

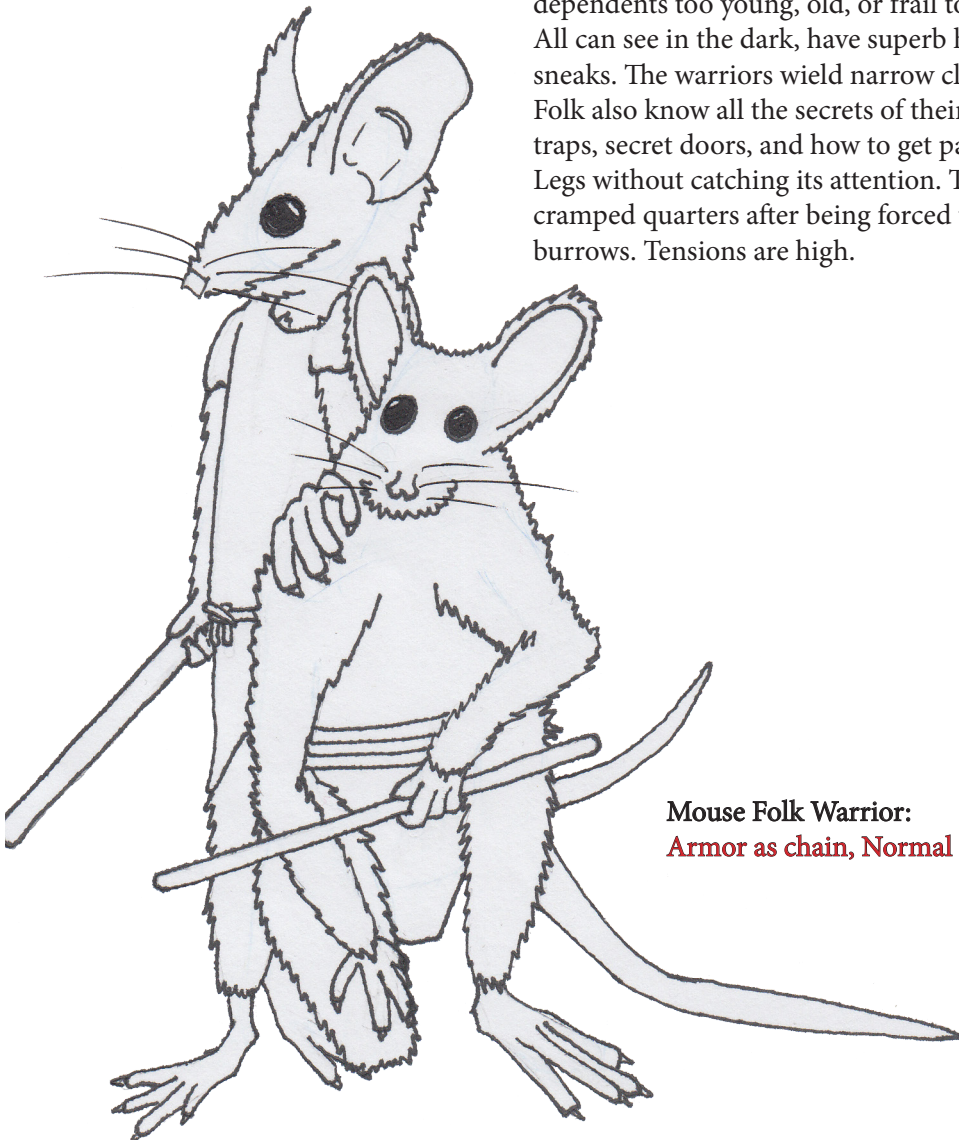
MICE WITH LEGITIMATE GRIEVANCES

by Nick LS Whelan

After a surprisingly profitable onion harvest, old man Hurst decided to pull down some trees to extend his fields. While plowing the new land he uncovered a hole that dropped 20 feet into a stone chamber. He saw movement in the shadows, and a strange chittering sound that sent him running to the nearest tavern to calm his nerves and spread his tale.

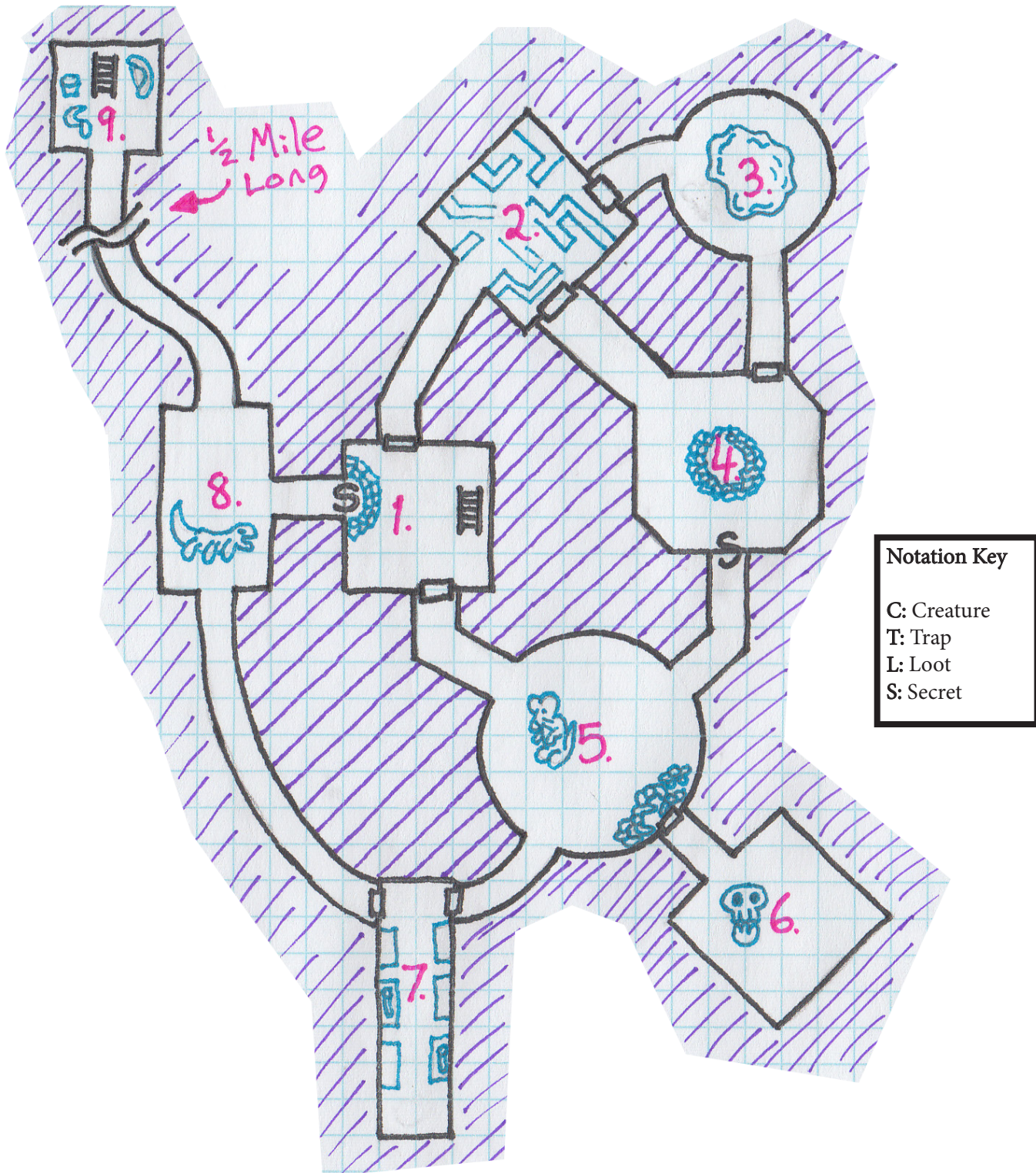
The **Mouse Folk** know that nobody likes them. Humans are bigots who assume they're as vicious as rat men, but at only four feet tall the Mouse Folk are more inclined towards flight than fight. At this point, though, they're running out of places to flee, and are feeling pretty grumpy towards humans. They found this hideaway a generation ago, and have lived here quietly and peacefully in all that time. Then the human kid showed up and started playing with dead people (gross). Now another human has poked a hole in their roof! It's a godsdamned invasion is what it is.

There are 16 Mouse Folk hardy enough to fight, and 44 dependents too young, old, or frail to stand up for themselves. All can see in the dark, have superb hearing, and are excellent sneaks. The warriors wield narrow clubs cut from ash. The Mouse Folk also know all the secrets of their hideaway, including the traps, secret doors, and how to get past the Wet Thing With Many Legs without catching its attention. The whole tribe is living in cramped quarters after being forced to abandon most of their burrows. Tensions are high.



Mouse Folk Warrior:

A armor as chain, Normal movement, 1HD (4hp), Club 1d4, Morale 6



Dungeon General

The floors and walls are red brick, and the ceiling is densely packed earth supported by ancient wood beams. Tree roots poke through in many places, and nowhere would it take much effort to cause a collapse. The doors are also wood, and may often be stuck. In many rooms the Mouse Folk have removed loose bricks to allow them to dig burrows in the soil. These are about 10 feet deep, and usually contain stored food and soft things to nest in.

1. Hole in ceiling, dirt heaped beneath. 6 deserted burrows. Spare bricks piled in high column against West wall.
S: Brick pile is hollow. Opening at top allows people to drop into the middle and access the concealed door.
2. Spare bricks, shelving, and moldy books are stacked in a maze of 4 foot high walls that fills the room.
C: 7 crouching Mouse Folk on guard. Will attack from ambush, then disappear back into the stacks before counterattack.
T: Pathways are filled with trip wires meant to stumble anyone who isn't watching out for them.
L: Most books are worthless. Three are rare biographies of ancient peoples, and are in readable condition.
3. Water drips into a dirty pool. 5 burrows. Table displays bricks carved into crude scenes of everyday life.
C: 4 Mouse Folk warriors on guard, 18 dependents drinking, nesting chatting. One carves bricks. It's crowded and noisy.
L: Small diamond in the pond. The Mouse Folk believe it magically purifies their water. It does not.
4. 6 burrows. Spare bricks stacked high in the center, and painted to resemble the rodent goddess Mother of Thousands.
C: 5 Mouse Folk warriors on guard. 26 dependents cooking, playing, resting. 4 pray to the painted bricks.
L: Offerings are made into an opening atop the heap of painted bricks. Contains a small trove of shiny things.
S: Secret door is activated from either side by a well hidden push-brick. All Mouse Folk know how to use it.
5. 8 long deserted burrows. A heavy sandstone statue of The Mother of Thousands defaced with crude skull paintings.
C: 9 zombies pound on the door to area 6. They will ignore anyone who doesn't linger, or make a lot of noise.
L: Turning the statue's tail reveals a cavity containing a trove of shiny offerings. Only the elder Mouse Folk know of this.
6. Spare bricks form a plinth for a common chair that has skulls sloppily nailed to it. A single torch is lit, and running low.
C: Clarence Fallowheart is afraid. He's a self impressed 19 y/o who isn't as skilled a necromancer as he thought he was.
L: Clarence wears a silver-plated pewter skull on a chain, and carries a fat purse he stole when he ran away from home.
7. Crypt with shelves for 12 bodies. 3 remain. 8 crossbow bolts litter the floor. Chalk circle on the floor to the South.
T: Each shelf has a pressure plate. If weigh is removed, bolts fire out of holes on the opposite wall.
L: The chalk circle contains worthless candles, beads, and animal skulls. Also a book detailing how to animate the dead.
8. Piles of regurgitated bones. Glowing slime drips down the walls. A feculent smell rises from waste seeping into the floor.
C: The Wet Thing With Many Legs has grown too fat on slime to leave this room. It's always eager for fresh meat.
Armor as Chain & Shield, Normal Movement, 4 + 1HD (20hp), Slap/Slap/Bite d6/d6/d8, Morale 8
L: A regular diet of slime causes a creature to bloat to ten times its normal size, but become angry and unintelligent.
9. Pails, sickles, bows, and other tools the Mouse Folk use for hunting and gathering. Ladder leads up to the deep woods.
L: Above the entrance to the long tunnel is a bronze plaque engraved with prayers for the dead in an archaic language.

