

We'll Sleep Here Tonight: **Places to Rest a Weary Head**

by Alex Clippinger



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Introduction

The Purpose of the Supplement

We'll Sleep Here Tonight is a short supplement designed to add a dash of flavor to the question "Where do we make camp?" As a dungeon master, it's easy for long stretches of in-game travel to turn into a monotony of 'you wake up, you travel, you make camp, you sleep.' Rather than treating the places your players make camp generic and boring, consider the following tables to add a dash of mystery, fantasy, and wonder to the world they occupy.

Happy rolling.



I. Plains and Grassland



d8	Description
1	An old stone tower stands in the middle of a field, too small to have been a self-sustained keep. A few half-buried stones around it suggest there may have been other structures around the tower a long time ago. The tower's first and second floors are dry and sheltered, but the top parapet is crumbled in and isn't useful or safe as a lookout point.
2	A campsite of four large tents are pitched around a fire pit. The tents and the bedrolls inside them are in pristine condition, as if they had never been used before. They are devoid of any personal effects or supplies, save for a small journal. The journal's first page is marked with a date more than eight years ago; the rest of the pages are blank. If the tents or bedrolls are carried away from the site, when they are next unpacked they show discoloration, wear, and other signs of aging that were not present before.
3	A massive stone circle has a double-arch of steel, with a broad metal disc suspended between them. The disc is eight feet in diameter and the apex of the archways is over thirty feet high. The stone circle is inscribed with star constellation patterns and worn-down runes. The steel disc slides back and forth between the archways and the entire stone circle rotates imperceptibly slowly with the seasons, always ensuring that the disc provides shade from the sun directly at the stone circle's center. At night, the steel ring slowly slides back to its start point, preparing for the sun to rise again at dawn.
4	What first appears to be a cavern entrance in a hillside turns out to be a massive (but empty) metal gauntlet, thrust into the earth. The area of the palm is large enough to comfortably build a fire to huddle around and the hollow space at each of the fingers is large enough for a person to lie down in with all their belongings.
5	The ground is barren in a sweeping line. After a moment's observation, you realize that there are several such lines, all spiraling outward in a regular pattern from a central point, which has the appearance of a fire pit some six feet in diameter. If there is inclement weather, you notice after a while that the area around the pit and over the lines do not experience any rain or snowfall.
6	A creaking noise draws your attention to a small cabin with a stone well beside it. The cabin is sturdy and furnished with a single large bed, a long bench, a table, and a few chairs. It's devoid of contents other than a few tiny jars of dried spices and some old tools. A signpost is stuck in the ground outside the front door; the chains attached to the sign are badly rusted and squeal when the sign moves. The sign simply reads "Terkel's Spring Getaway."
7	Thick plumes of smoke rise in the distance. Investigation reveals a massive fire which builds, rather than destroys, a cluster of cabins as it burns. As the final pieces of the roof are uncharred by the flames, the fire vanishes.
8	It looks like a herd of wild horses, and that's almost correct; it's an entire herd of horse statues, dozens upon dozens of them. They're free-standing with no bases, and the vast majority are still upright. There are no markings or other evidence of who crafted them, and it's possible some dreadful force petrified all of these creatures simultaneously a long time ago. Their stone bodies surround a clearing with an old, lonely tree.



II. Forest and Jungle

d8	Description
1	The shell of an immense, long-dead turtle lies half-buried in the undergrowth, creeping vines webbed across the broad top. The gap at the front of the shell is big enough to crawl through, and inside is a space large enough for four or five people to lie down in.
2	A low wooden clattering draws you to a run-down hut. The thatched roof looks to be in disrepair, and the interior is populated with a few pieces of old furniture that's half-rotted from exposure to rain-damp and the general humidity. A barely-legible sign above the moldy cot reads 'Terkel's Summer Palace. The sign is askew, and clatters loudly as air blows in from a hole in the roof.
3	At first it looks like a half-buried wagon, but as you get closer you see it's actually one that's been intentionally broken down. The (former) wagon has been turned onto its side, the side against the ground pried apart and used to create a better shelter-top. Some barrels and crates are still intact, creating a small, ineffectual little barrier around the shelter. Sitting on top of a barrel, protected from the elements in a leather case, is a cargo listing. Several generic goods are listed, but near the bottom the word "spare axle" has been circled numerous times and underlined twice. The manifest is torn in half.
4	The hut's structure is in good shape, though the door is splintered. Closer examination indicates the door had been barred from the outside, and that something inside smashed through it. Despite this alarming sign, there are no tracks, recent signs of life, or anything amiss inside the building. A few small animals have made nests in the bed and in the small chest of drawers full of clothes and blankets, but there are no personal effects in the hut or other signs of life.
5	A big dome of sticks and leafy growth rises from the ground, with a broad opening at one end. It's the perfect shelter for ten people or more, but there's no indication whose magic shaped the plants into their current form.
6	A pillar of stone is shaped into a huge bird, presumably an eagle. The eagle's stone wings are swept forward, creating a sheltered covering with a small hole at the top for a chimney. The area below the wings is a stone platform with a charred, sunken area in the middle for a fire pit. The squat, stone carving of a man is crouched against the base of the eagle pillar, giving anyone taking shelter under the wings a broad smile and a mysterious wink.
7	A set of four stone pillars rise up from the earth, each depicting a squat humanoid figure whose features have eroded away with the passage of time. At first it looks like there's a magical, invisible barrier keeping leaves and other debris suspended in the air, but as you look more closely you realize that the four pillars are holding up a massive pane of clear crystal. Despite its incredible thickness, its transparency is so pristine it's difficult to see where the edge ends and open air begins. There's no apparent explanation as to why the crystal isn't broken, or even damaged, with the passage of time.
8	A wooden tower is nestled against a tree, standing some thirty feet high. The ladder to its trapdoor, stabilized against the tree, looks like it's been sheltered from the elements. A few birds flap angrily out of the tower when you open the trap door, but apart from dirt and dried bird droppings, the shelter looks dry and comfortable, with high walls and a narrow window at eye level for a human of average height. A single, threadbare cot is pressed up against one corner, most of the mattress-stuffing pulled out by birds for nesting material.

III. Swamp

d8	Description
1	The castle is intact, but unoccupied. There are decorations set up in the courtyard, including a collapsed wooden stage, as well as chairs and banners. In the tallest tower is a lavishly furnished bedroom, marred by the presence of two skeletons dressed in guardsmen's clothes. In the area surrounding the castle, there is evidence of three other castles that have sunk into the swamp.
2	It looks like a sinkhole until it is more closely examined. The hole actually opens up into a short segment of mine tunnel, both ends sealed by collapsed, eroding earth. The surfaces of the interior are damp, the ground and most of the walls covered in a soft, springy moss.
3	The troll's skeleton acts as a warning against the small patch of quicksand it's stuck in. The troll's long arms dug furrows in the soft ground, but clearly the creature was never able to escape to the shelter of the small rocky shelf nearby. Inside the shelf's small cavern are piles of smelly furs, which are a foul but welcome barrier against the wind.
4	You encounter a small cabin, the interior of which is pristine and shows no signs of age or wear. The only personal effect in the building is a wooden sign above the bed that reads 'Terkel's Magical Getaway.' If someone sleeps here, the cabin vanishes mysteriously sometime around dawn.
5	A tall, stone keep stands in the middle of the bog. It's in pristine condition. A small placard next to the unlocked door proudly declares the keep was finished and dedicated on yesterday's date. It's stocked with a few days' rations and furniture that's clearly never been used.
6	A massive, fallen tree has been converted into a hut with a thin wooden door. The interior of the building is comfortable enough, but smells like rancid swamp-gas. A fleshless ogre skeleton holds the crushed skull of some quadruped in one hand, perhaps a pony.
7	A half-ruined tower appears hazily through the mist, the interior furnished with pale lace curtains and beds with white linen sheets that smell of flower petals and perfume. At night a hazy, illusory image of a golden chalice is said to float above the top of the tower.
8	The state of a frog is as big as a hill, but its broad, open mouth is the perfect place to take shelter. It's strange, but the insects that buzz all over the rest of the swamp won't get anywhere close to the big frog's stone mouth.

IV. Underground and Cavern



d8	Description
1	A side passage is angled slightly downward and ends abruptly after thirty feet. It is a perfect cylinder, and the walls are flawlessly smooth. No physical or magical examination can explain how such a feat was accomplished.
2	A slowly bubbling pool smells foully of sulfur, but the stone around it is comfortably warm to the touch. Despite the smell, a little preparation should make the water potable enough.
3	A number of stalagmites and floor-to-ceiling columns have strange, pale shapes strung between them. Upon closer inspection, the long shapes are actually hammocks made of a non-sticking spider silk, thick and capable of supporting even a fully armored warrior. Who original made camp here is a mystery.
4	A dozen deep, person-sized hollows are carved out of the side of this chamber. It's probably best not to think about whether these were once made as beds...or catacombs.
5	This moderately sized chamber has a depression in the center that's perfectly sized for a fire pit, and a crack in the ceiling that draws in the smoke from an open flame. The walls are etched with hundreds of bits of graffiti, including "The Bluebrick Boys were here" and "Terkel's Happening Underground Spot."
6	A small copper door leads into a copper room with copper ceilings and copper floors. Rigid copper sheets rest atop the copper beds with copper pillows. Copper flames are suspended mid-flicker atop copper logs in a copper fireplace. Attempts to break off any piece of copper is unsuccessful, and copper objects, like the copper apples on the copper table, crumble to dust when taken from the room.
7	The cavern appears to be bisected by a thin, crystalline sheet that blocks off half the space. If the sheet is touched with more than the slightest force, however, it crumbles into dust, revealing that it was just a crystal mirror the whole time. It's unclear why it doesn't reflect creatures.
8	The cavern is comfortable enough, with a small spring of pure water to drink. The only downside is the <i>magic mouth</i> that appears beside its occupants every hour to whisper the current time to them in Undercommon.



V. Desert



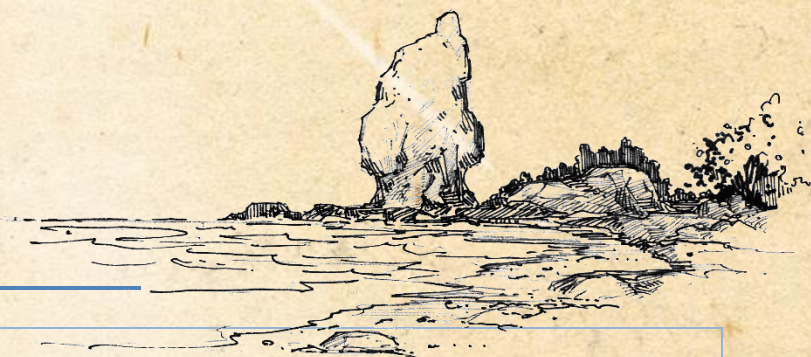
d8	Description
1	A huge statue of a dragon's head and neck rises up from the sands, its imposing maw open as the remarkably detailed and larger-than-life visage glares down at the ground below it. During the day, the stone of the statue gleams marble-white, and a blast of frigid air gusts constantly from its jaws. As the sun sets and the temperature plummets, the stone seems to flush into a reddish hue, and the air from the mouth warms the area in front of it instead.
2	The wind blows a haze of sand across an area between two dunes, revealing an area untouched by the grit. For no apparent reason, an invisible cube-shaped portion of the desert, some fifteen feet on each edge, is impenetrable by the blowing sand. The inside of this area is much cooler and more comfortable than the environment around it. If a fire is lit inside the cube, the rising smoke seems to be momentarily hindered by an invisible ceiling before filtering through it, up, and away.
3	Ragged, ruined tents and broken poles are half-buried in the dunes, a long-abandoned campsite. A small outcropping of sandstone nearby has a stone doorway; inside is a single large room, bare apart from several rows of stone benches.
4	A large canvas awning covers the area around a broad stone well. It's a respite from the heat and sun, but during the day the well appears empty. As the sun sets, though, the well fills with water. If the moon is full, the waters rise so high they are almost overflowing.
5	A gleaming steel statue of a four-armed giant stands on a stone base. The base reads "BOW AND BE QUENCHED, PRAISE AND HAVE RESPITE." Bowing before the statue causes the lower set of hands to reach out in offering, creating a magical flow of water. Raising hands to the sky causes the upper hands to raise skyward, creating shade from the sun.
6	A small desert farm of stone white buildings stands among the dunes. The blurred waves of heat that radiate up from the sands conceal the buildings at first, causing them to appear one at a time as people approach.
7	A small waterfall spills into a pool of water, a lush oasis growing up several hundred feet around them. This wouldn't be such an unusual sight if the waterfall wasn't falling out of thin air.
8	A sandstone plateau is completely hollow, filled with broad caverns that have been hollowed out the occasional gritty blast of wind from outside. Secluded corners hold tepid pools of water. The water is dirty with grit, but is otherwise potable.

VI. Mountainous and Rocky

d8	Description
1	The nest is over fifteen feet in diameter, covered by a stony shelf that juts out above it. The thick weave of sticks and branches is no soft bed, but it's a better padding than the stone beneath it.
2	A cabin stands over empty space, attached to the stone by a twenty-foot single piece of wood that is carved into a bridge with handrails. Despite the physical impossibility of the cabin's position, it is comfortable and well-furnished, and does not sway an inch no matter the weather conditions. A small sign in the living room reads "Terkel's Balancin' Bungalow."
3	The narrow gap is almost invisible, but after squeezing through it there is a wide, bowl-shaped depression. It's open to the weather above, but it's unlikely to be disturbed.
4	There's no feasible reason why a large sailing vessel would be in the middle of a mountainous region, but here it is. The sails are ruined and the deck is weather-worn, but the interior cabins of the ship are sheltered.
5	Ruined remnants of old baskets suggest the stone table atop this level, rectangular platform used to be an oft-visited shrine. Time has worn away any writing or other symbols that might have indicated what spirit or deity was honored here.
6	A huge statue of a crying woman stands over a stony plateau, tears of pure white quartz suspended at the corners of her eyes and mid-drip from the hands brought up to her face. On the ground below, the quartz teardrops form flat, oval puddles perfectly sized as beds.
7	Fire gutted this mountaintop temple complex long ago, but enough of the structure is sheltered from the elements to make a good place to camp. No stores remain in the temple apart from burned weapons and several carefully preserved blue flowers with unclear properties.
8	A massive, scowling stone head with a beard and sideburns is nestled among the stony shelves. The head is hollow; creatures who climb into the stony mouth discover a cavern inside. A strange instrument panel stands near one end, with no obvious function. A near-ancient pair of red leather boots and bandoliers is piled in one corner.



VII. Coastal



d8	Description
1	A squeaking noise draws attention to a cabin, where a sign creaks on its half-rusted chain. The sign reads "Terkel's Seaside Shanty." The interior is dry and comfortable, with sparse furnishings but no personal effects.
2	Though it looks like a strange hollow in the rock, it's only after entering the big, moss-covered shape that it becomes apparent that this is the hollowed-out shell of a gargantuan crab.
3	A bit of water splashes up against an invisible wall, revealing it like painted emptiness. The revealed portion spreads until a dry, waterproof dome of dazzling turquoise appears. A little crawlway allows access into the structure. It begins to slowly crumble away with the new dawn, never to appear in the same space ever again.
4	This area of coast appears completely normal, but after the sun goes down the marine life in the water begins to glow a soft blue, floating above the surface and swimming through the open air.
5	The stone on the coast is terribly uncomfortable, but the sea foam that wells up from the tide below is strangely resilient, creating a rubbery layer of bubbles that don't pop when walked or laid upon.
6	A split tunnel leads to almost identical sea caves. However, detailed and life-sized statues of the party members gesture against going to the chamber on the right, with horrified expressions frozen onto their faces. There is no noticeable difference in outcome regardless of which sea-cave the party might sleep in.
7	A fully-grown apple tree is growing right in the middle of the water, remaining in place despite not being attached to anything other than the water itself. The tree must be at least a hundred years old and is heavy with apples that are ripe for eating. A small heart and the initials "R+K" are carved into the bark on one side.
8	A strange metal contraption stands on metal support struts in the water. It appears to be collecting some kind of energy from the shifting of the tides, with lanterns throughout the interior of the structure that glow more strongly with the rising tide. The accommodations inside are threadbare. There is a rusted-over panel of knobs and levers that appear to serve no function; the only discernible writing on the metal interior walls is a vague reference to something called 'fluid karma.'

VIII. Arctic/Tundra

d8	Description
1	The compound is all but burned to the ground, blackened timbers dark against the white snow. The purpose of this place was lost to the fire. The only identifiable bodies are those of two heavily bundled humans, frozen to death long ago. The bodies sit facing each other, propped against rubble, an empty bottle of liquor between them. Enough wall sections remain of some of the buildings to provide suitable windbreaks and construct a serviceable lean-to.
2	A clattering noise brings attention to a small, timber cabin. One exterior shutter has come free and its swinging in the wind and against the side of the home. The interior is remarkably weatherproof, furnished, and stocked with blankets. A frost-rimmed sign above the outside of the main door reads "Terkel's Ice Fishin' Spot." Despite the sign, there is no fishing gear in the cabin and no bodies of water nearby.
3	The ice-stature of a bearded man is titan-sized. It's impossible to guess who carved this humanoid form from the ice, or how. Its hand, palm-down, provides a sheltered area capable of resting ten men. Though the gargantuan figure never moves, those that leave the next morning feel like its eyes are following them behind opaque, frozen veils.
4	The doorway to this stone crypt is half-buried in the pale landscape, but only a few moments' work reveals the near-vertical drop into a sheltered mausoleum. Coffins of near-transparent ice house the still-preserved forms of humanoid figures, preserved in hope of resurrection magic that never came.
5	This cavern's rock walls are slick and nearly ice-free. It's easy to see why: a five-foot cylinder is installed in the middle of the floor, a torrent of flames dancing behind thick glass. The cylinder radiates raw heat into the space, easily overcoming the chill from outside. The cylinder's adamantine base is bolted straight into the stone.
6	The shape of the dire wolf might startle those who enter this den-like cave, but observers will quickly realize the beast is dead. The dire wolf's iced-over corpse is riddled with arrows, her form curled tightly around the frozen bodies of her pups.
7	A glassy-smooth sphere of ice rests in the middle of the tundra, its surface perfect except for the circular entrance that allows creatures to crawl inside. The inside of the sphere is inexplicably warm and almost humid; the interior walls are not cold to the touch, nor are they melting.
8	A series of small igloos provide welcome shelter from wind and snow. There are five of them, capable of fitting two humanoids each. Their interiors would be unremarkable if not for a strange magical effect: when a creature inside exhales, the cold cloud of their breath takes on the animate, vague form of a tundra beast for a few short seconds before dissipating.



IX. Random Fluff/Random Scenes

Roll	Description
1	You find a small, grimy leather cylinder. It's cracked and worn, appearing to have been left here some time ago. Inside you find a piece of yellowed, rolled-up parchment. On it is written a note in Common: "Rodge, we stayed here three weeks but the food's run out. We have to keep moving if we're going to forage more. We're thinking of heading north. If you get here in time you might still be able to follow our trail easily enough. I love you." The note is signed "Alma."
2	The shelter has a tenant; a humanoid skeleton lies sprawled across the ground, its bones picked clean of flesh and tattered rags all that remains of its clothing. A small, rusted dagger is lodged in the bone of its skull, thrust up under the jaw. One skeletal hand rests lightly atop what appear to have been several playing cards of some kind.
3	You find a small, thin, rectangular container that can fit in the palm of your hand. The object is made of silver, but it's so badly tarnished that it's probably worthless now. Inside is a small but professionally-done miniature portrait of a dwarf male, a half-elf male, a human female, and a dragonborn male brandishing weapons and beer mugs. The back of the picture reads "The Bluebrick Boys." Another hand has added below this "And girl, scale-brain!" A third hand below this has written, "If there aren't zero maps, zero torches, and thirty goblins, it's zero fun!"
4	Skeletal remains sit propped up to one side, the skull in shattered pieces all over the ground. The remains of clothing suggest the figure wore robes. One hand clutches a wooden wand of some kind, but the tip is charred and splintered, making the object useless. A tiny, leatherbound notebook next to the body contains various spellings and pronunciations of a magical activation word written in it, most of them crossed off.
5	A little pouch is stuffed into a dark corner. The pouch contains a handful of little carved and polished stone figurines; a bear, a tiny stubby-winged dragon, a dog with one pointed ear broken off. The other contents of the bag are a few small polishing cloths, carefully folded.
6	A dead half-elf is sprawled out on the ground, a gaping wound in his chest the obvious cause of death. The state of the body and the smell suggest it's been there for some time, picked at by insects and scavengers. A bow is clutched in one hand, but the quiver at his back is empty. On a nearby wall is a series of nine tally marks with a white, chalky stone. Near to these is another chalky marking, which is simply "1."

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