks partially bypass traditional armor. When using a flintlock to attack a creature wearing armor, the effective armor class of the target creature is reduced by 2. For example, when wielding a flintlock and attacking a creature with AC 15, its AC would instead be 13 for the purposes of your attack.
- Adventurers have disadvantage on attacks with flintlocks at point-blank-range (within 5 feet of their target).
- Rolling a critical failure (natural 1) while attacking with a flintlock means the weapon misfires. The wielder takes 1d4 fire damage from the improper discharge, and the weapon cannot be fired again until the wielder completes a short rest to properly clear the breach.
- A flintlock that becomes submerged in water cannot be fired again until the wielder completes a short rest to properly clean and dry the weapon.
- While in severe snow or rain, the chance of misfire increases, with a critical failure on the result of a natural 1 or 2.

SETTING THIS ADVENTURE ELSEWHERE

This Adventure Kit is set in the grim, near-apocalyptic world of Gloom, but it can easily be adapted to work in your favorite campaign setting. It is best suited for a remote seaside or lakeside village. Rainy weather and stormy seas are also a must!

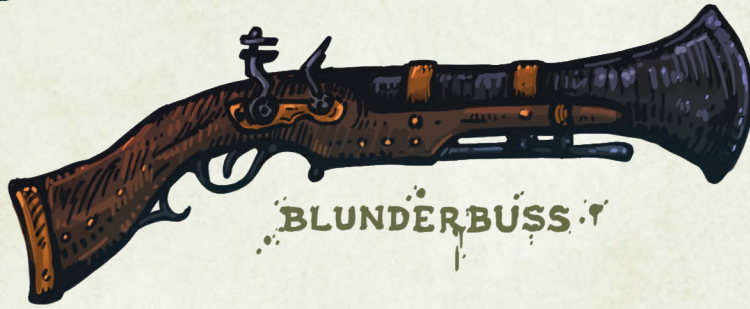
FLINTLOCKS AND AMMUNITION

Weapon	Cost	Damage	Details
Pistol	50 gp	1d8 piercing	Simple, ranged (30/90), ammo, action to reload
Pepperbox	75 gp	2d4 piercing	Simple, ranged (10/30), ammo, action to reload
Blunderbuss	75 gp	2d6 piercing	Martial, two-handed, ranged (20/60), ammo, action to reload
Rifle	100 gp	1d12 piercing	Martial, two-handed, ranged (60/180), ammo, action to reload
Bayonet	5 gp	1d4 piercing	Simple, melee, action to attach to a flintlock
Axe Bayonet	10 gp	1d6 slashing	Simple, melee, action to attach to a flintlock

Ammo	Cost (10)	Details
Standard Shot	1 gp	–
Buckshot	5 gp	No disadvantage at point-blank-range; reduce range by half; 1d6 additional damage
Buck and Ball	5 gp	No disadvantage at point-blank-range
Spin Shot	20 gp	No disadvantage at long range; 1d6 additional damage; two actions to reload



RIFLE



BLUNDERBUSS



PEPPERBOX



PISTOL

FLINTLOCK TYPES

Pistol: One-handed flintlock weapons, pistols sacrifice accuracy and range in favor of reduced weight and increased portability. Easier to reload and maintain than a blunderbuss or rifle, flintlock pistols are favored by bandits, assassins, and scoundrels for their ability to be concealed beneath a jacket and drawn and fired at a moment's notice. Often carried in a "brace" of two or more to cut down on reload time, pistols are used primarily in self-defense rather than warfare, and are easily paired with a bladed weapon in the offhand.

Pepperbox: A recent revelation of the Ordisterium, the pepperbox "revolver" pistol includes multiple barrels, significantly reducing reload time. Unfortunately, the revolving barrel design doesn't always function as intended, with the barrels more often than not firing simultaneously, rather than one at a time. For some, this is a feature, not a drawback, as the pepperbox combines the portability of a pistol with the devastating spread of a blunderbuss.

Blunderbuss: Favored by the Crownsguard of Oublette, the blunderbuss is a two-handed, large-caliber flintlock weapon with a flared muzzle designed to be as effective as possible at close range. Its ease of use and "point, pull, kill" function make it especially attractive to civilians, especially those dwelling on the frontier. The Crownsguard carry blunderbusses outfitted with distinctive axe bayonets, making them effective melee weapons in their own right.

Rifle: The flintlock rifle is the successor to the flintlock muskets that saw widespread use during the Black Crusades. Its name is derived from the "rifling" of the barrel – spiral grooves that give the shot a spin, making it more accurate even at long range. Rifles are heavy and unwieldy, but their accuracy and effectiveness at great distances cannot be denied. The flintlock rifle is a common sight across the Five Dominions, ranging in use from military operations to self-defense on frontier homesteads.

AMMUNITION TYPES

Standard Shot: Widely used, easy to acquire, and reliable, standard lead balls come sealed in wax paper cartridges pre-loaded with measured amounts of black powder. Standard shot balances accuracy and range.

Buckshot: Used primarily in blunderbusses, buckshot discharges several small pellets, designed for a wide spread and maximum damage at close range.

Buck and Ball: A combination of standard and buckshot, buck and ball includes a large lead ball surrounded by smaller pellets. This unique shot is favored by the Crownsguard for its versatile application at both long range and point-blank firefights.

Spinshot: A recent innovation by the Ordisterium, the unique groove pattern on these lead balls give the shot an extra spin, not unlike an arrow in flight, allowing for greatly improved range and accuracy, no matter the flintlock it's fired from. Loading spinshot requires expert care and precision, as the grooved balls are prone to misfiring.

LOADING A FLINTLOCK

Flintlocks are muzzle-loading weapons that fire lead shot, with black powder ignited by a shard of flint that provides sparks when released. Properly loading and firing a flintlock requires skill and concentration, bred through experience. Paper cartridges with pre-portioned powder and lead shot are common throughout the Five Dominions, and cut down on the time and effort it requires to prime a flintlock for firing. The steps to loading a standard flintlock in Gloam are as follows:

1. The flintlock is held level at half-cock, with the flashpan open.
2. The wax-coated cartridge is ripped open with the teeth.
3. The first portion of powder is poured into the flashpan near the flintlock mechanism. Excess powder is carefully blown off to contain the ignition. The flashpan is closed.
4. With the flintlock vertical, the remainder of the powder is poured down the muzzle, along with the paper cartridge containing the lead ball.
5. The ramrod, stored beneath the muzzle, is slid loose and used to tamp the powder and shot down to the breech.
6. The weapon is shouldered, cocked full, and fired.

SETTING PRIMER: HITHER COMES THE GLOAM

"Do not seek eager what lies beyond the walls of man. Hither comes the Gloam – the twilight of all things."

– The Final Tenant of the Creed

1. **The Gloam Encroaches on the Five Dominions:** With fire and iron, we snuffed out the Old Magicks – and, as a result, the wards holding back an endless darkness shattered. The Gloam seeped into our world. With it came vile arcane magic, unfathomable horrors, and a ceaseless darkness both figurative and tangible, inching us ever closer to the end of all things.
2. **The Withered Road:** The encroaching darkness of the Gloam swallows more of humanity's domain with each passing day. Like a twisted vein of refuge amidst the inky gloom, the Withered Road is a simple thoroughfare of pallid earth that extends from one side of the realm to the other, dotted with roadhouses and villages. The Road offers a fleeting reprieve from the Gloam – and the terrors that dwell within it.
3. **The Grand Bastion of Oubliette:** As the Gloam encroached on our domain, we took refuge in the dwarven ruins of the Pinnacles. Upon those crumbling, ancient stones, we forged the great city of Oubliette, only reachable by dirigible. Oubliette, our sky-breaching city, is dotted with beacons of gaslight, and spared the horrors of the Gloam – for now.
4. **The Crown and the Creed:** From the last great human city of Oubliette, the matriarchal Crown rules alongside the Creed, a pantheon of gods worshiped for their benevolence and justice. The power of the Crown wanes, and the voice of the Creed is little more than a strangled whisper.
5. **The Veiled Mages of the Ordisterium:** Veiled alchemists and arcanists, the ordists of Oubliette are Crown-sanctioned magic-users. They bend the eldritch arcane to their whims, and are responsible for black powder and the blaugas that lifts our dirigibles and lights our lamps. Their most impressive and terrifying creations – the ogres – are elephantine magical

machines designed to withstand the crippling power of the Gloam. Ordists serve throughout the human dominion, and can be found from Oubliette all the way to the meager villages at the edges of the frontier.

6. **The Ruling Regencies:** Governing the remnants of a once-great empire, four regents act as overseers in service to the Crown. These four dominions, along with the Crownlands, are the boglands of the Barony of Strand, the mountainous Duchy of Rekhart, the frigid County of Thurland, and the forested Margrave of Hildebrandt – each of them supplies a valuable resource to the Crown, and each is plagued by their own unique darkness.
7. **The Black Crusades:** The Crown and the Creed saw our great destiny, and called us to arms. The ordists perfected our black powder, and with fire and iron we drove the elves and dwarves and their Old Magicks to the edge of extinction. Those few meager tribes that escaped justice slipped into the shadows, and exist now as distant myths – fairy tales we spin for our children.
8. **The Forgotten Glory of the Dawnhammers:** In the Black Crusades, the anointed Dawnhammers cut down the armies of the ghaists in great, bloody swaths. Armed with flintlocks, hatchets, and the stark black-and-white garb of their faith, these puritanical templars are scattered now, a remnant thanklessly forgotten by the people they once protected.
9. **Familiar Forms, Twisted in Shadow:** From the wolves that stalk the wilds, to men and women dwelling in frontier villages, many mortal creatures have become warped by the unfathomable energies of the Gloam, now appearing savage and monstrous. They roam the wilds and ruins of the world, searching for answers and respite – or prey to sate their dire whims.
10. **A Plague of Ghaists:** Once innumerable, now twisted and warped by the Gloam, the few remaining elves seek to usurp humanity with dark magic. Halting their ages-old feud with the maligned, stone-skinned dwarves, these ghaists live like vermin beneath the earth and in the dark wilds. Iron burns their fiendish flesh, and fire sends them skittering.



Gloom





ADVENTURE OVERVIEW

BACKGROUND

The Seaside Town of Driftchapel: This Adventure Kit takes place in the town of Driftchapel, a seaside cluster of stone structures veined with crisscrossing canals and alleys. The village sits on Trawler's Bay, a dark stretch of briny water. Driftchapel is a maddening maze of buildings, built haphazardly over generations as the fishing trade waxed and waned.

Shadows and Madness: Driftchapel has been plagued by the underlying darkness of the Gloam for decades – townsfolk succumbing to madness, rumors of strange creatures lurking in the shadows, and an abnormally high rate of violent crime. But lately, things have become even more dire. Men and women disappear, a widespread paranoia takes hold, and the monsters once believed to be myths grow bolder by the day.

Qatu the Writhing Whisper: Unknown to most, beneath the dark sea off the coast of Driftchapel, lies Qatu's Tomb, the prison mausoleum of a once-great sea goddess, twisted and warped by the Gloam. Qatu's spawn, the Deep Ones, work her vile will while she slumbers, her strength growing.

The Rising Tide: The increase of abominable happenings in Driftchapel could be attributed to many things: the presence of a dark idol to Qatu, the machinations of a fanatical cult reaching their zenith, or the increased presence of the Deep Ones carrying out their twisted aims. Whatever the origin, the repercussions are clear: as the tide rises, Qatu may wake from her slumber.

CONFLICTS

The Dark Idol: A relic of Qatu, horrible to look upon, has found its way into Driftchapel. It exerts its creeping influence over the townsfolk, driving good and honorable men and women to madness and mayhem. Simply looking upon its twisted visage is enough to addle the mind and overwhelm the senses. Could this idol be the key to Qatu's return?

The Cult of Qatu: Those who have succumbed to the far-reaching dreams of Qatu now work her will – unceasingly, and without question. They seek to bring about the return of this vile sea goddess, and ergo the destruction of Driftchapel.

The Blight of the Deep Ones: For decades, the aquatic abominations known as Deep Ones have preyed on the people of Driftchapel. Abducting, devouring – and worse. And though their vile aims aren't entirely clear, it's evident that many townsfolk and their offspring have undergone a terrifying transformation, taking on the horrific traits of inhuman sea beasts.

ADVENTURE ELEMENTS

The NPCs, locations, and encounters of this Adventure Kit are outlined below for quick reference, and are further detailed in their respective sections.

LOCATIONS

1. **The Streets of Driftchapel:** A maddening maze of dark streets and alleyways.
2. **The Taxidermy Shop:** A macabre storefront specializing in preserved corpses.
3. **The Rivermouth Inn:** A rickety roadhouse with questionable patronage.
4. **The Profane Chapel:** A dilapidated seaside temple, long abandoned.
5. **The Ordist's Lab:** A strange and alluring workshop for potions and elixirs.
6. **The Dripping Caves:** A waterlogged cavern with whispering walls.

ENCOUNTERS

1. **The Deep Ones (Combat):** Aquatic abominations stalk the alleyways of Driftchapel.
2. **Lighting the Lamps (Skill Challenge):** Keep the monsters at bay with fire and light.
3. **The Sole Survivor (Roleplay):** A scrappy vagrant knows how to fight the Deep Ones.
4. **Roving Madmen (Combat):** The townsfolk of Driftchapel succumb to madness.
5. **Call of the Idol (Puzzle):** Seeking an eldritch relic by following its profane voice.
6. **The Elder Thing (Environmental Hazard):** The ground itself becomes an eldritch abomination.

NPCS

1. **Levidia King:** An eccentric taxidermist who surrounds herself with the dead.
2. **Horace Mason:** The stubborn and corpulent mayor of Driftchapel.
3. **Finch Turner:** A madman in service to the Cult of Qatu.
4. **Portia Browne:** A young lamplighter with a foolhardy streak.
5. **Deter Stone:** A homeless drunkard running from a dark past.
6. **Agnes Wood:** A gifted ordist with alchemical and arcane know-how.

QUESTS

Use the Quests table to generate a framing structure for *Shadows Over Driftchapel*. The patron can be an NPC in the book or one from your existing campaign, the quest gives you an idea of what goals and challenges to throw at the players, and the complication is the twist that makes for a more dynamic adventure.

TWISTS

Shake things up with unforeseen complications from the Twists table to keep the adventurers guessing.

MULTI-ROLL TABLES

Throughout this book, you will find roll tables with several columns, designed to be rolled on multiple times to yield varied results. For instance, if you see a die symbol like this (d12³), it means you should roll a d12 three separate times.

QUESTS			
d12 ³	Patron	Quest	Complication
1	Divine Clergy	Assassination	A consequence of your past resurfaces.
2	Rival Adventurer	Conscription	Completing the quest would mean breaking a vow.
3	Respected Scholar	Courier	The quest is considered blasphemous by locals.
4	Powerful Guild	Demolition	The quest is far more dangerous than expected.
5	Local Authorities	Elimination	The quest turns out to be a trap.
6	Influential Politician	Escort	Something about this isn't quite legal.
7	Old Friend	Insertion	The quest and its outcome must remain secret.
8	Ranking Soldier	Investigation	Someone else is racing to achieve the same goal.
9	Beloved Relative	Protection	You have been deceived by your patron.
10	Shady Contact	Reconnaissance	The patron's information is incorrect or incomplete.
11	Simple Townsfolk	Rescue	The quest brings retaliation or revenge upon you.
12	Wealthy Merchant	Retrieval	Completing the quest would reignite an old feud.

TWISTS	
d6	Twist
1	The cult is fighting to stop Qatu, rather than bring about her rise.
2	The winding alleyways and canals of Driftchapel form a massive summoning circle.
3	The townsfolk regularly offer innocent travelers as sacrifices to the Deep Ones.
4	The Dark Idol isn't the key to returning Qatu – it's the last ward keeping her at bay.
5	Driftchapel is built directly upon Qatu's Tomb.
6	One or more of the adventurers are the chosen servants of Qatu.

ADVENTURER MOTIVATIONS

Why do the heroes come to Driftchapel? Use the Adventurer Motivations table to tie the player characters directly into the background of this Adventure Kit.



ADVENTURER MOTIVATIONS

d20	Motivation	Description
1	Following a dream or vision	Qatu's writhing whispers reach far – you have been plagued by terrifying dreams.
2	Acting to restore honor	You failed to stop Qatu's cultists elsewhere – maybe this time you will succeed.
3	Arrested and conscripted	You are arrested for past crimes and forced to deal with the troubles plaguing Driftchapel.
4	Ambushed and robbed	Rogue highwaymen outside of Driftchapel leave you with nothing – you enter town looking for shelter and safety.
5	Blackmailed into service	Someone has dirt on you – you have to help, or risk exposure.
6	Following a map	A strange, ancient map points to Qatu's Tomb – you find Driftchapel nearby.
7	Following rumors	You hear dark tidings from Driftchapel – monsters, murders, and madness.
8	Coerced by authority	A person of wealth and power has an interest in preserving Driftchapel – they convince you to help.
9	Hired to do so	Driftchapel is not a well-off town, but the town offers all they have to quell the shadows.
10	Following instructions	A respected mentor told you of the horrors stalking the streets of Driftchapel – before they ended their own life.
11	Deceived into service	"There's money to be had in Driftchapel!" the pub patron told you. They lied.
12	Lost or stranded	The storm rages, and you find yourself stranded in Driftchapel, looking for shelter from the storm.
13	Winning a bet	A bet hinges on you finding the Dark Idol rumored to be in Driftchapel.
14	Making good on a favor	A friend, native to Driftchapel, calls in an old favor – their hometown is in dire need.
15	Ordered by a superior	Your commanding officer might be quietly shoving you aside with a dead-end post in Driftchapel.
16	Repaying a debt	You owe someone in Driftchapel. The debt comes due.
17	Researching a prophecy	"When the stars are right..." the prophecy says. All clues lead you to the seaside town of Driftchapel.
18	Stumbled into the situation	Driftchapel seemed like a decent place to get a drink and a bed for the night – you were wrong.
19	Seeking revenge	The Cult of Qatu is responsible for wronging you – it's payback time.
20	Lifting a curse	The voices won't quiet, and the monsters won't go away – only with the destruction of the cult will you be free.

THE TOWN OF DRIFTCHAPEL

Profane
Chapel

Ordist's
Lab

Graveyard

Rivermouth
Inn

Town
Square

Taxidermy
Shop

LOCATIONS

1. THE STREETS OF DRIFTCHAPEL

Driftchapel's winding, crisscrossing streets and alleyways make for a maddening maze. The ever-present fog and intermittent rainfall do little to diminish the overwhelming unease of this cursed town. The gaslight lamps flicker, and the shadows writhe...

SIGHTS

- A labyrinth of tightly-packed buildings and winding cobblestone streets.
- Dingy, yellow gaslight lamps flicker, barely illuminating the darkened alleyways.
- Streets strangely devoid of townsfolk – the town almost seems deserted.

SOUNDS

- Distant coughs and rowdy shouts, emanating from the local pubs.
- A slouched figure darts down an alleyway, knocking over a trash can.
- Dark water churns through the canals, bubbling and belching.

SENSATIONS

- The shadows move almost imperceptibly in your peripheral vision.
- There's an unshakable feeling of being watched – and being hunted.
- The rain-soaked wind carries the overwhelming stench of rotting fish.

2. THE TAXIDERMISTRY SHOP

This squat, stone rowhouse sits sandwiched between two dingy pubs. The windows are dark with soot. A stuffed barn owl clutches a swinging wooden sign that reads TAXIDERMISTRY – FAST AND CHEAP.

SIGHTS

- Shelves and shelves of dusty, stuffed beasts – from squirrels to fish to badgers.
- Some strange amalgamation of tiger and bear, stitched together and posed.
- A humanoid skeleton, displayed in a grimy glass case.

SOUNDS

- Floorboards creak with every step, and rickety shelves groan under their loads.
- Soot-streaked windows rattle with each gust of wind.
- Discordant music croaks out of a phonograph and drifts, muffled through the ceiling, from an apartment upstairs.

SENSATIONS

- The dirty, stuffy air smells strongly of dust and mildew.
- The glass eyes of the taxidermied beasts seem to follow your every movement.
- The shadows on the wall seem to writhe and twist unnaturally.

STREET GENERATOR

d8 ²	Buildings	Blocks
1-2	Dingy shops and market stalls	A winding thoroughfare with alleys
3-4	Dilapidated rowhouses	A broad, two-way street
5-6	Brick, industrial buildings	A large intersection with a landmark
7-8	Decrepit, abandoned dwellings	A narrow, cobblestone street



3. THE RIVERMOUTH INN

A crooked structure of rotting wood, the Rivermouth Inn straddles a churning waterway and creaks lazily in the night air. The sounds of drunken merriment reach your ears as a man stumbles out the front entrance and vomits over the railing into the river below.

SIGHTS

- Decorated with driftwood, river rocks, and odd bits of flotsam and jetsam.
- Dozens of buckets scattered on the floor and counters, catching leaks from the ceiling. Most are overflowing.
- A taxidermied fish hangs over the bar – “Levidia” reads a name on the plaque.

SOUNDS

- Rowdy drunks play dice and cards, slamming tables and hollering.
- Rain patters the shingles and drips into brimming buckets.
- The entire inn groans as the wind blows and the river courses beneath it.

SENSATIONS

- The floor seems to heave and tilt – is this building stable?
- It’s crowded and cramped – and the longer you stay, the more trapped you feel.
- The stench of ale and vomit grow stronger as the bloodshot-eyed patrons carouse through the night.

4. THE PROFANE CHAPEL

This crumbling seaside temple is long abandoned. The faded busts and peeling frescoes depict an old, forgotten goddess. The shingled roof is pockmarked with holes, and the moldering wooden doors creak on loose, rusting hinges. The wind howls through the ruined, algae-covered walls with piercing shrillness.

SIGHTS

- A stone edifice of a sea goddess, defaced with scrawled words: “QATU RISES.”
- Missing floorboards reveal an angry, foaming ocean beneath the chapel.
- Waterlogged pages strewn about detail the fall of the sea goddess Aliana.

SOUNDS

- The wind howls shrilly through the crumbling stone walls.
- The fluttering of countless moldy pages, whipped about by salty gusts.
- Dark waves pummel the rocks beneath the chapel.

SENSATIONS

- The air is musty and thick, smelling strongly of salt and rotting sea life.
- An eerie, foul presence, and the feeling of being watched from the shadows.
- The floor has a slick, slippery sheen to it – you must move carefully.

DEITIES RESHAPED BY SHADOW

In Gloam, the once benevolent pantheon of gods has been twisted by the darkness of the realm. What were once beings of faith and hope have become subversive, eldritch horrors. This Adventure Kit posits that Aliana herself was warped into the profane terror known as Qatu, the Writhing Whisper. You can easily substitute this with Qatu betraying, capturing, or killing Aliana; or replace these deities entirely with ones appropriate to your preferred setting.





5. THE ORDIST'S LAB

The stout, stone workshop of Driftchapel's resident ordist stands on the edge of town, surrounded by a low, cobbled wall. Within, meticulously organized hanging shelves contain myriad vials and jars, filled with sloshing liquids of every color; bundles of dried, strong-smelling herbs; and iron tools of unknown purpose.

SIGHTS

- Hundreds of alchemical ingredients, labeled and sorted by type and function.
- Dozens of wooden shelves hanging by chains from the ceiling.
- Several worktables, strewn with tools both mundane and alien in appearance.

SOUNDS

- Chains jingling softly with your steps in the otherwise still air.
- Fizzing and pops of air escaping hundreds of wax-sealed vials, beakers, and bottles.
- Whispers seem to emanate from several clay jars, their lids secured with twine.

SENSATIONS

- The air is an overwhelming potpourri of herbs, alcohol, and chemicals.
- The lab is unnaturally still, somehow spared the tempest outside.
- Strange, lurking shapes reflect in the glass vials and bottles.

6. THE DRIPPING CAVES

Beneath Driftchapel, connected to the canals and waterways, await the Dripping Caves. A natural cavern, eroded by the tides, this place is true to its name – the walls drip with salty water and slimy, green algae from Trawler's Bay. Amid the crashing of the waves, indiscernible voices whisper, seemingly from the walls themselves...

SIGHTS

- Green slime coats the walls of the cave and drips from the ceiling.
- The stone here is strange, almost black in color, and somewhat mirrored.
- Shadows move in your peripheral vision, always flitting just out of sight.

SOUNDS

- Waves crash, echoing eerily through the winding tidal tunnels.
- Voices whisper almost inaudibly, drowned out by the thunderous waves.
- The slime drips incessantly, reverberating throughout the cavern.

SENSATIONS

- The tunnels are narrow, creating an overbearing sense of claustrophobia.
- Water sloshes, ankle-deep, threatening to flood the cave as the tide rises.
- The air is heavy and humid – it's difficult to take a deep breath.

DISCOVERING THE DRIPPING CAVES

The Dripping Caves can exist under any other location in Driftchapel. When running the adventure, consider placing them beneath a different location each time, or roll for it! If the adventurers befriend any NPCs, they might learn of the location of the caves by gathering rumors around town.

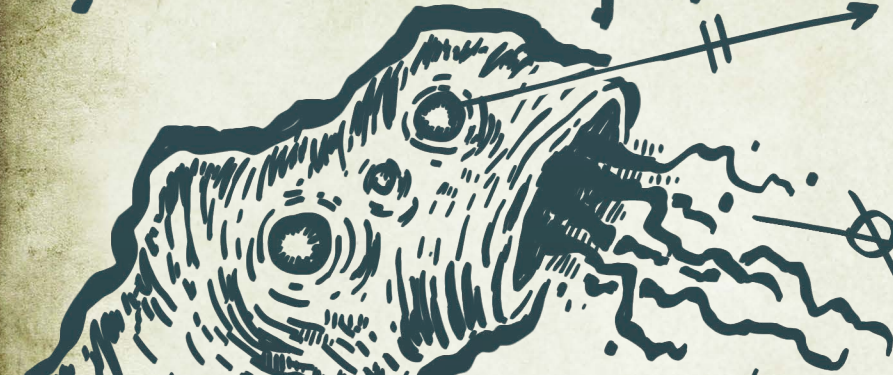
RANDOM ALCHEMICAL REACTIONS

d8 ³	First Ingredient	Second Ingredient	Reaction
1-2	Coarse, purple salt	Fermented seawater	Overwhelming acrid odor
3-4	Refined black powder	Snarlfish marrow	Sudden, violent explosion
5-6	Bilesquid ink	Viscous, glowing slime	Black smoke obscures sight
7-8	Essence of shadowling	Ghost blood	Potion that bestows darkvision

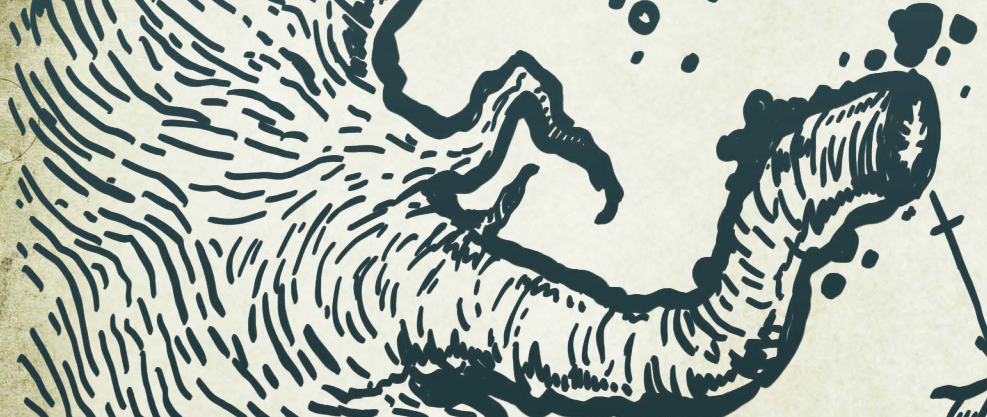
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ENCOUNTERS

1. THE DEEP ONES

Combat

Emerging from the waterways of Driftchapel, these twisted, aquatic abominations skulk through the alleyways under the shroud of night, slipping inside buildings to hunt. Responsible for the disappearances of the town's homeless population, the **Deep Ones** (*skirmishers with swim and weakness: fire*) are spawns of Qatu. They seek victims to consume, but also to abduct and enact the dark and mysterious will of Qatu. They speak in guttural, croaking voices and prowl about on all fours.

Maddening Appearance: The Deep Ones are inhuman abominations – part angler fish, part amphibian, part man. Glimpsing their bulging eyes, unnatural gait, and croaking speech requires a Wisdom saving throw – failure means rolling on the Madness Effects table in the Toolbox.

Natural Grapplers: The Deep Ones excel at subduing their victims quickly and quietly. They have advantage on checks made to grapple enemies or maintain a grapple, due to their unnatural strength and viscid skin.

Dark Deeds of the Deep Ones: Upon grappling an enemy, a Deep One has a decision to make – devour their prey, or follow the dark will of Qatu? Roll a d6. On an odd result, the Deep One decides to consume the enemy, and attacks them. On an even result, the Deep One overcomes their insatiable hunger and follows Qatu's twisted commands. For inspiration, roll on the Dark Deeds table!

DARK DEEDS

d8 Qatu's Command

- | | |
|-----|---|
| 1-2 | Pry the eyes from their head so they can see the truth of Qatu. |
| 3-4 | Drag them away to proliferate a twisted new species. |
| 5-6 | Drown them in the nearest body of water. |
| 7-8 | Carve profane runes into their bare flesh. |

2. LIGHTING THE LAMPS

Skill Challenge

Portia Browne, a young woman native to Driftchapel, is lighting gaslight lamps, desperately attempting to keep the monsters that lurk in the shadows at bay. Struggling against the damp winds, she quickly accepts help if the adventurers offer, handing them long poles with wicks and striking flints.

Quick Wicks: Lighting the lamps in the damp wind requires ability checks. The type of ability check can be decided by the GM, the players, or rolled on the Lamplighting Checks table – but no ability can be used twice in succession. The adventurers must make three successful checks between them to quickly light the lamps. A natural 20 counts as two successes, and a natural 1 counts as two failures. If they succeed on three total checks, the area is fully illuminated and safe from monsters ... for now.

Lurking Monsters: For each failed check, 1d4 **shadowlings** (*minions with focus: stealth*) emerge and attack the adventurers from the darkness. If the adventurers fail three total checks, the lamps and all other light sources in the area are magically extinguished, and they must fend off the shadowlings in total darkness.

Pitch Black: If the lamps are extinguished, each adventurer becomes blinded – the adventurers have disadvantage on all checks that rely on sight, and the shadowlings have advantage on all attacks against them. The magical darkness persists for 1d4 rounds.

LAMPLIGHTING CHECKS

d6 Check Required

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 | Strength to hold the heavy pole aloft. |
| 2 | Dexterity to deftly light a lamp. |
| 3 | Constitution to resist the chill wind. |
| 4 | Intelligence to identify vital lamps. |
| 5 | Wisdom to time your actions between gusts. |
| 6 | Charisma to bolster allies and rally Portia. |

ENCOUNTER TERMS

Recharge: This denotes an effect that does not occur each round. The GM rolls a d6 at the beginning of each round to determine if the effect triggers (for instance, an effect with a recharge of 5–6 would trigger on a roll of 5 or 6).

Monsters: Adversaries are identified with a threat level (minion, vanguard, or nemesis) and some possible buffs (multiattack, regeneration, etc.). You can use an appropriate statblock from your preferred bestiary, or opt to use our quick-and-simple stats, found in the Monsters section. More information on these monster types and buffs can also be found in the Toolbox.

Ability Check/Saving Throw: To ensure this Adventure Kit works seamlessly with any system, and with a party of any level, we have opted to not include concrete numbers. When an encounter effect calls for an ability check or saving throw, lean on your preferred system and the level of your adventurers to determine the DC. You can also find guidelines for DCs in the Toolbox.

3. THE SOLE SURVIVOR

Roleplay

Deter Stone is a local vagrant who has personally witnessed the Deep Ones snatching and eating his friends – and worse. He's tried to warn the townsfolk of Driftchapel, but everyone writes him off as a drunk and a madman. But Deter is a former Dawnhammer, and he knows what the Deep Ones look like – and what they're capable of. More importantly, he's killed a fair few himself. He's convinced that everyone around him might be in league with the Cult of Qatu, but if he could be won over, he might provide some valuable information.

A Weakness for Booze: Deter relies on alcohol for warmth and comfort, and to quiet the horrifying voices and visions he experiences. Adventurers offering him alcohol might find Deter easier to talk to, and gain advantage on Charisma checks when dealing with him.

First-Hand Accounts: Deter has known about the Deep Ones and other monstrosities in Driftchapel for years, and holds a grudge against them for terrorizing him and snatching his friends. He can point the adventurers towards the waterways where the Deep Ones emerge, informs them that the creatures hate fire, and also divulges a rumor (see the Rumors table in the Toolbox).

An Unlikely Ally: Deter wants to kill more Deep Ones, but is suspicious of the adventurers. If the adventurers can convince him that they're not cultists – either through persuasion or by presenting proof that they've killed Deep Ones – he may join them as a willing ally. Deter is a skirmisher armed with a club.

4. ROVING MADMEN

Combat

The minds of the people of Driftchapel are addled, and the weak-willed have succumbed fully to the paranoia that has gripped the town. Wielding whatever makeshift weapons they can muster, the mad townsfolk (*minions*) take to the streets of Driftchapel to hunt the monsters among them – and any strangers they come across.

Roving Mobs: The mad townsfolk comb the streets and alleyways of Driftchapel, wielding gaslight lanterns and makeshift weapons. They travel in tight groups of 1d6 people, peering through windows and pounding on doors. Adventurers can take cover and hide with a successful Stealth check.

Bring Out Your Guns: A few among the townsfolk wield flintlock rifles or pistols. If they spot the adventurers, they immediately open fire and alert all nearby townsfolk to the adventurers' positions, drawing 1d4 additional enemies.

Muddled Minds: The townsfolk have been driven to violence, but only through the presence of Qatu and her followers. They cannot be reasoned with, but they can be influenced by fear. Adventurers wishing to frighten the townsfolk into submission can attempt an Intimidation check. If the adventurers opt for violence, once 1d6 townsfolk have fallen, the rest flee, screaming into the night.



5. CALL OF THE IDOL

Puzzle

The Dark Idol waits with patient malice somewhere in Driftchapel. Its shadowy, writhing influence dens every alleyway and twists every mind. But where is it? Tucked into a vault, sealed away in a private safe, dumped into a refuse bin? It's difficult to pinpoint its exact location, but if the adventurers concentrate on its fiendish call, they just may prevail.

The Incessant Call: Every living soul in Driftchapel can hear the Dark Idol's voice, even if only subconsciously. It's a constant, droning call, lingering on the edges of mortal perception, slowly driving all who hear it mad. Once they near its location, the adventurers can make out words within the Dark Idol's call – alien, unintelligible words. Adventurers can make Wisdom checks to focus on the words and attempt to understand them – but failure results in a roll on the Madness Effects table in the Toolbox.

Dark Idol Decoded: With a successful Wisdom check, the adventurers can glean meaning from the profane words. It speaks a phrase over and over, endlessly: *From the stars, which are right, I am here. Through a dark reflection, you will see my form clear.*

The Looking Glass: Adventurers must peer into a reflective surface, such as a window, puddle, or mirror while hearing the words of the idol. However, to protect themselves, the surface must be obscured (such as a dirty window, murky puddle, etc) or in very low light. If not, they reckon the full horror of the Dark Idol, suffering psychic damage, and must roll on the Madness Effects table. When they peer into the surface, their reflection moves on its own, holding aloft the Dark Idol. The mirror begins to blur, and they see their reflection placing the Idol back where it remains – a location they've already seen, or one they've not yet visited. The GM can press the adventurers into a new area, or have them return to a familiar one. Alternatively, the reflection might drop the idol into their satchel bag or pocket, or place it on a table or shelf behind them.

ALTERNATE DARK IDOL PUZZLES

1. **A Door to Elsewhere:** When the adventurers peer into a reflective surface, they find a door in the reflection, carved with the symbol of Qatu. If the adventurers attempt to open the door in the real world, it appears and opens. The Idol waits inside. Use another location in this Adventure Kit, or create one using the Toolbox.
2. **Dark Reflections:** The mirror is dark and obscured if light is present. The moment all light is extinguished, the reflective surface reveals the Idol. The adventurers can then reach through the reflection and grab it.





6. THE ELDER THING

Environmental Hazard

Sathog the Fleshspawn, an elder thing and denizen of the Gloam, has been writhing against the thin membrane between realities. Through the efforts of the cultists of Qatu, Sathog has finally spilled through into Driftchapel. Sathog is a minor cosmic entity, a shattered remnant of an old god of creation. The adventurers must do everything they can to escape their current location, or suffer the unreckonable horror of this being outside of time and reality.

Inescapable Horror: The ground and walls of this location have become the flesh of Sathog, and its ichor spreads at an alarming rate. If the adventurers try to move more than half their total speed on their turn, they must succeed on an Acrobatics check, or slip into the profane, eldritch sludge. On a failure, the adventurer falls prone and takes acid damage.

Stranger Eons (Recharge 5–6): Reality shimmers and warps in the current location as more of Sathog's vile flesh overtakes our realm, causing the ground to shift and roil erratically. For one round, adventurers may only climb to advance in any direction. If an adventurer fails their Athletics checks to climb, they fall and suffer the effects described in Inescapable Horror.

Madness Unending (Recharge 4–6): Time is in tatters. Space has no meaning. Staying anchored in this moment becomes increasingly difficult. Adventurers must succeed on a knowledge check (Arcana, History, Nature, or Religion) to stay firmly rooted in the here and now. If they fail, they are consumed by maddening effects, and must roll on the Madness Effects table in the Toolbox.

A DESPERATE BATTLE

The Elder Thing encounter is punishing, intended to tax the resources of the adventurers. But if you really want to test their mettle, consider throwing a few enemies into the fray to up the challenge. Find stats for a **Vestige of Sathog** in the Monsters section of this book.

Optionally, failing an Acrobatics check and suffering the effects of Inescapable Horror also means 1d4 **shadowlings** spawn from the flesh of Sathog. They immediately move towards the nearest adventurer and attack (most likely targeting the prone adventurer who just failed their Acrobatics check).



CLIMAX: THE CULT OF QATU

Combat

The gibbering madmen of the Cult of Qatu have never been closer to achieving their profane goal, scrawling a runic circle with a mixture of human and Deep One blood. Their ancient master, Qatu, slumbers in her tomb beneath the waves – but now, the tide has risen, and the time has come to unleash her unreckonable destruction upon the world. The **Qatu cultists** (*minions with magic [1]*, wielding daggers and clubs) willingly kill and die for their master, and will stop at nothing to complete their ritual.

The Runic Circle (Recharge 5–6): A circle of blood and seaweed dominates the space, ringed with weeping, black candles and surrounded by five robed cultists. The circle occasionally activates, glowing a dark crimson and expelling a wave of crippling psychic energy. Each creature in the area must succeed on a Wisdom saving throw, or suffer psychic damage and become stunned until the end of their next turn.

The Writhing Whisper: As the battle commences, a cultist (possibly **Finch**), speaks aloud a profane phrase and bleeds themselves with a curved dagger. A moment later, they transform, body twisting, warping, and ripping in two to reveal a new, horrific form. The cultist is now an **Avatar of Qatu** (*nemesis with multiattack, defense, brute, and resistance: bludgeoning*), a tentacled sea behemoth with little of its human form intact. The adventurers must succeed on a Wisdom saving throw upon seeing this transformation or roll on the Madness Effects table.

The Five Fulcrums: The five cultists standing around the runic circle appear to be concentrating, attempting to complete the awakening ritual. If one of these cultists is incapacitated or killed, the circle is disrupted and the Avatar of Qatu takes double damage (except from bludgeoning damage) for 1 round. If all five cultists are killed or incapacitated, the circle flickers and dies, and the ritual fails entirely.

WIELDING THE DARK IDOL

The Dark Idol holds a small fragment of Qatu's essence. If the adventurers are in possession of the Dark Idol when they encounter the Avatar of Qatu, they can use the ancient relic to their advantage. A creature holding the Dark Idol has advantage on attack rolls and saving throws against the Avatar of Qatu, and is immune to any madness effects originating from it.

HOPELESS COSMIC HORROR

To evoke a sense of true dread for the encounter with the Avatar of Qatu, consider using some or all of the following optional rules to make combat far more lethal. Be warned – this may make the encounter a fight the adventurers cannot win without casualties, or even hope to win at all...

- At the start of the Avatar of Qatu's turn, it warps the reality around it, conjuring horrific images of past and future events. Each creature within 30 feet of the Avatar must succeed on a Wisdom saving throw, or roll on the Madness Effects table in the Toolbox.
- At the start of the Avatar of Qatu's turn, it unleashes a wave of crippling, psychic energy. Each creature within 5 feet of the Avatar takes psychic damage.
- Any time a creature deals damage to the Avatar of Qatu, that creature suffers psychic damage.



NON-PLAYER CHARACTERS

1. LEVIDIA KING: TAXIDERMIST

"Interested in procuring one of my pretty little pets?"

- Personality:** Eccentric, distant, and obsessed with her "pets"
- Appearance:** Middle-aged, with a stained apron and graying hair in a messy bun
- Equipment:** Taxidermist's tools, a half-empty bottle of formaldehyde, and an acrid opium pipe
- Strength:** Deep and detailed knowledge of anatomy, both human and non-human
- Drawback:** Obsessive-compulsive and addicted to opium

LEVIDIA'S SECRET

d6 Secret

- 1-2 She taxidermizes human corpses, and keeps them posed in the basement.
- 3-4 She dabbles in forbidden necromantic magic to bring her "pets" to life.
- 5-6 She is in love with Agnes Wood, and schemes to flee Driftchapel with her.



2. HORACE MASON: MAYOR

"Driftchapel is in dire straits – but it's nothing we can't overcome!"

- Personality:** Boisterous and friendly, but naive
- Appearance:** Rotund, balding, with sallow skin and bulbous eyes
- Equipment:** Gold jewelry, a fine cane, and a concealed flintlock
- Strength:** Wealth, fervor, and a deep love for his town
- Drawback:** Intentionally ignoring the *shadows over Driftchapel*, and unwilling to accept help

HORACE'S SECRET

d6 Secret

- 1-2 He has Deep One blood, and staves off the transformation with an elixir.
- 3-4 He directs the Cult of Qatu as its shadowy benefactor.
- 5-6 He has a bastard son: Finch Turner.



3. FINCH TURNER: CULTIST

"Our time is at an end – the seas rise!"

- Personality:** Passionate, but severely misguided
- Appearance:** Gaunt, lanky, with a patchy beard and wild eyes
- Equipment:** A harpoon, a vial of slime, and an odd green idol
- Strength:** Dauntless conviction and knowledge of the unknown
- Drawback:** Driven mad by dreams

FINCH'S SECRET

d6 Secret

- 1-2 He was in love once, but led them to be devoured by Deep Ones.
- 3-4 He joined the cult to help bring it down – but is now a passionate disciple.
- 5-6 He wishes to transform into a Deep One and become one with Qatu's will.

4. PORTIA BROWNE: LAMPLIGHTER

"The monsters stray from the light – so long as I keep the lamps lit..."

- Personality:** Optimistic yet world-weary
- Appearance:** Young, with a fierce gaze, wearing men's clothes two sizes too big
- Equipment:** A 10-foot pole with a wick on the end and a well-worn flintlock pistol
- Strength:** Indomitable will and a drive to help those in need
- Drawback:** Unaware of her limits – her mind is beginning to fray after witnessing untold horrors

PORTIA'S SECRET

d6 Secret

- 1-2 She harbors a strange fascination with the monsters of Driftchapel.
- 3-4 She intentionally douses lights to feed the worst of Driftchapel's residents to the Deep Ones.
- 5-6 She trains with Deter in the hopes of becoming a Dawnhammer one day.





5. DETER STONE: SURVIVOR

"I've seen them, all right – seen them take everything! I'm all that remains."

- Personality:** Cautious, suspicious, and almost always intoxicated
- Appearance:** Haggard, with soiled garb and a long, scraggly beard
- Equipment:** An empty flask, a gnarled wooden club, and a tarnished Dawnhammer brooch
- Strength:** Scrapy and persistent – he has killed several Deep Ones himself
- Drawback:** Afflicted by his alcoholism, and tormented by the deaths of his friends

DETER'S SECRET

d6 Secret

- 1-2 He's a deserter who fled from his life as a Dawnhammer.
- 3-4 He hunts the Deep Ones recklessly in hopes that they will take his life.
- 5-6 He still hears the whispers of Aliana – the goddess who became Qatu.

WANDERING DAWNHAMMERS

An ancient order of warrior priests, the Dawnhammers were instrumental in ridding the world of elves, dwarves, and profane magic during the Black Crusades. Unmistakable in their black-and-white puritan garb, the Dawnhammers wielded steel, flintlock, and divine fire in the name of the Crown and the Creed. But since the Gloam seeped into the world, the Dawnhammers have faltered, faced with calamity and defeat. Divided and leaderless, the few remaining Dawnhammers take to wandering the Five Dominions as mercenary monster hunters, haunted by the horrors unleashed during the Black Crusades – and their inability to stand against them.

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6. AGNES WOOD: ORDIST

"The cure for what ails you often comes at great cost."

Personality:	Stoic and matter-of-fact
Appearance:	Short and stocky, wearing the veil and vestments of an ordist
Equipment:	Vials and stoppers, a strange staff, and an ornate astrolabe
Strength:	Thorough knowledge of various alchemical components, celestial bodies, and arcane magic
Drawback:	Cripplingly afraid of the dark – she is never without a lamp nearby

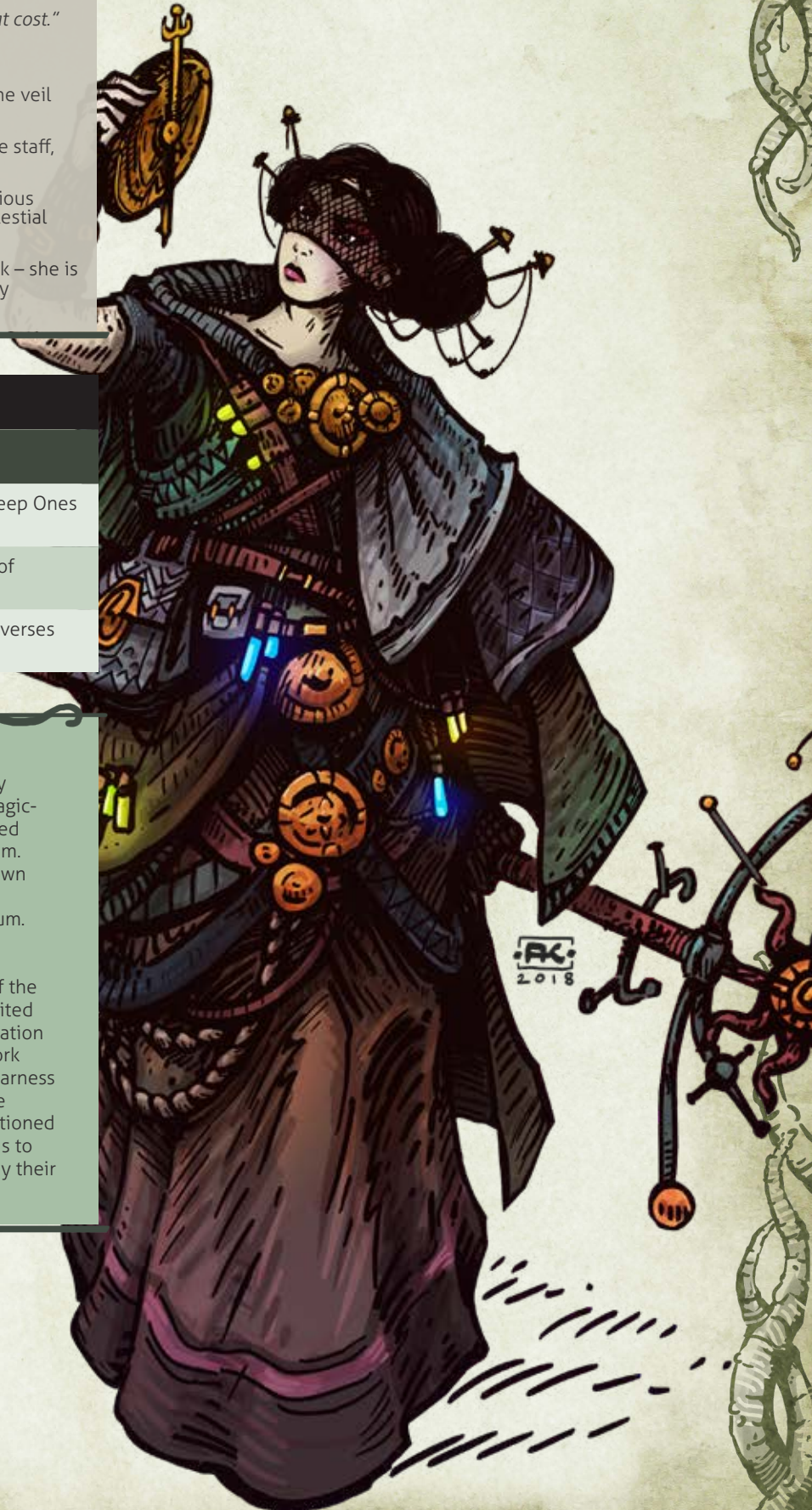
AGNES' SECRET

d6 Secret

- 1-2 She watched her sister eaten alive by Deep Ones years ago, and feels responsible.
- 3-4 She has orders to observe the downfall of Driftchapel – and not intervene.
- 5-6 She's concocted a powerful elixir that reverses the Deep Ones' transformations.

VEILED MAGES

In the Five Dominions, arcane magic is strictly monitored and regulated. Non-sanctioned magic-users are routinely rounded up and imprisoned or executed for fear of perpetuating the Gloam. However, the arcane has its uses, and the Crown maintains an order of trained and sanctioned arcanists and alchemists called the Ordisterium. These ordists are easily recognized in their distinctive veils and vestments, and are both feared and revered by the common people of the Five Dominions for their access to the prohibited and profane arts. Responsible for the proliferation of both black powder and blaugas, ordists work tirelessly to create new tools and weapons, harness powerful magic, and unlock the secrets of the Gloam itself. Many ordists, like Agnes, are stationed in settlements throughout the Five Dominions to provide their services to the people and study their art autonomously and without restriction.



MONSTERS



1. QATU CULTIST

Humanoid Minion

Appearance: A gaunt, sallow-skinned human draped in tattered, foul-smelling robes peers at you with bloodshot eyes. A terrible scar is emblazoned on their forehead – the wretched emblem of Qatu.

Behavior: Refuses to flee, attacks with no regard for their own safety.

Bufs: *Magic (1)* – This creature knows 1 at-will spell.

Bloodlet: As a bonus action, the cultist cuts themselves to draw upon Qatu's power. They take 1 slashing damage. The next ability check, saving throw, or attack roll they make before the start of their next turn is made with advantage.

STATS

Hit Points	Armor Class	Roll Bonus
3	11	+2

DAMAGE BY PARTY LEVEL

Lvl 1-4	Lvl 5-10	Lvl 11-16	Lvl 17-20
3 (1d6)	6 (2d6)	11 (2d10)	18 (4d8)

SIMPLIFIED STATBLOCKS

The monsters here provide basic stats and some built-in options for modification.

Threat Level: Monsters are broken into four threat levels which dictate base hit points, armor class, and roll bonus. See the Toolbox for more info.

Behavior: Specific cues as to how the monster acts.

Bufs: Unique abilities that up the challenge of the monster. Find more buffs in the Toolbox!

Hit Points: Halve or double the monster's HP to dial in the challenge.

Roll Bonus: In place of ability modifiers, each monster has a single "roll bonus," which is a flat number added to ability checks, attacks rolls, and saving throws. You can calculate saving throw DCs by adding the monster's roll bonus to 8.

Damage: Damage is broken into four different tiers corresponding to the level of your adventurers.

2. MAD TOWNSFOLK

Humanoid Minion

Appearance: Glaring with mad eyes from beneath the shadow of a slouch hat, they hold a gaslight lantern aloft and pull back the hammer on their flintlock.

Behavior: Attacks wildly in a mob, flees if frightened.

Bufs: None

Hurl Lantern: As an action, the mad townsfolk hurls its lantern at a creature within 20 feet of it that it can see. The creature must succeed on a Dexterity saving throw or take 1d4 fire damage at the start of each of its turns. A creature can end this damage by using its action to make a Dexterity check to extinguish the flames.

STATS			
Hit Points	Armor Class	Roll Bonus	
4	10	+2	

DAMAGE BY PARTY LEVEL			
Lvl 1-4	Lvl 5-10	Lvl 11-16	Lvl 17-20
3 (1d6)	6 (2d6)	11 (2d10)	18 (4d8)



3. SHADOWLING

Aberration Minion

Appearance: Spawned from the Gloam itself, this inky, skulking abomination rips itself free of the shadows like a scab from a wound. It hurtles towards you on tendrils and spider-like appendages.

Behavior: Strikes from the shadows, moves in groups.

Bufs: *Focus (Stealth)* – This creature has advantage on Stealth checks.

Shadowstep: As a bonus action, the shadowling instantly moves to an unoccupied space it chooses within 30 feet of it without provoking opportunity attacks.

STATS			
Hit Points	Armor Class	Roll Bonus	
5	12	+2	

DAMAGE BY PARTY LEVEL			
Lvl 1-4	Lvl 5-10	Lvl 11-16	Lvl 17-20
3 (1d6)	6 (2d6)	11 (2d10)	18 (4d8)



4. DEEP ONE

Aberration Skirmisher

Appearance: This slouched beast has a toad-like body and a toothy maw like an angler, with a hunched back and bulbous eyes set into its broad, glistening face. A sickly luminescence seeps from its slimy skin, and its gangly limbs end in razor-tipped, webbed hands.

Behavior: Cowardly but vicious, with a love of grappling enemies.

Bufs: *Swim (30)* – This creature has a swim speed; *Weakness (Fire)* – This creature takes double damage from fire.

Frenzied Grapple: Once per turn after the deep one successfully grapples a creature, it can immediately make an attack against that creature.

STATS

Hit Points	Armor Class	Roll Bonus
12	12	+3

DAMAGE BY PARTY LEVEL

Lvl 1-4	Lvl 5-10	Lvl 11-16	Lvl 17-20
7 (2d6)	11 (2d10)	18 (4d8)	22 (4d10)

5. VESTIGE OF SATHOG

Aberration Vanguard

Appearance: A fraction of the essence of Sathog the Fleshspawn has managed to slip through into our realm. Use the Vile Appearance table to see what wretched form it takes.

Behavior: Vicious and bestial, with a savage need to kill.

Bufs: *Magic (2)* – This creature knows two at-will spells; *Resistance (Bludgeoning)* – This creature takes half damage from bludgeoning.

Mind Shatter (Recharge 5-6): As an action, the Vestige of Sathog reaches into the minds of nearby adventurers with its psychic tendrils. Each creature within 30 feet of the Vestige must succeed on a Charisma or Wisdom saving throw or take psychic damage and roll on the Madness Effects table.

STATS

Hit Points	Armor Class	Roll Bonus
33	14	+4

DAMAGE BY PARTY LEVEL

Lvl 1-4	Lvl 5-10	Lvl 11-16	Lvl 17-20
11 (2d10)	18 (4d8)	22 (4d10)	33 (6d10)

VILE APPEARANCE

d8	Appearance
1-2	An amorphous blight of nethermost confusion that blasphemes and bubbles at the center of the infinite.
3-4	A pulpy, tentacled head surmounting a grotesque and scaly body with rudimentary wings.
5-6	Vast and loathsome, a bestial aqueous god, darting like a stupendous monster of nightmares.
7-8	A hulking mass of grayish-green flesh – shiny and slippery, with great, craggy scales on the ridge of its back.

ENDLESS MONSTERS

The Toolbox at the back of this book includes ideas for even more thematic monsters, as well as a slew of generators for creating your own unique enemies!



6. AVATAR OF QATU

Aberration Nemesis

Appearance: A bulbous mass of wet, writhing tentacles fills your entire field of vision. You are unable to wholly comprehend what you're seeing, or how large it truly is. The clicking, hissing, crustacean-esque limbs bursting from its mass lurch toward you.

Behavior: Its rage is out of control, and it attacks with no regard for itself or allies.

Bufs: *Multiattack (2)* – This creature makes two attacks on its turn; *Defense (2)* – This creature has increased AC; *Brute* – This creature can attempt to grapple creatures it successfully attacks; *Resistance (Bludgeoning)* – This creature takes half damage from bludgeoning.

Eldritch Grasp: The Avatar of Qatu has advantage on checks made to grapple. It can grapple up to two creatures of Medium size or smaller at a time.

Hurl Prey: As a bonus action, the Avatar of Qatu can hurl a single creature it is grappling. The creature lands prone in an unoccupied space the Avatar chooses within 30 feet of it that it can see. The creature must make a Dexterity saving throw, taking bludgeoning damage on a failed save or half as much bludgeoning damage on a successful one.

Summon Shadowlings (Recharge 5-6): The Avatar of Qatu calls forth minions from the Gloam, summoning 1d4 **shadowlings** in unoccupied spaces it chooses within 60 feet of it that it can see. The shadowlings act on the Avatar's initiative.

STATS

Hit Points	Armor Class	Roll Bonus
110	18	+8

DAMAGE BY PARTY LEVEL

Lvl 1-4	Lvl 5-10	Lvl 11-16	Lvl 17-20
11 (2d10)	18 (4d8)	22 (4d10)	32 (6d10)



RESOLUTIONS AND REWARDS

RESOLVING THE ADVENTURE

Answer these questions to close out *Shadows Over Driftchapel*, keeping in mind the quest, patron, and complication you rolled in the Adventure Overview section.

1. **The Patron:** How will the patron react to the results of the adventure?
2. **The Quest:** How was the quest resolved? Were the adventurers victorious?
3. **The Complication:** Was the complication resolved? What happens next?

CONTINUING THE ADVENTURE

Answer these questions tied to the conflicts in the Adventure Overview to create thematic consequences for the conflicts in this Adventure Kit.

- **The Dark Idol:** Was the relic of Qatu recovered? If it wasn't, does its influence still torment the people of Driftchapel? If the adventurers found it, what do they intend to do with it? Should it be destroyed? Secreted away? Or is the safest place for the relic in the hands of the adventurers themselves?

- **The Cult of Qatu:** If the adventurers stopped the cult, their perception of reality is likely forever changed. If the cult's attempt to awaken Qatu was successful, the known world has likely ended overnight as the oceans rise catastrophically. Humanity's brief and insignificant time in this universe comes to a sudden end.
- **The Blood of the Deep Ones:** What is the fate of the Deep Ones and their descendants? Are they allowed to continue living in Driftchapel? If so, do they opt to control their physical transformation and savage urges? Or will a new scourge of monstrous terror plague the dreary coastlines of the Five Dominions?

REPERCUSSIONS AND RETALIATION

You can't keep everyone happy. Success for one faction or individual often means a loss or setback for another. Use the Repercussions and Retaliation table to generate the opposition who has been upset by the adventure's outcome, and their plan of retaliation.

REWARDS AND TREASURE

Use the Treasure and Social Rewards tables to reward the party for completing the adventure. These rewards can be loot or items of note the adventurers recover in Driftchapel, or gifts from grateful NPCs.

REPERCUSSIONS AND RETALIATION

d12	Opposition	Plan of Retaliation
1	Divine Clergy	Your friends and family are now in danger.
2	Rival Adventurer	They know all about you, and can exploit your weaknesses.
3	Respected Scholar	They capture or kill a trusted ally.
4	Powerful Guild	The word is put out – you are not to be trusted.
5	Local Authorities	They know a dark secret about your past – and exploit it.
6	Influential Politician	You've been framed for a crime you didn't commit.
7	Old Friend	Rumors spread of your involvement and your name is defamed.
8	Ranking Soldier	A task force is dispatched to deal with you.
9	Beloved Relative	You're cut off – you've been exiled from the family.
10	Shady Contact	Good, old-fashioned, violent revenge.
11	Simple Townsfolk	You're no longer welcome here – for fear of death.
12	Wealthy Merchant	The law is exploited to inhibit your actions.



TREASURE

d10	Item
1	Ornamental Snuffbox: Inside this ornate, wooden box, you find a handful of strong-smelling herbs. The herbs can be smoked to avoid rolling on the Madness Effects table.
2	Strange Statue: This green statue depicts a crouching, alien figure, equal portions octopus, dragon, and human caricature. It might fetch a fair price in a trinket shop, but strangely, you find you have trouble parting with it...
3	Vial of Gloam: A viscous, inky black liquid sloshes inside this glass vial with a cork stopper. Applying the slime to a weapon enhances it with poison damage for 1d4 hours.
4	Booze Grenade: This grimy bottle of grain alcohol can be ignited and hurled as a weapon. As an action, you can throw the grenade up to 30 feet. Make a ranged attack against a creature or object within range that you can see, dealing fire damage on a hit. Alternatively, the booze can be consumed to avoid rolling on the Madness Effects table.
5	Inhibitor Elixir: A vial of a strong-smelling alchemical concoction. Consuming the potion grants the drinker advantage on all ability checks, attack rolls, and saving throws made against Deep Ones for 1d4 hours. It can also be used to stave off the physical changes attributed with Deep One heritage.
6	Glowstone: An octahedron of black stone, which exudes a slimy film. As an action, the stone can be activated to shed bright green light. The stone floats beside the wielder, and does not require a hand to carry.
7	Elven Dagger: A rune-etched, black-bladed +1 dagger which deals additional poison damage.
8	Anointed Pistol: This silver flintlock pistol is inscribed with wards of protection. It is a +1 weapon that deals additional radiant damage to undead and aberrant creatures.
9	Tome of Qatu: A leather book inscribed with runes, containing ancient secrets. Once per day, the wielder can consult the tome to automatically succeed on an Arcana, History, Nature, or Religion check. At the end of each long rest, the wielder must succeed on a Wisdom saving throw or roll on the Madness Effects table.
10	Dark Idol: An eldritch figurine that grants the wielder two 1st level wizard spells to cast at-will without the need for material components. Charisma is the spellcasting modifier for these spells. At the end of each long rest, the wielder must succeed on a Charisma saving throw or roll on the Madness Effects table.

SOCIAL REWARDS

d6	Reward
1	Better Than Dead: You've survived – but the townsfolk will never forget the horror of what's transpired. You're permitted to leave with your lives – and not much else.
2	Indebted to You: The townsfolk of Driftchapel recognize your sacrifice, and are forever grateful. You will always find sanctuary here in Driftchapel.
3	Reformed Cultists: With the ritual halted, some of the Qatu cultists come to their senses. They have been saved from themselves, and are eternally grateful.
4	Whispers, Quieted: The townsfolk are finally free of the haunting whispers of Qatu. They will never be able to adequately repay you.
5	Potion Prizes: Driftchapel offers you steep discounts on strange but potent concoctions.
6	Ordained Warriors: You have proved yourselves beyond a doubt. The Creed of Oubliette recognizes you as holy warriors, and anoints you against the Gloam.



TOOLBOX

Herein lies the final piece of the Adventure Kit puzzle: the Toolbox. The Toolbox provides rules references for some of the mechanics and terms used throughout this book, as well as a wealth of roll tables, inspirational tools, and generators designed to help you develop *your* Driftchapel – and the horrors that dwell there. Roll up endless locations, monsters, NPCs, traps, skill challenges, and more. This Toolbox is intended to enhance and expand *Shadows over Driftchapel* or any adventure you might be running!

ESCALATING MADNESS

The Madness Effects table is divided into two tiers of intensity and danger. For more minor, short-term effects, roll a d10. For truly terrifying, more permanent effects, roll a d20.

MADNESS EFFECTS

d10/d20	Effect
1	Your limbs feel like they don't belong to you. You're momentarily staggered, and fall prone.
2	A shadow persists in your peripheral vision. You have disadvantage on Perception checks until you complete a rest.
3	A low, thunderous drone fills your ears. You are deafened for 1d4 minutes.
4	You panic and discard your gear, throwing it as far as you can – first your weapons, then your armor and clothing.
5	You are petrified where you stand. You are stunned for 1 round.
6	You become nauseated. You are poisoned for 1d4 minutes.
7	You find it impossible to concentrate. You critically fail all d20 rolls on the result of 1 or 2 until you complete a rest.
8	Raw fury overwhelms you. You turn on the nearest creature, ally or enemy – and attack with your bare hands.
9	Your head splits with thunderous noise. You suffer psychic damage.
10	Your food and water has been tainted, you can feel it – so you quickly discard it all.
11	You have seen too much. Reduce your Wisdom score by 1.
12	You believe you can purge the Gloam with flame, and begin setting fire to anything flammable.
13	Qatu has entered through your teeth. If you remove them, one at a time, you can purge her writhing presence.
14	You understand a new, beautifully complex language, and you slowly refuse to speak using anything else.
15	A corruption grows within you – by consuming black powder, you can burn it away.
16	You understand the cosmic concept of Unhands, and you must remove them at the wrists.
17	A treasured item begins to speak in a voice from your childhood. It implores you to harm yourself.
18	You can only repeat the same, nonsensical phrase – your alien accent becomes more and more unintelligible.
19	Eldritch runes flash incessantly through your mind – you must carve them into the flesh of something living.
20	The blood of others is strong, and they're selfishly keeping it from you. Make them share it.

ADVENTURE ODDITIES

The following tables are designed to add thematic elements and fun details to the adventure. They highlight the ever-growing darkness in Driftchapel. Use these tables when you need a quick burst of horror to remind the adventurers that they are not alone...

SANITY AND MADNESS

In the realm of Gloam, eldritch horrors erode the sanity and reasoning of mortals. While generally a Wisdom or Charisma saving throw suffices in testing sanity, the optional rules for the sanity die

present a more finite option for managing the fraying minds of adventurers. When a situation calls for a sanity check, the adventurer may instead roll their sanity die. If the result of the roll is a 1 or a 2, the sanity die is downgraded to the next lowest die (from d12 to d10, d6 to d4, etc.).

In addition, every time a sanity die downgrades, the adventurer must roll on the Madness Effects table.

Completing a long rest allows an adventurer to upgrade their sanity die to the next highest die, to a maximum of their starting sanity die.

If a d4 sanity die comes up as a 1 or 2, the adventurer's mind breaks completely, and they must roll on the Irreparable Insanity table.

Your starting sanity die is based on your total Wisdom or Charisma score, whichever is higher. Scores of 9 and below grant a d4, scores of 10 to 12 grant a d6, scores of 13 to 15 grant a d8, scores of 16 to 18 grant a d10, and scores 19 and over grant a d12.

IRREPARABLE INSANITY	
d6	Effect
1	Your body cannot withstand this any longer. You are reduced to 0 hit points, and must begin making death saving throws.
2	Your mind frays, leaving little behind. Permanently reduce all ability scores by 2.
3	All experience and memory flee in an instant, robbing your mind of any happiness. Permanently reduce your Wisdom score to 4.
4	You cannot remember who you are. All language and personality leaves you, and you are left a husk of your former self. Permanently reduce your Charisma score to 4.
5	Your vacant eyes and drooping smile are telltale signs of a shattered mind. You are permanently unconscious and unable to be stirred.
6	Your mind is no longer your own. The Game Master now controls your character – as a vile adversary of your former allies.

GLOAM EFFECTS	
d12	Effect
1	The voice of a lost loved one calls to you from the darkness, pleading for help.
2	You catch sight of yourself in a mirrored surface – your face appears gaunt and skeletal.
3	You hear a deep, guttural word croak from your own lips. It feels wrong.
4	A nearby shadow reaches for you.
5	Your hands are suddenly covered with blood.
6	An intense, unshakable fear suddenly grips you, and you cannot help but want to flee.
7	A scream splits the night – you slowly begin to realize the scream is your own.
8	A toy from your childhood rolls toward you from out of the darkness. It appears exactly as you remember it, save for a set of bloody fingerprints.
9	You are gripping your weapon with white knuckles – you don't remember drawing it.
10	Lightning crashes, silhouetting a leviathan creature on the horizon for a split-second.
11	The rain begins falling slowly upwards.
12	Dark, briny water suddenly surges up from the canals, flooding the streets and overtaking you. The vision soon fades, but you are left trembling and soaking wet.

THEMATIC PHRASES	
d10	Phrase
1	Writhing Darkness
2	Heavy Downpour
3	Furious Sea
4	Slumbering Sea Goddess
5	Twisting Alleyways
6	Gibbering Madness
7	Gaslit Streets
8	Shadowy Horrors
9	Flintlock Fantasy
10	Monstrous Mutations

RUMORS

d10	Rumor
1	You can always spot someone with Deep One blood – their skin has a slightly green tinge, and they smell faintly of brine and mud.
2	Dozens have filtered through Driftchapel lately, fleeing the nearby Egfeld Isles as the Gloam encroaches from the sea.
3	The constellations in the night sky have begun shifting and even disappearing.
4	Cultists lurk among the townsfolk, and work in league with the ghastly elves who roam the swamps surrounding Driftchapel, making sacrifices to appease their twisted whims.
5	The witches of the Irwhile Bog were banished from Driftchapel decades ago for using forbidden magic to heal the sick during a plague. They seek vengeance for their exile.
6	Hunter's Point, the walled trading post across Trawler's Bay, was raided by Crownsguard last week, and several heretics were carried away in chains for practicing unlicensed arcane magic.
7	Baroness Yesenia Foxglove secretly relocated her only living heir away to Driftchapel recently, along with a small contingent of armed guards.
8	Massive creatures composed of bone and mud have been spotted emerging from Felmarsh.
9	The Crown is gathering able-bodied men and women from Strand to help rebuild and maintain the Mournwall.
10	Light shines from the Toppled Spire for the first time in decades – how and why has the beacon been lit, and by whom?

INSTANT HAZARDS

d6	Hazard
1	Winding, labyrinthine alleyways – Intelligence check to avoid getting lost
2	A roving mob of armed townspeople, out for blood – Stealth check to slip by unnoticed
3	The Gloam seeps into our world – Dexterity saving throw to dodge its inky tendrils
4	A mangy, starving wolfhound growls at you, hackles raised – Animal Handling check to calm the beast
5	Nauseating magic from the Dark Idol wafts over you – Constitution saving throw to avoid an unnatural sickness
6	Flickering runes appear on the flesh of a nearby ally – Arcana check to identify their meaning

STORY HOOKS

d10	Hook
1	A pub-goer drunkenly claims to know where the cult has hidden a powerful artifact.
2	A Dawnhammer initiate needs help tracking an elf in the surrounding swamplands of Strand.
3	An explosion rocks the blaugas storehouse – the fires spread quickly.
4	A struggling book merchant seeks an invaluable tome stolen from their storefront.
5	An ordist claims to have the ability to calm the storms plaguing Driftchapel – if only they had the proper ritual ingredients from Irwhile Bog.
6	A Crownsguard deserter seeks asylum after refusing to march into the Ghastrands.
7	A notable citizen is murdered in the town square – by man or beast?
8	The blaugas lamps throughout town flicker and die, plunging Driftchapel into darkness.
9	A fisherman claims to have a live Deep One shackled in his basement – it could fetch a fair stack from an ordist wishing to study the fiendish creature.
10	A bloated corpse washes up in the Driftchapel canals – it's unidentifiable save for the garments of a noble from the Egfeld Isles.

SET DRESSING

d10	Dressing
1	A flickering blaugas lamp, shedding oily, yellow light
2	An overflowing canal, blocked by refuse and debris
3	A leaking, pockmarked rain gutter
4	Dusty shelves, lined with strange glass baubles
5	A medallion honoring the Dawnhammers, dangling from the wall
6	Black powder, strewn across the floor – footprints track through it
7	A rack of animal hides, left out to dry – glyphs are etched into the skins
8	An old crate of fish, now putrid and rotten
9	A dusty clock, long silent – it begins to tick as you draw near
10	A creaking weathervane, swaying back and forth in the wind

ENCOUNTER GENERATOR

Danger lurks around every corner on the winding streets of Driftchapel. Quickly generate additional encounters for your adventurers by rolling an objective and supplementing with terrain and, after a certain number of rounds, escalation.

ENCOUNTER OBJECTIVE

d8	Objective
1	Protect: Defend an important object, location, or NPC for 1d6 rounds
2	Chase: Reach a safe destination within 1d6 rounds
3	Survive: Fight off increasingly difficult waves of enemies for 1d6 rounds
4	Assassinate: Defeat an important enemy within 1d6 rounds
5	Rescue: Reach and retrieve an important object or NPC within 1d6 rounds
6	Disrupt: Destroy an important object within 1d6 rounds
7	Eradicate: Defeat each enemy within 1d6 rounds
8	Countdown: Complete a non-combat task within 1d6 rounds

ENCOUNTER TERRAIN

d10	Terrain
1	Rain-soaked cobbled road lit by gas lamps
2	Stone bridge over dark, coursing water
3	Narrow, shadowed alleyway
4	Muddy, sodden ground
5	Rickety wooden dock slick with algae
6	Inky pools of vile Gloam dripping upwards
7	Mortared stone walls that seem to buckle and breathe
8	Runes gouged deep in the stone
9	Jagged, coastal rocks
10	Knee-deep foaming saltwater

ENCOUNTER ESCALATION

d10	Escalation
1	The fight disturbs a subterranean monster – it bursts forth
2	Enemies rise as undead husks and attack
3	The Gloam bleeds into the realm and mutates enemies – they are bolstered
4	A gaping, toothed maw opens in the floor, chomping at nearby creatures
5	All sources of light magically extinguish and cannot be rekindled
6	Enemy reinforcements arrive
7	The seas rise, violently flooding the area
8	A fire rages through the battle
9	Barbed tentacles burst from the ground, grasping wildly
10	A thick fog rolls through the battle, obscuring sight

NON-COMBAT ENCOUNTERS

Not every encounter is a fight to the death. Explore the Skill Challenge and Trap Generators in this Toolbox for inspiration to create your own non-combat encounters.

ITEMS AND LOOT

As the adventurers delve into the dark mysteries of Driftchapel, they may uncover odd trinkets and valuable treasures. Use these tables to generate instant loot!

LOOT	
d20	Item
1	1d6 copper pieces per level
2	1d8 silver pieces per level
3	A keen hunting knife
4	A tarnished silver locket
5	A well-worn hatchet
6	1d6 paper cartridges of standard shot
7	A flintlock pepperbox engraved with a fish
8	A wide-brimmed slouch hat
9	A horn of black powder
10	A flintlock rifle with a curved bayonet
11	A crate of fish-curing salts
12	A saber with a honed edge
13	A canteen with fresh water
14	An empty, leather map tube
15	1d10 gold pieces per level
16	1d6 paper cartridges of buckshot
17	1d4 paper cartridges of spinshot
18	2d10 gold pieces per level
19	A small sack of local pearls
20	3d10 gold pieces per level

TRINKETS	
d20	Item
1	A Crusades-era flintlock rifle, mottled with rust
2	A silver signet ring, emblazoned with the sigil of the Crown and the Creed
3	A single Deep One eye, preserved and floating in a cloudy glass jar
4	A bloodstained Dawnhammer brooch
5	A brass pocket watch, frozen at 7:07:13
6	The fine wand of an ordist – cleanly snapped in two
7	A leather totem, inscribed with an ancient prayer to the Creed
8	A taxidermied tide panther head
9	A half-melted copper coin with a bullet hole through its center
10	A chunk of driftwood carved into the likeness of a pipe-smoking fisherman
11	A worn, smeared note, bidding a final farewell to a distant lover
12	The ironsights of a rifle, hung on a silver chain
13	A brass ring, emblazoned with the letter “B”
14	A silver-rimmed monocle with a lens of cloudy quartz
15	A poisoner’s copper bracelet with a retractable needle
16	A deck of cards inlaid with silver, featuring risqué, baroque artwork
17	A pair of steel punchblades with serrated edges
18	A dusty brass container etched with funeral tableaux of the Dawnhammers
19	A smoking pipe of smooth driftwood, packed with a tuft of damp, pungent tobacco
20	A wind-up statuette of a raven whose retractable paper wings beat like a fan



LOCATION GENERATOR

Adventurers straying down dark alleys and exploring the shadowy corners of Driftchapel? Use these tables to generate additional areas as needed, complete with sensory details.



MAJOR LOCATIONS

d6	Location	Description
1	Streets of Driftchapel	A maddening maze of dark streets and alleyways
2	The Taxidermy Shop	A macabre storefront specializing in preserved corpses
3	The Rivermouth Inn	A rickety roadhouse with questionable patronage
4	The Profane Chapel	A dilapidated seaside temple, long abandoned
5	The Ordist's Lab	A strange and alluring workshop for potions and elixirs
6	The Dripping Caves	A waterlogged cavern with whispering walls

MINOR LOCATIONS

d12	Location	Description
1	Boat Launch	A rickety seaside structure with a leaky rowboat tethered to one of its pylons
2	Ransacked Rowhouse	Meager living-quarters, looted and deserted
3	Blaugas Storehouse	A drafty lean-to filled with foul-smelling steel tanks bulging with gas
4	Dawnhammer Memorial	A simple stone altar, etched with the Dawnhammer sigil
5	Ancient Lichyard	Old, weathered tombstones and mausoleums with long-faded names
6	Dingy Brothel	Raucous laughter and pungent perfumes emanate from this cheap pleasure house
7	Nobleman's Manor	Greenery shrouds this once opulent two-story home with barred windows
8	Seaside Shack	Rusted hooks and decrepit nets hang on the walls of this sea-worn hut
9	General Store	Meager food rations and basic supplies line a single shelf
10	Tackle Shop	Jars of huge, writhing worms and fishing rods dominate this tiny business
11	Flint Shop	A few old flintlocks mounted above a dusty counter
12	Mayor's Estate	A tall and narrow manor house with an armed guard at the door

MUNDANE LOCATIONS

d8	Location	Description
1	Dead-end Alley	Darkness meets you at the end of this refuse-strewn alley
2	Overgrown Courtyard	Unmaintained gardens dominate this stone courtyard
3	Deserted Plaza	Echoes emanate from the well at the center of this plaza
4	Market Stall	A wood and canvas stall, hawking strange trinkets
5	Outhouse	Foul-smelling and potentially occupied
6	Sewer Outlet	Gushing gallons of rainwater and waste into the sea

SIGHTS, SOUNDS, AND SENSATIONS

d6 Sights

- 1 A labyrinth of tightly-packed buildings and winding cobblestone streets.
- 2 Dingy, yellow gaslight lamps flicker, barely illuminating the darkened alleyways.
- 3 Streets strangely devoid of townsfolk – the town almost seems deserted.
- 4 A stone edifice of a sea goddess, defaced with scrawled words: "QATU RISES."
- 5 Green slime coats the walls and drips from the ceiling.
- 6 Shadows move in your peripheral vision, always flitting just out of sight.

d6 Sounds

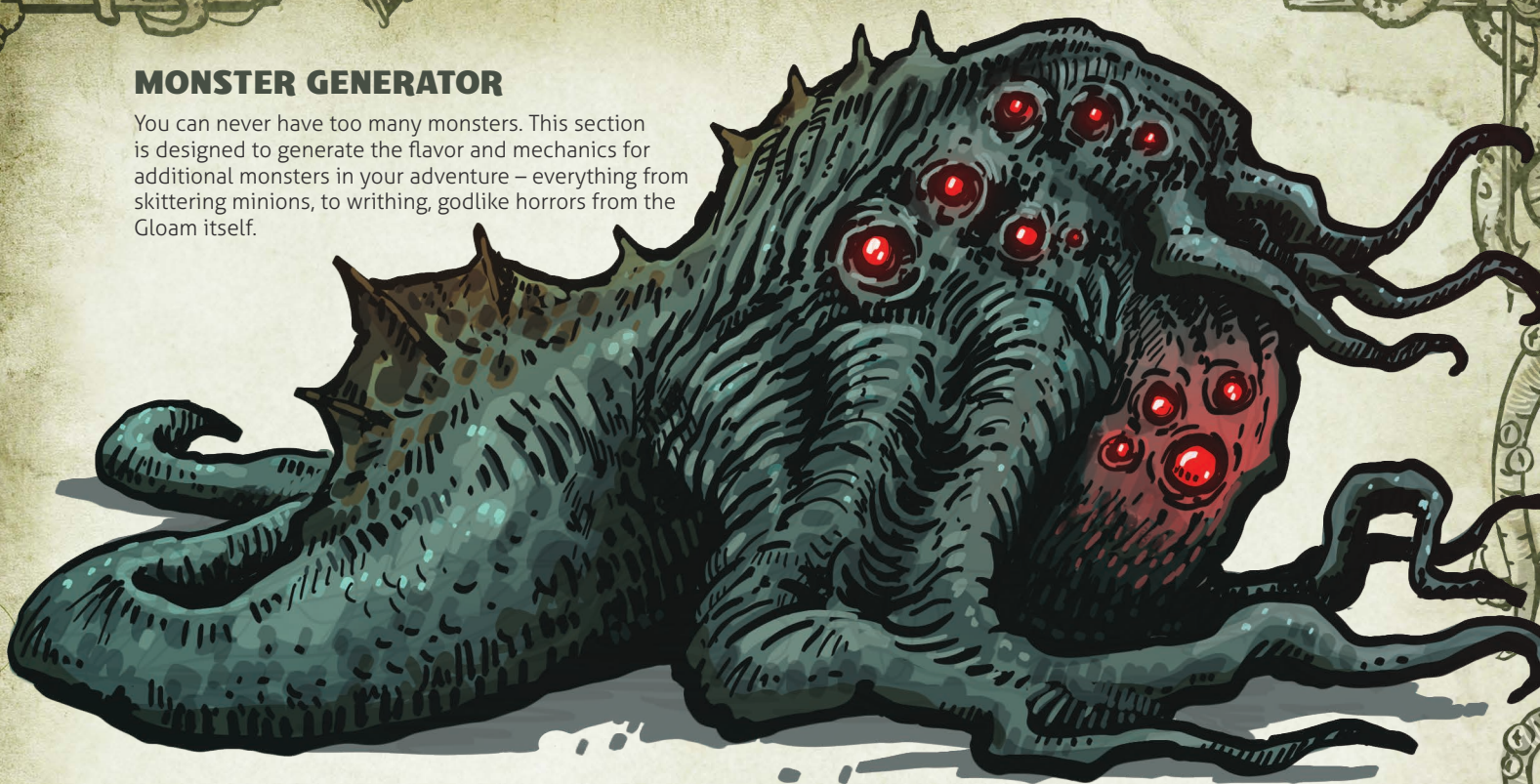
- 1 Distant coughs and rowdy shouts, emanating from the local pubs.
- 2 A slouched figure darts down an alleyway, knocking over a trash can.
- 3 Dark water churns through the canals, bubbling and belching.
- 4 Floorboards creak with every step, and rickety shelves groan under their loads.
- 5 Soot-streaked windows rattle with each gust of wind.
- 6 The wind howls shrilly through the crumbling stone walls.

d6 Sensations

- 1 The shadows move almost imperceptibly in your peripheral vision.
- 2 There's an unshakable feeling of being watched – and being hunted.
- 3 The rain-soaked wind carries the overwhelming stench of rotting fish.
- 4 The shadows on the wall seem to writhe and twist unnaturally.
- 5 The area is narrow, creating an overbearing sense of claustrophobia.
- 6 The air is heavy and humid – it's difficult to take a deep breath.

MONSTER GENERATOR

You can never have too many monsters. This section is designed to generate the flavor and mechanics for additional monsters in your adventure – everything from skittering minions, to writhing, godlike horrors from the Gloam itself.



MONSTER TYPE AND APPEARANCE

d100	Type	Appearance
01-10	Aberration	This black, amorphous creature spawned from the Gloam itself reaches for you with inky, grasping tendrils. An inhuman sound emanates from its twisted form.
11-16	Beast	A desperate, wild creature with matted fur. Its eyes shine a deep, shimmering black, and its body is twisted from exposure to the Gloam.
17-20	Celestial	A vague, shimmering form, its words lost – it cannot manifest fully in this cursed world.
21-30	Construct	A rusted, iron hulk, created by the Ordisterium for labor or war.
31-35	Dragon	A serpentine creature the size of a horse with powerful, leathery wings, and a long, craning neck. Instinct – not intelligence – glistens in its glassy black eyes.
36-40	Elemental	A creature composed of flotsam, shells, and driftwood, taking shape in a humanoid form of shifting wet shore sand.
41-45	Fey	This twisted fey creature has succumbed to the Gloam. Its elongated limbs end in twisted claws, and its eyes burn a glimmering white.
46-50	Fiend	Heat shimmers off this slouching, horned figure. It smells of acrid, burning black powder. Smoke pours from its glowing maw, and its flesh appears as charred meat.
51-55	Giant	This aquatic giant has a thick, scaly body, and a bulbous, fishlike head. Its eyes are black and lifeless – reminiscent of a doll's eyes.
56-76	Humanoid	This hairless, albino creature could pass for a man at a distance. But in place of eyes, it has two grinning mouths. Its lithe frame skulks in great strides as its fearsome claws dangle.
77-84	Monstrosity	This bestial form has the stout, broad body of a bear, but with the cunning features of a feral wolf and the antlers of a stag. Its thick fur is plagued with mange, and its mouth foams hungrily.
85-90	Ooze	This creature appears as pale-green, gelatinous sea water, with a churning layer of luminescent green algae. Corroded bones float within its amorphous form.
91-94	Plant	This tangle of vines is massive and writhing, bristling with countless hooked thorns, barbs, and shards of human bones. Skeletal visages seem to peer out from it.
95-00	Undead	This patchwork creature appears stitched-together – a macabre chimeric beast seeping with Gloam.

MONSTER BEHAVIOR

d10	Behavior	Effect
1	Cowardly	This creature must succeed on a Charisma saving throw or flee at the first sight of blood.
2	Overconfident	This creature gravitates toward the most powerful perceived threat.
3	Zealous	This creature will sacrifice itself and others without hesitation.
4	Unshakable	This creature fights ferociously until its last breath.
5	Coerced	Unless it succeeds on a Charisma saving throw at the start of combat, this creature has disadvantage on attacks.
6	Commanding	Its allies listen to its commands, and attempt to defend it in combat.
7	Greedy	This creature takes any opportunity to steal valuables, and can be bribed easily.
8	Frenzied	This creature attacks the nearest creature, hostile and friendly alike.
9	Mocking	This creature favors supporting its allies and disrupting its enemies.
10	Selfish	This creature is loyal only to itself, and does whatever it takes to stay alive.

THEMATIC MONSTERS

d8	Monster
1	Gloom-Touched Berserker – Humanoid skirmisher with <i>multiattack</i> (2) and <i>brute</i>
2	Tide Panther – Beast skirmisher with <i>swim</i> (30) and <i>focus</i> (<i>stealth</i>)
3	Ghast Headhunter – Fey vanguard with <i>magic</i> (1), <i>deadly</i> (1), and <i>focus</i> (<i>stealth</i>)
4	Deep One Sealord – Aberration vanguard with <i>magic</i> (1), <i>swim</i> (40), and <i>weakness</i> (<i>fire</i>)
5	Direbat – Beast skirmisher with <i>regeneration</i> (1d4) and <i>flight</i> (30)
6	Strand Rifleman – Humanoid minion with <i>defense</i> (1)
7	Battleforged Ogre – Construct nemesis with <i>multiattack</i> (2), <i>defense</i> (2), <i>resistance</i> (<i>bludgeoning, piercing, slashing</i>), and <i>immunity</i> (<i>poison</i>)
8	Qatu Cult Caller – Humanoid nemesis with <i>magic</i> (3) and <i>regeneration</i> (1d8)

CALCULATING MONSTER DCs

To determine the saving throw DC for a monster, simply add their roll bonus to 8. For instance, a skirmisher monster would have a saving throw DC of 11 to 13.



QUICK MONSTER STATS				
d8	Threat Level	Hit Points	Armor Class	Roll Bonus
1-3	Minion	1 to 5	10	+1 to +2
4-5	Skirmisher	11 to 33	10 to 11	+3 to +5
6-7	Vanguard	33 to 66	12 to 15	+6 to +8
8	Nemesis	66 to 132	16 to 20	+9 to +12

DAMAGE BY PARTY LEVEL				
Threat Level	Lvl 1-4	Lvl 5-10	Lvl 11-16	Lvl 17-20
Minion	3 (1d6)	7 (2d6)	11 (2d10)	18 (4d8)
Skirmisher	7 (2d6)	11 (2d10)	18 (4d8)	22 (4d10)
Vanguard	11 (2d10)	18 (4d8)	22 (4d10)	33 (6d10)
Nemesis	18 (4d8)	22 (4d10)	33 (6d10)	44 (8d10)

MONSTER BUFFS		
d12	Buff	Effect
1	Multiattack (X)	Can make a number of attacks equal to X
2	Defense (X)	Adds X to armor class
3	Deadly (X)	Adds X additional damage dice
4	Brute	On a successful melee attack, may grapple target
5	Magic (X)	Knows a number of at-will spells equal to X
6	Focus	Has advantage on checks with one ability or skill
7	Regeneration (X)	Regains X HP at start of turn
8	Resistance	Has resistance to one type of damage
9	Immunity	Has immunity to one type of damage
10	Flight (X)	Has a fly speed equal to X feet
11	Weakness	Takes double damage from one type of damage
12	Swim (X)	Has a swim speed equal to X feet

SKILL CHALLENGE GENERATOR

Skill challenges require multiple ability checks from the adventurers – typically three to five successful checks before an equal number of failed checks are accrued. Critical successes (natural 20s) count as two successes. Likewise, critical failures (natural 1s) count as two failures.

Skill challenges often require multiple abilities or skills in tandem. For example, adventurers escaping a crumbling dungeon might face a skill challenge requiring Athletics to push aside a boulder, Dexterity to dodge falling rocks, Constitution to swim to safety, and Survival to follow a winding path to safety. To keep things interesting, consider requiring the adventurers to each utilize a different ability or skill.

SKILL CHALLENGES BY ABILITY

d6	Ability	Related Skills
1	Strength	Athletics
2	Dexterity	Acrobatics, Sleight of Hand, Stealth
3	Constitution	None
4	Intelligence	Arcana, History, Investigation, Nature, Religion
5	Wisdom	Animal Handling, Insight, Medicine, Perception, Survival
6	Charisma	Deception, Intimidation, Performance, Persuasion

SKILL CHALLENGE DIFFICULTY

d6	Difficulty	DC
1	Easy	11 to 12
2-3	Moderate	13 to 14
4	Difficult	15 to 16
5	Extreme	17 to 18
6	Near Impossible	19 to 20+

THEMATIC SKILL CHALLENGES

d6	Skill Challenge
1	Strength: Busting through barred doors
2	Dexterity: Lighting lamps to quell the Gloam
3	Constitution: Pushing through frigid rainfall and howling wind
4	Intelligence: Translating archaic, eldritch runes
5	Wisdom: Overcoming terrifying visions conjured by the Gloam
6	Charisma: Convincing the constable to aid in your investigation



TRAP GENERATOR

This section is designed to generate limitless, unique traps for your adventure. Generate a trap by selecting its style, the type of saving throw required, and the consequences the trap imposes. Then, decide how difficult the trap is to disarm, and how dangerous it will be if the adventurers fail to disarm or avoid it.

TRAP SAVING THROW

d6	Saving Throw
1	Charisma to fool a sentient trigger
2	Constitution to physically withstand the consequences
3	Dexterity to dodge deftly
4	Intelligence to conjure knowledge that saves you
5	Strength to halt with brute force
6	Wisdom to perceive its threat or find a different route

TRAP CONSEQUENCES

d12 ²	Damage Type	Condition
1	Acid	Blinded
2	Bludgeoning	Charmed
3	Cold	Deafened
4	Fire	Exhaustion
5	Force	Frightened
6	Lightning	Grappled/Restrained
7	Necrotic	Incapacitated
8	Poison	Invisible
9	Psychic	Paralyzed/Petrified
10	Radiant	Prone
11	Slashing/Piercing	Stunned
12	Thunder	Unconscious

TRAP ORIGINS

d10	Origin
1	A creature's corpse, rigged up as a macabre hazard
2	A disguised object, appearing mundane but actually deadly
3	A non-lethal trap – used to deter and restrain, but not kill
4	A leftover security measure from creatures long-gone
5	An intricate arcane trap, difficult to perceive and disarm
6	A rudimentary trap, simple to spot but effective if triggered
7	A naturally-occurring hazard
8	Built seamlessly into a nearby structure
9	Commissioned from a particularly skilled trapsmith
10	Larger and more intricate than it appears – roll two traps and combine them



TRAP SAVE DCs AND ATTACK BONUSES

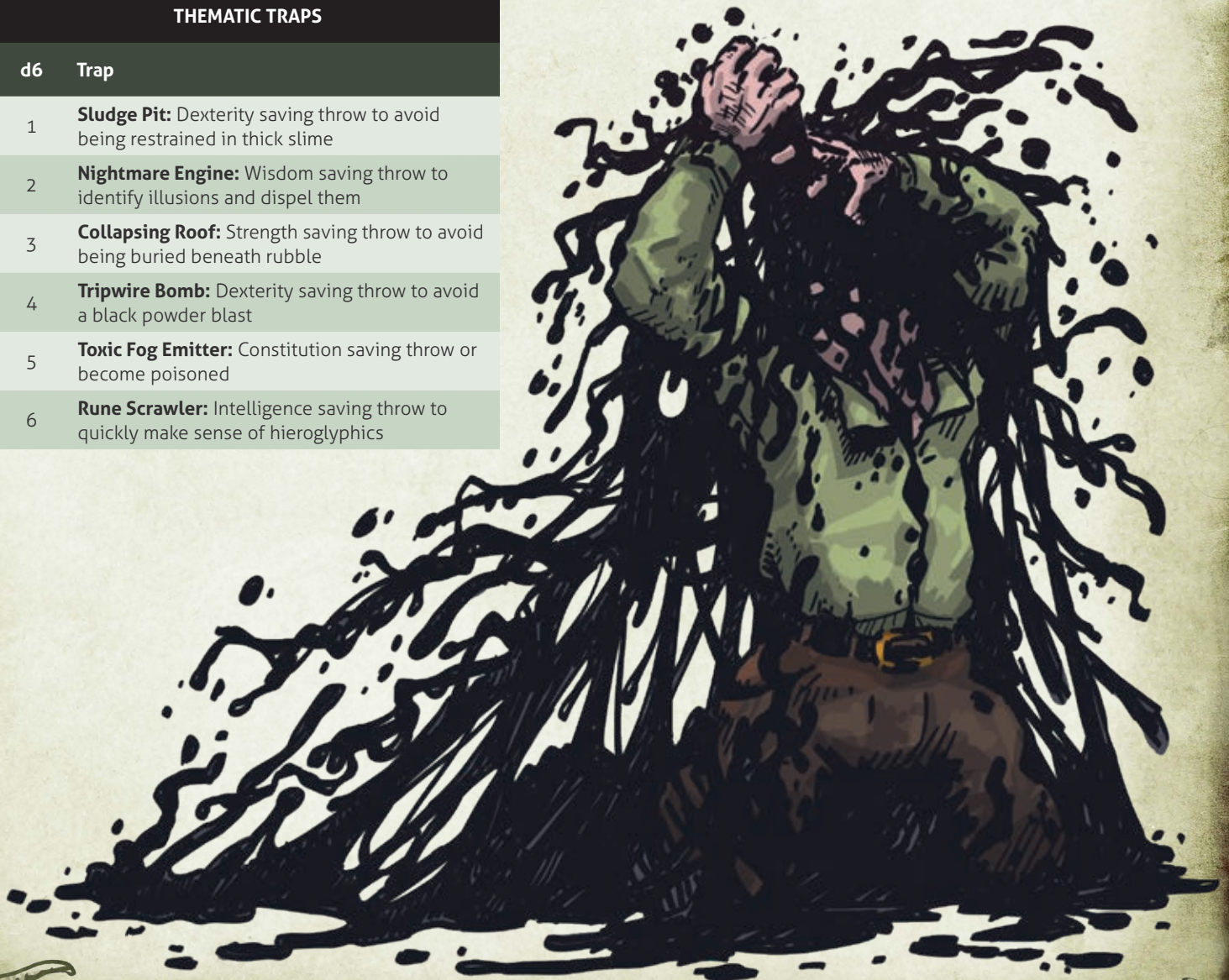
d6	Threat Level	Save DC	Attack Bonus
1-2	Setback	10 to 11	+3 to +5
3-4	Dangerous	12 to 15	+6 to +8
5-6	Deadly	16 to 20+	+9 to +12

DAMAGE BY PARTY LEVEL

Threat Level	Lvl 1-4	Lvl 5-10	Lvl 11-16	Lvl 17-20
Setback	6 (1d10)	11 (2d10)	22 (4d10)	55 (10d10)
Dangerous	11 (2d10)	22 (4d10)	55 (10d10)	99 (18d10)
Deadly	22 (4d10)	55 (10d10)	99 (18d10)	132 (24d10)

THEMATIC TRAPS

d6	Trap
1	Sludge Pit: Dexterity saving throw to avoid being restrained in thick slime
2	Nightmare Engine: Wisdom saving throw to identify illusions and dispel them
3	Collapsing Roof: Strength saving throw to avoid being buried beneath rubble
4	Tripwire Bomb: Dexterity saving throw to avoid a black powder blast
5	Toxic Fog Emitter: Constitution saving throw or become poisoned
6	Rune Scrawler: Intelligence saving throw to quickly make sense of hieroglyphics



NPC GENERATOR

Use the following tables to generate your own non-player characters by choosing their name, personality, appearance, equipment, strengths, drawbacks, and a possible secret.

NPC NAMES		
d12 ²	First Name	Surname
1	Abner	Marshall
2	Abitha	Davis
3	Elijah	Browne
4	Caleb	Carter
5	Gabrielle	Harrison
6	Patience	Brooke
7	Rosanna	Turner
8	Balthasar	King
9	Amos	Mason
10	Rufus	Kane
11	Solomon	Stone
12	Zachariah	Wood



NPC PERSONALITY	
d12	Personality
1	Duty-driven, but paranoid and untrusting
2	Polite with a subdued mean-streak
3	Quiet, yet capable
4	Unable to keep their mouth shut
5	Monotone and unexcitable
6	Aloof, but unfalteringly loyal
7	Road-weary, yet friendly
8	Curt and blunt, but sincere
9	Genuinely helpful, with misguided trust
10	Stern and determined
11	Curious, yet cautious
12	Gruff and unshakable

NPC APPEARANCE	
d12	Physical Trait
1	Thick, dark hair with a broad nose
2	Short, curly hair and piercing eyes
3	Bespectacled with a stocky frame
4	A narrow build with long legs
5	A bald, scarred head and ice-blue eyes
6	A wiry frame, black hair, and a chipped tooth
7	A pockmarked face, red hair, and a slim figure
8	Graying hair, plump figure, and fetching face
9	Short-cropped hair of platinum white
10	Elaborate tattoos and a freckled face
11	Claw-shaped scars across a weather-worn face
12	A gaunt figure with bloodshot eyes

NPC GEAR

d12 ³	Weapon	Garb	Noteworthy Item
1	Engraved pepperbox	Hardened leather	Fist-sized pearl
2	Scoped rifle	Hides and furs	Platinum coin
3	Silvered saber	Studded jerkin	Vial of pure, inky Gloam
4	Brass knuckles	Iron and brass plates	Ghast teeth on a string
5	Throwing daggers	Padded garments	Cartridge bandolier
6	Twin hatchets	Silvered raiments	Brass telescope
7	Ornate sword-cane	Dawnhammer leathers	Silver compass
8	Experimental wheelgun	Tarnished chainmail	Pearl brooch
9	Sawed-off blunderbuss	Ordist veil and robes	Field medic kit
10	Pair of pistols	Crusades-era platemail	Well-used cooking utensils
11	Cutlass and dirk	Layered gambeson	Driftwood smoking pipe
12	Weighted stave	Noble clothes	Copper flask

NPC STRENGTHS AND DRAWBACKS

d12 ²	Strength	Drawback
1	Skilled with a blade	Prone to bribery
2	Deadshot with a flintlock	Frail and prone to sickness
3	Remarkably strong	Gambling problem
4	Exceedingly loyal and brave	Dim-witted
5	Mind of iron	Owes favors to many
6	Silver-tongued diplomat	Terrible with money
7	Insightful and wise	Short attention span
8	Seeker of truth	Brazen gloryhound
9	Good samaritan	Stuck in their ways
10	Connected with those in power	Prejudiced against someone
11	Knowledgeable in the arcane arts	Easily lost
12	Survivalist	Compulsive liar

NPC SECRETS

d20 Secret

- 1 They are responsible for the death of a sibling. This is their opportunity for atonement.
- 2 They are famous for something they didn't do. And something here may reveal that.
- 3 They are in love with someone that they should not be. This may be their only shot.
- 4 They are in tremendous debt. This may be their chance to finally get ahead.
- 5 They are painfully claustrophobic. This is an area that makes them feel uneasy, and they seek to escape it.
- 6 They are spying for other powers. This is valuable information they must report.
- 7 They are bound to this land and cannot leave it. This may be their chance.
- 8 They are wanted for a terrible crime in another region. This may bring attention to it.
- 9 They believe they hear the voices of the gods, who have commanded them to take action here.
- 10 They betrayed people they loved to get ahead. This is a painful reminder, and perhaps an opportunity for redemption.
- 11 They failed someone they admired. And this is an opportunity at redemption.
- 12 They have an addiction they try to suppress. And this may be their one chance to beat it – or succumb to it indefinitely.
- 13 They have died once already, and are not keen to do so again. Could this be their chance at life eternal?
- 14 They have sociopathic tendencies. This is the perfect opportunity to act on them – or try to overcome them for good.
- 15 They have a hidden talent they're ashamed of. This seems like an opportunity to prove their talent's worth.
- 16 They know a secret about the local authorities that could get them killed. This is their chance to obtain concrete proof.
- 17 They regret selling a family heirloom, and seek to get it back. This is the location where it was last spotted.
- 18 They stole something from someone powerful. The bill comes due – it's fight, or run.
- 19 They escaped a life of slavery, but their past is catching up with them. This is their chance at true freedom.
- 20 They're hiding a fugitive – or are a fugitive themselves. The law is on their heels. Now is the time to face the music, come what may.



A VAST AND LOATHSOME SHADOW

Deter's hatchet gleamed in the light of the cooking fire.

The weapon leaned against a rotting log while Deter tended to the rabbit roasting over the pale flames, spinning it slowly on a makeshift spit of twigs and twine. The sky drained of color as the sun sank behind the towering pines, spilling its dying glow across the campsite. The sputtering fire provided the only light now.

Just beyond the reach of the firelight was the Withered Road – the thoroughfare of pallid earth that extended from one side of the Five Dominions to the other – a twisted vein of refuge among the inky darkness of the wilds and the Gloam. Deter and Mathias had traveled the Road for a fortnight now, setting out from Port Sutherland – not an uncommon route for Dawnhammers of the Crown.

The nights seemed longer than usual in the Barony of Strand – as if the sun set sooner and rose later. Deter pinched the ends of the spit with his thick fingers, letting the roasted rabbit slide onto his tin plate. He pulled steaming, dripping meat from the cony, divvying it out between Mathias and himself.

Mathias' stomach growled audibly as Deter handed him a plate of greasy meat, and the young man immediately tucked in, shoveling the shredded rabbit into his mouth with his bare hands. Deter pulled the last, browning apple from his pack. He took a bite, feigned disgust, and tossed it to Mathias. The boy was fond of a good, brown apple.

"Here," he said.

Mathias snatched the apple from the air, chewing, and nodded with thankful eyes.

The companions ate slowly, savoring each bite, each knowing it might be their last meat for days. Between nips of gamey rabbit and browned apple, Mathias smiled and complimented the food. He was the spitting image of Amos in that moment, Deter thought, gods rest his soul – or what was left of it. Mathias, like Amos, was barely in his twenties, a curly mound of dark hair shorn close to his skull. The smattering of a beard shadowed his youthful face.

Finishing his dinner, Deter wiped the grease from his hands, and grabbed the hatchet. Its rippled steel shimmered. With its finely honed edge and smooth hickory handle, the weapon was the only thing that felt like home here, and Deter took comfort in its heft. With practiced precision, he used the hatchet to split a branch to feed the dying fire.

"We're just outside Driftchapel now," Deter said, breaking the silence. "We'll wake with the sun and arrive in the late morning."

"Good!" came Mathias' absent reply between bites. "Early as it may be, I would love a hard drink after so many miles

on the Road."

"No drinks."

"Well, then, what's that for?" Mathias pointed to the copper flask, fastened to Deter's pack with a winding leather cord.

"That," said Deter, "belonged to Amos."

There was long pause – the sort of silence that begged for elaboration. Deter sighed.

"He was my previous initiate. One before you. He ... moved on. Other duties." Deter was a good Dawnhammer, and an awful liar. Luckily, Mathias was too oblivious to notice.

"Bet he isn't as quick as me," Mathias said with a mouthful of rabbit and apple, gesticulating with a dull knife as if it were a fine saber. Deter's craggy face hardened with a grimace. He stopped hacking at the branches.

"Boy, look at me."

Mathias immediately stopped chewing and did so, cheeks stuffed with rabbit.

"We're here to observe, gather what info we can, and report back to Port Sutherland. We go in, we speak to the Mayor about the rumors, and we leave. No drinks. No niceties. And no trouble. Got it?"

"Yessir," Mathias responded, cheeks flushed.

Deter nodded his head toward Mathias' hatchet, where it lay in the dirt.

"And keep that close."

"Yessir."

"Driftchapel is an odd place," Deter said. "But it's a safe place, all things considered. Pray you don't need use that axe."

"What sorts of trouble are they having, sir?"

"Rumblings of some zealots, keen on their beliefs, stirring up a ruckus. We'll question the folk there, and then a proper detachment will come behind us to root out the vileness and shut the whole mess down."

Mathias finished the last of his food and ran his tongue across his teeth.

"Yessir, and, if I may, sir – time permitting, I'd love to take a good look at the sea." He raised his hand to halt Deter's inevitable objections. "And I heard you, sir. No drinking, no niceties – all I'm saying is that I'd like to really look at that ocean. When I was a boy, my father told me tales of the ports he would dock in. So many stories he'd bring back with him. Until the sea took him."

There was a silence. Deter tossed a handful of splintered wood into the dwindling fire, stirring the embers. *When I was a boy*, Mathias had said. By the Creed, he was *still* a boy. The Dawnhammer leathers and brooch and stout flintlock did nothing to change that. Deter kept getting older, and his initiates kept getting younger.

"One good look at the sea," Mathias continued. "Just for half-a-moment. That's all I've wanted for so long."

Deter opened his mouth to speak when there was a sudden snap in the woods at his back. Deter whirled, hatchet in hand. He peered into the shadows beyond the firelight, taking a solid defensive stance and choking up the grip on his weapon.

"Up boy!" Deter barked. "Load your flint. Grab your axe." Deter threw back his tattered, coal-black cloak with one hand, revealing a brace of flintlocks tucked into his belt. His Dawnhammer brooch gleamed in the firelight.

"We'll be the feast of no devils this night," Deter said through gritted teeth.

Mathias paused for just a moment, stunned – then his teachings seemed to return to him, and he snapped into action. He snatched up the flintlock rifle and stood.

Something moved behind the treeline. The bark of the ancient trees seemed to thrum and shake as an unearthly howling – something between a gurgle and a scream – erupted from beyond them.

"Follow me with naked steel and flame, boy," Deter said, and he disappeared into the darkness of the wilds.

II

Mathias was alone. It was quiet, and he was afraid.

With a shaking hand, he brought a paper cartridge from his bandolier to his mouth and tore the end with his teeth, inhaling the familiar sulfurous stench. He tipped it, gingerly pouring a portion of the powder into the flashpan. Some spilled over the sides and he swore under his breath. He quelled the overwhelming urge to run, poured the rest of the powder down the muzzle, and slid the ramrod loose. In went the rest of the cartridge, and he tamped it down with the rod.

"One, two, three," he counted out in a shaking whisper as he slammed the shot into the breach.

He brought the rifle to his shoulder, thumbing the broad flintlock hammer back fully with a satisfying click. He shook involuntarily, near-paralyzed by uncertainty. He stood, gun leveled, peering down the iron sights into the darkness of the treeline.

"Boy!" shouted Deter suddenly from within the darkness. "Come! Now!"

Mathias snapped out of his lull, and lurched toward the dark forest, trudging through the dense foliage between towering trees. From deeper in the forest, he heard a grunt, and the sound of steel sliding into flesh. He urged himself forward, quickly, and came to a clearing lit by the dim crescent moon, low in the sky.

There was Deter, his foot propped up on a corpse before him, pulling on the handle of his hatchet to free it from the broad, slick head of the creature he had buried it in. Mathias' eyes widened in terror. He opened his mouth to scream – and only a gasping whine escaped.

Movement, to the left. More creatures emerged from the wilderness. Mathias saw multiple sets of bulbous eyes, glowing like lanterns in the silver moonlight. A soft, sickly luminescence seeped from their skin. There were no fewer than three of the slouched beasts – their bodies stunted and toad-like, covered in gray flesh. The largest of the beasts turned its broad, glistening face toward Mathias. Its wide, lipless mouth opened in a dripping sneer, revealing rows of curved teeth. With a bellow, it charged.

Deter finally freed his hatchet from the corpse with a wet, sucking sound.

"Shoot, boy!" he shouted at Mathias. "Bring it down!"

Mathias yanked the trigger. There was a gout of light as the flashpan took, a sizzling half-second of sparks, and then the muzzle erupted. With an explosion of gunpowder and light, Mathias shot the beast. The lead ball tore through the creature's piebald shoulder, spraying black blood in every direction. It let out a gurgling shriek, but still persisted toward the boy, its gangly limbs outstretched.

"Your axe!" Deter screamed as one of the beasts descended upon him and drove him to ground.

Mathias reached for the hatchet at his belt – but it wasn't there. It was back at camp, lying in the dirt.

The creature was upon him. He shoved his flintlock longways into the beast's wet mouth and its powerful jaws closed around it. With a snap, the rifle shattered – wood and metal alike sundered by its dripping maw.

Mathias cried out as the creature's webbed hands closed around his throat and face. He saw only darkness, and smelled only rot and sea.

III

Deter had seen many things in his time as a Dawnhammer. The Gloam had birthed countless horrors since it seeped into this realm. Minglings of man and bear. Risen dead. Things of pure, inky shadow. But the thing atop him – this man-sized seabeast with clouded, fishlike eyes and a slick hide – was a new foe entirely.

It clawed at him with webbed hands tipped with bony hooks. Deter felt his Dawnhammer chain and leathers turn the attacks aside, and he swung with the hatchet, catching the beast in the shoulder. It loosed a horrible cry – some amalgamation of man and whale and crashing wave – speckling Deter with spit and bile and blood. The thing smelled of salt and rotten fish – with breath like low tide. With powerful limbs, it bent the Dawnhammer's axe arm painfully to the side, and dove at him with open jaws.

Agony lanced through Deter's torso as the thing bit into him, its sawtooth teeth puncturing chainmail and leather and sliding between his ribs. Deter growled. The beast yanked back, ripping away armor and flesh. Blood dripped from its maw as it babbled incoherently in some wet,

profane tongue.

From across the clearing, Deter heard a shrill scream. The other two creatures were upon Mathias. With barbed hands, one plucked an eye right from the boy's skull with a sickening pop. The boy wailed – and the sound grated in Deter's ears harsher than the calls of the creatures.

No – not again. Not like Amos.

The old Dawnhammer grit his teeth, tasting blood. He rolled to the side, reached for one of the pistols at his belt, found the trigger, and pulled.

The weapon, still tucked into his belt, erupted with a thunderous clap and a flash of dazzling heat. At point-blank-range, the lead ball tore through his foe's midsection, leaving a fist-sized hole. The beast stumbled back, reaching feebly to try and staunch the blood and keep its entrails in place.

Deter was on his feet, blood flowing freely from the wound on his side, armor scorched from the discharge of the flintlock, ears ringing. He choked up on the haft of the axe.

"Enough, devil."

The hatchet shimmered in the moonlight as it caught the thing across its bulging, pulsating throat. Blood poured, and the creature gargled and toppled. It twitched, reached weakly towards the Dawnhammer. It seemed to laugh for a moment, eyes wide and roaming, its body writhing and contorting. The laugh was inhuman, yet undeniable – mocking. Deter drew out his second flintlock, pressed it to the thing's forehead, and ended it.

Deter slid in his own blood, losing his footing. He dropped to one knee, his vision swimming. He clutched his side and felt exposed bone. Across the clearing, the beasts dragged Mathias. The boy looked at him in horror, his one remaining eye wide.

The things pulled him, kicking, into the inky wilderness. His screams faded.

Deter crawled after them.

"Mathias, boy, wait," he called out. "You'll need your axe."

He clutched his hatchet and pulled his weight, growing heavier and heavier. His grasping hands fell upon something warm and wet – Mathias' eye. The shadows at the edges of Deter's vision overtook him. He fell, weightless, into an abyss, and unconsciousness seized him.

Deter dreamed of Amos. The boy's throat was open, and it spoke to him like a red mouth in the language of the seabests. And behind him stood Mathias, pale-faced. And from the weeping socket of his missing eye came scaled tendrils, writhing and searching, clinging to his youthful face. The tentacles reached for Deter, and the words coming from Amos' open throat became thunder.

Both boys claimed by the vast and loathsome shadow of

the Gloam, and now the black ichor leaked from them, spewing its judgment on the weathered, tired man who failed to save them both.

IV

Deter woke in the clearing with the sun on his face. With flint and powder, he cauterized the wound in his side, and slept again from the pain. When he came to once more, he staggered back to the camp, gathered what remained, and set out. At his side, he carried Mathias' forgotten hatchet.

Deter searched for Mathias for three full days. All tracks, all traces led to the shore – and to the endless ocean beyond. He took the Withered Road into the city of Driftchapel. Within an hour of his arrival, he was sent to speak with Horace Mason, Driftchapel's mayor, the man who requested assistance from the Crown.

The mayor stood cliffside, with the soporific roar of the ocean foaming in the distance. He was a rotund, balding fellow, with sallow skin and wide-set eyes. He slicked his hair down behind his ear and adjusted his worn vest as Deter approached. The ocean glimmered like sapphires and emeralds, and the sun burned red and low in the twilight sky above it.

"Mayor Mason," Deter said, gripping the man's clammy hand with his own calloused one.

"Dawnhammer Stone," the mayor responded. "It is an honor to host you here. Welcome to Driftchapel." He looked Deter up and down, noting the wounds and the filth. "You look weary – and wounded, sir. I hope the journey here didn't extract too heavy a toll."

Deter's jaw twitched. "The Withered Road takes what it will." He looked up for a moment at the brewing sky to hide his watering eyes.

"Well, I'd be remiss if I didn't offer you a decent meal – a hot bath? The Rivermouth has rooms for rent!"

"I'd much rather just get to the bottom of this malady, Mayor, if it please you."

"Of course. You won't find me complaining! If you change your mind, I'm happy to tempt you with a taste of Bethany Porter's newest batch of whiskey. Best in all of Strand. But first, business – we have much to discuss about the strange matters here in town."

The Mayor delved into Driftchapel's troubles – disappearances, odd wildlife, sickness, and far-fetched gossip of an insidious cult. Deter stepped to the edge of the cliffside as the man spoke, peering over the endless expanse of the sea. He smiled, then set his jaw grimly. "One good look at the sea," he muttered to himself. "Just for half-a-moment."

Deter stared absently at the sea as the waves crashed across the rocks of the high, sheer cliffs. For a moment, he considered telling the Mayor the details of their journey on the Withered Road, and of the vile beasts that took

Mathias. For half an instant, he even thought of bringing up Amos, and the dream. But he stayed his tongue.

The mayor continued on Driftchapel's troubles, though the sound faded into the distance for Deter, overtaken by the incessant waves.

For a brief moment, as the vast ocean pulled the waves back in, Deter swore he saw beneath the briny waters the glinting gaze of one of the creatures. But there was something eerily familiar – the thing was missing an eye. Deter wasn't sure how he knew, but he knew, undeniably – the beast was Mathias. A second wave crashed against the rocks, and the creature was gone.

A knot tightened in Deter's empty, caustic stomach. He tasted bile in his throat. And even though he wasn't listening, he could tell by the mayor's face that he had just been asked a question.

"My apologies. Say again, Mayor?"

"I said, I thought they were sending a pair of you?"

"A pair?"

"Of Dawnhammers."

"Nay, mayor. There wasn't a pair of us to spare." Deter fumbled for the empty flask on his pack. "And come to think of it, I would very much like that drink."

The thick, salty air was already starting its work on corroding the head of the hatchet.

It had never felt heavier.



GLOAM GAZETTEER

The Five Dominions are all that remain of a once-great kingdom. At the height of its power, the Crown and the Creed led humanity in the Black Crusades and drove the twisted elves and dwarves to near extinction. As a result, the ancient wards that held an ancient evil at bay were shattered, and the Gloam seeped into the world. Now, more than a century later, the Crown commands a mere quarter of the land, resources, and citizens it once did. Where once stood more than a dozen dominions, now only five remain, ruled over by desperate and opportunistic regents who squabble and scrape over scant resources and dwindling land.

Still, there is fortune and glory to be had across this doomed realm for adventurers dogged enough to venture beyond the crumbling walls of humanity. Frontier settlements cry for help as the Gloam encroaches; twisted horrors stalk the dense wilds; and forbidden knowledge and lost treasures wait in countless ruins. What follows is the current shape of the Five Dominions, such as it is – the cities, settlements, and landmarks that remain ... for now. Hither comes the Gloam.



THE CROWNLANDS

The Crownlands comprise the central-northern portion of the known world, once ruled by the dwarves in their cavern strongholds. Mountainous, veined with glacial rivers, and perpetually misted with clouds and frigid rainfall, the Crownlands host the great, soaring city of Oubliette, which oversees the surrounding Five Dominions from its perch atop the Pinnacles. *The Crownlands are plagued by the foul dwarves that still dwell deep in the Pinnacles, kidnapping travelers and raiding for supplies.*

THE QUEEN

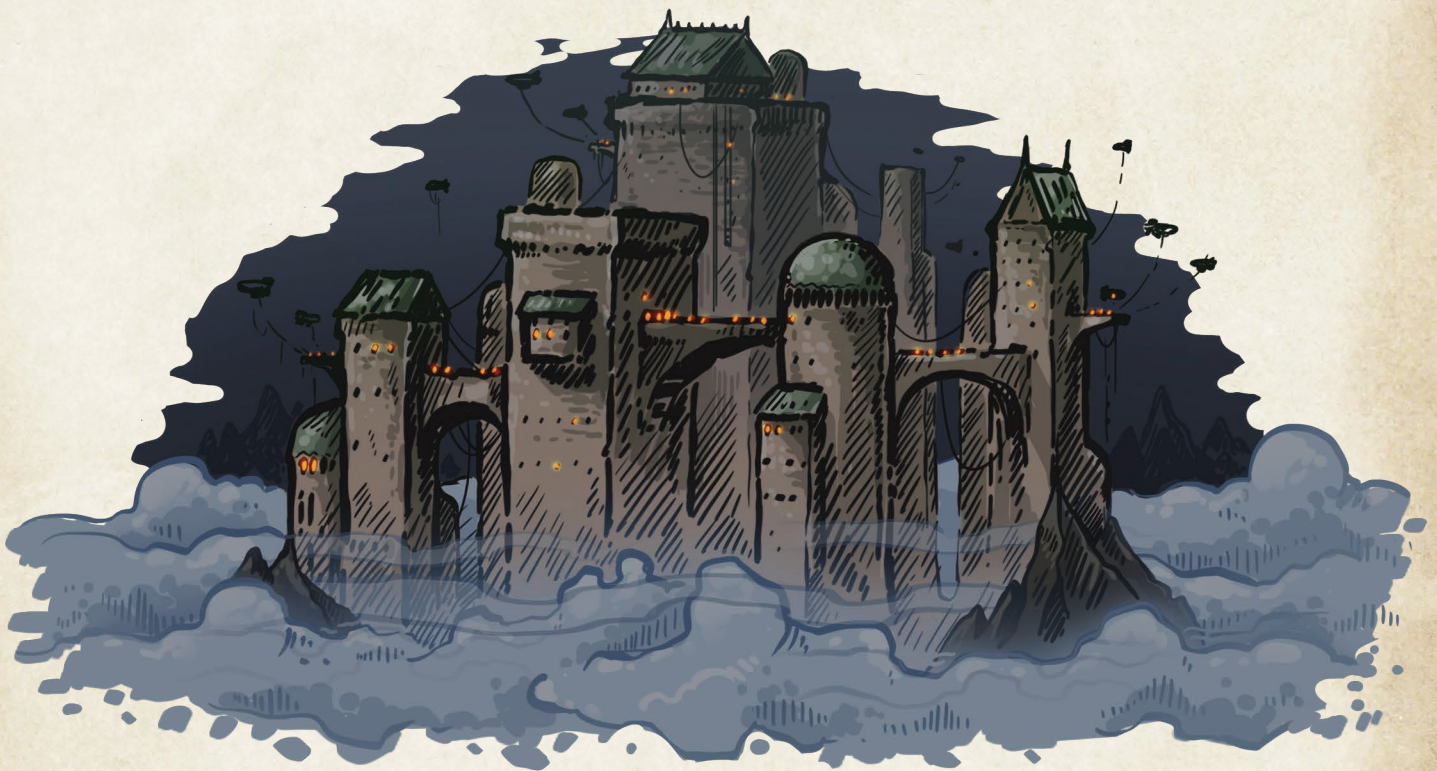
Grasping at the memories of her once-great kingdom, the aging and ailing matriarch of the Crown becomes more and more reclusive, locking herself in her study and calling for relics of her lost dominions.

Oubliette: The seat of the Crown is a massive, industrialized city situated on the high peaks of the Pinnacles. Smoke rises from soaring towers while dirigibles hang in the air. The city sprawls across several peaks, connected by gargantuan stone bridges lit by blaugas lamps. The Crown rules here alongside the Creed, a polytheistic religion, and the Ordisterium, an organization of sanctioned arcanists. The Queen, divinely appointed, relies on her regents to manage the Five Dominions. *Though a beacon to humanity, Oubliette is plagued by widespread crime, shadowy horrors, and insidious cults.*

Port Sutherland: This small port town directly below the city of Oubliette sits at the base of the Pinnacles, at the mouth of both the Withered Road and the River Weal. Passage to Oubliette can be purchased here, and many goods and services come in by cart, riverboat, and dirigible. Port Sutherland was once the headquarters of the mighty Dawnhammers. But they are scattered now, divided and wandering – and their guild house sits empty and haunted. *Port Sutherland struggles to stand up to a rogue band of Dawnhammers calling themselves Neverdawn. The deserters rob and swindle to feed their habits.*

Last Woe: This crumbling stone fortress, mostly abandoned and entangled with black, root-like tendrils, stands as a reminder of the folly of the Dawnhammers. A great battle here decades ago resulted in the death of hundreds of Dawnhammers, forever fracturing their order. Some say that a few remaining Dawnhammers maintain a hidden outpost amid the ruins. *Something stirs in the Last Woe – a deep well of Gloam eschewing ravenous abominations.*

The Withered Road: This long, meandering arterial road bisects the realm. The Withered Road and its branching routes, patrolled by Crownsguard, are often the only safe passage through the Dominions. Large swaths of the road are lined with salt and lit with lamps – some say this keeps the Gloam and its horrors at bay, though traveling the road comes with its own perils. *A corrupt group of Crownsguard turn a blind eye to bandits and brigands while they pick travelers clean – or worse.*



THE BARONY OF STRAND

Strand is a rainy, marshy region to the east, ruled by Baroness Yesenia Foxglove. Once, Strand was a hub of trade, bringing in goods from across the sea through the ports of Driftchapel and Hunter's Point – though trade from across the sea has halted completely. *Strand is plagued by increasing numbers of monstrous creatures in its wetlands, as well as a coven of Gloam-worshipping witches – and whispers of a thing known only as Qatu.*

BARONESS YESENIA FOXGLOVE

Taking her seat in a bloody coup that left her father, brothers, and husband dead, Baroness Foxglove knows the price of power. Caring only for the survival of her bloodline, Baroness Foxglove goes to great and expensive lengths to protect herself and her heir. She grows suspicious of Count Jakob Wright's inevitable betrayal, and seeks adventurers to investigate the borders for spy activity.

Driftchapel: This coastal canal town sits on the southern edge of the peninsula jutting into Trawler's Bay. Formerly a hub of trade, its single, towering lighthouse still affords seafaring travelers a way to traverse the dark waters of Trawler's Bay. *Driftchapel now weathers a dire storm – aquatic horrors, a profane cult, and the presence of an eldritch relic that warps the minds of the townsfolk.*

Felmarsh: This mist-shrouded vale is dotted with bogs and hidden sinkholes. In recent years, the shifting, seeping earth has revealed strange, giant bones, which protrude from the soggy soil like jagged teeth and claws. It's said that the bones can be used to concoct wondrous potions – but retrieving them is a dangerous pursuit. *Witches of the Felmarsh are growing bolder, acting in the open to assist the ghosts in their pursuits of snuffing out life and proliferating the Gloam.*

Hunter's Point: A former Dawnhammer frontier outpost, this shady trading post deals in stolen flintlocks, illicit magic goods, and unique adventuring supplies. Led by a shadowy guild of courtesans, one should keep their purse – and their steel – close at hand. *Within the walls of Hunter's Point, a charismatic tradeswoman gathers seedy followers, and talks of a secession from the Crown.*

The Topped Spire: This stone lighthouse crumbled into the sea, existing now as a shattered bridge leading out to dark, foggy islands – and certain doom. People claim the lighthouse still shines through the mist on certain nights. *Changelings are said to dwell in the Spire, skulking into surrounding areas and replacing townsfolk with soulless doppelgangers who lead the unwitting to the Spire in a vicious circle.*

Irwhile Bog: An expansive and maddening moor, strange, towering, tombstone-like shapes dot the landscape, looming out of the fog, seemingly older than any man-made structure. The Irwhile is populated by bog witches and their twisted minions. *The witches grant mercy to those they deem useful – but only after toying with them.*

Kairnstead: The noble seat of Strand houses the paranoid Baroness Yesenia Foxglove and her considerable court of followers. This citadel is isolated on a small island, surrounded by impassable rivers and marshes. Unannounced guests are fired upon by riflemen before they reach the drawbridge on orders of the Baroness herself. *The Baroness is toying with forbidden magicks calling out to a being known only as Viktiss, said to have a cosmic hatred for Qatu. Some say Viktiss has already claimed Foxglove's will...*

The Mournwall: Soaring high above Strand is a massive, half-finished wall, constructed decades earlier in a feeble attempt to hold back the Gloam from spreading past the Ghostlands. It stands incomplete, half-ruined, and unmanned. The stone is etched with hundreds of thousands of names – those lost to the Gloam. *The Gloam has latched onto the endless grief of the wall, and golem creatures formed of inky Gloam and stone rise to spread the suffering.*



THE EGFELD ISLES

Once ruled by Strand, the Egfeld Isles have been all but abandoned due to the encroaching Gloam and rising sea, and now survive without the support of the Crown. This small island chain is sure to disappear soon under the shadow of the Gloam, but its people are stubborn and scrappy, and refuse to give up their homes. A sickness known as the Shriek spreads through Egfeld, so named for the shrill sound its victims make in their final hours. If a cure isn't found soon, the folk of Egfeld will die behind their walls.

LADY WHITEHAND

Not a noble, nor a regent – her tongue-in-cheek moniker was granted for never being afraid to get her hands dirty. She seeks to unite the people of Egfeld together as they face the woes of the Gloam, and the abandonment of the Crown. She believes that Egfeld isn't beyond saving, and rallies any able bodies to her cause of beating back the being known as Garr.

Dorrend Port: This once-booming trade port is the last bastion for the people of the Egfeld Isles. Currently housing hundreds of refugees fleeing the Gloam, the port is running low on supplies and fends off seaborne horrors every day with dwindling powder and shot. The people grow desperate, but refuse to retreat. *A dangerous black market has cropped up in Dorrend Port, a result of its dwindling supplies and morals. One can find almost anything for sale in the market – though double-crossings and crime are rampant.*

Crow's Edge: This stone bridge once spanned the Egfeld Isles, connecting the island settlements. Now, the bridge is mostly collapsed, submerged and jutting upwards like macabre crab legs emerging from the sea. *Crow's Edge is overrun with Deep Ones, who prowl the bridge for easy prey to drag back to their master – Qatu the Writhing Whisper.*

Rook's Gate: Once a large shrine dedicated to the Creed, this temple is marred and defaced with profane glyphs and runes to celebrate the twisted gods of the Gloam. It's said that the priests who served here still remain, now mad and in service to the new gods. *Whispers of a foul abomination from beyond the Gloam are gaining prominence in the Gate. Known as Garr, its followers hide out in and around the shrine, and possess otherworldly strength and dedication to chaos.*



THE BLACK FIELDS

This region was formerly the sixth dominion of Whitemarsh. Like the Ghostlands, it is now blighted and forsaken – consumed by the Gloam. Black, inky puddles drip incessantly upwards, and ruins dot the fields roamed by twisted elves, Gloam-spawned horrors, and worse. *The Gloam here is beginning to take tangible shape as a massive creature with wits and an insatiable appetite.*

REVIS THE RISEN

The rogue ordist Revis rules this shell of a region. Little is known about him, but it is rumored that he died and rose, and schemes in Brassfall, gathering followers for what he calls The Cause. Someone should look into his aims – if left unchecked, no good can come of his actions.

Longhan Keep: Formerly a mighty fortress, Longhan Keep is now a ghastly ruin of toppled stone half-submerged in the black bogs. *It is said that a treasure fit for a queen lies at the heart of this forsaken fortress, but Deep Ones prowl the crumbling innards.*

Flintbarrow: One of the few remaining human settlements in the Black Fields, Flintbarrow is surrounded by an iron fence designed to repel the fiends of the Gloam. Its remote location and dangerous surroundings attract exiles and ne'er-do-wells. *Vicious ghouls perform nightly raids on the iron fence, probing for weaknesses.*

Brassfall: Formerly an ordist observatory atop a rising hill, Brassfall is now overtaken by the Gloam, and serves as a lair to some maddening horror whose foul followers use the telescope to peer across the Five Dominions. *Revis, a former ordist, is drawing others of his order into the service of this horror – their knowledge and madness grows alongside their twisted aims.*

Chiselholde: This frontier town was recently taken by the Gloam and abandoned by its surviving residents. *Lights flicker still in the windows of its hovels – a grisly ruse, intended to draw weary travelers into certain doom.*

Slateberry: This small village was formerly surrounded by sprawling farmlands before the Gloam seeped up from its fields and pastures and made them barren. Husks are all that remain of its people, animated in death to tend the blighted fields. *These ghouls hunger not for flesh or blood, but for the warmth of living things. They sense the heat of the living, and seek it hungrily.*

Dawnton: This once-resplendent city is the former seat of the Whitemarsh nobility. The castle at its heart has fallen into the sea, its stone walls sundered by the encroaching Gloam. *Vile illusory magic is said to restore the city's former beauty under the waning moon, while predatory creatures of the sea lurk in ambush.*

Scar of Belstead: The Belstead independent city-states, once thriving beacons of trade and industry, sank into the Gloam-tainted ground, leaving behind half-buried ruins and hordes of shambling corpses. Treasures await those brave – or foolish – enough to comb through the remains. *The animated dead serve something called a Gravemaw, which grows larger by the day.*



THE COUNTY OF THURLAND

Ruled by Count Jakob Wright, this southern dominion is frigid and prone to heavy snowfall throughout the year – and even more so now with the encroaching Gloam. Thurland Peak, the tallest mountain in the Five Dominions, soars over the region, casting its shadow for miles. Thurland is the chief supplier of blaugas, and its people mine the gas vents dotting the landscape. *The snows have become ceaseless in Thurland, and even the most rugged of its people shiver behind the meager walls of its settlements.*

COUNT JAKOB WRIGHT

Stout, broad, and bearded, Count Wright is a vain and opportunistic nobleman. His proposed alliance (and marriage) to Baroness Yesenia Foxglove in solidarity against Duke Wilhelm of Rekhart was recently rejected. Now fearing that the Baroness aims to seize his land, Count Wright assembles his defenses in retaliation for her betrayal, stationing troops and patrolling dirigibles on the borders of his dominion. He grows more paranoid by the day, ignoring his advisors completely.

Toppingwatch: Situated atop the Thurland foothills and manned by Crownsguard, this remote fort was initially established as a watch post to track the Gloam infringement in the south. Nowadays, the stronghold is often buried under snow. *The Crownsguard of Toppingwatch are always looking for able bodies to traverse the mountain passes and assist in hunting horrific, Gloam-twisted lupine beasts; but they spend most of their time digging the 'Watch out from under the snow.*

Woodhaerst: A logging town tucked up against the foothills, Woodhaerst is known for its fortified cabins and strong wooden walls. Outfitted well for the cold, it also has a gutter system for collecting snow and melting it into potable water. *The loggers of Woodhaerst recently sent word to the Ordisterium that the trees have started bleeding. All work has since ceased, and disquieting rumors swirl of mangled loggers and walking trees.*

Parringhelm: Situated on the southern coast, Parringhelm is famous for its unmatched stables, and its expansive underground tunnels. *The Crownsguard almost exclusively use Parringhelm steeds, though recently the horses who haven't frozen or starved have been taken by a strange, creeping madness – and have begun to transform.*

Gammonhågen: This remote village is strangely untouched by the Gloam. Seemingly, the people of Gammonhågen live an idyllic life – though rumors persist that their devotion to a twisted god of the Gloam is what spares them the horrors of other frontier settlements. *Something is awry – there have been a string of unsolved murders within Gammonhågen as of late.*

Pickford: The blaugas harvested in Pickford lights lamps and lifts dirigibles as far as Oubliette. Manning the gas vents is dirty, dangerous work, but the people of Pickford take a distinct pride in the trade. *Recently, the blaugas shipments passing through the Black Fields have become irresistible targets to the elf tribes lurking in the mist. Pickford has taken to hiring mercenaries to guard dirigibles and caravans.*

Orthaine: This noble seat sits isolated at the center of a perpetually frozen lake, reachable by dirigible and little else. Count Jakob Wright rules Thurland from his frigid fortress, commanding a defensive force of ogre constructs. *Recently, Count Wright has taken to hermitting himself in his quarters, and speaks often of a "Great Spirit" that lives beneath the ice of the lake and speaks to him in the lonely dark of night. He is looking for willing volunteers to quench the Great Spirit's hunger.*

Pellenstorm: Perhaps the greatest of the Dawnhammer keeps, Pellenstorm stood fast against Gloam incursions for years following the Black Crusades. It wasn't until a leviathan creature emerged from the inky black that the Dawnhammers were routed and their keep abandoned. The corpse of the leviathan remains, rotting and skeletal, splitting the keep down the middle. *A great stench reeks over Pellenstorm – rogue ordists, criminal magic-users, and looters scramble to harvest samples from the beast before it rots away completely.*



THE DUCHY OF REKHART

Duke Alden Wilhelm oversees the mountainous region of Rekhart, a hard and windswept place veined with tunnels and caves. Lucrative powder and iron trades have made Wilhelm and his dominion rich indeed – but the mines and caverns that once afforded Rekhart great favor and fortune now belch forth unending horrors from the Gloam. *Anticipating land-grabs by his neighboring regents, Duke Wilhelm musters his considerable forces and calls for mercenaries to shield his borders.*

DUKE ALDEN WILHELM

A man of significant stature and sway, Duke Wilhelm is noted for his impressive military service and his shrewd mercantile sense. His unshakable stubbornness is a boon and bane to his people, who suffer needlessly under stringent rationing and strict curfews as the Duke prepares Rekhart for inevitable conflict against Thurland to the south. Uncannily, Duke Wilhelm resembles the terrain of his homeland – hard, cold, and unyielding.

Elmborn Quarry: This expansive quarry stretches throughout the foothills and is mined for stone, iron, and lead. *New perils await the Elmborn miners in the darkness of their tunnels. Rumors of strike and desertion have spurred the Crown to establish an outpost to keep an eye on the operation – the new foreman is said to employ unorthodox methods of motivation.*

Vohenrath: The seat of nobility in Rekhart is built into the side of a plunging mineshaft, stripped of anything useful long ago. A narrow, winding path leads to the cliffside fortress of Vohenrath, where Duke Wilhelm counts his coffers and waits out the desolation of the Gloam – and the deaths of his enemies. *It's said that Duke Wilhelm pays handsomely for any information on items of the Gloam, and that his collection of profane relics grows by the day.*

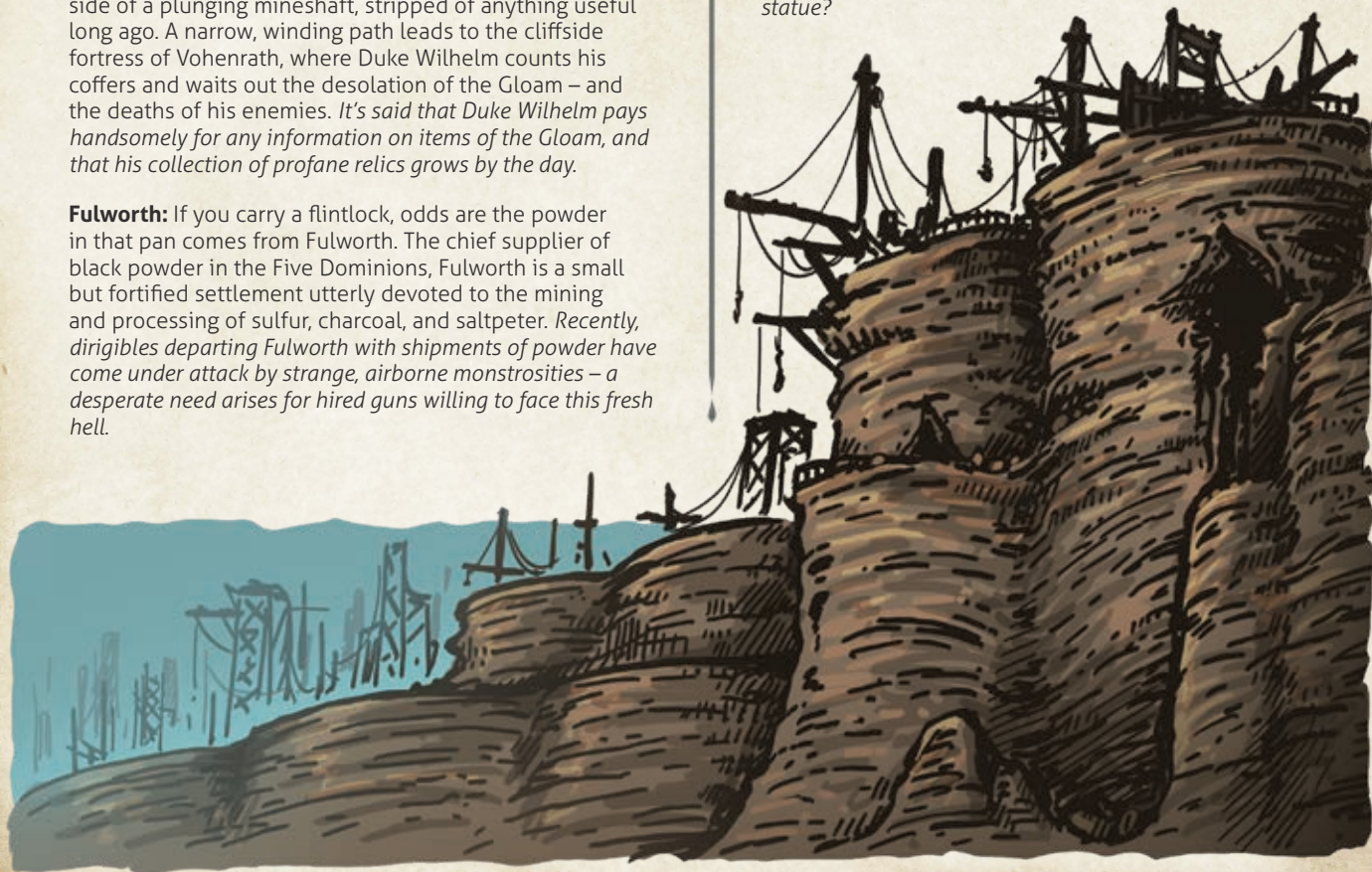
Fulworth: If you carry a flintlock, odds are the powder in that pan comes from Fulworth. The chief supplier of black powder in the Five Dominions, Fulworth is a small but fortified settlement utterly devoted to the mining and processing of sulfur, charcoal, and saltpeter. *Recently, dirigibles departing Fulworth with shipments of powder have come under attack by strange, airborne monstrosities – a desperate need arises for hired guns willing to face this fresh hell.*

Burke's Bridge: This massive stone bridge once spanned a great canyon, connecting the dominions of Thurland and Rekhart – but growing suspicion of Count Wright's intentions to seize the powder trade spurred Duke Wilhelm to destroy the bridge with black powder explosives. *Tensions rise between Thurland and Rekhart, with small military outposts stationed on either side of the now-ruined bridge. Both forces hire spies and scouts to report on the other side.*

Wilderborough Falls: Founded by eccentric gold panners, this settlement is built over a waterfall and turns a fair bit of coin in gold, silver, and copper. In addition to precious metals, the miners of Wilderborough Falls recently started finding a strange, alien material in their pans – light-refractive, cold to the touch, and almost indestructible. *The Ordisterium will pay handsomely for a sample of the alien substance, but the Wilderborough miners are stubbornly refusing to give any up.*

Irondale: Once, the mining settlement of Irondale supplied the Five Dominions with metal. Now, its shafts and tunnels are overrun with subterranean monstrosities spawned by the Gloam. A recent incursion to reclaim the settlement ended in disaster, with hundreds of Duke Wilhelm's soldiers and half-a-dozen ogres lost in the fighting. *Duke Wilhelm is offering a reward for any fool brave enough to venture into the tunnels and find a trace of his lost men.*

The Crownless King: This towering stone figure was built by the dukes of old to commemorate the ancient kings of mankind. Visible for miles, it now stands crumbling and decapitated – an unshakable, macabre reminder of the encroaching end of all things. *Rumors swirl of a doorway that recently opened in the foot of the Crownless King, leading down into the dark – what lies beneath the massive statue?*



THE MARGRAVE OF HILDEBRANDT

The forested Margrave of Hildebrandt is the largest region in the Five Dominions. Ruled over by the Marquess Adelaide Birch, Hildebrandt is noted for its expansive and lucrative lumber trade and sprawling fields. Its woodlands, however, have become a lair to the elves, as well as wilderland beasts mutated by the seeping Gloam. *Hildebrandt's frontier settlements report that the forest inches closer to their walls by the day – somehow, the trees are on the move.*

MARQUESS ADELAIDE BIRCH

The Birches have ruled Hildebrandt since its founding, and the current Marquess carries that legacy into an uncertain future with poise, grace, and a penchant for underhanded violence. Fond of her spies and assassins, Marquess Birch quickly and quietly dispatches voices of dissent while hosting noble dinners and raucous masquerades. Ever the pragmatist, Marquess Birch seeks a way to remain in power, even if the other dominions fall to the Gloam.

The Birchsprawl: The largest unbroken forest in the Five Dominions stands at the northeastern edge of Hildebrandt – dark, dense, and teeming with servants of the Gloam. Once, this woodland was home to the elves, but their kind was driven to near-extinction during the Black Crusades. They still lurk beyond the boughs and brambles, twisted in their desperate devotion to the Gloam. *The Crownsguard maintains a standing bounty on elf ears, spurring hunters to track their kind through the woods – often with disastrous results.*

Peatsmill: Situated on the shores of Loch Peat, the unassuming village of Peatsmill was once famed for its fine weapons, crafted using the finest Rekhart steel. The noted gunsmith and craftsman, Otto Schmidt, worked his trade here, but last year he set down his hammer and walked into the lake, never to be seen again. *Otto's last project, a unique flintlock commissioned by a high-ranking noble of the Crown, sits unfinished to this day in his empty workshop. No one has dared finish the cursed weapon.*

Bellburn: This meager frontier settlement once hosted a peacefully integrated population of elves and humans, but since the Black Crusades, it is seemingly cursed, plagued by trouble after trouble – fires, floods, strange illnesses. Few remain after weathering countless tragedies, and those few whisper heretical ideas of appeasing the elves with sacrifices to rid themselves of the curse. *There are troubling murmurs of elves sneaking into Bellburn under the light of the full moon – supposedly, to collect tributes and sacrifices from the desperate townsfolk.*

Rhinestead: The majestic seat of the nobility in Hildebrandt, this massive wooden fort houses a towering tree at its center, spanned with rope bridges and small structures. Marquess Adelaide Birch oversees her dominion from the highest branches. *It's rumored that Marquess Birch communes with an elf shaman who affords her glimpses into the Gloam and the doomed future of the Five Dominions.*

Ertwall: The Gloam inches closer to this walled logging settlement every day, and the townsfolk continue reinforcing the palisade with lumber in vain. The mayor refuses to allow anyone to flee, and her frequent missives to Oubliette for Crownsguard aid have gone unanswered. *The mayor has pledged her family fortune to anyone willing to fight back the Gloam and save her town.*

Altstadt Mills: These massive windmills can be glimpsed for miles, and are utilized in grinding wheat and grain, as well as milling lumber. The keeper of the mills is an eccentric former Dawnhammer, retired long ago, and she scares off any trespassers with shots from her blunderbuss. *The old Dawnhammer seeks a famed weapon once wielded by the head of her order – she believes it lies in the wreckage of Paravale's Err.*

Millegrath: The towering steeple in this large settlement was once devoted to the Creed, but the townsfolk, abandoned by their gods, removed the sigils marking it as such. The streets are prowled by elf headhunters from the Birchsprawl, who carry off lone people for profane purposes. *The Millegrath constable faces the ghostly elves alone and will deputize anyone willing to stand beside him.*

Stumphollow: Years ago, the Crownsguard attempted to burn a portion of the Birchsprawl to fight off elven incursions. The Gloam reacted, seeping up violently from the ground and trapping the Crownsguard and Dawnhammers in the blaze. They burned along with the forest, and their tormented souls remain, black and inky against the charred, barren landscape. *Heretic druids believe a cleansing ritual may remove the Gloam's blight here – but their efforts are met with violence by the elves of the Birchsprawl.*

Paravale's Err: In a decisive defeat in the years following the Black Crusades, General Reiner Paravale attempted to transport legions of Crownsguard and Dawnhammers beyond the frontier to face the Gloam and its horrors head-on. Now, crashed dirigibles lie like scorched skeletons across a charred battlefield. This was to be a great victory – the first since the Crusades – but humanity's power turned against them, and the fire they wielded scorched the skies. *Looters report that the skeletons of the dirigibles themselves animate like massive steel arachnids to attack trespassers.*



THE GHASTLANDS

This region once stood as the northeastern portion of the Crownlands, the highest seat of nobility. In the years following the Black Crusades, it fell inch by inch to the Gloam and its ghosts, and the Crown was forced to reestablish in the dwarven ruins atop the Pinnacles. Abandoned, deserted, blighted, the Ghastlands are a putrid and inhospitable reminder of the futility of resistance. *Only the extremely brave or extremely foolish dare step foot into the Ghastlands, where madness reigns – but it's said that the knowledge needed to combat the Gloam awaits here, amid the ruins.*

The Charnelwood: Here is where the wards broke, and the Gloam entered our realm en masse. This massive rift cracked the earth as the Gloam erupted, overtaking and surrounding the capital city of Kharvan and blighting the nearby fields and woodlands. *Survivors of the horror speak of leviathans writhing amid the inky blackness of the Gloam, rejoicing as if finally free. Hundreds remain in devotion to these leviathans, praising them endlessly.*

The Bruise: Strange, purple light emanates from the tunnels and caves of these eroding mountains. Whispers echo, speaking of ancient truths and irreparable futures. *Some hear the call to pilgrimage here as far south as Thurland, drawn to the oblivion that awaits – for why wait to be consumed, when the Gloam calls to the chosen?*

Ashen Reach: Once a city of the dwarves, the Crown established a colony here that sought gold and silver. No word has come from the settlement in years, and scouting parties never return. Nobody knows the horror that awaits in the tunnels of Ashen Reach, and few dare to find out. *Widows and widowers of the Ashen Reach colonists have pooled their resources to hire a rescue party – but daring to hope in the Five Dominions is often folly.*

The Axe's Head and Haft: This jagged mountain range is said to house the last city of the dwarves, given over to the Gloam. Now ghosts in service to the darkness, the twisted dwarves craft vile weapons and armor for the minions that spill over the Mournwall and into the Crownlands. *It's said that the dwarves don't kill on sight, and will treat and trade with humans if they have the gold for it – though the corruption of their items is palpable and infectious.*

The Chargate: This gate once welcomed travelers into the Crownlands. Now it stands ruined and scorched, hanging open as the Gloam bleeds through. *When the stars are right, a spectral doorway opens within the gate, and creatures from beyond the veil of reality step through to hunt.*

Kharvan: This mighty capital city was claimed by the Gloam, and the Crown was forced to retreat to Oubliette. Kharvan is home to the ghosts, a vile and twisted headquarters for the Gloam and its minions. *Recently, a pillar of ghastly white light has appeared above Kharvan, fading into the sky – the Creed denies that this light signals the end of all things, but the common people are not convinced.*



SETTLEMENT GENERATOR

d6 ³	Type	Feature	Problem
1	Port Town	Infamous Tavern	Insidious Cult
2	Farming Village	Legendary Craftsman	Violent Bandits
3	Mining Settlement	Amazing Technology	Stalking Horrors
4	Military Outpost	Ancient Structure	Strange Magic
5	Noble Castle	Natural Wonder	Creeping Sickness
6	Logging Camp	Abundant Resource	Disappearing Townsfolk

ADVENTURING LOCATION GENERATOR

d6 ³	Type	Feature	Problem
1	Crumbling Ruins	Ancient Tomes	Lurking Ghosts
2	Winding Cavern	Anointed Weapons	Virulent Magic
3	Dense Wilderness	Stockpiled Supplies	Gibbering Cultists
4	Abandoned Fort	Magic Relics	Writhing Tentacles
5	Holy Site	Eldritch Items	Twisted Beasts
6	Otherworldly Maze	Crashed Dirigible	Encamped Bandits



SETTLEMENT NAME GENERATOR

d20 ²	Prefix	Suffix
1	Black-	-field
2	Yawn-	-herth
3	Gripper-	-ditch
4	Dem-	-purgue
5	Soot-	-hold
6	Gray-	-barrow
7	Wood-	-haven
8	Aether-	-ton
9	Cul-	-mend
10	Stout	-penny
11	Brad-	-ness
12	Dalton-	-fort
13	Sher-	-den
14	Crown-	-keep
15	Mirthen-	-howe
16	Grap-	-kenny
17	Hallow-	-shire
18	Even-	-ery
19	Plymp-	-dine
20	Kin-	-bury







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