



LAMENTATIONS
of the
FLAME PRINCESS
ADVENTURES

the PALE
LADY

by ZZARCHOV KOWOLSKI

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The Pale Lady

an adventure for characters of levels

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INTRODUCTION

Deep in the woods—any woods and every woods— lives a witch known as the Pale Lady or the Flower Mistress. She isn't a witch, but a faerie queen—an evil faerie queen. As you can imagine, the finer points of that distinction are lost on the peasant farmers who lose their children to her malicious ways. Her domain is sealed away most of the year, but every spring the veil between worlds is thin enough that the Pale Lady can send out her army of emaciated animal thralls to steal the sons of honest people.

Almost two years ago, one of those sons made it back. He spoke of how many of the children were taken away never to

be seen again. He spoke of his gruelling labour as a slave, working her vast fields of flowers. He spoke of emaciated rabbit men who acted as mute overseers, able to make no noise beyond a warbling scream. He also spoke of a vast cube of stone, sealed in the back chambers of the Great Hall, of vast riches, and of visiting magicians who made pacts with the Pale Lady for training in the dark arts. He learned the secret ways in and out of her domain. He has told all who will listen, but only the nuns of the abbey have ever believed him. Now, the nuns are seeking bold men (and women) of action to investigate.

THE NUNS

In a secluded hillside abbey, twenty nuns live their lives in solitude. A year ago, a raving man who could not remember his name ended up on their grounds. Something about his story struck a nerve with the Mother Superior. She has taken the unusual step of trying to find both people of valour and people of ill-repute—anyone who might be willing to investigate the truth of this man's words.

THE RAVING MAN

The poor wretch now lives at the cloister. The nuns do not consider this a problem as they do not see any temporal (read: carnal) temptation to be possible. The man is a eunuch, the twig as well as the berries. If asked, he will gladly tell all he knows of the Pale Lady. She is callous and cold. When he was first captured by her army of mangy rabbit soldiers—a disorganized horde of scrawny beastmen with patchy white fur—

he was led through fields of white flowers to her audience chamber in a large hall that appeared to be constructed out of massive briars ornamented by great white roses. The tangled thorns that form the wall are full of small holes through which one can easily spy. It is drafty and cold inside the building. Within the audience chamber, beyond the main doors, the Pale Lady stares out from a throne of flowing water. She is a lithe woman with long hair, down to her ankles. She wears no clothing, and has no colour. Her skin, her hair, her eyes, her gums: all are bone white.

The rabbit soldiers dragged him and other children before her. The Pale Lady would inhale deeply through her nose and then say one of two words in a dry monotone: "Fields" or "Pit." He was sent to the fields. He was made a eunuch and lived in a cold reed hut, tormented by her soldiers. He lived on a diet of seeds and



meat of unknown origin. For untold years, he toiled in the fields, watching others die around him. He saw magicians and elves come to call upon her. He saw the magicians leave as old men. One of them must have taken pity on him—or perhaps spite on her—and revealed the secret of getting in and out. When the sun first begins to set on the vernal equinox, you must find an opening barely bigger than your waist in a hedge, oak root, or briar. You must crawl through this opening and say the phrase “Tóg dom ar fud an mhurascaill mór leis an talamh ar an aimsir cothrom.” You must leave the same way before midnight (by saying the phrase backwards).

This information is all quite true.

ABBESS RUTH FORD

Ruth is a dour older woman—or perhaps she is just being dour with you. She is in her late fifties and has a lean frame and weathered face. The abbess is interested in encouraging a band of adventurous sorts to break into the Pale Lady’s estate, not simply because she is a witch but because of the stone cube the raving man mentioned. Ruth believes the cube is a word of creation, a legendary artifact. The abbess contends that the words of creation are the source of the miracles that pious individuals (clerics) call upon to cast spells. After the fall of man, the words of creation were sealed in hollow cubes of adamant and cast from the heavens to the earth. By supreme will, these cubes were hidden away never to be seen. Nothing can harm the adamant and no magic in existence can open it. Based on the behaviour of the Pale Lady in the man’s

story, however, the abbess believes that she has found a way to breach the adamant. She wishes you to find out what this word of creation is and tell her. She promises access to a magic sword her order has kept

safe for three generations. The sword is not magic but a fake relic from the crusades. This “Sword of Prester John” is a regular sword, although the abbess sincerely thinks it a relic.

THE ESTATE OF THE PALE LADY

A vast forest surrounds twelve acres of fields. This forest seems to continue forever, becoming denser and denser the farther you get from the clearing. Two hundred feet from the edge of the clearing, it is virtually impassible. Climbing over it leads to an endless hedge after a day of travel through dense canopy. The only practical way out is the magic ritual taught by the eunuch. Inside the clearing are fields of white flowers—daisies, trilliums, tulips, roses, and more. All of the flowers are white. If the characters are there during the day, they see scores of slaves tending the fields, being whipped with switches by cruel and sadistic rabbit men.

THE RABBIT-MEN (DOTS)

These lanky creatures are nearly six feet tall from foot to top of head, but their ears extend further. They are emaciated to the point of being almost skeletal. They wear nothing but cotton rags as loincloths and white linen sashes across their breasts. They wield switches and carry wooden truncheons. Guards at the great hall wield silver tridents and carry whitewashed wooden shields bearing the emblem of a hand with its thumb and fingers severed. When a rabbit-man is slain, it turns into a statue of salt that quickly crumbles. There are almost fifty rabbit-men on the estate, but twenty will be out during the equinox (gathering children). The rabbit-men seem to have their own version of the ritual,



except that employs inhuman screams rather than words.

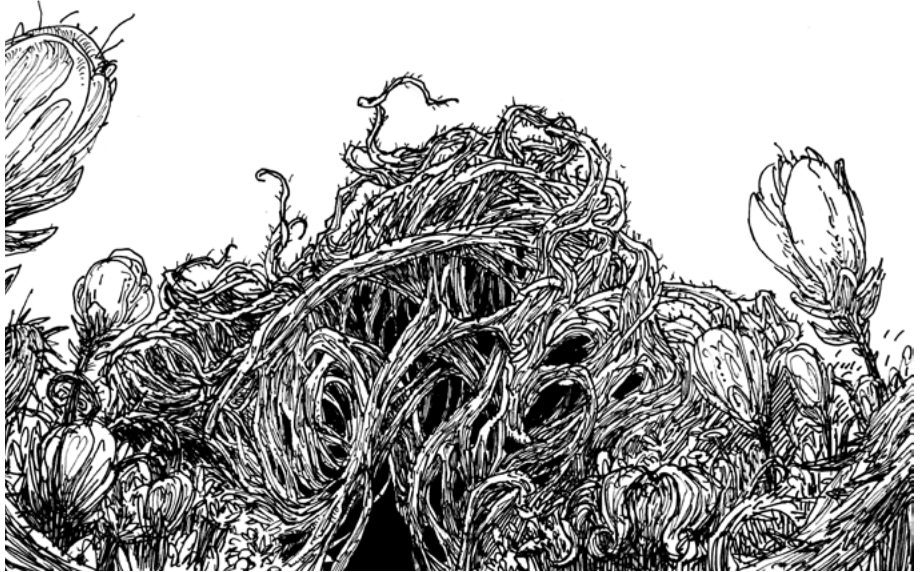
Rabbit-men Overseers: 1hd, AC as unarmoured, attack with truncheon (d4), poor morale*

Rabbit-men Guards: 1hd, AC as unarmoured with shield, attack with trident(d8), poor morale*

*Unbreakable morale if the Pale Lady is threatened

THE REED HUTS

Two dozen huts of woven reed form a circle just behind the great hall.



Seven rabbit-men with truncheons are always patrolling the circle, ensuring the slaves are asleep and silent. Sixty eunuch slaves, some young children, sleep in huddled masses, trying to keep warm. While the Pale Lady lives, they are too scared to rise up, but some of them may try to flee if the characters provide a way out. Should the characters kill the Pale Lady and show them her corpse (or head), they will rise up to riot against the rabbit-men.

THE GREAT HALL

The great hall appears to be made from a mass of giant black briars, some as thick around as a man, and studded seemingly at random are great white rose flowers. The main entrance is a set of bronze bound double wooden doors, flanked by a pair of rabbit-men guards. There is a small wooden door at the rear of the compound

that is guarded by another pair of rabbit-men guards. It is also locked with a magical sigil that glows half upon the door and half upon the frame. A magic-user and specialist working in concert could attempt to open the back door. Otherwise it must be smashed open with a great deal of noise.

THE THRONE (A)

A great torrent of water flows from no source and disappears into the ether, leaving only a spray of mist and dribblets of water as it passes. It forms contours, as if being poured over some invisible chair, but no chair is present. It holds structure only when the Pale Lady sits upon it, leaving small pools upon the ground. The water is cool, but it does not seem to affect the Lady. Most visiting magicians guess it is some kind of portal to the elemental plane of water, being wasted for a most frivolous



cause. If so, the Pale Lady doesn't seem to care; it just is.

THE PALE LADY (STAR)

She is callous and cruel to human eyes, but in truth she simply has no more concern for men than men have for goats or chickens. They are domesticated beasts and little more. Only magicians and elves are worthy of her hospitality, and she is eager to host them should they heap the proper levels of flattery upon her glory.

She never wears any adornment or clothing save one piece. When entertaining she wears a simple crown woven from the thorns of a white rose bush. She does not understand the symbolism, only that it seems to be an important symbol to men and thus she has adopted it. She is a polyglot who fluently speaks a dozen human languages and even more non-human languages.

As a faerie queen, she is a 10th level elf. Her first-level spells are based upon the word of creation, but her spells are otherwise random. She has a desire for power and considers herself a minor goddess. She had previously endeavoured greatly to find even more words of creation, but, after finding (and learning) the first, she lost her stomach for it.

She can be convinced to help a party of adventurers (that contains at least one elf or magic-user) in exchange for a trade. If the highest level male magic user or elf will spend a night with her (tie goes to elves first with further ties being decided by the highest Constitution value), she will grant the party a boon. This can be teaching spells, freeing a handful of slaves, allowing them to use her mirror or allowing them access to the word of creation. She will advise against the word of creation, but

won't elaborate on why other than "it is not for the faint of heart".

THE PIT (E)

This large pit currently has 2d6-4 (minimum 0) young male children in it. Each of them is the firstborn son of both of his parents. Their fate is a grisly one: they await slaughter to power her darker magics. If any had younger siblings (50% chance per child), those siblings are currently in the woven reed huts.

THE MIRROR (D)



This large glass mirror is held in a carved wooden frame depicting a seven headed dragon. The glass pane of the mirror is painted with a ring of glowing sigils. It allows the user to ask about the location of any desired item in the universe should they sacrifice a firstborn son. The mirror claims to be Lucifer when it answers in a long and rambling way, full of off-topic

remarks designed to unsettle the questioner. It answers truthfully about the object's location 95% of the time, reducing in accuracy by 15% for every question asked since the last sacrifice. If asked about the claim that it is Lucifer, the Pale Lady will claim that the Christian devil does not exist. The Mirror emphatically disagrees with her and claims she is Lilith and is deceiving the characters, and potentially herself as well.

HER MANY CHILDREN (I)

Spending a night (usually not more than hour) with the Pale Lady causes one to suffer an effect similar to "Confusion" (though a roll only needs to be made if violence erupts), her pheromones acting as a mixture of LSD and Ecstasy. This is a magical byproduct of her stealing a notable adventurer's seed. The process ages the victim the human equivalent of d100 years. She quickly becomes quite visibly pregnant, and will birth a number of rabbit-men equal to the level of her lover the following day. They will be fully mature within a week. They are all fanatically loyal to her, and only she can understand them.

THE SUPPLIES (C)

This room is filled with bouquets upon bouquets of flowers. Flower petals are the only thing the Pale Lady consumes. There are also a dozen silk bags full of seeds (the sacks themselves are worth 20 s.p. each for the silk) and several clay pots full of honey (perhaps to trade with other elves, perhaps for medicinal reasons).

GUEST QUARTERS (J)

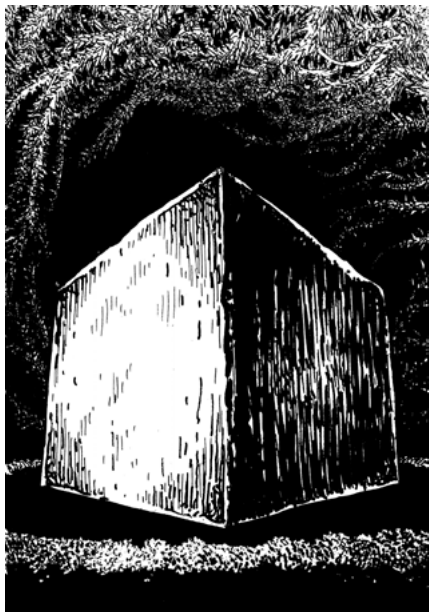
This large room has several simple wooden beds made up in white linen. A simple silver lantern worth 60 s.p. is suspended by a thin chain looped around one of the briars composing the ceiling. The walls are exceptionally porous and if any visitors are residing here, they will frequently see rabbit-men peering into the room. Watching. Waiting.

THE LIBRARY (F)

To call it a library is slightly inaccurate. A better term might be "the small room where piles of books are haphazardly stacked and forgotten about". The Library has not been used in many years, except by visiting magicians who occasionally thumb through its contents. The Pale Lady seems to have given up on study some time ago, though her marauding rabbit-men occasionally bring in more books they stumble upon when raiding. There is a small desk covered with dust, a single ancient papyrus scroll laying upon it, brittle the point of crumbling if touched. The writing has faded but it shows a sketch of a stone cube encircled by salt. In front of it is a salt circle with a person inside snapping a distinctive amulet in half. It has a library value of 500 s.p.

THE LABORATORY (G)

Broken glass, candle wax, a small number of clay pots, and golden mechanical devices are all that remains of a once well stocked laboratory. Of note is a glass jar of salt and a distinctive amulet similar to the one in the library picture. It is very much intact, but it has an obvious seam where it would break (smashing an inset crystal) if snapped in two. There are 2d6 mechanical trinkets of no known purpose worth 50 s.p. each.



HER ROOM (B)

Curtains of white silk both surround and partition her room, making it very difficult to see or navigate through it. The room is full of fine cushions, furs, and woven rugs. The Pale Lady will not show anyone her room unless she is about to bed them. The silk has a value of 1750 s.p. if it could be bundled up and taken out of the area without dragging it through the woods (the characters would need something from outside to do that). Small sections are worth considerably less after the characters cut them into chunks (1d20% of original value). Her room also contains her spellbook (with a copy of read magic and all of the spells she has memorized other than the word of creation) and a large pearl studded silver comb worth 200 s.p.

THE CUBE (H)

This room is dominated by a stone cube, 12x12x12 feet in size, and surrounded by a ring of salt. The stone is smooth, cold and indestructible, made of magic-proof adamant. If adamant is a material in your game, call it something else because this material is utterly unbreakable by the will of God. If asked about the cube, the Pale Lady believes it is a construct of Hephaestus to hide the secrets of the gods after the theft of fire.

TELEPORTER

The cube is impenetrable by magic or by force. The only way in is the secret method the Pale Lady devised. While it is encircled by salt, a group of individuals must circle themselves with salt (one circle for the whole party) and then snap the amulet from the laboratory in half. The party will instantly be inside the cube. The Pale Lady is more than willing to explain how to perform this as a boon if they have bargained with her. She will explain to them that the amulet can be broken again to get out of the cube. She will not accompany the characters, nor will she so much as look in the room. She has a strong aversion to it.

INSIDE THE CUBE

The adamant walls are actually only 2 feet thick; inside is 10x10 feet. Burned into the walls is a word of creation repeated over and over again, making it impossible not to see. Once it is seen, any sentient being will instantly know it, though they could never replicate the symbol nor adequately explain it to others. It is glorious. The circle of salt will be brought with them, as will the now unbroken amulet. If any character thinks on it, they will remember only being about to break the amulet but not yet snapping it.

The only other thing inside the cube is a white skeleton with long white hair, clutching a broken amulet.

THE WORD OF CREATION

All characters who know a word of creation earn +5% more experience from then on. Having seen a word of creation, they also have a somewhat more intuitive understanding of the nature of existence. All non-magic classes instantly gain 1 level from their increased understanding of the natural world.

Elves, Clerics and Magic-users each gain a slightly different benefit, as is befitting of their interaction with reality. The word of creation itself is a random first-level cleric spell. Any affected cleric can always substitute one memorized spell (of any level) for that spell at the time of casting. Magic-users can always use any of their first-level spell slots to memorize that cleric spell (even without a spellbook). They cannot write it down in a spellbook nor can they teach it to others. Elves gain the same abilities as a wizard, but they may also grant the ability for others to cast the spell. Any cleric who worships the elf may learn that spell (and only that spell) by praying for it. The cleric may cast that spell, but it will only function if the elf still has at least one instance of that spell memorized. In essence, the elf becomes a tiny god.

OUTSIDE THE CUBE

If the party is still inside (or returns inside) the salt circle and breaks the amulet again, they will find themselves outside of the cube. Anyone outside of the salt circle will not find themselves outside of the cube. This is the interesting bit: they will see themselves looking at a broken amulet trying to figure out why it didn't work.

You cannot teleport through the cube. To learn the word of creation, the Pale Lady found a way to make an exact copy of herself inside the cube, and then use that same method to make a third exact copy of herself back outside the cube. The players now have a choice: do they want to play their original characters or their copies? The original characters do not know the word of creation obviously, because they just broke an amulet and saw nothing occur (the amulet also makes a copy of the amulet right before it broke, allowing people to cycle through).

Don't let them discuss this amongst themselves. Pass them all a slip of paper and ask them to write "O" for original or "2" for second copy. They could put "1" for first copy and role-play dying of thirst inside the cube, but that seems terrible. Inform them that if they play the clone of a cleric, they lose all experience points. Their faith in the nature of a soul is shaken and they must relearn a great deal as they re-evaluate their place in the world. If any character travels with their clone, the experience is somewhat off-putting and neither of them can earn experience points. In the end, the two sets of characters a player does not choose to play become NPCs. Usually this means that, in addition to the PCs, there is one set of now NPCs outside the cube and one set dying slowly inside the cube.

If this doesn't cause a debate about the nature of self long enough for you to make that fresh cup of coffee with plenty of time to spare, then I must say I am surprised about the uniformity of your group's opinions. It is almost certain that when you get more than four people together and discuss the ship of Theseus someone will have a beef with your views.

LEAVING THE ESTATE

To leave the estate, you must make it to the briars at the edge of the fields and say the same phrase in reverse. If you do not do this before midnight, you will be stuck for another year, waiting for spring (and probably killed or enslaved before then if you aren't bargaining with the Pale Lady). If you go through the exact same root, briar, or hedge you entered by you will

return to the exact same point. If you take another route out you will end up exiting a root, briar, or hedge somewhere random within 1000 miles. If this matters, roll a d8 for direction (1 being north and moving clockwise by 45 degrees) and d1000 for how many miles. If it ends up in the ocean, they only move as far as the furthest shoreline. Anyone taking the same point to exit will exit at the same point.

