
Fens of Mölot Baat



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Sibling mercenaries *Myrra* and *Cason* are seeking reliable warriors to accompany them into the *Trackless Moors*, to plunder an ancient ruin.

Myrra & Cason

The *Trackless Moors*; just the name is enough to cause most Midlanders to shake their heads in consternation. No right minded Argosan ventures into those fog addled fens, least none who value their lives.

The vast moors extend fifty leagues from *Crow's Keep* to southern *Melek*, and sprawl almost as wide; bordered by *Drelnor Forest* to the west, and the *Spine of Ulgoth* in the east. Home to xenophobic thuels, bestial skorn, and disease riddled vermin, the mires are no place for civilized men.

Yet the marshlands are not without value. Rare herbs, mineral deposits, and ley line crossings have drawn past civilizations to the drier regions, constructing settlements and outstations to harvest such resources.

In this adventure, *Myrra* and *Cason* (Midlander siblings, red bandanas, *Myrra* long dark hair and stubborn, *Cason* balding with a very hoarse voice; recently damaged by throat leeches), a pair of treasure hunting mercenaries, seek to recruit the party to accompany them into the swamplands to find *Myrra's* partner, *Finnel*.

The pair explain the trio and six others were scavenging in the moors (the *Mölot Baat* ruins) for artefacts when they were set upon by thuels. Only *Myrra* and *Cason* managed to escape, the others killed or captured by barbarians.



Myrra, AC 13, HD 3 (18 hp), *cold iron* Sword 1d8+1, 19: disarm, S14 D16 C11 I10 P15 W17 Ch11 L8, Mv 30 ft. *Myrra* has Backstab, Finisher and Skirmisher abilities like a 3rd level Rogue. May choose from the following Rogue tricks twice per combat: *Hidden Blade*, *Unseen Whip*, *Cat's Grace*, *Quick Reflexes*.

Cason, AC 16, HD 3 (21 hp), Mace 1d8+3, 19: prone or push 10 ft, S17 D13 C14 I11 P11 W11 Ch9 L7, Mv 30 ft. *Cason* has the Fighter Adaptable ability; may choose from the following styles twice per combat: *Charger*, *Two Hander*, *Opportunist*, *Protector*. *Cason* may attempt Rescues relating to *Myrra* only.

Myrra believes she knows *Finnel* still lives because of their enchanted rings. Each wears an oak ring with a heart emblem; if concentrated upon (requires an action and Cha check), the bearer of one ring may detect the other's approximate direction, and "feel" their heartbeat for 1d4 rounds. As far as *Myrra* can tell, *Finnel* is still alive. Of course, a thuel might be wearing the ring by now, but *Myrra* rejects any such suggestion, insisting she "knows" what *Finnel's* heart sounds like. The rings are *Minor Charms* and do not require attunement.

Mölot Baat is a two week journey (approx 70 miles, assuming 5 miles per day) across the wetlands, through areas mostly incompatible with horses. As payment, the duo offer first pick of artefacts from the ruins, and/or (if push comes to shove) the enchanted heart rings (assuming they find *Finnel's* ring).

Into the Swamplands

The immense, fog addled moors are covered in bracken and crowberry, interspersed with pockets of forested willow, birch, bald cypress and mangrove trees. Over the centuries, a thick layer of peat has built up, enabling bogs and fens to form. Fungi of a wide range of toxicity can be found throughout.

Deer, otter and hare are common, as are wolves in the drier regions. Small barbarian and skorn tribes are spread throughout, fighting over the drier tracts and game trails. Serpents and crocodiles are numerous, including terrifying man eaters up to 20 ft long. Blood sucking parasites infest the region, and hapless explorers might face their giant sized cousins.

Mölot Baat is about 70 miles into the swamplands, approximately 14 days travel on foot (assuming 5 miles/day, LFG p.130). Each day requires a roll on the *Overland Events* table (LFG p.131), or alternatively there is a 40% chance every 12 hours of a random encounter (roll 1d10):

1. A small colony of 1d3 *Marsh Oozes* are concealing themselves in nearby fens. The have detected the PCs and are creeping after them at a distance. They try and wait until a PC isolates themselves, or settles in to sleep, before attacking.

Marsh Ooze, AC 13, HD 5, 2 x Pseudopods 1d10 + special, 19: flesh melting spray causing 2d6 damage and a random disease (no save), S16 D16 C18 I3 P12 W15 Ch1 L7, Mv 30 ft inc swimming, and may climb walls, ceilings, etc.

Marsh oozes are 6 ft masses of flesh eating sludge. They are chameleonic, matching their surface colouration and shape to the surrounding wetlands, including faux mud and grasses (advantage when hiding). Their skins are surprisingly rubbery, immune to fire and bludgeoning attacks, but suffer double damage from acid which also cause them to spasm for 1d2 rounds (lose their turn, no save). The monster's pseudopods cause flesh to melt and impose a random disease (*Luck* (Con) save resists for the whole combat).

2. Fell winds converge on the PCs' area, causing nearby pools to ripple and torches to sputter (50% chance extinguished each hour). The howling air persists for 4d6

hours. Any sleep during this time is restless at best.

3. From time to time, a random PC notices a shadow in distant trees or crowberry bushes; a 3 ft humanoid shape, with an elongated nose. A Perc (Detection) check notices a blue tinge to the skin (*Blue Fey*, see Area 5).
4. A hunting party of 5d6 *Skorn* armed with clubs and javelins are trekking through the watery pools in search of prey. They haven't eaten properly in more than 48 hours, and are particularly determined (advantage on morale checks and chase related Con checks).
5. 2d4 towering *Swamp Bison* are grazing in nearby pools. As long as the PCs don't threaten them in some way, the bison will allow the party to skirt around their feeding area.

Swamp Bison, AC 14, HD 9, Gore 2d8 and Tail 1d8+2, 19; target trampled, roll on the *Injuries & Setbacks* table, S20 D9 C19 I3 P10 W11 Ch8, L10, 60 ft. 10 ft reach. If the *swamp bison* moves at least 30 ft, it may trample a foe, causing double damage and requiring a roll on the *Injuries & Setbacks* table. Immune to disease.

Swamp "bison" are 8½ ft high at the shoulder, 25 ft long bison like beasts with shaggy bodies, scaled heads and long hammer ball tails. They are naturally peaceful, but will attack intruders to protect young or if provoked. *Swamp bison* horn is a highly prized by herbalists as an ingredient in many disease related curatives (a set of horns is worth 1d8 x 50 gp to the right buyer).

6. 2d6 *Projectile Leeches* are lurking in nearby pools or crouched beneath bracken, ready to pounce on unsuspecting PCs.

Projectile Leech, AC 10, HD 1, Bite 1d3 + blood drain, 19; the leech latches onto the target's face, causing an eye injury; (*Luck* (Con) save resists, with advantage if wearing a helm), S10 D10 C16 I2 P14 W8 Ch3 L3, Mv 20 ft inc walls, ceiling, etc. May launch up to 10 feet to attack. Immune to bludgeoning damage. On a hit, latches on automatically causing 1d4 damage and 1 Con loss each turn. A Str contest (Str 16) at disadvantage removes the parasite. Alternatively, salt, fire or acid automatically kills the leech.

7. While wading through an enormous, murky pool, a random PC slips into a deep trench, dunking them beneath the water for a short time (Dex (Acrobatics) check resists). If failed, *Throat Leeches* take the opportunity to attack (LFG p.125).
8. 2d10 thuels, with a trained *Giant Crocodile*, of the *White Gator* tribe (see Area 2) are scouting this area for food or enemies. They are extreme xenophobes, and will attack the PCs on sight. They might give pause if the party includes a barbarian or ranger with an unusual beast companion.



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9. A primitive, 8 ft *Minotaur* with a stone club has emerged from an island den in adjacent fens. It has caught the party's scent. If the den is looted, 1 x Carry Loot and 1 x Valuables is found amongst the refuse (*Luck* (Con) save to avoid contracting a random disease).
 10. An old mangrove tree, with enormous roots and a face like trunk, stands amidst a black pool. The tree has been carved with hundreds of strange, scratchy icons (not arcane, not in any known language). The tree is in fact a colossal *Swamp Treant* in hibernation (as *Bloodroot Treant*, but *Boss Monster* with *Off Turn Attacks* and *Minor Exploit Protection*). The tree is in deep hibernation, but will awaken in 1d4+1 turns if prodded, climbed or set alight.
 11. The party must pass through a particularly taxing section of thick bog (up to their waist). All PCs must make a Con (Athletics) check or lose 1 Str, Dex or Con due to exhaustion (determine randomly).
 12. The buzzing of 3d10 *Stirges* can be heard long before the swarm appears in high trees, scanning the area for warm bodies to drain.

Mölot Baat

Mölot Baat is the sprawling ruin of the *Thom*, a human civilization that fell at the dawn of the Second Age, so old most of the stonework has sunk beneath the boggy depths. The hardened sandstone architecture is characterised by stepped tiers, a diversity of bas reliefs (depicting all manner of strange deities, spirits and beasts) and tall, free standing towers with rounded turrets.

Undone by royal infighting and constant war with increasingly hostile neighbours (including the *Hag Queen Menethorii*, *Swamp Giants*, and the *Mud*

Men), the ways of the *Thom* passed into the black of antiquity millennia ago.

The *Thom* built about half of their small city in stone; important buildings such as temples, halls, seats of power and noble residences still partially survive. Half buried in sodden soil or murky pools, most structures are overgrown with kapok and bald cyprus trees, their living root formations stalling the stone's inevitable descent into the mire.

Much of the 1 mile x 1 mile ruin is a foot below water, intertwined with hidden roots that will trip the unwary (running requires a Dex (Acrobatics) check to avoid falling). Numerous pockets of high ground are also present however. The mosquitoes and leeches here are particularly vexing; multiplying in large numbers, and drawn to the creatures inhabiting the city. Any PC lingering in the area for longer than half a day must make a *Luck* (Con) save or contract a random disease (LFG p.123, once only).

Random Ruin Encounters

As the PCs move from one city district to another, there is a 40% chance of a random ruin encounter. The GM might also like to make a check if the PCs are being very loud, or linger in any one place for more than a few hours. If an encounter occurs, roll 1d8:

1. A curious, clinging fog with a slight purple tinge (enchanted by the leyline crossing, see Area 5), seeps up from the bogs to envelop the party. A *Luck* (Will) save is required to avoid suffering a moderate madness.
2. The weather turns foul, pouring down for hours then shifting into a thick fog that blankets the entire city. Fighting during the storm is especially treacherous, causing fumbles on a 1 or 2, and the fog reduces visibility to 60 ft during the day.

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3. The *Wollhound* pack (see Area 8) have picked up the party's trail, and begin howling as they close in for the kill.
 4. A 14 ft *Giant Chameleon* is concealed in nearby bogs and reeds, matching its colouration to the surrounding terrain. It attempts to snatch a PC with its elongated tongue and escape to a hidden lair.

Giant Chameleon, AC 14, HD 5, Grasping Tongue (special) or Bite 2d6, 19; target is hit by the chameleon's tongue, S19 D12 C16 I3 P12 W12 Ch8, L8, Mv 40 inc climbing. *Giant chameleons* have advantage on hiding checks. May use an action to shoot their grasping tongue up to 35 ft, causing 1d10 damage, target helpless and drawn into the monster's maw, automatically suffering bite damage at the start of the monster's turn (victim may use an action to make a Str contest vs Str 18 to break free).

5. 1d6+1 *White Gator* warriors are scouting, hunting or patrolling nearby. They are on their way back after a difficult shift (more than half their number were killed), and are exhausted. They will avoid combat unless there is no other option.
6. A hidden *Blue Fey* uses its *Waking Dream* ability to conjure the illusion of a thuel child lost in the bogs. If the party try engage with it, the "child" runs off towards the Area 5.
7. The party passes through mud issuing a headache inducing, subterranean gas. A *Luck* (Con) save is required to avoid 1d2 Int or Will loss (determine randomly).
8. The *Troll* Abomination (Area 9) has awoken, and is tracking the PCs, eager to squeeze the life out of them, then feast on their succulent innards.

Ruin Trinkets

As the party explores the ruins, the GM might substitute a 1d12 roll on the following table instead of the usual LFG Carry Loot or Trinkets & Curios tables:

- (i) A primitive pouch, made from an animal bladder, containing a handful of blue powder (*Blue Fey* dust, see Area 2).
- (ii) A necklace of *Skorn* teeth (flat, but slightly larger than human teeth).
- (iii) The gold signet ring of a long fallen house (twin hawks carrying a snake; 44 gp).
- (iv) An 10" moonstone idol, carved in the likeness of a faceless, humanoid god, with an eye in his chest and six arms (a forgotten *Thom* deity, worth 900 gp to the right buyer).
- (v) 4d12 copper currency rings, the ancient coinage of the *Thom*, not seen in millennia (each ring is worth 10 gp to a collector).
- (vi) A bronze knife with a kris blade. The dagger is of *Thom* origin and has a *Minor Charm*: the blade turns icy if *Skorn* are within 240 ft, and the user may point the knife to sense their approximate direction.
- (vii) A mummified troll finger on a bronze chain (good luck charm; increase the wearer's maximum *Luck* by 1 point, requires three days to take effect).
- (viii) A rare healing poultice in a clay jar (one use, grants a new *Luck* save to resist an illness, disease or poison).
- (ix) A flute carved from crocodile bone.

- (x) A waterskin filled with wriggling leeches.
- (xi) A bronze torc studded with small obsidian stones (57 gp).
- (xii) A poison unguent wrapped in waterproof cloth (two applications, roll 1d10 on the Poison Trap table, LFG p.235).

Ruin Districts

There is no map for *Mölot Baat*. Instead, the sprawling city is divided up into a 3 x 3 grid; three northern districts, three middle districts, and three southern districts.

1	2	3
4	5	6
7	8	9

The PCs may make their approach from any direction, and navigate between the sectors as they see fit (subject to the inhabitants' response). Naturally the "boundaries" are fairly loose, and some encounters might drift into adjacent districts.

In broad strokes, the *White Gator* thuels (the most numerous faction) rule the northern ruins, a small family of trolls hunt in the south, and a clan of *Blue Fey* control the centre.

Area 1 - Thuel Sentries

The northwest district is mostly two ft deep pools and mangrove trees, with a few collapsed towers and other buildings just poking above the murky waters. From time to time, the PCs will notice gator skulls hanging from tree branches or atop wooden poles.

3d6 *Barbarians* of the *White Gator* tribe are on sentry duty in the region, armed with spears, short bows and war horns. They are hostile to outsiders, but might attempt to lure intruders close to rob and/or kill them. Using their horns draws another 2d6 reinforcements from nearby (3d4 rounds).

Barbarians, AC 13, HD 1, Spear 1d6+1 or Short Bow 1d6, 19: as weapon, S12 D10 C13 I10 P10 W12 Ch11, L4, Mv 30 ft. 10% of the thuels are berserkers: S13, +2 bonus to attack, Spear 1d6+2, and never check for morale.

Defeating the barbarians turns up 1 x Carry Loot.

Area 2 - White Gator Tribe

The central northern district is characterised by a large swath of higher ground, upon which the *White Gator* thuels have made their home. About a half dozen ruined stone villas still stand here in the *Thom* residential style (square topped and pillared, with bas reliefs of people hunting, dancing, etc). Curiously there are no depictions of funeral rites.



The 3d10+50 barbarians that live here have set up two dozen huts in a clearing enclosed by mangrove and banyan trees. Smoke can be seen issuing from area. The tribe is led by *Gator Queen Khutett* (6 ft, strong, red streaked hair, white face tattoos, skull shield). *Khutett* is an especially xenophobic matriarch and is most likely to rob the adventurers and offer them as sacrifices to the *Dreygu* (“blue imps”, the *Blue Fey* in Area 5).

The *Gator Queen* no longer has *Finne*; they traded her to the *Dreygu* a few days ago in return for some imp dust. The drug is a unique euphoric hallucinogen the *Blue Fey* concoct, and its effects last a few hours. Afterwards the user feels a deep sense of loss, which the Fey feed off (the mixture includes their tears, connecting them to the user). 60% of the tribe is addicted to “dreygu dust”, and *Khutett* in particular. If a PC tries the powder, a Will check is required to avoid cravings (if cravings are ignored, the PC becomes sullen and defiant for 1 week, then reverts to normal. The GM might call for a Will check to resist such conduct; treat as a minor madness).

Slaugott (dark topknot and beard, muscular, tattoos on right arm/chest, manacle on left wrist) is one of the 40% of the clan who refuse the dust. They are appalled by the tribe’s growing obeisance to the “dust demons”, and plan to kill *Khutett* and seize control. If the PCs pick up on the tension between the two camps, they might find an ally in one or the other. If *Slaugott* prevails, he might be persuaded to join the PCs against the *Blue Fey*.

The *White Gators* have a cautious truce with the *Moor Trolls* to the south (Area 7). In essence, the two groups tend to leave each other alone as much as possible; the trolls are clearly more powerful individuals, but the tribesmen are cunning guerrilla warriors and have much greater numbers. The truce doesn’t apply to the *Troll Abomination* in the Area 9; that unthinking behemoth is feared by everyone.

Khutett the Gator Queen, AC 12, HD 4, Axe 1d8+2, 19: target’s weapon broken (*Luck* save resists, magical weapons damaged instead, unusable until repaired), S15 D13 C13 I12 P13 W14 Ch14, L8, Mv 30 ft. *Khutett* is a *Boss Monster* with *Off Turn Attacks* and *Minor Exploit Protection*. May negate one attack with her shield.

Slaugott, AC 14, HD 3, Great Axe 1d12+2, 19: as weapon, S16 D15 C15 I10 P10 W13 Ch12, L7, Mv 30 ft. *Slaugott* may *Rage* like a Barbarian for 3 rounds once per combat.

If the tribe is wiped out, 1 x Carry Loot and 1 x Valuables may be recovered from a small strongbox hidden in *Khutett*’s stone dwelling.

Area 3 – Foam Fever Curse

This tract of mostly dry and open moors is spotted with shallow pools. Wildlife is common, including hare, otter and wolves. Despite such attractions the thuels avoid the area on account of an ongoing “curse”; a local leech strain spreads *Foam Fever* (LFG p.123). Any PCs moving through here must make a *Luck* (Con) save or contract the malady.

Area 4 – Giant Crocodiles

The western district contains an abundance of *Giant Crocodiles*, 2d6 of which take an active interest in the party. They generally prey on local wildlife but are also fond of foolish humanoids that draw too close. A single *Blue Fey* keeps watch over this area, hidden in the boughs of a tall banyan tree. If it notices the PCs, it studies them for a time, then slips away to report back to *Mloggnu* (see Area 5).

Giant Crocodile, AC 14, HD 6, Bite 2d6+2, 19: the target loses a limb (*Luck* (Dex) save resists), S20 D10 C19 I3 P10 W12 Ch5, L8, Mv 30 or swim 50 ft. On a 19+ the target is caught in the gator’s jaws and rolled/drowned if water present (lose action each turn until successful *Luck* (Dex) save).



Area 5 – Blue Fey Tower

The centre of the ruins is submerged in ankle high water, with scattered trees throughout. The tallest surviving structure of the city stands on a stony rise; a sacred tower, built at the intersection of two invisible leylines. Magic in this sector is especially dangerous: apply advantage or disadvantage to any effects as appropriate, and all PCs increase their DDM check by 1 upon entering the area.

The tower is approx 110 ft tall and 30 ft wide at the base, with five internal levels (open spaces, any interior walls have been demolished) connected by winding steps. *Pierce the Veil* reveals a transmutation aura (the tower is magically preserved, though the abjuration has greatly diminished over time).

The *Blue Fey* control the tower, ruled over by the despot *Mloggnu* (5 HD, *Minor Exploit Protection*, short 2 ft, obese, sadistic). *Mloggnu* wants to convert all of the *White Gators* to imp dust addicts, so that the clan can feed on them for years to come. He might be persuaded to join forces with the party if *Slaugott's* plans against *Khutett* are revealed. The fey consider the *Moor Trolls* and *Abomination* as serious dangers to be avoided as much as possible.

Blue Fey, AC 11, HD 2+3, Vampiric Touch 1d6 + special, 19: soul drain causing 1 level loss until end of the adventure (no save), S9 D18 C9 I7 P17 W10 Ch9, L6, Mv 30 ft inc through trees, brush, etc. A touch drains 1d2 Will or Cha (determine randomly), and a target reduced to zero in either stat immediately ends their own life in horrifying fashion. May use the following spell like effects once per day: *Shadows & Dust*, *Writhing Fog*, *Sorcerous Misdirection*, *Waking Dream* and *Lash of Long Night* (as *Lash of Unerring Pain*, but made of shadow and drains 1d2 Will).

Blue Fey are 3 ft, gangly, blue-grey humanoids with large noses and pointy ears. Dwellers of hidden grottos and dark hollows, they are manifestations of nature's sometimes cruel, capricious, and

unforgiving aspects. They may linger for hundreds or thousands of years, subsisting on berries and nectar, but are empathic vampires, preferring to feed on a victim's emotions (in particular those of despair, rage, helplessness, loss, and confusion).

If asked about *Finnel*, *Mloggnu* indicates he remembers a soft human woman, but hasn't seen her for a few days. He believes she is at the top of the tower. If the PCs want her, all they have to do is go up and get her (*Mloggnu* knows she is a prisoner, dying or dead, at the top of the tower; the fey have been feeding on her suffering for the last few days). If asked about the tower, *Mloggnu* encourages them to "see for yourselves, hmm!"

They fey have been through this feeding ritual many, many times. Captured humans are coerced into the tower and made to climb to the top. All the while the *Blue Fey* use their magical powers to trick, beguile and terrorize the victim, feeding on their emotions (high and low) as they do so. Upon reaching the top, the victim is either taken prisoner or encouraged to leap from the tower to end their suffering. Some, like *Finnel*, are tortured for days before being "set free".

Entry to the tower is via an archway at the base (the door disintegrated long ago). Examination of the ground reveals many old bloodstains. Any attempt to scale the building from the outside is resisted by the fey (using *Lash of Long Night*). The humans "cannot cheat if you want the prize, mmm!"

The GM determines the nature of the mental terrors that await the party inside the tower, but some ideas are provided below. In summary, there are 3d6 *Blue Fey* hidden about the building (perched on windows or rafters, peeking out from under decaying tables, concealed behind false walls using *Shadows & Dust*, etc). The chambers shrink in width with each level, and each has a 20 - 25 ft ceiling. The stone walls are ancient cut stone, any internal lining was torn down many years ago. Light filters into most levels via arched windows.

Level 1

Using *Writhing Fog*, the fey fill the ground floor (about 30 ft wide, 20 ft ceiling) with thick, sorcerous mist. Once the PCs are inside, they release 2d6 agitated *bog vipers* into the room (AC 10, 1 hp, +2 to hit, 1 damage plus poison 2d6 damage, *Luck* (Con) save resists). The vipers detect the PCs' body heat and do not suffer any sight related penalties due to the fog. Using *Waking Dream*, the fey conjure the sounds of many scores of snakes. Stairs winding up to the next level are on the far side of the chamber (this is the case for all of the chambers; to proceed to the next level, the PCs must cross the room).

Level 2

The floor of this 30 ft chamber appears to be lined with thick, viscous blood, bile and bodily fluids. Parts of the walls are also smeared. Illusory buzzing flies fill the room. The "blood" squelches underfoot and sticks to one's boots, etc. In fact the liquids are conjured via *Waking Dream*, and the texture simulated with mud.

Level 3

This 20 ft room contains 3d6 rotting corpses, only half of which are real (care of *Waking Dream*), all which look and smell terrible. Flies (real and illusory) swarm the area. The illusory bodies include perfect clones of the PCs (as well as *Myrra* and *Cason*, if they are with them). Adventurers observing/smelling their own rotting cadaver must make a Will or Con check (player's choice) to avoid feeling sick (passing nausea).

At least one of the real bodies is slumped on the stairs that proceed upwards. The corpse is bloated and infested with *Flesh Grubs*, which will burst forth if the body is moved or prodded, burrowing straight for the heart (the fey are careful to avoid touching it). A *Luck* (Con) save is required to avoid death in 1d4 rounds. Fire or acid can kill the grubs, but requires an Int (Apothecary) check to apply correctly (2d4 damage, halved if the check is successful).

Level 4

This 20 ft chamber includes a large circular table (of recent construction) on which sit 2d6 sacks, pouches and satchels. The edge of the table is inscribed with silver runes. Anyone may reach over and take any of the bags, but only one at a time (an invisible force prevents taking two or more at once). Roll 1d6 to determine what each bag contains: (i-iii) Carry Loot, (iv) Blue Dust, (v) Trinket or Curio, (vi) Valuables. Taking a bag invokes a fey curse (roll on the *Divine Rebuke* table, LFG p.88).

Level 5

Fimmel is here on the 15 ft wide rooftop, chained and naked on a stone slab. There is a 10% chance she dies just before the PCs arrive, plus 10% per Area the party visited on their way here (max 80%). Otherwise she is sunburnt and dehydrated, having been exposed to the elements without food or water for several days. 1d4 *Blue Fey* are crouched nearby, feeding on her despair (or in a gluttonous haze if *Fimmel* has just passed).

Alive or dead, the fey let the PCs take *Fimmel* without resistance (whether joy, rage or sadness, the emotions still feed them). *Fimmel* still wears the wooden heart ring on her finger.

If the *Blue Fey* are defeated, 1 x 3 HD Lair treasure, 1 x Potion and 1 x Scroll are hidden in the roots of a nearby banyan tree (the spoils of past victims, and scavenging amongst the ruins).

Area 6 - Pond Runners

This eastern section of the ruins is inundated with 2 ft deep pools and little tree cover. Small islands pock mark the waters, on which hundreds of small, ten inch lizards can be seen, sunbaking as best they can.

The lizards are aggressive, voracious devils, attacking by swarming larger enemies with superior numbers. Their extremely hydrophobic skin, large paddle like feet, and swishing tail, allow

them to “run” across the tops of the pools at high speed. There are up to 1d4 swarms present.

Pond Runner Swarm, AC 12, HD 2, Bites 1d6, 19: the target is overwhelmed (helpless for 1d3 rounds, *Luck* (Str or Dex) save resists), S4 D15 C5 I3 P9 W10 Ch5, L5, Mv 30 ft inc pond running. *Swarm* rules apply (LFG p.183). When Staggered, there is a 50% chance a *Giant Crocodile* is attracted by the bloodshed (they love the taste of *Pond Runners*, but usually can't catch them).



Area 7 – Moor Trolls

This region is particularly wet, with large pools forming up to 3 ft deep. Mangrove and similar trees are common in small groves, allowing for a series of open and closed spaces. PCs wading through here might notice a lack of crocodiles and other large animals (Perc (Animal Lore) check).

The lack of wildlife is because 2d6 *Moor Trolls* use this area as their primary hunting and hibernation ground. When the PCs arrive, the monsters are sleeping beneath the dark waters, waiting for warm bodied morsels to approach and rouse them. Each time the district is passed through, there is a 50% chance the trolls awake. If roused from their weeks long slumber, the trolls' hunger is all consuming (immune to morale).

Moor Troll, AC 13, HD 8, Claw 1d10 and Bite 1d10+1, 19: if the target is accompanied by a pet or henchmen, the pet/ally is eaten by the troll (or has a limb torn off), S19 D12 C17 I7 P8 W10 Ch6, L10, Mv 30 ft inc swimming. *Moor Trolls* breathe water and air, and have webbed claws. They regenerate all damage at the start of their next turn, or in 1d6 rounds if reduced to zero hit points. Damage from fire or acid is not regenerated. A *troll* reduced to zero hit points and completely burnt or buried does not regenerate. 10 ft reach.

A 9 ft tall, rake thin monster with an iron like hide by the name of *Kreef* (Int 8, 52 hp) rules the trolls. *Kreef* generally believes the truce with the *White Gators* is in both clans' interests, but is not above the occasional kidnapping and murder of thuel sentries.

Kreef considers the *Blue Fey* treacherous, poisonous parasites at best. For the most part he orders his fellows to stay away from them (their Wis draining touch will kill a troll as swiftly as a human). Of all the swamp creatures however, *Kreef* hates the *Troll Abomination* most; with its unbridled hunger and acidic tentacles, the abomination has slain many a troll in recent years. If sorely threatened, the *Kreef* might even join forces with the PCs to ensure he survives.

Area 8 – Wolfhound Pack

A pack of 4d6 feral wolfhounds are travelling through this section of relatively dry moorlands, sniffing at the grasses in search of easy prey. They are unlikely to attack a well armed group of adventurers, but might do so if anyone isolates themselves, or show signs of recent injury (limping, *Staggered*, etc).

Wolfhound, AC 12, HD 1+2, Bite 1d4+1, 19: target is knocked prone, S13 D14 C15 I2 P12 W10 Ch6, L4, 60 ft. Advantage when tracking and on attack rolls when flanking.



Area 9 – Troll Abomination

The southeast corner is home to a 15 ft *Troll Abomination*; a three eyed fusing of troll, tentacle, and uncontrolled gluttony. Transformed by the death curse of a vengeful hag, the abomination is barely more intelligent than the nearby crocodiles, but ten times as cruel. Shallow pools litter the area, but much of the land is above water and trees relatively few between (roots are easily spotted and avoided, for the most part).

The monstrosity spends much of its time in its lair (a fallen bald cyprus tree, overgrown with other younger trees to form a muddy cave with a bed of bones), sleeping away the weeks and months between feasting episodes. When the PCs arrive, the beast is hibernating, but close to waking.

If the PCs enter this district, roll for a random ruin encounter. At the GM's option, if the party deals with the encounter in a loud manner, they might awaken the mutant (takes 2d4 rounds; it issues a shuddering, gurgling moan when it does so).

Troll Abomination, Boss Monster, AC 14, HD 10 (76 hp), Tentacle Crush/Acid 3d8, 19: if the target is accompanied by a pet or henchmen, the pet/ally is eaten by the troll (or has a limb torn off), S20 D9 C20 I5 P10 W15 Ch4, L11, Mv 30 ft. The Boss Monster with *Off Turn Attacks* and *Minor Exploit Protection*. Breathes water and air, and its tentacles exude a flesh eating acid (self immune). It regenerates all damage at the start of its next turn, or in 1d6 rounds if reduced to zero hit points. Damage from fire or acid is not regenerated. If reduced to zero hit points and completely burnt or buried it dies. 10 ft reach.

Searching the den returns 1 x Cary Loot and 1 x Valuables scattered amongst the broken skeletons.

Aftermath

If *Finnel* is rescued (dead or alive), the party make themselves allies for life. *Cason*, *Myrra* and *Finnel* live in *Crow's Keep*, but might turn up in other cities or outposts. If the PCs ask, they may agree to accompany them on future adventures (as hirelings, henchmen, etc).

If *Finnel*, *Cason* and/or *Myrra* die, the families mourn their loss, but do not attribute any blame to the party. The three mercenaries knew the risks; indeed their relatives warned them against such reckless ventures many a time. Still, their loss might affect the PCs' reputation in certain circles for a time.

Mloggnu, *Kreef* and the *Abomination* have no interest leaving the swamplands. Depending on how the party leave the *White Gators*, they might have allies to guide them through the moors in future expeditions, or deadly enemies to be avoided at all costs!



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