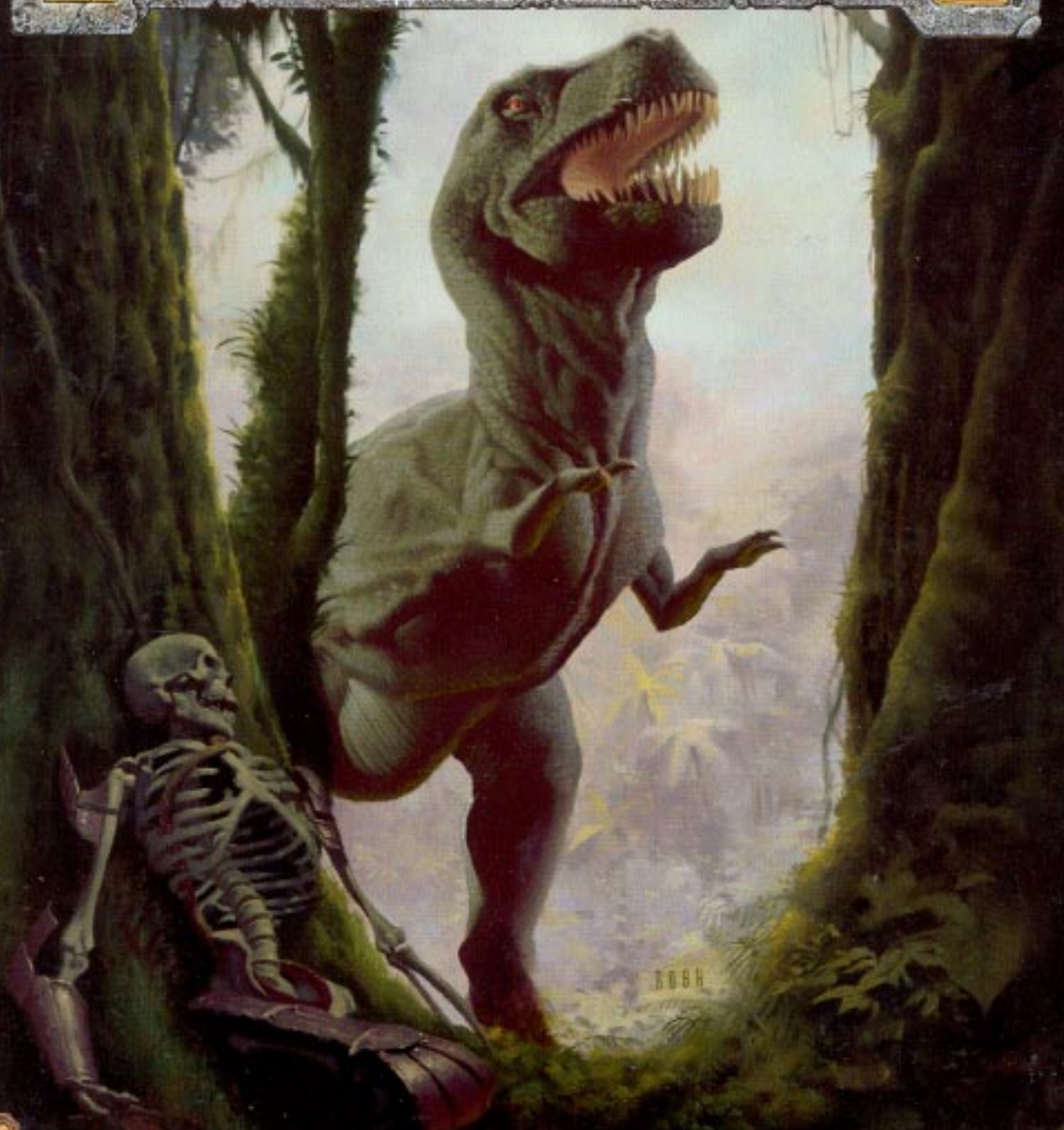


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For 6–8 characters of levels 5–8

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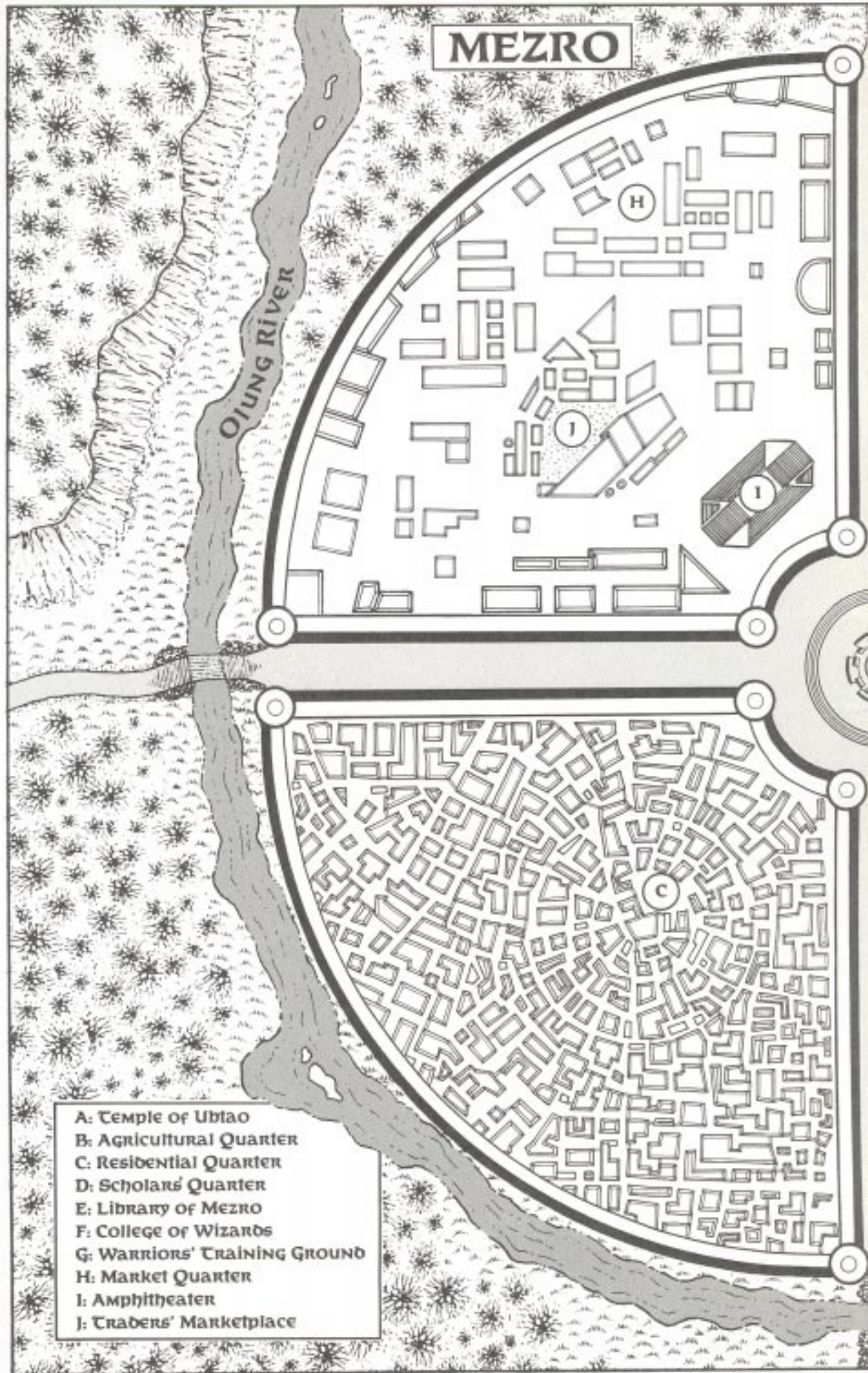
Advanced Dungeons & Dragons®  
2nd Edition



# The Jungles of Chult

by James Lowder and Jean Rabe

# MEZRO





# Jungles of Chult

A Campaign Supplement and Adventure for Characters Levels 5-8

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# Introduction

Lord Onovan of the Dales stumbled through the underbrush, his clothes in tatters, his body aching from a tenday in the jungle. The food was gone; the water, too. The last of the bearers had fled hours ago, leaving him nothing but the tunic on his back and the sword in his hand.

Through the lush curtain of vines and broad-leafed plants surrounding Onovan came the ominous sound of Batiri war drums. He glanced up at the thick canopy high overhead. The sun was going down. The goblins would be after him soon. The howling packs would trail him like bloodhounds through the jungle until the sun drove them into hiding again.

Panic closed around his heart like a stone giant's fist, crushing his dreams of escape. The goblins had killed Kadir Silveraxe and Ryn the Bold as if they'd been stripling warriors, not experienced sellswords. And if stout warriors like them were no match for the Batiri, what hope did a gentleman explorer like Onovan have?

That grim thought flew from the explorer's mind as he pushed through a tangle of saw-leafed vines. The creature lurking there in wait for him was huge, at least as tall as a two-story building. Splashes of browns and greens covered the beast's scaly hide, perfectly masking its bulk against the jungle.

A dinosaur! Onovan noted in fear-numbed awe, just before the allosaurus snapped him in two with its powerful jaws and row after row of daggerlike teeth.

the late show, you know that trekking through jungles can be quite profitable, but it's never easy. The locals inevitably have a taste for explorer stew, the flora and fauna try to eat your guide at every other turn, and—if you're in a fantasy frame of mind—the dinosaurs react badly to your intrusion upon their turf....

In developing Chult for my Harpers novel, *The Ring of Winter*, I kept these adventure stories in mind. So, while detail-oriented research has gone into this product to make the Tabaxi society historically sound and the Chultan jungle ecologically logical, I spent more time trying to capture the feel of the *Allan Quatermain* tales of H. Rider Haggard and the *Professor Challenger* stories by Arthur Conan Doyle. After all, this is a fantasy campaign guide.

A number of people contributed to the making of this product, directly and indirectly. Michael J. Varhola and David Howery published fine articles in *DRAGON*<sup>®</sup> magazine (issue #189, Jan. 1993) at the same time I was writing this guide; their work on African campaign settings and weapons proved too good to pass up. Jeff Grubb codified survival rules in the *AL-QADIM*<sup>™</sup> adventures handbook that applied to Chult, as well. Jean Rabe pitched in with a great adventure, and both Karen Boomgarden and Bruce Heard proved patient beyond belief when various and sundry exploding internal organs delayed my draft. May the Batiri never take a liking to any of you.

Jim Lowder  
December 23, 1992

The product you now hold in your hands will, hopefully, prepare both players and DMs for adventuring in Chult's treasure-rich and dinosaur-filled jungles. From almost any adventure story you've ever read or seen on



## Part One: Campaign Resources

### Peoples of Chult

#### The Tabaxi

Most humans native to Chult consider themselves part of the great tribe known as the Tabaxi. This is not to say the scattered clan units recognize any central ruler; they most certainly do not. Yet the culture of the Tabaxi ancestors has remained so strong—and dominated so many other less expansive cultures—that the entire country finds itself peopled by men and women who share a common language and a somewhat uniform social structure.

While this presents some obvious benefits for the Tabaxi, it also makes them relatively suspicious of strangers and intolerant of people unfamiliar with their customs. This unfriendliness is even more noticeable in villages near the coast, where slave traders often descend upon unwary Tabaxi and carry them off to a life of servitude and captivity. Travelers hoping to win the cooperation of the Tabaxi would be well-advised to learn their language and customs before visiting the jungle.

The humans known as Tabaxi should not be confused with the cat-men that dwell in jungle settings such as Chult. It has been suggested that the baffling sameness of names arose when a stripling Cormyrean explorer mistook a human warrior wearing a war costume made up of the tails of lions and panthers for one of the cat-men. Upon learning from a guide that the mysterious figure was a “Tabaxi,” the explorer mistakenly concluded that such was the name for the legendary cat-men.

#### The Eshowe

Two thousand years ago, there were many tribes in Chult. The most influential of these was the Tabaxi, but nearly as powerful and as numerous was the Eshowe. Beginning 1,800

years ago, and lasting nearly 300 years, a bloody war between the Tabaxi and the Eshowe raged across the entire country.

In what proved to be the final large-scale battle of the conflict, the Eshowe released a monstrous and ancient evil from a valley deep in the jungle. This creature—a shadow giant that devoured honor and courage—attacked the great Tabaxi city of Mezro, nearly destroying it.

The cost of this assault proved absolute for the Eshowe. Most of the tribe’s warriors were annihilated by the shadow giant, who turned on them once repulsed from Mezro. The rest of the Eshowe were hunted down and slaughtered by Ras Nsi, a powerful and amoral protector of Mezro.

Legends of an enclave of Eshowe warriors, hidden somehow from Ras Nsi’s murderous rampage, still circulate among the Tabaxi, and many fear the long-ago conquered tribe will rise up from the jungle one day to seek its revenge.

#### The Batiri

After the destruction of the Eshowe, the Tabaxi went on to subsume most of the other human cultures in Chult. Yet the death of so many humans during the war opened the door for the Batiri, the bloodthirsty goblin tribes of Chult.

The Batiri live in clans of 25 to 200 members. They hunt and travel at night, moving from campsite to campsite throughout the jungle. In a few places, the goblins have constructed “permanent” buildings—ramshackle huts poised over shallow pits that serve mostly to shield them from the sun. These belong to no clan in particular; arguments over use of a site are always settled by violence.

A queen rules over the Batiri, holding her crown only so long as she can defend herself in arena combat against any and all challengers. Her court moves along with her clan,





## Campaign Resources

but some of the more powerful and long-lived queens have set up capitals, complete with wooden palaces. Recently, the powerful Queen M'bobbo was slain. Inter-clan warfare is underway to determine her successor.

Each Batiri clan has a patron deity, to whom they offer sacrifices. These many gods, the Batiri believe, are represented in the jungle by the various monsters and species of dinosaurs. Each tribe has a particular creature to which it offers worship; for example, a clan may pray to Oogra, whose avatar is the stegosaurus. For a ritual, any stegosaurus will do. Obviously, this means religious ceremonies often hinge upon chance encounters with these beasts.

Clans sometimes name themselves after these deities, but just as many are identified by other titles. The Gouged Orbs are a particularly large clan, and very easy to identify. Upon reaching adulthood, each goblin ritually blinds itself in the eye of its choice.

Batiri favor the use of short bows and spears. Their weapons are crude, their clothing often little more than rags. Some especially skilled warriors have blades stolen from unfortunate adventurers or ambushed Tabaxi. The most influential Batiri generals wear crude dinosaur-hide and animal skin breastplates and helmets. (Treat as partial hide armor, AC 7.) Because the Batiri prepare the skins so badly, there is a 10 percent chance per week that anyone wearing this armor develops a temporary, debilitating illness, lasting 1d6 days (see below for more on jungle illnesses).

Most intelligent creatures in Chult fear the Batiri. They are relentless trackers, skilled in jungle lore and the use of the bow and spear. Rumors that the goblins devour foes captured in raids are absolutely true, though their cannibalistic tendencies never extend to other Batiri. Such behavior is considered barbaric and brings a penalty of death.

### Chultan Dwarves

Chult is a land rich with gems, minerals, and precious metals—the perfect place for a thriving dwarven population.

The typical Chultan dwarf is a dour, sullen fellow, even moreso than his northern counterparts. He almost invariably lives in a vast mine, largely isolated from the outside world, where small dinosaurs are used for pack animals. Chultan dwarves focus their culture upon wealth and skill in crafting items with gems and precious metals. While not particularly bellicose, they will fight fiercely to protect their homes and their stockpiles of diamonds, emeralds, and gold.

Trade with the surface world is limited, and only a few trusted agents can expect much success in dealing with the dwarves. Surprisingly, the most accomplished traders come from the Batiri's Dimetrodon Clan; these goblins have abandoned their nomadic ways and established camps near the secret dwarven mines. They conduct a thriving business, exchanging gems for exotic pelts, ivory, and foodstuffs unavailable to the dwarves underground. Unusual foreign goods are especially valued, bringing astronomical prices.

Weapons smithed by the Chultan dwarves are valued highly, since they are often edged with diamonds. These short swords, spears, and axes (long swords and other polearms are almost unknown to the dwarves) are extremely expensive: 500 gp for a spear, 1000 gp for a short sword or battle axe. Because of their diamond cutting edges, these weapons give a +2 bonus to damage and never need to be sharpened.

Subterranean Chultan dwarves are albinos and suffer penalties for movement in sunlight. (Dexterity is reduced by 2; attacks are made at -2 penalty to attack roll.) Because of this, they leave their mines only at night. In Tabaxi lore, white is the color of death, so the pale-skinned, pink-eyed Chultan dwarves are



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viewed with fear and superstition.

Wild dwarves will also be encountered in Chult. These dark-skinned dwarves are found in hunting bands of 20-200, frequenting the high trees and lush valleys in the most remote sections of the jungle. They cover themselves with grease to keep away biting insects, which also lowers their armor class to 8. They fight with blowguns that fire two darts per round, and frequently set elaborate traps. Still, they seldom seek conflict with intelligent creatures, as long as they are left alone to hunt in peace.

### Ptera-men

These strange shape-shifters live in groups of up to 100 individuals in aeries built in the high canopy. They can be encountered in three forms: lizard men, ten feet tall, but missing a tail; pteradons with eight-foot wingspans; and, most unusually, as hybrids between the two—basically, flying lizard men. They are savage adversaries and easily provoked. In pteradon form, they are indistinguishable from their animal-intelligence counterparts.

See page 64 for a complete *Monstrous Compendium*<sup>TM</sup> entry.

### Aldani (Lobster Men)

In the murky depths of the great rivers of Chult—the Olung, the Tath, and the Soshenstar—the aldani hold court. They appear as man-sized lobsters, though only those who travel to the bottom of the Olung will ever see them, since the aldani never leave the water; they swim like lobsters, but walk upright on two manlike legs. Their faces vaguely resemble men encased in armor, though their eyes extend upon long stalks.

The aldani live in groups of 1-20, within a very specific area of the river. They patrol their borders jealously, often accompanied by swarms of 2-20 piranha.

Despite their warlike appearance, the aldani are highly intelligent and quite civilized. They settle disputes with courtly tournaments whenever possible, but when battles occur, they are often to the death. Non-aldani are rarely offered the option of tournament combat.

## The Land

### Terrain and Climate

Chult is a varied land, but it is hot and humid nearly everywhere. The rainforest, which covers much of the country, roughly follows the drainage of large river basins, like the Olung and the Tath. The soil in the rainforest is poor for northern-style farming, since the daily rainfall leaches away most of the nutrients.

Travel in the heart of the rainforest is easier than one might expect. The tall trees stretch hundreds of feet overhead, barren of branches or leaves, save for the huge canopies that spread wide in search of light and rain. A thin carpet of fallen leaves, pale vines, and hearty fungus covers the hard ground. The biggest obstacle to travel are the trees themselves, which sport huge, buttressed boles.

The rainforest is bordered on the west and south by low mountains, hills, and lakes. Traveling here is much more difficult, as the towering trees give way to smaller copses. Low shrubs and tangles of vines block movement on every side, often hiding small pools and narrow streams from sight. Since snakes, crocodiles, and other dangerous creatures often lurk in these waters, inattentive wandering in these areas can prove deadly.

To the southeast of the rainforest, the thick trees gradually give way to scrub and, eventually, wide Savannah. These tropical plains are broad and level, broken by numerous hilly ranges, plateaus, and gullies. Though water can be scarce at times, animals of all sorts roam these seas of grass in vast herds.





# Campaign Resources

## Water and Dehydration

Like Zakhara, the Great Glacier, or any other land of extremes, the jungles of Chult present a challenge to the average explorer braving their depths for the first time. Not only does the terrain often make travel slow and tedious, but the heat and humidity exact a toll on those unprepared for their severity.

In any part of the jungle, an average person must drink at least one gallon of fresh water each day to survive. Someone remaining inactive can cut that requirement to a half-gallon. Because the oppressive humidity affects a person in the shade as much as the sun, no further reductions in water requirements can be gained by hiding in the shade or traveling only at night.

Failure to meet this water requirement results in dehydration, which in turn is reflected in a loss of Constitution.

**Table 1: Dehydration**

| Water Consumed Per Day     | Con Loss |
|----------------------------|----------|
| Full Requirement           | (None)   |
| Half or more Requirement   | 1d4      |
| Less than half Requirement | 1d8      |

Constitution losses are cumulative, and all character qualities linked to Constitution will drop accordingly (hit point adjustment, system shock, and so on). Each time a character's hit point adjustment drops one point, his or her hit points also drop by a number equal to the character's level. For example, if Ibn is a 7th-level warrior, he'll lose 7 hit points each time his hit point adjustment decreases 1 point. A character whose Constitution drops to 0 or less is dead, with a resurrection survival chance of 25 percent.

Characters can regain 1d8 points of Constitution for each day in which they rest and receive their required allotment of water. Hit

points lost to dehydration must be regained normally.

The survival nonweapon proficiency will allow characters to find the minimum daily requirement of water for themselves, but only if they have specialized in jungle survival. The water will not be of high quality and rarely will there be enough of it to share.

## Armor and The Heat

Even with an ever-flowing water supply, the omnipresent heat and humidity can pose a threat to travelers in Chult. Characters who insist upon wearing armor greater than scale mail or hide armor—that is, lower than AC 6—suffer heatstroke, which carries the same dehydration effects as someone getting less than half the required supply of water. Lost Constitution points can be recovered in the same way as points lost to dehydration, though drinking extra water will not prevent the heatstroke loss from occurring in the first place; the only way to prevent the damage is to remove the offending armor before setting out on an expedition.

This penalty does not apply to native Chultan PCs or NPCs, since their systems are accustomed to the climate.

## Disease

Disease lurks in the air and water of the tropics and is carried by insects. Many expeditions end in ruin because of this invisible menace, and many explorers in Faerun bear more lasting scars from Chultan diseases than from any of its beasts. To convey the true danger of a jungle setting to the unprepared, the following optional rules can be adopted.

There is a daily five-percent chance (non-cumulative) of catching some form of disease. This chance increases to 10 percent in swamp areas and to 75 percent if untreated water is consumed. ("Treatment" is either boiling or



## Campaign Resources

casting *purify food and drink*.) There are two types of disease: debilitating (90%) and fatal (10%).

Debilitating diseases reduce a character's Strength by 1 point per day, for 1d4 days. Once the disease breaks, Strength returns at one point per day of rest; no Strength is regained if the character continues normal activities.

Fatal diseases rob a character of 1 point of Strength and 1 point of Constitution every day. When one of these abilities drops below 3, the PC must make a system shock survival roll (based on the character's original Constitution, not the disease-modified one). Success means that the disease breaks, and the character recovers 1 point of Strength and 1 point of Constitution for each full day of rest. Failure means the character slips into a coma and dies within 1d4 days.

When reducing the Strength of a fighter with exceptional Strength (18/01 or higher), drop the score to 17 the first day. Note that a *heal* or *cure disease* spell cures any jungle-wrought illness at any time. Anyone who recovers from a disease without the aid of magic (either from rest or the various herbal medicines listed later in this book) is immune to that disease forever. Magical cures, on the other hand, grant only one month's immunity. However, with the many debilitating and fatal diseases lurking in Chult, developing immunity to one particular strain should be little comfort to a party without the proper spells or equipment.

### Plant Life

The plant growth of the jungle is famous for its layered depths. In addition to the mundane trees mentioned in the terrain descriptions above, unusual and dangerous flora are plentiful throughout Chult.

The origins of hunting plants such as the bloodthorn, choke creeper, mantrap, sun-

dew, triflower frond, and yellow musk creeper have been debated among scholars and explorers for centuries. Some claim the mutated flora are the offspring of magical plants washed ashore after the shipwreck of a vessel from the wizard kingdom of Halruaa. Others say the plants simply evolved new ways to gather food to compensate for poor jungle soil.

Whatever the cause, these plants—as well as a full variety of “slimes,” such as green slime, yellow mold, and zygoms—menace all travelers in Chult.

### Animal Life

#### Mundane Creatures

Chult is home to many of the largest “normal” animals in the Realms. The elephant, rhino, and hippo are common. Predators include many of the great cats, such as lions and leopards, as well as hyenas and hunting dogs. The Savannah is home to huge game herds, including antelope, buffalo, zebra, and giraffe. The jungle holds no large herds, but several species of small antelope, deer, okapi, and wild boar dwell in its deepest parts. Apes, monkeys, and baboons inhabit all forested parts of Chult.

The hot climate is ideal for cold-blooded creatures. Snakes and lizards are common. Poisonous snakes thrive in Chult, including cobras, asps, mambas, and vipers. Crocodiles are a hazard on the rivers, as are swarms of piranha. Insects and arachnids by the millions can be found everywhere, ranging from tiny (and often disease-carrying) mosquitos to huge spiders.

Giant forms of common animals are found in many areas: snakes, lizards, frogs, insects, and so on. The behemoth, a larger relative of the hippo, inhabits isolated waterways.



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### Monsters

There are seemingly as many types of monsters in the jungle as there are mundane species. Aarakocra, aboleths, basilisks, bullywugs, dragonfish, lizard men, locathah, mongrelmen, muckdwellers, myconids, nagas, sahuagin, troglodytes, trolls, and yuan ti are just a few of the creatures known to menace travelers in the rainforest and savannah.

Dragons and their kin are rare, but can occasionally be found in various parts of the jungle. Black dragons thrive in the swamps, while green dragons tend to settle in the tree-heavy hills of the interior and blue dragons prefer the more arid Savannah. Few metallic or neutral dragons are attracted to the jungles.

But while dragons are scarce in Chult, their relatives are not. Wyverns and hydras are common, and behirs infest the hills. Worse news still for treasure-seekers and big-game hunters, every type of thessalmonster has been spotted in Chult.

Dragon turtles live in the waters around Chult, especially in the Shining Sea and the Trackless Sea. They tend to appear most often near the mouth of the three great rivers—the Olung, the Tath, and the Soshenstar—and in the waters of Refuge Bay. At least one of these deadly sea beasts, a grouchy old brute named Aramag, has established a territory in the Sea of Swords north of Chult, right in the path taken by trading ships sailing south from Baldur's Gate or Waterdeep.

Sometimes dragon turtles encountered near Chult are interested only in wrecking every ship that blunders into their path. Other turtles, like Aramag, have protection rackets set up, in which passing ships must pay a levy of food or treasure in order to proceed with an intact hull.

### Undead

Undead seem to thrive in the sunless world beneath the jungle canopy and in the tangled vines and strangling creepers of the hills. The heat and humidity makes them decay all the faster, but then, when has that ever bothered a zombie or a skeleton?

Ghouls hunt the night in packs of 1-10, often in the company of ghosts. Vampires are not unknown in Tabaxi legend, but the blood-drinking undead seem even more rare in Chult than in other parts of the Realms, perhaps because humans do not dominate the land as they do in the North.

Zombies are common in Chult day and night. These motley bands can contain Tabaxi, goblins, dwarves, and even ptera-men. Rarely will these zombies be found wandering without a purpose, however; the renegade bara, Ras Nsi, commands a vast army of undead. He keeps these shambling slaves busy, most often gathering levies from villages or killing lone travelers to add to his zombie horde.

Because zombies are so plentiful, all races in Chult burn their dead and scatter the skeletons of dinosaurs and animals they kill. Only in the small ports and fortresses frequented by outlanders—such as Port Castigliar and Fort Beluarian—can graveyards be found; up until now, Ras Nsi has been content to leave these small caches of dead men alone.

### Dinosaurs

Many explorers return from Chult babbling about creatures called “dinosaurs.” Only some of the monsters they describe as such are true dinosaurs. Some, like the sail-backed dimetrodon or the dreaded flying pterodactyl, are only close relations. (It all has to do with hip joints and locomotion and skeletal configuration.) For the sake of brevity, however, we'll call all prehistoric Chultan creatures dinosaurs and leave it at that.



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The great sages in the Realms now support the opinion that most dinosaurs are warm-blooded, and explorers have recently returned from Chult with reports of speedy attackers. These facts should suggest that it might be difficult for normal humans to outrun predatory dinosaurs. Some predators can achieve truly frightening speeds for a short burst, even up to 25 miles per hour. Others are slower, but they tire less easily.

No one is going to argue that any dinosaur would win a trivia contest against the Lords of Waterdeep, but they are equipped with enough intelligence to survive and gather the tremendous amount of food needed to live from day to day. Most predators have clever hunting styles. Some, like the terrifying deinonychus, hunt in gangs of four, rushing larger, slower-moving beasts and tearing them to shreds. Others, like the crocodile-headed baryonyx, stand perfectly still, knee-deep in water, shielded by trees and vines, until something tasty wanders within snapping distance.

This last example should also suggest that some dinosaurs have varied coloration, which allows them to blend in with their surroundings. It has also been noted that others are brightly arrayed, almost like birds. This applies especially to the duck-billed plant-munchers found in swamps and lakes around Chult.

The predators don't have a monopoly on survival tactics. Even the relatively placid dinosaurs have mastered unique ways to survive. DMs and PCs will undoubtedly be familiar with the triceratops' horns, but these less-aggressive dinosaurs also defended themselves in unusual ways. Like many dinosaurs, they traveled in packs. When threatened, the adults formed a ring around their young—backs to the babies, horns to the attackers.

The point of all this is to remind DMs and would-be explorers that dinosaurs should never be considered an easy conquest. Like

all animals, they have lots of survival tools. And unlike zebras or even distant cousins like the crocodile, they have literally tons of bulk to put behind those tools.

All Chultan peoples respect dinosaurs. The Ubtao-worshipping Tabaxi have a special place for the beasts in their mythology and some clans of Batiri worship specific species as their gods' avatars. Despite this reverence, both the Tabaxi and the Batiri hunt dinosaurs as food and a source of hides.

### The "Lost" City of Mezro

From *The Eternal Life of Mezro* by King Osaw I, called "the Wise" by his beloved subjects: ruler of Mezro, negus negusti, and bara of Ubtao.

There is no exaggeration in the bold claim that Ubtao founded Mezro. The great god of the Tabaxi built the core of the city himself, the temple and amphitheater rising first from the chaos of the jungle. Mezro was to be the place where all the people of Chult could learn how to pass through the maze of life, how best to reach the heart of all and discover the true nature of the world. It became that. Yet Mezro also became a place where thieves and charlatans preyed upon pilgrims, where men and women and children came to beg Ubtao's help with the most insignificant of problems.

Ubtao created the barae to help him deal with those distractions, to resolve the petty demands of the throng. The seven barae were chosen from the citizens of Mezro and gifted with special powers. Over time, the barae became the rulers and defenders of the city as well, but that was after Ubtao left the Tabaxi to find their own way in the world.

For it is also true the Tabaxi tried to make Ubtao a household god, a god who had to prove his worth by healing old men's aching joints, by settling arguments over the owner-



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ship of goats, by proving each and every day that his power could be used to make life easy. But Ubtao, who created the labyrinth that is this earthly world, made the Tabaxi to live there. He stayed in Mezro to teach them how to best pass through the maze, but he would not destroy the everyday trials that were its walls.

Finally there came a day when Ubtao said, "If the people wish to cry and complain rather than listen to my wisdom, then so be it. I will leave them to wander the maze of life without my guidance." Then he returned to his home in the sky and refused to speak to his people again while they were mortal.

And that is why a Tabaxi must die before he may meet his maker.

The great city of Mezro rivals some of the most "civilized" population centers in Faerun. While not equal in size to vast trading cities like Waterdeep, Mezro has built over its 4,000-year history a vast collection of knowledge and technology. It is home to 15,000 citizens, with a transient population of traders and travelers adding between 3,000 and 5,000. Mezro is currently ruled by King Osaw I and his advisors. Osaw has ruled for more than 1,000 years.

This is all the more amazing when one considers that Mezro was hidden from the rest of the world for 500 years. Until very recently (1363 DR), a magical wall hid Mezro from the outside world. The enchantment made the city appear as jungle to any looking down on it from the air. Those who wandered too close to the wall found themselves under the influence of a powerful *confusion* spell that sent them off into the jungle for 1d12 hours without any clear sense of when or where they got lost. This wall can be raised at any time around Mezro.

Victory in a major war with the Batiri, along with concerns for the rural Tabaxi, caused the rulers of Mezro to lower the wall and





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rejoin the outside world. Since 1363 DR, travelers have been welcome in the city, which fosters its role as a safe haven for explorers battered by the jungle. The Mezroans welcome this traffic with the outside world, though they do not appreciate the lawlessness of some adventurers and explorers who have come to darken their doorsteps. With rare exception Mezroan law mirrors the codes found in other cities ruled by peoples devoted to Law and Good.

As Mezro is considered a holy city to those Tabaxi who worship Ubtao, attacks against pilgrims, priests, or monuments to the deity are dealt with harshly. Worship of other gods is welcome in Mezro, but slights or insults directed at Ubtao will earn the offending party angry rebukes.

Patrols of Tabaxi warriors keep the peace in the city, and anyone who breaks Mezro's laws are immediately branded on the forehead with a blue triangle and exiled. Anyone trying to re-enter the city once branded will be assigned 1d6 months of public labor.

**Mezroan patrols (4 warriors)** : Int Average; AL LG; AC 6 (partial dinosaur-hide armor + shield); MV 12; HD 5; hp 40; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Damage 1-8/1-10 (spear) or 2-6/2-5 (club); SA +1 damage if spear used two-handed; SZ M; ML 13

For crimes such as murder, the guilty party may be subject to execution, but the penalties for most crimes are based upon just compensation. Since all Tabaxi claim visitors should be familiar with their culture—or should learn it once they reach Chult—ignorance of the law will gain no leniency with the King's Council.

### The Cityscape

The River Olung defines Mezro's borders to the west and south. Thick expanses of jungle

border it to the north and east. The city itself is laid out in a circle, the center of which is the Temple of Ubtao. From that magical structure, four broad avenues radiate, each at one of the major compass points. This divides Mezro into quarters, and each of these four sections has become a specialized area, important to the life of the city.

The city is a peaceful place, though bustling with activity. Mezroans commonly arm themselves only with knives and wear loose white robes called *tobes*. Small dinosaurs are not uncommon in the city, as they are often used for beasts of burden and as mounts by some of Mezro's more adventurous folk.

### Temple of Ubtao

The Temple of Ubtao is the heart of Mezro. Created by the god Ubtao almost 4,000 years ago, the temple has withstood assaults by goblins, dinosaurs, and worse.

At the center of a broad circular plaza paved with cobblestones, the temple stands, a magnificent and baffling structure. Nine stories tall, the temple boasts flying buttresses, rows of stained glass windows, and a glittering dome of pure gold. It also appears to have but a single wall; from whatever angle the temple is seen, the view is exactly the same.

The temple walls are built of interlocking triangles of crystal. Anyone looking directly into the crystals must save versus spell or become *entranced*. Visions of what the ensorcelled person wants most in life will appear seductively before his eyes until he is physically forced to look away from the crystals.

Only one door leads into the temple, past which lies a long hallway, lined with pillars and statues on both sides. This is the Hall of Champions, where the past barae of Ubtao are immortalized in glossy black stone. Anyone speaking the name of Ras Nsi, the renegade bara, in this hall will find himself and anyone touching him instantly transported to



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a random spot within a mile of Nsi's current location.

A darkened archway stands at the far end of the hall. This portal opens on to every room in the huge temple. To reach a specific room, a person need only think of that location as they pass under the arch. If someone blunders through the arch without a specific destination in mind, they will appear in a random location, determined by rolling 1d10:

- 1: Library of religious texts
- 2: Kitchen
- 3-4: Priest's bedchamber
- 5-6: Storage room
- 7: Meditation hall
- 8: Healer's chamber/apothecary
- 9: Hall of Champions
- 10: King's audience hall

Layout and contents of most rooms are up to you. The king's audience hall is a huge, triangular chamber with walls of stained glass and a mosaic floor depicting the entire city of Mezro; tiny figures on the floor reflect the movement of each citizen and visitor. The king's throne rests in the room's center. There is a 33 percent chance King Osaw will be holding court there at any given time. He can silently summon city patrols at any time if he feels threatened by intruders.

The portal will never randomly deposit people in the barado. Unless a bara is being chosen, this room is closed to the world. If Ubtao is choosing a bara, the barado will appear as noted on page 16, in the section describing the bara ceremony.

All citizens and travelers in Mezro are welcome in the Temple of Ubtao all hours of the day or night. Healing magic can be obtained there with a donation to the church; anyone acting in Ubtao's name or on any errand for the city will be healed free of charge. Transients attempting to sleep in the temple will be removed, kindly but firmly, by a city patrol.

Due to the divine origin of the temple, scrying magic will not reveal the location of objects or people once they enter.

### Agricultural Quarter

In southeastern Mezro lies a huge section of land devoted to farms. This quarter contains fields and groves of maize, cassavas, yams, sorghum, papayas, plantains, and bananas. Extensive sections also provide the honey Mezroans ferment into a sweet drink called *t'ej*, as well as various nuts, berries, and medicinal plants. Animals are also kept in this quarter, cattle being the most abundant livestock.

Though the jungle soil is notoriously poor in Chult, this part of Mezro has been the subject of centuries of magical enhancement. Wandering animals—including smaller species of herbivorous dinosaurs—are common in this quarter, and farmers often carry spears when walking in the fields.

### Residential Quarter

To the west of the fields lies the Residential Quarter. Most Mezroans live here, in a winding complex of one-story adobe-style houses with white walls and tiled roofs. The buildings are clean and designed for simplicity. The alleys here are strewn with sand and rushes, to help minimize problems with standing water and refuse.

The entire quarter is designed in the form of a huge, complicated maze. Travelers unfamiliar with the pattern often find themselves lost in the twisting, unmarked lanes and narrow alleyways. For each half hour of movement in the quarter, there is a 25 percent chance of getting lost. Successful use of the directional sense nonweapon proficiency lowers the chance of getting lost to 10 percent per half hour.

Once lost, a character has only a 5 percent



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chance per hour of searching to find his way out of the quarter, though Mezroans are always willing to act as guide—once they are certain the stranger was in the quarter on legitimate business. Citizens will call for a city patrol if they encounter any suspicious characters in the Residential Quarter.

The defensive uses of the maze design are obvious, and Mezroans often use the quarter as a fail-safe refuge from attacking armies. Recently, the Batiri attempted to burn the buildings rather than enter the labyrinth, but most of that damage was repaired in the first few months after the battle.

Mazes also have religious significance for the Mezroans—and all Tabaxi who worship Ubtao. See the entry on the Maze of Life (page 26) for the specifics.

### Market Quarter

In the northwest, the Market Quarter contains a thriving collection of skilled craftsmen, as well as the many public hostels and inns that have sprung up in the city since the lowering of the enchanted wall. Travelers can expect to find clean accommodations, at prices only slightly higher than they could expect to pay in a city like Arabel. Clean water is abundant, as is the potent drink called t'ej. Public drunkenness among Mezroans is rare, and they frown upon their visitors overindulging.

All types of workers with metal, leather, and wood can be hired here, though smiths may be unfamiliar with northern-style weapons and armor. Bowyers and fletchers are common, as well as weaponsmiths specializing in clubs, spears, bolas, and knives. Short swords and scimitars can be found in most shops, though long swords are rather rare.

The Market Quarter also houses the amphitheater, the focal point of Mezro's cultural life. The building is a huge stadium, with life-sized, gem-studded carvings of dinosaurs all

around it. The amphitheater was raised by the god Ubtao, and any attempt to deface the statues or steal gems will bring swift retribution and punishment in the form of strenuous public works.

As well as being the central meeting place for Mezroans, the amphitheater features all manner of entertainments. Dramatic recitations of Chultan history are frequent, as are plays devoted to telling the epic deeds of Ubtao's paladins and Mezro's sworn protectors, the barae. Dinosaur races take place regularly, with betting allowed (and expected).

### Scholars' Quarter

The most important building in the Scholars' Quarter is the massive Library of Mezro. This building stands three stories high, with three more below ground-level. It houses 1,500 years of Mezroan culture, most in the form of bound parchment books. Rooms filled with artwork—statues, paintings, and ancient musical instruments—can also be found, along with vast collections of scrolls. Only books of a mundane nature are kept here, though the library is no stranger to magic; small globes with clockwork mechanisms worked by elf-like sprites provide all lighting for the building.

Books devoted to magic can be found in the neighboring College of Wizards; magical scrolls and tomes are guarded at all times and rarely shown to visitors to the city or Mezroans who aren't students in the college. Permission to view these books can be obtained from the King's Council, but such waivers are granted to only the most important foreigners or to individuals working for the betterment of Mezro or the rural Tabaxi.

The other schools in the Scholars' Quarter are much more receptive to visitors. All Mezroan children attend school, learning the history of their world, as well as math and literacy skills. Without guilds to train appren-





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tices, formal colleges teach young Mezroans the various careers and crafts they will later pursue.

These various schools can provide tutors to player characters (for a small charge). New proficiencies— including reading or speaking Tabaxi, jungle survival, spear or club fighting techniques, and dinosaur lore—can be learned at these schools.

### Barae of Mezro

These seven men and women, the mighty paladins of Ubtao, are chosen by their god to defend the holy city of Mezro. They live forever; their wisdom and faith shield them from old age and sickness. However, they can be murdered or lose their lives on the battlefield. In return for everlasting life, they must protect Mezro from all harm.

If a bara is killed, another is selected by Ubtao to replace him. That is the only time a mortal may enter the barado, in the great Temple of Ubtao. The bara test is deceptively simple, and centers around the Tabaxi belief that each individual's life can be represented as a maze. If the supplicant correctly completes the maze of his life, Ubtao then grants the new paladin a fantastic power to be used in service to Mezro; if the supplicant fails, he's carried off into the afterlife. The men and women who become bara are sworn to secrecy about the nature of Ubtao's test.

### Powers

For lack of a better term, the barae of Ubtao are super-paladins. Their powers often dwarf those obtainable by mortals, and their lifespan can last thousands of years. Many of the scattered clans of rural Tabaxi worship the barae as intercessors with mighty Ubtao. Many clans can trace their roots back to one or more of the seven paladins first chosen by Ubtao to protect holy Mezro.

The barae live for the defense of Mezro; if the city were utterly destroyed, they would crumble to dust. While the city thrives, they are graced with a number of special abilities. Among other things, they can:

- \* Cast a *command* spell twice per day, at 15th level of magic use
- \* Regenerate 2 hp per turn
- \* Cast any of the following once per day, if inside the Temple of Ubtao (at 15th level of magic use):
  - cure blindness or deafness*
  - cure disease*
  - cure critical wounds*
  - true seeing*
  - forbiddance*
  - restoration*
- \* *Detect evil* at will (100' radius)
- \* Gain +3 to all saving throws; +4 if within the city of Mezro

### Current Barae

**Osaw:** King Osaw I currently rules over Mezro. He has the ability to remember with precision every event he has witnessed and every person he has met in the last 1,500 years, which is how long he has reigned over the city.

Osaw appears at first glance to be 80 or so, with the wrinkles and hunched shoulders of an old man. But Osaw is spry and alert, with a probing gaze. He wears a platinum circlet and platinum armbands to denote his rank as king and *negus negusti* (prince of princes). He is soft-spoken, but regal in every way.

**Kwalu:** Kwalu is the son of Osaw, born little more than 100 years ago. The *negus* (prince) possesses the awesome power to command huge swarms of locusts. With only a single insect, he can call forth a cloud of ravenous locusts that will devour everything edible in its path—wood, cloth, and flesh. The cloud



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will be at least 200 yards wide and will last until the enemies Kwalu directed it at have fled or been killed.

Kwalu is strikingly handsome, with piercing brown eyes and square features. He is the most intense of the barae, and he takes his role as defender of Mezro very seriously.

Newcomers to Mezro are likely to encounter Kwalu if they cause trouble. He often wears a purple robe with green triangles clustered over his heart. Kwalu never goes anywhere without a weapon, usually his war club, which is pitted from caving in Batiri skulls. His love of bravery is second only to his devotion to Mezro.

**Dhlamass Rayburton:** Lord Rayburton is the only non-Tabaxi to pass Ubtao's test. He came to Chult from Cormyr almost 1,200 years ago. He found peace in Mezro, as well as a profound respect for the people and their god.

Rayburton has the power to understand any language, whether written or spoken. He also has incredible skill as a negotiator; when discussing any matter relating directly to the well-being of Mezro, anyone disagreeing with him must save versus spell at a -2 penalty or be convinced that he is correct. If a save is made, the person will remain unaffected by Rayburton's arguments on that topic no matter how many times they discuss it.

Lord Rayburton is an older man, with silver hair and a close-cropped white beard. He wears a tan robe and prefers to speak Tabaxi over other languages. He is a kindly man, but quick to scoff at the "civilized" Heartlands. Under no circumstances will he discuss the Ring of Winter with strangers.

**Alisanda Rayburton:** Daughter of Lord Rayburton and his Tabaxi wife, Sanda is a slender woman with sea-green eyes. Of all the barae, she is the most friendly, as likely to laugh at life as Negus Kwalu is to scowl at it.

Sanda possesses the ability to speak with warm-blooded animals—including all types of dinosaurs. She can also take control of any one warm-blooded creature she chooses, for as long as she wishes. During this time, her human body goes into a trance-like sleep, so she frequently assigns guards to watch over her while she works her powers.

Sanda is currently traveling in Cormyr with Artus Cimber. She can return to Mezro at a moment's notice.

**Mainu:** The most mysterious and elusive of the barae, Mainu controls the waters and creatures of the River Olung within ten miles of Mezro. She holds court beneath the surface of the murky river, in a throne room guarded by a dozen aldani.

Mainu's body appears to be nothing but a flowing patch of darkness within the river, sometimes taking the form of a voluptuous woman, sometimes the rounded shape of a giant piranha. The only thing constant about her are her golden eyes, which glow like the sun.

Mainu is a stickler for protocol and decorum. She demands all visitors to her watery domain treat her regally.

**Fipyra:** The newest bara is a young girl of only fifteen. She has the ability to command all plant life within Mezro and rejuvenate spent soil. After the Batiri burned the Agricultural Quarter in their recent attack upon the city, her powers were sorely needed, and she proved herself up to the awesome task of restoring the charred fields.

Fipyra is a shy girl, who is rather awed by her responsibilities. She follows the lead of the other barae, especially Kwalu, whom she looks up to as a protective and famous older brother.

**Nsi:** Of the original seven barae elevated by Ubtao, only Ras—or duke—Nsi remains alive.



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The first barae were all granted mighty powers, and Nsi's proved to be the mightiest—the ability to muster the dead. Nsi can, at will, raise the corpse of any human or demi-human in Chult. He can also re-animate the corpses of dinosaurs.

In the final battle of the civil war between the Tabaxi and the Eshowe, 1,500 years ago, Nsi took it upon himself to kill the routed Eshowe troops. This quickly became his focus in life, and with his zombie army he slaughtered every Eshowe in Chult.

The other barae banished Nsi for his terrible crimes, but he never abandoned his twisted devotion to Mezro or Ubtao. He still lives in the jungle, building an army of undead, waiting to serve his beloved city. He is currently cutting a swath across the rainforest with his zombies and skeletal dinosaurs, churning up trees to be sold for lumber up north.

Ras Nsi appears at first to be weak-willed, almost decadent. He wears the clothes of a Cormyrean nobleman, with a sky-blue cloak and a rapier. His features are soft, but his eyes reveal his true nature—they glow like red-hot steel, flicking tiny tongues of flame when he gets irritated or talks about his dreams for Mezro's future.

### Adventures in Mezro

Mezro can be used as a refuge for PCs who fare badly against the dinosaurs and cannibal goblins that rule the jungles of Chult. Supplies and healing spells can be purchased there, in addition to training that might make their next foray to the interior more successful.

Yet the great Tabaxi city can be a place of many varied quests and rewards all on its own. The following are but a few suggestions for DMs interested in creating adventures centered around Mezro and its inhabitants.

### Renegade Aldani

When crossing the Olung to enter the city from the south, a PC drops something of value into the river. An aldani grabs the item, disappearing into the murky depths before the explorers have a chance to react.

In order to track the lobster-man, the PCs must visit Mainu's throne room and persuade her to allow them to search the river. (Note: All visitors to Mainu's underwater throne room are allowed to breathe water as if it were air.) If the players successfully convince the protocol-minded bara, she grants them the ability to breathe water for 12 hours, as well as a charter to move freely in the Olung within 10 miles of Mezro.

### Against the Ptera-Men

A flock of 25 ptera-men have taken to kidnaping farmers from the Agricultural Quarter. King Osaw hires the PCs to deal with the problem. (This task can easily be set as punishment for explorers who break some minor law after they enter the city.)

### Lost in the Temple

The PCs have come to Mezro to become the bodyguards of an important politician. But when they arrive in the city, they learn the man is lost in the Temple of Ubtao. Since scrying magic will not reveal the man's location, it is up to the PCs to devise a plan to find him. After searching a few rooms, they discover clues that indicate the man is wounded and needs immediate help.

### Day at the Races

Upon arriving in Mezro, the PCs unknowingly offend a nefarious thief. When they attend the dinosaur races at the amphitheater, the thief fixes the races so at least one of the explorers





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loses all his money. It's up to the players to prove the races were fixed before they are sentenced to a month of hard labor for non-payment of debts to the city.

### Wand of Wonder

In return for showing the explorers the way out of the mazelike Residential Quarter, a young Tabaxi girl asks the PCs to show her how to operate a *wand of wonder* she bought from a trader. One of the explorers does, and the whole group is later assigned by Negus Kwalu to find the girl, take the wand from her, and undo any chaos she creates—or face very stiff penalties for unleashing unsanctioned magic in the city.

### Captive Allosaurus

In return for training in jungle survival or Tabaxi language skills, one of the Mezroan colleges asks the explorers to capture a live allosaurus to help in training young warriors. With only a description of the beast, the PCs are sent into the jungle.

### Rural Tabaxi Life

Explorers will almost certainly encounter the Tabaxi who dwell in scattered villages throughout Chult. These men and women live in groups composed of 10 to 15 family units. Rural Tabaxi identify themselves by clan name, which is derived from the name from the group's patron hero or god—such as Clan Tabiaza or Clan Zimwa. Each clan has a unique “blaze marker.” This glyph is used to mark territory, as well as weapons and idols the clan considers important.

Clans tend to live far apart and maintain little interaction with neighboring Tabaxi. Because the soil is so poor, a clan will always have three or four village sites within the area they identify as their home; once they farm a

particular area for a year, the clan will move on to another site. Often they slash and burn the fields to help replenish the soil.

Rural Tabaxi have very few possessions. If they cannot carry an object easily from village site to village site, it isn't worth owning.

### Village Design

Tabaxi huts are simple affairs. Saplings are set into the ground in a circle, then bound together at the top to form a dome. More saplings are twined into the walls, and broad leaves are woven, bottom to top, like overlapping shingles.

Village sites are generally laid out with the smithy and clan meeting house at the north end of an oval-shaped clearing. At the center of the clearing, to the right and left, stand the huts of the warriors. In the clearing's center, protected by the warriors' huts, are the family dwellings. Finally, the village altar is located at the southern end of the oval, along with any family shrines.

In the most dangerous sections of Chult, where the Batiri hold sway, villages are laid out in concentric circles, with the altar and the elders' huts in the center. As you move out from the center, each ring of huts denotes a social level, with the least important members of the village on the outside.

### Politics

Tabaxi villages are ruled by gerontocracies—that is, ruled by age sets. Elders—both male and female—hold councils in which they decide important issues for the clan. If they wish to hear opinions, they will invite members of other age sets to join the debate. These are always spirited gatherings, with lots of shouting when unpopular ideas are voiced and an equal amount of clapping for popular ones.

The mores and norms of Tabaxi society are



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complicated, but can generally be summed up by a single rule: the clan is always more important than the individual. The Tabaxi distrust power, and therefore are very suspicious of people who seek power (or wealth or status) for its own sake.

The problem this presents for the typical party of adventuring PCs is obvious. Tabaxi they encounter will want to know the purpose of the PCs' quest before helping them; if the quest seems to be motivated by greed or lust for power, the clan will be reluctant to aid them. Explorers would do well to remember this when approaching a Tabaxi clan for help. How they present their mission will determine the type of reception they receive.

### The Triceratops Society

Two or three members of the Ytepka—or Triceratops—Society can be found in every Tabaxi village, and in most of the major ports along the coast. This Neutral Good-aligned secret society is made up mostly of warriors and is dedicated to preventing any individual or group from upsetting the natural social order. Like the Harpers in the kingdoms of the North, the Triceratops Society monitors the daily ebb and flow of village life. Members are in frequent contact with their fellows in other clans, despite the limited contact between villages.

There are reportedly 99 degrees of membership in the Triceratops Society, with the uppermost posts held by ancient Tabaxi. Some claim one of the Mezroan barae controls the Society, but there is no real proof to support that notion. Few members reside in the city, and most of them moved there only after Mezro lowered its walls.

When the Society feels that a person is on the verge of committing a great social wrong, they will mark his or her home with a symbolic iron Triceratops. It is then up to the marked individual to figure out the error and

then correct it. If the crime is not prevented, the Society will act against the offender; they favor gathering compensation for the tribe rather than exacting physical punishment, but in extreme cases, assassination is not unknown.

The Society actively tracks foreign explorers and adventurers. If PCs encounter a Tabaxi tribe or enter Chult through one of the major ports, they can be certain the Society is aware of their presence—and will act against them if they upset the social order or the “peace” of the jungle too greatly.

### Clothing and Food

Only a few rural Tabaxi wear the loose-fitting tobes so common in Mezro. Instead of these draped clothes, villagers favor simple loin cloths. Tabaxi do not create much jewelry, though some clans identify themselves by the distinctive earrings they wear.

Tabaxi clans survive on whatever foods the jungle provides. In the heart of the rainforest, the clans subsist by foraging. Where the trees are less densely packed, small farms are common, raising yams, cassava, plantains, and so on. The Tabaxi on the southeastern Savannah herd cattle.

All Tabaxi hunt for at least part of their food. Before each hunt, the clan's warriors gather around a communal fire to ask the jungle to bless them. They burn the tips of small branches, then draw intricate patterns around their eyes. For up to twelve hours after the ceremony, the hunters can *see invisible* creatures and are +3 in all saving throws versus *illusions*.

### Weapons and War

With the exception of the long and epic civil war between the Tabaxi and the Eshowe, warfare in Chult is most often conducted on a low scale, interclan basis. Few walled cities means



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a lack of siege engines. The terrain makes cavalry almost unknown, and the everpresent heat limits armor to shields and the occasional breastplate and helmet of tooled hide.

### Weapons

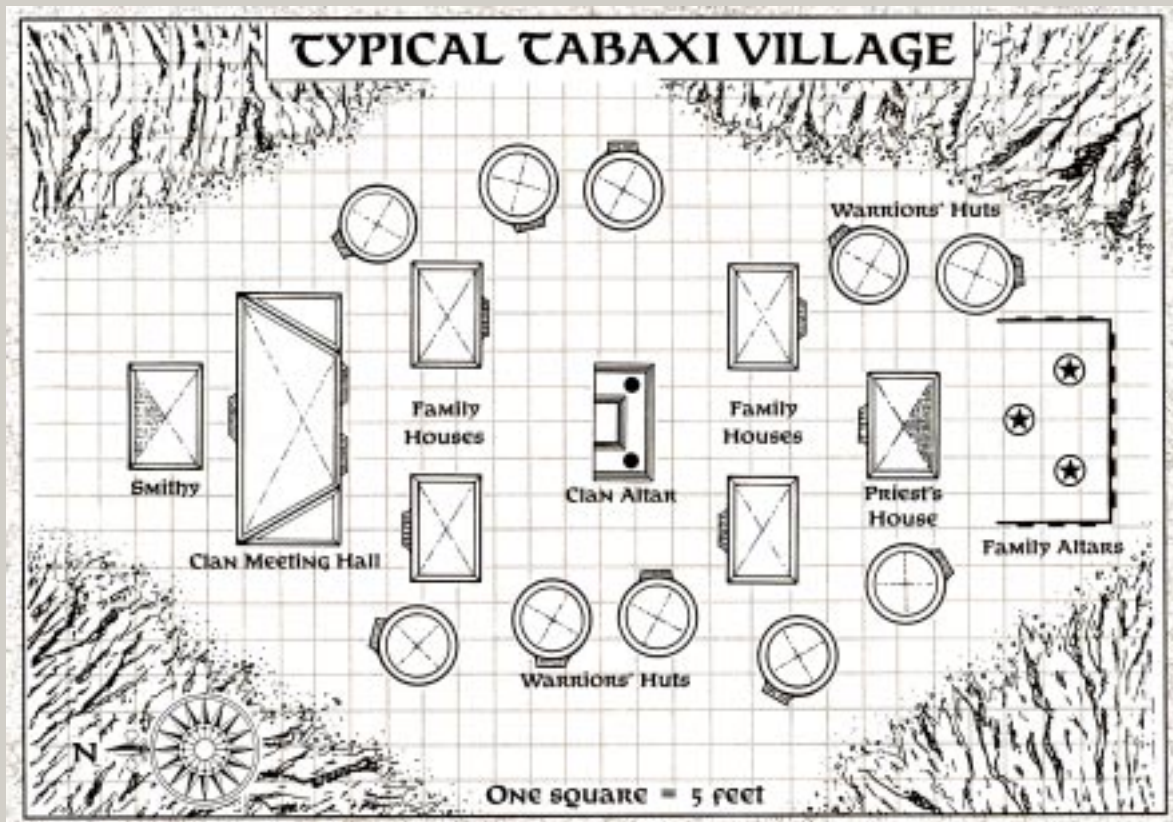
**Yklwa:** This short stabbing spear is the primary weapon of the Tabaxi throughout Chult. The yklwa is about four feet in length, with a swordlike blade about 18 inches long. It is more fearsome in melee than a normal spear, inflicting 1-8/1-10 points of damage. Normally, the yklwa is used in conjunction with a shield; if it is wielded two-handed, the yklwa is +1 to damage.

The yklwa is not constructed as a throwing weapon and can be hurled only half as far as

more traditional spears. Its name in Tabaxi is supposedly derived from the sucking noise the blade makes when being drawn from the heart of a dead dinosaur.

**Kerrie:** This club is fashioned out of hardwood, most often iron wood, with a long, straight haft and a head that typically resembles a slightly flattened ball. The knob may also be faceted, and can vary in size from that of a fist to much larger. For damage, it inflicts 2-6/2-5. It can also be thrown with surprising accuracy.

**Other weapons:** Short-handled axes, daggers, short swords, scimitars, long bows, and the more familiar hunting spears can all be found in Tabaxi camps throughout Chult, though these are used more as hunting weapons than as implements of organized warfare.





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### Shields and Armor

Tabaxi wield a variety of shields. The most common style in Mezro is the hlang—an oval-shaped shield two feet wide and four- to six-foot tall. The hide of either a dinosaur or some other animal is hung upon a frame of sticks. The hide can be detached and rolled into a chair in camp, while the frame can be folded for easy storage.

Rural Tabaxi carry smaller shields, often constructed of palm fronds or animal hide woven into a circular pattern.

Only the most important Tabaxi warriors wear armor. Breastplates and helmets of dinosaur hide are usually reserved for warlords and chieftains. They provide only AC 7, since they are often more ceremonial than functional.

When going to battle, a Tabaxi warrior might wear a feathered headdress or helmet; cuffs made of animal manes on his calves; a square woven from strips of dinosaur hide over his chest; and the tails of up to a dozen wild cats draped down his back like a cloak.

### Shield Proficiency

Because armor is rare in Chult and warriors depend so much upon their shields, it is appropriate to allow them to become proficient in protecting themselves with only a shield. Characters who do this devote one weapon proficiency slot to shield use, receiving the following benefits, despite shield design.

In a proficient warrior's hand, a shield reduces AC by two, rather than one. Thus, a proficient warrior protected by nothing but a shield has a base AC of 8, not 9.

In addition, the shield is effective against one more attack than it otherwise would be. So, where a medium shield can normally be used to defend against two attacks in a melee round, the proficient user can bring it to bear against three.

Finally, a warrior proficient in shield use

receives +1 on saving throws that would be affected by magical armor (e.g. breath weapon attacks). However, the proficiency in no way grants the ability to attack with the shield.

### Magic and Mage Kits

Magic holds an important, but contradictory, place in Tabaxi society. On one hand, the people of the jungle respect and rely upon magic. Every clan has at least one mage, and larger clans often have two or three skilled wizards in their ranks. Magic is a part of every hunt and every ritual.

Yet the Tabaxi also fear magic when it is not sanctioned by the clan. As with all other aspects of society, the Tabaxi see magic as useful only in as much as it is focused on obtaining the most good for the clan. Men and women who seek magic for its own ends (or, worse still, for personal glory), and practice the Art outside the clan's rigid guidelines, are seen as dangerous renegades.

In Mezro, magic is taught under the guidance of the College of Wizards, located in the Scholars' Quarter. In rural Tabaxi villages, those who would learn the ways of the Art petition the village elders to study under the clan's most experienced mage.

Yet in both Mezro and the clans, few are allowed to pursue the Art. Unsurprisingly, this drives many inquisitive men and women outside the boundaries of clan society. Not all of these renegades are evil, but the clans regard them—and all others who use magic unsanctioned by the Tabaxi elders (including PCs)—as threats to the Tabaxi way of life.

### Mage Hunter

**ROLE:** These Tabaxi wizards travel from clan to clan, helping to combat evil magic and bring renegade wizards back into society. They are intensely committed to uncovering unsanctioned magic.





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**REQUIREMENTS:** Wisdom 16+, Intelligence 9+, Lawful Good alignment. The mage hunter should be considered a wizard specializing in divination (as outlined in the *Player's Handbook*, p. 31).

**WEAPON PROFICIENCIES:** Staff

**NONWEAPON PROFICIENCIES:** Required proficiencies: reading/writing, ancient history spellcraft. Suggested proficiencies: direction sense, survival (jungle).

**EQUIPMENT:** Mage hunters wear bone-white tobes and necklaces of dinosaur teeth and claws. The staves they carry are decorated with bright feathers and other trinkets. Mage hunters are always bald, with clean-shaven faces.

**SPECIAL BENEFITS:** Mage hunters get a bonus of +2 on saving throws versus spell. They can also *detect alignment* at will, three times per day.

The ritual used in creating the mage hunter's staff grants it magical abilities and links it to the owner. When wielded by its owner, the staff is +1 to damage, +2 against a wizard formally declared renegade by any Tabaxi clan council. This bonus does not apply if the staff is wielded by anyone else.

**SPECIAL HINDRANCES:** Mage hunters lose their clan identity when they take up their staff of office. They may own only what possessions they can carry. Once they have completed an investigation, they may stay with a clan no more than one week before moving on. Mage hunters may not marry.

### Religion and Priest Kits

Most Tabaxi consider themselves religious, though they show it in ways that astound travelers from other parts of the Realms. There

are seemingly scores of Tabaxi sacred ceremonies and holy days. Yet when their small, moveable stone altars are not being used for these ceremonies, the Tabaxi treat them as if they were just another rock.

Three main religions have evolved in Chult, and they bear little resemblance to the rigid pantheism so common in Faerun. In larger clans, priests of two, or even all three of these religions can co-exist, though more often than not such diversity of opinion is the sign a clan has grown too large and is about to split into smaller units.

On a day to day basis, jungle druids can get along with either Ubtao worshipers or spiritlords, while the latter two tend to disagree on things sacred rather vehemently and, quite often, violently. Still, while most tribes contain a priest from only one of the three main religions, the average Tabaxi practices a hybrid of all three.

### Ubtao-Worship

Many Tabaxi venerate Ubtao. These people believe that Ubtao created the jungle and all the humans and animals that populate this hot, green world. Ubtao also raised the holy city of Mezro from the jungle with his own hands and resided there for a time-until the people drove him into the heavens with their nagging demands.

Ubtao watches over the world with surprising disinterest, letting men and women go about their lives without any interference. He demands no worship, but in return offers no divine guidance.

### The Maze of Life

It is believed among these Tabaxi that Ubtao created the jungle as a sort of test for his people, a maze for them to pass through on their way to a heavenly afterlife. They also believe that each life can be represented as a maze.



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When a worshiper of Ubtao dies, he is called before his maker and told to draw the maze that represents his own life. If he is successful in doing this, he is invited into Ubtao's home. If he fails, he comes back to the world as a ghost or ghoul to wander the night.

As children, these Tabaxi learn the rudiments of their personal maze, and it is up to their teachers or elders to help them add to the maze as they grow older. All Tabaxi who worship Ubtao practice drawing their maze constantly, often doodling the pattern idly in the sand during conversations, and so on.

### The Children of Ubtao

In Chult, dinosaurs are often referred to as the Children of Ubtao. The monstrous lizards, unlike humans, demanded nothing of the creator god once they were placed in the jungle, so some of the faithful consider them the favored creation of Ubtao. As such, they are seen as agents of Fate. If a hunter kills many dinosaurs, the clan understands his success to be merely a reflection of his place in Ubtao's heart. If a woman or man is killed by an allosaurus or pteradon, it is because she or he did something to upset the natural order. In other words, the victims only got what they deserved.

### Priest of Ubtao

**ROLE:** Priests of Ubtao see to the general spiritual welfare of the clan, while trying to prepare Tabaxi for their trek through the maze of life.

**REQUIREMENTS:** Wisdom 12+, Intelligence 13+, any alignment.

**WEAPON PROFICIENCIES:** All bludgeoning weapons.



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**NONWEAPON PROFICIENCIES:** Required proficiencies: ancient history, religion, direction sense. Suggested proficiencies: survival (jungle), singing.

**EQUIPMENT:** Priests of Ubtao wear whatever garb is common in their clan. They can be identified by the holy symbol they wear—a small square of gold or silver patterned with an intricate maze.

**SPELLS ALLOWED:** Major: none. Minor: All, animal, charm, combat, divination, healing, plant, protection.

**SPECIAL BENEFITS:** Because the walking dead are especially loathsome to Ubtao, his clerics *turn undead* as if they were three levels higher than their actual level. Though they must take directional sense as a proficiency, they can never get lost while inside the borders of Chult.

**SPECIAL HINDRANCES:** Ubtao has little traffic with the world, so his priests are only granted minor access to spheres of magic (limiting their spells to those of 1st, 2nd, and 3rd level).

**ETHOS:** Priests of Ubtao tend to look upon the world as a maze through which men must pass in order to reach an eternal reward. They are passionate in their devotion to helping others overcome the trials of mundane existence, but can sometimes place more reliance upon hope than action.

### Spirit-worship

While worshipers of Ubtao see only one deity in the world, many Tabaxi recognize hundreds upon hundreds of spirits and elemental powers that control their world. These spirit-worshipers may agree that Ubtao created the jungle, but they firmly believe that the many

supernatural beings around them control the day-to-day operation of reality, and thus merit appeasement and worship.

### Spiritlord

**ROLE:** These priests strive to appease the spirit world and keep the clan in contact with its ancestor-heroes.

**REQUIREMENTS:** Wisdom 10+, Charisma 12+, Lawful alignment.

**WEAPON PROFICIENCIES:** Any club or spear.

**NONWEAPON PROFICIENCIES:** Required proficiencies: local history, herbalism. Suggested proficiencies: survival (jungle), artistic ability.

**EQUIPMENT:** Spiritlords wear simple loincloths, even if the rest of the tribe favors tobes. They adorn themselves with necklaces of animal and dinosaur fetishes. They carry intricate masks carved from ironwood, which often play a central role in their rituals.

**SPELLS ALLOWED:** Major: All, animal, elemental, healing, plant, summoning, sun, weather. Minor: Combat, divination, protection.

**SPECIAL BENEFITS:** Upon taking up the title “spiritlord,” these priests carve themselves a special mask to represent their contact in the spirit world. This may be an animal spirit or the spirit of an ancestral clan hero. Whatever the subject, though, these masks become home to spirits that imbue them with powers similar to those of a wizard’s familiar.

All spiritlord masks have an Intelligence of 13 and 10 hit points. Like wizards’ familiars, they grant the spiritlord +1 on all surprise die rolls. In addition, the spiritlord chooses one



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1st-level priest spell, which the mask can then cast once per day. The mask gets an additional 1st-level priest spell after the spiritlord progresses three levels (new spells at 4th level, 7th, 10th, and so on). The mask can only cast the spell chosen for it, and the spell cannot be changed at a later date.

If the mask is separated from the spiritlord for 10 days or is destroyed, the priest loses 10 hit points permanently, as well as the ability to cast one 1st-level spell for each spell the mask contained.

**SPECIAL HINDRANCES:** Because their rituals often involve drinking or eating berries and bark gathered from the clan's territory, spiritlords have a 15 percent chance per year (non-cumulative) of losing one point of Constitution. Such losses are permanent and cannot be reversed by magical means.

**ETHOS:** Spiritlords seek to smooth their clan's passage through the spirit-infested world. They live to insure the clan doesn't offend an ancient hero or elemental power by missing a ritual or a sacrifice.

### Jungle-Worship and Druids

Just as there are Tabaxi who see the hand of Ubtao or the workings of the spirit world in everything they experience, there are priests who worship the jungle itself. These jungle druids serve a special place in Tabaxi life, siding with neither the spiritlords nor the Ubtao-worshippers in the debate over the nature of the world. They are often cast in the role of clan healer.

Jungle druids attempt to get the scattered clans to learn how best to fit into the web of jungle life. It is not unusual for clans to have a jungle druid or two in their ranks, even if they officially venerate either Ubtao or the spirits.

These druids have all the benefits and limitations of the standard druid class outlined in

the *Player's Handbook* on p. 35. In addition, though, they are required to have the following nonweapon proficiency.

**Dinosaur Lore:** This grants the same benefits and has the same limitations as the standard animal lore proficiency—the ability to make an educated assessment of danger, location of lair, and so on. However, all proficiency rolls are at a +3, because the focus of study is so specific.

## Other Sites Of Interest

### Port Castigliar

Nestled in a little-visited part of Refuge Bay, Port Castigliar is an ideal spot to land in Chult for those who don't wish to draw the attention of the Triceratops Society or any of the other, more nefarious agents lurking in Chult's more substantial ports.

It is a port in name only, since it lacks a dock for sea-going vessels or even small ship's boats. In fact, Port Castigliar is little more than an open stretch of beach, a well-stocked supply depot, seven tin huts, two small plots of vegetables, and a graveyard. The latter is more densely populated than the land for five miles in any direction.

The depot is owned and operated by Ibn Engaruka and his young son Inyanga.

**Ibn Engaruka:** Int High; AL NG; AC 10; MV 12; HD 3; hp 25; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Damage 1-8/1-10 (yklwa/spear); SZ M; ML 14.

Ibn is a Harper, though he rarely gets news from the Heartlands to keep him up on the latest events. He will help fellow Harpers in any way possible, short of giving away his stock. To others, he is stern and businesslike.

**Inyanga Engaruka:** Int High; AL NG; AC 10; MV 12; HD 1; hp 3; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Damage 1-6 (club); SZ S; ML 15.



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Ibn's ten-year old son is a budding mage (he knows one spell: *cantrips*). He is brusque and downright rude if strangers mess up the store. A giant bat (AC 8; MV 3/fl 18; HD 1; 8 hp; THACO 19; #AT 1; Damage 1-4 (bite); SZ M. Must land to attack with bite) named Zrumya helps him stock the shelves. The bat will fight if Inyanga is threatened.

Mundane supplies of any kind can be obtained at Ibn's store; he does not carry any enchanted items. Though he does not have any maps into the interior, he can offer general suggestions about traveling in the jungle. There are always 1-6 bearers at Port Castigliar, as well as a Tabaxi guide, who can be hired at the following rates: 5 sp/tenday for a bearer; 1 gp/tenday for a guide.

The tin huts can also be rented. They are small and blisteringly hot during the day, but they keep the rain and some of the larger animals away during the night. Each hut costs 2 sp/tenday. There will never be more than three huts available at any one time.

### Port Nyanzaru

Located in the Bay of Chult, at the mouth of the Soshenstar River, Port Nyanzaru serves as the major trading center for the country. The harbor is designed with defensive value a priority, not surprising when one considers the number of pirate vessels plying their bloody trade in that part of the Shining Sea. It is rumored the harbormaster pays a monthly tribute to a vicious dragon turtle. In return the sea beast keeps all other monsters from plaguing the port.

The Triceratops Society controls the loading and unloading of ships, and all workers report on strangers coming ashore. They watch carefully for any evidence that a visitor might be a mage or possess enchanted items. If the Society gets positive proof, they will tail the visitor while he's in port, then notify

members in outlying clans if the visitor heads off into the jungle.

### Wurmheart Mine

Reportedly the most productive dwarven mine in the country, with vast stockpiles of emeralds and diamonds. The dwarves know of this reputation and have prepared a suitable welcome for would-be raiders. Ballistae of every sort line the entrance. The clan leader, a hateful old dwarf named Kyer Wurmheart, keeps pet dimetrodons, which feast upon anyone caught trying to enter the mine.

### Fort Beluarian

On the northern coast, this small outpost belongs to the Flaming Fist, an adventuring company based in Baldur's Gate. The fort is supervised by Nenon. She oversees a garrison of three rangers, three wizards (one an assassin), seven priests, two thieves, and 80 fighters (10 6th-level, 20 5th-level, and 50 4th-level).

The Fist can be hired out for the right price, though never for any venture that is outright evil. Their fort is well-supplied and well-fortified against the dangers of the jungle. Recently Nenon has set about the task of driving the Batiri away.

Nenon will allow truly desperate explorers to stay a night or two at Fort Beluarian, though she will be quick to turn away adventurers looking for a free meal and a soft bed.

### Valley of Lost Honor

This dark valley is surrounded by the thickest, most impenetrable jungle foliage in all of Chult. Predatory dinosaurs and the Batiri seem to thrive in the lands surrounding it; characters traveling within five miles encounter wandering monsters on a roll of 1, 2, or 3 on 1d6.

Legends identify this valley as the last re-



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doubt used by the Eshowe as they fled Ras Nsi's undead army after the end of the civil war with the Tabaxi. Caves filled with treasure, the wealth of an entire people, may be hidden here. Other stories claim that this valley holds the monstrous, ancient evil the Eshowe unleashed upon Mezro when they sacked that holy city: a giant made of shadow, a creature who devours honor and nobility.

### The Peaks of Flame

This chain of three volcanoes dominates the southern part of Chult. Salamanders and fire snakes make their home in the infernos, as well as lava children and other creatures found nowhere else in Chult. Beneath one of these volcanoes stands a gigantic iron door that leads directly to the Realm of the Dead. It is said that the Night Serpent—she who gorges herself on all the unremembered nightmares in the Realms—will break down this door when the doom of the world finally arrives. From beneath the volcano she will slither forth to swallow up the sun.

### The Wild Coast

This rocky, inhospitable stretch of coast makes it almost impossible for ships to put in anywhere in southern Chult. Mariners tend to give this area of whirlpools and shifting, gale-force winds a wide berth. This is fortunate, since sea-going monsters like the plesiosaurus dominate the waters here. Pteradons and giant eagles battle for control of the high aeries.

Caves all along the coast lead deep underground, possibly providing unguarded entrances to the dwarven mines that dot the mountains beyond.

### Ras Nsi

As he bides his time, waiting for some disaster to arise in Mezro that will force the barae to

call him back, Ras Nsi builds an empire based on trade between Chult and the North. From his palatial home, he runs the Refuge Bay Trading Company, a fleet of ships that is little more than a pirate navy. The *Narwhal*, a galleon stolen from King Azoun's Cormyrean armada, is the centerpiece of the flotilla.

With the company as his front, Nsi sells slaves, rare animals, and anything else that will gain him a fortune (all of which he intends to give to Mezro once they allow him back). He often gives adventurers information about dwarven mines, hoping they will raid the gem-rich fortresses. And if the explorers succeed, Nsi sends his undead minions down upon them—thus gaining the gems without annoying his dwarven neighbors.

Currently, Nsi is gathering Chultan wood to sell to the thriving cities of the Heartlands. His home now stands at the heart of a very mobile and spectacularly effective logging operation. For miles in every direction, his slaves tear up the landscape. Earth elementals use their stony hands to uproot trees. Behind these hulking brutes trail gangs of zombies. The undead slaves drag the trees back to waiting caravans and bundle the massive cargo onto sledges. Finally, dinosaurs of various sorts carry the trees back from the camp and move them along a road to the coast.

The sound of trees splintering and crashing to the ground fills the air around the camp, along with the shrieks of the birds and apes and other tree-dwellers routed by the destruction. The whole place stinks of decaying flesh, shattered wood, and overturned earth. Zombies are constantly being crushed by the elementals or the dinosaurs or the falling trees. Just as quickly as they drop, the walking corpses are replaced by newly risen dead. Overhead, vultures and other flying scavengers circle. As soon as the crews move far enough forward, they swoop down to claim whatever carrion has been left behind.



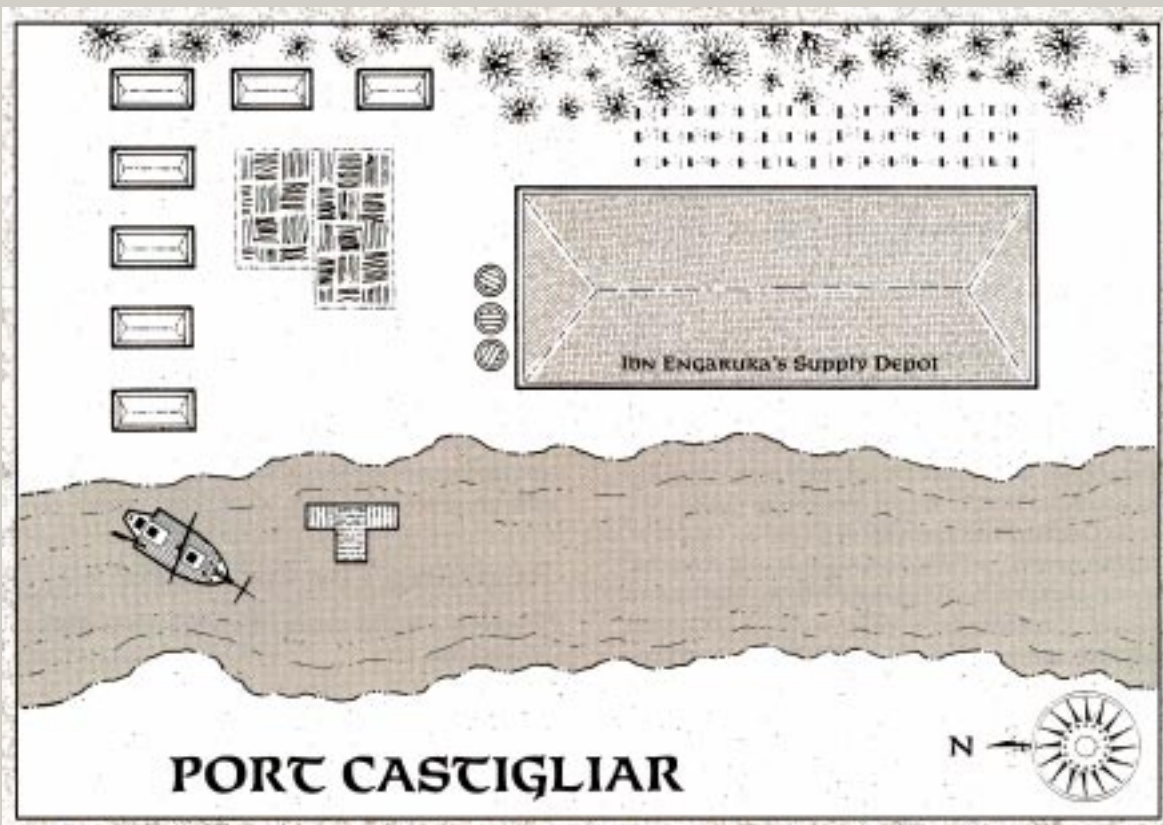
## Campaign Resources

In the center of this chaos sprawls Ras Nsi's palatial home. The building resembles the stately houses so common in Faerun's wealthier cities. Four towers capped in spires mark the corners of the huge structure, and a low wall surrounds the courtyard spreading before its front entrance. Arrow loops and stained glass windows dot the white stone. Bright banners float from poles atop the towers.

The entire estate – grassy courtyard and all – is born upon the backs of two dozen monstrously huge, long-dead tortoises. It's the job of these unfortunate skeletal creatures

to keep the estate moving through the jungle at a steady, creeping pace, just ahead of the elementals and the zombies and the falling trees.

If adventurers enter the country through any of the major ports or visit any of the larger Tabaxi villages, it is likely that Ras Nsi knows of their presence and, perhaps, their plans. The renegade bara will aid characters if he thinks there's the slightest chance he'll look better in the eyes of Mezro for it. Such "fortunate" parties will find themselves surrounded by zombies, then escorted to the mansion for a friendly chat.





## Part 2: Heart of The Jungle

This scenario is designed for a party of 5th-through 8th-level adventurers. DMs can use it with characters of higher level by increasing the number of creatures encountered and their hit points. The Tabaxi mentioned in this booklet are dark-skinned human tribesmen, not the cat-creatures detailed in the *MAZTICA* boxed set or original *FIEND FOLIO*® Tome.

“Heart of the Jungle” will introduce player characters to the dangers and excitement of this *FORGOTTEN REALMS*® land—and the potential riches that wait within the jungle’s steamy embrace. The adventure ultimately will take the PCs in search of “the heart of the jungle,” an impressive emerald sought by many. Careful player characters could become wealthy; foolish adventurers might not leave the jungle alive.

There are several ways to get the player characters to Chult. Use a method below that best fits your campaign, or create a vehicle of your own. No matter where you place the PCs, make sure it is along the Chultan coast. “The heart of the jungle” will fit into many locations on the jungle continent.

1) The PCs are working on a sea-going ship, or have booked passage on the vessel. During the night the ship veers off course and wrecks on the shores of the jungle.

2) The PCs have their own ship (and probably have no intention of going to Chult). Treachery and a mutiny attempt send the ship in another direction—to the jungle continent.

3) During the course of the PCs’ travels, they unearth a rare and wondrous magical item. Before they can examine the thing closely, however, it *teleports* them to its home—the jungles of Chult—then crumbles to dust.

4) The PCs are hired to escort a sage to Chult. There, the man intends to find roots and vines that are rumored to have great healing powers. He promises the PCs a share

of the wealth he will earn from the medical discoveries.

5) The PCs acquire a treasure map that leads them to Chult. The map hints at “the heart of the jungle,” a ruby as large as a man’s skull. The “heart of the jungle” is detailed in an encounter at the end of the adventure. You can use the treasure map that appears later in this section of the book or create a different one.

6) The PCs learn of a great evil deep in the jungles of Chult—an undying malevolence that must be stopped before it takes over all of the Realms. Sages say this evil can be found surrounded by wealth at the “Temple of Emerald-skinned Men.”

The method a DM chooses for getting the player characters involved in this adventure will determine whether or not they have access to an operable ship after reaching Chult.

### Travel In The Jungle

Chult is hot—very hot. The baking sun plus the humidity challenge even the most stalwart adventurer. Determine what the PCs are wearing and how much potable water they have with them. Then consult the encumbrance and dehydration information presented in the first half of this product. PCs who wear armor and are heavily encumbered soon discover how uncomfortable the jungle can be.

### Running The Encounters

There are three types of encounters in this adventure:

\* Encounters keyed to areas on the map. When the PCs reach the circled area corresponding to a letter, they have that encounter.

\* In addition, there are set encounters that





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happen no matter where the PCs are. The DM can use these in any order.

\* Finally, there are random encounters with the jungle's aggressive plants and animals. These are intended for the DM to sprinkle here and there to liven up the action and keep the players on their toes.

Based on the player characters levels, hit points and magical items, the DM might have to adjust encounters accordingly, either reducing or increasing the number of creatures encountered and their hit points. The intent of this adventure is not to kill the player characters (unless they are very foolish), but to show them how formidable the jungle and its inhabitants are.

### Random Encounters

Choose from the following to bedevil the player characters. Be careful not to damage the PCs too much; then they will not be able to handle the other elements of the adventure.

1) The player characters unwittingly come upon a low-growing bush covered in ripe, aromatic golden berries. The plant has broad, tough leaves. Purple stalks with saw-toothed edges are hidden in the center of the plant. Unless the PCs were paying particular attention to the plants, they are automatically surprised, as one of the PCs steps on the leaves of this plant. The leaves slam shut about him, holding him fast. The victim can make a Strength check on successive rounds to escape. Otherwise, the victim suffers 2-5 points of damage each round until he is rescued or dies.

**Snapper-saw ( 1 )** : INT Non; AL Nil; AC 4/7/9; MV 0; HD 5; hp 27; THAC0 15; #AT 3-6; Dmg 2-5; SA Trapping; SD Nil; MR Nil; ML 11; S H (15' radius); XP 420

The main plant can withstand 27 points of damage before it is killed. Each leaf can sustain 1d8+8 points of damage; and each stalk, 1d8+16 points.

If the PCs kill the plant and search through its remains, they discover an icon chiseled out of shiny black rock. The statue is roughly 12" high and 3" wide, and is of a dinosaur with jagged teeth. The statue's eyes are emerald chips. Although the statue is unattractive, it is worth 400 gp. PCs with the religion non-weapon proficiency are allowed a proficiency check at a -2 penalty. If they are successful, they realize it is a religious icon, an image of a cruel deity. However, they cannot place the deity, as the image is too foreign to them.

2) The player characters have entered the hunting territory of a half-dozen bhaergala cubs. The cubs were recently kicked out of their parents' den, forced to fend for themselves. They have stayed together for safety and better hunting.

The cubs begin their assault by sneaking up behind the party and pouncing on the last two characters in the marching order. If it appears party wizards and priests are casting spells, the cubs will use their ability of spell turning.

**Bhaergala, cubs (6)**: INT Average; AL Nil; AC 6; MV 15; HD 2+2; hp 12 each; THAC0 15; #AT 3; Dmg 1-3/1-3/1-4; SA Pounce; SD Poison resistance, spell turning (four times a day); ML 13; SM (6' long); XP 450 each

3) The jungle is filled with thick vines hanging from trees. However, some of the vines are malicious and hungry and will see traveling PCs as a meal. It is likely (90% chance) these vines will surprise the PCs. They are virtually indistinguishable from the other vines and should give the PCs no cause for suspicion.

**Vine, Viper (3)**: INT Low (5-7); AL Nil; AC 8; MV 3; HD 4; hp 20, 22, 24; THAC0 17; #AT 1;



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Dmg 1-4; SA Paralysis, constriction; SD Immune to blunt weapons; ML 13; SL (20' - 50' long); XP 270 each

The vines hang from trees, waiting to snare potential meals. On their initial attacks, each of the three vines will attempt to strike a PC; PCs do not receive Dexterity bonuses with respect to Armor Class. A successful hit means a vine has wrapped around a PC, causing 1d4 points of damage each round. The vines' next attack is to release a paralytic poison; the victim must make a successful saving throw versus poison or become paralyzed, suffering damage until killed. Dead victims are eaten by the vines. Conscious PCs can break free of the vines with a successful bend bars/lift gates roll.

4) A wizard who journeyed to Chult several years ago in search of "the heart of the jungle" was killed by a tribe of goblins. His pseudodragon familiar escaped into the jungle. The pseudodragon is 13 years old, quite old for its kind; it likely will not live more than another year or two. It has gotten slower with age, has tired of evading the denizens of Chult's jungles, and seeks human companionship and protection. The pseudodragon would prefer a wizard like its old master, or someone wearing jewelry or metal, which it likes to look at.

When the creature spies the PCs, it will turn green to blend in with the foliage, then follow them out of curiosity for at least a day so it can determine their intent and read their thoughts telepathically. When it is convinced the PCs are goodly-aligned, it will show itself, perch-





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ing on a branch in front of them and turning bright red to get their attention. Describe the creature as a tiny red dragon, less than two feet long.

The DM should ask the players for their characters' immediate actions. If there is any show of hostility or thoughts about attacking, the pseudodragon blends in with the foliage and attempts to escape. It will fight only if it is cornered.

However, if the PCs react in a friendly manner and offer it food or try to communicate, it selects one of the PCs as a companion and joins the adventurers. The pseudodragon can *see invisible* objects and creatures and has *infravision* to 60'. The pseudodragon can transfer its magic resistance to its companion. Unlike other pseudodragons, this one will not fly ahead to act as a scout. It wants the protection of its companion and enjoys the safety of being with the party. The pseudodragon will join a fight if the PCs are in trouble. However, if the PCs commit cruel acts or mistreat it, the pseudodragon will leave and look for another companion.

**Pseudodragon (1):** INT Average; AL Neutral (good); AC 2; MV 6, Fl 24 (B); HD 2; hp 8; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1-3+ special; SA Poison sting; SD Chameleon power; MR 35%; ML 15; S T (1-1/2' long); XP 975

5) The PCs wander beneath 40 monkey spiders, dwelling on the broad leaves of old trees. The monkey spiders, about one inch long, are curious about the PCs' presence and keep a guarded distance. The monkey spiders follow the PCs, likely being mistaken for true spiders or insects.

They chatter in their own language, which the PCs will mistake for a soft buzzing. If the PCs do not attack the monkey spiders, the tribal leader speaks in Common to get the adventurers' attention. This could confuse or unnerve the PCs, who are unlikely to realize

the "insects" are primates.

If the PCs swat at the "insects" or otherwise threaten them, the monkey spiders flee. The tiny monkeys attack with their eye bites if they are cornered. Otherwise, read the following;

"Humans," you hear a soft voice whisper. "The jungle is dangerous. Walk carefully." The words are followed by tiny chitters and hoots, not much louder than the buzzing of flies. "Be wary of the green men, the nearest of the Batiri. They hunt more than food in the jungle."

The monkey spiders, being good creatures, wanted to warn the strangers about the goblins. Only three of the tiny monkeys know Common; the rest speak their own language. If the PCs discover that the "insects" are monkeys and attempt to converse with them, they can learn the location of "the home of the green men" (goblin village), "the home of the white men" (the dwarven emerald mine), and "the cave of the banana man" (the druid in the cave). The monkey spiders know the green men like to catch people and take them to their home. They know the white men are unsociable and don't like the jungle. The monkey spiders do not know about "the heart of the jungle" or emeralds. They are not interested in gems, only fruit, nuts, and honey.

In return for this information, the monkey spiders ask the PCs to reach into a nearby tree, pluck out a honeycomb, and chase the bees away from it. The tiny monkeys are very fond of honey, but they don't want to risk being attacked by the bees.

**Monkey spiders (40):** INT Average; AL Neutral good; AC 6; MV 18 (climb); HD 1 hp; THAC0 18; #AT 1; Dmg 1; SA Eye bite; SD Nil; MR Nil; ML 17; S T (1" long); XP 1 each



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Monkey spiders have a special attack with their saliva. If the tiny monkey bites a victim's eye, the caustic saliva stings so badly that the victim must stop everything he is doing for one round to rub his eyes, The saliva raises welts if the bite is inflicted elsewhere.

6) A group of fast, carnivorous dinosaurs spots the PCs and decides the adventurers would nicely fill their rumbling stomachs. Because of the size of the creatures and the noise they make coming through the jungle, the PCs will not be surprised. These dinosaurs, deinonychus, are faster than the PCs and can jump, Unless the PCs use a magical means of transportation, they cannot outrun the deinonychus.

**Deinonychus (4):** INT Non; AL Nil; AC 4; MV 21 (+1 jump); HD 4+1; hp 25, 22, 21, 20; THAC0 17; #AT 3; Dmg 1-2/1-2/2-8; SA Gutting talons; SD Nil; ML 11; S L (12' long); XP 175 each

7) A band of finhead saurials, deposited in Chult years ago by a well-meaning wizard from Anauroch, have spied the PCs. Naturally curious, the creatures have been following the PCs for the past few miles and have decided to make contact.

Finhead saurials look like bipedal lizards, about five feet tall. They have bright green and blue scales, sharp claws, long tails, carry diamond-edged spears, and are nearly human in shape. These saurials are dressed in loin cloths, adopting the garments they notice the Batiri (goblins) wearing.

The leader finhead steps out in front of the PCs, waves his clawed hands, and gibbers. The finhead speaks saurial and a smattering of Batiri and monkey spider. It will not be able to understand the PCs unless they cast a tongues spell or communicate by drawing pictures and using pantomime gestures.

It is possible the PCs will view the finheads as a threat. If the player characters attack the

finheads, the saurials fight back, striking with their spears, which were acquired in trade from the Chult dwarves.

**Finhead saurials (6):** INT Very; AL Neutral good; AC 5; MV 12; HD 2; hp 10 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 + 2 (naturally + 2 spear); SA Nil; SD Nil; ML 11; S M (5' tall); XP 175 each

If the PCs attempt to befriend the saurials, and find a way to communicate, they learn the following:

- \* Night is a dangerous time in the jungle, as things rise from the earth (newly-created zombies) and stalk the villages.

- \* Give the dead things what they want and they will leave you alone.

- \* Some of the plants eat meat. Be careful where you step.

- \* The colorful men (Batiri) are numerous. The nearest are green. They cooperate with the white men (Chult dwarves). The finheads know the green men live somewhere nearby, but they never desired to find out where—that information could be too costly.

In exchange for this information, the saurials want to know about Anauroch. This is the one word they speak that the PCs will be able to understand without magic. They miss their brethren who live in the Lost Vale in the Desertsouth Mountains east of Anauroch. If the PCs offer to take them home, and the saurials can understand them, the finheads agree to accompany the PCs until they are finished with their explorations of the jungle.

8) PCs who move ahead of the party to scout or who fall behind to investigate something that catches their eye are fair game for this pair of giant constrictors who are in search of a meal. The constrictors blend in well with the foliage and are difficult to spot. The PCs suffer a -2 on their surprise roll.



## Heart of The Jungle



**Constrictors, giant (2):** INT Animal; AL Neutral; AC 5; MV 9; HD 6 + 1; hp 46, 43; THAC0 15; #AT 2; Dmg 1-4/2-8; SA Constriction; SD Nil; ML 9; S L (20' long); XP 650 each

### Set Encounters

As the PCs travel through the jungle, they will have the following encounters. These help to get the PCs involved in the adventure of finding the heart. In addition, if the PCs were shipwrecked or stranded in Chult and are unwilling to explore, the encounters will nudge them along. The encounters are best used in order. However, DMs can alter the order based on the flow of the adventure. It is up to the DM when these encounters occur.

### Failed Explorers

The Harpers heard of a great evil resting in Chult, waiting to be awakened. Through the use of spells and research, the Harpers discovered this evil was linked to "the heart of the jungle," a giant gem. By spending considerable gold in shady places, a trio of Harpers acquired a treasure map to the heart. Fearing that this awakening would come soon, the trio booked passage on a merchant ship, paid for the services of a Tabaxi guide, and set off to locate the heart. They believed the evil must be near the great gem, perhaps guarding it.

The three Harpers and their guide did not make it very far. Read the following as the PCs come upon this encounter.



## Heart of The Jungle

You hear voices, two males. They are speaking a language you cannot understand. The voices sound human, and you can almost make out some of the words. The voices are hurried and seem angry. The conversation comes from beyond the tall bushes to your right. Pushing aside the thick, broad leaves, you see two dark-skinned men in scant clothing, bending over the remains of four other men.

The investigating pair are lean and muscular. They are barefoot, wearing leather loin cloths and feathered armbands. Knives are held by belts to their waists. One of the dead men is similarly dressed. The other three dead men wear more clothes and are light-skinned.

As you watch, the pair stand and bow their heads, mumbling what appears to be a prayer. Suddenly, one turns his head in your direction. Apparently they have noticed you. The taller of the two barks foreign words in your direction.

The pair are from a nearby Tabaxi village. They were searching for their friend, the Tabaxi guide who led the three Harpers into the jungle after the heart. The PCs can avoid this encounter if they desire. The Tabaxi will not pursue them, as they consider taking these bodies to their village a more important task than pursuing foolish explorers.

If the PCs attack the Tabaxi, the pair attempt to flee to warn the village about evil human trespassers. However, if the PCs are friendly, the Tabaxi try to communicate with them. The Chultan natives speak their own dialect and a bit of Batiri. They do not know Common or traditional goblin speech. The PCs will have to use magic to communicate. For example, *tongues* will work and will not frighten the Tabaxi. This spell is not flashy magic, and the Tabaxi will not even know it is an enchant-

ment. Read the following if the PCs are able to communicate with this pair.

The tallest of the natives bends to one of the four bodies lying amid the ferns. He retrieves a rolled-up piece of parchment from a body and tosses it into the brush. "Foolish explorers. Men from other lands have no idea how dangerous the jungle is. We told them their map would lead to death. We told them again and again. They said they had to reach the heart. Heart? Hah! They found a heart of blackness. They found only death."

Whether or not the PCs understand what the Tabaxi says, they notice that he throws a curled piece of parchment into the bushes. If the PCs are not able to communicate with the Tabaxi, the pair motion for the PCs to follow them to their village. The natives know an elder there who can communicate with practically anyone.

The Tabaxi make litters for the bodies. They intend to take them to the village and burn them so they will not come back as undead. The PCs cannot dissuade the Tabaxi from taking the bodies. However, the natives do not mind if the PCs search the bodies. The PCs can determine the men were killed by poisonous snakes, as there are bite marks on their ankles, and the area around the marks is swollen and discolored.

Each of the light-skinned men wears a pin: a silver moon affixed to a harp. These are Harper pins. Also on the bodies is a total of 8 pp, 32 gp, 30 sp, and a flawed emerald worth 75 gp.

If the PCs retrieve the map that the Tabaxi threw into the brush, show the players the "Heart Map" on the opposite page. DMs should photocopy this map for the players' convenience. The map is on old, clothlike parchment and has worn thin because of age.



## Heart of The Jungle

**Tabaxi warriors (2):** INT Average; AL Neutral good; AC 7; MV 12; HD 2 (F2); hp 15, 18; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6+1 (large knife + STR bonus); SA Nil; SD Nil; MR Nil; ML 13; S M (5' tall); XP 35 each

If the PCs follow the Tabaxi to their village, consult the material presented in the first part of this booklet. A Tabaxi village is detailed and village life explained. The player characters will be brought before an elder who speaks Common. He welcomes the PCs to Chult and asks what brought them to the jungle. By questioning the elder, the PCs can learn that the three explorers were looking for a sleeping evil.

The Tabaxi have dealt with explorers and know they are always looking to get rich from gems and other treasures hidden in the jungle. These three were interested in the great gem called the heart. However, they believed something evil guarded the heart of the jungle, and they were out to kill it. The Tabaxi think the explorers also wanted the gem, which would be worth a lot outside of Chult. The Tabaxi say the gem, which certainly exists, is likely to be owned by a shaman, who uses it for a spell component. Decades ago the gem was brought to a Tabaxi village, where a merchant was going to purchase it. However, the village was raided and the gem stolen.

The Tabaxi say the three explorers hired a guide to take them to this legendary heart. The explorers, from a place called Deep Water (Waterdeep), had a map which one of the Tabaxi threw into the brush. The Tabaxi want nothing to do with a piece of parchment that leads to death.

The Tabaxi explain they must burn the bodies of the dead explorers and their Tabaxi guide so Ras Nsi does not turn them into walking dead. Ras Nsi is a man who associates with the dead and commands them to collect tribute from the living. The Tabaxi elder

refuses to explain more about Ras Nsi and his undead forces.

The Tabaxi will not act as guides for the PCs; however, the Chultan natives will be cordial to them, offering them food and fresh water. The PCs are welcome to spend the night in the village.

Before the PCs part company with the Tabaxi, the elder addresses them:

“Take care, strangers. Chult is dangerous. What you do not eat likely can eat you. Take care with magic. Such things are possessed by few and practiced with care. Our people in Chult shun those who should not practice magic—and that, my friends, includes you. You are not shamens here; you are outsiders. Take care with greed. Great are the riches here for your kind. But greater are the perils. Your lives are more valuable than hard, shiny gems.”

**Tabaxi warriors (many):** INT Average; AL Neutral good; AC 7; MV 12; HD 2 (F2); hp 12 each; THAC0 19; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6+1 (large knife + STR bonus); SA Nil; SD Nil; MR Nil; ML 13; S M (5' tall); XP 35 each

**Tabaxi warriors (2):** INT Average; AL Neutral good; AC 7; MV 12; HD 7 (F7); hp 55; THAC0 14; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6+3 (large, diamond-edged knife naturally +2, + STR bonus); SA Nil; SD Nil; MR Nil; ML 13; S M (5' tall); XP 335



# Heart of The Jungle

## Burdened Beasts

It is night, and the sounds of insects and avians fill the air. Suddenly, a horrid cry from a beast you cannot place splits the air. It is followed by tumultuous crashing and thrashing sounds and the voices of people. You do not understand the dialect, but you recognize the voices as human. The cacophony is coming from the west, likely less than a half-mile away.

If the player characters opt to investigate the source of the noise, continue with the following:

Moving through the dense underbrush, you see a clearing lit by the moon. In it are two dinosaurs, each at least 15 feet long. One of them thrashes in a pool of quicksand. The dinosaurs wear leather saddles and look like huge, single-horned rhinoceroses, their skin a bony plating. A half-dozen short, stocky men dressed in dark cloaks move about frantically at the edge of the bog, waving their arms at the struggling creature. Behind the six are two more, similarly dressed. White beards edge out from under their hoods. These figures bark orders at the six; it sounds like they are speaking some type of Dwarvish.

The terrified dinosaur bellows in despair and churns the muck, splashing it in all directions. It is obvious the beast is slowly sinking. The other dinosaur looks on impassively, standing quietly in front of a large wooden wagon that is harnessed to it. The short, stocky men continue to yell at each other in a dialog you cannot understand and point at the dinosaur in the muck.

**Monoclonius (2):** INT Nil; AL Nil; AC 3/4; MV 6; HD 8; hp 40, 45; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 2-16; SA Nil; SD Nil; ML 11; S H (18' long); XP 650 each

**Dwarves, Chult (8):** INT Average; AL N; AC 6; MV 9; HD 3; hp 15 each; THAC0 17; #AT 3; Dmg 1-8+3 (barbed, diamond-tipped spears naturally +2, and +1 STR bonus); SA +1 to hit in darkness; SD Nil; ML 15; XP 65 each

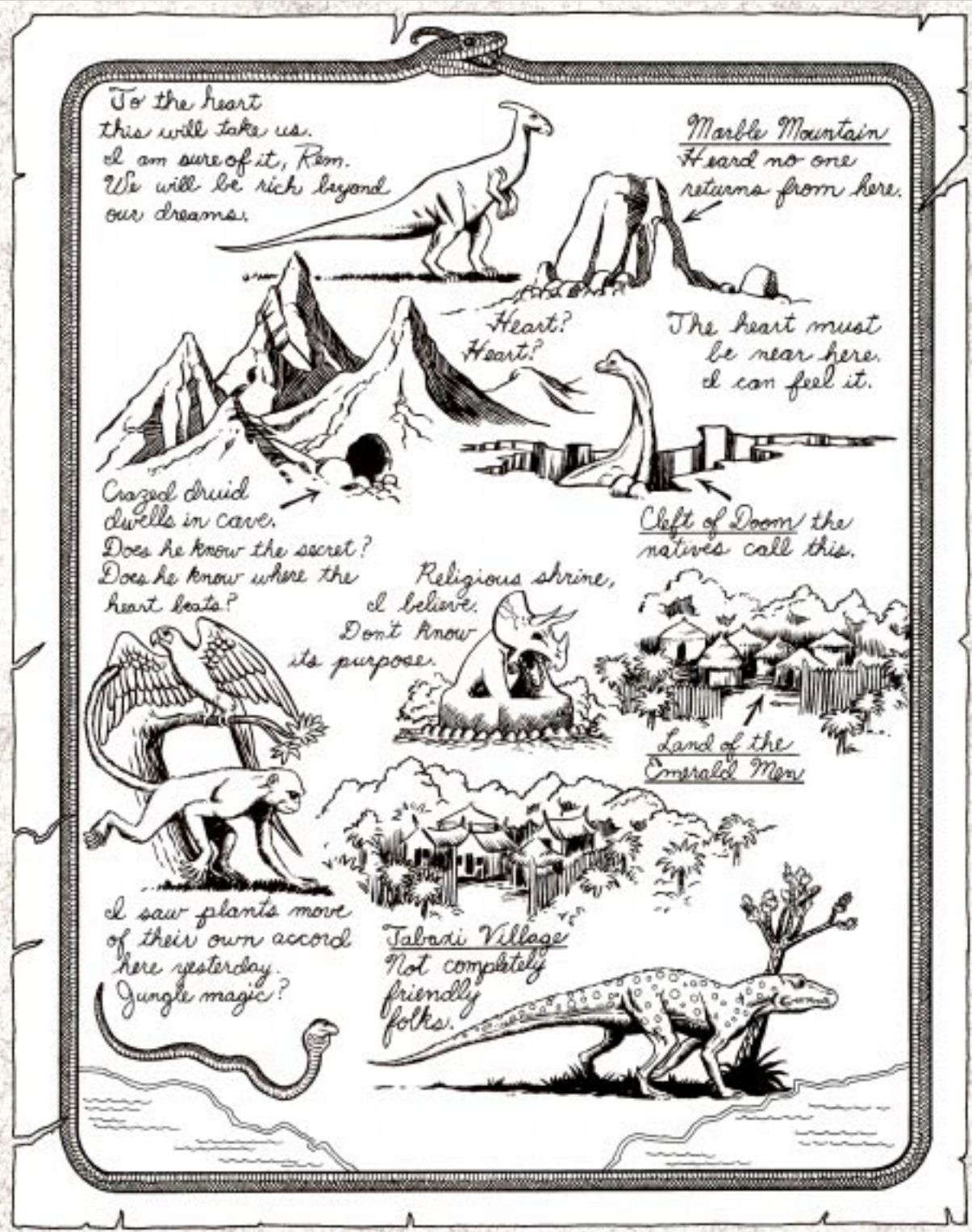
The pair of monoclonius has been trained by the Chultan dwarves to serve as beasts of burden, carrying rock and debris from the emerald mine that is deeper in the jungle and carrying emeralds to Tabaxi villages and other settlements along the coast for trade. The dwarves were leading the pair of dinosaurs from the mine when the lead monoclonius stepped into a sink hole filled with mud and sand. The dwarves quickly released the wagon it was carrying, but even unencumbered, the monoclonius could not climb free because it panicked. The dinosaur is sinking and will drown in seven rounds unless the PCs intervene to save it.

This encounter can run several ways. If the PCs approach the dwarves and appeal friendly, the dwarves chatter to the PCs and motion at the dinosaur, indicating they need help getting the creature out of the hole. Describe the dwarves as pale, as light skinned as the moon. Their eyes are pink, and their beards and hair are pale yellow and wispy white.

If the PCs threaten or attack the dwarves, the Chultan albinos grab their spears and defend themselves, giving up on the monoclonius that is destined to die in the sink hole.

If the PCs do nothing and watch, the six dwarves take rope from one of the wagons and lasso the monoclonius. They try to pull the beast free—unsuccessfully. After seven rounds the monoclonius sinks beneath the surface. The dwarves take the remaining







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monoclonius and its wagon on their way. They will come back later for the other wagon to dump its contents.

The Chult dwarves, who move about easily in the darkness, will be suspicious of the PCs and will not willingly provide information about the area if the PCs did not assist in freeing the trapped monoclonius.

### Rescuing The Monoclonius

If the PCs decide to help the dwarves save the drowning dinosaur, the Chult dwarves automatically consider them friendly. Rescuing the dinosaur will not be easy because of the beast's bulk, its frenzy, and because it has sunk deep into the muck. It will take a combined Strength score of 200 to pull the monoclonius free. The eight dwarves have a combined Strength score of 140, so the PCs will need to add at least 60 Strength points to release the creature from the sink hole. Other measures could work, such as a very careful use of a *mud to rock* spell, an *entangle* spell to use the plants to keep the beast from sinking, or a *speak with animal* spell to calm the beast. It takes a combined Strength score of 130 to free the monoclonius if it is calmed.

Each player character attempting to rescue the dinosaur must roll less than his or her Dexterity score on 1d20 or slip and fall into the sink hole. PCs who fall into the muck must make a second successful Dexterity check or suffer 2d8 points of damage from the thrashing monoclonius. It is not difficult to pull PCs from the sink hole.

All PCs involved in the rescue attempt should roll 1d20 vs. their Intelligence. PCs rolling below their Intelligence see a few emeralds spill from a pack on the dinosaur as it is pulled from the muck (or, if unsuccessful, as the dinosaur slips beneath the muck). The dwarves quickly pick up the gems and stuff them in their pockets. If the PCs search the dinosaur's pack—amid protests from the

dwarves—they discover it is filled with uncut emeralds, about 20,000 gp worth.

The Chultan dwarves make it clear the emeralds are theirs. If the PCs attempt to take the gems, the dwarves fight to the death for their property.

If the PCs do not take the emeralds, the dwarves respect and trust them. Whether or not the dinosaur was freed, the dwarves thank the PCs for their efforts and reward them with a purple root (when chewed the root cures 2d4 points of damage). The dwarves want to know more about their new-found friends and will quiz the PCs about their home, what they are doing in Chult, if they are here after the heart, the names and powers of their deities, and if they are affiliated with any of the local Tabaxi tribes.

In exchange, if the PCs question the dwarves, the dwarves will provide the following information.

- \* The albinos get along with most of the people of Chult. They trade with the Tabaxi, whom they call the dark ones, and they respect and cooperate with the Batiri, whom they call the emerald-skinned ones. The Chultan dwarves know Batiri in the jungle are many different colors, but the tribe they trade with is predominantly green. Some of the emerald-skinned ones work for the dwarves.

- \* The dwarves have lived all their lives in the caverns beneath Chult and are well adapted to the heat of this land. To them, the humidity can be oppressive at times, but they have found ways to deal with it, such as working underground during the hottest times and only going outside when absolutely necessary. They pass around magical devices, such as *decanters of endless water* which do not always work for them, to help keep cool.

- \* They mine deep in the jungle. It has proven a lucrative livelihood for them, and they enjoy the cooler air inside the mine. They sell what they mine to local tribes who use the materials



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for their wizards and witch doctors. Although the dwarves refuse to say what they mine, they admit their garnered materials are used as spell components. The dwarves, who claim they do not fully understand magic, believe the most powerful of spells are derived from their mined materials. Other mined objects are taken to a trading post on the coast, where they are sold to merchants. In exchange for the material, the dwarves receive magical weapons, exotic foodstuffs, magical protection devices, and gold.

\* "The heart of the jungle, ha! Legends say the heart of the jungle is a massive emerald. It is the talk of idle women, No such thing exists, else it would have been found by now."

\* The dwarves do not completely trust any of the tribes in the area, even though they trade with them, and they are skeptical of most of the merchants they deal with along the coast. The dwarves know that many of the wizards and witch doctors would like to own the mines for themselves, so the Chult dwarves always keep sentries posted and are always on the look out for treachery from the tribes.

\* The tribes consist of bands of Tabaxi who have collections of huts throughout the jungle. Most of the settlements are near the coast, where the temperatures are not as intense because of the sea breezes. The dwarves are concerned about a band of lizard men who must live nearby. Dwarven scouts have spotted small parties of the tall lizard men near the mines. The dwarves are certain the lizard men do not yet know about the mine—and the dwarves intend to keep the lizard men from finding out.

\* The Batiri also are to be given some respect. They are a cruel lot. Fortunately, they seem especially interested in Tabaxi. Most of the goblins move their villages. However, there are a few large villages that have stayed in one spot for years.

\* The dwarves have a guarded fear of the dinosaurs. They know how to avoid the largest

and most dangerous of them. They hunt smaller herbivorous dinosaurs for meat, and they hunt young, mated monoclonius to steal their eggs and raise the young dinosaurs as domesticated pack animals.

\* The dwarves must be about their task of removing rock from their mine. They do not invite the PCs to the mine, as although many people in Chult know of its existence, not all of them know where it is. Besides, the dwarves do not care for visitors. The Chult dwarves are taking the rock from inside the mine to dump it far away—rock piles too close to the mine would give away its location. Although the dwarves will not take the PCs to the mine, the characters would have little trouble following the monoclonius' tracks and the wagon ruts back to the mine. The dwarves will not willingly reveal the mine's location.

### Deadly Denizens

The thrashing monoclonius drew the attention of a pair of pterosaurs, which were flying in search of food, and a teratosaurus, which was curious about all the racket. The dinosaurs attack the PCs after the dwarves and the monoclonius have left the clearing. Alter the following description based on whether the PCs are surprised.

The dinosaur freed, and the dwarves on their way, the jungle clearing falls silent. Perhaps too silent. On the ground a shadow appears, made by a massive creature with a broad wingspan. One more shadow follows it. Overhead, you see the reptiles. They are leathery creatures with snakelike necks and extended jaws. Their wings stretch nearly 50 feet from tip to tip. They angle toward you.

Round 1: Because the pterosaurs came in quietly and from the sky, the PCs suffer a -3



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penalty to their surprise roll. If the PCs are surprised, the reptiles get a free attack at a +4 bonus. If the pterosaurs successfully strike their victims on a surprise round, the damage inflicted is doubled.

Rounds 2 & 3: The pterosaurs continue to fight the PCs.

Round 4: The teratosaurus bursts into the clearing, deciding to join the fray. This dinosaur's attacks are split between the PCs and the pterosaurs. The pterosaurs continue to fight the PCs.

Round 5: The fight continues to the death.

**Pterosaurus (2):** INT Non; AL Nil; AC 5; MV 3, Fl 12 (D); HD 6+6; hp 36, 32; THAC0 13; #AT 1; Dmg 3-12; SA inflicts double damage on surprise attacks; SD Nil; ML 10; S G (50' wingspan); XP 420 each

**Teratosaurus (1) :** INT Nil; AL Nil; AC 5; MV 18; HD 10; hp 50; THAC0 11; #AT 3; Dmg 1-3/1-3/3-18; SA Nil; SD Nil; ML 11; S H (20' long, 9' tall); XP 1,400

### Heart-Haunted Man

Elijah Moonspeak came to Chult from the Sword Coast four decades ago. A priest of Tyr he and his band of adventurers (including his beloved) sought "the heart of the jungle." They believed the massive jewel would bring them enough riches to retire wealthy and happy. However shortly after arriving in the jungle the group encountered a tyrannosaurus rex. Elijah ran away while the dinosaur ate his friends. The experience of seeing his sweetheart die in the jaws of such a huge, stupid beast—and knowing he ran away rather than trying to help his friends—has haunted him. Through the past 40 years Elijah has avoided the large dinosaurs, hidden from goblin hunting parties, trapped lizards for food, learned much about Chult, and grown quite mad.

Elijah will approach the PCs, mistaking

them for the friends he left to the dinosaur decades ago. He believes they somehow managed to elude the beast, probably cutting themselves out of its stomach, and he will be grateful to see them. He does not notice that they are much younger than himself. Elijah will pay particular attention to a female PC (if there is one), mistakenly thinking she is his beloved whom he planned to wed upon their return from Chult. He will lavish attention on her and explain that he knows where "the heart of the jungle" rests.

Elijah rambles in Dwarvish and Goblin, jumping from subject to subject. He no longer talks in Common for fear that someone might hear him. However, he understands people talking in Common. He babbles in incomplete sentences and rarely seems to make sense. However, once in a while a sentence creeps in that has a tidbit of knowledge relating to something later in the adventure. For example, Elijah will make a reference to the winged lizards—the ptera-men are the creatures that build houses in the trees and look like lizard men. If the PCs have the patience to deal with him, and talk with him at length to sort through the ramblings, they will learn the following:

\* "My friends. Praise Utao you are back. From the belly of the dinosaur you come! Ichor washed away and cleaner than the people of Chult. Reunited at last!"

\* "The heart. The heart. The beating heart that sounds as the drums of the goblins is here in Chult. Can't you hear it beating now? It beats from the temple to the east, the noise throbbing inside my poor, poor head. Though a dozen miles away, I hear it beat. Too bad the foolish Batiri don't know what they have."

\* "There is a crazy man in the jungle. A man who loves plants. Thinks plants are life, he does. Told me so years ago. Chased me away when I ate a jar of his life. Told me I was crazier than he! Bah! The crazy man can keep his



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hole in the side of the mountain. The life he keeps in jars and baskets is not for me. It doesn't beat like the heart."

\* "The Batiri worship false gods, an ugly goblin-dinosaur god with no power. The true power is Ubtao. Oh precious Tyr forgive me. But this god reigns here. And his children are numerous!"

\* "Beware the large lizards, and the smaller ones, too. The ones that fly to leave no tracks are the worse, I think. They are the hardest to hide from. But sometimes I can't tell what I'm hiding from."

\* "Little hearts. Tiny, tiny hearts are pulled from the earth by the ugly, dirty-white stout ones. They are not friendly, they chase me away. They fear I will take their dirty little hearts. Fine. I will leave them to their hole-in-

the-ground-home-and-workplace. It is dark below ground, anyway." Elijah can give precise directions to the dwarven emerald mine.

\* "The plants tell me where the god's children go. What do they tell you?" Occasionally Elijah casts *Speak with plants* to find out where the small and large dinosaurs have been.

\* "A boat! Where is your boat? We must leave here, cross the ocean. Home. The Sword Coast. I will cut myself on its sharp, sharp blade to be free of Ubtao, his children, and the blasted beating of the heart. Tyr will take me back."

After Elijah has provided his insanity-tinged information, a thought creeps into his head. These are his companions. But they were eaten. Therefore, if they are here now, they



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are undead. Elijah decides he must banish the dead, so he pulls out his holy symbol, presents it bravely, and shouts, "Be gone, foul creatures! The undead have no place in the jungle of Ubtao! Be gone, I command!" Of course, this turning attempt will have no effect since the PCs are alive. However, Elijah is not swayed in his goal. He begins to cast a spell. Elijah will use the following combat strategy until he is subdued or killed.

Round one: *Summon swarm*, directed at a spell caster. The insects drawn are biting flies.

Round two: *Giant insect*. This yields three giant flies:

**Flies, Giant:** INT Non; AL Neutral; AC 4; MV 6, Fl 24 (B); HD 3; hp 18 each; THAC0 16; #AT 1; Dmg 2-8; SA Nil; SD Nil; MR Nil; ML 10; S M (5' long); XP 420 each

Round three: *Flame strike* on a PC who is not standing too close to one of the giant flies. Elijah doesn't want to hurt a fly.

Round four: *Hold person* on a random PC.

Round five + : Elijah fights hand-to-hand with his *staff* +2. He fights to the death unless subdued or captured.

**Elijah (9th level priest of Tyr & Ubtao):** Age 70; AL Varies; AC 5; MV 12; hp 55; THAC0 16 (14 with staff); #AT 1; Dmg 1-6+2; S M (5'6" tall); ML 18; XP 5,000; Str 10, Dex 13, Con 17, Int 9, Wis 9, Cha 12. His lowered Intelligence and Wisdom scores reflect his current state of mind. His nonweapon proficiencies are not tied to his "insane" status.

Spells memorized: First level— *animal friendship, invisibility to animals*; Second level— *goodberry, hold person*; Third level— *Continual light, summon insects*; Fourth level— *Giant insect*; Fifth level— *Flamestrike*

Weapon Proficiencies: Staff

Nonweapon Proficiencies: Direction sense (18), weather sense (16), survival (jungle) (16), set snares (12)

Equipment: Tattered clothes, leather sack filled with fruits, nuts, and dried lizard strips, *staff* +2, *bracers of defense* AC 5.

Elijah's spells are limited because he waffles between worshipping Tyr and Ubtao. Still, Tyr bestows some spells upon him, hoping he will one day come to his senses and return to worshipping only Tyr.

Elijah is hopelessly insane. Only a *wish* can restore him to his senses. If the PCs subdue him, he refuses to willingly go to the heart or to the crazy man in the mountains. However, he will reluctantly guide them to the rest of the placed encounter spots on the map. Elijah would much rather take the PCs' boat and go home.

## Undead Collectors

Ras Nsi has sent a pack of undead Chult dwarves, Batiri, and Tabaxi to collect his monthly due from the albino miners. The undead, not especially intelligent, know they have to collect 12 emeralds. They will first try to get the gems from the PCs. If this proves unsuccessful, they will kill the PCs—so their master can create more zombies—then proceed to the dwarven emerald mine. It does not matter what time of day the DM uses this encounter. The jungle foliage is thick enough to keep the hated sunlight away from the zombies.

The PCs will not hear the zombies approach, as undead do not make noise. However, they will see the zombies step out from behind trees; each zombie has one hand outstretched, as if asking for something.

If the PCs attack the zombies, the undead fight until they are killed (for a second time). Ras Nsi will be aware of the battle and send another dozen zombies 12 hours later. The PCs will face a total of five waves of zombies before Ras Nsi loses interest in them; the lord of the Chultan undead has more things to worry about than a handful of pesky explorers.



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**Zombies, Ras Nsi (12):** INT Low; AL Neutral evil; AC 6; MV 9; HD 2; hp 12 each; THAC0 19; #AT 2; Dmg 1-8/1-8; SA Silence; SD Nil; MR Nil; ML 15; S M (4' to 6' tall); XP 130 each

### Jungle Hunters

A band of Kuro Batiri is hunting Tabaxi—or any other demihumans they might come across—as the tribe needs more slaves for menial work to replace those who died from maltreatment or who were sacrificed. The Batiri are more formidable and ill-tempered than goblins found elsewhere in the Realms. They are a particularly nasty breed of goblin that thrives in the oppressive heat and humidity of Chult. This band's past several forays have been to gather Tabaxi who live in small villages in the depths of Chult's jungle. However, many of the Tabaxi have moved farther away, so the goblins have decided to hunt for anything resembling a human or demihuman for awhile. The goblins know the general location of the dwarves' emerald mine. Still, they do not intend to catch any of the dwarves there. Far too many dwarves work at the mines and would be too much to handle. Besides, the goblins and the dwarves have a trade agreement, and to be caught catching dwarves could negate the arrangement.

The Kuro party is tracking the dwarves who take rock from the mines and dump it deeper into the jungle. They know the dwarves have dinosaurs with them, and they believe the dwarves at the mine would not be able to learn what happened to their comrades. The Kuro Batiri have watched the dwarves on several occasions and know the dinosaurs are docile and not trained to fight.

The player characters happen to be in the path of the goblin hunting party, which will stop and attempt to capture them. If a demihuman is among the PCs, all the better. If not, the goblins still will try to capture the PCs to use them as sacrifices for Kuro's avatar in a

ceremony tomorrow night. If the goblins capture the PCs, refer to the goblin village section.

The encounter begins as the goblins, using their camouflage skills, surround the PCs. If the pseudodragon is with the PCs, it notes the presence of the goblins and informs its companion that small green men with bows are watching the group. The goblins likely will attack with surprise unless the PCs have the pseudodragon. Refer to the information presented in the front half of this book for more information on the Batiri.

The goblins' combat strategy is simple. They will fire from cover using arrows coated with sleep poison. Each goblin can fire two arrows per round. PCs who are struck suffer the damage of the arrow and must make a saving throw versus poison. Those who fail fall into slumber for 4d4 rounds. If the PCs prove too much of a threat, the goblins close to melee with their hatchets.

**Goblins, Kuro (14):** INT Average; AL Neutral evil; AC 6; MV 12; HD 2; hp 10 each; THAC0 18; #AT 2; Dmg 1-6/1-6 (arrows) or 1-4/1-4 (hatchets); SA Surprise; SD Camouflage; MR Nil; ML 15; SZ S (4' tall); XP 65 each

Each goblin carries a short bow, a quiver with 12 arrows (enough for six rounds of missile combat), an earthen vial of sleep poison to coat the 12 arrows, twin hatchets, a water skin and dried lizard meat. In addition, each goblin has 30 feet of vines fashioned into ropes. The rope is intended to tie up captives.

If the PCs prove too much of a challenge, and half or more of the goblins are killed, the remainder attempt to escape by using their camouflage skills.

If the PCs capture the goblins and threaten their lives, the goblins reveal that the hunting party was merely looking for slaves and desired to free their brothers in the process. The goblins give away the location of the Kuro



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village, its approximate population, and explain that at least some of the PCs (the humans) were needed for the planned sacrifice to Kuro's avatar. Who is Kuro? The most powerful god in Chult. He takes the form of a great dinosaur and visits the land near the Kuro village. If the PCs question the goblins about "the heart of the jungle," the goblins reveal it is in a temple near the village and that it is a valuable green rock. No matter how formidable the PCs seem, the goblins believe they are no match for the Kuro village or Kuro's avatar.

### Keyed Encounters

#### A. Shrine of Evil

The player characters have come upon the lands of the Kuro, a tribe devoted to the worship of their deity, Khurgorbaeyag, patron god of goblins, who takes the form of a powerful dinosaur. The goblins believe Khurgorbaeyag owns the jungle.

The Kuro have chosen this part of the jungle for their shrine because sink holes are plentiful and serve as a deterrent to trespassers.

Read the following as the PCs near the shrine:





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The hazy light that filters through the dense foliage makes it difficult to tell the time of day—or to make out a lot of details of your surroundings. Everything is intensely green and shadowy.

Then, for an instant, you see a twinkle through the broad-leaved bushes. Moving ahead, you can see it more clearly. The glint is coming from a sculpture that reflects the light of the sun. The sculpture is of a goblin, a rather muscular one that has scales in places and carries a shield close to his body. The lower half of the goblin is a dinosaur. The image reminds you of a centaur or wemic, although it is unsettling and unnatural (and it is made out of the same material as the icon discovered in the carnivorous plant). The statue is a little more than seven feet tall and is surrounded by odd, chiselled stones that poke through the moss. In front of the statue is a stone table, roughly three feet square and only two feet above the ground. Several objects lie on the table, but you are too far away to make them out.

Allow PCs with animal lore a proficiency check at -2. PCs who are successful recognize the dinosaur as a gorgosaurus and are allowed to consult the *Monstrous Compendium*<sup>TM</sup> entry on the dinosaur.

If the PCs move forward, they risk falling into the sink holes. Each PC has a 1 in 6 chance of falling in a hole, and each hole is assumed to be about three feet across. Characters can rescue their wet comrades by tossing them a rope, offering a hand, or using other methods that sound reasonable. The true danger of these sink holes will not be noticed by the PCs until 1d4 hours pass. The water and slime in the holes is so stagnant and insect-ridden, that each PC who fell in must make a saving throw versus poison, at a

-2 penalty, or suffer a debilitating disease. The sickness causes a fever and saps one point of Strength per day for 1d6 days. The loss can be stopped by casting a *cure disease* spell on the affected character. Otherwise, the disease will run its course, weakening the character. After the fever breaks, the character can regain one point of Strength a day by resting.

If the PCs continue to the shrine, they can search the table, the top of which is covered by stones carved in the shapes of lizards, birds and fruit, all painted with exquisite detail. There are four of each type of object.

The table is magical and functions a dozen times a day by *turning to stone* objects placed on it. The table is ancient, and the Kuro goblins believe their god gave it to them at the beginning of the world so they could make sacrifices to him.

The objects on the table were placed there yesterday. If the PCs place anything on the table now, it will *turn to stone*. The entire object must be on the table. For example, if a PC touches the table, he will not *turn to stone*. However, if he sits or lies on it, he will *turn to stone*. The table works on animate and inanimate objects, and those objects remain stone unless a *wish* or *limited wish* is cast, or in the case of a character, a *flesh to stone* spell is cast.

The table weighs 500 pounds and is difficult to transport. The statue, which radiates evil if detected for, weighs three times that amount and is non-magical. If the PCs discovered the icon inside the plant detailed in the random encounters, they will note that the icon and the statue are similar in appearance.

### B. Bird Village

The PCs have come upon the land of a flock of eblis, evil jungle birds which have little regard for humans and demi-humans. The eblis village sits in the center of what the birds consider their territory. The huts, which are woven from the nearby grasses and leaves,



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are difficult to discern from the foliage. Only rangers or characters skilled in animal lore, who carefully scan the area, can determine that the clumps are huts.

One eblis is always posted in the trees as a sentry. He is alert for trespassing goblins; Tabaxi, who hunt the birds for food and their plumage; and dinosaurs which threaten the village. If the sentry spots a dinosaur that he believes the eblis cannot handle, he cries a warning for the eblis to take to the trees.

If the PCs have taken precautions to be quiet, there is a 25% chance they will spot the eblis sentry before the bird notices them. Otherwise, the sentry sees the PCs and squawks to his brothers to prepare an ambush. The eblis in the village enter their huts, waiting to pounce on the player characters while the spell-casting eblis prepares his spell assault.

Read the following as the PCs approach the village.

The foliage thins, and through the gaps in the leaves you see a marshy clearing with masses of tall grasses and broad leaves in clumps. The ground cover is thick. Insects buzz about, and faintly, over their annoying noise, you hear in Common, "Help me. Please, help me."

If the PCs check for tracks, a successful proficiency check reveals small lizard prints, a set of human prints (Tabaxi hunter), and the tracks of large avians. All of these tracks lead into the village. A second successful check shows that the human tracks are the oldest. If the PCs avoid the village, the eblis follow them, then swoop down to attack at the most opportune moment. However, if the PCs enter the village, the attack begins with the spell-casting eblis using a *change self* spell to make himself look like a wounded Tabaxi. The eblis/Tabaxi sticks his body partway out of the

hut, moans as if in pain, and slips back inside.

The birds hope the PCs come into the center of the huts, where the birds can rush out and easily attack them.

The spell casting eblis will use its *wall of fog* to cut off the PCs' escape, *hypnotic pattern* and *hypnotism* to hold one or more PCs in place, and *blur* to aid its own defense. The eblis do not fight to the death. If three of them are killed, the remainder try to flee.

**Eblis (7):** INT Average; AL Neutral evil; AC 3; MV 12, FL 12©; HD 4+4; hp 16, 20, 21, 22, 24, 24, 26; THAC0 15; #AT 4; Dmg 1-4; SA Nil; SD +1 on all saving throws against fire-based attacks, -1 for each die of damage from fire-based attacks; MR Nil; ML 16; S L (8' tall); XP 650

**Eblis (1):** INT Exceptional; AL Neutral evil; AC 3; MV 12, FL 12 ©; HD 4+4; hp 29; THAC0 15; #AT 4; Dmg 1-4; SA Spells; SD +1 on all saving throws against fire-based attacks, -1 for each die of damage from fire-based attacks; MR Nil; ML 16; S L (8' tall); XP 1,400

This eblis is the leader of the village. He can use the following spells each day: *change self*, *hypnotism*, *spook*, *wall of fog*, *blur*, *hypnotic pattern*.

If the PCs defeat the eblis, they can search the clearing and locate four huts. Two of the huts each contain an egg. The eblis' treasure is woven into the interior of the huts. If the PCs spend an hour poking through the grasses of each hut, they can find an assortment of shards of colorful glass, painted beads, broken pottery, bits of armor, three daggers (one of them diamond-edged and naturally +2), a silver spoon (engraved with the symbols of the Waterdeep navy and worth 90 gp), a dozen small gems (each worth 25 gp), and a silver ring set with a tiny, flawless emerald (worth 1,000 gp). The eblis eggs are fertile and will hatch in 2d8 days if kept warm. The eblis eggs



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are each worth 50 gp. Eblis chicks can be sold for five times that amount.

### C. Kuro Village

This is the largest village of Kuro goblins in this part of Chult. The goblins, who have named themselves after their gorgosaurus dinosaur god, are commanded by a warrior queen. She is cruel, hateful, and unforgiving.

The Batiri village is unusual. Most settlements of Batiri are not permanent and are moved to accommodate hunters and to keep the Tabaxi from locating the goblins. Only a handful of villages have remained on one spot for more than a year, and this is one of them. The Kuro village has been here for nearly seven years. These goblins located near the dwarven emerald mine and established trade with the albino miners. The goblins and dwarves profit from the arrangement, even though both peoples are cautious of each other.

The PCs can come upon the village by following the treasure map, wandering aimlessly, or by being captured by the goblin hunting party and brought here to serve as slaves or sacrifices. If the PCs are not careful, they will be rendered weaponless, and if they display magic, spellcasters quickly will find themselves swarmed. The numbers of goblins in this village are likely too great for the PCs to overcome. PCs who attempt to fight will discover they cannot defeat everything in Chult. In addition, when the PCs get too close to the village, they will set off magical totems that warn the Kuro Batiri of intruders. The totems are four to five feet tall and have carved goblin faces at the top. When non-Batiri humanoids pass by such a totem, it begins to scream "intruder" in the Batiri dialog. Only a silence spell, or the act of a Batiri, will keep the totem from screaming. The totems alert the entire village. Within three rounds, bands of 20 Kuro Batiri are sent out to capture the humanoids.

Read or paraphrase the following when the PCs see the village:

Dozens of huts crowd bushes and trees. The huts are small, not more than five or six feet in height, and they appear well-made. Each hut is a little different from those around it, and none are the same size. Several are hard to make out, as vines grow up their sides, masking them. Smoke drifts upward from several small, stone chimneys. In the background you hear the laughter of children and a tune drifting on the breeze.

Walking between the huts are green men and women, none of them taller than four feet. Their features are goblinoid. Nearly all of them wear loin cloths, and several wear makeshift jewelry. An organized group of green men walks back and forth between the huts, spears held at their sides. This is perhaps the village security.

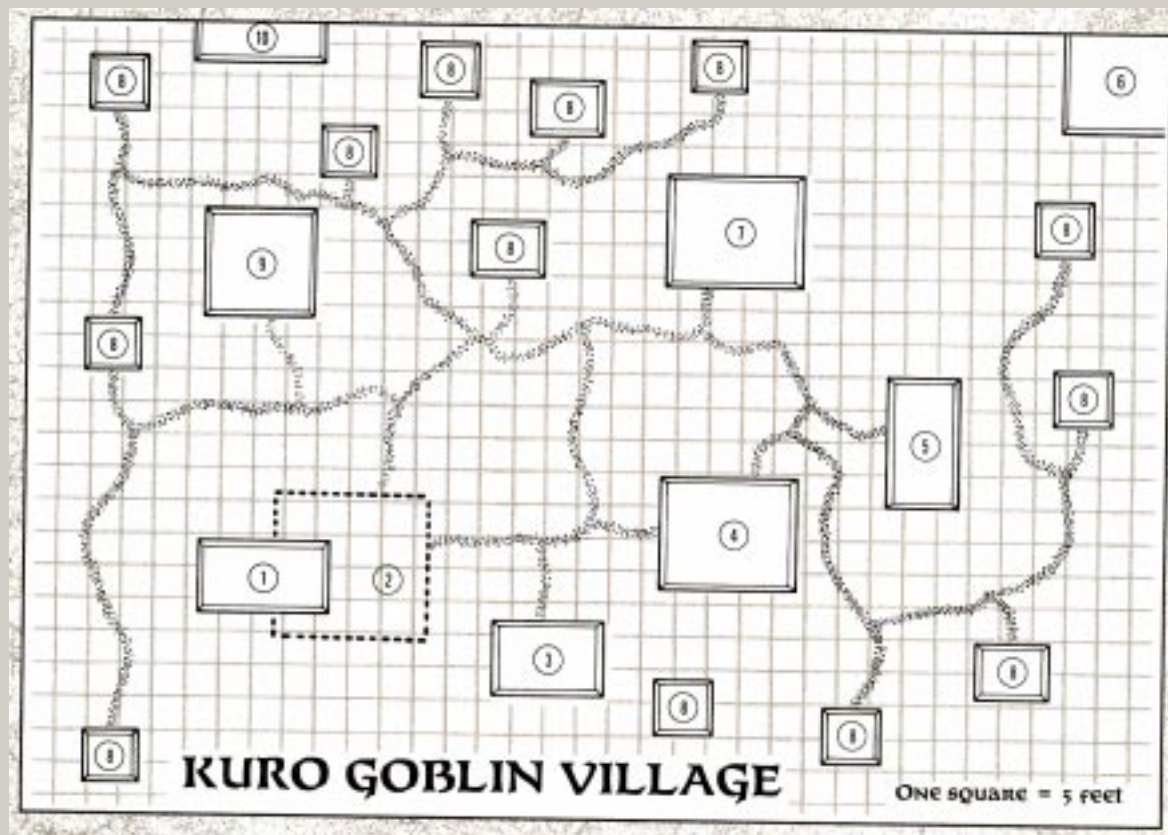
If the PCs were led to the village by the hunting party the totems will not scream. The player characters will be stripped of their weapons and thrown into the slave hut. It is up to them to devise a means of escape. The slave hut is marked on the map and detailed below. Each building is described in the event the PCs enter and explore them.

If the PCs approach the village on their own, they will be spotted by sentries the moment they get within sight of the huts, and they will be subject to the totems' screams. The PCs can only approach undetected if they use magic to cloak their presence. If the PCs are spotted and do not come into the village, a hunting party of 30 regular and warrior goblins is assembled and sent out to capture them.

If the PCs walk into the village of their own volition, they will be cautiously greeted and



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treated with a veneer of respect. They are ushered before the Kuro queen. The goblins want information from the PCs and want to learn about their abilities before reducing them to food for Ubtao's children. Refer to the queen's home section.

If anytime during their stay in the village the PCs provoke a confrontation with the goblins or use magic, the goblins in the village swarm them. The goblins will come in waves every three rounds. The goblins fight to subdue them. The goblins do not want to kill the PCs, as dead humans and demi-humans do not make good sacrifices. When the PCs are defeated, they are tossed into the slave hut to await the evening sacrifice. PCs at 0 hit points or below are healed so they have 1d4 hit points. Healthy PCs are bound. Magic-using PCs are

stuck with arrows coated with sleep poison to keep them quiet.

Refer to the keyed map on p. 50 and consult the matching entries below to determine the number and strength of goblins at each location. The goblins are detailed following the buildings. All of the huts are made of reeds and bamboo tied tightly together by vines and thin ropes. The roofs are thatch painted with a rubbery sap that comes from nearby trees; this makes them virtually water-proof.

**1) Slave Hut:** This is the largest hut, and the tallest. It is effectively a thatched building placed on top of a 10-foot-deep pit. There is one door, and it is latched from the outside. The village's slaves are kept here, as is an occasional goblin who offends the queen. The



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exterior of the hut is clean and in good repair. However, the stench of unclean bodies wafts out. The slave hut is guarded by two warriors stationed in front of the door and three warriors stationed behind the hut to discourage the slaves from breaking through the bamboo and escaping. If an escape is attempted, the guards on either side of the building sound an alert. Three rounds later, six warrior goblins and six regular goblins arrive; three rounds later, another dozen join them. Eventually, all the village's warriors will join in the search.

The interior of the slave hut is one large pit where the slaves are kept. At any given time there are 4d6 Tabaxi slaves. While demihuman slaves are usually rare, there happen to be a pair of half-elf/half-Tabaxi present. The slaves are malnourished, some of them are sick, and several have been beaten.

If the PCs are brought here as slaves, the other slaves in the hut initially will keep their distance. The slaves have grown distrustful of everyone and have abandoned hope of escaping. If the PCs work to win the slaves' confidence, they can learn the following:

- \* There are more than a hundred Batiri in this village. They all worship an ugly goblin god. They do not understand that the true power in the jungle is Ubtao. The goblins make sacrifices to their ugly god, using disobedient slaves and elves, which they rarely find. The goblins believe that their god takes the form of a large dinosaur. The slaves say it is important to behave and to do what the Batiri order—otherwise you could end up as dinosaur food. Most of the slaves also recognize Ubtao as a deity. However, some are skeptical that the dinosaurs are his offspring.

- \* The queen of the goblins is a powerful fighter, and none in the village challenges her. She orders the goblins about at her slightest whim.

- \* There is a shaman in the village, a goblin who is the younger brother of the queen. He

is the only one allowed to use magic in public. He decides who will be sacrificed to the god's dinosaur form.

- \* A sacrifice is made each time the moon is full and each time it disappears from the sky. The moon will be full tonight.

- \* The slaves will not help the PCs escape. In fact, a few of the slaves indicate they will call the guards if the PCs make such an attempt. The slaves do not want to be blamed for helping the PCs break free, and they believe if they stop an escape they will be rewarded with extra food. The PCs must somehow convince the slaves to not interfere with an escape or must silence them.

- \* The slaves know little about "the heart of the jungle," other than that the Batiri claim to own it. One slave heard a goblin warrior talk about the heart inside a goblin shrine. The slaves say there is a ruined temple to the northeast of this village, across the crevice. Perhaps the shrine is there.

**2) Slave Pen:** This area is fenced in by four-and-one-half-foot tall bamboo posts. Twine is strung between the posts, and thorny jeklpa vines grow up the posts and across the twine. The pen has one gate, which is guarded by two goblin warriors.

Slaves trying to escape the pen by going through or over the fence are subject to damage by the jeklpa vine. Slaves who can manage to clear the fence avoid the vine, but must deal with their goblin guards.

If the player characters are in the pen, they can see that the warrior goblin guards stay several feet away from the fence. If the guards notice an escape or escape attempt, they sound an alarm. Three rounds later a dozen regular and warrior goblins arrive.

**Vine, jeklpa (5):** INT Nil; AL Nil; AC 8; MV 0; HD 5; hp 30 each; THAC0 Nil; #AT 1; Dmg 1-3; SA Venom; SD Venom; MR Nil; ML Nil; S L (8' long sections); XP 420 each



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A strong paralytic venom runs through the vines, leaves, and thorns of the jeklpa plant. This liquid can be spotted by closely examining the plant. Any creature coming into contact with the plant is likely to be scratched by thorns, which cause only 1-3 points of damage. However, once the skin is broken the venom can ooze inside and paralyze the victim. Creatures scratched by the thorns must save vs. paralysis at -4 or fall still upon the plant for 1d4 turns. In the jungle, this invites predators to finish off the victims. The plant gains nutrients from the rotting remains.

Creatures attacking the vine with edged weapons are subject to venom spurts. These creatures must save vs. paralysis or fall still for 1d4 rounds. If the plant is killed, the venom is assumed dispersed and is no longer a threat.

**3) Goblin Warriors' Hut:** There are 1d6 warrior goblins here at any given time. This sparsely-furnished, three-room building is home to one dozen warriors. Spears, arrows, and the mounted heads of large lizards line the walls. The floor is bare, and the bunks are little more than reedy mattresses. The goblins' wealth is stored in the mattresses. A total of 15 very old gold pieces, 14 sp, three silvered daggers, and an ornate dagger sheath (worth 80 gp) can be found. The gold pieces are antique and worth three times their face value.

**4) Goblin Warriors' Hut:** There are 1d4 goblin warriors here at any given time. This is furnished similar to the previous hut. A total of 21 antique gp, 29 sp, a serrated-edged dagger (non-magical, but +1 because of its fine workmanship), and a dinosaur-tooth necklace can be found by searching the mattresses.

**5) Hunters' Hut:** This three-room building is kept immaculately clean and vermin free. The front room holds weapons—spears,

short bows, arrows, lizardskin quivers, and knives (none of them magical). In addition, there is a pot of sleep poison, enough to coat 80 arrows. There are 1-3 goblins here during daylight hours, repairing or making weapons. If the PCs' weapons were confiscated, they will be in this room.

The back two rooms are used for storing and smoking the meat brought in by the hunters. During daylight hours there is always a goblin here working.

**6) Shaman's Home:** There is a 30% chance the shaman is here at any given time. The exterior of this hut is gaudy and decorated with wooden shields painted with the visages of various dinosaurs. Each dinosaur is painted green, but has streaks of colorful paint zigzagging across its face.

This hut sits back from the others to help give its occupant distance and superiority over the rest of the tribe. Those approaching to within 10 yards of the building note an unusual scent; this comes from a small brazier that is always burning near the doorway to the hut. The incense is harmless.

The interior is one room, a combination sleeping quarters and audience chamber. It is more elaborately furnished than the warriors' huts, having a raised bed, carved wooden chairs and small tables, and lanterns (all stolen from a Tabaxi village). The walls are decorated with more paintings of Ubtao's children, these in their natural colors. A shelf on the wall near the bed is filled with rolled up sheets of parchment. Behind the parchment is the shaman's spell components.

The parchments are filled with pictures and writings about dinosaurs. If the PCs read these scrolls, the DM should provide some of the information about dinosaurs listed in the *FORGOTTEN REALMS® Monstrous Compendium™*, Volume Three. The shaman's treasure is kept in a scroll tube under his bed: 30 antique gp, 2 pp, 4 gp,



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in village; MR Nil; ML 15; SZ S (4' tall); XP 65 each

The damage applies to goblins carrying weapons. Only one-fourth of these goblins have weapons on them, and these consist of short bows, quivers with 8 arrows, and twin hatchets.

The unarmed goblins can acquire weapons in eight rounds by running to the hunters' hut.

**Batiri, Kuro (children) (30):** INT Average; AL Neutral evil; AC 6; MV 12; HD 2; hp 4 each; THAC0 19; #AT 2; Dmg 1-3/1-3 (claws); SA Nil in village; SD Nil in village; MR Nil; ML 15; SZ S (2' to 3' tall); XP 35 each

**Goblin Warriors, Kuro (35):** INT Average; AL Neutral evil; AC 6; MV 12; HD 3; hp 18 each; THAC0 17; #AT 2; Dmg 1-6/1-6 (arrows) or 1-4+1/1-4+ 1 (hatchets and STR bonus) or 1-4/1-4 (claws); SA Nil in village; SD Nil in village; MR Nil; ML 15; SZ S (4' tall); XP 120 each

**Goblin Shaman, Kuro (1):** INT Very; AL Neutral evil; AC 3; MV 12; HD 7; hp 35; THAC0 16; #AT 2; Dmg 1-4/1-4+ 1 (hatchets) or 1-3/1-3 (claws); SA Spells; SD Spells; MR Nil; ML 16; SZ S (4' tall); XP 650

Spells: 1st level— *phantasmal force, cure light wounds, cure light wounds*; 2nd level— *chant, bind, web*; 3rd level— *hold person, suggestion, prayer*; 4th level— *cure serious wounds*

*Magic items:* (BI) *Bracers of defense* AC 7, four vials of *ryath root cream* (each vial contains two doses, each dose curing 1d4 points of damage), non-magical hatchet (naturally +1 due to fine quality)

Erytulk, the village shaman, believes he is the most powerful Batiri shaman in all of Chult because of the number of spells at his command daily. Erytulk is a greedy Batiri, wanting as much wealth and power as his position allows. He envies the queen and

desires control of the village, but he knows the goblins would never accept a spellcaster as their leader. Still, he works to exert his control by offering his council to the queen and making occasional *suggestions* to her.

If the PCs provoke a fight, Erytulk elects to first use his *chant* and *prayer* spells to increase the fighting abilities of his people. He follows this with *hold person* on a PC spellcaster, and web anchored to the huts on PC fighters, trying to avoid binding the goblins.

Erytulk retreats if he feels his life threatened.

**Goblin Queen (1):** INT Very; AL Neutral evil; AC 2; MV 12; HD 6; hp 42 each; THAC0 15; #AT 2; Dmg 1-4+2/1-4+2 (hatchets +1 and STR bonus) or 1-4/1-4 (claws); SA Nil in village; SD Nil in village; MR Nil; ML 15; SZ S (4' tall); XP 270

Irtana, the leader of this tribe, is a respected fighter who earned her title through combat. Her orders are obeyed without question, as under her rule the village thrives and has a good supply of slaves and sacrifices. The goblins over the past few years who questioned her orders ended up in the bellies of dinosaurs.

She is cruel, relishes making slaves frightened and uncomfortable, and enjoys tormenting lesser creatures.

In her dealings with the player characters, she acts aloof, attentive, and makes it clear she is in charge of their fates.

### D. Emerald Mine

The Chult dwarven mine is a simple affair, and relatively new. This clan exhausted their previous mine two years ago and opened this new one many miles to the north after finding a trace of emeralds in their samplings. They have fashioned two large chambers for their living accommodations, and a small one to house the Kuro Batiri who work for them.



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anchored to the platform. These are used for lowering sacrifices into the crevice. A brass gong sits back from the platform.

The crevice is 30 feet across and 60 feet deep at this point. The crevice runs a mile in either direction, gently rising to meet with the surrounding landscape at its ends.

During the ceremony, the PCs will be brought to the platform. They will have their wrists and ankles bound, their weapons taken, and they will be lowered into the crevice just as night falls. Once at the bottom, the vines that lowered them will be cut, a gong will sound repeatedly, and a loud thrashing sound begins. The PCs have 12 rounds to escape before one of Ubtao's children comes to dine on them.

DMs should allow reasonable escape attempts to work, such as PCs wriggling free of their bonds (with a successful Dexterity check, perhaps), cutting the twine on sharp rocks, etc. Unless the PCs had weapons concealed on them, they will not be able to defend themselves against the dinosaur. If spellcasters were stripped of their components, they will not be able to cast some of their spells.

The only objects at the bottom of the crevice are bones and the long twine ropes that held previous victims. Crafty PCs can use the ropes to help them climb the crevice walls to freedom. Because the walls are jagged, thieves receive a +20% bonus to their climb walls ability.

It is up to the PCs to decide whether to escape or fight one of Ubtao's very large children. Read the following if the PCs are around to see the dinosaur arrive:

The ground shakes and a massive head breaks through the brush. In the light from the full moon overhead you see jagged teeth, seemingly grinning at you. The creature's front legs are small, batting aside the bushes as its muscular rear legs

propel it over the ground. Its long, leather tail swishes slowly as the dinosaur thunders along. The thing must be 30 feet long.

If the PCs searched through the parchment in the shaman's home, they can recognize this dinosaur as a gorgosaurus, a creature capable of delivering a particularly nasty bite.

**Gorgosaurus (1):** INT Non; AL Nil; AC 5; MV 15; HD 13; hp 78; THAC0 7; #AT 3; Dmg 1-3/1-3/7-28; SA Nil; SD Nil; MR Nil; ML 11; S G (30' long); XP 5,000

The dinosaur is aggressive and fights to the death.

**Aftermath/Escaping:** If the PCs defeated the dinosaur, the goblins above will be furious. No one kills the children of Ubtao! However, the goblins will not attack the PCs if they exit the crevice or climb the walls on the other side of the village. PCs returning to the village will be attacked.

If the PCs tried to escape before the dinosaur arrived, they can run east and risk the possibility of the dinosaur catching up with them because of its quick movement rate, run west—and right into the dinosaur, or they can climb the crevice wall. It is important to note which side of the crevice they climb. The goblins will be furious if the PCs escape on the other side, but the goblins will not pursue them.

If the PCs are weaponless, they might wish to return to the village to attempt to reclaim their possessions. DMs should pay attention to their methods and precautions and determine their chance for success.

**Batiri, Kuro (60):** INT Average; AL Neutral evil; AC 6; MV 12; HD 2; hp 8 each; THAC0 19; #AT 2; Dmg 1-6/1-6 (arrows) or 1-4/1-4 (hatchets) or 1-3/1-3 (claws); SA Nil in village; SD Nil





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in village; MR Nil; ML 15; SZ S (4' tall); XP 65 each

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In her dealings with the player characters, she acts aloof, attentive, and makes it clear she is in charge of their fates.

### D. Emerald Mine

The Chult dwarven mine is a simple affair, and relatively new. This clan exhausted their previous mine two years ago and opened this new one many miles to the north after finding a trace of emeralds in their samplings. They have fashioned two large chambers for their living accommodations, and a small one to house the Kuro Batiri who work for them.



## Heart of The Jungle

The necessities handled, they recently began work on a tunnel that is being mined for the precious gems.

There are 40 albino dwarves operating the mine. They are lead by a dwarven cleric who has several acolytes. They keep their brothers spiritually and physically healthy.

When the PCs come upon this area, read or paraphrase the following:

The grasses have been tramped down in this large clearing, and small footprints are visible in the damp ground. Here and there are dinosaur tracks and what looks like the marks left from wheels. The foliage on the edges of the clearing is thick, practically obscuring the large rocks. Through the broad leaves you see the beginning of a hill. Faint sounds drift across the scene. Odd sounds, metallic.

The entrance to the mine is hidden behind carefully-tended bushes. The dwarves do not want visitors, nor do they want their operation discovered. The mining sounds are coming from underground, in the tunnel where the dwarves and goblins are working. As the mine gets older, and the tunnel deeper, no sounds will be heard above ground.

PCs with the nonweapon tracking proficiency can identify the tracks as belonging to goblins, dwarves, and to large dinosaurs similar to the one they saw in the sink hole earlier. A successful tracking proficiency check shows the footprints lead to a massive bush. The sound of metal against rock is louder here, and bits of rock can be seen around the bush.

PCs who part the bush come face-to-face with a pair of albino dwarven sentries, who sound the alarm and demand the PCs identify themselves. The dwarves will not attack unless they are threatened. In addition, if a few days have passed since the PCs aided the pair of

dwarves in rescuing their monoclonius, those dwarves will vouch for the PCs as good-intentioned and honorable. In this instance, or if the PCs prove they mean no harm, they are quickly invited inside. The dwarves do not want any nearby ptera-men or goblin patrols seeing travelers talking to bushes.

The PCs will be lead to one of the dwarven living chambers, where characters without *infravision* will find it impossible to see. The dwarves will not allow the PCs deeper in the mine.

The use of lanterns and light spells is forbidden, and any PCs using them will be chastised and looked down upon. The dwarven leader demands they explain how they found the mine. He wants the PCs to promise they will not give away the location, nor will they come back. That business out of the way, he quizzes them about activities above ground, the strength of any nearby goblin communities, and the location of ptera-men. If the PCs have not yet encountered the ptera-men, the leader describes them as tall lizard men that do not have tails.

If the PCs came from the goblin village and are weaponless, the dwarves provide each PC with a pick or spear for defense. These weapons are not the diamond-edged weapons used by the dwarves. However, the PCs can acquire these items by trading. See the information presented on the albino dwarves in the front section of this book. If the PCs have magic, gold, or other items for trade, the dwarves will barter with value-for-value in emerald shards and cut gems.

If pressed or questioned thoroughly the albino dwarves grudgingly explain they mine emeralds, which are sought after by spellcasters and merchants. They trade for weapons, wine, ale, magic weapons, and magic items. They are especially fond of decanters of *endless water*, even though the decanters do not always function for them. They work with the Kuro Batiri in the neighboring village. It is a



## Heart of The Jungle



cautions relationship, with the dwarves not trusting the emerald-skinned men. Still, the goblins are good workers, and so far the relationship has worked.

The dwarves know well the tales of “the heart of the jungle.” In fact, the dwarven leader claims he mined the stone years ago. If the PCs ask about the heart, read the following:

The old albino dwarf rubs his long beard, twirls the end in a white, stubby finger, and closes his eyes. “The heart. Yes, I know the heart. I mined it, cut it. Bigger than a dwarf’s fist, it is, and more brilliant than the cursed Chult sun. It was seventy years ago I cut it. Seventy years ago I tried

to sell it to a rich merchant from a place called Sembia. It was a rough trip to the Tabaxi village, where I was to meet the merchant. I don’t like the light, and traveling above ground was taxing. Still, I knew the gem would fetch a price like no other, so I went.

“The merchant was awed, as were all the Tabax—and then the goblins streamed in, surprising and terrorizing us all. I lived, as did half the Tabaxi. The merchant died. The gem was taken.

“I hear the goblins still have the heart. Where, I couldn’t say. I don’t care. Gems that large only bring about death and court evil.”



## Heart of The Jungle

The PCs can get no more useful information from the dwarves. However, they can learn about the albino dwarves and their mannerisms.

The player characters are welcome to rest here. However, the dwarves want them to leave early in the morning, as they must get back to work.

**Dwarves, Chult (40):** INT Average; AL N; AC 6; MV 9; HD 3; hp 15 each; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1-8+1 (barbed spears and STR bonus); SA +1 to hit in darkness; SD Nil; ML 15; SZ S (4' tall); XP 65 each

**Batiri, Kuro (18):** INT Average; AL Neutral evil; AC 6; MV 12; HD 2; hp 8 each; THAC0 19; #AT 2; Dmg 1-6/1-6 (arrows) or 1-4/1-4 (hatchets) or 1-3/1-3 (claws); SA Nil in village; SD Nil in village; MR Nil; ML 15; SZ S (4' tall); XP 65 each

### E. Medicine Man

Partway up the face of the hillside is a series of caves. A druid from the northern Realms lives in the largest of these, and his people, a band of Tabaxi, live in the other caves. It is not difficult to find the homes, as well-traveled trails lead up the mountain. Tabaxi from villages in the jungle, as well as rare bands of elves and occasional albino dwarves, make their way here for healing balms.

The druid attempts to be a recluse, but the Tabaxi who dwell near him keep that from happening. Still, he is quiet, brooding, and absorbed with the plants of Chult. He has made his life's work studying them, and he uses them to heal the sick and injured.

PCs who travel up the trail will be spotted unless they are invisible. They will be greeted by Tabaxi children, and shortly thereafter by the Tabaxi elder.

If the PCs arrive during the day, the Tabaxi explain that they cannot meet with the great

druid. He is out gathering plants for study and he must not be interrupted during this time. The Tabaxi will not tell the player characters where he is, as the Tabaxi know that the druid values his time alone. Not even the Tabaxi bother him while he is collecting the plants. However, the Tabaxi say the PCs are welcome to stay and wait for him. The Tabaxi will go on at great length about how wonderful is Arvo the druid, the great plant man. If the PCs prove an attentive audience, the Tabaxi regale them with stories of how he saved their entire village when the people were dying of a strange disease. Ever since then, the Tabaxi adopted him and live near his cave on the mountain.

The Tabaxi elder will not allow the PCs to enter the druid's cave when he is not at home.

**Tabaxi children (12):** INT Average; AL Neutral good; AC 8 (Dex); MV 12; HD 1; hp 3 each; THAC0 20; #AT Nil; Dmg Nil; SA Nil; SD Nil; MR Nil; ML 13; SZ S-M (3' to 5' tall); XP 15 each

**Tabaxi adults (21):** INT Average; AL Neutral good; AC 9 (Dex); MV 12; HD 1; hp 5 each; THAC0 20; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4 (knife); SA Nil; SD Nil; MR Nil; ML 15; S M (5' tall); XP 15 each

**Tabaxi elder (1):** INT Very; AL Neutral good; AC 10; MV 12; HD 4 (F4); hp 32; THAC0 17; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (short sword); SA Nil; SD Nil; MR Nil; ML 15; S M (5' tall); XP 120 each

The druid, a human in his mid-60s, arrives at the mountain shortly before sunset. He is laden down with small leather sacks filled with plants. He grudgingly greets any PCs; the druid does not appreciate this unexpected company. Still, he agrees to meet with the PCs, as he assumes talking to them will make them go away faster. Despite his age, the druid is agile, muscular, and likely as healthy as the youngest PC.



## Heart of The Jungle

If the PCs are weaponless because of their encounter at the goblin village, the druid provides them with three long swords, a short sword, two spears, and three wooden shields. None of the arms are magical. Arvo does not want people wandering defenseless in the jungle.

Eventually, the PCs will be invited into his cave. When this occurs, read the following.

The cave is large, clean, and surprisingly cool given the heat of the jungle outside. Lanterns line the wall, providing plenty of light.

Most of the interior of the cave is taken up with tables and shelves filled with fruit, vials, and bowls of various mixtures. Dried plants are stacked and labeled, and sheets of parchment lie everywhere.

Behind the workspace is a large bed that looks plush and comfortable. From a perch near the bed, a bright green bird squawks at you.

"That's Worry," Arvo says, pointing at the bird. He reaches for a banana, peels it, and takes a few bites. "She's a friend. She won't bother you unless you get too close. She's been known to snap off fingers." With that the man squawks and chitters at the bird, then returns his attention to you.

If any of the PCs are injured, Arvo heals them to full hit points through his assorted balms. If the PCs are sick because of falling in the sink holes near the goblin idol (or from any other source), he cures them of their diseases as well.

Depending on the PCs' questions, Arvo provides the following information:

\* Originally from Ravens Bluff, far, far away, Arvo came to Chult to study the plants. He heard legends that they held the key to heal-

ing the world's ills. After years of research, he believes that is true.

\* Arvo has discovered several compounds that when processed correctly have beneficial effects. These are detailed below. He will give the PCs samples if they provide him with gifts such as wine that he will keep for himself and trinkets that he can give to the Tabaxi. He is especially interested in potions that are non-curative.

\* He says most rumors in Chult have a basis in fact. He has heard the tales of "the heart of the jungle" and is certain a gem of great proportions exists, likely in the goblin shrine north of the crevice. The Tabaxi stay away from the shrine, so there must be something terrible there. He also has heard a great evil is associated with it, probably guarding it. He learned from a Cormyrean merchant visiting his people yesterday that a small group of Harpers entered the jungle to search for the heart and the evil, but no one has heard from them. He suspects the evil they sought—or one of the dinosaurs in the jungle—killed them. Arvo has not ventured after the gem, as he has little use for material wealth.

\* Ubtao is indeed a god, and the druid has a great respect for him and the dinosaurs, which are called his Children. Still, Arvo believes there are greater forces in the jungle. "Nature is the real power in Chult," he says.

\* Arvo suggests they stay away from the goblin village. The goblins are numerous, ruled by a hateful queen, and there is nothing good that can come from a visit there.

\* He cautions the PCs not to use magic in front of Tabaxi. They believe only chosen individuals should command arcane forces.

\* He can provide directions to the dwarven emerald mine. However, he cautions the PCs that if they harm the dwarves or steal from them, the animals will tell him of their acts and he will seek revenge. The PCs will not be leaving Chult.



## Heart of The Jungle

### Salves and Balms

1) *Ryath* root: One dose of this mashed root cures 1d4 points of damage. Two doses cure 2d8 points; three doses bring on a sickness because of over-indulgence and cure no damage.

2) Ground *menga* leaves: When heated, turned to a liquid, and swallowed, one ounce heals 3d8 points of damage. Stronger doses are not recommended, as they cause unconsciousness.

3) *Bytter* nuts: When crushed and rubbed on an open wound, this compound heals 1d6 points of damage, even on unconscious victims.

4) *Sinda* berries: Swallowing a dozen of these dark brown berries will restore Strength and Constitution losses that are caused by poisons and diseases.

5) *Wildroot*: Rubbing the juices of this root on an open wound infected by a poison neutralizes the poison.

6) *Feather Skin*: The petals of this rare, pale blue flower have an astonishing curative power. By placing a petal on the tongue, it dissolves and rids the body of all diseases. The druid has only 12 petals, as the flowers are difficult to find.

If the PCs request healing compounds, he will give each PC up to 12 uses of any of the mixtures above, in a one-to-one trade. In other words, he would give up a *menga* root in exchange for a flask of wine. The exception is the petals; he will part with only two of these.

The druid invites the PCs to spend the night—with the Tabaxi. He prefers his privacy. They must leave in the morning, as he has much work to do—alone.

If the PCs attempt to fight the druid for his healing plants, the druid and Tabaxi fight to the death.

**Arvo, druid (1):** INT Genius; AL Neutral; AC 4 (*ring of protection* and Dex); MV 12; HD 10; hp 65; THAC0 14; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4 +3 (*dagger* +3); SA Spells, shape change; SD Spells: MR Nil; ML 15; S M (6' tall); XP 6,000

Spells: 1st— *animal friendship, invisibility to animals, locate animals or plants, entangle, pass without trace, create water*; 2nd— *charm person or mammal, messenger, snake charm, speak with animals, trip, warp wood*; 3rd— *hold animal, summon insects, spike growth, tree*; 4th— *giant insect, repel insects, plant door, speak with plants*; 5th— *anti-plant shell, pass plant*

Magic items: *ring of protection* +4, *dagger* +3

### F. Ptera-men Village

The ptera-men built their homes near the heart, hoping to unlock the secret that would let them claim the gem. The ptera-men will let the PCs pass through their village and reach the heart. They hope the adventurers can take the gem; then they will get the gem from the adventurers by ambushing them as they leave the shrine.

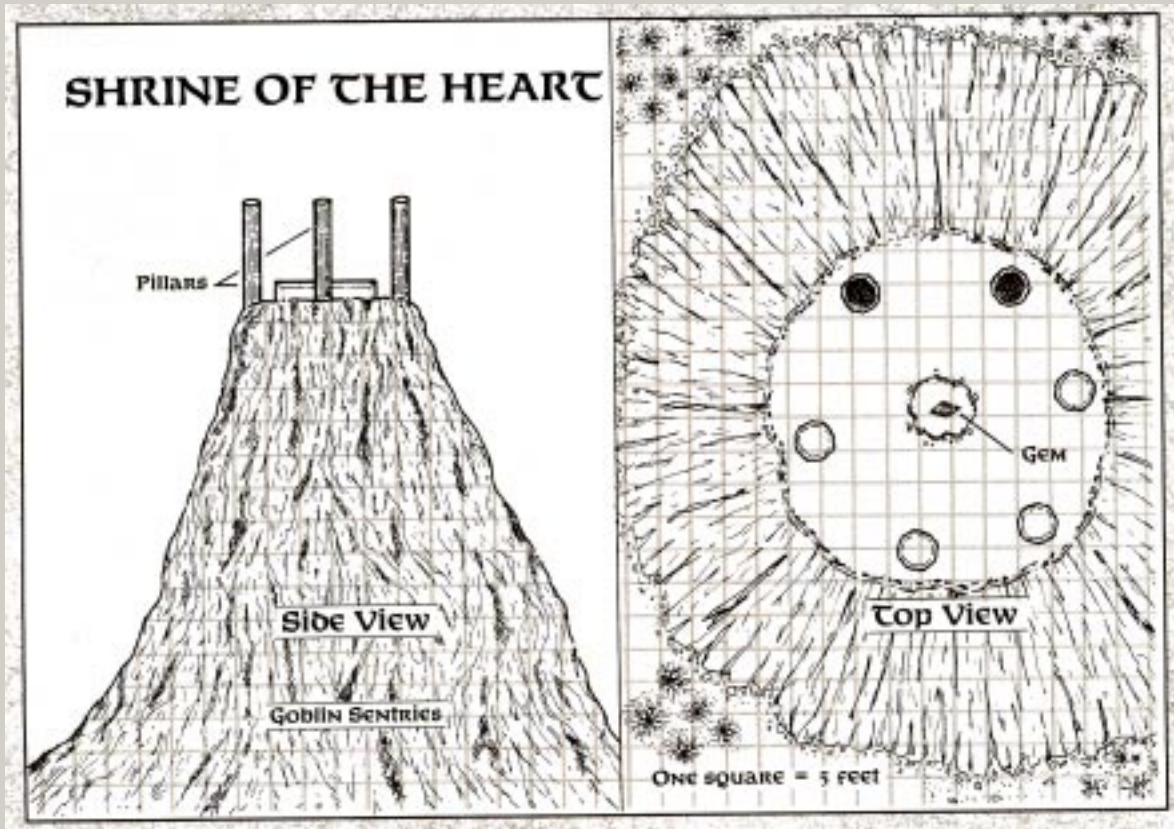
If the PCs climb up to the ptera-men's homes, the creatures, looking like tall lizard men, come out and order the PCs away. The ptera-men will attack only if the PCs do not leave or if they threaten the ptera-men.

The ptera-men's combat tactics are simple—swoop to the attack and fight with their claws and vicious bite. If one-third of the ptera-men are killed, the remainder retreat and plan to attack the PCs later when they are sleeping. Refer to *the Monstrous Compendium*™ entry at the back of this booklet for more information on the ptera-men.

If the PCs kill the ptera-men, they find a total of 120 gp, 80 sp, and a dozen emerald shards each worth 25 gp.



## Heart of The Jungle



**Ptera-men (14):** INT Average; AL Neutral evil; AC 4; MV 12, Fl 12 ©; HD 4; hp 22 each; THAC0 17; #AT 3; 1-4/1-4/2-7 or by weapon, 2-12 (barbed spear); SA Swoop; SD Nil; MR Nil; ML 17; S L (10' tall); XP 300 each

### G. Shrine of the Heart

The Shrine of the Heart sprang into being a little more than sixty years ago when an evil Tabaxi wizard, who was not permitted to practice magic, decided he must have the gem held by the goblins.

The wizard, using his spells to appear as the goblins' deity, Khurgorbaeyag, in his ankylosaurus form, wrested the gem from the Kuro goblins and demanded they serve him. The wizard had no intention of staying in

Chult long, as he feared the other Tabaxi would overcome him. However, he enjoyed the servitude of his "people," and hoped to uncover other precious emeralds even larger than the heart.

The wizard's actions were indeed noticed by the shamen of nearby Tabaxi tribes. They were shamed by the malice and greed of their tribesman and put into motion a plan to stop him—while keeping the Tabaxi people oblivious to their actions. The shamen of the tribes secretly gathered on a hill northeast of the goblin village. Covering their presence with magic, they lured the evil wizard to the hill.

There, a fierce battle ensued between a half-dozen shamen and the wizard. The magic that was unleashed had a horrible impact on the ground. The ground where they fought



## Heart of The Jungle

hardened to a marblelike finish, and the surrounding trees died and hardened as well. Three curious goblins who journeyed from their village to watch the display also became a permanent part of the shrine.

Eventually, the shamen overcame the wizard. However, just as they were about to deal a killing blow, he cast a *magic jar* spell that placed his soul in the gem. The shamen destroyed his body and placed the gem in the marbled skull of the evil wizard.

Combining their magic, the shamen *cursed* the marblelike shrine. "The people of Chult may look upon the gem, but not touch it. Forever will it remind them that violence is a part of life in the jungle, but greed is worse and can call down destruction."

The *curse* prevents natives of Chult from getting closer than 20 feet to the marble shrine. However, the curse does not pertain to the PCs, who were not born in Chult.

Refer to the map when running the shrine encounter. The shrine sits on a hillock covered with thorny vines. At the base of the hillock are eight goblin warrior guards; they are relieved every six to eight hours by more goblin warriors from the village. (Even though the Kuro Goblins are also affected by the curse, they guard the gem that was once theirs jealously—if they can't have it, nobody can.)

To reach the Shrine of the Heart, the PCs must get past the goblin warriors, climb over the vines, and deal with the "evil" at the top. The hill is 50 feet tall. PCs climbing up the hill are subject to damage from the thorny vines. Such PCs automatically suffer 1d4 points of damage for every 10 feet they climb.

The shrine itself consists of a circular platform ringed by six pillars. The platform is the jungle ground and plants solidified into marble-hardness from the magical battle. The pillars are the marbled trunks of former rubber-producing trees.

If the PCs overcome the goblins, the thorns,

and climb the hill, read the following when they reach the top:

A circle of dark green marble, nearly 60 feet in diameter, sits atop the hill. Ringing it are green marble pillars, carved to resemble tree trunks and the carved forms of three goblins. In the center, on a rock that is chiseled in the shape of a skull, rests the largest emerald you have ever seen. Its facets sparkle.

If the PCs cast *detect evil* or *detect magic*, they discover that the marble platform, tree trunks, skull and gem radiate both. Casting *dispel evil* will do nothing; casting *dispel magic* on the gem causes the spirit of the Tabaxi wizard to enter the marble skull.

Any PC who steps on the marble platform is subject to the wizard's *magic jar* spell. The wizard will attempt to possess a PC spellcaster, but will settle for any body to get away from Chult. Refer to the *magic jar* spell in the *Player's Handbook*. If the wizard is successful, he takes no actions against the PCs, attempting to fit in as one of them. He does not want to give the PCs a reason to suspect him, as the spells he has remaining in his memory after the fight with the avatar are few, and the PCs might not have the needed spell components to cast them.

The wizard's plan is to sneak away from the PCs at his first opportunity, book passage on a ship that will take him away from the jungle, and find a better body to occupy. He intends to start a new life in another land, where he can use his magic to terrorize an unsuspecting populace.

The wizard does not care if the PCs take the emerald. His soul sat inside it for so many decades that he wants nothing to do with it. Retrieving the emerald will destroy the spirit of the PC he replaced. See "Taking the Emerald" below.





## Heart of The Jungle

If the wizard is discovered, he attempts to flee, not wanting to lose this new body. If the body is killed, he is forced back into the gem, where he will attempt another *magic jar*. Destroying the gem destroys the wizard. Destroying the “new” body kills the PC who used to inhabit it.

**Taking the Emerald:** The emerald is embedded in the marble skull. The only way to retrieve it undamaged is to destroy the skull. The skull is treated as AC 0 and has 60 hit points; it is immune to weapons of less than +2. If the gem is retrieved, the PCs could sell it for up to 80,000 gp—provided they could get out of Chult alive with it. Another way to free the gem is to break it. The gem, because of the avatar’s curse, is treated as AC 1 and has 40 hit points. Striking the gem reduces it to shards, but does free it from the skull. The shards can be sold for a total of 15,000 gp.

**Tabaxi wizard (18th level)**, spells remaining in memory: *Magic missile, phantasmal force, protection from good, scare, spectral hand, suggestion, tongues, fear, fumble, false vision, feeblemind, ensnarement, mislead, clone, magic jar*; Xp 2,500

### Ending The Adventure

How the PCs return to their own land is up to them. They can find a Tabaxi village and book passage on a merchant ship. Or, they can attempt to draw the attention of passing ships from other countries.

Perhaps they will want to stay in Chult longer, to explore the jungle continent and find other dangers and riches that hide within its emerald embrace. Adventures in Chult can be endless.

# Pteraman

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|                  |                             |
|------------------|-----------------------------|
| CLIMATE/TERRAIN: | Any Jungle                  |
| FREQUENCY:       | Uncommon                    |
| ORGANIZATION:    | Tribal                      |
| ACTIVITY CYCLE:  | Day                         |
| DIET:            | Omnivore                    |
| INTELLIGENCE:    | Average                     |
| TREASURE:        | P (individual), E (in lair) |
| ALIGNMENT:       | Neutral evil                |

|                   |  |
|-------------------|--|
| NO. APPEARING:    | 10-100   |
| ARMOR CLASS:      | 4  |
| MOVEMENT:         | 12, Fl 12 <sup>®</sup> (with wings), FL 21 (B) (as pteradon) |
| HIT DICE:         | 4  |
| THACO:            | 16   |
| NO. OF ATTACKS:   | 3  |
| DAMAGE/ATTACKS:   | 1-4 1-4 /2-7 or by weapon                                    |
| SPECIAL ATTACKS:  | Swoop  |
| SPECIAL DEFENSES: | Nil  |
| MAGIC RESISTANCE: | Nil  |
| SIZE:             | L (10' tall)   |
| MORALE:           | Fanatic (17-18)  |
| XP VALUE:         | 175  |

From a distance, ptera-men are often mistaken for lizard men, which are also found in jungles. However, ptera-men are larger and leaner, reaching 10 or more feet tall. The scales that cover their torso and most of their arms and legs are small and smooth, like the skin of a snake. Ptera-men range in color from olive-green to forest-green to shades of tan, and on close inspection they more closely resemble flying saurians than lizard men. Their hands are long and end in sharp nails used for rending opponents. Their feet are clawed also and aid in climbing.

The most startling feature of ptera-men are their leather webbed wings, which do not appear until the creatures plummet in flight. Ptera-men will their wings to appear and disappear, often in a manner to throw opponents off guard.

In effect, ptera-men have three forms: that of a lizard man with no tail, a lizard man with webbed wings, and a miniature pteradon with a 15-foot wing span. This third form is achieved by a natural *polymorph* ability. No matter the form, a ptera-man's attacks and damage remain the same.

Scholars speculate that ptera-men are the ancestors of lizard men and that a group of them the ones still found in Chult, did not evolve. Adventurers who have encountered the creatures disagree, believing they are enchanted, related to pterodactyls and have nothing in common with the lizard men that populate the Realms. Adventurers and scholars agree that ptera-men are more vicious and mean-tempered than lizard men, and they seem bent on causing maliciousness. Indeed the ptera-men are cruel and self-centered, thinking only of themselves and their tribe.

**Combat:** Ptera-men care little for elaborate strategies, although they have been known to plan raids on small villages. The reptilians instead prefer to fight by their natural instincts, swooping down on opponents to quickly gain the upper hand. When encountered in smaller groups, the ptera-men are prone to fight with their claws and vicious bite. While in larger and more organized bands, they employ weapons, such as great barbed spears.

Often ptera-men circle opponents, coming at them from all directions to keep them from forming a defensive position.

The reptilians almost always attempt to employ their swoop attack against their victims. In such an attack, a ptera-man attains an altitude of 100 or more feet and then dives on an opponent, gaining speed and ramming the target with claws or a weapon.



Any successful hit on a swoop attack does double damage. Also, the opponent must make a successful Dexterity check or fall to the ground.

Ptera-men's favorite opponents are Tabaxi and goblins, who they consider competition for jungle land.

**Habitat/Society:** Ptera-men found in groups of 10 to 30 do not recognize a ruler, and are instead a chaotic group governed by the wants and needs of the loudest, most powerful individuals. Such groups are avoided by other bands of ptera-men, who do not want to get involved in petty squabbles over property, valuables and food.

Larger groups of ptera-men are more structured, usually patterning their society off the nearest human, goblin, or lizard man tribe. These groups are more successful hunters and pose a greater threat to nearby communities.

So matter the size of the group, all ptera-men communities tend to look the same—a collection of huts high in thick-trunked trees. From the ground it is often difficult to see these homes, as the thick vegetation obscures the ptera-men's handiwork. Each hut houses from one to four ptera-men. If more than one is found in a hut, it will be a mated pair and their offspring. Ptera-men mate for life and care for the children until they are old enough to go off on their own. These children leave the tribe and search for a new group to join. The parents do not want their offspring around to compete for food and valuables.

Ptera-men tend to collect things valued by nearby communities. For example, if the reptilians are found near Tabaxi, they are likely to value gems, jewelry and household items. Ptera-men living near goblins will collect trophies from their victims.

**Ecology:** Ptera-men are omnivorous, however adults favor freshly-killed meat. Delicacies include titanotheres, balucitherium, and axebeaks, which they often have to fly a considerable distance to find.

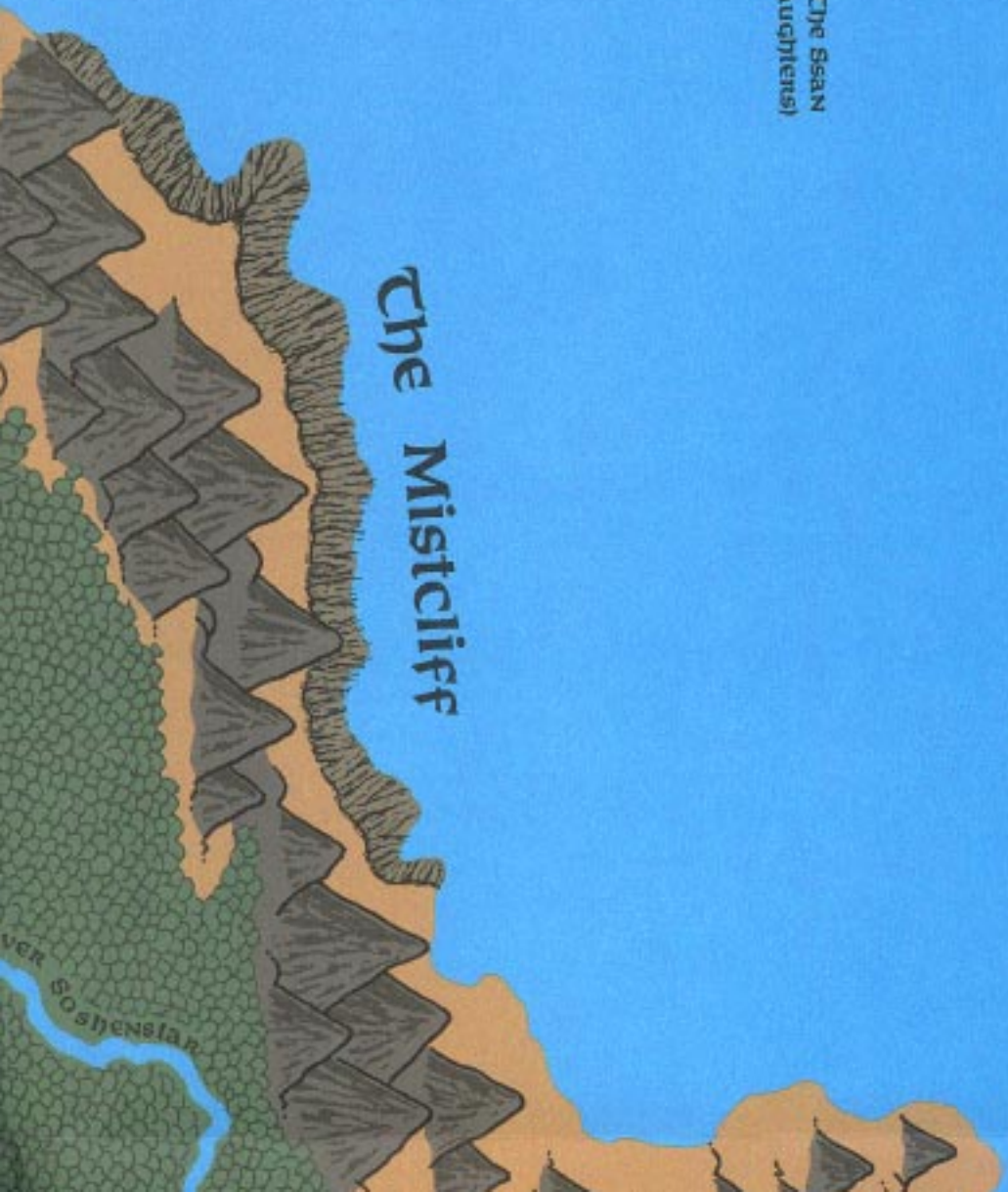
Their enemies are many, including goblins, Tabaxi, pterodactyls and pteranodons, the latter of which prey on small groups of ptera-men.

Mother-of-Mists



The Ssan  
(The Daughters)

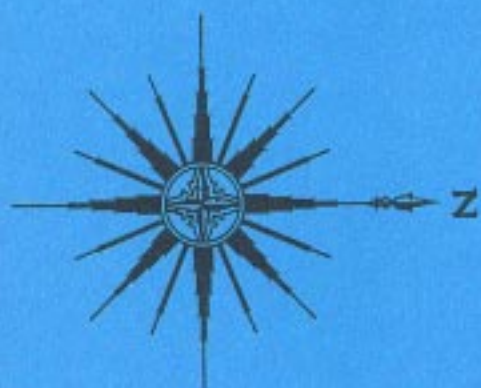
# The Mistcliff



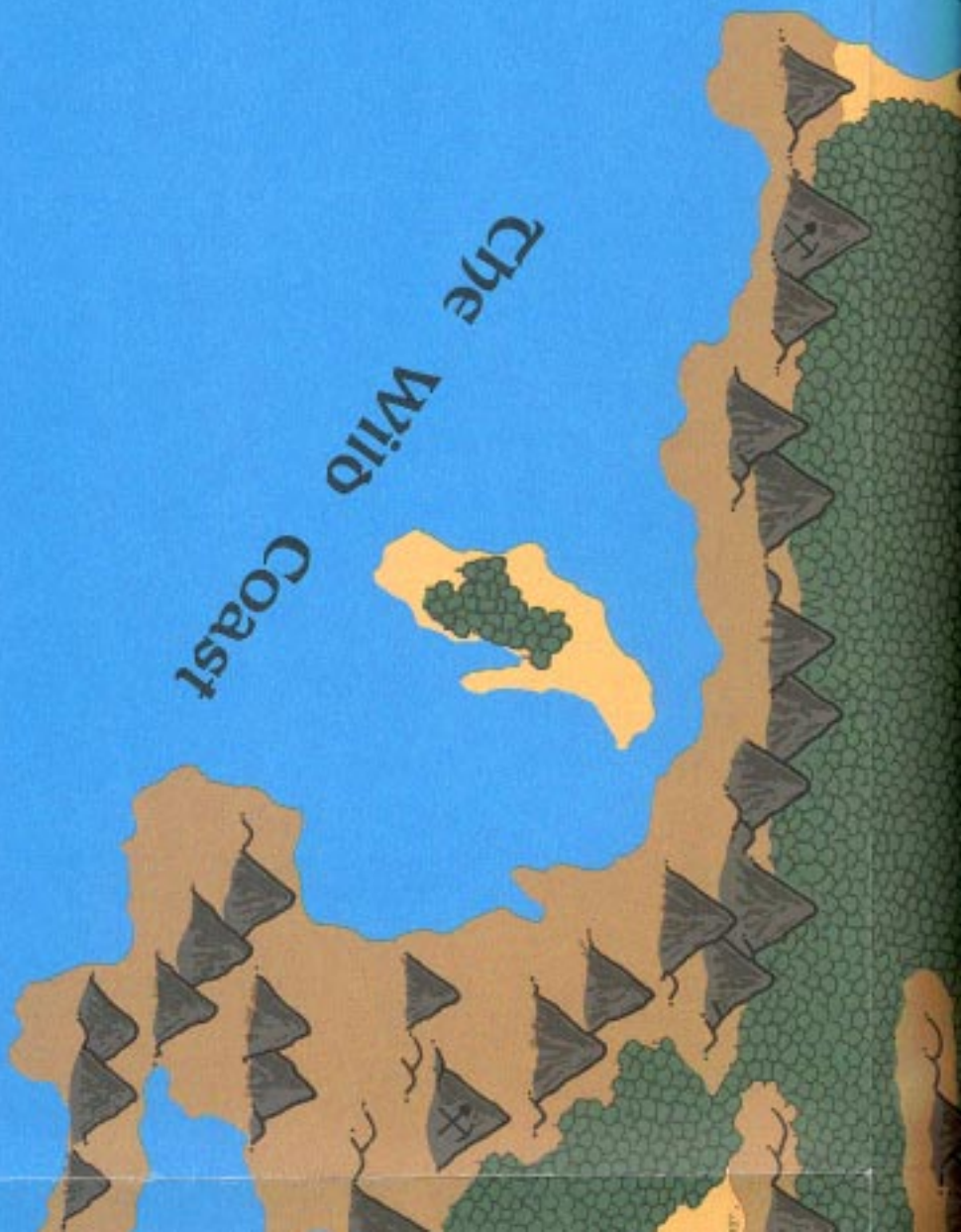
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# CRACKLESS SEA









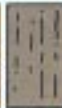









The Wild Coast



# FORGOTTEN REALMS

## CHULT

Scale: 1 inch = 30 miles

|   |                    |   |                     |
|---|--------------------|---|---------------------|
|  | MOUNTAINS (medium) |  | JUNGLE (heavy)      |
|  | FOOTHILLS          |  | FORESTED HILLS      |
|  | BARREN             |  | CLIFFS              |
|  | VOLCANO            |  | CITY                |
|  | PLAINS / GRASSLAND |  | TOWN                |
|  | CLEAR              |  | ROADS               |
|  | SWAMP              |  | SEA, LAKE,<br>RIVER |

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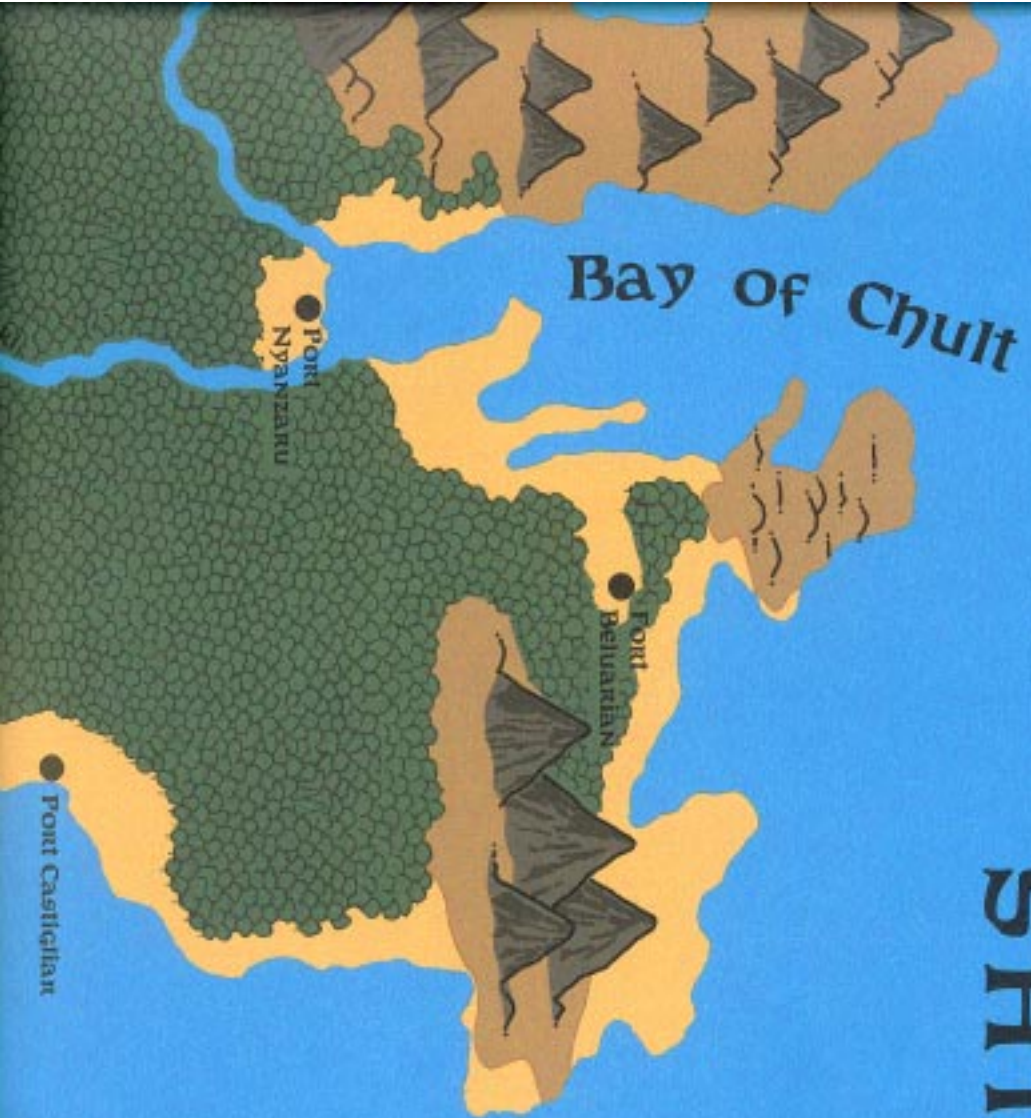
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THE

SHINING

SEA



Bay of Chult

Port  
Nyanzaru

Port  
Beluarian

Port  
Castellan

The Dawn  
Warrior



The Peaks of Flame

Lake Luo

River Olung

River Ciryki

Nai Wasites

Mezro

Port Castiglan

Ishau

Refuge Bay

The Challengair

WARRIOR





SNOUT OF OMGAR

SAMARACH

River Samar

Samarloch

Ramaten

The Samarloch

The Samarloch

**THE  
GREAT  
SEA**



SNO

To Ras T'fima's Camp

N



E

F

G

OLUNG RIVER





## The Jungles of Chult

by James Lowder and Jean Rabe

Come, all ye seekers after treasure beyond your ken and adventure greater than any you can dream!

Come, all ye mighty warriors, seekers after prey worthy of your peerless skills, and stalk the Children of Ubtao. Walk the streets of the city of Mezro, of the Maze of Life. Meet the barae, the holy warriors of Ubtao, those men and women who will live forever sustained by their wisdom and their faith.

Wizards, be prepared for new magical spells and new methods of magic use based on gemstones.

Search the jungles of Chult for the fabled emerald mines, for the Heart of the Jungle, a single gem as large as a man's heart.

Also within these pages are new monsters and new character kits: Mage hunters, specialty priests of Ubtao, and spiritlords.

This adventure is designed for 6 to 8 characters of levels 5 to 8.

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