The haunted mere.

A few miles from here a frost-stiffened wood waits and keeps watch above a mere; the overhanging bank is a maze of tree-roots mirrored in its surface. At night there, something uncanny happens: the water burns. And the mere-bottom has never been sounded by the sons of men. On its bank, the heather-stepper halts: the hart in flight from pursuing hounds will turn to face them with firm-set horns and die in the wood rather than dive beneath its surface. That is no good place. When wind blows up and stormy weather makes clouds scud and the skies weep, out of its depths a dirty surge is pitched towards the heavens. Now help depends again on you and on you alone. The gap of danger where the demon waits is still unknown to you. Seek it if you dare. I will compensate you for settling the feud as I did the last time with lavish wealth, coffers of coiled gold, if you come back.’ [1345-79]