

WITCHLIGHT CARNIVAL
GNOME POETRY CONTEST

The Traveling Gnome

There was an old Gnome Who had for a home The roots of a rowan, Red and green.	In a year and a day (Or yet longer, they say), He came to a bay By the sea.
His lips were a-pout For he longed to find out What sights lay about To be seen.	He saw the fair sight Of the ocean, so bright And he turned himself right Back around
"Today is the day!" I would hear this Gnome say. "Or tomorrow, I may Venture out!"	And he marched for a year (Maybe longer, I hear), Till he came to be near That old mound
Then he quitted his home, This mulish old Gnome, In order to roam All about.	Where again he could see That red and green tree That rowan where he Spent his life.
No one prophetic Could guess how athletic Or peripatetic Was he.	For he had not brought What he knew that he ought. That gnome had forgotten His wife.

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The Quickling

He lives his life in a breath of air,
The Quickling of the Gloaming Court.
For your woes he has no care:
He lives his life in a breath of air,
And when he's gone you'll still be there.
Your troubles last, but his are short.
He lives his life in a breath of air,
The Quickling of the Gloaming Court.

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A Thing I've Lost

A thing I've lost, to me 'twas dear
When last I gamboled in Whichlight,
That fair from faerie land, Prismeer.

My mother saw me shed a tear
And asked how she might set it right.
"A thing I lost, to me 'twas dear."

'Twas at the carnival, I fear
'Twas on that strange and wond'rous night
'Twas nigh the faerie land, Prismeer.

I asked the chiefs, a couple queer.
I said to them, and was polite:
"A thing I've lost, to me 'twas dear."

They taunted me, they did but jeer,
That Mister Witch and Mister Light,
Who hale not from the land, Prismeer.

Forgotten long, my mem'ries clear.
I'll get it back, I know I might.
A thing I've lost, to me 'twas dear,
In the faerie land Prismeer.

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A Tabaxi of Phandalin

There was a Tabaxi of Phandalin
Who wanted to fix an old mandolin.
He found it can't sing
 Using whiskers as string.
So now it's a lamp with a candle in.

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Strange Magic

Strange magic pervades
the Neverwinter Wood.
Obscuring remains
of bygone kingdoms lost.
Ice Pinnacle stands
in summer, rimed in frost.
Can heroes succeed,
and lift the curse for good?

Well readied and bold,
they'll heal the Summer Wood!
Long, dust-covered roads
can wear, deplete, exhaust.
Long journeys ahead
and many pathways crossed.
Yes! They can prevail,
prepared with gear and food!

When danger's at hand,
and the heroes need gear,
Then come down to Barthen's
Provisions and find
The cheapest in Phandalin,
that's guaranteed.
Adventuring heroes
need never have fear.
No matter your background
or how you're aligned,
At Barthen's Provisions
we'll have what you need!

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The Shadow-Bride

In Waterdeep, I wished my True Love well.
In Baldur's Gate, I brushed my True Love's beard.
In Phandalin I found the Triboar Trail.
In Neverwinter, True Love's loss I feared.

My True Love journeys on a Hero's Quest.
When came the call, my True Love volunteered.
I write my Love, and give him all my best.
He never writes me back ... I think that's weird.

Unseen at night, at noon I shrink and hide.
At sunrise when I reach my longest length,
I walk beside my Love, and match his stride.
I dare not touch my Love and take his strength.

They'll say it must be True Love when we wed
For heroes seldom marry the Undead.

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Sticky Fingers

Blue is the sky that darkens above,
pricked by a silvery dew.
Gold are the lamps that light up the night,
lit by our colorful crew.
Open at last, the carnival gates,
for twilight is once again here.
Come also art thou, our thrice-welcome guest
for ballyhoo, pleasure and cheer!
Thy ticket in hand, and wings on thy back,
ready for laughter and fun.
But beware the sticky-fingered ones.

A lornling is a lowly lump
in tawdry, toady togs.
She lurks in smirched side alleys
and muddy, mucky bogs.
Her nimble fingers catch a fly, or sometimes,
which is worse,
She'll slyly slip a ticket
from a party-goer's purse.
Enjoy the crowds and company
but here's a friendly tip:
The lornling's feet go squish-flap-flip.

What would a circus be without
the sound of childish laughter?
What, without joy, would there remain
of childhood ever after?
No laugh nor shout she ever gave,
but childish just the same,
She stands and watches silently,
and Sowpig is her name.
Be free and laugh and sing and play,
but one small thing we ask:
Beware a girl in a fleshy mask.

Light the night with torch and lamp
and fairy twinkle glow!
And ware the pools of darkness
where the lighting cannot go.
For moonlight gains its luster
from the shade beyond its beam,
And sometimes shadows have a name.
And one of them is Gleam.
Beware the sticky-fingered ones
Lornling, Sowpig and Gleam,
For they are not what they seem.

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The Old Man of the Hague
by Edward Lear

There was an Old Man of the Hague,
Whose ideas were excessively vague;
He built a balloon
to examine the moon,
That deluded Old Man of the Hague.

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Mrs. Jaypher
by Edward Lear

Mrs. Jaypher found a wafer
Which she struck upon a note;
This she took and gave the cook.
Then she went and bought a boat
Which she paddled down the stream
Shouting, "Ice produces cream,
Beer when churned produces butter!
Henceforth all the words I utter
Distant ages thus shall note—
'From the Jaypher Wisdom-Boat.'"

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Epitaph
by Edward Lear

Beneath these High Cathedral stairs
Lie the remains of Susan Pares.
Her name was Wiggs, it was not Pares,
But Pares was put to rhyme with stairs.

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The Mewlips
by J.R.R. Tolkien

The shadows where the Mewlips dwell
Are dark and wet as ink,
And slow and softly rings their bell,
As in the slime you sink.

You sink into the slime, who dare
To knock upon their door,
While down the grinning gargoyles stare
and noisome waters pour.

Beside the rotting river-strand
The drooping willows weep,
And gloomily the gorerows stand
Croaking in their sleep.

Over the Merlock Mountains a long and weary way,
In a mouldy valley where the trees are grey,
By a dark pool's borders without wind or tide,
Moonless and sunless, the Mewlips hide.

The cellars where the Mewlips sit
Are deep and dank and cold
With single sickly candle lit;
And there they count their gold.

Their walls are wet, their ceilings drip;
Their feet upon the floor
Go softly with the squish-flap-flip,
As they sidle to the door.

They peep out slyly; through a crack
Their feeling fingers creep,
And when they've finished, in a sack
Your bones they take to keep.

Beyond the Merlock Mountains, a long and lonely road,
Through the spider-shadows and the marsh of Tode,
And through the wood of hanging trees and the gallows-
weed,
You go to find the Mewlips—and the Mewlips feed.

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Oliphaunt
by J.R.R. Tolkien

Grey as a mouse,
Big as a house,
Nose like a snake,
I make the earth shake,
As I tramp through the grass,
Trees crack as I pass.
With horns in my mouth
I walk in the South,
Flapping big ears.
Beyond count of years
I stump round and round,
Never lie on the ground,
Not even to die.
Oliphaunt am I,
Biggest of all,
Huge, old, and tall.
If ever you'd met me,
You wouldn't forget me.
If you never do,
You won't think I'm true;
But old Oliphaunt am I,
And I never lie.

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Shadow-Bride

by J.R.R. Tolkien

There was a man who dwelt alone,
as day and night went past
he sat as still as carven stone,
and yet no shadow cast.
The white owls perched upon his head
beneath the winter moon;
they wiped their beaks and thought him
dead
under the stars of June.

There came a lady clad in grey
in the twilight shining:
one moment she would stand and stay,
her hair with flowers entwining.
He woke, as had he sprung of stone,
and broke the spell that bound him;
he clasped her fast, both flesh and bone,
and wrapped her shadow round him.

There never more she walks her ways
by sun or moon or star;
she dwells below where neither days
nor any nights there are.
But once a year when caverns yawn
and hidden things awake,
they dance together then till dawn
and a single shadow make.

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Big Al's Rescue

In the hills near Phandalin,
Where dairy cows do roam,
Lived a man named Kalazorn,
In a cozy, humble home.
Now ores had come to raid the land,
To steal Big Al's fresh cheese,
They took his dairy ranch by force,
And brought him to his knees.

Oh! Davos and Pete! Hey nonny no,
And the Silver Soldier, ho!
They came to save Big Al, hi-dee-ho,
And fight the orcish foe.
But in their grand adventure,
In valiant, violent clashes,
They saved the farmer's life,
but burned his house all down to
ashes.

With might and magic, Razzle came,
And bright shone Davos' blade,
With cunning Pete and crafty Flint,
And Aurelivera's aid.
While Golden Greyback took a nap,
Beneath a shady tree,
Our other heroes were as brave
As any you might see.

Oh! Davos and Pete! Hey nonny nay,
And the Silver Soldier, hey!
They came to save Big Al, hi-dee-hay,
And fight the ores that day.
But in their grand adventure,
Which no orcish mischief hinders,
They saved the farmer's life,
But burned his house to smoking
cinders.

They fought with valor, brave and true,
And gave the ores a turn,
But in the heat of battle's blaze,
The house began to burn.
The flames, they roared, the house did
smoke,
Big Al's brown face turned white,
He watched his home go up in flame,
But he was safe that night.

Oh! Davos and Pete! Hey nonny nee,
And the Silver Soldier, lee!
They came to save Big Al, hi-dee-hee,
And fight the orcish spree.
But in their grand adventure,
Which evil ores provoke,
They saved the farmer's life,
But then his house went up in smoke.

Now Big Al smiles with gratitude,
As he builds his house anew,
And tells the tale of heroes brave,
Who saved his life, it's true.
Yet Golden Greyback, lazy lout,
Still naps beneath his tree,
He missed the chance to aid his friends,
And share their victory.

Oh! Davos and Pete! Hey nonny no,
And the Silver Soldier, ho!
They came to save Big Al, hi-dee-ho,
And fight the orcish foe.
But in their grand adventure,
To save poor folk from trouble,
They saved the farmer's life,
But they reduced his house to rubble.

So raise your glass to Davos brave,
And Pete who laughs at danger,
For in the darkest depths they fought,
And saved the humble granger.
Their bond of trust unbroken,
Their deeds forever sung,
In the hearts of grateful rural folk,
Their legacy is sprung.

Oh, Davos and Pete! Hey nonny nay,
And the Silver Soldier, hey!
They came to save Big Al, hi-dee-hay,
And fight the ores that day.
But in their grand adventure,
As fate would have it be,
They saved the farmer's life,
But burned his house down to debris.

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Reeve's Abyssal Chicken

Ab-ba-ba-byssal
ch-ch-ch-chicken
Reeve's Abyssal Chicken,
it's a demon from Hell!
It laid an egg inside you,
and it's got a barbed shell.
Wisdom DC 20
if you want it intact.
Avoid that magic healing:
it's got Henpeck Attack!

ABYSSAL CHICKEN

ABYSSAL CHICKEN

Tiny fiend (demon), chaotic evil

Armor Class 13 (Natural Armor)

Hit Points 10 (3d4 + 3)

Speed 30 ft., fly 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
6 (-2)	14 (+2)	13 (+1)	9 (-1)	4 (-3)	5 (-3)

Damage Resistance Cold, Fire, Lightning

Damage Immunities Poison

Condition Immunities Poisoned

Senses Darkvision 60 Ft., Passive Perception 7

Languages Abyssal, Telepathy 60 ft. (Works Only With Creatures That Understand Abyssal)

Challenge 1/4 (50 XP)

Bad Flier. The abyssal chicken falls at the end of a turn if it's airborne and the only thing holding it aloft is its flying speed.

Actions

Fanged Bite. Melee Weapon Attack: +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one creature. Hit: 5 (1d6 + 2) piercing damage.

Razor Talon. Melee Weapon Attack: +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. Hit: 4 (1d4 + 2) slashing damage.

Then, if the target is unconscious, the abyssal chicken may lay a barbed egg in the wound this turn as a bonus action.

Reactions

Henpeck. As a reaction when a creature within 5 feet receives magical healing, the abyssal chicken makes a Fanged Bite attack against it.

Abyssal Chicken Eggs. Abyssal chicken eggs are highly prized by those looking to keep them as pets or familiars, often going for as much as 100 gp on the open market. Ordinarily removing one of the barbed eggs from a wound is a relatively simple matter, and can be accomplished with a successful DC 12 Wisdom (Medicine) check, destroying the egg in the process.

Retrieving the egg intact, however, is a much more difficult process, and requires removing a portion of the flesh the egg is embedded in with a successful DC 20 Wisdom (Medicine) check, dealing 10 (3d6) slashing damage to the host on a success or failure.

ABYSSAL CHICKEN LORE

Arcana DC 10 Despite their truly demonic personalities, abyssal chickens are prized as pets and familiars by mages with a love for the grotesque, and occasionally even seem to form bonds of affection over time. Abyssal chicken eggs are prized by such mages, often fetching 100 gp per egg or more, though removing them intact often involves carving away the surrounding flesh.

Nature DC 15 Chicken trees are a form of fleshy abyssal flora that lives in a rare example of mutualism with abyssal chickens; though the chickens are able to lay their eggs in any creature, chicken trees form protective cysts around eggs laid in their branches which nourish the chickens to adulthood, protecting them from predation in their vulnerable juvenile years. In exchange, the tree gains a ready source of food to digest during lean times.

Nature DC 20 It has been theorized that, rather than a fully separate form of life, the chicken tree represents a later stage of maturity of the abyssal chicken. This is difficult to verify, as few creatures in the Abyss ever live long enough to reach any form of senescence.

ABYSSAL CHICKEN TACTICS

Abyssal chickens gang up on their weakest foes, attacking with their Razor Talons if the creature looks severely wounded, and with their Fanged Bites otherwise. Once a chicken has laid an egg in a creature it stops attacking it, but other chickens often continue to focus on it until they have laid their own eggs.

If supported by a chicken tree and unable to claw through their foes' armor, abyssal chickens will often slash the tree with their claws, hoping that the searing blood that spurts forth will do what their claws cannot.

