

Perilous Almanacs



Adventure-ready regions
for *Dungeon World*



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Introduction

This book collects six “almanacs,” or regional outlines, for use with *Dungeon World* and the overland adventure rules supplement *The Perilous Wilds*. It is intended primarily for GM use.

These almanacs are all organized using the basic categories of Details, Discoveries, and Dangers, but the specific application of that structure varies depending on each author’s intent. The primary goal of this collection is to demonstrate how the loose template presented in *The Perilous Wilds* can be adapted, embellished, and modified to suit a range of needs.

Details are things that may be encountered or noticed at any point during exploration of the region. A detail may be a bit of background color, described by the GM as the characters traverse the landscape (“Against the white sky, you see birds wheeling in and out of nests in the cliff face”); or something that encourages further investigation (“A weird, fluting call echoes off the canyon walls, with no clear point of origin”).

Discoveries are anything the party finds that is interesting, but not immediately threatening. A Discovery might be beneficial, like a freshwater spring or patch of healing herbs; something worth investigating, like an overgrown ruin or cave mouth; or an obstacle, like a bog or chasm.

Dangers are anything which, if left unchecked or unnoticed, may be harmful to the characters. Traps and hostile creatures are the most common types of Dangers, but a Danger might also be something like a rockslide or region-specific disease.

Using an almanac

These almanacs are intended as examples, but they’re also ready-to-run regions that can be dropped into play.

Each has a specific terrain and climate, as indicated by its tags, so take these into account before you choose where to place it in your game world. Several (notably “Kirotoki Marsh,” “The Paths of Ateşkazé,” and “Vannrik, the Lake Kingdom”) have specific cultural/linguistic flavor, which may impact or affect nearby regions.

Keep in mind that specific geographic relationships between places in a given region are not pre-defined; they’re usually nailed down during play. Although as GM you are of course free to define that stuff ahead of time, the map of a region usually gets filled in at the table, heightening the sense of exploration and discovery for all concerned.

Finally, remember that an almanac is only a kind of outline, and a region is always bigger than what’s written on the page. When the characters encounter Discoveries and Dangers in a pre-written region, you have three options:

- 1) **Refer to the almanac.** Use one of the Discoveries or Dangers created by the almanac’s author.
- 2) **Make something up.** Improvise a Discovery or Danger based on the context provided by the almanac.
- 3) **Roll something up.** Use the tables in *The Perilous Wilds* to roll a Discovery or Danger, and integrate the result into the context provided by the almanac.

Happy exploring!

—Jason

Kirotoki Marsh

Temperate, Wétland, Difficult, Perilous, Neutral

Written & illustrated by Donna Almendrala

Details

- * Extremely humid
 - * Insect hum, amphibian croaking
 - * Thick mist obscures everything
 - * Abundant peatland, hanging moss
 - * Cypress groves carpeted with fern
 - * Dark sap, weeping from odd plants
-

Discoveries

AREA • KIROTOKI RIVER

Unsafe, Neutral

While foot travel on patchy land or through shallow water is possible, the furthest reaches of the Marsh would be most swiftly reached via the river. But instead of a single course, this waterway offers a myriad of interconnected streams, channels, and kettle ponds. Negotiating these confusing waterways proves difficult without a map.

- * Why do locals from outside the Marsh shun travel on the River?
 - * What here are indigenous creatures rumored to protect?
 - * What is unusual about the insects of the Kirotoki?
-

SITE • ROOT HOLLOW

Unsafe, Neutral

An enormous, moss-covered tree lies toppled across part of the Kirotoki River. Faint animal tracks run to and from a dark opening amongst the roots at one end, on the other side of which is a damp, rocky burrow.

When you *crawl into the Hollow*, roll *nothing: **on a 10+**, You find something—roll 1D8 on the table below; **on a 7-9**, roll 1d12 on the table below.

1d12 FIND

- 1-2 an animal skeleton, in repose
 - 3 a broken tool (spade, axe, etc.)
 - 4 1D4 rations wrapped in oilskin
 - 5 a bracelet worth 1D6x10 coins
 - 6 a sealed bone tube holding a scroll
 - 7-8 a tunnel leading deeper
 - 9-10 a trap, natural or constructed
 - 11-12 a dangerous creature
-

AREA • THE CORPSEWAY

Perilous, Chaotic

Decaying corpses and moss-covered skeletons of various shapes and sizes hang on braided vines from the trees, appearing every few hundred feet to those who penetrate the deepest parts of the swamp. The freshest are dined upon by carrion monkeys; the next-freshest in the process of being scoured clean by buzzing clouds of swamp-flies.

SITE • KERKASHI'S NEST

Unsafe, Neutral

What looks like an enormous wasp's nest made of sticks and mud in the high branches of a cypress tree is actually the home an aged, brown-skinned toadman called Kerkashi. Living out the remainder of his days in solitude, this erstwhile trickster might reveal a useful secret in return for a special favor.

SITE • THE BLACK STUMP

Ancient, Elemental, Neutral

An ancient black cypress stump, wide enough for an adult human to lie across, crouches in the center of a dense grove.

The stump's perfectly even surface is split across the middle by a black fissure, as if a giant hatchet had been brought down upon it; and is completely covered by a dense pattern, seeming to have

been carved by wood-worms—until scrutiny reveals the twisty lines delineating a ring of runes or glyphs along the outer edge. Moss grows up from the forest floor to within an inch of the surface of the stump, where it stops in a clean line as if cut away.

Some powerful elemental force permeates the entire area.

Dangers

HAZARD • SWAMP TAR

Poisonous

A viscous, dark ooze covers the trees and ground in some areas, possibly indicating an infection from some dark source.

When you *come into bare-skin contact with swamp tar*, it burns you; you will suffer 1 point of damage every few moments until you find some way to remove the glue-like substance.



MONSTER • ABNAI

Group, Intelligent, Organized, Stealthy

Damage Crab claws 1d8 (*close, reach, forceful*, 1 piercing)

HP 8 Armor 2 (exoskeleton)

Special Qualities Amphibious

The Abnai are a tribe of crab-people who dwell in the the murky depths. When an Abnai's exoskeleton is penetrated, it is overcome by a frenzy for blood.

Instinct To hunt down intruders

- * Drag them underwater
- * Sever their limbs
- * Blood frenzy

MONSTER • KUSHIKA, THE LOST SOUL

Solitary, Magical, Intelligent

Damage Plant surge 1d10+2 (*reach, near*)

HP 12 Armor 0

Special Qualities Insubstantial

Kushika was a druid who became lost in the Marsh while seeking THE BLACK STUMP. Unable to find her way out even in death, she drifts with the mist through the hanging moss, seeking to vent her frustration and anger on the living, commanding plant life in the vicinity to rise up and do her bidding.

While mundane weapons cannot harm her, locating and removing her remains from the Marsh will grant her passage through Death's Black Gates. And who can say what items of interest a powerful witch might have had on her person before succumbing to the wet and rot?

Instinct To express undying anger

- * Entangle them
- * Choke them
- * Rend them limb from limb

The Ancient Alvar

Temperate, Sparse Woodland, Windy, Perilous, Neutral

Written & illustrated by Rachel Kahn

Details

- * Rounded rocky hillocks
 - * Pits and cave openings
 - * Starved trees, clinging to rocks, to each other
 - * Fluting, booming sounds from wind blowing across holes in the rock
 - * Echoes bounce uncannily or fall flat
-

Discoveries

AREA • THE FLATS

Perilous, Chaotic

A level expanse of limestone in the midst of the otherwise uneven landscape, scoured by a powerful and chaotic wind. Trees here are no more than 3 feet tall and bent completely sideways in one way or another.

When you *brave the chaotic winds in anything other than heavy armor*, roll

•CON: on a 10+, you keep your footing and stay your course; on a 7-9, roll:

1d12 EFFECT

- | | |
|-------|---|
| 1-3 | You draw the attention of a flock of MAGPIE HAWKS. |
| 4-6 | You're blown off course and become lost |
| 7-9 | You're knocked down |
| 10-12 | You're temporarily blinded by a flurry of pinecones, limestone dust, and animal bones |
-

AREA • THE MURK

Perilous, Neutral

An expanse of dark water, from which protrude a scattering of rocky islets colored gray, orange and pink by mineral deposits and lichen. Home of the fearsome MURK TURTLES.

AREA • CRYSTAL CAVES

Unsafe, Neutral

A skeletal system of crystalline caves, connecting the islets of the Murk below the water level. Dangerously unstable to explore, rich with crystals that can be chipped or pried free. Their deepest rooms are grown from oldest rock; somewhere within lies the EYE OF THE EARTH, a scrying stone from the dawn of time.

TREASURE • EYE OF THE EARTH

2 weight

A rough crystal the size of a human head, clouded with hairline cracks.

When you *gaze into the Eye of the Earth*, it shows you what you want to see, as long as the object of your desire is on land.

ENCOUNTER • TRAP RUNNERS

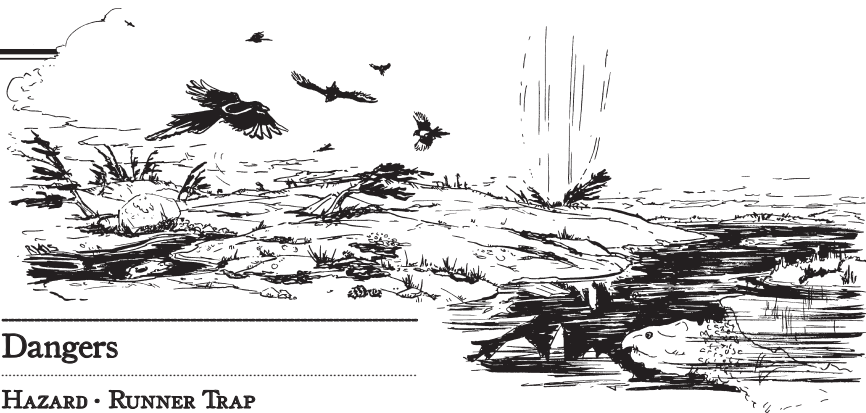
Neutral

Solitary trappers who criss-cross the alvar, recovering prey from pit and snare and deadfall, their handiwork creating a treacherous landscape for outsiders. They live solitary lives, and will trade for hunting equipment, food, or warm blankets. But they do not like talk.

SITE • REFLECTING POOL

Unsafe, Neutral

A clear pool much deeper than it looks, its bowl-like bottom lined with silver. Anyone attempting to reach the bottom will run out of air before doing so. Due to its shape, the pool acts as a lensed mirror, and even on cloudy days reflects a bright beam skyward, marking the spot for all who know it. TRAP RUNNERS use the pool as a shrine, and may sometimes be found praying at its edge.



Dangers

HAZARD • RUNNER TRAP

Concealed, Neutral

When you *step into a trap laid by a TRAP RUNNER*, roll +WIS: **on a 10+**, you notice in time; **on a 7-9**, roll below and suffer the trap's first effect; **on a 6-**, mark XP, roll for a trap, and suffer both effects.

1D12 TRAP & EFFECT

- 1-4 Deadfall: 1d8 damage; knocked unconscious
- 5-8 Pit: 1d6 damage; *poisoned* wooden stakes
- 9-12 Snare: *ensnared*; suspended from a tree at great height

MONSTER • THE GALE

Solitary, Cautious, Magical, Intelligent

Damage Flock of magpie hawks 1d8+2
(*close, reach, near, far*)

HP 12 Armor 0

Special Qualities Spellcaster

Usually found in THE FLATS, the Gale appears as a humanoid silhouette of swirling leaves, grit, feathers, and sparkling treasures brought by its company of MAGPIE HAWKS. It will keep its distance, screaming warnings at outsiders over the howling wind. Uncannily sensitive to sound and smell, it may be approached only by the most stealthy means. It covets and has been searching for the EYE OF THE EARTH.

Instinct To drive off outsiders

- * Blind them with birds
- * Blow their belongings away
- * Scatter them like chaff

MONSTER • MAGPIE HAWK

Group, Small

Damage Beak and talons 1d4 (*hand*)

HP 2 Armor 0

Special Qualities Flying

Moving in pairs or flocks, these black raptors sometimes team up to move objects larger than one alone can carry.

Instinct To collect shiny things

- * Strike from the sky
- * Seize something shiny
- * Take wing and flee the scene

MONSTER • MURK TURTLE

Solitary, Large

Damage Beak 2d6 (*close*), tail swing
(2d6, *reach, forceful*)

HP 16 Armor 3

Special Qualities Aquatic

Well-armored, slippery, slow on land, and able to extend their necks at lightning speed to snap up prey. Their shells are prized in some quarters, and some say they can be trained as mounts.

Instinct To find food and protect eggs

- * Seize them with beak
- * Drag them into the Murk
- * Retract and regenerate

TREASURE • MURK TURTLE SHELL

5 weight, 300 coins

An impenetrable shell as large as a horsecart, mottled with bright colors.

The Paths of Ateşkazé

Underground, Tunnel and Caverns, Unsafe, Neutral, Barren, Dark

Written by Jeremy Strandberg • Illustrated by Billage

Details

- * Vast tubes curving through the earth
- * Smooth walls, ribbed walls, knobby walls
- * Dripping with shark-tooth stalactites
- * Smaller tubes branching at all angles
- * Massive chambers, like bubbles in the rock
- * Echoes that carry for miles
- * Rumbling beneath you, all around
- * Crunch of porous stone underfoot
- * More damn tunnels

Questions

- * What do they make in distant Göyez that drives the merchants and caravans to brave these tunnels?
- * What about the mountains above makes these tunnels a safer choice?
- * You don't believe the tales that a massive fire-worm carved the Paths, do you?
- * What properties are the plants of Orman Mağara said to possess?
- * How much lamp oil have you brought? Are you sure that's enough?



Discoveries

OBSTACLE • DIFFICULT PASSAGE

Perilous

The passage you are following ends abruptly with (choose or roll):

1d12 OBSTRUCTION

- 1 a cave-in; maybe you can dig through?
- 2-3 a contraction, only a few feet wide; maybe you can squeeze?
- 4 a sheer rock face, as if the earth just shifted
- 5-6 a precipitous drop; into what?
- 7 a vast chasm, a rift in the earth, your passage continuing on the far side; maybe there's a bridge?
- 8-9 a chimney, going up/down well beyond your light
- 10 a flooded chamber; maybe there's an exit underwater?
- 11 a brittle crust of hardened magma, still pulsing with heat
- 12 a pocket of foul (dangerous?) air

SITE • HAYAL SOLUK, THE DREAMING BREATH

Warm, Cave, Safe, Neutral, Resource
(food, water)

A vast chamber, honeycombed with tunnels. Hot springs bubble up from below, making the air hot and prickly. Pale molds and fungi cake the walls, columns, and remains of some large beast. Perhaps a CREATURE lounges near the water, stupefied.

When you *first drink deeply of the waters of Hayal Soluk*, heal 1d8 damage or remove a debility of your choice. Then, roll +CON: on a 10+, you feel pretty

good. Kinda invincible; **on a 7-9**, you feel dreamy and euphoric for a few moments, then snap out of it; **on a 6-**, mark XP and fall into a stupor until violently shaken or injured—ask the GM a question about the glory of Ateşkazê; your answer will come in visions and dreams.

When you *drink again from the waters of Hayal Soluk*, you do not heal but must still roll +CON as above.

**AREA • ORMAN MAGARA,
THE FOREST CAVES**

(OR-man MAH-ha-ra)

*Warm, Forest, Cave, Perilous, Neutral,
Difficult*

In a past age, the caverns here collapsed and an entire forested valley fell into the earth. A stream still falls from the surface, catching sunlight for a few hours each day. The shadowy reaches of this subterranean wood are home to the PALE MONKEYS.

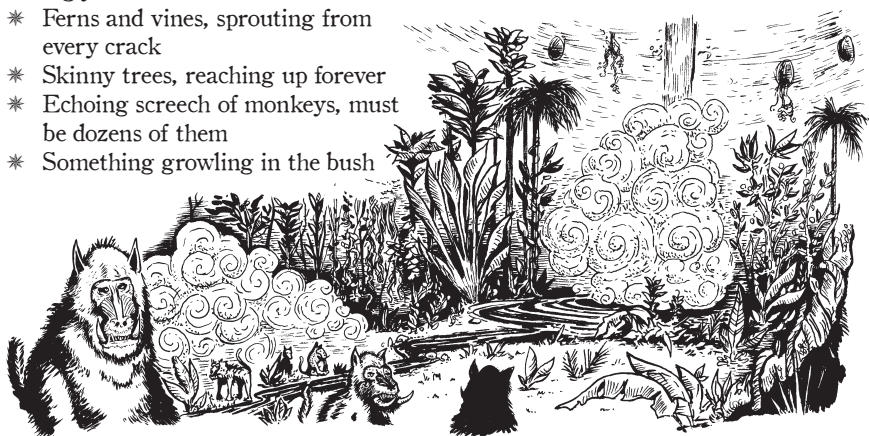
- * Miles of narrow, rugged cavern teeming with life
- * Sheer rock walls, hundreds of feet high, dotted with tunnels
- * A stream pouring in from the surface, dissolving into spray
- * Thick fog at night
- * A gray mist, even by day
- * A deep pool of pure water, shockingly cold
- * Ferns and vines, sprouting from every crack
- * Skinny trees, reaching up forever
- * Echoing screech of monkeys, must be dozens of them
- * Something growling in the bush

STEADING • SEYYAH CAY, PILGRIM'S TEA Village, Moderate, Growing, Militia, Oath (Göyez), Resource (food, water), Need (timber, fuel, supplies)

A thin stream of clean water flows through ORMAN MAGARA, and after some miles drains into a deep underground lake in a vast cavern. A great tube enters one side of the cavern and exits on the far side of the lake. The lakeshore is lined with crude buildings of stacked stones, and a wide, flat-bottomed barge—built long ago and at great expense by merchants from Göyez—ferries merchants and travelers across the placid water.

The village is home to a few old families—pale, soft-spoken, and bug-eyed. A few newcomers also live here, as a last resort. There's water and bottom-feeding fish aplenty, but the villagers are in constant need of candles, lamp oil, cloth, tools, and wood. Spices and "exotic" meats are a luxury here, though most villagers do not even recognize fruits and vegetables as food. Coin is worthless, except among other travelers; barter is the only means of trade.

- * Who was it you heard had taken refuge here?
- * What treasure have you heard is sunk at the bottom of this deep lake?



DUNGEON • RUINED ROOST OF KIYAMET, FORTRESS OF THE FIRST AGE

Perilous, Medium Size

In ages past, this fortress tower loomed over the mountains above. Kiyamet (kee-YAH-met)—a primordial being of wind, storms, and chaos—called it home and lorded over all it surveyed. But the mountain beneath it collapsed and the fortress plunged into the cold, quiet embrace of the earth.

Lately, Ateşkazé cultists have been picking through the remains, looking for the Gök Gürül (BELL OF THUNDER).

THEMES

Primordial power ○○○

Collapsed & buried ○○○

Ateşkazé cultists ○○○

COMMON AREAS (1d12)

- 1-3 Hallway
- 4-5 Stairwell
- 6-7 Storeroom Private quarters
- 8 Latrine
- 9 Private Quarters
- 10 Barracks
- 11 Courtyard
- 12 Gatehouse

UNIQUE AREAS

- ☐ Forge
- ☐ Armory
- ☐ Great Hall
- ☐ Belltower
- ☐ Oubliette
- ☐ Rookery
- ☐ Observatory & Orrery
- ☐ Royal Chambers

TREASURE • GÖK GÜRÜL, THE BELL OF THUNDER

1 weight

When you *strike Gök Gürül mightily with a hammer of cold-wrought adamant*, it rings with a peel of unworldly thunder, deafening and stunning all within earshot. Surely the earth itself will grumble and wake, along with whatever slumbering therein.

AREA • THE CRUCIBLE

Lava, Perilous, Barren, Difficult

The deepest tunnels grow hotter, unstable, treacherous. They give way to pools of magma, swimming with ATEŞI, which feed into a sea of magma. CULTISTS gather, enraptured by the ebb and pulse of the molten rock, listening for the call of the Great Fire Worm, whom they believe sleeps below. From time to time, they bring her sacrifices.

Dangers

CREATURE • PALE MONKEY

Horde, Small, Organized

Damage Vicious bite 1d6+2 (*hand*)

HP 3 Armor 1

Special Qualities Natural climber

Diminutive, long-limbed, rippling with muscle under thick white fur. A dog-like face, oversized fangs, hateful red eyes. Cross their territory, they'll be everywhere before you know it.

Instinct To chase off intruders

- * Leap to or from the trees
- * Screech to deafen and confuse

CREATURE • ATEŞI

Solitary, Amorphous

Damage Molten snout 1d10+2 (*close, messy, 3 piercing*)

HP 15 Armor 4

Special Qualities Tremor sense

My peers at the Collegium don't believe they exist. Like an earthworm, but bigger. Make a circle with your arms—thus is their girth. And as long as a man is tall. But it's the face that gets you: a cone of molten rock. Most of the tunnels down here are made by ateşi. The bigger tunnels? I wonder.

Instinct To consume raw minerals

- * Radiate intense heat
- * Eat through rock, metal, flesh
- * Burn them with flaming blood



CREATURE • ATESKAZE CULTIST

Group, Organized, Intelligent

Damage Searing obsidian knife 1d8+2
(close, 1 piercing)

HP 6 Armor 0

Special Qualities Fireproof

It starts with the calling, the pull towards something great and powerful. A warmth, then a fire in the soul. Travel the Paths long enough, and you find yourself carrying around a chunk of volcanic glass, chip-chip-chipping away at it. Then you're wandering deeper and deeper, joining others who gaze at the pulsing flow, basking in the hot breath of Ateskaze herself. Eventually, you lead someone else to the CRUCIBLE, to show them Her glory. To feed them to the Great Fire Worm. And from that day forward your soul, aflame, is Hers.

Instinct To glorify Ateskaze

- * Preach the majesty of the Worm
- * Call out for fellow cultists
- * Swarm and overtake them

CREATURE • CANAN, FIRST DAUGHTER OF ATESKAZE

Solitary, Divine, Magical, Organized, Intelligent

Damage Flaming lash 1d10+2
(close, reach, messy, 3 piercing)

HP 16 Armor 0

Special Qualities Fireproof, spellcaster

She looks at first to be a frail old woman, waddling about with stooped back, jowls dangling. But look closer and see the flash in her eyes, the pulsing fire in her veins. She has not eaten food in decades, subsisting instead on rock and ash. She moves slowly, patiently, inexorably. But when her wrath overflows, she erupts with unstoppable power.

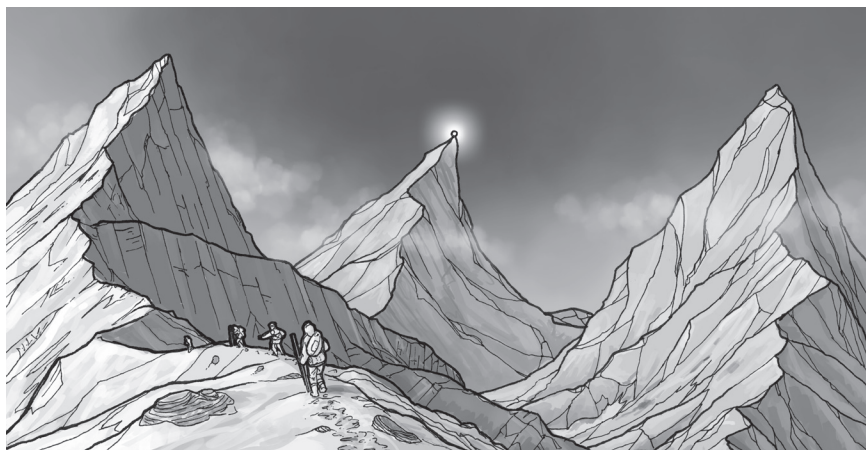
Instinct To awaken Ateskaze

- * Send forth CULTISTS to do ill
- * Call ATESKAZE to her side
- * Cast a spell of earth and fire

Three Faces

Frigid, Snowy Mountains, Perilous, Neutral, Barren, Difficult

Written & illustrated by Michael Prescott



A pass leads through the mountains, attempted only by the hardy or desperate. At its highest, it traverses the faces of three inhospitable peaks before descending to the lowlands on the far side.

Details

- * A small cairn, the only trail marker
- * A bleak tumble of shale, not a green leaf in sight
- * Patchwork of rock, crusts of snow
- * The peaks rise impossibly high, never seeming to grow nearer, only more massive
- * A storm blows up from the lowlands, obscuring everything
- * A rocky ledge winding along a cliff face, absurdly narrow in places
- * Wind tearing upslope from below
- * The mountains groan as sky and earth strain against one another
- * A glance back at the incredible view over into the lowlands
- * Deep drifts
- * An overhanging ice shelf, creaking
- * A field of ice, riven by crevasses

AREA • THE FACE OF JUDGEMENT

Unsafe, Difficult, Chaotic

The peak of judgement stares down, ready to test any who dare leave the foothills and follow the trail upon her snowy shoulders.

When you *prepare your soul for the peak's judgement*, roll +WIS: on a 7-9, hold 1. On a 10+, hold 3. Spend hold to avoid falling or dropping something.

DISCOVERY • SITE

CLIMBER'S REST

Perilous, Evil

A frozen waterfall of green ice, inside of which can be seen the faces of travelers, lost or abandoned.

When you *camp within an hour's hike of Climber's Rest*, the waterfall thaws and the dead emerge to drag new companions back with them.

DISCOVERY • SITE**MONASTERY**

Unsafe, Neutral

A dry-stone former monastery clings to the mountainside. On a throne of books within sits the goatkin master, wielder of the three-league bow. He chews paper and preaches restraint to his mercurial entourage.

The monastery's many books and scrolls have not fared well under his stewardship; their paper has been used to stuff cracks and window shutters. The goatkin consider reading undignified, and have no interest in sharing the books or the learning they contain.

DANGER • HAZARD**SKY SICKNESS**

Unsafe, Neutral

The thin air does strange things to the minds of those who venture too high.

- * A debility becomes acute
- * Snow blindness sets in
- * You've been heading in the wrong direction for days now. Or have you?

DANGER • HAZARD**AVALANCHE**

Perilous, Neutral

A popping gives way to a hurricane roar. Not even winter can cling to these impossible slopes.

DANGER • CREATURE**GOATKIN ASPIRANT**

Group, Organized, Neutral

Damage Head butt 1d8 (*close, forceful*),
ragged shortbow 1d6 (*far, distant*)

HP 6 **Armor** 0

Special Qualities None

Instinct To impress the Master

- * Scurry along an impossible slope
- * Tear up an ancient book for some practical purpose
- * Loose a warning arrow from half a league away

DANGER • CREATURE**GHOST CAT**

Solitary, Small, Stealthy, Devious

Damage Claws or teeth 1d6 (*close, messy*)

HP 8 **Armor** 0

Special Qualities Resurgent

A rock tumbles behind you. Fortunately, ghost cats don't exist, so you're probably not being hunted by one.

Instinct To hunt

- * Lie invisibly against the snow
- * Pounce from above to tear out a throat
- * Rise from the dead—up here, nine lives aren't nearly enough

AREA • THE FACE OF CRUELTY

Unsafe, Difficult, Ancient, Enchanted

A slope of brittle, porous rock. Thick plumes of steam curl from finger-thick holes, and no snow stays here for long.

The sound of singing comes from within the stones. If you appease them, they might show you the way in, but what do stones want?

DISCOVERY • SITE**RIFT OF BLOOD**

Unsafe, Neutral

A deep, steep-walled gully between two great overhangs of ice. The goatkin consider the place holy and have come here over many years, to decorate the loose stones with thousands of runes, one for each of their kills (some of them imagined).

DISCOVERY • SITE**SHELEK'S GARDEN**

Perilous, Evil

A volcanic crater some way off the path, from which great white clouds emerge. Along its the rim, glistening ice feeds a hundred tiny streams which converge at the foggy center.

A tall wall, topped with the skulls of GOATKIN and STORM SEALS, protects an orchard and lush garden of strange plants, laden with heavy black fruit.

A stone arch (the only entrance) is blocked by the gatekeeper, an outrageously stocky man in a dirty cowl. He upholds Shelek's ban on visitors resentfully, taking his duty to passive aggressive extremes.

In truth, Shelek is the gatekeeper. Within the garden he putters about contentedly and dismisses the false gatekeeper as a lunatic.

DANGER • CREATURE

STEAM GNOME

Group, Small, Intelligent, Organized

Damage Pickaxe 1d8 (*close*, piercing 1)
HP 6 **Armor** 2
Special Qualities None

Inside the steam gnomes' tunnels, all smells of sweat and must. Outside, they wear goat-hide capes and leggings encrusted with ice.

Instinct To teach intruders a lesson

- * Retreat, then attack in numbers
- * Force them to a ledge or cliff-face door
- * Leave them to weaken, dangling from a tethered harpoon

AREA • THE FACE OF SECRETS

Unsafe, Difficult, Ancient, Neutral, Probing

The sun whorls about but never casts light on the Face of Secrets. The trail is a crumble of shale across the steep slope, the peak stabs directly upwards. The cold here is deep, and those who keep secrets are not safe from the wind.

When you *look up at the peak of secrets*, it sees something in you that you didn't realize until now. Say what it is. Was it worth risking death to learn it?

DISCOVERY • SITE

SEALNEST

Perilous, Evil

The tip of the Face of Secrets catches sunlight and glints like a jewel. It appears topped by a great sphere of water, forty yards in diameter. A thin crust of ice and slush ripples in strong wind. STORM SEAL minnows wriggle through the water. Let's hope the flock is not near.

DISCOVERY • SITE

THE CREVASSE

Perilous, Neutral

A blue abyss splits the ice shelf below, waiting claim on any who fall from the path. It cuts down several hundred feet, narrowing to a tight gap before dropping into a blue cavern of ice.

An expanse of black water awaits at the bottom. A lamplit leviathan might come to investigate unusual sounds.

DANGER • CREATURE

STORM SEALS

Group, Organized, Evil

The pack circles high above, slow-moving specks against the cirrus clouds.

Instinct To enjoy the thrill of the hunt

- * Bide time, winding ever closer
- * Tear them from the mountainside
- * Toy with the injured

DANGER • CREATURE

GOTHLA WALKS-IN-FIRE

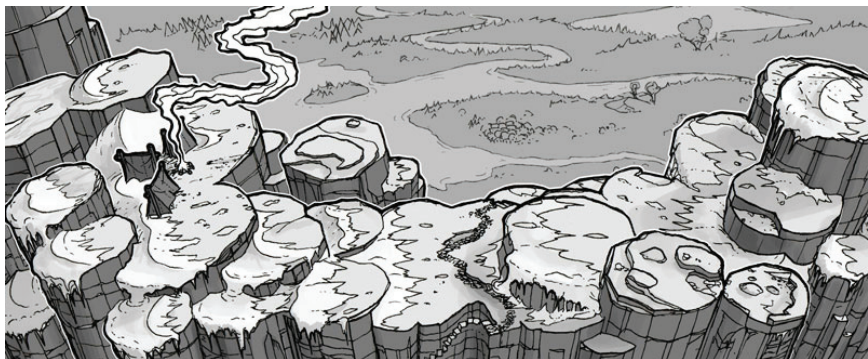
Solitary, Intelligent, Devious, Evil

Damage Tongue of fire 1d10+1 (*close*, *near*)
HP 12 **Armor** 1
Special Qualities Spellcaster

A sorcerer whose footprints flicker with orange fire.

Instinct To seek power over everyone

- * Lure them to where there is no easy escape
- * Strike a cruel bargain
- * Throw molten lead from a sleeve



AREA • THE SADDLE OF HEAVEN

Unsafe

At the top of the pass, the trail crosses a ridge slung between two mist-shrouded peaks. On a clear day, the lowlands on both sides of the mountains can be seen.

DISCOVERY • SITE

FORLORN CAMP

Neutral

You've smelled nothing for days; now, the tang of smoke. A flag snaps against the cold sky, above a sad-looking camp of three tents, half-buried in the snow, refuge of the CRAGMEN. Smoke rises if they have plenty, otherwise they huddle.

DANGER • CREATURE

CRAGMAN

Group, Intelligent, Organized

Damage Rusty knife 1d6+1 (*close*)

HP 6 **Armor** 0

Special Qualities None

Survivors, guides, outlaws, exiles. Torn between hospitality and hostility; may feign having nothing to spare and beg for alms. If they need to escape, they leap into the wind on great silken sheets, descending rapidly to the lowlands.

Instinct To ensure food doesn't run out

- * Feign poverty, hoard provisions
- * Make a collective stew, contributing only snowmelt
- * Find an excuse to eat the guests
- * Escape by leaping into the wind

DANGER • CREATURE

THE MOTHBEAR

Solitary, Large

Damage Talon-claws 1d10+1 (*close, reach, messy*)

HP 16 **Armor** 1

Special Qualities Flying

A drab bear as large as a grizzly, pawing at the rocks. The shale near the saddle crawls with a certain larva, hungrily gathered by the mothbear day and night.

Instinct To grow fat on whatever comes

- * Scatter them with a bluff charge
- * Trample those that flee
- * Reveal giant brown moth wings and take flight

DANGER • CREATURE

THE LORD OF HEAVEN

Solitary, Intelligent

Damage Indirect (see moves)

HP 12 **Armor** 0

Special Qualities Immaterial

A haughty and needy spirit haunts THE SADDLE. It presumes that travelers have come to beg and pray for succor, wisdom, or insight. Recognition fuels its pride; anything else, its desperation.

Instinct To demand recognition

- * Insist
- * Beg
- * Hurl them from the heights

Ahmaradis, the Pallid Dunes

Torrid, Coastal Desert, Unsafe, Holy, Barren, Neutral

Written & illustrated by Josephe Vandel • Edited by Justin Kähler

Details

- * Bone-white sand, bright with the sun
 - * Gentle wind, like whispers of the dead
 - * Tall chalkstone formations
 - * Pale-feathered carrion birds
 - * Fossilized trees, hard as steel
 - * Indistinct, low-frequency humming
 - * A lone figure atop a flowing rise
 - * RAINY SEASON: white grass grows and dies rapidly
-

Discoveries

SITE • THE LONELY LIGHT-TOWER

Safe, Neutral

The sole landmark of note on the coast of Ahmaradis, a crumbling spire whose ageless arcane light shines bright in the night. Members of THE PALLID WARD maintain a shrine here, and warn those who put ashore not to enter the sacred dunes. They trade precious silken fabric, produced in their sanctum, for food and herbs from itinerant merchants.

ENCOUNTER • THE PALLID WARD

Lawful

An ancient order of paladins who seek revelation by observing the movements of the dunes. Peaceful but honoring the ways of the sword, they are charged with the protection of the SUNKEN CITY, where their order originated. They are well-equipped to defend against raiders and fortune hunters.

AREA • THE WHITE SEA

Unsafe, Holy, Neutral

The dunes and heat of the desert play tricks on the traveler's mind. The way is easily lost, and some are doomed to wander in circles. Even those familiar

with desert may be confounded by the moody nature and unexpected movements of the dunes, which ebb and flow to a hidden pattern beyond mortal understanding.

AREA • VALLEY OF THE DOME

Unsafe, Evil

Among whirling dunes lies a valley of windstill ruins, the remains of a vast dome that once spanned nearly half a mile. No known civilization could have created this wonder. Strange iron chains of great length snake hither and yon, imbued with some dark energy; whatever they once bound may still roam this place. The sands sweep over heaps of rubble, among which may be found intact rooms and stairwells descending into the earth: one connects to the HALLS OF SILENT VOWS and another to the the NECROPOLIS OF BALREDIM.

AREA • HALLS OF SILENT VOWS

Safe, Holy, Lawful

The PALLID WARD built their temple out of marble blocks—carved with a confusion of waving lines and circles—scavenged from the SUNKEN CITY. Unlike their brethren elsewhere in Ahmaradis, all but one of the two score paladins dwelling here have taken an oath of silence. The one who has not guards the front gate, warning off those who would disturb the peace.

Anyone who speaks within earshot of the Pallid will be escorted out and forbidden to return. Anyone speaks out of earshot will be visited at night by the SILENT SISTERS.

AREA • NECROPOLIS OF BALREDIM

Unsafe, Evil

A large, domed subterranean crypt full of mummified corpses, bound tightly in bright white silk, as if freshly wrapped. The corpses sit upright on blocks of white marble, alone or clustered in groups. All face inward toward the center of the crypt, where a spiral stair leads down. A deep humming envelops any who descend, rising to a deafening level as the cathedral prison of the WHITE PRINCESS is approached.

AREA • THE SUNKEN CITY

Unsafe, Lawful

Splendor and beauty, buried beneath the sand. The city appears completely intact, under a timeless white sky. There is no treasure, no sign of life, and no exit, as any point of access vanishes upon entry. Only a low hum emanating from a huge cathedral in the center of the city breaks the dead silence. Within, the WHITE PRINCESS awaits.

Dangers

MONSTER • THE SILENT SISTERS

Horde, Small, Holy

Damage Bite 1d4 (*hand*)

HP 3 **Armor** 1

Special Qualities Poisonous

Dog-sized, white spiders, nearly invisible amongst the marble ruins. They punish all who break the sacred silence. Anyone bitten multiple times will lose their voice and feel the need to sit and rest as their heart slows to a near stop. The Sisters encase victims in silken webs—the same stuff used in trade by the PALLID WARD—and then nest in their still-living bodies.

Instinct To punish silence-breakers

- * Swarm them
- * Poison them
- * Encase them in silk



Map of Ahmaradis

MONSTER • THE WHITE PRINCESS

Solitary, Large, Terrifying, Evil

Damage Bite 1d12+4 (*hand*), spearlike forelegs 1d12+2 (*reach*, 2 piercing)

HP 24 or 12 (elven form) **Armor** 3 or 2

Special Qualities Poisonous

Black as the eldritch void, she dwells in the cathedral, bound therein by the eternal screams of those entombed in the NECROPOLIS, which combine to create the maddening, enveloping hum. Her bite causes unbearable pain and unstoppable screaming.

The Princess can transform into an elven noblewoman who speaks an ancient tongue understood by all. She offers freedom from agonizing death to any who survive first contact, asking them to release her by throwing open the cathedral doors. Only the Lawful have the power to do so, and only by this action can she leave her prison. If she reaches 0 HP in elven form, she will turn back into her original form.

Instinct To escape the SUNKEN CITY

- * Poison them
- * Feed on their screams
- * Bathe in their agony

Vannrik, the Lake Kingdom

Temperate, Lake, Cool, Safe, Lawful

Written & illustrated by Sophie Yanow

Details

- * Small islands, narrow causeways
 - * Wooden piers jut out from mossy, smooth, grey rocks
 - * Coral flowers
 - * Tall, thin white trees
 - * Mountains to the north
 - * Moderately windy
 - * A lilting tune, carried on the breeze
 - * SUMMER: bright green shrubs, grass
 - * WINTER: light snow
-

Discoveries

SITE • GAMLE BYEN

(GOM-luh BYEN, “Old City”)

Ruin, Unsafe, Neutral

At the easternmost point of the Lake sits a small group of two-story stone buildings. Overgrown with bright green grass, they give the appearance of a small hill. Beyond, a grass-covered stone wall encloses a large area, protecting what must once have been wooden structures, now rotted into scattered heaps. This is the Old City, abandoned years ago for safer steadying, after one too many raids from the East.

- * Who or what is fabled to reside here now, that even the raiders avoid?
-

SITE • LUTTERSKOG

(LOO-tur-skoke, “Luther’s Wood”)

Forest, Perilous, Neutral

The mainland south and east of NYBY is dominated by a hardwood forest, the wood from which is particularly excellent for the crafting of musical instruments. However, RADERFROSTE have been known to haunt the place, preying upon travelers and logging parties alike.

AREA • MUNN SKJÆRGIRD

(MUNN SKYARE-geerd, “Lakes-mouth Archipelago”)

Rocky Islands, Cool, Rainy, Neutral

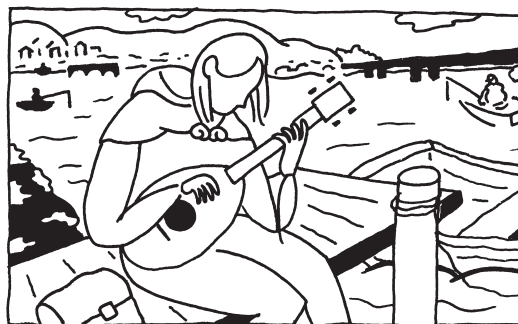
At its westernmost point, the Lake opens into the Bay, through an archipelago of rugged, scrubby islands. Fishing boats (from FISKIN) ply the Lake side, and traders’ barks (sailing to or from NYBY) ply the Bay side.

STEADING • FISKBIN (“Fishtown”)

Village, Poor, Steady, Militia, Resource (Fish), Oath (NYBY), Lawful

Small painted houses cluster along the shores of several islands of the MUNN SKJÆRGIRD, their residents piloting dories through narrow, deep channels and under the high wooden bridges that tie the shards of land together. Out in the water, a constant lilting murmur: bards accompany fishing parties, to sing the fish out of the water, as dictated by local tradition. In recent years fish have been scarce, but lately the songs have changed, and now the fruits of Lake and Bay are abundant.

- * What subtle difference has been noticed in the catch of late, and how have the Fiskbini reacted to it?



STEADING • NYBY

(NEE-bee, “New City”)

City, Moderate, Steady, Garrison, Market, Guild (Bards), *Oaths* (FISKBIN, trading port to the north), *Lawful*

The largest island in the archipelago, circumscribed by tall stone walls, broken by gates to the north and south which open onto bridges connecting the city to the headlands on either side of the Lake’s mouth. A thriving trade port has grown up around the southern gate and bridge.

- * Who sits at the head of the *Bystyret* (City Council)?
- * In what way does religion regiment the daily lives of Nyby’s citizens?
- * What resource to the north has recently become scarce?

SITE • SANGENSKOLE, THE POETICAL ACADEMY

(SANG-gin-skol-uh)

Safe, Lawful

Within the city walls, surrounded and isolated by a willow grove and a large garden, the SANGENSKOLE is renowned even beyond Vannrik. Ambitious students from the South make the trek each year to join its ranks. The Academy consists of one large building, with a great teaching hall at its center, and surrounded by a series of windowless recitation cells, where students may

practice without distraction. Bards are employed by nobility far and wide as record keepers, as well as aids in a variety of other tasks—land cultivation, forestry, and so on.

- * What is rumored to have happened in the Academy in recent history, which respectable folk refuse to discuss?

ENCOUNTER • YRDA THE ASPIRING

Quality +1, Loyalty +1

Song-wise

Instinct: question authority

Cost: knowledge

HP 3, Armor 0, Damage 1d4, Load 2

Yrda is a student in her second year at the SANGENSKOLE. She tells of a professor there who teaches songs that have nothing to do with the great bardic tradition she hopes to master. One of her friends was recently sent to prolonged isolated study after voicing questions about the new material, and Yrda seeks to know why.

SITE • BATEN TAKK

(BAH-tin TAK, “Cog of Thanks”)

Safe, Lawful

Each year, the *Bystyret* (City Council) of NYBY sails to the middle of the lake, and drops a treasure into its depths, in thanks for the protection granted by the waters. Year round, a small anchored boat remains, occupied by a detail of the city garrison that keeps watch over the sunken treasures. Among the offerings on the lake bottom is THE RUSTY DIRK.

TREASURE • THE RUSTY DIRK

0 weight

A small blade of flaking iron.

When you *point the Rusty Dirk at an enemy*, they become drowsy, and will fall asleep in time.





Dangers

CREATURE • MUDHOPPE

(MOOD-ah-puh, “mudskipper”)

Horde

Damage Sharp teeth 1d6 (*hand*)

HP 3 Armor 0

Special Qualities Amphibious, vulnerable to fire

Fish-like things with arms and jagged teeth, they move rapidly in or out of water. Called in from the Bay and driven to fury by the new bardic songs, but unable to differentiate between singing and spoken language; they therefore attempt to silence both.

Blue slime secreted from their eyes is a sign of rage and the source of CONTAMINATED WATER, which they spread wherever they swim.

Instinct To silence human voices

- * Tear out their throats
- * Devour their tongues
- * Return to the deep when the infernal lilting ends

HAZARD • CONTAMINATED WATER

Wherever the MUDHOPPE swim, the surrounding water becomes contaminated.

When you *ingest or allow an open wound to come into contact with contaminated water*, roll +CON: on a 10+, you will feel unwell for a day or two; on a 7-9, you become *sick* until treated by an apothecary in NYBY.

CREATURE • RADERFROSTE

(ROD-ur-frose-tuh, “Raiders from the East”)

Group, Organized, Intelligent, Chaotic

Damage Curved blade 1d8 (*close*) or short bow 1d8 (*near, far*)

HP 6 Armor 1

Special Qualities None

Bands of filthy, untrustworthy humans raid the LUTTERSKOG from base camps all along the southern and eastern shores of the Lake.

Instinct To acquire resources

- * Use past victims as bait
- * Demand all goods of value
- * Strip them bare

PERSONAGE • PROFESSOR SORN

Sorn’s ideas about the potential of poetics raised eyebrows in his home city in the South, so he removed himself from the scrutiny of his peers and accepted a position at the SANGENSKOLE. He brought with him a tome of ancient songs, forbidden in his homeland, but now being put to the test.

Instinct To prove them all wrong

- * Follow lines of inquiry, new and ancient, at any cost
- * Dissuade interlopers
- * Silence dissent with a song

Contributors

Donna Almendrala is a cartoonist who usually likes to draw chimps and submarines, but by day she works at the Schulz Studio, so lately she's been working more on her Snoopys and Charlie Browns. She spends most of her free time playing or obsessing about board games and RPGs.

You can find her work at donnaalmendrala.name and follow her RPG adventures on rollpluswis.tumblr.com

Rachel Kahn is an illustrator-cartoonist with a love of heavy metal, megafauna, and mighty-thewed barbarians.

She illustrates and designs concepts for indie and small-press videogames, tabletop games, and fiction, and self-publishes her sword and sorcery comics on Weald Comics.

When not in the studio, Kahn can be found continuing her studies in drawing, painting and prehistoric natural sciences, or playing any number of roleplaying games with friends.

You can read her comics at www.wealdcomics.com and see her illustration work at www.portablecity.net

Jeremy Strandberg has opinions about role playing games, especially *Dungeon World*. Some are nitpicky, others grandiose, and still others downright heretical, but he's usually willing to share them. You can find him at plus.google.com/+JeremyStrandberg or by posting at the Dungeon World Tavern.

Michael Prescott codes by day, games by night, and squeezes in a little illustration and writing on the side. He publishes a collection of two-page adventures at blog.trilemma.com

Josephe Vandel is an illustrator and mapmaker who has scribbled maps since he could hold a pen. He still has many worlds to explore, like those in his Patreon projects at www.patreon.com/mapforge

Sophie Yanow is a cartoonist and lover of many things fantastical, although her usual work tends towards "reality." She is thrilled to have finally written a small world for adventurers to explore. Her more mundane projects can be seen at www.sophieyanow.com

