The air in the **Lampblack** warehouse is thick with the stench of coal dust and death. The gang’s formidable lieutenant—**Henner** (loyal, stout)—squeezes her broad frame through a doorway. Behind her, Lampblack enforcers pile shrouded bodies onto stretchers.

“The Red Sashes sent their best fighters after us and we just barely survived. Baz is leading a counterattack tomorrow night with our remaining cutters. While he draws their attention, you’re going to hit them where it hurts—their drug production.”

“We have reports of Sash couriers making deliveries to a warehouse in the **Docks** district, but the Lampblacks we sent to investigate a week ago have yet to return. Your mission is to infiltrate, sabotage their facility, and if possible, extract our men.”

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| Approach & Obstacles |
| **Approach:** The Red Sashes warehouse at the edge of the Docks district looks very ordinary at first glance. Exposed timber beams jut out over a narrow alley, framing the dingy off-white plaster walls.   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | **Warehouse Interior:** Disguised Red Sashes patrol this area and prevent access.  ❖ Couriers bring deliveries  ❖ Unassuming crates  ❖ Hidden trapdoor hides a staircase to a lab below | **Drug Laboratory:** Hulls carry flasks of viscous liquid between vats of Iruvian salt.  ❖ The blind **Hulls** have excellent hearing  ❖ Racks of empty Hollows  ❖ Volatile mixtures | **Fermentation Chamber:** In metal barrels, liquified human bodies feed into a machine.  ❖ The chamber door is sealed  ❖ Sash **Zealots** stand guard  ❖ Activities in this room have created a **Spirit Well** |   *“Lots of people have been going missing from the Docks lately. Wonder if that’s related.”* |

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| Scenes & Complications |
| |  |  | | --- | --- | | *Bloody footprints lead to a hidden trapdoor. A Red Sash thug confronts you. “This area is off limits. Leave, if you know what’s good for you.”*  ❖ A courier arrives with a satchel of Iruvian salt  ❖ A thug stabs you with a syringe, injecting you with a large dose of **Drown Powder**  ❖ A ghostly presence lingers in the footprints | *The blind Hulls in the laboratory don’t detect you if you don’t make noise.* ***Rillian****, the foreman, picks his teeth near a sealed door.*  ❖ Rillian hurls a silver dagger at you  ❖ Hulls sense your presence and lunge for you  ❖ A flask of liquid drops into a vat, setting off a chain reaction throughout the room | | *The* ***Ghost Field*** *is weakest in the Fermen-tation Chamber. The machine fills vials with a thick, foul-smelling goo. Two masked Red Sash Zealots guard a single Lampblack prisoner.*  ❖ A Zealot slashes at you with a curved sword  ❖ A ribbon billows out at you, slicing your arm  ❖ A barrel tips and spills onto the floor | *The machine quivers as a fuzzy tear of light appears in the air. Through the tear climb several confused and angry* ***Ghosts****.*  ❖ The Ghosts mistake you for Red Sashes  ❖ A Ghost tries to possess its liquid remains—creating an enraged ameoba-like monster  ❖ More Zealots enter the chamber | |

Henner’s clenched fists shake as you recall your encounter in the Warehouse. She takes a deep breath before handing you a coin pouch. She addresses you with a trembling voice.

“I—I can’t believe this. This is no longer just a war for turf. The Red Sashes must be utterly destroyed. Send word to our allies in the Fog Hounds. It’s time we paid a visit to Ironhook Prison—the Furies are about to make an early bail.”