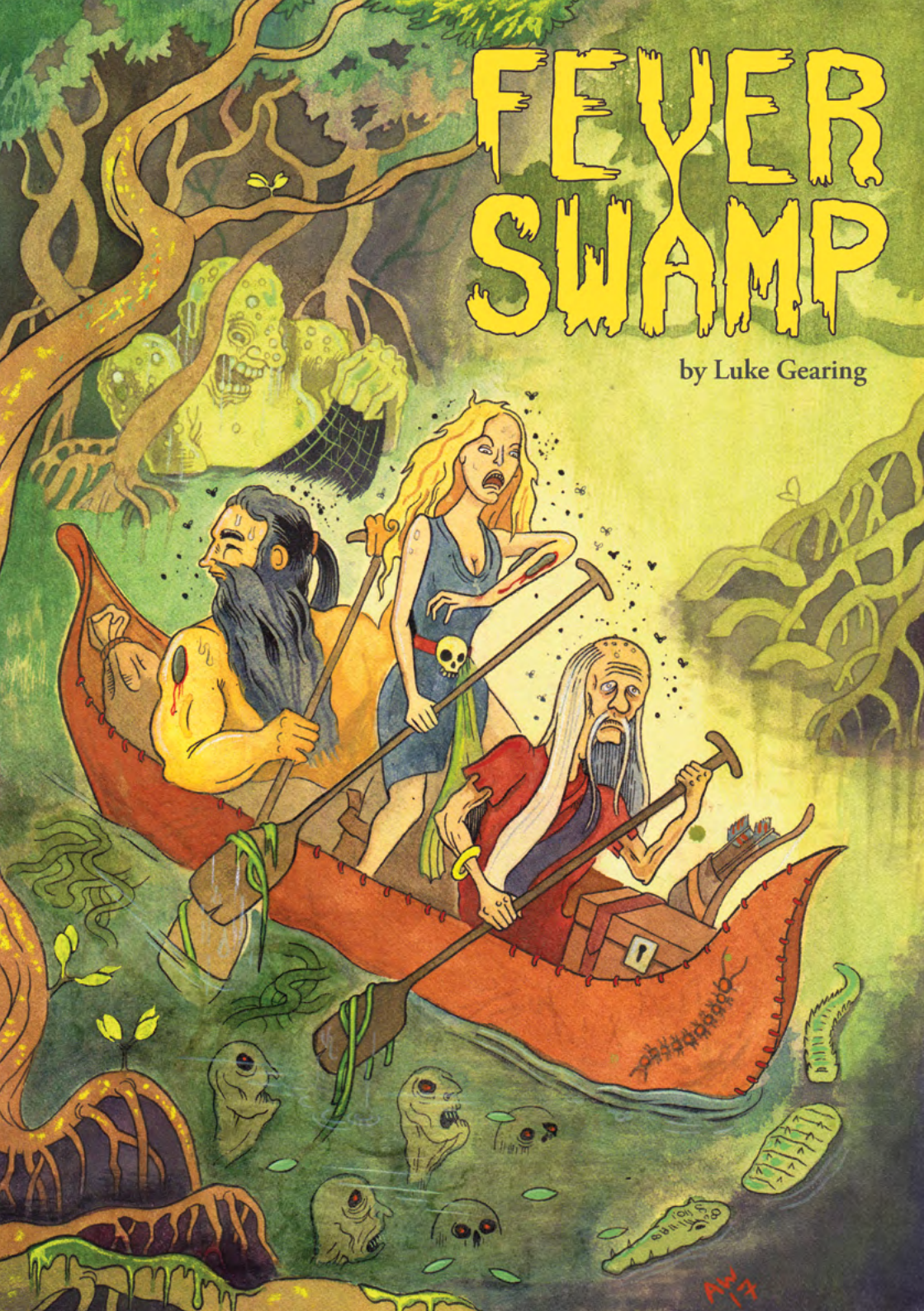


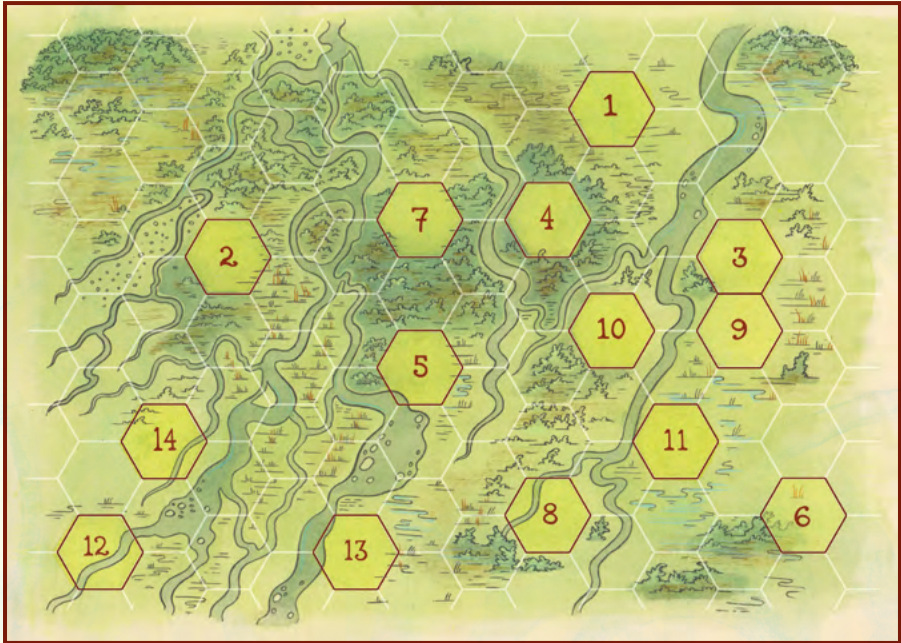
FEVER SWAMP

by Luke Gearing



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FEVER SWAMP

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2	Drowning Spirits <i>pg 22</i>	12	Crocodiles <i>pg 22</i>
3	Citizens of Clink <i>pgs 6-7</i>	13	Swamp Snakes <i>pg 25</i>
4	The People (Tribe) <i>pgs 4-5</i>	14	Swamp Witch (d4 lvl MU)
5	The People (Patrol) <i>pgs 4-5</i>	15	Giant Leech <i>pg 24</i>
6	Candlethieves <i>pg 22</i>	16	Dredges <i>pg 22</i>
7	Leech Chewers <i>pg 24</i>	17	Adventurers (3d2, d4 lvl)
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1-2	2d6 Waterlogged Dead (as Zombies)
3-4	2d6 Slimy Skeletons
5	1d4 Reanimated Crocodiles
6	1 Chieftain-Wight <i>pg 25</i> , 1d6 Waterlogged Dead, 1d6 Slimy Skeletons

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Welcome to Fever Swamp, a foetid, forsaken place that no one in their right mind would ever visit. That's okay, because your players are not in their right minds to begin with, and if they are, then mentioning the bounty for the return of **Gert Von Hemmer** (Hex 14 *pg 17*) can be effective, as can simply dropping some rumours of the untouched wealth that can be found in the swamps. Attempting to discover the fate of the *Wasser Koenig* (Hex 6 *pg 15*) is another possibility, as is confirming sightings of a huge horde of undead (The Corpse Pile *pg 25*) and what is causing them to amass.

The rumour table below can be used to give information. For those far away from the Swamp, or the uninformed, a **d4** is rolled. For those adjacent, and who've heard of the Swamp, roll a **d6**. For those living in the swamp, or interested in it, roll a **d8**.

dX	RUMORS ABOUT AND IN FEVER SWAMP
1	Full of great big green dragons! <i>Utterly false.</i>
2	Some Nilfenbergian boat sunk there, I heard. <i>True, the Wasser Koenig (pg 15).</i>
3	All the settlers are thieves and killers. <i>Somewhat true – there's a lot of them (pgs 6–7).</i>
4	The name is earned through the maladies and diseases of the swamp. <i>Incredibly true (pgs 26–27).</i>
5	There's supposed to be untouched ruins in that swamp. <i>True (pgs 16–17).</i>
6	The 'Natives' of the Swamp are twisted and strange. <i>Somewhat true (pgs 4–5).</i>
7	Bloodcurdling tales of the Corpse Pile, roaming these past few days. <i>True (pg 25).</i>
8	Gert Von Hemmer, a major scholar, was last seen here. <i>True (pg 17).</i>

Whilst in the Swamp, you must press upon the players the sweltering, suffocating heat and the humidity, the lack of light from the thick foliage and the general miasma of the swamp. Nothing is clean, everything filthy, stained, old and ramshackle. It is not a happy place.

Whenever a hex does not have content specified or the players spend significant time not doing much (e.g. travelling, investigating something out in the open) roll a d20 on the encounter table.

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“Theyuhs two kinda folk in these parts: us good folk from ‘Empire, and them whots worship th’trees an th’spirits. Well, theyuhs is one utha kind, mind ya—dayed folk.”

The inhabitants of Fever Swamp, who refer to themselves only as The People, are numbered in the thousands and have loosely organized themselves into tribes that claim communal protection zones around specific old-growth trees in the thicker, denser sections of the swamp. Occasionally they will be seen patrolling their territories and hunting wild swamp game, though some have been known to trade with the people living in Clink. They are idly curious about the outside world, but are far more concerned with keeping Fever Swamp stable and safe—they know a little of **GRANDFATHER ROTTE**. Each tribe is led by a Chief, who only accepts counsel from his/her Shaman. For grave matters, all Chiefs will meet and debate, without the council of the Shamans.

A patrol of inhabitants has 2d6 members while a tribe has 3d20, each d20 being men, women and children, respectively. They are **HD:1** humans without armour who use spears and clubs as weapons of choice and live simply, high above the water line. Unless a group has been contacted before, always roll on the reaction table for how the group acts.

In addition, each tribe has a Shaman with 2d4 levels. Each Shaman has an apprentice of first level—there is a 50% chance this apprentice wishes to see the world, and is willing to join the party as a hireling or replacement character in the case of death. Furthermore, there is a 20% chance each tribe has a **TRANSFIGURATION HOST** (see pg 18). They will always attempt to join the party, following at a distance if they are not willingly accepted. The tribe will pay 2D20 *SP* for the party to take the child if asked.

The People know of the **CORPSE PILE**, and move to avoid it, though they do not know why it has arisen.

Roll on the table on the next page 1d4 times for each grouping of tribes. Pre-rolling six tribes is the minimum suggested if you would prefer to have several set tribes wandering the Swamp rather than many smaller bands.

d20	SOMETHING ABOUT THE TRIBE.
1	All wear a mask. Materials vary and depictions range from animal totems and folk heroes to deities of plague and human sacrifice.
2	All are silent – speech is not permitted.
3	All have shards of glass embedded in their fingers (1d6 dmg).
4	All bear sharpened teeth (1d6 dmg).
5	All have scarification to simulate demonic visages.
6	No single member is over 4’10” in height.
7	All are cannibals, purely through choice.
8	They make sacrifice to the Trees.
9	All fully fledged members of the tribe have two child-slaves bound to them.
10	All bear open wounds, deliberately inflicted and left to fester in the swamp’s humid air.
11	The entire tribe consists of a single gender.
12	All are (children/elderly).
13	All appear to be heavy with child – they carry parasites within their bellies, knowingly.
14	No skin is allowed to show – they are wrapped about with hide, always.
15	Each is accompanied by their bonded animal. Those who cannot bond are fed to the animals.
16	All have long, sinuous limbs. They easily clamber through the trees.
17	Every single member is missing at least one limb or appendage.
18	All bear a sack of rocks upon their back. They will not discuss the true nature of the rocks.
19	All have feathers embedded in their skin that sway delicately whenever the wind picks up.
20	All have blank faces – something has robbed them of their features.



Each hex measures 18 miles. Players can travel 1 hex a day in a boat. Unless obvious from the description, travel by foot is impossible. If a hex is not numbered, roll an encounter on the tables on the inside front cover.



The Village of Clink

POPULATION:54 CULT MEMBERS:36 REMAINING FAITHFUL:18

A collection of Nilfenbergian settlers and criminals live here, dwelling in shoddy wooden structures supported by stilts to keep them out of the stinking waters of the swamp. They're tough, unwelcoming folk — they know nobody with a good and decent purpose ends up here. Most pay lip-service to the Nilfenbergian Church, but in fact are members of the **CULT OF THE DROWNED**, seeking their **WATER-DEAD GOD**. The **GOD** is real, but lies far below the ocean, not in this stinking swamp. The residents are unaware of the **CORPSE PILE**, the roaming horde of undead reanimated by the **UR-CORPSE** in Hex 2.

CULT MEMBERS



REMAINING FAITHFUL



Some Notable Inhabitants of Clink

Sloane—A violent criminal who has become a **FERVENT MEMBER OF THE CULT OF THE DROWNED**. He is pushing for the cult to capture and torture “natives” for information on their liege, and is considering funding outsiders to do so himself. He has *400 SP* stashed away for this purpose. He also loves his children, **James** and **Shannon**, very much.

Jason—A distiller of crude, powerful alcohol. He’s here simply to exploit the settlers, and thinks it’s nearly time to move his distillery—he’s beginning to suspect something isn’t right here in Clink. He wouldn’t mind seeing it destroyed, if the PCs happen to ask. He abuses the hallucinogenic plants of the swamp regularly and is prone to fits of glossolalia, which have drawn the attention of the **CULT**. He also hates **Daniel** with a passion.

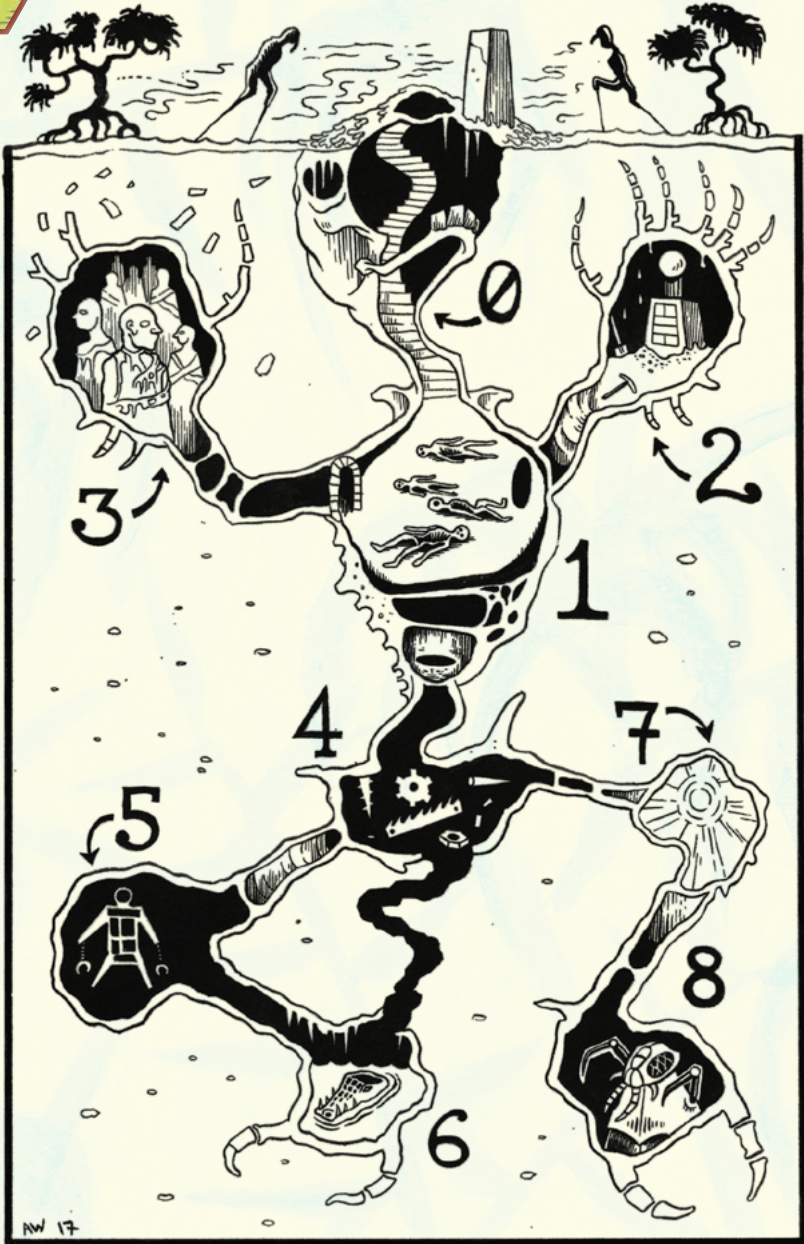
Daniel—A hulking pillar of a man, covered in tattoos and scars from his years as a street thug in a city that he refuses to name. He escaped a Nilfenbergian Penal Legion, and is now using Clink to hide, though from what he refuses to say. He knows of the **CULT**, and it scares him. He’s willing to help them if that’s what it takes to survive, but would rather see them destroyed. Despite the impression he seeks to give, he is a helpful, kind man, often giving *DISCOUNTS* in the general store he runs. He outright refuses to peddle **Jason’s** liquor.

Nickolas—The sole representative of the Nilfenbergian Church in Clink. He doesn’t leave his hut, for fear of murder by the **CULT OF THE DROWNED**. For the same reason, he doesn’t report Clink’s dark secrets to the Empire. If the party attempts to talk to him, he will only warn them to leave from behind his door. If **Jasmine** is killed, and he is told, he will attempt to rally the remaining faithful in Clink to drive out the **CULT**. *2d10 CULTISTS WILL HELP THE FAITHFUL*, having been coerced into the faith.

Jasmine—The **HIGH PRIESTESS OF THE CULT OF THE DROWNED**, she wholeheartedly believes in its nihilistic creed. Her face is scarred with the beak-wounds of Nilfenbergian Crows. She is happy to trade her collection of valuable *NILFENBERGIAN RELIGIOUS ITEMS (WORTH 4,000 SP)* to outsiders if they agree to help her find the ruins of the Temple of the Water-Dead God. She thinks the ruins in Hex 2 still hold secrets, the previous group that she sent there having not returned from their expedition (though she will not immediately divulge this information if pressed). She will test the mettle of prospective adventurers by sending them to Hex 13 if unconvinced of their skill. **Jasmine** is a 5th Level Magic User.



Ur-Corpse Ruins





Entrance— A ten-foot tall monolithic grave marker rests here, inscribed with words from a long-dead language. If translated, it reads:

*A CORPSE UNTOUCHED
OUTSIDE OF CYCLES
OUTSIDE OF TIME*

This refers to the Ur-Corpse locked below. Under the marker is recently turned earth—about a week ago, members of the Cult of the Drowned dug up this area, thinking it to be the grave of the Water-Dead God.

A set of worn stairs, almost bone white, leads into the moist blackness beneath the marker.

10 STILT-WALKERS guard this ruin.

The entire tomb is carved into the skeleton of some ancient, terrible beast. The walls are encrusted in muck and vegetation, but scraping them away reveals the filthy, ancient bone, rock-hard, fortified by the shrine in Room 2.

Stilt-Walker (10 APPEARING) pg 24

HD:4 AC:14 ATK:+4 SPEAR-LIKE LEGS (1d8+2) MORALE:12



Antechamber— There are six week-old corpses here, clearly dressed as citizens of Clink. They openly wear *PENDANTS* *DEPICTING THE WATER-DEAD GOD*. Between the six of them are 30 SP, 6 SHOVELS, A LANTERN with an empty flask, and 2 SWORDS. Each corpse has been flayed, the clothes deposited in a neat pile in the corner.



Diggers Shrine—This room contains a small shrine, clustered about with shovels, picks and (functional) water pumps. Atop the shrine is an *IVORY PILLAR*, about a foot tall. It is dedicated to a nameless god of stability and permanence. If removed, the **ENTIRE AREA COLLAPSES AND FLOODS IN 1d4 ROUNDS**. It is worth 6,000 SP TO A COLLECTOR.



Iron Eight— **8 IRON STATUES** rest here. Each was once a sinner, flayed and cursed to duty eternal. They hunger still for skin's wet embrace, and will flay their victims, wrapping themselves in the gory scraps. The first six are wrapped about in shreds of human skin. **THEY MAY ONLY ANIMATE IF THEY ARE THREATENED OR IF THE SEARING LIGHT IS DEACTIVATED.** Even if the **STATUES** are

destroyed, their *WEAPONS RETAIN THEIR POWERS*, although they are at -2 to hit due to their huge size, and each counts for 1 encumbrance. The value for each is given in the table below.

Iron Sinner (8 *APPEARING*)

HD:5 AC:18 ATK:+5 (DAMAGE AS WEAPON) MORALE:12

#	CURSED SINNER
1	Askguurd the Arsonist wields a zweihander (2d6) which freezes wounds. Any wet character struck by this blade takes a -3 to all rolls as they are frozen to their core. He aches to see flames dance across buildings again (3500 SP, COUNTS FOR 2 ENCUMBRANCE).
2	Naldden the Murderer wields a truncheon (1d8) which can never kill. This infuriates her (1000 SP).
3	Disnat the Thief wields a short-sword (1d8). Her armour is even more imposing than the others, granting her AC:20 but causing her to always act last in initiative (150 SP).
4	Kaldik the Emancipator wields a spiked chain which animates in his hands to wrap about the throat of the target, strangling them if they do not follow his commands. The only one of the Iron Eight able to speak, but only in a pathetic, snivelling voice (1500 SP).
5	Jondirr the Adulterer wields a broken spear (1d6). His mask still bears the adulterer's brand, and can inflict visions of his infidelities upon those he fixes his glare upon, paralyzing them if they are not lecherous of nature (1 SP).
6	Tantin the Rapist wields a pair of hammers (2d6). He was not constructed from the waist down, and must crawl, mirroring the skinless, maimed body inside (750 SP AS A SET).
7	Dinent the Matricide wields an oversized knife (1d12) modelled on the tool she used to butcher her mother in jealousy (100 SP).
8	Naggtet the Traitor wields a hammer of the courts (1d10). Every 1d4 rounds he falls to the ground in excruciating agony, crushing anyone in front of him for 2d8 damage if they fail to save (2500 SP TO A HISTORIAN).



Trapped Room—This room was once heavily trapped, with many impaling spikes and saw blades. All have been triggered and dismantled, the parts laying strewn about the room. Amidst the rubble and debris are the skeletons of several long dead elongated humanoid bodies, all mysteriously missing their skulls. Careful searching will yield a small *METALLIC CUBE* that exudes warmth. The purpose of this *CUBE* is left to the DM to decide, though it is rumoured that *SUCH CUBES ARE SOMETIMES USED TO COMMUNICATE WITH SOCIETIES ON OTHER WORLDS AND PLANES OF EXISTENCE.* There is still a **SMALL CHANCE OF TAKING DAMAGE** if a PC moves quickly throughout the room.



Sacrifice Chamber—A large metal frame, shaped like a standing human and encumbered by manacles at hands and feet dominates this room. The walls have instructional carvings for proper use of the frame—a human is to be strapped in and then to have each extremity broken with an iron rod, beginning with the right foot and proceeding up the right leg, across to the left arm, then across the chest and right arm and then again down the left leg, before the head is caved in with a large mallet. If this is completed correctly, the **CROCODILE-GHOULS** in room 6 *WILL BE UNABLE TO TOUCH THE ONE PERFORMING THE SACRIFICE.* The instructional carvings do not reveal this information, only what is to be done.



Savage Animals—The lever to deactivate the **SEARING LIGHT** emerges from the waist-high water, rusted and coated in swamp-scum. **6 CROCODILE-GHOULS**, cursed to hunger but never starve, thrash madly in the chamber, guarding the lever. There are *d20x100 SP WORTH OF JEWELLERY AND COINS* as well as *1 RUSTED MATCHLOCK PISTOL* hidden amidst the bones.

Crocodile Ghoul (6 *APPEARING*)

HD:4 AC:16 ATK:+4 BITE (1d8 +2) MORALE:9





Searing Light—This chamber is bathed in **LIGHT INTENSE ENOUGH TO BURN HUMAN SKIN**, dealing **1d4 DAMAGE FOR EACH ROUND** of exposure. It is impossible to see beyond the **LIGHT**, and feeling around for the exit passage takes 1d6 rounds. The **LIGHT** almost perfectly seals the **UR-CORPSE** below, letting only a tiny sliver of its essence slip through a crack in order to animate the **CORPSE PILE**. The **LIGHT** emanates from the tip of a pitted iron spike that protrudes from the ceiling. It connects to a cable that draws on the power of the corpse from which the tomb is constructed.



Tomb-Throne—Here the **UR-CORPSE** sits, enthroned and entombed. A corpse of something never living and terribly ancient, **It** sits poised, long head angled downwards, six insectile limbs ready to power **It** forwards. The Sarcophagus-Throne shows some signs of damage—if it is damaged further whilst the **SEARING LIGHT** is deactivated the **UR-CORPSE** will smash through the **IRON EIGHT** on **ITS** way out, leaving **ITS** rescuers alive. Once freed, **It** will roam the lands, resurrecting all corpses in a 1 mile radius to build a **LEGION TO SNUFF OUT THOSE WHO STILL LIVE**.

Embedded in the chest of this creature is a single, small *FRAGMENT OF PUREST BLACK*. It contains the potential life of this **CORPSE WHICH NEVER LIVED**. If removed, it can be used to *GRANT LIFE TO ONE DEAD THING*, restoring it to the state it had prior to death. Removing the *FRAGMENT* without disturbing the **CORPSE** requires immense care (two Sleight-of-Hand tests at -1). This is achieved by depressing the *FRAGMENT* into the **CORPSE**. Pressing the *FRAGMENT* into the **UR-CORPSE** causes it to ascend to godhood in some alien dimension, where it will watch those who realised its potential. *IF ANY ONE OF ITS SAVIOURS DIES, IT WILL UNDO THEIR DEMISE, LETTING THEM CHEAT DEATH ONCE*. With this, its debt is repaid, and it will watch them no longer. The fragment has no cash value, but *FOR XP PURPOSES IT IS WORTH 10,000 SP*.

Ur-Corpse (*UNIQUE*)

HD:18 AC:12 ATK:+8 RENDING CLAWS (1d12 + NECROSIS 2D6) MORALE:12



Tree-Spider Trap

A **TREE-SPIDER**, driven mad by the corrupting influence of the filthy outsiders and their constant demands of 'Treasure!', has spun a trap here, and lurks moodily, waiting for prey. A chest she recovered from previous prey has been placed on the roots of a tree just above the water line. The soggy wooden chest with iron bands is covered in her **NEAR-INVISIBLE WEB**, which acts as a very strong glue. Strength alone cannot break the bond. Should anyone be foolish enough to touch the chest with an implement or their hand, they will find the object stuck fast. If anyone attempts to help the fool, the **TREE-SPIDER** will use her web to haul their boats up beyond reach, into the tree line. Any who attempt to climb will have to fight her in her element. Her plan is to wait until they succumb to thirst or disease, trapped on the roots of a tree. The **TREE-SPIDER** can speak, and will taunt her prey. Roll random encounters normally if the players are stuck. The chest contains *1500 SP, STAMPED WITH THE NILFENBERGIAN SEAL.*

TREE-SPIDER

HD:5 AC:14 ATK:+4 BITE (1d6 + 1d6 STRENGTH POISON) MORALE:10



Explosive Madman

Swinging through the trees is a filthy figure, festooned with skulls and small leather pouches. He is wrapped about in the rags of a Nilfenbergian Sapper. He has lost his mind but not his skills. He will refer to himself as **SERG ANTE**, the only remnant of his previous life. He wants to destroy all floating vessels, and **THROWS EXPLOSIVES FROM THE TREES** to do so. If killed, he has *2d4 EXPLOSIVE POUCHES* remaining. Alternatively, if shown Nilfenbergian religious or military insignia, he will give a rambling, incoherent report on Hexes 7 (**MUSHROOM SPIRIT HOUSES**), 10 (**SWAMP WITCH**) and 5 (**GRANDFATHER ROTTE**). If ordered to stand down, he will give the party *3d6 EXPLOSIVES*, and travel to Clink, where he will be captured and interrogated by the Cult.

MAD SAPPER

HD:1 AC:16 (FAST) ATK:+4 THROWN EXPLOSIVE (2d4+2 10' AREA) MORALE:5



Grandfather Rotte

Here he lies, the godling himself. A colony of **3d8 SCUMBOGGLES** live amphibiously in his nostrils. They know of **HIS** ways, and do not wish to see **HIM** awoken, which will occur if something damages **HIS** swamp beyond its ability to recover naturally.

SCUMBOGGLE (3D8 APPEARING) pg 24

HD:1 AC:14 ATK:+1 SPEAR (1d6+1) MORALE:8

GRANDFATHER ROTTE pg 24

HD:25 AC:8 ATK:CRUSH w/ BUILDING-SIZED FIST (SAVE OR INSTANT DEATH) MORALE:12





Wasser Koenig Shipwreck

The *Wasser Koenig* was a Nilfenbergian river galley that once bristled with weapons. It was lost in the Fever Swamp, with none of its crew returning to the Empire. It sits, half-sunk, festooned with vegetation and corpses. On the lower deck is a cache of weaponry—*30 SHORT SWORDS*, *5 MATCHLOCK MUSKETS* with *1 BAG OF SHOT EACH* and *3 BARRELS OF POWDER*, still usable thanks to the waterproofing of the cargo containers. The *3 cannons* have long since sunk to the bottom of the swamp. If someone attempts to move any of the items above, the **CORPSES OF THE CREW** will reanimate and attempt to stop the thieves. They are bound to the spirit of the ship, which lingers about the rotting timbers.

REANIMATED CREW (25 APPEARING)

HD:1 AC:12 ATK:+1 SWORD (1d6) MORALE:12



Mushroom Spirit Houses

3d6 HUGE, DELICIOUS AND FILLING MUSHROOMS grow from an abnormally large rotted tree. Each mushroom houses **1d4 SPIRITS**, which nestle in between the gills. If they are disturbed, roll on the Encounter Table for each spirit so disturbed—these are the vessels the spirits will use to enact their vengeance.



Scumboggle Hive

An abnormally wide tree, rotted out completely, houses **5d20 SCUMBOGGLES** at any given time. They will defend their home viciously if they perceive a threat.

SCUMBOGGLE pg 24

HD:1 AC:14 ATK:+1 SPEAR (1d6+1) MORALE:8



Hunger the Crocodile

Twelve years ago, an elder Shaman was eaten by a crocodile. The bound spirit latched onto the crocodile, who has grown huge, mad and evil. The People call him **HUNGER**. He has the spirit of a sixth-level Shaman, and will use it for one purpose—to eat.

Whenever **HUNGER** bites, he latches on. If he is not pried off (contested roll against 18 Strength) before next round he performs a deathroll, tearing off a random limb and dealing a further 2d10 damage.

Hunger the Crocodile

HD:10 AC:18 ATK:+8 BITE (1d10+5) MORALE:10



Suicidal Swamp-Witch

A **SWAMP-WITCH (3RD LEVEL MU)** has been fused with a tree, and is desperate for death. Her **2d4 HD:3 BOUND DEMONS** (as *Summon*) cannot let this happen, but no longer follow her instructions due to the nature of her fusion. This deeply upsets her. She will tell PCs where to find all ruins in return for death. **OATH-BREAKERS WILL BE ASSAULTED WITH MAGIC** — she knows all spells appropriate to her level and **WILL ATTEMPT TO DESTROY BOATS** as necessary.



Oracular Succubus

A ring of standing stones with a stone altar in the middle, rising out of the water, untouched by vegetation or decay. Laying on the altar will summon the bound **SUCCUBUS** of the stones, who has forgotten her own name. Laying with her means she will *ANSWER ONE QUESTION ABOUT THE NATURE OF SOMEONE THE CHARACTER KNOWS*. Characters laying with her also **MUST ROLL BELOW WISDOM OR BECOME UTTERLY SMITTEN**. She will not tell them this as she is desperate for company. She is invisible, intangible and cannot fight nor be killed. Destroying the stones frees her, but she cannot tell anyone.



Ruin — Failed Settlement

Rising haphazardly from the waters are eight decaying buildings on stilts clustered around a pitted iron monolith. The **2d6 STILT-WALKERS** here will not approach within 20 feet of the monolith. All buildings are 1d10+20 feet away from the monolith. **STARVED CORPSES** are clustered around it, floating in their boats. Roll on the table below for the *CONTENTS OF EACH HOUSE*. Any number above 50 can only appear once.

STILT-WALKER (2D6 APPEARING) pg 24

HD:4 AC:14 ATK:+4 SPEAR-LIKE LEGS (1D8+2) MORALE:12

d100	NOTABLE CONTENTS OF HOUSE
1-50	Number rolled in silver pieces.
51-60	2d12 rounds of ammunition for crossbows/bows/guns.
61-70	3 days of lantern fuel and a week's rations.
71-80	An amulet dedicated to the Water-Dead God.
81-90	A skull-candle. It burns, regardless of wind, for 2d4 hours. Spirits cannot exist within its flickering light, but those driven away in this manner are filled with a burning desire for revenge. Worth 500 sp.
91-95	A fetish for distracting hungry spirits. Worth 300 sp.
96-100	A Shaman-knife, effective against spirits. (Deals d8 to spirits, always counts them as tangible.) Worth 600 sp.



Ruin — Fallen Monastery

A huge **FUNGUS COLONY** which grows in the flooded catacombs of this ruined monastery-prison. It has consumed the minds of the **MONKS**, who now serve as its appendages while feeding on the mass of their master. In their previous lives, they worked to cleanse themselves of sin in the filth and disease of the swamp, and offered treatment to the colonists. There are **18 MONKS** here, all of whom act in perfect unison. They fight as standard humans, with a special attack — they **BREATHE SPORES INTO THE FACE** of the potentially useful, triggering a save vs Disease. If failed, the fungus **TAKES ROOT IN THE PCs' MINDS**, dominating them entirely after a day of waking nightmares and headaches. The **MAIN BODY OF THE FUNGUS** has **HD:10**, no forms of attack or defence, and is incredibly flammable. There are still **3,000 SP WORTH OF RELIGIOUS ARTIFACTS AND VARIOUS MEDICINES AND TREATMENTS**. A skilled surgeon can use them to treat **Gert Von Hemmer**. There is also the **BODY OF A SAINT WORTH 8,000 SP TO THE CHURCH**, underneath the **MAIN BODY OF THE FUNGUS**, within the catacomb. The ruins are surrounded by **2d6 STILT-WALKERS**.

STILT-WALKER (2D6 APPEARING) pg 24

HD:4 AC:14 ATK:+4 SPEAR-LIKE LEGS (1D8+2) MORALE:12

MONKS



Ruin — Destroyed Tower

This grey stone tower has been torn in half. The **2d6 STILT-WALKERS** here will not enter the tower nor set foot on the small mound of earth it rests upon. They **WILL SINK BOATS LEFT NEARBY**, carefully dragging them into the water and piercing them. Inside the tower is **Gert Von Hemmer**, a Nilfenbergian scholar, uniquely trusted by the Empire to research occult topics. He has contracted a highly contagious form of **PSEUDOMYXOMA PERITONEI** from prolonged exposure to the Swamp. He knows of the Occulted Kingdom (see Undercroft #10) and is writing his findings on the walls in his infected blood. His return or his knowledge is worth up to **10,000 SP** in Nilfenberg. None in Clink know he is here, though he purchased supplies there. **Gert** will die in 4 days if not treated, as polyps in his appendix burst, **SHOWERING ALL IN A 5 FOOT RADIUS WITH HIS DISEASE**. **Gert** refuses to leave the destroyed tower, gesturing wildly at the **STILT-WALKERS** and the water. The Shamans will not touch him — they can feel his corruption.

In addition to his knowledge, **Gert** has an **ASTRONOMICAL TELESCOPE (3,000 SP)**, a **SWORD CANE (100 SP, treat as rapier)**, **3 SETS OF SPECTACLES, (TOTAL OF 1,000 SP)** and a heavily annotated **ATLAS (3,000 SP and a good way to drop adventure hooks)**.

STILT-WALKER (2D6 APPEARING) pg 24

HD:4 AC:14 ATK:+4 SPEAR-LIKE LEGS (1D8+2) MORALE:12

Transfiguration Host

Some children of the inhabitants of Fever Swamp are chosen to be a Host. They are treated incredibly well, spared the hardship of the swamp-dweller life, living as royalty of the decay and the dirty water. On the cusp of adulthood, they are stripped and blindfolded. A Shaman, daubed in protective berry juices and herbs, is the only company they have on the journey to find a Transfiguration Worm. If one is not found within a week, calamity is sure to follow. The last year it happened, Nilfenbergian scouts burnt twelve camps.

When the Worm is found, the child is offered as Host. The Worm burrows into the child's spine, lodging there, enmeshing itself within the spinal cord. The child is then left in the Swamp, unknowingly tugged by the Worm to find new experiences. Eventually, the Worm has experienced enough, and will force the Host back to the Swamp, barely even human. It is not known why they collect experiences.

HD AS SPECIALIST, SAVES AS SPECIALIST, XP AS FIGHTER.

Upon levelling, roll on the appropriate level chart.

d6	BENEFIT (LEVELS 1-3)
1	The Transfiguration Worm senses some base magical potential, and stimulates it. The Host wakes up each morning with a random level 1 spell ready for use.
2	The fingers and toes of the Host become like those of a gecko, granting +4 in climb and removing the need for rope—if hands and feet are uncovered.
3	The Host awakes with the taste of blood in their mouth—their canines have been forced out by razor-sharp fangs. They can bite for 1d6 damage.
4	The jaw and stomach of the Host are modified—the Host can dislocate their jaw (by hand) to swallow small objects, and can then vomit them back up at will.
5	The Host will not live long—the Worm knows this, and accelerates their metabolism. Their healing rate is doubled, but the Host takes a -2 penalty on saves vs. Poison and Disease.
6	The olfactory glands of the Host are heightened to the point where they rival that of a domestic dog.

d6	BENEFIT (LEVELS 4-6)
1	The nervous system of the Host is radically rewired, granting the ability to learn the last d4 weeks of memory contained within any brain eaten.
2	The Host gains a toxin gland, which can be mixed with saliva and spat into the eyes, causing d4 days of blindness on a failed save vs. Poison. 2/day.
3	An ungainly protrusion from the back of the skull is in fact a gland which can generate enough electricity to stun a human-sized target for 1d6 rounds. 1/day.
4	The Host complains of great pains from one arm, and they can feel a twisting and grinding from the bones. Once they eventually pass out, sweat drenched and delirious with pain, the flesh of the arm sloughs off to reveal a wickedly sharp bone-blade, capable of dealing 1d10+1 damage, with +2 to hit. Of course, they are now missing a hand.
5	The parasite has matured enough to tap into its own magical potential—the Host memorises a random second level spell when they sleep.
6	The Host gains the ability to vomit intense acid once a day, dealing 2d8 damage to those in front of them—however, the higher d8 of damage is dealt to the Host as they are burned by the acid.
d6	BENEFIT (LEVELS 7+)
1	A pair of bat-like wings violently erupt from the back of the Host, destroying any armour worn. The muscles of the back become knotted and powerful, enabling flight but disallowing any armour or tight clothing not tailor made.
2	Without warning, the knees of the Host snap backwards with a sickening crunch, resembling the legs of a bird. The muscles moan and twist at their sudden growth. The Host moves at twice their original speed.
3	The Host falls to the ground, screaming, as they nearly double in size, all fragile or worn equipment destroyed. Any natural attacks move up a die size for damage. The strength of the Host is set to 18, and they gain HP equal to their level times two.
4+	The time has come—the parasite takes control, driving the Host back towards the Fever Swamp.

Shaman

The spirits of the Swamp are many, varied, dangerous and useful. Some amongst the dwellers are chosen to act as a medium between this world and theirs. Each Shaman has spirits bound to their service, which they may call upon once a day. The other power they have is to wrench intangible spirits into the material realm. They can send bound spirits equal to the intangible creature's HD to force it to materialise, allowing their fellows to strike at the malevolent spirit.

HD, SAVES AND XP AS CLERIC.

Upon levelling, roll to learn which spirit the Shaman has bound.

d6	SPIRIT (LEVELS 1-3)
1	Dead Spirit—The spirit of a human, not ready to pass on. It can be invoked to translate a written document, or a conversation (as Comprehend Languages), or to confuse those creatures which seek life, leading them astray.
2	Tree Spirit—The spirit of an ancient tree which succumbed finally to disease or to the cruel hatchets of man. It can be invoked to read the bark of trees, allowing the Shaman to learn of events within the last 50 years or to ask the trees what creatures have passed by in the last 24 hours.
3	Spark Spirit—The spirit of a fire unborn, waiting for fuel to eat. It can be invoked to start a prepared fire at distance or to ask ashes and embers who brought them to life and who killed them.
4	Mosquito Spirit—The barely-present hive mind of a dissipated swarm. It can be invoked to allow you to read the direction of the nearest edible animal in the movements of insects or to know when the next rain is coming.
5	Snake Spirit—The spirit of a water snake, choked to death on vermin too large. It can be invoked to let the Shaman taste lies, or to let the Shaman spit poison, dealing d4 damage per level.
6	Tuber Spirit—The spirit of a huge root, grown fat on animal corpses. It can be invoked to guide the Shaman, allowing them to spend an hour to gather local herbs and create a healing poultice, which heals 1d6 HP, or to find a safe place to spend the night.

d6	SPIRIT (LEVELS 4+)
1	Blaze Spirit—The memory of a great flame snuffed out before it had satiated itself. It can be invoked to any and all flammable objects in sight. With a successful save vs Magic the Shaman can choose which objects the spirit ignites. It can also be invoked to cause a conflagration, dealing 4d6 damage to everything in a 50 ft. area.
2	Darkness Spirit—Not a true spirit, but a conglomerate of man's fears attached to the darkness. It can be invoked to stalk a target for 1d4 days, reporting their actions to the Shaman through dreams. A successful save vs Magic means the spirit will not terrify the target. It can also be invoked to blind a target for 3d12 days, stealing the light from their eyes.
3	Shaman Spirit—The spirit of a fellow Shaman who felt their duty should extend beyond life. They still have 1d2 of their own spirits—combine the charts and roll a d12 to determine which. These can be invoked normally.
4	Rot Spirit—The demi-spirits of mould and decay form a heavy, damp spirit. It can be invoked to destroy 3d4 wooden objects utterly. With a successful save vs Magic the Shaman can choose less than the rolled number of objects. It can be invoked to ward something, stopping all forms of decay until released from this duty.
5	Apex Spirit—A common spirit shared by all apex predators. It can be invoked to summon 1d4 members of the apex predator species of the area. On a successful save vs Magic, they can be given instructions other than who to kill. It can be invoked to scare away all animals in the general area for a day. The default apex predators in the Swamp are GIANT CROCODILES with HD:1D4+3 .
6	Swimming Spirit—The spirit of fish, and other, darker things lurking beneath the waters. It can be invoked to give up to 20 people water breathing for a day. This spirit can also be invoked to hide up to 20 people from all pursuit for 2d4 hours.

Candlethief

HD:1 AC:12 ATK:N/A MORALE:N/A APPEARING:1d12

These spirits of lost children are desperate for a light to lead them home. Their shadowy forms clamber through the trees, their large, blank faces staring greedily from above. Once the time is right, they reach down, snatching any candles, lanterns and oil before hurriedly fleeing. They can be pacified with sweet treats. They will not try to fight.

Crocodile

HD:3 AC:16 ATK:+4 BITE (1d8 +2) MORALE:9 APPEARING:2d6

Whenever a crocodile successfully bites, an opposed check against Strength 14 must be made before the next round or the crocodile performs a death roll, with a 50% chance of tearing off a limb and dealing an additional 2d6 damage. Fever Swamp crocodiles have chaotic yellow swirls upon their hides.

Dredgers

HD:6 AC:12 ATK:+3 NET & SMASH AGAINST TREE (3d6) MORALE:9

(CHECK MORALE EACH ROUND IF CONFRONTED WITH FIRE) **APPEARING:1d4**

The dredgers hold something precious in the swamp—metal which cannot rust. Their steel teeth are famed as some of the best metal available. These green, fat, dirty giants drag nets of cured frog-gut, waiting to throw them over boats and slam the contents against the trees, turning their catch into so much meat and splinters. They are terrified of open flame, although they are too wet to be flammable. Their skin is warty, and their blood milky white shot through with yellow pus.

Drowning Spirits

HD:1 AC:13 ATK:GRAPPLE AT +1 MORALE:7 APPEARING:1d8 WITH 1d4 CROCODILES

These hungry water spirits leer up at passersby from below the water with narrow, sharp faces. They attempt to beguile those who catch their gazes (save vs Magic with a +3 bonus or willingly slip into the water). Those who do fall are grappled by the spirits, who then feed on the souls of the unlucky as they escape the bodies with their last breaths. The crocodiles take care of the meat. Drowning Spirits are easily tricked by effigies of people.

Ghost Olm

HD:10 AC:18 ATK:N/A MORALE:N/A APPEARING:1

Huge and eyeless, paler than the moon and soft of skin, the Ghost Olm slinks through the deep swamps. Seeing it is considered a terrible fate unless it is pleased with an offering of wealth. At least 1d8x100 sp worth of items must be thrown overboard or random encounters occur twice as often. The head of the Ghost Olm, if worn, can be used to lie once each to any entity, which will always believe the lie, no matter the evidence.



Giant Leech**HD:3 AC:12 ATK:+2 BITE (1d4) MORALE:8 APPEARING:2d4**

Whenever a giant leech hits, it drains 1d2 Constitution points worth of blood. It then locks on, continuing to drain Constitution by 1d2 points per turn. They can be torn off (victim takes 1d8 damage and has a 50% chance of random disease) or a handful of salt can be used to cause them to drop off.

Grandfather Rotte**HD:25 AC:8 ATK:CRUSH WITH BUILDING-SIZED FIST (SAVE OR INSTANT DEATH)****MORALE:12 APPEARING:UNIQUE**

A minor godling of wet rot and decay, a father of the swamp. A huge, naked, rotting body, resting beneath the water, he wears a trailing beard of maggots and his skin is stinking moss. As long as the swamp thrives, he slumbers contentedly. If something were to damage the swamp, he will awaken, full of fury and rage, eager to correct the malediction and to spread his domain.

Leech-Chewer**HD:1 AC:16 (FLYBY) ATK:+4 TEAR OUT LEECH FOR 1d4 MORALE:6 APPEARING:1d6**

The ghosts of men who died of infected wounds, these creatures are hungry for clean, fresh blood. They stalk people through the swamp, waiting until they are ripe with leeches, at which time they will swoop in hungrily, tearing the ripe leeches free without a care for the host, a blur of human faces, cruel beaks and filthy feathers. They can be distracted with a haunch of meat tossed into the trees.

Man-Gore-Grove**HD:8 (1 PER ROOT) AC-TRUNK:NONE AC-ROOTS:14****ATK:2d12 ATTACKS, ROOT CRUSH (1d8) MORALE:12 APPEARING:1**

These trees, once used to hang Shamans, have grown twisted, evil and hateful. The mobile roots sink vessels within reach, drown those aboard, and then grow into the corpses, becoming more twisted, evil, and hateful than before.

Scumboggle**HD:1 AC:14 ATK:+1 SPEAR (1d6+1) MORALE:8 APPEARING:3d6**

Diminutive green skinned children who slink through the waters, their gills pumping endlessly, their spear tips resting above the water. The only thing they love more than manflesh is cheese.

Stilt-Walker**HD:4 AC:14 ATK:+4 SPEAR-LIKE LEGS (1d8+2) MORALE:12 APPEARING:1d12**

These long, thin figures haunt the ruins within the Swamp. They have no features except a simple stalk of a body with a pair of pike-legs. It is not known where they come from. Their attacks always cause SHP damage (see pg 26 for SHP rules).

Swamp Snake

HD:2 AC:14 ATK:+3 BITE (1d6 + *POISON: SAVE OR 1d6 CON DAMAGE*)

MORALE:7 APPEARING:1d8

Trunk Snake

HD:5 AC:14 ATK:+4 SMASH (1d6) OR +1 *BITE* (1d4 + *PARALYSIS POISON*)

MORALE:9 APPEARING:1d8

Gigantic snakes which imitate trees by swirling their heads in the swamp weeds. They rest poised, ready to strike passing boats.

Chieftain-Wight

HD:6 AC:17 ATK: +4 SWORD (1d8+4) **MORALE:12**

APPEARING:1 + 1d6 SKELETONS + 1d6 WATERLOGGED DEAD

Ancestral kings of the People, wrapped about in rotten protective leathers that once falsely promised eternal rest. They appear as bog-mummies beneath these leathers, and wield swords made of Dredger-teeth. Any of the People must make a morale check as the promises of the Shamans are rendered null before their eyes. Any killed by a Chieftain-Wight are raised in 1d4 days as zombies, who kneel in supplication to their undying liege when not falling upon the blades of their enemies.

The Corpse Pile

The Cult of the Drowned have managed to disturb something. Something old. Something dead. Malicious tendrils have snaked out of its sarcophagus and found a bounty of waterlogged cadavers in the Swamp's foetid waters. Now they wander, killing the living and growing in size with each murder.

The central mass of these corpses, the Corpse Pile, begins play on Hex 2 (**UR-CORPSE RUINS**). Every other day the Corpse Pile moves 1 hex in a random direction. The hex currently occupied by it is literally filled with all manner of shambling, sodden dead—the entire 18 miles. All adjacent hexes replace their encounter tables with the one provided below. If there is something of note in the hex, the dead are found there in addition to any other listed encounters. The central mass itself numbers around two thousand corpses. Anything dying in this hex is reanimated in 1d4 hours, joining the writhing mass of flesh.

d6	SODDEN JEALOUS DEAD
1-2	2d6 Waterlogged Dead (as Zombies)
3-4	2d6 Slimy Skeletons
5	1d4 Reanimated Crocodiles
6	1 Chieftain-Wight, 1d6 Waterlogged Dead, 1d6 Slimy Skeletons

Sinking Boats

Boats have both Ship Hit Points (SHP) and a Sink Die. These are tracked separately. If either is reduced to 0 the boat has sunk.

A makeshift raft has 1 or 2 SHP depending on materials, a crafted canoe has 3, a lifeboat has 4 and a large riverboat, the largest vessel usable in the Swamp, has 6.

SHP simply reflects the structural integrity of a vessel, with one point of SHP being equivalent to 10 HP. An attack must deal 10 or more damage to cause 1 SHP in damage and a roll of the Sink Die.

SHP is used to determine the Sink Die of the ship. Whenever the ship takes damage, roll the Sink Die. On a 1, the Sink Die moves down a size. When the Sink Die moves down from a d4 it means the ship is sinking and cannot be recovered, it will sink below the water in a number of rounds equal to its starting SHP.

If a player forgoes their turn to bail out water they may roll the Sink Die. If they roll the maximum result on the current Sink Die, it moves up a size, to a maximum of the original Sink Die. You receive +1 to this roll for every 2 people bailing water.

SHIP HP	SINK DIE
1-4	1d4
5-9	1d6
10-14	1d8
15-19	1d10
20-24	1d12

Infection

Whenever a wound is exposed to the water, save vs Disease—on failure, that limb becomes infected. The character cannot heal until they make a successful save vs Disease—they may try this once per day.

Miasma

Every full day spent in the Swamp means a 10% chance of needing to save vs Disease or the character contracts a Disease of Fever Swamp.

d12	DISEASES OF FEVER SWAMP
1	Cough up blood. -2 Constitution per day. 2 sequential saves to recover.
2	A powerful fever. You are delirious, taking a -3 penalty to all rolls. 2 saves to recover.
3	Earworms. Deafness. 1d6 damage to pull them out by hand. 2 sequential saves to recover.
4	Horrid swelling. -2 to Dexterity until cured. 2 saves to recover.
5	No appetite. Cannot eat, normal effects of not eating. 2 sequential saves to recover.
6	Splitting headache. Distracted, -1 to all rolls. 2 saves to recover.
7	Transfiguration Worm. 1 save, with a +2 bonus. Failure results in the Worm rapidly digesting information, converting existing class levels into levels in Transfiguration Host, at a rate of 1 level per day. The Worm can be removed from the spine, but this has a 50% chance of killing the character.
8	Weeping Sores. -1 to all rolls and AC from distracting pain. Anyone touching you must save vs Disease. 2 Saves to recover.
9	Spirit Sickness. -1 Wisdom per day as your very soul rots out of your body. Requires a Shaman to recover, but they are learned in this, and it always succeeds. They demand Nilfenbergian brandy in payment.
10	Diarrhea. Whenever a d20 is rolled, a 1-5 means the character has violently shit themselves. -3 to all rolls and AC. 2 saves to recover.
11	Screw-worm Infestation. These worms burrow into living flesh. The afflicted cannot heal without magic, and loses 1 HP per day from the worms, as well as suffering -2 to all rolls from the sensation of being eaten from the inside. There are 1d20 worms, each dealing 1 damage to pull out with tweezers or pliers. This is agonizing, and leaves the character unable to move for the rest of the day.
12	Skin-moss. An aggressive moss species takes root in the character's skin. Not only are they now mossy, but the moss must be kept moist—if it dies, the character will suffer rapid necrosis of the skin, losing 1d4 Constitution per day for 2d4 days. A specific herb can cause the moss to loosen its hold, but such an herb only grows where scumboggles gather in large numbers.

The air is moist. The moisture mixes with your sweat—the heat is relentless. The drone of insects gives you headaches, and the fever from the infected wounds has left you delirious. Your raft is damaged, and there are spirits in the trees.

You've only been here for three days.



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