THE THIRD DEATH OF A LITTLE GOD

A Heroic Star-Course Game

Hours Sanctioned: 6

Expected Run Date: September 13, 2025

At Holland Lake Park

In Weatherford Texas

Check-in time starts: 9:00 AM Game starts: 10:00 AM Game Fee: \$10

Levels: 2-10, plus Epic*

4-5 PCs per Team

No more than two levels apart in team level spread.

XP:

3,000 EP

Expected Treasure per PC: 1800gp

Ratings

Fighting: 7 / Mental: 7 / Physical: 5 / Risk: 7

Rules

8.3 Fantasy Rules

SPECIAL RULES:

Knockback Rule is in effect.
Soliloquy Rule is in effect.
Zen Archery Rule is in effect.
Snapshot Rule is in effect.
PC Fairness is in effect
Dallas Optional Rules in Effect
Character Specializations in Effect

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^{*}Epic characters may be subject to mechanics that limit or alter use of Epic abilities.

Pregame Lore:

It was said among the peoples of the north—when there were still people to say it—that we die three times. The first, when the last breath departs. The second, when funeral rites are complete, and the body is gone from the world of the living. The third, when no one in the living world remembers our name.

It has been more than ten years since every soul vanished from the northern continent. Ten years since a foot has trod the path of a procession, since incense was lit upon an altar, since a voice whispered a single prayer. The gods of the north are dying the third death. Most have already slipped into a slumber from which there will be no waking, their domains crumbling as they fall toward the Void. And their fall has left us terribly vulnerable.

Benevolent or malign, knowingly or not, the gods protect our world. Their domains form a bulwark against the Void, and the alien entities within that seek to unmake everything we know. With so many domains unraveling at once, cracks are appearing in that wall, and things are slipping through. The Outsider that wrought havoc in the south in recent years may have been one such, but there have been others. Lesser Outsiders, so far, but even those have put the adventurers exploring the north to the test. If they should establish a foothold and bring greater foes forth, there may be no way to stop them.

A monk who was in the north, consulting on the matter of a poisoned leyline, has had a vision. It showed him a small, secluded village where we may find a way to forestall this crisis. At his urging, the Northern Expedition Company has called for a team to explore the village.

The Hounds of Rylia are waiting.