

NARRATIVE DECLARATION 



ROTGRIND

A WORLD
IN DECAY



QUEST

THE HUNTER & THE HUNTED

A PATHFINDER 2E MINI-ADVENTURE FOR FOUR 5TH-LEVEL CHARACTERS

PATHFINDER
COMPATIBLE

THE HUNTER & THE HUNTED

QUEST SUMMARY

This quest sends players on an adventure through the icy province of Ellyiat, a small area bordering the frozen Mournwracked Expanse in the northernmost regions of Pridoma. Players have gathered seeking a bounty that has been placed on a mysterious figure that may or may not even exist: the ghost of Six-Nock Ruva, a former bounty hunter.

Few individuals choose to live in the sparse towns that scatter the chilly tundra, but those that do are known for being hardy, brutish, and uninterested in following laws that don't particularly benefit them. Much of the citizens' income comes from servicing traders hauling esoteric goods to the Mournwracked Expanse's undead elite.

Life in Ellyiat is generally made by those who once led formerly less-than-wholesome lives in other places. Very few people who live in the area were born there. Most keep to themselves, and are extremely suspicious of strangers.

The PCs start their quest in a small, run-down tavern in order to gather information on the possible whereabouts of a sizeable bounty: an unnamed benefactor seeks the end to a former bounty hunter named Six-Nock Ruva who continues to seek out her quarry after an untimely demise.

The PCs must travel through a forest, over a half-frozen river, and finally locate their prey in a chilly cavern. This adventure comes with stat blocks for two new monsters (*Icy Jellyfish Swarm* and *Six-Nock Ruva*), plus Ruva's unique helmet.

The adventure can be supplemented by other creatures from within the world of Tyne, found in our other releases.

Would you like to know more?

Rotgrind is a growing setting, as is the whole of the World of Tyne. This quest works best if the GM has access to the following documents, which can all be found at narratedeclaration.com.

ROTGRIND: PRIMER

Provides a basic overview of the World of Tyne and key concepts of the Rotgrind setting.

ROTGRIND: CHARACTER GUIDE

Provides additional player and GM options for Rotgrind games.

Want to meet new players? Join our Discord! (more information goes here)

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STORY

THE TALE OF SIX-NOCK RUVA

In the frozen wasteland that is Northern Pridoma, there was a time that criminal behavior of a high enough severity to warrant a bounty being placed on your head was considered one of the most dangerous things you could do.

While for certain losing access to the much needed supplies and succor that could be garnered from the towns could be dangerous in that frigid hellscape, one could feasibly eke out a meagre living in the wilds, with other like-minded criminals and bandits. The real threat came in the form of a well notched, 6-barreled brass nock gun in the hands of an implacable, and honest bounty hunter, the renowned "6 Nock Ruva". Thin, lean, and dressed toe to tip in warm furs, solid plate, and her iconic hounskull helmet, Ruva built up a career out of tackling any and all bounties that would be placed on wrong-doers of any stripe, her goal supposedly being to dissuade any who would break the law.

Those who refused to surrender alive, would be taken in dead, oftentimes with large gaping holes in them owing to Ruva's hand cannon, and she would only keep as much money to pay for food, lodging, and minor amusements to keep herself entertained, the rest being donated to the locals charitably. She had built up a

reputation far and wide in the north as an experienced and reliable problem solver, at least as far as dealing with criminal elements were concerned, and when constabularies needed help in quelling renegades or other dangerous ilk, Ruva would typically be the first one they'd try to find.

When it is said that she would take on any bounty, no matter how low or high, she meant this. This would have dark consequences for the able hunter.

It is through her unabashed pursuit of the lawless, that Ruva found herself unknowingly mired in the political intrigue of the unliving lords of the north, and unfortunately for her, on the wrong side of it. A man, one Hector Ulix, had a bounty placed on him for his role in the murder of a prominent mayor, and had since gone on the run. Unbeknownst to the local authorities, this murder was in fact planned by the upper echelons, and the fact that Hector

had been identified at all was considered an unfortunate fluke, his bounty most of all becoming a problem. This problem was only further compounded when, before the unseen hands and eyes of the elite could retract the bounty, Ruva had picked it up and set out to collect Hector, dead or alive. The situation was rapidly spiralling out of control, and if they could not guarantee that Ruva would kill the man, or indeed that Hector did not divulge who had hired him in the event of his survival, they would need another solution. A posse was formed, under the pretense of supporting Ruva in her pursuit of the man, and she was not un-used to working in a group. With the authorities in tow, Ruva set off for the icy, cursed woods in pursuit of Hector Ulix, prepared for a routine bounty.

Ruva's tent was pitched with her companions in a dark, frigid thicket deep within the cursewoods as the winds carried gusts of snow to and fro. She warmed her hands by the fire she had put together only moments ago, the supporting officers provided by the local authorities had gone to a nearby stream hoping to find some water for their flasks. The bounty hunter felt the palpable, yet by now significantly dulled excitement of pursuing a bounty. She'd been at this for many years, and though not even remotely tired of it, she could not re-create the same thrill that had pumped through her veins on her first hunt.

While by no means a thrill-seeker, she could not deny the joy of tracking down the unlawful, putting her wits against theirs, avoiding traps and faults set in her path, before finally cornering her target and delivering her ultimatum. "Your ride's over punk. Pack it in, or I'll pack you fulla lead" she muttered to herself, cracking a gentle smile across her chapped lips, "Always nice when you've got an audience to hear it first-hand, heh..."

A crack was heard, and Ruva glanced around to keep watch just in time to notice a tree branch from the nearby hexpine fall into the snow. "Fuck me this weather needs to lighten up-"

Tevult and his cronies gathered in the dark of the woods, a short jaunt from their camp, and they unslung their rifles. He addressed his men quietly as they stood in the bitter cold, loading their weapons, "This will be very simple, three of us open up first, aim for the head. Moritz? You're on reserve if we somehow miss, aim for the body. Don't let her get that fucking gun of hers. We clear boys?" his men muttered their agreements in whisper, not wanting to make enough noise to alert their target. The four of them quietly and carefully crept their way back to camp, rifles at the ready. Ruva was in view now, her thin frame silhouetted against the crackling fire, and Tevult prepared to make his play.

The three levied their guns at the unaware hunter, simply waiting for the sign. Moritz hucked a stone at the nearby hexpine, and as it tumbled down it cracked a branch off, the two items landing in the snow. Not a moment later, three rifles sounded off in the quiet wintery air of the woods.

The large, .70 caliber rounds fired by their muskets were more than enough on their own to fell a person, but Tevult's orders to his men were for a purpose: She must not live through this. She did not.

The trio of nearly thumb-sized projectiles breached her helmet with such force that Ruva's skull was obliterated, blood, brain matter, bones, teeth, and other gore burst from the back of her helmet as the rounds punched through. The remains of her sundered hounskull toppled backwards with immense force, sliding from her shoulders and spilling what few contents it had managed to catch into the snow. Her body twitched a short while as Tevult and his men drew closer, Moritz's rifle trained on the woman as a precaution, before the last fleeting dregs of life left Ruva. "Good work lads, it's done with. The Tsar will reward us for this" Tevult said to his men, proud of their work, "Now let's move the body so we can get some rest out here. Moritz, grab her gun so we can prove she's done with, and that brain bowl too".

Moritz approached the corpse, and grasped the beaten helmet with his hands, lifting it up. To his surprise and disgust, more of Ruva's crushed head sloughed from the punctured helm, spilling onto his foot. "Agh! Aw bloody fuckin' piss, she's on my shoes now..." he droned, bemoaning his ill luck, although his comrades found it quite humorous, chuckling at his misfortune. Casting aside the helmet, Moritz returned to his fellows and bickered with them for a short time, before Tevult simply ordered everyone to get to bed, and that they would collect their proof of death come the morning.

That night, after the fire had reduced to mere embers in the bitter cold, there was a soft shuffling, and rattling. But a moment later, there came a cacophonous roar of what could have been six guns at once, and the screams of three men, which steadily whittled to two, then one. Then silence.

In the frozen wasteland that is Northern Pridoma, in the macarbe realm of the Mournwacked Expanse, life for the average bounty-able criminal has become somewhat more simple. Though still harried by the authorities, and outcast from society, gone are the days where any man who was unlucky enough to get a bounty on his head would have to worry about facing down the barrels of 6 Nock Ruva's deadly cannon. However, a new threat now stalks the dead cursewoods of the north, one that many consider to be little more than urban legend following the disappearance of the famed Ruva, while others swear they've seen a headless thing in the night, toting a nock gun in its grasp.

Whatever the truth of the matter, the woods are no longer a viable option for the evil, or the unlawful.

The very few who have survived a harrowing encounter with this being, reported the unsettling noise of sputtering, burbling air, the faint click of a heavy metal mechanism, and the deafening rapport of a gun from hell about to send them there.



THE TAVERN

This tavern (which you can name according to your campaign) is cold, old, and run-down, much like most buildings within the province of Ellyiat. It's the last stop on a long trek north to the Mournwacked Expanse, and as such, it's often host to a set of colourful individuals.

Most of the tavern's occupants are mistrustful of adventurers, knowing that any one of them might be seeking a bounty on their own heads. As such, the tavern's owner **Matheson** (*LN male half-elf carouser*) is likely the only person who engages in conversation with them.

Feel free to have PCs engage in combat with some of the rough-and-tumble occupants of this tavern. You can find extra tokens for pub occupants in *Rotgrind Campaign Assets: The Cackling Jackass*, or come up with your own.

The PCs should also be offered the opportunity to rent a boat from the tavern keeper. He informs them that they'll never know when they might need one, but the cost is fairly steep. The tavern is a significant distance from any running water, and at least two creatures will need to carry the boat at all times, reducing their initiative at the start of any combat.

The players must learn that Ruva was last spotted to the north, surrounded by a field of frozen blood. A trail can be found running through the woods toward the river.



This forest rests heavy with snow, deep enough to treat the area as difficult terrain for all who wander through it. Though it's muted and silent, the smallest crunch through the snow can be heard all around.

The area is suitable for ambush by any number of wintery creatures: wolves, bears, or even more sinister beings well-suited to the chilly tundra.

PCs attempting to Sneak or use Stealth take a -2 circumstance penalty to their checks in this area.

If desired, there should be plenty of room to set up a camp for bandits, ruffians, or all manner of individuals to run across.

THE BITTER FOREST



1 SQUARE = 5 FEET

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1 SQUARE = 5 FEET

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THE ICY RIVER

This river is full of dangers: a single misstep can rapidly turn fatal, even for the most agile of adventurers. A gentle layer of snow can conceal a quick plunge to a freezing demise, and mounds of packed crystalline ice can provide cover for predators adapted to dwelling in this harsh climate.

PCs who succeed at a DC 20 Perception check can avoid weaker areas of ice, while PCs who succeed at a DC 22 Acrobatics check can avoid falling through any weak areas they come across.

Traversing to the cave means that players will need to come up with a means of passing over not just fragile ice, but over rushing water as well. Should they fall into the water, they can expect to immediately see a swarm of icy jellyfish surrounding them.

There are more mysteries to be explored on this map, such as the ghostly skull that can be seen just beneath the ice. There's also ample room for even more monsters lurking in the deep!





ICY JELLYFISH SWARM

CREATURE 6

N

Large

Animal

Aquatic

Mindless

Swarm

These tiny jellies look like snowflakes drifting through the water, sometimes gently bobbing, sometimes shifting as if blown in a blizzarding wind. If they rise above the surface, they immediately freeze solid.

Perception +10; low-light vision

Skills Acrobatics +15

Str -4, **Dex** +5, **Con** +4, **Int** -5, **Wis** +0, **Cha** -5

AC 13; **Fort** +16, **Ref** +15, **Will** +10

HP 155; **Immunities** mental, precision, swarm mind; **Weaknesses** area damage 7, fire 10, splash damage 7; **Resistances** bludgeoning 9, cold 10, piercing 9, poison 10, slashing 5

Speed swim 20 feet

Agile Swimmer Icy jellyfish swarms use Acrobatics to Swim.

Chilling Swarm ◆ (poison) Each enemy in the swarm's space takes 3d8 poison damage (DC 24 basic Reflex save) and is exposed to icy jelly venom.

Icy Jelly Venom (poison) **Saving Throw** DC 24 Fortitude; **Maximum Duration** 6 rounds; **Stage 1** enfeebled 1 (1 round); **Stage 2** enfeebled 2 (1 round); **Stage 3** enfeebled 3 (1 round)



1 SQUARE = 5 FEET

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THE CAVE

Once the party members have arrived in the frozen, icy cave on the other side of the river, they can attempt a DC 24 Perception check to note a major hazard overhead: thousands of icicles dangle down, trembling with every loud noise. Creatures who fail to spot this risk the ice falling (attack +20; damage 2d10+15 piercing).

Ruva announces their battle with an initial shot, causing icicles to rain down over the party. Players can seek cover behind or beneath the boulders, but they need to be cautious: an increase in temperature or a particularly loud combat might send the entire nearby snowcover tumbling down on the entrance, trapping them in an icy tomb!

Once the PCs defeat Ruva, they can search the area and find her helmet. A successful DC 22 Occultism check reveals that Ruva's spirit is bound to her helmet. The players can choose to deliver it to Matheson, or they can seek out a way to put Ruva to rest by detaching her soul from the helmet first.

Unique

NE

Medium

Undead

This headless ghostly figure is thin, lean, and dressed in matted fur robes covered in hoarfrost. Though the furs look heavy, it moves with a delicate grace, drawing a pistol with ease and readying it to fire.

Perception +14; darkvision, lifestance 60 eet

Languages Common, Necril

Skills Acrobatics +17, Athletics +15, Intimidation +15

Str +4, **Dex** +6, **Con** +3, **Int** +0, **Wis** +2, **Cha** +2

AC 28; **Fort** +15, **Ref** +17, **Will** +13

HP 95 (negative healing); **Immunities** death effects, disease, paralyzed, poison, sleep; **Resistances** physical 10 (except piercing)

Frightful Presence (aura, emotion, fear, mental) 30 feet, DC 23.

Headless Creatures getting a critical success on Strikes against Six-Nock Ruva must attempt a DC 10 Flat Check. On failure the Strike is treated like a success instead.

Speed 25 feet

Melee ♦ rifle whip +16 (magical); **Damage** 2d6+6 bludgeoning

Ranged ♦ six-nock rifle +18 (fatal d8, range increment 60 feet, repeating);
Damage 2d4+6 piercing plus bullets of vengeance

Bullets of Vengeance (necromancy, occult) Shots from a Six-Nock Ruva's firearms deal an additional 1d8 negative damage, or 2d8 negative damage against a creature who betrayed their allies within the past month. A creature who has never betrayed a living being doesn't take this precision damage. When Six-Nock Ruva succeeds at a ranged Strike with a pistol, the target must succeed at a DC 26 Fortitude save or be stunned 1.



Unique

Invested

Magical

Price 315gp

Usage worn headwear; **Bulk** L

This ornate helmet is shaped into the form of a hunting hound's skull. Crafted by Ruva as part of her aesthetic, it is associated with expert bounty hunting. While wearing the helmet, you gain a +1 status bonus to attack rolls made with firearms or a +2 status bonus on all attack rolls with the nonlethal trait. You also gain a +1 status bonus on saves against emotion effects.

Activate ♦♦ command, **Interact**; **Frequency** once per hour; **Effect** You unleash a keening howl affecting all enemies in a 20-foot-burst. Creatures in the area take 3d8 sonic damage (DC 22 basic Reflex save).



SUPPLEMENT YOUR ADVENTURE

This adventure can be expanded with any number of creatures from the world of Tyne. Some suggestions:

Blizzardborn (*Pathfinder Bestiary 2*)

Swarmsoarer / Acid Wraith

(*Rotgrind Campaign Assets: The Lake and the Grove*)

Giw'Dul Suppliant / Giw'Dul Postulant

(*Rotgrind Campaign Assets: Return to Outset*)

Marshmaul (*Rotgrind Lore: Swamps of the Solitude*)

KEEP ON ADVENTURING IN ROTGRIND

The world of Tyne don't have to stop at the end of this adventure. Check out our other releases to learn more about how you can make your own campaign set in the world with unique characters set to face the Demise.

FREE RELEASES

ROTGRIND PRIMER

The Rotgrind primer gives an introduction to the world of Tyne.

THE ROT: THE DEMISE OF THE WORLD

The Rot is an infecting malady that can take root in almost all things and gradually corrupts them. First appearing roughly 300 years ago, the Rot has spread across the entirety of Tyne, threatening the world in a way never seen before.

OUTSET PRIMER

Outset is known by many names: The City of a Million Faces, the First City, and the Sinking City (among dozens of others). The city is home to over a million citizens in its nine districts, each built around massive pilasters over 140 stories high. Parts now tower above the clouds as it simultaneously pushes itself down, sinking into the deepest depths beneath its own weight.

CHARACTER GUIDE

Tyne is a world filled with danger and intrigue, and its people are uniquely skilled in a world on the brink of collapse. Use this guide to create your own Pathfinder Second Edition character using backgrounds, skills and spells, archetypes, and more, including content from the *Rotgrind* show with never-before-published rules!

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Our goal is to build out a fully realized world that you can invest yourself in, as well as run your own tabletop RPG games with.

Over the coming months, we'll be releasing a bevy of custom rules content for Pathfinder 2nd Edition, though the rules can easily be adapted for other game systems as necessary. We're looking at releasing bespoke new rules and mechanics, as well as expansions to existing rules like: new monsters, new spells, unique items, backgrounds, ancestries, and so much more!

As the Rogrind campaign continues and we release more and more content, the focus will be on the city of Outset and the macro-level elements of the setting (continents, nations, pantheons, cosmology, etc.). Our plan is to gauge the reaction and adjust the type of content being released as time goes on, and based on feedback from our audience. All of this bespoke content, as well as regular releases for content used on the show, is going to be provided for you to use in your own games!

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