

A CROWN OF FETTERS

by J.C. Connors

About the Adventure

A Crown of Fetters is a GURPS *Swashbucklers* adventure set in 1661, the Age of Piracy, although it can easily be adapted to other game systems (a *Pirate Borg* version is available on www.1shotadventures.com). The adventure is loosely adapted from Anne Brown's 1991 AD&D Ravenloft adventure, *Ship of Horror*.

A Crown of Fetters is suitable for four-to-six scum, rogue, and scoundrel characters. The end of this adventure includes six 100-point pregenerated characters so you can get started right away.

Characters introduced for the first time in the adventure are noted in ALL-CAPS. Skill rolls are in SMALL-CAPS. Sections marked with a map icon are side-quests and adventure hooks, and not important to the overall plot of the adventure. Sections marked with a person icon are opportunities for specific PCs, notably the pre-generated characters from the end of this adventure.

Prelude

Captain Theodosius Malachi of the *Morning Passage* is a sinful man. For years he has performed vile tasks for the worst governors and slavers of the Caribbean. Chief among his employers was St. Kitts' Governor William Watts, an arrogant noble known for his greed, callousness, and poor decisions. Recently, Governor Watts is building a private estate on the southern island of Whispering Cay, and has asked the captain to make deliveries to it, including the high-status dead of St. Kitt's, whom he has promised to bury in a graveyard worthy of British nobility there.

Driven by greed and a disdain for the treacherous voyage to Whispering Cay, Captain Malachi made a habit of cheating on his contracts, callously discarding the governor's dead into the sea. For years, his vile deeds went unnoticed, until one fateful day when the Devil himself boarded Malachi's ship as a passenger. The Devil, savoring the captain's sacrilege of dumping bodies that had received the holy Last Rites, decided to curse him for his blasphemy.

From that day forward, Malachi's ship became known as the *Wraithfetter* on dark days, its name a grim reminder of the curse that bound him and his crew to it. They were forbidden to leave the ship except under the cover of night. Both captain and vessel were cursed with immortality—each time the ship was destroyed and sank to the ocean's depths, it would soon restore itself and rise again, with Malachi as its sole crewman. He was condemned to rebuild his crew from scratch, knowing full well that anyone who joined him would also fall victim to the Devil's curse.

Resigned to his eternal fate, Malachi has grown bitter and callous. Though he tries to keep his crew safe, his greed drives him to take on missions for the most wicked denizens of the Caribbean, indifferent to the fact that he has become a servant to the very worst of them.

Adventure Summary

The PCs are all rabble, common scum, criminals, or pirates that have been rounded up by Governor Watts. They meet with the governor, and discover that they are being spared. All they have to do is serve as deck hands onboard Captain Theodosius Malachi's ship, the *Morning Passage*. The ship is set sail for the Whispering Cay, three days to the south, to deliver supplies to the governor's new manor. If they serve Captain Malachi well, they will be pardoned and set free.

As men and women who have committed criminal acts against the British Empire, they have few options other than to agree.

Little do the PCs know, however, Captain Malachi and his ship are cursed... and now, as his crew, they are as well. During the journey, it becomes clear the ship is haunted. The ghosts of those whom Captain Malachi tossed overboard still roam the ship, including a little girl, a heroic soldier, and a crazed man who haunts the ship as a mischievous, demonic skull.

As the PCs investigate the hauntings, more strange events disrupt the voyage, including a fierce storm and an enemy ship from the Vatican sworn to destroy Malachi. And it becomes clear that the captain is not sailing to Whispering Cay, but in fact heading east towards more profitable voyages. As he has done in the past, he plans to dump the governor's cargo overboard.

Through investigation, the PCs will discover the source of the haunting. Through deduction and roleplaying, or summoning a spirit, they find that the only way to remove the curse on the crew is to find the bodies of the three ghosts that the Devil saw thrown overboard and bury them properly at Whispering Cay. The remains of the dead, however, have washed ashore the horrifying Ossuary Reef, a cursed place composed of the bones of ancient titans and monsters.

With the remains on the ship, the PCs must now set sail for Whispering Cay. When they arrive, however, they discover that the island is not as it seems. The graveyard is not fine and noble, but decaying, with most of its graves disturbed. Furthermore, rumors of a cannibal pirate, Howling Lebendtod, is said to be cannibalizing the corpses there.

Worse, the grandmother of Governor Watts, Ingeborg Watts, and the one who is managing the under-construction estate there, turns out to be behind the vandalism of the graves. She is a witch and a necromancer, and is collecting bodies of the noble dead. With them, she hopes to restore them to life as undead minions... not shambling ghouls, but undead that are well-spoken, intelligent, and can breed on their own. With these noble undead, she hopes to create a dynasty that can infiltrate the noble families of the Caribbean, and rule the islands or centuries to come!

The finale of the adventure happens inside the under-construction manor. The PCs must defeat Ingeborg and her evil constructs and minions. Only then can they finally put the dead to rest, and gain freedom from Captain Malachi's ship of horrors.

Forced Into Service!

The PCs are all criminals or lowlife scum who got imprisoned for some infraction against the callous British Governor of St. Kitts, WILLIAM WATTS. Their hands bound, they are marched by Royal guards into the governor's private garden to hear their fates.

Near the governor is PALE SVEN, a stocky, blond-bearded man who studies the PCs carefully. He wears an unusual sash made from green reptile leather and stamped with Viking-style runes.

The noble governor is unkempt, tired, and slurs his speech as he toys with a hangman's noose in his hands. But arrogance leaks through his voice:

"I am a man generally renowned for my sagacity, yet today, I seem bereft of such faculties. It appears that my esteemed friend and loyal servant, Captain Theodosius Malachi, finds himself regrettably short-handed on his vessel. Moreover, I possess cargo of utmost importance that must be conveyed to the island of Whispering Cay within a mere span of a few days. My family is hard at work at a new manor there, and is desperate for supplies.

"Thus, you are faced with a choice: compliance or the noose. Accompany Pale Sven forthwith to the *Morning Passage* and render whatever services Captain Malachi requires. Should you return with his commendation, your lives will be spared. However, should he speak ill of your conduct, you shall face punishment or execution."

The governor is curious as to each PC's history, and is willing to chat for a few minutes, but will say nothing meaningful. The GM should use this as an opportunity to get each player to speak of their crimes. As they go to leave, he remembers something and hands Pale Sven a sealed letter (see [Handout A](#)):

"Ah, one more thing. I have a sealed letter here that needs to be delivered to my grandmother, Lady Ingeborg Watts. Please deliver it by hand, and be kind to the old lady, as the last time I saw her she was quite frail."

If asked about the letter...

"It is a private correspondence between a grandson and grandmother."

Pale Sven shrugs and take the letter, and when he is onboard the ship, casually places it in his quarters.

Pale Sven

Pale Sven leads the PCs directly to the *Morning Passage*. Pale Sven has a thick Swedish accent and is a man of few words, but is amiable enough to the new crew:

If asked about himself...

"I've sailed these waters for fifteen years, the last three with Captain Malachi as his first mate. Know that I always strive to keep my captain and crew safe."

On Captain Malachi...

"Malachi is a talented seaman, and has captained the *Morning Passage* for over a decade. It is common for governors to rely on his services. You'll find him both fair and and discreet."

On the ship's destination...

"We are off to Whispering Cay, three days south from St. Kitts. It is a small privately-owned island. The governor and his grandmother are building an estate to house his massive family... no doubt in the event the French take St. Kitt's from the British."

On likely danger...

"Danger is likely. The seas are rough this time of year. And the French and Spanish have recently raised the bounties for British trade ships like ours."

On the ship's cargo...

"It was delivered last night, I have not inspected it nor do I intend to. It was three trunks and a chained man."

On his unusual leather sash...

"A gift from Captain Malachi to me, his first mate. I wear it with honor so all know that I speak for the captain."

GM's Note: The sash is an ancient Viking relic, found on a Spanish treasure ship. While worn, it provides DR 1 and lets the wearer resist the ship's curse for 24 hours, so that a single crewman to go ashore for a while.

Captain Malachi's Welcome

At the docks, the dark-haired, unsmiling CAPTAIN MALACHI welcomes the new crew aboard his vessel. He's dressed in fine, dark clothes, and has a black hat with a cyclopean skull embroidered into it.

"Ye can call me Captain or Malachi, makes no difference to me, but know this—I'll call ye what I damn well please. Ye've already met my mate, Pale Sven. Do as he tells ye, and he'll see to it ye stay in one piece, 'specially with the rough seas ahead. And if ye're thinking of ignoring him, best ask Sven what befell poor Brummett on our last run. And mind ye, don't go spewing on my deck. If ye feel the bile rising, take yerself up to the sterncastle and let the sea have it there. We sail within the hour."

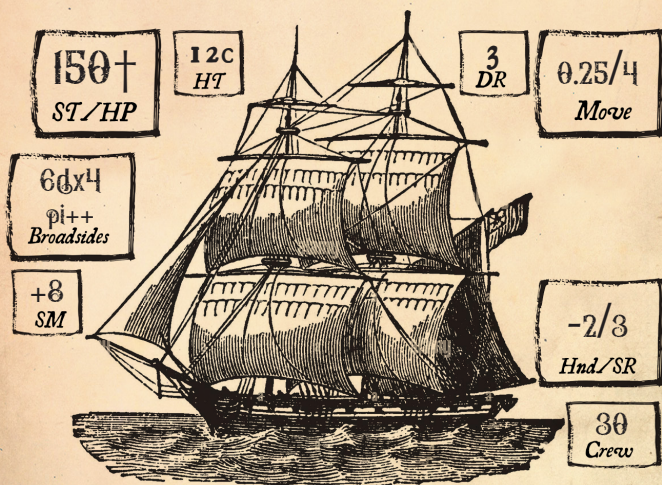
If the PCs ask the captain or Pale Sven about the fate of Brummett, they will not say any more, just snicker and trust their index finger inside their cheeks like a fish-hook.

GM's Note: Brummett disobeyed an order and lit a torch from the crow's nest on a cold night while trying to read a book that he thought might help reverse the ship's curse. He accidentally caught the crow's nest on fire, as well as a sail, which fell to the deck and singed it. As punishment, the captain ordered him run through with a boat hook and used as shark bait. Brummett was well-liked by the crew, so while the captain and Pale Sven won't tell this story, others on the boat will if persuaded with good roleplaying or skill rolls.

The captain inquires as to the talents of the new mates, and assigns them positions, typically as lookouts, deck swabbers, or guards for the food stores. He also mentions that he's also looking for a second cook, since his current one, Bartholomew, has been tired lately.

The Morning Passage

The *Morning Passage* (aka the *Wraithfetter*) is a 80', square-rigged brigantine. It has two masts and requires about 15 crew to operate (assume skill 12 in most things), but usually carries a full compliment of 30 men. The ship carries 12 cannons – quite a few for a merchant vessel!



If asked about the cargo...

"Three crates of the governor's fineries and a gagged Italian. It has been secured, ye best not meddle with it."

On the Italian in the hold...

"An architect that has refused to begin his contracted work on the governor's manor at the Cay. The governor wants him forcefully delivered, where he'll be made to complete his promises. Do not speak to the man."

If asked about the voyage...

"The seas are rough to the south this time of year. Don't expect it to be an easy trip."

On Whispering Cay...

"A small, cold island where the governor is building a private estate. I do not enjoy its amenities, and I've not been there in some time."

As planned, the *Morning Passage* leaves St. Kitts by noon and heads south.

The Morning Passage

When they aren't working their duties, the PCs have a few ship locations to explore:

The Swapping Strumpet

The wooden figurehead at the fore of the ship is a beautifully carved, well-bosomed woman. However, she bears a single cyclopean eye, rather than two. The crew says that kissing her eye and then her lips will reverse a man's bad luck. This is somewhat true. Once kissed, the next critical miss is converted into a normal miss. However, kissing the statue has an ill-effect too. Anyone who has kissed the figurehead must make a Will roll the next night or else have a horrible nightmare, one where they dream about being slowly eaten alive during a feast held by noble cannibals. Once this horrifying dream occurs, the PC will smell *delicious* to both the sharks in this adventure, as well as the Howler of Lebentod, and be their first target!

Ship Lockers

The aft lockers contain extra sails, nails, and rope. The forward lockers contain hand weapons (mostly cutlasses, knives, and spears) and extra ammunition for the cannons. All the lockers are locked, but at least five people have keys to them on the ship, including captain, Pale Sven, the gunners, and the carpenters.

Water and Food Stores

Barrels of fresh water and rum are kept here, along with crates of hard tack, salt pork, and onions. Both these rooms are tightly secured, with only the captain, Pale Sven, and second mate Ben Little having keys.

Cargo Hold

Three giant trunks are tightly tied down with ropes and nets. If the PCs can somehow get at the cargo (which is difficult, being well-secured), they find fine embroidered clothes in one, paintings of the governors' relatives in another, and a dead body of a young man in the third.

There's also a small hidden smuggler's room in the cargo hold, but it requires a SEARCH or SMUGGLING roll to find.

A man is gagged and chained to the wall of the hold. This is BORROMINI, a renowned Italian architect. If the PCs ungag poor Borromini, he begs for help:

"You probably heard that I agreed to help Governor Watts build his island estate. I did no such thing! His men forced me to sign his contract, and when I tried to flee the island, they arrested me and forced me on to this ship. But I am confused, for a crewman told me not to worry, for I won't be arriving at the Cay..."

GM's Note: The crew suspects that Captain Malachi plans on killing Borromini and dumping his body overboard midway through the journey.

If Asked About Any Ghosts...

"I hear things at night. I have nightmares too, dreams of the Devil showing me caves with fallen angels. I've even seen a skull glowering at me from the corner of the hold. This ship is cursed."

On the Captain...

"The governor said that Malachi is a loyal man who asks no questions, charges a reasonable rate, and is utterly fearless. I find him to be a dark, callous soul."

On Whispering Cay...

"I traveled there years ago with Governor Watts' grandmother, Ingeborg, before the family purchased it from the Dutch. It is a small, cold island, and I heard that it is still wandered by marooned pirates who have become cannibals!"

If Asked About the Curse...

"I wonder, if we are all bound to this ship... why would the captain agree to take me to Whispering Cay to build this manor? Also, when I was first brought here, I heard a man called Vineman bitterly grumble that 'the only man who tried to escape this ship's curse was hooked and fed to the sharks...'

Crow's Nest

The crow's nest is partially burned, due to a recent accident. The carpenters plan on fixing the nest soon into the voyage. The crew believes it to be unsafe, so no one has ventured up. Climbing up to it involves navigating some burned, unsafe ladders and ropes (a CLIMBING-1 roll else risk a dangerous fall).

Anyone who makes it to the nest will find a small, singed book entitled, *The Vile Mariners' Chronicle*. It contains various rituals for banishing and summoning sea devils, notably including a ritual that summons the "Wailing Woman of Ballyshannon," a spirit that will tell all the sins of the vilest captains on the sea. See [Handout B](#), and p.13 for what happens if the PCs decide to use this book!

Crew Cabins

While most of the men sleep together on deck or below deck in hammocks, a few key people share a handful of small cabins: Pale Sven (who bunks with Ben Little, the second mate), Bartholomew the head cook (who has died, see events below), and Crack Gunner Vineman, who bunks with his favorite apprentice gunner.

A fourth cabin is reserved for Mademoiselle de Veneui, who the crew calls "Madam V." She is the captain's much younger paramour. She mostly keeps to herself, though will be occasionally seen on deck sketching the men as they work the ship. On the wall of her cabin is a portrait of a handsome young man, who she says was her fiance before he was killed in battle. "The Governor's nephew, Pierce Watts. A fine and handsome soldier too." She confides that the painting makes Captain Malachi uncomfortable.

Captain's Quarters

Captain Malachi's quarters are always locked. At best, the PCs can get a glimpse of them by peaking through the keyhole in the door.

The room is exquisitely furnished. Since he can't leave the ship, all of Malachi's wealth is gathered here. The room contains an expensive bed, a large map table, several chests, and a fine Italian leather armchair. Secured around the room are dozens of mementos from the captain's voyages, a fine rapier mounted on the wall, a mounted hippopotamus head, an albino tiger fur rug, and an armless Greek marble sculpture of a nude woman.

The Crew Members

The 30-man crew of the *Morning Passage* knows that they are cursed, but they do not know the exact reason, nor do they speak of it openly, especially with new mates. However, once the PCs earn trust with these NPCs, especially through a crisis, such as saving a man's life, or the battle with Bishop Cruciatus later in the adventure, they begin to whisper what they know...

Crack Gunner Vineman. A foul-mouthed and lonely man. He was best friends with Brummett (the man killed after the crow's nest affair) and just wants to go down fighting at this point. While he doesn't know what Brummett was up to exactly, he does know he thought he found a way to escape the curse.

Ben Little, Second Mate. "Half the size, double the rules" say the crew. Ben Little is the calmest and most organized man on board the ship. He is a rules follower, and has the loyalty of the crew.

Tinky Tom, Mate. New crewman Tinky Tom is skittish and nervous. He recently found out about the curse, and it is weighing on him, since he has a fiance back at St. Kitts that he believes he will never see again.

Raggedy Bill, Gunner. A strong, friendly, and healthy man. He's quick to make friends and help newcomers aboard the ship.

Jane Suddaby, Carpenter. Anxious Jane is obsessed over keeping the ship in good repair. After all, she knows that if it goes down, it's likely she and the whole crew will die... but its captain will not.

Mademoiselle de Veneui. Shy, sweet "Madam V" was tricked aboard, with the governor telling her that she could visit her fiance, Pierce Watts', grave at Whispering Cay. While the governor expected Malachi to give her to his grandmother for her dark purposes, Malachi became enamored with the young woman and plans to keep her onboard the ship forever.

If the PCs search Malachi's quarters, they will find a locked chest under his bed with 5,000 coins stored there. He also keeps a detailed log of his journeys on his table, which the PCs can use to deduce the location of the corpses he disposed of on previous trips (see [Handout C](#) for a key excerpt).

The Voyage: Day 1

Man Overboard!

The seas begin to get rough in the late afternoon, and the captain orders the men tie down important supplies. Suddenly, the ship lists hard to the starboard and a scream is heard. A young gunner, RAGGEDY BILL, falls from the deck, and is quickly pulled away from the ship.

Raggedy Bill is a strong swimmer and laughs from his position in the water. As the men (and presumably the PCs) look for a way to rescue him, suddenly, he gasps and heaves. Water starts spilling from his mouth. Within minutes, he is drowning, though his head remains above the water the whole time. Pale Sven yells, "Get him quickly onboard, lest the curse take him to the bottom of the sea!"

If the PCs can quickly save Bill, they can revive him with a PHYSICIAN or FIRST AID-4 roll. He mutters only a few words before passing out for 2d hours. When he awakens, he will barely remember the event.

On the Curse...

"Must 'ave drifted too far from the *Wraithfetter*... the seas will claim us all..."

The Cook is Dead

Around supper time, the hungry crew begins to inquire as to the whereabouts of Bartholomew the Cook. The door to his quarters seem to be jammed, and the carpenters cannot figure out how to unstick it. Either several axe blows or climbing down to the cabin's small window will allow access.

Inside, Bartholomew is dead. His body is swollen and pale and smells like rotting fish. It is a horrific and unnatural sight, especially since the man was seen drinking and laughing while in port.

If his room is searched, the PCs find an empty vial that smells like ash and offal. PCs with a studious, clerical, or occult background will suspect that it is an unholy poison made from the ashes of the dead.

Under the cook's bed is a journal. Most of it is uninteresting notes on the food stores. But on the last page

"I am cursed, and the portrait speaks," is scrawled a thousand times over in increasingly urgent handwriting.

When informed of the death, the captain seems unconcerned, and orders the cook's body dumped into the sea without words or ceremony.

If the PCs have impressed the captain so far (or one has agreed to be the new cook), he assigns two of them to his cabin.

Little Margaret (Nighttime)

Late the first night, when one of the PCs is either alone or with no more than one other companion, they awaken with a start:

A small girl, ten or eleven years old, stands just a few feet from you. She's dressed in a pretty, ruffled gown, and her eyes swell with tears.

"Excuse me, I'm sorry to wake you, but there's a man snoring so loudly and I cannot sleep. Will you get him to stop?"

If Asked More About Her...

"My name is Margaret Watts, and I'm the niece of noble Governor William. All of the other men ignore me all the time on this boat, I'm so pleased you aren't sore at me for waking you up."

On Why She's Onboard the Ship...

"I can't recall. I remember playing with my doll Queen Charlotte in my uncle's garden, and then not feeling very well. Now, I'm onboard the ship, and the captain won't speak to me."

Margaret leads the PC down to the cargo hold. There, the PCs see the Italian, Borromini, snoring loudly on the floor (if somehow the PCs have freed Borromini, it is another crewman). Margaret points at the man with distress.

She then pulls a small silver key out from her pocket and unlocks a hidden door in the wall of the hold. Inside is a makeshift bedroom, with a cot, a pink wool blanket with a unicorn embroidered on it, and two foot lockers, one of which contains a few dresses, and the other a fine, regal-looking doll, "Queen Charlotte."

If the PCs can stop the snoring, little Margaret will comfortably settle into her bed, and quickly fall asleep. However, as soon as the PCs leave the area, the girl and all of her belongings fade from existence. The room is simply an empty smugglers' storeroom, and there is no sign that the girl ever existed.

If the PCs ask the crew about Margaret, most of the men have no knowledge of the girl. However, a few do:

If Malachi or Sven Are Asked About Her...

"We do not allow little girls onboard the *Morning Passage*. You must have been dreaming. Go kiss Swapping Strumpet and get about your work."

If Madam V is Asked...

"I once saw this girl. She appeared in my room and she said that she had lost her doll, Queen Charlotte. I helped her find it and tucked her in, and never saw her again. I always assumed I was dreaming."

If Borromini was awakened and had a chance to see the girl, he will be very confused, as he does not remember seeing her on the ship before. However:

If Borromini is Asked...

"I have seen the pretty little girl once before on the island... she was the niece of Governor Watts, but she was sick with fever. I heard she died years ago."

The Skull of Marmaduke

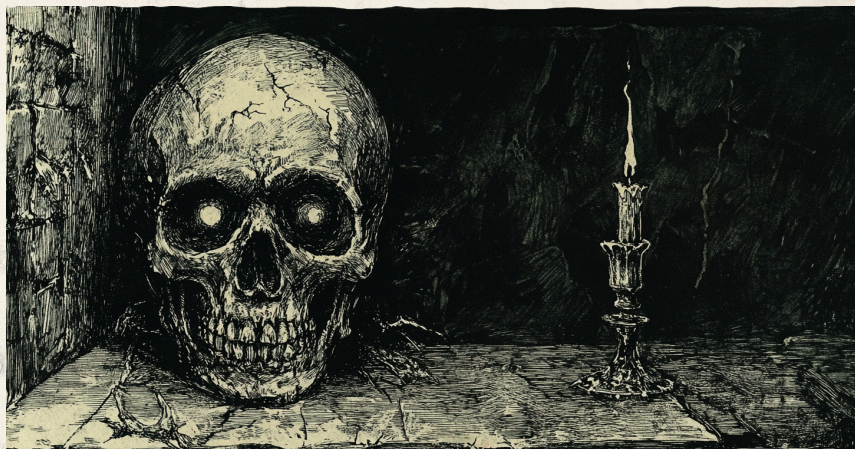
Lord Marmaduke, the governor's dull, but theatrical cousin, also haunts the ship. He died a few years ago back at St. Kitt's, accidentally falling off a balcony while drunk. His last words were, "I do believe I've mastered the art of balance, even with a bottle in each hand!"

While Marmaduke's body was loaded on to the *Morning Passage* and dumped into the sea at the same time as Little Margaret, the crew hit his already-broken head hard while bringing it up to the deck, and the head was severed from his body. The crew assumed it rolled and fell overboard, but it did not. It actually rolled down the companionway stairs and lodged itself in a dark corner below deck, where it went un-found for years.

A few months ago, Crack Gunner Vineman found the skull and placed it in his quarters, intending to use it for target practice some time. He later changed his mind when the skull began to speak to him at night, something he views as a bit of a blessing, since otherwise he has few friends on the ship.

Marmaduke does not like the crew (and especially new crew members). He antagonizes the crew by teleporting his skull around the ship, and either terrifying them or causing accidents. So, on the first night, the skull appears to one of the PCs from the shadows, staring ominously with his glowing green eyes, and moving his jaw in a weird, unnatural way. The PC might even hear his high-pitched voice whisper to them: "'Ere thou will never escapeth the doom that now shadows thy every step!"

If investigated, the skull quickly vanishes, returning itself to Vineman's room, the only trace of it having existed is a slight dusting of funerary ash.



The Voyage: Day 2

Navigator's Error?

In the morning, anyone with navigation experience can make a NAVIGATION roll to observe that the ship is off-course. It is not heading south towards Whispering Cay, but more southeast. This is because the captain plans on sailing to Dominica to secure another contract, dumping the bodies he is supposed to deliver off halfway there.

If the Captain is Confronted...

"How dare you question me? I'm sailing south by southeast to avoid a squall. We'll get to the cay within a day of our promised time!"

If the Crew is Confronted...

"Captain Malachi knows these rough waters well. Might be sailin' around a big storm, or changed his mind entirely. Best to keep your head down, mate."

The Nails Go Missing

The ship's carpenter JANE SUDDABY is distraught – all of the nails from the ship's supplies are missing. The nails are usually kept in the aft lockers in buckets, but they are gone, leaving Suddaby and other carpenters unable to maintain or repair the ship.

A search of the ship finds the nails inside the water stores. Worse, dozens of rats are nailed to the inside of nearly half of the water barrels. This ruins the water and demoralizes the crew, who begin searching for a malevolent saboteur on board the ship. The captain seems frustrated, but not overly concerned to investigate the matter. *GM's Note: He's used to haunted events on his cursed ship...*

Around midnight, the crew finds the man they think is responsible for the grisly deed – a newer mate named TINKY TOM. Tom was found nailing fresh rat tails to the mast in the late hours. He claims he was sleepwalking and has no memory of the event. The crew wants him hanged or keel-hauled. As they drag him to his doom, he pleads with the PCs. "Don't let me die on-board this ship! I'll become like one of *them*!"

It is up to the players to save Tinky Tom. To save him, the PCs must perform great roleplaying (and perhaps DIPLOMACY or FAST-TALK rolls) with the crew. Even if they save him, he'll be ordered whipped. Otherwise, Tinky Tom is ordered hanged and keel-hauled, a merciful way to go versus the other way around.

If Tinky Tom is saved...

"I would've become a spirit like one of them! Like the skull that I see staring at me from the shadows, or the little girl who woke me on my first night. Then I'd have no chance of ever leaving this cursed brig!"

The Fiercest of Storms

At mid-day, the clouds darken ominously. Captain Malachi orders all the portholes secured, loose supplies stowed in the lockers, and the crew into baggy, waterproof oilskin trousers and jacks.

Soon, the deck is slammed by heavy rain. Forks of terrible lightning illuminates the sky. The captain himself mans the ship's wheel and tries to navigate over high waves. A sail comes loose and covers the deck, wrapping men up into its folds, and then yanking them off the deck when the wind picks up again. Everyone on deck must make a DODGE roll or take 1d-2 cr damage from debris and mishaps, with a critical miss indicating getting beamed by a piece of the mast for 2d cr damage! Also, during one particularly strong, supernatural gust, everyone on deck must make a ST+2 roll to avoid getting tossed overboard. Victims must make a SWIMMING roll to not lose sight of the ship before a rope can be tossed to them!

During the storm, a crack is heard from one of the ship's masts. The captain orders the carpenters up the mast to reinforce it. Any PC who braves the climb and a CLIMBING-3 roll followed by a CARPENTRY roll to help will earn the respect of the captain and the crew. A failure means the climber slip and falls to the deck for 2d-4 cr damage; a failure by 5 or more means they fall completely overboard as the ship lists. *GM's Note: Anyone who falls overboard during the storm can make a DR12 PRESENCE test to see that the name of the ship on the hull no longer reads Morning Passage, but instead, in black and burned letters, Wraithfetter.*

The Skull of Marmaduke... Again

The skull of Lord Marmaduke will again annoy the PCs, appearing underfoot at inopportune times. During the storm, it may actually try to kill one of the PCs, appearing underfoot near the railing and slick deck. The PC must make a DX+2 roll or fall off the boat. If this happens, the PC may see that the name of the ship has changed during the voyage. It's now called, *Wraithfetter*.

Finally, when the PCs return to their bunks late into the night, the skull will appear on one of the PCs beds. With its green glowing eyes, it will spit out a random curse, clatter to the floor, and then vanish:

"Like Malachi, you're cursed! I see it emanatin' from your bones! Never are you to leave this ship again, else..."

1. ...yer boots be filled with nippin' crabs, dancin' a jig up yer legs, ya bilge-suckin' buffoon!"

2. ...you be cursed with the voice of a squawkin' parrot, squabblin' yer secrets to the four winds!"

3. ...yer rum be ever watered and yer hammock filled with prickly sea urchins!"

4. ... the winds carry the cries of the damned straight to yer soul, drivin' ye to the brink of madness!"

5. ...the specters of drowned sailors haunt yer every step, draggin' ye to the bottom of the sea!"

6. ...the sultry witch's gaze will pierce through yer soul, ensnarin' yer heart and bindin' ye to her dark will!

Margaret Has Nightmares

On the second (or even third) night, Margaret will reappear to one of the PCs. She will apologize and say that she had a bad dream:

"I am sorry for bothering you again, but I had an awful nightmare. A terrible woman with raven-black hair lifted me from my sleep and carried me into a chill room filled with ice and dead men. It was awful. Will you stay with me until I fall asleep again?"

On the Raven-haired Woman...

"Just a monster from my dream. While her face seems familiar, I know I have never seen her before."

The Scoundrel's Sin

Early in the morning, while it is still dark, Captain Malachi awakens a few loyal crew (perhaps even one of the PCs). He instructs them to bring up the smaller of the cargo containers, as well as Borromini. He then orders the container opened, and the body inside to be dumped into the sea. As it hits the water, anyone paying attention will see the corpse's eyes pop open suddenly, and his mouth whisper something inaudible as he sinks beneath the waves.

Then, with great apologies, the captain orders one of his crewman to murder Borromini ("shoot or stab him, but make it quick, for mercy's sake"). He'll then then dump his body overboard.

If the PCs are present, or hear the commotion, they can convince the captain to spare the man's life. While he argues that he has no use for architect among his crew, good roleplaying and/or DIPLOMACY rolls can convince the captain that the man will make a strong and loyal crewmate.

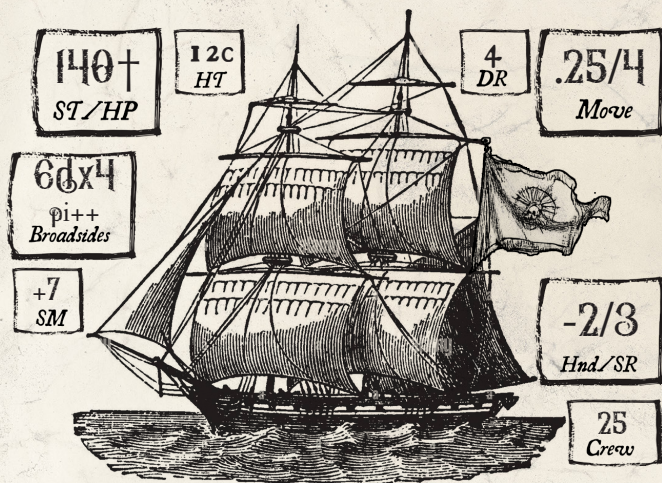
The Voyage: Day 3

The Scourge of Ecclesiasticus

As the fog lifts after the previous day's storm, a ship suddenly appears out of nowhere, looming nearby, its silhouette cutting through the mist like a ghostly apparition. Unusually, it is flying the flags of the Vatican. The crew of the *Morning Passage* gasps her name: *The Scourge of Ecclesiasticus*.

The ship is captained by BISHOP ALARICUS CRUCIATUS, along with a crew of armored "holies" – the animated, skeletal remains of questionably-ordained saints. The bishop ferociously hunts down cursed pirates and captains in the New World... including Captain Malachi.

"It's the mad bishop – he desires our cargo! Prepare the cannons!" Captain Malachi screams. The crew seems terrified, and cannot take action for 2d turns (if they roll a 10+, they, they squabble and debate surrendering until the captain stabs one of the disloyal crew).



The 55' *Scourge of Ecclesiasticus* tries to close the distance fast – it prefers to try boarding the *Morning Passage* and fight hand to hand (assume 1-2 foes per PC), vs. have its undead crew try to clumsily man its four cannons.

The bishop's booming voice calls out over the ocean at the *Morning Passage*:

"Behold the ship of fools, deluded in your belief that you sail under the name of the *Morning Passage*. But is you who should *mourn*, for you traverse the cursed *Wraithfetter*, a vessel ensnared by the devil's own influence. Your wretched captain has led nine crews to the very gates of hell, and he alone returns each time, unscathed and unrepentant. Yet rejoice today, for I, in my divine madness, shall deliver you to your fate. Rejoice, for I shall bless your lifeless bodies after I have slain you!"

The bishop's swift ship races to catch up to the *Morning Passage* and board it, killing its crew with abandon.

Whether before a boarding action or after, the bishop will reveal the ship's curse to all. Though the bishop understands not the exact reason, he knows the captain and his crew have been forbidden by the Devil to never leave the ship. They are doomed forever sail the seas in service to help the man's darkest works, and if they try to leave, they will be drowned even on land.

If Asked How to Remove the Curse...

"Only death by my holy saints will end the curse! Else you would have to do penance for the original sin that your captain committed."

The Skull of Marmaduke

Once again, the skull will appear to one of the PCs in bed, and speak aloud a dramatic curse.

Pierce and His Portrait

On night three, the PCs again hear loud footsteps on the deck above them, as if metal boots are clanking on the wood of the deck. The rest of the crew seems completely asleep, and are weirdly unable to be awakened.

This time, there is a confused man on the deck. He wears a British naval uniform and has a dashing look to him, but also seems sad and frustrated.

"I can't seem to get my sollerets on. And I seem to have lost my knife. It's a damned shame because it was a gift from King Charles..."

This man is the ghost of PIERCE WATTS, the nephew of the governor. He was wounded during a naval skirmish with the French, and was supposed to be delivered to Whispering Cay for treatment.

He sits on a locker on the deck, trying to put on heavy plate sollerets, but they do not fit. He also seems to be suffering from a nasty head wound, but waves it off if asked about it. When he sees the PCs, he asks for help pushing on his sollerets. With some effort, he can get them on his feet. With that, he thanks them profusely, says he hopes to see them soon, then leaps overboard and disappears under the waves. There is no sign of him.

GM's Note: If the PCs visit the painting in Madam V's cabin while Pierce is on deck, they will find that the painting is empty. If somehow the PC's rouse Madam V and take her to the deck, she'll gasp, and Pierce will apologize to her and leap overboard.

Once this event has happened, if the PCs visit Pierce's portrait (in Madam V's cabin), the PCs will see his change face imperceptibly... he recognizes them! And the painting makes slight movements with his lips, as if trying to speak. Putting an ear to his lips hears only mumbling. Only by slitting the painting near the mouth will suddenly his portrait whisper his tale:

"My friends I was wounded by grapeshot in a terrible naval battle... the governor, my uncle, promised that I would recuperate at Whispering Cay. He said he was building a great estate there, and his grandmother was a renowned healer. I was so injured, my organs ached and my wounds festered and leaked black blood. The crew said I'd likely die before I got to the island. Then one night I saw the Captain looming over me. Said we had arrived, and helped me to the deck. But all I saw was the sea... and a great crusted reef in the distance. Then the captain said he didn't have time for me to die at my own pace, and he brained me and threw me overboard. And now every night I must watch as he lusts over my great love, Mademoiselle de Veneui!"

Bishop Cruciatius

ST	9	HP:	9
DX	10	Will:	13
IQ	13	Per:	13
HT	11	FP:	11



Basic Speed: 5.25 DR: 3
Move: 5 Fists: 1d-4 cr, Parry 8
Dodge: 8

Traits: Clerical Investment; High Pain Threshold; Fanaticism; Obsession (Destroy the Unholy and Cursed); Religious Rank 3; Status 2.

Skills: Current Affairs-14; Exorcism-12; Intimidation-12; Leadership-13; Navigation-13; Occultism-14; Public Speaking-12; Religious Ritual-12; Seamanship-13; Shiphandling-12.

Gear: Padded cloth (DR 1); Torquemada's Mitre (DR 2 for those with Clerical Investment).

Special: Cruciatius does not engage directly in battle. Instead, he stays back and chants a prayer, which gives +1 DR to his soldiers.

Malatesta's Holies

ST	11	HP:	11
DX	11	Will:	10
IQ	8	Per:	8
HT	11	FP:	11



Basic Speed: 5.5 DR: 3
Move: 4 Broadsword: 2d+2 cut, Parry 9
Dodge: 7 Reach 1

Traits: Skeletal Undead (Cannot Speak; DR 1; High Pain Threshold; Injury Tolerance (No Blood, No Brain, No Eyes, No Vitals, Unliving); Vulnerability (Crushing x2).

Skills: Broadsword

Gear: Cheap light plate armor (DR 3); broadsword.

Special: One of the holies is the helmeted, flail-wielding *inquisitor*. He has ST 13, DX 12, and Flail-13, dealing 2d+3 cr damage (Reach 1-2).

The Wailing Woman of Ballyshannon

If the PCs venture into the damaged crow's nest, they will find a mostly-burned copy of *The Vile Mariners' Chronicle* by the acclaimed occultist, Tartleton Meredoth. Before it was burnt, this tome once held many chilling rituals. One ritual, however, remains – one that claims to summon the “Wailing Woman of Ballyshannon,” a sea spirit who knows all the sins of all known captains (see [Handout B](#)).

If the ritual is cast successfully (an OCCULTISM or WILL roll, with a failure causing stunning and a FRIGHT CHECK-5), the seas grow wild and pound the deck for considerable damage). Then, awful, synchronized singing is heard all around, and emerging from the waves are four sea banshees. They leap to the deck of the ship and scream in unison that the *Morning Passage* must prove their worth to the Wailing Woman:

“The cursed band of Malachi, the wretched, foul!
They dare invoke the Wailing Woman's howl.
She, the she-devil of Ballyshannon's shores,
Holds court with but the bravest, never with the boors.

“Oh, prove your worth, ye mortals, if ye dare!
For only those deemed worthy may draw near.
Her presence, sought by few, yet feared by all—
Do you possess the courage to answer her call?”

With that, the banshees unleash a ferocious attack on the crew, who run and howl in terror. PCs must make a FRIGHT CHECK-2!

Once the banshees are defeated, the ocean calms, and fog rolls in all around. Then, hovering twenty feet above the deck appears the WAILING WOMAN OF BALLYSHANNON. She is a blight upon the fabric of reality. Her form is a shifting mass of ethereal, tattered veils, dripping with the shadows of forgotten eons. Her face, when it can be discerned through the ever-shifting shroud, is a vision of unspeakable horror – a visage twisted by centuries of agony, her eyes two hollow voids, where the remnants of her soul endlessly weep.

Summoning the courage to speak to her requires a WILL roll. She will stay aboard the ship only for a few

Sea Banshees

ST	12	HP: 11
DX	12	Will: 11
IQ	10	Per: 10
HT	11	FP: 11



Basic Speed: 5.75 DR: 0
Move: 5 Dodge: 9

Traits: Appearance (Unattractive); Doesn't Breathe (Gills); Enhanced Dodge 1; Enhanced Move (Swimming); Nictitating Membrane 1; Night Vision 3; Resistant (Immune to Metabolic Hazards); Unaging.

Special: The banshees do not attack normally. Instead, they chance and sing together in unison. Roll to see what happens:

1. An ancient dirge. All within earshot must make win a Contest of Will or take 1d-1 (∞) cr damage, +1 per banshee still alive.
2. Waves from a deep kraken. The ship is pounded by tentacle-infested waves for 6d cr damage, +1d per banshee.
3. Horrific transformation. All within earshot must make win a Contest of Will or else flop to the ground for 1d turns, crawling towards the water and fighting off a transformation into a fishman!
4. Vomit of barnacles. The banshees spit a torrent of barnacles at a single victim. If the subject does not dodge, he takes 1d cr (per banshee).
5. Devil's Aura. All banshees heal to full HP.
6. Allies from the deep. Another banshee joins their ranks.

minutes, long enough for her to answer a handful of questions. Then she fades away with a wail.

If the PCs ever dare to attack the Wailing Woman, she will scream a wail that seeps one's very soul (FRIGHT CHECK-5!). Then, millions of gallons of sea water pour out of her mouth. This does massive damage to the ship, likely sinking it to the bottom of the ocean (only for it to rise again a few hours later!). She is not seen again.

If Asked About the Sins of Malachi...

"For many a year, Malachi has walked the crooked path, his soul tainted by a life of sin, each step bartered for the glitter of gold. He has made his trade in the dark dealings of the devil, exchanging the work of perdition for the spoils of earthly riches. The devil himself once took passage aboard Malachi's ship. In the shadow of night, the devil watched with cruel amusement as Malachi broke a solemn vow made to both the governor and the bishop. The promise had been simple and sacred: to lay the bodies of the dead in consecrated ground, that their souls might find peace. But Malachi, ever the servant of darkness, chose instead to cast the lifeless forms into the cold embrace of the sea, believing he could escape the eyes of both God and man.

"Yet the ocean was as unforgiving as the sins it bore witness to. The corpses were not lost to its depths, but were carried by the restless tides to a place of dread—a cursed reef, formed from the bones of ancient titans, those mighty beings felled by the righteous fury of the archangels in the days of old. The bones of the fallen, long since forgotten by time, now serve as the grim foundation of this unholy place, where the desecrated dead find no rest."

If Asked for More Details About the Curse...

"Immortal Malachi is bound by infernal decree, he is doomed to sail the endless waters, never to set foot on solid ground, for his ship is both his prison and his penance. Should he falter in his service to the devil, should his wicked work cease, the ship would be beset by ill fortune, sinking to the ocean's abyss, dragging his crew to their watery graves. But Malachi, accursed as he is, would not find the release of death; instead, he would rise from the ocean's bed, unscathed, condemned to begin his dreadful voyage anew.

"His crew, too, is ensnared by a cruel fate, chained to the vessel that bears them. To leave the ship under the sun's gaze is to invite a terrible doom. The very sea, that they once sailed with impunity, would turn against them, filling their lungs with its icy waters, drowning them even as they draw breath. Only under the cover of darkness may they set foot on land, their freedom as fleeting as the night itself, for the dawn brings with it the threat of death and damnation."

If Asked How to Remove the Curse...

"Malachi's curse is a blight that shall never be lifted, not even by the weight of a lifetime steeped in penitence. No amount of contrition can cleanse the stain of his transgressions, for the curse is woven deep into the very fabric of his being. Yet, there is a dark hope for those who suffer under this grievous burden, a slender thread of redemption for the souls of his cursed crew.

"It is whispered by those who dare to speak of such things, that the curse may yet be undone, but only by a perilous act of reparation. Should one with the courage and resolve to face the wrath of the damned seek out the bones of those wronged, gathering them from the cursed reef where they lie in restless torment. If these remains are brought back and laid to rest in the sacred earth that was promised to them, then and only then, may the curse be lifted from those who suffer under its weight."



Ossuary Reef

Eventually, the PCs will realize that the entire ship and its crew – including themselves – are cursed to never leave. And either through deduction, or the Wailing Woman of Ballyshannon, they will know that the crew is cursed because the bodies of good souls were callously thrown overboard by Captain Malachi, despite a promise to deliver them to their holy resting places.

If Captain Malachi is confronted with his sins through evidence, good roleplaying, and the alliance of the crew, he will relent, and even admit that the source of the curse was that the Devil saw him do his misdeeds. He is repentant to a point, but knows fully that his own curse will never be lifted. But to save the souls of his crew, he agrees to sail in a different direction, so that the bones of the dead may be retrieved.

Fortunately for the PCs' efforts, the captain dumped the bodies as he changed course at the same spot in the ocean. While he did not know it, his preferred location was near the Ossuary Reef, a ghastly monument built from the bones of ancient titans, leviathans, and elder gods. It is a small island in the sea, a mass of gargantuan skulls and warped bone spires poking above the waves, often lit with a spectral glow on some nights. The position of the reef can be derived in the captain's quarters from his log books and navigation map, visible from the place where he committed his sins.

The reef is too dangerous to approach with the *Morning Passage*. Instead, a dinghy must be rowed to the island. Boating here is dangerous business, and a BOATING roll must be made to avoid taking damage from the tall bones that surround the reef.

On the reef, the PCs can track down the remains of the three ghosts: Margaret, Marmaduke, and Pierce Watts:

Little Margaret's body is easy to find. Her bones are lying peacefully on the outskirts of the reef, her dress wet but eerily undamaged.

Marmaduke's headless remains are deeper on the reef. They are twisted and hanging from a tall spire, tied to it with tangles of grotesque seaweed. Climbing the spire requires a CLIMBING roll, else the climber will either fall or take 1d-2 cut damage from the razor-sharp

bones that guard the body. *GM's Note: If the PCs carry Marmaduke's skull, he will call out to his corpse, which will untangle itself and climb down on its own!*

Pierce Watt's remains are more difficult to find. But a sharp eyed PC finds them floating in shallow water not too far from the reef. His remains still cling to a floating board. It seems that he briefly survived his final injuries, and clung to dear life until he passed away...

Getting to the floating bones requires someone to swim or take the dinghy around. However, as the PCs get closer to the remains, his skull gasps weeps, "I cannot see Madam V like this!" He then lets go of his board, plunging into the deep. The bones settle on the ocean floor, about twenty feet under the surface. The commotion, however, summons two fossilized sharks!

Still on Pierce's body is a *very fine* soldier's knife, given to him by Charles II himself. Also, if the PCs search the island, they can find more possessions of dead sailors, such as cutlasses, boarding spears, etc. If a SEARCH roll is made by 5+, the PCs find a *particularly* valuable item (see chart p.24).

Fossil Hammerhead

ST	21	HP: 21
DX	12	Will: 10
IQ	3	Per: 12
HT	12	FP: 12



Basic Speed: 6.0 DR: 1 SM: +2
Move: 12 Bite: 3d+3 cut, Reach C
Dodge: 10

Traits: Cold-Blooded; Combat Reflexes; Discriminatory Smell; DR 1; Enhanced Move (Water); Hard to Kill 2; Hard to Subdue 2; High Pain Threshold; Ichthyoid; Injury Tolerance (No Blood, Unliving); Low Empathy; Night Vision 6; Peripheral Vision; Pressure Support; Sharp Teeth; Weakness (Holy Water, 1d/minute); Wild Animal.

Skills: Brawling-14; Stealth-12; Tracking-15; Wrestling-14.

Whispering Cay

Whispering Cay is a small foggy island located three days south of St. Kitt's. It has a population of only about 150 people; most are poor laborers who work to build the imposing Watt's Manor, a grand, but half-finished estate that rises defiantly at the far end of the a destitute, seaside village.

Only a few ships land at the Cay each year, most bringing supplies for the construction, or more noble dead being sent by Governor William Watts to further his grandmother's necromantic experiments.

As soon as the PC's disembark on to the island, they notice that the island's chill rain makes their teeth chatter. Anyone venturing out without a cloak suffers a -1 to all checks. Because of the *Wraithfetter's* curse, the PCs can only leave their ship at night. If they leave during the day, within an hour their lungs will fill with seawater, inflicting 1d FP damage every hour until they drown!

The Docks

The *Morning Passage* is the only ship at the docks this day. The dock workers, however, mention that a second merchant ship, the *Arnhem*, is due within a day or so, "no doubt carrying more stone from Scotland."

The Smithy

A stoic blacksmith, OLAFUR, scarred and gray-bearded, works tirelessly. The clanging of his hammer is clearly heard throughout town for many hours into the night. PCs who visit his shop find that he is crafting horrific, spiked manacles.

If Asked About the Manacles...

"Grandmother Ingeborg has ordered fifty pair of them. She does not tell me why she needs them, although the island is in need for more labor. Perhaps French prisoners from the upcoming war?"

Olafur will reluctantly sell some basic equipment to the PCs – knives, shortswords, horseshoes, nails, prybars, and the like. He does not have time craft anything new for the PCs.

The Graveyard

The graveyard is ringed by a sturdy, spiked wrought iron fence. The soil inside the fence is frozen and hard. A hundred gravestones, many of them blank, are scattered in a disorganized fashion throughout the area. A black mausoleum lies in the center of the graveyard.

Many members of the Watts family are buried in this yard, with the oldest going back about nine years. Empty gravesites with stones for Margaret, Marmaduke, and Pierce Watts can easily be found.

Any close inspection of the graveyard, however, finds that many of the gravesites are recently disturbed. Fresh, torn earth is visible on many of the sites. In one, an empty coffin is juts out of the loose earth. A lone grave-tender, SOILED SIMON, lazily roams the graveyard, not doing much.

If Asked About the Gravesites...

"We 'ave a grave robbin' problem, see? Ingeborg don't pay me enough to tend too late into the night. Suspect it's the *Howler of Lebendtod* unburying the dead. Best case they lay in peace a few days 'fore being dug up."

If Asked About the Howler of Lebendtod...

"He's a dastardly 'n evil cannibal pirate who was marooned here 'fore the Watts bought the Cay. Folks say he roams at night, mad and howling at the moon. Would be him who's stealin' the bodies, 'n likely eatin' them too, no?"

If Asked About Lady Ingeborg

"She don't seem to care 'bout the dead here. Haven't seen her outta the manor in a long time. Suspect she's busy an' such with buildin' the fancy place."

If the PCs bury their dead in their proper graves, the night air goes silent. Soon, they will see the three ghosts, spectral and glowing, began their walk from the ship to their graves. Once at their resting places, they thank the PCs for allowing them to finally sleep.

Pierce salutes and then weeps, Margaret gives a hug to the PCs, and Marmaduke cackles one last joke: "If I find there's no brandy in the afterlife, my skull will be back to haunt every last one of ye..."

Then, they join with their remains and vanish. The PCs feel as if a great anchor has been lifted from their souls. The PCs are fully healed to maximum hit points for the good deed. The world seems more colorful, but then a harsh wintery breeze comes from the manor and the island seems colder.

GM's Note: While burying the dead and saying a few words is enough to lift the Wraithfetter's curse on them, if the dead are dug up the ghosts will return to haunt this yard and the curse will be restored. They must truly rest in peace for it to be lifted forever.

The Mausoleum and Tunnel

The mausoleum's chained iron door is decorated with the Watts' family crest. A LOCKPICKING roll is required to pick the locks of the chain, or else it can be smashed open with a good tool.

The spacious mausoleum holds eight, sealed sarcophagi. Two have names carved in plaques under them – "William Watts III" (the governor's father) and "Francis T. Watts" (the governor's great-uncle). Lifting the stone lids off from the sarcophagi reveals that they are all empty; only scraps of old, rotting clothing and yellowed stains remain. At some point, the men were buried here, but the bodies have been removed.

Searching the mausoleum discovers a tunnel hidden under a stone in the floor. This tunnel leads to the manor, and is used to transport bodies from the graveyard to the Ingeborg's chambers. The tunnel is lightless – its main occupant, the Howler of Lebentod has no need for light, seeing how he is an undead sort of thing. If the PCs traverse the tunnel, they will awaken the howler and hear him crawling towards them in the tunnel. He'll hide around a corner ahead and yell out to them in a seemingly normal voice.

"Ye best keep yer distance, lads. This tunnel's as black as the devil's heart and twice as deadly. Just spied a centipede the size of me own arm skitterin' across the ceiling. If that beast drops on ye and sinks its fangs in, yer flesh'll melt to slime and slough off afore the first light of dawn."

The Howler

ST	13	HP: 14
DX	12	Will: 13
IQ	11	Per: 13
HT	13	FP: 13



Basic Speed: 6.0 DR: 3
Move: 6 Claw: 1d+1 cut, Parry 10
Dodge: 10 Head Guts: 1d+3 cr, Parry 10,
Reach C, 1-2

Traits: Appearance (Horrific); Combat Reflexes; Injury Tolerance (No Blood, No Brains, No Vitals); Bloodlust; Dark Vision; DR 2; Sharp Claws).

Skills: Brawling-15; Intimidation-17; Knife-12; Stealth-13; Whip-13; Wrestling-13.

Gear: Padded torso armor; boots.

Special: The Howler can detach his howling head from his body (causing a Fright Check-1) and then whip foes with the attached entrails (treat as an Extra Attack with a long, 1d+3 cr Striker).

If Asked About Himself

"I'm just an old smuggler, harmless as a sea breeze, though the townsfolk tremble at me name for no good reason. It's only by the mercy of Lady Ingeborg that I'm given refuge in these tunnels, though they'd have ye believe there's somethin' more sinister to it."

The howler is a twisted, undead abomination that once was a feared smuggler who dabbled in cannibalism and was marooned here. When Ingeborg came to the island, she enslaved him. She used her dark magic to transform him into a grotesque fusion of decaying flesh and nightmarish mutations, with useless bat-like wings sprouting from his hunched back, and talons twisted into gnarled claws. His face, still bearing the cruel smirk of his mortal life, is marred by sunken, luminous eyes that pierce the soul with a gaze of pure malice. He thirsts for the life essence of the living, but he only dares dine when Ingeborg allows it.

If the PCs do not heed his warning and progress up the tunnels, he'll hide in a nook and look to violently ambush them. However, if he's injured and takes more than half his HP in damage, he'll skulk away to heal himself with a potion he keeps hidden in his tunnel (healing 1d damage).

Watts Manor

Watts Manor, though a grand vision, is yet incomplete. The great hall and several chambers have already taken shape, their rough-hewn stones, imported all the way from Scotland, joined by the hands of diligent masons. Scaffolding still clings to the unfinished wings and the second floor, and the echoes of hammer and chisel resound through the air night and day.

The PCs may come to the manor for a few reasons. First, they might simply wish to meet the governor's grandmother, Ingeborg Watts. After all, he gave the crew a sealed letter to give to her. Pale Sven hates being an errand boy, and if the PCs don't already have the letter, he may ask them to bring it to her.

They might also explore the tunnels from the mausoleum in the graveyard and enter the manor. Or, they may simply be curious, wondering if the manor's occupants are behind the desecration of the isle's graves. Either way, the adventure culminates in its finale here.

GM's Note: The labeled rooms in the manor are mostly complete. The unlabeled rooms are still under construction, and are being used for supply areas.

Entrance

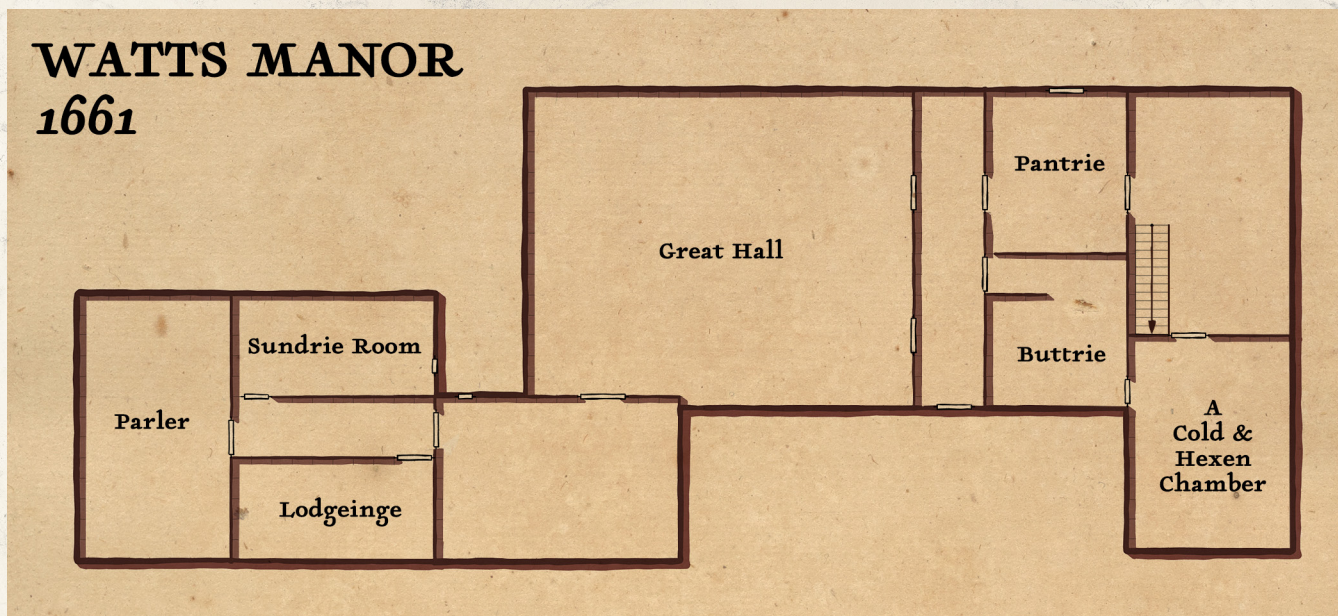
If the PCs knock on the main door of the manor, they will be greeted by Ingeborg's ancient house steward,

THURSTAN WYVERSTONE. Trembling and croaking, he will politely greet the PCs and ask what their business is with the matron of the manor. As long as the PCs are police, and have real business (for example, delivering the letter, or discussing supplies for the manor), Thurstan will escort the PCs into the house and ask them to wait in the great hall while he gets the lady. If it is near a mealtime, he will invite them to dine with Lady Ingeborg, and may ask them to come back within an hour or two so that he may have time to prepare the meal.

See p.20 for a description of the encounter with Ingeborg, the lady of the manor.

Great Hall

The great hall exudes a sense of austere grandeur. Its high vaulted ceiling, supported by dark, age-worn beams, towers over a floor of ice cold, flagstone tiles. A massive stone fireplace dominates the northern wall, its roaring fire casting flickering shadows across the tapestries that line the walls, depicting ancient battles and family crests. Weirdly, despite the big fire, a cold draft comes from the fireplace. A heavy wooden table surrounded by high-backed chairs are arranged for feasts and gatherings.



Buttrie

The buttrie filled with casks and barrels. Shelves hold several good vintages of wines.

Pantrie

The pantrie stores a good supply of foodstuffs, including dry goods like bread, grains, and preserved foods. Fancy Watts-family crested plates and silverware are also neatly stored here. A small bed in the corner is where the butler Thurstan sleeps.

Sundrie Room

The sundrie room is currently being used as a storeroom for construction supplies, such as hammers, nails, stonemason tools, bags of sand, and handsaws. Hidden under a burlap cloth in the back of the room is a trapdoor that leads to the tunnel that connects the manor with the graveyard.

Parler

The parlor is one of the more complete rooms in the manor. Lady Ingeborg prefers to meet guests here, unless it is dinner time, in which case she will make use of the great hall.

The parler's walls are adorned with rich, dark wood paneling, and a large hearth would normally provide warmth, but is cold and dark today. The furniture here is sturdy yet refined, with high-backed chairs and a solid oak table, all draped in thick, woven fabrics. Tapestries depicting pastoral scenes hang alongside portraits of the Watts' ancestors.

The Lodgeings

Until her room on the second floor is complete, Ingeborg uses this room as her personal quarters. It is always locked, only able to be opened by a key that either Ingeborg or her butler carries (but it can be picked with a LOCKPICKING-1 roll).

Her room is a place where opulence meets the occult. Heavy velvet drapes, in deep purples and blacks, shroud a tall, canopy bed. The walls are lined with shelves holding ancient, forbidden tomes. Silvered mirrors, tarnished and twisted, reflect flickering candlelight that casts ominous shadows. A grand hearth crackles with an unnatural, blue-tinged, freezing flame. Anyone who approaches it must make a HT roll or be supernaturally *chilled*, taking 1d-1 burn damage and be unable to move for 10 seconds per point the roll failed!

On a small nightstand, the PCs may find a draft of the letter Ingeborg is preparing to send back with Captain Malachi (see [Handout D](#)), scolding her grandson for the lack of noble corpses sent her way.

A Cold & Hexen Chamber

This locked room (only Ingeborg has the key) is the center of her necromantic experiments. Here, in this cursed and freezing chamber, Ingeborg tries to resurrect corpses into undead servants, but only ones who are well-spoken and independent enough to eventually pass as ordinary humans. She has not yet achieved her goal.

In the center of the room stands a large, blackened altar of obsidian, its surface engraved with the sigils of her necromantic lineage. Upon this altar is the rotten, frozen-solid corpse of a nobleman surrounded by ritual implements—daggers, chalices, and censers—each imbued with dark magic. Around the altar, concentric circles of runes are inscribed into the floor, designed to channel and amplify the necromantic energies that Lady Ingeborg harnesses to transform her victims.

If the PCs haven't yet found it in Ingeborg's quarters, they will find a draft of the letter Ingeborg plans to send to her grandson, scolding him for the lack of noble corpses sent her way (see [Handout D](#)).



Meet Lady Ingeborg

The PCs will eventually meet Lady Ingeborg. There are usually two situations that lead to this meeting. First, they may be invited to meet or dine with her in a formal fashion. Or, they may stumble or sneak into the manor (typically through the tunnels) and observe her unaware. Both are described here:

A Formal Meeting

Lady Ingeborg meets with guests in either her parlor or her great hall. She walks into the room with confidence, gorgeous and young. This fact will certainly surprise the PCs, who no doubt expected a frail grandmother!

Lady Ingeborg sweeps into the room with a languid grace, her raven-black hair cascading over her shoulders like a silken waterfall. The air seems to thicken with her arrival, her ice blue eyes glinting with a sharp, almost predatory curiosity as she surveys the room. Clad in a deep crimson gown that clings to her every curve, she exudes a raw, commanding presence that silences the murmurs of those present. Her lips curled into a knowing, faintly mocking smile as she takes her at the table, her voice dripping with both honeyed charm and iron-clad authority.

"I know my grandson sent you to my island. But what brings you to my manor?"

On Her Youth...

"If you are true sailors, you will know that many small islands in the Caribbean possess secrets. The youthening climate of this one... is mine."

GM's Note: She's lying. Her dark magic is what makes her young.

On the Graveyard...

"Alas, I have heard that some of our graves have been disturbed. I blame the poor workers here, looking for gold and silver to rob from the noble dead. Such things cannot be helped."

On the Howler of Lebendtod...

"I have heard stories of a marooned smuggler, one who turned to cannibalism and other dark hobbies. But that was many years ago, and I believe he is dead now."

If Asked About the Tunnel...

"My workers dug the tunnel to hold supplies. I ordered it sealed a few years ago."

If she is given the letter from the governor, she will read it, sigh with exasperation, and excuse herself to think about how to respond to her grandson. Within a few minutes, her butler Thurstan returns holding a blue candle.

"I'm afraid the lady has decided that she needs some rest, and will not be returning."

With that, the candle sparks and burns and a cold smoke fills the air of the room. All PCs must make a HT-2 roll or fall unconscious for 1 minute per point the roll failed, likely long enough for them to be brought to the Cold & Hexen Chamber, tied up, and ready to be murdered and resurrected again as undead servants!

However, if Ingeborg is confronted about graverobbing or the very contents of the letter (i.e., the PCs read it), then she will grow furious.

If Confronted About the Letter's Contents

"How dare you unseal my letter, and accuse me of such things! Leave my manor at once!"

With that, Thurstan enters the room with the blue candle, and tries to knock out the PCs. As they lose consciousness, she explains her plot (see p. 21). However, in the event the PCs do not end up captured, Ingeborg and her two servants, and in 1d turns, the Howler, try to quickly dispatch them.

Sneaking In

If the PCs sneak into the manor, they will glimpse Lady Ingeborg and her butler walking between her quarters and the Cold & Hexen Chamber. They will hear snippets of their conversation:

Lady Ingeborg struts with a languid grace, her raven-black hair cascading over her shoulders like a silken waterfall. Her ice blue eyes glint with a sharp, almost predatory curiosity as she whispers to her servant, a hunched and decrepit butler.


"My grandson owes me an explanation for why the deliveries have been so slow. It has taken months what should have taken years! I need more corpses!"

"He should have started a war with the French. That would have resulted in a great many noble dead."

"He is too cowardly for that," she hisses. "Send word to Captain Malachi that I need to speak to him about the delays."

"Yes, my lady."

The lady will then excuse herself and lock herself in her "Cold & Hexen Chamber," or her quarters if it is very late in the night.



Thurstan the Butler

ST	10	HP: 11
DX	11	Will: 12
IQ	11	Per: 12
HT	11	FP: 11

Basic Speed: 5.5 DR: 0
Move: 5 Punch: 1d-3 cr, Parry 8
Dodge: 8

Traits: Duty (Lady Ingeborg); Hard to Kill 2; Unluckiness.

Skills: Administration-11; Cooking-10; Guns-12; Occultism-10; Shadowing-11; Stealth-12.

Gear: Heavy dragoon pistol (2d pi+, Acc 1, Range 55/540, RoF 1, Shots 1(20), Bulk -4).

Admission and Confrontation

Eventually, Ingeborg will admit her plot: she is desperately attempting to resurrect the bodies of nobles and transform them into a new type of sentient undead... ones that can live in society, breed, but still be beholden to her whims.

"You expect perhaps some grand declaration of conquest? But that, my dears, is the folly of lesser minds. My ambitions are far more refined, more enduring. I have no desire to sit upon a throne, to wear a crown that time would tarnish. No, my vision is subtler, more insidious—a legacy that will echo through the centuries, unseen and unchallenged."

"My family's bloodline, noble as it is, shall not succumb to the whims of mortality. Instead, I will craft an eternal society from the bodies of the noble dead, a brotherhood of the undying. These nobles, who in life wielded power and influence, shall in death become the silent architects of a new order."

"Through my revenants, I will pull the strings of kings and governors, merchants and soldiers alike, guiding their fates with a whisper and a shadow. We will shape the politics, the economies of this world, ensuring that our influence, our power, remains unbroken, untouchable by time. No one will know of our existence, and yet they will dance to our tune, unaware of the hand that guides them."

"This is my gift to my bloodline—a dynasty that will not merely survive, but thrive, ruling from the shadows, forever."

Her monologue so elegantly spoken, she offers for the PCs to be her next experiments. They may not be of true noble blood, she says, but they might survive the process as useful servants to her new empire.

If the PCs attack her, she will quickly summon Thurstan the Butler, the Howler of Lebendtod (assuming he's still alive... who is listening near the tunnel entrance), and her chief mason, Ugly No-Nose, who keeps watch on the grounds at night. She'll also scream a dark spell, one that brings to life the icy corpse in the Cold and Hexen Chamber, who will rush forth to attack the PCs.

Conclusion

With Ingeborg defeated, the island's chill seems to diminish. By the next morning, a warm breeze chases away the cold fog.

As long as the three ghosts have been put to rest, the crew of the *Morning Passage* leave the ship, rejoicing to be free of the curse. Captain Malachi is in a sour mood, however, for he knows his curse will continue. Within a day, he's somehow managed to recruit some of the locals. He's even managed to convince Pale Sven to stay on as first mate, and the *Morning Passage* leaves docks in the middle of the night.

Within a few days, the *Arnhem* arrives, bringing stone and supplies from Scotland. Its captain can be talked into taking the PCs onboard as crew, allowing them to leave the island. His final words, however, send a shiver through the PCs' spines:

The captain, a rugged Scotsman with a thick accent, stands at the helm, eyeing his new crew with a mix of pride and a hint of mischief:

"Aye, welcome aboard, ye stout-hearted lot! Ye've joined the grandest merchant ship that ever sailed these waters, and we'll be carving a name for ourselves that'll echo through the ages. But mind this—our heading's set for an isle few dare whisper about, where the air's thick with secrets and the land itself seems alive with old, dark magic. There, among the shadows and mist, waits this ship's patron, *Tarleton Meredoth*. He's a man of... peculiar gifts, ye might say, with a touch for things best left to whispers in the dark. So keep yer wits sharp, lads, for we're bound for a place where even the bravest men find their courage tested!"

Rewards

For successfully completing this adventure, the PCs should receive 2 character points. They should receive an additional 1-2 character points for good roleplaying. Great success may also grant appropriate Reputations, Patrons, Allies, or Enemies (especially Governor Watts).

Ugly No-Nose

ST	13	HP: 11
DX	12	Will: 11
IQ	9	Per: 11
HT	12	FP: 12



Basic Speed: 6.0 DR: 1
Move: 6 Punch: 1d+1 cr, Parry 10
Dodge: 9

Traits: Appearance (Ugly); Duty (Lady Ingeborg); Hard to Subdue 1; High Pain Threshold.

Skills: Axe/Mace-14; Brawling-14; Carpentry-11; Masonry-11; Savoir-Faire-10.

Gear: Big mallet (2d+1 cr, Parry 10U, Reach C), leather apron (DR 1); light leather pothelm (DR 1); pouch of nails.

The Ice Corpse

ST	14	HP: 14
DX	11	Will: 11
IQ	9	Per: 11
HT	12	FP: 12



Basic Speed: 5.75 DR: 3
Move: 5 Claws: 1d+4 cr, Parry 10
Dodge: 8 Tongue: 1d cor, Reach C,1

Traits: Appearance (Hideous); Blunt Claws; Cannot Speak; DR 3; High Pain Threshold; Injury Tolerance (No Blood, No Brains, Unliving); Sharp Teeth; Vulnerability (Fire, x2 damage).

Skills: Brawling-13; Innate Attack-13

Special: The corpse's grotesque ice tongue does 1d cor (contact only), then afflicts the subject with a deathly chill (HT-1 roll or -2 DX).

Adventure Notes

Note that the characters in this adventure use the "Knowing Your Own Strength" optional rule from Pyramid #3/83. For more free one shot adventures, please visit 1shotadventures.com. If you enjoyed this adventure, or ran it for a group, all the author asks is that you give a shout out and let me know how it went. Post a note on 1shotadventures.com or tweet @SageThalcos on Twitter.

Special Thanks

Thanks to Anne Brown for her original 1991 *Ship of Horrors* adventure, which inspired this one. Her adventure so deftly combined pirate horror tropes with fantasy adventure. While this adventure differs quite a bit in many places, it shares the same black heart as her AD&D module.

For more one-shot adventures and VTT assets, visit www.1shotadventures.com. If you enjoyed this adventure, or ran it for a group, all the author asks is that you give a shout out and let me know how it went. Please post a note on www.1shotadventures.com or tweet @SageThalcos.

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Change Log

v1.0 - Original GURPS release.

v1.1 - Added Hawksley as a playable PC

Ingeborg Watts

ST	11	HP: 11
DX	12	Will: 11
IQ	13	Per: 11
HT	12	FP: 12



Basic Speed: 6.0 DR: 1
Move: 6 Knife: 1d cut*, Parry 10

Traits: Ambidexterity; Appearance (Beautiful); Combat Reflexes; High Pain Threshold; Obsession (Create the Noble Dead); Status 3; Wealthy (Filthy Rich).

Skills: Alchemy-11; Diplomacy-12; Hidden Lore (Necromancy)-13; Interrogation-12; Intimidation-13; Knife-14; Merchant-12; Occultism-14; Physician-12; Physiology-13; Savoir-Faire-13; Sex Appeal-12; Thaumatology-12; Writing-13.

Gear: Zorfelli's Amulet (provides DR 1 to all locations, when temperature is below 70 degrees); The Cold Knife (Fine large knife, has a 1d+1 cor follow-up attack from its freezing blade).

Special: If a human dies in front of her, she barks ancient words, spends 5 FP, and they rise as a zombie 1d turns later. It has the same stats as the subject, but is Unliving and attacks with bare hands.

Captain Malachi

ST	12	HP: 12
DX	12	Will: 12
IQ	11	Per: 13
HT	12	FP: 12



Basic Speed: 6.0 DR: 0
Move: 6 Saber: 1d+3 cut, Parry 9
Dodge: 9

Traits: Callous; Charisma 1; Fearlessness 2; Sense of Duty (Crew); Status 1; Unkillable 1; Wealth (Comfortable). Frequently cheats on contracts.

Skills: Area Knowledge (Caribbean)-12; Boating-13; Brawling-13; Broadsword-13; Climbing-12; Diplomacy-10; Fast-Draw-12; Guns-13; Knife-13; Leadership-12; Merchant-11; Navigation-11; Seamanship-13; Shiphandling-11; Survival-12; Whip-12.

Gear: Saber; heavy dragoon pistol (2d pi+, Acc 1, Range 55/540, RoF 1, Shots 1(20), Bulk -4).

Buried Treasure!

There are many opportunities for the PCs to find valuable equipment in the adventure: searching the Ossuary Reef, the Graveyard, or even Ingeborg's quarters. Generally, only mundane items can be found. However, with a good roll, or at the GM's discretion, they may find something more precious:

1. **The Black Oyster Shell Compass:** A tarnished compass that points not north, but to the nearest hidden treasure, cursed to mislead those with greed in their hearts.
2. **Kraken's Fang Dagger:** A jagged, coral-encrusted blade rumored to poison its victims with the venom of the sea's deadliest creatures (treat as cobra venom).
3. **Ghostly Sextant:** An ancient navigational tool that reveals hidden sea routes under the light of a full moon, but at the cost of a sailor's sanity.
4. **Leviathan's Eye:** A large, sapphire orb that grants its holder the ability to command sea creatures, though it slowly turns the user into one of them.
5. **Seawraith's Cutlass:** A spectral sword that strikes with the fury of a thousand lost souls, its blade cold enough to freeze the blood of its victims (+2 burn damage).
6. **Cursed Captain's Log:** A waterlogged journal that, when written in, predicts the future of any voyage, though always in riddles and omens of doom.
7. **Barnacle-Encrusted Helm:** A pirate's helmet that renders its wearer invulnerable in battle (treat as DR+2), but slowly turns their body to stone.
8. **Tidecaller's Amulet:** A seashell necklace that controls the tides, useful for stranding ships or hiding sunken treasure, but cursed to drown its wearer eventually.
9. **Scourge of the Deep:** A cannonball forged from abyssal iron that never misses its mark, yet dooms the ship that fires it to a watery grave in 2d days.
10. **Bone Reef Lantern:** A lantern made from the bones of drowned sailors, its light reveals the dead lurking beneath the waves, but also attracts them.

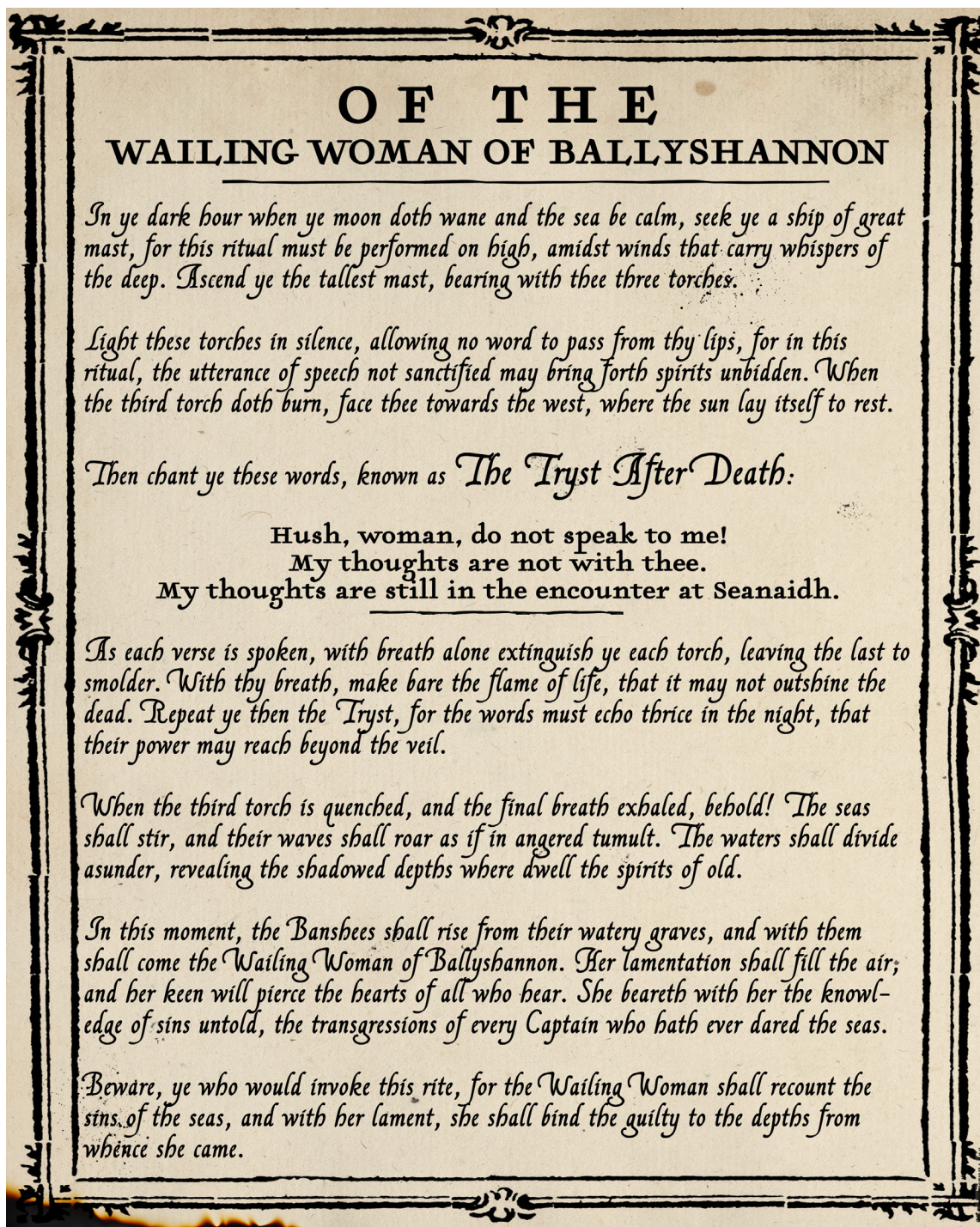
Oh, most revered and venerable Grandmother,

Pray, I beg your forgiveness a thousandfold for the intolerable tardiness of my deliveries. I assure you, the fault does not lie with me, but rather with the blasted merchants and confounded privateers who, in their infinite caprice, have taken a most unseemly aversion to venturing towards Whispering Cay. It is, indeed, a woeiful challenge to find men of even the slightest honesty or valor in these parts, and I am left utterly bereft of reliable hands.

I am acutely aware, dearest Grandmother, that the estate is in dire need of far more than I have thus far been able to provide. Though I fully understand your preference for those of noble lineage for the sacred tasks at hand, I humbly submit that the bearers of this missive, though not of the highest stock, are nonetheless a cut above the wretched common rabble. I pray they might suffice, if only for the present.

I swear to you, upon my honor, that I shall strive with every ounce of my being to improve and to do more in the future. It is you, after all, who placed me in this noble position—a role fraught with incessant hardships and ever-discontented subjects who grumble ceaselessly at my every decree. Yet, despite all, I remain steadfast in my resolve to

Gov. William Watts



Handout B - Singed page from the Vile Mariners' Chronicle,
found in the crow's nest

Brig Morning Passage - Theodosius W. Malachi St Kitts to Whisp. Cay				
HRF	Cargo	Wind	Remarks	C. Auburn 23 1638
1 2 6	S	NNE	Lunched under governor's orders. Noble passenger - Lucian Crowe	C. Auburn 24 1638
2 2 6			Cargo - Margaret Writts. Tharmadieu Writts. deceased provisions and Mount Gay rum for the Cay.	
3 1				
4 2				
5 2 4	SGT	East		
6 2 4	Flam. back			
7 3	SE	NNE	Squally with heavy showering of rain.	
8 3			• Brummett caught a massive blue tuna, crew pleased and will eat well tonight. Will serve the governor's rum with it.	
9 3 4	E		Course changed to Antigua - French lord Charles Houel pays good coin and provides the ship with seasoned sailors and gun crew. Governor Writts ever pays too scant a sum for the voyage to the Cay.	
10 2 4		NSE		
11 3 6	SGT		Crew took pleasure in the tuna and Mount Gay rum and fresh cargo provisions.	
12 3				
HRF	Cargo	Wind	Remarks	
1 2 4	SGT	NNE	Light breezes and cloudy weather.	C. Auburn 24 1638
2 3	SE		Vineman lodged a complaint against Lucian Crowe - the man cast upon him sinister glances and muttereth foul wicked things.	
3 3 4		NE	Employed mending the jib. Middle part bent it and set the fore (topmast) studding sail.	
4 2 6	E			
5 2 6			Vineman complained about the smell from the cargo hold.	
6 2				
7 3				
8 3				
9 2 6				
10 2	Flam. back			
11 2	SGT	NNE	Cast the two bodies overboard, as is my custom - now the wiser is the governor.	
12 3 6	E		Unusual fog. No observation.	

Handout C - Captain's Log found in his Quarters - it shows the location where the bodies were dumped overboard

Handouts

My Inept Grandson,

It is with mounting frustration that I must address your ongoing failures. Have you become so distracted by your governorship (that I bestowed upon you) that you neglect the task I entrusted to you? The bodies you've sent are far too few, and too ignoble, endangering the very foundation of the work I am undertaking.

Do you grasp what I am building? This is no mere collection of corpses but an eternal society, an unseen force to guide the affairs of the living for centuries. Each noble soul I bind is essential, ensuring our family's dominion long after we are gone. The revenants I create are instruments of power, not mindless thralls, destined to shape the fortunes of the Caribbean and beyond.

Yet, you've failed to provide enough stock required for this grand design. Only those of high birth can sustain the ritual's demands. You will correct this at once. Secure bodies of true lineage and influence, or risk our future.

Fail me again, and you may serve this cause in a more permanent manner.

Ingeborg

Handout D - Letter from Ingeborg to Governor Watts, found in the Watts Manor

Name AMRRIQUE GASPAR Player _____ Point Total 100Ht 5'6" Wt 130 Size Modifier 0 Age 26 Unspent Pts -Appearance A swashbuckler who has insulted so many nobles... even her own father wants her deadSt 11 [10] hpDx 11 [20] WillIQ 10 [0] PerHt 11 [10] fpCURRENT
St 11 [0]Dx 11 [5]IQ 10 [0]CURRENT
Ht 11 [0]

MOVE

5

DR

-

Reaction Modifiers

Appearance _____

Status _____

Reputation _____

+1 from sailors and pirates

Encumbrance

None (0) = BL 25
Light (1) = 2 × BL 50
Medium (2) = 3 × BL 75
Heavy (3) = 6 × BL 150
X-Heavy (4) = 10 × BL 250

Active Defences

Dodge

9

Parry

10

(Knife)



Block

-

Advantages & Perks

Ambidexterity [5]Combat Reflexes (+2 vs. Fright Checks, +6 vs. mental stun) [15]Fit (+1 to all HT rolls) [5]Seafarer I [10]

[]

[]

[]

[]

[]

Portuguese (Native) [0]English (Accented) [4]

[]

Disadvantages & Quirks

Code of Honor (Pirate's) [-5]Enemy (Your Father) [-5]Laziness [-10]Wealth (Struggling) [-10]

[]

[]

[]

[]

Collects knucklebones... sometimes talks to them [-1]Many chipped teeth [-1]Obsesses over tactics [-1]

[]

[]

[]

Skills

Name Level

Acrobatics 12 [4]Boating (Unpowered) (includes +1 from Seafarer) 13 [2]Carousing 11 [1]Climbing 12 [4]Fast-Draw (Knife) 13 [1]Fast-Talk 10 [2]Jumping 13 [2]Knife 14 [4]Dual-Weapon Attack (Knife) 14 [5]Knot-Tying (includes +1 from Seafarer) 13 [1]Leadership 9 [1]Navigation (Sea) (includes +1 from Seafarer) 10 [1]Savoir-Faire (High Society) 10 [1]Seamanship (includes +1 from Seafarer) 12 [2]Shortsword 12 [2]Swimming 13 [2]Tactics 9 [2]Whip 12 [2]

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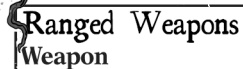
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Ranged Weapons

Ranged Weapons

Ranged Weapons

Ranged Weapons

You must escape his island... and never return.

\$

12 Lbs.



Ht 5'6" Wt 130 Size Modifier 0 Age 26 Unspent Pts -

Appearance A skulking brute who dabbles in things best not mentioned...

15 [45]

hp

11

[0]

5

20

Will

9

[-5]

10 | 0 |

Per

10

[0]

—

10

fp

11

0

BASIC SPEED 5.5 [0] **BASIC MOVE** 5 [0]

BASIC SPEED 5.5 [0] **BASIC MOVE** 5 [0]



Reaction Modifiers

None (0) = BL	63
Light (1) = 2 × BL	126
Medium (2) = 3 × BL	189
Heavy (3) = 6 × BL	378
X-Heavy (4) = 10 × BL	630

Parry

Block

9

11v

—

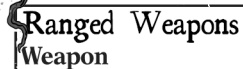
(Flail)

Skills

Combat Reflexes (+2 vs. Fright Checks, +6 vs. mental stun)	15
Fit (+1 to all HT rolls)	5
Gigantism	0
High Pain Threshold (ignore shock penalties)	10
Wealth (Comfortable)	10
Weapon Bond (Trusted Anchor)	1
English (Native, Semi-literate)	-2

[illegible]

Appearance (Unattractive)	-4
Code of Honor (Pirate's)	-5
Bad Reputation (7 or less, last 3 ships sank...)	-4
Odious Personal Habit (Dabbles in cannibalism)	-15
Social Stigma (Criminal Record)	-5
Infested with lice	-1
Looks slightly deranged	-1
Distrusts horses	-1



Ranged Weapons

Ranged Weapons

Speed/ Range Modifier	Linear Measurement (range/speed)	
Close	0-5 yds	0*
Short	6-20 yds	-3
Medium	21-100 yds	-7
Long	101-500 yds	-11
Extreme	501+ yds	-15

* in melee combat, ranged attacks suffer a penalty equal to Bulk of the weapon

Hit Locations	
Modifier	Location
0	Torso
-2	Arm/Leg
-3	Groin
-4	Hand
-5	Face
-7	Skull

Imp or *Pi* attacks can target vitals at -3 (x3 dmg) or eyes at -9 (x4 dmg)

Money

\$50

A detailed illustration of a pile of US currency, including several folded dollar bills and numerous coins of various denominations, scattered at the base of the bills.[illegible][illegible]

You must escape his island... and never return.

Totals:	\$ 12 Lbs.
---------	------------



Name CHROFERUS DENTON Player _____ Point Total 100

Ht 5'6" Wt 130 Size Modifier 0 Age 26 Unspent Pts -

Appearance St Kitt's most infamous rascalion, thief, and imbibor of spirits

St	<u>9</u>	<u>[-10]</u>	hp	<u>9</u>	<u>[0]</u>	MOVE <u>6</u>
Dx	<u>13</u>	<u>[60]</u>	Will	<u>11</u>	<u>[0]</u>	
IQ	<u>11</u>	<u>[20]</u>	Per	<u>11</u>	<u>[0]</u>	DR <u>-</u>
Ht	<u>11</u>	<u>[10]</u>	fp	<u>11</u>	<u>[0]</u>	



BASIC LIFT (ST × ST)/5 16 lbs DAMAGE Thr 1d-3 Sw 1d-1
BASIC SPEED 60 [0] BASIC MOVE 6 [0]

Encumbrance

None (0) = BL 16
Light (1) = 2 × BL 32
Medium (2) = 3 × BL 48
Heavy (3) = 6 × BL 96
X-Heavy (4) = 10 × BL 160

Active Defences

Dodge	Parry	Block
<u>9</u>	<u>10</u>	<u>-</u>
	(Cutlass)	



Reaction Modifiers

Appearance _____
Status _____
Reputation _____

Advantages & Perks

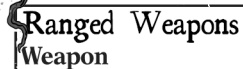
	<u>[]</u>
Acute Hearing +2	<u>[4]</u>
Fit (+1 to all HT rolls)	<u>[5]</u>
High Pain Threshold (ignore shock penalties)	<u>[10]</u>
	<u>[]</u>
	<u>[]</u>
	<u>[]</u>
	<u>[]</u>
	<u>[]</u>
English (Native)	<u>[0]</u>
	<u>[]</u>

Disadvantages & Quirks

Kleptomania	<u>[-15]</u>
Sense of Duty (Friends and Crew)	<u>[-5]</u>
Vow (Rescue mother and daughter from dungeons of St. Lucia)	<u>[-10]</u>
Wealth (Struggling)	<u>[-10]</u>
	<u>[]</u>
	<u>[]</u>
	<u>[]</u>
	<u>[]</u>
Hedonistic	<u>[-1]</u>
Never seems to blink	<u>[-1]</u>
Prays a lot (often with weird prayers)	<u>[-1]</u>
	<u>[]</u>
	<u>[]</u>
	<u>[]</u>

Skills

Name	Level
Acrobatics	<u>12 [2]</u>
Bartender	<u>10 [1]</u>
Boating (Sailboat)	<u>12 [1]</u>
Climbing	<u>13 [2]</u>
Fast-Draw (Sword)	<u>13 [1]</u>
Fast-Talk	<u>11 [2]</u>
Filch	<u>13 [2]</u>
Gambling	<u>11 [2]</u>
Holdout	<u>11 [2]</u>
Knife	<u>13 [1]</u>
Knot-Tying	<u>13 [1]</u>
Lockpicking	<u>11 [2]</u>
Pickpocket	<u>12 [2]</u>
Seamanship	<u>12 [2]</u>
Shortsword	<u>15 [8]</u>
Smuggling	<u>11 [2]</u>
Stealth	<u>13 [2]</u>
Streetwise	<u>10 [1]</u>
Swimming	<u>12 [2]</u>
Theology (Christian)	<u>9 [1]</u>
	<u>[]</u>
	<u>[]</u>
	<u>[]</u>
	<u>[]</u>
	<u>[]</u>



Ranged Weapons

Ranged Weapons

Ranged Weapons

Ranged Weapons

Ranged Weapons

You must escape his island... and
never return.

\$

8 Lbs.

Ht 5'11" Wt 155 Size Modifier 0 Age 25 Unspent Pts -

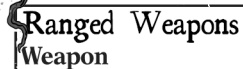
Appearance A former monk whose dreams have turned him into a zealot of the lost gods.

A detailed black and white illustration of a man with a beard and dreadlocks, wearing a hooded cloak. He has a serious, intense expression, looking directly at the viewer. The style is reminiscent of comic book art, with heavy shading and fine lines. The man's face is partially obscured by the hood and his dreadlocks. The background is plain white.

BASIC SPEED 5.5 [0] **BASIC MOVE** 5 [0]

Reputation -3 from religious folk

[illegible]



Ranged Weapons

Ranged Weapons

Speed/ Range Modifier	Linear Measurement (range/speed)	
Close	0-5 yds	0*
Short	6-20 yds	-3
Medium	21-100 yds	-7
Long	101-500 yds	-11
Extreme	501+ yds	-15

* in melee combat, ranged attacks suffer a penalty equal to Bulk of the weapon

Modifier	Location
0	Torso
-2	Arm/Leg
-3	Groin
-4	Hand
-5	Face
-7	Skull

Imp or *Pi* attacks can target vitals at -3 (x3 dmg) or eyes at -9 (x4 dmg)

Money

\$50

A detailed illustration of a pile of US currency, including several \$100 bills, \$20 bills, and various coins, stacked and scattered together.[illegible]

Character Notes

William Watts, the Governor of
St. Kitts, is cursed.

The lost gods told you.
Which is why he imprisoned you.

You think.

You must escape his island... and
never return.

Totals:	\$ 9 Lbs.
---------	-----------

Name FRUTOS LOCO Player _____ Point Total 100Ht 5'3" Wt 107 Size Modifier 0 Age 23 Unspent Pts -Appearance The crazed "powder monkey" you either always, or never, want on your shipSt 10 [0] hpDx 12 [40] WillIQ 11 [20] PerHt 10 [0] fpCURRENT
10 [0]

11 [0]

11 [0]

CURRENT
10 [0]

MOVE

4

DR

-

BASIC LIFT (ST×ST)/5 20 lbs DAMAGE Thr 1d-2 Sw 1dBASIC SPEED 5.5 [0] BASIC MOVE 5 [0]

Encumbrance

None (0) = BL 20
Light (1) = 2 × BL 40
Medium (2) = 3 × BL 60
Heavy (3) = 6 × BL 120
X-Heavy (4) = 10 × BL 200

Active Defences

Dodge

8

Parry

8

(Dagger)



Block

-

Reaction Modifiers

Appearance +1

Status

Reputation +1 from Charisma

-2 from experienced NPCs

+2 from inexperienced or young NPCs

Advantages & Perks

Ambidexterity [5]
Appearance (Attractive) [4]
Charisma I [5]
Daredevil (+1 to rolls when taking unnecessary risks) [15]
Fit (+1 to all HT rolls) [5]
____ []
____ []
____ []
____ []
____ []
English (Native) [0]
____ []

Disadvantages & Quirks

Code of Honor (Pirate's) [-5]
Gregarious [-10]
On the Edge [-15]
Overconfidence [-5]
Secret (Cooks Eat Rats) [-5]
____ []
____ []
____ []
Loves painting rats [-1]
You think your last crew was killed by ghosts [-1]
Rum aficionado [-1]
____ []
____ []
____ []

Skills

Name	Level
Animal Handling (Vermin)	10 [1]
Armoury (Heavy Weapons)	11 [2]
Artist (Painting)	9 [1]
Boating (Unpowered)	12 [2]
Carousing	10 [1]
Climbing	12 [2]
Cooking	10 [1]
Explosives (Demolition)	12 [4]
Set Trap	12 [3]
Fast-Draw (Knife)	12 [1]
Gunner (Cannon)	13 [2]
Guns (Pistol)	13 [2]
Knife	13 [2]
Knot-Tying	12 [1]
Scrounging	12 [2]
Seamanship	12 [2]
Sex Appeal	10 [2]
Swimming	10 [1]
Throwing	14 [8]
Thrown Weapon (Knife)	13 [2]
Traps	11 [2]
_____	[]
_____	[]
_____	[]
_____	[]
_____	[]



Hand Weapons

Punch	ld-3 cr	C	9	Skill 12
Fine rondel dagger	ld-1 imp	C	8	Skill 13
Small knife (x2)	ld-3 cut	C.1	8	Skill 13
	ld-3 imp	C		

Cost	Weight
\$160	1 lbs.
\$60	1 lb.

Weapon

Damage	Acc	Range	RoF	Shots	Bulk	Rcl	Notes
--------	-----	-------	-----	-------	------	-----	-------

Small knife	1d-3 imp	0	5/10	1	-	-1	-	Skill 13
Iron bomb (in cabin)	6dx4 [2d] cr ex							
Paper bomb (x3)	5d cr ex**	0	5/10	1	-	-1	-	Skill 13

Cost	Weight
	30 lbs.
\$300	5 lbs.

Special Range Table
For complete table, see p. 550.

Speed/ Range Modifier	Linear Measurement (range/speed)
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Close	0-5 yds	0*
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Short	6-20 yds	-3
-------	----------	----

Medium 21-100 yds -7

Long 101-500 yds -11

Extreme	501+ yds	-15
---------	----------	-----

** in melee combat, ranged attacks suffer a penalty equal to Bulk of the weapon*

Modifier	Location
1	1
2	2
3	3
4	4
5	5
6	6
7	7
8	8
9	9
10	10
11	11
12	12
13	13
14	14
15	15
16	16
17	17
18	18
19	19
20	20
21	21
22	22
23	23
24	24
25	25
26	26
27	27
28	28
29	29
30	30
31	31
32	32
33	33
34	34
35	35
36	36
37	37
38	38
39	39
40	40
41	41
42	42
43	43
44	44
45	45
46	46
47	47
48	48
49	49
50	50
51	51
52	52
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54	54
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56	56
57	57
58	58
59	59
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62	62
63	63
64	64
65	65
66	66
67	67
68	68
69	69
70	70
71	71
72	72
73	73
74	74
75	75
76	76
77	77
78	78
79	79
80	80
81	81
82	82
83	83
84	84
85	85
86	86
87	87
88	88
89	89
90	90
91	91
92	92
93	93
94	94
95	95
96	96
97	97
98	98
99	99
100	100

0	Torso
-2	Arm/Leg
-3	Groin
-4	Hand
-5	Face
-7	Skull

Imp or *Pi* attacks can
target vitals at -3 (x3 dmg)
or eyes at -9 (x4 dmg)

\$50



Location

Ancient Roman coin		\$10	-
Compass	Pack	\$25	1 lb.
Haversack		\$60	3 lbs.
Boots (DR 2)	Feet	\$80	3 lbs.
Stink ball (x3)	Pack	\$3	-
Personal basics	Pack	\$5	1 lb.

- * May target chinks in armor at -8 to hit (vs. -10)
- ** fills 5-yd radius with smoke for 1 minute; any who take damage roll HT-5 or receive hearing penalty equal to margin of failure for 20-HT minutes and victim is stunned

William Watts, the Governor of
St. Kitts, is weak and mewling.

He imprisoned you.

He scolded you for the damage
to his port.

He promised to have you hanged.

You must escape his island... and
never return.

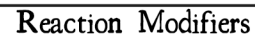
Totals:

\$ 9 Lbs.



Appearance A buccaneer who lives for sailing the seas from the crow's nest

BASIC SPEED 6.0 [0] **BASIC MOVE** 5 [0]



-2 from Paranoia

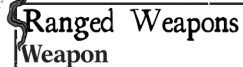
Active Defences

Block

Skills

[illegible]

Code of Honor (Gentlewoman's)	[-10]
Impulsiveness	[-10]
Pacifism (Cannot Harm Innocents)	[-10]
Paranoia	[-10]
Stubbornness	[-5]
	[]
	[]
	[]
Enjoys playing tricks on friends	[-1]
Loves the sea more than land	[-1]
Gives nicknames to those she likes	[-1]
	[]
	[]
	[]



Ranged Weapons

Ranged Weapons

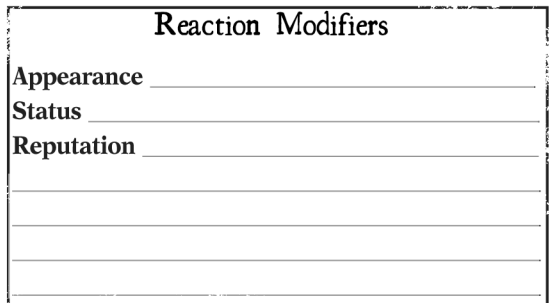
Ranged Weapons

Ranged Weapons

Ht 5'10" Wt 160 Size Modifier 0 Age 28 Unspent Pts -

Appearance The gentleman smuggler, haunted by his strange nightmares

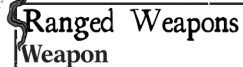
BASIC SPEED 6.0 [0] **BASIC MOVE** 6 [0]



Active Defences

Appearance
Status
Reputation

[illegible]



Ranged Weapons

Ranged Weapons

Ranged Weapons

Ranged Weapons

Ranged Weapons

Ranged Weapons

Ranged Weapons

Ranged Weapons

Ranged Weapons

Venetia the Ragdoll

The Buccaneer



Amrrique Gaspar

The Swashbuckler



Mad Pottock

The Brute



Chroferus Denton

The Rapsallion



Hieronimo

The Zealot



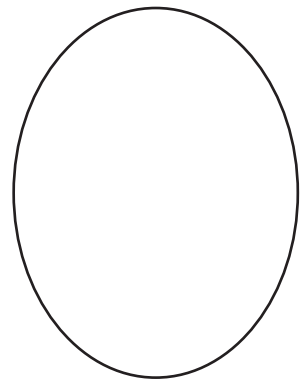
Frutos Loco

The Powder Monkey



Crăciuna

The Sorcerer



Hawksley

The Smuggler

