

THE GOD UNMOVING

AN ADVENTURE LOCATION BY MICHAEL PRESCOTT

THE SITUATION

The rich waters of Narin's Sea are forbidden to men. Only the **Porth-Montoon** people fish there, as they have made a bargain with the **god** of a drowned nation. They live and work alongside the dead on a cluster of islands near the sea's center.

DEAD ISLAND

2d20 undead **reavers** lie like corpses in the rotted-out buildings. At night, they make merry, drinking salt-infused wines and spirits from **Drowned Gaal**. Their mournful songs echo around the islands.

RAVER BOATS

Three boats of the **reavers** are here. The **Esmer**, the **Bathylus**, and the **Scofflen** are cap-sized, since the reavers 'sail' them inverted, the crew underwater. Each prow is fitted with a **conch of fog**.

MARKET ISLAND

Each of a dozen shanties has a decorative **sundial** by its door. The busy market mixes selling with outdoor workshops: carpentry, ironwork, fish-roasting, weaving, and wire-making. Sunburnt **artisans** on blankets and engrave foreign religious phrases into **treasures from Gaal** for export. Prices here are inflated tenfold by the presence of so much loot, but locals pay well for wood, iron and company. Most here are **Porth-Montoon**, but **unusual faces** lodge here and can be seen.

A barricade of rotted boats encircles the **god's** 'holy lagoon'.

OFFERINGS TO THE GOD

On the full moon (day or night), witnesses take captives from the **stocks** and chain them to iron posts as offerings. The **God Unmoving** arrives in d2 hours to take one. The rest are thrown **below decks** later.

THE UMBILICUS

An abandoned Seree tribute-collection ship has sat rotting here for centuries. The decks are soft and furred with moss. Anyone moving carelessly risks falling through. The crow's nest contains a gold-rimmed spyglass. Through it, water is invisible to a hundred paces.

BELOW DECKS

Minnows dart about in neck-deep water. Three alligator-sized **garfish** patrol the bilge, waiting for the bodies of rejected offerings to be thrown down.

TEMPLE OF THE PACT

A huge, partial **whale skeleton** hangs overhead, suspended from the rafters. It's actually built from human bones (reclaimed from the garfish) bound together with gold wire.

Here the **high steer-swon** contemplates the mysteries, attended by eight **witnesses**.

THE STOCKS

Captives are kept here in misery until the sacrificial moon rises. d4-1 will be present.

'SPLENDOR'

The four wealthiest **Porth-Montoon** families keep rich, busy homes here.

Strava, captain of the **Orthodox**, is guesting here as she negotiates the purchase of **treasures** in exchange for regular shipments of prisoners from her homeland.

THE STOCKS

HARBORMASTER'S LODGE

Ever-scowling Theela Saltbrow and her kin winch a thick **chain** to prevent unauthorized arrivals or departures.

THE HARBOR

The **Sarilac** and **Paythie Baw** are Porth-Montoon fishing skiffs, but the **Orthodox** is from far Panur, here to trade at the market. Its crew of ten is watchful, on edge and eager to leave.

THE PORTH-MONTOON

The shoals and coves around Narin's Sea are home to the Porth-Montoon. They favor distinctive **red and blue caps**, and their densely woven, **layered tunics** are warm and waterproof.

Wider Porth society seems anarchic, but individual Porth ship-families are deeply hierarchical under the guidance of the family 'steerswon': head of both the family and the family vessel.

Steerswon will only meet and bargain with outsiders once several other Porth vouch for them.

EVERYWHERE A SUNDIAL

The Porth love discussing the passing of the hours—everything they do has a correct hour, or a correct time within the hour. ("Cast nets on the hour's crossing, haul at it's wane.")

Petitioners must be punctual to show respect; hosts and steerswon must appear late and be slow in their responses to demonstrate seriousness.

The need for sacrifices has hardened the Porth. Now, any transgression is potentially serious. Petty criminals, debtors, and captives alike can all become sacrifices to the **god unmoving**.

REIVERS

A few of those taken by the **god** return from the waters as undead. Salt-pickled and crusted with barnacles, they live separately from the other islanders.

Overtly, they reject Porth culture, but they are dutiful in the role they play, defending and enriching the islands.

Their upside-down boats patrol Narin's Sea,



and every few weeks a band of them swims down to plunder **Drowned Gaal** for *treasures*.

They can see underwater, swim well, and have no need to breathe. Pink fronds flick from the barnacles on their skin. They fight with knives and nets.

HIGH STEERSWON & WITNESSES

Venerable, emaciated Bansch is the current "high steerswon" of the Porth, the third to hold the made-up title on the strength of reaver gold.

He and his eight white-clad 'witnesses' (four living, four undead) lounge in the Temple, numbed out on stonefish venom. They defend it with sharp swords and drug-induced bravery.

UNUSUAL & FOREIGN FACES

Wast—robed 'witness' stumping for harsher laws (more sacrifices!)

Uldicene IV—deposed King of Panur, avoiding assassination

Charita—here to steal the gold she thinks comes from the Umbilicus

Nyoorig—gossip and washed-up sorcerer hooked on stonefish venom

Doughta—Porth weaver, here to somehow rescue her reaver son

TREASURES OF GAAL

The ancient signet ring of an earl, taken at sea. Wax-sealed funeral urns, chased in gold. Gold statuary with octopus motifs. Exotic wines in brown bottles. A toy boat that calms waves. A medallion of membership in the Trigonic Order of the Ser-ee. A battle helm of *bird's eye vision*. Silver talents carved into writhing nudes. A dowsing knife points to the wielder's nearest enemy. A gold lyre which summons nearby horses. The Fable of Evla, a children's story on stone tablets. Sea opals.

CONCH OF FOG

Once per day, if a fog conch is blown, a dense mist rises from the sea surface for a league in every direction. The fog saps strength from mortal limbs and obscures mortal vision, which lets reavers attack unhindered.

THE GOD UNMOVING

When the moon is full (day or night), the God Unmoving rises from the depths below the holy lagoon.

It cannot be seen to move, it is merely *there*, now *here*, now *all around us*. Only the very alert will notice it. "Hey, where did all these tentacles come from."

Whole crews have been taken by it in broad daylight, without realizing anything was amiss. Once, the ancient spirits of Gaal possessed it as their mighty instrument. Now that Gaal is gone, the lack of their presence is its only possession.

DOWN TO GAAL

The god's only wish is to impress upon the living the true majesty of Gaal. When it takes sacrifices, this is its aim. It pulls them below the waves and injects their lungs with hideous mucus. This is lethal, a gateway to breathless undeath.

It then drags them down to **Drowned Gaal** to behold it. There, they are abandoned, and the god swims away, still unmoving.

Victims that are strong enough to swim to the surface are celebrated by the reavers, and allowed to join their number.

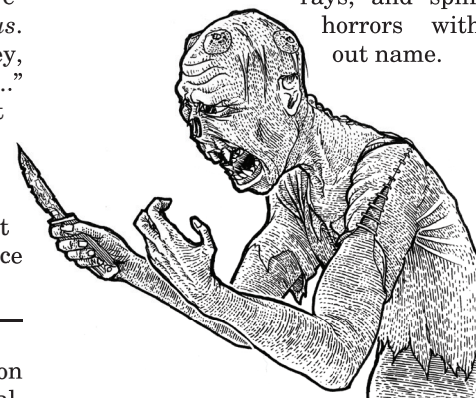
DROWNED GAAL

Two hundred paces below the surface, on the slopes of the sea mount beneath the islands, is the sunken city-state of Gaal. Once a thriving metropolis, it was pulled beneath the waves by a long-forgotten cataclysm.

TRILEMMA ADVENTURES

To those who can see through the murk, its coral-rimmed archways and gardens are a luminous wonderland.

The reavers come here to find plunder for the market, but it is dangerous work. The streets and halls of Drowned Gaal are home to giant groupers, morays, and spiny horrors without name.



d6 Near the Islands (Daily)

1	Porth-Montoon skiff, d6 fishermen, returning to the isles with a catch.
2	Skiff, d8 fishermen, d3 captives (hapless boaters taken at sea, or press-ganged drunkards).
3	d6+6 reavers hiding beneath a capsized boat, planning piracy. If they spot victims, they use their conch of fog and attack.
4	Swarm of saw-finned flying fish
5	Flotsam from a destroyed boat
6	The God Unmoving is in the water below. Spiral tentacles are now sticking from the water. If boaters are silent, it leaves; otherwise it searches the boat for a victim to take to Gaal.