

== ADVENTURE AWAITS! ==

Thanks so much for checking this out! Our plan is to run one of the following games every other week. Each game has four open spots, which will be filled first come, first serve. Dates listed here are tentative, so if you feel strongly about one, we may be able to move things around!

Experience is welcome but not necessary, and you won't need anything special to play. We'll go over how to play and bring the relevant materials!

If you'd like to play one of these, or if you have any questions, you can text me at 919-345-9786 or get in touch with me via Discord at @MyWitsBeginToTurn.

The Thorbourne Job (*Dungeon World, December 1st*)

The past several decades have not been pleasant. Your homeland has largely been conquered, and you are now ostensibly ruled by a colonial government that largely concerns itself with dispatching bands of roving adventurers to collect the treasures of your society from the tombs, temples, and dungeons where they are intended to rest. You have decided that it is your job to stop this.

Lord Watson Thorbourne is currently in possession of the Axe of Sil Sevrin. Beyond being a magical artifact of immense power, it's also a work of art, a historical piece, and an ancient symbol of leadership in your homeland. Unfortunately, Thorbourne has recently made it clear that he intends to sell the piece to the highest bidder, which happens to be the *other* major world power attempting to conquer your homeland: the Deepwater Trading Company.

Your contacts tell you that the sale is meant to happen next week, which means that to keep the axe where it belongs, you need to steal it tonight. Lucky you: Thorbourne is throwing a party tonight for all his weird rich friends, and that might give you an opportunity to forge some invitations and make your way into the manor house to steal the axe before Deepwater gets there.

Minnow Creek (*Monster of the Week, December 15th*)

Last week, you watched Polly Abernathy stand up in the break room and call to order the first meeting of the Minnow Creek Mall Investigation Society. No one really wanted to be there.

People showed up anyway because Polly is nice. She covers a lot of shifts and brings in cookies sometimes, so folks felt like they could at least stop in for fifteen minutes. Most of them didn't even roll their eyes when she brought up all the urban legends local kids tell each other. Sure, Polly; the mall was built on an ancient burial ground, and the basement's haunted, and there's a secret code in the floor tiles. Whatever you say.

Everyone made their excuses, promised to report any strange findings, and left as early as they possibly could. Early shift tomorrow. Long drive home. Kid's sick. Whatever.

But then Polly went missing. Cops came through and swept the mall. Looked around her apartment. Mr. Pearson, the mall's manager, had to make a statement on the news. They even interviewed a few of you.

What's weird is that they ignored the biggest piece of evidence. When you got to work the day she went missing, each of you had a note slipped into your locker. In Polly's handwriting, they read:

"I'm going into the basement. It has to be tonight. If I don't come back, send help. - Polly."

So now a much smaller crowd is meeting up for the second meeting of the Minnow Creek Mall Investigation Society. Because Polly might have been onto something after all.

Lil Folk (*Savage Worlds, December 29th*)

There used to be humans, a long time ago. No one is quite sure how long. Then one day, they all disappeared. There are no people anymore. No bodies left behind. No bones.

It must have happened quickly. Some houses still have pots on the stove. There are cars crashed all along the highways. Doors hang open. No one knows what happened to them, or where they all went.

Then, long after the humans disappeared, there was The Lift. Bit by bit, all around the world, an intelligence began to spread. Mice were first, suddenly awaking to find themselves capable of complex thought and language, and able to walk easily on two legs. It spread from there. In a big city, you're likely to find mice, rats, squirrels, toys, fairies, lizards, and more, all gifted with sentience by The Lift, and all working to carve out their own place in the neo-feudal society developing in the weird, warped, and horrific post-apocalyptic ruins of human civilization.

Your story begins in The Herald – a tavern and inn built in what used to be a row of newspaper vending machines. The rain on the plastic roof echoes through the building. You're drinking cheap alcohol from thimbles and pen caps when a mouse bursts through the doors, bruised and bleeding, begging for help. He says he's found something that people are willing to kill for, and he needs help putting it to good use. It's only a few seconds later when you hear someone else slam the doors open.

Unless someone steps in to save him, this mouse isn't long for this world, and his secret dies with him.

Blast Off (*Fate, January 5th*)

About a hundred years back, some scans showed that this planet might have valuable mineral deposits, and it kicked off an interstellar gold rush. Your great grandparents were part of that gold rush, which means they were among the many,

many, *many* people disappointed when it turned out that the scans were wrong. There is nothing valuable in or on this terrible planet.

Thing is, like most people, your folks spent everything they had making their way here across the stars. They had nothing left for a ticket home when things went belly-up. Several generations on, and you're *still* trying to scrounge up the cash to go anywhere else.

A few weeks ago, you found something interesting in a junk heap way outside of town. It sure looks like a key to a starship. Now, technically, you don't own the ship, and taking off in a ship you don't own would ping the planet's automated defenses, which would then shoot you out of the sky. But maybe there's a way around that.

You and your friends are at this bar to meet up with a real old-timer – one of the folks who trekked out here from Earth. She says she's too old for travel, but not too old to remember wanting to leave. Says she can help you find a way to use the key without dying. Maybe she's lying, or crazy, or just flat wrong. But maybe you've got a ticket out of here.