There is a place beneath these ancient ruins, in the moor, that calls out to the boldest among them…

"We are the Flame!" they cry, "And Darkness fears us!"

They descend, spurred on by fantasies of riches and redemption, to lay bare whatever blasphemous abnormality may slumber restlessly in that unholy abyss…

But Darkness is insidious. Terror and madness can find cracks in the sturdiest of armors, the most resolute of minds…

And below, in that limitless chasm of chaos, they will realize the truth of it.

"We are not the Flame!" they will cry out, "We are but moths and we are doomed!"

And their screams will echo amidst the pitiless cyclopean stones…

Of the

Darkest Dungeon®

You will arrive along the old road.

It winds with a troubling, serpent-like suggestion through the corrupted countryside. Leading only, I fear, to even more tenebrous places.

There is a sickness in the ancient pitted cobbles of the old road and on its winding path you will face viciousness, violence, and perhaps other damnably transcendent terrors.

So steel yourself and remember: there can be no bravery without madness.

The old road will take you to hell, but in that gaping abyss we will find our redemption.

Gain +1000 CP.



Origins

"Women and men, soldiers and outlaws… fools, and corpses. All will find their way to us now that the road is clear." The wanderers who have come here to the Hamlet have backstories as varied and tragic as the tales of the Hamlet itself. For the sake of expediency they have been generalized into four main categories, of which you may pick one:

The Light- *"Let each help the other, and in so doing, help themselves."* Servants of the Light, and the Holy Flame, and the Blood. Although numerous holy wars carried out by the most fanatic sects of the Church- along with the deep zealotry that the Light inspires in some, rivaling that of even the cultists found on the estate- has cast the pious in a bad light, the plight of the Hamlet has nonetheless attracted its followers for the purposes of charity and righteous crusade.

The Dark- *"They meet in secret, that none may know the terrifying depths of their inquiries."* Though the corruption that has seized the surrounding acres bears the mark of eldritch energies, there are those who cavort with daemons and other non-worldly beings who would rather see it expunged than spread. Hailing from far-off lands or the darkest of laboratories, these individuals have turned their vile rituals and strange experiments to the service of the common good… much to the chagrin of the more superstitious or devout arrivals.

The Law- *"Seditionists and heretics skulk in the alleys- they must be found out!"* The Hamlet, far removed from the authority of any one kingdom or country, is no stranger to wandering law-men. Be they soldiers of fortune who have decided to throw their lot in with the side of righteousness, vigilantes with a cause all their own, or simply men trying to do the right thing- lawlessness and degradation will be answered with unsympathetic steel, and the tightening of the noose.

The Gray- *"The shadows hide the guilty and guilt-ridden alike."* Ideology and philosophy are always the first to falter when hunger and desperation set in. Or perhaps the covetous nature of mankind is what led these poor souls to their life of crime. No matter; the riches of the Ancestor's vast estate call to rich and poor, hero and villain alike. Luckily for those in the Hamlet not all robbers are birds of a feather- and the occasional picked-pocket or missing heirloom is a small price to pay for such valuable expertise.

Regardless of which path you take you will gain one 100 CP Perk from your Origin for free, and will also gain a discount on one Perk of each tier above that; the same terms apply to Trinkets associated with your Origin as well, though you will also gain an additional discount on one 100 CP Trinket that belongs to your Origin. Note that Trinkets don't necessarily need to be worn, or even used; merely keeping them on your person is enough to provide benefits. Age and sex may be chosen for free as such things are of little consequence here.



Location Overview

You will arrive along the Old Road, your first test of mettle before reaching the Hamlet. From there you shall have your pick of dalliances and diversions, as well as your choice of unsettling locales to explore…



Old Road- *"Brigands have run of these lanes. Keep to the side path; the Hamlet is just ahead."* The old road winds perilously along the cliff-faces overlooking the Hamlet, but the ancient and cracked cobblestones do lead there… if one can survive the few brigands desperate enough to prey on mercenaries and innocent travelers alike.



Hamlet- *"The degeneracy of the Hamlet is nothing, I fear, when compared to the condition of surrounding acres."* Your new home, as decrepit as it is. Once coin starts to flow into the town's coffers several locations catering to adventurers will open for business. Whether you frequent the brothel or the abbey, the guild or the sanitarium, the survivalist or the graveyard… there is much to do here. In time, further districts may open once the Heir has acquired enough relics and funds to build them.

Ruins- *"The fiends must be driven back, and what better place to begin than the seat of our noble line?"* The halls of the Ancestor's estate now overrun with bones of his own ancestors and the men they led into battle. They are given unholy life by undead Necromancers, who endlessly raise the ancient and freshly dead to fill their vast armies. Cultists can be found listening to the words of a deranged prophet among the shattered pews and desecrated artifacts of the Light.





Weald- *"Corruption has soaked the soil, sapping all good life from these groves- let us burn out this evil."* The forest, once a relatively peaceful place, has been overtaken by an infestation of blighted mushrooms bred by a cannibalistic hag. Home to all manner of beast and men, brigands similar to the ones you encountered along the Old Road also dwell here- despite the danger to body and mind- their great engines of war breaking the unearthly silence.

Warrens- *"They breed quickly down there in the dark, but perhaps we can slay them even faster."* The tunnels beneath this land predate even the earliest settlers; the remnants of some lost civilization, now filled with teeming hordes of swine-folk led by their lord and king. This disease-ridden pit of offal has given birth to numerous horrors due to the possessed pig-flesh that grows in its depths.





Cove- *"These salt-soaked caverns are teeming with pelagic nightmares- they must be flushed out!"* A vast network of interconnected caves, located perilously close to the ocean- such that all manner of sea-life can live in their depths. The fishmen, born both from their queen and unholy transformation delivered unto surface dwellers by their gaping, toothy maws, are joined in these depths not only by the aquatic life they have tamed, but also by the sunken crew of a vessel once employed by the Ancestor.



Courtyard- *"Soaked and sinking, these stone terraces and sprawling gardens are the site of long forgotten revelry… and well remembered regret."* This maze of gardens and pavilions, once resplendent and decadent, has now been reclaimed by the swamp they were built upon. The nobles who attended the festivities have been transformed into hideous vampiric creatures, as have their servitors and the wildlife that has ventured back into the overgrown maze of hedges and statue-work. At the center is their matriarch; the originator of this Crimson Curse.



Farmstead- *"A lifetime of pious toil, an eternity of suffering."* A vast and blighted farmland, overseen by a crumbling mill. Where once grain and other crops flowed, now only a harvest of the damned lies- waiting to be reaped by those seeking the arcane fragments of the stars that they carry. These Husks still follow the commands of the poor Miller- and he, the wordless bellows of the nameless thing that has come to rest in the earth beneath his once-bountiful farm. Time and space distort chaotically here, bringing forth all manner of great and terrible things from the past- and perhaps, the future- and any amount of time and effort wasted trying to clear the fields will prove fruitless, time having passed not at all in the outside world once the expedition is inevitably forced to flee the unending hordes. Heroes who fall to death or madness here may return, changed by the alien light and colors found on the farmstead into lunatics with a hunger for the crystalline shards of alien malignity.

Butcher's Circus- *"The campaign can wait. For now, carnage calls!"* As of late a madwoman has appeared in town, looking to take advantage of the steady stream of talented mercenaries, adventurers, and anyone else willing to step into the ring of battle against their fellow man. Although the blood spilled at this so-called "circus" does not feed the Thing waiting beneath the manor, one must question whether the trinkets she offers are really worth the piles of corpses left behind after every engagement- as entertaining as the sport may be for those watching from the stands.





Darkest Dungeon- *"Once again, the stars are right and the manor sits at the very center of cosmic unrest. Cultists rally to their twisted idols and great gongs sound in anticipation of the coming sacrifices. Far below, life-laden shadows pulse to the unrelenting rhythm of a beating heart."* The manor that sits at the heart of this entire ordeal, as well as the final resting place of the Ancestor. The tunnels leading ever downwards are fraught with danger and very little of value, but if you wish to excise the corruption plaguing the land you must tread these halls in search of darkness even deeper still. Only when you reach the end of this black abyss will you discover the final, eldritch truth… of the Darkest Dungeon.

The Mountain- *"In the howling darkness of the end men will become monsters. But hope will ride with those courageous enough to carry the Flame."* One destination along the path, or perhaps the end of it; the road to the Mountain will open in time, but the horrors that stalk those frigid peaks and tundras are as of yet unknown.





The Light Perks

The heroes most attuned with the Light typically focus on one of two things; supporting their allies with healing and blessings to enhance their strength and aim, or on being front-line fighters who can weather blows with steel and hardened flesh, dealing massive damage when the time is right. Their abilities typically manifest through light, although as a consideration you may choose how that happens- for instance lightning instead of flame, though the difference won't truly matter.



We are the Flame! (100 CP)- *"A ray of sunlight. A beacon of golden hope."* Even heroes need to see if they are to traverse the ruins, and where torchlight may fail divine radiance shines the way. Your devout acts of faith and usage of holy miracles strengthens the light, allowing torches to burn longer and brighter and even lighting flames that have faded entirely- at least until the darkness closes in once again. In battle, you can make your weapon shine with enough light to illuminate those who skulk in the darkness, perhaps even stunning these lurking terrors with your radiance. Doing this will only strengthen the light little, for all that you're directly channeling the Light for the purposes of your miracles, but standing at the front of your party and daring your enemies to go through you may well rekindle a spent torch entirely.

Crusade (100 CP)- *"Behold- righteousness and zealotry- gleaming in the morning sun."* There are few things that can be said about the Light; that it is anathema to the wandering dead is one of them. Although not necessarily opposed to the eldritch- which may have some disturbing theological implications if one thinks about it- the Light does indeed scour the clattering bones and rotting flesh of the undead and the unholy beyond what ordinary swings of a weapon should accomplish. As one of its champions, you will find yourself capable of imbuing your attacks with its power to bring the Light's judgement to forgotten crypts and the lairs of necromancers. Furthermore the rigors of long campaigns has strengthened your body, giving some small protection against blade, arrow, and other physical methods of spilling blood.



Zealous Leader (200 CP)- *"This day belongs to the Light!"* These forays into the surrounding ruins and wild places are no mere picnic; without a strong leader death is sure to find your fellow soldiers. Perhaps it was one of the hundreds of holy wars fought in recent years, or merely leading sermons; either way, you have gained an inspiring presence, stifling fears when seen charging into the fray and even encouraging others to fight on through near-mortal injuries. A speech alone could work wonders for morale, let alone the encouragement you can give one-on-one- even in the heat of battle, a choice word here or there can bring an ally back from the brink of madness and death.

Solemnity (200 CP)- *"Strength, purpose, and peace- all can be found in the focused mind."* Although typically used to support others, the power of the Light can also be channeled inwards. By taking a moment to focus in battle you can heal body and mind, closing wounds and soothing fears and other stresses. If rejuvenation is not what you desire, than you can instead hone your body and mind- increasing your resistances to various ailments for the duration of battle, or doing the same for the strength and accuracy of your arm. Doing this may leave you open to attack, however; so be sure you can afford to do so and that your efforts wouldn't be better spent doing something else.



From Sickness, Strength (400 CP)- *"Suffer not the lame horse, nor the broken man."* When medicine fails true paragons find the strength to carry on through faith, and sheer willpower. As the bile flows, the blood boils; as the limbs shake, they become strong; as the mind falters, the heart strikes true! When disease wracks the body and mind, you'll find yourself strengthening in other ways to face the adversity within and without. The common cold may provide paltry gains, but a leper could shed blood like rain with this using naught but a broken blade. Paradoxically, being strengthened in this way typically staves off death from illness- though not necessarily the suffering it causes. But even when insanity claims your mind, making you erratic, you tend to act more of than not in your best interests- and with more vigor, unhinged as it may be.



Sanctify (400 CP)- *"Gilded icons and dogmatic rituals… for some, a tonic against the bloodshed."* The healing power of miracles and the wielding of holy radiance to smite your enemies is but one verse in the book of the Light. Just as effective are the variety of blessings one attuned to its powers can bestow, as well as the warding rituals used to sanctify churches- which may also be used to ward an area for rest should you decide to take a break while exploring, preventing the forces of darkness from intruding on your temporary sanctum for a time. One can even heal the deepest of mortal wounds which would otherwise require more in-depth healing on the operating table. These powers are yours, though they're best utilized when at rest due to the time they take. Also; you have the ability to bless water, allowing it to cleanse profane artifacts and ward against dark magic and other crippling forces in combat.

Keeper of the Flame (600 CP)- *"Compassion is a rarity in the fevered pitch of battle."* Healing. The simplest of the Light's promises, and yet one of the most effective for prolonged campaigns and short fights alike. Imbued with this power by the Holy Flame, you now have the ability to spread this gift to others- knitting their wounds even as they are split open and making even grievous wounds disappear with sustained channeling. Although this won't do much more than heal some of the blood loss for especially nasty cuts- and nor will it neutralize poison- it will keep these things from pushing someone over the edge, allowing the wound to clot and the poison to metabolize. Your powers are such that they can be extended to a small group of people- including yourself- allowing you to keep an entire group from the boatman's clutches, so long as luck and speed is still on your side.



Martyr (600 CP)- *"Those who covet injury find it in no short supply."* There is purity in flagellation, or so some followers of the Light say. The rending of one's flesh can cleanse the mind as easily as prayer and meditation. And if done religiously, you may find yourself gaining unique insight into the holiness of scarification- something which you can share with your foe-men, as well as your allies. Lash your back and the drops of blood will lance your enemies likes knives, lacerating their flesh and making them bleed as you do. Take the burdens from others, gaining their cuts and poisons and even their stress so you can suffer in their place. And, when you're on death's door, unleash your accumulated trauma- regenerating your own wounds to keep the punishment coming, and either restoring the health of an ally or bleeding an enemy severely as well. The burden of suffering must be shared, but you will carry more than your fair amount- and if you truly believe, you'll love every second as you fulfill your holy mission.

The Darkness

These individuals have few similarities, save for a bent towards the scholarly and the arcane among most. Common trends include playing support for more front-line fighters and crowd control through pestilence or hex, though just as many use daggers and knives to fight- when backed into a corner, at least.



Incensed (100 CP)- *"Great is the weapon that cuts on its own!"* A censer; a humble weapon for someone who claims to offer aid against the forces of darkness. But the usage of incense has long been a part of ritual works, and their power holds true even outside of those undertakings. You have the knowledge required to create a variety of strange powders that, when burned, provide some utility in combat- slight as it may seem. Poisonous vapour, fumes that fortify the body, and gases that heighten agility. These powders may even have other uses; a volatile mix of gunpowder may explode when thrown to the ground, throwing off aim, and another may be applied to the body to increase resistance to a variety of ailments- at least until sweat washes it away.



Gaze of the Abyss (100 CP)- *"The abyss returns even the boldest gaze."* It is said that when you gaze into the abyss, the abyss gazes back. But you will not be the first to blink. Your mind is made of sterner stuff, and fear and panic has less sway- even eldritch forces will not distort your sanity as it would the uninitiated. Your own spells and blows also seem to cut especially well against eldritch forces, perhaps as a consequence of your familiarity with them. But be wary; a death of a thousand cracks in the mind can kill just as easily as a thousand cuts to the flesh.

Watch Your Back (200 CP)- *"Circled in the dark, the battle may yet be won."* All the knowledge you have; wasted, if you take to the front lines and end up with an axe through your skull. Your skills are better put to use in the back, where all you have to fear are spells and arrows and the incompetence of your party members. As such, you have a nimbler step that allows you to easily reposition yourself and dodge attacks- or set up an ally up to take one in your place. And if you still feel like taking a swing, your uncanny footwork would easily allow you to lance at an enemy even when you're near the rear of your party... somehow.



Cursed Hexes (200 CP)- *"Curiosity, interest, and obsession- mile markers on my road to damnation."* Among the vast variety of spells and incantations are those most suitable for combat; perfect for supporting nearly any other hero as their debilitating effects take hold of the enemy or offering mixed benefits to your allies. You have a trio of such hexes, curses, and dark blessings; perhaps you stitch your allies together with chaotic magic, which can do more harm than good, or maybe you weaken your enemies physically or leave them open to future attack somehow.

Antiques and Relics (400 CP)- *"Idol, amulet, or lucky charm- the simplest object can be a talisman against evil."* The best support one can provide, aside from keeping your allies on their feet, is monetary in nature. As someone with an eye for curios and relics- as well as the skill at packing needed to stuff even more of the boundless treasures you will encounter in these darkened halls into your sacks and satchels- you would be a welcome addition to any team. Not only do you often find valuable artifacts and gold in the mud and ruins, but also powerful trinkets- masterfully crafted or supernatural equipment that can give your allies benefits when worn, used, or kept. Though, a large amount are double-edged swords; sometimes because of their unsettling nature, other times because of their construction or nature. Although the Trinkets purchased here don't have this restriction, a person can also only use two at a time even if they are seemingly mundane.



Medical Warden (400 CP)- *"The preponderance of rare and exotic injuries make this place perfect for the study of suffering."* Ah, science. As a learned scholar in the fields of medicine, surgery, and rehabilitation, your skills are best put to use in town where you can operate with frightening speed in the right circumstances, curing both debilitating mental illnesses and crippling disease in around a week's time- though soothing stresses and other therapeutic methods are, ironically, not your strong point. But should you take to the dungeon you'll find yourself still capable of putting your skills to use, at least if you can take the time to enact them- the usage of leeches to suck out bad humors is a delicate one, after all, not something one can do in the midst of combat. To say nothing of how your knowledge of vital organs, muscles, and veins allows you to bleed enemies like a stuck pig with only a simple dagger, or how your knowledge can let you quickly patch up the mildly injured even in a fight.

Alchemist's Brews (600 CP)- *"Finally the serum is working, and the side-effects are… manageable."* Among the Ancestor's pursuits in his quest for ultimate knowledge was the study of alchemy. The transmutation of materials and the creation of tonics to bolster mortal flesh- or melt it away like so much putrid meat- is valuable. As a fellow student your knowledge pales in comparison to what he learned before his demise, but you may still make use of it. You are capable of creating noxious liquids and gasses that melt and poison in equal measure, as well as a variety of substances that explode into bright flashes of light to stun. You also have a few recipes which can be used to aid your allies, such as an invigorating tincture that increases strength and speed for a while, and a sort of cure-all that heals cuts and poisons and restores a bit of vitality- though diseases of the mind are not so easily healed. By experimenting you may be able to create new and interesting weapons and medicines with your knowledge of alchemy; and there are doubtlessly tomes to learn from and interesting subjects you can dissect to expand your understanding of the world… perhaps with time even the creation of homunculi or monstrosities of your own will be withing your grasp.

Dark Communion (600 CP)- *"Let me share with you the terrible wonders I have come to know…"* An arcane ritual; a pact with something from beyond time and space. Having struck a bargain with some fickle entity of the abyss, you now have the ability to direct it in battle; summoning tendrils- an insignificant portion of the beast's true form- from hellish portals to batter your enemies into submission, pull them from their ranks, and flatten them with the eldritch force imbued in each grasping limb. Or, if this servitude is unagreeable then you can set yourself as a master of the living dead instead. Although your necromantic powers will have yet to grow to maturity you can still cause the dead to burst forth from the ground to grasp the ankles of your enemies, pulling them out of line or simply tearing them limb from limb… with enough time to "negotiate" or further your studies, you may conjure even greater things to do your bidding- or even make them fight alongside you autonomously, rather than merely following your commandments. Lastly, you may commune with this being- or the spirits of the dead- to petition them in warding your camp, strengthening an ally, or even bringing one back from death's door… at increasing cost to both the light of your campfire and the sanity of yourself and your fellows, as a price for their meddling in mortal affairs. So long as they don't differ from these principals, you may choose something aside from the eldritch or the undead to command, as well- perhaps plant-life that grows and wilts with unnatural speed, or swarms of rats to gnaw your foes to death?



The Law Perks

Those aligned with Lawfulness, unsurprisingly, work best as part of a team- setting up a single enemy for massive damage, killing the most dangerous opponents before they can do real damage and supporting each other when needed. When directed by a strong leader, they may well be even fiercer than the zealots and criminals…



Planned Offensive (100 CP)- *"Every creature has a weakness. The wise hero trains for what she will face."* Poison and acid for the eldritch and unholy, and cutting weapons to bleed out the living and diseased. A strong hammer and chisel for dismantling beasts and automatons with stony hides. You have a good sense for what methods of attack will work, and which will prove ineffective, against any particular foe you happen to face. Some of this is logical- after all, you can't pull blood from a stone, or a skeleton- but your sense of intuition will also point out less obvious strengths and vulnerabilities, like how bloodsuckers are easily bled but are more resistant to blight. Less physical weaknesses- an opponent being left open after attack, for instance- are also easier to spot and exploit.

Sight Prey (100 CP)- *"Death waits for the slightest lapse in concentration."* Hunters of men and beast are more alike than they may first seem, though their methodologies may differ. Track them down, and bring them down with precision and power. You may have more of the former rather than the latter, but being able to swing a weapon and not miss even when your enemy tries to evade is just as valuable as being able to land a shot from a bow or rifle. You take it a step further than most, being a champion marksman (or markswoman). It may be harder to hit a target in the heat of battle against the forces of evil than a stationary target, but a moment of clarity and a little luck may give you the perfect shot. As a bonus, your nature as a hunter of man or beast has given your attacks especially effective against one of the two.



Bulwark (200 CP)- *"Many fall in the face of chaos; but not this one, not today."* Not every soldier is alike; in fact, when mustering in smaller forces it is often better to have a diverse team of specialists rather than a rank of identical soldiers, to better deal with a variety of threats. Still, this comes with a fresh problem where not everyone on your side will be as equally competent in a fight, or at least not when thrust onto the front lines. The easiest way to mitigate this weakness? Compensate for it; if they cannot protect themselves, you will have to be their shield. You excel when it comes to defending others- and yourself, for that matter- and while hiding behind a shield or other barrier isn't exactly glamorous it is effective, when you do it at least. Not only that, but seeing as the best offense is a good defense you'll find is far simpler to react to being attacked, lashing out with a weapon even as theirs bounces off your shield or finds its way into your flesh.



Breakthrough (200 CP)- *"Their formation is broken- maintain the offensive."* Push and pull, reposition and flank. A strong formation alone can make a group of fighters far more affective than if they marched as they pleased. Whether it's pulling those from the back ranks to the front so your allies can set upon them, or pushing sturdier foes to the back where their strength is useless, you excel at positioning your enemies in advantageous ways through force or trickery. Naturally, this also gives you a good sense of the weaknesses and strengths of your group's current positioning, as well as how you can more easily get them in proper form should ambush or other attack somehow set them into disarray.

Tamed and Trained (400 CP)- *"The bigger the beast, the greater the glory."* There have ever been those who have used animals for warfare, ever since the days when man first tamed wolves or domesticated horses for riding and labor. The choice to bring such creatures here, to the Hamlet, with all manner of predators that make prey of man and beast alike is an interesting one to say the least- but under the tutelage of a master animal trainer they can make for surprisingly effective soldiers in their own right. You are one such person, capable of taking nearly any animal and raising it into a weapon of war, as well as a faithful companion. Although you may not have as much success in taming the truly feral or monstrous, even that may be possible. Once your bond has grown it will almost feel like they are an extension of yourself; the commands coming quick and followed just as easily. Such is your bond that taking a moment to pet your loyal friend can even restore both of your bodies, not to mention the effects that having it around will have on moral- or the utility a keen sense of smell and an extra pair of eyes might bring.



Battlefield Scout (400 CP)- *"Alone in the woods or tunnels, survival is the same. Prepare, persist, and overcome."* Battlefield control is but one factor in determining who will come out on top in a skirmish. The battlefield itself can be a major deciding factor in how it will go. The presence of traps may unexpectedly cripple a fighter, or an ambush may route an expedition in moments; not to mention the siren lure of treasure, glittering in the dark, hiding menaces all their own. For you, such conditions are almost always favorable, owing both to your own scouting abilities, a keen eye, and the unusual luck you have when it comes to finding maps and other signs of what lies ahead. You are far more likely to ambush your foes than the opposite, giving your party ample time to pick off some of their number before they even have the chance to act, and even the most insidiously hidden of traps are easily evaded. Finally, you come across secret rooms with surprising frequency; the hidden chambers often holding fabulous treasures, grisly trophies, or unexpected allies.

Mark for Death (600 CP)- *"True desperation is known only when escape is impossible."* All that lives must one day expire, and with strange aeons even beings of cosmic malevolence can die. And you are the one who arranges meetings with the reaper, and it is by your command that others meet him. By simply pointing out at an enemy, you open them up for extreme damage; making them stumble when they try to dodge, and weakening armor and flesh. Although you can only "mark" one being in this way at a time, others are more than capable of taking advantage of this weakness- and the more precise their attack, the more damage they are capable of dealing. With this and luck some of the strongest abominations can be felled with but a few blows.



Commander of Arms (600 CP)- *"A fever of willful determination sweeps through the barracks!"* Dodge! Strike! Such is your command of the battlefield that even the simplest orders, from your mouth, can make an ally fight better- making them harder to hit, less susceptible to trauma, and granting them the precision to make the best of every blow they make. Not only that, but your barks and screams are intimidating enough to make even the dead falter with uncertainty- giving your fellow soldiers a chance to attack while they are distracted and off guard. Finally, you are simply a damn good soldier- well-trained, and more than capable of training others to follow in your footsteps, if they live long enough to internalize your lessons. Even if they have a foreign, alien fighting style you will be able to impart lessons and principals on all those willing to spar or listen to your words.

The Gray Perks

As for the remainder, heroes on the gray side of morality often have a selfish outlook to combat, mainly focusing on benefiting themselves or working on their own. However this doesn't mean that they don't work well with others; it just means they excel at being independent, with a few exceptions.



Graven Robber (100 CP)- *"To the resourceful thief, burials are merely… ephemeral affairs."* Robbing the dead. Immoral, perhaps, but it's not like they're using it- and if they are, all the more reason to take their treasures for yourself! Whether robbing the sarcophagi and coffins left behind by the Ancestor's long lineage or rooting through the pockets of the more recently deceased- or the guts of some fresh abomination- you always seem to find something of worth. Fistfuls of gold, glittering gems, supplies, heirlooms, and even rarer treasures. Of course the value of these treasures will depend on how hard they were to claim- the tombs of the rich are guarded more fiercely than the holes dug for the poor, and so stronger beings hoard more valuable valuables. Furthermore your unclean fingers have given you a stronger immune system, making you less likely to contract diseases even in the most squalid of conditions.

Luck of the Draw (100 CP)- *"Good fortune and hard work may yet arrest this plague."* Luck; that most ephemeral of qualities that all seem to claim, for good or for bad. Just as the roll of a dice determines the winner at the gambling hall, so to does chance play a part in combat. Fortunately the fates seem to smile upon you; a roll of the dice and the flip of a coin landing in your favor more often than not. Although this won't save you from certain peril or truly unfortunate circumstances your good luck can make the difference between narrowly avoiding harm or death- and what's more, your own strikes seem to be far more likely to both hit their mark and deal grievous harm. Needless to say, but you could easily win a good stake at the gambling tables.



Shadow Fade (200 CP)- *"The darkness holds much worse than mere trickery and boogeymen."* To disappear into the shadows, as if you were a thing molded from them; easy when you haven't been seen, far harder when hateful eyes are already upon you. Your skills are such that doing so is possible however, slipping into shadows or side-passages or otherwise hiding in a way that almost suggests invisibility in the span of a few seconds- someone could blink and miss your egress. While such maneuvers are hard to maintain while participating in combat, this skill makes rapid retreats much easier for you- a fine alternative to a total route if things are going poorly. Lastly your knowledge of stealth makes it far easier to find hidden enemies in the environment, revealing them to all- a useful skill against more intelligent foes.

Trick Fighter (200 CP)- *"A brilliant confluence of skill and purpose!"* The horrors of this world are great, but a man with ice in his veins is more than capable of meeting any challenge with knife and pistol in hand. You are a skilled duelist, particularly in styles involving the wielding of two different weapons at once. When their eye is on one weapon, the other one lashes out to strike; a high-risk, high-reward method of combat that rewards risking your neck by leaving your enemies vulnerable to a counter-attack. However, your mastery of this fighting style allows you to do much more; making it easier to switch between different weapons at the drop of a hat, letting you use any number of tricks or tools you have stored away in conjunction.

Savage Strength (400 CP)- *"Anger is power- unleash it!"* The mercenaries gathered here have their tricks, powers, and steel to wield in battle; but few have command of their own raw brutality and as you do. The strength in your limbs in matched only by the ferocity in your heart as you charge into the enemy like a beast possessed, ripping and tearing through their lines. It would not be an exaggeration to say that you could cut a man in half with the right weapon. Such is the fire running through your veins that taking a moment to focus your rage would not only increase your precision, but also result in minor wounds, cuts, and even poisons disappearing; melting away in the depths of your wild rage At this point, a scream from your throat could bring paralyzing terror even to the eldritch. The only downside is that entering such rages tends to tire the body, though this can be mitigated with time spent outside of battle.



Dark Dreams (400 CP)- *"Great adversity has a beauty- it is the fire that tempers."* It is no surprise that even the realm of sleep is not a comfort in this place. Some are more tormented than others, and while a feathery pillow or a prayer of penance is enough to leave others snug in bed some nightmares were meant to be slain, not appeased. When sleeping, you may choose to transport yourself and up to three others into your mind to confront the troubles facing you, in the form of twisted, nightmarish creatures. The injuries you face here are real enough- though "dying" will merely leave you nearly dead in reality- and the burden on your own mind at playing host to such fiends will be great. But should your party defeat the apparitions you will all reap great rewards, feeling a renewed sense of purpose that lessens the burden of fighting the real monsters while also strengthening the body for a time. And littered around the bedding or fading campfire will be arcane treasures reminiscent of the nightmares you slew, lost artifacts returned to you with new and strange powers, and other suitable gifts of arms and armor that can be made of use to you or your comrades.

Serpent Sway (600 CP)- *"They arrive with the East wind- a torrent of whirling doom."* A strange and exotic fighting-style, born from desperation and the venom which courses through your veins. Originally used with a spear and shield, your use of it can be adapted to any melee weapon of choice should you wish; either way, in your hands the weapon will become envenomed like a viper's fang, leaving the taste of poison with each blow. The style excels at breaking defenses and at defending; sundering armor, breaking guards, and exposing weaknesses and cowards in the shadows while dodging or blocking such strikes yourself. You can even summon spectral snakes to bite at your foes from afar, and by quietly meditating you can take on aspects of a snake's hardened skin, blighting fangs, or weakness-sensing gaze for a time.



Fool's Performance (600 CP)- *"Death and demise- cause for celebration!"* Ah, the humble fool. So often under-appreciated, for all that they bring laughter and music to the masses. So often scorned and mocked, and abused. Perhaps being unhinged is merely a part of the job; you'd have to be mad to dance and laugh through combat, alternatively strumming on your lute and cutting veins, and so here you are. Your tunes inspire both calmness and bloodlust, lullabies to soothe fears and battle ballads to make the blood pump. With every note and cut you make you build up power for a final blow, to be used at your discretion When the time comes, begin your solo, drawing all eyes to you. And then… the finale, a phantom spear that strikes from the heavens and, if you've played well enough, maims or even obliterates a target of choice. This can be done only once per battle, leaving you drained afterwards, so it is best used to save it for the final opponent- or a particularly troublesome one.



General Perks

A selection of pestilences and perks that do not fit in anywhere else.



The Voice of the Ancestor (50 CP)- *"In time, you will know the tragic extent of my failings…"* The voice of the Ancestor will follow you on your journey, serving as both commentator on the actions you take and narrator- always having a suitably grisly story for the places you visit and the ferocious beasts you encounter. Perhaps humorously, he may even claim to have been involved in their origin. His sardonic words may also be heard by those in your party, should you wish it, though his transcendent voice will not reach the uninitiated- his role is to inform, not distract.



Darkest Designs (50 CP)- *"Now, like me, you will begin to see things as they truly are."* This world has a certain charm to how it appears; stark and grim, and yet instantly recognizable in style. Should you purchase this, you will find your vision shifting so that all worlds appear this way for you, if you wish- a hand-painted landscape, sprung forth from the nightmare of a madman.

The Trapmaker's Art (200 CP)- *"Curious is the trapmaker's art… his efficacy unwitnessed by his own eyes."* Traps lie in every corridor of this place, and many of the curios one can find in the halls are host to their own unsettling secrets. It may very well bring a tear to the eye of someone like you, well-versed in the art of trap-making as you are. From impaling spikes to carefully cultivated poisonous mushrooms to trapped chests that spray poison on would-be looters, your designs are as insidiously hard to spot as they are deadly in design. Although larger machinations would be hard to set up, booby traps may well hinder your enemies in the dungeons.



Virtuous (200 CP)- *"A moment of valor shines brightest against a backdrop of despair."* Driven to the brink, and yet not broken. When stress and fear come to claim their due many fall to their dark whispers, driven mad by desperation and their own will to survive. But you? You tend to surge through it- gaining a second wind, a burst of inspiration, the will to fight. Most stresses fade away when this happens, to make room for your new-found resolve, and even your allies will take heart when they see the shining beacon you have become. For as long as your good mood lasts you will strike harder and faster, words of courage and bravado flowing from your tongue to further inspire your crew.

Courtesan (200 CP)- *"There will be no sleep tonight- the wild shouts and frantic drumming will see to that."* Have you ever wondered how merely spending a night in the company of a stranger and indulging the most base of appetites can nearly reverse the traumas brought upon by a solid weeks worth of crawling through bodies and mud, battling monsters, brushing with death and insanity? The answer is simpler than it may seem- a backwater tavern it may be, but the prostitutes it employs are simply that good at leaving their client's heads filled with blissful nothingness when the good deed is done. Now you share their abilities as a people pleaser, your skills such that a few nights spent in your arms would leave even the most mentally shattered whole once more. It would be foolhardy in the extreme, but you could even offer your services on an expedition- though the hard cobbles in place of pillows will likely make it less restful than it would otherwise be than if you were both in a curtained room back in town. Although anything that relieves stress around the campfire may be a lifesaver on long expeditions; even… well, you know.



Abominable Transformation (300 CP)- *"The man is slave to the beast, and the beast is slave to the moon."* Through twisted experiment or daemonic possession your body may undergo a stressful transformation into a half-beast, half-man creature. Like the Abomination the decision to transform is yours- barring the onset of madness- but although the act itself will actually heal minor wounds, the transformation may incur stress not only on yourself but on any compatriots who witness the monstrous shifting of flesh and muscle. Luckily, you may also partially transform while retaining your mostly human body in order to defend yourself which is far less taxing. The form you take on when fully transformed will be similar to that of the Abomination, featuring rending claws, teeth and inhuman strength, as well as caustic bile- the differences, if any, being limited to cosmetics. If you purchase one of the seven "disease" perks below you will have the opportunity to design an entirely new form, with its own set of benefits and demerits. Just be aware that, regardless of form, the superstitious souls of the Hamlet may not be too happy about your presence here- and those of a religious sort may even refuse to adventure alongside you entirely. Should you wish, you may also choose to make your "transformed" state permanent instead- this will eliminate the penalties related to transforming, but you will lose the ability to take on a different form for the duration of the Jump. Needless to say that being stuck as a monster will do little to endear you to those who distrust or hate your kind, too.



Raised Dead (200 CP)- *"Back across the Styx- Boatman be damned!"* Intelligent undead are not unheard of; the Necromancers who haunt the Ruins are but one example. Even the skeletons have those among them who are capable of more strategic thinking. And, through some foul necromantic ritual- similar to what was done to give the Necromancers their eternal unlife- you have been raised from the dead with your intelligence intact. Though, unlike most undead you feel no enmity towards the living that you did not possess in life. More similar to a ghoul than the skeletons that wander the halls your unliving vitality nonetheless makes you far more resilient to physical damage. Bleeding and blight is still a concern, however diseases no longer affect you (though you may still carry them). And while you still require sustenance you do not need to sleep, making you an easy choice to keep watch during the night. However, the downside of being undead is that the Light has become anathema to you. Prayer, meditation, and flagellation offer no relief, and the blessings of those aligned with the Light burn your flesh rather than mend it- if you can even convince the religious to adventure alongside you. Instead you must look to more surgical or eldritch methods of healing during expeditions; thankfully, the fell energies animating you will heal most non-lethal wounds after a week. Though keep in mind that dismemberment, decapitation, organ damage, etc. still count as "deadly" for you despite your undead nature.

With Abominable Transformation your metamorphosis into one of the undead will be completed in one of two ways. Should you wish to retain your flesh still, you will find your body contorting due to the fell energies infusing it- making you much taller, thinner, and yet also stronger; your fingers contorting into rending claws. Discarding your muscle and sinew on the other hand will neither make you stronger nor weaker; naturally you will no longer require food, and a creature without blood cannot bleed- though acid and poison can still damage your bones. However lacking muscle, fat, and other fleshy things will make you much lighter than you were before. Wearing heavy armor can compensate for this, but it's likely that you'll be far easier to toss around or move in battle even so.





Fungal Growth (200 CP)- *"There is method in the wild corruption here. It bears a form both wretched and malevolent."* A pestilence has spread throughout the nearby woods; a spreading plague of spores and mushrooms that take control of the body, turning living beings into infested ghouls that seek only to propagate the spores further. This parasitic fungal infection would normally be deadly- or would be a fate worse than death, if the poor souls are still alive despite the growths overtaking their body- but as you might expect they've taken on a more symbiotic bent after hosting in your flesh. Mushrooms have begun to sprout up across your body, and you'll soon find that they lessen the effect of poison and disease drastically. Although they won't provide much more protection than that, you will also gain the ability to unleash a cloud of spores upon your foes- blighting them with the same eldritch fungus, which will have decidedly less friendly immediate effects on their body. Poisoning is the least of what will happen as the spores cloud the air, making it harder for them to see and certainly making them vulnerable as they gasp for untainted air. However, do be careful about friendly fire- the spores you emit aren't exactly discriminating in terms of who they will infect, and while the mushrooms aren't immediately lethal they do tend to spread unpredictably- and having one sprout from your face isn't at all pleasant should your allies inadvertently become infected with your spores.

With Abominable Transformation you can accelerate the growth of the mushrooms throughout your body, transforming your head and arms into growths made entirely out of fungus. Although this won't give you a mean right hook, it will drastically increase the potency of your spores- allowing you to temporarily control those you've infected with them until their system manages to flush them out, which usually gives you enough time to have them make at least one attack against their own allies. If you happen to have a corpse handy then you can even grow a type of necrotic fungus on it, which will regularly release spores onto your foes that will prevent them from healing damage through any manner of restoration- at least until the mushroom is destroyed. The downside is the same as they were before- the spores affect anyone hit with them, friend or foe.



Pelagic Embrace (200 CP)- *"At last, wholesome marine life can flourish- if indeed there is such a thing."* One of the terrifying secrets of the fish folk lurking in the cove is that some of their number were not born from the ocean, nor their abyssal matriarch. No, although it is little known- or understood- some of these pelagic beings were once men; twisted in body and mind by the festering bite of one of their fellow fish men. Despite being bitten or otherwise infected in a different manner the sea's voice does not call to you though you've still started to undergo some lesser changes. Beneath your first few layers of skin is a silvery scaled membrane, which not only provides a bit of protection from blows but is also resistant to being bled. Gills have appeared somewhere on your body through which you can breathe underwater, and your fingers have contorted into talons strong enough to peel human flesh- and yet are still just human enough to clutch a weapon. However, breathing is harder on the surface than it is in water or in the damp, salty air of the Cove, making it harder to move with as much finesse and speed. This can be mitigated by carrying a supply of salt water to wet your body and gills with, but although free (aside from the cost of flasks) an extra provision may prove troublesome on longer expeditions. You are also more vulnerable to the poisons, acids, and other blights of land due to your physiology.



With Abominable Transformation your metamorphosis can be completed- turning you into one of the denizens of the deep. This form, inspired by aquatic life, will still be roughly humanoid but may take inspiration from any water-dwelling fish, arthropod, or invertebrate. Piranha, octopus, crab, angler fish, slug… your abilities in this form will depend heavily on what you choose. Choosing a shark would certainly allow you to bite through flesh with ease, while lobsters would benefit from both their hard carapace and their gigantic claws. Other fish that lack such features may instead gain even greater strength and speed.

Swine Snout (200 CP)- *"Life… the greatest treasure of all."* The Warrens; a festering pit of malevolent flesh and horrific disease, overrun by the Ancestor's attempts to beckon beings from beyond the Outer Spheres. Somehow, something from this ancient network of tunnels and aqueducts has… changed you. Not mentally, but even now your body has taken on more porcine features. A snout-like nose and an abundance of insulating, protective body fat over thickened muscles are the most obvious changes, but despite your decidedly unhealthy appearance your altered body actually has a fair bit of resistance to toxins and disease- although being bled out might be a bit easier now due to your body's increased girth. Your weight may also make you less nimble, and the appetite of even a half-swine is far harder to sate than that of most humans- assuming that you're pickier than they are at mealtime.



With Abominable Transformation you can become even more like the denizens of the Warrens when you wish. Traits you may develop include even stronger muscles and leathery skin, tusks, and corrosive, diseased stomach acid. Or you could even have your lower body replaced with the torso of a pig, like the fabled Swinetaur. In any case the increased virility of the swine throughout your body will also amplify their sluggish gait and gluttonous stomach that you've inherited, not to mention their grotesqueness- but it's a small price to pay considering the amount of raw power this will grant you in return, even if you need to eat a few more meals worth of provisions at dinner.



Crimson Curse (300 CP)- *"There is power in the Blood, for those with the fortitude to pay the price."* In the Ancestor's younger years- before he was committed so earnestly to the excavation of what lay beneath his estate- he threw lavish and decadent parties hosted in the vast expanse of gardens and stone terraces that were so lovingly attended to by his servants. But after a bewitching encounter with a pale beauty the courtyard became host to a different celebration; a wild feast and orgy of blood. Like the nobles he once called his peers, you have contracted the Crimson Curse- a sickness that pulses through your veins, weakening the humors and making it slightly easier to bleed in exchange for advanced speed and a thirst for blood- and particular, the vintage brewed from the progenitor of this plague. Starving yourself of blood will make you waste away and die, but when your cravings are sated you will enter a zealous frenzy, attacking with inhuman strength and speed and resistance to poison and stunning effects as befitting your changed nature. Thankfully, even if your self-control matches that of the Viscount your actions will remain your own.



With Abominable Transformation you will find yourself rapidly advancing through the stages of the curse while somehow still retaining your sanity and free will. Your skin will pale, and you may begin to develop certain insectile traits- a proboscis may replace your mouth for example, or you may develop skewering blades on your arms, among other traits. This is when you are "human". Drinking blood- which now promotes powerful regeneration through your body for a short time- will cause you to shed your human veneer, turning you into a half-insect, half-human beast reminiscent of a mosquito, leech, tick, or some other bloodsucker with greater strength and new methods of attack befitting your form.

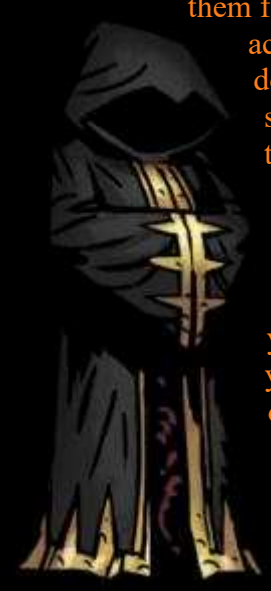


Refracted Husk (300 CP)- *"No rest, no peace for this wretched soul."* After the Comet arrived those unfortunate enough to be bathed in its cosmic colors found themselves shattered, and refracted across time and space- made a slave to the Comet's will, and forced to serve it for all eternity. These unfortunate souls, now only husks of their former selves, have become vessels for the Comet's power. Even the heroes sent to stem the tide are not safe; those that succumb to madness or death there often return to the Hamlet, gibbering nonsense about cosmic lights and the hateful hues found therein. But as overwhelming as the Comet's influence may be, there are still some who find the strength to fight its influence- even in the utter depths of its embrace. Consider the poor miller himself; a slave he may be in his twisted unlife, but even he can still recognize the face of his beloved. And Mildred, the woman in question, seems to have retained enough of her sanity to avoid attacking people entirely. And like those two, you have resisted the worst of the Comet's influence. Caught between life and death, the lights you have seen have revealed many truths to you both great and terrible. As a result, while your mind may be more susceptible to trauma you'll find that enemies will always fail to escape your notice- no matter how well they hide, so long as they're close enough to be a threat you will see them. Additionally your encounters with otherworldly energy has made it easier for you to bleed and poison your enemies. Your innards have started to harden, granting you protection from attack but also slowing your movements considerably; your eyes glow with blue, eldritch light thanks to the crystal shards gestating inside of you, though they don't illuminate much.



With Abominable Transformation you can further your transformation. Your skin will form a rocky hide, blue light emerging from cracks in your cosmic armor. Your limbs may detach from your body, connected by tendrils of otherworldly light. Not only will this further increase your defenses, but the light you emit can be used offensively, altered to take on hues both splendorous and haunting and almost anything in between. Bathed in the ethereal glow your allies may find themselves more inclined towards heroism, their stress melting away as their body strengthens; or the light may reveal a previously unseen weakness in the enemy, possibly even causing them to go mad- if they are even susceptible to such a thing.

Eldritch Flesh (300 CP)- *"The flesh is fluid! It can be changed, reshaped, remade!"* For the cultists who flock to the manor there can be no higher honor than this- to be taken into the warm, tenebrous depths of the earth to emerge changed- and made part of the whole once more. Remade in the Thing's image, they consider their hideously mutated bodies a blessing- a reminder that madness takes many forms, just as they do. Tumorous pink flesh, tentacles, beady black eyes, protrusions of teeth and bone, and other eldritch additions can be found on their form. And, like them, you have taken up some of these traits yourself. Although still recognizably human overall, you may have teeth-lined tentacles in place of arms, or a mass of them for legs; you may have gained something similar to a scorpion's tail, injecting the foulest of acids into your prey or possibly launching shards of bone like an organic crossbow. The downsides are few- for you, at least- and in fact, your mind has been hardened greatly. But the sight of your body is so horrific that few townspeople will tolerate your presence- and even those brave enough to accompany you may lose their nerves when they see you fight.



With Abominable Transformation you may achieve the height of reconstruction; evolving into something never before seen on this earth. A mass of tentacles, like an octopus on land; a cyclopean beast, eye stalks beholding all around it as it gnashes with a toothy maw. Split yourself down the middle and turn yourself into a giant, threshing mouth, if that's what pleases you. Your form is terrible and even more sanity distorting than it was before, and is limited only by your own twisted designs- as well as the dreams of that which lies sleeping beneath the carved stone and beating flesh… of the Darkest Dungeon.

The Light Trinkets



Sun Ring (100 CP)- A memento of the Light; this ring, inset with a golden gem, increases the strength and accuracy of one's sword arm in the light- making it an ideal accessory for the religious.



Sun Cloak (100 CP)- A defensive counterpart to the Sun Ring, this cloak enables its wearer to evade blows more easily- and softens those that land- when worn in dim or brighter light.



Unholy Slayer's Ring (100 CP)- Although disturbing in appearance, this metal ring greatly increases the damage one does against the unholy, making it a potent weapon against darkness.



Solar Crown (100 CP)- A crown that depicts an image of the sun on its front. When worn, it helps ward against stress and insanity so long as there is adequate light nearby.



Stone of Patience (100 CP)- A curiously carved idol; despite its strange appearance carrying it on one's person slows the accumulation of stress and reminds you of your manifest virtues.



Holy Orders (200 CP)- A scroll bearing the commandments of a holy leader. Merely bearing it grants unflinching mental resolve even in the face of death, and in fact makes deathblows less likely.



Immunity Mask (200 CP)- A blessed mask that grants tremendous resistance to bleed, blight, and stunning effects. Somehow, you can see out of it even though there aren't any eye-holes.



Salacious Diary (200 CP)- A well-kept and possibly heretical book of carnal fantasies belonging to a certain Vestal. Although sharing it may be ill-advised, simply carrying it makes your healing moderately more affective and grants a contagiously good mood when at rest.



Confessor Gauntlet (200 CP)- A wickedly-designed gauntlet that somehow exacerbates the wounds of bleeding foes when a blow is struck against them, dealing great damage and increasing the chance of causing critical damage. It also increases one's accuracy, slightly.



Sacred Blade (200 CP)- A holy blade that gleams with light. Sharper than what should be possible, the light it gives off makes it easier to stun foes and tremendously increases the chance that its bearer will wax virtuous when brought to the edge of sanity.



Ancestor's Candle (300 CP)- A relic belonging to the Ancestor. Much like the ring and cloak of the sun from earlier, it grants benefits in the light- so long as the light is half-full or more, it will grant increased speed, dexterity, and strength to an even greater extent than those two trinkets.



Gauntlet of Absorption (300 CP)- A potent protective item for those who prefer to get hit, this gauntlet increases the healing done by the wearer greatly and gives increased resistance to damage. Blows struck against the wearer actually alleviates some accumulated stress, as well.



Gleaming Breastplate (300 CP)- A holy breastplate that not only protects against moderate damage, but even helps ward against killing blows and even lucky strikes for superb survivability.



Sharpening Stone (300 CP)- A stone that is exceptionally suited towards the sharpening of weapons. Although maintenance is important, merely carrying it will cause your blows to slice deeper, bleeding your enemies and increasing the chance that you'll do critical damage.



Non-Euclidean Hilt (300 CP)- A sword hilt overgrown with Crystal Shards. It has several unusual properties; increasing the vitality of its wielder, imbuing their attracks with a mild poison, and increasing the chance for stunning effects to work; it also has a small chance of hitting a random foe instead of its intended target, for better or for worse.

The Dark Trinkets



Moon Ring (100 CP)- A counterpart to the Sun Ring studded with gems, it enhances the wearer's strength and accuracy to a slightly greater extent at the cost of requiring near-darkness to do so.



Moon Cloak (100 CP)- Unsurprisingly, the Moon Cloak is an equivalent to the Sun Cloak that works only in darker conditions; it is almost thrice as effective in comparison when in the dark.



Eldritch Slayer's Ring (100 CP)- A ring set with a pink ruby, it enhances the damage one deals against eldritch and alien targets greatly.



Dark Crown (100 CP)- A crown that even now drips blood from its rim, in low-light conditions the disturbing head-wear somehow soothes the mind and hardens the resolve of its wearer.



Recovery Charm (100 CP)- A strange, circular blue stone resembling the shell of a deep sea creature. Holding it greatly increases the amount of healing done to you from any source.



Fasting Seal (200 CP)- A talisman depicting the agonized face and skeletal body of one who succumbed to starvation, this item completely eliminates hunger and starvation in the bearer and makes it a bit easier to dodge- as if their frame was thinner.



Fleet Florin (200 CP)- A lucky copper coin that, in addition to making it easier to debilitate one's enemies, also makes those who keep it substantially and noticeably faster in combat.



Materia Pestis (200 CP)- A vase of rare and poisonous flowers. Holding a bloom will not only make it easier to poison your foes, but it also makes poisons last longer than they would normally.



Subject #40 Notes (200 CP)- A book of notes detailing a victim of the plague, written by a skilled and possibly demented doctor. Merely holding onto it substantially increases the vitality of its bearer, and grants a huge boost to the humors that makes it much easier to fend off disease.



Tempting Goblet (200 CP)- A goblet full of foul, yet fragrant red… wine? Carrying it invigorates and quickens the body, making you faster, more able to dodge, and fortifying health; but the substance strains the mind, deepening the stress and fears of its cup-bearer- or anyone who has the misfortune to have it splashed against their skin, let alone the tongue.



Ghoul Claw (300 CP)- A cruel ritual dagger, still stained with the blood of its last sacrifice. Increases melee damage and accuracy when held, and heightens the chances of a fatal blow against a marked enemy, as well as the stress they feel at your approach..



Petrified Skull (300 CP)- The top part of a human skull, cracked open like a nut and brimming with glimmering, alien crystals. Grants superb protection against eldritch and alien foes, weakening their blows, as well as increased vitality in general.



Clasp of the Beast (300 CP)- An artfully rendered beast's head made of metal, used to hold one's chains together. Grants a decent boost to vitality and sturdiness when worn, and stresses out opponents when fighting in close quarters through some curse laid on the metal.



Ashen Distillation (300 CP)- A strange draught, derived from the crystals found at the Farmstead. The noxious fumes it gives off strengthens poisons used by the wielder, and enhances healing done to them when mixed with certain herbs; it also tremendously increases their dodging ability.



Ancestor's Portrait (300 CP)- A portrait that probably isn't meant to depict the Ancestor. Easily carried in one's cloak, jacket, or bag, the portrait has the strange effect of increasing the "experience" one earns by half-again; letting one learn more from their time in battle or exploration.

The Law Trinkets



Sniper's Ring (100 CP)- An old ring depicting the bullseye of a practice target; when the wearer is in the back of their party, it boosts their accuracy and chances of scoring a lethal strike.



Brawler's Gloves (100 CP)- A set of gloves with spikes on the knuckles, increasing the lethality of the wearer in close combat; it provides a large boost to dealt damage when at the front of the party.



Man Slayer's Ring (100 CP)- An intricately designed ring depicting a miniature sword, the band studded with tiny skulls; when worn the wearer does much more damage against human foes.



Martyr's Seal (100 CP)- An award for near-suicidal bravery; pinning this to your chest increases your health moderately. But when on the cusp of death, it also greatly invigorates the body- increasing one's strength massively and even helping to stave off death.



Toy Soldier (100 CP)- A carved toy, perhaps carried as a token of luck. That seems to be the case as it not only offers protection from blows, but also increases the chance of scoring a critical hit.



Crime Lord's Molars (200 CP)- A bag of molars taken from various crime lords. A symbol of brutality, carrying these trophies makes the wielder do enhanced damage against foes that are bleeding, stunned, or singled-out for attack- dealing increased damage with each condition.



Padded Armguard (200 CP)- A studded gauntlet meant to offer protection when training beasts for the purposes of battle. It enables you to evade blows better, and when protecting an ally it offers greater physical protection against damage.



Veteran Gauntlet (200 CP)- A gauntlet that has seen many battles; when worn it gives a small boost to damage, a more sizeable increase to the chances of stunning or moving a foe, and gives a small chance to daze an enemy with a melee attack, sending them reeling backwards or forwards.



Mask of the Timeless (200 CP)- A mask/helmet combination that leaks blue mist; when worn it offers enhanced reflexes, making it easier to dodge blows and move more quickly in battle.



Piercing Quarrel (200 CP)- A trio of spiked, wickedly sharp crossbow bolts. Offers a small boost to ranged damage and a sizeable boost to the odds of doing critical damage, and pierces a large amount of enemy armor.



Mirror Shield (300 CP)- A mirror made of extraterrestrial crystal, polished to the point that it reflects light and enemy attacks alike- returning roughly 1/3 of the damage dealt to an enemy if they manage to strike you. It also makes it much easier to dodge and resist stunning effects, as well.



Ancestor's Map (300 CP)- A map of the Ancestor's estates and the surrounding acres; although the labyrinthine corridors and wilderness has changed over the years, holding this map nonetheless allows you to spot traps much more easily- and occasionally, it reveals the path ahead.



Vvulf's Tassel (300 CP)- A trophy taken from a notorious bandit leader that still lurks in the area. This tassel increases the damage and accuracy of blows made against marked targets, and increases the chance of an especially damaging blow against large enemies.



Iron Sights (300 CP)- An iron sight meant to be used with a musket; it has the unusual property of increasing both the accuracy and damage of an aimed shot, especially against a marked target where the blow may be even more lethal- even bypassing the protectors of a guarded enemy.



Infamous Visage (300 CP)- A helmet and veil that terrifies those who have teetered over the edge of despair; striking them with greater strength, accuracy, and with a greater chance of dealing critical damage. Each blow causes significant stress, to the point where their heart may give before their body.

The Gray Trinkets

Heaven's Hairpin (100 CP)- A beautiful hairpin depicting an angelic being; when worn it helps ward against stress and steadies aim, so long as there is light present.

Hell's Hairpin (100 CP)- A hairpin depicting a goat- or perhaps a devil. When worn in the dark it boost accuracy and grants a substantial increase to the odds of doing a critical attack.

Beast Slayer's Ring (100 CP)- A golden ring with rubies inlaid into a wolf's head; when worn the wearer does increased damage to beasts of all types.

Dancer's Footwraps (100 CP)- A pair of footwraps meant to pad the feet when dancing among the dunes; they increase speed, and make it much harder to move the wearer.

Reaper Shroud (100 CP)- A disturbing mask paired with a dark mantle and necklace of bones; enhances damage and offers a slight increase in the odds of a critical strike, and boosts accuracy greatly against opponents that are a little more than half dead.

Lioness Warpaint (200 CP)- Blue warpaint made from crushed flowers found in the north; when used, it grants increasing bonuses to damage as the wearer takes on more and more wounds.

Absinthe (200 CP)- A jug of rotgut; carrying it around will increase resistance to blight and disease substantially, while at the same time greatly increasing the odds of poisoning an enemy.

Cloak and Dagger (200 CP)- A grand cloak, concealing a half-dozen daggers. Increases melee damage and lethality, and gives the bearer an uncanny ability to dodge attacks when stealthed- and also allows them to bypass the protectors of guarded enemies to strike at them when unseen.

Duelist's Pistol (200 CP)- A masterwork pistol; offers a variety of benefits, including increased ranged damage, better critical chances, resistance to being moved, and increased accuracy on the front lines.

Parrying Dagger (200 CP)- A duelist's dagger; offers increased melee accuracy and damage, particularly when countering attacks which are slightly more likely to be critical, and makes deep, bleeding cuts more easily..

Satchel of Dirty Tricks (300 CP)- A satchel stuffed full with bombs, poisons, knives, and marbles; increases accuracy slightly, the bearer's ability to dodge, their chance of poisoning an enemy, and the stress an enemy might feel from being barraged with such a nasty collection of tricks.

Ancestor's Lantern (300 CP)- A relic belonging to the Ancestor. The strange light it gives off somehow simultaneously conceals your party and makes it far easier to spot enemy ambushes, ensuring that the advantage in combat is yours more often than not.

Miller's Pipe (300 CP)- A pipe made of fragmented, floating wood stuffed with crystal snuff; when the bearer kills an opponent, they heal a small amount of stress and have a good chance of blighting the entire enemy party.

Harlequin Mask (300 CP)- A disturbing rendition of a harlequin's mask, suited for combat; substantially increases the wearer's health when worn, and relieves a large amount of stress when striking an enemy- showing the inherent sadism that the mask's design displays.

Coat of Many Colors (300 CP)- A ragged cloak that positively brims with crystal shards. When the wearer kills an enemy, it causes the entire party to gain a small bonus to accuracy and stress resistance that lasts for the entirety of the battle and until the next is completed. Although it's not as useful for regular dungeoneering, when fighting hordes the cloak is substantially more useful as it stacks benefits.

General Items

Apprentice Equipment (Free)- A weapon or two, and some sort of armor. This can be anything from a simple sword, to some sort of arcane implement; plate mail, or a pair of robes. Cracked, rusted, they are nonetheless sturdy enough to constitute the bare minimum of what is necessary for an adventurer. Bullets, arrows, and even grenades or throwing knives will never seem to run out when you carry this weapon.



Veteran Equipment (150 CP)- More advanced equipment, suitable for a seasoned veteran than an apprentice fresh off the stage coach. More damaging and more protective, each article is worth hundreds or thousands of gold pieces, and would make early expeditions much easier. You can import a weapon and armor into this option, granting it the replenishing qualities mentioned above.



Champion Equipment (300 CP)- At this level, more arcane methods of enhancement are often required for equipment- or else more advanced materials are used in their construction- so that each weapon, each piece of armor is suitable for a true hero. As with the above, you may choose to import a weapon and armor into this option, granting both replenishing ammo and the benefits of master craftsmanship mentioned here.





Puzzling Trapezohedron (50 CP)- A head-sized chunk of some strange and rare gemstone. Its colors change and shift with the light, and it's worth a good sum if you decide to sell it. If nothing else, it should make for a good memento of your time here.



Provisions (50 CP)- Enough tinned, boxed, and jarred food to feed a party of four for a day, a shovel, a vial of anti-venom, a bundle of bandages, some medicinal herbs, a skeleton key, a vial of holy water or laudanum, a set of four torches, or a few treats that increase the vigor of beasts; you get one of these things a week, but may purchase this option multiple times if you wish.



Aegis Scale (100 CP)- A mysterious scale from the distant wastes; when used, it offers fierce protection and nullifies all damage from a single strike. You get one scale a week.



Shard Dust (100 CP)- Ground up shards from the cosmos; can be imbibed to tap into otherworldly power, increasing damage and speed and resetting timed abilities, but has increasingly worse side-effects if overused including insanity. You get one vial a week.

The Cure (150 CP)- A vial of unknown liquid of presumably holy origin; when imbibed, it will cure the Crimson Curse- or any form of vampirism, post-Jump. You get one vial a week.

Companions

Companion Import/Recruitment (50 CP)- *"Regroup. Reassemble. Evil is timeless, after all."* By purchasing this, you may import one companion- giving them 600 CP to spend on Perks and Items. You may purchase this multiple times, and may also use this to create a new companion to accompany you- or even recruit someone from the Hamlet like the Survivalist or Heir, though they won't gain CP to spend.

Monstrous Recruitment (200 CP)- *"Towering, fierce, terrible- nightmare made material."* You may have your eye on one of the more… monstrous figures found here. Although the Sleeper or Heart- as transcendent beings- cannot be chosen, so long as you can somehow convince them to join you even monsters like the Countess, Siren, or Necromancer can be brought along on your cosmic journey as companions.



The Abomination, Bigby (50 CP)- *"Tortured and reclusive... this man is more dangerous than he seems…"* Beaten, branded, and imprisoned in some hellish dungeon for untold decades, Bigby is host to a eldritch curse. When his eldritch blood courses he transforms into a beast capable of tearing foes to shreds with claw, fang, and caustic bile. Even when human, he is more than a match for any armored footman thanks to his scarred, leathery hide and the cursed chains wrapped around him, which he can wield with surprising skill.

The Antiquarian, Katharine (50 CP)- *"She searches where others will not go... and sees what others will not see."* A scholar and archaeologist, and a keen expert at self-preservation; Katharine is not suited towards the rigors of combat, instead preferring to stay in the back to scrounge for trinkets and treasures- which she seems to find with regularity. In a pinch her collection of powders and the vapors from her censer can provide a variety of benefits to her party, or vexes for her enemies- though she's rather poor in a direct fight.





The Arbalest, Missandei (50 CP)- *"Shoot, bandage and pillage: the dancing steps of war."* Wielding a massive crossbow in battle- her only companion since childhood- Missandei is a living cannon; sniping enemies from the backline with a variety of special ammunitions and wearing medium plate to defend herself. She is also skilled at first aid, capable of patching up allies in the heat of battle or doing more substantial treatments when at rest. Her battlefield experience makes her an excellent tactician to rally behind, as well.

The Bounty Hunter, Tardif (50 CP)- *"The thrill of the hunt... The promise of payment…"* Silent and implacable, Tardif is a brutally efficient executioner with his hand-axe, and particularly excels when he has the time to plan his attack- singling out foes for death, and sowing chaos among the enemy with his grappling hook and flash grenades. His tough leather and scale armor is not only protective, but sacrifices little movement; its light make allowing him to scout ahead and search for hidden foes while remaining unseen himself.





The Crusader, Reynauld (50 CP)- *"A mighty sword-arm anchored by a holy purpose. A zealous warrior."* Having held the front-line in a hundred holy wars, Reynauld's longsword and plate mail are perfectly suited towards leading from the front- especially against the undead. His righteousness and zeal not only offers healing and other benefits in battle, but also around the campfire where he can rally his teammates to victory and soothe fears. Pious to a fault, Reynauld is well-known for always paying his tithes on time… *whistles*.

The Flagellant, Damien (50 CP)- *"Awash in blood and delusion... He bears the burden of a thousand lifetimes."* Regarded with fear, awe, and disgust even by other members of the faith for his zealous bloodletting; Damien denies himself all pleasures save for the whip's lash. His scarred and blood-dripped skin is unnaturally tough, and his cruel flail drips with his own shed blood and that of his enemies. Drawing power from martyrdom, he is a font of healing and bloody wrath alike- most powerful on the brink of madness, or death.





The Grave Robber, Audrey (50 CP)- *"To those with a keen eye, gold gleams like a dagger's point."* A light and nimble robber of the dead, Audrey prefers to trust in her own speed over protective armor- wielding a variety of throwing weapons and a pickaxe that serves the dual purpose of breaking open tombs in combat. Restless, at camp she prefers to scout ahead or pass around pilfered supplies or her own supply of snuff to keep up spirits- which she also achieves with gallows humor, for those who share her love of morbid jokes.

The Hellion, Boudica (50 CP)- *"Barbaric rage and unrelenting savagery make for a powerful ally."* Hailing from the distant north, Boudica is as raucous and wild in battle as her appearance would suggest. Wielding a massive glaive in combat alongside a furred leather hide, while she may occasionally overextend herself in the midst of her battle frenzy she nonetheless possesses both barbarous might and canny skill with her chosen weapon. At rest, she either prepares stoically for combat- or revels in drink and blasphemy.





The Highwayman, Dismas (50 CP)- *"Elusive, evasive, persistent. Righteous traits for a rogue."* A rogue, thief, and thug who has come to the Hamlet to seek redemption, Dismas is deadly up close with his dirk and at range with his pistol. Wearing a reinforced overcoat, like many heroes he favors nimbleness over protection. A life spent running and hiding from the law has taught him the value of preparedness, and has instilled him with a wicked sense of humor- and a noted reputation as a cheater at card and dice games.

The Houndmaster, William (50 CP)- *"A lawman and his faithful beast. A bond forged by battle and bloodshed."* An uncommonly compassionate lawman and his faithful hound, William works in tandem with his trained beast to harry the enemy in a flurry of gnashing teeth and blows from his heavy cudgel or defend weakened allies. The dog is capable of both scouting ahead and keeping watch during the night, and even in the depths of a dungeon its companionship is capable of relieving stress and alleviating fears.





The Jester, Sarmenti (50 CP)- *"He will be laughing still... at the end."* Clad in mildewed cloth and an unsettling mask, the Jester turns the battlefield into a stage performance- alternatively slashing with his wicked sickle or playing tunes to inspire his compatriots, or dirges to dishearten the enemy; all the while building up momentum for a final strike when he takes to the front. Around the campfire he uses honeyed words and his lute to reassure the party- or singles one of his companions out for mockery, causing laughter at their expense.

The Leper, Baldwin (50 CP)- *"This man understands that adversity and existence are one and the same."* A former king, equally experienced in the art of war and the recitation of poetry. Drawing strength from a lifetime of trauma allows Baldwin to deliver crushing blows with his battered, broken sword, although his condition and restraining cuirass require him to focus if he wishes to strike with accuracy. When at rest he reflects on his condition, mends his dying body, or sequesters himself to put his allies at ease over his illness.





The Man-at-Arms, Barristan (50 CP)- *"The raw strength of youth may be spent, but his eyes hold the secrets of a hundred campaigns."* A seasoned veteran of combat, haunted by guilt and yet made all the more resilient and experienced for it. A tactician and trainer of men and women, Barristan holds the front with his shield and plate armor, battering foes with his mace. His strict regimens and commanding presence in battle adds to his nature as a bulwark; strengthening his entire team, and pointing out vulnerabilities in the enemy.

The Musketeer, Margaret (50 CP)- *"A champion markswoman keen for a new kind of challenge."* A competitive sharpshooter who is, perhaps, a tad lacking in terms of practical experience compared to more seasoned heroes. Nonetheless, with her musket, sidearm, and variety of special munitions Margaret makes for an effective backline fighter, and her regalia hides surprisingly sturdy reinforced leather armor. In a worse case scenario, she's learned effective first aid techniques for battlefield injuries or training mishaps.





The Occultist, Alhazred (50 CP)- *"To fight the abyss, one must know it."* A lifetime pursuing forbidden lore and arcane knowledge has gifted Alhazred with the ability to cast a variety of hexes and curses- as well as an unlikely connection to the Thing that slumbers beneath the manor. His spells often have a cost, however- weakening torches, or wearing at his mind or that of his companions. And yet, he offers almost unmatched supportive potential, lashing out with eldritch tentacles, healing, or offering other benefits… for a price.

The Plague Doctor, Paracelsus (50 CP)- *"What better laboratory than the blood-soaked battlefield?"* A doctor and alchemist, Paracelsus wields a variety of grenades in battle to toxify, disorient, and blind her foes- trusting that her array of pestilences will do the dirty work for her, she wears only a set of cloth robes and a mask for protection. Offering remedies, strengthening tonics, and experimental procedures, she excels in a supportive role as well- if one can look past her morbid fascinations and habit of self-medicating.





The Shieldbreaker, Amani (50 CP)- *"Shifting. Swaying. She mesmerizes her prey before the final strike!"* An escaped slave who was tempered into a hardened and remorseless combatant by her experiences, Amani wields her spear with the grace and fury of a viper. Dancing through the ranks she breaks armor and enemy formations alike, all while wearing little more than a bedlah outfit. Although she may appear demure or vicious at turns, she is haunted by her past- summoning horrific nightmares that must be fought off.

<u>The Vestal, Junia (50 CP)-</u> *"A sister of battle. Pious and unrelenting."* A warrior nun who wields a tome of holy miracles in one hand and a spiked mace in the other. Offering blessings and prayers to heal, soothe, grant divine favor, or ward an area for rest, Junia wields explosive bursts of light with terrific zeal in combat. Although most effective from the back where she has time to recite her prayers, she is more than capable of surviving on the front with her blessed plate mail, mace, and sturdy backbone.





Drawbacks

Feel free to take as many as you can handle. Any Drawbacks disappear when your time here ends.



Come Unto Your Maker (+0 CP, Mandatory)- *"Ruin has come to our family."* This is less of a drawback, and more a warning of what is to come- the Thing beneath the manor is corruptive, insidious, and hungry. In two years time it will emerge from the cavernous abyss beneath the manner, and destroy the world in so doing unless it is put to rest once more. But this end can be hastened if enough heroes succumb to the forces of darkness. Lone citizens are of little consequence, but the sacrifice of champions and villains to the Thing's endless hunger will rouse it from its shell even sooner. Sixteen deaths is all it takes- a generous sum, considering the number on their way to seek their redemption- but be warned, as endlessly reviving your comrades will only give it more opportunities to feed on their blood and deaths.



Incompetent Heir (+100 CP)- *"To fall for such a little thing… a bite of bread…"* The Heir that has arrived at the Hamlet is young- inexperienced- or perhaps they're simply cruel and uncaring, having no regard for the lives of their subordinates. In either case the effect is the same- they spend their coin on frivolities and luxuries that the Hamlet can ill afford, leading to regular shortages of more practical supplies. They do little to manage their ever-increasing retinue of mercenaries, leading to despondency and in-fighting in the ranks as a consequence of the varied backgrounds of the recruits. The restoration of buildings like the guild, tavern, and sanitarium are put aside for pet projects and far less useful or restful services. And, last but not least, their marching orders leave much to be desired- expeditions they plan lack synergy and serenity among their party members, pressing threats are ignored in favor of trivial matters, and new arrivals are occasionally made to adventure in places far too dangerous for their skill level. Although you may ignore their decrees and commands to a degree, should they fall before their duty is fulfilled you will fail as well, as if you had died yourself- attempting to circumvent their rule and supplant them as ruler of the Hamlet will have the same effect, for that is not why they are here.

The Dark is Rising (+100 CP)- *"The human mind- fragile, like a robin's egg."* It might seem absurd to think that something like being splashed with blood or wine can cause stress enough to send someone spiraling into insanity, or even inducing a heart attack! But the stresses of delving into dungeons and facing unholy terrors and things from beyond the stars with only strangers to watch your back- each one as dangerous and susceptible to mortal faults as you- battling disease, traps, and your own mental weaknesses all the way is enough to make anyone snap. But even if you believe yourself to be of sterner stock, well, you'd be sadly mistaken. Dreadful unease in the dark dungeons and hectic panic in combat both wear at you, and the sight of an ally falling in battle or a particularly eldritch being can carve scars into your mind that are difficult to heal. To say nothing of the howling of ghouls, or the hexes of cultists which attack the mind directly.





<u>*whistles* (+100 CP)-</u> *"More dust, more ashes, more disappointment."* The coffers of the estate are damnably empty. Oh, the treasure still exists- scattered about the lands, having fallen into the hands of brigands and all manner of vile creature. Only now it seems like you find even less loot than you should- and thus gain less of a share when it is time to get paid- as if it just up and walked away. The downsides of this are obvious, aside from your own pockets being less full. An army cannot march without coin for weapons, training, and rations; and without gold and valuable heirlooms revitalizing the town will be a long and difficult proposition indeed. A tight budget will make frivolous spending more difficult, and will reduce the effectiveness of many of the Hamlet's facilities. Otherworldly wealth won't help; it's pilfered before it ever reaches the vaults or merchants, somehow.



<u>Overwhelming Odds (+200 CP)-</u> *"The sin is not in being outmatched, but in failing to recognize it."* There are a seemingly endless variety and number of creatures stalking this blighted land. Before you might have been glad to know that they seldom congregated in large numbers, preferring to occupy a wider area over filling the halls. Now, this is not the case; patrols and ambushes can be found in the halls with such frequency that it may feel as if they lie in wait behind every shadow, save for the ones that hold traps instead. And the rooms are no different, almost always containing foes to guard whatever treasure or curio is contained within- even the secret rooms have their keepers or jailers to watch their supply of treasure or the captives they've found. Worst yet are the stronger creatures; the so called "mini-bosses" like the Collector, Shambler, or the Thing From The Stars. No longer content to roam mindlessly and attack those they happen to stumble upon, they have instead begun to actively hunt those that wander from the safety of the Hamlet.



<u>Shunned (+200 CP)-</u> *"Dire circumstances are rarely remedied with fear and fanaticism, and yet… here we are."* The people of this the Hamlet are notoriously suspicious of others- and for good reason, considering the mountain of injustices leveled upon them by their feudal lord and master, and the menagerie of creatures and savages braying for their blood. Still, it is an unfortunate fact that sometimes the superstitious turn on those who would help them, in their paranoia- and that is the case for you. The tavern is barred to you, the gamblers believing you to be a cheat, the prostitutes refusing to lay with you, and even the barman refusing to pour you an ale after a long day. The abbey is even worse; prayer and meditation is impossible, and while some of the devout would undoubtedly enjoy spilling your blood even the flagellant hall is closed. The survivalist and guild will not teach you anything, necessitating that you learn on your own, and even the blacksmith refuses to upgrade your weapons. The heroes are a little more understanding, most of them at least tolerating you, but even then there are those who "refuse to serve with this… creature".



Enemy Incursion (+200 CP)- *"Flames on the horizon, sulfur in the air- the wolves are at the door!"* The Hamlet, tenuously surrounded by locations teeming with vile and depraved beings who would want nothing more than to burn the homes and buildings there to the ground and take the people as slaves, food, or playthings, is nonetheless remote enough that random attack is uncommon. The occasional prowling monster or bandit raid when they muster in force is usually the worst of it. Now, for whatever reason, the inhabitants of each location save the Farmstead and the Darkest Dungeon itself have taken a more… proactive approach to taking what they want. Bands of monsters are no longer a threat limited to just the dungeon, as they have grown bold enough to attack the village at all hours. With all of its old guardsmen long since reduced to bones and a lack of a local militia, it falls to you and your fellow adventurers to take on the additional burden of defending the town- or else see it all go up in smoke, reduced to wrecks and ruins once more.

Afflicted (+300 CP)- *"Madness, our old friend!"* Insanity. A danger that many will face, heading into the dark of this place. And, it's something you are more than familiar with. While others may experience temporary bouts of madness the neuroses plaguing you run much deeper, and no amount of drinking, whoring, praying, or rest will change that- it will only prevent you from compounding the issue. You might be cowardly, your fearful nature putting your allies at risk as you refuse to fight, or push them to take a blow meant for you. You might be paranoid, seeing a plot to end you where none exists; refusing even the most well-intentioned orders, or even attacking someone innocent who you believe to be a foe. You might be selfish, always putting your own interests above that of the group- not only in battle, but even going as far as to steal hard-earned treasures that rightfully should be split or returned to the Hamlet. If you're masochistic you might revel in pain, disturbing your teammates and deliberately taking blows you could have avoided; if you're abusive, you might torment and taunt your allies, or even see fit to physically punish them for their perceived errors. You could be hopeless, barely able to muster the will to fight and engaging in self-harm to numb the pain. Finally, you might just be plain irrational- engaging in actions or saying things that only your tormented mind could come up with on its own.



Doomsday Approaches (+300 CP)- *"Teetering on the brink, facing the abyss…"* The Thing at the heart of the Darkest Dungeon is enemy to all life. And while before you may have gotten away with leaving the problem of its awakening up to others, or simply escaping this fragile shell of rock and earth with means outside of what should be possible here, now you are bound to this place- if the Heart awakens, then you die with the rest of humanity and your Chain ends. But that's not all. The doomsday clock has been moved forward drastically as a result of choosing this drawback. Now, you have only a year- rather than two- to put the Thing back to sleep; and losing even a single ally to the Thing's monstrous appetite will spell the downfall of us all. If you choose to do nothing at all then the Thing's awakening is as inevitable as the sun rising and falling each day, and is of just as much importance to the cosmos.



Boss Rush (+300 CP)- *"And now the true test… hold fast, or expire?"* The effects of this drawback is three-fold: firstly, while before you might not have needed to slay the "boss" creatures that rule over the various locations you can visit, now they must be felled before two years has passed or else you will be sent home. This includes beings like the Collector and the Fanatic, who are not typically numbered among the beings like the Necromancer or Drowned Crew. The second effect is that now, while previously you may have only needed to slay creatures like the Siren or the Swine Prince once, each being will return twice more to do battle with you again in a stronger form- some of the more intelligent ones, like the Hag or the Countess having learned from their previous errors. On the one hand, perhaps the people will sleep easier knowing that the things haunting them have been slain- on the other, perhaps the knowledge of these things and the nature of their terrible resurrections is best kept to yourself. Lastly, after having slain each area boss twice you will find them working together in the final battle, having put aside any differences between them for the sake of survival. The Necromancer will summon hordes of undead to protect the prognosticating Prophet; the Hag will toss heroes into her stew-pot even as the 16-Pounder blasts their allies into smithereens; the Siren will be supported not just by her brood and an enslaved hero, but also by the newly enthralled Drowned Crew; and the Swine God will battle alongside not just Wilbur, but also the ever shifting, ever expanding form of the Flesh. And so on, for the creatures of the Courtyard, the Farmstead, and anywhere else aside from the Darkest Dungeon itself. If you're particularly unlucky than it's possible that a wandering enemy like the Collector may be attracted to the sounds of battle as well. If there's one thing to remember, it's that you need not take only four warriors with you on these final expeditions- the increased peril will almost certainly necessitate a few more sword-arms, lest a party wipe become a certainty in itself. If it's any solace, from such battles are the stuff of legends made.



The End

Victory… a hollow and ridiculous notion.

We are born of this thing, made from it. And we will be returned to it, in time.

The great family of man- a profusion of errant flesh. Multiplying. Swarming. Living. Dying.

Until the stars align in their inexorable formation, and what sleeps is roused once more, to hatch from this fragile shell of earth and rock, and bring our inescapable end…

So seek solace in a matter befitting your lineage, and take up your nugatory vigil.

Haunted forever by that sickening prose, echoing throughout the infinite blackness of space and time:



“Ruin has come to our family.”

The End

You have done well to survive in this world, for even if you did not confront the Heart at the center of the Darkest Dungeon surviving in this land is no easy task. As mentioned before the effects of any drawbacks taken will disappear. If you failed any of them, or else died, then you will be sent home with all that you have gained thus far. Otherwise, you have one last choice to make:

Stay- *"Welcome home, such as it is. This squalid Hamlet, these corrupted lands, they are yours now, and you are bound to them."* An unusual decision to be sure, but perhaps this world has grown on you? Or maybe you just feel invested in its fate. In any case, you will live out the rest of your days here. Pray they are peaceful ones.

Go Home- *"An eternity of futile struggle- a penance for my unspeakable transgressions."* If you wish to head home after all that you have seen and done in this place, that is more than understandable. You will go home, ending your Chain but keeping all that you have gathered thus far.

Continue- *"All my life, I could feel an insistent gnawing in the back of my mind. It was a yearning, a thirst for discovery that could be neither numbed, nor sated."* I suspected as much. You will continue on to the next Jump, taking with you all that you have learned and gained from this world.

Notes

-YJ_Anon

-Any purchased Trinkets are by default “Champion” level quality; you may also import an existing item into a Trinket so long as it’s a rough match for it (a melee weapon into the Sacred Blade for example).

-Canon companions need not use their canonical names or quirks so long as they’re roughly equivalent to what is presented in the companion section; this is because some are a bit on a jokey side (Bigby, Missandei, etc.) and also because there’s a variety of names beyond the ones presented here that Darkest Dungeon can offer up as possibilities when generating new recruits. It’s safe to assume that only one of each “class” will show up at the Hamlet- it’d be a bit odd if there were multiple Leper kings running about with half-broken swords- but at the same time, it’s also possible that new faces might show up as well to fill out the roster…

-If you purchase “Abominable Transformation” and more than one “disease” perk, then you can choose whether you have multiple transformations or a single transformation incorporating traits from all the “disease” perks you purchased. You can’t choose both, however.