



Pickman's First Model

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Preface

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Intro

The common room of *The Sultry Siren* is unusually calm tonight. The usual boisterous crowds have no doubt decided to stay home rather than face the terrible storm lashing this seaside town. Only a few hardy souls, whose thirst for strong drink has overcome the deluge from above, and the few patrons of the inn are within.

The door suddenly opens, bringing with it a terrible chill wind causing the lanterns to sputter. The flash of lightning outlines the figure of a man wrapped in layers of cloaks. The inn's proprietor quickly rushes over and, between him and this new guest they manage to push the door closed. The sudden stillness is shocking.

The mysterious visitor removes his layers of cloaks and, after hanging them upon the nearby pegs, peers near-sightedly around the room. Spotting your group, he takes a step towards you but almost immediately pauses. With hands shaking from more than mere chill, he extracts a flask from within his tunic and gathers his courage. Somewhat refreshed, he walks over to your table.

"You are adventurers? I ... there is something. You have heard of Pickman? No, I should probably begin at the start. Ha! "

"My name is Thurber. Uh – Winston Thurber. I used to be a well respected merchant. I dealt in rare art – antiquities, sculpture, paintings. Paintings." He licks his lips nervously. "There was a man – Pickman. Richard Pickman. Richard Upton Pickman. I bought his paintings. He ... he was a genius. The talent! By the gods, never a man so talented. You could swear everything he painted was real. So real." He begins a nervous laughter, his eye twitching in an involuntarily tic.

"And ... it was. Real, I mean. The scenes he painted – they were not from some dark imagination. No, they were absolutely real. The most fiendish things. Horrible, terrible, and yet brilliant. Amazing. Awful."

"Pickman. Pickman is gone. I don't know where. The last I saw of him – well, I ran. There was something coming; for me or for him I know not. I don't travel at night. Except ... this is most urgent."

He pauses briefly.

“I am not a well man. My fortune has been spent going after Pickman's nightmares. The things, well, not conjured so much as ... always there. But here, in this town, is the first. Pickman Manor. It's just outside of town; the 'haunted' mansion. Everyone avoids it. Because it's where it started. Where it started.”

He reaches into his tunic and pulls his flask. It is a very fine flask, hard steel wrapped in soft leather. It bears the stamp of a stylized solar disk – the symbol of Belenus, god of sun, light, and warmth. He quickly drains the contents.

“Pickman's first model. It's in there. Somewhere. Probably trapped. It needs to be ... dealt with. Destroyed. Maybe it started him on his path, maybe he was already too far along the journey. But ... 'Bring the end to the beginning and you have come full circle.' Belenus told me this. Once.”

“I can't do it. Not anymore. I need your help.”

He places a gemstone on the table. “Star ruby. You could buy this inn. You could live like a king for months. Go to Pickman Manor. Find the monstrosity within and destroy it. Proof. Bring back proof.” He scoops the gem and places it back within a pouch. He tilts his flask one more time but, finding it empty, grabs one of your mugs and drains it. “Your health. Belenus save us all.”

- Thurber will remain if the party has any questions. He's pretty much given them all the information he has, but the DM can make up tales about tracking down terrible beasts
- Thurber will strongly suggest the party check the manor in the morning

Additional Details

- If the party searches for rumors, choose a random rumor from the following table (or pick one appropriate for the party's search). Each member of the party may receive a rumor
- The family crest of the Pickman family strongly represents necromancy – the crow, who crosses the border between the living and the dead, grasps the thread of life over the emptiness that is the eternity of unlife.



Rumors

- The Pickman family has a long history of necromancy. About a century ago, Prentice Abigail Pickman was burned in the town square for dark witchcraft. Her husband, Ansel - who strongly proclaimed his innocence - was simply banished. Twenty years later Garret Pickman, his son, reclaimed the estate. Everyone suspected the necromancy was still being practiced, but never openly enough for the sheriff to prosecute
- Everyone suspected Richard Pickman of being a dark wizard. There were unusual noises – loud creaking, inhuman moans - and weird lights at odd hours in the mansion. The body snatching crimes also seemed to stop when he left mysteriously, fleeing into the night
- The ancient coat of arms of the Pickman family is a red crow carrying a thread on a gray field. If you should see it, it's probably on something important. [*DC 5 History* – the coat means a quiet life of contemplation, a familiar one for wizards. *DC 15 History* – the player gets the necromancy description!]
- Several days after Richard Pickman had fled his estate, the sheriff gathered several strong men and entered the mansion to investigate the whereabouts of Pickman's servants. The butler, his wife, and their two sons were found dead on the ground floor. The team advanced to the attic, but were attacked by two abominations that slew three of the crew. The sheriff and his remaining pikeman managed to drive the creatures back into the attic and drop the bar on the door.
- Honor Pickman, the son of Garret Pickman and Richard Pickman's father, was once accused of stealing a reliquary of Arawn, God of Life and Death – a reliquary that bore the bones of a powerful cleric. An investigation of the mansion was inconclusive
- Wren Pickman, the sister of Richard Pickman, was the only sane member of the family – and she fled the household on her 13th birthday. Forsaking the Pickman name, she took up druidic studies. The night her brother fled, she was seen leaving the mansion, heavily wounded. It required mighty clerical magics to heal her, and she would not speak of her injuries. Once healed, though, she left in pursuit of her brother

The Mansion

The mansion is easy enough to find – the townsfolk make signs to ward off evil but, seeing you adventurers and not evildoers, they point and mumble prayers for your safe return. The path takes you to the outskirts of the town and along an abandoned dirt path. The trees crowd about you, dark, stifling, and ominous. The weather becomes worse with dark storm clouds growing overhead, but not breaking. The air, still and humid, clogs your lungs as you push through it.

You soon come to the estate – which has seen better days. The yards are overgrown thick with weeds and brambles. The windows stand like dark and empty eye sockets. Moss and lichen climb the walls. Crumbling chimneys top the edifice like skeletal fingers reaching upward from the grave.

An iron fence surrounds the property. A shockingly well maintained iron gate – with neither the smallest spot of rust nor other blemish upon it. A strange tingling sensation raises the hairs on your arms at your approach and small static discharges leap from the fence at you as you step closer. The gate is closed, with a simple dropped bar holding it closed.

- If a non-evil aligned creature touches any part of the fence or gate it receives 1 point of lightning damage and must make a CON save DC 13 or fall prone and incapacitated, twitching for 1d4 rounds (can repeat save at the end of each round and end the effect)
- The bar can be easily knocked out with any tool, branch, weapon, etc. with no risk to the user. The gate can be swung open or closed in the same manner

Ground Floor – Porch

Two sets of stairs to the side lead up to the ground floor and porch of this once grand mansion. You hack and push your way through the weeds and brambles currently chocking the stairs and find yourself on a wide porch. At one time this must have been a welcoming and comforting place with chairs and comfortable benches on which to sit, but now only the decaying shells of the benches remain, slightly sheltered as they are by the entranceway.

The large double doors in the center of the entryway shows signs long ago that they had been forced open. A cracked and broken wooden bar lies behind the door in the mansion's hall, with only the leftmost door still closed. The right door swings lazily, allowing you some slight vision of Nature's encroachment into the mansion.

A dirt smeared and tarnished brass plate stands near the doors bearing the name “Pickman” in a stylized gothic lettering. The bell pull has long since rotted away.

- Nothing can be heard from the entrance

Ground Floor – Hall

You push the doors of the Pickman mansion open and step inside to the large entrance hall. Through an opening on the far wall you can make out a dusty and ancient dining table, cobwebs stretching from the ceiling to the candelabras on the table.

Two closed doors are set in the walls to your left, which hold framed portraits of the Pickman family. The stern visages of the ancient patriarchs and matriarchs glare disapprovingly. To your right is a single door, partially open, and further along an enormous, but dust covered, mirror. A passageway at the far end leads off to the right, with a twisting staircase leading upwards.

- DC 15 *Perception* (WIS) check ...

A shadow, a movement of some kind, catches your eye in the dining room. You stare intently, but you are unsure. A rat? Or something worse?

Ground Floor – Drawing Room

You step into a large drawing room – clear evidence of the wealth of the Pickman family. The furniture is well made, but the smashed glass of the windows, rodents, and time have rotted away the cushions and rotted much of the wood. The faded and ruined luxury strikes you as the perfect metaphor for the Pickman family itself.

An old drinks cabinet stands against one wall. The crystal glasses still bear some of the gold filigree of the decorative beasts emblazoned upon them. But quite strange beasts – you recognize the vulture, coyote, and raccoon – and others not so quite recognizable.

A threadbare and rotting tapestry along the north wall bears the Pickman family crest. Through the rents and tears you can see that it once concealed some kind of small closet. The shelves of the closet hold books and bottles.

- An *Investigation* (INT) DC 20 check of the drinks cabinet will reveal a secret compartment cleverly accessed by pressing a knot in the wood. In the compartment are two wine bottles, a whiskey bottle, and an iron flask. The wine is an ancient elven vintage (30gp per bottle) and the whiskey bottle an exceptional gnomish blend (50gp). The iron flask contains a potion of *Sense the Undead* (see **Treasures**)
- An *Arcana* (INT) DC 10 check of the glasses will allow the character to recognize that all of the animals represented on the glasses are frequently associated with necromancy
- The books all appear to be treatises of various arcane topics and biographies. A *History* (INT) check DC 15 and the character will realize that all the biographies are about men and women accused, or who proudly admitted to, performing necromantic research
- The bottles in the closet are wines from various vineyards of the kingdom. Unfortunately, they had been opened and not well re-sealed, so the bottles are now basically vinegar

Ground Floor – Billiard Room

An unusual sight greets your eyes as you open the door to this room. Two billiard tables stand in the center of the room – the felt long eaten by rats, and the chandeliers hanging above abused by nature pouring in through the shattered windows. Billiard balls once held in fancy decorative holders are now scattered across the floor; cues once held in wall mounts fallen and warped by the elements.

The faded crest of the Pickman family is painted along one wall above a still mounted cue holder. And while all of the other pool cues have rotted and warped, one here still looks brand new; not a single blemish or smudge mars its surface.

- The pool cue is the legendary *Cue of Cardiff*. If taken by a player, jump to the **A Game of Pool**

Ground Floor – Dining Room

You step into a once opulent dining room, a large table taking up the center. Unlit candelabras are draped by cobwebs that string between the posts and up to the chandeliers. The plates are dirty and scratched, but not cobwebbed. The silverware is tarnished beyond repair, and as dirty and scratched as the plates, but are also free from cobwebs.

A clear, and strange, path has been worn in the threadbare carpet and floor.

- If the dining room is entered before the kitchen / pantry:

As you ponder this unusual scene the sound of dishes clinking together attract your attention from what is likely the pantry. Your attention drawn to the entryway, you see a skeleton walk through the door, an empty serving tray carried in one arm. It sees you and opens its mouth in a silent scream. Three other figures following behind turn towards you and join their comrade – before charging you for the attack!

Ground Floor – Pantry

You have stepped into some kind of pantry or larder. The foodstuffs are long gone to time and to vermin; the shelves bare and empty. Several empty basins sit along a table against the wall next to a dish drying rack. A stack of dishes, dirtied, chipped, and scratched, are either in the drying rack or stacked nearby.

- If the pantry is entered before the dining room

Several skeletons are carrying out orders that long ago fell bereft of meaning. One is placing plates in one of the empty basins, “washing” it by hand, then holding it in the next empty basin and moving it back and forth briefly. It then hands the dish to a skeleton standing nearby. As it turns to do it, its eye catches your party. With a silent scream, mouth open wide, it drops the plate and turns fully toward you. The three other skeletons turn towards you as well.

Ground Floor – Mud Room

You stand in the servant's entrance and mud room of the mansion. A large wooden tub sits against the wall near the exterior door. Above are shelves and a rod from which hangers hang. There are two moth-eaten robes hanging from pegs.

A nearby curving staircase leads to the second floor.

Ground Floor – Library

You step into a moderately sized library, one suitable for a wealthy merchant or minor noble. Large windows, now empty of glass, let the dim weak light into the space. The book, of those that remain, are water-logged from rain, chewed by rats and mice, and slowly decaying from time.

In the northeast corner of the room stands an unusual mirror. The reflective surface is free from any grime, mark, dust, or other blockage. Your reflection peers back at you as you investigate the room. At the top of the mirror is a small heraldic device bearing the mark of the Pickman family.

- An *Investigation* (INT) check DC 10 shows that the mirror operates a trapdoor mechanism that would lead to a sub-surface area. A *Sleight of Hand* (DEX) DC 15 will be necessary to operate the mechanism, and if another player monitors the levers the mover shall have advantage on the roll
- If the trapdoor is opened:

You hear various gears activating, turning, and groaning with decades of disuse. With a soft sigh, a section of the floor opens. A dank and foul odor comes forth from the dark hole revealed – a scent of decay, death, and blood.

Second Floor – Hall

The stairs wind through 2 short landings and bring you to a wide hallway. A steep stairway continues up to an attic door – an attic door that is barred from this side with a very heavy beam. A broken door, broken and trampled upon the floor, no longer guards the entry to the nursery, in which you can make out a crib and other items. An obvious linen closet door nearby is closed. You imagine the other doors lead to bedrooms.

Second Floor – Nursery

The walls of the nursery bear the signs of fantastical paintings – mythical beasts, angels and cherubs, and strange flora. The paintings were expertly done, and you feel regret that mold and time have left mere hints of what must have once been an amazing mural.

The crib and other nursery furniture are falling apart. A vine of some sort has crept in through one of the windows and has crept over walls, ceiling, and a rocking chair.

- A successful *Perception* (WIS) check DC 15 will mean the character hears some kind of shuffling footsteps from the attic above

Second Floor – Bedroom 1

You have stepped into the master bedroom of the mansion. A king sized poster bed, curtains rotting and torn, dominates the room. A small bed stand table has already collapsed. The chest of drawers appears to be reasonably intact, as does an armoire against the north wall. A narrow entryway is framed in decorative moulding also leads north.

- The chest of drawers will instantly collapse upon any examination. On a successful DC 10 *Perception* (WIS) check the player will hear a rapid shuffling of footsteps from the attic ... which then go completely quiet
- The armoire contains women's clothing – a century out of date and quite moth eaten
- The moulding around the door features crows, ravens, coyotes, vultures – all creatures typically associated with necromancy

Second Floor – Dressing Room

You have stepped into a combination dressing room and walk-in closet. Whatever clothes were once stored here are now mere scraps – time, rodents, mold, and moisture have destroyed much of the finery. You do find several ruined noble shirts bearing the device of the Pickman family embroidered over the heart, but there is otherwise nothing of value.

Second Floor – Bedroom 2

Two large beds occupy this room, each beneath one of the large windows overlooking the estate. The windows, broken and shattered, have let nature in to wreak its havoc upon the blankets and sheets of the beds. One of the beds has obviously served as the nest of a family of raccoons or rats, or both.

As you wander the room, you hear an odd thump come from the upstairs attic. It is not repeated.

Second Floor – Bedroom 3

The door opens to a guest bedroom of sorts – but likely one for the children of visitors. Two bunk beds occupy most of the floor, with a footlocker at the base of each. The footlockers are open – one contains ruined plush toys and the other wooden blocks and animal figurines. The figurines are of exceptional quality, and their low placement in the footlocker seems to have preserved them – a little cleaning and perhaps a touch of paint would easily restore them to their former glory.

On the south wall are a pair of double doors, one fallen onto the balcony outside but the other firmly set and locked.

- The figurines are worth 20gp to the right collector. A cleric or paladin of a *Good* alignment will feel a vague sense of unease handling them – the taint of Pickman

Second Floor – Bedroom 4

You have stepped into what was once a well-appointed guest room, suitable perhaps even for an earl or baron. Well – suitable in the past. As with the rest of the mansion, nature has forcibly intruded and ruined the once luxurious bedding and drapes of the enormous poster bed. The walls, too, show scenes that a highly skilled painter had worked long to produce a masterpiece, but whatever this masterpiece was, it has been defaced beyond interpretation.

Second Floor – Bedroom 5

- The door to this room is locked. A *Sleight of Hand* (DEX) will be needed to enter the room quietly, or 20hp of damage dealt to enter noisily

As you open the door to this room you get an immediate sense that ***THIS*** room is quite different than all the rest. It is clearly that of a teenaged girl, but there are heavy curtains drawn across the window which is curiously still intact. The walls are covered with parchment on which are drawn both an assortment of typical “girlish” things like horses, unicorns, and flowers – all executed quite elegantly, but also a large number of drawings of wrens.

The drawers and wardrobe show signs of being hastily emptied. Quite a bit of finery lay scattered across the floor; you'd guess all the clothes suitable for travel were taken.

A crumpled bit of parchment lies on the bed. Smoothing it out, it reads:

All things in balance
Seasons cycle eternal
My life is my own
– Wren Cothrom

As you read this note you hear a terrible scream from the attic above. There is a pounding – first against the ceiling of this room, and then at the attic door. After a minute the pounding stops and all is quiet.

Attic – Entry

- To enter the attic the bar must first be cleared. This will require a combined strength of 26 – up to two characters can fit and using a pry bar or similar adds +5
- After the bar is cleared the lock on the door must be defeated. An *Investigation* (INT) check of DC 10 will reveal that the key to the lock has been broken off inside, and a *Sleight of Hand* (DEX) will allow it to be cleared and picked (with Thieves' Tools)
- The zombies inside are too stupid to open the door on their own, so the party is at least safe until they open the door!

Attic

You force open the door to the attic. A horrible and nauseating smell immediately hits your noses, making you gag. Taking a step inside and looking around, you see two shambling and shuffling forms, decaying bits falling off. They turn to face you, mouths opening in an incoherent roar of outrage. An evil light glimmers in their dead eye sockets.

- Roll initiative! The two zombies will move to attack

Having defeated the zombies you are able to properly look around the attic. It is fortunate for the townsfolk that the zombies were too stupid to realize the windows, having been shattered, would have made an excellent escape route. But In the immediate detritus of smashed boxes, torn garments, and other attic debris, you do find three human skulls. The rest of the bodies are missing.

Attic – Servant Room 1

You step into a large servant room – probably meant to be shared by several. The room, though, is devoid of furniture – only a set of chains hang from the far wall. The windows in this room have many boards nailed across them.

Attic – Servant Room 2

This is a large servant room, but was apparently turned into a laboratory of some sort. A large bench occupies the entirety of the north and west walls – above which are hung unusual metal plates with arcane etchings upon them. The lab equipment, however, has been smashed by someone, or likely something, quite angry. None of the flasks, bottles, etc. has survived.

- An *Arcana* (INT) check of DC 20 will allow the player to make some sense of the arcane plates. The metal plates cover various necromantic formulae and alchemical processes. If turned over to the town authorities the party will receive a reward of 5gp. If turned over to the Wizard's Guild the party will receive a reward of 15gp

Underground – Room 1

You descend through the trapdoor into a small room. The walls are damp with a wetness of recent rains, and you can see a rough hewn passage leading to the north. The smell of death and decay comes strongly from that opening.

The room is filled with boxes containing various painting supplies – old and dried up ink, brushes ruined with time and decay, ruined canvas. Several easels are folded against one wall.

- If the party has brought light – such as a torch, lantern, spell, etc.

The walls of this room were once painted in a vast mural. However, the intrusion of soil and water have run the paints and it is almost impossible to make out what was painted. Almost. The bits that you can make out make you glad of the ruin time has wrought.

- If the party is relying entirely on *darkvision*, etc.

A faint glimmer of light is coming from the passage. It is very faint – it takes you several moments before you are sure something is glowing.

Underground – Room 2

The eastern wall of this room has an enormous root bundle violently pushed through it. The roots have grown over what appears to be a well of some sort – completely blocking it. The low walls surrounding the well are well cracked and worn, attacked over the years by the roots.

You are uncertain as to what, exactly, this room was used for. Nature seems to have taken a violent dislike to it.

- Any druid will recognize that the roots were magically summoned to destroy and cover the well. It would be very bad to attempt to tamper with it
- The roots are invulnerable to anything the party can throw at it

Underground – Room 3

A holy artifact of some sort – a reliquary bearing the device of Arawn, God of Life and Death – sits in the center of passage, glowing with a soft and golden radiance. As you gaze upon this unexpected scene you hear an evil hiss and look up into the eyes of a terrible humanoid apparition. Grey skin, leathery and cracked, clad in tattered strips of cloth; it stalks down the hall towards you.

The reliquary flashes brightly, and the creature hisses in pain.

“Cursed Arawn! The Oathbreaker take you all!” It turns and flees back.

- If the reliquary is moved, its magic is silenced. This is obvious to anyone who looks to move it

Underground – Room 4

The lair of the ghoul greets your eyes. It is obvious the creature has spent the past few decades, at least, trapped here. The walls bear substantial claw gouges, but fortunately the walls have proved sufficiently thick to stop this abomination from escape.

With a feral hiss, the creature stalks toward you.

Back to *The Siren*

The abominations finally defeated and leaving this plane with a curse to its Prince, you take a few moments to clean your weapons and roughly bandage your wounds. A strong ale is exactly what you need now to clean the foul taste of this evil from your mouths and throats.

As you walk out the front door you see the iron fence glowing a deep and angry red. The posts are warping and melting before your eyes. At the front gate stands Winston Thurber, reading from a scroll which catches fire and burns into ash as he ends the spell. Dusting his hands on his pants, he looks up toward your party and waves.

“A bird delivered this scroll to my inn this afternoon. A wren! Can you believe it? It was the last evil magic left that had to be dispelled. Oh, not to rush you, but you'd best run!”

The storm clouds overhead have formed into an ugly vortex, fingers already stretching forth to the ground. Lightening flashes, leaving afterimages burned on your retinas. Heeding Thurber's warnings, you race through the gate just as an enormous thunderclap knocks you prone. The wind is tearing at your clothing; the dirt and dust blinding and choking you.

An enormous funnel cloud, a tornado of monstrous proportions, descends as the chimneys and pillars of the mansion are repeatedly struck with lightening. The noise is loud and terrible. The mansion, in flames, comes in contact with the tip. Time seems to freeze in place, and then flaming bits of the mansion are exploding overhead.

As quickly as it appeared, the storm clouds vanish. The skies are clear. There is no trace of the mansion – indeed, no trace that a dwelling of any kind once stood here. Instead a field of lilies greets you, and an ancient oak, majestic and proud, grows from the center.

You stand and look around. Despite the violence of the past few minutes, you are all unharmed. Thurber shakes his head, “The scroll came with a note. I ... well, not so much a note. But a message.” Handing over his pouch and a ribboned parchment, he salutes and walks away.

Unfurling the parchment you find a single feather. The feather of a wren.

A Game of Pool

As you reach out to grasp the pool cue the world around you slows down and your vision narrows to a tunnel. All of the color slowly drains away. You are moving in slow motion, feeling as if the air itself has become water, until ... suddenly you feel as if you have been pushed through. The cue is in your hand, but the room – and world – around you have shifted.

The billiards room has been restored to its former glory – but completely colorless. The curtains near the windows blow in a cool and light breeze, but outside you do not see the mansion's grounds – merely a roiling fog. The chandeliers over the tables have been lit, casting a harsh white light upon the tables.

The rest of your party appear to you as ghosts, and you appear as a ghost to them! You try to speak, but hear only faint whispers. Perhaps shouting would carry through whatever magic this is, but yelling seems a bad idea at the moment.

“You don't know how long I've been waiting. An eternity? Not yet ... but it sure feels it.”

The speaker is a portly gentleman who is well dressed – well dressed, that is, for a century or so ago. He removes his waistcoat and reaches to get his own cue from one of the many wall holders. He begins chalking up the tip. “Fats,” he says. “Known to my friends as 'Fats'. James Howard Brown.”

“So here's the deal, kid. We're going to play. And I'm not going to hold back – it's against the rules. Believe me, you don't want to break the rules. So no cheating. If they catch you,” and his face turns pale as he pauses, “ ... if they catch you, well, kid, you won't enjoy it.”

He blows across the tip of his cue. Without knowing how the balls are racked on the table. “You can break. One game.” He looks down, a sad expression crossing his face. “I'm sorry. It's eternal fame and glory for the winner. Unless it ends.”

A Game of Pool – Playing

- Only one game of pool will be played. If the player chooses not to play, simply go to “**A Game of Pool – Lost**”
- When breaking, the player uses their *Sleight of Hand* (DEX) skill and has advantage on the roll
- For other shots, the player may choose a skill not used in the past 3 shots and describe how that skill applies. For example:
 - Athletics “I am focusing my attention on using just the right amount of force”
 - Perception “I am looking for the best strike to make”
 - Religion “I am seeking intercession by the gods of luck”
 - Arcana “I am seeking to grok the magic of this pocket dimension”
 - Performance “I make a trick shot jumping the cue over a ball”
 - Intimidation “These balls don't scare me!”
 - etc.
- The modified result of the roll is as follows:

0-10	Scratch. Opponent has advantage their next shot
11-15	Safe, but no balls sunk
16-20	One ball sunk
21+	Two balls sunk
Nat 20	One ball sunk, opponent has disadvantage on next shot
- James Howard “Fats” Brown always has a +5 to his roll
- The first to sink their 7 plus the 8 ball is the winner

A Pool Game – Won

Fats looks down at the table, then slowly begins breaking down his cue. A smile slowly grows across his face.

“Thanks. You'll find out why ... when the time comes.”

Before you can ask what that enigmatic statement means, the mists pour in through the windows and obscure him from view. In the last glimpse of him you see an enormous grin and a twinkle in his eye.

The mists suddenly vanish, and with them the grayscale world of luxury. You are back in the billiards room, the cue in your hand. Looking down you see it bears the symbol of Gefjon – the goddess of good fortune and abundance. Around your neck is now a copper amulet bearing a stylized plough – her symbol.

- The player gains one luck point, as per the feat *Luck* (PH 167)

A Pool Game – Lost

Fats looks down at the table, then slowly begins breaking down his cue. A sad expression crosses his face.

“So. This happens more times that I can count. You'll be alright, kid.”

The mists pour heavily into the room through the windows, almost instantly obscuring Fats. Choking on the heavy vapors, you feel the pool cue ripped from your hands. The mists then suddenly vanish, and with them the grayscale world of luxury. You are back in the billiards room, but the pool cue you had held is no longer in your hand, and nowhere to be seen.

There is, however, a copper amulet resting on the pool table. It bears the symbol of Gefjon – the goddess of good fortune and abundance. You may chose to take it or leave it.

- If the player choses to leave the amulet, it will turn into mist and vanish. The player receives neither reward nor punishment for the decision

Cue of Cardiff

Pool cue, legendary

The pool cue is made from a unique oak hardwood found only in the deep Elven Forests of Cellon. It was once the property of Jack Cardiff.

Jack Cardiff was a hustler, gambler, and con man. His bragging and disrespect of the traditions of the game eventually brought him to the attention of the gods. Gefjon, the goddess of good fortune, disguised herself as a poor and needy widow and begged Cardiff for assistance. Cardiff ignored her pleas, turning back to his game. Gefjon twisted fate and Cardiff found himself losing for his first time ever. Turning back to face the widow, he instantly recognized he was in the presence of the goddess. Cardiff fell to his knees and begged for forgiveness, asking for a quest that would restore his honor, even should that quest take eternity.

It is said that his pool cue both blesses and curses its wielder. Those who take up the pool cue and play honorably and well receive the goddess' blessing, while those who cheat and dishonor the games are forced to eternally compete until they are beaten in an honorable contest.



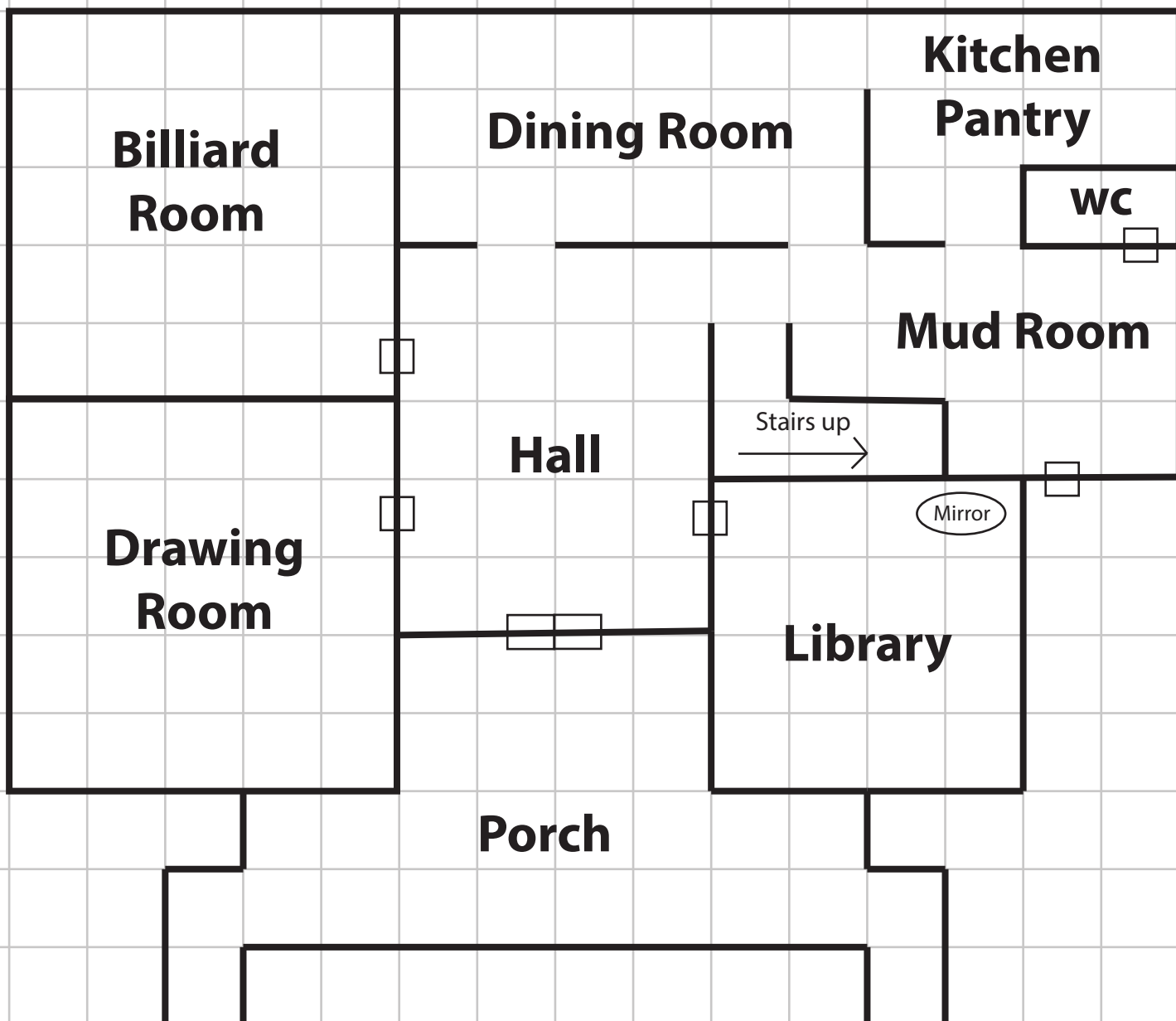
Potion of *Sense the Undead*

Potion, very rare

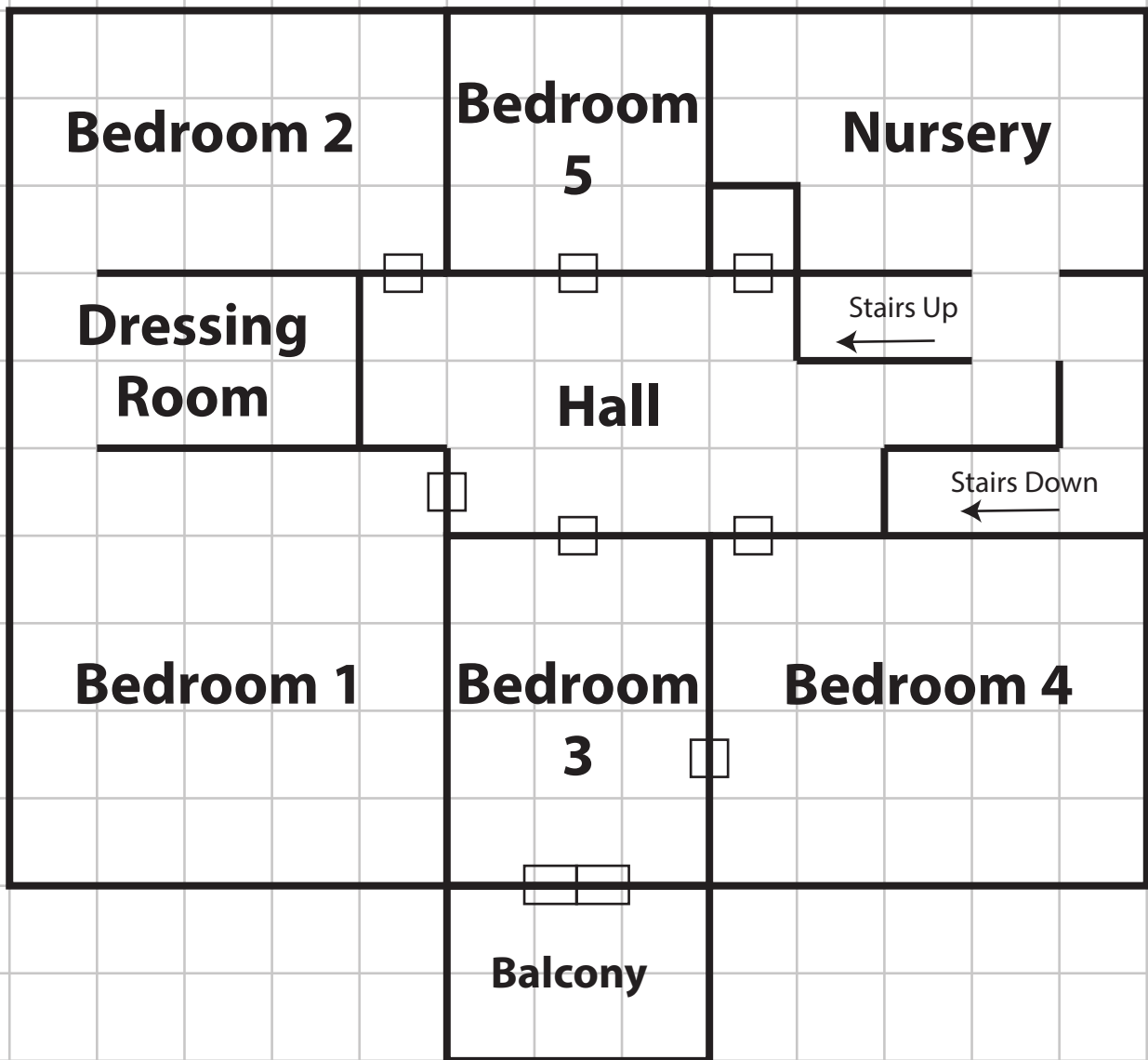
The potion is a very dark amber, almost the color of rust (or blood). It is thick and syrupy, with an unpleasant brackish smell. It has a strong salty and coppery taste. When consumed the drinker becomes aware of the presence of the undead ... with a twist. The drinker's vision dims (narrative impact only – no effect on combat, perception, etc.) except when they are facing an undead within 60 feet. The more the drinker faces the undead, and the closer the undead are, the brighter the drinker's vision. Undead virtually glow when seen directly.

The detection effect is blocked by a 1 foot of earth or water, 3 feet of wood, and extends only to a 60 foot radius. As an additional effect the drinker will always be able to sense the exact position of any undead they would normally be able to see unobstructed, negating the effects of *blindness*, *darkness*, and similar effects – at least with respect to the undead.

The potion's effects last 1d4+2 hours.

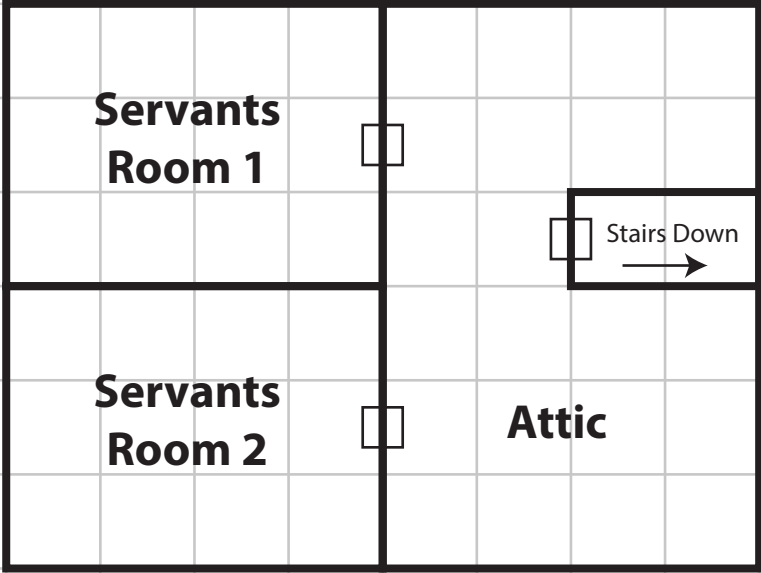


Pickman Mansion
Ground Floor

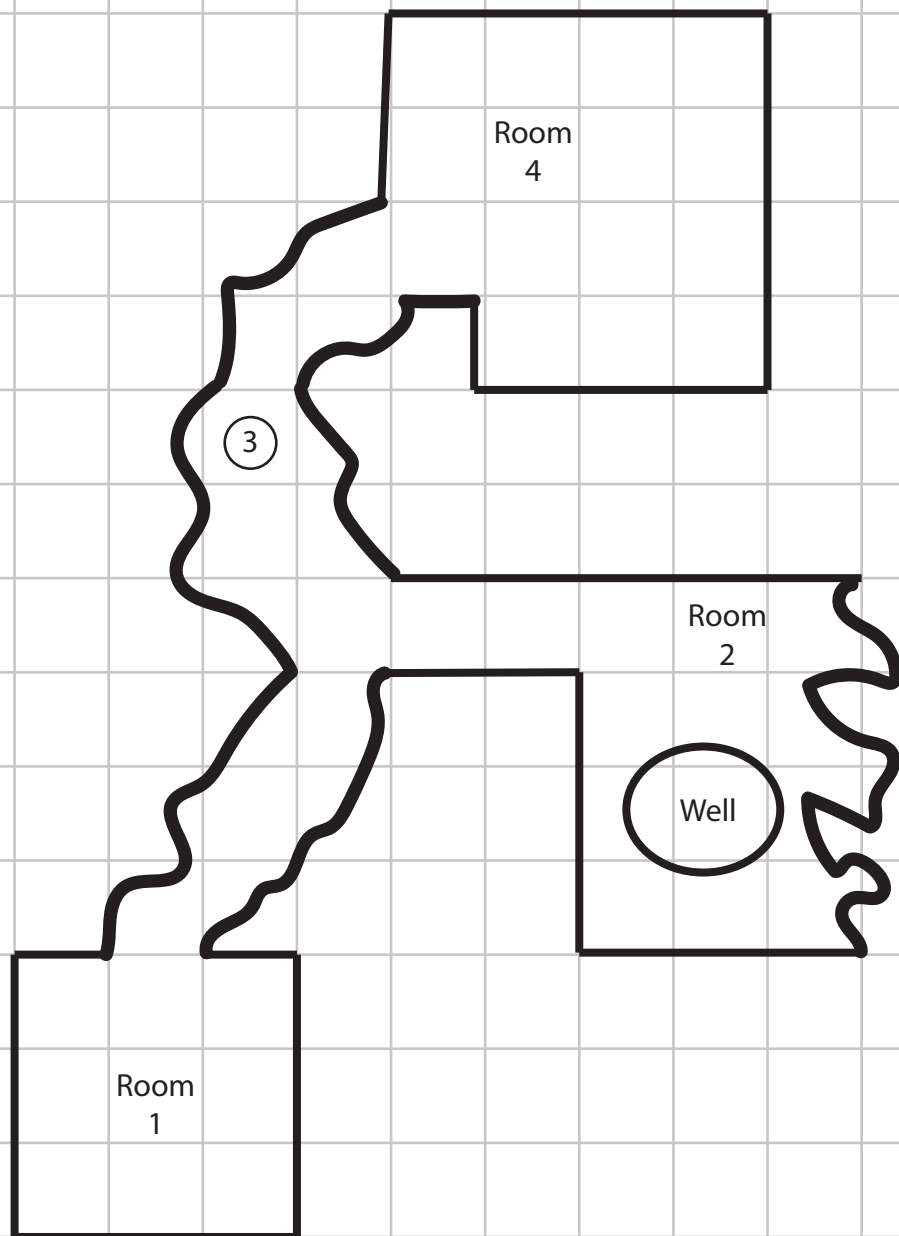


Pickman Mansion

Second Floor



Pickman Mansion
Attic



Pickman Mansion Basement

Skeletons

Medium undead, lawful evil

STR 10 (+0)	DEX 14 (+2)	AC 13
INT 6 (-2)	CON 15 (+2)	SPD 30
WIS 8 (-1)	CHR 5 (-3)	HP <i>(see below)</i>

HP: { 12 , 17 , 15 , 11 }

Senses

Darkvision 60, Passive perception 9

Immunities

Exhaustion, Poisoned

Vulnerabilities

Bludgeoning

Languages

Common, but cannot speak

Actions

Shortsword

Melee, +4 to hit, 1d6 + 2 piercing damage

Zombies

Medium undead, neutral evil

STR	13	(+1)	DEX	6	(-2)	AC	8
INT	3	(-4)	CON	16	(+3)	SPD	20
WIS	6	(-2)	CHR	5	(-3)	HP	{ 26 , 30 }

Senses

Darkvision 60, Passive perception 8

Immunities

Poisoned

Undead Fortitude

If damage reduces the zombie to 0 hit points, it must make a CON saving throw with a DC of 5 + the damage taken, unless the damage is radiant or from a critical hit. On a success, the zombie drops to 1 hit point instead

Languages

Common, but cannot speak

Actions

Slam

Melee, +3 to hit, 1d6 + 1 bludgeoning damage

Ghoul

Medium undead, chaotic evil

STR	13	(+1)	DEX	15	(+2)	AC	12
INT	7	(-2)	CON	10	(+0)	SPD	30
WIS	10	(+0)	CHR	6	(-2)	HP	32

Senses

Darkvision 60, Passive perception 10

Immunities

Charmed, Exhaustion, Poisoned

Languages

Common

Actions

Bite

Melee, +2 to hit, 2d6 + 2 piercing damage

Claws

Melee, +4 to hit, 2d4 + 2 slashing damage. If target is anything other than elf or undead, must make DC 10 CON save or be paralyzed for 1 minute. The saving throw can be repeated at the end of its turns, ending the effect on a success