COMPATIBLE WITH FIFTH EDITION

The Salt Road

Sixty miles of road, and every stop on it has noticed the same thing

An old road that carries salt from the works at its western end to every market it can reach. Fifteen stops keep it running - a ford, a chapel, a ferry, an auction floor - and every one of them has just noticed that something that should keep does not keep any more.

A SETTING YOU CAN RUN WITHOUT A SINGLE ADVENTURE IN IT

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READ THIS AND YOU CAN RUN THE PLACE

What the Salt Road Is

The Salt Road runs west to east: the works in the western hills, the border markets in the east, everything else strung along it in between. Nobody who works the road thinks of it as a place. They think of it as a length of time until the next stop.

- *A road surface packed hard by two centuries of cart wheels, pale with old salt dust*
- *Waystations spaced a day's loaded walk apart, never closer, never further, by nobody's planning*
- *A smell that used to be everywhere on the road and has started going missing in patches*

How big it is, and how long anything takes

about sixty miles, salt works to border - four to six days by loaded cart

Loaded carts do the whole road in five or six days if the fords are kind. A rider alone, changing horses, can do it in two. Nobody walks it end to end on purpose.

Weather

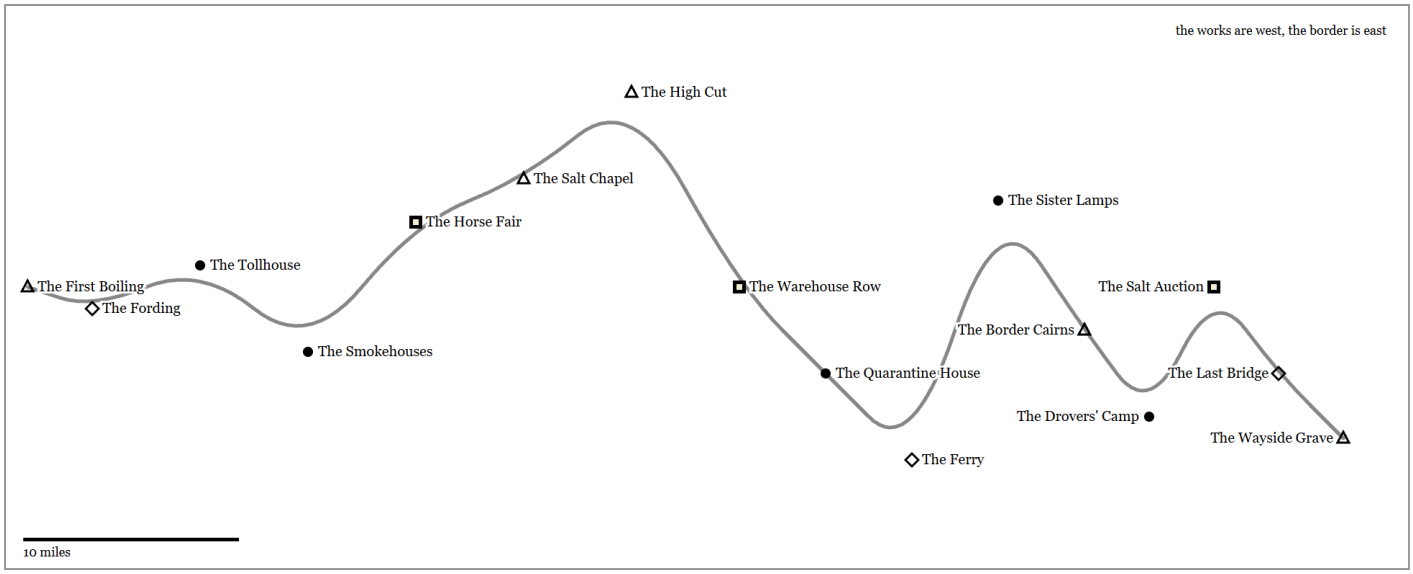
Dry more often than not - the road picks the drier side of every valley it can find, which is why the salt caravans trust it. Fog sits in the low stops some mornings and is gone by the time the first cart is loaded.

What is in this book

- The road, and the sixteen places on it that have names.
- No capital, and that is deliberate: fifteen stops a day's loaded walk apart, none of them the important one.
- Fourteen people, four of whom you will meet at half the stops.
- The year: fifteen stops in the order a cart meets them, which is how this road counts time.
- 5 tables, 54 entries.
- Twelve things currently wrong on the road, with no adventures attached to them.

SIXTY MILES, WORKS TO BORDER

The Road



The Salt Road, west to east. The salt works are at the left-hand end and the border markets are off the right-hand one. Every stop is a day's walk with a load from the last - a cart does two or three in a day - never closer and never further, and nobody planned that.

A Short History

Longer than anyone keeps count of	The works at the western end have always cut salt. Nobody alive remembers it starting.
Nine or ten generations back	The fifteen waystations settled into their current spacing - a day apart for anybody walking with a load, which nobody planned and nobody has explained.
Within living memory	The border markets in the east grew large enough to matter, and the road stopped being local and started being a trade.
This year	Something the salt has always done, it has quietly stopped doing, one waystation at a time.

What nobody on the road will tell you

Not because it is secret. Because nobody has put the pieces beside each other. Every stop on this road has noticed that something which used to keep does not keep any more, and every one of them has privately decided it is *their* store, *their* scales or *their* ground. None of them has said it out loud to the next stop along.

EVERY STOP, WEST TO EAST, THEN BACK TO THE WORKS

The Sixteen Stops

The Fording

CROSSING

The old ford where the road crosses the river, marked safe by a line of stones nobody remembers placing.

- *A line of whitewashed stones marking safe footing, repainted every spring by whoever gets there first*
- *A ferryman's bell that has not needed ringing in a generation, kept oiled anyway*
- *Cart ruts worn a foot deep into solid rock on both banks*

Before the bridge five days east was built, every cart on the Salt Road crossed here or did not cross at all. The ford is still faster when the water is low, so half the road still uses it, and the other half repaints the stones out of habit.

What it is like to stand there. Cold water over bare feet, wet rope, and the particular quiet of a crossing between two loud stretches of road.

Something is wrong here. The whitewashed stones have started drifting downstream between paintings, which they have never done before.

The Tollhouse

WAYSTATION · ABOUT 20 PEOPLE

One family, one gate, one ledger going back further than the family can explain.

- *A ledger of every cart that has crossed, in a hand that changes once a generation and never mid-book*
- *A gate that has never once been forced, in either direction*
- *A toll paid partly in coin and partly in a pinch of whatever the cart is carrying*

Twenty people, one gate, and a toll that has not changed in anyone's memory: coin, plus a pinch of the load, into a barrel that is emptied nobody has ever quite seen how. Every crossing is entered in the ledger by hand, the same way it has always been done, and the Farrow family has kept the gate for three generations without a single night unattended.

What it is like to stand there. Woodsmoke, old paper, and the particular sound of a gate that swings without needing oil.

Something is wrong here. This month's pinch-barrel has started smelling wrong before the month is even out.

The Smokehouses

WAYSTATION · ABOUT 60 PEOPLE

Three long sheds where meat is salted and hung for the road, run by the same two families for longer than either will admit.

- *Meat hung in three sheds that have never all been full at once, on purpose, for a reason nobody states*
- *A hearth that is never let go fully cold, tended in shifts since before anyone currently alive*
- *A door between the two families' sheds that is technically always unlocked and never once used*

Two families, three sheds, one old and scrupulously polite arrangement about whose smoke goes where. The meat that leaves here is why caravans trust the eastern half of the road as much as the western, and why a Smokehouses seal on a haunch is worth asking for by name at the Salt Auction three stops later.

What it is like to stand there. Woodsmoke thick enough to taste, and under it, faintly, the sweetish smell of meat that has hung too long.

Something is wrong here. A rack in the older shed has started spoiling in under a week - work that has always taken a season.

The Horse Fair

TOWN · ABOUT 300 PEOPLE

Where the road trades its tired horses for fresh ones, and half its arguments along with them.

- *A trading ring worn bare of grass by two centuries of the same circling walk*
- *A judge's bench with no judge, used by whoever the crowd points at that week*
- *More opinions about horseflesh per person than anywhere else on the road*

Three hundred people whose whole living is other people's horses. Every dispute on the road that cannot wait for the border courts gets settled here instead, on a bench with no permanent judge, by whoever the crowd trusts that week.

What it is like to stand there. Hay, horse, and raised voices that stop just short of a fight.

Something is wrong here. This year's bench-judge has disqualified three trades in a row for the same unstated reason.

The Salt Chapel

LANDMARK

A one-room chapel where every caravan is blessed before the empty middle stretch of the road.

- *A floor inlaid with salt in a pattern nobody currently serving can read*
- *A door that faces west, toward the works, on a road that runs east-west*
- *A guestbook of blessings going back further than the chapel's own foundation stone*

One room, one keeper, and a blessing every caravan takes before the empty stretch east of here. The floor's salt inlay is older than the current building, which was built around it and not over it, and no mason since has been willing to lay a new floor on top.

What it is like to stand there. Cool stone, old incense, and underfoot, faint but real, the crunch of salt that should have worn smooth by now.

Something is wrong here. The salt inlay is dissolving in patches that were dry a season ago, and the chapel has no water source.

The High Cut

LANDMARK

The one mountain pass the road can use, cut by hand generations before any road needed it.

- *Chisel marks on both walls, deep enough to be original, too regular to be natural*
- *A view down both sides of the range at once, the only place on the road where you can*
- *Wind that never stops, and a silence underneath it that new travellers always mention*

The only way through the range for forty miles either direction, cut by hand long before anyone needed a road here. Two travellers, one narrow path, one night if the weather turns - it is the road's smallest, quietest stop, and its most necessary.

What it is like to stand there. Thin cold air, constant wind, and rock still faintly warm from the day's sun after dark.

Something is wrong here. A section of the original chiselling has crumbled this month for the first time in living memory.

The Warehouse Row

TOWN · ABOUT 800 PEOPLE

The road's midpoint and its biggest stop - eleven warehouses, one street, and every rumour on the road passes through.

- *Eleven warehouses in a row, numbered, none of them agreeing on why the numbering skips four*
- *A street that has never been repaved because repaving would move the boundary stones*
- *A noticeboard that the road treats as more reliable than any single person on it*

Eight hundred people and eleven warehouses, and if something is true anywhere on the road it is on the noticeboard here within the week. The nearest thing the Salt Road has to a capital, though nobody who lives here would use that word.

What it is like to stand there. Packed earth, rope, and the specific echo of a street built to be loud.

Something is wrong here. Warehouse Six has started losing a measurable weight of stored salt overnight, with the locks untouched.

The Quarantine House

WAYSTATION

Where a caravan waits out three days before the border if anything about it looks wrong. Nothing has looked wrong here in nine years.

- *Nine rooms, eight of them empty for nine years running, and everyone on the road can tell you the number*
- *A warden who has turned away exactly one caravan in a decade and still explains the decision unprompted*
- *A wall chart of every illness ever quarantined here, none entered in nine years*

The road's one dark stop. Nine rooms built to hold a sick caravan three days short of the border, and nine years empty. The warden keeps the chart current out of habit. This week she has started keeping it current for a reason.

What it is like to stand there. Lye, cold stone, and the particular silence of a building built to be avoided.

Something is wrong here. A caravan is refusing to leave quarantine on schedule, and the warden will not say what she found.

The Ferry

CROSSING

The wide-water crossing east of Warehouse Row, run by the same boat for three generations.

- *One boat, patched so many times the original planking is a rumour*
- *A crossing fee that has to be exact, and a ferryman who has never once made change*
- *A far bank marked by a single dead tree nobody has ever cut down*

The Salt Road's one water crossing wide enough to need a real boat. Same family, same boat, three generations, and a fee structure nobody has successfully argued with in living memory. Marl Vance poles it across on a schedule fixed by the tide, not by who is waiting.

What it is like to stand there. River water, tar, and rope creaking under a load it was built for and still resents.

Something is wrong here. The exact-fee rule has started refusing coin that was accepted without complaint last month.

The Sister Lamps

WAYSTATION

Two lamp-towers a stone's throw apart, lit every night by two keepers who have not spoken in a decade.

- *Two lamp-towers close enough to shout between, lit in the same minute every dusk without fail*
- *Two keepers, one arrangement, and no one on the road who remembers what the falling-out was about*
- *A single shared well between the towers, the only thing both keepers still use without complaint*

Two lamps, two keepers, one old quarrel neither will name. Whatever it was, it has never once stopped either lamp being lit on time - the road runs on that dependability without asking what it costs the two people providing it.

What it is like to stand there. Lamp oil, well water, and two threads of smoke that never quite blend.

Something is wrong here. One lamp went dark for the first time in memory three nights ago. Its keeper says nothing is wrong.

The Border Cairns

LANDMARK

A field of stone cairns marking the last stretch before the eastern markets - one per caravan that has ever been lost near here.

- *Dozens of cairns, each one a caravan's name and nothing else*
- *A custom of adding one stone, and only one, when you pass*
- *Ground that holds no other feature for a mile in any direction*

Every caravan lost on this stretch, however long ago, has a cairn. Nobody founded the custom; every traveller just adds a stone and moves on. It is the road's only monument, and it is added to constantly, which is either a comfort or the opposite depending how recently you have lost someone to the stretch it marks.

What it is like to stand there. Bare wind, dry stone, and an unusual quiet even for open ground.

Something is wrong here. A cairn appeared this month with no caravan reported lost to explain it.

The Drovers' Camp

WAYSTATION · ABOUT 40 PEOPLE

A working camp for the drovers who walk livestock alongside the salt carts, half tents, half permanent.

- *Fire-rings older than any tent currently pitched around them*
- *A rotating cook nobody appoints and everybody obeys*
- *Pens built to hold anything, expanded by whoever needs them next and never quite torn down*

Not a town - a working camp, half canvas and half things that became permanent by accident. Drovers pass through in waves and the camp reshapes itself around whoever is there that week, so no map of it stays accurate for longer than a season.

What it is like to stand there. Livestock, woodsmoke, and the low constant murmur of a camp that is never fully asleep.

Something is wrong here. The oldest fire-ring, never cold in memory, was found cold and undisturbed this week.

The Salt Auction

TOWN · ABOUT 500 PEOPLE

Where the last of the road's salt is sold before the border, on a floor that has run every auction the same way for a century.

- *An auction floor with a groove worn by the auctioneer's pacing, one man's worth of footsteps deep*
- *A bell rung exactly once per lot, never twice, in living memory*
- *A back room where every disputed sale in a century has been quietly settled*

The last real market before the border, and the reason most of the road's salt has a price by the time it gets there. One auctioneer's post, held by the same family, run the same way, for longer than the town has kept other records.

What it is like to stand there. Salt dust in every beam of light, raised voices, and one bell, once, per sale.

Something is wrong here. This week's lots have been selling under weight, and the scales test perfectly clean.

The Last Bridge

CROSSING

The final crossing before the border markets, and the only bridge on the whole road built of stone.

- *A single stone span where every other crossing on the road is wood or water*
- *A keystone with a maker's mark nobody east or west of here recognises*
- *A toll that is taken from nobody, which is unheard-of this close to the border*

The one stone bridge on a road that crosses everything else by wood or water. Nobody who lives east or west of it can say who built it, and the maker's mark on the keystone matches nothing else on the road.

What it is like to stand there. Cut stone underfoot after miles of packed earth, and river noise from directly below for the first time on the road.

Something is wrong here. The stone has started sweating salt in a pattern nobody can explain, three seasons running now.

The Wayside Grave

LANDMARK

A single old grave a mile short of the border markets, tended by whoever is passing, for a name nobody remembers.

- *One grave, alone, well short of any settlement that would explain it*
- *A headstone worn past reading, kept clear of weeds by hands that are never the same twice*
- *A custom of leaving a pinch of salt on the stone, older than anyone's memory of starting it*

One grave, a mile short of the border, for someone whose name the stone no longer holds. Whoever passes tends it a little and leaves a pinch of salt. Nobody founded that custom either - like the Border Cairns, it simply is, and it is the last stop before the road ends.

What it is like to stand there. Turned earth, salt on stone, and the particular quiet of a grave nobody is related to.

Something is wrong here. The salt left on the stone has stopped keeping - it goes damp and dark within a day, for the first time.

The First Boiling

LANDMARK

The salt works at the western end of the road, where all of it starts, and where the answer is.

- *Brine pans older than the road itself, still worked the same way*
- *A boiling-house whose fire has never gone out within memory*
- *A first-cut ledger, one entry per year, in a hand that has just changed for the first time in a generation*

Where the road starts. The brine pans, the boiling-house, the first cut of salt each year - not sold anywhere else, not written about anywhere else. Whatever has stopped keeping, all along the road, is failing here first and worst.

What it is like to stand there. Steam, brine, and heat that never quite leaves even the coldest part of the works.

Something is wrong here. This year's first boiling did not set. It has never once failed to set before.

The People

Cotter Bray

Caravan-master, hauls salt the length of the road several times a year

Looks like. Sun-cracked hands, a coat with a pocket for every kind of paperwork, never without a tally-stick.

Wants. To finish this run without a single lot spoiling on his watch - which, until this year, never happened.

Sounds like. Counts under his breath mid-sentence and loses his place in the conversation, not the count.

Always. Trusts a scale over a person, every time, and says so to the person's face.

Sister Hild

Road-priest, blesses caravans at the Salt Chapel and rides the road between times

Looks like. A plain grey robe gone white at the hem with road-dust, and a blessing-bowl she has refilled a thousand times.

Wants. For the blessing to still mean something, and a growing private fear that it has stopped.

Sounds like. Formal in the blessing, plain and dry the moment it is over.

Always. Never refuses a blessing, however unlikely the asker, and never explains why.

Ossie Fenn

Itinerant tinker and mender, fixes what breaks along the whole road

Looks like. A cart of tools that rattles a specific tune, and hands permanently stained three different colours.

Wants. One thing, just once, that stays fixed instead of needing him back next season.

Sounds like. Talks while he works, does sums out loud, and will say a number twice to be sure of it.

Always. Never charges the Quarantine House. Has never explained why, and nobody has pressed.

Tam Auker

Courier, fastest rider on the road, carries word between every stop

Looks like. Lean, road-burned, a satchel that never leaves their body even asleep.

Wants. To be the one who is first to know, about anything, always.

Sounds like. Talks in headlines first, details only if asked twice.

Always. Repeats a rumour exactly as heard, word for word, and says so before starting.

Faces to use once

Wick Farrow	A Farrow cousin who keeps the Tollhouse gate on the nights Alder and Nell are both away	Reads the ledger aloud to himself every closing, cover to cover, once a year on the solstice.
Perrin Sale	Oldest curer at the Smokehouses, a Marrow by marriage	Refuses to say the Kestles' name and works around it in every sentence.

Iva Cott	Clerk to the Horse Fair bench, who writes every ruling down	Reads every ruling back twice, identically, as if daring someone to have misheard the first time.
Brother Dole	Lay brother who helps at the Salt Chapel on blessing days	Counts every caravan through the blessing on a knotted cord and has never once lost his count.
Sennet Ward	Sella Frane's cousin, who keeps the Quarantine House books	Updates her wall chart in a hand nobody else in the family shares.
Marl Vance	Ferry operator, third generation on the same boat	Has never made change and has never been asked to explain why.
Cress Ambry	Keeper of the western Sister Lamp	Refers to the other keeper only as "the other tower," never by name.
Gant Rooke	Drover who takes the Drovers' Camp cook's turn whenever Ninnet Kell is off the road	Cooks for whoever is present and keeps a private tally nobody has seen.
Yarrow Bask	Salt Auction auctioneer, family post for a century	Rings the lot-bell exactly once and considers a second ring bad luck, unstated but absolute.
Old Neap	Carter who stops at the Wayside Grave every time he passes	Corrects anyone who calls the grave "abandoned" - it is tended, he says, by whoever passes, just not owned.

The Year

The road runs on stops rather than on seasons, so its calendar is a list of places and not a list of months: one stop after another, in the order a cart meets them going east. There are no festivals on this road; each of the adventures in this line is one of these stops.

STOP	WHEN	WHERE	WHAT HAPPENS
The Fording	any	The Fording	Every cart crosses here or at the bridge five days east. Half the road still prefers the ford when the water allows it.
The Tollhouse	any	The Tollhouse	One family, one gate, one toll paid in coin and a pinch of the load, into a barrel nobody has seen emptied.
The Smokehouses	any	The Smokehouses	Two families cure the road's meat under one old, scrupulously polite arrangement about whose smoke goes where.
The Horse Fair	any	The Horse Fair	Tired horses traded for fresh, and most of the road's disputes settled on a bench with no permanent judge.
The Salt Chapel	any	The Salt Chapel	Every caravan is blessed here before the empty stretch east. The floor's salt inlay is older than the building around it.
The High Cut	any	The High Cut	The one pass through the range, cut by hand long before any road needed it. The road's smallest, most necessary stop.
The Warehouse Row	any	The Warehouse Row	The road's midpoint and biggest stop. If it is true anywhere on the road, it is on this noticeboard within the week.
The Quarantine House	any	The Quarantine House	Nine rooms built to hold a sick caravan three days short of the border. Nine years empty, until this week.
The Ferry	any	The Ferry	The road's one crossing wide enough to need a real boat. Same family, same boat, three generations.
The Sister Lamps	any	The Sister Lamps	Two lamp-towers lit every dusk without fail by two keepers who have not spoken in a decade.
The Border Cairns	any	The Border Cairns	A field of stone cairns, one per lost caravan, added to by every traveller who passes without exception.
The Drovers' Camp	any	The Drovers' Camp	A working camp, half canvas and half accident, that reshapes itself around whoever is passing through that week.

STOP	WHEN	WHERE	WHAT HAPPENS
The Salt Auction	any	The Salt Auction	The last real market before the border, and the reason most of the road's salt has a price by then.
The Last Bridge	any	The Last Bridge	The one stone crossing on a road of wood and water, built by nobody anyone can name.
The Wayside Grave	any	The Wayside Grave	One grave a mile short of the border, tended by whoever passes, for a name the stone no longer holds.

Tables

Rumours at the Warehouse Row noticeboard (d12)

1	Warehouse Six is losing weight overnight and the locks show nothing.
2	The Quarantine warden has stopped saying why the caravan is still inside.
3	One Sister Lamp went dark three nights running. Its keeper says nothing is wrong.
4	The Salt Chapel floor is dissolving in patches that were dry last season.
5	A cairn appeared at the Border with no lost caravan reported.
6	This week's auction lots are selling under weight and the scales test clean.
7	The Last Bridge has started sweating salt for the third season running.
8	A drover swears the oldest fire-ring at the Camp went cold for the first time ever.
9	The Fording's marker-stones have started drifting between paintings.
10	Someone at the Tollhouse smelled the pinch-barrel go wrong before month's end.
11	The grave a mile short of the border won't hold salt on the stone any more.
12	Cotter Bray has started weighing his own lots twice before handing them over.

What came up short at the Salt Auction (d10)

1	A full lot of first-cut salt, sold at weight, arrived short by a hand's worth.
2	A sealed barrel, opened for inspection, half its contents gone damp and grey.
3	A caravan's whole manifest, correct on paper, three sacks light at the scale.
4	A buyer's deposit, paid in coin, one coin short of what was counted twice.
5	A cured haunch from the Smokehouses, spoiled a week early, still under its wax.
6	A ledger page from the Tollhouse, correct in every entry, wrong in the total.
7	A blessing-bowl's worth of chapel salt, gone to damp dust between two stops.
8	A drover's tally-count, right at the Camp, wrong by dawn at the Row.
9	A toll-barrel from the gate, weighed twice, lighter the second time.
10	Nothing short at all - the one lot everyone expected trouble from came up exact.

Roll twice and combine with *Rumours at the Warehouse Row noticeboard* for a complication.

On the Salt Road (d10)

1	A loaded cart with a cracked axle and a driver refusing every offer of help.
2	Two caravans passing in opposite directions in complete, deliberate silence.
3	Dust on the wind that tastes of salt from a direction with no waystation.
4	A rider going flat out toward the Row who will not say what they are carrying.
5	Cotter Bray's caravan, stopped mid-road, recounting a lot for the third time.
6	A dog that follows for a mile and turns back at the same milestone every time.
7	Ossie Fenn's cart, tools rattling, headed the wrong way for their usual season.
8	A stretch of road with a smell of brine and no water for miles.
9	Children from the Camp playing at "the Boiling" with a pot of plain sand.
10	A stranger walking the road on foot, alone, asking careful questions and paying for answers.

What is in a Warehouse Row cellar nobody opened this season (d10)

1	A stack of salt-blocks, stamped with a mark none of the eleven warehouses use.
2	Barrels laid down for a shipment the ledger says was never ordered.
3	A cold draught rising through floorboards with no gap in them anywhere.
4	Someone else's lantern, still faintly warm, set down neatly against a wall.
5	A weighing scale, identical to the public ones, that has never been registered.
6	A cart-track in old dust leading in, and none leading back out.
7	Salt gone entirely to a fine grey powder, in a barrel sealed since spring.
8	A tally-stick with Cotter Bray's own mark on it, from a run he does not recall.
9	Standing damp on the floor that has no visible source and dries within the hour.
10	A door to a room that is not on the Row's own numbering at all.

Salt Road names (d12)

1	Cotter · Hild · Ossie · Tam · Wick · Perrin
2	Iva · Dole · Sennet · Marl · Cress · Gant
3	Yarrow · Neap · Bray · Fenn · Auker · Ward
4	Farrow · Sale · Cott · Vance · Ambry · Rooke
5	Bask · Cade · Hollis · Pren · Wyck · Selle
6	Marrow · Brine · Cure · Weigh · Cask · Salt (occupational nicknames, common)
7	Names ending in -ford, -house or -row mean the family works that stop
8	Names ending in -boil or -pan mean the family came from the works, and everyone knows it
9	A first name repeated across generations means the family holds a post, not just a trade
10	Two names and no family name means Drovers' Camp, and is not asked about
11	A surname taken from a lost caravan's cargo, which happens rarely and is never explained
12	Any name spoken twice by a caravan-master, once slow, is the one carrying the load

NO ADVENTURE ATTACHED TO ANY OF THESE

Twelve Things Wrong on the Road

Each of these is true right now and none of them has scenes written for it. They are here so the road can be run without any of the published adventures at all.

1. A stack of salt-blocks in a Warehouse Row cellar carries a maker's mark none of the eleven warehouses use.
2. Ossie Fenn has mended the same cracked wheel three times in two months, and each time it belonged to a different caravan.
3. The milestones between the Fording and the Tollhouse have been recut, correctly, by somebody nobody paid.
4. Tam Auker has begun refusing night rides on one stretch of the road and will not name which stretch.
5. Feed merchants at three separate stops have all put their prices up in the same week, with no word passing between them.
6. Sister Hild has taken to blessing caravans twice - once at the chapel, and once again a mile further on, alone.
7. Somebody has been repainting the toll boards at night, in the right hand, with the right numbers.
8. Somebody leaves full waterskins at the dry stretches every week and takes the empty ones away, and has never been seen doing either.
9. Three drovers in a row have come in describing the same stopped cart at the same bend, and no cart has been reported stopped anywhere.
10. Draught teams have started baulking at one bend that has nothing whatever at it, and they have done it for a month.
11. A child has walked with the caravans for a month, a different one each week, and has never asked anybody for anything.
12. A stranger has been walking the road on foot for a week, asking careful questions and paying well for answers.

The Mark

A maker's mark pressed into salt that should not carry one - a circle with three short lines radiating from one edge, always faint, always on salt that has just started going bad. Nobody on the road claims the mark. The few who have noticed it on more than one lot of salt have not compared notes with each other.

How to use it

Put it on any salt that has just begun to go wrong, always faintly, and never explain it. No adventure in this line prints it for you, none of them resolves it, and none of them mentions another: it is yours to place. A group that plays one will not notice. A group that plays four will, because you will have put it in front of them four times.

IT TRAVELS

Using the Salt Road Elsewhere

The Salt Road needs nothing around it. To drop it into a world you already run, keep three facts and change everything else: it is a working trade road with real stakes for the people on it, it has run the same way for generations, and something basic it has always done has just quietly stopped.

A caravan route, a river trade, a mountain pass, a pilgrim way - all of them work. The "something has stopped keeping" thread is the only thing that must survive the move, because it is what makes players ask the question the whole line is built on.

LICENCE

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A NOTE FROM US

Thank you for playing

We are a small studio, and we read everything our players tell us. What you say decides what we make next — and how we fix what we have already made.

So, once you have played: what worked? What dragged? Was anything unclear? Did anything surprise you?

> TWO WAYS TO TELL US
>
> 1. ***Leave an honest rating on itch.io.*** *Sign in, open* ***onegoodeveningdnd.itch.io/the-salt-road****, and under More information choose Rate this. The stars help other players find it; any words you add are read only by us.*
>
> 2. ***Or leave a comment*** *at the bottom of the same page. We answer every one.*

If anything in the file is wrong or missing, tell us and we will fix it. Good or bad, it all helps. Thank you.