RAGING SWAN PRESS DUNGEON DRESSING: LEGENDS



A Pathfinder Roleplaying Game Compatible Mini-Campaign Setting by Creighton Broadhurst

The furthest flung outpost of a mighty kingdom, turbulent waters and forbidding, trackless forests separate the folk of the Lonely Coast from the gaudy lights of civilisation. Pirates and slavers ply the southern storm-tossed waters while goblins and other foul things creep through the gloom of the Tangled Wood that seemingly chokes the forgotten holds and sacred places of the Old People. Deep within the forest, a narrow, rock-choked defile piled deep with shadow cuts through a nameless range of rugged, tree-shrouded hills birthing dark, fearsome legends of terrifying monsters and glittering, doom-laden treasures. The perils of the Lonely Coast are legion and thus there is always a need for those with stout hearts and skill with blade and spell or for those merely hungry for glory to defend humanity's most tenuous enclave.

"...this PDF does a remarkable job of walking the edge between ease of implementation into a given setting and conveying it's very own atmosphere..."

Endzeitgeist (five stars)

"A perfect starting area for a new campaign, small enough to be dropped into just about any GM's campaign." Kevin Ray (five stars)

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DUNGEON DRESSING: LEGENDS I

A Pathfinder Roleplaying Game GM's RESOURCE supplement by Pierre van Rooden

Tired of dungeons lacking in verisimilitude? Want to add cool little features of interest to your creations but don't have the time to come up with nonessential details? Want to make your dungeons feel more realistic?

Then Dungeon Dressing is for you! Each instalment in the line focuses on a different common dungeon fixture such as stairs, pillars or pools and gives the harried GM the tools to bring such features to life with interesting and cool noteworthy features.

This instalment of Dungeon Dressing presents loads of great legends to add to your dungeon. Designed to be used both during preparation or actual play, *Dungeon Dressing: Legends* is an invaluable addition to any GM's armoury!



CREDITS

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Thank you for purchasing *Dungeon Dressing: Legends I;* we hope you enjoy it and that you check out our other fine print and PDF products.

Contact Us

Email us at gatekeeper@ragingswan.com.

ERRATA

We like to think *Dungeon Dressing: Legends* is completely error free, but we are realists. So in that spirit, we shall post errata three months after release on ragingswan.com. We aren't going to be correcting typos and spelling errors, but we will correct any game mechanic or balance issues that come to light.

ABOUT THE DESIGNER

Pierre van Rooden is a web developer for a Dutch broadcasting company, who spends a significant time of his free time writing adventure games. He started writing for the RPGA in 2001, and after a decade discovered he was still writing, but now being paid a lot less. A definite sign that he shouldn't give up his daytime job yet.

Fun things he got to write include *Collateral, Shattered* and *Wrath of the Tomb of Horrors* (for the RPGA's Living Greyhawk), *The Sign of Four* and The *Sschindylryn Heresy* (for the RPGA's Living Forgotten Realms), and a Dead Gods article for Dragon magazine. The *Cultists of Havra Zhoul* for Raging Swan is the first Pathfinder book he wrote, making him one of the people that shatters the barriers of the edition war, and shows that all role-playing games are equal (though some may be more equal than others).

All of the above is total gibberish to his Japanese wife and two cats, who let him get on with his games as long as he brings home the catnip.

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FOREWORD

Legends should cluster like shadows around almost any dungeon of note. Over the years, its halls have witnessed many acts of heroism and much loot will have been retrieved from its depths. However, coming up with tons of legends the PCs may or may not be interested in learning can be a tremendous drag for a GM. After all, no one minds coming up with material they'll definitely use, but in our busy lives creating stuff that may never see the light of day (or the dark of a dungeon) is not the best use of one's time.

Enter, *Dungeon Dressing: Legends*. Within its pages, you'll find 50 legends ready for you to add to the dungeon in your game. Sure, you might have to tweak the details a tad – probably by changing names or other minor details but the bulk of the work is done for you.

Although I've worked with Pierre on and off for almost a decade, this is only his second supplement for Raging Swan Press. (Actually, Pierre created so many legends that I've had to cut half the material he wrote – what luck then that I have a slot later in the release schedule ready for yet more dungeon

I hope you find this instalment of *Dungeon Dressing* useful. It would be great to hear how you've used it in your game – drop me a line at creighton@ragingswan.com.





legends!)

USING DUNGEON DRESSING: LEGENDS

"Argh," caravan master Tur Strohm groaned. "Ye are asking a steep price for caravan guarding. It's true what they say 'bout adventurers. Thieves all! Of my money! Ah, not much choice for me though. These winter the hills are crawlin' with gobbo buggers. But, seein' yer prices, I guess you saw the posts as well."

The man scratches his hairy chin, still contemplating the offer, when the tavern door opens and a bunch of young men in arms struggle inside. They are battered and dirty. One clenches his shoulder, insisting to his companions that the spreading dark red spot is 'merely a flesh wound'. They stumble to the bar, one of them ordering the cheap beer and counting out what seems to be his last coin.

Tur catches the hurt one's eye, and shakes his head.

"I see lots of people read those posts. More fools to go ahunting the hills, trying to catch a gobo with its gold. Fools."

He shouts the last word into the tavern, eliciting annoyed gazes from the adventurers and amused looks from the rest.

"Fool! Is no gobo that has any gold! Ever heard a famous story 'bout a gobbo and his gold? 'Course not!"

He turns again to the deal, ignoring the angry stare aimed at his back. His eyebrows perk up.

"Ah, I see in your eyes you've been considerin' it too, eh? Maybe better take to the hills and hunt gobbos than take Strohm's money for boring caravan duty? Let me tell you, then: if there ain't no story to be told about a place – and there ain't nothin' to say about gobbos - there ain't anything worth finding.

Nay, there be better places to raid, I can tell ye. I know a tale or two, hear them plenty on the road. There's this castle where ye'll find a woman whose gaze can turn ye to ice, and I know hills where the critters spring from the rocks themselves, and... ah, what am I bawlin'. We were negotiatin' a price.

Or... are ye interested? I can see the hunger for adventure in yer eyes. Want ta know more, eh?

Hmmm.

Well, I might just want to share a few tales on some of these places when we are on the road. Could even drop a hint where you can find them...

Ya know. If I would want to hire you...

Now about that askin' price..."



Contained on the following pages are fifty legends, divided into five categories:

- Lost Treasures: Dungeons are famed for lost treasures. Rumours of such treasures abound about almost all dungeons.
- Famed Adventurers: Sometimes as famous as the dungeons themselves, the adventurers that dare their depths are heroic figures. Use this section to provide details of those who have preceded the PCs.
- Dungeon Features: Sometimes a dungeon is famed for a particularly location within or nearby. These legends provide details of such locales.
- Dungeon Inhabitants: A dungeon's inhabitants often go a long way toward setting the flavour and tone of the place. Most dungeons only have one (or at most a few) famed residents.
- Events & Deeds: As dungeons attract adventurers like corpses attract flies, they are often the site of heroic (or nefarious) actions.

Each legend is presented as a brief text, that can be easily inserted in a GM's campaign as a tavern tale, scrap of bardic lore or sage's research. The veracity of each legend is, of course, up to the GM.

Each legend describes an event in the past tied to an adventure locale. Although each legend includes names or locales and personas, the GM may want to tweak these to better suit his campaign.

A GM can use the ideas herein to add flavour to an adventure locale, or to flesh out an encounter involving the legend. They can even serve as the hook into a minor side trek or subplot. Let the PCs try to find one of the rare hawks bred by the Dregons (page 10), deal with the *opposition hammer* (page 5) as it falls into their hands, find out that the gold of their last adventure belongs to the dragon Sosshalithibar (page 5) or get infiltrated by Blind the spymaster (page 6).



Dungeons are famed for lost treasures. Rumours of such treasures abound about almost all dungeons.

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Inner Mirror: This mirror was cursed to show you
your true self. All your virtues, flaws and faults are
tallied up and reflected in its surface. Few can stand
what they see. If one is especially vile, the image

- 1 may even come alive and leave the mirror, to destroy what it perceives to be a threat to the world. When its last owner died after seeing his reflection, the mirror was covered up and hidden away, deep below in the dungeons.
 - **Dragon's Gold:** The dragon Sosshalithibar, awake after a sleep of decades, is scouring the land, looking for gold coins taken from her hoard during her "nap." "Sosh," as she is also called, can track each coin, due to an enchantment with which she
- 2 imbues all her treasure. She is ruthless and kills all that own what is hers, even though the coins have already passed through many hand and now fill pockets of men throughout the lands. (The PCs may even be carrying some of the gold and may have a sudden encounter with an angry dragon!)

Bark: The bark of the Pledwood tree is said to have the magical ability to undo the ravages of old age, curing arthritis, brittle bones and loss of eyesight. As

3 a result, most Pledwood trees have long since been chopped down. A few are believed to exist, far from civilized lands, guarded by treants and monstrous guardians.

Peace Keeper: Hovering on the bridge spanning the Grunflow hovers a blade, left there by a priest who got tired of the dungeon's denizens fighting over the river. *Peace Keeper* fights on its own, disarming

4 anyone who carries a weapon onto the bridge, and parrying any attacks made against those in its vicinity. It never strikes to harm. So far nobody has tried taking the weapon for themselves – for who wants a blade that stops you fighting?

Opposition Hammer: This flawed attempt at an intelligent warhammer takes on the opposite alignment of whoever wields it. Whether it is actually intelligent, or whether the bearer simply

5 hears her own insane voice reflected back to her is unknown. The hammer always opposes its wearer, and is wielded with great difficulty. It is, for some reason, the prized item of a hobgoblin tribe. Their champion wields it in battle.

6	Glamour Gem: This gem, set in a silver periapt, enhances the wearer's ability to create illusions, but also compels the wearer to believe its own creations. The gem's creator lived in a castle formed of the most brilliant illusions, crowded with friends that were not really there, and eating fantastic meals that did not exist. He starved to death.
7	Chronicling Quill: This quill was once enchanted by a lich to record its thoughts, so that it might reflect on them later. Now, centuries later, the lich has left our world for other planes, but the quill yet writes. It covers the walls in the lich's lair with its scribbling – dark, nightmarish thoughts that may drive the reader insane.
8	Wishing Ring: The Empty Keep was once foolishly wished into being by a merchant who had come into the possession of a <i>ring of wishes</i> . When the people of the valley entered the keep, they found it empty. Legends say that if you dig deep enough, you will find the merchant – buried under the tons of stone foundations he wished into being, the wishing ring still on his finger. The keep was abandoned – such a magical place was bound to bring bad luck to those dwelling within and locals used its stones to build their homes. Now, nothing but the cellars and the stub of the inner keep remain.
9	Bread Basket: Lady Du Pon dressed her banquets with a wicker basket that continually produces fresh bread rolls. The basket was the gift of a wise woman from the Black Spar Forest. A rival noble stole the basket, but when she subsequently presented it at her own feasts, any who ate of it were turned into vermin – with the noble herself turned into a bloated half-spider/half-woman. Only recovering the basket and presenting it to the Du Pon descendants removes this curse.
10	Caftan of Many Pockets: A travelling mage is rumoured to own a coat with nine pockets that reach, through miniature portals, into nine chests. Anything put into a pocket enters such a chest, and through the pocket, anything inside the chest can be drawn out. Nobody knows where these chests are, though one chest seems to be in the possession of a fruit merchant, as its corresponding pocket always yields fresh bananas. Another seems to be located underwater as when opened salt water trickles forth.

Sometimes as famous as the dungeons themselves, the adventurers that dare their depths are heroic figures. Use this section to provide details of those who preceded the PCs.

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The Barbarian: No door nor gate can stop Durn the Strong, who batters them down or rips out the portcullis. One mage had the door to his tower especially re-enforced to stop Durn, who was after him for the death of a friend. When Durn couldn't break down the door, and after being hit by the door's magic wards seven times, he instead tore

through the wall and pressed the mage against his own gate, whose wards then fried him to a crisp. The hole in the tower wall is still there – next to the gate, still unopened, unlocked and with all its wards functioning.

The Burglar: Kayla of Endwick is a member of the Night Owls, a group of burglars. She accepts any challenge, and only ever failed once. When out to steal the Drin Diamond, she walked into a magical rope trap, that constricted and strangled her until she lost consciousness. The mage that found her

2 gave her a beating, shaved off her beautiful hair and set her free, promising death should she ever return. The hair he used to replace the rope that was broken when Kayla set off the trap. Kayla keeps her head shaven, having vowed to not re-grow her hair until she has succeeded in obtaining the diamond.

The Spy: "Blind" is a doppelganger who works as a spymaster for the king. Blind's task is to keep tabs on adventurers. To learn what he wants, he temporarily replaces adventurers in a group –

- 3 making sure the person he replaces is occupied for an extended period of time. Once he has learned all he can, he leaves, before the original's return. Blind is so skilled, that some adventurer bands never realized he replaced one of their number.
 - **Rival Adventurers:** The War Dogs are a famous adventuring band having claimed quite a few monster kills and treasure hunts. Bad tongues however say the Dogs acquire their fame by hunting
- 4 nowever say the bogs acquire their fame by hunting other adventurers – and ambushing them once the hard work has been done. Many question if any of the deeds they claim are even theirs, but then again, none can be found to claim otherwise.
 - The Ghost Sage: Adventurers who have entered the old ruins south of Spewer Crag claim they were
- 5 followed around by a spectral old man in a shawl. The man takes notes, mutters comments in an old tongue, and is annoyingly inquisitive. While he

	seems not to intend harm, his presence is unnerving and spoils any attempts at stealth. The man is entirely intangible, and his only reaction to conversation is to shush people. One wizard claims the man is the projected image of a learned sage, apparently interested in the ancient ruins.
6	The Bard: Joran Du'Noyn has a voice like nails on a blackboard. He sings loudly, off-key and, most annoyingly, often. Still, he is popular with adventurers as a guide, since his knowledge of the region and its history is unparalleled. Invariably, though, adventurers get tired of Joran, When the music becomes too much, he is kicked out of the group – sometimes quite forcibly.
7	The Bone Man: His name is Sebal, but he is only referred to as the "Bone Man." Years ago, he killed an old woman who he mistook for a hag due to her ragged looks. She cursed him with her dying breath, so that others would see him as a monster, just as he had seen her. His flesh turned invisible, and now all one can see are his bones – a walking skeleton. He now seeks a cure, but travels alone, bereft of normal contact with his fellow men.
8	The Duelist: Anyone in shining armour be warned Jors, a farm hand with delusions of grandeur, challenges anyone that he deems "of proper stature" to a duel, and he does not take no for an answer. Wielding an old rusty blade that he claims is a "family heirloom," he has seen more fights than a watchman in Undercrag – though so far he has lost every one of them. It's a wonder he is still alive.
9	The Thief: I hear her real name is Aimy, but everyone calls her "Titmouse," for her hair and the way she blends in the crowd. Her target? Adventurers, I hear. She is so deft with her fingers she can steal your underwear without you noticing. Quite a few heroes have found themselves bereft of gold and jewels after a slight bump in the marketplace. If you watch your purse carefully – she may steal your undergarments instead.
10	The Executioner: Nobody knows her name, nor where she came from. Only that this woman does her job well. One chop of her axe, on order of the magistrate, and you have parted with your head and your life. Privately, she is polite and kind, passionate even, but she takes her job seriously and doesn't care about guilt or innocence. She never leaves a job undone, and has hunted down people who fled before their execution, even as far as the Frostrim. Those she catches are beheaded on the spot.



Sometimes a dungeon is famed for a particularly location within or nearby. These legends provide details of such locales.

D10		. 6
	Underground Garden: The druid T'Hkoiden designed magnificent gardens in the depths of the earth, filled with all manner of fungi, lichens and strange plants. Used as a place to raise his only	
1	daughter, it has many hazards: flesh-eating plants, poisonous vines, shrieking fungi and guardian beasts. After his death the garden is even more deadly – his spirit haunts it, and reacts violently to any who enter who are not of his bloodline.	
2	Stone Cabinet: The famous dwarven stonemason Babrun Rogbrunson worked a cabinet out of solid stone. Doors, walls and surface are made of polished obsidian, and the cabinet door windows are of crystal: paper thin, but hard as rock. The cabinet has endured its maker, and now serves a	7
	stone giant chieftain, who keeps it to hold trophies of his enemies – in particular their heads.	
3	Paintings: Portraits placed in the Hall of Ages in the Seven Towers gain a strange and disturbing quality: the portrayed images age with the years. Young girls turn to blossoming youth, enter motherhood and become ancient crones. No portrait is exempt, though animals pictured in the frames stay young and vital. Many portraits are so old they show	8
	withered mummies. Disturbing as it may be, no portrait is ever taken down, and each holder of the Seven Towers traditionally places his own portrait in the halls, watching it age as they, themselves, grow older.	g
	Floor of Bones: In some places, people bury their dead under the floor of the local temple. In the town of Leyswick the local temple paves its floor with the bones of the dead instead. It is a custom of	-
4	old times, when a death knight ruled these lands, and consigned those who opposed him to that fate. Now, long after the death knight's defeat, it is seen as an honour to have ones bones set in the floor. It is a statement that the one interred is a free man.	
5	Dungeon Lights: A gnome family of adventuring illusionists crafted many odd spells, but one they may be remembered for is the <i>dungeon lights</i> spell. The spell creates magical motes of light, the brightness of a torch, that can be moved by concentration, but never past a radius of a mile from where they originated. Most lights last for a day, but in some dungeons the gnomes visited, permanent motes were left behind. Adventurers with few resources find these lights useful – as do	1

the monsters they invariably attract.

All-Consuming Fire: One fire pit in the halls of the fire giant Nurbathur contains a hellish fire ignited by a powerful devil, summoned for that very purpose. The fire consumes all that is thrown into it, reducing

- 6 it to nothing but ash. No amount of magical protection can ward off the all-consuming fire, and even material that does not burn, such as rock or metal, is reduced to nothingness.
- **Puzzle Floor:** Popular in many dungeons west of Yunglin Marsh are floors with tiles inscribed with words spelling out the answer to a cryptic puzzle. Most were made by the famous riddling engineer Antoin Gassepe. Without a good knowledge of local
- 7 customs or history, these floors are deadly to traverse: step on the wrong tile in the wrong order, and deadly magical traps strike. Quite a few people have been disintegrated for wrongly recalling a nursery rhyme, or not knowing the name of the former ruler of the nearest town.
 - **Corridor of Death:** Only one way leads into the lowest levels of Castle Trahg. It is a curving corridor, interspersed with steep stairways and riddled with traps. It is at least 800 feet long. Nobody knows its
- 8 exact length, since no-one has ever reached the end. All who tried perished, though the exact number of attempts is unknown. The traps not only kill, but also remove any evidence of a victim's passing. Thus, the corridor's secrets remain unknown.

Aviary: The Dregons had a fondness for birds. They spent a fortune on an aviary, where they bred exotic species. Their hunting hawks were praised and a single bird of the right line cost a fortune. After the

- 9 ruin of the Dregons, the aviaries still stand, but are unattended. Few birds but crows nest there now. The rare birds were pretty tough, though, and it possible that a few specimens survived. Their offspring would fetch a good price today.
- Locked Vault: If you lock a vault, don't throw away the key. That is what happened to Sermond Tayf, a greedy merchant, who had a vault created that would only open to his touch. When it was finished, he ordered the maker, an old dwarf, executed.
- However, the dwarf had added a failsafe: the vault did not only require the merchant's touch, but also a passphrase, which the dwarf had not told Tayf. When a priest compelled the dwarf's spirit to reveal the password, Tayf was told that it was "what was in his heart." Tayf spend the rest of his life finding out what that was, but never got his vault open.

A dungeon's inhabitants often go a long way toward setting the flavour and tone of the place.

D10

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1	Ogres: Three ogre brothers were cursed by a warlock to guard the only bridge spanning the Crane's Chasm. While the warlock was slain years ago, these brutes still guard the bridge, compelled to extract 1 gold coin for every soul that passes. It is said they stand knee-deep in both the remains of those that refused to pay the toll, and the gold of those that did.	
2	Sprites: The dancing lights seen at night over Plight Tower are sprites, turning over every stone in search for their queen, who is said to have been imprisoned by an annis hag. These sprites care only for their queen, and attack any who disturb them – or who come within a stone's throw of the tower.	
3	Kobolds: Every year, adventurers hunt down the kobolds of Spewer Crag. Every year, they are routed out down to the last critter. Yet, every spring, the kobolds return. It is said the Crag itself spawns them from the blood spilled on the rocks. If true, it is lucky that it is mere kobolds that live there.	
4	Invisible Stalker: An invisible beast stalks the ruins of Bunwick Castle. It's huge and terrible and has sharp claws, that shreds all it encounters. It cannot be seen nor heard, but exudes an awful stench.	
	Skeleton Army : Every new moon, the dead rise from a local battlefield, fresh and whole, and march towards the old keep, slaying all in their path. As	

5 they march, they rot away, and soon they are mere skeletons. At dawn, they crumble to dust, and their remains return to the battlefield. They have never reached the castle in time to seize it, but maybe, some day, they will.

6	Fauns: Entering Yunglin Fort is not hard – but getting much further than the courtyard is impossible. Fauns, nymphs and other playful fey have taken it over, and drag anyone who enters into their revelries. Refusing is not an option – people are bespelled and bound if need be. Those escaping these feasts are found wandering the woods, bewildered and bereft of all they had with them.
7	Goblins : The Souleaters are a tribe of goblins who believe eating the dead on the battlefield gifts them knowledge and power. They are considered insane even by other goblins – but are superior to their brethren. (Each is either an advanced goblin or giant goblin).
8	Cultists: A statuette is embedded in the niche of a small chapel in the back of the tunnel system. It is of obsidian and depicts an ugly, thin woman with ankle-length hair and feathery wings. Someone offers it severed fingers and toes of various creatures – especially birds. Nobody has seen these cultists coming and going, but it is believed they sneak up at night from the dungeon's deeper levels.
9	Elementals: The stunningly beautiful lady Gelúa reigns over a massive, frozen part of the dungeon she calls the Glacial Palace. She is served by many ice elementals, but she needs no guards to protect her – any who gaze into her eyes are turned to ice, and end up decorating her halls.
10	Vermin : The walls of the dungeon are filled with spiders, centipedes and other poisonous crawlers. These critters have formed a hive mind, acting as one against any who enter. Once someone is inside, they isolate them, then flow from cracks in walls, ceiling and floor to devour their flesh.



As dungeons attract adventurers like corpses attract flies, dungeons are often the site of heroic (or nefarious) actions.

D10				in ruin ar
010	The River War: Two barons fought over a dam, but	-		zealous p lords to c
1	none ever won. Both lost all their men in a pitched			justificati
	battle in the middle of the river, the many, many			with salt
	dead fouling the water and clogging the river,		6	these are
	turning it into a muddy graveyard. Animals and		0	abandone
	beasts steer clear of this place now, for those that			are haur
	drink its poisonous waters go mad or die.	_		crusade,
	The Witch Burning: Fear can do a lot with people.			buried th
	When the greenhag Tersilla just wouldn't die, the			Havra Zh
	rural folk didn't merely set fire to her cottage – they			to lie in a
	burned down an entire swath of forest. Nothing	-		Family fe
-	grows now in this area, and the hag is believe dead,			night ena
2	but occasionally, bodies of animals and even people			feud whe
	are found near the edge of this land of ash fields and			argumen
	charcoal tree trunks – burned from the inside out.			dungeon.
	The burning revealed several ancient burial cairns –		7	entire fa
	some of which are said to stand above deep		/	banquet.
	sepulchres filled with ancient bones.	_		start the
	Troll Champion: Lord Danquin loved gladiatorial			between
	combat so much he promised to wed the woman			members
	who would slay a special-bred troll in his arena, one			wounds t
	immune to acid and fire. Many perished before the	-		Final Sta
	brutal monster, until the hooded adventuress			local dur
	Deldeen Ashadder entered the arena. She fought			surprising
3	furiously but was no match for the creature. It		8	captured
	struck her down, but before the killing blow, it			As they
	ripped off the woman's hood revealing her to be a			surround
	medusa. The troll was instantly petrified, thus	-		The Hand
	yielding the match to the woman. Since then, the			powerful
	petrified troll, still holding a silk hood, stands in the			however,
	arena, marking the day of Danquin's wedding – and			priest Ha
	the rise of the Ashadder house.	-		attempt
	The Lashed Lass: The Lass is the name of an inn near			fury of th
	to the dungeon, commemorating a woman who,		9	him and
	due to treasonous acts, was condemned to be			the cleric
	bound and lashed on the village square until dead.			managed
	The woman was lashed for days, and had not a			reputatio
4	shred of flesh on her bones when she finally			animated
	perished. Her screams can still be heard on dark			the other
	nights, and the lash that killed her is cursed to	-		The Plag
	strangle it's owner. Some say it lurks in the inn and			one, but
	occasionally attacks those resembling the folk			terrible w
	responsible for the woman's death.	-		claim to
	The Dragon: The red dragon Blaze fought hundreds			related h
	of adventuring parties before he was slain. His death		10	laid the
	- and the accompanying reward - was claimed by			disease c
5	the War Dogs, but all they had to show for proof was a dragon's tooth – they never explained why			inside out
	was a gragon's tooth – they never explained why			

was a dragon's tooth – they never explained why they left the dragon to lie where he was slain. Blaze was known to fry adventurers and devour them whole – equipment and all. His belly might contain a true treasure throve, and all one has to do to claim it is to find his mouldering corpse.

The Crusade: Many castles and towns that lie now in ruin are remnants of the Cleansing Crusade. The zealous paladin Havra Zhoul blasted quite a few lords to oblivion, citing their devotion to chaos as a justification. Whole areas were burned, lands sown with salt and families slain. After Havra's demise, these areas slowly recovered. Some places were abandoned entirely. These now house monsters, or

are haunted by the wrathful dead. During the crusade, many nobles and other wealthy folk hid or buried their treasures to keep them from falling into Havra Zhoul's hands. Some of the treasures are said to lie in a nearby dungeon.

Family feud: The spectres of Grainriff House each night enact a family tragedy of years ago – a bloody feud where three brothers killed each other over an argument about treasure recovered from a nearby dungeon. Everyone present was slain, including the

- 7 entire family who had gathered for a celebratory banquet. It is best not to get in their way when they start their ghostly massacre. Those caught in between tend to be "confused" with family members, and quickly find out spectral blades leave wounds that are quite real.
- Final Stand: The Fellowship of the Rod invaded a local dungeon, but discovered its denizens were
- 8 surprisingly cunning and coordinated. They were captured and slowly put to death over many weeks.
 As they died, their screams echoed through the surrounding hills and some way they still do.

The Hand: Clerics of the Faith of Light tend to get powerful and very, very rich. Power and wealth, however, do not protect against all mishaps. High priest Halzedar had no use for them when his attempt to cleanse Partlow Castle unleashed the fury of the dead. A horde of ghouls rose up to attack

him and his retinue, and a massive ghast severed the cleric's well-ringed hand in one bite. Halzedar managed to flee, but with his hand – and most of his reputation – left behind. Some report the hand later animated, and now scuttles, still bejeweled, among the other undead.

The Plague: The Dregon family was an extensive one, but they all died in a fortnight, succumbing to a terrible wasting disease. None of them are left to lay claim to their house – and nobody who is not

related has any interest in doing so. The plague that laid the family low still festers in the ruins. The disease creeps up on you, and rots you from the inside out. You can't even see when someone is sick, and may only discover that you yourself are when it is already too late.

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