RAGING SWAN PRESS GM'S MONTHLY MISCELLANY: JULY 2016





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Featuring material from some of Raging Swan Press's newest products as well as classic releases of yesteryear, advice articles and material from Creighton's own Borderland of Adventure campaign, the GM's Monthly Miscellany series is a terrific free resource for the busy, time-crunched GM.

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CONTENTS

Foreword	2
20 Things to Decorate a Wizard's Tower	3
Umelas At A Glance	4
The Mudded Manse At a Glance	6
An Uneventful Day's Travel in a Swamp	8
20 Minor Treasures to Find in a Smuggler's Storeroom	10
OGL V1.0A	11

Sources

As well as new, never seen before material from my own Borderland of Adventure campaign, this instalment of GM's Monthly Miscellany presents information from several Raging Swan Press products and advice articles including:

- 20 Things #3: Wizard's Tower Creighton Broadhurst
- 20 Things #4: Smuggler's Lair Creighton Broadhurst
- Places of Power: The Mudded Manse Mike Welham.
- Campaign Backdrop: Swamps & Marshes Jesper Andersen, John Bennett, Creighton Broadhurst, Denver Edwards Jr., Steve Hood, Greg Marks, David Posener, Jacob Trier, Josh Vogt and Mike Welham.
- Village Backdrop: Umelas Jeff Gomez.



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Blimey. Where did June go? It's July, and I'm not totally sure exactly where much of the year has gone. True, I've been jolly busy and productive (which is a nice change to just being busy) but I'm still unsure where the last 180-odd days have gone!

In any event, I've got a hankering to write an adventure again along the same lines as *Retribution*; hopefully over next few weeks, I'll find the time to rough out a plot—I've had one lurking in the back of my brain for a few months now—and start to consider what I need to do to make it a reality! While I'm a big fan of dungeon bashes, I like to include moral dimensions to the adventures I publish, and I think I've got a cracker for this adventure! Hopefully, next year you'll be able to terrorise your players with it...

Herein, you'll find excerpts from five of Raging Swan's newest products including Village Backdrop: Umelas, Places of

Power: The Mudded Manse, Campaign Backdrop: Swamps & Marshes as well as 20 Things #3: Wizard's Tower and 20 Things #4: Smuggler's Lair. (And rather marvellously, much of the contents of the last two supplements are available for free over at ragingswan.com/free-resources). You might also be aware that Raging Swan Press is now on Patreon. We signed up at the start of April 2015, and it's going rather marvellously. The thrust of our Patreon

campaign is to be able to afford better rates of pay for our freelance game designers. As I'm sure you know, the economics of 3PP are notoriously tight, but Patreon gives us at Raging Swan Press a way to increase our freelancer rates. At time of writing, we've already massively increased our word rate to 9 cents a word, which gives me a warm, fuzzy feeling inside. We want to pay more, but to do that we need your help! If you sign up, you get our supplements earlier than normal and cheaper than normal. Even better, you can pledge what you want and cancel when you want. If you are interested in taking a look at the campaign, check out patreon.com/ragingswanpress or head over to patreon.com and search for Raging Swan!

In any event, I hope you enjoy the material in this GM's Monthly Miscellany, but more importantly I hope you find it useful and that it enhances your campaign. If you've got any comments or questions about Raging Swan Press, I'd love to hear from you. You can contact me at creighton@ragingswan.com.

WM

20 THINGS TO DECORATE A WIZARD'S TOWER

Wizard's towers are strange places full of esoteric items of unknowable purpose and artifice. It makes sense that such folk—steeped in arcane arts—would decorate their homes with objects and items that one would be unlikely to find in more normal dwellings.

- This large black tapestry covers one entire wall; small interwoven silver beads depict the best known constellations. Perceptive PCs note another constellation they don't recognise; this one is picked out with small red beads.
- Wrought iron torch sconces protrude from the walls; the sconces look like the blackened claws of some kind of terrible, mythical beast.
- 3. A pentagram covers much of the floor. The design is cut into the floor and its tiny channels are full of glistening mercury.
- 4. Thick red curtains hang down from the ceiling around the walls and obscure any doors or other openings. Behind the curtains, several cunningly-cut holes channel the wind from outside; when the wind is strong enough, this causes the curtains to oscillate.
- This chamber's walls are whitewashed. However, perceptive PCs can just make out the shadow of an image below the whitewash.
- This door frame is decorated with intricate carvings of a swarm of tiny hands grasping at the door; paranoid PCs may suspect this is a trap.
- The floor is of one-foot square alternating yellow and black flagstones. The yellow flagstones look older and more worn than the black.
- Soot mars the ceiling, although there doesn't seem to be any obvious source of fire.
- 9. A fan of daggers—all of different craftsmanship and make decorates one wall. The daggers come from a variety of races and cultures; some are crafted by orcs or goblins while others are of human manufacture. One impossibly slender blade is clearly of elven origin.
- 10. A scorched and battered suit of chainmail sits on a stand in a small niche in one wall.
- 11. Small niches pierce the walls at roughly knee height. A sconce sized for a candle fills each niche, and dried candle wax of a variety of colours covers the bottom of each niche (and in some cases has dripped down onto the floor).
- 12. A portrait of the wizard adorns one wall; he is pictured clad in the finest robes, his fingers and throat heavy with jewellery. Behind him, lies an alien landscape and motes of light cluster about this head.
- 13. A cracked and blackened skull of probably human origin lurks in a deep niche in the wall; small black curtains flank the niche.

- 14. Esoteric runes—in the ancient magical language—snake around the room at waist height. PCs able to read the runes realise they are a form of ritualistic protection against scrying.
- 15. A picture set into an ornate, gaudy frame depicts a great granite throne standing alone in a deep cavern. The dust of ages is upon the throne and its surroundings. Small letters hidden in the bottom left corner of the picture identify the scene as, "The God-Throne." The picture is unsigned.
- 16. A fabulously detailed blown-glass figurine standing on a side table depicts a rearing unicorn.
- 17. Surprisingly life-like carvings of a multitude of stone bats hang from the ceiling.
- A crudely painted picture of the wizard dead in his coffin hangs on one wall. The picture is signed by the wizard himself (in a trembling hand).
- 19. Protective sigils are etched into the wall above every door and window. The sigils themselves are filled with a mix of lead and silver and are designed to ward against scrying and teleportation magic.
- 20. A beautiful rug of exquisite craftsmanship covers a large portion of the floor. The map depicts the surrounding area and shows the location of several hidden tombs, derelict wizard's towers and other adventure sites.

8 STRANGE SOUNDS

- 1. Perceptive PCs hear the sound of barely audible muttering in a harsh, otherworldly language. The sound is so faint, though, they cannot make out more than a few words.
- 2. Many small holes pierce the tower's outer walls; when the wind is stronger than a mere breeze this creates a whining sound that rises and falls as gusts batter the structure.
- 3. Footsteps sound in a random direction, but investigations reveal the relevant area to be empty.
- 4. A perceptive PC detects the faint sound of scrabbling claws on stone.
- 5. Barely audible crying or sobbing comes to the party's ears; it comes from an unknown source.
- A high pitch buzzing sounds suddenly begins. No matter the PCs' actions, it increases in pitch for 30 seconds before abruptly ceasing.
- A low humming—seemingly coming from the tower's very stones—slowly becomes apparent to the PCs' ears. It continues for 20 minutes before slowly fading away.
- 8. A single, loud chime suddenly rings out. The sound echoes through the tower.

UMELAS AT A GLANCE

Umelas stinks of sweetness. From the saccharine wines to the cloying scent of white oak, the air is rich with sugar. The scenery is idyllic enough, if you can stand the scent. Vaulting green hills host groves of shimmering trees as far as the eye can see. A dancing stream carries grape scents from the winery on the cliffs above to the laughing villagers below. Men and women smoke sweet sage at the Riverwatch tavern, curling vapours which settle lazily over the waters below.

But something sinister lurks behind every contented smile.

Umelas was not always this sweet. Thirty years ago the village was in the depths of economic depression, with trade goods faltering and a horrifying plague sweeping ever closer. Out of the woods came a bright eyed fey in the guise of a man. He called himself Smiling Bracken, and he offered a trade: longevity, prosperity and unending joy for the life and soul of a child.

From a community on the brink of destruction, the vote was unanimous. Smiling Bracken took his sacrifice down into the limestone caves beneath the village. When the screams began, some villagers wavered in their resolve, and spoke in hushed whispers of going back on their deal.

But Smiling Bracken kept good on his promise. Umelas *thrived*. And it has thrived for 30 years – despite the whimpers and screams of pain from the earth below.

DEMOGRAPHICS

Ruler Hiswin Baeler

Government Utopian Experiment

Population 66 (52 humans, 6 halflings, 5 half-elves, 2 elves, 1 gnome)

Alignments LN, N, LE

Languages Alko, Common

Corruption -3; Crime -3; Economy +2; Law -1; Lore -2; Society -1 Qualities Insular, Smiling Bracken's Blessing Danger 0

NOTABLE FOLK

Most of the population are nothing more than hardworking peasants. A few, however, are of interest to adventurers:

- **Birrick Baeler** (location 8; NG male human commoner 1) Birrick is the tortured sacrifice of Umelas, bound in eternal pain deep within the earth.
- **Gerder Groa** (location 6; LN female human expert 2) Uldric's wife, Gerder is even larger and more taciturn than her husband. She handles duties while her husband is away, and is teased good naturedly for her silence.
- Hiswin Baeler (location 7; LN male human aristocrat 2/expert 1) The mayor is an old man now, though he looks much younger. He has little to do on a daily basis, and spends most of his time praying at the Temple of the Covenant.

- Merner Sugarloft (location 1; NE male gnome adept 1/expert 3) The owner of Sugarloft Winery, Merner pines for the days before Smiling Bracken but recognizes life is better with his blessings.
- Tevrik Waterblossom (location 4; LN male halfling expert 2) Large and gruff, many mistake the bearded Tevrik for a dwarf when they first lay eyes on him. Tevrik runs the town lumberyard but stays out of political and fey affairs.
- **Uldric Groa** (location 6; LE male human expert 2) The owner and bartender of Riverwatch Tavern is strict and quiet, preferring to pour drinks rather than make conversation.

NOTABLE LOCATIONS

Most of the village comprises peasant homes. A few locations, however, are of interest to adventurers:

- Sugarloft Winery: The esteemed legacy of this winey far outshines its current produce, sickly-sweet wines which sell well on the market but lack depth or character.
- The Gutter: Gutter's River, or the Gutter, brings fresh snow melt from the mountains to Sugarloft Winery, then courses down Gutter's Gorge to Umelas below.
- White Oak Groves: Across The Gutter grow hundreds of aromatic white oak groves on grassy hills, stretching up and onto the hills and mountains beyond.
- Umelas Lumberyard: Thin sweet sap clings to every corner of this bustling lumberyard.
- Gutter's Gorge: A steep ravine cuts its way down limestone cliffs, bridging a vertical divide between Umelas and the Sugarloft Winery on the slopes above.
- Riverwatch Tavern: Riverwatch is a restaurant and tavern on the banks of the Gutter where white oak incense burns in flickering hearths.
- 7. **Temple of the Covenant**: This structure is Umelas' religious and political centre, and a place to worship Smiling Bracken.
- Limestone Caves: Musty, dark and dripping, the limestone caves are littered with animal bones and play host to Smiling Bracken.

MARKETPLACE

Resources & Industry Mutton, white oak, wine, wool Base Value 500 gp; Purchase Limit 2,500 gp; Spellcasting 3rd; Minor Items 2d4; Medium Items 1d4; Major Items –

When the PCs arrive in Umelas, the following items are for sale:

- Potions & Oils invigorate (50 gp)
- Scrolls (Arcane) hypnotism (25 gp), innocence (25 gp)
- Scroll (Divine) calm emotions (150 gp), hunter's lore (25 gp)

VILLAGE LORE

A PC making a Knowledge (geography) or Knowledge (local) check may know some information about Umelas. A successful check gains all the information revealed by a lesser result.

DC 10: A mere 30 years ago, Umelas was heavily impoverished and on the brink of collapse.

DC 15: Umelas has and needs no guard or milita. Disturbances are few and far between, and dangers seem to avoid the place.

DC 25: The villagers made a dark sacrifice to Smiling Bracken, a dark fey; in return he granted them prosperity and long life.

VILLAGERS

Appearance The people of Umelas are always smiling hollow grins full of pink-stained teeth. The men are strong and handsome, the women proud and beautiful and the children playful and intelligent. All are unusually tall and healthy. Sickness and hunger are rare things here.

Dress The villagers rarely import textiles and fabric from abroad, and make do with local wool. They tend towards simple clothing of light colours, but both men and women often braid their hair with pink flowers growing on the white oak trees

Nomenclature *male* Argeld, Gilles, Joran, Loris, Lukas; *female* Desmonda, Evry, Indrid, Olund, Saera; *family* Elser, Idoder, Jonad, Neamin, Persire.

WHISPERS & RUMOURS

A PC can use Diplomacy to gather information about Umelas and its surroundings. This takes 1d4 hours and requires a DC 10 check. A PC exceeding this check gains one additional rumour for each 5 points by which he exceeded DC 10. Use the table below to determine which rumour(s) the PC learns.

D6 RUMOUR

1*	The populace's unusual good health comes from the river spirits beneath Gutter's Gorge.
2	The village healer now works in the vineyard after a lack of patients led him to pursue another career.
3	Smiling Bracken is a fey who blessed the village with prosperity thirty years ago.
4	The mayor lost his son long ago, and has been unable to sire another.
5*	The winds of the underground caves produces sounds like a child screaming.
6	A hidden rock formation in Gutter's Gorge leads into an expansive underground cave system.

*False rumour



THE MUDDED MANSE AT A GLANCE

Protected to the west by a river and along its other bounds by treacherous, crumbling cliffs leading up to the plateau on which it rests, The Mudded Manse enjoys further safeguards due to its remote location in the swamp. The people of the nearest settlement, Thornhill, regard The Manse as a fearful place and rarely speak of it to strangers. The oddest feature of The Manse is the bubbling mud underlying the plateau. The mud has healing properties, so The Manse's proprietor, Vississi Leeai, has transformed the place into a hospice and spa where the rich or adventurous come to receive miraculous cures.

DEMOGRAPHICS

Ruler Vississi Leeai

Population 21 (8 humans, 4 halflings, 3 half-orcs, 3 sylphs, 2 elves, 1 lizardfolk)

Alignments LN, N, NE

Languages Auran, Common, Draconic, Halfling Resources & Industry Healing, restoration

Lore

A PC making a Knowledge (geography) or Knowledge (local) check may know something about The Mudded Manse. A successful check reveals everything gained by a lesser check.

DC 20: Little known to the world, The Mudded Manse is a destination for those who have the protection necessary to reach the swampy location and the money to spend on its services, which include cures for diseases and other maladies.

DC 25: Vississ Leeai founded The Manse thirty years ago, after she and an associate cleared out a lizardfolk tribe.

DC 35: The land on which The Manse stands served as the stronghold of a powerful earth elemental in antiquity.

NOTABLE FOLK

Most of the residents are nothing more than ordinary individuals.

- Appearance Despite the omnipresent mud, The Manse's residents are always clean; the staff are always cheery.
- Dress The staff dress in simple, white robes, but happily change to other colours to suit a client's desires.

Some of the inhabitants, however, are notable:

- **Aqalarian of the Grove** (location 10; NE female elf druid 10) Aqalarian tends the plants in the grove behind The Manse.
- **Demben Indra** (location 7; NG male halfling adept 4) Ever jolly, Demben ensures guests are comfortable.
- **Pel Gort** (location 1; LN female half-orc ranger 9) A no-nonsense warrior, Pel watches over the only path to The Manse.

- **Sslaryss** (location 3; N female lizardfolk cleric 11) Sslaryss oversees the recovery process for clients with dire illnesses.
- Vississi Leeai (location 2; NE female sylph wizard [transmuter] 11) Founder and leader of The Mudded Manse.
- Xar Gort (location 5; N male half-orc expert 7) Pel's twin brother, Xar has served as masseuse since The Manse opened.
- Zev Kaldan (location 4; N male human bard 3/cleric 4) Zev is responsible for high-profile guests in the private ward.

NOTABLE LOCATIONS

Most of The Mudded Manse comprises locations of little interest to adventurers. A few locations, however, are notable:

- Main Approach: A barely visible trail leads to The Mudded Manse. A path flanked by twenty-foot-high cliffs funnels visitors through an area overseen by trained guards.
- Welcome and Mud Well: Vississi Leeai receives guests here and discusses available treatments and payment.
- Convalescents' Wing: Visitors who have been treated for grievous maladies rest and relax here in semi-privacy.
- Private Ward: This room houses one or two guests who can afford the exorbitant fees for seclusion.
- 5. **Masseur**: Despite his appearance, Xar Gort's gentle touch removes all aches and pains.
- Mud Application: The primary draw for The Manse, this room is where experts apply health-giving mud to patrons.
- 7. **Waiting Room**: Retinue of clients who are not receiving treatment wait here for their employers.
- 8. **Quarters**: Most of The Manse's staff remains on site; Vessissi ensures the comfort of her staff in this crowded room.
- 9. Administration: Vessissi Leeai's office and payment storage.
- 10. **The Grove**: This beautiful shaded area provides respite from the surrounding swamp's oppressive heat.
- 11. Mud Hole: Rarely, a mud elemental escapes from the hole.

MARKETPLACE

The following items are for sale:

- Consumables potion of cure serious wounds (750 gp), potion of remove disease (750 gp), scroll of transmute mud to rock (1,125 gp), scroll of comprehend languages (CL 9th, 225 gp),
- Miscellaneous ring of acid resistance 10 (12,000 gp), staff of earth and stone (owned by Vississi), wand of prestidigitation (50 chgs. 375 gp), wand of stoneskin (20 chgs., 13,400 gp)

Additionally, the following services are available:

- Spellcasting Arcane and divine spellcasting (bard 3, cleric 4, druid 10, transmuter 13 [see Vississi's stats])
- Crafting Scrolls and wondrous items

EVENTS

While the PCs are at The Mudded Manse, one or more of the below events may occur. Choose or determine randomly:

EVENT

D6	Event
1	A murder of crows, numbering in the thousands, circles the grounds for an hour, blotting out the sun. Afterwards, they disperse in all directions.
2	An earthquake shakes The Manse's foundations. Terrified clients flee the building as the employees attempt to calm them. Vississi determinedly clutches her staff as she storms out the north exit.
3	Zev leaves the private ward in a panic, grabbing anyone who can help him, as mud used to treat acid scarring on a guest has solidified and threatens to suffocate him.
4	Aedwen Sirett arrives from Thornhill to ask Vississi to provide aid for villagers suffering from a deadly disease.
5	A powerful noble's envoy arrives and demands the Manse clear of patrons before her arrival, raising objections from clients. Vississi confers with the envoy who whispers to her for a minute. The sylph offers full refunds and insists everyone depart by tomorrow night.
6	Pel drags a pair of gnomes to the administrative office. Eavesdroppers hear Vississi briefly ranting about spies

6 before telling the half-orc to take them to Aqalarian to deal with them.

WHISPERS & RUMOURS

A PC can use Diplomacy to gather information about the Manse and its surroundings. This takes 1d4 hours and requires a DC 10 check. A PC exceeding this check gains one additional rumour for each 5 points by which he exceeded DC 10. Use the table below, to determine which rumour(s) the PC learns.

D6 RUMOUR

1	You don't want to go to the grove when the druid's not around; some of the vines there would strangle you if it weren't for his intervention.	
2*	The neighbouring lizardfolk believe the Manse defiles the swamp, and they are planning a massive assault to destroy the building.	
3	Aqalarian has put feelers out for information about a powerful magic item that controls earth elementals.	
4	This section of the swamp shares a thin border with the elemental plane of earth. It seems odd someone with air elemental heritage would be drawn here.	
5	Be careful what you say around the staff. Selling secrets is another way they generate revenue for the Manse.	
6*	Vississi and Aqalarian are the sole remaining members of an adventuring party that amassed a great fortune before the group fell to deadly in-fighting.	
*False rumour		





Use this table to provide the basic details of an uneventful day's travel through a marsh or swamp. Some entries may be inappropriate based on the adventure's set up; ignore such results and simply re-roll.

D%	
01-02	Biting insects assail you while the long leaves of nearby trees reach down to touch you. A wan sun hides behind thin clouds before giving way to full, bright moon. The song of various insects reaches a fevered crescendo.
03-04	You spy here and there worn stone boulders half buried in the murky water, ruins from an ancient civilization. An eerie silence infuses the dank air before the chirping of birds and insects encroaches as night falls.
05-06	Worn, half-rotted posts point you along the driest paths through the tree crowded swamp. Birds call out under a cloudless blue sky while bright stars and a full, silvery moon keep you company with the arrival of night.
07-08	A previous rain and a hot sun combine to fill the dank swamp with a thin fog, making travel slow as you slosh through muddy channels. Afternoon sees the fog lift and it finally dissipates by the time a red sun sets.
09-10	Despite the persistent rain dogging you all day, the buzzing, biting swamp insects are out in full force as you trudge along under heavily leaved trees. The rain stops just before sunset.
11-12	You manage to find a rough, man-made road winding through the thick trees rising like green wraiths from the dark waters of the swamp. Your travel is swift and time passes quickly.
13-14	As you stomp through a path covered in shallow water you occasionally see local rafts and small boats plying the swamp's deeper waters. The cool day gives way to a colder night.
15-16	You wade through the thickly overgrown swamp with relative ease made possible by numerous wooden boardwalks laid out over the deeper water. A warm sun follows you through the day.
17-18	The muddy ground threatens to suck you down while thick undergrowth attempts to ensnare you. Despite this, you manage to stumble along, avoiding the deeper water.
19-20	You make use of the crude, wooden bridges suspended by thick vines to traverse the deeper waters of the swamp. At one point, an animal's death cry rattles in the far distance.
21-22	You navigate a path through the trees by following markers fashioned from wood and animal skulls indicating the safest route. You see a few predators in the distant waters but they give you a wide berth. Night comes quickly.

23-24	The humid morning brings a series of short, violent thunderstorms as you slog through a narrow, shallow path weaving between fortresses of trees, their leafy boughs hanging low. A grey sky eventually turns black.
25-26	A stagnant trail rises just above the water line, meandering through the trees. You see occasional floating lights in the distance produced by swamp gas. A dismal sun sets.
27-28	A fetid stench bubbles up from the swamp as you trudge through swaths of brackish water weaving between muddy hillocks. The sun dies in a blaze of colour, birthing a moonless night.
29-30	Moss chokes hunched trees like widows' veils, crowding the muddy path traversing pools of murky water. An intimidated sun hides behind the clouds and a moonless sky follows.
31-32	A strong wind blows steadily throughout the day, harassing thin, leafless trees struggling to rise out of the muck around them. Even the animals seem silenced as the day passes.
33-34	A well-worn path takes you safely through the swamp. In the deeper waters in the distance, you see hunched figures in small boats with nets and fishing rods. A half-sickle moon appears at night.
35-36	Narrow boardwalks help you navigate the deeper stretches of the swamp. Occasionally, you spy cloaked figures walking on stilts armed as hunters. The sun gives way to a half-moon.
37-38	Thick fog drifts over the slowly moving water feeding the swamp. Thin, blackened trees thrust up like skeletal fingers. A grey sky obscures the sun.
39-40	A thin layer of ice coats the water while heavy snow beats down on the bare trees. The frozen ground crunches underfoot as you navigate a narrow path under a pallid sun.
41-42	Rain hammers down, like thousands of tiny fists. The muddy ground threatens to suck you down as you stumble along a flooded path. Luckily, you find a stretch of high, if muddy, ground to safely travel.
43-44	You journey along a man-made path winding between the trees, avoiding the deeper parts of the swamp where occasionally you see the water ripple after some creature slides into it.
45-46	Faint sunlight trickles passed the tall trees crowding overhead, casting the swamp in a perpetual gloom. Still, you manage to navigate its relatively shallow waters quickly until night approaches when darkness falls suddenly.
47-48	Scrubby bushes and long reeds form the winding path you travel, skirting the edges of deep, murky water. A hot sun seems to encourage the insects but the night brings cooler air.

49-50	A steady rain causes the marshy pools to rise, flooding the trail and making your travel an unpleasant slog. The rain tapers off at evening as a sickle moon peeks between the clouds.
51-52	Low clouds hang overhead, the distant sound of thunder accompanying you as you travel through wide lanes of tall grass cradling shallow pools of water. Birds clog the pools' edges, diving into the nearby thorny bushes.
53-54	The frozen ground crunches under your feet as you travel passed wide pools of water coated in a thin layer of ice. A brief snow squall blankets the dense, woody bushes between the water and your trail. Night comes cold and clear.
55-56	A man-made trail bordered by tall rushes snakes past flat, sluggish pools of grass choked water. Throughout the day, you spy a few mud brick houses built on sticks. A low sun sets late.
57-58	A low fog crawls along the marsh's surface, attempting to hide numerous, small pools of water. Luckily, you keep your path, trudging through thick reeds and thorny bushes. The sun dips redly and a sliver of moon replaces it.
59-60	Signposts guide you along a muddy trail carving through thorny thickets. In the distance, you occasionally see local residents thrusting spears or dragging nets through the pools of water dotting the landscape. A cold night greets you.
61-62	The squawking of birds slowly gives way to the croaking of frogs and chittering of insects as you march quickly along a relatively dry trail through the marshy surrounds.
63-64	The heat bakes the mud under your feet, the fetid pools of water crowding you. The earthy scent of mud and grass undercut with decay assaults you at every step.
65-66	Large, mossy boulders rise up like giants from black pools of water causing your mud drenched trail to twist and turn to avoid them. The muggy air is stifling with little relief at night.
67-68	You journey along narrow game trails cutting through long, stretches of water. The tumbled, stone remains of an ancient ruin lie at the bottom of these massive pools, occasionally rising above the surface of the water.
69-70	A horrid stench of sulphur wafts from numerous small pools of bubbling water along the muddy path. Things unseen call out to you from dense, tangled bushes. A wretchedly hot sun finally sets as thick clouds cover the moon.
71-72	Thin reeds and tall grass encircle shallow pools of water alive with birds and other small creatures. A cool breeze accompanies you while sunlight leaks between thick, dark clouds.
73-74	Abandoned, half-collapsed mud brick and reed houses appear on the path, some almost now grassy hillocks. The sun baths its reflection in mirror pools of still water until night arrives.

75-76	The sun seems to hang low over the wetlands. You notice a sullen silence—not an animal squeal or the chatter of insects. You swear you see
	ancient skulls at the bottom of still pools of water. No moon comes this night.
	The narrow game trail you travel, passes various
77-78	hunters and fisherfolk, who all remain at
	distance. A warm sunlight dances across pools of water before a cool night arrives.
	The wind and rain whip the landscape into a
79-80	frenzy. Normally shallow pools overflows, flooding the snaking game trails you travel along.
	You push along, waist deep, until night falls.
	Titanic slabs of ancient weathered stone thrust
81-82	straight up or lie on their sides in the swampy
	muck, evidence of some antediluvian, bygone
	ruin. The sun shies away behind thick clouds.
	Small cairns of stones mark paths of drier
83-84	ground, hastening your journey. Bloated flies flit
	above stagnant water while birds watch you
	cautiously. A sliver of moon relieves the sun.
	Skiffs navigate wide, slow moving channels of
85-86	water, their occupants dragging nets behind.
	Your trail keeps to well-trod game trails. Dark
	clouds dog you all day but clear at night.
	An afternoon thunderstorm savages the land as
87-88	narrow channels of water engorge and your path
	turns into a morass. A sudden heat afterwards
	makes for a muggy, humid day. You pass narrow, acidic smelling channels and
	pools coated with a greenish tinge. Before
89-90	sunset, you pass the ancient, moss draped, half
	submerged skeleton of a massive dragon.
	Droning insects and a light breeze stirring the tall
	reeds accompany your travel under a warm sun
	on a cloudless day. A serene, dreamlike peace
91-92	makes the day pass quickly as the sun baths its
	reflection in the wide pools of water stretched
	across the landscape.
	Wide channels cut through the terrain, carrying
	the occasional skiff or small river boat. Trees
93-94	crouch near the trail, long leaves touching the
	ground. The moon appears at night, flitting
	between the gathering clouds.
	Well-trod, but muddy paths, skate through
95-96	dense trees and watery pools and channels. You
55 50	pass a number of rusty cages holding mouldering
	bones. The moon creeps up as night approaches.
	Dark clouds continually threaten rain and the air
	becomes muggy and hot. You journey along a
97-98	worn game path passing a series of shallow pools
	and narrow channels as thunder rumbles in the
	distance.
99-100	A merchant's wagon mired in the muddy path
	forces traffic along a narrow twisting trail hedged
	by thorny bushes and tall grass darting between shallow, clear pools of water teaming with small
	shallow, clear pools of water teaming with small amphibious creatures.
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20 MINOR TREASURES TO FIND IN A SMUGGLER'S STOREROOM

Smugglers are naughty chaps; intent on dodging the lawful taxes of the realm they work at night to bring in valuable or illegal items destined for the black market.

Thus, smugglers' lairs can offer up a great store of treasure for adventurers intent on stamping out their nefarious doings. Note, many of the items listed below are not ordinary or typical examples of a smuggler's normal inventory and should be used to round out the gang's inventory.

- 1. Two small kegs of brandy stamped with the seal of a famed distiller. Each keg weighs 10 lbs. and is worth 50 gp.
- The lid of this small coffer is sealed with white wax. The coffer feels light if picked up as if it were empty. In reality, it contains ten sealed packets of exotic spices each sealed with wax and stamped with a seal depicting a stylised sailboat. The whole is worth 150 gp.
- One bolt of blue silk and one bolt of red silk wrapped tightly in an oversized sack. Each bolt contains enough material for five cloaks and is worth 75 gp.
- 4. A lidless chest holds six large clay jars packed with straw. Each of the jars holds peaches steeped in whisky. A current favourite among the local nobility, each jar is worth 20 gp.
- This large chest contains a mass of junk silver and gold including damaged coins, broken jewellery and blobs of already melted down precious metal. Destined for a jeweller of dubious moral character, the chest weighs 150 lbs. The contents are worth 250 gp.
- 6. An exquisitely made silk and lace ball gown is wrapped in a wide and soft roll of cotton.
- This small finely crafted coffer contains an exquisite glass decanter along with four matching glasses. Nestled in a cushion of blue velvet the set is with 80 gp.
- This large barrel of middling to fair quality red wine contains a secret. Hidden within—in a waterproof sack—are three *scrolls* of animate dead. The wine itself is worth 10 gp to a tavern or similar establishment.

- 10. This rough wooden box is roughly four-foot long and holds the crumbling bones of a halfling or gnome. In life, the deceased was a prominent citizen of a nearby town who was rumoured to know certain secrets of the local nobility. A necromancer desires these secrets and so has secured the individual's bones so he can use them to speak with dead.
- 11. A wooden case contains six bottles of exquisite elven wine; each is worth 20 gp—even the bottles are delicate works of art.
- 12. This stiff and dry sheepskin glimmers in the light; silver flecks impregnate the heavy fleece. It is worth 20 gp.
- 13. A large cask of cracked salt worth 15 gp.
- 14. A single silk shirt wrapped voluminously in faded red cloth. The shirt is impregnated with bubonic plague and is destined to play centre stage in an upcoming assassination.
- 15. A pile of fur pelts stuffed into several sacks. Among the more common wolf, fix and rabbit pelts is a full owlbear pelt (complete with clawed hands and beaked head) and a thick, gorgeous winter wolf pelt. Each of these atypical pelts is worth 100 gp, while the others are worth a total of 25 gp.
- 16. A robust chest contains several trade bars of precious metals of the type used by mints or jewellers. There are five silver bars (each worth 5 gp), four gold bars (each worth 50 gp) and a platinum bar (worth 500 gp). Each of the bars bears the crest of a nearby kingdom.
- 17. Six small flasks hold a rare red dye much in demand due to recent fashion changes. Each flask is worth 5 gp.
- A small dark wood coffer contains 12 small packets of exotic incense. The coffer is worth 20 gp and each packet is worth 15 gp.
- 19. Six tightly sealed earthen jars hold preserved exotic fruits. Two jars contain pineapples (worth 7 gp each) and three contain pomegranate segments (worth 7 gp each). The final jar is cracked and contains nothing but rotting coconut.
- 20. A large cage contains a beaten and starved baby griffon destined to be the plaything of a noble obsessed with owning

the most exotic mounts. Although caged and maltreated the griffon is still a proud, violent predator. Characters getting too close to the cage could be in for a shock.



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