

# ISLE DU'MET

## SET UP

A new request has been nailed to the board, written on fresh parchment but very dirty with dry soil. The handwriting is scratchy with quick and meaningful strokes but it's easy to make out what it says.



"I'm sorry. Nairarlil is standing in the room. We are afraid. We can't do it. High reward for what you're seeking." The location, Isle Du'Met, is written in a different handwriting; it almost looks typed. There is no name signed.

At a port at a nearby town, a ferryman stands waiting next to a tied up boat. The ferryman is a bald man, tall with kind eyes, and a thin mustache that curves down into a goatee. He's short spoken but not unkind and very nervous. He's been expecting someone to take the request and is under duty bound by the Author to aid whoever wants to go to the Isle. He also seems to have a soft spot for

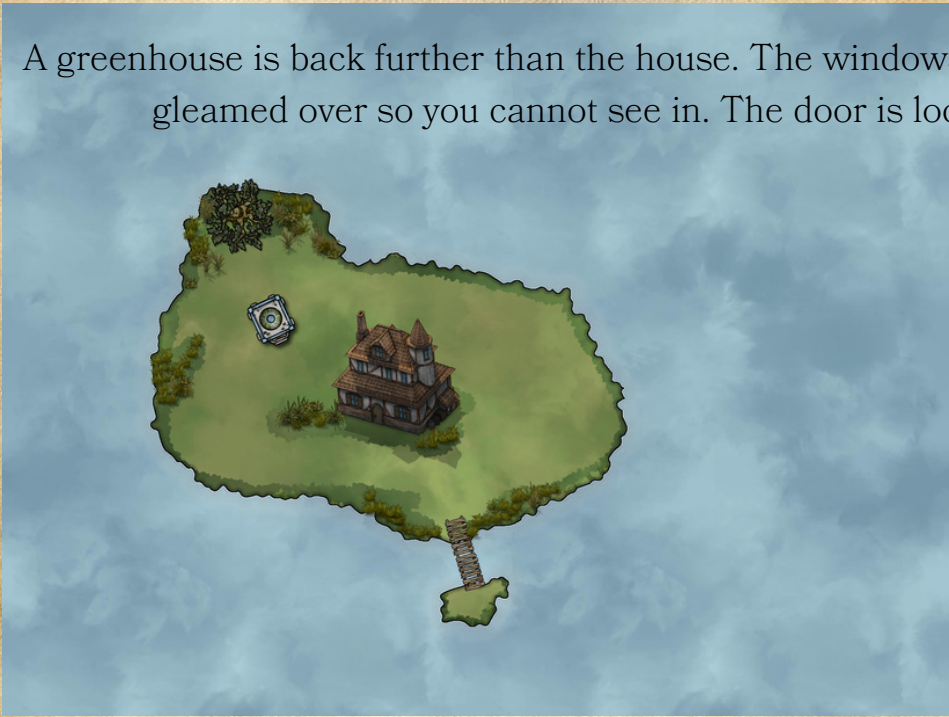
Leaving port and heading towards the Isle brings you into a deep cover of fog. A fog that only lasts for a few miles before revealing Isle Du'Met.



## THE CASTLE

The ferry leaves you at a small clump of land with only a small bridge to the main land. The Isle is sparse of greenery: no shrubs, little grass, and nor a tree in direct sight.

A greenhouse is back further than the house. The windows are gleamed over so you cannot see in. The door is locked.



The house is at the top of the hill. Empty looking and dark and dreary with the fog, though not as heavy as during arrival.

Two stories made of dark red brick. At different angles are half octagon indentions, creating many bay windows around the whole building. What windows don't have curtains blocking any view inside, little light can be used to tell what's awaiting.

The entrance is a double door of dark oak. A welcome mat that's seen better days is placed away from the door and a brass knocker is anchored onto both doors. Knocking will result in no answer, but the door is unlocked.



# FIRST FLOOR

## MAIN ROOM

It's a large area with spiral stairs to the right and a large staircase to the left. Elaborately detailed red wallpaper covers the room and a grandfather clock with a shattered face is up against the larger staircase. Various paintings and photos hang on the walls, but the paintings don't appear to be of anything and the photos are mostly too grainy to be seen properly. There's two doors to the right, as well as an archway into a circular room. Another door by the grand stairs has been thrown open and abandoned.



Beside the left door, what looks like the remains of a demolition are still left lying dirtying the carpet. Wall debris and pieces of destroyed furniture are strewn around in no particular order, much less like they're going to be carted away. Peeling paint creates the outline of a room in the corner, a perfect square with little left. Everything else in the main room is intact, it is only whatever the room had once been that has been smashed.



## SITTING ROOM

A small sitting area filled with mostly empty bookcases and a piano. The books left are on various subjects, but they all are stood straight up, as if still surrounded by books packed into the shelves. The piano has sheet music that when played correctly will trigger open the keyboard. Laying inside amongst the key bed is a folded up paper.

*The man who calls himself Arthur finally arrived today. Me and my husband have been waiting for what seems like days now. Days of only speaking to each other, communicating with the staff through notes left around, only seeing blurs of them at the end of halls or as the doors to the kitchen close behind them after we arrive to a lonely dinner already prepared and set for us.*

*Not to say we're not grateful for the opportunity we've been given! It is just rather unorthodox the way Mr. Arthur is going about all this. Surely if he has the information he claims to have, he wou*

## DINING ROOM

It's a manageable size, but decorated like a ballroom. Tall, thin windows with blue curtains drawn and a red plush rug rolled down the center of the room over the dark wooden floor. A phonograph is set up by the door to the kitchen, silent.

In the middle of the room, underneath a blinking chandelier, a tea party is set up.





A long table covered in blue checkered cloth and 8 seats, 7 free. A fancy tea set is placed in front of the head chair, dainty platters and finely made tea cups are at each place setting. High back chairs with pink stained plush seats. The head chair is occupied by a porcelain doll. It's been scrubbed clean and dressed in freshly pressed clothes: a blue dress with a white apron and little black shoes. White stockings and curly blonde hair.

When sat in a chair, iron bands clamp over the appendages and midsections. The doll is a mimic and if they leave the room and return at any point, the doll is gone unless they took it with them. If only one person or two sat down, then they can be easily freed by either someone else drinking the tea or eating a cake from the table. If three or four did, then the 5th must sit down, but won't be trapped. Any brute force attempts can free them after 3 tries, but the person trapped takes damage as well. If the whole party is locked in chairs, the phonograph will start to play what sounds like electro swing music. A voice from the doll says "Please, enjoy the tea party. We've been so long without visitors." Everyone does a wisdom throw with a D8.

*1-2 You ignore all the delicious looking pastries in favor of a decorated serving bowl. Filled with chocolate covered strawberries. You take one and bite into it and with the tart taste of a familiar strawberry, there is also a deafening crunch. You feel something drip down to your cheek and any other players would see a dark liquid with something chunky inside.*





*2 - 3 You tune into the music, listening intently to the light scratching of the needle. Your mind zones out to the atmosphere around you until the only thing you comprehend is the music. And you start to notice, intertwined in the tapping melody, is a woman's voice. Gentle and soft and calling your name. The music grows louder as the voice turns more frantic. Frantic and very fearful. Another yell of your name is cut off by her screams.*

*4 - 5 You take your pick of the pastries while keeping one eye on the doll. It's a pleasant taste but with a hint of almost salty grounds. There are balls of flavor baked into the cake almost like Boba gushers. They have no flavor at all, in fact it's like they suck the taste of everything out of your mouth and you want to spit it out. If the player does, the clamps tighten.*

*6 - 7. You keep your attention on the doll. There's a sense of recognition and you realize the doll was in one of the paintings by the front door. The doll was being held by a child with a smoothed over face; no eyes, nose, or mouth. Yet you can feel the sense that you were being watched by the child.*

*8. Take a sip from one of the teacups. What you hope is the tea tastes bitter.*

If they all cooperate, the doll will voice "Thank you for attending. I hope whatever you find and take with you will be worth what you leave behind." A heavy weight falls on your shoulders, like a weighted blanket of selkie skin, before it dissipates and the clamps holding you hostage unlatch, setting you free.



## KITCHEN

A typical kitchen layout for a home of this size. Two stoves along with a brick oven take up a whole wall along with stone counters. A large island in the center with abandoned cutting boards and clean mixing bowls. A three basin sink is next to multiple rows of utensils hanging on the wall. Underneath is a drawer pulled out, filled with forks, knives, spoons, all of various sizes and organized accordingly. Two other open doors are touching sides: the pantry and another leading back into the main room. In between is a large standing hutch: double glass windows so dusty you almost can't see the polished fine dishes inside.

## PANTRY

The shelves, completely wrapping around the room and spanning the whole walls, are completely sparse. Not even crumbs or empty bags have been left behind. It must've held months worth of rations at full capacity. Fit for a seemingly remote isle. The only light source in the room is a dangling pull light that merely clicks and does nothing when pulled.

If any investigation is done further, they will not recall seeing any sort of farm or garden or even livestock when they arrived.

## SUNROOM

Circular sunroom tens of degrees colder than the rest of the building and outside. The ceiling is arched into a cone to create a tower head and the flooring is polished marble. Their steps echo throughout the room and their breaths are louder than whispers.



***Puzzle - Four statues placed facing each other, about 15 feet apart.***

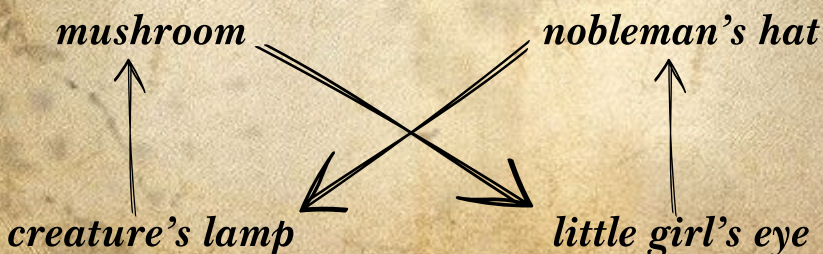
✧ A small girl with her head tilted, resting her cheek against her folded hands with one eye closed and one silver eye open.

✧ A man standing upright, straight back, dressed in many layers of noble clothes; hands clasped behind his back and eyes in a stern gaze at the opposing statue. He's wearing a war general's hat with a brass buckle.

✧ A large creature cloaked in a grass pelt, various bumps over its back in the shape of a mountain range and its face unseen; an iron lantern with one small light hanging from one fist.

✧ A three capped mushroom stem. Each cap has an open book on top. The front book is the only one with etches: a single line carved into the left side and in the center spine is a small indentation. The carving is filled with a melted metal, giving the illusion that it was written in silver ink. It reads: "A lifted light will guide your eye and surely steer you towards a higher side. May he send you across the barren lands and give you the key to a maiden's plan."

The objects in the statues need to be adjusted to reflect from one to another in a specific order, starting with taking the light from the lantern and placing it in the mushroom book.





When the correct order of light is done, the light bounces from the lamp back to the book. The light beams are in the shape of an hourglass and as soon as it's complete, it shines a bit brighter and from the air above the center drops the greenhouse key and a piece of paper. The key is old fashioned, but still shiny and looks new with a gleam of gold. When the key appears, the light in the book spins on its own, no longer hitting off the statues.

This is insanity! This so-called 'Arthur' must think of us as fools! I would be a lying man fit for the stocks if I said to believe there were even another soul on this damn isle! My children grow fearful of every passing day, but at least I can feel safe with them scarce in my line of sight.

I have the right mind to walk right up to him and give him a piece of my mind. A con artist, a practitioner of magic, or just a run of the mill deceiver. I cannot think of myself as a family man or a researcher if I do not conduct my own thorough investigation.

## SECOND FLOOR







1 ✨ An old bedroom that is overgrown with swamp-like vegetation. The double bed has folded back bedding and indentations on either side on top, as if people have slept in it in the same positions every night for years. Moss grows over the headboard from the walls. Vines sweep from corner to corner, blocking the bright pale overhead lights and bathing the room dim. A singular photograph depicting a family eating a dinner of bouquets on the dresser.

Grates at supposedly random intervals around the room on the walls. The grates seem loose and are 2 x 2 feet circles made of metal. Every round of turns, water flows from the grates and two feet of water fill up.

There are blue flowers growing in the corners, red flowers from the mattress, orange from the dresser drawers, and yellow from moss on the walls.

Eating all flower colors at once causes a hallucination of sorts: all the colors in the room dull except for the flowers. One of the grates higher up on the wall now has a brightly orange colored combination lock that wasn't previously visible.

The combination lock has had the numbers filed off and replaced with grooves depicting circles at different intervals.

*Solution: set it in order according to the flowers on the dresser. Once the lock is opened, inside the grate is a lever that will drain all the water.*



**2** ✨ A laboratory of sorts. Freshly put out candles litter the place, on the stone tables and the floor atop of a black rug. Vials filled with various different colored liquids are set in a container next to a wooden box with an iron padlock. The box is small, with circular carvings on the top with a human at different stages of life drawn around them. On the table farthest against the wall has a still lit candle surrounded by pieces of broken chalk. Once they step onto the rug, if someone steps off it, they are dropped through the trap door the rug is attached to.

**3** ✨ The room is stark white with a glass wall down the middle. And a few light fixtures that resemble torches on the wall with holes in the handles. The other wall has two windows that let the others on the other side see in. Once two party members step inside, the entrances are sealed and flammable oil begins to be poured from the light fixtures.

Cracking the glass ignites the oil and a small fire will start in whichever room it was broken. Taking the light fixtures off the wall, they can see a jagged piece of metal sticking out from the wires. One from each room will have a key shaped piece of metal and that will open the doors out.

**Four** ✨ Religion check roll for whole party.

The one with the lowest feels...off. A shadow, a silhouette appears in the corner of one of their eye to lead them to room 5. The one with the highest will see a bright light coming from the opposite side towards room 6.



**5** ✨ A sitting room with two doors and two chairs off to the right. They're heavy armchairs made with soft material and covered in a thin layer of dust. A small, short, round table is in between them with a blank sheet of paper on it.

**6** ✨ One painting of a hillside at dusk. A dwarf is stuffing a corpse of a halfling with hay. A scarecrow lays next to it, face down and one hand limp as if reaching for the halfling.

**7** ✨ A seemingly empty room with only a painting directly in front of the door and another one upside down on the floor. The painting on the wall is a forest filled with treehouses. It's twilight in the sky and the lower parts of the trees are on fire. The figures in the treehouses are leaning out of windows, reaching for their deaths in the flickers of flames. When the painting on the floor is lifted, all that can be seen before the entire floor of the room drops is a minotaur skull.

**8** ✨ All the candles have recently been blown out. The full moon is in clear view of the drapeless large bay window. The moonlight casts enough of a bluish hue glow to reveal that the wooden floor of the room is littered with scarecrows. Some are leaning up against the wall, a few or more are bound up by ropes to keep standing. More have been flung around the room and of those, a select few have been return open. Their stitches have been ripped and their straw insides are on display.

The key to the next room is hidden in one of the scarecrows. Searching one prompts an investigation check. The higher the number, the more disturbing what they feel inside but all they will see is straw. One will have the key to room 9.



# SCARECROW

Medium construct, chaotic evil

Armor Class 11

Hit Points 36 (8d8)

Speed 30 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
11 (+0)	13 (+1)	11 (+0)	10 (+0)	10 (+0)	13 (+1)

**Damage Vulnerabilities** fire

**Damage Resistances** bludgeoning, piercing, and slashing from nonmagical weapons

**Damage Immunities** poison

**Condition Immunities** charmed, exhaustion, frightened, paralyzed, poisoned, unconscious

**Senses** darkvision 60 ft., passive Perception 10

**Languages** understands the languages of its creator but can't speak

**Challenge** 1 (200 XP)

**False Appearance.** While the scarecrow remains motionless, it is indistinguishable from an ordinary, inanimate scarecrow.

## ACTIONS

**Multiattack.** The scarecrow makes two claw attacks.


**Claw. Melee Weapon Attack:** +3 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. **Hit:** 6 (2d4 + 1) slashing damage. If the target is a creature, it must succeed on a DC 11 Wisdom saving throw or be frightened until the end of the scarecrow's next turn.

**Terrifying Glare.** The scarecrow targets one creature it can see within 30 feet of it. If the target can see the scarecrow, the target must succeed on a DC 11 Wisdom saving throw or be magically frightened until the end of the scarecrow's next turn. The frightened target is paralyzed.





## 9 Treasure Room


10  3 rectangular rooms with a large gap to easily pace between all three. Standing in the back area of each room is a small statue of a mermaid, sitting with her tail underneath her and holding a small bowl. Hanging on a hook by the door is a ladle with a note tied to it saying "What sacrifice will you give for life or what measure of length to obtain the treasure?"


If they pour water into all the bowls, the middle mermaid's mouth will fall open and a piece of paper is folded up inside. The paper has a map of the mansion drawn on it, with red X's marking different rooms.

The X's correlate to which rooms have trapdoors.

If they pour blood into one of the bowls, the secret door to the right will start to slide open. If the same person tries to pour blood into another, it will slide closed. Every bowl must have a different person's blood in it.

## 11 Treasure Room

12  A wide open room with torn curtains, a crashed and shattered chandelier in the middle, and a destroyed desk.





**13** ✨ A bathroom that clearly has not been used in a while. A thin layer of grime covers the tiled floor. The clawfoot tub was maybe originally white, but is now stained red inside. The outer ridges have also been stained green from degrading grass and algae. A double sink has had the cabinet underneath ransacked. Cleaning supplies and rags are strewn across the floor, a couple glass bottles shattered in the process. None of the bottles or jugs are labeled and the brushes' bristles are hardened and crackling. The long lengthwise mirror above the sinks is dusty and cracked along all the edges and right down the middle. Hairline cracks generate from the middle and create a web of age, making even getting a glimpse of your reflection impossible.

There is one other mirror. Across the tub, it has been untouched. From that spot, you can see the entire room including the door. If tested, the players can see it's a two-way mirror.

**Fourteen** ✨ A strangely placed bedroom. A bunk bed is shoved to one side with the comforters thrown off and the sheets soaked. A simple 5 drawer dresser is opposite with all the drawers pulled out part way. There are still clothes inside, a collection of children's pants and short sleeved shirts, jackets and socks. The only other sign there once was someone who lived in that room is the rocking chair in the corner. It's well worn out and the wicker woven seat has started to rip apart. Draped over the back, is a dress. It's small and cloaked in a dwarven style of outer layering. A dwarf would feel a sense of both familiarity and deep unsettling. Like their heart is clenching in on itself and about to start hyperventilating. The feeling will persist until they either leave the room or take the garment.



**15** DMO A trophy room of animals heads mounted to all walls except where the windows have been shattered. Glass shards litter the carpet by the circular desk shoved to one corner. As you step inside, a banshee swarms in.



## BANSHEE

*Medium Undead, Chaotic Evil*

**Armor Class** 12

**Hit Points** 58 (13d8)

**Speed** 0 ft., fly 40 ft. (hover)

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
1 (-5)	14 (+2)	10 (+0)	12 (+1)	11 (+0)	17 (+3)

**Saving Throws** WIS +2, CHA +5

**Damage Resistances** Acid, Fire, Lightning, Thunder; Bludgeoning, Piercing, and Slashing from Nonmagical Attacks

**Damage Immunities** Cold, Necrotic, Poison

**Condition Immunities** Charmed, Exhaustion, Frightened, Grappled, Paralyzed, Petrified, Poisoned, Prone, Restrained

**Senses** Darkvision 60 ft., Passive Perception 10

**Languages** Common, Elvish

**Challenge** 4 (1,100 XP)

**Proficiency Bonus** +2

**Detect Life.** The banshee can magically sense the presence of creatures up to 5 miles away that aren't

undead or constructs. She knows the general direction they're in but not their exact locations.

**Incorporeal Movement.** The banshee can move through other creatures and objects as if they were difficult terrain. She takes 5 (1d10) force damage if she ends her turn inside an object.

### Actions

**Corrupting Touch.** *Melee Spell Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* 12 (3d6 + 2) necrotic damage.

**Horrifying Visage.** Each non-undead creature within 60 feet of the banshee that can see her must succeed on a DC 13 Wisdom saving throw or be frightened for 1 minute. A frightened target can repeat the saving throw at the end of each of its turns, with disadvantage if the banshee is within line of sight, ending the effect on itself on a success. If a target's saving throw is successful or the effect ends for it, the target is immune to the banshee's Horrifying Visage for the next 24 hours.

**Wail (1/Day).** The banshee releases a mournful wail, provided that she isn't in sunlight. This wail has no effect on constructs and undead. All other creatures within 30 feet of her that can hear her must make a DC 13 Constitution saving throw. On a failure, a creature drops to 0 hit points. On a success, a creature takes 10 (3d6) psychic damage.

**16** DMO Two double beds on either side of the room have been freshly made with plumped up pillows. A singular side table in between them with a stoneware carafe and two small glasses. Multiple objects hang from the ceiling by strengthened twine. The objects vary in relation: fake coins, bolts and screws, bundles of straw, empty flasks, knives blades down, and balled up pieces of fabric. The ceiling is made of tiles.

Players must pour water into the glass cups and soak certain hanging objects to lower tiles in the ceiling. The fabric, straw, and filling the flasks. The tiles will lower sideways until a paper finally falls out.



That man that everyone called Arthur came about my room once again last night. That's thrice in a row; more than I've seen him since I arrived just a fortnight ago. Under normal circumstances, I would be fritted to assume he had the intention to court me. If you had asked me when I arrived, I would be delighted at the thought. But now... I am unsure of my position here.

The job posting was sudden, as was my acceptance I will admit. And a bit... vague? I am not sure how to describe it. I expected to be put to work immediately when I was dropped off given the urgency the posting exclaimed.

But I just can not help wondering. Why does he need a school teacher when there are no children?

## BASEMENT

All trapdoors throughout the castle open to a tunnel chute system leading to the basement. An open concrete hallway and at the end is two ways they can go.

One will lead to a narrow room where the ground is littered with holes of busted out bricks. The bricks are jagged and not even big enough for a mouse to fit through. As soon as they step foot inside, the door slams closed and web like thread shoots from the holes and attach to different points around the room, creating a webbed entrapment all around them. Any further movement from the players and they will hear the sound of a spark. Another movement and a fire will start.



The other path will lead to a hallway with ceilings 15 ft high and a door at the end. The door will not open. If picked, it will open to a cement wall. A wall will slide out and close them in the corridor. Nothing will happen until someone attempts to use magic and the walls will start to close in. Any bit of magic will cause the walls to move in more. The higher of level the spell, the further it moves at once.

Magic is needed to escape. One spell, zone of truth, activates their armor being pulled to the ceiling. The walls will move all the way in and just when they're about to reach the players, the ceiling moves up and closes beneath them. Leaving them in a barely lit hallway that leads to a grate to the outside, between the home and the greenhouse.

## **GROUND**

### **GREENHOUSE**

A fairly large building. Made of mostly one way glass, you can see out but not in. The key obtained from the sunroom will easily unlock it, otherwise breaking in will be needed and will attract the immediate attention of the animated statues inside.

There's a paved walkway through various plantlife. Statues are placed strategically in the greenery. Investigation reveals evidence in the soil where wood elves are being used as fertilizer. They're animated statues and when the plants are messed with, they pose to attack.



## ANIMATED ARMOR

Medium construct, unaligned

**Armor Class** 18 (Natural Armor)

**Hit Points** 33 (6d8+6)

**Speed** 25 ft.

STR	DEX	CON	INT	WIS	CHA
14 (+2)	11 (+0)	13 (+1)	1 (-5)	3 (-4)	1 (-5)

**Damage Immunities** Poison, Psychic

**Condition Immunities** Blinded, Charmed, Deafened, Exhaustion, Frightened, Paralyzed, Petrified, Poisoned

**Senses** Blindsight 60 Ft. (Blind Beyond This Radius), passive Perception 6

**Challenge** 1 (200 XP)

**Antimagic Susceptibility.** The armor is incapacitated while in the area of an antimagic field. If targeted by dispel magic, the armor must succeed on a Constitution saving throw against the caster's spell save DC or fall unconscious for 1 minute.

**False Appearance.** While the armor remains motionless, it is indistinguishable from a normal suit of armor.

### ACTIONS

**Multiattack.** The armor makes two melee attacks.

**Slam.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft., one target. *Hit:* (1d6 + 2) bludgeoning damage.

## TREE

Someone was buried in a shallow grave under a rotting tree and has become entangled in the tree's root system. The corpse is a mangled mess of bones and flesh. You can't tell what were limbs and what's now branches. He's holding a large leather book with a closed eye embezzled on the cover.

When it's broken free, the eye opens and only blinks. The pages inside are completely blank, old white parchment pieces that are yellowed at the edges. But not a single word or drop of ink is found anywhere between the covers, except on the inside of the back. Printed is 'Previously Owned by:' and written in various different handwriting in list form below it is: 'Winifred, Diulton, Sorenne II, Alice, the Curator, Salem'. Also printed is 'Currently Owned by:' but this part is blank. A folded up paper sits inside the folds, not an original part of the tomb.



*To my poor apprentice,*

*I am truly sorry for misleading you as to my intentions. It was not my original goal. I wanted to lead you into a life of prosperity, of happiness and riches I have found for myself. But the road I am traveling is not what I imagined it to end like. My destination was false and my journey has been drenched in blood and bogged with death.*

*The pathway I have led you down has no escape. Please believe me when I say that if I had known what I know now, I never would have even approached you, much less agreed to take you under my wing.*

*I would tell you to discard the book as soon as you can. Burn it, toss it to the mother of the sea, by all means track down Author and return it. But you can not. Your name now rests among mine as well as the other owners. And there it will stay.*

*If I am to give you any further advice, my apprentice, let it be this: die with this burden. Perish under the groveling weight of the sins you must now carry. Breathe your last breath staring the eye down, knowing no other will meet its gaze.*

*I am truly, unbelievably, and heartbreakingly sorry for what I caused your life to become. The beloved girl before me shall dance with the fairies upon my grave as you live out your last days.*

*Forever indebted to your family and your soul,*