

WHISPERS IN THE
DARK

16 TABLES TO TERRIFY



WHAT IS THIS ZINE?

Whispers In The Dark is a mechanically agnostic resource for your tabletop rpg. It can also be used as a creative source for writing something spooky. Within these pages are sixteen tables with twenty entries each, perfect for adding strange ambience to your setting or world. Simply find the table that works for your scenario and roll a twenty-sided die. Enjoy!



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“I SEARCH THE BODY”

Violence is common in most games. If the players are victorious they are often overcome with the urge to loot the bodies of their foes. Why not reward them with something strange the next time they rifle through the pockets of a freshly slain corpse. When they search the body they find...

1 A picture, that has been hand drawn in charcoal, of the PC (player character) who searched the body sleeping by a campfire.

2 A pocket full of loose melted chocolates and candies and broken glass.

3 A bottle of broken glue, still wet.

4 A pickpocket trap, built like a mousetrap for fleet fingered rogues. It snaps closed on the filching fingers.

5 A hunk of bread with squirming bugs inside.

6 A locket with a small, black onyx on the front. Opening it reveals the two people the PC loves most in the picture slots. The onyx heats up when opened.

7 Another hand grabbing back.

8 When a PC's hand enters the pocket it emerges from a knot in a tree a foot away.

9 A key ring. Each key is uniquely cut. One is bladed and slices like a small knife. Another is made of delicate porcelain, already shot through with cracks. A third has actual teeth attached to it. What locks do these go to?

10 Loose gold coins. One has the queen's head appearing on both sides. When it's used to pay for something, it returns to the PC. When it returns it is found in a pocket, or a shoe, or in one's mouth.

11 Traveling authorization papers. The named place the victim is traveling from does not appear on any map.



- 12 A gold pin on the tunic the unfortunate soul was wearing. If taken, the player will lose something small, but consequential at a very critical moment.
- 13 Something soft and velvety. The obtrusive hand is disturbing the nest of a large spider that is rather angry.
- 14 A crumpled sheet of paper with a prayer of protection scrawled on it. The final verse asks for divine retribution to strike down anyone who does them harm. Thunder rumbles in the distance.
- 15 A rabbit's foot charm. The foot "kicks" in the presence of the undead. The furry limb is full of necrotic energy for those who can sense it.
- 16 A small, wooden, holy icon. The wood is rough. Upon being grabbed it embeds a splinter in the hand. The PC is down one health point that never heals, until the splinter is removed by a priest of the same faith.
- 17 Romantic and passionate love letters written by the dead's love, hoping for their safe return.
- 18 A red writing quill with a sharp nib. The quill requires no ink. As it writes the color drains from the feather. When the color fully drains the quill begins to use the blood of the writer, damaging them. The feather's color is restored on the next sunrise.
- 19 A small bag of diamonds. When poured out they reveal themselves to be very shiny human teeth. All back right molars.
- 20 A glass figurine that shattered when the corpse hit the ground. Glass shards embed themselves into any hands rooting around.

OCCURRENCES IN A HAUNTED MANSION

Decrepit houses provoke the imagination. Who lived there? What inhabits it now? Is it the wind causing the curtains to move, or was someone watching from the third story window? When your players investigate one of these evil houses they might discover...

1 A finely painted portrait of a family. It depicts a solemn group of four. Each time the portrait is passed the painting changes, depicting the family dying in a new horrible way. Burning to death. Drowning. Frozen.

2 A room with a dimness that cannot be dismissed with torches and light. You need to squint to see anything more than 5 feet away.

3 Any water brought into the house takes on a grittiness, as though sand has gotten into it. Liquids begin to coagulate like runny eggs cooling, or the end of a nosebleed.

4 An almost empty room. In the center, finger sized fly grubs wriggle and cry like babies pulled from their mother's breast.

5 While approaching the mansion a PC sees a deer grazing languidly near the side of the road. The doe spots the players and lopes off, revealing the body of a dead buck. The doe appears to have been eating it.

6 An echoey room. When spells with verbal components are cast, the spellcaster's voice bounces around and the same spell is recast on the hapless spellslinger or their party.

7 The party's shadows stop at the threshold as the mansion is entered. They wait there until, or if, the party leaves.

8 A stuffy old butler greets the party at the door. His clothes are dusty and it's possible there is a spider web or two caught in his ears. He picks one party member and when no one is looking makes ghastly faces at them. His eyes swirl about independent of each other. His teeth rock back and forth individually and out of sync.

9 The stars seen while looking out the windows are not the same as the stars seen while standing outside. They have a green rheuminess to them and shine bright.

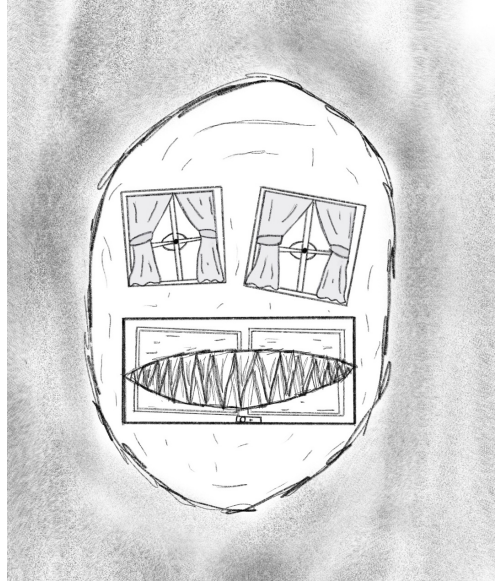
10 A noose slithers down the stairs like a snake. It dashes under furniture and cowers behind doors. It waits to wrap around solitary necks and then strike upward.

11 The corpses of several flies, centipedes and spiders lay at the threshold to a room. It's as if something pulled the life right out of them as they entered.

12 A tattered, stuffed raven sits on a bookshelf. It spouts vile things at PCs in the room, reading surface thoughts and mocking them. It wants them to attack it, to rip it to shreds. Then the spirit inside can skitter out and the fun can really begin.

13 Something outside presses its face against the windows, peering in and looking for intruders. It cups its hands around its large, bulbous, glowing eyes while pushing its flat, abhorrent face to the glass.

14 Pareidolia causes people to see humanistic characteristics in objects. They may see eyes in wood grain or two windows and a door that appear to make up a face. The house does the reverse. People in it see eyes as glassy stained windows and mouths as sideways doors. Skin takes on the tone of wood or stone.



15 The ringing in your ears that started when you came in has slowly grown into full fledged screaming.

16 Small doll replicas of the party huddle around the broken corpse of a raccoon. Needle weapons are stuck into it.

17 A full course, delicious feast sits spread on a long dining room table. It smells heavenly. The food is perfectly safe and very delicious. If someone enters the room and doesn't take a bite, the head chef's specter will be very mad.

18 The sound of rain taps at the windows and roof until you gaze outside and notice the rain has stopped. The tapping is coming from long, distended, gray fingers reaching down from atop the house and clicking against the window.

19 Any blood that hits the floorboards causes them to creak in such a way as to sound like lips smacking after a delicious treat.

20 Paintings with eyes that seem to follow you. If removed from the wall there are no eye holes beneath. The “eyes” are a mated pair of flatworms with eye spots on their back. A complex system of chromatophores create a blinking pattern. If their painting is disturbed, they slither like lightning onto the victim and attack the eyes, doing their best to burrow in and replace them with their own rubbery bodies.

DREAD CURSES

They warned you about stealing from the old witch who lived in the cave. That enchanted sword that cuts through steel like hot butter comes with catch. When you need a horrifying curse to inflict on the characters or NPCs roll below and discover...

1 The left eye becomes milky and causes double vision. It throbs with a merciless slow pain when the PC sees gold.

2 Gusts of wind subtly shift and move toward the effected person. The smell of rot drifts on it. Arrows and other ranged weapons have an easier time hitting the afflicted.

3 The greed of the hero causes them to starve unless they consume a small gem or gold coin every night.

4 Their blade hungers with a preternatural bloodlust making it strike true more easily. However half of any damage inflicted reappears on the cursed in a similar bruising to the wounds wreaked by the weapon.

5 Certain important words are off limits. If the afflicted speaks them a sharp burning sensation flares to life somewhere on their body as a ghostly hand etches the word into their skin with an invisible knife. These words may be friend's names, "help" or other critical utterances.

6 After casting a spell a sorcerer's throat swells up. The spell caster bends over and vomits out warm seawater and small, spiky, purple sea anemones.

7 When speaking a non-native language, a second, smaller voice similar to the PC's slips in a vile insult that is sure to offend the creature they are dealing with.

8 Standing in a place for too long causes the ground to bow and slowly begin to suck the cursed down like quicksand. People around them don't see the effect. Sitting on chairs, or getting off the ground stops it. If the afflicted is ever full consumed, their heart stops and they tumble over dead.

9 The afflicted must ask people in a room if they may enter before they do so, and if they may leave before they exit. If they don't receive permission and enter a room, they fall unconscious and awaken eight hours later.

10 Water and food no longer provide sustenance to the cursed. They must imbibe handfuls of soil to keep themselves alive.

11 An unfortunate filcher finds themselves in possession of a rare relic or priceless jewel in their bag. Where it came from is a mystery but what is not a mystery is that the original owner wants it back and now cadres of powerful assassins and soldiers are on the hunt. Any attempt to get rid of the item doesn't work as it always re-appears on the person at the worst times.

12 Animals howl, growl and scream whenever the afflicted is close. If they have a familiar, it stays to the edges of the character giving them long side eyes.

13 While falling asleep the sound of running feet speeds toward the cursed. There is no one there but there are footprints in the ground nearby. The cursed has dreams of a faceless woman standing over them.



14 A creeping paralysis wriggles its way just below the skin and into the muscles and bones. An arm falls to the side like dead weight. A numbing wave of pin pricks causes your leg to fold under you like cardboard. Your head lolls to the side, the only thing moving around are your frantic eyes. Each day you wake up roll a 1d6 to determine what is paralyzed. 1. Left Arm, 2. Right Arm, 3. Left Leg, 4. Right Leg, 6. Head.

15 Even when wounds heal after a fight they cosmetically remain on the body. Eventually the cursed begins to resemble ground chuck.

16 A barbarian's rage blinds them even to friends. The barbarian cannot leave a rage willfully once started and if all enemies have been dealt with, the barbarian turns their rage on friends and then themselves until they reach their natural end, are struck unconscious or worse.

17 Sneaking or any sort of stealth is compromised by soft whispering that surrounds the accursed. Tiny voices warn enemies of the threat that hides among them.

18 Somewhere, someplace a hunched back humanoid slumps toward the cursed. Step by step, inch by inch it approaches, seemingly invisible to everyone around it. The cursed knows that it is approaching. They see through it's multifaceted eyes at night as they dream. Eventually they begin to spot landmarks and buildings they saw during their travels as the thing draws closer.

19 The afflicted's joints feel like they are on fire. Each movement causes them to grind and pop loudly like rusty hinges.

20 It starts simply. People forget you're there until you speak up. Then you seem blurry even close up. Your friends have trouble remembering your name. Your shadow fades, then your reflection. Your hands become translucent, then your body. A few days later, no one remembers you at all and no one seems to mind.

STRANGE UNDEAD

There are more to the undead than rotting zombies and clacking skeletons. Below are twenty strange creatures that have been denied death to bedevil your players with.

An angry wraith won't stop appearing and taking bites out of the townsfolk.

- 1 Her bones rest in the belly of a beast that resides in the swamp and she won't rest until her remains are cut out of the creature's gullet and buried properly.

Once a greedy noble, this zombie won't rest until it collects every piece of jewelry given away as inheritance after their death. The brains of a few ungrateful family members help fill the time, and its stomach, between the next "reacquisition."

- 2

A mass of worms shaped like a man tumbles and spills down the steps of basements. It lives in the dewy, moldy darkness listening to the families above. It breathes out half-remembered words and tries to learn how to be a human again. Woe to those who discover this student of humanity. It hates how people react to its otherworldly nature and does its best to suffocate their screams in handfuls of spiraling, slimy night crawlers.

- 3

The molted skin of a medusa floats through her old lair. Her paper-thin skin is semi-translucent making her nearly invisible. Her slightness betrays her strength and although she cannot turn men to stone anymore, her hands can crush windpipes.

- 4

The final scream of a murder victim floats on the wind like a lost balloon. When it comes down to earth, it shatters eardrums and rattles teeth, collecting complimentary screams to take with it.

- 5

A specter that misses its fleshly form. It possesses the living and pushes them to extreme acts of pleasure or pain. It forces unwilling hosts to fill their stomachs with food and wine until they distend unnaturally. Scrubs their skin raw with sharp implements. Runs until muscles bruise and legs lock.

- 6

The skeleton's bones splinter and crack with age. It feels its own deterioration. Only by painting a layer of fresh blood onto them does the pain fade.

- 7

The party accidentally kicks off a malign ritual. Perhaps they were in the right place at the wrong time, or read an incantation from a book bound in the flesh of dead innocents. Whatever the method a small army of shades have risen to do their bidding but the instructions on how to control them are somewhere else.

- 8

9

A gambler with a habit of betting big lost his soul to a devil. He's been due to die for the past 50 years, but he keeps himself together through games of chance. Losing a bet costs him a literal arm or a leg, but winning one? He gets your pieces to replace his own.

10

In a move of true gothic romance a vampire gave his literal dead heart to another. Now he wants it back, but he can't get anywhere close to it. His ex-flame holds his heart hostage and demands the vampire do their bidding.

11

The thing is lumpen, and tall but hunched. Its enormous glowing eyes are cartoonish. Its face a joyful grin of uncertain mirth. Long arms stick out of it a little uneven. If it knows you can see it, it follows you around as its new friend. You begin to smell it, hear it, touch it. Soon, you are it.

12

The lightning bolt struck the tree so fast that the dryad within didn't register that she and her home were dead. She still acts as a normal, playful dryad, but her beauty is twisted. Her face is rent almost in, two like her tree. A burning ember smolders in her hollow body giving her eyes and mouth an unnatural light. If she ever touches a party member, they become charged with electricity and a few moments later a bolt of lightning strikes the PC.

13

The old corpse in the woods is a hearty woman. She likes bawdy jokes, and town gossip and lemon cakes with a dusting of powdered sugar. She can't move or see very well, but she can talk. Just don't put your fingers too close to her mouth.

14

The child's soul appears as a swirl of shadows, strings and whispers. He loves pulling pranks and scaring adults. Sometimes his pranks go too far, but he has trouble understanding that. People falling down stairs is just as funny as watching a person's reaction when you put a spider in their hair.

15

Her greed in life caused her crew to mutiny. They threw her overboard after binding her limbs and filling her pockets with the loot they were owed. She died in the shallows with the surface close enough to see. That feeling of stray seaweed against your ankle may be the corpse captain's hand.

16

A magical artifact pilfered from a dungeon causes the dead to rise and simply bask in its necrotic radiance. They follow the artifact like moths to a lamp. Seal it away from them and they become violent, throwing a bloody tantrum until they are allowed back in the artifact's presence.

17

The zombie's flesh smells like sweet baked goods. Like the warm stew your mother makes or a meal by a talented chef. It wants you to bite it, to sample its warm, sweet, meaty skin and gravy like blood.

18 The shadow collects information and gossip as it sits quietly in the corner. It disseminates dark truths to those it knows it would hurt the most. It pulls communities apart string by string and sups on the blood that is eventually spilled.

19 She was a bodyguard in life. She fell on her own sword when she failed. In death she fixates on those that need protecting. She puts them in a room and keeps them safe. She never lets them out...or feeds them.

20 It appears as your departed grandfather or your best friend who died in the flash flood when you were child. Draped in the guise of love, it gives you sage advice. It points to hidden chambers with rare loot. And once you trust it fully, it walks you off a cliff and cackles as you plummet.



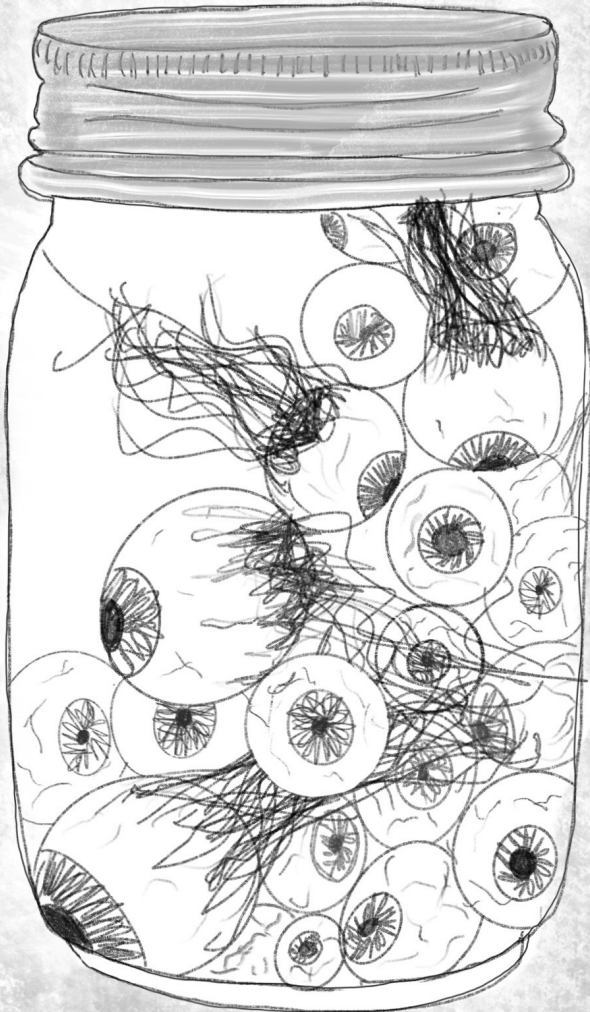
THINGS FOUND IN A HAG'S HUT

The old baby stealing crone has been slain, so why not help yourself to the treasures that must be in her coffers? I'm sure she'll have some powerful magic items and other strange things laying about.

1 A wriggling tongue with an amber stud through it. It uses its roots to slide around and tries to crawl into your mouth. If it enters, you can immediately speak in any language you hear in a strange double voice. It consumes half the food the host eats, and must be cut out if the owner wants it removed

2 Delicious looking fruit with soft, warm and delicious red meat beneath their peels.

3 A jar of eyes in a briny liquid. Put a drop of blood into it and the eyes swirl before all focusing on the direction of the blood donor.



4 A wicker cradle. It's empty. Rock it and the soft crying of a baby can be heard in the distance. The soft sheets within begin to swell and wiggle. Pull them back and you'll discover a human baby has appeared. Somewhere in a village close by a mother frantically searches for her newborn.

5 A mouldering mushroom in the shape of a heart. If placed against the chest of a someone sick, the mushroom extends delicate mycelium into the chest and glows a sick green. It absorbs the disease into itself and begins thumping softly. The dying is cured, for now. The diseased mushroom must be held against the chest of a healthy person and the sickness will slip into them. This must be done within three days of the mushroom taking in the disease. Otherwise the thumping grows louder and on the third day the light fades, the thumping stops and the cured person perishes.

6 Two necklaces with a small silver charm and a blue gem in the center. Wear one and gift the other to your true love and you will both be in love forever. Until one of you dies. The dead lover appears as a screaming shade only visible to their flame. They scream and beg and cry until their former partner takes their own life. The necklaces then slither back to the hut.

7 A skull with a yellow glow coming from within. A magic user can whisper a spell into it and then later ask the skull to cast it. The skull abides casting it at the highest level the whisperer has. That night the skull will float over to the wizard and sink its teeth into their neck, where it sucks blood from the caster equal to twice the slot the spell was cast with.

8 A small cage with a twittering yellow finch. Within the cage are small diamond and pearl eggs worth a pretty penny. Open the cage and the finch flutters out, transforming into a gnarled, powerful old harpy with some scores to settle.

9 A wooden game board with small stone pieces. That's it. What, a witch can't own something normal?

10 A crystal ball that only reveals your loved ones committing acts of betrayal and laughing about you behind your back.

11 A set of silverware that turns green when it cuts into or pierces poisoned food. One piece in each set instead poisons whatever food it pierces or cuts.

12 A hanging ornament of stained glass only catches and refracts moonlight. It absorbs the light and glows peacefully in the day or in the dark.

13 A book bound in the genital skin of demons. It lists various devils, how to summon them and what they would most like in exchange for deals.

14 A small perfect diorama of the nearby castle town. Small dolls hobble around adorably in an approximation of what the villagers are up to. A clever viewer can see all manner of things.

15 A bowl of sweet hard candy that cuts the mouth like broken glass.

16 A barrel of virgin's tears. Chicken teeth are scattered along the bottom. A perfect black pearl is suspended in the exact center of the barrel. If the pearl is grabbed, the teeth dissolve and the tears turn to acid. More than likely the thief's arm is dissolved.

17 A small garden full of rare herbs and flowering plants that can be used in all sorts of spells and rituals. Picking one causes a small yelp of pain from somewhere in the dirt. Dig a bit and you'll discover the half-conscious body of a village maiden that disappeared a few years ago. From her rotting skin the beautiful plants blossom. She's still alive.

18 A small wooden box full of left socks, keys, baby teeth, glass eyes, wooden fingers and a desiccated human brain. The whole pile mewls like a kitten. Dump it out and the contents pull and smooch themselves into the shape of something between a black cat and a capuchin monkey. It sputters and spits and does its best to please its master, but is a jealous creature.

19 A crocheting kit full of gorgeously bright yarn and wooden knitting needles. A set of crocheted animal masks are stuffed into the bottom of the kit. Placing a mask on causes one to enter the mind of and control the creature the mask represents, nearby. The downside is while your mind is in their body, their mind is in yours.

20 A small silver chime that begins to ring when the hag is slain. All witches in one hundred miles are aware of their sister's death. The ringing hangs on the hag's murderers, immediately alerting any evil spell casters they meet to their crime.

ERIE ATMOSPHERIC DESCRIPTIONS

Sometimes a town just feels *off* or what was once a pleasant clearing in a field begins to change as the sun sets. When you need a bit of weird to inject into a location roll below.

1 The air is sodden with pollen. An itch causes you to scratch the back of your neck. A strange numb feeling strikes your fingertips. You pull your hand back to discover your fingernails have fallen off.

2 The dull rolling thunder of an approaching storm sounds like someone whispering your name.

3 Water has the coppery taste of sucking on a brass button.

4 You can tell everyone in the town is staring at you when your back is turned. When noticed, they quickly move their heads and act like they are focused on something else.

5 The soft summer breeze carries the smell of lavender and peonies and is occasionally punctuated by warm human excrement.

6 The pine forest is usually a place of serenity. There is a patch in the center where the foliage is matted into the ground. Mud and dirt is freshly churned at the site. Fresh blood drips down the trees and broken branches wheeze in the wind.

7 Ghastly shapes lumber through the fog. Arms and legs look like freshly fed anacondas all thick in the middle and stringy at the ends. As they approach the silhouettes begin to take on human shapes.

8 The sky has remained yellow as a bruise since dawn. The humid air carries the sweet stink of human sweat. Your throat itches like you're about to come down with something.

9 You order at the local tavern. The ale is thick and syrupy but not unpleasant. As you polish it off you notice that all the patrons, including the barkeep, seem to be weeping the same rusty substance that you just finished.

10 Delicate spider webs of cracks appear in all the glass you pass.

11 The temperature fluctuates about 10 degrees as the day progresses. As night approaches the fluctuations become larger and happen faster.

12 There is a large clatter and commotion like a fight is occurring nearby. Upon investigating, the party discovers the cracked bones, rusted weapons and dented armor of a conflict that took place a very long time ago.



13 The clouds bulge and are discolored like infected lumps of skin.

Smoke hangs heavy in the air. It smells acrid and sits in your nose and lungs.

14 The smoke arcs and dances in the air creating strange shapes that seem like faces in pain or laughing. The source of the smoke isn't clearly visible.

15 The warm sun shower rain has the salty taste of tears.

You read words but they lack meaning. Food loses taste and colors are washed out. Your sense of touch is dulled as if if you're wearing thick gloves over each hand.

17 Sound echoes through the air as if you were in a cave. It has a tinny reverb to it, modulating speech into something monotone.

Blood spilled here burbles and boils. It swirls in on itself and compacts into a small shape resembling the wounded person. The tiny homunculus spins and dances and whispers secrets about its "parent" before freezing into a coagulated scab.

19 The soft loam sighs like a content lover as you tread upon it.

You remember falling asleep in your tent or room. When you wake up you're lounging in a tree branch like a lazy lion. Or you're standing naked, in a field of wildflowers covered in the same cold morning dew as they are. Or your face is slick with warm blood and a fawn gasps its final breaths laid out before you.

WHISPERS

There are plenty of places a character may overhear someone whispering to someone else. They may hear something in a crowded tavern, deep in a cave thought empty or while they stalk through a mansion.

1 “I never woulda killed him if I knew he’d keep showing back up at my window every night.”

2 “Swallow it all / wriggly squirmy / eat it right down / slick and wormy.”

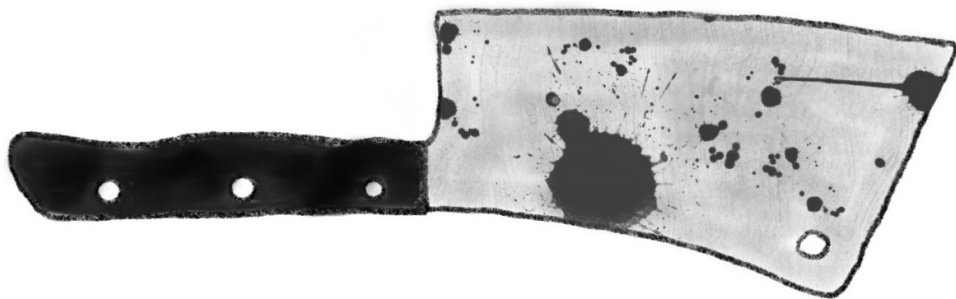
3 “When they aren’t looking, I’ll filch their coin and then come back for their skin the night after.”

4 “Have you heard Jaylana’s new poem? It is absolutely resplendent! Lyrical! I could not get it out of my head, so I carved it onto my arms!”

5 “Collect their hair, first. Bind it real tight and attach it to the poppet as so. This provides a sympathetic connection to him that you can use to—“

6 “Never play music out on the moor while the moon fills the sky, boy. I know you wanta’ see your mum, but it’s not worth it. That t’wouldn’t be her anyways.”

7 “I know you can hear me. My blade is intended for you. I tell you because I enjoy the chase and I’m giving you a head start.”



8 “It *reproduces* through sound! Gods, listen to me! It makes this sound, EEEEEAAAHHK. It gets in your head, makes you like it! Listen to me!”

9 “Knock on the door. Take ten steps away. The door opens. Step inside, but keep your left eye closed, I don’t care how! Pluck it out if you need to! If *it* sees it, it will take it.”

10 “I need a strong and adventurous group! I’ll promise them gold. Tell them there is a...I don’t know, rat infestation in the basement of the tavern. Then you spring. Knock them senseless, bring them back here. I’ll get the meat off their bones in a flash and we’ll have full stomachs for weeks.”

11 “Rumor has it that Harlon, up in that cabin, has gone mad. Says we’ve all been replaced with copies, Ingram. What fancy. Ingram, why are you looking at me like that?”

12 “If he didn’t want to lose his tongue, he wouldn’t have said that awful name.”

13 “Watching the life leave someone’s eyes is simple. Stab a man and hold him while he bleeds out. Now, using magic to bring them back... Watching life re-enter their spasming corpse, the horror etched in that gaze. Delicious.”

14 “She accepts things beside coin. Trade her your first kiss or the memory of your mother’s laughter. That’s about equivalent to the gold she asks for.”

15 “The moon’s orbit takes it close to our world tomorrow night. I’m sure the people with skin like silver will use that chance to visit me again. I hope not. I don’t want them cutting me open like they did before.”

16 “Go ahead. Try and write it! You can’t right? I can’t either. But I remember it. Why does it itch behind my eyes?”

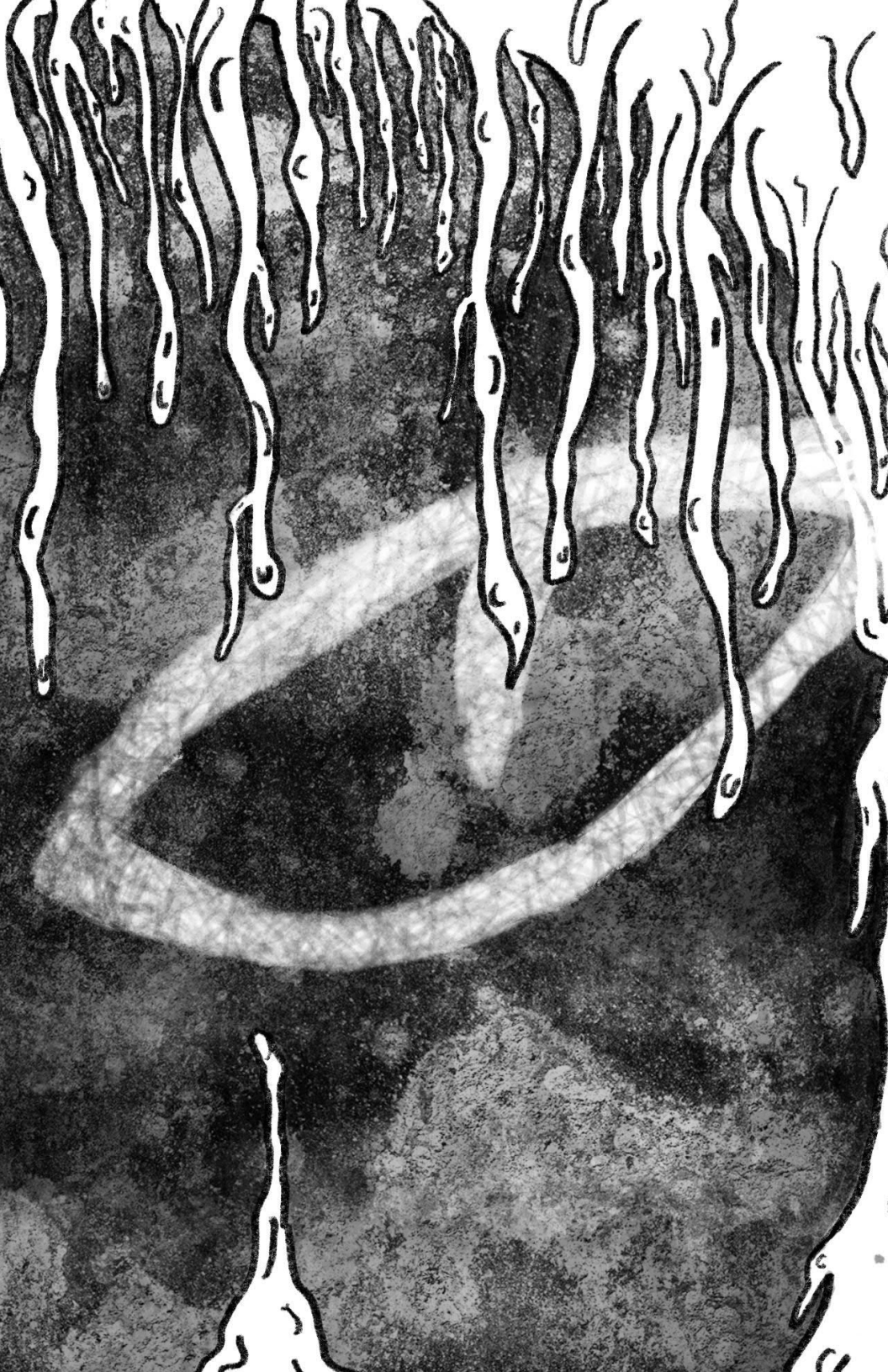
17 “In the cave! My scars, they turned red. Welled up. Blood started pouring out like they were fresh wounds!”

18 “Don’t make eye contact with him, that’s how it gets out. It travels through the eyes.”

19 “It’s me, your sister. Turn around. Look at me! I’m not dead. Look at me! Please, I’ve missed you.”

20 “Push your ear against it! Do you hear it? A heartbeat!”





ODD LOCATIONS

Need a strange place for the characters to stumble on when searching for something else? Or maybe an odd place for something to be found?

1 There is an old tunnel not far out from town. It's hidden in a field of tall grass and gnarled trees, but you'll come upon it so suddenly you'll wonder how you missed it from the main road. Nothing truly remarkable lives in the cave, but when you leave the cave, time will not have passed in the world outside.

2 The dock workers call it the eel pool. The eels come in with high tide at night. A swarming black and gray mass that slips and slaps against itself. They writhe just beneath the surface, splashing water and hissing. If you toss something still alive in, a bag of rats for instance, it sinks into the mass, disappearing forever. A question can then be asked of the eels and they respond as truthfully as they can with wisdom gleaned from the seas and with many voices that sound like a group of people drowning.

3 There is a town just north of the bend where people's reflections do not appear in polished surfaces or mirrors, nor do the things they wear or hold. There is a root cellar just outside the town full of mirrors. This is where the reflections of the people go, but they are imposed on utter darkness.

4 A cluster of trees in the middle of an old orchard refuses to fruit. They blossom and bud and look healthy. Put your hand against one and you can immediately feel heat, like a fevered skin. The trees smell of sweat and musk. The sap is milky and taste of salt and iron.

5 A half circle path that leads off and then back onto the road. It appears travelers are purposely stepping off the road and then back on at a later point. Stepping on the untrod section of the road is possible, but the pilgrim begins to feel uncomfortable. Soon they feel a scratching in their throat, which leads to coughing. If the wanderer reaches the other side, they fall to their knees and vomits a quart of fresh soil, complete with earthworms, rocks and bugs.

6 At the bottom of a cliff is the wreck of a circus carriage. The large, gaudy thing is splintered and its paint is peeling in the hot sun. The whole thing smells of rotted meat, despite being completely empty. Natural creatures steer clear of it.

7 There is a hunting store in large bustling city. They deal with all sorts of clientele from the common folk to the noblesse. A range of trophies deck the walls and taxidermied monsters are frozen forever in fearsome poses. In a hidden backroom is a trophy gallery. Buying the right sequence of very expensive items in the shop indicates to the owner you want to visit the room. Displayed here are creatures that were the last of their kind, sentient creatures and “immortals” that are still technically alive, despite their bodies being filled with sawdust. Their pained eyes follow you around the room.

8 The ancient aqueducts of the old empire are still scattered through the land. They are mostly ruins, but there is one still complete arch. Stand beneath it at night, and you’ll hear your name being called from atop the arch. High above, almost invisible against the night sky, a stretched and thin humanoid is leaning over staring at the visitor and whispering.

9 In a grotto by the coast the water swirls in silver blue pools. The bones of people lost at sea seem to wash up here.

10 On an abandoned frontier home sits a well. If the bucket is lowered into it, a splash can be heard, but when the bucket is reeled up it contains no water. Instead the bucket is full of crushed iridescent beetle shells that glint in the sunlight.

11 Deep in a claustrophobic tunnel beneath a city is a series of dated writings and scribbles. Something has been accurately carving all the events that occur above the tunnel onto its walls. It is unsettling, however, that each writing details how delicious or appetizing the people that appear in the record are.

12 An idyllic glen in a grassy valley. The air is pungent with the smell of blooming flowers and the sunlight warms. It is a perfect place to rest. Oddly every animal that passes by will stop and watch any travelers. The critters stop making sounds and calls and just watch.

13 In a deep canyon travellers report shadows following them high up on the cliffs. The shadows don’t talk if spoken to and they mirror movements or gestures made toward them by adventurers. They seem to fade at night, but as the sun sets what must be their eyes begin to glow. Small white pinpricks burn from above, tracking anyone in the valley.

14 The oasis of bones is a swathe of sand in the desert. Bleached white bones poke up from the ground. In the center is a crisp, clear, clean pool of water that tastes as refreshing as it looks. The bones shift on windy days as they are swallowed by the desert, but new bones take their place, moved to the surface by some unseen force.

- 15 The waterfall sounds like thunder from a distance. It is a breathtaking sight. The pool of water below is shallow enough to wade and swim in and the distinct lack of predators in the area make it a nice place to rest. As the sun sets, the gold, orange and red of the dying light causes the waterfall to turn a deep amber orange. During this time, the water from the falls becomes scaldingly hot.

- A small shrine on a path just off the road is desecrated. It's clear someone took a lot of time to carve the monument to a god of justice or safe travels. Someone else took a lot of time to systematically defile it. The idol within the shrine has its eyes scratched out. Profane and crass slurs and curses mark the lovingly carved frescoes that wall the shrine. If anyone cleans it and restores the shrine they awake the next day to find that the curses, slurs and profanities have been painlessly carved into their own body.
- 16

- 17 A small brook bubbles from the ground in the tundra. The water from it never freezes.

- A dilapidated barn leans drunkenly in an overgrown field. The air within smells like rust and wet hay. Old straw covers the lumpy dirt floor that seems eternally muddy. During hot days, carpets of swarming insects crawl over the inner walls waging micro wars and consuming each other.
- 18

- 19 Only the weather worn statue of an angel marks the graveyard. The gravestones within are unreadable due to age and creeping nature. If one were to sleep on a gravesite, they would have their dreams would be the memories of the dead beneath. And the things buried below stir in their slumber dreaming about the person above.

- 20 In an old and ancient forest the sun almost never gets through to the ground below. The forest is shaded in twilight. Walk deep enough and you'll hear clicking. Look into the knotholes of the trees and you'll see, deep inside, teeth rattling as they chatter up and down. The teeth lie just below a pair of chapped and calloused lips.

METHODS OF DETECTION

There may come a time when the party's enemies need to be sought out. These strange things occur in the presence of the weird. Like seeing one's breath when a ghost is near...

- 1 A drop of blood in water will not disperse, keeping its shape.
- 2 Old scars split and start bleeding again.
- 3 Bile rises in the throat, stinging the back of the mouth.
- 4 Candle and torch flames cast green light, causing the area to be bathed in unnatural tones.
- 5 Mouths don't match words being said, as though on a delay.
- 6 Holding a colored piece of shattered glass up reveals things that cannot be seen by the naked eye.
- 7 Clothes begin to stick to the skin as though you've been sweating too much.
- 8 Heated metal remains cold to the touch and cold metal begins to heat up.
- 9 The heart flower withers and becomes dust in the presence of the unnatural.
- 10 The smoke from burning rare herbs hangs in the air, unaffected by wind or breath.
- 11 The ringing of a small silver bell stops making noise despite how hard it's rung.
- 12 A jar of rotting fruit is uncorked and smells pleasant like a warm breeze carrying new growth.
- 13 Tears taste like iron instead of salt.
- 14 Strips of paper with wards of protection warp and rearrange turning runes into blasphemous sigils and curses.
- 15 Teeth feel looser and when your tongue pushes on them they give like the gum is old or weak.
- 16 Devices that keeps time or tempo slows imperceptibly at first but as the unnatural force grows closer the slow down becomes more dramatic.
- 17 Any tears shed float away from the face toward the strange phenomenon or creature.

18 A specific word must be used in every sentence, even if the sentence is not about the word. Usually it's a noun. When approaching the unnatural, a person loses the ability to say the word despite trying their hardest.

19 A sense slowly starts to fade, before completely disappearing. Roll a D6 to determine the sense. 1. Sight 2. Taste 3. Hearing 4. Touch 5. Feeling 6. Roll twice.

20 A dead animal kept in a jar with bone sage begins to twitch and mewl.



LOCAL LEGENDS

Every town has a legend, a story used to scare children or outsiders.

- 1 Don't talk about the moving lights in the sky and the people that travel in them will leave you alone.

There was a farmer down by the swamp. She lost her mind. Said something in the bog was telling her to do things. She trussed up her family one night and threw them in those dark waters. They found her babbling and wandering through the woods the next day and put her to the blade, but some folk think she's still out there. Finding people to toss into the swamp.

- 3 Sucking the sap out of the trees with knot holes shaped like eyes will let you see as the trees do.

If you pass beneath the old arch out there in the wastes, leave a toy. A small doll, is preferable. It tricks the things that live out there, otherwise they'll take you or one of your friends when you're asleep.

- 5 The mist that fills the moor? It's not natural. There is a corpse pinned to the earth out there. Some ancient sorcerer or consort of the infernal. The mist pours from his desiccated eyes and mouth. Strange things hide in that fog.

- 6 Don't drink the rainwater in Dover's Port and for the love the Lawbringer, don't look up during storms.

Did you notice the skin of the ranchers at the saloon? Rough, flakey. Sure, they work in the sun all day, but this is different. Look around their collar. The light catches the skin there like scales. What's going on out there in the fields?

- 8 "The castle walls are strong, no doubt about it, lass. But the walls within the keep? Hollow. Something scrabbles through them in the night. I hear it could be the suitors that come visit the duchess. Men she finds deplorable are caged in the castle walls. My gran, who worked the kitchens, always thought it was the duchess' child. A half formed thing with too many fingers and too few morals."

He was a strict man, the magistrate. Quick to sentence with minimal evidence. Often the harshest punishment was doled out for the most minor offenses. Soon there wasn't a family in the hamlet who hadn't lost a relative to his rulings. It became clear his motivation for "justice" was just a disguise for his cruelty. During one of his public trials, the country folk mobbed him, slaying him on the spot. Death hasn't stopped his judgement or his executions.

10 Leave a bowl of fresh milk with a drop of blood in it at the creek's bank. The trout children will drink that instead of jelying your eyes and slurping them down.

11 The smudged woman is a haunt of the local artists. Supposedly once a model that inspired all sorts of statues and paintings, the smudged woman became so self obsessed that she couldn't bear aging. She tried to cover any traces of age under layers of greasepaint. When that didn't work, she began to mutilate her face, cutting and pulling her skin tighter against her skull. Eventually her face resembled that of a child's depiction of a face. A gaudy swirl of colors and offset nose, crooked teeth and lips. The smudged woman would dearly love to be painted again.



12 “Local youth called up something out in the barrens. They didn’t mean to, the poor dears. Now they’ve been cursed with bad luck. One claims the thing they woke up is trying to replace him.”

13 “Steer your boat the other way if the lighthouse on that damned island is lit. Whatever lives in that place would love nothing more than to attract some warm blooded sailors.”

14 “Place a silver piece below your tongue. And if you see any...bodies out there do the same to them if they still have heads. The silver will weigh your spirit to this world in case anything tries to...yank it out.”

15 “My cousin’s friend’s sister lost a whole herd of cattle out in the hills over the course of a week. At night something would creep into their fields and flense the beasts, delicately removing the skin, but leaving everything else.”

16 “There is an old well down way a bit. Rather than tossing in a copper, or a silver, toss in something that means something to you. A locket, a rare gem or the last love letter written by your beloved will work. If the thing means something to you, the Green Woman who lives down there will take it and visit you as you sleep. She’ll give you any information you need.”

17 The large brass statue of a faceless soldier stands in a clearing out over the hill. The metal that makes up his body has faded with age, but the face shines, almost golden, from travelers reaching up and rubbing the soft lump. Doing so is said to bring luck or at least divert misfortune, for a small time.

18 There are men out there in the sticks. They skin animals, but through some vile magic the animals stays alive, but in constant pain. They are released to bound off howling into the night. The men then pull the skins over themselves and assume the shape of the animal. They use these skins to get close to settlements where they knock on windows, steal children and leave bloody hand prints on doors.

19 The hanging orchard is said to be around here. A paladin, tired of his friends constantly committing sin in his presence, strung them up screaming one night. His faith cracked. Now the wreck of a once divine man prowls the woods in a rusting suit of armor, catching sinners and mumbling prayers as he hoists them, choking into the trees.

20 “Old Dougal up by the mill is convinced the owls watch him while he sleeps. He swears they are watching us all at night. On nights with a full moon they take on our forms and dance and talk and fight and make love in the moonlight. They haven’t figured out how to mimic our faces yet, though. Imagine that, a perfect replica of yourself with the cold face of an owl. Old Dougal, ha, what a hoot.”

ABANDONED PLACES

These are places where life once thrived. Horrible things happened there. Now something dark might make these wrecks their home...

- 1 The wizarding school once tutored the best minds in magic. Now the dour castle slumps on its hill in the center of a large lake. Classrooms have been pilfered and the library has been emptied, but the locals of the neighboring village are convinced the headmaster and staff left something precious there.

The circus tents have faded in the sunlight. Bright colors are muted and seem to run together. Wind blows through the empty flaps and sways the small lights strung through the grounds. It looks like everyone left in a hurry. The skeletons of exotic animals litter the bottom of cages. But a few seemed to have gotten loose...

- 3 The large greenhouse is an impressive creature made of steel and glass. The plants inside have grown rampantly. Large flowers press themselves against the frosted windows. Shadows seem to lurch and flutter inside. Strange since every entrance has been hastily sealed.



4 The church has fallen in on itself. Ancient towers now lay on their side across the jungle floor. Roots, vines and creepers pull at the foundations like a python slowly devouring its prey. Shards of stained glass shimmer like gems in the humid and misty light

5 The large telescope sticking out of the observatory's domed roof grinds, shifting to track celestial objects. Inside, a massive orrery sputters and clicks as it mirrors the heavenly sphere's movements. The bodies within the observatory are fresh. They've been violently killed, or maybe their wounds are self inflicted? Their faces are pierced or mutilated in some way. An eyeless body sits in the rotating chair beneath the telescope.

6 In the frozen tundra the ship, *The Golden Albatross*, lies on its side. The locals recall the night it appeared here, when the sky filled with vibrant colors and sound like thunder rolled over the plain. The ship is miles from the sea. The villagers refuse to approach it. She might have something of interest in her hold...

7 The manor house on the moors is perfectly preserved. Some noble's getaway. The outside is a work of art. The inside is a miracle of architecture. Each room stunningly well appointed. Dust coats every expensive painting and beautifully made piece of furniture. The chunks of people found scattered through it also look well preserved. The torn off arm doesn't bleed. The mauled torso's gashes pucker, but show no sign of rotting.

8 The artist's studio stinks of flowers too sweet. Canvases are scattered about and the floors are covered in stained tarps. Tables have been set up to capture still lifes, but the bowl of fruit has rotted and the beautifully plumed bird lies dead on its cage floor. One of the abstract portraits seems to show the people standing in the studio, while something dark slithers around them.

9 The alchemist was obsessed with reflections. He was convinced that our world was one in millions. All of them reflections of our own but with radical differences. He theorized that he could contact or even enter those worlds through specially brewed potions. His lab is still humming with experiments and brews cooking. It smells like ozone. He appears to have just disappeared in the middle of an experiment.

10 *The Ram's Horn* looked like it may have been a bustling tavern. The bar room stinks of spilled beer and ancient pipe smoke. The floorboards howl when stepped on as though they will break and drop the trespasser into the dark below. See, the bar keep was put to death more than ten years ago when it was discovered he was taking drunken patrons down into a obuilette below and keeping them there until they expired. No one has ever found the dark cell, but it must be somewhere...

11 Mercy's Touch is a large mansion that has been converted into a place of healing for the mind and body. Patients are often out enjoying the sun in the large gardens that enclose the back of the mansion. A tower of the mansion has been sealed. Patients and staff, including the head doctor, are not allowed within the empty tower. The tower where shadows move under doors and wind blows through it like a lover's sigh.

12 *Magnificent Fool* is the name of the rundown theater. Gaudy sets sit moldering on stage. The whole place feels like it is holding its breath, as though waiting for the show to begin. The backstage and dressing rooms are filled with statues of actors and stage hands perfectly frozen in granite, going about their preparations for a show.

13 The ranch is a sprawling affair. Half constructed, it seems its builders left in the middle of pulling it together. The animal pens and horse corral are complete. It seems like something has dug its way up through the soft earth of the construction site. Tatters of clothes stick out from the ground, half buried.

14 The city's crystal minarets catch the light and splay rainbows on the streets below them, a beautiful sight if the city hadn't been completely burned down. The corpses of grand structures litter the streets. When traveling to the city, you smell it before you see it. Ashes, and dying embers. Carrion creatures skitter finding what morsels they can in the skeletal neighborhoods.

15 The Riven War left many kids without parents. The children were scooped up by the kingdom's authorities and assigned to large houses to be raised and schooled. *Annady's Garden* was one such boarding school / orphanage. The whole place was ravaged by the green fever. When the staff and orphans tried to break quarantine to seek outside aid, the soldiers in the area were ordered to purge the possible infected residents of the school. The building has fallen into disrepair, a cancerous lump in the forest.

16 The library is right above a bakery. The fresh smell of bread swirls with the smell of ink and ancient parchment. Each of the books brandish interesting titles: *How To Make Love To Demons*, *Stone Hands Clay Heart: Constructing Golems* and *The Stars Are The Eyes Of The Gods* to name a few. The books are all blank inside as though the words just decided to leave. The head librarian is flabbergasted and horrified at her abandoned books.

17 *Lion's Share* is painted across an alley wall down the road from the brothel, which is how you know you've arrived. Small stairs lead down in what was once a fighting pit below the old shop. Uncomfortable seats ring the blood stained arena. The screams of past fights and brutal injuries seem to hang in the air with the roar of a crowd that isn't there.

Rock's Gullet is a narrow valley nestled between two sharp mountains. The only way in is to be lowered down, as the walls are too sheer to climb. King Dilocheer didn't believe in execution, even for the most heinous criminals. Instead they were just tossed into Rock's Gullet with some supplies. The shacks built in the valley are empty of the prisoners that once dwelled in them. Violence is apparent everywhere in the valley. Rumor has it, a master thief left his treasure map there...

A large stone head pokes out of the dunes. The stone it was carved from glows purple in the sunlight. Karva's Head was once a place of worship for the nomadic traders of the sands. Then it was a place of curiosity and tourism. Now no one visits the ancient head. It has taken to screaming and crying at night.

Catterline's Last Breath has been painted on a sign on the road. The trading outpost was the last bit of a civilization a traveller would see before pushing into the western reach. The small collection of permanent homes, shops and one bar smell like a charnel house. The air feels moist and hot. Copper coats the tongue when you breathe through the mouth. Brushing against seemingly clean surfaces leaves brown, darken blots on clothes and skin. There are no signs of violence or foul play.

ABHORRENT AFFLICTIONS

Adventures often take heroes and rogues to strange lands and puts them in even stranger situations. It's easy to get sick while traveling and some sicknesses are hard to kick...

1 You get Garbage Gut from being bitten by something that should have been dead. It sits in your gut turning everything you eat into watery trash. Your skin dries, your hair falls out. You wither, but your insides stay fresh, stay juicy. When you finally die, your throat detaches and slithers out like a disgusting worm.

2 Sealing Tears is something contracted from sleeping in deep caves. When the infected rest, a seal of hard crust begins to fasten the eyes closed. The crust grows downward toward the mouth, sealing the nose on the way. The sleeper often awakens before their mouth is gummed shut. The crust is easily picked off or removed with warm water. Woe to the adventurer knocked out in a fight with Sealing Fever.

3 The Wax Sweats are often contracted from dealing with hags, witches or other foul spellslingers. Sweat becomes solid shortly after leaving the pores, weighing the adventurer down. The sweat sticks skin to armor and clothes and makes removing items touching the skin painful.

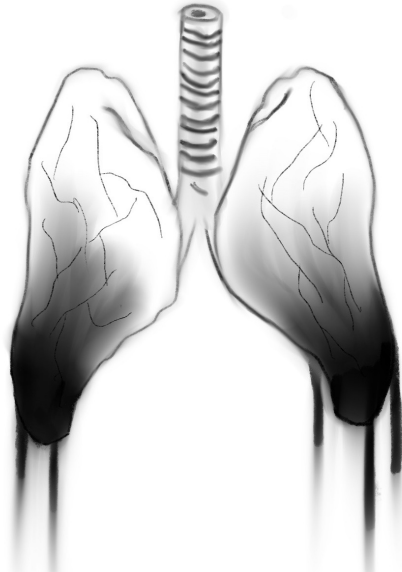
4 The parasites enter the eyes through fetid water often found in submerged caverns. They painlessly bore into the skull. The infected appears to have bloodshot eyes, but if one were to look closer they'd see those veins wriggling. The victim sees healthy people as sick. Food looks rotten and everything takes on a dull pallor.

5 Rager's Bile is often contracted by ingesting, either purposely or inadvertently, the blood of an aggressive creature. The tainted individual feels a swell of strength and stamina as their body is filled with adrenaline. Black bile begins to leak from the eyes, nose and mouth. A victim of the disease becomes aggressive, attempting to attack anything in their vicinity and spread their own polluted blood to new people and animals.

6 Listlessness and depression are the first signs of the Phantom Fever. Soon the infected begins to shiver and they become cold to the touch. Skin, hair and eyes lose hue, like a sun bleached book. People witnessing a victim of Phantom Fever would assume they were clumsy as they drop objects. The truth is, they are becoming insubstantial. Slowly but surely their flesh is melding with their spirit and then they'll be nothing but a ghost.

7

The miners call it Slime Lung. Spores gets lodged in the soft tissue of the lung and begins to grow. The afflicted cough loudly, hacking up globs of yellow, green and red mucus. Sometimes the mucus wiggles and rolls away to find small bugs to eat so that it can grow. One urban legend tells of a giant loogie slime that rolled through a town at night and absorbed everyone in it, except the one that hocked it.



8

Small amoeba often infect individuals in the high savannas through the drinking water. The parasite causes patches of bacteria to form under the skin, that pulse and glow at night with bioluminescence. Relatively harmless, the amoeba and their bacteria patches die after a week or so in the body. The biggest danger comes from outside. The amoeba are trying to signal large carnivorous predators that a fresh meal is nearby. The amoeba reproduce in the guts of these predators. It's in their best interest to get their hosts eaten.

9

It's easy to pick up Skin Splits in humid climates. The rash grows all around the skin, angry and red. Soft taps split the skin, revealing what appears like torn muscle underneath. The victim only feels a slight sting. The afflicted's skin soon looks like it has been put through a meat grinder, but they don't feel any pain at the areas of exposure.

10

It's hard to feel the bite of the fat yellow and red flies. The venom in their mandibles numbs the skin. Over the course of a day, the bite zone turns jelly like. If one pushed their finger into it, it would pass painlessly through like pudding. The patch of infected skin smells awful and soon the afflicted is swarmed by regular flies and other bugs that want a taste of their soupy skin.

Called Giant's Curse, the bone disease increases a bone's mass and size. The bone warps and tries to adjust to a body that is not built for it. The painful affliction causes bones to bulge from the skin and in extreme cases emerge in a bloody cascade of muscle and meat. Lucky are the ones whose ribs pierce their own heart.

Disassembilia is a gruesome disease that can be contracted by interacting with creatures of chaos. Spasms wrack the body. Fingers wiggle of their own accord. Eyes painfully try to look in different directions. Each piece of the body is slowly imbued with its own intelligence and they want nothing more than to pull themselves free.

Gladiator's Bloom is named after the flower like rash that often appears on the afflicted's neck. It was first contracted in the battle pits of a far off kingdom. The victim of the disease begins to lose their perception of pain as it is slowly replaced by pleasure.

Anyone with the Devil Shakes shows symptoms similar to a very nasty flu. Sweats, vomiting, alternating between hot and cold and migraines. Devil Shakes is a threat to anyone around the infected as they also begin to manifest the same symptoms as soon as they get close. Leaving the immediate area of someone suffering the affliction instantly cures those who were beginning to feel ill.

Rudimentary gills begin to grow on the cheeks and throat of those suffering from Sea Maiden's Kiss. Contracted from dallying with mermaids or drinking deep seawater, the Kiss paralyzes vocal chords. As the disease continues their lungs begin to fill with fluid causing them to cough and vomit brackish water.

Your nails fall out first, followed by your teeth. Your ears shrivel and turn black before joining your teeth. Hair tumbles off in sheets. Eyelids retract and are never used again. Your eyes sting, but they never dry up as they produce tears that are constantly running down your cheeks. In the last stage of Carver's Frenzy your tongue shrivels to nothing.

Bard's Ear alters the victim's inner ear. The infected has a stuffy head, but soon the stuffiness goes away and every sound becomes clearer and sharper. Soon anything that is not music, either natural or manmade pains the victim. Each word they hear that is not part of a song feels like a hammer to the side of the head.

18 Boils and pustules riddle the body of anyone suffering The Murmurs. Any sound produced by the afflicted louder than a whisper causes the large pimples to burst painfully and leak pus. The Murmurs is often picked up when delving into old crypts and abandoned libraries.

19 Scaling mountains is a dangerous endeavor that can be made even more dangerous by getting sick with Hawk's Fury. It is picked up by rummaging around the nests of large birds. The infected individual suffers from vertigo and claustrophobia. They feel like they are being pulled upward and that they need to escape as if in the claws of a giant bird. Often this causes the afflicted to take off running with no regard to the dangerous terrain.

20 The paradoxical Stone Skin develops in adventurers who raid the weird labs of wizards and alchemists and get exposed to their many experiments. The disease turns the victims skin solid like stone. Slashing weapons and fangs seem to bounce right off their hard dermis. Unfortunately, the afflicted's bones become like glass. Bludgeoning weapons cracks bones beneath the tough outer layer easily.

CURSED ITEMS

Cursed items often appear inviting and useful. It's only at the worst possible time the truth of the object comes to light.

1 The sword has been shattered. Sharp, broken metal on a handle, it can be used as an unwieldy, but supernaturally sharp dagger. If it tastes blood it screams in a voice that fills the room.

2 A small leather pouch of gems. The pouch feels wet and always seems to have a bit of water in it. If someone has the pouch on them and enters water, they immediately begin to sink.

3 A small pad of notes detailing the wilderness around the area. Cave entrances, settlements, and places where the fey dally are all sketched out. The words in the book subtly shift after a party has visited one or two locations. It continues to detail "safe" places that begin to be deadly.

4 A long leather duster that acts like armor. It turns away blows and bears only scuffs from sword strikes. After a time it causes the wearer to begin to hallucinate. They see their shadow moving out of the corner of their eye. Creatures lurk in reflections.

5 A gold circlet with a large smoky gem in its center. When worn it allows the user to read the surface thoughts of nearby people. Unfortunately, for sometime after even when not wearing the circlet, the wearer is inundated with all the negative thoughts of people nearby that manifest as whispers.

6 A pair of climbing claws, gloves with blades on the hands, that allow a person to scale shear surfaces. The owner of the gloves will, at times, wake up to find themselves in a high, precarious place without the gloves to aid them in climbing down.

7 A pair of boots with wings etched into them. They improve one's natural running speed. If the owner of the boots idles in one spot too long in them, they begin to get sucked into the ground as if they were standing on quicksand. This happens on natural ground and manmade floors. It may become deadly if the boot wearer is ever knocked out or falls asleep wearing the boots.

8 A large metal wrought goblet with a clear quartz on it commissioned by a paranoid king. When a liquid fills it the quartz swirls with color before either returning to clear or settling on green. Green indicates that the liquid is poison. There is a 10% chance the goblet poisons a liquid and the quartz appears clear.

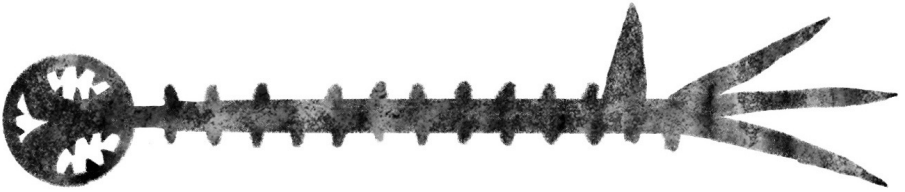
9 A peacock colored writing quill that will automatically record anything said in a room with it. It flows across the page as though a phantom writer is keeping notes. It always records what is being said and never omits, but sometimes it will add words that change the context of what was said or meant. This can cause grave misunderstandings.

10 A helmet shaped in the mien of a lion. The red iron and steel forms a roaring mouth and incredibly detailed eyes. The wearer is imbued with supernatural strength. If they defeat all their enemies, the wearer is compelled to take a bite of flesh from a fallen foe.

11 A bulky and musty smelling medicine bag. It's full of unlabeled phials, potions and tonics. Each of the items in the bag can be used to mend the body. They taste like candied fish when consumed. The potions heal half of the wounds a person has but can only be used once a day because they lose effectiveness. The greater the healing, the stranger the side effect which can cause a person to become blind, grow a useless third arm or enlarge the tongue into a slobbering mass. Side effects last for a full 24 hours.

12 A gem encrusted, wooden harp. The strings are tense and produce a perfect melodic sound. Unfortunately it attracts buzzing, biting and stinging insects when played outdoors. When played indoors it attracts rats that seem to listen to the music.

13 A skeleton key with sharp teeth on the end. It is a perfect lock pick, except that each time it's used there is an accumulating 10% chance the door it opens leads to a place from the *Bizarre Rooms* table. It then breaks.



14 A lantern that when lit casts a swirling green and blue light as though shining through fog. It shines so brightly, in fact, that even ghosts in the other world can see it and are attracted to it if they are nearby. The light allows them to become corporeal.

15 A holy symbol that causes undead creatures to cower and grovel before it. If they can speak, they ask for forgiveness, except when used on a very powerful undead. Then the holy symbol ignites and causes the user to burn with it.

16 A small puzzle box that can be disassembled and reassembled. Through some sort of enchantment, every time it is disassembled it re-configures into a new shape so that putting it back together is just as challenging. The same enchantment causes a small gem to appear in the center when disassembled. If not reassembled the same day its disassembled, the person begins to suffer Disassemblia from *Abhorrent Afflictions* (pg 36).

17 A masquerade mask that when donned allows the user to become invisible except to one person. That person is often a single enemy in a group.

18 A small mirror that fits in a pocket. When pointed at a door it shows the reflection of the room inside as through there was no door. The person using it loses their own reflection for a week per use. This can cause issues with superstitious townsfolk.

19 A wand carved from the bone of some very old and extinct monster. Using it as an aid to cast spells increases the ferocity damage. Owning the wand causes the spell user to dream and see through the eyes of the ancient beast, hunting through dense jungles and consuming prey. They begin to suffer from short tempers and then begin to take on traits of the beast. Scaly skin, red eyes, a hunger for raw flesh of prey.

20 A silver pendant in the shape of a laughing face. If the wearer squeezes it while speaking to a stranger, the person immediately becomes fond of the wearer. They'll do anything in their power to help them like a good friend would. The pendant subtly shifts to a crying face. As soon as the wearer leaves the presence of the stranger, their memory begins to shift. They misremember the interaction as if the owner of the pendant coerced or forced them to do them a favor.

WEIRD BEINGS FROM OTHER PLACES

These creatures are perfect for being glimpsed in dreams or creeping just out of sight.

1 The thing has skin that sparkles like metal in the sunlight, even in the dark. Its eyes are large and bulbous. It appears in a beam of light, and skulks around towns at night. It enters rooms and touches the heads of those sleeping inside, probing their minds.

2 The Tinker is tall and gaunt. Its eyes are beady and black like buttons. It lacks a nose and its mouth is a tight lamprey shape. The Tinker thrills at invention and discovery. It squats over bodies and removes organs gently before replacing them with small devices.

3 It looks like a combination of a cat and an owl. It gazes on the party with unblinking, slitted eyes the color of slate. It cocks its head as the adventurers attack and slaughter creatures and people. It will report to its masters soon, and they will pass judgement.

4 Gloriana is the beautiful Lady of Autumn, a fae court thought to be extinct. Her skin slowly shifts in color, matching the hues of fallen leaves. She finds adventurers and tells her sad tale of exile and the hunters on her trail. Over time those around her find themselves slowly withering like the plants in her seasonal namesake. She doesn't mean to do it, it's just her nature.

5 He looks just like you, but his teeth are too white, too straight. His eyes are like yours but there is no pupil, just a completely closed iris. His weapons are like yours but they seem to bite you harder, cutting deeper than any beast's claw or beaten steel.

6 The Wanderer keeps moving forward. His feet carry him to new worlds unbidden. Often strange things follow him. He's a friendly chap and loves company, but he needs to keep moving.

7 He is a bright and shining thing from a universe where all is light and fire and cosmic grace. He must burn, and so must this mudball of a world he has found himself cast to. All will join him in fiery radiance and be uplifted for it.

8 It looks like a black carriage. The two horses that pull it trot in time. They turn their heads simultaneously when people approach. The carriage driver is hunched. His wide hat and cloak cover his features. He grunts responses if asked questions. The carriage is a predator from somewhere else. It appears in dangerous situations like a godsend, and then consumes the passengers that get into its body.

9

It flutters between realms drawn to a light only it can see. The Corpse Moth moves silently, blending into the night sky. When it finds the person it needs, it lays its eggs within their soul through its long proboscis. The incubator victim suffers a dizzy spell and when they come to they discover the corpse of a large moth fading away and a deep sadness in their gut that only gets worse.

10

The Gourmand has a face painted like a clown. He wants to taste everything there is to taste in every universe there is. Food and drink are good, but the Gourmand can taste the abstract. Emotions, colors, sensations are all consumed by the glutton. He searches for the perfect epicurean delight and that could be your brains, or the sound you make while he tears your adventuring band apart.

11

She is a tall, and majestic steed found wandering out in the forest. A strange saddle is attached to her back. Her brown coat catches the light and shines like oil on water. She is a docile and a loyal companion to anyone that shows her kindness. If someone is on her when she becomes spooked her otherworldly nature activates and the dimensional horse gallops away from danger, pulling her rider into a new and perhaps more dangerous realm before disappearing.

12

The Lost Child needs someone to take him home. He appears in dangerous and out of the way places. He's bruised, cut and scared. He doesn't remember his own name, just that he wants to go home. He doesn't know that he is a simulacrum of a universe that has no life and desperately wants people to live within it. He leads the adventurers to "home". They don't notice the world shifting around them until it's too late.

13

Up here in the freezing wastes, shifting colors appear in the sky at night. They wave and blink in a visually stunning way. Sometimes, the borealis has a touch of red in it. It shimmers with the other colors until it spots prey. It whips down an etheric tentacle and carries off the victim into the sky.

14

The helmet has eyes like a mantis shrimp. It allows the user to see into multiple worlds at once and with a thought, move into one as easy as one enters a room. It is currently in the hands of a thief that is using it to slip between realms to steal what she wants. What she doesn't know is that the helmet is driving her insane. What started as small time pilfering has become a transdimensional murder spree as she collects vital organs like they were precious gems.

15 The Messenger is androgynous and beautiful. Their skin looks like purple quartz and their eyes shine with a literal inner fire. They carry a crude, long trumpet made from brass. Soon they will find the highest point in this realm and it will blow their horn for all to hear. Somewhere in the depths of the multiverse, their master will hear the sound and rise to feast on this world.

16 Her spiked armor and weapons are slick with gore. Her bladed whip cries like the tortured when it snaps. She is a hunter. She moves from world to world, searching for quarries worth her prowess and she has targeted the adventurers.

17 The Fleshworld churns with cancerous life that appears and is immediately consumed again in its maddening cycle of constant birth and death. It is a living tumor and its roots are starting to poke through into our world. From these roots new horrors are born. They wish to spread the Gospel of Flesh.

18 She was a brilliant scientist in her world. She constructed a suit that looks like deep sea diving gear crossed with a beetle. She uses it to explore other dimensions but has found herself trapped on our world. The air is toxic to her. She is desperately looking for a way home, and if that means stealing and even killing, she'll do it.

19 To the Panopticon Supremus our dimension is a suitable gulag for criminals and monsters. It uses mighty arcane rites to dimensionally shift these convicts to our world. It knows its choice will cause pain and suffering in the local populace, but it's less than the pain and suffering the fugitives were causing on their home planes.

20 Science-religious zealots from a world where all things are automatons breach the veil between worlds. They discover our world full of meat that walks and talks and thinks. Their orthodoxy is challenged as they believe they were the only beings with souls in the entire universe. Their religious leaders proclaim that their doctrine is right, and the meatmen have no souls. They begin a war to purge our world of sentient life.



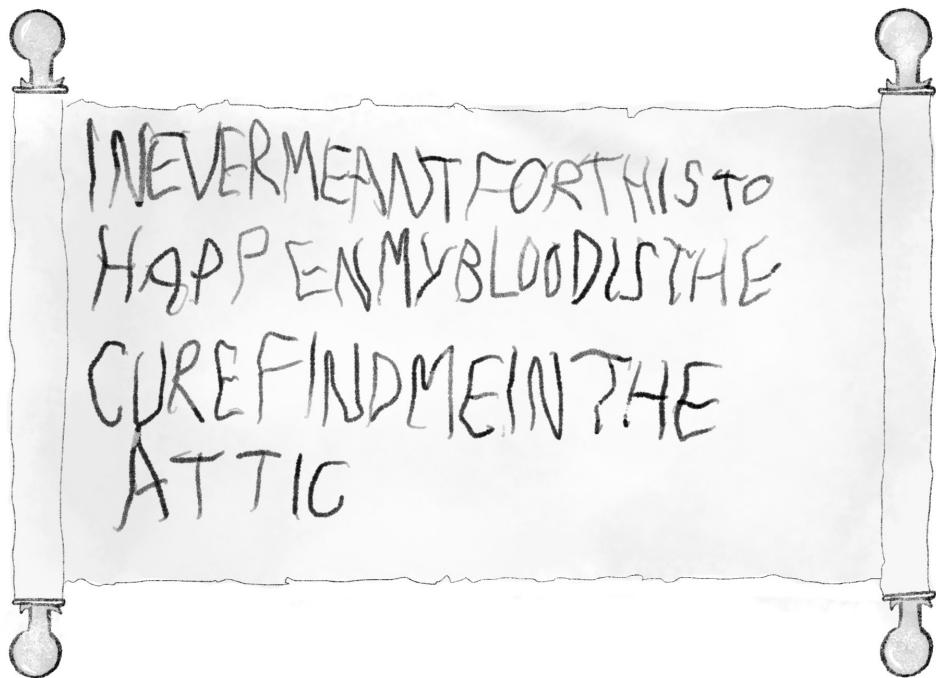
SCRAWLINGS

Similar to *Whispers*, the scrawlings can be found as notes, carved into walls or skin. They may give vital information, or warnings or act as temptation to the greedy.

1 Alice sneaks around, with blade sharp and stomach empty. She is in the house. She is in the room. And if you read this in your head, she is in there too.

2 Don't run or it will take your legs!

3 inevermeantforthistohappenmybloodisthecurefindmeinthattic



4 I haven't rested in a week. My bones feel like jelly. My mind is slipping. I refuse to die in my sleep like my companions. I WON'T DIE LIKE THAT

5 She looked like my daughter so I had to kill her. He looked like my husband so he had to die. I see them approaching now, people that look like my friends. I will slay these imposters like the rest.

6 Day 5. The sickness has progressed within my body. My throat has begun to feel like something is wriggling there. I've checked my mouth in the mirror and I swear I saw an eye looking at me from behind my own tongue.

7 Step only on the red tiles. Touch only the silver door knobs. And only speak to the ones with-----

8 There is truth in the blood. Splash it against the wall and see the veil lifted.

9 Day 11. The thing in my throat speaks to me using a voice like mine, but drowned and gargling. The touch of cloth rubs my skin and it causes me pain. I'm naked and cold and the thing in my throat tells me what I need to do to survive.

10 Ever wonder why dragons sit on gold and gems? Its to hatch them!

11 I have slain them all, but my Lady rejects me still. The moon turns a blind eye to me. Death will not accept me. I, Penance Knight Chrisholm Wolder seek redemption. If my Lady will not take me back, I will build a pile of corpses to reach her window and then climb in.

12 EVERY DOG IS A DRUID IN DISGUISE DON'T TRUST THE DOGS

13 Creak. This room looks empty. Hey, wait, look! This quill is writing down every noise in this room. Haha, what a funny little thing. Gavin, come see. Gavin? Sluursh. Yeeaagh! Splat. Splat. Sllssh. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. Weeping.

14 The temple has been consecrated. The wind sings their praises. Point your eyes to the stars and see them.

15 Day 23. it emerged from inside tonight. i am weak. i cannot speak. it has taken my voice. it will take my skin next.

16 I have found where the children go at night and now they know that I KNOW.

17 All meat tastes good if you cook it long enough.

18 When we dream, a splinter of another world gets lodged in our mind. Care. If it is a nightmare, it may become infected.

19 Day 30. The sickness has passed and I feel better than ever! I shall have a grand party here at the estate. A celebration for my recovery. I'll invite as many visitors as I can pack in. All of us healthy and together and willing and happy and fresh and-

20 If you are reading this, I apologize. Please pick up the stone knife in your cell. You'll need it. Don't scream, it tastes sounds the way we hear them. Screams make it hungry. Good luck. I hope to see you soon. - Father

BIZARRE ROOMS

These odd rooms should be inserted anywhere you deem fit. Throw it in a home that appears normal outside or in the depths of a dungeon.

1 The room smells like death. Bodies inside are stacked like cordwood. They all seem to be the same body, all with different and grisly life ending wounds. They are your body.

2 Everything in the room glistens as though covered with condensation. A thin layer of clear slime coats the walls, floors and objects in the space. It has a caustic feeling against flesh.

3 Someone has carved words into the walls. There are 1d6 entries on the wall from the *Scrawlings* table (pg 44).

4 Each footfall crunches something underfoot. The floor is covered in shattered and ground teeth. The rafters above are full of nests made from hair and spit. Flashing eyes and small nimble bodies flit through the air above.

5 The floor feels solid until the party reaches the center of the room. Then the floor begins to shift, crumbling and becoming like mud that pulls the party downward.

6 A well appointed room. Lavish furniture and art covers every inch. Sound does not carry in this room. If any of the decor leaves the room, it turns to dust and re-appears in the room.

7 Stained glass windows line the walls, flooding the room with multicolored light. The artful glass depicts a grisly scene of a man being torn apart by wild beasts. Beasts that are beginning to move...or perhaps it is a trick of the light?

8 Stepping through the door, the party enters a vast, steaming jungle. It feels like being outside. Wind blows through, smelling of thick vegetation. Explore deep enough and the party discovers the walls of their room. The light above is coming from a skylight. Why would someone build such a convincing, hot jungle room?

9 The room is a large maze. In the center is a structure with a clock in it. The clock can be seen from all angles. Every 15 minutes the clock rings and the maze shifts, creating new pathways and dead ends.

10 The walls and floor are covered in a brown crust reminiscent of scabs. Scratching away at it reveals puckered, pink, healing skin.

11 A library built like a jail. Each tiny cell contains a book. Some books are open, exposing half of a tantalizing secret. The cells are easily opened from the outside. When the books sense freedom they try to escape.

12 An eyeless, albino lion stalks a grand ballroom dimly lit by flickering candles. The room is filled with the discarded party dresses, suits, masks and noise makers of a masquerade party where the guests were all eaten.

13 The room is the exit to the dungeon, or perhaps the treasure room. It is what the party expects, or hopes for. It isn't. It's an elaborate illusion caused by the fungus that covers this room. In reality the party is face down, connected by thin strands of mycelia in a shared dream. They are being slowly absorbed by the fungi.

14 Jagged shards of mirrored glass line the walls cutting at skin. Something else lurks in this room, but it's only visible in the glass.

15 Children's toys are scattered about. Dolls wiggle and move, but just barely. If they are closely inspected the dolls burst as dark shelled carrion bugs spring forth.



16 The door to this room slides closed behind the party. A confused man looks up and greets them. He looks ill. He is a doctor who has infected himself with a transmuting disease and is documenting his deterioration into something else.

17 The room is covered in portraits. Each depicts a party member if they had chosen another, darker path. The portraits slowly fade as these dark doppelgangers enter our world.

A round, spherical room with a drain in the center. Weapons line the wall.
18 Blood shed in this room is pulled into the drain where the sounds of gargling can be heard.

This room is clearly the den of a madman. Bloody surgical instruments are arranged neatly on marble tables. A device in the center of the room holds what appears to be a corpse...until it starts screaming.
19

The room resembles an opera theater. Large murals cover the walls and ceilings. The lights fade as the party enters and the curtain is drawn back. A play begins, performed by the phantoms of people and creatures slain by the party, reenacting their deaths.
20

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padishahZ	David Connors	Thomas Hils	the 7 tongued
Gabel Gamers	James H. Duke IV	Sasha	goat" Richer
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