



THE BROOD

When the Far Frontiers Laboratories site on Samaria, the bio-weapons division of Invotsroysket Belvonkrastonmyor Clenvisteri (IBC), was forced to shut down during the Abandonment, as the management left in a hurry. The staff left behind had no idea what to do with the half-finished projects, the sealed containers, the beast pens, and so forth. In its prime, the facility used genetic materials, bacterial strains, and viral research to create a veritable host of man-made horrors – many based primarily on one dominant collection of samples taken from a distant planet, Genesis VII. Once the facility was left to its own devices, the creations were either left in their containment units or – in the case of the primordial collection of Genesis strains – flushed out into the nearby swamps to die in Samaria’s hellish biosphere.

Or so they thought.

The result was actually a spontaneous drive to survive that caused the “gene soup” to bond with the collective ecosystem of the Black Swamp to create a unique collective entity – the Brood Mere. This shifting mass of rapidly-mutating life fell instantly into the biological programming it was designed for... find new genetic materials and use them to create new and deadly lifeforms. Initially it was the swamp predators that were consumed and rebirthed as Brood creations. The slithering Puds served as a million hungry mouths for the Brood Mere, the skittering Broodlings scouted out dryer lands, and the predatory Brood Hounds began sniffing out juicy new targets for addition to the

Brood Mere’s ilk. Titanic monsters that served their amorphous mother’s hunger lurked in the swamp, savagely defending her territory.

Once her children found the original IBC facility, things changed dramatically. Freeing old creations from containment – like the deadly MJB-4 and the Helexa Project – the Brood Mere suddenly realized she was actually part of a connected triad, and these High Broodspawn became her first generals in an army battling against genetic stagnation.

Now, the Brood extends far, far beyond the muddy fringes of the Black Mire and down the green waters of the Forked-Tongue River. The people of the river’s delta, a strange and awkward fishing society, seem somehow linked to the Mere. They live within the edge of her territory safely, and some say, possibly in league with the horrors of the swamp. The Brood is a mysterious collection of terrors, and Samarian folklore – no matter what culture – warns people away from the swamps because of it.

Something new and strange is happening within the Brood. Ever since Captain Jake Flay’s pirate starship crashed into the Green Sea just south of the delta’s shores, the Brood’s many minions have been acting strangely. They seem to be congregating near the crash site - which has been excavated by the delta-folk - and prowling around the ruined ship as if they are looking for something. As if they know something no one else does about it.

No matter what is happening to the monsters of the Brood, the southern swamps and shores have not been, and never will be, safe for humanity to tread.