



# DRAGONSEED

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## Red Tam's Bones



By John A. Turcotte

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# RED TAM'S BONES

An AD&D Adventure for Character Levels 3-5

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**PART THE FIRST:  
"There'll be no rest for this wicked soul"**

"Up the airy mountain,  
Down the rushy glen,  
We daren't go a-hunting  
For fear of little men"  
- William Allingham, "The Fairies"

**INTRODUCTION**

"Red Tam was a wicked rogue, to be sure. Had some fairy blood, most say, as surely no son of a woman was ever born with such mischief in his heart! Banned from every court within seven leagues for thievin' and lyin' and taking liberties, even, some say, with the Old Duke's very own niece! Sent to the gallows thrice, locked away more times than any can remember, but each time winning his way out with wits and smiles. The Duke had a soft heart for ol' Tam, that's for sure. No matter how many innkeepers and daughters' fathers came a-complainin', he just couldn't do away with that naughty soul. And it wasn't for the Abbott's lack of trying! Oh, how he hated Tam! Punished him, the Old Duke did, sorely some times, but always Tammie would work his way back in His Grace's good graces, if you don't mind me sayin'.

"He could play, Red Tam could, like you'd never believe. And dance and sing better'n anyone else. No one could resist Tam's tunes; he could get ol' maids to hike up their hems and jump like does! Even with his reputation, he was sought out far and wide. And not only for his music; he knew things, Tammie did, from one end of the land to the other. No one had a better ear or looser tongue than he for gossip and scandal. Some says that's why the good Duke, rest his soul, kept that devil so close.

"But he was a man; a man who drank too much and danced with the girls too hard

and finally even his pickled black heart gave out and his strings went silent. There weren't no funeral for ol' Tam, he owed too much to too many and him bein' such a scandalous soul, the Duke couldn't have given the proper rights an' all. I can't imagine the Abbott would stand for that, no sir! So he had Tam buried in secret, out in one of the old bone yards, where that rascal could rest at last.

"That was seven years ago and here we are! The Old Duke's followed him into the grave. His youngest daughter, and ain't she a pretty one if I may say, is set to marry a fine young gentleman, son of the Abbott's cousin, I understand him to be. I'm sure you've heard; there isn't anyone who hasn't. Tongues are waggin' far and wide about that last jest, that one last prank that ol' Tammie played. It seems, and you'll excuse me if I'm discreet, that Tam left a certain, shall we say, **charm** in place back before his heart failed 'im. Now people aren't sayin' the particulars, but I think you can guess. The Duchess is as angry as anything, and the Abbott! Oh! I think this last scandal, worse'n all the others Tammie made, might be the end of him! To have Red Tam reaching out from beyond his very grave to sully this marriage! You'd never believe what he wants to do, that Abbott, never! He says that Tam's grave has to be found, can you imagine? He's going to wrestle the cure right out of Tammie's ol' bones and, you know, if I may say, I think he's mean an' mad enough to do it! I'll wager he's sorry now he made the Old Duke bury Tammie out in

unhallowed ground where he couldn't be found!"

**START**

The Player Characters have been charged with locating the grave of Red Tam, a bard of great fame and greater notoriety, and with bringing his mortal remains back to the Abbott of Cinderham-on-the-Moors. The precise reward is up to the discretion of the DM, but it should be sufficient to compensate the party for the risk of exploring in the wild lands between the Dappled River and the Boggy Run. The moors are haunted, the swamps deadly and the woods infested with the Fair Folk and far worse.

The good Abbott, for all his determination to undo this most inconvenient charm, does not know where Tam's bones reside, nor does anyone who is willing to speak of the matter. Many say that the Old Duke deliberately buried Tam in secrecy. There are two likely places of interest: a pagan bone yard located in the Thistlewood and the old Dunder Downs, a desolate haunted



area, located just off the road to Danton Mills.

In reality, both are dead ends. Tam's bones were actually interred in the Fairy Mounds near Critchley Falls. The party can learn of this several ways: by following rumors learned by NPCs, they may learn of this from the shade of **Damned John O'Crewet** at the Dunder Downs, or they may learn it from the last surviving of the **Three Very Fine Gentlemen** (q.v.).

**Notes for the DM**

This adventure rewards role-playing and diplomacy. There will certainly be combat; more than the Player Characters may desire, especially if the players attempt to bull-rush their way through the scenario. Players who play along with the Fair Folk (or, at least, endure their mischief with some modicum of humor) will have an easier go than the easily offended. The party should be between 5 to 8 in number; if the party is larger or smaller, the DM should adjust the encounters accordingly. Note that a party that avoids combat through wit and charm should be rewarded with comparable experience points. Note also that, unless the party remembers to bring shovels and a cart, the mission could be distasteful indeed.

This adventure uses spells and magic items from UNEARTHED ARCANA, but does not assign weapon specialization skills. If you, the DM, use specialization in your game, assign such skills accordingly. The statistics for all opponents are set forth thusly: (AC::; MV::; HD::; HP::; #ATT::; DM::; SA::; SD::; MR::; AL:). These of course stand for Armor Class, Move, Hit Dice, Hit Points, Number of Attacks, Damage/Attack, Special Attacks; Special Defenses, Magic Resistance (the latter three where applicable) and Alignment. If a foe comes from a book

other than the MONSTER MANUAL, the source will follow the string of statistics, for example: goldbug (AC: 9; MV: 1"; HD: 1; HP: 4; #ATT: 1; DM: 1-4; SA: poison; AL: N; FF). "FF" stands for the FIEND FOLIO and "MM" stands for MONSTER MANUAL II. Note that unique or unusual opponents will also have the statistic "XPV" for Experience Point Value.

## Rumors

The party starts at Cinderham-on-the-Moors, a walled town of 5,000 souls, located on an island hugging the eastern shore of the Dappled River. The town is renowned for its high walls, brick buildings, numerous bell towers, and the wide bridges that span the Dappled River, connecting the town to either side. Once these bridges were regularly decorated with garlands of flowers and lanterns were hung along their length. They were a popular place to pledge one's troth, but the Abbott did away with that kind of business. The PCs' travels may take them to Danton Mills or Critchley Falls, villages with populations of 800 and 250, respectively. Whether the party is equipping itself or resting, they may, with successful ENCOUNTER REACTION rolls, learn 1d4 of the following rumors. Note that an (F) following the rumor indicates that the rumor is false.

1. The Dunder Downs are haunted by the shade of Damned John O'Crewet, the former lord of that holding, hunting for the man who cuckolded him in life. He challenges all trespassers. Those who fail against him in battle are condemned to hell! (Mostly True)
2. No one even knows who buried Red Tam, the Old Duke had his remains secreted out of the keep in the middle of the night.
3. Red Tam regularly consorted with the Fair Folk; I've heard he took a fairy wife and she came to the Old Duke to claim his body. (F)
4. Ghostly black hounds with eyes of green fire stalk the moors at night. If you hear one howl, you'll be dead before the sun rises! (F)
5. The moors are crisscrossed with invisible fairy roads, used by the Fair Folk, accessed through fairy rings. They allow travelers to pass quickly and unseen, but who can say what else might use those roads?
6. The Abbott is a wicked man and the Old Duke, rest his soul, hid Red Tam's remains where the Abbott would never dare to tread.
7. The Abbott fears and hates the Fair Folk and preaches against them.
8. They say Red Tam wagered his soul to the devil in a game of chance. When he died, the hosts of hell claimed his body. It will never be found! (F)
9. Red Tam is not dead. Having outlasted his welcome with decent society, he now lives with the Fair Folk, whose company he always preferred. (F)
10. Many a poor soul has gone missing while exploring the fairy mounds east of Critchley Falls.
11. The Old Duke would never bury Red Tam in the pagan bone yard, that's the first place the Abbot would look!
12. Red Tam was buried in an unmarked grave, but one of the Old Duke's men left a sign, the symbol of a harp, as an act of respect to the bard.

**ENCOUNTERS ON THE AREA MAP**

There are two wilderness maps, one for the DM (Map A) and another for the players (Map B). The scale on the wilderness maps is 1 hex = 1.5 miles. Cinderham-on-the-Moors is just over one days' travel by foot from Danton Mills.

Wandering Monsters: The land between the Dappled River and the Boggy Run is untamed and dangerous. Encounters are checked every four hours, with the encounter occurring on a 1 in 8 chance. The applicable reference, MONSTER MANUAL, MONSTER MANUAL II and FIEND FOLIO, is indicated in parenthesis, (M), (MM) and (FF), respectively.

d12	Moors
1	1 mantichore (M)
2	1-2 giant stags (M)
3	1-8 ogres (M)
4	3-12 elves (M)
5	2-8 wild boars (M)
6	men, patrol*
7	men, merchants*
8	2-20 wolves (M)
9	4-16 goblins (M)
10	2-8 bugbears (M)
11	1-3 giant owls (M)
12	1 giant stag beetle (M)

d12	Swamp
1	1 kelpie (FF)
2	1-4 galltrits (FF)
3	2-12 muckdwellers (MM)
4	4-16 bullywugs (FF)
5	2-8 giant frogs (M)
6	2-8 wild boars (M)
7	1-6 giant leeches (M)
8	1-4 giant crayfish (M)
9	Bandits*
10	2-8 nixies (M)
11	1 carbuncle (FF)
12	1 giant snapping turtle (M)

d12	Forest
1	1 forlarren (FF)
2	Ranger*
3	1 dryad (M)
4	4-24 kobolds (M)
5	9-16 elves (M)
6	1-2 brown bears (M)
7	2-20 wolves (M)
8	1-6 needlemen (FF)
9	1-3 displacer beasts (M)
10	1-3 owlbears (M)
11	1 gloomwing (MM)
12	1 brownie (M)

**Encounter Table Notes:**

Men, Patrol: These doughty young men brave the wild moors in an effort to keep travel (relatively) safe between the towns. The patrol consists of 9-16 (1d8+8) 0-level men on light war horses, outfitted in padded armor and bearing spears and longswords and two 1<sup>st</sup> level fighters similarly outfitted but bearing shields. Such patrols are always led by a 2<sup>nd</sup> level fighter who wears leather armor, carries a shield and is similarly armed. The leader carries a horn whose sounding carries for miles across the moor. These patrols are properly outfitted for rugged stays out-of-doors. All patrols are accompanied by 2-8 wardogs. They have no treasure. If parleyed with, they can share 1-4 rumors from the Rumor Table above (q.v.).

Men, Merchants: This encounter will be with 14-50 (4d10+10) men traveling between Cinderham-on-the-Moors and Danton Mills (50% chance of heading in either direction). Of every ten men encountered (round up), there will be two tradesmen, two drovers and the remainder are mercenary guards. All are 0-level men, although the guards wear ringmail, bear shields and are armed with spears and morning stars. The guards in any group are led by an additional fighter of 5-8<sup>th</sup> level (d4+4). The tradesmen and the guard leader are all mounted on light horses, while the remainder travel on foot. For every six men encountered (round up), there is a cart drawn by horses carrying good and supplies,

Merchants are generally friendly, if wary. They will know 1-4 of the rumors from the Rumor Table. They are generally carrying raw goods, but there is a 10% chance that they are transporting something more valuable and the DM is directed to the description of "Men, Merchants" in the MONSTER MANUAL.

Ranger: This 4<sup>th</sup> level ranger (AC: 6; HP: 27; S: 15; I: 13; W: 14; D: 14; C: 14; Ch: 10; CH: 13; AL: LG), Durward by name, is followed everywhere by a blink dog (AC: 5; MV: 12"; HD: 4; HP: 19; #ATT: 1; DM: 2-8; SA: attack from rear; SD: teleportation; AL: LG). Durward wears studded leather armor, a medium wooden shield, bears a **+1 broadsword**, a **+1 short bow**, and carries 16 standard arrows and 4 silver-headed arrows, in addition to his traveling gear (which includes a **potion of extra-healing**). He will not assist the party in their quest; in fact he will try to dissuade them from disturbing Red Tam's remains. With a positive ENCOUNTER REACTION roll he will, however, assist them out of dangerous areas or against known deadly foes (such as Damned John O'Crewet). He does not

know where Red Tam's bones were laid to rest, but knows that it was not done at the Dunder Downs and will warn them off from that area. If asked, he can guide a party to a fairy ring (q.v.). He further knows 1-3 rumors from the Rumor Table (q.v.). Durward will only be encountered once.

Bandits: These villains keep a secret base at the edge of the Thistlemarsh. An encounter is with a roving band of miscreants, 8-18 (2d6+6) in number (AC: 8; MV: 12"; HD: 1-6 hp; #ATT: 1; DM: 2-8; AL: N). They are outfitted in padded armor, wooden bucklers and bear broadswords. Half of all encountered will also carry short bows and arrows. If more than 12 are encountered, the band will be led by a 3<sup>rd</sup> level fighter (AC: 6; MV: 12"; HP: 17; AL: N) who wears studded leather armor, bears a small wooden shield, and who is armed with a broadsword and light crossbow. If they surprise the party, they will attempt an ambush. If defeated, they will heartily give up the location of their base in exchange for release. The details of that place are up to the DM. Any group of bandits will have the following treasure: 1-10 sp and 2-12 cp per member of the group; if a leader is encountered he will have 2-8 gp as well. If parlayed with, they know 1-3 rumors from the Rumor Table.

**Rates of Travel:** The rolling moors are easy enough to travel, although the frequent mist and roving fog banks usually limit visibility to a few hundred yards. There is a track between Cinderham-on-the-Moors and Danton Mills. Rates of travel (in miles per day) are as follows:

Terrain Type	Afoot	Mounted
Road	26	52
Moor	24	48
Forest	15	30
Hills	15	30
Forested Hills	12	24
Swamp	8	5

**Fairy Paths:** A faster, albeit more dangerous, means of travel exists for those who know to look for it. The land between the two rivers is crisscrossed with fairy paths. These enchanted tracks are hidden to most observers, for they are considered out-of-phase. The paths may be most easily accessed where they intersect; these crossroads are indicated on MAP A.

Travelers who enter a hex containing fairy path cross-roads have only a 1% chance of stumbling onto the path if not looking for it. For those actively looking, i.e., those who know or suspect the path's existence, the chance is increased to 10%, with an additional 10% cumulative chance for every four hours searched. Rangers and druids may add 5% to this chance per level of experience. In addition to these chances, elves can detect these intersections as secret doors (i.e., 2 in 6 if actively searching). Note that animals can always detect a fairy path and speak with animals will prove useful in that regard (as will speak with plants).

Fairy path intersections typically appear to the outside world as "fairy rings," or circles of mushrooms, or rough rings of standing stones, fairy forts, or even a suspiciously circular patch of thick moss. When one steps onto the path, the traveler crosses into an extra-dimensional space. No matter the weather or time of day on the outside world, the fairy realm, or at least this portion of it, is uniformly gray and dreary, with a heavy cool mist and occasional

drizzle. No matter the terrain outside the path in the material world, while on the fairy path travelers walk along a grassy track bounded on both sides by dense hedgerows. The mundane world cannot be seen and, likewise, travelers may cross great distances unseen.

While on the path, travelers may traverse at a rate of 40 miles per day on the AREA MAP by foot (70 if mounted). The fairy paths run in straight lines between all of the crossroads. When travelers arrive at other cross-roads, they may continue along one of the paths or step off into the mundane world. PCs who attempt to fly above the path or who scramble through the hedgerows find themselves abruptly back in the mundane world in a corresponding location along the fairy path's route.

Entering a fairy path from anywhere other than an intersection, however, is difficult for non-fairies (who may enter at will). Non-fairies can only attempt to enter the fairy path (assuming they know when one lies) by becoming ethereal, or by use of a **passwall** or **teleport** spell. (The DM may devise other means.)

Traveling along a fairy path is not without peril, for the ways are trod by the Fair Folk and worse. For every two hours on the path, there is a 1 in 6 chance of encountering a wandering monster, as provided on the table below.

00	Encounter
01	1 yeth hound (MM)
02-03	1 luck eater (MM)
04-08	1-2 brownies (M)
07-13	2-12 bugbears (M)
14-21	2-8 grigs (MM)
21-29	1-6 centaurs (M)
30-39	3-12 hobgoblins (M)
40-50	1-4 sprites (M)



51-60	2-8 spiders, huge (M)
61-69	1-3 ogres (M)
70-76	1-3 leprechauns
77-85	1-4 nymphs (M)
86-92	2-8 shadow mastiffs (MM)
93-97	2-5 pixies (M)
98-99	1 satyr (MM)
00	1 cockatrice (M)

Fair folk encountered will generally be bemused to see the PCs on “their” path and will be mischievous and troublesome, but not harmful. Failed ENCOUNTER REACTION rolls or boorish behavior will quickly change the temperature of the chance encounter. Monsters are generally there looking for trouble and will attack at once. It should be noted that all intelligent beings encountered on a path know where Red Tam's remains lie, but they certainly will not (willingly) tell the party!

The DM is free to expand the network of fairy paths. Eventually, they will lead to fairy towns, fairs, markets and organized realms. Theoretically, one may eventually come to the court of the Lord and Lady of this otherworldly place, or to the demesne of their archenemies.

### The Three Very Fine Gentlemen

As soon as the party sets out from Cinderham-on-the-Moors, they will encounter three strange characters awaiting them at the cross-roads outside the town. These fairies were good friends with Red Tam and are not at all happy to learn that the nefarious Abbott is seeking to disturb their fellow scoundrel. These carousers will do all they can to hinder the party and to prevent them from retrieving his remains. While it is unlikely that they will directly confront the party through physical means, or seek their deaths outright, they will shadow the heroes' travel and will use



their abilities to make every encounter more difficult. They are not at all above luring the party members into the path of wandering monsters and vice versa. If the party members telegraph their intentions, they will use the fairy paths to beat the party to its destination. The DM should take care to note their abilities and use them to the rascals' best advantage and should plan, in advance, some of the nastier tricks the Gentleman will play.

The group is comprised of the following:

**Black Abe O'Shaughnessy**, a buckawn lord of very high bearing (AC: 1; MV: 12"; HD: 3; HP: 16; #ATT: 1; DM: by weapon; SA: at will: audible glamor, change self, dancing lights, invisibility, any Legerdemain cantrip; 1x/Day: **entangle, faerie fire, giant insect, pass without trace, spook, summon insects, trip**; SD: **infravision, ultravision, detect invisible**, Move Silently skills at 50% penalty against him, Hide in Shadows or Foliage 80%; MR: 15%; AL: N; MM; XPV: 223) who wears a fine chain shirt and bears a +2

**dagger, longtooth.** He also carries a **potion of gaseous form.** His wallet holds 17 gp, 38 sp and 40 cp, as well as a ring of keys. There's no saying what they go to (DM's discretion). He uses his change self ability to appear as a doughty gnome gentleman in fine clothing. He loves his pipe, and is seldom without it. Beneath his clothing, he wears a garnet pendant on a gold chain worth 250 gp.

Abe is the spokesman of the group, the craftiest of the three and the least likely to engage in a direct confrontation. Therefore, he is the likeliest to be the sole surviving 'Gentleman by the end of the adventure. He is, however, an inveterate gambler and cannot resist a bet.

**Summer Jack**, a korred (AC: 5; MV: 9"; HD: 6+1; HP: 34; #ATT: 1; DM: 5-10; SA: At will: stone shape, animate rock, stone door, shatter rock, transmute rock to mud and stone tell; Laugh 3x/Day: all within 6" must roll CHA or higher on d20 or be stunned 1-4 rounds; MR: 25%; AL: CN; MM). 'Jack is armed with a cudgel and wears a heavy traveling mantle to hide his hooves. With his size and wild beard, he might pass as a dwarf gone to seed, although his pointed ears and loam-brown skin might suggest otherwise.

Jack is the least thoughtful of the three and the most likely to resort to physical violence. He tends to be crude and boisterous. His temper only becomes worse as he drinks, which is generally a constant. Jack carries a wineskin of holding that magically holds up to eight gallons of liquid without further encumbering its owner. A silver cup (worth 55 gp) hangs at his belt. In his satchel, among less pleasant things, he carries a **potion of sweetwater**, 18 gp and a goldbug (AC: 9; MV: 1"; HD: 1; HP: 4; #ATT: 1; DM: 1-4; SA: poison; FF), 155 sp and a set of five (loaded) dice with a single **enchanted die**

that will always roll the result desired by its owner.

**Ian O-the-Briar**, a phooka (AC: 2; MV: 15"; HD: 4+4; HP: 22; #ATT: 1; DM: 2-8; SA: surprise 1-4; At will: **audible glamor, darkness, levitate, pass plant, speak with plants, trip**; 1x/Day: **animate object, fumble, hallucinatory terrain, transmute metal to wood, wall of thorns**; SD: **detect invisible**; MR: 25%; AL: CN; XPV: 510; See NEW MONSTERS, q.v.). Ian appears as a hideously ugly gnome-like gentleman, with deeply-tanned skin, a bald pate and shocking red muttonchops. His eyes are a fierce and luminous green. He wears stained and rumpled fine clothing, giving the overall impression that he literally crept out from beneath a log. Ian is a fidgety soul and cannot stand still.

Ian is ambulatory only during the day, but has the widest array of spell-like abilities. He is overly fond of song, dance and, especially, dancing girls. He is the most mischievous of the three, but will not hesitate to come to blows if his comrades are attacked. Ian carries a silver flute (with which he is extremely proficient) worth 175 gp and which has **Nystul's magic aura** cast upon it and a bag of tricks that contains only skunks. His belt pouch holds 88 gp and an elixir of madness. He has also squirreled away on his person a **Quaal's Feather Token (Swan Boat)**. This was actually stolen from a fey prince (indeed, one of the daoine sidhe) who is actively searching for it. Should it fall into the players' hands, the aggrieved owner will eventually seek them out.

The 'Gentlemen will point out to the party that the Old Duke buried Red Tam in secret for a reason and that there's no need to bother his poor bones now. They will do their best to try to convince the party to let "poor Tammie" be, bribing them if

necessary and obliquely threatening them if unsuccessful. "Braver souls than yerselves have been lost on the moors, I dare say." If the party persists, they will (seemingly) relent and direct the party to the Dunder

Downs. They will then proceed to shadow the party throughout their travels. If two of the gentlemen are killed, or otherwise incapacitated, the last survivor of the three will reveal the location of Tam's tomb.

## **ENCOUNTER AREAS**

**Hundred Thousand Oaks:** This is a dense, old-growth forest, with little underbrush. No proper trails exist over the mossy carpet that cushions the forest floor and it is easy to get lost. There are timber and logging camps on the outer edge of the woods, but few dare to enter under the shadowy world beneath its canopy. Unbeknownst to the human settlements, this area is keenly contested by the elves and fairies on one side and goblins and kobolds on the other. A near-invisible war exists beneath the unbroken boughs. Wildlife abounds here, including a herd of albino deer. It is rumored that the deer are protected by the Fair Folk and no one hunts them. It is further rumored that an ancient temple to some heathen god can be found in the heart of the forest, but that the paths to it wander and move, making it impossible to find.

**The Thistlemarsh:** The Boggy Run empties into a broad trackless marsh, thick with willows and red maple. The marsh is infested by biting flies, leeches and much more dangerous things; it is an altogether nasty place. Some of the fauna grow to surprising size and it said that monstrous catfish can sometimes be found in the lazy and deceptively deep streams that crisscross through the marsh. It is easy to hide here, which is precisely why a group of bandits (q.v.) have made the inhospitable swamp their base of operations. A band of bullywugs have recently moved to the area and made plans to harass trade moving downstream from Danton Mills.

**The Thistlewood:** This forest is aptly named, with thick undergrowth, more often than not of the stinging, thorny variety. The trees are mostly elm, ash and oak. Hunting is considered better here, but the travel is more taxing. The Fair Folk have a strong presence here and it is not uncommon for travelers to vanish without a trace. There are said to be mysterious, moss-covered ruins crumbling in the forest; none can say who built them. It is also said that hidden doors to the Underworld can be found therein.

**The Vernal House:** For more about this area, see PART THE SECOND of this adventure. Decent folk won't discuss it at all. If discovered, the party finds only the remains of some grand manor, long since fallen to ruin and swathed in silence. The party should not discover, at this time, the proper means to access the House.

**The Pagan Bone Yard:** This bone yard is located at the edge of the Thistlewood. The stone wall has collapsed in places and saplings brazenly thrust aside whole sections. Due to the Abbott's aggressive tactics, no one has been interred here for at least twenty years. The forest is slowly and inexorably devouring the graveyard. The yard once boasted a metal gate, but it rusted solid long ago. Nevertheless, given the state of the surrounding wall, entrance is easily accomplished.

Within is a heavily overgrown cemetery of sorts. Little more than faded markers, many toppled, mark where these souls were laid

to rest so long ago. The place is eerily quiet and enshrouded in mist.

Although the party no doubts fears undead, there are no lurking dangers here. The Three Gentlemen will do their best to convince the party otherwise, however, using such abilities as **dancing lights**, **audible glamor**, **animate stone/object**, and others to make it seem as if the party is not alone in the bone yard, that they are being stalked, surrounded, etc. Summer Jack may even be cruel enough to use **stone shape** to create the symbol of a harp on one of these ancient markers, in the hopes of instigating an impromptu disinterment.

**Dunder Downs:** The moors give way to rolling, thorn-crowned hills. Here and there, the poor soil has worn away and the chalk beneath peeks through like bone revealed by split skin. The road between the towns gives the 'Downs a wide berth, and not without reason.

Passing through the Downs, the PCs will come upon the remains of old settlements: segments of rock walls, lonely fence posts, and abandoned wells. Clearly, this area was once settled and farmed. There are only two structures of note. The first is a small ruined chapel of sorts, now long given over to the elements. The second is a small fortress, of the motte-and-bailey type. The keep itself has been gutted by ancient fires and almost nothing remains of it now.

Horrible events took place in the Dunder Downs, the entire place seems to be holding its breath. There are no wandering monsters of any kind on the downs, and natural animals will not willingly enter. Thirty years ago, the area was farmed and grazed and Lord John O'Crewet was awarded the holding. Some say the grant itself, to this far-flung piece of infertile land, was not so much an award as a penance.

Lord O'Crewet was a known fiend; much in love with drink and full of hate for nearly everything else. His servants and tenants lived in fear of him, for he was wont to ride up and down his holdings at odd hours, in full war regalia, terrorizing those who displeased him. And he was an easy man to displease.

His wife and family were equally abused. His wife was a fair and sad woman. It came to pass that Lord John was called away to Court. When he returned, it was eventually whispered in his ears that his wife had taken a lover. The beast tormented his spouse, finally threatening the life of their children if she did not name the man. In terror, she named the parson of the local parish, a young charismatic man, hand-chosen by Lord John himself.

In a wild rage, Lord John mounted his steed and charged off to the parish. He smashed down the doors of the chapel and, it is said, slew the clergyman in the sanctuary, renouncing Heaven and everything good. With his last breath, the parson swore his fidelity and, in a rush, John knew he had been deceived. His wife had named the cleric in the mistaken belief that he alone would be spared her husband's wrath.

Howling like a demon, Lord John rode back to his keep (pursued by the hounds of hell, some say) where he locked his family in the keep and set the place ablaze, striking down any who tried to interfere. The entire family burned alive (others say that Lady O'Crewet nearly escaped the blaze, but that a laughing demon pulled her back in). Since that ghastly tragedy, the Downs have been abandoned. It is said that Damned John O'Crewet still rides the Downs, his armor melted and his standard ablaze, searching for his wife's lover.

During the daylight hours, the party is free to explore the Downs and no harm will come to them. The DM should allow the party to explore the ruined chapel and keep at their leisure. The Three Very Fine Gentlemen will do their best to keep the party interested in the area and there until sunset.

The moment the sun sets, the true danger of the Downs is revealed. The party will be



dismayed to find that a silent and horrific host has surrounded them! A terrible mounted figure will approach - Damned John O'Crewet himself! He is as awful as described, looking as if he just came from the forges of hell itself. Backed by his troops, he will immediately challenge the strongest-looking male of the party, insisting that he is the vile villain who stained his honor.

Unless the party directly attack his followers, they will do little more than observe. John's actions are dictated by the reaction to his challenge:

If the PC accepts the challenge: John will seek to fight from the saddle, but if his opponent insists on fighting on foot, he will himself dismount (with evident disdain) and hand his reins to his cadaverous squire. He is a daunting opponent. John will fight fairly, sparing an opponent reduced to single hit points, provided the PC willingly surrenders; otherwise he fights to the death. Note that if he slays a PC, he will immediately animate the victim and impress the zombie into his host. A defeated PC left alive must surrender his weapons and armor to John and pay a penance (up to the DM's discretion); otherwise John's host will intervene as if the party attacked John (see below). In single combat, John will not surrender and is willing to be destroyed by a victorious PC.

If the PC refuses the challenge: John will viciously taunt the PC in an effort to goad him to fight. He will not strike the first blow, however, but will instead seek to shame an opponent into battle. If still unsuccessful, he will drive the PCs out of Dunder Downs, forcefully if necessary. If anyone other than his target attacks him, the host will intervene.

If the PCs retreat: John will not follow beyond the edge of the Downs, but he and his host will hurl insults at the party as they go.

If the party attacks John (or any host member): If attacked by anyone other than his target, John will loudly curse the party members as villains and the entire host will attack those offending PCs. Note that John's original target will remain untouched and John will continue to battle that foe by himself as long as feasible.

If the PCs attempt to turn John (or any host member): If a cleric attempts to turn John, or any of his host, John and his troops will direct all of their attacks against that cleric, before turning their attention to the remaining party members. Note that pursuant to the DUNGEON MASTERS GUIDE, turning attempts must begin with the least powerful type of undead. Thus, it could be some time before John can be reached. However, John is susceptible to turning, and turns as a wraith. If turned, he flees to the keep. If faced there, he cannot be further turned and will fight to the bitter end. Note that John and his host melt away, becoming invisible and intangible, the moment the sun rises. They will be fully healed upon the next sunset.

John is not one given to parley, but he can certainly confirm that Red Tam is not on the Downs. "That blackguard? Dead at last? Good for him! You'll not find him here, no you will not. I forbade him from ever setting foot on my land. If he's dead and gone, the fairies have him for certain!"

John is a nasty bit of business, having literally been spit out of the pits of hell. He does have a code of honor, however, and will stand by any promise. Damned John O'Crewet (AC: 1; 6th level cavalier; HP: 50; #ATT: 3/2 (w/bastard sword; 1 otherwise); DM: 1-8+2; SA: +2 to hit with bastard sword and lance, fights as 7th level while mounted; SD: Immune to fear, poison, sleep and charm; 90% resistant to mind-affecting magic; AL: LE; XPV: 825). John has the ability to animate dead once per night, but it is limited to those persons he has personally slain. He can control these undead as if an evil cleric of 6th level. John wears a suit of field plate armor, bears a medium shield emblazoned with his device (a red griffin rampant) and wields a **+1 bastard sword** and a lance. His armor and shield are all deeply stained with soot and reek of sulphur. They cannot be cleaned unless remove curse and bless are both cast upon them. Until that happens, if used by anyone other than John, they are cursed and provide only Armor Class 10 against evil opponents.



He sits astride a soot-black steed itself wearing chain barding. Its hooves spark whenever they touch the earth. It is not, as the PCs may surmise, a nightmare, but is rather a lesser breed of infernal creature (AC: 4; MV: 15"; HD: 3+3; HP: 15; #ATT: 1-8/1-8/1-4; SA: breath weapon equal to stinking cloud cast at 4th level 2x/day; SD: can become ethereal; AL: NE; XPV: 210) equal to a medium warhorse. It does not lair with John, but rather appears each evening and departs each morn.

John is served at all times by a pair of coffer corpse squires (AC: 3; MV: 6"; HD: 2; HP: 16, 14; #ATT: 1; DM: by weapon (armed with lances and long swords) or choke (1-6 + automatic hit thereafter); SA: fear; SD: magic weapons needed to hit; AL: CE; FF), who both wear chain mail. His host is further comprised of eight zombies (AC: 8; MV: 6"; HD: 2; HP: 14, 12, 11, 10 (x2), 9, 8, 3 #ATT: 1-8; SD: immune to sleep, charm, hold and cold; AL: N) and twenty one skeletons (AC: 7; MV: 12"; HD: 1; HP: 7 (x4), 6 (x3), 5 (x5), 4 (x2), 3 (x4), 1(x2) ; #ATT: 1; DM: 1-6; SD: Half damage from sharp/edged weapons, immune to sleep, charm, hold and cold; AL: N).

The Three Fine Gentleman tread carefully here; John has even less affection for fairykind than for fellow men. However, they will do what they can to make the going even more difficult for the heroes.

If John is destroyed a great gout of green flame erupts around him consuming him utterly. Moments later, the mute, but heart-breaking, shades of his wife and children appear and can lead the party back to the keep and to a secret door (previously undetectable), behind which stairs wind down to a secret vault beneath the ruins. Having done so the O'Crewet family is released.

John has amassed a fair amount of ill-gotten wealth, stashed in the bowels of his ruined home: five longswords, a bastard sword, a battle axe, a pair of shortswords, two suits of chainmail, one plate mail set, a silver dagger, a plethora of helms and helmets, a **+2 battle axe**, a suit of **+1 ring mail, magic-user scroll (guards and wards), illusionist scroll (chromatic orb, fear, fog cloud and major creation)**. A trio of three chests: 1) 9, 840 cp, 2) 5,000 sp, and 3) 2,300 gp, a jade pendant set in silver worth 1,200 gp, a gold circlet set with topaz worth

3,100 gp and a silver necklace set with three matched sapphires worth 1,600 gp. Chest #2 contains an angry asp (AC: 6; MV: 15"; HD: 1; HP: 4; #ATT: 1; DM: 1; SA: death poison) and Chest #3 is trapped with poison gas (2" x 2" cloud, save or swoon into a coma-like state, reduced to 1 hp, for 2-12 days. For each day so incapacitated, there is a 2% cumulative chance of death).

**The Fairy Mounds:** This area, although close to Critchley Falls, is difficult to get to. The woods here are thick, dark and densely insulated with all manner of gorse, thorns and burrs. These forested hills are low and steep-sided. The undergrowth of the hills is entirely absent and in its place, a wondrous carpet of mushrooms and semi-luminous fungi covers the ground; moths and fireflies swarm the area. Songbirds exist in great numbers and wild sheep graze the hills.

This area serves as a nexus, of sorts, for the fairy paths. The mist is always thick here, hugging the base of the hills like a luxurious shawl. Cool streams burble over beds of smooth round stones, and the low ground between the hills is uniformly damp; low-lying serpentine mounds wind through these troughs, edged by endless banks of fiddleheads. The more one looks at the area, the harder it is to escape the observation that the entire tableau – including the hills- seems to be carefully tended.

By the time the party arrives, the fey inhabitants will have been warned of their intentions. As the party members search the fairy mounds, they will be watched. All PCs have a sense of vigilance, they may even notice furtive movements at the edges of their vision, hear stealthy movements, etc. There is little they can do to confirm or confront their suspicions, as the watchers are invisible. If any party member strays, however, he is sure to be

mugged by the Fair Folk (details left up to the DM). The Wandering Monsters table for Fairy Paths is used in the Fairy Mounds area.

The DM is directed to MAP C. The low hills are artificial burial mounds, both of fairy lords and of the few mortals who the fairies loved. As the party moves through the area, they will find numerous fairy rings (and therefore will be able to step onto a fairy path if they choose), as well as small (2' high) rune-covered steles on the small mounds. These runes typically name the inhabitant and give a short description of their characteristics. Needless to say, some make for interesting reading.

Searching all of the mounds to find the stele with the harp symbol will take 12-30 (2d10+10) hours. When the parties approach that mound, a sudden shimmer of violet flame alights nearby. This witch-fire winds, snake-like, up the bole of a tall oak and soon the leaves themselves are alight. At the base of the dazzling tree, a group of fantastic dancers appear. Four couples, dancing merrily around the tree as a fiddler makes a raucous tune. The men are small and ugly, with jet-black skin and huge beak-like noses. For all of their hideous appearance, however, there is no mistaking their glee as they grin and laugh. The women are even smaller, but are lithe and graceful, a rosy pink in hue with flaming red hair. The song is infectious and nearly impossible to resist.

The Three Very Fine Gentlemen have recruited the aid of nine grigs to waylay the party (AC: 2; MV: 6" (12" leap); HD: 2-5 hp; HP: 5 (x2), 4 (x2), 3 (x3), 2 (x2); #ATT: 3 or 2; DM: by weapon; SA: +2 to hit with missiles; SD: at will: **change self**, **entangle**, **invisibility**, **pyrotechnics**, **trip** and **ventriloquism**; MR: 30%; AL: N(G); MM). The grigs will attempt to ensnare the party with their song (See MONSTER MANUAL II), whirling them into the

dance until the PCs collapse from exhaustion. At that point, they will be robbed blind and deposited naked (or nearly so) at the edge of the Thistlewood.

If some PCs make their saving throws and resist the siren song, the grigs can invoke aid and, without missing a leap or a jig, they will seek to entangle would-be heroes, using pumpkins, gourds and squash that grow all over the mound. The heroes have no reason to believe these plants are not self-animated monsters. This misperception might be aided by the 'Gentlemen.

The grigs are far from helpless. Each carries six darts and a sharp dagger. They will not fight to the death, however, and will become invisible and bound away if seriously threatened. If the party unleashes especially deadly force, such as a fireball, Summer Jack, if still alive, will not be able to restrain himself. It is very likely that Ian O-the-Briar will engage as well. Black Abe will support his cronies from a safe distance.

The mound containing Red Tam's tomb is fairly small and unassuming, with steep sides that reach to a bare crown some thirty feet above the marshy trough between larger hills. The mounds' eastern slope faces a wide swath of rich, stinking marsh mud. If that face (the one bearing the easiest access) is approached, old Tom's final guardians appear: A baker's dozen mudmen (AC: 10; MV: 3"; HD: 2; HP: 14, 13 (x2), 11, 10, 8, 7 (x2), 6, 5 (x3), 2; #ATT: 1; DM: special; SA: immobilization; SD: magic weapons needed to hit, immune to poison and mind-affecting; AL: N; See MONSTER MANUAL II for more details). The mudmen will attack all who approach the entrance. Crafty PCs may seek to approach from above, clambering down the steep face. The mudmen, however, are directed to attack all who approach and can hurl their mud at a range of 6".



At the top of the mound, surrounded by a perfect circle of red button mushrooms, is a small lonely stele with a single rune: that of a harp. Did the PCs remember to bring shovels?

## KEY TO RED TAM'S TOMB

Accessing the mound is not easy; a dwarf or gnome will immediately be able to note where the Old Duke's men filled in a tunnel. Otherwise, the party will have to spend 1-4 hours searching for it; the past seven years' of growth neatly conceal it. Digging out the tunnel with shovels takes only two hours; digging it out by hand takes nearly a full day.

**A: ENTRANCE TUNNEL:** The Old Duke's men have dug out and then filled in a tunnel some 10' long and 5' high. The tunnel was not freshly dug seven years ago; rather the soldiers punched into an existing burial mound.

**B: ANTECHAMBER:** The rough-hewn chamber beyond is, of course, unlit. The ceiling is only 6' overhead. A fine layer of dust and loose dirt covers everything. Sharp-eyed PCs may note the light prints of small bare feet traveling from Area A to Area D and back again. They may fail to note that the footprints were made in the dust and dirt – and therefore after the tunnel had been filled. In truth, Red Tam's muse, denied his soul, came and took back that which she gave him (as explained in Part the Second).

The walls bear striations of brilliant blue clay. The ceiling is low and the chamber nearly bare, but for a pile of fabric at the far end of the room. If examined, it is nothing more than a moldy wool blanket and a soiled tabard with the Old Duke's coat of arms.

Passages open directly ahead and to the right. The passage to the left has been

## Fairy Curses

### D6 Curse

- 1 **Taste:** The air outside the tomb is bitter. Each day thereafter, the victim's sense of taste fades away more and more until, after seven days, the victim has no sense of taste at all.
- 2 **Smell:** The air outside the tomb is sour-smelling. Each day thereafter, the victim's sense of smell fades away more and more until, after seven days, the victim has no sense of smell at all.
- 3 **Sight:** The world outside the mound seems muted and dull; colors have lost their luster. Each day thereafter, colors become more muted and faded until, after seven days, the victim can only see in blacks, whites and shades of gray.
- 4 **Hearing:** The music of the songbirds in the Fairy Mounds seems off-key and jarring. Each day thereafter, sounds become muted and monotonous until, after seven days, the victim cannot hear any pleasing sounds at all. Music, song, even the spoken word, all are atonal and unbearable.
- 5 **Touch:** The breeze flowing through the Fairy Mounds is biting and cold. Each day thereafter, the victim finds his sense of touch become more and more dull until, after seven days, he has no sense of touch at all.
- 6 **Mind:** The fiddleheads, ferns, oak trees and thorn bushes are all mashed together in a dizzying array. The victim finds the world around him more and more nonsensical and confusing until, after seven days, he suffers from a random insanity (see the DUNGEON MASTERS GUIDE).

filled. A dwarf can determine that the tunnel was filled contemporaneously with the main entrance; i.e., by the Old Duke's men. Anyone listening at the earthen wall will hear a faint and haunting whistling beyond. If the PCs tunnel through, who knows what they may find beyond?

**C: FAREWELL TOAST:** The Duke's Men drank to Tam's memory here in this cloistered chamber, and left a pile of (empty) wine

bottles and scattered cups. The remains of an old fire can be found here. There is nothing of value to be found.

**D: THE LAST REPAST:** This chamber's ceiling is 5' tall. The walls, ceiling and floors are of hard dried clay, almost as if the party were inside a ceramic pot. All surfaces contain faded images; undecipherable but entrancing nevertheless. Whatever may have once been kept here was cleared by the Old Duke's men.

Tam's body has been laid in the very back of the chamber, wrapped in burlap cloth. A pair of (full) wine bottles (of excellent vintage; worth 100 gp each), a lead glass bottle of brandy and a wrought gold cup (depicting nymphs pursued by fauns; worth 225 gp) have thoughtfully been left beside him.

Red Tam's humble remains are covered by a burlap blanket (that has been partially tossed aside). Beneath are the remains of a barrel-chested badger of a man, grinning even in death, streaks of brilliant red remaining in his wild mane of white hair. A pair of gold coins (stamped with the Old Duke's likeness and seal) rest on his eyes.

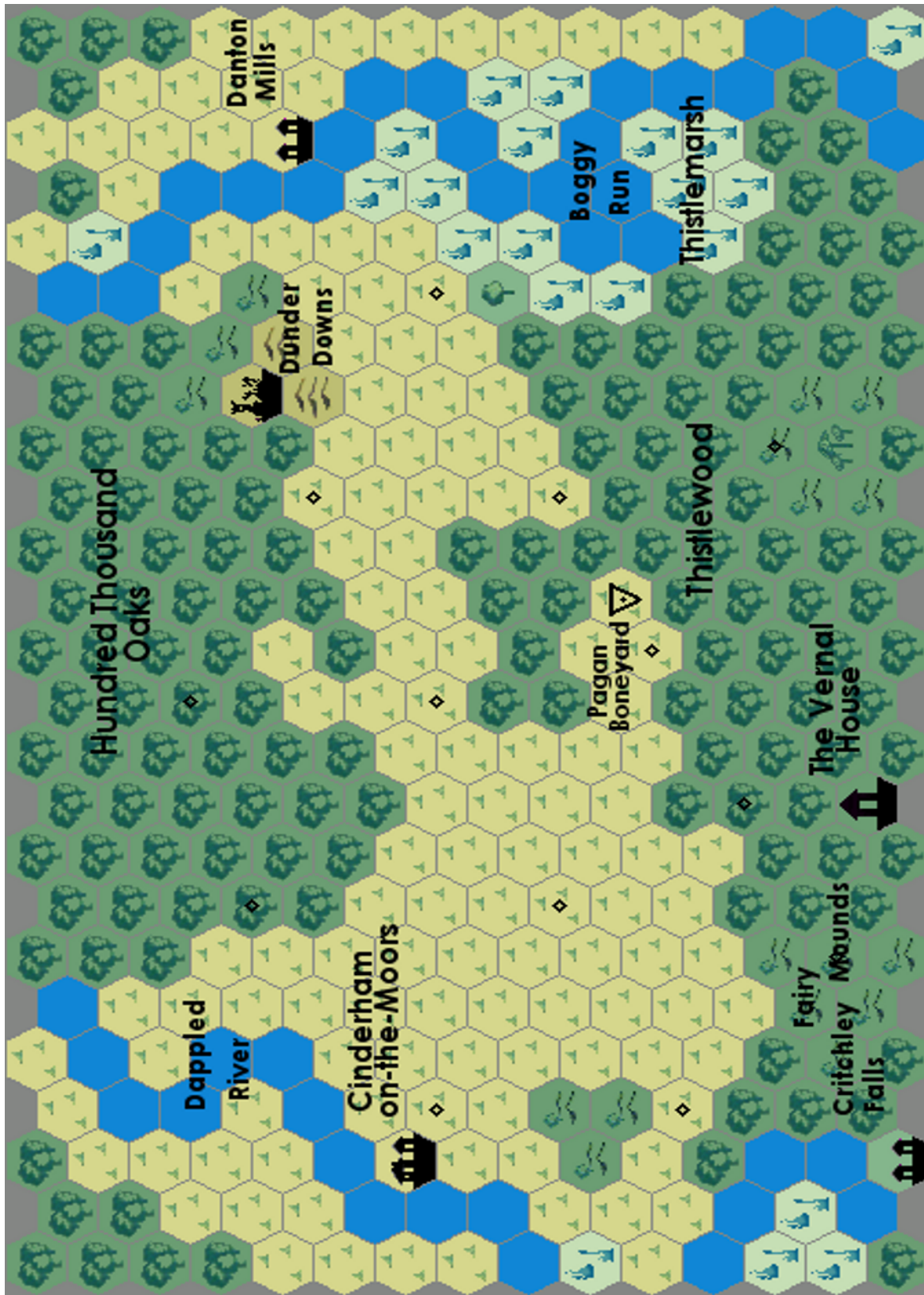
**CONCLUSION:** If the party returns Red Tam's body to Cinderham-on-the-Moors, the Abbott's men pay them well for their reward and whisk the mortal remains out of sight. The Abbott might remove any fairy curses, but the victims would find themselves in his debt. The heroes may well have qualms about their role in this play. How will the Abbott wrest the cure for the curse out of the departed bard? Perhaps it is best for their souls that they do not know.

He was dressed in fine clothes and bears a bejeweled dagger at his belt (worth 275 gp) and is otherwise unadorned save for a plain silver ring.

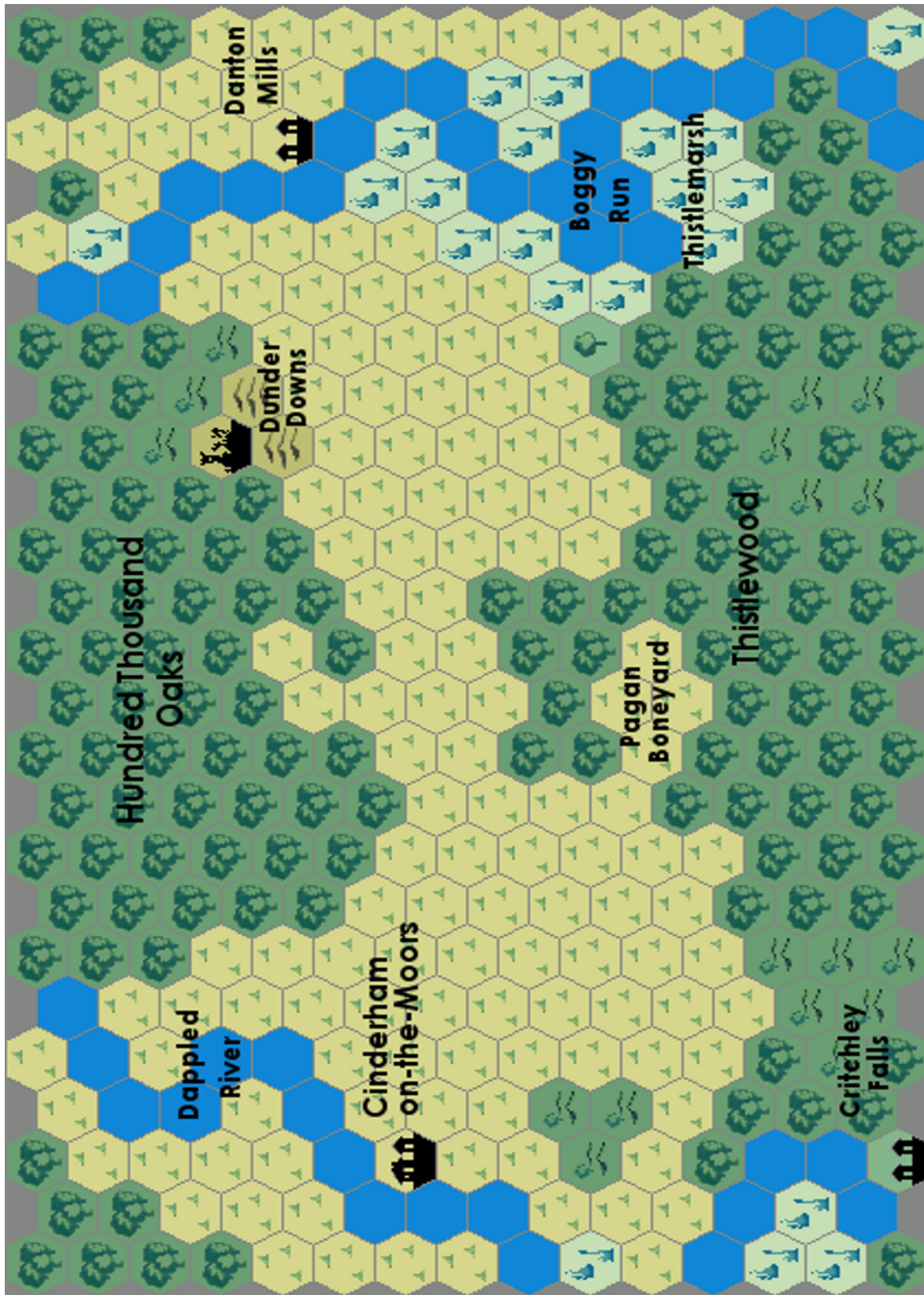
The ring, if worn, is in fact found to be a **ring of faerie**. It is well to remember that the Abbott asked for Tam's body, not his belongings! Time and interment have not been kind to old Tammie, and care will be needed to transport his remains out of the burial mound and all the way back to Cinderham-on-the-Moors. Each person who takes part in delivering the bodily remains out of the mound and into the light must save versus magic or become the victim of a fairy curse, determined on the table provided (see previous page). These curses are permanent, at least until removed by a lawful cleric (and even then the spellcaster must save versus spells, and only if that save is successful is the curse removed).

When the party members exit the tomb, a flock of ravens take wing from atop the mound, making straight for Cinderham-on-the-Moors. The Abbott is not a trusting man.

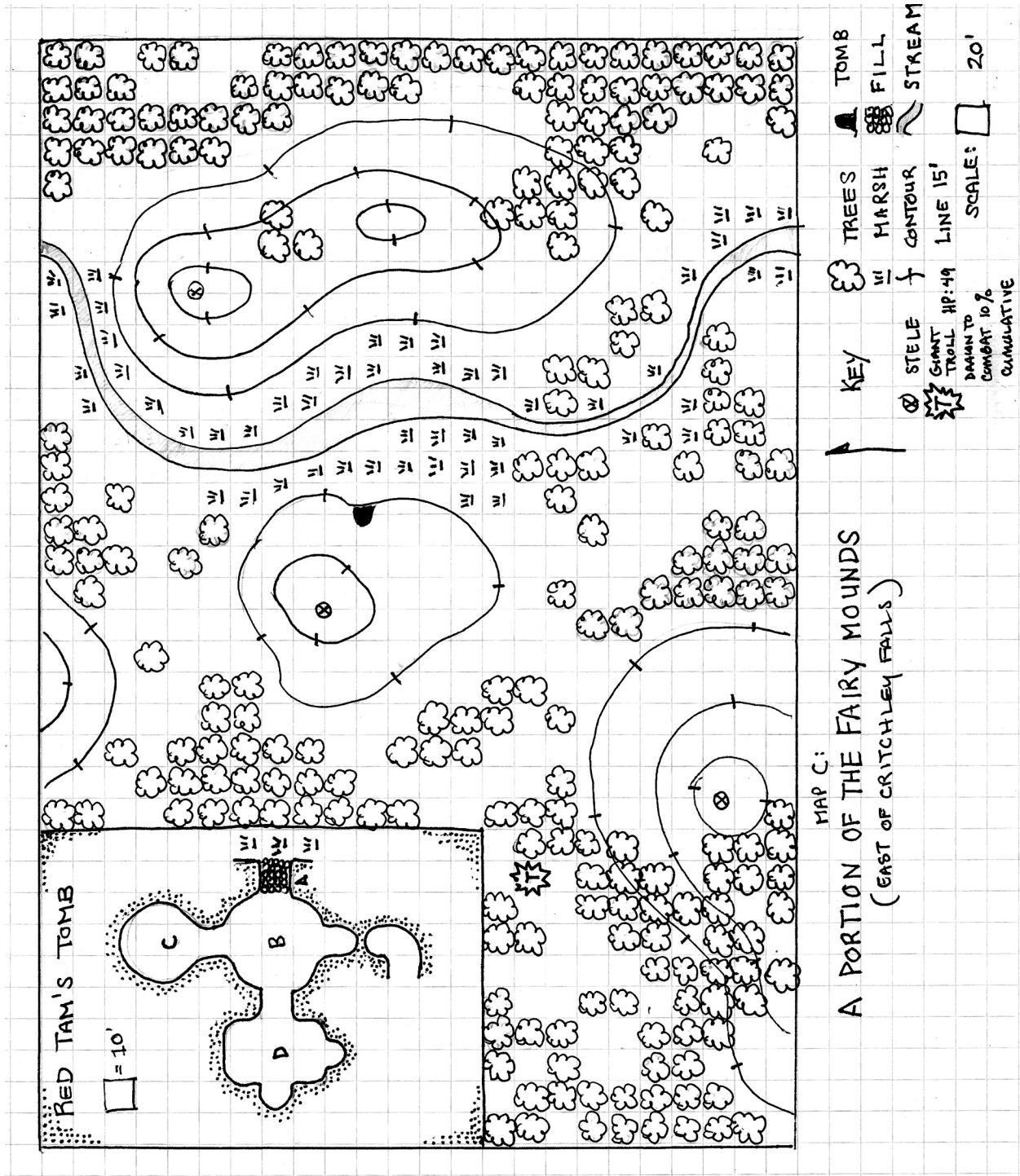
HERE ENDS RED TAM'S BONES, PART THE FIRST  
PLEASE HAVE MERCY ON THIS CREATURE'S POOR BONES



DM's Map



Player's Map



**PART THE SECOND:  
"She Who Sings at the Vernal House"**

*O Lhiannan Shee! Ta mee clashtyn kinjagh  
T'ou geamagh orrym trooid oie as laa:  
Cha noddym cur graih nish er ben marvaanagh  
She mish my lomarcán trooid my vea*

(O Fairy Sweetheart, I hear you calling  
At dawn and dusk in the lonely ways  
Your kiss has lured me from mortal women  
Alone I wander through all my days)

## INTRODUCTION

"Oh, it was awful it was! The ghost lights around the cathedral at night, those were bad enough, but the voices speaking up through the flagstones! That was enough to send decent people packing.

"Things haven't been the same since the Abbott took his leave. Preparing for his nephew's wedding, they say, although no one can see just how that's going to happen. What kind of preparing can one be doing, I ask, locked up away in the tower of the cathedral?

"No one's seen 'im, the Abbott, for the better part of a week. Since his men came hurrying to the churchyard with that covered cart. What do you suppose was in it? Whatever it was, it was squirreled away fast.

"People say that you can hear him still, especially at night, his thunderous voice coming straight through those old stone walls. Arguing, they say; shouting and making the most awful threats, like he was debating with the devil himself. But he's alone, no one is responding. Has the Abbott gone mad?

"Now the bells toll at different times, even those the Abbott's men took the clappers

out of. They say that the gargoyles change positions when no one's looking. The trees are all fruiting, months ahead of schedule. I've even heard that the marble angels overlooking the Old Duke's tomb are signing at night. Something strange has come to Cinderham-on-the-Moors, there's no doubt about it. What deviltry is afoot?

"I'll tell you worst of it, I will. They say he's going back. The Abbott is going to go back to the Vernal House. As if things didn't end bad enough the first time around! At that was when, well, when the Gentleman of the Moors held court there. What will happen if the Abbott crosses She Who Sings at the Vernal House?"

## START

The Abbott of Cinderham-on-the-Moors retains the heroes once again. Through means it is best not to discuss, he has wrested from the shade of Red Tam the cure to the **charm** afflicting the Old Duke's daughter, betrothed to his own nephew. Alas, the dweomer can only be removed by the very magic item that created it – **Red Tam's rebea**. How it chafes the Abbott to be caught in the old bard's game! It was not enough to retrieve his mortal remains, now he must retrieve the

instrument with which he wreaked his mischief? Taking it from she who gave it to him?

If the party sought the Abbott's assistance in removing the **Fairy Curse** from Part the First, then they are in his debt. Otherwise, he will begrudgingly offer each PC 2,000 gp and a **potion of extra healing** for undertaking the service, in addition to any booty they may find along the way.



The rebeca was buried with Red Tam, as in life he was never without it. It was not, however, found with his mortal remains. The Abbott has crossed some fearsome thresholds to confirm that the instrument is located at the Vernal House, a ruined manor in the Thistlewood, not far from Critchley Falls; one with a fearful reputation, and one the Abbott is well acquainted with.

### Notes for the DM

Whereas Part the First was a wilderness adventure, this scenario is largely a "dungeon crawl." The Vernal House is a dangerous place; if the players adhere

#### What is a Rebeca?

The rebeca (also known as the rebec, rebecum or rebequin) comes from the Arabian *rabob*. It had been known in Europe since the 10th century but was mostly played during the Middle Ages and Renaissance. The rebeca has a distinctive round pear-shaped body carved from a single block of wood. It tapers in such a way that there is no visible distinction between the body and the neck. The fingerboard is a raised part of the soundboard or is fixed to it from above, but this does not change the frontal outline of the instrument. As with most early instruments, rebecas came in many sizes and pitches and although the number of strings on early rebecas varied from three to five, the three-stringed rebeca seemed to be the most popular.

In the Middle Ages the most common rebeca was the soprano, played by resting it on one's shoulder, across the chest, or in the armpit. The instrument often has frets, and probably had a thin nasal, penetrating tone. Rebecas are known chiefly for their association with dance music. It was always considered an instrument of the lower classes. Remnants of its tone and style can be heard in the country fiddling of the United States.

*"The Rebec," Iowa State University Department of Music and Theatre*

strictly to their mission, they should prevail. Players seeking to clear the place of all its inhabitants may well find that they have bitten off far more than they can chew.

## Rumors

Although most inhabitants of Cinderham-on-the-Moors know of the Vernal House, and many know generally where it is located, very few will discuss it. It is not the subject of decent conversation. Only dedicated and persuasive PCs will be able to coax 1-6 of the following rumors out of the populace (an (F) following the rumor indicates that it is false).

1. "If you partake of any food or drink in the Otherworld, you can never return!" (DM's discretion)
2. "The Old Duke didn't want to burn down the Vernal House, but that Abbott put him up to it!"
3. "The Good Neighbors play by certain rules. They can never lie." (F)
4. "Red Tam was never the same after he started to consort with She Who Sings at the Vernal House. Although he became the greatest bard of his generation, he seemed to lose the joy and mischief of his earlier work."
5. "The Duke was right to burn down that awful place, being so close to Critchley Falls and proper folk an' all."
6. "There's nothin' there at all, jus' an empty foundation. I've heard, though, that

## THE VERNAL HOUSE

The Abbott's men did their job, but they were not thorough enough. The Vernal House exists in two worlds, our mundane reality and the Otherworld. Although the mundane version of the manor was razed to the ground, its otherworldly counterpart remains.

**The Otherworld:** The larger part of this adventure takes place on a dimension

there's a door to the Underworld still hidden there. The Old Duke bound it with a silver lock." (F)

7. "Wear an iron chain around your neck and carry a sprig of holly. Those are full cures against the glamours of the Good Neighbors." (F)
8. "As a boy, I remember that the Gentleman of the Moors brought gifts to the Duke on the solstice. It was a grave offense to raise our hands against the Fair Folk."
9. "Many a child was taken away from Critchley Falls and been replaced by a changeling. That all stopped when the Old Duke burned the Vernal House down."
10. "Never, under any circumstances, accept a gift from the Fair Folk!"

## Wilderness Travel and Wandering Monsters

The Vernal House is just shy of a days' travel by foot from Cinderham-on-the-Moors (half if mounted). Travel by Fairy Path takes a little over nine hours. The Encounter Tables provided in PART THE FIRST apply in this scenario as well. The DM is further directed to the rates of travel provided in that adventure, including the provisions of the Fairy Paths.

parallel to the Prime Material, the Otherworld. Although the Otherworld touches the mundane in many places, and even overlaps in others, it is an entirely different realm. It is typically accessed via Fairy Circles and portals found beneath fairy mounds, deep within natural caverns and in the darkest portions of tangled thickets.



There are few, if any, substantive differences between the Faerie realm and the mundane. Time passes at the same rate (although it admittedly has a disorientating effect on mortals) and, with only few exceptions, none applicable here, all spells and magic items function the same.

The Otherworld tends to be more extreme than the mundane. Its moors more gray and dreary, its forests far more foreboding, its fields royally bedecked with brilliant flowers. Weather is localized and generally subject to the whims of the lords and ladies of the realm.

**Fairy Treasure:** The Good Neighbors do not value material possessions as mortals do. They are just as apt to collect interesting stones and brightly-colored beetle carapaces as to keep gold and gems. They are, however, keenly aware of the greed of the Big People. Fully 25% + 2d10% of all (non-magical) coin and jewelry treasure found in the Otherworld will be revealed to be valueless when removed to the mundane. Gold coins will be replaced by yellow flower petals, the chain of a platinum necklace with silver string, brass coins and smooth stones in place of silver pieces, etc. Of the remaining wealth, the Fair Folk are fond of using **fool's gold**. Short of a **true seeing** spell, there is no safe way to determine what treasure will and will not make the journey into the mundane world (although the DM may allow inventive PCs to devise some tests). Note: returning the handful of acorns once thought to be rubies to the Otherworld does not restore them. Once taken across the line between the worlds, they are forever transformed.

**Running the Vernal House:** The Vernal House is a dangerous place. Mayhem and

even murder are not uncommon under its roof. The inhabitants are chaotic and unorganized by nature. They are, however, quite intelligent and will quickly band together to repulse any open assault. The PCs may be surprised to find that the place is not barricaded; its doors are unlocked. It is not a fortified building. Guests, invited or not, are welcome, although their safety cannot be guaranteed. The PCs' entrance and (reasonable) exploration of the place, in and of itself, will not be any cause for alarm for the unseeleie residents.

The lady of the house, **Brónach**, took the manor as her own following the Abbott's devastation of the place. Atomies act as her butlers, maids and servants. They will not hesitate to contact the Lady's quickling bodyguards in the event true enemies are identified. Those vicious fey will be able to alert the Lady and face the opposition in short order given their speed. **Diarmuid without Peer**, her Lady's champion, will certainly address any threat to his beloved. Individually, the PCs should be able to overcome these defensive forces. Although Diarmuid was once far more powerful than our heroes, he has become greatly diminished. If the heroes are forced to fight most or all of Brónach's thralls at once, however, the outcome is almost certainly dire (the mind boggles at the specter of Diarmuid **hasting** himself and the quicklings!). There may very well be non-lethal means to obtain the rebecca, but Diarmuid will not willingly part with it, nor are he and his lady love inclined to assist the Abbott in any way. Indeed, if the PCs fall under their charm, the duo are likely to send the heroes back to Cinderham-on-the-Moors to wreak mischief against the Abbott!

## KEY TO THE VERNAL HOUSE

The Vernal House can be accessed one of two ways: through the Otherworld (probably via the Fairy Paths) or by being in the vicinity at sunset during the spring months.

**In the Mundane World:** Little remains of what once must have been a fine manor. The foundations can be found with some diligence; they are choked with charcoal, debris, fallen timbers and years' worth of pine needles and leaves. Smallish trees and vegetation have taken over. The tumbled walls can still be made out and a scummed-over pond must have once been a decorative pool. There is virtually nothing left of the place.

No structure remains and anything of any value has long since been stolen away. A collapsed area in the southwest corner of the former foundation may clue observant PCs into deducing the existence of the secret vault (THE CELLARS, AREAS 6-8). The pool itself, aside from being home to a slithering tracker (AC: 5; MV: 12"; HD: 5; HP: 21; #ATT: 0; DM: paralyzation; SD: transparency; AL: N) has nothing to offer.

Parties who linger in the area may encounter wandering monsters normally, using the Fairy Path encounter table (see PART THE FIRST). The house is located directly on a fairy path crossroad. They are free to poke around in the ruins to their hearts' content.

**In the Otherworld/at Sunset:** The Vernal House can be seen as it truly is from the Otherworld, or in the mundane world between sunset and sunrise. The moment the sun disappears, the manor fades into being (and note: anyone inside the area of the manor's walls at that moment will find themselves inside, in a corresponding location within the House (depending on

their location, the party may be separated)). A brilliant cloud of fireflies lingers about the peaks of a well-built stone manor, its walls a faintish rose in color, seemingly no worse the wear for all the Abbott's abuse. Multiple leaded glass windows are illuminated from within, making it apparent that the house is occupied. The plant growth is far more lush here and the nocturnal chorus of nightingales and frogs is deafening. A beautiful pool, with faintly luminous floating lilies, faces the house. In its center is a bubbling fountain depicting a pile of cavorting frogs, prawn and snails (Note: an even larger (HP: 32) slithering tracker resides in this version of the pool).

During the day in the Otherworld, this area is always overcast, with light drizzling rain. At night, the clouds overhead always part revealing the star-filled sky (with unusual constellations).

The manor itself is not a fortification. It has multiple entrances, and none are locked. The windows likewise do not have shutters. However, the portions of the windows that actually open are quite small and party members cannot easily gain access that way without magical assistance. Likewise, the heavy leaded panes do not reveal much in the way of detail within (or without), although light and shapes can certainly be seen. At night, the party members should be able to discern which rooms are occupied from the outside. If the parties reconnoiter the area, they will discern that the building has fallen into disrepair: the roof sags, some windows are cracked; a tree's branches actually reach into the second floor of the manor. There are a pair of outbuildings (AREAS 19-21) just behind the manor.

As a final note, the Vernal House is an odd place. While the party is within its walls, they cannot help but feel the strangeness of the manor. It is seldom silent; laughter or random chimes echo weirdly through the place. Light footsteps can be heard, always just ahead of or behind the party (and sometimes right beside them). Things tap from inside the solid walls. Shadows move oddly and do not always follow their hosts. These effects are always harmless, but the party has no way of knowing that.

**Wandering Encounters:** Every six turns, there is a 1 in 8 chance of a wandering encounter inside the Vernal House, as determined on the table below. Wandering monsters may have random treasure as determined by their appropriate Treasure Type.

#### D12 Encounter

- 
- 1 1 Slithering Tracker (AC: 5; MV: 12"; HD: 5; HP: 32; #ATT: 0; DM: paralyzation; SD: transparency; AL: N). This monster will only be encountered once. If this encounter is rolled again, something odd and otherworldly happens instead (a PC's shadow peels off the wall and capers down the hall, dancing to an inaudible song, etc.).
- 

#### D12 Encounter

- 
- 2 1-2 Doppelgangers (AC: 5; MV: 9"; HD: 4; #ATT: 1; DM: 1-12; SA: surprise 1-4; SD: ESP, immune to sleep and charm, save as F10; AL: N)
- 
- 3 3-8 Powries (AC: 5; MV: 12"; HD: 2-7 hp; #ATT: 1; DM: 1-6; SD: surprised only on a 1 in 6, 75% resistant to sleep and charm; AL: LE; Footprints No. 15; XPV: 45+1/hp)
- 
- 4-5 1-4 Fire beetles (AC: 4; MV: 12"; HD: 1+2; #ATT: 1; DM: 2-8; AL: N)
- 
- 6-8 2-12 Giant rats (AC: 7; MV: 12"; HD: ½; #ATT: 1; DM: 1-3; SA: disease; AL: N)
- 
- 9-10 1-4 Galltrits (AC: 2; MV: 3"/18"; HD: ¼; HP: 2 ea.; #ATT: 1; DM: 1-2; SA: blood drain; AL: CE; FF)
- 
- 11 3-12 Mites (AC: 8; MV: 3"; HD: 1-1; #ATT: 1; DM: 1-3; AL: LE; FF)
- 
- 12 1 Spriggan (AC: 3(5); MV: 9"(15"); HD: 4(8+4); HP: 24(43); #ATT: 2; DM: 2-8/2-8; SA: spells, giant size, thief abilities; AL: C(E); MM). This monster will only be encountered once. If this encounter is rolled again, something odd occurs (as above).
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## GROUND FLOOR

**1. COURTYARD.** This flat area was once paved with pale slabs of granite. Now, tall weeds and a few eager saplings sprout through. A series of whitewashed doors line the east wing of the manor and a large entryway is located directly in the middle of the structure. A pair of amber lamps flank the doorway, seemingly filled with a glowing liquid.

The lanterns each actually contain a permanent **faerie fire** spell which licks the interior of the glass. If removed from the fixture, the spell ends.

**2. STAIRCASE GALLERY.** The doors open into a large entry area. To the left, wide stairs sweep up to the upper floor. The area is grand, although unkempt; the plaster is stained and peeling in places. A circle of spattered wax marks the floor below a massive chandelier bedecked with sputtering fat candles. A pair of enormous crimson beetles graze on the wood of the banister.

The pests are fire beetles (AC: 4; MV: 12"; HD: 1+2; HP: 10, 8; #ATT: 1; DM: 2-8; AL: N). They will ignore the party unless attacked.

Within a round of the parties' entry, a small figure will appear out of thin air before them, bowing low and sweeping his hat before him.

This is **Gwrtheyrn**, the Chamberlain of the house. He is an atomie (AC: 2; MV: 12"/24"; HD: ½; HP: 4; #ATT: 2; DM: 3-6; SA: +1 on initiative, attack as 3<sup>rd</sup> level fighter, 90% likely to surprise SD: spell use, surprised only 10%; MR: 20%; AL: CN; MM). He wears a tiny shirt of fine chain beneath his rich (but tattered) coat and is armed with a **+2 bronze dagger** and four darts (although he is loathe to engage in combat). He further carries two small glass globes in his pocket. If dashed against a hard surface, each releases a 3" cloud of sleep poison (mimicking the effects of the spell of the same name if a save vs. poison fails; the cloud remaining in effect for 2 rounds before dissipating).

He has come invisibly from AREA 13. He will invite the party to make themselves at home and will invite them to partake of refreshments in the "Rose Room" (GROUND FLOOR, AREA 6). In truth, he cares little what the heroes do although if they make to go up the stairs, he will seek to lead the way. If the party asks to see the Lady of the House, he will seem surprised and will try to put them off ("The Lady is quite indisposed at the moment. If you'll make yourselves comfortable in the Rose Room, my dear fellows, I will announce your presence."). Continuing such a direct approach will doubtlessly lead to Diarmuid (UPPER STORIES, AREA 14) coming downstairs to meet with the callers. Obviously, if the party articulates any threat against the Lady, or openly asserts a desire to take Red Tam's rebecca, Gwrtheyrn will become **invisible** and warn the Lady's bodyguards as above. Any loud disturbance will alert the occupants of AREA 13.

Gwrtheyrn carries 25 gp and 7 sp in his wallet and wears a silver chain set with four moonstones worth 220 gp. He has a small key in his pocket (to the coffer in his room (GROUND FLOOR, AREA 8)).

**3. SITTING ROOM.** This musty room has been emptied. The plaster walls are deeply stained and shelf fungi grow around the window.

**4. paneled room.** This room was once a sitting room of sorts. The walls were decorated with wooden panels featuring grand designs and fantastic birds of paradise. They are deeply water-stained now, and seem ominous as if they now depicted a drowned underworld filled with bizarre creatures. Cold air blows out of the empty fireplace.

The northern wall contains several built-in drawers. All are empty except the bottom-most, which is filled to the brim with thick shaggy (and harmless) brown mold. They are stuck and require successful OPEN DOORS rolls to access.

Aside from an over-stuffed chair facing the window there is nothing of value in this room. A tall mauve (unlit) candle on a brass holder is set on the floor beside the chair and a small quarto of poetry ("The Lay of Laüstic") has been inadvertently kicked beneath it. Aside from rough treatment, it is of excellent quality and is worth 15 gp to the proper party.

**5. STUDY.** This room has built-in bookshelves, although virtually all are empty. Tell-tale clean spots on the floor show where furniture has been moved.

There is nothing of value here; the few books and scrolls remaining are in poor condition and contain common rustic tales.

**6. THE ROSE ROOM.** This room is so named due to the hue of the window. During the day, the entire room is lit with a pink hue. At night it is well-lit by a chandelier suspended from the ceiling in the center of the room supporting dozens of candles.

Once this was surely a ballroom. The chamber is now crowded with finely-made but bedraggled furniture; couches, chairs and large floor cushions. A long table with a dozen mismatched wooden chairs stands before the wide-mouthed fireplace. Firewood is kept stacked in a tottering pile beside the fireplace, which is usually blazing. The ceiling and walls bear a heavy layer of soot. The carpets are deeply stained and scuffed.

The room is presently occupied by a motley group of carousers:

**Oluf Chubb**, a halfling fighter/thief (AC: 5; F4/T4; HP: 18 (19); S: 13; I: 8 (5); W: 9 (5); D: 17 (15); C: 14; CH: 10 (9); AL: CN; PP: 55; OL: 52; F/RT: 40; MS: 48; HS: 45; HN: 20; CW: 73; RL: 15; SA: backstab x2 damage; SD: save at +4 vs. wands, staves, rods, spells and poison; AL: CN; XPV: 286). Oluf wears leather armor and has a short sword and **+1 dagger** at his side and a throwing dagger concealed in each sleeve. His thieves' tools are concealed in a secret pocket in his shirt. His belt pouch contains a **potion of levitation**, 22 gp and 67 sp.

Master Chubb is well into his cups. He is presently perched on a well-stuffed chair near the fire, alternately egging on the gamers at the table and (loudly) singing off-color songs. He is not aligned with the adventuring party that includes Grampus, Titus and Gorm (below), having found his own way here. He is outwardly friendly, but his cheerful mien conceals a heart of ice. If hostilities erupt, he will avoid combat, hiding amidst the furniture and waiting for

an opportunity to pick pockets or otherwise pilfer the gambling stakes. He is moderately intoxicated (see DUNGEON MASTERS GUIDE) and his statistics have been modified accordingly.

**Grampus Ringdale** is a gnome fighter/thief (AC: 6 (5); F3/T3; HP: 13; S: 14; I: 13; W: 7; D: 16; C: 11; CH: 9; AL: N; PP: 40; OL: 43; F/RT: 40; MS: 32; HS: 25; HN: 25; CW:72; SA: backstab x2 damage; SD: save at +3 vs. wands, staves, rods and spells; AL: NE; XPV: 194). Grampus wears studded leather armor. His buckler and light crossbow are in his room (AREA 26). He is armed with a short sword and dagger.

Grampus is a sour, dour soul. He is joylessly gaming at the table and is presently losing, much to the delight of his cousin, Titus. Grampus is the person most likely to start hostilities.

**Titus Growling** is a gnome thief/illusionist (AC: 9; T5/I5; HP: 16; S: 7; I: 15; W: 8; D: 15; C: 8; CH: 9; AL: CN; PP: 50; OL: 52; F/RT: 50; MS: 45; HS: 36; HN: 30; CW: 75; RL: 25; SA: backstab x3 damage; SD: save at +2 vs. wands, staves, rods and spells; AL: CN; XPV: 590). Titus is unarmored. He is armed with a **+1 short sword** and keeps 4 darts on his person. He has a scroll that contains **blur** and **mirror image**. Titus has memorized the following spells:

first level: change self, chromatic orb, detect invisibility, phantom armor

second level: detect magic, invisibility

third level: spectral force

Titus is the leader of the trio that includes himself, his cousin Grampus and his friend Gorm. He is a blackguard, to be sure, but at least he has a sense of humor. He is gaming at the table and is presently winning. In the event of combat, he will

immediately seek to become **invisible** so as to set himself up for a backstab before supporting his comrades with spells.

**Gorm Ulfstang** is a dwarf fighter (AC: 5(4); F3; HP: 19; S: 15; I: 10; W: 9; D: 11; C: 15; CH: 11; SD: save at +4 vs. wands, staves, rods and spells; AL: NE; XPV: 113). Gorm is armed with a military pick and keeps a pair of daggers at his belt. He wears a chain shirt and has a small metal shield with him.

Gorm is garrulous and something of a drunk. He is gaming at the table and is becoming increasingly antagonistic towards Illiam (q.v.). He is the "muscle" of the adventuring party and will gleefully stride into any combat.

**Illiam Ironshoes** is the powrie Heidman (AC: 4(3); MV: 12"; HD: 2; HP: 15; #ATT: 2; DM: by weapon; SD: surprised only on 1 in 6, 75% resistant to sleep and charm; AL: LE; XPV: 95; Footprints No. 15). He is armed with a short sword and dagger (and can fight two-handed with both at no penalty) and bears a metal buckler. He also keeps an envenomed throwing dagger in his sleeve which he can bring to his hand with a flick of his wrist (save at +1 or be paralyzed for 2-5 turns, suffering 1-4 points of damage per turn while paralyzed). His two bodyguards (HP: 12, 11; XPV: 89, 87) lie on the floor, seemingly stone drunk. In fact, that was part of a ruse on Illiam's part. Unbeknownst to him, they have continued surreptitiously drinking under the table. If roused, they are treated as moderately intoxicated, fighting at a -1 penalty. The first is armed with a hand axe and a dagger (fighting with both), the second with a short-handled broadspear (treat as a glaive).

Illiam is gaming at the table with the adventuring party. He intended to murder them but, having been caught up in the game, he is now of a mind to either beat

them fairly or rob them unfairly. He is a shrewd gamer and maintains a façade of rustic nobility to conceal his true bloodthirsty nature. In combat ensues, he will attack first with his secret dagger while giving lusty kicks to his bodyguards. If combat goes against him, he will seek to flee to the rest of his men at AREA 22.

A lovely, if somewhat disheveled, maid is attempting to serve all of the carousers. This is **Granya**, a ward of the Lady. She is serving the gamers, stepping gingerly over the "sleeping powries," and attempting to ignore the halfling's bawdy songs. She will offer the PCs drinks and treats from the kitchen. Granya is, in fact, a **changeling**, stolen away from Critchley Falls as an infant (AC: 9; MV: 12"; F1/M1; HP: 6; S: 14; I: 14; W: 13; D: 15; C: 12; CH: 17; AL: NG), and knows nothing apart from the Otherworld. She would dearly love to leave the Vernal House, but fears her mistress too much. She bears a **+1 dagger** secreted on her person, but will avoid combat if possible. The only other thing of value she carries is a sewing kit, including two spools of magically inexhaustible (but drab) thread. She always has the following cantrips memorized: **clean, dust, gather, stitch**.

Granya is kind to everyone and everything. If so much as a hair on her head is harmed, the inhabitants of the house will know of it. A scratching and scrambling will be heard from within the walls and 1d6 giant rats will come to her rescue each round thereafter until she is safe. In game terms, there exists an infinite number of these rodents in and around the Vernal House. If melee erupts, the inhabitant of the fireplace (6a) will even shamble out if Granya is actually harmed.

The gamers are playing **gnarleybones**, a version of the knucklebones game described in the DUNGEON MASTERS GUIDE. The PCs are welcome, indeed

encouraged, to join in. The rules are straightforward: The player who won the last round starts the bidding and must pay a minimum of 1 sp (or its equivalent in copper) to “buy in.” Every other player must match the initial buy-in or sit out the round. Everyone playing that round must then throw two dice. By paying another buy in, the player may elect to re-roll one die. The players all take turns rolling and the highest total wins the entire pot. If there is a tie, all tying players must have a roll-off. The tying players must first each kick more money into the pot, in the order in which they initially rolled. There is no limit aside from a bottom 1 cp threshold. The first player decides how much to kick in. The other tying players may elect to match that price or they may opt out, in which case they lose that round. If a tying player decides to up the ante, other players must also match that bet or drop out (a player unable to mathematically match an offer can still play by going “all in” and betting all their remaining funds). The tying players then roll in order. Dice may not be re-rolled during a roll-off.

A roll of two 1s cannot be re-rolled even with a buy in. Moreover, that player must immediately quaff the (alcoholic) drink before him or her. A natural roll of two 6s (i.e., without having paid in and re-rolled another die) entitles the roller to select an opponent who must finish the drink before him or her. A natural roll of a 1 and a 6 is a “social,” requiring all the gamers at the table to drink (to simulate the inevitable inebriation, the Author suggests saving throws versus poison with progressive penalties according to the potency of the drink).

The players at the table currently have the following funds:

Grampus: 13 gp, 22 sp, and 19 cp

Titus: 87 gp, 34 sp, 43 cp and a **potion of healing** foolishly placed up by Grampus earlier.

Gorm: 27 gp, 26 sp, and 14 cp

Illiam: 39 gp, 41 sp and 17 cp and a pearl worth 25 gp.

The gamers will heartily sweep the forest of empty mugs aside and insist that the players join in. What happens next will likely depend upon the luck of the dice, Grampus's temper and the powrie's treachery.

**6a.** This huge fireplace is big enough for a grown man to walk into. The lintel is decorated with elaborate bas-relief flowers and garlands. Fey runes are threaded into the carvings. This is a phrase in the fairy tongue (those that speak elvish can translate it with a 30% chance) that summons a tiny fire elemental (AC: 2; MV: 4”; HD: 2; HP: 10; #ATT: 1; DM: 1-8; SA: touch causes combustible materials to burst into flame; SD: +1 or better weapon needed to hit; XPV: 56), Colmund by name, bound to the fireplace. He is quite content to keep a cheery fire, although PCs seeing him occasionally amble out to collect more wood from the pile may be surprised.

**7. MUD ROOM.** The floor here is filthy and covered with dirt and grime. A multitude of boots have been piled in a disorderly row along the wall. Numerous mantles and cloaks hang from a long line of hooks. Curious PCs will note that the boots have no mates; it is a collection of left boots.

**8. BUTLER'S ROOM.** This is Gwrtheyrn's room. His modest belongings are kept in immaculate order. He keeps a hardwood chest at the foot of his small bed. It is locked (he has the key) and trapped, releasing a spray of bright blue dye in a 5' cone (save versus of breath weapon or

become permanently stained). The chest contains the Chamberlain's treasure: 1,592 sp, a **potion of diminution** and a **wand of extermination**. This slim bone wand emits a yellow-green ray with a range of 3" that will slay any insect, arachnid or arthropod it strikes, including the giant variety (functioning as a **death spell** against such creatures). It has only 7 charges left, as Gwrtheyrn has despaired of ridding the place of fire beetles (XPV: 2,500; GPV: 6,500). His closet contains his clothing, including several fine outfits.

**9. GARDEROBE.** This room is unoccupied.

**10. STORAGE.** The door to this area is stuck. There is nothing of value in this dust-filled chamber. It has not been accessed in decades and is, therefore, an excellent place to hide.

**11. INNER GREAT CHAMBER.** The furniture here is covered with white cloths. It is otherwise empty.

**12. TOWER.** Save for broken furniture and trash, this area is empty. Steep stairs wind up to the second floor (UPPER STORIES, AREA 10). A nest of six galltrits (AC: 2; MV: 3"/18"; HD: ¼; HP: 2 ea.; #ATT: 1; DM: 1-2; SA: blood drain; AL: CE; FF) is tucked away in the rafters. They will not outwardly attack unless threatened, seeking instead to feast unobtrusively on the party members. If the nest is searched, they have an electrum armband set with opals (GPV: 475).

**13. GREAT HALL.** This vast chamber is better kept than other areas of the house, for the Lady dearly loves to host pageants and balls. Three great chandeliers hang from the ceiling, each supporting innumerable candles. Four long tables are covered with white cloth and dozens of chairs are stacked against the southern wall.

The room is occupied. At the present, four atomies (AC: 4; MV: 12"/24"; HD: ½; HP: 4, 3 (x2), 2; #ATT: 2; DM: 1-3; SA: +1 on initiative, attack as 3<sup>rd</sup> level fighter, 90% likely to surprise SD: spell use, surprised only 10%; MR: 20%; AL: CN; MM) (HP: 4, 2 (x2), 1) are engaged in a drinking game with a pixie (AC: 5; MV: 6"/12"; HD: ½; HP: 3; #ATT: 1; DM: 1-4; SA: spell use, SD: invisibility, spell use; MR: 25%; AL: N). If Gwrtheyrn is not encountered in AREA 2, he will be here as well.

They are all cavorting atop the tables; the pixie plunking a raucous tune on his fiddle. A barrel of mead has been rolled into the room and the fairies are making a serious go at emptying it. The atomies' pet, a giant raccoon (AC: 7; MV: 12"; HD: 5; HP: 26; #ATT: 1; DM: 1-6; AL: N; XPV: 220), is curled under one of the tables; this bear-sized creature will come to the atomies' aid if necessary. The atomies, aside from Gwrtheyrn, each have 2-8 gp. The pixie has 14 gp and 9 sp. He also has a small silver bell that radiates magic. If held, the bell can function as a **wand of enemy detection**, ringing to reveal adversaries. The bell has 13 charges, after which it loses its dweomer (XPV: 1,500; GPV: 6,500).

If the PCs are not overtly hostile, the fairies will invite them to join in the drinking game. Although much smaller than the PCs, they are seasoned drinkers.

**13a.** The tall windows of this area feature a stained glass tableaux of a fairy lord presiding over a wild court comprised of fantastic creatures. By moonlight, it is striking.

**14. LOUNGE.** This chamber is richly appointed, with seven padded chairs facing a row round table. Silk tapestries adorn the walls, depicting various sylvan and wondrous scenes (GPV: 1d10 x 12(x4



tapestries)). Atop the table is a silver serving tray (GPV: 40) holding a lead bottle of exceptional brandy (GPV: 25) and six crystal glasses (GPV: 10 each).

**15. AUDIENCE.** This private audience chamber is bare save for a thick rug of intricate make and a stern high-backed chair against the far wall.

**16. PANTRY.** The pantry is a chaotic mess. The walls are lined with shelves. The majority of the leaded jars of pickles, preserves and jellies have been emptied and the jars thrown callously behind. The Lady's rough guests empty her larders nearly as fast as she can fill them. One supplier, perhaps none too impressed with her Ladyship, has provided a cruel joke. One smallish jar, hidden in the back and clearly labeled "rice pudding" actually contains a tiny ochre jelly whose ravenous appetite more than makes up for its size (AC: 3; HD: 2; HP: 6; #ATT: 1; DM: 1-4; SA: attacks at +2 to hit; SD: lightning attacks divide the creature; AL: N; XPV: 85)!

**17. BUTTERY.** The room smells very strongly of vinegar. Old wooden racks line the walls and a great deal of broken glass and crockery covers the floor. A rough stairway descends to a lower level (CELLARS, AREA 4).

Four loutish ogrillons (AC: 6; MV: 12"; HD: 2; HP: 11, 9 (x2), 8; #ATT: 2; DM: 2-7/2-7; AL: CE; FF) loiter here. They carry a roughly-made sling fashioned from linens and have piled eleven bottles of wine within. If combat is joined, two more of their kind (HP: 14, 12) will race up the stairs. The wine is worth 5-8 gp per bottle surviving any fracas; it is of above-average quality. There are nine bottles of inferior quality (5-10 sp value each) remaining on the shelves. Between them, the ogrillons have 26 gp and 55 cp.

**18. KITCHEN.** This cavernous area once serviced a full and active manor. Four hearths, all dark and cold, dominate the center of the kitchen. All manner of tables, benches and chairs are stationed about the expanse in a neat array. It looks big enough to provision an army. Sparklingly clean pots, pans and plates are stacked on the shelves and hanging on racks. The chamber is still used and the smell of cooking pervades everything.

The kitchen is the lair of a trio of killmoulis (AC: 6; MV: 15"; HD: ½; HP: 4, 3 (x2); #ATT: 0; DM: 0; SD: undetectable 90% of time; MR: 20%; AL: N(CG); FF) who remember better times. They lurk unseen in the cracks in the floor and the rafters overhead. Once they took pride in the kitchen and secretly assisted in cleaning the place. In return, the staff looked the other way when meal or baked goods disappeared. The current inhabitants have very bad habits and are not accommodating; the killmoulis have therefore resorted to cruel tricks. They love Granya (AREA 6), however, and do their part to aid her in keeping this area spotless and organized. If a party of good bent takes time in helping them clean or organize the kitchen area, or if they take steps to free Granya from her bondage, one of the killmoulis will emerge and offer what little treasure they have managed to accumulate: 26 sp and a **potion of sweetwater**

**18a.** This is where Granya sleeps. A rough pallet and a frayed, heavily-patched blanket are neatly, if modestly, kept here. Her book of cantrips and spellbook are kept with her meager possessions. Her book of cantrips contains all the "useful" cantrips. The spellbook contains the spell **mending**. Stealing from Granya will result in unpleasant retribution from the manor's lowliest inhabitants (the specifics to be left up to the DM).

**18b.** A pair of larders stand side by side at this end of the kitchen. Both are filled with bags of flour, salt, meal, dried vegetables and potatoes (the former two being quite depleted). All manner of foodstuffs hang from hooks and lines strung between the walls, including sausage links, fresh game – rabbits, wild fowl, surprisingly small deer, even what appears to be a bird of paradise.

Some of the victuals look questionable, but all are edible. If this area is searched, one of the hares hanging by its feet will politely, and in perfect Common, ask the PC to untie him. The creature will beg and cajole the party for his release. He will embellish any tale to describe how he came to such a state and why he should be released. He will not join the party unless **charmed** or ensorcelled by other means. He is a scrappy and resourceful member of his kind (AC: 6; MV: 18"; HD: ¼; HP: 1; #ATT: 1; DM: 1; AL: N) but, alas, is only a talking rabbit, not a magical monster in disguise as he may intimate. He does know of the Lady's visitors (GROUND FLOOE, AREA 6) and will ask the party members not to harm Granya. "She's an alright sort. Always been decent to me, considering her circumstances, of course." At the DM's discretion, if freed, he may suggest that the party members plug their ears with wax if they intend to take on Diarmuid.

**19. SERVANT'S HOUSE.** This ramshackle hovel has not weathered the elements well. The roof has collapsed in places. The interior is a damp, mildewy mess. There is nothing of value here.

**20. STABLES.** This building is much the worse for the wear, and seems ready to collapse at any moment. A multitude of patchwork repairs are apparent. Within, the structure houses a beautiful gray stallion (a prize medium war horse belonging to Diarmuid

Without Peer (AC: 7; MV: 18"; HD: 2+2; HP: 13; #ATT: 3; DM: 1-6/1-6/1-3)), a pair of small ponies and, curiously, a team of goats (belonging to the buckawn tinker at UPPER STORIES, AREA 11). A smallish cart has been stored here, and shelves contain saddles and riding accoutrements. Diarmuid's are of the finest quality. A loft containing mildewy hay can be accessed via a rickety ladder.

The stables are kept by a permanent **unseen valet**, a superior form of **unseen servant**. It will not interfere in any way with the party members, but they will note that it will pick up after them, replacing items to their proper places, etc. If any of the animals are molested in any way, or if Diarmuid's horse is led out of the stables, a **magic mouth** will shout, "Horse thieves!" again and again, drawing attention from the inhabitants of the Vernal House within 1d8 + 1d4 rounds.

Note that Diarmuid's steed is worth some 2,000 gp (see "My Kingdom for a ..." by Jason Peppers, Footprints #14). Unless the party members are aficionados of horseflesh, they may miss out on this treasure.

**21. GROOMS' HOUSE.** This structure abuts the stables and shares in its disrepair. It seems to remain standing by sheer luck alone. The partially-collapsed chimney is smoking. Inside, three eblis (AC: 3; MV: 12"/12"; HD: 4+4; HP: 27, 19, 17; #ATT: 4; DM: 1-4/1-4/1-4/1-4; SD: +1 on saves vs. fire, damage at -1/die; AL: NE; MM) are huddled around the stove, awaiting audience with the Lady. The most powerful one is a spell-caster and can cast the following at the 3<sup>rd</sup> level of ability: **audible glamor, blur, change self, hypnotic patter, spook, wall of fog, whispering wind**. They hail from a sunnier portion of the Otherworld and are warming themselves

against the cool and dampness of this area.

The eblis are not to be trifled with. They will not be immediately hostile. Indeed, they are likely to be confused by the party's entrance. They will not fight to the death, but will instead seek to flee if clearly overmatched or if one of their members is slain. If the eblis are defeated, they have a teak chest (worth 4 gp) with them that features a trick latch (not locked, but a roll of less than 5% per point of INT needed to open). Within, rolled in silk are 4 large topazes (GPV: 500 ea.) and a sealed ceramic jar containing a gloomwing egg (see MONSTER MANUAL II).

**22. SERVANT'S QUARTERS.** This area has been taken over by the powries. Eight of the creatures are quartered here, while their Heidman games at AREA 6. Two are bodyguards (AC: 4; MV: 12"; HD: 2; HP: 13, 11; #ATT: 1; DM: by weapon; SD: surprised only on 1 in 6, 75% resistant to sleep and charm; AL: LE; Footprints No. 15; XPV: 65+2/hp) armed with voulge-guisarmes and short swords (11 sp and 14 sp), the remainder are commoners (AC: 5; MV: 12"; HD: 2-7 hp; HP: 7, 5, 3 (x4); #ATT: 1; DM: by weapon; SD: surprised only on 1 in 6, 75% resistant to sleep and charm; AL: LE; Footprints No. 15; XPV: 45+1/hp) (61 sp). Three are armed with spears and daggers, two with short swords and small wooden shields (AC: 4) and the last is armed with a light crossbow (12 bolts) and a dagger.

**23. LINEN CLOSET.** This area has been ransacked by the powries at AREA 22. Only scraps and stained cloth remains.

**24. SERVANT'S QUARTERS.** The powrie Heidman (currently at AREA 6) has taken this area for his own. His wild dog (AC: 7; MV: 15"; HD: 1+1; HP: 6; #ATT: 1; DM: 1-4; AL: N) lounges on the filthy bed. There is no

treasure here, as the Heidman is presently gambling it away.

**25. GUEST CHAMBER.** Oluf and Gorm (AREA 6) are currently sharing this room. While Oluf's personal belongings are strewn about, Gorm's are neatly packed. The pair are less than trusting and have set up a simple crossbow trap that, if detected, can be easily disarmed (+15% chance). If not removed, the light crossbow fires at the door opener, striking as a 3HD monster. The pair are wise enough to carry their treasure on them.

**26. GUEST CHAMBER.** Grampus and Titus (AREA 6) are quartering here.

Titus has kept his traveling spellbooks here in his pack (q.v.). The first contains the first level spells he normally memorizes, and **audible glamor** and **detect illusion**. The second contains his usual second and third level spells and **mirror image** and **phantom steed**.

Grampus has stashed away a bottle of brandy worth 20 gp and some silverware worth 35 gp, in a pillowcase with his effects.

**27. PRIVILEGED QUARTERS.** A pair of grey elves (AC: 8; MV: 12"; HD: 1+1; HP: 6, 4; #ATT: 1; DM: by weapon; SD: 90% resistant to sleep and charm; AL: CG), Daveth and Jago by name, are here, listlessly haunting this room. They have been successfully **charmed** by Diarmuid, who overcame their resistance with the aid of his beloved and Red Tam's rebecca, and will not leave the premises until the Lady of the House discharges them. Although ensorcelled, they do recognize that this is a dangerous place and fear the bedchamber (AREA 28) having heard creeping noises from within. They wear normal clothes; their armor and weapons having been taken from them. The Lady still dwells on a new intrigue and has not yet determined their fate.

**28. PRIVATE BEDCHAMBER.** This room was once richly appointed, with a massive cherry four-poster bed. The sheets and canopy appear to be made of a sumptuous purple-black silk. The bed is not made and the smell of mildew indicates that the chamber has not been cleaned in some time.

The bed does not actually have a canopy. An executioner's hood (AC: 6; MV: 6"; HD: 4+4; HP: 19; #ATT: 1; DM: 1-4; SA: surprise on a 1-3; suffocation; SD: immune to sleep; AL: N; MM) is currently suspending itself above the bed. It has been **charmed** by the Lady of the House, who sometimes feeds certain guests to her pet, under the guise of honoring them with the "best" guest room. The creature has no treasure.

## THE UPPER STORIES

**1. UPPER LANDING.** The stairs sweep up to a grand landing. Three fire beetles (AC: 4; MV: 12"; HD: 1+2; HP: 8, 6, 5; #ATT: 1; DM: 2-8) graze here, chewing the plaster off the wall. They will avoid large parties, but are not above trying to take a bite out of lone figures. They will defend themselves if attacked.

at the party members. This is Macsen, a grim (AC: 0; MV: 18"; HD: 4+2-8; HP: 26; #ATT: 3; DM: 2-8/2-8/2-5; SA: turn undead as 8<sup>th</sup> level cleric; SD: +1 or better weapon needed to hit, radiates protection from evil 10', detect evil 7" range; MR: 25%; AL: NG; MM). Macsen was dispatched by the forces of weal to hunt down Brónach ages ago. He will assist the party in doing so now and she will be most dismayed to see him again.

**2. GALLERY.** This wide hall displays a series of art objects intended to impress her Ladyship's guests. The majority are woven; tapestries and quilts, all depicting sylvan symbols and scenes. There are seven such objects, all worth between 10-40 gp. There is one lavish silk tapestry that portrays a unicorn hunt with rather unexpected detail and vigor. It is worth 80 gp. There are three statuettes, two of polished wood and one of silver (all busts of Brónach). They are worth 28, 42 and 75 gp, respectively. Perhaps oddly, an ugly leaded glass jar stands alone atop a small pedestal. The jar is an interesting one-use item similar to an **iron flask**. Anyone attempting to touch it may trigger a **wyvern watch** spell cast at 9<sup>th</sup> level. The jar radiates magic. It cannot be opened without the proper command word (known only to Brónach). If broken (the device saves as glass +4) its prisoner is released (note: if released during daylight hours, the prisoner is **ethereal**). A monstrous black horned owl the size of a dwarf emerges from the jar like smoke and glares

**2a.** This painting is hidden beneath a square of red silk. If moved aside and examined, the observer will be surprised to see a masterful painting of their own surprised countenance! While the PC can only gape, the face in the portrait animates, smirks contemptuously and disappears beyond the frame.

The painting is a specialized form of a **mirror of opposition**. The curious PC has unleashed their **nemesis**. This entity is identical to the PC in every way, including possessions, save that it is Neutral Evil-aligned and immune to **sleep** and **charm**. It exits the painting outside the Vernal House and makes its way, via Fairy Paths, to Cinderham-on-the-Moors to engage in mayhem and otherwise besmirch the PC's good name. If slain, it and its possessions fall apart into slivers of glass. The painting can so function once a month but only one

nemesis can exist per viewer at any one time.

**3. PRIVATE LIBRARY.** The door to this room is ajar. The chamber has a dark woven rug and features two large chairs. Each has a small table beside it. The southern wall boasts built-in shelves full of small books.

The room is also haunted by a huge earwig (AC: 6; MV: 15"; HD: 2+2; HP: 12; #ATT: 1; DM: 2-9; XPV: 44) that is devouring some of the mildewy tomes. It will fight to defend its feast. The collection of books is comprised of nearly all poetry, with a few esoteric (and surely wildly fanciful) observations on natural history. Fairy literature is quite valuable in the mundane world, alas it is a kind of fairy treasure and all too often is found to be made of pressed flowers and leaves when brought out of the Otherworld. The entire collection of 110 books would be worth some 2,500 gp if brought back whole (although it would be quite cumbersome). Individual tomes are worth 9-20 (1d12+8) gp.

**4. STORAGE CLOSET.** This room is empty save for a disquieting number of death's head moths.

**5. SOLAR.** Brónach and Diarmuid often retire and dine here. The room is dingy, but the furniture is well-made. A pair of day-beds lay side-by-side opposite the large windows. A long table of oak is set before the cold fireplace, only two place settings have been laid; the chairs face each other from the far ends of the table. In the center, a silver candelabrum rises out of a (quite wilted) floral arrangement. A massive cherry wood cabinet squats against the southern wall.

The cabinet contains the Lady's silver dining ware (GPV: 120 (set)), crystal decanters (GPV: 25 x 3) and crystal glasses (GPV: 15 x 8). There is also a drinking cup that

appears to be (and is) made from a (halfling) skull dipped in gold (this macabre piece is worth 70 gp). Also within the cabinet are four bottles of the best wine (GPV: 50 gp each), and three small ceramic jars, each containing powder. The first, when mixed with liquid, creates a powerful sleeping potion (save at -2 vs. poison or slumber for 1-5 days; 4 doses), the second a powerful narcotic (save vs. poison or be effected as if greatly intoxicated (DMG p. 82) for 2-8 hours; 6 doses) and the third an aphrodisiac (save vs. poison or be affected as if by a **philter of love** for 1-3 hours; 2 doses).

**6. STORAGE.** This room contains the Lady's linens, blankets, extra pillows and such other things. She would be most displeased to know that four fire beetles (AC: 4; MV: 12"; HD: 1+2; HP: 9, 7, 5, 3; #ATT: 1; DM: 2-8) are greedily devouring her belongings.

**7. LAVATORY.** This is an exceptionally large garderobe that contains a dressing area. A wide marble basin has been set against the far west wall; a wide silvered mirror is set on the wall above it. Several buckets of water are set beside the basin

This room appears unremarkable. However, a pair of large rose-scented bars of soap can be found at the bottom of the basin. If a PC fills the basin with water, the soap magically begin to create suds and foam. However, these malicious little entities will then attack any good-aligned PCs (starting with demi-humans first)! The daemonic soap (AC: 4 (quite slippery); MV: 2"; HD: 1/4; HP: 2, 1; #ATT: 1; DM: 1+ special; SA: blind, choke; SD: immune to most attacks; AL: NE; XPV: 58) will lunge out of the basin as a fountain of foam, creating a faux water weird-like appearance. Anyone hit must save versus breath weapon or either be blinded for 1-3 rounds or choked with a mouthful of suds, unable to do

anything other than gag for 1-2 rounds (50% chance of either). The things are immune to all non-magical weapons although a successful hit from a blunt object will disrupt it for one round. Anyone successfully struck by the things will be exceedingly fragrant for 24 hours (and quite clean).

**8. LADIES-IN-WAITING.** Low dark wood benches are set opposite a massive window. Heavy crimson curtains have been drawn aside to allow the sun/moonlight in.

**9. THE PARLIAMENT OF SQUIRRELS.** Anyone listening at the door before entering will hear a queer chattering. If the door is opened (or if the PCs access this room via the window), they come upon more than three dozen red squirrels sitting on the furniture, shelves and windowsill, forming a semi-circle around one of their member. They look surprised and guilty, as if caught in a criminal act. Then, in one tremendous flurry of fluffy red bodies, they charge out the window.

The room appears to have been a spare bedroom, with a simple single bed, a table and several empty shelves. A tree branch has broken through the window and actually grown into the room, thereby allowing access to the second floor of the manor for agile PCs.

Anyone on the limb when the squirrels make their mad escape suffers 1 hit point of incidental damage from the torrent of panicked rodents and must also save versus petrification or fall from the tree, suffering 2-9 points of damage.

**10. TOWER.** This room is bare and unpainted. An unpleasant scent of rot (from AREA 18 overhead) permeates the area.

**11. UPPER BALLROOM.** This room is seldom used. The furniture is shoved out of the way up against the walls. The chandeliers are dark, the fireplace unlit.

Two quickklings, **Twylg** and **Felwyn** (AC: -3; MV: 96"; HD: 1+ ½; HP: 10, 7; #ATT: 3; DM: 1-4/1-4/1-4; SA: spells, speed; SD: save as 19<sup>th</sup> level cleric; AL: CE; MM) loiter here. The 10 hp quickling has a **+1 dagger, +2 vs. creatures smaller than man-sized** and uses poison on his blade (save versus poison or fall into catatonic slumber for 1-4 hours). The poison will only be on the blade for the first three successful strikes (with a +2 and +4 bonus, respectively, for saves on the second and third strikes). The other is armed with a thin blade (treat as a dagger). They are the Lady's bodyguards. They will prevent anyone from accessing the bedroom areas (AREAS 14-17) unless accompanied by Gwrtheyrn. These vicious creatures dislike Diarmuid and will therefore be loathe to seek his assistance, being confident in their own abilities. They greatly fear their Lady, however, and will never directly disobey her or her thrall.

They are gaming with **Dwyll**, a buckawn (AC: 3; MV: 12"; HD: 1-1; HP: 4; #ATT: 1; DM: 1-4; SA: spell use; SD: spell use, never surprised; MR: 10%; AL: N; MM). He is a tinker who has come to replenish supplies. The fairies are involved in a deadly intense game of Tables (a precursor to backgammon). The tinker has brought some excellent brandy and pipeweed and all are partaking. Dwyll will avoid combat, if possible, seeking to save his own skin. If combat ensues, he will flee to his room (AREA 16) to gather his things.

**12. SERVANT'S QUARTERS.** Originally a storage room, the atomie servants have taken this room as their own. It is now a cheerful place. The fairies have secreted their treasure here: 230 gp, 647 sp, scrolls of

**protection from lightning** and **control winds** (written at 12<sup>th</sup> level), a **cursed scroll** (reader will shrink by 1-4" per day until the curse is removed), **oil of fumbling** and two suits of elfin chain (belonging to the gray elves below). The treasure, however, is magically trapped. If a single coin is brought outside the room the thief must save versus spells or unseen bells will jingle at their every step (thereby negating surprise) for seven straight days. A **remove curse** spell is needed to stop the effect.

**13. GAME ROOM.** This dark-paneled room is lit by a pair of lanterns. Shelves are ingeniously built into the walls. They contain a number of games: Alquerque, Fox and Geese, Merels, dice, etc. Several tables are set up the entertainment of guests. The Lady's handmaid, **Seònaid**, is here gossiping with her favorite servant over glasses of sherry. Seònaid is a gnome illusionist (AC: 6; I6: 16; HP: 13; S: 6; I: 17; W: 14; D: 17; C: 10; CH: 12; SD: save at +3 against spells, rods, wands and staves; AL: NE; XPV: 428). She wears a **ring of mammal control** and a **+1 ring of protection**. She carries a pair of daggers on her person. Her belt pouch contains her spell components and a small silk pouch containing two pinches of **dust of appearance**. She has memorized the following spells

first level: color spray, detect invisibility, spook

second level: blindness, mirror image, misdirection

third level: spectral force

She uses **change shape** (already cast) to appear more slender and beautiful (CH: 16). With her is a female atomie (AC: 4; MV: 12"/24"; HD: 1/2; HP: 2; #ATT: 2; DM: 1-2; SA: +1 on initiative, attack as 3<sup>rd</sup> level fighter, 90% likely to surprise SD: spell use, surprised only 10%; MR: 20%; AL: CN; MM).

The atomie is armed only with a tiny knife. She has 7 gp and 11 sp and wears a silver chain set with chalcedony worth 44 gp.

One of the maple boxes contains three trays, each housing eight (6" tall) painted wooden soldiers of wondrous make. The entire set radiates magic. This set is a portion of **Maskkit's Little Wars**, a magic item of great renown. With the proper command word, the soldiers animate and marshal their forces, carrying out the orders of their master. The pieces (AC: 5; MV: 2"; HD: 1/4; HP: 2 ea.; #ATT: 1; DM: 1) are immune to **charm, hold, sleep** and other mind-affecting magics (including illusions), and are unaffected by poison and cold-based attacks. Twelve soldiers are footmen with pikes, six are archers (their bows have a range of 1") and six are cavalry, mounted on wooden steeds (these are inseparable pieces, have 3 hp each, move at a rate of 4", and inflict double damage on a charge). The proper command word has been lost; it is up to the DM whether or not it can be found. The full set has 250 pieces, including a field general, knights, catapults, standard bearers and squires (XPV: 500; GPV: 3000 (for this incomplete set)).

**14. NURSERY.** The quicklings have taken over this room. Two small beds can be found amidst squalor. The entrance is trapped; a trip wire exists just beyond the threshold. If broken, a flask of skunk musk suspended above the door will fall on the trespasser. A diligent search will turn up an unlocked chest that contains their treasure: 1,200 sp, 2 black opals worth 2,000 gp each, and potions of **gaseous form, treasure finding** and **vitality**.

**15. BEDCHAMBER.** Seònaid keeps her room here. Her room is well-maintained. She keeps a giant mink pelt on her bed worth 1,000 gp. Her two spellbooks are stored on a shelf. It contains all her usual spells,

together with **audible glamor**, **dancing lights**, **detect magic**, **dispel illusion** and **illusionary script**. They are protected with **illusionary script** spells.

Beneath her bed, she has loosened a flagstone. In the small space beneath, she has secreted her treasure: 87 gp, 312 sp and a scroll of **shadow monsters**.

**16. BEDCHAMBER.** This room is reserved for special guests. Dwyll, the buckawn tinker, is currently quartered here. He has not yet turned in; his traveling pack sits on the bed. It contains rolls of lace and ribbon, five small silver mirrors, two (empty) lead flasks, a small flask of fierce scotch, **a horn of fog** and a **potion of rainbow hues**.

**17. BOUDOIR:** This room is richly appointed. It is dominated by a massive, curtained bed. If the inhabitants are surprised, Diarmuid is seated alone on a sofa before the fire drinking a fine cognac. Brónach is lounging invisibly (to others) on the bed. If warned of danger, Brónach will retreat to AREA 17b (keeping the door ajar to provide magical assistance) while Diarmuid will prepare himself. If he has time to arm himself with the rebecca, and the party has not taken precautions, they face an excellent chance of becoming **charmed** when they enter.

**Diarmuid Without Peer**, the Lady's consort, is a half-elven bard (AC: 5; Bard 11 (F6/T6); HP: (72) 31; S: 15; I: 11; W: 15; D: 17; C: 10; CH: 18; SA: charm 50(60)%, spell-use, amplified bardic abilities; PP: 70; OL: 57; F/RT: 45; MS: 52; HS: 47; CW: 92; HN: 20; RL: 30; AL: CN; XPV: 3,506) of great reputation; second, perhaps, only to Red Tam himself. Diarmuid wears a **+2 ring of protection** and a **brooch of shielding** (with 22 hit points remaining) together with **boots of striding and springing**. He is armed with a **+2 short sword** and a **+2 dagger**. He carries on him

**potions of clairaudience** and **healing**. Of course, he has with him **Red Tam's rebecca**. He has 18 pp in his belt pouch. Diarmuid has the following spells memorized:

first level: animal friendship, detect magic, faerie fire

second level: barkskin, charm person or mammal, cure light wounds

third level: neutralize poison, stone shape

fourth level: cure serious wounds, dispel magic

Diarmuid is not a bad soul, although certainly arrogant and self-centered. He is, however, under his mistress's **charm**, and is therefore not entirely his own man. He is also greatly weakened by his thralldom, and is therefore not as imposing a foe as he should be against opponents of the PCs' caliber. He will defend his love to the utmost of his ability. It would be most unfortunate if he were to be slain; he does have the Gift and is a hero in his own right; but it may prove unavoidable.

**Brónach**, the Lady of the House, is a lhiannan shee (AC: 2; HD: 5; HP: 22; #ATT: 2; DM: 1-2/1-2; SA: spell use; SD: **selective invisibility**; MR: 90%; AL: NE; see the NEW MONSTERS entry; XPV: 580). She is wearing a spectacular silk gown (GPV: 45) and a silver necklace set with pearls (GPV: 3,400).

If Diarmuid is defeated, the Lady will seek to escape if she has not been detected. If she has been revealed, she will slam the door to 17b shut and bar it with a bureau. She will shriek loudly, her keening having a 1 in 6 chance per round of attracting her doombat (AREA 18) if it survives. It will arrive and bash in the window within three rounds. If the door is forced (requiring an OPEN DOORS roll), Brónach will do absolutely anything to survive. She is a horrid, evil thing, to be sure, but she can be



very convincing. She may offer the whereabouts of the fey lord's secret vault (THE CELLARS, AREA 7) or give up poor Gwynneg (THE CELLARS, AREA 4b) to save her own skin.

As long as the rebecca endures, however, Brónach cannot be truly destroyed, for she has imparted a portion of her essence into the instrument. On each New Moon, she will regenerate 1 hit point. Upon reaching her maximum hit points, she will be able to retake her lovely corporeal form and will stalk the owner of her rebecca.

The pair reside in splendor. Their treasure is kept in an ostentatious gold-plated chest resting at the foot of the bed (itself worth 400 gp but being of 400 gp encumbrance): 700 gp, 1,900 sp, 750 cp; scrolls **protection from petrification**, **protection from lycanthropes**, scroll: **deep pockets**, **dismissal**, **locate object**, **monster summoning III** (written at 9<sup>th</sup> level), scroll of **call woodland beings** (written at 7<sup>th</sup> level); a lead vial containing **oil of disenchantment**, **bracers of defenselessness** and what appears to be a multicolored quilt of excellent make. It radiates magic and is, in fact, a useful item. It can be used to cast an **augury** spell once per day at the 9<sup>th</sup> level of use, with the results of the inquiry (for weal or woe) actually depicted on the

## THE CELLARS

**1. BASEMENT.** The stairs lead down to a cavernous, dank unlit cellar. It is surprisingly clean given the disorder of the upper story. Broken and unused furniture is stored here. A sour smell permeates the area. Four cells line the east wall.

The cells contain sagging wooden shelves piled high with a wild and varied assortment of junk: candle holders, old oil lamps, musty rugs, chests of moth-eaten clothing, mismatched boots, broken

face of the quilt as a woven picture (XPV: 500; GPV: 2,000).

**17a. TOILET.** A small vanity table with a mirror is surrounded by shelves containing a veritable feminine apothecary – balms, soaps, perfumes and unguents (GPV: 600 for the entire trove of toiletries, but constituting 100 gp in encumbrance).

**17b. CLOSET.** This room contains maple and oak furniture. It contains rich clothing and apparel.

**18. TOWER.** The stone floor is carpeted with bones, shredded clothing and gruesome remnants. The leaded glass panes have been removed from the windows. The roof, some 15' overhead, has been poorly maintained, and holes reveal the sky above.

At night, the fearful resident of this area is away hunting and will not return until sunset. During the daylight hours, the doombat (AC: 4; MV: 3"/18"; HD: 6+3; HP: 38; #ATT: 2; DM: 1-6/1-4; SA: shriek; AL: NE; FF) will be hanging from the rafters in the tower. It is perfectly capable of hunting during the day as well. This monster has been **charmed** by the Lady of the House and obeys her commands, acting as a steed, of sorts, from time to time. This monster has no treasure.

crockery, even a stuffed and preserved mule deer.

There are actually five cells, but the fifth is completely filled by a stunjelly (AC: 8; MV: 3"; HD: 4; HP: 21; #ATT: 1; DM: 2-8; SA: para.; AL: N; FF) that patiently waits until someone draws near. Within its mass, 6 gp, 9 sp, 13 cp, a short sword, two daggers and a dart can be found.

**2. SECRET PASSAGE.** This secret doors at each end of the passage are cunningly hidden, indeed designed to avoid detection by the Fair Folk. It is therefore found only on a 1 in 8 chance (2 in 8 for elves). The hidden hall beyond is 7' wide and 6' high. Water has pooled in several spots along its length.

**3. SECRET MEETING HALL.** The iron-bound portal opens into a cluttered room illuminated by an unhealthy blue-green glow. Alas, the door's pull-ring is coated with a sticky toxic paste and anyone who uses their bare hand to open the door suffers 1-4 hp of damage must save versus poison or suffer a creeping paralysis that will creep up from the unlucky hand and spread to the victim's entire body within 2-8 rounds. The paralysis lasts for 5-8 hours.

The chamber is lit by a glowing globe suspended from the ceiling by a hanging basket of chain links. Numerous shelves are filled with jars, bottles and jugs. A heavy table topped with quartz dominates the room. The air is thick with a cloying chemical stink.

The original purpose of this room has been lost. Brónach uses it for her nefarious experiments (which Gwynneg (CELLARS AREA 4b) objected to). There are literally dozens of bottles and jars here, the majority of which contain pure chemicals, herbal draughts or half-made (and therefore ineffective) potions. However, there are several items of note:

A glass jar with nine uses of the clear paste coating the pull-ring.

Three tall bottles with a small toad suspended in the liquid within. Each is a **potion of poison**.

A wide-bottomed jug of blue liquid with a feather within (a **potion of flying**).

A small ceramic jar containing a grey-brown powder. In fact, this residue is taken from a basidron (c.f., MONSTER MANUAL II) and has identical effects if inhaled. There are a dozen pinches of the stuff.

A stoppered clay pot. It contains about a dozen grams of a fine red-brown powder. In fact, this substance is a collection of myconid animator spores (c.f., MONSTER MANUAL II).

An elaborately folded piece of parchment sealed with wax. If the seal is broken, the envelope can be found to contain a small amount of silvery dust. If mixed with any liquid, the resulting concoction has the effect of a **symbol of insanity** upon its imbiber. There is enough dust for 3 such uses. If the entire amount is used at once, in addition to the usual effects the victim contracts an actual permanent insanity (q.v., DUNGEON MASTERS GUIDE)!

A square of black velvet covers a 3' cage that imprisons a small myconid (AC: 10; MV: 9": HD: 1; HP: 3; #ATT: 1; DM: 1-4; SD: poisonous skin; AL: LN; MM). This little fellow only wishes to escape the Vernal House.

A tattered and stained leather-bound tome. In fact, this is an edition of **Blathwurt's Black Book**, a notorious recipe book of poisons. This collection is worth some 2,500 gp to an unscrupulous alchemist.

A collection of labeled jars that contain teeth, sweat, hair, tears, fingernails, cemetery dirt, curdled milk, newt tails and many more unpleasant things.

On one of the shelves is a remarkable looking (magnifying) glass set in a gold hoop with a mother-of-pearl handle. This dwarf-made device is worth 100 gp.

The suspended globe is heavy, weighing over 250 gp, but will remain lit permanently.

The globe is hollow and actually contains a rare and unusual creature from the Otherworld, an **iridescent ooze** (AC: 8; MV: 2"; HD: 3; HP: 13; #ATT: 1; DM: 2-8; SA: light absorption/blinding; SD: immune to acid, cold, heat and fire; blows from weapons do only one point of damage; XPV: 309) will be released if the glass is broken. The weird thing can absorb illumination in a 1" radius of itself once a turn. This has the effect of a **darkness** spell in the area of effect for the next round. The ooze then releases the absorbed light in a dazzling flash, causing all within a 2" radius area to save versus breath weapon or be blinded for 1-6 rounds.

**4. LARDERS.** The stairs descend to an unlit area has an earth floor. The walls are of ancient bricks. Is it cool and damp; the ceiling 7' overhead. Four low (4' tall) archways lead off into gloom.

Unless they have been encountered upstairs already (AREA 17), two ogrillons will be found here poking through the Lady's stores.

The low-ceilinged store chambers beyond hold all manner of stores; tubers, vegetables, sacks of grain and meal, even a modest wine cellar. There are also kegs of beer and tuns of ale. The jermalaine (AREA 5) surreptitiously steal what they need, but they've been getting greedier. It's only a matter of time until they make a move up the stairs for more lively fare.

**4a. Well:** The ceiling is only 6' high. A 4' diameter shaft descends five feet before reaching cool water. The well is 20' deep.

**4b. Forgotten Stores:** This room contains broken and unused furniture, the worse for being kept in this dank place. Hidden in the mess is what appears to be a well-used and tarnished cauldron, smallish in size but with ornate details including four small feet.

This is actually a magic item of fair power. It has a mind of its own and a name, Gwynneg. Gwynneg was not taken by Her Lady's attitude and let her know it. Accordingly, it has been banished here until it learns better behavior. Unless molested or closely examined, it will pretend to be nothing more than it seems. If the party misses it, they will have missed perhaps the most valuable treasure in the complex, including Red Tam's rebecca.

Gwynneg is, in effect, an animated and sentient **alchemy jug** (XPV: 3,500; GPV: 18,000). In addition to its regular powers, it has an Intelligence of 7, understands Elf, Dwarf and the Common Tongue, and can waddle along at the rate of 3". It has an effective Armor Class of 4, is Neutral Good-aligned and can withstand 30 hit points of damage before losing its dweomer forever (it takes but one point of damage from edged or stabbing weapons). Against spells, it saves as +3 hard metal and is immune to acid.

**5. PESTIE TUNNELS.** A tribe of 22 Jermalaine (AC: 7; MV: 15"; HD: ½; HP: 4(x3), 3 (x8), 2(x6), 1(x5) #ATT: 1; DM: by weapon; SA: surprise on a roll of 1-5, 75% undetectable; SD: save as 4 HD monster, on a successful save suffer no damage from spells allowing half damage on a successful save, detect invisible 50%; AL: NE; FF) lair in these tunnels. The passages are only 2' high, probably far too small for PCs (but who can say in an AD&D game?). The pests have been haunting the cellars for a time and keep watch from all of the tunnel mouths. If they think they can take a lone PC or an unsuspecting party, they will strike. They are armed with sharp darts (DM: 1-2) and small pikes (DM: 1-4).

**5a:** This is the stinking den of the little horrors. They have amassed a modest treasure: 2,327 sp, a tin box holding eight sticks of rare incense (GPV: 15 ea.) and 6 gems: 2 turquoise (GPV: 10 ea.), a citrine (GPV: 20), and 3 tourmaline (GPV: 100 ea.).

**6. FALSE VAULT.** The secret door must be forced open and, by doing so, the heroes are assailed by a foul wave of musty air. Beyond the door is a stone chamber filled with rot and ruin. Moisture has crept into this cloistered space. A steady dripping can be heard. Large masses of fungi, some of disquieting size, have grown in secret here in the dark.

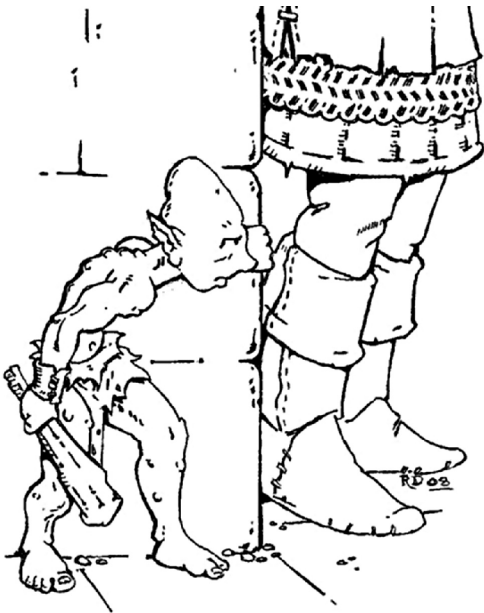
This room once contained furniture and a number of trapped chests, designed to ensnare would-be thieves. However, everything has now collapsed under the noisome growths.

With one exception, the fungi are harmless. A **puce fungi** (AC: 8; MV: 1"; HD: 2; HP: 8; #ATT: 2; DM: 0; SA: rot; XPV: 166), a relative of the more dangerous purple variety, dwells here. Its touch does not kill or even harm living tissue; rather it spreads a

creeping rot that completely consumes most other materials. It will rot metal in 3 rounds, wood and leather in 2 and cloth in only 1 round. Items subject to its touch are entitled to a saving throw versus magical fire. On a failed saving throw, the item rots away and the rot creeps to other material touching the destroyed item. Its march across its victim's possessions can be halted by silver, glass or stone. On a successful save, the material is not destroyed (from this touch at least) and the creep stops. Example: upon a successful hit, the fungi strikes a PC's clothed arm. The cloth fails its saving throw and is immediately consumed and the creeping rot extends to the victim's leather armor. It, too, fails its save and is destroyed. The rot now moves to the PC's backpack, belt pouch, and the sword hanging at his hip. If the armor makes its save, the rot will cease – from that attack, at least. An unlucky PC may find himself covered with a mass of furry moss and nothing else! Note that striking the creature with a weapon causes the weapon to make a save as if the fungi had touched the weapon.

If the dripping noise is sought out, a spot appears to have been cleared in the southwest corner. The noise comes from below. It appears that a squarish object has been recently removed; in fact, a secret door exists on the floor that has been recently cleared away. A 3' x 3' section of the floor can be depressed and slid to the side, revealing a 2 ½' x 2 ½' iron trapdoor beneath. The door is actually unlocked and, upon a successful FIND & REMOVE TRAPS roll, a thief can determine that a trap has been removed from the door.

**7. THE TREACHEROUS PASSAGE.** Beneath the trap door is a round tunnel, 6' in diameter, that bends out of sight to the west. Several inches of filthy water have pooled on the floor. The passage extends



for fifty feet, culminating in an iron portal. The portal bears the likeness of a fierce fairy prince wreathed with burning branches. The door features a single pull ring and boasts three keyholes.

The iron door is a false portal. The locks can be picked but the whole is cemented to the far wall and cannot be removed. Moreover, if closely examined, the features on the door include four bas-relief items that can be depressed: a sprig of holly, a juniper berry, a snowflake and a dragonfly. Each makes a satisfying "click" when pushed. They are intended to distract and delay would-be thieves.

When the party comes within 3' of the portal, however, a programmed **illusion** is triggered: the iron portal to AREA 6 slams shut and a loud hissing noise fills the tunnel. Previously hidden nozzles can be seen near the floor, filling the passage with a noxious gas! Simultaneously, a **magic mouth** is triggered in THE UPPER STORIES, AREA 13, warning of thieves in the treasury (no doubt to Seònaid's great surprise). She will immediately seek out her mistress and the two quicklings will arrive in AREA 6 in 3 rounds. Diarmuid will follow, arriving in 2 turns.

Unless the PCs shut the trapdoor behind them, in actuality it is open. They will, however, be required to force the illusionary trapdoor open (successful OPEN DOORS rolls). Require everyone in the passage to make saving throws against poison. Those who fail will no doubt feel their head swimming and their lungs burning. The DM is free to elaborate based on the players' reactions, unconsciousness or reduced ability scores due to the "poison" are likely results.

The illusion trap will reset every 24 hours. A secret panel is located in the ceiling just above the false iron portal. A 3' x 3' section

of the ceiling can be depressed and slid aside, revealing another 2 ½' x 2 ½' iron trapdoor. This is also unlocked and untrapped.

**8. GUARDIAN.** Opening the trapdoor, the party finds itself in the center of a spacious natural cavern. A forest of stone columns glitter in the party's light. The stone formations are fantastic and bizarre; brilliantly-hued crystal formations dot the floor and walls like rare flowers. The subterranean idyll is shattered when the party clammers up from the tunnel, as a hulking giant strides forth from the darkness!

The room is concealed by an **illusion**. In reality, the party members have emerged into a 30' x 30' worked stone chamber. The giant, however, is quite real, although it is not what it appears. It is in fact a **Russian Doll Monster** (AC: varies; MV: varies; HD: special; HP: special; #ATT: 1; DM: varies; MR: 80%; AL: N; White Dwarf 15; XPV: 2,293). When the "giant" suffers 10 hit points of damage, its form crumbles and an ogre steps forth from the tatters. Once it suffers 10 hit points of damage, it too crumbles and a bugbear emerges, and so forth. The Russian Doll Monster retains its magic resistance throughout. The "layers" of the monster are as follows:

First: hill giant (AC: 4; MV: 12"; HD: 8; HP: 10 (special); #ATT: 1; DM: 2-16);

Second: ogre (AC: 5; MV: 9"; HD: 4+1; HP: 10 (special); #ATT: 1; DM: 1-10);

Third: bugbear (AC: 5; MV: 9"; HD: 3+1; HP: 9 (special); #ATT: 1; DM: 2-8);

Forth: gnoll (AC: 5; MV: 9"; HD: 2; HP: 8 (special); #ATT: 1; DM: 2-8);

Fifth: hobgoblin (AC: 5; HD: 1+1; HP: 7 (special); #ATT: 1; DM: 1-8);

Sixth: orc (AC: 6; MV: 9"; HD: 1; HP: 6 (special); #ATT: 1; DM: 1-8);

Seventh: goblin (AC: 6; MV: 6"; HD: 1-1; HP: 5 (special); #ATT: 1; DM: 1-6);

Eighth: kobold (AC: 7; MV: 6"; HD: ½; HP: 4 (special); #ATT: 1; DM: 1-4).

Finally, when the kobold layer is destroyed, a leprechaun (AC: 8; MV: 15"; HD: ½+1; HP: 4; #ATT: 0; DM: 0; SA: spells; SD: spells, never surprised) emerges, being the entity orchestrating the entire façade, seeking to steal a magic item and disappear with a mad cackle of laughter!

The monster's initial layer, that of a stone giant, was defeated by Diarmuid. Realizing the nature of the creature he fought when the hill giant revealed itself, that hero wisely withdrew, to explore the depths of the house another day.

The illusion is difficult to dispel as it was cast at the 14<sup>th</sup> level of experience. If PCs explore the vast "cavern," it is up to the DM to discern what illusionary challenges may lie beyond.

As a result of the illusion, the party may never discover the trap door immediately adjacent to that providing entry into the chamber. This trap door is identical to the prior two. Its lock and trap, however, are intact. Anyone forcing it open (for it requires an OPEN DOORS roll) without first removing the trap releases a powerful and all-too-real sleeping gas (save or fall into a dreamless torpor (resembling the effects of **feign death**) for 2-20 days) which will fill the entire chamber and, because it is heavier than air, will fill the first 20' of the entry tunnel (AREA 7). The gas will dissipate in 2 hours. A lost treasure of the fey lies on the floor not far from the trapdoor, concealed by the illusion. Unless the illusion is dispelled (or successfully disbelieved), it is highly unlikely that this item, dropped by the Good Neighbors in their haste, will ever be found. It is a **horn of Albion**. Similar in

nature to a horn of Valhalla, when sounded 4-10 elves are summoned to fight for the character who summoned them by blowing the horn. The horn may be used once per week. The summoned elves are armor class 4, have 7 hit points and are armed with short bows and longswords. They will not serve an evil-aligned possessor. There is a 2% cumulative chance per use that the horn summons a champion from Albion instead, a gray elf fighter/magic-user level 7/7, AC: -2 (**+1 elfin chain, +2 small shield** + DEX), longsword and shortbow of +2 value, who will seek to recover the horn for the daoine sidhe (XPV: 750; GPV: 12,500).

**9. TRUE VAULT.** The trapdoor opens onto another round tunnel, 6' in diameter. It is dimly lit by an amber **faerie fire** that plays along the surfaces of the walls. The former lord of the house, with the Old Duke's men approaching, had little time to retrieve his wealth. As a result, the seven chests in this vault are in disarray. 230 sp and 56 gp are scattered on the floor. Five of the chests are either opened or empty. The sixth and seventh (both locked but untrapped) contain the following: 2,200 gp, 4,400 sp, and a fur-line sack containing 6 ornamental stones: blue quartz (x2), eye agate, hematite, obsidian (x2) (GPV: 10 ea.); 4 semi-precious stones: moonstone (x3), smoky quartz (GPV: 50 ea.); 4 fancy stones: alexandrite, peridot (x3) (GPV: 150 ea.); 2 fancy (precious) stones: aquamarine, black pearl (GPV: 500 ea.), 1 gem stone: diamond (GPV: 5,000). At the very bottom of the sixth chest is a cherry coffer with silver hinges and lock (the key long lost). It is not trapped and contains three items of jewelry: a gold peridot depicting cherubim (GPV: 900), a gold chain diadem set with a jacinth (seemingly worth 6,000 gp, but the jacinth is actually a **stone of weight**), and a silver torc set with amethysts (GPV: 3,000).

**CONCLUSION**

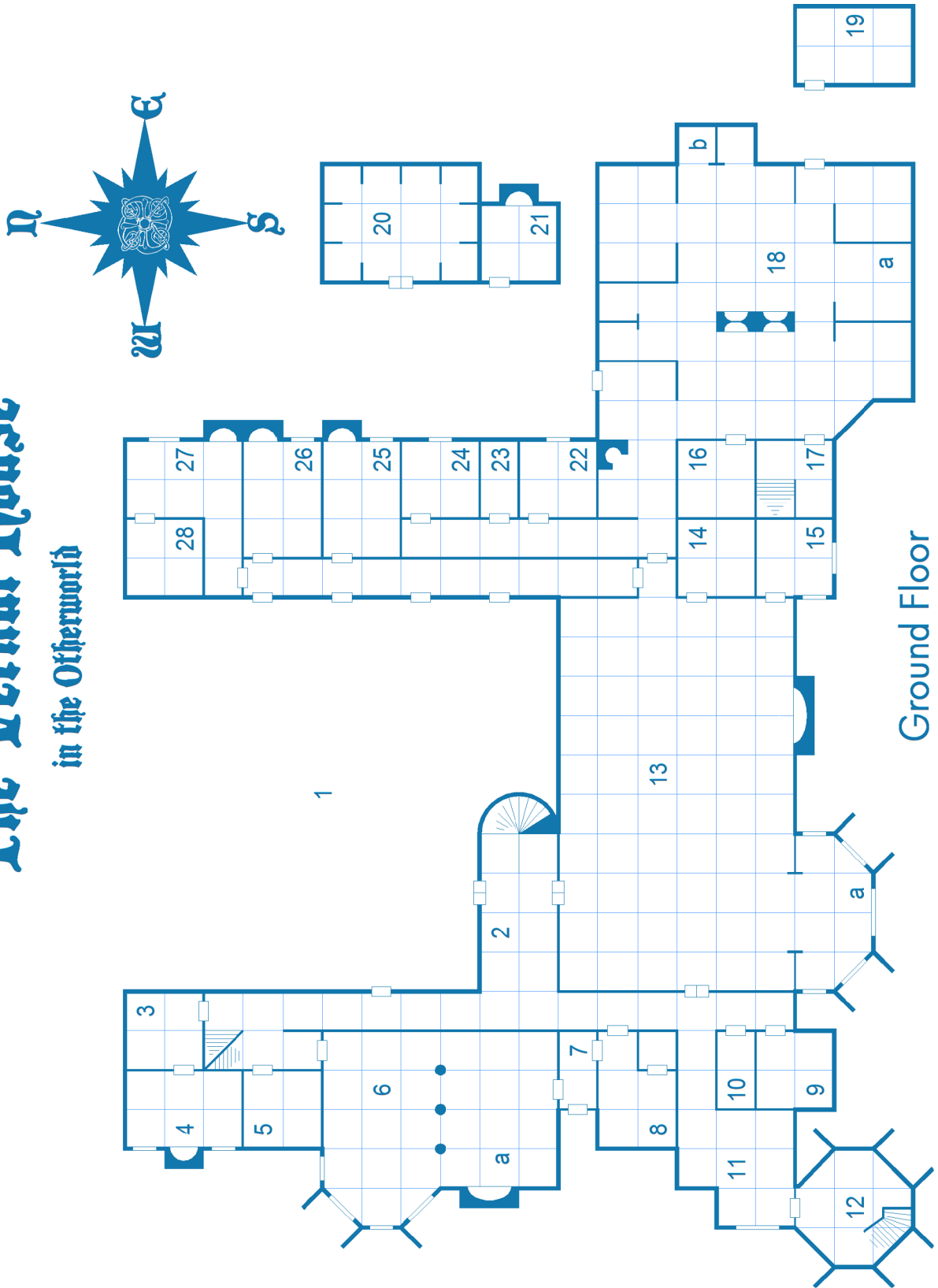
If the heroes return to Cinderham-on-the-Moors, they are given their reward and the rebecca is whisked out of sight. Alas, poor Edelward, the court poet, is later stricken a most grievous wound when he attempts to play the instrument! The Abbott, now desperate, must make huge concessions to attract a bard skilled enough to play Red Tam's rebecca.

After the resultant marriage, Red Tam's rebecca is locked away in the church's Reliquary. The city is different now. Certainly, something has changed. The floral garlands return to its bridges. The bells in the city have a different tone. The Abbott's sermons become even more powerful, more arousing. His influence spreads north; even the Bishop of Starstone comes to attend. It seems as if he can literally stir the soul. What is an orator, after all, but a poet of sorts? Has the Abbott taken on a new inspiration (or muse) and will the heroes take action to save him or leave him to his just rewards?

HERE ENDS RED TAM'S BONES, PART THE SECOND  
LET THE DEAD FIND WHAT PEACE THEY MAY

# The Vernal House

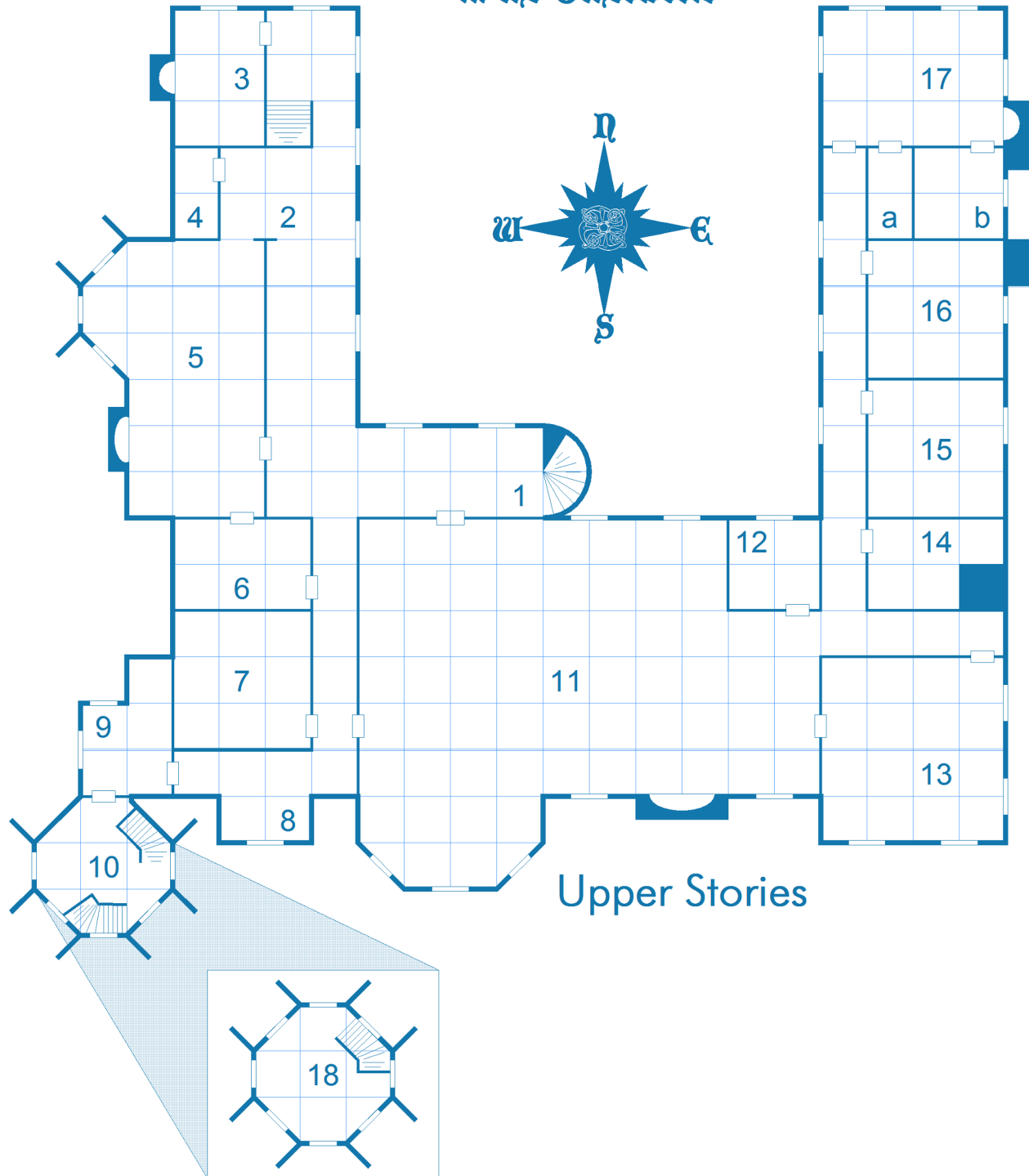
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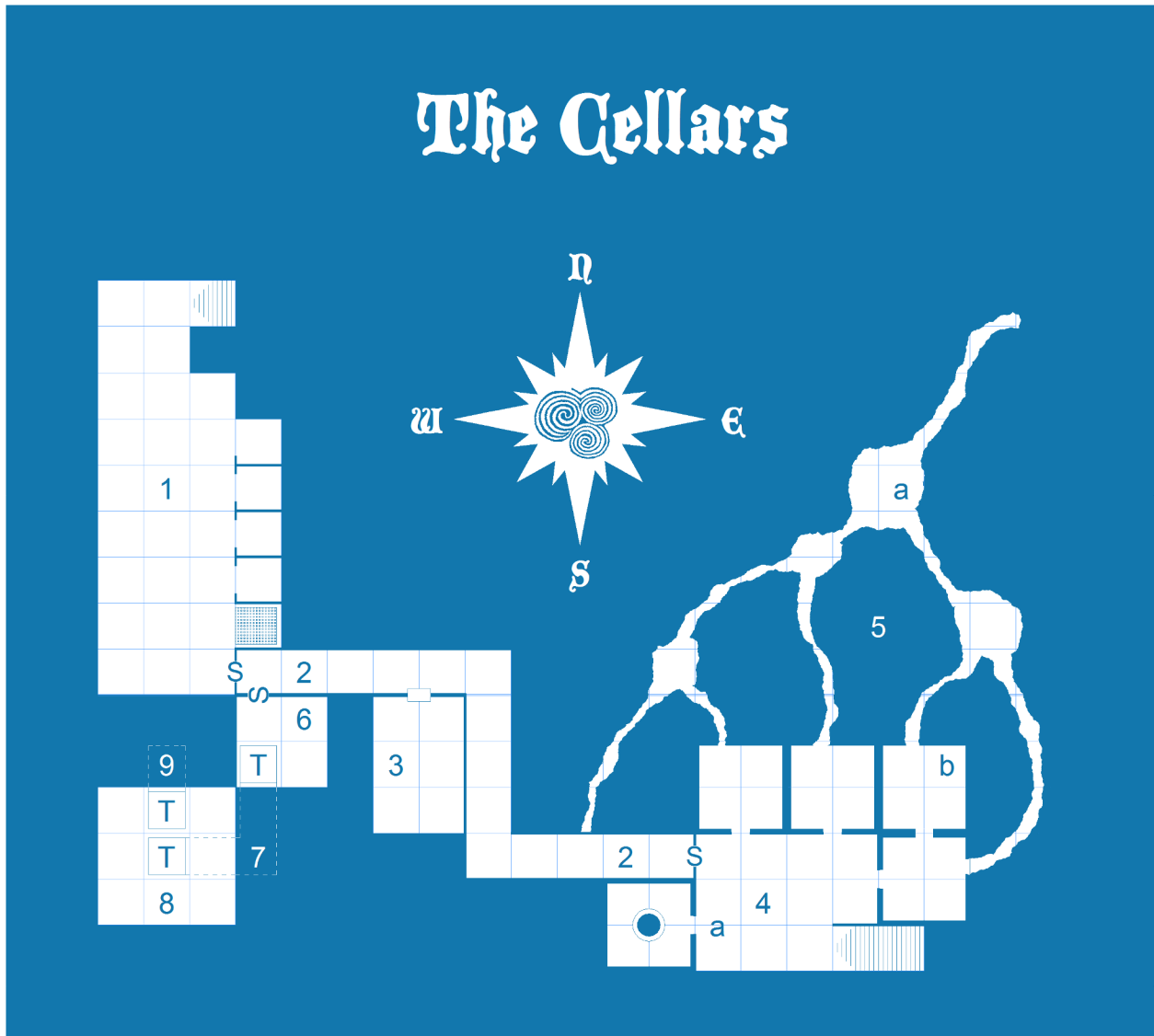








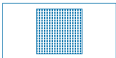





# The Vernal House

in the Otherworld





## Map Key

	Door		Fireplace		Window
	Double Door		Stunjelly		Stairs
	Secret Door		Trapdoor		Pillar
	Well	1 square = 10 feet			

## NEW MONSTERS

### LHIANNAN SHEE

FREQUENCY: Very rare  
 NO. APPEARING: 1  
 ARMOR CLASS: 4  
 MOVE: 12"  
 HIT DICE: 5  
 % IN LAIR: 5%  
 TREASURE TYPE: Q (x5), T (x5), X  
 NO. OF ATTACKS: 2  
 DAMAGE/ATTACK: 1-2/1-2  
 SPECIAL ATTACKS: See below  
 SPECIAL DEFENSES: See below  
 MAGIC RESISTANCE: 90%  
 INTELLIGENCE: Exceptional  
 ALIGNMENT: Neutral evil  
 SIZE: M  
 PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil  
 Attack/Defense Modes: Nil  
 LEVEL/XI. VALUE: V/435+5/hp

Rare in the extreme, the lhiannan shee (LAN-an SHEE) is an evil fey; a vampiric creature with an affinity for bards and artists. The lhiannan shee is feminine in appearance and can appear as an extraordinarily beautiful human, elven, or half-elven woman (if the DM uses the UNEARTHED ARCANA rules, the creature, if visible, has an effective Comeliness of 19). However, she is typically visible only to her intended victim; for she possesses the power of **selective invisibility** and can become visible or invisible at will to any other persons nearby.

A bard above 10th level has a 1% chance per month of encountering a lhiannan shee. She will seek out the bard (invariably male; female bards are not bothered by lhiannan shee) when he is alone and no one else is around to confirm or deny her presence. She will use every wile at her command, from subtle flattery to blatant propositioning, assuming every role from

dignified musical student to charmed trollop. A lhiannan shee usually observes her victims invisibly for a month before making her presence known. Her knowledge of the victim, combined with her intelligence and cunning, make her methods very powerful indeed. The bard must make a saving throw versus magic at -2 upon seeing a lhiannan shee or he will not be able to resist the lhiannan shee's desires, as if he were **charmed**. It is 95% likely that each time this creature meets the bard she will want him to kiss her.

This act automatically drains 1 hp permanently from the bard. Hit points so lost cannot be recovered except by a **restoration** or **wish** spell. If reduced to 0 hit points, the victim is irrevocably slain, his soul devoured by the lhiannan shee and only a **wish** will bring the character back. The bard may not initially notice this life drain, there being only a 1% cumulative chance per hit point drained of the bard noticing it. Until then, the victim will resist all suggestions that his lover is anything malign. The charm placed upon the bard is broken only by a **dispel magic** from a 10th-level or greater magic-user, or **remove curse** from a cleric of such level, unless the bard discovers the life drain (breaking the charm immediately). Unless the bard realizes his fate, he will defend his paramour to the utmost of his abilities.

While the bard is sharing the company of the lhiannan shee, she will manifest her power to teach the bard to improve his musical talents. While the lhiannan shee is evil, she also appreciates fine arts, music and poetry in particular. If the bard succumbs to her charms, she will give him the following powers for as long as he continues to visit her: 1) The bard adds 10% to his charm percentage when he plays a

stringed instrument; 2) The bard will increase the morale of associated creatures when he plays by an additional 10%; 3) The bard can cause all listening creatures to save at an additional penalty of -2 versus all relevant magical effects when playing a musically based magical item (e.g., **drums of panic**, **pipes of the sewers**, etc.); and 4) the bard is treated as one level higher for purposes of range, area of effect and duration of his spells.

The lhiannan shee is immune to all magical attacks from magical musical instruments (**drums of panic**, **horn of blasting**, etc.) as well as **charm**, **hold** and **sleep**. These creatures are not undead. The lhiannan shee may use the following spell-like abilities, one at a time, at will: **audible glamer**, **clairaudience**, **dancing lights**, **detect good**, **fool's gold**, and **ventriloquism**. Once per day, a lhiannan shee may cast **deafness**, **mute** and **Tasha's uncontrollable hideous laughter**. All her abilities are at the 6<sup>th</sup> level of use. The mute spell has a range of 3", affects one creature and if a save versus spells is not made, the victim is unable to speak. Spellcasting is quite impossible unless the spell in question has no verbal components. The muteness lasts until done away with by means of a **dispel magic** or the creature releases the spell herself.

The lhiannan shee, if detected or otherwise revealed for what it is, will attempt to avoid physical confrontation, relying on its invisibility and deluded lover for defense. These creatures can speak all human and demi-human tongues.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: This incarnation of the lhiannan shee is heavily influenced by Roger E. Moore's version, as it appeared in Dragon Magazine #101, September 1985.

## PHOOKA

FREQUENCY: Very rare  
 NO. APPEARING: 1-6  
 ARMOR CLASS: 2 (5)  
 MOVE: 0" (15")  
 HIT DICE: 4+4  
 % IN LAIR: 15%  
 TREASURE TYPE: Q(x5), X, Y  
 NO. OF ATTACKS: 1  
 DAMAGE/ATTACK: 2-8 (1-4)  
 SPECIAL ATTACKS: See below  
 SPECIAL DEFENSES: See below  
 MAGIC RESISTANCE: 25%  
 INTELLIGENCE: High  
 ALIGNMENT: Chaotic neutral  
 SIZE: L (S)  
 PSIONIC ABILITY: Nil  
 Attack/Defense Modes: Nil  
 X.P. VALUE: 400 + 5/hit point

Phooka are tree spirits who inhabit wild, tangled forests. They are mischievous and perverse, and humans and their kin are often the target of cruel phooka pranks.

A phooka has two forms, that of a gnarled, leafless tree, and the more common form of a squat, withered man with a goat-like face and small, twisted horns protruding from its forehead (some statistics vary from one form to the other; in such cases, statistics for the man-like form are given in parentheses in the list above). During the day a phooka may assume either form at will, but at night the creatures will always take on the immobile tree-shape, and thus they are generally more vulnerable (because of their inability to move along the ground) when encountered after nightfall.

When in tree shape, a phooka may only be hit by iron or magic weapons. A phooka in tree shape may not move from the place it is located, but may flail with its limbs at anyone who comes within reach. It can

reach potential victims standing as far as 20 feet away from its trunk, but any attack made at a distance of greater than 10 feet will be at -2 "to hit" and to damage. In man form, a phooka is armed with a short wooden club. In this form, the creature can be hit and damaged by any type of weapon.

Phooka have the following magical abilities which may be performed at will: **audible glamor, darkness, trip, speak with plants, pass plant** and **levitate** (the latter two in man form only). Once per day these creatures may use **wall of thorns, hallucinatory terrain, fumble, transmute metal to wood**, and **animate object**. A phooka can see invisible objects or creatures within 6", and these creatures have superior infravision (range 12"). They surprise others on a roll of 1-4.

Any character(s) unfortunate enough to encounter one or more phooka will be

tormented relentlessly until the creature becomes bored or is scared off. Ignoring a band of phooka will often cause the creatures to drift away in search of more exciting adversaries — or the same action may incite them to increase their efforts to pester the party. A powerful group of adventurers may frighten away phooka with a show of force, and the creatures may also be bribed to get them to go away, but it is unlikely (because of the chaotic nature of the beasts) that phooka which are frightened or bribed will stay away forever afterward.

Phooka speak their own language, their alignment tongue, and the languages of satyrs and pixies. They can also communicate in the common tongue, although they seldom care to do so.

AUTHOR'S NOTE: The phooka first appeared in "The Wandering Trees" by Michael Malone, published in Dragon Magazine #57, January 1982

## **NEW MAGIC ITEM**

**Red Tam's Rebeca:** This item is older than Red Tam; it was fashioned in the Otherworld. Red Tam is far and away the most famous recent owner. The rebeca a specialized **instrument of the bards**, specifically a canaith mandolin. While it lacks the ability to confer **invisibility** or **flight**, it does permit its owner to cast either **haste** or **slow** once per day, lasting as for as many rounds as the order of the college of the player.

The item, however, is cursed. Any possessor will gradually become overly fond of wine and spirits (no save), to the point of debilitation, treated as dipsomania per the DUNGEON MASTERS GUIDE. It can be treated as any other insanity. Worse still, an evil creature, namely Brónach, lays claim to the rebeca and will follow it unerringly, eventually bending its owner under her sway. XPV: 4,000; GPV: 20,000.

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## **Red Tam's Bones**

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