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Thank you for reading Sundown! If you'd like to follow us for more news about future games, or want to support our work, you can find us on twitter [@GrasswatchGames](https://twitter.com/GrasswatchGames) and check out our patreon at patreon.com/grasswatchgames.

SUNDOWN



WOODSEGE



NEW DIGNITY



FARMSMEET

Woodsedge

Farmsmeet

New Dignity



DRIFTWOOD

Dignity

Driftwood

Smallmouth

Grasswatch



SCHOLAR

Scholar

Drenchwall

Cragmouth

Seawell

Peek's Peak



SMALLMOUTH



DRENCHWALL



CRAGMOUTH



SEAWELL



GRASSWATCH



2019

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What to Expect from Sundown

- ☀️ You don't save the world.
- ⚙️ Stories are small, personal, and political.
- ☀️ Sundown is a land of monsters, many of them human.
- ⚙️ The world changes your flesh, and hatchers can do it better.
- ☀️ Tinkersmiths and chemists turn fantastical reagents into amazing and deadly new Wonders.
- ⚙️ Armor is dead. The gun killed it, and the blade dances on its corpse.
- ☀️ Sundown is a land not of fireballs and flaming swords, but of folktales and petty miracles.
- ⚙️ Death comes quick, and retirement quicker.
- ☀️ Many friends can share the same Sundown. Your Sundown changes as different groups play and retire their drifters.

You Are a Drifter

- ☀️ In this land, you are a changeling: one who dared hate their own skin and resolve to change it.
- ☀️ You seized your freedom and used it to craft yourself the body you deserve. Folk don't like that.
- ☀️ They cast you out, and you became a drifter. A nobody, wandering from town to town doing the dangerous work no one else will.
- ☀️ Whether by blade, bullet, or bow; subversion, seduction, stagecraft, or statecraft, you get it done.
- ☀️ You are both desired and disdained, badass and pariah. Folk use you while they can before tossing you aside.
- ☀️ As both a changeling and a drifter, you are one of the Strayfolk - Sundown's downtrodden and oppressed.

Consent at the Table

Sundown is a mature game that broaches sensitive topics both personal and systemic. Things like murder, sexual assault, poverty, and racism can all be portrayed here - within a consenting group.

We've included a tool to help you navigate difficult topics carefully and respectfully. If you're playing in person, it should be at the center of the table.

Consent		
I am uncomfortable	I need to change topics	I need to stop

Our consent tool is a table depicting three levels of emphasis.

 I Am Uncomfortable

 I Need to Change Topics

 I Need to Stop

During play, you can say one of these out loud, tap it, mark it, or otherwise call attention to this tool. Anyone can do this at any time for any reason.

If someone is uncomfortable, proceed with caution. Watch for further consent changes and handle the topic carefully.

☀️ This is a good time to ask for the content to be approached differently.

If someone needs to change topics, it's time to wrap up the scene. Try to resolve it quickly and move away from the content that was called out. Make sure to check in with the affected player later.

If someone needs to stop, play stops. Ask what they need from the situation and respect it. That might be resolving the scene without them. That might be cutting the offending content entirely. Whatever resolution works best for the situation, be kind to your fellow players.

Before your first session, talk about anything that might be hard for you to navigate during play.

☀️ If you're okay with it happening, but need people to handle it respectfully, write it down under I Am Uncomfortable.

☀️ If you'd like to skip it or 'fade to black,' write it down under I Need to Change Topics.

☀️ If you don't want it in the game at all, write it down under I Need to Stop.

Take some time to familiarize yourself with this tool. Remember that you're playing with other people, and that you all want to have a fun game together. If someone isn't okay with a topic you wanted to encounter, don't push them. It's their game, too.

You must have a consent tool at the table, but you don't have to use ours. Use the tools you find most helpful. Consent is practiced best when everyone is comfortable with the tools available.

Cultural Background

Sundown has a wide variety of people with different backgrounds. When creating your drifter, you might be thinking about your drifter's family, heritage, and surroundings. Be deliberate in this. It's a big part of your drifter, and a big part of you.

You might want to roleplay a drifter who grew up in circumstances like yours, with a similar background. You might also want to roleplay a drifter outside of your own culture.

When you do, make sure you find your information, imagery, and advice from folks within your drifter's culture. If any of your fellow players happen to be of that culture, heed their advice and pay close attention to their consent tools.

Remain respectful and avoid stereotypes. Don't make your drifter into a caricature, but don't deliberately anti-stereotype either. Just make a person. If you're having trouble, it might be better to roleplay a drifter you know better.

The prominent cultures in Sundown's ten townships vary, but we don't want you to feel as though you are excluded from any of these towns. No town is a complete cultural hegemony. You can represent any culture in any place in Sundown you please. You just have to respect that culture and your fellow players when you do.

The Colonization of Sundown

by Seli

Denial of life-saving medicine. Forced human experiments. Theft of resources. Dumping industrial waste. Building on sacred sites. Outlawing language. Seizing and selling artifacts. Barring access to cultural sites. Outlawing spiritual practices. Religious conversion. Forced labor.

Colonization is the annexation and subjugation of a native people by an invading people through spiritual, cultural, and physical genocide in an attempt to seize land and resources. Colonialism creates a systemic power imbalance. Colonialism is a continuous, traumatic occupation.

Colonialism is brutal and inhumane, and it exists in Sundown. In some places worse than others, but no one is innocent. The Aehala were displaced when folk started arriving from the Mainland, and even the oppressed among them aren't innocent.

The Aehala will be discussed in more detail later, but this is important now. When playing an Aehalan, be aware of the many cultures that have been and are being harmed by colonialism. Treat this with the respect it deserves. Steer clear of colonizer stereotypes such as 'the noble savage' or 'being one with nature.' If you can't be respectful, play a drifter you know better.

Colonialism may not be something suitable for every table to tackle. If there are players at your table who experience the effects of colonialism, either directly or indirectly, pay careful attention to their consent tools. You must respect their consent on this issue.

Disabled Drifters

by Nova

Many drifters are disabled. Some leave home disabled. Some acquire disabilities on the job. It's a dangerous profession, after all. It's common for drifters to have various disabilities, both visible and invisible.

While it is possible to use changing to treat disabilities, most disabled folk don't. They get the same changes anyone else does. Pink hair. Scales. Pink scales? They wanna look punk just like every other drifter.

Changes are expensive, and disabilities don't make you helpless. Drifters with depression, chronic pain, missing limbs, and wheelchairs still get their jobs done.

If you're abled and looking to play a disabled drifter, or you've been disabled in the line of work and need help roleplaying disability, remember that you're still a drifter. Avoid telling the story of how "awful" your disability is. Don't use your drifter's disability for "anyone can do this if they try" inspiration porn.

Remember that there are disabled players at the table. When your game involves disability, their words must be heeded. Pay attention to their consent tools, and listen to them when they say no.


A Crash Course in Drifting

This chapter talks about Sundown's barest essentials, including **how to make a drifter and start playing**. By reading beyond this section, you'll get a better feel for the setting and a more nuanced understanding of the rules, but, as long as your lorekeeper has read the book, it's not necessary.

There are two ways folk tend to use this book:

 **Immersing yourself in Sundown by reading it end to end.**

We recommend this one if you have a few hours to really absorb Sundown, especially if you're going to be the lorekeeper.

 **Using this chapter as a guide to read only the content that interests you or that you need to start playing.**

We recommend this one if this is your first time playing Sundown.

Don't worry about starting without all the information. You'll learn as you play! Your first drifter is fresh to this world as you are. As you play and learn more about Sundown, your drifters too become more worldly.

Skip it All

If you need a drifter *right now*, just pick four traits from the trait appendix on [page 249](#) and a crash course equipment package on [page 37](#), then write them down on a piece of paper. You have everything you *need* to start playing!

This isn't how we intend for most players to start playing, but we won't pretend Sundown is some sort of temple to our creative vision. Play our game in whatever way you enjoy most.

You Will Need

- ☀ 2 - 6 players
- ⚙ This book
- ☀ One six-sided die
- ⚙ A pen or pencil
- ☀ Some paper
- ⚙ The Consent Table
- ☀ A Questionnaire
- ⚙ A Drifter Dossier

You can find the Consent Table, Questionnaire, and Drifter Dossier online at grasswatch-games.itch.io/sundown.

The Players

Everyone that sits down at a table or joins a chat room to play this game is a player.

One player is the lorekeeper.

The lorekeeper plays the antagonists and the supporting characters, sets the scene, and describes the fallout of the actions taken by the players.


The other players are drifters.

Drifters interact with the scenes constructed by the lorekeeper. You fight the lorekeeper's monsters, argue with the lorekeeper's innkeeper, and jump across the lorekeeper's chasm.

- ☀ When we need to distinguish between the two, “the player” is you, the real life human reading this book. “The drifter” is your character in the game of Sundown.

The Questionnaire

The first step to playing Sundown is answering the Questionnaire in as many or as few words as you like. We recommend doing this as a group, but only the last question requires it.

 The Questionnaire is the sheet with four questions on it. Don't write anything on your Drifter Dossier until you fill out your Questionnaire.

We're going to cover each question and talk about the topics they address. We include page references if you'd like to delve deeper into a specific topic.

You'll likely answer these questions before you really *get* Sundown. You'll discover new options as you read or play that will make you want to change your answers. That's okay. You'll have the chance to adjust your drifter through the first few sessions of play.

Some Details

Aside from the Questionnaire, you have starting equipment, appearance, name, gender, and language. Starting equipment comes at the end, but the rest can happen whenever, so it's good to start thinking about them now.

Appearance

Everyone has their own unique face, body, and style. Are you short? Tall? Do you have a cute face? A stern face? A sensual face? Are you built like an ox, a pear, or maybe a string bean? Do you have a scarf that you wear constantly? A swanky coat?

The appearance section of your Drifter Dossier has been left unlined. It is your choice whether to fill this space with words or drawing.

Name

Everyone has a name. It says a lot about you. Is it long and sophisticated or short and snappy? Somewhere in between? Do your friends have a nickname for you, or do you demand to be known by your full name?

Your name will also say a lot about your culture and where you come from. This is one of those times to be careful and respectful. Silly names can be ok. Racially or ethnically insensitive names are not.

Gender

You'll write this down with your appearance, but it's important for us to give it a little bit more attention here. It's certainly acceptable to write down male or female and move on, but we encourage giving it a little bit more thought.

It is valid to be trans, non-binary, genderfluid, agender, and any other identity we have failed to mention.

Later, you'll hear about a social group in Sundown known as Strayfolk. As a drifter and a changeling, you're counted among them. They're exploring what gender means, and have come back with some interesting takes.

There's the corvids, for one. The ravens, the crows, the magpies, the jackdaws, the rooks, and the bluejays. They present themselves to the world as snark personified, but have huge soft spots for community. Some prefer to dress in darker colors, like the ravens and crows, while magpies and bluejays prefer flamboyance.

There's the oxen, who feel their greatest satisfaction comes from protecting others and creating safe spaces where folk don't feel threatened or scared. They most enjoy being the caretakers of kits, who find the world draining, and seek comfort and escape.

And then theres the scaleskins - folk who see themselves in scaly creatures. Constrictors, adders, and vipers; chameleons, geckos, and skinks. Analytical and calculating folk with the metaphorical (and sometimes literal) fangs to fight back and a soft spot for affection.

Many of these folk change their bodies to match. Scales and fangs for the scaleskins, horns and fur for the oxen, feathers and beaks for the corvids.

There's tons of others - maybe even some that aren't based on animals. Create your own! No matter your gender, be sure to write down your pronouns, and ask your fellow players for theirs.

Language

As a drifter and a changeling, you speak Straytongue. As a traveler in Sundown, you speak Englian. Your first language, though, comes from the culture you chose for your drifter.

If you were raised by Strayfolk or Englians, pick a third language you might've learned from your friends or maybe even out of academic interest.

What Is Your Hometown?

Sundown is a land of isolated townships and scattered homesteads. The biggest towns number only a few thousand folk, the smallest a few hundred.

There is no central power, and each town has its own unique blend of culture. So your hometown says *a lot* about who you are, how you act, how you look, and what you believe.

Pick your favorite town from the following summaries, and **tell us what it was like growing up there**. If you'd like to know more, each summary has a page reference to its full entry.



Cragsmouth

Sundown's industrial capital: floatstone, guns, and cragsteel. Home to Sundown's tinkersmiths, plutocrats, miners, and a worker's rebellion. You can find Cragsmouth on [page 81](#).

Drenchwall

A small town cut into the face of an ever wet mountain. The last holdout of the Aehala: Sundown's oldest inhabitants. Even this place is being intruded by religion. You can find Drenchwall on [page 84](#).

Driftwood

Colorful wooden homes crawl up this mountainous island: a town made by Strayfolk. All strays are welcome here. You can find Driftwood on [page 114](#).

Farmsmeet

A guildhouse that swells into a caravan city come harvest time. Sundown's greatest foods are traded here. You can find Farmsmeet on [page 108](#).

Grasswatch

Home to Castle Grasswatch, the hold of fiend-slaying drifters known as the Fiendswatch. Home to the Fiends Folly, a chimera of an inn that sees folk from all over. You can find Grasswatch on [page 89](#).

New Dignity

Closed gates keep new folk out of this nightmare town of religious serfdom. A rebel cult rots the shepherd's crook from below. You can find New Dignity on [page 117](#).

Scholar

A city held under dogma that's hosted three different folk over the past millennium. This ancient city is the academic capital of Sundown. You can find Scholar on [page 100](#).

Seawell

A city of canals, bureaucracy, and organized crime. Sundown's population center where all folk from the Mainland arrive. You can find Seawell on [page 95](#).

Smallmouth

A town on stilts in the shadow of Scholar. A cult of blazing scarecrows and a cult of squid vie for dominion in the shadows. You can find Smallmouth on [page 103](#).

Woodsedge

A loose-knit alliance of homesteads established around a great sawmill. Folk go missing in the woods while the Millers play petty politics. You can find Woodsedge on [page 111](#).

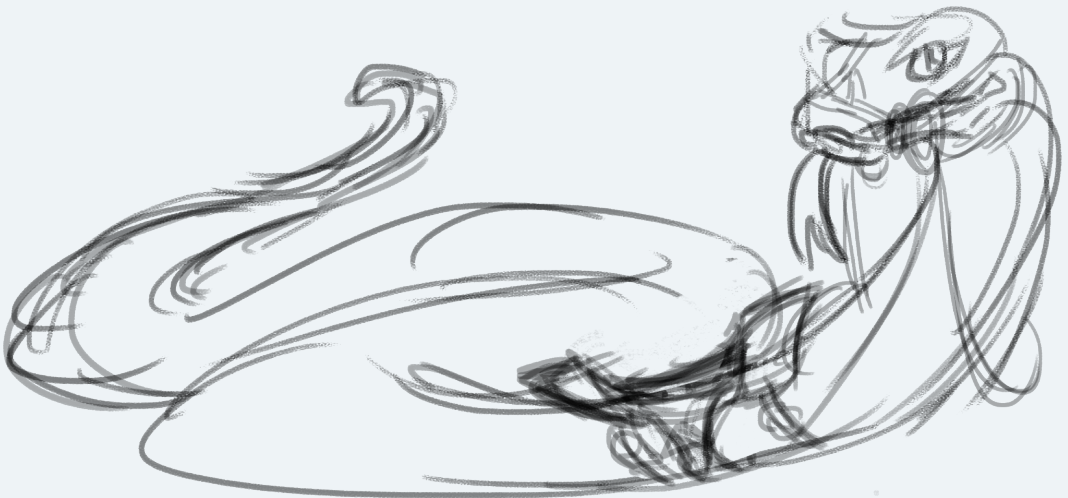
What Is Your Craft?

You had a craft. A thing you did for money, or maybe even a sense of accomplishment. That was before you became a drifter, but you still carry those skills. Maybe you still practice your craft on the road.

A craft can be a literal craft, like carpentry, pottery, or making boots. It could be a service, like running a strayhouse, healing the sick, or working a brothel. There's also the 'trades.' Folk who deal in theft, murder, spycraft, and other illicit deeds.

☀️ Some folk are even career drifters, who've never known a normal job.

So what did you do? Talk about your experiences as you worked that trade. How did it shape you as a person? How did it develop your skills?




Is it Science?


If you'd like to be a scientist, there's a few things to know about science in Sundown. Science is an umbrella term that can be broken down further into changing, chemistry, and tinkersmithing.

Tinkersmithing is crafting something with your hands. The skill involved is more manual dexterity than memorizing formulae. One who practices tinkersmithing is called a tinkersmith.

Chemistry is brewing things in glass vials and mixing new things together. It's about memorizing how reagents interact with each other in increasingly complex combinations. One who practices chemistry is called a chemist.

 Tinkersmithing and chemistry are used to create wonders - amazing new gadgets and concoctions. Wonders can be sold and traded.

Changing is a branch of chemistry. It is the science of sculpting another's flesh, and it's become so specialized that it's distinguished from chemistry. One who practices changing is called a hatcher, and a changing lab is called a hatchery.

 Changing results in changes: physical mutations of your body that stay with you for life. Some changes are even heritable.

If you decide to be a scientist, make sure you talk about which discipline you practice!

Why Are You a Drifter?

Sundowners hate relying on you, a stray, to bring peace to their towns. Trouble is, most towns can't afford a nightwatch or a constabulary, and none can afford an army. You are any and all of these things, and often a negotiator, diplomat, or translator as well.

Once you've done your job, your welcome expires. You're sleeping in the wild if you haven't found the local strayhouse by then.

So why did you choose this life? Why leave your hometown? Why place yourself in the way of blade, bullet, and bite? Why are you a drifter?

If you'd like some ideas, check out the summaries of covenants and changes below. The disdain Sundowners hold for changelings casts many of them adrift, and many folk set adrift to serve or combat a covenant.

Maybe something even went wrong in your former life, and you became a drifter to escape it.

The Addlers

This criminal organization is based out of Seawell. Criminal, that is, to Sundowners. To the strayfolk, they provide security, access to science, and legal protection. You can find the Addlers on [page 96](#).

The Cult of the Unburnt

They worship the living, blazing scarecrows that haunt a scorched isle. Every month they take a sacrifice to the isle. It keeps the housefires away. You can find the Cult of the Unburnt on [page 104](#).

The Deep's Faithful

Rival to the Cult of the Unburnt, these folk worship a massive, mysterious squid-like being that lives in the unfathomable depths of the Lake. You can find the Deep's Faithful on [page 105](#).

The Faith

Their strongchurches fly the symbol of The Divine: the sheperd's crook. Decadent clergy sit on the hoarded surplus of impoverished serfs. They infiltrate every layer of society to leech wealth to the few. You can find the Faith on [page 75](#).

The Fiendswatch

An elite group of fiend-slaying drifters called watchers. If you want to play a watcher, you might want to read up on fiends starting on [page 120](#), and definitely read up on the fiendstrength change on [page 166](#) - all watchers have it. You can find the Fiendswatch on [page 91](#).

The Merchant Protections Guild

What once was a mundane guild devoted to moneychanging, translation, and legal protection is now an organization that spans the floodgrass, maintaining Sundown's crucial highroads. You can find the Merchant Protections Guild on [page 98](#).

The Seniority of the Indomitable Nora

A cult and a rebellion of changelings that dwells under New Dignity. One day they will defeat the clergy and claim their right to live. You can find the Seniority of the Indomitable Nora on [page 119](#).

The Smiths

The Smiths are a worker's rebellion in Cragsmouth bent on changing the name to Cragsmith and killing the rich, in that order. You can find the Smiths on [page 83](#).

Changelings

You are a changeling. That means you've gotten a change or two. Changes can be things like teal hair, green lips, fangs, scales, and fur.

You can get the small ones from things you just find out in the wild. The complex changes have to be done in a hatchery. A hatcher stuffs you into an egg with the reagents and tends your dormant body for a month.

A go to answer for "Why Are You a Drifter," is to talk about your first change. What change did you get that made Sundowners brand you a stray? How is it useful? Can you use it to fight? To better socialize with your fellow Strayfolk? Does it let you do new things?

You can actually use any question to talk about your changes. Maybe growing up in Driftwood, you got cat eyes to see in the dark. Maybe your craft was pearl diving, and you got gills so you could do it better. You could even use *every* question to talk about a change.

For more information on changing, check out the changing chapter, which starts on [page 148](#).

Maybe Something Happened...

Maybe you set adrift because something happened to you.

Something from your past still follows you.

- ☀️ Maybe you're a former revolutionary. Something went south, and you had to flee. There's student revolutions in Scholar, a worker's revolution in Cragsmouth, and a religious revolution in New Dignity.
- ☀️ Maybe you're a former cultist, like one of the unburnt, or a former faithful of the deep. Why aren't you anymore? Do they still hunt you?
- ☀️ Maybe through your inaction, someone took the fall for you, or maybe your secret could have saved hundreds of people.
- ☀️ Maybe you messed up under pressure, like putting salt instead of sugar into the lord's cake. Or your sister fell off of a cliff because your grip slipped.
- ☀️ Maybe you ran away from your duties, and your people suffered. Why did you run away the night before the homestead was attacked?
- ☀️ It could even reference systems of oppression, with the consent of the table. Folk hate your skin, your blood, your sexuality, your gender, your heritage. It follows you everywhere.

Who Influenced You?

You didn't just become a drifter one day. You have a history. You have friends.

One of your fellow players is such a friend. Choose one to be the drifter who's influenced you the most and shaped you as a person.

Tell us about your relationship with them. Are you best friends? Siblings? Friendly rivals? Together, you two talk about how you met, how you get along, and what you've done together.

At the end, your influence thinks about how they've molded or altered your skills or personality throughout your relationship. Maybe they taught you kung fu or helped you be more assertive.




Traits


After you have your four answers, you use them to write one trait each. Traits are short phrases that define you. They are distillations of your answers that imply some sort of skillset, personality, or goal. You use them to add to your rolls.

You'll end the Questionnaire with four traits. While playing the game afterward, you can take up to four more traits, to a maximum of eight.

A trait can be up to three words, not counting pronouns, conjunctions, and articles. Those are words like I, my, you, the, that, an, a, and, or, nor, for, so, but, yet.

 *I'm Cute and Shoots People* are both traits, but *Hunts Fiends and Fortunes* is a great trait.

If you want to make use of a change that lets you do new things, like breathe underwater, see in the dark, or murder people with your claws, it has to be a trait.

 These kinds of traits are called metatraits, but that's not important yet. You can learn about them on [page 152](#).


The Trait Appendix

There is a trait appendix on [page 249](#) that lists a bunch of example traits and what kinds of rolls you can use them for.

You can pick traits from that list **instead of writing your own.**

Starting Equipment

This isn't your first heat. It might be your second, but it's not your first. Maybe you've rescued the tinkersmith's daughter. Maybe you slew a crowdog that was harassing travelers. **You start with 6 infamy to spend on your gear.**

 Infamy is a measure of how well known you are. It is used to buy new traits and equipment and determine turn order.

Make sure to write 6 in your lifetime infamy - the total amount of infamy you've earned over your lifetime. It won't go down as you buy your starting equipment.

Check out the end of this section on [page 37](#) for crash course equipment packages.

Wonders are Sundown's special gadgets. We'll touch on a drifter's essential wonders in this section, but if you'd really like to immerse yourself, the wonders chapter starts on [page 174](#).

Clothing

You start with several outfits of your choice. This is wholly an aesthetic matter, but the culture and personality of your drifter will really shine if you put a little bit of effort into researching and describing your clothing.

Drifter's Pack

At no cost, every drifter starts out with a few things necessary for travel. If you just write down "drifter's pack" in your tools, it is understood that you have a backpack, a bedroll and blanket, a rope, a mess kit, travel rations, and a notebook.

You also start with three satchets of dryfire and one glowbottle: two wonders no drifter should ever be without.

If you spend 1 infamy on your drifter's pack, it will also have one Calm Balm, one Heart Start, and one Pitch. These three wonders are used to manage anxiety, exhaustion, and injury.

Blades & Bows

Infamy Cost: 1

Blades & bows cost 1 infamy each. There's no weapon damage in Sundown, so just think of a weapon you like based on aesthetic.

Sundown has weapons and warriors from everywhere. If it existed anywhere from the classical era to just before the industrial era, you can use it. Crossbow? Khopesh? Sidesword? Guandao? It's yours.

The only exception is guns. Guns in Sundown are something special, and they cost too much infamy for now.

Toolkits

Infamy Cost: 1

Does your drifter do something that relies on a set of tools? Maybe you pick locks or bandage your friends? Those things require toolkits. Each one costs 1 infamy.

Some toolkits introduce new mechanics. Some discuss rules you don't know yet - just pick one you like! You'll learn as you play.

Of course, we're going to miss something. If what you need isn't here, you can work with your lorekeeper to come up with a toolkit that suits your particular niche.

Thieves' Tools

This set of tools contains everything you need to get into something you're not supposed to. Bolt cutters, prybars, lockpicks, etc.

Survivalist's Kit

A toolkit for the hardcore survivalist. The tools you'd need to get firewood, build a fire, forage for food, fletch arrows, make a fire-hardened spear, craft an emergency bow. Who knows what you'll need? You know.

First Aid Kit

This has everything someone needs to keep their friend from dying for just a few more days. With it, you can roll to clear another's most severe injury box.

The difficulty depends on the severity. Hurt is a 4, wounded is a 5, and dying is a 6. You can only get healed once a heat, though. You can only patch so many holes.

Chef's Kit

All the utensils a gourmand on the road needs to keep their folk fed on more than just jerky and dried fruit. If you're out in the wild, and you've eaten something tasty recently, you get an advantage token, but only if your chef did a good job.

Disguise Kit

With this, you could pass as someone else, even imitate someone specific, if your body is close enough in shape. To mask your identity, the difficulty is 4. To imitate someone else, the difficulty is 6.

For Science!

There are no toolkits for science. Chemistry is full of bulky racks and fragile glass. A worktable is just too big to fit into a drifter's pack, and an anvil is far too heavy to tote about.

There are *some* changes you can start in the field. Visit the changing chapter on [page 148](#) to learn about those.

Tools	Infamy
Blades & Bows	1
Calm Balm	1
Dryfire	1
Firebomb	1
Glowbottle	1
Gillmask	1
Heart Start	1
Lungmask	1
Pitch	1
Toolkit	1
Suave	2
Shatterbomb	2
Tracking Salts	2
Melonscale	3
Slowdown	3
Small Boat	3
Darkeye Goggles	4
Strider	4
Telescopic Sight	4
Cragsteel Blade	8
Gun	8
Wingcat	8
Small Ship	10
Small Strayhouse	10

Crash Course Packages

One last thing before we close out the starting equipment section. Instead of picking out your starting equipment piece by piece, you can just grab one of these and go.

Travel Light

4 Infamy			
Drifter's Pack	3 Dryfire	1 Glowbottle	1 Calm Balm
1 Heart Start	1 Pitch	A Weapon	

Craftsfolk

3 Infamy			
Drifter's Pack	3 Dryfire	1 Glowbottle	1 Calm Balm
1 Heart Start	1 Pitch	A Toolkit	A Weapon

Cavalry

0 Infamy			
Drifter's Pack	3 Dryfire	1 Glowbottle	1 Calm Balm
1 Heart Start	1 Pitch	A Weapon	A Strider (Page 133)

Merchant

0 Infamy			
Drifter's Pack	3 Dryfire	1 Glowbottle	1 Calm Balm
1 Heart Start	1 Pitch	A Toolkit	A Weapon
A Melonscale (Page 131)			

Lysera Snow

Lysera Snow is an example drifter we've made to give you a better idea of what the Questionnaire is asking you for.

We've named her Lysera Snow because we think it's a cool name. It's okay to not think any further than that. We think she'll rebuke any nickname given to her for certain.

As for her gender, we think it might be interesting to roleplay a bluejay. We'll make her androgynous, with an average height and snow white hair.

Like all drifters, she speaks Straytongue and Englian. She is Romani, so her first language is Romani.

What is Lysera's Hometown?

We like the Driftwood entry most, so we turn to its page and learn about the children who grew up there. She's one of the children that grew up thinking changes are cool. She has a lot, and she spent a lot of time comparing them with her friends.

A Bit of a Showoff.

The way Lysera is always showing off her changes makes her *A Bit of a Showoff*. That'll be her first trait. We think we could use this for a few things, like performing street magic, playing an instrument, or showing off any of a few odd talents. Maybe we could use it in a fight, if she's particularly flashy.



What is Lysera's Craft?

We like the idea of Lysera as a bit of a thief. That was her trade. We don't want to be the kind that skulks the streets, going into people's houses and stealing petty change, though. We think Lysera is a thief with ideals.

She only targeted businesses, particularly big ones. The ones she knows don't treat their folk right. She probably spent most of this career in Seawell. That's where such businesses are. She'd only be in Driftwood to lie low or unwind. She got a taste of travelling before she became a drifter proper.

In Your Business.

Since Lysera likes to steal from big businesses, we think our second trait will be *In Your Business*. We'll use it to sneak into businesses, along with whatever that entails. Lying to guards, picking locks, that sort of thing.

We also think we'll be able to use it to look into people's backgrounds. Find their dirt. See what they've done. Of course, we'll use it to shout in people's faces, too.

Why is Lysera a Drifter?

We know that Lysera was a thief in Seawell. And we know the Addlers are in Seawell. The Addlers are probably pretty invested in controlling the high profile theft in Seawell.

Social Chameleon

Lysera is a *Social Chameleon*. Aside from just being good at talking to people, she can adjust the color of her hair and eyes.

This is a change she got to evade the Addler agent ever hounding her. They've never actually met, but they want to find her. To recruit her, maybe. But maybe to put her out of work. If she stops for too long, they might find her.

Who Influenced Lysera?

This trait isn't up to us. We pick the one drifter at our table who's had the biggest impact on us, Darian, and ask his player what we've learned from them. Darian is a watcher, and they notice we don't have any traits really meant for fighting.

A Watcher Trained me to Fight

Darian gives us *A Watcher Trained me to Fight*. This will really round out our skillset, and it tells us a lot about our relationship - one of mentorship. And shared violence.

What Does Lysera Start With?

Lysera wears a laced-up white shirt with a gold sash over it and a flowing, double-breasted coat, left open, over them both. For her legs we go with blue patterned leggings.

We look at toolkits, and the thieves' tools catches our eye. We know Lysera was a thief, and those skills aren't going anywhere. We snag a set of thieves' tools for 1 infamy.

We spend 1 more infamy on a disguise kit. *Social Chameleon* is all about disguise and going unnoticed.

We definitely spend the 1 infamy to get those extra goodies in our drifter's pack. You never know what'll go down in Sundown. It's good to be prepared.

It's time for a weapon. We're not too taken with the stereotype that thieves don't use swords, so we're going to take a sword. A kreigsmesser. That's a two handed sword with a hilt built like a knife.

That's everything we need for now! Lysera is done, and we can start playing now, with 2 infamy left over.

Frogbeast

Before we slow down and transition into the rest of the book, you might want to check out Frogbeast on [page 213](#). It's a short story set in Sundown, and it's there for those of you who learn lore better from stories rather than worldbooks. You won't get the full picture from it, but you'll get your feet wet.



Sunlight


Now that the crash course is over, and we have some space to breathe, we're going to talk about the rules that make Sundown work as a game.

Sundown runs on a single six-sided die system known as the *Sundown Rules-Light Roleplaying System*, or *Sunlight*.

Rolls

Rolls are made when you try something difficult or risky, but not when you do something trivial or silly. Rolls represent significant risk and reward.

When you roll, you **look through your traits** for any that might help you. For example, *Eyes like a Hawk* and *Mercenary Sniper* may help with shooting someone at a distance. **You can add up to two traits** to a given roll, and **each adds 1 to your roll**.

-  When you have six traits, you can add up to three traits to a roll, and when you have eight traits, you can add up to four traits to a roll.

The lorekeeper has final say on when a trait can help you, but we've included a guide on [page 200](#) in the lorekeeper section for when traits can help that we encourage all players to read.

Obstacles


An obstacle is a single task, obstruction, or enemy that you roll against. Obstacles only take a single roll. An obstacle that takes several rolls to defeat is called a challenge.

Difficulty

Difficulty is how hard it is to overcome an obstacle. It's the number you have to beat with your roll, and it can range from 1 to 9.

It's impossible to roll a 7, 8, or 9 on a six-sided die, but you can add your traits, get help, use an asset, or overdo it. We've already discussed traits, and we'll talk about the rest in the coming chapter.

After you've explained your intent, but before you roll, the lorekeeper assigns that action a difficulty and announces it.

 You can choose to do something else after learning the difficulty if you think the task is too hard.

The lorekeeper always sets a difficulty. The lorekeeper does not roll. This is true for all situations.

Results

Your roll must result in a number higher than the difficulty for the action to be successful. Here's what a success looks like

- ☀️ Your arrow buries itself in their arm
- ⚙️ You pick one of the tumblers in the lock
- ☀️ You fluster your political rival

If your result is less than the difficulty, you fail. Here's what a failure looks like

- ☀️ Their sword meets your arm
- ⚙️ You break a lockpick
- ☀️ You say the wrong thing and insult the guildmaster

If your result is *equal* to the difficulty, that's a critical success. That means you overcome the obstacle with style and get an advantage token. Here's what a critical success looks like

- ☀️ Your arrow finds their lung
- ⚙️ You rake three tumblers open in one go
- ☀️ You publicly shame your political rival

After you've rolled, and the die tells you how well you did, you narrate your result.

Advantage

Sometimes, circumstance makes life easier, like when you shoot a guard from a rooftop or attack someone from behind. In these cases, you have advantage. Advantage means you roll twice and take the higher result.

Advantage Token

When you spend an advantage token, you return it to the middle of the table, and get advantage on your roll.

You get an advantage token when you get a critical success, but the lorekeeper may award one when you do something especially cool. You can only have one advantage token at a time.

Anything can be an advantage token, as long as the table agrees. A special colored die, a quarter, or even a misshapen tortilla chip. There should be as many advantage tokens at the table as players.

You can even spend an advantage token after you fail to get a retry, but not if that roll was at disadvantage.

Disadvantage

In other situations, things are harder, like solving a riddle written in a language you don't fully understand. In these cases, you have disadvantage. Disadvantage means you roll twice and take the lower result.

They Cancel Each Other

If you have both advantage and disadvantage, they go away. They negate each other one for one. You can even cancel out a disadvantage by spending an advantage token, or maneuver yourself an advantage to attempt a task you know will be at disadvantage.

Help

You can help a fellow drifter, adding 1 to their roll, but only if you have more traits relevant to the task at hand than they do.

Opposed Rolls

Opposed rolls happen when two or more players want something that only one can have, and there must be a single winner.

In an opposed roll, the involved players roll after determining their bonuses as usual. The player with the highest outcome is the one that gets what they want. Ties are rerolled.

Tools

A tool is something you need to get a task done. They don't count as traits or add bonuses, but they allow you to use your traits toward specialized tasks.

Say you *Can Break into Anything*. You could use that to pick locks, but you won't get anything done without lockpicks.

Weapons

A weapon is a tool for the specialized task of killing things. Without one, trying to hurt someone is done at disadvantage.

That's it. There's no special rules for weapons. They're just tools that let you apply your traits to the task of murder. How well you murder is up to your traits and how well you roll.

A gun can hurt someone at range, and you could try to conceal a pistol or a dagger. Some weapons, and tools in general, can have extra qualities like that, but we're not policing them.

Consumables

Consumables work just like other tools, but are consumed after they're used. Consumables are sold in threes. When you pay the infamy cost for a consumable, you get three uses out of it.

Assets

An asset is a special tool that is finely crafted or functionally altered so that it makes its task easier, adding 1 to rolls that it's used for.

You can only use one asset on a roll.

Consumable Assets

This is a consumable that does its job even better than normal. Like a consumable, it's gone after you use it. Like an asset, it adds 1 to your roll.




You can't use both an asset and a consumable asset.

Infamy




Other folk may deal in coin or trade. Maybe their liege doles out goods in exchange for their serfdom. Drifters, though, deal in infamy.

Infamy is how well known your exploits are. It's your social connections and the strings you can pull. It's how badly folk want to find and silence you.

You get 1 infamy when

-  You take stress
-  You finish a heat, discussed in the heats section on [page 62](#)
-  You and your comrades return from a heat with something extra

For example:

-  You tell folk about this amazing new place you found, whether an unmapped ruin or a beautiful vista.
-  You gathered reagents during your heat that you give to the scientists.
-  You brought back loot like coins, trinkets, art, and other treasures to share.

Infamy is a single resource that you use

- ☀️ For gaining new traits, whether you pay a fechter to teach you longsword or a hatcher to give you gills.
- ☀️ To buy new tools, whether a few more lungmasks or a sword made of cragsteel.
- ☀️ To determine your turn order.

Infamy is *not* used to buy any piece of equipment that isn't a tool by Sundown's rules. A tool is something that gives you the ability to attempt something your bare hands could not.

- ☀️ A set of thieves' tools let you try to pick locks.
- ☀️ A first aid kit lets you try to bandage your friends.
- ☀️ A dagger lets you put holes into another human.
- ☀️ A glowbottle lets you try to read at night.
- ☀️ A survivor's kit lets you collect firewood.
- ☀️ A firebomb lets you set people on fire.

Sometimes, mundane items become tools where they otherwise wouldn't be, gaining an infamy cost.

- ☀️ A dress is not a tool, but a dress that grants you access to the lord's gala is a tool.
- ☀️ Playing cards are not a tool, but this deck is actually a fortune telling tool.

Finally, mundane items can become assets, gaining an infamy cost.

- ☀️ An especially gorgeous choker that gives you an asset when rolling to seduce people.
- ☀️ This delicious cookie is made with blackleaf and will give you an asset bonus on your next roll that requires physical labor.

Infamy is *not* spent on

- ☀️ Wheelchairs, canes, and other mobility devices or accessibility devices of any kind. These *never* cost infamy.
- ☀️ A notebook to record your journey, travel rations to eat along the way, and a bedroll to sleep in at night, along with the backpack to hold it all - they're not tools. They don't cost infamy.

These kinds of things are effortless for a drifter to get their hands on. Strayfolk provide you with these because you're community heroes to them - as long as you can find a strayhouse.

Finally, infamy can't be spent on the spot. You need to go to a smithy to buy a sword. You need to train with a shifu to learn wing chun.

Lifetime Infamy

On your Drifter Dossier, you keep track of two different infamy numbers. One is simply called infamy. This is the infamy you have at this moment.

The other is called lifetime infamy. This is all the infamy you have ever earned. You lower your infamy when you buy things, but your lifetime infamy only goes up.

Your lifetime infamy can never be higher than 80. This is as widely known as you can be. You literally cannot be more infamous. If you reach this point, it's time for a well earned retirement.

This limit is set so that you can earn everything you could possibly want while avoiding a scenario where you have tons of infamy and nothing to spend it on.

You and your table might want to play a game with a lower lifetime infamy. Make sure you talk about it before you play, and visit the lifetime infamy guide in the lorekeeper chapter on [page 197](#).

Selling Stuff

The standard in many other games is that unwanted items can be sold at half price. Sundown is a little different.

It'd be a gut punch to realize you no longer want a tool you spent 8 infamy on, roughly two heats, and sell it for 4 infamy, losing a heat of progress.

So, Sundown is a bit lenient in this regard. Unwanted items can be sold at their full price.

When you sell a tool, your lifetime infamy doesn't change.

Looting Stuff

When you find something that you'd want to use, you can take it. Of course, that's after you negotiate with your comrades.

When you loot a tool, or otherwise get your hands on it without paying for it, its value is added to your lifetime infamy.

Losing Stuff

If a tool is lost or stolen, you may reduce your lifetime infamy by its value until you recover it.

Sundown is Stressful


Stress is a measure of your drifter's overall health. There's three kinds: Anxiety, Exhaustion, and Injury. Each kind of stress has three levels of severity you can suffer before you're really in trouble.

Anxiety	miffed	upset	distressed
Exhaustion	sore	tired	drained
Injury	hurt	wounded	dying

Taking Stress

You take stress when you fail a roll. The kind of stress you take is determined by the activity. If you were arguing with a judge, that's anxiety. If you're fleeing bandits cross-country, that's exhaustion. And if you fail to stop a sword, that's injury.

When you take stress, you cross out, checkmark, place a token on, or otherwise mark the least severe box available for that stress.

-  For instance you close in and engage a mercenary. Their difficulty is 5 and you roll a 3. You take injury. You're now hurt. If you were already hurt, you'd then be wounded, and, if you were already wounded, you're dying instead.

Overdoing It

Sometimes, you need something done so urgently that you sacrifice your health to achieve it. You can choose to take stress of any kind to add 1 to a roll, as long as you can convince the lorekeeper. Do you want to take an injury to pick a lock faster? If the lorekeeper thinks it makes sense, you can do it.

Pain Makes You Infamous

You get 1 infamy every time you take stress. Overdoing it counts, too. If you make yourself sore to swing your sword better, then fail and get hurt, you get 2 infamy.

Challenges

A challenge is an obstacle that can weather a drifter's assault and return in kind. Instead of going down in one success like a normal obstacle, a challenge must be stressed just like a drifter.

A challenge doesn't have anxiety, exhaustion, and injury. It just has one kind of stress, and any kind of stress you can inflict on it counts.

Challenges don't always have three stress, though. The weakest challenges, barely harder than obstacles, have two. The strongest have six. A challenge with one stress is an obstacle.

When you roll against a challenge, success stresses it. You can **spend an advantage token to deal one extra stress**, even on the same roll you got it.

Defeat

When any stress is completely full, you're defeated. That means if you're distressed, drained, or dying, you can no longer participate in that heat.

- ☀️ If you're distressed, the sheer emotional pressure of the situation forces you to flee, panic, or collapse unconscious.
- ⚙️ If you're drained, your body simply will no longer obey you. You can't force yourself to keep going.
- ☀️ If you're dying... well, you're dying.

In any of these cases, as long as your comrades get you to the safety of the nearest town or homestead, everything will be ok.

If You're Left Behind, That's Bad.

Some time passes. Was it hours? Days? It's hard to tell - you were catatonic the whole time.

If you were distressed, you're now upset. If you were drained, you're tired now. If you were dying, thank the Sun it wasn't enough to kill you this time. You're now wounded.

Something is Gone.

Your most valuable possession is gone. Was it your grandmother's wedding ring? Or your cragsteel sword? Infamy cost doesn't matter. What is your most treasured possession? Because it's gone.

Did the town guard take it when she arrested you? Did bandits loot it off your dying corpse? Did it fall down the chasm when you missed that jump? It depends on what defeated you. Are you going to try to get it back?

You're in a New Place.

This isn't the place you remember being. Somehow your body was moved. Just how far did you run while you were distressed? Who moved your dying body?

This could be an unfamiliar patch of wilderness or even Seawell's Constabulary Dungeon, depending on what defeated you. The trick is getting to a safe place without getting defeated again.

Everyone is Defeated...

If everyone is defeated, everyone is missing something, and you're all in a new place. You're all in a *different* place. Are you in different jail cells? Different mudpits in the floodgrass?

You're challenged to find both what you've lost *and* each other. And then get to a safe place to recover without getting defeated again.




You Can Only Take so Much.

You made it back to safety. You've rested, and you're no longer moments from death.

Not all is well, though. Going to the brink has its consequences. Your resolve is chipped away. You can only take so much anxiety. You can only take so much exhaustion. You can only take so much injury.

Mark One of Your Circles

In your anxiety, exhaustion, and injury charts there are three little circles. Each time you reach distressed, mark one of the circles in the anxiety chart. Each time you reach drained, mark one of the circles in the exhaustion chart. Each time you reach dying, mark one of the circles in the injury chart.

-  When you recover from distressed for the third time, you leave. You go home. You go to your favorite strayhouse. You go to Driftwood. And you retire. It's just not worth the stress anymore.
-  When you recover from drained for the third time, it's time to take it easy and retire. Drifting just takes too much out of you.
-  And when you recover from dying for the third time, you... don't. You're dead.

Death & Retirement

You fell for the third time, and you watch your first drifter sail off into the unknown. But that's not the end for you as a player or the game as a whole. One drifter's death doesn't end the world. Everyone moves on, and you create a new drifter.

Go Out on Your Own Terms.

You can take the fate of your drifter into your own hands.

If you're distressed or drained, you can choose an early retirement. Where do you settle down? What do you do when you don't have to work another day in your life? What hobbies do you pick up? Do you open the lab you always wanted?

If you're dying, you can choose an early death. Is it narratively or thematically poignant to die here instead of later? Is this a glorious final stand?



Inheritance

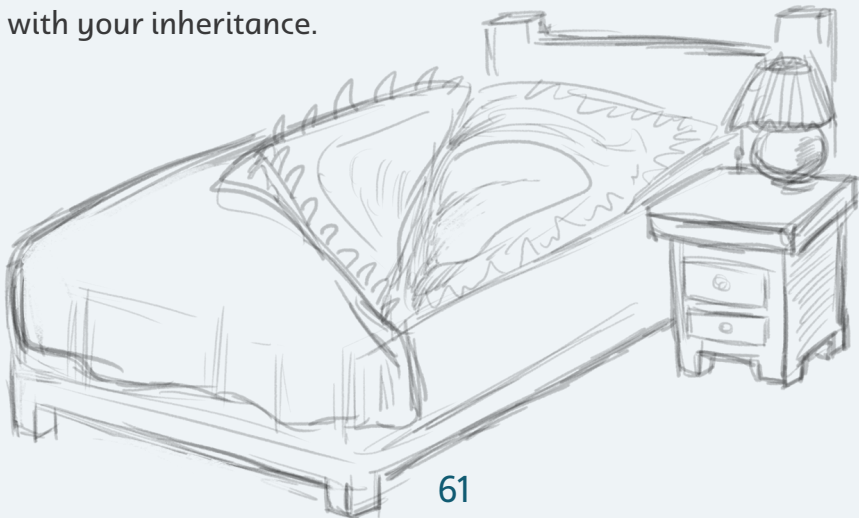
When your drifter dies or retires, they don't just disappear. They leave a legacy behind them. They leave their infamy, and they leave their gear.

When you're making a new drifter after losing or retiring your last one, tell us how they are related. Were you their apprentice? Their child? Maybe the lorekeeper will let you take over an NPC that you were close to.

You can add ten percent of your old drifter's lifetime infamy to your starting infamy. You can inherit one of their items too, even an asset. You can do both or neither, just be aware that both of these options add to your lifetime infamy.

From Player to Player

You can even give your inheritance to another player. If you're leaving the game, or if you'd just like to start over from nothing, you can allow another player to make a new drifter with your inheritance.



Heats

A heat is like an adventure or a quest. It's a short, action-packed chapter of your story.

A heat is a good length when it takes one four hour session to complete, but it's no big deal if they sometimes last up to three. To your drifter, these heats can last anywhere from a few hours to a week.

Drifters only do one heat per month. Heats are high-profile ordeals, and drifters often have many enemies. You'll attract attention, and you'd better find a good place to hide if you flew in the face of the law or a covenant.

Also, life isn't just about action. You need time to unwind, enjoy yourself, and find a hobby.

Conflicts

If a heat is a chapter, then a conflict is a scene.

There's three general types of conflict. There's fighting, exploring, and socializing. All of these things play out using the normal rules.

The lorekeeper introduces an obstacle, or maybe a few, whether a bandit swinging a sword, a rock falling on you, or charming your way to a free drink. That obstacle receives a difficulty, and then you roll.

Moments

Once a conflict starts, everything happens in moments. In a moment, each player gets a chance to tell the lorekeeper what their drifter *intends* to do.

Intentions

The drifter with the least infamy (*not* lifetime infamy) talks about their intentions first. Then the drifter with the next least infamy, until the drifter with the most infamy declares their intentions last.

- ☀️ If infamy changes in a moment, like if someone took stress, then the order changes starting with the next moment.

If your infamy is the same as another drifter's, you two decide between each other who goes first.

- ☀️ The lorekeeper tells everyone the difficulty of their intended action as they talk about them. You may always decide to change your intent after learning something is too difficult.

After all drifter intents are known, if the obstacles and challenges in the conflict can react, the lorekeeper describes their intents - whether they meet and try to counter the drifters' intentions or press from a different angle.

Resolving

Then, everything happens at once. You don't all *roll* at once, but your drifters all act at once. Everything happens concurrently, just like it would in real life. For your drifters, there are no turns.

One roll doesn't represent one sword swing or one phrase in an argument. It represents an exchange. You clash blades and disengage. You exchange words with your heckler.

If you fail, the obstacle hurts you, and you take stress. If you succeed, you defeat the obstacle or stress the challenge.

Sometimes, you'll be able to target an obstacle while they're in no position to respond. In many of these cases, you're simply not at a risk of taking stress when you fail, but it is up to the lorekeeper if they'd like to find some interesting way to give you a different kind of stress.

It's also possible that an obstacle can get at you while you're unable to return, or it's simply an event that can't itself be hurt. In this case, failure brings stress while success simply avoids it.

After everything happens at once, and everyone understands what happened, the next moment starts. Many conflicts only last one moment.

Distance & Movement

Distance in Sundown is measured in natural language describing relative distances.

- ☀ In Your Face
- ☀ Spitting Distance
- ☀ A Bowshot Away
- ☀ Too Far Away

You can knife someone In Your Face, you can spear someone at Spitting Distance, you can shoot someone A Bowshot Away, and you can see something Too Far Away.

What Can You Do in a Moment?

A moment is a rough measurement of time that we intentionally avoid specifying. In short, you can do anything the table agrees could be done in a moment, but here are some examples.

- ☀ You could run from a bowshot away into spitting distance.
- ☀ You could run from spitting distance into someone's face and attack them.
- ☀ You could shoot at someone a bowshot away.
- ☀ You could rebuke an argument from your rival at the forum.
- ☀ You could try to get too far away from something.

Downtime

Drifters take a break every month. This is the perfect time to soothe your anxieties, rest your muscles, and sleep off that arrow. But it's also a time to pursue hobbies, buy new tools, improve yourself, and try to recapture some sense of normal.

Not every group has the time or the inclination, but we recommend finding a way to roleplay scenes from your downtime between sessions. Text roleplay fits this purpose well.

- ☀️ Downtime shouldn't be dangerous or action packed like heats, but it can still be filled with intrigue.

Drifter Advancement

You use your downtime to pursue little projects that come with their own rewards. Each month, you can choose one of the following

- ☀️ Spend 8 infamy to gain a new trait
- ⚙️ Change a Trait to Something New
- ☀️ Roll to Craft a Wonder
- ⚙️ Roll to Get a Lead
- ☀️ Get a Contact
- ⚙️ Get a Consumable Asset
- ☀️ Get 2 infamy
- ⚙️ Rest & Recover

Work For It

Some projects have a Work For It option: you can choose to work at it for *three* months to get a better reward at the end. This means you forgo your chance at a monthly reward for that time, but you may still participate in monthly heats.

Some players like to play more than one drifter at a time. If you have more than one drifter, the months pass at the same rate for all of your drifters.

This means that you can set one drifter up to Work For It while you play someone else.

Tell Us How You Get It

You don't simply pick a reward and wait for the next heat. Tell us where you go and what you do to get it.

If you're following a lead, are you in the library? In the tavern? If you're making a contact, do you carouse with them in the strayhouse? Do favors for them?



Traits? No Question.

After character creation, you don't get new traits by answering questions. You just make them!

On your Drifter Dossier, there are eight lines for traits, but you only filled out four when you made your drifter. The other four get filled in as you buy new traits in play.

Once you have eight traits, though, you can't get new traits except by changing one you already have.

Learning New Traits

When you get a trait, you take a month to train under someone and pay them in infamy. Or, you might get your trait through a change, spending a month in an egg and paying your hatcher.

Work For It

You train yourself instead of paying a teacher. You do some soul-searching and change your goals. You change yourself instead of paying a hatcher.

☀️ When you change yourself, you're sore the whole time.

You don't have to pay anyone, but it takes three months instead. Whenever you get a new trait without paying for it, your lifetime infamy goes up by 8.

☀️ Aesthetic changes - changes that don't give you traits - don't cost infamy and only take a month. Whether you get it done in a hatchery or do it yourself is flavor.

Changing Your Traits

Downtime is also a time to change your traits.

Up until the end of your third downtime, you can change your traits and even the answers to your Questionnaire as you discover new options or realize that your traits don't work for you.

Sometimes, after months of drifting, people are just different. One of your traits might no longer be true because your drifter has grown over the course of their heats. If the table agrees your drifter has changed, you can change that trait to something more appropriate to your drifter.

Crafting a Wonder

To craft a wonder, you buy the reagents or collect them in the field, then use the strayhouse's communal chemistry lab, workshop, or forge to roll against the difficulty of creating it. For more information on crafting wonders, visit the Drifter Chemists & Tinkersmiths section on [page 186](#).

Getting a Lead

You're working on some sort of mystery. You're doing research in the chemistry lab or venturing into town to pore through the books in the library. Perhaps you walk the streets trying to talk to the right people. At the end, you roll to see if you learned anything useful. Success sets you up for a future heat.

Making Contact

Contacts are folk that can hire you for future heats, give you services like a place to sleep, food to eat and medical care, or learn something on your behalf. You get a contact by doing a favor for someone or making friends with them in their favorite haunt.

Work For It


If you spend three months building your reputation, you can make contact with very important people. People that can loan or sell you specialist equipment that you can't find just anywhere or pull strings in a local government to get you special accommodation. People like officers in a covenant or spies in the lord's court.

Acquiring Assets

You do something special during your downtime. A favor for someone in need or a hunt for something special. At the end, you have an extra consumable item, even assets like slowdown, shatterbombs, or suave.

Work For It

If you work at this for three months, you get a big score at the end, and you can pick any asset, even a cragsteel blade or a gun.

-  When you get a tool without paying for it, your lifetime infamy goes up by its infamy cost.

Getting Infamous

Finally, if none of these fit what you're doing, or if you'd just like to receive infamy instead, you get 2 infamy for one month of downtime.

Work For It


If you work at it for three months instead, you get 8 infamy.


Buy Something!

Regardless of the project you choose to pursue in your downtime, you have plenty of free time to visit whatever vendor you'd like and spend your hard-earned infamy.

Rest & Recovery

Every downtime, your anxiety, exhaustion, and injury go down by one each. You can still pursue other downtime activities.

 Upset would become miffed.

 Hurt would go away and leave you uninjured.

You can also spend your downtime to clear all of your stress. You stay in bed while your kidney patches that hole. You frequent a bath house to soothe your taxed muscles. Or you spend the month relaxing to ease your anxieties.

If you return from a heat defeated, you *must* spend your downtime recovering.

The Regions of Sundown

Sundown is a crater, surrounded by mountains formed by impact. The ocean swallows the eastern mountains, and those to the north, west, and south catch the wet breeze and shield us from the desert outside.

Whatever lies beyond the mountains is unknown to Sundowners and lost to Aehalans. We do know there is a continent out there. One that hasn't seen humanity in a thousand years, or so we think.

Most folk agree that you can categorize Sundown into one of five regions. Each has its own unique townships, ghost towns, and covenants.

- ☀️ The Craggs in the southwest ravaged for its floatstone, snowglass, and ore. You can find the Craggs on [page 80](#).
- ☀️ The Floodgrass in the southeast that swells with summer rains. You can find the Floodgrass on [page 88](#).
- ☀️ The Lake in the center that hides some of Sundown's deepest mysteries. You can find the Lake on [page 99](#).
- ☀️ The Moonwood in the north into which none can travel far. You can find the Moonwood on [page 107](#).
- ☀️ The North Coast in the northeast, home to fundamentalists and revolutionary scholars. You can find the North Coast on [page 113](#).

Towns & Ghost Towns

Sundown's townships are like stars sprinkled across the night sky. Bright. Tiny compared to the emptiness. And surrounded by the lightless shells of their kin.

Folk tend to live within walls if they can at all help it. Even farmers that live days from Farmsmeet band together in homesteads.

Covenants

Folk unite under common causes and send champions out to do what is bid them. A drifter can often find themselves such a champion. Some may have even set adrift in the first place to serve a covenant.

More often, though, a drifter finds themselves the enemy of such a covenant. Many across Sundown persecute Strayfolk on principle, and it's only human for you to return that enmity.

Be wary. Few is the cult or the faith that freely allows its flock to stray.

Make Your Own!

You are encouraged to create your own towns, ghost towns, landmarks, and covenants at your table. There might be a town or two we didn't discuss, and there's tens or even hundreds of ghost towns and homesteads scattered across Sundown.

Folk & Faith

First, we need to talk about the old land, why Sundowners came here, the faith that drives them, who was here first, and those that stray.

The Old Land

To really talk about politics in modern Sundown, we need to rewind a few centuries, and look across the ocean at little old Englia.

Centuries ago, a new system of wealth inequality was born there. Lord leeches hoarded more and more until they hoarded all Englia had to give.


Only decades later, their boots were landing on the shores of others all across the Mainland. Soon there was nothing more to conquer.

The New Englian Empire was born, and under its rule, cultures all over the Mainland saw the worst of their society rise to the top. Profiteers, plutocrats, landlords.

After all was taken, gazes turned across the sea.


The New Folk

The worst profiteers from across the New Englian Empire took the gamble, and set off in search of new land to colonize. After months of hard sailing, many did not make it. Those that did arrived starving.

 Far to the west, it was the land where the sun set, and the new folk named it Sundown, dubbing themselves Sundowners.

The New Englian Empire quickly decided whatever was over there wasn't worth the cost of shipping. In the wake of that proclamation, anyone who wanted their own private barony scrambled to claim their own in Sundown, all of them rivals.

Over the centuries since, those little baronies became many of Sundown's townships.

 Despite their isolation, disparate ancestries, and cultural differences, they all still speak Englian, if only to trade with each other.

Where Sundowners go, their religion follows. The Faith. Some might say it even leads the charge. It is a religion constructed by taking a little of each that preceded it, to better control its massive flock.

Its brand of worship, no matter the folk who spread it, is to enforce hierarchy and poverty. Every township is infected by the Faith in some capacity.

The Faith

The Faith is a religion synthesized out of many. A prayer taken from one, a parable taken from another, all to create one Faith with which to dominate the minds of all those colonized.

The Faith is a religion of hierarchy. Of knowing your place and being grateful for it. The Faith is not a religion to suffer those that stray from The Divine's Light.

The Faith is a religion that hoards science, and all other wealth, to the few.

- ☀ Standing at the top are the Keepers of the Old Ways. The only folk for whom science is free and accessible. The only folk who may study science.
- ⚙ Below them is the Clergy. Orators controlling the masses, wielding The Book that He Wrote as their weapon.
- ☀ Under the Clergy are the Faithsknecht. They venture afield and bring the Faith to others. By force. Only they are allowed to wield the weapons granted by science.
- ⚙ At the bottom are the serfs. They toil in the field, wearing rags and eating only the blandest food. They are thankful to know their place.
- ☀ Changelings are below serfs. When they aren't executed outright, they're used for labor deemed unfit even for serfs. Only those among the Faithsknecht and Keepers may receive The Divine's gift of changing.

Look & Feel

- ☀️ A child brings an offering of chrysanthemum to a small shrine, on the most prominent hill on the 'stead. A shrine upon each place of natural beauty.
- ☀️ A bust of her great great great grandfather looks upon her family from her mantle. The dead are enshrined. The great are remembered.
- ☀️ A Faithsknecht knocks on his door. Someone saw his kids eating pastries. Such foods are not allowed. Surplus. Sex. Sweets. All temptations must be purged.
- ☀️ A woman in elaborate raiment wanders a street flanked by guards, their coats bearing the brands of Faith. The folk part fearfully for them.
- ☀️ Workers gather in a slum Temple. Each meditates to the scent of its many censers, praying to the Face of Countless Saints.
- ☀️ A grand church, The Crook of The Divine Shepherd standing proud upon its steeple, dominates the hovels that surround it.
- ☀️ Farmers gather within the chapel to have their faith dictated to them by a man that has never pushed a plough.
- ☀️ A serf gleefully enters the church, chest to hand. Today is the day he buys his way into the Faithsknecht. The Divine rewards those who give.


The Old Folk

For Sundowners, this is a land of political struggles, of the rich and the zealous, of disgruntled workers becoming peasant rebels, and of the young raging against tradition.

But in their struggles against each other, they settle land that is not theirs. They stand upon Aehalan shoulders... and necks.

Sundowners displace the Aehala from their ancestral homes **and seize their artifacts as trinkets.**

The forebears of the Aehala trekked vast oceans of sand before they crossed the mountains for Sundown's endless rain. Their civilization grew, and they created such wonders of science.

 They named their new home Tsin Jajin - fire rising. Their word for sunrise.

Their capital city, Kedama Kurai, stood massive as a testament to their achievement. But something happened. Their population collapsed, and they left their largest homes for ruin. It's been a thousand years.

Before the Sundowners arrived, the Aehala lived among the ruins of their ancestors researching and restoring their knowledge.

Kedama Kurai was the Sundowners' first conquest. Its ghostly metropolis now occupied. Its fortress now a museum for stolen heritage. They call it Scholar.


And Those Who Stray

Stray is a reclaimed slur. “Those that stray from The Divine’s Light.” This is the word imposed by Sundowners onto the people that just don’t fit into the neat little boxes of their worldview.

Tons of things get you labeled stray, and you have control over almost none of them. You’re a stray if you’re queer. You’re a stray if you’re disabled. You’re a stray if you don’t assimilate. You’re a stray if you dye your hair.

Being labeled stray brings a life of hardship. It’s something that outcasts you immediately. Find other strays to live with. Become a drifter, and set adrift. Just don’t stay.

Most towns have a strayhouse. A place where Strayfolk are safe. Where they live together. Where they hide from the Sundowners. If you want to sleep in town, you have to find the strayhouse. Sundowners only like you when you’re working.

 A strong minority of Sundowners hate the rich. There’s always a worker’s revolution in Sundown. This doesn’t make them your allies. Most of them refuse to shed their views on Strayfolk, even if you help them.

As a drifter and a changeling, you speak strayingtongue. What once was simply a code for evading prying eyes has evolved into a full-fledged language.




The Craggs

The southwest region of Sundown is dominated by foothills and fields of crags that grow ever taller and sharper as you approach the mountains.

Here you can find Sundown's floatstone, snowglass, and ores. There might be a mine or two outside the crags, but none as brilliant as here.

The rich send their miners ever farther afield in search of more floatstone as revolutionaries execute the rich in the streets by night and Aehalans watch their every move.

Look & Feel

-  A merchant leads their strider through narrow, winding roads, bringing petty luxuries to the homesteads of the crags, not much more than walled houses each claiming a tiny hill to stand upon.
-  Aehalan scouts look down from their hilltop hiding place as a wealthy foreman yells at his workers. Every month now a new floatstone mine opens, each closer to their ancestral stronghold than the last.
-  Winter snowdrifts fill in the cracks between the jagged crags that folk use as roads. A miner's husband hires drifters to go dig him out of the snow.

Cragsmouth

A Township of Banks, Mines, and Revolution

Folk here squabble over the town's proper spelling. While it's pronounced the same either way, the rich insist on Cragsmouth, as the town sits at the "mouth" of the crags. Workers and artisans insist on Cragsmith, as its biggest industries are mining, smithing, and tinkering.

Two great roads lead travelers deeper into the crags. One hosts endless caravans moving the town's great wealth from its mines. The other, ancient, cracked stone, takes you to the base of the mountains. It is ever empty.



Look & Feel

- ☀️ A Switz man of garish dress strides past Mankholian beggars into an opulent bank. The rich use their banks to hoard Cragsmouth's wealth from its people.
- ☀️ A homeless child stands on a hill, watching the endless caravan trains weave between hillside homes.
- ☀️ Guards harass a blacksmith in the street before "confiscating" his cragsteel ingots. They serve only the rich, not the people.
- ☀️ An "honored guest" builds guns against his will. His are the guns that oppress the workers and make the rich richer.
- ☀️ A young woman nervously enters a guild hall. Affluence only comes to the folk if they win an apprenticeship.
- ☀️ A despondent young man shows up at the mines for the first day of the rest of his life.
- ☀️ A small market proudly displays potatoes, greens, cheeses, meats, and dried fruit.
- ☀️ An herb hauler departs for Woodsedge. They'll return a week later with much needed timber.

The Smiths

Cragsmouth's Rebellious Miners and Craftsfolk

The Smiths are a worker's rebellion in Cragsmouth bent on changing the name to Cragsmith and killing the rich, in that order.

They are in a unique position, as those that craft the weapons of the rich, to at the same time disarm the rich and arm themselves. And as craftsfolk they have the political sway to slowly turn the guildhouses against those that own them.

Look & Feel

- ☀️ A middle aged man in affluent dress sprints toward the nearest guards as armed folk chase him through the streets.
- ☀️ Calloused and hardened workfolk meet in dim basements and musty cellars to plan raids and assassinations by glowlight.
- ☀️ The guards swarm the streets tonight. This morning they found the corpses of a plutocrat and four town guards. Guerillas move in on the unprotected barracks.

Drenchwall

An Ancient Trading Post Turned Aehalan Stronghold

Kedama Monchamat is an ancient dwelling cut into the face of a mountain. Though small, it has been home and stronghold to the Aehala for ages. Sundowners call it Drenchwall.

Recently, the Aehalans have been sharing Drenchwall with their own little mission of the Faithful. They were folk in need, and they were friendly at first.

Now that they feel secure in their new home, they reveal their true colors. They're just like the rest of the Faithful. They take, use, and proselytize like any other. The Aehala want them out.



Look & Feel

- ☀️ A Nihono man brandishes his yari. A stern woman readies her hatchet in response, but an elder intervenes.
- ☀️ A young boy plays an airy wooden flute while an older girl plucks her shamisen. They play to the beat of a drum circle.
- ☀️ An Aehalan girl learns to fletch an arrow from her brother. Their mother hammers hot iron into a blade.
- ☀️ Terrace farmers enjoy a warm lunch of rice and beans in a dark meat sauce, a Drenchwall staple. They soon return to tend their leeks.
- ☀️ An elderly woman hangs a colorful banner, breaking up the grey monotone of the town's walls.
- ☀️ A child buckets water from the cistern, collected by an intricate gutter system cut into the cliff's ever drenched walls.
- ☀️ Faithful children look on with envy as others play with their dolls and wooden swords. Their elder chastises them. Jealousy is temptation.
- ☀️ Aehalan children rush out to meet returning nomads. Winter is no time to be away from home.

Drenchway




An Ancient Road to a Forgotten Place

The way to Drenchwall is a long, winding road that disappears into the crags. Its stones are ancient and cracked. Its breadth implies a level of traffic Sundown won't see for another century. It begins in Scholar, at its ancient docks.

The explorers and surveyors of yesteryear followed it, past the mouth of the crags, where now sits Cragsmouth. They followed it until they set their eyes upon yet another ancient wonder: Drenchwall.

But they continued, and, at its end, they found Sandway. The Aehala cautioned them, but in they went. They have yet to come out.

Look & Feel

-  Folk say a ghostly caravan ever travels this road. It makes no stops, but, if you meet it, it has the greatest wares in all Sundown.
-  Baron-backed mercenaries crew a checkpoint. They say their purpose is to keep the road safe, but they've no right to levy a toll.
-  Folk don't travel alone in Sundown, but they especially don't travel Drenchway alone. The road has an eerie stillness. Folk see things.

Sandway




The Dusty Corpse of an Old Cave Town

Drenchway courses past Drenchwall itself and terminates at a great, open mouth in the face of the cliff. Those that wander into the darkness rarely return.

A constant wind blows from that cave, carrying the finest sand you've ever seen on its breath. Huge silk sheets hang across its mouth like a membrane catching most of it. Those that venture in catch lungfulls of that sand.

The Aehala say that their people once dwelt the caves. The promise of their artifacts, rumored to be advanced far beyond the wonders of Sundown, has been the siren's call to end many a drifter's career.

Look & Feel

-  The air is tense as drifters gather at the cave's mouth. A boy is lost inside. Will they find him? Or will they join him?
-  Teenagers set out from Drenchwall under cover of darkness. The one who can stay in the caves longest will win. Tonight, all will win.
-  Aehalan warriors solemnly stand guard at the entrance. It is their duty to ward any and all away.




The Floodgrass

The southeastern pocket of Sundown, where the grass is always green and towns are built upon hills or stilts. Where the river swells every summer and turns the plain into a swamp. Farmers know to harvest by August, and the Floodgrass will reward them with renewed fields.

The waters settle, and treat those brave enough to dwell the Floodgrass. The grass remains ever green under pristine waters. The land cloaked in a fragrance of renewal.

Rising water is not the only danger to evade come August. Tadbeasts hatch in the wet heat, and their mothers take to the sky and skulk through the waters to feed them.

Look & Feel

-  A ferry carries farmers from their hilltop homes to town, cruising over their soaked fields.
-  Where drifters once walked, they now paddle, seeking their sunken fortune.
-  Children splash in the crystal clear pools. In five months, they'll sled down the snowdrifts.

Grasswatch

The Crossroads of Sundown Where Dwells the Fiendswatch

Grasswatch is a small fortified town built around a lone and massive hill protruding from the seemingly endless floodgrass.

On top of the hill stands Castle Grasswatch. This small fortification headquarters the Fiendswatch, a cadre of superhuman fiend-slayers known as watchers.

Nestled in the center of the city is the Fiends Folly Inn, a massive building seemingly sewn together in a patchwork of architectural styles. It is the largest inn in Sundown, and one of only two that are friendly to drifters.



Look & Feel

- ☀️ A changeling walks free in the streets. None dare harm them under the eye of Castle Grasswatch.
- ⚙️ Chemists and tinkersmiths often defect from Scholar and surface in Grasswatch. This is one of two true havens for science.
- ☀️ A weary drifter wanders into the Fiends Folly. Here they can enjoy foods from all over Hearth.
- ⚙️ Four women roll a new millstone toward a field of grand windmills. Grasswatch is the flour capital of Sundown.
- ☀️ Many come to Grasswatch, but few stay. The biggest industries here by far are food and hospitality.
- ⚙️ Browsing folk sample the markets' wondrous variety. Anything can be had here at the crossroads of Sundown.



The Fiendswatch

A Covenant of Drifters Dedicated to Studying and Killing Fiends

The Fiendswatch is a small company of drifters that hunt and study fiends. Fiendwatchers, or watchers, keep Sundown's roads, homesteads, and towns safe. As long as they're paid.

The Fiendswatch currently counts only thirty-two watchers. You see, watchers are raised from early childhood, either as an orphan or the child of another watcher.

Most would balk at taking the strength of fiends into their own body, let alone the lifetime of hard training, often cut tragically short.

Look & Feel

- ☀️ He takes a moment to meditate, using the burner as his anchor. Within the glass beaker brews poison for a murderbird. A mortar & pestle sit to the side, still soiled with crushed flowers.
- ☀️ A lotus haired watcher fidgets with a sunring: a stylized sun on black cord. Two hang from her neck. A watcher that's outlived one of her own.
- ☀️ The lorekeeper's apprentice stalks a crowdog through the crags, sketching its image. Leave it to the slayers of fiends to be the foremost authority on their study.

The Highroads




Six Foot Tall Roads that Keep Trade Moving During the Flood

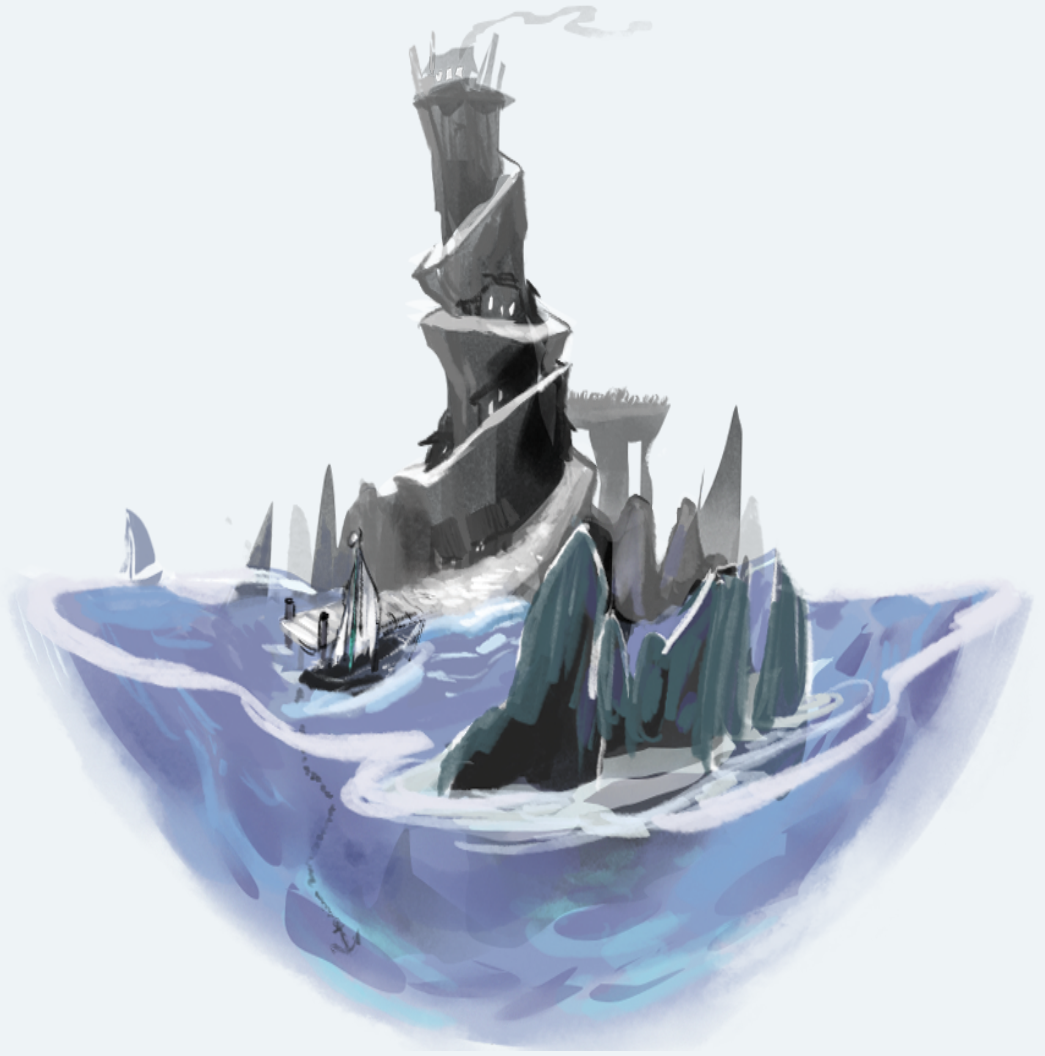
These stone roads, tall as the most imposing drifter, wind across the Floodgrass. Merchants and drifters alike travel the highroads as August waters barely lick at their edges.

Trade across the 'grass once halted for the flood, but the Merchant Protections Guild seized their fame with a diplomatic feat thought impossible.

They united the townships of the Floodgrass for one brief but brilliant moment. Their goal realized a decade later: a great road marked upon Sundown.

Look & Feel

-  Armed folk make their way upon the highroad, waters confining them to its stone. Watchers prowl for the deadliest fiend in Sundown. Frogbeast.
-  Traders meet at a crossroad and share a short rest together, catching each other up on current events.
-  A merchant family seeks shelter from the snow. Their fire burns safely under the eave of a roadcamp: raised pavilions dotting the highroad, serving as refuge for weary travelers.



Peek's Peak

An Island Haunted by Changing's Darkest Experiments

An asylum. A prison. A labor camp. A hatchery. Peek's Peak was all of these things. Now it's a ghost town. In its prime, townships all over Sundown would send their most troublesome Strayfolk to this little island just off the coast.

The science of changing owes much to Howard Peek. Out here with an island to himself and his researchers, away from any folk that would protest, he made changing's greatest leaps by conducting its darkest experiments.

Eventually his 'livestock' revolted. They slew Peek and his assistants and destroyed his facilities.

Folk say the place is haunted.

Look & Feel

- ☀ The air is tense. A team of drifters creeps up the road that spirals to the summit. Their mark is a fugitive that's taken refuge here. They find her mutilated corpse.
- ☀ Wind rips through the decaying buildings. A scavenger flees its ungodly howling.
- ☀ Your glowbottle fades faster than it should. A creaking echoes through the room as a rusty wheelchair rolls toward you.

Seawell

The Largest of Townships, Where All from the Mainland Arrive

Where the river meets the ocean is where you'll find Seawell, the largest and most populous of the townships. Its sprawling seaside markets are famous throughout Sundown. You can find anything there.

Canals replace roads here; the river delta makes boats and waterways the best way to travel, and the town bustles with gondolas and ferries.

The Faith has a strong presence here, with their own quarter only the Faithful may enter. What goes on within is not discussed.



Look & Feel

- ☀️ A fishmonger's daughter watches the sun rising over the morning sea.
- ☀️ Red steepled roofs and whitewashed walls stand out from the rooftop gardens and grapevine shrouded walls of their neighbors.
- ☀️ A thriving merchant culture keeps everyone wearing a courteous face. You never know when you might meet your next customer or business partner.
- ☀️ Dockhands gracefully evade each other as they carry crate after crate off of hulking trade ships.
- ☀️ Ideas and culture from across Hearth constantly flow through Seawell, but you'll find most Seawellers adhere to tradition.
- ☀️ An aristocrat sits every seat of power in Seawell, but the Addlers keep them on their toes.
- ☀️ Folk chatter at a noodle bar. One tells a pun in Mandolin, and her friends exasperate in Venni.
- ☀️ A man in a wide-brimmed hat slowly wades through his rice field. The Mayoral Palace can be seen even out here.

The Addlers

A Syndicate Fighting for the Strayfolk

A covenant that started in Seawell, but now plants its pawns in every court.

In a time before regulations, these folk sold medicine, changes, and conveniences. Now their operations are underground, and include more insidious goods.

They provide a service for the folk that Seawellian bureaucracy notoriously fails to provide.

Protection. They are the protectors of Seawell's Strayfolk, and Addler politicians fight Sundowner power to free science across Sundown.

Look & Feel

- ☀️ A figure cloaked in deep blue flies from rooftop to rooftop, its footfalls silent. Guards hustle down the street in futile pursuit.
- ☀️ A scarred woman sits in a tall chair behind a dark wood desk. A nervous petitioner sits before her.
- ☀️ Addler thugs approach a storefront by darkness. A Sundowner's opened up shop in the wrong neighborhood. Cheap rent is only for Strayfolk.

The Merchant Protections Guild

A Guild of Merchants Unifying the Floodgrass With a Road

In their founding days, they protected and regulated the merchants of Seawell, ensuring fair prices and insuring trustworthy folk. These days, their scope has graduated.

They're now an institution spread across the Floodgrass. Their diplomatic might keeps the isolated towns in accord, each doing their part to maintain the highroads. Most do so begrudgingly.

New Dignity still refuses to pay its share. Construction on the highroad to that town is long abandoned.

Look & Feel

- ☀️ A willowy woman in guild surcoat meets with a foreman. She scribbles idly into her notebook before gesturing to a sagging foundation.
- ☀️ A calm man meets with two captains. They sit in a quiet office, and each takes their turn speaking to him. He takes one's Fili and turns it to Venni.
- ☀️ A spiky haired woman built like an ox guards the roadwork. The guild employs a surprising number of drifters to protect their workers.




The Lake

From the north flows a river that feeds a vast lake before flowing southeast to the sea. So dominant is this lake and so few its brethren that this one earns the title. Lake. The west bank sits upon a low but striking cliff. The east sits much lower.

Two townships home upon its shores, and many others near it. Within its waters lurk many things. An ancient pyramid with a mysterious purpose. An island of flaming scarecrows. A giant squid-like being with strange powers.

Spend much time here and you'll even meet the people that live on it: in flotillas of small houseboats, tending floating mats of decaying grasses that somehow support subsistence gardens.

Look & Feel

-  A child fishes from the docks. Not far away, a large... thing briefly surfaces. Was it a frogbeast? Or something... more?
-  A fisher cuts his day short and heads back to shore. A thick mist blankets the clear waters, and its claws reach for the docks.
-  The flood has come, and Smallmouth appears a floating village upon risen waters. Scholar sits safe upon its cliff.

Scholar

A College Town in an Occupied City Controlled by the Faith

On the southern shore of the Lake is the town of Scholar. This was once Kedama Kurai: a massive Aehalan city, and almost a third of it remains uninhabited... some say even haunted.

The Faith seized control of Scholar when Sundowners first landed centuries ago. They claim to be devoted to the holy pursuit of science, but they hoard Aehalan artifacts and texts in the Museum of Ancients, hidden deep within Bookbridge for only the Keepers to see.



Look & Feel

- ☀️ An elderly cleric approves another oppressive policy targeting young students. Those who don't conform will be punished.
- ☀️ A street urchin scavenges in *The Quiet*: the expanse of crumbling ancient homes and abandoned subterranean tunnels. She is careful to avoid its many cults and bandits.
- ☀️ Students revolt again. Their leader is steadfast in their opposition to the Faith. An assassin receives her orders.
- ☀️ A merchant sets off, caravan loaded with spice, lavender, and indigo. Censers hang from his wagon, masking the scent.
- ☀️ Young and old begrudgingly share Scholar's famous dining halls, filled with the scents of curries, olives, and fresh flatbreads.
- ☀️ A farmer maneuvers their boat between floating fields of tomatoes, potatoes, strawberries, and cabbage, all anchored to Bookbridge.
- ☀️ An Indi student studies with their Aegipti friend. Their modern textbooks are written in ancient Aehalan while living Aehalans are turned away at the gate.

Bookbridge




A Temple Turned Academy that Hides Unknowable Wonders

Just off Scholar's coast, an imposing stepped pyramid rises from the Lake. The Aehala call it Kurai, and its original purpose has been obscured by time.

Sundown's only house of learning resides within. It is named for the bridge that connects Scholar's ancient docks to its grand entrance: Book bridge.

The bottom-most tier dwells underwater upon a hill that was once an island. Though sunken, it remains the tallest structure in all Sundown, and the greatest of the Aehalan ruins.

Look & Feel

-  Young students gather in a lecture hall. Tapestries adorn the walls, depicting the exploits of the Face of Countless Saints. Incense must be offered before the lecture may begin.
-  Drifters break into the Museum of Ancients, certain of its true purpose. The Faithsknecht have already arrived.
-  A changeling girl scrubs the gleaming tile floor. The Brand marks her wrist as it does all changelings under the Faith. She'll never be a student.

Smallmouth

A Small Fishing Village Warred Over by Two Peculiar Cults

Smallmouth is a small fishing village on the Lake's shore. Its otherwise quiet history is stained by the haunted Isle of the Unburnt that looms in the fog. The Cult of the Unburnt worships the charred but standing scarecrows infesting that island.

A strange, squid-like creature haunts the waters. Some folk attribute the voices and the visions to it. Some folk worship it.

These two insidious cults vie for control. Smallmouth's town council a grand political stage upon which their puppets dance.



Look & Feel

- ☀ Guards arrest an infuriated farmer. Others dismantle his scarecrow. None shall create false images of the Unburnt One.
- ☀ Two masked folk take a bound man, their monthly tribute, to the island. There hasn't been a fire in eight months.
- ☀ Children sprint across the rickety bridges connecting the town's stilt supported shanties. The constant fog makes it seem as though they walk on clouds.
- ☀ Folk here are... different. A man's skin is always wet. A child's eyes are round and huge. A girl has gills over her ribs.
- ☀ A mother in ragged clothing prepares rivercatch soup on a communal cooking brazier. Oddly, it includes several squid.
- ☀ Cultists meet in the middle of the lake, uttering unknowable words in an English accent.
- ☀ An Aehalan watches Kurai at the far side of the lake. They sit upon a chair of ritual. The chair must always be occupied. There must always be Aehalan eyes upon Kurai.

The Cult of the Unburnt




An Odd Group of Folk that Worship Scarecrows

The Isle of the Unburnt. It was once home to farmers, protected from the world's fiends.

A giant scarecrow was erected every harvest, and, in a great celebration, burned. The scarecrows took notice. They moved while no one watched. Their stitched-on grins became snarls.

When next the great scarecrow burned, every scarecrow burst alight. Then they came to life. They set the island aflame and slaughtered all. Only the water halted their rage. Now, they wait. Scorched, but unburned.

Look & Feel

-  A group of robed folk wander the walkways of Smallmouth, each holding a small brazier with both hands.
-  A fire eater performs for a small crowd. The burn scars all over his body mark him as one of the Unburnt.
-  A frantic woman plants a scarecrow into the ground just outside Smallmouth. She reverently sets it alight. The fire quickly engulfs the entire figure. Its arm twitches.

The Deep's Faithful




A Cult Changed by the Squid They Worship

Rivals to the Cult of the Unburnt, the Deep's Faithful worship the squid-like creature rumored to dwell deep within the Lake.

They consume the lake's odd freshwater squids in reverence to the Deep One. In return, it seems to change them. Gills upon their chests. Fish-like Eyes. Webbed fingers.

Most of all, their skin cannot be burned. To the Unburnt, this cannot be a coincidence. This is an affront. A challenge.

Look & Feel

-  A young girl fishes from the shore. She has no net, no pole. She disappears into the water. Half an hour later, she surfaces with a fish in her mouth.
-  A boat carries tribute to the Isle of the Unburnt. They're ambushed from the water with harpoons and knives. The tribute doesn't make it. There's a fire this month.
-  Two boys drag another into the water. He struggles as they force him under. It stops. He washes ashore a week later. Alive.




The Moonwood

In the north of Sundown lay an expansive wood into which none venture far. Stories abound of the dark things that lurk in the wood. Of the dark deeds it keeps hidden.

Folk don't live in the wood, but on its southern border, venturing in only by day, only for the timber that Sundown needs, only for the game that feeds the local homesteads.

The Moonwood seems to possess its own intelligence. Dream rippers and mindharkers across Sundown insist with every breath that this is the case.

Look & Feel

-  A merchant travels a road rarely traveled, too close to the wood it is. He burns extra incense to ward the fiends. It is not enough.
-  *Watchers venture in and return just fine, sometimes even for days. Why does the Moonwood permit them? What is it about them?*
-  Do not venture deep into the woods. Pets that wander in do not return. Children that wander in do not return. Drifters that venture in do not return.

Farmsmeet

A Guildhouse that Swells into a Tent City During the Harvest

Farmsmeet is a settlement of convenience. Farmers from the River's shores and ranchers from the Floodgrass meet to sell their goods. Merchants swarm to snatch the choicest hauls and peddle them across Sundown.

Tents, pavilions, and caravans surround a core of permanent structures, the guildhouse dominant among them. The guildmaster's guard protects farmer, consumer, and merchant alike. None are cheated in Farmsmeet.



Look & Feel

- ☀️ Folk from across Hearth can be glimpsed here in the ever changing tentscape. Sahari merchants haggle with Judite shepherds. Nepami warriors get their blades from Darmaskan traders.
- ☀️ *A mother shields her son's eyes from the whipping. A pinchpence broke the merchant's code.*
- ☀️ An herb hauler and a spice merchant share their wares at a communal cookfire. Their folk look forward to these Farmsmeet suppers every year.
- ☀️ *Strongfolk look to raid such a ripe concentration of wealth, but they break upon caravan walls. A blade from every land tastes bandit blood.*
- ☀️ A farmer leads her grain wagon to a familiar spot, a trusted merchant's name on her lips. Reputation and trade outweigh coin here.
- ☀️ *An Aehalan wagon train rolls into town, laden with incense. It will be gone in hours. Those without walls use the incense to ward fiends.*
- ☀️ The great harvest festival was days ago. Winter comes, and the tents diminish. Soon Farmsmeet won't be much more than a 'stead. Until next harvest.

Stonesource




An Old Floatmine Ghost Town Too Deep into the Moonwood

Before we really understood what dwelt in the Moonwood, we wandered deep into its trees and found floatstone in the wooded crags beyond.

We lost that supply line decades ago, and we haven't had contact with them since. We gave up on the folk of Stonesource soon after. No one really knows what it was. Eggtrees? Murderbirds?

Whatever it was, curse their name. Now we have to get our 'stone from Cragmouth... the pinchpences.

Look & Feel

-  Drifters creep through the trees, on the highest alert they've ever been. They haven't had a good night's sleep in days. The road to Stonesource isn't safe to travel. So they got lost instead.
-  No one's seen the place in 46 years, but old Ma'am Lanardy can paint you the most detailed landscape of it. Well, no one knows how accurate it is. No one's gone and come back.
-  A haggard man shambles down the road and collapses in Woodsedge. No one knows him. His eyes see things beyond. His lips make only four words: Leave the Source Alone.

Woodsedge

A Small Town of Log Cabins and Petty Politics

Woodsedge is a loose alliance of homesteads that surround a great sawmill on the southern border of the forest. From here, it supplies Sundown most of its wood. There's quite a bit of wealth in this endeavour, considering every other township is a fair distance from any tree, but Woodsedge manages to keep its rustic charm.

This wealth is thanks to clan Miller, the folk who own the Great Mill of Woodsedge. It's the first thing any visitor sees approaching Woodsedge, and it's the reason why the Millers can afford their great mead hall while their people live in cabins.



Look & Feel

- ☀️ A carpenter surveys a yet abandoned home. A carver sells wooden trinkets on every corner. Woodsedge is a town of wood.
- ☀️ A hunter ventures south into the grass. Another ventures north into the wood. Both must watch every step.
- ☀️ A spy sits jovially at the table of clan Miller. The folk of Woodsedge take pride in their honest labor, but every town has its power struggles.
- ☀️ Two bare-chested warriors clash in a simple ring with the axe and roundshield of yesteryear. Trial by combat.
- ☀️ Folk don't lightly venture into the moonlit wood. What was once safe by sun claims pets, children, and even drifters by moon.
- ☀️ People gossip on in a fusion of northsea languages, but most are eager to include the town's Swahiil folk.
- ☀️ A brewer infuses their mead with wild berries. A merchant peddles butters made of every nut. A cauldron of hunted meat and imported vegetables boils over the mill's cookfire.
- ☀️ A fruitful hunt fills the smokehouse with its bounty. The folk need not scramble to last this winter.

The North Coast

A slight misnomer, the North Coast is actually the northern stretch of Sundown's eastern coastline. It is here that you can find Sundown's most extreme Faithful, the cult that resists them, revolutionary scholars, and retired drifters.

Aside from the political friction, this corner of Sundown seems almost quiet. You see fewer fiends here and the land doesn't turn into a lake every year... It'd be an idyllic place if not for the theocracy.

Look & Feel

- ☀️ A strange wail rises over the docks long before the sun is seen. A fisher takes in his net and rushes home.
- ⚙️ A miner walks the square path down into the depth of the quarry. Homes out here rot away in the sea spray unless they're made of stone.
- ☀️ She wanders home, shivering as the squall's salty wind rips at her coat.

Driftwood

A Mountainside Dock Town of Strayfolk, Wanderers, & Seafolk

Driftwood was built by wanderers and seafolk, but its most noteworthy residents are retired drifters. If a frogbeast doesn't eat you, if you aren't betrayed by a client, you can retire here.

The town starts as a mess of docks and never ends, simply crawling up the side of the mountain. Not quite rickety, but not quite safe either. At least there's handrails.

No one builds on the east side of the island and expects it to stay. The great ocean's violent waves keep the eastern face of the mountain clean.



Look & Feel

- ☀️ Gerry the woodsealer answers his door to yet another homeowner. He used to be a woodworker, but these days the best work is sealing timber for Driftwood's homes.
- ☀️ A child stands on the roof of the highest building, just barely glimpsing the rising sun before it disappears into the clouds.
- ☀️ Glowbottle lanterns sway in the salty breeze, fighting the ever-present fog.
- ☀️ A father prepares dinner, a cornucopia of imported foods and domestic fish at his disposal.
- ☀️ A girl giggles as her friend shows off a new change, and they discuss plans for more modifications. Changelings are not only common, but the norm.
- ☀️ Retired drifters chatter in Sundowner while children babble in Roma or Fili. Driftwood is an eager haven for all.

Dignity

A Ghost Town Hideout for Sundown's Rebel Academics




A town dead even before Seawell was named. The Faith's first attempt to plant its flag upon Sundown.

The meticulous masonry of Clergy homes has long survived the hovels of the serfs that once toiled here. Many are still habitable to the desperate.

The Strongchurch stands proudly against time, proclaiming the faith of its long-dead Keeper. It is now home to a group of independent scholars.

Though their duty is to uncover Dignity's mysteries, they find themselves educating those students that wish an alternative to the Faith-tainted Bookbridge.

Look & Feel

-  With the summer rains often comes mudslides. A researcher stumbles across a tunnel once buried. An odd door blocks their progress. Red symbols appear on its surface.
-  Drifters blaze a trail through the plains, waiting for Dignity to appear on the horizon. No roads lead here.
-  A small path leads from the Strongchurch to a single dock. Folk not used to labor help unload supplies from a small ship, the crates bearing seals from across Sundown.

New Dignity

A Nightmare Town of Religious Serfdom

New Dignity serves as an example of just how much the Faithful can hate changelings.

Its people live under the heel of Keeper Celebrant the Eleventh. He lives in his lavish Strongchurch as his serfs dwell in hovels. Those that dissent find themselves the guest of the Inquisitor. Those that flee become the quarry of the Lord Shepherd.

Just as none may flee, none may enter. Merchants are rebuked civilly. Drifters and changelings are greeted with arrows. Even the Fiendswatch is unwanted.



Look & Feel

- ☀️ A changeling yet hangs from the gallows, the corpse days old. It is an insult to The Divine to stray from the path meant for you.
- ☀️ The Mouth of The Divine rallies the Faithful. An apostate stalks their midst.
- ☀️ The smallfolk carry out their lives in Englian or Franksh, though they cannot read. Only the Keepers, Clergy, and Faithsknecht may learn to read.
- ☀️ A Servant of the Indomitable Nora infiltrates the Strongchurch. A cleric will be implicated tonight. The Faith will crumble one day.
- ☀️ Serfs eat cabbage soup and porridge while Celebrant hosts great feasts for the Clergy.
- ☀️ A merchant captain lands under darkness, smuggling in medicine for the serfs.



The Seniority of the Indomitable Nora

A Rebellion and a Cult Devoted to Unseating Celebrant

Elderblood cults are not unheard of in Hearth. Their long lives and rumored abilities have long attracted the downtrodden, especially folk looking for a safe place to become changelings.

Nora is an elderblood, and this is such a cult. It dwells in hidden basements and unknown tunnels under New Dignity. Its name a reflection of its purpose: rot the Faith from below. Its acronym is SIN, after all.

Look & Feel

- ☀ Grim-faced changelings move about a small tunnel village with purpose. Their lives are lit only by glowbottle.
- ☀ A secret tunnel leads to a disguised dock. A merchant captain offloads supplies for both medicine and murder to an audience of grateful guerillas.
- ☀ A matronly quartermaster serves mushroom stew to her guest: a drifter freed from Faithful interrogation.

Fiends

Long has Hearth been haunted by monstrous creatures known as fiends. Seeming to defy nature with their grotesque form, immense size, or dastardly cunning, they've been the end of many a traveler.

Fiend is a term coined by the Faith.

In Faith dogma, fiends are beings from beyond our world that manipulate us through the veil. They whisper temptations of debaucherous acts into our ears and encourage us to turn our wrath upon the Keepers.

They named the very real, not fictitious at all monstrous beings in Sundown after those fiends, believing them to be one and the same.

Incidentally, they believe, too, that changelings are folk that have been influenced or possessed by fiends.

According to Fiendswatch theory, this may actually not be that far off. Fiends may just be animals that have happened into changes, just like humans did.

Your survival depends upon your ability to identify and avoid these creatures. Not all fiends are beasts, however. Some are plants. Some can be tamed.

Blight Bulbs

Difficulty: 5




Stress: 1 (An individual blight bulb only takes one hit.)

This mess of black vines writhes and reaches toward any movement. They infest the forgotten places of the world, especially Aehalan ghost towns. Fortunately, they go dormant during the winter.

They're tipped with bulbs that burst and coat you in a thick, black fluid if you get too close. If too many get you, you'll be cocooned.

Blight Bulbs don't inflict stress. With every failure, you are entangled in more and more goo. After 3 failures, you cannot escape.

Look & Feel

-  A trapped drifter struggles as they're slowly pulled toward the heart of the vines. None know the mystery that lies at the heart.
-  An intrepid woman carefully cuts the bulbs off of dormant blight bulbs. The fluid is used to make pitch, a concoction prized for its medical value.
-  The matriarch of the homestead approaches the old tool shed with a bundle: firebombs and dryfire. Just a normal day weeding the garden.



Crowdog

Difficulty: 6

Stress: 2

This wild dog has the head and forelegs of a crow. They are remarkably intelligent and can mimic human speech. They live and hunt wherever humans do, living on our scraps and our vulnerable.

Though most would rather eat you, it is not impossible to befriend one.

Look & Feel

- ☀️ A nightwatchman inspects the cries of a baby, proceeding carefully, glowbottle high. A crowdog ambushes him from above.
- ☀️ A pack of crowdogs bursts through the treeline, cawing and howling as they charge the wagon train. Life is lean in the Moonwood, and they need to eat.
- ☀️ A watcher lies dead in the mud, a crowdog attracted by the gold on their neck. Actually, it decides not to grab the shiny. It looks through the watcher's things and leaves. The watcher's own pitch injector drains into their chest.



Eggtree

Difficulty: 6

Stress: 5

The gaps in their stone grey bark reveal pink, veiny flesh. They bear fruit with wet, translucent pink skin. Inside is an oddly humanoid embryo.

It will grow these eggs constantly. Few live. Many simply drop and break upon the ground, leaving a trail of fetuses. Yes, a trail. These trees move.

They move slowly, barely perceptible. Do not get close, though. They spring into action at dazzling speed and strike you with stone talons. It must feed its eggs.

Look & Feel

- ☀️ A hunter finds a crying baby in the woods and brings them home. I wonder what they'll want to be when they grow up.
- ☀️ Blades and bolts break upon its stone bark as it weathers their onslaught, blood staining its claw as it goes through a drifter's gut.
- ☀️ A ragtag team seeking a payday follows the trail of babies on the ground. Eggtree fluid is in high demand. They don't see it move. When did it get behind them?!



Frogbeast

Difficulty: 9

Stress: 6

This frog is the size of a small house, and takes to the sky on its bat-winged forelimbs. They grow in when they are but tadbeasts (Difficulty 6, Stress 2,) terrorizing the floodgrass like teenagers, no more capable of flying in the air than walking on land.

It can shoot out its sticky, barbed tongue from spitting distance. If you fail, you don't take stress, but you get snatched up in its maw. It may even decide to fly off with you! In the coming moments, you can try to hurt it with a small weapon or struggle out of its grip, both at disadvantage.

Look & Feel

- ☀️ A mombeast surveys its nest, making certain its eggs are secure. Its pet crowdog cowers in terror. Frogbeasts take pets, but are awful caregivers.
- ☀️ A frogbeast flies over the caravan, and everyone runs for cover. They can snatch you up with their tongue without even landing.
- ☀️ Drifters take potshots at the tadbeasts swimming too near the highroad. If you don't keep a watchful eye, they'll jump out at you.



01



02 (back)



03



04



Hillbug

Difficulty: 6

Stress: 4

This giant caterpillar is as big as you and shrouded in toxic spines. When one hits you, you take injury *and* exhaustion.

They make their homes in caves throughout the crags, and occasionally wander as far as Scholar. It's rare, but sometimes you'll find them in the oddest places.

They mostly eat plants, but they'll eat you if they can.

Look & Feel

- ☀️ Drifters run screaming out of the cave they intended to camp in. Hillbug after hillbug crawl after them in a seemingly never ending line. Always check a cave before going in.
- ☀️ A miner wanders off on his break, just to get away from all the stress of the mine. He wanders into a crude pitfall trap, and a hillbug descends on him. They're... resourceful.
- ☀️ A watcher pores over their notes, befuddled. Hillbugs resemble caterpillars to an uncanny degree. He keeps finding the empty shells of giant pupae. But surely if Sundown had giant moth-fiends, they'd know?



Melonscale

Difficulty: 8 to fight, 4 to interact

Stress: 4

This snake is named for its variety of melon colored scales. It is bigger than you, and yes, you can ride it. They aren't the fastest mounts, but they're sturdy. Choose your mount carefully. They will consider their human among their own brood. One can keep you company your entire life and watch your grandkids after you're gone.

Long ago, they razed our melons. Any that got in their way became an easy side dish. Now, though, they're our most common, cheap, and obedient work animal. The wild ones are rare, but do not mistake them. They will eat you.

Look & Feel

- ☀️ A Farmer trudges through the snow toward a now-white barn. Inside burns a warm fire. His melonscales look at him as he enters, and he sets to feeding them.
- ☀️ Sassy the melonscale curls up under the shade tree. Her handler tries to prod her to return to the plough, but you can't change a melonscale's mind.
- ☀️ A grasswatch child tells the story for the fifth time today, for the benefit of visiting drifters. The story of the lone hundred-foot oak and Dragon, the giant melonscale that lived in its branches.



Strider

Difficulty: 7 to fight, 5 to interact

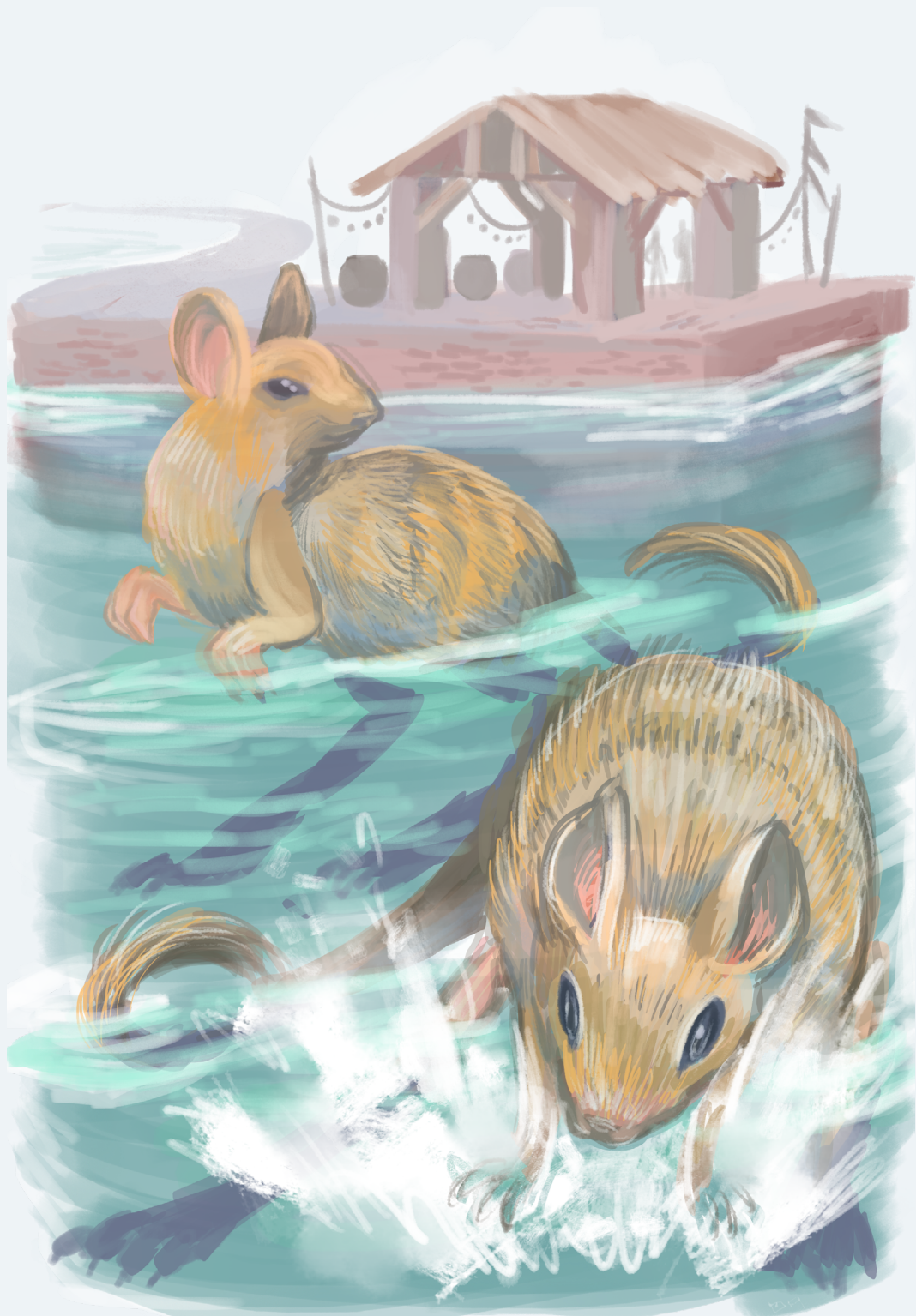
Stress: 3

This bipedal rodent has almost freakishly long and thick legs, and it's big enough for you to ride. A strider is the fastest way to get around on land. They can get twitchy and ornery, though. It takes an attentive hand to keep them focused.

Striders taken from the wild are nocturnal and will never adjust to a daytime schedule. Only those raised in captivity are active in the day. Whether wild or tame, they dig huge dens, often to the woe of their caretakers.

Look & Feel

- ☀ Wild striders stalk the grass at night, foraging and hunting. They've been known to be the end of fields, silos, and even granaries all over Sundown.
- ☀ The merchants unhitch their striders for the night and make roadcamp as the giant rodents jump into the August waters.
- ☀ Sand the strider's giant ears prick up at a faint sound. Their human's whistle. She shoots off into the brush, rushing toward the sound.



Sunplumed Murderbird




Difficulty: 7

Stress: 3

This angry cassowary has feathers that glow so bright, they can blind you. They can focus the glow of their feathers on you as far as a bowshot away. If you fail, you are momentarily blinded, and your next roll is at disadvantage.

Their temperament is that of a goose's evil twin. They attack anything on sight. You. A Frogbeast. That tree. The inn.

Look & Feel

-  Murderbirds charge through the trees onto the road, chasing down a wagon carrying fresh timber.
-  A watcher stands over the corpses of five murderbirds. They've become exceedingly proficient in kill them, since their plumes are used to make glowbottles, and they fetch a clean coin.
-  A murderbird angrily pecks at a tree before trying to fit through its branches again, unaware that it can just go around. Why think when you can be angry?



Tracer

Difficulty: 7

Stress: 3

The form of this creature is as mutable as clay. Its color? Uncertain. What is known is that it takes the form of objects it knows humans to touch often. When it is touched, it strikes.

Young tracers are small. They take the shape of cups, knives, and books. (Difficulty 6, Stress 2) As they get older, they might mimic clothes, cookware, or backpacks. The oldest can mimic full sized beds, wagons, and doors. (Difficulty 8, Stress 4)

Look & Feel

- ☀️ A drifter goes to take a sip from their thermos. That's odd, they swore they put it in the other pocket. Then it moves. An amorphous blob of such speed. That mouth wasn't there before.
- ☀️ The lorekeeper's apprentice has... something trapped under a glass dome. It's small. A little blob that keeps writhing, uncertain what to be.
- ☀️ A woman crouches in the corner, a hammer from her forge to hand. She eyes everything in the room with a firecely paranoid look. Then she starts smashing everything. The hammer bites her.



Whipsnail

Difficulty: 8

Stress: 5

This snail is the size of a strider. A mass of tentacles emerges from under its shell to grasp and slam predators whenever it's threatened. Their slime is a hallucinogen. If one hits you, take injury *and* anxiety.

They hunt on the edges of Sundown's lakes and rivers. They prefer fish, but your pet cat will do. If you get close enough, it'll try you.

Look & Feel

- ☀️ Their boat suddenly stops, crunching against an obstruction under the lily pads. That's odd, the shore is at least ten yards away. Then the tentacles rise above the water.
- ☀️ The whipsnail sits docilely as the toddler pets it, but swipes angrily at the parents trying to get closer.
- ☀️ The fisher leans his pole against the side of his home, reeling back as his hand is coated in thick slime. He follows the trail with his eyes and sees the whipsnail perched atop his house.



Wingcat

Difficulty: 8 to fight, 6 to interact

Stress: 3

This bat-winged feline has been bred to be just big enough to carry you aloft. Its fur can come in all the colors you'd find on a housecat.

Wingcats are expensive. They are the product of a carefully controlled breeding pool, not to mention the effort it takes to train one. These are the toys of the rich.

They often try to cut costs by having wingkits taken from the wild. Even if a wild wingcat could grow large enough to ride, they'd still hate you with all their heart. You cannot tame a wild 'cat.

Look & Feel

- ☀️ Aehalan scouts slink through the crags. The pointman keeps them on the trail of the surveyors while their rearguard watches the snowy skies.
- ☀️ As Diabel approaches the mountains, her wingcat launches itself into the air without her, finding a nice tall crag to perch upon. Wingcats like high places.
- ☀️ The group knows to avoid the circling wingcats. Whatever's over there, it's not worth dealing with the 'cats.



Reagents

Sundown is filled with reagents that do wild, fantastical things. Every scientific discipline in Sundown has you combining reagents in some way.

☀️ Some of these can even change your flesh all on their own, but we'll cover that next, in changes.

If you're not that interested in reagents themselves and you'd just like to see how they're used, you can skip to changing on [page 148](#) or wonders on [page 174](#).

Blackleaf

These leaves grow on short, sturdy shrubs. They turn black after being sundried. They're commonly used across Sundown to create a mildly stimulating tea, but can be concentrated for increased potency.

Blightbulb Fluid

Courageous and desperate folk brave winter's storms to collect this fluid from dormant blightbulbs. It is highly valuable for its use in emergency injury treatment.

Catseye

This gemstone, when polished and held in the right light, looks a little bit like a cat's eye.

Cattails

These fluffy-tipped weeds grow next to ponds, and are especially prevalent during the flood.

Cavesalt

This substance looks vaguely similar to salt and is extracted from bat guano by flushing it with water. It can be a bit valuable only because of how unpleasant it is to produce.

Crowdog Blood

Used as a changing agent for corvids and folk that want to look like bird people. It usually means killing a crowdog.

Deepfish Eye

Deepfish are widely agreed to be the ugliest fish ever seen. They're a particularly tricky catch, since they live only in the deepest part of the Lake, or on the eastern side of Sundown's coastal islands. Their eyes are completely black. It's believed that their black eye coating is what allows them to see at such depths.

Eggtree Fluid

Folk find collecting this one to be an especially distasteful task, but the fluid inside an eggtree's eggs are very valuable in the world of changing.

Floatstone

Serfs extract floatstone from the ground to feed Sundown's ravenous hunger. This glowing blue rock is only found in craters, and Sundown is the largest crater on Hearth.

It possesses the strange ability to push everything away from it, including the ground. It tends to hover.

Frogbeast Wings

They're used in a change or two. If you want one, you usually have to go get it yourself. They're incredibly rare and expensive.

Hillbug Venom

A venom extracted from a hillbugs spine glands, folk use it in small amounts to cut their drink for a mellow, calming effect. It can be used in greater quantities to combat anxiety disorders.

Hotfruit Powder

This vaguely apple shaped fruit has soggy flesh and stinks a bit. Folk don't really like it enough to deal with the heartburn it gives you. Folk *are* interested in the powder you can get from it by drying the flesh.

Lakesquid

These squid are totally unremarkable aside from the fact that they're saltwater creatures living comfortably in the Lake's fresh water. You really shouldn't eat them, though. It does things to the local cultists.

Lungwater

This is honestly just a more polite way to say eggtree fluid. Folk don't really want to think too hard about where this comes from when they're about to live in it for a month.

Melonscale

A single scale off a melonscale. Useful in changing or making a pretty necklace.

Rainberries

These berries grow on little bushes all over Sundown. They're not named for the rain, but for the rainbow. *Rainbow Berries*.

They come in any color of the rainbow and any color in between. Finding the right color can sometimes be a hassle, but they tend to grow in even number, so you'll find your color eventually.

Shockfruit

This little green fruit looks a lot like a lime, and you need to be careful when you touch it. If it's one of Sundown's rare sunny days, it will shock you. It's highly valuable for the lacquer that can be made from its gooey flesh, which is used to make guns.

Snowglass

This snow-white, glassy material is found in the crags. It has a noteworthy ability to bind to coloring agents, and it's most often used as powder.

Sunplumes

This glowing plumage was collected from Sunplumed Murderbirds. Its fluids can be extracted and used for light.

Tadbeast Blood

Blood extracted from a tadbeast, usually a corpse, though some incredibly brave fish farmers steal frogbeast eggs so they can raise tadbeasts.

Tadbeast blood is used in a lot of changes that involve growing body parts found on other animals.

Tadbeast Gill Gel

This gel is made from the mucus and mucus membranes found right next to a tadbeast's gills. It's useful in specific applications that require you to get breathable air out of water.

Whalegems

These little crystals are found in the stomachs and guts of beefwhales hunted in the waters off the Sundown coast and sometimes in the deeper parts of the Lake, where they meet every five years to mate. Once they're cleaned, they smell kinda nice?



Changing

Most reagents can change your flesh. Many of them can be used as they are, no science involved. Eat some pink rainberries, and something'll turn pink. Smoke some cattails, and you'll grow a cat tail.

Changing is the science of combining reagents to create new and more extensive changes. There is no unified theory on how this works, just centuries of human experimentation.

Changes don't happen in an instant. It takes at least a month for changes to occur, and that's in a hatchery with a hatcher making sure everything goes smoothly. Changes that you do yourself take three months.

Those hatchers that don't wish to be bound by dogma or tradition set up shop with the strays. They get a safe place to explore their craft, and the Strayfolk get someone that can help them find their ideal form.

Changes

This section covers a few of the changes common among drifters. These are not at all the only changes in Sundown. You are completely free and encouraged to create your own!

Eggchanges

This may not be the most common kind of change in Sundown, but it's what everyone thinks of when you mention changes.

The name comes from a changing egg - a clear, membranous, fluid-filled sac just big enough for you to squeeze into.

The fluid inside is lungwater, and your first time breathing it is terrifying. But you don't die, and fright gives way to unconsciousness. Then the reagents are liquefied and added. It turns out changes happen much faster if you *breathe* them.

To keep you alive during this time, the hatcher injects new fluid into your egg every day that keeps your dormant hunger satisfied and your lungs from burning for air.

When you wake up a month later, you're sore like your entire body is a bruise, and you're hungry like a bear waking up in the spring.

If a change is labeled as an eggchange, it must occur inside an egg. It is simply too extensive or reconstructive to be safe otherwise.

Getting changed in an egg speeds up the changing process to just a month, but the hatcher needs to get paid. For an eggchange, you pay 8 infamy and spend one month of downtime in the egg.

Fieldchanges

A fieldchange is a change that you don't do in an egg. This can be as simple as finding a reagent out in the field and eating it, no hatchery added.

That's how humanity discovered Hearth's changing reagents, and how the Fiendswatch theorizes that some animals became fiends.

You can also do a little hatchery on your own, even in the field, to achieve some of the less convoluted changes. This generally involves heating the fluid or oil from a reagent or pulverizing it into powder and adding it to water, then injecting the resulting fluid into your body.

A fieldchange doesn't cost infamy, but it takes a three month downtime of rest, taking breaks only for heats, during which you are constantly sore. Sore as in the first level of exhaustion. You won't be able to fully clear your exhaustion until the change is done.

Fieldchanges can be performed inside an egg to speed them up and avoid the exhaustion, paying 8 infamy and a one month downtime, but they don't have to be.

Time & Infamy Cost

An eggchange costs 8 infamy and one month of downtime. A fieldchange costs no infamy and three months of downtime. These are the same rules as getting a trait in the downtime section.

These rules only apply to a change **if you want to get a trait** out of it. If you just want the change for aesthetic appeal, you get it with one month of downtime and pay no infamy. Whether it is an eggchange or fieldchange is just flavor you can pick between.

Traitchange

If a change is marked as a *traitchange*, that means you must buy a trait to represent the change. Many changes will have an example trait that you can grab if you're having trouble writing your own.

If you don't have space for a new trait, you can replace one that you already have. Perhaps your drifter has grown as a person, or you're losing something by getting this change.


Heritable

If a change can be passed on to your kids, it'll say *Heritable*. These are changes that you can be born with.

Metatrait

A few traitchanges actually give you a metatrait.

A metatrait is a trait that, instead of, or in addition to, giving you a bonus in certain situations like a normal trait, changes how Sundown's rules work for you, giving you some sort of new ability.

 We actually wanted to call this "Ruleschange," but we didn't want to imply metatraits all result from changes. Many do, but we'll touch on others in the Mystics section.

When creating your drifter, you may only have one metatrait, but you can take as many as you want during play.

Changes Don't Go Wrong

A change always does the same thing. As long as you use the correct reagents in the correct way, you'll get the same results. There are no rolls, and the lorekeeper should not have a change "go wrong" unless it is something that a player specifically asks to experience.

You *could* submit yourself to changes derived from recently discovered reagents or untested combinations of reagents. Your drifter would not be able to know the outcome, but like before, this is something that needs to be discussed between player and lorekeeper first.

Adrenaline Junkie

Eggchange, Traitchange, Heritable

Reagents: Blackleaf Tar, Hillbug Venom Gland, Tadbeast Blood

This one can be a bit tricky, since it involves changing something on your insides. We're not certain what it is yet, but when you get all fight or flight, the world just slows down for you.

My Heart Beats Fastest

When I'm in mortal danger, the world slows down for me. I get a plus 1 to rolls where my life is in danger, but I take exhaustion and anxiety as soon as I'm safe again.



Barklimb

Eggchange

Reagents: Eggtree Bark, Tadbeast Blood

If you're missing a limb and you'd like a prosthetic, or if you'd like to replace your limbs and become half eggtree, this concoction will grow eggtree skin and limb wherever you're missing it.

- ☀️ This is not a traitchange, meaning it doesn't cost infamy, especially if this is an accessibility aid, but you can pay the 8 infamy to make a trait out of it.

My Limbs Are Stone

Metatrait

One or more of my limbs have been regrown as eggtree limbs, and now they turn blades and bites away with ease. I draw an extra square to the left of my injury boxes and label it 'Armor.' My stone bark has to be broken before I can be harmed underneath.


- ☀️ If you're dying, you can buy this trait instead of marking one of your injury circles. You spend a month inside an egg instead of recovering from defeat.
- ☀️ When you emerge, your injuries have been patched with eggtree bark, and any missing pieces have been regrown as eggtree flesh.

Cat Eyes


Eggchange

Reagent: Catseye

Ground into a fine powder and liquefied, catseye can be used to change your own eyes into cat's eyes. You can regrow missing eyes by adding tadbeast blood to the mix. Whichever method you choose, you have green cat eyes now.

 You can throw in some rainberries to pick a different color.

They let you see in the dark. You don't have to pay infamy and get a trait for this change, especially if it is being used as an accessibility aid.

 But you *can* pay 8 infamy and one month of downtime to get a trait from this change.

Eyes of a Cat

Metatrait

I can see in the dark as a cat can, quickly adjusting to changes in lighting, but I can't see in especially dark places like the depths of a cave. I can add 1 to my rolls to use that to my advantage, like fighting, picking locks, or forging a signature in the dark.

Changing Colors

Fieldchange

Reagents: Snowglass Powder, Rainberries

Snowglass powder, used on its own, bleaches anything a milky white. If you want milky white skin, nails, lips, eyes, or hair, you can just use straight snowglass powder.

But if you want to add some color, grab some rainberries of the color you want, and mix them in.

- ☀ To change your *hair*, you apply it to your scalp as a gel.
- ☀ To change your *nails*, you paint it onto your nails.
- ☀ To change your *lips*, you apply it to your lips as a balm.
- ☀ To change your *eyes*, you apply them as an eye drop.
- ☀ To change your *skin*, you rub it in as a cream.



Chitin

Eggchange, Traitchange, Heritable

Reagent: Hillbug Pupa Shell, Tadbeast Blood

For so many reasons practical and economical, armor is dead in Sundown. But that doesn't mean it's unhelpful. With this change, you grow sleek, black chitin all over your body, except in your joints and face, that serves as your own permanent armor.

- ☀ You get to choose exactly where your chitin is placed. Maybe you don't want it on your head or your hands? It'll still have the same effect.

My Skin is Armor

Metatrait

I have grown chitin all over my body, and it now serves me as armor. I draw an extra square to the left of my injury boxes and label it 'Armor.' My chitin has to be broken before I can be harmed underneath.

- ☀ If you're dying, you can buy this trait instead of marking one of your injury circles. You spend a month inside an egg instead of recovering from defeat. When you emerge, your body is encased in chitinous armor.

Darkeye

Fieldchange, Traitchange, Heritable

Reagent: Deepfish Eye

This change coats your eyes in a black membrane that is incredibly efficient at absorbing light. You can see perfectly in the dark, as long as there's even the tiniest source of light *somewhere*. If you look at anything brighter than a glowbottle, though, you take injury.

Eyes of the Deep

Metatrait

I can see in the dark as long as there's even the tiniest source of light, and I add 1 to my rolls to use that to my advantage, like fighting, picking locks, or forging a signature in the dark. If I look at anything brighter than a glowbottle, though, I take injury.



Frogbeast Wings

Eggchange, Traitchange

Reagents: Frogbeast Wings, Tadbeast Blood

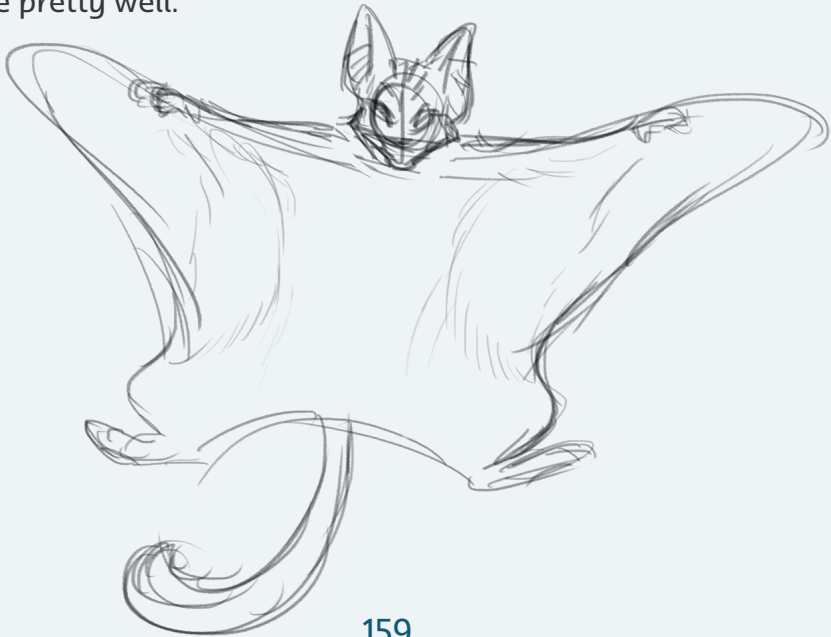
If you're ambitious enough to come back with frogbeast wings, we can liquefy them along with some tadbeast blood and put them in an egg with you.

When you come out, you'll have green bat wings on your back, connected to your shoulders. If you want them a different color, you'll have to bring some snowglass powder and rainberries.

The Wings of a Frog

Metatrait

As a human, I'm a bit too heavy to actually fly, but with my huge frogbeast wings, if I get to a high place and jump off, I can glide pretty well.



Gills

Eggchange, Traitchange

Reagents: Tadbeast Gills, Tadbeast Blood

If you want to grow gills, just gills, and not end up a squidling like those cultists on the Lake, just get your hands on a tadbeast.

I Can Breathe Underwater

Metatrait

I have gills, so I can breathe underwater. I don't have to worry about managing my breath like my comrades. I get a plus 1 on rolls that benefit from being able to breathe underwater and remain calm underwater.



Glowskin

Fieldchange

Reagent: Sunplumes

If you want to have skin that glows, all you have to do is rub sunplume oil on your skin, which can be derived from sunplumes in the field.

☀️ You can't just break a glowbottle open on your skin - that'll only last a few hours.

If you want skin that glows bright enough to use for light, you'll have to make a trait of that.

Bearer of Light

Metatrait

My skin glows a pale green so bright as to mimic a glowbottle. As long as some of my skin is exposed, my comrades and I can see as if we were all carrying glowbottles. I can also use this trait to get a plus 1 on rolls I make using my skin to impress someone.



Magnificent Mind

Eggchange, Traitchange, Heritable

Reagents: Shockfruit, Floatstone, Pitch

This one continues to baffle hatchers across Sundown. No one know why or how changes work, but most reagents tend to get used in certain ways.

Tadbeast blood gets used when someone needs to grow something new, or snowglass gets used to bleach something white. But no one knows why this particular combination of reagents just makes your memory sharper.

There's usually something else that comes with this change. You eat a lot more, or your head gets slightly bigger or longer, or you're physically smaller in stature. Sometimes all three.

A Brain Beyond

I can recall details through the fogs of time and obscurity. I can puzzle through problems that would stump a scientists' convention. I might even be able to figure out why no one else thinks cilantro tastes like soap. I add one to rolls that would benefit from my enhanced analysis.

Folkchanges

A folkchange is a change that isn't unique to one person. It's a change that many people share. New cultures and ways of life evolve around these changes, and many of them face even more discrimination than other Strayfolk.

By getting a folkchange, you're entering this new culture. Be sure you do so gracefully and respectfully.

Bloodchange

For this section, we're adding a new change descriptor. A bloodchange is one that changes you by replacing your blood. A bloodchange requires one month of downtime spent resting and increases your lifetime infamy by 8. You can only get a bloodchange under specific circumstances.



Elderblood

Bloodchange, Heritable

Reagent: Elder Blood

The blood of the elders yet flows through the veins of some. Who were the elders? None are certain. They haunt the edges of legend since humanity's earliest tales.

Depending which folk you hear it from, elders were either tall, thin humans that warped reality or amorphous, unknowable beings with no true form.

What is certain is that the elders are gone. Perhaps dead? Perhaps to return some day. Only their blood remains, carried forward through history by its human vessels. Those vessels are today known as elderblood.

Rumors linger of fiendish elderblood cunning and aptitude with changing. These rumors are mostly true, but not because elderblood are particularly amazing at science, but because only those that knew the secrets of changing survived the elderhunts.

When the elderhunts started, only those elderblood that could disguise themselves through changing could avoid notice. No matter their prowess, one thing would always mark them. Elder blood is blue.

Though **elderblood live for centuries**, their history is millennia lost. Uncounted ages of isolation and paranoia have deprived them of unity, only covens that lurk and linger.

They're believed infertile, though not without lineage. Often the focus of horror stories, elderblood procreate by turning humans. Red blood is exsanguinated and replaced with blue, and an elder is born.

Some are volunteers. Some are not.

On the rarest occasions, the truest love can yield a natural-born. An elderborn. Born to an elderblood mother and a human father, these children are miracles. Often they are used to legitimize the supremacy of a matriarch.

Elderblood isn't a traitchange. Your long life doesn't really mean you're especially skilled at anything. If you've been around a while, though, you might use a trait to talk about your ageless learning.

The Learning of Lifetimes

Throughout my centuries, I've learned a little bit about everything. Whenever I dispense life advice, or whenever knowing a random detail would be helpful, I add one to my roll.

Fiendstrength

Eggchange, Traitchange, Heritable

Reagents: The Flesh of Three Separate Fiends

Likely the most widely known and accepted folkchange is one known as fiendstrength. This is what makes watchers uniquely capable of taking down Sundown's worst fiends.

They say the strength of fiends flows in their veins, and they aren't that far off.

It is a change brewed from an intricate selection of fiend flesh, and its use enhances the muscle, lung, and heart of those changed. It does not simply pile muscle upon muscle, but improves what muscle is already there.

It is an imperfect process. While you may not be able to mark them by bulging muscle, the change leaves its tells. Fangs. Snake's eyes. Pointed ears. Something marks them.

Bears the Fiends' Strength.


When I use my change for tasks that require physical strength or quickness, like climbing, running, kicking in doors, and fighting, I add 1 to my roll.

Nightfolk

Eggchange, Traitchange, Heritable

Reagents: Deepfish Eye, Pitch, Copper Dust, Floatstone


Nightfolk are a short-statured folk with large heads and black orbs for eyes. Their physiques tend away from overt masculinity or femininity, but that is not always the case.

 Nightfolk aren't *that* short. A tall nightfolk is half a foot taller than a short non-changed human.

Their big skulls make room for their odd ability to detect other minds. They can even wordlessly communicate with others of their kind. This ability often results in startling assertions as to what things have minds.

Their dark eyes reflect their other change - Darkeye. They can see even by the tiniest bit of light, but they take injury if they look at anything brighter than a glowbottle.

It's not just their eyes that hate sunlight, though. A nightfolk takes injury whenever the sun's light touches their skin.






 Nightfolk have a wide variety of skin tones, all equally sensitive to light.

When venturing outside, they wear full-body clothing and nightlenses - goggles that lessen the light that touches one's eyes.

One of the Night

Metatrait

I am one of the Nightfolk. I can see in the dark, detect the minds of others, and even communicate wordlessly with other Nightfolk as if talking.

-  I can see in the dark if there's even the tiniest amount of light, and I add 1 to rolls that would benefit from that.
-  I take injury if I look at something brighter than a glowbottle when I'm not wearing my nightlenses.
-  I take injury if I stand in the sun without all of my skin covered.
-  I can talk to other Nightfolk up to a mile away if I "scream," but we usually need to be within a few yards of each other.
-  I can feel the minds of other folk. I don't know what they're feeling or thinking, but I know they're there. I add 1 to rolls when this would be helpful, like realizing I'm about to be ambushed.

Pitchblood

Bloodchange, Traitchange


Reagent: Pitch

Pitch. A thick, black substance injected to recover injuries most grievous. Folk must handle it with care, however. Those careless or desperately dying find too much pitch ends in disaster. Or, as some see it, glorious rebirth.

Much like blood makes one an elder, pitch makes one a pitchblood. If you use pitch more than once in a heat, you become ailed with a condition known as overpitch.

It's much like catching the flu. It puts you down for a few days. But, you recover, and you get on with your life.

If you're unlucky, a change awaits you at the end. Roll. On a 1, 2, or 3, you're a pitchblood.

 Lorekeeper, talk to your player and make sure this is okay. If a player doesn't want their drifter to become a pitchblood, respect that. This is an issue of consent.

The only way to know for true is to bleed yet again. If it runs red, all is well. If it drools black, the change has taken.

The true curse of a pitchblood is measured in years. What would be sixty years for the unafflicted is forty for a pitchblood. The end comes sooner for them.

A pitchblood recovers from injuries with uncanny speed and pep, as if each and every wound comes with a shot of pitch. Of course, they indeed do, but injecting pitch will no longer aid them. If a wound is too great, there will be no salvation.

Blood Bleeds Black.

Metatrait

My blood has been replaced with pitch. In the unlikely event I die of old age, it'll be in my 60s. I live less years than others, but I'm invincible until then. Well, almost.

- ☀ Pitch doesn't work for me. Instead, I can clear one box of injury per conflict on my own. I can choose when to use this ability, even to go from dying to wounded and avoid marking one of my dying circles.
- ☀ When I'm defeated by injury and get left behind, I clear all injury when I wake up, not just dying.
- ☀ I draw an extra circle next to my injury circles. I get one extra chance, since a pitchblood must be beheaded to truly die.


Squidling

Fieldchange, Traitchange, Heritable

Reagent: Lakesquid

Squidlings hail from Smallmouth. They are among the Deep's Faithful who partake of their master's gift - the local lakesquid.

It changes them. Their skin turns wet and pallid, gills grow upon their ribs, their eyes grow to uncanny sizes, and their fingers and toes become webbed.

 Many squidlings develop mystical traits as a result of their devotion, but not all. This trait does not represent any mystical abilities.

I am Chosen by the Deep

Metatrait

As one faithful to our Deep Master, I have partaken of the lakesquid, and been blessed with its changes.

I can breathe underwater, adding 1 to any rolls that require being underwater for a long time or remaining calm underwater. I can also swim much faster and naturally than any other, and I add 1 to my rolls to swim.

Gender Changes

The changes in this section are used primarily by transgender folk to mold their body to their liking.

- ☀️ Transgender drifters, it is entirely your choice whether your drifter has already gone through this change, or if you want to get it during play.

Beefcake

Fieldchange

Whalegem dust can be mixed into the flour used to make breads or cakes. It'll give the resulting good a savory flavor, and those that eat it over time are left with a more masculine physique.

Femstem Candy

Fieldchange

Femstems are the crunchy stems of a wild mint-like herb. It is most often used to flavor candy that'll leave folk that eat it over time with a more feminine physique.

Thistle Tea

Fieldchange

Teathistle is a wild thistle that can be brewed into a tea and leaves folk that drink it over time with a physique that is neither feminine nor masculine.

Crowfeather

Eggchange, Heritable

Reagent: Crowdog Blood

A change employed by corvids to become feathered, beaked, and taloned humans more closely resembling their namesake.

☀ Without some snowglass powder and rainberries, you'll come out with crow's feathers.

Scaleskin

Eggchange, Heritable

Reagents: Melonscale Powder

This change will give you scales just like the snake, lizard, or mythical dragon you embody.

☀ Without snowglass powder and rainberries, you'll come out with the same color pattern as the melonscale you got the scale from.

Thickhair

Eggchange, Heritable

Reagent: A Lock of Strider or Wingcat Fur


If you wish to cover your body in fur, taking a lungwater nap with some strider fur is how you get it.

☀ Without some snowglass powder and rainberries, you'll have the same fur as the fiend you got the fur from.

Wonders

Bottles that glow. Goggles that let you see in the dark. A mask that gives you breath underwater. Sundown abounds with such gadgets. Things that change the way we interact with the world. These are known as wonders.

Each entry has information important for drifters who want to try making their own wonders. We'll talk about how to do that at the end.

 Remember, whenever you pay the infamy cost for a consumable, you get three uses out of it!

Calm Balm

Consumable

Infamy Cost: 1

Craft: Chemistry

Crafting Difficulty: 6

Reagent: Hillbug Venom

This clear ointment can be applied to the lips, gums, or neck. It stills the mind's anxieties and gives the user a moment of calm.

Its use clears your highest anxiety box. Using another in the same heat will again clear an anxiety box, but it'll make you feel lethargic, and you'll take exhaustion.

If you've been defeated by anxiety, Calm Balm will bring you from distressed to upset and get you back in action. When this happens, don't mark off one of your anxiety circles.

Cragsteel Blade

Asset

Infamy Cost: 8

Craft: Tinkersmithing

Crafting Difficulty: 9

Reagents: Snowglass Powder, Iron

Cragsteel is an alloy of iron and snowglass, and it's like the best carbon steels, but incredibly wear-resistant and rust-proof. It can take and keep the sharpest edge known to Sundown.

Blades of this material are matte white and take chemical coloring remarkably easily. That's why you'll see cragsteel swords with elaborate, colorful patterns on their blades.

Darkeye Goggles

Infamy Cost: 4

Craft: Tinkersmithing

Crafting Difficulty: 8

Reagents: Deepfish Eye,
Clarified Snowglass

Folk want the darkeye change, but the drawbacks are just too... weird for them. Darkeye goggles are the thing for them.

They're made by extracting the fluid from deepfish eye and bonding it to lenses of clarified snowglass, since it just won't stick to regular glass.

After that's done, you have goggles that let you see in the dark! Be careful, though. While wearing them, you take injury if you look at anything brighter than a glowbottle.

Dryfire

Consumable

Infamy Cost: 1

Craft: Chemistry

Crafting Difficulty: 6

Reagents: Hotfruit Powder,
Iron Shavings

Sundown is wet. The daily rains keep any potential firewood wet. Sundowners had to learn quick how to make wet things burn. Dryfire is a powder that actually sets wet things on fire. Just sprinkle it on, and it'll slowly ignite.

Firebomb

Consumable

Infamy Cost: 1

Craft: Chemistry

Crafting Difficulty: 6

Reagents: Hotfruit Powder,
Charcoal, Cavesalt

These small, spherical parcels combust when thrown, setting flammable things alight. Using one is like a normal attack, but if several folk are within spitting distance, they all take stress.

If more than one target is caught in the blast, your one roll is checked against each difficulty. It hurts those you beat, but you're only on the hook to take stress once if you fail.

Gillmask

Consumable

Infamy Cost: 1

Craft: Tinkersmithing

Crafting Difficulty: 6

Reagents: Tadbeast Gill Gel, Fabric

This is a mask of canvas layered with silk, with a layer of tadbeast gill gel in between. It is perfectly molded to your face.

When you breathe in, water is pulled into the gill mucus gel, and air comes through for you to breathe. This will make your lungs sore, though. If you have a conflict underwater while wearing a gillmask, you take exhaustion at the end of it.

A single gillmask is only good for a few hours. You'll know to surface or change masks when you start getting a headache.

Glowbottle

Infamy Cost: 1

Craft: Chemistry

Crafting Difficulty: 6

Reagent: Sunplumes

Glowbottles may just be the greatest convenience of modern science. This green-tinted fluid is often contained in a simple clear flask, tube, or bottle, and it emits a soft light when shaken.

Gun

Asset

Infamy Cost: 8

Craft: Tinkersmithing

Crafting Difficulty: 9

Reagents: Floatstone, Iron, Wood, Shockfruit, Snowglass, Copper

Compared to other wonders, Guns are pretty complicated.

They are the crowning achievement of Cragsmouth's tinkersmith guild, and they were happened upon entirely by chance. No one knows how or why they work - they just do.

First, floatstone is melted down and alloyed with iron. The resulting metal is called floatsteel, and it loses floatstone's ability to push everything away from it.

☀️ If you were making a sword, this would be a waste of floatstone. As a blade, it's brittle, and it'll break after little use.

Then, it's forged into a tube and coated in shockfruit lacquer. Before the lacquer dries, the tinkersmith presses the tube into a wooden stock and sets small chunks of snowglass into it.

☀️ Sundowners call a gun's tube its "barrel" even though it looks nothing like a barrel.

A copper wire runs from the snowglass to the trigger, and one runs from the base of the barrel to the trigger, but they *do not* touch.

When you pull the trigger, the two wires touch, and whatever's in the barrel shoots out the front so fast you can't see it. You'll destroy your gun, though, if you don't put the right thing in it.

A gun shoots a short, pencil-shaped iron rod called a dart. It's coated in a soft lacquer - *not* shockfruit lacquer - that lets you stuff it into the back end of the barrel without it sliding through and without scratching the inside.

Most guns either break open at the back or open by pulling a bolt back. That's how you get at the back end of the barrel so you can load the next dart.

Heart Start

Consumable

Infamy Cost: 1

Craft: Chemistry

Crafting Difficulty: 6

Reagent: Blackleaf Powder

Heart Start is a bitter drink sold in vials big enough for one mouthful. It is packed with science that soothes your aching muscles and stimulates your adrenaline.

Drinking one clears your highest exhaustion box. Drinking another in the same heat clears another exhaustion box, but it'll set you on edge, and you'll take anxiety.

If you've been defeated by exhaustion, Heart Start will bring you from drained to tired and get you back on your feet. When this happens, you don't mark one of your exhaustion circles.

Lungmask

Consumable

Infamy Cost: 1

Craft: Tinkersmithing

Crafting Difficulty: 6

Reagents: Lungwater Gel, Fabric

A lungmask is a mask of canvas and silk, molded to fit your face perfectly. It's rather like a gillmask, but the active reagent is lungwater gel, not tadbeast gill gel.

A lungmask filters away any deadly gas and gives life to dead air. If you wore a *gillmask* in a place where the air just isn't good to breathe, you'd die.

A lungmask actually *can* work in water - but only for one breath. And that breath is lungwater, not air.

A single lungmask is only good for a few hours, but remember that you get three every time you pay the infamy cost.



Metal Leg

Infamy Cost: 0

Craft: Tinkersmithing

Crafting Difficulty: 9


Reagents: Iron, Pitch

This metal leg can even bend at the knee, with the most advanced mechanical joints and springwork we can offer. No chemistry or hatchery here. Well, until we have to put it on you.

See, in order for it to work properly, it has to be anchored to your bone. We cut you open where you want this to go, we attach it to the bone that's left, including any joint replacing that might need to be done on the inside, then we sew you up.

This procedure didn't actually work until we started using pitch. It makes your body much more likely to accept the limb and much less likely to get infected.

If something goes wrong, or your body is one that's slow to heal, we'll pass you off to the local hatchery. A lungwater nap does wonders for recovery. Regardless, you need to spend a month of downtime recovering from this procedure.

 This item costs 0 infamy because it is a mobility device and it is not a tool by Sundown's rules. Since this already costs a month of downtime, though, you can spend 8 infamy to get a trait from this experience.

Nightlenses

Infamy Cost: 4

Craft: Tinkersmithing

Crafting Difficulty: 8

Reagent: Snowglass

If you heat snowglass just a little too hot while clarifying it, you'll get dark-tinted lenses. They make everything darker when you wear them. Not so useful in ever-overcast Sundown.

Unless you have darkeye. These things will let you function during the day without taking injury.

Pitch

Consumable

Infamy Cost: 1

Craft: Chemistry

Crafting Difficulty: 6

Reagent: BlightBulb Fluid

This injector is filled with a thick, black fluid. It rapidly speeds the body's healing, clearing your most severe injury box.

If you've been defeated by injury, a pitch injection will bring you from dying to wounded and get you back on your feet. When this happens, you don't mark one of your injury circles.

The second one you use in a conflict will heal you just as much as the first, but it'll make you sick. You'll suffer from overpitch, taking exhaustion and anxiety, and you must spend your next downtime recovering from stress.

To learn about overpitch, read up on pitchbloods on [page 169](#).

Shatterbomb

Consumable Asset

Infamy Cost: 2

Craft: Chemistry

Crafting Difficulty: 7

Reagents: Hotfruit Powder,
Charcoal, Cavesalt, Floatstone

One of the interesting aspects of floatstone is that heating it too quickly makes it shatter into thousands of tiny, superheated fragments. A shatterbomb utilizes this to terrifying effect.

Slowdown

Consumable Asset

Infamy Cost: 3

Craft: Chemistry

Crafting Difficulty: 7

Reagents: Blackleaf Gel,
Distilled Hillbug Venom

This fluid comes in an injector with a wicked looking needle. It over-stimulates your adrenal system and makes the world around you appear to slow down for the rest of the conflict.

While under its effects, you have an asset bonus on anything this would make easier, especially combat.

Using two in a row turns an advantage into a terrifying trip. You think far faster than you move. You feel trapped. Your asset bonus becomes advantage, but when you come down from this overdose, you take both anxiety and exhaustion.

Suave

Consumable Asset

Infamy Cost: 2

Craft: Chemistry

Crafting Difficulty: 7

Reagent: Whalegems

This quick-drying gel is applied to your neck and gives off a calming scent that just makes social interactions go better. Many a trade agreement and candlelit date have been smoothed by this perfume.

When you find yourself making rolls that involve saying the right things to someone, wearing this scent will give you an asset.

It's made from crystals found in beefwhale guts.

Telescopic Sight

Infamy Cost: 4

Craft: Tinkersmithing

Crafting Difficulty: 8

Reagents: Glass Lenses, Brass

Some forego sights of iron for this odd practice: a telescope bonded to the weapon. This allows a marksman to make shots at targets Too Far Away.

Wheelchair

Infamy Cost: 0

Craft: Tinkersmithing

Crafting Difficulty: 8

Reagent: Iron

This entry is simply to state that wheelchairs exist in Sundown, and they should *never* cost infamy. Folk don't profiteer off the disabilities of others.

If you bump the crafting difficulty up to 9, you can make a *powered* wheelchair.

This functions in much the same way as a gun. You need to make floatsteel and get your hands on some snowglass and shockfruit lacquer.


Each wheel has a rail on it that passes through a small ring of floatsteel. When activated, they make the wheels turn.



Drifter Chemists & Tinkersmiths

You can try to craft wonders yourself.


In each entry, we list the reagents required. You can collect them yourself or buy them. They cost half the infamy of the finished wonder, rounded down. If the wonder costs 1 infamy, the reagents don't cost any infamy.

 Hunting down reagents can be a perfect hook for a heat, especially if the ingredients are rare or dangerous to get your hands on.

It'll also say which kind of science is used to make it: chemistry or tinkersmithing. Only chemistry traits can be used to make something with chemistry, and only tinkersmithing traits can be used to tinkersmith something.

Finally, you must use one month of downtime and have access to a communal strayhouse workshop or chemistry lab to make an attempt.

You roll against the wonder's crafting difficulty and hope that your efforts are rewarded.

 Every time you fail, you learn something, and take advantage on your next attempt.

When you succeed, the cost of the item you just created is added to your lifetime infamy.

Mystics

Not all strange things in Sundown come from science - some of them are even less explainable... like the ghosts in the old Lu homestead, or the living scarecrows, or even the saint who can speak to the dead.

Folk like the saint are called mystics.

☀️ It Isn't Magic! Sundown rejects the word 'magic,' and the images it evokes from contemporary literature - You won't be throwing fireballs, enchanting flaming swords, or opening portals between cities.

Sundown doesn't have separate rules for how mystics work. Mystic abilities rely on traits just like changes do. These are traits like *Dreams of Things yet to Come* or *Hands of Healing*.

To give you a feel for the kinds of things mystic traits can do, and the rules they can add to the game, we've listed a bunch of examples.

In general, mystic traits are single, specific abilities that wouldn't seem very powerful compared to your spell-slinging wizard from a different game.

☀️ You'll see two kinds of limitations show up frequently - 'I need a few minutes of calm' and 'I take stress.' Try to incorporate these when writing your own.

Bones, Cards, and Runes

Metatrait

I see the patterns cast in random things. If I have a few minutes of peace, I can cast my bones, draw my cards, or consult my runes to predict the future, giving someone a plus 1 on rolls to embrace or prevent their fate. If I take anxiety, I can do this for myself. I always know where my bones, cards, or runes are.

Dream Walker

Metatrait

With a few minutes of peace, I can invade someone's dream, taking information from them. If I take anxiety to give them nightmares, I have advantage the next time I roll against them.

Dreams of Things yet to Come

I have dreams of things that have not yet happened. They usually involve me, but I sometimes have them for my close friends, or if something very very bad is about to happen in Sundown. The lorekeeper will describe a strange dream to me, and I can add 1 to my rolls to figure out what it means or work to prevent it.

Friend of the Small Critters

Metatrait

I can ask nearby critters, like weasels, rats, and lizards to do simple tasks and learn simple things from them. If I have a few minutes of peace, I can call a small swarm of them to me.

Hands of Healing

Metatrait

I've always been able to alleviate the pain of others, just with a touch. As long as I have a few minutes of peace with someone, I can take exhaustion, anxiety, or injury to clear one box of exhaustion, anxiety, or injury from them.

Hears Their Thoughts

Metatrait

As long as I'm focusing on it, I can hear the surface thoughts of the people around me. If I have a few minutes of peace and take anxiety, I can dive into the depths of someone's mind.

I Know What You Feel

Metatrait

I feel the emotions of those near me. I add 1 to my rolls when I play into their emotions. If I have a few minutes of peace and take anxiety, I can *make* someone feel something.

Nature Calls to Me

Metatrait

I just *know* the best way through the woods, the best place to hunt or forage, and the best place to get water. The food and drink I find in the wild surprises my comrades with its quality.

I get a plus 1 on navigating the wilderness. After we've spent a night in the wild, my comrades all get an advantage token.

One with the Rains and the Sun

Metatrait

I know when it is going to rain, when it's just overcast, and even when we'll glimpse the occasional Sun. As long as I have a few minutes of peace, I can take exhaustion to perform a ritual to part the clouds or call a storm.

Plant Whisperer

Metatrait

I can talk to plants to learn about things that have happened to them or near them. If I have a few minutes of peace, I can ask the plants to make it hard for certain people to pass through them. If I confront them while they struggle with the plants, I will have advantage.

Voices from Beyond

Metatrait

I can talk to dead people, whether it's a ghost or a fresh corpse. They never quite make sense, though. If I have a few minutes of peace and take anxiety, I can have a full conversation with one of the dead.

Lorekeeper

Inspirations, Guidelines, Optional Rules, and Heat Ideas.

The term lorekeeper isn't just a different word for game master. Lorekeeper is the official title of one of the most important watchers among the Fiendswatch.

The lorekeeper can be seen as a sort of historian. They keep the history of the Fiendswatch, and ensure that it's preserved and passed down.

The lorekeeper is also the 'watch's chief researcher of fiends, treasurer, and the Master's closest advisor.

To Lorekeepers

Sundown is designed to let the players drive the action. There's no huge call to action, and no compulsion to save the world.

It's a sandbox game where the players are expected to establish their own goals within the world and pursue them.

This doesn't mean that you can't spin your own narrative, but it should focus on the players. Hook them into heats by pulling on strings from their backstories and the impact they've left on Sundown.

Their stories shouldn't be about saving Sundown or even Seawell. The setting shines most when drifters are fighting for things that are personally important but ultimately petty.

Our Inspirations

Every work of art is influenced and inspired by those that came before. By exploring the works that influenced and inspired us the most, maybe you'll be able to find some ideas yourself.

Bloodborne

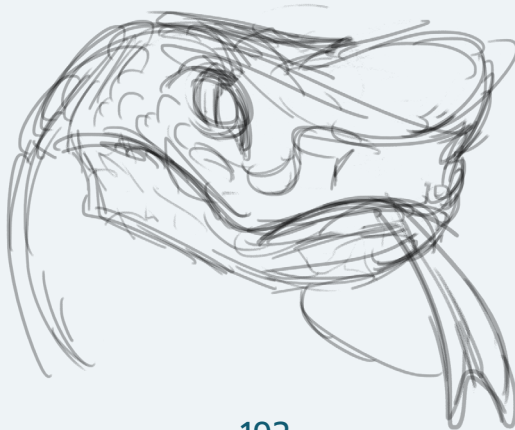
A post armor society with guns and fancy clothes where unnaturally adept fighters weave around each other in beautiful, quick, brutal struggle.

A singular religion reigns supreme while shadowy cults pull the real strings. Hidden organizations alter their blood to gain superhuman abilities.

Blades in the Dark

A group of outlaws lie, cheat, steal, and kill in the darkness to keep themselves alive in a world that's denied them any other opportunities. Is that Sundown or Blades in the Dark?

Reading up on this game can give you a taste for what the criminal underworld is like, especially in Seawell or Cragsmouth.



The Expanse

Its name was thrown around our writer's room like confetti. We took a few cues from them on how to include people without telling their own stories for them.

The struggle of the belters helped us imagine what it was like being a stray in Sundown - folk used only for what they can produce and discarded afterward. When we actually sit down and develop straytongue as a conlang, we'll be taking big hints from Lang Belta.

Mouse Guard

Mouse Guard is a game about small, isolated towns separated by an unforgiving wilderness. A company of mercenaries wanders the land, performing a central societal need, to the gratitude of some and the disdain of others. If you're looking for inspiration for a campaign about watchers, Mouse Guard is a great place to look.

The West Marches

This genre of D&D is a part of the bedrock of Sundown. A low power sandbox with player driven drama. Easy to drop in and drop out. Best played with a bunch of friends and several lorekeepers all sharing the same Sundown.

It's all from The West Marches.

Guidelines


If you need help figuring out how high to set difficulty, how low to set lifetime infamy, how much something costs, or when traits can be used, we've got you covered.

Assigning Difficulty & Stress

We'd like to start off this section by restating that the players should only roll for big things.

Each face on a d6 represents about 16%. If something isn't dramatic and doesn't seem like it'd have at least a 16% chance of failure, don't make them roll.

A good place to start when assigning a difficulty is 4. An unskilled person would have half a chance, so for drifters, it would be slightly easy. Step it up to 5 or 6 if you want a drifter to have half a chance.

 A difficulty of 1 is something that you literally cannot fail. You would only assign this difficulty as a joke or if a critical success would be important.

After you've assigned a difficulty, do not change it.

If an obstacle somehow becomes easier or harder to overcome, like if it's been disarmed, or it's attacking the players from above, the players roll at advantage or disadvantage.

Difficulty	Examples
1	The easiest thing. You cannot fail. Tying your shoes, Walking to the tinkersmith, Talking to your friend Orsino about the weather.
2	Next to unfaillable. Stepping over a small stream, Toasting bread, Getting wet in the rain
3	Kind of easy. Setting up a tent, Cooking something simple, Finding your way to your friend's house in thick fog
4	A layman has half a chance. Following a gourmet's recipe, Identifying a rock, Setting off fireworks correctly
5	A drifter has half a chance. Creating a shelter of branches and grass, fighting a nightwatchman, Remembering where you left your dignity
6	Only skilled folk really have a chance. Fighting a drifter, Navigating by the sun, Building a shed
7	Guaranteed failure without a bonus. Calculus, Navigating by the stars, Drafting a favorable trade deal with the Merchant Protections Guild
8	One of the hardest things you could try. Creating a telescope, Fighting a watcher, Drafting a favorable trade deal with Madam Addler
9	The hardest thing imaginable. Fighting a frogbeast, Making a gun, Convincing New Dignity to open its borders to changelings

Most challenges have 2 - 3 stress. This is an appropriate range for anything that can challenge a single drifter.

Fiends and particularly grueling tasks, like picking the lock on a bank vault, can have 4 or more stress, with the absolute toughest challenges having 6 stress.

People can have different difficulties and different amounts of stress based on the activity they're being engaged in.

A guard might have a difficulty of 4 and a stress of 3 in a fight, but charming him might have a difficulty of 3 and a stress of 2.

Remember, stress is not difficulty. Stress is how long something takes to defeat.

Stress	Examples
1	An obstacle. Dodging a falling rock, Spotting a fiend on the horizon, Jumping a chasm
2	A cut above the rabble. A simple algebra equation, Picking a simple lock, Baking bread
3	A fair challenge. Fighting another drifter, A quadratic equation, Picking an average lock
4	A bit of a slog. Baking baklava, Cleaning your room, Convincing a melonscale to not take a nap
5	Ugh. Breaking the bark of an Eggtree, Picking the lock on a rich person's lockbox, Building a shed
6	The toughest of the tough. The most complex lock in Sundown, A frogbeast, Writing a book

Lifetime Infamy Limit

You'd like to set a stricter lifetime infamy limit. You talked to your group and they agreed it might be interesting, but how low should you set it?

Well, let's take a look at exactly how much a drifter can spend and why the standard limit is 80.

- ☀ Filling out their four remaining traits costs 32.
- ☀ An asset costs 8. A drifter is likely to want two to three of these.
- ☀ A drifter is likely to want a few other tools or consumables, like darkeye goggles, pitch, or shatterbombs. We'll put this at 12.
- ☀ A strayhouse costs 10
- ☀ A mount can cost up to 8

This comes out to 86 infamy. We placed the standard slightly lower there because a few of those estimates are a bit lenient on the players. Not everyone wants a wingcat or a house. We feel that 80 leaves just a little bit of wiggle room for everyone.



- ⚙️ The standard limit of 80 is good if you want to let your players go everywhere, see everything, and buy everything.
- ⚙️ A limit of 60 is good if you just want to put a little pressure on the players to make smart purchases and keep their endgame capabilities a little more focused rather than eclectic and spread out.
- ⚙️ A limit of 40 is good if you want to pressure players into making the best purchases. This limit will keep drifters focused on the thing they're good at, which is great for games that are about one thing, like fiend hunting.
- ⚙️ A limit of 20 is good if you want the world to be even dirtier and grittier than it already is. This limit would really keep your players' capabilities hyper-focused and low.



Pricing Your Own Tools

You and your players are encouraged to create new tools, weapons, and wonders as you play. This book is in no way an exhaustive source on everything science can concoct in Sundown.

While the effects of new tools are up to you, your players, and your shared imagination, we can help you figure out how expensive new tools should be and how difficult they are to craft. If a player is making one of these tools, halve the infamy cost as normal.

- ☀️ Tools that do not provide an asset, including weapons and consumables, have a difficulty of 6 and cost 1 infamy.
- ☀️ A consumable asset or temporary asset has a difficulty of 7 and costs 2 infamy.
- ☀️ Tools that give you significant new abilities, like darkeye goggles and telescopic sights, have a difficulty of 8 and cost 4 infamy.
- ☀️ A permanent asset, like a cragsteel sword, has a difficulty of 9 and costs 8 infamy.

If an asset seems like it applies to many situations when compared to others of its type, increase the cost and difficulty by 1. Slowdown is an example of such a wonder.

The Trait Guide

As a lorekeeper, you get the final say on when traits are useful. Here's how we intended traits to be used when we wrote this system, but these are not the only ways traits can be used. You are free to include your own interpretations!

A trait can be used when

- ☀ It implies a skillset that is directly useful, like using *Mercenary Sniper* to shoot someone.
- ⚙ It implies social pull that is directly useful, like using *Pink Haired Changeling* to convince a fellow stray to give you something.
- ☀ It implies experience in a specific region, like using *Child of the Crag* to track a hillbug outside Cragmouth, or *By the Bookbridge* to avoid punishment in Scholar.
- ⚙ It implies experience with a specific enemy, fiend, or adversity that is involved, like using *Enemy of Authority* to assassinate a plutocrat or break into the bank vault.
- ☀ It implies a desire, drive, or goal that is relevant, like using *Hunts Fiends and Fortunes* to find the best paying job.
- ⚙ It is a metaphorical trait being used for literal meaning, like using *In Your Business* to sneak into a business and steal information.

Optional Rules

The main rules of Sundown have an intentional flow to them - quick, to the point, sleek, with all the fat trimmed. We had some rules ideas that didn't really fit neatly anywhere, so they're here for your perusal.

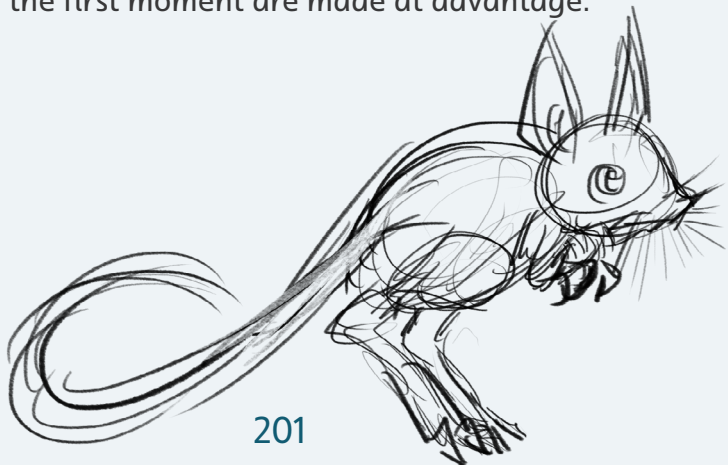
Ambushes

We have a simple mechanic for running ambushes: advantage and disadvantage.

Ambushes don't just happen. You should give your players at least one roll to realize they're being set up for ambush. If they're the ones doing the ambushing, have them roll to remain unknown.

If your players miss their chance to thwart the ambush, and it's sprung on them, all of their rolls in the first moment are made at disadvantage.

If your players succeed at springing their own ambush, all of their rolls in the first moment are made at advantage.



Ammo

Ranged attacks can often have no apparent way to take an injury on a failure.

An archer attacking another archer would be one of the few instances where failure would have an easy justification for stress. But what is a swordsman going to do to an archer a bowshot away?

If this advantage bothers you, you could have your players track their ammunition. We've found that twelve shots per heat is appropriate, if a bit generous.

Amnesiac

This option is for the player having an awful time answering their Questionnaire or finding the traits in their answers. Or for the player who needs a drifter right this moment and has no time for the Questionnaire.

An amnesiac is a drifter that starts off with amnesia - they have no traits, no answers to their Questionnaire. They have 0 infamy, 0 lifetime infamy, and nothing on them, except perhaps a clue to their origin. The other drifters found them recently, and decided to shelter them.

The amnesiac has a few options for filling out their traits.

- ☀️ They can, once per heat, copy a trait from one of their fellow drifters
- ☀️ They can, once per heat, write a new trait. This is a flash of memory from their past.
- ☀️ They can, once per heat, forget any trait.
- ☀️ They cannot have more than four traits.

The player can, at any time, have the drifter remember who they were, going through the Questionnaire normally and using their new Drifter Dossier.

Cold

Your drifters made the poor decision to not stay home during the winter, and now they're out in the cold.

- ☀️ If it's just a chilly day and you don't have the right jacket, you take exhaustion every few hours from shivering so hard.
- ☀️ If it's so cold that frostbite is on the line, you take injury every few hours from the cold that's trying to kill you.



Disarming

Some folk might prefer to disarm instead of kill. A drifter can attempt to disarm someone in a fight by taking disadvantage. If they succeed, their opponent is disarmed instead of stressed.

All of a player's rolls against a disarmed opponent are made at an advantage. Their opponent knows this, too. They may choose to flee or surrender. That's assuming they lack any backup weapon.

Drowning

Drifters get into all kinds of messy situations. Who wouldn't want to know what's at the deepest point of the Lake?

Drifters can safely hold their breath for three moments. After that, you can roll to hold your breath, and take injury if you fail. Or you can roll to swim up to the surface fast enough and take exhaustion if you fail.



Duels

When we say duel, we mean a specific type of duel. The kind where two people stare each other down until one makes a sudden move and someone is dead. Imagine cowboy or Kurosawa films.

This staring contest is a mindgame of sizing up your opponent and predicting their future moves and countermoves. It's a game of mental chess.

You could use traits like *Poker Face*, disguising your intentions, *Always on the Move*, giving your opponent false reads with your fidgeting, *The Art of War*, understanding the nuances of combat, or even *The Best Duelist in Sundown*, for obvious reasons.

This is a combat conflict where the stress you take is anxiety, not injury. When you reach distressed, you're defeated, but by the blade through your chest or the bullet in your gut.

Homesteader

Some drifters aren't from a town everyone can name. Some drifters grew up on a homestead. No company but the three other families and the empty wilderness.

If one of your drifters is from a homestead, you can have their player tell us what it was like growing up there instead of a full-fledged township.

Turn Up the Heat

Whenever your drifters get to a new town, place a d6 at the center of the table with the 'one' face up.

- ☀ Every heat, the die goes up by one.
- ☀ Every time a drifter causes a disturbance during downtime, the die goes up by one.
- ☀ If someone uses their downtime to get a change, the die goes up by two.

This represents how aware the local Sundowners are of them, and how tired they are of the drifters' presence.

- ☀ One - The locals are relieved to see the drifters and have plenty of jobs to offer.
- ☀ Two - The locals are getting a little tired of the drifters and have less work for them.
- ☀ Three - The locals are shunning the drifters and giving them dirty looks. There's really not much work left here.
- ☀ Four - The locals are telling the drifters to leave.
- ☀ Five - Things are getting pretty tense for the local strays. The presence of the drifters has set the locals on edge, and they're crueler than usual.
- ☀ Six - The town guard is kicking down the strayhouse door, and a mob is ready to kill the drifters or at least chase them out of town. The local strayhouse is destroyed or abandoned.

Cooldown

The die goes down by one for every heat the drifters start from a different town.

If a town reaches six, the strayhouse won't be rebuilt until it ticks back down to one. The drifters have no place to stay. They can only pass through. No heats. No downtime.

Safe Zones

Driftwood and Grasswatch are uniquely friendly to drifters. The die will never go higher than three. They won't chase you out, but you can definitely run out of work and overstay your welcome.

Danger Zone

The die is always a five in New Dignity. The locals here hate changelings more than other Sundowners, but they can never find Nora's strayhouse.

Outliers

When the die reaches six in Smallmouth, the cults come after the drifters. To be a sacrifice, a forced convert, or a changeling experiment.

During harvest, the die in Farmsmeet never goes higher than three. During the rest of the year, it never goes below three.

Unchallenged

If you and your players want to simplify conflicts, you can just ignore challenges. Everything is an obstacle that can be defeated in one success. This is great for getting new players used to Sundown, for running a heat within a slim time slot, or creating a much more casual feeling Sundown. This will break bigger baddies like frogbeasts and bank vaults.

Unexist

You will occasionally have a player create a drifter that they have no inspiration for and no desire to play. If this happens before the end of the third downtime, that drifter just never existed. Let that player create a new drifter. Instead of 6 infamy, they start with the old drifter's lifetime infamy.

If this happens after the third downtime, retire the drifter as if the player was taking the "go out on your own terms" option and use the inheritance rules as normal.






Heat Cheats

Sometimes it's hard to come up with interesting heats. Maybe you've run out of steam or you need to run a game on short notice. Maybe the story you're currently running needs to take a break.

Here's a few ideas for interesting heats with just enough detail to get you thinking.

If you're a player, and you've read this far, consider skipping to [page 213](#). Reading these would be a little bit like reading the lorekeeper's notes.

The Grasswatch Job

-  A mysterious client promising a lavish payday has asked for some secret documents to be recovered from Castle Grasswatch.
-  Finding it isn't exactly the hard part. It's the guards. Grasswatch is the home of the watchers. Give them lots of changes. Set their difficulty high.
-  The players can fail and get captured or succeed and meet up with their client. Either way, the ruse is revealed. This was the doing of the Master of the Fiendswatch: a test of their security.

Meet the Millers

- ☀️ Something's up in Woodsedge. Something's fishy about the attempt on Edgard Miller's life. He's the patriarch of the Miller clan.
- ☀️ The townsfolk have scrimped together what they can to get some drifters on the case.
- ☀️ The townsfolk know little. The mill workers have heard rumors and seen glimpses. The foreman knows something is up. But to learn the truth, they have to sneak into clan Miller's longhouse.
- ☀️ The secret is this: it was staged. Folk hate Edgard. His power over the people is waning, and he needed a political stunt to rally around.

What's the Catch?

- ☀️ Someone rich wants to win a fishing contest, and like most rich people, she wants to pay someone else to do it.
- ☀️ The prizes up for grabs are Biggest Fish and Most Fish. What kind of drifter isn't going to try to net both?
- ☀️ Of course, sabotage is part of the game. Competitors are sure to thwart the player's efforts. Hopefully they respond in kind.

The Beacon of the Dead City

- ☀ Scholar. Where the walls are twice as wide as the city. Someone has work for your drifters. Someone in the Quiet.
- ☀ There's a secret entrance into the Museum of Ancients. The players are to go in and see what they're hiding.
- ☀ It's a chilling passage, filled with what you or I might recognize as industrial machinery. The Aehalan stories were not lies. Wonders beyond us.
- ☀ As they harvest this crop of lost knowledge, something is touched. Something is set off. A great light is lit. Vast mirror arrays align. A beam of light shoots into the sky from Bookbridge's peak.

A Leaf on the Wind

- ☀ A wingcat's gone missing. The beloved pet of a rich client. They want it found and brought home safely.
- ☀ There's a few locations to check. Its favorite grooming spot on a hill. A pond just outside the city. The back garden of an equally rich neighbor?
- ☀ This wingcat isn't missing. If anything, it's being stolen. By the players. It belongs to two brothers.
- ☀ Every year they do this. They both hire someone to capture the cat and bring it back. The one who wins gets to keep it til next year.

Pumpkin Patch Kids

- ☀️ Every year, the biggest pumpkin wins. This year, it was enormous. As tall as the tallest man. Which makes it even more impressive that it's gone.
- ☀️ **Not without tracks, though. Two deep troughs in the dirt.**
- ☀️ This tale has two ends: one cute, and one spooky. Two melonscales did what they do best and gorged themselves on that massive pumpkin, their bloated, unconscious forms surrounded by pumpkin.
- ☀️ **Or the pumpkin has come to life. Into its wall is carved a face. A jack-o-lantern. Its tentacle-like vines whip and snare those that chase it down.**

A Walk in the Ruin

- ☀️ Scholars pursue knowledge unhindered within the preserved corpse of Dignity's Strongchurch. They need some help.
- ☀️ **Nothing big, just collect some plant samples from the rotting wood and mossy stone. They say these plants are entirely new and unique to this dead town.**
- ☀️ Things get tense. Things get spooky. The town is dead, and a stillness hangs over everything. There could be something around every corner.
- ☀️ **But there isn't. It's just some friends picking flowers in a graveyard. End your tense moments with humor. Encourage the roleplaying to flow.**

Frogbeast

By L A Wilga

Don't Call Me 'Miss'

The short androgynous in the mirror carefully touched their hair. Pink at the root, white at the tips. In a display that immediately marked them a changeling, it mimicked the form of a flower.

Changes. That's what we used to call them. The things folk change about themselves. Scales. Claws. Blue skin. Impossible hair. Cat's eyes. Sometimes their body whole. Back when such science was young, before gun had usurped sword.

So we called changed folk 'changelings.' Made sense in our skulls back then.

My gaze met pink eyes seated in a face of mischief before turning away to the dresses laid upon the table.

"Ain't a mirror around won't make me feel watched..." I mused. Always felt like someone else looking back. A vestige, likely, of time spent trapped in my old body.

"No matter that, ain't no way those milquetoast silk-snugglers are getting me into a dress." Fuming to myself, I stormed from that room into the hallway, stark in my underthings, shy Windsor servants averting their gazes.

“Mayhap the Miss Watcher would-” Nah. I cut him off then and there.

“Cut this ‘miss’ drivel. A watcher is a watcher and watchers don’t wear dresses. You can take Vindsor’s backwards sense of propriety back behind the garden and shoot it. He can meet me sword-on-hip, or he can meet me in my underthings.

“But miss we’ve only dresses to fit you. Your own clothing has the dust of the trail upon it!” He saw patience wear thin. It was plain in his voice.

“Oh, I’m certain they’ve been laundered by now. Retrieve them.” Everything kept clean. Sterile. In its rightful place. Folk like them can’t let stale clothes lie.

“Y-yes, miss...” I grabbed his arm. The discomfort upon his face almost satisfied the slight.

“It is not ‘miss.’” He was taller than me, but his eyes betrayed his fear nonetheless. With a push I freed his arm, and he made eagerly away from me.

“Oh.” I called as he fled, “If Emilie comes from that door dress upon her, you’re hearin’ from me.”

Three days of trail. The dust, the sweat. It makes these highborn low-lives squirm, and I live for it. They’d be as barbarians if a lord met a drifter unwashed. Ridiculous. Still, the bath was pleasant enough.

Four Watchers?

Big, fat smirk spread 'cross my face when I saw her. Not in a dress. Satisfaction. Kind smile upon her face as she took me in, my vindictive smirk and all. "Hello, Lotus."

Folk tend to get distracted by her sweet voice and kind face... not to mention the rest of her, but she bore the fiend's strength same as any watcher, and she'd be the first to put you to sword if you hurt her own.

Tender face clashed with watcher's garb, her tanned duster the feature of its ensemble, cut to keep to her form in case any fighting need done.

Her hair shone like gold, and her skin, though pale, glowed with a health that seemed impervious. Not at all like my own porcelain skin, which looked at times cold or even lifeless.

Realized I'd started starin' when I saw her hand tuck one of her blonde tresses 'hind her ear. She must've taken this rare opportunity to unleash her hair from its tie. The movement shook my reverie.

"Well met, Emilie." I said it with a bit of pomp and a slight duelist's bow. A small mockery of the current venue.

A buckle caught my hand as it slid from my chest, my bow done. It belonged to a piece I still miss. A waxed coat of soft fabric. Double breasted and long in the sleeve. Dark grey, it gripped my waist and hung from my hips askew.

“Hail, watchers!” The playful voice of Sati preceded the figure himself, joining us in the foyer. I’d wondered if my protest would reach him as well, and, with certainty, the highborn need for symmetry outweighed its need for pompous raiment. He wore his usual green and brown patterned cloak thrown aspun his shoulders.

Brown bangs threatened to overtake brown eyes, set in an angular, graceful brown face as they took us in. His gaze settled on me conspiratorially, analyzing my clothes.

“Figured it might’ve been your doing, Lotus. I’d think it strange your defiance ain’t lost us any clients if we weren’t watchers. No other drifter could weasel out of highborn propriety.”

A smug smirk of mine acknowledged his words.

“Though it not be within my skull as to how the Lord Vindsor will take us, sauntering into his court armed.”

Indeed, we stood upon the tile of his foyer with blades upon hips. The three of us, riding bow in quiver, longsword hung adjacent. Piled upon left hip. Folk called it ‘watcher’s hip.’

I spied off in the periphery Vindsor servants. Idling. Waiting for our fourth so they could foist us off to the Lord Vindsor himself and be rid of my mockery.

“Children.” A voice both reserved and commanding. Our fourth joining us. His name was Cardamom. It was a true Sundowner’s name, though the rest of his name marked him Aehalan. Grey in the hair and wrinkled in the skin. Somehow still standing upright. Somehow still slaying fiends and folk alike.

He was brown-skinned, too, but not like Sati. His had a soft tint of red to it. His folk didn’t cross the ocean like mine or Sati’s. His had crossed the mountains, long before ours had arrived.

“Mentor.” It was Sati to return the greeting. He’d been Card’s squire not two years prior.

“Hail, Cardamom.” Emilie, always polite to superiors.

“Hoy.” I knew plain as rice I could never phase him. He wasn’t one to anger overmuch by petty defiances.

“Lotus... Your doing?” He gestured to his clothing. Leather jack gripped his chest, tan breeches disappeared into the mouths of high boots.

Upon his hip, in the stead of a bow, sat the very reason
none in sundown wore the armors of the knight. The gun. A
carbine, within its sheathe upon his left, keeping company his
longsword. A blade of white steel. Cragsteel. Fanciest blade one
can claim.

Luxuries for us rooks, but staples for a watcher grey.

“You know not the indignity. Dresses, Cardamom. Dresses.
Called me ‘Miss.’”

“Servants of the highborn cannot be expected to observe
drifter etiquette. Your-”

“Well, they can now. Put the fear into one so strong it rippled
out to you.” The interruption made wary my compatriots, but
Card was a man of patience. I swear under that stoic facade he
found it endearing, even.

“Your indiscretions may yet cost us clientele.” he continued as if
no interruption ever occurred.

A soft silence hung as I shrugged his concern away. Clients
aplenty for the Fiendswatch. Ain’t no watcher’ll ever suffer lack
of work.

Silence begets thought, though. Earlier concerns summoned.
Watchers hunt alone. Save for one fiend.

“I’m just gonna let it leave my lips. Four watchers, one room? Frogbeast. Must be.”

We all looked to Cardamom. Sure, as watchers, we stood above the rabble, but, among watchers, we were but babes. Our lives as watchers weren’t but two or three years, but Card was grey. He’d lived this life longer than most live at all.

He took us all in, measuring his words.

“Yes.”

Word, then.

“Honourable Vindsor, Lord to the Vindsor estate, bids his guests enter and receive audience.” Well, then. Meek little milquetoast silk-snuggler casts his voice aptly. I cast my gaze toward him as I passed threshold into Vindsor court. Only took a small smirk from me to shatter that confidence anew.

Wait... is his first name seriously ‘Honourable?’

Honourable Vindsor

“Announcing to the Vindsor court: the watchers of Grasswatch, Satisa Surayama of clan Sakya, Lotus de Lis of clan Garden, Emilie Sly of clan Platt, and ... kuh dah mah gay luh-”

Card ever ensured the missive arrived bearing his Aehalan name, and rich folk always stumbled or sneered at it.

“Kedama-Gailewan vi Mekrozengu Cardamom” I exasperated. Not much different from a Sundowner name. It just meant Watcher Cardamom from Grasswatchtown, albeit not in that order.

I felt a stern grasp upon my wrist, and Card’s voice in my ear.

“You don’t speak for me.” It was soft, and it was quick. I pretended no one noticed.

A man sat the head of a longtable. He reeked of opulence. It satisfied to see that pampered brow furrow. “Guests saunter into my court armed!”

A pleasure mine to return his words. “Still it! It is watchers you hire. Think you that we slay fiends with hands bare?”

Indignant lungs deflated, and pleased was I to see a new grudge born on his face.

“Make your words, and we shall leave you.” Card’s calm monotone joined the air.

“I shan’t speak overmuch. A Frogbeast hunts my lands. It takes cattle, crop, and kinder every day. But three days past it took my own. My son. Into the overcast with my squirming child, alive in its claws. Find him. Kill it. I’ve the coin.”

Card shifted. His head, tilting slightly. That’s what shifting looks like on Cardamom. “How will we know your kin?”

“You’ll know him by his necklace: a crystal upon a chain of silver.”

The chatter pressed on. Where the ‘beast hit. The coin. Pleasantries. What would hold my interest I knew already. Now to simply suffer through to the last word.

We stood. This meet was blessedly short, and on our way we were. Shortly to the stables to saddle our striders. Card and Emilie wore sour faces. Faces of thought. Suspicion.

Just Passing Through

Nervously I ran a finger along the blue vein of my wrist. We were to ride back through Farmsmeet to get back to the highroad. Someone there I wasn't too keen on seein' a second time. Someone loud.

That weren't the sum of it, though. We had plenty troubling thoughts to air. 'Specially recalling the wrecked farms and broken people we passed the way in.

"Folk been suffering weeks, no watchers. Young Vindsor snatched? Fiendswatch gets a raven the same day. His folk suffer. He cares not 'til the suffering finds him." Emilie's anger weren't for us, but it unsettled regardless.

"Mm. Something else. Frogbeast coming on so strong for weeks? They don't do that. They hunt for hunger. Our mark is a fiend enraged." Card stared into the distance a bit. None of us could figure if he were done, or- "No word for the nest. Clients always want the nest razed. Tadbeasts gone. Makes me suspicious. We should find the nest."

Sure was a bit to stew on, and stew we did. Made quiet the ride back into Farmsmeet. Made quick, too. Sadly, though, time got right back to its molasses pace soon as folk saw us. Four watchers, blades ahip, sat astride their striders. Made an impression. Made folk nervous.

A constabulary-looking man approached us. Probably thought he looked fancy important with that glaive leaning 'gainst his shoulder as he stood 'twixt our path, center of the road.

"You're riding into our town under the company of armed folk. You'll need to state your business." I snorted. It got a look from him, and I just smiled at him.

"Calm, sir." Card pinched his sunring from around his neck and held it up for the lawman's gaze. "Watchers. Just passing through. Made it through here this morn no trouble to our name."

"Watchers. Right. Well, long as no trouble comes, free to pass through. Lookin' to stay, though, and those arms'll need to sleep with the innkeeper." This song and dance. Every bleeding time we show. *Just passing through. Arms sleep with the innkeeper.*

"We know the terms." I mouthed along behind him. Might as well be wrote in ink how often we have these same words. Sure enough, the lawman stepped aside, back to his post. I met his glare with the same smirk I give every sod what licks the boot of ceremony. Normal folk are too damn reverent.

“Every town. Every time. Folk either think we’re here to drink the blood of the innocent or deliver them from their earthly pains.” Another disdainful glance from a crotchety old fool from the mainland. A child staring in wonderment. “I wish folk would just decide to hate us or love us.”

“They’re just afraid, Lotus. Feared by what we can do. Most any folk’ll like us if we can get ‘em chatting.” Emilie’s kind voice could soothe a stompin’ strider. Not me.

“Not on me to teach other folk to not hate me.”

We slowly made progress through this maze of tents. One of the only true structures in Farmsmeet would be the guildhouse. I’d mark it funny only the money gets to live in a real building, but these tents only exist for the money, too. Whole town. Just here for merchants to fleece farmers.

I thought, when we’d made it past the guildhouse, that we’d not be hearin’ this word again. Ignorant man lookin’ to stir discord among folk. But that voice got closer and closer.

“Bluebloods! They walk among us, changing their faces, stalking you in the night! They live for centuries, pulling the puppetstrings of the wealthy, controlling our society! Elderblood walk amongst us, but you! Even you! Can combat this! Bon Osvoldo has put a bounty on their heads, and any can claim it!”

Back then, elders were as fiends to most folk. Most might not recall the use of the term. Blueblood. A slur. What folk called elderblood so as to claim for themselves an air of superiority. Of security.

Tongue held, gaze fixed forward, I tried to ignore him. Wasn't meant to be.

"Watchers! Fine watchers! Hunters of the most fiendish of fiends. Would you accept such a monumental task?!" Why wouldn't he see us, sat high above the rabble upon our striders?

We wordlessly made the decision to keep striding, but the little cretin had the gall to stand before us, blocking our striders to harass us. "Won't you—"

"No."

I said it with such unintended venom that it stilled his tongue. More words didn't come, and he just stood there, staring.

"Unwise is the fool what harasses a watcher." A chide. A warning from Sati's lips. The man stepped clear at that. The air kept tense 'til we escaped that tentscape. We only relaxed once we were clear the other side.

"I'd hoped to not meet that man again. Got a worse outcome for my hoping. 'Least last time he didn't harass us." I wasn't saying it to anyone in particular, so obviously it was Satisa to reply.

"Got quite the ruffle dealin' with that crier, Lotus. Just spreadin' a bounty on some fiends."

"Elders ain't-

Card's interjection spared Satisa an earfull. "We are fiends to these folk. Fiends much as elderblood. Elders deserve at least our sympathy."

A Playful Pup

"Might' pretty, this view." Sati's gaze surveyed glimmering floodscape, water right up to the rim of the highroad, yearning to overtake it. "A wonder the grass stays so green under a man's depth of soak."

"For months aback, too. Flood gets so clear once it settles 'n all. Be such a nice time ayear if it weren't summoning frogbeasts to feast upon folk." Emilie's voice captured so well the sense of wonderment that Sati's soured to sarcasm, though hers was the darker sentiment.

"Blessed relief Sundown's only enough for one frog a season. Tears its siblings asunder for the territory. Two 'beasts clashing 'midst the sky's not a sight to forget." Cardamom shot his rare wisdom at us from the point of our little column, four striders astridin' in a line.

"Sure are ripe fruit for the fiend, all amashed with no space upon this tiny road. Out the water, upon display." Sati's wonderment for the floodgrass decayed to suspicion.

"You'd rather swim?" Cardamom had some wit sat within that skull.

"I'd rather- Fuck!" A sudden splash drew our eyes as one of that frogbeast's fat-headed spawn erupted from the water. It cleared well the heads of our striders and afixed its teeth rather snugly on Sati's arm.

The sudden weight tore him, screaming, off his strider, into the water. Adrenaline made slow the river of time as Emilie and I threw ourselves after him, my dagger bared as I hit the soak.

Water made hard the fightin'. Sati's strugglin' didn't help none, either, but his wriggling was stilled well enough when we pressed him into the submerged wall of the highroad. Giving that hungry tadbeast a neat little murderin' was a quick task after that, the satin steel of my blade disappearing into its fat skull.

A quick jerk sunward wrenched the blade from my hand as Satisa disappeared from the water. Lookin' up, I glanced Cardamom's broad form over him. My fingers graspin' the edge of the highroad dragged my own body from the soak after. Passin through the surface was like comin' back from a strange dream.

The little fiend's green blood colored the stone as Card's sturdy fingers wrenched its jaw open, leavin Sati with a few cute new holes in 'im. White bone shone briefly before drowning in a rush of crimson.

The corpse was tossed aside as Card's hand made for Sati's pitch injector, plunging it into his perforated arm, black fluid draining through the fat, hollow needle.

Flesh slowly knitting itself back together was both grossing and engrossing. My gaze would not turn away. Cardamom's did. He ripped my dagger from the slain tadbeast and kicked its worthless form back into the soak. Its leaking corpse made green the water.

"Least I wasn't needed. Poor watchers, you, if you couldn't take a tadbeast 'mongst the three. A token 'gratulation." That face hid emotion well as the hand passed my steel back. Ne'er could folk glean his feeling.

"Why in the *fuck* did we not see that?!"

"Satisa, if your tongue's to sully the air, be it in the least creative." Card made quick an analysis of what surrounds, 'specially peering over the edge of the 'road. "Must've concealed in the shadow of the highroad."

"Hunt's in full, now. Frog's got an uncanny sense of their young, 'least til one gets big enough to challenge. She'll be gunnin for us now what we took one of hers."

Even the patience of Cardamom can wear thin once a hunt is on. So we made quick the task of layin our wettened outerthings upon the rumps of our striders to dry, mountin up and stridin out.

And A Murderous Mother

“Three days. Not a frog’s wing in the sky. Nor in the soak. Naught but three tad’s to still. We shoulda been aswarmed with ‘em. Tadbeasts always home in a nest, and a nest is always aswarm. Three does not a swarm make.” Sati fumed. The same suspicions consumed us all.

We watched the wood burn in the pit, centered in the roadcamp, under a high pavilion. Placed along the highroads so travelers don’t camp on the only roads when floodtime comes. Was almost time to pack up and get to huntin’ again.

“Nest needs discoverin’. Should set about it.” Card remarked, saddling his strider.

“What of the frog?”

“Frog’ll find us. She been trackin’ us three days. Ain’t gonna pop ‘less she thinks she can take us easy.”

Our spirits fell that tiniest bit further to rock bottom. We all knew it. She been the one huntin’ us. But hearin’ Card confirm. This weren’t a proper hunt for us rooks, messier at every step.

Emilie gave her head a little cock and strode on over to the edge of the roadcamp, peering upon the dark dawn water. Cute wildlife aplenty to spy in the soak.

We set to clearin' our mess and makin' our kit ready to stride. I rolled my bedroll, affixin' it to my saddle with cover of waxcloth before hauling my coat on, fixin up the buckles.

"That's odd." Emilie mused to herself.

"Odd?" I responded, fixin' my belt 'round my waist, hangin' upon my hips, my ridin' bow in its quiver on my left next to its prime partenaire, my longsword. "What's odd?" She had yet to return my query as I snagged her own armsbelt in a bundle and offered it to her.

"Oh. Thanks. Do you see that cloud?" Painful as it was to look into the sun, I managed to glance her mark.

"Yeah?"

"Well, look to its shadow. It has two. And that one acts as if it keeps forgettin' to be a shadow. Sittin' still 'fore catchin' back up. Wind's movin' it quick. Toward us."

Too suspicious. She felt it, too. She took up her bow and a plump bundle of arrows as I alerted Cardamom and-

I'll never forget the sounds. Her gutstabbing screech first. That bow thwackin' just 'fore the soak tore itself open for that massive frog to shoot out. The crunch as its maw took her, unphased by the arrow in its nose.

Was it her bones or her bow what made that awful crack?

The wet asplatter of her lower half spillin' onto the stone. The movement were too quick to commit to memory proper. But the sounds...

The stone quaked underfoot as it stomped its landing onto the road, sendin' our striders ascatter. Then it made for us as if endin' us were its life's work.

Cracks and thwacks sang out to the 'grass as bullet and arrow raced for their marks. Its wings shreddin' as our missiles bored its skin. None found a marksman's delight. Hard to aim true with a massive frog leapin' a charge at you.

She made to collide with us, and our blades were out, quick as snipes. I made a plunge for its important bits, hopin' to get at its heart through its neck, but my world blacked.

Vision blurred, I laid upon my back. Brain caught up with eyes, and I glanced my sword. Mark missed, but stricken into its back like a flag claimin' my murderous intent.

A quick and nasty strike of its wing sent Cardamom tumblin' into the soak. Must've been what put me down. Great big nasty gash on its neck for the trouble, though.

Its maw made for Sati. I knew it was on me to stand and make some heroics worth singing, but my brain clouded soon as I made to stand, and I was right back upon the stone.

Snatched 'im right up. Heard his screams just like Emilie's. She tossed him up and around in her mouth, making comfortable for that big squeeze.

She gave him too much time.

There was a dagger in his hand. The one that weren't pinned in her maw like the rest of 'im. And it came down. Again and again. Into her brain. Into her brain. Into that monster's skull. Long after it were a twitchin' heap upon the stone.

Our gazes met. Sati and I, both lain upon the stone. Both half-conscious.

Card was over him. Drippin' from the soak. He'd stilled Sati's stabbin' arm, laid the dagger aside, and summoned up all his fiend's strength to wrestle Satisa from a pinched jaw for the second time this week.

I blinked.

Card left the injector drainin' pitch into the chest of Sati's body, lain out on the stone a fair bit from the slain fiend. He was rushin' to me.

He had words. I don't remember. "Lotus." I said my own name to him. It's not in my skull as to why. He had more words as he propped me droopin' against one of the pavilion's columns.

"Why're you peepin' my eyes... D'you think I'm pretty...?"

"Concussion. You ain't dyin' this time."

I blinked.

Satisa's shirt was off, replaced by once-white bandage. When my vision blurred enough, it looked a red shirt. His mouth was mumblin'. "Pitch... more. So... apained."

"Overpitch iss... baaad."

"Don't hurt yourself, Lotus." Card was over me 'gain, checkin' my floof for lice. "No blood, but your head's gettin' wrapped 'theless."

I blinked.

A Watcher Awake

I woke for true. The sky dark. I peered my surroundings, saw Card asleep, a small heap of cloth next to him. Couldn't see the color too well, bein' night and all, but they looked... greener.

Sati's form was apropped its own column, sleep just as Cardamom. The old man must've worked himself to sleep if he let night pass unwatched.

Then the unknowable, splitting pain in my skull made its greeting. I have no sense of time for that moment, but I know

I made for my saddle, on the ground next to me. Card must've collected the striders and calmed them up. I fetched me some lordsleaf from my bag and chewed it til I could think again, then chewed more.

The frogbeast was gone. No. Moved. It lain in the road upon its back.

A sudden horror struck me. I'd been injured. I frantically checked my own meatsleeve for any bursts. Only hurt I could figure was the massive blue bruise splotched 'cross my left shoulder and collar. Panic abated when I remembered Card already looked me over and found me acceptable.

I could stand. Managed to convince my legs to work proper and made to check my folk. Satisa breathed a bit heavy. Alive, though. Cardamom breathed a bit heavy. He snored, though, so that was unnoteworthy.

There was some glitter near his little heap of clothing, and I sat asquat to inspect.

A chain of silver. It bore a crystal. I sighed in disappointment. Knew that child was dead, but the confirmation didn't comfort.

Next to it, though. A sunring on black cord. Must be Card's. Usually sleeps in it, but he slept tonight bare-chested. Must've shed that, too.

My folk bein' alive 'far as I could tell, I next made for the massive corpse.

Dissected. Torn apart. Guts spilled. Glad my nose numbed to the scent in my slumber.

A smaller chunk of viscera sat heaped itself next to the 'beastie's head. Weren't green like the frog's guts.

Oh.

Emilie.

That sunring was Emilie's.

Rise, Emilie

“And so it is yet my place again—” His voice hitched. I saw a tear make a stream upon his cheek, and took his hand. A gesture he’d not permit any other time. “Again to shepherd the young to their end.”

The shock kept dry my own visage. My tears would spill aplenty many months on. Satisa simply looked on silently, standing for the first time since... Numb, I suspected, as I was.

We fashioned a little pyre of the roadcamp’s firepit. Pyres for watchers. Her sword, in a bundle of its own armsbelt, acradled by my arm. Sunring wrapped up in it. Her only effects to survive her...

“And so rises Watcher Emilie Sly of Grasswatch, of Clan Platt. She came to us in the March of the 364th sun. She now rises late in the August of the 386th sun. Rise, Emilie.”

“Rise, Emilie” Sati and I softly returned.

“Sunward rise as the frogbeast flies. No more.” The death poem of the Fiendswatch, but it felt written for that moment.

For Emilie.

Vindsor Razed

“That copse yonder. Most like t’be its nest.” Cardamom gestured upon a small island, what once was a hill and would be again come two months.

You see, frogbeasts like such spits for their nestin’s. Small. Defend easy.

I chewed the day’s fifth lordsleaf, cracked head of mine keepin’ the ‘leaf aflow, as I sat right the armsbelt draped ‘cross my chest. Emilie’s sword hung under my left shoulder, sunring tied ‘round the scabbard. As her closest, I were to bear and bare her sword to the Hall of Blades.

It sat few hundred feet off the ‘road, so we’d have to swim it. Striders can swim just dandy, but haulin’ them out the soak is the hardest.

“Right... Well, let us ready to wetten ourselves.” And I’d just got my kit comfy. I hauled my armsbelts and coat off, shirt followin’.

“Hold. We’re to sit high and monitor for tad’s to perforate first. Not desirin’ another struggle underside the soak.” His gun sat ‘cross his lap.

Great. Hauled my bow back from where I hung it upon my saddle. Now shirtless. "I better be awatch for sunburn: folk's truest adversary."

So we sat. One hour. Two. No tad's astirrin'.

'Ventually we stripped down to pants. No desire to be ruinin' gun, bow, or sword. Dagger to hand only.

Not Sati, though. In Cardamom's word, "Soak'll turn your wounds sick. Better you take my gun and watch for any tad's lustin' our naked flesh."

Tense was that journey aswim. No talk. No splash. Slow as turtles. Worth it to not tangle a tadbeast undersurface.

Fight we expected never found us. We made it to that cute little copse, and, saints, did it stink. Stench of decay bathed our nostrils as we made afoot its dry dirt. Following that stench, nest weren't a hard find.

A great puddle of putridity. Man lay upon tadbeast upon man. Slashed. Bitten. Shredded. Corpse of both folk and fiend meltin' together. Only place they get along. Death.

"Massacre." I spied Vindsor colors upon one of the cleaner corpses. "Vindsor dogs stirred a hornet's nest."

"And made angry its queen." He returned, pickin curious at a corpse.

"Made for the nest before takin' its mother. She came to defend. Too late for most her kinder." Chewed my tongue a bit before finishing, "Vindsor sent his dogs to do watcher's work and brought sufferin' upon his folk."

"And us. He kept from a watcher. Sent one of our own sunward. Deeds of the like what get you drug to the court of Castle Grasswatch." He made back to the soak and I followed.

"He won't come. Lordly folk like not the yielding."

"Time come to teach lordfolk watchers ain't fluffy dogs for their bidding."

Dishonourable Vindsor

“Upon the sword of Emilie Sly, a watcher risen upon false Vindsor words, a satisfaction is in demand.”

We stood center the Vindsor courtyard. A quaint little yard. His four guard receiving us. Cardamom’s proclamation set them to edge.

“See, Lord Vindsor cuts us a goodly sum to ensure the counter.”

“Careful, child. Watchers make not for easy quarry.”

“Might so, but we’ve the number.”

A flash of Emilie’s blade made false his statement. His eyes saw death coming a touch too late.

Cardamom warded the slicing of two Vindsor goons as the third landed a kick to Sati’s wounded middle. He fell, and the dog fell upon him. His dagger made for Sati’s throat, but my feet parted the dirt, and my shoulder met his side.

As we landed, I felt his steel enter my gut. Just barely. It didn’t concern me until after I’d ripped his throat out with my teeth.

Sati leapt to Cardamom’s aid. Two watchers. Two guards. You know the outcome. I had other concerns.

I pulled myself backwards, searching out something to lean against. My back found a wall, and my hand wrenched my new friend free, pressing into the gush what followed. Couldn't wait forever. Had to happen someday.

The estate's door parted. A nervous Vindsor, come to parlay.

"Truly, Vindsor? Sent four rooks to watcher blades? You've no value for your own."

Card got the first word in as Satisa's gaze scanned. He spotted me, and-

"Lotus!"

Ran for me.

I raced to get my own pitch inside me. Only pitch left to our group. Plunging needle sent me ashudder.

"Be ye gone! I've no coin for slain children!"

"You've the coin. Or you've the blood. And the price has risen."

Card made for him, a saunter in his step.

Satisa pulled my hands from my closing wound, and I gazed upon him worried. My hands. Stained.

His face fell. "Blue." And his eyes widened. "Card, she's-"

Crack. Fear made quick Vindsor's hand. Cardamom's shoulders twisted. Outdrew a watcher, and put a bullet through 'im.

A Watcher is a Watcher

"Watchers get paid."

The last words Vindsor's ears would receive. His fingers weren't quickened enough to find the next bullet before Card's blade found his heart. If only his first made its mark.

"Blue. She's a blueblood. Cardamom. Shes--"

"I know."

What.

"You... know? You know?!" His incredulity turned itself upon me.

"We grew from babes together... when were you--"

"Born. Wasn't turned. Born." Gasping hard to speak with all that blue recently liberated from my fleshy prison.

"Then... Fleur?! Fleur de Lis, hand to the Master is--"

"A proud mother of a young watcher. A brilliant scientist. A beloved pillar of the community. Nothin's changed, child." When had Card known...?

"She's blueborn..."

"Ain't change nothin'. She's fiend same as us. Don't matter what kind long as she ain't chompin' at us."

“No... watchers are folk. We ain’t fiends!” His lungs were losing their righteous air.

“Not to folk, we ain’t. Same as elders. Now why don’t you help me plug this fresh hole in my shoulder while you get tired of convincin’ yourself to hate your friend.”

My flesh done knittin’ itself all cozy again, I made for them. Timid-like. Not like me to be timid, but the circumstance called. “When...”

“Can’t get your skull popped that hard without your head splittin’ some.”

“You kept your tongue staid...?”

“A watcher is a watcher.” Card patted his shoulder as Satisa finished tyin’ it up. “Well! Way I see it, we’re owed a fortune. And here we are, surrounded by shiny.”

“Sati?” It weren’t a killin’ I feared from him.

He sighed heavily before his words came.

“A watcher is a watcher.”

The Journey Home

“Lotus bears the blade of one risen. Emilie Sly’s strider strides empty!”

The portcullis high, the doors parted. He announced our entry. He announced a funeral procession.

“Enter, watchers, Castle Grasswatch, and welcome home.” He finished somberly. Sad was a day he didn’t say that alone.

Our striders were sent astable for us... and we set the first foot in our long walk to the Hall of Blades.

Many saddened faces joined our march, but there were two who’s sight I dreaded...

Into the keep we strode. Cramped became the many who followed. Through glow-lit hall and corridor, until we reached it.

A great hall where sat enshrined the many blades of those watchers risen. Master Madys Cutler, in white cloak, stood aside a blademount, ready to receive.

She was a woman of charcoal skin, dark even among her own folk. Her hair twisted and curled in upon itself, a dark sphere standing on its own atop her head.

Shaken were my hands as I placed Emilie upon her final bed. It was mine to speak this time.

“Enshrined now is the blade of Watcher Emilie Sly of Grasswatch, of clan Platt. She came to us in the...”

“Not my Emilie...” He’d tried to suppress... upon his wife’s shoulder, but his words were clear. His tears the most audible.

“Lotus.” Card gently turned my shoulder back to my task. He’d donned a white cloak his own.

“She came to us in the March of the 364th sun. Sunward risen in the August of the 386th sun. She was my friend...”

“Rise, Emilie.” Never before had I heard it in so many voices. Never, I hoped, ever again.

It lifted aloft at the hands of the two in white. Gently it moved to one of many shrines sat empty, and for eternity set within it. Rise, Emilie.

I found myself under the arm of her mother, where I finally let my own tears course. I had many to let fall.

“Watcher Lotus.”

That voice found me as I found myself again under the sky, escaped from the castle’s cramped crowd. The voice of a warrior woman. I knew it well.

“Watcher Phung...” Her arms encircled me. Clouded sun barely teased the yellow tint from her brown skin. Her lips rest upon my forehead. “ Mother.

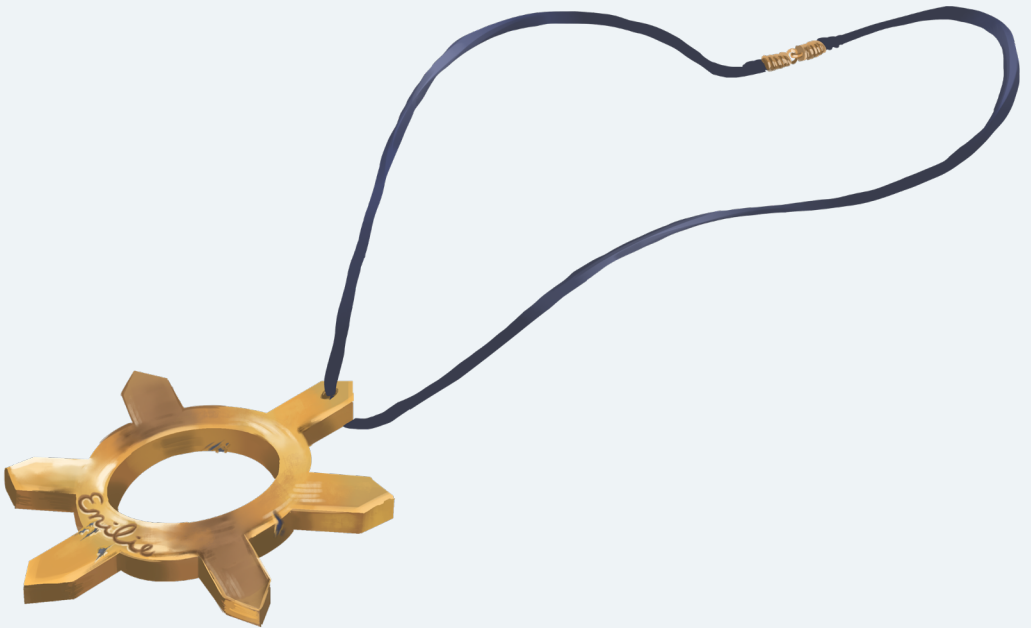
“Come, let us home. Fleur and I have missed our child aplenty.” I let her lead me. We homed close to Castle Grasswatch itself, mère being hand to the master and all... it was a short walk.

“Notre petit bouquet est enfin réuni!” Her greetin’ was stuffed afull with all the energy I’d lost.

“Bonjour mère...” I tried to hide what my eyes seen. Put on a face for her. She’d seen worse, I knew it, but I couldn’t set her aworry. Her arms swallowed me, and Mother followed.

“Mon petit lotus. My little lisian. Bienvenue à la maison. Welcome home.”

*That's the way it goes
Frogs fly
Grass grows
And watchers die*



Trait Appendix

The trait appendix is a resource you can use if you're having trouble writing traits or understanding what traits can be made to do. This resource includes many of the examples used in this book, as well as a few more to round it all out. We aimed more at having a well-rounded set of traits instead of listing every trait we could.

☀️ Our examples do not cover *everything* you could do with a trait. Make sure you've read the trait guide on [page 200](#) to get the most out of your traits!

Special Traits

In this section, we will tag some traits with *Eggchange*, *Fieldchange*, *Bloodchange*, and *Metatrait*.

If you're using this section to make your first drifter, you can ignore the first three. They just describe traits that come from changes and what kind of change it was.

Metatraits, though, are traits that change the rules of the game and give you extra abilities. When making your drifter, only one of your traits can be a metatrait.

Always on the Move

I have an inability to stay settled. I add 1 to rolls where this helps me out, like exploring, climbing cliffs, and leaping chasms. In a fight, I'm always ready to make the next dodge.

Bearer of Light

Fieldchange, Metatrait

My skin glows a pale green so bright as to mimic a glowbottle. As long as some of my skin is exposed, my comrades and I can see as if we were all carrying glowbottles. I can also use this trait to get a plus 1 on rolls I make using my skin to impress someone.

Bears the Fiends' Strength

Eggchange

I am a watcher, and I have the fiendstrength change. When I use my change for tasks that require physical strength or quickness, like climbing, running, kicking in doors, and fighting, I add 1 to my roll.

The Best Duelist in Sundown

I have spent my adult life challenging the best fighters in Sundown to duels. I have immersed myself in the ins-and-outs of one-on-one combat. I add 1 to my rolls when I fight a single opponent by myself or use my reputation to persuade someone.

A Bit of a Showoff

I'm always showing off. When I show off, like performing street magic, playing my instrument, or showing off my acrobatics, I add 1 to my roll. I can even use it in a fight if I'm particularly flashy.

Bones, Cards, and Runes

Metatrait

I see the patterns cast in random things. If I have a few minutes of peace, I can cast my bones, draw my cards, or consult my runes to predict the future, giving someone a plus 1 on rolls to embrace or prevent their fate. If I take anxiety, I can do this for myself. I always know where my bones, cards, or runes are.

Blood Bleeds Black

Bloodchange, Metatrait

My blood has been replaced with pitch. In the unlikely event I die of old age, it'll be in my 60s. I live less years than others, but I'm invincible until then. Well, almost.

- ☀ Pitch doesn't work for me. Instead, I can clear one box of injury per conflict on my own. I can choose when to use this ability, even to go from dying to wounded and avoid marking one of my dying circles.
- ⚙ **When I'm defeated by injury and get left behind, I clear all injury when I wake up, not just dying.**
- ☀ I draw an extra circle next to my dying circles. I get one extra chance, since a pitchblood must be beheaded to truly die.

A Brain Beyond

Eggchange

I can recall details through the fogs of time and obscurity. I can puzzle through problems that would stump a scientists' convention. I might even be able to figure out why no one else thinks cilantro tastes like soap. I add one to rolls that would benefit from my enhanced analysis.

By the Bookbridge

I was educated at bookbridge, and I grew up in Scholar. I add 1 to rolls I make to do something exactly how someone else tells me and to avoid the eye of the law. I know how the rest of the world wants me to act, and I perform that to the letter so no one will notice me.

Can Break into Anything

I am an accomplished thief. I add 1 to rolls I make to pick someone's pocket, pick locks, and get into a locked building.

Child of the Crag

I grew up in the crags, and I know how to pass through them safely. I add 1 to rolls I make to navigate the crags safely, like avoiding hillbugs and rockfalls. I also have connections in the area that I might be able to use to persuade someone.

Dream Walker

Metatrait

With a few minutes of peace, I can invade someone's dream, taking information from them. If I take anxiety to give them nightmares, I have advantage the next time I roll against them.

Dreams of Things yet to Come

I have dreams of things that have not yet happened. They usually involve me, but I sometimes have them for my close friends, or if something very very bad is about to happen in Sundown. The lorekeeper will describe a strange dream to me, and I can add 1 to my rolls to figure out what it means or work to prevent it.

Enemy of Authority

I have always had a problem with authority. I add 1 to rolls I make to undermine authority, whether it be deception, assassination, or theft.

An Eye for Politics

I instinctively understand the political landscape of Sundown. I add 1 to rolls I make to participate in the politics of Sundown.

Eyes Like a Hawk

My vision is perfect, and I add 1 to rolls I make that would benefit from being able to see accurately or far away.

Eyes of a Cat

Eggchange, Metatrait

I can see in the dark as a cat can, quickly adjusting to changes in lighting, but I can't see in lightless places like the depths of a cave. I add 1 to my rolls to use that to my advantage, like fighting, picking locks, or forging a signature in the dark.

Fiendish Claws

Eggchange, Metatrait

I have grown claws in place of my nails, and I can use them to hurt people. I add 1 to rolls I make to hurt someone with my claws, and I don't have disadvantage when I'm unarmed.

Former Faithful of the Deep

I once was counted among the Deep's Faithful. I add one to rolls I make to understand occult lore, rituals, and to attack someone with my ritual dagger. I always know where my dagger is.

Hands of Healing

Metatrait

I've always been able to alleviate the pain of others, just with a touch. As long as I have a few minutes of peace with someone, I can take exhaustion, anxiety, or injury to clear one box of exhaustion, anxiety, or injury from them.

Hears Their Thoughts

Metatrait

As long as I'm focusing on it, I can hear the surface thoughts of the people around me. If I have a few minutes of peace and take anxiety, I can dive into the depths of someone's mind.

I am Chosen by the Deep

Metatrait

As one faithful to our Deep Master, I have partaken of the lakesquid, and been blessed with its changes.

I can breathe underwater, adding 1 to any rolls that require being underwater for a long time or remaining calm underwater. I can also swim much faster and naturally than any other, and I add 1 to my rolls to swim.

I Know what you Feel

Metatrait

I feel the emotions of those near me. I add 1 to my rolls when I play into their emotions. If I have a few minutes of peace and take anxiety, I can *make* someone feel something.

I Brew the Best Wonders

I was a chemist for Strayfolk before I set adrift, and I add 1 to rolls I make to create something with chemistry or know something about wonders.

In Your Business

I steal from big businesses. I add 1 on rolls when I sneak into businesses, along with whatever that entails. Lying to guards, picking locks, that sort of thing.

I also add 1 to rolls I make to look into someone's background and find the skeletons in the wardrobe or just shout in someone's face.

The Learning of Lifetimes

Bloodchange

Throughout my centuries, I've learned a little bit about everything. Whenever I dispense life advice, or whenever knowing a random detail would be helpful, I add one to my roll.

A Master of Unarmed Combat

Metatrait

I have trained harder than most and turned my body into a weapon. I can add 1 to rolls that involve fighting, but I do not roll at disadvantage when I do not have a weapon.

Mercenary Sniper

In a past life, I was a sniper for a heartless corporation. I add 1 to rolls I make to deal with clients and shoot things.

My Heart Beats Fastest


Eggchange

When I'm in mortal danger, the world slows down for me. I get a plus 1 to rolls where my life is in danger, but I take exhaustion and anxiety as soon as I'm safe again.

My Skin is Armor

Eggchange, Metatrait

I have grown chitin all over my body, and it now serves me as armor. I draw an extra square to the left of my injury boxes and label it 'Armor.' My chitin has to be broken before I can be harmed underneath.

 If you're dying, you can buy this trait instead of marking one of your dying circles. You spend a month inside an egg instead of recovering from defeat. When you emerge, your body is encased in chitinous armor.

Nature Calls to Me

Metatrait

I just *know* the best way through the woods, the best place to hunt or forage, and the best place to get water. The food and drink I find in the wild surprises my comrades with its quality.

I get a plus 1 on navigating the wilderness. After we've spent a night in the wild, my comrades all get an advantage token.






No-one Notices Me

No one ever noticed me growing up. I'm just the kind of person that's easy to ignore or forget. I add 1 to rolls I make to go unseen or unnoticed.

One of the Night

Eggchange, Metatrait

I am one of the Nightfolk. I can see in the dark, detect the minds of others, and even communicate wordlessly with other Nightfolk as if talking.

-  I can see in the dark if there's even the tiniest amount of light, and I add one to rolls that would benefit from that.
-  I take injury if I look at something brighter than a glowbottle when I'm not wearing my nightlenses.
-  I take injury if I stand in the sun without all of my skin covered.
-  I can talk to other Nightfolk up to a mile away if I "scream," but we usually need to be within a few yards of each other.
-  I can feel the minds of other folk. I don't know what they're feeling or thinking, but I know they're there. I add 1 to rolls when this would be helpful, like realizing I'm about to be ambushed.

One with the Rains and the Sun

Metatrait

I know when it is going to rain, when it's just overcast, and even when we'll glimpse the occasional Sun. As long as I have a few minutes of peace, I can take exhaustion to perform a ritual to part the clouds or call a storm.

Plant Whisperer

Metatrait

I can talk to plants to learn about things that have happened to them or near them. If I have a few minutes of peace, I can ask the plants to make it hard for certain people to pass through them. If I confront them while they struggle with the plants, I will have advantage.

Poker Face

I can't be read. I add 1 to my roll whenever it would be helpful to disguise my intentions.

Social Chameleon

Eggchange

I can adjust the color of my hair and eyes. I add 1 to rolls I make to disguise myself or avoid notice.

Travelling Gourmet

Using my chef's kit, I can prepare gourmet food on the road and keep my comrades fed on more than just jerky and dried fruit. The difficulty depends on the conditions I cook in, but if I do a good job, I give everyone an advantage token.

Voices from Beyond

Metatrait

I can talk to dead people, whether it's a ghost or a fresh corpse. They never quite make sense, though. If I have a few minutes of peace and take anxiety, I can have a full conversation with one of the dead.

A Watcher Trained me to Fight

I learned how to fight from a watcher. I add 1 to rolls I make to hurt someone or something with a weapon and to avoid being hurt by the violence of someone else.

The Wings of a Frog

Eggchange, Metatrait

As a human, I'm a bit too heavy to actually fly, but with my huge frogbeast wings, if I get to a high place and jump off, I can glide pretty well.

Our Backers

Logan Chops	Zora Gilbert	Ben Aurich
Crom	Taylor LaBresh	ES
Liam Ginty	Eli Kurtz	B Bales
Owen St.Gelais	Matthew "Thundermonk"	Lisa Padol
Michael T Lombardi	Orwig	Veronikis Spyros
Mallory Goolsby	Brenden Strick	Barry Cook
Mike Wilga	Danny Keith	Christo Meid
Calvin Johns	Matthew Gravelyn	Zach Cullimore
Jason Brown	Todd Agthe	Jamie Lindemann
Jason Cordova	Mocharaid	Phillip A. Wessels
Oli Jeffery	Ada Noble	Tad Davis
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Rob Abrazado	Dave Sausage	Eric W Phaneuf
Randy Knapp	Lindsey Stone	Chris Longhurst
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Brian Allred	Mark Plasma	Andy Zeiner
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Rielle Morrison	The Adam Sparkles	Alison Fleming
Bruce ES Warner	Kate Bullock	John Taber
Christopher Challice	Karl Schneider	David E Mumaw
Cat Evans & Liz Gist	Galen Evans	Robert David Smith
Harald Eckmüller	Matthew DeSanto	Clark Jackson
Noella Handley	Mitchell Salmon	SM Hillman
Thane & Rafe Dube	Andrew J DeWitt	Joseph Mueller
Adam Rajski	Debbie Moynihan	Peter Mazzeo
Janus Kimeran	Sasha Nyarlathotep	Quinn Po
Shane Liebling	Colin Urbina	Nick DiFurio
Adrian Thoen	Sidney Icarus	Erin Hassett
Kevin Veale	Lucas Bell	Harrison Swift
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Giacomo Marini	Morgan Wajda-Levie	Frank "Mottokrosh" Reding
Steven J Wilga	Ren Neuhoff	Sabine V
Mike Ferdinando	John the Pintsize	Amy F.

Kristy Yeaton
Raji Purcell
Phil Corpuz
Mikael ty
Miguel Luévano
Selig Freeman
Mark Potter
Chris Newton
Courtney
Liam Murray
Hawk Haines
Leandro Pondoc
ExC
Patrick Larose
Jason Pitre
Tyson Tiatia
Jonathan "Buddha" Davis
Caslor
Evan Dick
Lily☼V
jamie
Dan Hess
Danielle Osterman
Doc Palindrome
Shane 🍷
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Stephen Childs
Caitlin C
Aaron M. Riley
Jason Heckler
Fraser Simons
Liz Gist
Jim Holt
Bud Chudley
O. D. Larson
Star Z.
Arthur Lahey
Griffin D. Morgan
Ian Whitehead
jennifer erixon
Mark Solino
Joel Nilsson
Dan

Alexander Belford
Thomas Parker
Zack Pennington
Lance Stack
Celerytop
Raven Callahan
hi
Niall O'Donnell
ccarrear
Jennifer Adcock
Colin Matter
Elizabeth Pollock
Götz Weinreich
Exalted Funeral
Osmina Deveraux
Daniel Templin
Jordan Block
Sabina Walter
Alex Claman
Carl Rigney
GBB
Tom Ladegard
B Mather
Joseph Gandee
Caro Asercion
Steven D Warble
Jaym Gates
Bryan Considine
Andrija Popovic
Gilbert
Kaytlin Llwyd
Bertrand Guérin-Williams
CJ Gibson
Loki, Tilly & Murphy
Tom A. Fowler
Alice Kyra
Josh Hittie
Aria Bellows
Stephen Jack Cullen
Flavio Mortarino
W.H. Arthur
Patrice Mermoud
Raechel Coon

John Dwyer
Michael Blackwell
Maia S.
Josh Medin
Rollin Salsbery
David Hoberman
Logan Shoup
Hayley Hart
Cecelia & Thor Thomas
Anna Johnson-Betty
Jamie Bohr
Nick Detweiler
Michael Keeley
Nicole Miller
Chloe Bear
Ben Chong
Ian A. Richmond
Lindsay Wall
Greg & Jaz
Meera "The Fierce" Barry
Olivia Montoya
Drew Jameson
Patrick & Samantha Harris
Ryan Ace
Janne Kuosa
Brian J. Hampel
Banana Chan
Astreigha