



CHRONICLES



SKARRD

THE DIARY OF A TOXIC MAN



DIARY OF A TOXIC MAN

PROLOGUE

I only infrequently commit quill to skin and record my thoughts, he began. I am not given to wistfulness. I am not given to introspection. I am a shaper of this misbegotten world, and I record my deeds chiefly through the actions of my people and the screams of our prey.

Father Curwen paused, dipping his quill into an ornate bottle which contained a foul-smelling blend of ink, blood, and acid. It rapidly ruined the quills he used, but it left a deeply-etched record on the flayed skin rolls he preferred, so he tolerated the need to frequently replace the quill. That the animal that these quills were harvested from tended to die violently and usually cost him the lives of a handful of Buzzblades he considered an adequate exchange.

He paused for a moment, the ink upon his quill sizzling quietly in his cloth-wrapped fingers, as he collected his thoughts. He frowned, slightly, for Father Curwen was rarely touched by emotion at all, and when it showed, it was brief and faint. He continued his inscription.

Nevertheless, I feel some compulsion, some cause to enscribe my ruminations here for posterity. My forebear, Father Asp, left many records of his times. I have largely dismissed such tasks to my servants. Not for me the drudgery of writing. There are those who record history - and those who make history; I am certainly not one of the unfortunates in the former class. I am driven to higher tasks; I am a catalyst of radical change for this world, and I am to be King.

Another pause. Another dip into the bottle for more ink. The hint of a sigh, perhaps, from his ravaged body, bound beneath his wrappings and robes. He looked at the quill in his right hand as if it were a distasteful thing for a moment, then pressed it again to the skin laid out before him.

Why then, am I so afflicted by feelings for this woman? I have been tested by this world - raised in a nest of vipers, scalded and bitten and poisoned by the most malevolent of creatures - and I have only grown stronger. I lead my people to domination of this cursed land - why must I dwell upon Saint Mary? I made her what she is but I cannot stop my thoughts of her.

Because she is better than this world. And she will be mine.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Story and Scenarios by Robert Allen

Based on an excellent format created a few years ago by Tim Korklewski, we have decided to continue the *Dark Age Chronicles* with this second mini-campaign following the forces of Father Curwen and Saint Mary.

The printed version is inspired by *Friend of Dark Age*, Ash Barker of Guerrilla Miniature Games, and is only available at certain gaming events.

PART ① NE: WATCHERS

The northern-most Forward Operating Base - Mercy's Touch - is the frequent home of Saint Mary and her Northern Crusade. It serves both as an armed base and a growing township where refugees from devastated farms and sundered families huddle within the relative safety of its walls. The north has no end of predators, and Mercy's Touch is perhaps the safest haven available. From here Saint Mary tries to bring peace - or at least relative stability to the furthest reaches of the Forsaken domains.

Increasingly, however, the refugees that come to Mercy's Touch are comprised of half-dead survivors, telling semi-coherent tales of Skarrd raids and barely-escaped massacres. Contrary to approved Forsaken doctrine, refugees are welcomed at Mercy's Touch, fracturing any sort of security posture. The open doors are atypical of a military base and there are frequent issues - base commanders new to Saint Mary's style of leadership are quickly exasperated by the apparent laxity she exhibits. Eventually they learn that Mary's hatred of the Skarrd is entwined with compassion for any and all harmed by them.

Nevertheless, it makes securing the home of the Northern Crusade challenging. Too many coming and going. Too little observation of regulation or structure. The only nod the Saint permits are frequent patrols - a boon to the refugees, and certainly a slight salve to the nerves of Forsaken commanders trying to keep Mercy's Touch safe.

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A pair of Buzzblades laid atop a sandy ridge with a hazy view of the Forsaken base they knew as Mary's Lair. It was their lot to keep watch upon it, so sayeth the Father, not to wander about or to scream torments at it. To ease their task, the Father gave them one of the tribe's valued Look-Glasses with which they could better observe the movements of the Forsaken - particularly Mary and her riding beast. Sightings of Mary were rare, which was a relief to Eck and Ud, because she was the single thing they feared more than the Father himself.

Eck and Ud had been tasked with watching for many days, with clearly explained instructions that should they see Saint Mary depart her lair, they were to immediately send one of their pair running back to report. They were not to fight the Forsaken, only to report. Did they understand? Yes, Eck and Ud had said. They were to watch, and to wait, and to report. Not to fight. Good, said the Father, and he left them to their task.

Of course, the Father who had given Eck and Ud this duty was no fool. He had been tasked by Father Curwen directly - a rare and somewhat disconcerting experience, as the Father had never been addressed as an inferior before - with this mission. Father Curwen had said that it brought the tribe an immense opportunity for glory, or ignominy. The Father had thanked him, and understood immediately that this was a test for he and his tribe. Falling short would likely be his death, and that of his entire tribe at the merciless hands of the Toxic Cult. So, the Father wisely had seeded pairs of Buzzblades around Mary's Lair to ensure that the wishes of Father Curwen were met. Individually they were all challenged with the complexity of his instructions - report, not fight? - but he felt confident that a handful of them would run when needed.

SCENARIO ONE - WE WERE HERE FIRST

Note: Recommended for 500 points per side.

FORCES

- The Skarrd player must choose their forces from a limited collection of Unaligned Skarrd, but with a highly limited model assortment. They may only choose from: Buzzblades (minimum 4), Worm Shepard, Grafters, Bone Doc, Sister of Charity, Fetish Bearer, Scourge, Warblade, Charity's Might, Charity's Zeal [with normal restrictions], and Bola. This represents small groups of spies that have been scattered around by a Tribal Father, and not a larger Skarrd Warparty.
- The Forsaken player must choose their forces from Unaligned Forsaken and St. Mary, with the restriction that they cannot include any model with the availability type of "C" - they are representing a series of small patrols, and not a typical Forsaken military formation.

SET-UP

- The Skarrd Player has a 6" Deployment zone, 6" in from the South side of the table.
- The Forsaken player must divide their forces into four, roughly equal-strength teams (for example, in a 500 point game, each team should be as close to 125 points as possible - representing patrols sweeping the area around Mercy's Touch).

PRIMARY VICTORY CONDITION

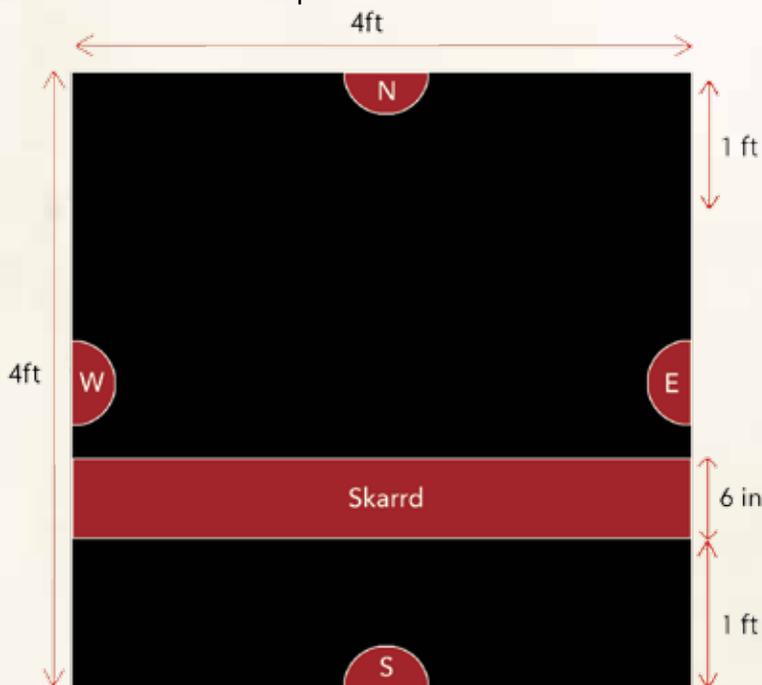
- The Skarrd player must get at least one Skarrd model off the Northern table edge. If they do so before the end of the game (8 turns), then they have won a Major Victory.
- The Forsaken player must prevent the Skarrd player from exiting a model from the Northern table edge. If they can prevent this before the end of the game (8 turns), they have won a Major Victory.

SPECIAL SCENARIO RULES

- The Skarrd player must deploy their models into their deployment zone first, then the Forsaken player must roll a d20 to see where each their patrols arrive:

1-5: Patrol Arrival North 6-10 Patrol Arrival East
11-15 Patrol Arrival South 16-20 Patrol Arrival West

Each Arrival Location can only be occupied by one Patrol. Re-roll if a duplicate is rolled. (This means that the final patrol does not need to roll, just be placed at the last unoccupied patrol location). Models must be placed within 3" of the arrival point.



For non-Diary Of A Toxic Man play:

The player attempting to escape, [playing the Skarrd role], cannot have access to any models with greater than Move 4, any models with Ambush, or models with the availability of "C"

The player attempting to halt their escape [playing the role of the Forsaken in the scenario as written] likewise cannot use any models with Ambush or models with the Availability of "C" for this scenario.

EPILOGUE

It is challenging to trust lesser to see my grand work to completion, but there some things better suited to them. Although many perished to bring me the information I sought, the Father proved worthy of my trust. It may seem churlish that he did not survive his return trip from the Dendrobate Caves - but he proved weak in the face of the six-fanged Viper that lives in the Poisoned Steppe. If he were stronger he would have been welcomed among us instead of screaming and writhing from the toxin.

If Mary is on the move, then perhaps she and I will have a conclave.

PART TWO: PARTY CRASHERS

Our ancestors had many quaint sayings recorded into their books and teachings. Many of them are meaningless today - the world has turned and we live in darker times than those fatted calves - but a few hold ancient wisdom that isn't yet as corroded and pitiful as the legacy of our predecessors. One of them that has always amused me is "the Enemy of My Enemy is My Friend."

It is true that the Skarrd count none among our friends. The Forsaken are our most hated enemies, of course, but we hold no love for the other walking corpses of this land. The Fire-bringers, the unliving machines, even the Blue devils - the enemy of my enemy is my enemy as well. Each of them are impediments and distractions to the Great Work I have for this world. Sometimes, I suspect, the friend of my enemy is a bigger enemy.

The Forsaken themselves endear little love in the world - they are vain in their perceived superiority, and their ridiculous piety sows scorn and malice. I know what they did to the ancient Baniss. I know what they did to the Outcasts. And I know the Dragyri have hated them at the earliest outset - no surprise at all. But Mary is, in so many ways, not like the Forsaken. She does not share their aggressive posturing and jingoistic disdain. She is smarter - she is a little diplomat, trying to gather allies instead of making more foes.

It seems a pity that her efforts are so misguided... and in direct opposition to me. How many times must we dance this dance, Mary?

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Saint Mary stood in the slightly acidic rain, studiously ignoring the repeated throat-clearing of the Clergy Ann who stood at her side. She ignored it because she had heard the Clergy Ann's concerns six score times or more on their travel here and she had politely discarded it each time. Saint though she may be called, her patience was worn thin on being warned that this was a dangerous duty and couldn't someone else go in her stead?

No, thought Mary. No one should, and none did. She was here because it was altogether right and proper for her to be here, in dangerous Skarrd territory with a scant bodyguard, meeting with a frequent foe of her people.

The Fire Caste Dragyri.

The two delegations stood facing one another separated by twenty feet of sandy hardpan that was thirstily gulping the freak rain. Mary's cohort viewed the rain as something of a relief from the baking sun as it washed the dust from their travel leathers and skin. The Fire Caste Trueborn representatives seemed much less enthused - Mary supposed that they were not accustomed to this sort of weather in their normal territory - not that the North saw frequent rain, either. It was something to do with the Kukulkani machines, she had heard, but little more.

She stepped forward, bowing slightly. She had no idea if the honorific of a bow meant anything to the Dragyri, but it seemed appropriate, so she did, and now stood looking at them, waiting for a reply. None came, so she spoke.

"I am Mary of the Forsaken, and I bid you greetings and peace between us."

After a moment, one of the Trueborn, a tall male wearing a triangular mask, stepped forward.

"I Wur'zay Fire Caste. Greetings to Mare-ey, huu-man." he croaked out, and then stepped back, looking at her with a smoldering intensity all the while.

This was going to be an interesting sort of diplomacy, Mary thought. But we still have to try.

"My lady!" came a cry from one of her Haniel scouts. "Strong force of Skarrd inbound from the north!"

"More from the east!" yelled a Coil, visibly trying to catch her breath from running in to report.

Her small band looked to her, all equally alarmed and desperate to race her to safety. The two Clergy Ann were nearly ready to grab her and drag her away, but she flashed them a look and silently they waited, albeit agitated and dismayed - she was squandering any opportunity they might have had to escape by not fleeing at once. Saint Mary tried to maintain her calmest face and addressed the Fire Caste who called himself "Wur'zay". The Fire Caste Dragyri showed some surprise and dismay - not as Mary's own bodyguards, but it wasn't clear if they had understood her scouts - or if they had scouts of their own out there, somewhere, that might have alerted them.

"Our mutual enemy is coming," she said. "Perhaps this demonstrates the need for cooperation between our peoples?"

"Humm-man. Yes. Wur'zay fight."

SCENARIO ② TWO ② - I WANT THEM ALIVE!

Note: Recommended for 750 points per side.

FORCES

- The Forsaken Player must select their forces from Unaligned Forsaken and St. Mary models. They must include Saint Mary, True Believer in their army at her normal points cost. They may also spend up to 150 points of their total on Trueborn models from Fire Caste Dragyri, representing the delegates that St. Mary was meeting with prior to the Ambush.
- The Skarrd Player must select their forces from Unaligned Skarrd and Toxic Cult. They must include Father Curwen, Plague Father in their army at his normal points cost. They may not include Hoodoo, Apostle of Toxin in their list.

SETUP

- The Forsaken Player must set-up within 6" of the center the table.
- The Skaard Player must set up anywhere within 6" of the 4 table edges.

PRIMARY VICTORY CONDITION

- Skarrd Major Victory - If they are able to kidnap Saint Mary
- Skarrd Minor Victory- Fail to kidnap Mary, but capture 1/3 or more of Forsaken starting models
- Tie - Less than 1/3 Forsaken kidnapped, Mary and Curwen both survive
- Forsaken Minor Victory - No Forsaken kidnapped but Curwen survives
- Forsaken Major Victory - Curwen is killed

SCENARIO SPECIAL RULES

- For this scenario, all Skarrd models with the Weapon Special Ability **TOXIC** use this profile instead:

TOXIC: Models hit by this attack gain 1 Toxic counter. Toxic counter: This model suffers penalties based on the number of Toxic Counters on it. All penalties are cumulative.

1+ Counters: +1 DEF, -1 MV, -1 PS

2+ Counters: -1 AP

3+ Counters: Model may only make a single Move Action and a single Attack action, no matter how many Action Points they have remaining.

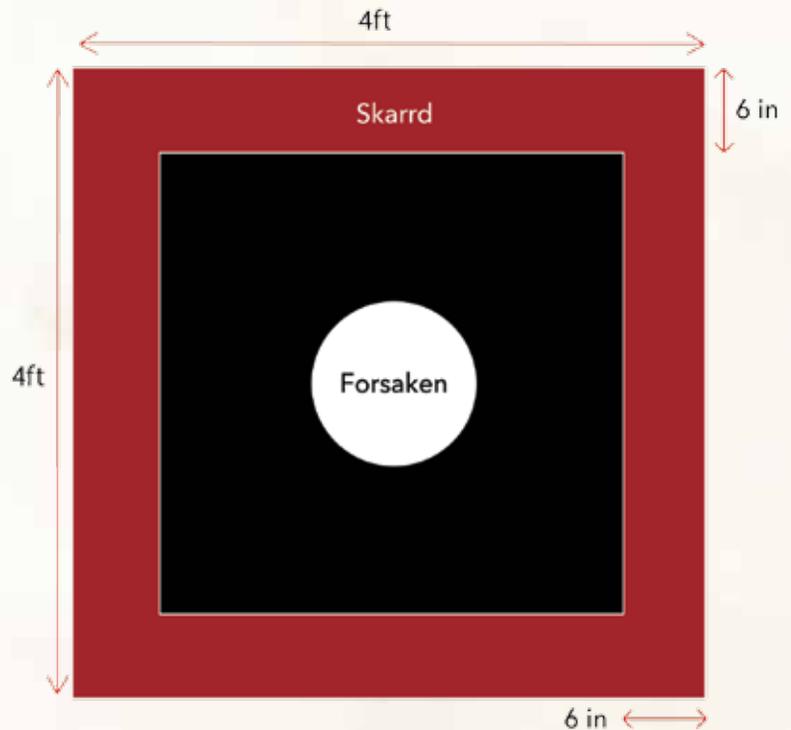
4+ Counters: The model loses all AP and is Prone.

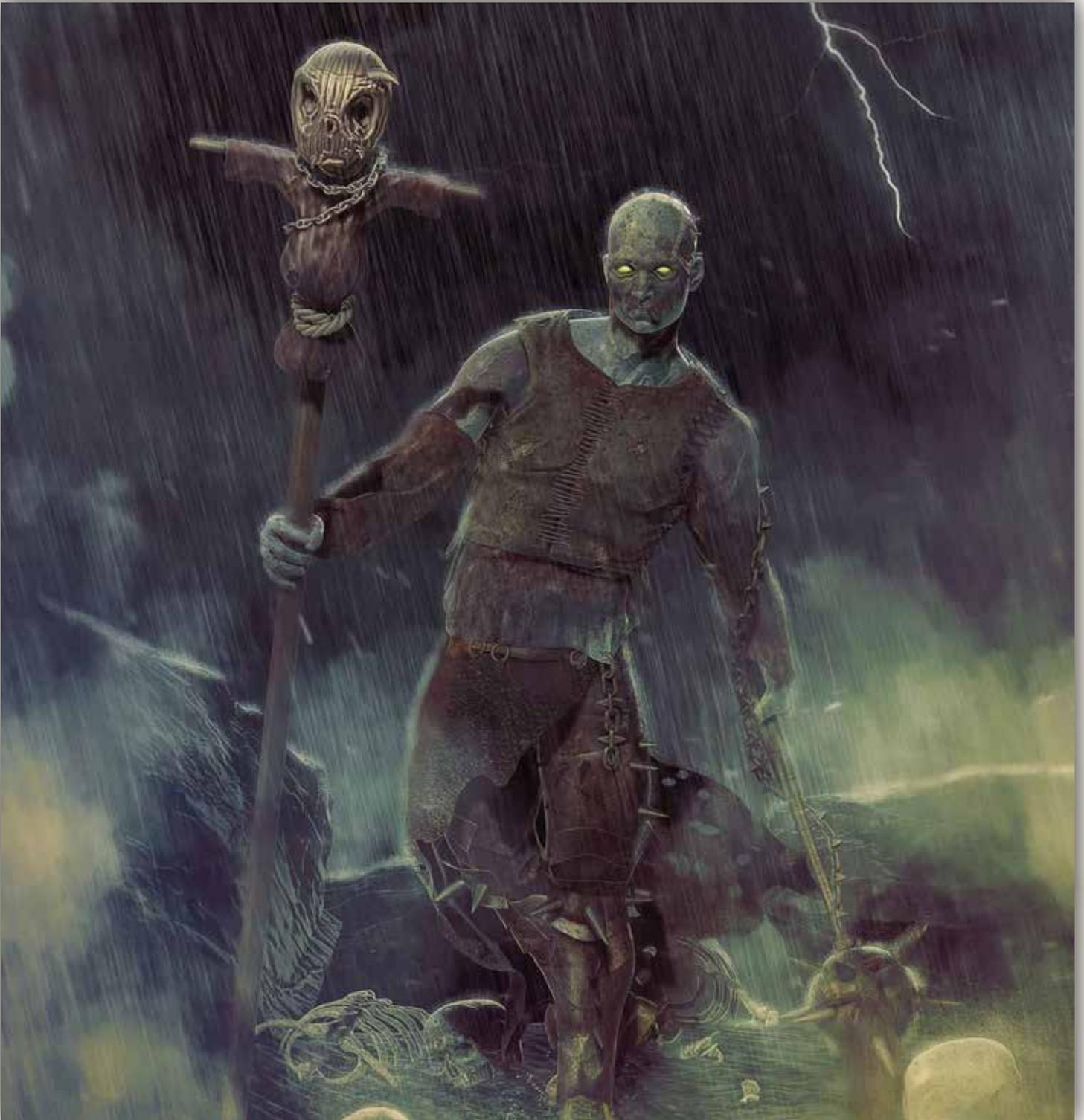
During the Lingering Effects Phase, roll 1d20 for each Toxic Counter, removing it on a roll of 10 or less. On an 11+ it remains and the model is impacted as above.

- Any Skarrd Model in contact with a Forsaken Model with 4+ Toxic Counters may spend 1 AP to "kidnap" them. The kidnapped model is removed from play and may not return to the battlefield - see Primary Victory Condition.
- Father Curwen has told all of his followers Saint Mary must be taken alive. Therefore, all Skarrd models gain this Special Ability for the duration of the battle:

ENFORCED GENTILITY: This model must halve the PW of its attacks against Saint Mary. Weapon Abilities still trigger as normal.

- CAMPAIGN SPECIAL RULES: If the Skarrd player won the battle *Slip the Net* then they may give up to three Medium-based models the Special Ability Infiltrate for this mission. If the Forsaken player won the battle *Slip the Net* then they may include a pair of Flense models at no points cost.





For non-Diary Of A Toxic Man play:

One player will play the Skarrd role, and is seeking to take as many of the enemy as possible alive. Chose one Weapon Ability and replace it with the Toxic profile listed in the scenario rules. For example: an Outcast player might chose to swap out their Whiplash Weapon Ability for Toxic, or perhaps Brutal. Replace the roles of Father Curwen and Saint Mary with a character on either side, nominated by the respective players.

EPILOGUE

Damn her bodyguards. She would have been mine but for their interference. It is of little consolation that they died screaming for their temerity. There must be a reason why I have met failure. Why can't Mary see the truth?

PART THREE: DANGEROUS LIVESTOCK

Perhaps the reason I cannot yet have Mary as my own is an unreadiness on my part. Although I am strong, I must be stronger. I am powerful, but I must become unstoppable. I have defeated the trials of this world save this one - not because I am unwilling, but perhaps because I am not fully prepared.

I have had a new experience of late, a rare event. This world so seldom surprises me - so often it is the same monotony over and over; the same players upon the chessboard slowly taking their meaningless turns. I have had to be patient with my grand moves, and that patience is sometimes unbearable. To occupy my crucial time, I have studied many things.

While my own body is a work of toxic majesty, I have had the pleasure of tasting and sampling the poisons and agents of death and venoms across all the lands. Few of them gave me any new understanding of things, and fewer still any sort of lasting reaction. Largely the toxicants of the world are simply not impactful upon me. Lesser beings cannot abide them, of course and they suffer in interesting ways, but I have craved more.

The Kukulkani, newcomers to the chessboard of this world, bring such interesting beasts with them. Twice now I have had the occasion to sample the toxin from the wonder they call a "Coatlai" and it was an amazing experience. Visions and raw emotion which I have never felt before nor since. It is a pity that the Kukulkani keep these beasts to themselves and force us to travel so far just for a few samples.

Although it may cost the Toxic Cult greatly, I will have more - I now believe that these otherworldly venoms are the key to my ascension.

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The outpost of the Blue Devils (as Hoodoo referred to them to his followers) was stirring with activity. Hoodoo watched them dispassionately through a Look-Glass, scanning for something in particular. He certainly wasn't afraid of the Blue Devils - who called themselves Kukoolahnay or something equally unpronounceable. He had faced them a half dozen times over the last few weeks, and aside from the occasional surprise from their strange ritual magics, he wasn't particularly impressed. They fought ferociously but with an apparent eagerness to die - not so unlike the Skarrd themselves, but the Skarrd died for clean, honest reasons, not at the whim of some jumped-up Star God or whatever these blue-skins worshipped, Hoodoo thought.

The growing demands from Father Curwen were the cause of Hoodoo's long travels and his clashes with the Blue Devils and, Hoodoo admitted to himself, they were slowly beginning to rankle him. Hoodoo was aware that Father Curwen was selfishly pulling the Toxic Cult away from the rest of the Skarrd - away from the command of Father Johann and Mother Blazon - and only towards Curwen's own desires. It wasn't entirely clear what Johann and Blazon were leading the rest of the Skarrd toward, but it was clear that Curwen's disregard for their summons was... dangerous.

Hoodoo had spent enough time in the presence of Father Johann to know that he did not treat kindly those who were disobedient. All Fathers of the Skarrd tribes were somewhat megalomaniacal - it was in their genes; it was what made them Fathers - but the Cult Leaders were so much more than that. Hoodoo was not of the Father Caste - he was like them, in some ways, but not of them - but still he understood the strength of will, of power, even if it did not call to him. He would never be a leader of the Toxic Cult - but he wondered if Curwen's recent actions would suddenly, violently result in the need for new leadership.

Nevertheless, Hoodoo served Father Curwen, and he served the Toxic Cult; and if Curwen demanded a clutch of the Coatlai to milk for venom, then Hoodoo would deliver. The rest, well, that was not for Hoodoo to decide. What would happen, would happen.

SCENARIO THREE - COLLECT THEM ALL

Note: Recommended for 750 points per side.

FORCES

- The Skarrd player may choose from Toxic Cult Skarrd and Unaligned Skarrd. They may not include any models with the availability of "C" except for Hoodoo, Apostle of Toxin.
- The Kukulkani player may not choose any models with the availability of "C".

SET-UP

- At the center point of the Creche, place four objective bases in a square formation. These represent a nest where Coatlai eggs are kept. Place two Egg Counters on each Objective Marker, representing those eggs. The nests are Size Medium, Light Cover.

PRIMARY VICTORY CONDITION

- The Skarrd player must grab as many Egg Counters as possible and escape the battlefield with them. The Kukulkani player is working to prevent the theft of the Egg Counters.
- Skarrd Major Victory - If the Skarrd are able to secure 5+ Egg Counters
- Skarrd Minor Victory - If the Skarrd are able to secure 2+ Egg Counters
- Kukulkani Minor Victory - If the Skarrd are only able to secure 1 Egg Counter
- Kukulkani Major Victory - If the Skarrd are unable to secure any Egg Counters

SPECIAL SCENARIO RULES

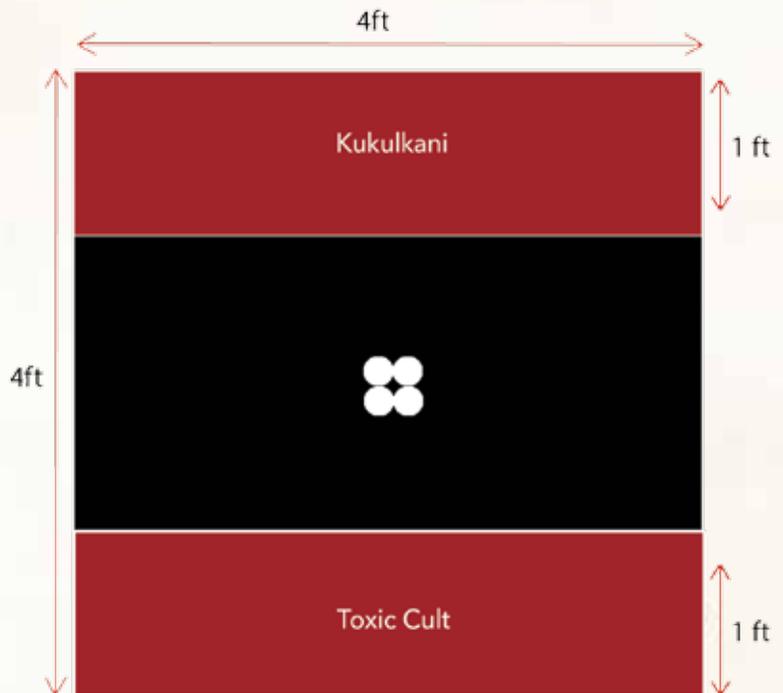
- A Skarrd Model may pick up a Coatlai egg by being in base contact with the Objective Marker, and making a PS check. On a success they are able to pick up 1 Egg Counter. A model may only have one Egg Counter at any one time. A model may move and fight as normal while carrying an Egg token. If a model carrying an Egg Counter is killed, the counter is dropped in base contact with the model before the model is removed.
- In order to "secure" an Egg Counter, the Skarrd model carrying it must exit the battlefield via the edge of their deployment zone. Models that exit the battlefield may not re-enter it.
- The Kukulkani player may give up to 150 points of models the Special Ability Infiltrate. These represent guards for the Coatlai eggs.

For non-Diary Of A Toxic Man play:

One player will play the Skarrd role and the other side the Kukulkani role. The "eggs" can be any sort of potential useful item being gathered and stolen - crystals from the Dragyri, foodstuffs from the Outcast or Forsaken - perhaps even spare parts from the Core!

EPILOGUE

Hoodoo has never failed me. While the Kukulkani fought viciously they are no real match for the Toxic Cult's determination. With several of these eggs to hatch and monsters to milk, I shall have the venom to undergo a chrysalis - any who survive a great toxin come out stronger, but I shall do more than endure - I will thrive. I will become greater.



PART FOUR: MESSENGERS

I was taught the Laws of Toxicity at the feet of Father Asp himself. He instructed that the killing blow should never come from anywhere but the toxin itself. Our blades were a delivery, but the toxin itself was the test - those who survived it were worthy for the Cult. Those who were found wanting merely ended up as food for it.

I rarely agreed with Father Asp. He cared too much for politics and how the Cult stood among the Baniss. When he moved us away from the rest of the deluded hordes at Fort Retribution it finally freed us from those shackles; the opinions of our lessers. It let us focus on what really mattered - survival of the fittest. Those who endure, thrive, and those who fail, stumble and fall. I care not one whit for the weak and feeble. The Toxins do not concern themselves with the opinions of the afflicted, nor that of the other tribes.

If Father Johann were worthy of my allegiance, he would demonstrate it instead of crowing about it. He sends me mutterers and sycophants who bleat about my obligations and demand that I travel to Fort Retribution at once. He thinks I owe him my servitude? I am starting to run out of ways to kill his lickspittle servants without boring myself. At least I am told they are a welcome source of meat for my followers.

These are the thoughts that occupy me before I enter my sarcophagus bath, preparing to wrestle with the alien venom. An annoyance to be so distracted, but Hoodoo has shared his concerns, and while outwardly I scoff, I know that a reckoning is in the cards. But when I am tested, do I not always come out on top?

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Father Johann had lost count of how many messengers he had sent to the Caves of Dendrobate, but it was certainly a number exceeding his pleasure. On several occasions, his worthy companions had counseled him to wisdom and not to making a gory example of Father Curwen for his repeated disregard to summons. Further, so very few of his messengers ever returned - surely the travel from Fort Retribution to the Sootfall Mountains couldn't claim all of them. The Toxic Cult was likely killing his messengers, he reasoned, and it infuriated him.

He had weighed the two options in his head for days. Send more messengers and wait. Let the other Cults of the Skarrd see the defiance of Curwen, slowly poisoning the union he had worked so long - so long! - to build among the Skarrd. The Baniss were not a people given to cooperation. The tribes and the Cults held some small sway over their flock but, by and large, the Skarrd were fractious and given to squabbling, wasting their energies and lives on petty conflicts amongst themselves. If they were properly harnessed they could do so much more... they could overthrow the Prevailers and install Johann as the Lord of the Forsaken AND the Skarrd.

The time had come to end this charade. Would no-one rid him of this meddlesome Father? He could no longer afford distractions to his plans. Father Curwen would heel or perish.

"Quietus! Come!" He shouted. "Your master has need of you..."

SCENARIO ⊕ FOUR: MAKES ME STRONGER

Note: Recommended for 750-1,000 points per side.

FORCES

- The Toxic Cult player may choose their forces from Toxic Cult Skarrd and Unaligned Skarrd. They may not choose any models from the Unaligned Skarrd list with the availability of "C". They also may not purchase Father Curwen for their list - he is currently in the sarcophagus. Upon waking, he is added to the Toxic Cult force for no points cost.
- The Cult of Metamorphosis player may choose their forces from Cult of Metamorphosis and Unaligned Skarrd. They may not include Father Johann in their list. They must include Quietus for no points cost.

SETUP

- The Toxic Cult Skarrd player places a single, 50mm objective marker in the center of their deployment zone. This represents Father Curwen in his sarcophagus, presently undergoing a "treatment" of the Coatlai venom.

PRIMARY VICTORY CONDITION

The Toxic Cult must protect Father Curwen in his sarcophagus until he awakens from the Coatlai venom treatment. They also seek to end the life of Johann's latest messenger.

- Toxic Cult Major Victory - Father Curwen survives and he kills Quietus
- Toxic Cult Minor Victory - Father Curwen survives but Quietus dies
- Tie - Father Curwen and Quietus survive
- Metamorphosis Minor Victory - Father Curwen is killed out of his sarcophagus, but not by Quietus.
- Metamorphosis Major Victory - Father Curwen is killed while in his sarcophagus, or by Quietus

SPECIAL SCENARIO RULES

- **THE SLEEPER:** At the start of the game Father Curwen is deep in the throes of a Coatlai venom dreamwalk, his mind and body coursing with the strange alien venoms of the Kukulcanni beasts. He lies in a sarcophagus which protects him - to a point. It is a terrain feature with the Keywords: Size Medium, Heavy Cover, Rough.

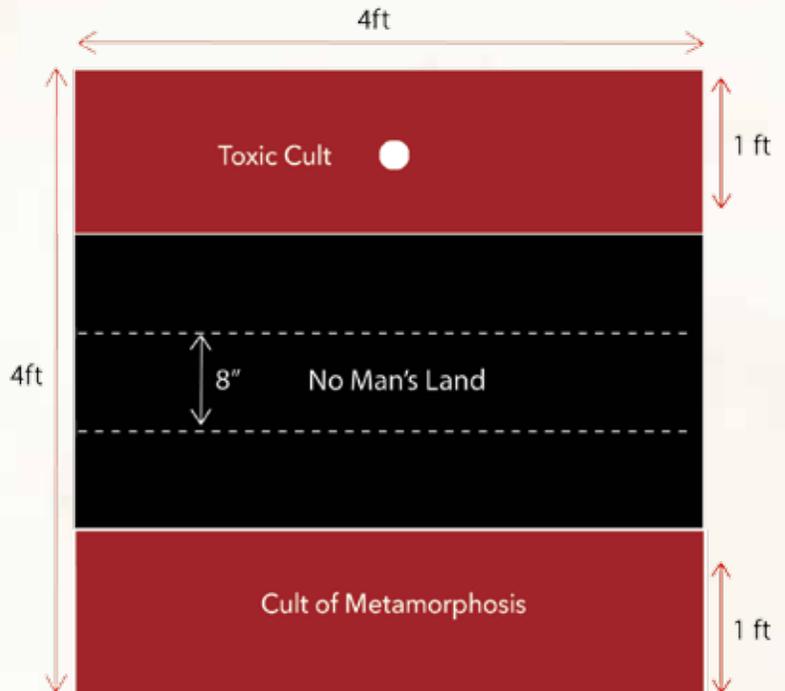
Anyone seeking to attack Curwen while he is still within it must break through the sarcophagus to get to him. It is treated as a model with the following stats:

- AP 0 • DEF 10 • AR 20 • MV 0 • PS 0 • HP 5

Special Abilities: Defiance, Human Shield, Non-Living, Tough as Nails

When the sarcophagus reaches 0 HP, Father Curwen can be attacked as normal. Alternatively, any model in base to base-to-base contact with the sarcophagus may spend an AP to make a PS check (at -2 PS). On a success, they remove the stone cover, open the sarcophagus and Father Curwen may be attacked as normal

- **AWAKEN MY LORD:** The Toxic Cult is desperately trying to awaken Father Curwen to fend off this attack. Any Toxic Cult model in base-to-base with the sarcophagus may spend 1 AP to roll a d20. Keep a cumulative total of these scores. (For example, in Turn 1 the Skarrd player rolls a 5, and on Turn 2 they roll a 7 - the total is 12). This roll may only be made once per turn, no matter how many models are in contact with the sarcophagus or AP they have to spend. When the total reaches 40+, Father Curwen awakes. On the next player turn he may activate as normal, with all remaining HP. If Hoodoo is in contact with the sarcophagus, you may re-roll the result of the d20 roll, but must accept the result of the second roll.





For non-Diary Of A Toxic Man play:

One player will play the Toxic Cult role, and chose one of their character models to be in the sarcophagus - which could simply represent that the character is imprisoned or in a medical coma or something similar. The other player will take the Cult of Metamorphosis role, seeking to kill that character before they awaken/escape. This player chooses a character to fill the role of Quietus - the chosen assassin.

EPILOGUE

The Coatlai venom remains intriguing but its effects are inconsistent and short-lived. Until a more permanent supply can be acquired I cannot rely upon it. I saw such things before I was awoken, but the dreams fade so quickly. I can scarcely recall them.

The attack was a clear message from Father Johann. I didn't think he had it in him, but he surprised me. Still, he lacked the fortitude to come here himself, although his assassin was...closer than I wish to admit. Perhaps Johann is right - perhaps I am a fool to cleave us from the Baniss, when we could band ourselves together and wipe out the Forsaken.

Perhaps I am just a fool. In love.

My reckoning with Father Johann will come. If he wants to murder the Forsaken, he wants to murder my bride.