

Bad Seeds

Description: a twisted and gnarled hard organic mass, about the size of a peach. It feels hard, fibrous, and vaguely itchy to the touch, and smells unpleasantly of rusted iron and mildewed hay. Consuming one is contraindicated. There is a mild enchantment on Bad Seeds that allow them to be ignored under *normal* circumstances, up to and including baggage checks at airports.

It's a monster seed. Plant it in the right (read: evil, cursed, corrupted, hexed, desanctified, whatever floats your boat) ground, and a monster comes out. Sure, it will take about forty years or so for the process to complete, which is one reason why there aren't more monsters around: but all it takes is one deranged lunatic to have successfully gotten away with seeding an area with Bad Seeds a couple of generations ago for the whole situation to blow up in somebody's face today.

The real weird thing about Bad Seeds, though, is that they're idiosyncratic. Each one grows a different monster: one that's based in equal parts on the exact nature of the evil ground that it's planted in and the local, inchoate

folklore of the area. For example, a Bad Seed planted in a cult-degraded chapel in a decaying mining town will produce a very different Bad Seed planted in a murder house basement on the edges of a crumbling coastal city. It's pretty clear that the entities that create Bad Seeds don't really care **what** horrible thing that they get, as long as they get one. Which is extra-distressing, if you don't like nihilism for its own sake. Even victims prefer to think that they're getting preyed on for a *reason*, right?

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