

# safe & sound

a ttrpg zine of home bases for adventuring parties

from livelygold  
and friends



# COLLABORATORS

katie b.

the composer's studio

Katie (she/her) is an unrecovered band geek who works for a nonprofit.  
Current favorite TTRPG: Monster of the Week

theo g.

deckard's den

Theo (he/him) is Baltimore-based mobile DJ who knows how to throw an unforgettable party. Current favorite TTRPG: DND 5E.  
Instagram: [theodore.rexx](#)

justin k.

the surgeon's demiplane

Justin (he/him) is an engineer by day and a werechicken who creates and plays games by night. Current favorite TTRPG: Starfinder

brittany s.

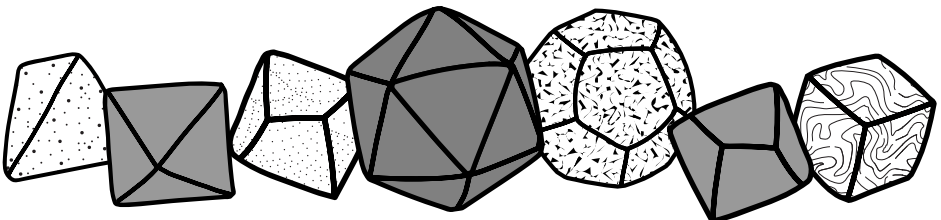
ayuna's farm

A 'chaotic good' force of nature, Brittany (she/her) loves ramen, D&D podcasts. Ghibli films and Wonder Woman. Current favorite TTRPG: Space Kings  
Twitter: [@britbratsat](#)

livelygold

the hidden springs

Lively (she/they) is the artist and owner of livelygold, a nerd inspired brand known for adorable accessories. She does not allow werechickens in her campaigns. Current favorite TTRPG: Scum and Villainy  
Instagram: [@livelygoldart](#)



# WELCOME FRIENDS.

I've been itching to pull together a zine for quite some time. Personally, I love getting my hands on printed RPG materials and watching the adventures unfold before me. There's just something about the way the medium works with the storytelling format of games!

That's why #ZineQuest2 seemed like such a perfect opportunity to jump into the space. Because the limitations of this challenge, I've kept this zine intimate and invited a handful of friends to join me. Most of the collaborators are from my own adventuring party - I get to experience their creativity first hand, week after week, usually as their GM. And, y'all, I'm so excited that you get to see their brilliance now too.

In this zine you'll find special places for your heroes to use when they need to lay low or enjoy some downtime. These range from seedy dens filled with cool tunes to an extraplanar study run by an incorporeal lich, each with their own quests to send your party on.

Or perhaps you have your own NPCs who need a sanctuary. These spaces are designed for customization. That's why we've kept everything system agnostic - you can drop the content of this zine into any fantasy tabletop role-playing game. You can read any of the text aloud or choose to improv entirely. And for visual thinkers, we've included a map with each hideout. Feel free to copy and print as needed.

Thank you so much for supporting our little project - it truly means the world to me. If you get a chance to play these places, I'd love to hear what you think! Drop me a line on Twitter (@livelygold) or Instagram (@livelygoldart).

Here's to some great adventures.

xoxo,

*livelygold*



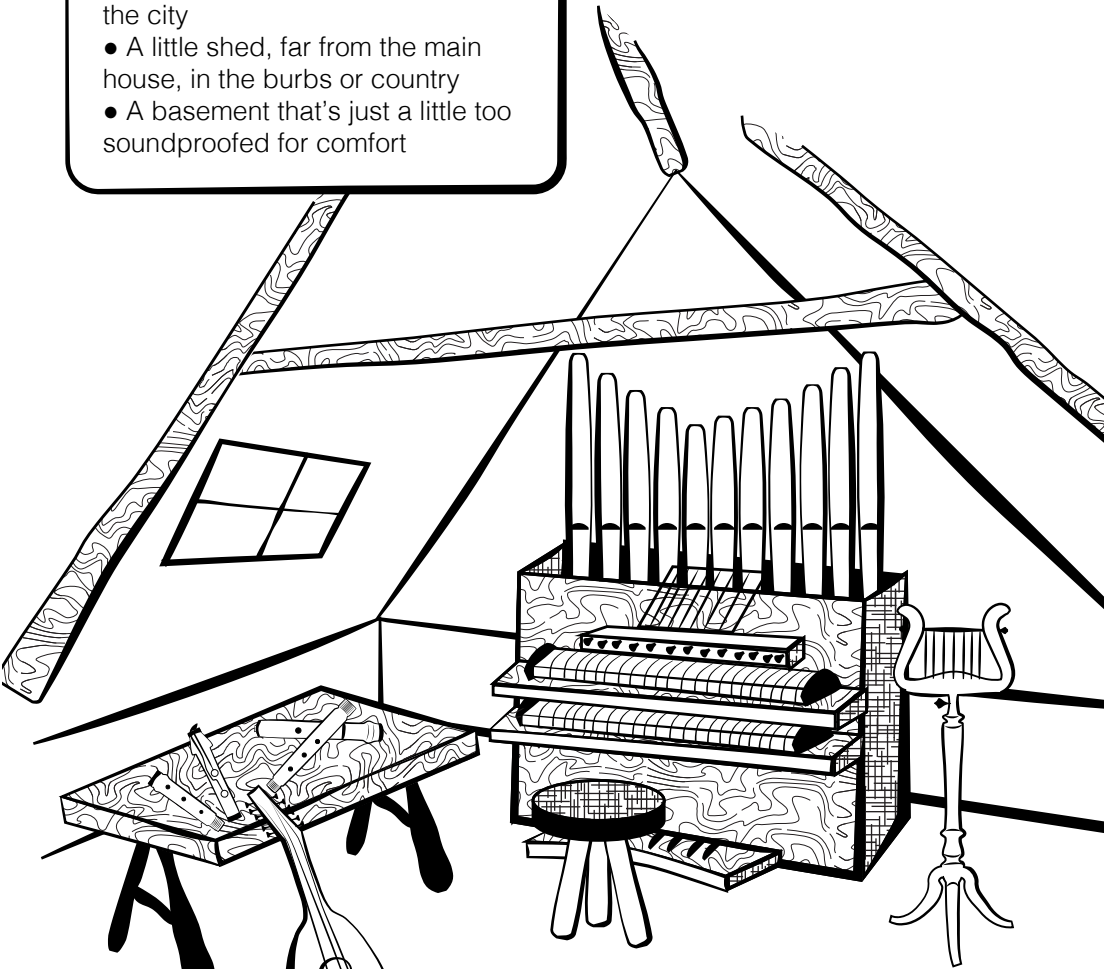
# THE COMPOSER'S STUDIO

by katie b.

magical • cluttered • library-esque

The Studio could be found in

- An attic above a small business in the city
- A little shed, far from the main house, in the burbs or country
- A basement that's just a little too soundproofed for comfort



You immediately notice the organ that has incongruously stuffed itself into the far wall of the room - it looks like it shouldn't fit, but it does. Once your eyes adjust you see shelves of scores and manuscripts. The workbenches are covered with half-repaired instruments and organizers of extra strings, tiny screws, bore and valve oils, and key corks.



# ANDREA

pronouns: they/them  
nickname: andi

Andi is too short to reach the pedals on the organ, so they wear special platform shoes - but their unnaturally long fingers don't have any trouble with the keyboard. Andrea has a slipshod approach to hairdressing, but great fashion sense. Tails never went out of style, baby.



Andi's true home is the studio, where they write their symphonies and do repair work, even if their official address is somewhere else. There are lots of battered, broken instruments that, like Charlie Brown's tree, just need a little love.

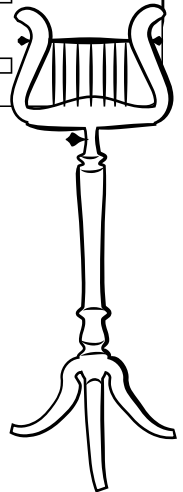
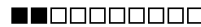
smarts



charm



brawn

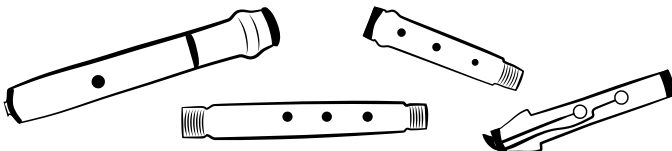


three ways the party may already know andrea...

- Got a musician in the party? They crossed paths during repair work, or picking up strings/reeds/bore oil.
- There's a new symphony debuting at the theater, and a soiree is planned to celebrate. Andrea is there, of course, as the composer.
- Andi is begging people to attend their premiere on the street. The arts are struggling, people!

andrea might ask the party to...

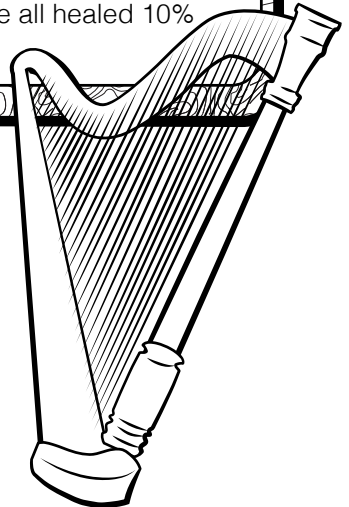
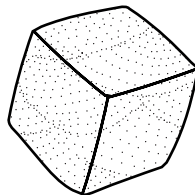
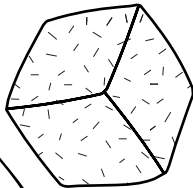
- Their prize harp was stolen. It's priceless and magical AF. And there's something hidden in the hollow soundboard.
- There's a secret code hidden in the second oboe part. If it's played in front of the right person, a critical message will be transmitted. Make sure they're listening for it at the premiere.
- This symphony will simply not be complete without the eerie voicings of the theremin, a new instrument powered by some kind of harnessed lightning. Find out who makes these instruments.



# RANDOM EFFECT TABLE

Everyone says music is magic, but they're not always prepared for the consequences. Strange things happen in this room sometimes. Roll 1d6 to determine an effect.

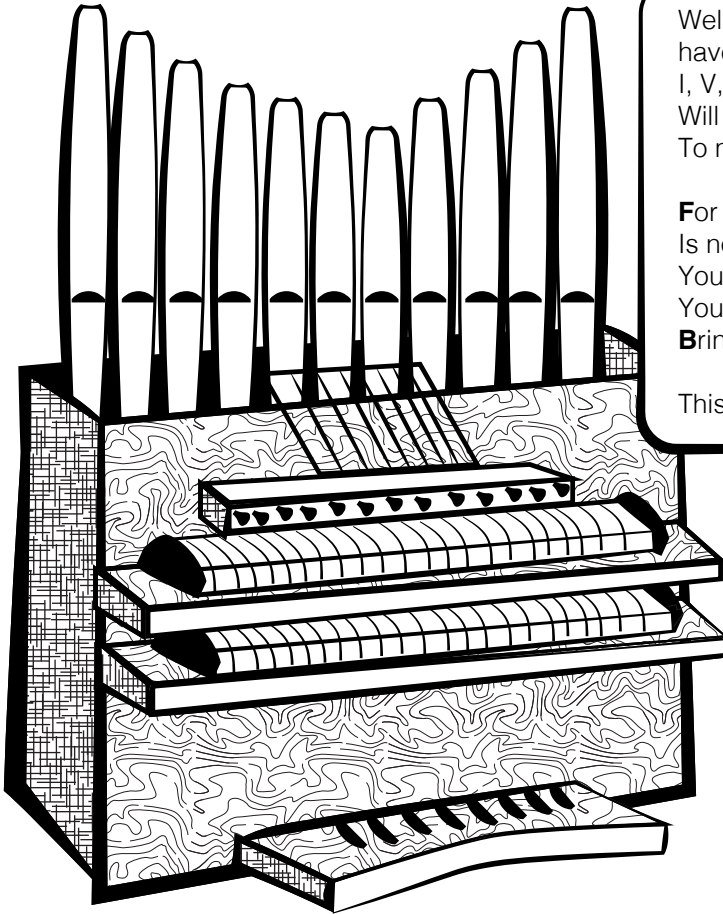
- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 1 | A party member attempts to play "chopsticks" on the organ. The organ gets mad. Take light damage, and they have to sing-speak for the next 30 minutes.  |
| 2 | Harp plays a tune by itself and you all fall asleep for 1 hour. (It's not malicious, it just thought you were tired and needed a rest). You do get all the in-game benefits of taking a nap, for what it's worth. |
| 3 | The organ plays a selection of classical and popular favorites. No effects. Dance parties encouraged.   |
| 4 | A player reads a Magic Method Book. They're now proficient at (instrument of the GM's discretion)!  |
| 5 | Magic pennywhistle. Does fun lil spells that can be useful in a pinch. (GM's discretion - think HP boost, minor offensive cantrips, or stage effects)   |
| 6 | Harp plays a tune by itself and you're all healed 10% of your HP.   |



# THE ORGAN RIDDLE

a musical puzzle for the party

It's hard to ignore the massive organ in the corner of the small room - and harder still to resist playing it. If a party member sits at the organ, they'll find a kid-friendly lesson book resting on the stand - with what appears to be a handwritten riddle tucked inside. A few letters are curiously decorated.

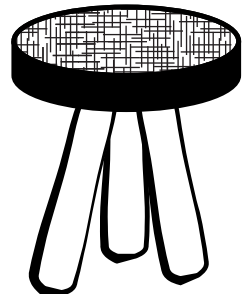


Welcome to my office,  
have a look-see  
I, V, vi, and IV  
Will serve as Key  
To most tunes scored

**F**or to play well, **C**hild  
Is not so hard, **do**  
Your lessons, and while  
You practice,  
**B**ring your talents to

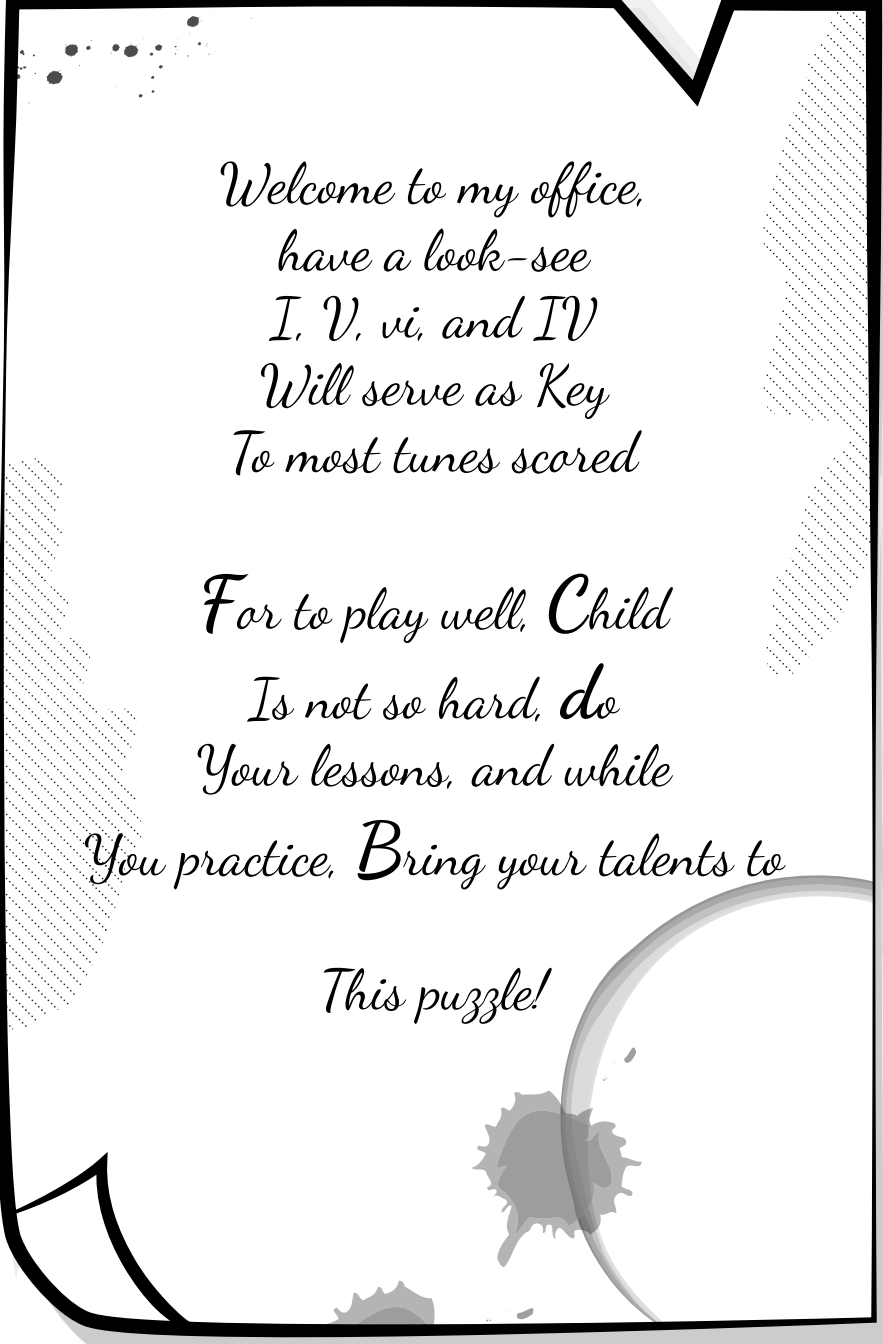
This puzzle!

*If there are music theorists in your party, eliminate all bolded letters except for F and make them supply the rest of the progression!*



The bolded letters represent keys on the organ. If the party successfully plays a 4-chord song in the key of F major (F, C, D, B Flat) a small chest next to the organ opens with loot.

Of course, it's all small stuff. Andi has hidden treats and trinkets here for kids who succeed during their lessons.



*Welcome to my office,  
have a look-see  
I, V, vi, and IV  
Will serve as Key  
To most tunes scored*

*For to play well, Child  
Is not so hard, do  
Your lessons, and while  
You practice, Bring your talents to  
This puzzle!*

# THE ORGAN RIDDLE

## optional encounter

Here's an optional ending to the organ riddle, if you want to mess with the players or be particularly tough on any musicians in the party. While providing the solution to the riddle, if the player forgets to specify that the B is flat, the notes played on the organ form a tritone (an ominous and discordant noise that sounds "wrong").



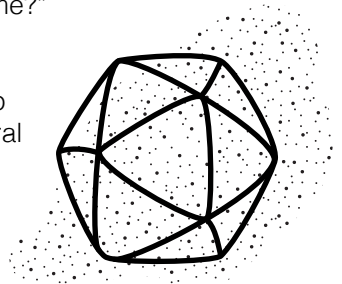
the following occurs...

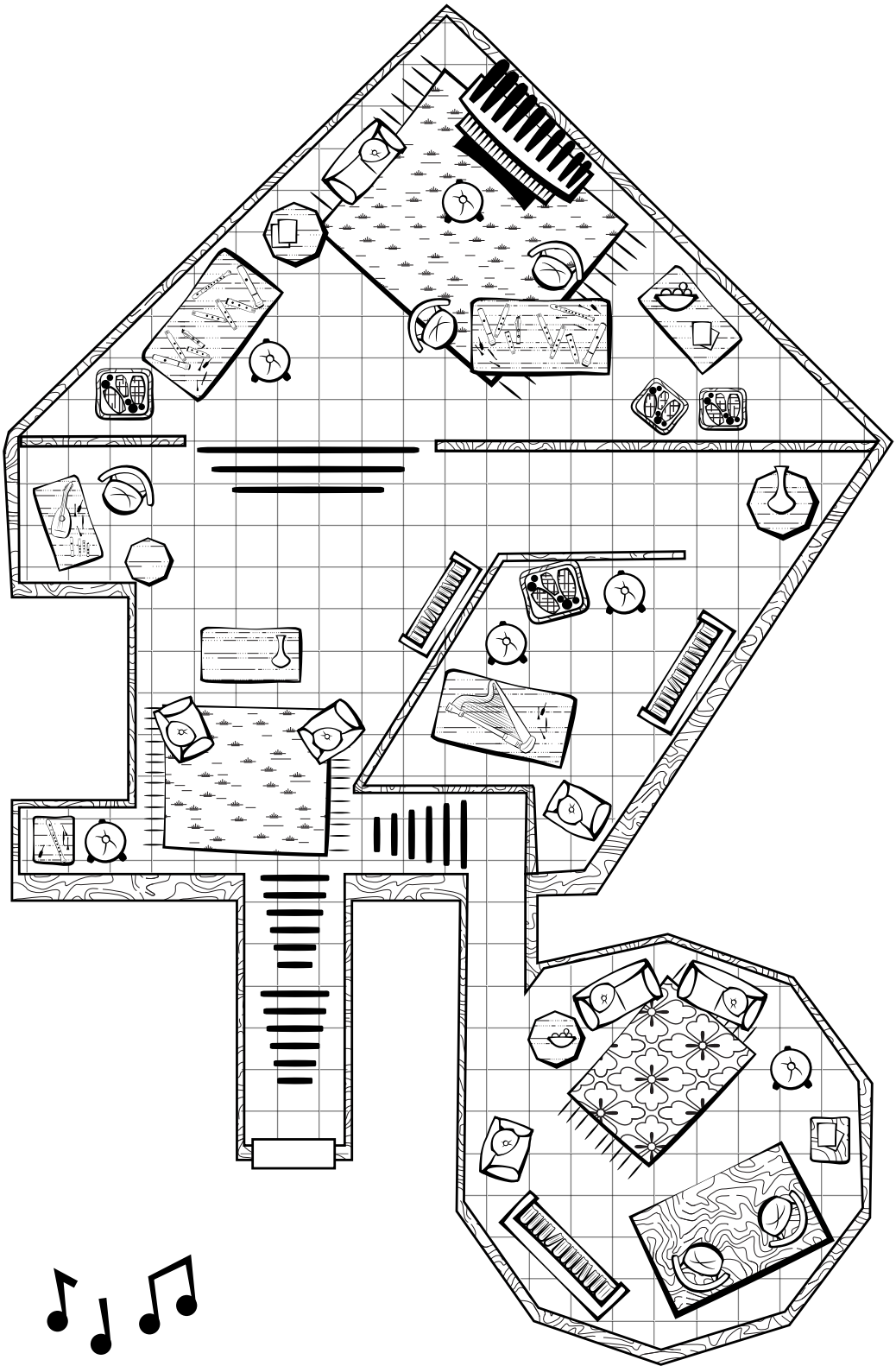
The organ blares three notes, ascending in harmony. (Use the notes from the chorus of "Maria" from West Side Story or "The Simpsons" opening theme if you wish). The organ bellows start blowing smoke everywhere and from the smoke emerges a small imp.

He's about two feet tall, not particularly scary-looking, but clearly upset. "I am the devil in music," he sneers. "Who summons me?"

If no one answers immediately, he jumps out from the smoke and wreaks havoc on Andi's studio - tearing up papers, knocking over instruments, and inciting general mayhem.

Convince the imp to stop or initiate combat.





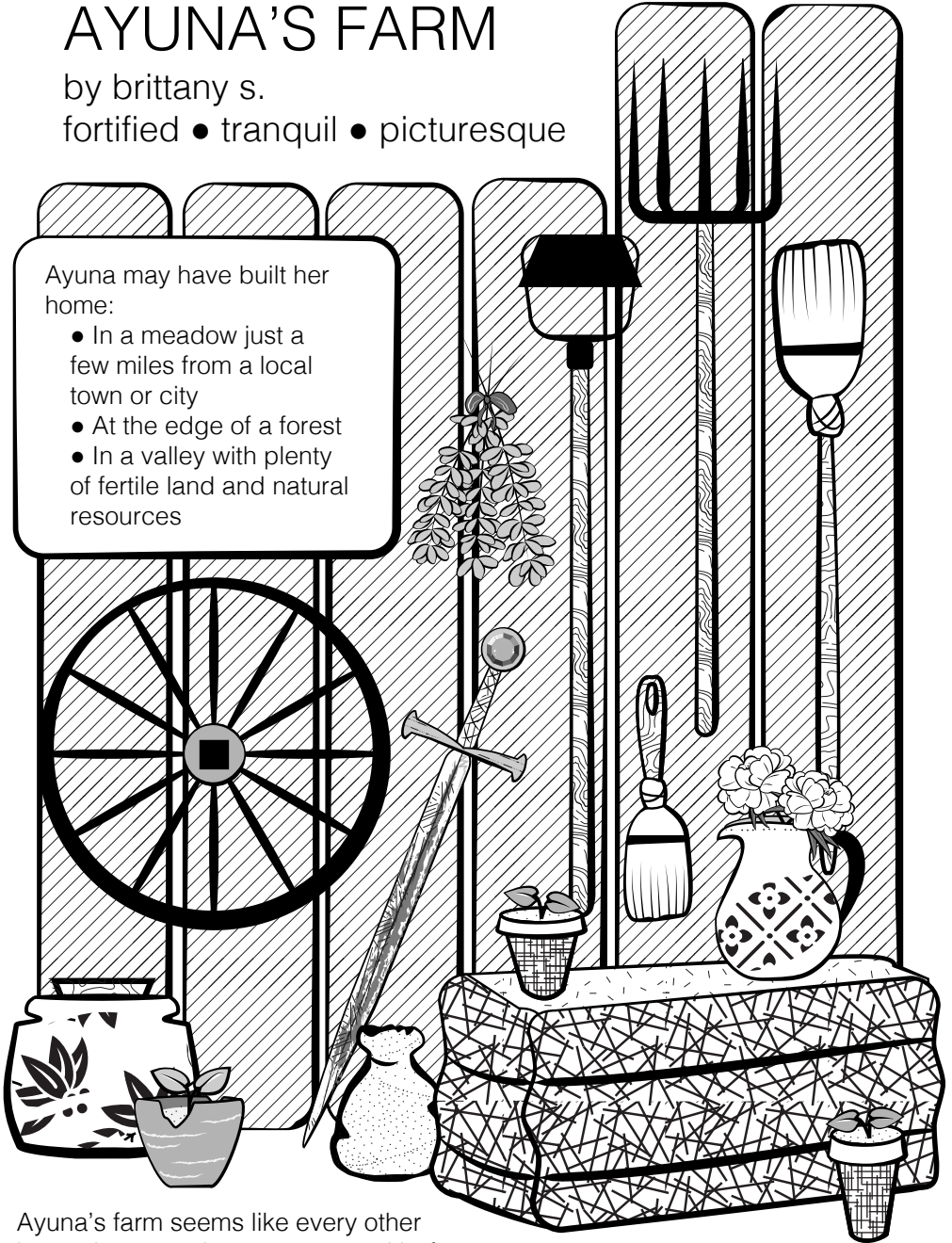
# AYUNA'S FARM

by brittany s.

fortified • tranquil • picturesque

Ayuna may have built her home:

- In a meadow just a few miles from a local town or city
- At the edge of a forest
- In a valley with plenty of fertile land and natural resources



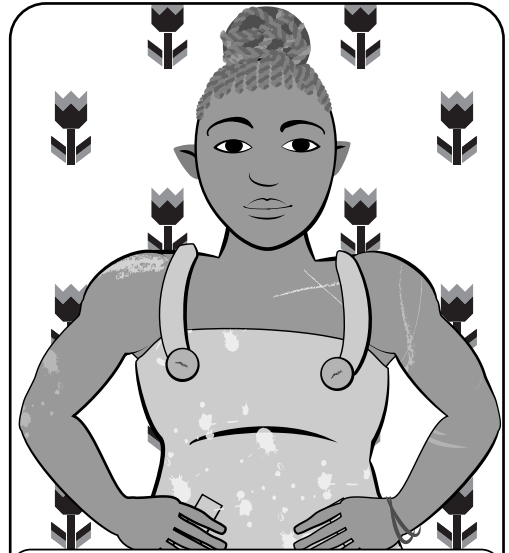
Ayuna's farm seems like every other home the group has encountered before.

There's a small cottage, a stable with open doors so the animals can graze during the day, and a field where crops grow. But sneak around and you may spot the glint of steel in a hidden room.

# AYUNA TREPLE

pronouns: she/her

The first thing you notice about Ayuna is how much larger this “simple farmer” is compared to the rest of the group. She quips there is a goliath lost somewhere in her mostly human family tree and you’re not sure if there’s truth in there or not. But as you observe her swing an axe or wrangle a cow into its pen, you realize she possesses a strength that comes from either military training or a mercenary’s life. She has dark brown braids that she wears in a ponytail or a knot atop her head as she works. On wickedly hot days, you see the many scars and poorly healed bruises that mark her brown skin. But Ayuna’s most striking features are her simple brown eyes that hold memories of long ago battles and the kind, soft heart that resides within her.



Ayuna is the proprietor of this farm and lives in a cottage on the land.

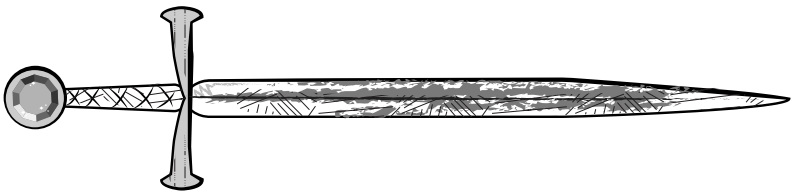
smarts



charm



brawn



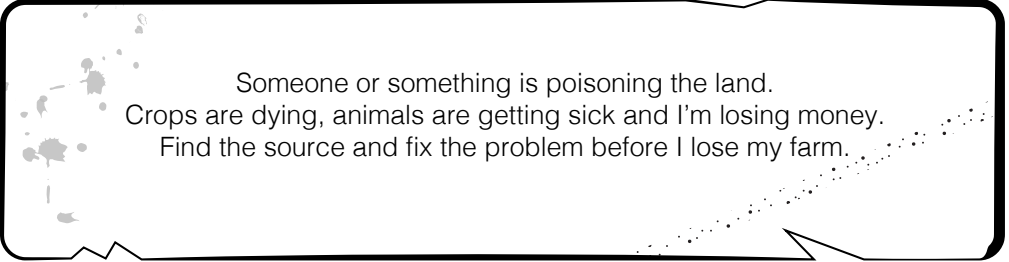
### three ways the party may already know Ayuna...

- Wolves have been picking off her chickens at night. She hired the party to deal with the predators so she can farm in peace
- As a well-traveled former mercenary, Ayuna possesses many powerful weapons and armor from around the world. Some are limited edition or one of a kind. The group (or one member) tried and failed to lift one of these
- A party member once served in the same military unit as Ayuna and sometimes seeks her advice on tackling monsters or missions

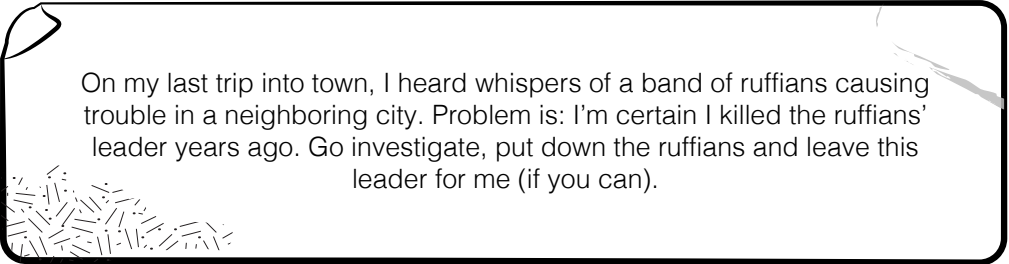


# AYUNA'S QUESTS

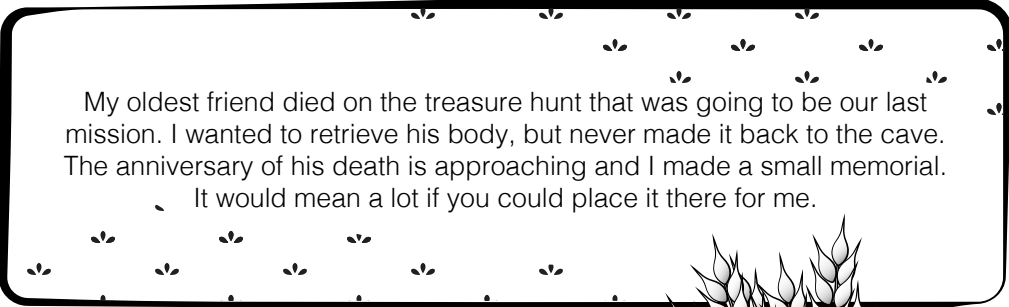
Ayuna needs help from the party...



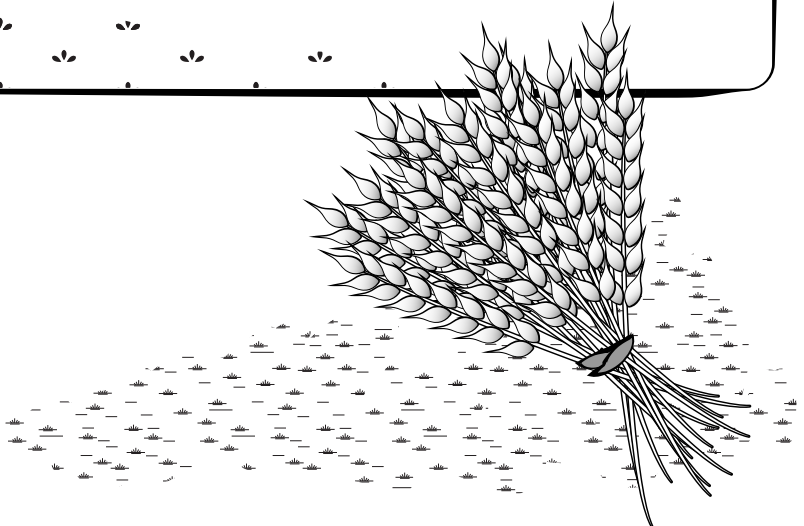
Someone or something is poisoning the land.  
Crops are dying, animals are getting sick and I'm losing money.  
Find the source and fix the problem before I lose my farm.



On my last trip into town, I heard whispers of a band of ruffians causing trouble in a neighboring city. Problem is: I'm certain I killed the ruffians' leader years ago. Go investigate, put down the ruffians and leave this leader for me (if you can).

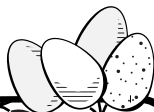


My oldest friend died on the treasure hunt that was going to be our last mission. I wanted to retrieve his body, but never made it back to the cave. The anniversary of his death is approaching and I made a small memorial.  
It would mean a lot if you could place it there for me.



# RANDOM EFFECT TABLE

Ayuna loves to host guests and to entertain. But she can't neglect her many daily chores. Help her around the farm and receive her eternal gratitude (and maybe a reward at the GM's discretion). Roll 1d8 to learn what's on the agenda for the day (and how Ayuna reacts).



- 1 There's a leak in the roof! Ayuna has supplies for a quick patch job and asks you to fix it while she goes into town to find someone to properly repair it. She leaves with a warning to be careful and try not to fall off the roof.

- 2 Fetching water from the stream seems like an easy enough task. Yet you've managed to lose your sense of direction and can't find your way back to the farm. Hours go by. You start to get hungry. Night falls and you think about setting up camp. But in the distance you see the glow of a torch and moments later, Ayuna appears with a wide grin and snacks to last until you make it to the farm.

- 3 Chickens are surprisingly wily creatures. Or maybe the chickens on Ayuna's farm are the exception to the rule. Somehow the chickens have escaped their pen and need to be captured before they wander into the woods.

- 4 It's quiet on the farm, though you swore Ayuna went out back to repair a busted barn window. But she's not there. You search and eventually find her seated on a tree stump, silently crying. You quietly take the tools from her hands and finish the repair.



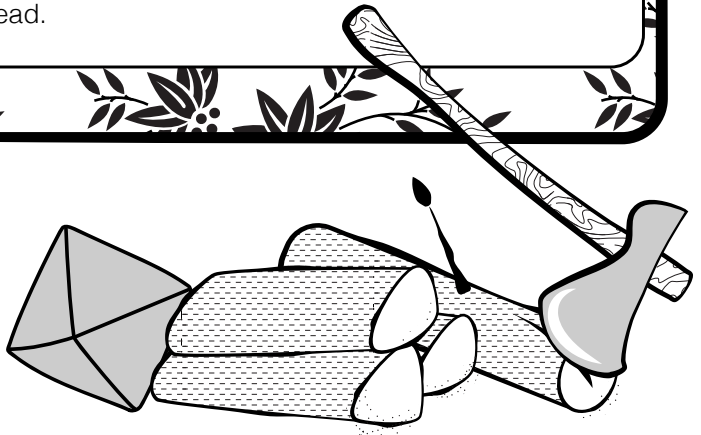


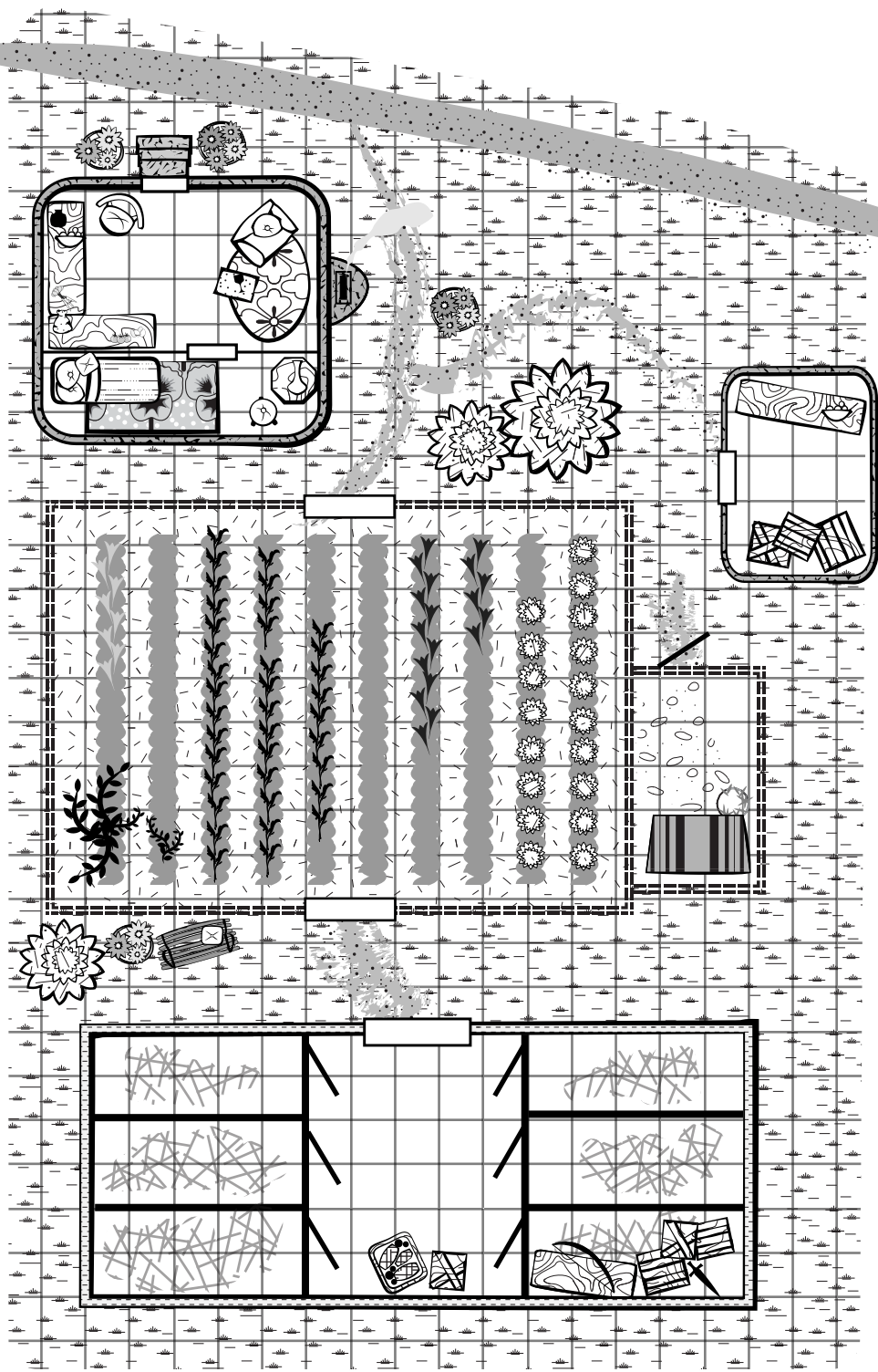
5 It's a chilly day and Ayuna likes to keep a fire going in the fireplace at all times. You head to the woods to chop down and collect firewood. Roll a d10 to determine how many logs you bring back.

6 While she prepares a large dinner for the group, Ayuna asks you to go to the cellar and pick out a bottle of wine or ale. As you search for the bottle, you spot a glint of steel and discover a shortsword in need of a cleaning. If you try to investigate further, or if Ayuna catches you, she takes the weapon from your hands with no explanation.

7 It's Market Day, but Ayuna isn't feeling well. She can't afford to miss this day, but she struggles to stay on her feet for longer than a few minutes. Take the cart into town, set up shop and sell as much as you can. And try not to muck it up.

8 Before the group leaves on a mission, Ayuna prepares a large feast with plenty of food left over (for you to take during on travels). You drink plenty of wine, ale, and mead - and Ayuna is very nearly drunk. She recounts stories from her days as a soldier and mercenary. You feel inspired and prepared for the adventure ahead.





# DECKARD'S DEN

by theo g.

neon • bustling • palatial

Deckard's Den  
might be found:

- In a back alley
- The heart of the city
- Behind the curtains of  
your favorite local tavern

REXX  
RUNDOWN

tonight  
with gifts  
to remember

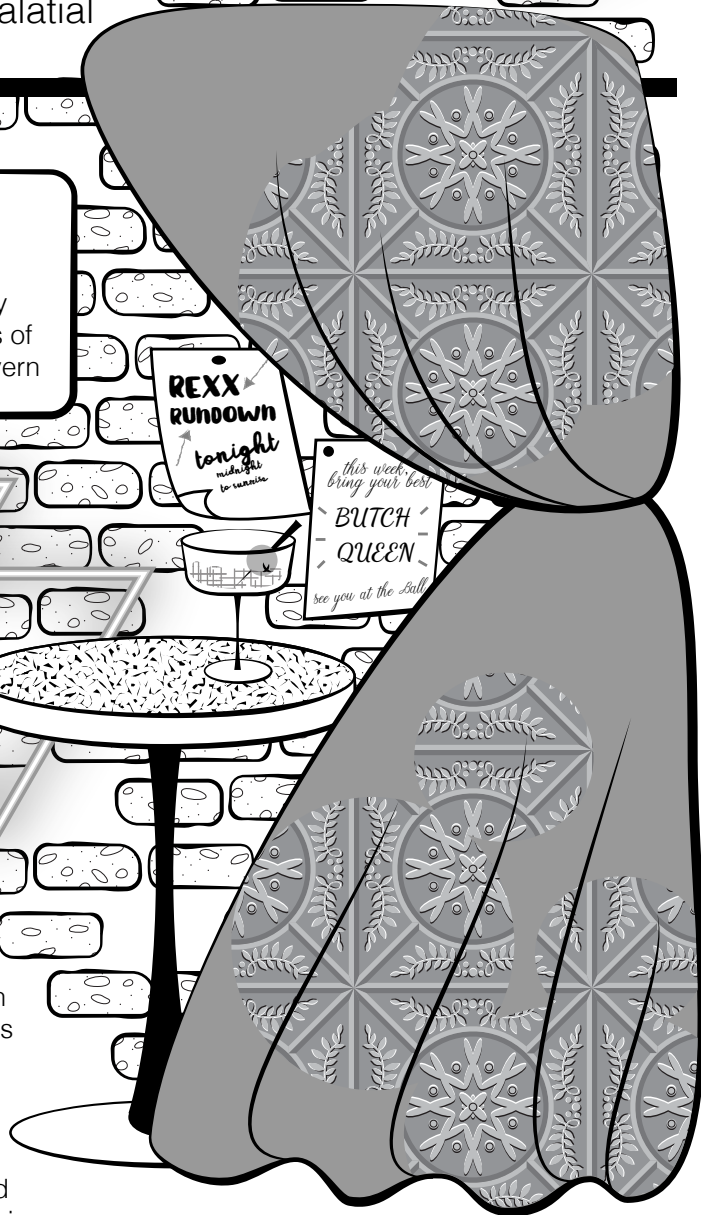
this week  
bring your best

BUTCH  
QUEEN

see you at the Ball

Enter a back alley, then step down into the bustling, neon world of Deckard's Den. This after, after-hours hangout, founded by the legendary bard—known only as Deckard—is a creative's delight, filled with music and magic. It's hard to believe this palatial space could possibly exist underground. Ask for the Deckard Special and you won't be disappointed. Knock twice on the door and whisper "The future is now" to reveal the Den.

And whatever you do, don't touch the tunebox.



# DECKARD

pronouns: he/him

A tall, muscular half elf who always wears a long trenchcoat cloak with his signature lute strapped over his shoulder. His constant scowl is another distinguishing characteristic. Urban legend has it that Deckard *took care of a problem* for the city's mayor and was rewarded with a massive subterranean space to transform as he wished. A creative at heart, Deckard built an underground paradise for shadowy artists like himself. While this is Deckard's home, he's rarely seen there. If you're lucky he might whip up a Deckard Special for you from behind the bar, otherwise he tends to lurk in the shadows observing the action.



Deckard is judging you.

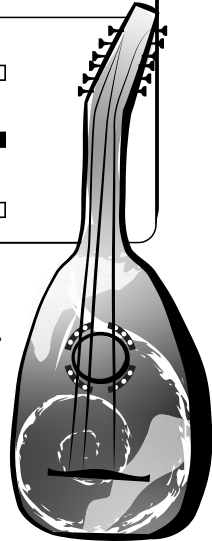
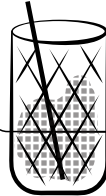
smarts



charm



brawn



## three ways the party may already know Deckard...

- They have seen Deckard perform during his early busking days.
- They have asked Deckard to repair a musical instrument.
- They hired Deckard to...*take care of a problem* for them, but don't even think about bringing that up again.

## deckard might ask the party to...

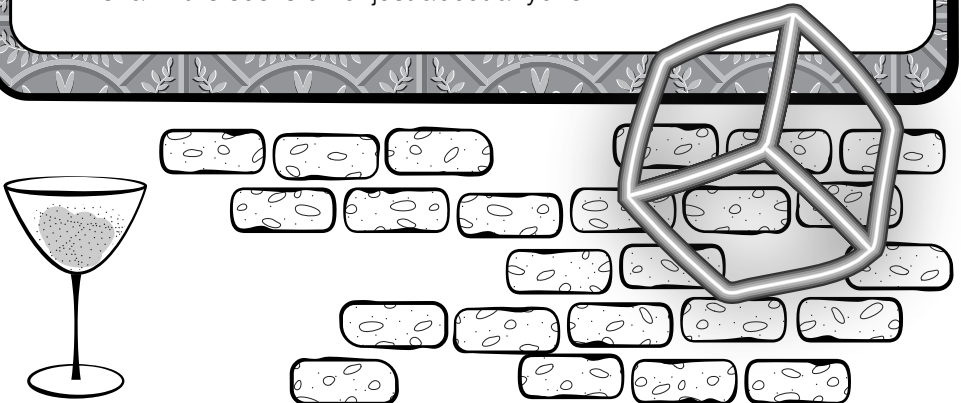
- Another fight broke out in the Den, this time ruining the rare, neon glowlights that illuminate the tunebox. Replacement glowlights must be retrieved in time for the annual Den Pageant. The lights can only be purchased, or bartered for, at a certain time and certain place in a certain part of town.
- Someone has magically hacked the tunebox and made it play nonstop Gnome Drones. The Den received a ransom note, but Deckard doesn't negotiate with hackers. Stop the virus, find those responsible, and bring them to Deckard.
- It's showtime! If the tunebox isn't blasting sweet tunes, then performances are on tap. It can be hard to keep mysterious creatives entertained, though. Come up with a performance schedule that will keep the Den humming - maybe you have what it takes?

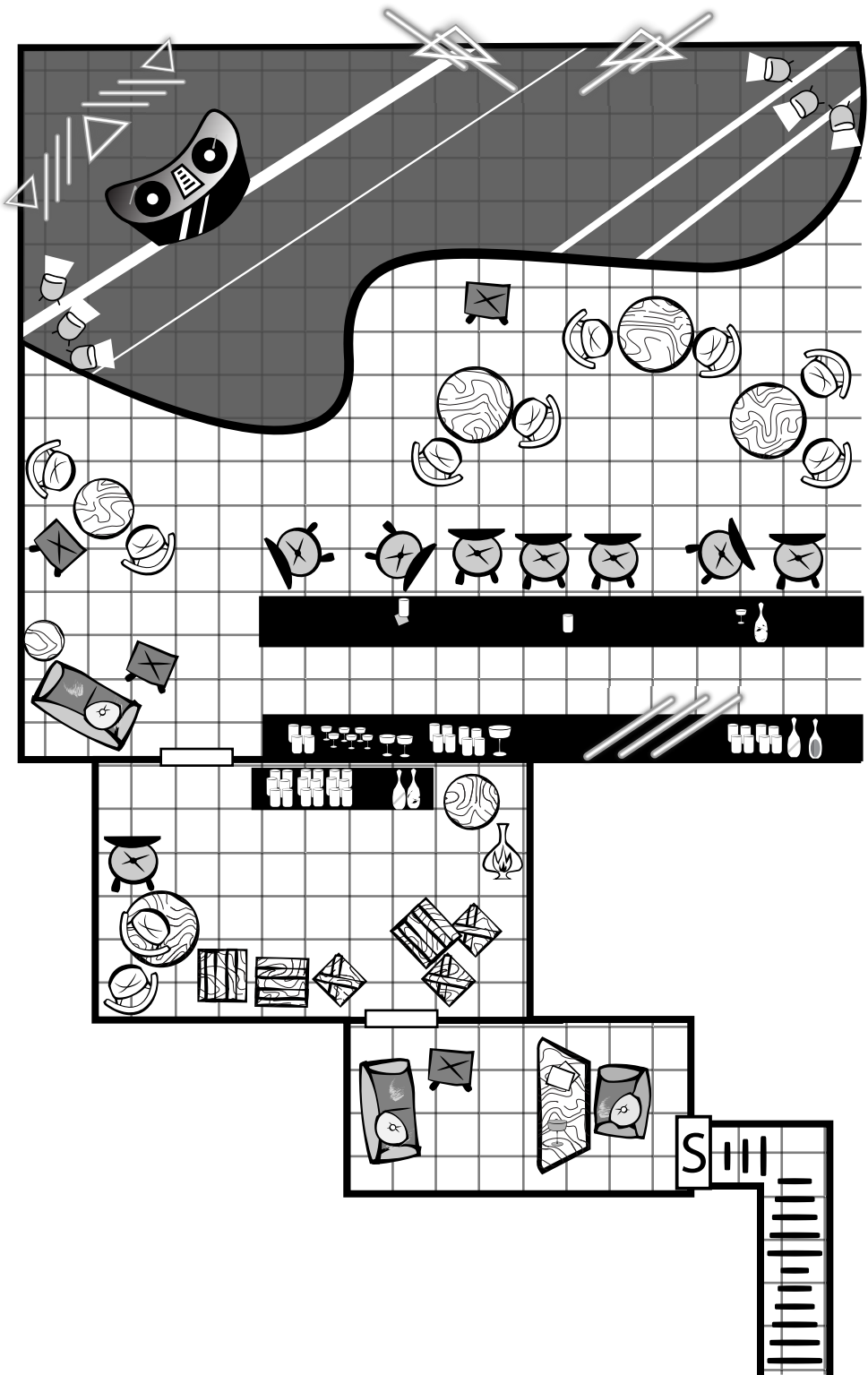
# RANDOM EFFECT TABLE

The adventures one could stumble upon in Deckard's Den are unlimited. Roll 1d6 to find out where the evening takes you.

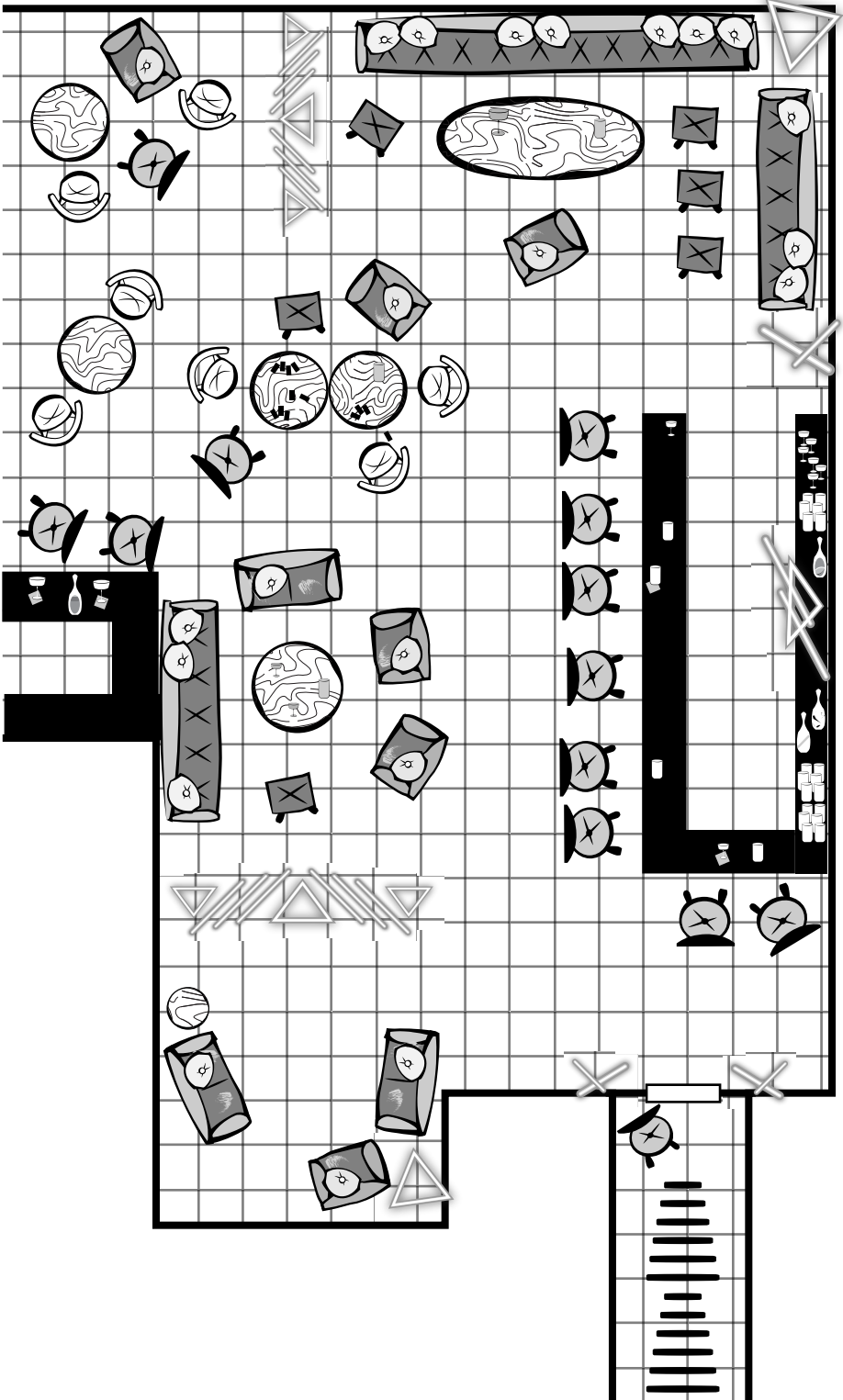


- 1 You did it. You touched the tunebox, didn't you? Only experienced hands know how to work the box. Now the entire Den is angry and pelting you with assorted objects and unfinished drinks. Better figure out how to appease the crowd fast before you get permanently banned.
- 2 You did it! Your brilliant and expert hands elicited sounds from the tunebox that are pure ecstasy to the crowd's ears. An epic dance party ensues for the remainder of the night.
- 3 The glowlights are accenting all of your finest features tonight. Any type of romantic encounter or adventure you wish for awaits you.
- 4 It's your lucky night! The legendary bard, Deckard himself, emerges from the shadows to serenade the crowd for "one last time." His tunes have magical healing powers.
- 5 Your best pal has offered to treat you to a Deckard Special. This tasty nectar energizes you for the remainder of the week and gives your creativity a boost.
- 6 Deckard judged you and liked what he saw. He has decided to teach you how to concoct a Deckard Special which will help you charm the socks off of just about anyone.









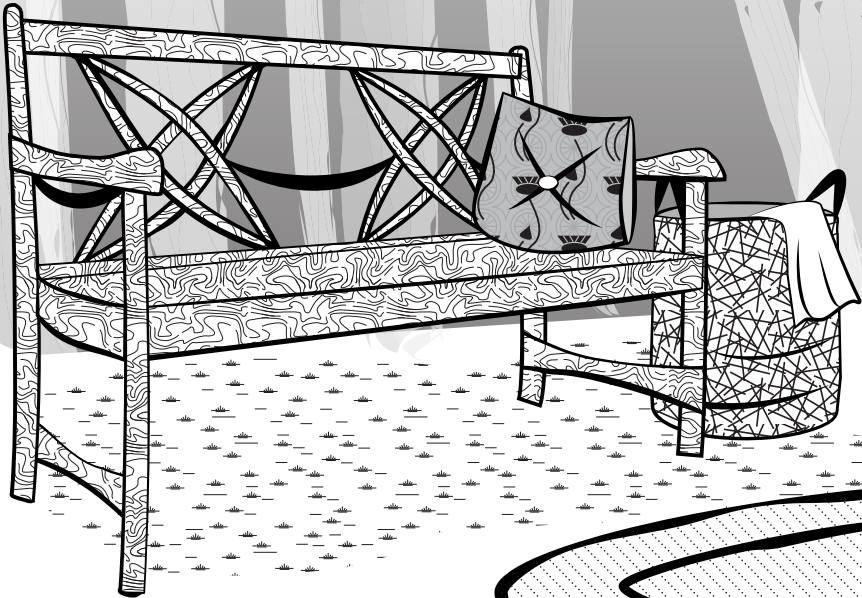
# THE HIDDEN SPRINGS

by livelygold

cloistered • soothing • restorative

The Hidden Springs  
could be:

- Deep within the forest
- A forgotten path in a large city park
- Lost in the Fey Realms



Secluded within a small grove, this bubbling hot spring gives new meaning to 'spa day'. Surrounded by oak trees, these gently warmed, terraced pools give off a faint glow that is, frankly, magic. Previous visitors have left elegantly carved benches for quiet reflection, and surprisingly clean linens to dry off with.

# TAD

## THE DRYAD

pronouns: he/him

You would be forgiven for mistaking Tad for a tree, as many do, but he doesn't mind. It's hard to tell how old Tad may be, and those who ask often receive an excited sermon on the importance of exercise and healthy routines. He's a kind soul who is more than happy to share the springs with tired adventurers. He's recently taken up crafting his own bubble bath mixes, but... Tad is not sure what any of his unusual potions will do, besides smell good.



Tad spends his days soaking in the hot spring's waters after a workout, expounding on the importance of hydration to those who will listen.

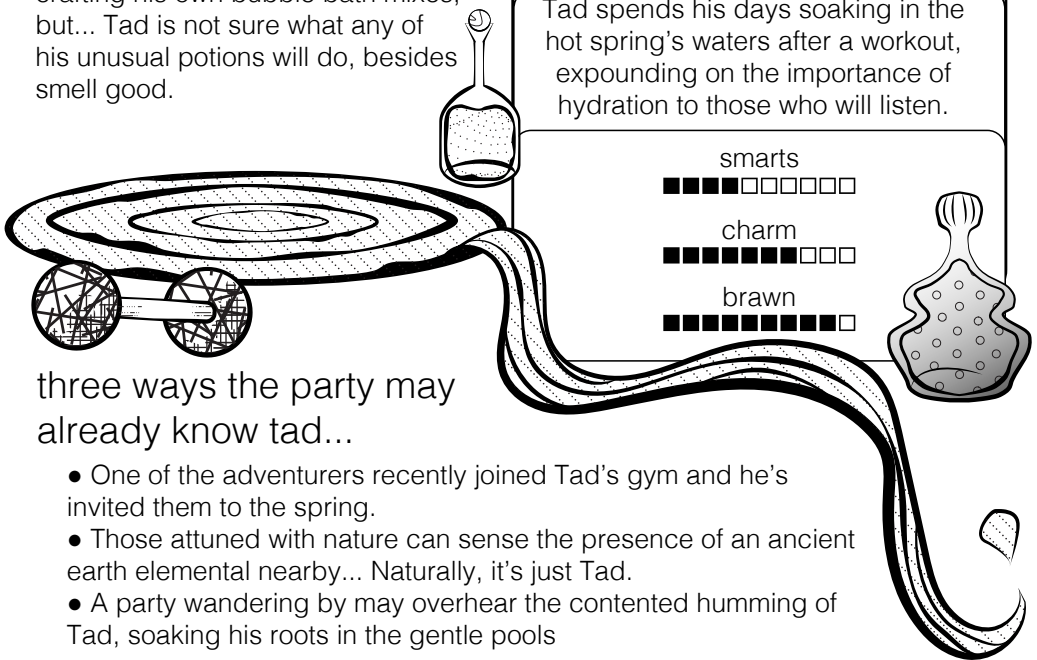
smarts



charm



brawn



### three ways the party may already know tad...

- One of the adventurers recently joined Tad's gym and he's invited them to the spring.
- Those attuned with nature can sense the presence of an ancient earth elemental nearby... Naturally, it's just Tad.
- A party wandering by may overhear the contented humming of Tad, soaking his roots in the gentle pools

### tad might ask the party to...

- One of the pools in the spring has recently dried up - Tad usually doesn't worry about this sort of thing, but could the party investigate just in case?
- A local official is threatening to clear the land for development. Tad's really stressed about it. Find a way to ensure the survival of the hot springs.
- Tad has been experimenting with some potions that create bubbles in the springs, but is missing a few ingredients. They range from common medicinal herbs to rare arcane artifacts, if the party is up for finding them.

# RANDOM EFFECT TABLE

Tad has been working a collection of homemade bubble baths (eco-friendly, natch) that smell great, but might have some... other effects. Tad's not sure what they do and he would love if the adventurers would test them in the springs. Roll 1d4 to grab one of his bottles at random.

1

This scented potion sparkles with iridescence as you pour it into the spring - and not a minute later, a mermaid arrives, summoned by the heady perfume. (Unless you are also merfolk, she leaves disappointed).

⚔ : ⚔ : ⚔ : ⚔ : ⚔ : ⚔ : ⚔ : ⚔ : ⚔ : ⚔ : ⚔ : ⚔ :

2

As you pour from this bottle, a light purple potion seems to fall in slow motion, releasing a blast of lavender scent into the water and air as it hits the spring. Anyone in the vicinity is unable to resist its calming effect, and will sleep for hours.

⚔ : : ⚔ : : ⚔ : : ⚔ : : ⚔ : : ⚔ : : ⚔ : :

3

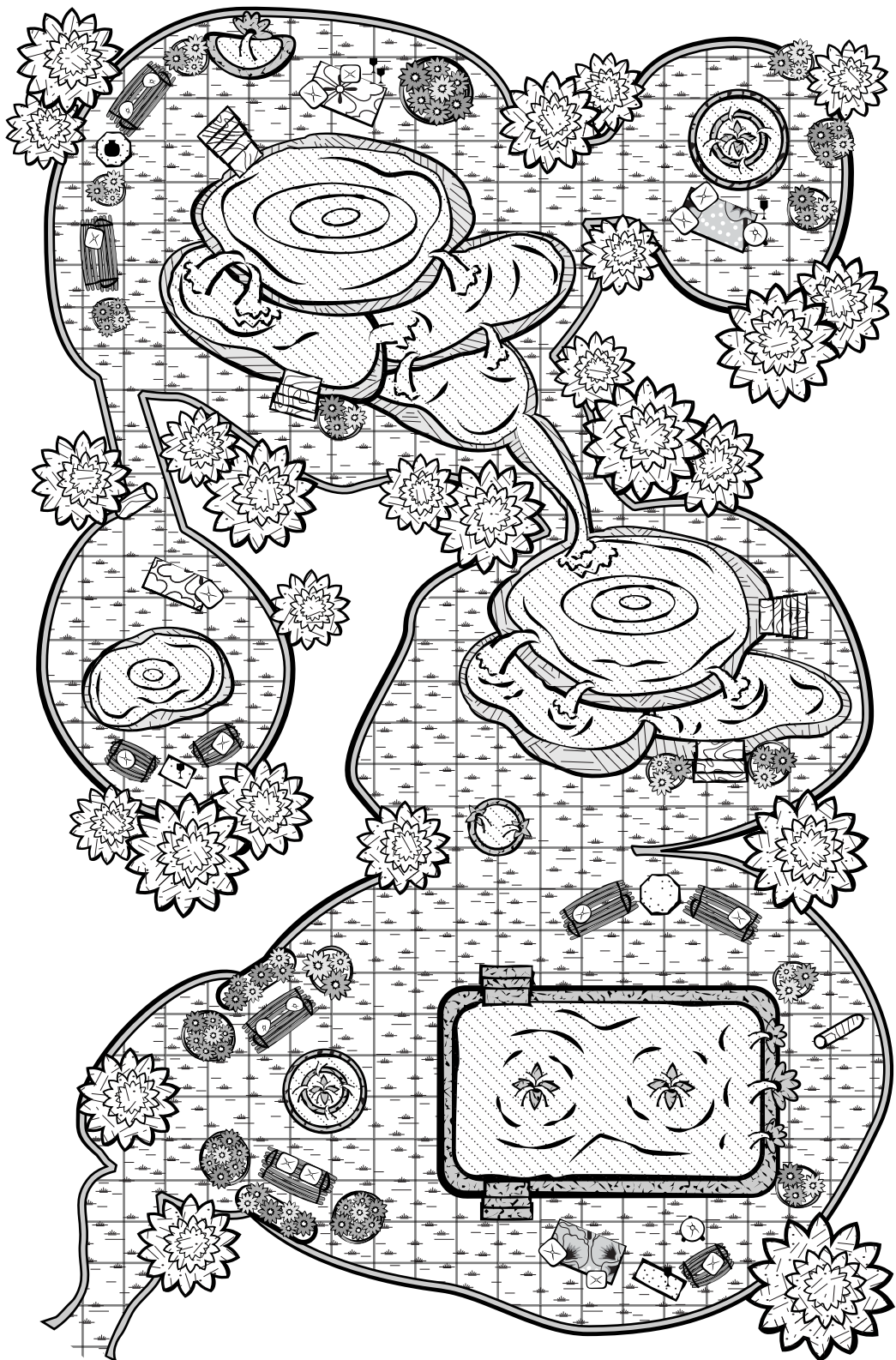
Pink, sweet smelling bubbles erupt in the pool as you pour this potion and, should you empty the bottle, you find the bubbles become dense enough to hold your weight - and bounce off of!

⚔ : ♣ : ⚔ : : ⚔ : ♣ : ⚔ : : ⚔ : ♣ : ⚔ : :

4

A deep midnight blue swirls in the pool, and as you look down past the empty bottle, you no longer see the bottom of the spring - but instead an impossible depth with a sunken ship. Do you dare swim down?







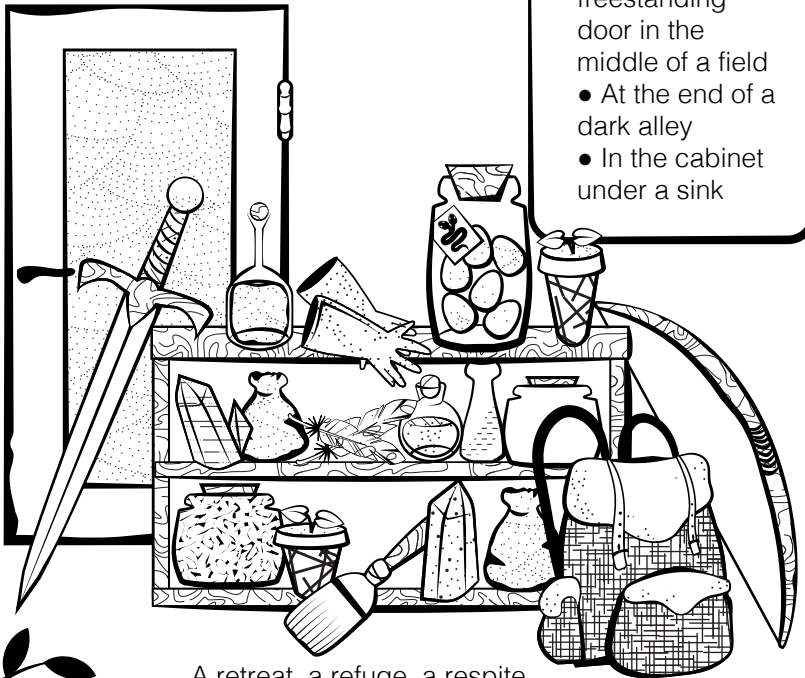
# THE SURGEON'S DEMIPLANE

by justin kenel

tangled • labyrinthine • charmed

The Demiplane  
may appear:

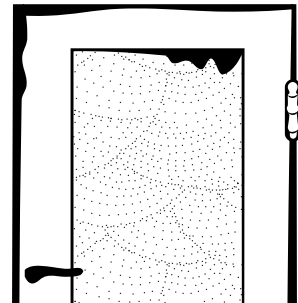
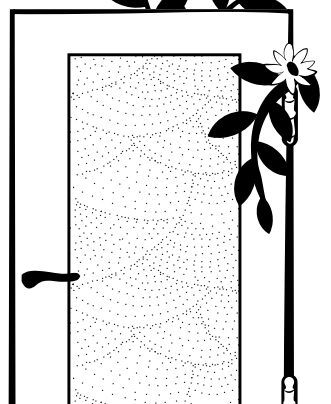
- Through a freestanding door in the middle of a field
- At the end of a dark alley
- In the cabinet under a sink



A retreat, a refuge, a respite.

The Surgeon's home exists apart from space and time, a well lit cavern with no windows and a

hundred doors. A mish-mash of shelves, desks, and tables hold the detritus of a thousand adventures, among them maybe something of value.





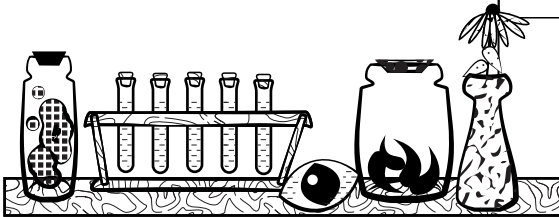
# THE SURGEON

pronouns: they/them

At first glance, all you see is a black cloak hanging in midair. Upon closer inspection, stars dot the fabric. The longer you look, the more you see - eventually an entire cosmos reveals itself, dancing upon the dark fabric. Within the shadows of the hood are two bright blue orbs - the only indication that there is anything inside the cloak. The Surgeon is often surrounded by a rotating cast of assistants who rarely, if ever, know the true intent behind their errands.



The Demiplane is their home, the very core of their being. They draw power from this place.



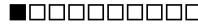
smarts



charm



brawn



## three ways the party may already know The Surgeon...

- They helped one of the Surgeon's assistants out of a bind
- An assistant stole something from the party and you've chased the culprit to the demiplane
- They were invited to fix the sink

## The Surgeon needs help from the party...

- An enchanted talking Chihuahua escaped through one of the doors into an urban metropolis and must be retrieved
- The Surgeon's assistant needs help shopping in a particularly seedy part of the underworld
- An especially talented opera singer friend of the Surgeon is going to be assassinated, and the party is in the right place at the right time

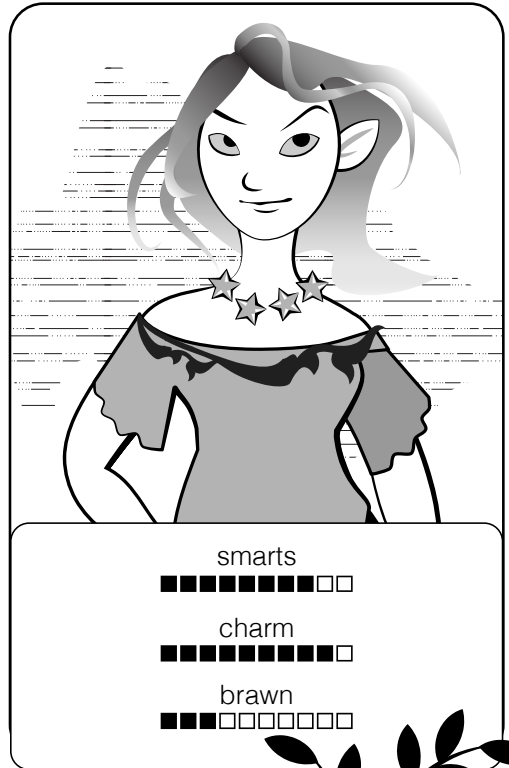
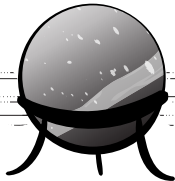


# A SURGEON'S ASSISTANT

frannie

pronouns: she/her

The Surgeon has a rotating crew of lackeys who assist them in whatever scheme currently catches their attention. Frannie is merely the latest caught by the lure of the Demiplane. Descended from elemental beings, Frannie is emotional and tempestuous. She'll do everything possible to avoid work and usually responds to requests with a deep sigh and heavy eye roll. She travels with the Surgeon in a quest to learn powerful divination magics, with the sole intent of using those powers to obtain the hottest of gossip.



# A SURGEON'S TOOLS

The Surgeon, like every good professional, has a set of tools at their disposal. Kept on their person or in a very hidden space, they are rare items diverse in form and power...



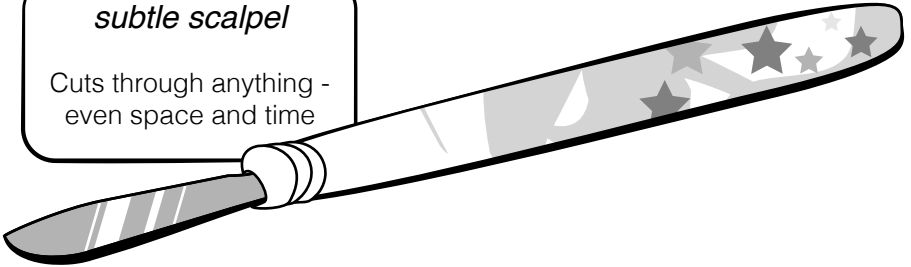


# A SURGEON'S TOOLS

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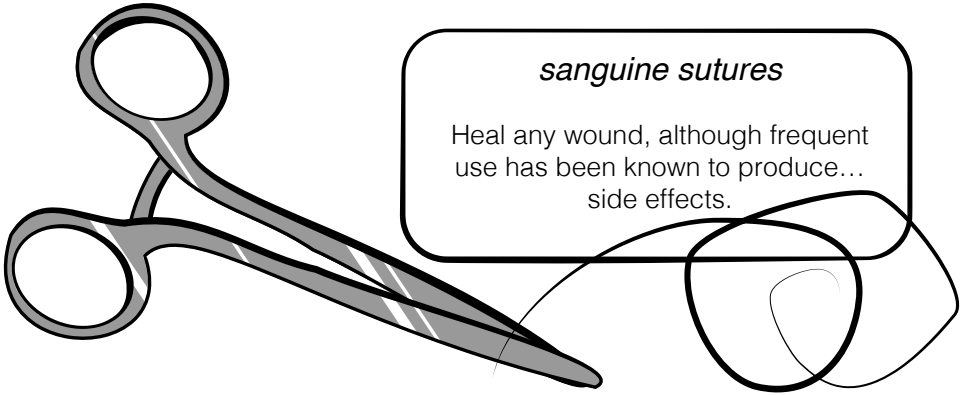
## *subtle scalpel*

Cuts through anything -  
even space and time



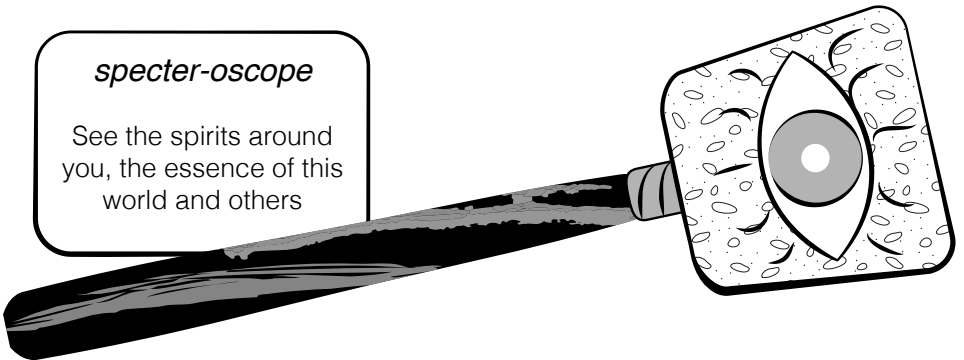
## *sanguine sutures*

Heal any wound, although frequent  
use has been known to produce...  
side effects.



## *specter-oscope*

See the spirits around  
you, the essence of this  
world and others

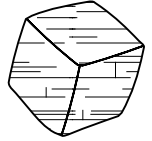


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Those who find themselves in the Surgeon's good graces may ask for such devices, on loan of course. Meanwhile, it is said that those who attempt to steal such wonders often find themselves caught falling forever in the endless void of the emptiness beyond the Demiplane.

# RANDOM EFFECT TABLE

There's no telling what a curious being will find in the Surgeon's demi-plane - either among the shelves and tables or behind closed doors. Roll 1d6 to discover something new or open one of the many portals.



1	An unbreakable bracelet that makes its wearer very charming to all who meet them.
2	A bright blue top hat that will speak a single truth to the wearer once a day.
3	A music box that plays a calming melody.
4	A small glass ball with a blue glow. Stare too long and it begins to whisper in your ear.
5	The comfiest pillow you have ever found. You will always get a good night's sleep.
6	A bronze covered tree limb, well gnawed on. Very distracting to any beast.

1	The barren surface of a rocky moon. In the sky above you a sparkling city awaits.
2	A jazz club in full swing on a Thursday night - you're in a small alcove to the left of the stage.
3	The murky darkness of the ocean floor greets you, a shark swims lazily by.
4	An empty stone temple with a statue of a beautiful form on a raised dais, illuminated by sunlight flowing in through tall windows.
5	A dentist's office, where a Dwarf operates at a chair just a little too tall for them. "Not now, Surgeon," he calls over his shoulder. "I'm busy".
6	The edge of a volcano - a spout of bright pink lava shoots past you.

