

# Little Devils

## One Page Dungeon by Edward Lockhart

An adventure suitable for any FRPG from faux 1100s to faux 1700s.

There have been strange occurrences in and around the village. Livestock has begun to disappear at a prodigious rate, and strange devils cavort in wooded glades. Last night, three young men were seen heading into the forest and haven't been heard from since.

Three mothers desperately want their boys back. Several local farmers want the cattle rustling to end. The local priest has a feeling that the demons might just be real, physical entities, needing put to the sword. The best part is all parties are willing to pay to get what they want and half up front at that! Enter your friendly, neighborhood grave-robbing-scumbags and murder-hobos, AKA adventurers.

**In the Village** - The three mothers are wives of well-to-do, traveling merchants. They will pay handsomely (whatever that means for your campaign) for any expedition. If the PCs ask around, the three young men are considered by pretty much everyone to be spoiled assholes.

The local farmers are able to pay in the form of four young Swamp Ponies: a local breed of smallish, but especially hardy horses known for sure footing in bad terrain.

The local priest can only pay in blessings and good wishes, but he does know the woods very well. He suspects the trouble emanates from an old, pagan burial mound to the north, deep in the wilds. (Doesn't it always?)

Other locals know there are bandits operating out of the far eastern edge of the woods, near a well-traveled stretch of road. Some few claim to have seen red-skinned, goat-footed devils a'caterwauling through the forest.

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The Little Devils are sort of anti-cherubs. They look like chubby little boys with pinkish-red skin, horns, vestigial batwings, and goat legs. The annoying things are capable speech (mostly profanity and insults). Their sturdy legs can leap 10'. They spit (see below), bite, & kick, but prefer impractical and outlandish "battle tactics". Also, the little shits can consume amazing amounts of raw meat.

### Random Little Devil Chart

2d4	Spit Attack	"Hair"/Horns
2	Hallucinogen (contact, mild visual distortions)	Mohawk of Branches
3	Spit (just spit, harmless but annoying)	Goat-horns
4	Fire (fire damage [duh], might ignite stuff)	Ram-horns
5	Black Ink (for blinding enemies or graffiti)	Bone-spikes
6	Grease (slip 'n fall and/or drop stuff)	Bald
7	Acid (might keep burning for a bit)	Bull-horns
8	Color Ink (when slain births 2 random devils)	Bone-spikes

**The Burial Mound** - A horrible cacophony can be heard within its dim inner vault. A veritable forest of trip wires lays before the open entrance. If the PC's pause out front, a swinging-log trap will arc towards them. The log is ridden by three wah-hoo-ing Ink devils.

A fixed ladder leads from the ground to level 1. The other levels are reached via knotted ropes dropped through holes in the floor.

**Ground** - A packed earth floor, littered in trash and animal bones, "guarded" by 3 Fire, 3 Ink, 3 Acid, and 1 Spit Devils.

**Level 1** - On rickety scaffolding, there are 3 small chests filled with random shiny things (also vomit and trash) & two ½ empty whiskey jugs. All "guarded" by 3 Ink, 3 Grease, and 1 Color Ink Devils.

**Level 2** - 3 Hallucinogen Devils are making a horrible racket with a few instruments, preventing all verbal communication in the vault. 1 Grease & 1 Fire Devils messily devour a pair of dead sheep.

**Level 3** - 6 Ink and 3 Spit Devils (wielding bear-traps tied to sticks) guard a statue of an open hand. All fingers have broken off, save for the thumb and middle finger. A long crack runs down the palm, glowing with a faint, pinkish light. If not destroyed, the statue will continue birthing 2 random Devils every hour. Nobody wants that.

## 1d6 "Devil" Woods Encounters

- 1 Pleasant Jaunt through the Woods: Just Birds and Squirrels.
- 2 3 Boys, bruised, covered in ink, and heading home. Talking of Demons.
- 3 2d6 Bandits ½ Armed with bows/pistols and ½ armed with backwords.
- 4-6 A \*Ploy by 2 Random Little Devils

\*Ploy- One Little Devil sits in the middle of the path, holding his hoof and crying inconsolably. Another sit's above him in a branch waiting to drop a basket of stinging scorpions on the PCs.

