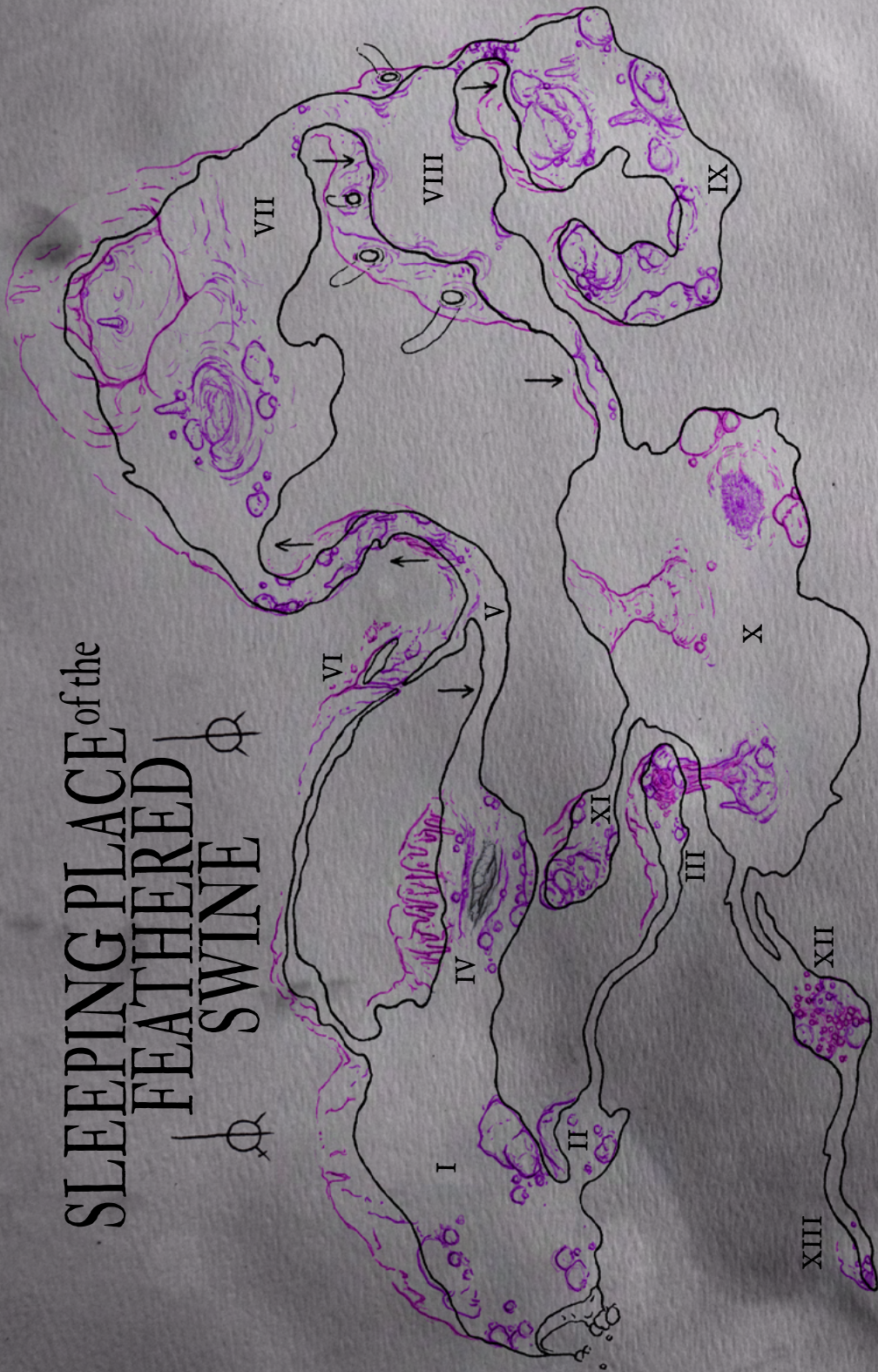
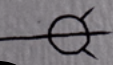
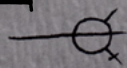


SLEEPING PLACE of the FEATHERED SWINE



A HORRIBLE CAVE
BY LOGAN KNIGHT

SLEEPING PLACE of the FEATHERED SWINE



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WRITING, ILLUSTRATION,
CARTOGRAPHY, & LAYOUT
BY LOGAN KNIGHT

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With thanks to the love of my life, Rosie Turner.
You were dragged into a hole where your nose was torn off
and infested with microscopic parasitic worms.
They pulled you out and set your face on fire to try to burn
it out. You haemorrhaged to death due to incompetent
medical attention and they left you to rot in a terrible cave.
I'll love you forever.

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SYNOPSIS

Find the wizard Felix Longworm cowering by stones and a mournful tree.

He and a mercenary party of six others were hired to find a sleeping Feathered Swine in the mountains and remove the cysts from its body, then return them to the alchemist Un-Raga Praag.

Before hibernating, the Feathered Swine pulls most of the feathers from its pale pink skin to make a nest, which decays over the coming weeks and attracts strange mites. The mites don't live long, but where their bites infest the Feathered Swine's skin with their own parasites, cysts begin to form full of a vibrant green fluid.

Each cyst forms a digestive sac full of ever-repopulating microscopic worms, copulating in the green liquid even as it dissolves them, feeding the Feathered Swine while it sleeps.

The Feathered Swine sleeps with its head retracted into the plump folds of its fatty flesh on a bed of rotting feathers.

The alchemist gave them three ampoules of a particularly strong sedative, and a brass syringe to deliver it. It was being carried by Aspeth Montesquieu. The proper method for extraction is to slice through the subcutaneous fat under the cyst, and tie off the feeding tubes connected to it before severing them.

Never take more than half of the cysts, or the Feathered Swine might die of starvation.

Midway through the cave system in [Area VII](#) (pg. 10), the mercenaries realised they weren't the first to find it.

Less educated men must have tracked down the Feathered Swine first and accidentally burst a cyst, spilling digestive fluid and microscopic worms over their own skin, and after breeding within the cyst of a Feathered Swine the worms react very differently to the flesh of a new host.

The men who tore the mercenaries limb from limb now resemble little more than shambling masses of cancerous growth, pale bubbles of flesh piled one in the other in yellow-and-pink-tinged mounds of agony. They are quite mad. The worms are in their brain. They only hear the voice of the worm.

Eat.

Grow.

Burrow.

They avoid the sleeping Feathered Swine at all costs.

There are eight Worm Tumours. Their eyes and ears have closed over with swollen flesh, but their skin has become photosensitive and they can feel the vibrations around them, screaming in terror in another cave won't bother them but walking in with a lit torch will, and then they can taste you, big hideous intakes of shuddering breath that flood their mouths with the flavour of you.

Pockets of their flesh burst when they grab you. *Save vs. Poison* or feel the worms infest your skin. They are no longer the same worms that spilled from the Feathered Swine, no longer as strong, if you hack away the limb you might save the rest of your body.

Aspeth Montesquieu escaped with only one leg torn off, she is hiding in a high crevice in [Area VI](#) (pg. 8), she burned the stump but can feel the infection manifesting below the charred meat. She has the hypodermic roll.

Three mercenaries were torn apart for food. Most of them has been collected into little piles.

Four of the Tumours are gorging themselves in [Area VII](#) (pg. 10).

The other two mercenaries, Abernathy Voss Bachen and Wilhelm Esmond-Womald, are undergoing a metamorphosis. Bile is vomited down their throats. Their bellies are swelling more than the rest of their body. Their limbs are shrivelling. They feel life inside them.

Three of the Tumours are absorbed in this task in [Area IX](#) (pg. 14).

The final Worm Tumour rests inside the tunnel it dug through the damp wall of a cave in [Area VIII](#) (pg. 13), waiting.

The wizard's spellbook was in the possession of the mercenary Wilhelm Esmond-Womald, and is still somewhere inside the cave. He would like to get it back.

Felix is unable to cast spells without his spellbook but he has 11 Strength and a 10' pole with a spike and hook tied to it.

And if you're up to the task, and Felix thinks you are, the alchemist will pay 100sp per cyst. He doesn't even want a cut, he just wants his spellbook back.

NOTES:

Unless you've printed this out, any mentions of another area, including the numbers next to the cave openings, will take you straight to the relevant page if you click them.

The entry descriptions assume following the easiest route, if someone falls through a hole check the map to figure out what they see first.

Any stats assume an unarmoured AC of 12, and a silver currency standard.

Special thanks to James Young and Jeff Russell for tidying up the light tracking rules.

This place might be terrible, but have fun.

I.

Dark entry cavern, rocks and shit and nothing too special.

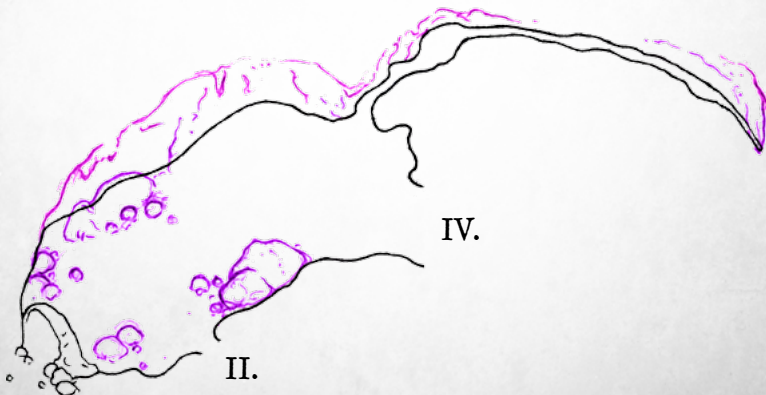
Smells of cold, stale air. Your eyes feel dusty.

Directly to the right is a small, darkened opening.

Straight ahead at the far end of the cavern is a thin opening like a split in the cave wall, only wide enough for one person.

In the far right corner is a larger opening into another cavern, crusty rock growth seeping in.

Squeezing your way through the thin split will bring you to the other side of the blocked tunnel in [Area VI](#) (pg. 8).



II.

Small pocket cavern, a cramped tunnel leading away from the other end.

Smells of old ash, something vaguely more damp and pungent at the opening of the tunnel.

Remains of a burnt-out campfire, bones of small animals in the coals.

In a nook to the right of the tunnel opening is a small pile of shit. Literal shit. But behind that is a lost pouch of 17cp and a yellowed, well-read love note in a childish scrawl.



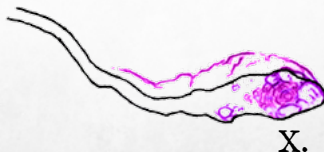
III.

The claustrophobic tunnel opens up a little more, a dead end nursing large, slightly sparkling rocks at the far end and a pile of wet green mess on the cave floor at their feet, creeping up their sides.

Smells like something long since dead that has grown into something new. The wetness in the air teases your skin.

The golden sparkle on the rocks is a trick of moisture and minerals. The green mess that covers the cave floor is a thick mouldy sludge that has grown from floor to ceiling in the cavern below and filled the hole that previously joined them. Stepping into the centre of it will surely cause a sucking, wet collapse, pulling you down into [Area X](#) (pg. 17) in a torrent of slime.

II.



IV.

Fragile stalactites hang from the near roof of the cavern over ridged layers of rock and a central rupture in the cave floor. A tunnel, wide enough for two or three people leads away at the far end.

Smells like wet salt, chill air moves casually around you.

The ridged layers of the cave floor are obviously treacherous and slippery, anyone walking over it has to roll under their Dexterity. If they fail but are travelling as a group (like tied together or something) they will only fall through the rupture if both of the people immediately next to them fail a Strength check. If they were lone-wolfing it they'll fall straight through to [Area XI](#) (pg. 19) and land hard, tumbling down a piled slope of boulders to the floor.



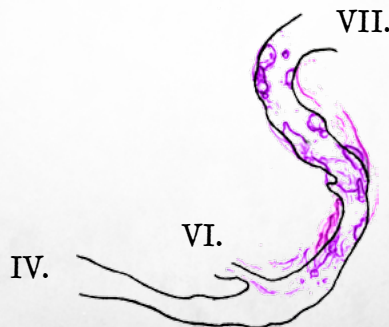
V.

The tunnel dips down about 15ft and levels out at a slightly wider curve.

Smell of copper and the lingering scent of burnt meat.

The tunnel beyond starts to slope back up, crowded with stone, and there is a crevice in the left side of the cave wall. A trail of blood leads between the two.

From the way the splashes turn into a dragging trail, the blood seems to lead into the crevice rather than away from it.



VI.

Just inside the crevice is a bloated, bubbled, pale lump of flesh resembling the lower part of a human leg only because of the pink-gilded sabaton still covering its foot, though it looks set to burst free. The stump at the knee is ragged but bloodless.

The stagnant burnt meat stench is stronger here, something else underlying, if you could pick a source of the scent it would be “up”.

The crevice narrows and crowds together with joining rock growth and rubble, blocking the way through to [Area I](#) (pg. 3). You could maybe dig it out but you wouldn't want to be in a hurry.

Soft, shivering, half-suppressed breaths from somewhere up on the right wall.

Climbing is easy enough using the blocked tunnel end and the rough stone wall.

15ft up Aspeth Montesquieu is hiding in a nook of the split cave-wall stone, a small covered ledge big enough for her and the now dead fire that she used to burn the stump of her right leg.

Unless you've been conversing loudly she screams as the sound of you draws near and hacks down, axe striking stone, small rocks pushed down on top of you.

In the attack, the Worm Tumours half tore her leg off at the knee, the skin of their hands bursting and spilling filth down her leg. She stumbled and fell away back down the tunnel while they were tearing her companions apart and pulled herself up here, cut away the last remnants of joined flesh and discarded the limb, and thrust her stump into the fire.
 She can still feel the infection manifesting below the charred meat.

Equipment:

Hypodermic roll with a brass syringe and three ampoules of sedative, she hasn't used any for fear of being found in her slumber. *3 in 6 chance of the Feathered Swine losing consciousness the next Round, 5 in 6 when used on something normal and human-sized.*

Quilted doublet and breastplate, 15AC.

Misericorde, d4 damage.

Hand axe, d6 damage.

Three torches, tinderbox.

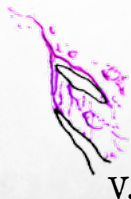
Empty waterskin.

d6 *What Are Her Wishes?*

1-2 Get me out of here, I don't want to die in a cave.

3-4 I burnt off my leg and I can still feel something growing inside my fucking flesh, help me down and let's see if I can take something with me when I go.

5-6 Take this knife. End it. Please.



VII.

The tunnel turns steep and winding, climbing up 30ft, cluttered with stone and mineral growing over each other.

Smell of cold damp, the air is vaguely acidic on your tongue, thick splashes and dragging streaks of blood decorate the stone, a wet, slopping sound grows the further you climb.

It opens out into a large cavern, the cave floor in the immediate vicinity dips and undulates into a wide pit surrounded by boulders and stalagmites, beyond which large ridges of the cave floor raise up in mounds, walling off a soft blue light that clings to the stone above.

The gouged ground of the pit is slick with blood, and the wet sound of consumption echoes from an open pocket of the cave wall to the right.

Beyond the boulders body parts have been collected in piles of blood and viscera, and four Worm Tumours squat amongst it gorging themselves on human flesh. You count three faces amongst the body parts including the torn-off, partly-chewed head of Kasia Riksch lying at your feet, frozen in utter surprise.

They feel you coming close, the light of your torches, they raise their heads in big hideous intakes of shuddering breath that flood their mouths with the flavour of you.

Worm Tumour:

10AC +2AB d6 damage
2HD 12hp, lots of
grabbing and tearing
and jumping on top of
you.

Save vs. Poison to avoid
infection by the worms
oozing from their burst
skin when they grab you.

Worm Infection:

Will infest the local area
exposed to them in d4 Turns,
manifesting in bubbled,
mounded flesh, and spread
to a forearm's worth of
surrounding flesh every
Turn afterwards until
enough of your body is
cut off to remove them.



Equipment That Hasn't Been Completely Ruined:

Pack with 50ft of rough rope and three not-smashed flasks of lamp oil.

Half a longsword, *d6 damage*.

A quiver of 12 crossbow bolts.

A pike sticking out of one of the flesh-piles, actually impaled right through somebody's torso in what looks like a terrible accident, *d8 damage*.

The far right of the cavern opens up into a larger pocket, a tunnel mouth gapes from the wall.

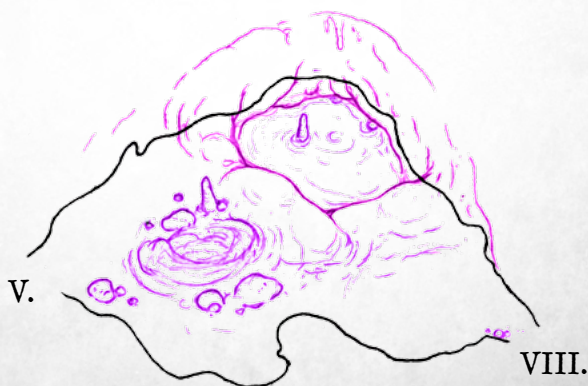
Beyond the large, smooth mounds of cave rock at the far left of the cavern is a phosphorescent blue pool, casting its glow over the cave roof above and the few stalagmites protruding from the water's surface.

The empty shells of torn, pale cave crabs litter the area around it.

Something shimmers from the centre of the pool.

It is a **cave pearl** (pg. 23) the size of a child's skull, perforated with small holes that seem to criss-cross through its centre if you peer inside, absurdly tiny translucent baby crabs are crawling out of it when you pick it up. Unlike normal cave pearls, taking it out of the water doesn't cause it to lose its shine and deteriorate. It gets shinier every day, smoother, the holes seem somewhat bigger.

The phosphorescence won't wash off for a week.



VIII.

A far damper tunnel leads down 15ft from the cavern into another whose walls seem moist and soft.

Smells like a wet bed slept in for a week, each step feels like you're falling in slow motion but only for a moment.

A cramped tunnel slopes further down to the left, and the far end of the cavern seems to narrow then widen again like a sphincter.

Three damp, dark holes peer from the soft walls of the cavern. They'd look like they'd been dug out if it wasn't for the lack of discarded soil.

If you crawled up into the one on your left you'd find a bundle of torn clothing, broken equipment, and a total of 126sp. If you crawled up into the first one on your right you'd find some kind of white organic waste, and a pack pushed into the cave wall that contains three **Blackfire Bombs** (pg. 27).

A lone **Worm Tumour** lies curled within a final hole at the far end of the cavern, just after it widens again. It feels the vibrations of your presence. It waits to slide out and claim you. It will pull you back within the hole if it is able, you'll be surprised how far back it goes.



IX.

A steep, tightly curling tunnel turns from wet earth into large, loose rock as it descends another 15ft, opening into a bulbous cavern cramped with platforms of stacked stone and calcified mineral, smooth, misshapen stalagmites growing from the cave floor on an unseemly slant.

Smells like stomach acid and salt, it's freezing, your hands are shaking, the soft, slipping sound of releasing bile reverberates around the walls and into your skull.

The wellspring of sound appears to be coming from amongst a patch of thick stalagmite growth, where two Worm Tumours vomit bile down the throat of Abernathy Voss Bachen, his skin puffy, stomach swollen beyond belief, his legs have been torn off, his arms seem to be starting to atrophy, hands clawed, fingers all swollen knuckles and bone.

Worm Tumour:

10AC +2AB d6 damage 2HD 12hp, still absorbed in their task, as likely to projectile vomit on you as tear at your flesh. Save vs. Poison to avoid infection by the worms teeming through the bile or bursting from their skin when they grab you.

Worm Infection:

Will infest the local area exposed to them in d4 Turns, manifesting in bubbled, mounded flesh, and spread to a forearm's worth of surrounding flesh every Turn afterwards until enough of your body is cut off to remove them. You don't want to get it in your mouth.

If you make enough noise a third Worm Tumour staggers out from around the corner of the far end of the cavern, clambering as fast as it can up the side of a stone platform to hurl itself upon the nearest living thing.

At the far end the cavern curls around to the right, high ridges of stone against the walls, until it closes around a huge round mound of slick, calcified minerals.

Wilhelm Esmond-Womald lies at the base of the mound, even more bloated than Abernathy, hands and feet shrivelled and black. He speaks through bubbles of bile which spill down his chin, he can feel life inside himself. His shoulders are drawn backwards by the pack still strapped to him, forcing his chest out in an arch.

The Pack Contains:

A mallet and 7 iron spikes.

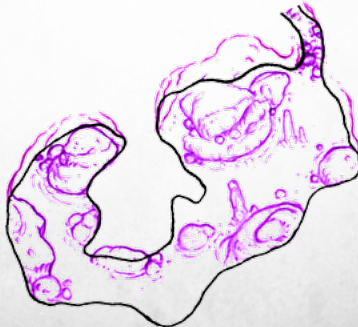
A waterskin full of wine.

Quill and ink.

Half-full pouch of narcotic Red Spice.

Spellbook containing *The Bare and Repugnant Flesh*, *Empatheticum*, *Enfold Subcutis*, and *Protoplasmic Seed*.

VIII.



X.

The tunnel softly descends 15ft into a cavern larger than any of the others, mostly open space, an hourglass-shaped column of stone holding up the cave roof from its centre.

*Smells like rotting hair, sour skin, the
aftertaste is cold and stale, the walls of the
cavern seem to expand, your head spins.*

To the right of the column is an opening in the cave wall, to the left is the sleeping Feathered Swine on its decayed nest, slightly dug into the cave floor and surrounded by boulders at its far edges.

A tell-tale burst cyst hangs limp from its side, green fluid spilt down its pale, pudgy skin and the glass vessel shattered on the cave floor.



Sleeping Feathered Swine:

Only the loudest of noises could disturb it but physical pain will rouse it in a moment, its head emerges from the fatty folds of its body, pale pink pupil-less globes open wide and roll about its surroundings, the gnarled knuckles and joints holding its flabby parts together crack and spring.

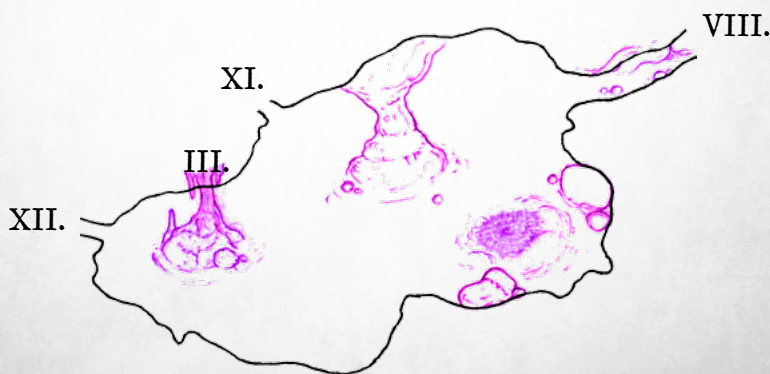
14AC +4AB d10 damage 4HD 32hp, bulk that smothers, a beak that tears. A good chance of bursting cysts if you get too personal.

There will be 10 + d20 cysts hanging from the Swine's flesh, removing each one requires a successful Dexterity or Intelligence check, otherwise save vs. Poison as the contents spill out towards your skin.

If you take more than half it will surely starve to death.

Unless a foray into [Area III](#) (pg. 5) already collapsed it, beyond the bulbous stone hourglass is a wet green column of sludge hanging from the roof anchored to a loose cairn of large stones on the cave floor. It wouldn't take much to bring it all sloughing down in a flood of slime were something to collide with it.

A slight, damp movement of air wafts out from another opening in the cave wall behind it.



XI.

A short tunnel leads away from the main cavern to a small open pocket that slopes upwards in ridged piles of fused rock. With a light source you can see up through the rupture in the cave roof to [Area IV](#) (pg. 6).



XII.

Beyond the sludge a short, tight tunnel curves into a wider opening filled with mounds of stone and fungus before the tunnel continues beyond, and another tunnel leads back to the left.

Smells of sweet, vaguely pleasant decay. The air is damp, beading on your skin, cold as ice. You can hear the soft, steady far-off sound of running water, you can feel it sweeping over your body.

Plump mushrooms fill the small circular cavern, sprouting from the cave floor, hanging softly from the mounds of stone that rise up amongst them.

d6 *What Kind of Mushrooms Are They?*

Drooping Moonshade

- 1 A sickly pale vaguely yellow/green fungus that seems to disrupt wavelengths in the light of the moon, causing the immediate area around it to remain in relative darkness, dissipating at about 15ft.
-

Deliquescent Bluecap

- 2 Valuable to Apothecaries, useless goop without the knowledge to use them.
-

Inner Sea Veincap

- 3 Startlingly bioluminescent green mushrooms that cast a light approximately equal to that of a lantern. The wrinkled flesh of their caps lend the light the appearance of a turbulent sea, and if you stop and stare it almost seems to move.
-

Purple Hypnagog

- 4 A single mushroom will cause an adult to slumber through a purple haze for a full day. Save vs. Poison with a penalty equal to the number of mushrooms consumed. If you fail, the slumber continues for a number of days equal to how badly you failed.
-

Ruby Tears of Mercy

- 5 Still covered in large droplets of the rich red fluid that preceded the fruiting bodies themselves. The fluid will staunch bleeding, remove physical pain (*temporarily regain d6 hp*), and offer a much calmed state of mind. It will also colonise your flesh if you fail to roll under your Constitution.
-

Screaming Puffball

- 6 Emits an awful shriek like a young girl in pain and exhales thick vapours of spores while pressure is exerted on its flesh. Really quite delicious.
-

The mushrooms trail a short way into the tunnel back to the left, which soon closes in a cramped, damp dead end where a hideously shrivelled but otherwise preserved human corpse slumps against the wall in a magnificently grotesque suit of sleek plate armour. Wide, intact eyeballs stare out above a shrunken nose and lips drawn back from teeth and gums, their skin is still soft.

The Armour:

Matte black and hard as iron, light as porcelain, covered by endlessly etched lines and symbology. The upper chest is covered in short nodules, protruding like a field of smooth, overly long nipples, the rest of the torso below sculpted with rows of healthy porcine teats. The plates covering their limbs are dimpled like an expanse of cellulite, the joint guards bear unequal numbers of fat spirals tapering into spikes. Each finger of the gauntlets forms a leaping armoured insect. The sabatons resemble the heads of infants opening their mouths wide to release thick, segmented, pointed tongues. The pauldrons are covered in a melding mass of murky figures crawling one on top of the other, reaching out in worship around the wearer's head.

It can be removed but you may want to clean away the liquefying skin and fat that strings from the corpse, clinging to the inside of the armour as you pull it away, mainly around the chest and groin.

Fun Times for the Person Who Wears It:

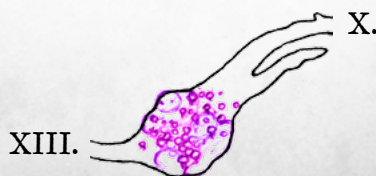
Soon after donning the complete set of armour, the wearer will feel a pinching sensation around their nipples, genitals, and anus, short and sharp at first, excruciating in a moment.

This is the feeling of the armour fusing with your living body, it's pretty excited to have a new friend. At this point, removing it would require tearing out a few of your quite important parts, so it's best to get comfortable.

It will now refine and recirculate any waste produced by your body, allowing you to live for a week on a day's sustenance, whilst making you smell terrible and sour.

It will also absorb 4 points of damage per trauma inflicted upon your body, but at night will temporarily decrease your Constitution by a quarter of the points it absorbed, siphoning off your fluids and vitality in order to repair itself. Constitution lost to the armour is regained at 1 point per day when resting and eating normally, and comes with appropriate penalties while the score is lowered (such as decreased hp). If your Constitution drops below 1 the armour will put you into a deathlike coma, your vitals stopped, kept alive only by the armour, sustaining itself on your slowly wasting body until you can be revived or a new wearer removes it from your soft flesh.

18AC so that's good.



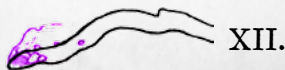
XIII.

The soft sound of running water builds the further you travel down the thin tunnel, one at a time.

Wet, cold, disorienting.

Where it ends, the cave floor has been worn away over time into a small opening to the underground stream flowing below, big enough for an adult to slip through.

The chilling waters of the stream gradually converge with others as they feed back into a river and flow out of the mountain and into daylight.



XII.

APPENDIX A: I AM DONE WITH THIS CAVE. DONE.

If the players decide to bypass the cave, or either of the mercenaries swelling up like wombs are otherwise left alive, they will eventually birth a torrent of much larger worms from their mouths, throats expanded, spewing them over the floor in a steady slopping stream until their body practically collapses in on itself.

Thousands will be cannibalised throughout infancy, hundreds will survive. These new worms will grow to about the size of a large teenager, slithering unholy fusions of worm and man with stunted arms protruding at random from their tubular bodies and human features peering from their rounded, pulsating head-ends.

They have cellular memory of wet, awkward speech.

They carry their forebears within their blood and bile.

They still hear the chorus voice of the worm.

Eat.

Grow.

Burrow.

APPENDIX B: WHAT'S THE DEAL WITH THE CAVE PEARL FROM AREA VII?

Okay so the cave pearl gets smoother and shinier the longer it's kept out of water, and the holes seem to be growing bigger, let's say by 1mm each week? When it's submerged in water for more than 10 minutes, little translucent pale baby crabs crawl out of it. Baby crabs out of nowhere that quickly grow over the next few hours. Their full size depends on how big the holes were. When the cave pearl is found the holes are about 5mm wide and the crab shells measure about 15cm across, so they grow 30 times bigger than the holes they crawled from.

Which means holes that have grown to 5cm will birth 1.5m crabs.

Which means holes that have grown to 10cm will birth 3m crabs!

There's no real limit to how many crabs will come out of this thing but the pearl will try to keep the population sustainable based on their surroundings.

APPENDIX C: SPELLS

The Bare and Repugnant Flesh

Spell Level 2

Duration: 2 Rounds/level

Range: 30'

Casting Time: 1 Round

The subject begins to strip in a panic; there is something beneath their clothes, something terrible. They see their skin laid bare and cry out in anguish, full of unspeakable disgust.

They need to flay it from their bones, they need to escape the flesh.

Subjects of a level higher than the caster may save vs. Magic in subsequent Rounds.

Empatheticum

Spell Level 1

Duration: 1 Round/level

Range: 60'

Casting Time: 1 Round

A chosen subject shares everything that happens to you until the duration ends.

Emotionally, chemically, physically.

Your feelings and desires become the subject's to act upon. Purple smoke breathed into your lungs intoxicates the subject's mind. A knife driven through your hand opens a bloody wound in the hand of the subject.

Subjects of a level higher than you may save vs. Magic, and if successful, the effect is reversed.

At higher levels you may sacrifice Rounds of duration in order to bond with additional subjects.

e.g. At level 3 you can bond with 2 subjects for a duration of 2 Rounds, rather than bonding with 1 subject for 3 Rounds.

Enfold Subcutis

Spell Level 5

Duration: d6 + 1 Turn/level

Range: Touch

Casting Time: 1 Round

Traps an object within flesh, transmuting its molecular state into fatty cells as it is absorbed.

There is no limit as to the size of the object, but the subject's skin will stretch to contain an equal mass of fat.

When you choose or the duration ends, the fat oozes from the subject's pores, reforming the object in its precise state before absorption.

If the duration ends but you wish the effect to continue, you must roll under your Wisdom to delay expulsion by a further duration.

Enfolding one organic being with another is possible, but risky. If you fail to roll under your Wisdom at the time of absorption, the absorbed subject's consciousness will be lost, released as nothing but a wet, lifeless husk when the duration ends. If you fail to roll under your Wisdom at the time of expulsion, the subjects will meld into a pitiful raging mess born of both.

Protoplasmic Seed

Spell Level 4

Duration: 2 Rounds/level

Range: 60'

Casting Time: 1 Round

A seed of thought-stuff is implanted in the subject's head.

Deep-held terror of something physical seeps into the seed, which quickly swells to merge into the subject's brain matter, cracking their head open like an egg and pouring out in a translucent pink manifestation of their fear, dragging the body along by its spinal cord.

The manifestation will turn on the subject's allies first, but once they are gone it will seek the destruction of every other living thing until the duration ends and the jellied brain matter slops to the ground.

Subjects of a level higher than you may save vs. Magic, and if successful, whoever is nearest to them must save vs. Magic and so on until someone fails their save.

Manifestation's HD equal to the combined level of both caster and subject.

d10 *The Subject Fears..*

1	A pile of melding horses, shivering and snapping their teeth.
2	A starving two-headed she-wolf, her dead young still hanging from her womb.
3	A great winged thing from beyond, its body hidden beneath a mass of writhing parasitic worms.
4	Seven tentacles lined with the emerging seeking hands of children.
5	A frog god, its tongue ensnares them to be torn apart by the humanoid amphibian horrors growing from the flesh within its mouth.
6	A broiling mass of polyp-like cells, growing ever wider to smother and digest them.
7	A twisted tower of gnarled stonework, siren songs from within call them one by one to climb its sides and enter it from above. (<i>Target may save vs. Magic, if they succeed move on to the next target, someone must enter every Round.</i>)
8	A giant fish. In the first Round it splits open and turns inside-out, in the second Round 2d10 venomous lampreys emerge from its organs to seek prey.
9	An amorphous mass of flesh carried by the deformed legs of children. Arms and mouths and eyes and parts unknown emerge and retract from its bulk as it lumbers towards them.
10	A young woman in a heavy hooded cloak, clasped at the throat. When she opens it there is nothing but darkness within apart from the dozens of thin tendrils that slosh out and penetrate their flesh, draining them to a husk.

APPENDIX D: RULES

To make tracking light sources less painfully boring, give them a decreasing dice check instead of a set lifespan.

Torches start at d8, Candles at d10, and Lanterns at d20.

Make a light check every Turn by trying to roll 4 or higher on the current dice. If you fail it drops to the next dice for the next check.

If you ever roll a 1 or fail on a d4 it goes out.

When the light source is threatened by wind or moisture the required roll might be higher, and if you fail it goes out, leaving you all alone in the dark.

APPENDIX E: EQUIPMENT MOTHERLOVER

Blackfire Bomb

Horrendous 2d8 burst of actual black flame that clings like oil, notoriously volatile, a natural attack roll of 5 or less will see it explode in your hands.

A ball of scored, pitted iron and glass held in a thread sling, a worn, bulbous ignition dial protruding from its side, clicking gently backwards after you turn it.

Throw with a normal ranged attack roll. If you hit the target, the bomb shatters and they are automatically engulfed in flame.

Even if you fail to directly hit the intended target, your natural roll has consequences:

On a roll of 15 there is a 1 in 6 chance of igniting each target in the thrown area. The higher you rolled, the higher the chance.

On a roll of 10-14, you over-wound the timer, and there is an increasing random chance of it exploding every Round, starting at 1 in 6 next Round.

On a roll of 8-9 it explodes in the air, coating the ceiling or raining fire if you were in the open air.

On a roll of 6-7 it slips from your buttery hands and anyone nearby must save vs. Breath of God to escape.

On a roll of 5 or less it explodes in your hands.

2d8 damage for 2 + d4 Rounds until it burns out.

EPILOGUE

And that's the Sleeping Place of the Feathered Swine.
But hey, feel free to take the parts and mix them around.

Do you think Felix Longworm should have a Blackfire Bomb to play with?
Give him one.

Do you think it would be better to find the piled, partly eaten body parts
in Area VII with nothing else around? You know what that actually sounds
really creepy and fun, you should do that.

Would you like all of the Worm Tumours to be finished eating and spewing,
curled up into the holes in the walls of Area VIII, ready to be woken by
the vibrating sound of approaching explorers? Nice. Maybe you could even
throw some extra holes in the floor of the cave as well.

Do you like the sound of the Worm Tumour offspring, but don't want to
wait for them to find their way out of the cave? Well hell, ditch the wizard,
give your players a mission to find the Feathered Swine or the mercenaries,
and let them find the bones of a Feathered Swine, the vague, rotten remains
of the Worm Tumours curled within their holes, and hundreds of chest-
high pulsating worm creatures reaching out with their multiple hands,
gurgling words they absorbed in the womb, trying to make new friends,
offering the armour as trade.

This is yours now, have fun with it.





THE UNORTHODOX INDEX OF IMPORTANT THINGS

Felix Longworm: A wizard! Wants his spellbook back.

Aspeth Montesquieu: Tough like crazy, she was carrying the sedatives. (3 in 6 chance of the Feathered Swine losing consciousness the next Round, 5 in 6 when used on something normal and human-sized.)

Wilhelm Esmond-Womald: Felix's mercenary friend who was carrying his spellbook for reasons as yet undisclosed.

Worm Tumour: 10AC +2AB d6 damage 2HD 12hp

Photosensitive! They can't hear you but they feel your vibrations, they can taste you.

Save vs. Poison to avoid infection by the worms oozing from their burst skin when they grab you.

Worm Infection: Will infest the local area exposed to them in d4 Turns, manifesting in bubbled, mounded flesh, and spread to a forearm's worth of surrounding flesh every Turn afterwards until enough of your body is cut off to remove them.

The Feathered Swine: 14AC +4AB d10 damage 4HD 32hp

Bulk that smothers, a beak that tears. A good chance of bursting cysts if you get too personal.

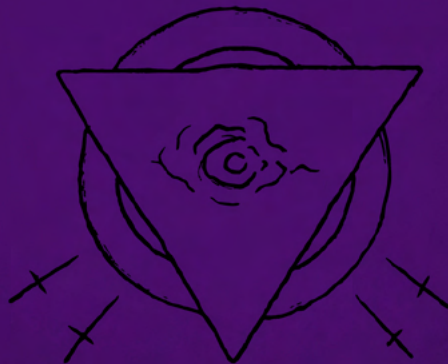
There will be 10 + d20 cysts hanging from the Swine's flesh, removing each one requires a successful Dexterity or Intelligence check, otherwise save vs. Poison as the contents spill out towards your skin.

If you take more than half it will surely starve to death.

Parasitic infections, stylishly cursed
armour, amateur veterinary surgery,
unreliable incendiary devices, edible
mushrooms, spells unheard of,
a wizard in need.

Disgusting glory and lost limbs await you within

THE SLEEPING PLACE of the FEATHERED SWINE



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