

The Green House

Background: The party is called out into the night, on reports a young boy has been possessed. They arrive at the house.

“It’s an old wooden home that looks to be one story, maybe with an attic. A few lights are flickering inside that you can see. Even though it’s dark you can tell the house is well cared for in spite of its age. There is no yard to speak of, but a small potted plant sits beside the door.”

The Living Room – There is nothing much of note to find. This one room also doubles as the dining room, and the table has been set for dinner. The door to the hallway has grown shut, but the door into the kitchen is open.

The Kitchen - A stew is bubbling on the stove, and a trio of oddly glowing lightning bugs are flitting around. The door to the hallway is partially grown shut, but can be forced.

Hallway - The hallway is dark, save for the faint glow of phosphorescent mushrooms that have sprouted in a few clumps along the walls. They emit a pale blue glow, enough that you can see that the hall has become overgrown with moss. You can see a number of doorways, three on the left side of the hall, and two on the right. All the doors are open except the far-left door. A baleful green glow oozes from beneath the closed doorway. A few small shrubs have grown up from the floor and hopping slowly towards you are a pair of gray-furred rabbits. Reach the halfway point and vines reach up from the floor and try to strangle you.

Girls room – This room has become a small glade of dark purple flowers, and is tended by a small porcelain faced rag doll. It’s head turns to look at you as you enter.

Parent’s room - The ruins of a bed lie in the middle of the room, from which two trees have grown. As you look up you see that the roof has

vanished and the night sky spreads out above you. The trees, each ash white elder trees with red-gold leaves, lord above you, their branches entwined. Searching the room finds a dozen golden berries on the floor. Holding them, they are warm to the touch, and fill you with a faint feeling of goodness and hope

Boy’s room - Beyond this doorway, there is no room, not anymore. It is dark, darker than any room so far, and what was once wood seems to have turned to stone. You can hear the sound of claws on stone, and as you watch, a pair of yellow eyes appear out of the darkness. A pack of spectral wolves attacks the party.

Storage room - This room appears to be a pantry and storage room. You hear the distant sound of birds on the wing. A trio of fully dressed out fowl hang on a hook. As you look, one of the duck’s wings flap faintly.

Far Left room - The door is shut, but opens easily as you try the handle. It opens into beautiful glade that is far larger than the room could possibly be. The sun is shining, and a warm summer breeze churns the air around you. The clearing is ringed by tall willow trees, their low bows creating inviting shade. In the middle of the clearing a young boy is untangling a kite string. The boy looks up and his eyes widen, and a huge smile splits his face. ‘More suns!’ he cries out happily. “I can light up everyone’s rooms now!”

The boy skips towards you, morphing with each step into a creature of vines, sun bleached bones, and bark. The antlered skull of an elk, painted black and a golden swirl painted on it, is its head now, and an eerie moaning is coming from it.

Once the boy is killed in the dream, everyone sees the room for what it is. The skull rests on the floor, beside the dead boy’s body. The green mold begins to curl and die, dissolving into black ash.