

Untitled

Game

A Horrible Geese game for 5 players

By Ciarán "Sarky" O'Brien



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Game synopsis:

So, last year Untitled Goose Game came out. It is a simple game. You are a goose. You can honk, waddle, run, and pick things up with your beak. With these simple controls you bring a quaint English village to its knees by stealing keys, terrifying small children, trapping shopkeepers in their garage, and generally being an incredibly annoying nuisance. It became an overnight sensation.

Naturally, someone made a simple RPG system where a group of people could play horrible geese and cause all manner of problems in a village made up by the GM. This is one of those villages, although its quaint English charm has been replaced by Lovecraftian nightmare. Disciples of the Great Old One Shub-Niggurath have infiltrated the town, corrupting susceptible villagers and turning them against their neighbours. The village is firmly under the control of the cultists, who are sacrificing the villagers as part of an unspeakable ritual to summon Shub-Niggurath to this dimension and end the world.

The players do not care about any of this. They are horrible geese. They came to Little Puckleborough to annoy the hell out of people, and if the villagers aren't available, they'll harass the cultists instead.

The village is carefully blockaded and fortified to restrict movement, even for geese. Arriving from the outlying farms, they'll have to cause specific problems in order to open up different areas. One human can actually talk with the geese, an investigator that tried to stop the cultists with his friends but was driven mad. He can provide help and information on notable cultists and how best to disrupt their evil plan.

The players of course are not here to save the world.

They are geese. Horrible geese.

If they stop the dread forces of Shub-Niggurath, it will only be by accident.

Honk honk, motherfuckers.

HORRIBLE GEESE

IT'S A LOVELY DAY IN THE VILLAGE DAY AND YOU ARE A HORRIBLE GOOSE. SO ARE ALL YOUR FRIENDS.
IT'S TIME TO CAUSE SOME PROBLEMS.

Stats: Sneaky, Fast, Tenacious

Sneaky: How stealthily you are able to execute your plans

Fast: How quickly you get in, cause problems, and escape

Tenacious: How dedicated you are to achieving your goals

All standard stats start at **1**. You have **3** points to divide between these stats however you like.

Special: You get to define one special trait. This trait can be anything you like- for example: dancing, knot-tying, or explosives expertise. Your special stat cannot have any points added to it.

When you are faced with a goal, you will roll **1D6** plus **one extra D6** for each point you have in that skill. If you think your special trait applies and the GM agrees, you can add an extra dice for that as well. The GM will usually roll **2D6** and whoever has the higher number, succeeds.

You will use **Sneaky** and **Fast** to achieve your goals, and **Tenacious** to determine if you care enough to try again when you've failed.

If you fail a roll, you can roll **Tenacious** against the villager you're annoying to try again. If you succeed the Tenacious roll, add that result to your next attempt- practice makes perfect, after all. You can make as many Tenacious rolls as **1+ half your Tenacious score (rounded down)**. If you fail your last Tenacious roll you waddle away, disgusted with the selfindulgent nature of humanity and intent on causing problems somewhere else thank you very much. Your departure impacts your friends- you hang about nearby, **Honking** incessantly until they either complete the goal or join you in rage-inducing failure. Until that point, all their stats are substituted with their lowest one. You are also able to **Honk** at will, with no limit. Honking will attract attention, and no **Sneaky** activity is possible in the immediate vicinity of a **Honk**.

Chaos Dice: For each goal your group achieves you are each awarded 1D6 Chaos Dice. These dice can be added to a roll in order to complete a future goal, increasing your chances of success. However, **rolling a 1** on a Chaos Dice means you have attracted too much attention and been too annoying. As a result, the humans will alter the environment to make it harder for you an easier for them, and your feathery ego is bruised- **deduct 1 point from the skill you were rolling on**.

If any **skill reaches 0**, you're disillusioned with being horrible for today and go back to floating sulkily about the pond. Create a new goose.

Chaos Dice are single use; once you have added a Chaos Dice to a roll you must discard it.

Trophies: Roll **1D6** for a trophy from a previous escapade- feel free to use it to inform an elaborate and probably false backstory. The trophy can only be used once.

- 1: Someone's wallet, including ID and credit cards- You really are horrible, aren't you?
- 2: A rubber snake- Can be used to scare 1D6 humans away from an area for 1D6 minutes.
- 3: A radio- Can be turned on to attract attention. (Humans will come over to it to turn it off- it's stuck on a really annoying talkback station).
- 4: A clockwork clown with little cymbals- Can be left in a public place to distract 1D6 humans for 1D6 minutes.
- 5: A really pretty red ribbon- Can be discarded to make any human retrieve it.
- 6: A knife- It's a KNIFE.

For the GM

You are every villager. I am so sorry about that. You are also whatever chaotic entity keeps giving geese a list of increasingly annoying problems to cause in the village. As the chaotic entity, your role is to give the geese a series of tasks. Goals should start simple- ruin the pie, for example- and move toward more complex tasks- like locking someone in their home. This will encourage the geese to use their chaos dice. A goal may take only one successful roll to achieve, or it may take several. Every goal targets a villager. As the villagers, your task is to stop the geese from causing problems. When a goose rolls, you roll **2D6**. The highest roll wins. When a goose rolls a 1 on a chaos dice, you get to put up a **No Geese** sign and make the goal more difficult – maybe your villager hires help or locks a gate. Roll an **extra 1D6** against any goose attempting this goal. Geese can always abandon a goal in favor of another one.

The horrible goose belongs to House House (Untitled Goose Game).

This work was created on Wurundjeri land.

Sovereignty was never ceded.

A D6-based game by Alex C

<http://alexwritesthings.com/horrible-geese/>

Little Puckleborough, a History:

Little Puckleborough is a quiet, unassuming seaside settlement, not quite big enough to call a town but not small enough to properly call a village. It is Extremely Little Britain. The pub closes at 10pm sharp. Little Union Jack flags hang off the fountain in the plaza. Elderly gentlemen play bowls on the village green of a Sunday, and the restoration of the church steeple requires a never-ending procession of bake sales and raffles where the supremely lucky might win 20% off at the hairdressers or a brand new hammer from the tool shop.

Little Puckleborough is surrounded by a mix of forest and field, with most of the outlying farms devoting space to an orchard; The annual Puckleborough Bank Holiday Cider Festival draws a modest crowd from neighbouring towns and villages, and the local pint of choice is a 7% brew called “Bishop Nobbin”, so named because locals say Chaucer was inspired to write part of his famous Canterbury Tales while visiting centuries ago, after hearing of a local scandal involving a holy man and his prizewinning mare.

It was during the Saturday evening of the Puckleborough Cider Festival, when the maximum number of locals were drunk and helpless, that the disciples of Shub-Niggurath struck.

You see, the the story about Chaucer was true, although certain details were deliberately twisted to protect the good country folk who worked the land. The Bishop in question was better known for his vices than his virtues. He routinely indulged in pleasures of the flesh with man and woman, despite his sacred vows of chastity, and if man or woman were in short supply, he had no qualms about searching beyond the species. His perverse lusts led him down multiple dark roads, most of the details of which are blessedly lost to time. But one tale, whispered in secret societies from one generation to the next, tells of how his obsession with ancient fertility gods and their obscene rituals, attracted the attentions of Shub-Niggurath, the Black Goat of the Woods with a Thousand Young.

According to this tale, the bishop was led to believe that by combining carnal ritual and blood sacrifice of obscene proportions, he might unlock power and pleasure beyond all human imagining. Had it not been for a small group of the king’s spies, he would have awakened and summoned Shub-Niggurath into our reality, and all of nature would have warped and twisted into unrecognisable forms, wiping out all life as we know it in a storm of mutation and insanity.

These agents of the crown began investigating after a smuggler of esoteric items told them the bishop had paid him to procure certain ancient writings forbidden by church and crown. This was at the height of the Western Schism where multiple men claimed to be pope and excommunicated the others. Heresy was rampant and older, darker faiths than Christianity took advantage of the infighting to corrupt and control men and women in each faction. So it was with this bishop, said the smuggler, and the king’s men set out to bring him to justice.

Had they found him a day sooner, this game would not be happening. When they did find him, he had almost consummated the final rituals to bring Shub-niggurath to this world, and had been joined – literally- in grotesque and unholy union with one of Shub-Niggurath’s “children”: the Dark Young, horrifying masses of tarry, ropy tentacles with stumpy hoof-legs. The king’s spies, disgusted and shaken at the sight, nonetheless managed to defeat the monster, though they could not kill or banish it. Instead they sealed it away in a crypt where none might find it. Chaucer, who by this time was Controller of Customs and Justice of Peace, was tasked with spreading propaganda stories to drown out any locals who knew of the bishop and his fate. The Canterbury Tales, or at least part of them, are an attempt to hide the truth that the end of the world nearly came to pass in a tiny hamlet in the south of Britain.

That crypt still contains the gruesome hybrid of bishop and Dark Young, and is now buried below the Village Green of the quiet town of Little Puckleborough.

Present Day:

Little Puckleborough has fallen. The Disciples of the Black Goat insinuated themselves into the town over many years, seducing and turning officials to their cause, and at the height of the cider festival they rose up and captured the town in the space of an hour. The police were slaughtered, any house with firearms was raided, and any one who tried to be a hero was torn apart in full view of a public which was quickly cowed into submission. The townsfolk are herded like livestock, the strongest set to work excavating the Village Green to uncover the crypt of the Dark Young. The rest are playthings of the Disciples; men and women divorced from reason, given over wholly to a perverse fertility deity, to whom pleasure, pain, life and death are one and the same. Now cultists patrol the old town walls and streets, looting and burning and murdering as the mood takes them. The city's districts are barricaded to keep people escaping, and to keep any would-be saviours out. Soon, the crypt will be uncovered, and obscene rituals begun over six hundred years ago will be completed, and The Black Goat of the Woods with a Thousand Young will walk the earth again, and everything will be snuffed out in an orgy of madness and change.

The players do not care. They are geese. Horrible geese.

Intended flow of the game:

There's no guarantee the players won't find some way to mess this up entirely with goosey shenanigans, but hopefully the game will run more or less like this, and give you ideas for extra to-do list tasks to direct the plot:

1. Arrival at Widegate (**Section 1**). (Unintentionally?) kill a cultist or two. Where are the apples? OMG It's the Ciderfest! They're in town!
2. Town is sealed, cultists with weapons take pot shots at geese. The river is low (or fast) and they can't climb out into any district but Farmers Port (**Section 6**)
3. Farmers Port is now Slave Labour Central, where cultists force villagers to dig in the Green. Cultists control the food. By liberating the food, the players can force a short slave revolt that opens up **Richport (Section 4)**
4. Richport is almost deserted, the castle tourist attraction locked up tight, save for one prison cell where the Mad Investigator from the doomed adventuring party is imprisoned. He can talk to the geese (or thinks he can, anyway), and tell them about Mean Old Farmer Boggis in East Town (**Section 5**)
5. East Town is where everyone unable to dig up the Green is sent to be messily sacrificed to Shub-Niggurath. By causing Farmer Boggis to have an unpleasant injury they gain access to his house, where they can grab keys to the castle, and learn about Farmer Boggis' dealings with the Esoteric Order of Dagon. They can grab an item of magical power that the Mad Investigator can use to escape. Now believing himself to be a goose, he is quickly murdered but does unlock access for the players to the retail district of Coppercliff (**Section 3**)
6. Coppercliff is reserved for the leaders of the Disciples of the Black Goat. The hotel here is being used as headquarters to coordinate the occupation. Here, they can mess with the cultists to create a huge explosion that breaks through to the catacombs where the Bishop was trapped centuries before.
7. Underneath The Green, players find the Bishop's Crypt. Inside is the corpse of the Dark Bishop, with 5 roses growing out of him. The cultists get to resurrect 1 rose, and the players must steal the other four, and carry them all the way back to Richport, where they can chuck them off the pier and accidentally summon Cthulhu in time to fight Shub-Niggurath, causing both to be banished back to where they belong. The players will not care. They are horrible geese.

Section 1: Widegate, town walls and outlying farms

The players arrive from the west, hungry for mischief but also literally hungry. The local orchards have been picked clean, and there are strange smells in the air. The farmlands have anti-goose fences to protect the townsfolk. The players need to get through those fences. All the entrances through the old town walls have been barricaded, and the canal-type river gates have been shut. Nothing can get in or out without the cultists' say-so.

There is a bored male cultist (He features several times, **so let's just call him Godfrey**) playing the "stab a knife really quickly in the spaces between your fingers" game in the nearby farmhouse. If a player can sneak up and honk while he's playing, he will stab his hand and run to his brothers for aid, which will leave a gate open for the players to move into the suburbs.

To do this, they'll need to release the farm's dog, who has been locked into his kennel by cultists. The dog doesn't speak goose but he knows better than to mess with them, and has shared dog food and apples with them in the past. He'll bark loudly in thanks and leap the fences to freedom.

The barking will cause the cultist to investigate, and he'll leave the door open. He drops the knife when the players cause him to hurt himself. Any player can pick it up to use later. His fellow cultists in the suburbs area mock his clumsiness and reassign him to guarding the river entrance at the north of the town.

These cultists are stringing up villagers upside-down from lamp posts, slitting their throats, and dancing strangely in the resulting shower of blood. Players are encouraged to cut the rope (they should have a knife by now, but they could raid a greenhouse or garage for some other cutting tool) and knock a cultist out by having the body land on them. An apple falls out of their pocket, which can be used to remind the players of the Cider Festival in the town center.

He joins three others by the canal gates. They've been drinking and are playing around with a lasso one of them has fashioned from the chain of an old anchor. They take turns lassoing each other. When the cultist they injured has a go, his hurt hand means he fumbles and tangles his target. If he's startled by honking as well, he'll tangle all three up in the chains. Players must push the anchor into the river while this happens, and the three drowning cultists will make an ideal platform against the canal gates for the players to hop up and over!

If they fail, the dog from earlier can give them a hand in a variety of ways, knocking someone into the river or even giving them a boost up on his head. Perhaps they only knock one cultist in? They could knock in the rest as they lean out to try and fish him out. Change the to-do list if players close off the possibilities here. **But keep Godfrey alive! His suffering has only begun.**

Widegate To do list:

- The humans have caged the guard dog. Free him from this cruel oppression!
- Get Godfrey to stab himself.
- Knock out a strangely dancing cultist in the suburbs
- Cause Godfrey to tangle up the other three cultists...
- ... and push the anchor into the river.
- Get over the canal gate

Section 3: Coppercliff – The Antique Shop

Coppercliff is the “retail” district, for want of a better term. There’s a supermarket and a bunch of small shops, a combination of newsagents, market stalls, tourist shops full of cheap tat, an antique “fle market” type place, and a 3-story, 3-star hotel. The shops have all been smashed up and looted for food, but that leaves everything from newspapers to power tools still there for a wiley player to make use of, and all the doors are wide open. The hotel (named “The Puckleborough Inn”) is a different matter, however. It has been taken over by the leaders of the Disciples of the Black Goat. From here they oversee the occupation of the town. Lesser cultists run to and fro with reports and orders, everything is highly organised chaos. Doors are locked and guarded by the most devoted cultists, who won’t budge for any goose. Getting in will require getting up high, and these geese can’t fly...

Our long-suffering cultist friend Godfrey is in the hotel, being given a dressing down for his clumsy actions in previous scenes, which may include a body count if the players turn out as horrible as I suspect. Cultists everywhere will be talking about him, how the Elders are pissed and how they’re glad it’s not them.

When facing the hotel on the street, there is an antique shop on the left, part of the same structure (their attics aren’t separated), and an alley to the back of the hotel on the right. There are cellar doors to the basement of the hotel, but they are locked from the inside and too heavy for a goose to lift.

The antique shop has loads of old things from scratchy record players (perfect for causing a distraction) to suits of armour (concievably all players might be able to get inside one and make it move). The stairways are unguarded, but some cultists are wandering about, inspecting this or that. The third floor has been set up for tourists; it’s an indoor firing range for replica crossbows (if someone should bend over in front of one of those...). The stairway to the attic is folded up into the ceiling with a pull-string that the geese can’t quite get the strength to pull. If a cultist gets shot with the crossbow, the others will unforl the attic stairs to search for attackers, letting the geese up there. It’s dark and dusty and all sorts of ancient stuff is stored here. A cultist could easily trip over something if they weren’t careful. And player could easily get, say, a rotting moose-head wall trophy stuck on them and scare the shit out of someone with it. Let them be as creative as they like.

In scaring a cultist to fall down the attic stairs, he/she will bump off an old storage crate that falls open on the floor. What is in the box? World War 2 hand grenades, that’s what! However, they’re so old that pulling the pin doesn’t set them off any more. They’d have to be put in a fire to explode now. Feel free to let them try to blow up a cultist, only for this to be loudly pointed out after the screaming and running and the lack of an explosion. If players get caught with one, the cultists will put it back upstairs in the box and shoo them off.

They can crawl into the air vents of the hotel from the antique shop attic.

Antique Shop to-do list:

- Shoot a cultist with the crossbow
- Scare a cultist with the suit of armour
- Make a cultist fall down the attic stairs
- Get into the hotel

Section 3: Coppercliff – The Hotel

Once in the air vents of the hotel, they'll pass over the dining room, where **Godfrey**, looking miserable, is being shouted at by someone more important. He has a mop and bucket thrust into his hands and is angrily told to clean the cellar and fire up the old furnace heater so the Elder Disciples may bathe before the final ritual tonight.

The players can exit the vents on the stairwell of the hotel. Most doors are closed off to them, but the cellar is open. If any players are caught while in the hotel they are swiftly booted out, no exceptions. However, they can just get back in through the vents. This is important as they need to get the grenades from the antique shop into the furnace to unlock the final section!

First off they need to pick on Godfrey some more. He's got the furnace fired up, and he's mopping the floor with a bucket of water with a little bleach in it. By adding the whole bottle of bleach to the bucket, the fumes will start him coughing and complaining about his allergies, and he'll open the cellar doors for some air. The players now have an escape route.

By untying his shoelaces while he's taking a moment to wheeze, they can make him stumble and kneel down to tie them again. While he's bent over they can steal his glasses, and while he searches for them they can open the furnace door.

To get Godfrey to take his robe off, players can chuck lumps of coal or firewood into the furnace, and the extra heat will make him strip to his vest and y-fronts. It will also finally be hot enough to set off the hand grenades, so if they chuck those in first they can still do the other tasks. And with the cellar doors open they can get out before a huge explosion incinerates the hotel. As the geese are escaping, have the ground underneath them crack and collapse, letting them fall (well, they can flap and control their fall) into the catacombs where the Bishop was trapped centuries before.

It's time for the final scene. Things are going to get *weird*.

Hotel to-do list:

- Put too much bleach in Godfrey's bucket (opens up the cellar doors)
- Steal Godfrey's glasses
- Make Godfrey take off his robe
- Make the furnace explode

Section 4: Richport - The Posh District With a Bit Of A Castle

Richport is pretty much deserted. This area is where the Cider Festival happens, and there are still tables and chairs and decorations of all sorts around, some splashed with the blood of this or that villager. Here and there a corpse was left to rot. There are crows and ravens about the bodies, but they flee from the geese as soon as they're aware of them. The silence is broken by a voice screaming abuse at the crows. "Sod off! I'm not dead yet you thieving feathery gits!" things like that.

The Mad Investigator is in a cage in the "castle". The cage is a renovated cell to give tourists an idea of what being a prisoner was like "back in the day". It works exactly like a normal prison cell. He alternates between laughing, weeping, singing, and picking his nose until it bleeds. He is quite, quite insane.

He can understand and talk to the players, or at least he thinks he can. Take players by surprise, have him join in their conversations. He can tell his story, how he and an unlikely team of fellow investigators uncovered the Disciples of the Black Goat and their apocalyptic plans and hunted them across the world until they fell at the last hurdle. The cult was prepared for them, and now he's the only one left and waiting to die. The players probably don't care. **They are, after all, geese. Horrible geese.** But he tells them he can help them cause mischief. Speak this, or paraphrase it, to the players during conversation.

"Mean Old Farmer Boggis, you want to ruin someone's day, there's your man! He's as bitter as his apples, thought the cultists might free him. But oh, Farmer Boggis has secrets he won't share with the Disciples, yes he has! He already serves another, hahahaha! There's salt water in his blood, and his masters don't like to be spurned! You want... You want chaos? MAYHEM? Farmer Boggis has a pearl in his house, from the sea, big as my fist! You get that pearl, bring it here, and you'll have all the mayhem you can honk at! Farmer Boggis will provide! Farmer Boggis, self-proclaimed lord of the charnel orgy! You'll see! You'll see the SEA! And the sea will see back, ahahahaha!"

Players will know of Mean Old Farmer Boggis. He is VERY mean, and his apples taste awful, like they were soaked in seaweed.

Bringing back the Pearl, the Investigator will mutter in an alien language and the bars of his cage simply turn into water and slosh away. Alas, so does the Pearl. The Mad Investigator stands up, flaps his arms, and declares himself to be a goose, before screaming "With me, my goosey brethren! It is time for the Disciples to PAY!" He runs off towards Farmers Port, faster than the players can waddle. Before long they'll hear a loud explosion near the plaza. The madman either found some explosives or used some terrible sorcery to blast apart the barricade between Farmers Port and Coppercliff. Good for him. Or maybe the warning that "every boon has a price in blood" wasn't just fancy talk. Either way.

If any players try to use the Pearl again, it dissolves in their beak and the voice from before booms "YOU BREAK THE PACT, IN FULL KNOWLEDGE OF THE PRICE. THE SLEEPER AWAKENS TO PUNISH THE INSOLENT. PH'NGLUI MGLW'NAFH CTHULHU R'LYEH WGAH'NAGL FHTAGN."

The players do not care. They are geese.

Coppercliff is now open to the players.

Richport to-do list:

- Get the Mad Investigator's attention
- Give him the Giant Pearl
- Sneak into the Coppercliff district

Section 5: East Town and Farmer Boggis' Farm

By the time the players get back to Farmers Port after talking with the Mad Investigator, the gate to East Town is open, and they can head in without trouble. They might notice that any slaves out in the open try their best to avoid it, but they are geese, not slaves...

If Farmers Port was hell, East Town is where demons fear to tread. This is where still-living slaves are sent after they can no longer dig The Green. The cult of Shub-Niggurath sacrifices them to their dark mother in perverse orgiastic ritual; Suffice to say, by the time the priests and priestesses cut the still-living victim's heart out, they welcome the release of death. The sound of screaming goes on forever. The streets are filled with a heavy, clinging smoke, and the stench of blood and burning viscera hangs thick in the air, and the players feel static fluff up their feathers as the power of the rituals flows through the streets. Every so often purple-green lightning arcs from a lamp post to lamp post, or to the players if they get too near anything made of metal!

Any time they get near or contact a metal object outdoors, roll a d6, they get zapped on an odd number. Apply a -1 penalty to a player's rolls every time they get zapped until they leave the area. This is the dark heart of the cultist's occupation, even the players should feel in danger here. Not that it matters, since they can roll up a new goose immediately after dying or giving up as in the rules. But that's the atmosphere this place has.

The cultists not only cut out the heart and burn it as an offering, they drain the body of blood and store it in containers – jugs, kettles, old fuel cans, it doesn't matter, they are obsessed with making sure they don't spill a drop. Containers are loaded onto the back of transport vehicles, and snooping around can explain why.

If more than one player succeeds in stealth-snooping, split the info:

- They hear cultists muttering about how the blood will resurrect someone buried under the Green, and once the digging's done they'll finish what he started 600 years ago.
- They'll also complain about Farmer Boggis delaying things. He accepted Shub-Niggurath surprisingly fervently and goes to extreme lengths to prove his devotion, even in the Disciples' estimation.
- Ain't gonna cure his crotch rot, that's for sure!" jokes one guard, and the others laugh.

Finding Farmer Boggis isn't hard. He's in the centre of East Town, revelling in bloody butchery of the villagers he hated all his life. When the players find him, he's just after finishing a horrific ritual sacrifice. The bodies of 6 men and women, heartless, pour their blood into an oil drum. He's naked, covered in every bodily secretion humans can produce. He belches loudly as cultists help him into his dressing gown. His accent is utterly incomprehensible country gibberish, as he loudly declares he's off for a shower followed by a nap, but it comes out as "Oi'm aff f'r SHOOR'n'fur'ryWANKS". Thankfully, his gestures should convey the general idea. If he sees the players, he'll swear and throw rocks at them. He hates geese.

Players can sneak into his house as he showers and flush a toilet or turn on a cold tap, and scald him with hot shower water. After applying Deep Heat to his burned nethers, he'll limp home to his farm (unlocking it for the players) for magic healing and rest. In the house, they can see him use the giant pearl by his bed, calling out to Dagon and Cthulhu for aid. Seaweed-green light flows from the pearl and soothes the burns, and he collapses into bed. Invite players to try and use the Pearl to summon a Deep One (fish-man servant of Cthulhu). Boggis owes them a debt, and it drags him shrieking through a watery portal, leaving the Pearl, and a warning in their heads: **"EVERY BOON HAS A PRICE IN BLOOD. THE SEA REMEMBERS."**

EastTown to-do list:

- Make Farmer Boggis burn himself in the shower
- Replace Farmer Boggis' "soothing ointment" with Deep Heat.
- Perform an Eldritch ritual to the Lord of R'lyeh
- Steal the giant pearl and bring it to the Mad Investigator

Section 6&2: Farmers Port/The Green: Honks Above, Horror Below

Players should initially arrive here straight after Widegate near the beginning. The river is either too low for players to get out anywhere else, or with the gates open it's flowing too quickly for them to climb out. Until the river mouth widens to become the sea. There are 2 sets of docks, Richport and Farmers Port, both normally far too high to climb out. But Farmers Port has a small mountain of corpses piled up against the pier. Cultists have been tossing villagers too weak to work the dig site here to die. The players can easily clamber up the corpse pyramid and get into Farmers Port proper. It's clear that the cultists have cut out their hearts before dumping them.

Farmers Port is essentially a forced labour camp. Armed guards, shackled villagers, public beatings and executions to keep them afraid, the works. Buildings hollowed out to house the slave labour, doors locked tight, regular checkpoints. There is a bridge across the river but it's barricaded and guarded by very serious-looking people. Coppercliff to the north is cordoned off, more armed forces who have no issues kicking or even shooting any goose that tries to start trouble. The Green is now a muddy pit as villagers are forced to dig the whole area and cart out wheelbarrows of dirt and rock at gunpoint. The cultists are obviously searching for something.

The players probably don't care. They are geese.

The town's vicar stands outside a large warehouse-type building he's calling the Granary. He is clearly working with the cultists, preaching to the slaves now that the Black Goat of the Woods with a Thousand Young is their god now, and food is only given to the hard worker who converts. He stands directly below a window of the building, head tilted to the sky as he preaches. A goose that got into the Granary could easily drop something straight into his mouth and make him choke.

In the granary there are piles of different foods, clearly looted from the shops and locked up tight here. Guards patrol the stairways on the inside, and the entrances on the outside. A goose must be sneaky to get past them, or cleverly distract them. If the players can think up a cunning plan, by all means let them. The doors have a simple latch on the inside that a beak can undo. The door handles, however are beyond their ken.

As the vicar chokes he collapses against the now open doors, which swing wide open. On seeing this, a short lived revolution will take place (feel free to roleplay an angry mob of slaves looking for an excuse to riot, the players might even throw rocks at guards to encourage this!). The cultists quickly end the attempt but not before a slave grabs a grenade from a bridge guard and they explode, taking out the barriers preventing access to the bridge. Any slaves not immediately shot are rounded up; **Players can hear a ranking guard say "Take them to Old Man Boggis, before their blood feeds the Bishop's Communion, they can feed his pathetic appetites."**

The way to Richport is now open.

Farmers Port to-do list:

- Get into the Granary
- Unlock the Granary doors
- Make the vicar choke
- Start a revolution!
- Get into Richport
- Get into East Town

Final Scene: The Bishop's Crypt, and the End Of Everything (Maybe)

This is it.

The catacombs are a straightforward corridor which open up to a large underground crypt. Or at least it WAS underground. As the players arrive, the villagers have already broken through the ceiling and are hauling down all the containers of blood players saw from the sacrifices in East Town. A group of people in immaculate white robes are gathered in a circle at the centre of the chamber, around the corpse of the Bishop.

The Bishop looks about as you'd expect for a 600 year old corpse, if someone had taken a 600 year old corpse and stapled it to a giant squid and several unnaturally lanky goats covered in tar. Joining with a being from another world to bridge the gap between them was clearly part of his ancient summoning ritual. The corpse is as big as a double decker bus, five stunted, evil-looking roses grow from the corpse. As players approach, a woman in a goat mask cups blood from a bottle in her hand and pours it onto one of the roses, causing it to move around and grow instantly larger. She laughs like a delighted child, and calls for all the blood.

"Hurry! The servants of Dagon are almost here!"

She turns to confer with the others about the approaching Servants of Dagon as cultists take careful steps down the ancient stairs with barrels of blood. It would be easy to make one trip, which would definitely cause the Elders to move off and investigate. They've probably picked up all manner of weird objects during the game, they'll think of something.

Players can hear that the Elders think a cultist allied to Dagon is sabotaging their efforts. They think this saboteur blew up the hotel earlier, and is responsible for the sudden storm above and vague unsettling visions of Dagon's minions approaching from the ocean.

To complicate matters, the Dark Rose the priestess fed is now a sentient creature that can shoo away the geese with its nasty thorns if it sees them. Sneaking, or clever use of items, will get them by.

Once they have the 4 Dark Roses they have to bring them to the Richport docks and toss them into the whirlpool that has formed there, it's a portal to R'lyeh, through which they can see the massive underwater city in all its hellish splendour. The players do not care. They are geese.

Once they drop the roses in, angry Deep Ones emerge, and the Dark Roses seek them out like torpedoes, cutting them with thorns and drinking their blood. The whirlpool goes crimson as the Roses feed and grow and turn into horrific Dark Young, tarry masses of tentacles on webbed goat legs, hundreds of mouths and genitals and gills emerging from the "torso" and sinking back in. The weaving tentacles seek out cracks in reality itself and pry them apart, opening a gateway to Shub-Niggurath, the Black Goat of the Woods with a Thousand Young.

Long story short, both Shub-Niggurath and Great Cthulhu are summoned, and they battle it out like monsters from Pacific Rim until they banish each other back to their home dimensions. Little Puckleborough is fucking destroyed. The sea and the storm fill the crypt and turn the excavated Green into a delightful little pond, and the geese can swim around and pick apples from the orchards all they like.

Final to-do list:

- Distract the Elder Disciples...
- ... steal the 4 Dark Roses...
- ... and bring them all the way back to Richport!

- 1. Widegate
- 2. The Green
- 3. Coppercliff
- 4. Richport
- 5. East Town
- 6. Farmers Port

Little Puckleborough

"26th best Scrumpy Town in Lower Cornwall"



Widegate To do list:

- The humans have caged the guard dog. Free him from this cruel oppression!
-
- Get Godfrey to stab himself.
-
- Knock out a strangely dancing cultist in the suburbs
-
- Cause Godfrey to tangle up the other three cultists...
-
- ... and push the anchor into the river.
-
- **Get over the canal gate**

Antique Shop to-do list:

- Shoot a cultist with the crossbow
-
- Scare a cultist with the suit of armour
-
- Make a cultist fall down the attic stairs
-
- Get into the hotel

Hotel to-do list:

- Put too much bleach in Godfrey's bucket (opens up the cellar doors)
-
- Steal Godfrey's glasses
-
- Make Godfrey take off his robe
-
- Make the furnace explode

Richport to-do list:

- Get the Mad Investigator's attention
-
- Give him the Giant Pearl
-
- Sneak into the Coppercliff district

EastTown to-do list:

- Make Farmer Boggis burn himself in the shower
-
- Replace Farmer Boggis' "soothing ointment" with Deep Heat.
-
- Perform an Eldritch ritual to the Lord of R'lyeh
-
- Steal the giant pearl and bring it to the Mad Investigator

Farmers Port to-do list:

- Get into the Granary
-
- Unlock the Granary doors
-
- Make the vicar choke
-
- Start a revolution!
-
- Get into Richport
-
- Get into East Town

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