



Zetal



Val



Merry



Kino



Cuchon



Branton



Hag



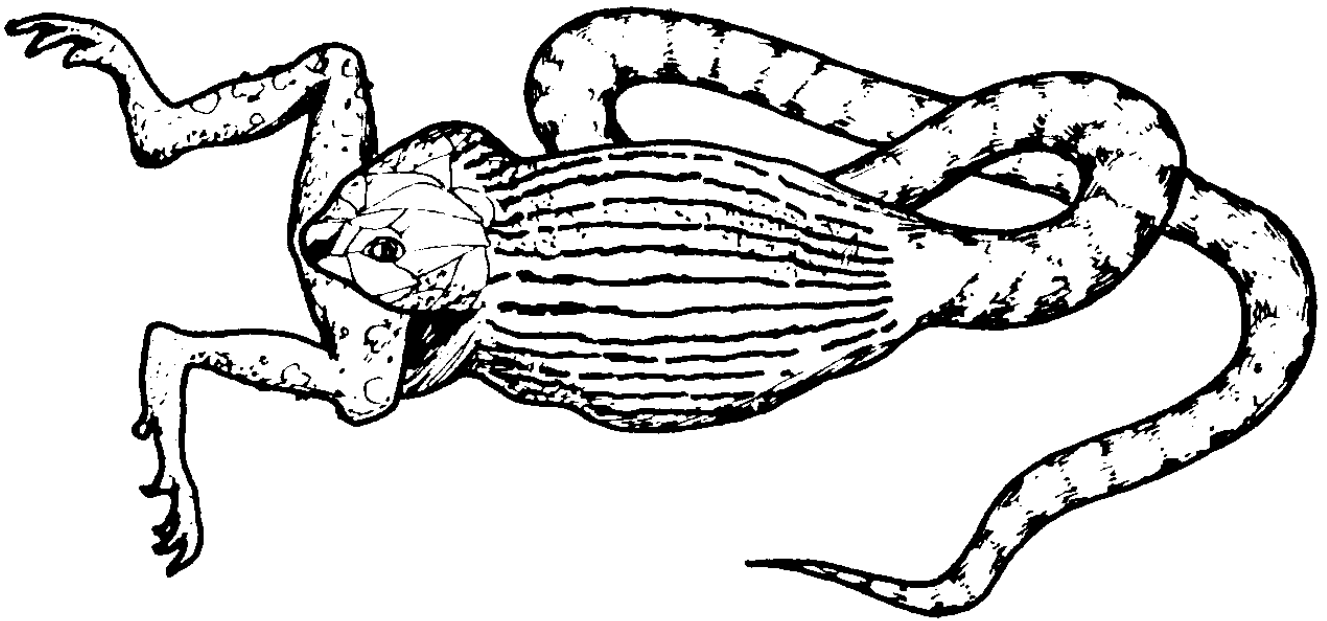
Kiss of the Frog God

Credits

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Introduction

6-Pack adventures is a new venture for Postmortem Studios into the field of adventure support and writing, 6-Packs will turn up for various different open systems but they all share the same design goal, to create an adventure that can be picked up and played in an evening with everything already done for you.

A sort of 'takeaway', convenient, short adventure that you can slot into your regular gaming space, run as a demo or at a con without any real preparation.

6-Pack Adventures

6-Pack Adventures are 'pick-up and play' adventures. They have pre-generated characters, battle-mats, tokens, all that just need to be printed out or, in the case of the print version - have the cover taken off to use as the mat and the tokens cut out.

Longevity is added by including reusable monster stats, a nice battle-map that you can use again if you want, tokens and the possibility of spinning your own adventures off the material present in the book.

This is a first outing (into the OSR and LofP) for 6-Pack and, as such, feed-back and suggestions are greatly appreciated and you can contact me at the address below.

Postmortem Studios

Postmortem Studios is the personal publishing imprint of James 'Grim' Desborough, Origins Award winning author of *The Munchkin's Guide to Power-gaming*.

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Adventure

Games Master's Briefing

Background

The Characters' are on a pilgrimage for personal atonement, when they come across the town of Morbury. It is a long and perilous journey to get to the Holy City of Salchester for redemption and this is one of their many stops along the way. A town that is usually welcoming to pilgrims and the money that they bring.

The village of Morbury was once a semi-prosperous community of woodsmen, trappers, loggers and farmers, which has fallen into a shambles. A few years ago, the loggers came close to the glade of a pagan wood spirit (whose name is long forgotten even to herself). She saw that they were cutting deep into the living forest and tried to stop them.

She begged and pleaded to anyone that would listen. She prayed to the pagan gods and asked for any help she could get. Desperate she fell to her knees with her hand held outstretched for anyone that would answer her call. While she was on the ground, in the mud, begging for help a small frog leaped into her hands. The dryad looked up and saw the frog. Looking deep into each others eyes, something deep inside told her that this must be the answer she was looking for. As she stood up, carefully holding the frog in her hand, knowing that this all seemed too familiar and insane at the same time, she hesitated, kissed the frog on it's forehead and closed her eyes.

Though she couldn't believe it herself, instantly it began to rain. She thought to her prayers had been answered. Could this really be it? Before her eyes the area around the village seemed to turn into marshy swampland. The trees she held so dear to her were safe from the loggers. (What logger would chop trees in a magical swamp?) but she was cursed as well, linked to the land as she was. She now had to abide by the will of the Frog God.

Her body was twisted and she became something else, something other. Since her devotion was no longer to nature but to an evil, amphibian god her heart was no longer in herself but left her body and bestowed itself into the tree. Now she obeys the will of the Frog God. The players must figure out the mystery of the witch in the woods and find a way to kill the heart of the tree and bring her reign to an end, freeing the land, draining the swamp and countering the power of a pagan god, turned to in desperation.

She has become part of the local lore, half legend, half history and when two young girls fall in love with each other in the village it is tales of magic and faerie lore that lead them out into the dangerous swamps in search of acceptance.

About Morbury

Morbury was a typical rural town until the land around it was transformed into a swamp. Set atop a small hill it has been a settlement for thousands of years, albeit never a very important one. The loss of the forest as an asset and the becoming of much of the farmland into a swamp impoverished the town, shrinking it over the past few decades into a village. The outskirts of the town are now old, abandoned, shells of buildings, slowly sinking into the swamp. It is only on the old hill that the village remains intact and it only survives on what can be gleaned from the swamp and the silver coins of the pilgrims.

The Church

The Church on the Hill, Father Keegan's home and haunt, is an old stone building and one of the few places that has resisted the damp and rot that otherwise pervades the town and its surrounds. Of all the places in the village the church is the best repaired and the most wealthy. Well lit by candles and lanterns and warmed by braziers it is richly hung with tapestries, carpeted and well outfitted with gold and silver religious paraphernalia, paid for by the pilgrims.

Father Keegan (Level 0 cleric) lives, relatively modestly, in chambers behind the altar and when he is not conducting one of his sermons - typically on generosity, charity and the implicit threat of the underworld - he can be found here reading his scriptures and writing correspondence to the bishop.

The church once had crypts, but they are now flooded with brackish water and cannot be explored or investigated safely.

The Dirty Swan

The sole inn in the village The Dirty Swan does very nicely thank you, particularly from the patronage of pilgrims moving through the village on their way to Salchester. Despite this, the elderly innkeeper - Hallgrim (Level 0 specialist) - is wary of outsiders and not the most welcoming man in the world as well as being mean, handling everything himself - since the death of his wife - and moving painfully slowly to fulfil the requirements of his guests.

The Swan suffers from damp on its lower floor, despite the roaring fire that burns day and night, cold or hot, to keep the damp away. The benches sag, rather than creak when you sit upon them and the rushes that litter the floor are often black and grey with mould.

Upstairs, in its rooms, it is more comfortable, if smoky, with warm blankets and comfortable - if hard - beds. A guest can get dehydrated in the night though, thanks to the roaring fire, and awaken with a headache.

The inn serves simple fare, smoked swamp fish, smoked duck meat, flat bread and a mash of tubers, more watery than potato, that forms the local staple meal.

The Stables

The Stables are attached to The Dirty Swan but run by Miss Elber (Level 0 Fighter), the wife of the Smith who died a couple of years back of a swamp disease. She's tried to make up for his loss with what she learned from him but, while she's learning, she's not much of a smith yet. She can make simple repairs to damaged armour or weapons but when it comes to making things herself anything more than a nail, a spike or a horseshoe is pretty much beyond her.

The stable is run well enough however and she manages to keep them in good order with dry straw and not too much muck. Like the church and the inn, the stables get by on the goodwill and money of pilgrims as well as, despite being capable of looking after herself, Elber is seen as a charity case - as a widow - and also gets help from the church and the community.

The Market

The centre of the village is the marketplace and is cobbled - unevenly. There's a daily market here to cater to pilgrims, but there's not a lot on sale. Perhaps the most interesting stall is that of Mother Boet (Level 0 cleric), who sells folk cures, poultices, philtres and so forth, all for a mere silver piece each. She's something of a midwife and a repository of local folklore, much to Father Keegan's disgust. It's her who told the girls the comforting tale of faerie marriages under the auspices of the old gods, though she only made it up to comfort them. Her healing herbs cost a silver piece for a bundle and can heal 1 hp, once, in this adventure if they're taken.

The Alderman's House

The Alderman's house is a stone building, opposite the church though in contrast to it, it seems quite run down and has certainly seen better days. Alderman Woods (Level 0 Fighter) has little importance in the village any more and other than being convivial and welcoming, is little use to anyone. The building is stripped of much of the wealth it may have once had in the past and the Alderman's attempts to be welcoming to important guests are at once pathetic and pitiable.

The Near Swamp

The swamp immediately surrounding the village is haphazardly farmed and villagers can be seen fishing in flat-bottomed boats, wading in the muck for rushes and tubers or hunting from atop stilts as they wade through the mire. Only Morbury Hill and the spire of the church, along with the pilgrim's road, cut through the marshy ground and - off to the east - the swampy woods form a dark curtain that hides the evil that lurks within.

People

Hallgrim (Level 0 Specialist)

Hallgrim is a grumpy, unwelcoming, house proud old bastard made as much of piss and vinegar as he is gristle and wrinkles. Bald and stooped, like a vulture, he moves with painful slowness and is no longer really up to the task of looking after The Dirty Swan, not that he'll hire anyone to help him. Even his speech is slow and rasping, seemingly designed to annoy and to make people impatient. He drops his 'h's' from where they should be said and adds them in front of his 'a's'.

Alderman Woods (Level 0 Fighter)

Alderman Cedric Woods is a useless appendage to the theocracy that has, essentially, taken over Morbury. The Alderman's power used to come from taxation and the support of the farming guilds and societies. Since Morbury became impoverished in those regards the Alderman's power has waned and his position has become almost entirely ceremonial. The Alderman is full of bluster and puts up a front to cover this weakness but it's obvious - just beneath the surface - how little power he has.

Father Keegan (Level 0 Cleric)

Father Keegan is the real ruler of Morbury these days a self-important and judgemental priest who believes himself truly to be a messenger of God on Earth. Full of this divine authority he speaks in absolutes and never admits uncertainty. A holy book is never far from his grasp and he draws his strength from that, feeling empowered to judge anyone.

Emily Tanner & Serena Gardener (Level 0 Specialists)

Emily and Serena fell in love with each other against all expectations, including their own. Same sex relationships are not encouraged, permitted, or allowed in the one true religion and the old pagan ways are all but forgotten. Desperate to seek some way to sanctify their feelings they looked into the old ways as best they could but there's only rumour and hearsay to go around. Lead on by the 'kindly' myths fed to them by Mother Boet they took out into the swamp, seeking the Dryad, only to come to a terrible end, together.

Mother Boet (Level 0 Cleric)

Mother Boet is an old woman who plays off a little herb lore and her image as a wise-woman to pretend to be some than she is, a 'good witch'. A bit of a midwife and a comforting presence to the women in the village she is a spinner of tall tails in her attempts to help people and it is one of these tales that lead the two young lovers to head out into the swamps, not something Mother Boet intended and something that is weighing her down with guilt.

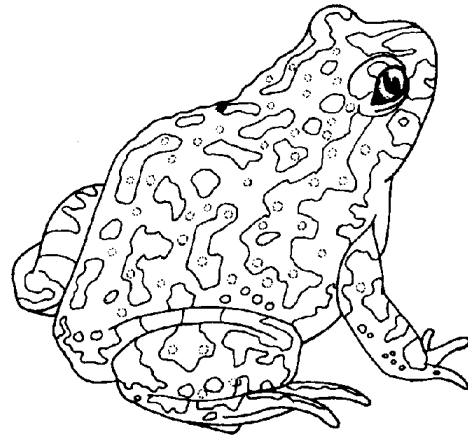
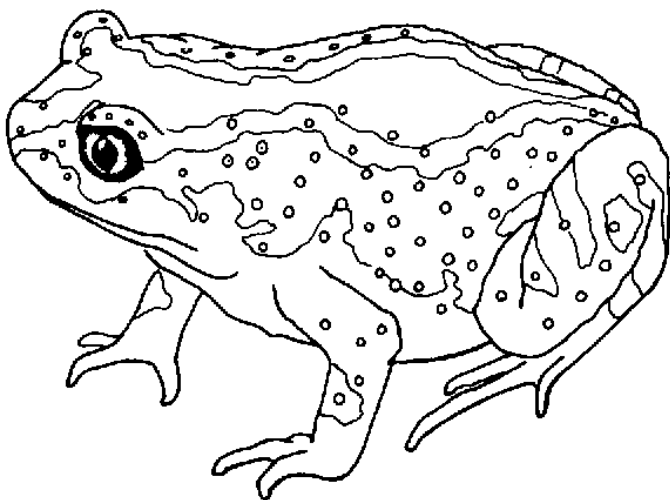
Scene 1:

Arriving in the Village

“The road sits on a pile of rocks and wood that lifts it above the swamp, carving a lonely path through the brackish water and sucking dirt to where the village of Morbury rises out of the mire, the steeple of the church seen for miles around. The place seems subdued as you rise onto its streets, damp, faded, the people on edge and downcast. It may simply be the weight of living in such a place but you sense there may be something more.”

The characters arrive in a small community which shows a few signs of better days. They notice several skeletons of buildings which were once used for logging and farming. All that is left of this ghost town is a few small shops, houses, shanties and an inn called the Dirty Swan. It seems to be the most well kept building in town, other than the church, both of which do well from pilgrims, the only business left in town.

Since it is the only inn in sight it must be the only place in town that the characters might find a room. All they have to offer is a common room and two private rooms for a premium price, the remaining rooms playing host to pilgrims. The ale tastes stale and cheap, but what else could be expected? Since no alternatives have come up it, it is best to stay the night ‘til dawn. Leery of outsiders, Hallgrim the elderly barkeeper, is all that is there to keep the travelers company, the pilgrims being sworn to silence until they reach the city. He has never cared for outsiders and has kept town business to himself as much as possible.



Scene 2: The Hook

“The inn is damp and smoky, silent pilgrims bearing the signs that they have taken an oath of silence, mutely drinking and eating the simple fare to be had here. A few others, villagers, sit quietly talking to each other while you take your own comfort in the sweltering, humid inn. The door flies open, not long after you have arrived and the village priest - apparent from his dress - comes strutting up to you, full of pomp and outrage.”

‘I need your help. There are two young women falling to sin. Tempted into the swamps by their wickedness and the evil that lurks there. I dread to think what hellish unholy is going on out there even now. I implore you, in the name of God to help me put an end to this.’

Before they get to rest in the inn, they are recognised as pilgrims, and are approached by the town priest, Father Keegan. He tells them of the two girls who grew up together like sisters but weren't. Who fell in love and wanted to get married. They proposed their love to Father Keegan, but he dismissed them, regarding it as an unholy and unclean thing. Desperate to be wed, the girls heard of an old tale that talked about how a fey could marry them. Knowing of only one fay within distance was the 'witch of the swamp' nearby their choice was clear. On a moonlit night, perhaps a day or so ago, they headed out in the woods in search of their destiny. Once they came upon the creature they were told of how they had to hold hands above the fire of a candle, if they could withstand this pain together then they would be wed as one.

The old witch was simply toying with them though, giving them as food to her young and absorbing their life essences into her tree to sustain her. A tragic chain of events from hatred to well-intentioned lies, to exploitation and murder.

Father Keegan, stressed with worry about what these sinful children will do out in the swamps, frantically shows up at Dirty Swan pleading for help from anyone who dares venture there.

There may, perhaps, be a handful of villagers who can be persuaded to join them, armed with rusting farm implements (level 0 fighters) or bribed, if the characters are willing to part with some of their money to have henchmen in support.

Scene 3: Preparation

The characters are fitted with the best armor the town has to offer (which isn't much, mouldy leather and a suit of rusted chain mail). They can then go and investigate the disappearance of the young couple or immediately take to the swamps.

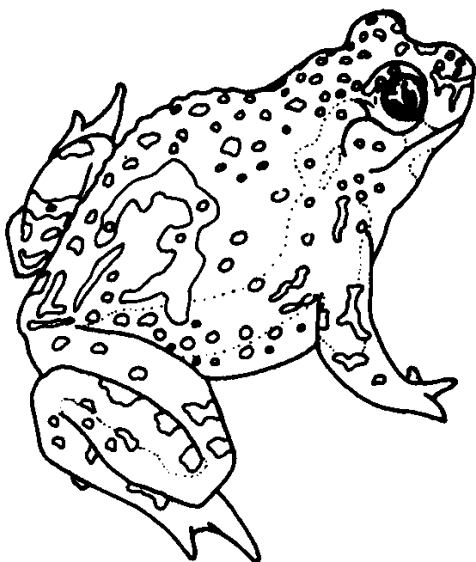
If they talk to the villagers many of them suspected that something 'unnatural' was going on between the two girls but many of them have some sympathy for their plight. It's a miserable existence for most people in this accursed village and the villagers don't begrudge anyone a little happiness.

Mother Boet is wracked by guilt over what her tales have lead to and will break at the slightest questioning, spilling the tale of what she told the girls and what she thinks they have done - gone to seek the dryad (now the witch). She may even give them some of her healing herbs for free, if they play up to her guilt.

Father Keegan is the other one to carry the blame for what happened but, in contrast to Mother Boet he is full of righteous indignation and rather than guilt it is concern for the immortal souls of the girls that drives his 'concern'. Privately, perhaps, he might be glad that the sinners have taken themselves from his flock but he must show concern and worry for the sake of appearances. His unpleasantness and true attitude - and greed - may come out of the characters press him further.

Traveling into the swamps is difficult, exhausting and slow going - especially for dwarves and halflings who are waist deep in the much rather than shin deep. Upon searching the swamp's wooded edge they will soon find the girls' bodies, mutilated beyond recognition, no attempt made to hide them. There is no doubt in the villagers' minds - if they return to ask - that this is the work of the swamp witch. The town will put together the best payment they can (perhaps 150 silver) to have these brave souls search out the witch and end the curse of the swamp witch once and for all.

Will they succeed?



Scene 4: Travel through the swamp

"The swamp is a stinking, fly-blown mess. Roots writhe beneath the brackish water and stinking bubbles of foul gas rise with every step as you disturb the black mud. Unpleasant looking fish wriggle through the much, surfacing for gulps of fresher oxygen and constantly, unceasingly, there is the croak and rasp of countless frogs in all directions. Ahead the swamp flows sluggishly around the cage-like roots of twisted, unnatural looking trees and it gets darker and closer... but that's your destination."

As they enter the swamp, though it is midday there is an artificial darkness that falls around them, the further they venture into the swamp the darker it gets. An eerie cold feeling begins to replace the muggy humidity and as they enter the trees there are the sounds of owls hooting in the distance.

The swamp is noisy but it seems as though every sound the characters make is magnified, no matter how they strive to be quiet. As they are wading through the swamps, shoes getting wet and muddy, sloshing through the murky water. They see ripples in the ahead that weren't made by them. What could it be? Frogs, snakes, alligators? (no telling in a swamp like this). As they approach the ripples, nothing can be seen in the swampy water at their feet. (Have the characters make a Search check). The swamp falls completely silent and all of a sudden they are surrounded by frog men in every direction, rising from the soupy murk. These frog men are the offspring and defenders of the swamp witch and are virtually mindless, simple, terrifying monsters arisen from her magic and the unnatural power of the curse. There are eight of these creatures, though if the characters are having too easy a time of it you can have more show up.

"Rising from the muck come the twisted forms of more than a half-dozen slimy, twisted, hunched beings, dripping with muck, croaking and gaping, limpid eyes regarding you with empty-minded disdain, claws flexing from webbed fingers as they tense and surround you."

The creatures attack with no concern for their own safety, attack all out to try and drive the characters away. They are not strong, but they are vicious and disgusting, using their mix of capabilities to attack and try to destroy the characters.

Getting deeper into the swamp the characters will feel constantly watched and wary of further attack. They will eventually reach the swamp witch's tree and the 'den' that surrounds it. Before that there are chances to run into other encounters as they make their way there. Some examples are found below:

1. Alligators: What looked like a log until a few moments ago blinks at you with suddenly apparent yellow eyes and sinks beneath the surface of the water with a 'gloop'. You're suddenly aware of how many rotten logs there are decomposing around here and cannot help but wonder how many are actually logs at all.

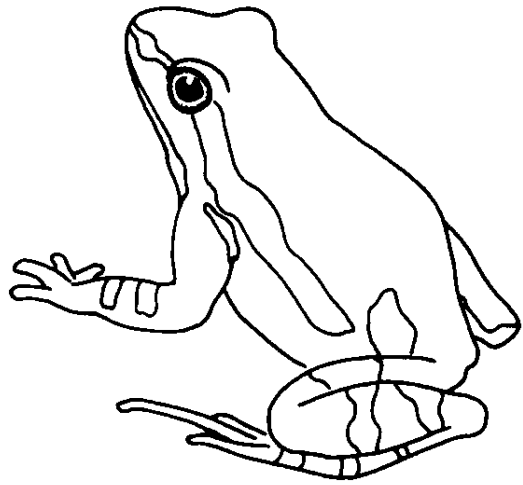
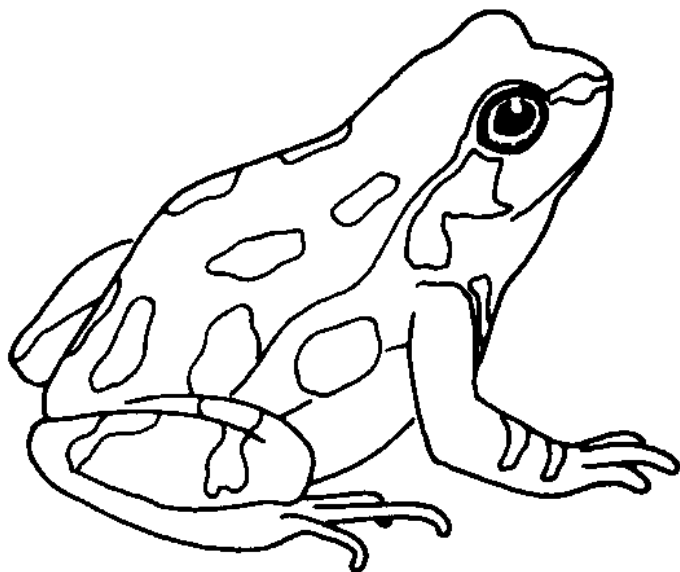
2. Snakes: Sudden movement catches your eye, a black-and-yellow banded snake slithering around a branch. With a whip-like strike it snaps out and plucks a frog from a tree stump, drawing it up into the branches and out of sight.

3. Swamp Gas: Your foot sinks into the thick, black mud and with a sudden, foul effervescence the swamp around you bubbles to life, filling the air with stinking gas that makes you gag and nearly vomit. (Save Vs Breath Weapons or lose 1hp from heavy vomiting and muscle strain).

4. Sinking Mud: The ground starts to give way beneath you and the thick, oily mud threatens to trap your legs. (Save Vs Paralyse or you will need hauling out by the rest of the party that isn't stuck).

5. Biting Insects: Disturbing the surface of the swamp sends up a huge cloud of biting midges which descend upon you like a blanket, nipping and biting at your skin, irritating it and raising it up in bumps. Armour's no use here, you'll have to tough it out until they go. (Save Vs Breath Weapon or lose 1 hp to insect bites and ensuing fever).

6. Tangled Roots: The swamp ahead is a maze of tangled roots. It's going to take you a long time to pick your way through here without getting tangled up in it. This terrain is not meant for people to travel in, it's almost as though the swamp itself is determined to get in your way.



Scene 5: The Swamp Witch

Near the center of the swamp, rising on a hummock, you see an ancient willow tree. Its fronds hang with yellow leaves, alive - but barely. There is an eerie, ephemeral green glow about it, hanging like a mist around its branches. You hear insane, cackling, laughter on the faint breeze that sends a chill down your spines.

"So, you have come to cut down my trees have you?" a piercing voice says, harsh as cracking twigs. "Go away, there is nothing here for you!"

Out of the mist comes a twisted, hunched silhouette of a woman in the tattered remains of a gown. "Didn't you hear me? Leave!"

In the bark of the tree you can make out the twisted faces of various people, including the dead girls, transfixed in a moment of agony. By the look of it she feeds off the essence of trespassers to her land, feeding her and empowering the curse upon the land.

Both the witch and the tree have the same number of hit points and the same armour class. It is only by destroying the tree that the witch can be permanently killed. Wounds that she takes will regenerate at one hit point per turn. The tree will only regenerate if the witch kills one of the characters, at which point their face will appear in the tree and it will regenerate 1d6 hit points.

When the tree is destroyed the witch will die with it, giving a last shriek of pain and torment and cursing those who have killed her. A fresh breeze will waft through the swamp and, slowly, it will begin to drain and solidify over the next few weeks, returning to how it once was.

The villagers will be overjoyed to see this all come to an end but, if you want to continue the story the conflict of blame between Mother Boet and Father Keegan can make a good 'cap' to the scenario with the opinion of the characters swaying the villagers as to whom is really responsible for the death of the girls, whose spirits can now be at rest.

Appendix

Pregenerated Characters

All PCs are on a quest for atonement. We have provided six pregenerated characters for quick play. Players should feel free to create their own characters using the Lament of the Flame Princess: Weird Fantasy Roleplay Grindhouse Edition rules. The characters provided have flaws or at least things that haunt them in their every waking hour. It should make for some good roleplaying. If your players create their own characters, encourage them to have serious flaws. This is a game of “normal” people who turned to the life of adventure. They are not heroes by any means, just a bit more brave and/or stupid than the common folk.

House Rule – Skills for non-specialists advance at 1 point per level from 2nd Level onwards.



Zetal Carther

Male Human Fighter Level 3

Alignment: Neutral

Charisma: 12 +0 **Constitution:** 12+0 **Dexterity:** 9+0

Intelligence: 5-2 **Strength:** 18 +3 **Wisdom:** 8-1

HP: 17

AC: 17/18 Vs Missile Attacks

Melee: Longsword: d8+3 damage +7 attack

Ranged: Heavy Crossbow: d8 damage +4 Attack

Attack Bonus: +4

Save Vs:

Paralyse: 15

Poison: 13

Breath Weapon: 16

Magical Device: 14

Magic: 18

Skills:

Architecture: 1, Bushcraft: 2, Climb: 2, Languages: 1,

Open Doors: 1, Search: 1, Sleight of Hand: 1, Sneak

Attack: 1, Stealth: 1, Tinker: 1

Gear:

Money: 2 gp, 41 sp, 9 cp

Chainmail Armour, Shield, Longsword, Heavy Crossbow,

20 crossbow bolts, Backpack, Quiver, Bottle of whisky,

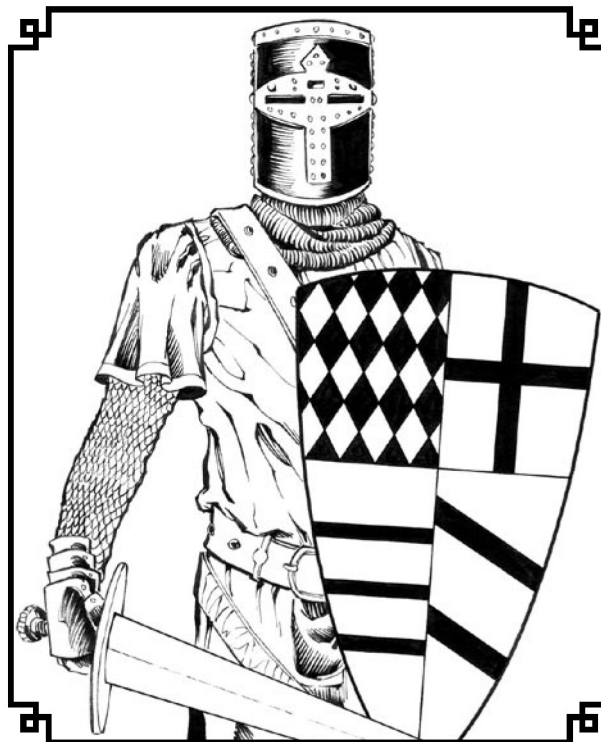
7 days of iron rations, Bedroll, 2 bottles of lamp oil,

Lantern, Soap, 2 sets of clothing.

When you were young you would train with your younger brother and father to one day join the local militia.

One day, as any other day, you were sparring with your younger brother, Yimin, and he failed to dodge a simple slash from your sword. Since it was just sparring you were using rattan sticks, but the blow was hard enough to crush his windpipe. Before anyone could help, he was dead.

You live with this guilt even though you did join the military and continue just as your father had wished. When your term of service was up, you did what any troubled man would do; you turned to the church for answers. For such a major burden, like murder, they suggested a pilgrimage to the Holy City to ask the High Priestess for forgiveness.



'Val' Shiverbranch (Valmirsheen)

Female Elf Level 3

Alignment: Chaotic

Charisma: 11 +0, **Constitution:** 9 +0, **Dexterity:** 16 +2, **Intelligence:** 11 +0, **Strength:** 8-1, **Wisdom:** 14

+1

HP: 10

AC: 14

Melee: Dagger d4-1 damage , +0 attack

Ranged: Shortbow d6 damage +3 Attack

Attack Bonus: +1

Save Vs:

Paralyse: 12

Poison: 11

Breath Weapon: 14

Magical Device: 12

Magic: 15

Spells:

Level 2: Web.

Level 1: Detect Magic, Faerie Fire.

Skills:

Architecture: 1, Bushcraft: 2, Climb: 1, Languages: 1,

Open Doors: 1, Search: 2, Sleight of Hand: 1, Sneak

Attack: 1, Stealth: 2, Tinker: 1

Gear:

Money: 1 gp, 94 sp

Dagger, 2 pouches, backpack, quiver, 20 arrows, waterskin, 1 week iron rations, bedroll, spellbook, excellent quality embroidered covering robe

You have lived a long time as one of the fey and you have become aware in your research into magic that Elves do not possess a soul. This troubled you greatly. You traveled to the nearest human settlement and ask the Church what could be done, without the use of black magic, to gain a soul. The church had only one suggestion, to seek the Holy City and ask the High Priestess if you could at least be reincarnated as human. Now, you don a covering burka to hide your Elven heritage and set out on this quest. You must be careful not to reveal yourself as many humans fear or even hate the fey for what they are.



Father Del Cuchon

Male Human Cleric Level 3

Alignment: Lawful

Charisma: 10+0, **Constitution:** 12+0, **Dexterity:** 5-2, **Intelligence:** 9+0, **Strength:** 10+0, **Wisdom:** 16+2

HP: 9 hp

AC: 15/16 vs Ranged Attacks

Melee: Mace d8 damage, +1 attack

Ranged: Light crossbow d6 damage -1 attack

Attack Bonus: +1

Save Vs:

Paralyse: 12

Poison: 9

Breath Weapon: 14

Magical Device: 10

Magic: 15

Spells:

Level 1: Bless, Cure Light Wounds, Cure Light Wounds.

Skills:

Architecture: 2, Bushcraft: 1, Climb: 1, Languages: 2,

Open Doors: 1, Search: 1, Sleight of Hand: 1, Sneak

Attack: 1, Stealth: 1, Tinker: 1

Gear:

Money: 1 gp, 41 sp.

Chainmail armour, shield, mace, backpack, quiver, 20 bolts, waterskin, iron rations for a week, bedroll, silver holy symbol, holy water, lantern, two flasks of oil, Tinderbox.

You have been a priest for a long time. You are one of the few that was given genuine divine power. You have healed the sick and performed miracles for the masses but, just recently your prayers have been a bit darker than normal. You're not sure if you are just testing your faith or if you have become bitter in your age. Now you pray for injury to those that oppose you, sickness to the healthy. And the strangest part is that they are being answered. Realising this you question who it is that is answering your prayers. Surely the divine one would not allow such requests to be answered. To seek answers you venture out to the Holy City to seek guidance from your superior, the High Priestess.



Merry Meldeen

Female Magic User Level 3

Alignment: Chaotic

Charisma: 17+2, **Constitution:** 10+0, **Dexterity:** 10

+0, **Intelligence:** 17+2, **Strength:** 7-1, **Wisdom:** 11+0

HP: 8

AC: 12

Melee: Dagger, d4-1 damage, attack +1

Ranged: Dart d4 damage, Attack +1

Attack Bonus: +1

Save Vs:

Paralyse: 13

Poison: 12

Breath Weapon: 16

Magical Device: 13

Magic: 12

Spells:

Level 1: Charm Person, Sleep

Level 2: Wall of Fog

Skills:

Architecture: 1, Bushcraft: 2, Climb: 1, Languages: 1,

Open Doors: 1, Search: 1, Sleight of Hand: 1, Sneak

Attack: 1, Stealth: 2, Tinker: 1

Gear:

Money: 50 sp

Dagger, three darts, garrotte, two pouches, two sacks, gypsy wagon, pony, 10 bottles of cheap wine, 2 weeks of iron rations, spell cards.

Let's be honest with yourself. You are nothing better than a whore. You use your magic to charm people into giving you what they want. If that doesn't work, you use your feminine wiles to do the same. You are easily attractive to most common folk because you are foreign. None of the common folk around here have ever seen a belly dance or many of the other tricks your nomadic upbringing has taught you. You left as a spoiled brat, you wanted more. Now, after having done this you have become self-aware of what it is you are doing wrong. Could it be that you are starting to become like the people you live around now, abandoning the teachings of your elders? As much as you despise the local religion, you look to them for answers. You should not have to live like a harlot to get your way, and the use of magic is forbidden in most places, people don't take kindly to the use of the dark arts. You set out to see if this 'High Priestess' has any advice, or perhaps to seduce her into giving you more power.

(Note: Since you are not from around the common lands, you practice magic a bit differently. Instead of a spell book, you have a deck of Tarot Cards, that you layout and "divine" the spells you wish to use. Follow all other rules as stated, but replace the spell book with Tarot Cards.)



Lord Branton Javers III

Male Fighter Level 3

Alignment: Lawful

Charisma: 10+0, **Constitution:** 11+0, **Dexterity:** 11+0, **Intelligence:** 10+0, **Strength:** 15+2, **Wisdom:** 10+0

HP: 21

AC: 16

Melee: Greatsword 1d10+2 damage, +6 Attack

Ranged: Heavy Crossbow 1d8 damage, +4 attack

Attack Bonus: +4

Save Vs:

Paralyse: 14

Poison: 12

Breath Weapon: 15

Magical Device: 13

Magic: 16

Skills:

Architecture: 2, Bushcraft: 1, Climb: 1, Languages: 1,

Open Doors: 1, Search: 2, Sleight of Hand: 1, Sneak

Attack: 1, Stealth: 1, Tinker: 1

Gear:

Money: 1 gold, 15 silver.

Chain Armour, Greatsword, heavy crossbow, 20 quarrels, quiver, riding horse, backpack, waterskin, bedroll, flint and tinder.

A landed lord by birth of a very small estate, the title is more for show than anything. You have been shunned by your family and your peers all in the name of love. To them the love you have is forbidden. As with everyone else you went to the church for answers to your problems, actually hoping to marry your forbidden love, even if it cost you your title, estate, and all the perks that came with them. The church refused to marry you and your partner, at least not without the expressed permission of the High Priestess. This tryst of yours is looked down upon by everyone. So, now you seek the permission and keep your mouth closed about it all, though it pains you inside.



Squire Kino Maceson

Male Specialist Level 3

Alignment: Neutral

Charisma: 9+0, **Constitution:** 7-1, **Dexterity:** 18+3,

Intelligence: 14+1, **Strength:** 7-1, **Wisdom:** 13+1

HP: 10

AC: 18/19 Vs Ranged Attacks

Melee: Longsword d8-1 damage, +0 Attack

Ranged:

Attack Bonus: +1 (+3 Sneak Attack)

Save Vs:

Paralyse: 13

Poison: 15

Breath Weapon: 14

Magical Device: 13

Magic: 13

Skills:

Architecture: 1, Bushcraft: 2, Climb: 3, Languages: 1,

Open Doors: 2, Search: 2, Sleight of Hand: 1, Sneak

Attack: 2, Stealth: 2, Tinker: 2

Gear:

Money: 1 gold, 50 silver.

Leather armour, longsword, shield, light crossbow, 20 quarrels, quiver, backpack, riding horse, waterskin, bedroll, flint and tinder, lantern, 2 flasks of oil, cookpots, 3 sets of normal clothing, pipe and tobacco, specialists tools, rope,

You are Lord Javers' personal assistant. At least that is what all your peers and fellow adventures think. In truth you are his forbidden love. This must be kept very quiet, so you play the part of assistant well. If people were to find out they may stone you to death or other horrible acts of punishment.

*(Note: We are grownups, act like a grown up. I know there will be many players uncomfortable immersing themselves into the role of a gay man. If this *really* bothers you or your group. Change Kino's name to Kina and make her his cousin or some shit).*



Monsters

Hag

Squatting in a pit of foetid filth the hag exudes a miasma of bitterness and pure evil. Milky eyes fix upon you from within a translucent face and black teeth are bared.

Long, spined fingers flesh and she hisses at you from amongst her filth, a lank lock of hair – black as night – falling across her hideous face. “Youuuu sssshould not be heeeerrree.”

AC: 13

Hit Dice: 6d8 (27hp)

XP: 250

Movement: 100'

Attacks: 2

Damage: 1d6 nails +6 to hit.

Morale: 10

Special Abilities:

Thorny Nails – The hag’s hands are twisted, gnarled and covered in thorns, which lets her make two attacks at 1d6 damage each.

Hag Magic – Stinking Cloud: The Hag can cast the spell Stinking Cloud once per day, this takes both her attacks. The stinking cloud takes the form of a foul bubbling of greenish gas from beneath the earth or water.

Hag Magic – Magic Missile: The Hag can cast Magic Missile twice per day. Each casting takes one attack. The missile takes the form of a fast-moving glowing ball of wisp light and chills to the bone when it strikes.

Saves:

Paralyse 12

Poison 10

Breath 13

Magic device 11

Magic 12



Frog Men

Slick skinned and with empty, limpid eyes the Frog Man's maw drools with thick slime and its skin glistens in the dark. Loose limbed and flexible there's something unsettling unnatural about the way it moves, as though it has no joints. Its dripping lips open as those empty eyes fix upon you and it gives a long, spine-tingling croak.

AC: 13

Hit Dice: 1 (5 hp)

XP: 10

Movement: 120'

Attacks: 1

Damage: 1d4 claws & teeth +1 to hit.

Morale: 11

Special Abilities:

Each of the eight Frog Men has a different special ability (or you can roll a d8)

1. **Frog Tongue** – The Frog Man can lash out with his tongue as a +0 attack. If it strikes, both the Frog Man and his target are unable to move or attack until the Frog Man is attacked and struck, at which point it retracts its tongue.
2. **Dire Claws** – The Frog Man has longer, nastier claws than the norm and does 1d6 damage in combat.
3. **Leaping** – The Frog Man can spring huge distances, rather than lolling or running. It can move twice as fast as normal.
4. **Slippery Slime** – The Frog Man is covered in a thick mucous that provides it with an additional +2 AC.
5. **Vile Spit** – The Frog Man can attack a target up to 25' away for its normal amount of damage via this acidic spit.
6. **Poison Skin** – A hero who strikes the Frog Man in close combat must make a Save Vs Poison or lose a point of Constitution.
7. **Flatulence** – The Frog Man can use its attack to release a foul stench in a 5' area around it. Anyone caught in the stink must make a Save Vs Breath Weapon or they're stunned and unable to act for one turn.
8. **Sticky Hands** – The Frog Man can climb any surface and if it succeeds with one attack, its attack on the following turn automatically hits provided they attack the same target.

Saves:

Paralyse 16

Poison 14

Breath 16

Magic device 15

Magic 18

