



THE LONGHOUSE

AN INTRODUCTION

THE HALL IS THICK WITH SMOKE AND LIT BY A HUGE FIRE pit running the length of the cavernous building. Rough wooden pillars disappear into darkness above, supporting the thatch roof. Sleeping pallets line the sides of the hall, covered in furs and roughly woven cloth. Along the length of the hall simple wooden tables play host to the Grey Moor hunting party, the group of wild men you recently met in the wilderness. They seem friendly, if not a little strange in their ways. Your wizard companion looks at you dubiously totally out of her element.

A cacophony of sounds fill the air, laughter, singing and boisterous shouting make for a lively atmosphere. A huge wild boar roasts over the fire, pots of broth and root vegetables bubble away, sending an earthy aroma into the already thick air. A huge metal tankard is thrust into your hand, it contains a strong aromatic mead. "Drink! Drink friend!" shouts the thickly bearded man seated to your right, he lifts his own tankard and drains the contents in one. These hunters seem to like their mead, you imagine there is little else to do out here once night draws in.

From outside you hear a long ragged howl above the raucous shouts and singing. You look around in alarm, but no one else seems to have noticed. You glance to your right and realise your bearded friend is staring at you, eyes no longer clouded with alcohol. "She rises..." he growls at you, grinning widely. You notice a gleam of yellow in his eyes, more than simple firelight. Looking around you notice a change in atmosphere, the sounds of revelry are louder, frantic and somehow more savage. One of the revelers collapses to the floor shaking violently. You look back at your bearded friend, he grins, showing distinctly sharper teeth than before, a low guttural growl begins to emit from his throat.

Your wizard companion leans towards you and shouts into your ear over the howling and barking. "I think these guys might be werewolves." "Really? What gave it away?" you shout back with as much sarcasm as you can muster.

NOTES AND TIPS

- 30x20 Grid size
- Large creatures can enter the hall from the three entrances. You can use doors to bar the entrances but these can be broken down.
- The fire pit can be jumped with a dex roll.
- The pillars can be used as half cover.
- The storeroom could hold prisoners the party needs to rescue.
- Try a From Dusk till Dawn scenario. Have the party spend a night in the hall with a group of hunters or rangers. Once the moon comes up things go very badly.
- This could be a Ranger or Fighter's Guild hall.
- Have the party find this hall deserted, once they are inside the owners return.
- The smell of cooking has attracted some wild beast and the villagers request the party remove it.

- The hall master begs you for help, each night a monster enters his hall and attacks his people, Beowulf style!
- A group of old warriors rest here, each one must die in battle to reach their afterlife, will the party willingly fight one to the death?
- This could be the home of some Herne the hunter type forest spirit. They could test the party before sending them on a quest.

VARIANTS

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