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GM'S MONTHLY MISCELLANY: AUGUST 2016





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GM'S MONTHLY MISCELLANY: AUGUST 2016

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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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:

- **Places of Power: The Mistfall Refuge** Jeff Gomez and Jacob Trier.
- **Village Backdrop: Macrimei** John Bennett.
- **Whispers & Rumours: Borderland Town** Neal Litherland.

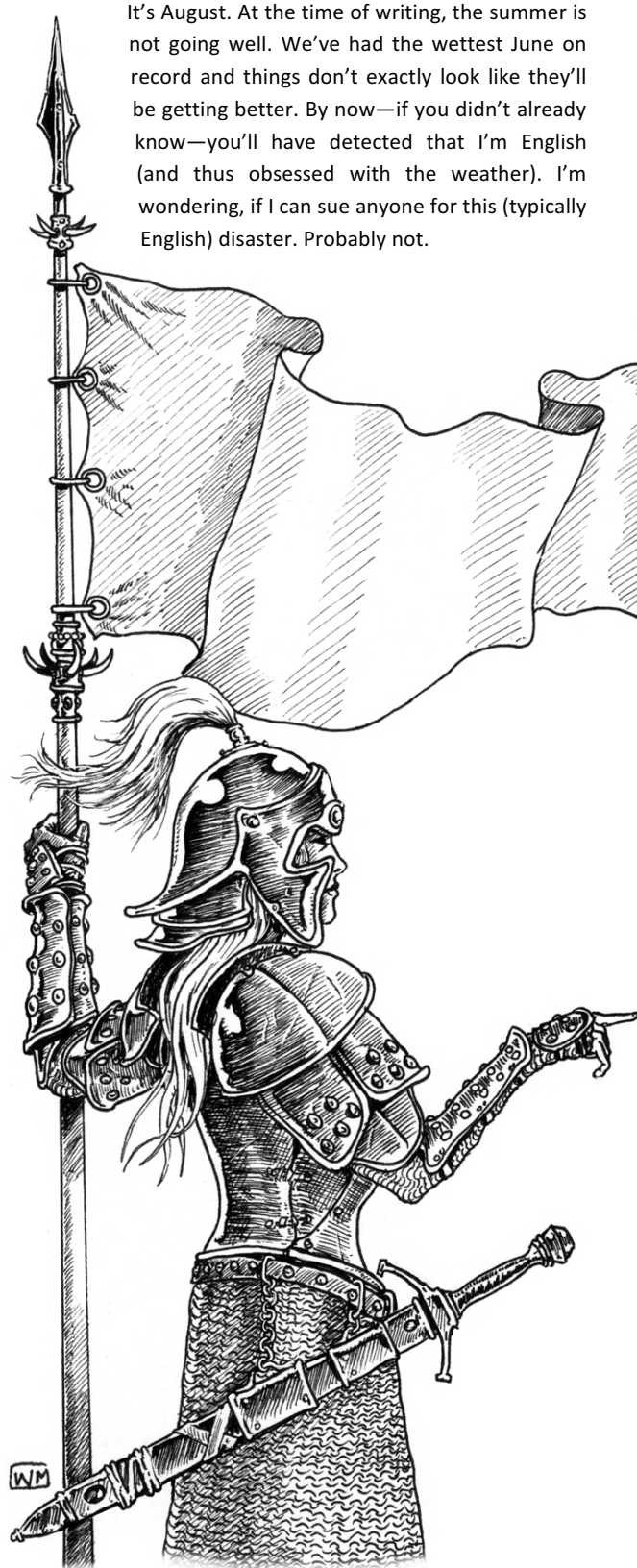
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FOREWORD



It's August. At the time of writing, the summer is not going well. We've had the wettest June on record and things don't exactly look like they'll be getting better. By now—if you didn't already know—you'll have detected that I'm English (and thus obsessed with the weather). I'm wondering, if I can sue anyone for this (typically English) disaster. Probably not.

In any event, herein you'll find excerpts from some of Raging Swan's newest products including *Village Backdrop: Macrimei*, *Places of Power: The Mistfall Refuge* and *Whispers & Rumours: Borderland Town*. I've also included an article about rumours and why you need more in your campaign. To my mind, they are as Old School as wandering monsters—something also sadly lacking from adventures these days. You can also read it—and scores more as well as campaign summaries—at creightonbroadhurst.com. I hope you find something useful there, which helps enhance your campaign. (And if you do, let me know what particularly worked for you by leaving a comment).

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 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.

WHY YOUR CAMPAIGN NEEDS MORE RUMOURS

Rumours are a bit like wandering monsters. In the Good Old Days every adventure had both a rumour table and a wandering monster table. Now, they both seem to be few and far between.

It won't surprise you to know, this is a bad thing. Rumours are an essential component of any decent adventure that features anything more than a series of related combats. (And actually, adventures that are nothing more than a series of combat encounters could still do with rumours!)

Some might think rumours are merely an obstacle to fun; after all they slow down the PCs' quest to "find the fun". Essentially, that's not the case. Rumours do several things at the table:

- **Reward Good (or Thoughtful) Play:** Players taking the time to learn rumours can often find useful pieces of information that may help their adventure. For example, if the party learn rumours of a hidden or forgotten entrance to a dungeon they could gain a tactical advantage when they assault the place. They could also learn of a monster's fatal weakness or of the location of a lost treasure.
- **Changes the Pace:** Learning rumours not only requires a different skill set to whacking things with a sword, but also suits a different play style and players more interested in role-playing. Bards—obviously—are particularly suited to learning rumours, but any charismatic PC can be skilled in this area. Remember, it's important for the GM to provide opportunities and campaigns designed for players of all ilks.
- **Build Verisimilitude:** The party's adventures don't happen in a vacuum. The world is a living, breathing place. Even the smallest settlements have minor events that have no affect on the party, but are important—or at least interesting—to local inhabitants. Births, marriages, deaths, thefts and affairs all happen, and are often the subject of rumour, gossip and innuendo. Having such rumours come to the party's ear build a sense of a real community.
- **Provide Depth:** Related to verisimilitude, rumours allow the GM to build depth to his campaign world. They help build a sense that the world doesn't revolve around the party's adventures and that other things do actually happen.
- **Enable Foreshadowing:** Great events don't just happen (most of the time). Using rumours to foreshadow upcoming events allows the GM to give a sense of the developing campaign instead of just dumping news of the orc invasion (or whatever) in the party's lap. In this way, events seem more organic and—of course—the party may even decide to act before the major event comes to pass. This works best in sandbox style games and enables the party to affect or direct the course of events (and their adventures).

TYPES OF RUMOURS

All rumours are not created equal. There are several types of rumour:

- **Adventure-Critical:** These rumours are rooted in the PCs' adventure. They are of particular use to the party and the GM can use them to warn of particularly dangerous monsters, hint at hidden locations, a monster's weakness and so on.
- **Red Herrings/Local Interest:** These rumours are rooted in the local community, but essentially have no real impact on the adventure. That might not be immediately obvious, though, to the party which could "force" them to interact with NPCs to discern the truth. They can also lead to interesting and fun (impromptu) side quests.
- **False:** Not all rumours are true. Sometimes, a person unknowingly spreads a false rumour while other times they lie. Wise and clever PCs don't believe everything they are told. In particular, while an adventure-critical rumour can give the party an edge, they would do well to check its veracity before basing their tactics on it.

WHERE TO GET RUMOURS?

A PC can learn rumours pretty much wherever people gather together. Particularly good places to do so include:

- Taverns & inns
- Docks
- Marketplaces
- City gates
- Temples

Often the PCs can learn rumours by buying folk drinks (in a tavern or inn), feigning interest in a merchant's goods (at a market), talking with priests (at a temple), overhearing the gossip of other travellers (while waiting to enter a city) or by loitering on the docks to hear the sailors talking. These are just a few examples of how a PC could learn rumours; inventive players should be able to learn them pretty much anywhere.

Some settlements—particularly larger settlements—may even have people who make their living learning what is going on and selling this information. Such rumourmongers may ply their trade in any of the above locales and will doubtless charge the obviously wealthy adventurers extra to learn what he knows!

MACRIMEI AT A GLANCE

Macrimei rests in a cold country of windswept hills and thick, hardy grass amid the ancient ruins of a once magnificent city. The Macrimeians are descendants of the survivors of the city, now fallen into primitive barbarism. Instead of enjoying grand sorceries and marvellous technologies like their ancestors, the villagers eke out a living raising hardy ponies and a breed of fearsome dogs. Where once stood spiralling towers of marble and ivory, now lie tumbled rocks and ruins with cloth and leather stretched over them to create crude homes. Thick, black smoke curls up from the large dung fires scattered about the village, burned for warmth as wood is scarce and too valuable for burning.

Few outsiders visit Macrimei. However, each year a trickle of adventurers and curious scholars come to poke around the village and surrounding countryside where cave entrances lead to the ruins of the ancient city far below filled with valuable treasure and knowledge. Even within the village, a slender, sleek obelisk of red marble thrusts up through the ground from the city below. In the structure's forbidden interior, village priests once conducted rites to a local god the villagers call "Soryan." Exactly who and what Soryan is remains a mystery to most.

In recent years, a mysterious wizard, Anazurex, arrived in a strange looking tower. With him, he brought a group of outcast barbarians calling themselves the "Sons of Soryan." They quickly took control of the village and began an excavation into the ruins below. Now the Sons of Soryan rule with a brutal hand, leading raids for slaves to work the excavation site from nearby clans. The Macrimeians keep to themselves, going about their normal business and attempting to avoid the notice of the Sons of Soryan. Even the remaining village priest has been barred from the Red Obelisk and the god he's vowed to serve.

DEMOGRAPHICS

Ruler Anazurex (N male android wizard 11)

Government Magical

Population 183 (178 humans, 1 half-elf, 4 half-orcs)

Alignments NG, CG, N, CN, CE

Languages Common

Corruption -2; **Crime** -1; **Economy** +1; **Law** +1; **Lore** +2; **Society** -2

Qualities Insular, tourist attraction

Danger 0

NOTABLE FOLK

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

Anazurex (location 2; N male android conjurer 11) An outsider, Anazurex seeks his lifemate buried deep below Macrimei, and willing enslaves the villagers to achieve his goal.

Britha (location 8; N female human druid 3/ranger 3) As the top pony and dog breeder, Britha commands the respect of the entire village and is looked to for guidance and leadership.

Darlaria Elowee (location 6; CN female half-elf sorcerer 5) Darlaria scavenges the ruins for strange artefacts to sell.

Grul (location 4; NE male human barbarian 5/ranger 4) The brutal Grul leads the Sons of Soryan and enforces Anazurex's will with unprecedented brutality.

Hedde (location 7; N female human rogue 4) Hedde serves as a go between for the Sons of Soryan and those wishing to deal with them. She is a keeper and seller of secrets.

Kulway (location 5; N male human adept 6) Kulway served as the village priest until deposed by the Sons of Soryan.

Menetethis (location 5; CG young male variant adamantite golem) This child-sized, intelligent golem, secretly wandered into Macrimei from one of the nearby ruins.

NOTABLE LOCATIONS

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

1. **Red Obelisk:** The red obelisk is said to be Soryan's home.
2. **Anazurex's Tower:** This tall, slender tower appears to be fashioned from a mysterious black metal.
3. **Excavation Site:** Slaves work on creaking scaffolding, digging ever deeper into the ruins below.
4. **Sons of Soryan:** The Sons of Soryan maintain control from their base which features a fighting pit.
5. **Kulway's House:** The former priest plots against the Sons of Soryan and the reclamation of Macrimei.
6. **Darlaria's Place:** Here, Darlaria sells an assorted number of unusual items, mostly to visitors.
7. **The Bloodied Pony:** A ramshackle affair of stones and cloth forms Macrimei's one drinking establishment.
8. **Britha's Farm:** Britha breeds and trains both native dogs and ponies from her small farm.

MARKETPLACE

Resources & Industry Breeding, hunting, leatherworking

Base Value 600 gp; **Purchase Limit** 2,500 gp; **Spellcasting** 4th; **Minor Items** 2d4; **Medium Items** 1d4; **Major Items** –

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

- **Potions & Oils** *comprehend languages* (50 gp), *darkvision* (300 gp), *true strike* (50 gp)
- **Scrolls (Arcane)** *arcane eye* (700 gp), *nondetection* (375 gp), *spider climb* (150 gp)
- **Scroll (Divine)** *silence* (150 gp)

VILLAGE LORE

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

DC 10: Macrimei specializes in the breeding of large dogs and ponies.

DC 15: Macrimei is said to lie amid and atop the ruins of a once fabulously wealthy city.

DC 20: Some sort of strange cult or group rules Macrimei now, seeking something buried below the village.

VILLAGERS

Appearance Macrimeians wear their hair long and unbound. Men often sport long beards. Most have brown or grey eyes. Their features have a chiselled, weathered look.

Dress Macrimeians dress in drab clothes, usually leathers and thick furs to stay warm. What little jewellery they possess is often worn in the beards for men, or the hair for women.

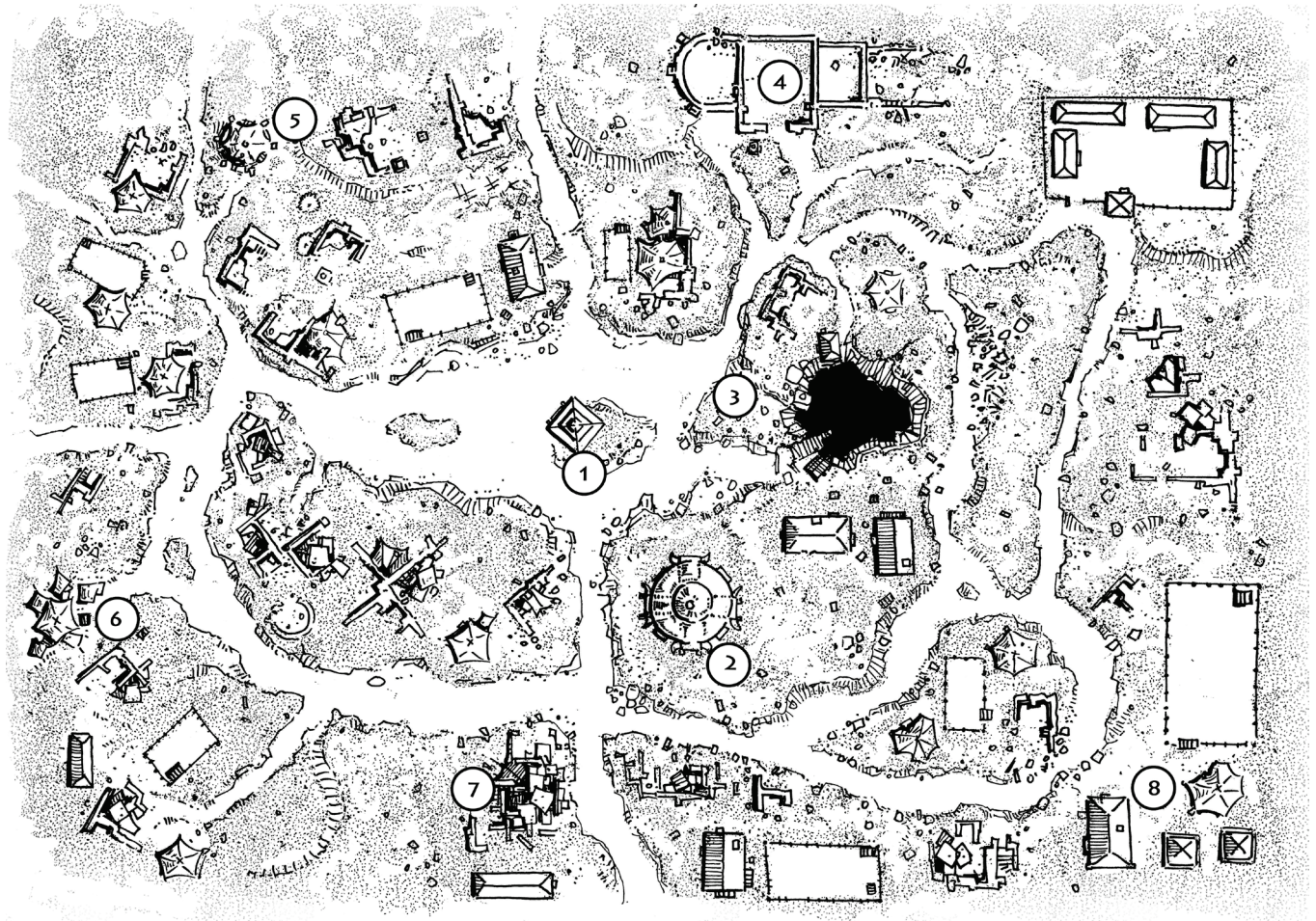
Nomenclature *male* Brutho, Corvo, Fedrok, Mulmon, Sarvos, Tergar; *female* Cedra, Gridene, Leddi, Nani, Yura; *family* Macrimeians don't have family names, often referring themselves to as "son of" or "daughter of."

WHISPERS & RUMOURS

A PC can use Diplomacy to gather information about Macrimei 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 Sons of Soryan practice horrible rites at night. They are seeking to unlock a demon from below!
2	A strange, silvery child appeared one day in the centre of Macrimei but then vanished. No one has seen it since but the Sons of Soryan seemed interested in finding it.
3	Hedde can broker you a deal to have the Sons of Soryan leave you alone, for a hefty price.
4	Anazurex's Tower suddenly disappears for days and weeks at a time before magically reappearing.
5	Kulway has been meeting with Britha, trying to get her to rally the villagers against the Sons of Soryan.
6*	Those who enter the Red Obelisk meet a demon which steals their soul if not their life.

*False rumour



THE MISTFALL REFUGE AT A GLANCE

Deep in the Greyspire Mountains, a cluster of rectangular dwellings cling to a remote cliff face. An underground river bursts from the rock and cascades down the cliffs, shrouding the buildings in perpetual mist. Here, ancient runes protect the inhabitants and guests from divination and unwanted magical incursions. Thus, mist and magic obscure this remote location from prying eyes.

Driven from their ancestral home by a demonic horde streaming through a planar rift in the clan's mines, the Steelhammer dwarves wandered the Greyspire Mountains looking for a new home. When the clan was on the brink of starvation and fragmentation, several strange coincidences drew them to the echoing cliffs of the Mistfall Refuge. Faced with obfuscating runes and magical protections, the dwarves decided upon a new way of life. For the past three decades they have shared their refuge with others who would pay for the privilege of privacy and safety.

DEMOGRAPHICS

Ruler Averin Steelhammer

Population 45 (41 dwarves, 2 humans, 1 bear, 1 half-elf)

Alignments LN, N

Languages Common, Dwarven, Giant

Resources and industry Discreet hospitality services

LORE

A PC making a Knowledge (geography) or Knowledge (local) check may know something about the Mistfall Refuge. A successful check reveals all the information revealed by a lesser check.

DC 20: The Mistfall Refuge is a concealed establishment where individuals with sufficient funds can disappear for a time. The dwarves who run the refuge keep its exact location a closely guarded secret.

DC 25: Entry to the Mistfall Refuge is only obtained by securing an invitation from the Steelhammer clan and paying a hefty entrance fee. Once inside, total privacy is guaranteed, since the refuge is warded against scrying and teleportation.

DC 30: The Mistfall Refuge is ancient, and inscribed with runes of power. Whoever built it was long gone by the time the Steelhammer dwarves arrived.

NOTABLE FOLK

Most of the population are hardworking dwarves. A few, however, are of particular interest to adventurers:

Averin Steelhammer (location 5; N male dwarf bard 7) The outward face of the clan, Averin makes all arrangements for entry and maintains a vast network of contacts. Averin is

unusually courteous and friendly for a dwarf—an affect which is quickly dropped when it is time for serious business.

Brehal Steelhammer (location 4; N male dwarf wizard [abjurer] 7) Brehal devotes every moment to studying the warding runes. He is obsessed with their power, and fully understands their importance to the clan.

Grendalin Steelhammer (location 2; LN female dwarf ranger 6) As leader of the mountain rangers, Grendalin is responsible for keeping the Mistfall Refuge secure, but knows she would be outmatched by many of the guests' enemies.

Dress The dwarves wear simple, practical clothing appropriate to their trade or craft. The mountain rangers prefer rugged outfits of leather and fur, dyed grey to help them blend into the mountainous terrain.

Nomenclature All the dwarves proudly bear the Steelhammer clan name.

NOTABLE LOCATIONS

These locations are of particular interest to adventurers:

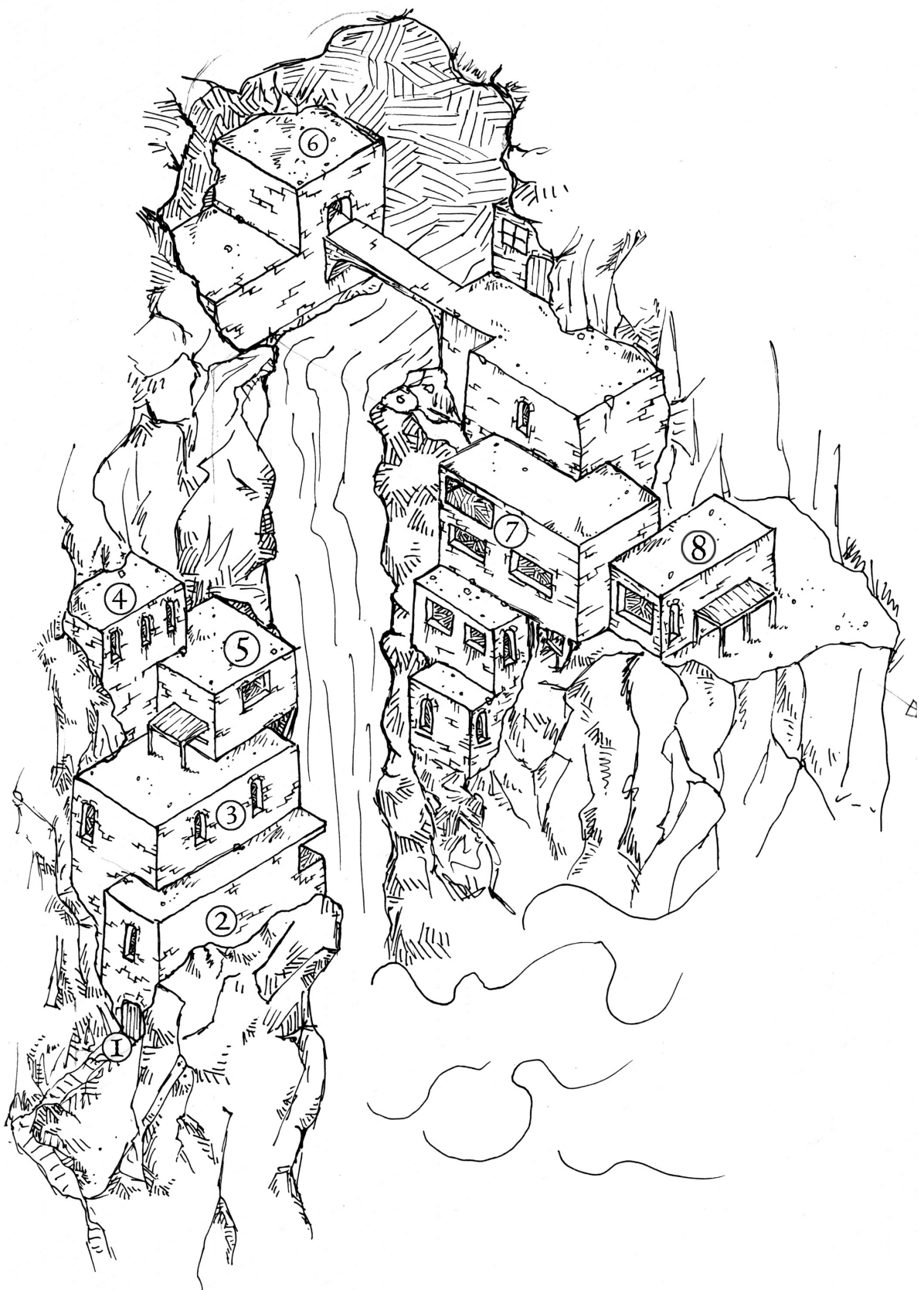
1. **Mountainside Entrance:** A fortified gate allows access to the refuge from the narrow trail leading up the mountainside.
2. **Ranger Barracks:** Grendalin and the mountain rangers reside here. The barracks also hold the refuge's armoury.
3. **Steelhammer Clan Dwellings:** The Steelhammer dwarves have expanded the original buildings to suit their own needs.
4. **Brehal's Study:** When not examining the runes, Brehal is usually in this cluttered chamber, either writing or sleeping.
5. **Averin's Home:** Averin maintains a small but comfortable apartment filled with homey decorations.
6. **Portal Hall:** All guests enter the refuge through the teleportation portal in this hall.
7. **Guest Apartments:** A lavishly decorated suite is available for each paying guest.
8. **The Misty Mug:** At the Misty Mug, guests are able to enjoy food, drink and entertainment.

MARKETPLACE

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

- **Consumables** *potion of nondetection* (350 gp), *scroll of create treasure map* (250 gp), *scroll of obscure object* (25 gp)
- **Miscellaneous items** *ring of climbing* (2,500 gp), *robe of blending* (8,400 gp)

Additionally, Brehal and Averin cast spells for their guests, if properly compensated.



WHISPERS & RUMOURS: LOCAL LEGENDS

D20	
01	<p>The lord who once ruled these lands was a perfect gentleman, both well-bred and well-married. Behind the silent walls of his fortress, though, he indulged in depraved, bloody rituals. Though his castle was razed during a revolt, no one ever found his hidden Screaming Chamber. That's why the forest around the site is filled with whipporwills; they're still seeking the souls of his victims, to guide them to their rest.</p>
02	<p>The Band of the Red Brand were some of the most infamous local brigands. They were vicious, killing every member of any merchant train they targeted, before vanishing into the woods with their loot. When the band was finally captured, though, none of their spoils were recovered. They were hanged to a man, but the legend says there's a hidden grotto or forgotten cave somewhere in these woods, rich with the band's plunder.</p>
03	<p>Happy is the home whose hearth bears a cat. The saying is a common one, but there's an older myth behind it. The grimalkin, a fae cat-like creature, once roamed these woods. It warred against the men who entered its domain, but after years of ill fortune and bloodshed, they reached a truce. Humans could live in its domain, as long as they respected the forest, and opened their homes to the grimalkin's children. It's why so many houses have cats and why so many people leave dishes of water or cream out. It's also why it's considered ill fortune to kill a cat.</p>
04	<p>The Black Rock Inn can't boast anything too special. The food is good, the fire warm and most nights there are at least a few locals drinking and gaming. There is a room on the second floor, though, the inn keep hasn't let out since he was a young man. Footsteps can be heard through the door on quiet nights along with the creak of a rope, and whispered words just loud enough to be heard, but not loud enough to be understood. The inn keep won't say what happened in the room, but speculation rages about what haunts the room just above the common room.</p>
05	<p>Babies born under the Hero's Star are destined for great things. The Scarlet Knight, champion of a hundred duels, Arlan Faine, the Fist of the Faith who stood alone against a horde of demons and General Karela Longthorn, who led the Shining Legion to victory a thousand years ago, were all Hero Born. While some townsfolk try to have their children born underneath the red star, others do their best to avoid it. Because, while the heroes are the ones that stand out, people tend to forget great people sometimes do terrible things.</p>
06	<p>There's a huge oak tree in the centre of a grove outside town. Every spring the branches are filled with strips of cloth fluttering in the wind. According to myth, the tree holds the spirit of a powerful dryad, and anyone strong and pure enough to climb the tree, and tie the name of their true love to one of the branches earns the dryad's blessings in matters of the heart. No few suitors have broken their arms climbing the tree, but many unions come from the tradition.</p>
07	<p>There's a faded marker in the cemetery that simply won't fall over. The grave sits apart from the others, and the head-high obelisk refuses to bow to wind, rain or time's remorseless march. Here Kerowyn Brooks, the Cut-Wife of Sorrow Marsh, was buried. If you circle her grave three times at midnight, chanting her name and spreading a circle of salt, her ghost will rise and answer three questions. A few townsfolk claim when they did it nothing happened, but others stay strangely quiet, claiming a little too loudly that it's just a stupid story.</p>
08	<p>The Cracked Caverns have always been a mystery. Their black, weathered mouths have been used for shelter by foresters and for privacy by lovers, for as long as anyone can remember. The caves go deep, though, and no one claims to have fully explored them. The stories say if you go beyond the fire pits left by travellers, you'll find walls covered in strange paintings. And if you go back far enough, those paintings seem to show fire-breathing beasts battling stick-men.</p>
09	<p>Tattered Hawthorne is a flower that only grows in certain parts of the woods, blooming no more than once a generation under a full moon. While the ragged petals give the blossom a tragic beauty, it's said these rare plants are the key ingredient to some of the most powerful potions ever devised. Tended by druids and greatly prized by healers, in the right hands they can cure any illness, break curses or if enough is harvested, bring back the recently deceased.</p>
10	<p>A thousand years ago a great champion patrolled the lands. A black-clad warrior mounted on a black destrier, it was said his honour knew no bounds. When he was ambushed by a force of invading foes, even death would not make him lie down. He fought on, and on, throwing back wave after wave until, finally, he was the only one left standing. If you travel the north road during certain times of the year, you'll hear the ring of steel, and the beat of heavy hooves. And if you ever meet the black warrior, and he issues you a challenge, do not accept it. He cannot be defeated, and only one who would take up his mantle can release him from his duty.</p>

11	There's a fire-blackened clearing deep in the woods. Animals avoid it, and nothing grows there. A circle of dark stones sits in the middle of the aged char, and no one knows where they came from, or how long they've been there. The whispered tales among the elders say it was once a place where some unfortunate soul made a deal with a devil. They can't seem to agree on <i>which</i> devil it was, but they do agree the barriers between the planes are thin there and if the proper name is spoken within that circle, the devil appears to those seeking to beg a bargain.
12	The Fall of Tears is a place of beauty. The waterfall, and the small surrounding lake, draws swimmers in the summer, and skaters in the winter. However, in the fall and spring, on equinox nights when the spray is chill, and the base of the falls is shrouded in mist, it's said those who leap from the peak, and dive into the unknown, surface in the fae's realms. A few people try every year. Some survive, while others don't. A few disappear, but where they go is something no one has been able to determine.
13	It's bad luck to give old clothes to a scarecrow. The garments we wear pick up the stains of our lives, and those bits and pieces can sometimes worm their way into the sticks and straw making up these cornfield guardians. The story of Pumpkin Head Jarro tells the tale of how a farm wife dressed her scarecrow in one of her foul-tempered husband's old shirts, and how she found dead birds, slaughtered livestock and wrecked crops every morning. The cruelty of the garments had leached into the creature, and it was only when she set the scarecrow aflame the terror ended.
14	When husbands and wives wed, one of the gifts they exchange is cold iron daggers. They gently press the blades against each other's skin, and seal their union with a kiss. The tradition goes back to the tale of The Maiden in The Tower, who was suspicious of the handsome suitor with honey in his voice, and silver in his tongue. When he pressed himself upon her in the dark, the cold iron revealed he was a demon in disguise, and she drove him from her bed with the blade. No one really believes it...but you can't be too careful on your wedding night.
15	There's a half-collapsed temple along the eastern road, but the stone walls keep out the wind if travellers need to shelter. There's also a deep pool, fed by streams from the open mouths of three stone faces. It's said some of the old spirits the place was once dedicated to still remain, and that they'll bless you if you leave a coin in the pond. Those who take instead of giving, though, have been cursed until they've made restitution to the water's guardian spirits.

16	The Dragon's Lair is an ancient ruin no one, even the scholars who study it, truly understands. It remains half-submerged in the ground, making the crude, draconic bust capping the pyramidal structure look like it's trying to tear itself from the earth. On certain days of the year, when the sun hits it just right, the stone head appears to grow a shadowy body. While the trick of the light is impressive, some believe it's only when that shadow form is present the lair can be entered...or exited.
17	If you wander the paths in the deeper forests, you may stumble upon an Elfhome. These unusual structures are formed whenever trees grow together in just the right way to merge, creating an elevated shelter for canny travellers and weary woodsmen. Some Elfhomes are little more than hammocks made of branches, while others are the size of small houses. Most seem natural enough at a glance, but there are campfire stories of travellers who climbed into an Elfhome to rest and vanished.
18	The Babel Brook is a noisy little stream that brings fresh water straight from the mountains. Always clean, clear and crisp, travellers make certain to fill their waterskins from the brook. It's said the closer to the source the water comes from, the purer and clearer it is for the drinker. There are even legends that water taken straight from the spring can wipe away the weight of years, returning youthful strength and vigour to those few who find its source.
19	The spring winds bring piper's nights with them. The wind whistles through the trees, and sings through the mountains, creating the illusion of a far-off song that comes and goes with the evening breezes. There are some nights, though, when there is no wind. On those nights, if you strain your ears, you might hear the mournful notes of the piper. You shouldn't do that, though, because it's said if you can hear the piper, then he's close enough to hear you.
20	The old ruined mill has been silent for many years. While the stones no longer turn, the scorch marks along the heavy, leaning beams are a testament to what happened. Some people said it was an accident, but others whispers about what the miller was doing to his wife and daughters. And about the monsters his depravities brought forth. According to half-remembered local lore, the miller's wife tied him to the stones before torching the mill.

20 THINGS TO FIND IN A MINE

Mining is an ancient effort shared by many races. Even active mines may come across problems which require the help of skilled adventurers, whether it be to roust a pesky beast or explore a newly-discovered underground cavern.

Use the table below, to determine what minor points of interest the party discover while exploring a mine:

1. The tunnel floor is marred with deep ruts worn by steel-clad wooden cart wheels. Slippery moss grows in patches between the ruts.
2. A pulley hangs from the ceiling. The rope dangling from it has an empty wooden bucket tied to one end. The other disappears into a deep shaft in the floor.
3. A donkey cart sits to one side with its harness still attached. It contains three days' worth of dry rations for four people.
4. Small recesses at head height, one every ten-foot or so, line the walls. One of them contains a metal lantern which emits a cool, pale light that can't be extinguished.
5. The floor ahead is littered with diamond shards that glitter like stars. There is about 50 gp worth of diamond bits, but collecting them all takes about 30 minutes.
6. A small metal cage dangles from a metal hook driven into the tunnel's ceiling. A brightly coloured, but miserable-looking, bird sits on a perch inside
7. A six-foot stick lies along the wall. It has a half-used candle lashed to one end.
8. This passage boasts a few large wooden support beams. One lies unfinished across the floor in a pool of oddly coloured water.
9. Warm, dry air flows through this part of the mine. A shaft in the ceiling cuts straight up to daylight above.
10. Short-hafted hammers, pickaxes and shovels lean against the walls in this half-finished tunnel, waiting for the workers' return.
11. A group of hand baskets sit here, full of ore ready to be carried from the mine.

12. A low shaft slants off to the right. A drum with two crank handles sits four-foot back from its opening wrapped in a rope that disappears into the darkness below.
13. Atop a pile of rubble sits an old, battered warrior's helm which has been modified to hold a candle just over the brow.
14. Knocking sounds seem to come from behind the walls and ceiling. All non-magical lights gutter out in this area.
15. The floor drops away suddenly. A wooden ladder enables access to the lower level.
16. A pile of charcoal lies on the floor of an alcove. The wall and ceiling are black with soot.
17. Off to the side sits a wheelbarrow with a single metal wheel. The barrow is full of fist-sized chunks of rock.
18. The walls are worked with such delicacy that they are smooth as glass to the touch; this must have required a significant amount of time, but there seems to be no reason why anyone would expend that much effort.
19. The floor slopes down into a lower area full of a strong, sour gas smell. One minute spent in the area probably causes any creature to become sickened; after ten minutes they could lose consciousness.
20. A crude sign nailed to a support beam says "For the Knockers". Beneath lies a pile of half-eaten food in various states of decay.



12 Inability to Comply: If it is impossible for You to comply with any of the terms of this

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