

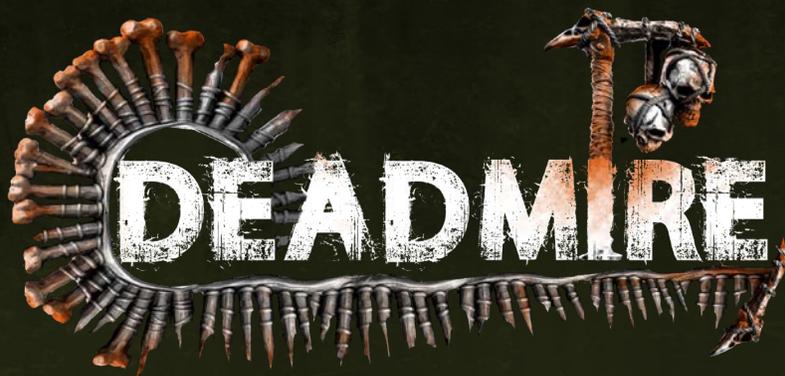
BESTIARUM GAMES



DEADMIRE

FACTION LORE

FACTION LORE



THE WORLD OF DOADEN

WELCOME TO DOADEN, THE DARK FANTASY SETTING OF
TAINED LANDS AND TWISTED
MONSTERS, WHERE AN EVER-CREEPING AFFLICTION
CORRODES THE VERY ESSENCE OF EXISTENCE.

IT IS A WORLD OF DECAY AND DEPRAVITY WHERE ONCE-RIGHTEOUS
MEN AND HEROES OF GLORIOUS PURPOSE NOW STRUGGLE TO
SURVIVE AS CULTS AND DARK GODS VIE WITH ONE ANOTHER TO
CONSUME THE LAST VESTIGES OF HUMANITY.

IT IS A WORLD OF DEATH, TRAPPED IN THE FADING DUSK OF A
FALLEN EMPIRE.

THE HEROES THAT WANDER THESE LANDS ARE NO GRAND
ADVENTURERS TO BE HONORED IN SONGS OF MINSTRELS.

FOR THE HEAVY DEEDS AND DECISIONS THESE WANDERERS
UNDERTAKE INVARIABLY LEAVE THEM DISHEARTENED, BROKEN,
NOTHING MORE THAN SOULLESS HUSKS AND SHADOWS OF THEIR
ONCE-GLORIOUS SELVES.

YET AS DARK AS DOADEN MAY BE, HUMANITY CLINGS TO LIFE
WITH A STUBBORN TENACITY,
A LAST FLICKERING FLAME WITHIN THE DARK.

A LAST HURRAH, A FINAL WAR CRY THAT SHALL ECHO IN THE
BLACK ABYSS OF ETERNITY,
A MOMENTARY VICTORY BEFORE THE ENDLESS NIGHT.

FACTION LORE DEADMIRE

For centuries, before the Empire, the scattered kingdoms of the Western Reaches fought one another in ceaseless wars, sending their legions to fight and die upon the plains to satisfy the whims of their lords.

Tales say that the crimson lifeblood of these soldiers soaked into the earth, saturating the soil until it could hold no more, overflowing and drowning the plains in a blighted marshland.

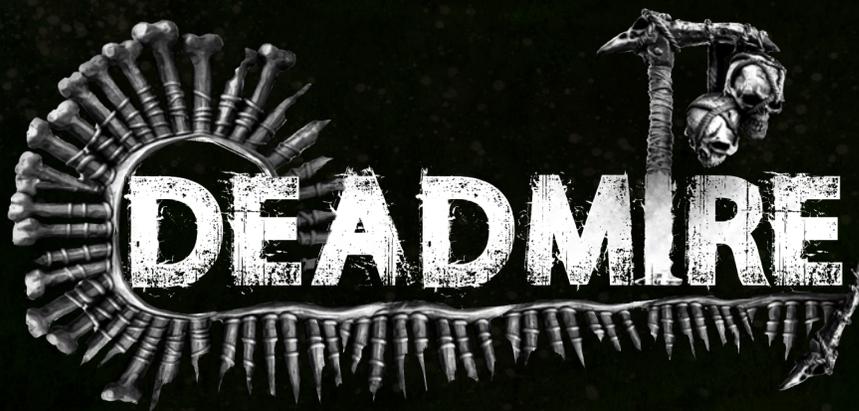
Today, the place is cursed.

Though the truth of such legends is uncertain, those who travel here whisper of rotten soldiers rising from the muck and eerie lights that glimmer above placid black waters in the deeper mire.

Trapped in an everlasting cycle of agony and torment, the damned souls here shamble aimlessly about in peaty bogs and mucky quagmires.

Driven by a need to satiate their soulless husks of bodies, they are drawn to feed on all forms of life.

Though decrepit and eyeless, they are able to identify prey, through some strange paranormal sense.

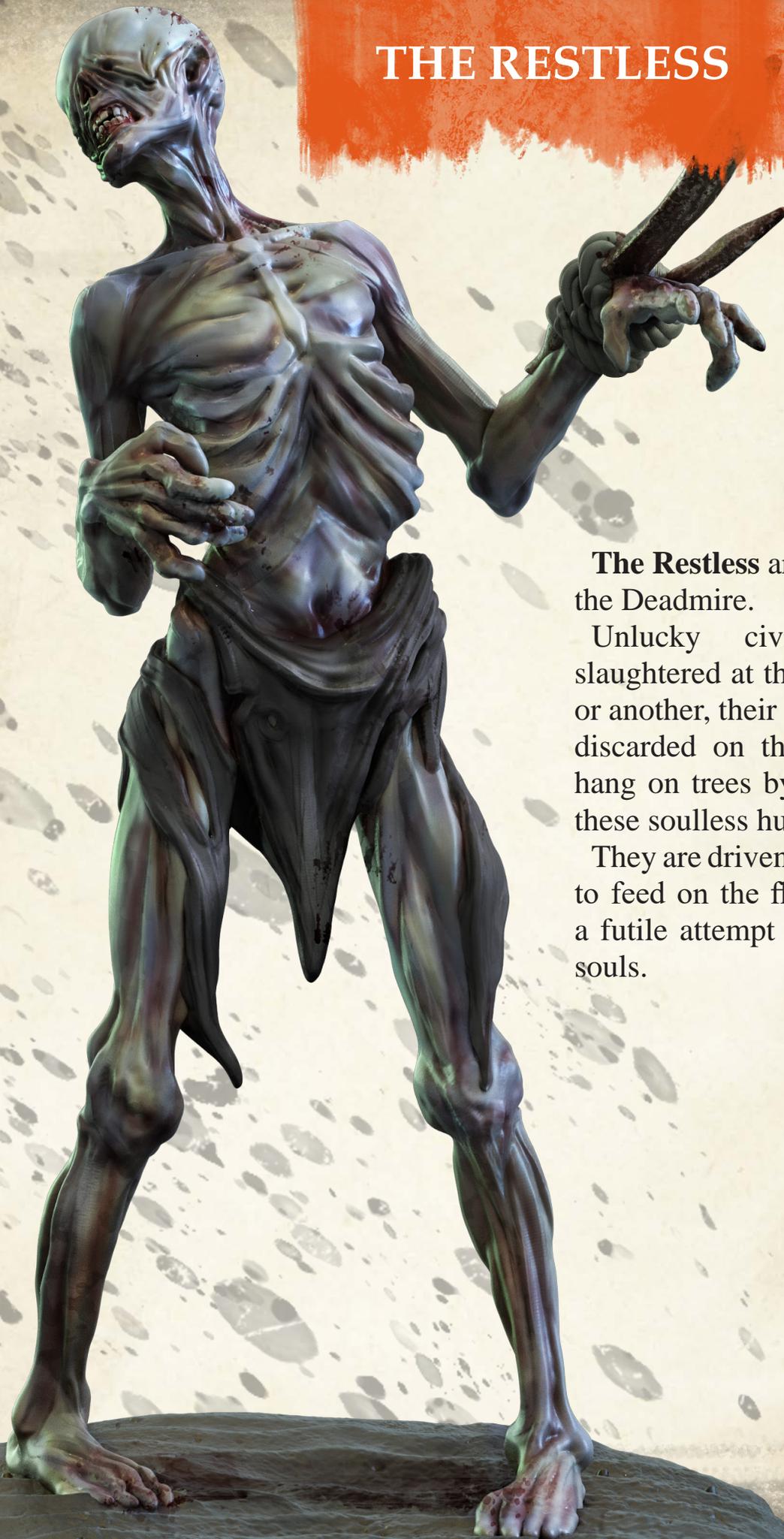




THE RESTLESS



THE RESTLESS



The Restless are a common sight in the Deadmire.

Unlucky civilians that were slaughtered at the whims of one lord or another, their bodies were casually discarded on the ground or left to hang on trees by the hundred. Now, these soulless husks know no rest.

They are driven by insatiable hunger to feed on the flesh of the living, in a futile attempt to feed their hollow souls.

DEADWALKER ARCHERS



DEADWALKER ARCHER

Deadwalker Archers prowl the Deadmire, clutching bows and arrows.

Though nothing more than shambling wretches, their withering limbs are still strong enough to hit their targets.



DEADWALKER SOLDIERS



DEADWALKER SOLDIER

Deadwalker Soldiers are those who fought and died in the Deadmire.

As legend holds, legion after legion spilled their dark blood here, soaking into the earth and saturating the soils until the earth could hold no more, overflowing into a sickened marshland.

Even in the afterlife, their shambling corpses cling to their weapons, mindlessly seeking to hunt and kill.



DEADWALKER BATTERERS



DEADWALKER BATTERER

Batterers are monstrous brutes, covered in heavy plate armor and wielding massive bludgeons to smash through the front lines or flanks of an enemy.

Although slow and mindless, these creatures have the strength to shatter their victims with a single blow of their spiked mauls.



DREAD HORSEMEN



DREAD HORSEMEN

The Dread Horsemen were a much-feared regiment that was trained to crash relentlessly through the flanks of any opposing lord's army. They have fallen from their place of prestige, their pale, sickened mares carrying them like Deathly specters into combat once more.

Still lingering to their memories of war, these battle-scarred veterans charge fearlessly into the melee once more.



DREAD NECROMANCER



DREAD NECROMANCER

The Dread Necromancer is a fiendish entity that retains some intelligence and an inexplicable control over both the shambling dead and the strange and eerie dreadlights that shine in the deepest parts of the Dreadmire.

Whomever this dark entity was in life is unknown, but with its grasp on dark and arcane powers, some believe it was once a counselor or battle-wizard to a long-forgotten king.



CORPSE CART



CORPSE CART

The Corpse Cart is a dreaded thing, plodding through the Deadmire as it plucks up the bodies of the dead and the living alike.

It's unknown how this creature came to be, but those lucky enough to survive an encounter with it compare the creature to the corpse carts in the days of war, piled high with the bodies of the dead.



HRODR, THE CRIPPLE

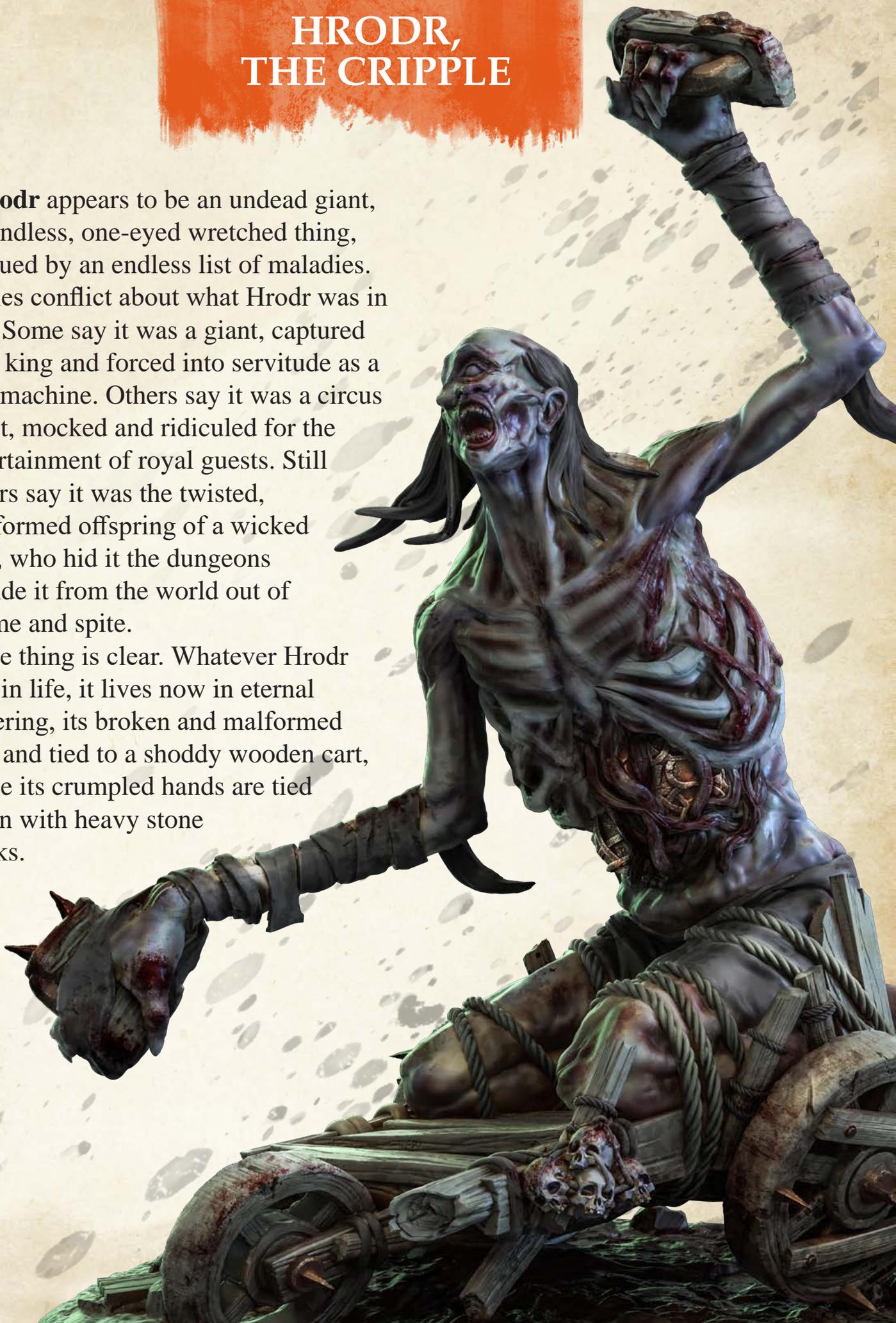


HRODR, THE CRIPPLE

Hrodr appears to be an undead giant, a mindless, one-eyed wretched thing, plagued by an endless list of maladies.

Tales conflict about what Hrodr was in life. Some say it was a giant, captured by a king and forced into servitude as a war machine. Others say it was a circus beast, mocked and ridiculed for the entertainment of royal guests. Still others say it was the twisted, malformed offspring of a wicked lord, who hid it the dungeons to hide it from the world out of shame and spite.

One thing is clear. Whatever Hrodr was in life, it lives now in eternal suffering, its broken and malformed legs and tied to a shoddy wooden cart, while its crumpled hands are tied down with heavy stone bricks.





5E ADVENTURE SUMMARY: THE DREADLIGHTS

The Deadmire is a marshland that stretches across the center of the Western Reaches, making it difficult to travel from the north of the region to the south. The peaty bogs here are clogged with cadavers, nameless masses of soldiers and serfs, victims to the wars of ancient kings that quarreled with one another unceasingly in the days of yore. Their reanimated corpses roam through flooded farmsteads and ruins of ancient battlefields, seeking to pull them down to drown amidst the fetid pools and strangling reeds.

Will you cross these lands with your soul intact? Just remember...don't look into the lights.

SCENARIO STRUCTURE

This scenario is designed to be run in one session with minimal preparation. Additional prompts are provided to expand the experience into a multi-session adventure.

STORY HOOK

The party is on a mission for the secret order known as the Templar Rangers. They must escort Lunden, a genius engineer, through the Deadmire and to the Black Fortress, a stronghold of the Penitent Crusade. Lunden drives a strange, horseless carriage called the Blasten-Vagen, a metal machine that eats coal and breathes fire.

CHAPTER STRUCTURE

Chapter 1:

This adventure begins as the party comes to the Harrow Bridge, a large viaduct that crosses an otherwise impassable morass. They are forced to leave the safety of the Vias Umbrae Road and traverse the treacherous fens of the deeper mire.

Things go terribly wrong as their wagon break down and waves of rotting corpses begin to crawl up from the murky waters. Worse yet, the eerie dreadlights begin to shine.

Chapter 2:

After fending off the dead, Lunden informs the party that they are missing supplies necessary to repair the wagon. The party must make their way into the ruins of a nearby village to search of more equipment. But things go from bad to worse as the village is the domain of a sinister necromancer.

Chapter 3:

After finding the supplies and fixing the wagon, the party escapes the old village, but death does not give up easily. A giant wretched abomination gives chase, pushing a Corpse Cart, leading to a daring escape from the clutches of the Deadmire.

BALANCE

This scenario is balanced for 3-4 players, with Normal Mode levels 5-7, and Torment Mode levels 8-10.

DEADMIRE

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DEADWALKER BATTERERS x 2



DREAD
HORSEMEN x 4



DREAD
NECROMANCER x 1



DEADWALKER SOLDIERS x 8



BUSTS x 2



THE CORPSE CART x 1



THE RESTLESS x 12



HRODR, THE CRIPPLE x 1



DEADWALKER ARCHERS x 6



SOME OF OUR PAST RELEASES

THE REMADE



THE N'GORROTH



PENITENT CRUSADE



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