“Matilda has made the tea too hot again—she probably hopes I’ll burn my tongue, the rogue… I suppose you’ve come to answer my advertisement: I’m certain by now you’ve heard the stories about Hyle Hall. Trespassers going missing, strange lights at night... The howls and scratches from within the central manor. I know I’ve heard it all.”

“ I need someone to break into the manor and retrieve an heirloom of mine to prove my ancestral ownership of the land. My great, great-grandfather’s bust should be in an office on the upper floor of the main house. Bring it to me.”

Lord Stokes lifts a teacup to pursed lips and blows gently. Behind him, an image of a similar-looking middle-aged man stares gravely from a framed oil painting.

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| Approach & Obstacles |
| **Approach:** Since oldest living memory, Hyle Hall has stood at the heart of Coalridge. A jumble of worker’s row houses have grown to nearly tower over the estate’s grounds, but the its perimeter has held firm. Attempts to purchase the land have succumbed to a maze of byzantine bureaucracy—a series of nested holding companies so intricate, it’s impossible to track who the real owner is.   |  |  |  | | --- | --- | --- | | **Reflection Pool: Past a maze of twisted hedges lies a murky water feature.**  ❖ Writhing tentacles  ❖ **Hollows** shamble about  ❖ Water is Slumber Essence | **Gallery of Mirrors:** A hallway of mirrors, reflecting one person at different ages.  ❖ A confused **Ghost**  ❖ The doors lock magically  ❖ A faint music box melody | **The Cage:** Black liquid oozes from an iron cage, suspended from a huge, domed ceiling.  ❖ Voices lament a violent ritual  ❖ The bust lies beside an altar  ❖ An old **Vampire** reads quietly |   **Areas:** servant’s quarters — chapel to an Old God — servant’s staircase — treasure vault — parlor pit room (filled with Hulls) — dusty library — drawing room — secret garden — abandoned dungeon |

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| Scenes & Complications |
| |  |  | | --- | --- | | *A slimy tentacle wraps around your leg and begins pulling you into the reflection pool!*  ❖ You can hear bones crack as the tentacle tightens its grip on you  ❖ A piercing scream from the creature in the pool attracts Hollows, who stumble towards you  ❖ Your pack spills into the murk (2 load) | *Buzzing electric lamps illuminate the main hall, revealing a grand staircase. Deep within the house, distant machinery clicks and whirs.*  ❖ The steps fold up, separating your party  ❖ An agitated Ghost warns you from entering the Gallery of mirrors  ❖ Platea dictumst vestibulum rhoncus | | *Tristique et egestas quis ipsum* ***suspendisse*** *ultrices. Elementum nisi quis.*  ❖ Habitant morbi tristique senectus et netus  ❖ Eget velit aliquet sagittis id consectetur purus ut faucibus pulvinar  ❖ Platea dictumst vestibulum rhoncus | *Tristique et egestas quis ipsum* ***suspendisse*** *ultrices. Elementum nisi quis.*  ❖ Habitant morbi tristique senectus et netus  ❖ Eget velit aliquet sagittis id consectetur purus ut faucibus pulvinar  ❖ Platea dictumst vestibulum rhoncus | |

**Lord Rowan** *(perceptive, shrewd) is a shrewd businessman.*