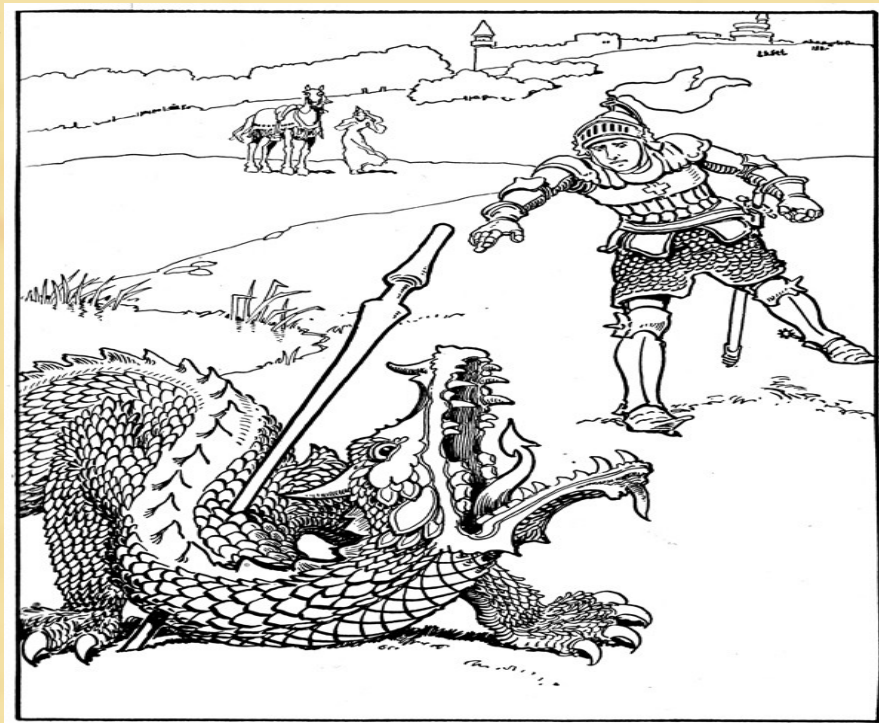


# HALF SIZED ADVENTURES!



SHORT SOLO ADVENTURES  
FOR YOUR ORIGINAL GAME  
CLONES AND RPGS.

BY  
CHARLIE FLEMING

RARR! I'M A MONSTER PUBLISHING!

# HALF SIZED ADVENTURES!

SHORT SOLO ADVENTURES  
FOR YOUR ORIGINAL GAME CLONES AND RPGS.

Half sized Adventures is a collection of short(mostly under 20 paragraphs) solo adventures adapted from the experimental Tunnels & Trolls blog Hobb Sized Adventures for the clones and variants of the Original Role Playing Game(or thou that shall not be named in public, at least print). They are meant for low level characters, but not for weaklings or the faint of heart.

Some adjustments to your normal method of play may apply. I've tried to keep as close to the rules as I could, but for some the method of saving rolls or ability checks may be different that what you are used to. I think it's pretty self explanatory when this occurs in paragraphs. You've been warned. Don't complain, just have fun.

In regards to experience points, please consult your individual game's manual for the awarding of said points. To make things simple, you could always take HPx10 for any enemy you kill and 500 for each adventure survived and 1000 for Harvest of the Souls.

Half Sized Adventures began as an experimental blog called Hobb Sized Adventures where I posted solo adventures for Tunnels & Trolls where they all had to be 20 paragraphs or less(with one exception). It was pretty well received by T&T players. I also adapted them to my own beer & pretzels rpg, QADD: Quick And Dirty Dungeons and released them to serve as introductory adventures so players could get a feel for the system. I hope you enjoy the solos!

Hobb Sized Adventures is on the web at <https://hobbsized.wordpress.com/>

Check out QADD, Angry Flowers, and the rest of our games on DrivethruRPG  
[http://rpg.drivethrustuff.com/index.php?&manufacturers\\_id=3227](http://rpg.drivethrustuff.com/index.php?&manufacturers_id=3227)

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# TOWER IN THE MARSH

1. As if the marsh wasn't bad enough, the rain has started coming down in sheets. You'd still be on the river if that water pig hadn't charged your boat and broke it to pieces. With no boat that means you are stuck traveling the wide marsh along the left bank of the river. Beyond the marsh is a small swamp and beyond that is the Dread Forrest. It's called the Dread Forrest because of all of the devils and demons, and worse if you can imagine it, known to haunt the woods and swamp. Even with the water pigs and reptiles, the marsh is still the safer place, no matter what your kin.

You stop for a minute to get your bearings. The last thing you want to do is take a step in the wrong direction and end up in deep water or lost in a haunted swamp. Raising your hand to shield your eyes from the rain you look ahead. You see that the river begins to bend to the right not too far away. You also see a small island in the marsh with what looks like a stone tower, maybe 3 or 4 stories tall, in the middle of it. You can't make out if there are any windows or not. It doesn't look too hospitable, but with the rain and night coming soon it might provide shelter, even if you have to fight for it.

You make your way up the marsh to the island. You climb the two foot bank of grass and mud to reach the tower. Looking up at the building you see no windows. You wonder if that means the resident of this tower means to keep something out, or in. A large wooden door, rounded at the top, is in front of you. There is a doorknob and a lock for a key beside it, but on the wrong side of where they should usually be. You try the knob and give a light push, but the door is locked as you expected it to be. As the rain comes down harder, two options come to mind. You can try to pick the lock to open it(11) or give the door a good kick(15).

2. The room you are in is a semi-circle. You face the flat wall with the rest of the room curving behind you. It is sparsely decorated with several paintings on the walls. All the paintings are portraits of men ranging from a very old man to a child of 6. Each face has a strong resemblance to the others. A family perhaps? There is a very ornate, circular rug in the center as well. On the flat wall you are facing are two large oval portals framed in gold. The one on the right is shimmering red. The one on the left is shimmering blue. Knowing, or rather not knowing, what's outside you erase the main door from your mind as an option. Will you take the red portal(9) or the blue one(7)?



**3.** This room is empty save for a bed pushed against the one wall and an empty crib in the middle of it. There is a silver one**(10)** on the one side and a yellow**(5)** one on the other. If you haven't opened it already, then the trunk is still there. If you have a key then go to **(8)**. If not then take one of the portals out of the room.

**4.** The sound from the swamp is now right behind you. Since the door won't budge, you turn around to face what the fates have brought your way. Your eyes gaze upon the most hideous monstrosity that they have ever seen. The creature snorts then lets out a deep guttural growl as it takes a step towards you. You gulp and ready your weapon, preparing for the worst. The creature takes another step forward backing you up against the door.

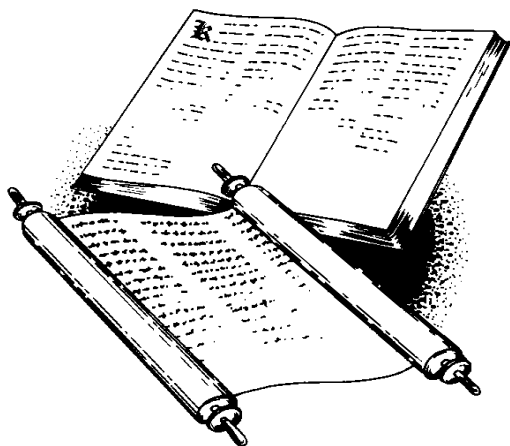
Suddenly the door springs open and you fall back into the tower. The creature is as surprised as you and begins to charge. The door slams shut and an iron bar slides across it. You hear the creature hit the door with a loud thump then the splashes as it wanders away back into the swamp. Go to **(2)**.

**5.** You have entered a room filled with toys. There are stuffed trolls and other creatures scattered around the room. Carved toy knights and monsters, wooden wagons and horses, as well as books and puzzles are strewn all over the floor. There are a few tables around. Some have blankets stacked on them or towels. The room is a semi-circle room. Where other rooms had a flat wall this one has a smaller curved wall with to flat ends on each side. There are two portals on each of the flat parts of the inner wall. One shimmers with yellow and the other with blue.

Roll 1d6 regardless of how many times you've been here. If you roll odds you have tripped a protection spell in the room and 1d6 of the stuffed creatures(AC 8, HD 1-1, HP 3, # of attacks 1 per per toy, damage 1d4-1) attack you. If you roll evens or win the battle then you may continue on and go through the yellow**(12)** or blue**(6)** portals.

**6.** This room has two flat walls forming a right angle in the center. One wall has a red portal in its center. The other wall has a yellow one. The third wall curves around the back connecting them. Cobwebs and dust cover several decrepit swords, staffs, and maces that are affixed to the curved wall. None of which look to be of any use. A large circle is painted in the middle of the room, with a much smaller circle in it's center. Regardless of whether you have been here before or not, a mist forms in the middle of the center circle that soon takes the shape of a

warrior the same size as you, but made of wood. He holds a very metal sword however. It dawns on you that this must be some kind of training room for battle. A spell that summons the wooden warrior must be activated every time someone enters this room. The warrior stands still as if waiting for you to enter the circle. You can go through the red portal **(18)** or the yellow one **(5)**. You may also test your skills against the wooden warrior if you'd like by entering the circle. The warrior has an AC of 6, HD 1, 8HP, and 1 attack that can do 1d8 damage. If you win the fight the warrior and it's sword vanish in a mist. You can now choose one of the portals to go through. The warrior will not appear again until you enter the room again. If you lose, both you and the warrior disappear in a sorcerous mist.



7. This room has two flat walls forming a right angle in the center. One wall has a red portal in its center. The other wall has a blue one. The third wall filled with book shelves curves around the back connecting them. The room has a rather musty smell to it. A rather large wooden desk is in the center covered in old papers. Upon inspection the paper appear to be manuscripts written in a tongue not familiar to you. One in particular has three diagrams depicting combinations of a red, blue, and yellow orbs in sets of two. The chair at the

table has several books piled up into the seat, as if someone small used them to be able to reach the table. Candles, long since extinguished, are all around the room in sconces and on the desk in various degrees of melting. If you have been here before then you can go through the red **(18)** or blue **(2)** portal. If this is your first time in the room go to **(13)**.

8. You open the trunk to find three items. One is a dagger in a metal sheath that flames when drawn in front of an enemy (2d4+2 damage and worth 300GP). Next is a golden ring of protection (lowers your AC by 1 and must be worn on a bare hand and worth 277 GP). Lastly is a gauntlet of turning (just 1 and it wards off undead or unholy creatures as a cleric of the same level when raised before them. If the character is a cleric then he/she may try to turn the undead at a level higher than they already are. It's worth 410GP). Once the last item is removed the key begins to glow. Soon the glowing encompasses the entire trunk until it and the key vanish from sight. With nothing else left in the room besides an empty crib and a bed, you can go through the silver portal **(10)** or the yellow one **(5)**.

**9.** This room is a semi-circle. This was obviously a kitchen. The shelves are empty. The counters are filthy with dust and mold. The ovens decrepit from non-use. The only thing shining in this dark room are the two portals on the flat wall. If you have been here before you can go through the blue one on the right**(6)** or the blue one on the left**(2)**. If you haven't been here before go to **(14)**.

**10.** You have entered a small circular room. There is nothing here save for three pedestals with orbs on top. The orbs are colored blue, red, and yellow. You touch one orb and it glows brightly with it's color. You wonder what would happen if you touched two at the same time. If you touch the red and blue go to **(19)**. If you touch the Yellow and Red go to **(17)**. If you touch the blue and yellow go to **(16)**.

**11.** Roll a d20 against your DX score. If you roll your score or less it then you hear the click of the mechanism unlocking and you are now able to open the door and go in **(2)**. If not you can try again or go to **(15)** and try kicking the door in.

**12.** If you've been here before go to **(3)**. If not then continue reading.

Coming through the portal brings you to a semi-circle room. Where other rooms had a flat wall this one has a smaller curved wall with to flat ends on each side. A large bed has been pushed to the one side, as if to get it out of the way. It looks like there may have been other pieces of furniture in the room at one time by the markings on the floor. Other than the bed, there is only a baby's crib. A faint bluish glow emanates from within the crib. You look in to see a baby sleeping in a bath of light. This was the last thing you were ever expecting to find in a place like this. You peer into the crib again to make sure you are seeing this right. This time you find the baby looking right at you. The eyes somehow seem old to you, filled with knowledge of a long life, like the gaze of an old teacher. The baby smiles at you with a seemingly knowing smile, The glow around the baby brightens, so bright you have to back up and shield your eyes.

The light goes out. You uncover your eyes and approach the crib finding it empty. Whatever had just happened has left as a mystery, leaving you to only wonder.

Something shiny catches your eye from underneath the crib. It's a locked trunk adorned with shiny trimmings. You try the lid but it won't budge. A keyhole on the lock looks hopeful. Any attempts to pick the lock prove fruitless. If you have a key go to **(8)**. If not then you give up and start thinking that maybe it's time to just get out of here. You look around to see if the room has any portals. There is a silver one**(10)** on the one side and a yellow**(5)** one on the other.

**13.** As you shuffle through the manuscripts, a mist begins to form on top of the desk. It keeps getting denser until it finally takes humanoid shape. Apparently the desk had some sort of protection spell placed on it. The mist becomes solid to reveal the form of a bluish green impish like creature. It reveals it's sharp claws and teeth as it spreads it's wings and lunges at you. Roll a d20 against your DX score. If you roll higher than your DX the creature gets a first strike in and you take 2 points damage. The flying spawn of black sorcery has an AC of 7, HD 1, 8HP, and 1 attack doing 1d6 damage. If you defeat it you can go through the red**(18)** or blue **(2)** portal, otherwise your adventure ends here I'm afraid.

**14.** You hear a sloshing and scraping sound coming from the one corner, that begins to move in your direction. A large blue, green, and black mass is coming rather quickly between you and the portals. It has an AC of 8, HD 1+1, 9HP and 1 attack of 1d8. If you defeat whatever it was then go back to **(9)** and choose a portal to go through. If it defeats you, then it eats you.

**15.** Roll 1d20 against your STR. If you roll more than your score, keep trying because the noises from the swamp are getting louder, or is it just closer. If you miss 3 times in a row go to **(4)**. If you make it you manage to loosen the latch enough that the door swings open. Once inside you are able to shut it again. There is an iron bar that you are able to pull across the door. You are glad it wasn't on the door when you tried to kick it in. You hope it's strong enough to keep out whatever was making those sounds. Go to **(2)**.



**16.** The room fills with green light. Though you are standing still, hands still on the orbs, you feel as if you are being pulled somewhere. As the light fades and flickers away, a sense of relief rushes over you. You find yourself home, wherever home may be.

**17.** The room fills with orange light. Though you are standing still, hands still on the orbs, you feel as if you are being pulled somewhere. As the light fades and flickers away, you begin to feel like you are in a place unfamiliar to you, but only

slightly. You find yourself on a road. The sun is shining bright. The air, however, smells like farmland. A sign on the side of the road reads "Dimble, 5 miles". Thinking it might be a good place to start looking for some answers about where you are and how you can get home, you head towards the Town of Dimble.

Just outside of town an old woman stops you dead.

"Aye, there ya are. I been lookin' all over for ya." She croaks at you.

"Me?" You ask being quite puzzled. Somehow you know this might not end good.

**18.** This room is a semi-circle. Great bookshelves line the curved wall. Stacks of musty old books are piled on the shelves. There are a few smaller bookcases scattered around the middle of the room as well. There are two small tables with plain chairs, one on each side of the room. In the middle is a great chair with red plush cushions. A table is beside the chair with a few books on it. The top book is open to a page of crude infantile drawings. Flipping back through the book the drawings seem to get better, much more artistic the further back you go. At the front of the book it looks like a big chunk of pages have been torn out. The first page currently in the book says simply that the process must be



stopped. If you haven't been here before roll 1d20 against your INT. If you roll your score or less go to **(20)**. If you miss the roll or have been here before then you can go through either the blue portal on the right **(6)** or the blue portal on the left **(7)** on the flat wall.

**19.** The room fills with purple light. Though you are standing still, hands still on the orbs, you feel as if you are being pulled somewhere. As the light fades and flickers away, you begin to feel a sharp breeze wisp by you. You are back outside of the tower. The rain has stopped. You quickly notice a boat tied to a dock behind the tower. The rain must have been coming down so hard that you just didn't notice it before. Seeing this as the safest way out of the marsh, you board the small craft. As you look around for oars a soft voice asks "Where would you like to go Master?". You answer and are quickly on your way.

**20.** As you further rummage through the books on the table, you find a silver key. Thinking it might be useful somewhere down the line, you pick it up and put it someplace safe. Go back to **(18)** and pick a portal to go through.

# Duck Soup

**1.** You are on your way to the Fantasia Tavern, fancying to have an adventurous time delving your way to the bottom level of a few pints of ale, when all of a sudden an old woman blocks your path.

"Aye, there ya are. I been lookin' all over for ya." She croaks at you.

"Me?" You ask being quite puzzled.

"Aye you! Thought you could sneak away without fetching me duck did ya? Guess you don't want any o' my famous duck soup do ya's?" Lucky for you I'm hungry as a snark. Now go get me duck!"

"Lady, I think you must have me mistaken with som..."

She interrupts you with a healthy poke of her cane to your shoulder.

"Don't be sassin' me boy! Go get me duck!"

You sigh realizing that it might just be better to find a duck for this old hag than the trouble that might follow if you didn't.

"Alright lady, where can I find this duck?" You reluctantly ask.

"Are ya daft boy? You can find one in the pond down yonder." She points down a path through the woods. "Ya might want a get some bread from the bakery first to make it easier to catch. Hmmm, might be it's corn they like instead. Ah what differnce it make, just go get me duck wills ya."

She pokes you with her cane one more time to make sure what she means is known.

"I ain't leavin' this spot until ya comes back with it neither, so make it quick!"

With a sigh, you turn and head for the path to go get this crone her duck. You wonder how hard could this really be. Go to **(4)**.

**2.** You are at a 4 way intersection. You can go North **(4)**, South **(13)**, East **(6)** or West **(3)**. A sign on the path to the South reads Pim's Pond.

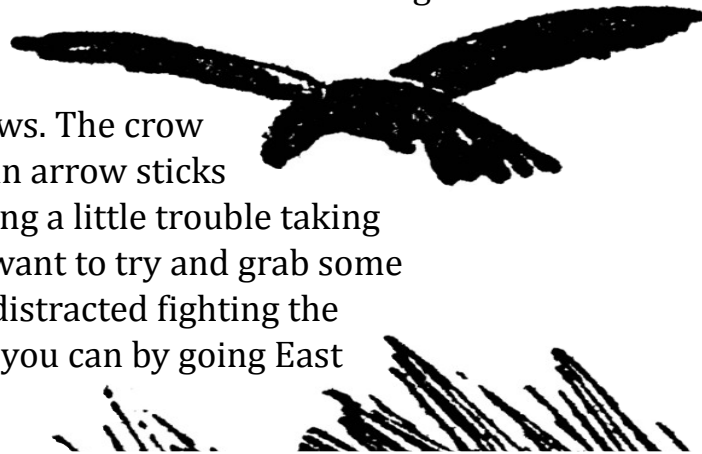
**3.** The path bends to the East or North to a cornfield. Roll 1d6. If you roll evens go to **(12)**. If you roll odds go to **(10)**.

**4.** You walk down the path, eventually coming to a crossroads. The smell of baking bread wafts in from the path to the East. You can see the edge of a field to the West. The path continues straight ahead of you as well. If you want to go buy some bread go to **(8)**. If you want to check out the field for corn go to **(7)**. If you'd rather not make this harder than it needs to be go to **(2)**.

5. The crow has an AC of 6, HD 1, 8HP and 1 attacks with 1d6 damage each. If you kill it go to **(11)**.

6. You come to a sign post with two arrow shaped signs on it. One sign points the North and has Portay's Pan Area Delicious Baked Goods. The other points to a path to the West and reads Pim's Pond. Before you can decide which way to go, a loud chittering fills your ears as you find yourself facing a dire squirrel that has leaped on the top of the sign post. The dire squirrel, crazed from the smell of the bakery, had seen the sack you carry and wants to challenge you for your bread. You wonder if it makes a habit of shaking down travelers for their baked goods. The dire squirrel has a AC of 6, HD 1, 6HP, and 1 attack of 1d4 damage. If the dire squirrel gets a hit in any round of combat, you must roll 1d20 against your DX. If you roll higher then you get bit a second time in the round for an extra 2 points of damage. Once the rodent is vanquished you can decide where to go. If you think the pond might be a good place to find a duck go to **(2)**. Going North takes you to Portay's **(8)**.

7. You come to the edge of a field. A short distance across the field is the edge of a cornfield. There is a huge flutter of wings as a large crow, the size of a dog, crashes out of the field and into the air, followed by a volley of arrows. The crow drops a number of ears of corn from it claws as an arrow sticks in it's back end. Stunned from being hit, it is having a little trouble taking off. Do you want to attack the crow **(5)**? Do you want to try and grab some ears of corn and make off while the farmers are distracted fighting the crow **(9)**? Do you just want to leave as quickly as you can by going East **(4)** or down the path you see going South **(3)**?



8. You come up to a large cottage. The smell of baking bread is riding the steam coming out of the vents in the roof. 8 year old Wendis Portay is sitting at a table filled with loaves of bread and muffins.

“You want some bread mister?”

“Uh, yes I think I do. Little girl, do you know on old lady you lives up this path?”

Wendis looks at you then covers her mouth as she bursts out in big giggles. “DAD! A MAN'S HERE WHO CAME FROM THE SOUP LADY!” She shouts, still giggling. Murnd Portay comes out of his shop to greet you. He has a big smile on his face obviously suppressing laughter.

“Hello there.” He manages to get out without a snicker. “The old bag caught ya

ay? Hold on I'll be right back."

Before you can get a word out Murnd goes back into his shop. He comes out with a sack and hands it to you.

"Here this is some old stale bread I was going to throw out anyway. There's no charge." He says as he heads back into his shop. "Good luck!"

Not being able to contain himself anymore, Murnd busts into laughter, slapping his leg several times as he walks back into his shop. Wendis is holding her stomach with one hand and pointing at you with the other, laughing as hard as her dad. Shaking your head and trying to ignore them, you turn to see how you can get out of there quickly. You can go on the path headed West **(4)**. There is another path that heads South. You can see a sign post down the path but you can't make out what it says. If you choose to go that way go to **(6)**.

**9.** Roll 1d20 against your DX. If you roll equal or less you manage to grab a few ears of corn and get out of there before the farmers see you. If not one of the farmers sees you as they come running out of the cornfield. He begins shooting at you while the other focuses on the crow. You drop all the corn you picked up deciding it's not worth puncture wounds. You can go East **(4)** or go down the path you see going South **(3)**, with or without corn.



**10.** You hear a loud buzz as a giant wasp begins flying around your head. Apparently you didn't see the nest it was building a few inches above your head. The wasp has an AC of 4, HD 1-1, 7HP, and 2 attacks of 1d4 damage. If you kill it you decide to go down the path to the East **(2)** or North to a cornfield**(7)**.

**11.** Two farmers come running out of the cornfield to see you standing over the dead crow.

"Sir, I thank ya." One of them says to you. "That blasted thing has been bothering us for months. How can I repay ya for yer good deed?"

You think back to something the old lady said., "Well, would a sack of some of the corn the crow dropped be too much to ask?"

"No no that would be fine. I appreciate what ya done here Sir."

The other farmer takes off an empty sack he had draped over his belt and begins to

fill it with dropped corn.

"Sir, can I ask ya a question?" The other farmer says as he hands you the sack. "Are you here because of the soup lady?"

"You mean the old woman that lives down that path? Um, yeah, yeah I am."

You answer.

"Thought so. Good luck to ya!" The other farmer says as they turn, bursting with laughter, and walk back into the cornfield. You can go East **(4)** or go down the path you see going South **(3)**.

**12.** You hear a loud buzz and decide to make a haste from the spot where you stand. You can run North to a cornfield **(7)** or East **(2)**.



**13.** You finally come to the pond the old lady was talking about, now to find her duck. You look around and see nothing, not one blasted duck anywhere.

"Great!" You say to yourself. "Now what? Bloody Nath!"

After scanning the area again, you decide this was just another fool's errand you got caught up in...again. You turn to head back.

"That crazy old bat can starve for all I care. I'm going straight to the pub!" A loud splash, a very loud splash happens behind you as you walk back down the path. You turn around to find your self staring at a duck twice your size, with 2 heads. If you have a sack of corn and a sack of bread go to **(17)**. If you have just corn go to **(15)**. If you have just bread go to **(16)**. If you have neither go to **(14)**.

**14.** Bloody Nath that thing is huge you think to yourself. The duck takes one look at you and comes barreling out of the water. You are going to have a good fight on your

hands. The duck has a AC of 5,HD 2, 16HP, and 2 attacks of 1d8. If you win go to **(18)**.

**15.** Bloody Nath that thing is huge you think to yourself. You suddenly remember why you got the corn. Quickly, you dump the corn in front of you and stand back. Seeing the food, the duck comes barreling out of the water. The left head is staring right at you as the right one focuses on the pile of corn. Looks like you have a fight on your hands. The Duck has an AC of 5,HD 2, 16HP with 1 attack of 1d8 damage because it's half distracted. If you win go to **(18)**.

**16.** Bloody Nath that thing is huge you think to yourself. You suddenly remember why you got the bread. Quickly, you dump the bread in front of you and stand back. Seeing the food, the duck comes barreling out of the water. The right head is staring right at you as the left one focuses on the pile of bread. Looks like you have a fight on your hands. The Duck has an AC of 5,HD 2 16HP with 1 attack of 1d8 damage because it's half distracted. If you win go to **(18)**.

**17.** Bloody Nath that thing is huge you think to yourself. You suddenly remember why you got the corn and the bread. Quickly, you dump the contents of both sacks in front of you and stand back. Seeing the food, the duck comes barreling out of the water. One head seems to be attracted to the corn while the other to the bread. One body charges the food as two heads go for what each likes. A loud crack echos as both heads, oblivious to what the other was doing, smack into each other knocking the duck out cold.

“That old hag wants a duck, I'll give her a duck!” you say looking at the unconscious body of the fowl. You realized how easy this job just became. You kill the duck and then go to **(18)**.

**18.** It takes the like of you, two farmers and a baker to haul the duck's carcass back to the where the old lady is waiting.

“It's about time ya got back. Whatta ya tryin' to do, starve an old woman?” She says scowling at you. “C'mon let's get that thing to the pot. I never said anything about invitin' yer friends to supper though, but since they help I suppose they can come join us.”

You and the others look at each other blankly for a second or two before bursting out in laughter. The four of you, followed by Wendis Portay, turn and follow the old woman home dragging the duck behind you. You let your mind wander a little, daydreaming about how many free drinks your story will get you at the Fantasia later, after a good meal of course.

# TOMB OF THE TOAD

1. Thanks to the interference of a rampaging Slorrr, the trip back from your latest adventure has been rerouted. The Slorrr, at least you think that's what it was called based on the noise it made, had come out of nowhere. Dropping everything except your weapons and armor you to make haste to someplace it's massive form can't follow you. Lucky for you the woods were getting denser and spacing between the trees was getting smaller. You hear the Slorrr bash a few trees trying to make it's way through until it roars one last time giving up on you in search of easier prey. The sigh of relief you feel turns to a groan as you realize that having lost the beast has left you lost as well, and standing in a marsh.

In scanning your surroundings looking for a viable and safe way out, you notice a stone, moss covered structure 30 feet away. Closer inspection reveals it to be a tomb, the tomb of C'roakkk the Intolerable according to the crude sign. You put a little pressure on the door and find that it easily opens inward. A burst of dank, moldy air hits you in the face, making you cough but not deterring you from going inside.

Phosphorescent moss gives the entrance to the tomb a creepy glow. The floor is dry but you notice water seeping in from the walls near the base, flowing like tiny streams down the two corridors in front of you. One to the right(2) and one to the left(3), both slope downward..

2. This is a small room, much damper than the entrance. There are wooden plaques affixed to the walls. Though they are mostly rotted away, you can make out words written in a language you've never seen before. There are also some depicting scenes from a story about humanoid frog-like beings holding a trial, imprisoning one of their own, and of a celebration. You turn around to continue on just as a giant slug oozes it's way out of a tunnel on your left, making it's way right for you. The Slug has an AC of 8, HD 1, 7HP, and 1 attack of 1d6. If you win the fight, you see that there are two tunnels continuing on, the one on the left hand corner(7) where the slug came from and one a little to the right(5). If you have lost the fight, then you need to roll better characters.

3. This room is much damper than the entrance. Water is ankle deep and flowing down two tunnels in front of you. There looks to have been some decorations on the walls at one point. Anything there now is moldy and rotted. A huge mess of garbage is along the left hand wall. If you want to check it out to see if

anything is there go to **(8)**, if not go to **(6)**.

**4.** The two tunnels out of this room lead a little to the left**(7)** and out of the right hand corner of the room**(5)**.

**5.** This room is filled with blackish water that comes to your mid-shin(a lot higher if you are a Hobb or Dwarf). A rotted wooden door is in the wall across the room from you. In the phosphorescent glow of the moss on the walls, you see four shiny objects floating in the muck. The objects begin to move towards you and getting faster. You draw your weapon, realizing that the shiny objects are the eyes of two black toadlings leaping out of the water at you. The black toadlings are the size of a large cat. They have the head and strong legs of a toad with a long tadpole like body ending in a tail. Their mouths are filled with sharp black teeth. They have an AC of 6,HD 1, 6HP, and 1 attack each of 1d8 damage. If you are bit, make a saving roll against poison to see if you take an extra point of damage from the septic slime covering their bodies and teeth. If you win you can go through the door on the other side of the room **(9)**. If you lose, the black toadlings make a feast of your innards.

**6.** You take a step to check out the tunnels running downward before you, trying to decide which one to take. Suddenly you are surprised by noise behind you. You turn to see a giant silverfish coming right towards you out of the garbage pile. The silverfish has an AC of 8,HD 1 8HP, and 2 attacks of 1d6 damage. If you win go to **(4)**.

**7.** The tunnel has lead you to a room filled with water and slime. Hundreds of small slugs move around the walls and ceiling. Patches of luminescent slime float on top of the shin deep water. As you make your way through the muck to the door on the other side roll 1d20 against your Dexterity. If you make it or less then you made your way through the room unscathed. If you miss, you slip and fall into a patch of slime taking 1d6 of damage due to various size stones under the water and the toxicity of the slime on open wounds. Either way you may now go to **(9)**.

**8.** Your rooting through the garbage has ticked off a giant silverfish that was hiding there. The silverfish has an AC of 8, HD 1, 8HP, and 2 attacks of 1d6 damage. If you win go to **(4)**.

**9.** The water all seem to pool in this room to about knee deep, draining through a grate in the door ahead of you. A large metal bar is across the door, barring it from being opened from the other side. You can try to take the bar off the door and open it(11) or think better of it, leave it be and go back out of the tomb **(10)**.

**10.** You are two levels deep into the tomb. The tunnels and corridors leading back up have water running down them making it difficult to get good traction for a safe climb back up. Roll 1d20 against your Dexterity. For each one you miss take 1D6 of damage for falling hard on the way up. If you are still alive. Once back out side, you take several deep breaths of fresh, well fresher air than what you had just been dealing with, before you hear the crack of trees and a raging roar of “SLLLLOOORRRRRRRRR!” headed your way. You take one more sharp breath before taking off at top speed back through the marsh.

**11.** A massive stench hits you in the face and fills your lungs as you enter the room. For a few seconds it's hard to breath and your eyesight has gone hazy.

“Who BROAAK is there?” a gravely voice from the darkness asks. “Have you BROAAK come to die?”

Your eyes begin adjusting revealing a humanoid frog like figure of black, grown, and green sitting on a huge chair of fish, animal, and insect exoskeleton. This must be C'roakkk the Intolerable. From the smell you speculate of where the Intolerable part of his name came from. You expected to find him, just not alive.

“BROAAK my imprisonment may BROAAK have take my eyes, but I can still find you...Meat!” C'roakkk takes several short sniffs of the air before his tongue lashes out, snapping right by your head. He begins to rise out of his chair, taking several more short sniffs. C'roakkk has an AC of 4,HD 2+1 17HP, and 2 attacks of 1d8 damage. His weapon is his whip-like tongue. If you slay C'roakkk you can scour the room for any treasure or any items of use. In looking around the room, you do find a ruby worth 200GP. How the ruby got there is probably a mystery you don't want to know. You also find a crude grappling hook made of of fish and insect parts attached to a crude piece of rope(you don't want to know what it's made of) that loos sturdy enough to help you get back up the slippery tunnels so you can get out of this place. Once back out side, you take several deep breaths of fresh, well fresher air than what you had just been dealing with, before you hear the crack of trees and a raging roar of “SLLLLOOORRRRRRRRR!” headed your way. You take one more sharp breath before taking off at top speed back through the marsh.

# THE CHALLENGE OF THE KING

The good news is you have been granted an audience with the King Venmeer of the Kingdom of Elsnor. The bad news is he is also known to be mad as a Hatter(whatever a Hatter is). You are in front of him today because King Venmeer has decided that his eldest daughter should be married and has devised a challenge for all would be suitors. The champion of the challenge shall be the one to wed his daughter. Suitors are chosen by random selection(and "by random" meant kidnapped from the street). You are Today's lucky contestant.

"Your Majesty, though this is an honor, you must see that I am not what you would call good husband material." You plead. "I mean just look at me."

"Silence! This IS an honor. Please conduct your self properly." The King says to you then turns to address the crowd. "Let the challenge begin! OPEN THE PORTAL!"

A bright shimmering opens in front of you, too bright for you to actually see into. You have no trouble smelling, however, the horror that wafts through.

"BAAAAAAA!" says an unseen voice coming from behind the King.

"Please Quadrina, I've told you this is how it must be." The King replies to the voice.

"What was that?" You ask the King in confusion.

"That is my daughter, Quadrina, to whom you shall be wed, providing you survive of course."

"But...she's a sheep!"

"Throw him in."



Two guards grab you by the shoulders and toss you into the shimmering hole in front of you.

You land in a stone room lit with torches. The hole you fell through dims and closes then opens briefly again spewing your weapon and armor to the floor before closing completely. You pick them up and equip yourself just as another portal opens before you. An unseen force shoves you through. Roll 2d6 to see where you end up.

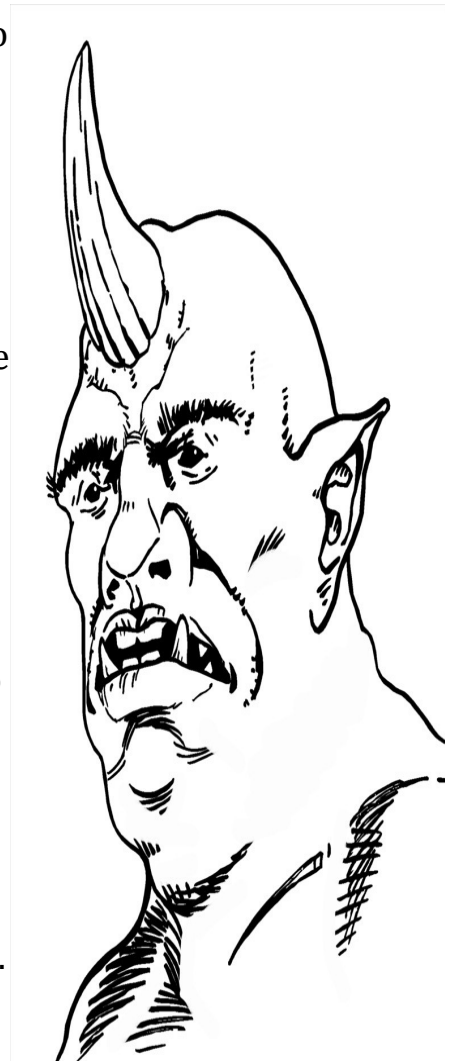
**2.** You land in a stone room lit with torches. Roll for a wandering monster and see what vile varmint you will be facing. If you win roll on the treasure table to see your reward. Two portals open up in front of you. One goes to **(8)** and the other to **(12)**.

**3.** You land in a stone room lit with torches. Roll 1d4. If you roll odds you sprung a trap. Roll on the trap table to see what despicable device you set off. If you make it two portals open up in front of you. One goes to **(11)** and the other to **(2)**.

**4.** You land in a stone room lit with torches. Roll for a wandering monster and see what craven creature you will be facing. If you win roll on the treasure table to see your reward. Two portals open up in front of you. One goes to **(6)** and the other to **(11)**.

**5.** You land in a stone room lit with torches. Roll 1d12. If you roll odds you sprung a trap. Roll on the trap table to see what contrived contraption you set off. If you make it two portals open up in front of you. One goes to **(10)** and the other to **(3)**.

**6.** You land in a stone room lit with torches. Roll for a wandering monster and see what maniacal monstrosity you will be facing. If you win roll on the treasure table to see your reward. Two portals open up in front of you. One goes to **(13)** and the other to **(10)**.



**7.** You land in a stone room lit with torches. Roll 1d8. If you roll odds you sprung a trap. Roll on the trap table to see what malicious machination you set off. If you make it two portals open up in front of you. One goes to **(9)** and the other to **(4)**.

**8.** You land in a stone room lit with torches. Roll for a wandering monster and see what baneful beast you will be facing. If you win roll on the treasure table to see your reward. Two portals open up in front of you. One goes to **(5)** and the other to **(9)**.

**9.** You land in a stone room lit with torches. Roll for a wandering monster and see what heinous hellion you will be facing. If you win roll on the treasure table to see your reward. Two portals open up in front of you. One goes to **(4)** and the other to **(5)**.

**10.** You land in a stone room lit with torches. Roll for a wandering monster and see what foul fiend you will be facing. If you win roll on the treasure table to see your reward. Two portals open up in front of you. One goes to **(3)** and the other to **(8)**.

**11.** You land in a stone room lit with torches. Roll 1d10. If you roll odds you sprung a trap. Roll on the trap table to see what atrocious ambush you set off. If you make it two portals open up in front of you. One goes to **(7)** and the other to **(6)**.



**12.** You land in a stone room lit with torches. Roll for a wandering monster and see what villainous villain you will be facing. If you win roll on the treasure table to see your reward. Two portals open up in front of you. One goes to **(2)** and the other to **(7)**.

**13.** The portal spits you out into a large room with four guards facing you, weapons drawn. Apparently you have found the exit, though it doesn't appear to exactly what you thought it would be. The four guards start advancing on you. Suddenly you realize they are going to take you back to the King, and to your wedding. Roll 1d20. If you make odds it then today has become your wedding day and all of Elsnoor will celebrate with joy and laughter, mostly laughter. If you rolled evens, it dawns on you that you have two options to get out of this. If you

want to try and talk your way out of it with the guards got to **(14)**. If you just want to bribe them go to **(15)**.

**14.** Roll 1d20 against your Charisma. If you roll more than your Charisma then maybe you can try bribing them(**GO TO 15**) or just enjoy your wedding day. If you roll your Charisma or less the guards are apathetic to your situation. They give you some robes and show you a secret way out of the castle, at the price of all the treasure you collected in the challenge. Thinking this is a fair trade, considering the alternative, you leave the castle. You are free, and very lucky man.

**15.** They quickly agree to the bribe. The problem is they want all the treasure you came out of the challenge with, leaving you with nothing except your freedom. Considering the other option, you realize this isn't a bad deal. The guards give you some robes, show you a secret way out of the castle, and you are free, and very lucky man.

## **Wandering Monster Table:**

All the creatures were put in the dungeon by it's creator, the evil wizard Zzabath. Some have been created in the vile labs of the sorcerer, while others were included at the insistence of King Venmeer.

Roll 3d6.

3 - Tiger AC 6 HD 5+5 HP 20 # of attacks 1 Damage 2d4

4 - Bear AC 7 HD 3+3 HP 15 # of attacks 1 Damage 2d6

5 - Dire sloth AC 7 HD 3 HP 12 # of attacks 1 Damage 1d8

6 - 1d6 of Rats AC 9 HD 1-3 HP 3 each # of attacks 1 per rat Damage 1d4

7 - A really big spider AC 8 HD 2 HP 10 # of attacks 2 Damage 1d6

8 - Pig-Man(A humanoid pig) AC 6 HD 2 HP 14 # of attacks 1 Damage 1d6+1

9 - A Mini-Taur(A half pint minotaur created in the dark labs of the evil wizard Zzabath) AC 5 HD 4 HP 23 # of attacks 1 Damage 1d8+1

10 - Toadling(Slimy humanoid creatures with frog like features)

AC 6 HD 2 HP 9 # of attacks 1 Damage 1d6+1

11 - Giant Silverfish(A large centipede-ish bug that loves damp and dark places)

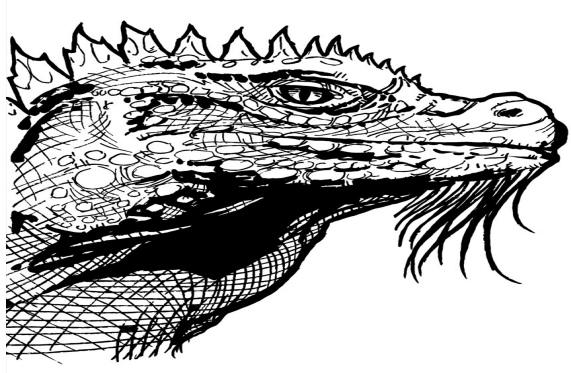
AC 8 HD 1 HP 8 # of attacks 2 Damage 1d4

12 - Dust Golem (Waist-high golem that forms out of solid dust. It disintegrates when killed) AC 5 HD1+3 HP 10 # of attacks 2 Damage 1d4+2

13 - Ogre AC 5 HD 4+1 HP 26 # of attacks 1 Damage 1d10

14 - Doom Jelly(A greenish/yellowish blob that does an extra 1 die of damage when it rolls a natural 20 to hit occurs) AC 7 HD 2+2 HP 16 # of attacks 1

Damage 3d4



15 - Dragonette (A dog sized lizard with a tough hide that takes 3 hits and powerful jaws) AC 5 HD 2+2 HP 15 # of attacks 1

Damage 1d8+1

16 - Will-o-wisp (A ball of electrical light. Player takes 1 hit of electrical damage when a hit on the will-o-wisp is made with a metal weapon.) AC 5 HD 1+1 HP 6 # of attacks 2

Damage 1d6

17 - Killer moth AC 8 HD 1 HP 7 # of attacks 2 Damage 2d4

18 - Auto-kremm-aton (A magic powered machination of metal with spiked maces for hands and moves around on a ball instead of feet. Another creation of Zzabath the Wicked. It has a random sorcerous shield that absorbs 1d6 of damage.) AC 5 HD 5 HP 24 # of attacks 1 Damage 1d12

## Trap Table:

Roll 2d6. Some traps are physical while others are magical.

2 - Falling ceiling block. Roll 1d20 against your DX. If you rolled higher then take 1d6 of damage.

3 - Arrows shoot from the walls. Roll 1d20 against your DX. If you rolled higher then roll 1d4 to determine how may arrows hit you. Take 1d6 of damage.

4 - Ward of pain. Roll 1d20 against your INT. If you rolled higher then take 1d10 of damage..

5 - Flame burst. Roll 1d20 against your DX. If you rolled higher then take 1d6 of damage.

6 - Invisible punch of Kalibassa. Roll 1d20 against your ST. If you rolled higher then take 1d8 of damage.

7 - Illusionary apparition of frightful fear. Roll 1d20 against your INT. If you rolled higher then you believe it's real and take real damage take 1d6 of damage..

8 - Glyph of internal inflammation. Roll 1d20 against your CON. If you rolled higher then take 1d8 of damage.

9 - Spinning blade from the wall. Roll 1d20 against your DX. If you rolled higher then take 1d6 of damage.

10 - Swinging iron ball from the ceiling. Roll 1d20 against your DX. If you rolled higher then take 1d8 of damage..

11 – Infernal question of quizzical quandary. Roll 1d20 against your INT. Roll less than or equal to your score to survive or the racking of your brain will rack your body as well for 1d8 of damage.

12 – Ball of force. Roll 1d20 against your DX to see if it hits you. If you miss Roll 1d20 against your ST to see if you can withstand the impact. If you miss that take 1d20 of damage.

13 - The Gnawing. Roll 1d20 vs. all of your stats or feel the torment of The Gnawing!

## **Treasure Table:**

Roll 3d6:

3 – A bag of 103 GP.

4 – A silver broach with crystals worth 58 GP.

5 – A potion that permanently increases Charisma by 1d6.

6 – A Belt of Protection that takes lowers your AC by 1 when worn.

7 – 200 GP

8 – The Emerald of Fuurg. Looking into it shows you what the fat goblin Fuurg is doing, usually eating. Should be worth a lot but usually the owner ends up paying someone to take it from them.

9 – A potion that permanently raises your Intelligence by 1.

10 – A crown of diamonds worth 400 GP.

11 – A sling of Long Distance Accuracy. Automatically hits at long distance, but kind of useless here because of the close quarters of the rooms.

12 – A Ring of Gender Changing.

13 – A healing potion that restores 1d10 of HP. 1 dose only.

14 – A golden finger cuff worth 214 GP

15 – A shrunken head oracle. Ask it a question it will tell you no lie. Worth various high end prices in the right market, just don't get caught with one.

16 – Rod of light. A rod with a crystal on the end that endlessly shines like a torch. A stud on the handle turns it on and off.

17 – A pouch of Herb's herbs. 1 dose of the Grand Alchemist Herb's special blend that doubles your HP and gives you +3 to hit for 1 round of combat when eaten. No matter how far in advance you eat the herbs, it will stay in your system until 1 round of combat is over. After that your Strength goes back to normal but your Con is fully regained to it's original score. Don't know how it works, it just does.

18 – A silver dipped slorrr tooth worth 150 GP. Why someone would take the time to dip a slorrr tooth in silver is beyond anyone's guess. Your just glad these rooms are too small for a slorrr to fit in.

# The Harvest of Souls, or The Town That Dreaded Sundown

1. The breeze of the Autumn wind chills your soul as you walk towards the Fantasia Tavern. Sensing something might not quite right with the World, you subconsciously pick up your pace. You decide spending the night warming your self with drink, talk, and hopefully companionship(if only even until Sunrise) is a much better prospect that what the night has to offer..

You approach the door to the Fantasia. Suddenly a hand grabs your arm and spins you around to meet the rest of it's owners body. It's Jarell Krenn, ghost white and shaking.

"He's coming tonight! Can't you feel it?" Jarell can barely get the words out.

"Who's coming? I'm already here and I'm thirsty." You reply.

"You fool! He's coming tonight. I know it. The whole town knows it. Look around you"

You notice several of the building are are dark, doors boarded shut.

"Well I am new around here...say, what's this all about?"

"The Great Dark One. His eyes glow and flicker like fire in his large gourd head. He is a demon's curse. He comes every year in the Autumn, His visit brings doom to our town of Dimble, unless..."

"Unless what?"

"I have a plan. I think we can end this curse."

"What's this we business? I have drinking to do an.."

"Shut up for a minute and hear me out!", The fear on Jarell's face has been replaced with utter seriousness. This is not a Jarell that you have known in the short time of your acquaintance.

"Go on then."

"If we confront him in his place of power we may have a chance of defeating him and ending this. Dimble has been living under this dark shroud for 107 years. It has to end."

"Ok, say I believe you, so where is his place of power?"

"The Patch. Outside of town."

"The Patch? Like a pumpkin patch?"

"Yes sir. It's where the seed was sown, just outside a town. It's where he rises every Autumn."

"If it is his place of power how do we defeat him there? I mean usually these

kinda guys are strongest in their place of power.”

“I have spell. I made the trip through Old Wolf's Woods and found the wizard's cottage just to get it. The wizard said I have to read it as he's rising. It'll make him vulnerable enough for you to attack.”

“Whoa whoa, hold on now. I never said I was going.”

“Sir, I'm no warrior. I spend my time in the field. It took all the bravery I had to get the spell. It'll take the rest of it I can muster just to go to The Patch tonight. No one else will go. They're either too afraid themselves or don't believe it will work. Please sir, you're the only chance I got with this. Besides, in there, whether you believe me or not, you just might find out first hand all for yourself.

Jarell's story is certainly compelling. He could be telling the truth or just out of his gourd(no pun intended). Either way, he definitely believes what he is saying. Do you believe or at least willing to humor Jarell and go to The Patch with him **(3)** or do you decide that, truth or hallucination, you just want to drink and be merry inside the Fantasia and leave Jarell to his own devices **(20)**.

**2.** You and Jarell have made it out of Dimble. The main road continues ahead into the darkness of the night. You notice a dirt path leading off to the right. At the end of the path you see a large overgrown mass of green vines. The jumble of vines rises well above your head. You can see the tops of several large pumpkins scattered throughout. A mist seems to meander it's way through the green and orange. An eerie orange and red glow emanates from the center.

“That's The Patch.” Jarell says quietly.

“Why have I never noticed that before?” You ask out loud rhetorically, realizing you've never been to this side of town. You've never been passed the Fanatsia Tavern actually.

“It's usually just dead corn husks most of the year. It grows like this when it's time for him to rise up.” Jarell just stares blankly at the glow as he speaks.

You ready yourselves and silently head towards the entrance of The Patch. Roll 1 die. If you rolled evens go to **(10)**. If you rolled odds go to **(4)**.

**3.** Jarell's face brightens a bit, now that he has an ally...and maybe a chance. Seriousness washes back over him as he places his hand on your shoulder.

“Let's get going”, he says. “Be mindful though, no torches or lest we be seen.”

You both turn and begin making your way out of town. You can almost feel the presence of the darkness around you. As you walk you become aware of just how many buildings are now locked tight with boards and bracers over all the entrance ways and windows. In the back of your mind you begin to take this

situation more seriously than before. This might not be a hallucination of Jarell.

You just notice a glowing down an alleyway when Jarell thrusts out his arm to hold you back.

"Halt. Don't make a sound." Jarell goes deathly silent, listening to the nighttime. "Do ya hear it?"

A soft rustling hit your ears from the blackness in front of you, getting louder each second. A human form seems to fade into existence from the dark night. The being's body is yellowish tan, made entirely out of corn husks and pumpkin vines. It has no face but seems to be looking right at you. At it's hands you notice thorny, claw like vines.

"It's a Husk Walker!" Jarell shouts as he pulls a sling from his belt and arms it.

The Husk Walker has an AC of 6, HD 1+3, 9HP, and 1 attack of 1d8. Usually a torch would be the best weapon as the dry husks of the Walker would go up easily. Unfortunately, you don't have any prepared and there is no time to get one out as the Walker is now upon you. Any fire spell, if used first, will cause the Husk Walker to burst into flame taking 1d6 in damage per combat round until it is ash.

(Note about combat with Jarell at your side: Jarell is a slight coward, though not really his fault as he is a farmer and a citizen and has never been in a combat situation before tonight(so give him some slack, he is already beyond his threshold of bravery). He will stay clear of any close combat and take no damage. If things look especially grim and your demise is imminent he will most likely have run away. Cowardice aside, he will take shots at any opponent you face with his sling. He should be handled as a Level 1 Fighter for combat purposes. If he makes a hit his sling does 1d4 damage. He never takes any damage.)

If you defeat the Husk Walker go to **(15)**.

If you have died, the last thing you hear is Jarell's screams and footsteps as he runs away. Pumpkin vines fill your body through every opening, not giving you a proper last breath. If you could watch, you'd see your skin turn from wet flesh to dry corn husk. Soon you rise to walk in search of fresh prey.

**4.** Just as you take a step, a rustling stops you cold. A Husk Walker comes out of the dark. Vines and corn husk make an eerie scraping sound in the dirt like a dead man walking. The Husk Walker has an AC of 6, HD 1+3, 9HP, and 1 attack of 1d8. If you defeat it go to **(10)**. If not the Walker fills your body with vines and turns your flesh to husk. You will walk the streets of Dimble in search of flesh to corrupt, coming back every year to help the Dark One deal his curse.

5. You come to a three way intersection of vines and pumpkins. The paths continue straight ahead **(14)** and to the left **(16)** and back the way you came **(8)**.

6. The sound of the wind going cutting through the leaves of the patch makes you realize that Husk Walkers could come from anywhere inside here. The path continues straight ahead **(14)** or to the right **(16)**. You could always go back to the entrance and leave, but having made it this far you feel committed to seeing this through.

7. Jarell lets out a loud gasp as you enter an area where the vines have stopped growing forming a large cleared circle. In the center is another patch of vines, and the source of the glowing. Several pumpkin gremlins dance around the patch, jerking their twisted bodies jerk in wild motions. You're not sure, but it looks to you that the vines in the center are alive, writhing like snakes around each other. The moon appears to be getting brighter, or is it just moving closer. The glow becomes stronger which seems to excite the gremlins even more. The gremlins stop their dancing, standing still and raising their viney arms to the moon. You can hear a sickening noise coming from the center patch, like a sound of flesh being stretched and vegetation being broken and faint growling(or is that laughter). The gremlins dissolve one by one into a pulpy mess of vine and pumpkin that is sucked into the center of the glowing as if through a straw. Adrenaline and dread fill your body. The Dark One is about to rise.

“Are you ready for this?” You say, turning towards Jarell.

Jarell gulps loudly.

Roll 1d20 against your Charisma. If you roll your score or less go to **(31)**. If you don't go to **(17)**.

8. You are met with glowing red eyes as you enter this area(even if you've been here before). Two small creatures made of dark vines turn to attack you. Their carved faces on their pumpkin heads are pure evil. These are Pumpkin Gremlins. They are AC of 8, HD 1, 6HP each, and 1 attack of 1d6 each. If you defeat them you can go to **(18)**. If they defeat you go to **(13)**.

9. The sound of the wind has you spooked. You realize that nothing is here, but you still have a bad feeling. You can go to **(5)** or go back to **(6)**.

10. You are at the entrance of The Patch. There seems to be a crude path of dirt where the vines don't grow. You wonder if it was made that way or just seems like

it. Either way you hope it leads in the right direction. There is an odd wave of smells in the air, smelling sometimes like fresh green and other times like rot. There is a path leading to the left**(6)** as well as straight ahead**(26)**.

**11.** You hear a sudden rustle as a Husk Walker comes into view. It has an AC of 6, HD 1+3, 12HP, and 1 attack of 1d8+2 as it is in a place of it's power. If you win go back to **(14)** and choose a direction. If you lose go to **(13)**.

**12.** "If you are human, or similar kin, you may enter my house. If you are evil or of the unholy, entrance is not yours lest it is banishment you seek.", says a voice from inside.

Jarell looks nervously at you.

"We are of welcome kin." you say as you open the door and walk in. Jarell hesitates and then follows behind you. Inside you find an old man sitting at a table facing you. A cloth is wrapped around his head covering his eyes. His fingers touch the pages of an open book on the table.

"Visitors for an old priest on a night such as this? What brings fools such as yourselves to my door?", asks the priest.

"The glow of the candles in your windows. You say on a night such as this. Tell me then, on a night such as this, why you haven't boarded your doors and extinguished your lights? Do you have something to do with a night such as this, old man?" You reply.

"No, brash one. I'm a holy man. A holy man who's arrogance got in the way of my faith on a night such as this many years ago. I thought I could stop the evil. I failed and the vines took my eyes. My faith is stronger now, but I am too old to fight the evil. My faith is what keeps my candles lit. The words in my prayers keep my door unbarred. I feel no fear of the night. I ask again brash one, why are you two out in a night such as this?"

"We are going to The Patch to end the curse." Jarell blurts out before you can answer.

"Ah I see, and how are you going to do that?"

"I've been to the wizard. He gave me a spell."

"The wizard! Did he give you a parchment? Give it to me."

Jarell pulls a parchment out of his pocket and hands it to the old priest. The priest unfolds it and scans the paper with his hands.

"Are you the one who shall read this?" He says looking at Jarell.

"Y-yes I am."

The priest turns to you.

"And you will be the one who strikes then? Let me see your weapon."

You hold your weapon in front of the priest. He places his hands on it and begins a chat under his breath. Still chanting, he then touches your armor.

"I've placed a blessing on your weapon and armor. When you are in the presence of the Dark One, only then will the power of my prayer reveal itself. Now go! There is little time!"

You thank the priest for the blessing as you leave. As you wonder just what the blessing on your weapon and armor will actually do, and if it will work, you now go to **(2)**.

**13.** Jarell screams in horror as what remains of your body decays and melts into the ground until nothing is left. Your blood and soul have fed the Dark One's power. Hopefully Jarell has made it out alive.

**14.** The path turns here. You can continue forward **(5)** or go back the way you came **(6)**. You must roll 1d6 before you go though. If you roll a 1 or 2 go to **(11)**. A 3 or 4 takes you to **(24)**. If you roll a 5 or 6 go to **(9)**.

**15.** Jarell seems a little shaken by the encounter with the Husk Walker. Hopefully, he won't give up and run away, especially after talking you into this.

"Jarell, are you ok?" You ask.

"I'll be fine. I'm just not used to this kind of thing." He says taking a flask out of his pocket. He takes a sip and puts it away, which annoys you because you could really go for a drink right now as well.

"I saw a glowing back in that alley just before that husk thing showed up. Maybe we should check it out, just in case it had anything to do with our friend here." You say.

"No. There isn't time. We have to get to The Patch before he rises."

If you decide Jarell is probably right then go to **(2)**. If you'd still like to check out the glowing, roll 1d20 against your Charisma score. If you roll your score or less you convince Jarell to go with you and go to **(21)**. If not then you can argue with him and try again until you make it or you can just give in to Jarell's insistence and still go to **(2)**.

**16.** The presence of evil weighs heavy on you and Jarell as you enter this area. For the first time since you've entered The Patch you can see the unearthly glowing you saw from the outside. Something about this place has you a bit disoriented. You can tell by the look on Jarell's face that he is feeling it too. Paths go in all directions here. You can go to the left **(5)** or to the right **(26)**. You can head towards the glow to investigate what it is **(7)** (though in your mind you know exactly what it is). You

also hear a slight rustling coming from one direction and could go investigate that **(6)**.

**17.** Jarell pulls the parchment out of his pocket, unfolds it, then bolts screaming back through the patch towards town.

“YOU COWARD!” you scream at him as he runs away.

Quickly you realized it's going to be up to you. You pick up the parchment and being to read the spell out loud. Roll 1d6. If you roll evens go to **(23)**. If you roll odds go to **(19)**.

**18.** You come to a three way intersection of vines and pumpkins. The paths continue straight ahead **(14)** and to the left **(16)** and back the way you came **(8)**

**19.** The blaze of blood red eyes fixes on you as the Dark One pulls the rest of his hellish form out of the vile ether of another world. Maniacal laughter thunders from his flaming pumpkin head. You stand ready but you no there is no way you can defeat the evil demon before you. The Dark One raises his clawed, viney arms to the moon. You try to scream as your body dissolves into a gory liquified mass that is sucked through the air into the Dark One's mouth. The demon roars with might as he adds your soul to his power. Raising his head to the wind, the Dark One listens to Jarell's cries and follows them to town.

**20.** You push on the door finding it barred, so you begin to pound on it.

“Go away!” comes from behind the door.

“It's me, Jarell. I'm with another friend. Let us in.”

“Jarell, you fool!” The gruff voice shouts.

There are sounds of boards and tables being moved about. The door opens slightly and huge rough arms drag you and Jarell inside. Brath, the owner of the Fantasia, is standing there staring death into your souls. You can only imagine what physical tortures Brath is mentally performing on you in his mind.

“Bloody Nath Jarell! You were fixin' to go through with tha' plan a yours weren't you? And draggin' this sorry soul with you weren't you?”

“Now for the record, I have nothing to do with this guy.” You say pointing a thumb at Jarell. “I was just coming to drink when he stopped me at the door. I have better things to do than give credence to the ravings a clearly mad man.” You begin eying up Cecily, the serving wench as that last sentence comes out of your mouth.

“He ain't that mad. Now that your here, take a seat and shut the Bloody Nath up.” Brath retorts. He turns to you as a huge finger impales your chest, “An' you better have money.”

The tavern is silent as you walk to a table and sit down. Slowly a small murmur amongst the crowd rises. They are obviously talking about Jarell you think to yourself, until you hear your name a couple of times.

After about an hour of quiet drinking, the buzz in the room picks up. A man you recognize as Del Grimmwor stands up.

"It's almost time. We can't wait any longer. We must do this." He states to the crowd.

"Aye, it's distasteful but it must be done." says a voice from the back.

You are happy with your drink and have no interest in getting involved. You cautiously watch as Brath pulls out a huge club from behind the bar. Several other big patrons also pull out equally big weapons. The thought that it might be time to sneak into the back and stay out of sight comes into your mind right about now.

As you start to get up to move, four big hands grab you by the arms and shoulders. You try not to drop your ale as they drag you to the center of the floor. You notice that 2 others share the similar fate as you. Once all collected in the middle you all are released. Brath and the other big men have you surrounded. Naturally you try to stay calm and finish your drink.

"What's the meaning of this?" One of the three of you demands.

"I'm sorry boys. By luck, or lack there of, of your fate tonight, all three of you are the newest to town. Therefore, it's got to be one of you three." Del explains.

"What's got to be one of us?" The other one of you three demands.

"Boys, look, I am truly sorry. Dimble has a curse placed upon it once a year. Tonight a great evil will roam the streets of our fair town. Long story short, certain sacrifices must be made to keep it at bay for another year otherwise the town is doomed."

"What's that got to do with us?", says the first other one of you.

"Well, like I said you three ARE the newest in town so.."

"So we get sacrificed to save your mud hole of a town?", says the second one of you angrily. "I'm not going to stand for this. This is insane!"

Brath smacks the second one of you in the back of the head knocking him cold.

"So this great evil? That's the Dark One, right?" You calmly ask Del.

Del shoots Jarell a look of daggers, then turns to you.

"Yes, yes it is. It's been this way for 107 years now. We've been keeping it at bay for 107 years now. Outsiders and newcomers have helped us keep the Dark One at bay for 107 years now. I'm sorry, we have a town to protect. A roll of the bones will keep it fair."

"Fair how is any of this fair?" says the first one of you. He looks like he is about to say more but Brath takes a small step in his direction, which seems to shut

him up.

You know there is no way of getting out of this. That seems pretty clear. You decide that if you have to go, you will go with dignity and not with a lump on the back of your head. Hopefully luck will be on your side.

"Fine, let's roll the bones then." you calmly say.

Brath throws a bucket of water on the second one of you waking him up. The three of you are taken to a table. Del hands you a six sided die and you roll it(so roll one now). The others follow suit. If a 1 or a 6 comes up go to **(29)**. If you roll anything else go to **(32)**.

**21.** Jarell reluctantly gives in to your persuasion and follows you down the alley. The glowing getting a little stronger the further down you go. As you come around a bend, you come face to face with the glow. It comes from candles burning in the unboarded windows of a small hovel. The door is unboarded as well. If you are curious as to why this house stands open when all the others in town are locked tight from fear, then knock on the door and go to **(12)** and see what happens. If you don't want to be bothered or just want to continue your mission to The Patch, go back the way you came and go to **(2)**.

**22.** The spell worked! A white light surrounds the pumpkin headed demon. The Dark One begins slashing at nothing within the light, still growling in pain. The light seems to be compressing in on the form of the beast, casing the Dark One's body to convulse...and SHRINK. As the light fades, the Dark One begins to shake off the spell and rises and walk towards you. Though less powerful than before, he is 8 feet tall and still powerful. Blood red eyes blaze with hatred in his pumpkin head. He lifts his claws, making sure you see how sharp and massive they are. Jarell is moving backwards, trying not to be seen by the demon. The Dark One has an AC of 5, HD 5, 40HP, and 1 attack of 1d10+2. If you defeat the demon go to **(34)**. If you do not, the Dark One raises his clawed, viney arms to the moon. Your remains dissolve into a gory liquified mass that is sucked through the air into the Dark One's mouth. The demon glows orange for a few seconds, then grows a half size bigger. Raising his head to the wind, the Dark One listens to Jarell's screams and follows them to town.

**23.** A giant, dark vined hand rises out of the center of the glow, seeds and the insides of pumpkins dripping from what looks like hellish claws. The hand grabs at the dirt beside it, trying to get a grip, as another ghoulish hand rises doing the same. You keep reading, trying not to be distracted by the monstrosity appearing before you. The massive hands tremble as they pull the rest of the Dark One's body

from the glowing patch. Lighting flashes around you. A terrible and tremendous, flaming pumpkin head emerges out of the glow. It's carved eyes and mouth glowing with blood red intensity. Lightning strikes the patch surrounding you. As the last words are spoken, a white beam of light forms in front of you and quickly shoots forth striking the evil creature before you as it pulls the rest of it's damnable and grotesque form out of the glow into your reality. The creature roars in pain from the blast. You hope that means the spell worked as you must now face the Dark One. If you had visited the priest on the way here go to **(25)**. If you did not the go to **(28)**.

**24.** Two Pumpkin Gremlins crawl out of the vines to attack you. They are about 2 feet high with small pumpkin heads, with sinister smiles carved out. Fire glows out of their carved out eyes. Their bodies look like small children made out of dark vines. They each have an AC of 8, HD 1, 6HP each, and 1 attack of 1d6 each. If you win go back to **(14)** and choose a path. If you lose then go to **(13)**.

**25.** The spell worked! A white light surrounds the pumpkin headed demon. The Dark One begins slashing at nothing within the light, still growling in pain. The light seems to be compressing in on the form of the beast, casing the Dark One's body to convulse...and SHRINK. As the light fades, the Dark One begins to shake off the spell and rises and walk towards you. Though less powerful than before, he is 8 feet tall and still powerful. Blood red eyes blaze with hated in his pumpkin head. He lifts his claws, making sure you see how sharp and massive they are. Suddenly your armor and weapon begin to give off a blueish glow. The presence of the Dark One has activated the priest's blessing. The feeling of protection and power rushes over you. The blessings of the priest have added +3 to your weapon's attack and lowered your AC by 2, but just until this battle has ended. The Dark One has an AC of 5, 40HP, and 1 attack of 1d10+2. If you defeat the demon go to **(32)**. If you do not, the Dark One raises his clawed, viney arms to the moon. Your remains dissolve into a gory liquified mass that is sucked through the air into the Dark One's mouth. The demon glows orange for a few seconds, then grows a half size bigger. Raising his head to the wind, the Dark One listens to Jarell's screams and follows them to town.

**26.** The smell of rot is overpowering here. You see that the path continues to the left. You could always go back to the entrance and leave, but having made it this far you feel committed to seeing this through. Suddenly, large white segmented worms begin to pour out of the ground, collecting in front of you. The mass begins to form a being, like a giant golem of maggots. The Maggot Golem has an AC of 7,HD 2

10HP, and 1 attack of 2d4. If it takes damage it regains 2 HP each round for three rounds due to the replenishing of maggots from the ground. If you win you can continue on to **(16)**. If you lose, the maggots are released from the golem form like a wave over your corpse stripping you to bone. Jarell's screams as he runs away can be heard through the entire town.

**27.** The spell worked! A white light surrounds the pumpkin headed demon. The Dark One begins slashing at nothing within the light, still growling in pain. The light seems to be compressing in on the form of the beast, casing the Dark One's body to convulse...and SHRINK. As the light fades, the Dark One begins to shake off the spell and rises and walk towards you. Though less powerful than before, he is 8 feet tall and still powerful. Blood red eyes blaze with hated in his pumpkin head. He lifts his claws, making sure you see how sharp and massive they are. Jarell is moving backwards, trying not to be seen by the demon. Suddenly your armor and weapon begin to give off a blueish glow. The presence of the Dark One has activated the priest's blessing. The feeling of protection and power rushes over you. The blessings of the priest have added +3 to your weapon's attack and lowered your AC by 2, but just until this battle has ended. The Dark One has an AC of 5 and 40HP. The Dark One has an AC of 5, HD 5, 40HP, and 1 attack of 1d10+2. If you defeat the demon go to **(34)**. If you do not, the Dark One raises his clawed, viney arms to the moon. Your remains dissolve into a gory liquified mass that is sucked through the air into the Dark One's mouth. The demon glows orange for a few seconds, then grows a half size bigger. Raising his head to the wind, the Dark One listens to Jarell's screams and follows them to town.

**28.** The spell worked! A white light surrounds the pumpkin headed demon. The Dark One begins slashing at nothing within the light, still growling in pain. The light seems to be compressing in on the form of the beast, casing the Dark One's body to convulse...and SHRINK. As the light fades, the Dark One begins to shake off the spell and rises and walk towards you. Though less powerful than before, he is 8 feet tall and still powerful. Blood red eyes blaze with hated in his pumpkin head. He lifts his claws, making sure you see how sharp and massive they are. The Dark One has an AC of 5, HD 5, 40HP, and 1 attack of 1d10+2. If you defeat the demon go to **(32)**. If you do not, the Dark One raises his clawed, viney arms to the moon. Your remains dissolve into a gory liquified mass that is sucked through the air into the Dark One's mouth. The demon glows orange for a few seconds, then grows a half size bigger. Raising his head to the wind, the Dark One listens to Jarell's screams and follows them to town.

**29.** “I’m sorry son.” Del says as three men grab and pick you up. The front door is unbarred and you are tossed into the street. The sound of boards being replaced and tables being moved comes from behind the door. Picking yourself up, you give the streets a quick glance. Nothing is there.

“These hicks are crazy.”, you say out loud to yourself. In the back of your mind you keep repeating that to yourself hoping that you’ll believe it eventually.

You walk around town thinking that there has to be some house or building that’s not boarded up tight. Down an alley you see a faint glow, like candlelight in a window. As you turn to head down the alley, a gust of wind rushes past you. There is an overpowering smell of rot everywhere now. Gagging at the smell, you stop to compose yourself. Blazing blood red eyes appear out of the darkness in front of you. You do not even get a chance to scream as vines shoot out from the dark filling your body through every opening.

**31.** Jarell just nods his head, pulling out the parchment with the spell. A giant, dark vined hand rises out of the center of the glow, seeds and the insides of pumpkins dripping from what looks like hellish claws. The hand grabs at the dirt beside it, trying to get a grip, as another ghoulish hand rises doing the same.

“Jarell, what are you waiting for? READ THE SPELL DAMN YOU!” You shout, readying your weapon.

Jarell begins reading the wizards’s words aloud. The massive hands tremble as they pull the rest of the Dark One’s body from the glowing patch. Lighting flashes around you. A terrible and tremendous, flaming pumpkin head emerges out of the glow. It’s carved eyes and mouth glowing with blood red intensity. Lightning strikes the patch surrounding you. As Jarell finishes the last words of the spell, a white beam of light forms in front a Jarell and quickly shoots forth striking the evil creature before you as it pulls the rest of it’s damnable and grotesque form out of the glow into your reality. The creature roars in pain from the blast. You hope that means the spell worked as you must now face the Dark One. If you had visited the priest on the way here go to **(27)**. If you did not the go to **(22)**.

**32.** The ground shakes and rumbles as the body of the dark One, and the entire pumpkin patch, dissolves into the Earth. You are knocked to the ground. Thunder and lightning fill the night. Mists churn violently like the death throws of a great beast. Soon, it is all quiet again and the night is calm. All traces of The Patch are gone. The curse has ended. You slowly get up and look around. You are in shock as you process what actually has happened tonight. You begin walking silently back to the town of Dimble.

At the edge of town you find Jarell standing there in shock.

"You did it! It worked!" Says Jarell excitedly.

You walk up to Jarell and punch him square in the jaw knocking him to the ground.

"No thanks to you, you cowardly bastard."

"I'm sorry. I panicked and ran. I told you I wasn't no warrior. Please forgive me.

Your anger subsides a tiny fraction and you offer a hand to help him up.

"Come on. Let's go to the Fantasia."

"No." Jarell replies, "Not tonight. They wouldn't believe us anyway."

You freeze then nod, knowing he's right.

"Let's get a good night's sleep then.", you say even though you doubt you will at all. "Farmer or no, you are paying for all of my drinks tomorrow night."

"I will. I always pay my debts. I reckon I owe you big."

"Well, I do blame you for getting me involved but that spell of yours did help save the day."

Jarell gives you a small smile.

"I reckon that's true too."

You both begin laughing out loud as you walk safely through the streets of Dimble. Relieved that there will be a tomorrow.

- - -

The next day, word spreads like wildfire through Dimble about the destruction of the Patch and the ending of the curse. Many people apparently saw all the fireworks that happened when you had slain the Dark One. First thing in the morning, Jarell Krenn rushes to the mayors office to tell him of your heroics. You are given 500GP (and a pardon for anything you may have needed a pardon for) for your troubles, which makes you happy. What makes you happier is the unexpected generosity of the Fantasia Tavern's clientele as you will not have to pay for a drink for the next two weeks.

**33.** "I'm sorry son." Del says as three men grab the first one of you and picks him up. The front door is unbarred and opened. Faster than he can react, he is thrown out into the street. The door is shut quickly behind him. Boards are replaced on the door and tables are moved back in front of it. Everyone sits solemnly drinking their ale, looking at the floor. The screams of the first one of you echo through the town. The eyes of those gathering at the Fantasia this night now stare at the door. Yours as well. Your face has lost it's smugness. The silence of those same screams directs all eyes back to the floor.

**34.** The ground shakes and rumbles as the body of the dark One, and the entire

pumpkin patch, dissolves into the Earth. You and Jarell are knocked to the ground. Thunder and lightning fill the night. Mists churn violently like the death throws of a great beast. Soon, it is all quiet again and the night is calm. All traces of The Patch are gone. The curse has ended. You and Jarell slowly get up and look around, then at each other. You cannot read the expression on Jarell's face. He must be in shock you think to yourself. You are not far off either yourself. Neither you nor Jarell say anything as you begin walking back to the town of Dimble.

At the edge of town, you break the silence.

"Say, we should go to the Fantasia and tell them it's over."

"No." Jarell replies, "Not tonight. They wouldn't believe us anyway."

You nod, knowing he's right.

"Let's get a good night's sleep then.", you say even though you doubt you will at all. "I'm buying the first round tomorrow."

"I will buy the second!" Jarell says. A small smile creeps across his face. "Though a story like this oughta keep us floating in ale all night."

"Right you are my friend, right you are."

You both begin laughing out loud as you walk safely through the streets of Dimble. Relieved that there will be a tomorrow.

- - -

The next day, word spreads like wildfire through Dimble about the destruction of the Patch and the ending of the curse. Many people apparently saw all the fireworks that happened when you had slain the Dark One. The mayor has declared today Jarell Krenn day and gives him the key to the town. You are given 250GP (and a pardon for anything you may have needed a pardon for) for your troubles, which makes you happy because you've always preferred money to accolades. What makes you happier is that Jarell was right, you will not have to pay for a drink for the next two weeks.

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