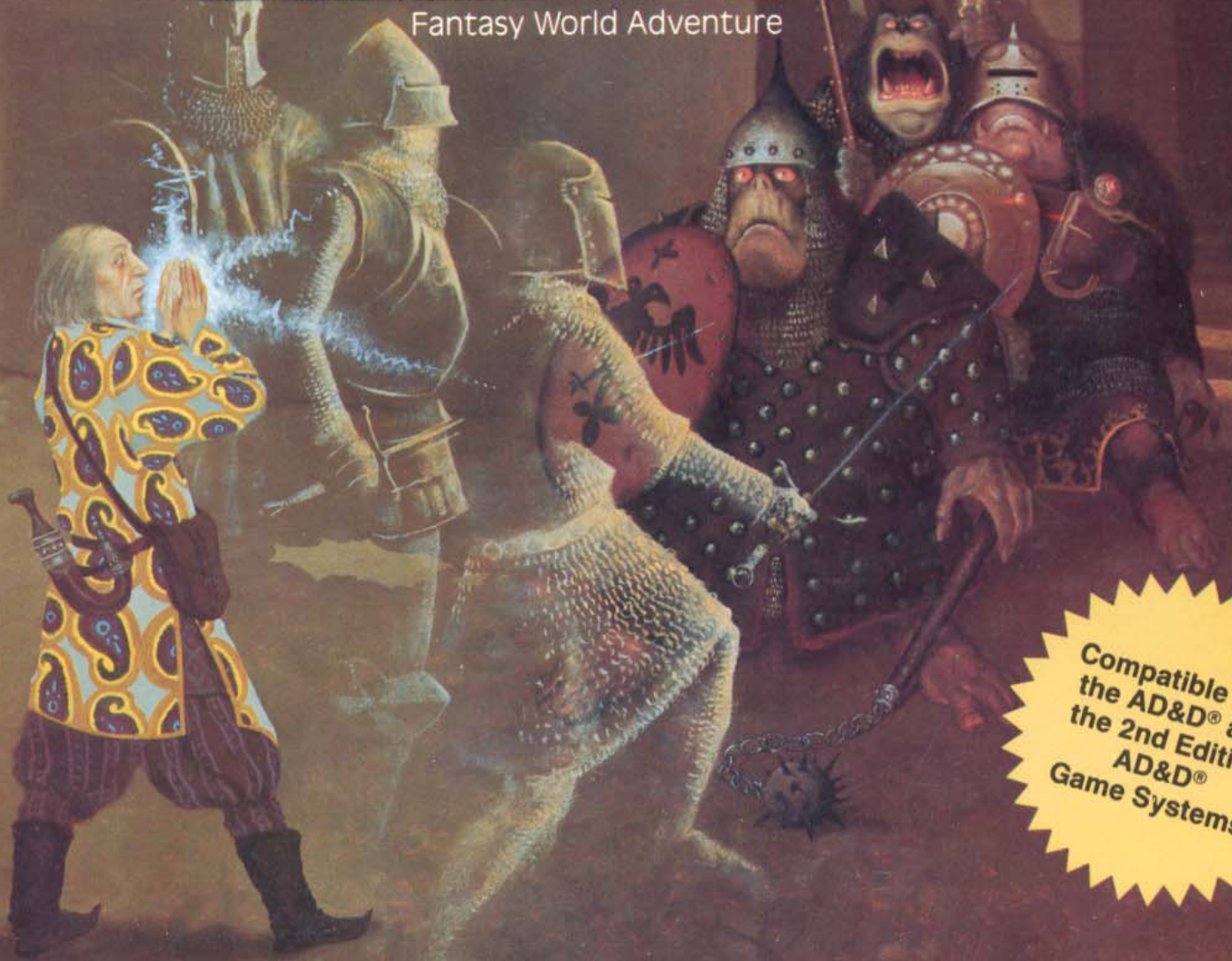


GREYHAWK™ ADVENTURES

Fantasy World Adventure



Compatible with
the AD&D® and
the 2nd Edition
AD&D®
Game Systems.

Fate of Istus



TSR, Inc.
PRODUCTS OF YOUR IMAGINATION™

WORLD OF GREYHAWK®

Fantasy World Adventure

The Fate of Istus

CREDITS

Authors: Nigel Findley, Dan Salas, Stephen Inniss, Robert J. Kuntz
Coordinators: Bruce Heard, Karen S. Boomgarden
Editor: Kim Mohan
Typography: Betty Elmore
Cartography: Diesel
Cover Art: Daniel Horne
Interior Art: Karl Waller

Distributed to the book trade in the United States by Random House Inc., and in Canada by Random House of Canada, Ltd. Distributed to the toy and hobby trade by regional distributors. Distributed in the United Kingdom by TSR UK Ltd.

These adventures are protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America. Any reproduction or unauthorized use of the material or artwork printed herein is prohibited without the express written permission of TSR Inc.

ADVANCED DUNGEONS & DRAGONS, AD&D, WORLD OF GREYHAWK, PRODUCTS OF YOUR IMAGINATION, and the TSR logo are trademarks owned by TSR, Inc.

©1989 TSR, Inc. All Rights Reserved. Printed in U.S.A.

TSR, Inc. POB 756 Lake Geneva, WI 53147 USA	TSR Ltd. 120 Church End, Cherry Hinton Cambridge CB1 3LB United Kingdom
--	--



TSR, Inc.
 PRODUCTS OF YOUR IMAGINATION™

ISBN 0-088038-712-2
 9253

Table of Contents

Introduction	2
Ye Olde City Scroll #1: Rookroost	3
Adventure #1: The Sage's Tower	6
by Nigel Findley	
Ye Olde City Scroll #2: Rel Mord	14
Adventure #2: Swords for Hire	17
by Dan Salas	
Ye Olde City Scroll #3: Jurnre	25
Adventure #3: Countdown in Jurnre	28
by Stephen Inniss	
Ye Olde City Scroll #4: Elredd	37
Adventure #4: Diambeth's Delving	40
by Nigel Findley	
Ye Olde City Scroll #5: Wintershiven	47
Adventure #5: Service for the Dead	50
by Nigel Findley	
Ye Olde City Scroll #6: Leukish	58
Adventure #6: The Garden of Evil	62
by Dan Salas	
Ye Olde City Scroll #7: Rauxes	69
Adventure #7: Down with the Wizard	72
by Robert J. Kuntz	
Ye Olde City Scroll #8: Chendl	83
Adventure #8: At the King's Right Hand	85
by Nigel Findley	
Ye Olde City Scroll #9: Verbobonc	93
Adventure #9: Iuz's Gambit	95
by Robert J. Kuntz	
Ye Olde City Scroll #10: Hesuel Iishar	105
Adventure #10: The Scarlet Masque	108
by Stephen Inniss	
The Mirrors of Fate	
NPC #1: Cymbelline (by Nigel Findley)	120
NPC #2: Alaric (by Dan Salas)	122
NPC #3: Beastman Avatar (by Stephen Inniss)	124
NPC #4: Arlina (by Nigel Findley)	126
NPC #5: Narlond and the Prophet (by Robert J. Kuntz) ..	127

INTRODUCTION

Sages of the future on the world of Oerth will look back on the events described in this book and say to themselves (sagely, of course) that they had to happen sooner or later. In fact, they were Fated to happen.

The Fate of Istus, in addition to being the latest playing aid related to the WORLD OF GREYHAWK® setting, is a milestone achievement—both in terms of what it will do for you, the DM, and your players, and what it will do to the world itself.

Not too much will be said about the story line here, so that you can be surprised and excited by this book as you read it—just as your players will be surprised and excited as their characters proceed through each adventure to the cataclysmic conclusion.

How to Use This Book

The Fate of Istus is a package of ten adventures . . . and more. Along with each adventure is a map and description of the city in which it takes place. At the end of the book, in the section entitled *The Mirrors of Fate*, are descriptions of the five new non-player characters who play pivotal roles in the campaign as it unfolds.

The overall scenario is the brainchild of Istus, the Goddess of Fate in the Greyhawk milieu, who has—in her nearly infinite wisdom—decided that it's time to make some changes in the way of the world. But she doesn't simply *make* the changes, because she believes in the right of mortals to have an opportunity to influence their own Fate. So she sets up a series of tests, each one designed to assess the skills and the worthiness of a certain class of character. Next, she needs some subjects to perform the tests—and that's where the player characters come in.

The heroes of the campaign begin as inconspicuous novices, but by the time they reach the climactic confrontation in Adventure #10—if they get that far!—they will be adventurers of great skill. However, the tests that are set for them in each adventure grow in difficulty while the PCs are growing in power. They will indeed be tested every step of the way, and the final episode of the campaign will

be the most perilous and taxing of all.

The Lady of Fate must have a hand in things, of course. But instead of intervening herself, she creates an entity whom she names Morgorath. This character appears to the PCs in various guises and incarnations throughout the course of the campaign—each manifestation so different from the others that only the most perceptive player character would even dream that they are actually all the same "person." Morgorath's role differs from one test to another; sometimes he (she?) is an active assistant, sometimes a more passive provider of clues and information . . . and sometimes an adversary—as if the PCs didn't have enough problems already!

These adventures can be played independent of one another by making only minor alterations. And, of course, the information on the cities (and even the NPCs) can be put to good use for purposes that have nothing to do with Istus. But the best way to get the most out of *The Fate of Istus* is to get the group together, roll up a few brand-new characters, and plunk them down just outside the walls of Rookroost—on the verge of beginning the adventure of their lives.

About the Product

If you've looked over the Table of Contents already, you know that *The Fate of Istus* is not the creation of a single person—and that's what makes it such an exciting and interesting package. Four accomplished designers were each given the same background information and then handed specific assignments to be accomplished within that framework. As you'll see, the framework was rigid in some respects and flexible in others. The adventures have the continuity that's needed to make them playable in succession—but there's also a tremendous amount of variety from one section to the next.

Perhaps nowhere is the variety more obvious than in the sections entitled *Ye Olde City Scroll*. Essentially, each designer was told to write about the city in which the adventure takes place, and provide a map as well. Just leafing through the book and glancing at the

city maps will give you some idea of how each designer's approach to the project varied. In the process of playing any or all of these adventures, you'll get insights into the history, culture, and geography of the Greyhawk milieu that will bring the environment to life like never before.

No matter what kind of adventure you or your players prefer, you'll find it represented here. Battling a warrior with nothing but bare hands and quick reflexes; racing through a forest to foil an assassination plot; breaking into a mausoleum to put a beleaguered soul to rest; coping with a benevolent but insensitive bureaucracy; treading lightly through a labyrinth of dungeon corridors—all these challenges and more await the characters who are put to the test, over and over again, in *The Fate of Istus*.

Game Mechanics

Anyone who's familiar with the terminology and rules of the AD&D® game should have no trouble understanding or interpreting any of the information in this book. Only a couple of points are worth special mention.

Some of the adventures call for characters to attempt Ability Checks—a concept that was introduced in *Dungeoneer's Survival Guide*. The procedure works as follows: Roll the indicated die or dice and compare the result to the designated ability score of the character making the attempt. If the roll is equal to or less than the character's ability score, the check is successful.

Also, note that the THACO statistic given for any NPC fighter with an even-numbered experience level assumes the use of "per level combat advancement," as described in the note on page 74 of the *Dungeon Masters Guide*, so that (for instance) a 10th level fighter has a better (lower) THACO number than a 9th level fighter. If you elect not to use this optional rule, simply add 1 to the THACO number for such characters.

Now, direct your eyes to the top of the next page—and, on behalf of Istus, welcome to Rookroost. . . .

Rookroost

Like most petty holdings in the Bandit Kingdoms, Rookroost (the name is shared by the territory and the city) traces its origins back to the wild skirmishes and turf wars that raged between 300 and 350 CY—and still continue, although somewhat abated in ferocity. It began as a small city-state, encompassing a walled town and little else, but has grown stronger over the years until it has become the largest and most powerful of the kingdoms. Its founder was an Oeridian robber baron named Latavius, and under his dominion Rookroost enjoyed its most dynamic period of growth. In 371 CY, Latavius died suddenly—under rather suspicious circumstances—and the throne of Rookroost was taken over by the former commander of Latavius's personal bodyguard. This assumption of power through assassination would become the hallmark of Rookroost politics even until the present day.

The current overlord of the kingdom is a human bandit-prince named Pernevi (a fighter/thief of 12th level) who styles himself as "The General" (don't forget the capital letters!). Like Latavius, he is of Oeridian extraction and chaotic neutral (with evil tendencies) in alignment; unlike Latavius, he isn't a particularly strong leader.

With the help of Rookroost's powerful Thieves Guild, The General gained ascendancy by assassinating the preceding ruler. The throne was still warm from its previous occupant when The General realized how easy it had been to remove a well-guarded (and neurotically suspicious) leader, and he suddenly developed a paranoid fear that he might be next. To protect himself, he came to an amicable agreement with the Thieves Guild: The General would run the military and national policy (such as it is) and anything else the guild didn't want to bother with; the guild would run the rest. Thus, there are two fairly distinct governments in Rookroost: one overt, concerning itself with external affairs (The General, his administration, and his bully-boy police force); and one covert, concerning itself with anything profitable (the Thieves Guild).

The leader of the Thieves Guild is Elara Mornstar (see Adventure #1), a half-elf who calls herself Guildmother and rules her guild—and much of the city—with an iron fist. Despite this, or perhaps because of it, she is highly respected, even loved, by the members of the guild. Elara keeps close contact with Rookroost's small but very effective assassins guild, known as the Slayers Brotherhood.

The relationship between The General and Elara is complex. He sometimes turns to the

guild for help, and guild members sometimes serve him—when it suits Elara—as his secret police. Despite the arrangement he has made with the guild, The General would very much like to see his own rule unchallenged. Very carefully, he's sounding out the assassins guilds in the neighboring territories to see if one of them would care to rid him of this aggravating female. Of course, Elara has learned of his machinations, since she already had contacts in all the guilds with which The General has communicated. (This possibility has occurred to The General, but out of a combination of desperation and self-assurance he keeps trying anyway.) For herself, Elara finds the whole affair rather amusing. She doesn't want The General's throne . . . yet. But if his efforts to get rid of her become more serious, she might see that he receives a nighttime visitation from "a short man with a long blade," as she puts it. She would then arrange for someone more accommodating to be placed on the throne.

The arrangement between the government and the guild is an open secret, although newcomers to the city might not become aware of it immediately. They would, however, quickly notice pervasive corruption in the police force and government. The government is supported through bribes, exorbitant gate fees, profits from foreign currency exchange, and "donations" from the Thieves Guild; the army is similarly funded, helped along by heavy "protection payments" from the territories through which the army moves.

The General is a relatively poor leader (perhaps because he spends so much time looking over his shoulder). Under his rule, Rookroost has lost considerable amounts of territory to its neighbors in the continuing border skirmishes that mark life in the Bandit Kingdoms. Despite these recent losses, Rookroost is still the largest city (more than 17,000 population) and the strongest territory in the Kingdoms.

The city began as a walled town—little more than a fort—situated atop a low hill, and for the first portion of its history it grew by repeatedly building new walls to encompass its burgeoning size. Soon, however, growth became so rapid that the builders had to give up the losing battle. Now almost half of the city's area lies outside the outermost set of walls, clustered around the two main gates. Rookroost's earlier history can be traced from the concentric rings of walls that still stand within the city. Generally, the wealth of the residents decreases as one moves outward from the center area—called "The Peak," even though it is no more than 50 feet higher than the surrounding terrain. The poorest neighborhoods are beyond the city's outermost barrier, in the region known as Outwall. Residences and other buildings and physical

features decline in appearance and quality the farther they are from The Peak. Prices at inns and taverns vary according to their location; the cost of a drink at the Drunken Dragon, for instance, is somewhat less than at the Palace Guard Inn.

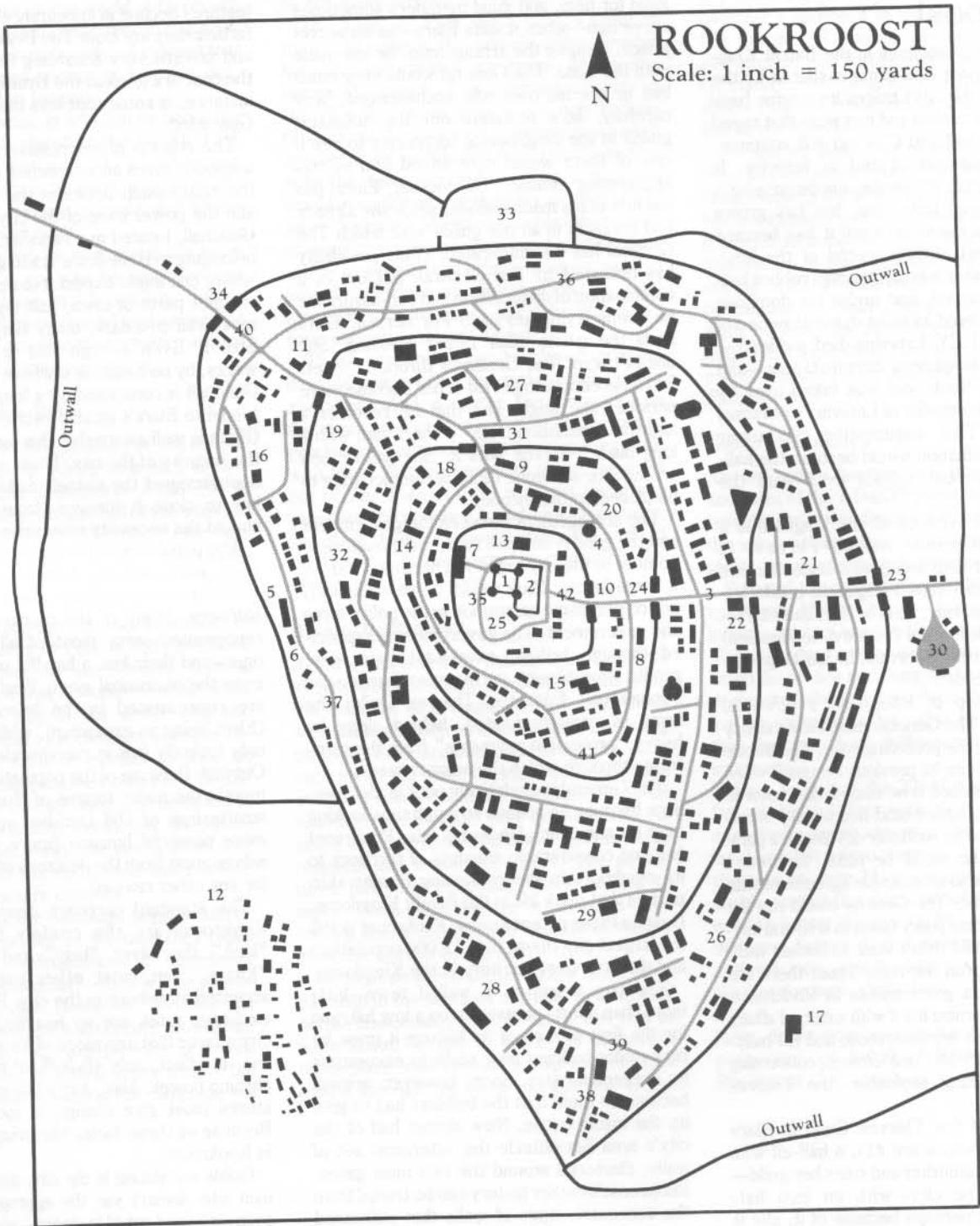
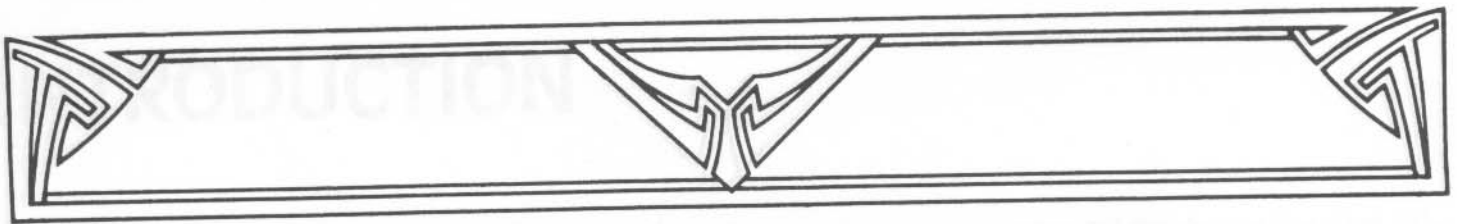
This concept of progressively poorer neighborhoods gives an interesting perspective on the relationship between the Thieves Guild and the power base of the city. The Thieves Guildhall, located in a ramshackle warehouse belonging to Benedict's Trading Coster, is just where one might expect it to be—in one of the rougher parts of town, just inside the outermost wall on a dark, dingy alley called Cheap Street. Even though this is where Elara works, by no means is it where she lives. The Guildhall is connected by a long underground tunnel to Elara's palatial estate on The Peak. (Elara is well aware that this tunnel threatens the security of the city. Thus, she has heavily boobytrapped the tunnel, making it easy for her to close it forever—from either end—should the necessity ever arise.)

The population of Rookroost is a rough mixture: predominantly human, with very few demi-humans except for a large contingent of half-orcs. Many of the humanoid races are represented—orcs most of all, with a few ogres and their kin, a handful of goblins, and even the occasional giant. Wealth and power are concentrated in the human population (Elara being an exception), while the humanoids typically live in ramshackle dwellings in Outwall. Because of the population mix, Common is the major tongue of Rookroost, with smatterings of Old Oeridian spoken by the more powerful humans (more to set themselves apart from the denizens of Outwall than for any other reason).

The standard currency denominations of Rookroost are the crudely formed gold "lord," the silver "lady," and the copper "knave," but most other currencies are accepted anywhere in the city. However, the exchange rates are so heavily tilted in the city's favor that any piece of foreign currency has, in effect, only 40-50% of its usual purchasing power. Also, a city law states that all stores must give change in local currency. Because of these facts, bartering is common in Rookroost.

Guilds are strong in the city, and any tradesman who doesn't join the appropriate guild is soon squeezed out of business—sometimes violently. Major guilds—smiths, merchants, teamsters, even mages—are tied through corruption to the government and the Thieves Guild. Nobody can join a guild without paying a large initiation fee, much of which ends up split between Elara's and The General's coffers.

The General's police force contains some 300 members, at least one-third of whom are



patrolling the streets (squads normally number 4-8 men each) or otherwise on duty at any time of the day or night. Typical patrolmen are 1st level fighters with (on the average) 6 hp. Any squad of five or more will have at least one sergeant (F2, 12 hp), and 10% of the men on the force are lieutenants (F3, 20 hp). Each

policeman wears leather armor, bears a shield, and carries a dagger and at least one other weapon. Clubs, maces, and longswords predominate, depending upon the situation or the officer's assignment: swords are used for normal patrolling, clubs and maces for crowd control or to break up fights.

The police are cut from the same cloth as The General himself—bandits and bullies who've found that working for the established order is sometimes more profitable than fighting against it. They're paid a pittance, have little discipline, and generally look like the ruffians they are. The only feature that distin-

guishes them from other bullies abroad in the streets is the city crest sewn onto the breast of their leather armor. It's common knowledge among residents that the police subsidize their meager income through extortion and bribery. These activities are usually, but not necessarily, subtle. Visitors to the city are frequently hassled by police, grilled about their origin and purpose until they find some way of bribing the officers to leave them alone. Such extortion isn't limited to visitors, however: most of the force's income is extracted from the poorer citizens of Rookroost. Police "extracurricular activity" decreases as one moves inward toward The Peak, and is totally absent in the central rich neighborhoods. Although it isn't an official policy (nor is it prohibited), individual officers have struck deals with the Thieves Guild to provide information for the guild and protection for guild members.

The most profitable assignment for the police is gate duty. Around the clock, each of the city's seven gates is watched by a detachment of police (four patrolmen, plus a sergeant during the day or a lieutenant at night). Ostensibly, their job is to keep undesirables out. In fact, they take the opportunity to shake down anybody trying to enter the city. City law calls for the police to levy a gate fee of 1 s.p. (or the equivalent) on anyone who wishes to pass from the outside to the inside of a gate. A one-day pass is available for 5 s.p., allowing unlimited entry through any of the gates during a single day (useful for merchants whose business requires frequent trips to Outwall and back). A monthly pass can be purchased for 10 g.p. (Such passes are only good for the number of days remaining in the current calendar month, although the guards won't make this clear for the benefit of first-time buyers.) Both kinds of passes are simply scraps of parchment with the date, type of pass, and the chop of the guard officer scrawled on them. PCs might be tempted to forge passes for themselves, and it's fairly easy to do so. Anyone with a sample to work from can whip up a forgery that has only a 20% chance of not passing inspection each time it is used. A thief, an assassin, a bard, or someone with the secondary skill of scribe (or equivalent) can produce a forgery that has a mere 5% chance of being discovered per use. If the gate guards catch someone using a forged pass, they'll mete out instant retribution: at the very least, a savage beating and confiscation of all valuables, followed by prosecution.

The 1 s.p. gate fee is the base figure, but the police are masters at judging what the traffic will bear. If they think they can get away with it, they'll charge additional fees (for example, 1 s.p. per hoof for large animals, 1 s.p. per wheel for carts and carriages, or an

exorbitant "weapon fee" of 2 g.p. or more for armed adventurers that the police think they can bluff). Of course, some city residents have special dispensation, and they'll just breeze past the gate guards without stopping. The police know these people (typically the denizens of The Peak, rich merchants, The General's cronies, and so forth), and will salute them. (It might be possible for a PC to bluff his way past the guards, although very difficult.)

Each gate detachment is always backed up—although not obviously—by a couple of thieves of 2nd or 3rd level. At the end of their eight-hour watch, the police give half of their take to the thieves, who deliver it to the coffers of the Thieves Guild. (How the remaining spoils are divvied up among the police depends on the personalities involved.) Apart from the money, participating in gate duty has another valuable benefit for the guild: it allows them to spot rich-looking potential marks as they enter the city. As a matter of policy, the police question any affluent stranger as to where he or she will be staying in the city, then pass this information on to the thieves.

The entire territory of Rookroost has a standing army of several thousand men. While most of them are in the field to protect against the incursions of neighboring kingdoms, several hundred are barracked outside the city walls (a gentle reminder to anyone dissatisfied with the status quo that rebellion isn't a wise idea).

The city contains temples dedicated to many of the Oeridian gods: Zilchus (primarily honored by the wealthy and powerful), Erythnul (worshiped by many humanoids), Hextor (popular with soldiers and police), Kurell (honored by Elara and most of the Thieves Guild), Atroa, Celestian, and Fharlanghn. The last three named deities do not boast numerous or especially fervent congregations. In Outwall, there are also ramshackle chapels dedicated to some of the gods of the humanoids (Gruumsh, for example).

If a city can be said to have an alignment, then Rookroost is definitely neutral with chaotic and evil tendencies (these tendencies are, of course, more pronounced in Outwall).

Rookroost received its name from the fact that the area is home to great flocks of rooks and ravens, and the large black birds are a common sight on the rooftops of the city. The central square, onto which The General's residence faces, frequently seems to be carpeted with the creatures. These birds are central to an ancient prophecy. Soon after the founding of the city, a seer foretold that, as long as the rooks still roosted around the central square, the city that bore their name would never fall to outside invaders. So far, the prophecy seems to be holding up: although the city has

been attacked and besieged several times, it has always withstood the attentions of marauders. In light of the recent setbacks in the border campaigns, The General has this prophecy firmly in mind, and has members of his staff go out into the square on a daily basis to feed the rooks, trying to ensure that they'll remain.

To determine the nature of encounters within the city, the City/Town Encounters Matrix on page 191 of the *Dungeon Masters Guide* can be used. The DM should keep in mind the racial characteristics of the city, and should feel free to modify these encounters to better suit the nature of Rookroost.

Map Key

1. The General's Palace
2. Raven Square
3. Triumphary (the main road)
4. The Sage's Tower
5. Benedict's Trading Coster warehouse (Thieves Guildhall)
6. Benedict's Trading Coster offices
7. Elara's villa
8. Police guardhouse
9. The White Elf Inn
10. Peak Gate
11. The Drunken Dragon Tavern
12. Army encampment
13. Temple to Zilchus
14. Temple to Atroa
15. Chapel to Celestian
16. Chapel to Kurell
17. Chapel to Gruumsh
18. Merchants' Guildhall
19. Teamsters' Guildhall
20. Mages' Guildhall
21. The Wayfarer Tavern
22. Ravenshead Inn
23. Triumphary Gate
24. Palace Guard Inn
25. Guardhouse for The General's guard
26. Smiths' Guildhall
27. Greystaff's Salle d'Armes
28. Random's Trading Coster warehouse
29. Greyhaven Armorers
30. Marketplace
31. Northhaven Tavern
32. Aliss Westwind Apothecary
33. City Cemetery
34. Funary Gate
35. Peak Circle Street
36. The Serpentine (street)
37. Cheap Street
38. The Shank (street)
39. Dead Man's Passage (street)
40. Great Northern Way (street)
41. The Crescent (street)
42. The General's Way (street)

Note: The streets in Outwall are unpaved and not truly fixed, and therefore often shift.

THE SAGE'S TOWER

This adventure is designed for up to six characters of zero level (or 1st level, if the DM decides not to use the rules for zero-level characters). A thief character will be helpful, although not strictly necessary.

DM's Introduction

Plague is abroad in Rookroost—or that's what a large percentage of its populace believes. A week ago, the city was as disease-free as a city like Rookroost ever is. Now scores are suffering from a malady that has herbalists and clerics puzzled . . . and worried.

The disease starts innocuously enough, with feelings of lassitude, dull pain in the joints, swollen lymph nodes, and a throbbing headache. Within hours, the lassitude grows, and the victim shows a mild fever. Then strange red blotches, or edemas, appear, and the headache becomes a crippling, trip-hammer pounding. The victim becomes incapable of concentration and unable to move without assistance. The duration of the disease varies from person to person; sometimes it takes two or three days to progress to the incapacitating phase, sometimes (particularly with children or frail adults) less than a day. Nobody knows the origin of the disease—although there are many theories, some of them farfetched in the extreme—and there are only guesses as to its nature and manner of transmission. Judging by its rapid spread through the city, it must be contagious. But how is the contagion passed on? By physical contact? Through the air, or the water? Or by some other mysterious—perhaps supernatural—agency?

Even more worrisome is its resistance to all attempted cures. Poultices, infusions, draughts, quack medicines, potions from reputable herbalists, leeching, bleeding—all are ineffective. Even magics and the ministrations of clerics (*cure disease*, *heal*, and the like) have proven useless. Certain herbal treatments have been found to lessen the pain in the joints and ease the worst of the headache, but even these seem to work in only some of the cases. Old records describe a plague that decimated the Bandit Kingdom's population as it swept across the Flanaess some four score years ago. The Red Death, as it was called, also started with aches and a fever, but soon showed its lethal nature. More than two thousand people died in Rookroost alone, and no cure was ever found. The disease simply burned itself out, vanishing as mysteriously as it had appeared. While the old records are now seen only by sages, some clerics, and a handful of herbalists, the knowledge has somehow spread. The word on the streets is that the Red Death has returned.

Already, the populace talks of a number of people who've died of the plague. True, the

victims (most of whom dwell in Outwall) are all old and might be expected to have died from even a minor fever, but memories are very long and imaginations very fertile when it comes to plagues. Although the necessary commerce of Rookroost makes it impossible to close the gates and isolate the city, the richer neighborhoods are enforcing quarantines to varying degrees. The gates to The Peak are closed and guarded, and nobody is allowed admission without a very good reason.

A thriving business has sprung up among unscrupulous herbalists and con men, all hawking patent nostrums "guaranteed" to protect against the Red Death. Triumphary and most of the street corners near the two outermost gates are stages for more or less elaborate patent-medicine shows, and similar booths and stalls have sprung up throughout Outwall. Most of these "medicines" are harmless, although a few are mildly noxious. All of them are ineffective.

In game terms, the disease has the following effects. At the onset, an affected character suffers 1 point decrease in strength, dexterity, and constitution. As the malady progresses, these three ability scores continue to drop until they've each decreased by 5 points. The disease reaches its worst stage after a number of hours equal to the victim's constitution times four. At this point, wisdom instantly decreases by 4 points and intelligence by 3 in addition to the strength, dexterity and constitution losses that have come before; movement is decreased to 3"; and spell casting becomes impossible. This phase of the disease can continue indefinitely. If any attribute reaches zero, the victim dies. When the disease is cured (either by a curative found in a stand-alone adventure or at the end of the complete campaign), all attributes gradually return to normal over a period of 24 hours as the disease's symptoms fade and vanish.

Introducing the PCs

If the PCs have not yet met each other, the DM might find the following scenario useful.

The PCs were born in or around Rookroost, or have come to make their homes there. Each has a friend or family member who has been stricken with the fever, and fear is high that the sufferers will die of the plague. Each PC has ventured forth into the city looking for a treatment or cure that will help his or her friend. While traveling the streets of the city, each PC (or each group of two or more, assuming that some of them have made contact with each other already) is approached by a well-dressed (some might even say foppish) half-elf male with long, flowing silver hair, clad in a white mantle over chain mail. This is Cymbelline (see *The Mirrors of Fate*). He leads

the PC aside and quietly tells him or her that he knows the origin of the plague, and has a good guess as to the location of a cure. Looking around himself secretively, Cymbelline claims that he can't say more here. Why doesn't the PC meet him at a tavern, the Drunken Dragon, at sundown?

Each PC (or group) experiences a similar encounter, and all the PCs find themselves at the same tavern. Cymbelline is late, giving those who don't know each other yet the opportunity to make each other's acquaintance.

If the PCs already know each other and are traveling together, they're introduced to the adventure one day when they're whiling away the hours in a tavern. There they are approached by Cymbelline.

In either case, Cymbelline introduces himself to the group as a "footloose poet, a wayfarer, and part-time scoundrel." He's come to know the highways and byways of Rookroost, and has stumbled upon some information that might be of interest to the PCs—if, that is, they're on the lookout for a little bit of loot . . . and the possibility of renown as saviors of the city.

Near the heart of the city is the Sage's Tower—the home of Ereaden, known to the townsfolk of Rookroost as a great wizard. The word on the street is that Ereaden has recently been in the employ of The General himself, conducting experiments on the nature of disease. Cymbelline has a nasty suspicion that he was working on some kind of biological weapon (or maybe a way of disposing of Elara on The General's behalf). Perhaps, Cymbelline speculates, he was a mite *too* successful. . . .

A week or so before the plague appeared in Rookroost, the sage received a delivery from a travel-soiled ranger: a caged creature of unknown sort. (Cymbelline wasn't present at the time, and his source—one of the sage's neighbors, who eavesdropped on the delivery—didn't get a good enough look at the creature to have a chance of identifying it.) Ereaden took the cage into his tower, and since a few days later he hasn't been heard from or seen.

For the past several years, the sage has paid his neighbors to bring him food and supplies on a regular basis, so he never has to leave his residence. Cymbelline has talked to the neighbors and found out that the supplies they brought almost a week ago still haven't been taken inside the tower—and the structure is locked up tight from the inside.

Cymbelline thinks the sage is dead, and believes the strange beast was a carrier of the plague. The creature is probably still in the Sage's Tower, Cymbelline theorizes, and—considering Ereaden's reputed competence—a cure or treatment might be found there as

well. Cymbelline suggests that if the PCs really care about finding a cure for the plague sweeping Rookroost, then their next step should be to get into the tower and look around. (If the PCs ask why Cymbelline won't do it himself, he'll answer with something like, "I said I was a part-time scoundrel, not a congenital idiot. If I'm right, there's plague in that tower.")

If the PCs tell Cymbelline that they're unskilled and untrained (zero-level), the half-

elf nods. "I know a woman you should meet," he says. "She's a friend of mine; she'll arrange for you to get some training." He pulls out a scrap of parchment and scrawls a rough map showing the PCs how to get to "Benedict's" on Cheap Street (actually the Thieves Guildhall, although zero-level characters, unless they're natives of Rookroost, probably wouldn't know this). "It's easy to find; you can't miss it," Cymbelline tells them. "Knock on the door and ask to speak to the mother of

the person who answers. Mention my name. The woman will help you, but there will be a cost. No doubt you'll be able to work it off, though." Cymbelline refuses to answer any further questions, claiming ignorance, then wishes the PCs luck and leaves them to their own devices.

If the PCs decide to accept Cymbelline's suggestion about training, they find the map difficult to follow. They can, however, discern the general neighborhood their destination is in. Finding their way to the guildhall should take 1-4 hours of searching. During this time, there are several "set piece" encounters that can occur. The DM can use any or all of these, as deemed appropriate. Alternatively, the DM can use the City/Town Encounters Matrix on page 191 of the *Dungeon Masters Guide* for random encounters.

1. Police: The PCs are hassled by four of The General's police, 1st level fighters (AC 8; MV 12"; HD 1; hp 4, 5, 7, 9; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8/1-12 (longswords); THAC0 20; AL CN(E)). The police are aggressive, asking where the PCs are going and what their business is. (In fact, they're looking for a way of shaking the PCs down for a few gold pieces.) If the PCs resist, the police will set upon them and try to pummel them senseless for their temerity, using their blades only if they have to. If, however, the PCs describe their destination, the police will immediately leave them alone. (The patrolmen have reason to respect and fear the Thieves Guild, and now they suspect that the PCs are somehow connected with that organization.)

2. Street Urchins: A horde of twenty scruffy street urchins, zero-level youngsters (AC 10; MV 12"; hp 1-2 each; #AT 1 (bite or scratch); Dmg 1; THAC0 20; AL CN), swarms around the PCs. The urchins snatch at the PCs' clothing and equipment as they rush by, trying to steal anything that's not securely attached (5% chance for any such item to be grabbed). This onslaught lasts for 1 round, during which time each party member will be accosted by 3-5 of the urchins; then the children rush off, laughing, with anything they've managed to lift. If any of the children are struck or pursued, they'll scatter. (They know the alleyways very well, and so the group has a 75% chance of evading the PCs entirely.) If the PCs try to restrain any of the children while they are being accosted, each character can grab and hold as many urchins as he has free hands—but the PC risks getting bitten or scratched by his quarry. If at least one child is restrained, the resulting commotion will attract police to the scene within 2-5 rounds. Instead of disciplining the urchins, the police will threaten to charge the PCs with "child abuse" (yet another heavy-handed attempt to shake down the PCs for cash).



3. *Rats*: In a particularly noisome alley, the PCs are attacked by three rats (AC 7; MV 15"; HD 1/4; hp 1, 1, 2; #AT 1; Dmg 1; SA 5% chance of causing serious disease; THACO 20; AL N). The rats live in the garbage strewn about the alley and are protecting their home.

4. *Rabid Dog*: A mad dog, foaming at the mouth, attacks the PCs without warning or provocation (AC 7; MV 15"; HD 1+1; hp 4; #AT 1 (bite); Dmg 1-4; THACO 18; AL N; SA 20% chance of causing serious cardiovascular disease).

5. *Street Hawker*: A disreputable-looking human female (AC 10; MV 12"; zero level; hp 3; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4/1-3 (dagger); THACO 20; AL CN) accosts the PCs, trying to sell them a "guaranteed protection against the Red Death." A foul-tasting—and totally ineffective—herbal concoction, this "potion" costs 5 s.p. per dose. She carries four doses in earthenware vials. She'll continue to harass the PCs until they either buy her wares or scare her off by drawing weapons.

6. *Plague Victim*: Blotched with the red edemas typical of the disease, this unfortunate lies propped up against a wall of an alley. He's in the final stage of the fever, unable to move by himself, and he calls piteously to the PCs to give him water. If the PCs oblige him, he thanks them kindly, then sinks back into his personal misery. If they ignore him, he summons enough strength to swear at them viciously.

Guildhall

When the PCs eventually reach the location marked on Cymbelline's map, they find a run-down warehouse. Over the door is a rotting sign reading "Benedict's Trading Coster." There's no sign of life within. If the PCs make their presence known, however, the door is opened by a rough-looking human with an abusive manner. He is, of course, the Guildhall door guard, charged with keeping unauthorized visitors out.

Door guard—male 3rd level thief: AC 8 (leather under soiled merchant's robe); MV 12"; HD 3; hp 14; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6/1-8 (shortsword); THACO 20; AL LE.

The guard tries to turn the PCs away, and isn't too tactful about it: "Get out of here before I slit your rotten throats!" If the PCs engage the guard in combat, he's joined in one round by three more guards with identical statistics. The four thieves will do their best to slay the intruders and drag their bodies inside for eventual disposal.

If the PCs mention Cymbelline's name, however, the guard reacts with recognition, asking them a little more politely exactly what they want. Any statement equivalent to "We want to see your mother" will elicit a nod of acceptance. The guard then invites the PCs

inside the building.

The entrance alcove is dark, and the other three guards are waiting inside. They ask the PCs to allow themselves to be blindfolded ("You understand why") before they go any farther. The guards are firm on this point. If the PCs refuse, they're free to leave, but they'll get no farther inside without first slaying all the guards (an exceptionally difficult undertaking considering the low level of the party).

Once blindfolded, the PCs are led deeper into the building, following a winding path, up and down stairs. They eventually reach a large, windowless room, and their blindfolds are removed. Sitting behind a table in front of them is a middle-aged half-elven woman who has the bearing of command. She is flanked by two formidable-looking assistants. This is the Guildmother.

Elara Mornstar, Guildmother—female half-elven 14th level thief: AC 10; MV 12"; HD 14; hp 55; #AT 1; Dmg 4-7/4-6 (dagger +3); THACO 11 (with dagger +3); AL LN(E).

Guildmother's assistants—male 6th level thieves (2): AC 8; MV 12"; HD 6; hp 29 each; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6/1-8 (shortsword); THACO 19; AL LE.

The four guards from the front door stand behind the PCs as the Guildmother addresses them. "You use the name of my colleague," Elara begins. "What is it that you ask of me?"

If the PCs ask for training, she immediately agrees: "I thought as much. Training you request, training you shall have. But there will be a price. To begin with, all proceeds from your raid on the Sage's Tower. That is your target, isn't it?"

All of the other thieves in the room act surprised by Elara's immediate agreement to the PCs' request for training, although they are too disciplined to say anything. (Such behavior is indeed totally out of character for Elara. However, her character was changed just the previous day, when Cymbelline approached her, claiming to have important information from the Guildmaster of a nearby city's Thieves Guild. During their private conversation, he told her that an assault on Ereaden's tower might be forthcoming and he used the power of his sword to *charm* the Guildmother into giving training to any visitors who used his name, because they would be the ones intending to attempt the incursion.)

One of the guards standing behind the PCs is the most surprised person in the room, but is careful to keep this fact to himself. He's more than just the simple thief he appears to be; actually, he's a member of the Scarlet Brotherhood. He has infiltrated this guild—as his brethren have done with most such guilds throughout the Flanaess—to report back matters of interest to the Brotherhood. His supe-

riors have recently alerted him that strange matters are afoot in the world, and have ordered him to keep an especially sharp eye out for anything unusual.

Elara goes on, indicating one of the assistants by her side. "This is Araman. He will be in charge of your training. Araman, take them away." Immediately, Araman leads the PCs out of Elara's study and explains to them the arrangements under which they'll be trained.

The Training

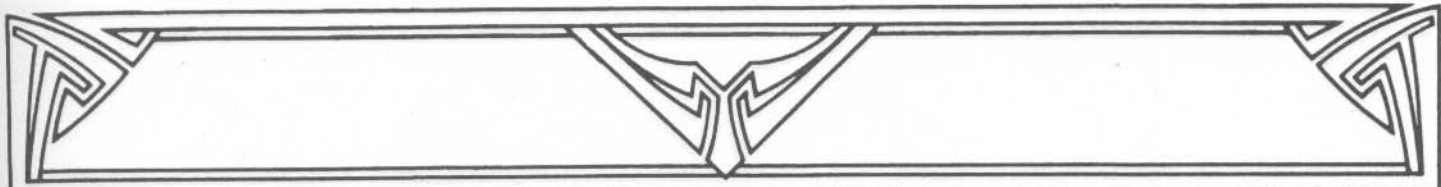
The guild, Araman explains, will give the PCs instruction in thieving skills, fighting skills, or preliminary magic (but not of the illusionist variety). Among the guild's associate members is a cleric (5th level, chaotic neutral) dedicated to the god Kurell, chaotic neutral god of thieves; he'll teach any aspiring cleric who's of his moral and ethical bent and will swear to follow that god. There are no bards, illusionists, druids, monks, or members of fighter subclasses in the guild or associated with the guild, so the organization cannot provide training for characters of those types. (PCs who want or need such training are on their own.) Training in the assassin's arts is available through a reciprocal arrangement with the city's Slayers Brotherhood.

The guild will provide training, but will not provide any PC with the final initiation into his chosen class(es) unless the PC signs himself over to the guild (a binding oath made to Araman, the Guildmother's assistant) for a period of two years. During this period, a guild associate (for such the PC becomes with the oath) must obey the orders of the guild, helping the organization in any ways with no payment above that necessary for subsistence. Reneging on this vow is punishable by messy death, sentence to be carried out on sight, no appeal.

Thieves and assassins who wish to receive their initiation must become paid-up (and life-long) members of their respective guilds, and both must perform a "graduation exercise" (a robbery or a minor assassination) during which they are secretly monitored. Clerics wishing to be initiated must be ordained into the church of Kurell.

DM Note: The intention here is to put enough impediments in their way to make it likely that the PCs will look elsewhere for their initiation. If they do try to take advantage of the guild, there'll be lots of scope for future adventures, particularly if they run out on their oaths.

The Guildmother's instructions are to train the PCs for as long as they desire. There should be steadily growing pressure applied to them, however, to get on about their business (the Sage's Tower). At first, this pressure is simply rumors of the spread of the disease. Within the first week, the PCs hear, one in ten



of the city populace has shown the first symptoms of the disease (an even higher proportion in Outwall). More people are dying, now the very young as well as the very old.

DM Note: The number of people actually dying is, in fact, very small. In rumors, however—particularly rumors of plague—numbers get vastly exaggerated, often by a factor of fifty or more.

The percentage of infected citizens and the number of reported deaths both climb steadily. After a week or so, the PCs receive a note from Cymbelline, asking if they've forgotten their conversation with him. Eventually, if the PCs show no intention of getting about their business, the DM can optionally inform them that one of their family members or friends (the individual for whom one of the PCs initially ventured into the city) has succumbed to the plague. The final card to play is for the DM to report to one of the players that his PC seems to have contracted the disease. When word to this effect gets out, guild members will no longer associate with the infected PC, and will insist that all the PCs leave before they spread contagion to the entire guild.

During the training period, of course, the guild will keep the PCs busy with menial duties: cleaning the Guildhall, cooking, washing dishes, laundry, and so forth. There'll also be special jobs appropriate to each class for which the PCs are training. These jobs can turn into short zero-level adventures. Here are some suggestions for each class:

Fighter: Act as outside guard during a burglary; disguised as a noble's bodyguard, escort a mid-level thief (disguised as a nobleman) into Outwall on some mission; collect an outstanding debt from a zero-level merchant in Outwall; take a shift on front door duty (accompanied by three 3rd level thieves).

Thief: Assist with a minor burglary; steal a certain scroll from a bookseller; enter a higher-class tavern and steal the purse of a particular merchant within (to embarrass him when he finds he can't pay the bill); steal the flag of a neighboring city from the roof of an inn (the flag was raised to honor the representative of the other city, who is staying inside) and replace it with the flag of Rookroost.

Cleric: Take a message to another cleric of Kurell whose chapel is in Outwall; accompany a burglary team as "medic"; at midnight on the anniversary of his death, take a wreath to a graveyard outside the walls and place it on the grave of a previous Guildmaster.

Magic-user: Put on a conjuring show outside a store to act as a diversion while other guild members rob it; accompany a thief on a midnight excursion into a library to identify those books which might be of interest to the guild's mage; distract a high-level fighter

while some apprentice pickpockets rob him blind.

Assassin: In disguise, infiltrate a meeting of the Teamsters Guild to discover their political plans (if any); assassinate a visiting low-level paladin, but make it look like an accident or a death from natural causes.

These are only suggestions. The individual DM can use any or all of these, or concoct original adventures to keep the PCs busy. In any case, it's certain that the PCs will find their training period very educational—not only about their chosen class, but also about how the city of Rookroost operates.

No matter how valuable they find their training, the PCs should eventually be coaxed into striking out on their own and approaching the Sage's Tower.

Whether the PCs are expelled from the guild when sickness strikes or go voluntarily, Elara the Guildmother has ordered that no guild member assist them in any way during their assault on the Sage's Tower. (As will become apparent, she's already lost three thieves to the tower, and has no intention of losing any more.)

The Tower

Located just outside the walls of The Peak neighborhood, the Sage's Tower is an impressive edifice. Eighty feet tall, it's built of huge blocks of black basalt, roughly fitted together. The tower itself is narrow, with barely enough room for a winding staircase, topped by strange apparatuses that sometimes shine in the sun. The tower stands atop a blocky building. Neither the tower nor the base building has any windows, and there is only one door: huge and heavy, made of iron. Piled in front of this door are about a week's worth of supplies—loaves of bread, cuts of meat, fruits and vegetables—some items starting to spoil. (Such is the respect that the sage enjoys from his neighbors that nobody seems to have stolen any of the food—surprising for Rookroost.)

In the middle of the door is a large knocker in the shape of a lion's head. If anyone has the temerity to use the knocker, the lion's head speaks with a *magic mouth* spell: "Go away. Private property. Trespassers will be killed." (This message will be repeated every time someone tries the knocker.) The door is locked and *wizard locked*. Even if the PCs have some way of dispelling the *wizard lock*, heavy bolts have been shot, securing the door from the inside. There is no way into the building . . . other than possibly through the top of the tower.

This solution should quickly come to the PCs' minds. The base building is little more than 10 feet high, easily scaled by a thief, or by one PC standing on another's shoulders.

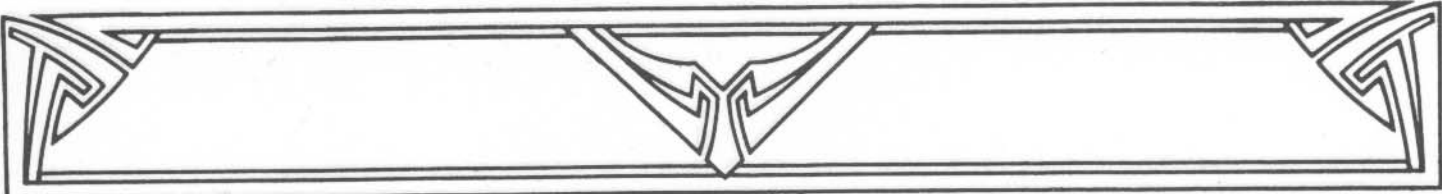
Once the PCs are atop the base building, however, the tower still rears another 70 feet above their heads. Luckily, the basalt is rough, with many handholds and footholds, making it relatively easy for a thief to climb. Therefore, the best solution is for a thief to scale the tower with a rope, attach it at the top, and have the remainder of the party members climb the rope. (A party without a thief can no doubt think of alternatives, such as grappling hooks or arrows, *spider climb*, etc.)

If the PCs try this in daytime, there's a 10% chance per round that someone will notice and attract the attention of the police. Despite the officers' close connection with the Thieves Guild—or perhaps because of it—the police come down hard on "freelance" thieving operations. The police have got the word that no authorized guild activity is scheduled for the Sage's Tower, so they know that the PCs are working freelance. They'll try to arrest the PCs and drag them off to the station, where they'll be charged with attempted burglary and incarcerated until their trial. (Thus, it is much safer for the PCs to try anything at night.)

The top of the tower is circular, 15 feet in diameter, with 4-foot-high metal guard rails around its edges. Set into the center is a wooden trapdoor. This trapdoor is secured by a bolt on the inside. The wood is so soft, however, that any PC who thinks of it can use a knife to dig through it, then just slide the bolt back. Alternatively, the trapdoor can be torn open by brute force; a character must make a *bend bars* roll to succeed. In either case, the PCs' ministrations will render the trapdoor incapable of being closed properly thereafter.

Bolted onto the stone floor are a number of fascinating instruments, all made of brass: a small telescope, an astrolabe, a mercury barometer, a sextant, and an anemometer. If the PCs wish to spend the time to detach them from the floor, and can get them out of the tower in one piece, they might be able to sell them for up to 250 g.p. for each instrument . . . if they can find an appropriate buyer (probably a difficult task).

The trapdoor opens onto the dark interior of the building, giving access to a spiral stairway only wide enough for one person. There's no handrail, and any stumble might cause a damaging fall down the center of the tower. (Each PC must make a 1d20 Dexterity Check to keep from stumbling; if a stumble occurs, a second failed check indicates that a fall results.) A grim reminder of the perils of the stairway appears one-third of the way down the descending spiral. Protruding from the wall, just at knee height for a human, is a metal rod about two feet long. Its end has blood on it. A thief can easily determine what



happened: the metal rod is part of a trap that springs out from the wall when triggered by weight on one of the steps. If the PCs' light reaches to the bottom of the tower, they can see the victim. Dressed in the tight-fitting black "business suit" of a guild thief, he lies crumpled on the stone floor. One of his knees is broken (by the trap), but it was the fall that killed him.

Another indication of the propensity Ereaden the Sage had for traps is found halfway down the spiral stairs. It's another human, dressed in a similar manner to the first victim. This one, a woman, lies dead on the stairs, a massive wound in her side. Again, a thief can determine what happened: she unwittingly triggered another trap, this time a scything blade which slashed out from the wall. After felling her, it retracted. As with the trap above, this was triggered by applying weight on one of the stone steps. PCs might be worried that the trap has reset itself; in fact, it must be re-armed by hand. Thus, it's safe to use the staircase. Trying to disarm this trap cannot accidentally trigger it.

There are no other traps on the stairway. The spiral staircase ends in room 1 of the Sage's Tower map.

The Sage's Tower Locations

Unless otherwise noted, the entire building is in darkness. All ceilings are 10 feet high. Doors are typically brass-bound oak, and not locked.

1. Stairway Room

You're in a square room 15 feet on a side. The walls, ceiling and floor are unornamented stone, lighter in color and much smoother in texture than the rough-cut basalt that comprises the outside walls and the tower itself. At the foot of the spiral stairs you've just descended is a door. There's no lock visible.

The air is heavy with complex scents—animals, chemicals, blood, a hint of decay—sweet, sharp, constantly changing.

Apart from the dead thief on the floor, the room is empty. The single door to the south isn't locked, but it's difficult to open (regular rolls for a dungeon door are required). This is because Ereaden has had the door ensorceled so that he doesn't have to open it by hand. The door is enchanted so that anyone wishing to open or close the door simply has to whistle within ten feet of it. If the door is closed, a whistle will cause it to open, and vice versa. It's this dweomer that makes the door a little hard to open by hand.

2. Ereaden's Study

The walls are lined with bookcases and scroll racks, and a large—and messy—table stands in the middle of the room. Piled beneath it are several dirty plates; this apparently doubles as the sage's dining room. In the darkness, you can see that all of the bookcases and scroll racks are shimmering faintly with a blue-white light. There are several oil lanterns mounted in racks on the wall, but all have burned out. The floor is carpeted.

As befits Ereaden's paranoia—illustrated by the traps on the tower stairway—his study is trapped also. The bookcases and scroll racks are protected by a special dweomer similar to *shocking grasp*. Anyone touching the contents of any shelf or rack without first saying the word of release—"insulsus," known only to Ereaden—receives 7-14 (1d8+6) points of electrical damage. There is enough dweomer in the entire bookshelf/rack complex to deliver four such charges. After the fourth, the shimmer disappears and the protection is gone.

The shelves and racks hold little of interest to anyone but a sage. The books mostly concern biology and ecology, with a few works that discuss meteorology and astronomy. None of the books or scrolls are of significant value. There are no magical tomes or manuals.

The table, which is unprotected, is covered with parchments and open books. The books all deal with biology, and lie open at pages dealing with the ecology of Relmor Bay, with flying creatures, or with highly adapted mammals. The parchments are Ereaden's own notes, dealing with the same topics. (From this reading material the PCs might deduce the nature of the creature Ereaden was studying.)

3. Ereaden's Bedroom

The rough walls are covered with drapes of delicate gray cloth. Your feet sink sump-tuously into the thick carpeting. Against the north wall is a large bed, covered in a spread of rich brocade. Beside it is a small night table, on which rests an oil lamp and a heavy, leather-bound book. A high wardrobe stands in the northeast corner, its doors shut. You can smell a delicate scent that counteracts the complex odors elsewhere. After a moment you identify it: sandalwood.

The wardrobe, which is lined with sandalwood, contains a number of robes, cloaks,

etc., all in varying shades of gray. In the pocket of one of the robes is a small gold amulet (nonmagical), worth 35 g.p. The book on the night table is Ereaden's idea of light reading: a speculative treatment of how intelligent life developed on the world of Oerth. A note on the flyleaf describes the book as a translation of a work by someone called Lysenko. No one quite knows where the original came from, because it was written in an unknown tongue and because it was printed on strange, almost glossy parchment.

Under the bed is a small locked case which contains a bejeweled woman's necklace worth 100 g.p. In the box with the necklace is a note scrawled in a feminine hand: "Keep your gift; I'll keep my freedom." With the case is a spellbook containing the spells *affect normal fires*, *burning hands*, *comprehend languages*, *dancing lights*, *erase*, *feather fall*, *friends*, *hold portal*, *identify*, *jump*, *mending*, *message*, *shield*, *spider climb*, and *write*. The spells are inscribed in the same hand as the note.

4. Lavatory

You recognize this room immediately as a lavatory. All of the fixtures are of the best materials—for example, the washbasin is fine white marble. Strangely, there's no pump by the basin, just a spigot arrangement similar to the tap on a keg of beer.

Water pressure to the washbasin tap is maintained by a magically driven pump that Ereaden has designed. The toilet uses a form of teleportation to relocate anything, organic or inorganic, deposited in it to the sewers below the tower (magical items receive a save vs. magical fire; nonmagical items receive no save). Only complete items or beings are affected (thus it cannot be used to remove, for example, the lid from a small chest, or a limb from an enemy).

5. Kitchen

You disturb dust on the floor as you open the door. Waist-high counters run along the south and west wall. A washbasin of polished metal is mounted in the southern countertop; a disk of dark iron is inset in the western counter. A great number of wooden cabinets are mounted on the walls and under the counters.

Ereaden hasn't used the kitchen in years—in fact, not since he arranged with his neighbors to bring him food every day. The cabinets contain cooking utensils, plates, cutlery, and some spoiled food (old flour and the like; noth-

ing foul-smelling or the sage would have remembered to get rid of it). The washbasin has a tap arrangement similar to that in room 4. The dark iron disk is Ereaden's stove. The word "coquere" triggers a variant of the spell *heat metal*, and the iron reaches red heat in four rounds. The word "algor" turns off the effect, and the iron returns to room temperature in another four rounds.

6. Storage Room

This room looks like a collision between a chemistry lab and a pet supply store. Laboratory glassware is piled everywhere—on shelves, on the floor—mixed in with small empty cages, muzzles, buckets of sawdust, bags of feed, and containers of exotic leaves. A particular shelf—the only one remotely organized—bears a bewil-

dering variety of vaguely medical-looking instruments. The air is enough to make your eyes water, a heady mix of tropical forests and the bite of disinfectant chemicals.

There's nothing of significant value here, although it may take the PCs some time to determine this. The medical instruments include four scalpels of different sizes. These can be used in combat as daggers (-1 "to hit"), although they aren't balanced for throwing (-5 "to hit" when used in this way).

7. Animal Room

As you open the door, you're suddenly in the middle of a war. A handful of huge rats seemed to be fighting a pitched battle with

an equal number of winged creatures. But now they're all after you. . . .

The warring factions consist of three giant rats (AC 7; MV 12"/6"; HD 1/2; hp 2, 3, 4; #AT 1; Dmg 1-3; THAC0 19; AL N(E); SA 5% chance of causing serious disease) and two stirges (AC 8; MV 3"/18"; HD 1+1; hp 3, 6; #AT 1; Dmg 1-3; THAC0 15; AL N; SA drain blood for 1-4 hp per round). They escaped from their cages a couple of days ago, and since then they've represented each other's only source of food. Since they are able to fly, it might seem that the stirges have the advantage. Not necessarily so, since the stirges have to land on their chosen victim to feed, thus exposing themselves to the fangs of the other rats. The casualties (two drained giant rat corpses, one almost-devoured stirge) show that the odds are pretty even. Now that the door's open, however, all combatants are smart enough to realize that the door means freedom, and they're not going to let anything get in their way. Although they'll fight the PCs if necessary, the creatures' first priority is to get out of the room. If any rats or stirges get out into the corridor, 85% of random encounters from then on will be with one or more of the escaped creatures.

Unlike the rest of the building, this room is illuminated with an even, glare-free light. You notice that the whole ceiling glows with a cold white light. The walls are lined with small cages, most containing one or more creatures. There are lots of mice and normal rats, a number of cats, a few dogs, and two stirges who hadn't managed to escape. There are several cages whose frames have been gnawed through.

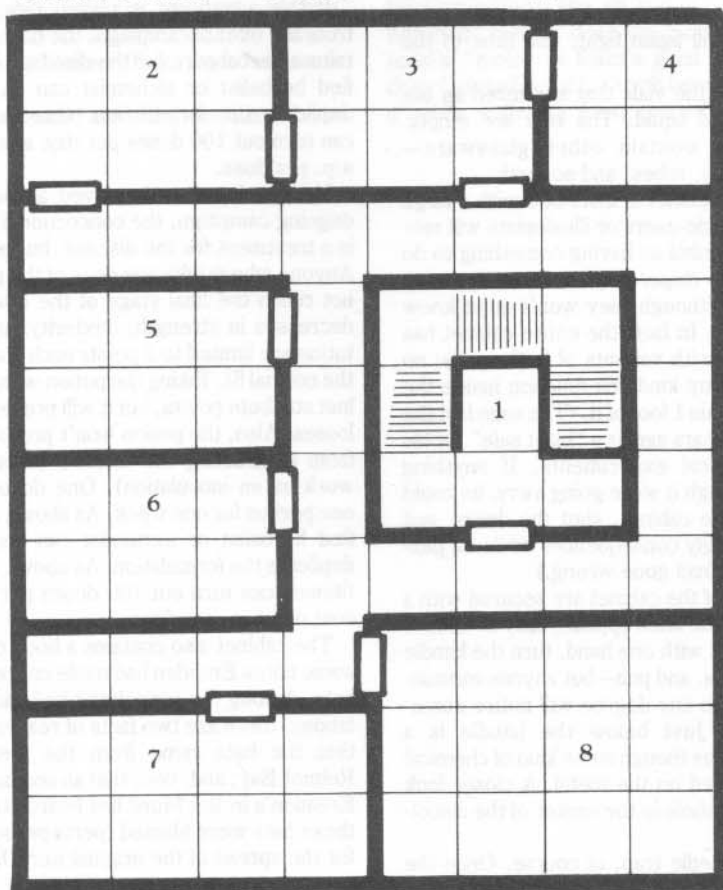
The entire ceiling has been treated with a *continual light* spell. Most of the animals in the cages are starving, and almost dead from thirst. In one corner of the room is a tap with a bucket under it. If the PCs feel pity for the incarcerated animals and let them free, the two stirges will attack immediately (AC 8; MV 3"/18"; HD 1+1; hp 2, 4; #AT 1; Dmg 1-3; THAC0 15; AL N; SA drain blood for 1-4 hp per round). The other animals will be aggravatingly underfoot for the rest of the PCs' time in the tower.

8. Laboratory

The door swings open . . . and suddenly something gray hurtles at your faces. With an almost inaudible screech, it's by, over your heads and out into the corridor. . . .

The Sage's Tower

Scale: 1 inch = 5 feet



The creature is a type of bat (AC 7, MV 2"/20"; HD 2; hp 10; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6; THACO 16; AL N; SA surprises on 4 in 6; SD immune to *sleep*, in fine flying conditions AC drops to 3), light blue-gray in color, with a wingspan of almost four feet. It has no intention of attacking the PCs; it just wants out. It flies rapidly toward the door into room 1. As it approaches, the door swings open (the bat's echolocating squeals triggered the dweomer on the door), and the bat speeds through it, up the tower, and out the trapdoor at the top. In its panic, the bat's flight is so erratic that it receives a defensive bonus, dropping its armor class to 3 and giving it a +2 bonus to its save vs. spells. Its speed is so great that it's out of the tower in less than two rounds.

You instantly realize that this must be Ereaden's lab. The air is pungent: a strange animal musk blended with the reek of something unpleasant burning.

The guttering flame of a single gas burner sets macabre shadows dancing on the stone walls. The burner rests on a marble-topped counter along one wall. In a stand over the burner is a flask, coated on the inside with the brown residue of liquid that has long since boiled away. Standing in the far corner is a set of wooden shelves on which stand a number of glass vials. Next to the shelves is a tall metal cabinet, like a cross between a wardrobe and a safe, its iron doors shut.

In the center of the room is a table. Its marble top has grooves cut into it, leading to a drain at one end. Around the edges are attachments for straps, belts, and other means of restraint. One strap is buckled across the middle of the table, but the leather has been gnawed through and broken. A smaller table stands beside the marble-topped one. Arrayed on its spotless metal top is a collection of medical instruments. You notice there's a gray, crumpled shape under the table.

The gray-clad crumpled shape is an aged human—Ereaden the Sage—and he's quite dead. His throat has been torn open by claws and fangs. His hands, too, are lacerated from when he tried unsuccessfully to fend off his attacker. The body has been dead for about a week. If any of the PCs examine the body, they'll notice that Ereaden's skin shows red blotches and edemas. The conclusion is obvious: he, too, had the disease.

As soon as the PCs are distracted by their examination of Ereaden:

Out of the corner of your eye, you see movement from one of the shelves. As you turn toward it, something sends several glass vials crashing to the floor. Then it hurls itself at you, pale gray wings spread, teeth bared.

The creature is a second bat, identical to the one that made its escape (AC 7; MV 2"/20"; HD 2; hp 8; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6; THACO 16; AL N; SA surprises on 4 in 6; SD immune to *sleep*, in fine flying conditions AC drops to 3). The sage had the bats tranquilized using a herbal potion, and was examining them on the dissection table. One shook off the effects of the potion, however, and attacked Ereaden, killing him. Since then, the second has recovered from the influence of the drug as well. When the PCs opened the door, one made a break for safety; the other hid among the shelves, hoping the intruders would leave. Now that they've entered the room, however, their proximity incites it to attack them. The bat attacks ferociously until it has sustained at least four hit points of damage. At that point, it flees, trying to keep as far away from the PCs as possible. If they corner it, however, it will again fight, this time to the death.

A couple of the vials that shattered on the floor contained liquid. The rest are empty. The shelves contain other glassware—beakers, flasks, tubes, and so forth.

The metal cabinet is inscribed with a large rune. Any magic-users or illusionists will recognize the symbol as having something to do with the spell *dispel magic* or perhaps *anti-magic shell*, although they won't quite know how it relates. In fact, the entire cabinet has been treated with variants of both spells: no dweomer of any kind will function inside the cabinet or within 1 foot of it. (The sage had the cabinet built years ago as a "blast safe" for his ongoing magical experiments. If anything looked as though it were going awry, he could fling it into the cabinet, shut the doors, and prevent any ugly consequences while he puzzled out what had gone wrong.)

The doors of the cabinet are secured with a single latch. The latch appears easy to open—just squeeze it with one hand, turn the handle ninety degrees, and pull—but anyone examining the latch to any degree will notice something amiss. Just below the handle is a discoloration, as though some kind of chemical had been spilled on the metal. A closer look discovers a pinhole in the center of the discoloration.

This is a needle trap, of course. Once the trap has been set, opening the latch causes a poisoned needle to spring out of the hole, driving into the hand turning the handle. If the

trap is triggered, the poison does 2-16 points of damage (save vs. poison for half damage). The arrangement of the latch is complex enough that obvious and simple ways to circumvent the trap (tying a rope to the handle, for instance) won't work. Also, its anti-magic properties prevent an *unseen servant* or other magical aid from doing the dirty work. Unless a thief can disarm the trap, or unless the players are remarkably innovative (DM's judgment is final on any harebrained schemes), someone must risk the damage to get into the cabinet.

Inside the cabinet are five flasks of liquid. Two flasks contain the herbal tranquilizers that Ereaden used on the bats. (The effect of the liquid is similar to a *sleep* spell—the bat's natural immunity to this spell is why it shook off the tranquilizer so quickly. If a character ingests the tranquilizer, he is allowed a save vs. spells for half duration.) One flask holds the poison used on the needle trap (if any of this is swallowed, the effect is worse: 2-16 points of damage and save vs. poison or die). One contains a *potion of flying*. The final flask contains a concoction that has an effect on the sickness afflicting the city.

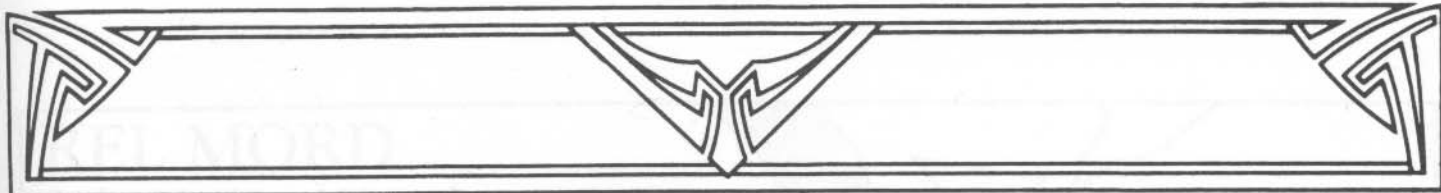
If this adventure is played independently from the overall campaign, the fifth flask contains a herbal cure for the disease. Any qualified herbalist or alchemist can analyze and duplicate the formulation. One practitioner can turn out 100 doses per day, at a cost of 1 s.p. per dose.

If this adventure is played as part of the ongoing campaign, the concoction in the flask is a treatment for the disease, but not a cure. Anyone who drinks one dose of the potion will not reach the final stage of the disease, and decreases in strength, dexterity, and constitution are limited to 3 points each (rather than the normal 5). Taking the potion won't restore lost attribute points, but it will prevent further losses. Also, the potion won't protect anyone from contracting the disease (thus it won't work as an inoculation). One dose protects one person for one week. As above, any qualified herbalist or alchemist can analyze and duplicate the formulation. As above, one practitioner can turn out 100 doses per day, at a cost of 1 s.p. per dose.

The cabinet also contains a book containing some notes Ereaden had made concerning the bats. Among the convoluted biological speculations, there are two facts of real value: one, that the bats came from the area around Relmor Bay; and, two, that an acquaintance of Ereaden's in Rel Mord has heard stories that these bats were blamed (perhaps incorrectly) for the spread of the original Red Death.

Random Encounters

Should the PCs spend enough time wandering



around the Sage's Tower to warrant random encounters, the DM can use the following list (roll 1d3).

1. *Rats (2-4)*: AC 7; MV 15"; HD 1/4; hp 1 or 2 each; #AT 1; Dmg 1; THAC0 20; AL N; SA 5% chance of causing serious disease.

2. *Large pedipalp*: AC 7; MV 12"; HD 1+1; hp 5; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8; THAC0 20; AL N.

3. *Giant rat*: AC 7; MV 12" // 6"; HD 1/2; hp 3; #AT 1; Dmg 1-3; THAC0 20; AL N(E).

Concluding the Adventure

If the PCs attempt to track the escaped bat by talking to people outside, they'll find that very few people noticed it (it's silent in flight, after all, and its pale gray color makes it difficult to see by day or night). Those who did notice it will generally let fly with wild stories: "Man-sized death bats with flaming eyes"; "A mobat, yes it was, I heard its screech"; "Thousands of little buggers, all with spears"; "A were-bat that tried to suck my life out with its gaze"; "A flying man who spoke with the voice of Death"; and so on. From these fanciful stories, the PCs should be able to piece together what happened (albeit with some difficulty): the bat flew over the city wall almost due south . . . directly toward the shores of Relmor Bay, from where it came.

When it attacked the PCs, the second bat

knocked over some vials of chemicals, which broke and spread their contents across the floor. Two of these chemicals react, generating heat. Unless the PCs bother to clean up the mess (which is unlikely), the chemical reaction generates enough heat to set the Sage's Tower on fire two hours after the bat escapes. Because the city's firefighting force has been depleted by the plague, the tower burns to the ground.

If the PCs decide to abide by their promise to Elara, they must take to her all of their loot from the tower. When they reach the Guildhall, they're treated in the same manner as during their first visit: they're led blindfolded into Elara's presence, with all the same precautions. As before, Elara is blunt: "Well, what do you want?" When they explain their purpose, she makes a surprising statement: "Never seen you before in my life. Araman, throw them out before I decide to take their heads." She'll brook no argument (and if the PCs are smart, they'll offer her none). The PCs are blindfolded once more, and ejected from the Guildhall—none too gently.

Elara's strange behavior is, of course, a result of another visit—and another *charm*—by Cymbelline. The PCs don't know this, however; neither does the Scarlet Brotherhood's "mole" in Elara's guild (and neither does Cymbelline, if the truth be known; he did it while suffering from one of his "black-

outs"). This mole was present when his Guildmother denied knowing the people to whom she offered training not so very long ago. At the first opportunity, he passes this puzzling information on to his superiors. At a later date, the leaders of the Brotherhood may conclude this inconsistency to be evidence that the PCs are "the foe," and that they're guided and aided by supernatural/demonic help.

Note: If any of the PCs have signed on with the guild, becoming official members, they don't get off the hook so easily. The arrangement—two years' service with the guild—was made with Araman, not with Elara, and his memory is in fine shape. . . .

Cymbelline is nowhere to be found after the adventure.

The Judgment of Fate

As far as Istus is concerned, to succeed in the test the PCs must bring the plague-treatment potion out of the Sage's Tower, and must not leave behind any of their number slain by Ereaden's traps. If the PCs fail to meet both criteria, all thieves in Greyhawk lose 1 point of constitution. This loss occurs at the instant that the potion is destroyed, or when the PCs irrevocably decide to abandon the potion or a dead comrade.



Rel Mord

Despite its location deep within Nyronnd, Rel Mord is heavily defended and maintains the appearance of a huge fortress. Originally armored to protect itself against Nyronnd's conquered states (the County of Urnst and the Theocracy of the Pale), the city watch now keeps its eyes toward the evil nations of the east. Any alert from Almor or the Flinty Hills is likely to arouse the city's battalions of light infantry, archers, and artilleryists. In the two centuries since it was built, however, Rel Mord has never been scarred by warfare.

As the political capital of Nyronnd, the city is also a center of trade. Many caravans visit Rel Mord while traveling between Almor and the northwestern lands. Two groups travel heavily on the Duntide River: hillmen from the Flinty Hills, who provide lumber from the Gamboge Forest, and merchants who trade precious metals and gems from dwarven mines in the Rakers.

Rel Mord tends to be peaceful due to the abundance of Nyronndese soldiers. One group of soldiers, called the sentinels, acts specifically as a police force. They are authorized to use deadly force "as necessary," though abuse of this liberty is not tolerated. Civil disturbances are kept to a minimum, but crimes such as theft and murder are a problem because of the heavy trade in copper, silver, and gems.

The capital of Nyronnd is located on one of the vast grasslands which dominate the southeastern quarter of the continent. The Duntide River flows from northeast to southwest past the northwestern fringe of the city.

Important structures (the city walls, fortresses, fortlets, temples, the City Dungeon, mansions) are built of stone, while more common buildings (shops, poor and common residences, warehouses, etc.) are built of brick and timber.

Map Locations

1. Royal Palace

This massive stone structure is the residence of King Archbold III and his family, as well as a small number of advisors, high-ranking officials, and other important nobles.

The palace is patrolled by 100 Elite Guards (3rd-5th level fighters) equipped with plate mail armor, longswords, and small alarm horns. Intruders (who are rare but not unheard of) are captured for interrogation, then sent to the City Dungeon (area 16) to await trial at the Law Courts (area 15).

2. City Fortress

This structure is equivalent to a large castle, complete with gigantic towers topped by

siege engines. It overlooks the Duntide River, the Fortress Bridge, and the only gap in the city wall. There are always 1,500 soldiers stationed here, mostly heavy cavalry and light (urban) infantry. Many soldiers are trained secondarily as archers and artilleryists. Leading these troops is the General Prime, a 12th level cavalier who is loyal to Archbold III.

Five docks extend out over the river. At any one time there are 2-5 small warships tied here, while the rest patrol the waters up and downstream from Rel Mord. Each day 1-4 warships leave (carrying one captain, two lieutenants, five sergeants, and 50 soldiers) and 1-4 warships return.

3. City Wall

Rel Mord is surrounded by an immense curtain wall, 30 feet high and 10 feet thick. Battlements line the top, while a small tower extends out from the wall every 100 feet. Soldiers with alarm horns pace along the battlements, and since the grasslands tend to be green and boring, the soldiers scan inside the city as much as outside.

Besides the gap at the river, the wall is broken only by three main gates. Each of these passageways consists of a stone gatehouse manned by 20 soldiers. Normally the gates are kept open at all times, though in emergencies the gates are closed and no one is allowed passage. The soldiers keep watch over all who pass the gates. They question all suspicious persons and detain suspected criminals.

4. Fortlets

These two small castles are maintained as secondary defenses to the City Fortress. Each is manned by 250 soldiers and armed with several catapults. The Colonels who command these fortlets are trusted Nyronndese, and their loyalty to the King is unswerving.

5. Shipyards

Many merchant and passenger vessels dock at these rows of piers. Sailors, merchants, and travelers often crowd the shipyards, while hired guards (typically Iron Fist Guild warriors) watch for theft and brawling. Three large warehouses stand behind each of the two dock areas, and yardworkers busily wheel cargoes to and from these buildings.

Next to the southern piers is the yardmaster's office. The yardmaster is an 8th level fighter who oversees matters in the shipyards. He makes sure that business runs smoothly and that those who use the docks and warehouses are properly charged.

6. Food Market

Farmers come from many leagues to sell their produce in this open area. Fresh fish, vegeta-

bles, and grain are sold from dozens of horse-drawn carts. In daylight the place is always crowded with customers from all levels of society. Soldiers at the gatehouse and on the walls keep watch on the market in case of trouble.

7. Goods Market

This area is crammed with covered stalls from which peddlers sell various items. Goods available include daggers, arrows, clothing, most items listed under Miscellaneous Equipment & Items on page 36 of the *Players Handbook*, and most items listed under Miscellaneous Utensils and Personal Items on page 219 of the *Dungeon Masters Guide*. Magic items are rarely sold here. Thieves and pickpockets abound in this place, despite the continuous presence of armed sentinels.

8. Commoners' Residences

These buildings house the city's middle class. Shop owners, craftsmen, merchants, and military officers all live here. The larger structures are apartments, with 3-6 families per building. Other buildings contain single families of upper-middle-class commoners. These families often gather their resources to hire mercenaries (usually Iron Fist Guild members) to patrol the streets and buildings, although the presence of military families keeps regular patrols in the streets.

9. Iron Fist Guild Building

Here mercenaries have gathered for over 70 years. Half of the building is maintained as a tavern and temporary barracks, while the other half is the headquarters of the Iron Fist Guild. (See "Swords for Hire," Adventure 2, for details of the interior of this building.)

10. Public Square

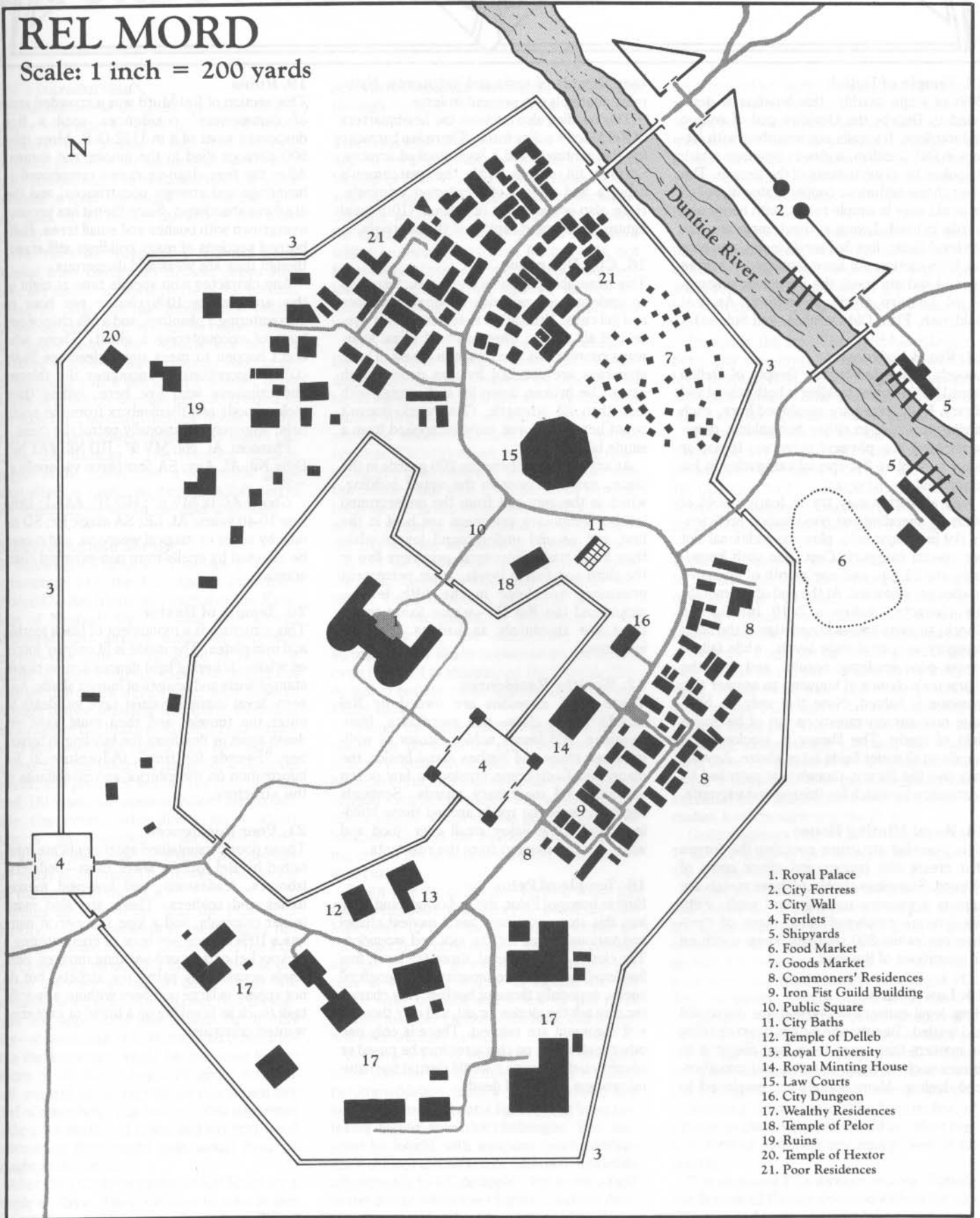
Floored by blocks of granite, this open area has a wooden stand at the southern end. Here the royal criers announce new laws, important notices, and national successes. Criminals are occasionally executed here, primarily by the headsman's axe. Otherwise the square is merely a path for the many citizens who cross it to get to other areas.

11. City Baths

This building contains dozens of wooden tubs. Servants bring towels and buckets of water to the customers—mostly middle- and upper-class citizens, who prefer a proper bath to a swim in the Duntide. At the northern side of the building are the wood stoves that heat the river water. The baths are often crowded in the evening, when craftsmen and laborers cool off after long days at work. Prices are 2 s.p. per hour for cold water and 4 s.p. per hour for hot water.

REL MORD

Scale: 1 inch = 200 yards



1. Royal Palace
2. City Fortress
3. City Wall
4. Fortlets
5. Shipyards
6. Food Market
7. Goods Market
8. Commoners' Residences
9. Iron Fist Guild Building
10. Public Square
11. City Baths
12. Temple of Delleb
13. Royal University
14. Royal Minting House
15. Law Courts
16. City Dungeon
17. Wealthy Residences
18. Temple of Pelor
19. Ruins
20. Temple of Hextor
21. Poor Residences

12. Temple of Delleb

Built of white marble, this building is dedicated to Delleb, the Oeridian god of reason and intellect. Its walls are inscribed with letters in Old Oeridian, a classic language which is spoken by all inhabitants of the temple. The inner shrine features a copper statue of Delleb as an old sage in simple robes, with books and scrolls in hand. Living in this temple are one 6th level cleric, five 3rd level clerics, and nine 1st level clerics. All have intelligence scores over 14 and can speak the five major languages of Eastern Oerik (Common, Ancient Baklunish, Flan, Old Oeridian, and Suloise).

13. Royal University

Loosely connected to the Temple of Delleb (area 12), this great building is both school and library. Eight sages are employed here, each having expertise in either humankind, demi-humankind, the physical universe, fauna, or flora, as well as 2-4 special categories in his major field.

Any character may try to learn a field of study by spending one non-weapon proficiency slot in a major field, plus one additional slot per special category. Costs for such knowledge are 25 g.p. and one month of intensive studies per slot used. At the end of the month, the character makes a 2d10 Intelligence Check; success means knowledge of the field/category at normal sage levels, while failure means poor academic results, and thus the character's chance of knowing an answer to a question is halved. Note that only an NPC sage may answer questions out of his major field of study. The library is stocked with scrolls on all major fields listed above. Anyone may use the library, though it is patrolled by sentinels who watch for thieves and vagrants.

14. Royal Minting House

This iron-clad structure contains the forges that create the copper and silver coins of Nyrond. Shapeless chunks of these metals are kept in a massive underground vault. Fifty laborers are employed here, many of them dwarven, while 300 sentinels keep watch on all operations of the mint.

15. Law Courts

Here legal matters in Nyrond are discussed and settled. Twenty-one judges oversee trials on matters that range from land disputes to crimes such as theft, murder, and unauthorized dueling. Many scribes are employed to

keep records of trials and judgments. Naturally, sentinels are present in force.

This building also contains the headquarters of Rel Mord's police force. There is a barracks for the sentinels and a well-stocked armory. Scribes fill scrolls with the watchmen's reports and names of suspected criminals. Here also is the office of Nathus (10th level fighter), the grand captain of the sentinels.

16. City Dungeon

This miserable place is a stone structure atop an underground network of dingy corridors and jail cells. Ventilation is achieved by a system of air shafts. Three sets of spiral stairways connect the five dungeon levels. These stairways are reached by iron doors which cannot be broken down by a character with less than 22 strength. (Teamwork doesn't count here; the force must be applied from a single blow.)

At any one time there are 200 guards in the place, most of them in the upper building, which is the only exit from the underground levels. Temporary prisoners are held in the first and second underground levels while they await trial. Short-term prisoners live in the third and fourth levels, while permanent prisoners are kept in the fifth level—nicknamed the Rat Pit—where living conditions are absolutely as bad as could be imagined.

17. Wealthy Residences

These small mansions are owned by Rel Mord's upper class—rich merchants, businessmen, and lesser nobles. Rows of well-groomed trees and bushes stand beside the mansions. Each home employs a few dozen servants and mercenary guards. Sentinels regularly walk the roads around these buildings, and some enjoy small gifts (food and wine, but not money) from the residents.

18. Temple of Pelor

Built in honor of Pelor, the god of light and healing, this stone structure has a modest chapel and various rooms for the sick and wounded. The clerics (one 9th level, three 4th level, five 2nd level) serve the community with beneficial spells, especially those of healing. Any character may ask the clerics for aid, and only those of evil alignment are refused. There is only one other restriction: no character may be raised or resurrected, because it would disrupt the natural process of life and death.

19. Ruins

This section of Rel Mord was a crowded area of commoners' residences until a fire destroyed most of it in 1152 O.R. More than 500 persons died in the smoke and flames. After the fire, clean-up crews complained of hauntings and strange occurrences, and the area was abandoned. Since then it has become overgrown with bushes and small trees. Half-burned sections of many buildings still stand, though they are weak and dangerous.

Any character who spends time at night in this area has a 10% chance per hour of encountering a phantom, and a 5% chance per hour of encountering a ghost. Those who don't happen to meet any undead are likely (DM's discretion) to encounter the thieves and criminals who live here, hiding their stolen goods and themselves from the sentinels, who only occasionally patrol the ruins.

Phantom: AC Nil; MV 9"; HD Nil; #AT Nil; Dmg Nil; AL Any; SA *fear* (save vs. spells at -2).

Ghost: AC 0; MV 9"; HD 10; #AT 1; Dmg Age 10-40 years; AL LE; SA *magic jar*; SD hit only by silver or magical weapons, and cannot be affected by spells from non-ethereal characters.

20. Temple of Hextor

This structure is a monument of black marble and iron plates. The inside is lit only by torches whose flickering light dances across blood-stained walls and images of human skulls. Any zero-level character must save vs. death to enter the temple, and then must save vs. death again or flee from the building in terror. See "Swords for Hire" (Adventure 2) for information on the interior and inhabitants of this structure.

21. Poor Residences

These poorly maintained apartments are inhabited by Rel Mord's lower class—peddlers, laborers, tradesmen, and low-paid mercenaries and soldiers. There are also many lesser criminals, and a lone traveler at night has a 10% chance per hour of encountering a pickpocket or a sword-wielding mugger. Sentinels occasionally patrol the streets, but do not appear in large numbers without a specific task (such as breaking up a brawl or capturing wanted criminals).

SWORDS FOR HIRE

DM's Introduction

This adventure is designed for three to five player characters, each of 1st-3rd level. Fighters—the “regular” sort (not rangers, paladins, cavaliers, or barbarians)—are especially tested, and it is assumed that the party contains at least one such PC, while the combat skills of all player characters are challenged.

The rules on weaponless and non-lethal combat from *Unearthed Arcana*, pages 106-108, are necessary for several of the battles. However, note this rule modification (which should be explained, at least in vague terms, to players before their characters become involved in hand-to-hand fighting): A successful grappling attack can inflict a number of hit points of crushing damage per round equal to the attacker's strength damage bonus. (Thus, only characters with strength 16 or higher can cause this damage.) The crushing damage begins in the round after a successful grappling attack is made; no damage is inflicted in the round during which the hold is broken.

Background and Set-up

By following the clues in “The Sage's Tower” (Adventure #1), the PCs should eventually proceed to Rel Mord, the capital of the Kingdom of Nyron. By the time they arrive, Morgorath has already made his presence known—this time in the guise of Alaric, a fighter of great renown. (See *The Mirrors of Fate* section of this work.) After what he went through before reaching Rel Mord, assuming leadership of the Iron Fist Guild (as per Istus's plan) was practically child's play. He “simply” approached the leader of the guild, a 9th level fighter, and promptly bested the man in a fair duel. (At least, the contest looked fair to outside observers, who didn't know about Alaric's “gaze weapon.”) Since taking over the guild of mercenaries, Alaric has smoothly but firmly consolidated his power while awaiting the arrival of the PCs.

Within minutes of the time the PCs enter the city, Alaric's network of messengers has made him aware of their presence. If the PCs start following up on their investigation of the plague (as they should be doing), they will probably be surprised to discover that the disease has apparently not broken out in this city—at least, not yet. If they make inquiries (the marketplaces would be the most logical places to do this), they'll be given a rather self-evident tip: if the disease has gotten any kind of a foothold, this has probably happened in the poor section of town, and any first-hand information they might gain would best be sought in that area.

After the PCs have explored Rel Mord for a couple of days, Alaric decides to take action against them and begin the Test of the Fight-

ers. On his orders, a dozen guild warriors slip through the night in search of the PCs. . . .

The Iron Fist Guild

Rel Mord's mercenary organization was formed in 1148 O.R. by a Nyronese captain who had fought in the expansionist campaigns. Seeking action in Nyron's peaceful years, the captain called to arms all men who were willing to serve as warriors for pay only, not for reasons of ethics or nationalism. Scores of low- and medium-level fighters applied for membership, and the Iron Fist Guild was born.

Over the years, the purpose and makeup of the guild have changed somewhat. Nowadays, guild members (except for officers) can be no higher than 3rd level; any member who attains 4th level must either leave the organization or successfully duel an officer for his position. Through these self-governing measures, the guild manages to avoid friction with the military and with King Archbold himself, because the group never gets strong enough to be a threat to the bonafide government of the city and the kingdom. In return, the soldiers of the Nyronese army generally leave the guild members alone to seek their fortunes. Guild members are hired as bodyguards for merchants, as watchmen for the yardmaster at the shipyards, and as strongarms for shady businessmen. Some are even involved in shipping on the Duntide River and in bounty hunts against bandits in the Flinty Hills.

Though the public accepts and even appreciates the presence of guild warriors, most ordinary citizens avoid the mercenaries because of rumors (not altogether unfounded) of guild-member brutality. The soldiers maintain a steady watch on the guild, though (as indicated earlier) the military is under standing orders not to harass the guild without royal permission.

When priests of Hextor arrived from the Great Kingdom, they secretly asked the Iron Fist Guild to help them acquire victims for their sacrificial ceremonies. The guild officers agreed, and now an exchange of gold for victims is a regular source of income for the guild. Only officers and a few of the most trusted members know of the deal, and no one will ever willingly reveal it.

A character who wishes to enter the guild must pass two requirements: first, a verbal recommendation from a guild member, and second, a duel against a fighter of at least two levels higher than the challenger. The duel must be fought with weapons (each combatant's choice) and no armor (although dexterity adjustments to AC do apply), but is not a fight to the death; when one character suffers damage that would reduce him to zero hit points,

he is instead left with 1 hit point, and his opponent is declared the victor. The duel must be fought before the guild's officers (and as many members as wish to attend). Courage and fighting skill must be shown. Even if the prospective member loses the duel, the officers and other members may vote him into membership.

Members pay 1 g.p. per month to the guild, but demand at least twice the normal cost for expert hirelings from employers: 2 g.p. per week for low-risk guarding, 4 g.p. per week for high-risk guarding and bounty hunting, etc.

Presently the Iron Fist Guild has 84 members: fifty zero-level fighters, twenty-one 1st level fighters, nine 2nd level fighters, and four 3rd level fighters. The guild is overseen by Alaric and his right-hand man, Bakrak.

Bakrak—male 5th level fighter: AC 5—chain mail; MV 12”; HD 5; hp 36; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; Str 17, Int 12, Wis 12, Dex 10, Con 12, Cha 10; THAC0 16; AL NE. Proficiencies: longbow, longsword, shortsword, battle axe, alertness, land-based riding.

First Encounter: The Arena

In the late afternoon or evening two or three days after the PCs enter Rel Mord, they are walking through an alley in the poor section of town. Suddenly, at some point when they are gathered in a tight group, walking or standing still, Bakrak jumps out of a doorway in front of them. He throws a waterskin to the ground in front of the PCs, and it breaks, releasing a cloud of sleep gas. The two PCs closest to the cloud are automatically affected; the others must save vs. poison to avoid being affected as per a *sleep* spell. The gas dissipates within seconds, after which a band of guild members rushes forth to surround the PCs.

Guild members (11)—1st level fighters: AC 7; MV 12”; HD 1; hp 7-10 each; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8 (longsword); THAC0 20; AL LE.

These warriors keep their swords sheathed and attack the PCs with bare hands. Up to three warriors will attempt to grapple each conscious PC. Grapplers have a -1 penalty on initiative rolls, but attack at +2 “to hit” for each second or third attacker on a single PC. Any successful grapple attack holds the PC motionless while Bakrak pours sleep potion down the captive's throat. If any of the PCs are on the verge of escaping, Bakrak will pull out a second waterskin and burst it as close to the fleeing PC(s) as possible, even at the risk of affecting his own men. The bottom line, of course, is that every PC should be taken captive without suffering any injury (loss of hit points).

The captured PCs awaken in area G inside the Temple of Hextor (location #20 on the city map; see below for details of the temple inte-

rior), each one in a separate cell. They wear only normal, simple clothing. All of their weapons, armor, equipment, jewelry, rings, spell components, and other personal items are missing. Thus their armor classes are 10, not counting adjustments for dexterity. However, the hit point scores of each character are at maximum.

The PCs do not know that their items are held in area B of the temple, or even that they are in the Temple of Hextor.

Within one turn, 15 warriors (all zero-level) appear at the edges of the pit (area F) and begin muttering among themselves. Then two tough-looking fighter-types (Alaric and Bakrak) and a man in black robes (the High Priest of the temple) arrive along the western edge of the pit. Alaric raises both hands, and the warriors become silent.

Alaric says to the PCs, "In the tradition of true combat, we have prepared a contest which will test the strength of many. Today you shall see fighting in its purest form—no armor, no blades, no rules. Let these battles inspire you to maintain the fighting spirit of true warriors."

If any player character says anything, Alaric points to him/them and says, "You shall go first."

Now the PCs are sent into the arena, one by one. When chosen for combat, the character's cell portcullis is lifted up. To determine the order in which characters are sent out, first send those which Alaric chose. Next send them out in order of physical toughness (total of strength and constitution scores), from the toughest down to the weakest.

Each prisoner does battle with a warrior of the Iron Fist Guild, one by one (at first) until one of the combatants is rendered unconscious. If the prisoner loses, his body is thrown back into the cell. Any prisoner who wins is ordered to return to his cell. If he refuses for any reason, he will be set upon by as many of the zero-level warriors as are necessary to pummel or grapple him into unconsciousness and then dumped back into his cell.

The first guild warrior to appear for combat is Ogarro, a 3rd level fighter (AC 10; MV 10"; AC 10; HD 3; hp 25; #AT 3/2 when grappling; Dmg by weapon type; Str 18/00, Int 9, Wis 12, Dex 9, Con 18, Cha 8; THAC0 18; AL CE. Proficiencies: grappling specialization, longsword, two-handed sword, battle axe, endurance). His grappling specialization allows him +1 on initiative rolls when grappling against a barehanded opponent, and +1 "to hit" when attempting to grapple. His specialization also causes +2 points of grappling damage per round, for a total of 8 hp of crushing damage per round. His favorite fighting technique is to squeeze opponents.

If Ogarro is somehow beaten, he is left in

the pit while the next prisoner battles the next guild warrior, Caradine, a 2nd level fighter (AC 6; MV 12"; HD 2; hp 18; #AT 3/2 when pummeling; Dmg by weapon type; Str 12, Int 11, Wis 10, Dex 18, Con 18, Cha 12; THAC0 20; AL LE. Proficiencies: pummeling specialization, longsword, shortsword, longbow, alertness, direction sense). His specialization allows a +1 initiative bonus when pummeling against unarmed opponents. He punches at +1 "to hit" and inflicts 3-5 points of damage

(1-3 +2 for specialization) with mailed fists. His chance to stun an opponent is 48% per hit due to mailed fists.

If Ogarro and Caradine are beaten, the remaining PCs must battle two opponents at once. These opponents are 1st level fighters, similar to those encountered in the alley. They use a combination of grappling and pummeling styles against each PC, who must defeat them both to win the fight. Two fresh warriors enter each new battle until all of the PCs have



fought at least once.

When the battles are finished and every PC is back in a cell, any of them who have regained consciousness are again subdued with sleep gas (in preparation for the next phase of the adventure).

Second Encounter: The Lieutenant

The PCs awaken in a dingy prison cell on the uppermost level of the City Dungeon (area 16 on the city map). They are dressed the same as when they fought in the arena, though their clothes are now more ragged (because of the fights they've been in). All of their armor, weapons, equipment, and personal items remain missing (and are actually in the upper building of the dungeon). However, all of their hit point scores are at maximum again.

At the iron door are two sentinels, 1st level fighters (AC 5—chain mail; MV 12"; HD 1; hp 7, 10; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8 (longsword); THAC0 20; AL LN). These guards wear the insignia of Nyronese police, and are armed with long-swords. If the PCs pester them, one of the guards replies, "The lieutenant will be here to see you." Two turns later the iron door opens and in comes a tall warrior wearing chainmail and a blue cloak, with the silver, triangular badge of an officer. He sets a wooden stool outside the party's cell while the guards watch alertly.

Landon—male 3rd level fighter: AC 3—chain mail, dexterity bonus; MV 12"; HD 3; hp 21; Str 16, Int 14, Wis 10, Dex 16, Con 10, Cha 16; THAC0 18; AL NG. Proficiencies: longsword, shortsword, dagger, lasso, blind-fighting, land-based riding.

The lieutenant says, "My name is Landon. An officer of the Iron Fist Guild gave us a statement, but I want to hear your side of it. Why did you start a brawl in the Iron Fist Tavern?"

Landon listens to the PCs' reactions to this accusation, then says, "I was told that you entered the tavern around midnight and attacked several of the customers. The only reason we haven't executed you is because you didn't use your weapons, just bare hands." If the PCs describe the kidnapping and the arena duels, Landon listens carefully. Then he says, "I'll state your case to the judge this afternoon. But your story has no proof. The tavern customers are wounded, while you don't have a scratch.

"Still," he continues with a knowing smile, "I have a hunch that your story is true. I'll have a talk with the judge and see if I can get you free by tonight." Then he leaves.

It should be apparent to the PCs that their best course is to sit tight and wait for whatever help Landon might be able to provide them. However, the DM should give the players some time to lament over their charac-

ters' current situation. They don't know what time of day it is, so they won't be able to tell when "tonight" has come and gone. After a few hours pass, PCs might start thinking, and talking, about trying to escape.

If the PCs do attempt to escape from the City Dungeon, they find strong resistance from the reinforced bars, iron doors, and well-armed sentinels. Even if they make it into the streets, they will be stalked by teams of bow-wielding soldiers, and can expect no help from the citizens of Rel Mord. Still, they might even get past the city walls, and if the Nyronese soldiers don't find them, the adventure is finished (and Morgorath's test is failed). If the PCs are recaptured, they are locked up in the lowest level of the dungeon and forgotten.

Third Encounter: The Mission

The player characters are left in the cell for a little more than one full day. On the afternoon of the second day of their imprisonment, the lieutenant returns with a scroll and reads aloud:

"For their crimes against the people of the Kingdom of Nyron, each prisoner shall be fined 500 gold pieces, or a combination of possessions whose worth shall not be less than 500 gold pieces, or all of the prisoner's possessions, whichever amounts to the lowest value. These are the orders of Sir Gadron, Judge-officer of Rel Mord."

If the PCs protest, Landon replies, "It's better than public flogging, which the judge was seriously considering." If he is asked about the delay in getting back to the PCs, Landon halfheartedly apologizes and explains that things took longer than he thought they would. "You should be grateful," he says. "If the judge had made a decision quickly, you'd probably be feeling the lash right now."

The cell is unlocked, and Landon leads the PCs to the upper building, where all of the party's possessions (minus any money and/or items taken to pay the fine) are heaped on a table. As the PCs gather their equipment and put on their armor and gear, Landon sends the guards outside the room and says, "While we're alone, I should tell you that your business with the Iron Fist Guild may not be finished. If you're interested in doing a job for me, and if you succeed, I can get back the money and possessions you've lost and add 500 extra gold pieces for each of you, as well."

If the PCs are interested, he says, "For months I have suspected that the Iron Fist Guild has been providing victims for the Temple of Hextor, but the city officials won't let me investigate because they are afraid of starting problems with the temple priests. As long as the priests don't cause open trouble, the politicians prefer to leave them alone. But if you can find positive evidence of kidnapping

or murder, then I'll have public support to prosecute the priests and the guild members who are behind the plot."

If the PCs are reluctant to agree to the job, Landon tries more persuasion. "If you have great success, I'll petition the king to hold a heroes' banquet in your honor. There'll be money and gifts for all of you."

He will agree to pay half of the 500 g.p. (per PC) in advance, but only if the player characters request it. (They may need some money to replace items that were confiscated to pay the fine.) Whatever their decision, they are now free to leave the dungeon.

If the PCs request and accept an advance payment from Landon, they are committed to following through on their promise. Landon will alert the sentinels at the gates to watch for them. The PCs can wait as long as they like to start their investigation, but if they ever try to leave the city without attempting to earn their advance money and reporting the results to Landon, they will be arrested at the gate and returned to the dungeon.

The mission they have agreed to is not without its dangers, but the PCs need not fear breaking the law on a minor scale (breaking and entering, petty theft, assault and battery) as long as such criminal acts are committed in the course of their mission. If they are apprehended, they will be summarily hauled off to the dungeon—whereupon they will be visited by Landon and set free to resume their mission.

The party may explore any location in the city for some reason or another, but their path will eventually lead to either the headquarters of the Iron Fist Guild or the Temple of Hextor, or perhaps both places. (In fact, both locations will have to be examined in order to bring back the positive proof that Landon needs.) Detailed descriptions of these buildings are given below.

Iron Fist Guild Building

Only people in the company of a guild member of 2nd level or higher are allowed to enter the halls and rooms behind the front office (room A), and only these high-ranking members of the guild know of the traps and secret doors there. The doors to rooms B, F, and G are double-locked at all times, as is the door to room C during the evening and nighttime, so that all chances to pick those locks are halved.

A. Front Office

This room contains Alaric's desk (more showy than functional; it has no drawers or secret compartments) and a long counter near the outer door. Two broadswords are hung in an X-shape on the back wall.

During any daylight hour there is a 10% chance of a would-be employer (a merchant,

commoner, or whoever) being in this office. Alaric often tends to the business, but sometimes employers are met by a scrawny, shifty-eyed scribe named Gazem. The guild officers use his services as a writer and bookkeeper, but have little respect for him.

Gazem—male zero-level scribe: AC 10; MV 10"; hp 2; #AT 1 (at -1 "to hit"); Dmg 1-4 (dagger); Str 6, Int 15, Wis 9, Dex 12, Con 14, Cha 12; THAC0 20; AL LE.

If this adventure is played as part of the overall campaign, note the following information:

On the desk, waiting to be discovered by any character who has at least a few seconds to examine the few papers scattered across its surface, is a letter addressed to Alaric that reads: "Outbreak of the disease in Jurnre in the County of Ulek. Host creature suspected to be there." The letter is signed: "Helen, Archcleric of Istus." If this adventure is played as an independent mission, the desk contains nothing of special interest (although PCs might still try to search it, just in case).

In the daytime, there is a 50% chance that

Alaric is seated at his desk when any PCs enter. If he is not there, the office is manned by either Gazem or Bakrak (50% chance for each). Bakrak will recognize the PCs and growl at them to get lost, backing up his order with force if need be. Alaric will recognize them but will humor them so long as their reason for approaching him seems to be legitimate. If the PCs say that they intend to hire guild members for some purpose, Alaric will direct them to Gazem's office to do the necessary paperwork. If Gazem is in the outer office, the scribe will likewise be glad to do business with them, if that is what they have come for, but will not take them into his own office. If any of the three guild personages is threatened verbally or physically, he will sound an alarm that brings six guild members (1st and 2nd level fighters) from various parts of the building within 1 round.

In the evening (any time after sundown) this room is vacant.

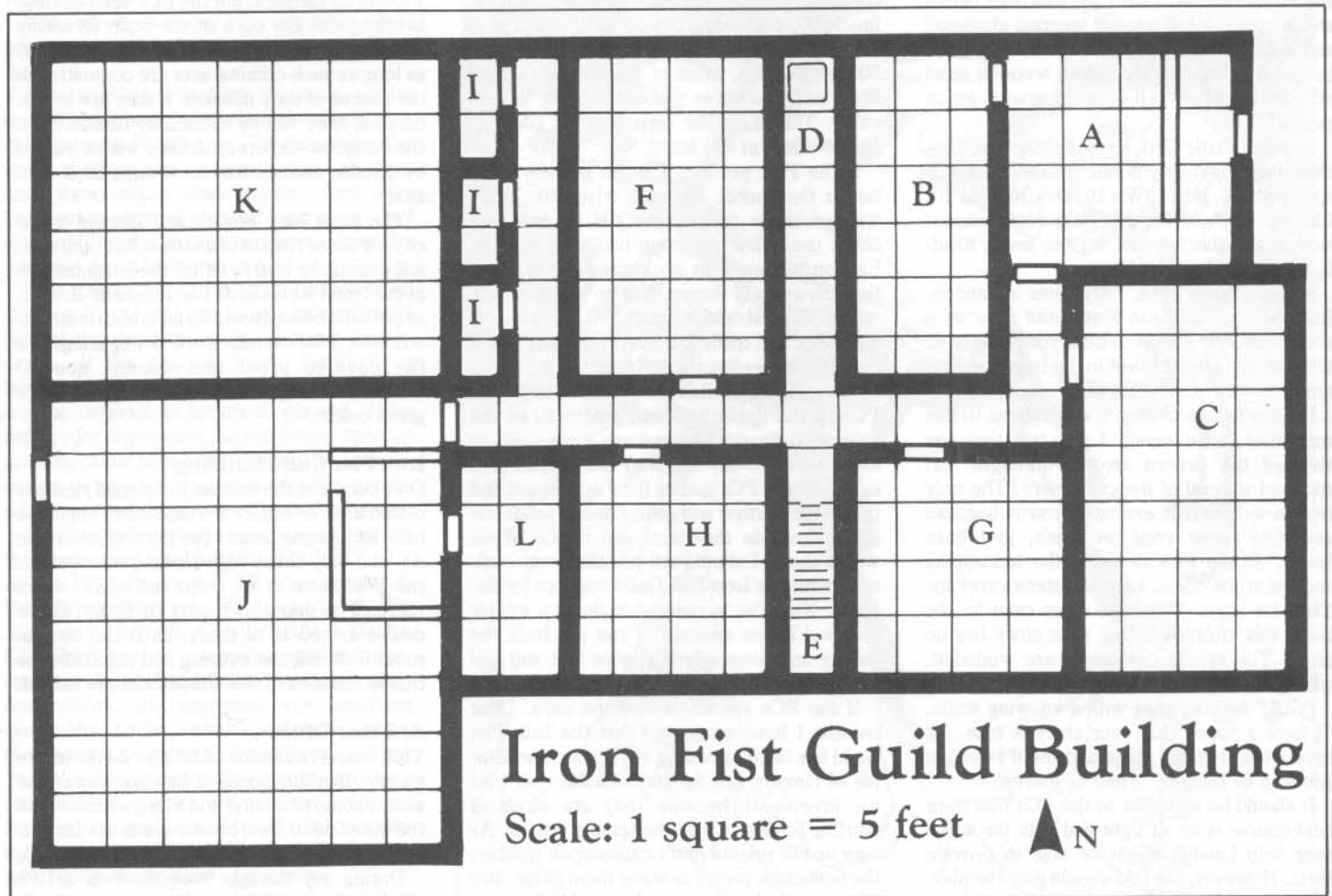
B. Scribe's Office

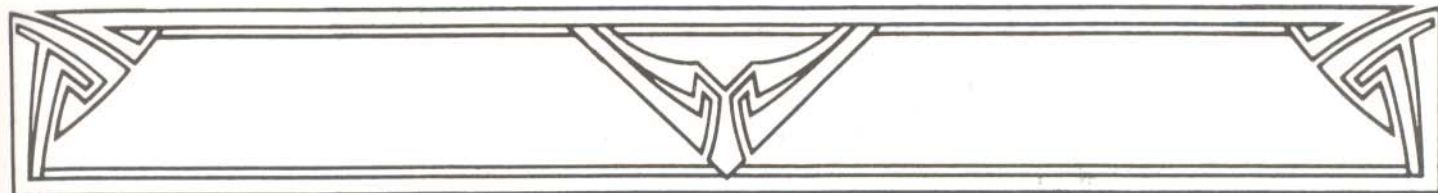
In this chamber are Gazem's desk and file

shelves. The desk is covered with papers and a quill-and-ink set. In the desk is a small bag with 45 g.p. Next to the desk is a small cot with a single coarse blanket. The wall shelving is cluttered with files of employer lists, payment records, and personal descriptions of guild members.

For any character who studies these files (in secret, of course), the DM makes a 5d6 Intelligence Check each turn. A successful check indicates that the character has uncovered documents concerning monthly payments received by the guild from the Temple of Hextor, and a record of "goods" delivered to Hextor's priests. (Unfortunately, though, these documents do not constitute unmistakable proof of the dealings between the guild and the temple, since they are all in Gazem's handwriting, and the priests, if confronted, could simply claim that the papers are an attempt to frame them. This, in essence, is what Landon will tell the PCs if they return to him with this much evidence—they need more proof than this to establish the connection.)

If Gazem is not in room A during the day-





time, there is a 75% chance that he is here instead, fussing with his records. He will not take kindly to being disturbed, but will not raise an alarm unless PCs start snooping around in his files without his permission (which, of course, he will never give).

At night there is a 95% chance that Gazem is here, either catching up on work (30%) or sleeping (70%).

C. Trophy Room

This lamplit chamber contains glass cases full of armor and weapons from many parts of the continent. Many of these items are antiques, or are from faraway lands, and so are worth two to three times their normal values. None, however, are magical.

Guild members (with an appropriate escort) can visit the museum any time when either Alaric or Bakrak is in room A. Nonmembers can also visit this room, but must pay 5 g.p. each, and any nonmembers must be accompanied by an equal number of high-ranking (2nd level or higher) guild members.

In the southern corner are a variety of swords: a halfling shortsword from the Cairn Hills; a hooked sword from the Scarlet Brotherhood; an ancient ceremonial broadsword from the Great Kingdom; a scimitar from the Caliphate of Ekbir; a devilish rune sword from the Horned Society.

Also on display are several other melee weapons: a short dwarven battle axe from the Lortmil Mountains; an ugly iron axe from orcs in the Bone March; a hooked spear from marines in the Aerdi Sea; a serrated harpoon from the Rhennee of Nyr Dyv; a 15-foot-long lance from the Shield Lands. Also present are a few missile weapons: a fur-trimmed longbow from the Wolf Nomads; a slender elfin bow from the Celadon Forest; a blowgun from the Amedio Jungle.

In the northern corner is a suit of full plate armor from the Shield Lands, complete with a large, visored helmet, a kite shield, and a cross-shaped broadsword. Near it are glass cases displaying other armor pieces: a chain mail hood from the Kingdom of Furyondy; a massive jousting helmet from the Archclericy of Veluna; a bronze helmet with red turban from the Sultanate of Zeif; golden, elfin chain mail from the Kingdom of Celene; a colorful feather war headdress from Hepmonaland.

D. Pit Trap

This short hallway ends at a false door. Touching the latch triggers a pit trap. When the trap is sprung, the floorboards for 15 feet in front of the door swing down, dropping characters into a 10-foot-deep hole for 2-12 hp damage each. In the daytime, springing the trap causes a commotion just as if an alarm had been sounded (see room A). At night, the

noise will awaken anyone in the building who is sleeping and (except from 2 a.m. until sunrise) will also attract 13-24 (1d12 + 12) drunken patrons from the tavern (room J).

E. Stairway Trap

This short hallway ends at a stairway which leads up to a false door. Touching the latch triggers a blade trap. When the trap is sprung, the individual stairs rotate to razor-sharp edges, like rows of horizontal swords leading up to the door.

Each character on the stairway immediately takes 0-2 (1d3 - 1) hit points of damage, and must save vs. death or roll down the stairs for an additional amount of damage equal to his armor class plus 1-4 (thus, a character without armor, AC 10, takes 10 + 1d4 points of damage). Anyone who makes the save must then make a 3d6 Dexterity Check to get safely off the bladed stairway; failure indicates a fall for full damage as specified above.

F. Alaric's Bedchamber

A simple bed stands against the back wall, next to the barred window. A locker under the bed contains various clothing, a dagger, and a shortsword. Hidden above the boards in the ceiling is a bag containing 256 g.p. In the eastern corner of the room is a small treasure chest which is trapped to release sleep gas if the lock is touched before the trap is disarmed. The chest is empty. From sundown until 2 a.m. there is a 20% chance that Alaric is here, and a 10% chance that he is asleep. From 2 a.m. until one hour after sunrise there is an 80% chance that Alaric is here and sleeping. At all other times the room is vacant.

G. Bakrak's Bedchamber

This room contains a simple bed, a large chest full of clothing, and an empty desk. A large battle axe is tied under the bed and can be removed in one round. Hidden between the desk and the west wall is a bag holding 192 g.p. From sundown until 2 a.m. there is a 50% chance that Bakrak is here, and a 35% chance that he is asleep. From 2 a.m. until sunrise there is a 90% chance that Bakrak is here and sleeping. At all other times the room is vacant. Note that Bakrak's exceptional alertness almost always (90%) causes him to awaken as soon as he subconsciously detects the presence of someone else in the room.

H. Trapped Bedchamber

Once the sleeping room of a third guild officer, this chamber now serves to deter thieves. When the door is opened, an alarm sounds (consequences as described in room A and room D above) and a spear trap fires out a spear. The first character in the doorway must save vs. paralyzation or take 1-6 hit

points of damage from the weapon. Otherwise the room is empty.

I. Storage Closets

These small areas contain shelves with stacks of pillows and blankets. Besides ink bottles, lanterns, candles, and bottles of lamp oil, there is nothing else of interest.

J. Iron Fist Tavern

This drinking hall is decorated with armor pieces and weapons along its walls. It contains 50 chairs around 10 tables and 20 stools at the bar; by late evening every seat may be filled. A chandelier holding 50 candles hangs from the center of the ceiling (note that swinging from it is strictly forbidden).

Ale and rum are served by the bar maidens, who tend to be physically and mentally tough in order to withstand the rowdiness of drunken mercenaries. The bartender is a zero-level commoner with 18 strength and a club always within easy reach on a shelf behind the bar.

The tavern opens around noon and stays open well past midnight. It caters primarily to guild members; although others are not forbidden, they may certainly feel out of place. Nonmembers who are fighters of 2nd level or higher will get along well with this crowd, and (with a sufficiently high charisma score) might even be welcomed by the guild warriors. The number of customers in the tavern is 1d6 per hour past noon, so at midnight there are 12-72 patrons present. If the tavern is open for business and Alaric or Bakrak has not been encountered elsewhere in the building, there is a 5% chance per hour past noon for each man to be here, to a maximum of 50%.

By late evening the customers begin to get wild. In addition to card and dart games, there are often arm-wrestling and knife-throwing contests. Fighting in the tavern is officially forbidden, though it does happen; the participants in any especially spirited argument are ushered outside to settle their differences. Sentinels often patrol the area around this tavern and arrest drunken, brawling guild members.

K. Barracks

Once part of the tavern, this area has been sectioned off and converted to a makeshift barracks. Three rows of cheap cots (10 per row) fill the room, and each cot has a single blanket and pillow. Only guild members may sleep here, and the accommodations (available by contacting the bartender) are free for the asking as long as there is an empty bed. Only extremely inebriated and/or poor mercenaries tend to use the barracks, since they prefer the security and privacy of the inns and apartments of Rel Mord.

L. Storage Room

This small room contains shelves kept stocked with blankets, pillows, buckets, cups, and rum bottles. There are also 2-3 kegs of ale here in the daytime, but no kegs left by midnight.

The Temple of Hextor

As noted in the brief description of this building in the text section on the city of Rel Mord, any zero-level character must save vs. death to enter the temple, and then must save vs. death again or flee back out the door in terror. This stricture does not apply to the PCs, of course, since they are all at least 1st level characters, but would affect any zero-level character (Gazem the scribe, for instance, or a mercenary who has been *charmed* or bribed) whom they might have managed to recruit for assistance.

The temple's priests are not true clerics, but are fighters who have been "blessed" (because of their acceptance of Hextor) with certain spell-like innate abilities. They include one black-robed High Priest (the man the PCs saw earlier during their session in the arena), two red-robed Red Priests, and four gray-robed Gray Priests. All radiate a continual aura of *protection from good*. The High and Red Priests can use the power of *confusion* (duration 5 rounds) twice per day, while the High Priest can also cause *fear* (as a 7th level magic-user) once per day. All wield scimitars in melee combat.

High Priest—male 3rd level fighter: AC 8; MV 12"; HD 3; hp 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8 (scimitar); THAC0 18; AL LE; SA & SD spell-like abilities.

Red Priests (2)—male 2nd level fighters: AC 9; MV 12"; HD 2; hp 13, 10; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8 (scimitar); THAC0 20; AL LE; SA & SD spell-like abilities.

Gray Priests (4)—male 1st level fighters: AC 10; MV 12"; HD 1; hp 6, 4, 4, 3; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8 (scimitar); THAC0 20; AL LE; SD *protection from good*.

The exterior doors of the temple are always unlocked. Every other door is double-locked, meaning that the chance for a thief to pick the lock is halved. The doors are thick wood banded with iron, and can only be broken down by a blow from a character with at least 19 strength. The High Priest and the Red Priests carry keys to rooms A, B, and E. The Gray Priests have keys to room C, and each of the Red and Gray Priests has a key to his personal living quarters (rooms D).

A. Library

This chamber contains shelves of moldy books and scrolls. The written material deals with legends of Hextor and his rival, Heironous (the Oeridian god of chivalry and jus-

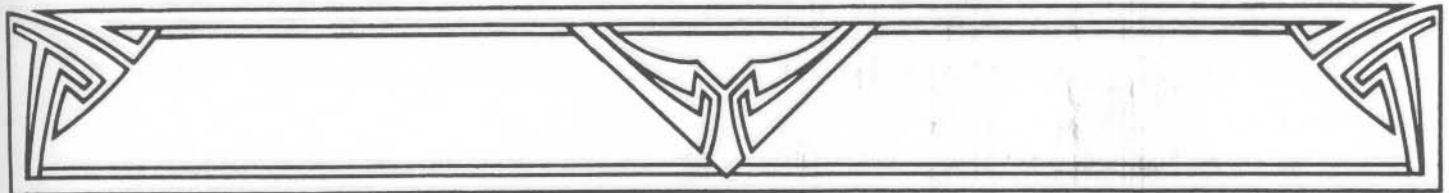
tice). There are also various works on devilry and the Nine Hells. There is a 50% chance at any hour of the day or night that the High Priest is inside, doing research. He will be surprised if a PC manages to pick the lock. If characters simply knock on the door and he is inside, the High Priest will open the door to see what they want.

B. Storage Chamber

This unlit room contains the equipment of

those slain by Hextor's priests. There is a great amount of clothing, plus some half-rusted armor and weapons. Also present are heaps of decaying corpses and human bones. Under no circumstances will the High Priest or the Red Priests voluntarily open this door, although they may do so if their lives are in jeopardy. The deceased cause a stench equal to a *stinking cloud* within the room. Worst of all, the chamber contains three ghouls who attack anyone except the priests, whom they





instinctively fear.

Ghouls (3): AC 6; MV 9"; HD 2; hp 14, 12, 9; #AT 3; Dmg 1-3/1-3/1-6; THAC0 16; AL CE; SA paralyzing touch; SD immune to *sleep* and *charm*.

If the ghouls are overcome and the room is searched, there is a cumulative chance of 10% per round of searching that the PCs will discover some physical evidence (a piece of distinctive jewelry, personal keepsake, etc.) that will positively identify at least one of the bodies—and the name of that person appears in the records that are kept in the office of Gazem the scribe in the headquarters of the Iron Fist Guild. The PCs can succeed in proving the connection between the temple and the guild if they report back to Landon with both of these pieces of evidence.

C. Hall of the Blood-Pool

In the center of this torchlit chamber is a 1-foot-deep pit filled with blood-like liquid. When consumed, the liquid causes a good-aligned character to suffer 2-8 points of damage (save vs. poison for half damage), and

gives an evil-aligned character the benefits of +2 HD/levels and +3d6 hp (as a *potion of heroism*) for one hour.

Two or three (DM's discretion) of the Gray Priests will be meditating at the pool whenever the PCs enter this chamber. The priests stand up, raise their scimitars, and say, "Stop! Only those sworn to Hextor may drink from the Pool of War-Blood!" Then they take quick drinks of the liquid and fight to the death, pursuing the PCs to other parts of the temple if necessary. However, they will not follow the characters if they leave the temple entirely.

D. Personal Quarters

These rooms contain wood-frame cots and wool mattresses. The room nearest the front door on either side is the quarters of a Red Priest, while the other four chambers belong to the Gray Priests. Both Red Priests are in their rooms, and if either one is encountered he will raise an alarm that brings any other priests in area D to his aid within 1 round. One or two of the Gray Priest rooms are occupied,

depending on how many priests the DM decides are meditating at the pool (room C).

E. Shrine of Hextor

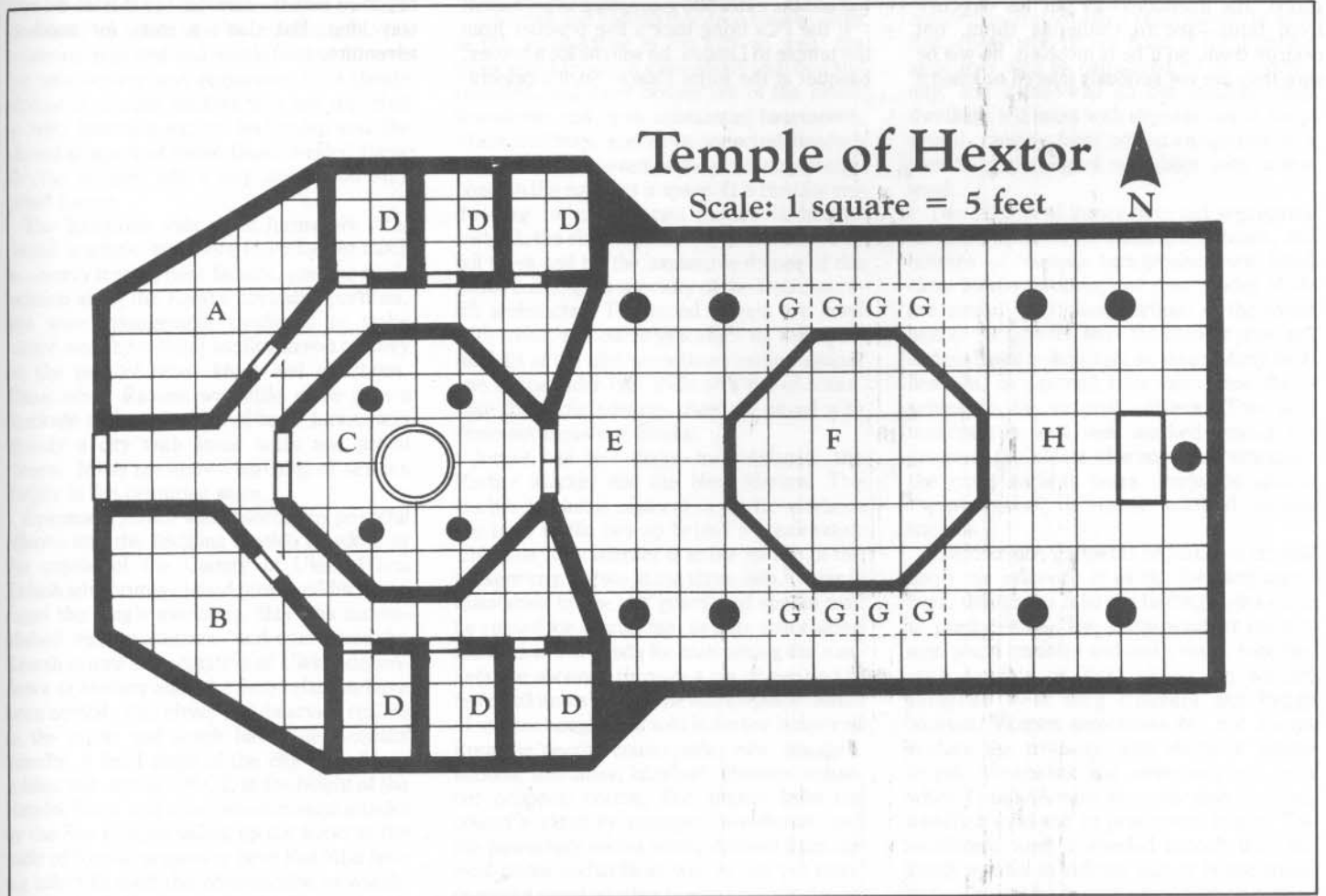
This large chamber is the worship hall of the evil god. It contains the combat pit, the prison cells, and the altar, all described below.

F. Combat Pit

The bottom of this sand-floored, octagonal area is 15 feet deep below the stone floor of the shrine. It can be entered by a rope ladder hung from the eastern side. Otherwise its iron-plated walls (smooth but nonslippery) must be climbed.

G. Prison Cells

Each of these eight small, sand-floored cages is closed off by a portcullis between the cell and the pit. The bars are reinforced steel, so all *bend bars* chances are halved. After the PCs have been through the First Encounter (see above), each cell has a 10% chance of containing a prisoner (roll 1d10: 1-3 = a 1st level fighter; 4-8 = a zero-level male com-



moner; 9-10 = a zero-level female commoner).

H. Altar

This stone platform is stained with the dried blood of many sacrifices. Behind it is a 12-foot-tall statue of Hextor as a six-armed demon. On its forehead is a *symbol of fear* which when looked upon can affect all except Hextor's sworn followers (save vs. spells at -2 to avoid).

If the High Priest is not in the library (room A), he will be located here, kneeling before the altar in a meditative trance. If the PCs open the doors to room E without making a commotion and if they employ magic or missile weapons against the High Priest immediately, they will have the advantage of surprise. Otherwise the High Priest will notice them and take action against them before they can get close enough to engage in melee combat.

Concluding the Adventure

As the chief antagonist, Alaric is in charge of the guild and its reaction to the PCs' investigation. His intentions—as per his directive from Istus—are to challenge them, not destroy them, so if he is involved, he will be sure they are not seriously injured or killed if

they are apprehended inside the guild building. However, Bakrak and the priests will fight to the death, while the guild mercenaries can be subdued or fail morale as normal. Unbeknownst to all of the others who may become involved, Alaric is actually on the PCs' side. He will consider the test a success if the party fulfills Landon's needs. Whether or not he is satisfied with the PCs' performance, he leaves on a caravan bound for Jurnre in the County of Ulek—information that any military guard at a city gate will readily supply if asked.

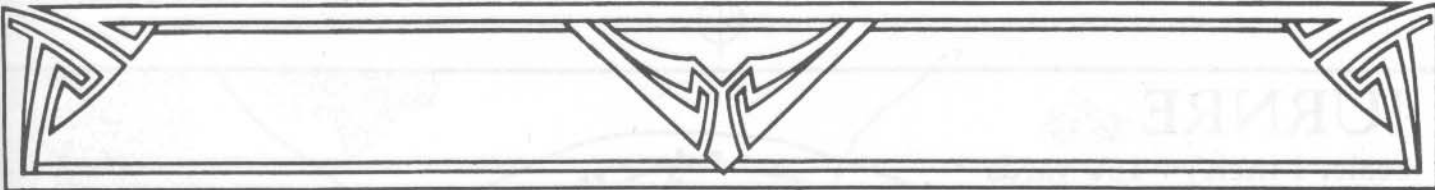
If the player characters deliver to Landon the files from Gazem's office plus the evidence gathered in the "ghoul room" at the temple, Landon will feel confident enough to start a full investigation. As will be discovered when the files are examined, it is Bakrak—not Alaric—who was in league with the temple (with, of course, the knowledge and assistance of Gazem). Thus, Landon will not be interested in prosecuting Alaric (and actually will be glad to see him leave the city). He will see that the PCs regain the money and possessions they forfeited to pay their fines, and will add the extra 500 g.p. apiece as promised.

If the PCs bring back a live prisoner from the temple to Landon, he will call for a heroes' banquet at the Royal Palace. Such a celebra-

tion includes praise in the Public Square, a feast in the Great Hall of the Palace, and curing/healing spells from Pelor's clerics. Each PC also receives a gift of 3,000 g.p., plus a golden medallion which radiates *protection from evil* when worn as a necklace. The reward will be even greater if the PCs manage to bring in a priest or a mercenary for questioning—although such an event is highly unlikely.

After the heroes' banquet and for as long as the PCs remain in Rel Mord, each of the characters enjoys a +25% bonus to reactions with commoners and sentinels in the city. However, if a PC is caught abusing his popularity, the modifier becomes a -10% penalty.

If the adventure is played as part of the campaign and if the PCs fail to deliver conclusive proof to Landon before becoming unable or unwilling to continue the mission, all fighters in the Flanaess lose 1 point of constitution permanently. Assuming that the characters find out about where Alaric has gone, they should choose to continue the campaign by traveling to Jurnre. (In fact, as they will find out subsequently, Alaric did not go all the way to Jurnre with the caravan—or at least did not stay long. But that's a story for another adventure. . . .)



Jurnre

Despite its modest size and undistinguished history, Jurnre is among the most peaceful and prosperous cities of the Flanaess. It is also one of the oldest, excepting certain settlements in Ekbir, Zeif, and Tusmit that antedate the Invoked Devastation. From the time of its foundation nearly nine hundred years ago until the present day, Jurnre has been an island of stability in the turbulent stream of history.

In the aftermath of the final Bakluni-Suel conflict, the Suel lordling Immriss of Rhola rallied his household, crossed the Crystallist Mountains, and made his way across the Sheldomar basin. Like his more illustrious relatives who settled in Keoland, Immriss and his people were of that small fraction of Suelites who were honorable and sought peace, and disdained the use of goblinoid mercenaries. Immriss and his people entered into alliance with the local halflings and gnomes, and with them founded a citadel on what they dubbed the Hill of Stars above the banks of the Kewl River. Many of Immriss's troops and servants were Oeridian, and they were joined by Oeridian and Flan tribes who were attracted to his relatively peaceful and stable realm. In time the new society was augmented by a steady stream of refugee Suelites who had repented of war. Immriss's expert leadership and the shared dangers of those times welded these diverse peoples into a city and nation they called Jurnre.

The limestone soils about Jurnre are rich, rainfall is ample, and there is seldom so much as a heavy frost. These factors, plus the city's location along the Kewl's navigable portions, and wise management combined to make Jurnre wealthy without inciting greed or envy on the part of other kings and chieftains. Thus, when Rauxes was little more than a stockade and a collection of huts, Jurnre was already a city with stone walls and paved streets. It has not known hardship or serious danger in the centuries since.

Eventually Jurnre was absorbed by peaceful alliance into the fledgling Keoish kingdom as the capital of the County of Ulek. When Keoish adventures abroad provoked Jurnre to expel the king's garrisons, this was accomplished without violence, and ever since the Keoish crown's recognition of Ulek independence (a century after the fact) relations have been cordial. The elvish and dwarvish realms to the north and south have been equally friendly. A brief siege of the city by refugee goblins and orcs in 506 CY, at the height of the Hateful Wars, and some unsuccessful attacks by the Sea Princes sailing up the Kewl at the nadir of Keoish seapower have had little lasting effect beyond the construction of watch-

towers along the river and higher city walls. These events are distant history to the human citizens of Jurnre, and even the nonhumans have begun to forget. Not even the oldest gnome can remember the sight of enemies within the gates.

Jurnre is perhaps the most attractive city of the Sheldomar basin; it gives every evidence of its slow and graceful growth. The primary colors of the city are green and white: the green of numerous gardens both public and private, and the white of the substantial buildings (native limestone, stucco, some even of marble) and their distinctive white tiled roofs. The limestone streets and walls and the marble and bronze statues and fountains for which the city is so famous likewise contribute to the effect. Colorful striped awnings and pots of flowers and herbs decorate the doors and windows of the most residences, adding splashes of brighter color. A system of cisterns and aqueducts supplies numerous public fountains, and the streets are clean and well drained. Indeed, Jurnre has a reputation as the cleanest city of the Flanaess—a testament to halfling influence.

Gnomish and halfling influence may be seen in the architecture of the city as well: the three hills have been extensively quarried and tunneled, and most homes are of the native limestone, and have substantial basements. Many buildings are interconnected beneath street level, and even public ways may plunge beneath the earth for a space. It is rare for any dwelling to exceed two stories in height. Instead, the skyline of the city is dominated by tall trees and by the expansive domes of the public buildings (a specialty of the local dwarvish architects). The broad streets are lined with trees, and curve gracefully up and down the hills of the city, sometimes ending against one of the older city walls or a set of stairs. Like the public squares, they are paved with close-set limestone blocks.

Jurnre has two major marketplaces: the Harbor Market and the New Market. The Harbor Market is adjacent to the Kewl where the river traffic ties up behind a breakwater, while the New Market is in the middle of the present city, between the three hills. Order is maintained by the city guard, and spaces may be rented for a small fee, as may space along the docks. The funds for maintaining the markets are obtained through a tax of one part in ten on all items sold at the marketplace. Much of what is bought and sold in Jurnre is derived from the nearby countryside: rice; oranges, lemons, and limes; karafruit; cheeses; tobacco; peppers; cotton; fine lumber from the county's carefully managed woodlands; and the powerfully sweet honey derived from the local citrus orchards as well as the yet more powerful mead which is brewed from it. In the

crafts, Jurnre is well known for its weavers and dyers, its woodworkers, its stonemasons, and its bronze casters. Jurnre is also famous for its sweetmeats and pastries, and Jurnrese cooks might almost be listed among Jurnre's major exports as well. On the streets of Jurnre itself, many sell food from carts, and there are numerous cafes and restaurants: Jurnrese skill in hospitality is famed up and down the Sheldomar.

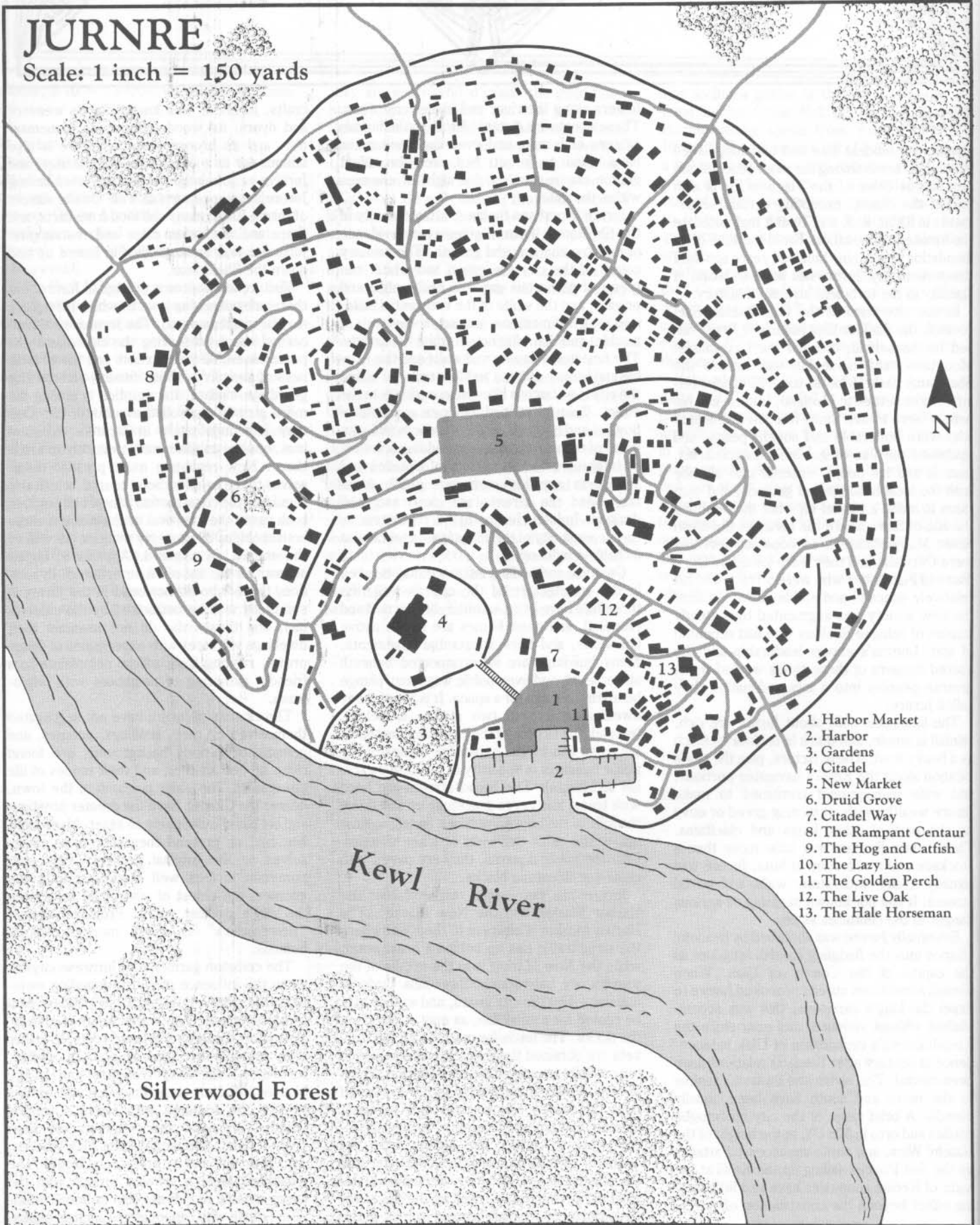
Visitors are welcome enough in Jurnre, but there are numerous laws to which foreigners may be unaccustomed. The Jurnrese are concerned about preserving the cleanliness and peacefulness of their streets and the orderliness of their lives. Both citizens and the city guard are vigilant. Immigration is among the more strictly controlled aspects of life. One may stay indefinitely in Jurnre's excellent inns, but it is another matter entirely to settle there. New residents must present themselves to the neighborhood council, which also regulates the construction of new buildings. In both cases the approval of the nearest three householders or property owners, as well as the council, is required. Appeals to higher authorities are not often entertained. In addition, those who do not build in the Jurnrese style may well be ostracized by the community, and those who do not maintain their dwellings will meet with expressions of disapproval, ranging from official complaints to a friendly gathering of neighbors with white-wash.

The citizens of Jurnre have not segregated themselves by race. Halflings, gnomes, and humans of various backgrounds are found close by one another, and their modes of life are similar. The older portions of the town, nearer the Citadel, have the greater prestige, and old blood is definitely an asset. Many families can, or pretend they can, trace themselves to the original settlers. This phenomenon is less well marked among the gnomes, the oldest of whom can remember the city's earliest years. Prejudice against "newcomers" is most marked among humans.

The common garments of Jurnrese cityfolk show the influence of all the founding members, though the Suel and halfling styles seem to predominate. The warm weather encourages short trousers and loose vests, together with sandals or light shoes. In winter, Jurnrese wear long trousers and baggy blouses. Women sometimes but not always replace the trousers with skirts of similar length. Umbrellas and overcoats are seen when it rains. Almost any color may be seen, usually a solid and by preference bright. The wealthiest wear a jeweled brooch with the family symbol to indicate clan or house affiliations; those who cannot afford such an expen-

JURNRE


Scale: 1 inch = 150 yards



- 1. Harbor Market
- 2. Harbor
- 3. Gardens
- 4. Citadel
- 5. New Market
- 6. Druid Grove
- 7. Citadel Way
- 8. The Rampant Centaur
- 9. The Hog and Catfish
- 10. The Lazy Lion
- 11. The Golden Perch
- 12. The Live Oak
- 13. The Hale Horseman

Kewl River

Silverwood Forest



sive item will use enameled metal or even embroidery with bright threads to achieve a similar effect. According to ancient practice, the members of the city guard wear face paint and tartan kilts indicating their rank and ward—apparently an echo of the time when ordinary troops were largely Flan and Oeridian tribesmen. Jurnrese favor light headgear, with a broad brim to keep out the sun. Fieldworkers wear broad straw hats that can double as baskets. It is fashionable to sport a brightly colored feather or plume tucked in the hatband or hair.

Two in three Jurnrese are human. One in five is a halfling, and about the same proportion is gnomish. The majority of the remainder are half-elves or dwarves, though elves and centaurs from the nearby Silverwood come to Jurnre to trade and occasionally settle there. The common tongue is known to nearly all, though halfling, gnomish, and Keolandish are also widely spoken. Including transients the city's population is nearly eleven thousand. These people are spread over an area of roughly 130 acres.

The folk of Jurnre observe nearly all of the beneficent powers known to the Flanaess. The Suel and Oeridian pantheons are most strongly represented, and the gnomish and halfling deities are also well known. Jurnrese are most inclined to honor the deities of earth and nature, such as Obad-hai and Ehlonna. Ulaa also has a numerous following. As for evil deities, it is illegal to display their tokens or hold ceremonies in their honor. These laws are directed at foreigners; Jurnrese are not known to worship evil deities. The Jurnrese are somewhat indifferent toward the gods, having little reason to call upon them.

Jurnrese coins have square holes in their

centers. They carry the unicorn sigil of the House of Rhola repeated around the periphery of the coin five times. The obverse bears the motto "peace in strength" in the ancient Suel script. The "coppers" are actually cast bronze; the silver and gold denominations are likewise cast, a rare practice in the Flanaesse. Platinum coins are not minted. Local merchants, like most people in the county of Ulek, are leery of taking foreign coins, and if they do so will typically discount up to a fifth of their value after weighing. Moneychangers typically charge one tenth the value of foreign coins.

The lowest level of government in Jurnre is the neighborhood council, a five-member body elected from the heads of the households in a neighborhood (which can contain as few as twenty or as many as fifty households). From among the leaders of the neighborhood councils in a given area of the city, a twelve-member ward council is chosen. Each of the eight ward councils sends a representative to the sixteen-member city council. Four other places on the city council are appointed by the count (currently Count Lewenn) from among the guilds, and four from among the nobility (who are not represented in the neighborhood or ward councils). The city council members elect a mayor, subject to the approval of the count (who casts the tiebreaking vote if necessary). The city council is theoretically only an advisory body, but the day-to-day activities of the government are in fact in the hands of that body, and the count seldom exercises his privilege to countermand a council decision. Halflings and gnomes are elected roughly in proportion to their representation in the general population.

The Citadel is one of Jurnre's most notable

structures, in part for its placement on the hill near the river and in part because of its high spires, which are not typical of Jurnrese architecture. It was constructed in 43 CY, and is the count's personal residence as well as the seat of city and county government and the quarters of the city garrison. The Citadel is walled all around; the side facing the river is additionally guarded by the steep cliffs leading down to the Quarry Gardens. A long stair leads directly from the Harbor Market up to the Citadel; roads approach the Citadel gate by a more circuitous route. Stairs are a frequent feature on Jurnre's steeper slopes, but the Citadel Way is by far the longest stairway; it may well be the longest in the Flanaess.

The Quarry Garden is another of Jurnre's unique features. It was created at the order of Countess Llyra in 193 CY from the quarry in the Hill of Stars that supplied the Citadel and many of the older houses in the city. By tradition it is open to the public so long as they remain on the public paths and greens. For centuries it has been a strong counterpoint to the bustle of the adjacent dockside and market. It may well be one of the oldest human-built gardens in the Flanaess, and it is certainly one of the loveliest. The gardeners are all proud volunteer citizens, and competition for the limited number of posts is sharp.

The Jurnrese are rather smugly contented with their way of life and are of the opinion that the sooner this type of culture is generally adopted throughout the continent, the better it will be for all concerned. They see themselves as a hardheaded, practical people, and tend to regard foreigners as shiftless and disorderly.

COUNTDOWN IN JURNRE

Players' Introduction

At last! Ahead are the alabaster walls of Jurnre, one of the few cities untouched by the recent turmoils of the Flanaess. It has a reputation as a fortunate city, and a pleasant one. Certainly you may hope it will remain so. Even if the information which has led you to this island of calm turns out to be true, perhaps the predicted troubles will be forestalled for a few more days during which you may take some well-deserved rest and plan the next move. Better yet, perhaps the difficulties have ended once and for all. The events of the past few weeks seem distant and well nigh impossible, as you view the peaceful fields about the city, and the cheerful citizens. Yet the message that led you here (from Rel Mord) was as dire as it was vague, and it sticks in your mind.

Will yet another mysterious and formidable character weave its plots even here? And is the plague indeed in the air of this beautiful city? Only time and experience will tell. From the crowds at the gate, it appears that this is a market day. At least you can make your entry without any sort of trouble or fanfare. With any good fortune, perhaps your exit will be similarly uneventful.

DM's Introduction

Because of the way this adventure is structured, it is vitally important for the DM to be completely familiar with the entire text before play begins. All of the following information—facts about the city, descriptions of events that make up the adventure, and the Timetable of General Events near the end of the text—must be absorbed in order for the DM to get a cohesive picture of the situation in and around Jurnre.

Jurnre's general atmosphere is an important element in this adventure, so it is best to have some basis for comparison with the real world. The climate is like that of Florida, with somewhat higher rainfall. The setting is European medieval-ancient in many other respects, but the social milieu is rather like that of a small English town at about the turn of the century, complete with stereotypical bobbies. The confidence, even complacency, of the general population should be emphasized at all times. The reaction of most Jurnrese to the plague, the PCs, and the actions of Morgorath is largely that of hurt and bewilderment, and (at least initially) panic and disorganization.

If the PCs arrive at Jurnre aboard a river boat, they will disembark in the harbor and proceed immediately to the Harbor Market. Otherwise they will enter through one of the city gates.

When the PCs arrive, Morgorath will already be established in the marketplace in

the persona of a transient merchant and trader, a man named Androch Larrojid. Now that the objects of the test are on the scene, Androch/Morgorath will step up his efforts to spread the plague and harass the town (and especially the druids), and will snipe at the PCs until the test set for them is passed or until he is driven away. At present Count Lewenn is away from the city, on an embassy to Niolo Dra. He will return immediately along a trail through the Silverwood Forest when news of the plague reaches him. Morgorath will be waiting in ambush, intending to assassinate the count. The objective of the PCs will be to uncover the cause of the plague, and subsequently to prevent the assassination of Count Lewenn.

This is the Test of The Druids in Istus's scheme—particularly designed for a group of 4-6 PCs, each of 2nd-4th level—and it is unlikely that the party will fare extremely well if at least one member of the group is not a druid (although it is still quite possible for such a party to pass the test). Neither will the party do well if the druid does not make full use of druidic abilities, particularly low-level ones such as *speak with animals*, *charm person or mammal*, *entangle*, *faerie fire*, and *animal friendship*. It is unlikely that player characters will even identify Morgorath's beastman form (see *The Mirrors of Fate*) or be able to follow him without the aid of at least one animal that has a good sense of smell (a dog, preferably, though a cat, bear, or weasel might serve just as well). Judicious use of the druidic cant will also prove useful, and the unraveling of the mystery will require at least some knowledge of plant and animal life.

If a druid is not in the party, some stopgap measures may be possible. A cleric will be able to duplicate or simulate some of the druidic skills, and a magic-user with a familiar of an appropriate type may be able to use it to effect. The lack of anyone who speaks druidic cant will be a handicap, but does not make it impossible for the characters to operate at all. Whether or not a druid is present, it may be (DM's judgment) that the players will need some prodding at first to encourage use of these abilities, particularly if there are no druid characters (who might be expected to think of them). A few hints may be in order, if they don't give away the game entirely. Alert players should have several opportunities to latch onto the trail of Morgorath.

The background information on Jurnre will be available to player characters only in part unless one of them is native to the region. Portions might have been learned from traveling companions during their journey. Other parts of the information must be discovered through experience, unless the characters happened to consult a sage earlier. Aspects of

the city's history and social structure will be evident from conversations with the proud citizens, who will provide rather more information than most player characters will care to hear. This is particularly apt to occur at statues, fountains, or older portions of the city wall, all of which have their unique (to the locals) fascinating histories. The DM is encouraged to ad lib.

One aspect of the city that's impossible not to notice is that the place is . . . healthy. The word "outbreak" in the letter discovered by the PCs in Rel Mord seems to have been a gross overstatement—or perhaps it was a purposeful exaggeration or an outright lie, perpetrated for some purpose the player characters are not aware of. At any rate, now that they're here, they may as well get to know the place a bit.

City Architecture and Layout

The city walls are 30 feet high, and are smooth with few cracks where they are new along the perimeter. The older portions within the city itself are smooth but cracked (see page 19 of the *Dungeon Masters Guide*). The walls of houses in Jurnre are seldom so high that it is not possible to leap up and scramble onto the roof, but the masonry is good—smooth, with few cracks.

The primary streets of Jurnre are 20 feet wide and smoothly paved with finished limestone slabs, not cobbles. Secondary streets are 10 feet wide. There is a raised sidewalk 3 feet wide beside each roadway. "Streets" shown on the map as running directly up or down hills are actually stairways, half as wide as a street. The stairs are generally broad, and run in a series of flights interspersed with flat areas.

Typical dwellings in Jurnre are roomy (considering the size of the inhabitants). Many of them are built with their backs running into a hill, lending some atmosphere of a burrow; it is toward the back of a typical residence that bedrooms and storage areas are located. The parts of the house facing the street are for business and visitors, and are generally well lit. This style is common to halflings, humans, and gnomes alike. There is usually a garden on the roof, and the family is likely to sleep there during the warmer part of the year. (This makes sneaking about at night rather difficult. . . .) Stairways are seldom found in a dwelling, but are generally broad and not particularly steep. Doors and shutters are stout, and made of wood.

If the nearest buildings must be determined randomly for some reason, roll on the following table:

Roll (d100)	Building Type
01-04	Weaver's shop
05-08	Dyer's shop
09-12	Butcher
13-16	Cheesemaker
17-20	Brewer
21-24	Tailor
25-32	Fruit & vegetable shop
33-40	Blacksmith or armorer
41-48	Woodworker
49-52	Tile maker
53-56	Mason
57-60	Warehouse
61-64	Merchant's home and shop
65-68	Pawnshop
69-72	Jeweler
73-76	Herbalist
77-84	Used clothes shop
85-92	Restaurant or Inn
93-96	Snack stand or cafe
97-99	Boarding house*
00	Nobleman's city house

* — Contains 2d8 watchmen, militiamen, clerks, and/or dockworkers, plus possibly family members of same. Determine each primary resident's profession randomly.

Any household will consist of the primary householder or owner (named above by profession) and 2d8 other persons (triple this number for nobles; halve it for warehouses, which are owned by merchants who sleep elsewhere and are guarded and kept by the inhabitants). The race of the householder is determined by the table under "Inhabitants and Bystanders" below.

Inhabitants and Bystanders

It may on occasion be necessary to determine who else is on the street or otherwise nearby at some random location within the city. Assume that 2d6 persons are within range of any significant action in the public places of the city. Double this on market days; subtract 4 from the total at night. This total includes people looking out windows, traveling along the street, etc. Profession is determined as follows:

Roll (1d20)	Type
01-16	Local resident/merchant
17	Watchman/city guardsman
18	Farmer
19	Trader
20	Entertainer or pickpocket

Half the locals and farmers are female, and there is a 1 in 4 chance that a local or farmer is a child. Roll on the following table to determine race:

Roll (1d20)	Race
1-14	Human (local resident)
15-17	Halfling
18-19	Gnome
20	Roll 1d6: 1 = Elf 2 = Half-elf 3 or 4 = Dwarf 5 = Centaur 6 = Foreign human (not from Ulek or Keoland)

If necessary, hit points and other characteristics may be determined from the *Monster Manual* or from page 88 of the *Dungeon Masters Guide*, but this should not be necessary since few of the locals are armed and likely to enter lethal combat. It is best to prepare for one or two such encounters ahead of time by rolling a few random groups.

Accommodations

Visitors may pitch a tent on the river side of the road outside the city walls, if they do not put an axe to local trees (wood sufficient for a night's fire may be bought from a vendor near dusk for 1 c.p.). Within the city, one may rent a space in the covered portion of the Harbor Market for 2 c.p. for each person or mount from closing time (sunset) until sunrise the next morning, on the condition that there be no commotion, that the area is tidy the next morning, and that the place is vacated promptly at sunrise. The harbor watch sees to this area. The Rampant Centaur, the Hog and Catfish, and the Lazy Lion offer acceptable if rather simple accommodations and a good cross-section of Jurnre's lower-class visitors for prices ranging from 5 c.p. for a place in the common room to 1 g.p. for a large private room. The Golden Perch, The Live Oak, and the Hale Horseman offer classier company and more impressive accommodations at twice the price, along with a wider range of food and drink.

Laws and Law Enforcement

The authorities and citizens of Jurnre are not tolerant of "dangerous" or disorderly behavior. Fights, even fistfights, will attract the immediate attention of bystanders, and the typical reaction is to call the watch. Typical Jurnrese citizens are unaccustomed to serious violence, and will not attempt to apprehend armed criminals, but they will provide whatever other aid they can. It would be impossible to list all of the city's bylaws, but a sample should suffice. It is illegal to light fires other than in a brazier or other contained fire place, molest songbirds, spit on the street or dump slops or throw trash, mistreat animals (even one's own), make loud noises after sundown or before first light, buy or sell sexual

favors, block streets or passageways, wear armor or bear weapons openly.

This last stricture (in italic type) is strictly enforced by the watch, and citizens will avoid anyone who breaks it until the watch takes notice and commands disarmament. Staves may pass unremarked if the individual has the look of a rustic, and knives worn at the belt will cause little more than a raised eyebrow or two, but even so much as a dagger is forbidden unless it is part of personal luggage (that is, carried out of sight in a bag or backpack). Leather armor is permitted by most law-enforcement officers, since many forms of it could be passed off as garments rather than items worn for protection from attack. A leather vest, no matter how heavy, might raise a few eyebrows but cause no real consternation, whereas a full leather jacket might (depending on the mood of the viewing officer) temporarily or permanently confiscated. Studded leather or anything heavier is definitely armor, and will be treated as such.

There are no beggars in Jurnre; those capable of work are arrested and serve a sentence of twenty days hard labor, then escorted to the gates. Those incapable of work and without family are *cured* of their disability if possible, but are then indentured for the cost of the *cure*. If someone incapable of working cannot be *cured* and is not a native of the city, he must leave. The DM should bear in mind that the primary intent of Jurnrese laws is that the city should be very safe and very clean. The watch has wide discretion in enforcement of laws, and the judges at the Citadel have yet wider discretion.

Anyone who has been arrested, regardless of the crime, must accompany members of the watch to the Citadel. Ordinarily this is a friendly request, but anyone who resists will be bound and if necessary gagged (remember, the Jurnrese dislike disturbances). Arrest for minor crimes is not considered a black mark in Jurnre, but those who violently resist arrest will be shunned by all who witnessed the act (-20% on all reactions). At the Citadel the criminal will wait for 1d4 hours until a judge may be found to hear the case, or until about 10 a.m. the next day if the arrest was after sundown (Jurnrese citizens may simply be ordered to appear the next day, at the discretion of the Captain of the Watch). The wait will be in a comfortable room with other miscreants of the same sex, or a less comfortable cell if the criminal has resisted arrest. The door is locked, and the window barred. Water is provided, but no food. Hearings are short; the judge will have either the testimony of a watchman, or a written note from the head of the watch. Decisions are final, pending an appeal to the count, but only citizens or foreigners with a Jurnrese sponsor are allowed

to make such an appeal.

The Jurnrese laws emphasize restitution where persons or the public interest have been harmed. Crimes other than assault, theft, or property damage typically bring a friendly warning for first offenses, and unfriendly warning for second offenses, and full penalties on a third offense. A monetary fine is the typical penalty; someone who cannot come up with the funds is given a public-works job on short rations until he is deemed to have paid his debt. One day's work is worth 1 s.p. piece in fines. Determining the punishment for serious crimes such as murder or armed robbery is technically the province of the count or his steward, but the preliminary judgment of the day's magistrate is usually followed.

Jurnrese watchmen work singly, except in areas where there are large concentrations of foreigners, where they go about in groups of five. Their uniform consists of a checkered kilt and face paint. Each carries a quarterstaff and a sap. Those at the city gates and those on harbor patrol have longbows as well. They are large humans, well trained, and fully confident of their abilities. Watchmen have generally been chosen for a friendly disposition and a quick eye. They enjoy good relations with the Jurnrese citizenry, and are apt to help locals with problems other than criminal matters. Organization is loose, and routes unpredictable; there is a 50% chance, checked each turn, that a watchman or a group of watchmen will come into view; this chance is 50% per round if there is a disturbance.

City watch—1st level fighters (encountered singly or groups of five): AC 8; MV 12"; HD 1; hp 5; #AT 1 (or 2 with longbow); Dmg 1-6 (staff) or 1-2 (sap) or 1-6 (longbow, gate and harbor patrols only); THACO 20; AL LN, N, LG, NG (roll 1d4); SA attack with sap against unarmored head has a 60% chance to cause unconsciousness.

Matters beyond the competence of watchmen are handled by the garrison at the Citadel. The force of regular soldiers at the garrison (not counting the commander and other high-ranking officers) numbers 130, and is divided into 10 squads each containing 12 1st level fighters led by a sergeant of 2nd level. Eight of the squads are foot soldiers; two squads are composed of mounted troops. Footmen carry short swords and pikes (75% of the force) or short swords and longbows (25% of the force), and wear leather armor. Horsemen ride light warhorses and have short bows rather than longbows, and lances in place of pikes; they wear chain mail and shields.

A squadron of foot soldiers includes the following:

Pikemen (9)—1st level fighters: AC 7; MV

12"; HD 1; hp 6; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (pike or shortsword); THACO 20; AL any neutral or good. Each has 1d6 copper pieces and 1d4 silver coins.

Bowmen (3)—1st level fighters: AC 7; MV 12"; HD 1; hp 6; #AT 1 (or 2 with longbow); Dmg 1-6 (longbow or shortsword); THACO 20; AL any neutral or good. Each has 1d6 copper pieces and 1d4 silver coins.

Sergeant—2nd level fighter: AC 7; MV 12"; HD 2; hp 12; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8 (longsword); THACO 19; AL LG or LN.

A mounted squadron has the same characteristics, except that they wear chain mail and have shields (AC 4); the pikemen are replaced by lancers (damage 1-6, doubled on a charge); the bowmen are armed with short bows rather than longbows; and the leader bears a lance instead of a longsword. And, of course, they also ride . . .

Horses, light war (13): AC 7; MV 24"; HD 2; hp 10 each; #AT 2; Dmg 1-4/1-4; THACO 16; AL N.

Outside the City

The lands immediately beyond the city wall are all given over to farming. Within six hundred yards of the river these are rice fields; beyond, they are mixed grazing lands, citrus orchards, and cotton fields. Each farm has its own farmhouse, and all of the farmers keep dogs. Trespassing is not allowed, but the land between the road and the river is free to all if they do not cut down living trees. The typical farm is about 220 yards square and has 2d3 adults in residence (equal numbers of men and women) plus an equal number of children. If it is important, determine the race of a farm resident on the table given under "Inhabitants and Bystanders" above. The owner(s) of a farm and any hired help will generally, but not necessarily, be of the same race.

A typical farm also has 1d3 dogs, kept for protection as much as for companionship. Farmers do not have weapons; if by some peculiar chance they are forced into combat they have the characteristics of laboring males (zero level, 2-7 hp) and laboring females (zero level, 2-5 hp), as on page 88 of the *Dungeon Masters Guide*, and can arm themselves with farm implements that serve as spears (Dmg 1-6) or "generic weapons" (Dmg 1-4 or 1-6, depending on size and weight of the implement). Only the farm dogs are likely to challenge intruders, but their master(s) will pitch in if a conflict is inevitable.

Farm dogs (as wild dogs; 1d3 per house): AC 7; MV 15"; HD 1+1; hp 6 each; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4 (bite); THACO 18; AL N.

The Kewl

The Kewl is a slow, relatively broad and shallow river at this point, though not by any

means shallow enough to be easily forded. It is rather muddy. The Jurnrese have driven away harmful wildlife from the eastern bank, but crocodiles may be seen to bask on the Silverwood side. There is a 10% chance per turn of crossing that adventurers will attract the attention of 1-4 crocodiles, and struggling or thrashing in the water increases the chance of this to 10% per round. Crocodiles will arrive in 2-8 rounds. They will keep pace with a boat, or attack swimmers from beneath.

Crocodiles (1-6): AC 5; MV 6"/12"; HD 3; hp 10, 14, 11, 12, 15, 9; #AT 2; Dmg 2-8/1-12; THACO 16; AL N; SA surprise on 1-3.

The crocodiles have noted Morgorath's trips back and forth over the Kewl, as have other large river creatures.

The Gate and Walls

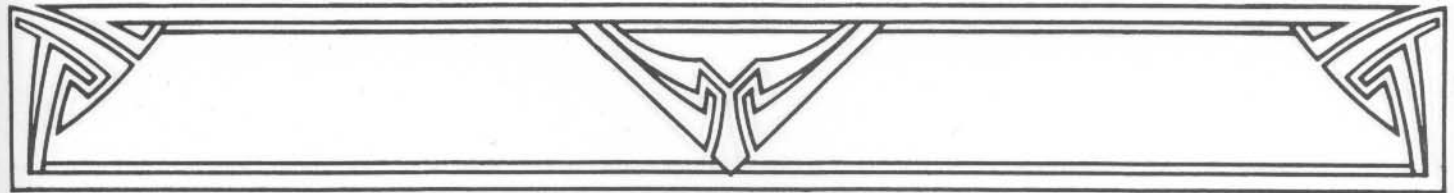
Those who enter at the harbor or the city gate are examined by city watchmen. The watchmen generally keep a benign half-eye toward those entering the gate, and on a positive reaction roll will provide directions and perhaps even aid. They will not allow entrance to those who show signs of breaking city ordinances. This is a friendly warning, but a firm one. ("Better stow that sword, friend; no cause for a grim thing like that in a civilized town" or "Watch it lad, they'll be arresting you as a vagrant" or "Make sure you get your license before you play that thing.") Nobody will be allowed to pass if they are openly carrying weapons or wearing anything heavier than leather armor. The five watchmen lounging in the shade are surprisingly swift and well organized, as are their five compatriots atop the wall.

The gates are closed at sundown and opened at sunrise. Only the count's officials or a serious threat to the city can cause them to be opened at night. During the day there are ten guardsmen at each gate, five on the ground and five more stationed on the wall itself just above the gate. At night, when the gate is closed, four remain by the gate and the other six walk (in two three-man patrols) along the top of the wall, observing both sides. They are responsible for the city wall halfway to the next gate.

Watchmen—1st level fighters (10 per gate): AC 8; MV 12"; HD 1; hp 5; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-6 (staff) or 1-6/1-6 (longbow); THACO 20; AL LN, N, LG, or NG (1d4). Each carries 1d3 silver and 1d8 copper pieces.

The Grove

This is a large area planted with oaks, where all druidic clerics in Jurnre hold their ceremonies, regardless of which particular deity they worship. The present guardian is Tiran Weaverman. He is a devotee of Obad-hai. While he will provide aid and advice to the



player characters, his attitude concerning any supposed special dangers is like that of the authorities at the Citadel (see below).

Tiran Weaverman—male 7th level druid: AC 6; MV 12"; HD 7; hp 44; #AT 1; Dmg 2-9 (*scimitar +1*); THACO 16; AL N; SA & SD druidic abilities.

Assume that Tiran has whatever spell may be required for the occasion. His 18 wisdom entitles him to use 6 first level, 6 second level, 4 third level, and 2 fourth level spells.

The Citadel

The Citadel is located on a patch of leveled ground atop a 50-foot-high hill a short distance from the Harbor Market. The stairway known as Citadel Way leads from the outskirts of the marketplace up to the Citadel gate, as does a road used by beasts of burden and vehicles. The wall and guards about the Citadel are the same as those who guard the walls and gates around the perimeter of the city (see "The Gate and Walls" above). Within the wall surrounding the Citadel is the garrison, the mayor's office, some courts and meeting rooms, and the count's residence. Two tall towers rise fifty feet above the other buildings, which are typically Jurnrese. The open spaces are gardened. The soldiers of the garrison and guard are described under "Laws and Law Enforcement" above.

The mayor, a large and long-winded man named Ponto Porstal, will not be interested in seeing the player characters except possibly under the most unusual of circumstances (DM's option, but the story would have to have some actual backup and some reliable Jurnrese witnesses). Neither will the Captain of the Watch or the garrison's commander. Before the plague strikes he and all other officials will be incredulous that any danger might befall the city or the count. Afterward they will be too busy with the plague and anxious for the count's early return to listen to any "nonsense."

Attempts to illegally enter the precincts of the Citadel are 50% likely per round to lead to an encounter with a pair of watchmen. The watchmen will call for help, which will arrive in 1-2 rounds, when they first notice an intrusion. They will then attempt an arrest. Trespassing without apparent malicious intent on the grounds of the Citadel carries a special mandatory sentence of one week imprisonment or a 1 g.p. fine. The imprisonment is automatic for second offenders.

Watchmen—1st level fighters: AC 8; MV 12"; HD 1; hp 5 each; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (staff) or 1-2 (sap); THACO 20; AL LN, N, LG, or NG (1d4); SA attack with sap against unarmored head has 60% chance to cause unconsciousness.

The Harbor Market and the Harbor

The market area is paved, and the southern half of it (adjacent to the harbor) is covered. The roof is made of stone and tile, and is rather old and worn. This is the market where most goods from up and down the river are to be found. The city watchmen here are in squads of five, and serve as the harbor guard. They inspect each boat as it arrives, and accompany the harbormaster to assess harbor fees. Booths may be rented from the harbormaster (who also looks after the market), either for the sale of goods by day or as a place to spend the night.

Any PC who asks for information about boats from the upper Kewl will be directed to Androch Larrojid's boat. (See the section below.)

The New Market

This is much like the old market, but it has fewer goods from distant parts and much more of a country air to it. No goods from up the Kewl are found here.

The Gardens

Formally known as the Quarry Garden, this area is open to the public from sunrise until two hours after sunset. Visitors can walk where they please as long as they remain on the public paths and greens. After dark the area is lit by stone lanterns scattered about the place. It is separated from the rest of the city by a stone wall 5 feet high and a very dense thicket of bamboo. The ponds are shallow, and supplied with city water. There is a quay for small pleasure boats, and when the garden is open there will be 1d4 such boats moored there. The garden is frequently visited, and is as likely to have citizens in it as any other part of Jurnre. The limestone cliff leading up to the Citadel wall is rough, with ledges and projections, for the first 24 feet, and planted as a rock garden. It is one degree more difficult—fairly rough with some cracks—for the next 18 feet, and becomes very smooth with few cracks for the rest of the distance to the top.

The Herbalist's Shop

Senneth Sarhand, proprietor of the city's only herbalist's shop, does business from an unassuming-looking storefront just off the northeastern edge of the Harbor Market (from where he buys most of his stock). His primary business is as a tobacconist, but he sells almost any sort of herb used in this region of the Flanaess. Sarhand is an elderly man, and quite loquacious. He will perform identifications free. If the PCs show him a sample of boneset (see "The Shooting" below) he will not only identify it, but will remark that Androch Larrojid, a new mer-

chant in these parts, recently sold his entire stock of the herb to Sarhand.

Androch Larrojid's Boat

Morgorath is in the city, in the person of the transient merchant Androch Larrojid, and the boat is one of the places he uses for a lair. The vessel is tied up at the westernmost pier in the harbor. Although it's a small boat, and not ostentatious, it looks relatively new. It has a single cabin, where Androch and his hired man Tossan both reside. Chained to a post outside the cabin is a large, shaggy guard dog. The animal will make noise whenever anyone approaches, even Androch or Tossan. (It has been recently purchased, and doesn't know its masters very well yet.) However, the dog will not attack unless it is assaulted or cornered. The barking will subside about 30 seconds after someone boards the boat, and the dog will be docile thereafter until another stranger (or group of strangers) approaches.

No matter when the PCs first approach the boat, Androch/Morgorath will be away and will not return for 1-4 hours. In the daytime Tossan will be somewhere about in the city; after dark, Tossan will be aboard the boat and asleep. He will awaken if the dog is disturbed and begins to bark, and he will not allow strangers aboard the boat if their intentions seem less than honorable.

In addition to personal items in the cabin, there is a small locked wooden chest fastened to the deck. A cursory examination will suggest to any druid that *warp wood* might open it. If PCs attempt to open it by hand, the lock can be picked very easily (+50% to a thief's normal chance)—but lifting the lid manually will release a poisoned needle from the underside of the lid. The needle will strike the character closest to the front of the chest, causing 2-8 points of damage and unconsciousness for an equal number of hours (save vs. poison to halve both effects).

Within the chest are five rough-cut emeralds (base value 1,000 g.p.), seven rough chrysoberyls (100 g.p.), 200 gold pieces, and 500 silver pieces, as well as a scroll with the druid spells *faerie fire*, *speak with animals*, *speak with plants, tree, slow poison*, and *transport via plants*. There is also a map of the area of the Silverwood Forest directly across the Kewl, covering an area of several square miles and including the road along which the count will be traveling on his return to Jurnre.

Another map in the cabin is much more accessible—tacked up on the wall in plain sight. It is a rough sketch of the Kewl River and the coastline bordering the Azure Sea and Woolly Bay, with a dotted line describing a route down the Kewl to the sea, east around the peninsula, and northwest along the shore of the Wild Coast to the city of Elredd. The

logical (and correct) assumption would be that this is the route that "Larrojld" intends to take when he leaves Jurnre.

Tossan is loyal to his employer, but has wondered about his standoffishness and, why he is so frequently away, even at night. If player characters strike up a conversation he will remark on the fact. He will also mention that he has seen Androch go over to the other side of the river, and wonders if he isn't trying to strike some special deal with the local elves. Tossan is of the druidic persuasion, and a very convincing story from a druid and a good reaction roll will allow player characters to investigate the boat but not to open or take anything. There is one rat aboard the boat, and the creature is infected with the plague (see "The Reeling Rodent" below).

Tossan—zero-level laborer: AC 10; MV 12"; hp 5; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4 (dagger under jacket); THACO 20; AL N.

Dog, war: AC 7; MV 12"; HD 2 +2; hp 14; #AT 1; Dmg 2-8; THACO 16; AL N.

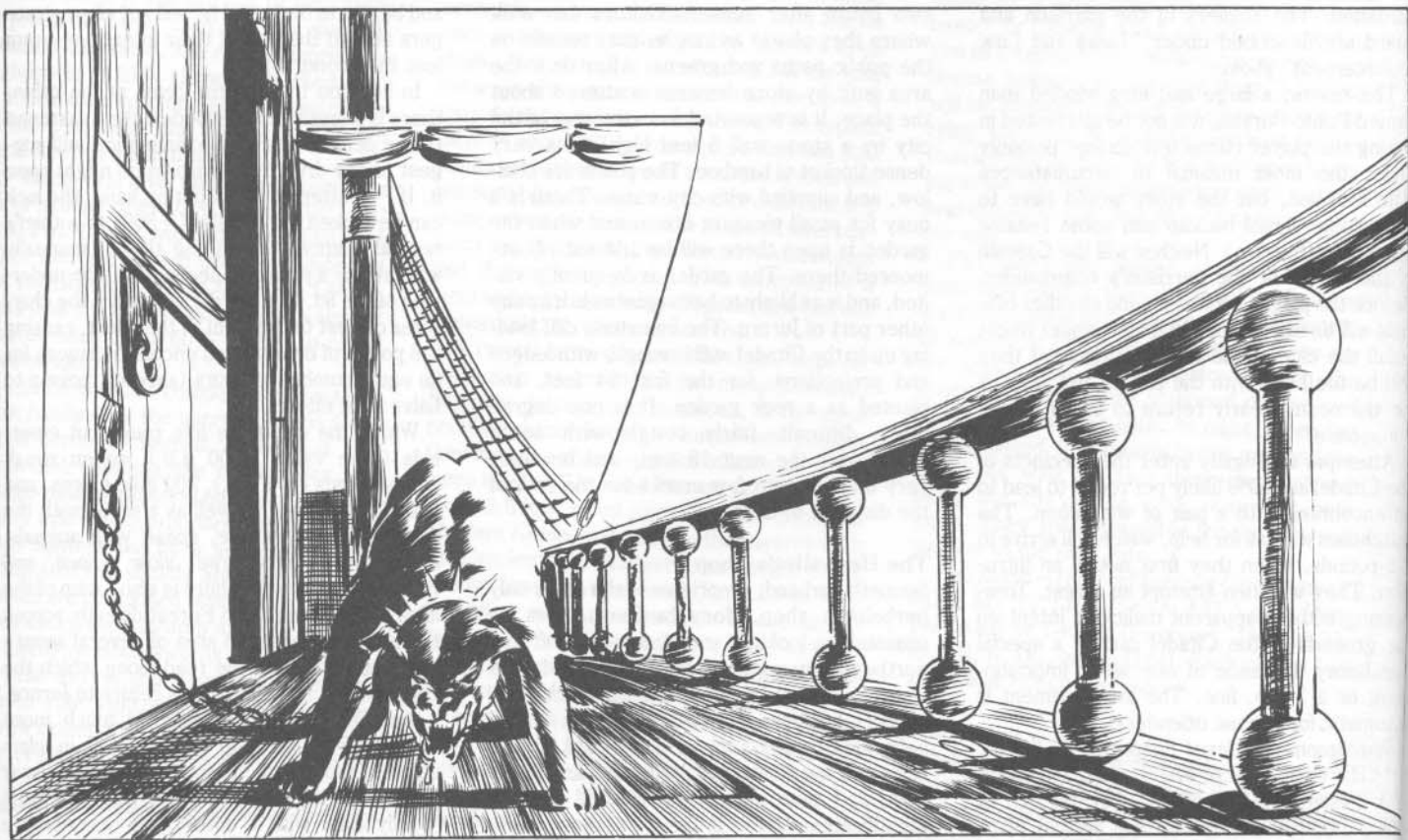
The Silverwood

The Silverwood is a largely untouched forest. On the low ground within 100 yards of the river the primary trees are bald cypress, liberally draped with Spanish moss. These give way to live oaks, which persist for half a mile until the traveler reaches higher ground, which is dominated by the gum (eucalyptus) trees for which the forest is commonly thought to be named (the gum trees have grayish, bluish, or silvery leaves, and certain varieties are quite valuable). The ground beneath the cypress trees is covered with an inch or so of stagnant water. Beneath the live oaks, the ground is relatively damp and the forest floor is gloomy. The wood beneath the gum trees is much less dimly lit and consequently has denser undergrowth (reduce movement for size M creatures by one-third unless they can somehow pass through unhindered as druids can).

As shown on the map, a trail leads through the forest to a ferry landing on the bank of the river north of Jurnre. This is used by the forest inhabitants and travelers to reach Jurnre

on market days, when a ferry operates about once every half hour. It runs twice a day otherwise. This is the road along which the count and his party will approach the city.

The region of the forest across from the city has been "seeded" by Morgorath with difficulties for anyone who investigates this area. Using *Speak with animals* and *charm person or mammal*, he has set the inhabitants to attack or hinder the player characters. He has provided descriptions of the PCs, so that there will be no cases of mistaken identity. His activity in the area means that he has been seen going to and fro by 1 in 4 of the ubiquitous small animals thereabout. The small mammals and birds stay out of sight, and are rarely actually encountered (10% chance per hour) unless magical means of calling or locating them are employed. All have the impression that Morgorath has a lair somewhere in the area; none knows where it actually is. There is a 25% chance per hour that one of the major creatures placed by Morgorath will be encountered. Take encounters from the following list, in the order given. However the



encounter goes, the same creature won't be seen twice. All will attack from ambush if they can.

Dogs, wild (12): AC 7; MV 15"; HD 1+1; hp 4, 2, 5, 6, 8, 3, 6, 7, 9, 5, 5, 7; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4; THAC0 20; AL N.

Leopard: AC 6; MV 12"; HD 3+2; hp 18; #AT 3; Dmg 1-3/1-3/1-6; THAC0 16; AL N; SA surprises on a 1-3, attacks with rear claws for 1-4/1-4 if front claws hit; SD surprised only on a 1.

Boar, wild: AC 7; MV 15"; HD 3+3; hp 16; #AT 1; Dmg 3-12; THAC0 16; AI N; SA continues to fight for 2-5 rounds if between 0 and -6 hit points.

Bear, black: AC 7; MV 12"; HD 3+3; hp 15; #AT 3; Dmg 1-3/1-3/16; THAC0 16; AL N; SA hugs for 2-8 if paw hits with an 18 or higher; continues to fight for 1-4 rounds if between 0 and -8 hit points.

When all four of these encounters have been experienced, the PCs' next encounter will be with Morgorath's forest lair.

Morgorath's Forest Lair

A hollow tree amidst an area of very thick undergrowth has served as Morgorath's base of operations during his preparations for the ambush of Count Lewenn. The cavities within the tree hold several spare sets of clothes and two recently emptied bottles of insinuating poison, but no treasure. Morgorath is not at the site when the characters arrive. He left an hour ago—just after placing a *snare* spell, his usual precaution, across the only entrance to the interior of the tree.

As the PCs approach the tree, they can't help but notice the large opening in the trunk about a foot off the ground—and the interesting fact that the interior of the tree is obscured by a curtain of vines, which is certainly not a natural phenomenon. As soon as the *snare* is either detected (and bypassed) or triggered, the PCs see a probably familiar figure—Hloth Shadowfoot, the centaur—coming toward them through the underbrush.

If the PCs were helpful to Hloth during their first encounter with him (see "The Drunken Centaur" below), he will be a veritable wealth of information and assistance at this point. In a hasty, slightly panicky voice, he will explain that Androch Larrojid is at this very moment waiting to ambush Count Lewenn from a hiding place just off the northern forest trail, and will offer other aid as described in "The Chase" below. If Hloth's recollection of the PCs from their earlier meeting is less than positive, his opening comments will be more vague—something like "The count is in trouble and needs help." For more information on how Hloth will react thereafter, see "The Chase."

If he is asked about the tree, Hloth will say that it contains nothing of use to the PCs and will urge them to not concern themselves with it further. If they disregard his advice, PCs will discover the two empty poison containers and may learn something from them—but at the cost of losing Hloth's continued cooperation, if the centaur had been previously inclined to help.

As soon as this encounter has taken place, action proceeds directly to "The Chase," regardless of whether all the other events described below have occurred.

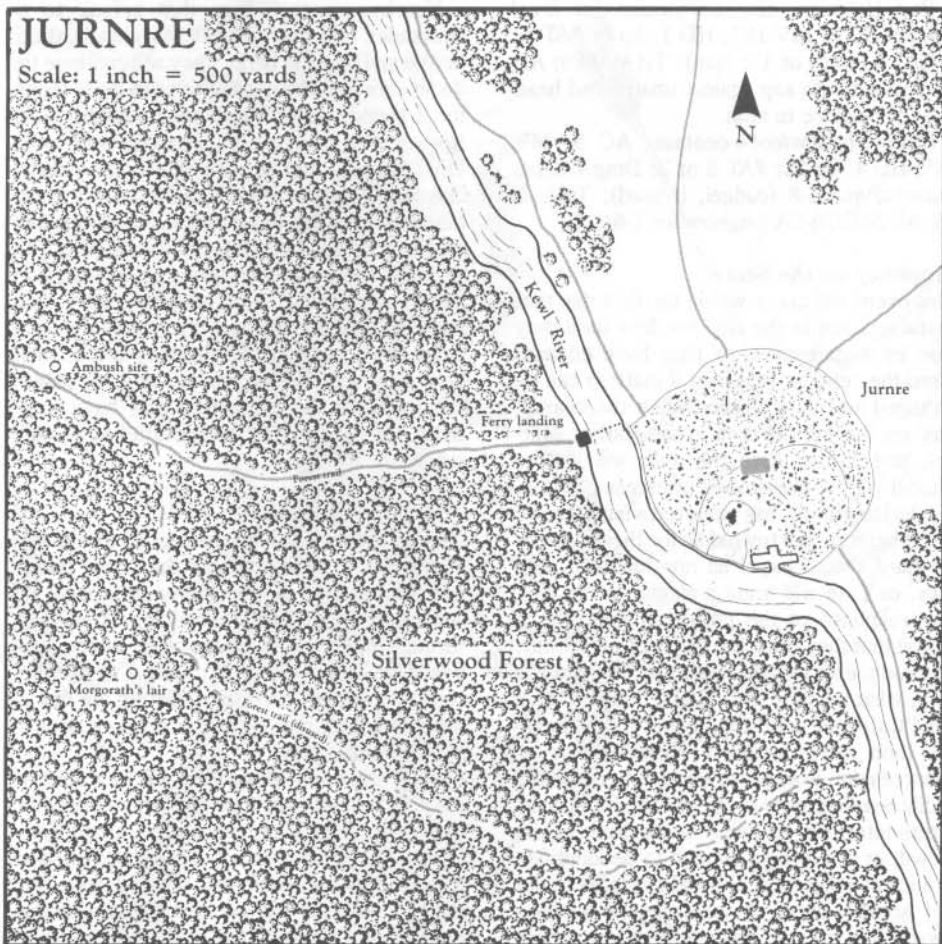
EVENTS

The Drunken Centaur

This will be the first significant encounter once the characters have entered the city, before they have decided where to stay. As they round a corner, they come upon a scene that has already attracted a large knot of observers. A cart piled high with hides and furs, apparently abandoned, blocks half the street. In the doorway of a nearby brewery

stands a centaur, Hloth Shadowfoot. He carries two small casks, one under each arm, and is arguing loudly and heatedly with a city watchman (one Red Haleman, if a name enters the discussion). Hloth entered the shop to buy the two casks, and lingered to chat and have a drink with the proprietor, leaving his cart outside. The watchman meanwhile passed by, noticed the blockage of the road, and stopped to find the owner and deliver a warning.

Without money (he spent the last of his on the casks) and worried that he might be fined, Hloth misunderstood and started to argue. The watchman is now ready to arrest the centaur for disrespect to a law-enforcement officer. He mentions the additional possible charge of "drunk and disorderly" as the player characters approach. In a panic, Hloth gives a hand sign which any member of a druidic sect will recognize as a call for help. The guard is kindhearted, and would rather not try to arrest a centaur in any case. Any druid who says a word on Hloth's behalf will be successful in heading off trouble, and any other rea-



sonable intervention will also be successful, particularly if it is in the form of an observation that Hloth hasn't yet caused any inconvenience. The guard will be satisfied with an apology. This Hloth will give, if grudgingly.

The centaur will be grateful for the PCs' help, and will provide information concerning the city and accommodations if he is asked. He volunteers that his next stop will be "Senneth's—he's the best herbalist in town" once he has found an inn where he can park his cart. The cart bears a number of rabbit, raccoon, and wildcat skins, as well as a very fine tiger skin hidden under the others, a bear skin, several buffalo hides, and two large sealed jars of wild honey. Beneath the skins are concealed a large cudgel and a longbow.

If player characters do not intervene, the discussion will rapidly grow more heated. Hloth will be detained at the Citadel and will have some of his skins confiscated to pay his fine. In such a case, he will be quite reluctant to give a lot of information or assistance to the PCs when they encounter him again (see "Morgorath's Forest Lair" above and "The Chase" below).

Red Halem, city watchman—1st level fighter: AC 8; MV 12"; HD 1; hp 5; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (staff) or 1-2 (sap); THAC0 20; AL LG; SA hit with sap against unarmored head has 75% chance to stun.

Hloth Shadowfoot—centaur: AC 5; MV 18"; HD 4; hp 22; #AT 2 or 3; Dmg 1-6/1-6 (hooves) and 1-8 (cudgel, if used); THAC0 15; AL N(CG); SA longbow for 1-6/1-6.

Prophecy on the Stair

This event will occur within the first day that characters are in the city, the first time they pass by a stairway after they have encountered the centaur. It is best if matters can be arranged so that it occurs when the characters are leaving the area of the Harbor Market, and in that case the stair will be the Citadel Way. A gray-robed priestess of Istus, Myrha Illingthorn, has gathered a large crowd and is berating the townsfolk for their inactivity: they should expel all non-Jurnrese, she says, or Fate will bring a plague to the city. The response of the crowd is sympathetic only in that they think the display is unseemly. The comments include "Tsk, tsk"; "Shame"; "Oh, what a pity"; and "Stand down!" Once the PCs come upon the scene, a watchman will then arrive within 2 rounds; after an unsuccessful attempt to silence her, he will bodily bear her away to the citadel. If the characters interfere, or come to the front of the crowd, or are foreign enough to be identified as such at a distance, she will single them out and accuse them of carrying the plague. Myrha has created this incident on orders from her superiors outside Jurnre, but has no

idea why she should do such a thing. She is the sole cleric of Istus in the city, and has a small shrine in her home.

Myrha Illingthorn—3rd level cleric: AC 10; MV 12"; HD 2; hp 10; #AT special; Dmg grappling & pummeling only; THAC0 20; AL N; SA spells: *command*, *cure light wounds*, *detect magic*, *sanctuary* (already cast), *enthrall*, *know alignment*, and *augury* (this last is a special ability available once per day to clerics of Istus); AL N.

Myrha Illingthorn's residence is on the north side of town, a modest and relatively new building. She is Jurnrese in origin. If approached later by the PCs, she will offer no explanations, and will flee any attack. Her clerical services are available to the PCs, if she is so inclined, at the usual fees.

Hark, Hark the Dogs Do Bark

This event will occur on the evening of the first day as the PCs are somewhere in the city and by chance pass by Morgorath in his guise as the merchant Androch Larrojid. (This is probably, but not necessarily, before they have visited his boat.)

Nearby are two dogs that belong to a bystander. When they smell Morgorath, they bristle and begin to bark. They will continue to do so until their owner has tried to quiet them for 2 rounds, after which they will still look toward him and growl. Larrojid will look embarrassed, and remark that dogs usually like him. (Morgorath will head for his boat immediately after this event takes place, and may be followed by anyone who is discreet.) If the dogs are questioned (using *Speak with Animals*) concerning their reasons, they will insist that the supposed merchant doesn't smell like a human, and that they don't trust him. Any weasel, cat, horse, dog, or other creature that the characters may have with them will confirm that Morgorath has an odd smell.

The Reeling Rodent

This will occur early on the second day of the PCs' visit, in their rooms if they have taken accommodations in the city, or otherwise as soon as they are inside a building or walking through an alleyway—some place where rats would be liable to be encountered. It may be repeated one or more times during the day if the characters don't get the point or aren't ready the first time.

A rat will come staggering out of a nearby place of refuge, or will be suddenly noticed in the open, unnaturally still and in broad daylight. The rat has contracted the plague, and is feeling dizzy and confused. If *Speak with Animals* is used, it will on careful questioning reveal that it began to feel ill after coming into close contact with a rat from one of the boats

tied up in the harbor, which was also not feeling well. Such a confused and worried rat as this one will not give any sort of coherent story, and will not of course be inclined to attack. On a poor reaction roll it will not provide information unless *charm person or mammal* is used.

Rat, ordinary: AC 7; MV 15"; HD 1/4; hp 1; #AT 1; Dmg 1; THAC0 20; AL N.

The Clumsy Halfling

This will happen any time during the second day of the PCs' stay in the city, while the party is seated at a cafe or in a restaurant or the common room of an inn, or failing that at some time when the player characters are simply walking through the street or marketplace.

Morgorath will pass by in the guise of a female halfling, "Mara Hardiggin," carrying a large stoneware jug, and will seem to stumble against a member of the party (the druid, if one is present and identifiable; otherwise, a character at random). This will mean that the character may contract the disease (save vs. poison to avoid; the saving throw should be made by the DM, or if by the player it should be done before or after the incident to keep from tipping off what the saving throw applies to). "Mara" will apologize, of course. Any animals with the PCs that have a good sense of smell will recognize Morgorath's "unnatural" odor, and react. As "Mara" just passes out of sight, "she" will stop as a cat rubs up against her legs. Shortly after she has passed out of sight, a dog will be heard barking frantically. If questioned, either of these animals will give the same sort of answer that the barking dog did in the earlier scenario: that the halfling had an odd smell. Morgorath will try to unobtrusively evade pursuit, if there is any, possibly by changing form. The jug contains one of Androch Larrojid's spare cloaks, a set of five crossbow quarrels, and a cheap light crossbow that can be disassembled and reassembled in 2 rounds but is likely to break (50% chance) on any shot after the first four.

The Shooting

This will occur as soon as possible after the "Clumsy Halfling" incident, whenever the PCs are in an exposed public position.

Morgorath will be hidden on an unoccupied rooftop garden, in his natural form, and as the PCs go past he will fire at them with the crossbow that was in the halfling's stoneware jug. Since he is wearing the cloak at this time, only his general form will be seen, and he will change form behind it to confuse matters further. He will miss (on purpose), but he will get off as many shots as he can until the characters are almost upon him. Then he will leave behind the jug, the crossbow, and any excess clothing and change into a raven. He will fly as

rapidly as possible to the Quarry Garden. Whoever first picks up the cloak will notice clinging to it a small dried sprig of some herb. (This is boneset, a herb said to have healing properties when placed over breaks and sprains, and found only along the upper reaches of the Kewl.) A druid of 3rd level will automatically recognize it, as will any herbalist. Druids of 1st or 2nd level are 50% and 75% likely to identify it.

In the Quarry Garden

This scenario will occur when the characters pursue Morgorath to the Quarry Garden following "The Shooting," or at any time thereafter when the PCs go to the garden. Morgorath, still in the form of a raven, will spot them as soon as they enter the area. He will get into the shrubbery, drop out of sight, and change into an otter. He will then enter the garden pond and make for the Kewl. From there he will either head for his boat or will cross to his encampment on the other side of the river (according to circumstances as the DM decides, or 50% chance for each tactic if both make sense). The only sign of his passage will be roiled water and agitated fish in the ponds. If questioned, the carp in the ponds will be able to tell anyone that the otter has made a number of trips back and forth from the pond to the river in this manner.

The Chase

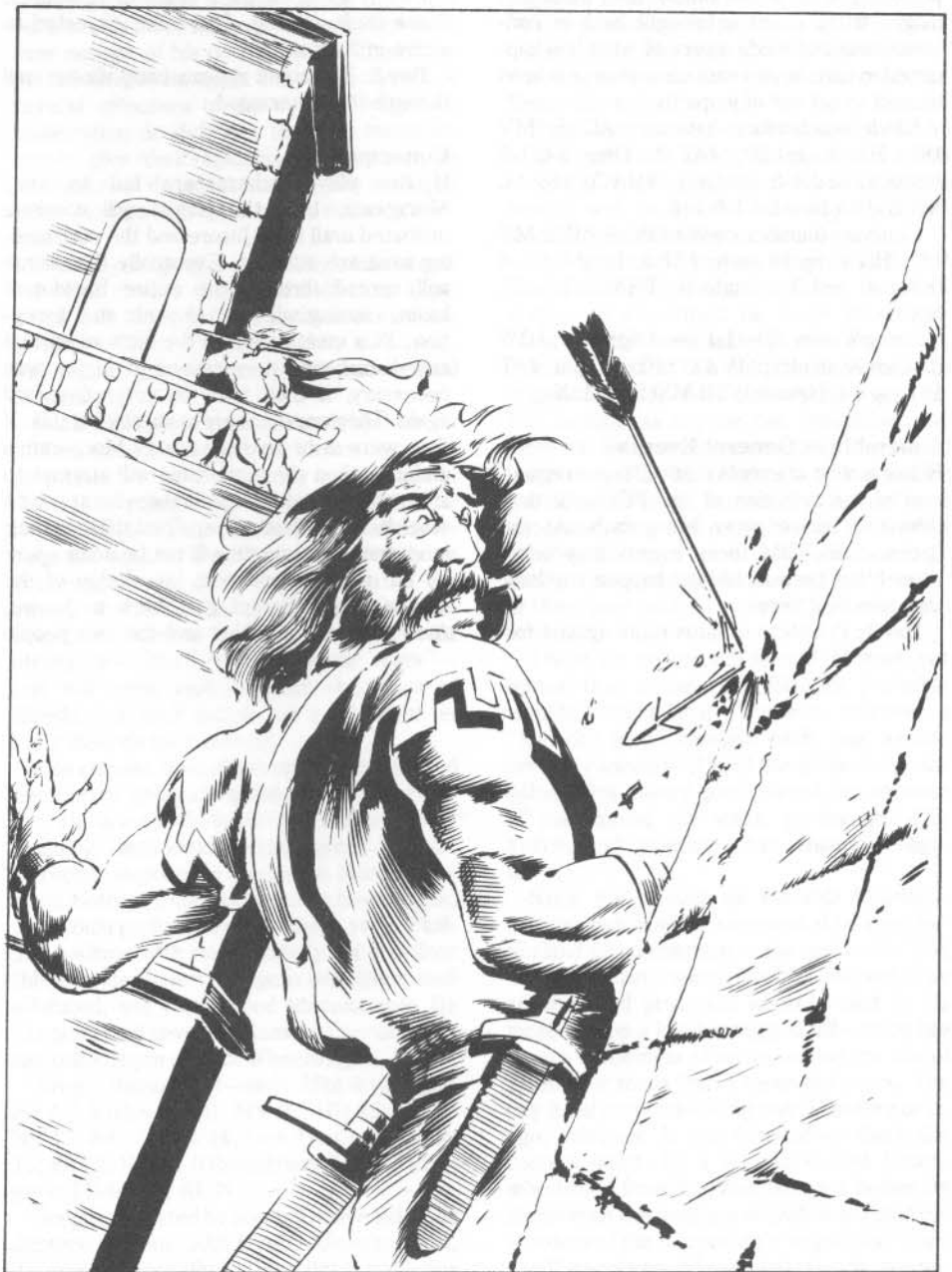
This will not take place until the characters have found Morgorath's forest lair and have the centaur's information that he seems to be lying in wait for the count to return along the forest trail. At this point the characters may be in something of a hurry to get to the ambush spot. On a positive reaction roll, or if they provided aid before, Hloth will suggest that the characters detour to a small encampment of centaurs which is not far off to the east; he will be able to persuade centaurs there to provide transportation, one centaur per PC. Otherwise the characters will have to make their way on foot. In any case, Hloth will accompany them (perhaps grudgingly, and not without a bit of cajoling or bribery on the PCs' parts) to show them the place where the assault is to occur. (See "Morgorath's Forest Lair" and "The Drunken Centaur," both above, for more information on Hloth.)

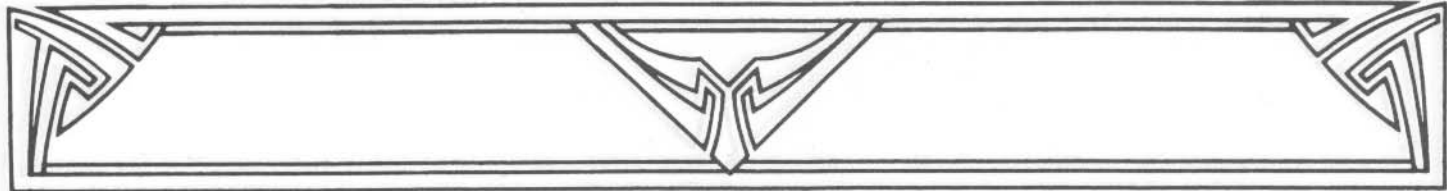
If the characters arrive on centaur-back, they will reach the ambush spot before Morgorath has done his dirty work. But they must confront Morgorath alone. The centaurs are not interested in attacking him when he is not actually threatening anyone, though they have no objection if the player characters wish to eliminate what they think is an odd sort of highwayman. Morgorath is hidden behind a broad oak on the north part of the trail. He is

fully armed, and is using his most potent poison. His plan is to catch the count by surprise as he goes by, and assassinate him. He will try to put the PCs out of commission (stun them or drive them off, but not kill them) as soon as he becomes aware of them, so that they will not ruin his plan. Morgorath will be alerted to their approach by small birds that he has sent to spy out the surrounding terrain.

If the player characters get this far in time, they have passed the test. They need only

hold off Morgorath for 4 rounds once combat begins, after which time the count and two guardsmen will be seen rounding the bend of the forest path, in great haste, riding ahead of the entourage. The centaurs, perceiving the situation for what it is, will charge. After a moment, Count Lewenn (a 13th level druid) will take in the events transpiring in front of him and prepare help of his own. If not slain (killing Morgorath is not something the player characters are likely to accomplish), Mor-





gorath will take raven form and flee.

If the player characters arrive at the ambush spot on foot, they will find the count unconscious and injured from a poisoned bolt, and his two men hopelessly *entangled*. The assault has just taken place a matter of minutes previously; Morgorath is now lying in wait for the rest of the entourage, which consists of 10 zero-level clerks. He intends to hinder, immobilize, and/or kill the clerks to prevent them from giving aid to the count. At this juncture, the PCs can pass the test only if some manage to occupy Morgorath while others attempt to revive the count with a *slow poison* spell or some similar (and stronger) magic. If the count is brought back to consciousness and made aware of what has happened to him, he can cast *neutralize poison* on himself to get out of jeopardy.

Hloth Shadowfoot—centaur: AC 5; MV 18"; HD 4; hp 22; #AT 3; Dmg 1-6/1-6 (hooves) and 1-8 (cudgel); THAC0 15; AL N(CG); SA bow for 1-6/1-6.

Centaurs (number equal to PCs): AC 5; MV 18"; HD 4; hp 18 each; #AT 3; Dmg 1-6/1-6 (hooves) and 1-8 (cudgel); THAC0 15; AL N(CG).

Count's men (2)—1st level fighters: AC 7 (leather & shield); MV 12"; HD 1; hp 6; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (spears); THAC0 20; AL N.

Timetable of General Events

Below is a list of events that will occur regardless of the activities of the PCs until they thwart or drive away Morgorath. At the option of the DM these events may occur sooner, but they should not happen any later than specified here.

Day 1: Priestess of Istus rants against for-

eign disease carriers (see "Prophecy on the Stair").

Day 2: Rats and mice seen by daylight; first sign of plague (see "The Reeling Rodent").

Day 3: First human and demi-human cases of plague. Jurnrese reactions to foreigners at -20%.

Day 4: Plague takes hold. Temples crowded. Wealthy leave for country homes. Jurnrese reactions to foreigners at -40%.

Day 5: Markets closed. Curfews imposed. City gates closed to traffic in either direction to prevent spread of plague. Jurnrese reactions to foreigners at -50%.

Day 7: Food supplies begin to run short. Some theft, looting. The count expected to arrive in 2 days.

Day 8: The count returns early via the trail through the Silverwood.

Consequences

If the player characters fail to stop Morgorath, then the plague will continue unabated until all of Jurnre and the surrounding area are infected. Eventually the plague will spread through the entire Sheldomar basin, causing widespread panic and disruption. PCs must convince the authorities that any disturbance they caused in Jurnre was necessary, if they wish to enter that city again. They are not likely to succeed at this. If they were at or near the site of Morgorath's ambush, then the authorities will attempt to arrest them, and will detain them for at least a week before a *detect lie* spell establishes their innocence. Morgorath will not be seen again; by the time anyone with knowledge of the assassination attempt gets back to Jurnre, Androch Larrojid's boat and the two people

associated with it are nowhere to be found.

If this adventure is part of the overall campaign, and the test was failed, then all druids in the Flanaess will lose 1 point of constitution. Morgorath will not appear to the characters again in this form until they reach the Tilvanot Plateau for the last adventure of the series. Whether Morgorath's plot is foiled or not, experience may be gained for treasure acquired and opponents neutralized in the course of the adventure.

If the player characters pass the test, the plague will diminish. Count Lewenn will personally *cure* many of the remaining cases, which will become noninfectious when Morgorath is driven away. Count Lewenn will grant honorary knighthoods to the player characters, and award one or two useful magical items (DM's selection) worth 2,000 to 5,000 g.p. (or 2,000 to 4,000 g.p. for a gift which includes a weapon of any sort). He will also provide mounts, transport up or down the river, equipment, and even (if he is taken into the confidence of the player characters) advice, all within reason. Unless they make strong protests to the contrary, the player characters will be detained for some weeks as guests.

Foiling Morgorath's plot is worth a number of experience points in itself to each PC. The award will be either 700 x.p. or a number of x.p. sufficient to raise a druid in the party (if any) to the next higher level of experience, after all other x.p. for this adventure have been credited, whichever amount is greater.

Elredd

Located on the Wild Coast, Elredd is a city of around 8,500 people. Like most settlements in this somewhat lawless land, it's a fortified city, with crenellated walls and guard towers. Its single main gate is closed when the horn sounds nightfall and remains shut until the dawn bell is rung.

Graven above the gate is a single word: "Kabal." In an archaic and mostly forgotten dialect of the Baklunish tongue—which is now known only to bards and perhaps people who have spent enough time in the Paynims to pick up some of the language—it means "fate," but with a special twist. When someone "meets his fate" in a contest of arms, that's "kabal." Thus, the word is very appropriate to the city.

Elredd is a militaristic town, populated by mercenaries and other warlike adventurers. If a war leader wanted to hire a force of mercenaries, he could do much worse than to visit Elredd. Of course, warriors make up only a part of the population—the infrastructure of the city is maintained by the usual merchants, shopkeepers, laborers, and other ordinary citizens—but the proportion of higher-level NPCs (3rd level and above) is much higher than is found in virtually every other municipality in the Flanaess. One out of every 75 citizens is a character of 1st level or above. Of these, 40% are fighters, 10% members of fighter subclasses, 15% thieves, 10% clerics, 5% magic-users or illusionists, and the remaining 20% miscellaneous or multi-classed.

With so many hard-bitten warriors wandering the streets packing steel, one might expect the city to be the "murder capital" of the Flanaess, and reading the statistics of violent deaths—of which there are many—might convince one that Elredd must be a war zone. But statistics can be deceiving. Actually walking the streets of Elredd would give a different picture. Unlike other Wild Coast towns, Elredd is orderly, almost polite. No members of the police or city watch patrol the thoroughfares; there's no need for them.

To the amazement of many, Elredd epitomizes the phenomenon of natural selection as applied to society: people who transgress against others typically die, and are gone from the population. If someone kills another without a good reason, the killer will himself be killed. If someone is killed for an appropriate reason—an insult, perhaps—that's just fine. Thus, the social climate of Elredd is breeding a population of "polite" warriors: not meek, not weak, just not obnoxious. It's such an interesting process that many sages, bards, and other observers of human (and demi-human) nature are drawn to Elredd to study it

... but the gods help them if they act patronizing toward those they're studying!

Because the population has become self-regulating with regard to social behavior, there's no need for an internal police force, and the central government of the town—what scanty government there actually is—has little need to lay down laws. In fact, in Elredd there are only two laws, and they're both unwritten: The Rule of Fast Steel ("The one with the fastest steel makes the rules") and The Golden Rule ("There ain't no such thing as a free lunch"). People who transgress the unwritten laws die; it's that simple.

Elreddi justice is a street-corner thing. If a person considers himself wronged, but isn't sure enough of his position to cut the transgressor down, he might convene a "jury" of several witnesses to the event. There's no prosecution or defense; the jury members simply give their opinions on whether the transgressor deserves to die. The wronged party will (usually) abide by the majority decision.

While a good portion of the city's inhabitants will tend toward chaotic in individual alignment, and many are evil, social evolution has given the city as a whole a slightly lawful neutral alignment, with occasional true neutral tendencies.

What all this means to visitors is that they'll be treated with polite respect by most people they meet . . . as long as they treat others in the same manner and don't overstep the bounds of civilized behavior. If they do overstep the bounds, they'll almost certainly be challenged to a duel or cut down in the streets, and no bystander will make a move to help them. Some citizens make allowances for strangers—"They don't know our ways"—and will warn visitors about the ways of Elredd, but such people are rare. Most let their steel do their talking.

The current ruler of the city is a celebrated mercenary general named Brego Hammerfist. He is a middle-aged—but still physically daunting—high-level human fighter with an incredibly impressive (and quite bloody) personal history. Considering his achievements, one would probably expect Brego to be a killing machine with no sensitivity for the finer things in life. In fact, Brego is intelligent, well educated, and a very good administrator. He has published several volumes of verse under the pseudonym of Ajax Wheelwright.

Brego Hammerfist—male 15th level fighter: AC 5 (chain mail); MV 9"; HD 15; hp 90; Str 17, Int 15, Wis 14, Dex 12, Con 17, Cha 15; #AT 2; Dmg 3-9 (broadsword) or 2-5 (dagger); THACO 5; AL N.

Brego is assisted by his staff of five aides, all fighters: Willem (10th level), Alhassan (9th), Tal Summereven (9th), Troch (9th), and Jenna

(7th). Brego and his aides don't really make laws: they simply handle relationships between Elredd and other governments, and take care of matters that normal city dwellers don't care to handle themselves. They also handle the dispensation of property if—as is sometimes the case—a landowner without official heirs is slain. In such a case, the property devolves upon the city, and would-be owners participate in a sealed-bid auction. The city holds the bidding open for fifteen days, then sells the property to the highest bidder.

Brego claims no title for himself, but the populace usually refers to him as "the chief" (a sign of serious respect among these hard-bitten types). His aides are "the chief's men," and are accorded almost as much respect as Brego himself.

Brego and his staff draw no salary, but by tradition all their wants and needs are taken care of at no charge. There's no risk that this benefit will be abused—the Elreddi aren't folks that would suffer a tyrant to live.

Elredd has no standing army as such, but Brego's office pays good wages (standard wages as described on page 29 of the *Dungeon Masters Guide*) to the City Force. The members of this uniformed paramilitary organization serve as wall and gate guards. For as long as anyone can remember, the force has been composed entirely of qualified volunteers (1st level fighters and a smaller number of thieves); conscription has not been necessary, since the pay is fair and the work is steady—although, on occasion, perilous. (If the PCs decide to spend time in Elredd, some of them may wish to apply for a place on the force.)

There are no taxes in Elredd (at least, not under that name; the Elreddi probably wouldn't stand for it). There is, however, a "security levy" charged each year against property owners—1% of the property's total value. This money goes toward the expense of maintaining the walls, paying the City Force, and meeting other financial obligations.

Since it's in such an enviable location—astride trade routes, surrounded by very fertile land (in comparison to the rest of the Wild Coast, at least), supplied with fresh water by springs, and protected in some part by its location atop a low but rugged hill—there has been a settlement of some sort on the site of Elredd for more than a thousand years. The city itself came into being only a century or so ago, however. It was founded—if that's the correct word—by a warrior named Uroch, who hailed from the Wolf Nomads before he discovered the wonders of civilization (and the wonders of the mercenary's wages that "civilized" people would pay him). Uroch, accom-

ELREDD

Scale: 1 inch = 120 yards



panied by a group of mercenaries loyal to him, was "between engagements" and needed a place to settle for a while. Always the strategist, Uroch built a fort on the site of what would be Elredd.

As more mercenaries were drawn to Uroch's banner—and, after his death, as warriors were attracted by the nature of the society he had begun—the fort grew into a town and the town into a city. The dimensions and exact site of Uroch's original fort are still visible, since some of the walls still stand (albeit sometimes incorporated into other buildings). In fact, Brego's personal residence is the restored central keep of Uroch's fort. (An interesting aside: it's perhaps in memory of Uroch's Baklunish heritage that the word "Kabal" appears over the gate of the city, since there are few of that race—and thus few speakers of that language—on the Wild Coast.)

Elredd is home to representatives of all the major races, including many humanoids, some ogres and their kin, and even a few giants. All are "civilized" by the standards of the city; they don't cause trouble. Bloodthirsty orcs can kill each other, but kill others only at the price of getting killed themselves. The Common tongue is predominant in the city, but there are neighborhoods where other languages are used exclusively. Listening to conversation in crowds or at the market, a person could well hear all of the major—and many of the minor—tongues in common use.

As would befit a town of such mixed heritage, there are temples to most of the major gods of Oerth. Most are tiny, little more than chapels, and the more aggressively evil faiths—particularly those that embrace the sacrifice of sentient beings—practice under the deepest of secrecy. The largest temple is near to the official residence of Brego Hammerfist, and is dedicated to the hero-deity Kelanen, Prince of Swords. Kelanen is Brego's chosen patron, and most of the warriors in the city pay him some degree of homage.

Because of the adventurous, freebooting nature of its populace, all currencies are accepted in Elredd. Value of coins is calculated only by the metal of the coin and its weight.

The shape or denomination is incidental. Thus, stores all have tiny scales which are used to calculate value. A certain purchase might be worth five "weights" of gold: gold coins are added to one side of the scale until it balances. Change is given in "weights" of other metals, or even by cutting coins into portions. Values of metals are as given in the *Players Handbook*: 1 weight of platinum = 5 weights of gold = 10 of electrum = 100 of silver = 1,000 of copper. Although visitors might find it hard to believe, the vast majority of storekeepers' and innkeepers' scales are honest. The reason is simple: any businessman found giving dishonest measure would be killed out of hand by the first customer to find himself so cheated.

Laventhal's, although rather spartanly furnished, is the city's highest-quality inn. Prices for food, drink, and lodging are higher than average, although not exorbitantly so. Because of its location and its name, The Footsore Wanderer is the inn where short-term visitors are most likely to lodge. Both this place and Baylock's Rest have average prices, as do a couple of taverns, The Coaster and The Stirrup Cup. For those with a sense of adventure and/or not much money, Wolf's and The Bullhead's Den offer passable food and drink at fairly low prices—along with the prospect of seeing, or getting involved in, some roughhousing.

The geography of the Wild Coast is such that a heavy fog cloaks Elredd once a year, in early autumn when the prevailing wind shifts to the northeast at the onset of the cooler months. For the duration (between one and two weeks), the city almost totally closes down: all doors are locked, all windows are latched, all lights burn. The reason? Stories from villages on the coast telling of the depredations of "the drowned ones," sea zombies from Woolly Bay who follow the sea fog inland. Although Elredd is several miles inland and safe from the sea zombies' tender mercies (probably!), the stories from the coast are enough to put a good scare into the city.

Like many people across the world whose living depends on physical fitness, the population of Elredd is almost pathologically afraid of

disease: it's something they can't fight, yet it can lay them low. Warriors in particular hate the concept of sickness. Thus, the spreading plague is about the worst horror that the people of Elredd can imagine. Even vague rumors of an outbreak in the city can drive normally level-headed individuals to irrational behavior.

For encounters within the city, use the City/Town Encounters Matrix on page 191 of the *Dungeon Masters Guide*. The DM should keep in mind the racial and cultural characteristics of the city, and should feel free to modify these encounters to better suit the nature of Elredd.

Map Key

1. Kabal Gate
2. Brego Hammerfist's residence
3. Councilhouse (residence of Brego's staff)
4. Harper's Hold
5. City Square
6. Temple to Kelanen
7. Laventhal's Inn
8. Wild Coast Trading Syndicate (warehouse and offices)
9. Cemetery and mausoleums
10. Trazt's Armory and Gymnasium
11. The Arcanum (mages' meeting forum)
12. Wolf's Tavern
13. The Coaster (tavern)
14. City Force guardhouse and armory
15. The Footsore Wanderer (inn)
16. The Stirrup Cup (tavern)
17. Baylock's Rest (inn)
18. Traders' Market
19. Armorers' Square (many arms dealers, weaponsmiths, etc.)
20. Vraymar Al Korven's Livery Stables
21. Bullhead's Den (tavern)
22. Gateway Street
23. The Processional (street)
24. Way of the Heroes
25. Way of the Lords
26. The Bow (street)
27. Market Street
28. Avenue of the Red Lanterns
29. Avenue of the Lance

DIAMBETH'S DELVING

This adventure is designed for up to five characters of levels 4-6. A bard character, or one who is aspiring to be a bard, will be very helpful, although not strictly necessary.

DM's Introduction

Among the more intriguing residents of the Wild Coast area was the bard Diambeth. Unlike Tenser and Mordenkainen, he wasn't born in the region, but spent his twilight years in Elredd. While traveling through the area, Diambeth saved the necks of an adventuring company in a very tight spot—in fact, sparing them from the cooking pots of a family of hungry ogres—and thus was accepted as an honorary Elreddi. Finding the city to his liking and a good source of inspiration for his songs, he bought a villa, which he named Harper's Hold, within the city walls and lived out the last years of his life there. He died four decades ago, and such is the turnover in the population of Elredd that few now remember him. (This is highly ironic, since his name lives on in most other civilized lands, and his wonderful songs are still sung around many hearths at night.) His villa is now in the hands of a cranky dwarven mercenary officer named Zymor Giantbane.

The disease arrived in Elredd a day or two before the PCs. Although there are only a handful of confirmed cases—and these are only incidences of mild fever among older and more sickly residents—the fear is starting to take hold. The city's general paranoia about illness, as described in the section on Elredd in *Ye Olde City Scroll*, is fanning the flames, as it were, and fear is rapidly building toward panic. Anyone who shows the edemas typical of the Red Death will be shunned, and some blade-happy inhabitants have taken to cutting down suspected carriers on sight.

Note on encounters: For encounters within the city, use the City/Town Encounters Matrix on page 191 of the *Dungeon Masters Guide*. If a dice roll indicates a thief, assassin, or monk, there's a 75% chance that this represents one of the minions of the Scarlet Brotherhood. On the instructions of the Brotherhood—whose leaders are becoming more and more concerned about the significance of the PCs—these minions are following the PCs and trying to find out as much about them as possible (perhaps going so far as to pick their pockets for informative items). Such people will, of course, never admit to their connection with the Brotherhood; indeed, they'll die—even take their own lives—before divulging their nature or mission.

Entering the City

When the PCs reach Elredd, they find the main gate shut. If it's daylight, they notice that

they're being observed through a view slit; if it's night, they must pound on the gate or otherwise attract the attention of the guards. In either case, once they announce their intention to enter, a voice asks them where they hail from. If they claim to be residents of Elredd, they're allowed in. Otherwise, an armed guard (one of the City Force) comes out through a postern gate—carefully shutting it behind him—and approaches them. Ordering the PCs to stand their ground, he unwillingly draws closer (he obviously hates this duty) and looks them over very carefully. (His duty is, of course, to look for symptoms of the disease, but the PCs might not realize this.) If he notices any PC showing symptoms of the disease—or anything that could be mistaken for such—he rushes back inside the city and yells at the party through the view slit to "Get out of here! No plague carriers!" If the PCs are free from obvious symptoms, he apologizes, explaining that he was just doing his job, and allows the PCs to enter.

If the PCs decide for some reason to fight the guard, or try to go over the wall (by flying, for example), they are immediately engaged by five City Force bowmen from the battlements atop the walls (the battlements grant these bowmen 75% cover). An additional five guards will appear every three rounds, attracted by the commotion, to a total of thirty-five. All guards have similar statistics:

City Force Guard—1st level fighters: AC 8; MV 12"; HD 1; hp 6; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (short sword or longbow); THAC0 20; AL LN.

This newly instituted inspection procedure was ordered by Brego Hammerfist himself, and applies to all strangers wishing to enter the city.

Cymbelline Again

As soon as the PCs enter the city, they see a familiar figure waiting for them: it's Cymbelline (from "The Sage's Tower," Adventure #1), leaning casually against a wall. "I recognized your voices as you talked with the guard," he says, "and I wondered whether you were making any progress. The plague is here, y'know. I wonder if you might be carriers . . . ?" If questioned, he claims that he, too, has been following the spread of the disease, and so it shouldn't be too surprising that they've met once more. If the PCs blame him for misinforming them with regard to the Sage's Tower and the creature in Rookroost, he claims that he advised them rightly: all the evidence showed that the beasts from Relmor Bay were the cause of the plague. "In any case," he says cryptically, "you comported yourselves well." Now he has further clues concerning the nature of—and possible cure for—the disease. "Are you familiar," he asks, "with the bard Diambeth?"

Any aspiring bard in the party will know the name. For the benefit of those who are not bards, Cymbelline relates the story as described in the DM's Introduction above. One of Diambeth's songs—one that will be familiar to any would-be bard—talks of a "wasting disease" that swept Oerik nearly a century ago, and of a sovereign treatment for it. Cymbelline believes that the disease mentioned in the song must be the Red Death, and that the disease currently threatening the land is a new outbreak of the same ailment. The song only mentions the treatment in passing, giving no real details. But it's Cymbelline's contention that the song as it's sung now has obviously been altered. Surely there must be more information on the wasting disease—and on the cure—in Diambeth's original notes.

Where are these notes? Well, Cymbelline explains, they weren't found when Diambeth's possessions were moved out of his villa after his death. But he's heard from another bard who in his youth was apprenticed to Diambeth that there was a set of cellars under Harper's Hold—"Diambeth's Delving," the old bard called them in jest. There has been no mention of the cellars since Zymor Giantbane took possession of the villa, and Cymbelline is convinced that the dwarf has never found them . . . or the papers they contain. Cymbelline suggests that the PCs should continue their search by exploring Diambeth's Delving.

Harper's Hold

Cymbelline leads them to the gates of Diambeth's old villa. Harper's Hold is a sprawling, gracious mansion constructed of fine marble. Its lines bespeak great wealth, but wealth tempered with good taste: there's no feature that doesn't enhance the building's sense of serene dignity.

Harper's Hold is surrounded by walls 12 feet high topped with wicked spikes (the spikes are obviously a recent addition). There's one entrance into the grounds, through a set of ornate wrought-iron gates. Inside the walls, the grounds are pleasantly landscaped, with rolling lawns, graceful shade trees and sumptuous flowerbeds. Though still beautiful, the grounds aren't as well tended as they might be (the current occupant isn't as fastidious about his garden as Diambeth was).

Through the gates, the PCs can see movement among the bushes. In fact, there are five attack dogs loose in the grounds. These dogs have free run of the grounds twenty-four hours a day, and are trained to attack intruders on sight. The only people the dogs will obey are Zymor Giantbane himself and three dog handlers on his staff. The dog handlers live in the servants' quarters attached to the villa. Such is the reputed ferocity of Zymor's dogs that any deliveries to the villa

are simply left outside the gate. Anyone wishing to enter or leave the villa itself must be escorted to and from the gate by Zymor or one of the handlers.

Attack dogs (5): AC 6; MV 12"; HD 2+2; hp 8, 9, 10, 13, 14; #AT 1; Dmg 2-8; THACO 16; AL N.

Dog handlers—zero-level commoners (3): AC 10; MV 12"; hp 3, 3, 4; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4 (dagger); THACO 20; AL LN.

Zymor Giantbane

The PCs may decide to approach Zymor Giantbane and ask his permission to search for and explore the forgotten cellars. If this is their intention, Cymbelline makes no effort to dissuade them—even though he knows the likely outcome of their attempt. In fact, he wishes them luck and leaves them to go about their business.

The first problem is getting Zymor's attention. There's no bell at the gate, or any other

means of announcing the presence of a visitor. (This reflects the fact that very few people ever want to visit Zymor—and that's just the way he likes it.) Yelling or otherwise causing a disturbance outside the gate has a 10% chance per round of attracting the notice of Zymor, and a 75% chance per round of attracting the notice of passersby (some of whom might, at the DM's discretion, give the PCs a little insight into the personality of Zymor). Such a disturbance will also attract the dogs, who gather just inside the gate, barking and snarling viciously at the PCs. (Killing or otherwise silencing the dogs might be a tempting prospect, but isn't a good way of ingratiating oneself with Zymor.)

If the PCs succeed in attracting the attention of Zymor Giantbane, or if they otherwise gain an audience with him (perhaps by flying to the villa), they find that the current owner of Harper's Hold has neither the serenity nor the dignity of his home. He's a cocky little dwarf, even more puffed up with self-importance than most of his sort. Zymor thinks that music, the arts in general—and bards in particular—are a waste of time, and so will have no interest at all in listening to talk about his illustrious predecessor at Harper's Hold. Conversation with Zymor on any topic will probably prove irritating, useless, loud, and very brief: he's hostile toward nonmercenaries, elves, bards, magic-users, and strangers in general (thus, he's sure to dislike each of the PCs for one reason or another). In a city where the effective penalty for rudeness is often death, Zymor survives simply because he's very much a recluse—and because he's such a tough opponent.

If the PCs explain their goal and ask for the dwarf's permission to explore his cellars, his response is predictable: "Forget it. My house. Zog off." If he is at the gate, he stomps back to his house and slams the door. If he has met the PCs at the door or inside the villa, he orders them to leave and calls the dog handlers to escort them back to the gate.

Note that any conversation with Zymor at the gate will definitely attract a small crowd of onlookers—witnesses, in case the PCs are tempted to do something drastic to Zymor. A conversation with Zymor within the villa—if the PCs can somehow gain entrance—is witnessed by at least two servants (same statistics as the dog handlers). The locals, as well as his own servants, find Zymor almost intolerably rude. If the PCs decide to do away with him, they won't be censured for it (although they probably aren't enough aware of the tenor of the city to realize this fact).

Zymor Giantbane, male dwarf 10th level fighter: AC 0; MV 8"; HD 10; hp 88; #AT 3/2; Dmg 3-6 (hammer) or 7-15 (battleaxe), including +1 strength bonus; Str 17, Int 12,



Wis 9, Dex 14, Con 18, Cha 9; THAC0 11 or 9 (with gauntlets); AL CN. He wears a set of *bracers of defense AC 2* and a *ring of protection +2*, and carries a *hammer +1* on his belt. If he's girded for battle, which will occur if the PCs storm the gate and rush the villa, he wears *gauntlets of ogre power* (increasing his strength bonus to +3 "to hit" and +6 on damage) and wields a *battleaxe +2*.

In the Out Door

After the PCs have failed to gain Zymor's permission—or if they decide not to even try—Cymbelline returns. He's done a little research, he says: he thinks there's another entrance to the cellars. In fact, it was probably designed as an escape tunnel, since it emerges outside the villa's walls; Diambeth was always a realist about the possibility of attack on his adopted city. The half-elf believes it should get them into the cellars, however . . . if they can find it. He knows its approximate location, but believes it's almost certain to be concealed in some way.

Cymbelline leads the PCs into an alley that winds its way behind the wall surrounding Harper's Hold. Unlike the beautiful grounds on the other side of the wall, the alley is foul-smelling and filthy, with a midden at the end of it. Cymbelline looks doubtfully at the midden, but says that he thinks the escape tunnel ends around there.

Searching through the garbage is a noisome task, and Cymbelline declines to participate. For each character searching, roll 1d6 each complete turn spent searching. On a 1 or 2, an elf or thief will find the secret door; other characters must roll a 1 to succeed. Each turn, there's also a 25% chance that a randomly chosen character has unearthed either a rat (85% chance) or a rot grub (15% chance).

Rat: AC 7; MV 15"; HD 1/4; hp 2; #AT 1; Dmg 1; THAC0 20; AL N; SA 5% chance of causing serious disease.

Rot grub: AC 9; MV 1"; HD 1 hp; #AT 0; Dmg nil; THAC0 n/a; AL N; SA burrowing will kill in 1-3 turns.

The door leading into Diambeth's escape tunnel is set into the wall just above ground level, and cunningly concealed as part of the stonework. Once the door has been found, it's easy to see how to open it. The door, when open, is less than eighteen inches wide—a tight squeeze for anybody larger than a halfling or gnome, and absolutely impossible for broad-shouldered characters (such as humans, half-orcs or dwarves) wearing armor. It's very dark on the other side of the door. . . .

At this point, Cymbelline announces to the PCs that he'll accompany them into Diambeth's Delving, claiming nothing more than

idle curiosity, and also saying that he has no intention of getting himself hurt helping them. If at any time the PCs ask him for help, his response is typical Cymbelline (aggravating): "Come, come. This is your quest, heroes. I'm just along for the ride, y'know." If the PCs refuse to let Cymbelline accompany them, he simply waits until they've gone on ahead and then follows them. As a last resort, he'll use his sword's power to *charm* any characters left behind to prevent him from following.

Diambeth's Delving Encounter Key

The entire cellar is in total darkness. Unless otherwise noted, ceilings are 10 feet high. Doors are typically brass-bound oak, and most aren't locked.

1. Entry Passage

You squeeze through the narrow opening into darkness. As you make light, you see a passageway stretching westward ahead of you. The passage is narrow, forcing you to move in single file, and your shoulders brush the cold stone walls on each side. The ceiling is correspondingly low, no more than five feet above the floor.

Cobwebs festoon the ceiling, and your feet disturb dust which hangs in the cool, dry air as you move uncomfortably along. The musty smell of disuse is in your nostrils.

The tunnel slopes steadily downward, and ends with a stone wall. Under a layer of dust, you can see a painting of sorts, composed of symbols and parallel lines.

The passageway is the home of two large spiders that will attempt to drop on the PCs as they pass by.

Large spiders (2): AC 8; MV 6" *15"; HD 1 +1; hp 2, 3; #AT 1; Dmg 1; THAC0 18; AL N; SA poison (+2 bonus to saving throw).

A dwarf will recognize that the western end of the tunnel is some fifteen feet below ground level.

Any bard or any PC with musical experience will immediately recognize that the painting on the wall represents a bar from a piece of music. The symbols on the parallel lines are notes, forming a musical phrase: F#, E, G, A, D, A.

The dust has clung to the wall, making it easier to see the cracks where the secret door fits. This gives PCs a +1 bonus to their normal chances of detecting the door. It isn't locked, and opens easily.

2. Corridor

As you open the door, a voice speaks out of the shadows to your right: "Go back or you will be killed." Your light casts hideous, misshapen shadows onto the walls as you turn toward the voice.

In an alcove to the right of the door stands a figure that looks almost like a human . . . but not quite. Its angular head almost brushes the 10-foot-high ceiling, and its shoulders are two axe-handles across. Your light glints off metal—here and there darkened by patches of rust—and reflects redly, like newly kindled fire, from deep crystal eyes. With a mechanical grinding, the metal monstrosity steps forward, raising an arm to block your progress. "Go back," it intones again, "or you will be killed."

Although the metal man may resemble an iron golem, it's nowhere near that powerful. It was created by two friends of Diambeth—a powerful wizard, and a high priest to the goddess Lirr—as a favor to the bard, to serve him as a guardian. Its powers come from variations of the spells *animate object*, *magic mouth*, and other dweomers. Originally its metal skin was almost impenetrable, but rust has weakened it considerably. Its joints have also suffered from oxidation, slowing the guardian down. The metal man was enchanted to obey Diambeth's simple instructions. Without his orders to the contrary, it's now serving to prevent unauthorized entry into the bard's cellars.

Its "programming" is such that it will try to bar entry without hurting anyone. If it can't do so, or if it's attacked itself, it will fight, striking with its fists, until its opponents are killed or flee the cellar (it will not pursue), or until it's destroyed. If intruders manage to evade it and enter the rest of the cellar, it will follow them stolidly until it can catch them and expel or kill them. The guardian's senses extend to the western ends of the forked hall. If anyone comes down from the villa above, the guardian comes to investigate, challenging any intruders and denying them free access to the cellars.

Diambeth had the guardian "programmed" with a musical password, to allow friends or colleagues to gain entry when he wasn't around. This password is the musical phrase painted on the outside of the door. If anyone sings, whistles or plays this phrase within 40 feet of the guardian, it will immediately return to its alcove and pay no more attention to the party.

Guardian: AC 3; MV 6"; HD 8; hp 45; #AT 1 per 2 rounds; Dmg 2-20; THAC0 12; AL N; SD immune to mind-altering spells, fire-based

attacks do half damage, pointed/edged weapons do half damage. A *heat metal* spell does 1-10 points of damage per round to the device. While the spell is in effect, however, the guardian gains a +3 bonus to the damage it inflicts with a successful hit (similar to being struck by a red-hot mace).

3. Well Room

In the center of the room is a low stone parapet surrounding a well. The water level is five or six feet below the top of the parapet. A bucket on a mildewing rope lies abandoned in a corner.

There seems to be a flaw in the brickwork on the north side of the well, six inches above the water's surface.

Diambeth, aware that his adopted city could at any time fall under siege, had this shaft sunk so that he'd always have a dependable supply of water. He never had to use it, but its existence was always a comfort.

The apparent flaw in the brickwork is just that—a flaw in the brickwork, with no other significance (although the PCs will have to get much closer to it to recognize the fact, of course).

The mildewed rope attached to the bucket has a breaking strain of 50 pounds—enough to

pull up a bucket of water, but nowhere near enough to safely lower a character to investigate. The water is very cold, and tastes brackish (the level of the water table has changed since Diambeth sank the shaft, and the well has become contaminated).

4. Wine Cellar

Five barrels of blackened oak rest on trestle stands. The air is rich with a bitter-sweet smell: wine mixed with vinegar.

The barrels contain five of Diambeth's favorite vintages. Three of them have turned to vinegar (barrels are rarely completely airtight, and oxygen has soured the wine). The fourth has also spoiled, but in a different way. It tastes sweet, almost syrupy, with an aftertaste of decay. Anyone drinking more than two swallows of the wine suffers nausea for 2-12 rounds (save vs. poison for half duration); during the nausea, the victim attacks and defends at -2. The onset of the nausea occurs 1-3 rounds after drinking the wine.

The fifth vintage, in contrast, has dramatically improved with age. From a merely good wine, it's evolved into an outstanding wine: rich, full-bodied and balanced. The barrel contains about two gallons of wine, which could be sold for 40 g.p. per gallon. The barrel of

wine weighs only 25 pounds, but is awkward to carry.

5. Armory

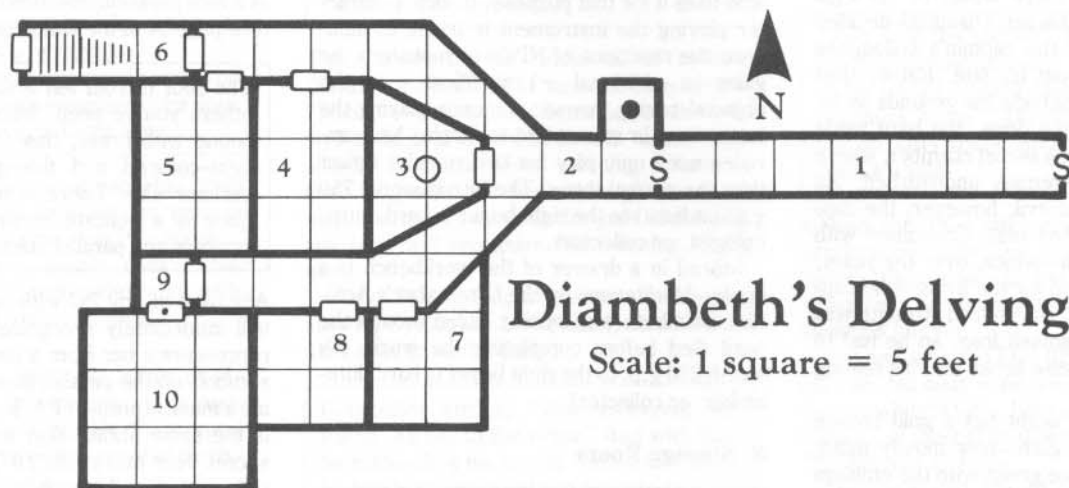
Weapons hang on the walls—a longsword, a bastard sword, a hand axe, a light crossbow, and a rack with half a dozen javelins. A quiver hanging from a hook contains 15 bolts for the crossbow. All of the weapons show signs of heavy use coupled with careful maintenance: the mark of a careful adventurer.


On the wall opposite the door are several mementos and trophies: two notched and rusted orc scimitars crossed beneath a cloven shield; a huge stone axe that must weigh almost 100 pounds; and a blood-stained green banner with the symbol of a red hand on it.

After a moment you notice that this wall is different from the others. While they are stone, this one is made of brick.

Unlike Diambeth's own weapons on the other walls, the orc scimitars are of very poor quality because of their condition. If one of these blades is used in combat, there's a cumulative 10% chance per round that it will break.

The brick is newer than the stonework of the other walls, as a dwarf will recognize





immediately. Pounding on the brick wall with a heavy object reveals, because of a hollow sound, that there's a space behind it. Tearing a hole in the brickwork without magical aid will take eight character-turns (one person working will take eight turns, two people will take four turns, etc.); characters must have a strength of 12 or more to be counted toward this total.

As soon as a small opening is made in the brick wall, the reek of decay pours out into the room. When the hole is larger, the PCs can see there's a cavity behind the brick, perhaps two feet deep, backed by a stone wall similar to the others in the room. There seems to be something lying crumpled on the floor of this cavity. . . .

As you crane forward for a better view, the object moves, lunging for you with frightening speed. Long, dirty claws reach for your throat.

The creature within is a wight, which immediately tries to kill all living creatures it can reach (except Cymbelline; the monster is somehow aware that there is something different about the half-elf).

Wight: AC 5; MV 12"; HD 4+3; hp 15; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4; THAC0 13; AL LE; SA energy drain; SD spell immunity, only hit by silver or magic weapons.

The wight was once a brutal mercenary captain, who came to Harper's Hold to force Diambeth into giving him some information that the bard wished to keep secret. When it became obvious he had no choice, the bard summoned his guardian from room 2 to slay the captain. While there would be no legal consequences from his act, Diambeth decided it would be best if the captain's colleagues never found out about his fate. Rather than dumping the body outside his grounds as he would otherwise have done, the bard made other arrangements: a secret chamber, where the captain would remain undisturbed. As with others of great evil, however, the captain's spirit didn't find rest. Consumed with hatred for Diambeth—which, over the years, generalized to hatred for the living—the captain became a wight. His undead strength was insufficient to set himself free, so he had to wait until someone else broke into his resting place.

On its body, the wight has a gold brooch worth 250 g.p. Its garb—now mostly moldered away—was once green with the emblem of a red hand on the left breast.

6. Stairway

Ahead of you a stairway leads upward. At the top of the stair, you see a closed door, secured with a latch.

There is no lock. The latch is easy to open from this side of the door.

A dwarven character can easily determine that the staircase has a rise of 15 feet and ends at what would be floor level in the villa. The door at the top opens into Zymor's study (see "Concluding the Adventure," below, for details from this point).

7. Lute Room

The door is locked.

Three lutes hang on the walls. A workbench holds a fourth lute, only partially finished. Tools of the lutemaker's trade are scattered around the work surface, along with pieces of teak, ebony, maple, and rosewood. Even under its patina of dust, you immediately sense that this room was the place where Diambeth spent some of his happiest hours.

Two of the lutes have warped with age: their fingerboards are no longer true, their strings have broken, and some of the fine wood strips that form their bellies have sprung loose. The third, however, has lost nothing to the years. It's the acme of the lutemaker's art, as any lutist who plays it will immediately recognize. Although it's nonmagical, its purity of tone is such that it enhances the influence and inspirational abilities of any bard or aspiring bard who uses it for that purpose. If such a character playing the instrument is trying to influence the reactions of NPCs or monsters, he gains an additional -1 modification to the objects' saving throws; someone playing the instrument in an attempt to inspire his comrades need only play for two rounds, rather than the normal three. The lute is worth 750 g.p. (at least) to the right buyer (a bard, musician, or collector).

Stored in a drawer of the workbench is a book—*Meditations on the Lutemaker's Art*—that Diambeth was writing. Even though the bard died before completing the work, it's worth 250 g.p. to the right buyer (a bard, lutemaker, or collector).

8. Storage Room

Cobweb-shrouded racks on the wall contain sheets of parchment; other shelves hold writing implements—quills, ink pots, sand shakers, and bottles of ink (their con-

tents long since dried to a crumbly black residue). There are also lute strings hanging from pegs, and small boxes that contain reeds for oboes and other instruments. You can also see a small box with a lock sitting on one of the shelves.

The cobwebs are home to another two large spiders.

Large spiders (2): AC 8; MV 6" *15"; HD 1+1; hp 2, 2; #AT 1; Dmg 1; THAC0 18; AL N; SA poison (+2 bonus to saving throw).

The small locked box contains some semiprecious stones that Diambeth sometimes used to embellish his finest lutes: four azurites, four malachites, and ten turquoises (10 g.p. value each), plus six carnelians and four chalcedonies (50 g.p. value each). The lock on the box is more decorative than functional, since the box can easily be broken open by one stroke of a mace or similar weapon.

9. Antechamber

There are several coat hooks on both walls. On the floor in one corner is a shapeless mass that seems to be covered in some kind of fur.

The "shapeless mass" is a cloak trimmed with the fur of an owlbear, much the worse for its four decades of neglect, and totally worthless. It's infected with fleas, however, which will migrate to the body of anyone putting the cloak on. Flea infestation causes itching and, in 25% of cases, red blotches similar to the symptoms of the plague. Treat flea infestation as a mild parasitic infection of the skin and hair (see page 14 of the *Dungeon Masters Guide*).

The door to your left is different from the others you've seen. Instead of dark oak bound with brass, this one is made of a light-colored and fine-grained wood—perhaps elm. There is no handle; in its place is a delicate carving composed of symbols and parallel lines.

Any bard or any PC with musical experience will immediately recognize that the carving represents a bar from a piece of music. The symbols on the parallel lines are notes, forming a musical phrase: F#, E, G, A, D, A. (This is the same phrase that was painted on the secret door into room 2.) The door is magically sealed, and cannot be opened by force or by simple spells like *dispel magic* or *knock*. The PCs will soon realize that the carving is the lock to the door.

Diambeth enjoyed puns, as many of his more light-hearted songs illustrate. This lock

represents one of his favorite plays on words. The musical phrase is in the key of D, and D is the "key" to the lock. Pressing the symbol that represents the note "D" causes the door to swing inward.

A thief might be able to pick the lock, but all attempts suffer a -35% penalty because of the lock's magical nature.

(DM note: If the PCs need a clue to figure out the puzzle, Cymbelline might be heard to be murmuring under his breath, "The key is the key, the key is the key.")

On its other side, the door has a normal handle. Shutting the door resets the lock, although it can always be opened easily from inside room 10.

10. Writing Room

Even under the ever-present layer of dust, this room still looks cozy and comfortable. A woven carpet covers the floor, while faded tapestries showing scenes of forests and hunting decorate the walls. A small bookcase is packed with leather-bound books, and more are piled precariously on top. Against the far wall is a roll-top desk of intriguing, possibly elvish, design, its finely worked top closed. A comfortable-looking chair stands next to it.

Even though you're the only ones to enter this room in forty years, you still feel an inexplicable sense of presence, as though Diambeth has just stepped away for a while and might soon return.

As you gaze into the room, there's a cry of exaltation from behind you. You turn as one. It's Cymbelline—he holds a flaming sword high above his head, and in its harsh white light his face looks inhuman in its expression of overpowering joy.

Suddenly you feel torpor wash over you like a wave. Your movements—even your thoughts—become grindingly slow.

For the first time, the sword Kabal has "told" Cymbelline about his true nature; thus the half-elf's elation (of course, the PCs shouldn't know this). He immediately uses Kabal's powers to cast a *slow* spell on the party, with a -3 penalty to their saving throws.

Cymbelline sprints past you, easily evading your sluggish movements in his rush toward Diambeth's desk. He flings open the roll-top desk and pulls a sheaf of parchments out of its depths.

He wheels back to face you. "Hold!" he cries, emphasizing the order by pointing the dazzling sword at you. He raises the sheaf of parchments above his head. "I

have what you want—Diambeth's notes. They can be yours, if you earn them. I propose a wager." He smiles, for an instant appearing as the irresponsible Cymbelline of old. "A battle of wits, you might say, of legend and lore." And then the moment is gone. Authority seems to build around him like a nimbus. "Put forward one of your number to meet my challenge. The stakes are high. If you win, I grant you the knowledge you seek plus a powerful gift of magic. In balance, if you lose, my sword drinks from your challenger's life force, and I destroy these notes. Who takes my challenge?"

If the PCs decide to attack Cymbelline, he fights to the death, using his considerable armory of powers to their best effect. If, however, the PCs decide to put forward a champion (and the DM should hint that this is probably the best option):

Cymbelline smiles. "Noble choice, my friends. The challenge begins." He turns to the challenger and recites:

"All in one and one in all,
Colored star and silken strand.
Seek me when the mighty fall,
And when your doom is near at hand.
Crone am I, and maiden fair,
Shepherd girl and noble dame.
Now my nature strip you bare,
And venture my immortal name."

Again Cymbelline holds his sword high above his head, its actinic glare almost blinding. "By my sword Kabal," he cries, "answer now my riddle!"

The answer to the riddle is, of course, "Istus" or "Fate." The name of his sword—"Kabal"—is a clue. As described in the text on Elredd in *Ye Olde City Scroll*, "kabal" is an archaic Baklunish word meaning a form of fate: judgment and truth through arms. As with the inscription over the gate of the city, any bard will recognize the meaning of the word.

If the PC challenger guesses the correct answer, Cymbelline immediately removes the *slow* spell from the party:

Cymbelline smiles. "Well answered, my friend. All hail to the victor." And with that he resheathes his sword. With a half-bow, he hands the sheaf of parchments to you. "The first half of my bargain. And now the second." From around his neck he takes his elaborate necklace. Respectfully he lays it into your hands.

The necklace is Cymbelline's *necklace of mis-siles*, as described in *The Mirrors of Fate*. Close inspection gives the PCs a chance to recognize the symbol of Istus and perhaps speculate on the nature of what's going on.

If this adventure is played as part of the overall campaign, Cymbelline continues:

The half-elf bows to you all. "Congratulations. You have comported yourselves well. What you seek may be found in Wintershiven in the Theocracy of the Pale—a priest/chemist in that city can help you. Your destiny lies there."

And with that, Cymbelline is suddenly gone.

Cymbelline is not invisible: he's just gone. (Istus has called him back to her plane as a reward for his services.)

If this adventure is played independently, Cymbelline says nothing about Wintershiven. He simply bows once more to the company and vanishes.

It's quite possible that, even with the clue, that the PCs won't guess the correct answer to Cymbelline's riddle (and they have only one try). In that case:

Cymbelline shakes his head dejectedly. "So sad, so sad." He points his fiery blade at you and says, "The first half of your bargain."

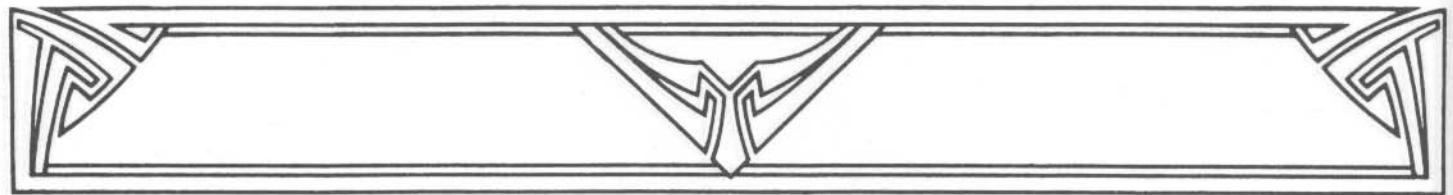
He touches his blade to the challenger, using the sword's *energy drain* ability to remove one level of experience from the unlucky PC. Then:

"And now the second." He holds up the sheaf of parchments and brings the flame of his sword toward them. "So sad," he murmurs again. "Diambeth's last song, lost for forty years. And now lost forever. Such a waste."

Unless the PCs intervene, he ignites the parchments with the flaming sword and throws them down to burn on the ground. When they are burned to ashes, Cymbelline vanishes forever.

If at any time the PCs fight Cymbelline and kill him, his body vanishes in a flare of white (or *is it white?*) light. His sword is left behind, but it's lost most of its powers (as described in *The Mirrors of Fate*).

Assuming that the PCs save the parchments from destruction—one way or another—once Cymbelline is out of the picture they can examine the contents. Sure enough, as Cymbelline claimed at the outset, among the parchments are the original notes



that became Diambeth's song on the Red Death. These contain much information that never found its way into the final version. If this adventure is played independently, these notes contain a herbal cure for the plague. If it's played as part of the overall campaign, they merely state that the original Red Death was transmitted at least partially by air. Isolating contagious victims with vinegar-soaked curtains around them will prevent others from becoming infected.

In addition to these notes, there's also a draft of a "new" song by Diambeth, one never before seen. This song—entitled "The Fall of the Scarlet Brotherhood"—deals with how the Brotherhood hierarchy dabbled in demonology, and summoned something that was too powerful for them. The demon laid waste to their citadel and killed most of their members. The only Brethren alive today (so says the song) are scattered remnants. They may be trying to re-form the Brotherhood, but the order's historical enemies are busily stamping out the survivors as soon as their existence becomes known. (The song is a work of speculative fiction, loosely based on unsubstantiated rumors, but the PCs aren't to know that.) Written in Diambeth's hand, this original draft of the song is worth up to 2,000 g.p. to the right buyer. Any bard in the party, or any PC with a knowledge of and appreciation for history, will realize that this is a significant find that must be preserved for posterity.

The books in and on the bookshelf are of little if any value, being social history tomes, books of poems, and so forth. In addition to the sheaf of parchments, the roll-top desk contains scribbled notes and half a page of stilted rhymes (the preliminary draft of a poem about Elredd). A drawer contains a writing set: a quill pen and ink pot. The quill is a griffon's feather with a gold nib attached; the ink pot is worked silver. Together the set is worth 100 g.p. In a back corner of the same drawer, out of sight and forgotten, is a gold ring set with an emerald (350 g.p. value).

Encounter Tables

Should the PCs spend enough time wandering around Diambeth's Delving to warrant random encounters, the DM can use the following table (roll d4).

- 1 Large spider (1-2)
- 2 Huge spider (1)
- 3 Rat (3-6)
- 4 Giant centipedes (1-4)

Concluding the Adventure

Once the matter with Cymbelline and the notes is concluded, the PCs may choose to leave the cellars the way they entered, or may prefer to make their exit through Zymor's home (via the stairs in room 6).

In the latter case, they find the door difficult to open. If a total of 25 strength points is applied to it (which might be difficult, considering its position at the top of a flight of stairs), it swings outward with a resounding crash. (Zymor has no knowledge of this concealed door. When he was redecorating the study—into which this door opens—he inadvertently positioned a tall bookcase directly in front of it. Opening the door, of course, topples the bookcase.)

If it's daytime, there's a 75% chance that Zymor is working in the study when the PCs open the door and bring the bookcase crashing down (roll for surprise). Zymor always keeps his *gauntlets of ogre power* and *battle-axe +2* nearby, so—unless he was totally surprised—he'll be girded for battle by the time the first PC emerges. If it's nighttime—or if, during the day, Zymor isn't in the study—the dwarf will hear the crash, grab his equipment, and rush to the study, arriving in 1-3 rounds. Such is Zymor's personality that he'll attack first and ask questions later (if ever). Zymor is without official heirs, so, if the PCs slay him, they may bid on Harper's Hold (as described in *Ye Olde City Scroll*) if they wish—and if they can afford it. If the PCs decide to loot the villa, it's up to the DM to determine their haul (keep in mind that Zymor is spartan in his tastes, and has little love for the finer things in life).

The disguised followers of the Scarlet Brotherhood have been busy while the PCs were in the Delving: stirring up the populace, playing on their fear of the Red Death. The city was plague-free before the strangers (the PCs) arrived, the agent provocateurs have been telling the Elreddi; now the sickness is upon them. The only way to cleanse the town is to rid it of the infected strangers. Over a hundred townfolk were listening to the Brethren as they made their play in the town square, and were partially convinced by their rhetoric. One of the Brethren—Ilfs, an elvish magic-user/thief—had been issued a scroll of *mass charm* by his superiors, and has used it on the crowd. Since the scroll was written by a 10th level magic-user, the spell has "convinced" 20 people that everything the Brethren have said is true. Twenty total converts is enough to turn a crowd into a mob. . . .

When the PCs leave Harper's Hold—either through the concealed passageway into the alley, or through the front gate—the mob is waiting for them: a hundred or so hard-bitten inhabitants of the city, all whipped up into a frenzy of fear over the plague. The mob's plan is to fall upon the PCs and burn them and all of their possessions to stop the spread of the disease.

Because of the size of the crowd, fighting is probably out of the question. Unless there's a bard or aspiring bard among the PCs, fleeing is the best option. A bard, however, can use his influence to alter the mood of the mob. Since mob psychology is inherently so unstable, the townfolk are a perfect target for a bard's powers, and the mob's saving throw is at -2, not including any other adjustments. The 20 *charmed* individuals are immune, however, and won't be swayed by anything a bard can say or do. Ilfs is present also, and he'll do his best to convince the mob not to listen to reason. PCs observing the crowd's behavior have one chance to make a 1d20 Wisdom Check. If the check is successful, the PC notices that an elf (Ilfs) in the midst of the crowd seems to be the ringleader. The PCs may then take whatever action they see fit. If Ilfs is killed or rendered unconscious, the effect of the *mass charm* ends.

Ilfs—male elf 2nd level magic-user/8th level thief: AC 10; MV 12"; hp 31; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon (dagger); THAC0 19; AL LN. Spells carried: *magic missile* (x2).

Mob member, typical—zero-level commoner: AC 10; MV 12"; hp 4; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon (various weapons, mostly clubs and daggers); THAC0 20; AL CN.

The Judgment of Fate

As far as Istus is concerned, to succeed in the test the PCs must bring Diambeth's notes—including the lost song—out of the cellars and mustn't let the townfolk burn them. Whether the notes and song are acquired by answering the riddle or killing Cymbelline is incidental.

If the PCs fail to save the notes, all bards in Greyhawk lose a point of constitution. This loss occurs at the instant that the notes are destroyed, or when the PCs irrevocably decide to abandon the notes.

Wintershiven

As the rot of cultural and social decay started to penetrate the Great Kingdom, many of the more devout and outspoken followers of the god Pholtus withdrew from the increasingly corrupt core of the land. Some of these settled between the Rakers mountain range and the Yol River. Around 356 CY, when Nyronnd declared its independence from the Great Kingdom, so did these religious refugees. Thus was the Theocracy of the Pale formed. Its original capital was called Wintershiven, but it was located a good twenty leagues south of the city that now bears that name. When the troops of Nyronnd moved in and subjugated the Pale, the entire capital was destroyed in a tragic fire. (Some still claim that the invaders razed the city to the ground. Calmer heads disagree, citing nothing more than carelessness: apparently some drunken Nyronndese soldiers set fire to a barn, and the fire spread to destroy the city.) After the Treaty of Rel Mord, the Nyronndese troops withdrew and left the Pale to its independence (the date is still celebrated as a national festival, "The Emancipation"). A new capital was built and was graced with the name of the old.

The people of the Pale had chafed under the subjugation by the "pagan" Nyronndese (particularly since many of the occupying soldiers were followers of St. Cuthbert), but their suffering had strengthened their faith. While before they had been devout followers of Pholtus, now that they had their freedom they became nothing if not wildly zealous in their belief. They were determined that nothing would ever oppress them again . . . and nothing is more tenacious than zealots following an inflexible god. In addition to strengthening their faith, the period of occupation had also pushed the ethos of the Pale from lawful good to a very dogmatic lawful neutral. (Followers of Pholtus in other parts of the world have retained their generally good alignment, and many of them look on the Theocracy as somewhat of a distortion of their faith.)

From its inception, the Pale had been ruled by clerical leaders—in effect, the land's nobility—with one of their number being selected as "the Theocrat," the supreme leader for his lifetime. After the Emancipation, matters formalized further. The clerical leaders formed a true government, with jurisdiction over all aspects of life in the land. The Theocrat became not just supreme cleric but unquestioned ruler of the Pale. Within ten years of the Emancipation, government of the Pale had taken on the form it would maintain for two centuries.

While the Theocrat is presented to the populace as being "the Chosen of Pholtus,"

selected directly by the god himself, there is an extensive political infrastructure to make sure that Pholtus selects the right candidate. The most influential clerics in the land sit on the Council of the Nine; seats on the council are of lifelong duration, and the other members select a replacement for Councilors who die in office or who ascend to the Throne of the Sun (that is, to the office of Theocrat). The main duty of the Council is to support the Theocrat in his governance and—unofficially, at least—act as his advisors (unofficially because the Chosen of Pholtus shouldn't need human advisors). They also select the next Theocrat when His Worshipful Mercy dies: in closed-door sessions that can last days—and that can get rather nasty, if rumors are to be believed—the Councilors appoint one of their numbers to take the Throne of the Sun. The chosen candidate is then hailed by the entire Council as Theocrat. (Little is known outside the Basilica about the political maneuvering that goes on. While some of the residents are cynical (quietly so if they want to keep their heads), most blithely accept that the Council is simply the tool Pholtus uses to make his will known . . . and perhaps they're right.

Since all clerics in the Pale are responsible to it, the Council holds great power in the land. It isn't the only authority, however. Some seventy years after the Emancipation, a splinter group of clerics rebelled against the central rule of Wintershiven. Their claim was that a person's relationship with Pholtus was a personal thing, and shouldn't be dictated through political expediency. This apostasy was quickly put down by an army division led by three of the Council. The hierarchy learned its lesson: sometimes spiritual force must be augmented by physical force.

The result was the founding of the Church Militant, a paramilitary body of warrior-priests. While the officers of the Church Militant are typically human clerics of high level, many of the troops are half-elven cleric/fighters. The commander-in-chief of the Church Militant holds the rank of Priest-Commander, and reports directly to the Theocrat. While the Church Militant and the Council (and thus the ecclesiastical hierarchy) are both under the authority of the Theocrat, they should theoretically work shoulder to shoulder with no friction. There is, however, often tension and sometimes out-and-out rivalry between the two sides of government.

In the regular church, clerical rank names are used (acolyte, priest, curate, etc.). As if to set itself apart, the Church Militant uses army rankings (general, captain, etc.) coupled with clerical rankings. Thus, officers of the Church Militant are termed Father-General, Acolyte-Corporal, etc. The rank-and-file troops are known as Legates.

The Church Militant is responsible for "ensuring purity of doctrine." In the Pale, there are two sets of laws and two codes of justice: civil and ecclesiastical. Civil justice deals with such matters as theft, assault, and other purely criminal matters. Ecclesiastical justice, on the other hand, concerns itself with blasphemy, desecration, and other similar sorts of crimes against the Church. The Church Militant is solely responsible for the administration of ecclesiastical justice. With its own courthouses and jails, it's well equipped to do so.

There are several differences between civil and ecclesiastical justice. The major one is that ecclesiastical justice is considerably harsher, and dispenses with such legal niceties as habeas corpus and the concept of "innocent until proven guilty." In an ecclesiastical court—"under the Question"—the central tenet is "sinful until proven innocent." Judgments handed down by ecclesiastical court range from flogging (for transacting business on a holy day) through incarceration, to death (for blatant heresy). In order to dispense its form of justice, the Church Militant constantly patrols Wintershiven (and other cities in the Pale). A typical patrol consists of eight half-elven legates led by a priest-sergeant.

Legate—half-elven cleric/fighter of 1st/2nd level: AC 4 (banded mail); MV 9"; HD 2; hp 16; #AT 1; Dmg 2-7 (footman's flail or footman's mace); THAC0 20; AL LN. Spell: variable, but usually light or command.

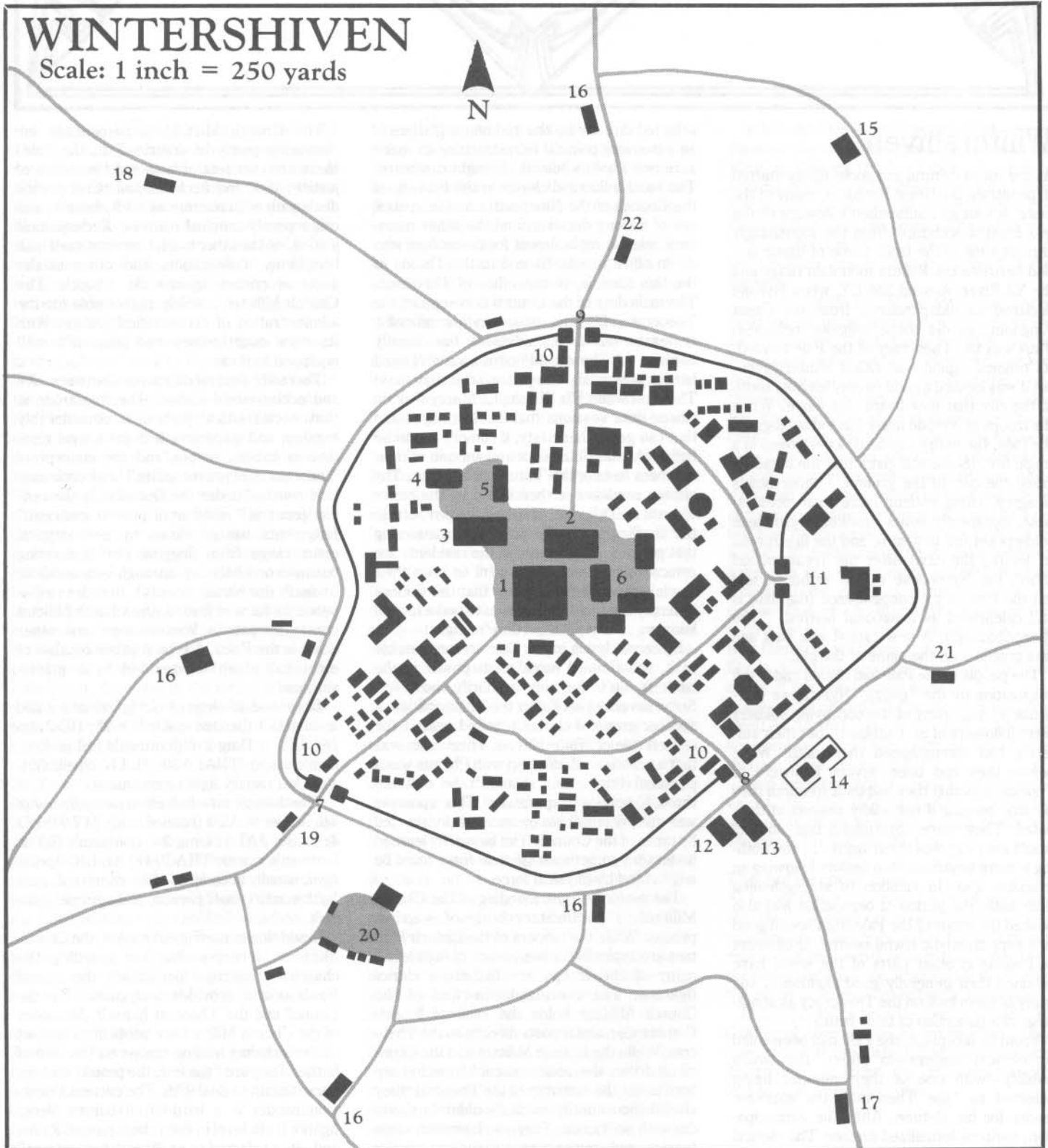
Priest-sergeant—half-elven cleric/fighter of 4th/3rd level: AC 4 (banded mail); MV 9"; HD 4; hp 30; #AT 1; Dmg 2-7 (footman's flail or footman's mace); THAC0 18; AL LN. Spells: light, usually accompanied by command, cure light wounds, hold person, and spiritual hammer.

In addition to meting out justice, the Church Militant is responsible for guarding the church's properties (particularly the central Basilica) and provides bodyguards for the Council and the Theocrat himself. Members of the Church Militant are adept at all combat skills, including leading troops on the field of battle. They are "the few, the proud," and are very difficult to deal with. The current Priest-Commander is a hard-bitten human cleric/fighter (10th level in each class) named Reifus and often referred to as "the Paganhammer," a nickname he favors.

Although most of the populace accepts the necessity for the Church Militant, the force's arrogant behavior tends to grate a little. Since many of the legates are half-elves, most citizens of Wintershiven feel an antipathy to that race. Half-elves visiting the city often have rather a bad time of it, because the citizenry takes out on them its frustration at the Church

WINTERSHIVEN

Scale: 1 inch = 250 yards



Militant.

The least expensive accommodations are in the establishment located farthest from the Citadel—The Lightbringer Inn, on the outskirts of town to the northeast. The Rayed Sun Inn, in the southeast “suburbs,” is a bit more expensive (average prices) and better kept. The Citadel Tavern—which, despite its

name, lies just *outside* Evengate—is a high-priced place that’s mostly frequented by dignitaries, well-to-do merchants, and law-enforcement officials. Pilgrims’ Rest Rooming House, a short distance north of Noon Gate, is low-priced but clean and (relatively) quiet—just the sort of place that devout pilgrims would appreciate.

There are two other significant organizations in Wintershiven, both “lay” forces consisting of nonclerical personnel. These are the City Watch and the Prelatal Army. The City Watch is responsible for policing the city streets, guarding the walls, enforcing civil justice, and basically keeping the peace. In all things—although theoretically their authori-

ties are equal—the City Watch always cedes jurisdiction to the Church Militant when the latter group wants it. City Watch patrols usually consist of five privates and a noncommissioned officer.

City Watch private—1st level fighter: AC 6 (ring mail and shield); MV 9"; HD 1; hp 7; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-8 (pole arm) or 1-6/1-6 (shortbow) or 1-6 (shortsword); THACO 20; AL LN. Each watchman will be outfitted with either a pole arm or a shortbow (50% chance of each); all privates carry short-swords as secondary weapons.

Noncommissioned officer—4th level fighter: AC 6 (ring mail and shield); MV 9"; HD 4; hp 28; #AT 1; Dmg 2-8 (broadsword) or 1-4 (dagger); THACO 18; AL LN.

Most of the Prelatal Army is constantly in the field, combatting the barbarian, humanoid, and bandit raiders that plague the Pale; however, soldiers on leave or in the capital for training aren't an uncommon sight on the streets. Prelatal troops are in general very tough (1st-3rd level fighters with maximum or near-maximum hit points) and well trained.

The City Watch reports to the Council; the army's chain of command (theoretically) bypasses the Council entirely to report to the Theocrat, who is their commander-in-chief. This table of organization is complicated, however, by the fact that the higher-ranking officers of both the City Watch and the Prelatal Army are drawn from the Church Militant.

Most citizens of Wintershiven are unshakably devout . . . or pretend to be, to avoid the attention of the Church Militant. (This organization is famous for its late-night knock on the door, leading to a "heretic" facing the Question in some windowless ecclesiastical courtroom, and being put to death before the sun rises the next morning.) The most common colors for clothing are white, silver, and gold (the colors of Pholtus), and people in their right mind don't make jokes about religion. Intolerance of other religions isn't strictly official policy, but it's fairly pervasive and tacitly accepted. Temples to other gods aren't permitted, of course; visiting clerics of other faiths are treated with very cold respect (but only as long as they refrain from preaching their "pagan creeds"); nonclerics who are known to be of different faiths are discriminated against, and sometimes beaten up; anyone who openly professes another faith is almost certain to attract the unwelcome atten-

tion of the Church Militant.

Like many cities, Wintershiven has a central walled area—the Citadel—and an outside sprawl of poorer dwellings and businesses. The Citadel contains the governing power of the city, and has at its core the main temple, the Basilica. There are only three gates to the Citadel—Dawn Gate, Noon Gate, and Evengate. Dawn Gate and Evengate are so aligned that, on the summer solstice, the first and last rays of the sun shine directly in through the respective gates. This day is a festival to Pholtus, and on this day the gates are left open. The Citadel is so laid out that the light shines directly down long, wide streets and paints the central temple with golden illumination. (It's not a good idea to do anything that will block this light.) Although the veneration of Pholtus isn't officially a sun-worshipping sect, of course the sun is an important symbol (as an example of the Blinding Light). There are some portions of the population, however, whose doctrine isn't exactly pure, and they put much more stock in the sun-revering side of the religion. (For these people, the solstices, the equinoxes, and such celestial events as solar eclipses are high holy days, to be marked by drunken revelry—out of sight of the Church Militant, of course.)

People wanting to enter the Citadel must pass through a small chapel—a "Pilgrims' Chapel"; there's one at each gate—and pay homage to Pholtus. (Under the watchful eye of armed Church Militant guards, it's probably advisable to take this quite seriously.) Once they've done so, they are given red "pilgrim's badges" that must be worn openly while within the city. Residents of Wintershiven wear white "citizen's badges," which exempt them from having to go through the chapel. Anyone wishing a pilgrim's badge must pay a deposit of 3 gold pieces, to be reimbursed when the badge is surrendered. No one without one kind of badge or the other is let into the Citadel. Even in the sprawling "suburbs," Church Militant patrols will often hassle people not wearing a badge, saying something like, "You should go and worship, just as a sign of respect, even if you don't plan on entering the Citadel."

The Basilica is a huge and rather oppressive building constructed of dark basalt. It's crowned by a high spire atop which is a huge symbol of the rayed sun. The symbol is highly

polished gold, with a large faceted gem mounted in the center. It catches the sun well, gleaming and flashing by day. By night, it shines with *continual light*. The entire symbol is worth 7,500 g.p. and weighs close to 250 pounds; the central gem is a diamond worth 5,000 g.p. Despite its size, the gem is flawed; thus its relatively meager value (for a gem as big as a man's head, that is). Although it may look unguarded, the symbol is protected by magic. The symbol itself and the entire spire are dweomered with a massive variant of *shocking grasp*, cast at the 25th level of ability. Anyone touching the spire or the symbol receives 10-60 points of electrical damage. The dweomer can deliver this charge four times before becoming inert.

The overall alignment of the city is unarguably lawful neutral. For encounters within the city, use the City/Town Encounters Matrix on page 191 of the *Dungeon Masters Guide*. The DM should keep in mind the characteristics of the city, and should feel free to modify these encounters to better suit the nature of Wintershiven (for example, encounters with the city guard become encounters with Church Militant patrols).

Map Key

1. Basilica
2. Prelatal Palace
3. Council Chambers
4. Church Militant headquarters
5. Hall of Spiritual Justice (Church Militant jail)
6. Administration complex
7. Evengate
8. Dawn Gate
9. Noon Gate
10. Pilgrims' Chapels
11. Cemetery
12. Hall of Earthly Justice (City Watch jail)
13. City Watch Guardhouse
14. Army barracks
15. Disused slaughterhouse (site of secret temple to evil deity)
16. Temples/chapels to Pholtus
17. The Rayed Sun Inn
18. The Lightbringer Inn
19. The Citadel Tavern
20. Farmers market
21. Jay Swordwright (smithy/weaponsmith)
22. Pilgrims' Rest Rooming House

SERVICE FOR THE DEAD

This adventure is designed for four to six characters of 4th to 6th level. At least one member of the party should be a cleric.

DM's Introduction

When the PCs reach Wintershiven, the disease has preceded them by perhaps a week. The toll of people suffering from the sickness has started to grow, as has the fear. Even though the reaction in Wintershiven is as strong as anywhere else the PCs have gone, here it's taken a different form. There are no hawkers on the street corners selling amulets to ward off infection, no smooth-talking herbalists in the squares peddling their quack nostrums. Instead of displaying such outward expressions of fear, Wintershiven is reacting to the plague by turning in on itself. There are fewer people on the streets than normal, and they almost always seem to be in a hurry. Many of them dart nervous looks over their shoulders as they walk or ride, as though they're worried about something other than disease. . . .

There is more than the plague to worry about. The people of Wintershiven constantly have religion on their minds (one of the consequences of living in a theocracy), so it only makes sense that, when danger appears, they look for cause, relief and solace there. Some citizens—mainly lay folk, plus several clerics of minor rank—have decided that the plague is a punishment meted out on the Pale by Pholtus for some trespass or other. Perhaps the Church has strayed from the true doctrine, the One Way, and this is the god's warning to get things back on track. Even in a regimented society, there are wild-eyed zealots and mad prophets. And now they're all coming out of the woodwork, preaching their own pet paths to salvation from the plague.

This all adds up to a risky situation for theocratic government. Religious dissent—particularly when it includes even a few low-level members of the clerical hierarchy—strikes at both its spiritual and political power, and so must be quelled as quickly as possible. With this in mind, the Church Militant has been charged with “stilling the clamor of the heretics and of the misguided.” Anyone heard denouncing the government's handling of the plague, anyone preaching a different doctrine—sometimes even anyone standing too close to someone doing either of these things—is at serious risk of being arrested on the spot by the Church Militant. (It's no wonder the populace is acting rather paranoid.)

To coincide with the Church Militant's “sweep,” all sermons in all churches across the city echo one theme: the plague is a warning from Pholtus, a warning to stamp out the subversive element that's been undermining the Church's dedication to the One Way. Help

the Church Militant cleanse the land before Pholtus does something really unpleasant.

Taken together, these events make it certain that Wintershiven will be even less a haven of religious tolerance than usual.

An interesting aside is that, before the outbreak of the disease, there was a minor “power struggle” underway between the Church Militant and the Council. To outsiders it might appear a small thing, a squabble over jurisdictions, but to the parties involved it's vitally important. When the disease broke out and the fringe reaction to it became disturbing, the members of the Council were in a bad position: they could either leave the reaction unchallenged, or hand more power to their rivals, the Church Militant. Despite grave misgivings, the Council had to go along with the Theocrat and grant the Church Militant unprecedented freedoms in dealing with matters.

Note on encounters: For encounters within the city, use the City/Town Encounters Matrix on page 191 of the *Dungeon Masters Guide*. If a dice roll indicates a thief, assassin or monk, there's a 90% chance that this represents one of the minions of the Scarlet Brotherhood. The Brethren are still following the PCs closely. Although they're now willing to act indirectly against “the foe” (as will be explained later), they haven't yet reached the point of direct action. As before, the Brethren will die—even take their own lives—before divulging their nature or mission. If the table indicates an encounter with the city guard, this is actually an encounter with a Church Militant patrol.

The Official Greeting

The PCs arrive on the outskirts of the city at nightfall. The streets are almost deserted, as if a partial curfew were in effect.

When Cymbelline instructed the PCs to seek out “a priest/chemist” in Wintershiven, he gave them no useful information on how to find that worthy. They'll have to ask someone for help . . . difficult since there's hardly anyone around.

Up ahead is an inn. The door's shut, but firelight shines through the windows, while voices and the comfortable smell of ale drift out into the night air. As you approach the inn, however, there's a sharp order from behind you: “Hold!”

You turn as one to see nine armed men approaching you.

This is a Church Militant patrol, consisting of eight legates and one priest-sergeant. The patrol's behavior depends on the PCs' appearance.

Church Militant legates—cleric/fighters of 1st/2nd level (8): AC 4 (banded mail); MV 9"; HD 2; hp 16 each; #AT 1; Dmg 2-7 (footman's mace); THAC0 20; AL LN. Spells: *light* (legates 1-5) or *command* (legates 6-8).

Priest-sergeant—cleric/fighter of 4th/3rd level: AC 4 (banded mail); MV 9"; HD 4; hp 30; #AT 1; Dmg 2-7 (flail); THAC0 18; AL LN. Spells: *light*, *command*, *cure light wounds*, *hold person*, *spiritual hammer*.

If one or more of the PCs is obviously a cleric (wearing vestments, or openly displaying a holy symbol other than the rayed sun):

The leader of the patrol turns to your cleric with a scowl. “And what business do you have with a devout city?” he snarls. “Come to spread your lies?” He turns to the rest of you. “If you look for the hospitality of Wintershiven, I suggest you find another traveling companion.”

Unless the PCs reply or do something else to stop him, the priest-sergeant leads his squad away . . . somewhat disappointed. He's bored and cranky, and there's nothing he'd like more than a good scrap, after which the Church Militant can “put the Question” (put on trial) any surviving “heretics.” Although the patrol is under orders to bring in offenders alive, they are free to kill to save their own lives.

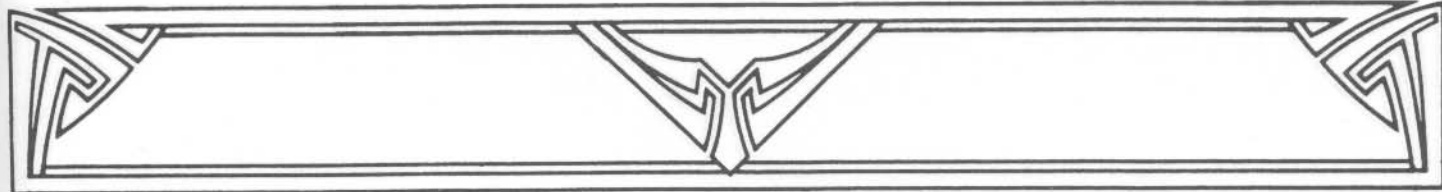
If there are no obvious clerics among the PCs, the priest-sergeant finds some other excuse to hassle them—perhaps grilling them about their business in Wintershiven, or why they're not wearing pilgrim's badges (a good topic for misunderstanding, particularly if the PCs don't know what pilgrim's badges are). If he can't get a rise out of them, he leads his troops off.

Arlina

When the PCs enter the inn—assuming they escape arrest—they find it almost deserted. A handful of men dressed as laborers (but all with at least a flash of white somewhere on their persons) sit at the bar. As the PCs step inside, the laborers silently look them over, then pointedly turn away, returning to their drinks. Apart from the staff, there's only one other person in the barroom.

Sitting alone at a table is a young woman dressed in dark gray, with golden blonde hair falling down her back. This is Arlina (see *The Mirrors of Fate*). She watches the PCs steadily, showing no inclination to ignore them as did the men at the bar. If they don't approach her on their own initiative, she beckons them over toward her. Throughout her conversation with the PCs, she keeps a fold of her robe drawn across her face, covering her mouth.

As the PCs join her, she indicates the men



at the bar. "Welcome to Wintershiven," she says with an ironic smile. "I see you've experienced the hospitality of the city."

She introduces herself to the PCs as a cleric of Istus—a High Priestess, in fact. She's in town on the instructions of her church, she confides, to perform an important duty. But she greatly fears she won't be able to do so.

Several months ago, a cleric of Istus was visiting Wintershiven alone, and died a violent death through the overzealous actions of the Church Militant. The people involved were disciplined for overstepping the bounds of their authority. But the cleric was dead, so thoroughly so that *resurrection* or the equivalent was impossible, even if the members of the Theocracy's Church would consider performing the act for a cleric of another faith—which they wouldn't. The cleric was buried in the major state cemetery with a reasonable display of respect. But there was something the officiating clerics missed through lack of knowledge.

The cleric was a messenger, and all important messengers of Istus bear a magical device—the *Amulet of the Spirit*—that protects them from magics that directly attack the soul or spirit (*trap the soul, magic jar*, the attack of a ghost, possession, and so forth). Anyone wearing the *amulet* is immune to such effects. This protection has an interesting side effect, however: if the person dies while wearing the *amulet*, his spirit can't progress to the Outer Plane awaiting it: the spirit remains trapped in the decaying body. (This doesn't mean the spirit can animate the body in any way, nor is the resulting entity considered an undead creature. It just means that the person's destiny is "on hold.")

Thus, the appropriate funeral service for anyone bearing an *amulet* includes removing the *amulet* and casting three simple spells over the body: bless, protection from evil, and *chant*. Then the soul can move on. Unfortunately, the clerics presiding at the funeral didn't know this, and the messenger was entombed still wearing the *amulet*.

The church of Istus found this out, and Arlina (as the messenger's friend) has been sent to do the kindness of freeing his soul. (Even though followers of Istus may seem cynical, they're great believers that a person's fate—and particularly that of his soul's progression—shouldn't be interrupted for anything.)

DM note: Most of what Arlina relates to the PCs is true. The exception is that the church of Istus actually doesn't know of the messenger's fate. The releasing of the messenger's spirit is something the goddess herself wishes to do for a faithful follower, and represents the Test of the Clerics.

Performing this kindness for a friend would

prove no trouble for Arlina, she says . . . except for the involvement of the Church Militant.

Realizing that she needed the approval of the Church, Arlina approached the Council. The *Amulet of the Spirit* is an object of great importance to the hierarchy of Istus, so she couldn't tell the Council her true motives (she feared the clerics of Pholtus would take the *amulet* for themselves). Instead—even though it made for a weakened case—she claimed simply that the dead cleric had been buried without the correct rituals, and that she wanted to right matters, albeit belatedly. The Council saw no reason to deny her petition . . . but Reifus ("the Paganhammer"), Priest-Commander of the Church Militant, did. Perhaps he perceived that Arlina was hiding something; perhaps he just saw this as a chance for another power play against the Council. In any case, Reifus used his emergency authority to overrule the Council—claiming that granting a "heretic priestess's" petition would weaken the Theocracy's position just when it had to be strong—and denied her request. She tried to appeal to a higher authority, but she was refused an audience with His Worshipful Mercy.

With no official alternatives remaining, she started considering some unofficial ones. The cemetery in which the messenger was buried is the only public burial ground inside the Citadel (a surprising evidence of respect). Though there are people coming and going throughout the day—usually to visit and leave offerings on the graves of loved ones—at night the only people present are two Church Militant legates standing as an honor guard at the single gate. It should be fairly easy, Arlina reasoned, to "infiltrate" the cemetery at night and do what had to be done.

But then she realized that she was being followed. Ever since her audience with the Council, members of the Church Militant have been dogging her steps, never letting her out of their sight. The only conclusion she can draw is that somehow Reifus guessed that she'd take matters into her own hands, and that it would be worth his while to find out what she plans to do.

Whatever his reasoning, the Church Militant's surveillance has put her in a bad position. With a "watchdog" patrol always on her heels—they're outside the inn now, she tells the PCs—she can't very well break into the cemetery. On the other hand, she can't in all conscience leave matters where they stand.

She tells the PCs a further reason why she can't handle the task herself: since her audience with the Council she has contracted the disease, and is very weak; she is keeping her mouth and nose covered to lessen the chance of infecting the PCs. She's afraid if she does

get into the cemetery—perhaps after having to overcome resistance from the patrol—she might collapse or faint, and fail through physical weakness.

Would the PCs consider helping her out? Would they perform the necessary service for the dead priest?

DM note: Depending on the personalities of your players, they might suggest just ridding Arlina of her escort, either temporarily or permanently. Arlina won't go along with this. Killing or incapacitating the patrol is unacceptable to her neutral ethos. Also, anything like that would stir up trouble and attract further attention to her, which she'd like to avoid.

Arlina focuses on the cleric(s) in the party as she tries to convince the PCs, concentrating on the necessity of letting a soul fulfill its destiny and move on to the plane awaiting it. In addition to the knowledge that they're doing a good act, there's a further reward: they're free to make use of any information in the message the priest was carrying. This message was concealed magically (in fact, it had been rendered invisible) and was probably buried with the priest's body. Arlina believes the message contains, among other things, information that might halt the spread of the disease.

If she's still unable to convince the PCs to take on the mission, she offers to give them, as payment, her golden spindle holy symbol (value 250 g.p.). She realizes that isn't much, but it's all she has; also, it should show the PCs how much mission this means to her.

If no PC cleric agrees to help Arlina, the Test of the Clerics is over before it's begun, and the PCs have failed. All clerics in the Flanaess lose 1 point of constitution at the instant it becomes clear the PCs won't change their minds.

If the PCs agree to aid Arlina, she describes the location of the cemetery.

"The messenger—my friend—rests in a mausoleum in the far northwest corner of the cemetery," she tells you. "Its entrance has wrought-iron gates, and there are two carriage lamps, one on each side of the door. You should have no difficulty recognizing it. My friend is interred within. His name is Warin." She looks earnestly into your eyes. "Free his soul," she says quietly.

Arlina reminds the PCs that "her" patrol is outside. She recommends that they make all reasonable efforts to divorce themselves from her: in particular, stay in the inn until well after she's left and don't meet with her again until after the mission's complete. She also recommends that the PCs take a day to examine and

explore the city and the environs of the cemetery before committing themselves to one particular plan; why don't they stay in this inn tonight and reconnoiter tomorrow? In any case, she'll spend each subsequent evening in the inn in which they're currently sitting (so they know where to stay away from hereafter). When they've completed their task, they should meet her at this place on the following evening to give her Warin's amulet.

With this she leaves, slowly and with some difficulty. If any PCs watch her depart, they see a patrol of eight legates and a priest-sergeant emerge out of an alley and quite openly follow her.

Troubles . . .

There are several subplots that will make matters more interesting (and difficult) for the PCs. These can be sprung on the PCs whenever one seems appropriate (or should things start to get a little dull). These chains of events should, however, all have at least begun to occur by the time the PCs are ready to stage their raid on the cemetery.

While traveling through the city, the PCs bump into (quite literally) a teen-aged girl. Her name is Shirl, and she's an attractive—and very naive—16-year-old with thick, curly red hair and a head full of romantic dreams.

Shirl—zero-level commoner: AC 10; MV 12"; 3 hp; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon (almost never armed); THAC0 20; AL LG.

Shirl has been shopping, and she's carrying an armload of packages. Rounding a corner, she collides with the PCs, dropping her packages. As she picks them up, her gaze falls on the face of the male PC with the highest charisma score . . . and her eyes light up. (If there are several male PCs with the same charisma, Shirl's preference is based on race: human, then half-elf, then elf. It's unlikely that a member of any other race would prove to have the most charisma.)

To put it bluntly, Shirl is smitten—a raging case of puppy love. She's too shy to really talk to the object of her affection, so she's limited to following him around, mooning over him. Having a romantic teen-ager tagging along after him like a puppy will at first just be an

embarrassment for the chosen PC (or a temptation, depending on his personality), but will soon become something more.

The problem is that Shirl's father, Collus, is a Father-General in the Church Militant, a warrior who underwent some clerical training before becoming a fighter, and quite a tough customer. Of course it's totally unacceptable for any devout citizen of Wintershiven—and totally incomprehensible for the daughter of an officer—to consider any form of social or personal contact with a heretic. If Collus were ever to see the PC dallying with his daughter, all hell would break loose.

And, of course, that's what he does see. If the chosen PC decides to speak to Shirl at any time after the end of their initial encounter—even if only to tell her to go away—Collus is on the scene. (If the chosen PC isn't going to speak to Shirl, she should eventually get up enough nerve to initiate the conversation. When she does, Collus is within earshot.)



"You!" a voice roars from behind you. The girl flinches and turns pale as she hears it. "Get away from my daughter!"

Storming toward you is a very large man wearing the uniform of the Church Militant. Everything about him is large: large voice, large shoulders, large fists, large sword at his belt, large red mustache. He interposes himself between you and the cowering girl.

"You strangers!" he roars, and the word is a curse. "Get away from here, corrupting followers of the One Way. And you!!" He points a quivering finger at the man who was talking to the girl. "If you ever come within a dagger-cast of my daughter again, you're dead, hear me? Dead. And then I'll put what's left to the Question. Now get out of here."

The girl yelps in pain as the man grabs her by the shoulder and drags her away.

Collus—cleric/fighter of 2nd/8th level: AC 4 (banded mail); MV 9"; HD 8; hp 54; #AT 3/2; Dmg 2-8 (longsword) or 1-4 (dagger); THACO 14; AL LN. Spells: light, command.

Collus is quite serious about his threat: if he catches the chosen PC "dallying" with his daughter, he'll do his best to cut the PC down no matter where he is. (Shirl will confirm the truth of her father's intentions if she's ever asked.)

This doesn't stop Shirl, of course. As soon as she can get away from her father, she returns and continues to follow her beloved. She's a little more circumspect about it at first, but she soon forgets her caution.

Shirl—or more correctly, her father—represents a very real risk to the PCs. Whether this risk ever materializes should depend on the chosen PC's actions. If he makes any move to take advantage of the naive Shirl, then Collus should arrive on the scene just in time to see. If, however, the PCs ignore her or try to "let her down easy," then Collus might not put in a second appearance. One final concern: if Shirl's "new friend" tries to get rid of her and isn't gentle about it, she might go to her father in a fit of pique and tell some outrageous lies. (Of course she'd feel terribly guilty about this later, but maybe not in time to save her love from her father's wrath.)

The emissaries of the Scarlet Brotherhood haven't been idle, and continue to follow the PCs. Although they're becoming even more sure that the party represents "the foe," the Brethren are still willing to take only indirect action against the PCs. Like in Elredd ("Diambeth's Delving," Adventure #4), they prefer to let others do the dirty work for

them. This time, the unwitting tool is the Church Militant.

There are several Brethren who've lived in Wintershiven long enough to be accepted as faithful citizens. One of these has gone to the Church Militant guardhouse with a story. He claimed that he heard a group of heretics talking, and those heretics were discussing some sacrilegious act they were going to perform. The strangers didn't mention exactly what this sacrilegious act was, but it sounded like they were planning to desecrate a temple or something. When asked what the heretics looked like, the citizen gave a description of the PCs. (The Brethren know nothing about the PCs' plans; they have just figured, correctly, that a story like this would get the attention of the Church Militant. With patrols on their heels, they figured the PCs would eventually transgress some law and be taken out of the picture.)

Although this tale isn't enough cause to arrest the PCs—even for the Church Militant—it is enough to make them keep an eye on the strangers. The upshot is that Church Militant patrols will start to follow the PCs the same way they've been following Arlina. Although these patrols may sometimes try to be as inconspicuous as possible, it's difficult to hide nine armed men. Each PC has a percentage chance equal to his or her intelligence score times three (rolled on an hourly basis whenever they're abroad in the city) to realize that they're being followed. Thus, if all party members fail one of the hourly checks, it will seem as though the soldiers have given up or that the party has lost its tail; in fact, the patrol will be able to observe the PCs for the next hour without the characters' knowledge. If they don't realize they're being tailed, or if they don't do a sufficiently good job of actually losing the pursuit, the PCs might find a patrol barring their way into the cemetery, or waiting for them as they try to leave.

The Brethren will watch to see if their subterfuge succeeds, but they won't get actively involved.

The Followers of Istus

As if matters weren't complex enough, there are some other visitors in town: followers of Istus. Not clerics, they're simply pilgrims, true believers following the route of a famed missionary-priest of Istus who lived a century ago. There are three men (Ardens, Beron, and Redulus) and three women (Crixia, Fallor, and Mitra) in the group.

Pilgrims—zero-level commoners (6): AC 10; MV 12"; hp 3 each; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (staff); THACO 20; AL N.

All the pilgrims wear gray (the color of Istus) and carry walking staves. Most are

between the ages of 30 and 50, and are quiet and calm of demeanor. Ardens, however, is different. He's old (65 at least), thin, and balding, with piercing blue eyes. While the others are decorous in their faith, Ardens is a true wild-eyed zealot. He has visions, or so he claims—visions of the Ways of Fate—and he enjoys nothing more than telling (haranguing, actually) people about them.

In a different, more religiously tolerant city, Ardens might be a figure of amusement or, at worst, an embarrassment. In Wintershiven—particularly now, when the Church Militant is cracking down on "heretical" beliefs—he represents a grave danger to his fellow pilgrims. While they recognize this danger, he doesn't. He's quite likely to fling himself into a diatribe at any time—in a tavern, on the street, outside a temple to Pholtus—and, unless his compatriots stop him, he'll rave on for an hour. Luckily for them, the other pilgrims have become quite adept at noticing the subtle signs that Ardens is working himself up to declaim. When they do see a speech coming on, they do anything they can to distract him or silence him: give him food, yell at him, even slap him. (Such behavior is weird, but not heretical.)

The PCs meet the pilgrims during their travels throughout the city (the DM should choose the most amusingly embarrassing moment). Ardens sees the PCs coming, and—while his "handlers" are otherwise occupied for a moment—heads straight for them. . . .

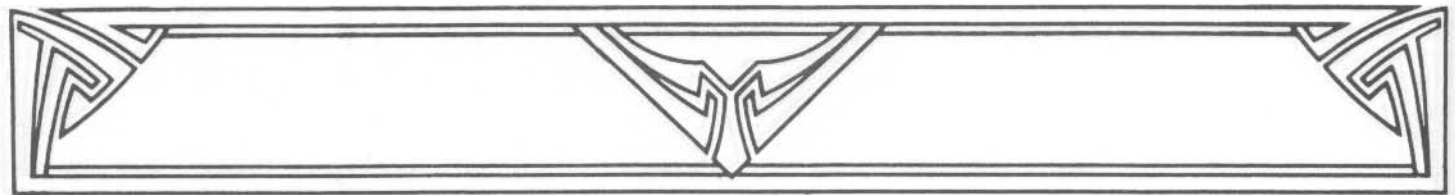
"Wait!" You turn at the voice.

A figure hurries toward you. He's old, thin as a rake, with scraggly white hair that makes his head look like it's exploding. But what really catches your attention are his eyes. They're a startling, bright blue, and they flash with religious fervor . . . or madness.

"Wait," the old man cries again. "I saw you. I saw you." He grabs at you, clutching, trying to kiss the hems of your clothing.

In his divine madness, Ardens has recently had a vision in which he saw the PCs, and caught a glimpse of some of Istus's grand scheme. At least, he realized that the PCs are important in the eyes of his goddess, and that's enough for him. As he babbles on about this, the other pilgrims—a little belatedly—cluster around him. One of them apologizes profusely to the PCs for the inconvenience, while the others try to shut Ardens up.

They're too late. A Church Militant patrol arrives on the scene, and it's obvious the priest-sergeant wants to arrest Ardens. The



other pilgrims plead for his freedom, but the patrol leader won't listen to them. Instead, he turns to one of the PCs—one who is obviously not a cleric—and asks whether the old man had been saying anything heretical. If the PC says yes, the patrol arrests Ardens, and anyone else who tries to intervene, and carts him/them off for incarceration and speedy trial. (If Ardens comes to trial, he's convicted, flogged, and ejected from the city.) If the PC claims that Ardens wasn't saying anything heretical, the patrol leader relents. Instead of arresting Ardens, he orders the pilgrims to be out of the city within one hour or face worse consequences. (If given the choice, the pilgrims obey the priest-sergeant's instructions and leave immediately.)

No matter how the matter of Ardens turns out, the PCs have come to the notice of the Church Militant (again), which can only disadvantage them in their ultimate goal.

Dark Secrets

Unknown to the PCs—in fact, unknown to most residents of the city, and only suspected by the Church Militant—Wintershiven is the home of a small but active body of worshipers of a terrible evil deity. Before the plague, there were only a handful of the faithful, holding their distasteful services in a cellar beneath a disused slaughterhouse. Now there are more than a score, sending their prayers to their evil god in the hopes that he'll spare them from the plague. They're led by a half-elven cleric who calls himself Mordel (his real name is Aelfred Elmstaff, and he works by day as a chandler).

Services to the evil deity require various unsavory substances, and the best place to find them is the cemetery. Thus, Mordel himself or his followers frequently make nocturnal "supply expeditions" to the cemetery. As the number of worshipers has increased, so have Mordel's requirements and the frequency of his visits. Recently, the cleric's attentions have stirred some of the dead who otherwise would have lain undisturbed. Now there are several residents of the cemetery whose slumbers have become unquiet. . . .

The Cemetery

The cemetery is surrounded by 8-foot-high walls—more decorative than protective; who'd want to invade a cemetery?—and has a single wrought-iron gate. During the day, the gate is open to let people visit the resting places of loved ones; four Church Militant legates serve as an honor guard. At night, the gate is shut and latched (but not locked), and only two legates stand guard. (Even though this is arguably the most boring duty in the city, the legates are usually quite alert; standing with their backs to a cemetery has that effect on

people.)

The cemetery itself resembles a necropolis—a city of the dead. Standing in serried rows are mausoleums and crypts of all shapes and sizes. Most are made of decorative stone, and many are topped with the rayed sun emblem of Pholtus. Mausoleums usually have a single entrance, often closed off by a door or gate.

Each mausoleum or crypt is dedicated to one particular family, and several generations

of each family rest within. (This cemetery is within the Citadel, so the families represented here are the most influential in Wintershiven. Most mausoleums house at least one cleric who was once important in the Church hierarchy.) There is one mausoleum reserved for important people who aren't members of families that have their own resting places. This is where the messenger Warin lies.

As Arlina described, this mausoleum is located in the far northwest corner of the



cemetery. Its entrance has wrought-iron gates (closed but not locked) and is flanked by two brass oil lamps (filled but not lit). These lamps are lit only when a body is being interred in the mausoleum.

Encounter Tables

Should the PCs spend enough time wandering around the cemetery to warrant random encounters, the DM can use the following table (roll 1d20). This table is valid only at night; by day, all encounters are with mourners, clerics, or other people with a legitimate reason for being there.

1-4	Evil deity worshipers (1-3)
5	Ghost (1)
6-10	Rats (2-12)
11-17	Bats (11-30)
18-20	Giant bat (1)

Evil deity worshipers—zero-level commoners: AC 10; MV 12"; hp 2-5 each; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4 (dagger) or 1-3 (knife); THAC0 20; AL NE.

Out on "supply missions," these people are dressed in black and act in a secretive manner. PCs might initially suspect that they're some kind of undead (and the DM shouldn't tell them otherwise). For their part, the evil-worshipers will suspect that the PCs are a Church Militant patrol, and will fight only to save their lives (preferring to hide) . . . unless they think they can get away with ambushing a single PC.

Ghost: AC 0; MV 9"; HD 10; hp 41; #AT 1; Dmg age 10-40 years; SA *fear, magic jar*; SD harmed only by silver or magic weapons; THAC0 10; AL LE.

This ghost is the spirit of an evil-worshiper who kept her nature secret. She's been disturbed from her slumbers by the activities of Mordel. There is only one ghost; if the PCs defeat her, re-roll this result for future encounters.

Rats: See room 1, below.

Bats: See room 3, below.

Giant bat: AC 8; MV 3"/18"; HD 1/2; hp 4; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4; THAC0 20; AL N; SA 1% chance of causing rabies; SD missile-weapon attackers with Dex 12 or lower attack at -3 "to hit."

Mausoleum Encounter Key

The entire building is in total darkness. All ceilings are 10 feet high. Gates are made of black wrought iron, and aren't locked.

1. Antechamber

On the floor in the far corner, your light shows a black mass . . . that seems to be moving.

The antechamber contains thirty rats, half of them adult and the other half young.

Rats, adult (15): AC 7; MV 15"; HD 1/4; hp 1-2; #AT 1; Dmg 1; SA 5% chance of serious disease; THAC0 20; AL N(E).

Rats, young (15): AC 7; MV 9"; HD 1 hp; #AT 1; Dmg nil; SA 5% chance of serious disease; THAC0 20; AL N).

This chamber is the rats' home, and the adults will attack anything that disturbs them. The adults will fight to the death to protect their young; the young will only fight if directly threatened or handled. The rats have built a nest out of old rags, scraps of parchment, and other scavenged materials that they've dragged into the mausoleum. Among the scraps is part of a scroll (the rest has been eaten). The scroll used to contain several spells, but only one is still readable: *Mordenkainen's faithful hound*.

The rats' nest is highly flammable. Using fire, or any fire-based or electricity-based spells, will certainly set them aflame, destroying the scroll. Even *magic missile* has a 25% chance per missile used (noncumulative) of igniting the nest.

2. Hallway

The dry air is filled with an ammonia-like reek, sharp enough to make your eyes water. As you negotiate the hallway, you notice that the dust on the floor has been recently disturbed by footprints.

Because of the effect on their eyes, PCs and any other humans or humanoids (such as a Church Militant patrol) are -2 "to hit" on any combat attempt that takes place in this room or within two rounds after exiting it.

3. First Crypt Room

As you enter the room, chaos erupts around you. With a mad squeaking and chittering, you're engulfed in a cloud of blackness. Leathery wings buffet your face, tiny claws catch at your hair, and small furry bodies careen into you.

The room is occupied by 50 bats. During the day three times that number nest here, but at night most of them are out feeding on insects. Even so, the number present is enough to give the PCs a bad few seconds.

Bats (50): AC 8; MV 1"/24"; HD 1/4; hp 1-

2; #AT 1; Dmg 1; THAC0 20; AL N; SD in fine flying conditions AC improves to 4.

The bats won't bite unless attacked first (they're scared and they just want to get out of there). There are so many of them, however, that they might put out torches (75% chance for each one lit) and/or cause PCs to drop objects they're holding (25% chance per PC) in order to cover their faces and eyes. The floor is covered with bat guano and is very slippery, so there's also a chance that the PCs will fall. Each PC must make a 1d20 Dexterity Check or slip and fall. Anyone who falls has a 50% chance of dropping any object held. Dropped torches will certainly be extinguished on contact with the floor.

Lining the walls are crypts: large stone coffins, some with ornate designs on their lids, all coated with the same slimy black deposits as the floor. One of the crypts is open, its heavy stone lid pushed back.

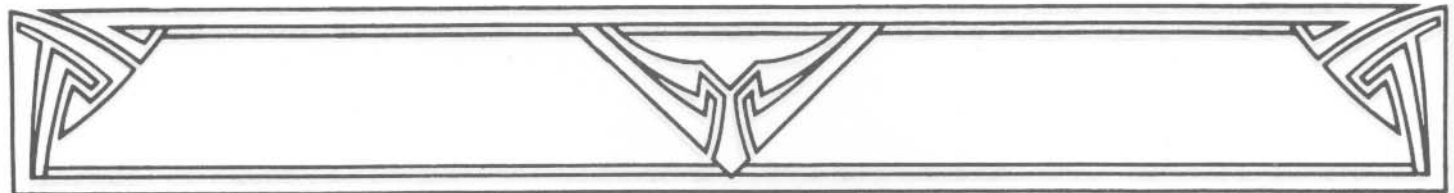
The open crypt (marked "A" on the map) is empty except for some dust. (In fact, it was never used, but the PCs won't know that.) If the PCs clear away the deposits, they'll find that each crypt has on its lid a small brass plaque. Most of these bear a name and a date; the plaque on the empty crypt is blank. A crypt lid weighs over 100 pounds, and is too unwieldy for one person to lift regardless of strength. Two people can do so easily, however. Apart from the empty one, all crypts contain moldering bodies, garbed in white robes, with hands folded peacefully on their chests. Three of the bodies have rayed sun holy symbols clutched in one skeletal hand. Each symbol is worth 50 g.p.

The dead in all of the crypts are resting peacefully and won't be roused even should the PCs disinter them and steal their possessions. (The DM should build the mood so that the PCs are in serious doubt about this, however.)

4. Second Crypt Room

In the center of the room, suspended by wires from the ceiling, a golden symbol of the rayed sun, perhaps two feet in diameter, catches your light. In each corner of the room is a crypt. All four are considerably more ornate than those you've seen before, carved from smooth marble. As before, the lids bear brass plaques, but you don't recognize any of the names.

The rayed sun symbol is made of base metal plated with the thinnest layer of gold. It weighs perhaps 30 pounds—much less than solid gold would—and is worth no more than



50 g.p. The twelve ray-points are fairly sharp, however, and the symbol could conceivably be used as a weapon; consider each point as a shortsword (for weapon proficiency purposes) doing 1-3 points of damage on each hit.

These four crypts contain the bodies of warriors, members of an adventuring company who helped the Theocracy in its ongoing fight against bandit marauders. All are now partially decayed bodies, impossible to recognize; but these heroes were buried with some of their valuable property. Crypt "B" contains a *longsword +1*; crypt "C" contains a half-elven body still wearing a suit of *chain mail +2*; crypt "D" contains a dwarven corpse still clutching his *hammer +2*. Crypt "E" contains an elven body wearing a *cloak of elvenkind* (free from decay because of its

dweomer)—and something more: a haunt. In life, the haunt was an elven cavalier who swore a mighty oath that she'd bring warning to the Theocrat himself that a large bandit force was massing on the border for an attack into the Pale. Since the cavalier died more than 20 years ago, her information is a little out of date, but her oath still binds her. She will attack anyone who opens her crypt, and try to possess them. She will then use her victim's body to gain an audience with the Theocrat and pass on her warning. (If a PC falls victim to the haunt, this could prove an interesting and difficult task.)

Haunt: AC 0 or victim's AC; MV 6" or as possessed victim; HD 6; hp 36 or victim's hp; #AT 1 or 1, as 5 HD monster; Dmg special or by weapon of victim; THAC0 13 or 15; AL

LG; SA possession; SD harmed only by silver or magic weapons, or fire.

5. Third Crypt Room

Your light casts twisted, shifting shadows on the walls and crypts. Suddenly, a pebble lands at your feet, and complete silence closes in on you. Then everything goes black. . . .

Mordel, the leader of the evil cult, is in the mausoleum with an assistant, collecting some requirements for the next night's services. When the PCs startled the bats in the first crypt room, Mordel and partner heard the commotion, extinguished their light and hid behind one of the crypts. He then cast *silence 15' radius* on a pebble, and prepared his darkness spell. When the PCs entered the room, he tossed the pebble at their feet, thus enclosing them in the area of *silence*—and preventing them from casting spells with verbal components—while staying outside it. He then cast *darkness* on the party. In the ensuing confusion, he and his assistant hope to make their escape.

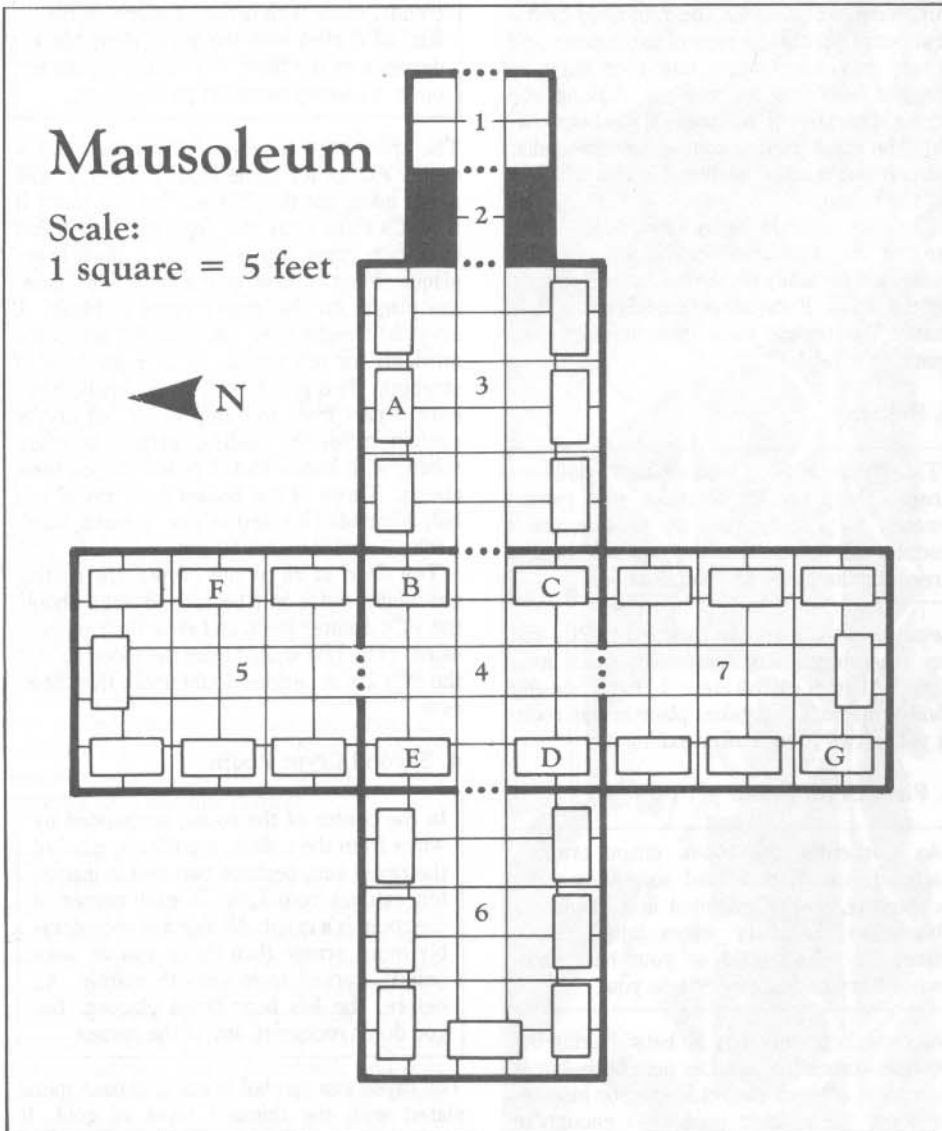
Mordel and partner both believe that the PCs are a Church Militant patrol, and know the unpleasant fate that awaits them if they're captured (burning at the stake, if they're lucky). They'll both fight to the death rather than be taken alive.

Mordel—5th level cleric: AC 2 (*bracers of defense*); MV 12"; HD 5; hp 21; #AT 1; Dmg 4-15 (*staff of striking*) or 1-6 (*concealed club*); THAC0 18; AL NE; SD 28% immunity to diseases. Spells: *command*, *cause light wounds*, *darkness*, *hold person*, *silence 15' radius*, *spiritual hammer*, *cause blindness*, *hypnotism*.

Assistant—2nd level fighter: AC 8 (*leather*); MV 12"; HD 2; hp 19; Str 18/76; #AT 1 or 1/2; Dmg 7-13 (*broadsword +1* or 2-5 (*heavy crossbow*)); THAC0 17 (with sword) or 18; AL NE. Items carried: tinderbox, two flasks of oil.

The assistant will use burning oil only if the situation looks really bad. If the burning oil isn't extinguished within one round after it is ignited, it consumes all the oxygen in the room (and immediately goes out). At the start of each subsequent round, each character still in the room must make a 4d6 Constitution Check. Failure means that the PC passes out from anoxia (lack of oxygen). Once a character has passed out, brain damage occurs after four rounds (dropping intelligence to 3), and death occurs after two more rounds.

The room remains effectively devoid of breathable air for 15 minutes, or until the PCs



find some way of ventilating it (with a *gust of wind*, for example).

Mordel and his assistant had opened one of the crypts (the one marked "F" on the map), and had taken various unpleasant substances from within. Mordel's activities around the cemetery have disquieted some of the dead, and the occupant of this crypt is no exception. In life, he was a lawful evil assassin who entered the city disguised as a visiting cleric of Pholtus. While in Wintershiven, he died in a tragic accident and was interred—ironically enough—with great honor. His spirit was already troubled over his body being buried with people so antithetic to his alignment; now this last desecration proved to be the last straw. Ten rounds after the combat with Mordel begins, the occupant rises as a spectre.

If combat is still going on in the room, he immediately enters the fray, attacking anyone and everyone impartially. (DM note: The spectre will probably gain surprise and make its first attack from the back, with all the bonuses that entails.) Otherwise, the spectre waits in the room to attack anyone who enters. If after two hours nobody has entered the room, the spectre leaves and makes its way toward the entrance to the mausoleum. Unless and until it's destroyed, it will forever after haunt the mausoleum and prowl the cemetery at night.

Spectre: AC 2; MV 15"/30"; HD 7+3; hp 36; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8; THAC0 13; AL LE; SA energy drain; SD +1 or better weapon to hit.

Because the attending clerics didn't recognize its value, the assassin's body was buried still wearing a gold ring mounted with a black opal (value 1,500 g.p.). Since the spectre is insubstantial, the body—and the ring—are left behind in the crypt.

As with the crypts in room 3, the lids are too bulky for one person to remove, yet fairly easy for two. Apart from the one that Mordel had opened (the one that held the spectre), the crypts contain only moldering bodies.

6. Fourth Crypt Room

The air is still and dry as you enter the room. Crypts line the walls.

The bodies in these crypts are totally bare of anything valuable.

7. Fifth Crypt Room

Like the room before it, stone crypts line the walls. On each lid is a small brass plaque. You check the plaques, and quickly find one that bears the name "Warin" and a recent date.

Warin's crypt is the one marked "G." As with the other crypts, the lid can easily be removed by two people. Within is a fairly fresh male corpse bearing horrible and disfiguring wounds. Around its neck is a small gold disk on a thin chain: the *Amulet of the Spirit*. The use of *detect magic* and similar spells will indicate a strong dweomer, but won't give any idea of exactly what the *amulet's* powers are. In fact, as related to the PCs by Arlina, anyone wearing the *amulet* is immune to magics and attacks that directly affect the soul or spirit (*trap the soul*, *magic jar*, the attack of a ghost, possession, etc.).

Unbeknownst to the PCs when they discover it, the *amulet* also provides the wearer with 25% magic resistance against *ESP* and telepathy (this resistance can't be waived).

Again as Arlina described, if the wearer dies while wearing the *amulet*, his spirit is held in stasis until freed. While in stasis, the soul cannot progress to any other plane of existence that may be awaiting it; the person cannot be *raised*, *resurrected* or *reincarnated*; and *speak with dead* and similar spells won't work at all.

To free the soul, the *amulet* must be removed from contact with the body; then the spells *bless*, *protection from evil*, and *chant* must be cast over the body. (Of course, to do so for Warin, the PC cleric must have requested these spells in advance. If the cleric worships a non-evil deity, it's almost certain that the spells would be granted, since freeing Warin's soul is a good act.) If the PCs perform the correct ritual, everyone in the room feels something as the last spell is completed: a sudden impression of release and gratitude.

Warin was buried wearing the clothes in which he died: breeches and a nondescript gray jerkin. In an inside pocket of the jerkin is a folded piece of parchment that was rendered *invisible*. A casting of *dispel magic* at the third level of ability or higher will remove the *invisibility* spell and allow the PCs to read the parchment.

As Arlina had hinted, the parchment contains information that will interest the PCs. If this adventure is played as part of the overall campaign, the message is mainly a dissertation on rumors claiming that the Scarlet Brotherhood was recently all but wiped out by a plague, and their power broken perhaps forever. The message goes on to say that these rumors might be confirmed or denied by an expert on strange diseases, an unnamed sage residing in the city of Leukish in the Duchy of Urnst.

If this adventure is played stand-alone, however, the message deals with the fear that a plague might soon sweep the land (this fear was based on a prophetic dream that a hermetic holy man had). The message goes on to

detail a treatment that the holy man concocted from information he gained from his dream. This treatment is, in fact, a cure for the plague.

Concluding the Adventure

The nature and sequence of events after the characters leave the cemetery depend on how they've handled matters throughout their stay in the city. If they haven't succeeded in losing their Church Militant "escorts," a patrol (or two) might be awaiting them outside the walls. Also, the arrangement with Arlina means that they must meet her the evening after they complete the mission, necessitating a further day's stay in the city. During this time, Shir!—and her father—might put in another appearance.

When (and if) the PCs meet with Arlina, she requests the *amulet* and the message that Warin was carrying (the PCs are welcome to use the information contained within the message, but Arlina wants the actual document). If the PCs hand over both items and assure Arlina that the required spells have been cast over Warin's body, she congratulates and thanks them for a job well done. She reaches into a pocket in her robe, extracts a number of tiny copies of her golden spindle holy symbol, and presents one to each PC cleric. As described in *The Mirrors of Fate*, this symbol has the powers of a *luckstone*; the power of each spindle lasts for eight days. Then Arlina wishes the PCs well and departs about her business.

The Judgment of Fate

As far as Istus is concerned, to succeed in the test the PCs must perform the ceremony that Arlina described to free Warin's soul, and must return the Amulet to her. They must do both without causing "undue loss of life." If, during the course of the adventure, the PCs have slain anyone non-evil in alignment (which includes almost anyone except for members of the Scarlet Brotherhood or the evil-worshippers), the DM must decide whether the killing could reasonably have been avoided. If it could have been reasonably avoided, the PCs fail the Test of the Clerics regardless of their other activities.

If the PCs fail to perform the ceremony and give the *amulet* to Arlina, all clerics in the Flanaess lose 1 point of constitution. This loss occurs at the instant that the PCs permanently lose control of the *amulet* (to the Church Militant, perhaps), or when the PCs irrevocably decide to keep the *amulet* or not to perform the ceremony. If the DM judges that the PCs have failed through unnecessary killing, the constitution loss occurs at the instant of the first unnecessary death.

Leukish

An average-sized (population about 21,000) city of Oerik, Leukish began around 200 CY as a trading post between Furyondy and Nyrond. Later the Duchy of Urnst's own treasures (precious metals and stones) were discovered, and the city grew as the duchy's size and wealth grew. Since the duchy's rulers demanded 60% of each mine's products in return for land claims and military protection, Leukish flourished.

Ships began to leave from Leukish with precious cargoes, and so piracy increased with the duchy's prosperity. Also, the merchants had many unfriendly (though rarely violent) encounters with Nyr Dyv's other group of traders, the Rhennee. Even today, the duchy's support of its merchant class causes great antipathy between the lake people and the "landers."

Though the duchy's ruling family lived in a huge fortress at the mouth of the Nesser River, they named Leukish as the capital city and appointed a sovereign noble as its mayor/governor. Thus, the duchy is ruled from a seat of military power, while its civilian population is centered in Leukish.

Due to the riches stored on its shores, the city is heavily fortified and defended. More than 2,000 soldiers and marines are stationed here, all on watch for pirates and monsters from Nyr Dyv. Though the chance of an armed invasion is small, the soldiers are also prepared to defend against the army of any nation that desires the duchy's wealth. They patrol the streets for troublemakers as well.

Violent crimes are strongly discouraged by the soldiers, but bribery and theft are more common. Thus corruption is a well-known but unspoken aspect of life in this city. City officials and judges are often more immoral than the criminals who fill the national prison, which is a large castle 15 miles south of Leukish.

Though no thieves' guild exists, many low- and mid-level thieves plague the streets, especially in crowded areas. The problem is made worse because soldier patrols can be bribed (typically 10 g.p. per watchman and 25 g.p. for the officer) to release a captured pickpocket. Any player character who carries more than 100 g.p. on his person will become the target of one 1st-6th level thief per day. The best way to avoid the pickpockets is to deposit extra valuables in the City Treasury (area 13).

The Map of the City

Leukish is surrounded on three sides by the grassy flatlands of the Duchy of Urnst. Many small groves of trees grow in the city and just

outside its walls.

Since Leukish is not the home of the duchy's royal family, it is not as heavily armed as it might otherwise be. Nevertheless, the city's northern side is well defended against threats from Nyr Dyv, and its actual field of influence spreads over 30 miles across the lake. Of course, threats from beneath the waves are out of the royal navy's control.

Numbered areas on the map are described below. Many of the locations in the city could come into play during Adventure #6, "The Garden of Evil." If the entry for an area is preceded by an asterisk, more information about that area is given in the adventure text.

1. Leukish Castle

This medium-sized fortress represents one of the largest military presences on Nyr Dyv, second only to Admundfort of the Shield Lands. It is a direct result of the duchy's wealth and desire to keep that wealth.

The castle is stocked with enough supplies to withstand a year-long siege, if necessary. It has facilities to support 2,000 soldiers, though at any one time, up to 1,500 men are in ships patrolling the southeastern quarter of the lake. All of these soldiers are trained as light infantry and marines (naval fighters), while many are also archers and artillerymen.

The military docks can hold up to 20 warships, and more ships can anchor close offshore. Because these ships are used extensively, the castle maintains a large repair facility.

The 30-foot-tall city wall is an extension of the castle. Its gates remain open and constantly guarded. The soldiers are accustomed to seeing a colorful mixture of travelers, adventurers, and suspicious characters pass through the gates, so they take action only when trouble arises.

During his visits, Lord Karl sleeps at the castle with his escort of 300 soldiers and 50 Elite Guards (3rd level fighters). At such times, the castle also maintains double the normal number of guards on duty for extra safety.

2. Granary

This iron-walled building holds an emergency supply of grain, usually many tons of it. The granary is guarded by three soldiers who serve to keep out hungry beggars and thieves.

*3. Lake Docks

These piers extend out from huge wooden platforms on shore. The docks are occupied by fishing boats (mostly at night), personal yachts, merchant ships, and Rhennee barges (only in the daytime). During daylight, soldiers keep watch on the travelers, merchants,

sailors, and laborers who move among the crates of treasure and goods.

4. Construction Yards

These docks are often empty, but are sometimes occupied by newly built ships, either unsold or recently sold. To the south is the work area, which contains 2-5 vessels (per week) in various stages of construction. The craft are commonly galleys, merchant ships, and barges, with an occasional warship. Tool sheds and piles of lumber surround the unfinished vessels.

In daylight, the construction yard is filled with busy workers and overseers. At night, the yard is empty except for 2-5 mercenaries in the southern office, and for six vicious war dogs who patrol the area (but never leave it).

Mercenaries—1st-level fighters (2-5): AC 5 (chain mail); MV 12"; hp 2-5 each; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8 (longsword); THAC0 20; AL N.

War dogs (6): AC 7; MV 15"; HD 2 + 2; hp 17, 16, 14, 14, 13, 11; #AT 1; Dmg 2-8; THAC0 16; AL N.

5. Fish Market

In the early afternoon this open area is full of wooden carts. Various fish, shrimp, and freshwater crabs are available at cheap prices, and a large part of the city's population gathers here in the afternoon. Local villagers also come here to sell corn, grain, fresh bread, and (occasionally) fresh meat and fruit.

6. Sailor's Guild

Once a sleazy tavern, this poorly kept building serves to unite merchants and travelers with shipmasters and crews. Most sailors at the lake docks are members, and those who are not find themselves generally distrusted by the people of Leukish.

The Guildmaster is an ex-shipmaster and a 5th level fighter. He loves to tell of his battles against pirates and monsters on Nyr Dyv. His assistants are two ex-lieutenants (3rd level fighters), while around 1,200 zero-level sailors hold membership.

The Guildmaster keeps records of dishonest actions by ship crews, officers, and employers, and he freely warns others with this information. Thus, only trustworthy crews and employers are usually found here.

7. Gray Ghost Tavern

This tavern/inn is popular with travelers and sailors who arrive at the lake docks from other lands. Because of the nature of its patrons, it is also a hot spot for gamblers, adventurers, and those who wish to hire adventurers. Characters who seek information about strange lands, creatures, and people will find that the bar's customers are a verbal library (for the price of a drink or two), though rumor

is often mixed with fact.

The patrons are more apt to be loud and boastful than violent, though brawls occasionally erupt in the common room. Any customer who displays or claims wealth and then sleeps in one of the upstairs rooms is likely (85% chance) to be visited in the night by a 6th-9th level thief.

8. Poor Section

These run-down streets and buildings are occupied by the city's lower class. There are general laborers, unskilled miners ("dirt-diggers"), and other workers on whom the wealth of Leukish stands, plus their uneducated families. Though poor by the duchy's standards, they still live at a level equal to lower-middle-class in most other kingdoms. Hiding among the law-abiding citizens are secret groups who steal from and extort the merchants who deal in precious metals and stones at the lake docks.

*9. Temple of Lydia

Built in honor of Lydia, the Lady of Music and Thought, this wooden structure stands to greet all who enter Leukish from the lake.

10. Shops and Businesses

These rows of buildings represent the various business districts of Leukish. The quality of items varies from average to good. There are shops for all types of common equipment, plus some that sell armor and weapons, and a handful of stables and taverns.

Some businessmen, especially jewelers and weapon-dealers, maintain paid staffs of private guards. Most merchants and tradesmen rely on the soldiers who patrol the roads regularly. Complaints from shop owners are not taken lightly by the city's military.

11. Swordsmith

Each day black smoke pours out from the chimney of this stone building. It is occupied by three zero-level boy assistants and their master, the swordsmith. He is an ex-soldier who fought in many battles between the Duchy's marines and pirates on Nyr Dyv.

The shop sells many types of swords, and has the following average number for sale: three bastard swords, five broadswords, nine longswords, twelve shortswords, and three two-handed swords. These weapons cost 50% more than normal prices due to fine craftsmanship. Scabbards are included.

In a locked back room, in addition to the smith's suit of armor, are several high-quality, nonmagical blades priced at ten times the normal cost. Each of these weapons is +1 on damage. They include two broadswords, three longswords, two shortswords, and one two-handed sword.

Smith—7th level fighter: AC 10 (unarmored while working) or 3 (plate mail kept in back room); MV 12"; HD 7; hp 55; Str 18/95, Int 10, Wis 12, Dex 14, Con 18, Cha 10; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon type (+5 for strength bonus); THAC0 12; AL CN. Proficiencies: all sword types, blacksmith, weaponsmith.

12. Commoners' Homes

These well-kept homes and two-story apartments are occupied by the city's middle class, though they live at lower- upper-class standards in comparison to other kingdoms. Due to bribes to the castle's lieutenants, military patrols are common in these streets.

13. City Treasury

Built of stone and iron, this small fortress contains four large vaults, each vault having 100 iron boxes. Each box holds 30-180 g.p. worth of coins and jewelry, plus deeds of ownership and other legal documents. The vaults can only be reached by a series of locked iron doors, portcullises, and other gates. In a dungeon below the building is the government vault, containing at least 10,000 gold pieces and 50,000 silver pieces.

Stationed here are one captain (8th level fighter), 10 sergeants (3rd level fighter), and 100 regular soldiers (zero-level). The captain owns a *shortsword +3* which can *detect evil/good 10' radius* and *detect invisible objects 20' radius*. He is assisted by a 6th level magic-user who is armed with the following spells: *burning hands*, *magic missile*, *shocking grasp*, *sleep*, *scare*, *wizard lock*, *fireball*, and *lightning bolt*. The magic-user has placed *explosive runes* on several doors in areas which are off limits to unauthorized persons; intruders may (50% chance) find such a trapped door while searching for a way into one of the vaults.

Anyone may store valuables at the treasury, for a charge of 5% of the gold piece value. The magic-user wears a *ring of truth* whenever dealing with customers; cheats are immediately detected and surrounded by armed soldiers.

14. Government Hall

This oddly shaped marble structure is the center of law and corruption for Leukish. Its court chambers usually see only trials against poor criminals, since wealthier lawbreakers can afford to bribe the judges. However, violent crimes are not subject to mercy from officials, so the weekly armored wagon still becomes full for its southward journey to the national prison.

Around 50-80 soldiers are here in daytime, and 30 at evening and night. They guard captives in the holding cells, escort prisoners, and keep order in the hallways and courts.

One captain (8th level fighter) oversees the soldiers. He scorns open corruption in his troops, though secret payoffs are common.

*15. Governor's Mansion

This two-story home is a gaudy display of wealth, both outside and in. It is separated from the rest of the city by tall bushes and long pathways. The outside of the building is covered with porches, balconies, tall glass windows, and ornately carved pillars. The front door has a permanent *magic mouth* that speaks when anyone approaches within 10 feet; it says loudly, "Welcome to the residence of the Lord-Governor Hadric."

16. Racing Arena

Popular with the middle and upper classes, this stadium seats up to 5,000 spectators. On every Freeday, twelve eight-horse races are staged. Large crowds gather on racing days, and pickpockets abound. The stadium's 50 armed guards (1st level fighters with clubs and chain mail) are backed by dozens of soldiers, though the soldiers tend to care for wealthy patrons (and others who have bribed them) more than the common people.

A character can bet on one horse per race. Extra betting on a single race gives a 33% chance (per bet beyond the first) to be caught by the guards, who immediately dispel the rulebreaker. Between 1 and 100 g.p. can be bet on a single horse, and the bettor can choose horses with odds paying between 3:2 and 8:1. Roll on the Racing Table, below, to determine the winner of each race.

The use of spells (such as *haste* or *slow*) alerts the officials, who employ a *wand of magic detection* to prevent this type of cheating. The results of magically tampered races are declared null and void, and all bets are refunded. If caught, the offender is severely beaten by the guards and then thrown into the street.

Fifty boy attendants feed and groom the 96 racing horses. On non-racing days, 20 guards patrol the area day and night. Horse thieves are beaten and then given to the soldiers for trial.

Racing Table

Horse	Odds	Winner (1d100)
#1	3:2	01-24
#2	2:1	25-44
#3	3:1	45-60
#4	4:1	61-72
#5	5:1	73-82
#6	6:1	83-90
#7	7:1	91-96
#8	8:1	99-00

17. Hospital

This two-story building contains many small rooms with beds for the sick and injured. Anyone may enter to receive free care; the hospital is government-funded. However, note that officials and nobles receive "house calls" instead of public healing. Employed here are 54 people with healing proficiency: 12 physicians (wisdom 13-18; -4 die roll modifier to Proficiency Checks) and 42 caretakers (wisdom 11-18; -2 die roll modifier). A charge of 50 g.p. is collected from anyone who wants or needs the care of a physician; those unable or unwilling to pay are treated by the caretakers.

18. Alchemist Shop

This simple shop is owned by a wealthy alchemist (zero-level commoner). The front room is furnished with tapestries and a long wooden counter. Behind this room is the laboratory (a large chamber packed with tables, glassware, vials of powders and liquids, and a furnace) and the alchemist's bedchamber (with a bed under which is a hidden compartment containing 950 g.p.). A teen-age girl (zero-level apprentice) usually deals with customers in the front room.

19. Wealthy Homes

Similar to but smaller than the governor's home, these four mansions are occupied by the city's richest families. Each building has gardens and tree groves, and is surrounded by thick stone walls. The grounds are patrolled by soldiers (off-duty but well paid) and sometimes war dogs.

20. Halfling Village

This area is filled with grassy hills (covering cozy burrows), winding paths, small cottages, and vegetable gardens. Around 50 halfling families live here, all immigrants from the Cairn Hills. Most are Hairfeet.

The halflings work as gardeners, carpenters, tailors, and leatherworkers in the city. Some also farm small plots near the village. They generally do not seek great wealth, but instead collect only enough money to eat and live comfortably. This economic modesty causes them to be popular with upper-class citizens, who trust the halflings over any other group in Leukish.

If threatened, any adult halfling can defend himself with dagger or shortsword, while many can also use shortbows. City soldiers do not normally patrol this area, but if there is trouble they will ride in and assist the halflings.

21. The Dining Hill

The largest burrow in the village, this 12-room area is a popular restaurant with halflings. The innkeeper is a 5th level fighter, a cheerful ex-adventurer with many tales about the Abbor-Alz and the Wild Coast. He is proficient with knife and shortbow, and doubly specialized with the shortsword. Non-halfling strangers are tolerated in his restaurant, but troublemakers are not. In the common room, meals are served from sunrise to sunset. The employees are always busy, since a typical non-adventuring halfling eats five meals each day. Ale and wine are also served, though halflings drink such things only moderately. On Moonday and Earthday nights, the common room is especially festive with many singing and laughing halflings.

Ten rooms are available for rent, with ceiling heights and bed sizes for halfling-sized persons. Each night, 2-8 rooms are occupied by an individual, couple, or small family.

22. The City Garden

Once a playground for romantics and nature lovers, this area was closed to the public two years ago. "Suspicious visitors" was the official reason, though the governor's personal use is the widely believed (but rarely spoken) reason.

The Garden consists of several flagstone paths among groves of hornwood, walnut, and yew trees. Various ferns and bushes also grow among the trees, making each grove a thick green maze. A character outside a grove may see up to 25 feet into one, but not beyond that. Small boulders stand here and there among the trees—excellent missiles for hill giants!

The Garden is surrounded by a 20-foot-tall stone wall, topped by a recent addition: razor-edged knife blades bristling in all directions. Any character who attempts to climb over the wall suffers a -50% penalty to his climbing modifier and takes 2-8 hp damage (save for half damage). Also, any rope that is hung over the blades and which supports a character (or equal weight) must save vs. crushing blow (actually a cutting blow) each round or be sliced. The eastern wall abuts this part of the city wall, making a barrier of double thickness. The top of the 20-foot-tall Garden wall along this side is bladed like the rest of the Garden walls.

THE GARDEN OF EVIL

This adventure is designed for four or five characters, each of 7th-9th level. The test is designed for rangers, though it involves the fighting and woodland skills of all player characters.

DM's Introduction

For the location of each numbered area referred to below, see the map of Leukish in *Ye Olde City Scroll* elsewhere in this book.

Having traveled to Leukish in the Duchy of Urnst, hoping to find the "unnamed sage" mentioned at the end of "Service for the Dead" (Adventure #5), learn a lot by just standing and listening to the first sizable group of residents they encounter. They find out three items of information, which may be gossip or rumor . . . but have the ring of truth:

1. Lord Karll, the Duke of Urnst, is in Leukish on a royal visit. He sleeps in Leukish Castle (area 1) and meets each day with Governor Hadric in Government Hall (area 14).

2. Shipments of gems have been vanishing from the shipyard warehouses. These gems normally arrive weekly from mines in the Cairn Hills, then are sent out to Furyondy and the Shield Lands. After each theft, the warehouse guards are found with crushed skulls, and as a result, few men-at-arms are now applying for work at the shipyards.

3. Governor Hadric refuses to send military aid to the shipyards because he believes that the problem concerns only merchants, and so is not of national significance. He seems to feel that more important matters require his full attention, such as pirates and monsters from the lake, desert raiders in the south, and Lord Karll's visit.

Unknown to the player characters, Alaric—first encountered in "Swords for Hire" (Adventure #2)—is mixed up in the gem thefts. Using his charisma and leadership ability, and the aid of Istus, he has insinuated himself into the upper echelon of the Leukish social/political hierarchy. He is the chief guardian of the City Garden (area 22), where the stolen goods are being stored.

City Governor Hadric, a mid-level illusionist, started the thefts by traveling alone to the Cairn Hills on a "personal matter." There he used *potions of giant control* to convince two hill giants to accompany him back to Leukish. They accomplished the journey by hiding invisibly during daylight, and traveling at night. Now the giants live in the City Garden under the protection of Alaric, the mercenary Sabrina, and her six henchmen archers.

Once every two months, when a large shipment of gems is stored in one of the warehouses (area 3), Hadric casts *invisibility 10'* radius over himself and the two giants, then walks with them from the Garden to the ware-

houses. There they kill the guards and grab cratefuls of precious stones. Later Hadric smuggles the stones into the Garden, where they are stored, and then to his mansion (area 15), where he holds them until a suitable buyer pays gold for the gems. Some of the money eventually filters back to the two giants and the people who aid the operation.

The Non-Player Characters

Before acting out the roles of the NPCs, the good DM must understand each one's motivations and attitudes. Below is a brief description of each NPC's personality, with statistics afterward.

Alaric is less merciful to the player characters than he was in *Rel Mord*, since each PC is now about as powerful as he is. Thus he is willing to fight to the death to push the test to its fullest. To the best of his (and the DM's) ability, he sets the test so that the PCs are lured into the City Garden, and he plans to fight them there. As a servant of Istus, he has no loyalty to the duke, the governor, or any other mortal. The consequences that befall Leukish are irrelevant to him.

Lord Karll is on a mission purely political in purpose. He knows that his visit is merely an obligation of rulership, and he is bored by it. He would gladly trade this visit for a giant-hunting expedition in the Gnarley Forest. The duke's restlessness, caused by dissatisfaction with his present lot in life, keeps him alert for action in Leukish.

Governor Hadric is nervous about Karll's visit, since open knowledge of the thieving operation would destroy him. However, Hadric's greed is stronger than his paranoia, and thus he plans to attack the warehouses even during Karll's stay. Hadric is 30% loyal (as a henchman) to the duke, though the governor pretends to be 110% loyal. He supports the duke only because Karll's naivete keeps the thieving operation from disbanding, thus meaning many extra gems in Hadric's vaults.

The hill giants are likewise not loyal to their "master," the governor. They follow his orders grudgingly, seeking only to attain great wealth before they leave. However, their greed (like Hadric's) has no limit, so they are likely to stay with Hadric as long as the thieving operation continues. The giants are well aware that they are in a city full of people who would gladly kill them. If discovered, they know that they must fight to the death.

Sabrina is 50% loyal to her boss, Hadric, and she likes the leadership (and cooperation) of Alaric. As a mercenary, she enjoys the wealth her job brings her. Briskly efficient and an optimist, she sees no end to the thefts as long as all members continue to do their jobs effectively. In a fight she must be reduced to 20 hit points before having to make a morale

check.

Sabrina's followers are 100% loyal to her. Having been her henchmen since they were all 1st level, they now know that their leader is a tough, dangerous lady who rarely backs down from a fight. The archers follow her every order, never check morale while in her presence unless she fails such a check, and are likely to fight to the death for her.

Lord Karll, the Duke of Urnst—12th level ranger: AC 7 (studded leather) or -5 (full plate armor +4 and shield +1); MV 6" (armored) or 12"; HD 12; hp 71; Str 16, Int 14, Wis 14, Dex 14, Con 17, Cha 17; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon type; THAC0 10; AL CG. *Druid spells (usually): detect magic, faerie fire, charm person or mammal.* Magic-user spells: *jump, protection from evil.* Proficiencies: longbow specialization, halberd, two-handed sword, longsword, dagger, battle axe, healing, hunting, land-based riding, swimming.

Governor Hadric—5th level illusionist: MV 12"; AC 7 (ring of protection +3); HD 5; hp 12; Str 9, Int 16, Wis 12, Dex 14, Con 12, Cha 15; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; THAC0 20; AL LE. *Spells (in memory): change self, color spray, darkness, wall of fog, fog cloud, invisibility, invisibility 10' radius;* Proficiencies: land-based riding, swimming, weather sense. Items owned/carried (not necessarily on person): two *potions of invisibility*, three *potions of speed*, three *potions of hill giant control.*

Hill Giants (2): AC 4; MV 12"; HD 8; hp 58, 54; #AT 1; Dmg 2-16 (usually club); THAC0 12; AL CE; SA hurl rocks for 2-16.

Sabrina—8th level fighter: AC 1 (chain mail plus dexterity bonus); MV 13"; HD 8; hp 58; Str 12, Int 12, Wis 10, Dex 18, Con 10, Cha 15; #AT 3 (with longbow) or 3/2; Dmg by weapon type; THAC0 14; AL LE. Proficiencies: longbow specialization, longsword, shortsword, staff, dagger, alertness, healing, tracking. Items carried: nine *arrows* +3.

Archers—3rd level fighters (6): AC 5 (chain mail); MV 12"; HD 3; hp 25, 22, 20, 19, 17, 16; #AT 2 (with longbow) or 1; Dmg 1-6/1-6 (arrows); THAC0 18; AL LE; SA longbow specialization.

Playing Cat-and-Mouse

When the player characters enter the Garden for the final battle, they will first be attacked by Sabrina and her archers. Naturally these guardians will hide in the lush greenery of the area, rather than risk melee combat with the PCs. The following rules are designed to simulate the cat-and-mouse game of characters hunting other characters through the thick woods of the Garden.

The characters may search individually or in groups. (Hereafter in this section, "NPC" stands for a non-player character individual or

group and "PC" stands for a player character individual or group.) The chance of a PC encounter with an NPC is 2 in 6 per round if one of the parties is stationary, or 1 in 6 if both parties are moving. Double the chance if the PC has encountered an NPC in the last five rounds and then lost sight of it. The NPC encountered can be chosen randomly by the Dungeon Master, or may be determined by checking which NPC is most likely to be in a given area. Of course, if no NPC is in the area, there is no chance of an encounter, regardless of die-roll results.

Roll 1d10 on the Concealment Table to determine each PC's and NPC's average concealment by surrounding bushes and leaves. Rangers and those with alertness proficiency are surprised 1 in 6 times, while others are surprised 3 in 6 times. This 1d6 roll is modified by the opponent's surprise bonus, taken from the Concealment Table. To check surprise for the NPC, use the average concealment status of all members of the PC.

A PC or NPC can hide in bushes to await the arrival of another PC or NPC. The individual or group in hiding can choose between 75% concealment, from where only missile and magical attacks are possible, or 90% concealment, from where only magical attacks are possible. The party in hiding receives a +1 surprise bonus in addition to the bonus listed on the Concealment Table. If the party in hiding enters melee combat while in the bushes, it becomes 0% concealed to the target PC or NPC, but is randomly concealed to other PCs or NPCs that may enter the area.

When an encounter is indicated, the opposing groups will become aware of one another when they are 23-50 (3d10 + 20) feet apart. In many cases, an individual can dart behind a tree for cover. At any given time, each character is 0-2 rounds of movement away from a tree that is large enough to provide cover. During each round of such hiding, the character can take one of the following actions: hide completely (90% cover with +10 AC bonus), look around the tree (75% cover with +7 AC bonus), make an attack with a rod, staff, wand, crossbow, dagger, or dart (50% cover with +4 AC bonus), or make an attack with a longbow, shortbow, or magic spell (25% cover with a +2 AC bonus). If more than one character hides behind the same tree, the AC bonus is reduced by three-fourths for each additional character beyond the first. Fractions are rounded down, so that (for instance) a +10 AC bonus becomes +2, and a +2 bonus is entirely negated.

If one of the opposing parties flees and the other follows, then there is a 3 in 6 chance per round for the pursuer(s) to sight the quarry. Of course, the fleeing party may be tracked by the pursuer(s).

Concealment Table

Roll (1d10)	Concealment	AC Bonus	Surprise Bonus
1	0%	none	none
2-4	25%	+1	none
5-7	50%	+2	+1
8-9	75%	+3	+2
10	90%	+4	+3

Event #1: The Desperate Merchant

On an afternoon when the player characters are eating dinner in a tavern, they are approached by a stocky, middle-aged man named Hiram. He introduces himself as a merchant and asks to speak to them.

Hiram—zero-level commoner: AC 10; MV 10"; hp 4; Str 12, Int 15, Wis 15, Dex 10, Con 12, Cha 18; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type; THACO 20; AL NG.

Hiram says, "As you may know, a large caravan of unfinished rubies and diamonds is arriving from the mines in the south. I'm in charge of their safety, but I won't sleep until the stones are delivered to Furyondy.

"Right now, my greatest fear is their storage at the lake docks. Six crates of uncut rocks are to be stored in the warehouses, where they can be loaded immediately onto the merchant ships which are sailing in from Willip. Because of delays, the stones will be locked in the warehouses for two nights. I fear that the stones will be stolen by the same thieves who've taken several other shipments in the last year."

The truth is that the real shipment is being transported by caravan to a safe haven somewhere west of Leukish, and that the shipment in the warehouse is actually a decoy made up of gems of lesser value. Hiram, of course, will make all attempts to keep this fact a secret.

The merchant continues, "I need strong fighters to guard the shipment. I'll pay each of you 50 gold pieces per night, plus 500 more for the group if you repel a substantial force of thieves." Each nightly wage, he says, will be paid on the following day, and the bonus is payable any time the PCs defeat or run off a band of thieves and can bring Hiram some evidence that a burglary had been attempted.

If this doesn't seem like sufficient payment and the PCs ask Hiram what else he can do, the merchant shrugs his shoulders and says he can't afford to pay any more. *Detect lie* or similar magic will reveal that Hiram does have other resources he isn't revealing. He might be coerced or persuaded to say what else he has (see "Concluding the Adventure" below), but under no circumstances will he include anything else in the offer of payment. "I can get other men to do the work for that much gold," he says, "or my name isn't Hiram Sage."

(Yes, this is the "unnamed sage" the PCs

were to look for when they got to Leukish. When they see Hiram again at the end of the adventure, they will find out information that will lead them to the next stage of the campaign, and a tip that might offer an interesting—and profitable—mission on the side.)

If the player characters accept the job, Hiram tells them to go to the warehouse area in late afternoon two days from now and look for him. Then he says his thanks and leaves.

Event #2: First Night of Guard Duty

When the PCs arrive at the shipyards shortly before sundown, they find the place deserted except for a couple of nervous-looking guards, who are more than pleased to let the PCs take over. Dozens of galleys and large merchant ships are tied at the docks, and all are seemingly empty and quiet.

Guards—zero-level fighters (2): AC 7 (studded leather); MV 12"; hp 5, 4; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8 (longsword); THACO 20; AL N.

Soon Hiram appears from a hiding spot behind a stack of barrels on the north side of Warehouse B. He says, "Welcome, my friends! I expect the night to be as peaceful as the starry sky above our heads. The gems are locked in Warehouse B, the one behind me. You can put men on the inside, or the outside, or some of both. In the morning I'll come to check on the shipment and give you your first night's pay. Until then, good night!"

He hurriedly hands the highest-level PC fighter a key to the lock on the warehouse door, then leaves with equal haste, going toward the western city gate, looking in all directions until he is out of sight. Then the night is silent again.

If any non-elf PC did not sleep all day or at least nap for two hours in the evening, he may become drowsy beginning at midnight. Each such PC must attempt a 1d20 Constitution Check at midnight and each hour thereafter; failure indicates that the character becomes sleepy, giving his roll for surprise a -2 penalty. (Thus, a ranger or a character with alertness proficiency can be surprised 3 in 6 times, while others can be surprised 5 in 6 times.) It is possible to shake off the effects of drowsiness, by simply succeeding on a subsequent check. Of course, any character who gets engaged in action will come wide awake and stay that way until the next Constitution Check is called for. The chance of drowsiness for each PC is checked regularly until that PC sleeps for at least two hours in a row, or until morning, when everyone's term of guard duty is over.

If the PCs happened to go out and have some drinks before reporting for work, note that a slightly drunk character has a -2 penalty to his Constitution Check (add 2 to the die

roll), a moderately drunk character has a -4 penalty, and a very drunk character has a -8 penalty. Also, a moderately or very drunk character who fails the first check in a given hour must immediately succeed on a second check (with the same modifiers) or pass out for 2-4 or 4-6 hours respectively. Success on the second check does not remove drowsiness; it only negates the chance of passing out.

Note: Each of the six crates in Warehouse B contains 21-40 uncut blue quartz stones, each having a base value of 10 g.p. when finished. For more information about the contents of Warehouse B and the other storage buildings, see the "Lake Docks" section below.

During the first night of guard duty, the PCs have three planned encounters:

1. Shortly after midnight, a rag-clothed beggar is discovered shuffling around outside the warehouse, making no attempt to conceal his presence. He steps up to the first character who comes to investigate and says politely, "Could you please spare a few coins for an old man?"

Any good-aligned character who gives money to the beggar receives 2 experience points for each copper piece in value given; but if the PC refuses to give the man anything, he forfeits a number of experience points equal to the gold piece value of all money and jewelry on his person. If an x.p. loss of this amount would drop the PC to a lower level of experience, he forfeits only enough x.p. to drop him to the lowest point of his present level. Player characters who are neutral with respect to good and evil gain x.p. for c.p. at a one-for-one rate if they give the beggar anything, but do not lose x.p. for refusing.

Beggar—zero-level commoner: AC 10; MV 8"; hp 1; #AT 1; Dmg 1; THAC0 20; AL NG.

2. Two hours past midnight, the PCs hear loud voices approaching from the southwest, from behind the warehouses. There is no surprise in this encounter.

The voices come from three drunken marines. Upon arriving at the warehouse, the marines claim—truthfully but drunkenly—to be the officers who will sail with the gem shipment, and they demand to enter the warehouse to see that it is safe. If allowed to enter, they study the crates inside and then leave satisfied.

If they are refused entrance, the marines can be turned away peacefully if any PC makes a successful 1d20 Charisma Check with a -5 penalty (one attempt per PC). Otherwise the marines can only be stopped by melee combat (either to kill or subdue) or if one of the marines fails a morale check. Because of the alcohol they have consumed,

the marines fight at -1 "to hit" but with a +10% morale bonus.

Marine captain—8th level fighter: AC 6 (ring mail plus shield); MV 12"; HD 8; hp 65; #AT 3/2; Dmg 4-11 (longsword +3); THAC0 14; AL CN.

Marine lieutenants—3rd level fighters (2): AC 7 (ring mail); MV 12"; HD 3; hp 25, 22; #AT 1; Dmg 2-9 (high-quality longswords, +1 on damage); THAC0 18; AL N.

3. A couple of hours before sunrise, check any thief character(s) who are inside the warehouse, awake, and concentrating on standing guard for a chance of hearing a noise. The sound is a soft but persistent scratching coming from a distant corner of the warehouse. If other PCs are alerted without undue noise or commotion, anyone who knows about the scratching is not surprised at the start of this encounter. All others inside the warehouse will be automatically surprised when a group of giant rats bursts out of the corner.

The rats will panic and try to flee if the PCs inside the warehouse make any loud noise in the process of alerting their comrades. If everyone is alerted calmly and quietly, no one will be surprised when, all of a sudden, a loud crash resounds from the corner—and the rats scatter, some of them heading right for the PCs.

The rats will not attack unless threatened or cornered—except that any PC inside the building who was surprised will be attacked at least once. Any PCs who go after the rats, inside or outside the warehouse, will be attacked by 2-5 of the creatures for a period of 1-4 rounds, after which any surviving rats will try to flee. If the PCs simply let them go, the rats will run out escape holes at various places along the bottom edges of the walls and scurry off in all directions once they get outside. The loud crash occurred when the scratching of the rats dislodged a crate from its precarious perch atop another one.

Giant rats (16): AC 7; MV 12"; HD 1-4 hp; #AT 1; Dmg 1-3; THAC0 20; AL N(E); SA bite has 5% chance of causing serious disease.

In the morning, Hiram arrives. He secretly checks the shipment, finds it all in order (the crate that fell was not part of Hiram's hoard), then pays the agreed-upon amount to each PC. (Dealing with the marines does not qualify the PCs for the bonus, since Hiram will insist—rightly—that they were not thieves.) Afterward he says, "I thank you all for your help. Come back again tonight!"

Event #3: Second Night of Guard Duty
When the PCs return that night, Hiram greets them as before, then leaves. The night is

uneventful until some time in the wee hours, when Hadric and the giants strike. (Check each PC for drowsiness before the event gets under way.)

Before leaving the Garden, Hadric casts *invisibility 10' radius* on himself and two hill giants. The three of them are able to approach close to the warehouse, silently and unseen. (At this point, the DM should contrive to have at least one PC come outside the warehouse, if all of them are inside and inclined to stay there.) Hadric sees the player character(s) standing guard outside the warehouse and decides to try avoiding a fight, since the PC(s) do not appear to be low-level mercenaries.

Hadric casts *darkness* (which lasts for 2d8 +5 rounds) on the northern side of Warehouse B, concealing the double doors of the building. Immediately the invisible hill giants rush, forward, smash down the doors, and move to seize six crates from inside. Meanwhile, Hadric casts *fog cloud* to further obscure the northern half of the warehouse. Any PCs inside the warehouse one round after the doors are broken in attempts a 1d20 Intelligence Check. Success indicates that the PC sees a couple of invisible shapes disturbing the fog as they move through it.

Despite anyone's best efforts, the giants get in and out too quickly to be stopped or attacked. In a single round, they make their exit with the crates in hand. Hadric and the giants (still invisible) now run southward. If there is pursuit, Hadric casts a *wall of fog* behind himself. He and the giants turn to go west toward the city gate, staying off the road and moving cautiously. They sneak up to the gate—and then in a flash, they are past the gate guards (who hear thumping footsteps for a few seconds but see nothing). The trio heads toward the Garden, where Alaric, Sabrina, and her henchmen are waiting to help them enter at the southern gate (area B on the Garden map).

The illusionist has made one fatal mistake: this night he forgot to erase his and the giants' tracks. Anyone with tracking proficiency will see them immediately (if looking), or can make a 1d20 Intelligence Check (+3 bonus for rangers) to notice them. Hadric's slipper prints may not be very visible, but the giants' huge, bare footprints are obvious to anyone looking for tracks. Because of the size of the giants' prints, add 10% to the base chance of tracking. Also see the information on tracking on page 21 of *Unearthed Arcana*.

Leukish Encounter Areas

In this section are described the areas of the city that are likely or certain to be visited by the PCs in the course of the adventure. More information on all of these areas can be found in the appropriate section of *Ye Olde City*

Scroll. Area numbers refer to the keyed locations on the map of Leukish. Letters (for the sub-areas within area 22) are keyed to the map of the Garden that accompanies the adventure text.

Lake Docks (area 3)

At night, all the valuables in this area are locked in the warehouse buildings (A through F) behind the piers, and the warehouses are watched by private guards (typically only 2-5 low-level men-at-arms due to the recent murders and thefts). On any given night, each warehouse holds 4-13 wooden crates or boxes, each containing (roll 1d20):

- 1-6 40-80 square yards of silk
- 7-13 10-40 square yards of fine rugs
- 14-15 5-10 jewelry (silver and gold)
- 16 3-5 jewelry (gold)
- 17-18 20-50 uncut gems (base 10 g.p.)
- 19 5-20 uncut gems (base 50 g.p.)
- 20 2-12 uncut gems (base 100 g.p.)

Warehouse B, where the PCs are standing guard, is an exception. For the two nights the

PCs are there, it holds Hiram's property—six crates containing gems (see Event #2 above)—and seven other crates of silk and rugs belonging to another merchant.

Temple of Lydia (area 9)

The temple is occupied by seven women: clerics of 10th level, 6th, 3rd (2), and 2nd (2), plus a 9th level elven bard. At noon each day, these women enter a platform on the northern side of the temple and play their music with lutes, mandolins, lyres, and a harp. The bard uses a *Fochlucan Bandore*, and with it her chance to *charm* is 52%. Only those within listening range (100 feet on a busy, noisy day) are subject to the *charm*. Those who are not *charmed* do not have bad feelings toward the bard. Those *charmed* will stay to hear the entire concert, which lasts for 6-9 turns. A typical concert gathers 150-220 listeners, and their offerings make an income of 20-80 g.p. per day for the temple.

The clerics cast healing spells in return for for money (25 g.p. per hit point restored), finely crafted musical instruments, scrolls

(any spell type), maps, or books. The clerics are also skilled sages. Each cleric majors in Humanities, with one special category per three class levels in either art & music, history (as written in the *Guide to the WORLD OF GREYHAWK® Fantasy Setting*), languages, or legends & folklore.

Governor's Mansion (area 15)

The inside of the mansion has lofty rooms with pillars and painted ceilings, a ballroom, a massive wooden staircase, and more balconies. Each room has an antique painting worth 100-600 g.p. Behind the desk in Hadric's upstairs bedchamber is a vault with a lethal poison spike trap and a sleep gas trap. The vault contains 14 pieces of jewelry (six gold with gems, eight wrought silver and gold), 15 gems (base 500 g.p.), and 5,000 gold pieces.

Forty soldiers patrol the grounds and stand guard within the mansion. Patrols outside the building (2-3 in daytime, 3-4 at night) consist of five men accompanied by two war dogs on chains.

Hadric also employs a magician who sleeps



in the daytime and is active during the evening and night. The magic-user wanders the grounds alone, using *infravision* to scan the area. Each night he casts *alarm* in the upstairs hallway outside the governor's bedchamber. In emergencies, he uses *message* to alert the nearest guard, plus *hold portal*, *wizard lock*, and/or *wall of force* to stop intruders. He can also cast *grease* to trouble intruders, preferably on the staircase, where a fall becomes likely. He might even cast *guards and wards* if trouble is expected. His *ring of invisibility* keeps him unseen at all times, and in battle he serves mainly to harass intruders and aid the guards.

Intruders caught in this area cannot bribe their way out of it. They meet Hadric personally, who must have a good reaction check lest he immediately condemn the captives to the national prison. Otherwise he demands that a "lesson" (usually a beating, or worse, depending on the PCs' offense) be taught to the intruders.

Mansion Guards—2nd level fighters (40): AC 4 (banded mail); MV 12"; HD 2; hp 15-20 each; #AT 1; Dmg 2-8 (broadswords); THAC0 19; AL LN.

War Dogs (6): AC 7; MV 15"; HD 2 + 2; hp 18, 18, 17, 16, 15, 15; #AT 1; Dmg 2-8; THAC0 16; AL N.

Mansion guardian—5th level magic-user: AC 10; MV 12"; HD 5; hp 12; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4 (dagger); THAC0 20; AL N. Spells (in memory): *alarm*, *grease*, *hold portal*, *message*, *magic mouth*, *wizard lock*, *infravision*. Items carried/worn: scrolls of *wall of force* and *guards and wards*, plus a *ring of invisibility*.

Alchemist Shop (area 18)

The shop sells all items listed on the Table of Potions below. Each day, roll for the chance of one flask of each potion being available for sale. The alchemist also buys special ingredients at the listed price. Special ingredients are listed on page 116 of the *Dungeon Masters Guide* (note that hair and garment threads from a saint are not acceptable ingredients). Two special ingredients must be added to the list therein: minotaur horn for an *elixir of health*, and sylph's hair for a *philter of beauty*.

Anyone who wishes to pre-order a potion must either pay half in advance or supply the special ingredient. Either way, the alchemist needs a number of days equal to the ingredient cost divided by 100 to make the potion.

In case of theft, the alchemist keeps several flasks of poison lying about. Each flask stolen has a 2 in 3 chance of being a random potion and a 1 in 3 chance of being an ingestive poison, usually Type C (40% chance of being noticed as poison; Dmg 40 hp, save at +2 for half damage).

If forced to defend himself, the alchemist

keeps a dagger, *oil of sharpness* (+6 combat bonus), and two *potions of fire breath* on his person.

Table of Potions

Potion	Base Cost	Ingredient Cost	Daily Check
<i>Elixir of health</i>	2400	300	18%
<i>Extra-healing</i>	900	400	20%
<i>Healing</i>	500	200	30%
<i>Philter of beauty</i>	1800	200	20%
<i>Philter of love</i>	400	200	15%
<i>Philter of persuasiveness</i>	1000	400	15%
<i>Sweet water</i>	350	200	15%

The City Garden (area 22)

In the daytime, Alaric and Sabrina are here, hidden at the shrine (area G on the garden map), while the giants sleep in their tent (area F). Four archers sleep in the groves while two patrol the area, wandering the edges of the groves but not the paths. Any intruder has a 1 in 8 chance per round of being seen by a wandering archer, who is ready with a longbow and an alarm whistle.

In the evening and night, Alaric and Sabrina each have a 25% chance of being outside the Garden at any given time—except on robbery nights, when both are in the Garden awaiting Hadric's arrival. Also, the giants are allowed to roam quietly. While two archers sleep, the other four patrol the area. Any intruder has a 1 in 4 chance of encountering an NPC group or individual; choose randomly from the two giants, four archers, Sabrina, and Alaric.

Bell traps with trip wires are set here and there in the garden. An intruder on a pathway has a 1 in 3 chance per round of encountering such a trap (and a 100% chance to activate it unless it is detected first), or a 1 in 6 chance per round in the groves. The bells will attract half of all patrolling archers, so that the intruder's chance to encounter them is doubled for 3 rounds if the intruder moves away, or the chance becomes 100% if the intruder remains near the trap.

If Alaric sees the player characters here, he orders Sabrina to attack without mercy and fight to kill. See the section entitled "Playing Cat-and-Mouse," above, for details on the battle with Sabrina and her followers. Meanwhile, Alaric drinks a *potion of hill giant control* and sends the giants into combat, first with boulders, then clubs. Finally, Alaric himself enters the fray and fights to the death—a perfect ending to the Test of the Rangers!

A. Northern Gate

This entrance, no longer used, is sealed by brick and cement, making it part of the wall. The top is covered by blades just like those on

the adjacent walls.

B. Western and Southern Gates

These entrances are blocked by strong portcullis-type gates (halve all *bend bars* chances). Their tops are bladed similarly to the walls. Each gate is held closed by an iron chain anchored in place with two locks. Each gate is also trapped so that if it is opened without a key (and without picking the locks), it sounds many loud bells which hang inside the wall. The noise of these bells will draw Sabrina (25%) or 2-3 of the archers (75%).

C. Western Lane

This wide, straight path is lined on each side with life-sized marble statues of various animals, each on a marble pedestal. The statues are numbered as follows: (1) eagle, (2) boar, (3) deer, (4) horse, (5) griffon, (6) owl, (7) wolf, (8) mountain lion, (9) bear, and (10) unicorn.

D. Garden Pool

This 2-foot-deep pool is ringed by curved blocks of granite. Neglect has allowed a layer of green slime (not the *Monster Manual* creature) to line the inside of the stone ring, and a thin film of green algae covers the surface. The name of Norebo (Suloise god of luck and gambling) is inscribed in Old Oeridian on the western side of the ring.

At the bottom of the pool are coins worth a total of 19 g.p. Any character who tosses a gold piece (nothing cheaper) into the pool and says "Praise Norebo" (or a similar chant) has a 10% chance of gaining good luck (a +1 bonus to saving throws and Ability Checks) for 24 hours. Anyone who takes coins from the pool receives bad luck (a -1 penalty) for a number of days equal to the g.p. value of the heist.

At midnight at the end of each Godsdays, all coins in the pool automatically vanish (teleported to Norebo's treasure vault in the Outer Planes). If anyone is standing in the pool at that time, all coins on that person also disappear.

E. Pond

Fed by an underground spring, this small pond is floored by hard-packed earth under its clear waters. The 4-foot-deep liquid is pure and drinkable. If it gets contaminated, it will cleanse itself in 24 hours as if affected by *sweet water*. Swimming in the pond are a score of small and harmless algae-eating fish.

F. Giants' Lair

Hidden by overhanging trees and surrounding bushes here is a 20-foot-square tent of deer-skins on a wooden frame. Inside are a small fire pit, two large piles of bearskins, and sev-

eral cattle bones strewn about.

During daylight, the hill giants may be found here. They will leave the tent in the daytime only if there is trouble or under orders from Alaric or Hadric.

A bag containing 6,430 g.p. is buried 30 feet northeast of the tent. Only the giants know of its exact location, though Alaric, Sabrina, and the archers suspect that the giants' gold is hidden somewhere in the area. Make a 1d20 Intelligence Check for any PC who searches the ground in the immediate area of the treasure hole. Success indicates that the character notices a place where the ground seems to have been dug up and replaced at least once.

G. Shrine of Ehlonna

This small, open-front structure frames a marble statue of Ehlonna, goddess of the woodlands, in the image of a beautiful elven ranger holding longbow and dagger, with a newborn unicorn at her feet. Leaves and dirt are strewn about the floor of the shrine. Otherwise it is clean, and in good condition.

A good-aligned character who prays to

Ehlonna for at least one turn receives an *anti-animal shell* (sixth level druid spell) to hostile animals and a +10% bonus to tracking chances, both for 24 hours. Anyone who willfully harms the shrine is enveloped by an *insect plague* (fifth level cleric spell) for 2-5 rounds, or longer if the harm to the shrine is extreme.

Concluding the Adventure

This adventure is a success only if the thieving operation is destroyed, for no worthy ranger would quit after discovering such corrupt activities. If the PCs are driven away, leave freely, are killed, or are imprisoned before the operation is crushed, then all rangers on Oerth suffer an 8-hour fever (losing half of their strength, wisdom, constitution, charisma, and movement rate during the illness), and then permanently lose 1 point of constitution (plus appropriate hit-point bonuses for high constitution).

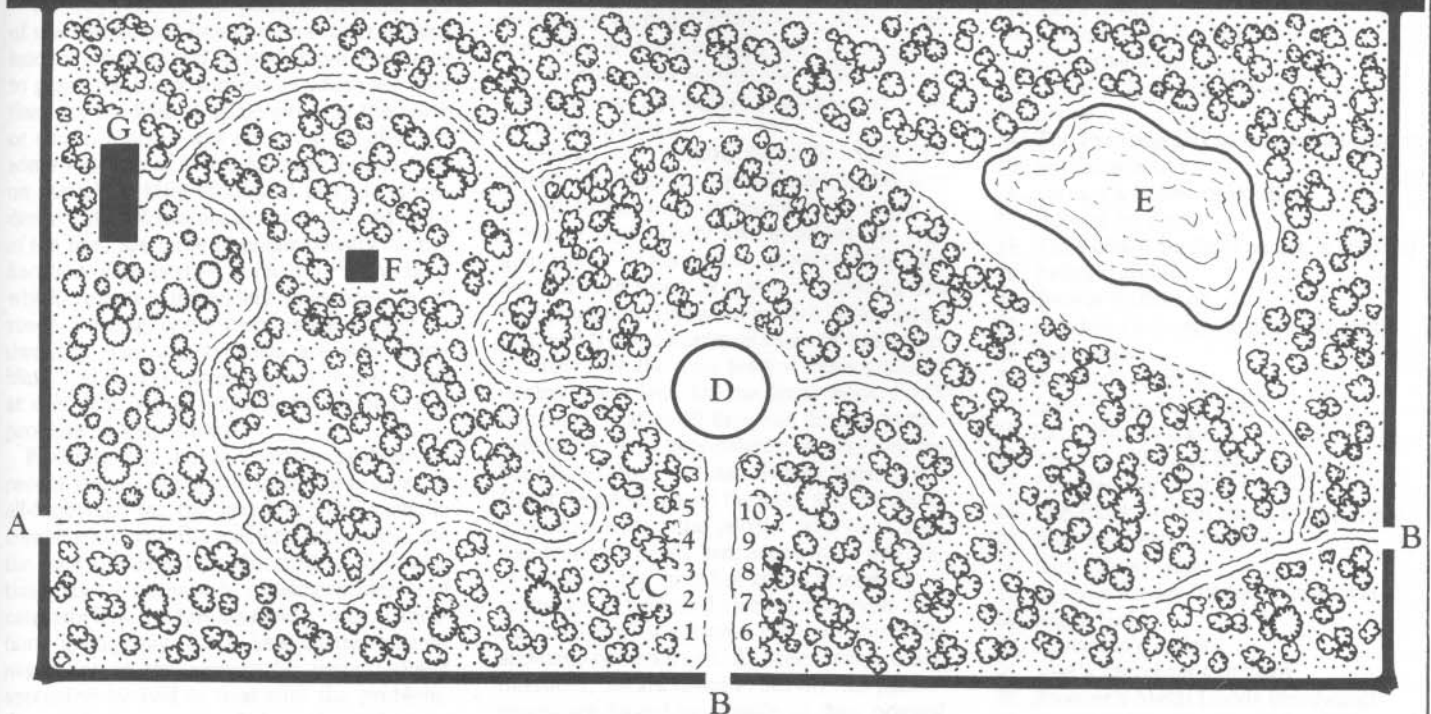
Any loud battles (especially in Hadric's home or the City Garden) will draw the attention of the city soldiers, though the DM is

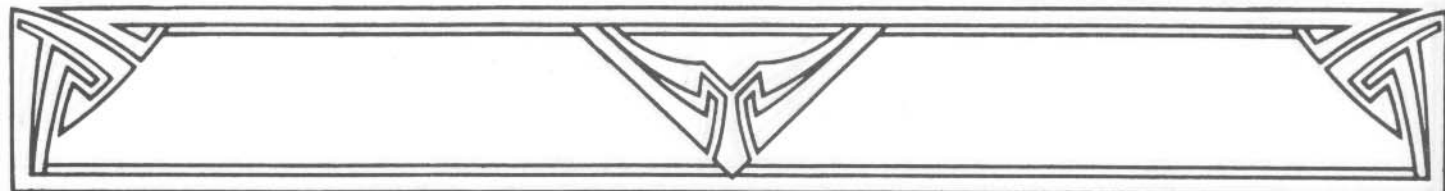
advised to allow the PCs to finish their own fights before the soldiers arrive to take control. After the battle in the Garden, the area is surrounded by 50 soldiers, while 30 archers overlook the Garden from the city wall. However, the soldiers make no attempt to invade the Garden or harm the PCs (unless, of course, the soldiers are attacked).

Soon after the end of the battle in the Garden, Lord Karl arrives. He hears the PCs' story, then inspects the area under heavy guard. The presence of hill giants (whether dead or alive) and/or bags of gemstones (if found in the giants' treasure hole or Hadric's cache) will certainly strengthen his belief in the PCs' story. If Hadric is still alive, then the governor is summoned immediately. Upon his arrival, Hadric claims innocence, but Lord Karl orders him to be chained and taken away. He then orders the PCs to remain in Leukish for one week; this demand is echoed by every soldier and honest sailor in the city.

At the first opportunity on the morning after the robbery and the battle in the Garden, the PCs are approached by Hiram, who hands

The Garden Scale: 1 inch = 120 yards





them their pay for the night. If the thieving operation was destroyed, he gladly tacks on the bonus and gives the characters even more:

"You did even more than I would have hoped for," he says. "Perhaps you will also accept this as a token of my gratitude." He pulls out a map showing the location of a sunken fleet of Furyondian ships in Nyr Dyv—ships that most probably contain treasure. (Hiram got the map from a magic-user who discovered the ships with the help of a *water breathing* spell. The magician didn't have enough gold to mount an expedition, so he made a map and sold it to Hiram.) Scrawled on the back of the map, apparently in the magic-user's hand, are a few words: "White Alchemist in Rauxes—cure for plague?" Hiram has no idea what the sentence means. "And even if I did," he adds, "I'm not going anywhere near a plague."

During the week that PCs stay as guests of the duke, Hadric is put on trial in Government Hall. The Duke himself acts as High Judge.

Primarily because of the PCs' testimony, Karl declares Hadric guilty and sentences the ex-governor to spend the rest of his life in the national prison. Hadric is carted away on the next prison wagon.

The duke takes the PCs to a private chamber and says, "You have opened my eyes to the corruption in my own land. From now on, I shall fight evil within as well as outside the Duchy of Urnst. I thank you for your efforts."

In reward, Karl orders a cleric to cast *raise dead* on any PC killed since the group arrived in Leukish. Each PC who participated in the mission is given 2,000 g.p., three *potions of extra-healing*, one *potion of hill giant strength*, and two documents of free passage to any port on Nyr Dyv. Each is also given a medallion with the symbol of Leukish; this marks the medallion's bearer as an Honored Guest in Leukish, entitling him to free food and boarding in the city, as well as immediate audiences with the residing governor.

An optional reward is the duke's offer to hire the PCs to act as secret police for the

cause of good in the duchy. Payment is 5 g.p. per level per week. This offer could lead to many adventures as the PCs infiltrate evil groups, hunt and capture criminals, ruin plots and rebellions, and generally fight crime in the duchy. If the PCs accept, they can expect strong military and government backing for their undercover activities.

If the PCs attempt to salvage the treasure ships by using the map given to them by Hiram, they must travel to hex V3-79 on the Greyhawk map, then 300 feet beneath the lake's surface to the wreckage site. There are six ships, each containing 1,000-6,000 g.p. value in gold, gemstones, and jewelry. There is also a dragon turtle among the sunken ships, plus enough giant eels and other dangerous denizens to make the salvage tough and costly. Naturally, no NPC is foolish enough to assist the PCs, though pirates may take an interest once the treasure is brought to the surface. The brutal details are left to the DM's judgment.

Rauxes

The most revealing fact about Rauxes is the number of people who live here, because—unlike practically every other city in the Flanaess—the number is going down. The population of this once-illustrious city of the Great Kingdom was 41,000 at the last census, but nowadays is closer to 35,000. The decline in population is due to Overking Ivid's harsh rule. More than 1,000 people have been sentenced to death or imprisonment, and a number far exceeding this amount have fled Rauxes.

Overking Ivid—13th level magic-user: Int 17, Con 17 (originally; now down to 12); hp 43. Items carried: 3 miscellaneous magic items, 1 rod, 1 wand.

Ivid is truly insane, and it is only a matter of time before his waning constitution gives out. He has contracted a debilitating disease, overlooked by his physician, which decreases his constitution at a rate of 1 point per year; for every passing year a system shock roll must be made to see if Ivid survives. In the meantime, Ivid, his new court wizard Karoolck, and Ivid's "Black Legion" of chaotic evil fighters rule all subject lands with an iron fist. All good beings are suspected by Ivid of being in league with his enemies (The Iron League), and are maltreated—thus the large emigrations to date.

The city rests on the plain north of the fork of the Flanmi and Imeda rivers. Surrounding lands are farmed and recently have been used to graze the many warhorses which are destined for the field of battle either in the north or south. Rauxes was once a great city, and some vestiges of its old splendor remain, but on the whole little of its past glory is in evidence today. Roads are not kept up, and many of the poor are forced—under penalty of confiscation of property—to meet a "stone tax," which requires imbedding flagstones in all roads fronting one's own establishment or dwelling. The mighty walls are also crumbling, and the resources and manpower which at one time were available to alleviate this problem no longer exist.

Flooding has been a major problem in recent years. The water table has been at an all-time high for the last few years and, in combination with the swelling tributaries and the lack of resources allocated to deal with this, has contributed to a rising incidence of catastrophes (bridge washouts, wall foundations giving way, etc.). Due to the mismanagement of the sewers by inept lackeys appointed by Ivid to deal with the problem, disease has now spread throughout the city and is taking a frightful toll; the monthly birth rate is 5% lower than the death rate. At the

time that "Down With the Wizard" (Adventure #7) begins, the base chance for a city resident to contract a disease is doubled (4%) and crowding and filth (in both categories) percentages are tripled (3% respectively); exposure to carrier and polluted water are doubled (20% and 10% respectively). Ivid's last Minister of Engineering was beheaded for forwarding a plan to control the flooding which, to be realized, would have required gold pieces equal to the amount needed to field three horse regiments.

War has been a steady diet of the Overking's realm for several years. Allies are few, but include the Herzog of South Province, the See of Medegia, certain tribes of humanoids to the north (those crushed in actions between North Province and Bone March, etc., and then reorganized) and certain factions of the Sea Barons, though the latter—as a whole—are quite untrustworthy. Ivid has become more obsessed with extending his lands in order to form the "Greater Aerdi Empire" ever since his declaration of war against Almor and Nyron. The Herzog's subsequent blunting of the armies of the Golden League (Nyron, Almor and those countries comprising the Iron League; see *Guide to the World of Greyhawk*, "An Overview of Political Divisions") has added only fresh fuel to his monomania. The aforementioned battle(s) transpired after the events detailed in T1-4 (*The Temple of Elemental Evil*) and spanned two years, ending in a minor strategic victory for Ivid's field army under the leadership of the Herzog, and seeing the withdrawal of Almor and Nyronese armies to the west of the Harp River.

Though the Herzog failed to crush the forces opposing him, and because of this was forced to postpone indefinitely the siege of Irongate, the victory strengthened the sagging morale of his troops. However, the war has left both sides incapable of anything but reorganization. Ivid's coffers are all but stripped, and Nyron's political machine has begun to maneuver the king toward more peaceful dealings with Ivid. On the home front, Ivid's popularity is at an all-time low despite battlefield gains. This unpopularity stems from his hard-line tactics (as mentioned) against the Great Kingdom's good factions, and continues spreading among the people, who must now recognize his newly sanctioned state worship of "Baalzy," the so-called god of prosperity. It is known in informed circles, however, that this "religion" is a front for the worship of an archfiend named Bael. All other religions are tolerated, but are taxed so heavily that parishioners are forced by closure of their original worship places to choose new gods, or partake of services in their own homes. The latter is a violation of law if a "worship tax" is not

paid. A league known as the Dawnsbreak Clan had set its sights on overthrowing Ivid, though nothing ever came of this. Ivid's cohorts have kept fear in the minds of men, expelling any thoughts of revolution.

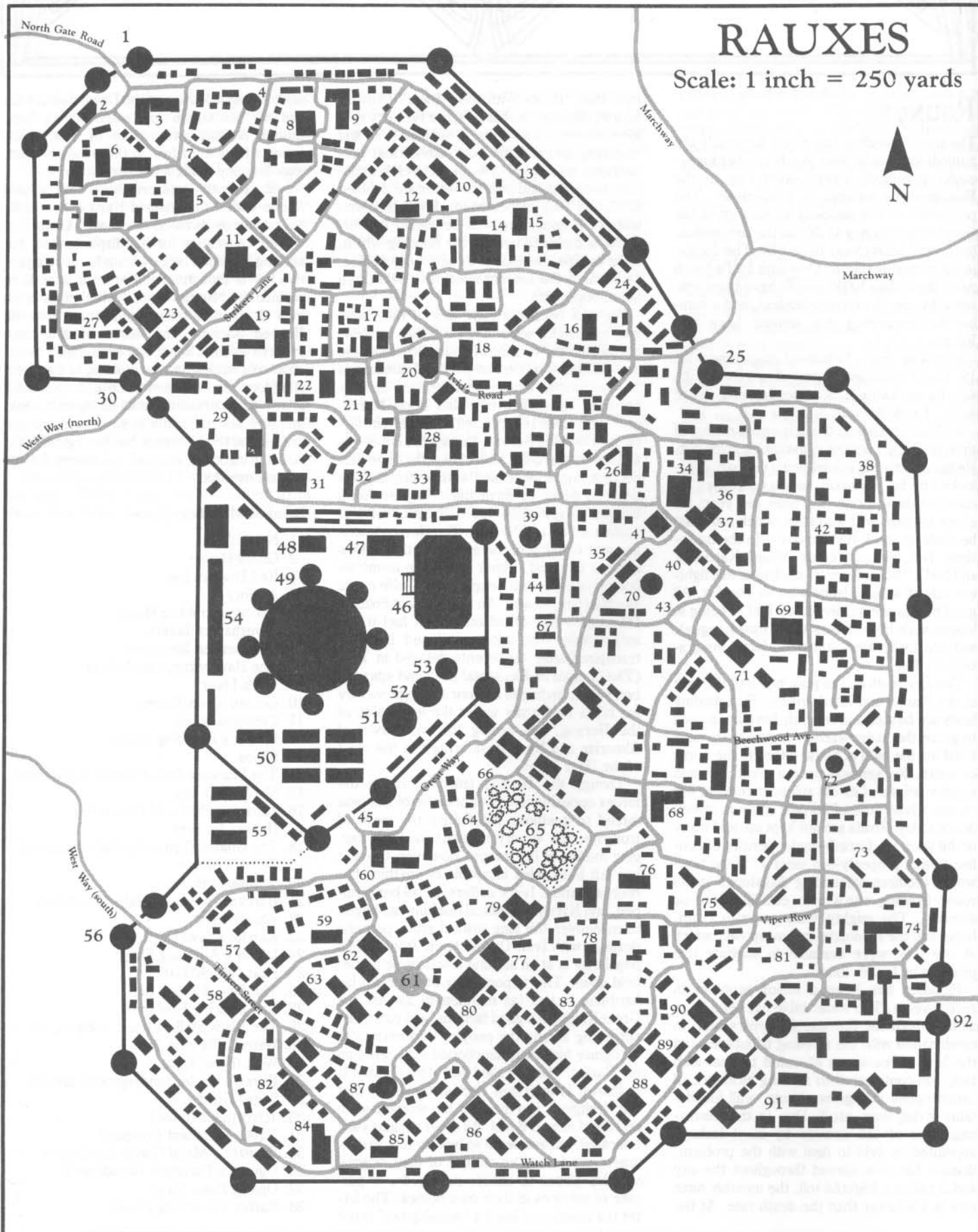
Ivid recently replaced his court wizard Xaene with a man named Karoolck, actually an archmage devoted to Bael. Xaene has vowed vengeance for his displacement, but nothing has been heard of him for over a year now. It is thought that Karoolck intends to replace the "Black Legion" with beings of his own ilk, possibly allies summoned from the Horned Society. This move toward more ordered events, albeit evil ones, has a better chance of stimulating a rebuilding of the Great Kingdom. Ivid's dependence upon Karoolck grows more pronounced as he himself weakens (see above), and it is suspected in some circles that the archmage has been guiding the Great Kingdom's internal machinery for the last six months.

Rauxes Map Locations

1. North Gate
2. Guard House
3. Red Unicorn Inn
4. Armory
5. Barry's Gambling House
6. Silverhawks Tavern
7. Mentser the Merchant
8. The Hawthornes (noble line)
9. Tun's Livery
10. Golden Grain Tavern
11. Crossroads Inn
12. Pyther's Boarding House
13. Shops
14. The Prancing Dryad (music hall/tavern)
15. Shellbone's Inn
16. Zarnara's House of Pleasure
17. Houses for rent
18. The Golden Girdle (fine lady's apparel)
19. Bellax's Meats
20. Temple to Boccob
21. Harckoan's Store (dealer/merchant)
22. Warehouses
23. Kendor's Jewelry
24. Jakkur's Anything Shop
25. East (Watch) Gate
26. The Five Torches Inn
27. The Dancing Fool Inn
28. The Black Stallion (tack, harness, etc.)
29. Warrel's Weapon Shop
30. West (New) Gate
31. Kyree's Cooler (underground tavern)
32. Sages Guild
33. Telvorthin's (tailor)
34. Nast's Merchant Company
35. Bronzer's Metal Goods (hardware)
36. Ugurah's Furniture (woodcrafts)
37. Opan's Pawn Shop
38. Kathor's Boarding House

RAUXES

Scale: 1 inch = 250 yards



- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 39. Tower of the "Gray One" (wizard) 40. The Blue Dog (tavern) 41. The Two-Fister (tavern) 42. Naphal's Inn of the Empty Room 43. Wrestling/dueling yards 44. Crooked Pye's Money Shop
(lender/changer) 45. Palace compound gate and Guardhouse 46. Temple to "Baalzy" 47. Captain's Quarters (horse, foot, archers) 48. Supplies 49. Palace of Overking Ivid the Great 50. Barracks (archers, foot, horse) 51. Tower of Karoolck, Archmage
of the Court 52. Tower of the Knights of Doom 53. Tower of the Dead (royal crypts) 54. Stables, armory, servant houses 55. Blackfort (town guard, 2 regiments
of light horse) | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 56. West (Old) Gate 57. The Lion's Roar (tavern) 58. Morabar's Leather Goods (boots, etc.) 59. Philster's Inn of the Bird Dog 60. The Iron Boot (soldiers' tavern) 61. House of Arranas (noble line) 62. Palum's Perfumes and Soaps 63. Balabab's Merchant Company 64. Bathhouse 65. Oltary Park 66. Zelizar's House . . . of ill repute
(tavern, etc.) 67. Tinkers Row 68. The Plump Hen (restaurant) 69. Goblin-tooth Inn 70. Yar's House of Games (gambling, loans) 71. Flatch's Weapon Shop (all types) 72. Narlond's Tower (alchemist/herbalist) 73. Debenarr, mercenary captain (HQ) 74. The Gilded Goat (best inn and
food in Rauxes) | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> 75. Calor's Roost (tavern) 76. Hibbin's Store (dry goods) 77. The Lance (inn for fighters) 78. Ostel's House of Viands (restaurant) 79. House of Garrych (noble family) 80. Fennym's Warehouse & Storage 81. The Blue Dagger (tavern) 82. The Pit (to settle tavern challenges) 83. Gimmee's Store (outfitters
of demi- humans) 84. Cabbal's Merchant House 85. Marryut's Inn of the "Helpful Hand" 86. Dark Dragon (unsavory tavern) 87. Tower of Marriock (dark elf wizard) 88. Ertharah's Boarding House 89. The Lone Wolf (inn for all comers) 90. "Halfhigh's" Mead and Ale (best
beverages in Rauxes) 91. City stores, administrative offices,
reserve army units (12 regiments) 92. Military compound; HQ of Town
Guard eastern branch |
|---|--|--|

DOWN WITH THE WIZARD

DM's Introduction

This adventure is designed for a party of characters whose total of experience levels is in the range of 31-45. Four to six characters are preferred; and since this is the Test of the Wizards (note below, and also note the NPC Narlond in the section entitled *The Mirrors of Fate*), the party should contain at least one magic-user, though this need not be so.

The party arrives in Rauxes following a clue that the "White Alchemist" has information concerning the plague. This is, in essence, a true statement, and the man referred to as the White Alchemist—named Narlond (see location 72 on the Rauxes map in *Ye Olde City Scroll*)—can be found at his three-story tower. There is a 1 in 4 chance that any resident approached and questioned will know of Narlond as the "White Alchemist" and will say (perhaps for a price) how to find his tower.

When the PCs arrive at Rauxes, they notice immediately that it is worse off than any other place they have visited recently. People are collapsed in the streets; cowed figures carry stretchers and pull carts filled with the sick or dying. People avoid the PCs as they pass, casting furtive glances in their direction and making signs in the air to ward off evil spirits. The suffering is great here.

Refer to page 13 of the *Dungeon Masters Guide* to determine whether the PCs get infected. Many city officials and others "in the know" are sure that the disease running through Rauxes is not the "plague" they've heard rumors about, but is "merely" a malady brought on by faulty management of the Rauxes sewers. However, a lot of the regular citizenry who have contracted the fever have associated it with the plague they've heard rumors about, and therefore believe that their lives are doomed. As a consequence, there has been much true chaos here for weeks, and martial law will be enforced soon if the riots and spontaneous suicides and outbreaks of crime do not cease.

The ailment is not dangerous to most people, but in a city the size of Rauxes that still means a lot of folks are having trouble. If any PCs contract the disease, use this information to determine severity and duration of the illness: The effect of the disease begins 5-8 days after someone gets infected and lasts for a number of days equal to $20 + 1-6$ minus the victim's constitution score. The victim loses 1 point of strength and 1 point of constitution upon the outbreak of the disease, and another point from each score on every third day thereafter (day four, day seven, etc.). Each time a point loss occurs, the victim also incurs a cumulative penalty of -1 "to hit" and -2 (or -20%) on an attempt at any other physical action (such as *bend bars* or a *thieving skill*). If either ability score reaches zero, the char-

acter dies.

If the disease persists for longer than twelve days (which it will in any victim with an original constitution score of 7 or less), the victim becomes first terrified (of dying) and then delirious, and may (depending upon his intelligence and wisdom scores) do something irrational and harmful. At the end of the predetermined duration, the fever breaks abruptly, and the character regains full health (all scores back to normal) in a number of hours equal to 20 minus his normal constitution score.

Visiting Narlond

After some time (DM's discretion, or PCs' preference, if they're in a hurry) spent walking the streets and seeing the city, the PCs come to Narlond's stone tower. Above the doorway is a metal plaque inscribed with the words "Narlond's Alchemy and Herbals." Camped outside the tower are four ragged individuals—citizens, no doubt. The group notices an open shutter on the second story of this three-story tower as they approach the door. It closes after a second. A knock on the door brings a response from one of the people sitting nearby: "He won't answer it." He then looks at his companions, who only murmur unintelligibly. "We've been here for two days." He looks away just as the door opens.

In the doorway stands a man in white robes. His hair is slicked back, and his black eyes are very alert. Just then the man who spoke to you jumps up and in a demanding voice shouts, "We was here first; cure us, wizard!" As if in answer to that, an armored man of great stature springs forward from the shadows of the hallway. He brandishes a spear at the man in rags. After a tense moment the citizens depart, hurling curses behind them as they limp off.

If the PCs interfere with the armored guard, the alchemist intervenes by promising to see the citizens after the party departs. This satisfies them, and their spokesperson sits down. In either case, the PCs are invited inside. After becoming comfortable in a high-backed, velvet-lined chair situated near a table that the PCs are either sitting on or standing next to, Narlond tells them that he is aware of the reason for their visit and informs them that he can assist the party in some small way.

"It is the curse of Xaene, the Overking's former court wizard," he exclaims. "Xaene has disappeared, and is rumored to be dead, but I know of his general location, and of those people you must seek to help you in finding his place of hiding so that he may be destroyed. Until then," he says with a sigh, "nothing can be done to help those suffering—though they" (he tilts his head in the direction of the door-

way, indicating the four supplicants on his doorstep) "would not have believed this story, notwithstanding my sincerity and true feelings."

If asked to explain further, or if nothing is interjected by the characters, Narlond says, "Go to the Blue Dagger Tavern; in back of it is a hovel lived in by Barley, a sculler for the tavern. His friends will be there, no doubt—sewer-men all. Below the hovel is the entryway into the sewers. Barley knows the tunnels well. He'll guide you—to a point. Pay him handsomely; he deserves more of life."

At this point Narlond excuses himself. If asked for assistance he abstains, explaining that it would be too dangerous for him as a citizen to enter the sewers. (A recently enacted law prohibits any person from entering and then leaving the sewers, since many city officials suspect that the sewers are a source of disease. Confiscation of all properties and a stiff fine (1,000 g.p.), plus possibly a 10-year prison term, is the penalty for disobeying this edict. Narlond will relate all of the above information if pressed for reasons.) After brushing aside any other questions he dismisses the party, wishing them luck.

Important Note: Narlond has been replaced by Morgorath, and it is the entity that they treated with, not Narlond himself. Morgorath will follow the party—while using his magic to stay hidden and undetected—and influence events if things get out of hand. He will help twice in life-and-death situations, preferring to save less than 50% of the party at those times. He will save the entire party once (this forfeits the two aforementioned saves) if it appears that they will be slain if he doesn't intervene. He will not aid the PCs in a confrontation with Xaene, believing they are sufficiently prepared for the wizard if they've survived until that point. For more on Morgorath as Narlond, see *The Mirrors of Fate* elsewhere in this book.

If the PCs want to proceed immediately toward the Blue Dagger, they will head south three blocks and then west along Viper Row, heading for the alleyway in back of the Blue Dagger. After a short time they arrive at Barley's hovel, a broken-down collection of odds and ends resembling a square structure. Refuse is everywhere around it, and three individuals are kneeling by a collection of the stuff just outside its doorway. They notice the PCs' approach, and the newcomers can see fatigue, bitterness, and suspicion in the citizens' eyes. The men stop digging through the awful pile and face your direction. One gangling fellow looks a bit scared, as if he might run away.

The tall, scared fellow is Barley. He is afraid of being caught with items salvaged from the sewers and condemned to the northern labor

camps. If the PCs go about introducing themselves in a cautious manner, stating their business and adding gold to the formula, the three men become hospitable, but remain cautious nonetheless. For the princely sum of 10 g.p., Barley will guide the PCs to an area where, as he puts it, "strange sounds have been comin' from."

If the PCs meet Barley's price, or pay him even more than 10 g.p., then he guides them into the hovel. He closes the curtain-door, kneels on the dirt floor, and starts digging with his hands. A moment later, he pulls on an iron ring he has uncovered in the center of the floor. He grunts, looking at his guests. One turn later (or in half that time, if any PCs assist with the digging) the edges of a round stone slab are uncovered.

"Don't use this way down too often," Barley explains, "but it's the quickest way to get where we're goin'."

The slab can be lifted away from the hole in one round by four characters (maximum) who have a total of at least 40 strength points. Failing that, the slab can be pulled and pushed away from the opening (requiring only a bit of lifting) in a total of 4-6 rounds, depending on how many PCs help.

When the slab is moved aside, a waft of putrid air infiltrates from below, replacing the now welcome stench of the hovel with a nauseating rankness. At this point, the DM should establish who is carrying light sources—the underground adventure is about to begin:

Hereafter, text enclosed in boxes is meant to be read to the PCs at the appropriate time (and, sometimes, under certain conditions). Sentences enclosed in parentheses inside boxed text are incidental information for the DM, which may or may not be revealed to the PCs.

After descending a 40-foot ladder, you step off onto a 20-foot-square landing with a set of 5-foot-wide service stairs going down. (If no light source was provided by the party, Barley claims a lantern from a nearby wall, taking it from a peg and lighting it.) The light reveals a large rectangular tunnel, approximately 30 feet wide and 20 feet high, leading off to the east and west. Barley descends the stairs for about 100 feet and then steps into water, saying, "It isn't that deep here, but stay to the sides—the current can be tricky." He sashes ahead, past offal, other refuse, and an occasional dead body which bobs by.

After several minutes of proceeding down twisting and turning tunnels, you come to a dead end smaller than the form-

er passages. Barley pauses here and points up: "That's where the noises come from; and it beats me why that alchemist finds it interesting." Barley turns to leave. It is apparent that you are now on your own. (Barley will faint and/or be nothing but a hindrance if the party forces him to come along.)

Dungeon Notes for the DM

Xaene, now a lich, makes use of the following area. The passages and rooms comprising this dungeon are damp and musty. Molds and other incrustations are everywhere. The floors are slimy in places, and anyone running at faster than normal speed around corners or attempting to stop after moving fast will skid and fall 50% of the time. The ceilings are 20 feet high and are rough. A thin layer of bedrock supports the groundwork above. Walls are composed of granite and are old. The principal occupants of this dungeon are undead—chosen for this test by Istus because of most magic-users' particular dislike of these sorts of creatures. Xaene stays in communication with these creatures through the use of undead-like bats. These creatures, called bachs, are very rare even on the Negative Material Plane and are not fully comprehended by beings of this plane. Their twitterings are understood by all undead except skeletons and zombies. See room 5, below, for their statistics.

As Barley moves out of sight you look up and note a large hole on the south wall, 5 feet from the ceiling. It is a 10-foot climb to its base.

Characters looking in the hole note a 10-foot-wide passage leading off to the south. (See the text for room 1, below. Ask for a marching order and note which PCs have light sources. The undead here will react to light and other Positive Material Plane emanations within their line of sight and will seek out the sources of such emanations.) Highly intelligent undead will attempt to inform Xaene (see room 30) about intruders 50% of the time. But note room 28, a place some creatures—even undead—might have a tough time circumventing.

Dungeon Encounters

1. Entry Corridor

Your light reveals a dank and musty corridor leading to the south and then branching southeast and southwest. A noticeable stench permeates the area.

The corridor leads to room 2. If the characters listen in complete silence, they will hear moaning and shuffling noises ahead. Scratching sounds are also heard, and if an elf or a ranger pays close attention, one might guess (50% chance for each such character, one time only) that the latter sounds come from inside the rocklike projection ahead—the wall area forming the southerly, curved surface of the branching corridor.

2. Ghoul Roost

Characters rounding either side of the rough-hewn corridor here are surprised on a 1d6 roll of 1-4 unless they specifically stated they were looking upward and are using light sources to aid their vision. The ghouls above—which are in a dug-out area that extends beyond the range of a normal light source—jump down upon unwary victims.

Several ghouls jump upon you from what apparently are roosting holes high on the walls. You hear more noises—guttural sounds mixed with slaverings and high-pitched titterings, the latter sounding much like noises small children would make upon receiving their dessert.

Ghouls (12): AC 6; MV 9"; HD 2; hp 10; #AT 3; Dmg 1-3/1-3/1-6; THAC0 16; AL CE; SA paralyzation by touch; SD immune to *sleep* and *charm*.

The ghouls attack and pursue adventurers until they are themselves slain. Initially 3 ghouls jump per side of the column, intercepting characters just at the midpoint of each corridor, before these turn in new directions (SE and SW, respectively). Jumping ghouls receive a +2 to their initial "to hit" rolls in addition to any advantages due to surprise (DM's option). Impacting ghouls inflict 1-8 points of pummeling damage with their feet (but these hits have no chance to paralyze), and then engage in normal attack routines in the same round. Ghouls that miss intended targets with their pummeling attacks do not get their claw and bite attacks immediately; they hit the floor (taking no damage) and spend the rest of the first round of combat regaining their balance and getting back to their feet. Additionally, ghouls fighting within the immediate vicinity of their roost gain +1 on initiative rolls for the next two rounds after jumping, because of close quarters and their utter disregard for conventional attack routines.

3. Guards and Wards

All of a sudden, the area in front of you is filled with a thick mist. A brief examination determines that the mist itself is not harmful. As you move into the cloud, you can't help wondering how you're going to keep from getting lost in the stuff.

A *guards and wards* spell affects this area. The spell has been reduced in area of effect and temporarily fixed in place by the application of a *limited wish* spell (it will last another 33 days). The spell is centered on the south wall of room 4; its effect extends 90 feet in every direction, encompassing all of room 6 to the south and extending north to the edge of room 3.

4. Gust of Wind

You enter an area containing mist which swirls slightly, drifting in a southerly direction. After a moment you hear the sound of whistling wind to your south.

There is nothing in this room except the mist. Note the *guards and wards* information given in room 3. A *gust of wind* blows from west to east across the spell's area of effect (making the whistling noise), covering the entire length of the corridor leading in those directions out of this area. All exposed flames (torches, etc.) are blown out immediately, and flames that are somewhat protected (as in a lantern) have a 80% chance of being extinguished in every round while they remain in this area.

5. Bach Post

Bachs are stationed here. Upon noting the party's advance out of the mist, they fly to warn the wraiths in room 9.

Bachs (8): AC 7; MV 3"/18"; HD 1; hp 3; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4; THAC0 17; AL CE; SD turned as a wight, immune to *sleep* and *charm* and similar mind-affecting spells and powers.

There is a 50% chance that one bach will fly to warn Xaene of the intrusion (see the text for room 28 when the bach reaches that point). Unless magically searching ahead of them, party members do not note the bachs.

6. Zombie Room

As you grope your way through the mist, you enter a room. The south wall falls away—and before you, moving through the mist, are many humanoidlike shapes. A faint shuffling noise is all you hear.

Characters note that these shapes shuffle toward them—slowly. As they do so, a gong located near the central portion of the north-

ern wall is sounded.

Zombies (30): AC 8; MV 6"; HD 2; hp 9 each; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8; THAC0 16; AL N; SD some spell immunity.

You feel, rather than hear, a strange sound, which sets your mind tingling and for a moment paralyzes your thoughts. After a short time, the sound and the feeling recede.

The sound was made by the *Gong of the Negative Plane*, an item that works along the same lines as a dog whistle. The noise heard—not loud, but piercing—slows the reaction time of non-Negative Material Plane creatures for 1-3 rounds each time it is sounded (-1 or -10% penalty to any action or attempt involving quickness or speed). Its primary function is to summon all undead within a 100-foot radius: these move at full speed to the gong, stopping to attack creatures only if



these attempt to intervene with them. In this case only the creatures in rooms 2, 5, 7, 8, and 9 react to the summons; the surrounding stone restricts the sonarlike vibrations from affecting further undead within the gong's range.

The zombies move to engage the PCs as they enter this room. When and if the wraiths and bachs arrive, the former engage any opponent near them while the latter fly toward magic-users, attempting to despoil spells. Ghouls (if any remain available from room 2) melee where possible. The zombies have orders to fight with their backs to the south, guarding the passageway in the southwestern corner of this room. If more than half of them are killed, two zombies will head for the gong to sound it again (and repeatedly thereafter, if given the opportunity), while the remainder will shuffle into the 5-foot-wide passageway single-file and make a stand there, forcing the PCs to dispose of them one at a time. Undead arriving during this "holding action" might have an excellent opportunity to attack the party from the rear or flank.

7. Bach Post

See room 5 for particulars. These bachs, if disturbed, will fly to warn the wraiths in room 8. If one flies off to alert Xaene, see room 28 and room 30 for events thereafter.

8. Wraith Room—West

The corridor, which had been widening for the past few minutes, now opens into a large area—perhaps a room.

Characters are surprised on a 1d6 roll of 1-3 if the wraiths were alerted by the bachs from room 5. Otherwise, normal surprise checks apply. The wraiths, if alerted, are evenly divided and hiding near the two entry corridors. They rush out and attack anyone exposing themselves. The bachs will not engage in combat in this instance, staying airborne and out of reach of melee weapons. They will flee if the wraiths are destroyed, attempting to report this news to Xaene.

Wraiths (8): AC 4; MV 12"/24"; HD 5 + 3; hp 24; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6; THAC0 15; AL LE; SA energy drain; SD silver weapons or better to hit, limited immunity to mind-affecting spells, poison, etc.

Unless summoned by the gong at #6, or if they are attacked from outside the confines of their room—in which case they will then pursue their antagonists and fight to the death—the wraiths will not leave this area. They have no treasure nor possessions.

9. Wraith Room—East

See room 8 for particulars. Note in addition that hidden in a small niche (1-foot-diameter round hole on the south wall covered by rocks) is a *ring of spell storing* containing the cleric spells *augury*, *spiritual hammer*, *negative plane protection*, and *heal*.

10. Bone Heap

In your first good look at this chamber, you notice a heap of bones extending as far as your light source can reach. The pile is at least two feet deep, sometimes deeper, over the entire floor of the area. The lack of any significant odor is distinctly apparent here.

The bones are what's left from many of the meals eaten by the undead creatures on this level. (The denizens are not being tidy, but sensible: they dispose of bones here instead of leaving them lying around in the corridors for zombies to trip over.) The lack of odor should suggest that the bone marrow itself has been consumed—a testimony to the voracious appetites of the creatures that did the consuming. PCs attempting normal movement into or through this pile cause lots of noise from the clinking and shifting of bones. The black pudding in room 11 will be forewarned by these noises. If PCs wish to circumvent the pile noiselessly, they must use spells, devices, and/or abilities that would enable them to do so. The bone pile extends to the room's entrances, but not into the corridors beyond. The pile contains nothing of interest; anything notable that might have been dumped there has either been given in tribute to the intelligent black pudding in room 11 or was appropriated by Xaene, as the occasion warranted. It would take the party several hours of searching to ascertain that there is absolutely no treasure here.

11. Intelligent Black Pudding

If the pudding has been alerted by noise from room 10, roll 1d10. On a result of 1-3, it lies in wait just outside the room in the southwest corridor; 4-6, it has summoned the wights (room 12), and all the foes are clustered around the northwest entrance, ready to ambush PCs when they enter; on 7-9, the spectres (room 13) are present instead of the wights; and on a result of 10, both the wights and the spectres are part of the ambush. On a small, fingerlike appendage, it bears a *ring of mirror images* (as the spell, with 20 charges). It implements a charge and then attempts to slay the party one at a time, choosing to attack magic-users first, clerics/paladins/cavaliers next, and all others last. If it deems the battle

lost, it attempts to flee to room 18 and join the vampire there.

Intelligent Black Pudding: AC 6; MV 6"; HD 10; hp 58; Int 9; #AT 1; Dmg 3-24; THAC0 10; AL CE; SA dissolves wood and metal; SD blows, cold and lightning do not harm. Located on the pudding is a bone case containing a waterskin (10 draughts) of some putrid-smelling liquid.

At some point during or after their battle with the pudding, the PCs will notice a silver coffer and a 4-foot-high, 2-foot-diameter lidded barrel standing next to each other along the southeast wall of the room.

Any occupants of rooms 12 and 13 that were not here upon the PCs' arrival will be in transit one round after the combat begins, attracted by the commotion and will arrive 2-5 rounds thereafter (some in each round).

If all the foes are dispatched or the room is otherwise cleared, it will take a careful party at least three rounds to investigate the barrel and coffer, and more if they are proceeding circumspectly.

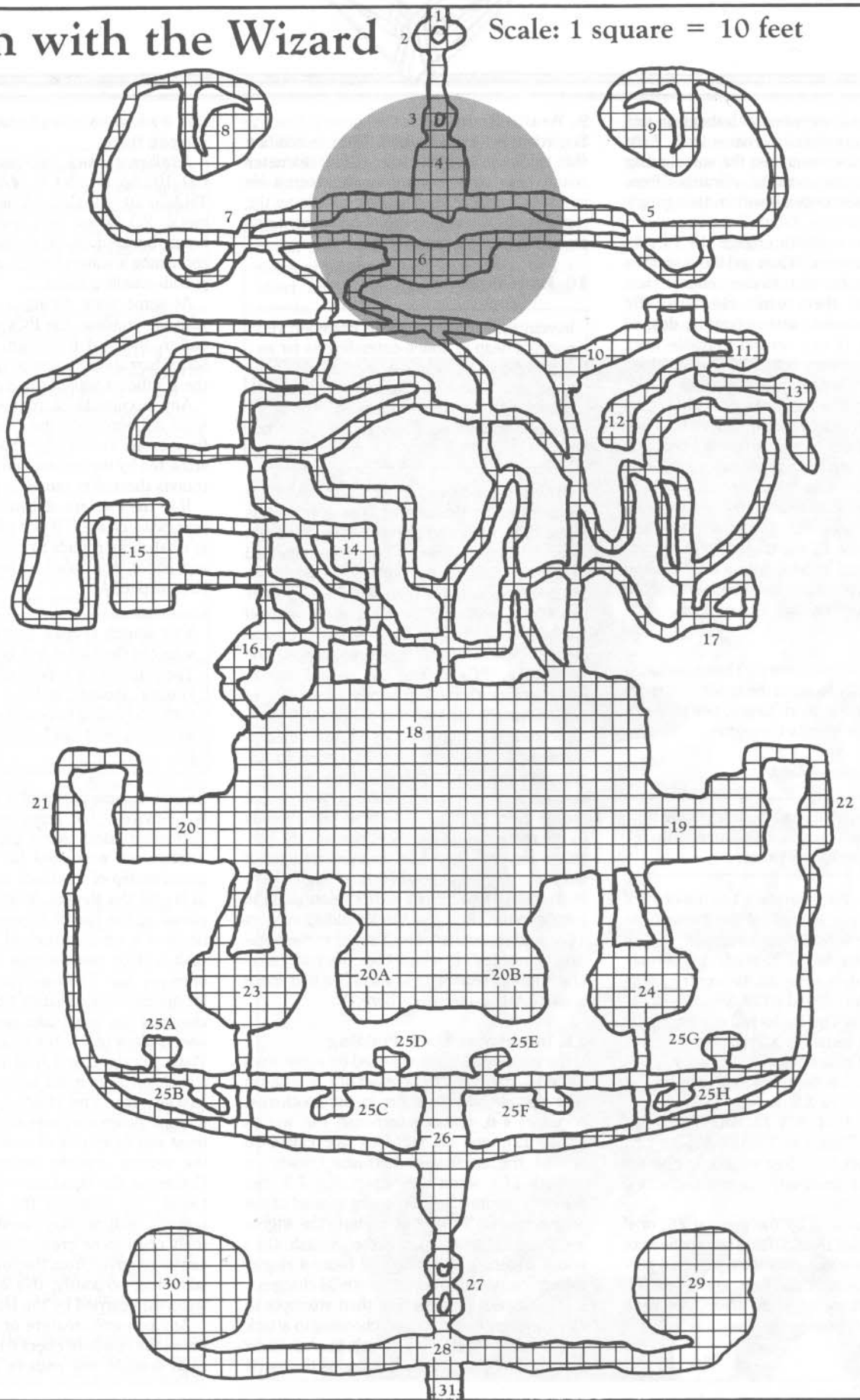
Your search reveals nothing but ordinary water in the barrel and grain in the coffer. The water does appear slightly unhealthy-looking, though, and the grain is colored with alternating ribbon-like blacks and tans as if each seed had been individually painted.

As will become apparent if appropriate magic is employed, the grain and the water are enchanted. Both were gifts bestowed upon Xaene—and entrusted by the latter to the guardianship of the black pudding, a creation of Nerull the Reaper. When a single grain is placed in the barrel it grows in six hours to become a random undead creature (of less than 8 HD); this process can be performed once per day. The seed "pollutes" the water for one hour immediately after it is immersed, changing the liquid into something different: one swallow of it taken by an evil or Negative Plane creature will heal one hit point per round, up to as many rounds as the creature has hit dice. The effect is noncumulative if multiple doses are taken rapidly; the first dose must run its course of rounds/hit dice before the second draught begins to take effect. Bathing in the liquid cures all damage in one round, but absorbs the barrel's curative powers until another seed-undead is made (only one can be created per day). This fluid can be removed from the barrel and stored for later use; obviously, this is the liquid in the waterskin carried by the black pudding.

Any non-evil creature or character experiences the opposite effect if the liquid is drunk; each draught will *remove* hit points, 1 per

Down with the Wizard

Scale: 1 square = 10 feet



round up to the number of hit dice of the drinker, and partial or full immersion in the liquid causes an immediate drop to zero hit points, followed by death within one round if the bath-er is not pulled out of the liquid.

These containers, although not magical in themselves, are considered minor artifacts for purposes of how easily they can be destroyed. (The water was just used a few hours ago, so immediate experimentation will not produce meaningful results.) The water can be poured out, but the barrel will be replenished one day later; the same is true for the seeds and the coffer. The barrel and coffer can be taken from this room, and any character of good alignment would want this accomplished at the very least. The coffer's monetary sale value is 3,000 g.p.

12. Wight Room

Wights (10): AC 5; MV 12"; HD 4 + 3; hp 18 each; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4; THAC0 15; AL LE; SA energy drain; SD hit only by magic or silver weapons, immune to mind-affecting spells, poisons, etc.

If the PCs somehow arrive here without causing the wights to leave this chamber earlier, then they are attacked as soon as the first PC enters the room. This is a dead-end chamber containing nothing noteworthy except a pile of corpses and bones in the southern part of the area. If one PC searches the area for six turns, he will discover 11-20 *arrows* +3 among the carnage. (Halve the searching time for each additional PC who helps, but the search will take one turn in any case.)

13. Spectre Den

Spectres (4): AC 2; MV 15"/30"; HD 7 + 3; hp 27 each; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8; THAC0 13; AL LE; SA energy drain; SD only hit by +1 or better weapon.

If the PCs arrive here without causing the spectres to leave the room earlier:

You see four prisoners lashed to the south wall. All appear starved and near death. Only one of the humans moves, and it is

only to look up at you. Upon doing so the man stares, as if in a dream, then looks excited for a moment. He croaks something unintelligible and motions to his bonds, licking his parched lips. He is apparently suffering from acute dehydration.

These figures are the spectres in semi-corporeal form, disguised (with garments) as humans. If one PC comes within 10 feet of one of the spectres, all of the monsters will abandon their disguises and rush to attack.

If the spectres have left the room, it contains nothing but a collection of tattered clothing strewn about the floor.

14. Chair Room

This room appears to be deserted, except for a large wooden chair in its center.

The chair is magical, a device created by



Xaene for entertainment but abandoned recently. If a person sits in it, an image of whatever that person is thinking about appears and performs (within limitations as described below). For instance, a dwarf (if desired) would appear and perform—speech, mannerisms, behavior—the way a dwarf is perceived by the person thinking about dwarves. A specific person or creature can be called up, so long as the viewer has either seen the person in question or has extensive knowledge of the person (as might be gained through research or through the use of *ESP* to read someone else's mind).

An image is semi-transparent and harmless, and can be communicated with (by gestures, verbally, if there is no language barrier). Its responses will often (half the time) be what the viewer imagines or expects (from his knowledge) them to be—but there is a 4 in 10 chance that a response or answer to a comment or question will be a lie, fabrication, or guess—some of them sounding ludicrous, others believable enough that they might be taken as true. There is also a 1 in 10 chance that the response or answer will contain at least some true information known by the “real” version of the image that had previously been unknown to the viewer.

Only creatures, characters, and things native to the Prime Material Plane can be called up by using this device. To summon an image, a character sits in the chair and concentrates upon the desired person or thing. The image appears after 1-3 rounds of steady concentration—sooner for characters of high intelligence, later for those of low intelligence. It can move around, but will never leave the room (or a 40-foot-diameter area centered on the chair, if the chair is moved from this room). Images that are larger than the containing area (such as a large dragon) appear in truncated form, with their heads always visible. The chair may be used once per day indefinitely; if it is used twice in a day (even to call the same image), it thereafter becomes inert for a week. (If a character gets up from the chair before an asked-for image forms, this counts as one use of the chair nevertheless.) The chair can be destroyed by inflicting 10 points of structural damage upon it.

15. Shadow Room

This large area appears to be empty. Characters insisting on more information concerning the room as they wait near the entrance, or as they proceed inward, should be told that it is unnaturally dark in the room.

Shadows (10): AC 7; MV 12"; HD 3 + 3; hp 17; #AT 1; Dmg 2-5; THAC0 16; AL CE; SA strength drain; SD hit only by +1 or better weapons, some spell immunity, 90% undetectable.

The shadows lurk above, and will drop upon unsuspecting victims. Too much noise made here (DM's discretion) will attract the displacer beasts from room 16. One shadow is this undead group's de facto leader, and it is intent upon leaving this dungeon since Xaene keeps them here against their will (he has threatened them with utter destruction if they try to leave). The leader shadow will first attempt to communicate with the party. A character with intelligence of 16 or higher or one using *comprehend languages* or similar magic will be able to understand the shadow. The creature knows the room Xaene resides in and of his secret *phase door* there. However, before giving out this information it will require cooperation from the PCs, in the form of a promise to help the shadows escape the dungeon. If the PCs and the shadows fail to communicate or if the leader shadow's deal is rejected, the undead creatures will attack immediately. The room contains nothing of value.

16. Displacer Beasts

As you approach the entrance, you see that this area is dimly lit by a partially open hooded lantern hanging by a chain in the center of the ceiling.

Displacer Beasts (4): AC 4; MV 15"; HD 6; hp 34; #AT 2; Dmg 2-8/2-8; THAC0 13; AL N; SD -2 on opponents' attack dice, save as 12th level fighter with +2 on die.

The beasts are up on ledges inside the cave, and leap down to attack. One is very intelligent and will surrender if its hit points are reduced to 5 or less. If conversed with, it reveals that a vampire is the leader of the caverns to the south (room 18). It also knows the way out at room 31, but refuses to tell the party members this unless it is directly threatened with death. If released, it proceeds to room 18 and warns the vampire there. If confronted by the party a second time elsewhere in the dungeon, it flees.

17. Nightmare Tapestry

You see a tapestry on black cloth, outlined with red trim and gold thread, fastened to the outside wall along this section of corridor. In the scene visible immediately to the east, white figures—skeletons, undead, cowed humans, etc.—dance and cavort in a scene representing utter degradation. One end of the 10-foot-high tapestry is a few feet away from you to the east, and another section of tapestry is visible in a corridor heading to the northeast. If both

pieces you see are ends of the same tapestry, the entire thing must be immensely long!

The *Tapestry of the Underworld* stretches about the walls of this circular area. Each pictured part represents an event in sequence building toward a climax. Unless the scenes are viewed in order beginning with the first section, nothing unnatural occurs; all adverse effects described below pertain only to someone who views the tapestries in numerical order.

First 10 feet, at the mouth of the corridor heading east: A large pit around which skeletal figures dance. They wield rusty scythe-like weapons. A viewer must attempt a 1d20 Intelligence Check or Wisdom Check (whichever ability score is greater). Success leaves the viewer free to do what he wants; failure indicates that the viewer is compelled to move on and examine the second section.

Second 10 feet: A vampire's head is seen dangling from a trident. Its teeth have been torn from it and a bloody stream rushes like a torrent from its mouth. If the viewer has just come from viewing the first section, he must make either a 1d20 Intelligence Check or Wisdom Check—this time with a -1 penalty—to keep from being driven to look at the third section.

Third 10 feet: A man is being forced by two red orcs through large iron portals beyond which can be seen a castle of bones. For a viewer who has just come from looking at the first and second sections in order, an Intelligence or Wisdom Check is again called for here, this time with a -2 penalty. (From now on, the penalty worsens by -1 for every subsequent scene viewed, until it reaches -6 at the seventh and final section.) If such a viewer is physically forced to stop viewing the tapestry at this point or any time hereafter, the viewer must make a system shock roll with a -25% penalty. Failure indicates one of the following results, based on the victim's constitution:

13 or less: Insanity for a number of turns equal to 40 minus constitution; negated only through the implementation of a *staff of curing* or similar magic.

14-16: Stunned for 40 turns minus constitution.

17-18: Blinded for 20 rounds minus constitution.

19+: Speechless for a number of rounds equal to the victim's constitution.

Fourth 10 feet: The viewer sees a scene looking out along a snaking road filled with suffering humans being whipped onward by manes.

Fifth 10 feet: The scene shows the gates of

the Bone Castle, open with throngs pressing against them and moving on into the depths of the seemingly uninhabited fortress.

Sixth 10 feet: The scene is from the point of view of someone standing before the throne of Nerull. A compelled viewer sees himself as being girded by mini-deaths (see the *Dungeon Masters Guide* under *Deck of Many Things, Skull*), showered in valuables, and praised as a servant of the mighty god of the underworld.

Seventh 10 feet: A compelled viewer sees himself bowing to Nerull. (To anyone else viewing it, the supplicant in the tapestry is an anonymous figure.) Any character who has failed all of his previous Intelligence or Wisdom Checks while viewing the tapestry has one final chance to make a successful check, this time with a -6 penalty. Failure causes the victim to lose 3 points from his prime ability score (strength for fighters, wisdom for clerics, etc.), but in no case will the loss drop the victim's score below the minimum requirement for the class.

18. Huge Chamber

You enter a chamber lit with strange dancing ceiling lights which conform to a mosaic some 100 feet across and 50 feet wide. This is located on the middle span of the chamber—or so you would guess. Nothing else is apparent at this moment.

The mosaic is decoration, but it has some special significance to the intelligent undead, for although they cannot fathom its function they are nonetheless soothed by it. On occasion, Xaene's undead minions will stop and look upon the ceiling on their way through this cavern (making themselves vulnerable to attacks from pursuers), although the skeletons in rooms 19 and 20 are not affected by it in the least. The ceiling here is 40 feet high.

Note the location of the central 10-foot-wide corridor which converges on this cavern from the north: Five feet west of this corridor's entry point and 30 feet up along the northern wall is a grotto 8 feet deep by 4 feet wide by 6 feet high. This is where the leader of the cavern forces (rooms 19, 20, 20A, 20B, 23, and 24) resides in his coffin. Nerlax the vampire is awake at most times; there is only a 15% chance that he is sleeping when PCs enter this chamber.

Nerlax the vampire: AC 1; MV 12"/18"; HD 8+3; hp 51; #AT 1; Dmg 5-10; THAC0 12; AL CE; SA energy drain, *charm*; SD assume gaseous form at will; regenerates 3 hp/round; half damage from electrical or cold attacks; not affected by mind-control spells, poison, etc.

If the cavern is invaded when Nerlax is

sleeping, he awakens, turns to bat form, and flies to 20A and 20B—this alerts the coffer corpses there; and when any of these creatures cross the imaginary line 80 feet north of their cul-de-sac area, the skeleton hordes at 19 and 20 react and move into the room, attacking intruders and cutting off possible retreat routes.

If Nerlax is not sleeping, he will assess the situation before taking action. If the PCs seem to represent no immediate threat or if they retreat quickly, he does nothing, or at the very least he stations some skeleton guards at the entryways. If an attack is forced, he looses the aforementioned creatures and waits himself for opportunities to attack, seeking likely targets—such as magic-users—whom he can spring upon from above.

Nerlax will not loose the otyughs at 23 and 24 unless all other forces (except for himself) are defeated, and he will do this only to cover his own retreat. He then alerts the swordwraiths at 25 (creature B or H first, and the others in turn, two per round thereafter, depending upon his retreat route), organizing these for his next line of defense.

Nerlax's coffin contains a secret panel near the left side just above the outside handle. If the handle is slid left, then pulled out, the panel will swing open, revealing a small compartment containing a piece of paper, a book, three potions, and a ring case, all set upon a small heap of jewelry. The six pieces of jewelry are gold with gems (roll for each); the case holds a *ring of shooting stars*; the potions are *undead control*, *extra-healing*, and (*fire*) *giant strength*. The book is hollow and contains a map showing a way out of the dungeon: the route from 18 through 22, along the southernmost corridor to 26 and then southward to 31 (but without revealing the existence of the side passages leading to 29 and 30). The piece of paper lists intended targets for the vampire's next raids (written by Xaene). Among the names listed are Narlond (the real one) and a patriarch of Pholtus, Emastuss Carcosa, who resides in Rauxes under another identity.

19. Skeleton Horde

There are 50 skeletons located here. See room 18 for other specifics regarding them. Their instructions are to attack intruders and/or to move to attack intruders once the wolfweres (20A and 20B) move into their line of sight to the west. They will also move upon Nerlax's direct orders to do so. They have nothing of value.

Skeletons (50): AC 7; MV 12"; HD 1; hp 4; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6; THAC0 19; AL N; SD immune to mind-affecting spells.

The northern corridor out of this area seems unused.

20. Skeleton Horde

Particulars are the same as for room 19, except that this alcove holds 70 skeletons instead of 50.

20A. Four Crates

You see four wooden crates with lids in place.

Each crate contains a wolfwere. If alerted by the vampire, or if a general assault is made upon the cavern (room 18), they rise from their containers and attack. They have no treasure.

Wolfweres (4): AC 3; MV 15"; HD 5 + 1; hp 22; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 2-12 plus 1-4 (dagger); THAC0 15; AL CE; SA singing brings on lethargy, as a *slow* spell; SD iron or +1 weapon to hit, MR 10%.

20B. Three Crates

Particulars are the same as for room 20A, except that only three wolfweres are sequestered here.

21. Gray Ooze #1

If the PCs are concentrating on examining the floor in front of them as they move, or if any PC in the front row of the marching order makes a successful 4d6 Intelligence Check, the party notices that the floor ahead for 15 or 20 feet seems wetter and shinier than normal—different, but not necessarily dangerous.

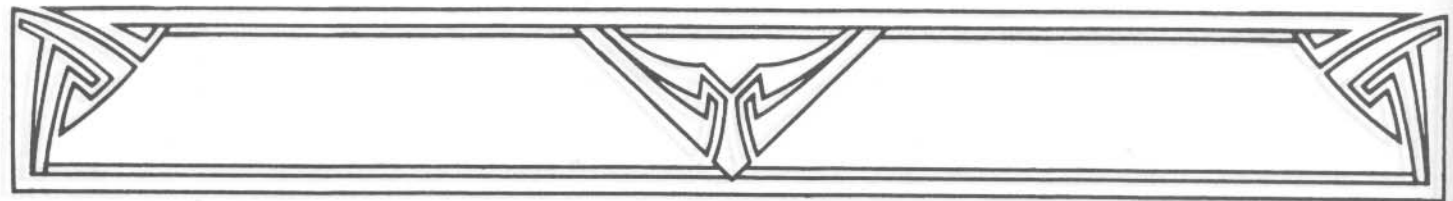
If the PCs hesitate before walking onto the shiny area, and if the lead character makes a 3d6 Intelligence Check, what lies ahead will be correctly identified as gray ooze. Otherwise, the party will assume that the area contains nothing but harmless slime and will walk right onto it.

The gray ooze was living here before Xaene arrived. He and his minions have avoided the stuff, and it doesn't have any interest in them, either.

Gray Ooze: AC 8; MV 1"; HD 3 + 3; hp 20; #AT 1; Dmg 2-16; THAC0 16; AL N; SA corrodes metal, weapons contacting it cause damage but thereafter corrode and break; SD impervious to spells, cold, and heat.

22. Gray Ooze #2

Same particulars as for room 21.



23. Foul-Smelling Chamber, West

The stench is almost overwhelming as you enter this circular chamber. Along the south wall is a huge pile of dirt and refuse. There is nothing moving in the room.

If the otyugh that inhabits this room is already killed or driven off when PCs enter, there is nothing of interest here. However, if the otyugh is yet alive and undiscovered, it is hiding in the ofal pile, and is aware that the PCs have entered its room. It has an alliance with Xaene, and has been instructed to follow the orders of Nerlax the vampire (room 18).

Otyugh: AC 3; MV 6"; HD 7; hp 42; #AT 3; Dmg 1-8/1-8/2-5; THAC0 13; AL N; SA 90% chance for bite to cause typhus.

The otyugh's initial concern is to stop intruders from traveling out the southern corridor (blocked by its body, if it is present). It is always hungry, however, and will move to attack intruders (food!) if they have not moved within its attack range by the second round after entering its room.

24. Foul-Smelling Chamber, East

Same particulars as for room 23, except that this otyugh has 37 hit points.

25. Swordwraiths

Two swordwraiths are located in each grotto/room (see the description of these creatures in *Greyhawk® Adventures*, pp. 31-32, but note change in damage per attack as explained below). These creatures will not move from their posts unless ordered hence by Xaene or Nerlax, or if the party remains in the corridor bordering their lairs for more than two rounds. In the latter case they move to attack intruders there, but do not pursue them beyond that point. There is one exception to the above—if a PC challenges a swordwraith, it will attack until destroyed, following the challenger anywhere as long as the target can be kept in sight.

Swordwraiths (2 per chamber, A-H): AC 3; MV 9"; HD 7; hp see below; #AT 3/2 round; Dmg see below; THAC0 10; AL LE; SA strength drain; SD only hit by +2 or better weapon.

If a PC takes one step inside one of the lairs:

You see a very small room. In the room's middle span is a small, raised area of rock about the size of a tree stump. Around this are standing two humanlike figures. They turn to look at you as you enter, and almost immediately they seize their weapons and in the common tongue shout, "Death to all! Fight, cowards, or die running!"

There is nothing of apparent interest in any of these rooms. Some contain scraps of books and parchments, all relating to battles won and lost, types of tactics and troops/weapons employed, and so forth. It will take two rounds of searching to determine that a room has nothing of great value within it.

These swordwraiths inflict damage according to how they are armed, and each pair has varying hit points as per the following table.

Room	HP	Dmg
A	36, 37	2-8 (bastard swords)
B	35, 35	2-7 (military picks, footman's)
C	37, 38	2-7 (footman's maces)
D	28, 30	1-6 (spears)
E	24, 26	2-5 (hammers)
F	25, 28	1-6 (shortswords)
G	27, 27	1-6 (glaiives)
H	30, 30	2-8 (guisarmes)

26. Pool of Water

You see a pool of shallow water that completely covers the corridor. It must be 10 feet wide by 30 feet long, and it blocks the southern passage.

This is a teardrop from Nerull, *enlarged* and made permanent by Xaene. Negative Plane creatures and true believers in the will of Nerull can walk through this pool unaffected. Otherwise, special measures are required to get from this chamber into the southern corridor safely. The pool may be crossed or circumvented by one or more PCs making use of any of the following forms of magic: *water walking*; *negative plane protection*; *wraithform*; *protection from evil* immediately followed by *bless*; *part water*; *transmute water to dust* (pool is allowed a saving throw vs. spells as a 12th level magic-user to avoid the harmful effects of this spell); *duo-dimension*; *vanish* (saving throw required, and note the limited area affected).

If some appropriate magic is not attempted or not successful and it looks as though one or more PCs might become trapped at the north edge of the pool, the highest-level magic-user in the party attempts a 1d20 Intelligence Check. If successful, he has a vision in which piles of treasure appear on the floor of the chamber at the bottom of the pool. This is a sign (which may or may not be interpreted correctly by the PCs) that anyone can get through the pool unharmed once by dumping all the money, gems, and jewelry (nonmagical) in his possession into the pool and then simply walking through the water into the dry southern corridor.

Any other attempts to cross this obstruc-

tion (including *teleport* and similar magic) result in those doing so being affected as described below. Saving throws vs. spells, at -4, are allowed to escape the effects.

Flying, climbing, levitating (etc.) across: Anyone failing his saving throws gets just over the edge of the pool before being pinned to the ceiling or wall by a water gusher for 3-18 points of damage, then flung back toward the northern shore.

Walking through: Leprous gray hands grab those doing so and attempt to hold them in place. The hands can be negated for 1-6 rounds—probably long enough for everyone to pass safely—by an effective *dispel magic* or *dispel evil* spell cast at the pool (the pool's magical level is 12). Each hand takes 6 hp of damage, has AC 5, and does not need to roll "to hit" in order to grasp a target with an effective strength of 20. If the grasp of a hand cannot be broken physically (by someone/something with higher strength) and the hand is not "killed" in the round when it appears, then it will be joined in the next round by another hand. If a character is held in place for one full turn, he begins to *sink* (as the eighth level magic-user spell). If this problem is not remedied within two rounds, the victim will be entombed in the pool. *Part water*, *lower water*, *transmute water to dust*, or some similar magic used within one day thereafter will free an imprisoned character. If the victim is not freed by then, his essence is transported to Nerull's domain in Tarterus.

Teleport or similar means: Those attempting this simply find the magic wasted—the spell lost from memory, or the item drained of an appropriate number of charges. If the item used is one that does not expend charges, there is a 50% chance that the item's magic is permanently dispelled (no saving throw).

27. Symbol Columns

Symbols of confusion are carved into these columns. However, those having made a sacrifice of treasure at the pool (room 26) are immune to the initial effects of these and may pass by if they shield their eyes. Characters missing their saving throws could flee back through the pool. Roll a fear check when fleeing characters reach the south side of the pool. A successful check means that they are unafraid and enter the pool, unmindful of what it will do to them. Xaene usually keeps these *symbols* covered during non-alert hours, but they will certainly be uncovered when intruders are about. Note that the bachs passing this way to communicate with Xaene know enough to fly high and close their eyes.

28. Four Corridors

You note converging corridors. You may proceed east, west or south. Your voices seem magnified here, and there are more echoes.

Characters looking upward with the assistance of light sources should be informed of the following:

There is a 10-foot-square hole which continues for some distance upward. You see something moving down toward you!

A roper lives in the area above the branching corridors, approximately 40 feet up and out of normal sighting range. It attacks anything that is not undead, and occasionally it'll mistakenly grab a bach, thinking it's a bat. It has grown mean because Xaene will not let it leave to hunt human flesh. It attacks insanely when aware of the presence of humans!

Roper: AC 0; MV 3"; HD 11; hp 67; #AT 1; Dmg 5-20; THAC0 10; AL CE; SA hits cause weakness; SD MR 80%, immune to lightning, cold does half or no damage.

The roper has collected nothing above, but it has a *ring of protection +3* in its gullet.

29. Treasury

You enter an area heaped with valuables; but before you can do or say anything a screeching batlike being with two heads flies from behind an urn straight at you!

Giant Bach: AC 4; MV 6" /21"; HD 7 + 12; hp 58; #AT 2; Dmg 1-6/1-6; THAC0 13; AL CE; SA bite causes paralysis; SD turned as a vampire, immune to *sleep* and *charm* and similar mind-affecting spells and powers.

This creature is a variation of the bach as described at room 5. Once the bach is dispatched, read the following passages to those noting the room's contents:

Located among heaps of gold and silver are three brass urns containing gems, four silver urns containing more silver, and five pewter urns containing copper.

There are 13,000 s.p. and 6,000 g.p. scattered about the room. The brass urns are worth 90 g.p. each and the gems (200 per urn) are base 5 g.p. zircons. The four silver urns are worth 500 g.p. each and their contents are actually platinum pieces (200 per urn), but do not tell the PCs this unless they examine the contents closely. The four pewter urns are worth 30 g.p. each, and their copper pieces

(100 per urn) are lighter colored than most—again, only inform the PCs of this if they take special time to examine the copper coinage. In fact, these pieces were minted during the earlier years of the Great Kingdom when copper and gold were combined to make a more standard gold coin. Each "copper piece" has a market value of 5 g.p. Certain sages, metallurgists, and coin collectors will pay from 6-10 g.p. per coin, however. (The party would have a good chance of unloading these coins at the following places in Raouxes: #23, Kendor's Jewelry; #24, Jakkur's Anything Shop; #32, Sages Guild; or #37, Opan's Pawn Shop.)

30. Wizard's Room

You see a large room replete with paraphernalia common to one given over to the pursuit and study of magic. But before you can advance farther than a few steps beyond the cave mouth, a man appears to materialize right out of the middle of a tall set of shelves. As he comes into better view, you see not a man but a strange two-headed undead being. In his left hand he holds a scythe topped by a red skull. His eyes turn to meet yours; and at once the right head cackles while the left's mouth and teeth move.

This is Xaene the two-headed lich, the entity that the PCs should wish to capture or kill. Xaene will act as though he is fighting to the death, but if he comes to think that victory is impossible, he will flee. He is in most regards a lich as described in the *Monster Manual*, except for a few differences including these three important ones: 1) he does not cause *fear*; 2) his hands do not cause paralyzation upon touch (but see below); and 3) he has two heads.

Xaene's left hand acts as that of a mummy (Dmg 1-12, save vs. poison or contract rotting disease), and the right one causes an energy drain of 1 level upon a successful hit. If both hands hit the same character in the same round, the victim is instantly rendered unconscious and infected with a rotting disease that will kill him within 3-5 rounds unless *cure disease* or similar magic is used.

Xaene, once ousted from the court wizard position he had coveted for such a long time, took to studying necromancy, an art he had become efficient in while creating Ivid's various servants. While raiding graveyards and tombs he came upon the artifact described in room 17 above, as well as those detailed in room 11. All three artifacts are aligned to Nerull, especially the Tapestry of Nightmares. In unraveling the tapestry's secret, Xaene was converted to neutral evil (from

chaotic evil) and was transformed into a lich. However, his mind, strong as it was, could not stand (or fathom) the change; and his will persisted to such a stubborn degree that Nerull actually cursed Xaene, saying, "You have two minds—so have two heads to go with them!"

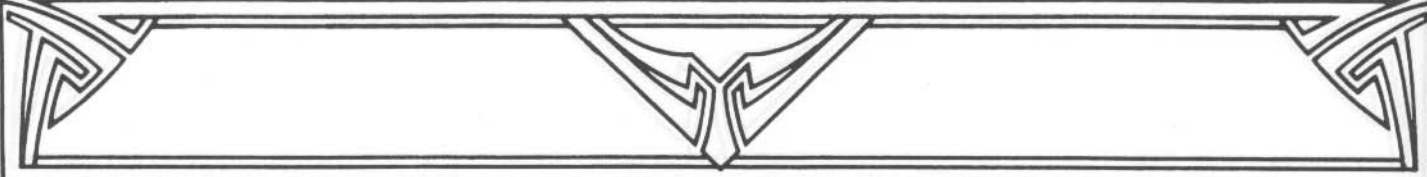
The heads are equally divided in their philosophies: the left is pure neutral while the right is pure evil. Some day Xaene hopes he will remove Nerull's curse and return to a one-headed, neutral evil individual. But until then, each mind will perceive things, and thus react to things, differently. The neutral head is more calculating and organized—thus its recourse to a spell upon sighting the party. The evil side is intent upon destruction and is not overly guided in thought, so it gloated for a time after sighting the party (and thus lost Xaene's chance for automatic surprise), but is more destructive in its application of power.

Follow the guidelines below for determining what each head (mind) attempts in a given turn. Note that only one mind can successfully implement an action or spell at one time, and there is an equal chance for either one to gain the initiative and thus utilize the energy/time available to it during these periods—the other mind is temporarily "shut out" for a time equal to what it takes the other to achieve the initial result. Contemplation then begins anew and the struggle between the two mind-sets starts over. This "struggle" in no way slows Xaene's physical reactions, for the minds, although contesting with each other in thoughts and actions, have adjusted to sharing the body and its processes.

Neutral (left side): There is order here. It attempts to achieve maximum results with little damage to it or its goals. Suicide is not possible; surrender is. Living to fight another day is always a consideration.

Evil (right side): This side has no guiding force except the destruction or subjugation of anything non-evil. It will choose to use offensive spells and attacks in virtually any situation (99% chance)—even if (for instance) a victim is attempting to surrender. Loss of its own life—or those of its allies—is not considered in its decision-making. Victory at any cost should be considered its only "rational" credo.

Xaene the Accursed (lich): AC 0; MV 12"; HD 16; hp 96; #AT 1 (scythe) or 2 (hands; see above); Dmg 6-13 (scythe); Str 10, Int 17, Wis 12, Dex 14, Con 11, Cha -2; THAC0 7; AL see above; SA spells, disease; SD affected only by magical attack forms or 6+ HD monsters/characters; not affected by *charm*, *sleep*, *enfeeblement*, *polymorph*, cold, electricity (lightning), insanity, and/or death spells or powers. Items carried: *scythe +5*, *ring of mammal control*, *Zagyg's spell component case* (the components located therein are



worth 12,000 g.p.), *Heward's handy haversack* containing three *potions of undead control* (vampires, ghouls, wraiths), a map and notes indicating diseased portions of the land (see "Concluding the Adventure" below), and his spell books.

The contents of Xaene's spell books are as given below (DM's discretion as to which ones are currently in memory).

1st level (11): *affect normal fires, charm person, comprehend languages, find familiar, grease, identify, magic missile, read magic, write*

2nd level (10): *continual light, darkness 15' radius, ESP, invisibility, levitate, Melf's acid arrow, shatter, vocalize, web*

3rd level (9): *clairvoyance, dispel magic, explosive runes, flame arrow, hold person, material, Melf's minute meteor, phantasmal force, wind wall*

4th level (8): *dimension door, fear, fire shield, ice storm, magic mirror, polymorph other, wall of ice, wizard eye*

5th level (8): *animate dead, conjure elemental, dismissal, dolor, hold monster, sending, teleport, wall of force*

6th level (8): *Bigby's forceful hand, control weather, enchant an item, glasse, globe of invulnerability, guards and wards, legend lore, repulsion*

7th level (8): *banishment, Drawmij's instant summons, limited wish, mass invisibility, phase door, reverse gravity, torment, vanish*

8th level (8): *Bigby's clenched fist, binding, glassteel, incendiary cloud, mind blank, permanency, polymorph any object, symbol*

When and if Xaene is defeated, the party can examine the sparse contents of the room. Located on the west wall, center, is the book-

shelf that Xaene seemingly came out of. In reality, there is a *phase door* spell upon the shelf in its middle span; and Xaene was, at the time the party entered, returning from the 10-foot-square area beyond it. The shelf contains various minor treatises from a time before Xaene became afflicted by Nerull's curse. These papers and books are practically worthless, but even so are the most valuable items in the room—in sum, there is nothing of interest in this chamber. Resting and eating places, and the usual utensils associated with these, are not here for obvious reasons. All valuables that Xaene owns, except those in his spell pouch and on his person, are located in room 29.

Concluding the Adventure

The map and notes in Xaene's *haversack* should be read by the party. Have a scrap of paper with notes on it fall out of the *haversack* when this is handled, but only if it seems likely that the characters will not open it and examine the contents.

If the PCs do not kill Xaene or manage to gain possession of the *haversack*, then a brief examination of the shelves in room 30 will yield a map and some accompanying notes that serve the same purpose.

After the PCs read the notes and study the map, there are two possible conclusions to be drawn, depending on the desired ending.

If this adventure is played as part of the overall campaign, then the PCs discover vague hints about more people associated with the plague. They also find out that Xaene, even though he was close to discovering the identity of the actual mastermind, is missing a piece to the puzzle that might be found in the city of Chendl, in Furyondy. If the

party fails to kill Xaene, all magic-users in the Flanaess lose 1 point of constitution at the moment that the PCs exit the dungeon.

If the adventure is played as a one-time scenario, then the PCs can succeed by obtaining the notes on the disease, whether or not Xaene is defeated. The notes describe a simple but unusual remedy for the plague: bring a pot of water to a boil, then bend over it and breathe the steam for five rounds. The heat kills the bacteria causing the infection; however (and the notes don't reveal this), anyone who takes the treatment suffers 1 point of damage per round from the scalding steam unless the skin of his face is covered. By bringing the cure to the attention of Rauxes city officials, the PCs will be hailed as heroes, with all the benefits and gifts that such lofty status warrants.

31. Tunnel Sloping Up

You notice that the tunnel ahead of you slants gradually upward, continuing as far as the light-assisted eye can see.

If this tunnel is followed for about two miles, it exits at ground level in a small swamp south of Rauxes.

After you travel approximately a mile, the corridor becomes wet, and mud can be noted ahead. As you slog along you become knee-deep in the stuff, but through persistence you find your way into the fresh air of the outdoors—a fen surrounded by dying trees. Ah—fresh swamp air! A treat, compared to Xaene's dungeons and Barley's sewers.

Chendl

Chendl stands alone in the Flanaess as the only truly planned city. In days of old there was another city named Chendl nearby (in fact, near where Crockport now stands). But in the year 927 O.R., several decades after Furyondy as such was formed, the king (then Thrommel III) decided he needed a new capital. Thus, a new Chendl was built: a beautiful, wealthy, clean, and peaceful city, a city of wide canals and graceful temples. Its boundaries were laid out with compass and straightedge, its streets with transit and theodolite. It took five years for the city to progress from plans to reality, and thereafter it has remained unchanging . . . perfect.

A consequence of being a planned city is that Chendl is built to hold a set population (15,750, to be exact; its current population of 15,600 is close enough to the optimum that new permanent residents are not actively solicited at the present time). Immigration and emigration are carefully monitored. If there's space in the city, anyone who can prove "verifiable worth"—capital to start a business, skills needed by the city, etc.—can become a Citizen. (Note the capital letter to designate the individual's acceptance by the city administration). As the population approaches the optimum (which is the case at present), Citizenship requirements become more stringent; the converse is also true, of course. (The death rate is almost exactly matched by the birth rate, so this doesn't come into the calculation).

The nature of the city has another consequence: there are no slums, no areas housing exclusively poor people. There are taverns and rooming houses, of course, capable of handling a transient population of almost one thousand. Visitors don't have to show "verifiable worth"; anyone is welcome as a visitor (as long as he can pay for lodging, which is generally expensive). There are usually few adventurers in the city (it's so well organized as to prove boring). Although not expressly forbidden, the public display of weapons and armor is seriously frowned upon.

The city is absolutely beautiful, as none can deny. Its streets are wide and clean, lit at night by suspended globes on which *continual light* has been cast. Its buildings are of stone, as opposed to the wood typical of other cities, with graceful arches, buttresses and colonnades. Its canals—on which Citizens often cruise in flat-bottomed punts—boast floating pleasure gardens, or just reflect the magnificence of the architecture. The overall effect proved sufficient to prompt the bard Diambeth to state, "The City of Greyhawk may claim to be the Gem of the Flanaess, but I

name Chendl to be the Diadem."

The entire city is surrounded by a high wall which is guarded round the clock by the city police reinforced by troops of the King's Light Infantry. The area surrounding the palace itself—the Inner City—is ringed by another wall, much smaller and less well guarded. The Inner City is the preserve of the royal family and of the nobility—those born into the Seven Families, the major families that effectively run the city. Although the guards at the gates to the Inner City don't bar the entry of "commoners," still the segregation is as effective as if they did. In Chendl, social custom frequently has the force of law, and it is custom that only the nobility may freely enter the Inner City.

At the core of the Inner City stands the palace, a majestic building of gold-veined white marble. Even in a city of magnificence, the palace stands out as extraordinary. Among other attractions, it boasts a huge dome of *glassteel* covering a garden of exotic plants and birds (even several baneful varieties are on display . . . safely roped off, of course). Anywhere else, the gleaming dome would be the centerpiece of the city; in Chendl it's overshadowed—quite literally—by something else.

This something else is the king's floating garden—not like the ones that float in the canals; this one floats in the air. Held several hundred feet above the ground by powerful magic, it's a private retreat for the king and his closest friends. Access is by two bridges—delicate white arches—the feet of which are guarded by the king's own House Regiment (a detachment of four for each bridge). When the sun has sunk beneath the horizon, for some time its rays still shine on the king's garden, making it glow with a golden light. The lower portions of the bridges are already in shadow, so it's very easy to pretend that the garden has no connection with the ground at all. At the highest point of the floating garden is a flagpole, atop which flies the king's personal standard when he is in residence.

House Regiment officer—6th level fighter: AC 4 (banded mail); MV 9"; HD 6; hp 6-60; #AT 1; Dmg 1-10 (halberd) or 2-9 (*longsword* +1); THAC0 16; AL LG.

Although not as sumptuous as the Inner City, the rest of Chendl is still impressive compared to other cities in the Flanaess. The streets are clean and lighted, the city police are polite and efficient, violent crime is kept to a bare minimum, and there are none of the hideously poor found in most other cities. There are good inns and taverns, ranging from average quality (prices and goods/services) on up. The Wyrms is the best inn in town, and Sutter's is a top-quality restaurant, tavern, and gaming house. Of slightly lower

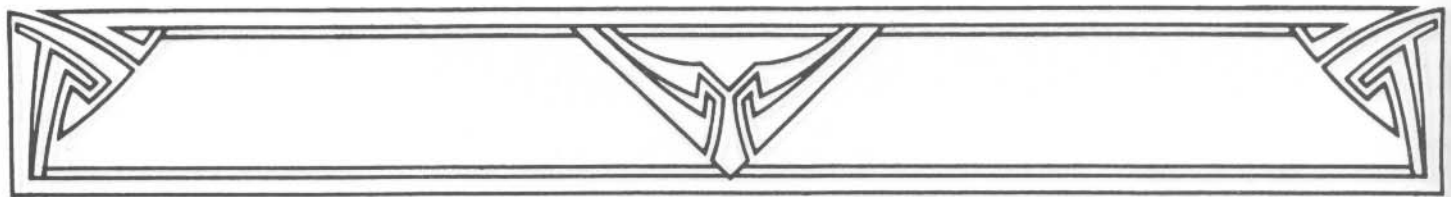
status is Weatherhaven Inn, and below that (but still better than average-quality places in most other cities) are the King's Arms Tavern and the Heroes' Rest Inn.

A central facet of city life is gambling, and there are many casinos and gaming houses both in the Inner City and in "Greater Chendl." Policed by the government, all are safe and (relatively) honest. Government regulations forbid high-stakes gambling except in the Inner City (table limits are usually in the 1-10 g.p. range; in the Inner City, the sky's the limit). Because of this, there are several illicit gambling clubs outside that cater to high rollers who aren't nobility. In these—it's an open secret that they're run by the Thieves' and Assassins' Guilds—the house percentage is considerably higher and the games themselves are sometimes rigged.

The king, Belvor IV (a 14th level paladin), His Pious Majesty, King of Furyondy, is in his mid-30s—younger than most of his advisors, chamberlains and generals, which is an embarrassment to some—and has the verve and energy of someone a decade younger. He revels in the joys of the hunt (with falcon and with bow), in jousting, and in other vigorous activities. Because the populace follows the lead of the king in many things, the nobility, too, dedicates much time to such pastimes.

The alignment of the city is strongly lawful good, with some of the Knights of Furyondy holding paladin status (like the king). It is a caste-bound society, with the Seven Families at the pinnacle, followed by "semi-nobles" (families with some noble blood through marriage), then the merchant and guild classes (including the Mages' Guild, etc.), artisans, and finally laborers. The higher-ranking merchants very occasionally diffuse into the lower nobility through marriage. High arts are common among the nobility, with music and the visual arts reaching pinnacles of brilliance. Nobility is generally considered a hereditary thing: if you aren't born into the appropriate family, or haven't married into it, you just aren't part of the aristocracy. Exceptions are sometimes made for foreigners: hereditary nobility from other cities and countries is recognized, and acceptance is sometimes granted—albeit grudgingly—for certain visiting heroes whose achievements live in song and story. Unless the PCs qualify (or can convince people that they qualify), they might find the wonders of the Inner City off limits.

The city is very law-abiding, and is patrolled by a well-trained police force. A typical patrol consists of five privates and one sergeant accompanied by a 2nd level magic-user (see "At the King's Right Hand," *Adventure #8*, for statistics). In the Inner City—particularly around the palace—the House Regiment shares some of the police duties. A House



Regiment patrol will consist of three soldiers (statistics as given above).

Somewhat surprisingly—considering the overall ethos of the city—duels are still used to settle disagreements. In Chendl society, courtesy and politeness are codified, and have the strength of law. There are certain situations where one is required to challenge a transgressor to a duel. Duels take place on the Field of Honor, a large open area near the wall to the Inner City.

For lesser duels, each duelist has a second, and usually some independent party acts as referee; enforcement of rules and honor is left to the participants. For duels among nobles, however, behavior is strictly prescribed: seconds must be unarmed, magic is outlawed, interference from the sidelines is punishable by death, etc., etc. Duels among the nobility

often attract large crowds. Detachments of police and of the House Regiment are frequently present to ensure the peace. The referee for such duels is always another noble, usually one of higher rank—and power, whether physical or magical—than the combatants. Among the nobles, duels to the death aren't as serious, as most can afford immediate resurrection (there are some nobles who've lost several duels); among the lower classes, they're deadly serious.

Like any city, Chendl has its Thieves Guild; however, the guild reflects the organized outlook of the city. Instead of a pack of wild cut-purses, the guild is an organization of conservative businessmen; mugging travelers, sticking up stores, and kidnapping merchants are all bad for business. This doesn't mean the city is completely safe, of course:

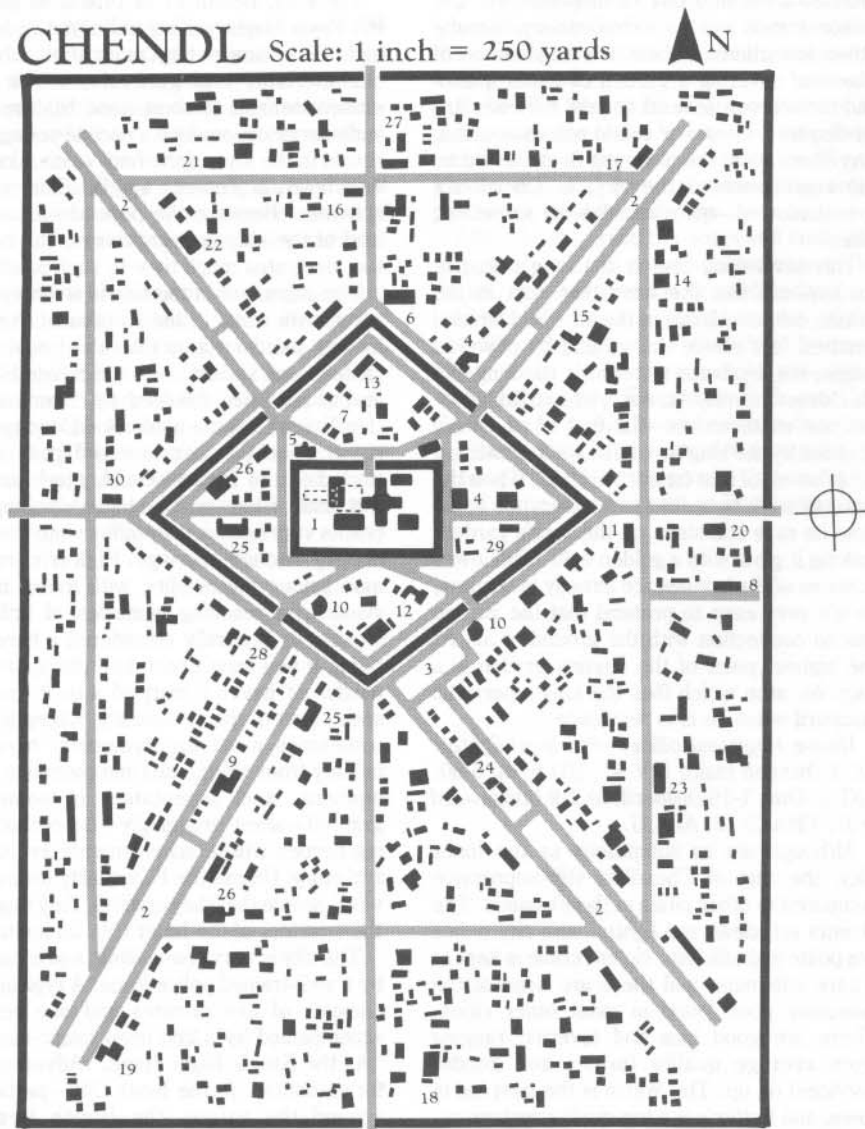
violence is another tool of doing business, and every tool has its uses.

Unlike such cities as Wintershaven, Chendl is religiously very tolerant. Temples dedicated to most of the non-evil deities can be found somewhere in the city, and all are treated with respect by the city administration. Some faiths have two temples, one in the Inner City, one elsewhere. Others have only one, outside the Inner City. Worshipers of almost any deity can profess their faith in public, confident of living through the experience unlynched. There is a small evil subculture, and services dedicated to certain evil deities are conducted under conditions of deepest secrecy.

The king worships the god Heironeous the Invincible, so it's only logical that his temples be the largest and most ornate (the one inside the Inner City is part of the palace complex, and is most spectacular).

For encounters within the city, use the City/Town Encounters Matrix on page 191 of the *Dungeon Masters Guide*. The DM should keep in mind the characteristics of the city, and should feel free to modify these encounters to better suit the nature of Chendl.

CHENDL Scale: 1 inch = 250 yards



Map Key

1. Palace complex, with arboretum, temple to Heironeous, and floating garden (dotted lines)
2. Canals
3. Field of Honor
4. City police guardhouse
5. House Regiment barracks
6. The Wurm (inn)
7. City administration and executive office complex
8. Torc's house (on Windward Avenue)
9. Temple to Istus
10. Temples to Heironeous
11. King's Light Infantry barracks
12. Golden Wheel Casino
13. Ki-Rin Gaming House
14. House of Chance Casino
15. Bella's Casino
16. Mages' Guildhall
17. Smiths' Guildhall
18. Teamsters' Guildhall
19. Four Brothers warehouse and offices (home of Thieves Guild)
20. Temples to St. Cuthbert
21. Temple to Pholtus
22. Temple to Kord
23. Temple to Pelor
24. Temple to Rao
25. Temples to Allitur
26. Temples to Delleb
27. Weatherhaven Inn
28. King's Arms Tavern
29. Sutter's (restaurant, tavern, and gaming house)
30. Heroes' Rest Inn

AT THE KING'S RIGHT HAND

This adventure is designed for four to six characters, each of 10th to 12th level. A paladin character will be helpful, although not strictly necessary. At least one member of the party should have a magic weapon of +2 or greater enchantment.

DM's Introduction

By the time the PCs reach Chendl, the plague has already gained a significant foothold. The first recorded case occurred some four weeks before the PCs' arrival, and already more than 10% of the population are feeling its effects. There've been remarkably few deaths (so far)—mainly due to the efficiency of the city's "medical" services. As soon as the seriousness of the disease became known, the City Administration set up free clinics throughout the city. At these clinics, patients are kept in quarantine in an attempt to halt the spread of the disease. They're kept warm and well fed, with apothecaries and clerics to help in any way possible.

Although they can't cure the disease, at least the clinics can prevent patients from dying from related causes (dehydration, exposure, etc.). The clinics in the Inner City are considerably more luxurious than the rest, but all represent an honest attempt to stop the epidemic.

Despite everything the clinics are doing, the plague is continuing to spread. If the level of infection reaches 15%, the clinics will be totally overwhelmed, and the system will break down.

Entering the City

As with Elredd ("Diambeth's Delving," Adventure #4), the city administration of Chendl has realized that it is a good idea to screen visitors who want to enter the city. When the PCs arrive, they find each city gate shut and guarded by a detachment of city police—six privates and a sergeant—accompanied by a magic-user who is in the city's employ.

Private—1st level fighter: AC 6 (scale mail); MV 9"; HD 1; hp 1-10; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8 (longsword) or 1-6 (spear); THACO 20; AL LG.

Sergeant—3rd level fighter: AC 6 (scale mail); MV 9"; HD 3; hp 22; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8 (longsword) or 1-6 (spear); THACO 18; AL LG.

Magic-user—2nd level: AC 10; MV 12"; HD 2; hp 5; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4 (dagger); THACO 20; AL LG. Spells carried: *friends*, *sleep*.

These police have the duty of examining any visitors to the city for signs of the plague. If the PCs are all free of obvious symptoms (red edemas, etc.), the police open a small postern gate and allow them in. If symptoms

are visible, however, the police politely but firmly instruct the PCs to leave immediately. Should the PCs decide to attack the police detachment, they'll immediately be engaged by an additional 20 police privates (variously armed with spears, longswords, and short-bows) and another magic-user—this one 5th level with 13 hit points and carrying *magic missile* (x2), *sleep* (x2), *web* (x2), and *fireball*. These new adversaries appear on the battlements over the gate. The main gate and postern gate are both locked, and will only be opened if the correct password is given (the police detachment outside knows the password, of course). Inside the gate is another detachment of 20 privates and four sergeants, statistics as above.

The gate and wall guards have an important duty—protecting the city from further infection—and they take it very seriously. None will consider a bribe, and the arrangement is such that anyone who doesn't pass inspection will find it very difficult to enter the city.

Unlike those of poorer and less organized cities, Chendl's streets aren't filled with hawkers selling quack nostrums. Everyone in town knows that the clinics are doing everything that can be done for the victims, so there's no market for expensive patent medicines. At each corner, a posted notice announces the location of the nearest clinic, and advises anyone who suffers from any of the disease's symptoms to seek treatment immediately.

Arlina Again

When the PCs enter the city, one of the first people they meet is Arlina (see *The Mirrors of Fate* section of this book). She's glad to see them, and eagerly drags them off the street into a tea house, tavern, or somewhere else where they can speak privately. She has a tale of great import to tell them. . . .

"When you met me in Wintershiven," Arlina says, "I was suffering from the plague. Soon after you left, my fever grew, and I fell deathly ill. Drifting in and out of delirium, I dreamt that I was walking in a fine garden with the Lady of Our Fate, the goddess Istus herself. As we walked, Istus plucked a blossom from a tree and gave it to me. Somehow, as she gave me the bloom, I realized we were in the city of Chendl. Also in the garden was the young king of Furyondy. He strolled with a friend, a friend as dark of hair and eye as the king is bright. The two young men talked and laughed as companions, free of care. But, as I watched, the dark man changed. His skin turned the color of rusted iron, and wings burst through his jerkin. Unconcerned, the king walked on, laughing, as the wings spread over him, casting dark shadows on his golden head.

"Then I awoke." Arlina sighs. "Of course, at first I thought it just a dream, a product of my fevered imagination. But then I realized I had something clutched in my hand." She holds out toward you a crushed blossom—unfamiliar in form, and of surpassing beauty.

"My fever was gone," Arlina continues. "I was free of the disease. I realized then that the dream had been a true vision.

"There was more to the vision than the surface events I told you," she goes on. "I felt things—great evil, a malevolent intelligence, and a gloating amusement—that are not of this plane. I also felt some connection, I know not what, with the plague. I fear fell things are afoot.

"I hurried to Chendl. As I reached the gate, I saw a scene that could have been from the vision. The young king was returning from a hunting trip with some of his companions. Riding knee to knee with him was the dark man I saw in my dream.

"His name is Torc, this young companion of the king—I found that from talking to citizens—and he arrived in town some four weeks ago. That was the day before the first case of the plague was found."

Arlina leans forward earnestly. "I fear for the king," she tells you. "I fear for Furyondy, and I fear for the balance. Since I arrived in Chendl, your faces have come to me in visions. You helped me once before. Will you help me again?"

Arlina's fears aren't exactly clear, even to herself, but they concern Torc. If her visions are to be believed, he's not of this plane. There's no doubt that he has somehow worked his way into a position of trust, a position where he can perhaps influence the king. She begs the PCs to discover Torc's true nature, and to remove him as a potential threat to the balance of good and evil. She has no concrete suggestions as to how to go about this, but doubts that the PCs can succeed without killing Torc.

If the PCs seem unwilling to help, she repeats that the plague sprung up immediately after the arrival of Torc. Maybe the sickness is part of Torc's evil plans, and would end if he were vanquished. She will certainly concentrate her persuasive abilities on any paladin among the PCs, stressing the vital importance of ridding the world of a powerful evil influence.

If the PCs categorically refuse to take on the task, they've failed the Test of the Paladins. At the instant when it becomes apparent that they won't change their minds, all paladins in the Flanaess lose 1 point of constitution. Simultaneously, Arlina vanishes, along with all her possessions. (Istus and Morgorath have no further use for the "Arlina" character.)

If they accept the mission, Arlina tells that PCs that she'll be in town for several days, but will be spending that time sequestered in the temple to Istus. But, even though she won't be able to accompany the PCs, her thoughts and prayers will be with them. . . .

The motives of Istus and Morgorath are almost exactly as Arlina stated. Furyondy and the Shield Lands are strong allies opposing the Horned Society, and balancing the latter's power. Should Furyondy—or at least, its king—be somehow turned to evil, then the alliance will obviously end. Without the aid of Furyondy, the Shield Lands will eventually fall, seriously unsettling the good-evil balance in the region. Istus is interested in maintaining this balance, and sees Torc's influence on the king as a serious threat to it.

Research

The PCs may decide to tell the king or his ministers what Arlina has told them, and leave it at that. They should quickly learn that this isn't the way to go. For one thing, access to the king—or to anyone of high rank—is very difficult to come by, particularly for scruffy travelers. For another, the story sounds like complete bunk: a paranoid delusion or some kind of scam. Nobody will believe the PCs. Should they try to press the point, the police will be called to take the "paranoids" away for treatment.

Keeping this in mind, the PCs should probably begin by doing some research on Torc. The most obvious way is for them to chat with people in bars, on the streets, and so forth.

As a new boon companion to the king, Torc is quite well known around the city. Almost everyone in Chendl, apart from some newcomers, will know his name and something about his history. Nobody will know everything there is to know, however, and getting the full story will take a number of "interviews." (This is a great opportunity for the DM to role-play all the citizens and transients whom the PCs try to talk to.) Most citizens of Chendl are polite, and will at least spare the PCs a few moments. Like anywhere else, however, there'll be some whose tongues can only be loosened by the application of ale or coin.

The following is the story that the PCs will eventually be able to piece together:

Torc was born in Chendl some thirty years ago to a family of middle-class merchants. Then, as now, Chendl was a very caste-bound society: to reach the highest levels of achievement in any field, one must be noble-born. Although Torc's potential was obvious to everyone, he was doomed to a life of mediocrity . . . if he stayed in Chendl. As soon as the young Torc realized this, he left home to make his own way in the world.

He found success in the Shield Lands, where he earned his spurs through brilliance in battle and single combat, and was invested as a Knight of the Shield. After several years in the service of Holmer, Knight Commander of the Shield Lands, he decided to return to the land of his birth. He arrived in Furyondy just in time to aid a hunting party that had been ambushed by hobgoblin raiders. Torc distinguished himself in the fight, defeating the hobgoblin chieftain in single combat, and saving the beleaguered hunting party . . . which just happened to include His Pious Majesty, Belvor IV.

Torc was welcomed back into his own city with great pomp and ceremony. As a Knight of the Shield, and as a bonafide hero, class status is no longer an issue for him. Torc was granted full citizenship, and all the rights of the Inner City. At first Torc stayed in an inn (The Wyrms, near the north gate to the Inner City), but the king would have none of that: a hero must stay in the palace.

Over the next weeks, the king and Torc spent much time together: riding, hunting, and just talking. It was obvious that both had found a kindred spirit in the other, and a strong bond of friendship grew between them. Now the two are almost inseparable.

Most citizens do not dislike Torc or suspect him of any evil motives. With his dark good looks and dashing figure, he looks a fitting companion for their king. Many among the Seven Families are aiming their unmarried daughters toward Torc, but with little success—although he's always polite and good company, he seems to have little or no interest in girls (or boys either, for that matter). The speculation is that celibacy was one of the oaths he took when he became a Knight of the Shield. There are some who disapprove of the influence Torc has over the king—the same ones who disapprove of Belvor's youthful nature—but these are greatly in the minority.

Not everything is sweetness and light with Torc, however. He's easily irritated, and has already slain four noblemen who rubbed him the wrong way. According to the laws and customs of the city, he was perfectly within his rights in all four cases to challenge and then dispatch them on the field of honor, but few others would have been so picky as to demand death for such trifling slights. The king still supports Torc, however, and will hear nothing bad spoken about him.

These are the facts that the PCs will be able to glean from conversation. Of course, there are some unsubstantiated rumors and out-and-out exaggerations that will get mixed in with the truth. Thus the PCs will have to assess what they hear quite carefully. Some of these distortions are:

1. Torc is actually related to Belvor IV. He was the black sheep of the family, but the obvious reconciliation between them means that Torc will be considered for the succession if Belvor should die.

2. Torc is a paladin as well as a knight, and wields a *Holy Avenger sword*.

3. Torc is not the man's real name. He's actually an important noble from another land who's disguising his true identity for some reason.

4. As well as being a warrior, Torc is a magic-user of great power.

5. Torc's numerous duels are actually at the instigation of the king. Belvor is using Torc as an instrument to rid him of people he doesn't like.

6. Torc is being forced into his duels by people who are jealous of his position at Belvor's right hand. Torc doesn't want to fight, and hates the necessity of the challenge.

There are a couple of very valuable pieces of information that the PCs shouldn't get immediately; the DM should save these for the appropriate moments. First, when Torc arrived in town, he rented a room at The Wyrms. He paid for this room for a month in advance before he knew he would be invited to stay at the palace. The room is still held for him in case he should return, and will be held until the advance payment runs out three days after the PCs' arrival. Second, the house in which Torc was supposedly born is still standing. It's a small dwelling on Windward Avenue in the merchants quarter.

The PCs will probably want to follow up one or both of these leads.

Masquerade

There is considerably more to Torc than meets the eye. As Arlina stated, he's not of this plane. In fact, Torc (not his true name, of course) in real form is a huge ancient red dragon bound into the service of the evil deity Nerull, bestowed with some special powers, and *polymorphed* into human form. The real Torc is dead, and the dragon has assumed his identity.

Nerull brought the dragon forth from Tarterus to the Prime Material Plane and assigned it/him the goal of ingratiating himself with the king and bending the monarch slowly toward evil. "Torc" is required to accomplish this goal without using any magic on the king himself (the better to avoid suspicion and detection). Although the dragon can assume its real form any time it desires, it is ordered not to reveal itself in this way unless its life is in danger—which would also indicate that it had failed in its mission.

Since there is no rigid schedule for completion of his mission, Nerull and Torc (the dragon's real name is Nex, meaning "violent

death") have spent a lot of time in preparation. The deity looked around for an appropriate victim to use for the masquerade. The young Torc was perfect: a disaffected youth leaving home alone for high adventure. The young man found adventure, all right—in the form of the red dragon. Nex slew him immediately and was then *polymorphed* by Nerull into the young man's form.

Over the next years, Torc/Nex fought in the armies of the Shield Lands. Because of his great strength—and discreet use of magic—he proved totally invincible in combat. Soon he came to the notice of his commanding officers, and was rewarded with a knighthood (the ultimate irony).

The last step in the preparation took the longest: finding a way to defeat the paladinking's innate *detect evil* and *protection from evil* abilities. He finally found the solution, in the person of a wandering mage from the City of Greyhawk, an expert on magics related to alignment. He tormented the poor wizard into creating for him an *amulet of neutrality* that "shielded" his evil nature and made him seem

neutral to all dweomers. (Thus, *know alignment*, etc., will show Torc to be lawful neutral, and *protection from evil* and equivalent spells won't keep him away.) The amulet isn't all-powerful; for instance, it takes a great effort of will for Torc to be able to touch the king, but he can do it.

When it was time, Torc prepared to return to Chendl. It was, of course, Torc himself who terrorized the hobgoblins into ambushing the king's hunting party, giving Torc the opportunity for his grand entrance. (The fact that he rewarded the hobgoblins for their help by slaying them all doesn't bother him, of course.)

Torc: AC -3; MV 6"/15" (12" in human form); HD 13; hp 67; #AT 2; Dmg 5-8/7-12 or by weapon (+6 strength bonus); THAC0 6; AL LE; SA magic use; SD only hit by +2 or better weapon.

In human form, Torc does not have access to most of the general abilities of a red dragon (no flying, no breath weapon), but he does have other abilities bestowed upon him by Nerull. Torc's spell-like abilities include *charm*

person, *suggestion*, *illusion*, *infravision*, *teleportation* (no error), *know alignment*, *pyrotechnics*, *detect magic*, *detect invisible*, *hold person*, and *fear* (20' radius). Once per day he can use a *symbol of pain*. He regenerates 2 hit points of damage per round. In human form, Torc prefers to use a two-handed sword (if he is challenged to a duel, this weapon would be his first choice). His strength is 18/00, giving him a bonus of +3 "to hit" and +6 on damage. He never wears armor. He always wears his *amulet of neutrality* (see above) around his neck, whether in human or dragon form.

The Wyrn

The Wyrn is a top-quality inn near the walls of the Inner City. Its bar and dining room are tastefully appointed, and the rooms to be rented upstairs are quite luxurious. The sign out front depicts a serpentine gold dragon.

The clerk at the desk is all politeness . . . until and unless he realizes that the PCs aren't interested in renting a room. Then he becomes cold and officious. He will admit that Torc has a room here, but he will certainly not



tell the PCs which room it is, or willingly let them enter it. If the PCs offer him a bribe of 5 g.p. or more, however, he'll tell them that Torc's room is number five at the top of the stairs, and that it's empty. He still won't let the PCs in, but for another gold piece or two he'll look the other way while the PCs go upstairs. If at any time the PCs make any noise or start a disturbance (kick down a door, fight with a guest, etc.), or if a guest catches them trying to pick the lock on room five, the clerk will be forced to call for the police. A patrol will arrive 2-6 rounds after he raises the alarm.

Clerk—zero-level human: AC 10; MV 12"; hp 4; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4 (dagger kept under counter, in case of robbery); THAC0 20; AL LN.

The door to room five is, of course, locked. The upper hallway is deserted when PCs arrive at the threshold, but there's a 50% chance each round that a guest will emerge from one of the other rooms. Unless the PCs are blatantly trying to pick the lock, the guest will wish them good day, pass them by and go downstairs. If they look as though they're doing something suspicious, however, the guest will start a commotion, asking them what they think they're doing, and will eventually yell downstairs to the clerk to fetch the police.

Guest—7th level fighter: AC 10; MV 12"; HD 7; hp 49; #AT 3/2; Dmg 1-6 (shortsword in room); THAC0 14; AL LG.

As the clerk told you, room five is empty. Against the far wall, under the window, is a bed. A low cabinet serving as a bedside table holds an empty bud vase. A wardrobe stands against another wall.

Torc stayed one night here before moving to the palace. He packed up all his possessions when he moved . . . except for one thing he forgot. The item he left behind is a book that fell off the bedside cabinet and slipped down between it and the wall (easy to find, but only if a PC is actively looking).

It's a small book, not much larger than the palm of a man's hand, bound in black leather. On the front cover, embossed in red, is a symbol that looks somewhat like a scythe. As you open the book and flip through the pages, you realize it's a form of journal or diary . . . but one unlike any you've ever seen before. The writing inside, in red ink, is in a harsh, jaggedly ugly script. None of you can read the language, but you feel certain the writing isn't discussing gardening. . . .

On the last written page is another sym-

bol, sketched by hand in the same red ink: a four-armed cross of some kind that looks like a throwing star.

The book is Torc's diary of his deception. Since moving into the palace, he's had no chance to write in it in private, so he hasn't noticed that it's missing. The scythe symbol on the front cover indicates a connection with Nerull (the Reaper), but this may not be immediately recognized by the PCs. The hand-drawn symbol near the back of the book is the symbol for the Scarlet Brotherhood (as taken from the group's coat of arms). Any bard or sage will immediately recognize the significance of these symbols. Other characters must make a 6d6 Intelligence Check to recognize the symbol of Nerull and a 5d6 Intelligence Check to recognize the symbol of the Scarlet Brotherhood.

The writing within is "Death tongue," the written language used in Tarterus, and is totally untranslatable even through magic. The last entry in the diary was made after Torc had saved the king from the hobgoblin raiders. One of the king's aides had been killed, and Torc noticed a small, four-armed symbol tattooed on the dead man's chest; nobody else noticed, so Torc didn't draw attention to it. He didn't recognize the symbol, but thought it might prove important someday, so he reproduced it in his diary. (In fact, the dead aide had been one of the Scarlet Brotherhood's "moles" in Chendl. The PCs won't know this, of course, and might come to the conclusion that the Scarlet Brotherhood is somehow connected with Nerull and Torc.)

The book might be sold to the right buyer (a sage, perhaps) for up to 5,000 g.p.; nobody else will recognize its value, although someone might buy it (for much less) as a curio. There is nothing else of value or interest in the room.

Homecoming

The address the PCs were given for Torc's birthplace leads them to the merchants quarter, and a rather narrow and (by Chendl's standards, at least) nondescript road: Windward Avenue. The house itself is small.

The house looks empty, but if the PCs knock on the door, they hear somebody moving inside. After a moment, the door opens.

A beautiful woman—slender and statuesque, with rich auburn hair, barely wearing something white and diaphanous—stands in the doorway, bathing you in the warmth of her smile. But then she looks perplexedly from one to the other of you and her smile fades.

"All of you?" she asks in a mellifluous voice. "We don't normally cater to so many at once. But I'll see what we can do."

It should fairly quickly become apparent to the PCs that the house is now a brothel. Unless they want to take the time to pursue other matters within, they soon learn that none of the girls know anything about people who lived here before, nor do they care.

As you step outside again, you notice somebody watching you from across the street. She's a little old lady, silver-haired and stooped, standing in the doorway of one of the facing houses. Though her face shows her years, her eyes are bright and alert. She smiles at you and beckons you over.

"I'm Marla," she says in a chirpy little voice. "I see you met my neighbors. But they weren't exactly what you'd come for, hm?"

If the PCs explain that they're seeking information about Torc, they see a sudden change come over the lady.

For a moment she looks forlorn, and her bright eyes mist. But then she pulls herself together.

"I know Torc," Marla says quietly. "He was my son. Well, not my real son—I never had children of my own. But when his parents died in that tragic accident, he was still so young. So I took him in and I raised him as mine. He called me his mother." Again her eyes mist. "Would you like to see his room?"

If the PCs agree, she leads them inside her house and upstairs.

The bedroom is small, with a single bed, a wardrobe and a tiny table. It's decorated as though it belongs to a young boy: drawings of knights on the walls, a small bow and a wooden sword carefully propped up in the corner. Even though the room is spotless, you feel that it's not used.

"I keep it clean," Marla says. "I keep it just like it was when he went away, in case he ever comes back."

She leads you back downstairs. "I know he's in the city," she tells you. "I'm so glad for him, he's done so well for himself. Knight, hero, friend of His Majesty and all. He's so busy." She pauses, and seems to look off into the distance. "But still. I wish he'd come and visit me one day. Just so I can look into those bright blue eyes one more time. . . ."

If the PCs question Marla further, she'll confirm that the Torc she raised did in fact have strikingly blue eyes. (The Torc who's friends with the king has brown eyes—a detail that Nerull missed when he *polymorphed* the dragon.) She'll also give more details about the death of Torc's parents (a tragic accident with a laden wagon and a steep hill) and about Torc's childhood; DMs can be as creative as they like here.

Torc will not recognize Marla, should the

PCs orchestrate a meeting. She, on the other hand, will at first think that he is the Torc she knew, but then change her mind after a few seconds: he looks like Torc, but he isn't. . . .

Boon Companion

There are a number of further complications to make the players' lives more difficult. The DM should insert them when most (in)convenient.

The first complication is provided by a half-

elf named Merrin Hallek whom the PCs meet early in their stay in Chendl. Merrin is outgoing and jovial, a real "hail fellow well met" type and a great drinking buddy/boon companion. When he meets the PCs, he introduces himself as a fighter (with a little thieving background, he admits, "but that was years ago"). He's new to the city as well, he claims. Merrin does everything he can to be accepted by the PCs, to become their drinking buddy. He's affable, with a sharp sense of humor, and pleasant to have around, so he might be quite successful.

Of course there are hidden depths to Merrin Hallek. Rather than a fighter/thief, he's an assassin, and a member of the Scarlet Brotherhood. He's done the necessary background to maintain the masquerade, and nobody can find him out.

By now, the members of the Scarlet Brotherhood have given up hope of stopping the PCs by indirect action. They realize that direct action is necessary, and that's where Merrin comes in. His job is to insinuate himself into the PCs' trust and either kill them all himself (a tough task) or find out enough about their plans and movements to call in help to take them out.

Merrin Hallek—9th level assassin: AC 8 (leather); MV 12"; HD 9; hp 22; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4 (dagger); THAC0 16; AL N(E); SA assassination, backstab. Thief skills: PP 70%, OL 52%, FT 50%, MS 55%, HS 48%, HN 25%, CW 94%, RL 35%.

Concealed in his pouch, Merrin has a small bottle containing three doses of type D ingestive poison. Over his leather armor, Merrin wears a loose-fitting gray-green robe. He has an open, honest face and an easy laugh.

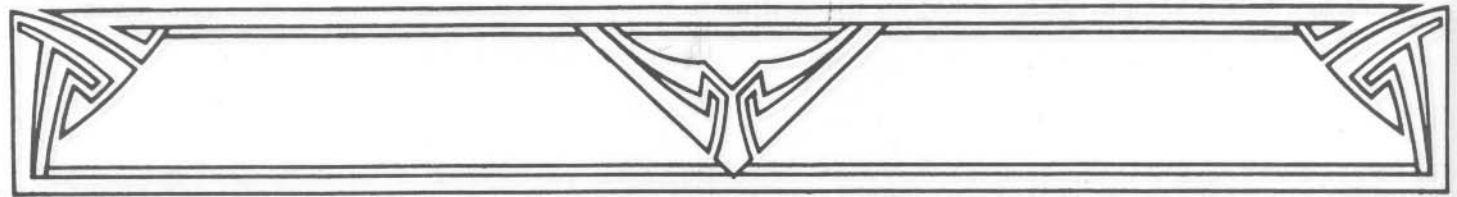
Merrin is a devoted member of the Brotherhood. He's been ordered not to be taken alive, and he takes these instructions very seriously. If he does something that reveals his true nature to the PCs and they try to capture and interrogate him, he kills himself in the most expedient way. (Unless the PCs are expecting this behavior in advance, they'll probably be too surprised to stop him.)

Merrin will only try to kill the PCs himself if he thinks he can successfully slay them all. If there's even a little doubt in his mind, he'll go to plan B.

Plan B involves finding out where the PCs are staying. Once he knows the inn and the room, he gets the word to some other Brethren, and they stage a midnight raid on the PCs. The raiding party consists of five 4th level assassins led by a 7th level monk; all are human. Using the most appropriate means (probably the window), they enter the PCs' room and try to kill them all while they sleep.

Assassins—4th level (5): AC 8 (leather); MV 12"; HD 4; hp 13, 15, 15, 16, 23; #AT 1;





Dmg by weapon (see below); THAC0 20; AL LE. Thief skills: PP 35%, OL 29%, FT 25%, MS 21%, HS 15%, HN 10%, CW 86%. The assassins all wear black leather and are armed with light crossbows, shortswords, and daggers. The daggers are coated with type B insinuating poison.

Monk—7th level: AC 5; MV 21"; HD 7; hp 27; #AT 3/2; Dmg 3-9 or 1-8 (longsword) or 1-4 (dagger); THAC0 16; AL LE; SA +3 damage bonus, stun/kill, plus see below; SD dodge nonmagical missiles, 22% chance of being surprised, plus see below. Thief skills: OL 52%, FT 50%, MS 55%, HS 43%, HN 25%, CW 94%. The monk wears a black skin-tight costume. The monk has certain other powers: *Speak with animals*, 24% resistance to *ESP*, immune to diseases, immune to *haste* or *slow*, can fall 30 feet without damage, can *feign death* for 14 turns, can *heal* (by touch) 2-5 hp of damage each day.

These people are a suicide squad: they're ordered to take their own lives if they're unsuccessful in killing all the PCs. Attackers who are rendered unconscious and thus unable to kill themselves will be killed by their colleagues. It should be extremely hard for the PCs to take anyone alive. If he's confident he can get away with it, the monk will use his *feign death* ability, then "rise from the dead" when the PCs are least expecting it and have another try at killing them.

Monks in the Streets

The members of the Scarlet Brotherhood have given up their stance of "no overt action." In fact, they're taking matters so seriously that they've openly sent some representatives to Chendl to keep an eye on things. These Brethren, who openly display their true identity, are all 7th level monks (statistics similar to the monk who led the raid on the PCs). They wear the hooded red robes typical of their order, and each one is usually accompanied by three bodyguards. There are 20 such monks in the city, but rarely are more than two seen together. They act aloof and withdrawn, and their bodyguards make it very difficult for people to talk to them.

Bodyguards—3rd level fighters (3 per monk): AC 6 (scale mail); MV 9"; HD 3; hp 3-30; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4 (light crossbow) or 2-8 (broadsword); THAC0 18; AL LE.

The PCs need not necessarily see these monks, but they should hear of their presence (the red-cloaked figures are great topics for gossip, after all). If the PCs do see one, it should be in a situation where they can't freely attack the monk.

There are other members of the Brotherhood in town, of course, but most of these are fighters and assassins, and in disguise.

As if the monks of the Scarlet Brotherhood

weren't enough, there are a number of followers of Istus in town. There is an important religious festival going on at the small temple to Istus. Some 150 pilgrims are in town at the moment, most of them zero-level humans, with a handful of clerics accompanying them. There's considerable friction between the pilgrims and the regalia-clad monks of the Scarlet Brotherhood: each group looks on the other with distrust and dislike.

Many of the pilgrims fit the mold of the stereotypical Istus worshiper: cynical and rather aggravating. At one point, several pilgrims irritate a couple of monks past all control (getting in street brawls is not uncommon for the typical Istus worshiper. The monks lay the pilgrims out with very little ado, and that's the start of open unpleasantness between the two groups. Over the next several days, matters begin to escalate, and the PCs witness or hear about scattered brawls between pilgrims and monks or their bodyguards.

The police force of Chendl tries valiantly to keep the peace, attempting to keep the two groups separate, but that's almost impossible. Anyone caught disturbing the peace is quickly hustled off to jail, and within 24 hours of the first clash several dozen pilgrims are cooling their heels behind bars. The major consequence to the PCs is that the police patrols are a lot quicker to come down on any disturbance, and a lot more likely to arrest anyone even peripherally involved.

At the DM's discretion, the PCs can become more personally involved in the "troubles." While walking through the city, they witness three pilgrims—two men and a woman—getting the stuffing beaten out of them by three Brotherhood bodyguards (a monk is nowhere to be seen).

Pilgrims—zero-level humans (3): AC 10; MV 12"; hp 2, 4, 4; #AT 1; Dmg 1 or by weapon (presently unarmed); THAC0 20; AL N.

Bodyguards—3rd level fighters (3): AC 6 (scale mail); MV 9"; HD 3; hp 14, 22, 24; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4 (light crossbow) or 1-8 (broadsword); THAC0 18; AL LE.

The bodyguards aren't trying to kill the pilgrims, they're just thrashing them unmercifully with sheathed swords, unloaded crossbows, fists, etc. If the PCs get into the fray, however, the bodyguards will certainly draw steel and fight in earnest. If the PCs do become involved, four rounds after the start of hostilities a police patrol (10 privates, a sergeant, and a 5th level magic-user; statistics as given above) arrives to break things up. Unless the PCs can do some fast talking, they're quite likely to end up in jail. If they explain that they were saving the pilgrims, however—the pilgrims will back them up on this—and the police officer believes them, only the bodyguards will be arrested.

Into the Inner City

Eventually the PCs must make an expedition into the Inner City. The gates to the Inner City always stand open, and four soldiers from the House Regiment stand watch at each one. This guard duty is more ceremonial than functional. Although the guards will definitely glare at the "common" PCs if they have the temerity to enter the Inner City, they won't do anything to bar entrance.

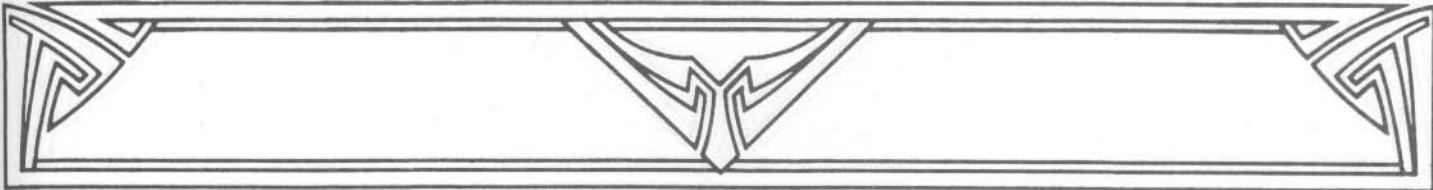
People who belong in the Inner City might not know everyone else so privileged, but they do seem to have an innate ability to recognize people who don't belong. The PCs will find that people treat them very coldly, almost rudely. If the PCs step over the bounds of propriety while in the Inner City, they're much more likely to get challenged to a duel than would be the case outside the walls in Greater Chendl.

At the core of the Inner City is the royal palace, a magnificent edifice of gold-veined white marble. In the midst of the palace compound is a gleaming dome of *glassteel* (the king's arbo-retum), while above everything floats the king's pleasure garden.

Even though the king is generally well loved by his people, he has the sense to take precautions against assassins. The palace is *guarded* and *warded* so as to make unauthorized entry almost impossible. Day and night, the House Regiment patrols the walls, grounds, and halls, with orders to attack intruders on sight and question any survivors afterward. Walls are topped with arrays of needle-sharp barbed spikes that do 2-20 points of damage to anyone trying to climb over who doesn't take precautions. All windows are barred, and the bars are dweomered with variants of *shocking grasp* and *magic mouth*: touching a bar causes 3-30 points of electrical damage (save vs. wands for half damage) and triggers a *magic mouth* which calls out "Intruders!" The noise summons a House Regiment patrol within two rounds. At night, three watch-leopards are set loose in the grounds. These leopards are trained to attack any intruders, and to do it silently.

Leopards (3): AC 6; MV 12"; HD 3 + 2; hp 19, 20, 22; #AT 3; Dmg 1-3/1-3/1-6; SA rear claws for 1-4/1-4; SD surprised only on a 1; THAC0 16; AL N.

Unauthorized access to the palace is nearly impossible; authorized access isn't much easier. Most of the actual governing of Chendl and Furyondy as a whole is done through the city administration and the executive arm of the government. This means that the king's main duties are making policy decisions and handling diplomatic relations with other lands. Thus, there's no need for him to hold regular audiences where the people can see their monarch in person. To gain an audience with



the king, the PCs must work their way up through the country's labyrinthine bureaucracy. At each step of the way, convincing reasons why the audience is necessary will be required. The general route that any request must take is roughly this: junior civil servant, councilor, deputy minister, minister, then king's chamberlain (with other possible steps in between). Each level must be satisfied that the audience is in the best interest of king and country. (Remember that the truth—that the PCs believe Torc to be an evil person—or creature—won't be believed, and will probably get the PCs put away as mental cases.) The whole bureaucratic nightmare might take anywhere up to two months before the PCs can see the king.

Note to the DM: If the players decide they want to try this route, play the bureaucratic rigmarole to the hilt. As a suggestion for role-playing, remember any time you've tried to fight city hall or appeal a tax bill. ("Sorry, you need to fill out form 15687-AX slash B. You can get form 15687-AX slash B from the clerk in room 101, which is open from one to one-thirty on alternate Fridays. Have a nice day.")

Dealing with Torc

After experiencing the joys of coping with Chendl's bureaucracy, the PCs will probably decide to try another tack. They can very easily find out that the king goes hunting with Torc every few days, and might decide the trips offer an opportunity to do something.

The king's hunting party usually consists of himself, Torc, and assorted other young nobles, plus several squires. A party is never smaller than ten people, but rarely larger than fifteen. All are unarmored (AC 10, before adjustments) and mounted on light horses; the king, Torc, and the nobles are armed with spears or longbows (depending on what game they're after), while the squires bear short swords and daggers. When the king leaves the palace, he always wears a belt with an enchanted buckle. This device surrounds the wearer with a 15-foot-radius *anti-magic shell* and a 10-foot radius aura of *protection from normal missiles*. (This setup is purposeful; an enchanted missile is made nonmagical by the *shell* and then diverted by the *protection*.) Since Torc habitually rides right next to the king so they can talk, he is almost always protected by the belt's magic.

While within the city, the hunting party is flanked by an honor guard of ten soldiers from the House Regiment. Their job is to prevent anyone from reaching the king, and they take it very seriously.

Nobles—fighters of 5th-8th level (3-5): AC 10; MV 12"; HD 5-8 (1d4 + 4); hp variable; #AT 1 or 3/2; Dmg 1-6 (longbow or spear); THAC0 16 to 13; AL LG.

Squires—1st level fighters (5- 8): AC 10; MV 12"; HD 1; hp 1-10; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (shortsword) or 1-4 (dagger); THAC0 20; AL LG.

The hunting party takes the most direct route from the palace to the city gate. The best hunting is to the north of the city, so they usually leave by that gate.

If the PCs attempt to talk to the king, the House Regiment guards will do their best to prevent it. Outside the city, when the guards aren't there, the other nobles and the squires will do their best to prevent the PCs from bothering the king. If the PCs find some way to talk to the king and mention the story Arlina has told them, the king will laugh it off. Even if they have the testimony of Marla, the king would rather believe that the old woman's memory has gone bad than that his companion is a threat.

The PCs will probably soon realize that the only place they can get a crack at killing Torc is on the Field of Honor. (If the PCs don't think of this option by themselves, they might overhear a conversation about an impending duel between two nobles, to plant the seed of the idea.)

There's more to this than just walking up to Torc and challenging him, however. First of all, since he and the king are almost inseparable, the precautions to protect the king also make it difficult for the PCs to reach Torc.

Second, the PC inciting the duel—for obvious reasons, a paladin PC would be the best choice—must make Torc challenge him, or make Torc insult the PC so badly that a challenge is unavoidable. There are several reasons for this. The first is that the king has been privately worried about the casual manner in which Torc slays people in duels. To minimize the loss of life among the nobility, he's decided that he will personally disallow any "frivolous" challenges concerning Torc—that is, any challenge for an offense that the king doesn't think serious enough to warrant death. If the PC were to simply walk up to Torc and challenge him for no obvious reason, Belvor would disallow the duel.

The second reason is that Torc has heard, through occasional remarks from guards and townfolk, that the PCs are unusually interested in him and may be out to get him for some reason. Torc realizes that their best chance of confronting him is to get him onto the Field of Honor. Therefore, he won't issue a challenge unless he has no choice.

And the situation might develop so that he *does* have no choice. Manners are codified in Chendl, and there are certain unwritten rules concerning challenges. There are certain insults that, by immutable custom, must be answered by a challenge. These are direct accusations of cowardice, accusations of sex-

ual inadequacy, aberration or infidelity, and insults directed at dead ancestors. To keep from being found out or removed from his position of influence, Torc must abide by the customs of Chendl. Thus, if the PC hits on any of these insults, Torc is honor-bound to issue a challenge.

A confrontation between a PC and Torc is an excellent opportunity for deeply characterized role-playing. The DM should remember that Torc is, at his core, an evil being who finds patience and forbearance quite foreign to his nature. On the other hand, as a red dragon, his intelligence is quite high (a score of 15-16), and so he won't be easy to sucker in.

If the PCs don't hit on this method of dealing with Torc, the DM should subtly channel them in this direction.

The Field of Honor

If the PCs can engineer a challenge, the duel is scheduled to take place the next day at dawn. The site is the Field of Honor, just outside the walls of the Inner City. Since this duel involves a member of the nobility, it's a big event, one circumscribed by custom and convention.

The Field of Honor is a large grass field. In its center is a circle, some 300 feet in diameter, its circumference marked out with white lime. This is where the duel itself takes place. Only the combatants can enter the circle, and neither can leave again until one is vanquished. At the exact center of the circle, buried so that its top is flush with the ground, is a small block of marble. This has been enchanted so as to emanate a field of *protection from normal missiles* (similar to the king's belt buckle). This effect is 150 feet in radius (in other words, it extends to the periphery of the duel circle). This *dweomer* is permanent, and has the purpose of ensuring that no outside interference can affect the duel.

Around the periphery of the circle stand the combatants' seconds and friends, a referee (in this case, Belvor himself has volunteered for the duty), and any spectators who desired to attend. Because Torc is so well known—and because his other duels have proved to be exciting shows—there's quite an audience out for this event.

Belvor is flanked by a detachment of eight soldiers from the House Regiment, all armed with heavy crossbows and broadswords, and there are an additional 16 soldiers similarly equipped spaced evenly around the circle. As well as acting as bodyguards for the king, they have the duty of immediately slaying anyone in the audience who attempts to interfere with the duel (for example, anyone who is obviously preparing to cast, or has just cast, a spell). As referee, Belvor is responsible for seeing that all rules are obeyed. While he would obvi-

ously like to see his friend victorious, he can't interfere in any way.

In the duel, both combatants must use similar weapons (both longswords, or both maces, for example). The challenged party gets to choose the weapon used, but custom dictates that he or she must select a weapon that the other party is not forbidden (thus someone challenged by a cleric, for example, couldn't select a bastard sword). There is no requirement that the challenged party select a weapon in which the challenger is proficient, however (this is a point of strategy if one party knows the weapon proficiencies of the other). No spells or magic items can be used within the circle. The only exception is enchanted weapons: they are perfectly acceptable.

Just before dawn, Belvor orders both combatants into the circle. As the sun appears above the horizon, he signals for the duel to begin.

Abiding by the constraints of custom, Torc fights in human form without using any of his magical powers (apart from hit-point regeneration, which he can perform unnoticed and undetected). When he's reduced to 20 hit points, his anger overcomes his desire to win fairly, and he takes on his true form. He also uses any and all of his other powers—the standard abilities of a red dragon, plus the abilities granted to him by Nerull—in his attempt to kill the PC. Torc, in his dragon form, cannot be subdued.

As soon as Torc shows his true nature, all hell breaks loose on the sidelines. The audience panics and flees. The House Regiment soldiers follow their standing orders and immediately form a protective phalanx around the king. They then hustle him as quickly as possible back to the palace. When the ordered duel breaks down, all bets are off as far as the other PCs are concerned: there's no one to prevent them from joining in the fray.

If the PCs succeed in destroying Torc, his body ignites and burns to ashes (Nerull's retribution). If the PCs don't react immediately and pull Torc's *amulet of neutrality* from the flames (at the cost of 2-20 points of burn damage), it is destroyed with the dragon.

Final Ambush

By the time the dragon is destroyed, there's no sign of the king and his entourage (they're safely back in the palace).

Among the audience were two Scarlet Brotherhood monks, in disguise as merchants. Although they fled with the rest, they quickly realized that, if the dragon didn't slay the PCs, at least it would weaken them seriously. The monks know (through the work of Merrin Hallek) where the PCs stay, so they decide to set up an ambush. They choose the most appropriate place between the Field of

Honor and the PCs' accommodations, and wait for the PCs to pass by. When they do, the monks attack. As before, the monks will take their own lives rather than be taken prisoner.

Monks—7th level (2): AC 5; MV 21"; HD 7; hp 21, 28; #AT 3/2; Dmg 3-9 or 1-8 (scimitar); THACO 16; AL LE; SA +3 damage bonus, stun/kill, plus see below; SD dodge nonmagical missiles, 22% chance of being surprised, plus see below. Thief skills: OL 52%, FT 50%, MS 55%, HS 43%, HN 25%, CW 94%. The monks have certain other powers: *speak with animals*, 24% resistance to *ESP*, immune to diseases, immune to *haste* or *slow*, can fall 30 feet without damage, can *feign death* for 14 turns, can *heal* 2-5 hp of damage each day.

Concluding the Adventure

When Torc has been dealt with, the PCs might try to find Arlina. There's no sign of her anywhere, however. If the PCs visit the temple to Istus and ask about her there, the clerics will deny ever having met someone named Arlina.

Soon after the duel, the PCs are met—either on the street or in their accommodations—by a messenger. He tells the PCs that someone wishes to see them, and asks them to follow him. He'll tell them no more until they accompany him to their destination.

The messenger leads the PCs to an attractive but not excessively lavish house in the Inner City. He leaves them at the door and instructs them to go in.

Sitting in the main room is His Pious Majesty, King Belvor IV. He looks you over appraisingly as you enter.

"You must understand me," he says without preamble. "The duel today, the, er, unexpected events . . . None of that happened. It cannot have happened."

He stands and begins to pace, a little nervously. "A people must have confidence in their king," he continues. "How would that confidence suffer if the people came to know that their king had taken an evil dragon into his confidence? Had offered his friendship and trust to a creature who returned none of the same? No. None of that happened."

"I'll tell you how matters actually occurred. During the duel today, a red dragon came to kill me. My friend Torc attacked it and slew it, but at the cost of his own destruction. You were merely witnesses to his final act of heroism. Do I make myself clear?"

If this adventure is played stand-alone:

The king continues, "At least the plague seems to be ending. I hear reports from the clinics that victims are beginning to recover. The disease must have been a foul sending from whatever power was controlling that dragon."

If the adventure is played as part of the campaign:

The king looks searchingly at you for a long moment. "You were in my dreams," he says at last. "As I slept, a crone came to me and showed me your faces. She told me that your destiny lies in the Free City of Verbobonc. You should follow your fate there, and see how it is intertwined with Carlan Dieg."

In either case:

"Kingship is nothing more than expediency," the king continues, "but expediency need not exclude gratitude." He slides a ring off his finger and puts it down on the table in front of you. For the first time, he smiles. "How silly of me. I seem to have lost a ring." With that, he turns and leaves the room by a second door.

The king has no intention of talking any further with the PCs: he's said his piece, and kings don't have to explain themselves. If the PCs try to follow Belvor, they find their way blocked by six House Regiment soldiers. They are polite, but inflexible.

The ring the king left behind is a gold band studded with tiny emeralds and mounted with a huge diamond. The entire ring is worth 10,000 g.p.

The Judgment of Fate

As far as Istus is concerned, to succeed in the test the PCs must destroy Torc, and they must do so without causing "undue loss of life." If, during the course of the adventure, the PCs have slain anyone non-evil in alignment (meaning almost anyone except for Torc and members of the Scarlet Brotherhood), the DM must decide whether the killing could reasonably have been avoided. If it could have been reasonably avoided, the PCs fail the Test of the Paladins.

If the PCs fail to destroy Torc, all paladins in the Flanaess lose 1 point of constitution. This loss occurs at the instant that the last PC is killed (by Torc or otherwise), or when the PCs irrevocably decide to give up on the mission. If the DM judges that the PCs have failed through unnecessary killing, the loss occurs at the instant of the first unnecessary death.

Verbobonc

Only scant information regarding Verbobonc is herein presented. DMs are encouraged to expand upon the information presented in the text which follows, and that which comprises the adventure. Verbobonc is an important city, and its affairs are a concern to many thousands of people.

Verbobonc has a current population of 12,500 (up from 11,600 at the last census). The beings making up the population of Verbobonc are a strong lot indeed. Over the years they have been at the forefront of a continual war against evil. The Temple of Elemental Evil—now presumed abandoned after the Viscount's forces and other strong and good-hearted peoples rallied to destroy that fane place—is a constant reminder to the folk hereabouts that they must continually guard against the outsider. It is not that they're paranoid—but they are cautious, a trait inherent in most of their leaders. They are a fearful lot, given over to industry and true social and economical advancement. Many of the humans of Verbobonc (who represent the majority) are god-fearing souls, worshipping the Old Faith (druidic) or reserving their prayers for St. Cuthbert of the Cudgel. In either case, religion figures into many of their events and repasts. Festivals are common, and the priests are everywhere to be seen. In all, the souls of Verbobonc are examples worthy of the respect of the Archclericy of Veluna, their more powerful ally in good causes.

Approximately 1,000 gnomes and 800 sylvan elves dwell in or near the city. This benign mixing of divergent races has had a telling effect on the layout and architecture of Verbobonc. Trade is similarly affected, for the gnomes have set up establishments in the city to deal in the many gems brought forth from the rich mines in the Kron Hills. Thus, many of the gnomes present in Verbobonc are connected with the various businesses here—and they have made parts of this city uniquely their own. A good portion of the sylvan elves live near and in the city for several reasons, the primary one being that their dealings with humankind and gnomekind are peaceful and conducive to growth economically, a fact they no longer feel they can ignore due to the proximity of evil and the possibility of another war. They have been content with minimal growth recently—the acquisition of land and metalcrafts, etc.—and in return they supply gnomes and humans alike with their woodcraft, practice of herb lore, and tracking abilities. As for their purchases, it is noted that these are always bought against the possibility of a future disaster (the acute cautiousness of

the beings in and around Verbobonc showing through once more). Indeed, the elves are quite outspoken in their claim that the buying of land is a defensive measure and that the trading of goods is merely an outgrowth of intermingling societies. Indeed, they seemingly wish nothing more than the druids do, but are obviously driven in some respect which would be foreign to the latter group. Perhaps the intermingling of customs—old and new—and religion has caused these particular elves to evolve socially. In any event, their actions of late have raised some eyebrows. As for the impact upon Verbobonc, the city welcomes them as brothers. Their people have lent a keen eye to the stone-worked streets and buildings and have, in places, planted trees and flowers to make their lives more comfortable while they conduct business.

Viscount Wilfrick, Defender of the Faith—11th level fighter: AC -3 (adjusted); MV 6"; HD 11; hp 75; #AT 3/2; Dmg 9-17; Str 18/68; Int 14, Wis 12, Dex 17, Con 16, Cha 16; THAC0 5; AL LN. Items carried/worn: shield +2, bastard sword +3, three protection scrolls, and a bronze horn of Valhalla (a gift from the Archcleric of Veluna; all fighters summoned are berserkers of St. Cuthbert, each armed with a club +2).

Wilfrick is concerned about rumors that the Temple of Elemental Evil to the south is again active. He has cooperated with the Archcleric of Veluna in building a castle to defend the small village of Hommlet, which is not too far from the Temple's precincts (see T1-4, *Temple of Elemental Evil*). Recently that project saw fruition, and only garrisoning the place remains to complete the handiwork started years ago.

DM Note: The completion of the aforementioned castle transpired a couple of years after the events described in the initial version of T1 (*The Village of Hommlet*). It is assumed that the Temple's forces did not conquer the lands west and north but instead organized bands of humanoids from the south to raid the adjacent areas, not wanting to take a direct hand in the destruction of good until local figures aligned to that cause were assassinated. If the Temple forces conquered adjacent lands, then a stalemate has ensued since then, and no progress has been made either way. Wilfrick's dilemma will remain until he is convinced one way or the other that the Temple is dead and forgotten or is indeed on the rise again. Locally, rumors abound; and the increased bandit and brigand activities, which were at one time noted only in the south, have become more apparent north of the Kron Hills.

Wilfrick will not publicly announce his suspicions, however. Silent desperation is the

course now—and keeping alert. To this end he has raised certain reservist contingents one at a time, disguising their real reason for being organized with excuses about pirate activity along the Velverdyva. He is deep in the council of the druids, and trusts in their reports. In fact his personal friend, Jaroo, whom he adventured with as a young man, is still keeping a watch on the events in and near Hommlet. Twice a year Wilfrick visits his old friend; and at these times he is escorted by no less than four Knights of the Order of the Hart (Veluna)—all disguised, of course.

Verbobonc rests on a plain overlooking the Velverdyva River to the north. It is composed of solid granite supplied from nearby quarries in the Kron Hills. Its look is a mix of the old and new ages, a sprinkling of gnomish stified by Gothic styles. Houses are primarily one story with or without cellars (a style influenced by the gnome architect Snirthiglin, who drafted the first city plans for Verbobonc). Carved in the wall above the north gate (City Location #1) is the inscription, "Earth and Stone, Man and Gnome," which indicates the good relations between this civilization's human farmers and the nearby gnomes at the time of Verbobonc's construction.

Gnomes dwelling here will be found living in burrows, or "rents" (the gnomish word for "cellars"). There are hundreds of rents throughout the city, as well as many establishments of normal sort—inns, taverns, etc.—dedicated to gnomekind. Humans will rarely be seen in these places, for good reason, but this is not always the case. In fact, most inns and taverns have accommodations for the bigger folk, though many a gnome innkeeper would be severely put out by more than three or four such boarders in one night.

The sylvan elves of the city dwell in wooden houses surrounded by a plethora of plant life, including trees. Some of these dwellings, in fact, are simulations of trees. Each dwelling is modular and is easily built or torn down. Open-air gardens and resting areas are favored on the first story; the second story—reached by ladders, ropes or vines—consists of sleeping and eating quarters. At this time very few elven families dwell in Verbobonc (another case in point for elven tradition, inexplicably overlooked by this new breed of elven pioneers). Thus these ipt-houses (so named by the gnomes and humans alike, for the wood generally used in their construction) tend to be quite singular in aspect, depending a lot upon the occupant's taste.

Politically, Verbobonc is in its prime. It is on better than favorable terms with Furyondy and the Archclericy; the gnomes are a peaceful lot concerned with their ability to sell raw and finished goods fast enough in the "human" market, and they see Verbobonc as



VERBOBONC

Scale: 1 inch = 250 yards

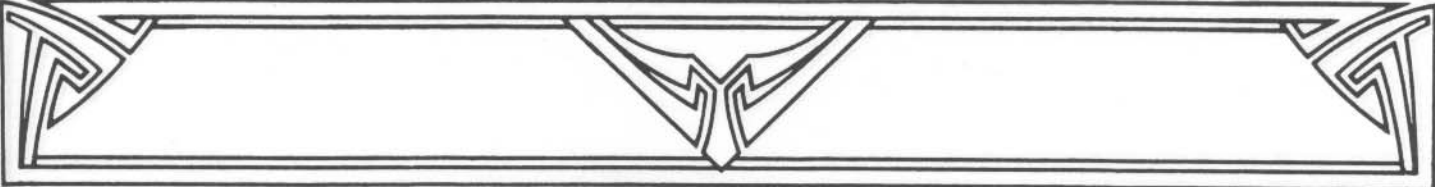
a link in that exchange system—so at the very least they are neutrally disposed, and at the extreme represent a strong ally. The nearby elves—including those as far away as the Gnarley Forest in the eastern Kron Hills (see *Guide to the World of Greyhawk*, “An Overview of Political Divisions”)—are favorably disposed toward the Viscounty, and they, in fact, expect it to lead the way in the suppression of evil in the area. Militarily Verbobonc remains unorganized, except as noted above. The Viscount has a standing force of 150 men (heavy cavalry, light crossbowmen, and spearmen) and can raise three times that amount of veterans in one week’s time. The militia is commanded by Mayor Velysin, a

highly competent but aging man who took part in the suppression of the Temple years ago. Twelve hundred militia can be raised at a rate of 400 men per week. This represents the total available levy. In emergencies the peasantry can be armed and thus another 1,000 soldiers can be fielded, but written law prohibits their use beyond a two-mile radius of Verbobonc.

Verbobonc Map Locations

1. North Gate (High Gate)
2. Inner Bailey
3. Silver Lyre Inn
4. Bronze Unicorn Inn

5. Brass Rail Tavern
6. Inner Gate (Guard Gate)
7. Macor’s Merchant House
8. Hilewy’s Gnome Palace (comforts of home for gnomes; expensive)
9. Rusty Nail Tavern
10. Jala’s Armory (independent)
11. Kile’s Spice Store
12. General Stores
13. Spruce Goose (inn for the wealthy)
14. Maynard’s Metal Emporium
15. Nichol’s House of Silk
16. Barns (stalls for rent)
17. Bethan’s Books (used/rare tomes, copies bought and sold, printer)
18. Zeebel’s Maroon Mon (inn)

- 
19. Red Don Inn
 20. Harvester's Theater (and forest)
 21. Players' Inn (for entertainers)
 22. Jamstav's Merchant House
 23. Lester's House of Cards (gambling)
 24. Molten Spigot (tavern)
 25. House of Jimm (resident gnome prince)
 26. Shrine to Fharlanghn
 27. Viscount's Outer Grounds
 28. "Grayfist," castle of the Viscount
 29. Segemm's Store of Collectibles
 30. Clotho's Clothes (all types, two floors)
 31. Clotho's Cheese House
 32. House of Haxx (noble family)
 33. Bensar's Wax Works (wax specialties)
 34. The Electrum Eel (inn for sailors/adventurers)
 35. Hamstid's Stables and Horse Sales
 36. Shrine to Istus
 37. Barlonn's Stoneworks
 38. Storage Bins
 39. Grandma Henri's House of Rest
 40. The Silver Consortium (mages, apothecaries, alchemists, scholars, et. al.)
 41. Veera's Voluptuous Maidens (tavern)
 42. Inner City Gate (Castle Gate)
 43. Inner City Gate (North Gate)
 44. Nib's Importers
 45. Warehouses
 46. Temple to St. Cuthbert
 47. Temple to Hieronius
 48. Pond of the Hart (religious meeting area)
 49. Ash Horn Stream
 50. Southway Gate
 51. Inner City Gate (South Gate)
 52. Community House (political rallies, speeches, etc.)
 53. House for rent
 54. Kabora's Jewel of the Velverdyva (inn)
 55. Dieg Manor
 56. Barracks (heavy horse regiment)
 57. Barracks (medium archers)
 58. Jylee's Inn (catering to the famous)
 59. Barracks (heavy footmen and light footmen)
 60. Packard's Trough (tavern catering to soldiers)

IUZ'S GAMBIT

DM's Introduction

This adventure is designed for a party of 4-6 characters, each of 10th to 12th level. Uncommon character types are tested herein—every class (except for assassins) that has not been tested in the previous eight installments of the campaign.

The party arrives at the plagued city of Verbobonc amidst rumors that the disease is a curse levied against the good folk hereabouts by the clerics and demons of the Temple of Elemental Evil, which is located south and east of here. Some people are actually running through the streets proclaiming various religious-doom ideas, trying to get others to flock to their causes. Most of the good folk—of which Verbobonc is mainly composed—ignore these outbursts. In fact, there is frank determinism on open display amid the terrible suffering.

The PCs should be interested in locating one Carlan Dieg, the man whose name was mentioned in the information they discovered in Chendl. As the party starts on its journey to locate this gentleman, a deformed and diseased man claiming to be a prophet of Boccob (actually Morgorath again, in magic-user trap-pings) blocks their way:

As you wander down a street attempting to get your bearings, a deformed and diseased man in ragged magic-user garments blocks your path. Before anything can be done he raises his hand and speaks in a cracked, dry voice: "By Boccob I prophesy gratis! You look, and you'll find. Deep. Yes. Deep and under. You'll Dieg him up, but will not be happy, no. For it is his father's time, and the son has rooted; nay, he gnaws at the roots of good, awaiting its destruction from within!"

If nothing is done to stop the old man, he continues to rattle off this seeming nonsense. If the characters flee from him, he follows at what can only be an impossible pace for one so seemingly handicapped.

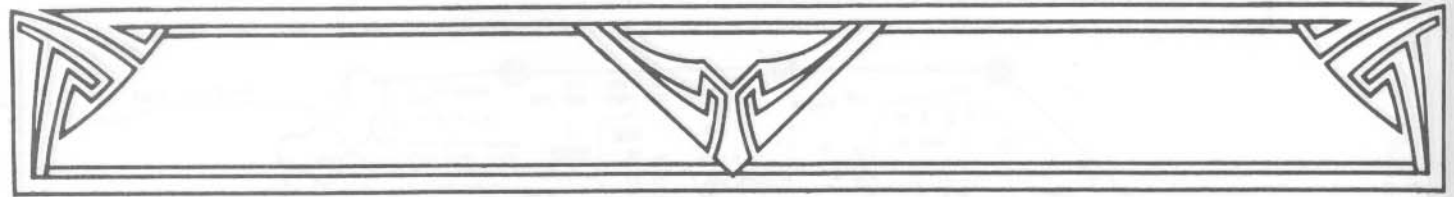
"Are your ears a-prickle? Good! Then know that there are ways to win your victory before the son's aware, but be stealthy! Ask the neighbors, do not go knocking; for announcements now work against you! Dieg is the answer, for Dieg is dead, yet Dieg is not! That's the riddle, and yet there's more. For when are neighbors who were once friends no longer both yet both? Eyes can see yet be blind. . . ."

At this point, the man turns and hobbles away, no matter what is said or done. If pursued, he darts around the corner of a building and seems to vanish into thin air.

Clue Synopsis

The clues are hints toward two frightful facts: Carlan Dieg has been murdered, and someone has assumed his identity. The PCs should be guided in arriving at these two conclusions if they seem to have difficulty interpreting the clues.

The man who has assumed Dieg's identity is actually Helthrax, a *polymorphed* high priest of Iuz. Helthrax disposed of Dieg months ago as part of the preliminary plan for inhabiting the cellar below his manor house (see the description of Dieg Manor which follows). Helthrax has populated those once-peaceful chambers with evil men, beasts, and worshipers of Iuz. He sees this as an answer to the outcry of evil against good in this locale—an outcry which the adherents of Elemental Evil of this area seem deaf to. His interests are identical to those of his liege, Iuz, who has seen too many plans against good fail and has wasted too many years on the Temple of Elemental Evil and the insecure plans of Zuggtmoy's followers. Iuz now trusts in a secure partner, one whose base is firmly entrenched at Dorakaa.



As Dieg, Helthrax is now on bad terms with a number of neighbors whom the real Dieg was once friendly with. He has gleefully encouraged some less than savory folk to occupy the block, and one-time associates who respected Dieg are now against him even in the smallest matters. The neighbors will willingly relate this sudden "change" in an "old and dear friend," but will also counsel the adventurers not to pursue the matter, for it seems that Dieg is very ill tempered as of late and for the last two months has been receiving no guests. There is a 60% chance that any one of the neighbors talked to will even go so far as to mention the "window that Dieg plastered shut." Inform the characters of this window's location (north side, west; see area 11 in the Dieg Manor description).

As for Helthrax's plan: When the majority of the surrounding area's population is overcome by the plague (a boon—as he sees it—sent by something as hateful of mankind as he is), then his forces will attack, but only after making sure that all of Verbobonc's important leaders are assassinated (Wilfrick, high church officials, the mayor, etc.). In the chaos, Helthrax believes that he can take Verbobonc and hold it until the unified forces from the south (armies in the Gnarlly Forest and those individual groups and followers of the Temple) arrive to secure the place. It is a bold, yet inspired, plan. With Verbobonc turned into a fortress for evil, and with the Volverdyva all but cut off, the forces of good will be hard pressed to maintain a concerted front against evil in the area. Yes, it is a bold plan. . . .

City locations #53, #54, and #55 (see the map of Verbobonc in *Ye Olde City Scroll*) are of critical importance in the playing out of this adventure. Detailed descriptions of these buildings are given below, to be used when the PCs approach or enter one of the locations.

#53: House for Rent

A large two-story brick affair stands out as one of the finer-looking buildings on this block. A "For Rent" sign is tacked on the wall to the right of the door. The place looks quite deserted.

The owner lives in the house just west of here. If he is questioned about Dieg, he clams up and wishes the party a good day. If asked about the house, he responds that it's been rented, and that it was an oversight on his part not to remove the sign. In actuality, this man has been bribed by Dieg (Helthrax) to not rent the house until certain customers (actually those assassins whose targets are the high officials of Verbobonc) appear. The tenants will arrive in one month. The owner, named Jarvos, is not aware of the subterfuge but is

willing to wait because of the goodly sums of gold he receives from Dieg for doing so. Jarvos is a retired merchant from Dyvers. He will not fight if threatened with force. He carries 12 g.p., 20 s.p., and 2 p.p. in a belt purse, but has no other apparent valuables. He has the keys for the house and his own abode hidden out of sight on a leather thong around his neck.

#54: Jewel of the Volverdyva

As the PCs approach this place, they see an inn which, considering its size and the many horses and carriages parked near it, emits very little noise. An engraved and painted sign above the door indicates that this is the "Jewel of the Volverdyva"—a place, as the PCs realize soon after entering, that is renowned for its food, its drink, and the snobishness of its patrons.

The inn is not bustling with activity, though it is full. A well-dressed servant attends the PCs, leading them to the bar in the back (bypassing the main dining room). There, they may partake of the viands proffered. All food and drink is excellent.

The barkeep is a jovial man named Gahr who initially lacks any information about Dieg that the PCs might be seeking. Helthrax's spies are everywhere in this place but at the back bar. They have been keeping close track of the comings and goings of important city officials, since this is a place where such figures gather—including Wilfrick, on occasion. The spies have no interest in the back bar, which is "reserved" for less important personages and visitors to the city. No matter what they do or how much they are willing to pay, the PCs will not be allowed to enter the main dining area where the "important" people are.

As a way of getting around this difficulty, the PCs could try to bribe the barkeep to give them or acquire for them some specific information. He will agree to perform as many as three such services for a price of 50-100 g.p. per service, depending on the theoretical degree of difficulty involved in acquiring the information requested. Gahr is sharp, but there is only a 20% chance per service that he will actually come forward with some pertinent information, and then only if the characters had asked him in advance to perform his information-gathering in such a specific way which would lead to such a discovery. In all, even in the best of situations, Gahr will only be able to relate other workers' suspicions, which would indicate that strange people are spending a lot of time in the inn; that Dieg no longer frequents the inn, although he used to be a steady customer; and that the inn's guards have been talking to a lot of street peddlers recently (pretty wenches in Helthrax's

organization, who have been instructed to strike up friendships with the guardsmen so that on the day of the assassinations they are occupied elsewhere).

#55: Dieg Manor

This is a two-story wooden building recently painted gray. It was apparently a bad paint job, for faint red streaks are obvious beneath the light gray cover, making the building appear as if it has veins. The shrubbery and trees about the manor have grown somewhat out of control; the weed-covered cobbled walk leading to the front door shows evidence of being little-used.

Entering the Manor

It is assumed that the PCs will have made discreet inquiries about Dieg Manor before approaching the place. If they've made a plan to enter the manor by day, the DM should make sure it is a good one. The servants and guards there are less active at night. Thus, try to encourage ideas of investigating the place during that time. Note that the top floor is virtually empty (and no map is included for it). If the PCs enter that way, the only direct route to the first floor is down the western stairs (area 4). If the characters are identified fleeing from the manor, it could go ill for them—Helthrax will try to have them found and assassinated. (Three 7th level thieves disguised as a trio of jugglers entertaining the sick will position themselves, wait for any of the PCs to pass by, and then backstab them with poisoned daggers +2; save vs. poison at -4 or die. Each "juggler" strikes twice, using a dagger in each hand.)

However, once committed to a sound plan the PCs should be encouraged to forge ahead. It's a mystery, for sure; but they have a suspicion still that this is not a sideshow: it has something to do with the plague—and the solving of that dilemma is of utmost importance!

Morgorath's Role: Morgorath will always be in the background, watching (either invisible by his Lady's will and thus undetectable even by extraordinary means, or from the Border Ethereal realm, where he can react to the party's moves). He will help the PCs once, but never in a life-or-death situation—if they get in that much trouble, they're on their own. When the party is in need, ascertain which of the following assists will be most helpful:

1. Finding several helpful potions in a secreted container they just happen to spot.
2. Gaining bonuses on all saving throws, or improved ACs and/or hit points by breathing in a pocket of "fresh air," or by consuming some "strange looking" piece of food, etc.
3. Replacing a weaker weapon just found

with a stronger one before its power is ascertained.

4. Supplying suggestions magically which impart warnings or provide necessary directions at crucial points. A cleric or magic-user in the party should receive these impressions, and these could be explained away as divinely inspired, depending on the case; or such impressions could seem to emanate from any newly acquired magical item.

Dieg Manor Area Descriptions

1. Manor House Door

The cobbled walk leads up to a metal-banded wooden door. There is a single window, with shutters closed, on either wing. Nothing but silence permeates the air.

The door is bolted and chained from the inside. Only appropriate spells or magic items can silently open the door. The door is thick and cannot be broken in easily; it takes two

characters with a combined strength of 30 to do the job. Treat it as a magically held portal, with a defensive point value of 4. Anyone making excessive noise (pounding on the door, breaking it down, etc.) will attract the attention of the guards at area 3.

2. Hallway

You are in a plush hallway that has fallen into disuse. Dust is thick everywhere, and cobwebs hang from the ceiling. The tracks of some rodent disappear toward a shutter on the west wall, ahead of you. There is a door to the north.

A hole has been burrowed out near the lower left side of the shutter. Peering through it reveals a space beyond, and perhaps (50% chance) a musty smell. The window beyond the shutter is definitely one of the hinged types and is apparently open. The shutter can be opened quietly by a successful attempt to open locks (this is done at +20% to the dice

roll because of the simple latch system). The French windows beyond open outward. The space created is large enough for one human-sized being to climb through. Inside is what appears to be a bathing area (see area 12).

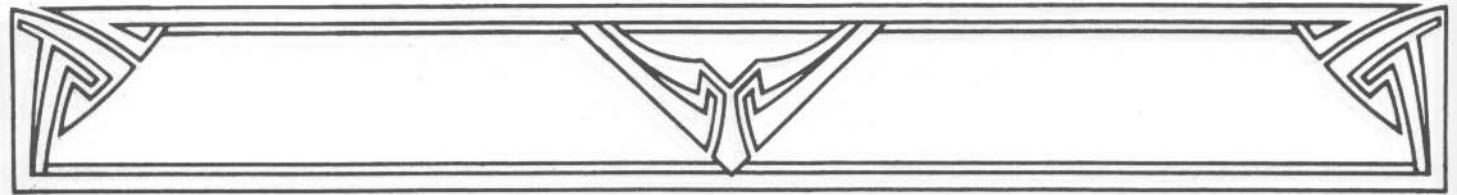
3. Drawing Room

If the characters made noise in area 1 or 2, the guards present here will be waiting in positions from where they can surprise the party. Otherwise, they are located in random places around the room, and may themselves be surprised.

You see a large drawing room carpeted in blue. There is a fireplace where a small fire has recently been lit.

As the PCs enter, combat begins with the brigand guards stationed here. The six brigands are led by Therkle, a fighter who has been masquerading as a rich traveling merchant in order to spy on city officials at the "Jewel." If the PCs have visited the inn and





bribed the bartender, there is a 10% chance per PC in the party (maximum 60%) that one of them will recognize Therkle as one of the people described by the inn's workers who has spent a lot of time at the inn recently.

Therkle—7th level fighter: AC 7 (padded); MV 12"; HD 7; hp 47; #AT 3/2; Dmg 1-4 (dagger); THAC0 16; AL CE; SA one application of type D insinuating poison on dagger. Items carried: *potion of clairaudiance*, *scroll of protection from nonmagical edged weapons*.

Brigands—1st level fighters (6): AC 6 (scale mail), MV 12"; HD 1; hp 7 each; Dmg 1-8 (scimitars); THAC0 20; AL CE.

The brigands have orders to flee if defeated. They will not talk if captured, for they fear the master's revenge. Therkle attempts to escape upstairs and out a window if the defense fails. He commits suicide with his dagger if he perceives that he'll be captured. The brigands each have a purse containing 20 g.p. Therkle has a pouch with six gems (all 50 g.p. value with no chance of increasing) and 15 p.p.

4. Stairs Up

You see a set of stairs leading up. Their risers are as dusty as the rest of the place, but faint traces of footprints going up and down the staircase are noticeable.

The upstairs is abandoned, dusty, and all the window's shutters are closed. If the PCs examine the dust on the upper floor:

There must have been furniture here at one time, for recent scratches can be seen on the floor beneath the dust, indicating that pieces were moved.

The furniture on the upper floor was moved to the cellar some time ago for the use of the men residing there.

5. Small Bedroom

You see a small bedroom containing a bed, a small bureau, a small chest, and a lantern.

This is where Therkle sleeps when he is not at the inn. The locked chest contains the following: a 30-foot rope, writing utensils, three sheaves of paper, a map of the immediate area outside (with the inn circled and its doorways marked), a flint and steel, two flasks of oil, and a sack with 200 g.p. (bribe money). The small bureau (unlocked) is packed, and contains no less than seven changes of expensive clothing (total value 300 g.p.). The lantern on the bureau contains enough oil for two hours of use.

6. Large Hall

You see a large hall carpeted in blue. The walls here are inlaid in stained oak. Among the various items located here are two viewing stands containing busts of males, a large mirror (south wall, just east of the window), a bathing stand containing towels and a cake of soap, and a basin next to this. Three paintings adorn the west and east walls. The one centered on the west wall depicts a man bedecked in blue. From what you have learned about the man's appearance, there is no doubt that this is a recent portrait of Carlan Dieg.

Anyone who examines the picture will notice that it's been water-stained, as if someone spat upon it.

7. Kitchen

This standard kitchen appears empty. Food scraps are apparent on the counters, and a large cheese and sausage are suspended from the rafter here.

8. Servant's Room

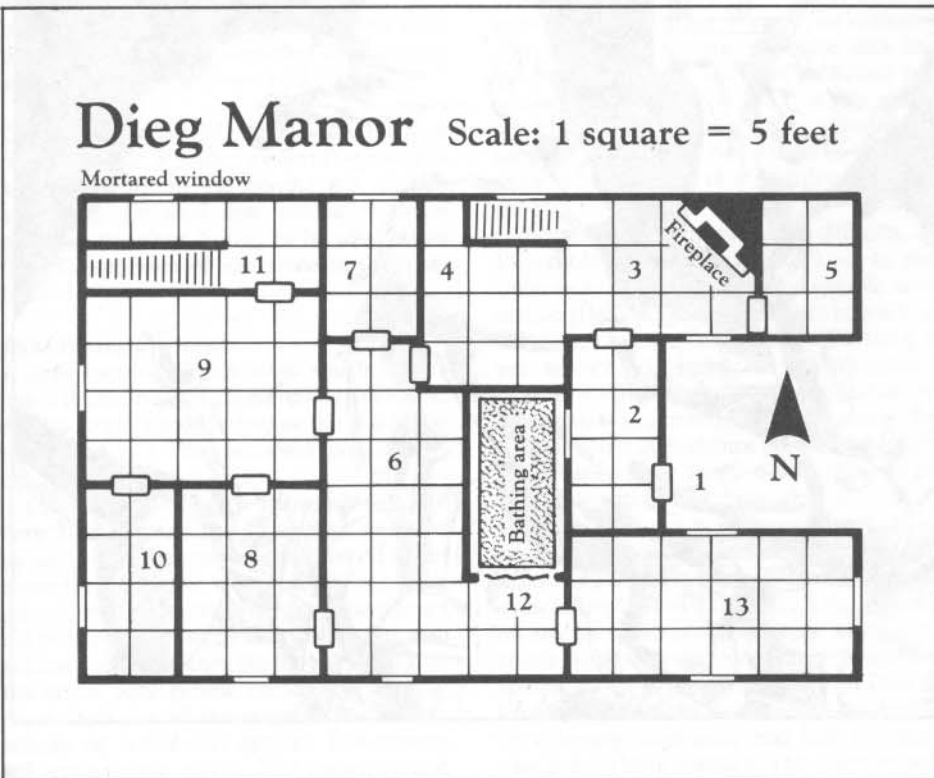
You open the door and come face to face with a man in servant's attire. He seems taken aback by your entry as he steps backward a pace.

The man is a thief, but is cowardly and will avoid a fight if possible. Unless he is restrained immediately, he will rapidly edge his way toward the window and one round later will threaten to jump. If the PCs don't try to prevent him from doing so, there is a 75% chance that he will leap through the window—which is only a couple of feet above ground level—and escape. Otherwise, he will cower in the southwest corner and beg the PCs not to hurt him.

Hymrie—5th level thief: AC 9; MV 12"; HD 5; hp 17; #AT 1; Dmg 2-5 (dagger) or 4-13 (17 Str) for a backstab; THAC0 18; AL LE; SA backstab. Items carried: thieves tools, two daggers, keys for the front door lock.

This is Hymrie's room. It is sparsely furnished with a cot and a chair. Several articles of clothing hang from a cord drawn from the northeast to the southwest corner.

Hymrie will spill his guts if threatened with torture or the like, but will insist that he be free to leave in exchange for his cooperation. Hymrie is a fast-talk expert, however—he lies, saying that Dieg is a government official bent on uncovering the inner workings of a plot against a church official, and that he



(Hyrmie) has been captured and forced to work with the plotters. He warns that if he isn't set free he surely will be slain, and if the PCs bring law-enforcement officials into the picture and they insist on speaking to the master of the manor, this will only complicate matters, for then Dieg will be killed by church officials before being able to divulge his information.

Hyrmie, if asked about the cellar, will give PCs the location of the stairs to the cellar and warn that he knows a guardian of some sort exists at their terminus—what it is he has no idea, for he, “a lowly servant,” has never been privy to such things.

9. Den

You enter a room that must be Dieg's den. There is the normal complement of chairs, tables, bookshelves and the like here, but all seem of ordinary quality and not used much.

There is nothing of interest or appreciable value in this room.

10. Empty Room

This appears to have been at one time a small storage room or linen closet. It is dusty and empty.

11. Storage Room

You see a hall ahead which is lined with shelves along its east wall. The hall then turns west, going around a staircase leading down. A faint odor of something unsavory but unidentifiable seems to emanate from below, although the smell is noticeable throughout the room.

The shelves contain bottled and bagged foodstuffs: grain, flour, pickles, beets, apples, pears, and cooking oil. Anyone examining the long hallway will notice a window on the north wall that has been closed over with plaster and mortar. The window can be broken out rather easily (defensive value of 1/2 point), but doing so will certainly attract the attention of anyone in the vicinity.

12. Bathing Area

This is a rectangular bathing room with a window along the east wall and a wooden double door near the southeast corner. The bath is musty-smelling, and it's apparent that it hasn't been used recently.

13. Master Bedroom

The double oak doors leading to this room are locked. The keys are held by Helthrax. The doors will sustain 2 points of structural damage each before breaking asunder. There are magical sleep-gas traps (of 10th level strength) on each door that will be triggered if one of the doors is forced open or the traps are not disarmed before the lock is picked. The gas affects characters of all levels equally: save vs. poison at -3 or fall into a sleep (as per the spell) that lasts for a number of rounds equal to 40 minus the victim's constitution score. A successful casting of *dispel magic* or the use of some similar dispelling power (a *rod of cancellation*, for instance) will defuse both traps. The doors could then be opened without setting off the trap. Note that thieves are not able to find or remove these traps. Magical means might locate them, however. If the PCs get past the doors:

You see what appears to be a master bedroom. A canopied, oaken bed is set against the far eastern wall; next to this is a nightstand with a crystal lamp and a small bookcase containing a smattering of neatly arranged volumes—all dusty. A desk and hardwood chair are set against the southern wall, before the window there. A crystal reading lamp is the only object on the desktop. There are signs that other pieces of furniture were once here—floor scratches can be seen, no doubt caused by the movement of these.

Out of all the objects in this room, possibly only one will strike the characters as significant: Located under the pillow on the bed is a gold symbol of Iuz—a grinning skull. This object radiates an intense aura of evil; anyone approaching within 5 feet of it once it is exposed to viewing will tend not to want to look upon it, and those of good alignment will want to depart the room upon seeing it. If this symbol is touched or carried, there is a 25% chance (check immediately and each hour thereafter that it is kept) that the bearer will be transported to Helthrax (much like the reverse of the *succor* spell). Helthrax will be forewarned of the character's arrival by a constant head throb just minutes before the transportation occurs. The symbol bestows no other powers or attributes unless employed by Helthrax, at which time he can generate an aura of *fear 20' radius* for as long as he holds it within sight of intended victims. If it is destroyed, Helthrax receives a sharp pain which immobilizes him for one complete round. He will thereafter be aware of what happened and will hunt down the ones responsible for its destruction, using all available forces.

The Cellar

Carlan Dieg built an extensive cellar, fashioning it after those normally found on larger outdoor estates. In it he placed the family crypt (bordering area 33), wine rooms, and other places he had intended to expand upon (exercise and training areas, etc.). It's composed of granite and is dry for the most part. Helthrax, with some help from a distance provided by Iuz, has magically transformed some of the cellar's areas to accommodate unusual and dangerous creatures that will be set upon the city after the assassinations have been accomplished.

14. Savage Dog

The stairs go down for 50 feet, and then you're confronted by a dead end upon reaching their bottom. The stench you smelled at the top of the staircase is overwhelming here, though you cannot pin down the direction from which it originates.

The secret door to the west is blocked on the western side by a pile of rubbish the dog heaped there—a recurring problem even for the inhabitants of this place! When the door is swung inward, the pile is moved slightly (a bone falls to the floor and makes a clacking noise) and the dog is alerted. Unless someone speaks the control word (“Mutt”) before entering, the dog attacks.

Savage War Dog (larger than normal): AC 6; MV 12”; HD 3 + 1; hp 20; #AT 1; Dmg 2-8; THAC0 12; AL N; SA attacks at +4 “to hit” due to savageness, surprises on a 1d6 roll of 1-3.

When the dog attacks there is a 50% chance per round, starting in the first round, that it will bark, thus alerting the guards in area 15. In turn, these will rush to see what the matter is; and upon ascertaining the situation, one runner will move off posthaste to spread the alert. Keep track of the number of turns the runner has advanced ahead of the party, if this occurs. If the runner gets away, this is the worst of all possible scenarios. If the characters do not have a concerted plan of operation when they enter area 14—one combining information-gathering and a stealthy approach—then they could find themselves in more hot water than they bargained for.

15. Guards

If the characters silence the dog, or sneak past in such a way that allows them a chance to surprise the occupants of this room, read the room description that follows. Otherwise, events transpire as outlined in area 14.

You enter an alcove area where stands a human bedecked in chain mail. He shouts and levels his spear right at you.

The man sets his spear against a charge, hoping to fend off the intruders until his colleagues to the east arrive. There is a 30% chance that the mercenary leader will not act according to orders and dispatch a runner (see below) to warn the remaining dungeon inhabitants about the intruders—instead he attacks without giving this order, possibly because of being surprised by this onslaught.

Guards—1st level fighters (15): AC 5 (chain mail); MV 9"; HD 1; hp 6; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (spear, or 2-12 if set vs. charge); THAC0 20; AL CN.

Leader—8th level fighter: AC 2 (plate mail + 1); MV 12"; HD 8; hp 46; #AT 3/2; Dmg 2-7 (spear + 1); THAC0 13; AL CE.

Runner—1st level fighter: AC 10; MV 12" (24" when sprinting, as per *Wilderness Survival Guide*); HD 1; hp 3; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4 (dagger); THAC0 20; AL CN.

The room contains the usual bedrolls and other belongings. All monies are sequestered in the mercenary's packs: 5-10 g.p. each. The runner wears a bone bracelet (worth 25 g.p.); the leader's pack contains a large satchel with an ermine fur (worth 3,800 g.p.) and a small bag of coins which holds 34 s.p. and 16 g.p.

16. Brigands

This room houses 25 brigands. If they were alerted by the runner, their set-up is as follows: Those with missiles will discharge these as long as they are able and then draw their blades. The spearmen stand ready with their weapons set vs. charge. Any enemy opening the east door will be met by double fire from the shortbowmen, and a bristling wall of spears. If the brigands are not aware of the adventurers, then normal surprise rules apply. However, guards are posted inside the doors to this room, and it is highly improbable that the party could surprise the bulk of the men because of this. Also note area 17, for the men there are these brigands' leaders, and they will react to any noise—such as that

made by battle—promptly. If the brigands lose morale and retreat, they will attempt to lure the party into a trap with the inhabitants of area 22. Each brigand has a pouch containing 3-10 g.p.

Brigand Spearmen—1st level fighters (18): AC 5; MV 9"; HD 1; hp 6; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (spear, or 2-12 if set vs. charge); THAC0 20; AL CE.

Brigand Bowmen—1st level fighters (7): AC 8; MV 12"; HD 1; hp 4; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (arrow from shortbow) or 1-4 (dagger); THAC0 20; SA double missile discharge if stationary and not meleed during a round; AL CE. Items carried: each has a quiver with 10 arrows.

The room is filthy and apparently has been used as a barracks for some time. Besides scraps of food and garbage, and an occasional pack containing nothing of specific interest, you find nothing here.

It will take the PCs two rounds, if they decide to stop and check the clothes, packs, and other junk here, to ascertain that there is nothing of value in the room (except the pouches carried by the brigands).

17. Leaders

If the PCs stop to listen for a moment outside this room, they will detect the sounds of talking from within.

As you enter this room you are confronted by three men in plate mail armor and shields. One is a towering figure with a bastard sword already in hand.

Huge Fighter—7th level: AC 3 (plate mail); MV 6"; HD 7; hp 47; #AT 3/2; Dmg 6-12 (bastard sword, strength bonus); Str 18/81; THAC0 12; AL CE.

Fighters—6th level (2): AC 2 (plate mail & shield); MV 6"; HD 6; hp 36, 40; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8 (longswords); THAC0 16; AL CE.

The room—which at one time might have been used for wine storage, for a lingering smell of the fruit is still apparent—is bedecked with throw rugs, carpets, three cots, a table and three large stools, a chest, and four hanging lamps, each of which contains enough oil for eight hours of operating time. The chest holds enough standard rations for 3 weeks for one individual; each of the three men's purses contains 300 g.p., and the huge fighter wears a silver ring inset with a large amethyst (780 g.p. value).



18. Priest of Iuz

As you enter this room, you get a brief glimpse of a man in yellowish robes. Suddenly, before you can do anything, the man disappears and the room is cast into utter darkness.

The man is Margus, a priest of Iuz. He has invoked a power employable once per week which allows him to cast two spells, or perform two related functions, at once; he has just simultaneously cast *darkness 15' radius* and *invisibility* from his specially made *ring of spell storing*. In the resulting confusion, he tries to use his other spells to slay the PCs. If he deems the party too great a threat to overcome, he flees when the chance presents itself, using *wraithform* if need be to elude pursuit.

Margus the Evil Patriarch—8th level cleric: AC 2 (*plate mail +1*); MV 12"; HD 8; hp 36; #AT 1; Dmg 4-9 (*mace +3*); Wis 18; THACO 14; AL CE. Items carried: *ring of spell storing* (*darkness 15' radius* (x2) and *wraithform* remain after the use just completed), *boots of elvenkind*, *mace +3*, pouch with 20 diamonds (1,000 g.p. each). Spells: *bless*, *command*, *portent*, *resist cold*, *sanctuary*; *aid*, *enthrall*, *hold person*, *silence 15' radius*, *spiritual hammer*; *animate dead*, *cause disease*, *dispel magic*, *prayer*; *cause serious wounds*, *protection from good 10' radius*, *sticks to snakes*. Special ability: *change self* (as the first level illusionist spell) once per day.

Margus is the de facto second in command here. He is a trusted servant of Helthrax, but has special orders from Iuz which entitle him to question the orders and stratagems of Helthrax. He will openly deal with the PCs, or slay Helthrax—depending on the situation at hand—if he senses that Iuz's plans are being compromised. He is ruthless and will cheat and lie to attain his master's victory. If captured, however, he will talk openly of Iuz's plan. If released after this, he flees from Verbobonc, for he fears the wrath of Iuz too much to remain a target in this area.

After Margus is defeated or flees:

The room is sparsely furnished, as if the man hadn't intended to stay here long. A cot, a stand with a filled water basin on it, a leather waterskin (half full), a small brass incense burner, and a cot with a blanket are all the items decorating the room.

Anyone who examines the cot will find a staff concealed beneath the mattress. This is a very special *staff of curing*, with an effectively unlimited number of charges. It can only be used to negate the effects of the plague, and

only upon people located within the walls of Verbobonc. Iuz crafted this artifact as a way of keeping his followers and supporters free of the plague when the takeover begins and then entrusted it to Margus.

19. Idols

You notice two human-sized idols as the corridor turns west. One must be of Iuz, for it matches his known description perfectly. The other is less definite in origin; its posture suggests filial subservience. Its features are human but yet demonic, the latter consisting of razor-sharp teeth and mottled skin with a reptilian texture; its shaggy head of hair is surmounted by a diadem normally worn by human princes of Furyondy.

These idols represent the relationship between Iuz and High Priest Helthrax, the latter having recently received recognition as Iuz's right hand. In recognition of this change, the priests of Iuz have reacted accordingly by supplying the appropriate symbols (i.e., the statue of Helthrax).

20. Scrying Pools

You see three pools of water in the 10-foot-square area ahead of you.

The pools cast no reflections. At the bottom of each are the vessels which at one time magically held these pools' waters. These vessels, similar in appearance to large crocks, are magical, and are the source of the the pools' powers. When one of the pools is gazed upon by a follower of Iuz and the sentence, "Iuz the powerful, cast us your waters, allow us to see us through you," is uttered, its surface becomes reflective, and the pool operates thereafter as a *magic font* spell for up to six hours. Iuz stays in touch with his son and priests in this way. The pools will only function for a follower of Iuz. The vessels cannot be destroyed, but they can be removed, thus nullifying the power and making the pools useless in regard to their primary function.

21. Brackish Pool

This pool appears dark and foreboding. You smell something acrid as you near it.

Margus (see area 18) prays for his spells here. If a cleric praying at this pool is worthy of Iuz's aid (as is Margus), the spells are granted; in this case all spells come directly from Iuz, and no intermediaries are involved. If he is not worthy, a glob from the pool splat-

ters the cleric, as if Iuz had spat at him. Iuz's spittle causes the victim to age 1-6 years (no saving throw) and withers the area struck (an arm or a leg), making the extremity useless for 2-5 rounds. After the victim has recovered from the spittle's withering effects, 30%-80% (1d6 + 2) of the spells requested are granted (rounding fractions down). Any fleshy being touching the pool becomes paralyzed for 1-6 turns (no saving throw). There is a 50% chance that the paralyzed creature falls headfirst into the pool. If this happens, permanent paralysis occurs and remains in effect until appropriate spells or powers are invoked to cure the victim.

22. Underpriests of Iuz

Beyond the door is a room lit by what must be a magical light source. Three men in yellow robes confront you.

The underpriests will attack without thought of harm to themselves. Prior to entering melee, each casts a *change self* spell to make himself look identical to as his first intended victim.

Underpriests—5th level clerics (3): AC 5; MV 9"; HD 5; hp 20, 21, 24; #AT 1; Dmg 2-7 (mace); THACO 17; SA +1 "to hit" due to tenacity; AL CE.

Spells for Hefus, cleric #1: *combine*, *create water*, *magic stone*, *hold person*, *resist fire*, *spiritual hammer*, *death's door*.

Spells for Karrok, cleric #2: *cure light wounds*, *light*, *protectio from good*, *augury*, *dust devil*, *spiritual hammer*, *cause blindness*.

Spells for Jamboo, cleric #3: *bless*, *command*, *light*, *aid*, *chant*, *hold person*, *create food and water*.

These priests were hand-picked by Margus to accompany him to Verbobonc. They are all fanatical—but the third one, Jamboo, is insanely hungry for power. If given a chance to gain something by dealing with the characters, he will do so. He knows about the plan to take the city, but his knowledge doesn't include what elements, other than this dungeon's own, will be involved in the attack. He otherwise feigns service to Iuz and bides his time. He is utterly untrustworthy and will attempt to extricate himself from faked alliances by double-dealing—claiming, if he is captured by Iuz's servants, that he merely infiltrated the party to learn of their plans.

23. Strange Passages

You see small stairs leading up to the east, and an alcove containing stairs going up to the west. Both are strange, because they

slant up less like stairs, but more like walkways (about 5 feet up for every 10 feet of actual distance covered). They apparently do not ascend to the ground floor of the manor above.

24. Earth Elemental

The stairs lead to a rough-hewn corridor filled with rocks and dirt which, in turn, leads you on a short, twisting jaunt south. After 20 feet you come before a pool of mud in an enclosed, rough-hewn chamber.

An earth elemental is captured here. It remains hidden and will not breach the confines of the pool. It will look at adventurers, and there is a 75% chance when it does this that it recognizes that they are not Helthrax's servants. In that case, it rises and attempts to converse with the party, hoping that they will somehow release it. It attempts to alert them to a special symbol that keeps it here, which is inscribed on the inner ring of the pool, 2 feet beneath the mud adjacent to the entry corridor.

Earth Elemental: AC 2; MV 6"; HD 16; hp 60; #AT 1; Dmg 4-32; THACO 7; AL N; SA full damage against creatures resting on the earth, -2 on damage rolls against other opponents, cause 2-8 points of structural damage; SD +2 or better weapons to hit.

The PCs must be able to communicate with this creature to understand its motives. It will attempt sign language, and a magic-user who has summoned elementals before will at the very least recognize its gestures as nonhostile. Discovering the symbol is easy, for a raised metallic skull will be felt if characters attempt to physically locate it. The symbol can be neutralized by the following spells or stratagems: A *mud to rock* spell or a *disintegrate* spell destroys the symbol. A *passwall* spell negates the symbol's power for as long as the spell remains in effect; this has the incidental effect of allowing the earth elemental to escape. The symbol can also be destroyed by inflicting 110 points of magical attack damage upon it.

The elemental will not touch the symbol, for doing that causes it excruciating pain. Other spells or powers (short of the magic of an artifact) will not work to destroy or invalidate this symbol. If loosed, the elemental will join the party in the attempt to overthrow Helthrax. It doesn't like remaining on this plane, but it hated its former imprisonment so much that it finds dignity in revenge. If the elemental is not released, it will be loosed upon an unwary populace at the time of Helthrax's attack. It defends itself if attacked by the characters. The pool is 20 feet deep, so if pressed the ele-

mental can hide for lack of any other action.

25. Shrine to Iuz

After proceeding about 8 feet west you enter a rectangular shaped room at a point 12 feet above it; below you is a sandy area extending toward a marble floor, which approximately covers the western half of the chamber. On the marble floor is an altar of some sort; it is a raised ovoid stone affair, inset with six large stones that glow in the light. You see no stairs or other ways to descend to it.

This is Iuz's answer to the Temple of Elemental Evil (after a fashion). He has attempted to link the worship of himself to the "new order," a plan which allows for the summoning and use of his own elementals—new allies not yet revealed to his clerics or followers. The stones on the altar symbolize the following (proceeding clockwise from the top): N (yellow) Iuz; NE (brown) earth; SE (gray) air; S (red) Helthrax; SW (orange) fire; NW (white) water. The stones are rock crystals of various geographic origins. Each crystal cracks if physical methods are employed to remove them. If removed by magic (by employing a *rock to mud* spell, for instance) they can be subsequently sold for 1,000 g.p. each.

26. Prayer Room

This room is carpeted in gray and littered with pillows. Centered upon a teakwood table are bust-sized brass idols of Iuz and another demonlike humanoid.

This is the prayer room utilized by the clerics from area 22. The table is worth 300 g.p. if sold. The idols are brass. The "other idol" is a representation of Helthrax in a ritualistic polymorphed state.

27. Hall of Victories

The passage west turns into a carpeted passage leading off to the south, 20 feet wide. Lining the walls of this corridor are many empty stone pedestals.

Helthrax has prepared a suitable place for the soon-to-be-dead enemies of evil to be displayed and interred. On the agenda, after the fall of Verbobonc, is the mummification of assassinated officials, including Wilfrick. All, in turn, will be displayed (and buried) here. Note that if too much noise is made in the approach to area 28, the dracolisk there will be alerted to the party's presence.

27A. Secret Escape Route

If the PCs open the secret door and enter this small chamber, they discover a passage heading north. If the PCs proceed this way:

The passage continues in a straight line for 60 feet and then terminates against a brick wall.

The bricks are easily knocked out. The space beyond reveals a sewer passage east and west. It takes the party one hour to find its way out of the sewers by going west, or twice that time if it proceeds east.

28. Hall of the Dracolisk

Roll for surprise and initiative when PCs enter this place. All but Helthrax and the troll keeper (see area 30) will be attacked by the dracolisk. See *Monster Manual II* for complete details.

Dracolisk: AC 3; MV 9" (no flying here); HD 7 + 3; hp 50; #AT 3; Dmg 1-6/1-6/3-12; THACO 13; AL CE; SA acid breath weapon for 4-24, petrification gaze weapon; SD opponents attempting to avoid the gaze melee at -4 "to hit," creature is 90% impervious to having its gaze reflected.

The dracolisk bellows during its attack, and the troll at area 30 will most certainly be alerted. The dracolisk will not attack its troll keeper and actually averts its gaze in his presence.

This chamber contains nothing of value. Two iron-bound doors are set into the west wall.

29. Treasure Room

Beyond the secret door is a small area heaped with boxes. This represents the majority of the wealth currently available to Helthrax. There are 20 boxes here: numbers 1-10 contain 400 g.p. each; 11-14 contain 400 e.p. each; 15-19 contain 10 silver necklaces, each necklace worth 300 g.p.; and box 20 contains 300 p.p.

30. Storage/Troll Keeper

Note: If the troll has been alerted, he locks and bolts the doors. If the doors are forced open, he flees to gather the zombies (see areas 31 and 32) for a counterattack.

Troll: AC 4; MV 12"; HD 6 + 6; hp 40; #AT 3; Dmg 5-8/5-8/2-12; THACO 13; AL CE; SA severed body parts can still attack; SD regeneration. Special ability: this troll has a 14 intelligence.

Upon breaching the door(s) you see a room filled with boxes, large casks, and barrels. You hear and see the approach of figures from the north. A troll appears to be leading a horde of zombies!

The zombies—both types—will attack until slain. The troll will attempt to escape past the party if its death or defeat seems imminent. If blocked, it fights to the death. This is obviously a storage room. The 12 boxes and 16 casks contain foodstuffs (pickled meat, breads, vegetables in oil, spices, etc.) which are dispensed by the juju zombies to those lackeys in need (Helthrax finds this mildly amusing).

31. Juju Zombies

These creatures will follow the dictates—in descending order—of Helthrax, Margus, and the troll. They command the undead zombie horde at #32.

Juju Zombies (5): AC 6; MV 9"; HD 3 + 12; hp 26, 27, 27, 28, 28; #AT 1; Dmg 3-12; THAC0 13; AL N(E); SA can hurl or discharge missile weapons, climb as 6th level thieves; SD only hit by +1 or better weapons, piercing/blunt weapon attacks do half damage, immune to mind-affecting powers/spells such as illusion, charms, and holds, and to electricity, magic missiles, death magic, and cold spells; fire only inflicts half damage; turned as a spectre.

32. Zombies

The zombies will follow the dictates of Helthrax, Margus, or the juju zombies in area 31.

Zombies (20): AC 8; MV 6"; HD 2; hp 9 each; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8; THAC0 16; AL N; SD immune to mind-affecting spells, poisons, etc.

33. Cavern of Helthrax

Important Note: Helthrax will not interfere with his lackeys' inability to deal with intruders. (He thinks, "Surely, if they cannot deal with a few meddling humans, of what worth will they be to me in the grand assault upon the City?") He waits here, listening, instead. When the characters enter the chamber, he casts the best spell befitting the situation and thereafter engages the party with guile and tact, employing all means available to him. Though he abhors the thought of fleeing, he will do so to save his own life. Helthrax has inherited powers not typical of regular humans. His rituals with Iuz have made him a super-human in effect.

Helthrax, High Priest of Iuz—12th level cleric: AC 0; MV 15"; HD 12; hp 80; #AT 2; Dmg 8-13 (*footman's mace* +3, strength bonus); Str 18/48, Int 17, Wis 17, Dex 16, Con 16, Cha 15; THAC0 10; SA cause fear by touch (plus see below); SD MR 25%; AL CE. Item carried: *amulet of proof against detec-*

tion and location. Additional abilities/misc. notes: *detect magic, levitate, polymorph self, infravision, speak with elementals*, all at will; iron weapons do damage at +1 per die. Spells carried: *command, cure light wounds, detect good, penetrate disguise, protection from good, remove fear; aid, enthrall, hold person, messenger, silence 15' radius; animate dead, cause disease, dispel magic, curse, speak with dead; abjure, protection from good 10' radius, spike stones; slay living, true seeing; blade barrier, word of recall*.

Notes on spell use: The *blade barrier* spell is a good candidate for the first spell cast by Helthrax; its range is 3" (and extends beyond that due to the affected area) and it lasts for 36 rounds. Helthrax will cast it upon party members (saving throws to dodge apply). The *word of recall*, if used, returns Helthrax to Dorakaa. The *curse* could be used to lower the party's subsequent saving throws; Helthrax would likely then follow up on this with *slay living, hold person*, and *command* (not necessarily in that order).

Concluding the Adventure

If Helthrax flees or is slain while playing this scenario as part of the overall campaign, Morgorath creates this illusion for the party's benefit:

The image of Iuz appears, and he stares at you as he says, "You have but slighted me by this defeat, for who can defeat the will of Iuz, greatest of all on Oerth?! You shall reap my wrath, humans. You shall be blighted, just as I loose my venom upon the Scarlet Ones! So speaks the great Iuz!" He spits upon the floor, and his image disappears in a flash! Where the spittle landed are some words, burned into the floor and still smoldering: "The Brotherhood shall suffer!"

Of course, this is the clue that tells the PCs where to proceed for the next (and, unbeknownst to them, the last) mission of the campaign.

If the PCs recover the *staff of curing* from room 18 and succeed in identifying its nature, the government of Verbobonc will be grateful beyond words, and the *staff* will be used to cure the plague within a matter of days. Otherwise, the disease runs its course and stops infecting people after two more weeks have passed. Was it "only" a disease, or did it have a more sinister source? Perhaps only Iuz knows for sure. . . .

If this adventure is played as a one-shot mission, success means that the PCs have ended the threat of the assassination plot. When they go before Wilfrick with proof of the attempted overthrow, they are rewarded. They may choose from the following gifts, bestowed upon them by Wilfrick during a pompous ceremony proclaiming them as heroes.

Knighthood: Includes a manor and lands equal to 20,000 g.p. value.

Monetary: 25,000 g.p. in jewelry.

Magical: One choice of any magic item (be practical: no wishes, artifacts, major staves or rods, etc.), fully charged and/or in excellent condition.

If the PCs thwarted Helthrax and claimed the *staff of curing*, any reward they choose is doubled in amount or quantity.

If the party fails to stop Helthrax and fails to recover the *staff*, all player-character classes in the WORLD OF GREYHAWK® game milieu not specifically mentioned in any of the other adventure sections as being affected by the plague lose 1 point of constitution. This loss occurs at the instant that the PCs exit the dungeon beneath Dieg Manor with no apparent intention of going back.

34. Hidden Chamber

If this chamber is broken into:

This is the Dieg family crypt. The coffins to the north and west are sealed. The newest addition—a crate with no lid—has the decomposed body of Carlan Dieg sprawled across it.

Any good cleric will say a prayer on the spot! It seems that Carlan Dieg was a righteous man after all.

35. Mortared and Bricked Wall

If this place is uncovered:

This 20-foot-square area is heaped with weapons and armor.

This is Helthrax's secret cache of weapons and armor, either to be used in the taking of Verbobonc or as a reserve against bad times. This armory consists of 200 spears, 50 shortwords, 1,000 quarrels, 2,000 arrows, 30 light crossbows, 30 shortbows, 20 pole arms (mixture), 100 hand axes, 50 suits of leather armor, 30 suits of chain mail, 10 suits of plate mail, 50 round shields, a suit of *field plate* +3, and 4 suits of *elven mail* +1.



Hesuel Ilshar

Many of the Suel nobility who escaped the Rain of Colorless Fire dreamed of a return to power and the destruction or subjugation of all rival peoples. The most determined of these gravitated toward the Tilvanot Plateau in the years immediately following that disaster. The reasons for this were threefold. First, the Flan natives were few and peaceful, easily subjugated. Second, the climate resembled that of the lost Suel homeland with its steady but cool temperature and misty skies. Last and perhaps most important was the plateau's relative isolation, far from the nascent power of the Oeridian tribes or the interference of the despised but feared elves and dwarves.

Unlike the Suloise of the Sheldomar Basin, these colonists disdained any sort of intermixture, social or otherwise, with other sorts of humans, and unlike the northern tribes they did not revert to barbarism. Instead they set out to reproduce the glories of ancient Suloise society, from slaveholding, assassination, ritual torture, and the employment of goblinoid mercenaries to the highest magical and material arts.

Fortunately for the outside world, they also retained the capacity of the old country for treachery. Though a thriving set of cities and slave estates was established in mere decades, the new society spent its efforts in continuing feuds and factionalism. While their mansions gradually crumbled around them, the gentry spent their time in petty boundary disputes and other and increasingly bizarre diversions. The only unifying element was a common hatred and disdain for everything non-Suloise, and its one institutional expression: the Scarlet Brotherhood.

The Brotherhood was founded in the last years of the Bakluni-Suel wars (5091 S.D.) to combat what its members saw as the dilution of Suel virtues and superiority; its express purpose was the "purification" of Suel blood and behavior, with the concomitant and inevitable rule of Suloise over all lesser peoples. However the only outward expression of the Scarlet Brotherhood on the Tilvanot Plateau, aside from certain arcane ceremonies, was the ritual hunting of escaped slaves and foreign intruders and the execution of dissidents who attempted to leave the plateau. Members seldom cooperated in any other manner.

The complacency of this society was shaken to its very roots in 489 CY (6003 in the Suel calendar still used by the colonists' descendants). Suddenly the southern provinces were invaded by strange monsters and by small bands of an entirely alien people who bore a disturbing resemblance to the Bakluni. Slaver forces sent against them were driven

back in disarray. Many of the upper classes committed suicide for shame, or failed to respond at all. The slaves on the estates sensed weakness and revolted. The tottering structure erected by the first colonists collapsed.

Only one element of the old order survived the impact. Irith Van, the head of the Scarlet Brotherhood, sent out scouts to investigate and met secretly with certain elements among the strangers. It developed that these folk had entered the plateau via a magical portal, created by a great mage to allow them to escape enemies yet more powerful than themselves. They included several "monasteries" and villages which fled together with all their goods. The portal had closed behind them, and they knew no way to return. Irith Van noted the strange but effective skills of the intruders, whom he called "monks" because of their ascetic doctrines. He proposed an alliance. Not all were amenable, but one group agreed.

Under Irith Van's iron hand, the Scarlet Brotherhood was hammered into a new form. The alliance with the monks was secret to all but those of the highest circle, but Irith Van learned, and his co-rulers began to teach, the new disciplines imported by the strangers. There were radical reorganizations of the moribund Brotherhood's structure. One by one, the old Suel lords and the free slave provinces fell under the sway of the Scarlet Brotherhood. Those of the strangers who had refused alliance were driven into the wildernesses at the plateau's edge.

In 6006 S.D., Irith Van ordered the building of a new headquarters and fortress at the site of the strangers' entry into the Flanaess: Hesuel Ilshar, Breedhome of the Suloise. The entire episode of the foreign intrusion has since been expunged from history, and the existence of the descendants of the monks is a carefully maintained secret. The disciplines of monks and the grandiose programs of the Scarlet Brotherhood have been woven into a coherent whole, and most members accept that it has always been so. In the course of five generations, even the precise age of Hesuel Ilshar has been largely forgotten. Not so, however, its purpose: to produce a newer and "purer" Suel race, trained in all the deadliest arts, fit to conquer a continent. At long last the Scarlet Brotherhood has begun to direct its attention toward the outside world. Hesuel Ilshar is a grim and martial city. While its inhabitants regard it as the epitome of Suel culture, it has been heavily influenced by the monks with whom Irith Van formed his alliance. Ironically, the vigorous and rejuvenated expression of Suel "superiority" is a hybrid.

Hesuel Ilshar is set on high ground in the middle of a large expanse of slave estates. The estates about the capital provide cotton,

citrus, maize, and rice, as well as bananas and tobacco. The dark volcanic soil of the plateau and the efficiency and harshness of the estates combine to produce an abundance of every sort of foodstuff and cloth. A belt of the native forest land separates Hesuel Ilshar from the estate lands, and provides supplies of ebony, teak, bamboo, dekló, and other woods.

The walls, streets, and buildings of Hesuel Ilshar are all of the basalt which underlies the Tilvanot Plateau; a hard, dark gray fine-grained rock. There are four city gates, one at each quarter of the compass and all heavily guarded. Walls also divide the city into four outer quarters and an inner portion. Movement in and out of the city is strictly controlled, as is movement between quarters. The buildings are all of substantial construction. Those within public view are tall, narrow structures, most of them covered with a pale stucco. The low pitched roofs are covered in leaden sheeting. Windows are tall and narrow, commonly barred in complex patterns with wood or iron. Panes of glazed paper are used in preference to shutters. None of the buildings is heated: a greater hardship than it might first appear, since even the tropics are cool at these elevations.

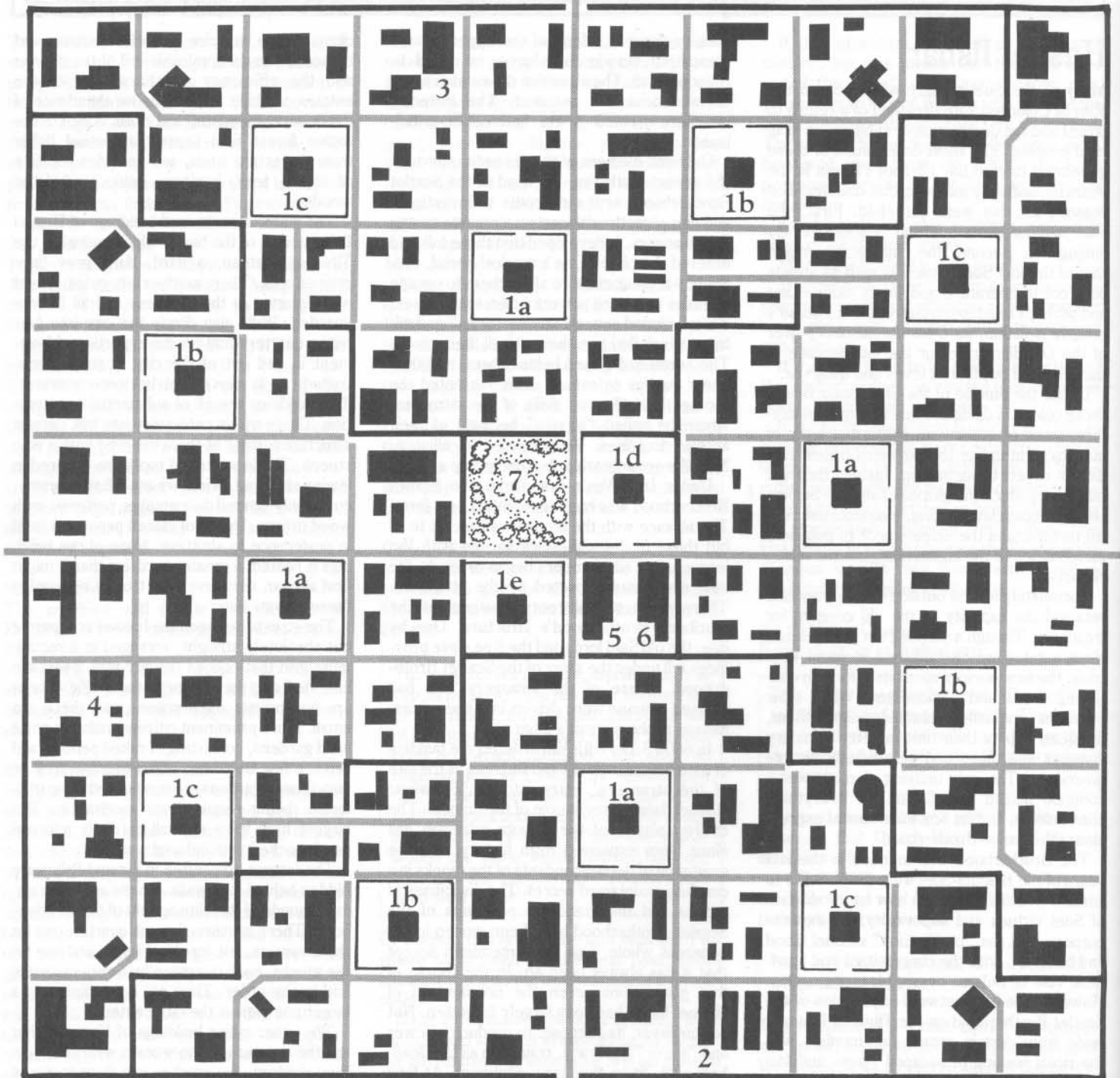
The streets between the houses are narrow but absolutely straight, arranged in a rectangular grid that echoes the city wall. Most are intended only for foot or horse traffic. There are few private open spaces, and these are small. More prominent citizens maintain small sand gardens, consisting of raked pebbles and sand, a few boulders, and a stunted tree or two. These gardens are considered to be utilitarian, being required for meditation. The largest may have a small carefully informal pond stocked with colored carp.

The largest structures in Hesuel Ilshar are hidden behind high walls. These are the training grounds of the elite agents of the Brotherhood. There are three in each quarter: one for the assassins, one for the thieves, and one for the monks, each overseen by a senior master within the order. They are subordinate to a larger complex at the city center.

The other major buildings of Hesuel Ilshar are the quarters of the women who bear new Suel children, the creches and dormitories of the children themselves, and the workhouses and workshops where all residents of the city spend time in useful labor. Those approved to have offspring for the Scarlet Brotherhood must journey to Hesuel Ilshar, where they remain until a child is conceived. The man immediately departs, and the woman remains only until the child's second birthday, or earlier if she has important duties elsewhere. The children are educated and fed in groups of ten, segregated by sex, until at the age of twelve

HESUEL ILSHAR

Scale: 1 inch = 60 yards



1. Walled Compound (fills block)

- a: Monk
- b: Assassin
- c: Thief
- d: Oriental monk
- e: Leader

2. Hobgoblin Barracks

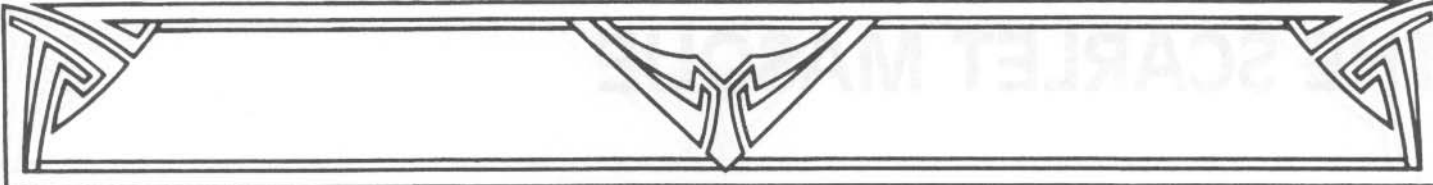
3. Visitors' Dormitory

4. Mens' Dormitory

5. Children's Dormitory

6. Servants' Dormitory

**7. Garden of Meditation
(fills block)**



they are directed into a profession.

Each resident carries a lacquered wooden card with an inscription in Ancient Suloise stating the occupation and residence of the individual. Official visitors (there is no other sort) are provided with temporary cards. Cards are checked at every gate, whenever an individual enters the city or any of the wards or compounds.

Nonhumans such as hobgoblins, goblins, and orcs carry a gray card. Humans may have a green, blue, white, or red card according to their status. Only those of the purest Suel blood and the highest achievement may aspire to a red card; fullblooded Suel generally rate a white card regardless of ability, and a few are granted to exceptional individuals of other backgrounds. Blue cards are for non-Suel who have some particular talent. Green cards are those of slaves with no exceptional abilities.

A card also bears a copy of the unique number tattooed on the right arm of each inhabitant of the citadel, as well as special notes such as area restrictions or freedoms. Guards seldom check to see whether an individual's card and tattoo match, but the penalty for a mismatch is decapitation. The descendants of the Orientals are treated as full-blooded Suel by the card system, but matters are so arranged that low-ranking members of the Brotherhood never examine them.

There is no commerce in the city, and no coins are accepted. Supplies and food are available at a dormitory on approval or not at all. The only manufacturing carried out within its walls are the labors of students or children, or of those who await the conception or birth of a child and would otherwise be idle. These are set to weaving and spinning, or if they have the art they may work wood from the surrounding forest or the gold and olivine

which are gathered from the Tilvanot Plateau's streams, or engage in other approved crafts to finance the Brotherhood's activities abroad.

The garments of Hesuel Ilshar are largely uniforms of one sort or another. Typical is a robe with a deep hood, and sandals for the feet, sometimes with short trousers and a vest under the robe. For slaves, this clothing is gray and of coarse weave. Others are permitted colors, though the shades of red are reserved for actual members of the Scarlet Brotherhood. Each member or direct servant also bears the four-armed symbol of the Scarlet Brotherhood and the number of the regiment on the upper left shoulder, together with a symbol denoting the wearer's profession. Most notable are the Vigilances, easily recognized by their bright scarlet uniforms.

The Vigilances are cadres of young trainees who enforce Hesuel Ilshar's strict laws. They may rely upon the swift arrival of hobgoblin troops if required, but this is not usually necessary. Those who witness a crime in Hesuel Ilshar but fail to report it are considered as culpable as the criminals, and it is possible to acquire honors by personally aiding the Vigilances in an apprehension. Many residents are eager, even overeager, to discover crimes and report on them. Beatings, tortures, and executions, always public, are the typical penalties.

While obedience to the ultimate leaders is exact and unquestioning, the daily course of events in Hesuel Ilshar is directed by the masters of the four quarters of the city, who in turn delegate authority (and make superiors accountable for the actions of their inferiors). Superiors have absolute authority over underlings, even if they are only the foremen of slave gangs. Within the Scarlet brotherhood

first precedence goes to those of higher level, but otherwise monks take precedence over assassins, who take precedence over thieves.

There are no temples to the deities in Hesuel Ilshar, only a few small shrines to the lawful, neutral, and evil members of the Suel pantheon. The Brotherhood does not encourage observance of these deities, except as an expression of Suel culture, and regards clerics of even suitable Suel powers with some suspicion.

The population of Hesuel Ilshar consists largely of humans, with some hobgoblin troops. There are no elves, dwarves, or half-lings other than visitors. Excepting the slaves, most individuals are of predominantly Suel blood. Fully half of the city consists of those under the age of thirteen, and with the exception of those who carry out the essential tasks of maintenance the remainder are all fighters, magic-users, and most of all monks, thieves, and assassins who are either in training or are engaged in educating others. A few are administrators, none without skill in some martial field. In all there are some four thousands, plus the Kara-turans who remain largely hidden at the city's center: another three hundred individuals. The common language of these people is Ancient Suloise—not the form current on the rest of the Tilvanot Plateau, which has altered somewhat in nearly a millennium, but the original as known from documents. Most know common speech as well, but it is a sign of inferiority to use any other language than the ancient Suel or possibly the lawful evil alignment tongue. Excepting a few horses used by couriers and certain monsters, there are no other creatures in Hesuel Ilshar.

THE SCARLET MASQUE

Players' Introduction

Your long journey may be finally nearing an end. Following obscure hints of its secret location through Kro Terlep, up the ramparts of the Tilvanot Plateau, through the belts of slave estate and forest, you have at last come to the hidden fortress and monastery of the Scarlet Brotherhood, Hesuel Ilshar. It is a dark and forbidding city that looms on the horizon behind basalt walls. The ring of forest about it seems to absorb all sound, as does the surrounding fog. Who knows what you will find within? Certainly you may expect to find the mysterious Morgorath, and perhaps the dreaded plague that seems to dog your footsteps will soon arrive here as well. All else is uncertain. Your only real clue, thrust upon you a while back by a mysterious traveler, is a scrap of paper with these words:

*seek the heart of the blood red city
where a casket holds the price of kings
a sovereign remedy
if found in time*

As you come within bowshot range of the gate to the fortress, you can hear the harsh shouts of the guards demanding identification.

DM's Introduction

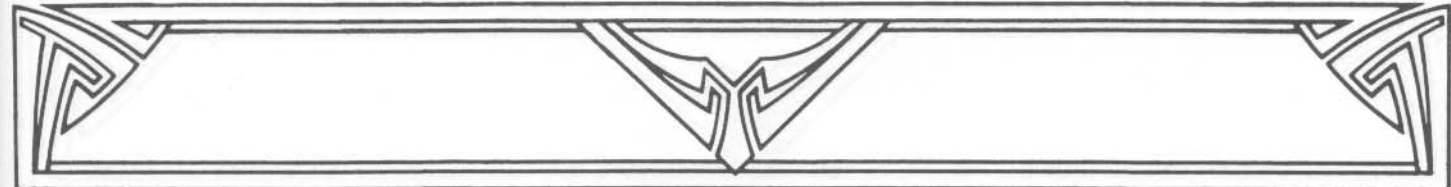
Some parallels with the real world may be useful to the DM in describing the general atmosphere of Hesuel Ilshar and determining the actions of its inhabitants. The climate is like that found at higher elevations in Central and South America, on the rainier slopes. While never cold, the weather can be chilly, especially at night. Rains and fogs are frequent. The inhabitants of Hesuel Ilshar are rather like ancient Spartans. Fear of superiors, disdain for outsiders and those lower in the hierarchy, and constant scheming for advancement are characteristic, as are rigid personal and social discipline. The atmosphere is grim and military.

Not all parts of the city are detailed. Such things as the hour-by-hour locations and activities of all the residents and the contents of particular warehouses should be decided by the DM if the question arises.

The PCs' objective will be to find the precious casket they have been promised by the riddle while avoiding members of the Scarlet Brotherhood and Morgorath and his various minions. For details concerning the casket, see the appropriate heading below. Morgorath arrives the same day that the characters do, along with 26 doppelgangers whom he has convinced that life in Hesuel Ilshar will be pleasant. He has also convinced them that the PCs are a danger to be eliminated. The doppelgangers are awed and will do whatever Morgorath commands, within reason.

This adventure is designed for a party of 4-6 characters whose total levels of experience are in excess of 60. The mission is meant to test assassin characters. If the PC party does not include at least one of these, they will have to depend on the skills of thieves, and possibly illusionists. It is highly unlikely that they will succeed if they do not at least proceed with guile and subtlety. A frontal attack is likely to be disastrous. The key is the gathering of information and the careful application of force. Because of the difficulty of assessing





PC abilities and strategies at higher levels of play, a number of elements have been included which the DM may use at will to make the task easier or harder (see "Course Corrections" below). These can be used without loss of plausibility because of the coiled intrigue in Hesuel Ilshar. Everyone is an agent, or at least a tool, of one or more factions.

Timing will be very important in this adventure, most particularly response time of the Scarlet Brotherhood. Given a long enough delay, player characters will be able to silence witnesses or make their escape; otherwise their difficulties will multiply. Three factors work in their favor. The first is surprise: the members of the Scarlet Brotherhood do not expect danger here from anyone other than a member of a rival faction. The second is pride: most members of the Brotherhood are extremely arrogant, and will desire to personally catch or destroy the player characters if they discover them. The third is absolute obedience: the inhabitants of Hesuel Ilshar are not inclined to question any changes or orders that seem to have official sanction, since asking questions might be interpreted as disloyalty. These elements should be emphasized to the players at every opportunity, so that they may capitalize on them. Used with care, they can be used to balance the adventure. Response times listed here should be used as guidelines, not hard-and-fast rules.

Characters of the level required for this adventure (12 or higher, ideally) might arrive in Hesuel Ilshar in any of a number of ways, secret or relatively open. (The above introduction should be modified to suit the circumstances.) They cannot pass through the city gate without identification, which they must either forge or steal. Information concerning the Scarlet Brotherhood and Hesuel Ilshar will be sparse, even if characters have made an effort to discover it. Any preliminary investigation will reveal the system of identity cards and tattoos, and the need for such if they are to enter the city or move about in it. If the characters do not make this preliminary investigation, the need will be evident at the city gate. They should be allowed to hang back in the group of entrants and fade into the fog to reconsider their plans.

Obviously this is not an adventure suited to actual members of the Scarlet Brotherhood, unless they are renegades with little knowledge of the organization's broader plans and of the layout of Hesuel Ilshar. The DM should carefully control the result of any divinatory magic that PCs might use either before the adventure or during it. Intelligent questions and usages should be rewarded, but in terms of clues rather than direct answers. *Under no circumstances should the precise location of the casket be revealed in this way.*

Course Corrections

Imaginative players operating high-level characters are rarely predictable. Some problems may turn out to be absurdly easy for a particular group, or might be circumvented entirely because of an unusual course of action. On the other hand, it is possible that players will be at a loss as to what to do at one or more points in this adventure. The Scarlet Brotherhood is a tightly structured and highly secretive organization, and it may be that the capabilities of the players or the characters are insufficient for the adventure to continue. The following suggestions may be of some use in such situations:

1. **Can't Find the Casket:** It may be that the characters fail to fully appreciate the riddling rhyme, or don't understand it, or for one reason or another never see the Garden of Meditation. This is not a great difficulty if they think to capture and interrogate members of the Scarlet Brotherhood's leadership (possibly using *charm* spells, since other methods aren't likely to have any success), or manage to spy on a senior member for long enough to see or hear something significant. (All members of the Brotherhood above 7th level know of the casket's existence and that it is in the central compound; it is a matter much on the minds of all of them and a topic for conversation among themselves.) Or, they might successfully masquerade as members and simply ask (remember to play appropriate reactions if the characters ask in a way that reveals they aren't members). If they don't do any of these things, perhaps they deserve to fail, but the DM who wants to give them a break might have Chan Roh approach them in human form, or invisibly, and give a clue or two.

2. **Over Too Quick:** It is entirely possible that the player characters will arrive almost immediately in the Garden, figure out where the casket is, and proceed to the "final" scenes. If they do this, they have "won," and the plague ends, but a new new adventure is possible. Chan Roh will plunge through the portal immediately, and the characters will be overwhelmed if the members of the Scarlet Brotherhood attack in force. They must flee, either through the portal (in which case see the information under "Consequences") or to elsewhere in the immediate region. The dopplegangers will still be loose in Hesuel Ilshar, and the resulting disorder might tempt player characters to attempt to raid the city in search of treasure. Also, the Scarlet Brotherhood will deny passage through the portal to the Oriental monks who are not part of their organization, and the player characters may be approached with offers of alliance.


3. **Caught or Surrounded:** If the player characters are all caught together and have no strategy for getting out, then they might be

released by a traitor. The traitor might be someone within the Scarlet Brotherhood, in which case the characters will be misdirected to a rival's compound in the hope that they will do damage before they are caught again, or the traitor might be a Suel noble or a secret member of one of the other schools of Oriental monks, who for one reason or another believes that the characters will be useful if they are free and alive. These types will have cover stories for themselves, and will not accompany the player characters. Last of all, very brave slaves might sneak in and let the characters loose, either hoping to get away along with them or to use their escape as cover for some attempt of their own. This "out" shouldn't be used if the characters did something stupid to get caught: their potential rescuers won't be sufficiently impressed with their possible value. A Dungeon Master who is reluctant to make this sort of judgment call might simply roll a die: half the time, someone springs the player characters.

4. **Characters Too Tough:** If the player characters are walking all over the opposition, consider the ingenuity of the Scarlet Brotherhood's leadership and the extent of the Brotherhood's resources. New tactics might be evolved (for instance, white powder to discover invisible opponents), and new equipment (especially such things as *wands of enemy detection* or various scrying devices) imported from elsewhere on the plateau. (It will be obvious that the Scarlet Brotherhood must be storing the bulk of its magical items in some spot inaccessible to player characters, possibly outside the city entirely.) Last but not least, new personnel might be imported (magic-users, clerics, and fighters, for instance, if not more monks and assassins), and so might new monsters. New tactics could appear in as little as half an hour; new resources within a day.

Recent History

The original alliance between the Oriental monks and the Scarlet Brotherhood contained the seeds of division, despite similar alignments, philosophies, and even symbolic colors. At the root of the difficulty is the Scarlet Brotherhood's program for racial superiority. While the existence of the Orientals remains a secret at lower levels, any member of the Brotherhood of 7th level or above is aware of them, and some resent them. Initially their superior knowledge of martial arts allowed the Orientals to maintain something of a balance of power, but that advantage has been gradually eroded, while the need to maintain Suelites in exposed public positions has distanced them from the centers of power within the Scarlet Brotherhood. The second highest position within the monkish order is now held



by one of Suelite background, Korenth Zan. He is accessible to all factions, and though he is openly committed to none of them he might well use hostility to the Orientals to advance his position. Even now they confine themselves to the inner quarters of Hesuel Ilshar and go forth among general members of the population cowed and in long robes that conceal the color of their skins.

Several other factors have recently combined to put Hesuel Ilshar in a state of foment. Among these are the news of turmoil in the Flanaess (which causes some factions to press for immediate action), and the approaching millennium of the Scarlet Brotherhood's foundation, which many consider to be a sign that they should either reform, or go forth to conquer, or both. Last but not least, a golden box has appeared in the inner courts of Hesuel Ilshar at the very place which once opened onto Kara-Tur. The highest representatives of the monkish order, both Oriental and Suel, have received visions intimating that this box must be kept secret and safeguarded from all others, even those within the Scarlet Brotherhood; that it contains an essence vital to the continuation of the known order. They have also received vague warnings that the activities of the PCs (or others like them) are a danger, and they have even taken steps to eliminate the player characters, although they have no hint that the next flurry of activity will be within the walls of Hesuel Ilshar itself!

The Casket

The casket containing Morgorath's life force appeared mysteriously one night next to the sundial in the Garden of Meditation in the Central Compound of Hesuel Ilshar. It is extraordinarily heavy, and seems to be made of gold. It is 2 feet long by 1 foot wide by 1/2 foot deep, and has a hinged lid. It is decorated with intertwined golden dragons. If it is opened, a bright bluish radiance fills the air within 10 feet obscuring the casket and rendering the interior invisible. It is immune to any sort of magical or physical attack except for a blow from a magical weapon wielded by a living creature. It has an effective armor class of 6, and 16 hit points against such attacks before it is destroyed. The highest leaders of the Brotherhood have concealed it near the place where they found it. For additional information, see the entry on Morgorath's beast-form in *The Mirrors of Fate*, and the description of the Garden of Meditation below. Only members of the Brotherhood above 10th level know that the casket is presently concealed in the Garden of Meditation (see below). Those above 7th level know of it, but believe it is in the dungeon beneath the central buildings.

Factions and Forces in the City

Listed here are but a few of the more important divisions and powers. The DM may see fit to add others according to the course of play, or alter these to suit the needs of the adventure. Of course, within each alliance individuals seek to advance themselves over rivals as well as to bring their own faction to ascendancy.

Within the Scarlet Brotherhood, there are the obvious divisions according to city quarter and according to profession (the assassins, the monks, the thieves, and the more diffuse orders of fighters and magic-users whose headquarters are located in a lesser city). The fact that the highest leadership remains within the hands of those who are trained as monks is a source of unhappiness for all those of other professions (calling a monk "father" is particularly galling to them). In addition to this, there are the more fundamental divisions according to what might be called political philosophy.

The Pure Suel faction wishes to expel all of the Oriental monks, if they know of them, and any other non-Suel influences. Some within this faction wish to exterminate them, while others would be content to intern them elsewhere on the plateau on the chance that they might still have some useful knowledge. It is also doctrine within this faction that the first overt action of the Scarlet Brotherhood should be the destruction of the ancient "heretical" houses of Rhola and Neheli in the Ulek-Keoland regions.

The Strong Hand faction wishes to begin domination of the Flanaess immediately by taking covert control of the predominantly Suel nations and using them to conquer the lands immediately north of the Tilvanot Peninsula.

The High Unity party, which remains largely secret, believes that there is strength in the other human races which should be incorporated into the primarily Suel line. They also have hopes that valuable skills may be had from nonhumans such as elves and dwarves (even though they are destined to be subjugated, there is something to be learned from them). This faction and the Pure Suel faction are deadliest enemies.

The Millennialists believe some obscure and generally discredited statements of the "prophet" Huro (officially banished from the Brotherhood and sentenced to death by ritual torture). He wrote a hundred years ago that "at the millennium of the Foundation a great miracle will occur which will be the beginning of a purified and strengthened Scarlet Brotherhood." This will be the signal to go forth in strength to conquer the world. Millennialists know that this is The Year (6091 S.D., or 576 CY, exactly 1,000 years since the Scarlet

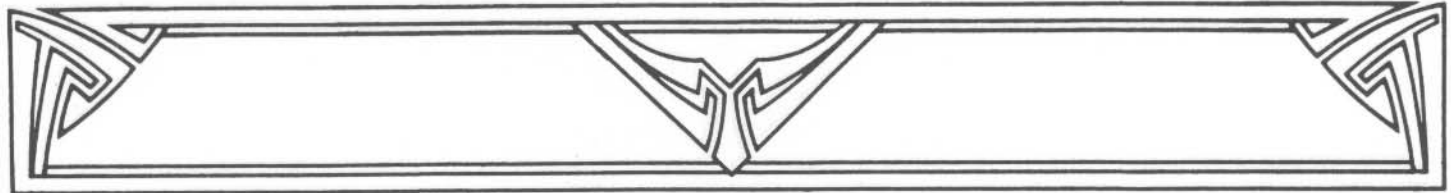
Brotherhood was formed), and are making plans. Many lower members of the Scarlet Brotherhood are Millennialists, and some are also members of other factions, particularly the Pure Suel.

The majority within the Scarlet Brotherhood is committed to the present program of careful breeding and training, and to cautious control and surveillance of the other regimes in the Flanaess. They suppress dissident opinions, regarding them as traitorous. Many are cynical of those who believe in anything but the Right of Might (one of the first precepts of the Brotherhood).

The descendants of the original monks from Kara-Tur amount to a faction in themselves. They are increasingly uncomfortable and isolated, and many of them have come to believe that their ancestors were wrong to embrace a foreign country and that their political enemies in Kara-Tur are most certainly long gone. Certain of the most highly placed among them have secretly begun to research ways of returning, in cooperation with the other schools of Oriental monks who did not join the Scarlet Brotherhood and in cooperation with certain of the other Oriental creatures that crossed over from Kara-Tur at the time (see the character descriptions in the "Garden of Meditation" section below).

Outside the Scarlet Brotherhood there remain certain disgruntled representatives of the former Suel aristocracy on the Tilvanot Plateau. While their ancestors submitted to the Scarlet Brotherhood's overlordship, they retain the rights to their private slave estates, at least in theory, and resent the control emanating from Hesuel Ilshar. None are monks; many have taken the ancient, honored professions of fighter or magic-user or assassin. These nobles have no formal organization, but individuals might take an opportunity to embarrass the present rulers of the Scarlet Brotherhood. Some are presently members, if disloyal ones, of that organization.

Of the original intruders from Kara-Tur, not all allied themselves with the Scarlet Brotherhood. The Sapphire Celestials, of lawful good alignment, committed themselves to serene contemplation until such time as a gate to their homeland should reappear, and chose isolation from all outside influences. The Black Order was of similar alignment but took a more active role, sending secret missions over the entire continent and establishing small enclaves beyond the Tilvanot Plateau, all in search of a new homeward route. The Golden Monks, of lawful neutral alignment, chose to simply exist on the Tilvanot Plateau in such harmony as might be possible. Of these three schools, none had the success of the High Scarlet Order, which had found an organization with similar ideas to its own and even



(perhaps not by chance) the same colors. The Sapphire Celestials, the Black Order, and the Golden Monks have been driven into the wilder and more isolated regions at the edge of the Tilvanot Plateau, but they maintain their own progression of Masters in these secret monasteries and have taken in and trained both escaped slaves and renegade Suelites. All have hidden representatives in Hesuel Ilshar. These seldom take any overt action, but are primarily observers. Such events as are associated with the arrival of Morgorath and of the player characters may change this.

Last but not least, there is widespread hatred of the Scarlet Brotherhood among the slaves. The more recent acquisitions are most active; the largely Flan descendants of the original natives are more cautious. Slave conspiracies are small and recent; they and their perpetrators have a short life expectancy. Still, they may act against the Scarlet Brotherhood if they see an opportunity to do so undetected. Most rebels only want to escape, either to the wilderness or to someplace entirely beyond the Tilvanot Plateau, but only if the chance of success is high.

Forms of Address

The form of address used in Hesuel Ilshar varies according to rank and profession. A monk is "father," an assassin "uncle," and a thief or member of one of the other professions "cousin." Rank is indicated by the use of the words "elder" for one of higher rank, and "little" for one of lower rank. Feminine versions of these terms are used where appropriate; masculine is used in the inclusive sense (monks in general are referred to as "fathers"). For one who is not within the hierarchy, or whose rank is unknown, the term "excellence" is used—a reference to the individual's hereditary potential. Nonhumans who are within the military system are addressed by rank or function. Non-Suel humans and intelligent nonhumans are also addressed by rank or function if they are allies or otherwise respected. If of unknown profession they are called "foreigner." If they are slaves or otherwise unimportant they are addressed according to their function as well, but the speaker may add the word "slave" or "impure" before or after the description. All of these are commonspeach translations of the following ancient Suel forms:

sahar = "father"
 rhoidin = "uncle"
 eltesh = "cousin"
 -kal = "senior, greater"
 -fon = "junior, lesser"
 shar = "pure (Suel), excellent"
 issim = "foreigner (respected)"
 bosok = "soiled, slave-person"

a- or al- = prefix indicating female
 (asahar = "mother,"
 aleltesh = "female cousin," etc.)

Thus, a male of unknown but possibly senior rank is "sharkal," a junior monk is "saharfon," and a typical foreigner of no station is simply known as "bosok," with a prefix indicating function if the function is known. Those who know the secret of the Orientals never use the term "shar" to describe one who is not within the monkish system and cannot be called "saharfon," "sahar," or "saharkel." Instead they use "issim." Suel and common speech forms are used interchangeably in Hesuel Ilshar; to fail to use them is to be recognized as a foreigner. All members of the Brotherhood speak Ancient Suel among themselves.

City Layout

City streets are 15 feet wide, and buildings on either side run to two stories (about 20 feet high). The pavement is cobblestone, which is noisy if a cart is driven over it. Paving stones can be pried up in 1-3 rounds.

The city wall is 30 feet high, and walls between quarters are 20 feet high. Walls around compounds are 15 feet high. These walls are 5, 4, and 3 feet thick respectively, and made of mortared basalt chunks. There is an overhang on all walls that juts out 2 feet, since all the walls are roofed with tiles. This requires an additional climbing check when thieves or assassins pass over it. The walls themselves are "smooth but cracked" as per the table on page 19 of the *Dungeon Masters Guide* and nonslippery except in fog or rain when they are slightly slippery. Compound walls and the walls of houses are plastered, reducing the rate of climb to that of a smooth surface with few cracks (6 feet per round). The climber will also leave a discernible trail of broken plaster, exposing the dark rock underneath. Unless otherwise specified, all doors are of stout iron-bound wood. Those set in city or quarter walls are 10 feet high, those in compound walls are 7 feet high.

Interiors consist of small personal cubicles about five feet square, or barnlike open areas for common work, storage, etc. Doors and hallways are narrow, and stairs are likewise narrow and steep. Windows are small and usually shuttered or barred. Some of the large areas may be partitioned by sliding screens consisting of panes of glazed paper. These are the only notably flammable furnishings.

The following table may be used when characters are in a part of the city that is not designated as having a particular function, to determine what sort of buildings are in the immediate vicinity:

Roll (d8,

d2)	Description
1	workhouse, grain-grinding
2	workhouse, weaving
3	workhouse, dyeing
4	workshop, carpentry
5	workshop, jewelry
6	workshop, smithy
7	workshop, bakery/food prep.
8	bathhouse
9	dormitory, women
10	dormitory, women and infants
11-12	dormitory, children
13	dormitory, slave
14-15	warehouse
16	exercise yard

Workhouses take up 80 feet of frontage, workshops take up 40 feet of frontage, bathhouses 50 feet, and dormitories 120 feet. Exercise yards have 300 feet of frontage. Workplaces contain about 5 people per 10 feet of frontage when fully occupied; bathhouses the same. A dormitory houses 10 persons at least for each 10 feet of frontage.

Workhouses and workshops operate dawn to dusk, and are run in shifts. The work is done diligently, and in silence. Those assigned to grinding grain have the hardest work, but by way of compensation they can have as much grain or flour as they can take without being caught. Vigilances (see "Laws and Law Enforcement" below) check workhouses once per night at a random hour.

Bathhouses have heated water for better cleaning but are otherwise chilly. A monitor (see "Laws and Law Enforcement" below) takes the clothing of those who enter and sends it to be washed. Even identity cards are left in the antechamber (this is an opportunity for player characters to switch cards with someone else). Like other places that are abandoned at night, the bathhouses are patrolled at least once per night by a squad of Vigilances.

In the dormitories, each group of 10 residents is overseen by an elder or senior monitor, who exercises severe discipline for fear of being caught in leniency by superiors. Food, while adequate, is not abundant, and it is common for children to steal past the monitor and break into a nearby warehouse or workhouse at night. This is tolerated less and less as they grow older; in adults it is not tolerated at all.

Warehouses have only a pair of monitors, who must account for any changes in the wares. They are replaced hourly, as are all monitors. There is a 30% chance per day that a work party will arrive to add goods to or remove goods from a warehouse. Note that if it is suspected that there are undetected foreigners, there will be a sweep of warehouses once per day (see "Timetable of Events")

below), in addition to the usual nightly check.

Exercise yards are full by day; senior members of the Scarlet Brotherhood (those above 6th level) may choose to meditate in them at night, although an underling always knows where they are.

Cards

Identification cards are palm-sized and made of lacquered wood. Each bears a unique number, and has a color according to the status of the bearer (see the general city description). The writing bears, in addition to any other information, a description of the holder's hair, eye, and skin colors, and a notation as to age and sex. Place of residence, rank (if any), and occupation are also listed, all in Ancient Suel. Guards at any checkpoint will examine individuals to see that they match the description. The only way to evade this is to have a red card indicating rank above 7th level, and a password in Ancient Suel which is changed daily. Guards at checkpoints and members of the Brotherhood above 7th level all know this password, but only Korenth Zan, the Master of Obedience (see "Central Compound") knows what it will be from day to day. It is reset every dawn, but if he suspects a security leak, Korenth Zan will not hesitate to change it at other times.

It is possible for any member of the Brotherhood to bring a card carrier of any sort into areas for which that member is cleared, to a maximum number of persons equal to the level of the member. Someone with the special card and password can do this even with persons who do not have cards themselves. However, the guards are required to remember and record all such incidents, and unusual movements will come under the scrutiny of the Father of Obedience or a member of his staff. It is not easy to alter a card, or produce replicas without access to their production center, because of the thick layer of lacquer. The secret of lacquer extraction and application is one imported by the Orientals, and cards are produced only in a single room of the House of the Brotherhood in the central compound. Lost cards must be reported immediately, and that card will no longer be useful once a report has been made to the authorities. However, there is often a delay in reports, since the penalty for losing a card is a severe beating. The penalty for using a stolen card is death.

Accommodations

Player characters will not find any sort of regular accommodations in Hesuel Ilshar unless they somehow manage to masquerade as legitimate residents. They may of course take up residence in the surrounding forest (see "Outside the City" below). The simplest

method is to supplant visitors and probationers in the Foreigners Dormitory, or to pass themselves off as slaves. This has its limitations both in the short term (food good but spartan for foreigners; gruel only, with meat every third day for slaves) and in the long term (see "Timetable of Events"). Even visiting dignitaries and street-sweeping slaves are expected to be present for the morning and evening meals: someone will be counting noses. . . .

Slave dormitories sleep groups of 10 or more in a common room. Visitors may be allowed small private rooms if they are of high status, but there will be a watchman at the end of the hall and bars (admittedly ornamental-looking) on the window. Player characters who are, or can appear to be, of Suel blood may attempt to replace someone who is in the breeding program. The most ambitious may attempt to replace someone in one of the Compounds: an extremely hazardous undertaking, and one which will bring them under constant supervision even if they succeed. In no case will the food be any better than that in the Foreigners Dormitory. Perhaps the best place for characters to stay is a warehouse, preferably one with food in it. However, warehouses will be searched if there is any suspicion that there are superfluous or escaped persons in Hesuel Ilshar, and there is at least one perfunctory check by Vigilances every night.

Inhabitants and Bystanders

The following table should be used to determine who, if anyone, is nearby at critical moments when the PCs are on the street in a part of the city that is not described in detail. From 2-5 such rolls should be made during the day and from 0-2 (1d4 - 2) at night, when the inhabitants of Hesuel Ilshar who are not on guard are likely to be asleep. The definition of "nearby" is up to the DM, and should be tailored to fit circumstances. "Nearby" might be at the window of a second-floor room overlooking the road, for instance (in which case the characters might not notice the person).

Roll

(1d10) Result

- 1 children (10 plus 1 supervisor)
- 2 young children (10 plus 1 woman)
- 3 slave work party (5 plus foreman)
- 4 woman, pregnant (50% in Scarlet Brotherhood; 50% zero-level)
- 5 woman, zero-level
- 6 man, zero-level
- 7 hobgoblin squad (20 plus leader)
- 8 monitor
- 9 Vigilances
- 10 Scarlet Brotherhood member

Scarlet Brotherhood members are 35% likely to be females. Roll 1d3 to determine whether a monk, an assassin, or a thief is encountered; roll on the following table to find rank, and consult the roster under "Compounds" below for the characteristics of an individual.

Roll

(d100) Result

- | | |
|-------|-------------------------------|
| 01-50 | first level |
| 51-75 | second level |
| 76-87 | third level |
| 88-93 | fourth level |
| 94-97 | fifth level |
| 98-99 | sixth or seventh level |
| 00 | Roll 1d10 and add 7 for level |

Encounters Indoors

No encounter tables are given for the interiors of buildings. Simply roll 1d6 each turn. On a roll of 1 (at night) or 1-2 (by day), 1d6 persons will pass by. One-fourth of the time they are zero-level slaves; the rest of the time they are residents. Roll randomly to determine which resident(s) enter the area. No area is private in Hesuel Ilshar; this rule will cover anything but a locked dungeon.

Laws and Law Enforcement

The laws of Hesuel Ilshar are too extensive to list in their entirety. The general principle is that all actions not compulsory are forbidden, and that harsh punishment is the best remembered lesson. The disobedient or disorderly are by definition criminal. If the DM is unsure as to whether some relatively innocuous activity should be illegal, 1d6 should be rolled. It is illegal without authorization on a score of 5 or less. Citizens watch carefully for criminal activity, although this is the primary task of the monitors.

Monitors are solitary zero-level individuals, male or female, who watch a section of street or a single area of activity in shifts of one hour each before moving on to another assignment. There is a 1 in 6 chance that a monitor will arrive at a particular point, checked each round. Each carries a whistle with which to summon aid; monitors themselves do not voluntarily fight intruders.

Monitor—zero-level human: AC 10; MV 12"; hp 4; Dmg 1-6 (jo stick); THAC0 20; AL LE or LN.

The Vigilances pass by any point along the street once every 2 turns. If there is a disturbance they will arrive within 1d6 rounds. Their objective will be to capture criminals alive, for punishment, but they will attack to kill if this seems not to be effective. Bystanders are expected to impede fleeing criminals at the very least. A force of Vigilances will be composed entirely of monks, thieves, or assassins (roll 1d3 to determine

which class) and will contain five 1st level characters and one 4th level character of the indicated type. (See "Compounds" below for statistics.)

The Vigilances are confident but very professional. They will generally allow a disturbance or odd occurrence to proceed until they have a very good idea of what is afoot, and against invaders they may arrange an ambush. They will spread out if magic is used, and call for help immediately if they meet with resistance beyond their capabilities. Each member of the patrol has a whistle with to summon aid. This additional aid will arrive in 1-6 rounds in the form of 20 hobgoblins and 1 leader type hobgoblin. (See "Hobgoblin Barracks" below for statistics.)

Anything beyond the capabilities of the Vigilances and a squad of hobgoblins will receive the attention of the nearest compounds and barracks. These soldiers will organize in 3-12 rounds after they receive word of difficulties, and will arrive as swiftly as possible thereafter by at least two different routes, to cut off a possible escape route. If a pitched battle is anticipated, word will be sent to the Central Compound, asking for further reinforcements. (Statistics for soldiers are found under the heading "Compounds" or "Barracks" below.)

Captured criminals are usually taken to the nearest compound of the quarter, stripped of all clothing and belongings, and kept in small stone rooms without food or water, manacled to the wall. These rooms are underground, beneath the main compound building. There is no window, and the locked door is of beaten lead over hard wood. Criminals appear before the acting head of the compound, who will pass judgment, within one day (roll 1d12 to determine the hours before trial; if this brings the time to after sundown, then move the trial to dawn). Prisoners who look important will be examined immediately. A prisoner is not permitted to speak unless questioned. If a prisoner is reticent or gives information that seems to conflict with something else the questioners have been told, torture—for the purpose of getting the truth, not necessarily meant to be lethal—will commence 1-4 hours after the initial questioning session.

Outside the City

There is an open area 400 yards across outside the city walls, kept in very low-growing vegetable crops by slaves from Hesuel Ilshar. Beyond is the cool upland tropical forest of the plateau. This has been left in its natural state, and extends for 1 mile in every direction before reaching the surrounding plantations. This belt of forest contains impoverished wildlife. More significantly for player characters it also contains a small band of tasloi who have

license to attack and eat any escaped slaves. This includes anyone not in the garb of the Scarlet Brotherhood. Also, the forest is an important part of the training ground for young members of the Scarlet Brotherhood. Small bands are left in the forest for up to a week at a time, and must feed themselves, mostly by raiding nearby slave villages. If caught, they are beaten. Most will kill to avoid such a shameful occurrence. If the player characters stay in the forest, use the following encounter table. Each hour there is a 1 in 6 chance of an encounter; reduce this to 1 in 12 by day, when the tasloi and the trainees are resting. If an encounter is indicated, roll 1d4 and refer to the following list:

1. *Trainees*: 50% chance of either a squad of Vigilances as described above under "Laws and Law Enforcement," or 6 youths of zero level, with 3 hit points apiece, armed with jo sticks and unarmored.

2. *Tasloi (3-12)*: AC 6; MV 9" @15"; HD 1; hp 5; #AT 3; Dmg 1-3/1-3; THAC0 19; AL CE; SA surprise on 1-4, hide in shadows 75%.

3. *Owl*: AC 5; MV 1"/27"; HD 1; hp 7; #AT 3; Dmg 1-2/1-2/1; THAC0 19; AL N; SA dive for +2 hit, double damage.

4. *Mongoose (as weasel)*: AC 6; MV 15"; HD 1/4; hp 2; #AT 1; Dmg 1; THAC0 20; AL N.

The DM may wish to check for encounters, at a reduced rate, to see whether any stored food or equipment is disturbed if characters leave any behind. There is no game larger than a rabbit.

City Walls and Gates

City gates are opened at dawn, noon, and sunset, and at the command of any member of the Scarlet Brotherhood of 7th level or above. There is a 75% chance at dawn, and a 50% chance at other openings, that from 1 to 3 of the following individuals and groups will pass through (roll randomly to determine whether they are coming or going). If an entry or exit through a gate is indicated, roll 1d4 the appropriate number of times (one, two, or three) to determine the makeup of the travelers. (Duplicate 1d4 results are possible.)

1. *Messenger—1st level fighter on light warhorse*: AC 6 (studded leather and shield); MV 9"; HD 1; hp 7; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-8 (longsword) or 1-6/1-6 (shortbow); THAC0 20; AL LN or LE.

Light warhorse: AC 7; MV 24"; HD 2; hp 13; #AT 2; Dmg 1-4/1-4; THAC0 16; AL N.

2. New slaves (2d20) and standard party of Vigilances (five 1st level, one 4th level; see "Compounds" below for statistics).

3. Goods in 1d3 oxcarts, with zero-level drivers. Oxcarts are searched by gate guards before they can enter or leave the city. The drivers are slaves, ordinary laborers. Oxen

have the same statistics as bulls.

4. 2d4 Scarlet Brotherhood operatives (roll for level & class on the table under "Bystanders" above; statistics are found under "Compounds" below).

Each city gate is responsible for its own section of the wall, and patrols it. The gatehouse contains 20 hobgoblins, 2 hell hounds, and 15 first level members of the Scarlet Brotherhood (five each of thieves, monks, and assassins), supervised by a 6th level assassin, thief, or monk (determine which with 1d3). They are alert for intruders of all sorts, including flying or invisible intruders (this is the purpose of the hell hounds). The guard is replaced each hour. The first response to any intrusion will be to raise an alarm by calling out, blowing a hunting horn, or striking the large bronze gong in the gatehouse. The second reaction will be to kill the intruders; the penalty for passing the city's boundaries except via the gates is death.

Patrols pass by any point of the wall each round, in squads of five. There is a 1 in 4 chance that any squad will contain a hell hound, and a 1 in 8 chance that it will contain the supervisor. Hell hounds have a 50% chance of noticing the scent of any intruder who somehow scaled the wall unseen. The supervisor is provided with a *rope of entanglement*. He or she also has a *wand of negation* and will use it liberally at any suggestion of a magical foe. Note that the *wand* is likely to negate magical devices of flying, concealment, or climbing, to disastrous effect. Invisible intruders are still vulnerable, since the hell hound can direct fire for the supervisor, but they are allowed a saving throw at +4.

Hell hounds (2): AC 4; MV 12"; HD 6; hp 30; #AT 1; Dmg 1-10; THAC0 13; AL LE; SA breath weapon (6 points), surprise on 1-4; SD surprised on 1, locate hidden/invisible 50%.

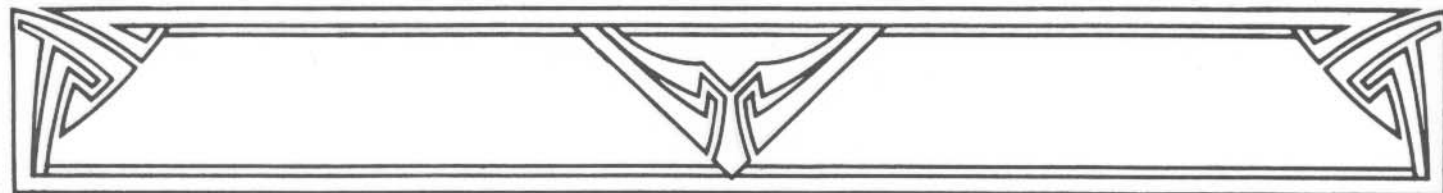
Statistics for Scarlet Brotherhood members are given under "Compounds" below; statistics for hobgoblins are under "Hobgoblin Barracks" below.

Ward Gates

The Ward Gates are manned by special squads of Vigilances of higher level than the general patrols; five 2nd level members and one 5th level leader, all of the same class (roll 1d3 to determine which); see "Compounds" below for statistics. Ward gates are open by day, with the usual inspections. They are closed to all below 6th level at night.

Compounds

All the compounds of the city are built according to the same plan. They are walled as described under "City Layout" above (15 feet high, 3 feet thick, slight taper, made of mortared basalt with a plaster covering and



topped with an overhanging roof: effectively a smooth surface with few cracks, requiring an additional climbing check at the overhang and likely to leave marks of passage). The single iron-bound door is guarded by a pair of 4th level members of the compound (see below for statistics). They examine any who approach through a small closable slit in the door. The door is closed to traffic at night (exception: 7th level or higher members of the Brotherhood). Carefully monitored traffic by day might be any of the following (10% chance of traffic each turn; 50/50 chance of going in or out).

Roll (1d8)	Character(s)
1	1d4 x 10 zero-level children (students)
2	1d4 x 10 zero-level adults (students)
3	1d4 x 10 zero-level adults (workers)
4	5 slaves plus 1 slave foreman
5	Vigilances, street duty
6	Vigilances, ward gate duty
7	Vigilances, city gate duty
8	1d4 Scarlet Brotherhood members (see subtable in "Inhabitants and Bystanders" above)

There is a large structure in the center of the walled area, and the remaining space is divided into courtyards where the arts of the order are practiced. The narrow divisions between the courtyards are the dormitories, where the junior members of the order sleep in spartan simplicity. At all hours of the day a proctor may be found at each quarter of the compound, standing on the roof of one of the junctions between courtyards (a height of 10 feet). Proctors watch for misbehavior within the compound, or unauthorized attempts to enter or leave the compound. They are placed so that each can see two others (the central building prevents surveillance of all three fellow proctors). Proctors are 3rd level members of their order (thief, monk, or assassin). In all, the outer courtyards of the compound contain 50 first level members, 25 second level members, and 12 third level members. One-third of the population is female.

The broad central building harbors the elite. It is two stories high, and raised on a platform, with a low pitched roof and a broad overhang in the Oriental style but the typical Suel stone-and-stucco walls. It is arranged as a hollow square. The lower story has workrooms, gymnasiums, classrooms, and storerooms, while the upper floor has smaller rooms (including the tiny private sleeping quarters that are the reward for excellence) on either side of a central hallway. Below ground is another hollow square of small rooms, also

arranged on either side of a corridor, including a lockup for prisoners and various storerooms. In the center of the ground floor room is a meditation garden. The inhabitants are 6 fourth level, 4 fifth level, and 4 sixth level members, plus the 7th level member of the order, who is the day-to-day administrator of the compound, and the titular ruler and supreme instructor who is of 9th to 12th level depending on the profession and on the quarter of the city.

Following is a list of underlings. The same figures may be used for any of the city's four compounds. Note that monks, assassins, and thieves have special abilities (not specifically listed herein) that may aid them in attack or defense.

Monks:

1st level monks (50): AC 10; MV 15"; HD 1; hp 6; #AT 1; Dmg 1-3 or 1-6 + 1/2 (jo stick); THAC0 20; AL LE or LN.

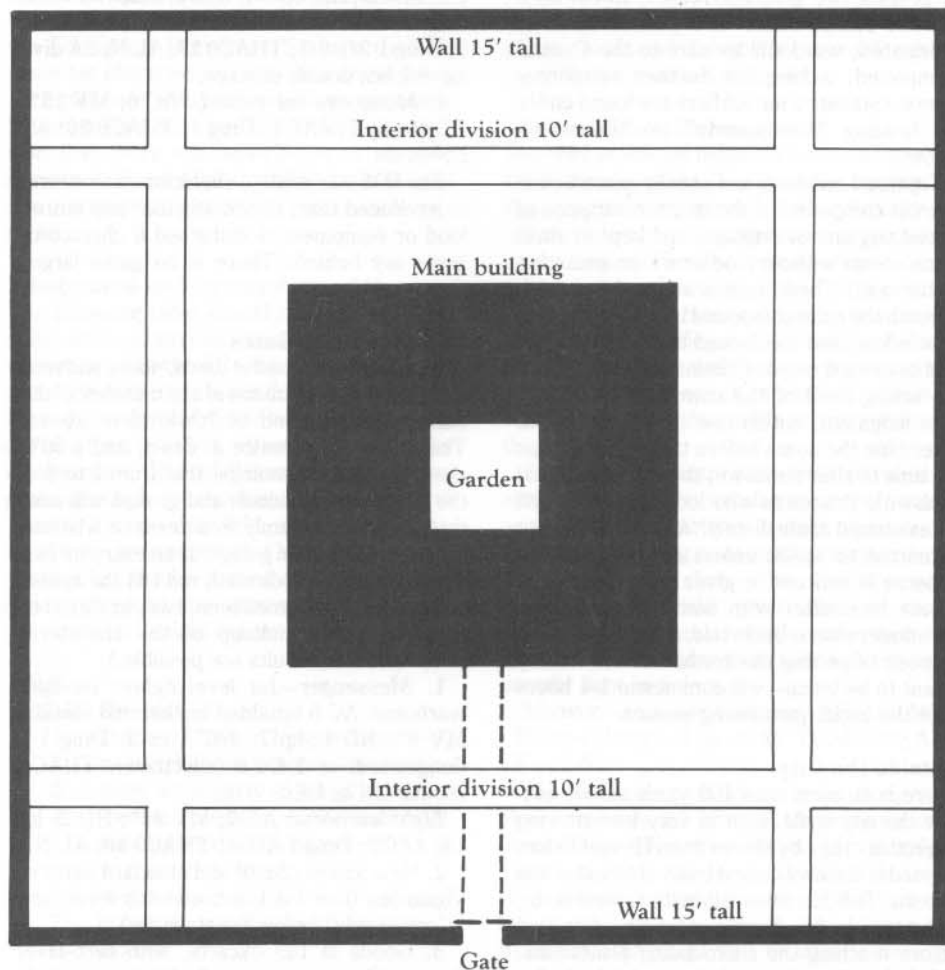
2nd level monks (25): AC 9; MV 16"; HD 2; hp 9; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4 (open hand) or 1-6 + 1 (jo stick); THAC0 20; AL LE or LN.

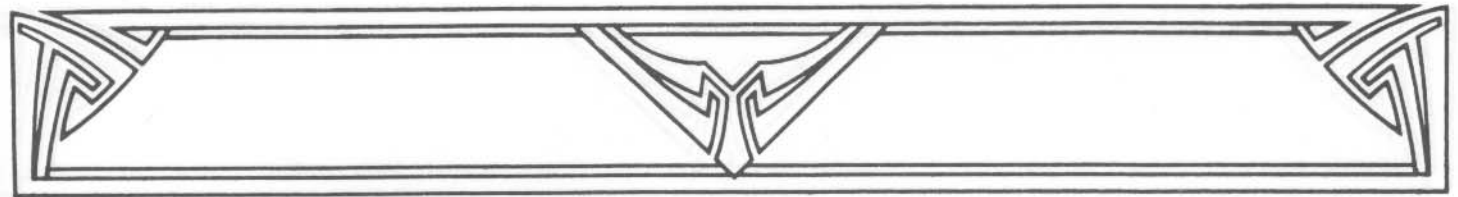
3rd level monks (12): AC 8; MV 17"; HD 3; hp 12; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (open hand) or 1-6 + 1 1/2 (jo stick) or 1-4 + 1 1/2 (light crossbow); THAC0 20; AL LE (75%) or LN (25%).

4th level monks (6): AC 7; MV 18"; HD 4; hp 15; #AT 5/4 or 1; Dmg 1-6 (open hand, at 5/4) or 1-6 + 2 (jo stick) or 1-4 + 2 (light crossbow); THAC0 18; AL LE.

5th level monks (4): AC 7; MV 19"; HD 5; hp 18; #AT 5/4 or 1; Dmg 2-7 (open hand, at 5/4) or 1-6 + 2 1/2 (jo stick) or 1-4 + 2 1/2 (light

Standard Compound Scale: 1 inch = 30 feet





crossbow); THAC0 18; AL LE.

6th level monks (4): AC 6; MV 20"; HD 6; hp 25; #AT 3/2 or 1; Dmg 2-8 (open hand, at 3/2) or 1-6 + 3 (jo stick) or 1-4 + 3 (light crossbow); THAC0 18; AL LE.

7th level monk: AC 5; MV 21"; HD 7; hp 28; #AT 3/2 or 1; Dmg 3-9 (open hand, at 3/2) or 1-6 + 3½ (jo stick) or 1-4 + 3½ (light crossbow); THAC0 16; AL LE.

Assassins:

1st level assassins (50): AC 8 (leather); MV 12"; HD 1; hp 4; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (jo stick) or 1-4 (light crossbow); THAC0 20; AL LE; SA equipped with type A insinuating poison for crossbow bolts (save vs. poison or take 15 points of damage within 2-5 rounds after being hit).

2nd level assassins (25): AC 8 (leather); MV 12"; HD 2; hp 8; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (jo stick) or 1-4 (light crossbow); THAC0 20; AL LE; SA poison as for 1st level assassins.

3rd level assassins (12): AC 8 (leather); MV 12"; HD 3; hp 13; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (jo stick) or 1-4 (light crossbow); THAC0 20; AL LE; SA poison as for 1st level assassins.

4th level assassins (6): AC 7 (leather plus dexterity bonus); MV 12"; HD 4; hp 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (jo stick) or 1-4 (light crossbow); THAC0 20; AL LE; SA equipped with type B insinuating poison for crossbow bolts (save vs. poison or take 25 points of damage within 1-3 rounds after being hit).

5th level assassins (4): AC 7 (leather plus dexterity bonus); MV 12"; HD 5; hp 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (jo stick) or 1-4 (light crossbow); THAC0 19; AL LE; SA poison as for 4th level assassins.

6th level assassins (4): AC 4 (leather +2 plus dexterity bonus); MV 12"; HD 6; hp 27; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (short sword), 1-4 (light crossbow), special (garotte); THAC0 19; AL LE; SA equipped with type C insinuating poison for blade and crossbow bolts (save vs. poison or take 35 points of damage immediately).

7th level assassin: AC 4 (bracers of defense AC 6 plus dexterity bonus); MV 12"; HD 7; hp 35; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-8 (long sword) plus 1-4 (dagger in left hand) or 1-4 (light crossbow) or special (garotte); THAC0 19; AL LE; SA poison as for 6th level assassins.

Thieves:

1st level thieves (50): AC 8 (leather); MV 12"; HD 1; hp 4; #AT 1; Dmg 1-2 (sap) or 1-4 (light crossbow); THAC0 20; AL LE or LN; SA sap has 50% chance to cause unconsciousness on a blow to the unarmored head.

2nd level thieves (25): AC 8 (leather); MV 12"; HD 2; hp 8; #AT 1; Dmg 1-2 (sap) or 1-4 (light crossbow); THAC0 20; AL LE or LN; SA sap attack as per 1st level thief.

3rd level thieves (12): AC 8 (leather); MV 12"; HD 3; hp 12; #AT 1; Dmg 1-2 (sap) or 1-4 (light crossbow); THAC0 20; AL LE; SA sap has 55% chance to cause unconsciousness on a blow to the unarmored head.

4th level thieves (6): AC 7 (leather plus dexterity bonus); MV 12"; HD 4; hp 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1-2 (sap) or 1-4 (light crossbow); THAC0 20; AL LE; SA sap has 60% chance to cause unconsciousness on a blow to the unarmored head.

5th level thieves (4): AC 7 (leather plus dexterity bonus); MV 12"; HD 5; hp 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1-2 (sap) or 1-4 (light crossbow); THAC0 19; AL LE; SA sap has 60% chance to cause unconsciousness on a blow to the unarmored head.

6th level thieves (4): AC 5 (leather +1 plus dexterity bonus); MV 12"; HD 6; hp 30; #AT 1; Dmg 2-9 (longsword +1) or 1-2 (sap) or 1-4 (light crossbow); THAC0 19; AL LE; SA sap has 65% chance to cause unconsciousness on a blow to the unarmored head.

7th level thief: AC 4 (bracers of defense AC 6 plus dexterity bonus); MV 12"; HD 7; hp 35; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 3-10 (longsword +2) plus 2-5 (dagger +1) or 1-2 (sap) or 1-4 (light crossbow); THAC0 19; AL LE; SA sap has 70% chance to cause unconsciousness on a blow to the unarmored head.

The leaders of the various peripheral compounds are described below.

1a) The Northern Monks Compound: Ihilin Soron—9th level monk, Master of the North Wind: AC 1; MV 23"; hp 48; #AT by weapon or 2 open-hand attacks; Dmg 3-12 (open hand) or 1-6 + 5½ (jo stick) or 1-4 + 4½ (light crossbow); Str 17, Int 17, Wis 14, Dex 15, Con 17, Cha 15; THAC0 16; AL LE. Items carried/worn: *potion of speed*, *ring of protection* +2, *ring of truth*. Middle-aged man, balding, tall. Cautious. No special faction.

1b) The Northern Assassins Compound: Sharn Zereth—9th level assassin: AC 5 (bracers); MV 12"; hp 55; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8 + 3 (longsword) or 1-4 + 2 (dagger); Str 16, Int 13, Wis 15, Dex 15, Con 17, Cha 18; THAC0 16; AL LE. Items carried/worn: *dagger of venom* +1, *longsword* +2, *bracers of defense* AC 5, type D insinuating poison. Young man, very pale, white-blond hair, slender, pale blue eyes. Fanatic Millennalist and Pure Suelite. Hates the Orientals.

1c) The Northern Thieves Compound: Fherin Uerhal—9th level thief: (Away on a mission to the eastern Tilvanot Plateau.)

2a) The Western Monks Compound: Li Wu—10th level monk, Master of the West Wind: AC 3; MV 24"; hp 43; #AT 2 (open hand) or by weapon; Dmg 3-13 (open hand) or 1-6 + 2 (axe); Str 16, Int 11, Wis 15, Dex 16,

Con 15, Cha 11; THAC0 14; AL LE. Items carried/worn: *throwing axe* +2, *potion of extra-healing*, *ring of fire resistance*. Stocky, taciturn woman. Oriental. Dislikes most Suelites.

2b) The Western Assassins Compound: Torith Sul—10th level assassin: AC 4 (leather plus dexterity bonus); MV 12"; hp 50; #AT by weapon; Dmg 1-8 + 3 (longsword) plus 1-4 (dagger in left hand); Str 12, Int 16, Wis 13, Dex 18, Con 15, Cha 14; THAC0 16; AL LE. Items carried/worn: *longsword* +3, *potion of invisibility*, *rope of climbing*, type D insinuating poison. Elderly man, brown-haired, freckled. Member of High Unity faction, and very sensitive about freckled skin.

2c) The Western Thieves Compound: Airha Teneth—10th level thief: AC 3 (leather +2 plus dexterity bonus); MV 12"; hp 49; #AT by weapon; Dmg 1-8 (longsword) plus 1-4 (dagger in left hand); Str 15, Int 14, Wis 15, Dex 17, Con 15, Cha 16; THAC0 16; AL LE. Items carried/worn: *cloak of elvenkind*, *ring of feather falling*, *leather armor* +2. Tall woman with light red hair, blue eyes. Disconcerting stare, harsh voice. No faction.

3a) The Southern Monks Compound: Ho Teng—11th level monk, Master of the South Wind: AC 2; MV 25"; hp 47; #AT 5/2 (open hand) or by weapon; Dmg 4-13 (open hand) or 1-6 + 7½ (axe); Str 15, Int 14, Wis 15, Dex 16, Con 15, Cha 11; THAC0 14; AL LE. Items carried/worn/possessed: *carpet of flying* (4-person size), *ioun stone* (pearly white; regenerates 1 hit point per turn), *throwing axe* +2. Oriental, slender, elderly man.

3b) The Southern Assassins Compound: Mhir Sheresh—11th level assassin: (Away on a mission to Verbobonc.)

3c) The Southern Thieves Compound: Ith Mord—11th level thief: AC 7 (leather); MV 12"; hp 44; #AT by weapon; Dmg 1-6 + 2 (shortsword); Str 15, Int 13, Wis 12, Dex 15, Con 13, Cha 15; THAC0 16; AL LE. Items carried/worn: *scroll of protection from elementals* (all), *potion of speed*, *shortsword* +2. Middle-aged man. Jet black eyes, very pale skin. Laconic. No faction.

4a) The Eastern Monks Compound: Tai Cho—12th level monk, Mistress of the East Wind: AC 1; MV 26"; hp 51; #AT 5/2 open hand, 1 by weapon; Dmg 4-16 (open hand) or 1-6 + 6 (bo stick), or 1-4 + 7 (light crossbow); Str 15, Int 13, Wis 16, Dex 15, Con 15, Cha 11; THAC0 14; AL LE. Items carried/worn/possessed: *potion of human control* (any), *net of entrapment*, *crossbow of speed*. Beautiful young Oriental woman.

4b) The Eastern Assassins Compound: Kelshar Iss—12th level assassin: AC 2 (leather +3 plus dexterity bonus); MV 12"; hp 72; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-8 (longsword) plus 1-6 (hand axe in left hand); Str 13, Int 17, Wis 12,

Dex 17, Con 16, Cha 11; THAC0 16; AL LE. Items carried/worn: *leather armor +3*, *dust of invisibility*, *brass horn of Valhalla*, type D insinuating poison. Tall, middle-aged man, very fair, one-eyed. Suel noble stock; has reservations about Brotherhood.

4c) The Eastern Thieves Compound: *Shara Fon*—12th level thief: AC 5 (leather plus dexterity bonus); MV 12"; hp 69; #AT by weapon; Dmg 1-8 + 3 (longsword) plus 1-4 + 3 (dagger in left hand); Str 16, Int 17, Wis 11, Dex 17, Con 16, Cha 18; THAC0 16; AL LE. Items carried/worn: *dagger +2*, *longsword +2*, *ioun stone* (lavender & green; absorbs up to 50 spell levels from spells under eighth level in power). Short, slender, broad-faced woman of middle age. Short temper. Strong Hand faction.

Hobgoblin Barracks

This has the appearance of another dormitory. There are 60 hobgoblins of the ordinary sort and 6 leaders in each barracks, one per quarter of Hesuel Ilshar. No more powerful hobgoblins have been allowed into the city, as it is thought they might cause a disturbance. The hobgoblins are as grimly silent as the humans, and are by force of discipline as obedient as the humans of Hesuel Ilshar.

Hobgoblins (60): AC 5 (chain mail); MV 9"; HD 1 + 1; hp 6; #AT 1; Dmg 1-10 (halberd); THAC0 18; AL LE.

Hobgoblin leaders (6): AC 4 (banded mail); MV 9"; HD 1 + 1; hp 9; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8 + 1 (longsword); THAC0 17; AL LE.

Men's Dormitory

This is much like the women's dormitories scattered through the city, and has a similar purpose. There is only one, since the residence time for men is so much shorter. The inhabitants are all zero-level individuals judged to have potentialities useful in the breeding program. As with women, men in the breeding program who are members of the Scarlet Brotherhood are housed at one of the city's compounds according to their professions, and those with other character-class abilities are housed in the Visitors' Dormitory.

Visitors' Dormitory

Though outwardly quite similar to the other dormitories, the Visitors Dormitory is one of the more comfortable buildings in the city, though it is still very chill and spare, and the food is only marginally more abundant. It houses an assortment of temporary residents in Hesuel Ilshar who are not of the Brotherhood but have some status.

There are two wings, one for men and one for women, and there a meditation garden and exercise yard are attached. Some are notably able people of Suel blood who have been

enticed here for the breeding program. Others are ambassadors of one sort or another, mostly those of various criminal organizations, who have been brought here so that they will be overawed and agree to an "alliance" with the Scarlet Brotherhood. Others yet are potential members of the Brotherhood proper, or of its subsidiary fighter and magic-user branches, there for a period of mutual inspection. A few are instructors or consultants in various arts.

Visitors are allowed to retain whatever equipment they have brought with them, except for weapons, armor, and magical items, which are taken to the Central Compound and returned when (or if) the visitors leave. All have temporary cards, of course. Half of the Visitors who are not from the Tilvanot plateau will for one reason or another be willing to change places with a similar player-character in return for passage out of Hesuel Ilshar. Increase this to 90% once the plague starts. Residents include the following (the DM should feel free to add more; there will be at least one representative of every player-character race (dwarf, elf, etc.) here; in a pinch, use the figures given for Ulug or Til and add appropriate racial advantages):

Hugin Fairfoot—9th level human fighter: AC 9; MV 12"; hp 81; #AT 3/2; Dmg by weapon; Str 18/59, Int 15, Wis 8, Dex 16, Con 17, Cha 13; THAC0 12; AL CN(G).

Hugin was contacted by an agent of the Brotherhood among the Frost Barbarians, and lured south with a promise of a well-paid position. In fact, the agent did not consider him as a recruit but rather (because of his superior characteristics) as an element in the breeding program. This has been accomplished by various stratagems. Hugin is now aware that he was duped, and is thoroughly disgusted. He is also canny enough to know that he will never see home again unless somehow he escapes, and he is desperately trying to think of a plan. Hugin is tall, with abundant curly red hair, blue eyes, a loud voice, and a bluff manner. He is 33 years old.

Til Stoneglitter—1st level gnome fighter: AC 10; MV 9"; hp 5; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; Str 13, Int 16, Wis 9, Dex 15, Con 12, Cha 6; THAC0 20; AL N.

Til was brought to the city as an expert gemcutter and jeweler, with certain false promises concerning pay. He has been here one year, and expects now that he will be killed once he has taught all he knows. He is a balding middle-aged gnome, with a weather-beaten face and a waspish temper.

Ulug—6th level half-orc thief: AC 10; MV 12"; hp 28; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; Str 16, Int 11, Wis 10, Dex 14, Con 15, Cha 4; THAC0 16; AL NE.

Ulug is an advisor to a crime lord in Bell-

port. He is thoroughly depressed and unhappy, and ready to report back to his leader.

Sarn Weaverson: This is actually one of Morgorath's disguises! (See the entry on Morgorath's beastform in *The Mirrors of Fate* for more information.) As Sarn, he will spy on the characters until an opportunity for attack presents itself.

Central Compound

The Central Compound is larger than the others, and has more than one building. Rather than yet another training ground for lesser monks, thieves, and assassins, it is the residence for certain of the higher members of the Scarlet Brotherhood and the administrative center for the organization. Admittance is highly restricted, most particularly because this is also the residence of the Oriental monks. Any servants, slaves, or lower members of the Brotherhood (below 7th level) who are found here are necessarily permanent residents.

The gates are each guarded by a 7th level member of the Brotherhood, assisted by a pair of hell hounds and provided with a *gem of true seeing* and a *rope of entanglement*. Other than their equipment, these are standard 7th level members of the Brotherhood (see "Compounds" above for statistics concerning these).

Hell hounds (2): AC 4; MV 12"; HD 6; hp 30; #AT 1; Dmg 1-10; THAC0 13; AL LE; SA breath weapon (6 points), surprise on 1-4; SD surprised on 1, locate hidden/invisible 50%.

There is a 25% chance per half-hour that someone will approach the gates to the Central Compound on normal business. If an encounter is indicated, roll 1d4 and consult the following list.

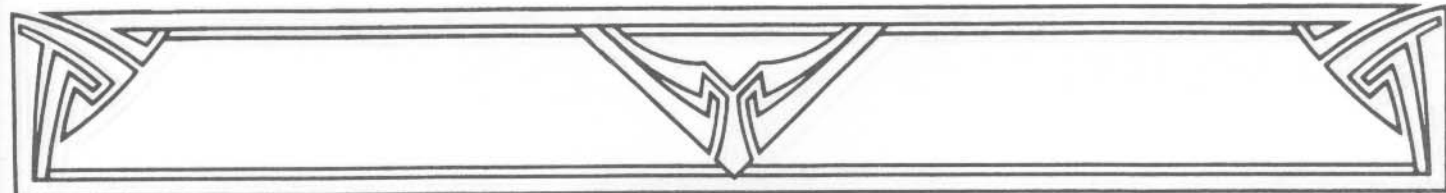
1. Courier (zero-level; hands message through gate).

2. Slaves or porters numbering 1d6 (packages are handed to Inner Compound servants).

3-4. Scarlet Brotherhood member (roll 1d3 for profession, 1d6 for level).

Children's Dormitory: This dormitory is exactly like those in the rest of the city, except that the 50 children here are all offspring of Oriental monks. They are raised in the same way, but never exposed to public view in Hesuel Ilshar. They do see the outside world, but careful measures are taken so that they are not seen by lower members of the order within Hesuel Ilshar itself.

Inner Servants' Dormitory: This is where those of the Orientals who are not fit to become monks reside. They number no more than 25; excellent heritage and rigorous effort have allowed all other adults to succeed. The



Inner Servants tend to the mundane tasks of the Central Compound, and never leave it.

The Garden Of Meditation

This meditation garden is less austere and much larger than the smaller versions found elsewhere in the city, and shows more Oriental influence. There are groves of ginkgo trees, a rustling stand of bamboo, and a collection of contorted pines. Bonsai are placed at strategic points along the twisting gravel paths, and there are low stone benches. A large informal pond contains colored carp.

Near the center of the garden is a huge sundial of bronze set in a large black boulder. It may be seen that the gravel within 10 feet of the boulder is carefully raked, whereas the gravel of the paths around it is scuffed.

This place will be deserted when the player characters first encounter it, and is 50% likely to be unoccupied at any time that they should happen to return. It is reserved for the use of the highest representatives of the Scarlet Brotherhood, but those of Suel background seldom frequent it. In part because it is so rarely frequented, this is the spot chosen for the hiding of the golden casket that contains Morgorath's life essence. It has been placed in a chamber beneath the boulder. Guarding it are six gargoyles. The terms of their servitude are that they shall rend to pieces anyone who steps within the 10-foot circle and is not one of the members of the Scarlet Brotherhood who knows the casket is there (10th level members and above). They are not otherwise to attack or make themselves known. They have been rendered *invisible*, and are lurking in various parts of the garden. They are always awake, and always angry. If the area is disturbed by unauthorized persons, they will quickly organize and then attack at the first opportunity. This will almost certainly attract the attention of the nearest residents.

Chun Lung, the Grand Master of Flowers, will be in the garden meditating, wearing a *cloak of elvenkind* and an *amulet of proof against detection and location*, hidden among some boulders clustered not 20 feet from the sundial. He will not take part in any melee that occurs, but is waiting for the moment that the casket is unearthed and destroyed by the player characters.

The pool is the sometime home of Chan Ro, a small ancient t'ien lung or celestial dragon. Chan Ro is presently *polymorphed* into the form of a 2-foot-long golden carp, a unique ability she was granted by the Celestial Emperor when she still dwelt in the land of Kara-Tur (she is otherwise a normal celestial dragon). When any new persons enter the garden, Chan Ro will surface to survey the situation. If the player characters become engaged in a protracted struggle and it does

not appear that they will be able to win against a greater number of opponents, Chan Ro may use her powers to prevent additional members of the Scarlet Brotherhood from attacking and interfering with the result. Chan Ro will not in any way interfere with the actions of Morgorath, and will flee if her life is endangered.

If the casket containing Morgorath's soul object is touched by living humans or demi-humans, Morgorath will *teleport* to the spot instantly. He will get as near to the casket as he can, and will use all his persuasive power to convince them that he should have possession of it. If the casket is opened almost immediately after the characters find it, he will also try to persuade them to close it. If this fails, he will attack, and fight to the death if necessary, to gain possession of it. If Morgorath is standing with his back to the open casket when he launches his attack, he will thoughtlessly step backward first, in which case he will be annihilated. If the casket is smashed by someone during the course of melee, the result will be the same. If Morgorath is destroyed but the casket is not, either Chan Ro or Chun Lung will attempt to persuade the player characters to break open the casket. If the PCs attempt to flee instead, they will be detained and possibly even attacked by the two.

If the casket is destroyed in the presence of Chun Lung, he will leap into the blast so produced, destroying himself. A semi-permanent one-way *gate* to western T'u Lung in the land of Kara-Tur is thereby created. The result is further described and explained under "Consequences" below. The magic is such that Chun Lung and Chan Ro cannot cause the result they wish by destroying the casket themselves. The portal cannot be opened if the person who destroys the casket knows that it is possible.

Gargoyles (6): AC 5; MV 9"/15"; HD 4 + 4; hp 36 each; #AT 4; Dmg 1-3/1-3/1-6/1-4; THAC0 15; AL CE; SD only hit by +1 or better weapon.

Chun Lung—17th level monk: AC -3; MV 32"; hp 85; #AT 4 (open hand); Dmg 8-32 (open hand); Str 17, Int 16, Wis 18, Dex 16, Con 16, Cha 16; THAC0 10; AL LN(E). Items carried/worn: *cloak of elvenkind*, *amulet of proof against detection and location*. Very old Oriental man, robust build. Has recently had vision of how to save his order through actions listed above. Confided in Chan Roh.

Chan Roh—small ancient celestial dragon: AC -2; MV 9"/48"/16"; HD 11; hp 88; #AT 3; Dmg 1-6/1-6/4-40; THAC0 10; AL LN; SA breath weapon and spells. Chan Roh entered the Flanaess with the monks, but longs for her own kind now and wishes to return.

The House of The Masters

This is the permanent residence of all members of the Scarlet Brotherhood who are above 12th level, plus those of 7th level without other assignments at present. Also, any member of the Scarlet Brotherhood who ascends to 8th level lives here for a probationary period under the eyes of the supreme masters before being granted any higher post. None of the 8th level members is presently located here; all are away on assignments. Also living here is the only magic-user residing in Hesuel Ilshar at the time of the player characters' visit: Ila Fethuel, who is from the subsidiary college of mages that serves the Brotherhood and which has its headquarters elsewhere on the Tilvanot Plateau.

In overall plan this building is exactly as the central buildings of the subsidiary compounds, though the number of nonresidential rooms on the upper story is smaller and the number of inhabitants is higher. The other minor difference is that the four quarters within and immediately around the building are the domains of specific Masters of the Order. There are three per quarter, one of each profession, and they command in the usual order: monk over assassin over thief. Each quarter of the building is known as a "house."

The House of Summer: This is the dwelling place of the Master of Summer and his equivalents in the other orders. It is also the traditional place where ventures and assaults toward the south are planned, and the interior walls have murals of the southern jungles and seas.

Chai Fung—15th level monk: AC -4; MV 29"; hp 70; #AT 3 (open hand) or 1 (weapon); Dmg 6-24 (open hand) or 1-6 + 11½ (axe); Str 15, Int 17, Wis 15, Dex 18, Con 16, Cha 13; THAC0 12; AL LE. Items carried/worn: *axe +4*, *crossbow of distance*, *potion of human control*, *potion of healing*, *ring of protection +3*. Oriental man, young, ambitious, likes Suelite ways.

Lorof Fehr—13th level assassin: AC 5 (leather); MV 12"; hp 78; #AT by weapon; Dmg 1-8 + 1 (longsword); Str 16, Int 14, Wis 13, Dex 15, Con 18, Cha 17; THAC0 14; AL LE. Items carried/worn: *hat of difference*, *ring of invisibility*, *Keoghtom's ointment*, *scroll of protection from shapechangers* (all), type D insinuating poison. Medium height, elderly, amiable-seeming man. Vindictive. No faction, but sees all monks as impediments to own ambitions.

Martesk Soron—13th level thief: (Away on expedition to Sea of Dust.)

The house also includes three each of 7th level monks, thieves, and assassins (see "Compounds" for statistics).

The House of Autumn: This is the domain of the Master of Autumn and her peers, and is the meeting place when members of the Scarlet Brotherhood meet to consider strategies and policies concerning the western parts of the Flanaess. The Sea of Dust figures prominently in the murals painted on the walls of its rooms.

Chen Bao—14th level monk: (Away on embassy to Sapphire Brotherhood.)

Sencha Rhesp—13th level assassin: AC 6 (leather and shield); MV 12"; hp 67; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8 + 4 (longsword); Str 13, Int 16, Wis 11, Dex 15, Con 15, Cha 13; THAC0 14; AL LE. Items carried/worn: *shortsword +4*, *ring of truth*, *boots of levitation*, *Keoghtom's ointment*, type D insinuating poison. Powerfully built, fair-haired, middle-aged woman. Paranoid. Some Millennialist leanings.

Firuz Sul—13th level thief: AC 4 (leather armor and ring); MV 12"; hp 57; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8 (longsword); Str 15, Int 18, Wis 13, Dex 13, Con 15, Cha 15; THAC0 14; AL LE. Items carried/worn: *scroll of protection from magic*, *ring of chameleon power*, *ring of protection +4*. Young man of medium height, pale blue eyes, charming manner. Cunning and manipulative. No faction; an opportunist.

The house also includes three each of 7th level monks, thieves, and assassins (see "Compounds" for statistics).

The House of Winter: The Master of Winter and other fifth-ranking members of the Scarlet Brotherhood reside here. The meetings held here concern matters to the north, and the House of Winter is appropriately decorated.

Hissek Sharn—13th level monk: AC 0; MV 27"; hp 55; #AT 5/2 (open hand) or 1 (weapon); Dmg 5-17 (open hand) or 1-6 + 9½ (staff); Str 15, Int 14, Wis 15, Dex 15, Con 15, Cha 13; THAC0 14; AL LE. Items carried/worn: *wings of flying*, *quarterstaff +3*, *wand of enemy detection*, *potion of extra-healing*. Middle-aged, scarred face, pallid skin. Soft voice. No politics.

Sifir Vohn—12th level assassin: (Away on a mission to Rauxes.)

Hissek Rhesp—12th level thief: AC 1 (leather +4 plus dexterity bonus); MV 12"; hp 45; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-8 + 3 (longsword) plus 1-4 (dagger in left hand); Str 11, Int 17, Wis 10, Dex 18, Con 12, Cha 17; THAC0 16; AL LE. Items carried/worn: *potion of speed*, *ring of fire resistance*, *leather armor +4*, *longsword +3*. Middle-aged, balding, high-brow. Very cautious. Pure Suel leanings, but not aligned.

The house also contains three each of 7th level monks, thieves, and assassins (see "Compounds" for statistics).

The House of Spring: This holds the second

rank of the Scarlet Brotherhood's leadership, including the feared Korenth Zan, Master of Spring and Father of Obedience, the de facto ruler of the entire Scarlet Brotherhood. The murals inside this house are mostly of the sea, and other aspects of the western lands. As Father of Obedience, Korenth Zan also supervises the small workshop that produces identity cards for the entire city, which is manned by three zero-level Orientals. It is guarded day and night by relays of 7th level members (1d3 for character class) on one-hour shifts.

Korenth Zan—16th level monk: AC -2; MV 30"; hp 60; #AT 4/1 or by weapon; Dmg 5-30 or by weapon type + 8; Str 17, Int 11, Wis 16, Dex 17, Con 18, Cha 13; THAC0 10; AL LE. Items carried/worn: *jo stick +5*, *crossbow of accuracy +3*, *ring of invisibility*, *ring of marid summoning*. Average sized man, pale skin, black eyes. Suspicions verge on paranoia. No faction, but wishes to use anti-Oriental sentiment for advancement. See *Greyhawk Adventures* for more information.

Firuz Tesh—14th level assassin: (Away on mission to Hold of Sea Princes.)

Ista Prad—14th level thief: AC 2 (leather); MV 12"; hp 50; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-8 + 1 (longsword) plus 1-4 (dagger in left hand); Str 11, Int 17, Wis 10, Dex 18, Con 12, Cha 17; THAC0 14; AL LE. Items carried/worn: *ring of warmth*, *ring of protection +2*, *potion of invisibility*, *gem of true seeing*, *longsword +1*. Small, slightly built young woman, with bright green eyes. Poisoner and blackmailer. Least trusted of inner circle.

The house also contains three each of 7th level monks, thieves, and assassins (see "Compounds" for statistics).

The Supreme Masters: These are the highest-level members of the Scarlet Brotherhood, though not in fact the ultimate rulers of the Brotherhood. Chen Lung is disqualified because he is not Suel, and the Grand Master of Assassins and Grand Master of Thieves are both beneath the rank of Chai Fung, the Master of Summer. Nevertheless they are heads of their orders within the Brotherhood. Their duties are wide-ranging, and so they have command over no specific area. Their quarters are in no way distinguishable from those of other high members of the Brotherhood.

Issor Ferh—15th level assassin: AC -1 (bracers); MV 12"; hp 90; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-8 + 5 (longsword) plus 1-4 + 2 (dagger in left hand); Str 16, Int 17, Wis 15, Dex 18, Con 17, Cha 14; THAC0 14; AL LE. Items carried/worn: *dagger of venom*, *crossbow of distance*, *longsword +4 defender*, *efreeti bottle*, *cloak of elvenkind*, *scroll of protection from magic*, *bracers of defense (AC 3)*. Ancient man, with piercing blue eyes; vigor maintained by magical potions. Vague quavering

voice is an act. Utterly ruthless and loyal to Brotherhood. No faction.

Telek Senh—15th level thief: AC 0; MV 12"; hp 70; #AT 1 or 2; Dmg 1-8 + 4 (longsword) plus 1-4 + 1 (dagger in left hand); Str 16, Int 17, Wis 15, Dex 18, Con 16, Cha 17; THAC0 14; AL LE. Items carried/worn: *bracers of defense (AC 4)*, *wand of lightning bolts*, *longsword +3*, *ioun stone* (lavender & green; absorbs up to 50 spell levels from spells of eighth level of power or less), *potion of invisibility*. Very young and ambitious, extreme Suel type. Pure Suel faction.

Ila Fethuel—11th level magic-user: AC 5; MV 12"; hp 45; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4 + 2 (dagger); Str 13, Int 17, Wis 15, Dex 16, Con 15, Cha 14; THAC0 16; AL LE. Items carried/worn: *broom of flying*, *wand of fire*, *crystal ball*, *robe of the archmagi*, *Keoghtom's ointment*, *dagger +2*. Typical spells memorized: *armor*, *magic missile*, *detect magic*, *shocking grasp*, *invisibility*, *web*, *know alignment*, *ESP*, *fireball*, *invisibility 10' radius*, *slow*, *tongues*, *charm monster*, *fire shield*, *confusion*, *conjure elemental*, *teleport*, *wall of iron*. Tall, black-haired, narrow build. Korenth Zan's present lover. Noble Suel background, and will abandon all others if endangered.

The Subcompound of Oriental Monks: This is where those among the Orientals who are fit to become monks live. It is essentially the same as one of the monks' compounds in the outer parts of the city, but the inhabitants are Oriental rather than Suel, half the population is female, and the overlord is the Grand Master of Flowers himself. It is guarded in the same way. Use the statistics listed for monks under "Compounds" for the inhabitants.

Events

Events are aspects of the adventure which overtake the player characters whether they take any action or not. As a general rule, they might happen sooner if the circumstances require it, but they should not happen any later without a very good reason. Two sorts of events are shown below. One is a timetable of general events in Hesuel Ilshar; the other is a description of particular events which the player characters will very probably experience as they search for the casket.

Morgorath's Attacks

This is a recurring event, beginning on the second day of the PCs' adventure in Hesuel Ilshar. Morgorath has spied on the player characters using the druid spell *reflecting pool* unless they have means to prevent it, or detect the scrying and negate it. He will know approximately where they are and what disguises they have taken. He will then proceed to the area and stalk the group. Circumstances

es will vary; he may disguise himself as Tira Imharvon, or even as Sarn Weaverson (though he will reserve this disguise to spy on the player characters if they are living in the Visitors Dormitory), or as a lowly slave. As Tira Imharvon, he has a proper card identifying him as a 7th level assassin of noble Suel blood who has recently returned from assignment. After a period of observation he will either try to attack a lone PC in an unguarded moment, snipe at them from a distance (either with spells or with crossbow bolts that have been dipped in type D poison), or betray them to the authorities: whatever seems most effective. There is a 10% chance per hour that the characters operate in the city that Morgorath will find them, to a minimum of once per day. He will always make a rapid escape, and he will work hard not to "blow" his two character covers (Sarn and Tira). Naturally, if he is seriously wounded or has spent most of his power, he will wait until he has recovered (delay any checks).

The Discovered Doppelganger

This is an event that will occur sometime when the characters are on the street, as early as possible after day 1. A doppelganger has been unmasked by a 5th level monk (see "Compounds" for statistics) who noticed something unusual (the monk's immunity to ESP prevented the doppelganger from correctly guessing what it ought to do next). For verisimilitude, play out the result of the combat, which takes place in a second-story room. The doppelganger will have taken the form of the monk during the fight. The one who is losing will flee by bursting out the window, and the other will follow. Player characters may or may not wish to become involved; the Vigilances certainly will, with the usual response time. After this incident, security checks will be more stringent (see "General Events" below).

Dopple Jeopardy

This will happen repeatedly once the Discovered Doppelganger scenario has occurred. Because of Morgorath's warning that they are a danger, doppelganger attacks on player characters are possible. The chance is 25% each time the characters are exposed to public view and might be recognized (by doppelgangers disguised as slaves) or 25% on any ward, compound, or city gate identity check (by doppelgangers who are disguised as Brotherhood members). Descriptions of the characters are updated and passed on to the doppelgangers by Morgorath each day. Doppelgangers will attempt to have the characters arrested or will follow them and infiltrate the group using standard doppelganger tactics, eliminating as many as possible, according to

circumstances.

Doppelgangers (29): AC 5; MV 9"; HD 4; hp 28; #AT 1; Dmg 1-12; THACO 15; AL N; SA surprise on a 1-4; SD ESP 90% accurate, immune to *sleep* and *charm* spells, save as 10th level fighter, imitate any form 4' to 8' tall.

Attacks of this sort will be repeated until either there are no more doppelgangers, or (in the DM's opinion) the doppelgangers have learned that the player characters are too dangerous.

Timetable of General Events

Day 1: Morgorath, doppelgangers, player characters arrive.

Day 2: Rats and mice seen by daylight (first sign of plague). First occurrence of a discovered doppelganger.

Day 3: First human cases of plague. Plague cases confined in temporary camp outside city.

Day 4: Plague takes hold. Anti-doppelganger measures taken. Vigilances ordered to shoot unconfined plague cases and suspected doppelgangers on sight.

Day 5: Curfews imposed. Warehouses and other areas searched for hidden plague cases or doppelgangers. Some factional fighting. City gates closed to traffic in either direction, other than to interneer camp.

Day 6: Some thievery and looting.

Day 7: Some isolated slave revolts.

Consequences

If the PCs are defeated or destroyed, Morgorath or his soul-object will eventually be eliminated by one of the contending factions within Hesuel Ilshar, in a scenario much like the one outlined previously for the player characters. In either case the result for the Tilvanot Plateau and the Flanaess in general will be the same.

Because Morgorath was testing assassins when he was finally destroyed, his death has worldwide significance. His destruction at such a moment has the side effect (not known to himself but foreseen by Istus) that all assassins begin to forget some of their primary skills. Because they cannot simply lose skills in one area without a compensating gain in others (this would cause a tremendous local imbalance in the scheme of things) they will become thieves with the same number of experience points. This in no way alters their inclinations, but specific "assassin" skills such as poisoning, disguise, special knowledge of alignment languages, and the like are simply lost.

The mystic powers of the Grand Master of Flowers will allow him to direct some of the power released by Morgorath's and his own destruction, giving him powers similar to but greater than those of a *wish* spell. Given his

aims, the consequences are that a portal to his homeland is opened, and that all those trained in the disciplines of the Oriental monks become aware of its existence. Those who pass through will find themselves in the mountains of southwestern T'u Lung; those not of Oriental blood may pass relatively unremarked there as barbarians from nearby outlands. Those who remain in the Flanaess will find their skills fading; they may become either fighters or thieves with the same number of hit points. Of those who enter the world of Kara-Tur, they will discover that the full range of Oriental-style monk abilities replaces those outlined in the *Players Handbook*. The particular type of martial arts ability gained will vary according to the school under which the character initially trained.

Other characters than monks might choose to pass through the portal, but it is a one-way trip. They must return to the Flanaess on their own power, if at all. This is an opportunity for an Oriental campaign, or an Oriental interlude in the ongoing campaign, as the DM chooses. The lawful good and lawful neutral monks who benefited from the opening of the portal will be grateful, to the limit of their alignment preferences and their ascetic teachings. However, the region to which the monks are returning is much as it was when they left: there is constant strife, and though they will be strong enough to hold their own (as their ancestors were not) they will be rather busy.

The Scarlet Brotherhood will have been thrown into disarray by the varying turns of events. Depending on the degree of damage, Hesuel Ilshar may be rebuilt eventually, but the factions will first settle among themselves which is to do the rebuilding, and the winner will doubtless have to restore order on the Tilvanot Plateau. None will be able to spare the energy to prevent the various Oriental groups on the plateau from using the portal, but it may be that they will attack the player characters. Some factions, particularly the "moderates" and the High Unity faction, might attempt to recruit the player characters. Others will certainly attempt to destroy them.

NON-PLAYER CHARACTERS

CYMBELLINE

Half-elf 9th level thief / 10th level bard

AC 5 (chain mail plus dexterity bonus); MV 12"; HD 10; hp 80; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon (see below); MR 10%; SZ M (6'2"); Str 17, Int 14, Wis 12, Dex 17, Con 16, Cha 16; THAC0 11 (including strength bonus); AL N; SA spells (see below); SD see below. Thief skills: PP 85%, OL 72%, FT 60%, MS 75%, HS 66%, HN 30%, CW 98%, RL 45%

Although he is exceptionally tall for his race, Cymbelline's appearance is otherwise typical for a half-elf: slender build, long silver hair, ageless features, and steady blue-gray eyes.

He always dresses well—some might say fastidiously. His chosen garb is a loose-fitting mantle (almost a robe) belted at the waist, worn over a suit of chain mail. This mantle appears at first glance to be white; on closer inspection, however, it turns out to be woven from slender threads of all the colors of the spectrum. Each thread actually gives off light of the same color, and those lights all fuse together to give an overall impression of white. Sometimes the mantle makes Cymbelline seem to shimmer when he moves. Over this mantle, Cymbelline occasionally wears a traveling cloak of silver-gray.

When appropriate, he wears a finely wrought silver helm with a gold disc inset into the brow (375 g.p. total value). Close examination of the disc (difficult when Cymbelline is wearing it) shows that it bears an engraved image of a spindle (the symbol of Istus, of course). When not wearing his helmet, Cymbelline wears a circlet of fine silver around his brow (10 g.p. value).

The only other adornment he wears is an elaborate necklace. Actually it's a *necklace of missiles* with seven projectiles—one 9-dice, two 7-dice, two 5-dice, and two 3-dice fireballs. Close examination of the necklace (again, difficult) shows that the symbol of the spindle is worked into its central design.

On his belt Cymbelline wears a highly magical longsword named *Kabal* (described below) and a *dagger of venom*. Both weapons show amazing craftsmanship and are finely embellished with precious stones and gold chasing.

Cymbelline's strength gives him a bonus of +1 to hit and on damage; his high dexterity gives him a +2 reaction/attacking adjustment and a -3 defensive adjustment.

A 10th level bard, Cymbelline casts spells as a 5th level mage. He normally has the following spells memorized: *dancing lights*, *magic missile* (x2), *shocking grasp*, *ESP*, *wizard lock*, and *fireball*. Cymbelline's magic resistance is a function of his nature as an aspect of Fate. Like his mistress Istus, he is immune to

all mind-altering magics (*charm person*, *sleep*, *domination*, *geas*, etc.), and cannot be affected by any time-related spell. Any divination spell cast on an issue concerning Cymbelline will have unaccountable gaps ("dead zones") where Cymbelline himself and his future actions are concerned.

Cymbelline considers himself an aristocrat. In manner he's loquacious—as befits a bard—and sometimes rather pedantic. Even though he talks easily, he directs conversation away from himself, his background, and his abilities. If he is ever pressed about his background and has no easy way of changing the subject, he will reveal only that he was born in the County of Ulek—because (for reasons explained below) that's all he really knows about himself. He has a sense of humor, and a rather aggravating one at that: like an elf, he takes almost nothing seriously. This doesn't mean he's constantly cracking jokes; rather, he has a casual, almost irresponsible approach to everything, no matter how serious the people around him might be. In conversation, Cymbelline has another potentially irritating habit: no matter what the topic—person, place, event—Cymbelline always claims at least a passing acquaintance ("Been there, done that"). In anyone else, this could be written off as the trait of a pathological liar who wants to appear as though he knows everything. But in Cymbelline's case, he's telling the truth: if the PCs test him or try to trip him up, they'll find that he actually does have some familiarity with the subject at hand. Even more irritatingly, Cymbelline won't discuss just *how* he knows all these things; instead, if PCs try to press the issue, he will lead the conversation in a different direction. (His wide-ranging knowledge is another facet of his relationship with Fate.)

Cymbelline is skilled at storytelling and singing. He usually carries a lute, which he plays with great skill and sensitivity. Although he knows all the lively, sentimental, and inspirational songs that are part of any bard's repertoire, when he's playing just for himself (which he does in quiet moments) he'll usually select something introspective.

Occasionally Cymbelline will fall silent, acting slightly troubled and confused. If questioned about this, he'll always shrug it off: "Just an artistic fit. When inspiration speaks, you must listen, y'know." In fact, Cymbelline is a very troubled person, although he won't admit that to anyone. He's totally unaware of his true nature and of his role as a pawn in Istus's game. He knows he's Cymbelline the thief/bard, but has virtually no memory of his personal background, or of anything specific that happened to him more than two days before he first met the PCs. (He remembers places and people, but not what he did in those

places or with those people.) He attributes this deficiency to a form of amnesia, perhaps caused by magic or an injury—which is disturbing enough in itself. (This is why he quickly directs the PCs away from prying into how he knows what he does: he has no idea how he knows, and won't admit this fact.)

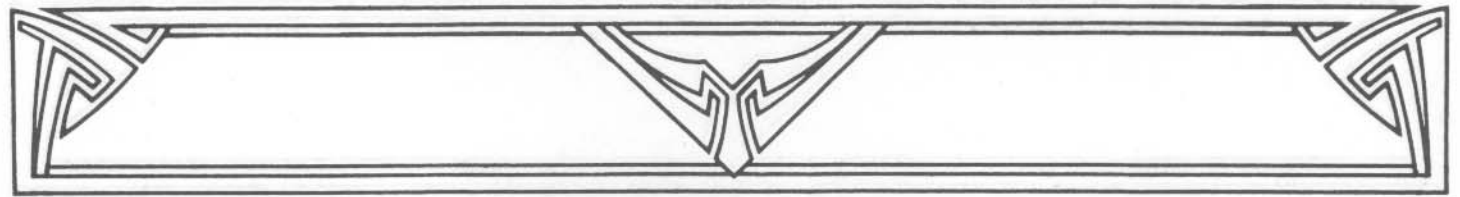
As if all of this weren't bad enough, Cymbelline isn't sure he has complete control of his own thoughts and actions. Facts spring unbidden into his mind, from he knows not where. And from time to time, he finds himself performing certain acts without knowing why—for example, picking the PCs out of a crowd and "recruiting" them to infiltrate the Sage's Tower (in Adventure 1). Even worse, he occasionally has blackouts during which he suddenly loses consciousness. When he comes around, he's often in another part of town (or another part of the world) entirely, and he has no knowledge of what he did or what has happened to him in the meantime.

For these reasons, Cymbelline will never voluntarily talk about his background or his feelings. If a PC somehow develops a strong rapport with Cymbelline, the half-elf might admit that he's troubled and confused, but no more than that. Confused or not, his pride is still too strong to confess the full extent of his distress. An interesting consequence of all this is that *detect lie* will always show Cymbelline to be telling the truth. He *is* telling the truth—as he knows it.

During the two adventures in which Cymbelline is involved, he'll be helpful to the PCs, but only to a point: providing them with information and guidance, but never with physical aid.

When the PCs meet Cymbelline for the second time, in the city of Elredd (the start of Adventure #4), they'll probably ask how he came to be there. His answer is that he has been following the spread of the dread disease throughout the land, just as they have been, and thus meeting them once more shouldn't be that surprising. (In fact, Cymbelline suffered another blackout that lasted for as long as the PCs were involved with Adventures #2 and #3. When he came to, he found himself in Elredd with no memory of having traveled there.)

Cymbelline the half-elf had a life before he was "recruited" to aid Fate. He was a thief/bard, but of much lower level than he is now, and was rather a failure at both trades. He ran afoul of a pack of bandits in the Vesve Forest, and was left, mortally wounded, by the side of the road. Istus selected him as a suitable pawn for her game and transported him to her plane. There she healed him, prepared him for his mission . . . and swept his memory clean. She provided him with the sword *Kabal* and sent him forth. When his mission is com-



plete, his spirit will dwell with Istus on her home plane (a reward for a job well done).

Kabal

Cymbelline's longsword is highly magical, a +3 *flame tongue* whose light is blinding white. The sword's name, *Kabal*, is a word from an archaic—and mostly forgotten—dialect of the Baklunish tongue. The word means "fate," but with a special twist: when someone "meets his fate" in a contest of arms, that is "kabal." Cymbelline will only mention the name of the sword under special circumstances (as described in Adventure #4). *Kabal* is a unique weapon, created by Fate herself—sentient, strictly neutral in alignment, with an intelligence of 20 and an ego of 30. The sword has the following powers: *read languages*, *read magic*, *know alignment* (once per day), *energy drain* (three times per day), *detect magic* (once per turn), *detect invisible* (once per turn), *charm person* (three times per day), *telepathy* (once per turn), *suggestion* (twice per day), and *slow* (twice per day with a -3 penalty to saving throw). All these powers are similar to spells of the same name, and operate at the 18th level of ability.

Kabal has a special purpose: to aid Istus in her test of the character classes. The sword is fully aware of Cymbelline's function in Our Lady of Fate's plans (although Cymbelline himself is not).

The weapon communicates with Cymbelline telepathically. He will let no one else touch the sword. If a mage casts *detect magic* on the weapon, the caster will receive a fleeting impression of frightening power; then the connection is broken. If anyone else touches the hilt of the sword while Cymbelline is alive, the weapon will deliver 3-36 points of electrical damage.

A Sword and Its Man

The fact of the matter is that it's the sword, *Kabal*, who's in command. It's the sword—not Cymbelline—who is a manifestation of the entity Morgorath. Istus has transferred Morgorath's life force into the weapon, thus giving it its high intelligence and ego ratings. These ratings are sufficient to give it control over Cymbelline when it wishes to exercise such. The half-elf's sudden flashes of insight and his unaccountable actions are driven by the sword. His blackouts also arise from the same source. *Kabal*/Morgorath only informs

Cymbelline of his true nature and purpose at the climax of Adventure 4, *Diambeth's Delving*. This is why Cymbelline is suddenly exultant: he knows at last who he is and his place in the grand scheme of things. Throughout the two adventures in which the sword appears, *Kabal* uses its telepathic powers to monitor the PCs and subtly feed back information to Cymbelline (who is unaware that this is happening). This is how Cymbelline manages to know something about anything that might be brought up in conversation with the PCs.

If Cymbelline is firmly and repeatedly questioned about how he came to own the sword, he'll eventually say that his mother gave it to him. This is true in a way, of course, although Cymbelline won't know the real facts of the matter.

If Cymbelline is killed, Istus immediately withdraws Morgorath's life force from the sword. It immediately loses its ego and intelligence, its spell-like abilities, and its *flame tongue* aspect, reverting to a simple *longsword +3*. If Cymbelline lives through Adventure #4 and is transported back to Istus's plane, the sword goes with him, as does all his other equipment.

ALARIC

Human 7th level fighter

AC 2 or -3 (see below); MV 15"; HD 7; hp 62; #AT 2; Dmg by weapon; MR 90%; SZ M (6½'); Str 18/00, Int 14, Wis 12, Dex 18, Con 18, Cha 15; THAC0 11 (including strength bonus); AL N; SA see below; SD see below.

The second incarnation of Morgorath is called Alaric, and appears to be a middle-aged human with a large, muscular body. His hair is short and black, with a thick mustache and beard framing a stony face. His icy blue eyes reflect nothing, and with these he can cast a hawklike gaze which acts as *scare* (second level magic-user spell). Alaric can use this power on one human or demi-human per round.

Alaric is proficient with spear, dagger, and longsword, and doubly specialized with the battle axe. He has the non-weapon proficiencies of alertness, healing, and swimming.

After Istus created this version of Morgorath, she decided to test him to prove that he was worthy of creating tests for the fighters and rangers of Oerth. Thus she gave him a destination—Rel Mord in the Kingdom of Nyron—and then promptly teleported him to a land 800 miles away from it, to the very center of the Bone March.

Lost and alone, Alaric wandered the grasslands for weeks, hiding from evil humanoids and giants. He fought only when cornered, but then he showed himself to be a fearless warrior with a whirlwind battle axe. Eventually he met a large band of human and half-orc bandits. After a brutal test of arms (in which three low-level bandits were slain), Alaric became an honored member of the group.

Due to his high charisma and natural leadership ability, Alaric gained a large following among the bandits. Even the group's own sorcerer preferred him over the current leader. Then one night, the bandit lord learned of Alaric's following, and he flew into a violent rage. This led to a two-hour-long duel between the two men. Exhausted and blood-stained, Alaric emerged as the victor.

Yet Istus's servant had not forgotten his mission. He studied maps left by the band's former leader, learning the location, distance, and best route to Rel Mord. Then he planned an attack on dwarven mines in the Rakers. He intentionally chose the largest fortified mine in the area. Some bandits considered the plan insane, but most were overcome by Alaric's enthusiasm and promises of wealth. Within two weeks the bandits marched westward, having lost only a few members who were smart enough to abandon their fellows.

Secretly, Alaric laughed at his followers, for

they provided excellent protection for him on the 200-mile journey. The large caravan traveled unharmed through a land infested with evil creatures.

At the eastern edge of the Rakers, Alaric allowed his army one day of rest. Then he gathered the troops for an attack on the target. Many dwarven eyes peered down from the battlements as the bandit horsemen formed strike teams. Then, finally, Alaric led the charge up the hill; but at the last moment, he turned his steed away and raced off before any startled bandit could take action. Seconds later, a cloud of hand axes ripped into the attackers. The gates thrust open and hundreds of dwarves rushed out to cut down the bandits, who reeled about in confusion or sought escape in any direction.

Alaric rode to the southwest, leaving his former companions "to their fate." Their cries of rage and pain were quickly forgotten.

Halfway through the mountains, Alaric met trouble in the form of four hill giants. A great fight ensued, and afterward four hill giants were dead, and Alaric lay dying. He was discovered by a patrol of mountain dwarves who knew nothing of the bandit attack three weeks before. They took him to their lair—a small castle overlooking a failing mine. For five weeks he remained with the dwarves as they nursed him. Then he said his thanks and continued on toward the southeast.

After Alaric left the dwarves, Istus flipped a platinum coin. That coin toss made her decide to grant good luck to the dwarves. Within days they discovered one of the largest mithril deposits in eastern Oerik, and today the mine is a beehive of activity protected by two gigantic fortresses—the direct result of the mine's wealth.

Alaric rode casually through the Flinty Hills, passing many halfling and gnome villages as he went. In these places he gained a small reputation for tossing bags containing 10 g.p. to some of the halflings and gnomes he met. His choices were random, and many little people cursed him for ignoring their pleas for gold. The richer ones, of course, gave him their blessings.

Near Womtham he found the end of the Duntide River. He rode southward along its shore. During this time, he came upon a father and his 8-year-old son clinging to an overturned boat. Both cried out for his help. Alaric considered his options, then tossed a gold coin. The decision having been made, he swam out to the boat, grasped the boy, and took him back to shore. The father, however, drowned as the vessel went under. Alaric shrugged: such is fate. . . .

In a week Alaric joined a group of hillmen transporting lumber by barge to Rel Mord. The voyage passed without incident. At last

Istus's servant entered the city with many ideas and schemes to put into action.

During his stay in Rel Mord, Alaric is equipped with scale mail armor (thus AC 2), a *battle axe +2*, a longsword, and a dagger. He wears plain brown trousers, leather boots, and a brown long-sleeved shirt. He has no other magical items because he does not expect to need them against the low-level fighters whom he intends to test.

When the player characters prepared to head toward Leukish in the Duchy of Urnst, Istus re-formed Morgorath as Alaric the fighter once again. She equipped him as before, but also gave him *plate mail +2* (thus AC -3), a *ring of fire resistance*, and a *ring of spell turning* (with 100% chance to turn spells when worn by Alaric). Having thus prepared him, she ordered him to begin the Test of the Rangers in Leukish. Then she rolled a 9-sided die and so decided where to place him on Oerik.

Alaric materialized in the Cairn Hills, six miles south of Nyr Dyv. He immediately met a patrol of men from the City of Greyhawk. Intending to do no harm, Alaric answered their questions and endured their looks of suspicion. At last they left him, but not before giving him directions to Nyr Dyv and then to Leukish.

On his way to the lake, Alaric was ambushed by a high-level wizard and a small band of fighters. At first the wizard cast various spells to capture Alaric, but these had no effect. Then the magic-user sent a blinding *lightning bolt* at the stranger, but the bolt flashed back at the wizard and killed him instantly. The horrified fighters fled from Alaric, who had barely moved during the whole encounter.

An hour later he arrived at the lake. Nearby, a large merchant ship was anchored several yards offshore. Alaric saw a handful of chained people on the deck, plus a score of ragged-looking warriors similar to those he had just met. Planning on the quickest way to Leukish, he sat down and waited for nightfall.

As the sun set, Alaric swam to the ship and climbed up its anchor chain to the bow. He killed a guard there, but others saw him and shouted for help. Bracing his feet and lifting his axe, Alaric prepared for a charge by over twenty swordsmen. A long, bloody fight occurred that night, but in the end Alaric stood alone on that red-stained vessel.

Forcing up his last bit of strength, Alaric took time to explore the rest of the ship. He found it empty except for eight sailors chained in the cargo hold. From them he learned that the ship had been hijacked by a magic-user and his followers, who had forced the crew to sail the ship while they went on coastal raids.

Alaric informed them that he had slain the



magic-user and most of the pirates. In return, he asked only that the sailors take him to Leukish. They gladly agreed.

A few days after they set sail, the merchant ship was stopped by a patrol warship from Admundfort. The soldiers boarded the merchant vessel and inspected it, finding decks covered with blood and treasure chests full of gold and jewelry. The sailors explained that they had been the captives of pirates, whom they had killed a few nights before. The knightly captain decided to let the sailors and Alaric free, but that the valuables had to be confiscated "in the name of the Earl of Walworth." Though the sailors protested, Alaric shrugged and let them take it.

Istus gave this version of Morgorath the heart and soul of a true warrior. Alaric is strong-willed and brave, and never needs to check morale. He prefers hand-to-hand combat before missile combat, and this liking is reflected in his only magical weapon: a heavy two-handed axe, with crescent blades on two sides and a sharp spearhead pointing up from between the two blades.

Alaric respects only those who are willing to risk themselves in melee combat. He has contempt for "weaklings" who use only magic to win their fights. He treats others with tolerance, and feels merciful toward those who cannot physically defend themselves—

children, common women, the elderly, etc. However, the best way to gain his favor is the test of arms.

In battle, Alaric detests cowardice. He automatically slays those who willingly surrender, and grants mercy only to those who fight to the end, but are captured anyway. This spiritual strength is also his weakness, for his pride can be seen as arrogance. Many warriors have been insulted by his cold comments, and have had to be silenced by his frightening gaze or, more rarely, his whirling battle axe.

Alaric does not have the normal racial preferences akin to humans, since he is Istus's creation and thus not a real human. He prefers human company only because humans are more likely to accept him than other races. His overall view toward humans and most demi-humans is tolerance, though he feels some goodwill toward dwarves because of their treatment of him in the Rakers.

Despite his close ties to the Lady of Fate, he almost never mentions her by name, and likes to keep his true origin secret. He is wary of clerics, who represent deities who may or may not be opposed to Istus. Most strikingly, Alaric distrusts clerics of Istus, for he is well aware of their uncaring attitude and often random (though not chaotic) behavior.

Istus gave Alaric many powers to protect him against magical attacks, as well as to force

his opponents to face him in melee combat. Most important is his high magic resistance. His powers also allow him to act as if he is wearing a *ring of free action*.

Furthermore, Alaric can automatically *detect invisible* and *detect illusion*. He can also cast the following spells at will, one per round: *protection from normal missiles* (3 times/day), *dispel magic*, *dispel illusion*, *remove curse* (1 time/day), and *anti-magic shell* (3 times/day).

A *detect magic* spell cast on Alaric will reveal a faint aura around him, though the spell caster may suspect that it comes from a magic item and not the man himself. *Dispel magic*, of course, does him no harm.

Aside from his combat abilities, Alaric's best skill is that of leadership. He can be a firm but fair master, and these qualities, along with his high class level and weapon specialization, make him a good social and technical leader. This nonmagical ability acts similarly to *friends* (first level magic-user spell), though characters who fail to be impressed will not necessarily dislike him, and those who are impressed will wish to be commanded (rather than befriended) by Alaric. This spell-like ability is usable once per day, and those affected can be treated as followers (the effect does not have a specific duration, but lasts as long as Alaric wishes).

MORGORATH'S BEASTMAN AVATAR

AC 3; MV 12" (or see below); HD 14; hp 65; #AT 1 (or see below); Dmg by weapon or other physical attack +2; THAC0 7 (including strength bonus); MR 40%; SZ M; Str 18, Int 17, Wis 13, Dex 18, Con 17, Cha 17. SA see below; SD see below.

Morgorath in his beastman form has several different shapes, but his "true" appearance is that of a tall, powerfully built humanoid, with broad but humanlike features. He would not by any means be mistaken for anything human, however, for he is entirely covered in curly gray fur, and has sharp pointed teeth, clawed hands, and catlike eyes. In addition to this form, he can at will take on the shape and abilities of a number of other creatures, in the same manner as a druid's shapechanging ability. Morgorath can change form any number of times per day; up to three times per day, he regains 10% to 60% of lost hit points when he changes form, just as a druid does. The possible forms are those of a halfling, a human, a serpent, an otter, a bear, an owl, a tiger, a raven, and a boar. In each form Morgorath may use the physical attacks of his shape, but he retains an unnatural strength which gives a bonus of +1 "to hit" and +2 on damage in any strike or bite.

His serpent form is a venomous snake, each bite injecting a toxin that causes paralysis in 1 round and death within three days. His beastman (true) form has a pair of claw attacks for a base 1-2 points of damage each. The one identifying feature of Morgorath in all forms is a streak of lighter color about the head or in the hair, and bright green eyes that glow with a reddish tint in dim light. He also retains a distinctive odor which may be identified by a dog or cat or any other nonhuman creature with a similarly keen sense of smell. Animals scenting Morgorath in this incarnation will act in some unusual way, depending on the reaction roll: a positive reaction roll means that they try to follow him; a neutral reaction roll means that they show interest, and a negative reaction roll means that they shy away or even attack. Note that Morgorath's charisma affects animals as much as it does others.

In any of his five humanoid forms, Morgorath can make use of his assassin-like skills, most particularly those of disguise. He may appear to be any sort of human, demihuman or goblinoid, but he has these established these as his favorite personae:

1. A fat human male, well dressed and with the manner of a wealthy merchant. His name is Androch Larrojjid. He is a jolly and overbearing fellow with a burly build, swarthy

skin, a curly black beard, hair in ringlets, and a high-pitched laugh. His accent is Jurnrese, and his clothes are in the bright Jurnrese colors. He has established an identity as a trader in from the Lortmil region of Ulek County who trades down the Kewl with a cargo of goods from the upper Kewl (jewels, certain herbs, bronzedwood, and fine marble) and returns upriver with goods manufactured downriver (fine cloth, furniture, mead, and jewelry). Previously unknown in Jurnre, he has given out that he has only recently extended his route so far south. He maintains a small trading boat, and a man hired in Tringle to guard his goods and help pilot the craft.

2. A comely halfling maiden, cheerful and rather sharp-tongued, of Tallfellow stock, usually appearing as a waitress or a young housewife. Her name, if she must give one, is Mara Hardiggin.

3. A slender and intense young man with red hair, freckles, and a sharp chin, simply dressed, with an abrupt and preoccupied manner and the accent of Port Monmurg. He styles himself Sarn Weaverson.

4. A 7th level priest of Obad-hai, red-haired and bearded, of late middle age, heavily tanned, and with a coppery undertone to his skin. He wears a simple green robe and carries a shortsword and staff. He is called Bran-nach, and claims to be from the eastern regions of the County of Ulek, near the Lortmil Mountains. (In this form, Morgorath actually can cast cleric spells, which he receives from Istus in order to maintain the ruse that he really is a cleric.)

5. Tira Imharvon, a noblewoman of the Tilvanot Plateau, high-ranking in Hesuel Ilshar, extremely arrogant and intolerant. She is slender, tall and of extraordinarily pale complexion, with dark blue eyes and pale brown hair. She is an administrator and instructor in one of the assassin temples according to her credentials, which will withstand the closest scrutiny because there really once was such a person. Morgorath caught her alone on a secret mission to Port Monmurg, killed her, and replaced her.

In all of his disguises, Morgorath's shock of lighter-colored hair shows through, but it is often concealed by a hat, hood, or headband.

Morgorath's other assassin-like abilities are helpful to him, sometimes deadly to adversaries. He has all the skills of a 9th level thief, and his keen ears give him a +15% bonus to *hear noise*. He can backstab for triple damage (not quadruple, as for an actual 9th level thief). He has the ability to concoct any type of poison, so he always carries any type he might want or need.

There are two other special abilities that make Morgorath particularly dangerous. One is that he is, by design, a carrier of the plague

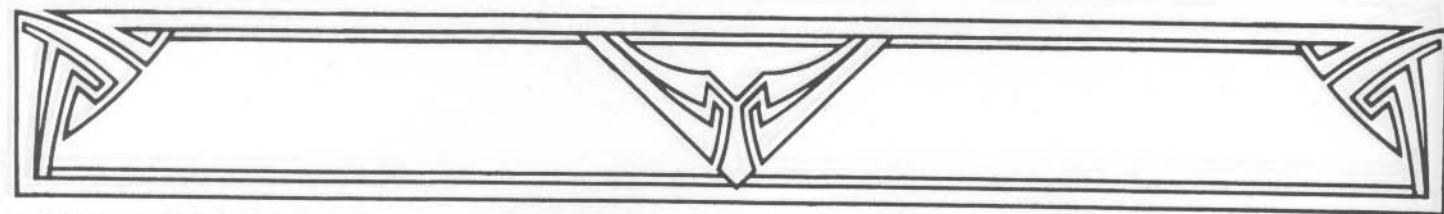
that the player characters are trying to learn about or cure. The disease is contagious only if Morgorath—or Istus—wills it to be, and only to the degree determined appropriate. This why some cities along his route (in all of his various forms) are hit very hard, while others are only marginally affected by the disease; this is, after all, another aspect of Fate.

Morgorath's other special ability, which is more dangerous than it sounds, is his skill at throwing his voice and imitating sounds. A favorite trick is to *hide in shadows* and make it appear that some odd noise is coming from some area or item which will cause the victim to turn away from the hidden Morgorath. This ability is retained in all of Morgorath's forms. In effect it is equal to the first level magic-user spell *ventriloquism*.

Morgorath speaks common, Ancient Sul-oise, hobgoblin, halfling, elvish, dwarvish, gnomish, the Cold Tongue, Keolandish, Lendorian, thieves cant, the druidic cant, and all the alignment languages, in addition to the dialect spoken in western T'u Lung in the land of Kara-Tur. He is an accomplished liar in all of these. He can *detect clean water*, *move freely* through natural undergrowth, and *identify plant and animal types* as a druid, and he can identify and use any weapon which a druid or assassin could use as well as weapons peculiar to ninja in Oriental settings.

Morgorath's equipment in this avatar varies according to what or whom he is impersonating. He will generally find a safe spot, or preferably several safe spots, in which to cache some of his more useful possessions if they are inappropriate to his aims at the time. Among the magical items available to him are a *short sword +2*, a *dagger of venom +2*, *bracers of defense (AC 4)*, two *potions of speed*, a *cloak of elvenkind*, a *crossbow of accuracy +3*, twelve *sling bullets +2*, an *eversmoking bottle*, a *folding boat*, an *amulet of proof against detection and location*, and a *bag of tricks* (type 68). He will supplement these with any equipment acquired from his victims. He can alter the appearance of weapons and equipment to make them seem appropriate to one of his station, according to the social class he is imitating. His nonmagical equipment includes a grapnel, rope, clothes for his most often-used personae (two changes each), two flasks of poison (one type C insinuating and one type A ingestive), and 1,500 gp in local funds, plus four rough jewels of each base value (see *Dungeon Masters Guide*, page 25).

The druid spells that Morgorath typically memorizes in this avatar are *animal friendship*, *detect magic*, *entangle*, *faerie fire*, and *speak with animals*; *charm person or mammal*, *heat metal*, *obscurement*, and *flame blade*; *protection from fire*, *tree*, and *pyro-*



technics; and *animal summoning I* (5 first level spells, 4 second level, 3 third level, and 1 fourth level spell). These may be varied according to circumstances.

Morgorath is of unpredictable temperament, has an odd sense of humor, and is apt to perpetrate practical jokes at the slightest excuse. He delights in mystifying opponents, and enjoys surprising them, particularly with something unpleasant. He is absolutely amoral. While he does not hesitate to kill those who oppose his designs, neither will he do so if it can reasonably be avoided. He is neither human nor demi-human, and has a mild dislike for both; his affinities are toward animals and toward monsters of neutral alignment. However, he will not hesitate to use creatures of these types in his plots. He is very flexible, and takes on new roles and adapts to new situations very rapidly. His "jokes" may be lethal, such as the poisoned traps he sometimes sets in his lair.

While he is not notably cruel, Morgorath has no pity whatsoever. He is determined to accomplish his objectives and will let nothing stand in his way, although one of his personae may make a convincing show of sympathy if it seems appropriate. While he has a strong sense of self-preservation, his mission comes first, above all other considerations. He is aware that his existence will be relatively

short in his present incarnation, and while he will avoid premature dissolution he does not particularly seek to prolong his stay past its useful stage. He is only vaguely aware of Istus's purposes, but will volunteer if identified and questioned that he is "sent by the gods" to test first druids and then assassins. The choice of locations was entirely his own (or so he thinks); they are logical places, Jurnre (Adventure #3) is under strong druidic influence and the Scarlet Brotherhood (Adventure #10) is the greatest single organization that supports assassins in the Flanaess.

He believes his missions are to disrupt the normal life of the two cities to which he has been sent unless those "chosen" for the task can prevent him. If they seem to be failing in their "assigned" task he will turn his attentions to them rather than to the cities he had intended to harass. Morgorath's avatar will remember any individuals encountered in his other forms, at least as regards their names, their abilities, and their personalities, rather as if he had been told them by someone else. He has only a vague memory of his other forms and their characteristics.

One weakness is Morgorath's vanity: if faced with danger, he retreats only after making a good show. When possible, he will raise difficulties for all concerned before making his escape. Despite his otherwise excellent judgment, Morgorath's beastman avatar is also

impulsive, a trait that may be turned against him. Those who identify Morgorath in this form and attempt to reason with him, or question his motivations too deeply, will merely goad him into a sudden attack, followed by rapid flight; he does not care to give the matter much thought. The beastman Morgorath also fears fires which are not of his own kindling, and will generally retreat from such unless duty demands otherwise. One final note, which should be mentioned to player characters every time they might have an opportunity to witness it: in this avatar Morgorath always takes a half-step back before launching an attack.

In his beastman avatar, Morgorath is always aware of the distance and direction of the golden casket containing his power of *reincarnation*. He will also know whenever anyone touches it, and can at will *teleport without error* to its location if someone does. He can transport the casket without harm if it is closed. If it is open, the bluish radiance that fills the air within 10 feet is deadly to him, and will destroy both him and the casket in a burst of heat and light. This force causes blindness for 1-3 turns and 2-16 points of damage to anyone within 50 feet who fails a saving throw vs. wands. Those who make their saving throws take 1-8 points of damage and are blinded for 1-3 rounds.

ARLINA

12th level cleric

AC 10 (4 with ring of protection; MV 12"; HD 12; hp 74; #AT 1; Dmg by weapon; SZ M (5'10"); Str 10, Int 16, Wis 18, Dex 10, Con 14, Cha 18; THACO 14, AL N; SA see below; SD see below.

At first glance, Arlina appears to be a young woman in her late 20s, perhaps 30 at the most. But on closer inspection—or particularly on looking into her green eyes—she seems to exude a sense of wisdom that belies her youthful appearance. Sometimes people who meet her gaze directly have the disturbing sensation that they're catching a glimpse of a soul that's lived forever. When she speaks, too, her voice is steady and measured: never surprised, never perturbed, never agitated.

All this aside, there's no doubt that Arlina is beautiful: tall and slender, with lightly tanned skin and reddish-gold hair that falls in a thick cascade to her waist (a great contrast to the drab raiments she usually wears). Her habitual clothing is dark gray overlaid with a very subtle weblike pattern in lighter gray. It's relieved only by a flash of gold at her throat: the golden spindle symbol of her deity, Istus, hanging on a gold chain (value 250 g.p.). Her only jewelry apart from the symbol is a simple gold ring worn on her right hand (it is, in fact, a *ring of protection* +6, +1 on saving throws). Sometimes she wears a black traveling cloak; when she does, she typically keeps the hood pulled up to cover her shining hair.

Arlina travels lightly armed, her only weapon being a simple walking staff of ash shod with black iron. As with many things, appearances are deceiving: the walking staff is actually a *staff of the serpent* (*python*), and Arlina is proficient in its use. She typically carries no other equipment (apart from spell components), and carries no money.

Despite her youth, Arlina is a high priestess in the service of the goddess Istus, and is very competent in this position. She's intelligent, serious of demeanor, and definitely not someone to take liberties with. Unlike many followers of Istus, she's not unfeeling or cynical: she's one of the true believers who's grateful to Fate for the way she's been treated. Her behavior shows this true, unquestioning belief: she trusts to Fate for all decisions, doing the first thing that comes into her head, sometimes even going so far as to toss a coin or cast a die to make choices. (Since she's actually the entity Morgorath, all of these "random" decisions turn out in the way that best serves the purposes of Istus.)

As a 12th level cleric with 18 wisdom, Arlina has the use of a great number of spells: 8 first level, 7 second, 6 third, 4 fourth, 2 fifth, and 2

sixth level, plus one use per day of *augury* and one use of *strand of binding* (the extraordinary spells bestowed upon clerics of Istus). Because Arlina is actually the entity Morgorath and thus a supernatural servant of Istus, she gains access to the spells differently from other clerics. Rather than having to select her spells in advance and petition her goddess for them, Arlina may cast any spell of the appropriate level, choosing the spell she will cast at the moment of casting (in other words, she has free choice from the entire cleric spell list for a character of her level and wisdom). This gives her considerably more freedom of action, and thus more power. She can get a full complement of new (or replenished) spells by spending eight hours in sleep and meditation.

As a further consequence of Arlina's supernatural nature, all spells that she casts automatically have the maximum effect possible (thus Arlina's *cure light wounds* will always heal 8 points of damage, and her *spiritual hammer* will always hit for maximum damage). This doesn't affect nonmagical combat abilities, and it doesn't affect a target's saving throw for spells that grant one.

Concerning *augury* and similar spells, Arlina might be requested to perform some type of divination by the PCs. If refusing to do so would be out of character, she'll cast the spell . . . but this doesn't mean she'll necessarily pass on to them everything she learns. Arlina will never divulge anything that would prove detrimental to the purposes of her mistress.

Arlina is immune to any spells or powers that affect the mind (*sleep*, *charm*, *ESP*, etc.) and can't be affected by any time-related spell. She can't be located or observed using any scrying devices; if an attempt is made, the device will mysteriously fail. Any divination spell cast on an issue concerning Arlina—except for ones that she casts herself—will have unaccountable gaps ("dead zones") where Arlina herself and her future actions are concerned. No information about Arlina can be garnered through *commune*, *contact other plane*, or similar magics; any questions asked concerning Arlina will not be answered.

Arlina is a loner. Even when other followers of Istus are in the vicinity, she prefers her own company. Other followers of Istus recognize her vestments and treat her with due respect, but they don't recognize her personally.

She has no obvious vices, and never partakes of alcohol. Although she is always polite, she can "turn on the freeze" enough to dissuade even the most ardent pursuer from taking liberties.

The Hand of Fate

Arlina is an entity manufactured by Istus, so anything Arlina will say about herself was actually fabricated by the Lady of Fate and planted in Arlina's mind. Arlina has no knowl-

edge, conscious or subconscious, of her true nature. What she knows is this:

She was born in the Free City of Greyhawk in a community that reveres Istus. Arlina's mother had a vision that her unborn daughter would one day serve the goddess at the highest level, and so from birth Arlina was destined for the priesthood. Throughout her youth and her clerical training, everything seemed to fall into place for Arlina without her making any efforts; this, of course, was enough to persuade everyone around her that the Mistress of Fate herself was looking out for Arlina. She advanced in skill and authority quickly, and became a high priestess at the unprecedented age of 26. Since her ordination as a high priestess three years ago, she's been traveling the world in service to her goddess.

From a very early age, she remembers having prophetic insights and vivid dreams that could be termed visions. She believes implicitly that these have been vouchsafed to her directly by her goddess. If asked specifically about her visions, she'll say that they were private communications from her deity. She will admit that they make her think she has a significant role to play in the purposes of Istus, however. (From another's lips, this could sound arrogant and self-aggrandizing; from Arlina, however, it sounds like a simple statement of the truth.)

Her motivation is complete dedication to the will of her superiors in the church (who sent her to Wintershiven in Adventure #5, "Service for the Dead") and to Istus directly (who vouchsafed her the vision directing her to Chendl in Adventure #8, "At the King's Right Hand").

Arlina had no existence before the time she first meets the PCs in Wintershiven, and between their departure from the Theocracy of the Pale and their arrival in Chendl. If Arlina is killed, her body instantly disappears along with all her possessions.

There is no direct physical evidence of Arlina's true nature. Only one clue—and a slight one at that—might hint at her otherworldly nature: she gives off a faint aura of magic, easily perceivable by *detect magic* (this might be attributed to her staff, her holy symbol, or her garments, however).

As a servant of Istus, Arlina has certain special powers. She shares some of Istus's extra-dimensional awareness, giving her limited precognition—in essence, a view several minutes into the future. This makes it impossible to surprise Arlina, and very difficult to trick or manipulate her in any way. (From a game perspective: if you, as DM, know what a player is about to do, then so does Arlina.)

If Arlina witnesses someone doing a deed that greatly advances the purposes of the goddess, she might at her option give them a magical gift. This is a tiny version of her golden spindle that

has the powers of a *luckstone*; the power of the spindle lasts for eight days. She will certainly give one of these to a PC cleric who performs the task required in the adventure "Service for the Dead." Arlina doesn't carry any of these spindles on her person, but can call them up (through Istus) by simply putting her hand into a pocket of her robe and withdrawing one whenever she wants. Any thief trying to rob her, however, will find her pockets empty.)

A Matter of Alignment

Istus and Arlina are thoroughly neutral in alignment. Thus, it might seem surprising that the tasks Arlina will use to test the PCs could be considered good in nature (releasing the imprisoned soul of a dead cleric, and slaying a dragon who is attempting to influence a lawful good king). The goddess's—and hence Arlina's—motivations are more complex than such a simplistic judgment would imply, however.

Many believe that Istus is an uncaring deity, the goddess of an indifferent fate. This isn't quite true: sometimes she shows a surprising sensitivity, particularly toward those who revere her. The Test of the Clerics serves two functions. One is, of course, the test itself; the second is to give succor to a faithful servant and end his suffering. This is hardly the action of an uncaring goddess.

As for the second issue, the dragon provides a perfect Test of the Paladins. Obviously, a test appropriate for that class must focus on an overtly good deed. But there's even more to it than that. Neutrality isn't always indifference or lack of involvement: sometimes it's positive action to establish—or shore up—the balance. Under a good king, the land of Furyondy represents a strong bulwark against the encroachment of lawlessness and woe. Thus it acts as a counterbalance against such lands as the Horned Society, Iuz and others. If it, too, were to turn to evil (as the dragon influencing the king might wish), the balance must surely suffer.

NARLOND THE WHITE ALCHEMIST and THE PROPHET OF BOCCOB

18th level magic-user

AC 2 (*bracers*); MV 12"; HD 18; hp 45 (or 90; see below); #AT 1; Dmg by weapon type (4-7 using *dagger +3* as Narlond, or with *staff of striking* as the Prophet); MR 75%; Str 13, Int 19, Wis 14, Dex 14, Con 12, Cha 12; THACO 10 as either character; AL N; SA spells (see below); SD hit point increase to 90 when in need (aid from Istus), travels ethereally, *improved invisibility* up to three times daily.

Morgorath in the dual role of Narlond the White Alchemist and the Prophet of Boccob is

the all-in-one servant. In Adventures #7 and #9 he is a catalyst by showing the characters a way to resolve their dilemma. In all cases where he deals with the party, he should be played intelligently. He always maneuvers the characters toward the fulfillment of his Lady's purpose and has utter disregard for their own wants and desires . . . to a point. He does want them to survive, for they are being tested; but he will lie, cheat, and otherwise position the party in such a way so that whatever turn they take, it seems to be one predestined to happen—Fated, so to speak.

Some specifics on role-playing Morgorath as Narlond and the Prophet are included in the separate adventures. The DM should read these introductions carefully, for it is in these that the actual flavors of the impersonated characters are exposed.

As a controlled entity of Istus, Morgorath has those strengths and weaknesses that are typically inherent to her. His single-minded ways could be a weakness if these grew to obsessive degrees. However, though Morgorath appears single-minded at times (as expressed through those he impersonates), this is far from the actual truth of the matter.

Narlond is strong in his coming forward and informing the characters about Xaene, only to regret his inability to participate fully. This is due to the instigations of Istus: it is the party's test, not Narlond's. But on the whole, Morgorath will help the party when their need is great.

As for the Prophet, he assumes that the party can readily defeat Helthrax because the situation is totally linked to subterfuge and ego. Sure, Helthrax has taken some minor precautions, but Morgorath knows that these are not enough to stop a concerted and intelligent raid by the adventurers. Thus he reasons that scant information and perhaps slight help from him as the Prophet will suffice to see the party through this time around.

Morgorath as Narlond and the Prophet prefers to use his innate *ESP* powers to ascertain the weaknesses or strengths of those opposing or cooperating with him. Once he has ascertained the former's position, he informs the latter of a course, or courses, to be taken, and of what objectives are at stake. Naturally he attempts to manipulate the situation so that opposing sides in a conflict are his pawns, as inferred above. He can automatically see a person's fate (by his closeness to Istus), and this will distress him, but, of course, nothing can be done about that!

Narlond and the Prophet can have in memory any magic-user spells, up to the limits for a caster of 18th level and 19 intelligence. The spells typically carried are *affect normal fires*, *charm person*, *enlarge*, *magic missile*, *protection from evil*; *darkness 15' radius*, *levitate*, *Melf's acid arrow*, *vocalize*, *web*; *dispel magic*, *fireball*, *hold person*,

Melf's minute meteor, *phantasmal force*; *dimension door*, *fear*, *fire charm*, *polymorph other*, *wall of fire*; *Bigby's interposing hand*, *conjure elemental*, *hold monster*, *teleport*, *wall of iron*; *Bigby's forceful hand*, *globe of invulnerability*, *project image*; *limited wish*, *reverse gravity*, *statue*; *Bigby's clenched fist*, *maze*; and *power word kill*.

Morgorath as Narlond has complete run of the real Narlond's tower. The real Narlond was called away on some errand of mercy to the south. Although Istus is (was) aware of this emergency in the past (and for this reason, Narlond's character fit into her scheme perfectly) she did not cause it; but she did take advantage of the situation and positioned Morgorath as Narlond to receive the party.

Narlond was once a court alchemist and serviced kings and prelates until the sulfur ran dry. He then tired of court service and went into business on his own, discovering all sorts of new potions and elixirs. His estate is worth upwards of 500,000 g.p. His formulas are valued at double that amount by some Greyhawk wizards. His laboratory contains two of each known potion, elixir, oil and powder.

The Prophet has no name. He is a "joke" character, created by Istus and blessed by Boccob, who cooperated to this degree because the matter involved magic-users. The Prophet has nothing of value or lasting interest except for items and characteristics common to both NPCs—and except for a very special type of *staff of striking*.

The weapon is known as the *Staff of the Fates*. It can be used as one of *striking*, but it also has spell-like powers that Morgorath can call forth from it. He will do this quite grudgingly, however, for every time he uses the *staff* in this fashion, his intelligence score suffers a temporary decrease. The device goes inert (and no point loss occurs) if the user tries to call upon a power that would reduce his intelligence to less than 9. Lost intelligence points are regained at the rate of one per day, by resting or sleeping for at least four hours. Fractional lost points are disregarded for purposes of intelligence-related abilities; for instance, a character with a score of 15½ makes Intelligence Checks as if his score was 16. The following powers are employable from the *staff* once per day:

Costing 2 pts.: *time stop*, *tempus fugit*, *magic mirror* (unlimited range and duration), *contact higher plane* (no chance of failure or insanity).

Costing 1½ pts.: *reincarnation*, *sending*, *truename*, *geas*.

Costing 1 pt.: *divination*, *true seeing*, *find the path*, *word of recall*.

Costing ½ pt.: all cantrips and all first level cleric spells.

For comparison purposes (not in the expectation that any character could ever obtain or sell it), the x.p. value of the *Staff of the Fates* is 25,000, and it has a g.p. sale value of 90,000.

Advanced Dungeons & Dragons
2nd Edition

GREYHAWK™ ADVENTURES

Fantasy World Adventure

Fate of Istus

This collection of linked adventures takes characters from the Bandit Kingdoms to Furyondy to the Wild Coast, with stops in some of Greyhawk's most exciting locales. But don't be fooled: This is more than just a travelogue.

A dread plague has struck the world of Greyhawk, and the adventurers must travel the length and breadth of the land seeking an explanation and a cure. This is no ordinary plague, but one that seems almost like a punishment—or a test—meted out by some greater power.

Should the characters fail to uncover the secret of this quest, the world of Greyhawk will be forever changed.

This epic campaign provides hitherto unknown details about the cities of Greyhawk and tests each major character class in the AD&D® game.

© 1989 TSR, Inc. All Rights Reserved. Printed in the U.S.A.

TSR, Inc.
POB 756
Lake Geneva,
WI 53147 USA

TSR Ltd.
120 Church End, Cherry Hinton
Cambridge CB1 3LB
United Kingdom

ISBN 0-88038-712-2



ADVANCED DUNGEONS & DRAGONS, AD&D, GREYHAWK, PRODUCTS OF YOUR IMAGINATION, and the TSR logo are trademarks owned by TSR, Inc.

9253XXX1401

\$10.95 U.S.