

Palimpsest

Palimpsest Plain Text Document in [Atkinson Hyperlegible](#).

Palimpsest

Version 0.3 (Unedited)

Written & Designed

RatGrrrl Games

Cover Art

Evlyn Moreau

Guardian Art

Chaoclypse

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Author's Note

This is a mostly-finished draft that really got away from me that will continue to be updated and eventually will be properly edited by someone who knows how to do that.

It is absolutely runnable as is with all lore, locations, hexmap, and most tables being complete.

This began life as 'Baby's [my] first hexcrawl' for the Tabletop Graveryard Jam and just grew into what is now over 50 pages and

still going because I became so enamoured with the project and making it the best I could.

I was literally up until the wire exporting against the clock and only just made the 0500 jam submission deadline, after already putting an inordinate amount of time into it.

These past weeks since release have seen a whole lot more research and writing, as the project continues to grow with art commissioned by Chaoclype and Justin Vandermeer, the expansion of the discussion of Safety Tools, completion of the Vestiges and Weird Stuff tables, inclusion Vestiges of the Inexpungible, and progress on Detritus, Lethean, and Something Crrepy tables.

This is still a work in progress and will continue to be updated with the next bringing the addition of the potential aftermath, accessible document, and completion of the current tables, with many additional and extended tables, including expanding locations, as well as selected bibliography and more detailed NPCs planned for the future updates.

More is coming! I'm doing my best to make this the best.

- RatGrrrl

Random Generators

There are a number of random generators I have created for Palimpsest:

How Did You Get Here?

A Generator for Discovering How You Got to Palimpsest

- [Generator Itch Page](#)
- [In this Document](#)

Captive

A Generator for Palimpsest: An immense, tarnished gilt mew containing...

CW: Some body horror, description of dead bodies

- [Generator Itch Page](#)
- [In this Document](#)

Lost

- [Generator Itch Page](#)
- [In this Document](#)

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Safety Tools

CONTENT WARNING

Body Horror, Bugs/ Insects, Cult/ Religion, Descriptions of Violence and injury detail, Exploitation, Loss of Memory/ Self, Slugs/ Snakes, Tentacles

A Note on ‘Madness’

This supplement contains mental degradation from literally trading away memories and succumbing to hopelessness. It also

features aspects of cosmic horror, including eldritch monstrosities. However, there are NO 'madness' mechanics included and NO ONE "[sees] a ballsack with tentacles and [gets] instant, transient mental illness".

Safety Tools

The comfort and safety of everyone at the table is always more important than anything included in here, story or game so Safety Tools are always advisable. I recommend Lines and Veils, X-Card, and the Open Door.

The TTRPG Safety Toolkit, co-curated by Kienna Shaw and Lauren Bryant-Monk, is a phenomenal resource that I heartily recommend:

bit.ly/ttrpgsafetytoolkit

There are some heavy topics and potentially triggering elements, as well as some weird and creepy stuff that could hopefully be fun. Due to this and the eclectic nature of Palimpsest and its disparate bits and bobs, it could be handy to make a Manifesto as part of your discussion around Safety Tools. This allows everyone to name some things they would and would not want in the game, such as using the potential for known characters from other games to appear, not wanting real-world contemporary references, being all about the tentacles, or wanting to avoid giant blood-filled bugs.

Introduction

“There is no path. Beyond the scope of light, beyond the reach of Dark... what could possibly await us?”

What is This?

Palimpsest is a system-neutral point crawl adventure, sandbox, and setting in the realm of Palimpsest – the place where realms go to be scraped clean after they die.

This could be used as a one shot or the beginning of a campaign (or at least set up some ramifications for following games and settings).

This could also be used as an adventure to play in the event of a total party kill, as a send-off for a group coming to an end, and/ or the epilogue to a campaign.

There is some lore, point crawl map with events, encounters and various random tables to enable you to use this however you like and to fit into most dark/ fantasy games.

A Note From RatGrrrl:

There's a bunch of lore, ideas, tables and stuff, but please just use whatever is useful to you and/ or seems fun and bin the rest.

Canons go boom, regardless of the number of 'n's they have.

TTRPGs are about having fun (or whatever other kind of experience), not about homework.

– RatGrrrl

What's the Point?

People far more experienced and knowledgeable can tell you all about pointcrawls, hexcrawls, sandboxes and stuff. What I wanted to do was present a place with a narrative and locations and encounters that encourage exploring and engaging with the setting and story.

I will include a suggested pointcrawl mechanic, encounters and all that, but ultimately Palimpsest can be run as in-depth or quickly as you like – Hexcrawl every inch of it or never show the players the map and riff on the setting or story. It's your game and you should play it however you like (Just don't use this to be a bigoted or hateful fuckhead, please and thank you).

“where the Realms end is where you must begin.”

Palimpsest

Palimpsest is the realm where realms go to die.

Realms taken by war, natural disaster, the wrath of gods, or it simply being their time to come here to be scraped clean and reborn.

Growth and decomposition. Expansion and collapsing. Life and death. This is the transitory nature of being — the breath of creation.

Life, however ancient, having a cycle with an end is what makes it beautiful, meaningful, and vital.

Palimpsest grants meaning in the obliteration and hope in preparing for new growth and renewal.

“You ever try to clean an actual slate? You always see what was on it before.”

Imperfect

Perfection is a myth.

This is as true for ephemeral mortals as it is for the harmony of immortal impetus – The resonance of the realms occasionally ring with discordant notes and unintended codettas. Most fade into decrescendo, while some dissonant sotto voce memories echo within the musicality of life and death – becoming dirges. These dirges can warp the very weft of the realms – corrupting cankers of obstinate memory that deny fresh enkindling.

“Time's the thief of memory.”

Forgotten

The Forgotten huddle among the ruins of Skröp, the only remaining settlement, holding on to what semblance of their former lives. Defending themselves as best they can against the Lethean tasked with wiping out all remaining life on Palimpsest and the Detritus, monstrosities with infinite forms and no known origin.

In this bleak place few offer their aid or what meagre things they can scrounge in the Slip Cracks for nothing. Forgotten use the only thing they have as currency – memories. As everywhere, the greedy horde this precious resource, which is also taken as a tithe to The Crucible, the cult of the Inexpungible.

When Forgotten run out of memories or succumb to the Desolation they become Lost and wander the wastes driven by muscle memory until they are left Unburied or end up as prey for something stalking the blighted landscape.

Skräp

The only settlement on Palimpsest.

To call it a city would be a sick joke. It is a haphazard and wildly eclectic collection of fractured facades, tumultuous ruins and mangled masonry from innumerable times and places – The dregs of aeons of civilisations collected together, broken and rebuilt endlessly, like the work of a destructive and innovative child.

In this crumbling dreg heap the last traces of anything approaching normalcy, if it can be called that, can be found. Memories are traded for items that fall through the Slip Cracks and are discovered in the shifting, deadly Oubliettes. Rich Remembrancers live in relative luxury, sustained by the memories of those who work and beg for scraps until, having nothing left of themselves, they become Lost.

This is where all the Forgotten eventually finds their way to – should they survive the journey. It is also where the Lost depart

from on their final, hopeless walkabout (or where they are forced out, along with Exiles).

Increasingly Enlightened are found exhorting the catechisms of The Crucible and spreading tales of the Inexpungible.

“We’ll both be Lost before you know it.”

Lost

Whether from trading away their last memories in an attempt to survive another day in this nihilistic void or hollowed by hopelessness, the fate of all Forgotten is to lose themselves and become Lost. These listless figures wander the wastes surviving on muscle memory and a single, all-consuming emotion – most commonly rage and despair.

There are rumours of unspeakable changes to the few Lost that manage to survive for any length of time...

“There is a darkness within man, and I am afraid you will peer into it. Whether the fear will spark self-reflection or a ruinous nostalgia is up to you entirely.”

Crucible

Torpor means death on Palimpsest.

While the majority of Forgotten toil in the Slip Cracks, trading whatever they can to the tyrant Remembrancers, others heed the catechisms of the Crucible – A cult spreading the words and deeds of the Inexpungible.

So-called Enlightened travel the wastes ensuring all know of their indefatigable champion, extolling her prowess and wisdom, and collecting tithes in the form of memories. It is less clear why they are charging Aspirants with collecting all the bones and kindling they can lay their hands on or how they are able to pass the Guardian, a colossal and horrifying Detritus, unharmed.

The cult ostensibly serves the Inexpungible, fulfilling her need to sustain herself and procuring the labour and materials for the Banefyre, though it is clear that both the figurehead and faithful are not entirely honest with one another.

“The Lost frighten me to no end.

They are lost from their past, lost from themselves.

I don't want to die, I want to exist.

I would sacrifice anything, burn everything for this.”

The Inexpungible

Simply another accursed Forgotten in this Stygian domain.

But one that has lasted here longer than any other before her – surviving on an obstinate obsession and incandescent compulsion for self-preservation.

Her name slipped through her skeletal fingers aeons ago. Somewhere between when it was all she was left with so she began extorting memories at the end of her blade to keep from

becoming Lost, and when she founded the Crucible and began construction of the now towering Banefyre.

How long can self, that seemingly insignificant thing, survive alone? How can a psyche maintain sanity while drowning in the memories of countless others? How could a soul not darken after witnessing the banal mechanics of the Ordinance?

“Am I wrong to feel so? Would you do the same, in my shoes – facing oblivion in this benighted place?”

“Fear the Lethean.”

Lethean

Servitors of the Ordinance with the sole purpose to expunge all life that survives the Planer.

These strange, soulless forms spill from Aether Geysers and are drawn to the Slip Cracks, whether hunting scavengers or lying in wait to eradicate any life that somehow survived The Fall.

Rumours abound about these dispassionate ravagers. Some fear they are what become of the Lost, while others believe the Lost worship these aberrant processors. Some hold the belief sacrificing others to these base creatures will earn their protection...

“...Oh Detritus, oh Detritus...Have mercy on the poor Forgotten...What a joy it is, to behold the divine, treading a measure with the gods...”

Detritus

No one can say how long the Detritus have been here or where these immense monstrosities come from.

The only the Forgotten are sure about is that they are ghastly leviathan – Dread behemoths that haunt their nightmares and stalk Palimpsest's badlands.

Cyclopean beasts beyond comprehension taking myriad deadly and horrifying forms.

There are even whispers of Forgotten who revile them as heralds of the Ordinance...

“Life is a journey, and every journey eventually comes to an end.”

Starting Out

If you are playing this with new characters it could be interesting for them to discover during the adventure that the realm they come from is dead, and by extension so are they...or at least they should be.

Regardless of how they came to be here, be it through death, destruction of their realm, machinations of deities, powerful magic users, faulty portals, cursed items, sneaky scrolls, etc., they arrive through a vortex so dark and infinite as to defy black as description.

Tumbling through a Slip Crack with other lost ephemera from everywhere that is and has been – just another part of The Fall.

The characters are presented with a barren and blasted landscape. A dead realm scraped clean by the Ordinance – Palimpsest. Slipped between the ancient cracks in the realm and the Planer are the Forgotten and the Lost.

Encounters

The pages after the hex map of Palimpsest outline the numbered locations, their encounters, and other points of interest, followed by tables of Random Encounters, Lethean, Detritus, Something Creepy, Weird Stuff, and Vestiges.

Pick or roll whenever it seems most appropriate, surprising, or you feel like it. Mix, match, develop, or disregard as you see fit.

Get to the Point

Palimpsest is intended to be run however best fits your game and group. It can just be a sandbox setting to play in, run as a full hexcrawl, or as a focused pointcrawl.

The essential route for a one shot is:

- | | |
|--------------------|----------|
| 1. Starting Portal | 2. Lost* |
| 4. (Skräp) | |

Exploring before/ after Skräp as much as you like then:

- | | |
|-------------|--------------|
| 9. Guardian | 10. Banefyre |
|-------------|--------------|

*You might want to include some more Lost and Forgotten along the way making mention of The Inexpungible during a single session.

There's enough lore, seeds, and the like to make an arc or even a little campaign if you were inclined.

Hexmap

Palimpsest

1. Starting Portal
2. Lost
3. Realm Grave
4. Skröp
5. Forgotten
6. Fragments
7. Ossuary
8. Captive
9. Guardian
10. Banefyre

Aether Geyser

Slip Cracks

Crystalline Oblivion

You are admist strange beings in a strange realm...

How Did You Get Here?

1. Death: But not for you...
2. Magic: Some kind of arcane or eldritch fuckery.
3. Portal: At least you are intact. Everything accounted for?
4. Dream: The nightmare swirls and churns, unending!
5. Cursed: Did you wrong a witch, daemon, god or other hexer?
6. Realm Death: Your realm experienced an armageddon and all you got was this lousy...

Locations

Starting Portal

You tumble out of an infinitely dark, swirling void and fall through a crack in the sky? The floor? Either way you tumble in a heap surrounded by an assortment of anachronistic and anatopic items from disparate times and settings. (These random things can help set your desired tone and could be from anywhere other games and media your players might be familiar with, including real life)

Lost

You come across a robed figure slumped against a pitted, blue-grey rock...

1. A pallid and emaciated corpse with the ghost of a hollow expression melting off their face. Their skin is sloughing off and spreading across the colourless sand like slime mould.
2. The figure will look up at them with a look of despair, holding their arms up as if they want to be picked up like a baby. If someone offers them comfort, they will give them a silver disc depicting a flame cupped in bone hands on it. Otherwise, they will throw an inconsolable tantrum.
3. Jumps up in all-consuming wrath. There is only white-hot rage and violence. If incapacitated or mollified through significant care or effort, they will display a brief moment of who they once were before they pass.
4. The body is actually only one half of a cadaver – a bloodless, haunting face or livid coils of intestines, stark against the cold sand. Examining the body makes it clear some colossal beast is responsible.
5. Chanting, “Inexpungible” in desperate reverence until they grow hoarse and forget the word. Attempting to continue though their tongue can find no words.
6. The figure is staked to the ground and in the process of being devoured by Lethean. The sight of them seemingly serenely succumbing to this annihilation is truly harrowing.

Realm Grave

Imposing obsidian obelisk radiating elegiac energy. Grave marker with towering letters and numbers carved in an ancient script. Stone is ancient, smooth and ice-cold. Carvings appear to be a

tally with numbers beyond reckoning. Impressions of countless previous markings.

Skräp

A ramshackle collection of shattered and ruined buildings clustered together as if for warmth. Mismatched and confusing designs, construction and materials patch-worked together to form a helter-skelter Forgotten township ruled by Remembrancer oligarchs.

1. A fractured piazza with a Crucible Psychopomp lecturing a smattering of varyingly enraptured and bored Forgotten from a rickety stage of soap boxes, or collecting memory tithes for the Inexpungible.
2. An eerily deserted district. An opportunity to explore the eclectic ruins. what happened here?
3. Forgotten barricaded in the shattered remnants of a basilica against the attack of Lethean.
4. A rampaging Detritus wreaking havoc in a populated area of the city. Cries of anguish and praise mingle in the dusty air.
5. A Remembrancer being carried along the mosaic cobbled thoroughfare on an opulent palanquin carried by indentured Forgotten.
6. A Forgotten Virago returning with grisly trophies and the names, at least those of which they can/ care to remember, of the many killed taking down a Detritus or Lethean outbreak. Equal chance of being a Slayer for the Remembrancers, or a Crucible Palatine.

Forgotten

You come upon a denizen of Palimpsest wandering the wasteland... Some may have information, work, or even join the party. All have their own motives.

1. An Exile from Skröp with a heartbreaking tale of inequality and cruelty of the Remembrancers and/ or the Crucible.

Without assistance, they will soon become Lost. With aid, it will just take more time.

2. Heading back from scavenging in the Slip Cracks with an assortment of oddments and curiosities or lugging as many bones as they can from the Ossuary to the Banefyre.
3. A Crucible Enlightened searching for Forgotten to bring to the Inexpungible's cause.
4. A Virago searching for glory or death hunting the deadly aberrations plaguing Palimpsest.
5. Another recent arrival from a disparate realm. A character or NPC from another game or media?
6. Gunslinger on the precipice of becoming Lost trapped in an eternal cycle of long days and unpleasant nights.

Fragments

A desultory snarl of megaliths, cairns, cromlechs, obelisks, and dolmen protruding from the plain with vertiginous geometry. Overrun with unquiet dead of every conceivable type tethered to the mortuary monoliths and driven wild by the palpable psychometry of Desolation.

Ossuary

A labyrinthine catacomb comprised entirely of the bones of all manner of beings –housing all those who came before, and some who never were. This sprawling sepulchre permeates the entirety of Palimpsest's underground, expanding and contracting according to the whims of the Beams.

Captive

An immense, tarnished gilt mew containing...

1. A pale figure gripping the bars and begging to be set free. One of the Lost, having succumbed to the Desolation while imprisoned. They will continue to beg for release, even if set free.
2. A hunched figure embraced by brass armour of interlocking hands. If released, Toulouse will join the party with their shamshir, swordbreaker, and disconcerting laughter. Regardless of the choices of the party, their mission is to kill the Inexpungible.
3. The emaciated form of a Remembrancer looking up at you with a hangdog expression. Their finery, jowls and panniculi hanging loose on their frail form. They will say anything to get back to Skröp and, given a modicum of power, they will likely renege on any agreements not weighted in their favour.
4. A Crucible Apostate locked away to await the end of this realm. This is their fate for threatening the covenant with their incessant questions.

5. A mouldering pile of bodies. Approaching the liquefying remains reveals disturbing movement. A single, bloated Lethean writhes in the rancid mess having gorged or a handful of small Lethean rise as if birthed from the gelatinous viscera.
6. Nothing. The intricate filigree has been obliterated from within. Examining the cage reveals still smoking corrosion and an immense shadow falling over the scene...

Guardian

A Stygian swamp drinks in the celestial light of a towering Aether Geyser. Its obsidian surface reflecting an unseen darkness. Suddenly, a horrifying, leviathan Tentaculus Detritus with a chaotic mosaic of undulating scales – Each of which contain nights unseen by mortal eyes and blazing stars that burned out aeons ago – erupts from its unfathomable depths.

It will do all it can to stop anyone from passing without the blessing of the Crucible. Those granted passage are silently stalked by the colossal serpent – Its unfathomable maw and the voids of its eyes always uncomfortably close.

Banefyre

Beyond the Guardian's mire and the blinding fountain, a bonfire reaches far into the empty sky. A towering edifice to sheer determination and the refusal to remain here, unremembered comprised of the bones of the dead of ages beyond reckoning.

The Inexpungible stands before you, an imposing figure with a rune-etched sword held fast in a gloved fist and a crackling torch in its skeletal counterpart. Despite the untold time in this wretched place and the weight of everything she has done, plain to see in the necrotising skin spreading across her face and the frigid steel in her stare, the venerated knight she once was and deadly foe she still could be are painfully obvious.

She will give the party the opportunity to join her in building the enormous pyre even higher into the lonely heavens with promises that they can join her in the next realm. This is true but will take a lot of work, and only increases the potentially disastrous ramifications.

There is nothing that can be said to change her mind from her course – No argument about the beauty of life being in its fragile, fleeting nature. No evidence of the potential doom of the next realm and the countless innocent lives that could be lost for this one long and bitter one. She will do everything she can to see the Banefyre lit and be her own vigil.

She will never surrender. She is too far gone now. Sparing her life without some miraculous or otherwise impressive means of getting through to her, perhaps if there were a way to present discovery and vow to remember her name†, will result in her becoming Lost and continuing her mission with mindless abandon.

† There are two Vestiges of the Inexpungible that together will give her name, Yvaine, though acquiring these items is intended to take a concerted effort and/ or explicit intention.

YVAINE

[This is still a work in progress and will continue to be updated with the potential aftermath, complete and additional tables.]

“...radiant, luminous, starlit offspring...”

Aether Geyser

A gushing eruption of viscous midnight emitting an astral radiance. The geysers themselves and the unctuous liquid Oizys are the only sources of light on Palimpsest – Casting riotous shadows that seem to animate with a life of their own. It is from these outbursts the Lethean flow.

“...a great Chasm, vast this way and that,

no limit below it, no base, no place to settle...”

Slip Cracks

Periodic realmquakes and yawning sinkholes open great rents in the crumbling rock and sand. Some simply uncover cavernous grottoes and claustrophobic oubliettes, or expose catacombs and crypts of the Ossuary, while others holes in the Empyrean through which literally anything could materialise. These latter rents in the firmament often open without regard for physics – Voids appearing at berserk angles without warning, divesting their

contents, and wreaking havoc on anything caught within their spontaneous nihilism. It is here Forgotten risk life and limb to scavenge Vestiges.

“The firmament Outblackens Erebus, and the full-cavern'd earth...”

Crystalline Oblivion

Jutting up from the earth like the blackened fingers of the dead, these crystal structures are posited to be the oblivion of the abyss given form. As the Aether Geysers extrude light, these obfuscous minerals absorb it. Despite jet facets appearing to glisten from afar, nothing can be seen in their treacle surface – The witnessing of Nothing. Touching these sable stones spells certain death or worse –Anything living is instantly drawn inside as easily as the light. No one dares speculate on what happens within and/ or where it leads.

Tables

Random Encounters

1. Wanderer: 1. Forgotten 2. Lost 3. Crucible 4. Merchant 5. Virago 6. Remembrancer
2. Prochronism: Strange, impossible and absurd anachronisms.
3. Pasithea: Hallucinations, mirages, visions.
4. Olethros: Unnatural Events/ Disasters, Erupting Aether Geyser/ Lethean Outbreak, Slip Cracks and portals opening, Crystalline Oblivion bursting from the earth.
5. Grotesque: Monsters, Beasts, Lethean, Detritus, Unknown Syncretisms.

6. Revenant: Unquiet Dead, Wraith, Draugr, Mummy, Skeleton, spilling from the Fragments, Ossuary, and wherever the Unburied once lay.

Forgotten

1. The Legate: Stalwart bugbear legionary with plans to build an army to overthrow the Remembrancers...though they wish to install an Imperial Cult and Emperor.
2. Thopter & Servo: An ornithopter pilot and their child returning from spelunking in one of the Slip Cracks. Savvy in all respects when it comes to Palimpsest...except when it comes to violence. Can provide information and logistical support.
3. Beatrice: Just a relatively modern woman who has recently discovered there is an famous work of self-insert fan fiction with her as a focus known throughout the realms and is struggling with her feelings about it.
4. Ionos/ Janus / Eldred: A man unstuck from time. Roll 2d6:
 - (2-7) A confused, hopeful teenager in a yellow coat trying to find a way home.
 - (8-11) A grimy adult with eyes filled with pain doing what he can to survive.
 - (12) A rasping, conceited, and narcissistic old man covered in scars who appears to have been consumed in fire.

They each remember previous meetings, which can be in any order and repeat.

5. DiMichele: A peculiar-shaped individual an unkind person might describe as devoid of grace so that you would think you were looking at a walking sack of walnuts or a bundle of radishes rather than a humanoid form. A courier who is extremely friendly and dedicated to those who treat them with respect.

Prochronisms

1. Philosopher: Classical scholar from an antediluvian realm confused about the modernity of their (still ancient) garb, including a rather fetching tutu, with a truly impressive knowledge base...though understands nothing of Palimpsest.
2. Pontate: Once a feudal ruler brought low by hubris, traversing the wastes on the back of a chasmosaurine in full plate armour, directing it with luminescent marshalling wands.
3. Persiflage: An imp, a gremlin, a kobold, and a goblin packed like sardines in a suit of depleted power armour who act as a trickster and vigilante.
4. Polybius: An insufferable history nerd with extensive hagiographic accounts stored inside a handheld video game device that somehow retains dwindling power through the force of ego and disdain for her operator.
5. Percer: Convinced this whole thing is an elaborate LARP. Incredibly charismatic, but will get very tilty if any combat is

not an interminably drawn out affair. Calls out any allusions or references the GM notices or includes themselves.

6. Pengels: A peremptory monorail conductor with a pathological love of riddles. Doesn't know what they're talking about and creates nothing but confusion

Detritus

1. Exodida: Bloodsucking beasts that skitter, hop and/ or fly in the various forms most comparable to parasitiformes ranging from mere millimetres to lumbering mountains straining to contain their curdled, sanguine guts.
2. Tentaculus: Vile slugs, snakes, serpents and things that slither with slimy, jerking glissade, swinging peristaltic proboscises. Coils of groping barbels, palpi, vibrissae, and grasping tentacles.
3. Kháos: Amorphous [Entry to be completed]
4. Waifs: Humanoid [Entry to be completed]
5. Lichoma: Masses of limbs, hands, fingers [Entry to be completed]
6. Viscidum: Organs [Entry to be completed]

Lethean

1. Mitochóndros: Bulbous, spheroid masses that roll and writhe across the wasteland, leaving bleached glass vermicular trenches in their wake. A powerhouse of heat and smoldering, burnt light that leech energy from everything around them.
2. Antikörper: White lattices that almost appear like fresh bone that clutch and consume the dead, dying and Lost.

3. Mycenarrupta: Brilliant blue bioluminescent globose Kethean that are drawn to and make efforts to break down any inanimate organic materials, flora and funga that attempt to take root on Palimpsest.
4. Mitochóndros: Bulbous, spheroid masses that roll and writhe across the wasteland, leaving bleached glass vermicular trenches in their wake. A powerhouse of heat and smouldering burnt light that leech energy from everything around them.
5. Antikörper: White lattices that almost appear like fresh bone that clutch and consume the dead, dying and Lost.
6. Detrivore: Titanic, almost humanoid in form. These largest and rarest Lethean seem to have the sole function of consuming and eradicating the Detritus. This does not mean they don't pose an incredible danger to all life.

Something Creepy

1. Ears of the Guilty: A midnight blue box covered in silver moons filled with shrivelled, bloodless ears on dark velvet.
2. Safety Coffin: A mournful bell echoes leading you to a fresh burial with an ornate gravestone bearing the name of one of the characters. Atop it, a bell is ringing incessantly.
3. The Spider: A spider with a familiar face wants to make a deal. [Entry to be completed]
4. Idol: A crudely carved likeness of one who has died, or possibly an offering to a Bygone God.

Roll a die: Odds it spits a caustic poison upon inspection.

5. A Gamer: An omnious figure waits at a table with a game of strategy and skill set up. They have been expecting you.
[Entry to be completed]
6. Dorothy: An extremely lifelike doll with the uncanny license significant character who has died in this game or any other that will resonate with the players. They wear a rose bonnet and dusky pink red and brilliant yellow dress and speak in a soft, strange manner. If gifted the Chloris Rose they will grant an advancement/ level up for the group or two for the character doing the gifting – their choice.

Weird Stuff

1. Eye Monster: A wild-eyed and pecked bloody monster being made a feast for strange crows. Were they once some kind of animal and/ or Forgotten?
2. Globo: A gurgling and good-natured Lethean adventurer. They communicate through mime and gesture, but are as in the dark as to their origin and why they are the way they are as you. They will join the party if allowed but will defend themselves if necessary and will try to avoid Skröp and groups of Forgotten.
3. AnimaTronic: Hulking primal creatures in the form of heraldic animals from various realms that follow the path of fading ley lines. Once guardians of sacred sites, now infested with colonies of parasitic detritus that drive them to attack any who cross their Beam.
4. Coronach: A headless, wandering dirger whose echoing throat-singing fills all who hear her requiems with

melancholia. This feeling causes those to reflect on those they have lost and strengthens their grasp on these memories.

5. Gravis: A shuddering, keening mound that is revealed to be a mourning oread, cradling a molten, radiant blade, weeping great igneous tears
6. Trep: A cracked skull buried in the dirt with muffled sounds coming from it. Digging it out reveals bone tentacles that sway beneath it. They make biting, sarcastic remarks, particularly about the Detritus and the tropes of cosmic horror, especially about the concept of 'madness' and mental health (They are neurodivergent and feel if anything, the caress of fractal tentacles has improved their mental state).

Vestiges

1. Hesiod's Anvil: A colossal brass anvil belched up from below. Blackened by fire and bearing the twin impressions of titanic fingers.
2. watch & Warrant: A gilded brass drum watch with a black iron hand that somehow represents the real world (or realm of origin) time of the person who reads it. Also includes a sundial seemingly able to cast its own shadow, regardless of light source, which points toward true intentions and bends away from infidelity.
3. Mundane Egg: A golden egg with an intricate, overlapping carnation pattern encircled by a platinum serpent with emerald scales. The Surprise held within, should the incredibly intricate puzzle involving the serpent tracing a

particular pattern over various layers of blossoming petals, is the luminescent potential of an unborn world – Phenomenal cosmic power.

4. Splenia: Blue and gold cameo containing shapes designed adorn the face crafted from sparkling, midnight silk. Placing in these in different positions causes dramatically different reactions from others.
5. Dagobert Javelin: Opulent sceptre of filigreed and enabled gold in three parts: A wickedly pointed shaft, a skeletal hand clutching a realm, and virago riding on the back of a large eagle. Radiates authority. The Legate is very interested in acquiring this vestige.
6. Firenzii Lockstone: Activation stone depicting a hummingbird with multiple sets of wings flying free from a cage. Limited magical unlocking abilities. Unlocking the mew at 8. Captive does not count towards these uses

Vestiges of the Inexpungible

Quixotic Mask

An elite knight from a far realm used this in a ceremonial capacity to hide their identity or perhaps more.

Masterfully crafted, yet still discarded and abused by time. Partial glyphs seem to be carved in the edge.

[Top Half of: YVAINE]

Gloaming Shield

Engraved with a once brilliant flame crest dulled by time and use.

On the inside:

Phosphorus is Phosphorus.

Phosphorus is Hesperus.

Hesperus is Stardust.

Partial glyphs seem to be carved in the edge.

[Bottom Half of: YVAINE]

The vestiges combine to give the name of the warrior who used to wield them: Yvaine. The discarded name of the Inexpungible and one of the other things able to make her remember herself.

YVAINE

“My name is Yvaine.

I beg of you, remember my name.

For I may not myself...”

Vestiges of the Inexpungible art will go here soon by Justin Vandermeer

“Go then, there are other realms than these...”

Inspiration

[Full Selected Bibliography coming in later drafts]

Against the Grey bu Secret Table

Berserk

Between the Skies by Huffa

Bloodborne

Brennan Lee Mulligan

Choaclypse

Dark (2017)

Dark Souls Trilogy

The Dark Tower Series by Stephen King

Descent of Angels by Mitchel Scanlon

Dimension 20

Dollhouse (Fuck Joss Whedon)

Evlyn Moreau

Here, There, Be Monsters! By Wendi Yu

Highland Paranormal Society

Into the Odd & Electric Bastionland by Chris McDowall

Magic: The Gathering

(Fuck WOTC/ Hasbro)

Mad Max

ManaRampMatt

Mausritter by Losing Games/ Isaac Williams

MÖRK BORG by Pelle Nilsson & Johan Nohr

Perplexing Ruins

Rune by Gila RPGs

Salvatera

Slayers by Gila RPHs

Startdust (2007)

Thomas Novosel

Troika! by Melsonia Arts Council

TTRPG Safety Toolkit curated by Kienna Shaw & Lauren
Bryant-Monk

Warhammer

We Deal in Lead by Odin's Beard RPG

Credits

Written & Designed

RatGrrrl Games

Cover/ Inexpungible Art

Evlyn Moreau

End Paper/ Inexpungible's Vestiges Art

Justin Vandermeer [Commissioned]

Guardian Detritus Art

Chaoclypse

Hex Map

Hex Kit

Cone of Negative Energy

Perplexing Ruins Hex Map Tile Set

Additional Art & Assets

Chaoclypse

David Markiwsky

Evlyn Moreau

Justin Vandermeer

Karl Druid

Perplexing Ruins

Roque Romero

Thomas Novosel

Milano83, Freepik

OpenClipArt

Seftian Anderson. Vecteezy

Tina Rataj-Berard, Wikimedia Commons

RatGrrrl Games Logo

System Doesn't Matter Just Play Logo - Plus One EXP

System Agnostic Fvck Your System Logo - Cannibal Chris

Human Made Logo - HINOKODO

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