



A September of Short Adventures

2011 OSR Challenge

Ten Short Adventures for use with *Mutant Future*

(formerly featured at the Netherwerks blog)

by **Hereticwerks**

Note

The following Ten Short Adventures were originally featured at our old Netherwerks blog, which is now defunct.

We have taken the opportunity to edit, revise, and rework everything so that it all fits into the format of this PDF. We've stayed true to the original material, and to the stated intent of the Challenge that originally sparked the creation of these scenarios by not including any maps, drawings, charts, or any extraneous materials outside of a few supplemental (and entirely optional) random tables.

We've endeavored to keep things clean, simple and easy to adapt or use on-the-fly.

A September of Short Adventures

A September of Short Adventures was an OSR Challenge initiated in 2011 by Matt over at the Asshat Paladins blog.

<http://asshatpaladins.blogspot.com>

Matt's challenge was deviously succinct:

"...present a month of short adventures, one a day for 25 days. And not just any short adventures, either. Adventures that don't require maps or too much descriptive text or even huge NPCs lists. I challenge you to write minimalist adventures that can be used straight from the post."

No maps. Few NPCs. Make the adventures usable right from the post. Keep description to a minimum. No casts of thousands -- unless it's an invading horde of three-eyed orcs riding purple wombats.

Sounds good, doesn't it?

We thought so...



Graphic courtesy of Matt B. of the Asshat Paladins blog.

Matt also provided an optional formula for short adventures that he called the **Get Ready, Get Set, Go!** format:

- **Title**
- **Get Ready** (limited to 2 sentences)
- **Get Set** (3 paragraphs of details)
- ***** (Optional catch-all section for any stats.)
- **Go!** (Run it.)

Over 20 different RPG blogs posted more than *300 short adventures*, once-a-day for the month of September, featuring nearly 30 different game systems.

You can find out more about the 2011 OSR Challenge at Matt's blog:

<http://asshatpaladins.blogspot.com/2011/07/osr-challenge-september-of-short.html>



Our first 10 Short Adventures focused on **Mutant Future** from Goblinoid Games. You can download the Free Core Rules from: <http://www.goblinoidgames.com/mutantfuture.html>

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Innocence in Moonlight

Get Ready...

A great warlord has consolidated Her control over a large region of fertile land enclosed by steep mountains dotted with many tiny villages. In one such village a young girl, not yet come into adulthood, has made a friend with a beautiful creature whom she knows will never harm her...

Get Set...

The players are the usual *Mutant Future* wandering miscreants looking for loot or adventure. They could be in this village to resupply, heal from a recent battle, or because no one can read a map and they are lost, again. They get involved because the girl's parents find out that she is missing one night and come running to the player characters in a panic and attempt to hire the PCs to go find their missing daughter before something bad happens.

GO!

The area surrounding the village is cleared outwards to about 30' at best, then it quickly becomes tangled forest land rich in game and wild-growing herbs and edible plants. Most of the more dangerous beasts have either been captured, killed or driven off by the roving bands of the Warlord's forces who have since moved onward to other areas more desperately in need of their aid and assistance. The local militia consists of an old man with a peg-leg and three mutant-orphans who have since run off to the next village in pursuit of their dreams of becoming mercenaries.

Finding the girl's trail will be relatively easy. She never bothered to hide anything. In fact she has left little ribbons tied to various low-hanging limbs of various trees and bushes to mark her way through the forest to a breathtakingly beautiful glade.

The young girl's name is Larisah and she has made the acquaintance of a **Zunicorn**.

The Zunicorn is using Larisah as bait to attract fresh meat. Like foolish would-be rescuers and adventurers.

Peg-Leg [AL L, MV 20' (30' running away), AC 9, HD 3, #AT 1 (spear), DG 1d6, SV L3, ML 6] He's not young and brave like he says he used to be, but he does carry a heavy hammer and a pair of pistols that can usually get the job done. When he's sober. (40% chance of being completely wasted.)

Larisah [AL C, MV 120' (40'), AC 7, HD 1, #AT 1, DG 1d4, SV L1, ML 10] Svelte and delicate, Larisah has been raised by parents who have always given in to her every whim. She's a pretty girl, but ultimately spoiled, selfish and excessively vain. No one's ever stood up to her before, so if a Player Character suitably impresses her, she may well become smitten...

Grudish, The Zunicorn [AL C, MV 240' (80'), AC2, HD 6, #AT 3 (2 hooves, horn and poison), DG 1d8/1d8/1d8+Class 7 Poison, SV L8, ML 8] (**MF** p. 104) Grudish is pretty damned clever for a Zunicorn. So far his scheme has worked pretty well. He's getting fat. And sloppy...

Gomphrey's Still

Get Ready...

The Player Characters are traveling through a region of dense forest that is incredibly rich in game and edible plants. Then they find a strange house covered in elegant vines out in the middle of nowhere, with a peculiar shed out back that *isn't* an outhouse.

Get Set...

No sooner have the PCs discovered oldman Gomphrey's house, than they will find themselves surrounded by dozens of **Zap Vines**, **Ventrilovines** and other mutant plants that have been trained to lay dormant and do other simple tricks by the half-mad hermit who raises them like some weird combination of livestock and companions. The various mutated plants, including the **Skinner Tree**, have been trained to attempt to subdue, not kill anyone they can capture.

GO!

Old Man Gomphrey will waddle out of his shed in the back to attend to any ruckus, such as his menagerie of mutated plants subduing any would-be trespassers or juicy wild game.

Gomphrey will command his plant minions to release the PCs once they give their word not to start any further trouble. He's a bit demented and awfully proprietary about his shed out back, but he is open to negotiating with anyone not too quick to resort to violence.

Making friends with the lonely old codger will give the PCs access to a wide variety of medicinal and recreational alcoholic distillations that can heal damage, act as antidotes to various poisons, cure illness, or just make someone lose their mind for a little while. (See Tables on page 15)

If Gomphrey really takes a shine to the PCs, he might consider engaging them as his distributors back among some of the more civilized villages and enclaves.

Killing Gomphrey will drive every mutated plant in a 100 mile radius into a berserk frenzy as they seek to avenge the murder of their old friend. You can run, you can probably escape the wrath of the plants, but you're not welcome to come back...for a long, long time to come...

Gomphrey is far more valuable alive than dead.

Old Man Gomphrey

[Mutant Human, AL N, MV90' (30'), AC 5, HD 14, #ATK 1, DG 1d6, SV L6, ML 11]

Mutations: Aberrant Form (Xenomorphism/ internalized plant structures and externalized pollen emitting pores), Epidermal Photosynthesis, Increased Taste.

Drawback: Frailty/bruises easily.

Note: Gomphrey has a *way* with plants due to his unique Plant-Empathy ability that allows him to communicate with any and all types of plants.

Skinner Tree [AL C, MV 60' (20'), AC 4, HD 15, #ATK 1, DG 2d8, SV L5, ML 10] (MF, p. 95)

Screech Bush [AL N, MV none, AC9, HD 2, #ATK 1, DG 2d6, SV L2, ML none] (MF, p. 93)

Ventrilovines [AL N, MV none, AC9, HD 1, #ATK none, DG none, SV L1, ML none] (MF, p. 100)

Zap Vines [AL N, MV none, AC 8, HD 2, #ATK 1, DG 1d6, SV L1, ML none] (MF, p. 103)

See Page 15 for **Liquor Effects Tables**

Gathering Mold

Get Ready...

The Player Characters have arrived in a squalid little village of mostly minor mutants and their hybrid offspring. They make purple leather armor here. But there are no herds, no animal pens, and the workers won't talk to outsiders about their secret process under pain of death.

Get Set...

The armor produced in this village is exceptionally durable, water-proof, and resistant to both acid and the horrid wilting effect that pervades the interior rainforests.

The village elders have a contract with the Quartermaster of one of the local Warlords. If they deliver their quota of armor on time, the village will remain free and receive enough supplies to survive another winter. Should they fail, they will all be put to death lest any of them manage to give away their secret to one of the Warlord's rivals.

Unfortunately, Mants have broken into the caverns beneath the village and the burrowing insectoid raiders have cut-off all access to the mold-caves where the 'purple leather' is manufactured. Will your group try to help them out?

GO!

The 'purplish leather' produced in this village is harvested from a patch of mutated violet mold that has been cultivated and maintained in secret for generations in the cool caves below this place.

The current contract calls for the delivery of 100 suits of 'leather' armor to the Warlord's Quartermaster at the Equinox. The current harvest was only half-way completed before the Mants invaded. If the Mants can be cleared soon, and production resumes immediately, there is still a chance that the village can deliver on the contract and not suffer the terrible wrath of the Warlord.

The Meister is desperately in need of some good fighters. His small group of guards are mostly up in the mountains hunting big game and won't be back for at least two more weeks. He has just enough guards on-hand to hold off the Mants, but none to spare for clearing them out of the caves and cellars. He is in a mood to strike a deal with the PCs, and should they succeed, he will be very grateful indeed.

The Mants have to be wiped out before they can destroy the mold-colonies. This group of Mants are only an advance scouting-group. But if even one Mant escapes it will spell doom for the village as the lone Mant will lead back an army of the vicious insectoids in 1d4 days.

The Meister

[Mutant Human, AL L, MV90' (30'), AC 4, HD 16, #ATK 1, DG 1d8, SV L 7, ML 8]

Tall, thin and splotchy, this old veteran has the eyes of a ferret and the scruples of a mink. He hates the Warlord and secretly contemplates finding some way to get out from under them. He might be tempted to try and negotiate some sort of deal with the Mants...

MANTS

Mant Warrior (2d4) [AL C, MV120' (40'), AC 5, HD 7, #ATK 3 (2 claws, bite or weapon), DG1d8/1d8/2d8 or by weapon, SV L9, ML 11, Mutations: 1d4 Mental Mutations] (MF p. 82)

More MANTS (if needed)

Mant Scout (1d4) [AL C, MV 160' (60'), AC 8, HD 4, #ATK 2 (2 claws or 1 bite/1 claw or 2 weapons), DG1d6/2d6 or by weapon, SV L5, ML 9, Mutations: 1d2 Mental Mutations]

Mant Freak (1) [AL C, MV 120' (40'), AC 5, HD 7, #ATK 3 (2 claws, bite or weapon), DG 1d8/1d8/2d8 or by weapon, SV L9, ML 11, Mutations: 1d4 Physical Mutations]

Mant Esper (1) [AL C, MV 90', AC9, HD 4, #ATK 1 (bite or Mindblast/other psychic attack), DG2d4/special, SV L3, ML 7, Mutations: 1d6 Mental Mutations]

Dangling Varmint

Get Ready...

The Player Characters are in the wilderness, or at least out in the forest, probably hunting and gathering since they do like to eat and winter is coming on fast. It was going great; they're loaded down with so much prime field-dressed meat that they're having to drag it along on a travois or sled behind them as they return to camp or the village.

Get Set...

A shrill hissing noise erupts from the trees along one side of the hunting group, followed by a lot of growling and the sounds of something struggling.

There's a **Giant Weasel** hanging 12' off of the ground in a wire-snare.

The trapped animal is making a real racket. It's sure to attract the attention of predators for miles around...unless maybe someone were to maybe do something about it perhaps?

Weasel, Giant (1) [AL N, MV 150'(50'), AC 7, HD 4+4, #ATK 1 (bite), DG 2d4, SV L3, ML 8 (-2 once released), Mutations: Gigantism, Thermal Vision, Increased Sense(smell)] (MF p. 102)

GO!

The pelt on this giant weasel is tempting in and of itself. If it can be removed without undue damage, it could fetch a very good price at some trading post or enclave.

If the creature can be subdued, it could potentially be trained as a guard-beast, pack animal, pet or even riding creature.

The meat is also very succulent and would probably go over very well back at some nearby camp/village. Especially if anyone knows how to cook exotic wild game. But butchering such a beast is no little task and it will likely attract predators. It might be possible to field-dress the carcass and haul it back to some local enclave. Just be sure to not leave a trail of blood to lead hungry critters right along with the group.

However, getting within reach of the Giant Weasel will result in it clawing for double its normal damage (4d4 instead of 2d4). The creature is riled up something fierce and is completely uncooperative, as evidenced by the foam flecked muzzle and all the growling, hissing and thrashing about. It also smells terrible.

Trapper Jack will be by in 1d20 hours to check on his traps and to cut down anything caught in a snare, including the bodies of adventurers which certain villages pay good money for...

There are other wire-snares scattered in this area. GM can randomly assign odds of stepping into one.

Trap: Wire-Snare (1d4) [Make DEXcheck or suffer 1d4 damage and be hoisted into the air. A typical wire-snare can support up to 800 pounds of dead weight. Those caught suffer 1d4 damage per turn from the wire cutting into their flesh.]

Trapper Jack [Mutant Human, ALC, MV 90' (30'), AC 4, HD 13, #ATK 1 (modified carbine), DG 1d8, SV L6, ML 11, Mutations: Natural Armor, Night Vision, Reflective Epidermis] Jack knows the area intimately and is a consummate ambush-artist. He carries multiple weapons, including a reliable black powder rifle.

Jack has a tendency to giggle and snort, mostly at his own bad jokes. He also talks to himself. Often. He has spent a lot of years all on their own. And he likes it that way. As he'll tell anyone he meets repeatedly. And often.

Jack is a fair man. He will happily let the players attempt to retrieve the giant Weasel, especially if it looks like they are a bunch of tenderfeet. If they amuse him, he won't outright ambush them and might even help them. Unless they think that they're going to rob his trap... then he will get ornery and just plain mean.

Indelicate Indiscretions

Get Ready...

Sometime after the Player Characters have encountered Old Man Gomphrey, however that turned out, they find themselves holed-up in a small enclave where the local bar serves a wretched homebrew that isn't even fit to wash blood off of olf boots.

Get Set...

Some fellow travler off-handedly mentions *'that crazy old man who lives out past the Thorny-Wood,'* and how he is rumored to have a working still in his back-shed.

A squat, thick-veined woman with unkempt leafy-hair (actually a **Sporer**, see MF p.98) waddles across the tavern floor and demands to know where they ran across that no good, lying, cheating, rascal Gomphrey. None of her sons or daughters have a real name yet because Gomphrey abandoned his family several winters ago. Her name is Nutisha and she wants someone to lead her to Old Man Gomphrey's place.

Nutisha [Sporer, AL N, MV 120' (40'), AC 4 (reinforced mold-leather), HD 8, #ATK 1 (claw, or weapon, or spores), DG 1d6, as weapon, special, SV L 5, ML 8, Mutations: Hallucinogenic Spores, Irritant Spores, Sleep Spores, Free Movement] She has a CHAR of 15 for reaction purposes. (MFp.98)

GO!

Anyone raising their voice to Nutisha will get the attention of her children who are scattered all about the place, as they were taught to do from an early age. They are a family of bandits, thieves and scavengers. It's pretty much a given that they will burst into the tavern or jump out of the crowd and attempt to sneak-attack those bad people assaulting their mother. None of them listen too well.

Should the PCs give away Gomphrey's whereabouts, Nutisha will demand that they lead her to her miscreant husband. Refusal is not an option in her mind.

If things turn ugly, the sons will attempt to ambush the PCs or lead them into a tap. The daughters will use their questionable feminine wiles to distract the PCs so that the others can get the jump on them. Darryl wants to run off with the PCs.

If the PCs sell the old man out to his ex...his house will be taken-over by Nutisha and her brood and Gomphrey will be gone. Again. He'll not be very appreciative of the PCs role in helping her evict him.

The plants surrounding Gomphrey's house will serve his offspring with no qualms, but none of the plants will cooperate with Nutisha. They will hold a grudge against her.

Sons Number 1 to 6 (1d6) [Hybrid Human-Plant AL C, MV 120' (40'), AC 7, HD 3, #ATK 1 (bite or spores), DG 1d4, special, SV L1, ML 7, Mutations: Aberrant Form (see Gomphrey), Thermal Vision, Increased Sense (taste), Toxic Weapon (pick two of Mother's Spore-attacks), 1d4 Mental Mutations]

Sons Number 8 to 13 (1d6) [Hybrid Human-Plant AL C, MV 120' (40'), AC 7, HD 3, #ATK 1 (bite or spores), DG 1d4, special, SV L1, ML 7, Mutations: Aberrant Form (see Gomphrey), Thermal Vision, Increased Sense (taste), Toxic Weapon (pick one of Mother's Spore-attacks), 1d4 Physical Mutations]

The Daughters (1d4) [Hybrid Human-Plant AL C, MV 120' (40'), AC 7, HD 3, #ATK 1 (bite or spores), DG 1d4, special, SV L1, ML 7, Mutations: Aberrant Form (see Gomphrey), Thermal Vision, Increased Sense (taste), Toxic Weapon (inherited all of Mother's Spore-attacks), 1d2 Physical Mutations, 1d2 Mental Mutations]

Darryl the Black Sheep (Seventh Son)(1) [Hybrid Human-Plant AL C, MV 120' (40'), AC 7, HD 3, #ATK 1 (bite or spores), DG 1d4, special, SV L1, ML 7, Mutations: Aberrant Form (see Gomphrey), Thermal Vision, Increased Sense (taste), 1d4 Physical Mutations] Darryl is the black sheep of the lot because he named himself, which they all think is uppity and just plain wrong. He has his daddy's knack for plants, moonshining...and everything else...

Cold Storage

Get Ready...

In the course of investigating some local caverns, a hitherto unexplored passage was discovered. It leads to a large chamber directly beneath a strange, heavily-fortified village that most people have the good sense to avoid.

Get Set...

This village is notorious for their insignia: a stylized blue fly. Blue fly symbols have been scrawled and spray-painted all over the walls, ceilings, heavy canvas draperies and most everything else. Congratulations: you've just discovered a secret way past this village's defenses.

It is colder than normal in this chamber, and if the PCs continue onward into the heart of this small complex they will discover dozens of slaughtered pigs, sides of beef, and hundreds of pounds of expertly cleaned and strung-up game and other meats set on hooks dangling from a set of suspended rails and chains that criss-cross the chamber about 10' above the floor. Everything in here has a thin crust of ice over it.

What's that buzzing noise?

GO!

This is the villagers' cold storage area and it is maintained by a swarm of Vomit Flies (MF p. 101).

The Vomit Flies are well aware of any intruders, but have learned to wait and let such creatures enter as far as possible before attacking them by ambushing them from above. The flies will not attack anyone wearing a blue fly symbol.

There is only a half-normal chance to spot the Vomit Flies up above as they are obscured by the swirling mist given off by everything in these cold caves.

Should the Vomit Flies attack there is a base 30% chance of either some Meat Tenders or Fly Tenders coming to check on what's going on down there. The odds increase by 10% each turn of combat or struggle. The more noise, the more chance of attracting attention.

In the event that someone warns the villagers up above, a contingent of Mant Mercenaries will be sent down to deal with things.

This village is collaborating with the Mants. They now have refrigeration thanks to the Mant's gift of Vomit Flies.

The Scouting Party of Mants from **Gathering Mold** might have come from here...

Vomit Flies (6d6) [AL N, MV 150' (50'), AC 5, HD 4, #ATK 1 (bite or vomit), DG 1d10 or 4d6 colddamage, SV L 3, ML 8, Mutations: Energy Ray, Reflective Epidermis(cold), Gigantism.] (MF p.98)

Meat Tenders (1d6) [Humans AL C, MV 90' (30'), AC 7, HD 12, #ATK 1 (cleaver), DG 1d8, SV L4, ML 7]

Fly Tenders (1d6) [Human-Insectoid Hybrids AL C, MV 120' (40'), AC 6, HD 6, #ATK 1 (bite or butcher knife or vomit), DG 1d6/1b8/2d6 cold damage, SV L3, ML 10, Mutations: Aberrant Form (Insect body parts), Energy Ray, Reflective Epidermis (cold), Thermal Vision, Increased Sense (touch), 50% chance of an additional 1d2 Physical Mutations or 1d2 Mental Mutations]

Mant Mercenaries (4d4) [AL C, MV 120' (40'), AC 5, HD 7, #ATK 3 (2 claws, bite or weapon), DG 1d8/1d8/2d8 or by weapon, SV L9, ML 11, Mutations: 1d4 Mental Mutations] (MF p. 82)

Note: The Warlord would potentially be *very interested* in learning about the secret entrance to this village...

Run You Fools!

Get Ready...

The Player Characters are exploring a deep, dark forest out past anyone's claimed or mapped lands. They hear a terrible thrashing in the underbrush--

Get Set...

--and a bloodied and seriously wounded adventurer tears through the brush right at them, dragging along the still twitching corpse of a Vile Slasher (MF p. 100).

“Run You Fools!”

He bellows loudly as he hurries past them...

Count to ten. Then the Vile Slasher comes crashing through the underbrush.

Roll randomly to determine who becomes “IT!”

Always give Bill a +4 bonus to any such roll, as he is the Vile Slasher's most preferred victim.

GO!

Pause for one full minute then roll to see how many adult Vile Slashers and/or adolescent Vile Slashers come chasing after that lone survivor.

Oh, and for added fun, there's always the possibility of another even bigger and angrier Vile Slasher that is hunting after that guy who killed their mate. A berserk Vile Slasher will slaughter any and everything that stands between them and their prey...and they aren't going to give up any time soon...

Surprise Secondary Encounters

1. **Screech Bush** (MF, p. 93)
2. **Kernel Plant** (MF, p. 79)
3. **Mummy Vines** (MF, p. 85)
4. **Land Squid** (MF, p. 79)
5. **Giant Killer Puffball** (MF, p. 89)
6. **Pod Plant** (MF, p. 88)

On an even numbered roll, these are creatures that Bill or the PCs might run into, startle, or otherwise encounter as they run away from the Vile Slasher(s).

On an odd-numbered roll, these creatures are disturbed by the Vile Slasher(s) and there is a chance that the creatures may entirely ignore the PCs, unless they do something to attract their attention. This *might* offer the PCs and/or Bill a chance to escape, or to try and turn the tables on their implacable pursuers.

Vile Slasher (Adults) (1d4) [ALC, MV 180' (60'), AC 3, HD 12, #ATK 4 (2 claws, tail, bite), DG1d8/1d8/1d6/2d6, SV L9, ML 12, Mutations: Natural Armor] (MFp.98)

Vile Slasher (Adolescents) (1d4+2) [AL C, MV 90' (40'), AC 3, HD 12, #ATK 3 (2 claws, bite), DG1d4/1d4/1d6, SV L6, ML 12, Mutations: Natural Armor] (MFp.98)

Vile Slasher (Berserk Mate) (1)[AL C, MV 220' (80'), AC 3, HD14, #ATK 4 (2 claws, tail, bite), DG2d8/2d8/2d6/4d6 (all of it double damage), SV L9, ML 12, Mutations:Natural Armor] This enraged beast will need to be reduced into the negative numbers range before it will give up its attempt to kill those who slew its mate...

Barleycorn Bill

(Former Big Game Hunter)

[Human AL C, MV 90', AC 6, HD 11, #ATK 1 (Rifle or Knife), DG 1d8X2 or 1d4+2, SV L6, ML 6] No visible mutations. Bill is a real hard-luck sort of guy, long suffering and always on the short end of the stick. He tends to antagonize animals just before coming near them, a knack that ended his days in a traveling circus. He led a group of greenhorns into the deep woods and managed to find a Vile Slasher...now he's running for his life as the other Vile Slashers are hunting him. He'll most likely run in a random direction and get totally lost before nightfall, if he survives that long...

Tail of the Serpent

Get Ready...

The Player Characters are traveling across a rocky area with only sparse bits of nasty, meat-eating vegetation to break the monotony. Then they spot the huge serpentine tail jutting out from some animal's former den – it's a **Giant Rattler** (MF p. 96-97).

Get Set...

The ten-foot long Giant Rattler has just feasted on the former inhabitants of the rocky den that it is now wedged firmly into and can't get out of. Of course, right now the Giant Rattler is feeling torpid after such a hearty meal.

GO!

The PCs hear the muffled sounds of a baby crying. It's coming from inside the animal den. Where the really big rattle snake is tightly wedged into place--it has swallowed too much food to get back out of the hole without a lot of trouble, and it is growing torpid after gorging itself.

If the PCs stop to further investigate the situation at this point, they will also hear another voice crying faintly and coming from behind some rocks where the PCs will find a female **Encephalized Coyote** (MF p. 68).

She is the mother of the pup-kids she left in that burrowed-out den and lies propped against the rocks. Her left leg is broken and she is dying from numerous snake-bites. She asks the PCs for help.

“Please save my child!” she begs them before passing out.

Whether or not the mother lives or dies is up to the PCs, as is the fate of the baby Coyote-person trapped in the den.

The Giant Rattler will remain lodged in the den entrance for a couple of hours before it either finishes off the last of the pup-kids or withdraws and heads for its own nest.

Giant Rattler (1) [AL N, MV 120' (40'), AC 5, HD 4, #ATK 2 (bite), DG 1d4+poison, SV L2, ML 8, Mutations: Gigantism] (MFp. 96-97)

Encephalized Coyote (mother) (1) [AL C, MV 150' (50'), AC 6, HD 3, #ATK 1 (bite or weapon), DG 1d6 or weapon, SV L13, ML 9, Mutations: Aberrant Form, Teleport] (MFp. 68)
Note: she is currently at -4 hit points, going into shock and injected with a lot of Class 12 poison in her bloodstream.

Encephalized Coyote (baby) (1) [AL C, MV 10' (5'), AC 10, HD 1, #ATK 1 (bite), DG 1d2, SV L1, ML 2, Mutations: Aberrant Form] Note: The child will develop the ability to Teleport as she gets older, if she survives...

Note: The Mother-Coyote could be saved, with appropriate medical care or some sort of venom-mitigation tonic or whatever.

The hide and meat, not to mention the poison glands of this big rattler are worth a hefty bit back at a trading post or some village--the venom is especially effective against Mants.

The coyote-pup could wind up becoming a mascot, pet or even probationary member of the group if someone took the time and effort to train it, taught it to read, gave it a chance to grow up a bit...

Skin Deep

Get Ready...

The Player Characters are traveling across a lushly overgrown region dominated by massive flowering trees unlike anything that they've ever seen or heard tell of before. Then the fragrant air of this idyllic place is shattered by shrieks of pain and a call for help.

Get Set...

A pair of young adventurer-wannabees are caught in the vicious tendrils of a **Skinner Tree** (MF p. 95).

Don't Look Under the Tree

1. (1d4) Bodies in various stages of decomposition. All of them flayed/skinned.
2. A badly wounded survivor, of a previous hunting party, barely alive, is trapped down there. There's a chance that she saw the Skin Stealers ambush her relatives. But she'll stay quiet until there's a chance to set things right.
3. A dead pack animal dangles from the inner branches of the Skinner Tree--the stout packs strapped to its back are mostly intact and might contain a few useful things.
4. A Vile Slasher blundered into the Skinner Tree a couple of days ago. It's nearly dead. It won't move unless it gets one last opportunity to inflict damage on a human.

GO!

The PCs are faced with the question of whether or not to save the noobs.

If they do save the noobs, they will require a lot of medical care. Their skin is lacerated and literally hanging off of them in strips and flaps. They are in tremendous pain and blood is everywhere and all over everything that they're carrying except their armor which is made from a strange violet-flecked 'leather' that has withstood the Skinner Tree's tendrils and repels the blood like rainwater on a well-waxed window.*

If anyone questions either of these two about the village of the Mold Gatherers, they know nothing about it and claim to have never been there. This is true. They took the armor off of the corpses of two hunters. These aren't really noobs--they are a pair of **Skin Stealers** (MF p. 95) who killed the hunters and took their skin... and then stumbled into the untender clutches of a Skinner Tree...

The Skin Stealers will begin to take 1d10 damage for every turn they fail to replace the shredded and ruined skins they are discovered wearing. They will be getting desperate to acquire new skin-suits as soon as possible...but just how long can they maintain the charade before they get a suitable opportunity to ambush another victim?

If the Players opt to not save the noobs, the Skinner tree will carry the two Skin Stealers to old man Gomphrey's house...

If Trapper Jack (see **Dangling Varmint**) observes the Player Characters abandoning what appears to him as two defenseless tenderfeet to the clutches of a vicious Skinner tree, he will most likely take a dim view of such behavior. If he is especially riled-up by the PC's actions/inaction, he may follow them and seek to set up some sort of ambush so that they might get a taste of their own medicine, so to speak...

Another possible complication to consider is to combine this scenario with **Run You Fools!** (p.11).

Skin Stealers (2) [AL C, MV 120'(40'), AC 6, HD 5, #ATK 1 (sting or weapon), DG 1d4+poison or weapon, SV L5, ML 7, Mutations: Toxic Weapon, Reflective epidermis(radiation), unique] (MF p. 96-97)

Skinner Tree [AL C, MV 60'(20'), AC 4, HD 15, #ATK 1, DG 2d8, SV L5, ML 10] (MF p. 95)

* See Short Adventure: **Gathering Mold** (p. 7) for more about this '*mold-leather*'.

Pounding Sand

Get Ready...

The Player Characters have reached a sandy shoreline running along a sizable body of water, perhaps a lake or a small in-land sea.

Get Set...

A small group of colorfully-dressed **Eloi** (MF p. 70) are very intently walking in formation across a stretch of sand, just up from the low-water mark, pounding the wet sand with rough wooden poles. They are looking for something in the sand...and they do not seem to notice the PCs.

A Few Things You Might Notice

1. The Eloi all act as though their movements were choreographed. They move together, all at the same time, as a unit.
2. None of the Eloi are paying the slightest attention to their surroundings. In fact, their eyes are a bit glazed-over looking.
3. Even grabbing one of the Eloi will not stop the rest from continuing onwards without them.
4. There are no guards.

Eloi Slaves (3d6) [AL N, MV 120'(40'), AC 9, HD 3, #ATK 1 (weapon), DG 1d4, SV L1, ML 4, Mutations:Atrophied Cerebellum, Weak Will] (MF p. 70)

GO!

If the PCs decide to investigate the Eloi and what they're doing, they will pass through a carefully tended hedge that borders the sandy stretch leading up from the shoreline itself. The hedge is cut into a bewildering array of topiary-shapes as though designed by a madman.

The Eloi will not acknowledge the PCs unless or until one or more of the PCs come onto the sand in the immediate vicinity of the Eloi. Then they will stop everything all at once and turn to face the PCs with a collective, glassy stare that makes most players uneasy.

The Eloi have been pounding the sand with poles in search of **Vampire Stars** (MF p. 100).

- There is a base 30% chance that any PC walking across the sand will result in an attack from below.
- Anyone so attacked will instantly become the center of attention for all of the Eloi who will quickly gather around the victim.
- The Eloi will quietly remove the Vampire Star(s) from the victim(s), heedless of any damage they may incur in the process.
- Each captured Vampire Star will be carried off behind the hedges to a specially prepared spot.

Vampire Stars (2d10) [AL C, MV20' (7'), AC 8, HD 1, #ATK 1 (bite), DG 1d6, SV L1, ML 12, Mutations:Toxic Weapon] (MF p.100)

There is a large **Brain Plant** (MF p. 64) hidden beneath the clearing behind the topiary-hedge. It is telepathically directing the Eloi.

The Brain Plant will not reveal itself to the PCs and will direct the Eloi to get rid of them at the first opportunity.

If the PCs follow any of the Eloi back to the Clearing, the Brain Plant will direct the Eloi to distract them, or drive them off by force if necessary.

Should more than half the Eloi be incapacitated or killed by the PCs, the Brain Plant will then get involved, using its Mental Muttons to subdue, confuse, dominate or attack the PCs.

The Brain Plant has strange plans for how to domesticate or possibly meddle with the genetics of these mutated starfish...and it does not want anyone else knowing about it, or meddling in its affairs...however, if it is convinced that it has met a like-minded devotee to Science, it might attempt to forge an alliance with the PCs...

Brain Plant (1) [AL N, MV (as mutation), AC 8, HD 3, #ATK (as mutation), DG (as mutation), SV L10,ML 10, Mutations: Empathy, Metaconcert, 1d6 Mental Mutations and 1d4Plant Mutations] (MF p.64)

Bonus Tables:

These tables might come in handy when dealing with the moonshine produced by **Gomphrey's Still...**

Homebrew Effects Table 1	
1	Heals (4d4) damage.
3	Immunity to Mold for (1d4) hours.
4	Doubles damage from radiation.
5	Save or lose sense of smell permanently.
6	Go without food for (1d4) weeks.
7	Heals (4d8) damage.
8	Triples all Poison damage.
9	Gain <i>Infrared Vision</i> for (1d4) hours.
10	Immune to poison for 1d4 days.
11	Acquire <i>Pain Sensitivity</i> for (1d6) hours.
12	Shriek like a <i>Screech Bush</i> for next (1d4) days.
13	Body Odor now repels (1d4) different types of mutants (roll randomly).
14	Cures 1 Physical Defect.
15	Animals take an instant dislike to you for (1d4) days. Everyone else suffers a -2 penalty on CHAR checks.
16	Heals (4d10) damage.
17	Cures insanity.
18	Regenerate lost limb.
19	Grow new organ (Physical Mutation).
20	Cures impotence.

Homebrew Effects Table 2	
1	Removes one Mutation permanently.
3	Save or fall asleep for (3d4) hours.
4	Radiation now does double damage.
5	One random Mutation is now a Defect.
6	Gain ability to drink nearly any liquid without harm.
7	Inflicts (1d8) damage. Roll again.
8	Body Odor repels all insects (1d4) days.
9	Go blind for (1d4) hours.
10	Vampiric Healing: regain (1d4) hit points for every 6 points of damage inflicted with bare hands/claws.
11	Lose sense of direction for (1d6) days.
12	Save reduced by half against all sonic effects.
13	Skin changes coloration randomly.
14	Cures 1 Physical Defect.
15	Become impotent.
16	Heals (4d10) damage.
17	Causes random insanity.
18	Regenerate new limb. Rool CHAR reaction.
19	Gain immunity to alcohol.
20	Cures baldness.

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