



ERENOTH



A RAVAGED FARMING VILLAGE FOR USE
WITH FANTASY RPGS

BROOK

MATT CLICK



BROOK

Reclaiming the Southlands

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Special Thanks: To Mom and Dad – for showing me what home is.

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My wife and I recently took a two-week honeymoon road trip across the western United States. We left the Tacoma-area of Washington and drove into what felt like another world. We trekked south through Oregon and northern California and stood in awe beneath the majestic Redwoods and the beauty of the isolated Fern Canyon. We continued southward and spent a few days in Disneyland (which, believe it or not, really is one of the happiest places on Earth). From there we drove more than 400 miles east and stood on the precipice of the western rim of the Grand Canyon, a mile deep and leagues wide. Finally, we headed north and took in the varied landscapes of Arizona, Nevada, Utah, Montana, and Idaho.

We drove more than 3,000 miles and spent a grand total of 60 hours crammed into our Ford Focus hatchback. We crossed a dozen state lines, witnessed one-of-a-kind wonders, and ultimately had a life-altering experience neither of us will ever forget.

But nothing could beat that feeling of getting *home* – of walking through that front door, dropping our bags, and smelling the smells and hearing the sounds of our two-bedroom apartment in rainy western Washington. The Redwoods? Unbelievable. The Grand Canyon? Words do it no justice. Zion, Utah? Like an arid paradise. But they all pale in comparison to taking off our shoes and feeling *our* carpet between our toes for the first time in two weeks.

And you're thinking: "What gives, is this a supplement about Matt's road trip? Will there be an encounter in a cheap Route 66 motel?"

No, don't worry – there's a point to all of this, and I'm getting to it.

Home is a safe place, a comfortable place. It's warm and inviting and it's *yours*. Most importantly, home is always there. No matter the time or distance, home remains, right where you left it and, ideally, *exactly* as you left it.

But what if home wasn't there? What if the trees and the grass burned away and the buildings toppled and your neighbors disappeared? What if the home you returned to wasn't home at all – but a shadow of what it *had* been.

In the world of Erenoth, that's exactly what happened to the people of Brook. Struck by a surprise raid from the savage marshlands to the south, the humble farming town of Brook was wiped from the map in a matter of hours, lost to fire and steel and unfettered malice, the ground left scorched and sodden with blood.

In our last Erenoth supplement, we talked about the rustic roadhouse known as the Wayward Wanderer – a point of light in the darkness. This supplement, weary traveler, is about what happens when one of those points of light gets snuffed out.

Cheers,



Matt Click
A Fistful of Dice



ERENOTH: A PRIMER



1. **It is an ancient land.** Dynasties and empires have risen and fallen countless times in Erenoth – the land is dotted with the ruins of these old worlds. Be it the Elder Imperium of old, or the Kasrin Empire of the last age, the echoes of these powerful dominions can still be heard, millennia later.
2. **It is a land shaped by the conflicts of gods and dragons.** The prehistoric primordials, the old divine pantheon, and the cunning dragons – these immeasurably powerful beings shaped the land with their catastrophic wars in the days before mortal life took its first breath.
3. **The land is dark and dangerous, but points of light shine amidst the shadows.** Shadows grow longer and darker, but can never fully snuff out the light. As the land burns and corruption seeps from the wounds, the good people of the realm rebuild on the ashes of the old words – tenaciously, doggedly refusing to allow the darkness to take hold.
4. **Heroes are few, but pivotal.** Champions such as the griffon-riding Convokers, the infamous Bleakwalkers, and the unwavering Provokers have all made their mark on the land, and the effects of their actions are tangible. In Erenoth, one man or woman can make a difference.
5. **Magic is apparent, but scarce.** Magic is prevalent – even the common folk know of it, and rightly fear it. Trained spellcasters are few and far between, and magic is, by and large, mysterious and misunderstood. Arcane power is drawn from the chaos between planes, a volatile tempest known as the Bleak.
6. **Gods are detached, but not absent.** The gods long ago left the material plane, but their influence remains. Those blessed by the gods possess a fraction of their great power, and wield it as a divine weapon against their enemies. The gods act through these chosen champions, and through them the gods will be done, for good or ill.
7. **The world is alive – and magic flows from its breath, blood, and bone.** Much as arcanists draw power from the magical maelstrom known as the Bleak, primal energy can be drawn from the spirit of the world itself – a magical discipline known as the Way.
8. **Cultures are shaped by their environment – and vice-versa.** The elves of Shade Vale live between the ribs of the Old One; the dwarves of Stone Rift capture the lightning that pervades their canyon home. The people of Erenoth have learned to live amongst their environments, no matter how fantastical those environments might be.
9. **War is a constant, but only serves to distract mortal beings from true threats.** While mortal lords squabble, eldritch forces exert their influence over the world, and draw ever closer to awakening ancient evils that slumber beneath Erenoth.
10. **Technology and magic exist concurrently.** The dwarves of Stone Rift possess rudimentary electricity; the elves of Haldrathene manipulate liquid metal – but all technology is indiscernible from magic (or interwoven so innately with it that it is largely imperceptible to the untrained eye).



THE VILLAGE OF BROOK



THE FIELDS OF THE SOUTHLANDS

Brook is a small farming community in the Freehold of Gwyn Tirod, a collection of autonomous settlements and cities in Erenoth's Western Southlands. One of the oldest communities in the region, Brook was founded shortly after the Great Scorching by survivors of the fall of the Kasrin Empire. It is several days from the Wayward Wanderer to the east, and from the Kasrin Sea to the west.

Founded on the banks of the River Rhun, it is surrounded on all sides by rolling green fields and pastures. The town itself consists of dozens of squat wood and stone buildings, bisected by well-traveled dirt roads, and surrounded on all sides by a low wall of river rocks. Rainwater gutters line the eaves and sides of the buildings, collecting water for planters and gardens. The Temple of Gefion, the village's largest structure, rises high above the nearby buildings with its domed roof. It is devoted to its namesake, Gefion: goddess of

the harvest, and Brook's patron deity. Other notable locations include the lively Barrow Brewery and the Boulder Forge.

Brook is a rustic but comfortable place, green and lush, highly valued for the crops it exports to neighboring settlements. It is a tight-knit yet welcoming community, founded in the face of adversity, and persisting despite the odds. For centuries it has stood as a testament to the tenacity of the people of the Western Southlands – the same people who survived the Great Scorching and the fall of the Kasrin Empire, and remain in Brook to this day.

THE KASRIN CIVIL WAR AND THE GREAT SCORCHING

Long ago, in Great Kasrin, the Immortal Emperor Asmundr ruled. A vile and cruel man, Asmundr extended his life using necromantic magic and became Erenoth's first lich by sacrificing thousands of Kasrin citizens. As a result, Asmundr's brother, Aeras, rebelled

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against the Emperor, inciting the Kasrin Civil War.

The war, which pitted the ruling class of Kasrin (and their undead legions) against the lower-class citizens and slaves of the empire, raged for years. In the end, it was Asmundr who put an end to the fighting – by unleashing dragons upon Erenoth in an event known as the Great Scorching.

ILRONDIUS THE GREEN

Following this calamity, many of the citizens and slaves of the toppling Kasrin Empire fled south. Thousands of refugees found themselves displaced, with dragonfire burning at their backs and unknown wilds sprawling before them. Fighting broke out between those refugees still loyal to the Immortal Emperor Asmundr, and those who had forsaken his name and rebelled to fight alongside Aeras. While their homeland burned, the survivors of the Great Scorching spilled their countrymen's blood, and the Kasrin Civil War continued.

The legends say that Ilrondius the Green appeared to the people in their darkest hour. A towering figure, especially for a wood elf, with bronze skin and scores of perfectly symmetrical scars. Ilrondius was beautiful yet stoic in appearance – youthful yet weary. His eyes were iron gray and shifting as a storm. Hailing from the southern jungles of Keld, he carried a gnarled, forked staff and spoke of a lush land where the soil could be worked and a new life could be sown.

As the land of Erenoth burned, Ilrondius offered his hand in peace, and seven families followed. Humans, halflings, half-elves, and dwarves – laborers and slaves, simple folk with no trace of noble blood in their veins. Some were related by blood; while others were exiles related only by their common plight. They saw in

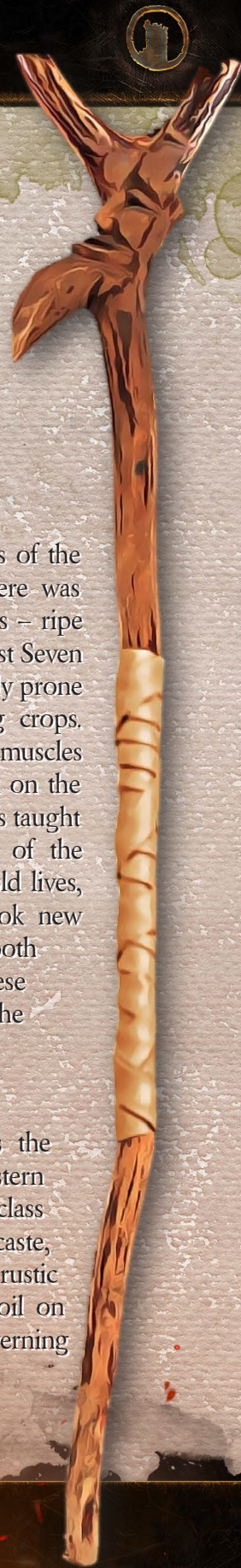
Ilrondius a chance to survive and thrive. Ilrondius led these refugees deep into the rainy, green plains of what would soon come to be known as the Freehold of Gwyn Tirod (meaning Green Beginnings in old Elvish).

THE FOUNDING OF BROOK

Ilrondius led these seven families to the southwest, where the glacial rivers of the White Craggs converged. The soil there was rich and dark and laden with minerals – ripe for agriculture. These families – the First Seven – were strong and capable, and naturally prone to working the earth and cultivating crops. With their calloused hands and sturdy muscles they built the first structures of Brook on the banks of the River Rhun, and Ilrondius taught them the ways of Gefion, goddess of the harvest. To purge any trace of their old lives, and truly start anew, the families took new names, which they etched into a smooth river boulder – the Naming Stone. These names persist to this day throughout the Freehold of Gwyn Tirod.

THE FIRST SEVEN

The families that followed Ilrondius the Green into the lush lands of the Western Southlands consisted of mostly lower-class Kasrin citizens, laborers of the artisan caste, and former slaves. They were simple, rustic folk who thrived working the rich soil on the banks of the River Rhun. The governing





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of this settlement is simple and straightforward: Each family has a head, who attends monthly moots and speaks on behalf of their family.

- **ANTHER:** The Anthers are humans, and are supposedly descended from Kasrin loyalists, a fact they keep hushed as much as possible. They are a shrewd, logical people, and oversee much of the exporting of Brook's crops and goods. They are seen as somewhat cold and calculating by many other families in Brook, but generally have the town's best interests at heart. Their penchant for numbers and coin have made them one of the wealthier families in the village.
- **BARROW:** The Barrows are stout halflings, descended from artisans of Kasrin. They are known regionally for their strong, dark ales, especially their Barrow Stout. The ale is brewed in the Barrow Brewery, using fresh grain and hops from the fields

of Brook. Aside from the Anthers, the Barrows are the most prosperous family in Brook.

- **BRAHMAN:** The Brahmans are humans and half-elves with an affinity for wildlife. Serving primarily as the herders and breeders of Brook, the Brahmans raise cattle, goats, chickens, rabbits, and even a handful of aurochs. They are also skilled hunters and pathfinders. Kev Brahman is well-known across Erenoth as an expert ranger and beastmaster, as well as a former member of the legendary group of retired adventurers, the Bleakwalkers.
- **LOAM:** The Loams are lean hill dwarves descended from former slaves of the Kasrin Empire. They are hardy folk known for their unceasing work ethic and scrappy strength. Many Loams work the Greenshade, the small forest on the southern bank of the River Rhun, supplying Brook with much-needed lumber. Turl Loam is the current head of this family.

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- **MORGAN:** The Morgans are humans and half-elves who work the land and reap the harvest of Brook. They are the most prolific and widespread family in Brook, and can be found just about everywhere in the Freehold. They are among the finest farmers in Erenoth, and are devout followers of Gefion and the teachings of Ilrondius. The Morgans persist proudly that they were the first family to join Ilrondius the Green on his exodus to the south. It's said, "If you see a man with dirt under his nails, chances are, he's a Morgan."
- **PITH:** The Piths are humans with an affinity for healing and spiritual growth. They serve as the religious heads of Brook, maintaining the Temple of Gefion and performing daily rituals to bless the soil and crops of the village. There are several devout clerics among the Piths, who provide counsel to troubled souls and healing for minor ailments.
- **TILL:** The Tills are hill dwarves, broad and strong, descended from the conscripted military slave legions of Kasrin. While their distant kin, the Loams, have a feel for wood and soil, the Tills carry their ancestor's love of iron. The Tills operate the Boulder Forge, a large blacksmith shop on the shores of the River Rhun. The building is constructed almost entirely of river rocks, and the forges burn day and night, producing horseshoes, farming implements, nails, arrowheads, lumber axes, and occasionally swords and spears for local defense.

THE NAMING STONE

The Naming Stone is a large, smooth river boulder just outside of Brook. It's where, centuries prior, the First Seven etched their new family names, ridding themselves of their ties to the Kasrin Empire and the



disastrous Kasrin Civil War. It's where a new beginning was struck, and the seeds of community were sown that would grow into the enduring pillar that is Brook.

The stone remains to this day, and it is tradition in Brook once a child comes of age to etch their name into the marbled surface of the stone. The result is a boulder covered entirely in names, past and present. Names, centuries-old, overlapped with names of recent generations. Oftentimes, when a couple is expecting a child in Brook, they journey to the Naming Stone to find a suitable name, honoring their ancestors.

THE BARROW BREWERY

The Barrow Brewery is owned and operated by the Barrow family, a proud group of halflings. The brewery is a stout stone structure on the western side of Brook, beyond the Temple of Gefion. The wooden door is emblazoned with a stalk of grain crossed over a frothy mug of ale, the coat-of-arms of the Barrow family. Using grain, sugar, barley, and hops from the rolling fields of Brook, the Barrows craft their famous Barrow Stout, a brew well-known for its dark color and strong, earthy flavor. The brewery maintains a small sampling room in the nearby stable, which serves as Brook's makeshift tavern, Barrowbar.



THE VILLAGE OF BROOK

THE BOULDER FORGE

The Tills, former slaves of the Kasrin Empire, built the Boulder Forge using river rocks, erecting the stone structure on the banks of the River Rhun. Experienced with forging and maintaining weapons, the Tills leveraged those skills in creating tools for the farming populace of Brook. Though the Boulder Forge most commonly makes tools and implements, they are more than capable of producing fine steel for battle when needed. The forge houses a small cache of weapons to be used by the militia to protect the village of Brook if needed. The first sickle crafted at the Boulder Forge, Harvester, still hangs above the doorway.

THE TEMPLE OF GEFION

The Temple of Gefion was built by Ilrondius the Green and the First Seven following the founding of Brook. It took three generations to complete, being constructed of quarried stone, and outfitted with a network of underground tunnels containing shrines and burial chambers. When the last stone of the temple was placed, the original members of the First Seven had long passed away. Ilrondius, having guided the people of Brook for several centuries, took his leave, vanishing into the north. The people adhered to their worship of Gefion and their practice of Ilrondius' teachings, and continued to do so into the new age.

The temple is the largest structure in Brook, rising high over the squat buildings around it. Its domed ceiling is lined with dozens of stone aqueducts and gutters, channeling rainwater into planters, gardens, and basins within the temple itself. A statue in Gefion's likeness, carved by the Tills and Loams, dominates the temple, with sturdy wooden pews lining the common space.

The Temple of Gefion is a sacred place to the people of Brook, representing the unrelenting spirit and determination of their forebears. The temple is maintained by the priests of Pith, and serves as town hall, hospital, and mayoral office all in one.

THE SACKING OF BROOK

In the autumn of the 2014th year following the Great Scorching, a large united force of raiders from the G'valt Wilds marched northward on a path of destruction. One of their first stops was the farming town of Brook.

The tribesmen of G'valt were typically scattered and divided, prone to infighting and petty conflicts between chieftains. Brook had easily repelled these scattered raiding parties in the past, and in fact, had neither seen



TURL LOAM

THE VILLAGE OF BROOK



nor heard of any aggression from the southern wilds in almost a century. But this was different. Rumors swirled of a man who had united the tribes, subjugating any who opposed him and conscripting them into his personal legion. Soon after, the united horde of savage men and giants struck out from their hilly marshlands.

With a fervor and ferocity not witnessed since the days of the Kasrin Civil War, the barbarian horde marched on the Western Southlands. On a chill morning yielding the first frostfall of the year, a great cry went up as black smoke plumed on the horizon. The fields of Brook were burning. The alarm was raised, but by the time the militia mustered itself, it was too late. Several hundred G'valt tribesmen crossed the River Rhun and set fire to Brook. Using flasks of devilish fire, the barbarians torched the village. The wooden houses were reduced to cinders while the stone structures smoldered. The

militia fought bravely, but fell beneath G'valt axes as grass beneath a scythe.

Turl Loam, head of the Loam family, gathered any survivors he could and fled. Of the several hundred living in Brook, barely three dozen escaped the steel and fire of G'valt. Limping their way to the Wayward Wanderer roadhouse, they hoped to find heroes – those adventurers of legend who could retake their home and reclaim their relics.

The people of Brook could not have known that the sacking of their village would be the first battle in a regional war. For as Brook burned, a figure atop a winged beast circled through the columns of smoke, observing the destruction with a face shadowed by a winged helm. This figure was a man known only as the Corrupter, and his dark will was to watch all of Erenoth burn ... beginning with Brook.



THE VILLAGE OF BROOK

DESCRIBING TRAGEDY

How do you give something like the entire village of Brook burning down emotional weight? We draw from our reaction to a real-world tragedy to show you how.

This is going to sound pretty grim, so brace yourself – we recently heard a story of someone who was beaten to death. That’s a tragic, horrific thing, and our hearts go out to that family. But something very odd happened, and we almost feel ashamed to admit it. But the more we discussed the tragedy, the more the phrase “beaten to death” became a broad, distant term that was almost a convenient stand-in for the gruesome thing that actually occurred.

It’s unfortunate, but the more we said that phrase, the more clinical and distant the event became. It removed itself from actually meaning “person-to-person blunt force trauma resulting in death,” and more a compartmentalized phrase that was much less visceral and real. So as morbid as it may sound, this experience made us realize something about the human condition that can deeply affect your game. If you’re looking for an in-game event to hold emotional weight, don’t devolve into broad terms that can whitewash the situation.

As G’valt raiders raze a village, don’t rely on blanket terms that lack specifics. Instead of saying something broad like “everything’s on fire, the entire village is burning,” say “you see the Barrow Brewery sign consumed by flames as the centuries-old icon of Brook collapses in a smoldering heap.” Instead of saying “all of the people are terrified and running away, being cut down where they stand,” go deeper. Say, “a single farmer stands as the last line of defense between his family and three G’valt raiders. He fights valiantly with a well-worn pitchfork, but is overtaken. As his family huddles closer and closes their eyes, the raiders move in.” Do you see how much more powerful that all seems? It’s because

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TERRORS!**

we’re zooming in on something important and personal that’s being affected by the tragedy, and describing it just enough.

One word of warning, though: this doesn’t mean you have to be overly sadistic or graphic. As with most things, it’s about striking a balance. Don’t describe morbid tragedies and overt violence in great detail. Often, when understated, a description is more powerful than when describing too much (as we were trying to illustrate with the farmer guarding his family above). Allow breathing room for the imagination to fill in the rest. This tip is about choosing what to focus on, and not getting lax as we make life-altering events occur in our games. So remember, Game Masters: If you choose to do something as dire as burn down an entire village – don’t do the victims the terrible disservice of using broad, sterile descriptions.



EZOG OGREKIN

HEROES AND VILLAINS



TURL LOAM

Turl is a humble hill dwarf farmer of Brook, a young adult by dwarven standards. He is short and lean for a dwarf – his strength is practical, built through farm labor rather than combat. He wears simple, rustic clothes: a green tunic and brown pants, with a wide leather girdle. He has broad facial features and a pleasant face, with hair and beard made light by the sun. He carries a well-worn handaxe.

Turl is a respected leader in his community, and was instrumental in the evacuation of Brook. Many innocent people are alive due to his selfless actions, which included holding off two G'valt raiders single-handedly (earning himself several scars) and leading the survivors of Brook to the safety of the Wayward Wanderer roadhouse. Turl is calm and methodical by nature, tackling problems like one would tackle an unsown field – row by row, seed by seed. He was raised by his uncle, Brill, who served as the caretaker of the Temple of Gefion up until his death when Turl was still a boy.

TURL LOAM

Medium Humanoid (Hill Dwarf), Neutral Good

Challenge 1/8
(25 xp)

Armor Class: 12

Hit Points: 12
(2d8+4)

Speed: 25 ft.

ABILITY SCORES

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
15 (+2)	14 (+2)	14 (+2)	10 (+0)	12 (+1)	13 (+1)

STATISTICS

Skills: Perception +3, Stealth +4, Survival +3

Senses: Passive Perception 13

Languages: Common, Dwarvish

FEATURES & ABILITIES

Lay of the Land. While traveling through farmlands or wooded areas, Turl has advantage on all Wisdom (Perception) and Wisdom (Survival) checks.

ACTIONS

Handaxe. Melee Weapon Attack: +4 to hit, reach 5 ft. or thrown range 20/60 ft., one target. Hit: 5 (1d6+2) slashing damage.



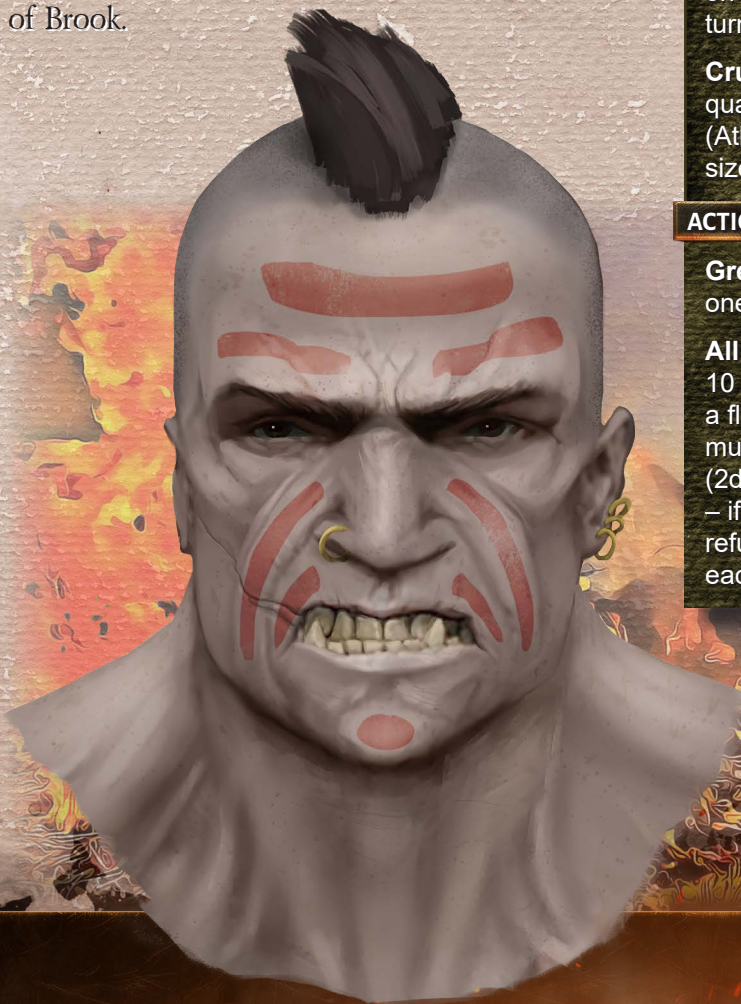


HEROES AND VILLAINS

EZOG OGREKIN

Ezog is a proud savage of the G'valt Wilds. His ancestors, survivors of the fallen Kasrin Empire, interbred with the ogres and giants of the untamed hills and marshlands. Giant blood runs thick in Ezog's veins. He is a monster of a man, standing close to seven feet tall, with brutish, bestial features. A thick brow ridge shadows his beady eyes, and a severe underbite displays crooked, yellowed teeth.

Ezog is a man of aggressive action – he takes delight in combat, and is notorious among his tribesmen for burning his enemies alive, if he hasn't already gutted them with his massive greatsword. He and his raiders (and his most loyal companion – a G'valt hound called Imp) have taken up residence in the smoldering ruins of Brook.



EZOG OGREKIN

Medium Humanoid (Human), Neutral Evil

Challenge 2
(450 xp)

Armor Class: 13
(hide armor)

Hit Points: 67
(9d8+27)

Speed: 30 ft.

ABILITY SCORES

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
18 (+4)	13 (+1)	17 (+3)	8 (-1)	10 (+0)	9 (-1)

STATISTICS

Saving Throws: Strength +6, Constitution +5

Skills: Intimidation +1, Perception +2

Senses: Passive Perception 12

Languages: Common, Giant

FEATURES & ABILITIES

Reckless Rage. At the start of his turn, Ezog may tap into the unbridled strength of his giant's blood to gain advantage on all attack rolls during that turn. Until the start of his next turn, all attack rolls against him also have advantage.

Crushing Grip. Ezog is a skilled wrestler and close-quarters combatant. He has advantage on all Strength (Athletics) checks made to grapple a creature of medium size or smaller.

ACTIONS

Greatsword. Melee Weapon Attack: +6 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 10 (2d6+4) slashing damage.

All Shall Burn. At the start of his turn, if Ezog has fewer than 10 hit points, he uses his action to immolate himself with a flask of alchemist's fire. Each creature adjacent to Ezog must succeed on a DC 11 Dexterity saving throw or take 6 (2d6) fire damage. Ezog automatically fails the saving throw – if this damage does not kill Ezog, he continues fighting, refusing to yield. He takes 2 (1d4) fire damage at the start of each of his turns as he continues burning.

HEROES AND VILLAINS



G'VALT HOUND

The savage hounds of G'valt are a strange mixture of reptile and mammal. They are native to the swamps of G'valt, and are bred and trained by the tribes to use as trackers, pack animals, and companions. Their long, whiplike tails end in a scorpion-esque stinger, which can be hurled like a spear or used up close, earning them the nickname “venom jackals.” They are cunning, aggressive hunters, greatly feared for their habit of stinging and paralyzing their prey before dragging them back to the pack to be consumed alive.



G'VALT HOUND

Medium Beast, Unaligned

Challenge 1
(25 xp)

Armor Class: 13
(natural armor)

Hit Points: 42
(7d8+14)

Speed: 35 ft.

ABILITY SCORES

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
14 (+2)	15 (+2)	15 (+2)	3 (-4)	12 (+1)	6 (-2)

STATISTICS

Skills: Perception +3, Stealth +4

Senses: Passive Perception 13

Languages: –

FEATURES & ABILITIES

Natural Tracker. The G'valt Hound has advantage on Wisdom (Perception) checks that rely on smell.

Acidic Blood. If a creature damages the G'valt Hound while standing within 5 feet of it, that creature must succeed on a DC 12 Dexterity saving throw or take 2 (1d4) acid damage from the G'valt Hound's caustic blood.

ACTIONS

Multiattack. The G'valt hound attacks twice – once with its bite, and once with its barbed tail.

Bite. Melee Weapon Attack: +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 5 (1d6+2) piercing damage.

Barbed Tail. Melee or Ranged Weapon Attack: +4 to hit, reach 5 ft. or thrown range 20/60 ft., one target. Hit: 4 (1d4+2) piercing damage plus 2 (1d4) poison damage. The targeted creature must make a DC 12 Constitution saving throw. On a failure, the creature is poisoned and has its speed reduced by 10 feet (to a minimum of 5 feet) for 1 hour.



HEROES AND VILLAINS

G'VALT SAVAGE

The giant-blooded humans of G'valt are descended from the survivors of the fall of the Kasrin Empire. They are larger and more brutish looking than normal humans, with stony flesh marred with tattoos and brands. They have heavy brow ridges, sloping foreheads, and beady eyes, with large ears and pronounced jaws. Their natural strength and endurance make them adept fighters, greatly feared by the people of Gwyn Tirod.

G'VALT SAVAGE

Medium Humanoid (Human), Chaotic Neutral

Challenge 1/2
(100 xp)

Armor Class: 14
(leather armor, shield)

Hit Points: 14
(2d8+6)

Speed: 30 ft.

ABILITY SCORES

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
15 (+2)	13 (+1)	16 (+3)	9 (-1)	10 (+0)	10 (+0)

STATISTICS

Senses: Passive Perception 12

Languages: Common, Giant

FEATURES & ABILITIES

Reckless Rage. At the start of its turn, the Savage may gain advantage on all attack rolls during that turn. Until the start of its next turn, all attack rolls against it also have advantage.

ACTIONS

Battleaxe. Melee Weapon Attack: +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 6 (1d8+2) slashing damage.

Shield Bash. Melee Weapon Attack: +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 2 (1d4+2) bludgeoning damage, and the target is pushed 5 feet.

Javelin. Melee or Ranged Weapon Attack: +4 to hit, reach 5 ft. or thrown range 30/120 ft., one target. Hit: 5 (1d6+2) piercing damage.



RETAKING BROOK



The survivors of Brook flee to the east, to the Wayward Wanderer, a rustic roadhouse built in the crumbling remains of the tower of Southwatch. They are battered and bleeding, their spirits broken. The exhausted, injured hill dwarf leading these refugees is Turl Loam, clutching a handaxe in his good arm, with his other wrapped in a sling. He hopes to find heroes who might help – individuals of great strength and courage to march through barren fields and scorched pastures into the heart of desolated Brook.

Any heroes who take up arms to seek vengeance for Brook certainly have their work cut out for them. A G'valt auxiliary force, consisting of the brutish Ezog OGREKIN and his followers, has fortified the ruins of Brook. They patrol and cover the southern flank of the larger horde as it continues north. The adventurers face off against savage raiders, poisonous swamp hounds, and even Ezog himself in the scorched remains of Brook.

MORE THAN JUST A BOX OF DIRT

The Relic of Gefion is vital, Turl explains. It is the heart and spirit of Brook – an object touched by Gefion, the goddess of agriculture, and blessed by her divine power. The relic is a gift from Ilronnius the Green, wood elf of Keld, and founder of Brook. To the refugees it represents an opportunity to begin anew – to once again sow seeds and cultivate a community.

In a bid to flee with their lives, the people of Brook were forced to leave this relic behind as they escaped. The relic appears to be a simple wooden box filled with dirt, sealed within the Temple of Gefion in the center of town. With any luck, the G'valt raiders have yet to uncover it, but the adventurers must act quickly before they do.



POISON MOST FOUL

Bree Morgan, a teenage girl, was attacked by G'valt hounds in her flight from burning Brook. Though she escaped, the poison of the hounds' barbed tails has done its deadly work, and she has nearly succumbed to it. When she arrives at the Wayward Wanderer on a makeshift stretcher of branches, pale-faced and unconscious, Turl fears the worst. But there might be hope yet.

If an adventurer could secure a sample of the poison in the barbs of the G'valt hound, an antidote could be concocted, and Bree could be saved. Time, however, is dwindling...

PRICELESS PINTS

Mila Barrow, matriarch of the Barrow brewmasters, fears for the legacy of her family. While the Barrow Brewery was a stone structure and may have survived the flames, its stock of Barrow Stout will surely not survive the thirst of the savage men of G'valt.



RETAKING BROOK



Barrow Stout is served in every tavern in the Western Southlands – from the Wayward Wanderer, to the Curtain in Stone Rift, to the Sunken Dock in Fulgrim. To lose their entire stock would be disastrous to the Barrow family, and to Brook at large. If the adventurers could secure a barrel or two from the brewery (which is crawling with drunken raiders), Mila would be eternally grateful – and would ensure the adventurers drink free for some time.

BARBARIANS IN THE TEMPLE

The Temple of Gefion has been fortified and converted into a lair for Ezog Ogrekin and his savage raiders. Desecrated, the temple's luster has been dampened by

blood and soot. Ezog and his favored hound, Imp, have taken the stone structure as their own, ransacking the holy place and defacing the stone statue of Gefion. From this base of operations, Ezog dispatches packs of raiders and hounds who search the ruins for valuables and patrol the outskirts of the ruined town for survivors.

Ezog is not, however, expecting retaliation. A group of adventurers exacting vengeance for Brook would be a surprise indeed. However, Ezog will hold Brook at all costs. He must cover the southern flank of the greater horde, which marches unceasingly northward, guided by a dark entity of sinister intent. If adventurers move swiftly, they could certainly catch Ezog off guard.

BROOK: ALIVE AND WELL



BROOK: AFTER THE FALL





DESECRATED TEMPLE OF GEFION



RETAKING BROOK

BROOK: TWO WAYS

My favorite part about Brook is that, in a way, you have two towns in one supplement: Brook before, and Brook after. Both the prosperous village and the decimated ruins are ready to be placed onto the map of your own world, paving the way for all kinds of future adventures.

Here's how I would put either of these versions of Brook into my own game world...

BROOK: ALIVE AND WELL

I would have the entire campaign take place in this village. Oftentimes, villages only serve as home bases for the adventurers as they frequent out to the borderlands to fight and adventure. But what if there was more to be done on the homefront? What if there's an election taking place for head of the Anther family, yet one of the candidates seems a little suspicious? What if the famous Harvester has been taken from its perch at the Boulder Forge? What if one of these pesky child ruffians did it? What if there are rumors of a stirring in the south – tribes of raiders, mobilizing for an assault? What if Turl Loam has been seen weeping in the gardens of Gefion? I wonder what's bothering him...

Demonstrate that a village is no mere boring trope in your game, by having the players spend nearly all of their time solving the fun, interesting (and sometimes dangerous) problems there.

BROOK: AFTER THE FALL

Too often, the ruins I see in roleplaying games are abandoned. But not here, my friends. Perhaps a tribe of bullywugs from downstream has settled the ruins, taking shelter from the forest's predators. They regularly hold tribe meetings in the devastated temple. Maybe a band of adventurers has taken root in the ruins, turning a profit by robbing some of the more naive travelers along the River Rhun. Perhaps there is a single citizen

of Brook that still makes her way there, tilling whatever land she can and hunting the wild animals that frequent the place. Perhaps she can't stand the thought of leaving home behind.

Show the players that ruins in a roleplaying game don't have to be static. They can be exciting, fun, and can contain enemies as well as allies.

So which will you choose? The village, with its economy thriving and its tavern doors welcoming? Or the ruins, a shadow of the village's former livelihood, riddled with charred scaffolding and death?

The choice is yours, mighty adventurer...



G'VALT HOUND

MAGIC ITEMS



RELIC OF GEFION

Wondrous item, uncommon

This small, unassuming oaken box is clasped with untreated iron and sealed with hardened tree sap. A sickle, the symbol of the harvest goddess Gefion, is carved deep into the lid. Inside is a good handful of moist, rich earth. The soil is pungent, deep amber in color, and mottled with flecks of minerals and plant material. Several fat earthworms writhe through the dirt.

When used to plant seeds of any kind, the resulting plant will flourish no matter the season or environment – be it snowy mountaintop or arid dunes. In addition, the plant will grow twice as fast and twice as large as it normally would, yielding double the crop in half the time. The soil can be retrieved after the plant is harvested and returned to the box to be used again.

Some examples of maturation time and harvest yield using soil from the Relic of Gefion:

- Carrots: 25 days; 1 week of rations
- Keld Fire Peppers: 30 days; 1 week of rations
- Potatoes: 35 days; 3 weeks of rations
- Squash: 30 days; 2 weeks of rations
- Tomatoes: 35 days; 2 weeks of rations

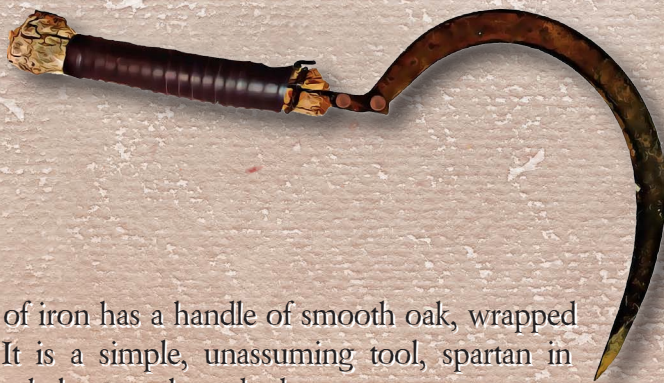


HARVESTER

Sickle, very rare

Crafted by the Tills of Boulder Forge, this hooked blade of iron has a handle of smooth oak, wrapped with well-worn leather and studded with brass rivets. It is a simple, unassuming tool, spartan in appearance – but any who wield it cannot deny its perfect balance or honed edge.

Harvester is a +1 magical weapon. On a successful hit, the wielder may attempt to trip the target with the sickle's hooked blade, making a Strength (Athletics) contested by Strength (Athletics) or Dexterity (Acrobatics). If tripped, the target is knocked prone.



ILRONDIUS' DOWSING ROD

Staff, rare (requires attunement)

This well-worn willow branch has a forked top and a simple handwrap of roughspun cloth. It is a sturdy walking stick, but to the attuned wielder, the staff of Ilrondius the Green also grants the following benefits:

- The attuned wielder can cast dowsing and green thumb at-will. The spellcasting ability for these spells is Wisdom.
- As an action, the attuned wielder can hurl thorns from the fork of the staff like an atlatl. Make a ranged weapon attack against a single target within 30 feet (or up to 90 feet with disadvantage) – on a hit, the thorns deal 1d6 plus the attuned wielder's Dexterity modifier of piercing damage.

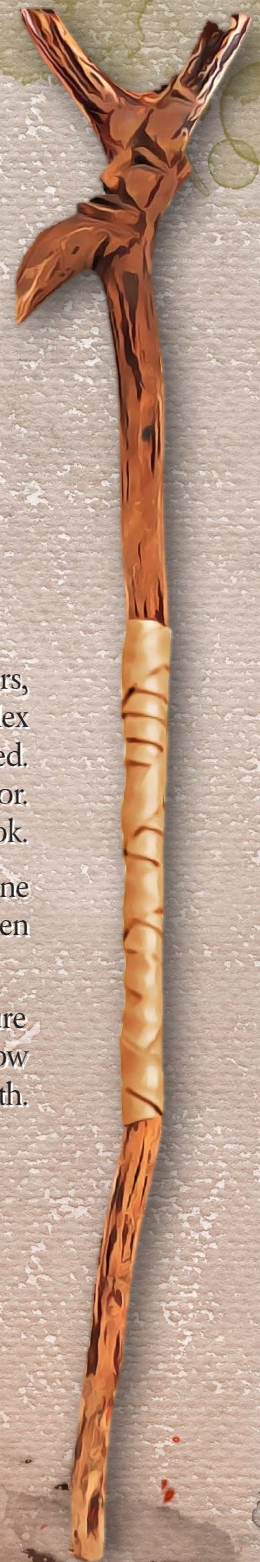
FURROW MUSHROOMS

Consumable, uncommon

Water is never wasted in Brook. Gutters line the buildings, directing rainwater into gardens, planters, and washing basins. The Temple of Gefion, located in the center of town, is lined with a complex system of gutters and aqueducts, designed by Ilrondius himself shortly after Brook was founded. Mushrooms often grow in these rain gutters, and are prized for their hearty texture and earthy flavor. These large, brown toadstools, called furrow mushrooms by the locals, are a dietary staple in Brook.

Furrow mushrooms are incredibly meaty and filling, serving as a full day's rations for anyone who eats one. In addition, they remove 1d4 points of exhaustion and restore 1d6 hit points when consumed.

Strangely, furrow mushrooms are incredibly poisonous to goblinoids. Any goblin-blooded creature who consumes a portion of furrow mushrooms must succeed on a DC 15 Constitution saving throw or be poisoned and sickened for 1d4 days. Critically failing this saving throw results in instant death.



SPELLS



DOWSE

Divination cantrip (druid, ranger, cleric)

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: Self

Components: V, S

Duration: Concentration, up to 10 minutes

For the duration, you can divine the direction of water within 1 mile of you. If you sense water in this way, you can use your action to ascertain its abundance (e.g., you can tell the difference between a puddle, a stream, and a lake) and whether it is freshwater or saltwater.

GREEN THUMB

Conjuration cantrip (druid, ranger, cleric)

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 30 feet

Components: V, S

Duration: Concentration, up to 1 minute

You create an area of thick vegetation (roots, vines, brambles) on a patch of ground that you can see within range. Until the spell ends, the vegetation fills a 5-foot cube and counts as difficult terrain. In addition, you can use your action to harvest the edible vegetation to create the equivalent of one day's worth of rations (this ends the spell's effect).

The spell's affected area increases by 5 feet when you reach level 5 (10-foot cube), level 11 (15-foot cube), and level 17 (20-foot cube).

FLURRY OF THORNS

1st-level conjuration (druid, ranger, cleric)

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 60 feet

Components: V, S, M (a handful of rich soil)

Duration: Instantaneous

You gesture towards a patch of ground that you can see within range and razor-sharp thorns erupt upwards in a 5-foot-radius, 20-foot-high cylinder. Each creature in the area must make a Dexterity saving throw. A creature takes 3d4 piercing damage on a failed save, and half as much damage on a successful one.

If the affected area contains thick vegetation (such as in a forest or jungle, or an area similar to that created by the green thumb spell), the damage increases to 4d4 piercing damage.

REAP

2nd-level conjuration (druid, ranger, cleric)

Casting Time: 1 action

Range: 60 feet

Components: V, S, M (a lump of iron and a stalk of wheat)

Duration: Instantaneous

You gesture and a spectral scythe lashes out towards a creature within range. Make a ranged spell attack against the target. On a hit, it takes 2d8 slashing damage and is knocked prone.

At Higher Levels. When you cast this spell using a spell slot of 2nd level or higher, the damage increases by 1d8 for each slot level above 2nd.





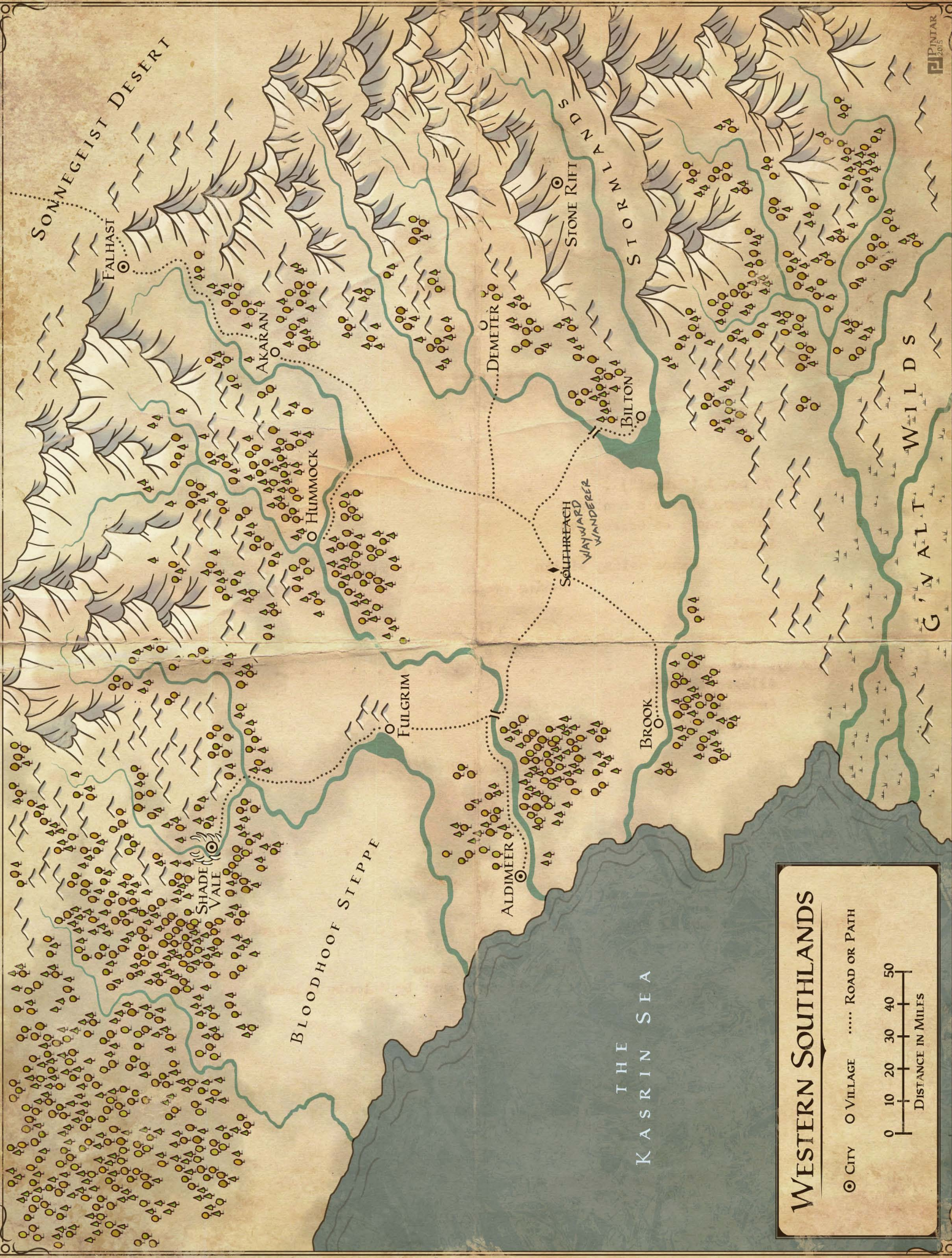
ITEMS IN THE RUINS OF BROOK

There are treasures and memories amid the smoldering ruins of Brook – use the chart below to create unique items for the village’s reclaimers to retrieve. Perhaps some of these items hold significance for the survivors of the desolation, or give clues to life here in Brook. Roll a d20 three times on the chart to see what lies within the ruins.

D20	DESCRIPTOR	ITEM	LOCATION
1	Heirloomed	Shortsword	Buried in the rubble
2	Rusted	Mirror	Under a bed
3	Broken	Wedding Band	In a chest of drawers
4	Grimy	Necklace	Inside a barrel
5	Charred	Toy Soldier	Clasped in a corpse’s hand
6	Pristine	Garden Spade	In a streambed
7	Bloodstained	Elven Statuette	Atop a spilled bag of seeds
8	Tarnished	Dwarven Flask	In a puddle of Barrow Stout
9	Well-worn	Halfling Pipe	Among scorched grass
10	Aged	Staff	Inside a toppled cart
11	Well-made	Flute	Buried in bloody mud
12	Engraved	Helmet	Under a bag of tools
13	Chipped	Shield	Under the floorboards
14	Smoldering	Tome	Among rotten vegetables
15	Shiny	Whetstone	Inside a burlap sack
16	Flawless	Locket	Under the corpse of a G’valt raider
17	One-of-a-kind	Shears	Next to a bloody shovel
18	Sigiled	Barrowbar Tankard	Beneath your foot
19	Gilded	Music Box	In a burned-out cellar
20	Fancy	Signet Ring	In the stomach of a dead G’valt hound



“BROOK”
BY JON PINTAR



WESTERN SOUTHLANDS

○ CITY ○ VILLAGE ROAD OR PATH

0 10 20 30 40 50
 DISTANCE IN MILES

BROOK

RECLAIMING THE SOUTHLANDS

By Matt Click



ERENOTH: an ancient and enigmatic land, riddled with long-buried secrets and plagued by undying darkness, forged in dragonfire and quenched in the blood of the gods.

Fire burns on the horizon. Erenoth is plunged into war as savage ogre-men of the G'valt Wilds march on the Western Southlands. Brook, a small farming village, becomes the first casualty. The battered survivors of this once lush, prosperous place look to the heroes of Erenoth – individuals of great strength and courage – to march through barren fields and scorched pastures into the heart of desolated Brook.

BROOK is a roleplaying game supplement featuring lore, adventure hooks, magic items, spells, and non-player characters for use at your game table. This supplement is suitable for use with your favorite fantasy roleplaying game and campaign setting.

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