

Something dark dwells within the Parsh Forest as reports of people going missing, cloaked figures disappearing in plain sight and hulking figures walking between the trunks of trees, watching those who dare travel through the roads. The local guard and militia are too scared to go into the forest due to the reports.

A call for aid has been issued for anyone brave enough to unravel what's happening within the forest and to put a stop to it. But, there are more than mere sightings of strange creatures to contend with as the adventurers, nay, heroes will soon discover.

**DM:** (A demonic entity needs to have nine descendants from the people that banished it from the Parsh Forest. A dark priest is completing the ceremony by corrupting the forest with fiendish corruption to gather the sacrifices. The village of Farden lays as the perfect hunting ground for the priest and the animated forest that does its bidding. One of the residents of the village has a scrambled knowledge of what is happening but his knowledge is all mixed in with folktales based on stories that his elven parent once told him.)

As they sat around the tavern, they heard increasingly wild tales of the Parsh forest. A merchant swore he'd seen a two-headed creature, while a woman mourned her missing daughter, whose blue ribbon was found in the woods. Seven children had vanished, and a hunter who searched for his sister never returned. Drunken hunters admitted their fear of the forest, revealing they hadn't ventured deep in. The old hermit, with supposed elven blood and a history of the forest, was absent but known for his tales that blurred the line between truth and folklore.

'Old Gareth would have a story about what's happening. He will know what to do.' a young man said nervously after hearing the story of the missing young ones.

'Gareth? He's mad. Got that madness the elves of Parsh had, I wouldn't trust anything he says.' an older woman said as she eyes the group. "Remember when he burnt down the corn as he said it would curse the village?" she continued. 'Don't you trust mad Gareth.'

'He may be mad, but he is the only one that knows the tales of old. Surely he knows what is going on and can help' the same young man rebutted which earned him a mixture of nods and murmured disagreements.

**DM:** (The party should go and seek out Gareth. People willingly point out his hut but repeat that he is crazy with many pointing out that he has elven blood within his veins which likely has caused the madness. Refer to 439MoWhRo)

**DM:**(The party found Gareth, who welcomed them warmly and offered them tea, though it was quite unappetizing. He shared tales of the forest and elves, hinting at magical events. Synthia, Gareth's frustrated apprentice, explained she was documenting his stories but found many of them implausible. Gareth mentioned a spell that silenced the trees and hinted at a need to bring back the "winged ones." Synthia offered to share more coherent stories from her book and answered questions before dusk.)



'The woods have ears, did you know that?' he began. 'When the elves first left the woods and headed south past the human lands they encountered the first settlers of this village. Back then the woods were said to come alive at the beck and call of the elves to build their houses and fight their enemies.' he paused to sip his scalding tea. 'But when the winged ones left the trees stopped.' he paused to pick out the other half of the worm from his tea. 'A Pity as I always wanted to talk to a tree.' he mused to himself.

'Synthia, dear girl. Did I tell you about the spell at the heart of the forest? The one that called the winged ones home and silenced the trees?' he added, chewing still. 'They say that nine are needed to bring back the trees

but I don't think we could find nine more winged ones. They all disappeared.' he paused again before telling another story. 'See, wild stories.' Synthia added, looking at the party knowingly. 'I do have some of the ones that made sense in this book if you want to take a look over it. If there's any questions I'm from Remale, the village one over. I will be here not long as I must leave before dusk.'

**DM:**(Gareth isn't completely mad as the details of the story have just been mixed up a bit. It isn't nine winged ones that are needed for the spell, it was nine to seal away the winged one. The elves bound a demon and that spell of sealing is centred on an ancient shrine at the centre of the forest. Refer to 439TuFoLoFa) As the party left Gareth they realised that it was already quite late and it was getting dark.



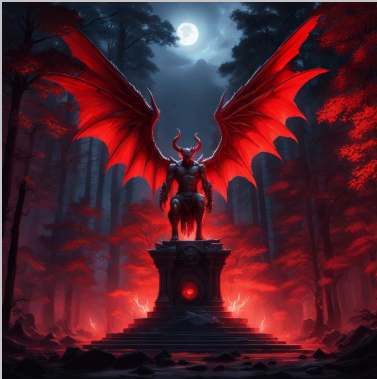
The sound of screaming alerted the party to something being wrong in the village. The shouts of men and women and the booming crunch of something heavy hitting the ground could be heard. Tree creatures are attacking the village and have taken a girl Synthia rushes to save the girl but is snatched up and taken beyond the trees.

**DM:**(The village is being attacked by several awakened trees. The village is rallying a poor but brave defence but it's not enough. The challenge is moderate for the party but they are unable to save the child and Synthia before they are taken by the animated trees. Refer to 439WeWaTr and 439FrDaPr)

The party chased after the trees but reached a barricade of moving trees while the creatures turned towards the village. Gareth revealed that the creatures, freed by their new winged masters, were reclaiming their tithe and marching for war.

The party rush forward once they are able to push past the wall of twisted trees. Gareth had handed them a scroll with exceedingly poor handwriting indicating that there was rumoured to be a shrine deeper in the forest to one of the "winged ones" that he had mentioned before. The party now followed the directions and a rough map to where they believed this shrine was located and they believed that they were on the right path.

As they pushed further into the forest as the sun fully disappeared and the moon pushed forward, its radiant glow illuminating the path for them. Soon



the sound of a lone voice chanting and branches cracking came from head and a red glow appeared between trees contrasting against the white of the full moon. They could see it now, a large winged creature atop a tall statue bathed in red light.

From their position they could see four bound human figures wrapped in cloth at the base of a small ziggurat and a man chanted at the base of the statue calling out to Sarghul. Green eyes glowed on

the statue as it stared at a moving bundle of cloth that called out for help, Synthia, as energy pulsated around the area turning the trees half red and half blue as the moon and unholy magic battled to claim the area. The man's chanting reached a crescendo as cracks of vibrant light appeared over the statue as magical energies swirled around its form.

**DM:**(The encounter includes a dark priest and many awakened trees. It's a very challenging encounter, Refer to 439FrDaPr, if the priest falls the statue should crack in half revealing a demonic form underneath trying to pull itself out. As the priest falls the trees stop attacking the party and move to attack the statue - sealing the winged creature once more.)



# The Dark of Parsh Forest - 439SuDaPaFo

©2024 BrazenWolfe Tabletop, All Rights Reserved, Permission Granted to copy for personal use.

