

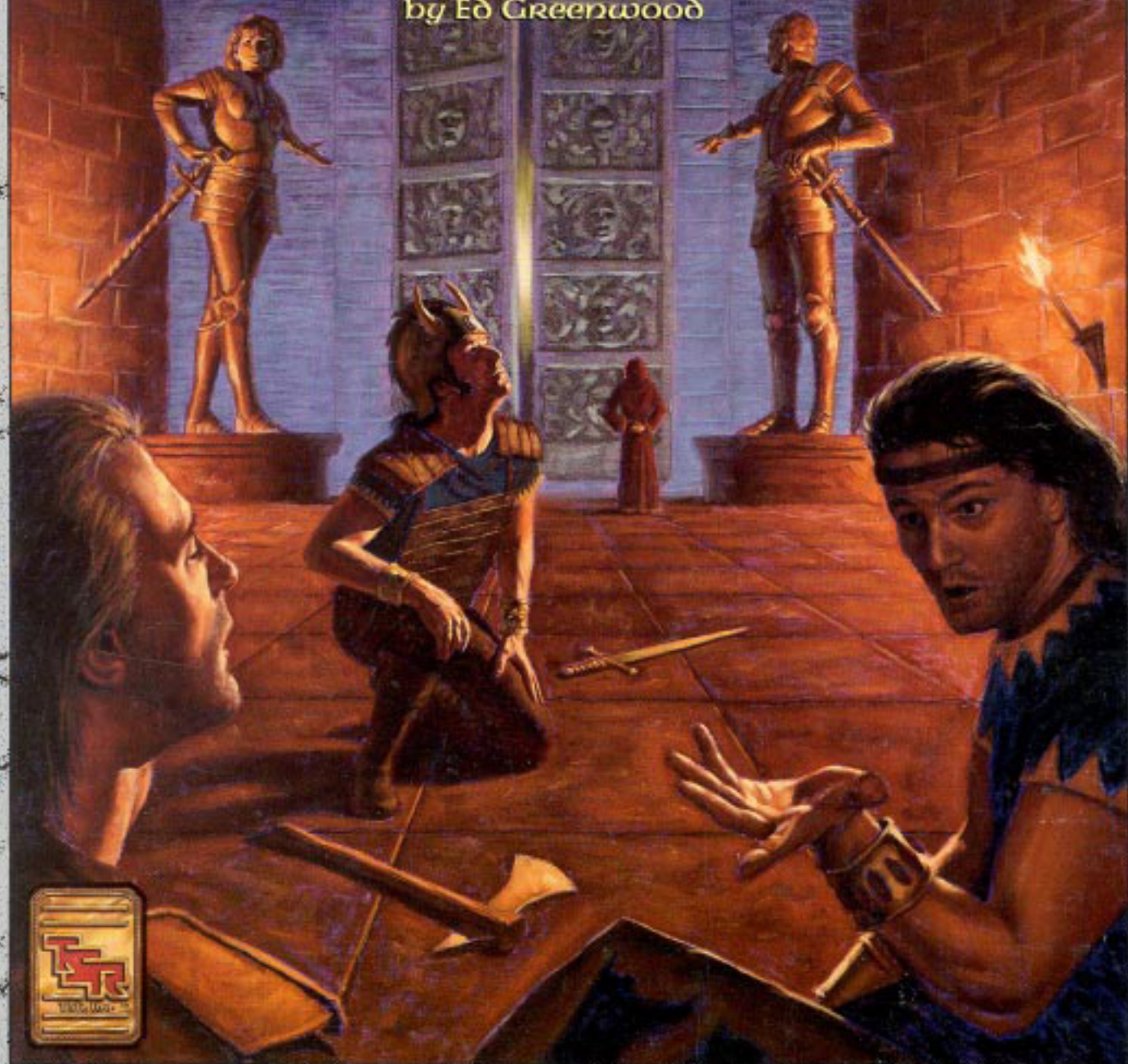
Advanced Dungeons & Dragons[®]
2nd Edition

FORGOTTEN REALMS[®]

Official Game Accessory

Haunted Halls of Eveningstar

by Ed Greenwood



The Haunted Halls

ONE SQUARE = 10 FEET



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HAUNTED HALLS OF EVENINGSTAR

An Introductory Module for Characters of Levels 1-5

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Dedication: To The Knights of Myth Drannor, whose glory-ground this first was: Andrew, Anita, Ian, Jim, Jenny, John, and Victor. A lot's missing here – not only rooms and passages and monsters that wouldn't fit, but the delight and camaraderie you brought to its exploration. Know that in memory it yet burns bright.

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INTRODUCTION

Every great adventurer begins somewhere—often somewhere small and outwardly peaceful. To swing a sword in such surroundings, one must always remember it is no less heroic than besieging tall cities, or wielding an arsenal of magic in going against a dragon.

Astergullph Daeryn, Sage of Dhedluk
Aster's Journal I

This module introduces the pastoral beauty of Eveningstar, a farming village on the northern border of the kingdom of Cormyr, in the FORGOTTEN REALMS® campaign setting. It is a lovely place, green and growing, and hides dangers that have tested many heroes just beginning their careers of adventure, including the now-famous Knights of Myth Drannor.

Many Canadian players first walked the Realms in Eveningstar; since 1979, it has served as my “usual” introductory setting for mini-campaigns (AD&D® game programs offered by local public libraries) set in the Realms. A proven launching-ground for long term AD&D campaigns, it can serve DMs just beginning play in the Realms as well as established campaigners. It is a detailed setting that can be scaled up to challenge powerful characters, or it can be used to give low-level characters (especially those joining a mid-level party) some battle experience.

DMs who use this module in other campaign worlds will need to alter some of the history and politics to match their chosen setting. The believability and success of Eveningstar depends on it existing at the edge of “civilized” territory, in a wooded and temperate region, with human agricultural settlements and overland trade roads nearby.

To save space, this book uses abbreviations developed for the FORGOTTEN REALMS® *Adventures* sourcebook. *W(I)4*, for instance, is a 4th-level wizard (illusionist), and *NE* is the alignment Neutral Evil.

A non-specialist mage is designated by

a *W*. A priest is designated by a *P*. A change in a character's level from earlier published material is given as *X(now) Z*, in which *X* is the class and *Z* the new level.

Character race and sex are shown in lower-case letters. For example, *hm* refers to a *human male* and *hef* is a *half-elven female*. A *g* listing is a gnome, not a goblin.

Creatures for whom ability scores are not listed can be assumed to have average scores in all respects.

Throughout this module, rather than repeatedly saying “for details of this place, person, or thing, please refer to *FR4: The Magister*,” an asterisk and abbreviation is used: the reference just quoted would be **FR4*. The original FORGOTTEN REALMS® boxed campaign set is referred to as *FR0* and the FORGOTTEN REALMS *Adventures* sourcebook is *FRA*. In like manner, *DMG* means the *Dungeon Master's Guide* and *PH* means the *Player's Handbook*.

Here's a sample entry using the abbreviations: “Elminster (CG *hm W26, S: magic, monsters, history and genealogy; *FR7, also FR0, FRE1*.”

No random encounter tables are provided in this adventure; the best encounters use creatures and situations deliberately chosen by the DM. If desired, random monsters can be found using the tables at the end of Volume 1 of the *Monstrous Compendium*.



*The Purple Dragon
of Cormyr*



Chapter 1: Eveningstar

For the DM: Please read this section carefully and review the maps of Eveningstar before beginning play. Build a mental picture of the area and plan side-adventures and additions to make your version of Eveningstar seem alive and real during play.

The Land

The small, quiet, beautiful village of Eveningstar stands where the High Horn trade road (known as “The King’s High Road” or “the High”) is joined by the road from Dhedluk (to locals, “the Suzail Road” or “the Southrun”). Eveningstar is a prosperous farmers’ market and travelers’ way-stop, lying at the mouth of a rocky gorge that carries the River Starwater down from the Stonelands (and provides an easy route up to its perilous rocky heights).

Starwater Gorge is the only major break in the Stonecliff, a craggy limestone escarpment that rises like a wall along the High Horn trade road from Tyrluk to near Arabel. It prevents any easy expansion of Cormyr northward. There are many tracks and “scrambles” up and down the Stonecliff, but no other routes exist by which mounted men or livestock less agile than goats and sheep can travel between Cormyr and the high moorland of the Stonelands. The gorge is thickly grown with thickets of scrub trees.

The village of Eveningstar is full of trees and gardens. It rises out of the surrounding farms “like an orchard with buildings in it” (as Elminster says), dominated by the Stonecliff and the prosperous farm of the spired temple of Lathander in the mouth of the gorge. It is one of the beauty spots of Cormyr, known for soft, glorious sunsets and sunrises, and gentle, starlit summer skies.

To bards and sages, the area is known as “The Evening Lands,” but to the locals, that term is just so many fanciful

“highnose-words,” and evokes snorts of ridicule.

The many woodlands and hedgeruns (i.e., dividing lines between farms, left as brush) of the countryside provide homes for various game—pheasant, rabbits, and deer. Boar were hunted locally, but are seldom seen south of the Stonecliff these days.

The nearby woods are mainly chestnut, elm, and oak, with a few shadowtops—giant trees with feathery, vivid green leaves with coppery undersides. Their fibrous wood is useless for carving, but is valued in rope-making and for cooking, as it burns hot and with little smoke. Once plentiful, the shadowtops have almost all been cut down, but the vast wood south of Eveningstar (in which brigands, stirges, and worse are said to lurk) is named for them. To most folk in Cormyr, the central wood is “the King’s Forest,” but to an Evenor (the old formal term for a native of Eveningstar), it is, and always will be, “the Shadowwood.”

Local Lore

Harsh winters are known as “wolf winters,” named for the wolves that come down the gorge from the Stonelands to hunt in Cormyr. All year long, their far-off, haunting howls can be heard by night.

Of old, when men were fewer and the rule of kings not so heavy of hand and long of reach, many mages dwelt near Eveningstar, in its woods or in small, now-ruined towers or caves on the edge of the Stonelands. The spells and magics of these wizards are still sought by many hopeful adventurers, and at least one adventuring band arrives each summer to try its luck at gleaning treasures from the legendary “Haunted Halls.” (Notably fewer stalwarts arrive to explore the Halls in winter.)

Partway up the western side of the Eveningstar gorge is the entrance to the Halls. The Halls are actually a subterra-



nean stronghold built by dwarves long ago for the human bandit lord Rivior, but since have become home to kobolds and worse. Rivior died some two hundred winters ago when Enchara, Warrior-Queen of the fledgling realm of Esparin (since absorbed by Cormyr), knowing Rivior's band to be short of food, tricked them out into the winter snows with a false food caravan and slew the bandits to the last man.

The deserted hold soon became home to monsters (lured in to discourage intruders, some say, by evil mages who took abode in the Halls), and was often visited by adventurers. The undead remains of some of these intrepid souls gave the former bandit hold its present name.

One of the most famous tales of the Halls is the titanic battle between the young, unproven Knights of Myth Drannor (exploring the Halls was their first foray) and the evil mage Whisper. Another tale is the explosive encounter in front of the Halls between The Company of the Unicorn and a circle of nine levitating, *fireball*-hurling, black-robed mages.

Despite continuing patrols, the Haunted Halls remain home to many dangerous beasts. Folks whisper that fell Zhentarim wizards dwell there, and it is their magic that lures or attracts (and heals, and trains) the monsters. There are also ongoing local problems with trolls, particularly to the east, in the caves known as "The Caverns of the Claws."

Farther up the gorge from the subterranean Halls is a now-ruined keep that was Rivior's first home. Most visitors miss the true Halls entirely, thinking this ruin to be the Haunted Halls instead. Rivior wanted them to think so, too. After abandoning this cold, drafty castle, he had the dwarven stonebuilders incorporate many nasty traps into its rooms and passages; most still await the unwary. Locals call this "the Killing Keep," and the wind-torn bones of many would-be-rich treasure seekers,

caught in its traps, grimly attest to the fitting nature of this name.

Evenor Trade

Eveningstar is rooted in a tradition of farming. The lands around it are all orchards and cultivated fields, and the doings of Evenor folk are determined by the demands of weather, seasons, and crops. They produce wool, wine, milk, cheese, eggs, poultry, mutton, carrots, beans, parsnips, and parchment.

The orchards of Eveningstar are limited to apple trees (clingapple and redsides; winters are too cold for other fruit trees to do well). Evenor produce is a staple of Cormyrean diets, from the fanciest nobles' banquet to a farmer's bread, cheese, and beer lunch.

Evenor farmers grow food crops for trade, keep dairy cattle, and raise the shaggy-furred, long-horned "sharrada" (small, hardy beef cattle that can survive colder winters than men). Evenors ride ponies and mules, but few are bred locally. (Cormyr's best horse farms are to the west, around Espar). Evenors also keep sheep in the commonly-held, stonewalled "High Pasture" on the edge of the Stonelands.

Evenors gather every six days for a market, bringing produce that is often snapped up by passing caravans.

The village is a favorite stopover for overland caravans, most of which are led by men who are good friends of Dunman Kiriag, who keeps one of the best inns found anywhere. On many soft, summer evenings, dozens of caravan masters can be seen fishing from the Starwater bridge and enjoying a pipe or two. Their men usually bathe in one of the Starwater's swimming holes to drive off the dust and sweat of the road, put on their best, and slip out to The Low Lantern for some late-night fun.



Social Life In Eveningstar

Eveningstar is a favorite spot of King Azoun, who likes to come here to relax. He usually arrives cloaked in magical disguise provided by Vangerdahast (who accompanies him), and enjoys a stroll, a tankard or two at The Lonesome Tankard, and a evening of dancing at The Low Lantern. More than once, he has been moved to shed his disguise there, usually upon finding Tessaril dancing as well.

The locals regard Azoun as one of their own and treat him with respect and affection. Zhentarim agents carrying poisoned blades once came for Azoun in The Lantern, and were attacked barehanded by everyone in the place, who rushed to form a human shield ring around the King until the Purple Dragons (alerted by youths up past their bedtimes) came with Tessaril to rout the assassins.

Few Cormyrean nobles share their King's taste for the simple pleasures of Eveningstar, but many come here to quietly enjoy its beauty while healing battlewounds or sickness.

Visitors accustomed to the late or all-night hours kept in many cities are often disappointed to find that except for the inns, The Low Lantern, and the temple, Eveningstar completely closes down early at night. Farm folk here eat heavily and go to bed early, to rise with or before the dawn and get out into the fields again. Many nap at highsun (noon), making the early afternoon another quiet time in the village.

The People

Evenor folk are friendly, easy-going, and peace-loving, with little desire to adventure or roam. They fear the evil said to lurk in the Stonelands, and openly hate the Zhentarim and others of violence, such as brigands and outlaws.

Evenor folk are proud of the realm to which they belong, and are by and large

content with life as it is. They enjoy the news that caravans bring, but don't consider themselves "lesser citizens" than those of Suzail, Sembia, or Waterdeep just because Eveningstar is small. They do enjoy a good scandal; gossip is the chief village sport.

Adventurers provide the chief local source of entertainment—not just by providing villagers with newcomers to bet on or speculate about, but by telling and retelling their exploits, from the destruction of Hlauntar the lich to the death of Whisper of the Zhentarim at the hands of the now-famous Knights of Myth Drannor. Stirring tales dominate many evenings at the Tankard, but Evenors take delight most when such deeds intersect their own—such as the unmasking and slaying of Whisper's spy, the evil apothecary Maglor, who lived, know ye, right in Eveningstar!

Local Color

Aside from its pastoral beauty (shared by Espar and Dhedluk), Eveningstar is unremarkable among prosperous farming settlements in the Heartlands of the Realms; many a dale to the east looks much the same.

A typical Evenor home is constructed of fieldstone with a thatched or slate roof and a dirt cellar. An upper floor, if any (there is rarely more than one), is built of timber, covered with stucco against the weather.

Farmhouses rarely have upper floors. Instead, they are dug into the earth to escape the worst of the winter winds. These living spaces sprawl over a larger area, with rooms tunnelled into the earth like a giant rabbit warren.

An Evenor shop is constructed like a house, except that its lower floor has large windows with wooden shutters, and the upper floor is divided into smaller, rented rooms, which share a wooden balcony (and outside stairs, roofed against winter



snows) to the rear.

Eveningstar is known for its small winged cats, known as tressym. Lord Tessaril Winter keeps one as a familiar.

The Sights

Eveningstar is home to perhaps 400 folk (including temple denizens, but not outlying farmers), and has only one temple: The House of The Morning, dedicated to Lathander. Patriarch Charisbonde “Trueservant” Belon (NG hm P11) guides 28 priests and 170 followers in worship of the Morninglord.

Lord Tessaril allows temporary shrines to other deities to be erected in the Market for as many as three days (dawn of the first day to sunset of the last).

Eveningstar also has a stable, a smithy, and a wagonmaker. The village has only two inns (aside from the temple, which accepts guests of most good and neutral faiths for a nightly fee of 5 sp per person). A third inn, The Welcoming Hand, is a burnt-out ruin, although there are plans to rebuild.

The available lodgings are The Lonesome Tankard Inn and Tavern—warm, famous, welcoming, and the locals’ nightly meeting-place (Excellent/Cheap); and The Golden Unicorn Inn, a cozy, quiet backstreet place (Good/Cheap). If these are full, visitors are welcome to camp on the north side of the High Road, or (with an offering) on the temple grounds.

Please refer to the Eveningstar map for specific locations. Although constraints of space prevent detailing each building, DMs will find the following highlights useful in making Eveningstar a realistic play setting.

Important Characters

Maea “Iron Eyes” Dulgssir (CN hf W4) owns and operates The Low Lantern tavern, dance hall, and theater. She

conceals her magic skills from locals and visitors alike.

Dunman Kiriag (NG hm F5, ST 17) carries a *dagger* +4 in his sleeve and is the owner and proprietor of the Tankard. He is a jovial, kind man who is a friend to many in Cormyr and the Dales and is secretly a Harper.

Maethlin, son of Maglor (NE hm T5, deceased) the apothecary, secretly makes poisons. Like his father, Maethlin is a Zhentarim agent.

Arbold Tethyr (LN hm F2) is a fat and greedy master harnessmaker. He owns a shop for wagonmaking and repairing, a rooming house, and a hardware store.

Syndair Thorn (CG hf W5) is Eveningstar’s only known mage other than Lord Tessaril. She is a weaver and dressmaker who uses her magic to entertain and tutor would-be wizards.

The House of The Morning

Much of Eveningstar’s prosperity and peace is due to the quiet, diligent work of Lathander’s clergy who loan needy farmers and enterprising citizens funds, following the creed of the Morninglord.

PCs may find hire at the temple as “strong arms” to guard valuables or important visitors, or to strike at brigands, monsters, and Zhentarim. The temple is always ready to heal or raise those who can pay. The russet-robed acolytes always summon rosy-robed Myrkyr (NG hm P8) to deal with adventurers. If a situation becomes difficult, Myrkyr calls on Jelde Asturien (NG hm P(now)9 of Lathander, the temple seneschal), a wary, sarcastic, retired Knight of Myth Drannor, who is never without a *ring of spell storing* that is known to hold three raise dead spells and two *flame strike* spells. Jelde began his adventuring career in the Halls and knows them well. Any tales PCs tell of their exploits will come to his ears; the truth of these tales will be apparent by his reaction.



Lord Tessaril Winter

Eveningstar is gently and attentively ruled by Lord Tessaril Winter. In her one-time male disguise, “Tessar the Mage,” she gained local fame as an adventurer. She is perceptive, considerate, and utterly loyal to King Azoun. Before Azoun’s marriage, he and Tessaril were quite close, though now their relationship is happily platonic.

One of Azoun’s local lords, Tessaril is a hf F10 (dual class: she was first a W12). At all times, she wears an *amulet of proof against detection and location* and a *ring of regeneration*, and carries a *wand of magic missiles*, two *iron bands of Bilarro* spheres, and a *long sword* +2. She also owns a *magestar*, several *lantern rings* (both detailed in this module), a *necklace of missiles*, and at least eight *potions of extra-healing*.

Tessaril is six feet in height, with ash-blond hair and a slim build. She has a fluid, agile, silent walk, and prefers to wear simple dark robes or a leather jacket and riding-breeches. She owns a suit of chain mail and a large metal Purple Dragon shield adorned with the silver star of her lordship. She is AC 7 (1 in chain and shield); MV 12; hp 114; THAC0 16; #AT 3/2; Dmg by spell (4, 4, 4, 4, 4, 1) or weapon (long sword is 1d8 +2, three daggers at 1d4 each); S 17, D 17, C 12, I 18, W 14, Ch 16; ML 17; AL CG.

Tessaril typically memorizes the following spells: *dancing lights*, *detect magic*, *dreamspeak**, *magic missile*; *Agannazar’s scorcher* ● , *EST*, *flying fist* ● , *invisibility*; *clairaudience*, *fly*, *hold person*, *lightning bolt*; *charm monster*, *minor creation*, *speak with dead**, *wizard eye*; *avoidance*, *hold monster*, *ironguard* ● , *shroud of flame* ● ; *repulsion*.

Tessaril also has access to many more spells. When she expects trouble, she might memorize *spider climb*; *ray of Ondovir**, *vocalize* ● ; *protection from normal missiles*, *ward against undead* ● ; *Cal-*

garde’s claw ● , *missile mastery* ● ; *hold monster*, *major creation*, *Presper’s moon-bow* ● , *telekinesis*, *teleport*, *wall of force*; *anti-magic shell*, *chain lightning*, *reconstruction* ● . Spells marked with an asterisk are detailed in this adventure. Spells marked with a dot are from *FRA.

Tessaril has a familiar—a “tressym” or winged cat (detailed in this adventure), and is rarely found without it riding on her shoulder or purring around her feet. It insists on tasting everything the Lord drinks and eats, and has saved her from being poisoned on at least six occasions.

Tessaril is soft-spoken, quick to find amusement in life, and easy-going. When she gets angry, she is apt to turn white-faced and quiet. She gave up her adventuring career to serve the man and the village she loved, and put away thoughts of becoming a powerful wizard, but she still enjoys acquiring new spells and using those she knows to keep the peace and seek out evil intrigue.

Tessaril enjoys her work; she is proud of Eveningstar’s peace and beauty, as well as her friendships with Dunman and other locals. The people love her, and she knows it. When not using her spells or wits to keep watch over the village, Tessaril enjoys using spells to help or entertain children. She also enjoys dancing in the evenings, with the men of the village, many of whom are helplessly in love with her (and will fight to the death for her).

Tessaril is fond of fried snake, venison, and the amber “firewine” of Aglarond, but is quite content with more ordinary fare: roast beef or pork, and beer or the semi-sweet white wine of Sembia.

Lord Winter has a soft spot for adventurers, fondly remembering her own career, and is apt to give them the benefit of the doubt. She keeps a close watch on all such types who enter her territory, knowing adventurers can be a source of rapid and ever-growing trouble.



Tessaril owns a powerful magical item of healing: the *Iron Helm of Heroes*. It is not detailed here; DMs should invent any powers desired. It can be used on PCs who have died or been affected by poison, disease, or green slime, or even to perform a *resurrection*. Tessaril will heal or cure a party only once, possibly twice; PCs cannot keep running back to Tessaril every time they need a quick cure.

Tessaril dwells in a large stone house (see its accompanying map) that has a porch running along its entire front. It includes several cozy rooms to house important visitors, and a cupola (her favorite vantage-point). Tzin Tzumner lives with her, as well as four of the Purple Dragons: two are always on duty. One guards the house, and the other serves as a bodyguard if she wishes.

Near the front door of the house is a

plaque in the shape of a wooden shield; it bears Tessaril's name and title.

The Law

Tessaril maintains Azoun's rule with the help of Tzin Tzumner, the local herald (NG hm B7); Auldo Morim, the town clerk and purser (NG hm F3); and the local Purple Dragon contingent.

There are nine fully-trained Purple Dragon soldiers (F3s and F4s, with a LG F5 captain named Flaergan Hondh), six trainee recruits (F1s), and four hostlers (who maintain the stable and jail, and are middle-aged, retired Dragons—F6s, but each is missing an eye or hand, or sports a limp). The local militia (which takes at least a day to fully muster) comprises 45 well-trained F1s and four F2s, all poorly armed and armored.





Tessari's Spells

Dreamspeak (Necromancy)

1st-Level Wizard Spell

Range: Touch

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 round +1 round/level

Casting Time: 2

Area of Effect: One creature

Saving Throw: Neg.

This spell, also known as *Detho's delirium*, causes a creature to speak. The creature to be affected must be asleep, drunk, or unconscious (not feigning), and is allowed a saving throw at -2 to avoid the effect.

Affected victims babble randomly in all languages they know. They cannot hear queries or be forced to speak about certain topics. Magical attempts to guide speech are 90% likely to break the spell.

A victim talks ceaselessly; jokes, dreams, opinions, tales, and facts all pour out together. There is a 22% chance per round (not cumulative) that a name, password, direction, magical item command word, or other useful utterance will be made. Victims rarely identify such words—listeners must pay attention and guess.

The material component is a small silver or brass bell, which is rung as the target is touched (the bell then fades away).

Ray of Ondovir

(Enchantment/Charm)

2nd-level Wizard Spell

Range: 30 yards

Components: V, S

Duration: 1 round

Casting Time: 2

Area of Effect: One creature

Saving Throw: Neg.

This spell causes a glowing ray to leap from the caster and strike at a single target. The ray hangs unmoving for a round,

then fades away. The caster must make a successful attack roll at THAC0 9 or the ray misses and dissipates. The creature struck by the ray is stunned into silent immobility for one round, and must save at -3 or suffer full effects.

A fully affected victim spends the next round duplicating the actions of the round prior to the ray's touch, even if such actions takes him into obstacles or over cliffs. Spellcasting repeated in this manner consists of empty gestures unless a victim has a second spell memorized and adequate spell components.

Opponents can avoid the victim's attacks, and can attack the victim easily (victims have -4 penalties to THAC0 and AC).

Speak with Dead (Necromancy)

4th-Level Wizard Spell

Range: Touch

Components: V, S, M

Duration: 1 round/level of caster (10 rounds maximum)

Casting Time: 1 turn

Area of Effect: One creature

Saving Throw: Special

This spell enables a wizard to ask questions of a dead creature at a rate of one question per round, to a maximum of ten questions. A portion of the creature's remains must be touched by the caster and questions must be posed in a language known to the dead creature.

Brief, truthful, but cryptic replies are given. Alignment and time since death are not factors, but the creature gets a saving throw vs. spell at each question; if successful, the reply is detailed and clear, but the spell is broken. The spell won't work again on the same corpse until 1 day passes per answer given.

The material components are a drop of the caster's blood, sprigs of mint and parsley, and a powdered red or black gem of at least 100 gp value.



Chapter 2: The Countryside

The local roads are well policed by Purple Dragon troops based in Arabel, High Horn, and Waymoot. These patrols (detailed in Chapter 3: The Long Arm Of The Law) are necessary to keep the Royal Roads safe. The dangers of brigands and monsters are ever-present because both the King's Forest ("scoured" annually by hired rangers, war wizards, and Purple Dragons) and the Stonelands are near.

The Stonelands

The Stonelands are high, rocky, broken lands, with many cliffs, hidden ravines, and small rivulets that come to the surface and then disappear again. Storms are common, but mists prevail whenever storm winds aren't tearing them apart.

This is impossible country for mounted soldiers to fight in or patrol. It offers ideal cover for many monsters—as it always has, even before the Zhentarim moved into it and infested it with monsters. The Zhentarim train, pay, or otherwise plant monsters here to endanger Cormyrean caravans and provide a screen against interference with Zhentish caravans creeping along the edge of Anauroch, through the northern Stonelands.

The Stonelands can harbor just about *anything* (short of a powerful, good-aligned dragon): DMs are free to use any favorite beasties. The *Campaign Plots & Adventures* section in this module suggests some Stonelands adventures.

Villagers know enough wild tales of the Stonelands to keep PCs listening for several days straight. Most will warn PCs away from its depths, telling them instead to try to find the "lost treasure" in The Caverns of the Claws, just east along the Stonecliff—dark caves that "ye can see from the Arabel road." The treasure is mythical, but the locals would dearly love to have someone butcher the trolls who return to infest the caves year after year.

The Zhentarim

Lesser Zhentarim wizards (roll 1d4+3 to find level) often ride various sorts of winged monsters over the Stonelands and even over Eveningstar by night. They usually wear cowls to hide their features, and they wield wands as well as spells from aloft. They attack adventurers who penetrate too far into the Stonelands or they spy on intruders in order to send servant orc and bugbear bands to intercept unwelcome visitors.

DMs can get details of the evil Zhentarim from the *Darkhold* booklet in the *Castles* boxed game accessory, from *FR0, and from *FRA. If you lack these references, don't worry; simply invent the local agents of this mysterious, sinister organization.

Starwater Gorge

Three features of Starwater Gorge are of special interest to inquisitive PCs: Rivior's Keep, sometimes called "The Killing Keep"; the ruined Thaddath farm (now used as the village dump); and Old Meg's Hut (another overgrown ruin).

The Keep (which most outsiders mistakenly think is the Haunted Halls) is the most famous of these sites. It lies almost five miles north of the village, where the gorge narrows to a head. The Keep is a partially-ruined castle dug into the western side of the gorge. Little is left of it except for the Keep and two gatehouses, which are little more than arches in the concentric curtain walls (refer to the map for the layout of this place).

DMs should feel free to infest the Keep with lock lurkers (detailed at the end of this module), "weird" undead of the DM's creation, and traps galore—pit-traps, spring-spears, trip-steps, darts that fire as doors are opened, doors that collapse atop the person opening them, and so on. The bones of the unwary, caught in traps al-



ready sprung, are plentiful. Remember that just because a door already has a skeleton festooned on it, it doesn't mean the door is safe—opening it could cause a decapitating blade to slice across the doorway at throat level, or a pit trap might be waiting beyond.

The Thaddath farm has been vacant since the family died out some fifty years ago. All that remains is a half-burned, sagging barn that sometimes shelters tramps and wayfarers (and is always home to bats), and a small, roofless, round stone house at the base of the cliff. Once a popular trysting place, it now stands in the midst of the odiferous village garbage-midden, and may contain whatever treasure, useful trash, and/or monsters the DM desires.

Old Meg's Hut was the home of a local "hag" until her death twenty winters ago. Avoided by the fearful as an "evil" place, it

burned down (perhaps in an arson fire) a dozen years ago. Little remains but ashes, fallen timbers, and the blackened flagstones of its floor.

A great treasure awaits PCs who pry up some of these stones: under one is a hole that holds a purse (1 pp, 3 gp, 4 sp, 12 cp) and a crumbling-with-rust iron coffer. In the coffer is a canvas bag that safely holds Old Meg's most prized possession: her spellbook (she was a sorceress).

The book contains any spells the DM wants to make available to PC wizards. The tome may be used to introduce little-used or unique spells into the campaign, including spells too powerful for PCs to use yet. Zhentarim agents *will* try to seize the book if any PC is foolish enough to reveal that he has it.





Chapter 3: The Long Arm of The Law

These are the pages to which the DM turns and sighs when Player Characters get into (inevitable) brushes with the law.

Cormyr is known as a tolerant, pleasant realm. This is due to the vigilance and professionalism of its soldiery, the reasonable nature of the current monarch and his local lords, and the law-abiding nature of its people, who generally know how to behave and aren't much interested in breaking the law.

A complete tome of laws would fill a book twelve times the size of this adventure. Fortunately, Cormyr is the kingdom in the Realms that most resembles the average player's image of Robin Hood's England or King Arthur's Britain; the king's will (in local practice, the judgments of Lord Tessaril is law.

Crimes

What most farmers would consider to be a decent way of living is the way folk are expected to behave. The bearing and use of weapons is permitted for the sake of protecting oneself; if one is a soldier or in the militia; if one is a visitor who traverses lawless areas (i.e., every traveling merchant); or if one is an adventurer with a royal charter. Both armed and unarmed citizens are liable for property they damage and harm they inflict on others.

Murder, theft, unprovoked assault, and wanton destruction are serious crimes. The local lord has the authority to pass sentences and to order individuals how to behave (such as forbidding them from entering or approaching an area, or ordering them to make restitution to those they have harmed). Disobeying the lord, except in rare circumstances of special rights granted by the king to clergy, nobles, or others (such as an agent following written royal orders), is itself a crime.

Officers of The Crown

If the local lord is absent, dead, or incapacitated, only war wizards or senior nobles (of the rank of Baron or higher) can preside over trials. The local herald or Purple Dragon can settle only minor disputes. All decisions made by such an acting official can be appealed to a "proper" official, when available (though an acting official who judges wrongly cannot be punished for bad decisions).

In practice, most heralds and local Purple Dragon captains speak with authority on matters of law, and will be backed by the local lord. The Purple Dragons have the authority to jail and hold any citizen except the king, until trial or sentencing, or until six nights pass (or earlier, if release is acceptable; the local lord can overrule in such matters). The Crown will reimburse citizens who lose goods, but not opportunities for business, through such imprisonment; but imprisoning officers are immune from punishment.

A drunken patron at an inn who was ordered to leave by a Purple Dragon could expect to be imprisoned if he refused. Other patrons would help the officer against the patron, not vice versa.

Officers who are found to be corrupt or of faulty judgment—and traveling war wizards often use magic to surreptitiously check—are quietly dismissed or sentenced in Suzail, never called down in public. The king, in moments of rage, has been known to set aside this rule, but no one else in the Forest Kingdom will dare to do so.

War Wizards

When sentencing criminals, Tessaril can call on war wizards. They are used only when she needs help to preserve the safety of the village or keep the peace (i.e., to avoid a riot or angry villagers taking the law into their own hands). She can magi-



cally summon a war wizard and see to his arrival within 1d6+1 turns. Usually, she summons a hm W12, W13, or W14, armed with spells and bringing a low-level wizard apprentice plus two to four F5s. All members of the troupe will have at least one magical weapon. The war wizard will have at least one wand and one or more magical rings, amulets, or other items.

Two male war wizards, Rouizel and Tammarth, most often answer Tessaril's call. If Azoun is near, Vangerdahast himself has been known to appear.

If contacted by normal means (messengers on horseback), war wizards will arrive at the end of the next day.

Punishments

Sentences generally involve fines. An individual without coins forfeits property, and if he has nothing of value, he is sentenced to labor for the Crown—mining or roadwork, under guard—at a standardized rate until the debt is paid. Another option is transportation (enforced removal from an area; permanent exile is used against only those guilty of treason or many-times-repeated offenses).

If a crime is severe enough (wanton murder, arson, or casting of spells in a deliberate attempt to kill, or knowing that a death would be likely), an accused can be put to death. A trial must first be held, and war wizards are always summoned from Suzail to determine guilt magically.

The wizard will suggest sentencing and has the added options of forcing the guilty party into “suicide service” with the military, or using magic to transform the criminal into a beast of burden to serve for a number of years.

PC SENTENCINGS

Adventurers who find themselves in trouble with the law are most likely to face charges for murder, property damage,

theft, or for wounding citizens or animals.

There is no penalty for murder if the killing is judged to be justified—i.e., self-defense, defense of another under one's protection, and so on. War wizards use magic to determine insanity and the truth of evidence.

Fines are levied for replacement of lost, stolen, or damaged-beyond-repair property. Repairs, attempted only if they can make the property better than before the damage occurred, are paid for by the guilty.

In cases of injury, healing magic is performed by the local priests and a fine is exacted to pay the costs. The guilty party might also be required to pay for lost work, including losses incurred from injury to animals (a farmer whose oxen are injured would be paid for both the cost of caring for the animals and any work lost while they recovered). If a death occurs, replacement costs are paid for animals or 1,000 gp are paid per person (doubled for skilled artisans) to the family of the deceased.

Patrols

Local Purple Dragon road patrols ride out from Arabel, High Horn, and Waymoot. Patrols typically pass any spot every four hours, and consist of 12+1d12 mounted soldiers armed with lances, long swords, daggers (three each), and crossbows (each soldier has two 21-bolt quivers).

The soldiers are NG or LG F2s or F3s (hp 14 or 20); AC5 (chain mail—AC4 when dismounted and using shields). They are led by a patrol captain, a LG F4 or F5 (average hp 37 or 44); AC2 (field plate); wields a horseman's mace, a dagger, a *wand of paralysis*, and a long sword.

There is a 40% chance that any patrol will include a priest (of Helm, Tempus, Tyr, or Tymora; for level, roll 1d4+1), 1d6 trainee Purple Dragons (F1s averaging 6 hp, equipped as the other soldiers), or a wizard (for level, roll 1d4+1; such a mage usually carries protective scrolls and po-



tions and may wear a *ring of spell storing* or *spell turning*, or wield a *wand of magic missiles*).

Follow-up patrols, summoned by a pair of riders from the first patrol when there is trouble, will have 1d3 mid-level clerics, 1d8 additional Purple Dragons, and either 1d4 lesser wizards or a war wizard (6th level or greater) plus 1-2 apprentices. These forces bring whatever magic they can.

Tessaril's Justice

Tessaril Winter is known as one of the kinder local lords. She is also one of the most attentive, keeping peace by constant surveillance with *ESP* spells. She holds court in Eveningstar Hall (but has been known to dispense justice in the Market Square, in the taproom of The Lonesome

Tankard, and even on her own front porch) whenever necessary. She asks folk with complaints or concerns to speak plainly, not let grievances fester in grim silence.

Tessaril interrogates all murder victims via *speak with dead* and has been known to question suspicious guests in the Tankard (with Dunman's aid) using *dream-speak* spells. She may try to influence them (toward confessing a crime, leaving Eveningstar, or refraining from seeking revenge or attempting a theft or other crime) with *suggestion* spells.





Chapter 4: The Haunted Halls

The DM should carefully read these dungeon descriptions before play; space constraints prohibit listing what the PCs see before describing what happens.

Unless noted, rooms and passages in the Halls are carved from solid rock. Walls, floors, and ceilings are smooth-finished. Halls measure 10 feet wide and 9 feet high. Every room and passage has an empty, soot-blackened stone torch holder projecting from the wall next to each door. (These are ideal hiding places for coins, keys, gems, and other small things.) Most doors are of smooth, close-fitting stone, pivoting smoothly on socket hinges. Most have pull-rings and locks, but aren't locked, and lack bar brackets or bars.

The Approach

The western side of Starwater Gorge is a weathered rockface with many cracks, washouts, and overgrown rockfalls. Shrubs cloak the cliff base, shielding it from view for all but close observers. Two of the fissures lead into true caves (1 and 2). The northernmost of these (2) is the correct route into the dungeon. Tracks are impossible to detect due to bare rock in front of both entrances.

Ground Level DUNGEON Key

1. Owlbear Lair: These dark passages have a musty, rank reek. Their uneven dirt floors are choked with gnawed and split bones, loose stones, and other rubble. In the southern crevice lurks an alert owlbear. Unless discovered first, it will crouch silently until intruders go north to search the larger cavern, then attack from behind.

The owlbear fights to the death.

Owlbear: AC 5; MV 12; HD 5+2; hp 38; #AT 3; Dmg 1-6/1-6 (claws), 2-12 (beak); SA hugs on a claw attack roll of 18 or better,

causing 2-16 per round after initial round claw damage, until it dies or victim is slain; ML 12; AL N; THAC0 15; MC1.

If PCs search through the bones and muck underfoot for at least 3 rounds, they find a half-buried canvas sack, blackened with mud but still useful, holding 71 gp.

2. Entry Doors: A short, rough-walled, square passage (clearly worked and not natural, but lichen-encrusted and obviously unused) leads to two closed doors made of stout oak.

These doors are latched but not locked, and open outward by means of two large iron pull-rings. They are dark with age, but look (and are) solid, and radiate faint magic. Upon close examination, intricate twisting runes can be found carved on their panels. These now-forgotten runes protect against rot and reflect all *disintegrate* and fiery attacks back at the source.

3. Forechamber: This chamber holds a shallow puddle of water in the northeast corner. A pile of weapons and a shield lie at the center of the chamber. A passage opens in the middle of the west wall, leading westward, but the way is barred by a pair of gates made of metal bars. Beyond them is a wooden tripod and loaded crossbow, pointing into this room!

The pile of weapons includes two long swords, three short swords, a broadsword, a dagger, a large, bare metal shield, two belt buckles, and three arrowheads. None are magical and all show signs of use but are intact.

If they are touched, a *magic mouth* appears on the shield, and a flat, deep male voice says in Common: "Beware! These were carried in by those who will never carry them out again!" Once triggered, this magic will not act again until a new item is added to the pile by an intruder discarding something or by the magic that created the pile teleporting an item here from #31.



The barred gates have rusted solid and cannot be opened. They must be bent or torn from their hinges (normal Lift Gates attempt) for PCs to proceed.

The tripod beyond the gate is rotten. Its crossbow perished long ago; the trigger, bowstring, and quarrel have crumbled to dust. A rusty quarrel-head is all that can be salvaged from the wreckage.

4. Guardquarters: Smashed, triple-tiered wooden bunks line the walls. A table and six stools occupy the center of this room. Wooden strongchests can be seen under some of the bunks. In the center of the south wall is a door, which is ajar and opens into darkness (#5). Something odd and grey is huddled on the floor in front of the door: the shattered, petrified remains of a goblin clutching a broken short sword.

There are four strongchests, all with their locks smashed. They are empty, but are strong enough to transport items. Most of the wood in the Halls is damp and rotten; it won't easily burn and crumbles under stress.

5. Privy: This passage leads to an evil-smelling hole, with a stout one-holer wooden seat wedged above it on two carved rock ledges. Just past this, the passage ends in a rough, unfinished cavity, where loose rocks, ranging in size from pebbles to chunks as large as two fists, lie heaped waist-high. A sword (in a plain leather scabbard, wrapped in a rotting, green cloak) lies hidden under the rocks; it is a *long sword* +1, +4 vs. reptiles.

The privy cavern extends below the seat into a dung-pit (which may hide treasure), and also extends upward, into the home of a spider (huge). It will drop down to attack intruders.

Huge spider: AC 6; MV 18; HD 2 + 2; hp 16; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6; SA type A poison (victim gains +1 on saves after each bite; venom causes 1d4+15 hp damage and a

coma (starting in 1d4+1 rounds and lasting 1d4 days); ML 8; AL N; THAC0 19; MC1.

6. Guardquarters: This room appears empty. The doors in its north and west walls are closed. Its 14-foot-high ceiling is entirely covered by green slime, which will drip down when it is touched or senses the vibrations of intruders below.

Green slime: AC 9; MV 0; HD 2; hp 14; THAC0 19; #AT 0; Dmg attaches to live flesh, turns victim into green slime in 1d4 rounds (no resurrection possible), to avoid, affected areas must be frozen, burned, cut away, or scraped off in 1 round, or slime must be killed with *cure disease* spell; ML 10; AL N; MC1.

7. Privy: This passage leads to an evil-smelling hole, with a one-holer wooden seat wedged over it on rock ledges. There is no treasure here, nor any monsters, but the seat is cracked: the weight of anything larger than a halfling will break it, spilling anyone on it into the pit below!

On the wall above the seat (reachable by standing on the seat) is what looks like a cobweb the size of a hand. Examination shows this to be finely woven black mesh cloth, coated with grey dust and stretched in an irregular shape over tiny pins to look like a spiderweb of some sort. It hides a small, square panel of stone that sports a finger-hole.

A lock lurker inside the hole will attack anything entering (such as a finger). If its stinger strikes metal, there will be a sharp scraping sound. If the intrusive object is worn or held closely (e.g., the finger of a gauntlet, a lockpick, or a dagger tip), a gentle poke is felt. The lurker looks like a smooth-sided copper coin.

Lock Lurker: AC 3; MV 8; HD 1+3; hp 5; #AT 1; Dmg 1 (bite) or 6-9 (1d4 + 5, for sting); SA sting venom paralyzes for 1-6 hours; ML 13; AL N; THAC0 17 (sting), 19 (bite); described in this module.

Beyond the lurker is a one-foot-deep,



three-inch-square storage niche in which lie four dust-covered glass vials. They are unmarked, look identical, and hold colorless liquids. Three are *potions of healing* (each restores 2d4+2 lost hp); the fourth is an *elixir of health* (it cures infection, including green slime effects, disease, poisoning, and so on).

8. Welcoming Trap: The center of this room's west wall contains a pair of closed bronze double doors, flanked by two bronze statues.

The statues stand on stone pedestals and represent humans in archaic, fluted plate armor. One is male and one is female. Both are posed with one hand on sword-hilt and the other outstretched to indicate the doors between them. There is a faint metallic smell in the room, and the doors and statues radiate strong magic. Something is written on the floor in front of the statue on the right.

The writing can't be read from more than ten feet away. Ashes have been scratched into the Thorass letters "BEW." Beneath these is a triangle, a zigzag line descending from its center. (What does it mean? The PCs will think of something.)

Multiple, strong enchantments protect the statues and doors from rust, shattering, or being toppled (even if shoved, they remain upright; if the doors are torn from their hinges, they will hang upright in mid-air). The statues also gather strong electrical energies and discharge them as follows:

- When a statue is touched, it conducts 2d12 damage of energy to anything touching it (if an object is itself a conductor, the damage is suffered by any creature holding the object).
- When the floor between the statues is walked on (it sinks slightly, activating a trigger), or the doors are touched, two bolts leap from the outstretched hands of the statues (regardless of which way the statues may have been turned, the

bolts will leap toward the other statue). The bolts meet, crackle spectacularly, and vanish. Anyone touched by the bolts suffers 2d4 damage. A Dexterity Check is required of anyone within 4 feet of the bolt's path to avoid damage. "Chain lightning" arcs can occur from one creature to another; if one creature is hit, any others within 4 feet must also make a check.

Only one twin-bolt strike happens per round. Spontaneous discharges occur after the statues have been activated, leaping in random directions (with snapping noises and blue sparks). Roll 1d6 each round; on a 1 or 6, a discharge occurs.

The bronze doors are not locked. When opened, they swing inward into room #8, and into the path of any bolts (unless the statues have been moved). A bolt striking a door is conducted with full force to anyone touching the door, and will arc away in a random direction out into the room, traveling 10+1d6 feet. Victims (Dex checks to avoid) suffer full damage.

9. Red Chamber: This room's walls are covered with wine-colored silk draperies, once splendid but now moth-eaten and mold stained. They must be pushed aside at the entrance of the room after the door is opened. Inside is a contoured wooden couch covered in old, shabby red plush. On it lies a beautiful human female, clad in a fine gown. Golden chains run from manacles at her wrists and ankles to rings at the corners of the couch, and the hilt of a dagger protrudes from her open mouth.

The maiden has been killed recently, obviously for purposes of evil sorcery. The body has not yet begun to decay; if not for the chains and dagger, she would appear to be asleep.

If PCs can communicate with or raise the dead, the corpse is that of Estrel (AC 6; MV 12; W4; hp 12; S 13, D 18, C 14, I 17, W 11, Ch 17; AL CG; ML 15; THAC0 19). If returned to life, she will seek revenge on her



slayer: a man, probably a thief, called “Ruathgrym” (actually Nieilor, a local Zhentarim agent, now somewhere in the Stonelands).

Estrel has no treasure. The dagger is a good-quality, nonmagical weapon. Its distinctive, black wooden hilt is carved in a likeness of a snarling panther. The chains are fine-quality steel, painted with golden pigment of no value; their links must be pulled open to free them from the locked manacles (Nieilor has the key), or from the couch’s rings.

10. Treasury: The corridor floor in front of this room’s door is marked with a faint dark stain—a bloodstain—or rather, several bloodstains of varying ages.

If the door is touched, a loud click is heard. If the (unlocked) door is then opened, the opener and anyone standing directly behind the opener must make Dexterity checks at -3 to avoid being struck in the back by a spring-driven spear leaping from behind a sliding stone panel in the corridor wall, across from the door. The spear causes 1d6 damage (reroll all “1” results), but this trap fires only once. (Unfortunately, something keeps resetting it!)

The room beyond holds only dust and cobwebs. Someone else got here first.

11. Guest Bedchamber: This room is empty except for a half-collapsed canopy bed carved of some dark, now-rotten wood. Two of its legs are broken, so that its foot slopes sharply downward. This exposes a faded area on the south wall, behind the bed, where a small niche can be seen. It holds three crumbling, leather-bound books (worm-eaten, water-damaged, illegible diaries, of no value), and two stoppered, sealed vials, lightly covered with dust. One is a *potion of climbing* and the other holds holy water.

A careful search of the room will reveal seams in the northwest corner of the

floor, against the west wall. Illusory magic conceals these from view; they must be felt directly or the edges of the stone must be shifted slightly underfoot (unlikely to occur by chance, as it’s right in a corner). The stone is a thin slab with two fingerholes. It can be lifted to reveal a hiding place as wide and deep as a man’s hand, and about two handlengths long. This niche holds a small cloth bag. A skeletal human hand rests atop it.

The bag holds a necklace of black, glassy teardrops, linked by fine wire. These are 16 pieces of cut and polished obsidian, each worth 10 gp. The hand is an animated guardian—a crawling claw, which can leap up to 15 feet to attack.

Crawling claw: AC 7; MV 9; HD ½; hp 4; #AT 1; Dmg 1-4 (punch, against armored foes) or 1-6 (crushing grip, against leather-armored or unarmored targets); ML 20; AL N; THAC0 20; MC3. It cannot be turned and is immune to *charm*, *sleep*, and *hold* spells. The claw attacks anyone disturbing the necklace (it will pursue foes through the Halls, crawling along on its fingertips).

12. Throne Room: The fallen, splintered remnants of once-grand, gilded double doors lie underfoot at this room’s entrance, leaving an open archway. The wooden doors are carved with scenes of sword-wielding, armored men riding leaping horses and hewing down men, orcs, and fantastic monsters. However, some of the carvings have been hacked or trampled into ruin. Under the wreckage lies a gold key (worth 1 gp).

Just to the right inside the entry arch (along the east wall) lies a black table, canted to one side due to broken legs. The dust-covered tabletop was once glossy, bearing a magical rune. The rune has been defaced with heavy sword- or axe-blows, but still glows faintly in darkness. (The shape of the rune, its effects, and whether any of its power survives are left to the DM.)



The room is dominated by a high-backed stone throne atop a triangular, three-stepped dais. The domed ceiling reaches a height of 30 feet. A border of inlaid black stone runs along the top edge of the walls where they begin to curve upward. The pattern of the border represents life-size long swords, parallel and pointing downward, each surmounted by a black star.

In the center of the south wall is a black-framed painting, as wide as a man is tall and half that in height. It shows men in varied armor fighting elves who wear armor swept into strange and fanciful fluted points and spurs. The elves wield flaming swords and black spears. The scene moves constantly, in a silent, unending battle!

Myth Drannan Painting: This magical painting is a wonder; since the days of Myth Drannor, few mages of the Realms have known enchantments powerful enough to fashion such a scene. The painting is priceless (it will attract every thief and brigand, and, if properly sold, will buy as much as a small keep or four *resurrection* spells). Of course, there's the small matter of first getting it to a buyer.

The painting is set into the wall; PCs will have to chip away stone to get it out. The picture can be destroyed by dealing it 9 hp of damage, but this can be dealt only by a magical weapon of +2 or better enchantment; anything less is warded harmlessly away from the picture.

The picture also turns away spells (as a *ring of spell turning*) and can be used as a shield against magic by desperate PCs. It weighs as much as two heavy metal kite shields and is about as thick as a man's hand. The only spell short of a *limited wish* that seems to affect the painting is *dispel magic*: the first application of this spell causes blood (real human and elven gore) to run and drip from the painting's surface. This ends after 1d4 turns, but if a second *dispel* is cast on the painting dur-

ing that time, it will explode, causing 3d4 damage to all within 20 feet (5d4 to those within 10 feet), and forcing all items within 20 feet to make saving throws against magical fire (magical items get their usual bonuses, but must save vs. disintegration instead).

The throne sits against the back (west) wall of the room, the shattered remnants of a tiny chest under its legs. The throne has obviously been vandalized: gems or precious metal inlays once studded its arms and edges, but have been torn away.

The chest contains nothing but danger: most of its shattered pieces are parts of a small, intelligent mimic. It will send pseudopods to attack anyone disturbing it.

Mimic: AC 7; MV 3; HD 7; hp 41; #AT 1; Dmg 3-12 (smash); SA glue sticks to creatures or items on contact (Open Doors roll to get free, only one try allowed, or alcohol may be used to weaken it in 3 rounds; mimic's death causes release 5 rounds later); SD camouflage, immune to acid, green slime, etc.; ML 15; AL N; THAC0 13; MC2. It can speak Common, and has been here a long time (if PCs talk to it, it can reveal background lore of the Halls, as desired).

If the mimic is slain, it peels away from the inside back of the throne and falls off, revealing the real back of the throne. Faint lines there, clearly visible to anyone examining the throne, reveal a not-so-secret door!

13. Audience Chamber: The walls, floor, and ceiling of this 30' x 30' room are all blackened, as if a great fire (a *fireball*, perhaps) occurred here. Piles of ash lie in the corners of the room; a *ring of shocking grasp* lies concealed in one corner.

A pile of blackened human bones, tangled about a stone warhammer, graces the center of the room.

14. Crypt: Room #13's south wall holds a



secret panel in the lower half of the wall's center. It opens onto a steep flight of descending stairs. The steps are wet and slimy. Anyone descending must make a Dexterity check to avoid falling. If a fall occurs, all fragile items worn or carried must make saving throws vs. fall, and the victim must make a Constitution check or suffer 1 hp of damage. A further Dexterity check is required to avoid dropping held items.

Partway down the stairs is a single raised or "trip" step. Make an Intelligence check for each PC descending the stairs if they are in any sort of hurry or if the light is poor (unless the PC has been warned about the step). If this fails, the PC trips and a fall is automatic.

In case of a PC fall, the player should roll 1d12. Any score of 9 or higher indicates that the character tumbles right to the bottom, and another Dexterity check must be made. If it fails, the character is impaled on one or more of the seven rusty sword blades protruding from the door there. Roll 1d4 to determine how many blades strike the PC; roll 1d4+1 damage for each blade.

If a PC falls and another PC is farther down the stairs, the lower PC must make a Dexterity Check with a -4 penalty. Failure indicates that both fall, with the lower PC suffering the damage from the sword blades.

If the trip step or the next step below it is stepped on, they sink slightly, pulling down hidden wires that rupture a bladder of "stasis gas" in a ceiling niche. Out flies an awakened, hungry stirge to the attack!

Stirge: AC 8; MV 3, Fl 18 (C); HD 1 + 1; hp 9; #AT 1; Dmg 1-3; SA blood drain (1-4 dmg per round after strike until 12 hp are drained or stirge is killed); ML 8; AL N; THAC0 17; MC2. The stirge's grip is broken only by death or its satiation. If an attack against it misses while it is attached, roll a second attack against its victim's AC to see if the victim is hit. The stirge will try to fly

up into the Halls if "full," and will pursue a meal as far as its wings can take it.

The door at the bottom of the stairs is locked (it must be picked; the key is lost) and barred on the stair-side: barred to prevent something from getting *out*. . .

The water seeping onto the stairs drains away at the bottom; the 30' x 20' room beyond the door is dry and very dusty.

This room contains three large, stone coffins, their domed lids lacking inscriptions or adornments. Two are closed, but the lid of the easternmost one has been thrust aside. Its former occupant, a skeleton, stands in the room's northeast corner and will attack anyone entering the room. If not destroyed, it will pursue PCs through the dungeon. (Something in the ancient spells that created it makes this otherwise-normal skeleton immune to turning, dispelling, or any type of control.)

Skeleton: AC 7; MV 12; HD 1; hp 8; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6; ML 20; AL N; THAC0 12; MC1. It is worth double the normal XP value. Only while it is in this crypt, its shattered bones can slither together and reassemble themselves—in effect, regenerating 3 hp each round. If it is "killed" (reduced to zero hit points), this uncanny effect ceases and the skeleton crumbles to dust, forever destroyed.

The skeleton's coffin is empty. The center coffin holds an intact, nonmonstrous human skeleton, wrapped in a shroud. Its hands are clasped on its breast, around a black, hide-covered book. The tome is a *manual of stealthy pilfering* (consult the *DMG* for its effects immediately!).

If the westernmost coffin's lid is disturbed, its occupant will thrust the lid aside and rise to the attack! This undead attacker is a mummy. It wears a necklace of rubies (14 in all, unusually large; each is worth 6,000 gp if sold shrewdly in a large market such as Suzail, a Sembian city, or Waterdeep).

Mummy: AC 3; MV 6; HD 6 + 3; hp 39; #AT 1; Dmg 1-12; SA blows infect victims



with mummy rot disease, sight of mummy forces save vs. spell or fear-paralysis governs victim for 1-4 rounds; ML 15; AL LE; THAC0 13; MC1.

15. The Undercrypt: A secret door (two sliding stones) in the northern corner of the east wall of room #14 leads into a wet crawl tunnel (only 3 feet high).

PCs in the tunnel are unable to use any weapon larger than a wand or dagger. After traversing 10 feet or so, they will see a human skull floating in mid-air, facing toward them.

The skull is real, but merely a ruse placed to scare away thieves. It is affixed to a thin, dark metal rod wedged between floor and ceiling. Beyond it, the tunnel ends in a short ramp upward, leading into a dry 20' x 20' room whose ceiling is only 4 feet high.

This undercrypt contains a large chest with a scabbarded sword leaning against it. In the southwest corner lies a long, thin, dark mass. It is an oiled blanket; inside is rolled a *long bow +1* (but no arrows) and a glass vial (a *potion of diminution*).

The scabbard is finely crafted and adorned with polished gems (ornamental and semi-precious stones of many types, total value 800 gp). It holds a *long sword +1*, *luck blade* (it has only one wish in it; don't let PCs know this until they've used it).

The chest holds 509 gp (loose). Two canvas sacks lie atop the coins. One contains 312 sp and the other contains three pearls of pink lustre (each worth 360 gp), with the fragments of a fourth, crushed pearl.

16. Rivior's Study: This once-fine chamber is now a scene of decay. Its walls are of dark panelling made from the wood of shadowtop trees, now covered with (harmless) fungus and mold growths. Each corner of the room is cloaked by a tapestry, but these once-fine hangings (scenes of knights hunting dragons) are

now rotten shreds. The 30' x 30' room has one plain wooden door, across from its entry arch, in the center of the south wall. This door is closed and locked, and leads to #17.

A circular table, a chair, and its occupant—a man in leather armor—lie half-crushed beneath a great bookshelf that toppled forward from the east wall. It must be shifted to examine the objects underneath.

The mummified, near-skeletal body is not undead. It is equipped with a small metal mirror, a set of thieves' picks, a crowbar, a brass hooded lantern (crushed), a club, and a dagger. Its armor, boots, and belt are crumbling from rot, but if they are examined closely, a coin can be found slipped into a slit on the belt's inside surface, beside the buckle. The buckle is gold-plated iron with a circular sheath to cover the once razor-sharp edge sharpened along about a third of it (suitable for slicing rope or cloth or even sawing through wire).

The corpse's right boot has a hollow heel, found by lifting out the insole. Inside is a silver piece, 3 gp, and a tiny wooden box holding a sapphire (worth 1,000 gp).

Strewn around the body are 16 tomes and seven bone scroll tubes with leather caps. Ten of the books are account ledgers, recording barter of swords, blankets, lamp oil, and rope in exchange for casks of wine and uncut gems. Three more are lurid chapbooks, of the sort read by lonely merchants around campfires. Two books are diaries of someone named Pelentharr, who evidently worked magic and traveled often between Netheril and Myth Drannor. Pelentharr's ink has faded, and mold has attacked the pages of his cheap travel-tomes; the diaries are very hard to read (but may, at the DM's option, provide clues or directions leading to treasures and adventures—perhaps in the Stonelands).

The last book is a rare treasure: a *libram*



of silver magic.

The scroll tubes all contain scrolls. Five scrolls hold a single wizard spell each, as follows: *flame arrow*, *gust of wind*, *locate object*, *massmorph*, *remove curse*. The sixth scroll is *protection from magic*, and the seventh is a trapped scroll; its cryptic runes are so much ornate gibberish, over which *explosive runes* have been written.

17. Lord's Bedchamber: This 30'x20' room is panelled to match the previous one (#16), and provides a home to similar fungi and molds. It boasts a huge canopied bed against the east wall, a table and a stool, and a row of ten ornate wooden closets built in along the south wall.

On the table, under thick dust, are a scabbarded sword (a *broadsword* +2 that glows with a strong lavender-hued radiance when drawn), a bottle of wine (long since turned to vinegar), and a handkerchief.

The bed reeks of mildew and will collapse in ruin if any weight is put on it. The closets have no locks and hold clothes, boots, belts, and blankets on pegs and rods. All are so decayed that they crumble when touched.

In the westernmost closet stands a human female with long black hair, large purple eyes, and angry-looking, beautiful features. She wears an open green silk robe, copper bracers, a gem-studded brassiere and girdle, and high, soft boots. She has been chained to the closet-rods with fine copper wrist manacles. She is unmoving, unbreathing, and unaware of her surroundings.

This is Miior (AC 7; MV 12; W2; hp 12; S 14, D 17, C 16, I 17, W 10, Ch 16; AL CG; THACO 20; ML 15), once the consort of Rivior the bandit lord. She is in *temporal stasis* and has been here, undisturbed, for a long, long time. Knowing no dating system, she doesn't know how long she has been here or who put her here. She wears *boots of elvenkind* and *bracers of defense*

AC 2. Her gem-studded "bikini" garments are set with many ornamental stones, the top being worth 460 gp in total, and the bottom, 220 gp.

She has memorized the spells *charm person* and *shocking grasp*, but time has robbed her of spellbooks, dagger, her lord, and the world she knew. If the PCs release her (the chains break easily, breaking her *stasis* as well), she will be subdued and bewildered, but she is very intelligent and observant and reacts to danger like a seasoned adventurer.

18. Armory: This 20'x20' room once held a small arsenal of weapons, but all are gone now. Its walls sport rows of wooden pegs, on one of which hangs an empty, rotten, leather sword-scabbard. A pile of dust and rotting cloth lies in the northeast corner, and in it lies hidden a plain brass ring (non-magical, worth about one-fortieth of a copper piece) and (in a pouch) a many-spined, silvery metal globe (a *magestar*; described in the Magical Items section of this adventure).

In the center of this room is a heavy wooden table, hacked and battered around its edges (many blades were driven into it, like a chopping block, over the years). It radiates faint magic due to now-failing preservative spells. An upside-down wooden stool lies under the table, and a headless, warped spearshaft leans against the north wall.

19. Feast Hall: This large hall is still impressive; it once must have been grand. Marks in the dust show where long tables, benches, and chairs once stood, but they are all gone.

The room's 80-foot high ceiling is lost in a welter of crossbeams and tattered tapestries (many of which hang forlornly about the chamber). This area is home to a hungry stirge that will swoop noiselessly to the attack. It is cunning, and will strike at a weak or lone target, but will sneak after



a strong party, awaiting a chance to attack when they are facing another foe.

Stirge: AC 8; MV 3, Fl 18 (C); HD 1+1; hp 9; #AT 1; Dmg 1-3; SA blood drain (1-4 dmg per round after strike until 12 hp are drained or stirge is killed; ML 8; AL N; THAC0 17; MC2. The stirge's grip is broken only by death or its satiation. If an attack against it misses while it is attached, roll a second attack against its victim's AC to see if the victim is hit instead.

In the center of the northwest wall, about 20 feet above the floor, hang two normal crossed spears covered by a large metal shield (a *shield* +1) painted with a russet-colored, flame-breathing, rearing dragon.

Cormyrean sages, heralds, courtiers, and nobles will all recognize this heraldic display as the personal arms of Salember "The Rebel Prince," who was regent during the youth of his nephew Rhigaerd, and in the end, refused to relinquish the throne. Salember and the nobles who supported him were finally slain in a bloody civil war. How his arms came to be here is a mystery. Any PC who uses the shield as it currently appears while in Cormyr will attract some unfriendly attention; the term "red dragon," applied to a person, still means traitor in Cormyr.

The spears and shield are wired to hooks embedded in the wall. Both hooks and wires have become more rust than metal, and will crumble away under any weight. If they fall on a PC, a Dexterity Check allows avoidance; anyone hit takes 1d4+1 damage.

20. Hall of Statues: This passage is lined with granite statues on 2-foot-high pedestals. The statues are very heavy—about 350 lbs. each—but are useful for ramming, setting off traps, or propping doors open.

The statues are described from south to north, beginning with the west wall (refer to the map).

A. An impassive-looking human male warrior in splint mail, holding a large, plain shield and wearing a helm with a tall plume.

B. A lizard man crouching and snarling, a naked scimitar in each hand.

C. A 9-foot-tall, plate-armored warrior, visor down, holding a spear across his chest in a "guard" position.

D. A sleek, sneering female human warrior in leather armor, a saber raised menacingly in one hand, a dagger held ready in the other.

E. A snarling gnoll chieftan in a breastplate and shield, club raised menacingly.

F. A mailed man with a mace held high overhead to smash a downward blow, a short sword in his other hand and a great helm hiding his face entirely. Statue F is actually a doppelganger assuming a perfect likeness of Statue J (see below). It is waiting here for prey and will try to strike PCs from behind after they have passed, returning to this likeness and pose before being discovered.

Doppelganger: AC 5; MV 9; HD 4; hp 29; #AT 1; Dmg 1-12; ML 13; AL N; THAC0 15; MC2.

G. A long-haired, long-bearded man in leathers, brandishing a 6-foot-long, double-bladed war axe.

H. An empty, rubble-strewn pedestal.

I. A catlike, crouching elf with a buckler in one hand and a fantastically-long, whip-bladed sword in the other.

J. A mailed man with a mace held high overhead ready to smash a downward blow, a short sword in his other hand and a great helm hiding his face entirely (identical to F, above).

K. A kneeling archer, composite bow drawn to her ear, a barbed (double-headed, one behind the other) war-arrow on the string.

L. A magnificently-muscled man clad only in a loincloth and knee-high boots, carrying a fistful of javelins and holding one raised, ready to throw.



M. A bristle-bearded dwarf in a helm, flopping boots, and a mail-shirt, launching himself into a charge, warhammer first.

N. A slim man with teased, curled hair, a frilled cape, and a rapier raised menacingly, balancing a dagger on one finger of his other hand.

O. A half-round pillar, set against the wall. It appears to be fashioned of stone blocks (unlike the walls, floor, and ceiling, its surface displays regular seams). On the west side of the pillar, about 5 feet above the floor, one of these blocks has been etched with a rune like an “S.” The tail of the S curves down to meet a small circle. An inverted “Y” descends from the bottom of the circle. On the south side of the pillar, about 2 feet above the floor, is a stone that can be swung out like a door to reveal a storage niche. The niche is a cylinder, 1 foot in diameter and 4 feet high. It contains a cheap-looking necklace (actually a *necklace of mystic eidolons*, detailed in the Magical Items section).

21. Kobold Guardroom: Firing ports (marked with dark circles on the map; they are ovals measuring 3 inches long and 2 inches high) allow this room to command views of nearby areas (including #19 and #20). The room contains low wooden benches on the west and south walls, numerous weapons, and kobolds who keep watch here (and will fire without warning at any intruders). There is an alarm gong that the kobolds will strike after engaging an enemy; by means of a wire that travels up to #23, it warns other kobolds in the level above.

Kobolds (8): AC 7 (metal shields, leather armor); MV 6; HD ½; hp 4 each; #AT 1; Dmg 1-6 (short sword) or 1-4 (dagger); ML 10; AL LE; THAC0 20; MC1. These guards have high morale because they are personally formidable (for kobolds), know the dungeon well, and are trained at defeating foes far more powerful than themselves by using the dungeon’s traps and by

attacking en masse. Each kobold has a hand crossbow like those used by drow, firing once per round with ranges S2/M4/L6. The crossbows fire a dart that causes 1-3 hp damage and is coated with drow sleep poison (save vs. poison at -4 to avoid effects; onset is 1d6+1 rounds, and the effects last 2d4 hours—only a *neutralize poison* spell or similar aid can awaken victims earlier).

The kobolds have 60’ infravision and will wait in the dark, firing at opponents when they can get good shots. Each kobold has 12 bolts and has practiced for long hours firing through these ports at small targets outside. Their initial shots will be made at +4 to hit, and all darts fired thereafter will be at +3. When these kobolds are outside the guardroom and the familiar target areas it overlooks, their accuracy drops to +2 in darkness and +1 in light.

22. Ready Room: This former armory and bunkroom for duty guards is used as a midden by the kobolds. It reeks of decay, and no wonder: a rickety table leaning against the wall holds a leather skin of wine, a roughly-hacked, rotting, half-eaten sheep, and a plundered purse (slit belt-ends still attached) containing 3 cp, 2 sp, and 5 gp. The rest of the room is choked with torn clothing and scraps of armor, gnawed bones, a broken dagger, four splintered spearshafts, and heaps of kobold dung.

23. Kobold Shaft: This square-walled shaft rises 112 feet (from the floor here to the floor of the upper level) to the citadel of the kobolds. A ladder of rusting but solid, massive grabirons climbs the east wall. An older series of handholds hollowed out of the stone climbs the north wall.

24. Ambush Elbow: This diagonal section of corridor provides an ideal spot for at-



tacking intruders coming from the east, and the kobolds have set up a trip-bow here consisting of a multiple heavy cross-bow on a tripod.

The crossbow, assembled from several captured weapons, is too heavy and unwieldy to be used by hand. It fires three bolts on parallel courses, operated by tripwires stretched across the secret door (which opens southward into this corridor) and across the corridor just east of the diagonal section. These wires are concealed by gathered cobwebs.

The bolts cause 1d4+1 damage each and strike at THAC0 9 against targets surprised by them (i.e., those who do not carefully creep around this bend of the corridor). Their force will drive them via ricochets right around to strike the western door to #6, but they strike at THAC0 15 against targets around the bend. This trap fires only once unless the kobolds have an opportunity to reload and reset it.

25. Chamber of the Chain: This 20' x 40' room holds only cobwebs, dust, and an 8-foot-long bronze chain hanging from a large, circular bronze boss set into the 15-foot-high ceiling. The bottom link of the chain has been twisted open, and whatever was on the end of it is gone.

26. Plungefall: The floor in this area has become very weak, eroded from below, and will collapse if any weight of more than 150 lbs. is placed on it. If a PC steps on the floor, a Dexterity check must be made at -4, or the character plunges down 20 feet (2d6 damage, fragile items must save vs. fall) into a narrow, natural crack—the path of a now-vanished stream.

The place where a falling creature will land after breaking through the floor is home to a small colony of green slime, which coats the floor and cannot be avoided unless falling creatures can fly (or *feather fall* and push against the rock

walls to propel along the passage to avoid the slime).

Green slime: AC 9; MV 0; HD 2; hp 11; #AT 0; Dmg attaches to live flesh, turns the target creature into green slime in 1d4 rounds (no resurrection possible; to avoid, freeze, burn, cut away, or scrape it off in 1 round or kill with a *cure disease* spell); ML 10; AL N; THAC0 19; MC1.

This natural crack widens in two areas (marked *A* and *B* on the map). At *A*, the passage becomes a damp, sand-floored cavern large enough for six man-sized creatures to sleep in comfortably. It is empty, except for a cracked, rusty helm lying on the floor.

At *B*, a hollow in the floor is filled with a powdery brown pile directly below a 2-foot-diameter, irregular hole in the ceiling. The pile is very old dung, from the latrine 132 feet above in the Upper Level. Man-sized PCs wearing flexible armor (chainmail or less) or smaller folk can climb up the irregular natural walls of this shaft, but the damp stone is slippery. Dexterity checks must be made every third round of climbing. Seven rounds should be the minimum time required to climb the shaft for a skilled climber. Check more often for those who are injured, heavily encumbered, or not skilled at climbing. Missiles, including fellow PCs falling from overhead, cannot be avoided in the shaft.

27. Bathing Chamber: This 30' x 20' room contains a small oval pool within four massive pillars. A concentric ring of steps leads down into its black, opaque, stagnant water.

PCs who take a dip in the chillingly-cold water can grope around blindly to recover 66 gp (scattered loose) and a *horseman's mace +1*.

After the pool's waters are disturbed, doors in two of the pillars will open to reveal man-size niches. Out of these will step two ju-ju zombies.

Ju-ju zombies: AC 6; MV 9; HD 3 + 12;



hp 29, 24; #AT 1; Dmg 3-12; SA climb walls (92%); SD hit only by +1 or better weapons, many immunities; ML 20; AL N(E); THACO 15; MC1. PCs who lack magical weapons may simply have to flee them.

Both zombies wear the shreds and scraps of once-fine clothing; one has a gold belt buckle shaped like a snarling face with opal eyes (worth 800 gp each).

28. Room of the Fallen Giant: This chamber is weirdly lit by patches of phosphorescent mold growing on the walls, ceiling, and upon a cracked stone table whose halves fill the center of the room. Sprawled atop it is the skeleton of some sort of giant, the spear that killed it still wedged in its ribs. This spear glows and is magical (it causes normal spear damage, but is otherwise identical to a *sword +2, giant slayer*). Its name, “Shimmering,” is carved upon it.

Much stone rubble is heaped around the edges of the room—evidently, there was once a lot more stone furniture here that has since been destroyed. Carvings that appear to be fragments of runes can be seen on some pieces.

Searching this rubble will take a long time; much heavy stone must be moved, creating a lot of noise. The DM should check for wandering monsters once every third round. Those who search the rubble should immediately find 2d12 gp, but it will take at least 4 more rounds of searching before they uncover bits of rag, then skeletal human feet still inside a pair of *boots of the north*.

29. Forgotten Gear: This room contains a 12-foot-long wooden pole, one end blackened by fire. It lies atop a leather backpack. The pack holds a tinder box, two candles, five days worth of rations (cheese, sausage, dry biscuits, and date-paste, all still edible), two skins of wine (each holding a gallon), a blanket, and a pair of high boots. There is no sign of an owner.

30. Battle Chamber: This room reeks of death. A large scorched area covers the east wall. A dead orc wearing silk robes and a leather belt adorned with gems (six bluish-white, faintly-glowing moonstones, each worth 75 gp) lies face-down on the floor. An axe is buried in the back of his head: an *axe +2, throwing*.

The orc’s body is infested with grey grubs. If the body is disturbed, 1d6+20 grey-hued, maggot-like worms will leap and wriggle with lightning speed from it toward intruders. The grey grubs behave as rot grubs (see MC2). The DM should consult the rot grub entry for the behavior of these rare dungeon predators. Unlike their feared relatives, however, grey grubs merely swarm up a victim until they find bare, hairless skin (e.g., the face or neck, not the arms), bestow a cold, clammy kiss, then drop off, scaring the PCs—have they just been given some horrid disease?—but doing little else. (The DM can elect to have fun with this, having hair of the touched PCs begin to grow grey and bulbous, and so on.)

The burned area contains only ashes. Projecting from them is a skeletal human hand clutching a three-foot-long, black metal rod with barbed ends. It is a *rod of flailing*, which becomes a flail when the word *aerael* is spoken, and returns to rod-form when the word *thund* is uttered. Its Armor Class bonus is activated by silent will as the rod is grasped.

31. Many-Pillared Hall: This large room is littered with stony rubble that has fallen from the ceiling (PCs looking up will see cracks and cavities, but nothing will fall unless *fireballs* or similar explosions occur). In this case, there will be a thunderous roar and a large fall of stone. A rusty scimitar and dagger lie among the stones.

Five closed stone doors are visible in the walls. The lone door on the diagonal northwest wall is false (at the DM’s option, it can lead to future expansion); touching



it causes a *magic mouth* to appear on a nearby pillar and say, “The way is blocked. You cannot pass.”

The three visible doors on the southeast wall operate as follows (from northernmost to southernmost). Touching the first door causes a 10' x 10' floor area directly in front of the door to blink away for 20 seconds, spilling all PCs here into a 40-foot pit (4d6 falling damage). The pit is littered with bones and its northwestern wall is composed of rubble; digging here may open up a lower dungeon level. The floor's return will trap victims in the pit and may harm others reaching in to rescue them.

The center door opens to reveal an empty corridor. A 15' x 15' stone block (6d6 damage from direct hit, 2d6 from a rolling blow) falls from the ceiling onto anyone

standing in front of the door. Any metal touched by the block vanishes instantly, without harm to those wearing or holding it (it is *teleported* to room #3, forming the pile on the floor there).

The southernmost door is false. Touching it causes the ghostly image of a human female face to appear on it and whisper (whatever the DM desires, to intrigue and lead PCs to other adventures; this strange “spirit,” Ruuthreene, knows a lot about the history of the Halls and the Stonelands).

32. Cellar: A pair of waist-high, arched doors are placed in the passage wall here. They swing outward to reveal a low, arch-ceilinged stone cellar sloping downward. On the floor are scattered bones (human), and a locked, brass-bound wooden chest.

If the chest is opened, it emits an acrid,





colorless gas that spreads rapidly. All PCs must save vs. breath weapon or fall asleep instantly for 2-12 turns (normal wandering monster rolls apply and affected PCs can't be awakened early).

Inside the chest is a wooden coffer holding four gold rings, each set with three tiny emeralds (each ring is worth 4,000 gp), and two large canvas sacks of 225 gp each.

One of the blocks in the stone ceiling midway down the cellar is marked with a scratched circle. It swings down to reveal a shaft leading up into darkness. The end of a rope hangs in the shaft. This old, thick, black-tarred rope is rotten (27% chance of breakage; check for every 30 feet climbed, increasing the chance by 8% per additional climber). The shaft rises 112 feet to the Upper Level; if the rope breaks, falling damage applies.

Upper Level

Areas #23, #26, and #32 all lead up to Rivior's "fall-back" stronghold, now a kobold citadel. The DM should adjust the number of kobolds (there should be at least 45) to reflect the strength of attacking PCs. The kobolds don't know that the privy (#26) is connected to the lower level of the Halls, but both other entrances come up in well-like entrances under heavy guard.

Ascending PCs must make Dexterity checks for each round of climbing to avoid making a noise that alerts the kobolds (if they shout, cast spells, or deliberately make noise, detection is assured). The kobolds have spears and oil flasks in plenty, but will save these for PCs they can see nearby. Climbing PCs will first face hurled rocks and dropped bags of gathered lock lurkers (detailed in this module). A PC who is hit suffers damage and must make both a successful Dexterity check and a successful Strength check or fall down the shaft, taking falling damage. If only one check succeeds, the PC falls but

gets a second Dex check; if it succeeds, he manages to catch hold of the rope lower down and hang on, taking only 2d8 battering damage.

Persistent PC attacks will force the kobolds to escape by any of the three routes and return for revenge later.

Expansion Areas

The Haunted Halls have lower levels not revealed here, where PCs can enjoy years of danger. To reach them, they can dig up stones in front of or behind certain doors in #31 or under the floor of #14. PCs may have to dig away a lot of rubble (with picks, crowbars, shovels, carts, mules, ropes and pulleys—the whole apparatus of a mine) to proceed, but the DM will have to provide suitable bait (such as local lore or Miior's memories of "deep treasure crypts"). As PCs disturb more of the Halls (especially if they occupy part of it as a home or hideout), monsters will react, coming up from the depths to attack, perhaps working together to destroy PCs.

Whatever befalls, may delvings in the Halls be delightful. As an old adventurer once said: "There! That didn't hurt much, did it? Did it?" (Or, as an old orc saying goes, "Sixteen times burned, once shy.")



WARNING RUNE: "Magic here"



Suggested Campaign Plots and Adventures

The lifeblood of a campaign is the color and interest a DM continually builds into it by introducing mystery and long-term goals via subplots, a “supporting” cast of NPCs, and by giving PCs ways to get information. In Eveningstar, this means using passing caravans; the temple library, usable at a 1 gp per person per day browsing fee; and locals who talk of their own adventures, or, in Tessaril’s case, speak of the crown’s local intentions and concerns.

Encourage players early and often to role-play PC walks about the village. They’ll soon be thinking up the adventures they want to have! Role-playing is critical to bringing the bare map of Eveningstar to life, thereby peopling it with “real” beings. *The Long Arm of the Law* and *Tessaril* sections show how authorities and the “respectable” majority of villagers respond to adventuring PCs.

The “current clack” of news and rumors going around the village can suggest many adventures. The best place to hear gossip is the taproom of the Tankard, a gathering-place for locals and travelers alike (note: caravans also bring Zhentarim agents and independent thieves, both looking to prey on PCs).

Here are some adventure ideas:

The Caverns of the Claws: This network of caves, a notorious troll-hold, lies east of the village. Exploring PCs may find out why the creatures keep returning. If the DM has access to the *Dwarves Deep* (FR11) sourcebook, perhaps the reason is a Deepspawn—a monster that creates many other monsters. These fell things infest the Stonelands and may even lair deep in the Haunted Halls. Perhaps, led by powerful Spawn, they view the area as their own realm; perhaps the Zhentarim are behind this infestation. Either way, PCs could end up in a long, bloody war against an organized Spawn network.

The Crypt of Shadows: Nearby, in the Stonelands, a distinctive barrow-tomb is infested with shadows. Does it hide a

more powerful menace, too? Or is the whole thing a Zhentarim trap, with cursed magical items as “treasure”?

Ironguard: DMs who have issue #18 of *DUNGEON*® *Adventures* magazine can use this tiny wizard’s lair as is; others can readily devise their own magical-trap-filled underground home. Ironguard features magically-animated, guardian flying daggers. A strong PC party might face more powerful enchanted and created guardians. If the resident wizard is away, escapes, or has prepared for undeath, PC intrusions may begin an escalating series of hostilities.

The Warriors’ Crypt: Many wizard lairs, some still home to mages, lie hidden in the Stonelands close to Eveningstar, including the infamous Warriors’ Crypt. Its mound is a battle-grave; the great warriors who fell there are now undead creatures of unusual fighting prowess who serve a sorcerous lord. Some whisper this dread lord is a fiend from another plane! (It could be a nabassu—see “Tanar’ri, Greater” in Volume 8 of the *Monstrous Compendium*—or something else, as the DM desires.)

Mellomir’s Mystery: Recent news (*FRO) told of the famous Arabellan sage’s discovery of great magic in the depths of the Haunted Halls. It explained the many monsters encountered there and the sudden and total disappearance of dwarves from the Stonelands a century ago. Mellomir has since vanished. A false rumor says he found “The Ring of Winter”—but its function and meaning are mysteries for PCs to solve.



Magical Items of Eveningstar

In the descriptions that follow, *XP Value* refers to experience points gained by a creature who makes (enchants) an item, not by a creature who possesses it. *GP Value* is the sale price that can be expected when the seller is careful and not desperate for cash. Keep these facts a secret from players; PCs won't know market rates for magical items.

LANTERN RING

XP Value: 50

GP Value: 200

This plain, brass ring emits a single globe of light similar to a *dancing lights* spell. The globe moves and changes intensity in response to the wearer's silent will. If willed to become a beacon, the ring creates a brilliant shaft of white light (equal to full, bright noonday sunlight) extending vertically from the ring-hand up into the sky. The light lasts 2 hours (less 1d4 turns per *dispel magic* cast on it), but will not function indoors or underground.

In Eveningstar, these rings are worn by Lord Tessaril and all Purple Dragons. Tessaril will give them to PCs who render Eveningstar important aid. The local priests of Lathander also sell them at double list price.

MageStar

XP Value: 4,000

GP Value: 20,000

These devices appear as many-spined, silvery metal globes. When touched, they glow and levitate, floating beside the creature touching them, looking very much like will-o'-wisps. Spells cast at a *magestar* are absorbed and give the device 1 hp per spell level (a *fireball* sucked into a *magestar* gives it 3 hp and negates the effect of the *fireball*). All known spells cast at a *magestar* (including area effect spells) are absorbed, but active magics are not cancelled if a *magestar* enters the area.

At the owner's mental bidding (or automatically if he collapses or falls uncon-

scious), the device moves to touch him and passes absorbed hit points to him as healing energy. If not "charged" with spells, it gives only 1d4 hp.

If any creature able to cast spells or possessing spell-like natural powers touches a *magestar*, "ownership" of the device passes to that creature. Only creatures with such powers can use a *magestar*. Ownership can change once per round if a *magestar* is touched repeatedly. A creature can "own" only one *magestar* at a time.

Magestars have energy limits which vary unpredictably from one to another. A starved one shrinks, grows dim, then vanishes; an overloaded one explodes (4d6 blast damage to all within 20 feet; save for half damage).

Necklace of Mystic Eidolons

XP Value: 4,000

GP Value: 15,000

These necklaces vary in appearance, but to the wearer, they always appear as plain metal chains adorned with 1d8+1 pyramid-shaped, points-down rock pendants. If one pendant is twisted off and touched with a drop of the user's blood, a *projected image* of the user is created, and he permanently loses 1 hp instantly.

The user can see through the eyes of this image and move it at will. It moves in the same manner and rate as the user (if a user can't fly, neither can his image).

A mage can cast one spell through his image (the image becomes the spell's source). The image then vanishes as it takes effect. The link between user and image penetrates all known physical and magical barriers (e.g., an imprisoned mage can attack or *charm* a jailor on the other side of a barrier).

If no blood touches a detached pendant within one turn, it dwindles away and is lost. Pendants vanish when used. The necklace can never be recharged.

Lock Lurker

FRQ1

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any land
FREQUENCY:	Rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVE TIME:	Any
DIET:	Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Low (5-7)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1
ARMOR CLASS:	3
MOVEMENT:	8
HIT DICE:	1 + 3
THACO:	17 (sting), 19 (bite)
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1 (bite) or 6-9 (1d4+5 for sting)
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Paralyzing venom
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Nil
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	Nil
SIZE:	T (1" diameter, tail to 1' long)
MORALE:	13
XP VALUE:	175

The tiny lock lurker is the bane of thieves, and is often placed as a guard against such infiltrators. Lock lurkers look like coins—cold, hard, coppery or bronze discs (25% are silver or golden in hue). A lock lurker has two rows of tiny, retractable legs on its underside surrounding a razor-sharp iris of teeth that resembles the mouth of an octopus. It has a lightning-fast stinger that can be up to a foot long, but it is usually on the Ethereal plane, invisible to observers on the Prime Material.

A human handling a lurker often thinks he has picked up a smooth, heavy coin. A sting usually advises him otherwise. Lurkers have been known to be carried with other coins until reaching a place where easy targets will come near. Unless metal is struck, the lurker's bite and sting are both silent.

Combat: A lurker's teeth can bite through hide, hair, skin, or leather armor, but not metal. Its bite causes 1 point of damage.

A lurker's stinger strikes as if the creature were a much more powerful monster. The stinger can attack creatures in the Ethereal plane, and materializes on the Prime Material plane only when the lurker launches an attack. The strike is powerful enough to pierce any armor and to stun opponents of less than man-size for 1-2 rounds. It causes 1d4+5 hp damage and injects a venom into the victim's bloodstream.

The venom reacts with blood to *slow* a victim (effects as per the wizard spell) on the round following the sting-strike. During that round, the victim's body reacts to the poison; a saving throw must be made. If successful, the victim is slowed for a second round, then recovers fully.

If the saving throw fails, the victim is immediately paralyzed for 1-6 hours, passes into a 1-2 round *slowed* state, then recovers. This paralysis is a rigid muscle-lock affecting all limbs and extremities. It is not a floppy loss of motive power (a victim cannot be posed or easily dressed or undressed, and can easily be hurt if moved).

The venom reacts unpredictably. A successful save against one strike does not give immunity to the next strike (nor does paralysis from one strike guarantee paralysis from another).

A lurker can sting 40 + 2d4 times per day without exhausting its poison. Venom and any food ingested by a lurker are both held in expandable body sacks on the Ethereal Plane, transferred to and from the Prime Material portion of the lurker in a way not fully understood.

A lurker's stinger can be attacked on the Prime Material plane



only if materialized there. On the Ethereal plane, all parts of a lurker can be attacked unless it pulls itself fully into the Prime Material plane. This requires an entire round, allowing an ethereal attacker one "free" attack at it.

A lurker can transfer body material between the two planes despite any physical or magical restraints placed on it, but can never fully withdraw into the Ethereal plane. Lurker attacks and venom have the same effects on both planes, and lurkers have 60'-range normal and infravision on both planes.

Lurkers can slowly regenerate lost or damaged body parts.

Habitat/Society: Lock lurkers are so named because they are often placed as guards on chests and doors to strike unwary interlopers through keyholes. Assassins have placed them under inkwells and pillows, in boots, and in other places convenient to a strike (so that the paralyzed target can be slain easily with no alarm being raised).

In the wild, lurkers are solitary hunters, wandering slowly from one feeding location to the next. They can tolerate extremes of heat and cold, including the conditions found in smokehouses, ovens, and icehouses. Lurkers are hermaphroditic; whenever two adults meet, they mate and go their separate ways. One to four months later, each lurker lays an egg sack of 1d12 x 10 tiny eggs, 60% of which are fertile. Untended, these hatch in 1d6 weeks, typically producing 3d6 offspring. These eat the unhatched eggs (and sometimes each other) until they are fully mobile, then wander off in search of food. They never fight other lurkers and mature within 2 years.

Ecology: Lurker venom is valued as an ingredient in inks, potions, and processes concerned with *slow* effects.

Their bodies are a preferred ingredient in *oil of etherealness*; a largely intact body is worth 2 gp (6 gp if the stinger is intact). Lock lurker venom (a clear, gummy fluid that smells like seaweed) brings about 10 gp per flask (from the few alchemists who recognize it). Lurker egg sacks bring about 25 gp on the open market.

CLIMATE/TERRAIN:	Any temperate land
FREQUENCY:	Very rare
ORGANIZATION:	Solitary
ACTIVE TIME:	Any
DIET:	Carnivore
INTELLIGENCE:	Very (11-12)
TREASURE:	Nil
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic neutral
NO. APPEARING:	1 (1-4)
ARMOR CLASS:	6
MOVEMENT:	6, Fl 16 (A)
HIT DICE:	2
THAC0:	17
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3
DAMAGE/ATTACK:	1-2/1-2/1-4
SPECIAL ATTACKS:	Nil
SPECIAL DEFENSES:	Immune to all poisons, detection abilities
MAGIC RESISTANCE:	40%
SIZE:	T (up to 2' long, including tail, up to 3' wingspan)
MORALE:	Elite (14)
XP VALUE:	270



Tressym are beautiful, fluffy, winged cats, closely related to the small, feral cats native to the woodlands of the Heartlands of the Realms—the cats domesticated by many in the Dales, Sembia, Cormyr, the Moonsea cities, and the Sword Coast. Tressym vary in the hues and fur-lengths of their coats as much as normal (wingless) cats do. Most resemble a shorthaired grey, tabby, or black cat, with two batlike wings at their well-muscled shoulders.

Tressym wings have feathers. The leathery membranous wings are divided into arc-segments by hollow bones, rather like the elongated fingers of a bat divide up its wings.

Combat: Tressym stalk and pounce on prey, scratching and biting much as normal cats do, but with the added ability of flight, which makes them far more deadly to birds (and insects) of all sorts. They do not, however, seem to attack nestlings or despoil eggs. In battle, they are cunning—scratching at the eyes of opponents, for example, and learning danger quickly, so that a tressym that sees a wand fired by a wizard knows about the danger of sticks of wood held by humans for the rest of its life.

In addition to their 120' infravision, tressym can detect invisible objects and creatures up to 90' away. Tressym can also *detect poison*; through scent, taste, or touch, they recognize substances that are deadly to the intelligent races of the Realms (humans, elves, half-elves, dwarves, gnomes, halflings, orcs, goblin, and rarer peoples). Tressym themselves seem to be immune to all known forms of poison.

Habitat/Society: Tressym are found on occasion in Eveningstar's streets and trees. Northern Cormyr is the only place where they seem to breed and gather, although individual tressym, both wild and domesticated, may be found all over the temperate Realms.

Villagers in Eveningstar feed tressym and try to prevent the worst of their vandalism and aerial catfights. At the same time, they try to prevent any large-scale or magically-assisted trapping and capturing of them. Evenor folk value tressym for their owl-like rodent control in the fields. Most of the flying cats lair in nearby Starwater Gorge and hunt the farm fields night and day, avoiding local cats and dogs rather than fighting or tormenting them.

Ecology: These cute, mischievous little terrors are semiwild and thought to be the result of some long-past wizardly experimentation. They are known to live twenty years or more if they do not meet with misadventure, and are free to take shelter from, or fly away from, the worst winter weather. Tressym mate as often as normal cats and do not mate for life. They sometimes mate with normal cats, with whom they are fertile, but only 10% of such young will be tressym; the rest will be wingless.

Tressym are quite intelligent and have been known to form strong friendships (and hatreds) with creatures of other races, such as humans and elves. Tressym have even been known to sacrifice themselves for those they love.

A few mages have sought these creatures as familiars. At least two Evenor wizards (Lord Tessaril and Maea Dulgussir, who still conceals her magical skills from locals and visitors alike) have done so successfully. As familiars, tressym combine the sensory advantages of a cat and an owl (refer to the *find familiar* spell in the *Player's Handbook*), and have additional benefits: they are intelligent enough to carry and manipulate complex and delicate items; they can observe and report events diligently; they can concentrate on a task at hand even when hormones or instincts provide strong distractions (i.e., they can overcome things that would make a lesser familiar lose all attention to tasks or surveillance), and they can communicate to their masters the identifications of poisons—even harmful gases not intended as an attack.

Tressym cannot confer or transmit any immunities against poison to another creature. They are not strong enough to fly with even a halfling aloft. They can fly hard enough to slow a halfling's fall to a 2d4-damage affair, in descents of 90' or more, but can't lessen the damage suffered by any larger or heavier creature.

Tressym tend to get along with others of their kind when they meet, but they rarely lair or hunt together. They also peacefully ignore bats, griffons, and the like, but are the deadly foes of stirges and manticores (against whom they will gather with other tressym to fight), and enjoy teasing dogs.

Dungeon Dressing Table

Use This Table to add spot interest features to The Haunted Halls, especially when PCs are traversing areas previously explored. Roll 1d20.

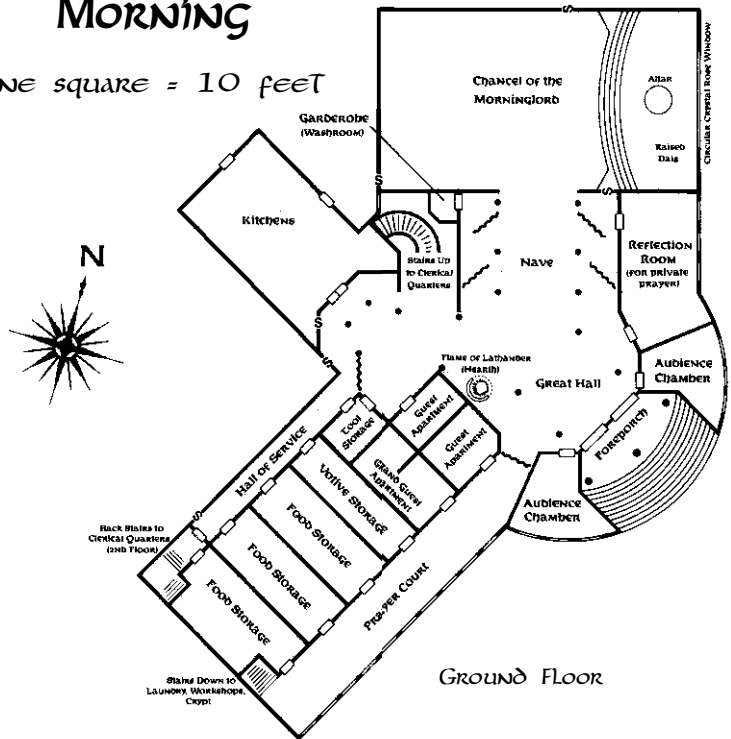
- 01: A human skull and some scattered bones are strewn on the floor.
- 02: A black arrowhead (badly tarnished silver worth 1 sp) with a few fragments of wooden shaft.
- 03: The dust-covered glass fragments of a shattered vial (of the sort used to carry poisons), still with its cork stopper. Its spilled contents left a faint yellowish-green stain on the floor, in which can be seen a footprint: The outline of a bare, left human foot.
- 04: A dark, motionless swirl. It's a cloak of fine wool, now miledew and worthless.
- 05: A heap of tumbled, broken stones. Some pieces have curved, sculpted surfaces. (They can be roughly assembled into a statue: The life-size image of a man brandishing a sword and a spear. He has a long, snakelike tail, as well as legs.)
- 06: A loose stone underfoot. It can be lifted out to reveal a storage niche, which may contain a wand, coins, a bag of gems, or the like, perhaps with a skeletal spider or mummified snake atop them.
- 07: A dust-shrouded, cobweb-covered lump. It is either the long-dead, fist-sized husk of a spider, legs curled around it, or a stone or human skull.
- 08: Rotting, gnawed goblin corpses (1d6 in number). They have been stripped of clothing and valuables and lie sprawled on the floor.
- 09: Three crumbling torch-ends, burnt low and dropped long ago. Or: Two oak logs, 6 feet long and about 1 inch thick. Iron hoops are hammered into their ends, with a few links of chain attached.
- 10: A mummified, long-dead bat.
- 11: A face-down, headless human male corpse. It has withered to crumbling skin over bones. Its clothing has perished, spilling out 2 cp, 3 sp, and 1 gp. It has a badly-rusted short sword (1d6 damage, 1 in 6 chance of breaking per round of combat use) and a disintegrating black cloak bearing a shiny, new silver pin (a brooch of shielding). Vary the corpse's gear each time this is used.
- 12: Water seeping out of a wall to form a puddle. The water is safe to drink.
- 13: A leather-armored goblin body lying face down, half-crushed under a massive stone block that fell from the ceiling. The stone must be shifted to get at the corpse's treasure: a crushed shield, a shattered iron dagger, and purse holding 2 cp.
- 14: Three scuffed, open chests; they may contain anything (or nothing) the DM desires.
- 15: Musk fills the air, alerting PCs to the presence of six floating instruments: a flute, a shawm, a lyre, a harp, a hand-drum, and a krumphorn. The instruments glow with an eerie, flickering, blue-white radiance and float in midair, playing by themselves. They play the same short tune over and over (the DM should choose something he can whistle or hum).
If touched by any living creature, the instruments stop playing, the glow fades, and they slowly settle to the ground. They have been enchanted by a ghost pipes spell ("FRA) and are not magical.

This feature can be used several times (who is wandering around this dungeon casting ghost pipes spells, anyway?), but when it has grown familiar, replace this die-roll result with a continual light, glowing fungi, or other radiance.

- 16: A pit trap. A 10' x 10' section of the stone floor drops away like a flap, revealing a 30-foot drop (3d6 damage). It then snaps back up into position, sealing in any creatures fallen into the trap. To free them, the trap must be sprung from above and a shield or something similar must be wedged into it to hold it open, or the floor section must be shattered. On one wall of the pit, someone has used charcoal to scrawl in elvish, "Beware the horned one!" At the DM's option, the pit could contain a trapped, hungry monster.
- 17: A dusty, securely-stopped vial. It contains musky, spicy perfume.
- 18: A dented, rusting iron cup.
- 19: A stout wooden chair with one leg missing, fallen on its side. Its underside is a single oak board; if this is pried away from the padding, 50 gp will be discovered stuck to the board with pitch. Or: A stone table. At the DM's option, there could be something unseen under it, such as a permanently invisible (except as it hits) *wardrummer* +1.
- 20: Someone or something has dug a rough hole here about an arm-length deep into the wall. Rubble (5d4 rocks, ranging from fingernail-sized to fist-sized) lies on the floor below.

The House of The Morning

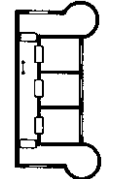
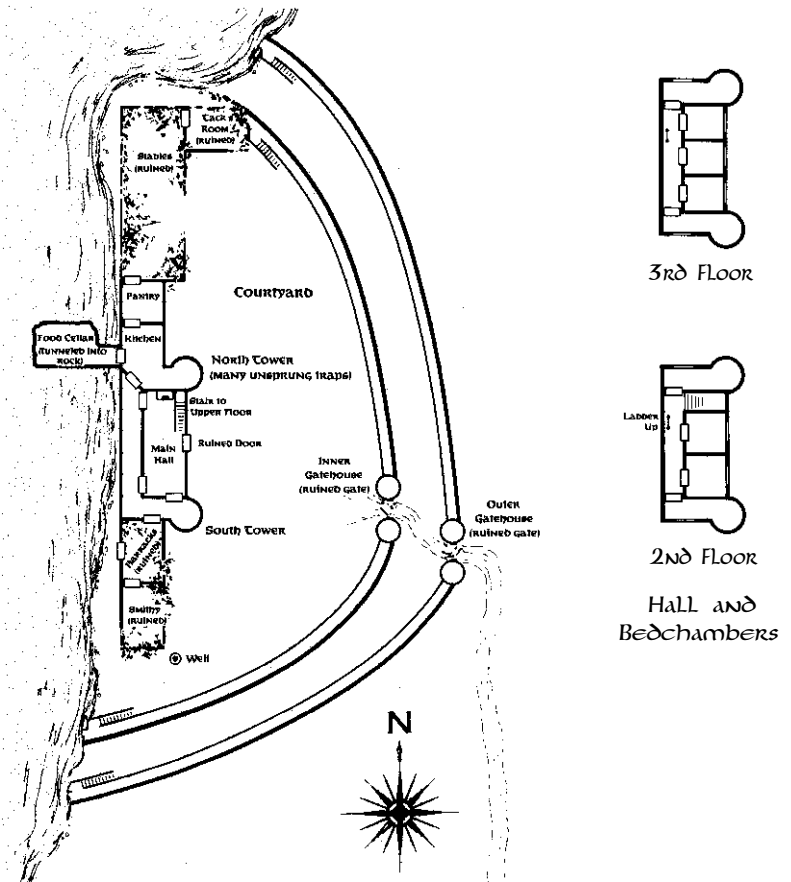
One square = 10 feet



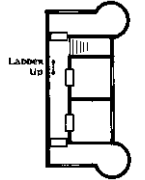
The remainder of the Temple is left to the DM for development as the campaign dictates.

Rivior's Keep

One square = 10 feet



3rd Floor



2nd Floor

Hall and Bedchambers



Village of Eveningstar



1. The Lonesome Tankard Inn (see accompanying map); proprietor Dunman Kirilag (F5, NG)
2. Eveningstar Hall (meeting house, guard barracks, jail)
3. Stables (horses bought, sold, rented); proprietor Ladian Ruldo (see also #30). Dunman Kirilag of The Lonesome Tankard rents space in the stable for the use of his guests.
4. Market Square
5. Ashnairn's Fine Clothing Shop
6. Ebbard Highsong, Butcher
7. The Old Boot (wagonmaker and harness shop); proprietor Arbold Tethyr
8. Residence of Auldo Morim (town clerk and purser) and barracks for local Purple Dragon detachment (9 men)
9. Residence of Lord Tessaril Winter (F 10, CG, an ex-mage who possesses a necklace of missiles and a wand of magic missiles)
10. Shop and home (upstairs) of Vilnar Orsberg, barber/perfumer/tattoo artist
11. The House of The Morning, Temple To Lathander; patriarch Charisbonde Trueservant (Pr 11, NG)
12. Temple Granaries
13. Temple fields (wheat and vegetables grown by and for clergy)
14. Pillar Rock (entrance to old tomb cave in base)
15. Redhand Pool
16. DelTar's Mill; proprietor DelTar Tummarlin

17. High Pasture (common grazing land)
18. The Iron Hand (smithy); Master Armorer Dhurthal Ironhand
19. The Golden Unicorn Inn; proprietress Selda Imyara
20. Shop of Baskar Lendo; sage, print shop, parchment and ink maker
21. Mother Tethos; cordials, herbs, gentle curios (a doctor and midwife, but not a cleric)
22. The Low Lantern (Tavern, dance hall, theater); proprietress Maea "Iron Eyes" Dulgussir
23. Tethyr Hardware (chains, rope, oil, candles, etc.); owned by Arbold Tethyr and run by his three fat daughters
24. Tethyr's Court (rooming house); owned by Arbold Tethyr, run by his wife and eight live-in maids
25. Shop and home of Uldar The Potter
26. The Silver Branch (jewelry, fine silks, glasswork, art, etc.)
27. Carpenter's shop and rooming house owned and run by Roarel Olff
28. Eveningstar Bakery; proprietress Urda Malo and her daughters
29. The Welcoming Hand Inn (a burned-out ruin at present)
30. Stables; proprietor Ladian Ruldo (see #3)
31. Apple orchard and farm belonging to Taburg Shen
32. The old Thaddath farm (ruined barn and stone tower house, used as the village dump and midden)
33. Old Meg's hut
34. Path leading to The Haunted Halls

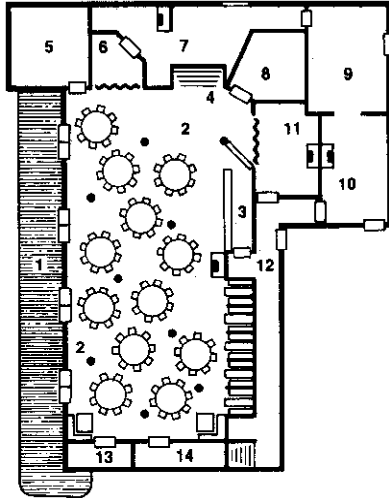
The Lonesome Tankard (INN)

One Square = 10 feet

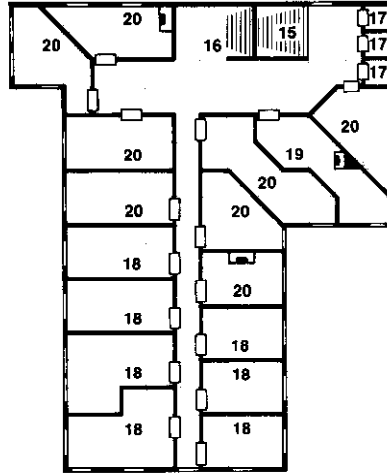


Ground Floor

1. Front Porch with overhanging roof; pillars not shown.
2. Taproom/dining room with tables, booths (on east wall and southern corners), pillars, and fireplace (south of #3).
3. Bar, behind which Dunman is usually found.
4. Wide stairway to upper floors.
5. Private dining/meeting room, available for rent.
6. Robing room, where visitors can clean up and store outerwear.



Ground Floor



Second Floor

7. Servants' Lounge and dining area.
8. Dunman's office and strongroom; heavy door is double-locked.
9. Scullery food & cutlery storage.
10. Kitchen; note double-sided fireplace, shared with #11.
11. V.I.P. Lounge and dining area.
12. Back room; storage of liquor and specialty items. Stairs at south end lead to cellars (not shown).
13. Men's Toilet.
14. Women's Toilet.

Second Floor

15. Wide stairway leading from ground floor.
16. Stairway to 3rd floor.
17. Walk-in storage areas for linens, chamberpots, water casks, candles, lamps, and so on.
18. Guest rooms. All have a bed, storage chest, sideboard with chair and ewer of water, wash bowl, clothes rack, lamp, and chamberpot.
19. Luxury rooms. Identical to #18 except for fireplace.
20. Rooms where PCs and other NPCs may lodge.

Third Floor

Not shown. Layout matches 2nd floor, except that the center storage closet has a hatch in its ceiling allowing access to the roof.

Stables

The inn has no stable, but rents stalls in the stable across the road to the west for the convenience of guests.

Cellar

The cellars are old, damp (the river is near), and lined with stone. They are filled with casks of wine and beer, some larger than a man. Wooden bins of potatoes and onions hang from the rafters (so that if flooding occurs, they will be buoyed up by the water). The DM is free to add things of interest, but as far as Dunman knows, the cellar holds just this provender, old broken furniture and the like, a laundry area, and slop-buckets (he takes the garbage out weekly and buries it in the gorge near #32 on the Village map). The cellar also contains several old, smashed armories. In them, Dunman keeps the gear of adventurers who never came back: old swords, daggers, coils of rope, blankets, saddlebags and even tents, boots, belts, shields, helmets, and armor. PCs can have these for a price (Dunman won't reveal where he keeps them, though).

Tessari's Tower

One square = 10 feet

Ground Floor

1. Porch
2. Entry Hall
3. Dining Room
4. Kitchen
5. Pantry
6. Grand Stair (to 2nd floor)
7. Stairs Down to Cellar (cellar not shown)
8. Washroom
9. Cloak Closet
10. Audience Room
11. Ladder (to 2nd floor closet)

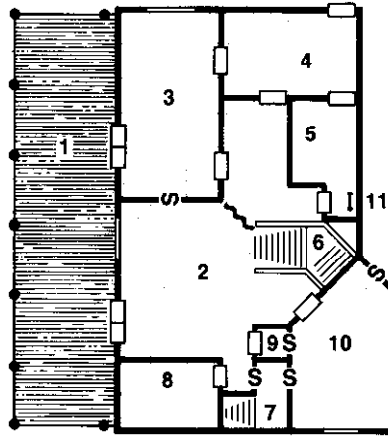
Second Floor

12. Grand Stair (from 1st floor)
13. Ladder (from #11)
14. Upper Landing (sitting area, sculpture gallery)
15. Tzin Tzumme's Chambers
16. Guest Bedroom
17. Guest Bedroom (two Purple Dragons sleep here when no visitors are staying in the house)
18. Guest Bedroom (Azoun's chamber)
19. Linen Closets
20. Bower (sitting area with plants; two Purple Dragons sleep here when visitors are present)
21. Upper Stairs (to 3rd floor)

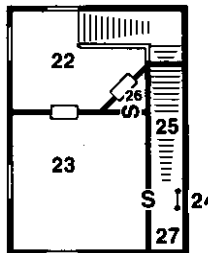
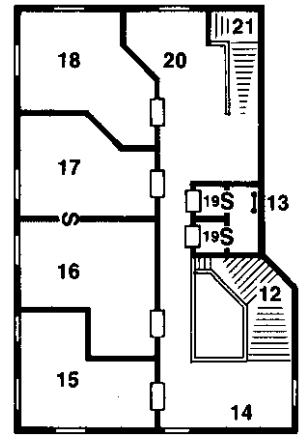
Third Floor

22. Loftly Landing (two Purple Dragons are constantly on duty here when visitors are present)
23. Spell Chamber (for spellcasting)
24. Ladder from #13 (ends here; dummy ladder continues to ceiling, with false trapdoor above; weight on upper rungs releases jets of sleep gas)
25. Stairs to Cupola (4th floor)
26. Locked Closet Fitted With Alarm Gong (contains most of Tessari's Cormyrean documents)
27. Minor Magic Storage Closet (potions, scrolls, material components)

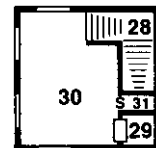
Ground Floor



Second Floor



Third Floor



Cupola (Fourth Floor)

Cupola (Fourth Floor)

28. Stairs Down to 3rd Floor
29. Wardrobe Closet
30. Tessari's Chamber (contains a roof hatch reached by climbing one of the four ceiling chains that Tessari's bed hangs from)
31. Magic Storage Closet (lead-lined, magically guarded)



Haunted Halls of Eveningstar

by Ed Greenwood

Welcome to the picturesque village of Eveningstar, nestled at the foot of the Stonelands where the River Starwater winds down a gorge and snakes into the King's Forest.

Here, the Knights of Myth Drannor began their famous adventures. Here, the Ladies of the Brazen Blade, The Company of the Singing Sword, The Steel Shield Band, and many others came, clutching royal charters from King Azoun with the ink scarcely dry on the parchment. Some fell, some went on to greatness—but they all came here first: here, to the Haunted Halls.

Despite numerous infiltrations, the Halls have not yet yielded all their secrets or treasures. Many dangers lurk as deadly as ever in dark chambers herein, awaiting new companies of eager-eyed adventurers.

Is it your turn to dare The Haunted Halls? Many come, but few survive to again see Eveningstar's beauty.

Welcome, then. Enter in, and find in these pages:

- A challenging introductory-level dungeon.
- A detailed countryside setting, including important local personages, local color, and guidelines for play.
- Suggested campaign plots and adventures.
- New spells.
- New magical items.
- New monsters.

A splendid campaign can begin here. Adventurers in an ongoing campaign can stop by for a memorable visit. Those looking for an underground stronghold may even find a home in the Haunted Halls of Eveningstar.

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