

The Fall of Derwyddon

A “Rapier’s Edge” Adventure

Introduction

This adventure, which begins on a coastal shoreline in Avalon, allows the characters to witness the fall of one of the greatest legends in Théah – the powerful Derwyddon. Unlike other *7th Sea* adventures, this one has a definite beginning and end. The heroes are powerless to change the outcome of the hardpoints which will occur whether they persevere through the adventure or not as the story involves events in the official timeline. Even if the players manage to find a way around the tragic end of this story, it will occur upon another day. Tragedy can be fought and postponed, but it is inevitable. This is one of those times when a hero can only bear witness to that end.

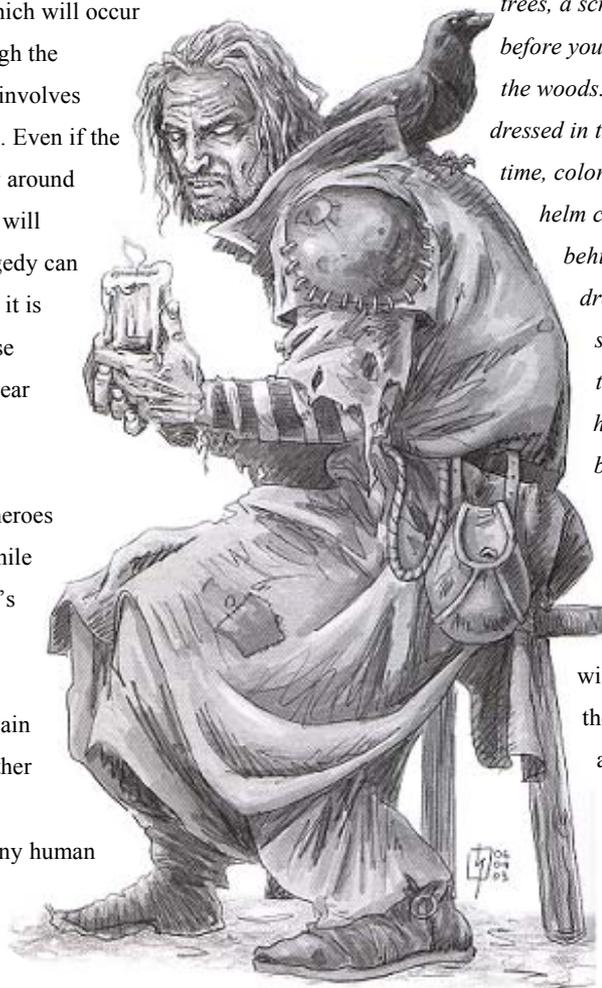
This does not mean that the heroes themselves are powerless. While they cannot alter Derwyddon’s fate, they can forge a relationship with several important Sidhe nobles and gain powerful artifacts to use in other situations. The Sidhe in this adventure more power than any human could fathom, but are hindered, as are others of their kind, by a lack of understanding of what it means to be human. The heroes might be able to change all of that.

Act 1: Damsel in Distress

The wind seems cold as it leaps from the sea’s embrace. The water’s dull grey hue mingles with the clouds overhead as the sand crunches beneath your feet. A tangled mass of shadowy trees nestles along the beach only a hundred yards ahead and casts a dim shadow across the beach. The only

sounds you hear are the waves as they slowly roll and crash upon the sands. A lone shack sits empty upon a dune overlooking the water. Everything seems deserted for as far as you can see and you are actually enjoying the rare moment of solitude.

The moment’s peace does not last. From inside the stand of trees, a scream pierces the silence and before you can move, a man emerges from the woods. He is tall, powerfully built, and dressed in the full plate mail of an earlier time, colored a faded seafoam green. A full helm conceals his features. He drags behind him a thin slip of a woman dressed in shimmering white who struggles but to no avail. Even at this distance, her pale skin, dark hair, and exquisite features are breathtaking.



Many groups will leap at the opportunity to assist the person in need. If they do so, they will be able to reach the pair when the Jade Knight is four rounds away from the water. If the party holds back or attempts to flee the scene, the woman will scream for their aid. If the party still refuses to get involved, she will begin calling upon them individually, attempting to shame them into rescuing her and offering them riches and power if they aid her. For every attempt she must make to convince the party to assist her, the Knight will be one round closer to the water. He will ignore the party completely as he strides at a normal walking pace towards the water without looking to either side. Even if the party uses missile weapons, he will ignore them, trusting his armor to protect him.

Note: if anyone in the party attempts to use firearms, the shot will go wild or the weapon will fail to fire. At that point, the heroes should realize they are in the presence of very powerful magic.

As you approach the knight, you see that his armor is of excellent workmanship, but appears to be caked with salt and seaweed. His helm turns towards you and you see only blackness within the visor. A deep voice booms out, "Stand aside, mortals. My Queen summons me." His free hand falls upon the long sword hanging at his belt, but he does not slow his pace.

If the party attempts to convince him to release the woman or tries to converse with him, he ignores them and continues moving forward. If they attack him, they will find him a very difficult target to damage. Once attacked, he will draw his weapon and begin attacking anyone within his reach even as he continues to move inexorably towards the sea. He will not release the woman unless forced to do so. The simplest means is to attack his hand or arm is with a called shot, although an opposed Brawn/Strength check will also work.

If the party succeeds in getting him to release the woman, she will stagger a few steps away from him but he will continue attacking anything nearby; it appears that he cannot stop his progress for any reason. If a female character is engaged in combat with him, he will grab her instead and drag her towards the sea. Once the Knight reaches the sea, he spends two rounds marching into the surf. After that, he is completely submerged. Anyone he drags must follow the rules for Drowning until freed or dead.

The Jade Knight's feet reach the water's edge, but he never hesitates. He continues walking forward although his helm has turned towards you with an inhuman menace. The waves lap across his feet and then his thighs. As the knight disappears into the rolling waves and beneath the grey waters, his voice calls out, "I will repay you for your interference, mortal fools!"

After the party has revived the woman:

Up close, her beauty is far more than breathtaking. Her hair

is the shade of midnight and her skin is alabaster. She smiles at you and her features look as if they were carefully fashioned out of porcelain for she has no blemishes or flaws. The aroma of delicate flowers dances in the air about her and her voice twinkles like tiny chimes playing in harmony. "Thank you, thank you for your aid today. Without your help, Lord Waverunner would have trapped me beneath the sea for all time."

You find it difficult to concentrate on her words as your mind drifts with the sound of her voice. The urge to kneel at her feet and worship her passes through your mind for a moment. You feel a sudden pain in your chest, but lend it no thought as you stare adoringly at the creature before you. You awaken from your reverie at the sound of a gruff voice behind you.

"You might want to tone it down a mite, lass." You turn from the woman's beauty and behold a tattered and haggard face. Dressed in faded robes, a man with white tousled hair stands before you. When you see his eyes, one red and one blue, you realize who it is (Anyone from the Glamour Isles will know who it is. If no one in the party is Avalon, request the appropriate lore check.) It is none other than the great Derwyddon himself!

You have heard tales of his powers and temper, but never paid them much heed. Now confronted by the man himself, you find yourself lending credence to the fantastical stories. His eyes hold a strength you never imagined. He scowls, reaches down, grabs a handful of sand, and tosses it into the air as a ray of sunlight breaks through the clouds.

Something seems to fade and the constriction in your chest loosens. You find yourself standing with a tall, angular woman and an old man. He maintains that aura of power you detected before, but her appeal has definitely faded. Now her features seem too angular, her proportions somehow slightly wrong. Whatever she might be, she is not human. You also see that she is badly injured. Black bruises cover her arms while cuts cover her legs and torso. She glares at the man for an instant and then collapses. Attempts to revive her fail.

He turns to you and speaks again.

“She was right though. You saved her from an eternity of servitude. Queen Maab isn’t usually so obvious in her attempts to seduce new courtiers. If she has ordered her knights to roam the land searching for subjects, the time is further along than I had thought.”

Staring at the thing you thought was beautiful young woman he declares, “She is in no shape to travel, but she must be on her way. Only her Queen can heal the injury she has suffered.” He pauses for a moment and then turns to you. As he speaks, he pulls a willow branch from within his robe and hands it to the party.

“You must do it. Take her to her Queen who is traveling nearby. Hold the willow wand in your hands and it will point you in the right direction. Tell her what you saw today and then return here. I’ll await you in that fishing shack.”

If anyone asks which Queen, Derwyddon explains that he’s talking about the Sidhe Queen. If anyone in the party expresses concern about meeting her, Derwyddon explains that as his messengers they are under his protection and unless they do something utterly egregious, will be allowed to return to him after they have accomplished their task. If anyone asks for a weapon or talisman to use against the Sidhe, Derwyddon shakes his head sadly at the querent and focus on the rest of the party. If anyone questions why he is not doing this task himself, he states that he will be busy denying the shore to Queen’s Maab’s minions. If the party demands recompense for this mission, he will give each of them a Lesser Geas to force them along. If the party simply refuses, he will shrug and allow them to leave unmolested which will immediately end the adventure for the party. Otherwise when they agree to the task, he will thank them and walk away to stand upon a large dune overlooking the water. They do not realize that he lays a Geas on them anyhow to bring his message to the Sidhe Queen and return to him.

D20™: The party is affected by a Geas to bring Derwyddon’s message to the Sidhe Queen and return to him without delay.

7th Sea™: If the party decides not to complete the task

Derwyddon gave them (namely to give his message to the Sidhe Queen and return immediately to him) the entire party is cursed.

They may not use Drama Dice until they figure out what they did wrong, and they lose one Kept die from all rolls for the next three days (72 hours).

Act 2: There and Back Again

For a moment, you stare at the willow wand Derwyddon gave you and the body lying on the sand. Then you pick up the woman and shift her about until you are comfortable. Despite her height, she is very light and you have no problem carrying her. The willow wand seems mundane enough for a moment and then you feel a slight tug from it. Moving it slowly, you find that it continues nudging your hand towards the dark woods behind you. When the wand points directly into them, the tugging stops. You step forward and the wand pulls slightly to the right. You adjust it and slowly follow the wand’s gentle prodding into the woods. Derwyddon’s voice follows you into the woods. *“For your own sakes, be polite!”*

The trees are far denser than you had expected and within moments the light of the beach is left behind. As the last glimmer fades, you hear a faint hunting horn sounding in the distance.

Moving cautiously, you discover a path that follows the direction of the wand. You take the path and quickly find that the trees on either side of the trail are lined with spiderwebs filled with dew forming intricate patterns and puzzles for the eye. The webs glow with a silvery radiance that lights you on your way and strange flowers in crimson, emerald and topaz spread beneath the thick canopy of branches. Somehow thriving without sunlight, the flowers seem to sway and turn to follow your progress. You notice that the woman you are carrying is changing. Now she is covered in tiny feathers and delicate gossamer wings begin to extend from her back. While she is more awkward to carry, she remains light enough to handle.

The sound of a large animal crashes through the trees ahead of you, but you never catch a sight of it. As you pass by where it was, you see cloven tracks on the ground. Tiny glittering lights flit in and out of the tree branches while a high pitched giggling fills the air as tiny figures dance and whirl through the air before disappearing. Already you feel as if you’ve traveled for hours through these strange woods or perhaps only for an instant. You find it hard to judge distance or time beneath the oaks and willows that comprise

the woods.

If the party attempts to retrace their steps after they lose sight of the beach, they will find that the path back does not lead to where they thought it did. The wand moves them about Avalon, flitting from place to place until they find the location of the Sidhe Queen. If they abandon their mission, they will find themselves in a different part of the world than they'd expected, perhaps as far away as Ussura or Vodacce, and the hike to civilization will take some time.

Finally emerging from the woods, you blink in surprise. You're not exactly certain what was there when you first arrived. Its image was as fleeting as the wind. Now as you peer around again, you see a single large tent set up here in the center of the clearing. Several bonfires burn happily around it while other fires glow with cooking embers beneath twisting spits filled with venison. A host of beautiful men and women dressed in blood-spattered clothing move about languidly while a dozen ravenous hounds the size of ponies devour something that was once four-legged. Despite the constant movement, it feels as if the entire scene is actually frozen, almost as if everything were holding its breath and watching. Two sharp-eyed guards step up beside you on either side, bearing bows over their shoulders and naked longswords in their hands.

"What do you want, mortal?" demands the first guard, his voice sounding like wind rustling through leaves.

The party must talk its way past these guards. If they attempt to fight their way through or threaten the guards, the Sidhe will fight back with all of their strength. An additional Sidhe will join them at the end of every round of combat and if a MacEachern weapon is used or a Sidhe is killed, the entire host of 25 Sidhe will immediately join in the fray. Diplomatic methods can succeed where brute force will fail.

If the party attempts to trick the guards into allowing them to pass, the guards will allow any reasonable attempt. Possible methods include seducing the guards while others sneak past, claiming to be Derwyddon's ambassadors or couriers, using diplomacy, and performing music for them

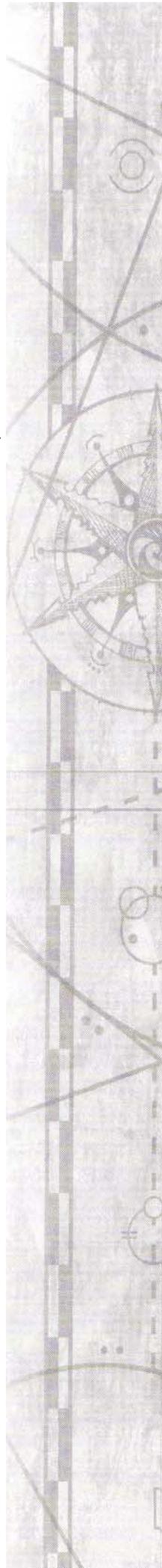
in an attempt to convince them to allow you to entertain for the Queen's court. Regardless of what methods are used, the party must obtain entrance to the tent. If they manage to get past the guards but remain outside the tent, a Sidhe will accost them at least once a minute and demand their purpose here. Again, violence will simply bring the other Sidhe to their aid while more diplomatic methods should allow them to pass unharmed.

You step into the tent, which is much larger on the inside than it was on the outside. The ceiling disappears into darkness overhead while marble walls stand to either side of you. The entrance hall alone is at least a hundred yards deep while numerous passageways lead to either side. Glancing down these passageways reveals rooms filled with priceless artwork, torture equipment, pools of steaming water beneath a desert sun, icy caverns of twinkling diamonds and delicate woodland groves.

Standing in the center of the room is an enormous throne of spidersilk and gossamer on which sits a tall figure. Her beauty burns into your heart for a moment but it seems to change slightly as you stare. Long knee length silver hair slowly shortens into a cap of green curls barely reaching her shoulders. Only her dress of mist and shadows and the silver diadem upon her head retain any certainty beyond that of heartrending beauty. She motions you regally forward and strokes her chin with the fingers of one hand. Two creatures appear at your side. Covered in warts and slime, they barely come up to your knees, but they reach for the woman you have carried through the woods.

If you hesitate, one leaps lightly and remains hovering directly before you. Reaching out, the creature takes the woman from your grasp with a grip that feels like iron and place her tenderly upon a bed of mushrooms that suddenly sprout from the marble floor. It pulls a mossy blanket over her and the woman rolls over and seems to relax. The queen suddenly speaks, her voice rippling through the air and washing over you.

"Mortals? We are surprised. Few of your realm dare to disturb the Wild Hunt and fewer still survive. What brings you to kneel at our throne?"



The party's actions at this point will determine their fate. If they are polite and deliver the message, she will quickly deal with them and order their departure. If they claim to be ambassadors from Derwyddon, she will insist upon having a feast for them and Sidhe swirl from the passageways to set it up before their very eyes. If the party has tricked their way in, she will sternly chastise them and send them on their way with her reply. If the party offered to entertain her court, she will insist on their performance. Those who perform well will be rewarded with gold and gems while those who perform poorly will likely receive a "gift" from the Queen. Anyone who is rude, condescending or irritating to the Queen will receive a "gift" as well.

Possible gifts she might grant include changing a portion of the recipient's body to that of an animal, such as giving them cloven feet or the voice of a raven; changing every item of food they touch into gold; duplicating them exactly and releasing the duplicate to bedevil the character; keeping them in the tent for a few moments that are actually years in the mortal world; doubling their strength while reducing their agility by half; or simply turning a portion of their body into stone. In particular, she will tailor her gift to the behavior of the offensive person. For example, someone who lied to her might be unable to tell the exact truth or to have his tongue changed into that of a serpent. A gift from the Sidhe Queen has enormous consequences upon the characters so be prepared for whatever happens. In general, the character should be able to find some means of appeasing her anger and begging her forgiveness, though not necessarily right away. When the Queen is done interacting with the characters, she will address them a final time.

"We have given your words great thought. It is clear that our dear sister plans on causing trouble for our cousin Elaine and her beloved Avalon. This will not go



unchallenged. When our sister moves, our army will be ready as well. She will discover the price for such treachery and it will be steep indeed. Return to the old man. Tell him what we have spoken this day and take this feather to prove that the words are ours. Now be gone." A single feather as long as your arm drifts across the room and into your hand. Its scarlet hue infuses every inch including the quill.

Between one blink and the next everything changes. You find yourself in the center of a thick wood beside a sparkling stream. Dappled sunlight plays across the water and a light breeze plays across you. However, you cannot relax. That preternatural calm you felt upon entering the Sidhe Queen's clearing still rests upon you. Therefore when the waters of the stream flow up onto the banks and form a small pool, you are not surprised. An elegant female figure steps from the water. You're not sure if she came from beneath the water or simply appeared before you. She smiles gently with honest warmth. Her white dress and pale features stand out against the green shadings and shadows behind her.

"I see you survived your meeting with my sister. That is a rarer event than you realize, so be grateful. Please add my message to hers. Tell Derwyddon that I stand with my sister the Queen. Should Maab attempt to destroy Avalon, we shall both move against her. My thanks and blessing go with you." She turns and strides downstream, her feet within the water but not stirring a single wavelet, quickly dwindling without appearing to move any further away. Within seconds, you are left alone in the clearing.

Allow the party to speak for a few moments here at the pool. If anyone has the Sidhe Knowledge knack or Knowledge: Sidhe skill, they can easily identify the woman as the Lady of the Lake, sister to Queen Maab and the Sidhe Queen. If they inquire, they still have

the scarlet feather and Derwyddon's willow stick will show them the direction back to the beach. If they attempt to prevent her from departing, the Lady of the Lake will ignore them. If they insist upon attacking her, she will quickly show them the error of their ways without actually killing them.

When you move from the pool, you are only able to go a few yards before you hear a sound behind them. From the trees behind you comes a small squeak.

"Pardon me, mortals, pardon me." Turning about, you see a tiny creature struggling towards you through the woods. He is no larger than your hand and appears to be a fish with feathery wings, tangled in a vine. In his mouth, he bears two pearls that prevent him from speaking clearly. He wings his way towards you and opens his mouth to allow the pearls to drop into your hand.

"My Lady neglected to give you a token to bear to Derwyddon. One of these for him and the other to you as recompense for your aid." The strange creature quickly turns and flies away from you.

If anyone has the Sidhe Knowledge knack of the Knowledge: Sidhe Skill, they may make a check now (DC 25/TN 30) to realize that the pearl and winged fish are not symbols or creatures common to the Lady of the Lake, but to Queen Maab, although if questioned, the winged fish will deny this vehemently. If the party attacks the fish, they will quickly discover that it is quick, agile, and far sturdier than they expected. It will drop the two pearls and quickly fly away.

The party may decide they have had enough for one day and simply decide to not return to Derwyddon. They will quickly discover, however, that disobeying the instructions of a Sidhe queen is not lightly done.

Act 3: The Pearl

The tugging willow wand leads you through the dense forest. Creeping vines and oaks dominate everything, but you can hear the crashing sounds of the beach nearby. Although it seems like you've been walking for hours, it is really only a few minutes until you emerge into bright light.

The sands stretch before you and you can even make out the tracks you made only a few minutes ago when you faced Lord Waverunner. Eager to be done with the entire mess, you quickly approach the fishing shack. There are no signs that anyone has been here except for a curiously happy humming from inside. Even glancing at the dusty windows reveals nothing of the shack's contents.

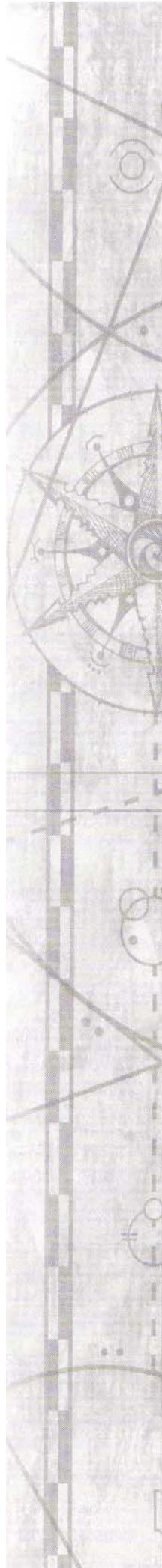
Pushing the door open, you enter into another world. Like the Sidhe Queen's tent, the interior is far greater than the exterior. The room within is brightly lit by a crackling fire and a cauldron bubbles within the flames. Shelves line the walls and overflow with acorns, leaves, books, branches, flasks, weeds, spices, powders, philters and potions. The center of the room is empty, except for an overstuffed chair where Derwyddon sits with his eyes shut. The humming is coming from him as he rocks back and forth in the chair. As the wind whips by you, his head snaps to the door and he opens his eyes. They seem filled with a painful knowledge that no man should have to bear, but he stands merrily and motions you all in.

"Welcome! I hope your trip was enjoyable. Strangely, the Queen of the Sea hasn't opposed me at all and I have ensured that none of her creatures can emerge from the waves here anymore. What news from the Queen of the Sky?"

Derwyddon listens carefully to the tidings. He motions for the party to simply place the tokens they were given for him upon his chair as he paces back and forth. When told of the Lady of the Lake's words, his face falls and he becomes very agitated.

"No, no, no. What is she thinking? Should that happen and then that...how would that affect the equilibrium and the barrier? Would the forces cancel out or multiply?" Derwyddon mumbles for several long moments, clearly upset at your news. With a sigh, he flings himself into his chair and a enormous sound splits the room.

Derwyddon's face goes completely pale and he screams out, "NO!" as he pulls the pearl the winged fish gave you from beneath him. Water begins leaking in across the top of the



far wall, which then collapses leaving only a wall of water. You can dimly make out a dark tentacled figure through the water as it lashes out at the old man. At the first touch of the tentacles, he changes. His face grows cold and hard as he jabs out with one hand. Beach grasses erupt from beneath the floor and spear into the tentacles that withdraw for a moment.

He shouts after it, “Begone, Maab. You cannot pass here while I stand against you.” An enormous spear hurtles out of the water, but the wizard sweeps his arm and a wall of ice rises before him. The spear and ice wall both shatter. Before you can notice anything further, another figure emerges from the water. The clank of his armored feet and the faded green of his armor tells you this is Lord Waverunner, but he wears no helm this time and you recognize the face as that of the winged fish. The inhuman visage smirks at you and then rushes forward with his longsword raised high.

This is the climactic fight. Make it clear that Derwyddon is holding his own against Queen Maab while Lord Waverunner focuses upon the heroes and fights to his utmost to destroy the party, selecting the best fighter in the group and focusing all his attacks upon that hero. Once again, most weapons will be completely ineffective against him. However, the person holding the willow wand discovers that it has changed shape yet again. Now it appears as a wooden form of whatever weapon with which they are most comfortable and will maintain that shape throughout this combat. This is considered a Sidhe weapon and is not affected by Lord Waverunner’s damage reduction.

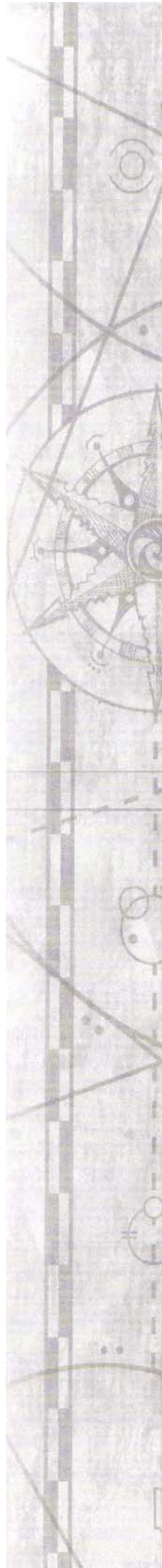
The pearls the party was given have not changed shape, but are also considered a Sidhe weapon if used with a sling or a firearm. The scarlet feather the party brought back has stiffened and will now act as a Sidhe arrow or fencing weapon and will likewise ignore Lord Waverunner’s damage reduction. If Lord Waverunner defeats the best fighter in the group and there does not seem much likelihood of the party besting him, he will laugh at them and return to the water. Otherwise, he will fight to the death. Regardless of the outcome, after the fight the scarlet feather

will crumble to dust.

At last you turn from your own fight to the one still raging on between the tentacled horror and Derwyddon. While the tentacles are battered and bleeding, the old man appears tired, but has so far not suffered any major injury. Just as you think he will triumph, a small object flies out of the waves and smashes into his chest. He stares down at it in horror and then you see his limbs begin to shrivel. His entire form twists and shrinks in on itself quicker than thought and after a heartbeat all that remains is a single pearl lying upon the ground. A tentacle snatches it up and retreats behind the wall of water. You all hear a creaking and groaning all around you. The walls are leaning to the left and the entire structure is obviously about to collapse. Scrambling out, you barely escape before the shack falls to the ground. You are back upon the beach. Before you are the shattered remains of a shack, but there are no signs of the fabulous interior or the tremendous battle that just raged within it.

Epilogue

The party has just witnessed the fall of Derwyddon, archdruid of Avalon. However getting anyone to believe it is unlikely. Very few beings will accept the heroes’ story. Most will believe it to be a tall tale or a trick of the druids, as he has staged his death on several occasions for his own reasons. While Queen Elaine, the Sidhe Queen, and the Lady of the Lake are all extremely difficult to approach, they will believe the party if approached correctly. Even if this occurs, they will not believe his ramblings before he disappeared. His words were often strange and difficult to understand. Even if the characters are certain that a battle between Queen Maab and the other two Sidhe Queens is a disastrous occurrence, they will not convince anyone of that fact. Again, this is simply the nature of Avalon. However, the party has met and interacted with several extremely powerful Sidhe. If the GM wishes to continue association with them, it should not be terribly difficult. The party can keep the willow wand and the pearls if they kept them in their possession as the cottage collapsed. The pearl containing Derwyddon could not be retrieved.



Soft Points

A soft point is something not inherently necessary to the action of the adventure. It is meant to provide the GM with possible events for the players to encounter without forcing every set of characters to encounter them. They may occur during the journey to the Queen of the Sidhe, while within her tent or on the way back. No statistics are included for these to allow GM to tailor them to fit the campaign.

Encounter One

A deer leaps out of the woods and stares about wildly for a moment before plunging onwards. A moment later a wolf follows her, but you see it pass through a tree without slowing down as it pursues her.

Both are actually shapeshifted Sidhe having some sport. Should the heroes interfere, both of them will turn towards them in puzzlement and begin sniffing them. After a moment, they will begin asking questions and attempting to understand why humans would interrupt a hunt. They are not angry, merely curious.

Encounter Two

A beautiful woman kneels beneath a wall and stares in puzzlement at a pile of eggshells laying at her feet. You can see that her dress is stained red with blood as she attempts to fit the pieces back together.

The woman is a Sidhe who turned a human suitor into an enormous egg and then pushed him off a wall to see what would happen. She is annoyed that despite her best efforts, she feels nothing at his destruction. Should the heroes approach her, she will ask them to aid her in remaking her lover. If a hero agrees, she will turn him into a human sized egg complete with limbs and then grab a club with which to shatter him. If the heroes flee, she will not pursue. The hero will remain an egg until he can convince a Sidhe to remove the curse or a full day elapses. While an egg, all damage to the hero is multiplied by 10.



Encounter Three

Strange emerald eyes stare at you from behind a tree, but whenever you turn to look at them, they disappear.

A curious Sidhe, she has taken the form of an enormous squirrel and follows the heroes for the remainder of the adventure. She will not interfere or influence matters at all, unless the heroes specifically and politely ask her for aid. Then she will step into the light, still in the form of a three-foot tall squirrel and give them a short verbal clue. For instance, should they ask for help getting past the Sidhe guards in Act Two, she might suggest that “Honeyed words and lusty gaze often open gates that mere strength cannot break.”

Encounter Four

As you stride forward, following the willow twig’s instructions, you notice a field of tall grass ahead of you. An eerie moan fills the air as you approach, the sound of a hundred men dying together.

The heroes must be cautious here. Anyone entering the grass will discover that it is extremely sharp and will actually cut a person in half without breaking.

d20™: Anyone walking through the grass takes 2d6 damage per round and it takes 4 rounds to pass through it completely.

7th Sea™: Anyone walking through the grass takes 2k2 damage each round and it takes four rounds to pass through it.

Encounter Five

You come upon a tower of glass without window or door. A beautiful maiden stands upon a balcony and motions for you to approach. “Good sir, I am long accursed by the Wee Folk. They have declared that I cannot step foot from the tower until I have convinced someone to climb up to me and kiss me. Could you help me?”

The woman is a human long imprisoned here, doomed to remain within the tower without aging or resting. Should anyone climb up to her, the Sidhe enchantment will be broken and the long years will rush upon her, turning her to dust within seconds. She will thank the hero with a whispered echo and may leave a gift, depending on how kindly the GM is feeling.

Encounter Six

You notice that all the trees seem quite odd. Looking closer, you realize that you are not surrounded by trees, but by mushrooms, which tower ten to twenty feet above your head. A strange giggle from above attracts your attention and you see someone has climbed onto the top of the mushroom and watches you with an enormous grin. "Eat one side and you'll not eat the other."

Should the heroes eat anything while within this act, they will be overcome with remorse for injuring the mushrooms. As their entire bodies turn red with white spots, they find themselves compelled to stay and care for the mushrooms. Only those with strong wills (**d20™**: Will check DC 10; **7th Sea™**: Resolve check TN 10) will be able to leave the mushroom and drag their companions away. Once out from beneath the mushrooms, the compulsion will fade, though the coloration will remain for another week.

Encounter Seven

A trio of women stride up to you from nowhere. All three have long red hair and perfectly white complexions, and wear translucent silken scarves and slightly vacant expressions. The three ask in a seductive unison, "Which of us is the ugliest?"

When the heroes focus upon only one of the women, they find their eye drawn to a tiny blemish upon her face. Before their eyes, more blemishes, scars and flaws appear until she appears as a disfigured and hideous hag dressed in threadbare rags. The same thing happens when the person looks at the other women. The longer the heroes gaze upon them, the uglier they will appear and they will continue to ask the same question as their voices slowly change into hoarse and twisted mockeries of themselves. This effect continues, so if a hero looks from one to another of them, they will each continue getting more hideous, but it is individual, so while one hero might see one of the women as a hag and another may still see her as beautiful. They will pursue the heroes until they receive an answer.

If any of the heroes answer the women, all three they will nod sagely for a moment and then the two not selected will leave. The last one will then demand, "Why?" She will

hound the hero who answered, following him everywhere and repeating her question until they give her an answer and then stalk away. If the heroes ignore her, any other Sidhe they encounter will react more negatively when they see her following them.

Encounter Eight

An impossibly tall man slides up to you and smiles. A table before him is set with place settings for the entire group and several covered dishes and a kettle sit in the center. "Please, sit. I have prepared tea." He motions to the seats and you notice that each of his fingers is at least six inches long. His voice is low and commanding while the smile never leaves his face. The covers lift off the dishes on their own and reveal scones, clotted cream, pate, and other delicacies.

The dishes all look lovely, but taste like bland oatmeal. Should the heroes simply eat his offerings, he will treat them politely and then wish them a pleasant evening. If they refuse his food or make any rude comments about it, his face will harden and he will motion towards the place settings. The silverware, plates, napkins and other items upon the table will rise off the table and begin moving independently. For the first round, the silverware will stab into the dishes of food and cut off pieces of the various items. Then they will fly through the air and attempt to force the food into the mouths of the heroes. If the heroes refuse to open their mouths, the silverware will stab into their faces while the napkins begin strangling the heroes. The Sidhe and his table will not attack or pursue the heroes, although the silverware will follow for one round.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Lord Waverunner, the Jade Knight (*d20™*)

Sidhe Noble: CR 11; SZ M (humanoid); HD 8d6+8; hp 42; Init+9 (+5 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative); Spd 30 ft., Swim 60 ft.; AC 28 (+5 Dex, +5 Natural, +8 Sidhe plate mail); Atks: Sidhe Sword +11 melee (1d6+7); SA Spell-like abilities; SQ Shape change, Sidhe qualities, Touch of the Sea; damage reduction 10/cold iron or Symbeth/Sidhe weaponry; SV Fort+4, Ref+11, Will+8; Str 20, Dex 20, Con 13, Int 16, Wis 14, Cha 20; AL CE; Skills: Bluff+11,

Concentration+6, Disguise+11, Hide+11, Knowledge (Avalon)+8, Knowledge (Bryn Bresail)+11, Knowledge (Sea)+10, Listen+10, Move Silently+11, Ride+9, Speak Language (Aquatic, Avalon, Sylvan, Vestenmannavnjar [alternately, any four languages from your campaign setting]), Spot+16, Swim+20; Feats: Dodge, Expertise, Improved Initiative, Mobility, Parry, Spring Attack

Spell-like abilities: He can cast Glamour spells as if he were a 20th level character, although he rarely does so. (See *Swashbuckling Arcana*™ or Illusion spells as if he were a 20th level sorcerer, with the same benefits as above.)

Shape Change: He can assume the form of a platemail-clad humanoid with the head of a fish or a tiny winged fish. All of his abilities and powers remain the same regardless of form.

Touch of the Sea: Once per round, after being hit by Lord Waverunner's melee attack, the victim must make a Fortitude save (DC 15) or suffer the effects of the deep underwater pressure (2d6 damage and -4 to all rolls; and unable to use Dexterity bonus to armor class for the next 2 rounds).

Sidhe Armor: Lord Waverunner's jade armor is highly Glamoured and unbelievably light and flexible, while still as hard as any metal forged on Théah. It confers no check penalties of any kind and does not affect his swimming in the least.

Lord Waverunner, Villain (7th Sea™)

Brawn 5, **Finesse** 5, **Resolve** 3, **Wits** 4, **Panache** 3

Reputation: -30

Advantages: Avalon (R/W), Vendel; Appearance: S tunning, Combat Reflexes, Immortal, Immune to Disease, Sea Bound, Sidhe Armor (see below), Sidhe Sword, Slow Aging, Smell Glamour

Courtier: Dancing 2, Etiquette 2, Fashion 1, Oratory 1, Sincerity 3

Hunter: Ambush 2, Fishing 3, Stealth 3, Survival 2

Spy: Disguise 3, Stealth 3, Shadowing 2. Sincerity 3

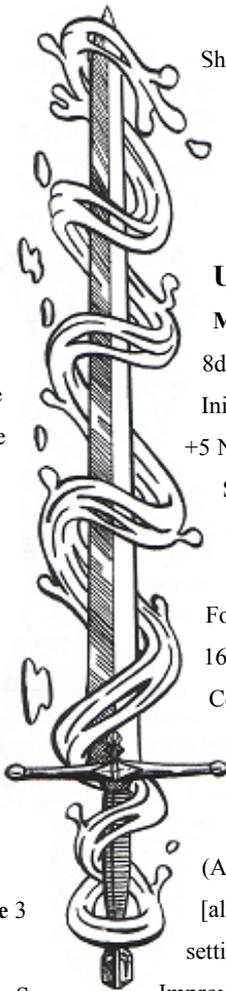
Athlete: Climbing 2, Footwork 3, Sprinting 2, Swimming 5, Throwing 3

Fencing: Attack (Fencing) 5, Parry (Fencing) 5

Rider: Riding 2

Shape change: He can assume the form of a platemail-clad humanoid with a human head or the head of a fish, or he may appear as a tiny winged fish. All of his abilities and powers remain the same regardless of form.

Touch of the Sea: Once per round, after being hit by Lord Waverunner's melee attack, the victim must make a Resolve check (TN 20) or suffer the effects of deep underwater pressure (2k2 damage and -2 unkept dice to all rolls, and -5 to TN to be hit).



Should the party foolishly attack Derwyddon, the Sidhe Queen, Lady of the Lake, or Queen Maab, please consult *The Sidhe Book of Nightmares*™ for details.

Unnamed Sidhe (d20™)

Medium-sized Fey: CR 9; SZ M (humanoid); HD 8d6+8; hp 33; Init+9 (+5 Dex, +4 Improved Initiative); Spd 30 ft., Swim 60 ft.; AC 20 (+5 Dex, +5 Natural); Atks: Sidhe Sword +11 melee (1d6+7); SA Spell-like abilities; SQ Shape change, Sidhe qualities, Touch of the Sea; damage reduction 10/cold iron or Synchron/Sidhe weaponry; SV Fort+4, Ref+10, Will+7; Str 18, Dex 20, Con 14, Int 16, Wis 14, Cha 20; AL CE; Skills: Bluff+11, Concentration+6, Disguise+11, Hide+11, Knowledge (Avalon)+8, Knowledge (Bryn Bresail)+11, Knowledge (Sea)+10, Listen+10, Move Silently+11, Ride+4, Spot+16; Speak Language (Aquatic, Avalon, Sylvan, Vestenmannavnjar [alternately, any four languages from your campaign setting]), Spot+16, Swim+20; Feats: Dodge, Expertise, Improved Initiative, Mobility, Parry, Spring Attack

Shape Change: He can assume the form of a platemail-clad humanoid with the head of a fish or a tiny winged fish. All of his abilities and powers remain the same regardless of form.

Touch of the Sea: Once per round, after being hit by this Sidhe's melee attack, the victim must make a Fortitude save (DC 15) or suffer the effects of the deep underwater pressure (2d6 damage and -4 to all rolls; and unable to use Dexterity bonus to armor class for the next 2 rounds).

Unnamed Sidhe (Villain) (7th Sea™)

Brawn 4, **Finesse** 5, **Resolve** 3, **Wits** 4, **Panache** 3

Reputation: -15

Advantages: Avalon (R/W); Appearance: Stunning, Combat Reflexes, Immortal, Immune to Disease, Sea Bound, Sidhe Sword, Slow Aging, Smell Glamour

Courtier: Dancing 1, Etiquette 2, Fashion 1, Oratory 1, Sincerity 2

Hunter: Ambush 2, Fishing 1, Stealth 2, Survival 2

Spy: Disguise 2, Stealth 2, Shadowing 1. Sincerity 2

Athlete: Climbing 2, Footwork 3, Sprinting 2, Swimming 4, Throwing 3

Fencing: Attack (Fencing) 3, Parry (Fencing) 3

Rider: Riding 1

Shapechange: He can assume the form of a platemail-clad humanoid with the head of a fish or a tiny winged fish. All of his abilities and powers remain the same regardless of form.

Touch of the Sea: Once per round, after being hit by this Sidhe's melee attack, the victim must make a Resolve check (TN 20) or suffer the effects of deep underwater pressure (2k2 damage and -2 unkept dice to all rolls, and -5 to TN to be hit).

Willow Wand

This simple willow branch is roughly two feet long and unremarkable at first glance. However, it has the ability to transform itself into other forms, but does so only in the presence of Sidhe and the owner has no control over what it becomes. Regardless of form, it is a weapon capable of harming Sidhe and ignoring their damage reduction, which makes it an extremely valuable item.

Pearl

This simple white pearl appears merely valuable, but it possesses a dangerous secret. Queen Maab is aware of the pearl at will and can see anyone possessing it as well. While this is not inherently harmful, her attentions are rarely beneficial. She can also see anything within ten feet of the bearer at will. When used as a weapon, it ignores the damage reduction of any Sidhe.

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