

Misery's Keep

Original text by Rugose Kohn

Mr. Kohn's editor and licensed ball balmer Walton Wood

Count Vallröt, grandson of the Shadow King, conspires with a coterie of undead dolls set on conjuring Yetsabu-Nech. These misfits have taken refuge in a keep on the edges of Graven-Tosk. In covenant, they chant black liturgies to unleash an ancient curse, hastening the final Misery.

The Keep

Staggeringly tall, unblemished slab of basalt.

- Desolated surroundings—grasses have withered, no animal burrows, nothing grows or draws breath.
- Ringed by a monolith-filled plague pit; looks like some demonic farmer's field.
 - Rough steps descend into the pit.
 - Anyone touching a monolith tests Toughness DR12 or, in d4 hours, a random limb shrivels to a dried husk.
 - On the far side of the pit, monstrous, black doors of ancient fir give entrance to the Grand Hall.

Grand Hall

Acrid, burning stink.

- Canyon-like chamber ringed by colossal columns. Ceiling disappears in void-black darkness.
- Torches made of bones and bundled hair.
- Archways grant entrance to different parts of the keep.

Kitchen

Lingering smoke, soot-caked ceiling.

- Gaping fireplace; charred detritus overflows onto the hearth.
- Giant cauldrons, all manner of utensils and culinary tools, barrels, and crates litter the space.
- Searching reveals d4 rations. Might be poisonous.

Dining Hall

Dripping with pastoral tapestries and gaudy chandeliers.

- Oversized tables and upholstered chairs in various states of disrepair, arranged haphazardly. Tufts of chair stuffing roll like tumbleweeds.
- Floor is littered with smashed plates, cutlery, and worthless bric-a-brac.
- Searching reveals something of value, roll a d4.

Worth 3d20s

1. Charcoal-black chalice
2. Poisoned brooch
3. Obsidian scepter
4. Brass devil mask

Staff Quarters

Several small rooms connected by a dank hallway. Desperation in the air.

- Each room furnished identically: a bed, a small side table, and a bureau. The discarded clothes, a mix of styles and types.
- Appearance of being uninhabited for several years if not decades.
- Roll on the Corpse Plundering table (*MÖRK BORG* inside front cover).

Armory

Sweat and the tang of rancor mixed with rusting steel.

- Subdivided spaces—a common room adorned with trappings of leisure, and a space dedicated to martial training. The latter, populated with straw dummies partially hacked apart.
- Small doorway leads to a shabby bunk room. Yellow-stained bedding and piled, empty wine bottles. d4 footlockers.
 - Locked and trapped, poisoned-dart mechanism. Take d3 damage and test Toughness DR8 or spend the next d4 hours retching. Each contains d3 random weapons or armor of poor condition. Fumble on rolls of 1–3.
- In the passageway, a stairway that descends into unknown darkness (to Dungeons).

Dungeons

Inkwell black, damp, and unfriendly.

- “It’s not worth it” scrawled in shit (or mud) on the wall.
- Four cells (locked).
 - First cell stuffed to bursting with skeletons. Something shiny in their midst.
 - Shiny object is a large, red gem worth 2d10×10s. Taking it reanimates the skeletons.
 - HP 20, Morale –, Bony –d2, Claws d6 / d3 at half HP. Special: DR10 to attack and defend (they are legion).
 - Fourth cell houses a charred effigy. Destroying it will eliminate Vallröt’s “Better Half” ability.

Stairwell

Vertigo-inducing spiral staircase.

- Soars upward into the dark. Seems endless.
- Leads to Throne Room.

Throne Room

High-pitched, childish chanting.

- Terrors immortalized in stone and haphazardly placed around the room.
- A dais and slapdash throne at the far side. Head bowed, Vallröt dozes. Behind him, shelves lined with dolls of all shapes and sizes. Pale faces gleam in the torchlight.
- Seven undead dolls, hands clasped, dance in a circle while chanting. A mounting pile of porcelain dust marks their path.
 - The curse will be complete in $d10+2$ rounds (roll a Misery). Each doll “killed” will delay it one round while they are replaced from the shelves—a fresh one leaping down to take their place. This will continue until Vallröt’s death.
 - Dancers are struck down with a successful attack (no need to roll damage).
- If anyone disrupts the ceremony, Vallröt will intervene along with $d4+2$ undead dolls (*MÖRK BORG* pg. 66).

The Count

Trapped between this realm and the next, Vallröt exists in a state of half-undead—his left side a rotting corpse. Swaddled in red velvet and wearing a rusted crown, the count is a towering figure of putrescent flesh and protruding bone.

HP 15

Morale 10

No armor

Zweihänder $d10$

Special: Better Half, successful attacks against the Count have a 50% chance of landing on his left side, and damage is ignored. All Is Rust, the Count’s rusted crown casts an aura; any steel nearby will crumble to dust in $d10+2$ rounds.