

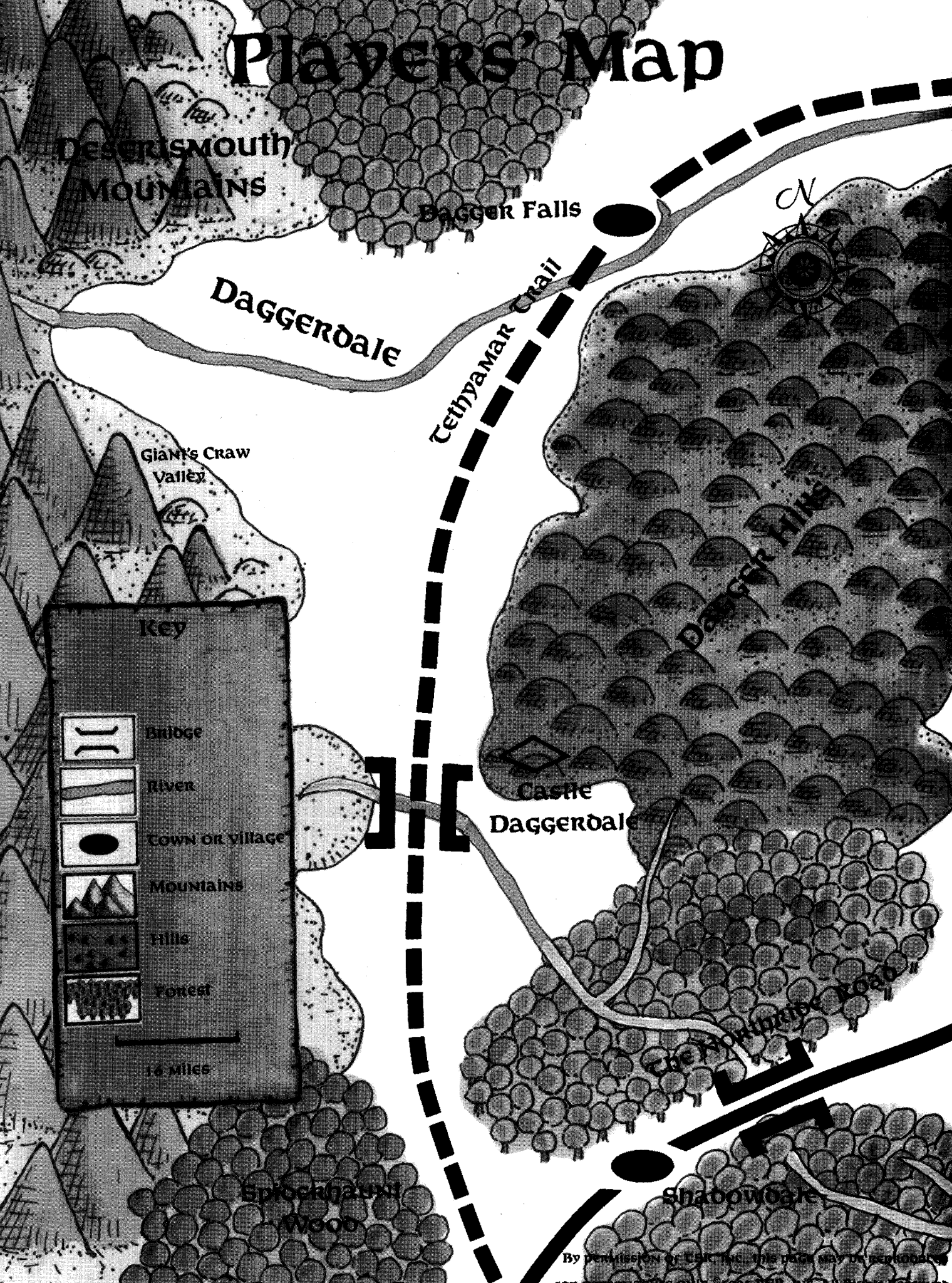


For 4 to 6 Characters of Levels 1 to 4

The Sword of the Dales



Players' Map



Deserismouth
Mountains

Bagger Falls

Daggerdale

Tethyamar Trail

Giant's Claw
Valley

Dagger Hills

Castle
Daggerdale

Shadowdale

Sprockhoun
Wood

Key

- Bridge
- River
- Town or village
- Mountains
- Hills
- Forest

16 miles

Advanced Dungeons & Dragons®



The Sword of The Dales

by Jim Butler

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Welcome To The Dales!



The Sword of the Dales is a FORGOTTEN REALMS® adventure for three to six characters of 1st through 4th level. Although this is a relatively nonlethal adventure, it is by no means easy. It sets characters upon a twofold quest: to recover an ancient sword and to rescue Randal Morn, rebel leader of Daggerdale. Powerful magic and puzzling riddles challenge the PCs to use their wits as well as their strengths to achieve their goals. Teamwork is vital for success.

As with all adventures, the DM should be thoroughly familiar with the module before play begins. Since this is the first part of a trilogy, the DM may wish to weave this scenario into elements of an existing campaign. This allows the characters to gain experience before going through parts two and three of the trilogy, *The Secret of Spiderhaunt* and *The Return of Randal Morn*.

Inside various chambers of Shraevyn's tomb are open-ended mini-quests the DM can expand upon. Whether it be hunting down a long-missing githyanki weapon or roaming the streets in the City of Doors, intrigue and excitement await PCs who are clever, strong, and above all, levelheaded.

Randal's Disaster

Hundreds of years ago the mage-lord Shraevyn, knowing he was dying, created a sword of tremendous power. Upon his death the powerful blade disappeared, and no one knew what became of this sword. Most believed it remained hidden in his secret annex when he died. This hideaway had been lost in history—until now.

Randal Morn, a local rebel leader who battles against the Zhentarim occupation, recently learned that the crypt had been accidentally discovered. He immediately pulled together a search party and rushed to the tomb to recover the weapon. After he successfully retrieved the sword, Zhentarim forces attacked his band outside Shraevyn's compound. A bloody fight ensued, and Randal's party pummeled the Zhents into retreat.

Then events at the tomb turned to terror. Randal and his group were mysteriously attacked, and the rebels—including Randal himself—vanished. Only one of his men escaped alive. Ariton, the lone Dalesman survivor, staggered to Elminster's tower to seek help, and Lhaeo, Elminster's scribe, listened to the man's story. Elminster had apparently gone plane-hopping again, so the scribe decided to round up some recruits and send them to rescue Randal Morn.



What Lhaeo does not know is that another creature now calls the sword her own. Gothyl was a wizardess of tremendous power who sought to achieve lichdom some 150 years past. The process failed, and she was changed into her current form, a powerful arch-shadow.

Gothyl is looking for some hearty adventurers to take her to long-lost ruins, and she's using the sword as a lure to get them. Seeing the success of Randal and his crew against the terrors of the tomb, she emerged from the sword itself, captured Randal, and killed all in his party. Her powers and abilities are detailed in *The Secret of Spiderhaunt*, as she is only an observer in this module.

Good Fortune

Characters should begin in Shadowdale, searching for an opportunity to become legendary adventurers. Some may decide to visit Elminster, while others might scour the city for the hint of a grand adventure. For detailed information regarding Shadowdale, refer to the revised FORGOTTEN REALMS® Campaign Setting boxed set.

The DM should discourage the PCs from trying to see Elminster, since it is unnecessary for this adventure. If any PCs decide to approach Elminster's Tower, they find the door locked tight. A sign reads: "Researching important matters. Please return later. Thank you in advance for your consideration in not knocking." No matter how persistent or loud they are, no one answers the door.

The DM should encourage the PCs to equip themselves while in Shadowdale rather than wasting time exploring the city. Local merchants sell all the tools of the adventuring trade—for a price. Most everything can be purchased for the prices listed in the *Player's Handbook*, but a few unscrupulous merchants inflate the cost of their wares as much as 50 percent.

Characters who decide to take what they want and worry about the consequences later (meaning they steal their supplies) find themselves in serious trouble. The proprietors look after each other and alert the local law of the theft. A squad of 12 Shadowdale

guards (2nd-level fighters) arrives in 1-3 rounds. Even if the PCs manage to silence a merchant before he cries for help, there is a good chance that another merchant summons the guards.

If a battle is prolonged or the guards call for help, two priests from the temple of Chauntea arrive in 1d4 rounds. These priests (P3 and P4) immediately cast a hold person on each of the characters. From there, PCs can expect to be brought before the rulers of Shadowdale, Lord Mourngrym and Lady Shaerl Rowanmantle. The exact punishment is left up to the DM.

Of course, most adventurers are not going to attack the merchants, so their dealings in Shadowdale are fairly routine.

All the PCs should end up at the Old Skull Inn, which is the only lodging in town. It is known for its lively atmosphere, courteous service, and exceptional food and mead. It should be nearing twilight when the PCs enter the inn to get a warm meal and rooms for the night.

Laughing and singing can be heard from within the inn as you approach. Lanterns pour yellow pools of light around the three-story building, illuminating the structure's stone and plank construction. A wooden sign, hanging from a metal rod above the main doors, proudly proclaims this establishment to be The Old Skull Inn.

Inside, the taproom is alive with activity. Most of the tables are filled with customers, and barmaids wind between them, carrying trays of steaming food. In one corner an older woman plucks a lyre and softly croons an ancient ballad. A few patrons sit nearby, trying in vain to hear the concert.

You recognize some of the people here; several merchants sitting near the door raise their mugs in friendly greeting as you enter. You've seen others during your walks through town, and you suspect a few are adventurers like yourselves—no doubt looking for some spark of excitement or hint of mystery to set them on their way.

An empty table in the southeast corner looks large enough to accommodate your entire group. One of the employees waves you over to the table and calls out that he'll be there in a few minutes to take your orders. You and your group settle comfortably in the large wooden chairs and wait.



It takes Turko, the waiter and cook at the Old Skull, about five to ten minutes before he gets to the party. When he finally arrives, he promptly points out tonight's specials. He has only good things to say about everything on the menu and feels that he has to explain each meal's outstanding qualities. Phrases like "Roasted with special herbs until the flavor dances upon the surface" and "Salad so crisp you'd think it was grown in the bowl just for you" are attached to each food's description. If the characters aren't hungry, he'll be quite disheartened. After taking everyone's order, he disappears through a door on the far wall of the room.

Owner Jhaele Silvermane is tending the bar. She moves from table to table, refilling mugs and taking orders. Observant PCs notice that she disappears into the kitchen frequently. A few moments later she emerges, Turko in her wake. Only then does he make his rounds. Apparently, it's a constant battle for Jhaele to keep orders coming out of the kitchen, since Turko seems to be too preoccupied with improving his latest culinary masterpieces to bother with serving customers.

A man stands at the bar, apparently comfortable with the surrounding chaos. This is Durman Hilesta, the Skull's resident carpenter and bouncer. In case of trouble, he'll be the first to approach the offending parties. Other Skull employees include Bardag Shutlu (stablemaster) and Dora Leen and Sasha Baddja (chambermaids). For more information concerning them, refer to the Shadowdale supplement in the FORGOTTEN REALMS boxed set.

Accommodations range from 2 sp per night for a common room to 5 gp per night for one of the nicer suites. The inn has three rooms that are sumptuously appointed, but Jhaele does not rent these out to just anyone. Those who manage either to convince her of their integrity or perform some service for the inn can rent one for 10 gp per night. A PC who performs an outstanding deed, such as saving a life or preventing some wizard from casting a destructive spell, is offered the room free for one week.

After the meal, or just before the characters decide to retire for the evening, the scribe Lhaeo shows up to talk with the party. Lhaeo is renowned in Shadowdale

for his ability to manage Elminster's time. Virtually any person who requests an audience with the famous mage gets the dubious privilege of inching his or her way through the mountains of paperwork provided by the scribe. Lhaeo has also been described as "the man with more excuses about Elminster's absences than a druid's got herbal tea recipes." He speaks with a slight lisp while in public, which gives him a slightly comical air. Most of the time he jovially plays along with this perception of him.

This evening is different, however. Lhaeo is prepared to deal with the PCs on a thoroughly professional level. He's decided to entrust the future of Daggerdale to novice adventurers, and he knows it's a big risk. He takes this task very seriously and does not speak with a lisp if he feels it could interfere with the party's perception of the graveness of his proposal.

A tall, middle-aged human male with wire-framed glasses enters the inn. He is well built and healthy, with shaggy hair and a short goatee. A satchel bulging with scrolls and parchments is flung over his left shoulder. Strapped securely over his right shoulder is a sword sheathed in a tooled leather scabbard.

The man's eyes dart intently around the room, obviously looking for something or someone. Abruptly, his gaze falls upon your table, and a smile crosses his face. Making his way across the room in confident strides, he approaches your group.

When he reaches you, he says "Greetings, adventurers. I bring you news of an urgent matter that requires immediate attention." His voice is deep and clear, and for a moment his words don't register. Then it begins to sink in: This could be an opportunity for a real assignment. Glancing about the room and noting the stares that followed him to your table, he quietly continues, "May I have a seat so we can discuss this further?"

Lhaeo is a polite and intelligent man. If PCs are obnoxious or belligerent, he leaves; they should have another opportunity to speak to him in the morning when their senses have returned. If they are friendly and agree to speak to him, read the following:



The man pushes aside the empty dishes on the table with a sweep of his hand. Removing the satchel from his back, he props it against the table leg. He then pulls out a fistful of papers and spreads them out on the table. In one smooth motion he unstraps the sword from his back and lays it before your group.

You study the stranger intently. His clothing is of good quality and fits his muscular frame well. He smells faintly of ink, which is puzzling. When you catch a glimpse of his hands you notice they are smooth, with no sign of the callouses or injuries that would mark him as a fighter or farmer. The only other clues to the man's work are the dark ink smudges on his fine, tapered fingers.

As soon as the barmaid spies your new companion, she rushes toward the table with a cup brimming with mead. "Compliments of the Old Skull, Lhaeo. We hardly ever see you anymore," the older woman comments.

"It's always a pleasure to sip Skull mead, Jhaele," he says with a contented smile. "But bill me for it. My absence from your fine tavern hardly justifies free drinks." Jhaele smiles warmly before heading off to attend to other customers.

Lhaeo takes a long pull of the mead, then turns to face your group. "As you overheard, I am Lhaeo, scribe to Elminster of Shadowdale. Before I get into the specifics of the mission I referred to, perhaps you can tell me a little about yourselves?"

Unbeknown to the group, Lhaeo has already thoroughly researched the PCs to make sure he's not dealing with Zhentarim spies. But he is careful not to reveal that he already knows as much about them as he needs to. Actually, he is genuinely interested in every member of the party, and he treats all as friends unless they prove to be otherwise.

While engaging in idle chit-chat, the subject of meeting the great mage of Shadowdale will undoubtedly arise. Lhaeo cannot promise that Elminster will have time to meet with them, but he does—if pressed—promise to help them fill out the appropriate paperwork if they successfully complete the mission. He cautions, however, that the archmage is an extremely busy man who has little spare time for idle

conversation. Getting through the paperwork is the easy part!

After the party is relaxed and comfortable with the scribe, and Lhaeo has gotten as much information from the characters as he can, he begins his story.

The inn has all but cleared out now. Jhaele and Turko move quietly about the room, clearing the last few tables. Lhaeo, now on his second glass of mead, tips his head back and takes a deep drink. He then leans in close and begins his tale.

"What I am about to tell you must go no further than this room," he begins. "The Zhentarim will undoubtedly learn of this story soon enough, but there is no reason to give to them what they should uncover themselves. Do I have your word?"

At this point Lhaeo pauses, waiting for each character to give him his or her promise. When everyone has responded, he resumes his story.

"Three weeks ago a group of warriors led by Randal Morn, rightful ruler of Daggerdale, was attacked as they left the crypt of Shraevyn, a long-dead wizard.

"Some among you may have heard of Shraevyn, the weapons-mage, in your studies. He was a good wizard who served the Dales back in the late 900's. By all reports, he was wise and just, and he is credited with creating some of the most unique and powerful magical items of the era.

"According to popular legend, Shraevyn created a powerful long sword, known as the *Sword of the Dales*, just before his death. This weapon was rumored to have a variety of special powers. No one remembers exactly what the sword could do, but in my research I've managed to uncover a few of its reported properties.

"First, the sword can part chains and manacles when its wielder speaks the word *merrydale*. It also enables its wielder to breathe underwater while holding it. Other than those two powers, I have little else to offer you."

Taking another sip of his mead, the scribe continues his tale, interrupted only by the light swish





of a broom and the clinking of clean mugs being stacked at the bar by Turko.

“Randal must have believed that possession of this sword would put him in a better position to free Dagger Falls from the hands of the Zhentarim, for he led the adventuring group into the tomb himself. According to Ariton, a loyal servant and the lone survivor of the expedition, Randal successfully freed the sword from a horde of undead that were within Shraevyn’s tomb.

“The group was ambushed as they left the crypt by a Zhent force of mages who had somehow learned of Randal’s expedition. They nearly defeated the free Dalesmen, but Randal—wielding the *Sword of the Dales*—crushed them and their magical creations with minor injuries to his party.

“What happened next was totally unexpected and ultimately fatal for the group. Although it happened quickly, Ariton was able to provide some useful information.

“Undead—mostly skeletons but a few ghouls and zombies as well—rose from the earth. The Dalesman watched in horror as his doomed friends fell before the onslaught. He also caught a glimpse of an odd emerald light that struck Randal to the ground. Ariton insists that Randal was still breathing but unable to move after this attack.

“Smart enough to realize he could not fight all of the undead alone, Ariton managed to escape undetected and flee to Elminster’s tower for assistance. He gave me a sword—not the *Sword of the Dales*, but an enchanted blade nonetheless—that he recovered from the tomb in return for a meal and some healing potions. He has since returned to Daggerdale to inform the freemen of what transpired.”

Clasping his hands before him, Lhao leans in and sets his gaze upon each of you in turn. “The Realms needs heroes, right here and right now. I ask you to go and rescue Randal Morn.”





A long silence fills the air before Lhaeo speaks again. "I can offer you this magical sword and a few potions if you are willing to accept this dangerous quest. In addition, you will be granted some land in the Shadowdale area when you return Randal Morn to his people alive. Do you have any questions?"

The scribe attempts to answer any questions the PCs have, but he doesn't know everything about the former expedition. A few things he does know:

- Ariton saw the emerald light strike Randal, but did not see who cast the spell. It came from somewhere within the tomb.
- There was no visible source that controlled the undead; whoever (or whatever) was in command was within the tomb or hidden nearby.
- Ariton did not enter the tomb with Randal; he waited outside for his lord to return. He has no idea what is within the tomb, and all his companions who entered the crypt are now dead.
- Ariton has no interest in the *Sword of the Dales*. Should characters desire to keep the weapon, they need to discuss it with Randal Morn once he is freed.

Lhaeo does not reveal his sources of the information presented, other than stating that he has access to a vast storehouse of information. Also, he does not tell the PCs where Ariton is now located.

After all questions are answered, Lhaeo excuses himself for a few minutes to let the group discuss the offer. When he returns, he expects an answer. If the characters refuse, Lhaeo appears very disheartened about their reluctance to accept the mission. He smiles and comments that perhaps they should consider going into the farming business if they consider adventuring too dangerous.

If the party agrees to the mission, Lhaeo smiles, seems to visibly relax, and then offers a few last words of advice.

"I would strongly recommend that you travel the Northride to where it joins the Tethyamar trail," he says. "This path is frequented by traders and other businessmen, and the patrols keep this route relatively free of monsters and other undesirables. That doesn't mean you are immune to danger, however. As the old saying goes, 'a wary traveler sees the light of a new day.'"

Sliding the sword out of its sheath and holding it up with his left hand, the scribe picks up a table knife with his right hand and points to some of the runes near the hilt. "This blade is only lightly enchanted, but it should prove beneficial in combat. You must decide amongst yourselves who will wield it." He returns it to the table and continues.

"Hopefully, both the Sword of the Dales and Randal Morn are still within the tomb. It is imperative that you get to Randal before the Zhents regroup and go after him in force."

The scribe rummages in his satchel for a moment, then carefully pulls three vials from the bag and sets them on the table. "These are potions of extra-healing. They should aid you in times of great need. Each vial contains three doses; one dose can restore a common person near death to full strength."

Lhaeo's hand disappears once again into his bag and pulls out a bone scroll case. He places the case alongside the vials. "This contains a map of the area, as well as the location of Shraevyn's tomb. By Ariton's reports, a landslide uncovered the crypt in a valley known as the Giant's Claw. You should have little problem finding it.

"I'm always looking for books and other references, and I'm afraid our library is lacking in materials about Shraevyn. I'd gladly pay you a fair price for any books, scrolls, or notes that you find.

"If you do not have horses, I will provide adequate mounts. I will also see to it that you are fully provisioned with all necessities for your journey. Speed is of the essence in this matter—the longer we wait, the greater the risk of further Zhent involvement. You may each pick up a land grant at Elminster's tower after you successfully rescue Randal Morn."

Within the scroll case is the Player's reference map.



On the Road to the Tomb

“Why do I follow the trade roads filled with bandits? I could probably avoid the brigands by traveling off the beaten path, it’s true. But I am then faced with running into evil creatures who prefer the taste of my flesh to the flash of my gold. It’s easier to replace the latter than the former.”

—Shirondis Pakar, spice merchant of Waterdeep



Characters who decide not to follow Lhaeo’s advice avoid many of the encounters planned for that route. The replacement encounters for overland travel, however, are much more dangerous. The more cunning monsters know to steer clear of the roads, thus avoiding the patrols they would face if they attacked caravans and other travelers there.

Setting out north from Shadowdale through the forest guarantees that the party runs across a multitude of snags. In addition, movement through the forests and hills surrounding Shadowdale is much slower than a journey over maintained roadways. For movement rates, refer to the Movement section of the *DUNGEON MASTER® Guide*.

For a list of overland encounters, refer to the **Encounters Appendix** at the end of this module. This appendix lists possible encounters for groups that follow the established routes as well as parties that choose an overland path. Random encounters should occur regardless of which travel method the characters choose.

PCs who follow Lhaeo’s advice and begin their journey on the Northride run into the following on their journey toward Shraevyn’s tomb. The locations of these encounters are marked on the DM’s regional map (see the inside cover).

A. Merchant Caravan

As the PCs set out, they pass numerous travelers on the Northride. Most are citizens of Shadowdale who are going about their business. For the most part, the characters are ignored by these people. Not too long after the PCs begin their journey, they encounter the caravan.

A long procession of carts, wagons, and horses approaches from the southeast. As the distance between your two groups shortens, you see a band of riders gallop forward on horseback.



The six men approach cautiously, glancing nervously toward the woods on either side of them. They are dressed in some sort of livery, but you can't make out the devices on their tabards. One rider, apparently the leader, breaks away from the group and rides forward.

You see that he is a human clad in plate mail, and a sheathed long sword hangs from his belt. His shield arm is wrapped with strips of bloodied rags. A makeshift sling made of leather straps supports the injury.

"Hail, and well met," he begins, managing a weak smile. "I am Commander Scott Harikon. We guide the House-Merchants of Arabel northward to Shadowdale and beyond. We seek safe passage past your noble band, and would sell you any equipment you might need. What say you?"

It should be obvious to the party that this bedraggled caravan poses no threat to anyone. The commander is a bit wary of the PCs, however, and watches the characters closely for any signs that they are thieves or brigands.

After making sure that the party is not out to steal from them or is not part of a larger Zhent force, the commander calls the merchants forward to either conduct trade or continue on their way toward Shadowdale. His group of guards waits with the PCs until the last wagon has passed.

Scott is friendly but distant. He appears to be an older man, with gray in his red beard, but he has aged prematurely. He has seen much death in his life and understands that danger is frequently cloaked in the guise of friendship. He tells the party (only if they ask) that the caravan was ambushed yesterday by a roving band of kobolds. His wounds are from a burning arrow that hit him during the encounter.

Unfortunately, the two acolytes with the caravan have been unable to heal the men as fast as Scott would like. If he is offered healing, he insists that his men be tended to first.

Should characters decide to buy items from the merchants, they pay 15-20% more than they would in town. This caravan has most of the equipment

listed in the *Player's Handbook* except for polearms, holy items, trained animals, armor better than chain mail, and anything that would normally cost more than 200 gp. If the party accepted provisions from Lhaeo before they left, they most likely have no need of the merchandise the caravan offers.

Commander Scott Harikon: 4th-level human fighter; AL LG; AC 3; hp 25 (38); THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type +1; S 17, D 14, C 16, I 12, W 10, Ch 13; XP 175.

Merchant Guards (15): 0-level human fighters; AL NG; AC 5; MV 12; hp 7x4, 6x4, 5x4, 3x3; THAC0 20; Dmg by weapon type; XP 15 each; chain mail, short sword, light crossbow.

Merchants and families (40): Non-combatants unless families are threatened, in which case all adults (24) are treated as 0-level human fighters; XP 7.

B. Shrine To Torm

Farther up the road you see a small stone structure at the junction of the Tethyamar Trail and the Northride.

When you reach the granite building, you see that it appears well maintained. Its thatched roof looks new, and a faint odor of fresh hay confirms this. A large opening faces southeast.

Twenty feet from the eastern wall of the hut grows a tall, young oak, its branches shading the building completely. Colorful flowers are planted all around, and their scents clash to create an almost sickly sweet odor that wafts through the air. The effect, however, is oddly soothing.

Ten years ago, the faithful of Torm decided to build this shrine to provide security for the constant influx of travelers to Shadowdale. Imbuing the shrine with powerful magic to protect it, they went on their way.

A small circle of druids who worship Chauntea came upon the rather bare shrine after it was com-



pleted and decided that it needed some color. Calling upon their own faith and skills, they planted the oak tree (speeding up the growth process with *plant growth* and similar spells) as well as the variety of flowers that adorn the shrine.

A character with an unusually active interest in the affairs of nature can see that there are actually shrines to four separate gods here. Priests who make a successful Wisdom or religion proficiency check can further deduce the following aspects of these shrines.

The stone structure itself represents Torm; his metal-gauntlet symbol is carved in the stone above the doorway. The building is always at a comfortable temperature, regardless of the outside conditions. Creatures that attempt to deface the shrine are permanently struck blind until they personally repair the damage they caused.

The flower beds that surround the hut are sacred to the goddess Chauntea. At least once per week a druid arrives to tend the beds. Anyone who attempts to destroy or dig up the flowers becomes *entangled* by the surrounding foliage for 1d4 turns. Picking a flower or two is permissible, but the wanton destruction of the shrine is not.

The oak tree serves as the shrine of Silvanus, whose symbol appears in the veins of each leaf. Creatures that try to chop down or otherwise damage the tree are shocked as they watch the oak transform itself into a vengeance-seeking treant. The goddess Mielikki is represented by the treant.

These shrines represent the partnership of the nature powers. Some priests would look at them as indications of the rough justice that exists in nature. Such is the stuff of theological debate.

The shrine also serves as a haven. Characters who rest inside are safe from the standard wandering monsters, for such beasts do not attack anyone within the structure. Highly intelligent monsters or other humanoids, however, can attack characters inside the shrine.

Treant: Int very; AL CG; AC 0; MV 12; HD 7; hp 50; #AT 2; Dmg 2d8/2d8; SA animate other trees; SD never surprised; ML 16; SZ H; XP 2,000.

C. Kobold Ambush

If the characters did not stop at the shrine, evening is approaching when they come across the ambush.

And we thought this route would be faster, you wearily determine as yet another prickly bush pulls at your clothes. Rocks, underbrush, and fallen trees hide the trail from time to time, and in some places the path vanishes completely. All in all, though, you predict that your group will probably make the Giant's Crawl in about 12 hours.

To the west, the vast Spiderhaunt Wood stretches as far as the eye can see. The small remnant of Cormanthor that surrounds Shadowdale is visible to the east, growing closer as the trail continues northward.

A group of kobolds is watching the party from the point at which the Tethyamar comes closest to the Spiderhaunt Wood.

Rangers or other PCs skilled in the art of tracking or ambush and who make half of their proficiency check realize the party is being watched. Unfortunately, the PC cannot determine who (or what) is watching them.

The kobolds' tactics are blatantly simple. If it is still daylight, the monsters attack about a mile or two farther up the trail, where the hills and rocks provide hiding places. If it is dusk or full dark, the kobolds either attack as above (if it appears the party plans to travel through the night), or wait until the group makes camp and settles down for the night.

If the party is not camping, read the following:

The trail twists and curves its way between the base of two hills. The path is well-defined here, but becomes a blur farther ahead between the rocks and tall grasses that shape these plains.

Suddenly, a group of three-foot-tall creatures with glowing red eyes appear at the top of both hills. Armed with javelins, you see them tense, preparing to throw their weapons down upon you.



If the party camps, the kobolds attack during second watch. Read the following:

Moonlight plays across the landscape, and the clouds overhead create patches of moving darkness all around. The terrain is littered with trees and rocks, giving the appearance of a ghost town.

You feel more than hear a movement behind you. Spinning around, you see six three-foot-tall creatures with rusty brown skin and ratlike tails facing the camp. Their clawed hands clutch javelins, and their bodies move in preparation to hurl their weapons toward you. More glittering red eyes stare out from all around the camp.

Suddenly the air is filled with doglike yowls as they surge forward.

The kobolds have no stomach for a sustained conflict, regardless of how the players encounter them. After four rounds (or after losing more than five of their fellows), the kobolds must make a morale check.

Anyone in the party who tries to flee the attack runs into another nasty surprise. The kobolds have dug a 20-foot-wide pit at the end of the trail. The walls of the pit are lined with 1d20 sharpened wooden spikes.

Characters on foot who make a successful Dexterity check are able to jump to one side of the pit. Riders must make a successful riding proficiency check to guide their mounts around the pit. If they fail, both they and their horses fall into the hole. Riders without the riding proficiency immediately fall into the pit.

Failing the check means suffering 1d6 points of falling damage and striking 1d4 spikes on the way down. Mounts suffer 6 points of damage and fall on 1d6 spikes. Each spike inflicts 1d6 points of damage.

A mount that falls into the trap has a 25% base chance of becoming lame. This increases 2% for every point of damage sustained by the fall and the spikes. Getting a horse or other mount out of the pit—lame or not—is an adventure in itself.

Retreating kobolds immediately return to the offensive if more than one PC falls into the pit.

If the PCs track the monsters, it takes 1d6 hours (twice that if no PC has tracking proficiency) to find the kobold camp. They discover the camp is virtually undefended; only 3d4 kobolds remain, and most are women and children. Hidden under a rock on the outskirts of camp are 16 cp, 22 sp and 2 gems worth 50 gp each.

Kobolds (20): Int average; AL LE; AC 7; MV 6; HD 1-4; hp 4x3, 3x7, 2x7, 1x3; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; SZ S; ML 9; XP 7; armed with javelins and short swords.

D. AT Death's Door

DM Note: If psionics are not in play in the campaign, this encounter can be skipped or changed to a random encounter.

The narrow trail opens up slightly here, revealing a small campsite. A large rock lies on the opposite end of the camp, flanked by a huge tree stump.

You see a crude lean-to built against one tree, and a fire ring lies directly in front of the structure. The coals are cold, the fire is dead, and the camp is still. Inside the lean-to a figure rests inside a bedroll, unmoving as you approach.

The body in the sleeping bag was a half-elf psionist traveling from Dagger Falls to Tilverton. After riding all day, he decided to camp for the night.

Unfortunately, a group of thought-eaters detected the *mind blank* he had in effect. They descended upon him and consumed all of his intelligence after draining his PSPs. Their attack left him a vegetable, and he died of dehydration late yesterday.

Lying next to him are his possessions: a scimitar (sheathed), a dagger, a diary (no name, just a mundane transcription of his trip from Dagger Falls), a quill pen and inkwell (worth 2 gp), and a jug of dwarven spirits (three-quarters full).



His horse's intelligence was consumed as well, and the creature died from the shock. Its body is lying behind the tree stump. It wears normal tack and harness, and the saddle bags contain 14 days' worth of iron rations, two wineskins of decent ale, and a small bag containing 35 gp.

The thought-eaters return when the PCs approach. If no one is using psionic abilities, they pass by. Otherwise, they immediately attack.

These creatures go after a psionist's PSPs first, ignoring everything else. They then absorb memorized spells before finally feeding on a character's Intelligence.

The feeding frenzy continues until the thought-eaters are sated (when their PSPs have reached their maximum). If they are blocked, such as by the psionist putting up *tower of iron will* or other PSP-costing defense, they begin to attack spellcasters.

PCs can easily outrun the thought-eaters on the plains; the creatures don't pursue once the characters are more than 200 feet away.

Thought-Eaters (2): Int non; AL N; AC 9; MV 6 (Ethereal Plane only); HD 3; hp 19, 15; THAC0 nil; #AT 0; Dmg nil; SA psionics, absorb psionic energy (10/round), spells, intelligence (1 point= 10 PSPs); SD ethereal creatures; SZ S; ML 5; XP 1400; PSPs 87 (151), 92 (137).

E. Serpentsbridge

A low roar of water becomes louder as you near a stone bridge. You correctly deduce that this is the mighty Ashaba river, churning about 50 feet below the bridge and making its way south. The rush of water below the bridge is dizzying.

A weather-worn sign proclaims this to be Serpentsbridge. You wonder at the odd name, because the bridge appears completely normal. As you approach however, you begin to notice that the stone is not as smooth as that of other bridges. Ridges, almost like the writhing bodies of thousands of snakes, line both sides of the span. Is it your imagination, or do they seem to move?

Any fears the characters have are completely unfounded, for the bridge is of the common sort. The water below rushes by too quickly to be hiding any danger other than itself, and it is much too deep to cross here without the bridge.

Characters who decide to go around Serpentsbridge waste two days trying to find a safe place to cross. The nearest crossings are in the Desertsouth Mountains and into the forest north of Shadowdale.

F. Regal Roost

Before approaching the trees, a ranger who makes a successful tracking proficiency notices that there are no signs of animal tracks in this area. This animal-free zone extends one mile in every direction and applies to normal (nonmagical) creatures only. The animals have been driven off by the stirges here, and few return.

A small stand of tall trees nestles in the middle of these plains. In the distance to the west, the mighty Desertsouth Mountains cast a blue shadow over most of the area.

You notice that a number of birds are flying above and around the trees ahead. As you watch, a small flock breaks away and soars toward your party. As the distance between you diminishes, you begin to realize that these are not ordinary birds. One of your companions gasps just as you begin to make out the creatures' batlike wings and rusty red colorings. Long beaks and clawed legs jut from their slim bodies.

It is possible for the party to fire one round of missile attacks before the stirges get within hand-to-hand combat range. The stirges make a morale check if half of their number are slain by the missiles.

The copse is actually the stirges' lair. Should PCs decide to go into the lair, they find 1d12 stirges that remained behind from the initial attack. If the party members defeat these creatures and conduct a thorough search of the area, they discover 427 ep, one sculpture of a green dragon (worth 250 gp; inscription



of *Emerash the Bold* is on the base), a *potion of vitality*, a *potion of extra-healing*, a *ring of fire resistance*, and *bracers of defense AC 7*.

Stirges (3d10): Int animal; AL nil; AC 8; MV 3, Fl 18 (C); HD 1+1; hp 6 each; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1-3; SA blood drain for 1d4 points of damage after successful hit; SZ S; ML 8; XP 175.

G. Giant's Craw

Squatting at the edge of a pastoral valley, you see a huge block of ebony basalt, obviously out of place in this quiet setting. The surface of the stone glows and shimmers with a wispy violet radiance that flows over its dark shell. As you get closer, you see that there have been a few attempts to break pieces off the rock, as black chunks litter the ground nearby. Those pieces do not glow; they seem almost dead next to the living vibrance of the mother stone.

If a trail once led down into this valley, it has long since vanished. Scrub pines and large deposits of loose, black shale are all that you can see. Still, you determine that traversing the valley should prove to be little trouble. The slope is gentle, the stopping places are many, and the bottom of the valley is only about a hundred feet below you. With a sigh, you prepare for the trip down.

The uninhabited valley owes its name to a group of hill giants who once used it as a base from which to attack and harass caravans. This area has seen Randal Morn before as well; he successfully drove out the giants more than ten years ago. The valley has been relatively quiet since then.

The basalt rock was where the giants watched for approaching patrols. Characters who look closely at the back of the block (the valley side rather than the approach side) can see a vague human shape in the stone. It could be construed (in a giant's mind) to look like a big belly. "Giant's Craw!" the giants once exclaimed, and Giant's Craw it became.

The rock itself detects as magical, and it appears to be the recipient of a permanent *faerie fire* spell. All attempts to dispel it fail, however. For some reason, any piece of stone that is broken off loses its glowing properties, although the shard still detects as magical. Anyone who touches the stone feels only the smooth surface of the rock.

The journey to the valley floor is uneventful. After looking around, PCs see the site of the landslide, located at the opposite end of the valley. This opened the entrance to the tomb.

It's no wonder that no one found the tomb before now, you think to yourself. It would never have been discovered had it not been for a landslide that revealed the main entrance. From the looks of the deep mounds of fresh shale and broken (but still living) trees that litter the escarpment, you determine that the disaster was fairly recent.

As you squint against the sun, you finally spy a hole—obviously the tomb entrance—at the top of the pile. Just as you prepare to climb, a band of riders breaks through a large stand of trees a few hundred feet away.

The leader, a human dressed in Zhentil Keep colors, abruptly reins in his horse as the other five riders behind him nearly run over each other in their haste to stop. It's obvious that they didn't expect you to be here, and for a moment everyone is surprised. The riders hold still and stare at your group in bemusement.

Two unarmored men in robes, riding in the back of what you assume to be a Zhent patrol, eye you suspiciously. Then one of them appears to goad the leader on with some muttered commands. That rouses the patrol, and you hear the other robed figure cry, "Don't just look at them, kill them!" as he smacks his staff across the lead horse's rump.

As the first four armored riders charge you, the robed men disappear from atop their horses.



The wizards have explicit instructions: Any adventurers, patrols, or other resistance encountered at the tomb is to be reported immediately. To that end, they teleport back to wherever they came from, to alert their superiors of the PCs.

The four remaining Zhentilar don't realize they've been abandoned until they are in the middle of the upcoming battle. However, they continue to fight, and under no circumstances do they surrender—regardless of the odds. Each soldier is well aware that death at the hands of the PCs, is a far better fate than that to which their Zhentarim masters would subject them.

Each soldier was given a gift that would aid him in his battle against anyone who dared approach the tomb. One of the fighters wears *chain mail* +1 (lowering his Armor Class to 3); another wields a *long sword* +1. A *ring of protection* +1 is on the finger of the third Zhentilar, and the fourth carries a *dagger of venom*

filled with a derivative of the drow sleep poison (successfully save vs. poison or fall asleep for 1d4 rounds). It contains four doses of the poison.

Each soldier carries a sack containing three days of iron rations and 50 gp.

After defeating the Zhent patrol, the characters have a clear path to the tomb. If they choose to rest here before tackling the tomb, they should be allowed to recuperate with no threat of further attack.

Zhent Veteran Soldiers (4): 2nd-level human fighters; AL LE; AC 4x3, 3; MV 12; hp 16, 14, 13x2; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; XP 65; chain mail, long sword, light crossbow, 2 daggers.



Shraevyn's Tomb



estled into the hard rock of the valley, the tomb of the weapons-mage has weathered the centuries admirably. Part of the reason for the structure's surprisingly good condition is the fact that an earthquake loosened a large shale deposit and covered the tomb a few seasons after the wizard's interment. A dwarf or other character with similar stoneworking skills can easily verify that the structure is still sound.

Broken bits of shale, tree limbs, and dirt are the only things blocking characters from the tomb. From where they are, the PCs can vaguely discern two hulking shapes and a set of stairs.

Walking up the shale should prove no problem, but horses are very skittish on the loose rock. A successful riding or animal handling proficiency check is required to get a horse to the entrance. A small grove of trees, partially buried by the surrounding shale, stands near the entrance. Characters can use it to tether their horses.

1. Entrance

The granite steps are chipped and broken in spots, no doubt the result of the avalanches that buried and, more recently, uncovered the entrance to the crypt.

Two 20-foot-tall stone statues flank both sides of a large rectangular landing at the top of the stairs. The statue on the left appears to have taken an assault from the valley, as one arm has broken off and now lies half-buried in the shale. The stone is carved to resemble an elf female in flowing robes, wearing a crown and holding a staff in her right hand. You see that her left hand must have once been raised before her.

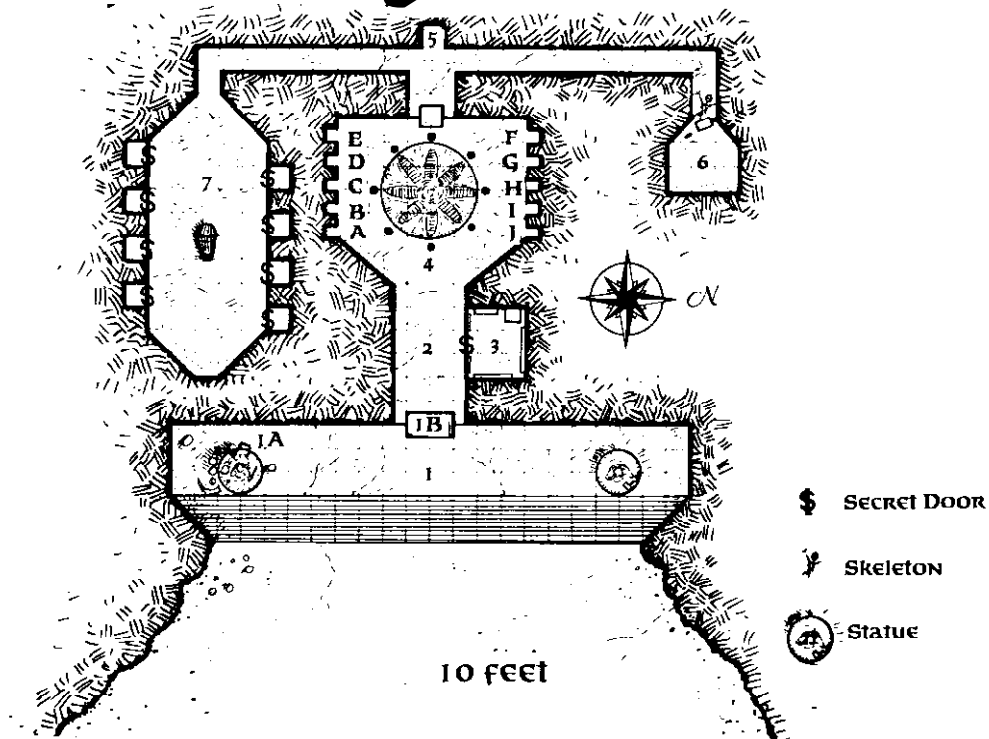
To the right, a warrior in plate armor stands silent vigil. His right arm is raised, and his hand grips a lucern hammer. A great helm covers his features, and the dull color of the rock makes him appear passionless. This statue, apparently better shielded from the avalanche, is unscathed.

Between the statues, imbedded into the mountain itself, you see a huge metal door. Sunlight reflects off it in bursts and beams, forcing you to shade your eyes as you look at it.





Shraevyn's Tomb



The statues represent the two things that meant much to Shraevyn. The elf female is a wizardess he met on one of his trips to the Astral plane, and she represents the Arts. Shraevyn never learned her name or anything about her, but she showed him things it would have otherwise taken him years to discover. He erected the statue in respect for her knowledge and in honor of her beauty.

The warrior statue represents the many brave and noble fighters he met over the years. Symbolizing no one in particular, he intended for the statue to pay homage to the best of all the brave knights for whom he created fine weapons.

1A. A Secret Entrance?

Anyone who bothers to look at the back of the statue quickly discovers the outline of a small door etched in the base. It is obvious that the door

was meant to be seen. A character who feels along the outline discovers the latch, which is a small bump near the bottom right corner.

The door is rigged with a *fire trap*. The spell activates the moment anyone tries to open the door.

The small latch on the door opens surprisingly easy. As soon as the door begins moving, you hear an audible click. Before anyone has time to react to this, there is a powerful explosion. Gouts of flame erupt in a ball-shaped mass.

Shraevyn hated thieves; he believed that all their sneaking around was neither noble nor Art-worthy. Fortunately for the characters, however, he had an apprentice cast the *fire trap* spell on the door. The spell is not full strength as a result, and damage is 1d4+7 with a save applicable for half.

The door opens to a blank wall with an inlaid brass plaque that reads:

"Hope you enjoyed the show!"



1B. Walk Like a Man

The metal of the main doors gives off virtually no luminance at all. Although you think it must be magical, it radiates neither heat nor cold to the touch. There doesn't appear to be any particular color associated with it. Etched into its surface are many strange runes and letters.

As characters near the door, read the following:

The silence is broken with what sounds like the soft mutterings of an old man. As you watch, the runes and letters on the door ignite in a crackling of electric-blue energy. The azure fingers crawl over its metal surface and create a soft sapphire haze.

"What, more visitors?" questions the old man's voice, which crackles above the glowing runes. "I had hoped to see the last of trespassers for a time, considering what happened to the last group that was foolish enough to enter." At that, a low chuckle rumbles slowly from the metal doors.

"Hrumph!" the voice continues. "I suppose you'll be wanting to gallivant all over the tomb as well, won't you? Well, sit down before the door and answer my question. Then I'll let you in."

As the word *in* echoes to nothing, a ragged melody reverberates from the the door itself.

*Friends to the end! they once exclaimed,
Boasting of evil they once tamed.
Now they gaze in hate, friend now foe,
But hearts defy what minds now know.
Magic against steel,
Fate of a cruel deal,
A mirrored haze of friendships concealed.*

*Warrior's heart and wizard's soul,
Both fighting for the same goal.
Magic against steel,
Fate of a cruel deal,
A mirrored view of the end of the road.*

*The sheath called for its sword,
Wizardly energy withdrew to where it was stored.
Together they gazed at the mighty door,
And their fury for one another
burned no more.
Now honor-bound and steadfast,
An oath sworn to last.
The bond of friendship reborn.*

"There is more to this story than simple friendship," the old man's voice continues. "What did both realize that caused them to cease attacking each other?"

The answer to the riddle is *party unity* (or words to that effect).

Shraevyn met many adventuring parties in his time, and one thing he discovered above all others: Only a group that stays together can hope to survive. To this end, he set wards in place to force would-be plunderers to either answer his riddle or work together to get in.

Only through a combined effort can characters both enter the tomb and leave it alive. Novice groups should heed the wisdom of Shraevyn's riddle. Veteran players should already know and respect this.

If players cannot guess the answer in three tries, the old man chuckles and says, "I am disappointed. Ah, well—you will figure it out eventually." After that he speaks no more.

PCs can get in without answering the riddle if they combine their specialities to open the door. The DM should customize the door so that each member of the party is needed to overcome the door's secrets.

For example, a thief finds a locking mechanism and then discovers only the fighter is strong enough to lift the device out. Once the lock has been removed, a holy symbol can be seen within. The priest moves up to examine, etc. . . .

Since the point of this exercise is to make the PCs realize they must work in concert during this adventure, this scenario should not be too easy for them. If they guess the answer to the riddle too quickly, the DM should make the party work together to unlock the door.



2. Warrior Hall

As your eyes become accustomed to the dim light of the chamber, you see a 60-foot-long corridor with a 10-foot-high arched ceiling that leads into darkness beyond the open door. The hallway is oddly illuminated, and as you walk through the door you realize that the light is coming from reddish, glowing balls that seem to be suspended in mid-air above your heads.

Your eyes have barely adjusted to the low light in the room when you notice that the walls are lined with mosaic tiles that create two distinct scenes, one on either wall.

The mural on the north wall depicts a human army engaging shadowy foes while a king sits on his horse. The sky is a murky gray-blue, pierced only by the emerald light of the king's sword. The dead that litter the battlefield are ashen, and even the plants on the field of battle seem colorless.

The mural on the southern wall depicts the same battle, but you sense that it is different from the other before you can tell exactly what that difference is. Then you see it: The skies in this mural are much lighter. The iridescent radiance of the sword is even brighter here, the illusion no doubt enhanced by the light color of the sky. The king seems full of energy and vigor.

Unlike the rock-strewn landing outside, the interior of the tomb appears well preserved. The only dust you see comes from your own boots, and the polished stone floor appears to lead into a larger chamber just beyond the reach of the light.

A character with ancient history proficiency, *legend lore*, or similar ability has a chance to notice something of interest in the murals. Although neither mosaic represents a particular battle or king, the weapons look remarkably similar. To the south, a careful inspection of the tiles around the king's sword reveal the runes *giventhar* etched into its surface.

Most PCs have never heard of *Giventhar* or the legend behind it. If the DM needs an additional adventure or quest to fill the party's time, this scenario can

be used to give the PCs an added incentive to explore the tomb. If so, then the DM can have one party member be familiar with the legend and recognize the runes in the mural. The legend is as follows:

Giventhar, it is said, is a weapon that was crafted on the Astral Plane. It once belonged to a powerful githyanki lord who wielded it with great skill.

A wandering adventurer looking for blood slew the githyanki lord in battle, took the sword, and returned to the Prime Material Plane. He was immediately pursued by the lord's comrades, bent on revenge and vowing to recover the weapon. The human defeated the group, but he received a severe wound that eventually killed him.

It is said that Shraevyn found the weapon and took it before the gith discovered its whereabouts. He hid it well, shielding it from the eyes of the gith forever.

Some believe Shraevyn hid the bastard sword in a tomb or temple, but others insist this could not be. In any case, no records have been found that indicate the location of the powerful sword.

If the DM wishes to allow PCs to hunt for the weapon, clues could be scattered throughout the tomb that would reveal the sword's location. Once it is spirited away from the tomb, however, there is a good chance that githyanki war parties might learn of its existence and come to reclaim it.

Only a careful search of the north wall reveals the secret door. The opening latch is located on the horse's bit, cleverly concealed among the mosaic tiles.

3. A Wizard's Treasure

The secret door is trapped with a *sleep gas*. Anyone opening the door releases the gas. All party members within 10 feet of the door must successfully save vs. poison or fall asleep for 2d4 turns. There is no



damage suffered by anyone who fails the save. The trap can be detected and removed normally.

Stale air fills your nostrils as you pass through the secret door. Light spilling in from your torches reveals a chamber filled with books and scroll tubes. A large desk is pushed securely against the northwest wall.

Without warning, clicking noises erupt from behind the bookcases. Before you have a chance to react, you see what looks like dozens of small skeletal spiders rush toward you. Their eyes glow a fiery crimson.

The skeletons attack until they are turned or destroyed. Characters affected by the *sleep gas* are safe in the hall unless other creatures wander into the tomb through the main entrance.

Spider Skeletons (12): Int non; AL N; AC 8; MV 6; HD 1-1; hp 7x3, 6x3, 5x3, 4x3; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4; SD immune to *sleep, charm, hold, cold*, and mind-affecting attacks, edged and piercing weapons inflict only half damage; SZ S; ML n/a; XP 65.

The bookcases along the northeastern wall contain a variety of works that are common throughout the Realms. Of greater value are two works by Shraevyn.

They are hidden among the ordinary works on the shelves. One is leather-bound with gold lettering, entitled *The Art of Weaponcrafting*. This tome details the magic-holding powers of various metals and the steps used in removing metal impurities before forging. Also included within its pages is a lengthy prayer to Tymora, asking for luck. It is worth 200 gp.

Adventurers notice the heaviness of the second book when they try to take it from the shelf: Its cover is made of platinum. Etched on the front is the title *Metal Spellweaving*. This book discusses the most efficient order in which to cast spells into a weapon. There are innumerable columns of percentages, charts, diagrams, and other boring information

found throughout its pages. The book would sell for 450 gp.

All other books in the room crumble and turn to dust as soon as they are handled.

The still-intact desk is made of oak and carved in an intricate vinework design. All of the drawers are empty save the one on the lower left-hand corner; it is secured with a very rusty lock that can be easily broken. Inside is a bone scroll tube that contains a scroll of three priest spells: *animal friendship*, *magical stone*, and *heat metal*.

4. True Calling

As the characters approach this room, globes of red light above their heads activate, bathing the chamber in a scarlet glow.

More of the crimson globes sway lazily from the domed ceiling of this chamber. Cracks run across the surface of the plaster, making a beautiful pattern in the stone. Nevertheless, it appears secure.

The first thing you notice in this chamber is a huge silver circle, 30 feet in diameter, that has been inlaid into the stone floor. A large sun symbol is set into its center. Eight round, shallow depressions encircle the outer edge of the symbol, and each depression nearly touches a ray from the sun.

Ten small alcoves are set into the walls, five each on the north and south sides of the chamber. A glint in the darkness of each alcove catches your eye. When you move closer to inspect the alcoves, you find a golden three-foot-tall pot in each one.

A message appears to have been melted into the silver door to the west. In common, it reads: "Some decisions are more lasting than others."

Beneath the writing on the door you see a strange symbol.

In order for the door to open, characters must place the correct containers in their appropriate places upon the diagram. Shraevyn wanted not only those



who cooperated to be able to break into his tomb, but also those who possessed a degree of intelligence and cleverness as well.

Each golden pot represents a school of specialization that a wizard could choose in life. Although elementalism and wild magic are included here, Shraevyn didn't consider them true choices; he merely added them to create confusion. For the door to function, the PCs must place each pot directly across the sun from its opposition school of magic. The schools and their opposites are as follows:

Illusion – Necromancy

Alteration – Abjuration

Greater Divination – Conjunction/Summoning

Invocation/Evocation – Enchantment/Charm

The odd symbol on the door represents the four elements: Air, Earth, Fire, and Water. All PCs have a 1-in-10 chance of recognizing the symbol or deducing its meaning. This is the party's only hint as to how the pots should be aligned.

Unless characters possess powerful magic, there is no way for them to open the doors other than by correctly placing the pots in the circle. It doesn't matter which container goes in which depression, but the opposition school must be accurately portrayed.

The pots are magically tied to the tomb and vanish from backpacks and other containers if characters attempt to remove them. If this happens, each pot reappears in its original alcove in 1d4 turns. The pots should be treated as ceramic items with 4 hit points each. Should a jar be destroyed, it reforms and reappears in its alcove in 1d4 hours.

All pots look identical until PCs walk up to them, and the lids do not appear removable unless otherwise noted. When characters approach the containers, read the appropriate descriptions.

A. Illusion

The golden vessel in this alcove seems to glow brighter as you approach. Just as you reach inside to pick it up, it disappears.

The jar is still there, as any character who feels around the alcove can discover. If left alone for 1d4 rounds, it reappears.

B. Wild

The lid to this jar is propped slightly to one side. Nothing happens unless a character removes the lid, in which case read the following:

A burst of golden energy leaps from this pot, flies around the room, and strikes each of the pots in turn. It is then sucked back to its container, and with a resounding "thud" the magic returns to its original jar.

One of the following effects immediately occurs.

- A lovely bouquet of flowers suddenly sprouts from a random character's shoes. They immediately bloom and grow to full height, reducing movement by half and forcing all Dexterity checks to be made at -4 for 1d4 hours. A successful *dispel magic* against 12th level of ability removes the flowers. Picking the flowers also works, but the plants grow back in 1d4 rounds if the spell isn't removed.
- A dark cloud forms over the character who opened the jar, and a light rain begins to fall on the PC's head. This lasts for 5d6 rounds and can only be stopped by a *dispel magic* against 12th level of ability.
- All items within 30 feet of the jar that are physically fastened together unbind themselves. Backpacks fall off of backs, sword belts fall to the ground, and so forth, just as if a *chime of opening* had been sounded.

C. Divination

The surface of the jar shimmers for a moment, then reveals the area outside the tomb. The tall statues still stand silent, gazing across the broken shale landscape. The glimmering silver door remains open.

Characters can watch this as long as they like, but the jar continues to show only the entrance to the



tomb. A diviner has a 25% chance to shift the view to any room in the tomb he has visited, but is unable to see other locations.

After a few moments of gazing through the portal, characters who make a successful Intelligence check at -2 are the first to notice this is not a pre-programmed picture. The small shrubs can be seen rustling in the breeze, animals and birds pass through the scene, etc.

If any character touches the surface of the scene, it ripples as though it were water. However, the PC feels only the smooth, solid ceramic jar. As soon as the hand is removed, the scene returns to normal.

D. ENCHANTMENT

The golden surface of the container moves and jumps, and you find yourself gazing upon an intricately crafted weapon. Runes of power are etched across the steel blade, and the whole sword glows with a flaring azure radiance.

After the PCs look at the weapon for 1d4 rounds, the image begins to move. Slowly, it pans from the tip of the blade downward, and the characters can see every detail of the blade's superior workmanship. When it gets to the hilt of the sword, the image shows what appears to be a piece of paper tied to the weapon with common string (see page 25).

This jar reveals the current condition of the *Sword of the Dales* in Room 7. After 1d4 rounds, the picture goes black.

E. ELEMENTAL

The lid of this jar is missing. When you peer inside, you see moist, dark dirt that fills the container about one-third of the way.

Totally undetectable from the outside, a fire burns in the bottom of the jar. Characters poking around in the dirt have a 50% chance of pushing far enough down to burn themselves for 1d6 points of damage.

Since the jar is only one-third filled with dirt, astute PCs can deduce that it's two-thirds filled with air. Bright characters should realize that all four elements are represented here.

F. CONJURATION

A book appears where the golden vessel should be. The crumbling tome's ancient pages are brown and curled. The book is open, and you can detect a faint brown glow coming from the paper pages.

To most characters, the book reveals two pages filled with a mesmerizing array of glyphs and sigils that have a slight glow. A PC who can cast spells can read the mystical text; *read magic* or other spells are not required. A rogue who successfully attempts to read languages can also discern the writing on the page. If any character who can read the book attempts to do so, read the following:

Shraevyn's Guide to Magical Mastery, the text begins. *In order to successfully achieve the maximum effect of any given spell, one must . . .*

Suddenly, one of the letters on the page twists and writhes itself free of the parchment, and a snake-like body appears in its place. The reptilian head looks out from the book toward you and hisses, rearing back for a strike.

In seconds, you are engulfed in a field of amber force. Then with a flash, the book suddenly becomes a jar once again.

The book contains a *sepia snake sigil*, one of the most well-known conjuration/summoning spells. The PC does not have to be holding the book for the spell to take effect, but the spell automatically affects whoever first reads the book. There is no attack roll required.

The unfortunate character becomes completely engulfed in the amber force and is immobilized for 2d6 rounds. After the appropriate time has passed, a voice booms "You are released," and the amber field



vanishes. The character is unharmed by the spell. *Dispel magic* also dissolves the force.

The jar/book can be moved if no one tries to read it. Each time anyone attempts to translate the work, the sigil is activated and the process begins anew.

G. Necromancy

A carving of a skeletal humanoid appears on the surface of the jar. A cracked helm and rusty sword are all that the ghoulish figure carries.

It makes no movement, but its ghastly appearance is bone-chilling. The face of the skeleton on the canister appears almost too real for comfort.

Shraevyn believed that being forced to serve as an undead creature was by far the worst way to be affected by necromantic magic.

H. Alteration

This jar appears plain in every way. If a PC touches it, nothing happens. If a character picks it up, read the following:

The golden jar shimmers, becomes heavier, and turns earthen brown in your hands. Then the fine workmanship of the vessel is transformed, and its weight increases as it slithers into a claylike, lopsided shape. After a few moments the jar becomes a sparkling silver and feels lighter in weight. Finally it returns to its original golden form.

Although it may be disconcerting to have an object change weight in one's arms, there are no ill effects associated with the transformation.

I. Abjuration

A fire-emblazoned shield appears on the front of the container. As you gaze at it, the fire turns a deeper red, flares up in a burst of light, then subsides. The shield glows brightly, then vanishes.

A shield's only purpose is to protect its wielder from attack, just as the wizard protects himself with useful abjuration magic.

J. Invocation

Twin bands of blue-white energy travel up and down the surface of the jar, crackling and popping as they move. You could almost swear you hear a low hum emanating from the container.

Anyone who touches this container gets a powerful electric shock. The attack leaves fingers numb for 1d4 rounds, but causes no damage.

ALL IN PLACE

A few seconds after all jars are placed around the circle, one of two things happen. If the jars are correctly aligned, the doors open (go to "As the Doors Open" on page 23). If any of the pots does not line up with its opposite, three creatures appear in the center of the sunburst symbol and immediately attack the party.

Dust Devil (1): Int low; AL N; AC 4; MV 18; HD 2; hp 12; THACO 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4; SA spellcasters within the cloud must save vs. spell to cast spells; SZ M; ML n/a; XP 65.

Fire Snake (1): Int semi; AL N; AC 6; MV 4; HD 2; hp 13; THACO 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4; SA paralyzation; SD immune to fire; SZ S; ML n/a; XP 120.

Sandling (1) Int non; AL N; AC 3; MV 12, Br 6; HD 4; hp 27; THACO 17; #AT 1; Dmg 2d8; SD immune to *sleep*, *charm*, *hold*, and other mind-affecting spells; SZ L; ML n/a; XP 420.

If the party defeats the monsters and again places the jars in the wrong spots, another group of three creatures appear. If the PCs still haven't figured out where to put the pots after the second attack is over,



no more creatures are summoned. Gothyl cares little for Shraevyn's games and negates the effects of the monster summoning spell.

After watching the characters battle both groups of creatures, she becomes bored. The PCs see at least two jars "magically" roll to places on the sun symbol opposite their mates, giving the characters another chance to figure out the puzzle.

As The Doors Open...

Regardless of whether the characters figure out the puzzle on their own or Gothyl has to help them, the doors open when all the jars are correctly aligned. When that happens, read the following:

A bright silver light illuminates the sunburst symbol, and the metal doors to the west creak and groan as they swing inward. The hinges, coated with centuries of rust, shriek through the complex as the heavy doors finally slam against the wall with a hollow "thud."

"One would hope that noise alone is not sufficient to wake the dead eh?" the now-familiar man's voice ponders.

5. In Her Hands

Beyond the doors is a 30-foot corridor ending in a T-intersection. When the party reaches the alcove in the west wall, read the following:

The corridor stretches north and south into the darkness, but your attention is drawn to the marble statue in the alcove before you. The sculpture is of a young woman wearing leather armor and wielding a pair of short swords. She is smiling gleefully, and her boyish demeanor seems to illuminate the shadows of the hallway. Around her neck is a large metal disk suspended by a silver chain.

Shraevyn subscribed to the teachings of Tymora and found her help to be most beneficial when he spent

more of his time adventuring. Even when he slipped into retirement, he continued to follow her.

The disk can be removed from the statue's neck, and this saying is engraved on the back of it:

*Turn right or left, front or back,
There's no saving you from your own stare.
Whether gold be piled by bar or by sack,
There's seldom enough change to spare.*

The weapons-mage also discovered that greed can be as great an enemy as all of the dracoliches of the Realms. Greed presents itself in a variety of forms and can be satisfied in countless ways.

The disk is a holy symbol of Tymora. It is made of white gold and is worth 100 gp. It is not magical.

6. Treasure Path

At the end of the northern extension of the corridor lies the remains of one of Randal Morn's Freedom Riders. He was killed when his comrades forced open the door and he was struck by poison darts. His chain mail and long sword lie beside him, and his purse contains 22 sp and 5 gp.

The room has been thoroughly torn apart. Chests and coffers lie broken open among heaps of rotten and torn clothes, and it is doubtful that anything of value survived whatever onslaught caused such destruction.

From the corner of your eye you catch a glint of something shiny on the ground near an archway on the southern wall of the room. Your first thought is that it might be a plate or a piece of armor. What you find is a silver plaque, bent and tarnished but still readable. A verse is etched into the once-beautiful metal.

*An adventurer's story never ends,
It goes on and on, over and again.
But past death's door and beyond each bend,
are those who will take your every win.*



*To those I cry, begone and flee!
Plunder another's resting place.
Better yet, turn to yourself and see
That evil smile upon your face.*

*My treasures are gone, there's none to take,
I've cast them out into Sigil,
Into Karten's hands for my own sake,
Allowing others to stand vigil.*

*Good luck my friends, turn tail and run,
be warmed beneath the bright sun,
For knowing me is no guarantee
of peace or even security.*

Upon close examination, PCs see two or three darts still embedded in the body. If a search is done, they find 1d6 darts strewn about the corridor in front of the door, which is slightly ajar.

The stone of the archway is very old, much older than the surrounding rock. Observant PCs are able to tell this by the varying color of the stones, and a dwarf can detect the difference immediately.

Shraevyn brought the piece of ancient architecture to this place as a lure to would-be plunderers. A successful spellcraft proficiency check reveals that the archway is magical, but that whatever power it once had is now neutralized. It is, in fact, a gateway to the Ethereal Plane.

Karten was Shraevyn's most trusted apprentice. Shraevyn left most of his treasure to Karten, who took it with him to the city of Sigil. That city is described in the PLANESCAPE™ Campaign Setting.

Randal sent part of his group into this corridor while he took the rest and went the other way. At that time the gate was active. After Randal's men wrecked the room, they decided to go through the portal in an effort to recover the great treasures of the weapons-mage. No one has yet returned.

Gothyl wants to test the PCs, not send them traipsing after Shraevyn's lost treasure. To ensure that this party does not follow the folly of the last one, she deactivated the gate. The archway remains inactive for 1d4 days, but once reactivated, it transports anyone who passes through it to the Ethereal Plane.

7. Watchful Eyes

The hall opens into a vast chamber that is 100 feet long and 50 feet wide. In the center of the room lies an ornate coffin with brass trim. The lid has been tossed to the floor and lies broken some distance away.

As soon as your eyes adjust to the light, you see a remarkable sight: a figure hovering over the coffin. The form, a human clad in gray robes and suspended horizontally above the casket, makes no movement and seems to be sleeping. Gray hair hangs down from his head, and his skin seems old and leathery.

A faint blue light radiates from the coffin. Overhead, globes of white radiance shine down, giving the center of the room an eerie theatrical appearance.

No matter what the PCs do, this illusion of Shraevyn does not respond. Weapon attacks pass harmlessly through him.

When PCs approach the coffin, read the following:

The interior of the casket is filled with tattered rags. Lying upon them, hilt toward the door, you see the origin of the odd blue glow: a beautiful long sword. A piece of paper is tied around the hilt with what appears to be string.

Suddenly you hear the sickening screech of stone grating against stone, and skeletons burst through the wall into this vast chamber.

Eight skeletons (two of which stand above the others) rush toward you, weapons raised. Four other humanoid creatures lumber slowly forward, their human faces twisted in agony. Judging by their tattered appearance, you quickly deduce that they were probably once a Dales patrol.

Gothyl lost most of her servitors when Randal and his men came through. Fortunately, his group provided her with new recruits; she reanimated many of Randal's dead after she captured the rebel leader. Now she looks forward to testing this party.



Any character has the ability to reach into the coffin, grab the sword, and wield it against the undead.

Skeletons (6): Int non; AL N; AC 7; MV 12; HD 1; hp 6 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (weapon); SD immune to *sleep, charm, hold, fear*, and cold-related spells; SD edged and piercing weapons inflict only half damage; SZ M; ML n/a; XP 65 each.

Monster Skeletons, Verbeeg Giants (2): Int non; AL N; AC 4; MV 12; HD 4+4; hp 27, 30; THAC0 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6; SD immune to *sleep, charm, hold, fear*, and cold-related spells, edged and piercing weapons inflict only half damage; SZ L; ML n/a; XP 650.

Zombies (4): Int non; AL N; AC 8; MV 6; HD 2; hp 14, 12, 10, 9; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8; SD immune to *sleep, charm, hold, fear*, and cold-related spells; SZ M; ML n/a; XP 65.

Once the battle begins, Gothyl sits back and enjoys the show. Her ties to the sword give her *clairaudience* and *clairvoyance* of the surrounding area, which she uses to full advantage. She does not interfere, regardless of the outcome.

Gothyl has worked a long time to get a worthy party of adventurers to this point, and she has further plans for them—should they survive. However, she is only an observer in this adventure. Characters do not have the chance to meet her.

Should any priest in the party thwart her test by turning any of the skeletons or zombies, or if the party defeats the undead attackers too easily, she instructs at least one of her bonebats to join the fray.

Bonebats (2): Int low; AL NE; AC 7; MV 3. Fl 18 (C); HD 4; hp 25, 20; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 2d4; SA bite paralyzes all creatures except elves, immune to *sleep, charm*, and *hold* spells; SZ M; ML n/a; XP 975.

Unless a PC grabbed the weapon for the battle, the *Sword of the Dales* is still resting in the casket when the fight is over. Tied around the hilt of the blade is the following note:

Seek me in Spiderhaunt. The survival of Daggerdale depends on the return of this blade to my hand. Send word to my sister, Silver Morn, of whatever should befall me.

- R. M.

The Sword of The Dales

The *Sword of the Dales* is a *long sword* +3 crafted of highly polished steel, which gives it a mirrorlike appearance. The hilt is inlaid with gold and precious gems, and the whole weapon glows with a soft blue radiance.

The sword unlocks all chains and manacles within 30 feet of it, but only if the wielder utters the word *merrydale*. If someone holding the blade is submerged in water, the sword gives that person the ability to breathe water (as in the *water breathing* spell). This function can be used only once per day. The experience-point value of the sword is 3,000.

The weapon is rumored to have additional powers, but no one knows what they might be. Even *identify* and similar magic are unable to discover the sword's secrets. Additional powers of the sword are detailed in *The Secret of Spiderhaunt* (available in August, 1995).

Within the Dales the sword is worth 15,000 gp. Collectors will not purchase the weapon, however, until the sword's powers are thoroughly documented.

Conclusion

If the PCs are to keep their word to Lhaeo and rescue Randal Morn, they must go to the Spiderhaunt Wood. Part two of *The Sword of the Dales* trilogy continues in *The Secret of Spiderhaunt*.

But after a week or so of fruitless searching, most PCs will be ready for another challenge. If this module is incorporated into a continuing campaign, allow the adventurers to go on to other matters. When Gothyl is ready for the party, she will let them know.



Forest Encounters Near Shadowdale

1 Burrowing Death

Ankhegs (2): Int non; AL N; AC 2 (underside 4); MV 12, Br 6; HD 3; hp 20, 16; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 3d6 (crush) +1d4 (acid); SA squirt acid; SD nil; SZ L; ML 9; XP 175.

2 A Giant Dilemma

Wood Giant (1): Int high; AL CG; AC 5; MV 12; HD 7+7; hp 48; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 1d10 +3 (Strength bonus); SA -4 penalty on opponent's surprise rolls; SD spell resistances; SZ L; ML 12; XP 1,400.

3-4 Clan of the Broken Bones

Goblins (4d6): Int low; AL LE; AC 6 (10); MV 6; HD 1-1; hp 4 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (by weapon); SZ S; ML 10; XP 15.

5-6 The Sylvan Guardians

Centaurs (8): Int average; AL N; AC 5 (4); MV 18; HD 4; hp 27, 25, 24, 23, 21, 20, 19, 15; THAC0 17; #AT 3; Dmg 1d6/1d6 + weapon; SZ L; ML 13; XP 175.

7 Shrine to Corellon Larethian

8-10 Orc War Band

Orcs (1d6+6): Int average; AL LE; AC 6 (10); MV 9 (12); HD 1; hp 5 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 (long swords); SZ M; ML 11; XP 15x9; 35x3.

11 Human Ranger, Holly Huldane

Holly Huldane: 4th-level human ranger (falconer); AL LG; AC 3; MV 12; hp 48; THAC0 17; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg by weapon type; SA tracking (+1), animal empathy; SD *hide in shadows* (25%), *move silently* (33%); S 16, D 16, C 16, I 10, W 15, Ch 13; XP 420

Skymark (attuned falcon): Int animal; AL N; AC 5; MV 1, Fl 36 (B); HD 1-1; hp 13; THAC0 20; #AT 3; Dmg 1/1/1; ML 6; XP 65.

12 Entrance to the Dragon's Lair

Emerash, adult green dragon: Int very; AL LE; AC -2; MV 9, Fl 30 (C), SW 9; HD 15; hp 102; THAC0 5; #AT 3+special; Dmg 1d8/1d8/2d10; SA chlorine gas breath weapon (12d6+6), *water breathing*, *suggestion*, *magic missile*, *sleep*, *burning hands*; MR 20%; SZ G; ML 16; XP 14,000. Treasure type H (to be decided by the DM).

13 Cult of the Dragon

Initiates (4): 1st level fighters; AL LE; AC 4; MV 12; hp 8, 6x2, 5; THAC0 20; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg by weapon type; ML 10; XP 65 each.

14 Lost in the Wilderness!

15 Bear Necessities

Brown bear (1): Int semi; AL N; AC 6; MV 12; HD 5+5; hp 33; THAC0 15; #AT 3; Dmg 1d6/1d6/1d8; SA hug 2d6; SZ L; ML 10; XP 420.

16 Insect Swarm

Insect Swarm (500,000): Int animal; AL N; AC 8; MV 6, Fl 18(C); HD 1 hp/20 insects; THAC0 n/a; #AT 1; Dmg 1; SZ T; ML 6; XP 2,000 (swarm).

17 Attack of the Owlbears

Owlbear (2): Int low; AL N; AC 5; MV 12; HD 5+2; hp 38; THAC0 15; #AT 3; Dmg 1d6/1d6/2d6; SA hug for 2d8; SZ L; ML 12; XP 420.

18 Skeletons of the Woods

Skeletons (8): Int non; AL N; AC 7; MV 12; HD 1; hp 6 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (weapon); SD immune to *sleep*, *charm*, *hold*, *fear*, and cold-related spells, edged and piercing weapons inflict only half damage; SZ M; ML n/a; XP 65 each.

19-20 Weaving a Tangled Web

Hairy Spiders (1d20): Int low; AL NE; AC 8; MV 12, Wb 9; HD 1-1; hp 5 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1; SA poison; save versus poison at +2; SZ T; ML 10; XP 65 each.

Forest Encounters Near Shadowdale

No matter which route the party takes, they run across some unwanted company now and again. The DM should initiate a random encounter once every eight hours of game time, regardless of the party's location, health, or mental awareness.

If the group chooses to travel overland, they should be wary. This is by far the most dangerous route.

Ankhegs

As the characters tramp their way through this section of the forest, they notice odd trails of mounded dirt that criss-cross the forest floor. These are the burrows of a pair of ankhegs.

A Giant Dilemma

Fargoren Thundermist is washing up near a small pond when the party approaches him. He does not attack unless provoked by the party, but he doesn't



lead them through the forest or take them to his base camp, either. He speaks freely with elves, but otherwise he is suspicious and quiet.

Clan of the Broken Bones

These creatures surge up from the underbrush or attack at night while most of the party sleeps. They retreat when they suffer 50% losses.

The Sylvan Guardians

These creatures are looking for a band of goblins who pillaged the area near their glade. If the PCs defeated the goblins, the centaurs escort the party safely through the forest for one full day.

If not, the centaurs ask the party about the goblins, then go on their way. They are too busy to offer assistance, and they do not answer questions.

Shrine to Corellon Larethian

This small structure is noticed only if characters roll a 1 on a d6 as they pass. This long-abandoned structure still provides a sanctuary, and characters can rest here safely. The curse that affects desecraters is also still in effect. Its exact properties are left up to the DM.

Orc War Band

This group picked up the group's trail earlier in the day and attacks at nightfall.

Human Ranger, Holly Huldane

Holly is a tall, powerful-looking woman wearing chain mail and carrying a shield, a short bow, and a *long sword* +1. She is outgoing and very enjoyable to be around. Within her pouch is a *potion of extra healing* and gems worth a total of 500 gp. Once she has determined the party is no threat, she'll call for her attuned falcon.

Entrance to the Dragon's Lair

As characters approach the lip of a large crater, they hear heavy breathing and a faint metallic "clinking" noise from far below. The sounds are reminiscent of many coins being pushed around.

The only means of getting into the cavern is by tying lengths of rope together and climbing over the edge. Should PCs attempt this, the dragon wakes and emits a deafening roar that forces all the characters to save versus petrification as *fear* washes over them.

The dragon is curious and flies up to look around briefly before returning to protect its treasure. Anyone who waits for it is eaten.

Cult of the Dragon

This small band of green-robed people are on their way to offer their services to the dracolich Derimos the Grim. They fight if attacked, and any who are captured and interrogated know only that they were to wait in a meadow. They proudly wear the symbol of the cult upon their breasts, over their chain mail armor. All initiates also carry shields and long swords, daggers, or short bows.

Lost in the Wilderness!

If the PCs are not guided, they find themselves lost. Anyone with direction sense can make a proficiency roll to get the party back on track.

The PCs essentially waste 2d4 hours trying to get themselves pointed in the right direction if none of the characters have the proficiency. Only 1d4 hours are lost if they successfully use direction sense.

Bear Necessities

Two bear cubs are playing on a log. They are quite playful and approach the PCs as they enter the clearing. Unfortunately, mama bear immediately attacks.

Insect Swarm

While hiking along the bank of a river, PCs hear a loud buzzing. As the sound increases, characters see a black cloud of insects. The party can escape by jumping into the water and waiting them out. PCs must hold their breaths for 1d4 rounds as the swarm passes over them to avoid combat.

Attack of the Owlbears

The party accidentally stumbles upon a nesting owlbear in the thick underbrush. The nest contains four eggs. If the battle lasts for more than 1d6 rounds, the mate returns from foraging and joins the fray.

Scattered among the twigs of the nest are 120 gp, an ivory mirror (worth 15 gp), and two *beads of force*.

Skeletons of the Woods

Toward moonset, the party's watch detects a group of skeletons passing camp to the south. Before the group can be roused, the skeletons attack.

Weaving a Tangled Web

While stumbling through the woods, the characters are set upon by a band of hungry spiders.



Overland in the Dagger Hills

D12 Encounter

1-2 Zhentilar Patrol

Zhent Captain: 2nd-level human fighter; AL CE; AC 5; MV 12; hp 16; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 (long sword); XP 35; wearing chain mail and carrying long sword and shield.

Soldiers (10): 0-level human fighters; AL CE; AC 7; MV 12; hp 8, 7x3, 6, 5x4, 3; THAC0 20; Dmg by weapon type; XP 15 each; ring mail, short sword, light crossbow.

Horses (11): Int animal; AL N; AC 7; MV 24; HD 3; hp 13 each; THAC0 17; #AT 2; Dmg 1-2/1-2; SZ L; ML 6; XP 65.

3-4 Bandits in Hiding

Bandit leader, Alarim Renta: 3rd-level half-orc fighter; AL NE; AC 3; MV 23; hp 27 (33); THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type +3; S 18/47, D 11, C 16, I 10, W 7, Ch 9; XP 120; *ring of protection* +1.

Bandits (12): 0-level human fighters; AL NE; AC 8; MV 12; hp 4 each; THAC0 20; Dmg by weapon type; XP 15 each; padded armor, short sword.

Horses (13): Int animal; AL N; AC 7; MV 24; HD 3; hp 15 each; THAC0 17; #AT 2; Dmg 1-2/1-2; SZ L; ML 6; XP 65.

5 Half-Ogre Raiding Party

Half-Ogres (2-4): Int semi; AL CE; AC 5(9); MV 12; HD 2+6; hp 19, 17, 15, 11; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 2d4; SZ L; ML 12; XP 270.

6 Dancing With Wolves

Wolves (2d6): Int low; AL N; AC 7; MV 18; HD 3; hp 20, 17, 16x3; 15x2; 13x3, 12, 10; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4+1; SA nil; SD +1 versus charm attacks; SZ S; ML 10; XP 120.

7-8 Wild Horses of the Dagger Hills

Wild Horses (5d6): Int animal; AL N; AC 7; MV 24; HD 2; hp 14; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1-3; SZ L; ML 6; XP 35 each (120 if broken and tamed as riding horses).

9 Hi Ho, Hi Ho . . .

Hill Dwarves (4d10): Int very; AL LG; AC 4; MV 6; MD 1; hp 7 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; SZ S; ML 14; XP 175.

10 Firedrake's Outing

Dragonet, Firedrake: Int semi; AL N; AC 5; MV 6 FI 18(C); HD 4; hp 24; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 2d4 (bite); SA breath weapon (10' wide by 60' long); SD pointed or slashing weapons cause 1-2 points of damage unless save vs. breath weapon is successful; SZ S; ML 9; XP 420.

11 Sure Success

Goblins (4d6): Int low; AL LE; AC 6; MV 6; HD 1-1; hp 4 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6 (by weapon); SZ 5; ML 10; XP 15.

12 Freedom Riders of Daggerdale

Captain Mestin "Troll" Durmark: 5th-level human ranger (Justifier); AL LG; AC 2; MV 12; hp 39; THAC0 16; #AT 5/2 (specialist and two-weapon style); Dmg by weapon type +1; SA *hide in shadows* (31%), *move silently* (40%); S 16, D 16, C 15, I 10, W 15, Ch 12; XP 420; *bracers of defense* AC 5, *ring of protection* +1, *long sword* +1, normal long sword.

Freedom Riders (12): 1st-level human fighters; AL NG; AC 8; MV 12; hp 9, 8, 7x2, 6x4, 5x2, 4, 2; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; ML 14; XP 35 each; leather armor, long swords, short swords, short bows, daggers, darts.

Overland Encounters

Traveling by road from Shadowdale to the tomb is only slightly less dangerous than through the forest.

Zhentilar Patrol

This is a regular duty patrol. They do not attack unless provoked, but thoroughly question the party as to their business. If the name Randal Morn is mentioned, the entire scout party attacks and attempts to capture the PCs for further interrogation.

Bandits in Hiding

Even staying clear of the trails is no guarantee the party can avoid the vagabonds who infest these hills. Whether the group is tracked by the bandits or is unlucky enough to stumble on their encampment, the miscreants attack in force.

The bandit leader, Alarim Renta, is more interested in gold than in anything else. Of course, if characters volunteer the *long sword* +1 he gladly accepts



their kind “donation.” He wears splint mail and carries a shield and one-handed bastard sword.

Alarim is trying to find out why the patrols from Dagger Falls have increased as of late. If any party member tells Alarim about Randal Morn and the *Sword of the Dales*, the bandit returns the characters’ gold and sends them on their way.

Half-Ogre Raiding Party

This small, bloodthirsty group is trying to make a name for itself by attacking anything that moves. Each carries a war spear and a bag containing 4d10 sp and 4d6 gp.

Dancing With Wolves

This wolf pack either stalks the party by day or circles the camp at night. Even though they look threatening, the wolves only attack if the party tries to run away or if any PC appears injured or weakened. They do not approach a fire.

Wild Horses of the Dagger Hills

These majestic beasts flee from the party unless a ranger or other character with the appropriate abilities tries to approach them.

Hi Ho, Hi Ho...

This group of dwarf miners was sent to the hills to investigate and verify rumors of rich veins of gold and precious gems there. They found nothing of value, but are in high spirits on their journey home. If the party approaches the miners in friendship, the dwarves welcome the PCs as comrades and potential drinking partners.

Each dwarf wears exquisitely wrought chain mail, and their impressive array of weapons includes short swords, warhammers, battle axes, and light crossbows. Pouches hanging from their belts contain 2d10 gp each.

Firedrake’s Outing

This dragonet is foraging for food for its mate and young, which are nesting some distance away. PCs see him soar above them, but the creature makes no move against the party unless he is attacked first.

Sure Success

Ambush is the plan of this unsavory group, and they surprise the party on a 1 or 2 on a d6. They look fierce, but are cowards at heart; if they don’t get a quick victory, or if they suffer 25% losses, they run.

In addition to their grubby leather-and-chain mail armor, they are equipped with spears and maces.

Freedom Riders of Daggerdale

For the past week these men and women have patrolled the countryside. They always attack Zhentilar on sight, but stop to parlay with other groups.

The captain of the patrol, Mestin “Troll” Durmark, received her nickname as a result of the thoroughness with which she dispatched her enemies while in service to Randal Morn. She never wants to face a foe more than once, so “overkill” is an integral part of her fighting vocabulary.

Despite the nickname, Captain Durmark is friendly albeit wary. She’s very interested in any Zhentilar patrols the PCs may have run across, however, and opens up considerably if she thinks the party has any useful information.

She is unaware of the Randal Morn situation, but even if the group tells her of their mission, she doesn’t leave her patrol. Randal sent her out here to keep the evil of Zhentil Keep from overtaking the areas outside Dagger Falls, and she is honor-bound to do it.

If the PCs explain their quest, Mestin offers any aid they may need (food, supplies, and medical attention). If it is approaching dusk when the two groups meet, she suggests they camp together.

Northride Encounters

The Northride is the main artery that carries adventurers to Shadowdale. It should come as no surprise when the party meets NPCs here, looking for glory of their own (encounter 9). Their exact alignments, intentions, and ability scores are left up to the DM.

Shadowdale Patrol

Keeping the trade routes open is an important task, and these men and women take their jobs very seriously. After briefly greeting the party and assuring themselves the adventurers are harmless, they continue their patrol. Shadowdale guards wear chain mail and carry long swords, daggers, and short bows.

Shopping to Go

This merchant caravan is carrying the following goods (roll d6 to determine which caravan has been encountered):



Northride Encounters

D10 Encounter

1-2 Shadowdale Patrol

Captain of the Patrol: 3rd-Level human fighter; AL NC; AC 4; MV 12; hp 16; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8 (lung sword); XP 65

Soldiers (12): 1st-level human fighters; AL NG; AC 8; MV 12; hp 9, 8, 7x2, 6x4, 5x4; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; ML 14; XP 35 each.

3 Shopping to Go

4 Tax Time!

Bandits (12): 0-level human fighters; AL NE; AC 8; MV 12; hp 4 each; THAC0 20; Dmg by weapon type; ML 10; XP 15 each; padded armor, short sword, darts.

5-6 Skeletons of the Northride

Skeletons (8): Int non; AL N; AC 7; MV 12; HD 1; hp 6 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d6; SD immune to *sleep*, *charm*, *hold*, *fear*, and cold-related spells, edged and piercing weapons inflict only half damage; SZ M; ML n/a; XP 65 each.

7 Leap of Faith

Father Anton Goodchance: 5th-level human priest of Tymora; AL CG; AC 4; MV 12; hp 30; THAC0 18; Dmg by weapon type; SA spells, turning; S 12, D 12, C 15, I 13, W 17, Ch 14; XP 650.

Spells: 1st level: *cure light wounds* (x2), *detect evil*, *detect magic*, *protection from evil*, 2nd level: *aid*, *heat metal*, *hold person*, *silence*, *15' radius*, *wyvern watch*. 3rd level: *hold animal*, *meld into stone*.

8 Another Shadowdale Patrol

9 Initiates of the Sacred Order

10 Weather Change

1—Spices; 2—Foodstuffs; 3—Weapons; 4—Textiles; 5—Entertainment (carnival or other performers); 6—Trained animals.

Regardless of what wares the caravan has, it stops and sells to interested parties. But convenience has a price: In this case all goods are tagged at 15% over the going rate. All caravans typically have 2d6 0-level human armed guards (long sword and shield).

Weapons caravans have 5d8 additional guards, depending on the types of weapons they are transport-

ing. Entertainers are happy to stop and trade stories with the PCs. Unfortunately, there is a 35% chance that characters are targeted by pickpockets if they spend too much time chatting.

Tax Time!

The oldest extortion trick in the book: A tree has been chopped down to block the road. As the party gets nearer, a voice from the forest calls out that a toll of 5 gp per person must be paid before they can pass.

If characters refuse to pay, they are attacked first with darts. Then a group of bandits leaps from the underbrush and engages the party in hand-to-hand combat. These people have no stomach for battle, however. The first time magic is used against them, they flee in terror.

Skeletons of the Northride

Just as the group settles in for the evening, a number of these undead creatures attack.

Leap of Faith

This is a sight the party hasn't seen around here: a lone priest ambling alongside the road, whistling a jig. Father Anton Goodchance stops to chat, explaining that he is on a pilgrimage to Shadowdale and beyond. He's traveling the Realms in this manner because "fortune favors the bold."

Under his plain robe the good Father carries a footman's mace and horseman's mace.

Another Shadowdale Patrol

Same as encounter 1.

Initiates of the Sacred Order

A half-dozen humans can be seen casually strolling up the Northride. A woman plays a lilting melody that is faintly familiar as two of her companions continue a heated discussion. Unless the PCs approach them directly, the initiates pass by.

This is another party of adventurers on their way to Shadowdale. Depending on the campaign, these NPC adventurers could be rivals to the PCs or just a chance encounter on the road with people who share the PCs' values and beliefs.

Their exact abilities are left to the DM.

Weather Change

The weather changes, either for good or bad, as chosen by the DM.



Tethyamar Encounters

D8 Encounter

1-2 On the Trail of Wolves

Wolves (2d6): Int low; AL N; AC 7; MV 18; HD 3; hp 20, 17, 16x3; 15x2; 13x3, 12, 10; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1d4+1; SD +1 versus *charm* attacks; SZ S; ML 10; XP 120.

3 Zhentilar Patrol

Zhent Captain: 2nd-level human fighter; AL LE; AC 5; MV 12; hp 16; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1d8; XP 35; wearing chain and carrying shield and long sword.

Soldiers (10): 0-level human fighters; AL LE; AC 7; MV 12; hp 8, 7x3, 6, 5x4, 3; THAC0 20; Dmg by weapon type; XP 15 each; wearing ring mail, carrying short swords, light crossbows.

Horses (11): Int animal; AL N; AC 7; MV 24; HD 3; hp 13 each; THAC0 17; #AT 2; Dmg 1-2/1-2; SZ L; ML 6; XP 65.

4 Great Red Ghost

5 Orbs of Light

Firestars (1d12): Int highly; AL N; AC 2; MV Fl 15(A); HD 2+2; hp 12 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 2d6; SA electrical discharge; SD immune to magic, heat and electricity absorption, invisibility; SZ T; ML 12; XP 2,000 each.

6 More Freedom Riders

7 Another Zhentarim Patrol

8 Raiding Party

Hobgoblins (2d10): Int average; AL LE; AC 5; MV 9; HD 1+1; hp 5 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; SZ M; ML 12; XP 35 each.

ENCOUNTERS ON TETHYAMAR

Eerie goings-on are rumored here, and the characters should take care when traveling this route.

On the Trail of Wolves

These mangy beasts, with red eyes and slavering mouths, attack the group after they have gone to sleep for the night.

Zhentilar Patrol

This is one of many teams dispatched from Dagger Falls. Their mission: to stop reinforcements from arriving at Shraevyn's tomb before the Zhent wizards marshal their own forces.

The patrol stops the party and asks them routine questions. If anyone in the group speaks of their mis-

sion, the patrol immediately attempts to detain the PCs for further questioning.

Great Red Ghost

A blotch of crimson circles the Dagger Hills to the northeast. This is actually nothing more than a false mirage, created when the heat from the hills rises up and reflects sunlight.

Natives of the area can make a Wisdom check to see if they've ever heard of or seen this phenomenon. If everyone fails the check, they'll think it's a red dragon or other foul creature. After 1d4 turns, the image disappears.

Orbs of Light

This encounter occurs only at night, either when a PC uses magic or if the party has a campfire. The characters notice a group of lights flickering their way toward them.

These creatures are firestars, drawn to the character's campfire or spell activity. Once they get within 30 feet, they observe the party for 1d4 rounds before moving off. They do not initiate attack, but fire an electrical burst (for 2d6 points of damage) if attacked.

See the complete description of firestars (page 32).

More Freedom Riders

See Encounter 12 from the Dagger Hills.

Another Zhentarim Patrol

See Encounter 3, above.

Raiding Party

Led by an exceptional humanoid named Drag (10 hit points; 65 XP), these creatures are out seeking loot and plunder, hoping to return to their camp in the Desertsmouth Mountains in both glory and wealth. When they discover the party, they immediately cry out a challenge and charge to the attack.

Each hobgoblin has a small pouch that contains 2d4 gp and one gem (determine value randomly from Table 85 in the DMG). Drag has a large bag that contains 20d4 gp and 6 gems worth 50 gp each.

Firestar

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Temperate forest, hills
FREQUENCY:	Uncommon
ORGANIZATION:	Pack
ACTIVITY CYCLE:	Night
DIET:	Thermosynthesis
INTELLIGENCE:	Highly (13-14)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1d12
ARMOR CLASS:	2
MOVEMENT:	Fl 15 (A)
HIT DICE:	2+2
THACO:	19
NO. OF ATTACKS	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK	2d6
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Electricity
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Immune to magic; heat/electrical absorption; invisibility
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	T (3"-6" diameter)
MORALE:	Steady (11-12)
XP VALUE:	2,000

Firestars, also known as moondancers, are glowing beings that roam forests and hills and generally ignore travelers.

Firestars appear to be silent, floating, fist-sized motes of light. They are frequently mistaken for will-o'-wisps or torches. They can consciously control their illumination level, from bright torchlight to total darkness. During a black out they are effectively invisible. The light fails completely when a firestar dies.

The firestars' language consists of intricate patterns of flashing lights accompanied by fluctuations in their light level. They understand some humanoid gestures, movements, and languages.

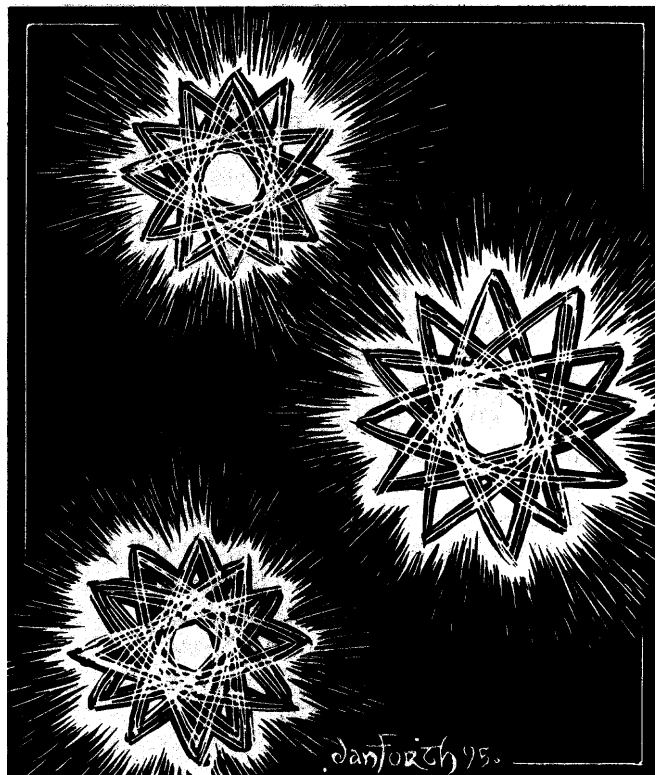
Combat: A firestar never initiates combat. If attacked, it defends itself with an electrical jolt similar to a miniature *lightning bolt* that inflicts 2d6 points of damage with no saving throw. These bolts have a range of 30 feet, are conducted through metal, and can be released five times a day.

A firestar can absorb energy from normal or magical flames; it gains as additional hit points the amount of damage the flames would have inflicted on another creature. For example, a 12-hit-point firestar attacked by a *fireball* that would normally cause 18 points of damage would gain those 18 points as additional hit points, for a new total of 30 hit points.

A firestar can attain a maximum hit-point total of four times its original number. These added hit points are lost after 1d4+1 hours, leaving the firestar with its original number. Any extra hit points are not absorbed, but are harmlessly dissipated. Firestars can absorb the damage done by a *flametongue* sword at a rate of 1 point per sword strike. Firestars are immune to electrical attacks.

A firestar can drain energy from normal campfires at a rate of 2d6 hit points per round or from torches at a rate of 1d6 hit points per round. It can extinguish a fire by absorbing all its energy, gaining 5d6 hit points in the process; in order to do this, the firestar must remain motionless and take no other actions. Firestars automatically attract sparks within 20 feet; these are harmlessly absorbed, but may betray a blacked-out firestar's position.

Firestars are immune to most magical spells. Detection and com-



munication spells, *magic missile*, and cold-based spells have normal effects. A firestar can be hit by normal weapons. Flaming weapons both injure and heal the firestar simultaneously.

Habitat/Society: The firestar is normally found floating among hills or trees, dancing intricate patterns with its companions. It is a completely alien being that shows some curiosity toward its surroundings, but otherwise ignores animals and adventurers alike. It is attracted by artificial lights and magic. It investigates campfires and magical lights within two miles and magic used within 200 yards.

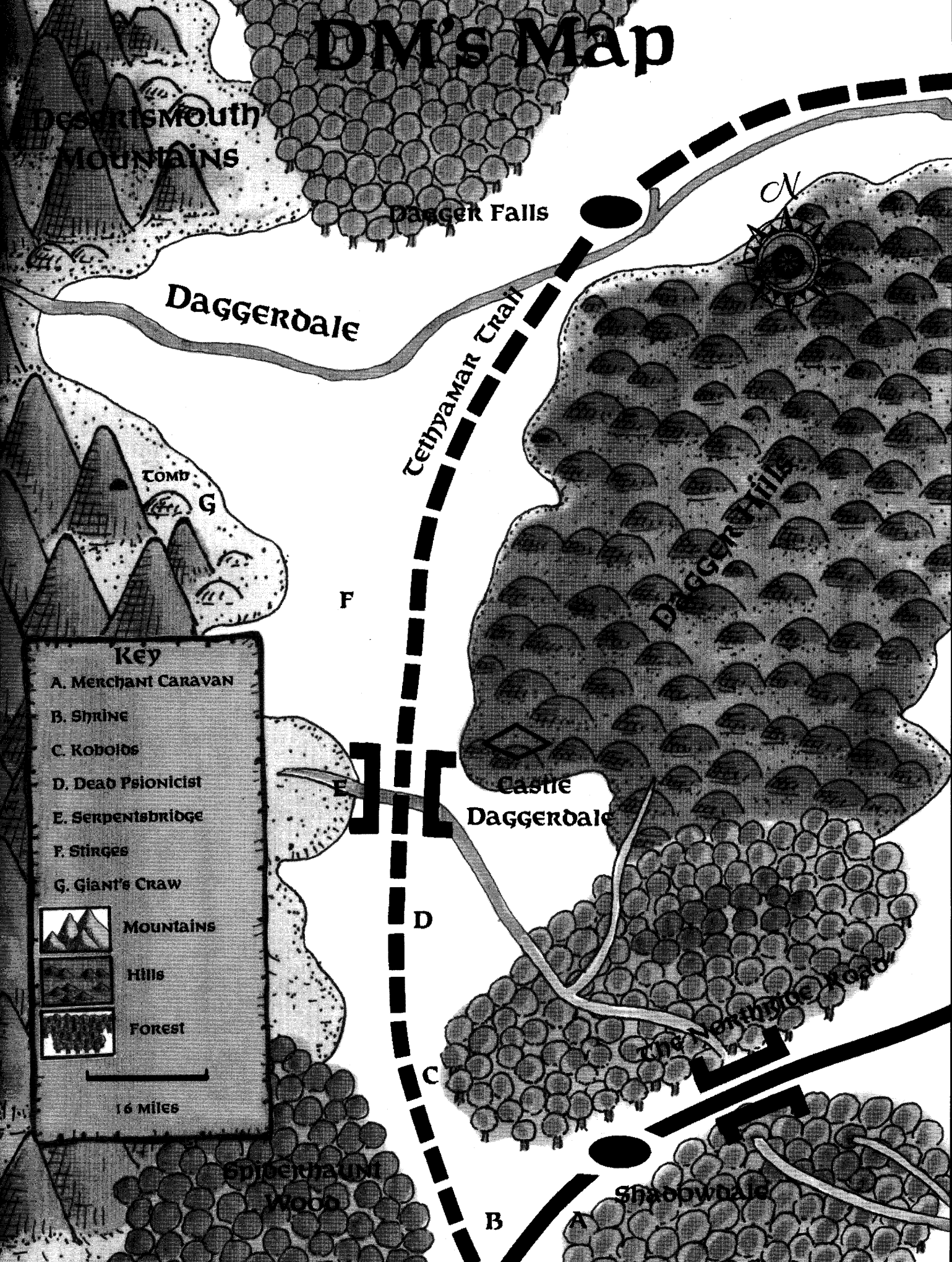
Most encounters occur when adventurers mistake them for torches or will-o'-wisps. Adventurers may attack the peaceful firestars, which then defend themselves with their powers. Injured firestars may initiate an encounter by seeking out and draining an adventurer's campfire as means of healing themselves.

During the day, firestars rest. They land in high, inaccessible spots, retract their glowing nerves, and spend the day absorbing the sun's light and heat. They may be mistaken for exotic or ornamented eggs; adventurers may accidentally collect these with the idea of later reselling them. When night falls, a captive firestar reveals its true self and seeks to escape.

Firestars are intelligent but reclusive. They communicate only with creatures that employ *telepathy* or *speak with monsters* spells. Firestars are also secretive about their life span and reproduction. It is suspected that firestars reproduce by budding.

Ecology: The firestar's body contains several organs that are useful as spell components or ingredients in magical concoctions. It contains a distinctive organ that can be used in a *dancing lights* spell. Any of its organs may be used to prepare the magical inks for *affect normal fires*, *dancing lights*, and *detect magic* scrolls. These organs are worth 1-5 gp each.

DM's Map



Key

- A. Merchant Caravan
- B. Shrine
- C. Kobolds
- D. Dead Psionicist
- E. Serpentsbridge
- F. Stinges
- G. Giant's Claw



Mountains



Hills



Forest

16 miles



The Sword of the Dales

by Jim Butler



The *Sword of the Dales*, an icon of the Dalelands symbolizing the unity and strength of the people, has reappeared! Created by Shraevyn the weapons-mage hundreds of years ago, the lost *Sword* had become nothing more than a fantastic children's tale—until now.

A group of warriors led by Randal Morn, rightful ruler of Daggerdale, rushed to the *Sword's* resting place to recover it, but dark forces awaited them, and Randal and his men fell to an ambush. Only one man escaped, yet he brought with him the hope that Randal Morn yet lives. Resolved to rescue his leader, that lone survivor turned to the great Elminster of Shadowdale for aid.

But Elminster is gone, off plane-hopping while the fate of Daggerdale hangs in the balance. Hence, it is up to Lhaeo, scribe to the old mage, to find a group of heroes who have mettle enough to face down the menace which claimed Randal Morn and his hearty followers...

This is the first of three adventures that grant player characters the opportunity to determine the fate of Daggerdale. The saga continues with *The Secret of Spiderhaunt* and concludes with *The Return of Randal Morn*.

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201 Sheridan Springs Rd.
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WI 53147
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TSR Ltd.
120 Church End
Cherry Hinton
Cambridge CB1 3LB
United Kingdom

Sug. Retail

U.S. \$6.95

CAN \$8.95

U.K. £4.50

ISBN 0-7869-0126-8



50695>



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