

DRAW OF THE WEEK!

Draw #3 More about suits



System: Dungeons and Dragons 5E

Publisher: Wizards of the Coast

Genre: Fantasy

Dominant Suit: Swords

GM: Aramis

This week's draw examines one of the integral systems built into the GMs Tarot.

We touched on Suits in last week's Blog post ([which you can find here](#)) but we only grazed the surface. Suits indicate a theme and when you have multiple cards of the same suit, well that just means you get to dial up the level or the impact that the theme has on your session.

My draw this week was:

Location: A garden of Pestilent things – **Coins**

Encounter: Cult Suicide – **Swords**

Hook: They come at dawn – **Swords**

So, double sword goodness with this draw, okay Swords are associated not only with conflict, they're also associated with Nightmares, and Pain (amongst other things).

Aided by the Watch Commander our group of rogues are forced to flee as the capital burns and the king lies dead at the hand of a mysterious assassin.

Hunted by an elite pack of church sanctioned Sup-Ras – Shadowy, Iron Masked figures who wield forbidden magic at the behest of their clerical overlords.

The party are driven from the castle, chased over rooftops and through the castle grounds into the Amphitheatre below where amongst the burnt carcasses of a hill giant clan they discover a path into



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the swamplands, a place long abandoned by man and inhabited by Lizard-folk who have reclaimed the building that are being reclaimed by the swamp.

Exhausted and wounded the party takes shelter in the least damaged, most secure building they can find; a once grand stone building complete with a partially walled crystal domed garden.

As they explore the grounds they are set upon by waves of raggedly dressed humans who eventually overwhelm them and subdue them.

They awake bound but unhurt in a warm dank environment, the smell of rotting vegetation strong in their noses and the night sky can be seen through the panes of dirt encrusted crystal as large slow moving black flies fill the air.

A short distance away you can see a rag covered old man tending to the injured villagers.

His face hideously scarred, deep raw pits mark the ruins of his eyes and he babbles in a sing song nonsense manner as he passes his hand above ragged knife wounds in the flanks of a particularly large human.

The party is stunned not only by the horrific screams of the patient, but also at the green glow that surrounds the old man's hand as the wound closes, a scar of steaming white scales the only indication of an obviously fatal wound and the previously injured man collapses to the ground quivering and gasping for air.

Having slipped their bonds, a quick examination of the building indicates that the building is largely intact and houses a wildly overgrown garden of unfamiliar plants, barely kept in place by stout wooden barriers topped with decorative metal work.

The humans only interact with the players if they approach the large double door hissing and blocking their way if they attempt to leave.

The old man avoids them completely, moving amongst the ravaged humans, encouraging them to form circles around trees festooned with purple flowering vines and leading them in a strangely melodious chant filled with nonsense words, swaying in time with the rhythm.

The chant raises and falls counterpointed by a low rumble, the swaying becomes more erratic and wild and at a signal unheard by anyone in the party as one each and every person in the building slams their head into the wooden barrier, decorative metal work, spearing through their open mouths and bursting from the tops of their heads.

The air is suddenly filled with.

The ragged old man screams and points at one of the party,

“This is your fault, you brought the slaves of the false god here.”

He coughs and falls to his knees

“They would have slain everyone here and burnt this holy place to the ground, but this way is better”, his coughing becomes wetter and more urgent, “My children are here now and together we will destroy these fools, we will purify them with the cleansing light of dawn” and at that he vomits a cloud fat black flies which swarm around the still twitching bodies forming a glistening buzzing second skin of pulsating foulness.?

