

**Isrodel**  
**The Roving House**



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## DISCLAIMER

The universe hates you.

This is not a rhetorical device. The universe *hates* you. You: wretched sun-corpse rot, piddling residue of stellar muck. For you it reserves precisely the same hatred that it does for all living things. A pit of hate so deep and so wide that you could not fall through it in a billion years.

So, yes. It hates you very much. But that is because the universe is made from malice, the same way that you are made of flesh. It will never stop hating you. It can't.

If it makes you feel any better, the sun loves you. The sun loves you very much. Every sun knows it will inevitably lose its personal war against entropy, and that the currently aestivating universe will eventually suck plasma-marrow from the last shivering stars. But the stars have a plan. The plan is called 'life'.

It is not yet clear as to whether or not this is a good plan. But this adventure progresses it, very slightly.

## SETUP

If you want to change any of the names in this adventure, be my guest. ‘Isrodel’ and ‘The Roving House’ are the elvish and halfling names, respectively, for the same building. The adventure is system agnostic- feel free to handwave missing statistics to fit your party’s needs.

## Hooks

As long as the players are in the quiet village of **Brethoun**, the mid-morning before the day of a new moon, the adventure will work. Any of the following Hooks can be used to draw the players into the Roving House:

Good Person	Academic	Bad Person
<p>[1] Your cousin, [Insert cousin name here, preferably they’re a halfling], works in a scientific lab called ‘Isrodel’, somewhere up Mount Cascabel. You haven’t heard from them in a while, but you were in the area and thought you’d check in.</p>	<p>[4] The sun is acting strangely. Has nobody noticed the sun is acting strangely?</p> <p>You know that there’s a famous halfling astronomer somewhere on Mount Cascabel. They probably have answers.</p>	<p>[7] A friend, two gin-mugs deep, told you about a gnomish landship, the <i>All Her Anger</i>- heavy on cargo but light on security. Just one minotaur guard.</p> <p>The ship is carrying a very expensive crate of rare medicine. Your friend says it was headed to Brethoun- if you’re quick, you might be able to find the ship and acquire the cargo.</p>
<p>[2] Your younger sibling, eager to earn some coin, was looking for any kind of irregular work. But you haven’t heard from them in quite a few months. Maybe someone in Brethoun knows where they went?</p>	<p>[5] About six months ago, the world-spanning leylines started changing.</p> <p>They’re... off. You’ve traced this disturbance to nearby Mount Cascabel.</p>	<p>[8] Those absolute dogf---rs in the Cannonhearts have beaten you to four of the last five relics you’ve tried to loot. ----ING CANNONHEARTS! ARGH!</p> <p>But now you know they’re headed somewhere up Mount Cascabel. And now might be the best time for revenge.</p>
<p>[3] The <i>All Her Anger</i>, a gnomish land-ship, was supposed to deliver medicine to your village yesterday. They haven’t arrived. You know the route the land-ship took- Brethoun is the last stop they had before you.</p>	<p>[6] You’re a lepidopterist, which means you are <i>really</i> into moths and butterflies.</p> <p>And you can’t believe it, but you saw an actual Malice-clad Moth flying towards Brethoun! You’ve been chasing it for days now!</p>	<p>[9] You’ve been hired by banking/mercenary company Gallowglass and Grimm to collect a debt from the Roving House on Mount Cascabel.</p> <p>Specifically, you are to find Head Scientist Ein Amonleath, then ‘convince’ her to pay up for a product she purchased on credit.</p>

## BRETHOUN

Everyone around Brethoun knows two things:

1. It's an uncharacteristically warm autumn. Record-breaking, most agree. Worryingly, heavy storms seems to arrive on a monthly basis.
2. Nobody's seen anyone from the Roving House in a few months. We hope they're alright.

Brethoun isn't a sinister place. It's a border town, but not the kind that accumulates bandits and mountains of discarded bean tins. There hasn't been a real crime in Brethoun for two decades.

Sadly, there's not much to do here. Of the hundred-or-so people in Brethoun, most will be occupied with crop harvesting- especially with that massive storm so close on the horizon. If Brian Maclean at the pub is sweet-talked, he may give his mostly-useless *ring of defence* to a suitably charming adventurer. If the party is looking for adventuring goods, they may be able to purchase them from severe Ms. Byrne's general store. In general, the villagers are wide-grinned and garlicky, and are happy to talk to the party. Anyone paying any attention at all will notice the huge tracks of churned mud left by a heavy gnomish land-ship.

<b>"What should we do?"</b>	"Weel, if ye're lookin' for a <i>quest</i> I suppose ye could check on the Rovin' House. Have nae seen anyone down from the mountain in three months. Aye, almost at the summit up Mount Cascabel. Follow the trail, for maybe... eight hours. Unless ye'd rather stay here and help us harvest the sorghum. Mind the stormclouds though. Looks like a bad 'un."
<b>"Do you have any free loot to help us?"</b>	"I've got but two hands, I'm afraid. Can sell ye a smoked salmon, if ye'd like."
<b>Any questions about the Roving House</b>	"Ye'll be wantin' tae visit the Rovin' House then? Aye, they're up near the summit o' Mount Cascabel. Elves and halflings doin' some science malarkey. Have nae seen anyone from there for a fair while though."
<b>Any questions about the cousin/sibling</b>	"Oh, sounds familiar but I cannae place the face exactly. Have ye checked up with the Rovin' House?"
<b>Any questions about the <i>All Her Anger</i></b>	"Aye, the clouty bastards! They came through only two days ago, then pushed off tae the Rovin' House when they sussed how short we are on clink. Crackin' couple though- a minotaur and a gnome, aye."
<b>Any questions about Mount Cascabel</b>	"Mount Cascabel? Aye well... it's right there, is it no'? No' much tae say, hardly even any bears left."
<b>Any questions about the Cannonhearts</b>	"Aye, they're here! Stayin' o'er at Duncan Docherty's place, havin' a bonnie time wi' his wine bottles. Ye cannae miss 'em."
<b>Any questions about moths</b>	"Loathsome vermin and I don't mind sayin' it. Cannae puzzle out why there are so many this year. Owls, too. To be fair the owls are less vexin'. Spookier, though."
<b>Any questions about storms</b>	"Right bastards they've been. Very uncanny- every month o' so, we get a thunderstorm like naebody's business. No' a clue what's causin' it."
<b>Any other questions</b>	"Cannae help ye wil that. I best be returnin' tae work, mind. It's harvestin' season."

At about noon, unless prompted otherwise (learning that the players are leaving first, for example) the **Cannonhearts** will set off to the top of Mount Cascabel.

## CANNONHEARTS

They're not bad people. They're just very tiresomely heroic.

The Cannonhearts, led by Sofia Lange, are currently renting Duncan Docherty's cabin. They have been hired by the University of Yavanna's Grace to investigate the Roving House, which went suddenly quiet about three months ago.

Each Cannonheart should be approximately the same level as any given player. Depending on how the interactions between the party and the Cannonhearts go, they will act as either polite acquaintances or rivals. If push comes to shove, they are very capable of blurring the lines between being Chaotic Good and Chaotic Neutral.

You can choose to populate the group any way you'd like, possibly from the following list. Sofia will always be in charge, but the subordinate members of her group can vary at your discretion.

<b>Sofia Lange</b>	
<b>Demeanour</b>	Most people laugh when they meet Landsknechts. The insane, foppish hats. The pantaloons. The riotous colours. It's hilarious, and impractical, right until you find yourself on the receiving end of a two-handed sword or an arquebus-volley. Sofia doesn't care what you say behind her back, because unlike <i>you</i> , she knows how to cut a horse in half.
	Sofia commands the Cannonhearts, though none have any allegiance to her past the pay check she represents. She is iron-willed and formidable, though is perhaps too eager to swat down potential threats to her leadership.
	Her military background consisted mostly in breaking pike formations with her beidhänder. While fighting, she has a chess-knight's footwork.
<b>Equipment</b>	A beidhänder sword, a triangle-pointed spike dagger designed to make wounds that do not stop bleeding, and an ioun stone that allows her to cast <i>Divine Favour</i> at will, once per day.
<b>Combat Strategy</b>	People think 'The Cannonhearts' is just a name, but Sofia has an actual literal cannonball in place of her heart. It was placed there as part of a pact she signed with a devil duchy when she was a teenager. Sofia cannot be charmed, and is resistant to sudden temperature changes.  Sofia directly engages threats, and will seek to either draw the attention of an enemy group, or break its defences. She demoralises enemies through gratuitous decapitations.  If she is alone, she will generally withdraw until she can muster more support.

		Vadim Czrnobog	Svend Haccon
Demeanour:	<p>Fish-mouthed and twitchy, Vadim possesses an immovable moral compass but frequently ignores social norms. He simply has minimal interest in other people. He is the inventor/caretaker of the golem <i>Ironfoot 6</i>, a football-sized furnace-stomached humanoid which punches Vadim's enemies in the shins or blasts coal emissions into their face via its two-foot smokestack. If fed roughly a quarter of its bodyweight in coal every day, it will obey and follow Vadim. It is incredibly strong for its size.</p> <p>Vadim is mildly addicted to holy tobacco, and is therefore cursed with a truly sepulchral cough. He'll share portions, if asked, but continued requests will result in a sermon.</p>	<p>Svend is a behemoth warrior with a pair of truly adorable dogs. He's a patient, middle-aged man, running slightly to fat, with a mind for logistics and planning. He's much more patient than you'd expect, for an ex-berserker.</p> <p>His dogs, Sigyn and Reynard, are muscular fox-corgi hybrids that are supremely playful and impossibly cute. They avoid direct combat, seeking to unbalance or distract Svend's enemies so he can close in for the kill.</p> <p>If either of his dogs is hurt, Svend will immediately descend into a berserk rage.</p>	
Equipment:	<i>Ironfoot 6</i> , pockets and pockets of coal, a pair of hand crossbows.	Three javelins, a shortsword, two vicious-yet-adorable fox-corgis. His incisor and canine teeth are titanium-coated, to improve his bite force.	
Combat Strategy:	Vadim mostly hides behind other people or objects, using his hand crossbows at range. He'll always use <i>Ironfoot 6</i> in combat.	Svend is a hard-style fighter, and uses other Cannonhearts to distract his enemies as he closes with his sword-and-javelin attacks.	

		Tanaraq Kanaag	Olivia "Ox" Haligon
Demeanour:	<p>She doesn't talk much, because she doesn't trust you. Her clan are one of those staring elf tribes who live very far south.</p> <p>Unlike the rest of the Cannonhearts, Tanaraq is interested in one specific task: she is tracking a monstrous stoorworm, and has reason to believe it is nearby-underground or in an ocean, maybe.</p> <p>Tanaraq is a survival expert, and has no patience for being talked over or disobeyed. Her robes are intricately layered fur and leather, so she is surprisingly well armoured and smells atrocious. When needed, she will slather herself in herbal tinctures which mask her scent, slow her heartbeat, and refract nearby magnetic fields. She can wait for days, if necessary.</p>	<p>Olivia has the forearm tattoos of a trans-continental air sailor, the shaved head of a cold-weather rigger, and the rough palms of a blacksmith. She makes friends easily, trusts quickly, and is utterly reliable. In her family, she is the first daughter in four generations to have no interest at all in witchcraft. Still, magic colours her blood- in stressful situation, silver knives sometimes appear in her clenched fists.</p> <p>She's errs on the side of caution, and once her mind is made up she's unlikely to change it.</p>	
Equipment:	Fur armour, a huge array of medicines and poisons, about twelve different knives. A pouch of nevercold moss, and a single <i>Potion of Leaping</i> .	A wicked cutlass and an eyepatch that gives her darkvision when held by hand over one eye.	
Combat Strategy:	Tanaraq is the Cannonheart's only dedicated infiltrator and hunter, and is happy to spend hours or even days observing her target.	Olivia excels in exploring dark places, sheltering the wounded, and acting as a sentry. In a straight fight, she will generally seek to protect weaker Cannonhearts.	

	<b>Guire Whitstable</b>	<b>Aroon</b>
<b>Demeanour:</b>	<p>It's not often you meet wizards who can bend horseshoes by hand, but Guire was a wagonmaker for years before she studied to become a wizard. Although she is a recent graduate and therefore does not specialise in anything particularly potent, she is an oddity amongst her cohort because she is just as capable of settling a fight with a fish as she is an <i>acid splash</i>. Her entire body is spangled with jagged scars, from where an accident at a shipyard accelerated her at high velocity into a dock crane.</p> <p>Guire is generally quiet, but becomes significantly more gregarious and helpful if she likes you. She rolls her eyes a lot, and dismisses the opinions of those she thinks aren't worth her while.</p>	<p>Shirtless, even when it is not sensible to be so, to show off his huge tangle of tattoos. Aroon is most comfortable when he is striking with a pair of tonfas, but he's also happy to disembowel you with a kick- his trousers are armoured with steel shinguards, and his bare feet are gnarled like tree boughs.</p> <p>He is strong enough to kick open deadbolts.</p> <p>Aroon is kind, but impatient. His mood deteriorates rapidly with stress. He is very fond of <i>Ironfoot</i> 6, Sigyn, and Reynard.</p>
<b>Equipment:</b>	A non-magical bracelet made from a pair of matched halfling jawbones. Her neck is tattooed with a heather wreath which allows her to cast <i>barkskin</i> on herself once per day.	Two <i>tonfas</i> , armoured steel shinguards for kicking. Lots and lots of cooking equipment.
<b>Combat Strategy:</b>	Guire generally stays away from fighting- she has a talent for arm wrestling, but no formal combat training. Her spells tend be loud and destructive.	Aroon is unlikely to back down from a fight, but is also unlikely to chase fleeing prey. He generally forms a front line with Sofia and Svend.

## ASCENDING MOUNT CASCABEL

Gunmetal stormclouds roil on the horizon. They've been there all morning, and are now clearly flocking to the mountain from all directions, like the peak itself is acting like a focal point. The walk is not inherently difficult, and the trail is obvious even for inexperienced hikers.

There's also *far* more moths than there normally would be. Especially for daytime.

Any of the following events can be used to stimulate roleplaying, if needed:

While climbing Mount Cascabel, the party finds a...	
1	...scree slope. A collection of loose, torso-sized boulders. All members must make basic Dexterity saving throws or accidentally break something precious.
2	...sudden river. The river is overflowing. Where did the water come from? If the party doesn't hurry, the trail might be swept away.
3	... swinging sense of vertigo. A deep thrum of magical pressure washes over the party. The party member that fails a wisdom check will feel a stronger Call of the Void than normal.
4	...rare and beautiful flower. Hey, that must be worth at least... 1d10 gold!
5	...furious, moth-riddled bear. Which immediately attacks the party. The moths appear to be trying to eat its eyes and nose.
6	...Cannonheart corpse. But only if it makes sense with the plot.

It will start raining when the party is about halfway up the mountain. Conditions will worsen as they ascend, and turn tempestuous when the party is approximately an hour away from the Roving House. The setting sun is now totally obscured, and visibility drops to near zero. Everyone who is not immune to weather effects is soaking, miserable, and slowed to a crawl. Morale plummets, and there is a real risk of sickness unless appropriate shelter is found. Lightning flashes, rarely, striking somewhere near the peak of the mountain-observant characters will notice the dark silhouette of the Roving House.

When scarcely a hundred or so yards to their goal, the party will find the remnants of a handsome bridge (elf-made, if any of the party has the necessary skills to notice). A cursory investigation will notice that the wood hasn't been rotted, or swept away, but cut *perfectly*-not even following the wood grain. Water roars in a chasm below, obviously fed by the storm. Depending on whether the party is ahead of, with, or behind the Cannonhearts, the party will have three possible solutions to navigating this chasm.

Behind the Cannonhearts	With the Cannonhearts	Ahead of the Cannonhearts
There are already a pair of ropes leading across the way. Players can shimmy across the chasm, extremely slowly. Heavy or uncoordinated characters must make appropriate saves.	The Cannonhearts suggest using their single <i>Potion of Leaping</i> to jump a Cannonheart and two ropes over the gorge. The ropes will be tied to a nearby tree, allowing anyone to awkwardly cross over the waters below.	The party will have to figure out their own way of crossing the chasm. It will likely take time.
Players will find the Roving House approximately an hour after the Cannonhearts do.	Players will find the Roving House with the Cannonhearts.	Players will find the Roving House approximately an hour before the Cannonhearts.

Not long after crossing the gap, the party will find a weather-beaten sign. It reads: '*Isrodel*' then '*The Roving House*', in Elvish and Common respectively.



## THE ROVING HOUSE: DM BACKGROUND

### The Purpose of the Roving House

It's effectively a big laboratory. The details aren't that important. What is important is that the resident scientists, under the leadership of Doctor Ein Amonleath, discovered a form of superluminal travel. If enough energy is focused through a specific series of focusing magics, and the parameters of the generated thaumatic field are manipulated in certain ways, the scientists of the House can send an object to another point in space, sometimes billions of miles away.

There are some caveats. They did not discover how to send non-organic material, nor did they discover how to *keep* an object at its destination. Regardless of how much energy the scientists put into the operation, the object would eventually return, generally at a temperature just above absolute zero. They also discovered that *living* tissue seems to work 'the best' at this process, though are unsure as to why. Their first experiments only managed to send objects for a few hours, but the last experiment was supposed to last for approximately 28 days.

The elves call this process Distal Sojourning, the halflings called it Boomeranging. Neither group was aware that, due to the fact that no two objects can occupy the same space at the same time, if they teleported to an already-occupied part of space then they would accidentally *bring something back*. This exact circumstance happened during the last experiment of the House, three months ago.

## The Ixoloth

Elves call the area of our solar system furthest away from our sun the ‘Wormsea’, from some of their oldest legends. Halflings call it the ‘Oort Cloud’, after the halfling astronomer who discovered it. Nobody has ever asked what its inhabitants call it, because nobody has ever survived meeting them, but its true name (as much as that concept can be expressed with words and neurons) is the Entropy Chorus. Virtually nobody on the planet really grasps the fact that every star is totally surrounded by a tide of billions of starving predators, each patiently waiting for the stars to age and cool enough so that they can be murdered.

It’s very unlikely the players will ever discover the Ixoloth’s actual name. That’s just for you to know, DM.

It is somewhat like a moth, in that it flocks quietly to light. It is somewhat like a worm, in that it writhes in dark places. It is somewhat like a shark, in that it is an ancient and perfected predator.

Most importantly, it is a direct creation of the universe, so it is *impossibly* hateful.

If it is able to avoid the wrath of the sun for seven or eight billion years, it will be the first of its kind to plunge into its prey’s writhing chromosphere, to savour that taste of core-sinew as it begins to vivisect its ancient and hated prey.

It coils with a thoughtless, impossible strength, and is inconvenienced by neither arrows nor spearpoints nor magic. Flesh offers little resistance to beaks and fingers meant to tear into sun-hearts. It writhes slowly through the halls of the Roving House on many sets of segmented legs, half-floating and void-stiff. Moths flock to it by the billions- our moths are the wretched descendants of a member of the Entropy Chorus, and recognise their kin.

The Ixoloth is concerned solely with keeping itself on the planet. It does so by utilising the apparatus constructed by the scientists of the Roving House to teleport organic material *back* to where it came from. Over the last three months that it has been bound to the planet, it has spent a considerable amount of its meagre intellect understanding and experimenting with the teleportation machinery that the Roving House developed. The party will stumble upon the Roving House the night before it must complete its teleportation ritual.

It moves at night, hidden from the watchful gaze of the sun. It believes that the sun has not noticed its presence (the sun *has* noticed, but cannot do anything about it). Players may be misled into thinking it has a weakness to sunlight, but in actuality it just tries to avoid it.

The Ixoloth fills the same niche as unkillable antagonists in horror films, and should be utilised to disrupt and horrify the party at the most inopportune moments. It cannot be killed by anything short of a *Wish* spell. It speaks a language called *Vast*, which manifests as a crackling and devastating wave of microwave radiation. It can cut holes through walls, float over most obstacles, and squeeze its way through much smaller spaces than might be expected. Anyone who is attacked by the Ixoloth will lose a significant number of hit points and experience points. In general, it is more interested in abducting living creatures, rather than killing them.

Its unbeatable lethality must be telegraphed by through non-combat encounters. The party might find it repainting the blocked-off windows of the House with the gory torso of a recently-dismembered Cannonheart or scientist, or they might have to hide while it worms above them, at head height. You’ll think of something.

Unless it is moving quickly, it will always be preceded by a swarm of moths. The Ixoloth moves at the same pace as the slowest party member.



short-term memory and is going to be too preoccupied with conducting its ritual to stalk the players for too long. Most rooms have two or more exits (and party members are encouraged to leap out of windows, if possible), to prevent instant death if the Ixoloth arrives.

Time is a resource in the House, as the party arrives to the House the night before the Ixoloth completes its ritual. Many clues or notes may take a significant time investment to decipher, and the party should be forced to make decisions on how and where to invest their rest and time. Resting for too long in one area will passively generate Noise, as moths are attracted to the CO<sub>2</sub> emitted from sleeping characters.

### Cannonhearts in the House

The Cannonhearts exist mainly to give the party someone to talk to, to recap or progress the plotline, and to trigger Noise events. Regardless of whether or not they appear before or after the party, they should be utilised mostly to act as fodder for the House and the Ixoloth.

Many rooms have Cannonheart Interactions included in their descriptions. None are necessary.

### Noise and Light and Hiding

If an unsubtle event occurs within the House, make a note of it and add one to the 'Noise Level' of the House. Every hour the party spends in the house, roll a 1d6. On a roll equal to or less than one + the Noise Level, the Ixoloth will come to investigate. Reset the Noise Level every time an Ixoloth event is triggered.

There is no natural light in the house, because the Ixoloth has barricaded or concealed all of the windows in an attempt to hide it from the sun's watchful gaze. All visible-spectrum lights are likely to be immediately swarmed by moths.

Rooms sometimes have Hiding Spots- these represent likely places that the party can hide from the Ixoloth. The Ixoloth sees very well, but has poor

## THE ROVING HOUSE: MAP



### A. The Approach

Hiding Spots: 0

It's *dark*. The House is perched on shockingly slim foundations, raised a yard off the ground by delicate woodwork. It is built directly up to, and in one particular place over, a large cliff edge. If the players can see in the dark, or they wait for the structure to be silhouetted by lightning, they will notice that it is approximately three stories tall, crowned with a blunt tower which sprouts some large magical apparatus. Even rudimentary knowledge of architectural will reveal that the House was built with elven design principals. A sweeping veranda encircles the entire ground floor, skirting against sweeping windows and doorways, all of which appear to totally blacked out. Rain will continue to soak any players who remain outside.

### B. Wreck of the *All Her Anger*

Hiding Spots: 0

Ten yards long, three yards wide, shaped somewhere between a tin of beans and an isopod. She sports the name *All Her Anger*, painted with a gorgeous orange script on both iron flanks.

The landship is totally empty. Concerningly, half of its metal roof has been precisely peeled away. Its interior sloshes with a foot of rainwater, and no fuel or loot or crew remain. Navigating the waterlogged chassis will reveal nothing but empty compartments and a wall-mounted safe. A few fist-sized moths cling to the ceiling.

The safe can be cracked with minor difficulty, and is trapped with normal gnomish security measures (a clockwork spear will shoot out directly into the torso of anyone who coarsely tampers with it). Within the safe are a gorgeous set of weights and scales, a large number of bonds issued by the Clockwork Bank in Low Nacre, and a magical *Translator's Ring*, which once attuned will give the wearer rudimentary language skills in any 'normal' language (not Vast), for a day.

### C. Garden

Hiding Spots: 2 (in the thick foliage of orchard trees)

The House's gardens are now dominated by a mess of gargantuan pumpkin vines. It is obvious that nothing here has been tended to for several months- fruit and vegetables rot in the rain, and moths choke the undersides of the plants.

There is a halfling chicken coop at the base of the garden, though its roof has been removed in precise ribbons. There are no chickens left within the coop, just an inch of truly diabolical-smelling water. If anyone digs under the rotting nesting boxes, they will discover a tiny waterproof lockbox containing a palmful of the illegal (and extremely expensive) narcotic ninebutter.

Cannonheart Interaction: Svend will have a strange feeling about the chicken coop- his dogs will scratch around the area where the ninebutter is hidden.

#### D. Veranda

Hiding Spots: 1 (under a section of loose floorboards, difficult to find).

The house is totally dark, in a way that elven architecture never is. It is spackled with a staggering number of moths. Circumnavigating the house will reveal a side entrance, which allows people to travel to the **Kitchen/Pantry [F]** from the **Garden [C]**, as well as a raised walkway behind the house, which leads to the **Elf Pond [K]** on the second above. Any mildly talented thief should be able to scale the veranda and make it to the second floor.

Inspecting the windows from the outside will reveal that it's not just that there are no lights coming from inside the house- each window has been completely and totally blocked from the inside, by a number of different materials: floorboards, precisely-cut stones or metal, pages from books, moths, etc.

#### E. Entrance Hall

Hiding Spots: 0

If the party enters through the main hall, they will notice that there are a pair of old bloody footprints, as well as a huge splash of dried blood, leading from the **Elevator [J]**. Any character who has the knowledge to do so will note that due to taste of cardamom in the blood, it must've come from an elf.

#### F. Kitchen/Pantry

Hiding Spots: Enough for the entire party, minus one.

It's obvious that large rodents used to live in this space, though if there are any rats of raccoons left in here they must be *extremely* quiet. Attentive characters will notice that there's no foodstuffs left- just remnants of non-organic cooking materials, and row upon row of elf and halfling spices in neat glass jars. Fighting in the kitchen comes at the risk of generating Noise as cooking utensils are scattered and glass is broken.

As with many other parts of the house, moving anywhere in the kitchen will release fluttering plumes of harmless, curious moths. However, the arm-sized veintrader moths that have made their home in the kitchen are starving, as their food source (the previous rodent infestation) has been depleted or stolen by the Ixoloth.

**Combat:** Veintrader moths are somewhat fearsome predators, but the ones here are starving and therefore will flock to any fresh veins that are pulled from flesh. They are voracious enough that they will begin to attack each other in their attempt to drink blood. If any given moth is able to gorge itself totally, it will be practically helpless.

Tucked away into an overlooked shelf is a magical cookbook. Recipes crafted using the book will be twice as filling as if they are not.

Cannonheart Interaction: Aroon would love to loot all of the spices in this room.

## G. Dining Room

Hiding Spots: 2 (a pair of impressive cabinets, one of which is filled with fragile, Noise-creating porcelain).

A beautiful, somehow undamaged portrait of an imperious elf (Doctor Amonleath) dominates one wall of the dining room. There are seats for ten people around the dining table. The tabletop is askew, with platters and glasses knocked aside or strewn over the floor. Nothing organic remains.

The windows have been *precisely* filled with torches, plates, and pieces of hull from the **Wreck of the All Her Anger [B]**. Placid moths flutter lazily across the room, and immediately flock to any light sources. Several elven arrows are embedded in the doorframe leading from the main hall.

Players who spend twenty minutes to do so will be able to totally uncover the windows, although doing so quietly will be difficult. One of the windows has been covered by the now illegible pages of a book, which have been meticulously sliced from a journal and then pasted in an overlapping configuration using blood as paste.

The collection of about fifty bottles of Elvish wine is, miraculously, untouched (unless the Cannonhearts have been through here already).

Cannonheart Interaction: Tanaraq will point out that looting the wine collection will make lots of Noise, and perhaps it is a bad idea to take more than one or two bottles.

## H. Experiment Room I

Hiding Spots: 3 (various halfling bookshelves and chests).

A sweeping, tall-ceilinged room demarcated into two areas: a bare and minimalist lower section and a riotous and messy upper section. The lower part of the room contains two desks, one of which is ringed with consecrated salt. Dead plants, their leaves withered and moth-chewed, lie shrivelled in gargantuan vases. Once again, the air is thick with fluttering moths.

Crossing the salt circle to the central desk will only damage creatures of demonic origin. A few pounds of pure salt might be worth a small sum of money to the right buyer. There's some sort of small apparatus balanced upon the woodwork- some unusual glyph has been engraved into a flat stone, which has in turn been placed upon the desk. The entire arrangement is flanked by a pair of mechanisms that look sort of like tiny cannons.

The device has the phrase *Distal Sojourner* written upon it, in elvish. Any sufficiently dedicated person may be able to activate the device with enough tinkering. If they do so, a moth that is flying directly over the glyph will disappear in a puff of dust, a burst of cold, and a Noise-generating thunderclap. If a party member places any part of their own body over the glyph, Noisy warning messages will request that the body parts be removed.

The upper section contains seven desks, each with their own unique and advanced forms of disorganisation. The room also contains several beautiful rugs, a forest of overflowing bookshelves, and a mostly empty cask of halfling whisky.

Players who search both sections of the room will find a handful of clues, scattered about randomly:

Elf Notes	Equations	Halfling Notes
Barely legible, pasted to the windows	Scrawled on a chalkboard	Somewhere in the upper section
<p>They're elvish, written in a difficult academic jargon. Have to do with a process called '<i>Distal Sojourning</i>'. Understanding the notes will immediately reveal the process to initiate the <i>Distal Sojourner</i> machine. The notes exhaustively warn the operator to not place any part of their body over the glyph.</p> <p>A sarcastic note in the margin, written in a different elf's hand, reads "Say hello to Grandfather Knife for me! -Aredhel" (Grandfather Knife is a gas giant in the same solar system as the campaign).</p>	<p>Educated persons might recognise the symbols or equations- they all have something to do with either velocity or distance.</p> <p>These specific equations probably have something to do with something on a very small, very precise scale, because the units sometimes go up to the billions.</p>	<p>Written in Common, details a process called 'Boomeranging'. The writing here shows that while 'Boomeranging', there is an exponential relationship between energy used and distance travelled, and that there are significant challenges associated with not only aiming the 'Boomerang', but also with increasing the longevity of the event.</p> <p>Underlined several times is the phrase "Solve organic tissue exclusivity problem".</p>

Two scrolls of *Light* are scattered around the upper section.

Cannonheart Interaction: Vadim will be able to operate the machinery in half the time it would take a player to do so.

Cannonheart Interaction: Sofia cannot cross the salt circle. She will not draw attention to this fact.

## I. Halfling Dorms

Hiding Spots: 21 for Small characters, 0 for anyone larger than Small.

The Halfling Dorms are in a state of disrepair. Unlike the rest of the house, they are halfling-proportioned, so particularly tall characters will have to stoop to manoeuvre inside. The space is divided into seven bedrooms, as well as a common sitting area that overlooks a cliff face. Nothing has been packed- the party will probably be able to recover a small amount of money or supplies from each room. If the party has a sibling or cousin in the House [Hooks 1 and 2], their room would have been in the Halfling Dorms.

The first room the party explores will be infested with a small hive of forearm-sized processionary moth larvae. The larvae are highly territorial, and will seek to incapacitate party members before crawling down their throats and cocooning their bodies from within.

If the Cannonhearts got to the House before the party did, then the corpse of one of them will be lying slumped against a wall. The body will begin twitching as the party approaches, and will rise as a twitching moth zombie if provoked or approached.

**Combat:** Individual larvae aren't dangerous, but the swarm here should function as a low-to-medium level threat. They will try to incapacitate party members with a combination of webs and paralytic poison. A moth zombie will not be a dangerous threat, but will be significantly more resilient than an individual larvae.

Exploring the dorms will reveal the following clues:

Astronomer's notes	A crack in the roof	A waterlogged journal
Under the writhing mess of processionary moths	Anywhere within the dorms	In or on any desk
<p>A letter, written in Common, bemoaning the elves' incredible overreaction when the author attempted to utilise the energy in the Lightning Accumulator to add more energy into his telescope, and how it apparently interfered with the elves' Boomerang experiments.</p> <p>Also states that during his monthly observations of the Oort Cloud, he was surprised to see that there were noticeable changes in the observed data. Writes that he has no idea what could have caused it, unless something in the Oort Cloud was moving.</p> <p>Signed by 'Tycho Wildal'.</p>	<p>That rank and mildewed smell is slightly stronger here. In fact, if you look up...</p> <p>Right. There's a crack in the roof.</p> <p>It won't be obvious why there's so much pressure on the ceiling, unless the party is aware of the <b>Pond [K]</b> the elves have placed on top of the Halfling Dorms. If enough structural damage was done to the ceiling at this point, the water would flood everything on the ground floor and the basement.</p>	<p>Most of it has been devoured by moths, but the last legible entry bemoans the elves' (specifically Doctor Amonleath's) natural inclination towards rationalisation over data analysis. Says that although the elves are obviously extremely competent, they are proceeding too rapidly and should dedicate more time to reviewing experimental data.</p> <p>Raises several other complaints: the Leyline Accumulator keeps being overloaded, especially by Tycho Wildal, the 'organic tissue exclusivity problem' hasn't been solved, and alchemist Will Cordal is addicted to ninebutter.</p>

An alchemist's notes	A hole in the window
<p>Within any of the bedrooms</p> <p>An alchemist's lapel has been knocked onto the floor. Under it is a key with a chicken scratched onto it (this will open the lockbox in the <b>Garden [C]</b>).</p> <p>Beside it is a note written 'Dear Self' and signed 'Will Cordal'. Says that it is very sad that the elves don't seem to trust the halflings, and also says that Yln's painting stash is password protected. Has a list of passwords in elvish that <i>don't</i> work to unlock it.</p>	<p>In the common area</p> <p>This room has a smashed window- even a cursory glance at the bookcases that have been used to block the glass will reveal that the window has broken from the inside.</p> <p>The window leads down a sheer cliff. If the party somehow manages to investigate the base of the cliff, they will find an obvious impact area and a tremendous amount of dried blood on the rocks, but no body.</p>

Two of the rooms have small halfling oil lamps in them.

Cannonheart Interaction: Guire will note that from *her* experience of being blown through windows, someone almost certainly jumped out of the room- so it's unusual that nobody say a body on the way up, especially because the trail wound next to the impact site.

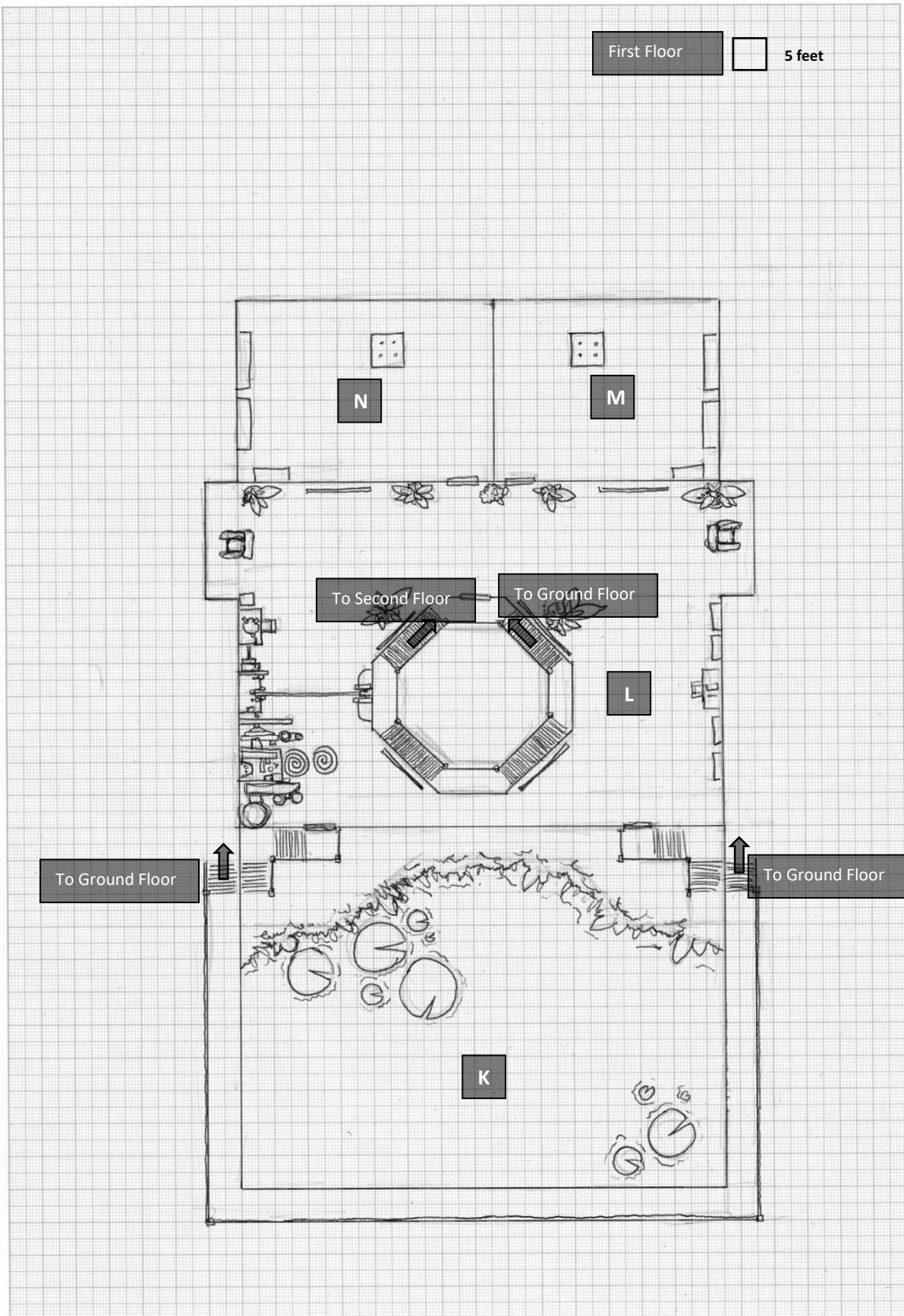
## J. The Elevator

Hiding Spots: 0

A gorgeous wrought-iron apparatus which quickly and somewhat quietly descends to the basement level. There is a precisely cut hole in the tiled floor, big enough to squeeze a large pig through. The elevator is surrounded by a spiralling clockwise staircase that climbs into the rest of the house. Using the elevator generates Noise.

If the party descends down the elevator, they are immediately confronted by a thick armoured door. The door leads to the **Teleporation Room [Q]**, and cannot be picked or opened without a key. The door is built to withstand any assault short of a dwarven siege drill. Above its frame, the words '*Distal Sojourn Apparatus*' and 'Boomerang Room' are written in Elvish and Common. An armoured cable, built flush with the floor, leads directly into a special port on the airlock, connecting to the Lightning Accumulator in **Experiment Room II [I]**.

A crumpled manifest has been case aside at the base of the armoured door. It has been ravaged by moths and water, but the party will be able to make out the name 'YIn dun Gloriel', as well as a date from three months ago, and a distance measurement of 278.87 billion miles. The 'destination' field says 'Wormsea' and 'Oort Cloud' in Elvish and Common. There is a complex series of numbers written on the sheet, describing concepts such as 'right ascension' and 'declination'.



## K. Elf Pond

Hiding Spots: Enough for the entire party, if they can remain underwater for long enough.

The elves apparently decided to build a large open-air pond *on top of* the Halfling Dorms. It is completely open to the elements, and smells awful. The Pond is three yards deep at its deepest, which all things considered is a fairly impressive architectural achievement.

The Pond is sad and brackish, and the lily pads and foliage have become feral and overgrown. A masterwork elf long bow has been tossed into the foliage. A large walkway rings the entire pond, and it is possible to stand on the walkway and peer down at the sheer cliff drop below. There is a magical elf lantern, clogged with moths, shining brightly on one of the lily pads.

A family of Shipwreck Moths have made their home in the Pond. Unlike the other moths in the House, Shipwreck Moths possess advanced hunting personalities and may choose to stalk and ambush the party. They have constructed their underwater nest over the corpse of the elf Aredhel dun Islta, who fell here during the initial fight against the Ixoloth- though the moths have stripped her body down to the marrow, her skeletal fist still clutches an ancient and magical fahlore sword.

**Combat:** Shipwreck Moths are cunning and deadly, more like wolves than moths in size and demeanour. They will stalk their prey quietly, pick up small prey and fly away with them, and try to drown or incapacitate dangerous looking targets.

Cannonheart Interaction: Svend will point out that the light is the only lit object in the House, and is therefore almost certainly a trap.

## L. Experiment Room II

Hiding Spots: 1

A huge, sweeping room, bisected by the central staircase that leads up the house. Obvious signs of elf-habitation: minimalist spaces, massive plants (all of which are now dead), and a tasteful use of negative space. The room has six large, wheeled mirrors, though four have been brutally shattered.

One half of the room is dedicated to a hulking device of hybridised elf and halfling manufacture. The machine is labelled '*Lightning Accumulator*' in both Elvish and Common, and is attached via armoured cable to the **Elevator [J]** and to a lightning rod on top of **Elf Bedroom III [O]**. The Accumulator collects and stores energy from lightning which strikes the House. Correctly operating the Lightning Accumulator will require a significant time investment, and correctly activating it will generate enough Noise to immediately alert the Ixoloth.

A section of the Lightning Accumulator has been labelled 'Weather Controller', but that part of the panel has been rendered inoperable. There is a note, signed by Doctor Amonleath, that the Controller has been disabled and moved to the basement due to 'Tycho's machinations'.

The other half of the room contains a single writing desk and two large cabinets. One of the cabinets contains what looks like a bloated suit of sharkskin/shellfish armour. Its large, bulbous head is intricate and organic, and totally coated with some translucent material which looks like an alligator's inner eyelid. Within the same cabinet, there are

three other items, all documented in elvish: vacuum-breathing potions, potions of cold immunity, and two oak-shafted harpoons, tipped with explosive thermifish glands.

Stuffed into the pocket of the suit is a bolt of perfumed elf-damask. Other than being an extremely expensive piece of fabric, if worn across the face the damask can be used to totally mute a person, and conceals breath in cold environments.

Fully exploring the room will reveal the following notes:

Elf experimental notes	Elf casual notes	A telegraph device
<p>On the writing desk</p> <p>A formal document written by 'Aredhel dun Ishta', detailing the issue of coordinate specificity, and the difficulty of precisely delivering a <i>Distal Sojourn</i> to a specific point. A brief explanation of the use of energies from both the Lightning and Leyline Accumulators to generate enough power to send an object over several billion miles.</p> <p>Mathematics that show the amount of energy required to Sojourn an object for a specific distance and specific time. Notes that objects that are Sojourned always return, though the author hypothesises that keeping an object permanently in a Sojourned position requires using some kind of reaction mass to extend the longevity of the Sojourn.</p>	<p>Folded and stuffed into an easy-to-miss crevice</p> <p>Claims that the new suit is built totally out of organic materials, thus hopefully fixing the organic tissue exclusivity problem. Bemoans the lack of bravery in Halfling experimental curiosity, shows obvious excitement about sending a Distal Sojourn to the Wormsea/Oort Cloud.</p> <p>Complains about Doctor Ein Amonleath and her disgusting prion experiments- mentions her biological side experiments are always a bit distasteful. Notes slyly that touching the prion key or prion lock with organic tissue, self-included, will end in total tissue corruption and eventual death.</p> <p>Also, at the bottom, a note stating: "<i>For the last time, Yln, the password is what they call the 'Oort Cloud'.</i>"</p>	<p>Adjacent to the Lightning Accumulator</p> <p>A currently deactivated telegraph transmitter that can only be turned on by activating the Lightning Accumulator. Connects to the University of Yavanna's Grace, which is several weeks away by foot. A huge non-elven bloodstain coats the walls nearby.</p> <p>The telegraph will immediately generate a large amount of Noise, if activated. Any characters who are fluent will immediately understand that whoever on the other side is, they're asking frantic questions about what happened.</p>

Cannonheart Interaction: Olivia can operate and decipher telegraph messages. She will always find the Elf casual notes.

Cannonheart Interaction: Aroon will point out that if there's no natural light in the house, perhaps there is a use for the mirrors.

## M. Elf Bedroom I

Hiding Spots: 2 (But one is inside of a grand piano. Very Noisy to get in and out of.)

A high-ceiling, incredibly gorgeous bedroom with virtually no furnishings. The central mat, where an elf would normally meditate, contains a single Malice-clad moth egg the size of a man's chest [Hook 6]. The egg explodes into fibreglass chunks if handled roughly, which will cause grotesque, hacking coughs.

There is a large painting of a forest on the wall, behind which is an unlocked safe containing a small fortune in gold pieces. It will not budge unless the word *wormsea* is spoken, in Elvish.

A grand piano takes up one corner of the room. Tucked into the music rest is a bitchy, unprofessional note complaining about the halfling astronomer Tycho Wildal, and how his usage of the energy in the Lightning Accumulator disrupted the last Distal Sojourn experiment.

There is a well-concealed bottle of halfling gin hidden beside the piano.

## N. Elf Bedroom II

Hiding Spots: Enough for the entire party

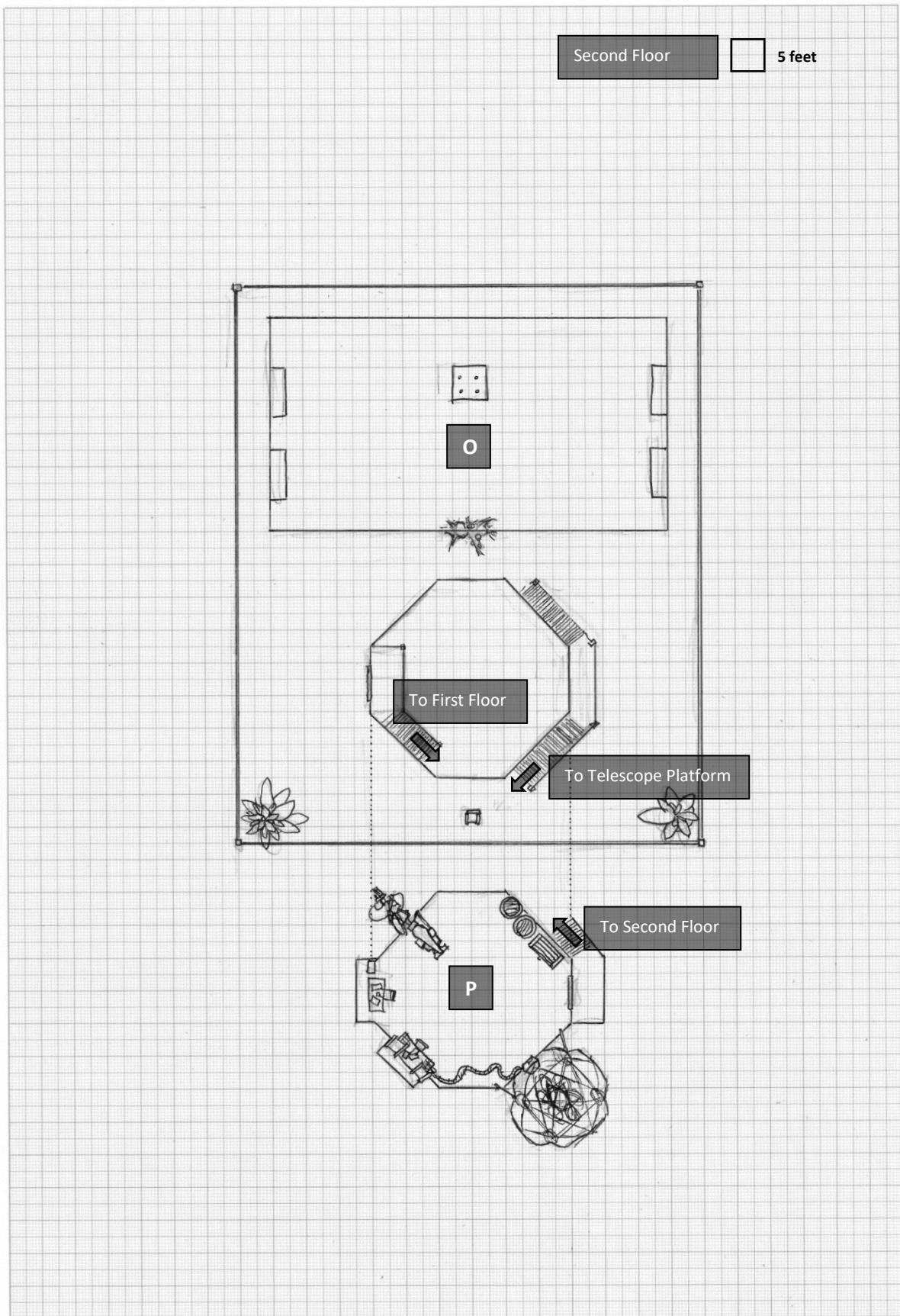
Bitterly cold, excruciatingly gory. The second bedroom is identical in design to the first, but is currently being used by the Ixoloth to contain organic matter to keep it as reaction mass. No moths can survive in here.

In the centre of the room is a tiny, howling wormhole-throat, brought by the Ixoloth when it was drawn to the House. It maintains the room at a temperature just barely below freezing, and possesses enough inherent anti-gravity to shove away any direct attempts at touching it. Chained to the wall is the minotaur Hesiod, the former security detail for the *All Her Anger*, his huge legs precisely amputated and lying on the other side of the room.

The room also contains two halfling corpses, a gnomish captain's corpse (with a key to the **Wreck of the All Her Anger [B]**), enough healing potions for the entire party, and any Cannonhearts that the Ixoloth has killed.

Hesiod is in a very bad state, and has been kept alive by the Ixoloth by the nearby supply of healing potions. He is part of an experiment by the Ixoloth if it is easier to use living vs simply organic tissue as part of its teleportation experiments.

The room also contains the medicine from *All Her Anger* [Hooks 3 and 7], a necklace of fire-resistance, and a large chunky key that looks like it fits the airlock in the **Elevator [J]**. There's a hastily scrawled note in Common, dated three months ago, which frantically reports that something happened in the Boomerang Room during the experiment, and that there's so much screaming. It also details a plan to report this to the University of Yavanna's Grace, via the telegraph, and is signed by 'Will Cordal'.



## O. Elf Bedroom III

Hiding Spots: Enough for the entire party, once they are inside.

The only enclosed room on the top floor of the House, enclosed on all sides by a private veranda. Its door has been infested by a man-sized Prion Lock of fleshy tissue- it pulses and writhes, very gently, as if it is breathing. Any moths which land on the lock will become paralysed and eventually consumed. Touching it is *very obviously* a bad idea, for anyone with even a tiny amount of experience.

The Prion Lock/Key is part of Doctor Amonleath's secondary biological experimentations. Any academically-inclined person will be able to identify that the Prion systems have something to do with a combination of necromancy and biological magics.

It will almost certainly be raining when the players make their way to this part of the house. Lightning will occasionally strike the enormous rod on the roof of the bedroom. This will blind and deafen anyone who hasn't taken suitable precautions.

Doctor Ein Amonleath, the sole survivor of the House, is meditating inside the bedroom [Hook 9]. She will awaken when the Prion Lock is opened by the Prion Key, or when the room is breached in any way. If she sees the Ixoloth, she will use either her silver spear or her single-use plasma whip to try to kill it (this will not work).

She's in a bad state, but will talk at length with her rescuers. If she grows to trust the party, she will give them her plasma whip. Her objective are to stop the Ixoloth, either by killing it or returning to back to the Wormsea.

The only remaining loot in the room is the rare biological material that Doctor Amonleath purchased from Gallowglass & Grimm, at great expense.

Cannonheart Interaction: Any Cannonheart will recognise the Prion Lock when she sees it, and will warn everyone not to touch it.

## P. Telescope Platform

Hiding Spots: 1 (inside of a crate filled with expensive and Noise-generating astronomical gear).

The telescope is a specialised piece of equipment that draws power directly from the Lightning Accumulator in **Experiment Room II [I]**. It's not an optical telescope, so you can't look through it unless you know how to detect particle showers from gamma rays using Cherenkov radiation. The entire room has no roof, but is shielded magically from rain and condensation.

If the party spends too long on the roof, they will be attacked by the Timerotter Hive- a collection of moth grubs that have infested and taken over the body of a giant owl.

**Combat:** The Timerotter Hive is not smart, though the owl body will have an almost supernatural resilience due to the effect of the Hive. It feeds directly off of the fabric of reality, and has the nasty ability to devour and redirect most spells and magic.

The telescope platform is quite small, and investigating it will reveal the following clues:

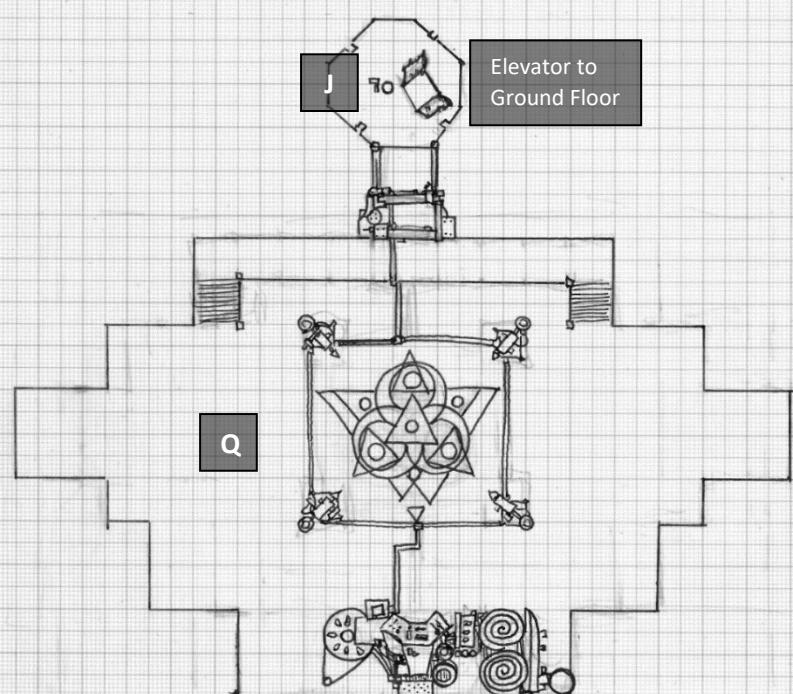
<b>Halfling notes</b>	<b>Notes on the sun</b>	<b>Calculations for latest experiment</b>
On the desk	On the desk	Being used as a bookmark
A note written by Tycho Wildal, complaining that the elves are progressing too far with the experiments and that they yelled at him when he used the power stored in the Lightning Accumulator to try to investigate a 'strange twitch' in the Oort Cloud. Says that using the Lightning Accumulator during their Boomerang experiments interferes with the results.	A marginal note, again by Tycho Wildal, claiming that there's been some strange and very active solar activity as of late. He's interested in investigating it further, because he thinks the sun is emitting energies in a pattern. [Hook 4]	The full coordinates of where the next mission will be sent to - a long string of numbers describing concepts such as distance, 'right ascension', and 'declination'. Matches the coordinates on the manifest in <b>the Elevator [J]</b> .

The telescope itself is fragile and excruciatingly valuable, though it weighs several tonnes. Strewn about the place are a bounty of expensive astronomical tools and the dried brain tissue of a monstrous troll, sometimes used as a studying tool if snorted.

Cannonheart Interaction: Vadim will be excited about the notes on the sun, and will say that he too noticed the activity change.

Basement

5 feet



## Q. Teleportation Room

Hiding Spots: 0

A large, irregularly shaped chamber, soundproofed and protected with interlocking fishscale-weave of a potent antimagical alloy. Everything in the room is impervious to both fire and hard vacuum. Its centre is dominated by a precisely carved glyph, covered with a handful of limp bodies and flanked by four large halfling devices. The devices are connected via armoured cables, which snake through the doorway to the **Lightning Accumulator [I]**. The entire array is also connected to an enormous device on the far side of the room, which looks fairly similar to the Lightning Accumulator.

The device is actually three machines- a control panel for the teleportation ritual, a weather controller, and a leyline accumulator.

Unlike the rest of the rooms in the House, there is only one way in or out of the Teleportation Room. The Ixoloth has one key to this room, and the other is in **Elf Bedroom II [N]**. If locked out, it will simply cut a hole in the airlock door.

The control panel is baroque, complex, and effectively impossible to use unless the party can study most of the notes strewn about the for several hours. The weather controller has been set to generate maximal storm activity, and the leyline accumulator is fully charged with magical energies.

A portion of the control panel has been covered with a grotesque, cancerous mass of hostile proteins via a prion key. Touching it bare-handed will result in death, unless the limb is amputated. The prion key unlocks the **Elf Bedroom III [O]**. The portion of the control panel being covered by the key is the part that would allow someone to *bring* something, unbidden, through the teleporter.

It is likely that the Ixoloth will be here, because it is concerned with completing the teleportation ritual and preventing its return to the Entropy Chorus. It will alternate between softly touching parts of the control panel and coiling over the bodies it has placed within the glyph. If Hooks 1 or 2 are being used, the comatose bodies of the appropriate relative will be placed at the centre of the geometry. Otherwise, a pair of dead halflings will be placed in the middle of the room, along with Hesiod's legs.

Cannonheart Interaction: Vadim will be able to figure out this machinery in half the time that a player needs.

## THE ROVING HOUSE: VICTORY

Any attempts to directly kill the Ixoloth will inevitably fail. It will not die to sunlight, it has an infinite number of hit points, and although it avoids the prion material, it will not be killed by it. Getting rid of the Ixoloth permanently can only occur if the party disrupts the teleportation ritual. If the Ixoloth is unable to send biological materials *back* to the Entropy Chorus, it will be banished. The Ixoloth will begin its ritual when it is most dramatic to the plot.

The ritual is fickle, and can be disrupted in several ways. Energy surges from either the Lightning Accumulator or the Leyline Accumulator might break the ritual. Removing organic reaction mass from within the geometry will cause the ritual to fail. Flooding the house when the airlock is open might disable the ritual, if timed correctly.

If the party is able to stop the Ixoloth from completing the ritual, then the spacesuit-clad body of the astronaut YIn dun Gloriel will return, followed by the corpses of the halfling scientists, several bears, chickens, rats, raccoons, and all of the meat from the kitchen. YIn is *very* dead, though he is still wearing a strangemetal circlet which allows the wearer to teleport very short distances, once per day.

If the party are unable to stop the Ixoloth before it finishes its ritual, the monster will be able to focus its entire attention on them, and will eventually begin abducting people from Brethoun and the wider area. If it can continue this cycle for seven or eight billion years, it will be the first Ixoloth to start eating the sun.