



Caer Brys

By Chris Longhurst

Area and Setting

The sunken city of Caer Brys is a place where dead gods of the deep rest uneasy. Water flows through its abandoned streets and pools in its sunken cellars, and things lurk in the depths sustained by their proximity to crumbling divinity.

Locations

The Clocktower at the centre of the city is a landmark visible from almost everywhere within the Caer, a needle of gold and glass at odds with the rest of the city's crumbling stone construction. The hands of the clock still move, but they count unknown hours.

Mortician's Row is a cramped and claustrophobic tangle of streets and shopfronts where undertakers and embalmers used to promote their services. Now only the dead occupy this place, lurching and shambling after the warmth of living visitors.

The Rooftops offer some peace and quiet, and relatively simple transit around the flooded city. But they are not *safe* – something lurks even here, never quite in plain view, and all it takes is a single distracted mis-step to send you plummeting to the street below.

A Shattered Tomb used to be just another resting place for a leviathan god, but some geological force has cracked it open. Undying cultists and fiendish traps protect enchanted treasures within – and beyond them, the tomb itself, out of which constantly seeps a corrupting miasma.

Wanderer

Opal is a sorcerer-assassin of the Silver Hand, come to Caer Brys from the sun-baked lands of the surface. Her style is *practical*: grey and brown clothes with plentiful pockets and pouches, two knives for murder, and sorcery of shadow and moonlight. Her trinket is *a plain gold ring* on a chain around her neck. Her behaviour is *professional*, and she derives her power from her *extensive training*.

Other Characters

Ignatia is an ex-priestess who has come here to gloat over the corpses of those who once were gods. Her healing magic is potent but she has no time for glory-seekers or those who seek the secrets locked in the divine tombs.

Josef is a swashbuckling monster hunter from far Lenoa who has come to Caer Brys to slay some unspecified prey. Despite his easygoing demeanour, he holds others to exacting standards: it's remarkably easy to find oneself deemed a 'monster' who Josef will hunt.

Wormheart is one of the undead, although somehow still in possession of its full faculties. It scavenges the ruins and will trade what it finds for items which you have no use for – but can you trust it?

Siento is never seen, only ever speaking from the other side of a wall or hidden in the shadows. He offers secrets and guidance, but seems prone to strange seizures and spasms. Who is this mysterious assistant? *What* is he? And why is he helping you?

Special Cards

1. Even In Death
2. Unexpected Company
3. Their Own Agenda
6. A Bleak Mirror
19. Asepsis

Lore

- The base of the clocktower is struck through by a gargantuan arrow.
- A painting of the Caer Brys skyline, backed by an actual blue sky.
- Someone has attempted to make (succeeded in making?) fish-human hybrids.
- Something oily grows in the bodies of the dead.
- All of the older tombs are cracked open from the inside.
- The hands of the clock are slowing. The tower is winding down.
- A pool of water, clear and still as a mirror.
- A chamber of stone figures, of roughly human size and aspect, posed as if in the middle of an argument.
- A complex water clock that keeps the same time as the clocktower.
- An invitation to someone or something which should not be here.
- A complex orrery reflecting the movements of planets both known and unknown.
- Notes on the transformative potential of the flesh of the divine.



The Pale Meadow

By Chris Longhurst

Area and Setting

The Pale Meadow is an endless, rolling plain under a moonlit sky. White asphodel flowers grow everywhere, offering an earthly counterpart to the stars above. This is where the souls of the dead come when their earthly work is done. Not the great heroes who are whisked away to Elysium, nor the terrible fiends whose crimes in life damn them to Tartarus in death, but merely the rest of humanity.

Locations

The thirteen pillars sit in a loose circle. They are ancient, and only four are whole, the rest variously fallen or crumbled. As one of the few landmarks in the meadow, the dead tend to drift here – if you're looking for what passes for memory in this place, here is where you might find it.

The frozen garden is a patch of the meadow where the breeze doesn't move the grass, and the flowers sit eternally open. A powerful chill preserves everything here in ice, growing more intense as one approaches the centre. What lies there is unknown: even the dead can feel the cold here, and they give this place a wide berth.

Among the dead of the meadow there are those who seek damnation – who believe that they deserve worse than this – and the cramped, black *warrens* are where they dig endlessly in an attempt to reach Tartarus and their desired punishment.

The end of forever is a rumour among the dead. If you walk far enough through the meadow, they say, there eventually comes an end. It might be a wall, or a cliff, or a crack in the earth or a tear in space, but it offers the hope of *change*.

Wanderer

Our wanderer does not remember her name – here in the Pale Meadow memory flows and distorts like wax – but the coin under her tongue bears the name *Zoe*, meaning 'life', and that is good enough for now. Her behaviour is *purposeful*, setting her apart from the other drifting spirits of the dead, although her *ethereal* style of dress marks her as one of them. Her trinket is a *knife*, decorated with care and attention to detail; it was not hers originally, but it is now. Zoe's source of power is that *she has forgotten her own limitations*.

Other Characters

Dorotheos is a warrior denied his rightful place in Elysium, or so he claims. His shade certainly carries the physique of a soldier, and he is forthright and emotional as one would expect from a hero – and yet he is here, and not there.

The young woman *Ioanna* sits among the grasses and makes flower chains. She claims to know secrets, to have retained her memory – and the memories of others – in this place where doing so should be impossible.

Crow should not be here. A thing of violence and death, of rending claws and blood-drenched feasts, she should be haunting mortal battlefields with the rest of the Keres. But here she is, in the Pale Meadow, seeking answers to a mystery with the single-minded focus of a predator.

Hades is lord of the lands beyond life, and ruler of all who dwell there. He walks among his citizens often, tending them as they might have once tended a garden. His powers are limitless, but he would need a powerful reason to use them on behalf of a dead shade – even if such a shade could muster enough strength of self to want things in the first place.

Special Cards

- 6. A Bleak Mirror
- 9. Flashback
- 13. To Each, A World Entire
- 14. Visions
- 19. Asepsis

Lore

- There are fewer shades in the Pale Meadow than there used to be.
- A new flower is growing amid the asphodel.
- There is turmoil among the powers of Olympus.
- A swamp is spreading across the meadow.
- Black on black, stormclouds gather on the horizon.
- Broken pieces of fine thread float past on the breeze.
- A sickness spreads among the dead.
- Smoke on the wind. Something is burning.
- A makeshift shrine of fallen branches and woven grass, to power or powers unknown.
- Something caused these shades' flesh to melt and run like wax.
- Blood – real, human blood – stains the earth and spatters the flowers.
- The grass is dying.
- These look like asphodel flowers, but they're made of bone.