

The Parliament of Mould

The trees were born only because the Parliament of Mould permitted it. Here, the mycelial gestalt became a thinking being.

The People Before had a relationship with the Parliament. This temple allowed them to speak to each other.

When the Bird Plague came, the People Before attempted to work with the Parliament to create a defense. They failed and died.

The Parliament has forgotten how to trust humans. The artifice of man crumbles. The Parliament remains.

Integration

Men. Animals. Trees. Water. Rocks. They all dream.

All that dreams will join the Parliament.

Integration represents your degree of connection to the hivemind, typically furthered by contact with the Cordyceps-derived spores of the Parliament.

As your Integration increases, you gain certain powers but lose grasp of your free will.

When Integration reaches 6 your character becomes a spore ghoul, no longer under your control; make a new character.

How do I gain Integration?

Certain activities trigger a Body Save versus Integration. If you fail, your Integration increases by 1.

What powers do I get?

1. [+] on Fear saves.

Reduce Body save by 1d10.

2. +1 Max Wounds.

Reduce Sanity save by 1d10.

3. Speak to and understand fungi, and anything with Integration above zero.

Make a Fear Save every sunset. On failure, you are compelled to spend the night felling Aspens and digging up their stumps. Normal exhaustion rules (Mothership, section 32.4) apply.

4. Once per day, transfer consciousness into another Integrated being. You may pilot its body. Your own body is catatonic until you claim it back. You must be touching to transfer to and from another being.

Anyone who touches you or is Close to you for 1 hour or more must make a Body save against Integration.

5. Extend your senses to any component of the Parliament at any time. You gain a new Esoteric Skill, Gestalt, which applies whenever you make use of the Parliament's mental computing power or archives of secret lore.

Make a Fear Save to do anything that does not directly further the Parliament's agenda.

Encounters

1d5

- 1 Strangling hyphae stubble the roof. They strive towards theta waves — the energy emitted by thought and dream. Fear Save to keep brain activity neutral. The hyphae target whoever fails by the highest margin -- 1d10dmg
- 2 7 **human spore ghouls**, knelt in prayer, lunge at whoever draws near. Ancient, skeletonised, in the garb of an extinct people. They interface with hyphae in the ground, absorbing nutrients, their pose reminiscent of prayer.
- 3 A **bovine spore ghoul**, its udder heavy with milk. It totters towards the fungal incubator.
- 4 5 **Vaquero spore ghouls**. One still rides a horse, fused to it. To fit through short spaces, the horse shuffles on bloody knees.
- 5 **Child spore ghoul** in the garb of extinct people. Approaches from the nearest room. Its thin wail can be heard before it is seen.
As it walks, ceiling hyphae furl and unfurl to connect with its head.
 - It attacks anything not Integrated.

- If the hyphae-connection is broken, it shrieks and summons a torrent of fungalised maggots, worms, beetles, and moths.

Is there light?

Dim sparks course down the fungal synapses that cover every surface, providing a vague sense of dimension and distance ahead.

What does it look like?

Unless otherwise stated, rooms are connected by irregular, 6' diameter tunnels.

All surfaces are covered in fungus. On close inspection, the fungal carpet is frighteningly alive. It almost breathes. If you are unlucky, you see tiny units of mold that have achieved motility. They march across the terrain like ants.

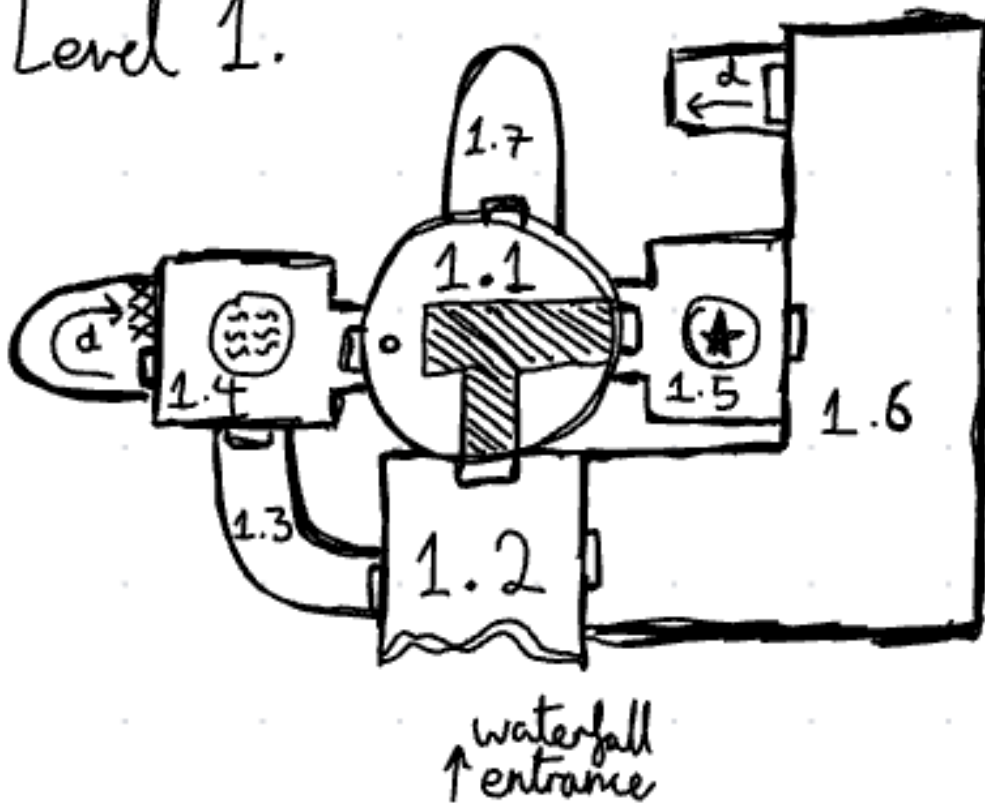
The fungal carpet also dampens footfalls, making it easier to surprise and be surprised.

How do I get in?

From the plateau: There is no soil -- it is a canopy of matted roots and mycelium. Beneath is **1.1 Bell Chamber**. A deep search (2 hours) reveals a rope. It dangles from a tree trunk through a man-sized gap. It can be used to reach the east door of **1.4 Shrine of Stillness** or **2.1 Grasping Garden**.

From the valley: Thin zig zag trod leads halfway up, abruptly disappears behind waterfall. Behind, **1.2 Curtained Entrance**. At midnight, a spore-infected cow enters this way, and can be followed from a field outside Socorro (!!)

Level 1.



1.1 Microclimate Shaft

Circular, cavernous. Always mild. Sunlit spores drift.

Rings of alcoves, livid with fungus> 18 layers in total, accessible by masonry ladders and catwalks. *Natural History*: Each layer has a slightly different microclimate. Channels are cut for irrigation. This was a facility for testing and breeding plants.

Walkway, west path shattered, groaning> Collapses under weight of 6+ people. 1 Wound from fall.

Northern door, pathless> Portal wreathed in carvings of birds.

1.2 Curtained Entrance

A curtain of orange hyphae behind a waterfall. Leads into a shaded, sandy-floored chamber. Left wall, carvings of suns. Right wall, worm and vulture reliefs.

Orange tendrils> On touch, *Body Save* vs. Integration.

East and North doors obscured by matted fungus> Can be felt for. Soft and yielding. Spores crawl up your arms(*Body Save* vs. Integration).

West door, untouched by fungus, heavily scratched> Thick stone (100DMG), barred from the other side. Raked by hundreds of fingernails, years ago.

1.3 Fire Chalk

Walls of burnished copper, unoxidised. The northern door, also copper, a huge sun and skull motif. The southern door is stone, with a heavy bar over it.

Hundreds of tenuously balanced stones fill passage> Any disturbance of the stones collapses them. They hold up 3 clay jars encrusted with gems.

3 clay jars, decorated in tourmaline with flame motifs> Inside is *fire chalk*. If the jars break, the fire chalk tastes air and combusts, inflicting 2d10+5 dmg to anyone in Close range.

Sun and skull door> Strikes fear into the heart of the diseased, turning them away. *Fear Save*. Pure bodies may push it open.

1.4 Shrine of Stillness

Sterile. Nothing in this room can decay. The last person untouched by the Bird Plague barricaded themselves in here to die of starvation.

The Western door holds a stairwell to **2.4 Mortuary**, blocked at the bottom by a cave-in.

Transparent, unrippling well> Water pure and sweet. Cures disease. For the deepest taint, that cure is death. If Integrated, *Fear Save* to approach, and deals a Wound if drunk.

Body, emaciated, looks freshly dead> Utterly cold. Elongated skull. Dead centuries, kept fresh by Shrine. Gold tourmaline ring(40p). Body worth thousands to an esotericist.

Wall scratchings, illegible, increasingly manic> Script of the People Before. Includes a tally: 250 days.

150 clay jars, contents d100>

00-19. Cornflour 20-49. Crystals from evaporated urine 50-59. Desiccated faeces 60-69. Inedible food waste e.g. nut shells, corn husks 70-89. Engraving knives, blunted 90-99 Cut and polished tourmaline(500p)

1.5 Shrine of Decay

Intolerable smell of rot. Any food brought in instantly goes off. A statue once lived here. A visual assault of mold now covers it.

Mold fractals> Tugs at the eye. Baleful cosmic poetry. Where does it end? *Sanity Save*. If Integrated, [-] to resist reading.

Earth is broken open holding folded furrow flight by wry gyp of widened locus here where worms shall paint the end of all the Spirit for the sake of Mind as None the name of Death the kind beholder riven plunder knowing not of plight of One asunder into many lost and strewn through blackness under Earth is broken o

Statue crowned with pustulent mold> Coughs yellow spores. The source of the spore ghoulish infection. If Adjacent, [-]*Body Save* vs. Integration.

1.6 Aspen Garden

Well-trafficked. Rows of transplanted soil. Clay buckets of water drawn from the river.

1d10 spore ghoulish gardeners> At least 1 is a truly ancient corpse, mummified, in antiquated garb, with elongated skull and tourmaline jewellery. *Want*: To feed and prune the Aspen, keeping it barely alive. *Dislike*: Unauthorised approach of the northern stairs to **2.3 Storage**

Tortured aspen sapling> Kidnapped from the groves. Under panoramic attack from thousands of varieties of fungal pathogen. The Mother learns, slowly, how best to kill it.

These fungi are made to maim, not Integrate. On touch, *Body Save* vs. 1 of the following:

1d5

1. Black Mold Over 1d5 days, mucus membranes become inflamed and necrotic, horrifically bloating abdomen and displacing blinded eyes from their sockets. Fatal.

2. Neural Zipper Liquefies protein chains in the brain. *Body Save* every dawn vs. 1d10 Intellect loss. Banish disease on critical success.

3. Barkskin +10 natural AP, but movement becomes progressively more painful. Eventually become rooted to the spot. Curable with successful combined *Surgery + Body Save*.

4. Hypersensitivity Fear Save whenever Close to fungi. Cured by 1d5 weeks of isolation.

5. Logger's Lung -1d10+5 *Body Save*. Whole-body itchy dryness. Cough blood frequently. Incurable, comparatively benign.

1.7 Transference Chamber

Walls heavy with brightly sparking synapses that flow to unknown destinations.

Blood red fungal pedestal> Shaped like a chair. Opens like a flower to enfold you, closes gently around your head.

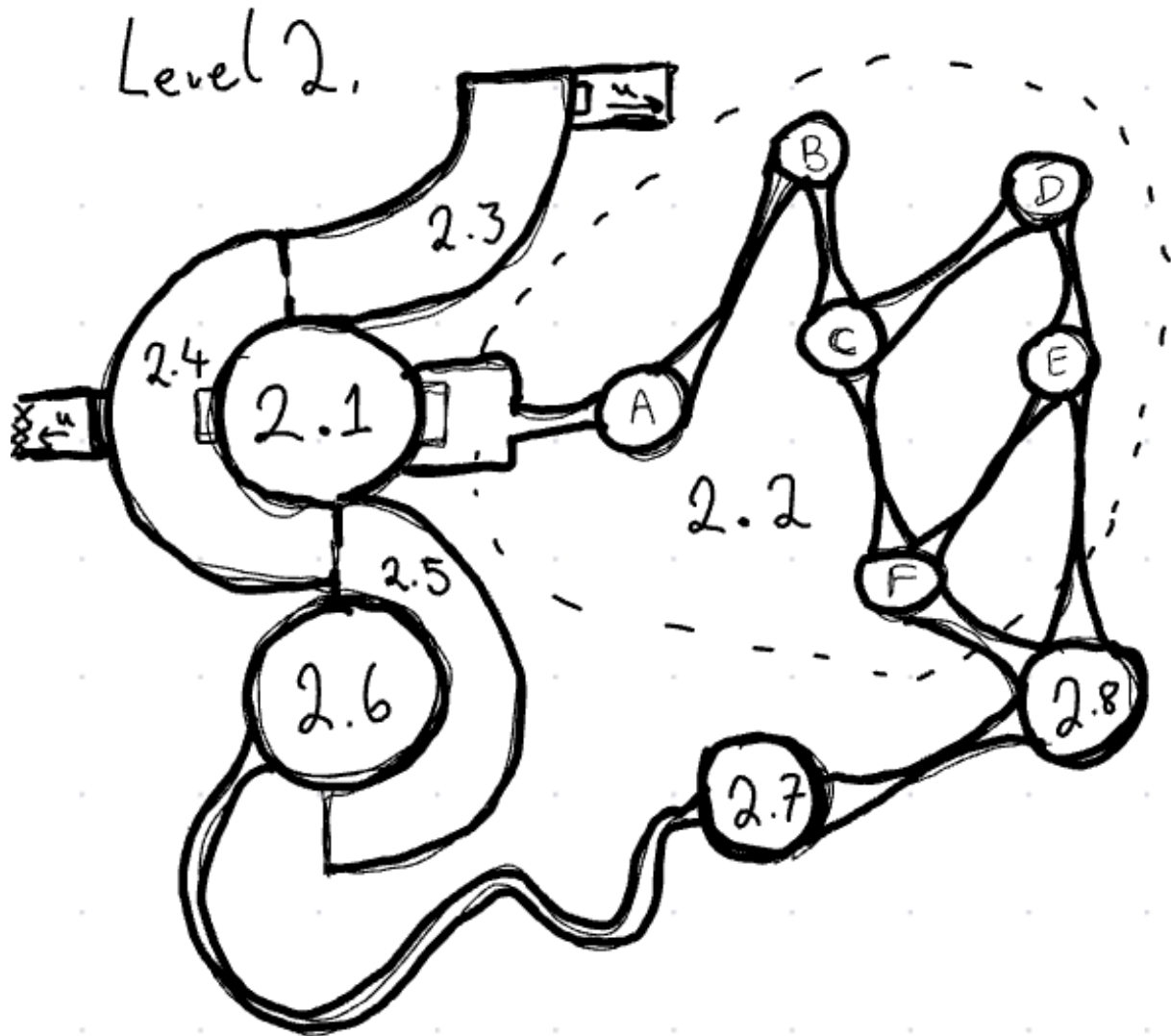
Body Save. On a failure, you have Integration 5. You awaken, naked, encased in slime, in a dark, humid chamber (**2.6 Clone Chamber**). You can see perfectly. You are made of mold.

FUNGAL CLONE

Your true body is catatonic, encased in room **1.7**. Your consciousness, meanwhile, inhabits a fungal clone.

It has the same stats as your normal body, excepting that it has 1 less maximum Wound, and automatically fails *Body Saves* vs. Integration. It is obviously constructed of fungus.

To get your true body back, you must place it in **2.6 Clone Chamber** and your fungal body into the Transference chair.



Trolley Track

Runs from **2.3 Storage** to **2.5 Tomb**. A wheeled copper tub is situated in **2.3 Storage**. It can admit up to 1,000lbs weight and the equivalent bulk of a heifer.

2.1 Grasping Garden

Deep carpet of purple mould cuts off the lower halves of doorways (crawl space only). Skeletal hands protrude.

East door, roughcut tunnel> Very dim amber glow.

West door, shaped stone> Fractal, geometric carved patterns.

Mould carpet> A mass of ancient, decayed corpses, animated by fungus. Pressure sensitive, grapples and tears. *Fear Save*. C: 45, Tear 2d10 I: 0 W: 1(200)

2.2 Mycelial Maze

Tunnels of dimly luminescent orange slime mould connect nodes. The nodes are cramped, 6' spheres, purplish, furry.

Maze crawler> Blind pyramid of scintillating slime. Every time a player or players moves, the crawler moves. It is attracted to vibration. The crawler starts in Node E.

C: 78, (2d10+5 dmg) I: 45 W: 35 (3).

Heat-reactive vasospasm> Great heat, such as from open flame, causes the tunnels to twitch and constrict. *Body Save* or 1d10 dmg.

2.3 Storage

Under a fur of greyish-red mould, racks of implements. Trolley track and wheeled tub.

Ancient tools> When cleaned off, a perfectly serviceable collection of bronze or obsidian axes, mattocks, shears, etc., etc.

Special tools> A bone whistle that beckons vultures. A string of beads that trembles near water. A clear blue pebble that burns hot on infected skin. A brass rod that, when struck against a stone block weighing up to 3t, causes it to levitate 1' in the air.

Homunculus> Fifteen corpses welded together with fungus. Roars wetly, adds the dead to its mass. Squeezes through doorways with the cracking of bone.

C: 75, atks x 2 (2d10 dmg) I: 20 W: 5(15)

2.4 Mortuary

Dessicated bodies spill in from the Eastern doorway. Concentric rainbow patterns paint all surfaces.

Corpse pallets> Stacked in cubes of 16, preserved, bandaged. Expired pustules under wrappings.

Mortician corpses> Collapsed at their preparation tables, tools in hands. They worked to the very end.

Spore ghouls> 1 in 10 of the bodies is a dormant spore ghoul. Roll 1d10 every time a loud noise is made or a body is disturbed. On a 1, a ghoul awakens.

2.5 Tomb

Walkway down the middle of this room. The floor is a hundred feet down. The ceiling, fifty feet up. Stout ladders. Taut strands of mycelial fibre cross everything.

Shelf lined walls> A thousand or more mummified bodies and canopic jars, stacked perfectly.

Mycelial web> Even an exhale causes them to thrum. Spore Termites swarm along them to the point of disturbance.

Spore termites> Fungally controlled insects. Hungry. They colonise the mummies, spin bridges of hyphae to traverse the chamber. Each swarm reduces its damage by 1d10 per Wound sustained. Scared of fire.

C: 55 (5d10 dmg, *Body Save* vs. Integration) I: 15 W: 5(20)

2.6 Clone Chamber

The smell of birth. Fleshy mould over every surface. Pulses of synaptic light surge into the domed ceiling.

Mould cocoons> Coffin sized. Inside are dormant *fungus clones* (see **1.7 Transference Chamber**). Inert and helpless unless a human consciousness is transferred into them.

Southwest sphincter> Iris aperture. On approach, motile tendrils descend and caress your head. Only Clones and the Integrated may pass. Detection of intruders summons 1d10 Spore Ghouls from **2.4 Tomb**.

2.7 Sapience

Spherical chamber. The entire room vascillates, inducing vertigo.

Fractal pane> 10' slice of semitransparent fungal slime. Crystal-like formations morph on it at breakneck speed, looks like constantly zooming into a Mandelbrot set. Emanates whispers like shattering ice.

Destruction of the pane triggers an all-out hunt for the perpetrators. Every ten minutes, 1d5 spore ghouls appear from an adjacent room. In addition, the Maze Crawler leaves **2.7 Mycelial Maze** to hunt them down. Corpses will be brought back to this room, their brainstems exposed, plugged into the Sapience to restore its neuricity.

THE PARLIAMENT OF MOULD

The Parliament communicates by subsumption. Things outside the network are barely knowable, are to be feared by default.

All the trees of this forest, every flower's roots, every germ of grass, are annexes of the Parliament. Through them, it knows of flesh, knows it is horrifyingly apart, but necessary. Of this unfortunate clade, Men are by far the most aberrant, the least tolerable.

The Aspen colony is not necessary. Something burns brightly in its roots, purging out the Parliament of Mould. It cannot be allowed to propagate.

2.8 Mushroom Baby

Smell of blood. Sink to shin height in fleshy mould. Sound of rushing plasma.

Organ facsimiles> Sickeningly complex fungal structures, the Parliament's attempts to mimic higher life. A fibrillating heart shifts nutrients towards the **sac**. A malformed hand grasps blindly. *Sanity Save*.

Gravid golden sac cradled in pedestal> Thick veins and organs pump towards it. The sac is gravid. Inside, what looks to be a fetus(*Panic Check*). If Integrated, you intuit what it is and what to do with it.

THE MUSHROOM BABY

Has been growing for fifty years. Will be born in five days.

Shaped like a human baby. Looks made of fungus. It is neither. It is a departure from the cosmic order.

If taken off the pedestal, requires 3,000 liquid calories daily until birth, or it will die.

Bowl shaped depression, sprinkled with white fluid> Cow's milk(*Sanity Save*).

Spore-infected cows periodically come here to feed the foetus, then wander off to graze and spread their spores.