



UNDERGROUND + TERRORS

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What is this?

Underground Terrors is the twentieth monthly small release for **KULT: Divinity Lost**. This folio features a handful of Underworld events to witness, experience, learn from, die for, seek out and document, hear about, or else. Let them inspire and taint your campaigns as you please.



Characters, locations and incidents are portrayed from the metaphorical viewpoint of the *KULT: Divinity Lost* setting.



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UNDERGROUND TERRORS

When navigating the many levels of the Underworld, you will encounter many of its wonders. From enigmatic puzzles and lunatics to lively phantoms and strange artifacts. Below are some examples.

CLOSE TO THE SURFACE

- ◆ *In the middle of a dark tunnel, dozens of grimy doll heads hang from the concrete ceiling. Each head displays unique marks: random words, needles poking through the eyes, blood smeared across the forehead, and some have been stuffed with rotting flesh.*
- ◆ *A naked homeless man holding a crudely drawn map shivers and hums a christmas lullaby, bracing himself against the cold kiss of darkness.*
- ◆ *A narrow wooden staircase descending into the maintenance tunnels creeks, nails poking through the handrail and balusters. Someone carved an entire map of the labyrinth below across all of the steps. The mapper marked the place where they shall commit suicide.*
- ◆ *Bunk Beds and sleeping bags are neatly arranged next to the walls, a few centimeters away from the filth that arrives from the drain pipes. Sick pale bodies lie around in the dark, whimpering and mourning the dozen corpses that make them company.*
- ◆ *Unaware they are completely lost and forgotten, young Gynachids hide in the underground train cemetery in eternal wait for their progenitors who have gone out hunting.*
- ◆ *A massive iron door threatens to fall and disrupt the entire underground structure. Guardians of the Labyrinth study it closely.*
- ◆ *A hole in the wall takes wanderers up into the bowels of the underground caves all the way into Metropolis' sewers. Nachtkäfer fester inside the crevices of this hellhole, covering the crawlspace in acidic yellow fluid harmful to all organic materials.*
- ◆ *A couple of Borderliners fight extreme hunger by munching on strange mushrooms and lichen. In a few hours, the hallucinogenic properties will fuel their madness, resulting in great insights right before inevitable death.*
- ◆ *A candlelit trail leads to a room where small metal cages hold scared human captives. Abused and broken, they fear everyone who comes too close.*
- ◆ *A strange buzz accompanies the encroaching darkness.*
- ◆ *Flakchatters argue and shout at each other over the failed recording of a creature, completely ignorant of the spell that was cast to separate and lure them deeper into the underground tunnels. The Disciple of Sathariel cackles anxiously waiting for the first victim.*
- ◆ *A guttural squeal hails from down the mining railway. Insects instinctively scatter and hide.*
- ◆ *Prohibition Era smuggling tunnels open up to strange natural caves with fresh, crystal clear water.*
- ◆ *An Ephoria flushed down the toilet cries because of the fecal matter and sewage that further worsens its hideousness.*
- ◆ *Phantoms gather around a pile of books authored by Judith Schiller, reading the passages in silence.*
- ◆ *Rancid gusts of wind cause immediate gag reflections and vomiting. As stomach acid falls to the floor, larvae emerge from the filth to feast for the first time in days.*
- ◆ *An exposed, old metal clockwork arrangement clicks and clacks with the passage of electricity. Its gears operate seemingly on their own, moving an internal structure that is deeply attached to a Magistrate.*
- ◆ *A screaming Cairath makes its way through the toxic waste hardly enduring the harsh chemicals that burn its flesh.*
- ◆ *Eggs hatch inside the stinking waste.*
- ◆ *A weakened Elysium god sobs, sewing its wounds with nylon and fishing hooks.*
- ◆ *Inside a forlorn bunker, antique weapons are kept submerged in blood.*
- ◆ *Mycelium has grown everywhere, consuming everything it touches. Electric waves run through it like messages from the heavens above. When touched, first comes the intense pain. Then, the visions.*
- ◆ *A grand hall decorated with the corpses of forgotten gods and angels marks the entrance to Chokmah's citadel.*

WITHIN THE DEPTHS

- ◆ The guide's arachnid hand sticks out of the darkness. Tiny black beads etched on the forearm's sagging fat vibrate in anticipation of your touch.
- ◆ An elaborate coffin sealed with thick rusted chains guards the lifeless body of a Time and Space Magician laid over a bed of needles and blackened dead flowers. His mummified corpse hides strange written rituals inside the torso.
- ◆ The leader of a Madness cult makes love to the dying body of an Azadaevae. The being snivels its last wish as the projected illusions crumble into fine dust, revealing the cultist's loud and grotesque orgasm in full glory. Everybody else watches in silence.
- ◆ A cultist lies still on a stone altar recovering from a macabre operation. His allies have crafted and attached to him a new leg made out of wood and metal.
- ◆ Several bodies nailed to the walls wail in profound pleasure, kept alive with the aid of the euphoric and healing secretions harvested from the Underworld's alien fauna.
- ◆ A battered angel limps about. Unresponsive, mangled wings are dragged behind it leaving a trail of bloody feathers.
- ◆ A Child of the Underworld removes its skin with extreme finesse only to hang it to dry on an improvised clothesline next to its collection of skins.
- ◆ Hysterical Children of the Night perform a ritual in adoration of The Sore King, an abomination that invaded the Birth Chambers and, for some unknown reason, saved many humans from the cryotubes and artificial wombs.
- ◆ Gigantic industrial machinery once used to torture humans has turned into a home for cockroaches and Menonveem. Slowly, the nest expands towards the dreams of the solitary and excluded.
- ◆ The corridor twists around itself as gravity acts strangely.
- ◆ The Gransangthir has grown to block the tunnel, attaching its immense body to the stone walls. It quakes and sweats, inviting victims closer.
- ◆ A translucent arachnid bigger than an adult's head hisses while building a cocoon around a live rodent. Its web can be seen only if put against direct light.
- ◆ Wanderers explore a submerged church built by a cult serving She Who Waits Below, all of them guided by the Chosen One's madness.
- ◆ A loved one from the past makes an appearance as a Phantom, bearing a message from beyond Time & Space.
- ◆ A newly formed Zelothe frenzies, running towards nearby living chambers of Beryn. It craves revenge.
- ◆ Corpses float upwards inside a bottomless pit, ready to be consumed by the darkness above.
- ◆ The desiccated bodies of familiar Zatars rest peacefully inside a catacomb sunken in darkness.
- ◆ A wisp shines behind the debris. Following it leads to The World of Madness and Mazes.
- ◆ Mindless maimed bodies wander around looking for the phantoms that once possessed them.
- ◆ With a gentle hand gesture, the mourner's tears are pulled from his watery eyes like a fine thread. The hideous hag smiles, using it to weave strange symbols in the air.
- ◆ Obscured caves absorb and kill lights from all sources. Impenetrable, the place silently demands that wanderers have to rely on senses other than sight to navigate the area. A portal to the Temple of the Blind opens by the end of it.
- ◆ In the middle of a fetid black water pool, a swirl gains force as a new passageway to a lower level opens up at the epicenter. Human dejects and debris are slowly dragged inwards.
- ◆ Spontaneous pustules erupt on the skin. Viscous sweet pus comes out of it, a fine dinner for the hungry.
- ◆ Cultists naked under dirty white drapes kneel and pray before the chemically conserved head of a Biomechanical Keeper.
- ◆ Labyrinth escapees run about screaming profanities, punching blades against their scalps and scratching protective runes on the cave's wet walls.
- ◆ The rumbling starts once again, the underground passageways are changing. The corridor grows narrower by the second.