The Lantern Night

Tumblebrook, in the Vale of Aldermoor



On Lantern Night the pumpkins float off the doorsteps to the old mill, where a shy little ghost is looking for the name it lost.

Talewick Quests — original content, free to print and play.

Read this to your players to start

It is Lantern Night in Tumblebrook, and the pumpkin lanterns are floating off the doorsteps, one by one, toward the old mill. Somebody is borrowing them, and Granny Tansy thinks that somebody is sad. Follow the lights and find out who, and why.

Who's in this adventure

The Little Ghost
Heart Points 1 · Guard 20
None. Its biggest "Boo" sounds like a sneeze.

Gilly, the Barn Owl
Heart Points 2 · Guard 14
None. She only says "Who? Who?"

A Borrowed Lantern
Heart Points 1 · Guard 3
None. It is a pumpkin with a face carved in it and a candle inside.

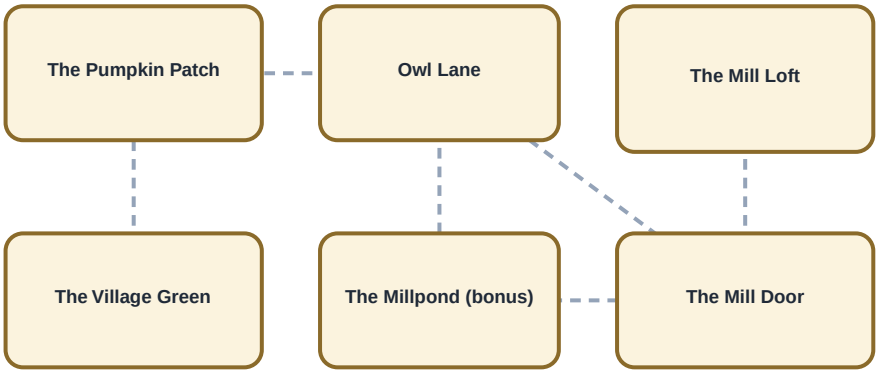
Tips for running this one

• This adventure is spooky the way a fireside tale is spooky: a dark lane, a creaky door, a cold breath on your neck, and then a giggle. Lean into the little shivers and always let them end in a laugh.

• Nothing in this adventure fights. If a player reaches for a sword, the ghost squeaks and hides, and the sword goes swish through the air. Let the scene stay gentle.

• Play the little ghost small and polite, with a whispery voice: it says "sorry" a lot. Gilly the owl is muddled and kind and starts everything with "Who? Who?". Granny Tansy is twinkly and calm.

Map



The lane runs from the village green, through the pumpkin patch and under the owl's tree, to the old mill. At the Epic length it passes the misty millpond first. The riddle is on the millstone inside the door, and the ghost waits in the loft at the top. The Quick Quest can go straight from the green to the loft and still land.

SHOW YOUR PLAYERS THIS

The Riddle on the Millstone

Carved round the edge of an old millstone, under the flour dust, in big careful letters: "I start as a seed, as small as a bean. I grow round and orange, with a stalk that is green. Cut me a smile and give me a light, and I keep the dark cheerful all through the night. Say what I am, and say it out loud: it is the name of my friend in the flour cloud. Goodnight, little friend. Abel Grist, miller."