

For weeks now, bodies covered in grotesque pustules have been piling up on the streets of **NIGHTMARKET**. Bluecoats open fire on any person crossing the bridges that connect the trade district with the rest of Duskvol, even shutting down the rail station to stop the plague from spreading.

Your coven—the Cat’s Tail Coven—has almost completed a potion that should reverse the effects of the sickness and hopefully end the quarantine. High Priestess Selene ^(graceful, wise) summons you, members of the sisterhood, to the astral observatory. The floor is littered in scribbled notes and star charts.

*“We’re so close, yet I fear our efforts may be in vain. My grimoire instructs how to prepare the **SOULWEAVE** potion, but the final page has been removed, see? The last two moons I consulted with the stars. My attention was directed to a distant point in the **DEATHLANDS**. No person has set foot there for a thousand years, of that I’m sure. The grimoire’s page must be there—I implore you, my sisters, fetch it and save our coven!”*

ITEMS & APPEARANCE

fluffy or feathered companion — long robes — staff — bag of crystals — dark veil — herbs merchant’s finger bones — bracelets — shimmering earrings — a bone-handle dagger — elegant gloves scarf — deep cowl — flowy dress — pendant — lover’s locket — fortune-telling cards — pointy hat circlet — masquerade mask — rings — runic tattoos — pouch of incense — divination tools — candles

SCENES & COMPLICATIONS

*The rails across the canal into the Deathlands no longer crackle with electricity. You can cross here if you’re careful. A few **BLUECOATS** patrol the rail station’s perimeter.*

- ❖ A Bluecoat spots you and raises the alarm
- ❖ Guard dogs are released from their kennels

You approach a flooded cliff-side quarry. It would take considerable time to travel around, but the water is waist-deep and murky.

- ❖ A **TENTACLE** from an unseen horror grabs you
- ❖ It bites at you with its toothed beak
- ❖ Boulders tumble towards you from the cliffs

Deeper into the Deathlands, you stumble across an abandoned hamlet. Only a crumbling watchtower still stands amid the muck.

- ❖ A group of **HOLLOWS** bursts from the ruins
- ❖ The watchtower begins to collapse
- ❖ More Hollows converge on your location

*A **DEMON**, pretending to be a player’s friend or rival, tries to lure the witches into its lair.*

- ❖ The demon distorts the way forward, making it unclear which way is into or away from its lair
- ❖ The demon disguises itself as one of the witches, insisting that it’s the real one

*Soon, your path leads through a petrified forest. **CULTISTS** wearing horned animal masks step out of the shadows and insist you go no further.*

- ❖ The cultists raise a magical barrier around you
- ❖ They demand you accept the mark of their horned god before proceeding

In the place High Priestess Selene directed you to you is a covered well overlooking a shrouded valley. A voice mournfully echoes from the well.

- ❖ The voice demands a secret from each player
- ❖ The voice wants “an oath or a sacrifice”
- ❖ An angry **GHOST** emerges from the well

In a small metal box that lay at the bottom of the well is a carefully folded piece of parchment. It’s dirty and old, but it looks just like the pages High Priestess Selene showed you in her grimoire. On it in blue ink are runic symbols and instructions in a language you don’t recognize.

TO BE CONTINUED