

THE ANIMAL HOUSE OF MASTER ÈAUMOR

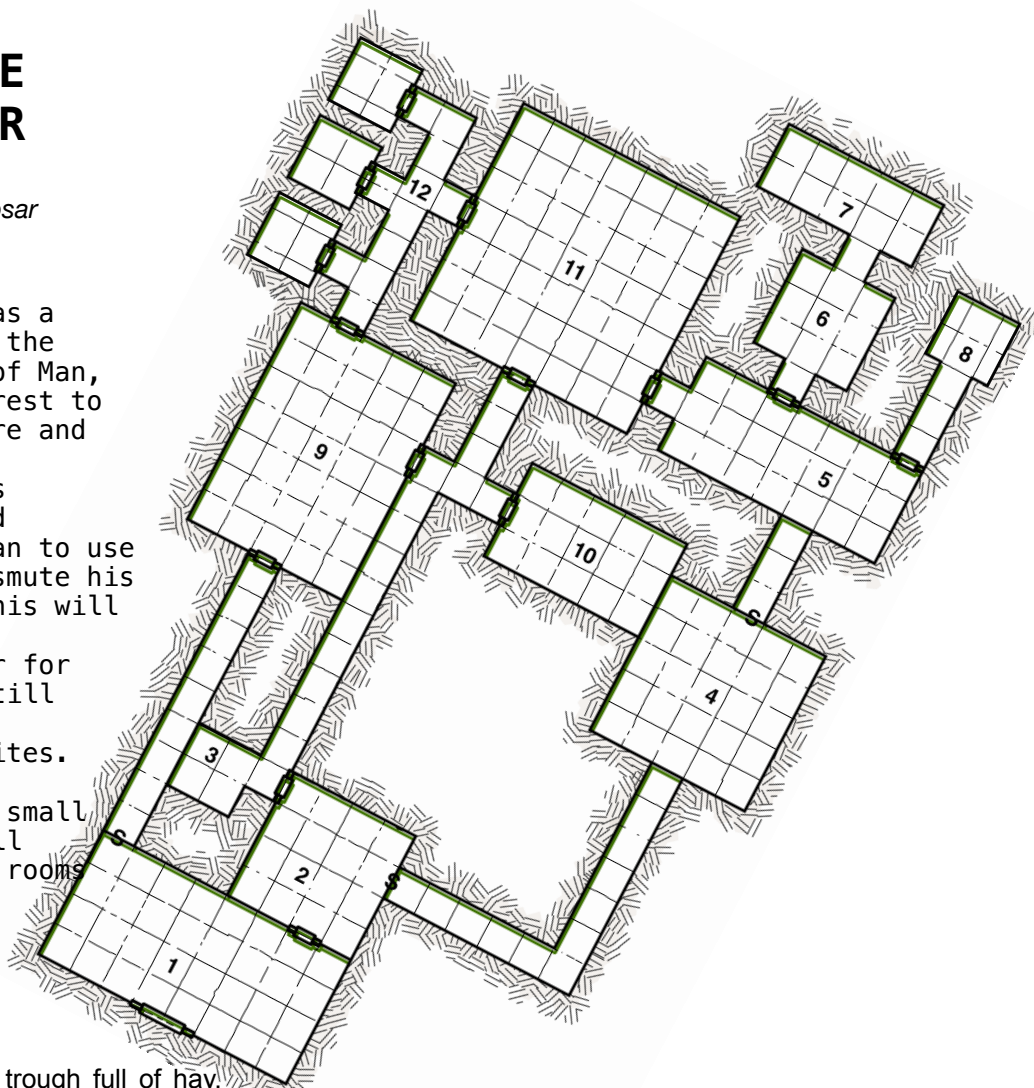
a one page dungeon by Alessio Posar
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A long time ago, Èaumor was a powerful wizard. Tired of the cruelty among the realms of Man, he retired deep in the forest to live in harmony with nature and animals.

But decades passed and his solitude grew stronger and stronger. Soon Èaumor began to use his arcane powers to transmute his animals, bending them to his will and desires.

No one has heard of Èaumor for ages, but his creatures still survive in his den. And they have human appetites.

His den, by the way, is a small lodge on the side of a hill (rooms 1 and 2; the other rooms delve deep in the hill).
1 square = 1.5 mt (10 ft)



1: the main door ajar; a feeding trough full of hay, two rotting goblin corpses; a much older human fighter corpse without his belongings; a pastoral painting hiding a secret door. 2 Dire Wolves feeding on their former masters' bodies.

2: two magic scrolls hidden on a bookshelf, a wardrobe full of worn out robes, a secret door behind the blood-dripped bed.

3: the skeleton of Èaumor, his robe torn out, lies on the three levers that control the barred doors in room 12. A rusty key is stuck between his ribs.

4: there is a trap at the southern entrance: magical ropes that ties the unlucky one to the ceiling. A vast display of wooden pleasure objects (they may be valuable to the right person) and silk ropes. In the dark there lurks Anya, the ravenous choking wereserpent, along with her fiendish eggs.

5: dirty bedrolls and mud on the floor hide weapons and two dead adventurers' treasure along with their corpses, now food for wolves and boars.

6: a pile of garments in the corner, a small wooden table with knives and chunks of rotten meat, broken chairs, a cold hearth.

7: pieces of human flesh hang from the ceiling, seasoned with salt and spices. A locked chest contains bottles of berries wine and a potion.

8: in the latrine, deep in the dirt, Gwendolyn is sleeping with one eye open. She was Èaumor's favourite wereboar, and now she looks after her own domain. She likes to sleep wearing jewels.

9: fine and sharp knives on a metal table, blood everywhere. Jars holding animal and human body parts in green liquid. Failed experiments dwell here: a furless she-wolf and her human-handed puppies.

10: locked in this storage room there is a Wooden Golem resembling a naked woman. Also, among blankets and sheets and jars, there are crystal candles locked in a chest.

11: on the floor, there is a circle inscribed in a square (there are places for the crystal candles in the angles, with wax and gemstones on them – and a robe in the middle). If new crystal candles are lit, they will melt and turn into gemstones, but everyone in the square might be turned into an animal.

12: locked in one cell there is a wererat. Once he was an adventurer, a magic-user: he will promise a great reward if set free, but note that he's also gone crazy. Also, animals don't come here.

