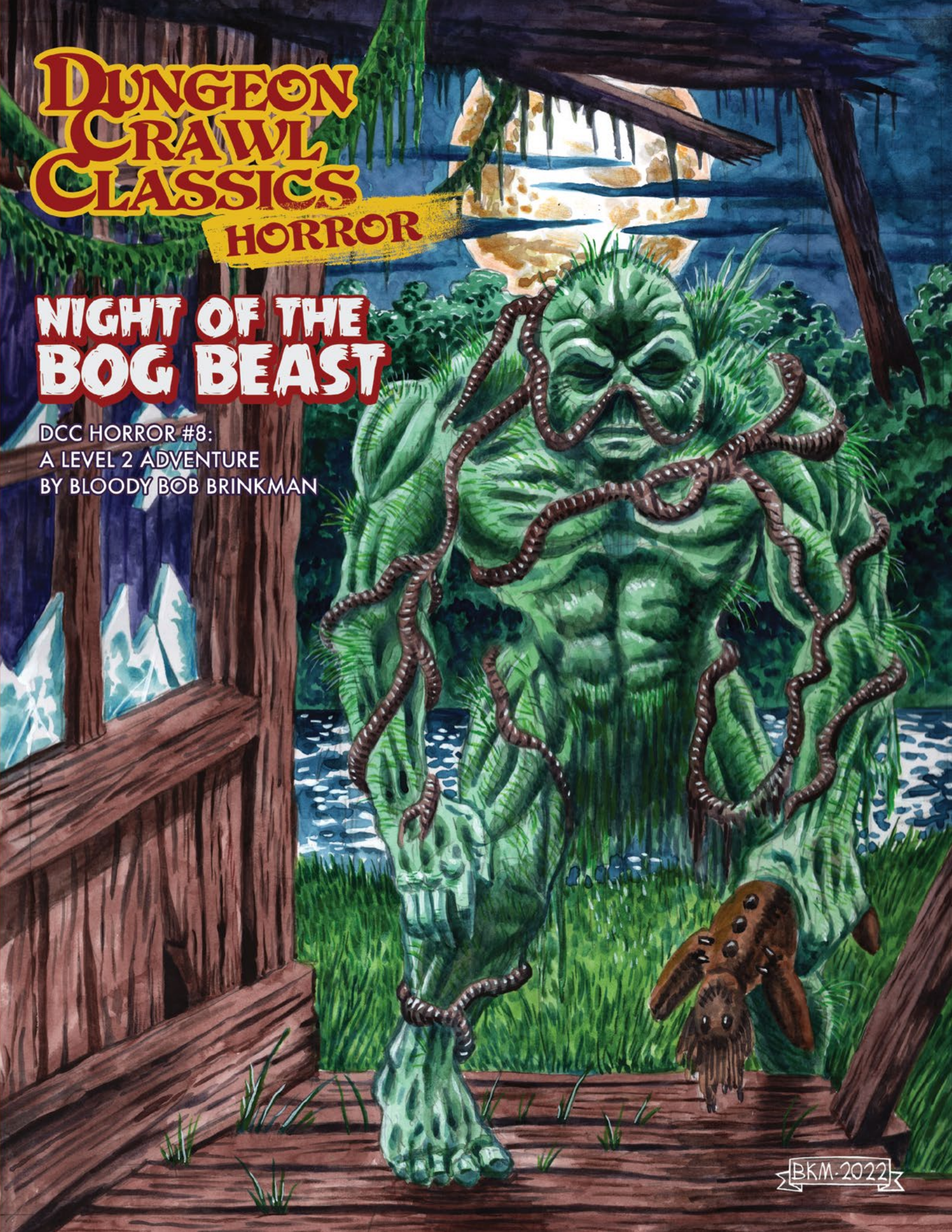


DUNGEON CRAWL CLASSICS

HORROR

NIGHT OF THE BOG BEAST

DCC HORROR #8:
A LEVEL 2 ADVENTURE
BY BLOODY BOB BRINKMAN





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NIGHT OF THE BOG BEAST

INTRODUCTION



*N*ight of the Bog Beast is a DCC Horror adventure for four to six 2nd level characters. The PCs are traveling through the Twilight Marsh when they encounter a small village that seeks to aid the PCs, while also asking for their assistance. Something dark and dangerous lurks amidst the winding channels of the marsh, something that has taken adults and children alike. Can the PCs find it and put an end to it, or will they fall prey to the Bog Beast?

Because of the investigatory nature of the adventure, it is recommended that the judge read through the adventure and familiarize themselves with the families and other important characters, as some have their own motivations which impacts how the PCs may experience this mystery. It is important that the players be allowed to carry out their investigation as they see fit, as there is no single right “path” to resolving the events surrounding the village of Goz-Blight.

ADVENTURE BACKGROUND



*M*t has been a troubled time in the Twilight Marsh. Last year, young Idris Waterlight went missing. Last seen along the bayou, the entire village turned out to search for her. They feared what they would find as Twilight Marsh is filled with dangers; devilmators, death trees, witches, and all manner of things that could end a little girl's life in a heartbeat. When the villagers found Idris a little over a week later, they rejoiced...

An always precocious child, whose strangeness unnerved the other children, Idris had wandered off into the swamp in search of the “Witch of the Waterways”, hoping to learn from her. Instead, the aspiring witch encountered the undead remains of Gorez Goz, aka “The Bog Beast”. Gorez Goz was a resident of the village centuries ago and remains trapped in the swamp, still longing for his young bride. Idris studied the creature, devising a method of replicating it through use of pieces torn from its body. But before she could do much else, the villagers were growing near and so she allowed herself to be “rescued”.

Since that time, Idris perfected her method. Digging up remains from the cemetery along the bayou's edge, she worked to replicate the bog beast. While she hasn't perfected it yet, she managed to create a similar creature over which she had some control. This was her first “friend”. Unfortunately, her first friend had the means and drive to create more of its kind and now there are many more of the creatures loose in the swamp.

Through all of this, Gorez Goz has remained in his trap, driven into ever greater fury by Idris' experiments as well as the repeated proximity of a young Waterlight maiden. The creature is mad with jealousy and rage and is on the verge of breaking free. Should he be freed, he will go on a reign of terror, seeking vengeance for his thwarted love so long ago, and his far too recent torture.

THE FAMILIES

- **Brousard:** These near sustenance-level farmers trade what little surplus they have with the Marshaws to earn a little coin. They are hard-working, and generally friendly folks. The disappearance of the family matriarch, Edna, has them all frightened and concerned.

Father: Ebb, Wife: *Edna* (missing), Daughters: Arra (11), Wirra (6), Sons: Chor (12), Palna (10), Kude (8), Brother: *Averill* (missing)

- **Goz:** Rarely seen in the village, the Goz family are red-headed trappers who spend much of their time deep in the swamp, checking their snares. The village takes its name from the curse which is reputed to have befallen one of their clan members, Gorez Goz, several generations ago. The Goz family are generally unpleasant, bordering on hostile, to outsiders—merely wishing to be left along. While they are not popular with the villagers, they are still welcome to trade pelts and purchase supplies at the Marshaw outpost.

Father: *Luthor* (missing), Brothers: Gorrel, Gohnna, Gregor (missing), Sister: Gert

- **Marshaw:** “Recently arrived newcomers”, the Marshaws moved into the village roughly 50 years ago. As the owners of the new outpost, the Marshaws are treated as a necessary evil. They are outsiders, but the goods that they bring in are vital to the welfare of the locals. The family certainly seems to think that they are better than everyone though and aren't overly subtle about showing it (wrinkling their nose at the stench of the swamp-folk, commenting on how dirty they are, etc.).

Father: Mathron; Mother: Bandis; Daughter: Beryline (8); Son: Matthom (7); Brother: Mydron; Sister: Myrnette

- **Thibodeaux:** The friendliest of Goz-Blight's inhabitants, the Thibodeaux family also form what passes for leadership in the village. Being the oldest inhabitant, Tyr Thibodeaux serves as the village's unofficial headman, organizing small “festivals”, social functions, and (when needed) search parties. The Thibodeaux eek out a living as fisherfolk, supplementing that by gigging frogs.

Grandfather: Tyr; Father: Titus; Mother: Pernichia; Daughters: *Odditia* “Odds” (15, missing) & *Endora* “Ends” (14, missing); Sons: Tiderron “Tide” (12) & Temmeculah “Time” (12)

- **Waterlight:** A tough group of tight-lipped people, the Waterlights use their skiffs to go out into the bayou hunting devilmators. Fairly well to do by local standards, they have both meat and hides to trade with the Marshaws. The Waterlights are also wrapped up in the local legend surrounding Goz-Blight.

Father: Marquin; Mother: Leah; Daughter: Idris (9); Son: *Wilton* (5, missing)



DRAMATIS PERSONAE

- **Idris Waterlight:** A young, self-taught witch, and the creator of the swamp shamblers. Dealing with her is like dealing with an adult, there is a certain sense of smugness there, along with loneliness and pain.
- **Marquin Waterlight:** Deep down, Idris' father knows that something is wrong with Idris and the way she has been behaving. He suspects that she is involved in the disappearances but has no idea how that can be. Having lost his young son, he is even more protective of Idris and, despite his pain, will do nothing that may endanger his remaining child.
- **Tyr Thibodeaux:** The village headman is warm and welcoming, and understands that help from outside may be all that saves the community. He has no suspicions about any of the villagers or their families, waving away any questions about the Goz family as just local prejudice.
- **Mathron Marshaw:** Mathron knows much more than what he is says. Mathron is a wizard who brought his family out to the area in hopes of discovering the origin of the Bog Beast. The stories of numerous types of magic co-mingling and merging has powerful implications and he certainly would like to learn the truth of the matter.
- **Gorez Goz – The Bog Beast**
- **Ol' Zebulon, Priest of Glaucus:** Seeming ancient beyond measure, Zebulon's faith for the moment is that of Glaucus, an ancient and mostly forgotten god of lakes, rivers, and fisherfolk. This certainly is not the first god he has carried the faith of, nor will it be the last. It was he who convinced the villagers to end the usage of the Witch Well, although he did so out of goodness, not merely concern for his sister Zannie.
- **Zannie, the "Witch of the Waterways":** Like her brother Zebulon, Zannie is much more than what she appears to be. Living through time in a strange, looping lifespan that knows both what has come and hints at what is yet to be, she and her snake "Father" live deep within the swamp. She is aware of the location of Gorez Goz, as she bound him there.
- **Sargoth, Leader of the Lizardfolk:** It is not merely humans who have been vanishing, but lizardfolk as well. Sargoth is concerned and places the blame firmly upon the humans of Goz-Blight. He is distrustful, although not overtly hostile, towards all humans and is more inclined to listen to the words of an elf or other non-human.

NIGHT EVENTS



While this adventure is a hex-crawl and certainly has plenty for the PCs to explore, events also continue to unfold independent of the party's actions. Things begin to escalate fairly rapidly, and if too much time passes it will require some quick thinking and a great deal of Luck to stop the swamp shamblers.

Night 0: Swamp shamblers attack Luthor Goz, carrying him off to become one of them.

Night 1: PCs arrive at Goz-Blight. Three Swamp shamblers attack the village in the dead of night, targeting Myrnette Marshaw. When slain the bodily remains are those of a person with gray hair flecked with red (Luthor Goz), a gray-haired person with a leg that was badly broken in two places and didn't heal correctly (Rita Thibodeaux, deceased wife of Tyr), and that of an unidentifiable skeleton.

Swamp Shamblers (3): Init +0; Atk claw +3 melee (1d3+mudpack) or serpent bite +3 melee (1d4); AC 9; HD 3d6; hp 10 each; MV 30' or swim 30'; Act 1d20; SP un-dead traits, death throes, mudpack, silence 20' radius (constant); SV Fort +4, Ref -2, Will +2; AL C; Crit U/d8.

Death throes: Upon death, the swamp shambler's exterior sloughs off of its body, dropping to the ground as it erupts into rapidly spreading tendrils of ivy, instantly covering 2d30 sq ft. Creatures caught in the burst of plant growth are entangled and slowly strangle as the vines begin to tighten, suffering 1 point per round until cut free (DC 14 Reflex save evades).

Mudpack: Upon successfully striking a foe, the swamp shambler leaves a portion of foul-smelling swamp muck across their victim's face. The mud is animate, attempting to force its way in through the victim's mouth and nose. Pulling it loose takes an action and requires a successful DC 10 Strength check. Failure means that the mud begins to flow into the victim's sinuses and throat, inflicting 1d3 temporary Stamina loss per round until removed. The mud is especially resistant to being pulled out, digging into the soft flesh found within. When removed, the mud inflicts damage equal to the Stamina loss already inflicted. More than a round or two is generally fatal. Lost Stamina returns at a rate of 1 point per turn.

Swamp shamblers are masses of vegetation, mud, and writhing snakes that are wrapped around the remains of a once living person. They have complete control of the ivies and mosses making up their bodies and may extrude single strands of ivy under doors so as to open latches or silently raise bars which impede their progress.


Night 2: 4 swamp shamblers attack, targeting the lizardfolk village. Unless the lizardfolk have been previously warned, two of their young are spirited away unnoticed until the morning.

Night 3: 5 swamp shamblers attack the village in the dead of night, targeting Tiderron and Temmeculah Thibodeaux.

Night 4: 10 swamp shamblers attack the village, seeking to kill and drag away all the occupants of Goz-Blight.

Night 5: 20 swamp shamblers attack the lizardfolk village, seeking to kill and drag away the entire tribe.

PLAYER START

aving come downriver, the PCs have been traveling through bayou of the Twilight Marsh on a simple wooden raft, punting their way amidst the waterways. How they may have arrived here is left to the judge's discretion, although it is recommended that the PCs be relatively unfamiliar with the area as well as its flora, fauna, and legends.

As the story opens, the PCs are being frantically signaled to by the residents of Goz-Blight. The villagers fear for the safety of both themselves and the strangers—and realize that the PCs have no understanding of the dangers they may face. Traveling through these parts of the Twilight Marsh at night can be brutally fatal. The PCs find themselves swept into the unfolding events, arriving three days after the disappearance of Averill Brousard.

You've traveled down the waterways of the bayou for over a week now. Supplies have been running low (except for frogs – there are always plenty of frogs) and daylight is fast fading. You are relieved to see signs of habitation on the swampy shores – it doesn't appear to be much, a small fishing village (at least, you hope it's a fishing village). Several rotting wooden docks jut out into the water and number of small skiffs tied to the timbers. The village itself is made up of ramshackle homes, no more than wooden boxes with crude doors. Still, beggars can't be choosers. There certainly seems to be quite a bit of activity...people are running down to the water's edge and are waving their arms at you, frantically signaling. So much for a quiet resupply.

THE VILLAGE OF GOZ-BLIGHT



oz-Blight is a small village of roughly 30 inhabitants, primarily made up of four families (the Waterlights, Thibodeaux, Marshaws, and Brousards) along with Ol' Zebulon, the local priest of Glaucus. Further afield in the community is the Goz clan, a family of trappers. The people here are poor but, while definitely "back woods", are intelligent and wise to the ways of the waterways around them.

In each disappearance, the family heard nothing, and slept peacefully through the night. Upon waking there were some slight signs of a struggle, and pieces of ivy and moss found on the floor, but no sign of where their family member vanished to. Judges are encouraged to embellish the stories with

each retelling, as locals continue to increase the seriousness of their experience.

A WARNING, AND A PLEA FOR HELP

You punt your way to the ramshackle dock and tie off. The locals are a motley bunch, marked by a lifetime of hard work in an unforgiving environment. The formerly boisterous crowd quiets, their eyes now focused on the waterway behind you, as if expecting something. A single person steps forward. Older than the rest, he carries himself with an air of humility. He takes off a worn flat-cap and works it in his hands as he looks downwards.

"Welcome to Goz-Blight strangers, I'm Tyr Thibodeaux and I'm what passes for the headman around here. You best stay off the water at night, it isn't safe out there in the dark. You're welcome to join us for a meal. We don't get much in the way of visitors and we're all eager for news from afar..." He pauses, looking up at the dying of the light. "...and there's matters I'd like to discuss with you." The gathered villagers murmur their agreement and watch you closely.

The villagers are aware of the dangers of the swamp, even without the added risk of the bog beast, and urge the PCs to remain off the water by dark. Tyr Thibodeaux will do all he can to convince the PCs to stay overnight, including telling them of the recent attacks by the bog beast. Tyr is hoping that, by giving the PCs food and shelter, they may be inclined to aid the village when told of the goings on. The villagers will find them a place to stay for the night in a shack built by the Broussard family that is no longer in use.

Area 1-1—The Docks: *Several rotting wooden docks jut out into the water. A number of small skiffs are tied up here, their exteriors coated with green swamp muck that descends beneath the waterline. A few of them have tarpaulins over them to keep the rain out, but most are open to the elements and look to have a finger's worth of standing water in them.*

There are 7 small skiffs here in various states of disrepair. All are still intact, but several are in fragile condition and will sink if treated roughly. Should the PCs make use of these skiffs when entering the Twilight Marsh, and then combat ensues, have the PC with the lowest Luck make a Luck check. Upon a failure, the skiff takes on water and will sink in 2d6 rounds. It requires the non-stop bailing of water by two individuals to keep such a skiff afloat. Should there be another encounter, the skiff will automatically sink, leaving the PCs to attempt to swim or walk through the marsh.

Area 1-2—The Outpost: *Unlike the other buildings of the village, the outpost is well cared for. The building's white-washed exterior stands out like a beacon amidst the murk and grime of the surroundings. A wooden sign above the door declares this is "Marshaw Trader's Outpost" carved in clear, flowing script.*

Found here from sunrise to sunset are Mathron Marshaw and his sister Myrnette. The Outpost is like any poorly stocked general store, much of what is here are simply the day to day needs of the community: grain, nets, household sundries, candles, etc. All of these items are priced at 3x normal cost, although the Marshaws may be talked down to 2x normal cost on with a successful DC 12 Personality check. There are very few luxury items and no actual weapons or armor here. Any non-standard item (for example, a length of scarlet silk) that a PC is seeking requires a successful Luck check. Each PC may attempt one Luck check to find such an item.

Mathron Marshaw is very interested in the PCs, and their investigation, and will casually press them for any information that he can get them to reveal. Familiar with magic, he believes that the "Bog Beast" was spawned by a phlogiston disturbance when the magics of three groups combined with some sort of underlying magic already extant in the area. Mathron is familiar with the Legend of the Bog Beast (see Handout #2), although any adult in the village is capable

of sharing that particular bit of folklore with the party. Additionally, he is one of the few villagers on good terms with the Goz family, and can provide directions to Luther Goz's cabin (area 2-1) as well as the old Goz homestead (area 2-7). Having directions grants a +2d bonus to navigation checks when traveling directly to those locations from the village, as well as if directly returning.

Area 1-3—Witch's Well: *A large, stone well stands here in the center of the village. A pointed roof is set above it to prevent wind-carried debris from fouling the water below.*

Close examination reveals that the roof is a new addition, and an appropriate skill check reveals signs that there once was a secondary structure attached to the well (a ducking chair). Looking into the well reveals that the water here is no clearer than the waters of the bayou. Those daring to enter the water will find it descends 30' before becoming so fouled with roots and debris as to make further passage impossible.

Disturbing the stagnant, standing water of the well also attracts a swarm of biting black flies, each the size of a person's thumb. The flies attack anything within 10' of the well but go no further.

Black Fly Swarm: Init +5; Atk swarming bite +1 melee (1+painful bite); AC 11; HD 5d8; hp 30; MV fly 40'; Act special; SP bite all targets within 20' x 20' space, half damage from non-area attacks, painful bite (DC 5 Fort save or suffer a -1 penalty to all rolls for the next round); SV Fort +0, Ref +10, Will -2; AL N; Crit N/A.

Area 1-4—Shrine of Glaucus: *This simple building appears to have been fashioned out of sunbaked mud. Unlike the surrounding homes, the architect here had no obvious intent at straight lines or smooth walls. Instead, this looks more like an overly large mud daub rising from the ground. There is a smell in the air here, dead fish and swamp muck, giving it an unpleasant atmosphere.*

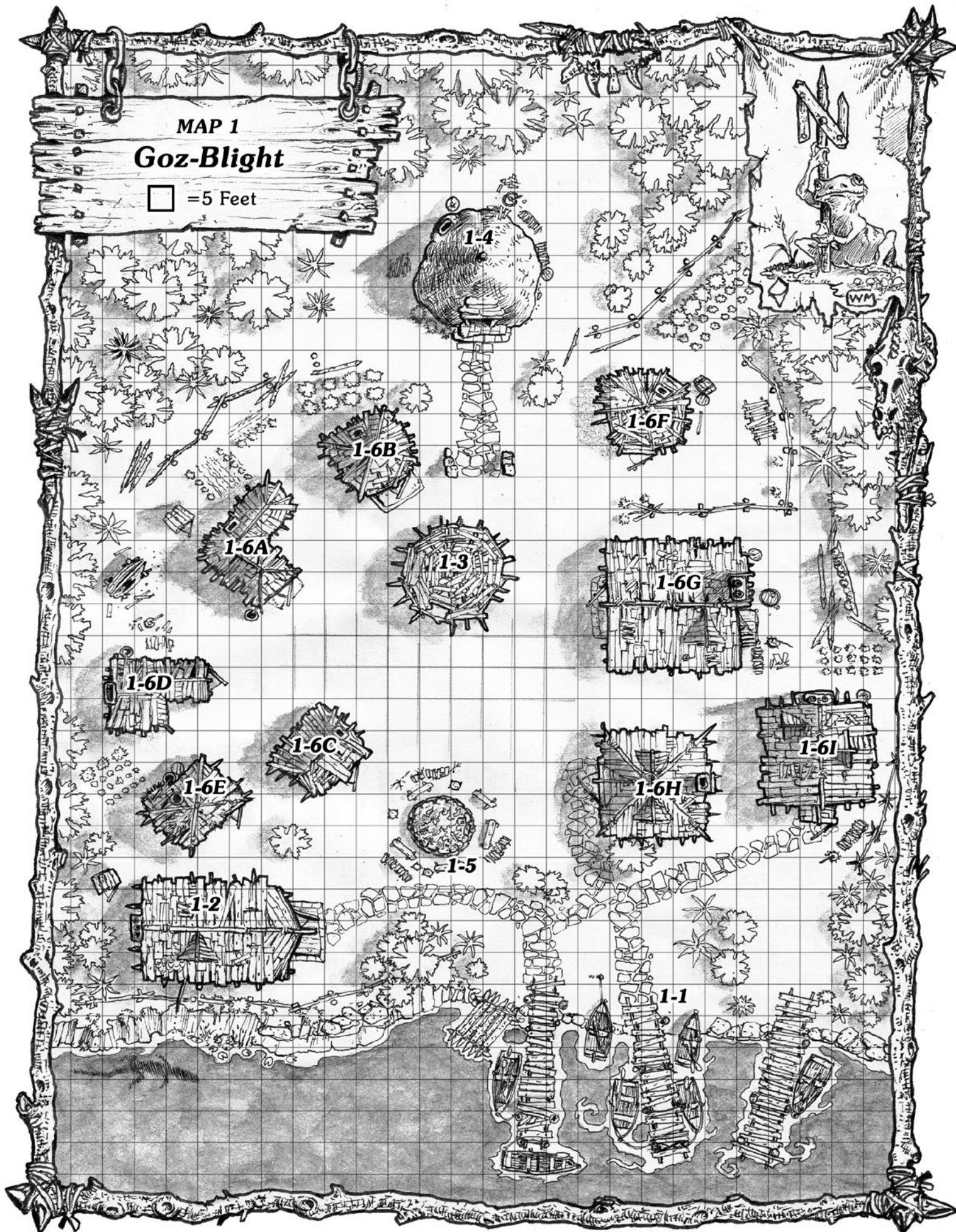
Inside is a single chamber, housing a simple cot and a small table that acts as the focus of the shrine. Upon it rest a pair of lit candles and a brass offering bowl from which some sort of musky incense arises.

Ol' Zebulon is the priest of Glaucus, a long forgotten god of lakes, rivers, and fisherfolk. The priest resides in the single room temple. He appears ancient beyond words, his loin-cloth clad body looking emaciated with every notch of his spine clearly visible. Wisps of white hair cling to his mostly bald scalp and the old priest's laughter sounds much like someone attempting to whistle through a comb. In conversation, he often mixes up his past, present, and future tenses (an idiosyncrasy shared with his sister). Despite this odd behavior, he is kind and welcoming to all visitors with his eccentricities hiding no sinister motives. He does, however, harbor many secrets.

First is that his sister is Zannie, the Witch of the Waterways. Centuries ago, after his sister was driven from the village, Zebulon came here to gently turn the hearts of the locals from their dark ways. It was he that had the ducking chair removed. No one alive today remembers this (save for Zebulon and Zannie).

MAP 1
Goz-Blight

□ = 5 Feet



In truth however, Ol' Zebulon is actually Wilton Waterlight, and Zannie is his sister Idris. Because of the underlying magics in the marsh, both live their lives growing old and dying before returning to their childhood youth and living again, in a constant cycle. While they truly were born here to Marquin and Leah Waterlight, they have also lived for centuries before and since, in a way that they cannot explain—nor will they actually reveal this information willingly unless under some form of dire duress.

Having lived here for centuries, Zebulon is well versed in the lore of the swamp (Handouts #1 & #4) but is more eager to discuss Glaucus. He will gladly offer the blessing of Glaucus to any who request it, but only those who sincerely are seeking the blessings of the old god will receive any benefit. For those who seek the favor of Glaucus, roll 1d5 on the following table.

Blessings of Glaucus

Roll	Result
1	The blessed supplicant is immune to the bites and stings of insects for the next 24 hours.
2	The blessed supplicant gains a +1d bonus to checks while navigating in the Twilight Marsh.
3	The blessed supplicant is able to speak to fish until the next sunrise.
4	The blessed supplicant senses the proximity (but not location) of swamp shamblers coming within 100'. This blessing lasts until the following sunrise.
5	The blessed supplicant is incapable of being drowned for 24 hours, always miraculously escaping such a fate through outlandish means.

Area 1-5—Communal Fire: A fire burns here, contained within a large communal firepit. Several people hustle about, adding things to large pots that have been placed to boil. The rich smell of the evening meal is joined by the sing-song voices of children as they run about playing and shouting, all under the watchful gaze of their elders. The children do not stray too far from the fire. One child stands apart from the rest, sitting with her family in deep conversation as opposed to being involved in play.

It is here that the villagers gather in the evening for their communal meal, with even the Marshaws coming to take part. During this gathered time, children run and play (except for Idris, who sits with her family) under the watchful eye of the entire village, while the adults talk about the events of the day. The fire is not allowed to go out, it burns low through the rest of the evening and the day, kept alive but just barely, lest the light draw unwanted attention from other denizens of the Marsh.

The children at play will sing the rhyme of Goz-Blight (Handout #1) while skipping rope or other such pastimes. Parents will tell the PCs to pay no mind to such foolishness but, if pressed, will admit to having sung it as children themselves. One of those bits of folklore, the continuity of which, no one can explain. If the children are pressed further consult the following table.

Child	Information
Brousard, Arra (age 11)	<i>Sometimes, at night, the world goes quiet. The frogs, the bugs, everything just goes totally silent, like they's holding their breath. Those are the nights that people disappear.</i>
Brousard, Chor (age 12)	<i>Pa said that whatever took momma used some sort of spell to make sure that nobody woke up. It unbarred the door and took her without us ever knowing.</i>
Brousard, Kude (age 8)	<sobs uncontrollably and cries for his mother>
Brousard, Palna (age 10)	<i>Time & Tide (the Thibodeaux twins) say that some sort of monster chased 'em through the marsh. They saw it, so I know it ain't just one of them lizardfolk from out backways.</i>
Brousard, Wirra (age 6)	<i>Something came and grabbed momma. It was dark and I was asleep. It walked through the walls like magic!</i>
Marshaw, Berlyline (age 8)	<i>I'm not a baby, I don't believe in no monsters. It is the Witch of the Waterways. She's the one grabbing people. Mommy says that witches are bad and should be punished. Are you going to punish her for being bad?</i>
Marshaw, Mathom (age 7)	<i>Daddy says that the monster is real, and it was made by magic. If we ain't good, it'll come get us when we are sleeping.</i>
Thibodeaux, Temmeculah (age 12)	<i>We saw it! We was giggin' frogs and there was these eyes watching us out of the water. It followed us kinda slow through the water, but we were too clever for it. We got ashore and ran along the banks until it couldn't see us no more.</i>
Thibodeaux, Tiderron (age 12)	
Waterlight, Idris (age 9)	<eye-roll> <i>Obviously there is no monster. All that talk about a tri-conjoinment of phlogistonal energies is just so much hot air. There are plenty of dangerous things in the Marsh, mysterious monsters aren't any of them.</i>

Large pots are used for the boil, a heady mixture of devilgator, fish, and frog along with large chunks of turnips, potatoes, and other root vegetables and tubers. It is, all things said, quite delicious and very nourishing. The people here may be poor, but they certainly aren't starving. During the meal, the families mostly withdraw to sit among themselves with only Tyr drifting from one group to another to talk to them.

As events progress, the families will become more and more on edge, and the children will be kept closer to the fire and further away from the water's edge.

Area 1-6—Family Abodes: Most of these buildings are crude shacks made of scrap lumber and odds and ends. Shacks of that nature provide shelter for the Brousard, Thibodeaux, and Waterlight families. The interior of each

of them is similar. A loft above provides a place for the children to sleep, while the parents sleep near a small stove. The personal items here are depressingly scarce, and these families live very spartan lives.

The Marshaw homes, on the other hand, are more properly cabins. Well built, even if not much larger than the other homes (save for that of Mathron Marshaw, who has the largest home in the village, at 20' x 20' it is a veritable palace compared to many others). The Marshaws have more creature comforts within, actual bedding instead of hides for warmth, a few small books, toys for the children (ensuring that their children remain popular with the others), and the like. Even in a village this poor, there are still "haves" who stand above the "have nots".

- **6A - Broussard:** Home to Ebb, Edna and their children.
- **6B - Broussard:** Home of Averill Broussard, who was taken in the night by the "bog beast". This is the cabin that will be given to the PCs to shelter in for the night.
- **6C - Thibodeaux:** Home to the Elder Tyr.
- **6D - Thibodeaux:** Home to Titus, Pernichia, Time & Tide.
- **6E - Thibodeaux:** Formerly home to Pernichia, Odditia, and Endora.
- **6F - Waterlight:** Home to Marquin, Leah, and Idris.
- **6G - Marshaw:** Home to Mathron, Bandis, and their children.
- **6H - Marshaw:** Home to Mydron.
- **6I - Marshaw:** Home to Myrnette.

THE TWILIGHT MARSH



Twilight Marsh is cast in perpetual gloom by the tree canopy overhead which chokes out all but the faintest of light. As such, during the brightest of days, the dim air is filled with fireflies, the call of night birds, and other things which are concealed within the ever-present shadows. Much of the marsh is filled with mangrove trees, also known as "walking trees" for the way their roots spindle out like skeletal legs. Amongst the mangroves are small islands, known as "hammocks", which form as the mangrove roots collect mud, soil and debris, eventually giving creation to a patch of (mostly) dry land. It is among these hammocks that some of the greatest dangers may be found.

Travel through the marsh by skiff takes 2 hours per hex, while those forced to slog through the marsh on foot are reduced to one hex per four hours. Due to the thick canopy over the marsh there are only 8 appreciable hours of "daylight" before things return to darkness.

Beyond the noted encounters and locations within the Twilight Marsh there is another force to deal with, the marsh it-

WISDOM AND PROVERBS

Rather than rumors, judges are instead encouraged to have the villagers bend the ears of the PCs with local wisdom and proverbs handed down through the generations. "My pappy used to say..." and "Momma always told me..." are common precursors to such bits of folk wisdom. Some examples are:

- *"The waters of the Twilight Marsh are untouched by the sun and are doubly cursed by the darkness from both above and below."*
- *"The trees hide many truths, but the waters hide many evils."*
- *"Never trust a lizard if'n they tell you there ain't no devilgators"*
- *"It is bad luck to give a bar of soap to a girl you are sweet on."*
- *"If you see big leeches, there are always bigger nearby"*
- *"The Witch of the Waterways has been out there for hundreds of years, and she will be there for hundreds more."*
- *"There are no apples in the Twilight Marsh."*
- *"The serpent children of Yig are marked by the moon and are watched over, protected, and sometimes even avenged, by their father."*
- *"Even those who never come back deserve a marker in the cemetery. It is good for the family."*

Judges are encouraged to add to this list with their own tidbits. These add color to the NPCs while also giving a way to impart information to the PCs without misleading them with false rumors (although the occasional half-truths will do nicely).

self. Navigating the waterways requires a DC 14 Intelligence skill check to avoid becoming lost and spending 2 hours moving in a random direction. Further, the marsh does not appreciate interlopers. While traveling between any two areas (such as traveling from Goz-Blight to the cabin of Luthor Goz) have the navigating PC make a Luck check. On a success, they notice that the waterways behind them are... writhing. As they watch, the waterways form into new pathways and routes, reducing any map to a mere suggestion. Only the direct intervention of Yig, through his child "Father" (see area 2-5) can temporarily halt these changes.

Those camping in the open at night in the marsh will be attacked by 2d3 swamp shamblers.

The hex crawl through the Twilight Marsh is the judge's opportunity to lay the atmosphere on thick. The ever-present darkness is filled with mournful animal cries and unidentifiable sounds from unseen sources. Take the time to put the players on edge. This area isn't safe, and they are certainly meant to know that. Reinforce the shadowed nature here by throwing in extra Intelligence checks and allowing the PCs

to catch movement out of the corner of their eyes. Everything here is meant to set the PCs (and players) on edge.

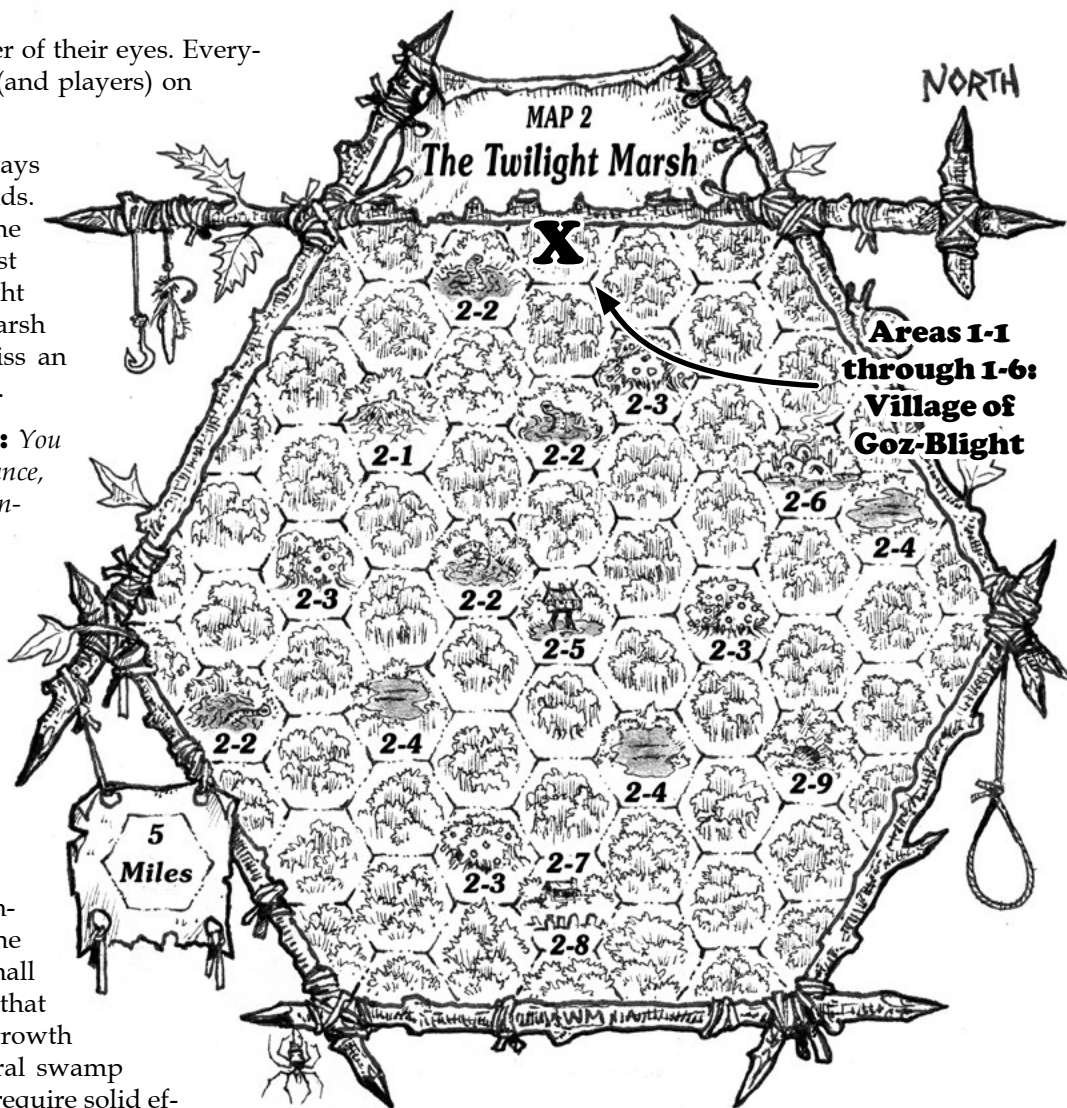
Describe the vine choked waterways and have the PCs encounter dead ends. These don't need to add to travel time but serve to add to the overall lost and disorienting feel of the Twilight Marsh. Remember, the Twilight Marsh doesn't want them here, never miss an opportunity to remind them of that.

Area 2-1—Luther Goz's Cabin: *You find yourself staring at what, at first glance, appears to be a vacant field covered in invasive vines. It is not until you look again that you can make out the shape of a small shack, completely covered in the vines. The ground around the building is thickly covered in what could almost be called a tightly woven mat of growth that has choked out everything else in the area. Parts of the green seem to move on their own; rising and falling with small, frantic movements.*

Around the cabin, the vines are indeed moving, but that is due to the frantic wriggling of several small animals (rabbits, raccoons, etc.) that were trapped by the explosion of growth caused by the destruction of several swamp shamblers. Entering the shack will require solid effort to cut or chop through the overgrowth, requiring a full turn to do so. Clearing the doorway reveals that much of the ivy emanates from inside the cabin, trailing out through the open door and to the surrounding grounds. Luthor Goz did not go down easily, and ivy springs from five separate areas inside the shack.

The shack is furnished simply, with crude, homemade furnishings. In one corner is a small table and chair, against the opposite wall lies a small mattress. Snares and animal traps hang on the walls, while refuse and soiled linens litter the floor. The furnishings and walls have all been marred with the bite of an axe, while hanging from the ceiling is a large rattlesnake rattle, larger than a dwarf's forearm. It looks as there may have been a pitched battle inside this tiny space. Blood has been splattered on the walls and coagulated pools stain the floors while strange tendrils of ivy have grown out of skeletal remains resting on the floorboards, their vines stretching outwards through the door.

The rattle is actually the tail end of a VERY large rattlesnake, Zannie's familiar Father, sent by Zannie to investigate. Unless attacked, the snake will be oddly non-aggressive and will simply linger in the rafters, watching the PCs. Even if discovered, it will watch them with an eerie intensity, but take no aggressive action unless bothered. Attempts to directly communicate with Father will garner its attention and those seeking help from the Witch of the Waterways will



find the snake slowly swimming away. If followed, it leads them safely to Zannie's shack (area 2-5)

Father (Zannie's Familiar): Init +1; Atk bite +1 melee (1d3+poison); AC 11; HD 2d8; hp 14; MV 40'; Act 1d20; SP rattle, poison (1d3 Stamina loss, DC 12 Fort negates); SV Fort +3, Ref +2, Will +4; AL N; Crit M/d8.

Rattle: At the beginning of combat, prior if possible, the snake will shake its rattle. Creature's hearing the sound must make a DC 10 Willpower save or suffer a -2 to all melee attack rolls until a successful save is made on a subsequent round.

Area 2-2—Spawning Pool: *The waters here churn with massive leeches, each the size of your forearm. The water positively boils with them, and the pool seems more leech than water. The sound that they make, the roiling splashing sound, is unnerving. Falling into the water here would likely mean death.*

The juvenile colossal leeches that are visible at the surface of the water are nowhere near as dangerous as the adults which lie gathered beneath. The adults rise to investigate what has excited their offspring. One of the leeches will approach from the other side of the pool, visibly undulating through the water and drawing attention to itself. It will take two rounds for this leech to close for combat.



In the meantime, the other two leeches rise beneath the boat, bumping against it and potentially knocking any standing PCs into the water (DC 10 Reflex save to rapidly sit down or be thrown into the water). Those who fall into the water are virtually encased in the swarm of juvenile leeches and are in grave danger until extracted from the water.

Leech, Colossal (3): Init -2; Atk bite +4 melee (1d6 +blood drain); AC 14; HD 2d8; hp 14 each; MV 10' or swim 30'; Act 1d20; SP blood drain (1d4 damage per round after bite until destroyed); SV Fort +4, Ref -2, Will -4; AL N; Crit M/d8.

Juvenile Colossal Leech Swarm: Init +5; Atk swarming bite +1 melee (1d5); AC 11; HD 4d8; hp 30; MV 1' or swim 20'; Act special; SP bite all targets within 30' x 30' aquatic space, half damage from non-area attacks; SV Fort -1, Ref +6, Will -4; AL N; Crit N/A.

Should all of the leeches be cleared, embedded in the mud below is the rotted remains of a trunk dropped by a smuggler long ago. Amidst the muck and mire can be found silver ingots worth a total of 500 sp.

Area 2-3—Death Apple Grove: *Rising from the water is a medium-sized hammock, large enough to host a campsite should the need arise. The ground here is relatively clear, and the main portion of the small island is made up of fruit-bearing trees laden with something akin to green apples.*

If only these were apple trees. These are death apples, and even touching them is hazardous. So deadly is this plant that virtually every part of it has a potential to kill. It will be important to afford PCs the chance to identify this deadly tree. Thieves making a successful DC 18 *handle poison* check can identify this plant and its properties.

- If burned, the smoke of the wood is toxic and can asphyxiate the unwary. DC 8 Fortitude save or die.
- If eaten, the fruit of the tree (which has a sweet smell and a peppery taste) causes grave damage to the body and is likely fatal. Those eating it lose 2d3 Stamina and must succeed at a DC 15 Fortitude save or die.
- If touched, sap from the trees accidentally brushed on the eyes leads to blindness for 1d6 days (DC 10 Fortitude save negates).
- Those beneath the trees in rainstorm are spattered with raindrops bearing diluted sap which inflicts 1d3 damage per round and leaves permanent scars.
- Used to coat an arrow, the sap kills a victim in 1d7 days (DC 13 Fortitude save negates). It requires a successful DC 18 *handle poison* check to safely handle the sap of the tree without risk of contamination as merely cutting into the tree itself runs such a risk.

Carelessly interacting with these trees is fatal and has the possibility of turning a 2nd level adventure into a 2nd level funnel if the PCs aren't careful.

Area 2-4—Devilgator Wallow: *The waterway widens here, opening into a large pool with muddy banks. Long gouges in the earth show signs of something having slid into the water from the shoreline. The surface of the water is dotted with light vegetation and a few logs which float nearby.*

Those logs have teeth. A pair of devilgators calls this wallow home, and they are voraciously hungry, attacking anything that enters the pool as a potential source of food. This includes any raft or skiff that enters the area. This mated pair of devilgators have hunted together for years, have survived all efforts by the Waterlight family to harvest them, and are well known and feared in the village. If a victim is pulled into the water, both devilgators will turn to attack it, seeking to rip it apart and descend into the murk with their grisly prize.

Devilgator (2): Init -3; Atk bite +5 melee (3d4); AC 13; HD 3d8; hp 24, 18; MV 60' or swim 60'; Act 1d20; SP camouflage (+10 to hide attempts), lunge; SV Fort +4, Ref -2, Will -2; AL N; Crit M/d8.

Lunge: Approaching under water, the first devilgator will gently nudge the bottom of a watercraft, while the other waits for a victim to lean outwards to look down into the water. Should this happen, the larger of the devilgators will lunge out of the water with a surprise attack, seeking to pull the victim into the water. A successful contested Strength check vs. +5 allows a victim to avoid being pulled under.

Area 2-5—Zannie's Shack: *Rising up above the waters is a shack, held aloft by a pair of knobby tree trunks that emerge from the bottom. At the waterline, a small skiff is tied next to a rickety looking wooden ladder that ascends 15' to a covered porch above. Hanging there are all number of charms, talismans, and gris-gris. As they sway in the light a voice can be heard to shout from within, "Well, come in if'n you're coming!"*

One random PC, judge's discretion, will have the impression that the trees supporting the shack look, if they squint really hard, like bird legs. The bark certainly has a pebbled finish, almost akin to that of a chicken.

Zannie is the Witch of the Waterways, and it was she that was partially responsible for the creation of the bog beast, and it was she that put it to rest. Zannie is haggard, a gray-haired woman who appears older than the trees upon which her homes rests, and eyes with a gaze that seems far-far older than that. When speaking, she seems to have no concept of tense, speaking of things past events as things that she will do, and sometimes the future as things she has done. So long as her guests are polite, she offers basic hospitality such as tea (really just the tannin-filled waters of the swamp brought to a boil but, with honey, not really that bad) and conversation. Sharp-eyes PCs will notice that each time she reaches for the teapot to refill a cup, the teapot seems to slide to meet her.

Zannie is actually the trapped form of Idris Waterlight, herself a reincarnation of the Waterlight maid who cast herself into the waters centuries before. Zannie is, theoretically, aware of everything in her past, present, and future, but she sees it all at once, overlaid, and so what one might think a prophetic gift is reduced to barely useful.

When she is confused, her familiar "Father" will often hiss softly in her ear, filling her with the wisdom of her patron Yig, the serpent god. Under no circumstances will Zannie allow the PCs to shelter in her home for the night, although



she will allow Father to lead them back to Goz-Blight. The snake's presence negates the shifting nature of the waterways and allows for direct passage back. Should the PCs make arrangements to return, Father will meet them at the village and return them via the same sort of route.

If the PCs have previously encountered, and attacked Father, Zannie will greet her guests with a smile, while lacing the "tea" with the peppery juice of a death apple. Drinking such a brew inflicts a loss of 1d3 Stamina, accompanied by crippling cramps and the victim must succeed at a DC 12 Fortitude save or die. As a follower of Yig, Zannie takes the killing of snakes seriously, and harm done to her familiar is greeted with her harshest of curses.

Note: If your players are the type that might decide that slaying a nine-year-old girl to "win" an adventure is a good idea, have Zannie pick up on the type of people that they are and have her react accordingly. She may act coldly and try to warn the PCs off such a course of action or, if it seems a certainly, she may slip some death apple into the tea.

Zannie (Witch of the Waterways): Init -2; Atk claw +0 melee (1d4-1) or curse (DC 16 Will save; see below) or spell; AC 9; HD 7d6; hp 28; MV 20'; Act 2d20; SP curses, immortal, familiar (Father), patron (Yig), spells (+10 spell check; *charm person, darkness, invoke patron, magic shield, sleep, forget, ray of enfeeblement, spider web, demon summoning, make potion, sword magic, water breathing*); SV Fort +8, Ref -2, Will +10; AL C; Crit IV/d12.

Curses: Zannie knows the following curses: *curse of blindness* (see DCC RPG p. 439), *curse of the serpent's bite* and *curse of black water* (see sidebar).

Immortal: Zannie, like her brother, is immortal. They are both a creation of, as well as a prisoner to, the magics of the Twilight Marsh. If slain, Zannie merely returns the next day, appearing as a woman in her mid-30's instead of her current aged form. She will then resume life as normal. She isn't even aware of what her younger past/future self is up to at the moment and will take convincing before revealing the location of where she trapped the bog beast those centuries ago.

CURSE OF THE SERPENT'S BITE

*Father serpent, hear my call
Strike down this wanton prig
Send your children large and small
Send the strike of Yig*

This curse summons the children of Yig to plague the witch's foe. When the target goes to sleep, snakes begin to be drawn to them, slowly swarming into a seething carpet that lies in wait for the target to awaken and set their foot on the ground...only to be bitten. The curse carries a -4 Luck penalty and each night until the curse is broken the victim finds themselves surrounded by rattlesnakes and suffering the consequences of their bites (poison: lose 1d3 hp plus 1d3 Stamina, DC 14 Fortitude save negates Stamina loss). The curse may be broken through the deliberate ingestion of rattlesnake venom (DC 13 Fortitude save or die), or may be lifted at will by the witch who levied the curse.

CURSE OF BLACK WATER

*Still your sharp, vile spirited, tongue
Silence your prattling so abhorrent
Let the waters wash away your filth
And the trickle become a torrent*

This curse leaves its target vomiting streams of black marsh water, making it difficult to speak or cast spells. The more the victim attempts to say, the greater the torrent of water. The curse carries a -2 Luck penalty, a loss of -1 Stamina, inflicts a further cumulative loss of -1 Stamina each time the victim attempts to cast a spell or recite a curse, in addition to such an attempt suffering a -1d penalty to the spell check. The curse may be lifted at will by the witch who placed it or by the drinking of a total of 50 gallons of undiluted swamp water. Judge's note, drinking 1.5 gallons or more within the span of a few hours is fatal to humans.

Father (Zannie's Familiar): Init +1; Atk bite +1 melee (1d3+poison); Crit M/d8; AC 11; HD 2d8; hp 14; MV 40'; Act 1d20; SP rattle, poison (1d3 Stamina, DC 12 Fort negates); SV Fort +3, Ref +2, Will +4; AL N; Crit M/d8.

Rattle: At the beginning of combat, prior if possible, the snake will shake its rattle. Creature's hearing the sound must make a DC 10 Will save or suffer a -2 to all melee attack rolls until a successful save is made on a subsequent round.

Area 2-6—Lizardfolk Village: *The waterways here open up into a shallow pool which is dotted with structures made of mud and grass. These huts are very different from those found in the village, looking more in-tune with the environment as opposed to standing starkly out of place with their surroundings. Shadows lurk within the doorways of the huts, reptilian eyes silently staring at you.*

While the majority of the lizardfolk only speak Lizard Man, Sargoth is fluent in Common, Dragon, and Elf. It is he who will speak for his tribe. The lizardfolk distrust humans, and if one of their number has been carried away by the swamp shamblers (see Night Event 2), they will be overtly hostile towards strangers. In this case it requires a successful DC 13 Personality check to convince Sargoth that the PCs mean no harm and are not involved in any attacks upon his people. If won over by the PCs, Sargoth will invite them to stay the night if they need and will regale them with stories of life within the Twilight Marsh, including the lizardfolk creation story of the Twilight Marsh (Handout #3). What Sargoth leaves unsaid, although it may be discerned by an attentive audience, is that he is the chieftain of the legend.

Sargoth and his tribe have seen Zannie's familiar, Father, near Luthor Goz's cabin (and can provide a guide if need be) as well as her "child-self" roaming the waterways alongside the swamp shamblers. If pressed, Sargoth will explain that old Zannie and young Zannie do not share the same body, and memory can be a fleeting thing.

Should combat break out, Sargoth and a small band (equal to the number of PCs) will seek to hold off the intruders so that most of his people may escape, fading back into the swamp as they have so many times before at the encroachment of humans. When reduced to 10 hit points or less, Sargoth will flee.

Sargoth is aware of the dangers of the Twilight Marsh (technically, he is one of them), as well as knowing of the resting place of the bog beast. Only he and Zannie have this information. Should the village be attacked (see Night Event 5) without the PCs present for the battle, only Sargoth and 1d3 lizardfolk will survive. In such a case, he will send word, revealing the location of the bog beast (area 2-9) before he and the survivors forever withdraw deeper into the marshlands.

Lizardfolk (10): Init -2; Atk bite +3 melee (1d4+roll) or spiked club +2 melee (1d5+1); AC 15 (turtle shield); HD 1d8; hp 5 each; MV 30' or swim 30'; Act 1d20; SP roll, move silently; SV Fort +2, Ref -1, Will -1; AL N; Crit III/d6.

Sargoth (Elder Lizardfolk): Init +2; Atk trident +8 melee (1d12+1) or net +4 melee (entangle); AC 18; HD 4d8; hp 30; MV 30' or swim 30'; Act 1d20+1d16; SP move silently, entangle (Strength check vs 1d20+8 to escape); SV Fort +4, Ref +2, Will +4; AL N; Crit III/d10.

Roll: If encountered in water, any creature bitten by a lizardfolk must succeed on an opposed Strength check vs 1d20+8. If the lizardfolk wins, it rolls the target under water. While trapped in this manner, the victim begins drowning. Each round the target takes 1d6 temporary Stamina damage. When Stamina is reduced to 0, the target dies. Lizardfolk occupied in this manner cannot attack other targets, and the ensnared victim can attack only at a -4 penalty.

Area 2-7—The Old Goz Place: *This must have been a true local showplace. The deteriorating remains of this once grand home now sag, creaking in time with the lapping of the water. The vine-covered structure extends out over the water, held by pilings of dubious integrity, while portions of the roof have caved in. Shutters hang, sagging across open wounds in the building that were once windows but now have further decayed and crumbled under the relentless encroachment of the marsh. The indignities of time and neglect have brought the building to ruin, leaving it jutting upwards like a lone, rotting tooth.*

It is obvious that, in their heyday, the Goz family were well off (at least by local standards). Now, a monument to decay, it is thoroughly unsafe to enter and prone to further collapse. Should the party choose to enter, consult Map #3.

Area 2-8—Cemetery: *No fence or gate stands to guard this cemetery, merely the watchful mangroves and the long tendrils of hanging moss. There are 50 or more headstones here, too many to count at a glance. Some are obviously ancient, their surfaces pocked and weathered by the passage of time until the identity of the dead buried beneath them has been lost to memory. Others are much more recent, including several that look to be recent additions that have been made of wood. Along the edge of the cemetery are the ruins of the old Goz homestead. Notably, a shovel rests against the house near to the back door.*

The cemetery is a disjointed affair; the graves are not laid out in neat rows, nor any real semblance of order. When someone dies, their family simply decide where to bury their remains and start digging. Because of this, searching for a specific grave will be virtually impossible, and there are no family plots. There are, however, three open graves.

- 1. Unknown grave:** The marker here has been scoured free of any identifying marks. This grave has been dug up, quite obviously with a shovel. The remains of a simple wooden box can be seen at the bottom of the grave. Of the corpse, there is no sign. This was the resting place of the body dug up by Idris, to create the original swamp shambler.
- 2. Rita Thibodeaux:** This grave is twenty years old, and Rita is noted as the beloved wife of Tyr. The ground here has been torn apart from above, but there is no sign of an organized effort such as with a shovel. Instead, large swaths of earth look to have been dragged to one side by some other force.

3. Unknown Goz grave: The marker is badly damaged, although careful scrutiny reveals that this hole in the ground was once the grave of a member of the Goz clan. A DC 12 Intelligence skill check discovers that this gravesite is 120+ years old. Like the grave of Rita Thibodeaux, it has been clawed open from above. There is no sign of a shovel having been used.

In addition to the open graves, there are two other concealed points of interest that maybe found by the truly curious. The first is a gravestone simply marked with the name "Zebulon". Beneath it have been carved twelve different holy symbols, each of minor or long forgotten gods. The symbols do not appear to have been carved concurrently, rather as if someone is carving and keeping track of their shifting allegiances.

Dwarves succeeding on a DC 18 Underground Skills check are able to catch the faintest whiff of the buried Goz treasure (see area 3-3). Buried beneath the mangrove roots is a small strongbox containing 150 gp, 30 sp, and 120 cp. In addition, there is a land grant signed by the local baron over 200 years ago, granting the Goz family rights to the entirety of the Twilight Marsh in return for undisclosed services rendered.

Area 2-9—The Pit of the Bog Beast: *Rising from the murk is a large hammock, 150' around, at the center of which is a large pile of disturbed earth. The air here is still and the water smooth as glass. It is as if the marsh itself hangs in anticipation of the events to come. The trees here are old, massive mangroves line the edge of the small island, their thick roots intertwining to make access near impossible...save for one area through which a tight pathway appears to have been deliberately cleared. Tangled in the roots is the sodden form of a child's poppet.*

While lost in the swamp, Idris found herself here. Wanting to get away from the water and have a secure place to remain for rescue, she cleared a path through the mangroves while planning on waiting. Having been out digging for worms and other bait, the mound drew her curiosity, and she began to dig, uncovering the chamber in which Gorez Goz has been trapped for centuries. Realizing what she had found, Idris managed to steal a piece of vine from the creature, hoping to use it in a ritual to create other things akin to the beast...so that she could finally have friends. She succeeded, but her action awoke the beast, which has remained bound below, held fast by the very yard of braid that was once a courting gift.

When the PCs arrive, Idris is nearby, having carefully shadowed the party through the backwaters of the marsh. She is terrified of having her actions discovered, and so remains out of sight as things begin. The round after anyone gazes down into the pit holding the bog beast, 6 swamp shamblers emerge from the water to attack (for each additional day spent exploring, 2 additional swamp shamblers arrive every 2 rounds). When the first of the creatures is struck down, Idris will be unable to keep her silence, shouting "leave my friends alone!" With that, she will rush to towards the pit while shouting,

Once you were man, but no longer be

Once you were held, but now you are free!

This counter charm snaps the length of braid freeing the bog beast. It requires 3 rounds for the beast to pull itself out of the pit, at which point it will attack everything and everyone around it until slain, or nothing remains. It is at this point that Idris grasps the enormity of her error and retreats back into the mangroves. The release of Gorez Goz sends ripples through the Twilight Marsh, felt by any wizard (or witch) within 10 miles. Zannie senses this disturbance and arrives in 2d5 rounds, not to fight the monster, but to save Idris. Once she arrives, raised voices can be heard as Zannie scolds, comforts, and attempts to corral Idris.

Swamp Shamblers (6+): Init +0; Atk claw +3 melee (1d3+mudpack) or serpent bite +3 melee (1d4); AC 9; HD 3d6; hp 10 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP un-dead traits, death throes, mudpack, silence 20' radius (constant); SV Fort +4, Ref -2, Will +2; AL C; Crit U/d8.

Death throes: Upon death, the swamp shambler's exterior sloughs off of its body, dropping to the ground as it erupts into rapidly spreading tendrils of ivy, instantly covering 2d30 sq ft. Creatures caught in the burst of plant growth are entangled and slowly strangle as the vines begin to tighten, losing 1 hp per round until cut free (DC 14 Reflex save evades).

Mudpack: Upon successfully striking a foe, the swamp shambler leaves a portion of foul-smelling swamp muck across their victim's face. The mud is animate, attempting to force its way in through the victim's mouth and nose. Pulling it loose takes an action and requires a successful DC 10 Strength check. Failure means that the mud begins to flow into the victim's sinuses and throat, inflicting 1d3 temporary Stamina loss per round until removed. The mud is especially resistant to being pulled out, digging into the soft flesh found within. When removed, the mud inflicts damage equal to the Stamina loss already inflicted. More than a round or two is generally fatal. Lost Stamina returns at a rate of 1 point per turn.

The Bog Beast (Gorez Goz): Init +2; Atk claw +4 melee (1d6), strangling vine +3 melee (1d4+strangle, 10' reach); AC 9; HD 4d12; hp 40; MV 40'; Act 3d20; SP un-dead traits, death throes, linked, strangle; SV Fort +4, Ref +0, Will +4; AL C; Crit U/d8.

Death throes: As the creature is slain and returns to its component parts, its strangling vines give one final squeeze. Held victims suffer 1d3 permanent Stamina loss before the vines fall away from their throats.

Linked: Swamp shamblers draw their animational energies from the bog beast. Should it be slain, the swamp shamblers immediately become inert and collapse into pieces.

Strangle: On a successful hit, the vine lashes itself around the victim's throat and begins to tighten. Each subsequent round it inflicts -1 permanent Stamina loss as the vine literally squeezes the life out of the victim. Those held in the vines are unable to speak or spell cast and may only break free with a successful DC 13 Strength check. The beast may grab no more than two targets at a time.

THE OLD GOZ PLACE



Cs stepping onto areas marked as unsafe must succeed at a DC 12 Reflex save or fall through as the rotting floor gives way beneath them, triggering some of the ceiling above to collapse in a shower of decaying debris as well. Such a collapse inflicts 1d4 to all within a 5' radius of the victim.

Area 3-1—Porch: Portions of the flooring here have given way, providing a warning for the unsafe flooring that remains unseen. Shutters hang, only partially covering the yawning windows that lead into the abandoned homestead. Oddly, the front door is still locked, and has become quite stubborn (DC 16 *pick lock* required to open).

Area 3-2—Entryway: *Central to the home, the entry opens to either side, looking into two large rooms before terminating at another door straight ahead. The walls here are covered with a thick, hairy gray mold that could only be described as plush.*

If touched, the mold releases a 5' cloud of highly flammable spores which explosively ignite upon contact with open flame inflicting 1d6 damage to all within 10' (DC 10 Reflex save for half) and catching the structure on fire. If no flame is present, the spores hang in the air for 2d3 rounds and those inhaling the spores must make a successful DC 12 Fortitude save or suffer a temporary -1 Stamina loss from exposure.

Area 3-3—Parlor: *Once the heart of the home, the parlor sits empty, the floorboards groaning their protest of the lapping of the waters below. Lumps of rot give evidence to the furnishings that once filled this room. The only surviving piece being an oblong slice of stone that appears to have once served as a table. Light trickles in from the front window, illuminating an interior door opposite.*

If searched, the befouled remains of the furnishings contain 1 sp and 4 cp as well as a rather loathsome (yet harmless) slime that leaves the skin anyone who touches it feeling tacky for the next hour (no matter how hard they may scrub or attempt to clean).

Once used to house the bodies of the dead prior to burial, the parlor of the home is haunted by Gemma Goz, the great grandmother of Gorez Goz. Her spirit is kept from rest by the loss of the family fortune.

Gemma had buried a chest containing the family fortune in the cemetery (see area 2-8) but died shortly thereafter without ever revealing the secret. The spirit cannot rest without the fortune being reclaimed by the family and has gone mad during her centuries long haunting. It is she who once was called the bayou banshee. However, her ability to leave the house ended when the family was driven out, and so she lies in wait for the unwary to enter.

Gemma Goz (The Bayou Banshee): Init +2; Atk scream (see below); AC 10; HD 2d12; hp 20; MV fly 40'; Act 1d20; SP un-dead traits, immune to non-magical weapons, banshee scream, horrid appearance; SV Fort +2, Ref +4, Will +6; AL C; Crit none.

Banshee scream: The ghost attacks with a bone-chilling scream. Every living creature within 100' automatically takes 1d4 sonic damage and is potentially deafened for 1d4 hours (DC 12 Fortitude save to resist). The ghost can issue this scream up to 3 times per hour. Dogs, horses, and other domesticated animals are automatically spooked by the scream.





Horrid appearance: Simply glimpsing the ghost causes 1d4 damage and potential fear (DC 12 Willpower save to resist). A frightened creature runs away for one hour and, if cornered, may only fight at a -4 attack penalty.

Area 3-4—Dining Room: *This large room was likely used for family meals, evident by the broken remains of a large (if crudely made) table and several dilapidated chairs piled in the center of the room. The room exudes a feeling of emptiness.*

The room is empty of anything of interest.

Area 3-5—Bedroom: *This room was likely a bedchamber at one time, although the gaping hole in the exterior wall greatly reduces the shelter and security it could now provide. Through the impromptu exit can be seen headstones, some ancient, some looking relatively recent. The air here smells of musk, some animal having likely made a den within. The ceiling above sags atop crumbling walls, having been soaked with untold seasons of rains. Ivy entwines its way through the broken shutters that once covered the windows here.*

A badger has moved into the room and does not welcome strangers. Should anyone enter the room, the badger will release its heavy musk while clattering and stomping stiff-legged with its hackles raised, in hopes of frightening off the intruders. If given the opportunity, the badger will flee rather than attack.

Badger (1): Init +3; Atk bite +3 melee (1d5); AC 14; HD 1d5; hp 4; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP flexible hide, death throes (con-

tinues to fight for one additional round); SV Fort +3, Ref +4, Will +1; AL N; Crit M/d6.

Flexible hide: A badger's loose skin allows it to turn and bring its teeth to bear with no difficulty. Even if grappled, badgers suffer no penalty to attack rolls.

Area 3-6—Bedroom: *Faint light trickles in through the relatively intact shutters in this room. Unlike much of the ruined homestead, this room is relatively clear and empty. While any original furnishings would have rotted away long ago, there is a crude bit of bedding piled in one corner, consisting of leaves, hanging moss, and animal skins. A stump of a candle has been adhered to the inner wall with its own wax, located above a small collection of traps and snares which appear in need of repair. How long ago these were last used is impossible to determine.*

While it has certainly been months since the room was last used, the homestead is sometimes used as a shelter by members of the Goz family who are unable to get back home

FIRE!

Fire is one of the greatest hazards to old structures of this sort. Should the building be set ablaze, the fire will spread with frightening alacrity, extending 15' in all directions per round. The Goz homestead will burn for an hour before crumpling to the ground and partially sliding into the waters of the Twilight Marsh.

before dark. Damaged snares and traps are left here to be repaired on a catch-as-catch-can basis by whomever is here next. PCs with backgrounds related to things such as trapping, hunting, or forestry (in addition to any thief present) are able to repair items in the pile with a successful DC 13 skill check. Doing so takes 1d3 turns per item. There are 7 such traps and snares here, none of which are meant to hold anything larger than a fox or small dog. However, a thief using all 7 repaired items could potentially make some form of snare or trap to attempt to catch a human-sized creature. This requires a DC 14 *disable trap* check to accomplish. The ultimate effectiveness of such a trap is left to the judge's discretion.

Area 3-7—Kitchen: *In contrast to the state of most of the structure, this kitchen area looks well cared for and preserved. Certainly, the iron stove here has a thick layer of brightly colored rust,*

but the stovepipe seems intact, and it looks to be fully functional. The preparation areas are busted with a light coating of debris that has fallen from the rotting ceiling, but nothing like one would expect in a long-abandoned homestead. Several new-looking small casks and crates are stored here and the back door leading out towards the cemetery has a heavy wooden bar holding it closed.

In addition to sleeping in the smaller bedroom (area 3-6) when sheltering here, members of the Goz family make use of the kitchen (likely the most structurally sound room in the building) to clean their catch as well as cool supper. There are two small casks of fresh water, and a crate of hardtack, all of which are fresh, having been brought here in the past 3 months. The bar on the door is replaced whenever the prior begins to show signs of rot, and breaking in through the door from outside requires two successful DC 15 Strength checks or a single successful DC 18 Strength check.

CONCLUDING THE ADVENTURE



With the destruction of the bog beast and the swamp shamblers, peace returns as the Twilight Marsh and its bayou return to their ageless slumber. Zannie and Idris both turn to the PCs, speaking in unison;

"Thank you, children, it has been so long that I had forgotten how this ended. Time can be so confusing when you are my/our age. This is the path that begins, and entwines through the Twilight Marsh, leading to where I am now, or where I am to be..."

I was so terribly lonely and didn't know my own strength. I never meant to hurt anyone, things just... got out of hand. Now I can make sure that I receive the training I need, closing the loop and continuing the cycle. A cannot thank you enough for the service that you have done all of us. As above, so is below. As is the future before us, so too is our past."

With that, Zannie takes Idris in her arms, comforting her with an eye towards training her to properly use her powers so that nothing like this ever happens again. If allowed to depart with Zannie, Idris will never be seen again in the

village—and everyone will be all the happier for it. Any attempt to harm Idris at this point will be met with Zannie's full power. While perhaps not enough to stop the PCs, Zannie is immortal and, since she is also Idris, any victory by the PCs in such a battle is a hollow one indeed.

The villagers are relieved that their nightmare is over, as are the other occupants of the marsh. The villagers of Goz-Blight fete the PCs with a celebration in their honor and the Marshaws load the party with as much food and water as they can carry. Sargoth gifts the party an ancient pair of clubs, inset with devilgator teeth (+2 to hit, 1d7+1 damage) and a scroll of *restore vitality*. Ol' Zebulon will place the blessing of Glaucus upon the party (with a duration of 2d3 days rather than the normal duration previously listed). Lastly, so long as the PCs are still on good terms with Zannie, she bestows upon them a basket holding 1 *potion of growth*, 2 *potions of heroism*, 1 *potion of longevity*, and a jug filled with moonshine.

Rewarded and appreciated, the party may then continue their journey...

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HANDOUT 1

THE RHYME OF GOZ-BLIGHT

A man there was named Gorez Goz,
who came from 'cross the plain,
The locals feared and disliked him,
because his heart was set on gain.

Gorez spied a Waterlight maid
who filled his darkest hope.
He gifted her a yard of braid
and with a little bar of soap.

But young Waterlight was afraid
and so she fled this brute,
She sped over hill, crick, and glade
with Gorez Goz in hot pursuit.

At last, the maiden climbed a tree,
and Gorez did the same.
The lass was bent on being free,
While Gorez desired her to claim!

She balanced on a slender limb
then dove into the murk.
She much preferred eternal dark
to the hand of that bearded jerk.

The troubles of Gorez begin,
Cursed by maiden who feared
He snagged the whiskers of his chin
and the branches held his beard.

Young Waterlight's soul drifted free,
Gorez's soul was a loss,
Wandering through the Twilight Marsh
A beast made up of dangling moss!

HANDOUT 2

The Legend of the Bog Beast

They say that the bayou has a long memory, and them that says that is right. Sometimes memory is just something that you hold in your mind, but sometimes magic gets mixed up with memory and makes something different, it makes a monster.

Back before the Marshaw arrived here, there were some well to do folks that kept to themselves. Folks said that they prayed at an idol out in the swamp... an idol to the Dark One. Anyhow, they lived out in the bayou, and nobody ever gave them no mind. Heck, most folks didn't even think about the old legend until last year, when little Idris Waterlight went missing. That unburied a lot of things that folks had forgotten.

You see, them folks that lived out there? T'was the Goz clan <chuckle>, like the name, Goz-Blight. Great-great-great whatever Goz, got himself into trouble by chasing after one of the Waterlight girls. So, the Goz clan, they seemed the right folks to question.

Thing was, A few that went out lookin' for them, they never came back. After a while, folks started getting pretty nervous. People started talking about the Witch of the Waterways. See, she's supposed to be real strong. They say that she can cure any sickness, even the wasting fever, and when she sets her mind to something there ain't nothing that can turn her and her snake away. At least, almost nothing.

'nother thing is that nobody back then knew that the lizardfolk worshipped the father of toads. Well, they were pretty worried about all these goings on too and had also decided that something had to be done. So, they set out to summon the children of their god to put an end to the doings of the dark one's folks.

You can figure that, with all these folks running around casting their hoodoo, something was bound to go wrong and go wrong it did. Under the sky of a new moon all of these groups was working their magic when the bayou remembered a time when no man moved over its waters and it took their magic and twisted it into an egg. From that egg hatched the Bog Beast, part man-part snake-part bayou. Well, that thing it was mad at all of them, and it went after those folks with an almighty vengeance. The witch of the waterways, she managed to do some sort of big hoodoo out in the swamp and put the monster to sleep, trapping it under the muck. But it is still out there, and it wants out.

So, never wander into the swamp at night, and never go play 'round the old Goz place, 'cause the Bog Beast is still out there sleepin', and you don't want to be the one to wake it.

At least, that's what my granny always said.

HANDOUT 3

The Legend of the Twilight Marsh

Many years ago, in the days of the tribe's strength, there was a huge and venomous snake, Yig. This snake was so large that its size was not measured in feet, but in miles. This ancient snake had long been an enemy of our people, because of its destruction to many of our ways of life. One day, a great chief called together his warriors, and had them prepare themselves for a battle with their enemy. Of course, a snake over ten miles long could not be instantly killed. The warriors fought courageously to kill the enemy, but the snake fought just as hard to survive.

Our people didn't kill the giant snake but cut off piece after piece—with each piece cut from the snake becoming a snake with a white crescent on its head. Of course, this is only a legend, but old Zannie knows the truth of it.

HANDOUT 4

The Bayou Banshee

She took form out of the clouds on a full moon-lit night and followed the Goz family through the village, hovering above them and making terrifying wailing noises. Only the presence of old Grunion Goz seemed to keep the banshee from descending to the ground. She appeared while folks were searching for the Waterlight's missing daughter, who had vanished into the swamp pursued by Grunion's boy Gorez. A week later, the missing girl was found, drowned. Folks turned on the Goz family after that, and they drove them into the backwaters of the swamp. It was right about then that the Goz family lost their family fortune.

DUNGEON CRAWL CLASSICS HORROR

NIGHT OF THE BOG BEAST

DCC HORROR #8: A LEVEL 2 ADVENTURE
BY BLOODY BOB BRINKMAN

The alligator infested waterways of the Twilight Marsh harbor a mystery. Last year a child went missing for a week, before being found deep within the marshlands. So far from home, that it was unimaginable as to how she could have gotten there. Despite being questioned, Little Idris said nothing. She only smiled.

You see, Little Idris has a secret...

But those events of last year refuse to remain buried, and something ancient has been released in the swamp. Strange cries have been heard in the darkness, indistinct shapes have been seen among the mangroves, and local children tell whispered stories of a lurker coming for them out of the darkness. A horror that threatens the lives of all it encounters.

Whatever it is, it is not human.

Whatever it is, it kills without mercy.

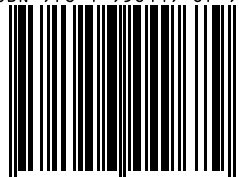
Whatever it is, it must be stopped.

Can you survive... the Night of the Bog Beast?



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