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**DCC  
RPG**

# GREENWOOD OF THE FEY SOVEREIGN

0 or 1st Level Adventure

New Character Class: Wild Elf

New Character Sheet Design



ACK

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# MAP OF THE TOWER OF ISP

GREENWOOD OF THE FEY SOVEREIGN • WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED BY C. AARON KREADER

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**T**his is a DCC RPG adventure designed for 4 to 8 players. Each player should run either 2-4 0-level characters or a single 1st level character. This adventure plays well with a mix of 1st level and 0-level characters. Add up all the levels (counting 0-level as 1/4th of a level) and try to get as close to 4 total levels as possible. Such as, 4 players with 4 0-level characters, or 8 players with 2 0-level characters. If any player loses all their characters, it is easy to assume in the context of the story that other villagers have found their way to the group or were captured in the area the group enters next.

## ADVENTURE BACKGROUND

The dynast Earl of Nanch has nursed an all-consuming envy towards the neighboring kingdom of Greenwood—a collective of faerie folk ruled by the Elf King Leaprilox (Leap-rell-lox). The Earl's mad jealousy has consumed his spirit; opening his living soul to forces of shadow and corruption.

The Demon Lord Seshullouk, patron of the Earl's sage, is influencing the Earl. For 12 years, Seshullouk has fed the Earl a torrent of lies and half-truths—convincing him that Greenwood is the source of all his woes. These rumors have been spread so that anger festers in the people of Nanch. It is suggested that prior to starting the game, you copy these rumors and give one to each player:

*For years, children near Greenwood have gone missing. Some say it's the seduction of enchanting melodies from the woods; others say the Earl has sent them to appease the Elf King's endless hunger for human children.*

*Greenwood's King Leaprilox is arming his people to launch an assault and take the lands of Nanch! The Earl's sage reports they will plant an elven bloodtree on the body of every man, woman, and child to expand their vile woods.*

*The Earl of Nanch sent gifts to the elf court for Queen Leaprilox. But the return gift, wrapped in spider silk cloth, was the severed head of the messenger—the only nephew of the Earl! Now Nanch has no heir.*

*Tax collectors report that merchants from Greenwood make deals so shrewdly that Nanch's business has withered! The Earl is forced to double taxes as a result.*

The Earl has mustered his army and is now on the march—conscripting every able-bodied gong farmer and scribe in his wake! For glory, gold, and vengeance, the masses arise and clamor for fey blood!

The fey King Leaprilox is no saint—he'd sooner slay filthy iron-bearing humans and dwarves than look at them—but his reputation has been greatly exaggerated. He is aware of the massing army, and seeks to lure the Earl's force deep into Greenwood by feigning initial defeat. As the adventure plays out, the party will soon realize there is no benevolent sovereign to hide behind.

## GREENWOOD

Greenwood is a place outside of time and space, with laws so capricious that attempting to predict them proves fruitless. Far from the delightful and cheerful depiction of a sophisticated, homogeneous elf race, Greenwood is chaotic and malicious, full of sinister fey whose rules are so alien that merely entering Greenwood is a potentially fatal act. The inhabitants are held in check by a balance of powerful magic and cunning, which typically abates internal violence. Those who wander in are the subjects of pernicious and merciless caprice escalating into deadly mischief.

**Judge note:** The creatures of Greenwood are not easily identified—what man calls elf is actually a vast collective of diverse and distinct creatures including (but not limited to) pixies, brownies, goblins, demons, wild elves, and devils. There is no common elf here. To rubes, the crea-

tures within may be mistaken for tiny men, thin green women, or even elves, but are of no known race. Resist telling players the name of what they are seeing—describe entities in terms they would know. If asked, “Is it an elf?” convey ambiguity. Elf characters will know that fey woodlands contain creatures more ancient and mysterious than themselves, and often these creatures appear not as they really are.

## ENCOUNTER TABLE

Area	Type	Encounter
1-1.	T	Leaf Laughter Causeway
1-2.	C	Clearing of the Dead
1-3.	C	Tiny Music Man
2-1	C/T	Guest Chamber of the Shadow Elf
2-3	P/T	The Runic Ramp
2-4	H	Atrium of the Smoke Brownie
2-5	C	The Fey Assassin’s Gambit
2-6	P/T	Chamber to the Four Corners
3-1	C	The Mist Guardian

## ADVENTURE OVERVIEW

The adventure begins with a series of strange and otherworldly encounters in this magical and surreal land, while under the incompetence, cowardice, and bullying of one of the Earl’s footmen—Pertrub. As the encounters continue, intimations of the fate of the Earl are everywhere.

Lost in its magical paths, the players—no matter which direction they intend to travel—are drawn deeper into the fey woods. By the third encounter, Pertrub’s fragile psyche will break into a murderous rage, leaving the players to their own devices.

Soon afterward, the PCs will find the TOWER OF ISP, where the Earl routed a small number of Greenwood fey. The tower holds secrets, strange inhabitants, and the only means of survival. At this point, the party has 3 hours before the Elf King obliterates the remaining forces of the

Earl and sweeps back here to hunt down any intruders. The magical and strange rooms of the tower are actually quarters for odd and eccentric guests of the King. In the final room, a portal allowing escape to the outer world is opened for those who can solve its puzzle.

## PART 1: THE START

### PRESS GANG OF THE EARL

*While you toil under a hot autumn sun, your village is approached by the Earl’s army—a mass of drunken, amoral brutes demanding hospitality and viands. The village is quick to appease the Earl of Nanch—who for 12 years has endured the evils of the neighboring Greenwood kingdom. Now, his press gang employs you and other locals as porters, cooks and servants. Winter stores and manpower vanish. Will you join the war march as a servant in hope of a share in the spoils, or brave the winter alone?*

Pause to see if anyone leaves. If so, they are hunted down, flogged, and pressed into service. They start the game with a 1d3 points of temporary Stamina damage from their ordeal, which will not have healed before reaching Greenwood. A peasant’s life is tough. Now continue:

*You suffer through a grueling march in sweltering heat over barren grain fields. The constant demands and cruel oppression of the Earl’s footmen sorely test your will, but the need to survive presses you forward. After a fortnight, the army halts, building a huge campsite just outside Greenwood forest. Haunting laughter is heard from within the shadowed trees, and great branches sway to the rhythm of some unknown force—for there is no wind.*

*A bloody red dawn follows. The Earl eagerly musters his forces and plunges into the vast woods. Shortly after, a low, heavy fog belches out from the forest.*

*Your team is initially tasked to stay and steward the encampment under a company of footmen. After a nerve-racking day, no word returns to camp—only an eerie stillness and an occasional distant sound of chimes. The guards seem unnerved.*

*The next day, the footmen form dozens of scouting parties to enter Greenwood and find the Earl. Your party is commanded by Pertrub, a particularly brutish and cruel footman, under the authority of the Earl. Your group is*

*almost entirely made up of commoners, with but a single soldier to lead you into the forest. Sensing your anxiety, Pertrub spits out a vulgar speech in an attempt to rouse courage. “Gets up yar yellow tards! Lest I gives a taste o’ sumthin ta fear!”*

By morning, the fog has thinned. If any character asks for gear, Pertrub barks, “Wat fer do the likes of you need the items of yer betters?” The requesting character must succeed a DC 15 Personality check to convince Pertrub. Give bonuses to good arguments. A result of 5 or less gets the character a mailed fist upside the head. Roll a d20+1 melee attack (1 hp). This is a non-lethal blow. A character reduced to 0 hp drops like a sack of grain for d10 turns before recovering to 1 hp. If the Personality check succeeds, Pertrub grunts and shows the group a cache of 4 javelins. He tells everyone to pack up food for all and a tent for him—the rest of the group can sleep under the stars.

Pertrub has a full character sheet available in the back of the adventure. He is a ruthless overlord, but not particularly brave. Pertrub is as shrewd as he is cruel. He sees himself as better than everyone in his company. This is the judge’s chance to play a real jerk. The players should hate Pertrub so that later, they have good reason to turn on him. Get creative. Have him spit and bark as he roars out his demands. In combat, he stands back, commands others, and almost never engages. He claims any and all items of value for himself and if pressed, offers clever reasons and excuses.

**Pertrub (footman):** Init -2; Atk sword +1 melee (1d7+1) or dagger (1d4+1); AC 14; HD 2d8; hp 10; MV 25’; Act 1d20; SV Fort +3, Ref -1, Will -1; AL N.

Pertrub has a low-quality longsword (1d7 dam), dagger, purse with 10 sp, a flask (5 sp), sack of food, golden lucky rabbit foot (5 gp), grungy smelly chainmail, wooden shield with a painted golden goose, and a gray tabard with a stylized golden goose sewn into it.

**Area 1-1 — Leaf Laughter Causeway:** *The fog is a distant mist now. As you move towards it, an ancient stone causeway emerges from the haze. It spans the Glam-Galourm River—the border between Nanch and the Kingdom of King Leaprilox of Greenwood. On your approach, you make out two ornate wooden poles on the far end of the causeway. On one is a huge sculpted wooden leaf and on the other is the face of a laughing elf. Barely visible across the stone span are the feet of a collapsed figure—its details obscured in the mist.*

Show the players **Handout A**.

The causeway is enchanted. A curse afflicts the first 2 people to cross with a random minor corruption. Characters must succeed a DC 12 Will save or the effect is permanent; otherwise, it lasts for 1 hour. The only way to avoid the curse is by saying “leaf laughter” in the elven language prior to crossing.

The shallow river has a floral scent, an inviting pure color, and a gentle flow. Anyone who enters this enchanted water forgets why they are here and floats away without a care in the world. Characters in the water must succeed a DC 15 Will save to overcome the enchantment and rejoin the group 2 rounds later—free to return on either side of the river. A character failing the save floats away, never to be seen again.

If the party dallies for 4 rounds, Pertrub barks out, “Go on then, ya precious lilies!” If no volunteers come forward, he picks two (lowest Luck scores) to lead the way.

Once over the causeway, read: *Across the river you find a strange wizened figure with pointed ears and a long, thin mustache—his thin features frozen in death. Around him lay five piles of ash.*

*“Get ‘iz fancy boots and any loot and gives em ‘ear!”*  
*Pertrub commands while standing back a few feet.*

The figure is a dead elf wizard. If touched, he turns to ash and a strange wind kicks up. His robes dance off into the fog, animated in a jolly, yet macabre prance.

The humanoid piles of ash around the wizard were soldiers of Nanch incinerated by the wizard in a battle the previous day. They are harmless and hold nothing of value.

A path is visible on this side of the causeway. It continues into the forest, disappearing into the mist. Pertrub marches everyone into the woods toward area 1-2.

**Area 1-2 — Clearing of the Dead:** *You walk among the ancient boughs of majestic giant trees whose gentle creaking and groaning fill you with wonder and awe. The path meanders deeper and deeper into the forest. You lose your sense of time and place. A solemn, elder presence seeps into your mind. It is as if the forest wishes to know you, or perhaps to be known by you. Suddenly, the trees open into a clearing where you see numerous corpses of the Earl’s footmen—identifiable by their gray tabard sporting a stylized golden goose. Who exactly they were is unclear, for their limbs and faces have been gnawed upon by something unseen and horrible! There are no signs of motion among them.*

Two mighty fey wolves were feasting upon the fallen after a battle with Greenwood archers. The wolves hid when the group crashed into the area. They now lie in wait just outside the clearing, camouflaged by their dark fur. Any player who actively asks to look around the clearing edge for trouble is allowed a DC 15 Int check. If successful, they get the sense they are being watched—full of dread, they wonder if the trees are watching them!

If anyone states that they are going around the clearing from the outside, the fey wolves get spooked and scurry off into the woods—audible, but not visible. However, the wolves muster their courage and return to ambush the group in 3d6 rounds. After that duration—or if the players enter the clearing without running the wolves off—they are pounced upon and mauled.

*There is a terrible frenzy of blurred motion—all shadow, claw and fang. You lock eyes with great unblinking yellow orbs before being mauled.*

The wolves likely will surprise the party and attack first, afterwards, roll for initiative. Once a wolf is dead (or feigning—see below) the group can get a good look at them. These beasts appear as monstrous wolf-like creatures the size of a bear.

**Fey Wolves (2):** Init +2; Atk bite +1 melee (1d6+2); AC 13; HD 2d10; hp 10 each; MV 40'; Act 1d20; SP sneak +8, feign death if 5 or less hp; SV Fort +1, Ref +3, Will +1; AL C.

Fey wolves are smart, vicious predators who employ clever tactics. They will feign death (as a free action) if reduced to 5 hp or less. They flop to the ground limp and motionless, only to spring up later and flee or attack (surprise +2 to hit) depending on which is a better tactic.

The Earl's footmen actually died from strange withering marks. This will be obvious to any healer or military character. Otherwise, allow a DC 10 Int check. Those looking also discover 8 arrows around the bodies. The arrows are all stone tipped with crystal (1 gp each). This is a rare type of arrow—not from the Earl's men. Pertrub will collect these if the group discovers them.

Most of the men have no visible loot and wear ruined chainmail armor. However, a lucky searcher spots something interesting. On a successful Luck check, roll a d6 (each item can be found once):

1: A great looking hat! (Rare quality worth 5 gp—or just gives the character a great sense of style!)

- 2: A gem tucked into a boot (d30 gp + Luck mod)
- 3: One man has a holy symbol to a Lord of Chaos
- 4: A longsword which fell under a bush—it is slightly bent (1d7 dam) and breaks on a natural 1 or 20.
- 5: A belt pouch is under one man. It has (d10 sp + Luck mod) within.
- 6: A helm in good shape (all the others are missing).

Pertrub collects anything he notices. If someone attempts to hide their find, they must attempt a DC 13 Agi check to succeed. Failure results in a stern blow from Pertrub's mailed fist, stating "...darty stink of a sneak!" He then takes the item.

If the group protests, Pertrub gives a long-winded speech about how these men served their Earl with their lives and he will see these goods returned to the proper families. How dare they desecrate the bodies of these heroes! If pressed to prove this and reveal the names of the fallen, he can't back up his claim and simply stammers. This could lead to a fight. Pertrub is hot-tempered and quick to cut down anyone who doesn't fall in line. Use his stat block above.

From the clearing is a wide pathway that continues deeper into the woods toward area 1-3.

**Area 1-3 — Tiny Music Man:** *As you press on through the woods searching for clues about the fate of the Earl and his army, the path becomes rougher. Steep gulches, drop-offs, and rises tax your legs. At times you stumble on exposed roots that seem to pop up into the path where no roots were before. In addition, you become disoriented by the looping and seemingly endless march past trees that bear no clear distinction. You wonder if you are desperately lost.*

*Suddenly, you hear the soft, soothing sounds of distant music, both ethereal and enchanting. Your spirits calmed, you feel your worries lifted away and your feet light. You are transported by the gentle acoustics and hauntingly beautiful melodies.*

If Pertrub is still alive:

*Even Pertrub seems to be attempting an unnatural grin of yellowed teeth that exposes an unnerving look you wish you could forget.*

Characters must succeed a DC 18 Will save or lose all focus and become totally distracted. At this point Nagi-fix, an impish, fairy-like brownie, springs into action and takes a d3 random player's items (worthless stuff—Nagi-



fix is a kleptomaniac) plus Pertrub's golden lucky rabbit's foot. Each of these characters hears a jingling sound as they lose the item. They realize the loss 2 rounds later when the music has ended.

Characters that make the save are not affected and see a tiny man spring about with lightning speed amongst the group. He appears to jump up to their various packs and then dash off. That player gets 1 action to do something before Nagifix vanishes. He will be back later! The party is not expected to defeat Nagifix, but his stat block is below. This encounter will trigger Pertrub's rage, and he attacks the group (see below).

**Nagifix (brownie):** Init +4; Atk tiny dagger +0 melee (1d3-1); AC 14; HD 5d6; hp 20; MV 40'; Act 1d20 + 1d16; SP poison dagger (DC 13 Fort save or 1 hour slumber), teleport no error 2/day, invisibility 2/day; SV Fort +1, Ref +6, Will +6; AL C.

As a brownie, Nagifix has some innate magical abilities in addition to a host of other bizarre spells he can cast normally (not listed here since they are not applicable). By using an action he can teleport no error 2/day, and turn invisible 2/day. He has 3 doses of toxin on his dagger. If hit, the character must succeed a DC 13 Fort save or sleep for 1 hour. Nagifix has a plain-looking bag which actually is a dimensional pocket capable of holding a closet-sized amount of goods. It is currently empty of anything except whatever was taken in this encounter. The opening to this tiny bag can only accommodate the hand of a halfling or child.

After Nagifix leaves, the spell breaks. Everyone is suddenly aware of the theft. Pertrub explodes in rage and

draws his blade. He openly accuses anyone who claimed to see a "tiny man" or the unluckiest of the group. He thinks talk of a tiny man is a thief's excuse. He gives the "thief" to the count of 3 to return his charm. Then he tries to run them through with his blade. This should create a party melee with Pertrub. If not, he continues the search for his lucky rabbit's foot and turns in rage on another party member until everyone is dead or he is.

This will likely be the end of Pertrub, leaving the party in the middle of the forest on their own.

## PART 2: ON THEIR OWN

### THE TREE TOWER OF ISP

No matter which way the group thinks they are going—backwards or forwards—the enchanted nature of the forest leads them to the Tower of Isp. Then if they leave this location and traverse the forest, they end up back at area 2.

**Area 2 — The Tower of Isp:** *You enter a massive clearing. At the center is an enormous tree some 50 paces across its base! Rising up around the tree is a wide wooden walkway. Various windows and doors are visible up and down the massive trunk. There are signs of battle here. Arrows pepper the bark and a few humanoid figures are slumped along the walkway, motionless. Stranger still is the configuration of footmen who all seem to have been slain in some sort of sacrificial ritual. Their bodies are arranged in a pentacle shape, and their flesh oddly withered.*

The Earl's main force hit this tower—driving the elves into the forest. The Earl then sacrificed some of his men in a dark ritual to gain knowledge about the enemy. His patron, however, failed to inform him that the elves are luring the Earl's men into a massive ambush by feigning a strategic retreat. In 2 hours, the battle will conclude when the Earl and his forces are decimated. By hour 3, the elven forces will return to the Tower of Isp. At that time, they will destroy any non-elves at this location, and interrogate any foreign elves before releasing them at the forest's edge. Any outdoorsmen or military characters who look around will see that a battle went on deeper into the forest, and the forces posted at this tower were routed.

Elves in the party are only somewhat familiar with the customs of this particular elven group. These towers serve as official guest quarters for those who seek refuge under King Leaprilox. No internal struggle is allowed in these



places of asylum—at least, not usually. Unknown to the players, some of the guests who are mortal enemies have taken their chances during the confusion of war. The party will find itself in the midst of a strange game of death and assassination between two of these characters.

**Area 2-1 — Guest Chamber of the Shadow Elf:** The door to this chamber seems to be slightly ajar, but also blocked by something just inside the doorway. It will yield to a strong push: *You press open the door and discover the blockage to be the body of a strange green-skinned creature with thin features and long ears. The entire room appears to have been carved out of the interior of the tree and fills your nostrils with the overwhelming scent of cut lumber and linseed oil. Within, a few chairs sit around a table covered by a rustic quilted tablecloth. A single round window lights the features of this roughly circular chamber. Long shadows stretch across the room and obscure portions of a large spiral staircase running along the wall and up into a ceiling opening.*

The body is that of a guard who died defending the tower. His body shows various sword cut wounds. The room looks to have been ransacked. Only a few candles remain on the table, their candlesticks long gone. Wax stains show evidence of their absence.

Under the table is a shadow elf named Elimikis. He doesn't care for light and stays in the shadows. He is also being hunted by an assassin in the tower, and suspects everyone who enters. If anyone attempts to take the quilt or peer under the table, Elimikis immediately (automatic initiative due to surprise) makes eye contact with that character. Looking into his eyes risks possession. That character must succeed a DC 15 Will save to avoid the effects. If possessed, that character will place the quilt back and suggest the group explore the upstairs area, insisting the quilt is worthless and the table has nothing under it. Let the player know in private that they are possessed and what to say to the group. Also, let them know their possession will be released when the group goes up the spiral stairs while he remains in this chamber. If the plan works, Elimikis will have the possessed character close and latch the trap door to the upper level. Elimikis will then emerge from under the table, release the possessed character, and attempt to slay him while the rest of the group is trapped above. If successful, he goes back to his hiding spot. If combat breaks out among the whole group, the shadow elf uses the possessed character and his own actions to defeat the group.

**Trap Door:** Breaking the latched trap door requires up to 20 points of damage. On a natural roll of 1 or 2, the weapon breaks. On a natural roll of 19 or 20, double the weapon's damage. All other rolls deal normal damage. Up to 4 PCs can hack away at the trap door.

**Elimikis (shadow elf):** Init +3; Atk dagger +1 melee (1d4+1); AC 14; HD 2d6; hp 6; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP sneak +5; SV Fort +0, Ref +3, Will +1; AL C.

Elimikis has a long, thin dagger of pit mithril—a dark metal that gives off no reflection. Elves receive no penalty for touching pit mithril. In this room, Elimikis' sneak is fairly effective due to the dark nature of the chamber requiring a simple DC 7 check to hide. Under the tablecloth he is fully concealed. **Note:** If no one looks for him, he is content to hide and never be spotted. He has a shade cloak made from moonshade spider fiber which absorbs light to give +1 AC to an unarmored user and a +2 to any hide check. These bonuses are already in his stat block.

**Area 2-2 — Shrine of the Lord of Veils:** *You rise up into a well-lit circular chamber with a full length mirror, coat rack, and crude rug. On a small table, heady oil burns in a bowl. At the other end of the room is a tiny shrine depicting a tree deity with a hidden face.*

Show the players **Handout B**.

**Mirror:** From the image, players may inquire about why the hat doesn't appear in the mirror. Simply reply: it is a mystery. They can take it and wear it, but it will never appear in the mirror. In fact, the mirror is enchanted to never reflect an object that is magical. The mirror is very heavy, bolted into a frame and impossible to remove without destroying it, due to its size and fixtures.

**Hat:** This is a hat of Elven Charm. It grants +1 Personality while worn—but also elicits the envy of others who will desire it—they may take it or attempt to purchase it. Thieves are attracted to it, as are thugs, wizards, dandies and merchants.

**Shrine:** Those who gaze at the shrine will see a face shift and alter! This is a sign to those who are religious. The Lord of Veils is nigh! Characters know of this deity and omen on a DC 10 Intelligence check. Characters with religious backgrounds get to roll a d20; others must roll a d10. Praying here, while the Lord of Veils is near, will grant a boon: +1D on next 2 attacks or saves. Also, the character will have a deep spiritual experience and feel greatly connected to the mysteries of the universe. If they make an offering at this point, give that character a +1 Personality increase. The voice of a child is then heard in their mind; it asks to be accepted as their master. If they accept, the +1 Personality is permanent. If they do not, the feeling fades over the next 10 minutes and the bonus goes away. Anyone defacing or disturbing this shrine suffers a d6 Luck loss.

**Lord of Veils:** The Lord of Veils is a mysterious and hidden deity—often encouraging followers to feign interest in a proxy deity to hide his influence. The Lord of Veils oddly takes followers of ALL alignments and his reasons are mysterious. His requests are rare and eccentric. At times he takes followers of high or low status. This being the case, a cleric of the Lord of Veils will take a second deity to cover his hidden lord. Thus, the cleric should indicate to whom he is praying. Both deities will have separate disapproval (the Lord of Veils' kept in secret), but the Lord of Veils' spell result will always fail and the cleric will receive -d6 Luck if they ever openly attempt to convert or promote the Lord of Veils, or announce his existence. All spells from the Lord of Veils must then be done in private, or on rare

occasions they can be public if on a specific mission for the Lord of Veils. Rarely do his followers meet each other. Rarer still is a shrine or temple to be known or found on any map. As the Judge, you can use the Lord of Veils as the best kind of wild card. At one time, he may ask his follower to save a child; at another, to spill an old man's soup. He is, in that respect, seemingly chaotic, but the design of his works is so vast and all-encompassing that his methods are strictly lawful. Indeed, some say his works serve the balance. He sends visions and inspirations, and all this can be a keen device to either guide or playfully misguide the party as their adventures unfold.

**Area 2-3 — The Runic Ramp:** *Exotic sigils adorn the first wooden plank of the walkway to the ramp, which spirals up, up, and beyond into the tree canopy.*

These are elven symbols for “reverse”. Anyone passing over these feels an instant dizziness and suffers -4 on all Ref saves until they go back down and off the ramp. The way to avoid this is to walk up the first plank backwards. Any elf can decipher the text, but not necessarily the solution to avoid its effects. Scratching out the sigils will cause a random effect, roll d4:

- 1: The sigils rapidly heal, as if the wood itself is alive.
- 2: The scratch marks remain, but the effect still occurs if they don't walk backwards for the entire time they are on the ramp and walkway.
- 3: The sigils vanish and are dispelled as if they were never there—anyone dizzy now feels better.
- 4: The sigils are dispelled, but mercurial magic (see DCC RPG core rule book p111; roll d100 re-rolling any results of 41-60) affects the one who defaces the sigils. Modify the effect to match the situation as if the one who defaced the sigil was the caster.

**Area 2-3a — Clues on the Ramp:** *You reach the first spiral around the tree and spot an odd green humanoid with long ears and delicate features. He appears to be dead, his hand hanging over the side of the walkway, arrows in his chest, which rises and falls no more. Even in death, he has maintained an eerie grin. You recognize the Earl's gray and gold arrow fletching. By all indications, the combat was not too long ago.*

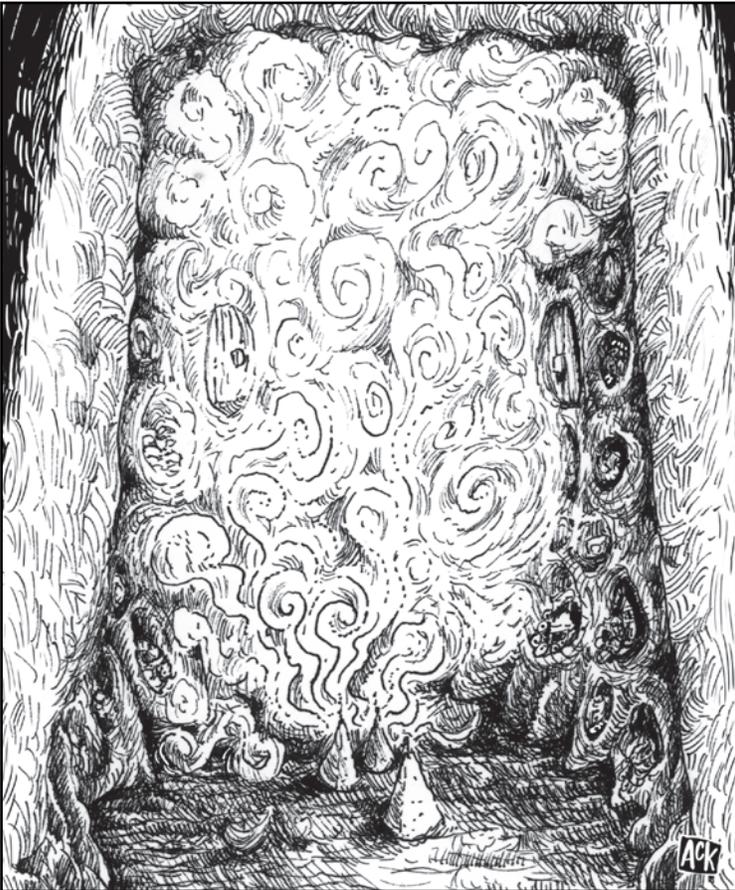
In his pocket is the only item not taken from him, a red-orange colored leaf. This is a clue for escaping room 2-6 and for entering the locked door at 2-5. Further up the walkway, two other figures (X on map) are found, stripped of valuables and slain by the Earl's archers. At each scene, 1d6 + Luck mod arrows are recoverable.

**Area 2-4 — Atrium of the Smoke Brownie:** *You are rising up along the ramp some 50' above the ground when you reach a door leading into the tree. In addition, the walkway continues up the tree.*

Although it has a keyhole for a lock, the door is not locked. Once opened, read: *You swing the door open into the space beyond. The room swirls with smoke which issues forth in copious clouds from three large triangular incense cones. Through the thick air you can make out various jewels shelved about the dozens of tiny niches carved out of the tree walls.*

These are the guest quarters of Nagifix, the impish brownie who has a serious problem with theft. All of his acquisitions have been stored here. He sleeps in one of the many hundreds of pocket niches in the room.

**Choking Effect:** PCs entering the room immediately begin choking, whether from the smoke or from holding their breath. Each round players roll a 1d4 (on a 4 they are stunned while coughing for 1 round) and mark ticks for the number they rolled until the total exceeds their Stamina. If this occurs, they pass out and have 4 rounds until death by asphyxiation. Allow players to know how this works since their characters would have a sense of how much breath they have.



If not stunned, PCs can enter the room and begin to loot like crazy, as they should, but will begin hearing a familiar little jingling sound—Nagifix is here! Due to his size and the smoke, he will not be visible until moving. PCs can spot him on a successful DC 20 Int check, or if they suspect he is here a DC 15 Int check. Each round, he pilfers more goods, taking another 1d3 items while snickering in the dark. He will not pursue anyone out of this chamber. If threatened or damaged, he teleports far away and remains away for a while.

If players throw the incense out the door or windows and open the 2 windows in the room, the room clears of smoke after 2 more rounds. In this case, only a DC 13 Intelligence check is required to spot Nagifix. If spotted, he makes a break for it and leaves everything behind.

Players who grab at random from the niches will get to roll 1d10 + Luck modifier on the table below. Players who run off Nagifix get all the items they lost and all the items listed in this table:

- 1-7: Mounds of cheap fake jewelry of glass and brass. 10 cp in total value
- 8: An actual jewel of 1d30 value + Luck mod.
- 9: An item they lost earlier
- 10: A rare elven dagger made of adamantine. It is light and thin and fast. +3 to initiative if used in combat. 1d5 damage. Value of 50 gp.

**Nagifix (brownie):** Init +4; Atk tiny dagger +0 melee (1d3-1); AC 14; HD 5d6; hp 20; MV 40'; Act 1d20 + 1d16; SP poison dagger (DC 13 Fort save or 1 hour slumber), teleport no error 2/day, invisibility 2/day; SV Fort +1, Ref +6, Will +6; AL C.

As a brownie, Nagifix has some innate magical abilities in addition to a host of other bizarre spells he can cast normally (not listed here since they are not applicable). By using an action he can teleport no error 2/day, and turn invisible 2/day. He has 3 doses of toxin on his dagger. If hit, the character must succeed a DC 13 Fort save or sleep for 1 hour. Nagifix has a plain-looking bag which actually is a dimensional pocket capable of holding a closet-sized amount of goods. It is currently empty of anything except whatever was taken in this encounter. The opening to this tiny bag can only accommodate the hand of a halfling or child.

**Area 2-5 — The Fey Assassin's Gambit:** *As you climb up the walkway, the tree gets narrower and narrower. You are now some 70 feet above the ground and branches from other trees stretch across the walkway, obscuring your*

*path and vision. You are nearing the tree canopy. Suddenly, a flash of motion bolts from a hidden spot near the tree!*

Have each character roll a Ref save. The character with the lowest roll is the slowest and fails to lurch out of the way in time to avoid an ambush by the elf assassin Mythcoat. This first attack is to push a character over the walkway, requiring a hit and then an opposed Agility check (d20 + 4 from Mythcoat) vs. the character's (d20 + Strength or Agility mod—their choice whether to move or stand strong). If Mythcoat wins, the character is thrown over the walkway and falls to their death. If not, they avoid being shoved.

After this first surprise, the party gets a good look at their assailant, an odd elfin creature who holds a shiny silver blade over his eyes at all times, glancing under it at the players' lower bodies only. He shouts out, "Ah-ha, take that, foul nemesis!" He believes the players are controlled by the shadow elf Elimikis (area 2-1), his rival and archenemy. The party notices he squints when he lashes out with this blade and otherwise always keeps his eyes covered. Throughout the battle, he mutters "Not today, dark one!" and "Nice try, my old enemy!"

Savvy players can parley with him, if they convince him of the shadow elf's death (allow a DC 11 Personality check). If successful, Mythcoat stops his assault, apologizes for any harm he might have caused, and explains the elf ambush and how the Earl is likely dead. He warns the party that the elf lords will soon return. As he rushes off, he adds, "The only path of escape is up! If you don't go up, you perish for sure!" He then runs down to make certain the shadow elf dies. He vanishes as soon as he passes around a bend, taking hidden branch trails unknown to the players—he cannot be followed.

**Mythcoat (elf assassin):** Init +3; Atk: knife +4 (+2 while shielding eyes) melee (d3); AC 12; HD 2d6; hp 9; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP sneak +4, poisoned blade (DC 12 Fort save or 1d12 Agi loss); SV Fort +1, Ref +3, Will +0; AL C.

Mythcoat has a special knife made from an exotic silver alloy that is highly reflective and doesn't bother elves who hold it. It also exudes a constant toxin. This contact nerve toxin requires a DC 12 Fort save by those hit by the blade. Failing the save causes the victim to lose 1d12 agility points for 1 hour. Those who are reduced to 1 or less agility lose all physical control, begin having jerking fits, and fall over the walkway to sure death. On a natural 1, 2, or 3, the blade will poison the user of the blade unless they have the handle poison skill. Mythcoat has the handle poison skill.



**Area 2-6 — Chamber of the Four Corners:** The walkway ends at a door. The door is magically locked, so before they can open it, read: *The walkway passes into the canopy. At about 100 feet, it ends at a door near the top of the tree. The girth of the tower is only 15 paces across at this height. The door is locked, but by no visible means. The branch-shaped handle simply won't budge. However, there is an open window 10 feet from the walkway.*

Show the players **Handout C**.

The magical lock only opens once the red-orange leaf (found on the dead elf in area 2-3a) is passed over the handle. A click is heard and the door swings open. Another way to enter is through the window. Leaping requires a DC 15 Agility check. Failing the check is sure death, due to the 100-foot fall (allow a DC 20 Luck check to land on a lower branch, take 1 point of damage, and if alive, walk back up to the group). Once anyone reaches the open window, they can enter the room and open the door from the inside. Breaking the door will prove tough as it can withstand 40 points of damage. Hits are automatic, but must be rolled. On a natural 1 the weapon breaks. A natural 20 does double damage. The door cannot be pushed open with brute force.

Just when the party enters the room, read: *As you enter the room you catch sight of movement far below. Dozens of elven warriors pour into the clearing looking battle worn and red hot with rage. You do not get the sense it would be a merciful encounter. They draw blades and move up the ramp. You suspect they will arrive in no less than a few minutes.*

In 10 rounds, the party will be overrun and killed. They can fight if they like, parley or run, but they will be slain. Those on the ground level when the army arrives are hunted down and killed. Most likely the party will run inside the room and when they do, read the following:

*Inside is a small circular chamber with a single rope made of some sort of woven silk. The cord hangs from the 10-foot-high ceiling and goes into an 8-foot-wide hole in the floor. It has a sticky spider web feel to it and descends 20 feet down the hole into a chamber below. The silk rope gently hangs on the ceiling, draped over a hook without a knot to secure it.*

**Elf Spider Cord:** Despite appearing unsecured, it holds an immense amount of weight. Climbing down is easy, as the rope clings to the hand when desired and detaches when desired, making it impossible to fall. The players should be aware of the value and magical nature of this 30-foot length of amazing cord. The problem is that it cannot convey them down and be taken easily. To get a 20-foot length, a character would have to cut the rope at ground level, or to get a 30-foot length of cord, climb up to the hook and detach it. It will freely detach if someone climbs up to do so, but they will then fall and likely sustain lethal damage. The cord will not attach to any other rope no matter how hard the group tries. However, it will firmly attach to anything else it is draped over.

If anyone attaches a new rope to the hook, then takes the Elf Cord, they will succeed. However, Nagifix happens into the chamber just as the last player is descending the new rope. That player hears the jingle of the familiar little musical brownie, who takes the newly attached rope. Nagifix cuts the rope to take it, and the descending character falls 20 feet down (2d6 damage, and each natural 6 causes a bone to break).

Once the party looks or goes down into the lower chamber, read:

*Below is a very wide chamber some 50 paces across—oddly large for where it should be on the tree. Even stranger is the fact that there are four pathways exiting the chamber. Each path is an arched doorway leading out of the tree into the forest at ground level! Each pathway is choked with leaves and low-hanging branches of four distinct colors. To the north are yellow leaves; to the west, green; to the east, orange-red; and finally to the south, maroon-colored leaves. Each exit reveals an overgrown forest path teeming with life and sunlight.*

These are all magical. The eastern exit is an actual path that exits near the forest edge. The other three exits are powerful illusions which actually open 80' above the clearing. Anyone passing into any of these 3 exits will fall to their death.

Each player actively testing or trying to see through the illusion must succeed a DC 18 Will save. If successful, they see the portal they tested as an open window. Seeing someone fall breaks the illusion and shows the portal as a large open window. All the portals are one-way.

If the party delays 8 rounds from the time they entered the upper chamber, an advance scout enters the upper chamber and attacks the PCs with ranged shots.

**Shieshmyl (elf scout):** Init +2; Atk bow +3 melee ranged (1d6); AC 12; HD 2d6; hp 9; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP sneak +4; SV Fort +1, Ref +2, Will +0; AL C.

If a PC kills Shieshmyl, have the PC make a Luck check. If lucky, the scout falls into the room and can be looted. He has a red-orange leaf, bow, 10 crystal-tipped arrows, bone dagger (1d3 dam), and 50 gp minted with the face of King Leaprilox. This money—due to the war, the death of the Earl, and general loathing of the Greenwood—will get the player a few choice words and 5 gp in actual total value, unless they choose to hold the coins and wait for less emotional and politically motivated exchange rates.

## PART 3: THE PURSUIT

### VENGEANCE OF KING LEAPRILOX

Once all remaining players enter the orange-red gate, continue here. They aren't out of the woods yet!

**Area 3-1 — The Mist Guardian:** *You pass through the orange-red foliage gate and emerge near the edge of Greenwood within sight of the Glam-Galourm River. Some enchantment fills your body and you realize you are moving with an alacrity only dreamt about. As you move quickly towards the river to flee this accursed land, a mist comes rolling out from the forest's depths at a frenetic pace. In the mist, you spot a green and blue set of glowing eyes which seem to move with will and purpose towards you! You speed up but it overtakes you and begins to pull at your clothes. You are so near the forest edge when the mist forms into the body of a great beast of fog, fang, and claw. Around the green and blue glowing set of eyes, a grotesque head transforms into that of the fabled King Leaprilox—well known from the back of*

every Greenwood coin.

*His mouth moves in puppet-like parody, speaking words that reverberate in echoes as if spoken from some great distance: "Like your precious Earl, your petty human existence will soon be over. But I am generous, so I will allow your blood to water the soil of Greenwood—a fate too good for you!" The beast leaps towards you.*

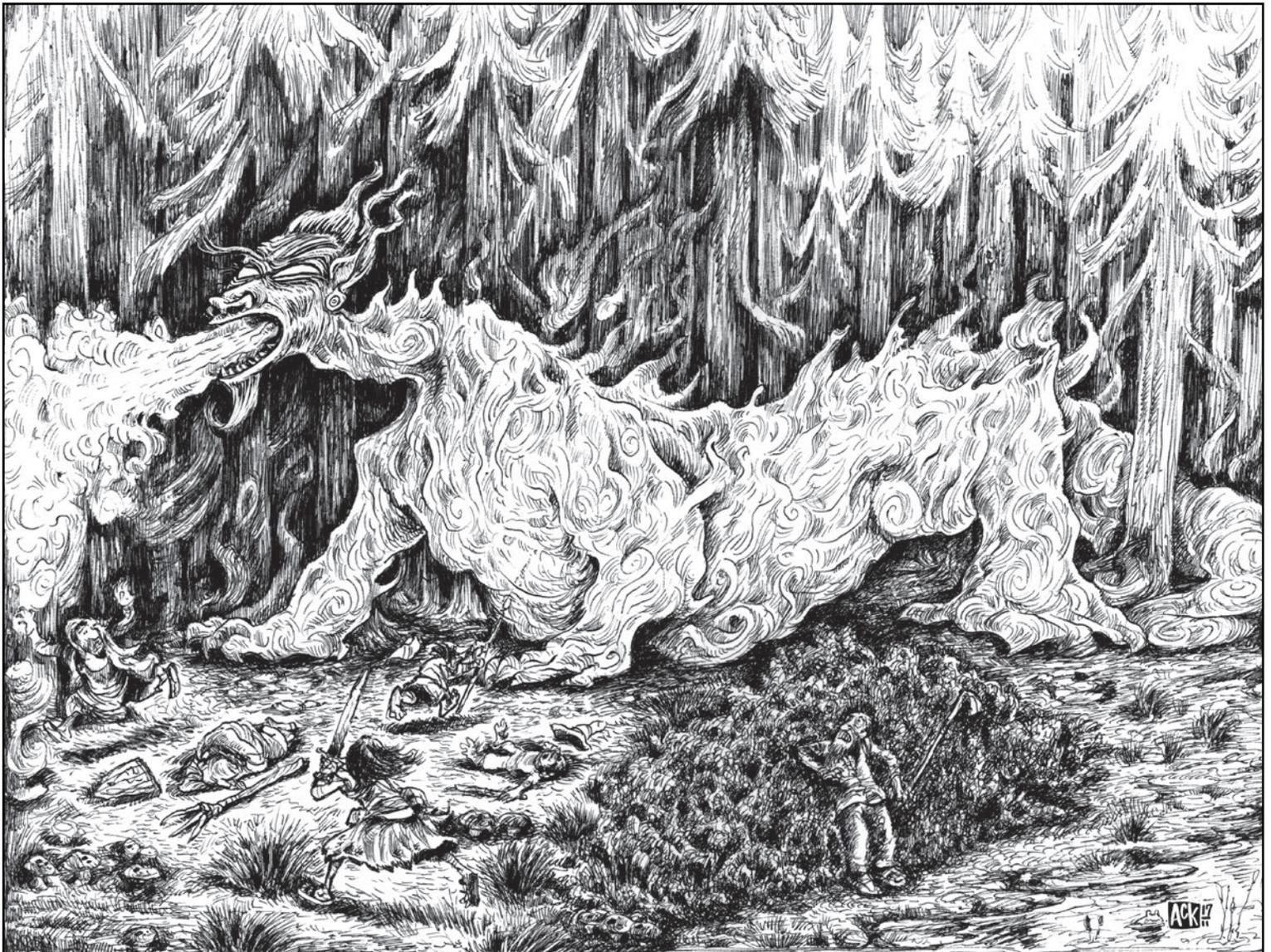
The gate grants a quickening spell (duration 3 rounds) to all those who passed through. Players now enjoy +5 to their initiative roll and one extra d20 action die, which can be used for movement or attack actions. At this point, players have a choice. Dash past the beast or attempt to best it in combat. Fleeing will grant the Mist Guardian a free Fog Breath attack on the group. He pursues, but with their quickened speed, the beast is soon outrun. They escape Greenwood!

In combat, PCs will figure out the Mist Guardian cannot kill

them, but has a powerful attack that will put them to sleep, allowing time for the elven army to overtake and slay them.

**Mist Guardian:** Init +2; Atk Mist Claw +2 melee (1d10 Stamina dam) or Fog Breath +0 (1d10 Stamina dam); AC 10; HD 5d10; hp 25; MV 30' beast form, 200' fog form; Act 1d20; SP all hits do temporary Stamina damage, when reduced to 1 Stamina, victim sleeps for d4 hours, Stamina restores when awakened, Fog Breath affects all who miss a Ref save equal to attack roll in a 60' cone in front of the beast 2/day; SV Fort +4, Ref +0, Will +4; AL L.

**Sleep Attack:** The Mist Guardian can attack with either a Mist Claw or Fog Breath. Both do a d10 of temporary Stamina damage and create a fatigued sensation. The claw attacks a single target, but the breath affects all in a 60' cone in front of the Guardian. Avoiding the Fog Breath requires a Ref save higher than the Fog Breath attack roll. This breath can be used twice a day. Once a character is reduced to 1 Stamina, they collapse and sleep



for d4 hours. This affects elves. At the end of that duration, their Stamina is restored. The Guardian can use 1 full round to transform back to fog, and in fog form can only move (albeit very fast). It cannot be harmed in fog form. 1 full round is required for it to return to beast form.

The Guardian moves at the behest and will of King Leaprilox, who is miles away at this time. The Guardian is not actually able to die. Death only dissipates its current form, which the King can concentrate to reform as a spell action. To summon or reform the beast, the King needs to hold the 2 special gems which form its eyes. King Leaprilox can see out of these “eyes” and directs the Guardian in combat as an action. He will strive to put as many characters to sleep as possible in order to send his army to this location and slay everyone. If the Guardian is able to put everyone to sleep, the entire group is killed within the hour by the fey army.

If the Guardian is defeated, it drops two gems into the mist. These glowing gems are not hard to locate. Once the gems are touched, the mist vanishes within 2 rounds. The gems have the following powers:

**Gem of the Green Way:** +2 to any spell check for healing done on or by the holder. 1/day Rust Touch: ruin a normal metal object or armor by touch or deal 3d6 damage to a metal-based creature. This has little effect on magic or large metal objects, doors, or walls.

**The Wind Stone:** +2 initiative bonus for the holder. 1/day Quicken: 1 extra d20 action that round. This action can be used for movement, an attack, or a spell.

## PART 4: THE AWAKENING

### EXITING THE GREENWOOD

*As you exit Greenwood, you realize your psyche has been forever altered. So much sorcery and death, so much caprice and devious whimsy have forced you to peer into the crazed world beyond your sheltered reality. You are hopelessly drawn by the unbelievable mystery of the land beyond your village.*

*Back home, food tastes bland, colors seem muted, your daily work a half-forgotten memory. You are no longer capable of sustaining a mundane life. A path of heroics has opened. You have tasted of courage, wit, cunning, wizardry and faith. Something within has been awakened and cannot slumber!*

At this point, the 0-level characters are free to level up to 1st level in almost any class. The Lord of Veils could be a Deity for one of them, and the King of Elfland a potentially interested patron. Also check out the appendix for a new character class for any Elf character, called the Wild Elf (Wildling).

## APPENDIX:

### NEW CHARACTER CLASS: WILD ELF

**Y**ou are a hardy distant cousin of elves, living away from their cities and arcane studies. You are from the remote places and are at one with the untamed natural magic of land and sea. You pursue art and are held in the grasp of nature. Your lives are measured by mystic terms unknown to man.

Wild Elves (Wildlings) appear thinner, more elfin and delicate than their cousins. But by human accounts, they look much the same. They are attuned to the lessons of creation and live in a search of the perfect natural balance. This search occasionally finds them, albeit rarely, in the cities of elf or man. Even rarer is the occasional seeker of a life outside the wilds. These Wildlings walk the path of adventure and exploration.

Wildlings wield a natural magic which comes from no known patron or book study. Possessed of innate talent at seeing the phlogiston ebb and flow, they are somewhat able to work the arcane arts as a natural course of channeling, not intense study. Thus, their relationship with magic is like no other. They possess some martial and stealth abilities from their close observation and mimicking of animals.

Convert any 0-level elf into a Wildling by modifying its occupation to one of the following: Gardener, Weaver, Trader, Guide, Watcher (like a park ranger), Beekeeper, Pearl Diver, or Houby Hunter. Whatever the occupation, all Wildlings have naturalist survival skills.

**Hit points:** A rugged life provides d8 hit points.

**Weapon Training:** Wildlings are sensitive to not just iron, but all metal. They can use any armor or weapon made from wood, bone, leather, or stone. The rare crafted obsidian blades of their people serve as excellent combat daggers and swords. Special weapons available to Wildlings are on the chart below (see table A-I).

**Alignment:** They tend toward neutral as a product of close association with a natural balance. Those rare specimens who associate with elven culture tend to the chaotic side, while those who rarely weave into human culture adopt a lawful trend and usually work as traders, trappers, guides and naturalists.

**Vulnerability:** All metals cause severe agitation and pain when exposed to for any duration. This will cause 1 hp of damage per day if continued exposure occurs. Refer to the elven iron aversion in the DCC RPG core rule book for details on how this penalty functions.

**Infravision:** 60' in the dark

**Way of the Shadows:** Wildlings are masters of subterfuge. At first level they select 3 thief skills from the thief chart. All these progress as a thief of the same level and alignment. They cannot select Pick Lock, Forge Docu-

ment, Read Language, or Cast from Scroll.

**Natural Magic:** Through their connection to the magic of life itself, Wildlings gain a spell. The number of known spells grows over time (see table A-II). Each time a new spell is able to be learned, roll for it at random. Wildlings cannot study to understand additional spells, read spell scrolls, or be taught a spell. They cannot spell burn. However, they do add CL + Intelligence mod + Luck mod to all spell checks. Once they miss a spell check, they cannot cast that spell again that day.

**Luck:** Wildlings add their Luck mod to spell checks and ranged attacks.

**Immune:** Magic sleep and paralysis.

**Action Die:** A Wildling may use their action dice for attacks, spells, or skill checks at any level.

TABLE A-I

Wildling Weapons:	Cost(gp)
Crystal Arrow	1*
Blowgun	6
Blackjack	3
Club	3sp
Dagger Crystal/Obsidian	30*
Bone Dart	1*
Garrote	2
Javelin	1
Longsword Obsidian*	100*
Short Bow	7
Sling	2
Staff	5sp
Spear Crystal Tip	50*

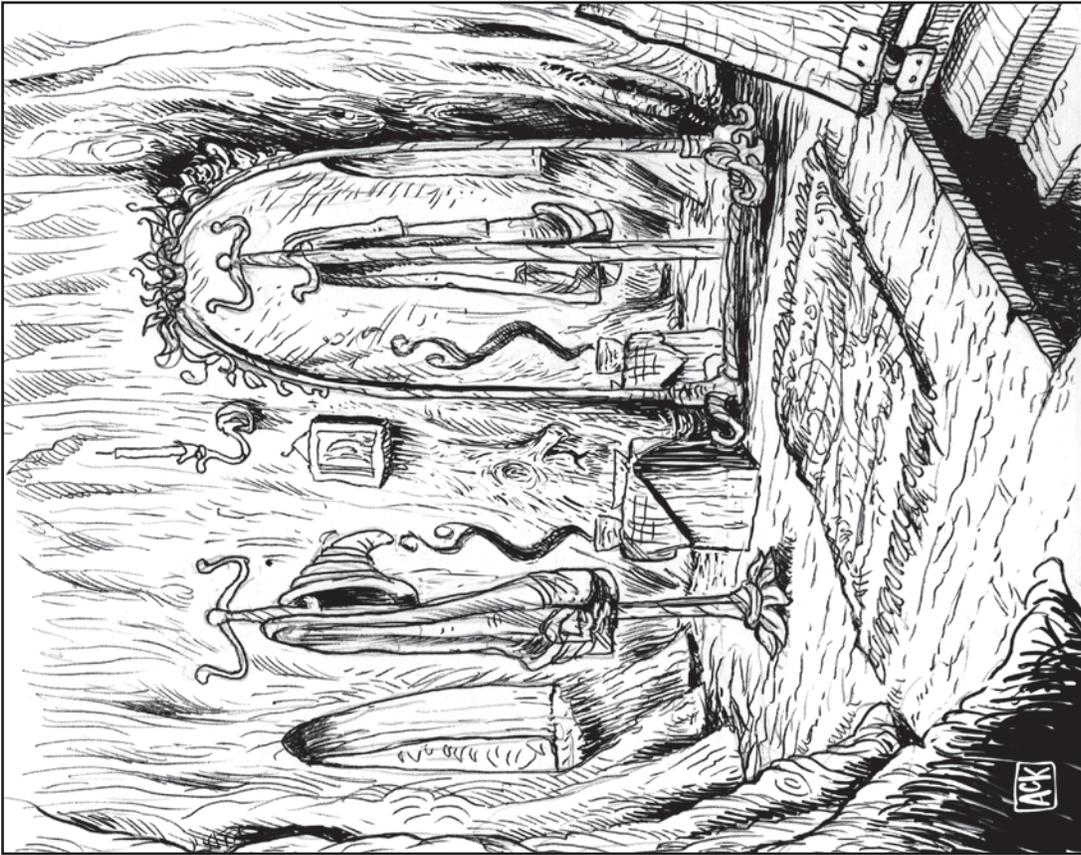
TABLE A-II

Level	Attack	Crit Die/ Table	Action Dice	Ref	Will	Fort	Spells**
1	+1	d8/II	d20	+1	0	+1	1
2	+2	d8/II	d20	+1	0	+1	1
3	+2	d10/II	d20	+2	+1	+1	2
4	+3	d10/II	d20	+2	+1	+2	2
5	+4	d12/II	d20	+3	+1	+2	2
6	+5	d12/II	d20+d14	+4	+2	+2	3
7	+5	d14/II	d20+d16	+4	+2	+3	3
8	+6	d14/II	d20+d20	+5	+2	+3	3
9	+7	d16/II	d20+d20	+5	+3	+3	4
10	+8	d16/II	d20+d20	+6	+3	+4	4

*\*\*This is the maximum number of total known spells. All known spells are 1st level wizard spells. Determine all spells by randomized die roll; re-roll Read Magic, Invoke Patron, or Patron Bond. Wildling magic may cause a mercurial effect like any other wizard spell (see DCC RPG core book).*

\*This price reflects the rare materials needed to make them. Damage is the same as standard metal counterpart in the DCC RPG core book.

HANDOUT B



COMPATIBLE WITH  
**DCC  
RPG**

This module was tested by these foolish mortals: Johnny Cornyn, Brian Brown, Shea Munion, Lisa Blecker, Brian Beasley, Drew Kersner, Taylor Simms, Audrey Cunningham, Adrian Fullmer, Heidi Parsons, Lucia Pane, Mike M., Mike Urbano, Albert E. Gough Jr., and Nabil Spann.

Editors: Thorin Thompson, Daniel J. Bishop, Lisa Blecker and Heidi Parsons.

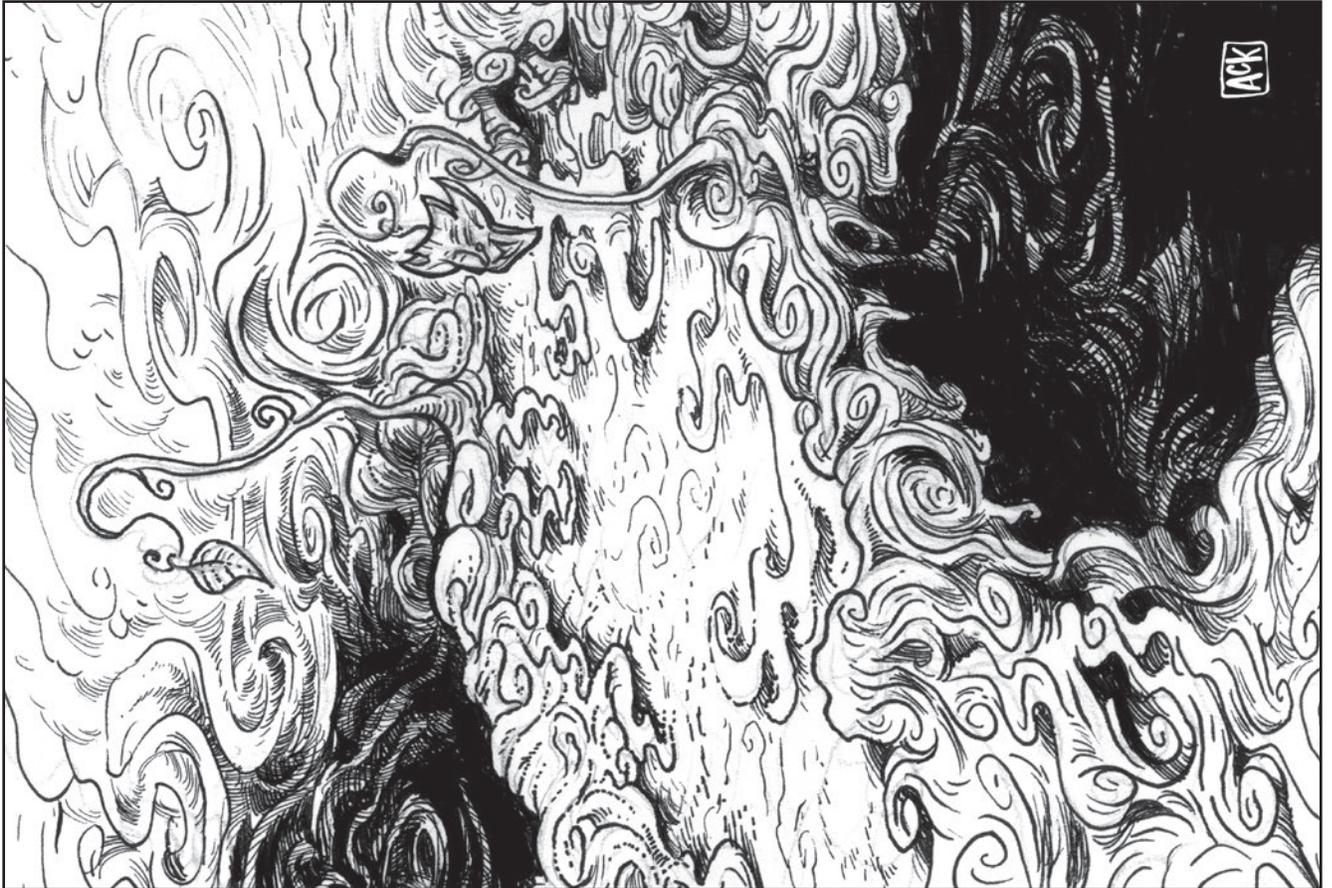
Words and Images:  
C. Aaron Kreader

Publisher:  
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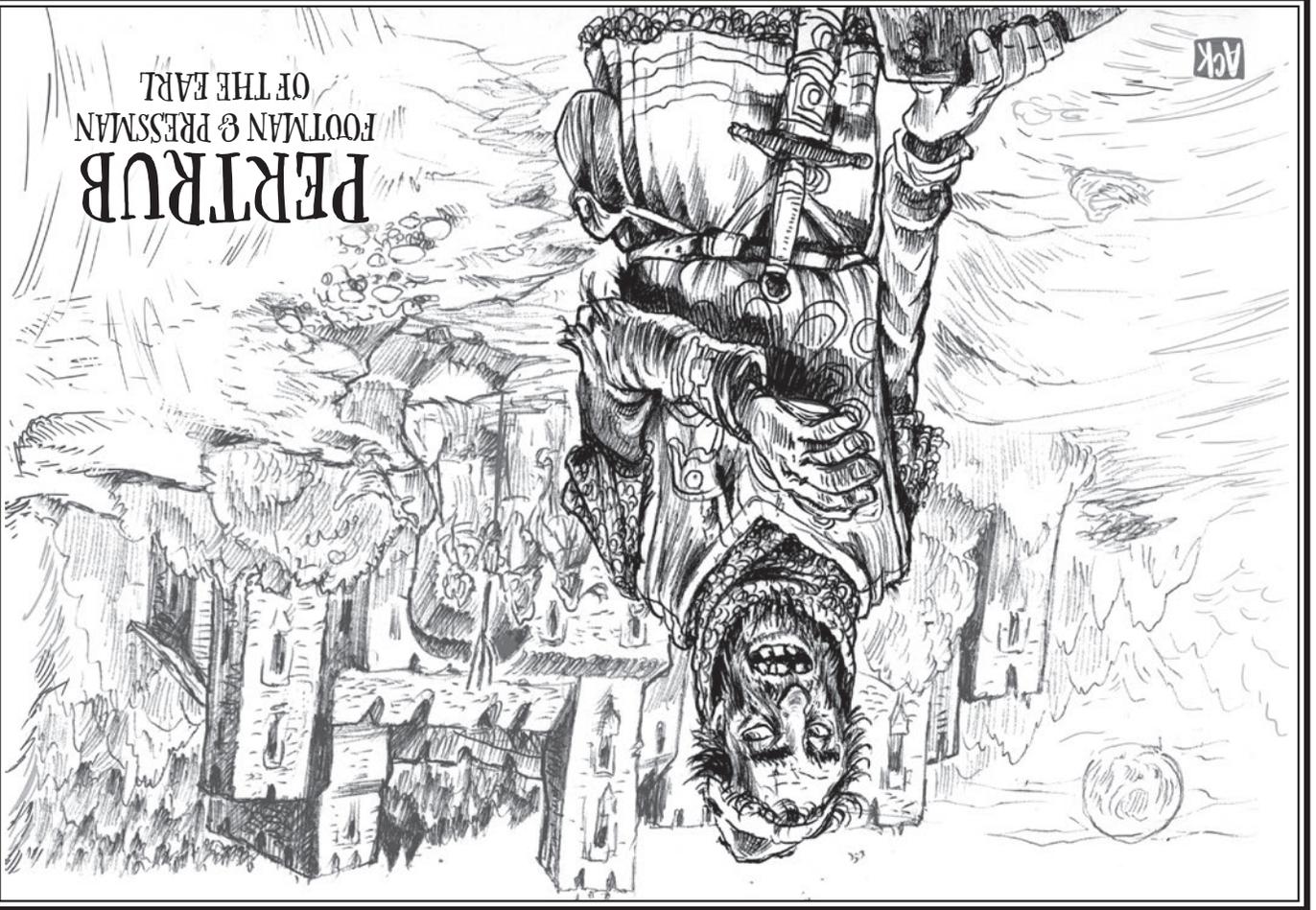
(COPY AND CUT)

HANDOUT A



PERTRUB  
FOOTMAN & PRESSMAN  
OF THE EARL

ACK



(FOLD AND PLACE OVER JUDGE'S SCREEN)

**PERTRUB** **PRESSMAN**

Name: **SOLDIER** Title: **FOOTMAN**

Occupation: **SOLDIER** CLASS: **FOOTMAN**

Alignment:  LAW  NEUTRAL  CHAOS

Speed: **25'** Initiative: **2**

Level: **1** XP: **10**

Armor Class: **14** (Penalty: **-6**)

Hit Points: **10** (Current: **10**)

Armor: **old smelly chainmail**

STR: **14** (MOD: **+1**)

AGI: **5** (MOD: **-2**)

STA: **16** (MOD: **+2**)

PER: **6** (MOD: **-1**)

INT: **9** (MOD: **0**)

LUCK: **10** (MOD: **0**)

REF: **-1**

FORT: **+3**

WILL: **-1**

Combat Basics:

- Action Dice: **d20**
- Attack: **+0**
- Crit Range: **20**
- Crit Die/Table: **d8/III**
- Fumble Die: **d12**

Weapons:

Weapons	TOTAL ATK Mod.	Damage	Notes
Crappy Longsword	+1	d7+1	-1d dam on atk 1
Dagger	+1	d4+1	

Equipment:

- Wooden Shield + Helm
- Purse w/ Flask (5s)
- Golden Rabbit Foot (5gp)
- Sack of Food
- Grey Tabard w/ golden goose

Location:

- Arm + Head
- Hip belt
- Hip belt Purse
- Shoulder Belt
- chest

Treasure: **10sp (in purse)**

NOTES: **A bully and a drunk Greedy and cowardly.**

CLASS ABILITIES:

- +2 on skill checks to bully or persuade vs. anyone of lower level

Languages: **Common, drunken mumble**

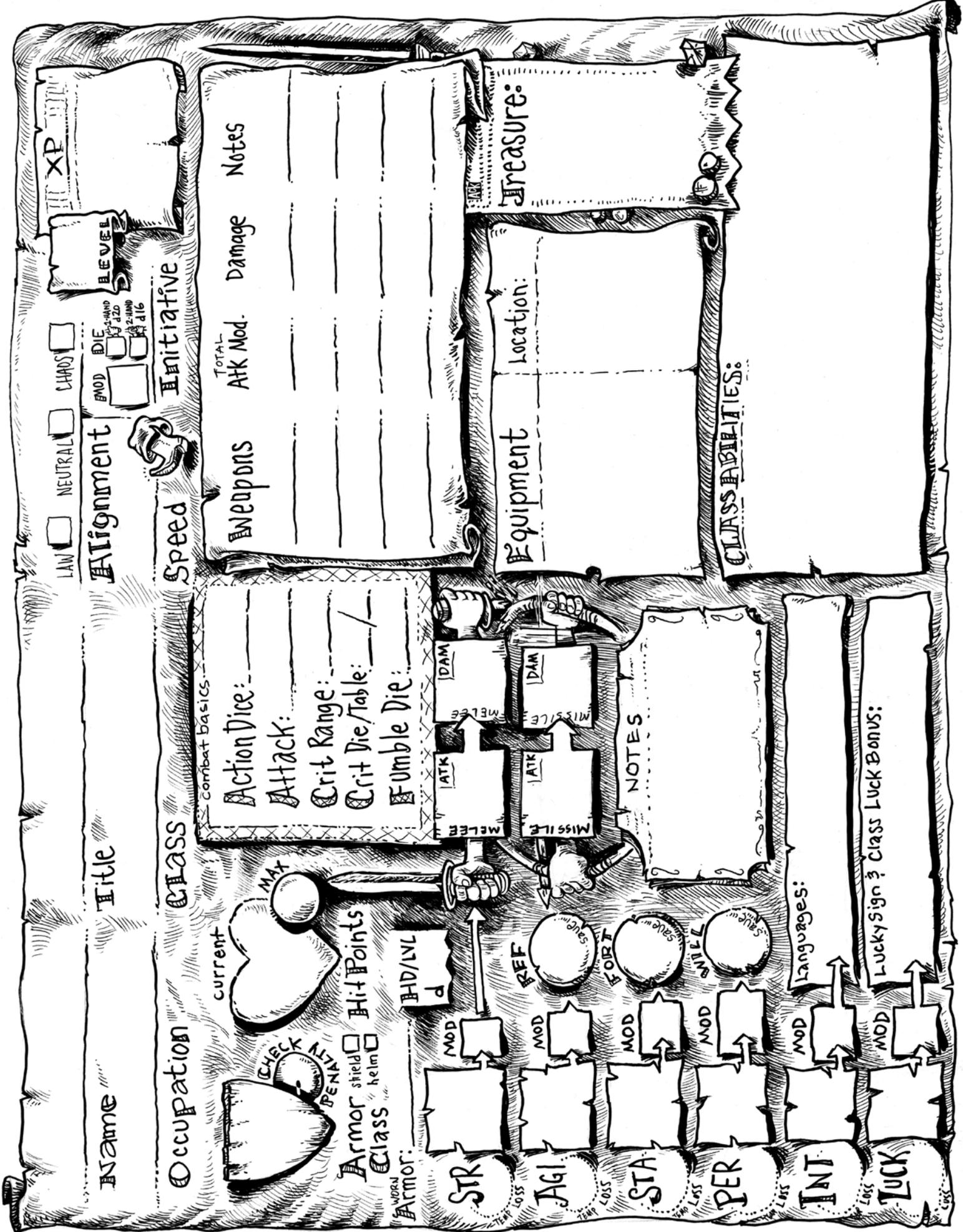
Lucky sign & Class Luck Bonus: **Born in a barn: +0 to manners**

(COPY AND CUT)



# HANDOUT C





Name

Title

Occupation

CLASS

Alignment

Speed Initiative

LEVEL

XP

current MAX

Hit Points

Armor shield  helm

Class

Armor:

HD/LVL

STR

AGI

STA

PER

INT

LUCK

MOD

MOD

MOD

MOD

MOD

MOD

REF

FORT

BILL

Languages:

Lucky Sign & Class Luck Bonus:

Action Dice: \_\_\_\_\_

Attack: \_\_\_\_\_

Crit Range: \_\_\_\_\_

Crit Die/Table: \_\_\_\_\_

Fumble Die: \_\_\_\_\_

MELEE | ATK

MISILE | ATK

DAM

MISILE | DAM

NOTES

Weapons

Damage

Notes

Equipment

Location:

Treasure:

CLASS ABILITIES:



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War is looming. The Earl of Nanch and his neighboring elven kingdom are sharpening the spears of aggression. Those on the border are split between two dangerous dynasts. Pressed into duty for lord and country, the peasants and gong farmers of Nanch find themselves in a strange and unnerving forest full of denizens older than the practice of naming. In this new world, the rules of life and death are a game of whimsy practiced by fantastic forces, and bizarre ancient feuds re-ignite in the chaos of war. Those errant attendants of Nanch will be fortunate to survive the madness of either ruler!

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