

Bogged down

A Quickphix One Page Adventure

I was travelling through the back-country when I saw an evening rainstorm brewing on the horizon. The only sign of civilisation far and wide was a small farmstead near the the road. I decided to rely on their hospitality and knocked on the main house's door. A young lad named Davy opened the door and talking to him it became quickly clear that he was all alone in this big farm. I should have listened to my instinct then. I could have avoided one of the worst nights of my life.

Davy and the Family

The boy was hesitant and quiet at first, but invited me without much hesitation into the house. He was of small frame and seemed to have a badly healing broken arm. Counting the shoes near the door I deduced there should be at least four more family members - but the boy just told me they were "out". After letting my charm play for a while, he opened up a bit and showed me his room, which was filled with weird swamp flora. Apparently he'd been nurturing and planting them at the swamp behind the farm. After pushing a bit he also told me that the swamp sometimes returns the favour - gifting him small things such as shiny pebbles or new seeds.

Poking Around

While the boy was preparing dinner, I decided to act on my bad feeling and investigate a bit. The house really was empty and showed no signs of a violent struggle. Still, the other family members must've been here just a few hours ago, judging by the unfinished work all around the estate. Meals half-prepared, a bucket left half-repaired. Other than tat, there wasn't much. The shed contained some tools to be used at the wood workshop. The barn housed some sickly goats and chicken. The well in the middle led down ca. 30ft. into inky blackness, smelling faintly sweet. Nothing suspicious so far. Despite the storm growing stronger, I walked out to the swamp (5 minutes away). I felt watched the entire time - but poking around in the mud only produced an old walking zstick and no dead bodies. The same sweet smell as before hung in the air.

Dreadful Night

The boy let me set up my bedroll in the upstairs livingroom. Outside, the storm was raging and I couldn't even make out the barn from the my upstairs window. Still, the room was cozy and warm - making me fall asleep. I was awoken by the sound of footsteps on the roof. I grabbed my lantern and went into the boy's room, only to find it empty. I felt an evil force lurking and watching me from the windows. Thanks to my alertness, I was able to barely avoid the wooden dart that was shot at me. It hit my lantern instead, and before I knew it did I find myself fighting for my life in the dark, as more footsteps approached.

Fighting Froggy Phantoms

I only realized the next morning what I was fighting: A local variant of the bullywug (MM p. 35) - just much more adept in camouflage and fighting with some sort of throwing darts. They hunted me throughout the farmstead: staying out of reach and sneaking up to me. Able to jump from roof to roof within seconds. I could detect them through the sweet odour of their poison darts & skint.

Finding Davy

It was clear as day to me, that the Davy was the key out of this situation. However, I couldn't find him anywhere. Fortunately, I noticed one of the creatures climbing up from the cellar. A hidden passage lead from there to under the well. There I found a cold and sobbing Davy. It took me a while to get through to him.

Ending Dangerous Wishes

He confessed everything. He used to talk to the swamp, not knowing someone was listening. After an ugly argument with his parents, he wished to finally be left alone. His Bullywug friends were happy to oblige. Tonight, they came to finally take Davy with them. They must've valued his green thumb quite a lot. After I took him back up, their attacks stopped - as if they didn't want to risk harming him. However, I realized it was too late for his family. It's a wonder the territorial Bullywugs haven't attacked the farm sooner. I told that to Davy as the sun came up and we walked away from the farm. I don't think it eased his conscience, but at least now he knows there's no point in staying here.

