

THE "CULT" SCROLL

6 CULTS

The Tide of Uwraga. With every passing moon, our schemes come closer to fruition. All shall drown in the tides of change, and from the depths shall rise a new order. The will of Uwraga is inevitable.

Furtierra's Ashes. In the depths of the realm's oldest volcanoes we gather to listen to her whispers escape from the bubbling magma. Her ashes shall blanket the world in a darkness so dark and shilling that only we, the strongest, can survive.

The Ferrymen. The world is a wicked place. We shall escort the souls of those we deem make it so to the afterlife where they can atone for their sins.

Chosen Eyes of Yakhygroth. He sees all, for we are his chosen eyes. Through us he shall witness this world's descent into enlightening madness.

The Forsaken. Bitter bites and rusted grates. Beneath your feet we scheme and wait. The sewers called and so we came, to serve our mother of rats with out shame.

The Fangs of V'ambren. When the first drop of blood was spilled, it was he who savored it. We follow in his shadow, lapping up the blood of fallen kings and gods. We are blessed. We are immortal. We are the fangs of V'ambren.



8 CULT MEETING PLACES

The Town Hall. The lives of the people are busy, and so few come to the town meetings. As a result, the cult can meet there in plain sight and recruit new members without drawing suspicion.

Butcher's Shop. Most keep their distance from this

place, as the chilling death wails of the animals slaughtered here are quite disturbing. If only they would come closer they might hear the desperate cries for help coming from the shop's cellar.

The Old Wizard's Tower. Nobody knows how the wizard came to pass, but few dare venture to his tower for they say it is cursed by his magics. In truth, it is the cultists who dwell here unraveling his arcane riddles that kill any who dare trespass.

Druidic Circle. They gather here atop the bones of the druids they slaughtered so long ago. Their very presence is enough to poison the fragile roots of nature that branch out from this desecrated place.



Cave of Drowned Souls. It is not the souls of those who drowned in these caves that gather here, but instead the souls of those who drowned at sea that find themselves washed up within this dark cavern.

Lich Dungeon. They say she still walks the halls of this accursed place. Those that would worship her gather here and shamble through the halls on bloody feet muttering vile prayers from broken lips.

The Maze. None who enter this place to do so as worshippers, but all who come inevitably lose their minds amidst the winding passageways. Only then do they hear his whispers and spend the rest of their days chasing them from one dead end to another.

Graveyard. They gather here on nights of a new moon to desecrate the dead and bury themselves alive. It is only here, in the coffins of long-dead souls, that they can hear the teachings of their mistress.



15 CULT SCHEMES

Cut out the Tongues. The blasphemous must be silenced so the enlightened might speak to us.

Blind the World. Our eyes are instruments of deception given to us by cowardly gods who would not have us see the world as it truly is.

Burn the Books. History is written by the victor. We would see their false tales burned and a voice given to the conquered.

Hoard the Gods. Only the purest should worship the gods, for the sinner's prayer dishonors them.

Slay the Heroes. Adventurers are a scourge who hoard the realm's magic and enforce their will upon the common folk. They must be eliminated.

Regrow the Wilds. To regrow the wilds requires an immense amount of nutrients. Nutrients that can only be found in the corpses of slain industrialists.

Topple the Cities. Cities are little more than opulent castles set atop mountains of discarded trash and citizens. They must be leveled and rebuilt.

Awaken the Moon. She was silenced by the gods. It is time to awaken her so that she may reveal her many secrets to us.

Silence the Monarchs. Who are they to command us? We, the children of the gods? We, the sons and daughters they send to war? We shall heed their words no longer.

Expand the Fields. Without the farmer, there would be no kingdom. Yet we are abandoned out in the country with no aid or love. It is time we take our fields within the safety of the city's walls.

Please the Old Ones. They grow restless. Only the blood of the innocent shall calm them.

Unshackle the Imprisoned. Only the gods can deem what is unjust. Those imprisoned by the

fallacies of man must be released from their cages.

Tame the Fey. They are wild, ferocious things that threaten the order of man. We shall bring them to heel or slaughter them like the animals they are.

Open the Doors. There are doors we cannot see that were closed long ago. What secrets lie beyond them? Such a question demands answers.

Seal the Portals. The realms were not intended to mingle. It is our duty to ensure they stay isolated.

10 CULT SECRETS

Collected Words. Our world is merely one of many on display in the study of a greedy collector god.

Mortal Gods. Their clerics preach otherwise, but the gods can be slain by mortal weapons.

We are a Dream. We are merely the lucid dream of a slumbering god who will inevitably wake.

Magic is Science. Magic is not some mystical craft to be hoarded by mages and witches. It is a science with clear laws that any can learn and command.

Beholder Creator. The universe was birthed from the paranoid thoughts of the First Beholder.

The Stars Speak. If you listen carefully enough, the stars will whisper secrets to you. Secrets that no mortal was ever meant to hear.

The End is Nigh. The world shall burn away within the coming year.

Deep History. Humanity was not birthed from the gods. We were spawned in the depths of the Underdark and eventually enslaved by the gods after finding our way to the surface.

Alien Spies. The world has been invaded by otherworldly beings who masquerade as our rulers.

Magic is Finite. Magic is a natural resource that is on the verge of running out.

