Dungeon®

ADVENTURES FOR TSR ROLE-PLAYING GAMES

ISSUE #63
VOLUME XI, NO. 3 $4.95 USA



Dungeon®

ADVENTURES FOR TSR ROLE-PLAYING GAMES

JANUARY/FEBRUARY 1997
ISSUE #63

6 LETTERS

7 EDITORIAL

"If you want my advice, make for Rivendell. That journey should not prove too perilous, though the Road is less easy than it was, and it will grow worse as the year fails."
— J.R.R. Tolkien
The Fellowship of the Ring



8 HUNT FOR A HIEROPHANT
by Chris Doyle
(AD&D® Adventure, character levels 6–8; 50 total levels) The only man who can stop the amphibian horde needs a wake-up call.

22 GNOME DROPPINGS
by Christopher Perkins
(SPELLJAMMER® Adventure, character levels 2–4; 15 total levels) Out-of-this-world adventure.

30 HUZZA'S GOBLIN O' WAR
by Paul Culotta
(AD&D FORGOTTEN REALMS® Adventure, character levels 4–6; 30 total levels) A short encounter with a most unusual boarding party.







54 INVISIBLE STALKER
by Johnathan Richards
(AD&D SideTrek Adventure, character levels 1 or 2; 6 total levels) Don't you wish they'd stay dead?

34 BLOOD & FIRE
by John Baichtal
(AL-QADIM® Adventure, character levels 5–7; 48 total levels) The Land of Fate is known for its hot sands and fiery passions. You must survive both to restore order to the city.

58 BEAUTY CORRUPT
by Kent Ertman
(AD&D® Adventure, character levels 4 or 5; 16 total levels) Who put the dip in diplomat?





Letters



We received a lot of letters this month (so many that we couldn't print all of them). Keep them coming — we love hearing from you. Write us at DUNGEON® Adventures, *201 Sheridan Springs Road, Lake Geneva, WI 53147.*

Look, It's Not Our Fault!

I'd like to point out a slight goof in the rendering of the stone dial in "Dragon's Delve" (issue #62). If you envision the dial like a clock, the symbols at roughly "10:00" and "11:00" on the dial should be reversed. Otherwise the runes spell out "Thunderdevle" instead of the proper "Thunderdelve." The fault is entirely mine, of course. However, one might suspect that the dwarves carved them backward deliberately to thwart robbers. On the other hand, no one said dawrves wer gode spelers anywhy.

Chris Perkins
Georgetown, Ontario

The Prodigal Returns

For the past five years I have had a break from the AD&D® game, instead playing the Storyteller games of White Wolf game studio. Throughout that time, I continued to purchase *DUNGEON Adventures,* but mostly skimmed through each issue as it came out. After skimming through issues 59 and 60, the adventures "Seeking Bloodsilver," "Shards of the Day," and "Nemesis" piqued my interest enough to start reading through my older issues. These three adventures were great; they led me to purchase my first (non-magazine) AD&D products in years — the BIRTHRIGHT® campaign setting, and the *DUNGEON MASTER™ Option: High-level Campaigns* book. The BIRTHRIGHT campaign is really cool — it is similar in many ways to a campaign I ran over ten years ago. The *High-Level Campaigns* book is also great, full of advice for any level. It seems that a number of recent letters have been asking for a new section where a "really cool bad guy, trap, or monster" is introduced. This used to be under the remit of *DRAGON® Magazine.* Remember that *DUNGEON Adventures* is not just a magazine including adventures, it introduces NPCs, new monsters, fully fleshed out storylines, and character backgrounds. Use what you want. Readers who may be inclined to ignore an adventure simply because it is not based on their campaign — i.e., "exotic" settings like the RAVENLOFT® setting, the BIRTHRIGHT campaign, or the PLANESCAPE® setting— are not doing themselves or the magazine justice.

One of the most useful parts of the *High-Level Campaigns* book is the section on up or down grading monsters of all kinds. Readers who want lots of new monsters should see the advice in that book.

In the latest issue (#61) is the excellent adventure "Jigsaw," which is set in 19th-century Switzerland. No doubt some readers will ignore it because of that, or consider it a waste of space, like some trashed "Wedding Day." DMs, try running these adventures with your players; they might enjoy it. If not, you've only "wasted" one game session — you might find players enjoy the opportunity for role-playing (not roll-).

I thoroughly agree with a recent comment that the "Further Adventures" section of an adventure is often the most useful source of ideas. Strong adventures can often lead to great recurring NPCs or strong follow-up plot-lines. I suggest a page of three to six adventure ideas would be more useful than any traps page.

Final point: the new style table of contents is very childish, reminiscent of the original 1st-edition *Monster Manual.* Please change it. Now I've said my peace, keep up the great work.

Julian Neale
via e-mail

Bim bim salla bim ... the table of contents is now changed.

The Truth Is Out There

I am a regular reader of *DUNGEON Adventures* (although I do not subscribe). I find your magazine mostly excellent, and have finally been persuaded to write

Continued on page 70

DUNGEON® (ISSN 0890-7102) is published bimonthly by TSR, Inc., 201 Sheridan Springs Road, Lake Geneva WI 53147 U.S.A. The mailing address for all material **except** subscription orders is DUNGEON®, 201 Sheridan Springs Road, Lake Geneva WI 53147 U.S.A.; telephone (414)248-3625; fax (414)248-0389.

Distribution: DUNGEON is available from game and hobby shops throughout the United States, Canada, and the United Kingdom, and through a limited number of other overseas outlets. Distribution to the book trade in the United States is by Random House, Inc., and in Canada by Random House of Canada, Ltd. Distributed to the book trade in the United Kingdom is by TSR Ltd. Send orders to: Random House, Inc., Order Entry Department, Westminster MD 21157, U.S.A.; telephone (800) 733-3000.

Subscriptions: Subscription rates via periodicals-class mail are as follows: $23 in U.S. funds for six issues sent to an address in the U.S., $25 in U.S. funds for delivery to Canada, $45 in U.S. funds for surface mail delivery to any other address, and $59 in U.S. funds for air mail delivery to any other address. Prices are subject to change without notice. Payment in full must accompany all subscription orders. Payment should be by check or money order, made payable to TSR, Inc. or by charges to valid MasterCard or VISA credit cards. Send subscription orders with payments to: TSR, Inc., P.O. Box 5695, Boston MA 02206. The issue of expiration of each subscription is printed on the mailing label for each subscriber's copy of the magazine. Changes of address for the delivery of subscription copies must be received at least six weeks prior to the effective date of the change, in order to assure uninterrupted delivery.

Submissions: All material published in DUNGEON becomes the exclusive property of the publisher, unless special arrangements to the contrary are made prior to publication. DUNGEON does not accept unsolicited submissions of written material. DUNGEON does welcome submission proposals. Please write for our writer's guidelines before sending a proposal to us; send a self-addressed, stamped envelope (9½" long) to: Module Guidelines, DUNGEON, TSR, Inc., 201 Sheridan Springs Road, Lake Geneva WI 53147, U.S.A.

Advertising: For information on placing advertisements in DUNGEON, ask for our rate card. Contact: Advertising Coordinator, TSR, Inc. 201 Sheridan Springs Road, Lake Geneva WI 53147, U.S.A.

DUNGEON is a registered trademark for the TSR role-playing adventure periodical published by TSR, Inc. All rights to the contents of this publication are reserved, and nothing may be reproduced from it in whole or in part, without first obtaining written permission from the publisher.

* designates registered trademarks owned by TSR, Inc. ™ designates trademarks owned by TSR, Inc. Most other product names are trademarks owned by the companies publishing those products. Use of the name of any product without mention of trademark status should not be construed as a challenge to such status.

©1996 TSR, Inc. All Rights Reserved. Printed in the U.S.A. All TSR characters, character names, and the distinctive likenesses thereof are trademarks owned by TSR, Inc.

Periodicals-class postage paid at Lake Geneva, WI, U.S.A. and additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to DUNGEON, c/o TSR, Inc., 201 Sheridan Springs Road, Lake Geneva WI 53147, U.S.A.

Editorial



Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder

Welcome to *DUNGEON® Adventures* #63. Your wait has been long and fretful. It must have seemed an eternity. Wait no longer. As of now, *DUNGEON Adventures* will resume a regular publication schedule.

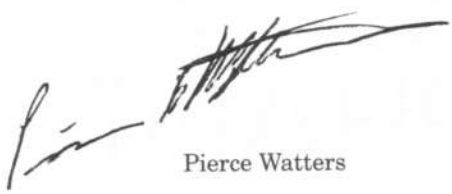
This issue reads January/February. Obviously it is not. Rather than take the time to make several cosmetic changes, we rushed it to press as quickly as we could. The date may be wrong, but the adventures are all brand new. The next issue will be September/October (#64) and *DUNGEON Adventures* will continue to appear bi-monthly hereafter. Subscribers need not worry. The total issues due you is tracked by number, not by month, so you will receive them all.

When publication was originally delayed, we thought the problems were easily solvable and that the next issue would soon be out. Literally, on a week-to-week basis we were working to remove roadblocks that prevented going to press. Unfortunately, as one was removed, two more appeared. We honestly did not think this much time would pass before you held another *DUNGEON Adventures* in you hands. In retrospect, we should have notified you. We did not, and for this we apologize. Your patience has been extraordinary.

During our hiatus I have talked to many loyal readers who were understandably concerned with the delay. However, you didn't give up, and your determination was admirable. You were inspiring. Your inspiration has strengthened our determination to give you the best adventures possible.

Look on this as a new beginning after a temporary parting from an old friend. Absence can make the heart grow fonder. We're back and more than ready to go. And this time we no longer go it alone. TSR, Inc. has been bought by Wizards of the Coast®, the world's most successful producer of trading card games. This is a match made in heaven. Wizards of the Coast has some incredible strengths. TSR has others. Combined, the game possibilities are unlimited. Wizards of the Coast was named after an AD&D campaign! Given the incredible support of our new owners, *DUNGEON Adventures* will be even better. The sum of the parts is exceeded by the whole.

DUNGEON Adventures is the magazine of role-playing adventures. We will continue to provide you with the best adventures set in your favorite AD&D campaign world along with a few, select, others such as the DRAGONLANCE® 5TH AGE™ setting. So, come along with us as we move into a new, exciting, and infinitely brighter future.



Pierce Watters

Dungeon®

ADVENTURES FOR TSR ROLE-PLAYING GAMES

Volume XI
Number 2

Publisher
TSR, Inc.

Associate Publisher
Brian Thomsen

Editor-in-Chief
Pierce Watters

Editor
Michelle Vuckovich

Associate Editor
Dave Gross

Editorial Assistant
Lizz Baldwin

Art Director
Larry Smith

Production
Terry Craig

Subscriptions
Janet L. Winters

Advertising
Cindy Rick



HUNT FOR A HIEROPHANT

BY CHRIS DOYLE

Sleepyhead

Artwork by Tony DiTerlizzi
Cartography by Michael Scott

Chris graduated from Rutger's University in 1994 with a B.S. in Fishery Science. He puts that degree to good use as the senior aquatic biologist at a small lab in New Jersey. "Hunt for a Hierophant" was originally written as an RPGA® Network two-round event for ConnCon.

"Hunt for a Hierophant" is an AD&D® adventure designed for 6–8 characters of levels 6–8 (about 50 total levels). A PC with a musical instrument proficiency, perhaps a bard, would be beneficial. A ranger or druid can also be useful.

The adventure takes place in and about the Drakewood, a large temperate forest. A mountain range resides to the north, and a foreboding swamp, known as the Cragmoor, borders the forest to the east. The region is settled by the human town of Charlotte, containing nearly a thousand people, mostly farmers. From the Cragmoor marches an army, threatening Charlotte and its inhabitants.

The PCs can become embroiled in the prophecy that is about to pass in several ways. The simplest method is to have the PCs hired by the town council. If this method is used, the DM must decide the terms of such an agreement. The adventure works better, however, if one or more of the PCs are from the town or have a close relative or friend who is a resident. Saving one's homeland is a much greater motivation than money. Alternate beginnings could include the PCs' being forced to protect the town as a result of debt, being attacked by bullywugs on the way to Charlotte, or being ordered by a high-ranking druid, assuming the party includes a ranger, druid, or other PC beholden to the druidical hierarchy. With a few adaptations, such as changing area names, this adventure can easily fit the DM's campaign.

For The Player Characters

An immense horde of frog-like bullywugs swept west out of the Cragmoor. They surged into the dark reaches of the Drakewood Forest and laid waste to its inhabitants and the land itself. The evil creatures are now ready to press south into civilized lands as they muster their forces in the forest. The small town of Charlotte lies in the path of this army.

Rumor has it that a powerful human wizard commands this devastating force from a hidden base in the heart of the Cragmoor. This would certainly explain the quick, efficient tactics employed by the normally unorganized bullywugs. Reports state that the creatures are well-armed and that some even possess magic.

If true, this spells certain doom for the populated southern lands. As a result, preparations for war have begun in earnest, including fortifying walls, stockpiling food, and drilling the militias. Meanwhile, Charlotte contacted the elven historians of the Southern lands. The elves, by far the oldest inhabitants of the region, combed their archives in an effort to discover a solution.

After days of peering over texts, librams, and ancient tomes, the elven historians are convinced that a prophecy is about to come to pass. They have discovered a diary that belonged to Leander, a human hierophant druid who was the protector of this region over 500 years ago. One day he simply disappeared from the land. His diary states he entered Druid's Sleep, a form of hibernation similar to that which some animals experience during winter. The historians say that Leander is alive, hidden in a secure resting place, still asleep. The final words in Leander's diary form the basis of the prophecy. "When the black tide sweeps the land from the east, look to the sky for answers. If the time is right, send a worthy band to awaken me, and the forest communities shall unite." Following this cryptic passage were several accurate sketches of constellations.

The historians have watched the stars and determined that the time Leander spoke of is about to pass. Leander wrote that he left a map and several items useful in discovering his resting place with a close friend, a treant named Evergreen. One of these items is the key needed to enter Leander's resting place. However, the scriptures describe it only as a "key that is not a key."

A search of the archives for information on the treant proved nearly fruitless. The only lead is that Evergreen resides behind an "unwooden door" in an enchanted glade secluded somewhere in the Northern reaches of the Drakewood. The mission is thus defined: Enter the Drakewood Forest amid the bullywug army to search for Evergreen, armed with weapons, wits, and several five-hundred-year-old cryptic clues. Upon locating the treant and obtaining the map and key, proceed with all haste to Leander's resting place to wake the hierophant druid.

For The Dungeon Master

Leander did indeed foresee the arrival of the bullywugs and spent considerable time planning for it. With the help of an arch-mage friend and a loyal dwarven clan, he constructed an underground complex secreted in the Northspire Mountains. He filled the complex with traps, perils, and tests to ensure that not just anyone could stumble across his helpless body. Thus, he entered Druid's Sleep (see *PHB*/38).

Leander entrusted his closest ally, the treant Evergreen, with the only map to his resting place. He also gave the treant several magical items to aid the band in its quest. However, Leander could not predict what would happen to Evergreen in 500 years. As stated in the *Monstrous Manual*™ tome, when a treant reaches a certain age, he "puts down his roots" and assumes the form of a normal tree (i.e., he "dies"). About 150 years ago, it became Evergreen's time to put down his roots. Due to the charge placed upon him, the treant nobly fought this natural urge. The treant was strong, both mentally and physically, but his decades-long battle against death affected him adversely. Slowly, he became insane, twisted, and evil. The PCs are unaware of this development until they finally penetrate Evergreen's hidden lair.

The bullywugs from the Cragmoor Swamp are united by a powerful wizard named Zerrick. He has duped the evil frog creatures into believing he is an avatar of their god. Zerrick reigns from the ruins of a temple hidden deep in the swamp. He wields many magical items looted from various ruins in the swamp, and his research has revealed several more ruins scattered about the Drakewood. Therefore, he ordered his newly dedicated troops to take over the forest. Convinced that Charlotte stands in his army's way, he plans on plundering the town so that his forces can search the forest at leisure. Overrunning the town would also provide valuable training for his troops and fill his coffers with wealth.

Zerrick has organized the bullywugs into orderly patrols to control the forest. These patrols are well-armed and trained to fight as a cohesive unit. Many patrols also contain a shaman, typically armed with minor magical items. The normal, more primitive bullywugs are allowed to roam the forest in packs. After the forest is secure, Zerrick plans to unleash an assault on the town.

To flesh out the search for Evergreen's lair, the DM might want to consider a few random encounters. These could include wandering bullywug patrols or wood elves engaging the bullywugs in a vain effort to stem the tide of the army. Alternatively, these encounters can be with the Drakewood's denizens, such as a giant trap door spider ambush or a smelly run-in with a giant skunk.

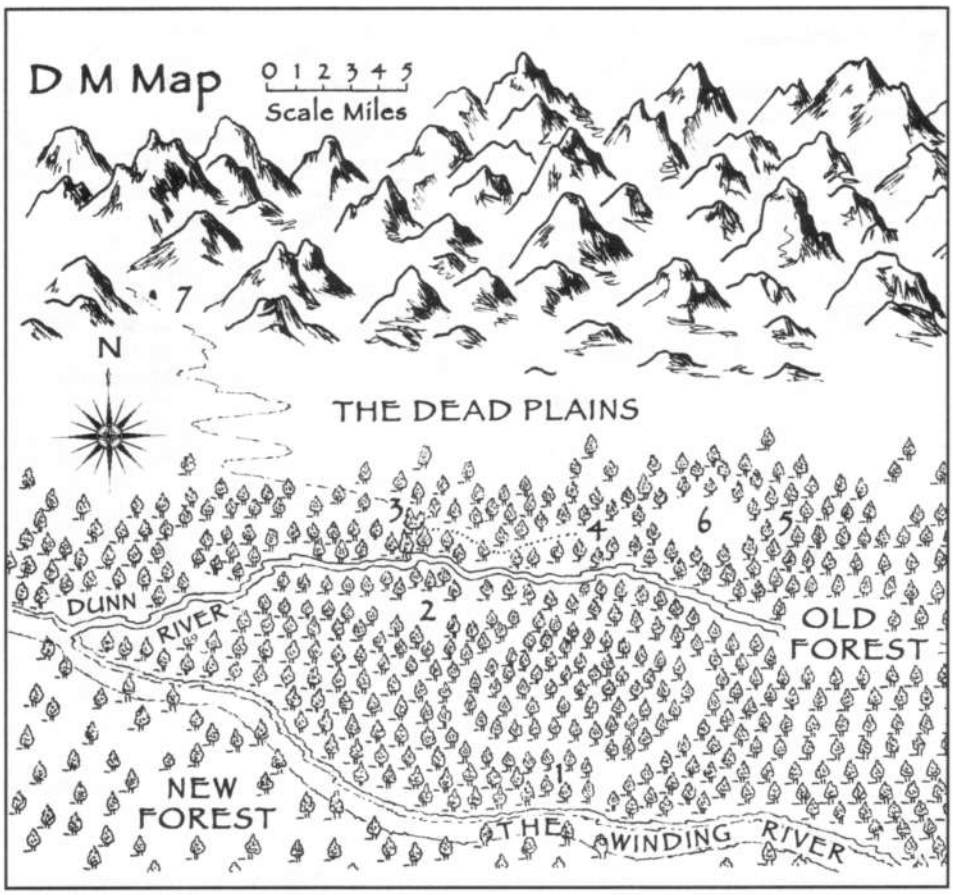
1. The Plea

The summer sun reaches its zenith in the sky, but the thick trees blot out its searing rays, so you remain comfortable during your journey. Suddenly, you hear a rough feminine voice cry, "Please ... help me ..."

Leaning against a gnarled trunk is a female with elvish features and delicately tanned skin. She is clad in a loose fitting emerald tunic that appears soaked with blood. She has long hair the color of young leaves on a sapling. She takes an uncertain step onto the path, apparently to greet you. As her large hazel eyes meet yours, she staggers and grabs her side before collapsing.

This is Mistle, a dryad in dire need of help. Yesterday, a band of bullywugs surprised her while she tended a small patch of herbs, forcing her to retreat to her oak tree. Frustrated, the bullywugs chopped down her tree, figuring it would kill her. Dryads are bound to a single tree their entire life, so moving to another tree is out of the question. Her oak is ancient and magical, so it clings to life, but time is running out. Her tree loses its magic in a few short hours, and when it does, Mistle dies.

Forced to seek assistance, Mistle heard the party's approach and decided that she had to act. With what strength



remained, she worked her way to the path. Her face is drained of color and she has several deep wounds caused by a slashing blade. She speaks in a faint voice, strained with pain. With great effort, she explains what happened and begs for help. If the PCs refuse to assist her, she resorts to *charming* them.

The PCs can attempt to heal Mistle, using *cure* spells or potions. Even if they return her to maximum hit points, she dies in six hours because of the death of her tree. However, healing her makes communication easier. It also returns her stamina, allowing her to walk on her own power.

Mistle leads the PCs to her fallen tree, about 70' into the forest. During the trek, she explains her plan to the PCs. She has a scroll in her tree with a *plant growth* spell. She can't cast the spell, so she instructs the PCs to take an acorn from her tree and plant it in the soil. Then the PCs should cast *plant growth* on the acorn. Mistle hopes the spell works and the acorn sprouts, providing her with a new, although very young, tree. Since the acorn is from her original tree, she believes it will work. Mistle hesitantly adds that she doesn't know what will result. When the PCs are ready, Mistle *dimension doors* into her tree. Nearly five minutes later, she exits the tree, collapsing but clutching a scroll tube protectively. Mistle slips into an unconscious state and can't be revived. The PCs are left to follow her instructions. (Actually, the *plant growth* spell can be applied to a leaf, twig, or even the stump to achieve similar results.)

If the party succeeds, Mistle thanks them with a pouch containing six pieces of tear-drop shaped amber. Each of these Dryad's Tears is worth 250 gp. She also gives each PC an oak leaf freshly plucked from her new tree. She instructs them to eat the magic leaf to help heal their wounds. Each leaf heals 1–3 hp damage if consumed within three rounds of being wounded. The leaves lose their magic after one day. Finally, she lets the PCs keep the scroll, which contains two more spells: *speak with animals* and *call woodland beings.*

If the PCs ask for information on Evergreen, she tells them she has heard of him but has never met him since he rarely leaves his lair and she can't venture far from her tree. She is able to give directions to his enchanted glade. She tells them to continue north and cross a river. She then describes an oak tree on the right side of the path. The tree is shaped like a letter "Y" (a single trunk split to form a double trunk). Behind this tree is a hidden path that leads to the glade.

Mistle: INT high; AL N; AC 9; MV 12; HD 2; hp 10; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1–4 (dagger); SA *charm;* SD *dimension door* via trees; MR 50%; SZ M; ML 12; XP 975; *MM*/93.

2. Bullywug Ambush

The winding game trail curves back to the north and cuts its way through the thick undergrowth of the forest. After several hundred yards, the trail opens to a medium-sized clearing. The far end of the clearing is composed of smooth rocks of various sizes and shapes. Beyond is a placid river edged with high growth on either bank. The murky water silently rolls to the east, but the depth is impossible to determine. On the opposite bank another clearing is apparent. This appears to be a natural ford.

This is the only safe area to ford the Dunn River without traveling several miles upstream. The river narrows to 60' at this point. Normally the river is about 110' wide. At the ford, the water is only 3' deep, but the turbidity obscures the bottom so the PCs have to test the depth of the river. Zerrick deems this an important strategic location in the forest, therefore he has a constant force of bullywugs stationed here. They have prepared an elaborate (for bullywugs) ambush.

The ambush consists of six archers, eight unarmed bullywugs, 12 spearmen (six mounted on giant lizards), and a shaman.

As the PCs wade through the water, the eight unarmed bullywugs swim under the water from the far bank and attack. Four come from the east, and four come from the west. Since the water is murky, the PCs suffer a –6 penalty on their surprise roll. The bullywugs attack with a claw/claw/bite routine and try to stay submerged. PCs in combat while standing in the river suffer a +2 penalty to initiative and a –1 to hit due to the uncertain footing of the mucky bottom.

One round later, the six archers concealed on the north bank open fire on PCs in the water or any remaining on the south bank. Since the bullywugs in the river stay submerged, arrows targeting PCs standing in the river have no chance of hitting the bullywugs. PCs targeted on the south bank have equal chances to hit PCs or spearmen (see *DMG*/62). The archers have 50% concealment in the vegetation, therefore they receive a –2 bonus to AC.

If any PCs remain on the south bank when the underwater attack commences, the six spearmen burst from concealment and hop to the attack. Due to their camouflage ability, these spearmen cause a –2 on the PCs surprise roll. The hop charge gives the bullywugs a +1 to hit and double damage.

Any PCs that escape the river to the north bank are confronted by six large bullywugs (8 hp each) mounted on giant lizards. These riders each carry a shield (for AC 5) and possess a 16 Strength (+1 damage). The mounted bullywugs are armed with spears and charge PCs on their first attack. After the charge, their goal is to prevent attackers from reaching the archers. These riders are trained to attack with spears on the same round that the lizard mount attacks with its bite.

Meanwhile, concealed in the vegetation along the south bank, is the leader of the ambush, a 2nd-level bullywug shaman. Zerrick gave a *wand of magic missiles* to the shaman and instructed him on how to use it. He stays concealed (–2 AC) and uses the *wand* on PC mages to ruin attempts to cast spells. He supplements the attack with his offensive spells such as *light* in an opponent's eyes or *entangle* to hold PCs while the spearmen attack.

Should the PCs use magic to cross the bridge via flight, keep in mind that bullywugs can leap up to 15' high. The archers pepper fliers with arrows, and the shaman uses his *entangle* spell to pull the PCs into the spearmen's midst. In this case, the DM must ad lib the rest of the bullywugs' tactics.

Bullywugs (26): INT average; AL CE; AC 6 (or 5 with shield); MV 3, swim 15; HD 1; hp 4×8, 20×5; THAC0 19; #AT 3 (unarmed) or 1 (spear) or 2 (bow); Dmg 1–2/1–2/2–5 (claw/claw/bite) or 1–6 (spear) or 1–6/1–6 (bow); SA hop; SD camouflage; SZ M; ML 10; XP 65 each; *MM*/34. Each carries 2–8 gp, 3–18 sp, 3–24 cp and appropriate weapons.

Bullywug shaman: INT high; AL CE; AC 6; MV 3, swim 15; HD 2; hp 10; THAC0 20; #AT 3 or 1; Dmg 1–2/1–2/2–5 or 1–6; SA hop, spells; SD camouflage, spells; SZ M; ML 12; XP 120; *MM*/34. The shaman carries a spear, 26 sp, 12 gp, three small pieces of quartz (each worth 35 gp) and a *wand of magic missiles* (15 charges).

Spells memorized: *cure light wounds* (×2), *entangle, light.*

Giant lizards (6): INT non-; AL N; AC 5; MV 15; HD 3+1; hp 20 each; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1–8; SA double damage on a natural 20 and trap victim. Automatic 2–16 hp damage until released; SZ H; ML 10; XP 175 each; *MM*/226.

3. The Hidden Trail Unless the PCs are aware of the oak tree shaped like a "Y," they don't discover this hidden trail. The tree does not stand out, and the PCs pass the trail unless they are specifically looking for it. Should a party pass the trail to the east and continue north, in four hours they exit the forest into the Dead Plains. In this case they should realize their mistake and head back, resuming their search of the forest. It takes the PCs 3d12 additional hours of searching to locate the trail in this manner. Keep in mind that daylight restricts the party to 10 hours of searching a day.

If the PCs know about the "Y" shaped oak tree, they find it and the hidden trail behind it. This information can be obtained from Mistle or by using one of the following spells north of the Dunn River: *speak with plants, speak with animals,* or *find the path.*

4. The Enchanted Glade

The small path meanders until it leads to a breath-takingly beautiful glade dominated by varying shades of green. To the east is a high outcropping of rock adorned with large leafy plants, from which a small but rapid waterfall tumbles. The water collects in a crystalline pool that feeds a stream. The stream winds its way through the glade, exiting on the southwest side. The ground is carpeted with soft grass and spongy moss. Many purple, yellow, and white wildflowers dot the lawn. A sweet mellow scent, combined with the babbling of the falls and stream makes this a very pleasant place.

This is indeed the enchanted glade where the entrance to Evergreen's lair is hidden. When the PCs enter, have each roll a saving throw vs. poison. (If you wish to avoid alerting the players, have them roll this save at an earlier point in the adventure, and record the results.) Those who fail feel compelled to walk over to the rocky outcropping and lie down in one of four leaf traps of a huge mantrap that lairs there. Keep in mind that only four PCs can succumb to the effects of the mantrap. If more than four miss their save, randomly determine which are unaffected. Those inside a leaf trap have no desire to do anything, and they suffer acid damage equal to their AC value (excluding their Dexterity bonus) per round until the plant is destroyed or the victim is digested. However, regardless of how low a PC's AC is, the victim suffers at least one hp damage per round. Any items exposed to this acid must make a saving throw vs. acid each round (metal items receive a +2 bonus) or be destroyed.

Mantrap: INT non-; AL N; AC 6; MV 0; HD 9; hp 54; #AT 0; Dmg acid; SA enthrall; SZ 6; ML 12; XP 4,000; *MM*/291 (plant, dangerous).

The waterfall is the "unwooden door" and the only entrance to Evergreen's lair. Behind the waterfall is a 4'-high passage leading into the rocky outcropping. The passage past the waterfall is 150' long with 1' of water covering the bottom of the corridor. The opposite end of the passage opens into a similar glade. Anyone climbing the outcropping discovers the source of the waterfall is magical as it flows out of the rock itself. The water is formed from a *decanter of endless water* (set on geyser, 30 gallons/round) embedded 20' into the rock, courtesy of a *stone shape* spell. Any more investigation provokes attack from the forest (see **5**).

5. Enchanted Circle of Vegetation. This area of enchanted forest surrounds Evergreen's lair. Any person or creature (except Evergreen) entering the area is attacked by the vegetation, which acts as an *entangle* spell of permanent duration. Creatures *entangled* (no save allowed) are pushed outside of the ring and dumped unceremoniously back in the direction they came from. Any flying creatures coming within 40' of the vegetation sustains attacks from long vines and tree

branches, also resulting in the effects above. This permanent enchantment was placed by Leander to protect his friend and make the glade a little more difficult to discover.

6. Evergreen's Lair.

As you exit the damp, musty corridor through a curtain of water, you enter a majestic glade. This one is similar to the previous glade, with a stream flowing through the center of it. As you pull your soggy feet out of the stream, you notice another rocky outcropping to the north. There is also a cave leading into inky darkness. The glade is surrounded by unusually dense forest and there are no trails leading into this glade. The glade appears deserted except for two majestic oak trees that flank the cave entrance.

The cave is Evergreen's lair, and he is currently inside resting. The oak trees in the glade are normal, but are animated by Evergreen when he attacks. Should anyone try to leave the glade via the forest, go to encounter **5.** About 10' inside the cave is a small alcove on the left where a well fed shrieker lives. Any light or movement in the cave causes the giant fungus to shriek for 1d3 rounds. This awakens Evergreen, preventing the PCs from surprising him. Proceed with the description below after the party deals with the shrieker.

Shrieker: INT non-; AL N; AC 7; MV 1; HD 3; hp 15; THAC0 17; #AT 0; Dmg nil; SD noise; SZ M; ML 12; XP 120; *MM*/120 (fungus).

The stale smelling, dark corridor veers to the right, then back left, finally spilling into a light-filled chamber. The ceiling is lit by several glowing globes strategically placed to produce maximum light. A towering, ancient treant stands to the rear, next to a small pool of shallow water.

Behind the treant rests a large chest and a small coffer. To the right of the chests, several small dusty casks are piled along the back wall. A large wooden table also rests against the back wall, and it too is covered with a thick layer of dust. Two benches rest near the table. A high-backed chair is displayed at the head. Other casks lie against the east wall, apparently in disuse. When you enter the chamber, you see a large work bench covered with flasks and decanters to your immediate left. It is cluttered with alchemical equipment and ingredients. Finally, on the wall to the right hangs a weapon rack. It holds several swords, spears, and an iron-shod staff.

The treant stares silently as you approach, his amber leaves reminiscent of an autumn tree. He stands a full sixteen feet-tall, and his powerful gnarled limbs end in delicate long fingers.

Evergreen greets the party kindly and offers them a seat. He apologizes for the dirt and dust, but he no longer receives many guests. This is due to his insanity and alignment change, but of course he does not admit this. Evergreen also offers drinks of water from the pool, or wine from the casks. The wine has long since spoiled, and is now vile tasting vinegar. After discussion of the quest, he claims ignorance of the prophecy and Leander and states that, although it makes an interesting tale, surely the party has the wrong treant. If the party presses, Evergreen gradually loses his temper and begins to ramble on about time, sleep, and rest. Read the following:

"Honestly, I don't know what you're talking about. I never heard of a druid named Leander. I'm the Ruler of the Drakewood, and if marauding bands of humanoids were overrunning my land, I think I'd know about it," the ancient treant replies as he shambles to and fro before arriving at the alchemical bench.

In a hoarse whisper, he babbles on, "Now where is that kayloe. I thought it was somewhere ... so very tired. Perhaps I need some rest, but first, where is that herb ...?" The treant continues, but his speech is too faint for the PCs to hear exactly what he rants about.

He turns back to your party, "Now I've answered your questions. It isn't my problem if you don't care for the answers. Leave me at once so that I can get some rest." The treant's voice booms with impatience as he rears up to his full height.

Evergreen continues the discussion about Leander while he frantically searches for the kayloe. Years ago, Evergreen realized his impending insanity and started research to prevent his need to put down his roots. He discovered a recipe for an herbal cure to his insanity and recorded it on some stone tablets (in treant). Unfortunately, Evergreen still lacks one more ingredient, the rare herb kayloe. If the party obtains the kayloe and concocts the cure, Evergreen can be restored to sanity.

If the PCs continue to press Evergreen on the prophecy, he rants and raves about sleep and time. All the while he becomes more aggressive and threatening. Evergreen lures the party out of the cave while animating the pair of trees outside. Evergreen maneuvers the PCs past the trees, before flying into a berserk rage. He orders the animated trees to attack from behind while he flees into the forest. The DM is encouraged to allow Evergreen to escape with the enchanted vegetation (from encounter **5**) preventing any pursuit. Evergreen maintains a safe distance of slightly less than 60 yards so that he can continue to command the animated trees.

When the PCs deal with the animated trees, they can investigate Evergreen's lair. Evergreen does not hinder the PCs, preferring to conceal himself in the forest. The PCs have an opportunity to heal the ailing treant at the end of the adventure.

Evergreen (treant): INT high; AL CE; AC 0; MV 12; HD 12; hp 92; THAC0 9; #AT 2; Dmg 4–24/4–24; SD never surprised; animate trees; SZ H; ML 16; XP 7,000; *MM*/346.

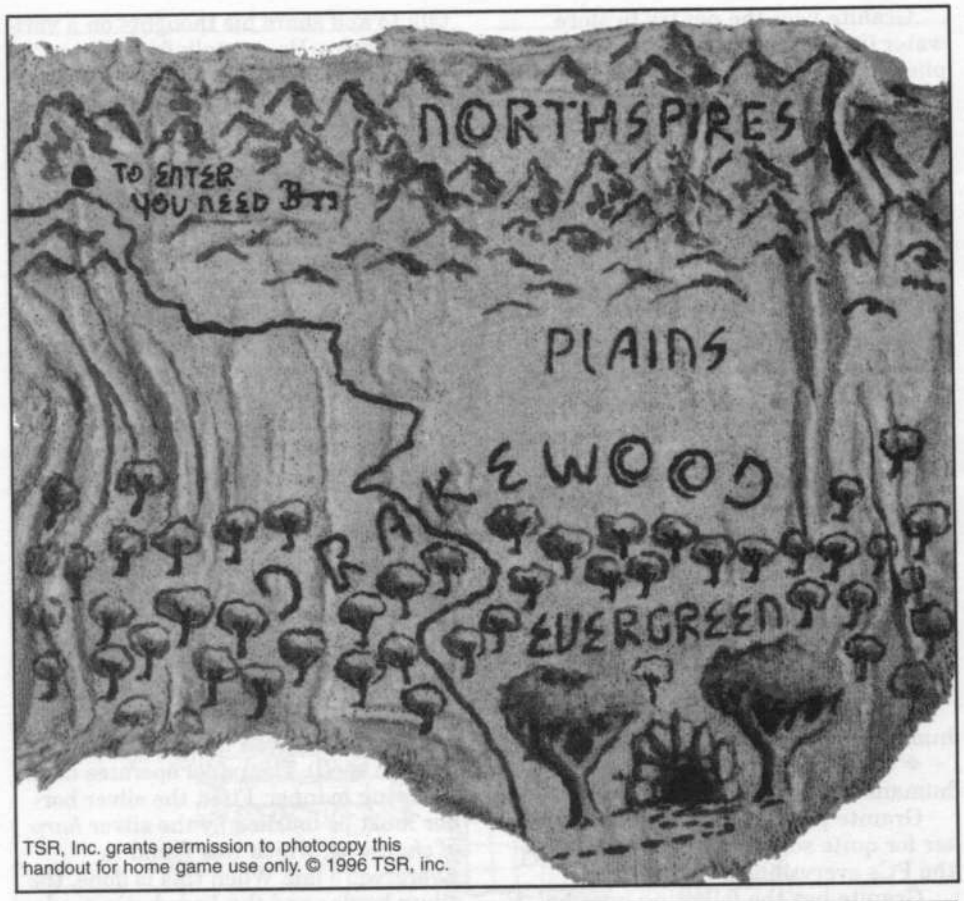
Animated Trees: INT non-; AL CG; AC 0; MV 12; HD 12; hp 65, 55; THAC0 9; #AT 2; Dmg 4–24/4–24; SZ H; ML 16; XP 7,000 each; *MM*/346.

After the party deals with Evergreen and the trees, an investigation reveals the following: Evergreen uses the work bench for creating potions. Currently there are two finished potions (one each of *healing* and *flying)* in unlabeled flasks on the table. However, the table also holds many flasks containing forest items (leaves, soil, spring water, etc.), and chemicals (salt, sulfur, etc.), so locating the magical potions requires magical detection. The three stone tablets holding the recipe for Evergreen's cure are stacked at the end of the table. The pool is 8' in diameter and 1' deep, fed by an underground spring. The table and benches were used by elven guests, but have gone unused for decades, since Evergreen became insane. The casks used to hold

excellent quality wine for guests, but as mentioned above, the wine has degenerated into vinegar. The weapons on the rack are all normal except for an intelligent *long sword +2.* The sword does not glow, but if picked up, its fine balance and quality becomes apparent.

The large chest is unlocked and contains several items. The map to Leander's resting place is drawn on a small cloth, 2' by 1' long. (Leander is in a cave in the Northspire Mountains). Wrapped in a black velvet bag is a special silver *harp of charming,* engraved with druidic runes symbolizing the union of the forest communities. In addition to its normal abilities, the *harp* grants the user the musical instrument proficiency. This *harp* is also the key to Leander's resting place, and it's use is described in area **7A.** A short wand in a black leather case is also wrapped in the velvet bag. This is a *wand of light,* with the command word "Llanibrice" carved on its side. When the command word is spoken, the *wand* sheds light, equivalent to that of a torch. However, it does not emit any heat. It has 25 charges, each use costing one charge and lasting six turns, unless it is dispelled earlier by repeating the command word. Wrapped in two yards of fine silk (worth 85 gp) is a single bottle of excellent quality elven wine (worth 125 gp), vintage over five hundred years ago. Due to the tight seal, this wine has not turned into vinegar. A black (non-magical) cloak in good condition and a small helm are at the bottom of the chest. The helm bestows *protection +1* to the wearer. A small mahogany box (worth 60 gp) holds a small clay vial and a folded piece of parchment. The parchment reads "This can get you out of a sticky situation." The vial is large enough to hold 27 ounces, but actually contains only six ounces of *universal solvent.* Finally, there is a small pouch holding 66 pp and 14 small rubies (each worth 100 gp). These magic items (and the bottle of wine) were left here by Leander.

The coffer is locked, and has a *fire trap* placed on it that detonates when opened. Victims within 5' suffer 1d4+18 hp damage, half if a successful saving throw vs. magic is made. It contains 148 keys of various shapes, sizes, and composition. There are 85 iron, 12 brass, 3 bronze, 1 copper, 22 silver (each worth 2 gp), 8 gold (each worth 25 gp), 4 platinum (each worth 75 gp), 12 stone, and



TSR, Inc. grants permission to photocopy this handout for home game use only. © 1996 TSR, inc.

1 adamnatite (worth 100 gp) keys. These are all false keys, and are meant only to mislead the party. The *harp of charming* is the "key that is not a key."

7. The Hermit's Cave. A meandering path travels a mile up the mountain side. As the PCs approach a 15' high cave entrance, they note the faint smell of smoke.

> To your surprise, the cave appears inhabited; a small curl of smoke rises from a firepit in the center of the chamber. On the back wall hangs a tapestry depicting a serene forest scene. In front of it rests a table and chair about three times larger than a human-sized set. To the immediate left is a large bed constructed from thick wooden timbers. A square nightstand of sturdy oak, also of unusually large size, sits on one side of the bed. Hanging above the bed is a longbow. On the opposite side of the cave, there's a pantry. Neatly stacked in the pantry are several crates and casks. Next to it is a full bookcase, then a pile of a dozen or so large boulders.
>
> Luckily, the inhabitant of the cave appears not to be home at the moment.

The cave is home to a stone giant hermit named Granite. Granite is currently out collecting water, but he noticed the PCs heading for his cave. He arrives in five rounds, so the PCs have only a few moments to search the cave. Although it is possible for the PCs to locate the panel at area **A,** they should not be able to activate it in this short time.

The closet contains clothing and boots large enough to fit someone 20'-tall. The bed is equally large, as mentioned in the description, and is covered with three furs of various sizes. These are worth 175 gp, 80 gp, and 45 gp, respectively. On the nightstand is a book on the political history of Darnath, a nearby kingdom. The boulders are intended for throwing, should the need arise, and there are 16 of them. The bookcase contains 53 books on such topics as cooking, hunting, elves, politics, and stone giant culture. It should be obvious that Granite enjoys a good book.

Granite uses the pantry to store water (in the casks) and mundane supplies (in the crates). The mundane supplies include torches, rope, and 42 flight arrows (each about 5' long) for Granite's longbow. A nondescript brown tapestry hangs on the northeast wall.

In five rounds, Granite enters the cave bearing a 50-gallon cask filled with spring water. He angrily slams the cask down and demands to know why the PCs have entered his home. All the while, he readies his sword. The PCs must quickly explain or face the wrath of a stone giant. If the PCs honestly reveal their quest, it piques Granite's curiosity and he encourages them to explain while he calms down. Meanwhile, he pours a cup of water for himself and offers some to his guests. He pesters the PCs during their stay with detailed questions. He enjoys the life of a hermit, but craves news of the region. Typical questions include:

❖ How are the humans dealing with the bullywug incursion?

❖ What form of politics do the humans of Charlotte use?

❖ What kind of success are the humans having hunting this season?

Granite persists in this casual banter for quite some time before he tells the PCs everything he knows.

Granite has the following information, which patient PCs can garner. He has noticed the bullywug invasion and witnessed first-hand the destruction they have wrought. He even boasts that he ran into a patrol and wiped it out. He has no clue about the location of Leander's resting place, but after a cursory glance at the stone slab map, he can confirm that they are in the correct location. Then he recalls the silver-bordered panel he discovered 64 years ago when he moved into the cave. Granite assumed (correctly) that it was some sort of doorway, but he has never succeeded in opening it. He just hung a tapestry over it, and forgot about it. He gladly shows the PCs the panel, if they promise to stay and chat. See Area **A** for details of the panel.

Granite is 18'-tall, and 421 years old. He wears gray clothes and carefully grooms himself every day. Unlike most of his race, he is a loner and prefers solitude to reflect philosophically. His morals are similar to a druid's outlook on nature. Granite is civilized, well spoken, and intelligent. He is fiercely independent, but he desires to have people to talk to and share his thoughts on a variety of topics. He can talk for hours on nature, hunting, geography, and politics.

Granite (stone giant): INT very; AL N; AC 0; MV 12; HD 14+3; hp 91; THAC0 7; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 2–20+8 (sword) or 1–8/1–8 (bow); SA hurl rocks for 3–30 hp damage; SZ H (18' tall); ML 16; XP 7,000; *MM*/145.

Since this cave is Granite's home, he defends it to the death should the PCs ambush him or become violent. However, Granite would prefer to discuss matters as peacefully as possible. If the PCs destroy any of his possessions while they search his home, he demands compensation. He has no use for coins, but accepts gems or jewelry.

A. The Silver Panel.

> Hidden behind the tapestry hanging on the northeast wall is a panel of black polished onyx. The glistening surface is surrounded by a silver border.

The panel is a magically locked doorway that provides entrance to Leander's resting place (it can not be opened using a *knock* spell). The panel operates in the following manner. First, the silver border must be touched by the silver *harp of charming,* which was found in Evergreen's lair. When this is done, the silver border and the *harp* begin to glow, and a set of silver notes appears on the black polished surface. When the notes are played on the *harp* (remember that the *harp* grants the user the musical instrument proficiency), a secret door (in which the panel is set) silently swings open. As this happens, the notes on the black surface change into a new set of notes. If this new set is copied down (there are too many to be memorized) they can be used to deactivate the caryatid columns in area **B.**

The secret door opens to a corridor about 8'-high. It leads due east and after 20' bends to the north. Granite can not comfortably enter the passage (unless he crawls) and declines any offer to explore with the PCs.

B. Entrance Hall.

> The door opens into a large hall with picturesque mosaics on each wall. The mosaics show scenes of a peaceful forest, inhabited by gentle forest creatures. At the far end of the shadowy hall is a set of intricately carved oak double doors. The doors are flanked by a pair of dwarven statues, each roughly four-feet tall. At the base of each statue is a small bronze plaque with stylistic engraved writing covering the surface.

The engravings are in an ancient dwarven script. PCs with an Ancient Languages proficiency read them with a successful roll. A dwarf reads them with a successful Intelligence check. If the reader fails the roll, replace about half the words with similar words and let them try to deduce the meaning of the passage.

Translation of the right engraving: *Agrij Agranni, chief of Clan Ironblade. His strong arms and generous folk shaped this complex with fortitude.*

Translation of the left engraving: *Dirkin Stoneshaper, master engineer. His genius was the cornerstone with which this complex was designed.*

The oak doors are locked. If the doors or the dwarven statues are touched, the two statues animate into caryatid columns. They attack or parry, in order to prevent anyone from passing through the doors. If the second set of musical notes shown on the black onyx panel (from area **A**) is played on the *harp of charming,* during or before the activation of the columns, it deactivates them for one turn. Deactivated columns return to their respective pedestals and assume their original stance. The door can then be safely picked, bashed, or opened via magic. If bashed, the door takes 12 hp damage from a bludgeoning weapon before allowing access to the complex. The key to unlock this door was lost soon after construction and Leander didn't have time to replace it.

Caryatid columns (2): INT non-; AL N; AC 5; MV 6; HD 5; hp 22 each; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 2–8; SD +4 vs. all saving throws, non-magic weapons inflict 1/2 damage, shatter weapons; SZ M; ML 20; XP 420 each; *MM*/171 (golem, stone variant).

C. Weapon Storeroom.

> The door opens to reveal a small chamber, apparently a storeroom. The walls are covered with weapon racks, all of them currently filled with swords and spears of various sizes. Several and spears of various sizes. Several crates are stacked in the middle of the

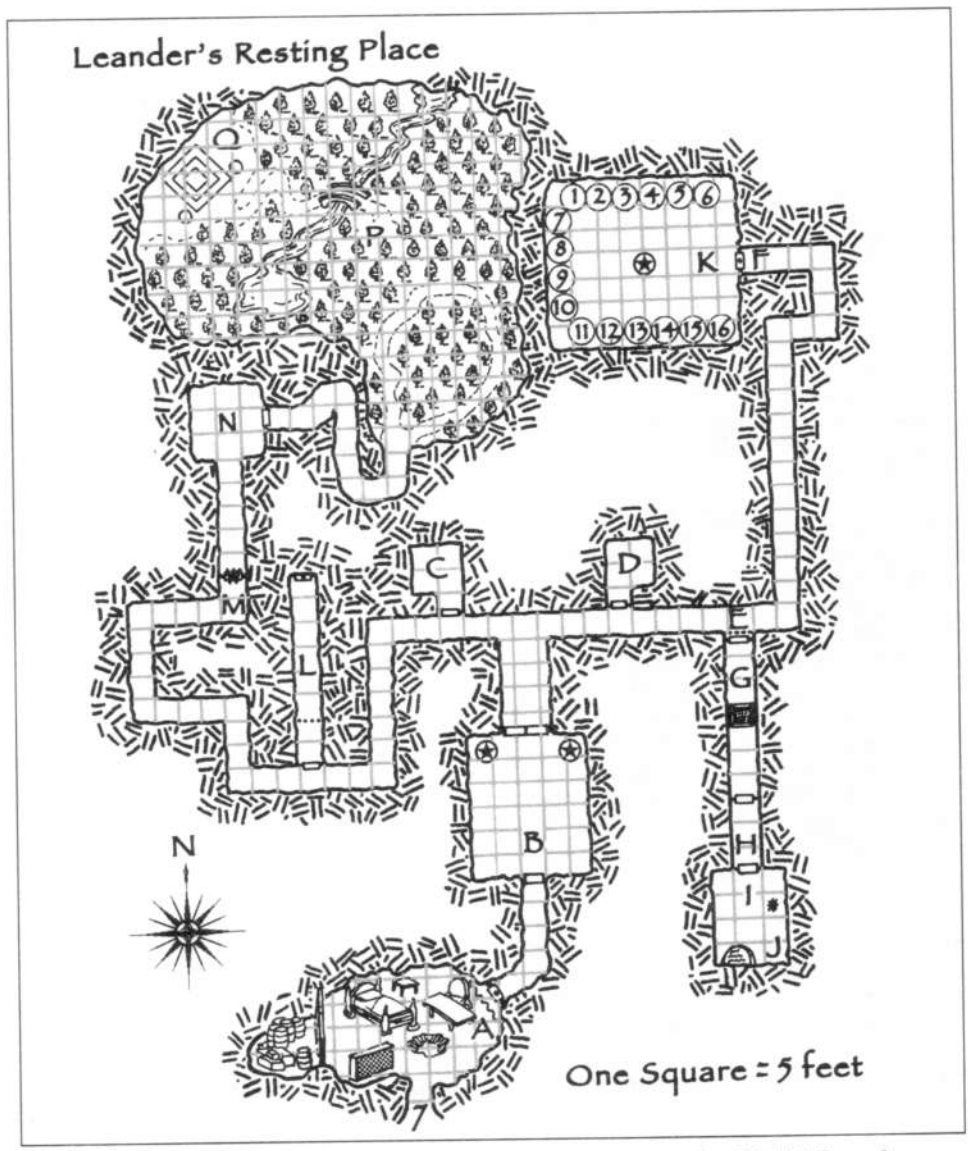
room, all neatly labeled. A short table rests in the northeast corner. Lying on the table is an unsheathed two-handed sword. The entire west wall is covered with shields, most of them painted with artistic designs.

The door is unlocked, and the room is stocked with crates filled with weapons. Since Leander didn't know when he would return, he had this room built. Here he stockpiled weapons he felt would be important in combating the dark swarm he foresaw. There are 120 long swords and 200 spears filling the racks. The spears are in good condition, and the long swords were forged by Leander's dwarven friends and are of excellent quality. Although non-magical, the fine craftsmanship of these weapons gives wielders of these swords +1 on all attack and damage rolls. In the labeled crates are 100 short swords, 30 light crossbows, and 250 quarrels, respectively. Another crate holds 200 sheaf arrows. Hanging on the west wall are 40 shields. All of these items are in good condition but non-magical, with the exception of the two-handed sword.

The two-handed sword has an adamnatite pommel with silver quillons. A single ruby (value 500 gp) is set into the pommel of the sword. This sword is magical and considered +2 regarding attack and damage rolls. The sword has a *trigger* spell (see sidebar) cast on it. After the PCs have been in the room for two rounds, or if the sword is touched, the *trigger* releases an *animate object* spell. The sword springs into the air to attack. The sword attacks as a 10th-level fighter, with three attacks every two rounds. It has a THAC0 of 9 due to the +2 enchantment, and causes 1–10+2 hp damage for each hit. Consider it to have an AC of 0 (due to its speed and metallic structure) and it can only be hit by magical weapons. It suffers 25 hp damage before it shatters into a hundred pieces. A successful *dispel magic* (vs. 16th-level magic) deactivates the *trigger* spell.

D. Wine Storeroom.

The door easily opens to a copious storeroom that is crowded with barrels. There must be at least a hundred of the oak containers, all the exact same size. As you ponder a moment, an offensive stench assaults your nostrils. Instead of a sweet grape scent, the room reeks of fermented grapes intermingled with the stale subterranean air. Most of the barrels appear opened and empty, lying haphazardly about the chamber.



This room contains a total of 152 barrels, each holding 80 gallons. Seventeen of them are full of poor quality wine, sour with age. The remainder have been opened in some fashion, and are quite empty. This room was constructed for Thomas the leprechaun (see area **O**) as part of the deal to watch over his dear friend Leander. Thomas loves good wine, and in 500 years he managed to empty 135 barrels!

E. Illusion of a Wall When the party first passes this area, all they see is a normal wall, unless a *detect illusion* is cast. A permanent *illusion* covers this door until dispelled by reading the inscription on the door to the staff room (see area **F**). Alternatively, a successful *dispel magic* (vs. 18th level) uncovers this door. On the return trip, the PCs see a normal door (i.e., "the reappearing door"). The door leads to areas **G–J.**

F. The Riddle Door.

The dusty corridor twists and turns back on itself, ending at an oak-and-ivory door. A large gold lock is set in the left side of the door, about waist high.

New Spell

Trigger (Alteration)
7th-level mage spell
Range: 30 yards
Components: V,S,M
Duration: Special
Casting Time: 1 turn
Area of Effect: 5' area
Saving Throw: None

This spell is always used to precede the casting of another spell. It allows the energy of this second spell (of no greater than 6th level) to be stored for an infinite amount of time. Then, when certain conditions are met, the *trigger* spell releases the stored spell. This condition can be as simple as walking through a door or touching an object. Typically this spell is used to guard an area or an object. For example, a *trigger* can store a *monster summoning* spell to summon a guardian when a treasure chest is touched or opened.

The material component for a *trigger* is one powdered diamond worth at least 1,000 gp, plus any components needed to cast the spell being triggered. It should be noted that this second spell must be cast within three turns or the trigger is wasted.

Touching the door releases a *magic mouth* spell. In a booming voice, it states "Go back to find the door where there wasn't one before. Retrieve the key of gold to proceed beyond this portal."

This door can't be picked open or bashed down. All such attempts fail, unless powerful magic, such as a *wish,* is used. The only way to open the door is by using the gold key located in area **J.** To retrieve the key, all four tests of the elements must be overcome (Areas **G–J**). Once opened, the door leads to the staff room (area **K**), an important location in the complex.

G. The Air Test.

The door creaks in protest before revealing a dark corridor. Before the door is an uncovered pit, the timbers of its cover are rotted away to just a few jagged splinters hanging over the edge. Beyond the pit is a door similar to the one just entered. The corridor is choked with a thick layer of undisturbed dust.

The pit is 10' deep, and causes 1d6 hp damage to those who fall in. There are nine spikes set on the bottom, each causing an additional 1d6 hp damage. If a PC falls in, roll 1d4 to determine the number of spikes landed on. The pit can be safely crossed in several ways, including jumping (requiring a successful Dexterity or proficiency check), using ropes, or climbing down, walking across, and climbing back up.

The door at the end of the corridor is unlocked, but when opened, a *trigger* spell releases a double strength gust of wind. The party is instantly buffeted by 60 mile per hour winds. Each player must make a Strength check to avoid being blown back and into the pit. The DM should be aware that a domino effect can occur. If a PC in the rear makes his Strength check, but a PC in front of him misses, another check is in order for the PC in the rear. The gust lasts for one round after which the doorway may be entered harmlessly.

H. The Fire Test.

The howling of the unnatural gale ceases, revealing a corridor beyond. It ends in yet another door, this one composed of thick oak timbers reinforced with iron. This door appears unlocked.

The door is unlocked, but it is trapped. When the door is opened, a *fire trap* explodes in a 5' diameter area in front of the door. It causes d4+18 hp of damage to all those within range, but victims can save vs. spell for half damage. The *fire trap* can be dispelled (vs. 18th-level magic) or detected and removed by a thief. However, as per the spell description, the thief may detect and remove the *fire trap* at one half his normal chance to find/remove traps. After the trap is disarmed or set off, the room can be entered.

I. The Earth Test.

The door opens to an unadorned chamber. The floor is covered with deep, soft, blackish soil that stretches from wall to wall. In the soil is a writhing mass of earthworms. An overpowering scent of organic soil wafts into the corridor. The air is humid and sticky, causing discomfort. At the south end of the room is a stone basin. At this distance, few details can be discerned, but your light source reflects off the crystalline surface of water in the basin.

When the PCs pass through the doorway into this room, a *trigger* spell activates a *conjure elemental* spell. It takes the elemental two rounds to form, at the position noted on the map with an asterisk. It attacks until defeated, but it cannot leave this room. Should a PC obtain the key (see area **J**) during the melee, it concentrates its attack on that target.

The earthworms are a permanent illusion, but they do not affect the PCs in any manner. The writhing mass of worms is entwined in the elemental, and the DM should make the PCs wary by graphically describing them while the elemental attacks. For example, have them crawl into boots or under armor for effect. Leander added this illusion as a joke on people who fear these benign creatures.

Earth elemental: INT low; AL N; AC 2; MV 6; HD 16; hp 80; THAC0 5; #AT 1; Dmg 4–32; SD +2 or better weapons needed to hit; SZ H; ML 17; XP 10,000; *MM*/99.

J. The Water Test.

On closer examination, the outside wall of the basin is engraved with fanciful patterns. The stone basin contains crystal clear water filled to within a few inches of the rim. A tiny shaft of water trickles out of a carved fish mouth set into the back wall. The water tumbles into the basin which has a small drain. The drain is covered by a bronze grate, green and corroded with age. On the bottom of the pool rests a long golden skeleton key.

The gold key opens the door at area **F.** The water's origin is a *decanter of endless water,* sunk several feet into the wall. The decanter is set on the stream function, producing one gallon per round. The PCs are unable to retrieve the *decanter* without using magic, and the command words are long forgotten. The key is attached to the bottom of the basin with sovereign glue. It can be removed with an ounce (or four ounces if still submerged) of *universal solvent.* Leander left enough *universal solvent* with Evergreen for the PCs. However, retrieving the key alerts the basin's occupant.

The basin contains a water weird which forms two rounds after the PCs enter the room. However, it holds its attack until the PCs are at the basin's edge. Its first attack is at surprise, as a

6 HD monster (THAC0 15). On any successful attack, the victim must save vs. paralyzation or be pulled into the pool. Those pulled underwater must make another save vs. paralyzation each round, with failure indicating that the victim has drowned.

Water weird: INT very; AL CE; AC 4; MV 12; HD 3+3; hp 24; THAC0 15; #AT 0; Dmg 0; SA drowning; SD piercing and slashing weapons inflict 1 hp, half or no damage from fire; SZ L; ML 13; XP 420; *MM*/104 (elemental, water kin).

Water weirds enjoy many special benefits. Cold-based attacks act as a slow spell, while fire does only half damage, or none if a saving throw is successful. Piercing and slashing weapons only inflict 1 hp damage. Reducing a water weird to 0 hp does not kill it. It merely disrupts the creature for two rounds. (This is the "final foe that can't be defeated.") A *purify water* spell is the only method to kill a water weird permanently.

K. The Staff Room.

On inserting the gold key and giving it a half turn clockwise, an audible click issues from the lock. The door silently glides open of its own accord. The room beyond is quite large with a high ceiling. Centered in the room is a life-sized bronze statue of an aging human male leaning on a staff. He wears druidic garb and has a short, trimmed beard. There are also sixteen life-sized, full color statues of sylvan creatures along three walls. There are six to the north, four to the west opposite the door, and six more along the south wall. All are incredibly lifelike and posed in various positions. A full color bas-relief mural depicting a serene forest setting covers all four walls. There are no obvious exits from this room.

The central statue is a rendition of Leander, composed of solid bronze. However, the staff is only covered with a thin coating of bronze which can be chipped off. The staff itself can then be removed with ease from the statue's hand. This is Leander's *staff of the woodlands,* and it is needed to awaken him. See the sidebar for information on this unique staff.

The other statues are actually real creatures placed in temporal stasis, hence their lifelike appearance and full color. All are friends of Leander (with the exception of the owlbear) and voluntarily agreed to be held in this condition. When Leander is awakened, he proceeds to free all of his friends in order to help in the upcoming struggle. Only Leander knows the command words necessary to dispel the temporal stasis. The creatures are: 1) satyr, 2) wood elf, 3) black bear, 4) centaur, 5) giant eagle, 6) voadkyn (wood giant), 7) forest gnome, 8) pixie, 9) wolf, 10) greater owlbear, 11) pegasus, 12) unicorn, 13) giant weasel, 14) leopard, 15) giant skunk, 16) nymph. The number preceding the creature corresponds to the numbers found on the map.

Removing the staff is not as easy as it might seem. Merely touching the staff without saying "stoor" (the reverse of "roots," one of the staff's command words) dispels the temporal stasis on the greater owlbear. Instantly, the beast flies into a berserk rage, attacking all in sight. The creature fights to the death, not even considering the possibility of fleeing. This is a particularly large specimen, a full 15' in height. With the exception of the statistics below, this owlbear corresponds to the normal owlbear detailed in the *Monstrous Manual.*

In Leander's time, this owlbear brutally stalked the Drakewood Forest, preying on all creatures, and upsetting the natural balance due to its size and ferocity. It is unknown how it reached its great size, but Leander suspects it escaped from an evil wizard who experimented on it. Leander managed to capture the beast with the help of his archmage friend, but he did not want to kill it. Instead, he had it placed in temporal stasis, and designed the staff trap to test the group attempting to waken him. Leander hopes the group can defeat the owlbear without killing it, but he understands that the PCs may not have any other choice.

Owlbear, greater: INT low; AL N; AC4; MV 12; HD 10+4; hp 74; THAC0 11; #AT 3; Dmg 1–12/1–12/3–18; SA hug; SD nil; MR nil; SZ L; ML 15; XP 3,000; *MM*/284 (variant).

If the owlbear scores a to hit with a roll of 17 of higher, it hugs its victim for an automatic 4–24 hp damage. Each round it inflicts another automatic 4–24 hp until the owlbear or the victim is dead. The victim is allowed a single bend bars/lift gates roll to break free from its grasp. Victims held in the hug can still be attacked by the owlbear's beak.

Leander's staff of the woodlands

XP value: 12,500

This unique staff is roughly 6' long. It is composed of solid ash, carved with entwining vines along its entire length. It is topped with a bronze acorn the size of an apple. The staff acts as a +3 weapon in the hands of a druid, inflicting 1d8+3 hp damage to all opponents. It is similar to a *staff of the woodlands* described in the *DMG* but has a few additional abilities. The staff currently has 24 charges.

As per the *DMG,* at a cost of one charge each, the staff has the following abilities: *wall of thorns; animal friendship, speak with animals; animate tree.*

Without expending any charges, the wielder can *pass without trace* and assume *barkskin* each once per day. Once a week, the *staff* can, at a cost of three charges, cast a *changestaff* spell, assuming the form of a treant. Finally, once a week the *staff* can release a *find the path* spell at the cost of three charges.

In this scenario, the *staff* is the only item that can wake Leander from his Druid's Sleep. This ability does not drain any charges. All of these abilities require command words which Leander guards carefully, with the exception of the *find the path* ability. This command word is "roots", known by Tom who gives it to the PCs in the form of a riddle.

L. Trapped Corridor.

This door opens into a particularly dusty, dark corridor. It leads to the north and ends in another oak-bound door. The door is inscribed with flowing floral designs. The center is dominated by a majestic oak tree, while wildflowers adorn the rest of the door's surface. The door appears to be locked.

Although the lock appears complicated, thieves receive a 10% bonus to their open locks roll. The door is not trapped, but it is a false door. It opens to reveal a plain stone wall behind it. When the door is opened, a metal portcullis located 20' from the original door falls, trapping the PCs. (See the map for the exact position of the portcullis.) Any PC who happens to be under the portcullis when it falls needs to make a Dexterity check or be impaled, taking 4–24 hp damage. There is also an electrical *glyph*



of warding placed on the bars of the portcullis. This is a nasty surprise for any metal-clad fighter type who attempts to lift or bend the bars. The first person to touch the bars suffers 12d4 hp damage, or half if a successful save vs. spell is made. After the *glyph* is discharged, the portcullis can be automatically lifted or bent without a roll.

M. Magically Locked Door.

The dusty corridor veers to the left and ends at an arched door composed entirely of iron. The door is covered from top to bottom with intricate curved designs that simulate a tangled forest. After a brief study of the etchings, the word "Leander" can be found, hidden in a semi-circle at the top of the door. Five wood carvings are attached to the middle of the door, each the size of a man's fist. From left to right, the wood carvings are: a pouncing wolf, a maple tree, a hunter aiming a bow, a rain cloud partially eclipsing the sun, and a bounding deer. The door has no knob or lock mechanism.

The door is *wizard locked* at 18th-level. Several methods can be used to open this portal. Of course, a *dispel magic* (if successful vs. 18th-level magic), unlocks the door. A *knock* spell also opens the door. If the characters do not have a *dispel magic* or a *knock* spell, another method must be used. Examples include the use of a *blink* spell, *passwall,* or even a well phrased *stone shape* spell.

There is one more method that can be used to unlock the door, if the PCs can solve another one of Leander's puzzles. The ironwood carvings were coated with *oil of timelessness* to prevent them from rotting. The carvings have pegs on them that fit into the five holes on the door, and they can be removed with ease. If the carvings are rearranged into the order of a typical food chain, the door opens. This order, from left to right, is: The rain cloud/sun, the maple tree, the deer, the wolf, and finally the hunter. The sun and rain provide the nutrients needed for the maple to grow. The deer grazes on the leaves of the tree, while the carnivorous wolf preys on the deer. Man sits at the far end of the food chain. He hunts the wolf for its fur, the deer for food and its hide, trees provide food and wood, and the rain provides water. Leander was fond of this kind of thinking, and designed this puzzle to reward open-minded individuals who could understand this ecological principle.

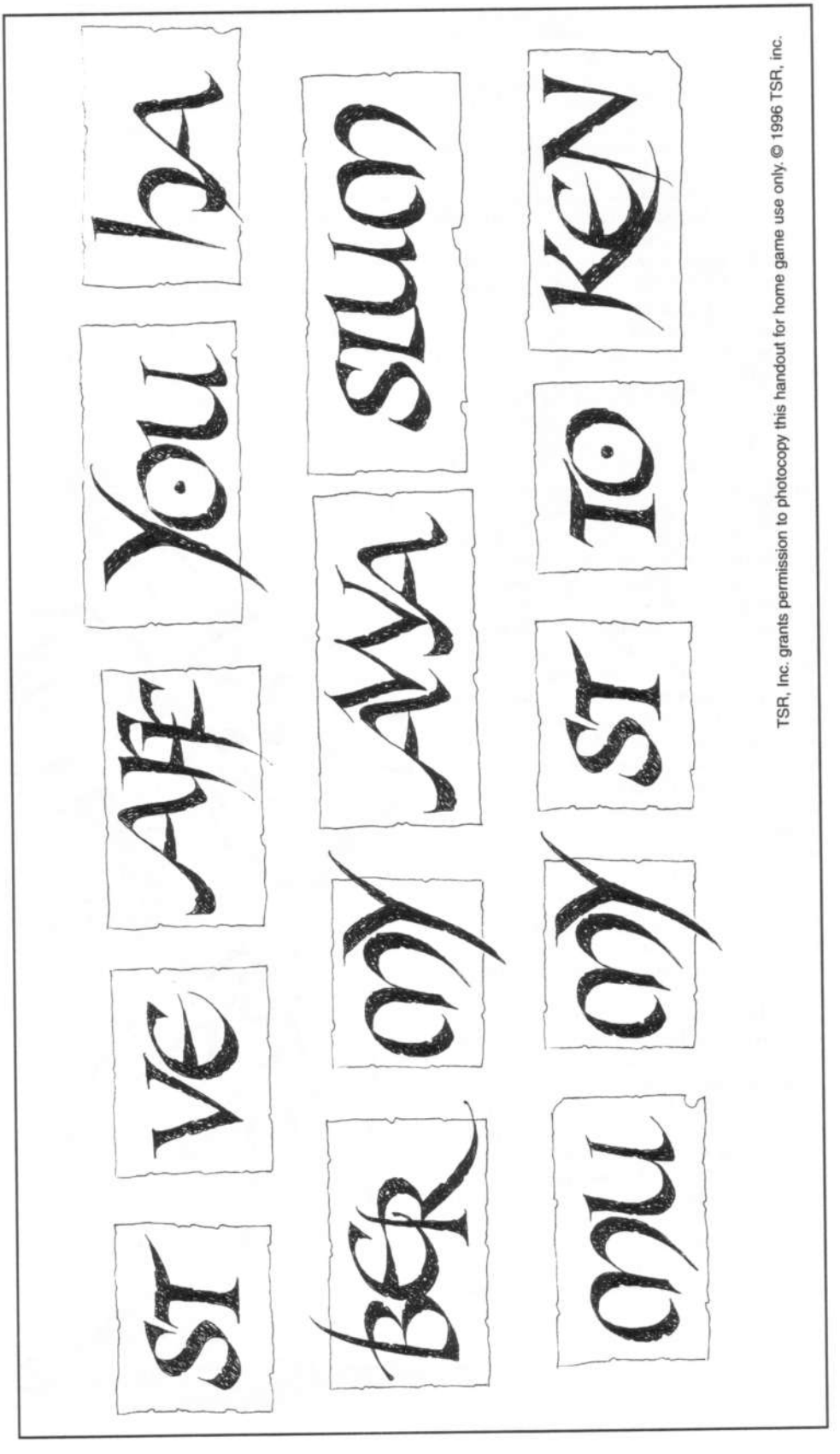
N. The Puzzle Wall.

After traversing the corridor you enter a chamber. The chamber is bare, save for a single door centered on the east wall. The entire north wall is dominated by a strange bronze mural. There are fourteen bronze plates set on the wall, five horizontally and three vertically. The bottom center square is bare wall. On each bronze plate are scribed a few large letters.

The door leading out of this chamber is similar to the other normal doors located in this complex. It is neither locked nor trapped, and it leads to Leander's resting place. The PCs can just leave this room if they desire. However, the slide puzzle is a valuable clue.

The PCs need the staff to wake Leander, but he didn't want the task to be completely obvious. Therefore, he had his dwarven friends create this slide puzzle to contain a scrambled message. Indeed, this full size slide puzzle is an engineering feat. When unscrambled, this passage reads: *To awaken my slumber you must have my staff.*

This copy can then be cut into pieces and placed in the their original location. Now the PCs can unscramble the pieces to form the clue.



O. Meeting Thomas O'Malley.

The corridor angles to the south and then turns back to the north before spilling into a large natural cavern. You are greeted by trees and the soft chirping of birds. Above, where a ceiling of stone should be, is a bright blue sky, with a few puffy white clouds gliding gently by, as the sun peeks tenderly from behind the billowy clouds.

You hear wind blowing through trees, rustling their leaves, and the soft bubbling of a brook. A small path begins in front of your band and cuts into the forest to the right. The exact dimensions of this cavern are unknown and you can not even begin to guess its size as the background blends into more forest. A short distance ahead, the path forks at a large boulder.

From out of nowhere, a diminutive form pops into sight, perched on the rock. Standing a mere two feet-tall and dressed entirely in green, the creature tips his green stocking hat directly toward your party. "Top o' the afternoon!" he squeaks in a thickly accented voice. He has a pointed nose and a particularly long beard that would be envied by any dwarf. However, his beard is not so full as to hide his laughing ruddy cheeks.

The entire forest, the sky, and all of the sounds are part of several permanent programmed *illusions* placed here courtesy of Leander's arch-mage friend. Leander wanted his resting place to be surrounded by a pleasant forest, yet he didn't want his helpless body to be accidentally discovered. This complex, constructed by dwarven allies and modified by an arch-mage was his solution. Besides, Thomas the leprechaun greatly preferred a setting that at least came close to looking natural, even if it

couldn't be. The *illusion* is programmed to allow the sun to rise and set, so the artificial forest has a dawn, day, dusk, and night, complete with all appropriate sounds. The PCs have arrived in mid-afternoon.

The diminutive man is quite real. He is Leander's best friend, Thomas M. O'Malley, a leprechaun. Tom happily introduces himself and naively inquires about the PCs presence here. He idly chats for several minutes about anything, as he has had no one to talk with for over five centuries. During the conversation, he frequently disappears and reappears while he enjoys a smoke with his red pipe.

Tom has a very important duty, bestowed upon him by Leander. The druid did not want to write down the command word to his staff of the woodlands, just in case the cavern was invaded and the staff fell into evil hands. Instead, he told Tom the single command word needed to activate its *find the path* ability. Only by using this ability at area **P** are the PCs able to find Leander's resting body. The command word is guarded jealously by Tom, and the PCs must bargain with the leprechaun to receive a riddle. The answer to the riddle is "roots"; it is also the command word. Tom has a love of excellent wine, and since his supply in area **C** spoiled many years ago, he is desperate for a swig of good wine (such as the single bottle of elven wine found in Evergreen's lair). He divulges the riddle only after the PCs give him some wine, and he follows his routine (see below). If the PCs don't have any wine to offer, he accepts a poem instead. Tom loves poetry and riddles.

If the PCs have fine quality wine and give it to Tom, he performs the following routine. Once in his possession, he disappears with the wine, and reappears on a tree branch. First he caresses the bottle, as a loving mother would cuddle a newborn, while looking long and gently at it. After commenting on the vintage, he opens the bottle to let it breathe, a process that lasts at least several minutes as he smells its bouquet. All the while he comments on the PCs fine taste and other general wine related tidbits. Finally, as if in triumph, he takes a minuscule sip, sloshes it about his mouth for a minute, before swallowing it with joy. The DM should ham this scene up and draw it out as long as possible before giving the PCs the riddle.

If the PCs don't have any fine quality wine, Tom demands an intricate original poem instead. He allows the PCs as much time as they need to compose the piece, although the DM may want to impose a real time limit. Tom insists that the poem be serious, preferably about wine, and it must be read by at least one PC. Again, don't let the PCs off the hook here; make them deliver a poem before they get the riddle. If the reader of the poem makes an error or acts silly, Tom insists on another PC reading the poem as well. Feel free to have Tom constantly harass the PCs while they try to draft the poem.

Once the PCs deliver on their end of the bargain, Tom recites the riddle.



> The leprechaun closes his eyes and take a deep breath. He loses some of his accent as he recites,
>
> "Trees and royalty need me to succeed, families need me for their culture, and words need me for formation. What am I?"

If the PCs have trouble with the riddle, Tom give them hints (the answer, "roots"). After they receive the command word, Tom encourages the PCs to use the staff. On uttering the command word, the PCs are led to area **P,** with Tom in tow. He hangs back, either making snide remarks about the poem, or pleasant comments while he nurses the wine. If the PCs don't have the staff when they arrive, he sends them back to the puzzle wall (area **N**) to get the clue. If they got the clue but not the staff, he bluntly tells them where it is (area **K**), but not how to get it or about the traps or elemental tests.

Thomas O'Malley (leprechaun): INT exceptional; AL N; AC 8; MV 15; HD 2–5 hp; hp 5; THAC0 20; #AT 0; Dmg nil; SA create illusions, polymorph non-living objects; SD invisibility at will, ventriloquism; MR 80%; SZ T; ML 11; XP 270; *MM*/220.

P. The Hidden Path. This unremarkable part of the path is the hidden route to Leander's body (area **Q**). By using the *staff of the woodlands* from area **K,** and the command word provided by Tom's riddle, a glowing footpath is revealed. This path meanders for several hundred feet, passing a wooden bridge spanning a brook before reaching area **Q.**

If the PCs don't use the *staff* and just plunge into the foliage looking for Leander, they are not successful. All movement is reduced to 3 and the thick forest must be hacked away to allow passage. The illusion continuously reforms the forest. Let the PCs fail at this futile action for several turns before they emerge back on the path at area **O,** with a few laughing comments from Tom. Likewise, magical flight reveals only dense forest, and not the clearing at area **Q.**

Q. Leander.

After you invoke the magic of the staff, a soft green glow illuminates an obvious footpath. The glowing trail meanders to the left and then back to the right. Finally, it leads to a small wooden bridge that spans a serene bubbling brook. The churning water contains several fish of myriad colors darting between rocks and submerged logs. The glowing path continues past the brook.

A few more moments creep by as you stride forward. Finally a clearing opens, revealing a pair of white marble columns flanking a dais also made of marble. On the third step is a solid block of marble on which rests the body of an aged man. The ancient figure wears earth brown druidic robes and peacefully rests with his gnarled hands folded on his chest. His face is wrinkled with lines of kindness. A large angular nose dominates his visage. He has a flowing white beard and his lips are pursed in a content smile.

The human resting on the platform is Leander, the party's ultimate goal. He is deep in Druid's Sleep and can be roused only by touching his *staff of the woodlands* to his sleeping form. When this occurs, Tom is ecstatic — and quite possibly tipsy by now. Leander slowly rises, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes, and begins glancing about at his surroundings. He requests introductions in a wheezing, tired voice as his strength returns and he shakes off the effects of his dormancy.

After the introductions have been made, he pesters the PCs for an update on the crisis. He absorbs all they have to tell, prodding with a question or a comment here or there. Once satisfied, he grabs his staff and hobbles out of the forest. He tells the PCs to begin moving the items from area **D** to the front of the cave. He says he has some loose ends to tie up and will meet them there as soon as possible. Proceed with "Concluding the Adventure."

Leander stands 5'10" and is a gaunt 150 lbs.. He appears frail and almost sickly, but he is actually physically fit. He speaks in a wheezing voice, almost as if he had a severe sore throat, but this clears up as soon as his throat muscles get used to speech again. He is extremely hungry and asks the PCs for some sort of snack before he hurries off to his duties. His beard reaches to his feet and constantly gets in his way as he tries to walk. He frequently stumbles and complains about his lack of dexterity until his muscles remember how to operate. Finally, in exasperation, he tosses his beard over his shoulder, making walking easier.

Leander Elf-Friend (hierophant druid): AL N; AC 3; MV 12; D 18; hp 68; THAC0 10; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; S 13, D 15, C 12, I 16, W 18, Ch 18; ML 20; *staff of the woodlands, bracers of defense* AC 4, *ring of animal friendship, robes of chameleon power* (as the ring), a druid scroll with *chariot of Sustarre* and *wall of thorns* (both at 18th-level). Currently Leander has no spells memorized due to Druid's Sleep.

Concluding the Adventure

As the PCs collect the weapons from area **D,** Leander is busy releasing his allies from temporal stasis in area **K.** His next priority is to strike an alliance with Granite, the stone giant hermit. This is an easy task, as Granite is quite willing to help thwart the wicked humanoids. All of the allies then gather in Granite's cave. Leander addresses his friends, pleading for support from all of the forest people and creatures. He then sends each one back to its respective tribe or species as a special envoy. After releasing his allies, he addresses the PCs.

"Thank you for coming to our aid in these desperate times. I fear the effects of my hibernation were not as benign as I'd hoped. I need yet more help from your worthy band."

Leander presents magical gifts to the PCs for awakening him and to aid them in the upcoming struggle. The items were hidden in a secret compartment within the marble slab. The DM should choose items appropriate to the campaign and the PCs. Examples of possible items follow: A warrior could receive *gauntlets of ogre power* or a unique sword. *Incense of meditation* (four blocks) is appropriate for a priest. A rogue might receive *eyes of the eagle,* while a *pearl of power* is appropriate for a wizard.

With Tom on his shoulder, Leander casts *chariot of Sustarre* from his scroll. In a clap of thunder and a cloud of smoke, a majestic chariot pulled by a pair of fiery horses appears. After the equipment (from area **C**) is loaded, Leander asks the PCs to board. With a gut wrenching leap, the steeds vault into the air, pulling the chariot toward their destination. En route, Leander asks the PCs about Evergreen.

Of course, the rescue of Leander and the healing of Evergreen is only the beginning of the conflict. Leander, the PCs, and the town of Charlotte prepare for war. The PCs can scout enemy forces, engage the army with hit and run tactics, or even penetrate the Cragmoor to confront Zerrick at his base. DMs with access to the BATTLESYSTEM® mass combat rules can run the battle with the PCs playing pivotal roles at Leander's side. The hierophant druid foresaw his awakening by brave adventurers, but even he could not say if his efforts would be enough to stem the dark tide that now flows toward the peaceful towns. Ω

To Aid Evergreen

If the PCs inform Leander of Evergreen's behavior, he insists on returning to the treant's lair. Leander locates the recipe on the stone slabs (unless the PCs have them already) and deduces that the herb kayloe is needed. Leander is still weak and must attend to the duties of uniting the forest inhabitants. Meanwhile, he could send the PCs on a side quest to recover the kayloe.

For example, Leander could determine that kayloe is located in the Cragmoor Swamp. As the PCs travel to the potential location, they face the perils of the swamp, plus bullywug patrols at every turn. When they arrive, they discover a large unit of bullywugs camped near the kayloe. The PCs must now trick the bullywugs, either by creating a distraction or sneaking past the army to reach their goal. They must then return to Leander so that he can create the potion, track down Evergreen, and administer the potion to an insane treant!



GNOME DROPPINGS

BY CHRISTOPHER PERKINS

Watch your step

Artwork by Terry Dykstra
Cartography by Michael Scott

Writes Chris Perkins of his interestingly titled little adventure, "I'm a confirmed gnome and SPELLJAMMER® fanatic."

"Gnome Droppings" is an AD&D® SPELLJAMMER adventure designed for 4–6 characters of levels 2–4 (about 15 total levels). The adventure can take place in any remote wilderness, preferably a temperate hills or woodland setting.

One of the monsters featured in this adventure is an autognome, a mechanical construct fully described in the *SPELLJAMMER® MONSTROUS COMPENDIUM® Appendix (MC9)*. A copy of this resource is not required, since all pertinent information regarding the autognome is provided in this adventure. Familiarity with the SPELLJAMMER rules is not necessary either, although the DM can use this module as a hook for future adventures set in Wildspace. The sidebar "A World Without SPELLJAMMER" provides DMs with ideas for integrating this adventure into non-spelljamming universes.

The adventure begins in Watch Tower Three, a fort on the edge of a small duchy or kingdom. Constructed on the border of the untamed "frontier," this watch tower is one of several mini-castles built to protect the kingdom from invading countries and wandering monsters. Water Tower Three's configuration is similar to the watch tower described in the *Castle Sites* accessory. DMs requiring a floor plan are directed to this resource.

Watching the Night Sky

To the north of Watch Tower Three is a vast, hilly woodland. The woods are home to humanoids and other dangerous denizens, and they are often visited by bold adventurers willing to risk life and limb for a goblin's head or a stone giant's hoard. The watch tower holds a garrison of 22 skilled warriors, all loyal to the crown. The PCs are either part of this garrison or visitors staying at the watch tower for protection. With some careful preparation by the DM, one of the PCs could even be the watch tower's appointed captain. Perhaps the PC did a service — or disservice — on behalf of the kingdom and was given command of this remote station. If this is the case, the DM must amend the details below to reflect this "change" in command.

Erected atop the stone fort is the watch tower itself — a wooden platform reminiscent of a ship's mast. A lone guard stands watch in the tower's "crow's nest," surveying the countryside with a spyglass. Suddenly he sees something startling and alerts the rest of the sleeping garrison with a shout:

> All is quiet this night until, out of the darkness, a lone shout erupts. The guard atop the watch tower has spotted something, and you can sense distress in his voice. "Fire in the sky!" he shouts. "To the north! It's heading for the woods to the north!"
>
> Rushing to a window, you look north. There you see a blazing ball of fire drop from the sky and strike the ground somewhere in the wooded hills. A huge bloom of light rises from the crash site, then all is dark.

The "shooting star" creates quite a stir in the watch tower. The captain, a young but experienced soldier named Sean Kallay, makes plans to dispatch a small retinue to survey the crash site. However, his natural inclination is to wait until morning, as the woods tend to be more dangerous at night. If the characters are present, they might persuade Sean to investigate immediately by volunteering to explore the woods themselves. If the PCs volunteer their services, Sean does not send soldiers to accompany them. On the other hand, if the PCs are members of the garrison, the captain may simply order them to investigate, in which case the PCs may wait until dawn before setting out.

If the characters decline to explore the crash site, Sean sends 1d4+4 soldiers in their place. Regardless of when the soldiers leave (at night or in the morning), they never return. PCs sent to search for the missing soldiers find their corpses near the crash site. (It doesn't take long to realize the guards were torn apart by the grimlocks that dwell nearby. The DM may determine whether the grimlocks suffered any casualties.)

Sean Kallay (human captain): AL LG; AC 4 (5 without shield); MV 12; F5; hp 32; THAC0 16 (14 with broadsword +1); #AT 3/2 plus 1 shield attack; Dmg by weapon type (2d4+3 with broadsword +1); S 14, D 11, C 12, I 13, W 10, Ch 13; ML 16; chain mail, *broad sword +1,* shield. Sean has the weapon and shield style specialization and is also specialized with the broadsword. Sean is 6'1" tall with dark hair and green eyes.

Watch tower guards (1 officer, 20 soldiers): AL any good; AC 4 (5 without shield); MV 12; F3, F2 (×10), F1 (×10); hp 23, 13 (×10), 6 (×10); THAC0 varies; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type (plus Strength bonus, if applicable); ML 15; chain mail, shield, broad sword, light crossbow, 2d4+4 crossbow bolts. The officer, Donald, has 16 Strength (+0/+1).

The Shooting Star

The shooting star seen in the night sky is actually a jettisoned cargo crate from a crippled gnomish sidewheeler (a peculiar gnomish ship design detailed in the SPELLJAMMER *War Captain's Companion* boxed set). The ship was orbiting this part of the world when it was approached by a vessel waving the flag of a notorious pirate. In a valiant effort to keep their cargo out of the pirate's clutches, the gnomes shot the crate toward the planet below and cleverly determined its trajectory so they could retrieve it later from the planet's surface.

Fortunately for the gnomes, the pirates were driven off in mid-attack by the unexpected arrival of an elven man o' war. Although the gnomes managed to avert injury, their sidewheeler didn't fare as well. A "curious design flaw" has temporarily rendered the ship powerless. (The four giant hamsters that generate the engine power have gotten loose and are now running amok throughout the ship.) The gnomes figure it will take several hours to make the ship operational, at which time they'll send a jetty down to the planet to retrieve their lost cargo.

The cargo crate looks like a solid 10' × 10' × 10' cube. The jettisoned cube is made of a resilient alloy mined on some distant asteroid. Aside from a few scorch marks and dents, the "crate" is basically intact. Most of its contents, however, were destroyed or damaged in the crash landing. (See "The Crash Site" below.)

The PCs and soldiers weren't the only ones to see the falling star. A pair of spriggans (evil gnome-like creatures that can assume giant size) also noticed the "bright light" and have left their remote lair in some distant ruins to investigate. Furthermore, the crash site is very close to some old caves. The caves were once occupied by a hook horror; now they are inhabited by a pack of grimlocks determined to kill anyone who treads near their lair. The blind grimlocks, temporarily deafened by the crashing cargo container, have begun to emerge from their caves to "touch" the strange object embedded in the hillside nearby.

> **A World Without SPELLJAMMER**
>
> If the DM prefers not to include the concepts of spelljamming, Wildspace, or crystal shells into his universe, the following modifications should be made to the adventure:
>
> Instead of hailing from from a distant planet, the tinker gnomes are members of a reclusive society inhabiting an uncharted mountain range. Using magic, science, and pure innovation, these gnomes have discovered the secrets to creating dirigibles and zepellins. Rather than fall from a gnomish sidewheeler, the "cargo crate" is dropped from a zepellin damaged by flying predators (manticores, perhaps). Instead of seeing a "falling star" crash into the woods, the PCs spot the slowly-descending zepellin just before it disappears behind a distant hilltop.
>
> The gnomes manage to keep their ship aloft by jettisoning the heavy cargo crate, but from a distance it looks as though the zepellin has crashed. The PCs are sent to search for wreckage. What they find instead is the abandoned cargo crate (which the gnomes will eventually want to reclaim). The spriggans, Tarok and Barok, are drawn to the crash site after seeing the zepellin narrowly avert catastrophe.
>
> The autognomes are metal constructs designed for agricultural use. They could just as easily be used for dangerous mining operations in the mountains or as workers on a gnomish assembly line (possibly used to build more gnomish zepellins).

The Crash Site

The cargo crate struck ground roughly eight miles north of Watch Tower Three. The map depicting the crash site shows both the cargo cube and the nearby grimlock caves. When the party finally locates the crash site, read or paraphrase the following:

Beyond the trees you see a small clearing and a steep hillside cut from the rock. Embedded in the side of this rocky ridge is a curious, cube-shaped object about ten feet long on each side. The cube appears to be made of a dull metal and is covered with scorch marks. Several filthy humanoids, each larger than the average man, are clawing at the surface of the cube. Some of them are hitting the mysterious object with sharp weapons, but with no discernable effect. Not far from the crash site, about twenty yards to the left of the cube, is a cave entrance.

Grimlocks are powerfully-built, xenophobic humanoids accustomed to subterranean life. They are characterized by their thick, scaly-gray skin, filthy black hair, and blank, pupiless eyes. Although they are blind, grimlocks have developed acute senses of hearing and smell. If the PCs try to sneak into the clearing, the grimlocks have a 3-in-6 chance of detecting them.

Due to their blindness, grimlocks are immune to spells that affect vision. These include *mirror image, color spray, invisibility,* and *phantasmal force.* However, spells designed to confuse their other senses, such as *ventriloquism* and *audible glamer,* reduce the grimlocks' ability to perceive opponents and imposes a –2 penalty on their attack rolls. Particularly strong aromas, such as perfume, have the same effect when thrown in a grimlock's face.

There are 39 adult grimlocks living in the caves and 15 around the cube when the party first arrives. The ones outside are trying to determine the nature of the mysterious object that has embedded itself in the hillside near their lair. The grimlocks are confused by its forged metallic shape and the apparent lack of an entrance or opening. The creatures have resorted to hitting the cube with their axes and swords, hoping to smash their way inside. If allowed to continue, the grimlocks persist in their assault for another 3d6 turns before attempting something else (such as prying the cube from its current position).

Any grimlocks not encountered outside are hidden inside the nearby caves — mostly females and children, although there are a few males among them. If combat erupts in the clearing, any male grimlocks still inside the caves emerge to join in the battle.

The grimlock tribe consists of one female shaman (HD 3), one male champion (HD 4), 24 normal males (HD 2), 13 normal females (HD 1), and 27 noncombatant children (1 hp each). Adult grimlocks attack fiercely, but with little or no organization. They have been known to stop in the middle of battle and carry away a fallen antagonist for food. They are also remarkably vicious, attacking single opponents in small packs and then mutilating their victim's corpses to ensure that no amount of magical healing can save them. (PCs with shields and Dexterity bonuses may find themselves the victims of several "rear" attacks.)

If the PCs decide simply to charge the grimlocks, the DM has good cause to be merciless, for the grimlocks are utterly savage. Clever PCs might try to lure the grimlocks away with some meat or by some other method of trickery. Certain "loud" spells may also be used to frighten away the grimlocks temporarily, if they fail a morale check. The DM may determine the end result of such ploys based on the ingenuity of the players' scheme.

Grimlock males (15 in clearing): INT average; AL NE; AC 5; MV 12; HD 2; hp 12 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1–6 (claws) or by weapon type (1d8 with battle axe); SD +1 to surprise rolls, save as F6; MR immune to "visual" spells; SZ M (6' tall); ML 12 (11 if champion is slain); XP 35; *MM*/179.

The Grimlock Caves

Any grimlocks still in the caves immediately detect the party's intrusion (thanks to their keen hearing and acute sense of smell). The grimlocks wait for intruders in areas **3, 5,** and **6.** The DM should determine whether or not the grimlocks pursue intruders outside the lair. The grimlocks have average intelligence and are not easily lured into traps.

1. Cave Entrance. The tunnel burrows 25' into the hillside before splitting in two directions. The passage to the right has a descending staircase hewn from the rock. Both tunnels lead into darkness. None of the caves in the grimlock lair are lit, so characters without infravision need their own light sources. The caves and tunnels range in height from 8' to 12'.

2. Littered Bones.

The floor of this cave is uneven and littered with bones. Most of the bones belong to animals, although a few humanoid skulls are also visible in the refuse. Another tunnel leads away from this chamber.

The bones were discarded here by the grimlocks. Among the bones is a nonmagical dagger and a pouch containing 32 sp.

3. Females' Cavern.

Strewn about the floor of this large cavern are the remains of a large bipedal creature. You can see the creature's fractured carapace and two spiny limbs, one of which ends in a long hook-like blade. Not much else is left. Along the walls are several heaps of twigs, rags and dried leaves.

The carapaced creature lying in the middle of this cavern is all that remains of the caves' prior inhabitant: a hook horror. The grimlocks killed the horror after storming blindly into the caves several months ago.

Concealed in the darkness of this cavern are 13 female grimlocks. They've moved their children to area **6** and savagely attack any intruders who enter this cave.

Grimlock females (13): AC 6; HD 1; hp 6 each; XP 15; other statistics same as males (see above). The females are armed with flint axes and jagged stone short swords (Dmg 1d4+1).

4. Drrokk's Cave.

Heaped in the far corner of this twelve-foot-high chamber is a pile of rags and animal skins. Poorly concealed beneath one of the skins is a metal object, possibly a shield. The floor to the south drops away into a larger cavern. A natural pillar of rock separates the two caves.

This is where the grimlock champion Drrokk lurks. He is extremely temperamental and does not treat his fellow grimlocks with much respect. He receives the lion's share of the treasure accumulated by the tribe, except the items which Rrakalla the shaman takes for herself.

Drrokk normally charges into melee the instant combat erupts, whether the battle occurs outside or elsewhere in the grimlocks' lair. If greatly outmatched by his opponents, Drrokk

returns here and hides behind the pillar that rises between this cave and area **5.** He then ambushes the first intruder who comes within striking range of his broad sword.

Hidden under Drrokk's "bed" are the following treasures: a sack containing six human skulls (licked clean), a short sword engraved with goblin runes (has *Nystul's magic aura* cast upon it), a battered *helmet of protection +1* (operates the same as the ring) and six loose gemstones. Five of the gems are worth 50 gp each; the sixth is actually an *ioun stone* (pink and green ovoid; adds 1 point to Charisma).

Drrokk (grimlock champion): AC 2; HD 4; hp 30; THAC0 14 (17 without Strength bonus); #AT 1; Dmg 1d6+3 (claws) or by weapon type +3 (Strength bonus); S 18/62 (+2/ +3); ML 14; SZ M (7' tall); XP 175; other statistics as grimlock males (see above); broad sword.

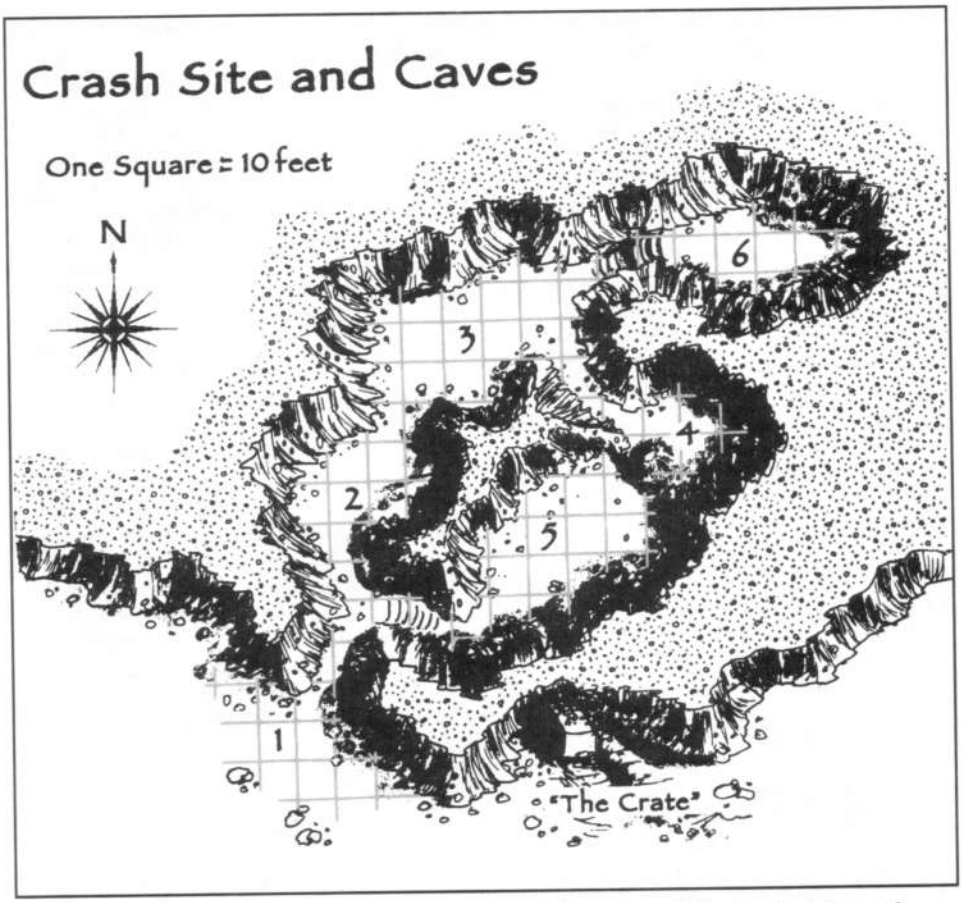
5. Males' Cavern.

This spacious cave is littered with refuse and debris, and a foul stench lingers in the air. Several ragged heaps serve as beds for the filthy creatures which dwell here.

Unless they were lured outside, nine male grimlocks (statistics given above) currently reside in this cavern. They remain close to the walls, blending in with the stonework. They viciously attack anyone entering this chamber.

The floor of this cavern is 7' lower than the floors in areas **2, 3,** and **4.** The ceiling is a full 12' high. There are enough "beds" to sleep all of the male grimlocks in the tribe. There is nothing of value stashed under the beds.

6. Rrakalla's Cave. The entrance to this cave is protected by a *trip* spell (cast by the chamber's occupant). The rope used for the spell has been stretched across the entrance, hidden beneath a thin layer of grime. The rope is 80% undetectable unless *detect magic* is cast. Any PC attempting to step over the rope must save vs. spell or trip (automatically losing initiative the following round). Characters running into the cave also suffer 1 hp damage and are stunned for 1d4+1 rounds. PCs who are aware of the rope receive +4 to their saving throw. The spell remains in effect for 3 turns.



The walls of this cave are adorned with humanoid skulls, and carved into the far wall is a narrow shelf with several odd-looking clay bottles on it. A pile of worm-eaten rags lie near the entrance, while huddled at the back of the cave are two dozen or more children belonging to the savage creatures encountered outside. Standing in front of them is a female adult with hunched shoulders and tangled white hair. An incandescent blue stone orbits her head.

Rrakalla, the tribe's leader, is the smartest and wisest of the grimlocks. She is elderly, with long white hair and large hunched shoulders. Regardless of the turmoil happening outside the lair, she usually remains inside the caves to guard the children. All the other grimlocks have learned to fear her magical abilities. (She sometimes casts *silence 15' radius* spells as punishment for disobedience.)

Rrakalla casts her *cause fear* spell at the most dangerous-looking PC (preferably a fighter) then defends the grimlock children with her magical footman's mace, which she took from the corpse of a slain adventurer. She suffers no attack penalties due to age. The incandescent stone seen whirling around Rrakalla's head is an *ioun stone* that adds 1 point to her Wisdom (giving the shaman a Wisdom of 14).

There are five clay bottles on the shelf at the back of the cave. The bottles contain various elixirs which Rrakalla concocted. None of them are magical, although one or two might be poisonous to non-grimlocks (treated as Type I ingested poison, at the DM's discretion).

Hidden under Rrakalla's pile of rags is an unlocked wooden coffer containing 180 sp and three 10-gp gems.

Rrakalla (grimlock shaman): INT average; AC 4; HD 3; hp 17; THAC0 18; Dmg 1–6 (claws), by spell or by weapon type; ML 12; XP 120; other statistics similar to grimlock males (see above); footman's mace, bone necklace. Spells (cast as 3rd-level priest): *cause fear, locate animals or plants, trip.*

Grimlock children (27): AC 6; HD 2 hp each; #AT 0; Dmg nil; ML 7; unarmed. The PCs receive no experi-

ence points for harming the non-combative children. PCs who harm the children in front of Ergo (see "The Autognomes" section below) will no doubt incur the autognome's wrath.

Opening the Cargo Cube

Once the PCs have dealt with the grimlocks, they can scrutinize the metal cube more closely. The cube's carbon-scarred alloy is not indigenous to the planet. Dwarven PCs with metal-working skills are entitled to a proficiency check to verify the alien nature of the alloy.

The 10' × 10' × 10' cube is impervious to all spells save *disintegrate.* Physical attacks, breath weapons, and other damaging spells inflict superficial damage only.

The side of the cube which faces outward from the rocky hillside is actually a hatchway. (The hatchway is treated as a secret door for detection purposes.) This side of the cube lowers down to reveal a hollow interior. Because of their blindness, the grimlocks were unable to figure out how the hatch opens, but on the west side of the cube characters can see a flush 12" × 5" panel. The panel is *wizard locked* but can be removed by a successful Remove Traps roll or by casting a *knock* spell. (Like the cube itself, the panel is resistant to most damage.) Behind the panel is a small compartment containing an 8" metal lever in the "up" position. If the lever is pulled down, the south side of the cube falls open. PCs standing within 10' of the hatch when it opens must make a Dexterity check or suffer 2d6 hp damage.

The Autognomes

When the cube is finally opened, read or paraphrase the following:

> The inside of the cube is dark. Moments after the hatch drops, you hear a clattering noise followed by a series of strange whirrs, clinks, and kaboinks. A lopsided metal creature staggers out of the cube and walks unsteadily down the ramp. The construct stands about three-feet tall and bears an uncanny resemblance to a gnome.

This is an autognome: a mechanical construct built by gnomes using gears, gizmos, and magic. All autognomes are given rudimentary intelligence and the ability to speak common and gnomish. Their alignment is neutral good. They are programmed to obey three directives: (1) defend gnomes under attack by non-gnomes; (2) defend themselves against attack; and (3) protect babies and children from harm. (This last directive may come into play if the PCs dare harm the grimlock children.)

The autognome that steps out of the cube has been seriously damaged by the crash. The autognome's left arm hangs loosely from its shoulder socket, his head rattles from side to side, and he seems to be making a lot of racket when he walks (which may seem normal for constructs such as this). The PCs may not realize how serious the damage is until it is too late.

The autognome steps carefully down the metal ramp and extends a "hand" of friendship to the nearest PC while stuttering a greeting in common: "M-M-My name is Ergo. I b-b-bring greetings." One round later, the autognome explodes. All PCs within 20' must save vs. breath weapon or sustain 3d10 hp shrapnel damage (half if the saving throw is successful). Any PC duped into shaking the autognome's hand receives no saving throw.

Any hit scored against the autognome causes it to explode prematurely. (The crash landing left it with 1 hit point, barely enough to hold it together). The only way to prevent the autognome's sudden detonation is to cast *dispel magic* on the autognome before it "malfunctions." Most autognomes are unaffected by *dispel magic;* however, in its damaged state, this autognome is permanently deactivated by the casting of the spell, provided the spell is specifically directed at it.

One round after the first autognome explodes, another one emerges from the cube:

> A second automaton steps out of the cube. Although identical to the first in many ways, this one doesn't seem to be in such poor condition. Its arms and legs are attached, its head is on straight, and it doesn't seem to be making quite as much noise as the last one did.

Only two autognomes "survived" the crash landing. With the untimely destruction of the first, this second autognome is the only one remaining. He's a little dented but otherwise intact. Like his "brother," this autognome is called Ergo. (The acronym E.R.G.O. stands for Essential Robot of Gnomish Origin.)

Ergo (autognome): INT semi-; AL NG; AC 0; MV 5, fly 6 (E), swim 3, burrow 4; HD 5+5; hp 25; THAC0 15; #AT 2 and 1; Dmg 1–10/1–10 (fists) and 2d4 (see below); SD saves as hard metal, immune to all spells except disintegrate; SZ S; ML 19; XP 975; *MC9.*

Autognomes are slow and always attack last in melee. This particular autognome is equipped with a variety of retractable tools and gizmos including a metal scoop (for collecting soil samples), a pair of collapsible helicopter rotors (fully functional), a built-in watering can with a "squirt gun" (water gushes forth from the fingertips of its right hand; 60' range), and twin propellers in its feet (for underwater propulsion). The soil scoop can be used as a weapon (Dmg 2d4), giving Ergo three attacks per round. The autognome's watering can may be filled with liquids other than water, such as oil, poison, syrup, or paint. The tinker gnomes who built Ergo also made him rust-proof, negating his susceptibility to creatures such as rust monsters.

In addition to the above-mentioned instruments, Ergo is also equipped with a complete tool kit that is normally tucked away in his chest. He carries a variety of wrenches, screwdrivers, pliers, and hammers. Furthermore, Ergo can extend his legs up to 3', making him as tall as a human. His movement rate does not increase, however, as his gait becomes more awkward.

Every successful hit against Ergo has a 10% chance of causing a malfunction. Also, any time the autognome rolls a 1 for its attack roll, it has a 25% chance of malfunctioning. Finally, there is a non-cumulative 5% chance/day of a malfunction occurring. Less extreme examples of autognome malfunctions include the following:

- Autognome attacks itself for 1d4 rounds.
- Head or limb falls off (DM's determination).
- Autognome shuts down for 1d10 hours.
- Autognome begins talking nonsense or speaking backward.
- Mistakes everyone for gnomes and/or gnome-killers.
- Autognome begins quoting gnomish poetry ("Ode to Gears").
- Squirts oil all over the nearest PC (or NPC).

Unless he is attacked or openly shunned, Ergo expresses his wish to remain with the party. (He doesn't like to be by himself.) If there are NPC soldiers present, they merely stand with their mouths agape in disbelief. Ergo is especially fond of gnome PCs and eagerly serves them, even follows them, until they agree to "own" him.

Ergo does not know how he and his fellow autognomes arrived on the planet. He and the others were placed inside the cube at a gnomish settlement called Tinkerhaven. They were supposed to arrive at a place called Haftaligon's Fungi Farm (located on some remote asteroid, though the autognome doesn't know this). Their function was to help the gnomish farmer Haftaligon Dwindleplott tend his "crop" of fine, cavern-grown mushrooms.

Inside the Cube

PCs searching inside the "cube" find several tools lying about, as well as the broken remains of eight more autognomes. PCs with engineering and metalworking skills can use Ergo as a model to repair these autognomes, but only tinker gnomes with the spellcraft proficiency can endow the autognomes with the magic needed to animate them. PCs attempting to rebuild an autognome are entitled to an engineering proficiency check; if a 1 is rolled, there is enough magic in the autognome's "parts" to reanimate it without the aid of spellcraft. (In which case, the party will have two mechanical gnomes following them.) Construction of an autognome requires 2d6 days, assuming all the necessary parts can be found. ("Gnome wasn't built in a day," as the saying goes.)

Apart from the autognome fragments, the cube is filled with gears and winches needed to raise, lower and lock the hatchway. Characters also see a series of 12 cylindrical tanks fastened to the walls, all hooked to a single lever. In the event of an emergency jettison, one of the autognomes is supposed to pull down the lever, triggering the tanks to release several hundred pounds of compressed air; the compressed air was intended to act as a cushion against damage during planetary impact. For some reason, none of the autognomes pulled the lever. (Someone forgot to tell them about it.) Any PCs inside the cube when the lever is pulled are instantly blown out the



open hatchway, suffering 2d4 hp damage from the sudden blast of compressed air. If the hatchway is closed, decompression damage is 4d4+4 hp as the air has nowhere to go.

The Evil Gnomes

Shortly after opening the cube and discovering the autognomes, the PCs are visited by a pair of evil spriggans named Tarok and Barok. From their distant lair, they saw the shooting star and have come to investigate. While the PCs are conversing with the autognome or recovering from their wounds, the spriggans emerge from the foliage in small form. Read the following:

> Two small humanoids enter the clearing and approach you. They look like gnomes with tangled red hair. Their expressions are dour, their skin is dull yellow, and they smell of dank earth and grime. Both are wearing patchwork armor and carrying polearms well-suited for their size.

The spriggans speak common poorly and gnomish very well. They claim ownership of the cube and demand that the PCs leave the area immediately. If the PCs are not intimidated by the "dour gnomes," the spriggans cast their *scare* spells (saves at –2) on the strongest-looking PC before assuming giant size. If reduced to half their hit points, the brothers withdraw into the woods, revert to small form, and backstab any PCs who dare pursue them. In either size, they possess the abilities of 8th-level thieves. They especially dislike gnomes and attack them on sight. (This racial hatred does not apply to autognomes necessarily, since the spriggans have never encountered one.)

Tarok and Barok (spriggans): INT average; AL CE; AC 3 (5); MV 9 (15); HD 4 (8+4); hp 24 (52), 20 (46); THAC0 17 (11); #AT 2; Dmg 2–8/2–8 (polearm) +7 (Strength bonus for giant form only); SA spells, thief abilities (backstab in small form only, causing triple damage); SZ S (L); ML 15; XP 3,000; *MM*/162 (gnome, spriggan). Statistics in parentheses are for the brothers' giant forms.

Spriggans can cast the following spells when in their small forms: *affect normal fires, shatter,* and *scare* (–2 to

saving throws due to spriggans' ugliness). In their giant forms, they possess the Strength of hill giants (19) but cannot cast spells. Both brothers are armed with polearms that inflict 2d4 hp damage per hit (plus any strength modifiers).

Never having seen spriggans before, the autognome automatically mistakes them for gnomes and guards them against attacking PCs. If the PCs can convince Ergo that the spriggans are not true gnomes, or if Tarok and Barok display ungnomelike behavior (such as brutally attacking a fallen foe or assuming giant size), the autognome may turn against them. If the autognome sees what it perceives as "gnomes fighting gnomes," it becomes confused and steps between the combatants to take the brunt of the damage. (It has no directive to handle this circumstance.) If Ergo is damaged in melee, there is a chance he might malfunction. (See "The Autognomes" above for details.)

If one of the spriggans is captured, the other surrenders. Tarok and Barok agree to leave the clearing peacefully to save their worthless hides, but they do not go far. Using their Hide in Shadows abilities, the spriggans hide in the woods until the party leaves, at which point they return to explore whatever remnants the PCs left behind in the clearing. They may also use their thieving skills to attack the PCs on their return trip to Watch Tower Three, provided neither brother is seriously wounded.

Gnomecoming

If the PCs return to the watch tower with the autognome, the soldiers regard the strange metal visitor with a mixture of curiosity, wonder, and fear. The soldiers have seen their fair share of strange monsters, so one metal gnome won't make them panic, but the PCs and the autognome may find themselves deluged with questions that require immediate answers. The DM can role-play several awkward situations involving the autognome and the soldiers. The DM may also throw in a few situations involving the players, such as a visiting mage offering the characters 200 gp for the autognome or the parts to build one himself!

Operation Retrieve

Regardless of the adventure's outcome, seven hours after the PCs locate the "shooting star," the cube's rightful owners show up to reclaim their lost cargo. Four tinker gnomes depart their recently repaired sidewheeler and head toward the planet's surface in a small, invisible jetty. The gnomes carry a *wand of locating objects* which behaves as the 2nd-level wizard's spell *locate object.* (The holder of the *wand* simply concentrates on the item to be sought, and provided that item is located in the same crystal sphere, the wand glows when pointed in the right direction.) Using the *wand,* the gnomes can pinpoint the exact location of the jettisoned cargo cube. Once the cube is found, the gnomes prepare for landing after selecting a suitable place for descent. (The nearby clearing will suffice.) Any adult grimlocks that were left behind by the party attack the gnomes shortly after they land, but the gnomes deftly avoid injury by using the jetty's alarm bells to frighten the grimlocks away. If the spriggans are still in the clearing, the gnomes try to avoid a conflict by lifting off and setting down somewhere else.

The first thing the gnomes do after frightening away the grimlocks is to inspect the cargo cube's interior. They have an exact manifest of every part and every bolt. If anything has been removed (such as one of the autognomes), the gnomes make plans to recover these missing "items" once the present cargo has been transferred to the jetty. (The cube itself is too awkward to transport, so the gnomes plan to leave it behind.) One gnome (Barador) remains at the jetty while the other three (Dwinn, Jasper, and Gizmo) use the *wand of locating objects* to find the errant cargo. By the time these visiting gnomes show up at the watch tower, the PCs should be recovering from wounds delivered by the grimlocks, the exploding autognome, or the spriggans.

Barador, Dwinn, Jasper, and Gizmo (tinker gnomes): AL NG; AC 5; MV 6; HD 1; hp 8, 7, 6, 5; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; D 16; SZ S; ML 8; *MM*/159 (gnome); gnomish workman's leather armor (AC 7; see *Arms and Equipment Guide* for details), *wand of locating objects* (Dwinn only), *pin of teleportation* (one per gnome; see "The Away Team" below), *pouch of holding* containing 100 pp (Dwinn only), dagger.

The Jetty

The gnome's jetty remains invisible at all times. It consists of a yawl (a strange vehicle resembling a small train engine) and a pair of yawl wagons (which are attached to the yawl like train cars). Statistics for the yawl and yawl wagons are given in *The War Captain's Companion* boxed set for the SPELLJAMMER setting, but the DM does not require these statistics for this scenario. The jetty was built with gnomes in mind and can transport up to two dozen gnomes without cargo. (With all the cargo from the cube, there's only room for the four-gnome landing party.) The yawl gains its motive capability through the use of a small, pedaling iron golem. The power needed to pedal the yawl is equivalent to 22 Strength.

Only the gnomes can see the invisible jetty, although PCs can use spells such as *detect invisible, dispel magic,* and *glitterdust* to make the ship visible. If strangers approach the vessel, Barador orders the iron golem to pedal the vessel into the sky (out of "groundling" reach). If the yawl is boarded before it can take off, the golem has orders to "oust" the intruders. The golem is programmed to follow the tinker gnomes' instructions to the letter. The PCs should find the golem quite dangerous and indestructible.

Small iron golem: INT non-; AL N; AC 3; MV 6; HD 6; hp 40; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 2-20; SA breathe laughing gas cloud (see below); SD +3 or better weapons to hit; magical fire attacks repair golem (1 hp/die damage); electrical attacks slow golem for 3 rounds; MR immune to spells; SZ M (6' tall); ML 20; XP 4,000; *MM*/166 (golem, variant).

The golem does not breathe poisonous gas. Instead, it billows forth a 30' diameter cloud of laughing gas with effects similar to the *Tasha's uncontrollable hideous laughter* spell (see *PHB*). PCs who succumb to the gas break into rolling fits of laughter lasting 1d6+6 rounds, during which time they are incapable of doing anything else.

If one or more of the PCs happen to be in the clearing when the gnomes' jetty lands, they feel a sudden gust of air and hear a series of clanks and clinks and one soft thump as the yawl touches down. As soon as the gnomes step off of the jetty, they become visible. Upon discovering the party's presence, the gnomes apologize for disturbing them, promising to leave once their cargo has

been retrieved. The gnomes desire no formal relations with groundlings and prefer to be left alone so they can complete their task and depart.

The Away Team

If the characters are at the watch tower when Dwinn, Jasper, and Gizmo (the gnomish "away team") arrive at the village, read or paraphrase the following text to the players:

> Three gnomes are standing at the doors of the fort, looking around for signs of intelligent life. One of them is holding a wand, another is tightening his belt. The third is waving to the soldier atop the watch tower. All three are dressed in gnomish workman's leather — a suit of "armor" replete with pockets, tools and strange gizmos. The gnome holding the wand calls out, "Ith there thum-one in here who can tell uth where our cargo ith?"

The three gnomes are not hostile. Dwinn (the gnome carrying the *wand*) would like to retrieve the missing autognome and any other items taken from the cargo cube. He is willing to pay up to 100 pp for their safe return. He is not receptive to "deals" but consents to letting the PCs keep Ergo if they pay the gnomes in platinum or magic items. The amount is negotiable, but 50,000 gp worth of treasure seems fair.

The tinker gnomes do not fight for custody of Ergo. If the PCs absolutely refuse to give back the autognome, the tinker gnomes simply leave in a huff. Ergo's loss straps the gnomes financially, but the autognome is not irreplaceable.

The tinker gnomes are fluent in gnomish and common but speak with lisps (a curious hereditary characteristic among the gnomes of this particular clan). The gnomes do not have time to waste discussing the principles of spelljamming or the wonders of Wildspace. If asked where they come from, the gnomes reply, "Nevermind." (This is not an attempt to shrug off the party — like most tinker gnomes, they actually come from Mount Nevermind on Krynn.) They have no room on their small jetty for extra passengers and will not accept bribes from PCs wishing a tour of Wildspace. ("Thory, but that'th thimply impothible!" replies Dwinn.)

The tinker gnomes do not discuss how they arrived on the planet, nor do they intentionally lead the PCs to their jetty. If they are molested in any way, the gnomes each tap a small golden pin fastened to their armor, speak the secret command word ("Enerjythe!"), and *teleport* to safety. These pins (worth 50 gp apiece) work only once, but the wearer can quickly *teleport* himself (and up to 150 lbs.) to a safe point anywhere on the Prime Material plane. The wearer may choose the destination; in this case, the gnomes *teleport* back to the invisible jetty and prepare for immediate "lift off." They have no desire to remain in "hothtile territory."

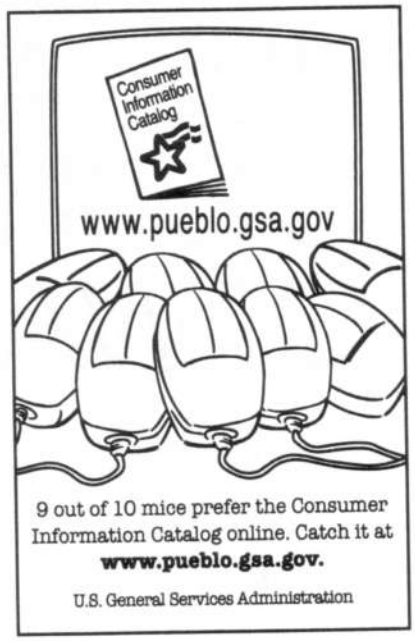
The autognome Ergo does not want the meeting between the gnomes and the PCs to become violent. (Keep in mind that its "prime directive" is to protect gnomes from non-gnomes, and this might complicate matters.) To avoid a skirmish, Ergo is willing to return with the gnomes. However, he would be quite happy remaining with the party, assuming the PCs have been (for the most part) cordial and friendly. The players and DM must role-play this situation to a point of resolution. The tinker gnomes possess some measure of flexibility and are not willing to risk an altercation over one autognome. After all, they are tinkerers, not warriors. "It'th eathier to build an autognome than fixth a broken nothe!" as the saying goes.

Concluding the Adventure

Whether or not they succeed in retrieving Ergo the autognome, the visiting tinker gnomes eventually return to their jetty and depart, taking with them all the autognome parts left behind in the clearing north of Watch Tower Three. The PCs, although unable to accompany the gnomes, may some day find their way into Wildspace. With a few modifications, the DM can use this adventure as a launch pad for adventures in the SPELLJAMMER multiverse. However, there are still plenty of adventures waiting for the characters on the surface. If Ergo has joined the party, his mere presence can incite a confrontation. There are many evil wizards out there who would love to figure out how the autognome works, and there are many people who would regard such a construct as a threat to be destroyed. As if that were not enough, the PCs must learn to cope with Ergo's frequent malfunctions, many of which can be embarrassing or downright perilous. (Imagine what might happen if Ergo accidentally sprayed grease all over an ill-tempered wizard and his henchmen!) The DM is free to invent new malfunctions as a means to propel the party into further adventures.

If the DM would rather not leave the autognome in the party's clutches, the tinker gnomes could always return to their jetty and instruct the iron golem to take Ergo by force. In this case, the iron golem simply breaks down the doors to Watch Tower Three, seizes the autognome, and walks out. The golem does not attack the PCs or the NPC soldiers directly, although it may try to incapacitate them with its laughing gas. The golem is extremely resilient and cannot be damaged (unless the characters have access to +3 magic weapons). Cruel DMs can rule that any PC who deliberately stands in the golem's way is inadvertently knocked aside or trampled for 2d10 hp damage.

If the PCs succeed in befriending the autognome, the party should receive a story award of 1,500 XP. An additional 1,000 XP may be awarded if the PCs handled negotiations with the tinker gnomes tactfully, regardless of the end result. Ω





HUZZA'S GOBLIN O'WAR

BY PAUL CULOTTA

Look who's dropping in

Artwork by Steven Schwartz

Paul is preparing to retire from the military in 1997, enabling him to develop a new career and write more scenarios for DUNGEON® Adventures.

"Huzza's Goblin O' War" is a short AD&D® FORGOTTEN REALMS® adventure for 4–6 neutral- or good-aligned PCs of levels 4–7 (about 30 levels total). It occurs when the PCs are aboard a ship at sea. While written for the Sea of the Fallen Stars area, a DM can easily use it in any oceanic setting.

The character of Huzza and other concepts within this adventure have been expanded from *Pirates of the Fallen Stars (FOR 3).* It is not necessary to have this accessory to play this adventure, although the DM may wish to use it for more background or for the optional ship-to-ship combat system.

Adventure Background

Huzza the hill giant has plagued the Sea of the Fallen Stars for several years. When a galley stopped at his island, he killed and ate its crew. He commandeered the vessel and impressed a tribe of goblins and their shaman to work the oars and sail. Together they all roam about the sea looking for gold and food (humans are Huzza's favorite meal).

Until recently, The monsters' attack routine was: (1) they would maneuver close to the other ship; (2) Huzza would throw goblin crew members into the sails and rigging of the other vessel; (3) goblins that survived the throw would scurry around the masts, cutting ropes, sails, etc., to slow it down; and (4) Huzza and the other goblins boarded to loot and eat. The disadvantage to this routine is that sometimes Huzza would miss with his throws and the goblins would drown in the sea (none of the goblins swim) or break their necks when they slammed into a mast or hull.

A few months ago, Huzza got some new crew members. While getting fresh water at an island, he found a cave with a margoyle lair in it. He stole the margoyle hatchlings, thinking to put them in his cookpot. The margoyle parents were furious but could do little more than yammer and screech at the huge, powerful giant.

Then Huzza got a good idea. He asked the wise goblin shaman, who has a *helm of comprehending languages and reading magic,* to be his interpreter

to the margoyles. Huzza told the margoyles that they would get two of their young back (they have four total). Huzza would keep these two to make sure the margoyles were good crew members. All the flying creatures had to do was fly goblins over to other ships and deposit them safely in the rigging. The margoyles reluctantly agreed, and thus far they have performed well. Goblin morale has considerably improved ("Fewer losses to Huzza's tosses," quips the shaman).

The last addition to his crew was a wizard named Talerus, who was captured in a sea battle. Just before being crammed into Huzza's cookpot, Talerus pleaded for his life and offered to use his magic to help the giant. Hill giants typically are not fond of magic, but the goblin shaman (again the interpreter) interceded once he found out what kind of powerful spells Talerus had. Huzza gave a reluctant approval, and Talerus came through with successful spells during combat. This meant that Huzza was not injured as often in these battles and that fewer goblins died.

The Combat

The PCs' ship is approached by a galley flying the colors of a friendly country (e.g., Sembia or Cormyr) and signal flags that indicate that it is in distress. A PC with a successful heraldry or seamanship NWP check can easily determine this. When the ship is within 100 yards, the PCs see a tall lanky fellow in light green robes waving at them from the bow of the galley. He is flanked by two dwarves clad in leather. A third dwarf, his features hidden by oil slickers, works the tiller in the stern. No other crew members are visible since the ship's oars are below deck. A big load of cargo is secured on the vessel's deck; it is covered by tarpaulins. There are no weapons being manned or other aggressive signs. In fact, the fellow in green robes pulls out a megaphone and yells, "Ahoy! Do you have a healer aboard? Some of our crew were hurt in an accident and need attention!"

PCs may well be suspicious. What are dwarves (who almost always detest water) doing at sea? Why are there so few crew members on deck? A PC who asks how the galley is sitting in the water is entitled to a seamanship NWP check. If successful, he notices that the galley is not riding low in the water. This may raise the question of why cargo is on the deck and not below in a hold. PCs who voice these suspicions and stand alert should not be required to make a surprise roll. PCs who attempt to disbelieve the dwarves at sea are entitled to a saving throw vs. spell with an appropriate bonus.

The dwarves are the result of an *improved phantasmal force* illusion. It appears to the giant and goblins that the wizard is cooperating. Because it is an illusion of dwarves at sea, however, it is also one that should be disbelieved. This is Talerus' way of conveying a subtle clue that all is not well. He wants Huzza and the goblins to get toasted so he can crawl out from under the giant's thumb.

If the adventurers allow it, the galley continues to move toward them. They might attack first on a suspicion or try to flee. Sooner or later Huzza and his crew do the following to achieve surprise: 1) The galley suddenly accelerates to maximum speed. 2) A cargo hatch opens, and two margoyles fly to the rigging of the PCs' vessel. There they deposit two goblins (each margoyle carries one) who start running around the upper mast areas cutting sails, ropes, lines, and anything else to bring the PCs' ship to a halt. It takes one round for the margoyles to fly to or from the goblin o' war and deposit or pick up the goblins. If PCs handle the goblins too easily, the margoyles fly among the PCs' sails and rip them up with their claws, teeth, and horns. They defend themselves if attacked aloft, but they do not fly down to help Huzza or the goblins.

Goblins: INT average; AL LE; AC 6; MV 6; HD 1–1; hp 5 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1–6 or 1–4 (short swords and knife); SZ S (4' tall); ML average (10); XP 15 each; *MM*/163.

Margoyles (2): INT low; AL CE; AC 2; HD 6; hp 41, 34; MV 6, fly 12(C); THAC0 15; #AT 4; Dmg 1–6/1–6/2–8/2–8; SD +1 or better weapon to hit; SZ M (6' tall); ML 13; XP 975 each; *MM*/125.

While all this is going on, the two "dwarves" disappear since Talerus stops concentrating on them. The "dwarf" minding the tiller is really a disguised goblin. Behind the galley's bulkhead hides the goblin shaman. He casts (in order): *protection from good* and *barkskin* on himself, *resist fire* on Huzza whenever the giant gets ready to board the PCs' ship, and *resist fire* on himself. If he has a chance to cast *darkness* on a PC spellcaster, he does so. If embroiled in melee combat (something he avoids), he fights with his mace.

Goblin shaman: INT average; AL LE; AC 6; MV 6; HD 4; hp 17; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1–6 +1; SA spells; SD spells; SZ S (4' tall); ML average (10); XP 15 each; *MM*/163.

Twenty goblins emerge from another cargo hatch and prepare to board. If this is going to take a round or two, they unlimber short bows and pepper the PCs' vessel with arrows. These and all the other goblins wear ring mail armor, and they are adorned with skulls, bones, and other grisly trophies of their previous victims (dried ears tied in a string seem to be the latest fad).

Goblins (20): INT average; AL LE; AC 6; MV 6; HD 1–1; hp 6 each; THAC0 20; #AT by weapon; Dmg 1–6/1–6 (short bow) or 1–6 (short sword); SZ S (4' tall); ML average (10); XP 15 each; *MM*/163.

The tarpaulin bursts off the "cargo" where Huzza has been hiding. Huzza is a very big giant who is paunchy from eating so many people. He is totally bald and also quite smelly due to the thick, stained skins he is wearing. Huzza carries an enormous log shield that gives him 90% cover as he tosses boulders (12 total) at the PCs, especially spellcasters. Note that a spell, such as a *fireball* or *lightning bolt*, that impacts the log shield or goes off in front of it blows the shield apart but inflicts either half or no damage to Huzza. (A *fireball* placed above and behind the shield is an entirely different matter; it causes full or half damage).

When the ships are within 50 yards of each other, Huzza throws his version of a grapnel: a large anchor tied to a long, thick hawser. Ten of the goblins throw normal grapnels when they are within 50'. All grapnel throws at this range are vs. AC 8, and it takes four goblin grapnels or just Huzza's anchor hitting and remaining in place for a round for the ships to be pulled together. Once the ships are fouled, Huzza discards his shield and lumbers over with his big spiked club to kill everyone. Huzza does not know the meaning of surrender.

Huzza (hill giant): INT low; AL CE; AC –9 (behind cover) or 1; MV 12; HD 12+2; hp 77; THAC0 9; #AT 1; Dmg 2–12+7 (club) or 2–16 (thrown boulders); SA throws boulders at 200 yard range; SD +2 to all saving throws; SZ H (16' tall); ML 14; XP 3,000; *MM*/141.



The DM should remember that the goblin shaman tries to cast *resist fire* on Huzza as he lumbers by. This requires the shaman to touch him.

Starting two rounds after the ships are alongside each other, 15 goblins come up from below deck each round to join their comrades. This occurs for five straight rounds, since there about 100 goblins on board. These goblins have the same statistics as the boarders, above.

As the ships close, Talerus casts *minor globe of invulnerability* upon himself, then *shield.* He is supposed to stand near Huzza so that the *minor globe* might deflect spells thrown the giant's way, but the wizard stands among the goblin boarders, hoping that the PCs blow Huzza away.

Talerus tries to cast his spells in such a manner that he can switch sides if the battle goes against Huzza. He casts a *flaming sphere* on the deck of the PCs' ship, but puts it in a place where it does not harm the adventurers. He also casts *charm person* on a tough PC fighter, and if successful, he keeps the fighter from attacking him (he does not suggest that the *charmed* fighter should attack his companions). He also yells out (in goblin, which he has learned in the last few weeks), "Don't harm that one! He's with us now!" This keeps the goblins from attacking a *charmed* PC. When he casts *monster summoning I,* he gets a pile of nasty-looking rats from the galley, but he has them hang back ... for now.

Talerus: AL N; AC 6; W7; MV 12; hp 23; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1–4 (dagger); SA spells: *charm person, shield* (used), *spider climb, ventriloquism; flaming sphere, improved phantasmal force* (used); *levitate; monster summoning I, lightning bolt; minor globe of invulnerability;* S 11, D 16, C 15, I 17, W 11, Ch 14; SZ M (5'9" tall); ML 15; XP 3,000. The wizard has none of his previous magical items, because Huzza did not want to run the risk of Talerus using them against him.

Getting rid of the tyrannical giant is the key to winning the battle. As long as he stands, the margoyles and goblins continue to fight without checking morale since Huzza's cookpot is the alternative. Talerus tries to hint at this by casting *ventriloquism* to make a goblin appear to say: "Kill the giant, idiot, not us!" If he appears threatened, Talerus can always *levitate* or use *spider climb* to get into a mast away from swords and axes.

If the PCs inflict 50% or more damage on the giant, Talerus decides that this is his only chance to redeem himself, and he casts *lightning bolt* at Huzza. If necessary, the DM should fudge the dice roll so that this spell is not the killing blow but only damage that helps the PCs; they should have the privilege and joy of trying to defeat the giant. Talerus then instructs any *charmed* PC: "Now friend, kill that hulking abomination!" He also causes his *flaming sphere* to roll off the PC's ship into the sea. Finally, any summoned rats are told to delay any more goblins from joining the fray.

Once Huzza falls, the margoyles stop what they are doing and fly to the goblin o' war and go below decks, killing any rats or goblins unfortunate enough to be in their way. They tear apart the door to Huzza's personal cabin and retrieve their hatchlings. Then they fly away. PCs who try to stop them from leaving face furious margoyles anxious to protect their young (+2 to hit on each attack).

The goblins must check morale on the

round Huzza falls and on each round thereafter. Once they fail this check, they all throw their weapons down and fall to their knees, groveling and whining for mercy. The battle is over.

It is possible that the PCs lose this epic fight. If so, those who are not killed are tossed into a brig on the galley after being stripped of possessions. Other surviving crewmen of the PCs' ship are also tossed in among them. A kind DM could have the adventure continue by having Talerus convincing Huzza that any *charmed* PCs are under his control and should be allowed to join the goblin o' war crew. Later, he and that PC can try to spring the prisoners, but the DM should let the PC come up with the plan to do so. This should not be delayed too long, because the next day, Huzza and the goblins start eating prisoners at the rate of three a day.

The Aftermath

Fighting and surviving the battle is only the beginning of the real challenges that the PCs have to face. Recovering treasure on the galley is the easy part. Down below is a treasure room with 2,345 gp, 5,622 sp, five gems (total value 4,000 gp), 10 pieces of jewelry (total value 8,200 gp), four art objects (total value 2,300 gp), and three minor magical items (DM's choice) which belonged to Talerus. Huzza himself wears a gold ring that is large enough to be a bracelet on a human. It shrinks down to finger size. It is a ring of *protection +2*. Finally the goblin shaman's *helm of comprehending languages and reading magic* is up for grabs, but it does not look magical at all; it is a plain, round steel helmet.

It is possible that the margoyle parents were killed in the battle and the hatchlings are still around. PCs might find a zoo or university interested in the specimens. They can be sold for 500 gp each. Some PCs might get the bright idea of trying to train the young creatures to work for them in the same way that the parents did Huzza's bidding. The idea of allying with chaotic evil creatures should give pause for alignment questions that are best judged by the DM. If the PCs persist, the DM should at least ensure that the adventurers pay through the nose for such training (say 2,000 gp per margoyle). There is a 10% chance per month that the margoyle succumbs to its chaotic evil alignment and either flies away or turns on its masters (50% chance of each).

The greatest potential prize is the galley itself, worth 12,000 gp, but of course its real value depends on how much damage it suffered during the battle. Even if it was not touched, the areas below deck are so filthy that it takes a minimum of 500 gp to hire laborers to muck it out.

Then there is the question of how the PCs are going to get the galley back to a port. It is almost certain that the crew on the PCs' ship suffered casualties from the attack and there may not be enough "good guys" around to crew the ship (it requires a minimum of 40 men for the 20 oars on each side, plus a few on deck). Of course the PCs can use the captive goblins, but they insist on a promise that they won't be executed. They plead for understanding with the PCs, telling them that Huzza forced them to be their crew (true) and that they did not really enjoy killing and eating all the people they ran across (a patent lie, judging from the skulls and bones that proudly hang from their belts).

A good way to make the lawful goblins crew the ship is to promise them a fair trial at the first port they reach. This makes them work reluctantly, but there is still a 10% chance per day of mutiny. Unfortunately there are no chains and irons on the galley to ensure that the goblins remain in the oar-seats.

Once in a friendly port, the authorities come see what happened and provide a court to try the goblins. They are found guilty of piracy and murder and sentenced to death. The best result is if the PCs let this stand and not interfere. If they want to keep the goblins as a crew, a DM could reward exceptionally good role-playing in pleading for clemency by having the authorities sentencing the goblins to life imprisonment as oarsmen on board the PCs' prize galley. This should provide lots of ways for the DM to have later fun with the PCs!

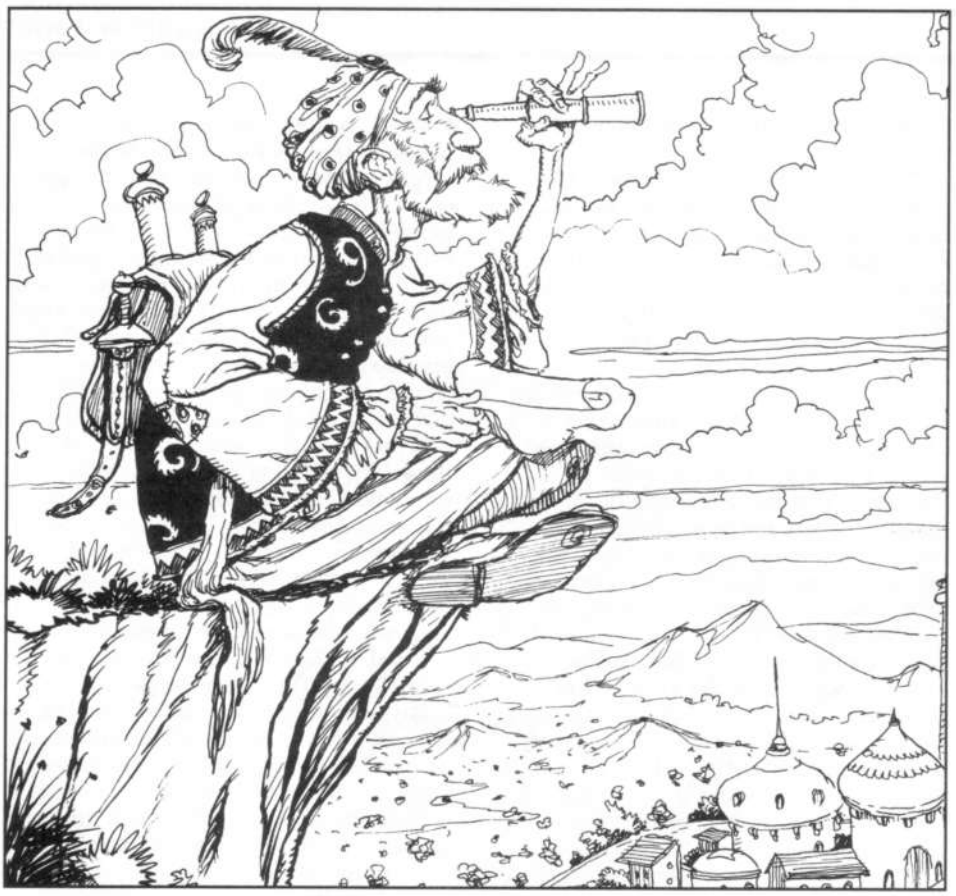
The most difficult problem is the wizard Talerus. When the goblins are convicted and the sentence of the court handed down, they are angry, and they howl (through a court interpreter) that Talerus was also an accomplice and should be judged. The Court charges the wizard and elicits testimony from the goblins. It comes out that Talerus, after his capture, participated in no less than four raids on friendly shipping. Talerus admits all of this and throws himself on the mercy of the court, pleading that he had no choice, for to refuse would have meant that he was eaten. He tearfully explains that all along he hoped, no he prayed, for the evil giant to attack a strong ship so he could betray him and not engage in any further acts, but alas, that did not happen until the PCs came along. He emphasizes that when he had the chance he helped the PCs defeat the giant and tried to warn them all along.

The Court listens to Talerus but finds him guilty of piracy. Then the court asks the PCs for recommendations and testimony. This should pose a tough moral dilemma, especially if Talerus visibly helped (perhaps he swung the battle in their favor or, if they were captured, he helped them escape). If they ask, the PCs are told that the usual penalty for piracy is a grisly, slow death. Let the characters make whatever recommendations they want after struggling with the ethics involved. If the PCs speak to Talerus directly he asks them the most difficult question of all: "What would you have done in my place?"

The authorities generally go along with whatever the PCs recommend since they were involved and almost killed by the goblin-pirates and their evil giant leader. The PCs can recommend: (1) the usual punishment, in which case Talerus is led out with the rest of the goblins for a horrible execution marked by lots of screams sure to give the PCs nightmares for many nights to come; (2) a merciful execution, like a beheading; or (3) clemency. If they recommend clemency, the judges sentence Talerus to a 10-year prison term; they do not give him any sentence lighter than this.

As he is led away, assuming the PCs sided with him, Talerus tearfully thanks the PCs and entrusts any wizard PC with his spell book (hidden in a very secret compartment on the galley). It contains the spells that Talerus carried during the battle and 12 more (DM's choice). At the end of 10 years, he will want it back and asks that it be returned at that time.

Will Talerus still be grateful to the PCs after rotting for 10 years in the dark, royal dungeon? Or will resentment build within him, causing him to curse his fate and swear to take revenge once he is freed? Only time (and the DM) will tell. Ω



BLOOD & FIRE

BY JOHN BAICHTAL

A bad heir day

Artwork by Tony DiTerlizzi
Cartography by Stephen A. Daniele

John Baichtal writes: "I am a full-time office flunky and part-time writer with about 20 articles appearing in various gaming magazines. 'Blood and Fire' was first submitted in 1994 and went through four revisions and five editors. I guarantee I will never again write anything this long."

"Blood & Fire" is an AD&D® AL-QADIM® adventure for 5–7 PCs of levels 7–9 (about 48 levels total). Most if not all of the characters should appear to be al-Badia (desert nomads) rather than al-Hadhar (city folk) because their desert expertise forms the basis for their involvement in the adventure. The *AL-QADIM Arabian Adventures* book is necessary to run this adventure. Access to the *Land of Fate* boxed set and the *AL-QADIM MONSTROUS COMPENDIUM® Appendix,* while not required, is recommended.

This adventure uses the AL-QADIM statistic of Station. This measures the character's social stature and status in Zakharan society and is critical to role-playing because the PCs must deal with sheikhs and other important people. See pages 20–26 in the *Arabian Adventures* book for more information on the subject. Station, abbreviated as ST, follows Morale (ML) in the NPC statistics. This rule may be ignored if the DM decides not use it.

"Blood & Fire" is not set in any specific part of Zakhara. The DM is free to place it in any large desert near a mountain chain. Good choices include the al-Sayaj Mountains near the Desert of the Great Anvil, the High Desert by the Range of the Marching Camels, and the al-Yabki Mountains near the Pearl Cities. An alternative would be to set the adventure in the desert of Anauroch in the FORGOTTEN REALMS® setting.

If the DM prefers to run "Blood and Fire" in a Western setting, he may adapt the adventure in a number of ways. For instance, the DM can retain the Arabian setting but allow the PCs to be traditional, medieval European AD&D characters. Another alternative is to consider the al-Hadhar to be city folk of the regular campaign and the al-Badia to be barbarians of a Celtic flavor, turning the Great Desert into a huge forest. Changing the names of all the NPCs is the main requirement for such a change, though of course the description of locations would also need to be altered.

For the Players

You have recently arrived at the city of Qaybar, a sparkling emirate with a cheerful, lively population. Surprisingly, you learn that the city was engulfed in bloodshed just a few days ago. Apparently, a warlord who had five years ago seized the throne and slain the emir has himself been overthrown in a revolt.

You are breaking your fast in a caravanserai when a guardsman respectfully requests your group's presence in a meeting of the leaders of the rebellion. Honored by this lofty attention and knowing that the path to adventure will surely follow, you accompany the guard to the royal palace, where you are immediately ushered before the group of councilors. Those who so recently led the rebel forces make a strange combination of wizened old men and battle-hardened generals. An elderly man rises to greet you.

"Salaam, adventurers. I am Malik Jilani. You come to our city in a time of need, for we seek people such as you, experienced desert travelers who are quick with both wits and steel. Words of your deeds have reached our ears, and we thank Fate for bringing you to our city. Our need is for you to seek out a young man who fled from Qaybar when the usurper slaughtered the royal family. He is the son of the old Emir's brother, and the last living person of Qaybar royal blood. We must find him or submit to the rule of someone of less than royal blood, or — worse yet — be controlled by a neighboring city like some peasant fief.

"When the usurper began his purge of those loyal to the old Emir, most of us fled the city, and the boy Jazzar Shahid ibn Mahmud, did as well. Five years ago he entered Badu al-Kabîr, the Great Desert, and he has never been seen since. Accompanying him was the old Emir's vizier, Sa'id al-Masir. Through powerful divinations we have learned that both men are still alive; Jazzar's location is a mystery, shrouded by some high magics that defy even the most powerful of my spells. Sa'id al-Masir, on the other hand, has been found: he resides in the oasis of Khaldun, living with the al-Badia. We can only hope that he will know where to find the nephew.

"Time is critical in this matter, because the people of Qaybar are restless for a leader. They were eager to throw off the shackles of the usurper, but if we do not supply them with a legitimate heir to the Emirate, they may accept the authority of a neighboring Emir or Caliph, and Qaybar's centuries-long independence will be lost. Thus, you must enter Badu al-Kabîr without delay and seek out the vizier Sa'id to learn whether he knows of Jazzar ibn Mahmud's whereabouts. If he can supply you with that information, you must immediately find and return the heir.

One final word of warning: be careful to whom you speak about your quest, for there are those who would seek to harm you because of it."

For the Dungeon Master

Sa'id al-Masir does indeed know of Jazzar's location — the young man has been captured by the nefarious Brotherhood of the True Flame, the most powerful wizards' organization in the land. To gain this information, the party must first get to the vizier, who is kept in semi-slavery in Khaldun. Even if the party can find the oasis, the ruler of Khaldun needs Sa'id's protection from a deadly monster prowling the desert, so he will not allow the vizier to leave. In order to win the vizier's freedom, the party must eliminate this menace. Only then may they rescue Jazzar from the lair of the Brotherhood. The flame mages' lair is the Valley of Mist, a mountain canyon magically shielded from divination magic.

Conditional upon success, the party will be given honorary titles of sirdar (prince), granting each PC a Station of 1d4+10 (or an increase of +1 if it is already that high). With the title comes a purse of 1,000 gp, as well as the debt of gratitude of the future Emir of Qaybar. If the party manages to rescue Sa'id al-Masir but not Jazzar, they receive 250 gp only. The reward is not negotiable.

Badu al-Kabîr

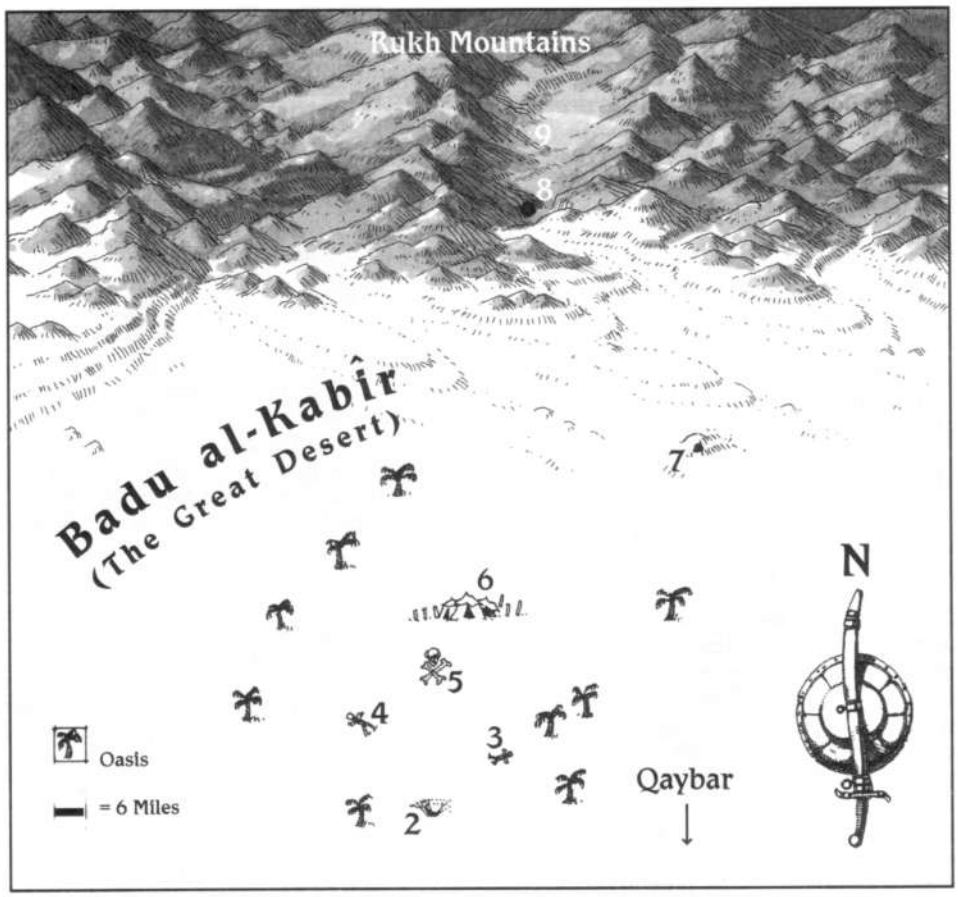
The Great Desert is never a kindly place, but lately it has been especially dangerous because of the warfare among the tribes of al-Badia nomads. On one side there is the great tribe of al-Shakar; opposing them is the small but tough and disciplined army of the oasis of Khaldun. The clan of al-Shakar actually consists of many small families living in scattered groups throughout the desert. The Shakari are the classic al-Badia, and most references to that people found in the various AL-QADIM sources accurately describe them. Because of past conflicts, the Shakar are hostile toward al-Hadhar and may attempt to attack and rob the party if they appear to be city dwellers.

If the Shakari are the ultimate al-Badia, the Khaldunis are quite radical. They have lived for generations in their fortified oasis, so much now that they have taken on many of the characteristics of al-Hadhar. In fact, half of the Khaldun army are askars, archetypal al-Hadhar warriors. Consequently, the other al-Badia of the Great Desert hate the Khaldunis and envy them their fine oasis. So far, however, Khaldun has resisted all attacks: some ancient wizard or genie forged a mighty magical barrier known as the Awâmîd al-Sharîr — the Pillars of Wickedness. This wall surrounds the oasis, preventing intrusion by any being walking on the ground.

These two peoples of the Great Desert have been at war for many years, with the Khaldunis trapped in their oasis, and the surrounding desert controlled by their enemies. Recently the sheikh of Khaldun trained an extremely fierce and well-disciplined army. Thanks to brilliant tactics and a measure of Fate, he has managed to turn the tables against the Shakari. Daunted by the magical wall surrounding the oasis and nervous about the Khaldunis' increased boldness, the Shakari sheikh, Ja'afar-al-Din al-Shakari, accepted an offer of aid from a trio of fire elementalists loyal to the Brotherhood of the True Flame. Emboldened by this sorcerous assistance, the sheikh launched a mighty attack but was surprised and routed by a counter-assault of Khalduni cavalry and foot. The Shakari force was scattered, and the flame mages vanished in the defeat.

During the course of the adventure, the PCs encounter many signs of this struggle: stragglers from the battle, wary Khalduni patrols, ruined oases, and so on. However, the current battle is over as the Shakar tribesmen regroup. The Flame mages still lurk in the desert, weaving their dark plans.

If the Shakar-Khaldun war were not enough, a great beast lairs in the heart



of Badu al-Kabîr. This is Zu'l Janah ("The Winged"), a monstrous dragonne seemingly immune to mortal weapons, a cunning and deadly monster that has terrorized the whole region and forced many smaller tribes to flee. Only the oasis of Khaldun has been able to fight off Zu'l Janah, primarily through the spells of Sa'id al-Masir.

Traveling to Khaldun

The PCs leave Qaybar, passing through the verdant prairie surrounding the city into a dry shrub-filled plain that becomes progressively sandier and sparser in vegetation until it is obvious that the party is in the true desert.

Traversing the Great Desert is no easy task. The party must navigate by stars, as landmarks in the desert are minimal and roads are nonexistent. Hiring a guide is impossible, because of the great hostility between the Qaybari and the al-Badia of Badu al-Kabîr. One thing that may make the trek easier is the presence of numerous humans in the desert, mainly Shakari survivors and Khalduni patrols. The most famous oasis in the Great Desert, Khaldun's location is known to all al-Badia.

The DM should read up on all chapters having to do with desert travel and survival in the *Arabian Adventures* book and other sources. Adequate provisioning is vital, especially since many of the local oases have been destroyed in the war. While many DMs like to skim over such details as food and water in favor of more exciting aspects of role-playing, it is important not to do so in this adventure, as part of the excitement should be the danger of desert travel.

Badu al-Kabîr Encounter Areas

1. Oasis. The party arrives at an oasis. Each such oasis has its own name and history, known only to local al-Badia. There is a 50% chance that any oasis stumbled across has been rendered useless. The palms and other vegetation have been burned and hacked apart, the spring ruined with a nasty poison that causes the drinker to become violently ill and suffer 1–4 hp damage if a save vs. poison is failed. These oases were destroyed by the Khaldunis after they were repeatedly used as staging areas for attacks on Khaldun. They are the ones used most often by the Shakar during peacetime and so are considered fair game. The idea of fouling an oasis well is revolting to al-Badia, and to them this is a sign of how near the Khaldunis are to becoming al-Hadhar.

Those oases not damaged contain one or more wells, a number of desert palms, and the occasional fruit-bearing bush. All show signs of having been visited by nomads within the past few days.

2. The Pit of Doom. A giant ant lion recently set up shop at this point and already has prey: a trio of young Shakari warriors.

> Stepping to the peak of a dune, you look down on the scene of desperate struggle: two men dressed in desert robes are at the lip of a wide pit, struggling with a rope which seems to be pulling them down.

The other end of the rope is held by the third warrior, who has just been grabbed by the ant lion. If the party cares to intercede, they have a chance of saving the men and thus making friends with the Shakaris. Of course, they have a chance of dying, too. The grabbed warrior dies the round after the party arrives.

These young warriors fled the rout of the Shakari force during the recent battle; their camels were lost in the fight. They were slowly making their way back to their families when one of their group fell victim to the trap of the ant lion. Even if the PCs befriend the Shakaris, they cannot convince them to lead the way to Khaldun — the Shakaris wish never to go near that place again, but they can give the PCs directions.

Giant ant lion: INT animal; AL N; AC 2; MV 9, burrow 1; HD 8; hp 59; THAC0 12; #AT 1; Dmg 5d4; SA automatic damage after initial hit; SZ L; ML 8; XP 1,400; *MM*/204–5.

Shakaris (3): AL N; AC 10; MV 12; F1 (desert riders); hp 5 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; ML 14; ST 5; all have jambiya, and one of those at the lip also has a scimitar.

3. Predators. The PCs come across the scene of four leucrotta worrying at the body of a flame mage, a spy for the

Brotherhood who fell victim to the monsters. If the leucrotta make their morale check, they attack. The body wears a *ring of the ram* (10 charges) and carries a jambiya and a *wand of magic detection* (30 charges), and in an inner pocket of the corpse's robes is a sheet of paper with the following words written on it: "In the name of Omar the Mighty, let me pass."

This note is of help to the PCs later in the adventure. It is the command phrase to enter the headquarters of the Brotherhood of the True Flame.

Leucrotta (4): INT average; AL CE; AC 4; MV 18; HD 6+1; hp 31 each; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 3d6; SA crush armor, mimicking; SD kick in retreat; SZ L; ML 14; XP 975; *MM*/221.

4. A Victim. The party stumbles across the skeletal remains of an unfortunate adventurer. While not animated or inherently dangerous, a pair of asps are asleep beneath it. The skeleton wears *scale mail +2* and grips a broken scimitar and a split pouch that once held 118 dirhams (gold pieces), now scattered in the sand nearby.

Asps (2): INT animal; AL N; AC 6; MV 15; HD 2+1; hp 16, 14; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1; SA poison (save vs. poison or die in 1d6 rounds); SZ S; ML 8; XP 175; *MM*/320-1.

5. Battleground.

Ashes, smoke, and dust swirl around the refuse of a great battle. Campfires and smoldering tents indicate that one side was camped when the battle erupted, and the well-picked remains of over a hundred warriors indicates that the fight was a fierce one. Every so often you think you can hear the faint cries and screams of the fallen warriors in the wind.

It was here that the al-Shakar warriors were smashed by the Khalduni cavalry. The Shakaris had made camp in preparation of a dawn raid on Khaldun. The leaders, along with sinister red-robed wizards, were discussing strategies in the sheikh's tent when one brief cry came from a sentinel. Without further warning, a hundred camel-mounted Khalduni knights were among the sleepy, lightly-armed Shakaris, and within 10 minutes half of the defenders were down and the rest had fled. It has been three days since the fight, and the predators of Badu al-Kabîr have been indeed by all of Khaldun. He rescues PCs found dying of wounds or thirst, but those rescued owe the sheikh a water price (see the section on Khaldun laws). Rescued travellers are brought back to Khaldun as slaves.

Haytham ibn Abubakr al-Khalduni: AL NG; AC 2; MV 9; F7; hp 40; THAC0 14; #AT 2; Dmg by weapon type; SA specialized in scimitar; S 18/05, D 16, C 14, I 14, W 14, Ch 17; ML 16; ST 12; scimitar, *wings of flying, lamellar +1,* daraq, lance, jambiya.

Knights of the Yellow Keffiyeh (12): AL various non-Evil; AC 7; MV 12; F3 (desert riders); hp 20; THAC0 18; #AT 3/2 or 1; Dmg by weapon type; SA specialized in either scimitar or lance (half of each); ML 15; ST 5–10 (1d6+4); leather armor, daraq, scimitar, lance, jambiya.

The patrol can be encountered once every three days. If a roll indicates knights in the meantime, then the party meets a group of scorpions.

Scorpions, Huge (2–5): INT non-; AL N; AC 4; MV 12; HD 4+4; hp 24 each (average); THAC0 15; #AT 3; Dmg 1d8/1d8/1d3; SA pin victim, poison sting (save or die); SZ M; ML 10; *MM*/309; XP 420.

4. Merchants. These are not true merchants but agents of the Brotherhood of the True Flame. They are patrolling, spying, and attacking wayfarers. Their leader, a flame mage named Baytar, attempts to learn as much information as possible from the PCs, including the nature of their business in the desert. If the PCs look weak, Baytar attempts to rob them. If they look strong, he makes a token attempt to sell them some of the bolts of cotton he has piled on the back of a spare camel.

Though he plays at being a humble merchant, Baytar may not successfully hide his true Station, which might tip the party off that he is not all he appears to be. At the start of the encounter, roll a d20. If the result is 11 or higher, Baytar has succeeded.

Baytar al-Sihhati: AL CE; AC 5; MV 12; W7 (flame mage); hp 22; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; S 13, D 17, C 13, I 16, W 13, Ch 12; ML 14; ST 10 (5 while disguised as a merchant); XP 2,000; bracers of defense (AC 8), jambiya. Spells: *burning hands, magic missile, hypnotism,*

Great Desert Random Encounters

Each day and night, at varying hours, make one random encounter roll on 1d10. If the result is 1 or 2, then the party has a random encounter. If the PCs spend a great deal of time in the desert and encounter many monsters, the DM should create a new encounter table to keep them on their toes.

Roll 1d8

1. Zu'l Janah. The party may spot the golden form of the ferocious dragonne known as Zu'l Janah, gliding high in the air. The monster has just eaten and won't bother the party unless they fly up by some means and attack him. See area **7** for Zu'l Janah's statistics.

2. Dune Stalker: INT high; AL NE; AC 3; MV 12; HD 6; hp 35; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 2d6; SA kiss of death; SD magical weapons to hit; MR 30%; SZ M; ML 14; MC14, XP 2,000. This dangerous monster was summoned with several others of its kind by the Brotherhood to disrupt trade in the area. All of the other stalkers have been slain or have completed their missions. This stalker attacks anyone it sees, but it may not go more than one mile from this spot. It must guard the trade route until it has slain 101 people; so far it has killed 85 and is eager to add to the total. Only one stalker is encountered, and if this number is rolled again, the party encounters a pack of hyenas.

Hyenas (2–12); INT animal; AL N; AC 7; MV 12; HD 3; hp 15 each (average); THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 2d4; SZ S; ML 7; *MM*/241; XP 65.

3. Khalduni Patrol. This band of desert riders patrols the desert, alert for Shakari counter-attacks. The Khaldunis are suspicious of the PCs because they have heard reports of al-Hadhar mercenaries fighting on the side of their enemies. Even if the PCs convince the Khaldunis that they are friendly, the tribesmen do not deviate from their patrol to escort the party to the oasis, but they do offer directions.

The patrol's leader, Haytham, is the eldest son of the sheikh of Khaldun, as well as the bashat (commander) of the military order known as the Knights of the Yellow Keffiyeh. He is a master warrior dearly loved by his men and

shield; flaming sphere, sundazzle, darkness 15' radius; flame arrow, fly; polymorph self. Baytar's spellbook is buried in a secret place.

Guards (6): AL various non-Good; AC 8; MV 12; F4 (askars); hp 33 each; THAC0 17; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon type; SA specialized in battle axe; ML 15; ST 5–10 (1d6+4); XP 650; leather armor, battle axe, scimitar.

5. Camel (war): INT animal; AL N; AC 7; MV 21; HD 3+3; THAC0 16; #AT 3; Dmg 1d4/1d6/1d6; SA spitting, trample; SZ L; ML 13; XP 95; MC 13. This mean-tempered camel was the war steed of a Shakari champion, slain a few days ago in the great battle. Since then, it has been wandering the sands, searching for water. If fed and watered, the camel allows itself to be ridden. The camel's name, "al-Kaslân" (Lazy), may be found tooled onto its bridle, and a *horseman's mace +1* hangs from the saddle.

The PCs find only one such camel. If this result is rolled again, the PCs encounter a band of Shakari warriors who are fleeing the battle with the Khaldunis. The tribesmen are initially suspicious. Depending on the PCs' behavior, this suspicion may become hostility or guarded amity.

Shakari Leader: AL N; AC 5; MV 12; F3 (desert rider); hp 15; THAC0 18; #AT 1 or 3/2; Dmg by weapon type; SA specialized in scimitar; ML 14; ST 7–10 (1d4+6); XP 175; *lamellar +1,* daraq, scimitar, jambiya.

Shakaris (5–20): AL various; AC 7; MV 12; F1 (desert riders); hp 5 (average); THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; ML 13; ST 5–10 (1d6+4); XP 35; leather armor, daraq, scimitar, jambiya. The Shakaris have no camels.

6. Sandstorm. Badu al-Kabîr is advancing steadily into the dry season, and consequently, great sandstorms are beginning to blow. See page 82 in the *Arabian Adventures* book on how to handle these storms, which generally last 10d4 turns.

7. Ambush. The PCs arrive at a small oasis occupied by concealed Zahrani warriors. Al-Zahran, a small tribe crushed by the Shakaris over a decade ago, has taken advantage of the Shakaris' defeat to exact vengeance. When the PCs enter the oasis, they are mistaken for merchants or Shakaris and are attacked. The Zahranis wait, buried in the sand, until the PCs have started to water their animals, then they strike from all directions, firing arrows until forced to melee. If the PCs are accompanied by Khalduni warriors, the hidden warriors greet them without hostility.

The leader of the Zahranis is a cold, obsessed woman named Ghunayya who has only one goal in life: to punish the Shakaris for what they did to her people. She disdains the use of typical desert rider weapons, preferring her deadly katars. When armed with a katar in each hand, she gains an additional attack for four strikes per round, total.

Ghunayya al-Zahrani: AL NE; AC 4; MV 12; F8 (desert rider); hp 55; THAC0 11; #AT 4; Dmg 1d3+4; SA specialized in katar; S 17, D 18, C 16, I 15, W 12, Ch 14; ML 16; ST 8; XP 1,400; leather armor, two katars.

Zahranis (10): AL various; AC 8; MV 12; F2 (desert riders); hp 12; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; ML 12; ST 5-10 (1d6+4); XP 35; leather armor, scimitar, jambiya, composite shortbow and 12 arrows each.

8. Vultures. The PCs stumble upon the vulture-picked remains of 20 camels, who were tethered together at the Shakari camp (area **4**) and fled after their masters were routed. With no one to guard them, they quickly fell victim to the dangerous giant vultures common to Badu al-Kabîr. These carrion birds attack unless the PCs stay far away from the remains of the camels.

Giant Vultures (24): INT animal; AL N; AC 7; MV 3, fly 24 (D); HD 2+2; hp 11 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4; SZ M; ML 10; XP 120; *MM*/27–28.

at work. The battleground is a grisly wasteland, rife with minor (non-attacking) apparitions and ghosts of Shakaris slain here. The aura of rage and loss is very strong. The Khaldunis have looted everything of value.

6. Khaldun. As the PCs catch sight of their goal, read the following:

> After trudging through the endless dunes, you finally come across Khaldun. A sparkle of the sun against stone is the first thing you see. At first you think it must be the towers of a mighty city, but then you begin to make out more details: it is an oasis, surrounded by hundreds of marble pillars thrust into the sand.

As the PCs approach the oasis, they encounter a ragged nomad, staggering away from Khaldun. He has long wispy hair, sun-blackened skin, and fierce moustachios. This is Ja'afar, the Shakari sheikh who was recently defeated by the Khaldunis. If the PCs give him water (he hasn't drunk in two days), he thanks them and explains that he escaped from the oasis after being captured in the battle. If there is a hakima among the characters, she may realize that this is a lie. In reality Ja'afar was freed by the Khaldunis. After taking him captive, they did the worst thing they could ever do to him: they beat him like a thief and threw him into the desert.

If the PCs act friendly and accepting of his story, Ja'afar becomes quite loquacious, expounding on the myriad evils of the Khalduni people and their nefarious sheikh. If they press for details, they may learn much about the oasis, including its deadly magical wall (see below), its citizens, and the laws of the sheikh. Ja'afar also can tell them of the terrible Zu'l Janah, the dragonne that has plagued his people for decades but seems to leave the Khaldunis alone, which in Ja'afar's opinion proves that there is some sort of collusion between the two.

The PCs will probably meet Ja'afar again, and how they treat now him greatly affects his attitude toward them later. Even if he makes friends with the PCs, the nomad refuses to enter Khaldun, even surreptitiously. He does not assist in any fights against Zu'l Janah, of whom he is terrified. On the other hand, he may later join them on a raid against the Brotherhood, because he desires vengeance against the flame mages who harangued him into the foolish attack on Khaldun, only to vanish when the fight turned sour.

Sheikh Ja'afar-al-Din al-Shakari: AL N; AC 3; MV 12; F8 (desert rider); hp 44 (57 when healed); THAC0 13; #AT 2; Dmg by weapon type; SA specialized in scimitar; SD +1 to saves; S 15, D 18, C 13, I 15, W 13, Ch 14; ML 16; ST 11; leather armor, *aba of the desert* (which carries the additional enchantment of protection +1), no

weapons. The Khaldunis let him keep his robe because they didn't realize it was magical.

6a. Awâmîd al-Sharîr: The Pillars of Wickedness.

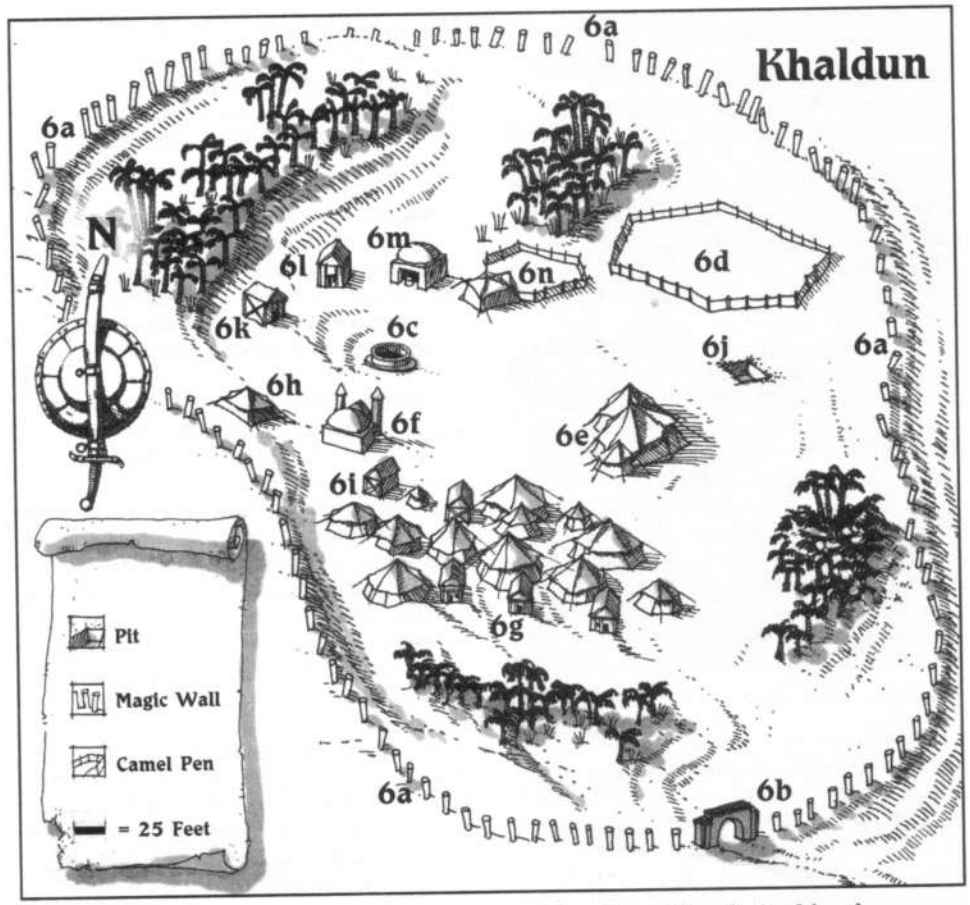
As you approach the marble pillars, you wonder how they could ever keep anyone out, because there are spaces five feet wide between them, with no apparent barrier between. Each pillar is about two feet wide, unworn by sand or wind, and has carved scrollwork at the top.

This magical wall is the first line of defense for the oasis. Its name comes from al-Badia, who think the wall is a creation of unholy magic. Anyone touching one of the 12'-tall pillars or attempting to pass between them (from either direction) is struck by a fist-like magical force that hurls the victim back the way he came, stunning him for 2d6 rounds (save vs. magic to avoid) and inflicting 3d6 hp crushing damage (a second save vs. spells for half damage). It is possible to fly safely over the top, but attempting to burrow beneath the wall is fruitless because the pillars extend down 8' and are firmly seated in the sandstone bedrock and cannot be budged. The wall does not hinder non-living material like arrows, but it does repel all monsters, including undead and golems.

The wall can be safely traversed through a magical *gate,* which is a black stone arch to the southwest. Anyone attempting to step through the arch is treated much the same as if they had attempted to walk through any other part of the wall unless someone within 10' of the gate speaks (or mutters) the following phrase: "All praise to Kor, I pray you grant me (or him/her/them) safety." Only trusted Khaldun residents are allowed to learn the key words; Sa'id al-Masir does not know them.

6b. Bab al-Aswad: The Black Gate.

Searching for a way past the barrier, you come to a section that has a tall arch of black stone in place of the usual pillar. On the other side of the archway are eight warriors led by a huge barrel-chested man, mightily thewed and sporting a dyed-red beard. The leader is dressed in a royal blue burnoose, with a horn and mace hanging from his belt, and he and his men wear identical black headcloths. As you step close to the arch, the man shouts: "Do not touch the gate or wall! Stand firm and state your business in the Oasis of Khaldun!"



This is al-Hâshil ("the Vagabond"), the bashat of the Khalduni military order known as the Knights of the Black Keffiyeh. He doesn't let the PCs pass unless they convince him they have legitimate business in Khaldun (see below for more details on this process). If there is a rogue among the PCs, al-Hâshil knows at once because of his magical *dirk* (see the weapon's description). If the PCs attack or attempt to bypass the gate somehow, perhaps with a *fly* spell, al-Hâshil sounds the alarm on his trumpet and attacks.

The bashat is a stoic, mysterious man, an al-Hadhar from strange lands to the south. Though he has told no one his name or of his past, he has over the years ascended to his current rank through ceaseless service to the Sheikh. Al-Hâshil is well regarded by the locals and is admired by the sheikh.

Bashat al-Hâshil: AL LN; AC 8; MV 12; F8 (askar); hp 74; THAC0 13; #AT 3; Dmg by weapon type; SA specialized in footman's mace; S 18/79, D 8, C 16, I 13, W 15, Ch 14; ML 17; ST 9; leather armor, footman's mace, *dirk +1/+2 vs. rogues,* signal horn.

Al-Hâshil fights with the mace and *dirk* simultaneously, gaining two attacks per round with the former and one with the latter. He does not incur the usual penalties for this fighting style thanks to many years of practice. The *dirk,* an outlander weapon purchased from an ajami merchant, is named *Thiefcutter* and has two unusual powers: first, it functions at a full +5 to hit and damage if thrown at a true thief (not a bard). Second, the hilt vibrates if any rogue comes within 50' of the bearer. Al-Hâshil is aware of all of the blade's powers.

The bashat's men are Knights of the Black Keffiyeh, see the sidebar on page **40** for details on these soldiers.

Khaldun Armed Forces

Guarding the small oasis are 100 warriors divided into two groups: the Knights of the Yellow Keffiyeh, who use the desert rider kit, and the Knights of the Black Keffiyeh, who are warriors using the askar kit. The desert riders are responsible for patrolling the desert wastes, while the askars defend the oasis against all enemies.

Knights of the Black Keffiyeh (50): AL various non-Evil; AC 6 or 7; MV 12; F3; hp 20; THAC0 18; #AT 3/2 or 2; Dmg by weapon type; SA specialized in either cutlass or composite short bow (half of each); ML 15; ST 5–10 (1d6+4) lamellar, daraq, cutlass, composite short bow, quiver of 20 arrows, jambiya.

The Knights of the Yellow Keffiyeh are described in the random encounter table found on page **37.**

Gaining Entrance

The PCs must convince al-Hâshil that they have legitimate business in Khaldun; "just passing through" is not enough. Characters pretending to be (or genuinely) starving to death are grudgingly admitted, but are divested of a number of valuable possessions as payment for food and water, and may end up as slaves as well: see the description of the Khalduni water price law for more information on this. If the PCs claim to be merchants, they must display their wares as proof. If for some reason the PCs have some goods for barter, they are admitted under guard. If the PCs tell the truth and request to see Sa'id al-Masir, al-Hâshil initially refuses them entrance and ignores their pleas and protestations. If they persist for a few hours or more, continuing to state their case and politely requesting to speak with al-Masir, the burly commander's resolve softens and he talks to the sheikh to see what can be done. He eventually returns and says that an audience can be arranged with the sheikh so that the PCs can explain their mission.

6c. Ayn al-Zarka: The Azure Spring. There are numerous small springs in Khaldun, but only one proper well, a deep and sweet-watered spring named Ayn al-Zarka. It is always guarded by six Knights of the Black Keffiyeh, who stand watch with diligence bordering on fanaticism. Visitors who are not the personal guests of the sheikh must pay 1 gp to drink from the well, and 5 gp to water a horse or camel.

6d. Camel Pen. Over 200 camels are penned here, tended by a number of children and at least eight Knights of the Yellow Keffiyeh. They sternly warn gawkers away, and instantly attack anyone tampering with an animal.

6e. Sheikh's Tent. This huge pavilion is the personal quarters of the sheikh and his harem. He also holds court in the common area of the tent. The front flap is always guarded by two Knights of the Black Keffiyeh, and the periphery is patrolled by another two. The interior has one Knight, unless the sheikh is holding an audience in which six men from both orders are present plus various officers and the sheikh's seven sons.

6f. Kor's Mosque. This modest wooden hut is a place of worship devoted to Kor, the favorite local deity. The high priest recently passed away, so the only priest is Kalikan ibn-Abubakr, one of the sheikh's sons.

6g. Tribal Tents and Huts. Those Khaldunis still clinging to the old ways live in camel-hair tents; the rest live in wooden huts. The PCs are discouraged from mingling with the tribesmen and women.

6h. Guest Tent. This plain but comfortable pavilion is where merchants and other visitors are quartered. If the guests are under suspicion, the tent is always guarded by two Black Keffiyehs. If the PCs are admitted into Khaldun as water price refugees, then they are "quartered" in the Pit (**6j**, below).

6i. Sa'id al-Masir's Hut. This plain and unremarkable shack is the residence of Sa'id, who serves the sheikh as a vizier and war mage. There is no wizardly paraphernalia present, so even if the PCs break in, they are unlikely to realize that it is his hut.

6j. Pit of Prisoners. Prisoners and water price slaves are kept in this 15' deep brick-lined pit, the edge of which is patrolled and guarded by 5–10 Knights of both orders. Sa'id al-Masir is accorded a special status because of his value to the sheikh, and thus is not kept here. If the PCs misbehave, they will probably spend at least one night here.

There is a chance that the PCs have been picked up by a Khalduni patrol after they are found dying of thirst. If this is the case, they have to harass the guards to be allowed to speak to the sheikh. Water price slaves are removed once a day to do menial work around the oasis.

6k. Hazzam's Mercantiles. Serving passers-by and Khaldunis alike from this shop is Hazzam, a jolly dwarf from Qaybar. Most non-weapon/armor, non-livestock, non-food, and non-luxury items in the equipment list in the *Arabian Adventures* book may be found here at 10% below list price — though haggling is mandatory, of course.

Hazzam Masar bin Yusuf (dwarf): AL CG; AC 10; MV 6; T4 (merchant rogue); hp 20; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; S 10, D 14, C 15, I 15, W 14, Ch 14; ML 14, ST 7; equipment and rogue abilities determined by the DM as necessity dictates.

6l. Provision Shop. From this small wooden hut comes the delectable odor of fresh baking and food preparation. This shop is run by Walid al-Khabbâz, a fat old Qaybari who claims to have once been a powerful warrior before wealth and good eating did him in. As a result of his ceaseless boasts, the locals tend to call him "Walid al-Kezzâb" (Walid the Liar) rather than "al-Khabbâz" (the Baker). He pretends not to notice.

Walid al-Khabbâz: AL NG; AC 10; MV 12; F9; hp 20; THAC0 12; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; S 14, D 8, C 13, I 13, W 10, Ch 8; ML 15; ST 9. Walid has an old scimitar hidden under a sack of flour.

6m. Dalifah's Smithy. To the utter horror of all proper Khaldunis, a woman has managed to become the chief smith of the oasis, thanks in part to a kindly mentor (the old smith, now dead), a measure of talent, and an amazing amount of sheer stubbornness. The PCs find her hard at work at her forge, muscles rippling down her (shockingly bare) arms and a skimpy veil covering her sweaty face. If Dalifah converses with

PCs who are comfortable with the idea of a female smith, she is charming and friendly, but in the presence of other Khaldunis or PCs who disapprove, she is sullen and businesslike. All typical desert weapons (arrowheads, scimitars, cutlasses, jambiyas, lance points, and mace heads) may be purchased here, but other types of weapons are as yet beyond her ability to forge. She also hasn't got the hang of armor yet: she can repair it, but not make it from scratch.

Dalifah al-Haddâd: AL CG; AC 10; MV 12; F1 (askar); hp 10; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; S 17, D 10, C 15, I 13, W 12, Ch 15; ML 14; ST 5. She wields a smith's hammer if called on to fight.

6n. Camel Merchant. Selling camels of varying quality to foreigners (but not locals) is the sheikh's no-good brother Jamal, called al-Sadîk ("the Sincere") by himself and no one else who truly knows him. Jamal takes advantage of every opportunity to cheat a traveler, for he is heartless and greedy. Jamal shamelessly relies on the security of his family and tribesmen to get away with his crimes, and only because he is the sheikh's brother has he escaped punishment. PCs interested in buying camels find him gracious and fair-seeming, but the camels he sells are rarely worth the dirhams spent on them.

Jamal al-Sadîk: AL CE; AC 3; MV 12; T5 (merchant-rogue); hp 21; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; SA back stab, poison; S 12, D 17, C 14, I 14, W 14, Ch 15; ML 10; ST 10; rogue abilities determined as needed. Jamal wields a Type-E poisoned dagger, and rarely fights fairly.

Encounters in Khaldun

Smoke from a dozen fires drifts low in the still desert air, and the rich smells of cooking, livestock and people mingle like a marketplace. The Khaldunis are an energetic people, obviously wealthy and well-dressed. They are also a people obviously at war, for almost every adult you see wears weapons, if only a cudgel or jambiyah.

Toward the south of the oasis there are a large number of tents and huts, where apparently most of the Khaldunis live. To the north are palm plantations and the main camel pen, and at the center of the oasis is the tiny marketplace and Khaldun's opulent spring. Despite the cheerful and prosperous cast to the town, everywhere you look there are black or gold-clad warriors watching your every move.

Hundreds of people live in the oasis. Rather than relying on a set list of encounters, the DM should improvise and invent his own NPCs as the characters explore the oasis. These NPCs should have varying levels of knowledge, friendliness, and honesty. Most of the information the party gains regards the Shakar-Khaldun war (from an anti-Shakar perspective), Zu'l Janah, the Flame Mages (fearful myths and little else), and the sheikh and his seven sons. Al-Masir is encountered randomly only if the PCs have not revealed that they are interested in talking to him. If the PCs manage to speak to him in private before they talk to the sheikh, the DM may find information on his responses in his character description.

An Audience with the Sheikh

Unless the PCs entered Khaldun in stealth, the path to Sa'id al-Masir involves talking to the sheikh. Exactly how the PCs end up with an audience depends on the circumstances and the their attitudes. The DM should have the party speak to several NPCs before they gain an audience; how the party deals with these individuals gives the DM a feel for how to introduce the sheikh. When the PCs are finally ushered into the sheikh's presence, read the following to the players:

You enter the largest tent in the oasis, a modestly appointed affair on the outside but grandly furnished with silken rugs, wall hangings, pillows and jeweled furniture. A fit-looking old man dressed in a silken robe and sporting an iron gray beard lies reclining on a mat, surrounded by seven younger men who must be the sons of his you have heard about. Along the walls are a half-dozen warriors with drawn swords, standing at attention. Behind the sheikh's mat are two men, the big guard-captain from the gate and a small old man in a blue robe, who must certainly be the man you seek.

The sheikh stands and introduces himself as Abubakr al-Rumh al-Husân.

The Laws of Khaldun

The rules of conduct in Khaldun are iron-clad and exceptions are rarely granted. The laws are to be explained (except the one where women must be veiled) but ignorance is not a defense. The DM is encouraged to make up more laws as the situation demands.

Anyone picked up starving or dying in the desert owes the sheikh a water price. The Khaldunis, like most al-Badia, put an exceedingly high value on water, and thus by law anyone receiving the sheikh's mercy in this way must serve the sheikh for five years to repay his generosity. The penalty for trying to escape this obligation is death. However, sometimes the sheikh may nullify the debt if the individual performs or agrees to perform some heroic deed. If the party was rescued from the desert, they are brought into Khaldun as slaves, and their equipment taken from them.

All women of marriageable age, whether Khaldunis or visitors, must wear the veil, no exceptions. The people of the oasis are very conservative and inflexible when it comes to this tradition.

Anyone caught stealing from or fighting with a visitor to the oasis is fined 10 gold dirhams and receives 3 lashes with a scourge (1d2 hp damage each). Anyone murdering a visitor receives 10 lashes, is fined half of everything he owns, and is expelled from the oasis without food or water. Crimes against Khaldunis draw double the amount of fines and lashes.

"Salaam, travelers, and welcome to Khaldun. Please join me for coffee and dinner."

The sheikh does not speak of the PCs' business until dinner is completed. Abubakr talks lightly of the Shakaris, fondly of his sons, sadly of his dead wife, and nervously about Zu'l Janah. If the PCs mention the dragonne, Abubakr tells the party that all of Badu al-Kabîr has been living in fear of Zu'l Janah for over 150 years. The monster has taken on a fantastic, legendary stature with the tribesmen, all the more so because of his intractable nature and unpredictable cunning. The sheikh more than once expresses

delight in the "acquiring" of his tame sorcerer Sa'id al-Masir and boasts that the last two times the Zu'l Janah has raided the oasis, the dragonne has been badly injured by Sa'id's lightning bolts.

After the coffee ceremony and supper, the sheikh asks the PCs to state their business. Now it is time for the PCs to be totally forthright and honest, if they have the wit to realize it. If the PCs tell the sheikh about the need for a ruler for Qaybar, Abubakr is understanding and genuinely sympathetic. Once the PCs mention the need to get information from Sa'id, the sheikh magnanimously allows the party to talk to the sorcerer, though not in private. Things start to fall apart when al-Masir says that he can't describe exactly how to get to the mountain lair of the Fire Elementalists where the royal heir is kept. He feels sure he could recognize a number of key landmarks along the way, and he will instantly know the wizards' lair once he sees it, but it is not something for which he can just draw a map — he has to accompany the PCs. With this, the sheikh becomes very uncooperative, because he is afraid of Zu'l Janah and he wholeheartedly believes the only thing keeping the dragonne from laying waste to the oasis is the sorcerer.

The DM should allow the PCs to come up with the idea of eliminating Zu'l Janah. Only if it doesn't occur to them should Sa'id suggest it. The sheikh says that if the party were to bring Zu'l Janah's head to Khaldun, he will release the vizier from his water price and allow him to lead the PCs to the flame mages' lair.

Sheikh Abubakr al-Rumh al-Husân: AL CG; AC 2; MV 12; F9 (desert rider); hp 70; THAC0 12 (base); #AT by weapon type; Dmg by weapon type; SA specialized in scimitar; S 17, D 15, C 15, I 14, W 12, Ch 16; ML 18; ST 14; *chain mail +1,* daraq, *scimitar +3, lance +4,* jambiya.

The formidable sheikh of the Khaldunis is a fierce man in his early fifties, but age has touched him lightly, and he is still strong and quick. In addition to being a natural swordsman and leader, the sheikh is a brilliant tactician, as evidenced by his rout of the Shakari nomads a few days ago. Details on the sheikh's seven sons (other than Haytham, who is described elsewhere) are left to the DM to generate.

Sa'id al-Masir: AL LG; AC 10; MV 12; W6 (sorcerer); hp 13; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; S 11, D 9, C 10, I 15, W 14, Ch 16; ML 13; ST 13; staff, scroll of *lightning bolt, sand quiet, water breathing, sand sword, fog cloud, dust curtain,* and *change self.* Al-Masir is a sorcerer specializing in the elements of Sand and Sea. His spells are: *light, shield, magic missile, mount; pillar of sand, darkness 15' radius; lightning bolt* (×2).

Sa'id al-Masir is a tart and stern old man in his late sixties. He has a magnetic presence that causes even the most irascible of personalities to listen attentively to his words. After the coup, he and the emir's nephew, Jazzar Shahid, wandered Badu al-Kabîr for years before they were captured by a war party of flame mages operating out of the Valley of Mist, their secret base in the mountains. After a year of captivity, al-Masir managed to escape from his cell and flee into the desert. He was picked up, dying of thirst, by a group of Yellow Keffiyehs and brought here to serve the Sheikh as an advisor to repay his water price. Al-Masir takes his debt very seriously and does not cooperate with any escape attempt. Furthermore, he is old and unwell, and he is not interested in being pursued across the desert by the Khalduni cavalry.

Al-Masir's spellbook includes the above spells plus the following: *detect magic, identify, read magic, sand jambiya, traceless travel, wall of fog, shocking grasp; ESP, know alignment; protection from normal missiles, tongues, hold person.*

Leaving Khaldun

If the party has agreed to slay Zu'l Janah, they are guided to the lair by the sheikh's firstborn, Haytham, along with a dozen knights. The lair is three days away, and the DM should roll for random encounters; with the party's formidable escort, however, none should seriously threaten the PCs.

7. The Lair. This is a cave in a sandstone mound deep in the desert. No extensive description of this location is provided. The DM may make it as complicated or as brief as he wants. On one hand, the lair could be a simple, trapless, hole; or it could be a huge labyrinth, hollowed out of the sandstone over the decades. One thing is certain: Zu'l Janah is not easy to defeat. He is tough, of course, but also quite cunning and wise in his own way. Zu'l Janah has keen senses and quickly realizes the PCs are there unless they can make themselves undetectable by sight, smell, and sound. Rather than rushing to engage the interlopers, the crafty dragonne waits inside for the party to enter, then attacks at the most opportune moment.

Loot

The dragonne has a century and a half of accumulated junk in his lair, most of it worthless. However, the following valuables may be found:

- In a large amphora with the top broken off is a *daraq +3* and a *knife +2,* along with a large number of old and corroded weapons and armor. Only a *detect magic* spell distinguishes the good stuff from the junk.
- Mixed up with other bones in a large pile in the northeast corner is a skeletal hand still wearing a gold *ring of feather falling.*
- Leaning against a wall is a non-magical staff carved to look like a snake. It is worth 15 gp.
- In a belt pouch still attached to its belt are two small bottles, one holding a *philter of persuasion* and the other a *potion of hill giant strength.*
- In a gold scroll tube in plain sight in Zu'l Janah's nest is a flame mage scroll of *conjure fire elemental, fireball, fire track, burning hands,* and *pyrotechnics.*
- Scattered among the junk are 79 gp, 112 sp, and 198 cp, along with 17 gems worth a total of 1,689 gp.

Zu'l Janah's statistics are different from those found in the *Monstrous Manual™ tome* because of his greatly extended life — most dragonnes die violently before they have a chance to grow old, but thanks to his magical *ring* and extraordinary (for a dragonne) cunning, Zu'l Janah has grown to a remarkable size. His breath weapon has also grown more potent: his roar causes weakness in all creatures within 200', unless they save vs. paralyzation. Those who fail lose 50% of their Strength for 4d6 rounds. Any creature within 50' of Zu'l Janah when he roars is deafened for 4d6 rounds, no save.

Zu'l Janah (Dragonne): INT average but exceptional cunning; AL CE; AC 4/0; MV 15, fly 9 (E); HD 14; hp 112; THAC0 7; #AT 3; Dmg 1d10/1d10/3d10; SA roar; SD immune to non-magical



missiles; SZ L (8' high at shoulder); ML champion (15); XP 12,000; *MM*/92; *ring of contrariness.*

Zu'l Janah's magical *ring* was taken from a human slain in a caravan he attacked many decades ago; the cursed ring "slipped" onto his claw after the battle. While it has made him even more ornery than he already is, it has also extended his life: the secondary power of the ring is protection from normal missiles — arrows, quarrels, sling bullets, and so on glance off his hide without doing any damage. This has helped him to grow to a size few dragonnes do.

Success!

After slaying the dragonne, the party must return to the oasis with the monster's head. A generous DM could skip the usual random encounter checks, though if the PCs had an easy time of it they should be conducted as normal. A huge celebration is thrown for the PCs on their return, and they are feted and pampered, and their wounds healed. The PCs are each given a fine war camel by the sheikh, and Sa'id's water price (and the PCs', if they incurred them) is nullified. Finally, goodbyes are said and the PCs are escorted once again by Haytham and his men, into the mountains to find the lost nephew.

The Trek to the Valley of Mist

> The dunes of the Great Desert gradually flatten, and the ground turns rocky as you approach the foothills of the Rukh Mountains. The sharp, snow-capped peaks beckon you with promises of danger and excitement as you approach ever closer.

It takes three days to reach the foothills of the mountains, but guarded as the PCs are by Khalduni knights, there are no encounters. Even the pesky Shakari nomads keep their distance. When the PCs reach the foothills, their Khalduni guardians bid the party farewell and depart with the PCs' camels, which cannot be used in the mountains.

If the PCs ended up on friendly terms with the Shakari sheikh they encountered outside Khaldun, he has decided to follow them on their quest. Within minutes of the knights' departure, Ja'afar appears among the hills and catches up with the party. Even if the PCs tell him that they go up against the Brotherhood, he insists on accompanying them, because he desires vengeance against the three craven flame mages who fled the battle against the Khaldunis; these are Khaterah al-Sirrâf (page **51**), Mahour bin Rashad (page **52**), and Zarif al-Jeddahi (page **51**). In most instances, Ja'afar defers to the PCs, except when it comes to seeking his vengeance. The sheikh is fully healed and has rearmed himself from his private arsenal: he wears leather armor under his magic robe, and carries a *daraq +1, scimitar +1,* horseman's mace, jambiya, composite short bow and 20 arrows, and three potions of *extra healing.*

The Brotherhood of the True Flame

The party's main opponent in the latter part of the adventure is the Brotherhood of the True Flame, the most feared mage's guild in Zakhara. See pages 41 and 42 in the *Arabian Adventures* book for more information on this group. This sect of the Brotherhood is a small

Rukh Mountains/Valley of Mist Random Encounters

Make one check each day and night; a roll of 1–2 on d10 indicates an encounter. Some results differ depending on location. Encounters with specific NPCs reoccur only if that NPC was not previously slain. Monstrous encounters may reoccur, within reason (there are only a few rocs left in the Rukh Mountains, so dozens could not be encountered and slain).

Roll 1d6

1. Genie of Zakhara (mountains) or Ibrahim Sahib (valley)

Genie of Zakhara, Dao: AL NE; AC 3; MV 9, fly 15 (B), burrow 6; HD 8+3; hp 46; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 3d6; SD immune to earth-based magic; SZ L (11'); ML 15; XP 6,000; *Land of Fate Boxed Set.* This huge brute floats down in front of the party and demands to know their business in the Rukh Mountains. He is one of the few genies left in this part of the region, thanks to the powerful influence of the Brotherhood and the anti-genie power of the mythal of the Valley of Mist (see page **45** for more information on the protective mythal). The Dao hates the Brotherhood with a passion and is inclined to help the PCs a bit — at least he won't be hostile unless they attack first. If Sa'id has been killed the Dao can give the party general directions to the Valley.

Ibrahim Sahib: AL LN; AC 3 (*armor* spell, 14 hp); MV 12; W6 (flame mage); hp 20; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; SA +1 to hit and +2 on damage rolls due to high Strength; S 18, D 17, C 14, I 14, W 11, Ch 14; ML 15; ST 9; XP 1,400; *katar +2, potion of climbing,* sling of *seeking +2,* 8 sling bullets, plus the key that opens the front door of the flame mages' palace. *Spells: spider climb, magic missile, burning hands, color spray; levitate, fire arrows; sun scorch, phantom steed.* This flame mage has taken up the hobby of rock climbing, which explains his wandering around the valley. He wears a red robe which is the uniform of the flame mages; the party may use it to disguise themselves.

Sahib is guarded by four Sleepwalkers. The wizard is encountered once. If this result is rolled again, treat it as no encounter.

2. Brotherhood Patrol (mountains) or Sleepwalkers (valley)

Brotherhood Patrol: This band of warriors and golems, led by a tough and canny flame mage, is out hunting the elusive sphinx Tekhufnet (see below) who has been making fools out of the Brotherhood for half a century. The patrol's leader, Jaheira bint Kisra, is an avid huntress, for whom the death of Tekhufnet has taken on a great importance.

Jaheira bint Kisra: AL LE; AC 4; MV 12; W9; hp 29; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; S 10, D 14, C 14, I 16, W 10, Ch 8; ML 12; ST 10; XP 4,000; *dolman of protection* AC 4, *rope of entanglement, staff of striking* (25 charges), *potion of levitation, potion of extra healing,* and the brass key that opens the door to area **9** in the Valley of Mist. Spells: *color spray, burning hands, protection from evil, magic missile; ray of enfeeblement, levitate, flaming sphere, darkness 15' radius; fireball, hold person, dispel magic; wall of fire, dimension door; conjure fire elemental.*

Sleepwalkers (1 per PC): Int non–; AL N; AC 5; MV 9; HD 7; hp 49 each; THAC0 11; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8+8; SA Strength equivalent to 19; SD immune to mind-affecting spells; ML 20; XP 1,400. See the sidebar on page 46 for more information on these monsters.

Al-Jabali Mercenaries (12): AL CN; AC 8; MV 12; F2 (mercenary barbarians); hp 10 each; THAC0 19; #AT 2 or 1; Dmg by weapon type; ML 11; ST 5–8 (1d4+4); XP 35; leather armor, club, composite short bow and 20 arrows.

Sleepwalkers (4d4). These mindless creatures are patrolling the area around the Dâr al-Bayda for intruders. Because of the stupidity of the golems, anyone wearing the red dolman of a member or employee of the Brotherhood will not be attacked by the Sleepwalkers unless attacked first.

3. Cockatrices (mountain or valley)

Cockatrices (1d4+2): INT animal; AL N; AC 6; MV 6, fly 18 (C); HD 5; hp 25 each; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d3; SA petrification; SZ S; ML 12; XP 650; *MM*/45. These dangerous pests are native to the Rukh Mountains, and notoriously territorial. If the party immediately flees upon encountering these monsters, the cockatrices are placated. Otherwise, they attack and attempt to petrify as many characters as possible.

4. Rock (mountain) or Winged Snakes (valley)

Roc (1): AL N; INT animal; AL N; AC 4; MV 3, fly 30 (E); HD 18; hp 108; THAC0 5; #AT 2 or 1; Dmg 3d6/3d6 or 4d6; SA surprise; SZ G; ML 11; XP 9,000; *MM*/303. This huge beast swoops over the party to check them out. It attacks only if the party injures it, or if they have a large animal like a camel or horse with them. In the latter case, it attempts to grab the animal and fly off.

Winged Snakes (2d4): INT semi-; AL N; AC 5; MV 12, fly 18 (B); HD 4+4; hp 24 each; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4; SA poison, spark shower; SD immune to electricity; SZ L; ML 9; XP 1,400; *MM*/322. These nasty predators lair in the forest to the north. They generally prey on villagers and livestock, but make an exception in the party's case.

5. Gynosphinx (mountain or valley)

Gynosphinx: INT genius; AL N; AC –1; MV 15, fly 24 (D); HD 8; hp 64; THAC0 13; #AT 2; Dmg 2d4/2d4; SZ L; ML 17; XP 3,000; *MM*/324–5. The gynoshpinx may cast the following spells once per day: *detect magic, read magic, comprehend languages, detect invisibility, locate object, dispel magic, clairaudience, clairvoyance, remove curse,* and *legend lore.* This is Tekhufnet, an arrogant and powerful sphinx that made the Valley of Mist her personal domain for over a century before the Brotherhood arrived. She hates the guild, but can't admit to herself that they have been hounding her relentlessly for decades. Due to her hatred of the Brotherhood, she may be induced to reveal much useful information about the wizards and the valley. The party first must give her a gem or jewel worth at least 500 gp, and in return the sphinx briefly answers three questions. Due to the limits of her knowledge and her unwillingness to give out more than she has to, the answers will be very general. For instance, if the party asks how many flame mages are in the Valley of Mist, she replies "fewer than twelve."

6. No encounter.

but wealthy one with about 30 members, only a few of whom are in the lair at any one time. The headquarters of this chapter is the great palace known as the Dâr al-Bayda, located in the Valley of Mist.

Rukh Mountains Encounter Areas

8. Sanctuary

The old man leads you to a cave he stumbled across while escaping a year ago. The entrance is a crack less than two feet wide, concealed by shrubs and an overhanging ledge. The interior is dry and cozy, with a flat, sandy floor that shows signs of previous campfires. According to Sa'id, it is only half a day from the Valley of Mist, and will serve as an excellent base camp. With a groan of weariness, he sinks down to the floor.

This is where the party and Sa'id al-Masir part. He is old and sick, and exhausted by the travel through the desert and mountains; he cannot accompany the party any farther. The cave is relatively safe, a monster-free sanctuary for incursions into the flame mage's valley. Equipment, treasure, and wounded comrades left in the cave will not be disturbed.

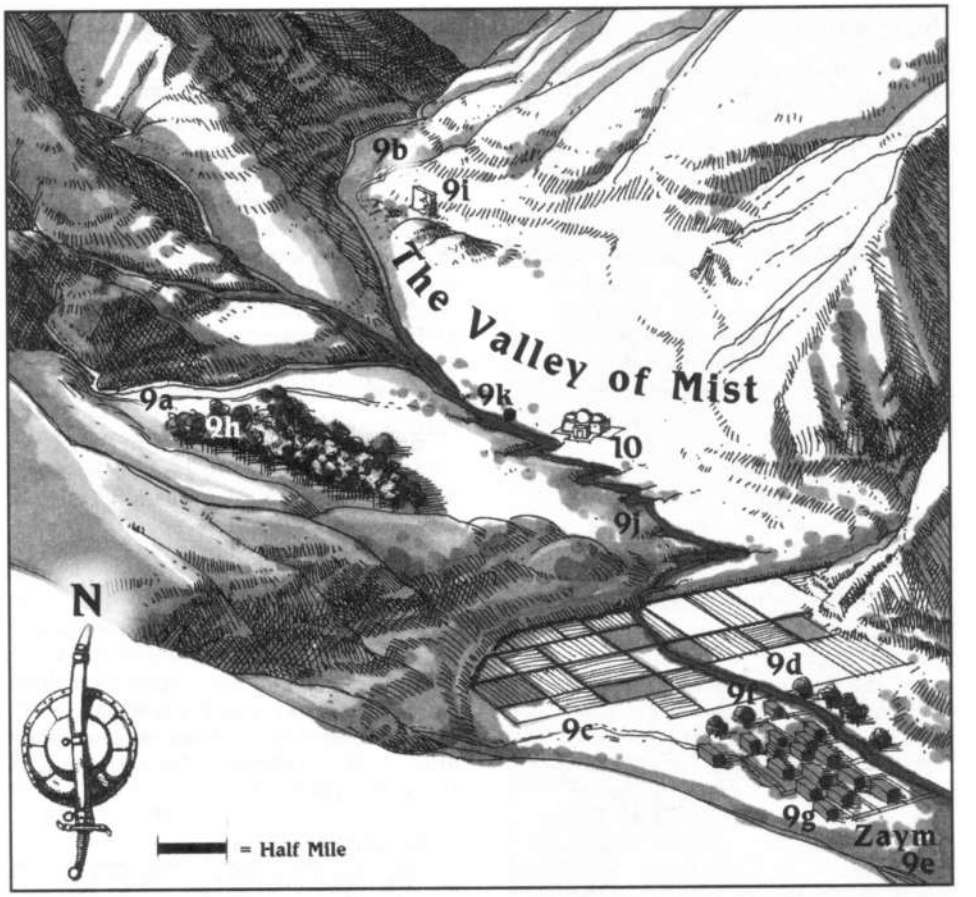
As you heft your packs and turn to leave the cave, Sa'id bids you pause and listen to his words. "At the rim of the Valley of Mist, you will find one or more small paths leading down. There are two areas of major interest in the valley: a village and a palace. The village is called Zaym, and it is a poor and humble place. Seek out one called Jifara; she was the village headwoman when I was there last. She helped me escape and may be of assistance to you as well.

"The palace is the lair of the flame mages, and it is heavily guarded and magically warded, but I can offer no specific information to help you in penetrating its defenses. Go now, and may Fate smile upon you."

9. The Valley of Mist.

You look down at the huge spectacle of the Valley of Mist. Several miles long and two or three across, the fog-filled crevasse looks like a huge sea of mist, golden-colored in the sunlight.

The walls of the valley are sheer everywhere you can see, so getting up and down will be exceedingly difficult unless you can find the paths that Sa'id mentioned.



The walls of the valley are 1,000' tall and cannot be climbed except by the most skilled of thieves or with magical assistance. There are only three paths leading to the floor of the valley, and they are virtually invisible from a distance and are also heavily guarded.

The Mythal

Preventing the use of certain summoning spells while within the valley, as well as scrying and detection spells aimed into the valley from without, is a powerful enchantment called a *mythal*. A *mythal* is a magical energy field surrounding a specific location, and within it certain magical rules and effects take place. More information on *mythals* can be found in the *Ruins of Myth Drannor* boxed set. The *mythal* that covers the Valley of Mist is centuries old, the creation of an ancient wizard. It serves primarily to block out three sorts of intrusion:

- No inner/outer planes creatures, elementals, genies, etc. of any sort may enter the valley or use their powers to aid or hinder anyone within the confines of the valley without permission. This does not include the gens of PC and NPC sha'irs, who have very strong ties with their masters that cannot be broken. However, the gens are extremely uncomfortable and whiny the whole stay.
- No divination spells may pierce the boundary of the *mythal* (the rim of the valley). Even the most powerful of scrying spells give only the vaguest of details. Divination spells cast within the valley operate as usual.
- The *mythal* maintains the curtain of mist which shrouds the valley. The mist cannot be dissipated by normal or magical wind.

Valley of Mist Encounter Areas

9a–9c. The Threefold Paths.

A nearly invisible mountain trail twists and turns down the side of the valley, eventually disappearing into the mist. According to Sa'id's directions

Sleepwalkers

These dangerous golems are the creation of Homayoun Bey, the ruler of this chapter of the Brotherhood. They appear to be humans with glowing red eyes, wearing red caftans and pantaloons and wielding saw-edged scimitars. The golems were named Sleepwalkers by the peasants of the Valley of Mist because of their slow, shambling golem-strides and their tendency to bump into things and knock furniture over. Though Homayoun wanted to name them Flame Sentinels, the peasants' name stuck.

Sleepwalkers are essentially minor flesh golems with a few alterations. Each has flaming oil as its blood, which gives the creature a slightly luminescent, orangish skin tone. If slain, the golem bursts into flame and disintegrates, but this does not harm bystanders unless someone is directly touching the golem when it is destroyed. In this case, the victim suffers 2d8 hp damage, with a save vs. spell for half damage. Though skinny, a Sleepwalker is incredibly strong, equivalent to a Strength of 19. Each golem bears a saw-edged scimitar which it uses in battle, causing 1d8+1 hp damage plus its Strength bonus of +7. While the jagged edges on the sword give it an additional point of damage, it weakens the blade and any attack roll of 1 indicates the sword has shattered. If disarmed, a Sleepwalker may punch once per round for 1d2+7 points of damage.

If the Sleepwalker has a weakness it is its stupidity. Complex instructions are inevitably bungled, for the golems may be trusted with only the simplest and most repetitive of tasks. The Sleepwalker has the usual vulnerability to lightning and is not healed as normal flesh golems are. However, because of their fiery blood, they are resistant to fire, receiving a +4 bonus to flame-based saves, with damage reduced by four points per die, to a minimum of 0 points per die.

Sleepwalkers: Int semi-; AL N; AC 5; MV 9; HD 7; hp 49 each; THAC0 14; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8+8; SA Strength equivalent to 19; SD immune to mind-affecting spells, fire resistance; ML 20; XP 1,400.

this should lead safely to the bottom of the Valley of Mist.

These narrow trails leading down into the Brotherhood's valley are the only ways short of magic or a thief's climbing skills to descend or ascend. Each path is guarded by two stone golems, hidden in the mist. When fighting these automatons, the PCs cannot see more than 5' in front of them, so the combat should be run accordingly. The DM should remember which path the party clears (if any) because if they try another one they will encounter more golems.

Stone golems (2 per path, 6 total): INT non-; AL N; MV 6; THAC0 14 (60 hp); THAC0 7; #AT 1; Dmg 3d8; SA slow; SD +2 or better weapon to hit, immune to mind-affecting spells; SZ L; ML 20; *MM*/166; XP 10,000.

9d. Fields. This is where the peasants of the valley scrape out their meager living. Some of the crops they sell to the Brotherhood, and the rest goes toward their own sustenance. The peasants working the fields flee screaming if any PC approaches.

9e. Zaym.

You finally reach the village that Sa'id told you about. Zaym is indeed tiny and miserable, with perhaps thirty dilapidated huts in all. A strong stink of woodsmoke, livestock, and unwashed peasant fills the area. A few meek and grimy peasants wander around the narrow streets, but most of them must be out in the fields. Strangely, two of the peasants seem to be wearing animal-head masks, one of a donkey and one a goat. As you step closer, one of the masks blinks, and you realize that they are not masks — these are humans with animal heads in place of their own!

The peasants stand their ground, defending their homes. However, they are not formidable, and if the PCs were to decide to conquer the village, it would be a cinch. When the PCs walk into the village, every able-bodied Zaymite arrives to surround the PCs.

Within moments, about twenty jabbering peasants surround you, about a third of which sport animal heads. Abruptly, they fall silent as a woman with a sheep's head pushes through the crowd.

"Salaam, strangers, and welcome to our village; I am Jifara. What brings such formidable-looking travelers to humble Zaym?" Her voice seems quite human despite her strange head.

The PCs may want to proceed with caution, not knowing whether there are any informants in the village who might wish to betray them to the Brotherhood. Likewise, Jifara is hesitant to trust the newcomers, suspecting that this might be part of some plot of the flame mages. If the PCs are interested in talking with Jifara and can convince her that they are the enemies of the Brotherhood, then she takes them into her hut (area **9f**) and tells the following tale.

"The reason some of us have the heads of animals is that an evil sorceress named Zubaydah plagues us. However, our problems are more than just a single sorceress — a whole gang of them has taken our valley from us and made it into a fortress from which we cannot escape. How did this happen? I will tell you:

"One day, about fifty years ago, a mighty wizard named Omar Hazeem al-Mazik came to this valley, and with wicked spells of fire he made it his own, slaying all who opposed him. Within a week he had declared himself Bey, or governor, of this valley and brought in his friends and servants, who at once began constructing a mighty palace of white marble, which he called the Dâr al-Bayda, the Ivory Tower. It was built atop the foundation of an older building that fell to ruin before the memory of my grandmother's grandmother. As a girl I played in an ancient tunnel that went from a patch of tall grass nearby to the cellars of the old structure. One day I got it into my youthful mind to watch the workers from within the palace itself. Eluding my mother's watchful eye, I crawled through the tunnel and emerged within the rising walls of the Dâr al-Bayda.

"It was then that I watched as the great Omar al-Mazik was murdered by some of his fellows, betrayed by those just as greedy and heartless as he. I fled down the tunnel, vowing never to return and also never to

trust such a despicable group of thugs. So, my friends, there does exist a way into the palace. Unless the wizards have discovered the tunnel, it will serve as an excellent way to bypass the palace's defenses.

"I will reveal to you the location of the mouth of the tunnel, but first you must promise me that you will do everything in your power to rescue my daughter Alia, who was taken to be the wizards' servant six months ago. She is a fearless, headstrong girl, and I fear she would have balked at such a position and been beaten or imprisoned."

If asked about the wizard who enchanted the villagers, Jifara says that a number of hoodlums in the employ of the Brotherhood are given the task of guarding the Zaymites. The leader of the overseers is an evil woman who transforms the peasants' heads to those of animals if they do not cooperate with her lackadaisical leadership. If the PCs desire to eliminate the overseers, Jifara certainly gives them her blessing; the overseers are at area **9g**.

Jifara is the intelligent and alert headwoman of Zaym. A fit 52 years old, she has spent her entire adult life under the domination of the flame mages, and the recent outrages involving the sorceress have only increased her ire.

Jifara al-Zaymi: AL LG; AC 10; MV 12; F3 (askar); hp 10; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; S 9, D 9, C 8, I 15, W 16, Ch 15; ML 15; ST 10. Jifara is armed with a short sword.

Zaymites (20): AL various; AC 10; MV 12; F0; hp 3-5; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; ML 10; armed with daggers. There are over 300 peasants living in Zaym, including children.

9f. Jifara's Hut. This hovel is unremarkable, a single room with a fire pit in the center and a pallet on one wall.

9g. The Evil Overseers.

From inside the hovel of the overseers, you hear loud arguing and laughing and an occasional crash or a snippet of song. More solid-looking than most Zaym huts, this one has stone walls and an iron-banded door.

The "argument" is merely the normal mode of communication between the three thugs who oversee the village. The door is barred from within and protected with a *magic mouth* that shouts an alarm if anyone not dressed in a red robe tries to open it.

The "sorceress" responsible for the transformation of the animal-headed Zaymites is one of the more nasty and uncontrolled wizards in the Brotherhood. For repeated infractions of the rules, the flame mage, Zubaydah, has been put in charge of Zaym with orders to keep the village docile. Unfortunately, she is totally unsuited for this task, so she spends much of the time with her two assistants drinking and gambling, only occasionally leaving the hut to abuse the Zaymites. Zubaydah is a big woman with snarly black hair and piercing amber eyes. She is missing two of her front teeth, and when she speaks the gaps wink like a skull's eye sockets.

Zubaydah bint Tala: AL CE; AC 5 (*armor* spell, 15 hp); MV 12; W7 (flame mage); hp 22; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; S 13, D 14, C 13, I 18, W 15, Ch 14; ML 13; ST 9; XP 2,000; jambiya, *aba of protection +1, wand of head polymorphing* (57 charges), scroll of *burning hands* and *flame arrow, ring of free action,* and a brass key that opens the front door of the palace.

Spells: *magic missile, sleep* (×2), *fire truth; flaming sphere, invisibility, levitation; fireball, protection from normal missiles; dimension door.* Zubaydah's wand is exactly the same as a normal *wand of polymorphing* except that it only affects a person's head, transforming it randomly into that of a mammal. Her personal guard consists of two Sleepwalkers.

The first of Zubaydah's two cronies is Khajar al-Masrur, formerly the chief of security of the Valley of Mist. However, he was exiled to Zaym after Sa'id al-Masir's escape over a year ago and has yet to be forgiven for that blunder. He is a chubby man, with curly black hair, brown eyes, a bushy beard, and whiskey breath. He is fond of hearty food and wine, and it shows.

Khajar al-Masrur: AL NE; AC –5; MV 9; F9 (askar); hp 93; THAC0 10; #AT 2; Dmg by weapon type (1d6+5 with axe); SA specialized in hand axe; S 16, D 18, C 16, I 14, W 13, Ch 15; ML 16; ST 9; XP 2,000; *hand axe +3, chain mail +3, shield +2,* two throwing daggers.

Harun bin Ala'i is the holy slayer normally stationed in the valley by the Flamedeath Fellowship. However, he and Homayoun Bey do not get along, so he has been given the "task" of guarding the miserable Zaymites. Though this has irritated him to an extent, he doesn't mind the exile so much because it means he doesn't have to do any work — Harun is extremely lazy. Despite this, he is as skinny as a famine victim, with sunken eyes and thinning hair. The holy slayer drinks his potion the minute he realizes he is fighting a tough group of adventurers.

Harun bin Ala'i: AL CN; AC 4; MV 12; T8 (holy slayer); hp 40; THAC0 17; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon type; SA back stab +4 to hit, ×3 damage, specialized in short sword; S 14, D 18, C 15, I 10, W 12, Ch 8; ML 13; ST 8; XP 1,400; PP 55%, OL 75%, FT 55%, MS 65%, HS 60%, DN 40%, CW 70%, RL 15%; *short sword +1/+4* versus reptiles, *potion of frost giant strength,* leather armor, sling and 20 bullets.

9h. Ahrâsh al-Hamâm: The Doves' Grove. This small forest holds the only sizable patch of trees in the valley. The copse gets its name from the hundreds of beautiful white doves that live here; they have resisted all attempts to eliminate them — the flame mages tried, out of sheer meanness.

9i. Monument. This sarsen was raised by the long-dead wizard who once made the valley his home, as a tribute to a lost love. The monument is carved with the weathered bas-relief of a beautiful woman, surrounded with ancient but recognizable runes. A character skilled in ancient languages can translate the runes: "This monument is devoted to the memory of Amana Talasi — a greater love I shall never know."

9j. The Stream. This nameless creek cascades down the side of the valley from its headwaters in the mountains, eventually to drain off into the fertile soil of the Valley of Mist. The creek channel would make an excellent way to approach the palace undetected from the south.

9k. The Tunnel. If the party agrees to rescue Jifara's daughter Alia, the headwoman shows them the tunnel that she played in as a girl.

You slip through the high grass with Jifara, to within one hundred yards of the gleaming white palace, weirdly illuminated by a moat of crackling flames. She points out the

mouth of the tunnel, grown over with grass and difficult to see even when you know where it is.

Jifara murmurs, "I suspect that the tunnel was dug by a large rodent of some sort, though none such animals remain in the valley. If memory serves, it is generally around two feet wide, so most of you should be able to squeeze through; and if my nose does not deceive me, it is yet unblocked."

You lean toward the opening and inhale, and from the tunnel you detect the rank, cold odor of an underground place.

10. Dâr al-Bayda: The Ivory Tower. This grand marble palace was imported stone-by-stone five decades ago, after the Brotherhood discovered the Valley of Mist and took it for their own. The palace is situated atop the ruins of a much older building, which housed the wizard who lived here many centuries ago; it was he who enchanted the mythal.

The palace of the flame mages is a grand white marble building with two wings, surmounted with three polished alabaster domes. The narrow windows piercing the walls are few in number, and there is only one door that is apparent. Surrounding the palace is a moat of crackling flames, which make the stone look orange in its light.

Entering the Dâr al-Bayda

By far, the easiest way to enter the palace is through the tunnel at area **9k,** which may have been shown to the PCs by Jifara. However, it is not the only way: there is the front door, which is lightly guarded because the flame mages have never been attacked in a major lair such as this one. See areas **10g** and **10h** for details on the defenses warding the front door. The windows of the palace are only 3" wide. The chimney shafts leading from the kitchens are about 6" across.

Because the wizards do not expect to be attacked, their response to the party's intrusion is slow and disorganized. In addition, most of the wizards are genuinely evil and think only of their own safety rather than defending the palace. There is only one strategy that the flame mages have discussed beforehand: they attempt to herd intruders into the palace's Great Hall (area **10k**) where they are attacked from all sides and destroyed by a wizard using the Apparatus of Kwalish found in the War Room (area **10o**). It is up to the DM how the villains react to the sounds of conflict and alarms, bearing in mind that most of them are evil and/or chaotic. However, some suggestions are as follows:

- If there is fighting elsewhere in the palace, the wizards band together and collect as many Sleepwalkers as they can and begin hunting the party.
- If the party takes a long time, the Bey, or guildmaster of the wizards, uses messengers to muster his troops to the War Room (**10o**) where they sally out to defeat the invaders.
- A wizard sneaks out and tries to get the overseers (**9g**) to help, if they are still alive.
- One or more of the stone golems guarding the entrances to the valley could be fetched.

Khaterah al-Sirrâf (**10j**) teleports to the camp of Jaheira bint Kisra and the two women return with all haste to the valley. If the party has already escaped the wizards will track them no matter how far they go.

The Undercroft

This area was the basement of the original building on this site, the tower of the ancient archmage. When the palace was built here, transported from another land stone by stone, this lower area was in too poor a condition to be of any use, except for area **10f**, a prison cell. It is through this cell that the party is most likely to gain entrance to the palace. One advantage to the PCs here is that no matter how much noise they make in the undercroft, the thick stone floor of the palace prevents any sounds from being heard above. Most of the stonework found in the undercroft is ancient and much weathered (the cellars lay open to the sky for over a century). Its poor condition is the reason the undercroft was not converted for regular use.

10a. The Entry Chamber.

You crawl out of the tunnel and shake dirt from your clothes, holding up your torches to look at the chamber you have entered. The floor is scattered with twigs and leaves, and shows no sign of human presence for many years. The walls are of rock, except for the one from which the tunnel opens, and on the wall opposite the tunnel is a natural rock passage.

The passage to area **10b** is sealed off by a pile of rubble, but this may be easily cleared by the PCs.

10b. The Old Cellars.

Ancient, dust-shrouded rubble lies scattered around this series of small rooms, evidently the long-forgotten cellars of the building which once stood here.

The cellars are not abandoned; they are used as a sanctuary by a roper, that crawled up from the Underdark through area **10c.** Once it detects the party, the roper crouches down, imitating a large boulder, until it has an opportunity to attack with surprise. In the monster's gullet are 23 pp and 35 gems worth 5,750 gp total.

Roper: INT exceptional; AL CE; AC 0; MV 3; HD 10; hp 55; THAC0 11; #AT 1 strand + 1 bite; SA strength drain; SD half damage from cold magic, immune to lightning; MR 80%; SZ L; XP 7,000; *MM*/304.

10c. The Black Pit.

In the center of this room is a small well, with the echoing sounds of dripping water coming from far below. A strange, disturbing scent wafts up from the dark shaft.

This was the well serving the old tower. However, in the last few years, monsters from the Underdark have broken through the base of the well and now occasionally use it to enter the cellars, though there is little here to interest them. The roper in area **10b** climbs up and down this well when entering and leaving the Underdark. What is down the well is beyond the scope of the adventure.

10d. The Crypt of Omar Bey.

This small, square chamber has no other doors. In the center of the room is a low mound of stones that looks as though it were deliberately piled there; it is about seven feet long by four feet across. A rotting purple cloth has been lain over the mound. Ancient torch-sconces are set into the walls, and corroded bronze rods apparently once held tapestries though of these

not one thread remains. Dust and scraps of wood and rock scatter the floor, and it looks like the sort of debris left over from building construction.

This room is the burial place of the archmage who conquered the valley. As Jifara's story described, during the construction of the palace, Omar's henchmen slew him and buried him here, then built the palace atop his cairn. Unfortunately for the PCs, the magic and anger infusing Omar was too great to allow him to rest, and he has become a mummy. However, the rocks of his cairn are too heavy to allow him to escape, so he remains trapped unless a PC disturbs his cairn. If released, Omar does not at first realize he is dead. He speaks casually to the PCs, asking them whether they are affiliated with two men named Jayyar al-Sharifah and Yâcût bin Zam, his old betrayers dead for decades. Presently he takes stock of the condition of his body. His skin is paper dry and pitch black, and his eyes are sinister motes of light; his lips are shrunken back to reveal crimson teeth and a greenish tongue. His breath is foul. At that moment, when he realizes what he has become, the last fragments of his sanity vanish, and he attacks.

If the party does not destroy the mummy, he may find his way out of the undercroft on his own or may be lured out by the party. If Omar does make it out, he attacks any man or woman dressed as a flame mage to the exclusion of all other targets — the perfect diversion for the party's raid. Of course, having created the moat, he can bypass it easily.

Omar Hazeem al-Malik (mummy): INT genius; AL LE; AC 3; MV 6; HD 6+1; hp 49; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 1d12; SA fear, disease, spells; SD flame mage resistances, half damage from magical weapons, no damage from non-magical weapons, turned as a vampire; SZ M; ML 15; XP 6,000; rotting red robe, one pinch of *dust of disappearance* in a tiny vial, a *gem of insight* in a secret pocket of his robe, and a *stiletto +3* in a wrist sheath.

Spells: *flaming sphere, blur; haste; improved invisibility, fear; flameproof; eyebite; finger of death; maze, incendiary cloud; time stop;* spells are cast at 24th level. Though Omar possesses all of the usual disadvantages of being a mummy, chiefly the vulnerability to fire, he retains some of his wizardly powers: first, he still can use a few of his old spells, listed above. These spells, once cast, are gone forever unless Omar can find another spellbook. Secondly, notwithstanding his mummy's susceptibility to fire damage, he still possesses his flame mage's fire resistance. The net resistance/vulnerability to fire comes to +2 to saves vs. flame magic and –1 to all dice of fire damage.

10e. The Brick Wall.

This section of wall, unlike the rest of the old rooms of the cellars, is built of clay brick, and is of relatively recent construction — perhaps a few decades, rather than centuries for the rest of the stonework down here.

When they built the palace, the flame mages sealed off areas **10a–10d,** not needing these areas and not interested in going to the expense of repairing the ancient, crumbling stonework. However, they had a need for a prison cell, so they bricked off the doorway here to secure area **10f.** The brick wall falls quickly to the party's tools, as it is only one course thick and the mortar is dry and crumbly.

10f. Sijn al-Sukût: The Prison of Silence.

After you break through the wall, you find yourself in a small room with a high ceiling and no noticeable doors. The floor is strewn with ancient skeletons, many dressed in red robes. Bodies are manacled to the walls with rusted-orange chains. The air is stuffy and barely breathable.

This chamber is an oubliette, a prison cell designed to be the permanent resting place of its residents. Officially, the cell is rarely used — perhaps once or twice per decade. However, from time to time a flame mage who has offended an associate ends up here and no one is the wiser. Searching around among the bodies is an unpleasant and largely unprofitable task, but the party can find 7 gp in various pockets.

If the party holds their lanterns or torches up, they can see the trapdoor leading to area **10k** on the ceiling 30' above; this door is *wizard locked* at the 12th level. There is also the problem of getting up to the trapdoor — a *levitate* spell would serve admirably here.

10g. The Fiery Moat.

Before you is a marvel of magical power, a lake of flame that surrounds the gleaming white palace. The heat prevents you from getting close, but it appears that the fire extends twenty feet from the walls, emits no smoke and consumes no fuel — yet it exists. There is no evidence how the denizens of the palace cross over, though you spy a great bronze door across the dancing flames.

The fire is a magical phenomenon enchanted by Omar five decades ago. It takes one round to cross the moat, but anyone stepping into the flames suffers 4d10 hp damage per round. However, to cause the fire to sink into the sand for two rounds, one need only genuflect before the flames and touch his brow and chest with the dirt found around the area, while uttering the following phrase: "In the name of Omar the Mighty, let me pass." Alas, the party doesn't know this unless they captured and interrogated a Brotherhood mage, or if they discovered the note in the leucrotta encounter in the Great Desert. The door has a common key lock that can be knocked open or picked, and all the flame mages have keys.

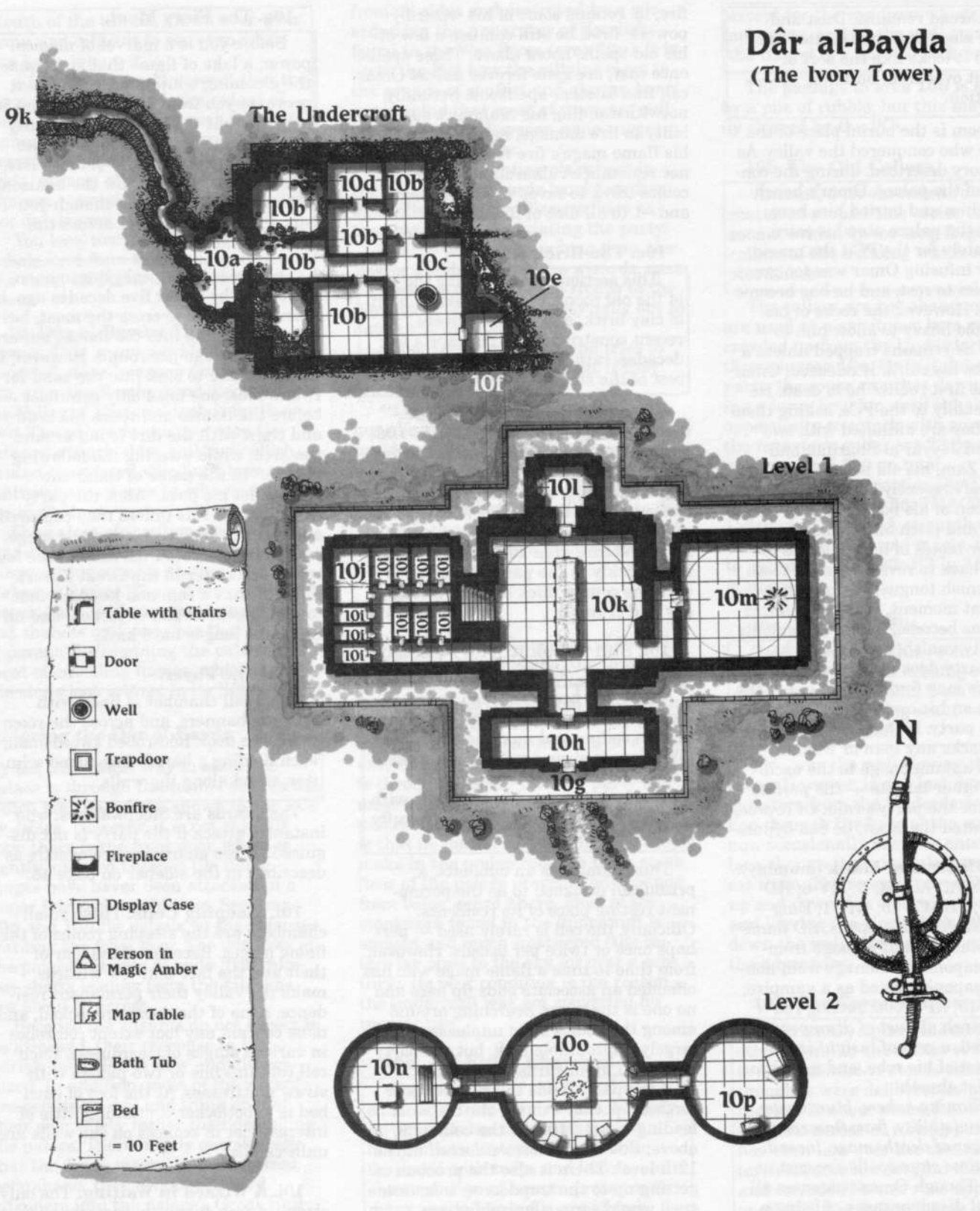
10h. The Foyer.

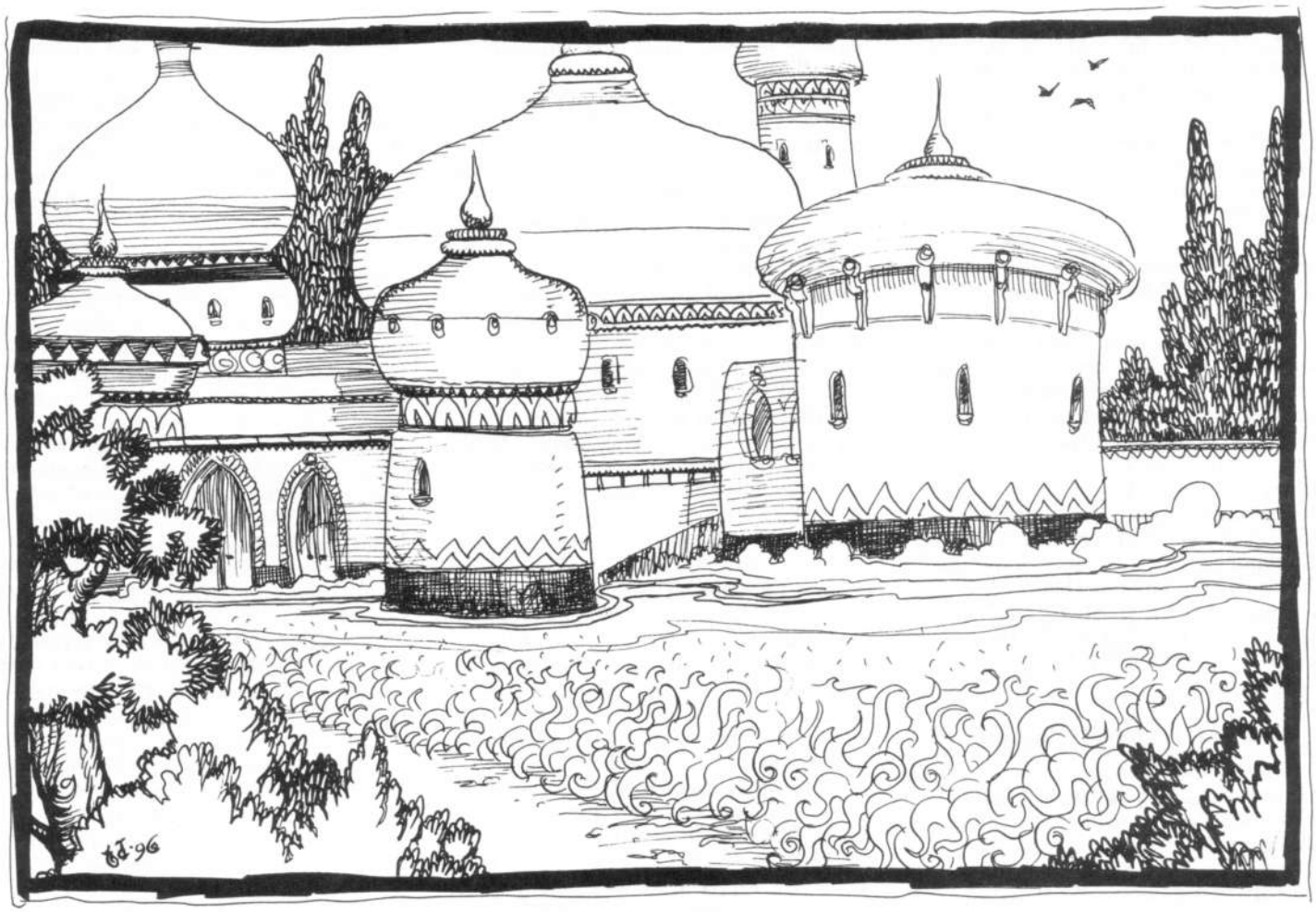
This tall chamber is lined with crimson banners, and across the room is a large door. Red-robed swordsmen, each holding a bared, saw-edged scimitar, stand along the walls.

The guards are Sleepwalkers, who instantly attack if the party is not disguised. These guardians are exactly as described in the sidebar on page **46.**

10i. Sleeping Cells. These small chambers are the sleeping rooms of the flame mages. Because of the fear of theft and the fact that few wizards make the valley their permanent residence, none of the doors are locked, and none contain any loot except red robes in various stages of cleanliness. Each cell contains one or two pallets with straw mattresses. At the foot of each bed is a footlocker containing little of interest. Set in sconces on the walls are unlit candles.

10j. A Wizard in Waiting. The only sleeping area currently occupied is that of Khaterah al-Sirrâf, the greedy sec-


Dâr al-Bayda
(The Ivory Tower)
9k
The Undercroft
10d
10b
10b
10b
10a
10b
10c
10e
10b
10f
Level 1
10l
10j
10i
10k
10m
10h
10g
N
Level 2
10n
10o
10p
Table with Chairs
Door
Well
Trapdoor
Bonfire
Fireplace
Display Case
Person in Magic Amber
Map Table
Bath Tub
Bed
= 10 Feet



ond-in-command of the valley. She is a tall, elegant woman who has a natural grace and beauty that is the envy of most women who know her, all the more so because she never uses any cosmetics or other aids. Khaterah is quite the miser, hoarding all of her wealth in hidden locations and lending it to her associates at exorbitant rates. This practice has earned her the nickname "al-Sirrâf" (the Banker). When the party intrudes on the wizard, she is meditating on her pallet, while her two Sleepwalkers stand guard. Even if the party is dressed as Sleepwalkers or flame mages, it takes her but a moment to realize they are intruders, and she attacks immediately while her golems defend her. Ja'afar instantly recognizes Khaterah as the leader of the flame mages who convinced him to attack Khaldun. If the fight goes sour she *teleports* away to fight another day.

Khaterah al-Sirrâf: AL CN; AC 2 (*armor* spell, 18 hp); MV 12; W10 (flame mage); hp 30; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; S 10, D 13, C 14, I 17, W 13, Ch 17; ML 13; ST 11; XP 5,000; *jambiya +2/+3 vs* larger than man-sized creatures, *ring of protection +4, wand of illusion* (16 charges), *potion of invisibility.*

Spells: *spider climb, burning hands, mount, magic missile; fire arrows, invisibility, levitate, pyrotechnics; fireball, dispel magic, protection from normal missiles; minor globe of invulnerability, wall of fire; domination, teleport.*

10k. The Great Hall.

This long, bare room is dominated by a huge redwood table surrounded by about thirty chairs; at one end is a massive fireplace, currently unlit, and at the other is a large staircase winding up. The smells of cooking and woodsmoke fill the air. Sitting at the table, tapping his fingers, is a man in a red robe. A candelabrum sits next to him.

Impatiently waiting for his food is Zarif al-Jeddahi, an influential member of the Brotherhood. Though not in himself especially learned, two of his uncles are archmages in the guild as was his late father. If he is slain, his relatives may eventually seek revenge. Zarif has no Sleepwalkers because they "give him the creeps." The party's Shakari friend, Ja'afar, recognizes the wizard as one of the three who betrayed him.

In one corner is the trapdoor leading to area **10f,** the oubliette. Unless the party is especially quiet, Zarif is almost guaranteed (80%) to hear the party come through the trapdoor if they enter the palace through the dungeons. However, he does not at first realize that the PCs are formidable opponents — he thinks that they may be prisoners in the oubliette and are escaping. Consequently, he does not sound the alarm for three rounds, but instead tries to blast the party as they crawl out of the trapdoor. If attacked from the south, Zarif attempts to escape up the staircase and block it with a *wall of fire* while he summons help.

Zarif al-Jeddahi: AL CE; AC 5; MV 12; W8 (flame mage); hp 25; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; S 8, D 12, C 12, I 17, W 10, Ch 14; ML 10; ST 8; XP 3,000; staff, bracers of defense (AC 5), *amulet of proof versus detection and location, scroll of ray of enfeeblement* and *wall of fire.*

Spells: *magic missile* (×4), *web, levitate, flaming sphere; fireball* (×3); *wall of fire, minor globe of invulnerability.*

10l. The Kitchen. The kitchen also serves as the pantry and the sleeping quarters of the five miserable slaves who cook the wizards' food. They are Zaymites, and can tell the party that they saw both the Qaybari heir and Jifara's daughter Alia at one point but not for many weeks. However, they usually get the job of burying the bodies of the flame mages' murder victims, and the two weren't among them.

Slaves (5): AL N; AC 10; MV 12; F0; hp 4 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; ML 8; XP 100 if rescued from the palace.

10m. The Temple of Kossuth.

As the door opens noiselessly, you instantly spy two figures silhouetted against a huge bonfire at the end of the room, their backs apparently toward you. With a start you realize you are in a mockery of a holy mosque, a temple devoted to some beastly fire god. Censers and braziers are distributed liberally around the room, and the great bonfire issues from a pit on the far end. Strangely, despite this huge conflagration, the mosque is cool, and no smoke issues from the flame.

The two figures are a flame mage and the high priest of the temple, praying to the evil elemental fire god, Kossuth. The fire, which serves as an altar to Kossuth, is illusionary.

The priest, Zaynab, is a recent recruit, but he has already impressed the flame mages with his devotion to his element, as well as with his cruelty and fearlessness. Because he is a specialty priest of Kossuth, Zaynab receives a favorable +2/-2 adjustment per die to all saving throws and damage dice for spells either cast by him and directed at him. Thanks to this fire immunity and his magical *ring of fire resistance,* Zaynab is totally immune to nonmagical flames and receives a +6 bonus to his save vs. magical flame with damage reduced by 4 points per die.

Zaynab: AL CE; AC 4; MV 12; P8 (outland priest of Kossuth); hp 55; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; SD fire resistance; S 9, D 10, C 12, I 13, W 16, Ch 8; ML 14; ST 8; XP 2,000; *chain mail +1, ring of fire resistance,* war hammer.

Spells: *magic stone, detect magic, light, cure light wounds, sanctuary; silence, 15' radius, spiritual hammer, flame blade* (×3); *locate object, pyrotechnics, dispel magic; produce fire* (×2).

Yazid Payvar is a perpetual peon in the Brotherhood power structure. He has managed to reach his current level only through tireless work — he has little natural talent for magic. Accordingly, he has been trying to get the favor of the elemental god Kossuth through extensive prayer, but has not received any benefits so far. In a fight, he drinks his potion as soon as possible and waits for the perfect moment to attack. Standing along the walls are two Sleepwalkers belonging to the wizard; they attack anyone not wearing the red dolman of the Brotherhood, or if ordered to do so by Yazid.

Yazid Payvar: AL N; AC 6 (armor spell, 14 hp); MV 12; W6 (flame mage); hp 14; THAC0 19; #AT 0; Dmg nil (unarmed); S 7, D 11, C 12, I 14, W 13, Ch 9; ML 13; ST 9; XP 975; *potion of invisibility, Sayyid's solicitous satchel* (similar to a *Heward's handy haversack),* unarmed.

Spells: *magic missile* (×2), *burning hands, color spray; levitate, ray of enfeeblement; fireball, hold person.*

10n. The Library

This quiet room is lined with shelves crammed with huge, leather-bound tomes. A wooden table sits in the center of the room, with a lit candelabrum sitting upon it and red-upholstered chairs scattered about. There is one door on the wall across from the stairs. Three red-robed figures lurk on the opposite side of the room.

The candelabrum is magical, and the flames are merely light-generating illusions; it is worth 500 gp. The reason for this exotic illumination is that this room has been enchanted to quench all flame, whether normal or magical, to protect the books. No fire magic works here, and lanterns and torches are extinguished as they enter the room. Fortunately for the PCs, this puts the wizard here at a disadvantage. The books are mainly research tomes on evil flame spirits, fire magic, and so on. There are about 120 books, each worth 1d4×50 gp each but weighing a quarter their value in pounds.

The lurking figures are a wizard named Mahour bin Rashad and two Sleepwalkers (statistics on page 46). Mahour is an ambitious, studious flame mage in his early 20s. He has an overpowering hunger for knowledge, especially that of destructive magic, and he spends every free moment in the library. He is also one of the three mages who led the Shakari nomads to their destruction at the hands of the Khaldunis. When Ja'afar sees the wizard, he attacks ferociously with no regard for the consequences.

Mahour bin Rashad: AL LE; AC 4 (*armor* spell, 15 hp); MV 12; W7 (flame mage); hp 40; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; S 12, D 16, C 16, I 15, W 16, Ch 13; ML 15; ST 10; XP 2,000; jambiya, one *bead of force, wand of lightning* (17 charges), *scroll of invisibility, flaming sphere, fireball, lightning bolt, telekinesis, and globe of invulnerability.* Spells: *magic missile, light, color spray, burning hands; sundazzle, pyrotechnics, web; fireball, blink; sunfire.*

10o. The War Room.

You enter a huge room under the great dome of the palace. Though large, the room is cluttered with a variety of junk. Along one wall are a number of battle trophies: banners, skulls, weapons, and so on. Standing along the other wall are glass display cases holding a variety of art objects and jewels, while the center of the room holds a huge table whose surface is carved with a map, and numerous small statuettes are scattered on its surface. To the left is a wooden door, and there is another across the room opposite the one you came in. There are a number of red-clad figures who leap up as you enter the room. The most noticeable of the group is a slim swordsman wrapped up in cloths like a mummy.

This chamber is the personal playground of Homayoun Bey, the leader of this chapter of the Brotherhood. The room is decorated with countless trophies of battles with enemy wizards,

particularly sea mages. However, the centerpiece of the room is a huge map of the land, showing the locations of known heroes and wizards and their political affiliations. There are two flame mages and four Sleepwalkers present. Even if the alarm has been sounded, they stay here and defend the treasure of the Brotherhood of the True Flame.

The first wizard is Homayoun Bey, the ruler of the Valley of Mist and the leader of this chapter of the Brotherhood. In utter contrast to his great temporal and magical power, the Bey is a skinny, shriveled man with thinning white hair and mesmerizing blue eyes. He is covered with hideous burns that still pain him considerably — they were caused by a disastrous encounter with a greater fire elemental many years ago. Homayoun is a logical, calm man with a keen tactical mind and a photographic memory; he can remember the face and personality of a person he met momentarily many years ago. The Bey's wounds require the continuous application of bandages as well as baths in warm water in which medicine has been dissolved. When he wears his bandages, which he does about an hour after each of his six daily baths, he looks like a mummy.

Unlike many of the other flame mages, who are somewhat lackadaisical in the defense of the Dâr al-Bayda, Homayoun Bey is positively relentless, tracking the party and attacking time and time again until he is dead or too wounded to continue.

Homayoun Bey: AL LE; AC –3; MV 12; W12 (flame mage); hp 35; THAC0 16; #AT 1 (or 2 with Reaper); Dmg by weapon type (1d8+5 with Reaper); S 12, D 9, C 15, I 18, W 18, Ch 5; ML 15; ST 14; XP 7,000; bracers of defense AC 2, *bastard sword +3, ring of protection +5, amulet of life protection, slippers of spider climbing, potion of extra healing* (2 doses). Spells: *magic missile, color spray, light, burning hands; levitate, invisibility, blur, improved phantasmal force; hold person, fireball, flame arrow, protection from normal missiles; dimension door, wizard eye, sunfire, fire shield* (hot version); *cloudkill, telekinesis, sending, wall of iron; globe of invulnerability.* Homayoun's sword is an ancient, curved blade named *Reaper* that grants its wielder automatic bastard sword proficiency and specialization regardless of class. However, the Bey does not wield *Reaper* unless all of his attack spells are exhausted or he is forced to melee. There are four Sleepwalkers assigned to the Bey, they are standing along the walls when the party enters.

The other flame mage is the Bey's apprentice, Chahargah. He is a minor wizard and of little threat to the PCs on his own. However, when the fight begins, Homayoun orders Chahargah to get into the *Apparatus of Kwalish* that is part of the treasure stored here, thus making him a formidable foe. The *Apparatus* looks like a big iron barrel until it is activated, whereupon pincers, legs and eyestalks spring forth, giving the effect of a huge iron lobster; the wizard resides within, protected by the metal shell of the construct. The lobster's two pincers hit with a 25% probability regardless of the controller's THAC0 or the AC of the target and do 2d6 hp damage each. The *Apparatus* has an AC of 0 and requires 200 hp damage to be destroyed (see *DMG* page 159).

Chahargah: AL LN; AC 6 (armor spell, 13 hp); MV 12; W5 (flame mage); hp 10; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; S 10, D 12, C 13, I 16, W 7, Ch 8; ML 10; ST 8; XP 975 (6,000 if defeated while within the *Apparatus*); jambiyah, *potion of healing,* scroll of *hold person, burning hands,* and improved *invisibility.* Spells: *magic missile, color spray, ventriloquism, spider climb; flaming sphere, darkness 15'radius; flame arrow.*

Homayoun uses the Sleepwalkers as shields while he casts spells, and Chahargah charges clumsily with the Apparatus, clicking its pincers at the party, smashing furniture as often as he does enemies. If the PCs elude the pincers consistently for many rounds, Chahargah opens the hatch of the Apparatus and casts a spell (maybe *hold person* or *darkness 15' radius)* and then slams it shut again before the PCs can drag him out of the barrel.

One ploy the Bey tries is to cast *wall of iron* to trap a PC with him, then he casts *dimension door* and attacks any PCs outside of the wall.

If most of his attack spells are exhausted, Homayoun casts *blur, fire shield, protection from normal missiles,* and *glove of invulnerability* and wields his bastard sword, relying on his defensive magic to protect him.

Homayoun casts *sending* to alert his Brotherhood superiors of the party's descriptions and the Bey casts *cloudkill* which engulfs the whole room; Chahargah is safe in the airtight Apparatus and Homayoun runs up a wall with his *slippers of spider climbing.* A party fleeing the gas runs into any wizards they didn't eliminate before.

The Bey is not above turning invisible and sneaking off to gather allies while Chahargah and the golems battle the party. First and last, the Homayoun should be played with an Intelligence and Wisdom of 18.

Treasure

In the various cabinets and trophy racks are the following items of treasure or interest:

- 63 skulls of various human and demi-human foes, monsters, and other creatures.
- 17 banners from enemies defeated in the past.
- The uniform robes from 11 different wizard guilds opposing the Brotherhood.
- The staves of 99 wizards who have been defeated by the Brotherhood. None of them are exceptional in any way.
- A nonmagical wavy-bladed two-handed sword resembling a flame.
- A suit of *bronze plate +1* carved with flames.
- 17 pieces of ruby and jacinth jewelry worth 2d8×100 gp each.
- A 100-pound gold bar worth 5,000 gp.
- *The Apparatus of Kwalish* (only if Chahargah doesn't use it or if it is captured.)
- A "statue" of a robed woman, enchanted by a sea mage, is formed from rushing water springing from a bowl. The water cannot be poured out, but a *dispel magic* vs. 20th-level magic destroys the statue; it has no powers of its own. This item may be sold as a curiosity for 2d6×100 gp.
- A *footman's mace +2.*
- A 3" knife with a blade of rough diamond, worth 4,000 gp.
- A blowgun and 12 darts.
- A *potion of heroism.*
- A *potion of extra healing.*
- A sea mage's *scroll of fog cloud, converse with sea creatures, water breathing, cone of cold, water blast, water form, cleanse water.*

Continued on page 57

Side Treks



BY JOHNATHAN RICHARDS

Artwork by David Day

"Invisible Stalker" is an AD&D® SideTrek adventure suitable for a small group of 1st–2nd level PCs (about six levels total). It takes place in a large city and can be inserted into nearly any campaign. The adventure begins with the PCs walking down a city street. The reasons why they are in the city (seeking work, a rendezvous with a friend, looking for a good inn, etc.) can be worked out by the DM as best fits his individual campaign. Read or paraphrase the following to the players:

> Evening is falling on the city. As you walk down the street, you see signs of the approaching darkness: shopkeepers close their doors for the night; those that pass you on the streets speed up their pace and keep a wary eye out for scoundrels; the occasional rogue slinks from an alley, searching for easy targets. As the sun sinks down into the horizon, the atmosphere of the city changes, matching the gloom of the near-night sky. Suddenly, you hear the crash of a door being thrown open, and a white form explodes into your midst. Several of your party are thrown to the ground amidst a wild tangling of thrashing limbs.

The white form is a young lady by the name of Rebecca, who fled her small dressmaking shop and living quarters in terror, certain that a vengeful ghost is after her. Looking over her shoulder in fear, she didn't see the PCs and ran right into them. Now, seeing before her a group of adventurers, she recognizes in them a source of hope for her predicament. If the party contains a paladin or good-aligned priest, she directs her pleas to him; if neither is present, the toughest-looking warrior or party leader will do.

Rebecca's Story

Read or paraphrase the following to the players:

> "Please, I beg of you: help me! I am being stalked by a ghost — a man I myself killed! I fear now he seeks his vengeance and wants my life in return! It began several weeks ago. A man approached me in the street and started making advances. I told him I wasn't interested, but he wouldn't leave me alone. I ran back to my shop and locked the door. I thought that would be the end of it, but he began following me. I would look out the window of my shop, and he would be there, watching me. I would go to the market, and he would follow me — always at a discreet distance, but close enough that I was aware of his presence.
>
> Last week, I don't know whether he got tired of waiting or felt that the time was right at last, but he grabbed me as I was returning from the market, put his hand over my mouth, and dragged me into a back alley at knifepoint. I struggled and tried to pull away but he grappled with me, trying to pull me to the ground. I managed to wriggle away, and when I looked back — the knife was sticking out of his neck! He was dead! I ... I ran. I didn't know what else to do! I locked myself in my room and stayed there until the next morning. Later that day, I informed the city guard what had happened, but by then the body had been taken from the alley. Several times since then, I could swear I've felt him nearby, watching me, or I heard his voice, whispering to me. I put it down to my imagination and tried to go on with my life.
>
> Tonight, after I closed up shop, I went upstairs and got ready for bed. I was brushing my hair, when I looked up in the mirror and saw him appear — *in my room!* He whispered "I have come for you, Rebecca," and he held out his arms as if to grab me! I ran — right into you! Please, you must save me from him! You must!"

Rebecca is an attractive young woman with long, flowing brown hair and eyes the color of emeralds. She is currently wearing a long, white nightgown that reaches to her ankles.

Rebecca: AL NG; AC 10; MV 12; 0-level human; hp 4; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; S 8, D 12, C 9, I 10, W 10, Ch 15; ML 11.

INVISIBLE STALKER

For the Dungeon Master

Rebecca's story is true, as far as she knows it. The young man who began stalking her is Ialgo, a 3rd-level thief who became infatuated with her. He is, however, still alive — the struggle in the back alley left him wounded, nothing more. There was quite a bit of blood, but Ialgo stumbled off, tended to his wounds, and is now as good as new — except for some slight damage to his vocal chords, which prevents him from speaking above a whisper.

In no way deterred by the setback, Ialgo continued to spy upon his prey. Realizing that Rebecca thought him dead, Ialgo made sure that he wasn't seen. Then, good fortune struck him: he happened across a drunken adventurer teetering out of a tavern late at night. One snatch into an alley and a quick throat-slitting later, Ialgo found himself the owner of a *ring of invisibility.* Using its power, Ialgo has been able to pass himself off as his own ghost. He snuck invisibly into Rebecca's room as she was brushing her hair and deactivated the ring's power, making himself appear as if from thin air. His eerie, whispery voice convinced the young dressmaker that she was seeing an undead apparition. As she bolted from the room, he followed, activating his ring as he went. Ialgo is present as Rebecca explains her story to the PCs. He remains invisible and motionless, eager to see what the PCs will do and just as eager to avoid battle with a group of well-armed adventurers. He has not given up his quest for Rebecca, however, and will do whatever is necessary to possess her. If it looks like the PCs will be making preparations to protect her, he calls out in his most ghostly whisper, "I will have you before the night is out, Rebecca. Any that get in my way will die!" Then he runs off (still invisible) to make some preparations of his own.

Ialgo: AL LE; AC 10; MV 12; T3; hp 12; THAC0 19; #AT 1;Dmg by weapon type; S 9, D 14, C 12, I 11, W 6, Ch 8; ML 14; PP20%, OL 70%, F/RT 5%, MS 65%, HIS 25%, DN 15%, CW 70%, RL 0%; *dagger +1, ring of invisibility.* Ialgo wears black clothing but no armor. He is proficient in the use of the dagger, short sword, and blowgun.

The Shop

Rebecca lives on the upper level of a small two-story building, above her dressmaker's shop, which she runs herself. It is here that she wants to make her stand against the "ghost," for this is where she feels safest. Ialgo will be some time gathering his own supplies to take care of the PCs, so give the players plenty of time to make plans. The shop can be an existing building in the DMs on-going campaign (use any available floor plan that best matches). Some items of interest about the shop:

❖ Any PC Rogue investigating the lock on either door to Rebecca's shop notices new scratches in the metal, indicating that it has been recently picked. If asked, Rebecca verifies that the shop has never been burgled, nor has anything been missing recently. This could provide a clue that the "ghost" haunting Rebecca is not of supernatural origin.

❖ One of Rebecca's current projects is a jester costume for an upcoming masquerade ball. As a result, she has several jingle-bells on hand to be sewn into the tips of the hat. These, along with some thread, could be used to set traps to alert the presence of any physical intruder.

❖ There is a fireplace on both levels of the building, with a connecting chimney. Each contains sufficient ashes, if spread along the floor near each doorway, to show the footprints of an intruder. This allows any attacks made against the invisible creature to be at –2 instead of –4 (see *DMG*/120 for further information on detecting invisible creatures).

❖ Although not particularly religious, Rebecca has her mother's holy symbol hanging on the wall over her bed. Unless convinced by the PCs that they're up against a physical foe, Rebecca wants to use the holy symbol in an effort to ward off the "ghost." Of course, it is completely ineffective against Ialgo.

❖ Besides the doors, there are five lower-level windows, two windows on the upper floor, and the chimney as possible entrances to the shop. The doors both lock, and the windows can be closed off with shutters (the windows are open-air with no glass planes). The chimney is big enough to enable a grown man to squeeze down it, but it would be a rather tight fit.

❖ If the PCs wish to set an ambush for the "ghost," there are several hiding places available. These include: the changing room under the stairs; under either of the tables (shop); under the bed (upstairs); in the clothes wardrobe; in the privy. In addition, small characters such as halflings and gnomes could fit in the chest, under the desk, or possibly in the fireplace.

Ialgo's Plan

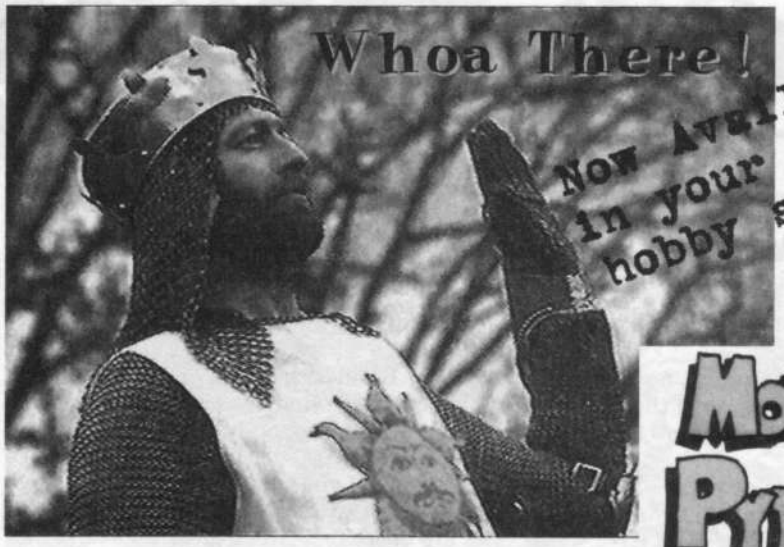
While the PCs are making their preparations, Ialgo returns to his own room and gathers his equipment: a blowgun and 6 darts coated with a weak sleep potion (victims must save vs. poison or be knocked unconscious for 2d8 minutes), and a smoke grenade (see *The Complete Ninja's Handbook,* p. 78).

Ialgo's plan is simple; he returns to Rebecca's shop, invisibly. If any PCs are on guard outside the shop, he uses his poisoned darts to dispatch them (realizing that any attack on his part returns him to visibility, he positions himself to best advantage, gets off an easy shot, and reactivates the *ring* immediately afterward. Remember that, when invisible, Ialgo automatically gains initiative. He picks off the PCs one by one in this fashion if he can. Entry into the shop can be through either of the doors (having picked them before, he automatically can do so again), or he can break open any of the shuttered windows and gain access that way. Once inside, he remains invisible as much as possible, trying to pick off the PCs one at a time, until only Rebecca is left. As a last resort, Ialgo uses his smoke grenade to cover his retreat, if the party is "on to him" and it doesn't look like he'll be able to overcome them. The grenade

creates a 5'-radius cloud of black smoke when hurled to the floor.

Concluding the Adventure

If the PCs capture or kill Ialgo, the threat to Rebecca is over. A story award of 1,000 XP should be split between the characters. Rebecca is very grateful, but she is by no means well off and cannot afford to pay them much for their services — only up to 50 gp. Characters who refuse payment should be rewarded with an additional 50 XP. She does volunteer to do any mending the PCs may need at no charge, however. In addition, the PCs may keep the *ring of invisibility* and the *dagger +1*. If Ialgo is merely driven off, he tries to assault Rebecca again at a later time. The PCs receive half the story award for saving Rebecca, but they earn the full amount only if they manage to stop Ialgo for good when he tries again. Ω



MONTY PYTHON AND THE HOLY GRAIL
Collectible Card Game

Join all of your favourite characters of Pythurian legend as they fulfill their quest to seek out the Holy Grail. King Arthur, Sir Lancelot the Brave, and Sir Robin the not quite so brave as Sir Lancelot, are featured along with the rest of the outrageous cavalcade, together with classic quotes from just about the biggest comedy of all time. Play acting, songs and general silliness are woven into Arthur's hilarious quest for the Holy Grail. All done in the quality you've come to expect from Kenzer & Company.

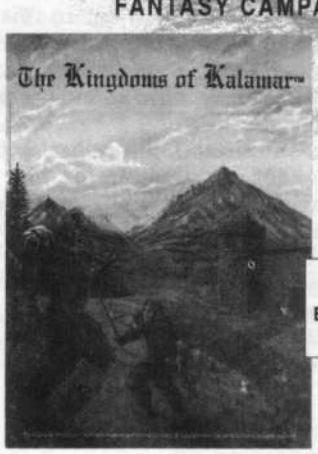
Reviews from our beta testers...

"I traded my ring for two boosters" - B. Baggins
"I laughed so hard my sides hurt" - M. Spock
"Even the Dark Side pales compared to this card game" - D.Vader
"I'd trade a Black Lotus and two Moxes just for a chance to play" - name and address withheld

Role Players!
Check out Kenzer & Company's line of FRP products for use with any role-playing system.

KENZER & COMPANY
1935 S. Plum Grove Rd.
Suite 194, Palatine, IL 60067
phone/fax: (847) 397-2404
Internet: KenzerCo@aol.com

The Kingdoms of Kalamar™
FANTASY CAMPAIGN SETTING



The KINGDOMS OF KALAMAR boxed set comes fully loaded with:

Volume I: Sourcebook of the Sovereign Lands. This 100 page tome details the history of the peoples and nations of Tellene. From the depths of the mysterious Vohven Jungle to the vast savanna of the Drhokker horse-lords, the Sourcebook of the Sovereign Lands describes every kingdom, race and topographical feature. Volume II: Mythos of the Divine and Worldly. Over 40 new deities and religions are painstakingly described within this 88 page guidebook. Secret organizations, languages, runes, constellations, astronomical marvels and an eight page index are also included in Volume II. Also included in the Kingdoms of Kalamar boxed set is a magnificently detailed, 3' by 4' full-color map which comes in two sections depicting the eastern and western halves of the continent. Brilliantly created, this painting has been called the finest fantasy map on the market.

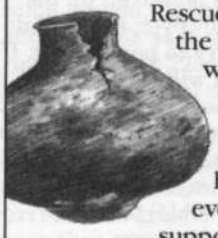
also available:
Tragedy in the House of Brodeln and **Secret Temple of Adajy** adventure supplements

© Copyright 1996 Kenzer and Company. All rights reserved. Movie Stills © Copyright 1974 National Film Trustee Company Limited. All rights reserved.
Monty Python and the Holy Grail is a trademark of Python (Monty) Pictures, Limited. The Kingdoms of Kalamar, Sourcebook of the Sovereign Lands, Mythos of the Divine and Worldly, Tragedy in the House of Brodeln, Secret Temple of Adajy, and The Kenzer and Company logo are trademarks of Kenzer and Company.

IT'S A TRAGEDY BEYOND DESCRIPTION.

96,000 acres of irreplaceable rain forest are being burned every day. These once lush forests are being cleared for grazing and farming. But the tragedy is without the forest this delicate land quickly turns barren.

The National Arbor Day Foundation, the world's largest tree-planting environmental organization, has launched Rain Forest Rescue. By joining the Foundation, you will help stop further burning. For the future of our planet, for hungry people everywhere, support Rain Forest Rescue. Call now.



Rain Forest Rescue.
The National Arbor Day Foundation
Call Rain Forest Rescue.
1-800-255-5500

•A silver-hilted *scimitar +1* whose blade is apparently carved from ice, but cannot be broken or melted by any known force. The sword's name is *Bálgarrin* (Flamefoe) and it inflicts double base damage (2d8+1) vs. fire using/dwelling creatures like fire giants or red dragons, and triple base damage (3d8+1) to creatures of living flame such as fire elementals.

The Strategy Map

When the party gets enough time to look at the map table (assuming it wasn't destroyed in the fight, particularly by the *Apparatus of Kwalish),* read the following to the players:

> The map carved into the cherrywood table is immediately recognizable as a chart of the continent. Cities are represented by silver stars inlaid into the wood, with the number of points on the star increasing to show larger communities. The small figurines are mainly of wizards, but there are also many other types of statuettes, showing priests, rogues, merchants, rulers, and warriors. Most of the figurines are painted silver or red, but some are blue, green, gray, gold, or white.

The table is a strategic map used by the Brotherhood to plan their attacks. Each statuette represents a powerful individual and his or her last known location. Those painted red are considered by the Brotherhood to be allies; those that are silver are neutrals. Statuettes painted both red and silver are flame mages not affiliated with the Brotherhood. Blue figurines are wind mages or allied with them, gold represents sand mages and their friends, green indicates sea mages and their allies, gray statuettes are sorcerers, and white are sha'irs. Interestingly, there are no silver wizards — the flame mages call all wizards enemy who are not of the Brotherhood. Each statuette has a number painted on the base, but the party finds no key giving out names or other details; the Bey has it all memorized. However, each statuette is painted in the likeness of the subject, and if any PC is particularly well-known (Level 8+, Station 10+) he may at the DM's option find his figurine among the others, standing on the star of Qaybar or in Badu al-Kabîr. Likewise, if the party has met famous people, they may recognize their statuettes.

Jazzar and Alia

As the party pokes around the room, they come across Jazzar and Jifara's kidnapped daughter.

> Facing each other on either side of the doorway are two people apparently trapped in amber, a handsome man and a beautiful young woman. Both are in their late teens or thereabouts.
>
> The man wears a dolman that appears to be made from the finest silks, along with a jeweled belt and neck chain. The lady wears an aba of equally fine cloth, with a gossamer veil. Glittering from collar and wrist are numerous rubies and diamonds, set into golden jewels of fine workmanship.

Though not especially a lover of beauty, the Bey was struck by this perfect young couple and has preserved them in a amber-like substance using a special spell borrowed from an associate. Though their life systems are slowed to a standstill, they are still somewhat conscious and have been staring at each other's perfection for months, and consequently they have fallen madly in love with one another. To free them a PC need only strike the amber with a magical weapon; the material shatters and vanishes into mist in a few minutes. The jewels, which came from the Bey's personal hoard, are worth 10,000 gp total.

Jazzar Shahid ibn Mahmud: AL LG; AC 7; MV 12; F3 (desert rider); hp 20; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; SA specialized in scimitar; S 17, D 17, C 14, I 14, W 15, Ch 17; ML 14; ST 12 (18 upon being crowned Emir); XP 5,000 (for being rescued, only). No armor or weapons.

Jazzar Shahid ibn Mahmud is a talented young man who spent his first 15 years in Qaybar as a privileged noble, but grew to manhood among the al-Badia of Badu al-Kabir. Consequently, his mannerisms are a strange fusion of al-Hadhar and al-Badia, not at all unpleasing. Jazzar is a good man and will make an excellent Emir one day.

Alia bint Jifara: AL LG; AC 10; MV 12; P1 (hakima); hp 4; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; S 9, D 14, C 13, I 15, W 16, Ch 18; ML 14; ST 10; XP 500 (for being rescued, only). No armor, weapons, or spells.

Jifara's daughter Alia is a headstrong young lady with excellent qualities, who rebelled at working as the servant of the flame mages. As Homayoun Bey was about to throw her into his oubliette, he realized how attractive a couple she and his other prisoner were. On a whim, he dressed them up and had them preserved in magical amber as a decoration. Alia insists on accompanying Jazzar wherever he goes.

10p. The Bey's Room. This room contains a large bed with a chest at its foot and a marble bathtub with brass feet. The tub is worth 250 gp but weighs 500 pounds; it holds the Bey's medicinal bath water. The chest is unlocked and untrapped and contains clothing, mainly the uniform dolmans of the Brotherhood. Beneath the bed in a secret compartment in the floor, wizard locked and protected with a *fire trap* doing 1d4+13 hp damage to anyone who opens it (the Bey cast it, receiving a +1 to the usual 1d4+12 because he is a flame mage). The nook holds the master spellbooks (also *firetrapped)* of this chapter of the Brotherhood, containing such spells and guardians as the DM deems appropriate.

Conclusion

When Jazzar has been rescued, the party must get him out of the valley, and return to Qaybar. This voyage takes at least a week — the DM may chose to have the party, Jazzar, and Alia go on an adventure together on the way home. Not to be forgotten is the fact that slaughtering a Brotherhood garrison is likely to bring the ire of that powerful organization. Furthermore, any wizards who survived the party's raid are sure to follow the party, perhaps hiring mercenaries along the way.

PCs who participated in the whole adventure, fought bravely and loyally, and whose player performed well in role-playing situations (particularly in regards to Station), get a story award of 50,000 XP. Reduce this amount for PCs who performed less than perfectly. Ω



BEAUTY CORRUPT

BY KENT ERTMAN

Silent alarm

Artwork & Cartography by
Stephen A. Daniele

Kent writes: "This story is dedicated to my late father-in-law. May his memory live on in the character Chief Negotiator Gelling, the consummate diplomat, patient teacher, and man of deep feelings."

"Beauty Corrupt" is a generic AD&D® adventure for 3 or 4 PCs of 4th or 5th level (roughly 16 total levels). The PCs can have any balance of classes and races, though a spellcaster is essential, and warriors are definitely welcome in this adventure. The story assumes a certain level of selflessness and nobility on the part of the players, so the party should be primarily good-aligned.

The story begins with the PCs leaving the coastal city of Orchid Bay. The city has a population of about 15,000 and due to fortunate geography, sees heavy trade in all kinds of goods. The DM should feel free to replace Orchid Bay with any appropriate city in his campaign, as long as it lies near the ocean. The only requirement to get the adventure rolling is that the players have been in the city long enough to be somewhat familiar with current events.

A number of encounters in this adventure take place under water. Rules for underwater combat are found in the *DMG*.

For the Player Characters

Orchid Bay is always a pleasant city to visit, though this time you are glad to be leaving the place. The City Congress is in the midst of negotiating a series of trade agreements with a northern neighbor. For the past few weeks the city patrols have been stifling. Not wanting to give the visiting dignitaries a bad impression, the patrols have virtually cleared the streets of beggars and footpads throwing them all in prison. Not surprisingly, though, most of the prison terms expired the same day the foreign delegation returned home for a four-day recess. So it is once again business as usual in the shadier corners in Orchid Bay — at least until the dignitaries return.

As if that weren't enough to put everyone on edge, Chief Negotiator Gelling went missing yesterday evening. The Congress went into an immediate spasm, certain that

something terrible happened to the man who is reputed to be the cornerstone of the city's negotiating team. More likely, the man just became tired of dealing with bureaucrats and made a run for it.

In any case, the already exhausted city patrol spent the entire night searching for Gelling. Needless to say, they were grumpier than usual this morning, and a lot less civil.

As you leave the city gates, the tension lifts. The sun seems a little brighter, the grass a little greener, and the sheer simplicity of nature suddenly seems the most attractive thing in the world. Your party spends several gloriously uncomplicated hours following the road along the coast.

Shortly after mid-day, you see a strange looking man at the side of the road. He is barefoot, soaking wet, and sitting on the ground with his knees up to his chin. His left arm is wrapped around his shins, and his right thumb is planted firmly in his mouth. One of his boots is jammed securely on his head. You recognize this man; he was giving a public address the first day your party arrived in Orchid Bay.

He is Chief Negotiator Gelling.

For the Dungeon Master

Normally Gelling is witty, intelligent, and exceptionally sharp-minded. Today, however, he is a blithering, drooling idiot who is just as likely to wet his pants as he is to remember to go to the toilet.

Some weeks ago, during one of his regular walks along the ocean front, Gelling discovered a sandy cove hidden beneath a rocky overhang. There he met a young and extremely curious sirene named Spraye. The two of them became friends. Spraye had never met a surface dweller before, and she was fascinated by Gelling's stories of the peculiar people who live above the waters. In return, she would sing to Gelling hauntingly beautiful melodies about life beneath it.

At the same time, a covey of hags took up residence nearby in a salt water swamp. For nearly 50 years they have been assembling the ingredients for a powerful *potion of loveliness,* which is supposed to make the hags as beautiful as princesses. In their relentless search for components, the trio has wreaked havoc all over the countryside, and now their pestilent presence is infecting Orchid Bay. The final ingredient for the potion is the song of a sirene, so the three hags wove an elaborate curse to steal Spraye's voice.

Denied her voice, Spraye was beside herself with anguish. Desperate for comfort, she went this morning to Gelling for help. Of course, he could not even discern her problem and was actually quite frustrated with her that she would not simply come out and explain to him what was bothering her. In a fit of anger, Spraye struck Gelling and dove back into the sea. Her touch reduced Gelling's Intelligence to 2, and now he sits at the side of the road with his thumb in his mouth and a boot on his head.

Act One: Gelling

Scene I: The Drooling Diplomat

Gelling is completely unresponsive, no matter what the PCs may do to get his attention. He simply stares straight ahead, sucking determinedly on his thumb, with a vacant stare cemented on his face. He does not move unless the party moves him, though he does follow obediently if someone takes his hand. Every 3–7 (1d4+2) rounds he stops whatever the party is trying to make him do, sits down, and goes back to sucking his thumb. Under no circumstances does he let anyone take the boot off his head.

If the party searches Gelling, they find a number of things. He is soaking wet with salt water. In his pockets and belt pouch the PCs find the following: a pair of wire rimmed spectacles, a crumpled and soggy piece of parchment (see the sidebar "Song of the Sirenes"), 2 gp, 17 sp, a carved ivory pipe, a small sodden pouch of tobacco, a tiny lump of bright red coral, a long brass key, and a short knife.

The PCs also find some coarse sand at the bottom of Gelling's pockets. A druid PC immediately finds this suspicious because there are no beaches nearby, and the entire coastline is broken rock for miles in each direction. Rangers may notice the same thing on a successful Intelligence check on 4d6, as will any PC with the seamanship nonweapon proficiency who makes their roll. Other PCs simply have to figure things out for themselves.

Song of the Sirenes

The parchment in Gelling's pocket is a poem from Spraye. It is crumpled, soggy, and smeared but still quite legible.

The water reaches over the sand,
Loses its feeble grip on land,
And returns to its home beneath the sea.

To you I do come and go,
Like eternal ebb and flow.
But always back to my home beneath the sea.

Come to visit me, my friend.
A splendid world of mysteries without end
is my home beneath the sea.

An orchestra of watery sound,
A ballet of depth profound
a euphonistic harmony.

The yellow grasses in the waters beyond
your city, but a single frond
From the air will set you free.

And at my side you will stay
and experience for an entire day,
my wondrous home beneath the sea.

A number of vital clues have been found at this point and the PCs can take several courses of action. If they decide immediately to take Gelling back to Orchid Bay and notify the authorities, proceed to "Scene II: Orchid Bay." If instead they first decide to search the nearby coastline for sandy areas, go to "Scene V: Beaches." On the other hand, if for whatever reasons the party returns to Orchid Bay, but decides to search for the "yellow grasses" mentioned in Spraye's poem before contacting the authorities, proceed directly to "Scene III: The Yellow Grasses in the Waters."

Scene II: Orchid Bay

The ride back to Orchid Bay takes until evening. Gelling cannot ride a horse on his own, so he has to ride double with another PC. Once back at the city gates, read or paraphrase the following:

Dignitaries

Graden: Graden is a tall and lanky man, almost totally bald with gray tufts of hair at his temples. He is a long-time member of the City Congress and one of the primary players in the trade negotiations with WyrWatch. A former lawyer and colleague of Gelling's, he is an expert in modern trade law.

Shylla: Also a member of Congress, and one of the few women in Orchid Bay in a position of power, Shylla is not someone to be trifled with. She is an old woman and leans heavily on her cane to walk. She is also a professor emeritus at the St. Mikallia University, where she researched rare and magical creatures. If the players ask her about sirenes, hags, or any other magical creature for that matter, she may have some interesting facts to tell them. She knows most of what is in the *MM* about sirenes, especially their attachment to their voices and the effects of their touch.

Marcus: Marcus is the representative of the Merchant's Cooperative in City Congress. He is a younger man, short and stocky, with a very sharp wit. Until very recently he ran a trading ship that sailed all of the local waterways, so he is intimately familiar with them. He knows about the "yellow grasses beneath the waters" referred to in Spraye's poem and where the grasses are located.

Traffic through the city has slowed only a little since this morning. You jostle your way through the knots of pedestrians toward the nearest gate. Incredibly, no one seems to recognize Chief Negotiator Gelling.

An amusing sight greets you as you approach the guard tower. There are three exhausted looking guards leaning heavily on their spears. A fourth is slumped against the wall sleeping, snoring loudly enough to rattle his armor.

If the PCs, choose not to notify the authorities about Gelling at this point, there will be no trouble keeping him concealed. The city guard is so fatigued they wouldn't notice Gelling if he were standing right in front of them. Further, with his vapid stare and odd headgear, Gelling looks nothing like he normally does.

If the party instead tries to get the guards' attention, presumably to turn over the missing Chief Negotiator, read or paraphrase the following:

For a few moments, it looks as if the guards do not even understand what you are saying. They look from you, to the Chief Negotiator and back a few times, before something resembling recognition flashes across their faces.

"It's Gelling!" exclaims one fellow, his eyes as wide as saucers.

Instantly, the four guards begin scrambling about. After a brief pause as they try to sort out whose spear belongs to whom, they form a somewhat organized escort to take you directly to the Congressional Hall. It takes only a few minutes to reach the great stone building that is home to Orchid Bay's government.

"Wait here. We will return directly," says one of the guards, and the four of them race up the front steps into the building. Seconds later a crowd of diplomats and politicians explodes from the main entrance and cascades toward you. Most of the mob surrounds Gelling and sweeps him back inside amidst a frenzy of questions. A handful of the well-dressed gentlemen remain behind, presumably to talk to you.

As the throng surrounding Gelling disappears back into the Hall, a single man is left behind with a bewildered expression on his face. "Why wouldn't he answer my questions?" he says to no one in particular. "And why was he wearing that boot on his head?"

The five remaining men are merchants, and they ask a few cursory questions about where the PCs found Gelling and whether he appeared physically injured in any way. They listen to anything the PCs have to say with interest, but they smirk and chuckle among themselves if the party tries to explain his addled mental state. In any case, it is now late in the day, and they insist the PCs stay at the Congressional Hall for the night, as the Congress no doubt wishes to question them in the morning. The PCs are shown to well-appointed chambers, two PCs to a room.

At dawn the next day, servants wake the party and bring a hot breakfast to the rooms. They are then escorted to a meeting chamber. Read or paraphrase the following:

You are in an elegant dining room, dominated by a long, polished wood table. Seated and having a meal is Gelling. He is impeccably dressed and groomed except for the battered boot still on his head. Two men and a woman stand opposite him, wide eyed and open-mouthed as they watch him eat. You watch in amazement as Gelling slowly scoops a handful of porridge out of his bowl and stuffs it into his mouth.

The three other people in the room are members of the Congress (see the "Dignitaries" sidebar). They introduce themselves, all the while casting incredulous glances at Gelling. They begin by asking the details of the party's initial encounter with the Chief Negotiator, interrupting occasionally for clarification. Eventually, Graden makes them an offer. Read or paraphrase the following:

Graden sighs heavily and sits down at the table. "You realize, of course, that we are in a terrible bind." He says. "We are in the midst of a series of trade negotiations with the city of WyrWatch. The city is rich, its government is powerful, and the rulers are very influential. And with all of that power and influence, they are basically political bullies.

"They forced Orchid Bay into these negotiations under an obscure legal clause and it has become painfully obvious they are not interested in trade. They are trying to bind us into economic slavery, and that man ..." he points abruptly to Gelling, his face buried in his bowl of porridge, "... is the only person who can stop them."

Marcus moves around behind Graden and continues. "You see, our position in these negotiations relies heavily on legal precedent over five hundred years old. Gelling is the professor of Historical Law at St. Mikallia University, and he is the only person outside of WyrWatch who understands the material. Without his guidance, the Wyverian delegates will walk all over us in the next series of talks."

"And that is where you come in." says Shylla. "We obviously cannot let Gelling's condition become common

knowledge. Who knows how many Wyverian spies are in Orchid Bay? We need him back in his right frame of mind, but we dare not involve any new people."

"We are willing to pay you to keep this to yourselves until the trade talks are over." says Marcus. "But we're willing to pay you much more to find out what happened to Gelling and set it right." Behind him, Gelling suddenly lets out an earth-shattering belch, and then resumes licking bits of cereal from his fingertips.

The Congressmen offer 20 gp per PC for their silence, non-negotiable. On the other hand, they pay each PC 1,000 gp to restore Gelling's mind. If the PCs accept, Marcus wants to know their initial plan. He offers his own ideas, suggesting the party try to determine what Gelling was doing so far from the city. If the party hasn't searched him already in Scene I, everything the Chief Negotiator was wearing or carrying in his pockets can be brought down to them.

Marcus knows the location of the quipper kelp (Scene III below). If the party shows him Spraye's poem, he recognizes the reference to "the yellow grasses in the waters."

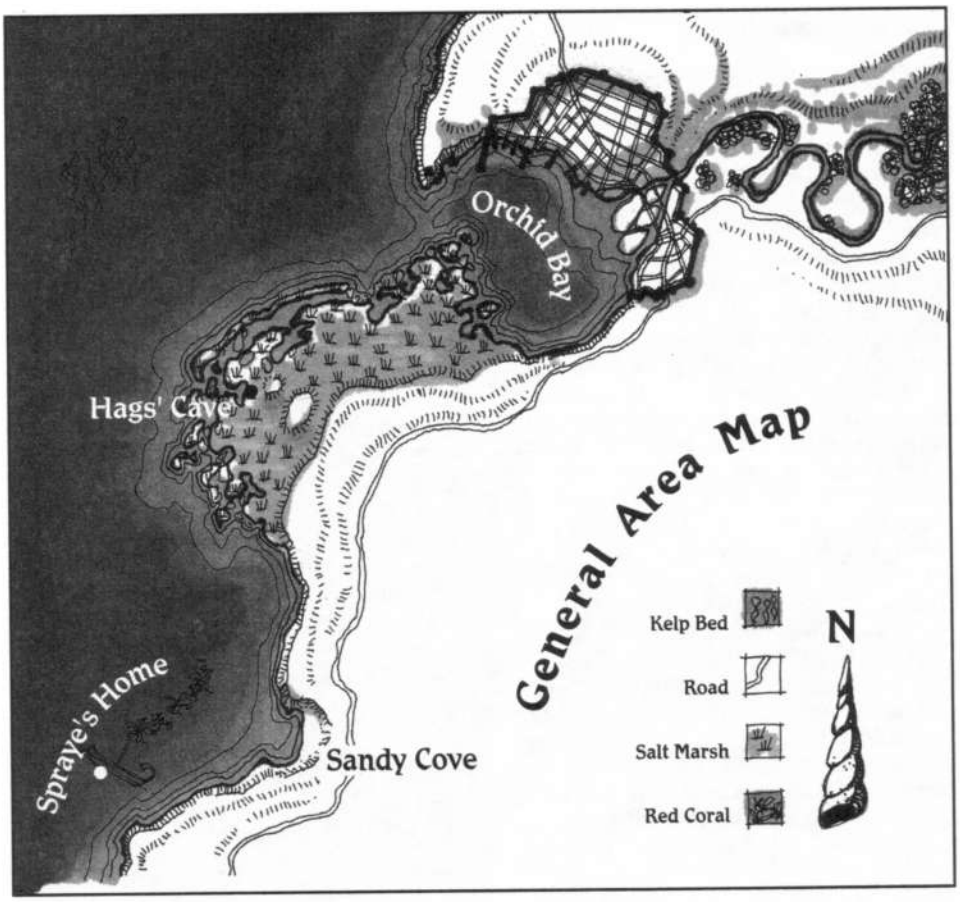
The Wyverian delegation returns from their recess to resume the talks in three days. The party has until then to solve the mystery of Gelling's condition.

Scene III: The Yellow Grasses in the Waters

Spraye's reference in her poem is to a unique plant called Quipper kelp. Any air-breathing humanoid who eats some of the grass can breathe underwater for 24 hours. The kelp bed grows on a shallow reef a mile west of Orchid Bay. Obviously, if the party intends to find the kelp they need better directions than "in the waters beyond your city." They must also hire a boat or find some other means to explore the bay.

There are several sea captains in the city's docks with small vessels to rent, so locating one should not be difficult. Hiring an entire ship and crew is a much more difficult, and expensive, proposition. Some typical prices are on the Typical Boat and Crew Costs table.

If none of the PCs is a proficient seaman, they must hire a sailor to help them handle the boat properly.



Otherwise, they are unable to direct their vessel out of the harbor. If they intend to go out of sight of land, they must also hire a navigator. The quipper kelp is easily within sight of Orchid Bay, but the players don't know that. Those ships marked with an asterisk require that the party hire a crew of five sailors. PCs can increase the base chance of availability by offering the captain more money. Every 10% offered above the regular price increases the chance by10%.

Once the PCs have some means of exploring the ocean, finding the kelp may take a great deal of time without directions. Every hour spent exploring the waters by Orchid Bay has a 5% cumulative chance of locating the bed, modified as follows:

+10% if there is a local navigator on board

+60% if the party is following Marcus' directions

+5% for each PC navigator

+2% for each PC seaman

If the PCs had the foresight to hunt for information at the docks while they were looking for a boat, they can add up to 30% to their chances. This is a judg-

Typical Boat and Crew Costs

Vessel	Capacity	Rental Rate	Availability
Small Sailboat	6 people	2 gp/day	80%
Medium Sailboat*	13 people	50 gp/day	60%
Small Rowboat	4 people	1 gp/day	90%
Medium Rowboat	8 people	10 gp/day	80%
Small Trading Vessel*	16 people	1000 gp/day	40%

Crew	Wages	Availability
Sailor	1 sp/day	100%
Navigator	1 gp/day	80%

Adventures at Sea

Every hour spent at sea, there is a 1-in-6 chance of a random encounter. Roll 1d10 and consult the following table.

1. Dolphin in distress. Run the encounter from "Scene IV: A Friend in Need".

2–4. Storm. A sudden wind squall rolls in and relentlessly batters the boat. It lasts for 1d6 hours, during which time searching is impossible. If the party does not bring the boat back to dock during the storm, there is a cumulative 20% chance per hour that they are pulled off course at the mercy of the winds. If that happens, they either (75% chance) must spend 1d4 hours getting back to their search area, or (25% chance) they run aground on the sea grass bed with no damage to their vessel.

5. Lacedons (5): AL CE; AC 6; MV swim 9; HD 2; hp 16, 14, 8, 8, 3; THAC0 19; #AT 3; Dmg 1–3/1–3/1–6; SA paralyzation; SZ M; ML 12; XP 175 each; *MM*/131.

These beasts have recently finished feeding of the victims of a nearby shipwreck. All five attack simultaneously by bursting out of the water and hoping to paralyze as many of the party as possible with the element of surprise. They carry no treasure.

6–9. Fish. An immense school of fish surrounds the boat hoping to be fed. While they are totally harmless, they obscure the PCs view under water and searching is impossible for as long as they remain. They leave on their own after 1–2 hours unless the party has some creative means for driving them away. Feeding them only makes them stay for an extra 1–2 hours.

10. Giant Eagle (1): AL N; AC 7; MV 3 Fl 48; HD 4; hp 26; THAC0 17; #AT 3; Dmg 1–6/1–6/2–12; SA dive; SZ L; ML 12; XP 420; *MM*/27.

To the eagle's thinking, the PCs look like perfect targets for a meal. It tries to make repeated diving attacks until one of the PCs is dead. It then makes a final dive to grab the dead PC (no Dexterity bonuses to AC) and then flies away. If the players can inflict more than 13 hp damage, they drive the eagle away. Unless the party has some reason to be looking at the sky instead of the water, chances are the first diving attack is completely unnoticed until it is too late.

ment call on the part of the DM and should depend on the party's methods (whether they paid for the information or beat it out of someone, whether they talked to a reputable captain or to a drunken sailor in a bar, etc.). Every hour spent searching also has a 1-in-6 chance of a random encounter (see the sidebar "Adventures at Sea"). If, at the end of the first day of searching, the party has not found the kelp, go to "Scene IV: A Friend in Need."

When the party does stumble into the sea grass bed, there should be no doubt in their minds what they have found. The grasses grow on a small reef a mere 3' under the water, and the plant is such a bright shade of yellow that the glow is visible nearly a hundred feet away. The yellow reef is a landmark to the local sea captains.

The kelp is a rare and fragile plant that grows only in very particular environments. It begins to dry immediately once removed from the water, and spoils within minutes. Therefore, the PCs must either consume it on the spot or transport it wrapped in a damp cloth.

Scene IV: A Friend in Need

Run this encounter only if the PCs have not found the quipper kelp after their first day of searching:

> It has been a long and fruitless day of searching, and you are headed back to shore. Suddenly, off to the left, you notice six sharks circling something in the water. Then suddenly a solitary dolphin jumps from the water in a wonderful graceful arc, trailing glittering droplets of water ... and thick gouts of blood! You glimpse a great bloody gash running along its side as it slips back into the water.

The PCs should be encouraged to save the dolphin. Without the party's help, the sharks kill the dolphin in five rounds. However, any rescue attempt by the PCs is complicated by the fact that everything happens in the water. Nonproficient swimmers are limited to launching attacks from the boat, and even swimmers suffer penalties as outlined in the *DMG*.

Sharks (6): AL N; AC 6; MV swim 24; HD 6; hp 42, 36, 30, 24; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 2–8; SZ M; ML 10; XP 270; *MM*/117.

Dolphin (1): AL LG; AC 5; MV swim 30; HD 2+2; hp 6 (normally 12); THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 2–8; SZ M; ML 11; XP 120; *MM*/59.

The scent of the dolphin's blood in the water has driven the sharks into a feeding frenzy, and they do not check morale until at least half their number are killed. If the party manages to save the dolphin's life, award the party the full 120 XP value of the animal and read or paraphrase the following:

> The dolphin's head breaks the water barely five feet from you, and it bursts forth in a joyous series of clicks and squeals. It cocks its head knowingly to one side and then begins swimming lazily back out to sea. Every few feet the graceful creature stops to look at your party, clicks loudly at you, and keeps swimming.

The dolphin is trying to get the party to follow her, and if any PCs are in the water, she nudges them along with her nose. She leads them directly to the quipper kelp, does a breathtaking somersault through the air, and then swims away.

Scene V: Beaches

At some point the PCs may want to retrace Gelling's steps, and they have already found several clues. Firstly, he could not have wandered far in his condition, so the obvious place to start looking is where they first found him. Secondly, he was soaking wet at the time, so they should also begin looking by the sea. Thirdly, the sand in his pockets suggests a beach of some kind; a rare thing along these miles of uninterrupted rocky coastline.

Depending on the party, this may be the first thing they do after finding the Chief Negotiator, or it may be the final piece in their puzzle. In any case, the result is the same. The only sandy beach on this coastline is a tiny cove, hidden from view by overhanging rocks.

If the PCs start from where they found Gelling and begin a thorough search of the coast, they find the cove within an hour. Any PC with the tracking proficiency could also follow Gelling's trail back to the cove on a successful roll, without the benefit of the other clues. If the PCs are less inspired and must resort to searching the coast-

line randomly, they have a 10% cumulative chance for every hour spent searching of finding the cove.

Once they get there, read or paraphrase the following:

> You follow a winding path over the rocks and find a beautiful little sandy beach below an immense rocky outcropping. The first thing to catch your attention is a leather boot lying near the water. You recognize that boot immediately; Gelling wears its mate on his head.
>
> Two clear sets of footprints in the sand tell a story of their own. You can see Gelling's booted prints make a direct path to the middle of the beach, where they meet a much smaller and more delicate set of bare foot prints. The bare prints lead to and from the water, but Gelling's booted prints wander about aimlessly before he apparently took off the boots and left the cove.

There is nothing else of interest here, except for a hand-sized piece of bright red coral propped against the side of a rock. The party must search the cove to find it, however. It is exactly the same kind of coral as the tiny piece found in Gelling's pocket.

The bare footprints are Spraye's and they head due west, out to sea.

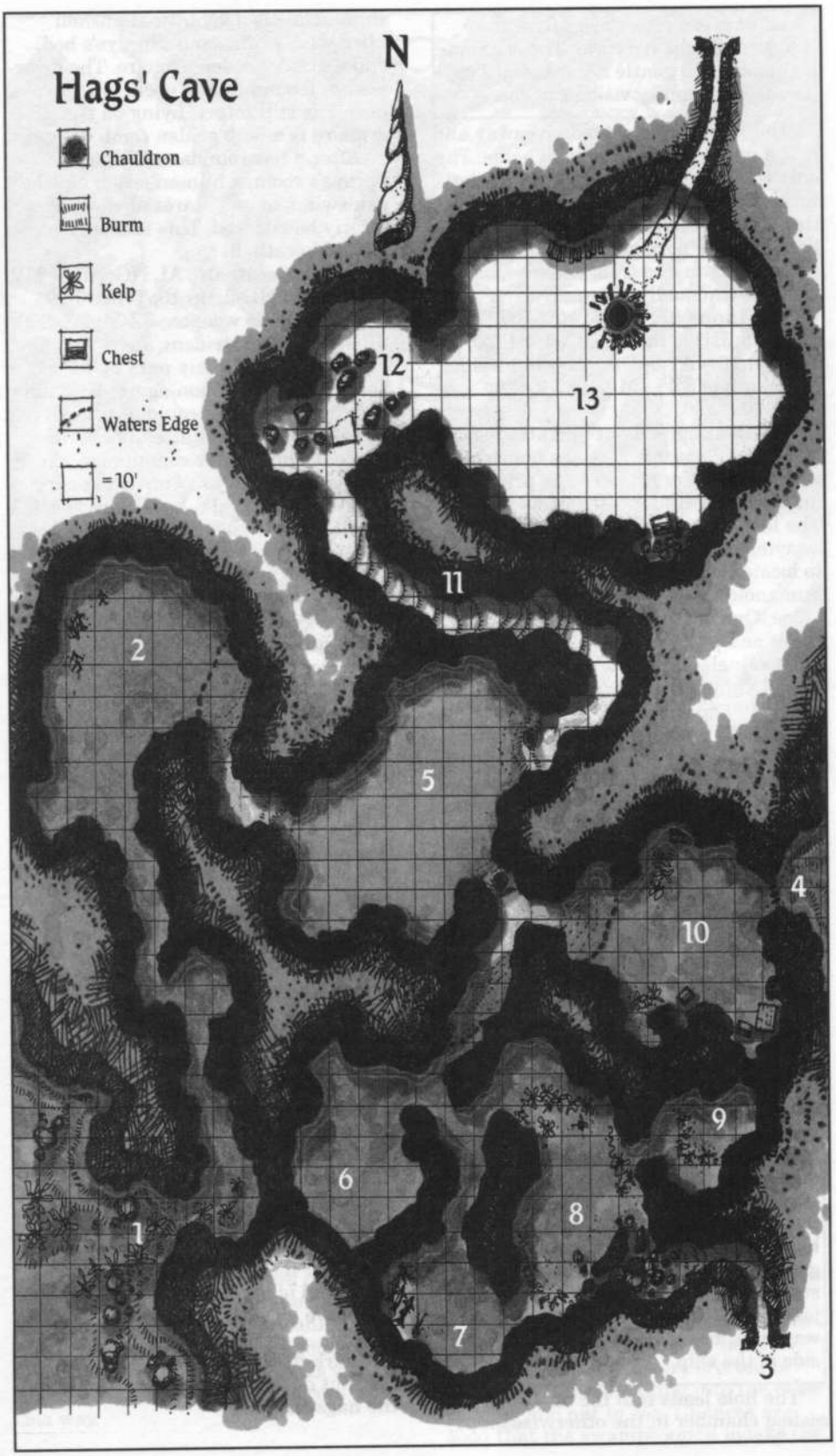
Act Two: Spraye

Scene I: Follow the Red Coral Road

By this time, all of the clues point to the party taking a trip under water. This should be no problem to a party with the right magic, or a healthy supply of moist quipper kelp (scene III above). Bear in mind that while the kelp allows the PCs to breathe underwater, it does not help them with movement, visibility, or communication (see the *DMG*).

If the players head west (the direction of the footprints on the beach in scene V) for any length of time, read or paraphrase the following:

> The undersea world is beautiful and mysterious. Sparkling schools of fish shimmer their way lazily past you, then dart away suddenly in a rainbow of dazzling colors. Transparent white jellyfish pulse past you, while massive fronds of seaweed dance to the rhythm of the currents. Below you, the endless ocean floor is a dark



mass of green rock except for a thin finger of bright red coral. The crimson vein follows a gentle arc westward as far as your murky vision can see.

The red coral is a dead giveaway and it is a direct road to Spraye's home. The only complicating factor is that as the coral meanders southwest, it passes through the territory of a pride of sea lions. Spraye normally avoids them when going to and from the cove, as they are unusually aggressive.

Sea Lions (6): AL N; AC 5/3; MV swim 18; HD 6; hp 45, 38, 35, 24, 20; THAC0 15; #AT 3; Dmg 1–6/1–6/2–12; SA mauling; SZ L; ML 12; XP 420; *MM*/310.

The lions spread out and attack from all sides, if possible. The sea lions check morale after the first of their pride is killed and again after three are killed. The lair is in a sea cave hidden by swaying seaweed (treat as a secret door to locate), and inside are three humanoid skeletons covered with green algae. One of them wears a thick silver chain and pendant, now so corroded as to be valueless. Buried under the lumps of rusted metal are three emeralds worth 100 gp each.

If the battle goes badly for the party, a pack of sharks could be attracted to the blood in the water. If this happens, the sea lions immediately forget about the PCs to engage the sharks, giving the party a chance to escape.

Scene II: My Home Beneath the Sea

The strip of red coral eventually ends at Spraye's home. Read or paraphrase the following:

An amazing sight greets you as you round an immense underwater boulder. A great sailing ship lies on the ocean floor, its ancient wooden skeleton encrusted with shellfish. It is nested almost delicately in a shallow crevasse and surrounded by a breathtaking forest of coral and plants. Dazzling purple flowers with blossoms as large as your head are everywhere amidst bright green fronds that reach upward to the surface. Thick columns of the red coral join to make graceful swooping archways that frame a path to a hole in the side of the ship.

The hole leads into the only furnished chamber in the otherwise empty ship. Inside is a gigantic clamshell filled with white sand (Spraye's bed) and a great wooden armoire. The drawers are too swollen to open, but the oval mirror is still intact. Lying on the armoire is a long golden comb (80 gp).

After a few rounds exploring Spraye's room, a human-sized, bipedal fish swims in and stares at the party, utterly bewildered. This is Laark, a female Locathah.

Laark (locathah): AL NG; AC 6; MV 1, swim 12; HD 2; hp 10; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; SZ M; ML 9; XP 35; *MM*/228; trident, short sword.

Laark immediately puts up her hands in a sign of non-aggression, fully aware that the PCs could easily kill her. After a few fruitless attempts by the party at underwater communication, she signals them to swim to the surface where they can talk. Laark can speak an understandable, if somewhat gurgling, form of common.

Laark is a close friend of Spraye's and has heard all about the fascinating human, Gelling. She assumes that the most charismatic male in the party is the Chief Negotiator come for his promised visit. "I am terribly sorry Mr. Gelling," she says, "but Spraye has not been at home for some time. The poor girl is beside herself since the awful curse. I am afraid I do not know where she is!"

There is likely major confusion at this point as the PCs try to find out who Spraye is, what she is, and her relationship with the Chief Negotiator. Laark knows exactly what happened to the unlucky Sirene, right down to the last detail. She even knows the location of the hags' cave. If the party doesn't try to threaten or kill her first, she gladly tells them everything.

Laark doesn't know the cause of Gelling's mental condition, or about the brain addling effect of an angry sirene's touch. If the party can't piece that one out for themselves, Shylla of the City Congress can help (see the sidebar "Dignitaries"). The locathah knows nothing of the details of the hags' curse, nor their motivation. She knows only that their insidious spell has robbed her friend of her voice and that without it, Spraye will pine away until she dies of grief.

Laark helps the PCs in any way she can, but does not accompany them into the hags' cave.

Act Three: Zityak, Groutle, and Prut

Scene I: The Cave

The hags' cave is on the edge of a salt water swamp roughly half-way between Orchid Bay and the sandy cove. The ground is soft, spongy muskeg and does not support much weight. Travel overland by horse is impossible, and movement by foot is at half speed. It is a miserable and mucky experience, especially since the area is swarming with biting insects. Approaching by water is much simpler.

There are four ways into the cave complex: two underwater and two above. Obviously, Laark does not know about the dry entrances, but she can show the players both areas **1** and **4.** The PCs find the other entrances only if they make a thorough search of the land around the caves. See area **3** for details.

The caverns themselves are natural and random; some chambers are completely submerged, others are high above the water line. Ceilings are similarly random, though most chambers are 30' high and tunnels are 6–12' high.

1. Main Entrance. This entrance is a ragged 10' hole, mostly covered with seaweed. The hags have gone to great pains to make this area look well travelled, though this is not the way they use to get in and out of the caves.

The water in these caverns is dark, overpoweringly salty, and thick with algae. Apparently there is not much circulation through here.

2. Welcome! This chamber is home to five saltwater trolls. How they were lured here is a mystery, but they remain because the hags keep them generously supplied with fresh human corpses. These behemoths are breathtakingly stupid but vicious. Once combat has started, they are 80% likely to pursue, regardless of where their quarry takes them.

Saltwater Trolls (4): AL CE; AC 2; MV 3, swim 12; HD 6+12; hp 48, 39, 32, 29; THAC0 12; #AT 3; Dmg 1–4/1–4/9–16; SD regeneration; SZ L; ML 16; XP 1,400; *MM*/349.

The floor of this chamber is 20' underwater, and the trolls lie hidden amidst a thick layer of garbage and human carcasses. They wait until the

whole party is inside, then mass to attack. Any PC in a position to see may notice the unusual amount of refuse collected here on a successful Wisdom check on 4d6. If the roll succeeds by more than 4, that PC also notices the human carcasses mixed in with the trash.

Please note that the trolls regenerate only when submerged in salt water. If the party can somehow lure them out, the dim-witted brutes do not even notice and the party may well be able to dispose of them. A *potion of sweet water* emptied into the cavern turns the water fresh for 10–40 rounds and neutralizes their regenerative powers.

Buried in the layer of refuse is a grimy leather knapsack. Inside is a hopelessly rusted set of thieves picks, something that once might have been rations, two broken glass bottles, and 36 gp. The real treasure is a partially digested human hand wearing a *ring of protection +2* inside the largest trolls stomach. It is up to your discretion whether a wound inflicted by the PCs could cause this to fall out on its own.

3. The Back Door. If the party spends some time searching the land around the lair, they may find the two dry entrances to the complex. Druids, rangers, or any characters with weather sense who make a successful Wisdom check on 4d6 notice a thin plume of light gray smoke against the cloudy sky. The smoke comes from a natural chimney in area **13.** The chimney is roughly 2–3' across, and it takes a torturous and winding path before emptying into the highest point of the chamber.

Only smaller than man-sized creatures can use the passage to gain access to the lair, and even then it is not practical as an entrance. It does, however, offer the players an excellent chance to spy on the hags. Rogue PCs who successfully Move Silently can hide at the entrance to the chimney for as long as they like, hidden from the eyes of those below by the smoke. PCs who make a lot of noise while crawling through the chimney certainly attract attention, and are greeted in area **13** by a volley of merrow spears. (No one can be quiet while crawling around in metal armor.)

The other entrance to the lair is a water-filled hole in the ground that connects directly to area **8.** Every few minutes, changing water pressure inside the caves pushes water out the hole a few feet into the air with a resounding "BLORP!" The tunnel is over 8' wide and easily accommodates the party in single file. The residents of the lair are unaware of this entrance because it is partially hidden by fallen rubble at the other end. The pile is unstable and the party can easily clear it away in a matter of a few rounds.



4. The Real Way In. This is the entrance the residents use to get in and out of the caves. It is blocked with a sturdy iron gate firmly embedded into the rock walls. The metal bars are tremendously strong and impose a –25% chance to a PC's chance at bending them. There are three very sophisticated locks on the gate, each imposing a –15% chance to a Rogue's chance to pick them. Breaking the bars by force or destroying the rock that holds the hinges in place is very noisy and attracts the attention of everyone in the lair. This is a formidable barrier and the PCs will likely not gain access this way.

5. All Fired Up.

> The tunnel climbs steadily until it rises completely out of the water. A mound of earth at the high point in the passage lies between you and a large flooded chamber beyond. To your surprise the cavern is lit! To the east another tunnel climbs out of the water and turns northward out of sight, but before it is a large cauldron filled with burning logs. At the south end of the cave is another flaming cauldron and another dry exit.

All of the passages to this room have been blocked with earthen dikes. This seems unusual to dwarven players who wonder where such a volume of dirt came from in these rocky caverns. Other players with the mining proficiency may notice the same thing on a successful roll.

The water is 1' deep and the entire surface is covered with a ¼" layer of lamp oil. The berms were erected to keep the oil from leaking into the other caverns and out to sea. Chances are good that the swampy smell masks the

The Hags

Zityak (green hag): AL CE; AC –2; MV 12, swim 12; HD 9; hp 60; THAC0 11; #AT 2; Dmg 7–8/7–8; SA spells; SZ L (7'); ML 17; XP 4,000; *MM*/181; *ring of spell storing: teleport*

Zityak is extremely tall for a green hag, but not as smart. She uses her spells wherever possible, saving *invisibility* for her escape.

Groutle (green hag): AL CE; AC –2; MV 12, swim 12; HD 9; hp 47; THAC0 11; #AT 2; Dmg 7–8/7–8; SZ M; ML 17; XP 4,000; *MM*/181; *ring of spell storing: teleport*

By some side-effect of having a dwarven father, Groutle has none of the spell abilities of her kind. In her natural form, she also has a generous beard.

Prut (Sea hag): AL CE; AC 7; MV swim 15; HD 3; hp 20; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 7–10; SA deadly glance; SZ M; ML 11; XP 1,400; *MM*/181; *ring of spell storing: invisibility, teleport*

Prut can barely move when she is out of the water, depending completely on Groutle and Zitka to move her about. As the weakest member of the covey, she is accustomed to having the others protect her, especially on dry land. She is the most intelligent member of the covey, and she is largely responsible for their success at gathering the potion's ingredients. The somewhat beautifying effects of the potion have neutralized her deadly glance.

odor, and only very observant characters might notice the oily sheen. Depending on the circumstances, a successful Intelligence check on 5d6 might mean a PC notices something amiss.

Standing guard out of sight at both the southern and eastern exits are two merrow. Their job is to wait until intruders are inside the chamber and then kick the cauldrons of burning logs into the water. They run to areas **12** or **8** to alert their comrades and the hags. The resulting blaze burns fiercely for three rounds causing 2d8 hp damage each round. If the PCs fled here with the trolls from area **2** in pursuit, chances are good that the mighty lummoxes are caught in the inferno as well.

Merrow (2): AL CE; AC 4; MV 6, swim 12; HD 4+4; hp 20 each; THAC0 15; #AT 3; Dmg 1–6/1–6/2–8; SZ L; ML 11; XP 420; *MM*/272.

The merrow may be taken by surprise if the party's approach is quiet (difficult given that they would have to slosh through the entire cavern). They are, however, bored to tears with guard duty and are not paying proper attention.

This chamber is the foundation of the lair's alarm system. If the party can somehow avoid setting off the alarm, they are likely to take their remaining opponents by surprise.

6. Empty Cave. This cave is simply extra space that is not needed. That is unless the party is having too easy a time, in which case it could contain all manner of horrible creatures.

7&8. Merrow Quarters. This small network of caverns is home to the hags' tribe of merrow servants. They are the covey's hunters and guards, and they provide muscle when required. There are a total of 20 males, two patrol leaders, six females, and a chief. Normally, two males are on guard duty in area **5,** eight males and one patrol leader in area **12,** and the rest are found here. The chief and all of the females stay in area **9.** The other males are granted female companionship only if they perform some exceptional service to the chief. This has turned out to be an incredible incentive for their loyalty.

Both caverns are spartan, and orderly because the hags don't allow their servants many possessions with which to make a mess. The floor in area **8** is covered with a thick layer of seaweed which acts as the tribe's communal bed. The room is otherwise empty. Area **7** is where the merrow eat, gamble, and fight with each other. Piled in one corner and weighed down with rocks, are the bodies of six humans, three sharks, and one sea lion.

If the alarm has been raised, all of the merrow here slowly mobilize and move to area **5** within seven rounds. If they do not see the party they continue on to area **12.** If instead the party has managed to sneak in, three merrow are asleep in the seaweed bed, and the patrol leader and the five others are beating on one another in area **7.** Why they are fighting is a mystery, but it likely has to something to do with the females. Because of the noise they are making, fighting in one room does not attract attention from the others.

Merrow (10): See previous statistics.

Patrol Leader: AL CE; AC 3; MV 6 swim 12; HD 5+5; hp 32 each; THAC0 15; #AT 3; Dmg 2–7/2–7/3–9; SZ L; ML 11; XP 650.

The patrol leader wears wide copper bracelets on each wrist (30 gp each) signifying his rank.

At the south end of area **8** is a loose pile of rubble that looks totally unremarkable. The pile partially conceals a passage outside (see area **3**).

9. Chief's Chamber. This small cavern is the private chamber of the chief. The doorway is draped with a heavy silk curtain, coated with a thick and slimy layer of algae. It is ugly and valueless, but it serves to preserve the chief's privacy.

Inside, the floor is covered with a seaweed bed, much like area **8.** There are also a dozen cushions about the cave, obviously stolen from surface dwellers. They are showing sign of severe rot and will soon break apart completely.

If the alarm has not been raised, the chief is here frolicking with six females. The women are just as repulsive as the males, except for their longer hair, somewhat more delicate limbs, and the masses of tattoos covering their bodies. All of the females can fight.

Merrow Chief: AL CE; AC 3; MV 6 swim 12; HD 6+6; hp 20 each; THAC0 15; #AT 3; Dmg 2–8/2–8/4–10; SZ L; ML 11; XP 975.

Merrow Females (6): AL CE; AC 5; MV 6 swim 12; HD 3+3; hp 14 each; THAC0 15; #AT 3; Dmg 1–2/1–2/1–6; SZ L; ML 11; XP 420.

The chief wears gold bracelets (100 gp each) on each wrist and a thick golden ring through his nose (80 gp). Each of the females wears a diamond stud (120 gp) in each ear and in a nostril (24 in total).

10. Hag's Quarters. This cave is the quarters for the hags, Zityak, Groutle, and Prut, though they are not here at the moment. The chamber is largely empty because the hags spend most of their time in area **13,** returning here only to sleep. The covey left most of their possessions at their permanent lair, bringing only a minimum of equipment here.

While Zityak and Prut both sleep in seaweed beds like the merrow, Groutle insists on using a moldy and sodden feather mattress. It is weighted down

with rocks. Hanging on the southern wall is a battered mirror frame, with only a few shards of glass. The rest of the pieces are on the floor. Each hag has a stout, unlocked iron chest for their possessions.

❖ The first chest contains several dirty and ragged clothes. Wrapped in a threadbare piece of burlap, however, is a scandalously low cut red silk evening gown sewn with (fake) white pearls. There is also a wicked paring knife, 17 gp, and a ring of three keys. These unlock the gate at area **4.**

❖ The bottom of the chest is filled with broken hand mirrors. There are also three partially eaten human feet (late night snacks), and a leather pouch filled with 200 sp.

❖ Prut, the brains of the covey, has her own copy of the ingredients for the potion of loveliness in her chest, along with a tiny golden ring that is too small for her finger. It is a *ring of curing* with 3 charges, and it works exactly like a *staff of curing.* The list of ingredients is scratched onto a thick piece of animal hide and reads as follows:

A gallon of the first spring rains
A virgin's kiss
The spirit of a couatl
A sirene's song
The horn of a unicorn
A bronze dragon's heart
A paladin's virtue
The essence of a dryad

Each item on the list has been roughly crossed out, except for "a sirene's song." Next to that entry is scratched "Orchid Bay?" The other entries have locations (preferably from your own campaign) marked next to them, though there are no notes regarding the preparations and rituals required to make the potion.

11. A Thundering Approach. This narrow tunnel climbs steadily at an angle of nearly 30°. Hiding in an alcove at the top is another merrow waiting to spring a boulder trap. If possible, he waits out of sight until the party is nearly three-quarters of the way up, then he lets loose a net full of boulders which crash down the long passage.

Each PC must make a Dexterity check on 1d20+1 for every 20' he has travelled along the tunnel. On the first failed roll, that player is hit by a boulder and crashes back to the bottom. Those who are hit suffer 1d4 hp damage for every 10' they are from the bottom, plus another 1d2 hp for each missed Dexterity check. PCs who can *fly* or *levitate* above the rocks avoid them.

If the trap in area **5** has not been sprung and the party has been relatively quiet, there is a 50% chance that the guard is in area **12** gambling with the other merrow. The party can thus avoid this trap completely if they don't draw any attention to themselves climbing the tunnel.

12. The Welcoming Room. If the merrow are aware of the party, they are waiting here to make a last stand. There are ten males and one patrol leader, each armed with a single spear. They take partial cover behind the large boulders about the room, wait for the party to enter, and then launch their spears. This being the limit of their strategic prowess, they then launch themselves at the PCs in a mass frontal assault.

Merrow (8): AL CE; AC 4; MV 6, swim 12; HD 4+4; hp 20 each; THAC0 15; #AT 3; Dmg 1–6/1–6/2–8 or by weapon +6; SZ L; ML 11; XP 420; spear.

Patrol Leader: AL CE; AC 3; MV 6, swim 12; HD 5+5; hp 32 each; THAC0 15; #AT 3; Dmg 2–7/2–7/3–9 or by weapon +7; SZ L; ML 11; XP 650; spear.

After three rounds of combat, Zityak rushes into the room from area **13** to see what is going on. Read or paraphrase the following:

> Suddenly in the midst of the shouting and the chaos, a hideous woman bursts through the far entrance. She is hugely tall, with bulging blood red eyes. Her skin is white as cream and flawlessly smooth, yet her harshly angular cheekbones and enormous pointy nose mar her face. Full, pouting red lips part as she speaks revealing a tangled mass of rotten, pointy teeth. She lifts a massive hand to her head in disbelief, huge swollen knuckles writhing beneath perfect skin.
>
> Her mouth works furiously before she manages a desperate screech. "Stop them, fools! We are too close to be foiled now! Stop them or you will pay with your lives." She reaches down gracelessly to grab a delicate porcelain vase plugged with a rubber stopper, and with that she disappears into the chamber beyond.

Continue the battle normally until the party defeats the merrow, somehow manages to force the battle into area **13,** or gets some of the PCs past the fight and into the chamber beyond.

If the merrow are still unaware of the party, read the following instead:

> There is another group of merrow here sitting in a circle throwing dice onto a marble slab, yelling and belching at the top of their lungs. One of them stands at the far end of the cave before the entrance to yet another, much larger, cavern. He is talking with one of the vilest looking women you have ever seen. She is hugely tall, with bulging blood red eyes. Her skin is white as cream and flawlessly smooth, yet her harshly angular cheekbones and enormous pointy nose mar her face. Full, pouting red lips part as she speaks revealing a tangled mass of rotten, pointy teeth.
>
> Suddenly she spins her head gracelessly and her bright red eyes fix directly on you. She bends down to grab a delicate porcelain vase plugged with a rubber stopper and she screeches at the top of her lungs. "Stop them, fools! We are too close to be foiled now! Stop them or you will pay with your lives."

Robbed of their chance to use their spears, the merrow simply wade into combat. Bear in mind, if the alarm was raised in area **5**, any surviving merrow from areas **7–9** may already be on their way here.

Scene II: The Potion of Loveliness

The vase is the vessel where the covey has trapped Spraye's voice. To release it, the PCs need only pull the stopper or break the vase.

13. The Den of Corruption. The description below assumes the party is entering via room **12.** If they are spying from the chimney, alter the wording significantly.

> The enormous cavern stinks of smoke and burning feathers, the ceiling is obscured with smog and the walls blackened with ashes. At the center is a great iron cauldron atop a gigantic roaring fire pit. Thick green foam boils over the cauldron and hisses loudly as it spews into the flames below.
>
> The ghastly woman you saw in the other room is here with two others like her. All of them with some

vestigial trapping of beauty, yet wholly and completely loathsome."No!" cries one of them in a sensual voice, "not after all our labors. We cannot fail now!"

The three of them turn and stare at you piercingly with deep blue eyes. Strange, you could have sworn the one woman's eyes had been red. Two of them let out a bloodcurdling shriek as they lunge toward you, while the third dives behind the cauldron.

The covey are desperately close to finishing the potion and need only say the final spell and cast the last three ingredients into the cauldron. The strength of the magic involved has already started to affect the hags, slowly melting away their vile exteriors. Zityak and Groutle attack the party in a last ditch effort to stall them while Prut completes the spell. She needs only a few minutes to complete the potion, so the others do everything in their power to buy her time.

The party can easily see Prut as she reaches behind the cauldron and emerges with a unicorn horn in one hand and a large crystal in the other (the crystal contains the imprisoned life force of a couatl). She begins chanting loudly and then within two rounds casts them into the cauldron. On the third round she pulls out the porcelain vase (which contains Spraye's stolen voice), and holds it in both hands above her head in a frenzy of chanting. At this point the harsh features of the hags begin to soften noticeably.

Unless the party stops her, Prut throws the vase into the cauldron five rounds after the battle begins. Spraye's voice is consumed forever, and the party has failed. The three hags scream with laughter and turn *invisible* (either through innate ability or the *ring of spell storing).* They rush to the cauldron to drink, then cast the final spell in their rings and *teleport* away. Unless the party has very powerful magic at their disposal, once the vase has been thrown into the cauldron, there is nothing they can do to prevent their escape.

It is up to the party to do everything they can to interrupt Prut, though interrupting the procedure does not necessarily accomplish their goal. To release Spraye's voice, they must break the seal on the vase, either by removing the plug or breaking the vessel. The most obvious way is to break the vase, especially when Prut is conveniently holding it above her head. A missile from across the room, a spell, or even a weapon blow at close range shatters the fragile porcelain. Forcing Prut to drop the vase does the same job just as well. Otherwise the PCs can try to steal the vase from Prut. Given how thoroughly handicapped she is out of the water and her inherent cowardice, any PC who can break away from the green hags and attack her directly can likely force her to give it up.

They can also interrupt the hag by casting a *silence* spell, or by ruining one of the other components. However, this still leaves Prut with the vessel for Spraye's voice in her hands. If the party ruins the potion and Prut even suspects that they want the vase, she throws it into the cauldron purely out of spite.

If the party releases Spraye's voice, any surviving hags scream in frustration and fall to the ground crying in anguish. Read or paraphrase the following:

A fine white mist flows out of the vase, and you hear what sounds like a long delicate sigh. The hags cry out in unison as they fall to the ground clutching their heads. Their skin abruptly bubbles and wrinkles, turning gray and green. Their deep blue eyes are swallowed with fiery red. The ugliness inside those creatures boils to the surface with a vengeance.

"No!" screams the smaller one nearest the cauldron. "It cannot be! We waited for so long!" and she crumbles to the ground sobbing wretchedly.

Over and above the howls you can hear a clear and beautiful female voice singing. Abruptly the mist swirls and disappears, and the singing is gone.

If the battle was going against the party, this is an ideal time to escape as the hags writhe in self-pity, bemoaning their fate. If the PCs choose to press the attack, the hags recover remarkably fast, though the party automatically gains initiative for the next combat round. If things start to go badly for the covey, they use their rings to *teleport* away.

If the PCs get the chance to search the room, they may find a few things of interest. Whether or not the potion was completed, the contents of the cauldron lose their magic in a single round. Afterward, what is left is just a thick, soupy green mess, and any ingredients consumed are unrecoverable.

In the corner is a stout iron chest, generously coated in rust. The lock is trapped with a poison needle that causes death on a failed save to anyone tampering with it. Those who make their save still suffer 4d4 hp damage. Inside is another *ring of spell storing,* containing *invisibility,* and *teleport,* three large chunks of crystal (worthless), and a pile of 200 pp. Stacked behind the chest are a dozen barrels of lamp oil, for the trap in area **5.**

Depending on what happened earlier, two ingredients from the potion may have survived. These are the unicorn horn and the couatl's crystal prison. In the hands of a lawful good mage, the horn works as *wand of illumination,* and the crystal is described more fully under "Scene IV: After the Fact".

Scene III: Oh What a Pretty Mess

If the party was successful in releasing Spraye's voice, and they survived their foray into the hags' lair, they are still not finished. An hour after leaving the caves, if they are anywhere near the water, Spraye seeks them out. Read or paraphrase the following:

Suddenly a stunning woman with pale green skin and long green hair swims into view. "Please good people!" she calls out to you. "My name is Spraye. Laark has told me what has happened, and we must restore Gelling's mind. Can you bring him to me?"

Spraye answers any questions the party may have if they still haven't deduced everything for themselves. She is mortified at what she has done and is eager to set things right. Spraye does not go to Orchid Bay, claiming her meddling in human affairs has already caused enough damage, so she asks the party to bring Gelling to the sandy cove.

Depending on how long it took the party to reach this point, they may be in quite a hurry. Getting from the swamp to Orchid Bay to pick up Gelling, then to the sandy cove, and then back to Orchid Bay takes an entire day. If the conference is fast approaching, this may involve riding through the night.

Even if the Wyverian delegation has already arrived, all is not lost. Graden is an accomplished politician, and he assures the party with a wicked gleam

in his eye that he can delay things for a while. It takes all of his guile, but Graden does a splendid job of bogging down the negotiations in technicalities until the party returns.

When the PCs get Gelling to the sandy cove, Spraye is waiting anxiously, pacing up and down the beach. Read or paraphrase the following:

> "Oh, my dear, sweet Gelling," Spraye says breathlessly rushing over to the Chief Negotiator, "what have I done?" She gently takes his face in both her hands. Suddenly the dim fog in Gelling's eyes clears away and he slowly dislodges his thumb from his mouth.
>
> "Spraye!" He says with some shock. "What happened, why do you look so concerned? And by the gods, why do I have my boot on my head?"
>
> Spraye grins.

Spraye thanks the party profusely for restoring her voice, her most prized possession. She kneels before them and kisses each person's hand in gratitude. She then wishes Gelling a tearful goodbye and dives into the water, quickly disappearing from view.

Scene IV: After the Fact

The story likely ends with the PCs traveling back into Orchid Bay, delivering a stunned Gelling to the Congressional Hall, in the midst of negotiations already in progress. Thanks to Graden, however, the negotiations have gone absolutely nowhere.

With Chief Negotiator Gelling back at the bargaining table, the trade talks come to a successful and speedy close. The entire City Congress formally honors the PCs with medals of valor and pays each PC the agreed 1,000 gp in newly minted platinum coins. While the party has earned the gratitude of the Congress, political favor is a fickle thing. Soon their actions are forgotten and their celebrity status is short lived.

Neither the PCs, nor Gelling ever see Spraye again. She has decided this whole ordeal is her fault, and that if she had listened to her mother and not meddled in the affairs of those above the waters, none of this would have happened. She moves to a new home to lead a satisfying, but solitary, life.

On the other hand, the hags are not so pleased. They have been accumulating ingredients for nearly half a century, and to have everything torn away when they were so close to their goal is enough to drive them insane with anger. What they do for vengeance depends on who survived. If Prut is still alive, she weaves an elaborate and wicked revenge, searching out a new member for the covey if needed. If she was killed, the green hags simply wait until the party leaves Orchid Bay and attack their camp at nightfall.

Of course there is also the matter of the couatl in its crystal prison. If the players look deeply into the crystal, they can see the creature flying about, desperately searching for a way to escape. Shylla can help them identify it, if they don' t know what it is. Good-aligned characters are compelled to search for a way to release the noble beast. The prison is the product of another powerful curse of the covey, and breaking it is a monumental undertaking. Of course, by releasing the couatl they create a powerful ally, who will no doubt feel indebted to them. Ω

Thanks to our playtesters

Michael Huebbe
Andrew Tollefsen
Glen Hinytz
Derrick Muehlenkamp
Kimberly Huebbe
Miranda Horner
Shawn Horner
Jeff Quick
Robert Wiese
Christopher Perkins
Brian Maxwell
Larry Ward
Steve R. Bishop
James Willette
Shane Vermette
Hans Mentzen
Steve Potvin
Brent Bristow
Jeanie Goodwin
Rodney Hallmark
Johnathan Picklesimer
Lee Stuart
Craig Wadley
Karla Wadley
Jeff Crook



a letter. I have got a lot of things to say, so find a comfortable seat and brace yourself.

First, I would like to ask you to restore the old format of the contents page. It was much easier to assess the contents of the magazine for useful adventures when they were listed neatly than now, with them sprawled all over the page. Also, there has been a marked increase in the number of mistakes on this page (throughout issues 57 to 60 — go and check for yourself). I am sorry to gripe but this has proved extremely irritating, especially when (in one instance) an entire adventure was not listed. However, elsewhere in issue #58, I found the excellent "Caveat Emptor." Ted Zuvich never fails to produce good work.

Unfortunately, not all of you authors are of the same high standard. "The Murder of Maury Miller" was a good first attempt by Cameron Widen, but I was dismayed to discover a lawful-good halfling bard! (Another go and check). Didn't anyone in the office spot this, or did you just decide to let it go? If so, I, and I am sure most readers, would have appreciated some kind of warning. In addition to this, Cameron tells us that Shepton "often invites his old adventuring companions, some of whom have become quite powerful, to his home for a visit." If so, then why does he not round them up and dispose of Rander? These are only minor grumbles, however, and if I ever get published I hope that Cameron will not be reticent in his criticism of my work.

Issue #56 was of great interest to me. "Janx's Jinx" was the sequel to "Dovedale" from issue #46 — both are set in the same location, based upon a real place quite near to where I live! My favorite adventure was "The Land of Men with Tails" even though I will have extreme difficulty in using it due to it's setting. This leads me onto an extremely old and very hoary chestnut — Generic vs. the PLANESCAPE® setting vs. the BIRTHRIGHT® campaign vs. etc. Everyone else and his dog has thrown in their two pence (cents) worth, so I thought I might as well. "Umbra" (issue #55) was an excellent adventure, and I want to see a continuation of the variety for which *DUNGEON Adventures* has become known (especially RAVENLOFT® modules!). However, (yes, another "However") I did feel that it took up too much space. This is not the first time you have filled the magazine with an overlong unusual-setting adventure ("The Sea of Sorrow" in issue #36), and I did not appreciate it. I understand that occasionally you may receive adventures like these, and you feel that they cannot be trimmed. If so couldn't you publish a special extra-long issue, instead of chopping the other adventures? I won't ask you not to publish very long modules in the future (it could be something I can use!), but please think long and hard before you do. I would also like to reply to the ardent followers of various "alternative" settings who claim the generic DMs can simply adapt the unusual settings to their world. The key word here is "simply." It is not as easy to do as some seem to think, and the majority of *DUNGEON Adventures* buyers are the busy referees who do not have time to write their own adventures, let alone other peoples'.

Speaking of time and effort, these are, I believe, the main reasons for the lack of high-level module submissions. Writing to take account of all the possible story twists created by *limited wish*-slinging, *vorpal sword*-wielding, could-have-any-number-of-powers-under-the-sun types is a nightmare, especially with all the new supplements out. I recently had a great idea for a high-level adventure, thought about it, and shelved the idea (I enjoy my sleep time).

Speaking of (yes, another "Speaking of") supplements, I wish to voice my concern over the new PLAYERS OPTION™ rules, which TSR doubtless wish to sneak into the AD&D® game via the back door of their modules and magazines, by including rules from these books so that new materials are useless to gamers unless they purchase the aforementioned volumes. *Please* do not start this process in *DUNGEON Adventures*, as I do not know how I could cope without you!

Finally, an innocuous statement in issue 57 has raised in me a great deal of concern. "We did in fact ask Bill to write "Grave Circumstances" (issue #56). Pardon? Are we to presume from this that the Editors are taking any old adventure from designers who wish to plug their product? All of a sudden I find myself extremely suspicious of "Umbra" and "Seeking Bloodsilver" (issue #59). Did you just write off: "Dear Chris, knock up a module for XXX new setting" and when it arrived slapped it in the magazine without a second thought? I presume you chose him because he is an established author angling for a job in the game design department at TSR. I find it disturbing to think that new submitters with great ideas are being kept out of the pages of *DUNGEON Adventures* by these modules, or even that you are choosing these modules over others (which may be of higher quality) simply because they are designed for alternative settings that you wish to plug. (Right about now the words "sour grapes" are flashing across you consciousness, correct?)

Please print this letter — it will give you a great opportunity to publicly deny all knowledge of the conspiracy described above!

Alexander Roy
Derbyshire, U.K.

We deny these ridiculous charges. On a side note, I'd like to dedicate this issue to my cousins, John Baichtal, Paul Culotta, Chris Doyle, Kent Ertman, Chris Perkins, Johnathan Richards, and Jennifer Tittle Stack.

No Sell Out!

What up? Props to Johnathan M. Richards SideTrek adventure "Centaur of Attention" (issue #60). Unlike John Baichtal, I thought his adventure was much more than "pedestrian." How can you label an adventure that provides a unique encounter in which the party must free an enslaved centaur as ordinary? It was well written, it contained a very interesting background detailing the centaurs capture, and it was all summarized into a single encounter, allowing a fast-paced adventure that could be placed almost anywhere (which is what a SideTrek adventure is). Don't sell 'em short, homes. Give him the credit he deserves!

Now onto issue #61. Props to both Dan De Fazio and Christina A. Stiles RAVENLOFT adventure "Jigsaw". I was ecstatic when I opened the issue and looked upon the first *Masque of the Red Death* adventure ever published in *DUNGEON Adventures*. The background was fresh, and the text describing the Victorian scenery was fat. Tony DiTerlizzi also did an excellent job in conveying the ambience of the scenery through his artwork.

However, as much as I enjoyed it, I found a few things wrong with their

adventure (sorry fellas, but when it comes to RAVENLOFT, VERSE ain't No Sell Out!). Toward the end of the adventure, the party was presented with three chances to set a trap for Udo, the Jigsaw Man — once at the Von Thresher home, another at the Von Rudiger Chateau, and the third at the honeymoon cottage. In each encounter, the DM was instructed to give the PCs a copy of the maps, yet there was no fine print granting permission to do so.

When Udo attacks the coach in a last ditch effort to dispose of Victoria and Gustav, there is the possibility that it crashes into the icy waters of the lake, knocking Gustav unconscious and breaking Victoria's arm in the process. Unless the windows are broken, they inevitably drown, but in the drawing of the coach on page 26, the door has no window (it must be one of those windows of invisibility). I also found the inclusion of Sigmund Freud in the adventure somewhat humorous, but wasn't he obsessed with the relationships between sons and their mothers (now that would have made a much more interesting role-playing experience than dreams).

Finally, VERSE would like to give props to Lorri E. Hulbert, a newcomer to DUNGEON who I think has made an impressive start with her adventure "Night Swarm." Easily adaptable to the RAVENLOFT setting, her adventure proved to be a horrific tale depicting a unique way to terrorize the party with a commonly used creature — a vampire that transforms itself into a swarm of bloodthirsty mosquitoes (a very nasty villain indeed). I also thought the cartography was fresh, and considered it the best out of all the contributors of issue #60.

Well, that's my two cents worth. No disrespect intended. Although I disagree with John's opinion of "Centaur of Attention," I think he is a good writer, and has what it takes to get published in DUNGEON (his letter in issue #54 addressing "Very Upset" inspired me to continue submitting material to your magazine). I also hope to see more of Dan's, Christina's, and Lorri's adventures in the future. Peace Out.

OG.VERSE

The drawing of the coach is a silhouette, so it has no windows — and yes, Sigmund Freud was obsessed with the relationships between sons and their mothers. Sorry about the missing fine print. The individuals responsible for these errors have been sacked.

Statement of Ownership, Management, and Circulation

Title of Publication: DUNGEON® Adventures

Date of Filing: 14 October 1996

Publication No.: 0890-7102

No. of Issues Published Annually: 6

Annual Subscription Price: $23.00

Complete Mailing Address of Known Office of Publication:
DUNGEON® Adventures 201 Sheridan Springs Road, Lake Geneva, WI 53147

Publisher:
TSR, Inc. 201 Sheridan Springs Road, Lake Geneva, WI 53147

Editor:
Michelle Vuckovich
201 Sheridan Springs Road, Lake Geneva, WI 53147

Managing Editor:
Pierce B. Watters
201 Sheridan Springs Road, Lake Geneva, WI 53147

Owner
TSR, Inc.
201 Sheridan Springs Road, Lake Geneva, WI 53147
Lorraine D. Williams
201 Sheridan Springs Road, Lake Geneva, WI 53147
Willard Martens
201 Sheridan Springs Road, Lake Geneva, WI 53147

Known Bondholders, Mortgagees, and Other Security Holders Owning or Holding 1 Percent of Total Amount of Bonds, Mortgages, or Other Securities: None

Extent and Nature of Circulation	Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceeding 12 Months	Actual No. Copies Single Issue Published Nearest to Filing Date
Total No. Copies (Net Press Run)	32,138	29,310
Paid and/or Requested Circulation Sales Through Dealers and Carriers	20,687	20,333
Mail Subscription	7,819	7,327
Total Paid and/or Requested Circulation	28,506	27,660
Free Distribution by Mail, Carrier, or Other Means	88	89
Free Distribution Outside the Mail	93	96
Total Distribution	181	185
Copies Not Distributed, Office Use, Left Over Unaccounted, Spoiled	2,874	1,082
Return from News Agents	577	383
Total	28,687	29,310

Fantasy Swords, Real Steel

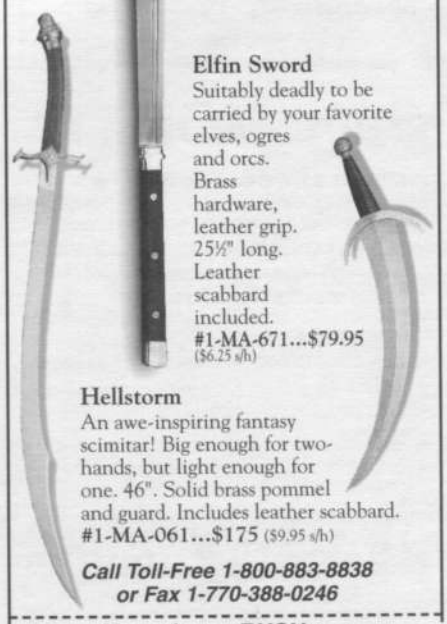
Hand forged of high carbon steel, these swords are as well made as most weapons real warriors carried into battle centuries ago. All guaranteed to render any dragon or evil swordsman helpless, during any age.



Two-Hand Barbarian
Only heroes of the muscular persuasion need apply. Hardwood handle. Brass pommel and crossguard. Weighs a mighty 5½ lbs. 43½" overall. Leather scabbard included.
#1-MA-648...$219 ($10.95 s/h)

Eastern Barbarian
Splendidly balanced weapon based on curved Mongolian swords. Light enough for one-hand use. 37¾". Leather scabbard included.
#1-MA-659...$139 ($8.95 s/h)

Maciejowski Chopper
Actually copied from a weapon shown on plate 21 of the Maciejowski Bible! This unusual sword will definitely split helmets. 32" long, 3 lbs. 4 oz.
#1-MA-025...$120 ($9.95 s/h)



Elfin Sword
Suitably deadly to be carried by your favorite elves, ogres and orcs. Brass hardware, leather grip. 25½" long. Leather scabbard included.
#1-MA-671...$79.95 ($6.25 s/h)

Hellstorm
An awe-inspiring fantasy scimitar! Big enough for two-hands, but light enough for one. 46". Solid brass pommel and guard. Includes leather scabbard.
#1-MA-061...$175 ($9.95 s/h)

Call Toll-Free 1-800-883-8838
or Fax 1-770-388-0246

Yes, please RUSH me:

Qty	Order #	Amount (Price + s/h)

TOTAL: _____

(VISA, Mastercard, Am. Exp., Discover, Check or MO)

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

☐ Send me your FREE catalog of swords, clothes and accessories.

MUSEUM REPLICAS, LIMITED
Box 840 OMA
Conyers, GA 30207