



Grimbow, Lost Giant

Since the dawn of times, the Frost Giants of Havenpeak have been fighting for Chaos, shedding blood and spreading hate in the name of their Overlords. They were with the Bleak Warlock, Grimbow having slayed six score and half a dozen ironclad riders, when the stonebolts began to rain.

Now the Havenpeak Giants are no more, Grimbow being the last of them. He lost giants clan, he lost his purpose, he lost his legs, soon he'll loose his life. Still he didn't lose his fury. He's hopeless, and starving, and dying. He is to big to get in the Inn, but he can reach any place of it pulling one of his long arms through a broken window or a shattered door.

If nobody stops him, he'll eat everything he can, drink everything he can, kill everyone he can, curse the gods, rest and then die.

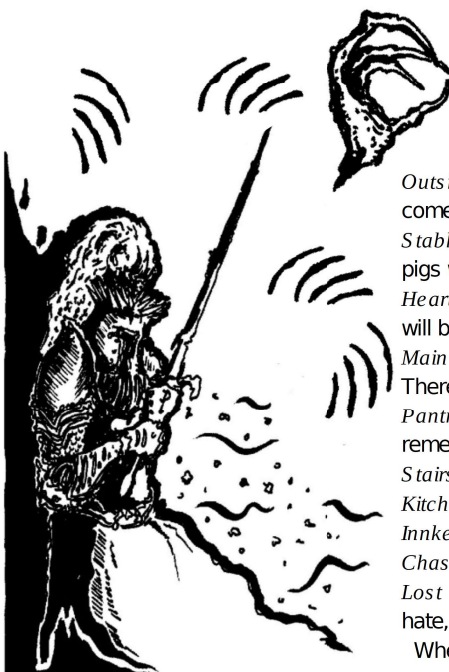
Sellardor, Restless Hero

Long lost is t he time of heroes, when Sellardor used to ride as the old sun bended his glowing knee before him and the stars came one by one like dust from his cloak. He could swip the Golden Army in a night of howls and fires, and break Iron Drake's spine in a day of sweat and fight. He could jump over the red walls of Raskasia to rescue his beloved Moonskin, or enjoy Aspadhan's Forbidden Garden with them, as the Merkats burned at stake for their pleasure. They could lay seven moons together, them alone at Chill Spring.

Now Moonskin chins are worms' feast, their breast dust, their skull home of spiders.

Sellardor rested in Death's womb when the Bleak Warlock woke him, to make him his champion and slave, for ten thousand moons.

As the Warlock is no more, Sellardor wander as a leper hobo, to find his Tomb, to rest again. He know the grave is near, but he can't find it. He will let no one stops him.

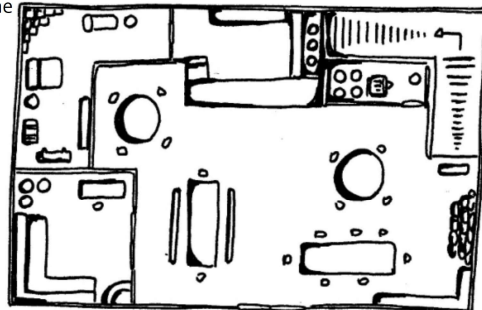


FARAWAY, in the greatest battle in this age of the world, the forces of the Bleak Warlock were undone, but at a dear cost. Lives of many were lost, and the Emperor themself, hero and hope of all the Free People, fell - for raise never again. In the wake of Warlock's utter defeat, a mighty storm of snow thunder and hail rose, hammering the fugitives and the survivors for seven nights and seven days.

As this ordeal of frost seem to rest, after chill and desperation, you come in - - of a lonely inn, a dim light behind a window.

It's for any rest? It's for any safety? Nobody knows, yet.

The tag over the bell says:



Little Lidia, Innkeepers' Daughter.

Art by Simone Tammetta
Words by Iacopo Maffi

Her parents loved her dearly and protected her. Her world was (and is) a dark one, but at least she was a beam of light in their life. She never complained. She was a good girl. A blind one, but a good one.

Father went fortnight to chase a bear, Mother went a week ago looking for him.

Since then, she's been alone. She's alone and the world is dark. Dark and Cold, as it as ever been.

Her eyes are useless, her heart holds still each single tear.

She knows the inn by heart, she'll take care of any guest at her best (which isn't much). She would never go in the pantry: Father used to say there is a Cellar Door down there. It's not safe.

If nobody will take care of her, she'll starve to death, or she'll get raped, butchered, raped again, scoffed down.

She knows that.

The Rockwell Inn: the Inn

Outside: snow, howles, a rocky well. Footprints in the cracking snow of the ones who come here before you (choose or roll 1d4 png, the rest will come after you)

Stable: pigs are starving. They'll eat *anything*. Lidia won't go there, she does hate the pigs with a passion.

Heartfire- still burning, dim and dimmer, soon will be dead and cold, and then there will be no more warm nor light, until a blood red dawn would break out.

Main room: chill and dirt, and wooden furniture. Lidia lives here now, her bed the soil. There is quite a lot of beer and grog here, Lidia isn't allowed to touch it.

Pantry: very cold. The wooden trapdoor under the stairs close a windy chasm. Lidia remembers Father said there was a cellar door here, closed thousand moons ago.

Stairs: roof collapsed, upstairs is just snow and debris and nests for crows

Kitchen: no fire, little food, lot of cheap flatware.

Innkeepers bedroom: one big share bed, one big shared misery

Chasm: windy and cold as Hell's gate.

Lost Tomb: Sellardor's grave. 12 ghouls immured a thousand moons ago, grooming hate, starving.

When a body reach this place, **let the wild hunt BEGIN!**

Honest Hoes, Goblin in Trenchcoat

With spade and hoe and plow
Diggit down diggit down With
spade and hoe and plow
Diggit down diggit down
Unearth that golden crown
An' sellit good uptown

Those three gloomy beanpole are just seven goblin in three trenchcoat. The business card sais:

"professional diggers/*any* digging /*any* / want it up? want it down ? We are your hoes!"

They can smell a tomb. They do *feel* gold. And they love it's sweet fragrance
Undeas are not a problem. Scams are.

They love to drink too much: if nobody stops them they'll find the booze and set up a rumpus. They'll stop when the booze is gone and the inn is burnt, and there is nothing left to loot and burn and rape.



Father Agonius Stratus and his Pious Nuns

There is a truth and there is a lie.

Father Agonius is a wandering priest, stern but hearty, bound by faith to five humble nuns, never unveiled, ever praying. They'll part their bread, share their wine. Though not strong nor fierce, they'll help you, don't mind how great their own sacrifice... because their lord is the Lord of Mercy.

That's the lie.

They'll make you believe that. They love you believe that.

This is the truth: they worship the Beast Out of the Abyss (Glory to It! Glory to the Beast!), the nuns are fiendish black bugbears (Yah! Blood for the Abyss!) and, if nobody stops them, they will betray you and tie you on a cold tombstone, to feast of your living flesh in the name of the Beast (Yah! Yah! Yah!).

You are their bread now, your blood their wine.

And you'll be still alive and sound, when they start to eat you.

