

THE SORCERER'S FEAST

AN ADVENTURE LOCATION BY MICHAEL PRESCOTT

THE SITUATION

Pyaad, one of the last sorcerers of the Seree empire maintained a house in a secluded forest vale. Pyaad is long dead, but his semi-automated household rumbles on without him.

THE GARDEN BOARS

The vale is home to wild boars—huge, territorial, and ornery. Their muck is throughout the house. They are unpredictable, and can charge without provocation.

Their ancestors ate the sorcerer's spell collection, and when stressed, they produce **boar magic**. They are voracious omnivores, and will devour fallen people without hesitation.

THE RELIQUARY

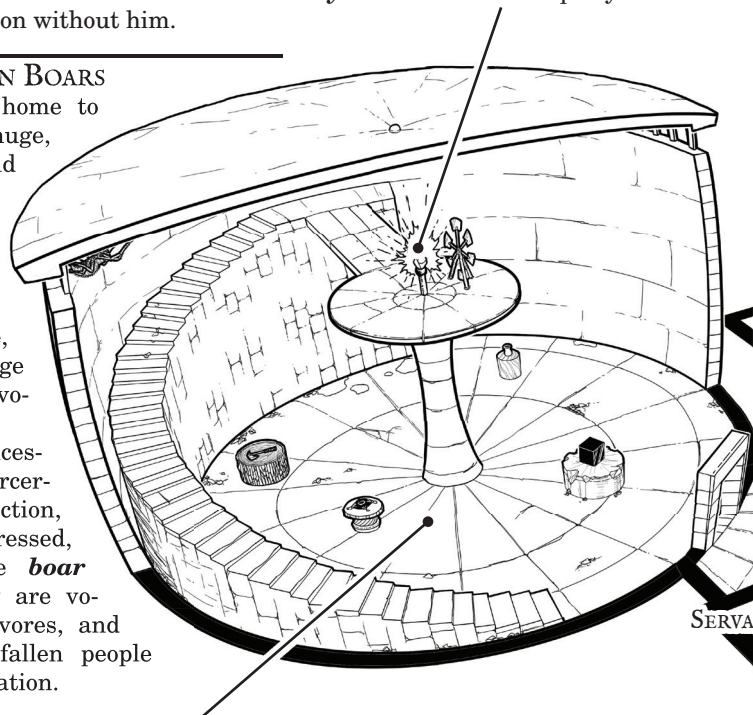
Like many Seree, Pyaad scoured the world to collect rare and dangerous **relics** to prove his skill to his peers. These he displayed on the **pedestals** of the reliquary floor, where they remain.

The reliquary is mostly dark, but the **carousel** projects a brilliant, luminous display of **memory visions** on the eastern wall.

There is a **sylph spider** in the rafters—like a giant, bristly wolf spider with silken membranes spun between its legs. They are ambush hunters,

CAROUSEL OF MEMORIES

The precious **gemstar** shines brilliant light through a rotating array of gemstone slices, projecting brilliant **memory visions** on the reliquary wall.



large enough to snare and envenom full-grown boars. They can't take off from level ground, but by jumping into the breeze off rees can soar on thermals, which is how they hunt.

This sylph has stayed so long near the memory visions that it believes itself to be Pyaad. (It isn't.) It will glide-ambush lone visitors, but it will haughtily receive groups as 'guests of its house', proudly and repetitively explaining its **relics** and its (nonexistent) fabulous outfit.

THE GREAT HALL

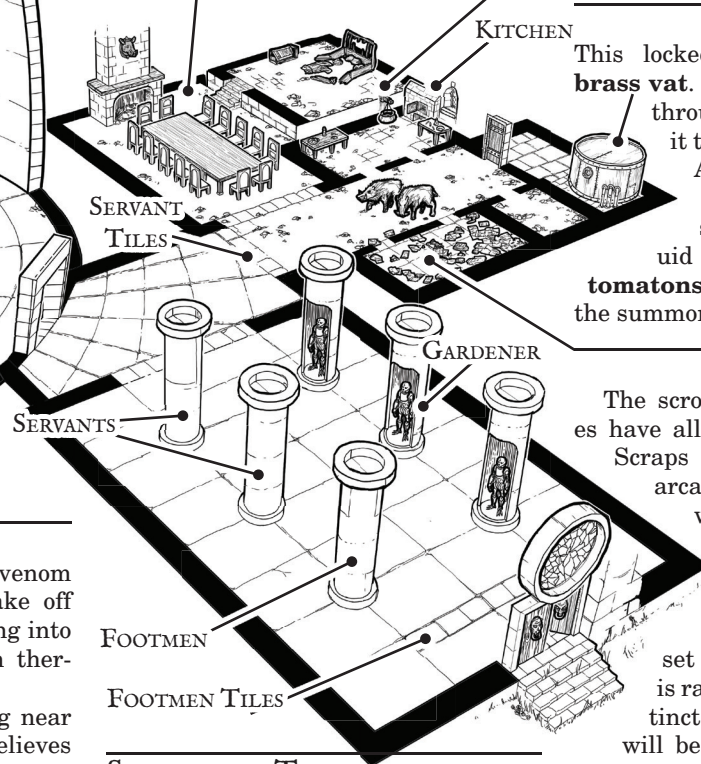
When here, Pyaad styled himself as a feudal lord of old. This hall is incongruously rustic, and stocked with rolled-up **sleeping pallets** for use by guests. Wall **engravings** illustrate dozens of unusual but delicious recipes for roasted pork. Many have been subtly vandalized, etched with human names.

In the fireplace, hidden under a pile of hot ash, are two palm-sized **incendiary bricks**. These are magically, permanently hot enough to ignite any dry wood placed on them.

DESTROYED BEDROOM

The **master bed** has been violently torn apart, and the sheets and mattress mostly devoured. A **leather chest** has been similarly demolished.

Boar scat is everywhere; human teeth and fragments of bone are embedded within it. Also in the mess on the floor four **locating rings**. These grant constant awareness of the location of all five rings. (The fifth ring is not here: it's at the bottom of the well in one adventurer's birth place, given as a gift generations ago.) Anyone wearing all five can teleport (50 paces) once/day.



VAT ROOM

This locked room holds a massive **brass vat**. A dozen pipes that go down through the flagstones connect it to the **automaton stations**. A tiny glass tiny glass window reveals the pinkish **slime** inside—animate, liquid flesh—ducted into the **automatons** when they are activated by the summoning tiles.

THE LIBRARY

The scrolls, books and leather cases have all been eaten by the **boars**. Scraps of paper and fragments of arcane writing are mixed in with floor's detritus.

ENTRANCE HALL

A great window of stained glass fragments is set above the door. The pattern is random, but produces the distinct impression that meaning will become apparent any second now. It is a blasphemous work, effectively a map of destroyed shrines in Pyaad's demesne. Anyone who touches a fragment is cursed to find no rest within ten miles of where its source shrine once stood.

SUMMONING TILES

Throughout the house are summoning tiles; pressure plates connected to the vat. Depressing one links the **vat** to the tile's corresponding **automaton**, filling it with slime and activating it.

AUTOMATONS

The house's automatons are constructs of wood and brass, topped by human skulls. Inside each skull is the fractal gemstone that holds the imprint of the automaton's tasks, force-grown within the skull during life.

The automatons wait quietly, inert, on their stations until they are filled with slime from the vat. There are several types, with differing tasks:

Footmen—help guests out of their outer garments, and lead them to the great hall. They are gaily painted with dense, floral patterns.

Servants—sweep and scrub the floors, and launder any unfolded clothing found in the grand bedroom. They will prepare 'meals' from the ancient, moldy scraps in the kitchen pantry for the footmen to serve.

Gardener—will visit an overgrown vegetable patch outside and retrieve random plants from it.

Once their tasks are complete, they return to their stations for the slime to be drained and pumped back into the vat.

RELIC—THE BLACK CUBE

An indestructible black cube, as big as a dinner plate sits on a white marble pedestal. If moved, after d20 seconds, it telekinetically wrenches itself directly back to its original position at great speed. Anything in its path will be mercilessly shoved, torn, and/or broken when it does so.

RELIC—HEART OF THE SPRING

An urn of darkened glass holds a knot of turquoise mineral. If removed from the urn, the constant, invisible rays it emanates purify the contents of every liquid-bearing vessel within a league. Wine, oil, ale, potions, are all turned to fresh spring water.

This is the literal heart of a great power of the earth, slain by Pyaad.

RELIC—KINSLAYER'S AXE

Upon a huge log pedestal rests an axe; a mean-looking, functional thing in the Grinvolt style. A gold plaque proclaims this the axe of Addan II the Disgraced.

The axe has a pronounced acidic smell, and it constantly secretes minute quantities of a corrosive, deadly contact poison. The magical wood beneath it, still moist, crackles and hisses from the touch of the poison.

RELIC—CIRCLLET OF DEEL

A simple, platinum circlet rests on a black cushion. Engravings on the green jade pedstal declare it to be the raiment of the goddess Deel.

Whether it is or it isn't, anyone touching or carrying it hears the prayerful wishes of anyone making them within a hundred leagues. This feels like a searing, world-ending migraine to most people. One in a hundred don't mind.

RELIC—THE GEMSTAR

A fist-sized chunk of white metal, glowing with magnesium-flare brightness, yet cold to the touch. It shines with the light of thirty torches; it takes many thick hides (or solid metal) to conceal its light.

Anyone holding it for more than a few hours begins to become transparent and luminous; also their thoughts start to become visible. Strangers begin to know their secrets. The effect fades after a few weeks.

MEMORY VISIONS

There are six separate images shone onto the Reliquary wall, in sequence.

Each image is shown for about a minute, then the carousel quietly clicks to the next one. Randomly determine which is showing as visitors arrive. If anyone watches the sequence carefully, multiple times, they will notice that the beige **rabbit** in each scene gets closer

| d6 | Hourly/Per-Room Encounter |
|----|--|
| 1 | House magic plays eerie, alien-sounding tones; it is void gull music. (Pyaad hated it, but felt it demonstrated his wordliness.) |
| 2 | A wild boar, sniffing and grunting. d6-3 boarlets follow. |
| 3 | The house is filled with gurgling noises from the vat, and the rattling of pipes beneath the flagstones. |
| 4 | A sylph spider soars overhead, perhaps briefly alighting on the roof. |
| 5 | A gardener automation blunders in with a basket of weeds, having been activated hours before by a boar. |
| 6 | A random automaton station leaks, spurting gallons of slime. This slowly inches its way back to the vat. |

to the viewer each time, staring intently. After three cycles, it can be seen dissolving into pink goo. After, a rabbit statuette appears instead.

Garden Party—Amid elaborate topiary, Pyaad's vision is fixed on the bosom of a woman clad in a many-layered, sky-blue dress. Well heeled nobles in brightly colored clothes chat in clusters. A servant—unnoticed at the time—leers at the viewer with barely concealed disgust.

Betrothal—Pyaad is apparently proposing to a young woman, placing a ring upon her finger. The fingers of his hand with four rings of the same design. Behind her, a great cliff drops down to a white-capped ocean.

Feast—Pyaad sits at the head of the table in the house's great hall. At his direction, a (living) servant is carving slices of meat from a spitted boar for hungry-looking guests.

| d6 | Boar Magic |
|----|---|
| 1 | A blazing barrier rune is burned into the ground before the boar; none but boars may cross it until the next sunrise. |
| 2 | Hypnotic, rhythmic grunting paralyzes one person. |
| 3 | Slippery goo sprays 6 paces in every direction. |
| 4 | An eldritch croak deafens everyone for d6 minutes. |
| 5 | The boar becomes invisible for d3 minutes. |
| 6 | The boar calls out in a beautiful, operatic voice. After a minute, similar voices join in harmony from the forest. d6 boars will soon arrive. |

Automatons—Richly clad guests marvel at Pyaad's automatons in the entrance hall; they are apparently a lavish purchase. All applaud him.

Trophy—Pyaad looks out over a battlefield; many fires are burning. He is ascending stairs into a temple, resplendent in stained glass. Terrified priests in multi-colored vestments arm themselves. The tip of a gleaming sword bobs in front of him, and fire flickers in his left palm.

Hedge Maze—Pyaad, apparently flying, looks down on an elaborate hedge maze with a great sphere of gold at its center. The sphere's projected location on the reliquary wall marks a small secret compartment; if touched, it springs open to reveal a mica scroll tube: a day-long ritual that slowly turns up to seven named target into boars.

TRILEMMA ADVENTURES