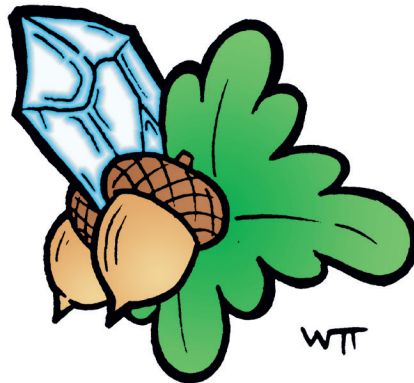


100 Oddities

FOR AN ENCHANTED FOREST

**By William T. Thrasher, Clint Staples
and the Skirmisher Game Development Group**

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By CLINT STAPLES, WILLIAM T. THRASHER, & THE SKIRMISHER GAME DEVELOPMENT GROUP

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Welcome to “Oddities for an Enchanted Forest,” the eighth entry in Skirmisher Publishing’s “Oddities” series, in which we bring you unexpected peculiarities to liven up your games, spark your creativity, and springboard your players’ imaginations. What do we mean by oddities? Oddities are things that stand out from the ordinary, and make you — and your players — wonder about them. A good oddity awakens curiosity and creativity, in player and Game Master alike, adding interest to an encounter, or even making one out of nothing.

You may find an oddity just about anywhere — a graveyard, a ruined fortress, gathering dust on a library shelf, even half-concealed under rubble in a cave or Dragon’s lair. An oddity can be a physical thing, like the cairn of a nameless, long-forgotten hero. It can be less tangible, like a fog with unnatural properties, or a shadow where one should not be present. Oddities define themselves more by what they are and the questions they raise than the places they are found. And oddities can add a lot of interest to any location.

Oddities make you, and you players, ask questions. Answering those questions is how you use them in your game, and how they can contribute to a single session or a sweeping campaign.

If you have time during your preparations for a session, you can roll d100 for as many oddities as you like and spend some time fitting them into your scenario. But you can also roll things up and use them as devices to make an encounter or adventure unique and memorable. In this case, keep a list of the entries you roll up on a separate document (and you can just copy and paste right from the PDFs of any of our “Oddities” publications, so it’s easy to do that.

All this can work particularly well for “100 Oddities for an Enchanted Forest.”

Your players are traveling from one region to another, such as from the keep they call home to a distant ruin, a frontier outpost, a battlefield, or the like. Making their way through the forest that lies between their point of origin and destination can be a simple matter of a couple of nights camping out and an encounter with a wandering monster, or it could be so much more. Let’s roll on the table in this book and see what we turn up. We get a 47 on d100:

#47 – A towering idol of an old god of the wilds juts upward through the forest canopy, moss and vines obscuring its severe features. Remains of offerings lay at the feet of the idol. Those who offer proper tribute to the idol find travel through the forest easier, while those who disrespect the primal god find themselves stalked by a panther made of living shadow.

You can work this into your unfolding narrative in any number of ways. Perhaps the heroes are lost, having wandered off the path, or been chased. Or maybe the

road they thought led to their destination peters out and they have to strike out in a new direction, hoping to find their way clear of the woods before nightfall. Their scout finds a game trail and they follow it, stumbling upon the massive idol.

What will the characters do? Will they make an offering in hopes of gaining the favor of the local Sprites and spirits? Are any members of the party Clerics, Paladins, or other adherents of faiths that might disrespect the Wild? Is the idol merely the stone remnant of a long-dead primordial god, or the defunct guardian of the entrance to a tomb complex of the Fey court that ruled here before the coming of men? Let’s roll again and combine the results with the one above. We get a 70.

#70 – The seasons randomly change in a matter of seconds. Roll 1d4 to determine the season: 1: Spring, 2: Summer, 3: Fall, 4: Winter. The seasons continue to change randomly every 1d10x minutes for the next 1d10x hours.

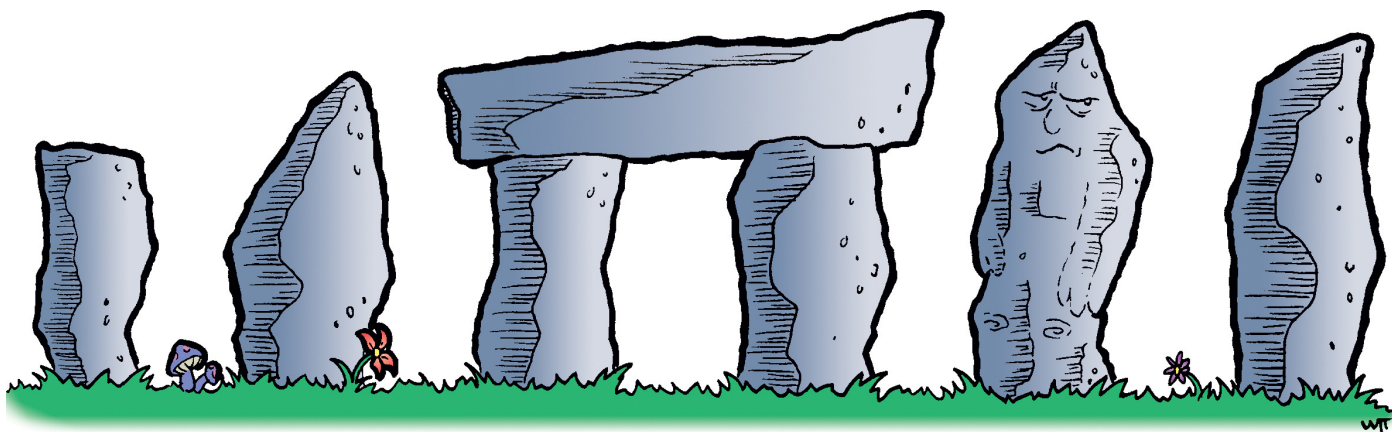
This could occur as the heroes first arrive. Did their arrival cause the sudden snowfall and chill winter winds, where a moment before there was greenery and buzzing insects in the summer heat? Or did the shift occur after one of the players interacted in some way with the idol? Is the god demonstrating its ire at the lack of respect? Or issuing a warning of future danger to one that paid proper homage? What do the players think, when a short time later, the season changes again? Of course, depending on the effect you want, you can ignore the suggestion to change seasons randomly or at all. After all, it’s your game! We’re just here to help.

Moving on, we decide to add one more element to the encounter and this time roll a 43:

#43 – A path through the willows is blocked by a knightly figure, clad in armor of redwood, rowan, oak, and yew. He wields a lance of ash, from which flutters a pennant with the Elf King’s arms, a match to his rich green surcoat. This noble figure will only allow those who prove their honor to pass.

As a stand-alone encounter, or in combination with the idol above, this can be a simple combat encounter, something much more dire, or the first step into the world





of the Fey. Is this an Elf-Knight, questing for his lord, defending the holy grove that lies just beyond, seeking his lost love, or simply looking to test his mettle against a suitable champion? Is the Half-Elf Bard player character the result of a past indiscretion? Or would you perhaps like to foreshadow a plot that the players have not yet discovered? Is the imposing figure actually an eldritch guardian of the area, an enchanted oak, accoutered at the whim of his enchantress to prevent the passage of heroes whose interference she has foreseen? Does this Oak-Knight carry the lady's favor, or some other clue to her identity?

With a little time and forethought, and a few rolls on your trusty "100 Oddities for an Enchanted Forest" table, we have come up with at least a couple of hours of potential play if your players respond to and to spark the imagination of everyone at the table.

If none of the above tickles you, then let your players do the work as they speculate on what they encounter. Choose one conclusion that they like, or that you can use to tie up a loose plot thread you had hanging around, or to start a new one. Let them explain what the thing is doing there. Or let it remain a mystery for the moment, keeping it in mind for something to hang additional details off of at some point in the future.

One last thing: Some of the entries in "100 Oddities for an Enchanted Forest" refer to the Wild Hunt. Take a look at the Wild Hunt write-up immediately following the table for how to use those to add even more coolness!

We hope you like "100 Oddities for an Enchanted Forest." Our febrile (or feeble) brains are cooking up more even as you read these words and we already have several more "Oddities" publications in the pipeline. So, keep your eye out for more in the near future!

Exploding Dice

"100 Oddities for an Enchanted Forest" employs a dice rolling sub-system often referred to as "Exploding Dice." In this sub-system, a die that rolls the maximum value possible — e.g., an 8 on a d8 — is rolled again, and the new value is added to the previous total. This continues until a value other than the maximum is rolled. So, for example, you might roll a d8 and get an 8, then roll again and get another 8, and then, on a third roll, get a 3. You would then stop and total the results, in this case a 19 (8+8+3). When we are referring to an exploding die roll, you will see a lower case "x" after the die notation (e.g., "d10x").

Clint Staples,
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& Brendan Cass



droo

01

Oddity

Two ash trees grow together, forming an intricate archway. There are equal chances that this is an unlikely but mundane phenomenon, a magical gateway to the fairy realm, the door to an ancient Druid's extradimensional lair, or a trap set by a monstrous plant.

02

An ancient stone circle of the type favored by Druids, consisting of 4d6 standing stones. One of the standing stones, however, is a disguised Stone Giant charged with protecting the circle. It is favorably predisposed toward Druids and Rangers and will attack anyone who attempts to desecrate or misuse the power of the circle. After the party leaves the circle, the Stone Giant will follow them for a time.

03

A waterfall cascades over the stones of a steep escarpment. Some strange magic, however, causes the water to plummet upwards! If the course of the water is followed in either direction, roll for another oddity wherever the river begins or ends. There is a 50% chance this phenomenon is caused by an improperly maintained magical door hidden behind the waterfall.

04

An unconscious demon is pinned to an ancient oak tree by a consecrated arrow, the magic of which, possibly along with that of the tree, keeps the fiend dormant and contains its power. If roused, the demon will seek to escape, although it is powerless to do so on its own if still pinned by the arrow. This monster knows many of the forest's secrets.

05

A thick fog rolls in, blanketing 1d6x square miles of forest. It lasts 1d4 hours before rolling away and is so thick it limits visibility to 5+2d10 feet. Birds knock themselves senseless flying into trees, while confused fish swim through the unnaturally thick fog as if it was murky lake water.

06

A flying castle has fallen from the sky, scarring the forest with its ruins. Residual enchantment causes random stones to float a short distance into the air before settling back to the ground. The castle's immortal master is buried somewhere within the ruins.

07

A divine elk moves effortlessly between the trees. It is easily twice the size of the largest elk any of the adventurers have ever seen, with moss-covered antlers in which several birds nest and a beehive gently hums. Roll 1d8 to determine the qualities of this enchanted being's heart: 1) consuming the heart makes one immortal; 2) burying the heart in barren ground causes an old-growth forest to spring up overnight; 3) the blood of the heart is a poison potent enough to slay even a god; 4) placing the heart within one's breast grants mastery over all wild animals; 5) those anointed with the blood of the heart transform into the animal that most fits their personality for one lunar cycle; 6) if the heart stops beating the forest loses its enchantment and begins to die; 7) the blood of the heart is a balm that cures all afflictions and restores the dying to perfect health; 8) roll twice and combine effects.

08

A group of 1d6x+1 animals sit around a tree stump sipping nectar from large blossoms like sophisticated ladies and gentlemen at a tea party and chat amongst themselves in their various languages, which they all understand effortlessly. There is a 25% chance any given animal speaks a language the party understands. If approached with respect and civility, the animals will welcome the adventurers and pour them fresh blossoms of nectar.

09

The cairn of a long-dead hero of the wilds stands proudly in a glade lit by moonlight regardless of the time of day. If the cairn is disturbed, the stones will animate and form into an Earth Elemental charged with protecting the hero's remains until such time as he or she is needed to defend the wilds once more.

10

A panicked Satyr crashes through the brush carrying a new set of bamboo pipes, followed closely by a rare and enraged bamboo Treant.

11

An artist stands in a clearing painting a landscape. The artist insists he or she is painting what they see, and the painting is of exceptional quality, but it depicts a blasted wasteland rather than the enchanted surroundings.

12

A large toadstool towers high into the sky. Its broad cap moves with the sun, casting a perpetual shadow on the same 10-foot diameter patch of earth at its base, and a multitude of rare and potent fungi grow in this dank and gloomy area.



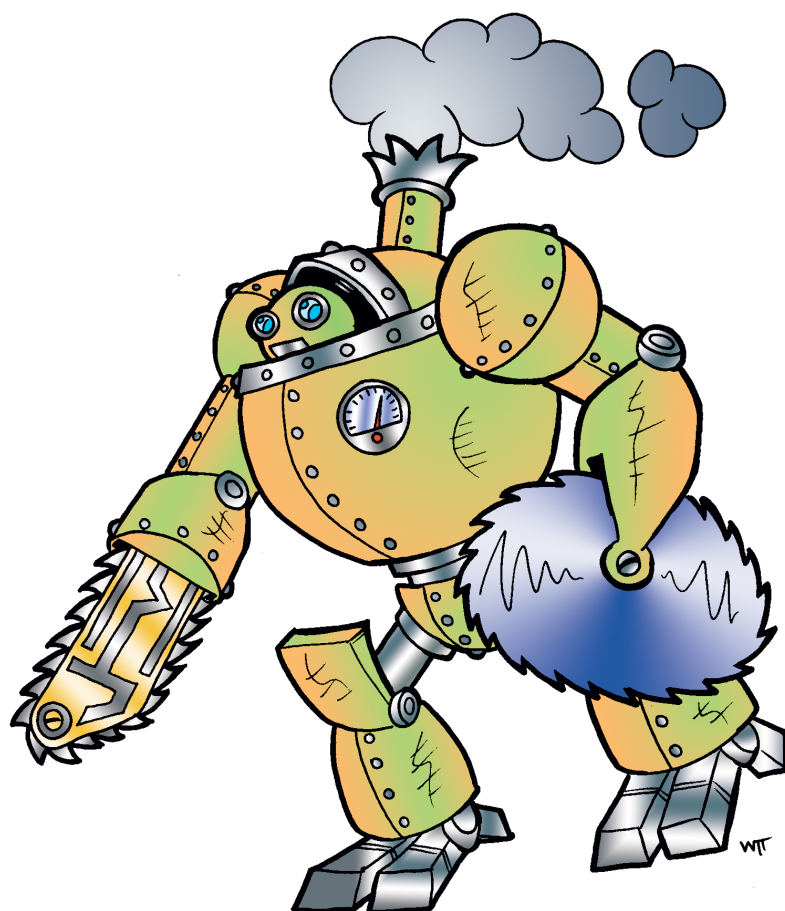
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| 13 | What appears to be the head of a Gnome sticks out of a tiny mound of earth. He begs to be extricated from his current predicament. This is not a Gnome, however, and is instead a Giant with a freakishly small head. Digging him out will take 1d4x hours, after which the Giant will be eternally grateful. If the adventurers refuse to help, he will let forth a stream of expletives. If the adventurers take advantage of his helpless position, he will become so enraged he will burst forth from the earth in order to mete out punishment. |
| 14 | A mischievous spirit follows the party and will begin mimicking the voices of its members and interfering with their conversations. Eventually, it takes the form of one of the characters or an animal companion. This spirit is, however, not malicious and is simply looking to entertain itself. |
| 15 | Trees in this part of the forest are blackened, dying husks barely clinging to life, rotting away from the outside in. Somewhere nearby lurks a corrupted forest guardian, feeding on the life force of the land itself and spreading this awful blight. |
| 16 | A party of 1d8+1 poachers creep through the woods. There are equal chances that they are hunting mythical creatures for sport, harvesting rare spell components from enchanted fauna, or were killed by a wrathful lord of the wilds and now wander the forest eternally only to die at the hands of vengeful beasts every night. |
| 17 | An adult Dragon comes swooping out of the sky, burning a swath through the forest with its fiery breath. Its breath is strangely precise and the monster is using its fire to etch an arcane circle into the forest, which will unleash a spell of tremendous power when it is complete. |
| 18 | A virginal princess stands in a clearing holding a golden bridle and attempting to coax a Unicorn out of the woods to bless her pending nuptials. There are equal chances she is alone, guarded by a Paladin, or is being used as bait by a cadre of poachers or a single mad Warlock. There is a 50% chance that a Unicorn actually is nearby. |
| 19 | In the midst of a small clearing there is a tree with branches suggestive of limbs, convolutions in its bark bear an uncanny resemblance to a face, and its sap is as red as blood. This tree was once a humanoid but was transformed into its current shape by a Druid dwelling in the forest. There are equal chances that the Druid was punishing the humanoid for a crime against the forest, that he wrongfully cursed the humanoid as punishment for a crime committed by another, or that he lost his mind and transformed the humanoid on a mad whim. Regardless, from this point forward there is a one in 20 chance that any tree in this part of the forest the characters examine will be a humanoid under a similar curse. |
| 20 | A bright red fox zips through the woods and zigzags through the party's ranks like a flash, dashing away as quickly as it came and making off with some small, valuable item. It has left a knotted bit of vine in the item's place, however, which is a magical fetish more valuable than the object stolen (specific characteristics of which are at the discretion of the storyteller). The fox's lair is decorated with pretty trinkets. |
| 21 | A clearing in the forest contains a circle of tree stumps left behind by loggers. Each felled tree was home to a Dryad, now dying, desperate, and vengeful. Anyone touching or sitting upon the stumps must resist becoming possessed by the spirit of a Dryad and, failing this, immediately stalks off to track down the loggers. |
| 22 | A gleaming sword juts from a lightning-blasted oak stump in the middle of a clearing. The sword is magical and serves as bait for a fiendish trapdoor spider of great size. Anyone approaching the sword risks being entangled in the spider's gossamer threads, which are so fine as to be almost invisible. Once these threads are disturbed, the giant spider bursts from its lair and attacks! There is doubtless more treasure concealed in the monster's lair, which it has accrued over centuries of preying upon travelers through the forest. |
| 23 | A glittering swarm of Pixies fly up from a hollow log, intoxicated from eating the spores of magical mushrooms growing within it. Their behavior is erratic, although they gleefully invite the adventurers to partake of the strange fungus. If the characters decline their hospitality, the Pixies will attempt to puff spores into the party's faces, giggling all the while. |





- 32 A forest wyrm curls protectively around its next meal. There is a 50% chance this “food” is still alive, which will be evident from the flailing arms and legs projecting from the coils of the great serpent.
- 33 Atop a low, green hill stands a circle of toadstools and within it the earth is bare and sere. A pale Fey lord on a lean Elven horse gleaming like polished bone canters into the circle — and then disappears.
- 34 A pile of the moss-covered skulls of bestial humanoids rises like a small hillock. At the summit stands the wooden statue of a great Elven heroine. There is a 50% chance the statue is actually the Elf lady reborn as a Dryad and awaiting the time of the forest’s greatest need.
- 35 **Wild Hunt:** A long line of trees before the party has been made into a wall by the addition of logs, branches, woven vines, and giant spider silk, and extends off for a considerable distance in both directions. Characters can go to the left, the right, or hack their way through the barrier. If this or another Wild Hunt oddity is rolled the hunters draw nearer. On the fourth such roll the Wild Hunt has found the party.
- 36 Huddled in the underbrush are numerous small animals, as well as Sprites, Brownies, and other diminutive Fey. If they are spotted they will make shushing noises and urge characters to either move on or hide.
- 37 **Wild Hunt:** A preternaturally vivid starry sky is visible through a break in the trees, regardless of the time of day and the constellation known as the Hunter outshines all the other stars. If this or another Wild Hunt oddity is rolled the hunters draw nearer. On the fourth such roll the Wild Hunt has found the party.
- 38 The body of a great Elf lord is suspended between two intertwining oaks, their branches growing around and through his body and conjuring the image of a stag’s antlers piercing him. If approached, the hooded head of the Elf lord will jerk upright, the blind eyes seeing beyond the characters as he groans the words, “Tell them I failed!”
- 39 A raven large as an eagle peers down from the lower branches of a thick, aged oak. It cruk-crukks knowingly, words almost discernable in the sound. It follows the party for a time, but flees if attacked, cawing an alarm as it flies off.
- 40 **Wild Hunt:** A small, ruined hunting lodge is shrouded by the trunks and boles of surrounding trees. Its walls are mottled green with lichen and moss, its windows shadowed but for occasional emerald flickers suggestive of flames at the heart of a keep. If this or another Wild Hunt oddity is rolled the hunters draw nearer. On the fourth such roll the Wild Hunt has found the party.
- 41 A shadowy shape flits between the tree trunks up ahead, visible but impossible to make out in detail. A few moments later it is joined by another to one side, then another and another, until the shadows are on all sides of the party. These are the animate shadows of travellers who became lost and died in the forest.
- 42 A small pond of still, clear water, bordered by field stones. Visions of distant places are reflected in the placid waters and those with a strong will can determine what locations they are able to view. There is a 50% chance that the pool can be used to travel to the locations viewed. Those who offend the spirit of the pool attract the ire of 1d4x Treant guardians hidden among the nearby trees.
- 43 A path through the willows is blocked by a knightly figure, clad in armor of redwood, rowan, oak, and yew. He wields a lance of ash, from which flutters a pennant with the Elf King’s coat-of-arms, a match to his rich green surcoat. This noble figure will only allow those who prove their honor to pass.
- 44 2d6 large frogs leap about in a shallow pond. An occasional rusty weapon or tattered bit of cloth can be found in the area. Anyone who drinks from the pond must resist being transformed into a frog.
- 45 A marginally-competent Wizard is trapped in the bosom of a tree he accidentally animated, and it is crushing him to death in its wooden embrace, all the while loudly proclaiming how much it loves him.



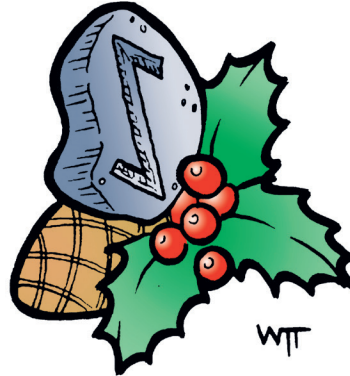
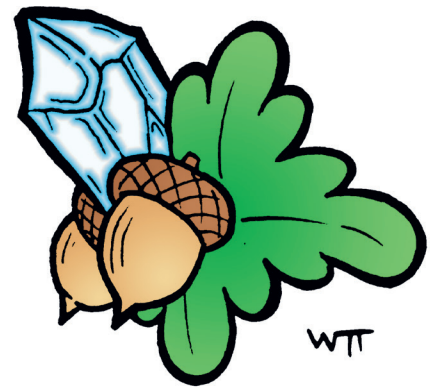
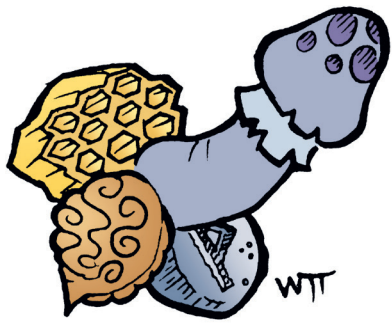


- 46 A woman of the wilds stalks the adventurers. She was born to noble parents in a nearby land but raised by wolves after being abandoned in the wilderness as an infant and has made the forest her domain. If she can learn of her true identity she may attempt to return to her homeland and reclaim the throne once held by her murdered parents.
- 47 A towering idol of an old god of the wilds juts upward through the forest canopy, moss and vines obscuring its severe features. Remains of offerings lay at the feet of the idol. Those who offer proper tribute to the idol find travel through the forest easier, while those who disrespect the primal god find themselves stalked by a panther made of living shadow.
- 48 A beehive the size of a tavern thrums with the deafening drone of countless man-sized bees. Within this hive a stately queen bee holds court — and she has much to say about anyone careless enough to trample the flowers that sustain her empire.
- 49 A steam-powered buzz saw Golem noisily tramps through the forest, frightening away animals with its clanking gait and acrid smoke. This automaton cuts down trees made from magical wood and carts it back to its master.
- 50 Ahead lies a simple campsite for a single traveler. There is an equal chance a noble, merchant, adventurer, explorer, or criminal made this camp. The campsite and traveler are normal enough, but no matter what happens, the traveler believes she is in a normal forest and nothing supernatural exists within its bounds despite all evidence to the contrary.
- 51 A curious Sasquatch appears, shadowing the party and rummaging through unattended packs in search of food. Interestingly, only one member of the party can see the creature.
- 52 A party of 2d4 Dwarves armed with impressive black powder weapons marches through the wood. This party is hunting Dragons, hoping to test their experimental weapons on the armored beasts and harvest their scaly carcasses for rare materials.



- 53 The putrefying corpse of a great Dragon blights the land. Trees for a mile around wither and die, the soil decays into toxic mud, and the stench downwind is unbearable. Large maggots and less wholesome carrion eaters feast upon the corpse, and flies the size of hawks drone overhead. Most disturbing of all, terrible wounds down the dragon's side indicate it was slain by a creature even larger than it.
- 54 A single stone menhir, moss-capped and festooned with trailing vines, rises twice the height of a man in the middle of a small clearing, a ring of old bones encircling its base. If the menhir is examined, the vines quickly enwrap the unwary, dragging them to be impaled upon the jagged crown of the monolith. A mad god of the wilds is imprisoned within the menhir.
- 55 The site of an ancient battlefield littered with the bones and artifacts of long dead Elves and the petrified remains of hundreds of tree-warriors. The next time the party encounters an Elven bard, they will hear the mournful ballad of the revolt of the trees.
- 56 A pale Elf lord lounges on a throne carved from a living oak tree. In one hand he bears a wreath of holly and ivy, and in the other a wooden sword. He has seen much in his long life, and now contemplates his own immortality in a state of deepest boredom. While he will not lower himself to ask directly for entertainment or other intellectual stimulation, he will be eternally grateful to anyone who breaks the monotony of his existence.
- 57 A massacred band of Hobgoblins lies scattered about the remains of their camp. Their heads are arranged in a grisly pile, dead eyes staring blankly, mouths neatly sewn shut with sinew.
- 58 A faerie ring of toadstools surrounds a circle of bare earth. Those who cross the boundary of the circle are transported to a random location in the forest. Roll again to determine where and what oddity awaits them. Every time the circle is used, there is a cumulative 5% chance that the user learns to master its magic and can thereafter use it to travel anywhere they wish in the forest. If this oddity is rolled as the random location to which the user is teleported, mastery of the ring is instantly imparted to the user, although 1d6x days have mysteriously passed since the ring was entered.
- 59 A spring-fed pool of crystal-clear water, its rocky bottom and the giant trout that swim beneath the surface clearly visible. The fish are wily and dangerous, but delicious, and are said to confer a boon on anyone clever or skillful enough to catch them. Roll 1d6 to determine the boon: 1) a wish; 2) great wisdom; 3) mastery of Ichthyian, the language of fish; 4) great strength; 5) the ability to breath underwater; 6) the ability to turn to gold the next thing touched.
- 60 Hanging from a tree branch is a fine cloak. Nearby, a rich overdress has been dropped on the forest floor. Further along the trail, a shift of fine gauzy linen is draped over a rock before a copse of willows. Sounds of splashing water come from within, along with those of a fine female voice singing. The Troll witch who set this trap is hiding, invisible amid the willows.
- 61 A treeless field, dotted by stone menhirs of varying sizes, stretches for a hundred paces. Those who enter the field become drowsy after they have taken a dozen-or-so steps. Those who succumb to the desire to rest must resist becoming menhirs themselves.
- 62 A dolmen, formed by a triangle of three upright stones, creates an open area about three paces across, capped by another stone lying atop the three standing stones. Inscribed whorls and circles suggest an unknown script, but are so worn that there is little hope of decipherment. Roll 1d4 to determine what is buried in the earth within the open square: 1) A lance composed of living wood with a blade of crystal; 2) A mummified Elf, wrapped in giant leaves and vines; 3) the bones of a horse-sized dragon, with fine saddle, tack and barding, decorated with silver; 4) all of the above.
- 63 A massive root snakes through the woods, its growth pushing aside trees and boulders. From this point onward, any significant tree the party encounters has a 20% chance of being an outgrowth off this massive root system. This root is either an extension of the slumbering grandfather of all Treants, the foundation of an Elven city grown from a titanic living ash tree, or the root of a massive tree that is itself an extension of Yggdrasil, an extraplanar tree connecting enchanted forests across the multiverse.





- 64 A colorful pavilion sits in a clearing, with pennants flying in a pleasant breeze and a warhorse grazing nearby. Faceless servants bustle forward proffering refreshments, seeking to remove burdens from those carrying them, and gesturing to fine chairs within the pavilion. Any who enter are greeted by a Faerie knight being armed and armored by her squires. She greets those before her warmly, offering them guest right, food, and fellowship, and claiming that she will be ready for “the contest” as soon as she is armed. If the guests wait, they may follow her outside where there is now a list-field set up and the knight’s armored charger awaiting her. If they are instead rude or attack her, they will find themselves in the same clearing empty of all save themselves, under a moonless, starless sky. In the latter case, any food or drink they have ingesting turns to dust in their bellies and they are sickened for 1d4 hours.
- 65 A young figure in pure white linen robes — equal chances of a man or woman — walks barefoot and silent through the woods, ignoring the adventurers. There is an equal chance this figure is a Ghost, an aspiring Druid on the way to a secret initiation ceremony in a sacred grove, or a virgin under the sway of an evil Sorcerer being drawn to a ring of eldritch standing stones to be sacrificed to a dark power.
- 66 A high wall of thorns twists chaotically through the woods. There are equal chances that the wall imprisons a kingdom suffering from a terrible curse, that it is an extension of an ancient rosebush of titanic proportions, or that it is the life-strangling vines of a blighted elder Treant draining the life-force of the forest.
- 67 A babbling brook wends its way through the woods. Large trout splash in the water, and raw gold and gemstones glint among the pebbles at the stream’s bottom. For those who care to look, rotting scraps of traveling clothes and rusted camping equipment can be found along the brook’s edge. Any who attempt to take a gemstone beyond the edge of the river are transformed into trout. Those who return a cursed trout to its true form may take a single gem of their choice from the riverbed for every curse broken.
- 68 All the plants within this acre of the forest have highly-acidic sap, and all wild fruits have poison juice. This fact will not be immediately obvious, but it should become clear as the grass the party walks upon slowly dissolves the soles of their footwear (or begins to damage their feet if they are barefoot).
- 69 The shed skin of an elder Dragon is draped over a large section of forest like a funereal shroud.
- 70 Seasons in this section of the forest rapidly and randomly change, every 1d10x minutes for the next 1d10x hours. Roll 1d4 to determine the season: 1) Spring; 2) Summer; 3) Fall; 4) Winter.



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| 71 | An elder Phoenix plummets from the sky, crashing into the ground and igniting a massive forest fire. If left unchecked, the magical fire burns for 1d4x hours. When the fire burns down it leaves a crater of smoldering ash. Where the phoenix fell is a single melon-sized egg. |
| 72 | The next animal the party encounters can speak the common tongue. From this point forward there is a 20% chance any animal encountered in the wood can speak a random humanoid language. |
| 73 | A Fairy princess kneels at the edge of a pond gathering reeds, shells, straw, and mud, fashioning them into a poppet. If left to complete her work, the Fairy will enchant the poppet, transforming it into an exact duplicate of the Human child she intends to take as her own. |
| 74 | Everything is covered in a heavy rime of frost. Nearby, a sprightly spirit of Winter paints frost on every available surface with an enchanted crystal brush. If it is not actually winter, the spirit's unseasonable activities cause chaos in the forest. |
| 75 | A forest Troll, its warty green hide providing almost perfect camouflage, sits with its back to a large lichen-covered boulder thrusting from the mossy undergrowth, weeping. In its claws it holds the body of its slain mistress, a Fairy lady of great beauty. |
| 76 | Rising up in the forest is a strange-looking tree with stranger-looking nuts, each about the size of a Human head, hanging from its branches. If the nuts are cracked open they contain fully cooked meals ready to eat as if fresh from a tavern kitchen. Everything from roast pheasant with all the trimmings, to sandwiches, to meat and potatoes with a mug of good ale can be found within. If a nut is picked, the food in it remains fresh for 1d4x weeks until it is opened. |
| 77 | A massive Wolf wearing an old woman's dressing gown and cap stalks the forest. This monster is actually someone's grandmother transformed into a Werewolf by the bite of a lycanthrope. |
| 78 | An Elephant in the tall branches of a tree sits upon a bird's nest, keeping an egg warm and waiting for it to hatch. This egg, however, was crushed long ago by the weight of the Elephant, and it is simply too embarrassed to move and reveal its shame. There are equal chances that the original layer of the egg was a Phoenix, Roc, Griffin, Harpy, or Sparrow, and it will be furious when it finds out what has happened. |
| 79 | Wild Hunt: A hunter's arrow juts from the bole of a nearby tree. It appears to be new, of extremely fine manufacture, and to radiate a subtle magic. If this or another Wild Hunt oddity is rolled the hunters draw nearer. On the fourth such roll, the Wild Hunt has found the Party. |
| 80 | A large tree stump, covered in blood old and new. An axe with a similarly bloody, wickedly-wrought head is buried in the gory surface of the stump. From an overhanging tree branch, a dozen freshly-removed rabbits' feet sway in the breeze. The remains of footless rabbits lie discarded beside the stump, their heads at unnatural angles. |
| 81 | A house made from gingerbread, boiled sweets, and other confections stands in a lonely clearing. There are equal chances that this house is the abode of a Witch, an experiment by a mad Gnome architect, an illusion crafted by a Fey hunter to catch unwary travelers, or long abandoned and overgrown with strange molds. |
| 82 | A disgruntled Leprechaun tramps through a bed of clover, stomping upon every four-leaf clover he comes across. If asked to explain his behavior, the Leprechaun's answer is rendered incomprehensible by curses and expletives. He will, however, offer a bounty of one gold coin for every four-leaf clover brought to him. |
| 83 | The clearing ahead is entirely filled with a circular lake. Its waters are still, and the surrounding trees hanging over it press close, cutting off any breeze and almost meeting overhead. The entire area is gloomy and still. Roll 1d4 to determine the nature of this waterhole: 1) home to a mere-Troll; 2) connects to all other lakes and watercourses in the forest by a network of subterranean streams; 3) an entrance to the underworld; 4) Roll twice, and if you roll another 4 then the waterhole is all three of the above. |





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| 84 | The deeper into the forest one travels, the larger and more omnipresent the moon becomes. In time, the features of the moon's surface become a true face which looks down upon the party. The moon laughs when the party is foolish, weeps when they suffer misfortune, and gasps when surprised by their actions. If one of the adventurers attempts to speak with the moon, it will respond in kind. |
| 85 | A lazy river flows parallel to the party's current course. In a short while, the water turns red as blood and the occasional mutilated corpse bobbing in the ruddy flow betokens a great slaughter upriver. There are equal chances these are the corpses of Humans, Elves, Orcs, mythical beasts, Undead, or all of the above. |
| 86 | Trees in this section of the forest are petrified, branching edifices of fossilized wood. There are equal chances that the trees are Treants turned to stone by a Basilisk lairing nearby, the result of a Gnome Alchemist's failed experiments with a new fertilizer formula, mundane stones carved into tree shapes by a Fey artist, or all that remains of an army of blighted Dryads punished for treason against the wilds. |
| 87 | A mudpot bubbles and churns, venting sulphurous steam into the crisp forest air. As each bubble breaks the thick surface, a jovial voice can be heard singing, like a jolly old man crooning in the shower. |
| 88 | Wild Hunt: An old hunting hound, his fur patchy, ears tattered, and muzzle scared from old battles with foxes and boars, hobbles through the brush. His ears perk up as his wheezing nose scents a fresh trail, and the dog hobbles off to pursue its quarry. As it makes its way along the trail it picks up speed, its strides become sure, and its youth returns as it takes up the chase. In no time at all, the hound is once again a fresh young hunting dog, lean muscles working under a glossy coat as it cuts through the woods with preternatural speed, vanishing in the distance. If this or another Wild Hunt oddity is rolled the hunters draw nearer. On the fourth such roll, the Wild Hunt has found the party. |
| 89 | A group of 2d6x Goblins caper around a large cooking pot, singing a discordant song about the sumptuous stew they are preparing. Each Goblin in turn throws an ingredient into the pot, although half of what they add would barely be considered edible by most humanoids. They likewise encourage the party to make contributions to the thickening broth. The final Goblin will have nothing to add to the pot, and will happily dive into the stew to be boiled alive, much to the cheering delight of his fellows. Adventurers who do not add to the broth are expected to share his fate. |



90	A Mermaid in a stinking bog pool sings a mournful song to herself. Kidnapped and imprisoned in the bog by a Fey Witch covetous of the Mermaid's enchanting voice, the captive longs to return to her ocean home. Each time the bog pool is encountered, there is a 20% chance the Witch is on the way to listen to her prisoner's singing.
91	A hunting lodge stands proudly in a clearing, thick smoke from a cooking fire billowing into the sky. Within the lodge, forest animals dressed in woodsman's garb tell boastful stories of past hunts, toast to new hunts with frothing mugs of mead, and share hunting lore. These hunters are friendly and eager to have the party join in their celebrations, and those who do can learn a great deal of lore. If anyone bothers to examine the cook fire, they will find the body of a Human hunter slowly roasting upon a spit turned by a Badger, who chuckles to herself as she sprinkles savory herbs upon the spoils of the day's hunt.
92	A foul smell hangs in the air. If the scent is followed to its source, the party finds a large mound of fresh, steaming Dragon feces standing half as tall as a man. Bones of large creatures, mythical beasts, and the occasional adventurer jut from the stool. Buried within the stinking mound are 1d4x "dragon pearls," mountain stones swallowed to aid in digestion, that have been worn down to smooth, fist-sized spheres by the processes of draconic digestion and infused with alchemical properties. Other objects of value once possessed by a recent meal may also be found within. In 3d6x minutes a large Dung Beetle emerges from the wood to make use of the dragon's waste.
93	Plants grow rapidly in this part of the forest and anyone standing still finds their ankles quickly entangled in weeds. Likewise, unattended equipment is swallowed up by undergrowth and packs and vehicles become enshrouded by cloaking vines. People foolish enough to remain stationary in this place are entangled in the branches of saplings that spring up at their feet and threaten to crush their bones as they grow into mighty ash trees.
94	An Undead Treant cursed with vampirism stalks through the wood, draining sap from the oldest trees in the forest with its sharp, ironwood fangs. If this oddity is encountered in the daytime, the Treant is still active, its constantly withering and regenerating foliage shielding the bulk of its body from the sun's rays.
95	A clothesline is strung between two trees and, hanging from it by a pair of sturdy, hand-carved clothespins, are two old socks drying in the sunlight. It is clear by the wear and discoloration of the socks that they have been subjected to countless indignities. "CS" is monogrammed onto each sock in faded blue thread.
96	A wounded stag struggles to stand among the thick brambles, an arrow protruding from its flank. There is an equal chance the stag is an avatar of a god of the wilds testing the adventurers, a poacher cursed to relive the death of his former quarry each day, or the prey of a haughty Fey prince who is fast approaching to finish the hunt.
97	A small fruit tree unlike any other in the forest grows from the rich soil, its rich red fruits shining like rubies. The fruits' sweet pulp bursts with magic and the seeds within are potent alchemical components. If anyone comes within 10 feet of the tree, it retracts into the earth only to emerge again 30 feet away in a random direction a few seconds later.
98	Lightning strikes a nearby tree, splitting its ancient bole into two smoking halves. Within the smoldering wood sleeps a babe swaddled in a blanket with the texture of ferns.
99	A snake a mile long coils its way through the woods. It has a head on each of its ends, and these are currently engaged in a heated argument. One head is dedicated to healing and medicine, while the other is devoted to deception and poison, although neither is likely to break from the argument long enough to explain this fact. Either head will be grateful to whoever helps prove its point to its counterpart.
00	A hunter, deep asleep, leans against a mossy tree, a rusty musket across his lap. The hunter has been in an enchanted sleep for 1d100x years. If disturbed, he may awaken.



The Wild Hunt

Throughout “100 Oddities for an Enchanted Forest,” you will find references to the Wild Hunt. The Wild Hunt is a common theme in western mythology, variously associated with the ancient Celtic god of the underworld, Arawn, and his hunting pack; a Fairy king and his fey hounds; and even the Norse god Odin and his hunting dogs. There are more cognates, including the Devil, clad in the green garb of a huntsman, seeking the souls of the wicked. Even the modern ballad of the Old West “Ghost Riders in the Sky” hearkens to this theme.

You can flavor the Wild Hunt any way you like. Perhaps the “hounds” are Werewolves coursing at the behest of their immortal Fey master. Maybe the heroes are on a distant world, where the hunt is a cultural focal point conducted by aliens (or Aliens, or Predators).

In “Oddities for an Enchanted Forest,” we are just fine trading on these and other interpretations. As you roll the various Wild Hunt entries, it will steadily become apparent that the characters have stumbled across a hunt in progress, and the longer they stay in the forest the more likely they are to be hunted themselves.

Each Wild Hunt entry is labelled with the heading “Wild Hunt.” An entry follows, often with some sign, direct or indirect, of the hunt’s activity, near or far, somehow coming to the attention of the player characters. The more Wild Hunt entries you roll, or inflict upon your heroes, the closer the hunt draws.

You can use the section below to track your group’s progression in the attentions of the Wild Hunt. Each one also gives a hint or two you can weave into your narrative at the same time. The default understanding is that on the fourth Wild Hunt entry, the hunt catches up with the heroes. But of course, you can alter that to suit your game.

Wild Hunt Entries

The First: The Wild Hunt has caught a new scent! But perhaps it is distant, or the hunters and hounds are otherwise engaged. There may be no indication of their interest. If there is, perhaps it is a chill wind, or a scattering of birds overhead, accompanied by the distant baying of the hounds.

The Second: The Wild Hunt has taken up the scent of its new quarry. The howling of the pack is heard, either again or for the first time, followed by a more distant winding of a horn, strange and unsettling in its tone.

The Third: The Wild Hunt closes the distance, the sound of the hounds is constant and nearing, and the size of the pack is evident in its voice. Occasionally, the strange hunting horn is also heard. Now, the heroes can feel the “sound” in their bones. Animals in the area, or with the heroes, even animal companions, become nervous: horses are easily spooked, dog growl at those they trust, cats hiss at nothing at all.

The Fourth: The sound of the Wild Hunt is so close that the heroes can feel its proximity. A stag, terrified and near collapse, stumbles into path of the heroes before plunging onward, all but unaware of the meeting in its panic. A moment later, the noise of many bodies moving fast through the brush as the hounds give chase, their yowls all around the heroes, impossible to ignore. An instant later, their glowing eyes ring the heroes camp or march and the tone of the calls to their master changes. Shortly thereafter, the snorting of eldritch mounts presages the entry of the Hunt Master and his party.

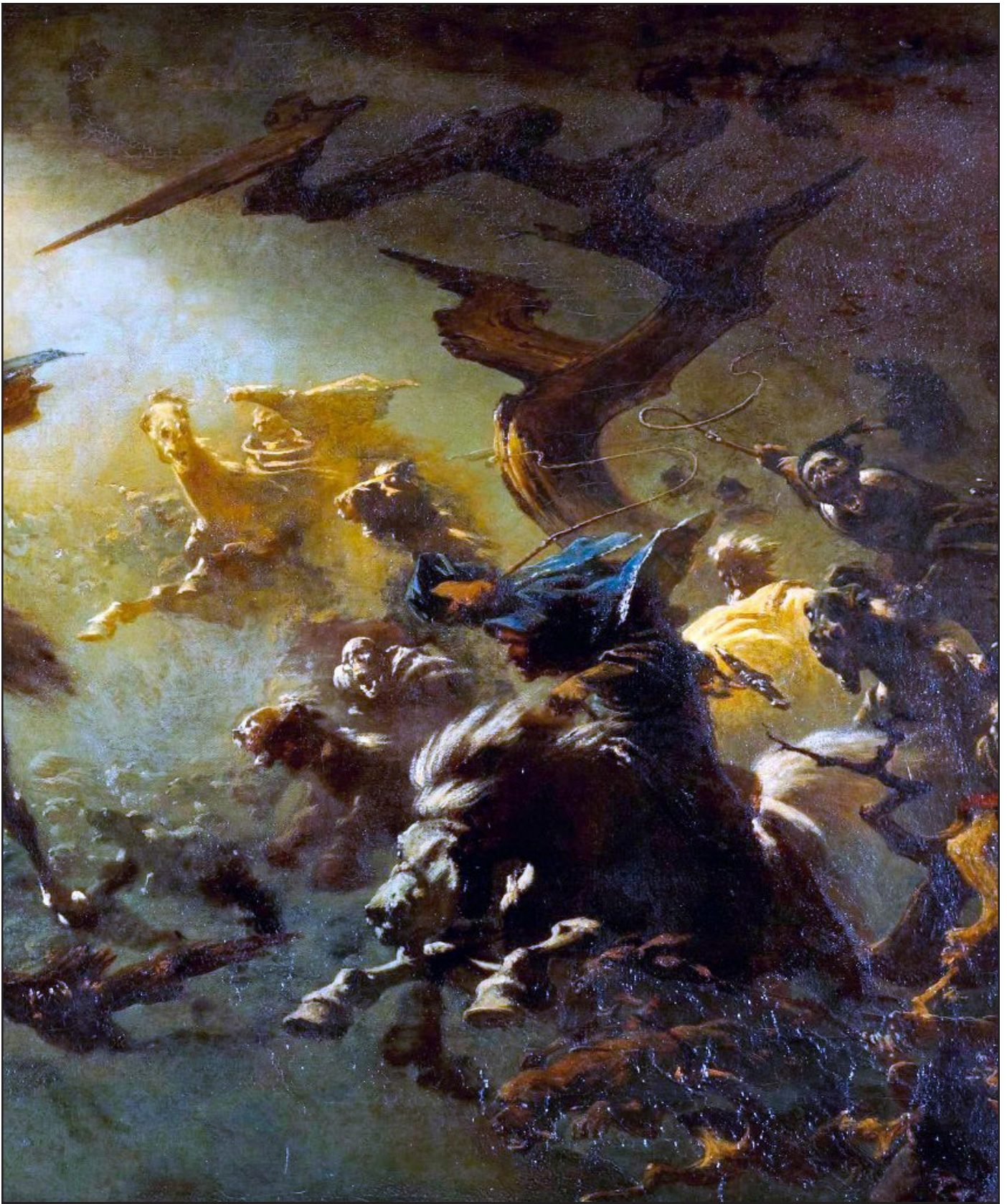
Arrival of the Wild Hunt

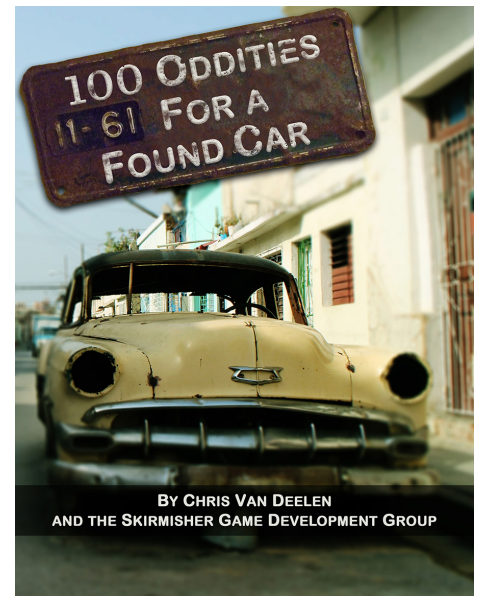
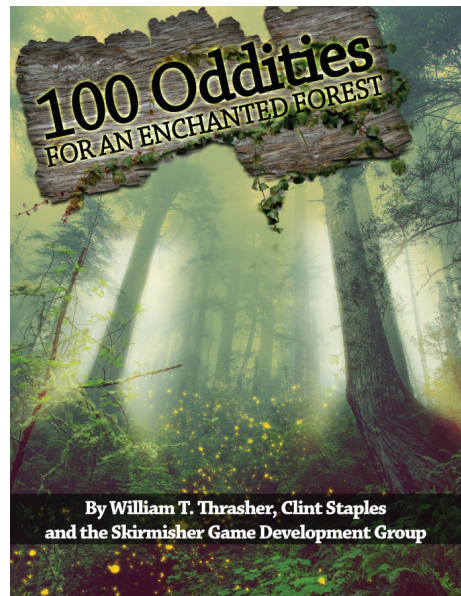
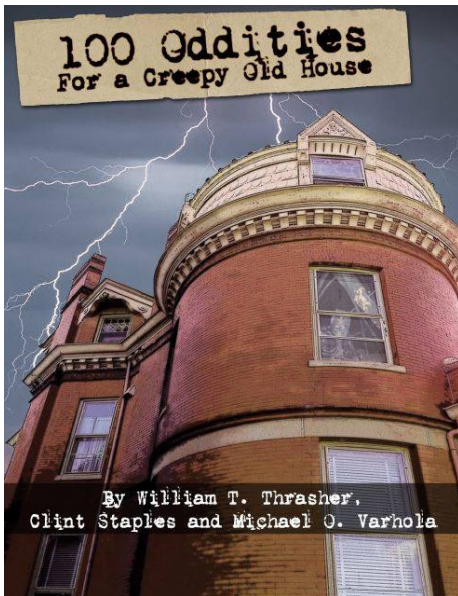
At this point, if not before, you should decide on the nature of the encounter with the Wild Hunt. Will it be an all-out fight, as the hunters try to take down the heroes, either as prey or captives? Or perhaps the Hunt Master has other prey of greater worth at the moment, and simply “marks” these trifling mortals for later consideration. Can the heroes bargain their way free of the encounter? Is there a potential acolyte of the Hunter god among them? Or perhaps one of the heroes would like to take her place among the hunters, or the hounds, for a time, and can think of some worthy service to offer in exchange.

Heck, maybe the heroes can talk their way out by offering some other, better, prey. If so, do not let them off too easy, and have the Hunt Master tell them to deliver it to this forest before the next full moon, or face the full fury of the Wild Hunt!

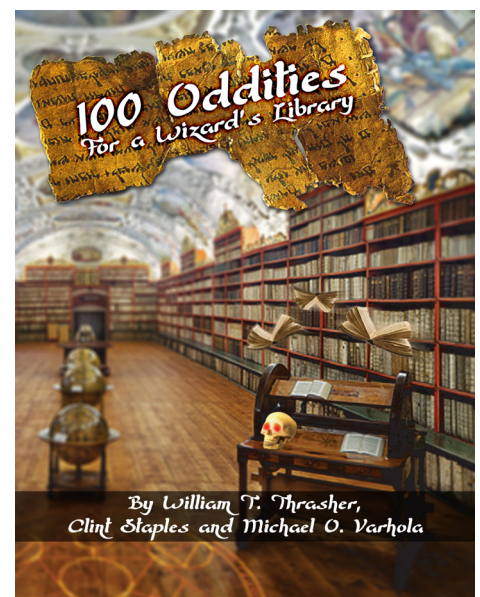
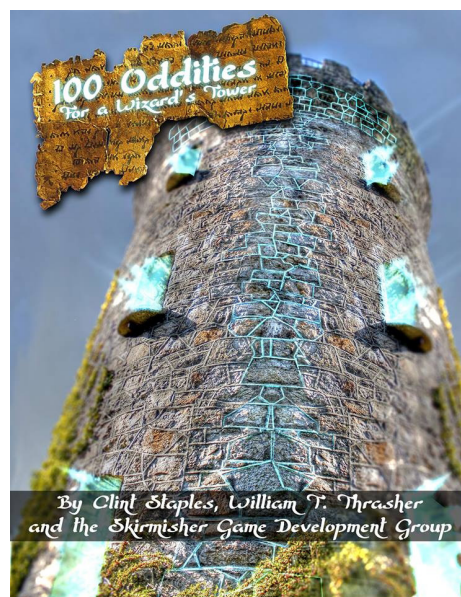
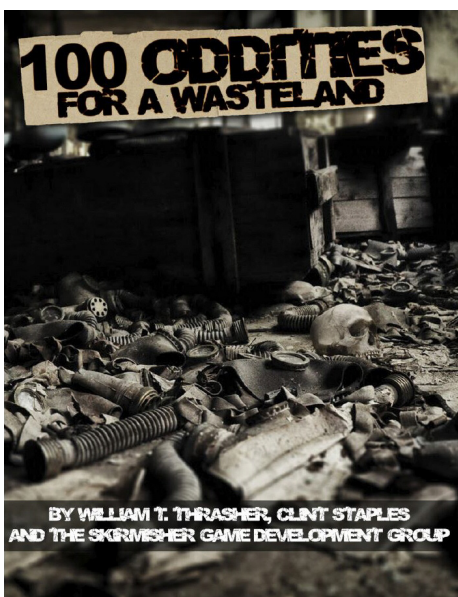
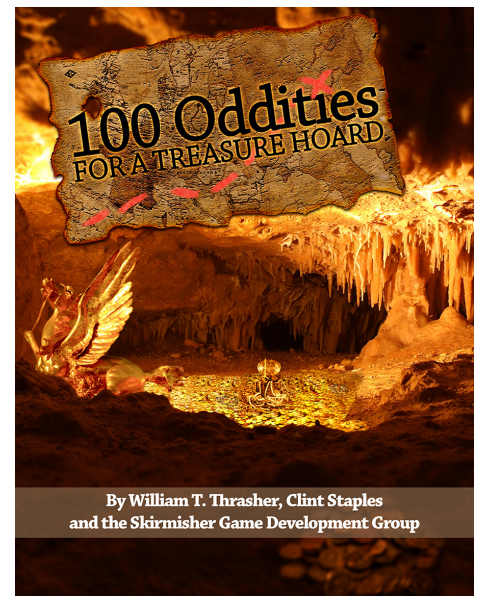
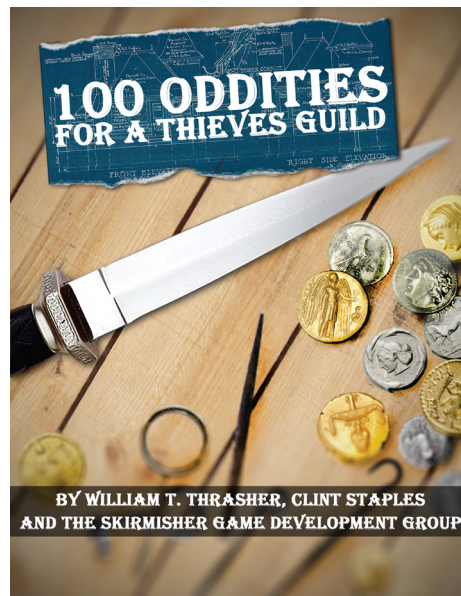
Note that if the heroes escape an Enchanted Forest without encountering the Wild Hunt, you can decide to wipe the slate clean the next time they venture into it — or any other forest for that matter. Or, you can keep track of how many Wild Hunt entries they’ve had, and count those on future trips through the enchanted wood. The Master of the Wild Hunt has a long memory, and does not like to lightly give up prey.

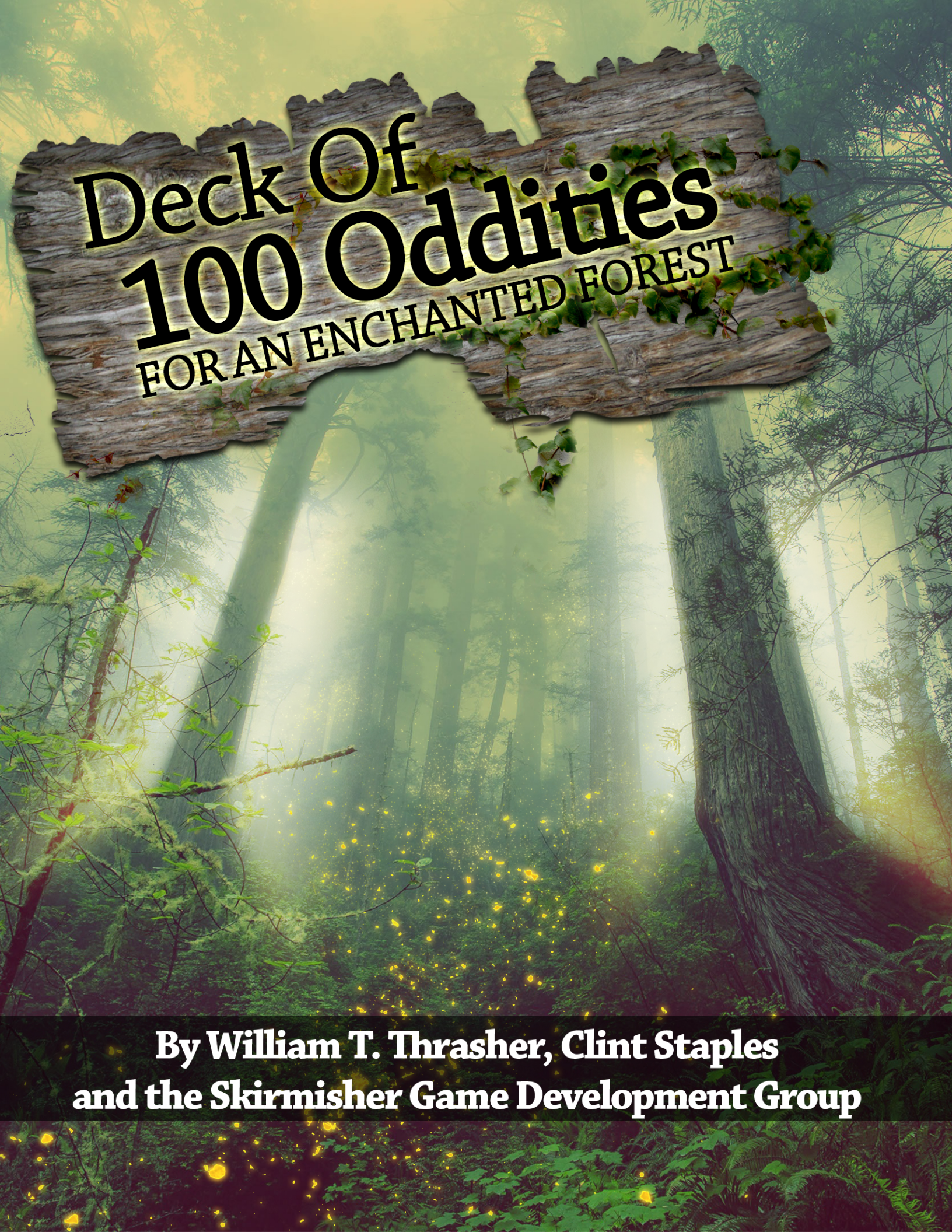






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