

Bird of A Feather



BY ZACH GLAZAR & JOHN HAMMERLE

AN ADVENTURE FOR CHARACTER LEVELS 3-4



DIGITAL VERSION

THE LESSER GNOME LOGO, THOPAS AND ALL GAME CONTENTS © 2014
LESSER GNOME. ALL RIGHT RESERVED.



“WITH THE JOYOUS BLARING OF BLATERPFEIFES, SACBUTS AND CRUMHORNS STILL RINGING IN THEIR EARS, A GROUP OF MEN HAVE LEFT THE ANNUAL VILLAGE TOTENTANZ TO REPLENISH THE DWINDLING SUPPLY OF MEAT. THIS WAS THEIR CHANCE TO BE THE TOAST OF THE TANTZ. LIGHTLY ARMED BUT WELL-STOCKED, AN EASIER PATH TO IMMORTALITY WAS NEVER PROFFERED.

DRIVEN BY PAIN FROM AN ANGRY NEST, ANOTHER HUNTER SETS FORTH; INSTINCT AND ANGST WOULD BE THE HUNTER'S BANE...

WELCOME TO BIRD OF A FEATHER, A THOPAS SHORT ADVENTURE.

GREAT THINGS DO COME IN SMALL PACKAGES!

FROM THE TEAM THAT BROUGHT YOU THE ENNIE AWARD NOMINATED WHISPER & VENOM COMES THE FIRST IN A LINE OF SESSION-READY ADVENTURES CALLED THOPAS SHORTS. BIRD OF A FEATHER IS A CONVENIENT DROP-IN SCENARIO FOR FANTASY CAMPAIGNS.

THOPAS SHORTS ARE WELL-DESIGNED, PROFESSIONALLY PRODUCED ADVENTURES FOR GAMES INSPIRED BY VINTAGE-STYLE RULES, WITH AN EMPHASIS ON QUALITY WRITING. LESSER GNOME IS COMMITTED TO MAKING EVERY THOPAS SHORT EASY TO INTEGRATE INTO YOUR CAMPAIGN WITHOUT DISTRACTING FROM YOUR VISION.

THOPAS SHORTS: YOUR CAMPAIGN, YOUR RULES...OUR PLEASURE!



WWW.LESSERGNOME.COM

THE LESSER GNOME LOGO, THOPAS AND ALL GAME CONTENTS © 2014 LESSER GNOME. ALL RIGHT RESERVED

Bird ^{of A} Feather



BY

ZACH GLAZAR & JOHN HAMMERLE

EDITED BYJOHN HAMMERLE & EDWIN NAGY
PRODUCTION & LAYOUT BYZACH GLAZAR
PROOFREADING BYSCOTT SWIFT
ILLUSTRATIONS & DUNGEON CARTOGRAPHY BY...LLOYD METCALF
REGIONAL CARTOGRAPHY BYALYSSA FADEN



A THOPAS SHORT

Not every story is a saga; not every encounter is epic! Welcome to Lesser Gnome's world of Thopas Shorts. These are presented as single-session adventures or emergency drop-ins. Use it, for example, on those occasions when all the GM's designs are thwarted by player agency (alas, free will!).

Adventure design for a broad audience that uses numerous systems and house rules is inherently inexact. That being said, *Bird of a Feather* was designed for 3-6 characters, level 3-4. It was designed to be compatible with any classic fantasy role-playing system. Lesser Gnome does not discriminate!¹ Stats can easily be adjusted to meet the GM's needs. *Bird of a Feather* is focused in scope. Nothing described in the text is sacrosanct. In order to allow easy integration into your existing campaign, we have limited details of places, pantheons and spells.

We believe that you will make this adventure better than we could have envisioned. *Bird of a Feather* is your game.

BACKGROUND

With the joyous blaring of blaterpfeifes, sacbuts and crumhorns still ringing in their ears, a group of six men led by Talvas the Huntsman have left the annual village totentanz. They are the town's finest. Successful farmers, shepherds and craftsmen, they are also husbands and fathers. The men have been charged with replenishing the festival's dwindling supply of meat.

The hunters have tracked a herd of deer to a watering hole. It is an idyllic scene; tall grasses march down to a pool of cool water. The hollow that surrounds this watering hole is fenced in by a wall of thick, leafy trees and dense brush. As dusk falls, the hunters set up camp a short trek from the pond. They pick a spot on a grassy knoll near a convenient source of firewood – a heap of neatly arranged reeds.

Rumpis, the heap's owner, returns to his beloved 'château' with his dinner in tow. He is treated to a sickening sight: Interlopers are trespassing on his doorstep. Constructed of pilfered reeds, Rumpis regards his château as an architectural marvel. Rumpis cautiously approaches and glares at the trespassers. As his dinner rots, his ire grows.

1 Except against fey.

- RUMPIS -

Short, ruddy, brown and greasy, Rumpis wears a floppy hat pierced with a hole and a feathered loincloth. He has a flageolet at his side and a twig in his shoe. A lonely horn projects through his hat. To Rumpis' shame, his other horn droops listlessly over his right ear. To his kin, Rumpis is a freak. Scorned and cast out of his noble tribe, Rumpis lives in solitude.

Rumpis' favorite pastimes include fishing in a nearby pond and needling a tribe of Shortles (see [appendix](#)). Clad only in his short, feathered loincloth, Rumpis traipses between the two.

The hunters begin a long night of celebration on Rumpis' front porch. Rumpis watches in horror as the sotted hunters take turns relieving themselves on his domicile. The hours pass slowly. Eventually the desecrators succumb to sleep.

Rumpis flings his fish at the hunters in disgust and stomps off.

THE BEST LAID PLANS

Following their night of revelry, the hunting party stirs. The men throw their trash on the nearby heap and set out for the watering hole. The herd of deer graze serenely near the pond's shore.

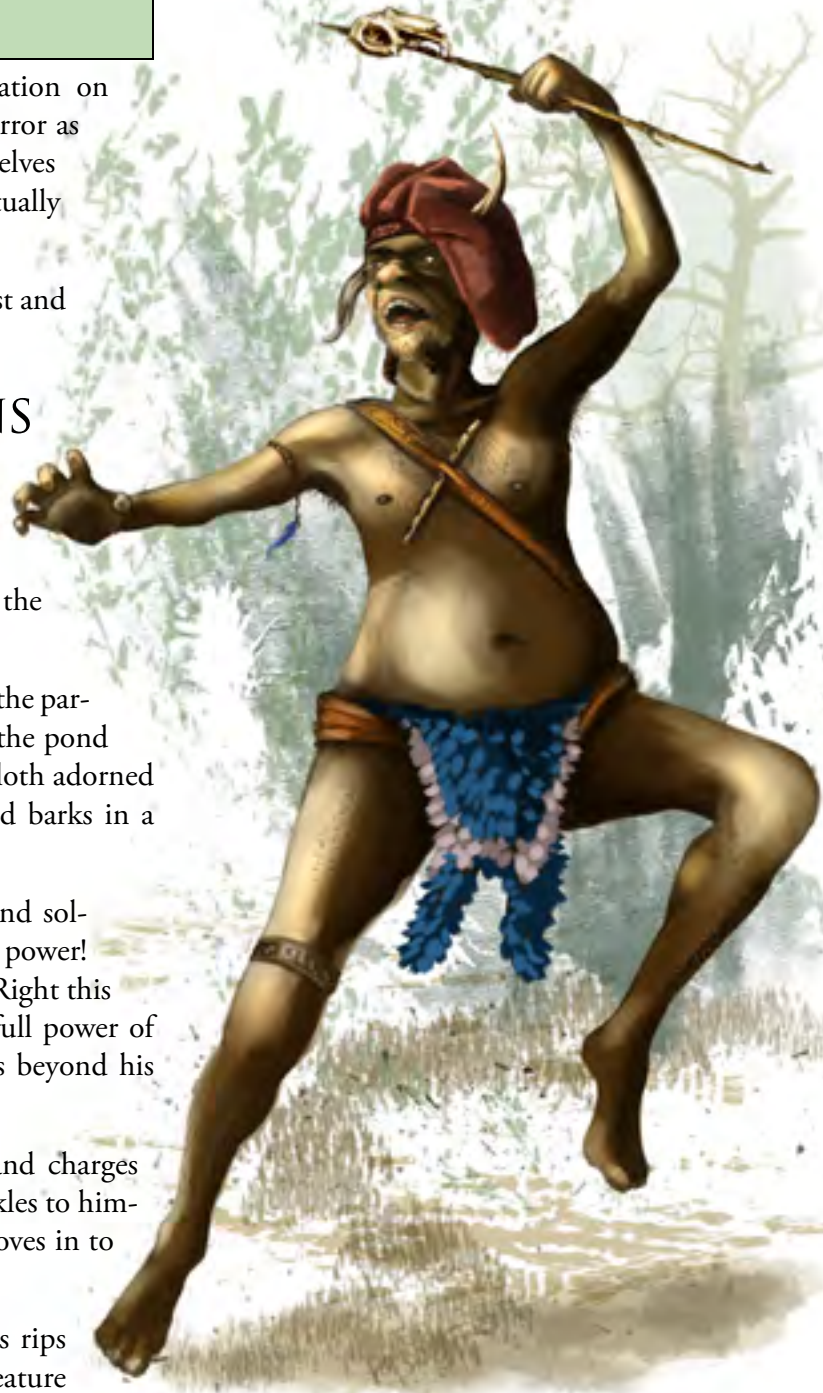
The hunt's dashing leader raises his hand and the party notch their arrows. Talvas freezes. Across the pond squats a short, ruddy creature clad in a loincloth adorned with feathers. It gesticulates with a twig and barks in a strange tongue.

Rumpis waves his majestic Wand of Woe and solemnly commands, "Deep mysteries of arcane power! Undo this day!" After a pause, he utters "... Right this wrong!" He has never dared to invoke the full power of the Wand of Woe, fearing to unleash forces beyond his control. Rumpis waits nervously.

Suddenly a Rhacos breaks from the trees and charges headlong into the herd of deer. The fey chuckles to himself at this unexpected turn of events. He moves in to get a better view of the carnage.

Panic ensues, arrows are loosed. The Rhacos rips into the nearest deer, shredding the poor creature

with its Indignant Beak. Rumpis, who had mistaken both the nature of the beast and the minimum safe distance, is swatted by a wayward talon. He is launched like a grimy shuttlecock onto the muddy shore of the pond. In its frenzy, the Rhacos ignores the hunters. The uncooperative bird is not to be deterred as it slaughters the harmless deer. The hunters keep a respectful distance as they admire the Rhacos' trademark plume – a single grand feather protruding elegantly (and angrily) from the top of the annoyed bird's bald, wrinkled pate. Greed for a feather repurposes their mission.



Deer parts rain down upon the shore of the pond. Suddenly, two things happen: The party's second volley is loosed and the pond's surface explodes in a fountain of spray and churning water as a murkbeast attacks. By the sheer volume of shots, several arrows actually find a mark. The Rhacos, now aware of the threat posed by the hunters, charges the party. When the dust clears, a furious Rhacos has fled for the tree line, accoutered with a few shafts as extra plumage. An unfortunate fey lies sprawled on the pond's bank. Three of the hunters lie dying.

The wounded Rhacos retreats through the thick woods and the homeless fey retreats into the pond – helped by the Murkbeast. A young farmer at the rear of the party mortally gasps something about a brilliant opportunity lost. When pressed, he reveals that a Rhacos plume has been known to fetch fantastic sums from such dignitaries as sovereigns, wealthy merchants and goblin leaders. The only seasoned hunter in the group broods over his comrade's words. Talvas knows that drawing first blood on any beast traditionally gives him some claim on the kill.

Tradition is a fickle mistress in this area, the party is disbanding quickly as each succumbs, and Talvas realizes the folly of going after the bird in his current state.

An injured Talvas returns to town with his tale of woe and hope and his remaining comrades. They are all grievously wounded.

PEASANTS NO MORE

So begins a crusade. Despite his excitement, Talvas realizes a key point: No one is left with the skill to handle or track a wounded Rhacos. Talvas is gravely wounded and incapable of leading an expedition.

The townsfolk are soliciting aid in plucking the valuable (and quite stylish) feather that protrudes delicately from the Rhacos' head. Talvas nobly offers half the take in the event that the cob's feather is plucked. If successful, characters may choose to accept the hunter's offer, or abscond with their prize.

NOTES TO THE GAME MASTER

We have provided a backstory for your consideration. It is not required for a successful session. Thopas Shorts are written to provide useful, entertaining content for your game. Feel free to alter this short adventure to meet your needs.

Bird of a Feather can exist in the sandbox setting introduced by Lesser Gnome in *Whisper & Venom*. Further details can be found in *Whisper & Venom's* setting guide: *The Whisper Vale*. This small volume is available in print and PDF formats at <http://www.lessergnome.com/store>

TABLE 1 - WILDERNESS WANDERING ENCOUNTERS

D6	NAME	AC	HD	# ATTACKS	DAMAGE	MOVE	SPECIAL	GM NOTES
1	Giant Shrew	4	1	2 (bite/bite)	1d6/1d6	180' (60')	Shrew Ambush	First attack gets +4 to hit (buried)
2	Wolf	7	2+2	1 (bite)	1d6	180' (60')	None	None
3	Fey	5	1	1 (weapon or spell)	1d4	60' (20')	Charm Effect	GM Chooses Type
4	Insane Begger	9	1-1	1 (fist)	1 hp	60' (30')	None	Woodsy Hobo with knowledge of local area
5	Goblin Bootleggers (6)	6	2+1	1 (sword or bow)	1d6+1	90' (30')	None	Laden w/ rotgut booze, always open for business
6	Immature Cinereous Vulture	5	6	2 (talon/bite)	1d6/1d6	120' (30')	Fly	Lair located in The Graveolent (4), If killed The Graveolent is empty

ADVENTURE LOCATIONS

A creature of habit, a male Rhacos (the Rhacob) begins and ends his new route from his conjugal chambers in The Distaff (5). He revels in the relative peace of his stroll, which offers a reprieve from the constant nagging of his mate, the Rhapen.

His route covers a large area. His first stop is a lush meadow with a pond ([The Slagfältet, 1](#)). The Rhacob pauses for reflection, then strikes north through dense woods. Passing through the wood, he comes to a meadow full of earthen mounds ([The Diggs, 2](#)). A reed sticks conspicuously through the top of each mound and a discordant melody fills the air. Perplexed, the Rhacob edges around the meadow and slowly slinks back toward his mate's lair. Instinct compels him to stick to his path. But the Rhacob moves slowly. He sniffs the air around him in the hope that unwary prey will give instinct an excuse to deviate from its routine.

In his frustration, the Rhacob leaves a trail of destruction. A farrago of corpses (squirrels, shrews, beetles, etc.) clutter the path behind him. Trapped in a cycle of amorous violence, the Rhacob spreads his misery everywhere (even to anthills). This wanton destruction disrupts the fragile balance in the region.

REGARDING THE RHACOS

The Rhacos is a solitary creature. It establishes its territory and follows a regular routine. It is compelled to mate every 14.2 years. A Rhacos mates for life much to the dismay of every young male. Following their short interlude, the pair suffer together until after the first hatch. Inevitably, familiarity breeds contempt. Rhacos angst builds to a pitch, resulting in unadulterated combat. Following a final bout of vellicative violence the mating season ends and the male vanishes. He returns to his place as a feared apex predator for another 14.2 years.

A magnificent (and valuable) plume extends from the Rhacob's head. A female Rhacos, the Rhapen, wears a similar feather. Its value is considerably less as the plume of a Rhapen is generally smaller, less colorful and damaged.

The Rhacos' eggs are valuable to alchemists. Unfortunately, it is impossible to distinguish between a freshly laid egg and one on the verge of hatching. Likelihood of a hatch, during which the hatchling brandishes Minor Indignant Beak, is impossible to determine.

Concerted efforts have been made to refine a system for establishing the lethality of a Rhacos egg. Alchemists have tried tapping on them, often losing a digit in the process. One enterprising novice tried shaking an egg while listening to it. He lost an ear. This technique never gained traction. Inevitably, egg collection fell to alchemists' apprentices who never earned the title 'alchemist' with ten digits. Hence the local idiom, "He is less truthful than a ten-fingered alchemist."

Bird of a Feather does not specify a gold piece value for the Rhacos feather or eggs. This is to provide the GMs with the flexibility to assign values that meet their needs.

SUGGESTED SCENARIOS

- Talvas the Huntsman has limped into town. He is one of the few to witness a Rhacos attack and live to tell the tale. He regales the party with the story of his deliverance from a wounded bird wearing a small fortune. In a flash three of his six companions were slaughtered by the vicious bird.
- A woodwright living in a nearby cave has gone missing. People in the region are concerned. A reward has been offered for information on his whereabouts.

TABLE 2 - HEARSAY

D8	OVERHEARD
1	Something is slaughtering animals in the woods. It leaves behind a path of destruction. (T)
2	An odd but harmless old man lives in a cave near the battle site. (PT)
3	Eerie music in the forest is the song of a deadly banshee seeking revenge. (F)
4	The Rhacob's vision would make a blind man grateful; this surly creature compensates with an acute sense of smell and attentive amorous aggression. (T)
5	A skulking fey has been spotted lurking. He is a mighty sorcerer. (PT)
6	The town gossip, Elizabeth, loves rumors. (T)
7	The Lady of the Cave has an irresistible allure. Young men are forbidden. (PT)
8	A deranged hermit has been stealing sheep for purposes of extispicy. (F)

1. SLAGFÄLTET

Gently swaying trees fence a lush meadow. Trampled grasses and delicate flowers weave a carpet, which forms a natural bowl in the valley's floor. A pool of dark water in the center laps quietly against its muddy bank.

It is pungent.

Murkbeast - (AC 7; MV 120' (40'); HD 5; HP 23; #AT 1 (bite); D 1d6 +blood drain)

An idyllic scene conceals the remains of a recent massacre. Deer parts and blood draw swarms of scavengers to the Slagfältet. If the party quietly observes for two rounds this will become apparent. Stepping into the Slagfältet will trigger an explosion of activity. Blood-soaked vermin flee with a cacophony of screeches, hoots and howls.

The shore of the pond is marred by the detailed profile of a small humanoid creature. The center of the depression hides a small shoe, slightly buried. A twig with a small skull on the tip is lodged in the shoe. This twig is Rumpis' **Wand of Woe**. It is an adynamic magical item. It is so weak that its magical aura will elude detection 80% of the time (see [appendix](#)).

Searching the Slagfältet reveals partly decomposed and mostly eaten piles of deer parts strewn about. Walking through the grasses disturbs the vermin feasting on the remains of Talvas' encounter with the Rhacob. They flee in all directions.

Any sound will alert the Murkbeast that lives in the pond.

TREASURE:

Wand of Woe (see [appendix](#))

2. THE DIGGS

A chorus of trills dance across a lush meadow. Reeds ripple from atop neat rows of earthen mounds as the sound washes over them. Distant notes respond from the other end of the meadow.

Snortle (50) - (AC 7; MV 120' (90'); HD 1d4 hp; HP 1-4; #AT 1 (weapon); D 1d4-1 (or weapon))

Slightly off-key trills lead to a placid meadow. The sound of discordant piping intensifies as characters approach the Snortles' glade. This warren of Snortles is hyper-aware of intruders. Repeated visits from a scurvy neighbor have put them on alert.

Unless characters have attempted deliberate stealth, a bizarre scene unfolds. For a split second, silence reigns. Then a forest of reeds vanishes into small mounds.

Snortle colonies or "towns", are interconnected, underground lairs. Each lair is capped with an earthen mound. Peeking out of the mound is a simple reed. It is the defining characteristic of every Snortle burrow. This portable flue is scavenged, with durability being the most desirable trait. Whenever a



good one is found, it is prized and (generally) passed down as an heirloom or dowry, with one important exception: A special pipe known as the 'doomsday reed'. It has always been a badge of office. However, recent events have elevated its status considerably. The Snortle tasked with manning this fail-deadly device is the Cheget. He has been admonished to use it only under the most grievous circumstances. When winded, it heralds the region's most bewildering act of mutual[ly] (attempted) dispersion (in the key of E flat major). This signal initiates an irreversible chain of events.

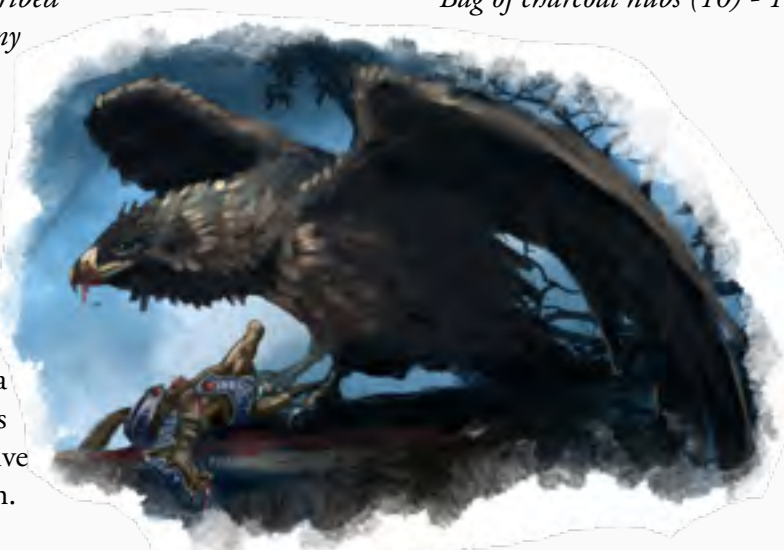
Coming within 30' of a mound trips the Cheget's alarm. Clouds of dust burst from every burrow on the meadow. Characters within 30' must save vs. poison or suffer the effects of inhaling the doomsday spores. The spores will send characters into a fit of wheezing and coughing for 2 rounds. If the party remains in the vicinity as the cloud dissipates (1d4 rounds) the warren evacuates. Snortles erupt from their burrows en masse and charge. They do not charge at anyone or anywhere in particular. Snortles run into each other, trip over their fallen brethren, and charge headlong into the woods. Some even avoid colliding with the encircling trees to reach the relative safety of the forest.

Characters witnessing this high-strung apocalypse must save vs. spells to avoid the **Astound** effect. Characters under the influence of the **Astound** effect will spend 1d4 rounds discussing the amazing events just witnessed.

3. THE REED HOUSE

A heap of moist reeds sits near a recently used campsite. Discarded bottles are strewn about the site. A fire pit of questionable construction has a second pile of dry reeds beside it. Each reed is inscribed with thin, delicate ciphers. Many are cracked.

A thorough search of the heap turns up a curious ivory box with a locust-shaped clasp. The box is small and worn. Inside is a tiny scroll and a small leather pouch. The pouch is filled with lavender dust. Light reflects from the granules in a scintillating array of colors. It is the world's most intense purgative and should be used with caution. The wreckage is abandoned.



TREASURE

*Tiny scroll containing the minor fey curse:
Bowel Block (see [appendix](#))*

Leather pouch containing:

***Lavender Dust of Evacuation**
(40 doses, see [appendix](#))*

4. THE GRAVEOLENT

Immature Cinereous Vulture - (AC 5; MV 300' (30'); HD 6; HP 22; #AT 2 (talons/bite); D 1d6, 1d6)

A pungent odour betrays the existence of a putrid pile. An archaeologist's dream, it is a collection of filth dating far back. The Graveolent's strata is a record of sorts, linking a long period of activity in the area. Only a fool would delve into its secrets.

It is comprised of treasures such as fossilized bones, petrified offal, broken tools and ceremonial icons – all unceremoniously discarded.

High above The Graveolent, an Immature Cinereous Vulture has begun to build an aerie. Attracted by the carnage left by the frustrated Rhacob, the whelp patiently surveys the valley below with its keen eyesight. The Cinereous will attack anything that remains in the immediate vicinity of The Graveolent for more than 1 round.

TREASURE

Partially completed illustration of large feather in tall grass.

Bag of charcoal nubs (10) - 1 cp each

- A BAD TRIP TO THE DUMP -

The previous resident of a nearby cave, a recluse and beloved woodwright, journeyed to the Grave-olent every Wednesday around tea time. Sadly, this Wednesday would prove to be his last.

He whistled cheerfully as he took out the trash. An amateur ornithologist, he was always on the look-out for rare species of birds. His dreams were about to come true.

A magnificent feather crested the tall grass of a nearby meadow. Flush with excitement, the recluse paused. The feather disappeared, only to pop up a little closer. The man watched in fascination. The plume disappeared again. The birdwatcher pulled out his wooden canvas and steadied his hands.

Suddenly, waves of grass rippled from a point nearer still. The artist considered a larger canvas as he sharpened his charcoal. But it was too late. Suddenly, a Rhacos charged from the grass.

The prisoner awoke to an overwhelming musky smell. This was his own comfy cave, sure enough, but the lights had gone out. Somewhere nearby, a disagreement was brewing. A series of apologetic grunts was interrupted by a loud, vicious shriek. The sound was bloodcurdling; she was displeased.

A Rhacob had dragged the captive to the pair's new nest in an effort to placate his mate. The Rhapen was not inclined to be forgiving. She reinforced her feelings and glowered at the Rhacob with disdain.

The doomed man slowly dragged himself toward the safety of his pantry. As her spurned mate withdrew to his own retreat, the Rhapen returned to the meal crawling into the pantry.

5. THE DISTAFF

A sheer limestone wall towers over the surrounding valley. From below, it is difficult to discern the actual height; it seems to rise without end. The pathway to the wall reveals a breach. The entrance is surrounded with curiously etched symbols. Water beads and drips from an arch 11' overhead.

Once through the entrance, a dim tunnel winds 80' into darkness. The tunnel is approximately 8' wide. Rough limestone walls jut in from either side, festooned with bits of flesh and rough hide. A point of light pierces the rock several hundred feet overhead.

6. THE MOAT

As the passageway widens the air grows heavy with moisture. The natural rock walls, slick with algae and moss, slip into a calm pool. Small points of light delicately dart through water. A dripping sound echoes off the walls.

The passageway opens into a chamber. Water drips from damp ceilings and walls into a slight depression in the cavern's floor forming a pool. Measuring 60' wide by 18' long, the pool meets the chamber's walls to the north and south. A split oak log with intricate carvings of placid natural scenes and animals has been kicked aside. Crude etches mar the wood, marking some act of violence. The water is shin-deep.

As the chamber is dark, so is The Moat. Small silvery fish (**Kytyllen Swarm**, see [appendix](#)) give off a shimmer in the pool, their tiny points of light reminiscent of a clear night sky. These 'stars' converge as characters approach the pool. As they enter the water it glows and churns. Characters must save vs. paralysis, for the Kytyllen will swarm the victim's shin, pecking at it until the beleaguered character lets out a muted giggle (see [appendix](#)). Any outside source of light dances off the silvery shapes.



8. THE NEST

This large cavern is mired in gloom. The air is damp and heavy. Great columns of salt rise from floor to ceiling amidst large limestone boulders.

Harried Rhacob - (AC 6; MV 90' (30'); HD 5; HP 14; #AT 2 (peck/kick); D 1d8, 1d10
+Indignant Beak (see [appendix](#))

Rhapen - (AC 4; MV 90' (30'); HD 6; HP 26; #AT 2 (peck/kick); D 1d8, 1d10
+Indignant Beak (see [appendix](#))

Roughhewn limestone walls enclose a large cavern. The distance between the furthest two points in this great cavern measures about 190'. Sound is elusive and distorted in this cavern, as echoes bounce off the walls.

In years past, this cavern was comfortable, well lit and dry. Copper sconces line the walls as they do in The Altare (7), however these sconces appear to have been used recently.

Two massive columns of salt stretch from the cavern floor to the ceiling. These free-standing veins are roughly 5' thick. They are opaque. Boulders of salt and limestone lay about the floor. Some are sculpted into tables. After shredding most of the furniture in this cavern to line their nest, the Rhacos pair have added a layer of avian filth. Within the pile is a thin knife with a dark mahogany handle. This blade is a **Stiletto +1**.

Investigation of the western wall reveals an alcove with a nest. Built of smashed furniture, feathers and bones, it contains a clutch of 11 eggs in multiple shapes and sizes. The Rhapen waits by the nest. She is more daring and fierce in a fight than her mate. The Rhacob will emerge from its own private lair to protect his mate.

TREASURE

Aeruginous Copper Sconces (8) - 12 gp each

Rhacos Eggs (11) - Market Value

Stiletto +1

Tattered Book with Artisanal Illuminations-

Title- Saltaret Avis Fabulas (Inscription on inside cover reads, "My Wanderer, Nature's gentle guardian keeps you safe for me.")

7. THE ALTARE

A tinge of salt greets the senses. Echoes reverberate off distant walls. A large outline of a female in white casts long shadows.

The ground slopes up from water's edge to a limestone cavern to the east. It is striped with veins of salt, quartz and tin. This cavern had once been filled with a large deposit of salt. Marks on the walls from chisels and picks suggest it may have been mined.

A tall halite is suspended between the ceiling and floor near the room's entrance. Carved by some long forgotten fertility cult, it features an exaggerated female form. Over time, she has been refined to reflect the tastes of other visitors to the cave. Crude copper sconces line the walls. They do not appear to have been used for a long time. Long ago, these sconces would have lit a scene of Dionysian adulation.

A masterfully crafted rocking chair sits near the statue at an angle that provides the most picturesque view of her form. It is surrounded by charcoal nubs.

TREASURE

Aeruginous Copper Sconces (8) - 12 gp each



9. RHACOB'S REDOUBT

This chamber has an emotive odour. It is reminiscent of a field of defeat.

A narrow limestone passage leads into a small chamber through the south wall of The Nest (8). This unadorned chamber reeks of cowardice. Dry urine, blood and sweat betray the Redoubt's purpose. Broken rotgut bottles and splintered casks of ale are scattered near the chamber's eastern wall.

A **Dazzling Corset of Charm Resistance** is loosely wrapped around an armor stand.

TREASURE

Dazzling Corset of Charm Resistance (see [appendix](#))

10. THE PANTRY

A trail of dried blood leads into a small cove, where it culminates in a large smear.

From the southeast corner of The Nest (8) a short 5' wide tunnel leads to this chamber. The ceiling drops down to a height of 4'. Shelves line each wall. Mushrooms, jars of preserves and portraits are set upon the shelves. Many of the portraits are renditions of the view near the entry to the Distaff (5). The most prominent portrait depicts a small skulking fey.

11. THE CACHE

Limestone has been chipped away in the shape of a square in the ceiling near the cramped rear (eastern) corner of The Pantry (10). A successful search for concealed doors will reveal a overhead wooden trap door in the rear of the pantry. At a height of 4', the ceiling – and trap door – are easily accessible.

A quick climb through the trap door leads into a small limestone chamber with rough walls. The Cache is roughly 20' across. The floors of this natural recess are angular and irregular. Barrels of ale complement an unusually large quantity of bottles of rotgut liquor. Hidden cleverly around an empty bottle's cork is a simple woven ring (**Perdu Band**) that grants a sudden feeling of safety when first touched. There are 27 charcoal illustrations here of a female idol with exaggerated features.

There is an empty crate here.

TREASURE

Perdu Band with two (2) charges (see [appendix](#))

Indelicate Portraits (27) - Market Value

TABLE 3 - RANDOM EGG DESCRIPTION & HATCH TIME*

d12	Color	Features**	Hatch %	Countdown
1	White	Vibrates	1	1d4 Months
2	White	Causes tingle	10	1d10 Days
3	Grey	Spots	25	1d6 Days
4	Grey Green	Speckled	30	1d6 Hours
5	Yellow	Dirty	40	1d20 Rounds
6	Green	Sticky	50	1d4 Hours
7	Blue	Pock-marked	65	1d4 Turns
8	Deep Blue	Soft	70	1d8 Rounds
9	Purple	Rattles	75	1d4 Rounds
10	Violet	Good Smell	80	1d4 Weeks
11	Black	Buzzing sound	85	1d8 Rounds
12	Yellow	Repulsive Smell	100	Instant

*Begins on touch

**Optional

EPILOGUE

“No longer were there individual destinies; only a collective destiny, made of death and emotions shared by all.”

—Albert Camus

Returning to town, the party is met with a sobering scene. The totentanz is over. Talvas the Huntsman and his companions have succumbed to their grievous wounds. The town has lost its symbol of unity and community.

The townsfolk congregate to bury their leaders, husbands and fathers. Some place heirlooms in the graves as tribute and step back with quiet dignity. Anguish and despair line the others' faces. Muffled sobs can be heard in the crowd.

An old crone stands apart, clearly disturbed. She steps forward: “Your gallantry is appreciated, but it brings fleeting comfort. We enter this world without, we leave this world without.”

- APPENDIX -

CREATURES

KYTYLLEN SWARM

If you're a shrimp, this beast is your worst nightmare. Kytyllen swarms are comprised of potentially thousands of tiny, ravenous fish. Each fish reaches a maximum length of 1/8". Kytyllen have unwieldy sharp teeth, which become troublesome as they age. Kytyllen eventually reach a stage where the fish cannot close its mouth. A small illicium dangles from the front of its forehead. It is a frequent source of irritation when the swarm becomes agitated. This unfortunate appendage often becomes an unintended lunch.

When approached in water, the Kytyllen swarm to greet any intruder. Nothing short of full plate mail armor will stop them. Exposure to Kytyllen for more than three rounds will result in damage to any non-metal item they can reach. Exposed skin will be nibbled for one hit point per round. Through cloth or soft armor, a tickling sensation is felt. Those affected must make a save vs. paralysis or suffer fits of giggling. The effects end upon exiting the water.



MURKBEAST

Freq:	Rare
No. Encountered:	1d4
Size:	Medium
Move:	120' (40')
Armor Class:	7
HD:	5
Attacks:	1 (Bite)
Damage:	1d6
Special Attacks:	Blood Drain
Special Defenses:	None
Magic Resistance:	None
Lair Probability:	75%
Intelligence:	Animal
Alignment:	Neutral

Dark pools, slow-moving rivers and marshes are home to the dreaded Murkbeast. This foul creature is a cross between a giant leech and a huge crustacean. It feeds on unwary creatures that wander too near its watery hideouts attempting to drink.

The Murkbeast ambushes its prey like a crocodile, and uses a lamprey-like mouth to suck blood, slowly weakening its victim. Even if the prey withdraws it will usually collapse from blood loss near the point of attack. Blood drain causes the loss of 1 hp per round for 2d4 rounds or until staunched. Capable of surviving short periods of time on land - roughly one hour - the Murkbeast will then locate the wounded victim and drag it down to its watery lair for consumption.

Murkbeasts have no treasure except what their victims had on their persons. Such items lie scattered about their lair.

RHACOS

	Male (Rhacob)	Female (Rhapen)	Hatchling
Freq:	Uncommon	Uncommon	Rare
No. Encountered	1d2	1d2	2d4+3
Size:	Large	Large	Small
Move:	90' (30')	90'(30')	90'(30')
Armor Class:	6	4	8
HD:	5	6	1
Attacks:	2 (peck/kick)	2 (peck/kick)	1 (beak)
Damage:	1d8, 1d10	1d8, 1d10	1d6
Special Attacks:	See Below	See Below	See Below
Special Defenses:	None	None	None
Magic Resist:	Standard	Standard	Standard
Lair Probability	10%	10%	100%
Intelligence:	Animal	Animal	Animal
Alignment	Neutral	Neutral	Neutral

An apex predator of the forests, grasslands and river valleys of the northern world, the Rhacos is feared. It is also deliberately hunted with varying levels of success. A single Rhacos can easily devastate a large hunting party. The Rhacos does not fear humanoids. Therefore, it can be difficult to differentiate between hunter and prey in any given encounter.

The Rhacos is not hunted for its value as a delicacy. Rhacos meat is, to put it delicately, not delicious. The eggs of a Rhapen, however, are considered an epicurean treat and are collected whenever possible. The other purpose for hunting these dangerous predators is fashion. Each Rhacos has a long, delicate feather protruding from the top of its head. The Rhacob's (male) is more valuable. The Rhapen's (female) feather is mottled and frayed due to her aggressive nature. Both are prized by haberdashers that cater to the wealthy. A single undamaged feather from a Rhacob can fetch hundreds of gold pieces from the right buyer.

The Rhacos attacks with a swift kick from its powerful legs and a 'peck' from its sharp beak. Once every 3 rounds it can swing its long neck wildly with its **Indignant Beak**



causing deep slashing wounds to the unfortunate victim. This attack is +1 to hit and +2 damage.

Rhacos eggs can come at a price. They are infamous for hatching unexpectedly and with extreme prejudice. The hatchling's **Minor Indignant Beak** attacks with devastating speed and accuracy. To resolve the attack, consider **Minor Indignant Beak** a 3 HD attack with appropriate surprise bonuses. Following this attack, the hatchling will waddle away arrogantly.

The Rhacos is blue-gray in color with an elongated neck and long narrow legs. Its beak is as large as a man's head and its claws can be nearly as long as short-bladed daggers.

A creature of habit, the bird finds points of interest (to the Rhacos) and establishes a patrol, which it follows unflinchingly. Once bound to this course, the Rhacos will only deviate in combat. At 2,000', it disengages and resumes its patrol, having protected its territory.

SHORTLE

Freq:	Rare
No. Encountered:	8d8-1
Size:	Small
Move:	120' (90')
Armor Class:	7
HD:	1d4 hp
Attacks:	1
Damage:	1d4-1 or (weapon)
Special Attacks:	Astound (see below)
Special Defenses:	Doomsday Cloud (in lair)
Magic Resistance:	None
Lair Probability:	90%
Intelligence:	Average
Alignment:	Neutral

Rustic relatives of halflings, Snortles are burrowing nomads with a unique culture. Standing 3' tall they have a ruddy complexion and dark – usually matted – hair. Snortles have their own language consisting of a limited pilfered vocabulary – an earnest testament to their nomadic nature. In addition to their hushed language, Snortles communicate warnings and short messages via reed pipes (which they collect obsessively). Whenever a good reed is found, it is prized and (generally) passed down as an heirloom or dowry, with one important exception: A special pipe known as the 'doomsday reed'. It has always been a badge of office. The Snortle tasked with manning this fail-deadly device is the Cheget. He has been admonished to use it only under the most grievous circumstances. When winded, it heralds the region's most bewildering act of mutual[ly] (attempted) dispersion (in the key of E flat major). This signal initiates an irreversible chain of events.

Coming within 30' of a mound trips the Cheget's alarm. Clouds of dust burst from every burrow on the meadow. Characters within 30' must save vs. poison or suffer the effects of inhaling the doomsday spores. The spores will send characters into a fit of wheezing and coughing for 2 rounds. If the party remains in the vicinity as the cloud dissipates (1d4 rounds) the warren evacuates. Snortles erupt from their burrows en masse and charge. They do not charge at anyone or anywhere in particular. Snortles run into each other, trip over their fallen brethren, and/or charge headlong into the woods. Characters witnessing this high-strung apocalypse must **save vs. spells** or suffer from the effect Astound. This effect causes characters to be amazed. The GM can assign a minor nuisance on characters or simply state that the characters are astonished by what they see.

Snortle tribes eke out a hardscrabble existence in woodland glades and remote grasslands throughout the northern world. Living in tribes consisting of 7 to 63 members, they communally gather food, reeds and other necessities.



VULTURE, CINEREOUS

	Immature	Adult
Freq:	Very Rare	Very Rare
No. Encountered:	1	1, 1d2 in lair
Size:	Large	Giant
Move:	300' (30')	350' (40')
Armor Class:	5	4
HD:	6	8
Attacks:	2 (talon/bite)	3(talon/talon/bite)
Damage:	1d6, 1d6	1d8, 1d8, 1d10
Special Attacks:	None	None
Special Defenses:	None	None
Magic Resistance:	Standard	Standard
Lair Probability:	45%	30%
Intelligence:	Animal	Animal
Alignment:	Neutral	Neutral

This giant solitary scavenger is rare. With an average length of 12', it is capable of carrying livestock. It soars at magnificent heights and uses its sweeping binocular vision to scan vast tracts of land. Little is known of the behavior of these massive creatures. Assumptions about its habits are based upon observations of more common species. Wisdom dictates that any area which might contain corpses large enough to satiate one of these giants is best avoided.

As its name implies, the Cinereous Vulture has plumage that is usually ashen (grey to black). It is rumored to nest in the shelves of inaccessible peaks.

Many interpret the appearance of a Cinereous Vulture overhead as a bad portent.

NON-PLAYER CHARACTERS

RUMPIS



Disowned by his family and shunned by his clan, a young fey was beguiled into servitude by a sorcerer of ill-repute. Proving to be worth less than the entertainment value of the abuse heaped upon him, Rumpis was set loose.

In an emotional parting, Rumpis was awarded his freedom and a wand with a trifling enchantment. With sad determination, he set out to fulfil his destiny. Time passed and Rumpis gained focus. He marched eagerly toward his interlude with destiny with an air of bravura. Fate circled him like a vulture (it was, in fact, a vulture).

For his part, the master was glad to be rid of him, confident his gift would hasten the approach of destiny. It wasn't even a proper wand. Detect magic wouldn't even recognize it.

Eventually, Rumpis made his way to a knoll near a pond where he built himself a domicile. Years later, Rumpis will recall a jumbled mosaic of heroic deeds. He leapt from the end of a sharp talon into a pond (he was kicked), wherein he staved off the attack of a vicious monster (he was ejected). Ultimately Rumpis found himself lying on the shore of said pond with a mangled leg. Destiny descended upon his wounded limb on giant black wings and bore it aloft with Rumpis in tow. His date with fate had come (he was spurned).

MAGIC ITEMS

DAZZLING CORSET OF CHARM RESISTANCE

This item provides its wearer with fashionable resistance to charm spells, silver-tongued rogues and a variety of persuasive schemes (+1 wisdom while worn). In addition, once per week, whoever is wearing the Dazzling Corset of Charm Resistance can initiate an enchantment that prevents the target from interacting with the well-dressed individual (useful against unwelcome callers). Its secret nature allows a comfortable fit under any armor and most formal gowns.



DUST OF EVACUATION

Dust of Evacuation is one of a number of fey powders designed for mischief. When poison is too much and taunts do not fit the situation, fey miscreants employ their dusts with glee. When a target comes in contact with a dose of **Dust of Evacuation** they must save vs. spells or spend the next 24 hours incapacitated by bodily functions. A remove curse or cure disease spell ends the effect. One sachet can contain up to 40 doses.

FEY SCROLL OF BOWEL BLOCKAGE (MINOR CURSE)

Bowel Blockage and other related minor curses are found on tiny scrolls or employed by fey enchanters. The **Bowel Blockage** curse has the exact opposite effect of the Dust of Evacuation (*see above*). Unless a successful save vs. spells is made the target feels the incapacitating effect for 12 hours. The curse takes 1d6 hours to incubate before the full effect is realized. Cursed characters suffer a -2 to hit and -2 damage as a result of the distracting pain while affected by its enchantment.

Any scroll that contains the **Bowel Blockage** curse can be understood using a read magic spell. Characters who read elvish or another fey language have a 50% chance of utilizing the scroll to full effect. Remove curse, cure disease or **Dust of Evacuation** (*see above*) negate its effects.

PERDU BAND

A **Perdu Band** is woven intricately with tiny green vines that adjust to fit the bearer.

When commanded this band grants the wearer the ability to hide in shadows. The only requirement is a shadow.

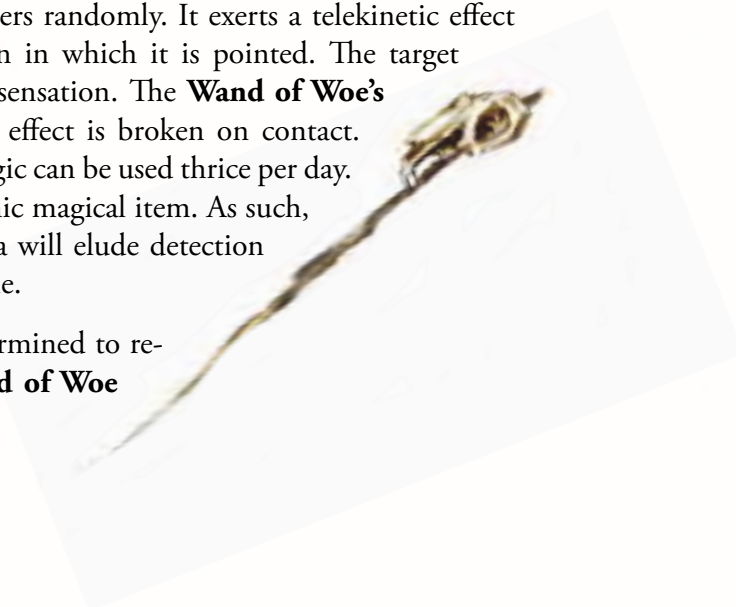
In order to stay concealed no sound or movement can be made. The wearer of the Perdu Band can remain in a hidden state until physical exhaustion forces involuntary movement. When crafted a Perdu Band is imbued with 2d6 charges.

WAND OF WOE

This magical item looks like a twig; its origin and purpose are shrouded in mystery.

The wand quivers randomly. It exerts a telekinetic effect in the direction in which it is pointed. The target feels a poking sensation. The **Wand of Woe's** range is 5'. Its effect is broken on contact. The wand's magic can be used thrice per day. It is an adynamic magical item. As such, its magical aura will elude detection 80% of the time.

Rumpis is determined to reclaim his **Wand of Woe** at any cost.



OVERLAND MAP



DISTAFF MAP



WHISPER VALE REGIONAL MAP



DISTAFF REGIONAL MAP



OPEN GAME LICENSE Version 1.0a

The following text is the property of Wizards of the Coast, Inc. and is Copyright 2000 Wizards of the Coast, Inc ("Wizards"). All Rights Reserved.

1. **Definitions:** (a) "Contributors" means the copyright and/or trademark owners who have contributed Open Game Content; (b) "Derivative Material" means copyrighted material including derivative works and translations (including into other computer languages), potation, modification, correction, addition, extension, upgrade, improvement, compilation, abridgment or other form in which an existing work may be recast, transformed or adapted; (c) "Distribute" means to reproduce, license, rent, lease, sell, broadcast, publicly display, transmit or otherwise distribute; (d) "Open Game Content" means the game mechanic and includes the methods, procedures, processes and routines to the extent such content does not embody the Product Identity and is an enhancement over the prior art and any additional content clearly identified as Open Game Content by the Contributor, and means any work covered by this License, including translations and derivative works under copyright law, but specifically excludes Product Identity. (e) "Product Identity" means product and product line names, logos and identifying marks including trade dress; artifacts; creatures characters; stories, storylines, plots, thematic elements, dialogue, incidents, language, artwork, symbols, designs, depictions, likenesses, formats, poses, concepts, themes and graphic, photographic and other visual or audio representations; names and descriptions of characters, spells, enchantments, personalities, teams, personas, likenesses and special abilities; places, locations, environments, creatures, equipment, magical or supernatural abilities or effects, logos, symbols, or graphic designs; and any other trademark or registered trademark clearly identified as Product identity by the owner of the Product Identity, and which specifically excludes the Open Game Content; (f) "Trademark" means the logos, names, mark, sign, motto, designs that are used by a Contributor to identify itself or its products or the associated products contributed to the Open Game License by the Contributor (g) "Use", "Used" or "Using" means to use, Distribute, copy, edit, format, modify, translate and otherwise create Derivative Material of Open Game Content. (h) "You" or "Your" means the licensee in terms of this agreement.

2. **The License:** This License applies to any Open Game Content that contains a notice indicating that the Open Game Content may only be Used under and in terms of this License. You must affix such a notice to any Open Game Content that you Use. No terms may be added to or subtracted from this License except as described by the License itself. No other terms or conditions may be applied to any Open Game Content distributed using this License.

3. **Offer and Acceptance:** By Using the Open Game Content You indicate Your acceptance of the terms of this License.

4. **Grant and Consideration:** In consideration for agreeing to use this License, the Contributors grant You a perpetual, worldwide, royalty-free, non-exclusive license with the exact terms of this License to Use, the Open Game Content.

5. **Representation of Authority to Contribute:** If You are contributing original material as Open Game Content, You represent that Your Contributions are Your original creation and/or You have sufficient rights to grant the rights conveyed by this License.

6. **Notice of License Copyright:** You must update the COPYRIGHT NOTICE portion of this License to include the exact text of the COPYRIGHT NOTICE of any Open Game Content You are copying, modifying or distributing, and You must add the title, the copyright date, and the copyright holder's name to the COPYRIGHT NOTICE of any original Open Game Content you Distribute.

7. **Use of Product Identity:** You agree not to Use any Product Identity, including as an indication as to compatibility, except as expressly licensed in another, independent Agreement with the owner of each element of that Product Identity. You agree not to indicate compatibility or co-adaptability with any Trademark or Registered Trademark in conjunction with a work containing Open Game Content except as expressly licensed in another, independent Agreement with the owner of such Trademark or Registered Trademark. The use of any Product Identity in Open Game Content does not constitute a challenge to the ownership of that Product Identity. The owner of any Product Identity used in Open Game Content shall retain all rights, title and interest in and to that Product Identity.

8. **Identification:** If you distribute Open Game Content You must clearly indicate which portions of the work that you are distributing are Open Game Content.

9. **Updating the License:** Wizards or its designated Agents may publish updated versions of this License. You may use any authorized version of this License to copy, modify and distribute any Open Game Content originally distributed under any version of this License.

10. **Copy of this License:** You MUST include a copy of this License with every copy of the Open Game Content You Distribute.

11. **Use of Contributor Credits:** You may not market or advertise the Open Game Content using the name of any Contributor unless You have written permission from the Contributor to do so.

12. **Inability to Comply:** If it is impossible for You to comply with any of the terms of this License with respect to some or all of the Open Game Content due to statute, judicial order, or governmental regulation then You may not Use any Open Game Material so affected.

13. **Termination:** This License will terminate automatically if You fail to comply with all terms herein and fail to cure such breach within 30 days of becoming aware of the breach. All sublicenses shall survive the termination of this License.

14. **Reformation:** If any provision of this License is held to be unenforceable, such provision shall be reformed only to the extent necessary to make it enforceable.

15 COPYRIGHT NOTICE

Open Game License v 1.0 Copyright 2000, Wizards of the Coast, Inc.

System Reference Document Copyright 2000-2003, Wizards of the Coast, Inc.; Authors Jonathan Tweet, Monte Cook, Skip Williams, Rich Baker, Andy Collins, David Noonan, Rich Redman, Bruce R. Cordell, John D. Rateliff, Thomas Reid, James Wyatt, based on original material by E. Gary Gygax and Dave Arneson.

Modern System Reference Document Copyright 2002, Wizards of the Coast, Inc.; Authors Bill Slavicsek, Jeff Grubb, Rich Redman, Charles Ryan, based on material by Jonathan Tweet, Monte Cook, Skip Williams, Richard Baker, Peter Adkison, Bruce R. Cordell, John Tynes, Andy Collins, and JD Wiker

Labyrinth LordTM Copyright 2007, Daniel Proctor. Author Daniel Proctor..

Original Edition Characters, Copyright 2008 Daniel Proctor. Author Daniel Proctor.

Advanced Edition Companion, Copyright 2008 Daniel Proctor. Author Daniel Proctor.

Rot Grub from the Tome of Horrors, Copyright 2002, Necromancer Games, Inc.; Authors Scott Greene and Clark Peterson, based on original material by Gary Gygax

Whisper & Venom, Copyright 2013, Lesser Gnome; Authors Zach Glazar and John Hammerle, based on original material created by Zach Glazar.

END OF LICENSE

Copyright 2014, Lesser Gnome. Whisper & Venom, the Whisper Vale, Thopas, Rumpis, and all character names and depictions are Copyright 2014 Lesser Gnome. Commercial use is only allowed with explicit permission of Lesser Gnome. No restrictions apply to non-commercial uses that do not harm the following trademarks: Thopas, Whisper & Venom, The Whisper Vale, and Lesser Gnome. All Rights Reserved.