

The image shows the cover of a game deck titled "Deck of Corpses" by Philip Reed. The cover is split into a black left half and a yellow right half. On the black side, there is a central illustration of a mummy in a sarcophagus, with the title "Deck of Corpses" in a large, white, gothic-style font. Below the title, it says "by Philip Reed" and "Compatible with MÖRK BORG" in a smaller, white, stylized font. The yellow side contains the title "Deck of Corpses" in a black, gothic font, followed by a paragraph of instructions in black text, a copyright notice, and a paragraph of production information.

## Deck of Corpses

To use this deck in your game, remove this instruction card. Whenever the PCs come across a corpse, shuffle the deck and draw a single card. Check the time. If the minutes are odd, use the result printed on the card. If the minutes are even, use the number printed on the lower right corner of the card and check the “corpse plundering” table in the official rules.

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This elderly gentleman is quite the worse for wear, the top of his skull missing. Peering inside the man's head, you find only a bloody, disgusting vacancy where his brain once resided. Whatever scooped his brain out of his head may be close.

Fortunately, his fine suit is unmussed and in perfect condition. Better still, you find that it is exactly your size! You may choose to keep the suit or find someone to buy the garment for 10 silver.

11

This woman would be abnormally tall . . . if her legs were attached. Try as you might, you cannot find either one of the woman's dismembered legs, though you do find two bloody trails leading deeper into the dungeon.

As you hunt for the woman's missing legs, you stumble across a jagged, wicked dagger that is encrusted with dried blood. Unfortunately, it exhibits no signs of arcane power and is merely a dagger.

12

Try as you might, you cannot find a mark or blemish on the unmoving, unbreathing dwarf.

Wearing fine plate armor, the stark white and rigid corpse appears to have been here for at least a few weeks – if the accumulated dust is any indication – but the mystery of what may have led to the death of the dwarf is sure to haunt your sleep for many nights to come.

13

The charred bones and slightly-molten, misshapen metal of what was once chain mail are a single object now. Whatever incinerated this hapless soul was powerful enough to form this grotesque art object that is sure to be worth something to the right collector of fine art.

The melded remains of bones and chain mail are heavy and difficult to move. If offered for sale in a large city, someone will pay 2d6x10 silver for the bizarre statue.

14

All that remains of this no doubt once-great adventurer are seven fingers, one big toe, and a pair of trousers that have seen better days. The blood and meat chunks splattered across the floor and wall are particularly disgusting; only experienced dungeoneers such as yourselves can look at this unsightly destruction and shrug off the experience.

There are 4d6 silver coins still in one of the pockets of the trousers.

15

You recognize the crimson robes as those worn by the Malicious Marauders, a band of vile sorcerers who were defeated and disbanded several years ago. It is the gold embroidery on the cuffs and collar of the robes that make you confident that the wearer – a shriveled husk of a man who has been dead a decade if he has been dead a day – was a member of that now-outlawed organization.

16

The decapitated goblin is still warm, blood pumping from the neck as the body thrashes slowly, steadily, the slap, slap, slap of the dead thing's arms and legs the only sound you hear.

The head, lying only a few feet away, is staring at you, the open eyes blinking as if the creature has yet to realize that its life is now behind it.

Whatever killed this beast cannot have gone far.

21

The thick, aged woman's body is twisted and contorted, the arms and legs snapped into so many pieces that they fold up and wrap neatly around her cold corpse.

Searching the mangled form, you find a gold necklace. You can get at least ten silver coins if you sell this in the city.

22

Emaciated and gray, covered in countless open sores that still ooze, even in death, the man's mortal remains are a terrible sight to behold. Clothing would make the sight less disturbing, but as you may have guessed, someone stripped the corpse.

23

The woman's disfigured face almost looks familiar. If she wasn't missing one eye, and if her nose wasn't cut off with what must have been a rusted knife, she would look a lot like one of your mother's friends. Anne? Annie? Anya? What was that woman's name?

Checking the satchel slung over the woman's corpse, you find three candles, 1d6+2 silver coins, and a loaf of mold-covered bread that must be a few weeks old.

24

At first, the man seated in the chair looks to be merely sleeping. As you move closer, though, you spot the worms crawling from his vacant eye sockets and notice the roaches scurrying over his hairless head. One prod from your sword and the body collapses, falling from the chair, landing face down on the floor.

You find one random, unclean scroll.

25

The mutilated body of a young man – no more than twenty winters of age – blocks the door. Pushing, shoving, forcing the door wide, you manage to move the body aside, although your actions rip one of the corpse's arms off, smearing blood across the dungeon floor.

In the man's pocket is a life elixir (1d3 doses remaining, heals d6 HP, removes infections), which would have been more useful if he had swallowed the magical liquid.

26

In an attempt to use your boot to roll the body onto its back, you are stunned when the flesh gives way as your kick tears a thick, fleshy strip from the corpse's torso. The body is soft and mushy as if something transformed its once solid form into an unnatural fungus.

After examining the body, you eventually come across a gold ring that is worth keeping. It may fetch as much as 50 silver coins if you can find the right buyer in the city.

31

The clattering, scratching of something nearby consumes so much of your attention that you almost trip over a body.

Glancing down while keeping part of your attention on the sounds, you find the body of a recently-slaughtered elf. The body is warm to the touch, the dead elf less than an hour. Shining elven chain mail, and a magic sword (+1), catch your eye, even as whatever is close clacks across the dungeon's stone floor.

32

Decades of rust built up on the hinges and locks of this iron cage's door prevent all but the strongest of heroes from opening it. (DR16 Strength test required to open the door.)

Inside the cage is a long-dead adult human man dressed in gray tunic and breeches. The bracelet around his left wrist looks valuable, though why his captors would have allowed the man to keep this one piece of jewelry is a question that will haunt you forever.

33

The woman's soft, attractive face is a stark contrast to the hundreds of fine, deep cuts that criss-cross every other part of her body. Why someone would mutilate the body in this way and leave her face untouched is a mystery.

A platinum earring in her left ear is the only item of value . . . in fact, it is the only item at all. The earring is worth 4d6 silver if sold in the city.

34

Each adventurer must make a DR16 Presence test. Those who succeed notice that the corpse lying face down in front of them is wearing the same outfit as a random member of the party.

Rolling the body onto its back, the PCs find an exact duplicate of one of their number. Down to the items carried, the body is an identical copy. There are no signs of death. How they react to the discovery is, of course, for them to decide.

35

In their hurry to explore the dungeon, the party almost misses the arm poking out of a large burlap bag. Tearing into the bag, they find the body of a young woman with a hole the size of a skull punched through her torso. She is wearing a tattered dress that is as worthless as her now-abandoned life.

If the bag were emptied of the body and mended, it would be a useful tool to carry the loot.

36

Fully encased in ornate plate armor, the warrior is seated at a small table, the figure's helm open to reveal the pale white flesh of yet another corpse. Pushing the chair back to get a better look at the dead man's armor, you quickly realize that the tear through the abdomen – the armor blackened by unholy fire – makes what looked to be a glorious find of valuable armor nothing more than a disappointment. It would cost a small fortune to repair the armor.

41

The dead man's red hair is as brilliant a crimson shade as the pool of blood that he lays in when you encounter the corpse. There is far too much blood to have come from a single man, and the blood's moist stickiness implies that he has not been dead for long.

His leather armor, short sword, and dagger are certainly worth grabbing.

42

The body is a mottled mass of mismatched colors, the flesh all different shades of the rainbow. Investigating the man's skin, you find that someone has stitched together the parts of a dozen – maybe two dozen – people to create an arcane-infused golem.

One of the corpse's eyes is a silver sphere that gleams, even under torchlight. It is an Arcane Eye, a magic item that grants its wearer the ability to see in total darkness as if it were day.

43

At times, you are never quite sure if a discovered body is that of a once-living soul or the remains of an undead beast. Often, the two are near-identical in appearance when you find them, with the only sign of the thing's former self what possessions you may find on it.

That said, you are positive that this was once a zombie. The short dagger plunged deep into its skull was the cause of death, yes, but the smell that lingers is unmistakably that of the undead.

44

Her face split in two – the ax still protruding from where someone smashed it half of the way through her head – was the cause of death. You and your companions say a quiet prayer and then turn to the critical task of searching the body.

You find leather gloves, 3d6 silver coins, and a day's worth of food.

45

The strength it would have taken to cleave the body in two is almost unimaginable. Only a devil, troll, giant, or other large monster could have possessed the raw force necessary to bisect the body like this.

The left side is clothed in the remains of an orange tunic, dark trousers, and a single boot. You find a fine comb that is worth a few silver coins in the pocket of the trousers. The right side is a mirror of the left, though the corpse's right pocket is empty.

46

This ancient woman's eyes are missing. In their place – hanging from the sockets – is the severed hand of a goblin. The blood streaming down the woman's face like tears has dried into a dull, dark brown substance that looks as disgusting as it sounds.

The woman's blue dress may be a little crumpled but is generally in excellent condition. It might sell for a handful of silver in the city market.

51

Whatever caused the ceiling to collapse is still somewhere above, the thundering steps of the beast reverberating through the dungeon.

The large stones and blocks that fell from the ceiling, opening a passage to the chamber above, landed on someone who is now little more than bits of chunky meat and a puddle of blood. The once-human man may be no more, but his coin purse (3d6 silver), knife, and crossbow with 2d6 bolts are now yours for the taking.

52

The young man's gold crown – ringed with six small emeralds and eight small rubies – is worth perhaps as much as 100 silver coins . . . if you can find a way to remove the crown from his head.

Something grabbed the crown with so much force that they bent the edges when they pulled it down, driving the crown into the man's skull and embedding it in the bone. Separating the man's head from the crown will require a successful DR18 Strength test.

53

Heavy, iron spikes driven through the dark-robed man's wrists and ankles pin the body to a large wooden table. Pulling aside the robes as you search for loot, you find six small daggers jammed deep into his chest, each one of which slides easily from the body as you gather them to add to your collection of riches.

54

Legs protruding from a large puddle of green, bubbling goo near the center of the room catches your eyes. Tugging, pulling with all your might, you eventually pull the corpse from the mass of mysterious goo, only to find that the upper torso has been eaten entirely away by the acidic substance.

You find a small scrap of folded parchment in one of the pockets of the corpse's lower half.

A map! But of what?

55

Thick, rusted chains entwine the body of this middle-aged man, heavy locks securing the chains tight to the corpse. The man's eyes are solid black, looking more like obsidian spheres than human eyes. Blood and gray, viscous drool has dried to his chin.

If you can pick the locks (DR14 Presence test) and remove the chains, you find the man dressed in a near-perfect suit of leather armor that might fit one of your party.

56

The man's body, perfectly smooth and stark white, is dressed in brown robes stained with blood, mud, and organ spatters. Rolling the body over, you can see that the hole in the man's front extends through the body; the exit wound on his back is twice as large as the entrance wound on his chest.

A wizard may make a successful DR14 Presence test to recognize the damage inflicted by a wand of lightning bolts.

61

The headless man clothed in thick, coarse robes is lying on his back over a wooden table, his body contorted in an unnatural – and uncomfortable if he were alive – position. The neck is pure and smooth . . . as if the man never had a head at all.

Searching the body, you do not find anything of value, but pulling the robes back, you do find the man's face: his chest possesses two large eyes, an even larger nose, and a mouth filled with yellowed, jagged teeth.

62

The heavy metal plate armor disguises the thin, weak-looking man hiding within the protective shell. Lying face down on the dungeon floor, one of the man's arms reaches for a nearby lever. The cause of death is unmistakable: the warhammer that crushed the man's skull – caving in the helmet as quickly as it did his head – is still embedded in the man's brains.

Other than the helmet, the armor is in good condition and worth claiming.

63

Although the goblin's head is untouched, the same cannot be said for the beast's body. Arms and legs are broken and twisted into unnatural angles; the torso is crushed until it is nothing more than a pulpy sack of fractured and shattered bones and pulverized organs. The creature looks more like a mindless ooze with a goblin's head than it does a goblin.

Sifting through the remains, you come across a single candle, two iron nails, and 2d3 silver coins.

64

The body thrashes in place, arcs of magical lightning leaping from the corpse's charred remains to strike out at nearby metal objects. PCs wearing or carrying metal items must make a successful DR12 Agility test each round that they are within 20' of the body; failure results in 1d6 damage.

Searching the body – that continues to unleash bolts of lightning without pause – uncovers one unclean scroll and 20' of fine, silk rope.

65

The woman was no more than 30 winters of age when she died, her flesh smooth and well cared for, suggesting that she was a woman of wealth. Surprisingly, though, her clothing – a ragged and tattered gray dress made of strips of burlap and canvas that have been crudely stitched together – suggest that she was a commoner, perhaps even a penniless wretch.

A spiked club protrudes from her stomach, which was clearly the cause of death. She has no possessions other than the worthless dress.

66

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