The Fishmongers Revenge
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The Fishmonger - Armor 12, Move 120' (40'), 1 Hit Die, 1 Attack as Weapon, Morale 12

Immune to any object that was crafted with the intent to do harm. Nobody has tried bashing him with a rock yet, though. Rocks aren't weapons.

Fishmen - Armor 13, Move 120' (40') / Swim 360' (120'), 2 Hit Dice, 1 Attack as Weapon, Morale 9 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.

Most of the Fishmonger's victims were fortunate enough to die the relatively swift death of having all of their bones removed. Here, though, the Fishmonger keeps those who specifically wronged him. The dozen men he suspects of cuckolding him, his four drinking buddies who knew and said nothing, the town priest who heard her confessions, the town's mayor just for good

measure, and of course, his wife. All these ahve had their arms and legs deboned, and hang from the ceiling by their noodly limbs, force fed manchum to keep them alive and suffering.

During low tied 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 fucntion, thrown into a heap against the southern wall.

When the Fishmonger learned his wife had been earning herself a deserved reputation as the town harlot, he descended into a deep depression. Borrowing a boat, he went far out to sea thinking to cast himself into the depths. Instead, he encountered the Lord of 300 Fins, and amused this kingly fish with macabre humor. On a whim the Lord offered the Fishmonger the power to seek vengeance in exchange for his devotion. The Fishmonger was blessed, and given the service of 200 Fishmen warriors.

With the power to fulfill his fantasies of revenge, the addled Fishmonger fell into complete maddness. 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 yurts on the water.

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.

This bone yurt has only a thin ring of dry walkway around the edges. In the center, Fishmen are working to construct a large, teamoperated drill which will be used to sink any wooden ships that attempt to approach the Fishmener's stronghold. The Fishmen's dictate against killing humans does not

brazenly intrude upon the waters.

extend to those who

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.

Only a handful of Fishmen leave the water at any one time. They guard the bone yurts, or or tend the commands of the Fishmonger. After a few hours

they must drop through the moon pools at the center of most of the yurts to revive themselves. Beneath the surface, the Fishmen swarm, ready to descend en masse on anyone who tresspasses beneath.

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 sevearl days at least.

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,

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.