

DRAW OF THE WEEK!

Draw #0, the moment we knew we had something



System: Desolation (<http://desolationrpg.com>)

Publisher: Greymalkin Designs LLC

Genre: Post apocalyptic fantasy

GM: Porthos

This was the very first draw after a fairly drunken night spent sticking address labels to playing cards in order to build the Mk1 prototype deck.

As my fellow musketeers and I looked down on that draw, we knew we had a workable product and I knew just the game to use it in...

In game setup:

The characters have been taken in by the townsfolk of Penroe. With only 172 souls who survived the night of fire, Penroe needs all the help it can get, in particular with finding food, furs and firewood to survive the coming winter. It also needs help defending against attacks by a rival town, Wolton, some 5 days travel through a blasted wasteland to the southwest.

The characters have taken on the role of scouts for the community and with the blessings of the council, have decided to gather as much intelligence they can on the rival town.

The characters traversed the wasteland, fought off attacks by Wolton's scouts, burrowing horrors and struggled to survive in the environment. They are now in position, just east of the town and the smell of roasting meat wafts past them on the breeze...

A short distance away, a small hovel sits on the edge of a large pit.



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Strips of meat smoke over low fires and joints roast on a spit turned by an old man. Several guards sit nearby, enjoying a late meal. Humans, Elves and Mongrels lie battered and broken in cages nearby.

The old man is Agrom, former hunt-master of Lord Wolton. He is a primalist shaman who once used his powers in the hunt for his lord. Now he oversees the slaves.

The meat is human flesh, cut from the remains of those unfortunate enough to be chosen as a sacrifice by Lord Wolton. The meat is distributed to the townsfolk and forms part of the sacraments of a cult centred upon the Lord.

The characters have been eating this stuff for the last few days, captured spoils from encounters with the Wolton scouts...

The pit contains the bones of the cult's victims, picked clean by a colony of 'Scab Rats' that are under the will of Agrom.

The Scab Rats carry a disease called "Scab-rot" that will infect the characters if they are bitten. Symptoms will begin to show in a few days after the bite.

The Outcome:

Well, it didn't start well...

The first thing that went wrong was a spell cast by the party's Beguiler, Tallanth. The spell was intended to soothe the nerves of the party and aid them in the coming battle. Unfortunately, it failed and managed to enrage Baleen (elf scavenger) who had harboured a deep-seated hatred of magic since the night of fire.

In a fit of rage, he attacked Tallanth leaving him badly injured and then charged into the camp, making a be-line for the old man.

The rest of the characters reacted quickly, Vallon, (human trader) stayed with Tallanth whilst the others, Garris (mongrel scout), Arn (human hunter) and Lucia (human legionary) charge the camp.

Seeing the inbound attack, the old man summons the Scab-Rats to his aid. Its his last act as Baleen slaughtered him moments later.

One of the guards broke off and ran for help. Lucia intercepted him just before he could raise the alarm.

The rest of the party fought off the remaining guards easily but suffered badly from the attacks of the Scab-Rats.

In the aftermath of the fight, they realised that retreat was the only option and fled back into the wastelands, their mission a failure before it even began.

We will leave them there as the desperately avoid the hunting parties sent out by Lord Wolton.

