

Nick LS Whelan & Rabbi Tzvi Kilov

With the power to fulfill his fantasies of revenge, the addled Fishmonger fell into complete madness. Using the skills of his trade he deboned not only those who had wronged him, but the entire town. And when merchants came, he deboned them too. And when the local lord came with his army, the Fishmonger deboned them as well. With these bleached bones he has constructed domes atop the town's fishing boats. Bleach white bone vults on the water.

Armed with barbed spears and mancatchers. The Lord of 300 Fins forbade them from killing land dwellers without provocation. Their spears have been corked, and deal only 1d4 non-lethal damage. If any of their company are slain, they will remove the corks, after which their weapons deal 1d8 damage.

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The Fishmonger makes his private residence here. All of the peasant village's meager finery has been gathered here to suit his comfort. The simple jewelry of the town's womenfolk hang from the walls, often attached to the bones of the body part they were meant to adorn. A large bed of fine furs taken from the mayor's home rests at the center. The chalice and cross of the local church have been bent and desecrated, but the value of their metals is unharmed.

The deboning yurt. The bleach white appearance of the other yurts is splashed with the red and brown blood of the Fishmonger's victims. A great heap along the wall holds thousands of bones not yet used elsewhere. Eight victims hang from the ceiling by chains manacled to their wrists. If rescued, swelling will prevent them from using their hands for several days at least.

This bone yurt has only a thin ring of dry walkway around the edges. In the center, Fishmen are working to construct a large, team-operated drill which will be used to sink any wooden ships that attempt to approach the Fishmonger's stronghold. The Fishmen's dictate against killing humans does not extend to those who brazenly intrude upon the waters.

Tools, clothing, and lumber scavenged from the town are kept here. Beneath a heap of jackets is the town's tax box, containing 116 silver pieces.

During low tide this barnacle-covered stone rises just barely above the crest of the waves. The Fishmonger has built a stone altar on it, where he makes sacrifices to the Lord of 300 Fins for continued blessings. It's also a convenient place to hide a small boat from sight of the shore.

A hoard of chain armor, shields, helms, spears, and swords. All mundane in design and function, thrown into a heap against the southern wall.

. An empty bone yurt, used as an antechamber. 2d4 Fishmen stand watch here.

Pontoon bridges of detritus, precariously floating on the water's surface. People over 100lb will need to spread out at least 20' or risk capsizing the bridge.

A scuttled sailing ship, with its hull flooded and masts felled. The front has been hacked off so one can walk between the ship's deck and the bone yurt it's attached to. A trio of merchants have thus far escaped deboning by locking themselves in the captain's cabin. Six Fishmen wait outside for their resolve to falter.

Two thirds of the village buildings have been disassembled, their wood used in the construction of the bone yurts and pontoon bridges. The remaining third of the buildings have been stuffed floor to rafters with the deboned corpses of the Fishmonger's victims. They're packed so tightly that if a door is opened, a flood of floppy bodies will burst out and likely burry anyone standing nearby.