

FEN

So, you have found yourselves in the Fen. This is a dangerous place even for the locals. Keep to the narrowways and, when the mists thicken, do your best to find higher ground.

The Fen is a pocket dimension beneath the mortal world, an eternal marsh dribbling out in all directions. It is a place of peat fires, ancient willows, and a constant creeping mist. There are many ways in but only one way out.

The Mists: Every in-game hour roll 1d6 to determine if the mists thicken. **1-2:** the mists recede. **3-4:** the mists are unchanged. **5-6:** the mists thicken.

The Fen Stalker: There is a creature that keeps to the mists known as the Fen Stalker. When the mist is thin you may hear its howl. As they thicken it comes closer. In a white out, the Stalker strikes. To kill it only grants a reprieve, as it will re-emerge from the bog the following night.

Random encounters in the Fen

1-3	4-6
A peat fire, spreading rapidly.	A hastily abandoned campsite within the bones of a whale.
Laughter echoes out across the Fen.	A rusting suit of armour beside a collapsed bridge.
Hundreds of crows gathering in a willow copse.	A guest joins the Party who everyone seems to remember. They disappear by morning.
A pilgrim in a coracle passes with averted eyes.	Two elk are stuck within a mire, antlers locked.
A red fox coughs a silver ring onto the path ahead.	A basket of strawberries.
A stilt hut lies toppled in a pool, its legs twitching.	A thief in a gibbet begs not to be released.

The Stilt Town: A wandering burgh. The houses creep through the Fen on many insectile legs. Townsfolk are superstitious and wary of outsiders. Roll on the below table to determine the town's mood.

1-2	Today is the Festival of the Rain Carp. The townsfolk celebrate in scaly costumes.
3-4	Silence. The residents keep to their houses and sling rocks at any who approach.
5-6	Beryl Uddins is celebrating her ninetieth birthday. Crab cakes for all!

Escaping the Fen: The only way out of the Fen is through the Clearwater Spring. To find it, the Party must first find the Three Sisters, a set of standing stones scattered across the Fen. Triangulate the Sisters and the Spring will lie at its centre. Swimming to the bottom of the Spring returns the Party to a random pool in the mortal world. Most inhabitants of the Fen know of the Spring but will only tell the Party in exchange for gifts.

Creatures of the Fen

Fretlings: A variety of overgrown midges that fly in dense swarms. Born to annoy, harass, and whittle the minds of unfortunate Fen-walkers. Fretlings love blood and honey but hate smoke.

Lamp Stringer: The lantern fish of the Fen. They raise their lanterns as the mist thickens, drawing walkers deeper into the wet.

Orogolutz: Otherwise known as the Stepping-Stone Troll. These stony-hided beasts sleep face down in bog water. Beware to the traveller who sees a secure and inviting set of stepping-stones through the marsh.

Sliveknick: Vicious, knife-wielding toads. They hide in tree stumps, fallen logs, under rocks. Will stab your ankles when you're not looking. When it rains, they gather by fallen trees to dance and display their loot.

Tottkins: These mostly harmless sprites resemble tufts of emerald green grass until they smell a campfire. Tottkins will eat unguarded food and throw belongings into the depths of the Fen. Their god, TottkinTottkhan, is a hoarder of all things that glitter.

Skumpi: You will smell them before you see them. When a peat bog gets to a certain age, thoughts begin to ferment in its oozy mass. Toss a coin into its sludge and listen to its wafts. You never know what sages are pickled within who might offer a word of advice.

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