

# AGARTHA



## AGF2: ORDEAL BY WATER



An adventure for 4 to 6 2<sup>nd</sup>-level characters, using Dungeons & Dragons® 3<sup>rd</sup> Edition rules.

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## INTRODUCTION

When running *AGF 2: Ordeal by Water*, the characters should be at level 2 or thereabouts, and although in an ideal world they should have a good mix of abilities (a cleric, a fighter, a rogue and a wizard) the adventure can be adapted for pretty much any combination of classes.

The adventure is best run as a sequel to *AGF 1: The False World* because that adventure deals with the characters' arrival on the False World. It could be adapted to another world without too much trouble, although some of the subplots, such as the mystery of the False World, the involvement of the Initiates and the war between Frozen and Drown will have to be changed or removed.

Additionally, this adventure is part of an ongoing series, and will be followed by *AGF 3: Trial by Fire*. Again, parts of the plot have been left open, so as to invite a sequel. If, however, you do not wish to run *AGF3*, you can always write your own. By the end of this adventure, the party should, on average, be third level.

You'll note that the encounters here are a bit more numerous and challenging. Since the party should have an average level of 2, they should be able to cope with it. There are enough challenges in this module to take a party of four 2<sup>nd</sup>-level characters all the way up to level 3. If your group is larger, feel free to add more cannon fodder as appropriate, but don't get too carried away.

The staging advice for this module is pretty much the same as the last. The atmosphere should be tense; the characters, although they survived the tribulations of *AGF1: The False World* are still new here and have a lot to learn. As always, if you encounter any boxed text that doesn't have a grey background or contain statblocks, it's intended to be read aloud to the players. You'll notice that there aren't many monsters, and in fact there's only one in the entire module; a water mephit. This is deliberate. The False World is about conflict between people, and hence the magical beasts are kept to a minimum. Any encounters between PCs and proper monsters (magical beasts, aberrations, etc) should be rare, and hence a source of wonder. That said, humanoids can come in any variety of shapes and forms, and the presence (albeit minor) of the kuo-toa should begin to show that the arrivals on the False World aren't just confined to the land.

I can't recommend much in the way of backing music for this adventure; since the PCs will be searching the Temple of Olhydra, they're effectively in dungeoneering mode and as such won't appreciate much in the way of distraction.

As always, this adventure, and its sequels, are or will be available for free under the terms of the d20 licence. I'll be happy to receive your opinions of the modules and, if you do make it available for download from your site, please let me know the address! The simple reason for this is that I'd like to see just how popular these adventures are. I will quite happily link to your site. If you wish to contact me, you may do so by emailing [cythron@btinternet.com](mailto:cythron@btinternet.com).

Before you undergo the *ordeal by water*, all that remains for me is to say 'good luck!' and to advise you to keep an eye on the Agartha website – <http://www.planewalker.com/agartha/> – which at the time of writing has been up for a month and has been updated every day.

Phil Smith  
31<sup>st</sup> January 2001

## THE SCOUTING PARTY

You've been here for a few days now, and it seems like you're not much closer to getting the answers you want. Let's recap, to get the situation fresh in your mind. You, along with some others who are in a similar situation, appear to have escaped certain death, only to end up in a strange place known as the False World. Before you and your new companions had the chance to get acquainted, you were ambushed by goblins, and it's been downhill all the way since then. You went to the nearest town, a rather unpleasant place called Frozen, and you weren't exactly invited to make yourselves at home. Rather, you got entangled in the scheme of an old wise man by the name of Gwythyr and he sent you on a mission to lure the Grand Vizier of the town into a trap. Fortunately, it seems that the grand vizier, a vitriolic person called Samael, was a pretty evil sort and he got what he deserved.

Before sending you on your way, Gwythyr advised each of you to 'learn what your element is' and said that you would be better off heading to Drown – another town which, according to Gwythyr, Samael had been planning to invade with the assistance of the armies of Frozen.

Well, it's not as if you have anything better to do, is it?

Approximately two miles outside Drown, the PCs encounter the first evidence of Samael's legacy; a scouting party from Frozen, come to assess the terrain before the main invasion force is mobilised.

At the moment, you're not particularly far from the coast, and as such it's bitterly cold. One might wonder if the winter here ever ends. Still, at least it's dry; you can remember being more uncomfortable. Take the moment of your arrival on the False World, for example; you were up to your waist in ice-cold seawater then. Or even, take the moment *before* your arrival. Fatal, or rather near-fatal wounding could well be described as the *epitomé* of discomfort! Fortunately, there isn't much of a wind blowing either, and there seems to be plenty of firewood to be found, so at least you won't freeze to death.

Unfortunately, it looks like there's someone else here with whom you might have to share such resources. Four people are some way off in the distance – about thirty yards or so. They're rather spread out, as if searching the area. Any of you who might have worked as scouts will recognise that they're performing a recce of the area. Worse yet, they appear to be armed and armoured... and they've spotted you.

**Scouts (3):** male human War1; CR 1½; SZ M (humanoid); HD 1d8; hp 8; Init +0; Spd 20; AC 16 (+4 scale mail, +2 large steel shield); Atk: shortspear +1 melee (1d8) or light crossbow +2 ranged (1d8); Face 5ft × 5ft; SA none; SQ none; SR 0; AL NE; Reach 5ft; SV Fort +2, Ref +0, Will +0; Str 11, Dex 10, Con 11, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 10.

*Skills:* Intimidate +1, Search +5, Spot +7. *Feats:* Alertness, Point Blank Shot.

*Possessions:* 10 bolts, scale mail, large steel shield, shortspear, light crossbow. One of the scouts carries an unused sunrod.

**Spellcaster (1):** male half-elf Adp2; CR 1; SZ M (humanoid); HD 2d6; hp 9; Init +0; Spd 30; AC 12 (+2 Dex); Atk: shortspear +1 melee (1d8) or light crossbow +1 ranged (1d8); Face 5ft × 5ft; Reach 5ft; SA none; SQ half-elven traits; SR 0; AL NE; SV Fort +0, Ref +2, Will +6; Str 10, Dex 14, Con 11, Int 13, Wis 13, Cha 11.

*Skills:* Concentration +3, Intuit Direction +2.5, Listen +5, Knowledge (Arcana) +5, Search +5, Spellcraft +5, Spot +5, Wilderness Lore +5. *Feats:* Combat Casting, Iron Will.

*Spells (3/2):* 0– *detect magic, guidance, read magic*. 1<sup>st</sup>– *burning hands* (×2).

*Possessions:* 10 bolts, light crossbow, shortspear, wooden holy symbol of Imix, *amulet of senses recollected*.

**Treasure:** between them, the scouting party has 190 gp in various forms of coinage. Many of the coins

are from various mints, some of which the PCs might recognise, but many from worlds and cities of which the PCs may never even have heard.

Since they are trying to perform a secret mission, the scouting party do not want any witnesses to their actions. Therefore, unless the PCs appear to be allies – either wearing the uniform, arms and armour of the army of Frozen or *charming* the spellcaster before he gets the chance to order his men into action – they will attack. If the latter course of action does in fact occur to the PCs, allow a check for initiative. If they win, their plan will have some degree of success.

So, what do the scouts know? Not a lot. They're just checking the lay of the land. Unless the spellcaster or a significant amount of their number is *charmed*, they're not likely to volunteer information unless they're overpowered, captured, and interrogated quite thoroughly (an Intimidate check against DC 13 will do). Still, here are some facts they might be persuaded to divulge.

- There aren't many monsters here; all they've seen are people. Well, people, orcs and goblins (spit!).
- The land between Frozen and Drown is fairly clear. They were able to get through fairly unmolested. Well, not entirely. They did have a run-in with some goblins, but they soon slaughtered them without too much trouble.
- The only real problem they see the armies as facing will be the moors at night; there are wolves and such about, although they tend to avoid people. The real danger lies in the cold. People could easily die out here.

The rest of the party's journey should be moderately uneventful. Uncomfortable, cold, damp, but besides that, not particularly dangerous.

## DROWN

With that little plot hook established, it's now time to send the PCs into Drown. It's not a nice place to be right now, since it faces two disasters. The first is the threat of invasion from Frozen, as the PCs have seen. The second comes from within the city itself, and it is this threat with which this module is chiefly concerned.

Drown looks pretty different from Frozen, but it's also quite ghoulish in its way. While Frozen had all those effigies of people who looked to be frozen in place, Drown has a more aquatic or marine motif. A lot of the buildings seem to be improvised affairs; quite a few of the smaller hovels look as if they were made out of boats, while lots of the baulks of timber that make up the frames of the more expensive houses could easily have been made from cannibalised ships.

The smell of sea salt permeates the place, and there seem to be barnacle-like molluscs everywhere, clutching to the wooden doors and beams, helping to contribute to the gradual decay that seems to be taking the town over. There is a nautical theme to the architecture of the town, although it's not pleasant. Again, there are humanoid figures present in reliefs and so on, but despite that it's got a gruesomeness all of its own. The figures have their arms outstretched and their bodies contorted violently, as if they were struggling to be free of the depths. You can see how Drown got its name. The locals seem to be a little friendlier than those who call Frozen their home, but not much so.

On the whole, Drown does not appear to be as brutal a place as Frozen; you notice that there's no wall, for a start, and as such there's no gate *per se*. There are guards, however, watching over the rough roads that lead into and out of the town.

The first two guards you come across allow you to enter, without so much as challenging you for a toll or identification. They don't seem particularly interested in you, frankly.

Once again, the PCs are new arrivals and don't have that much to do. They could try passing on the information they acquired right at the beginning of this adventure, or even pass on news of their accomplishments as outlined in *AGF 1: The False World*. The guards, however, won't have much time for such matters. They're more content with watching the gates and attempting to find a way of sleeping while keeping up the appearance of looking alert. If the PCs really are bloodthirsty types who like to launch unprovoked attacks for no good reason, here are the stats for the guards.

**Guards (2):** male human War2; CR 2; SZ M (humanoid); HD 2d8; hp 12; Init +4; Spd 20; AC 14 (+4 scale mail); Atk: halberd +2 melee (1d10); Face 5ft × 5ft; Reach 5ft; SA none; SQ none; SR 0; AL LN; SV Fort +3, Ref +0, Will +0; Str 11, Dex 10, Con 11, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 10.  
*Skills:* Intimidate +1, Search +6, Spot +6. *Feats:* Improved Initiative, Weapon Focus (Halberd).  
*Possessions:* none.

The guards simply grunt as you pass on the information. On the whole they don't seem particularly impressed or irritated. They simply stand their, leaning on their halberds.

"Nowt t' do wi' us," remarks one, picking his nose. "Tek it to Sherriff's office."

"Aye," sneers the other. "If y' can find 'im."

Finding the Sherriff is going to be a tricky job. There is a form of law enforcement within Drown, although it's a rather haphazard affair; the criminals within Drown are a very rough sort, and they have a habit of killing guards who cross their path. Fear of violence has bred a willingness to let criminals go as they please, and over time this has blossomed into a wonderfully pungent flower of apathy. Locals will be surprisingly helpful in that they'll direct PCs to the nearest watch house, although it's far from impressive...

The West Watch is housed in the remains of an upturned galleon, with doors and windows cut in the side of the reeking, salt-caked hull. It's remarkably gloomy inside, and oppressively silent, save for the rattling cough of a guard as he puffs on a foul-smelling pipe.

The lobby of the West Watch is a fairly large hall, some forty feet wide by thirty, with a low wooden ceiling –formerly the main deck of the ship, you reckon. Several flagstones have been laid in an attempt to make a floor, while various doors lead off to improvised cells. All of them are empty. There are four guards present here. One sitting by himself in a corner is the aforementioned pipe smoker; a wizened elf whose glamour appears to have deserted him completely. The other three are seated around a warped table playing a card game. The card players look remarkably bored, paying no attention to you as you enter.

"Explain the rules to me again," says one of them, a dwarf who has, horror of horrors, shaved his beard off.

One of his companions, a half-orc who has a patch over each eye, replies, "What, again? Oh, all right. Kings are worth three, Jacks are worth ten –"

"—apart from one-eyed Jacks, which are wild cards –" adds the fourth member of this quartet; a fat man with a purplish face and swollen neck. The bizarre explanation tails off there as six pairs of eyes and one pair of eye patches turn to regard you.

The four guardsmen are only slightly more interested in their job than the two guards. After all, the PCs have just thrust their presence upon them! On the whole, like the other guards, they're bored, terrified of the criminal population, and generally despised by all those present. Because of this, they're likely to be unhelpful and generally incompetent. Despite that, they might still be up to answering a few

questions, and it is here that they might get some information about the current state of the town. If the PCs ask about the sherriff, read them the following.

"The sherriff?" asks the eyeless half-orc. "He's over there." The half-orc points behind him with his right hand. You notice he's pointing at what looks like an indoor latrine.

The beardless dwarf sighs. "He means over there," he corrects, pointing at the elf. Almost on cue, the elf resumes his hacking cough, which goes on for quite some time.

"Khufff-huch-hruch-hrawwwk!" begins the elf, trying to get his lungs back in working order. "A-huch...! ...deputy..." he wheezes. "Don't (cough) know where Rat-face is," he confesses. "Went - hruuuuuuh -out on patrol by the sea front, never -hruuuuuuh!- never came back." The elf resumes his round of coughing which continues for fifty lung-bursting seconds.

Of course, the PCs might want to know other things, so included here are a few examples of answers that the deputy might have for them.

The deputy wheezes with laughter. "You (wheeze) killed the Grand Vizier of Frozen? Yeah, right. And the sun shines out of No-Eyed Bob's arse! You're (wheeze) seriously telling me that a bunch of - hukh-khuch-khehhekh! -kids like you did him in? Hah! Pull the other one, it's got bells on!" he says. "Well, *conquering heroes*, if *that*'s the case, you'd better find Lord Morgan and claim your *reward*, hadn't you?"

A low, guttural chuckle escapes from the other guardsmen.

## LORD MORGAN

The PCs will be able to find Lord Morgan's residence without too much trouble. Morgan's Court is located at grid reference **F9** on the map of Drown. Any of the locals will be able to direct the PCs there.

Morgan's Court is perhaps the best kept building here in Drown, but even then it hasn't fully escaped the decay that is prevalent here. It's a large townhouse whose front is made of timber, possibly cannibalized from a large ship of some kind. It is quite strikingly different from the castle inhabited by Lord Jannaal of Frozen; the building on the whole looks more urbane than its counterpart to the west. Despite that, it doesn't look completely defenseless. A round stone tower has been built onto the northwest corner of the house, and a couple of guards can be seen keeping watch there. Outside the front door are another two guards - well equipped with chainmail, bows and swords, but otherwise fairly bored.

The guards, if approached, will demand identification from the PCs, and search them for weapons, insisting that the PCs check all weapons at the door. They use force if threatened.

**Guards (2):** male human War2; CR 2; SZ M (humanoid); HD 2d8; hp 12; Init +4; Spd 20; AC 15 (+5 chain mail); Atk: longsword +2 melee (1d8+2) or shortbow +2 ranged (1d6); Face 5ft x 5ft; Reach 5ft; SA none; SQ none; SR 0; AL LN; SV Fort +3, Ref +0, Will +0; Str 14, Dex 10, Con 11, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 10.

*Skills:* Intimidate +1, Search +6, Spot +6. *Feats:* Improved Initiative, Weapon Focus (Longsword).

*Possessions:* longsword, chainmail, shortbow, 10 arrows.

If the PCs play ball, however, they are allowed to enter.

You are shown into a hallway, and escorted up a flight of creaking stairs to the study of Lord Morgan. He sits at a mahogany desk, signing some papers with a rather resigned expression on his face. His shoulders hang as if the weight of government is getting a little heavy for him. He's a broadly built man of six feet, with long plaited brown hair that's beginning to grow thin, a sure sign of middle age, and is dressed in brocaded robes that denote high office. A silver ornamental chain hangs from his neck. He could almost be considered a dwarf if he weren't so tall. It's a good few seconds before he decides to take notice of you.

"Now, then," he begins. "What's so important that you have to interrupt me in the middle of my correspondence?"

Lord Morgan is, naturally, not convinced by the PCs. They look more capable than the locals, although that really isn't saying much. Rather than reward the PCs for their actions which might just have been of great help to his town, he decides to put them to the test.

Lord Morgan slumps in his chair as he regards you. He doesn't look particularly impressed by your presence at all. "So," he begins, "you're the newcomers who are responsible for the timely death of Samael, Grand Vizier of Frozen, and in so doing have deprived Lord Jannaal of his advisor. Am I seriously to believe that people with the seaweed still clinging to them could even be possible of such a thing? Seriously?" he pauses for a moment, before smiling. It's a thin, cold smile with all the humour leached out of it. "Appearances can of course be deceptive. It might just be the case that you *are* people of such calibre. However, I'm sure you appreciate that I won't just throw money into your laps. No. I'll need some proof that you are the people who helped my town in such a way. So, what I want you to do is this. Prove you're the capable warriors and thinkers that you claim to be, by helping me weed out the troublemakers in this town. They call themselves the Sons of the Sea; a band of violent criminals who have terrified my men into total inaction. If you can wipe them out, end their menace. .then I will reward you for doing that *and* for having rid the world of Samael." He looks up, his blue eyes glittering with an almost roguish look. "Double or nothing. What say you?"

It seems that even people who might conceivably be on your side aren't about to trust you readily either. Near death seems to harden everyone...

Well, at least a name's been put to the troublemakers here; the Sons of the Sea. However, tracking them down is not likely to be easy. People quite simply aren't prepared to say much about them. Any attempts to interrogate passers-by, barmen, or other commoners will be met with a reply of 'I'm sure I don't know anything about that sort of thing', or 'we don't talk of such things'. When dealing with the first few encounters of this kind, play up the fear that the locals have of the Sons of the Sea, because they are the main enemy within the town. The locals are terrified of them; to speak of them, so they believe, is to invite death.

Feel free to stall the PCs with a few failed attempts, but try not to bog them down too much; if they're heading from dead end to dead end for more than half an hour, then they might start to lose interest. Use the reticent locals to establish the following facts;

- The Sons of the Sea are a secret organisation; no-one will claim to know where to find them.
- People are scared of the Sons of the Sea; they won't speak of them if they can help it, fearing for their lives.

Naturally, the PCs are going to require some clues before they can get much farther. If they are persistent with their investigation, however, they are likely to attract some attention. The following encounters can be dropped into the adventure in any order, at any location.



## PRESS GANG

It's the early evening now, and a chill wind is coming in from the sea, making the locals retire to the comparative warmth of their homes. It's surprising how quickly the streets can clear in this town, frankly. You quickly realise, however, that it's not just the cold that's driving people indoors. There's a gang of armed men heading up the street. They're a pretty mismatched bunch; one of them fat, one as thin as a rake, but all of them otherwise unremarkable. You couldn't really imagine them as professional soldiers, but they all carry scimitars with the look as if they know how to use them, and probably would use them too, given half a chance.

The dwarf leading them appears to be a different kettle of fish; he definitely looks the part, dressed in half plate and carrying a large metal shield and battle axe. He'd look every inch the dwarf's dwarf, were it not for his bulbous eyes; they bulge right out of his skull, just like the eyes of a fish. The dwarf, and the trio of thugs with him, all wear armbands made of black kelp, as if they were an identifying insignia of some kind.

As people hurry to get out of their way, these four unsavoury individuals succeed in catching up with a youth whose acne has yet to clear up. A scar runs from the top of kid's head, roughly down the middle of his face, giving him a permanent centre parting. He tries to escape, but he's surrounded. His shoves and punches at the thugs do little to deter them. "Go away!" he says desperately.

"Sorry, boy," chuckles the dwarf nastily. "Olhydra's chosen you. You're to join her tonight..".

This encounter brings the PCs into direct conflict with the Sons of the Sea, and drops one hint in their laps; they're dealing with a cult rather than just a gang. Fortunately, the thugs are not accompanied by the spellcasters. The fight could well be quite short, since the PCs are likely to be 2<sup>nd</sup>-level, while the thugs are mostly 1<sup>st</sup>-level warriors; cannon fodder and not much else. The leader is going to be more trouble, naturally. For a 2<sup>nd</sup>-level party, there probably isn't much need to trim the number of thugs down.

**Thugs (3):** male human War1; CR 1½; SZ M (humanoid); HD 1d8+3; hp 11; Init +0; Spd 30; AC 13 (+2 leather armour, +1 small wooden shield); Atk: scimitar +1 melee (1d6); Face 5ft × 5ft; Reach 5ft; SA none; SQ none; SR 0; AL NE; SV Fort +2, Ref +0, Will +0; Str 11, Dex 10, Con 11, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 10.

*Skills:* Intimidate +6, Swim +4. *Feats:* Skill Focus (Intimidate), Toughness.

*Possessions:* leather armour, small wooden shield, scimitar, concealed dagger.

**Thug Leader (1):** male dwarf Ftr2; CR 2; SZ M (humanoid); HD 2d10+6; hp 22; Init +1; Spd 20; AC 19 (+6 banded mail, +2 large metal shield, +1 Dex); Atk: masterwork battle axe +6 melee (1d8+5) or mighty composite shortbow +1 ranged (1d6+2); Face 5ft × 5ft; Reach 5ft; SA none; SQ dwarven traits; SR 0; AL NE; SV Fort +4, Ref +1, Will +1; Str 15, Dex 13, Con 16, Int 10, Wis 12, Cha 6.

*Skills:* Climb -1, Swim -6. *Feats:* Cleave, Power Attack, Weapon Focus (battle axe).

*Possessions:* banded mail, large metal shield, masterwork battle axe, mighty [Str 14] composite shortbow, concealed dagger, *potion of cure light wounds*, thunderstone.

If outclassed, the thugs attempt to retreat, using the thug leader's thunderstone to deafen the PCs in an attempt to throw them off the trail. If, however, the PCs secure the capture of one or more of these cultists, they may wish to interrogate them. Bear in mind that the Sons of the Sea are fanatics. They have taken oaths to protect the secrecy of the cult, and would do anything to ensure its survival, including murder or suicide. Any captives will tell the PCs one thing and one thing alone; "Olhydra will take you."

If the captives are taken to the nearest watch station, they will be locked up reluctantly by the guards, although they'll be released as soon as the PCs have gone. The guardsmen are as terrified of the

Sons of the Sea as the locals. If it looks like escape from the PCs is impossible, however, the cultists will attempt to kill themselves either by stabbing themselves with their daggers (if they have not already been discovered) or by attacking the PCs barehanded in the hope that such a desperate action will result in the deaths of either the PCs or themselves.

## THE INFORMANT

Perhaps your persistence has started to pay off. A scruffy looking man with a ragged beard and all the enthusiasm of someone who's just been given a couple of shillings to run an errand finds you.

"Yeah, you look like the people he described. Close enough, anyway," he sniffs. "Got a message for you. Dunno what it says, 'cause I can't read it. Bloke who gave it to me said there might be the price of a drink coming my way if I said it'd be information you've been seeking for quite some time?" notes the man with a vaguely expectant air as he offers you a piece of rolled-up parchment.

The PCs are under no real obligation to tip the messenger, although he'll probably be less friendly to them in the future if they don't give him a silver piece for his trouble. As for the parchment itself?

The message on the parchment appears to be rather hastily written, but it's just about legible. Written in the Common script is the following;

*I know what you're up to, and want you to know that you're not alone. I know something about the Sons of the Sea, and might be able to help you put an end to this madness. If they knew what I was about to do they'd kill me, although I think they're going to do that anyway. Before it's too late for me – for all of us – we will have to stop them. Meet me in the back room of the **Deep Kelp** Inn. Make sure you are not followed.*

*A friend.*

This might just be the lead you've been waiting for...

Of course, nothing comes quite so easily to the PCs, as they will soon discover. It seems the Sons of the Sea *did* know what writer of the letter was up to, and have sent some of their number to deal with them. The situation is turning very nasty, very fast.

## THE DEEP KELP INN

### Bar

The *Deep Kelp Inn* is almost completely deserted. There are, quite simply, no customers here. Even the barman is absent. There's a rather eerie atmosphere here; cards lie on one or two of the tables, with crude chips stacked in the middle. Half-finished mugs of ale sit on the bar. Even the dartboard has a couple of darts stuck in it, and a tally is chalked up on the slate beside it. Behind the bar, a simple beaded curtain wafts about aimlessly, disturbed only by the wind.

### Back Room

The back room of the *Deep Kelp* is an unpleasantly damp place, reeking of salt water. The room is a simple ten foot square room with a seven foot ceiling, a door leading out onto another street and a ladder leading up to the floor above. Dominating the entire room, however, is an old man slumped in a chair. He has a shock of white hair and is dressed in a heavy brown robe and slippers. He doesn't move, and doesn't appear to notice you. In fact, there's a lot he doesn't seem to be doing. He doesn't appear to be breathing, either. It doesn't

take a thorough search to reveal why this is the case. There's a deep wound in his chest, right through his heart, as like as not.

It looks very much like someone got to him first, although they might have left a clue behind. The corpse sits slumped in the chair, his arms hanging uselessly over the armrests. However, on the floor, a few inches from his fingertips, is a bloody dagger. The blood appears to be fresh, and it covers much of the blade, right up to the hilt.

What happened here? The Sons of the Sea got here first, and using their magic forced the potential informant to kill himself. The ability to *speaking with dead* will of course be beyond the PCs' capabilities, so what can they do? There are temples and clerics within Drown, although securing their help will be somewhat difficult. If at any time the PCs mention that the Sons of the Sea are involved, the PCs will be told to leave immediately 'lest you bring death to us all'. Needless to say, this event will turn up if they succeed in quizzing the corpse anyway.

If the spell is cast at all, it will be cast by a 5<sup>th</sup>-level Cleric, granting the PCs the opportunity to ask two questions. The corpse was of neutral alignment in life, and since the PCs were too late to save the informant's life, any answers will be cryptic and evasive.

The following Q&A session, although not exhaustive by any means, should give the DM sufficient material to work with. Bear in mind that the PCs may ask **two** questions, no more. Any subsequent attempts to cast *speaking with dead* will automatically fail. If the PCs try to get more answers out of the corpse, it simply will not respond.

- *Who killed you?* I killed myself.
- *Why did you kill yourself?* I was made to do so.
- *Who made you do so?* The Sons of the Sea.
- *Why did they kill you?* I know too much.
- *What do you know?* I know where they are.
- *Where are they?* They are close to their element.
- *Where precisely are they?* They are in their temple by the sea.

If the PCs take this matter to the Guardsmen, they will probably respond by asking 'what the hell do you expect *us* to do about it?' in their usual unhelpful style. Lord Morgan will not be so helpful either.

Lord Morgan regards you coolly. "Yes, you're quite right; this *is* a serious matter, indeed. Don't worry, I shan't take this lying down. I've assigned four (*or however many PCs are present*) agents to this case, and I'm sure they shall be springing into action... *just as soon as they have left my office*. Don't let me detain you."

The guard opens the door, allowing you to leave.

This whole episode should help the PCs realise that although the investigation isn't going to be easy, they are at least on the trail of the Sons of the Sea, or at the very least the Sons of the Sea are on *their* trail. Either way, it shows that a confrontation between them and the cult is on the cards.

## THE MADMAN

Some distance away from any of the other encounters, the PCs might well come across this rather strange individual. At one point he might have been knowledgeable, perhaps even helpful, but his troubles have taken their toll on his sanity, leaving him, to coin a phrase, an albatross short of an ancient mariner. This encounter will help to add a sense of danger to the investigation, teaching the PCs that death might not be the only risk involved in this little venture. There is also the risk of insanity.

An old man sits in the gutter, his arms wrapped around his knees, rocking back and forth, giggling inanely. He's dressed in rags that hang from his shoulder in tatters, flapping violently in the breeze.

He recites a verse as he looks towards you.

“Water runs, water falls,  
The waters come to drown us all,  
Water of life, water of death,  
The waters shall steal our breath!  
Water bright, water dark,  
Olhydra’s chosen have left their mark!”

As if finally getting some grand cosmic joke, his giggles degenerate into shrieking laughter, silenced only when some passer-by treats him to a kick in the ribs. Despite his obvious discomfort, the madman still finds sufficient humour to keep giggling.

It will take some serious therapy to being the madman back into a lucid state; possibly more than the PCs might have at their disposal. However, treating him with a bit of kindness – some new clothes, a decent meal, even some healing – will help bring out some more of the madman’s insane babble. If he’s helped in any way, feel free to throw these words at the PCs.

The madman’s eyes clear for a second, as if trying to put names to your faces.

“Not the first. No, no, no. Been others, there have. Been others before you, I say! Ha, ha, ha!” his eyes soon glaze over again, and the manic laughter starts again. “All in the Sea now! Water of life, water of death! Hah!” he recites the verse once more.

There isn’t a lot more the madman can tell them just yet. Not until the Sons of the Sea have been stopped. Still, astute PCs might just be able to pick out a few clues from this encounter; the water is somehow involved in this plot, as is an entity named Olhydra. If the PCs ask the madman any questions, feel free to improvise, but don’t tell them anything straight. The madman has a one-track mind, or at least the remains of one. Recite the verse until the PCs give up their interrogation.

## THE WISHING-WELL

Feel free to throw this encounter in when you feel the level of tension has been cranked up sufficiently.

You might have noticed that since your investigation started things have become a little more tense around here. People don’t want to answer questions. Where before you might merely have had a fearful population on your hands, now you have one that’s been terrified. The overall effect is not unlike dropping a boulder into a stagnant lake.

It seems, however, that there are other forces at work; somehow, events have been put in motion, and there’s a knock-on effect that has hitherto remained unseen. There is something in the air –although more observant people might notice that there is in fact something in the water. People appear to be giving a nearby well a wide berth. There’s a woman there, hauling out a bucket from the well. She wears a black skirt and jacket.

Allow the PCs to make Spot checks against DC 10 to notice that the woman is carrying a scroll, from which she starts to read. A Spellcraft check against DC 19 reveals that she is reading the spell *summon monster IV* from it. Her reading the scroll provokes an attack of opportunity. The woman is Bridget, one of the higher ranking members of the Sons of the Sea, and she has been assigned to teach the PCs some humility.

The woman backs away from the well, and not without reason, it seems; it’s in danger of flooding. You notice the water rising up out of the shaft, spilling out onto the ground. Quite against all logic, a figure pulls itself up out of the water; an imp-like figure with bulging black eyes and fishlike scales. It beats its bat-wings a couple of times, looking around.

"Well, don't just stand there!" the woman demands. "Kill them!" she adds, pointing in your direction, turning to run.

The water mephit spends its first round attempting to summon another water mephit; roll 1d% to determine success; the mephit has a 25% chance of doing this successfully. If the PCs have been getting through combat without much trouble, don't be ashamed to fudge this die roll and have another mephit appear in the next round. Meanwhile, Bridget casts spells to hamper the PCs' combat abilities for a couple of rounds before attempting to effect an escape. Refer to page 28 for her abilities.

**Water Mephit (1):** CR 3; SZ M (humanoid); HD 3d8+3; hp 16; Init +0; Spd 30ft., fly 40ft. (average); AC 16 (+1 size, +5 natural); Atk:2 claws +6 melee (1d3+2); SA Breath weapon, spell-like abilities, summon mephit; SQ Fast healing 2, damage reduction 5/+1; SR AL N. Face 5ft × 5ft; Reach 5ft; SV Fort +4, Ref +3, Will +3; Str 14, Dex 10, Con 13, Int 12, Wis 11, Cha 15.

*Skills:* Bluff +6, Hide +9, Listen +6, Move Silently +6, Spot +6. *Feats:* Power Attack.

*Possessions:* none.

SA - Breath Weapon (Su): Cone of caustic liquid, 15 feet; damage 1d8, Reflex half DC

12.

SA - Spell-Like Abilities: Once per hour a water mephit can hurl an acidic blob that functions like *Melf's acid arrow* cast by a 3rd-level sorcerer. Once per day it can create a mass of smelly fog that duplicates the effect of *stinking cloud* as cast by a 6th-level sorcerer.

SQ - Fast Healing (Ex): A water mephit heals only if it is exposed to rain or submerged up to its waist in water.

**Treasure:** The water mephit has lived in the well for a while, and has accumulated a modest hoard; he's not quite sure why people insist on tossing coins into the well and expecting him to grant their wish, but he's not about to dissuade them! If the PCs really want to spend time risking their lives to get at its treasure horde, they could end up 7,000 copper pieces richer. If they're terminally short of cash, they might consider doing this, although the task is dangerous, time-consuming, and could result in a lot of people staring at them and cracking jokes.

## AN ALLY?

It seems that almost everyone has an attitude problem on the False World. Hardly anyone seems pleased to see you; in fact, most people have been so ill-disposed that they've tried to kill you in some way or other. Take, for example, an incident that's happening right now. While you're trying to get some sleep, no less, you (*select the member of the party who's shown the most obvious leadership*) are rudely awakened, and feel a knife pointing at your throat.

"Don't get up, don't speak. And don't nod; this knife is very sharp and it could result in you getting hurt," says a female voice. "I've been watching you for a day or so now, following some advice from a friend we might have in common. You've been going about this all wrong, you know. It's not just some band of desperadoes you're dealing with here; it goes far deeper.

"You're dealing with a cult," she explains. "Their leader's seeking Initiation. No, not into the cult. Into something bigger. I can tell you this because I know their element. It's mine. I am telling you this because I want them stopped. If their leader is Initiated, that'll be another step towards making my element a force for evil, and I have to redress the balance. Now, here's the funny bit. I can't do this without you, and you don't have a hope of doing this without me. Do we understand each other?" she asks. Without waiting for a response, she's gone into the night.

The PCs have just encountered Oreithyia, a ranger who is a prospective Initiate of the Sea. However, she has one main rival; Zara, head of the cult of Olhydra. Depending on the events that transpire, one of them may succeed and be Initiated.

It is a few hours before the PCs encounter Oreithyia again. If you want to delay the PCs a little more, feel free to throw the other encounters listed above at them first, if you haven't done so already. This will help them pick up a few more clues as to what they're dealing with. Now the basics have been laid down, it's time to draw them into the main action, while setting a little more of the stage.

After the PCs' encounter with Oreithyia, the locals seem to be even more worried than before. Why might this be? Well, news has started to get around. There are forces massing in Frozen; they look set to invade. Of course, the PCs probably know this already, having caught a glimpse of this in *AGF1: The False World*. However, events are beginning to push ahead. It's rumoured that their armies have reached full strength. There's a slow trickle of people out of Drown; a few people have had enough of being terrorized by the Sons of the Sea, and the thought of being kidnapped by them or being hacked to death by armies of Frozen are simply too much.

## CHEAP SHOT

By now, the PCs may have had a few clues directing them to the coast – the madman made constant references to the sea. If interrogated, the dead informer claimed that their temple was 'by the sea'. Of course, the name 'The Sons of the Sea' is something of a giveaway too. If the PCs head anywhere near the coast, let them know that the Sons of the Sea know that the PCs are onto them in the time-honoured way; an assassination attempt!

There's an eerie calm about the town now – the lull before a storm. You're no strangers to trouble, and this has all the hallmarks of trouble about to happen. It's quiet. *Too* quiet. People aren't bothering to go out on the street now. The threat of invasion has struck that last atom of fear into the hearts of an already terrified population. You've not seen a guard patrol the streets now. The place might as well be a ghost town.

Could you really have stirred the place up so much?

The PCs are about to be subjected to a round of sneak attacks by a group of marksmen, all loyal members of the Sons of the Sea. They shall attempt to gain surprise by making use of their Hide skills and following up with sneak attacks. Of course, the PCs get the chance to make Spot checks first, and if that happens, then the marksmen risk losing the element of surprise.

**Marksmen (3):** male human Rog1; CR 3; SZ M (humanoid); HD 1d6+1; hp 7; Init +6; Spd 30; AC 15 (+3 masterwork studded leather, +2 Dex); Atk: masterwork rapier +1 melee (1d6+1) or mighty masterwork composite shortbow +5 ranged (1d6+2); Face 5ft × 5ft; Reach 5ft; SA Sneak attack +1d6; SQ none; SR 0; AL CE. SV Fort +1, Ref +4, Will +0; Str 12, Dex 15, Con 13, Int 14, Wis 10, Cha 8.

*Skills:* Appraise +6, Disable Device +6, Hide +6, Listen +4, Move Silently +6, Open Locks +6, Search +6, Spot +4, Tumble +6, Use Magic Device +3

*Feats:* Point Blank Shot, Improved Initiative.

*Possessions:* masterwork studded leather armour, masterwork rapier, mighty [Str 12] masterwork composite shortbow, 2 *potions of cure light wounds*, 10 masterwork arrows, *potion of hiding*, *potion of sneak*, and 2 *potions of spider climb* each.

The marksmen are located at the top of a nearby flat-roofed tavern named the *Halfway Inn*, making use of their height advantage by sniping on the PCs. It will take the PCs four rounds to reach that same rooftop and close with the marksmen, and attempting to do so will encourage the marksmen to fall back to another vantage point. The marksmen, despite their masterwork weapons, avoid fighting hand-to-hand because they simply have a far greater advantage if they concentrate on ranged attacks. The path of their retreat will be to the east.

The *Halfway Inn* is so called because half of the building is located on dry land, while the other half, thanks to erosion, is in the sea. Hence, it's 'halfway in'. It's a pun whose weakness is rivalled only by the beer. The patrons of this hostelry are rather shocked to see you; any sudden disturbance is likely to shock anyone in this town these days. The barman himself appears particularly discomfited; he has the look of a man discovered.

The barman agreed to let the marksmen use his roof, following a threat regarding 'the consequences of upsetting the Sons of the Sea'. He cracks almost immediately after a successful Interrogation check, or even after some threats and harsh words, and directs the PCs to the staircase, allowing the chase to continue.

If the PCs succeed in capturing one of the marksmen, a successful Intimidate check will get some answers out of him; quite simply, his indoctrination has not been as absolute, and it seems that the PCs are presenting a significant threat at last. He is able to reveal the following facts:

- The temple of the Sons of the Sea is reachable only by a shaft that reaches underground.
- The entrance is trapped; trigger the trap and you'll be fried by a magic glyph.

After the assassination attempt, the PCs might receive a message through the *bracelet of the whispered voice*, assuming they looted it from Bridget's body. Quite simply, they've moved within the effective range of the *bracelet* and as such Zara has had the chance to learn just what they've been up to.

"I know who you are, and I know what you're about. Know that your attempts to stop the Sons of the Sea are doomed to failure, and that your success is the merest fluke. You shall die, and when this town is torn apart by the invading armies, what is left shall be taken by Olhydra. You cannot stop us!"

## A MUTANT IN FISHNETS

Meanwhile, Oreithyia has not been idle. She's been attempting to get some answers too, and has made a rather disturbing discovery. A runner succeeds in tracking down the PCs and calls them to the docks.

There's something of a commotion going on here; it seems that in Drown it never rains but it pours. A trawler has just arrived, and it's come in with the strangest catch anyone has seen recently. The captain, a grizzled ex-marine with a wooden leg, stands by his ship, showing off his catch for a copper piece per look, and he's making a fair amount of catch. You notice that Oreithyia is over there too, studying the contents of the nets. You see within the nets a roughly man-shaped figure, hunched and twisted, its skin consisting of fine green scales, while its head is large, with a wide mouth and enormous bulbous eyes, somewhere between a fish and a frog. It's naked, and its hands and feet are webbed. Whatever it is, it certainly isn't human.

"Y' see," announces the captain, "We'd had no catch today, nothin' in the nets, and we're just about to head back, when we gets somethin'! We hauls it aboard, and afore we knew it, this here goggler had torn out o' the net and started tryin' ta stab at the boys with its spear. O' course, we was havin' none o' that, so a couple o' slashes with me cutlass an' it was a goner.."

Oreithyia heads over to you. "I found this around its arm," she says, tossing a length of black kelp to you. It appears to have been woven into an armband, just like the Sons of the Sea might wear. "This goes deeper than we might have thought."

The body is of a kuo-toa, a race of evil aquatic warriors. Not many people in Drown know much of them, although Oreithyia knows a fact or two. She knows enough to classify the kuo-toa as dangerous,

and nasty enough that back on the real world their evil was deemed so atrocious that they were banished to the underworld.

From this clue (a member of the Sons of the Sea being caught by a trawler) the PCs might conclude that there is an undersea entrance to the temple. Of course, in the frozen north seas, finding such an entrance will be tricky to say the least. However, the other cultists that have been encountered such as the thugs, marksmen and so forth were humans, dwarves and such; all air-breathers. It is logical to assume that there is also an entrance within Drown.

The net begins to close at long last. It's time to talk tactics.

Oreithyia regards you. "It looks like the cult's going to be stronger than I thought. I knew there were some races of the water here on the False World, but I didn't think the goggles were here as well. If they're in league with the Sons of the Sea, which seems likely, then we are in serious trouble. If we don't put them out of action soon, then we'll be lucky if we have even the remotest defence against the army from Frozen when they arrive. But, if we can stop them, perhaps morale might raise a bit –with a bit of fighting spirit, we might yet be able to stop this town from being razed to the ground and washed away in the next tide."

Now there remains the final task; locating the base. They've had plenty of clues; it's located near the sea, accessible only by a shaft that reaches underground. The whispers from Bridget's bracelet might suggest that the entrance is fairly close to the location of the assassination attempt.

## THE TEMPLE OF OLHYDRA

### Entrance

Before you lies a shaft that descends into the ground at an angle of roughly forty-five degrees. It's roughly thirty feet deep and rather dark. At the far end of this you might just be able to make out a metal door, although it appears somewhat indistinct, thanks to the darkness. Several pipes are set into the sides of this shaft too, although what purpose they serve does not appear to be immediately obvious. Reaching the door at the end will be no easy task; the shaft is filled with water.

In order to reach the door, one of the PCs will have to swim down to the bottom of the shaft. An unencumbered human will take two rounds to do this. This will require two Swim checks against DC 10, with a –1 penalty in the first round, and a –2 penalty in the second. The door has two levers set into it; pulling the left-hand lever will drain the water out of the shaft, allowing the rest of the party to enter. Pulling the right-hand lever, however, will uncover and trigger a *glyph of warding*. Because this glyph is located underwater, it affects all beings within the shaft.

**Glyph of Warding:** CR 1; electrical attack on the room (2d8 points of damage); Reflex save for half damage (DC 15); Search (DC 28); Disable Device (DC 28).

The door itself is locked and made of iron. The lock can be picked with an Open Locks check (DC 25), or the door can simply be broken down (DC 28). The door has a hardness of 10 and 60 hit points.

Additionally, a Listen check against DC 10 will determine that there are people beyond the door. If the PCs do not state that they will listen at the door, however, do not reveal this. Let them learn how to be cautious the hard way!

### Level One

1. Hallway



The room beyond the iron door is roughly funnel-shaped. The entrance is at the narrow end of this funnel, while the far end is the broadest side – which itself is approximately twenty feet across – and has two doors set into it; one to the left, one to the right. The room is roughly thirty feet long. It seems that the entrance was not left unguarded, however; five human warriors dressed in chainmail and armed with crossbows are here.

If the door was broken down, the guards attack immediately. Forced entrances tend to be conspicuous. If the PCs are not wiped out in the first volley of crossbow fire (let's face it, that's unlikely to happen unless each and every character is struck down by a critical hit) an alarm is sounded. If, however, the lock was picked or opened with a key, the guards will simply demand identification from the PCs. Either way, the guards will be aware of the PCs and will be able to act in the surprise round.

Two rounds after the alarm is raised, another two guards arrive as reinforcements from room 3.

**Guards (2):** male human War2; CR 2; SZ M (humanoid); HD 2d8; hp 8; Init +0; Spd 20; AC 16 (+6 banded mail); Atk: scimitar +3 melee (1d6) or light crossbow +3 ranged (1d8+1); Face 5ft × 5ft; Reach 5ft; SA none; SQ none; SR 0; AL LE; SV Fort +3, Ref +0, Will +0; Str 11, Dex 10, Con 11, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 10.

*Skills:* Intimidate +5, Listen +5, Spot +5, Swim +5. *Feats:* Point Blank Shot, Weapon Focus (scimitar).

*Possessions:* chainmail, scimitar, light crossbow, 10 bolts.

**Reinforcements (2):** male human War1; CR 1; SZ M (humanoid); HD 1d8; hp 5; Init +0; Spd 20; AC 15 (+5 chainmail); Atk: scimitar +1 melee (1d6) or light crossbow +3 ranged (1d8+1); Face 5ft × 5ft; Reach 5ft; SA none; SQ none; SR 0; AL LE; SV Fort +3, Ref +0, Will +0; Str 11, Dex 10, Con 11, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 10.

*Skills:* Intimidate +4, Listen +2.5, Spot +2.5, Swim +5. *Feats:* Point Blank Shot, Weapon Focus (light crossbow).

*Possessions:* chainmail, scimitar, light crossbow, 10 bolts.

Of course, it is possible for the PCs to fast-talk their way out of the situation. However, this depends on numerous factors. To begin with, they must not have attempted to force the door. Second, they need to make a successful Bluff check (*"Insignia? Passwords? I had them on me, could have sworn it!"*). The guards will have a +10 bonus to their Sense Motive check, modified at your discretion if the PCs have any recognisable paraphernalia of the Sons of the Sea on them and put on a decent act.

## 2. Guard Room

The room beyond the right-hand door is fairly small; no more than thirty feet along each side. A scruffy round table sits in the centre, with a few items scattered about on it: a pitcher of small beer, a few mugs, a deck of cards and a few less readily identifiable substances; a blue powder arranged in a neat little heap upon a ceramic tile and a small vial containing a thick treacle-like liquid. A few worn-out chairs are scattered around; seven in all, while three double-decked bunks are also situated up against the walls. Wooden foot-lockers are located beneath them.

If the alarm has not been raised, the two reinforcements mentioned previously will be here, occupying themselves with the drink and drugs listed in the description. In addition, another two guards are present, whose statblocks are listed below. Naturally, they demand why the PCs have entered unannounced. A successful Bluff check (*"Sorry, wrong door! Forget my own head next..."*) will put them at their ease. Again, this is opposed by a Sense Motive check, but if the PCs have already talked their way past the guards in room 2, then there will be no modifier to the reinforcements' skill check; they won't see themselves as taking a particularly significant risk.

**Guards (2):** male human War1; CR 1; SZ M (humanoid); HD 2d8; hp 13; Init +4; Spd 20; AC 15 (+5 chainmail); Atk: scimitar +2 melee (1d6) or light crossbow +4 ranged (1d8+1); Face 5ft × 5ft; Reach 5ft; SA none; SQ none; SR 0; AL LE; SV Fort +3, Ref +0, Will +0; Str 11, Dex 10, Con 11, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 10.

*Skills:* Intimidate +4, Listen +2.5, Spot +2.5, Swim +5. *Feats:* Point Blank Shot, Weapon Focus (light crossbow).

*Possessions:* chainmail, scimitar, light crossbow, 10 bolts.

If the reinforcements were all killed, then the PCs will experience no resistance to any attempts to search the room. They will find that the foot-lockers are all locked. The locks can be picked with an Open Locks check against DC 20, or the chests can be smashed open (DC 17).

**Treasure:** The two guards who were watching the entrance are on the whole more competent and as such better paid than the four reinforcements. Unsurprisingly, they're richer. Their chests contain 50gp each. The reinforcements' chests (four in all) contain bags of 25gp.

### 3. Quartermaster's Room

The room beyond the left-hand door is roughly thirty feet by thirty, and has many exits; three small doors in the left wall, made of driftwood, and a larger and stronger iron-bound door set into the far wall. There is a wooden table in front of the three driftwood doors, with a few papers upon it. The room is deserted, although you can hear a fair bit of noise from behind the iron-bound door – the sound of people in heavy boots running, bloodthirsty battle-cries and such.

The papers on the desk are basically bureaucratic paraphernalia – chits for weapons and armour. There's an order for six light crossbows and a gross of crossbow bolts, redeemable at Crun's House of the Bow – a fletcher's shop in Drown.

### 4. Ammunition Storage

This is a small cupboard, no more than six feet on each side. The contents are pretty simple – half a dozen javelins, maybe four or five times that in darts, and a couple of cases of crossbow bolts. The place is fairly free of dust. It's probably seen quite a bit of use recently.

The room contains a total of six javelins, twenty-five darts, and twenty crossbow bolts. The Sons of the Sea are running fairly low on ammunition, hence the order for ammunition in room 4.

### 5. Armour Storage

A small cupboard which could comfortably contain one person – roughly six feet deep and six feet wide. It's quite difficult to move around here, however, due to the many boxes, hangers and hooks. Suits of studded leather armour and chain shirts hang from these fixtures, suggesting that the chief purpose of this room is the storage of armour. Some shields are stacked up in the corner.

The room contains five suits of studded leather armour and two chain shirts, as well as four large metal shields, all of normal quality.

### 6. Weapon Storage

This room is a cupboard; no more than six feet square, and appears to have been set aside for the storage of weapons. The main feature of this room are the racks of spears – ten along each wall, so that makes thirty in all – with a dozen scimitars and maces hanging from small racks in the centre of the cupboard.

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The room contains thirty spears, twelve scimitars and twelve light maces, all of which are of normal quality.

#### 7. Drill Hall

Beyond the iron-bound doors lies a great hall, some seventy feet wide by fifty. The room has to be quite large, given the purpose to which it has been set. At the right-hand side of the room are five dummies; effigies made of oakum and straw. It is these effigies at which the inhabitants of the room charge. These soldiers wear studded leather armour and carry spears and crossbows, like regular soldiers. However, the presence of armbands of black kelp shows that they're not part of any regular unit. A hulking figure wearing a breastplate and packing a wicked-looking battleaxe and metal shield is instructing the troops as they are put through their paces, doing their best to 'kill' their targets.

This figure – a muscular man with prominent tusks and a greenish tinge to his skin – has noticed you, and orders his fellows to stop what they're doing.

There's a ladder heading down to the next level, set into the far left-hand corner. It appears to be the only other exit from this room.

If the PCs look like they've recently been in a battle, then the half-orc orders the other warriors to attack. If the PCs aren't well disguised, then the half-orc is immediately suspicious and berates the PCs with questions, ordering them to identify themselves. Again, successful Bluff checks will help the PCs here. If bluffing fails, however, then combat breaks out. The half-orc instructor's tactic is to order his troops to soften the PCs up with missile fire while he knocks back his *potion of endurance*, granting him a +4 enhancement bonus to Constitution (+4 hp). In the next round, he will fly into a rage, granting himself a further +4 bonus to Strength and Constitution and +2 morale bonus to Will saves. His Power Attack feat will take the +2 bonus to his attack rolls granted by his higher Strength and simply add a further +2 to damage. For the sake of simplicity, the statblock of the enraged instructor is written below.

**Troops (3):** male human War1; CR 1½; SZ M (humanoid); HD 1d8; hp 8; Init +0; Spd 30ft.; AC 13 (+3 studded leather); Atk: shortspear +2 melee (1d8+1) or light crossbow +2 ranged (1d8); Face 5ft. × 5ft.; Reach 5ft.; SQ None. SV Fort +2, Ref +0, Will +0; Str 11, Dex 10, Con 11, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 10; AL LE.

*Skills:* Intimidate +4, Swim +4. *Feats:* Weapon Focus (Shortspear), Weapon Focus (Light crossbow).

*Possessions:* studded leather armour, shortspear, light crossbow, 10 bolts.

**Instructor (1):** male half-orc Bbn1/Ftr1; CR 2; SZ M (humanoid); HD 1d12+1d10+4; hp 22; Init +1; Spd 40ft.; AC 18 (+5 masterwork breastplate, +2 large metal shield, +1 Dex); Atk: masterwork battleaxe +7 melee (1d8+3) or mighty composite longbow +3 ranged (1d8+2); Face 5ft. × 5ft.; Reach 5ft.; SV Fort +6, Ref +1, Will +1; Str 17, Dex 13, Con 14, Int 8, Wis 12, Cha 6; AL NE.

*Skills:* Climb +4, Jump +4, Listen +5, Wilderness Lore +5. *Feats:* Weapon Focus (Battleaxe), Power Attack.

*Possessions:* masterwork breastplate, large metal shield, masterwork battleaxe, mighty [Str 14] composite longbow, *potion of cure light wounds*, *potion of cure moderate wounds*, *potion of endurance*, 20 masterwork arrows.

**Enraged Instructor (1):** male half-orc Bbn1/Ftr1; CR 2; SZ M (humanoid); HD 1d12+1d10+12; hp 30; Init +1; Spd 40ft.; AC 16 (+5 masterwork breastplate, +2 large metal shield, +1 Dex, -2 rage); Atk: masterwork battleaxe +7 melee (1d8+7) or mighty composite longbow +3 ranged (1d8+2); Face 5ft. × 5ft.; Reach 5ft.; SQ fast movement, rage. SV Fort +10, Ref +1, Will +3; Str 21, Dex 13, Con 22, Int 8, Wis 12, Cha 6; AL NE.

*Skills:* Climb +5, Jump +4, Listen +5, Wilderness Lore +5. *Feats:* Weapon Focus (Battleaxe), Power Attack.

*Possessions:* masterwork breastplate, large metal shield, masterwork battleaxe, mighty [Str 14] composite longbow, *potion of cure light wounds*, *potion of cure moderate wounds*, 20 masterwork arrows.

## Level Two

### 8. Outer Sanctum

The stairs lead down into a large cellar, comparable in size to the drill hall above. The place is dimly lit by a few candles, throwing eerie shadows about the room. Obscene tapestries hang from the walls, depicting scenes of torture; a moment's glance at one of them shows a woman being stretched on a rack, while another indicates a man being subjected to the *strappado* – hanging from a rope tied to his wrists, which have been forced behind his back. The detail of the tapestry is horribly explicit; you can see the look of unmitigated agony on the victim's faces as their bodies are torn apart. Several mats are located on the floor.

There is a door in the southern wall, off to the southwest corner. Close to this, up against the west wall, is an ornate black iron table. It resembles a stylised octopus, each leg made up of two tentacles, coiled together. Squatting atop this table is an open-topped box made of green glass, whose contents simply consist of two gallons of water. The room stinks of rotting fish.

The room is not completely unoccupied. Two figures – a male halfling and a female elf – are kneeling on the mats, offering prayers – apparently to the tank full of water. They are both dressed in sea-green vestments over half-plate armour, with bands of kelp wrapped around their necks, waists and arms. They appear to be heavily armed – shields and scimitars lie beside them, as well as cases of bolts and arrows and a couple of bows – one short and one light crossbow.

If the worshippers are interrupted in any way, they attack. A round after the battle breaks out, reinforcements arrive. If they have not already been dispatched, the reinforcements consist of the troops from room 8.

**Male Worshipper (1):** male halfling Clr1; CR 1; SZ S (humanoid); HD 1d8+2; hp 10; Init +0; Spd 15ft.; AC 20 (+7 half-plate, +2 large steel shield, +1 size); Atk: masterwork scimitar +2 melee (1d8) or light crossbow +1 ranged (1d8); Face 5ft. × 5ft.; Reach 5ft.; SA halfling traits; SQ halfling traits; SR 0; AL NE; SV Fort +6, Ref +1, Will +6; Str 11, Dex 10, Con 14, Int 10, Wis 15, Cha 12.

*Skills:* Concentration +6, Spellcraft +4. *Feats:* Scribe Scroll.

*Spells (3/2):* 0– *inflict minor wounds, resistance, virtue*; 1<sup>st</sup>– *bless, magic weapon, protection from good*.

*Domain Spells (Evil, Water):* 1<sup>st</sup>– *obscuring mist*.

*Possessions:* Half-plate armour, masterwork scimitar, large steel shield (halfling-sized), *scroll of protection from elements*, 3 *scrolls of cure light wounds*, *potion of blur*, *potion of levitate*, light crossbow, 10 bolts.

**Female Worshipper (1):** female elf Clr2; CR 2; SZ S (humanoid); HD 2d8+2; hp 15; Init +0; Spd 20ft.; AC 19 (+7 half-plate, +2 large steel shield); Atk: masterwork scimitar +3 melee (1d8+1) or shortbow +1 ranged; Face 5ft. × 5ft.; Reach 5ft.; SA elven traits; SQ elven traits; SR 0; AL NE; SV Fort +6, Ref +1, Will +6; Str 13, Dex 10, Con 12, Int 10, Wis 15, Cha 12.

*Skills:* Concentration +7, Spellcraft +5. *Feats:* Scribe Scroll.

*Spells (4/3):* 0– *guidance, inflict minor wounds, resistance, virtue*; 1<sup>st</sup>– *bane, doom, magic weapon*.

*Domain Spells (Evil, Water):* 1<sup>st</sup>– *obscuring mist*.

*Possessions:* Half-plate armour, large steel shield, masterwork scimitar, *scroll of protection from elements*, 3 *scrolls of cure light wounds*, *potion of blur*, *potion of levitate*, shortbow, 10 arrows.

The worshippers' tactics in combat are to weaken the enemy as much as possible before pressing home an offensive, starting with spells such as *doom* to inflict penalties on the characters, and *bane* to negate any *bless* effects that might be active.

## 9. Hallway

This short hallway measures roughly ten feet by twenty. It's kept in a fairly oppressive gloom and silence, and has many exits. You can either go back the way you came, straight ahead, or choose from the four side doors; two to the left, two to the right. The walls themselves are decorated with reliefs of a squid's tentacles, these appendages forming archways around the door. The room is largely undecorated; there are some rather tasteless aquamarine tiles on the floor, although if you look up you notice a very elaborate bas-relief worked into the plastered ceiling.

The bas-relief is another trap; it's a series of nautilus-style patterns that if observed closely trigger a magical *hypnotic pattern* effect. The intention behind it is to delay intruders for a time sufficiently long for reinforcements to arrive and kill them.

**Hypnotic Trap:** CR 2; affects all who look at ceiling with *hypnotic pattern*; Will save (DC 14) negates; Search (DC 27); Disable Device (DC 27).

Of course, the trap is placed on the ceiling, requiring any rogues who might wish to use their Disable Device to climb the walls. That is where the second part of the trap comes in. The walls are sticky, and anyone touching them will be stuck fast.

**Sticky Wall Trap:** CR 2; sticks victims to the wall, affecting them as per a *web* spell (-4 to effective Dexterity; Reflex Save (DC 14) avoids; Search DC 27; Disable Device DC 27. Note: can be dispelled with *oil of slipperiness*, a *grease* spell, or *universal solvent*. Does not affect a character wearing a *cloak of arachnida*. A creature with an effective Strength score of 23 can remove a trapped character by brute force alone.

## 10. Robing Rooms

These small booths are used by worshippers for changing into their robes. Each booth appears to be rather bare, containing little more than a hook and a bench.

The rooms contain nothing particularly special. The traps in room 9 exist simply to prevent intruders from progressing to the next level.

### Level Three

By now, the chances of an attack from the enemy increase dramatically, since the PCs are approaching the Inner Sanctum. Make a Listen check, assuming 4 ranks in the skill, adjusted for how quiet the PCs are trying to be, for every minute the PCs spend on Level 3. As soon as a Listen check is successful, send an attack against the PCs. On Level 3, these attacks take the form of patrols of cultists, of which there are two in all.

**Cultist patrollers (3):** male human War1; CR 1½; SZ M (humanoid); HD 1d8; hp 8; Init +0; Spd 30ft.; AC 13 (+3 studded leather); Atk: scimitar +2 melee (1d8+1) or light crossbow +2 ranged (1d8); Face 5ft. × 5ft.; Reach 5ft.; SQ None. SV Fort +2, Ref +0, Will +0; Str 11, Dex 10, Con 11, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 10; AL LE.

*Skills:* Intimidate +4, Swim +4. *Feats:* Weapon Focus (Shortspear), Weapon Focus (Light crossbow).

*Possessions:* studded leather armour, scimitar, light crossbow, 10 bolts. One of the cultists has a *potion of cure light wounds*. Another carries a tanglefoot bag.

## 11. Dormitory

This large room serves as a dormitory of some kind; a total of four bunks are located here, pushed up against the far wall, as well as a small round wooden table. The rooms are fairly sparsely decorated; a simple symbol of tin hangs from the wall. The symbol is a rather abstract thing.

This dormitory houses the first patrol of three cultists; if a patrol has already been dealt with, then those five troops are not present. Of course, combat does alert everyone on the level, and the other patrol (located in room 12) attacks the round after the room is entered.

**Treasure:** In addition to the equipment carried by the cultists during combat, the foot-lockers of these cultists turns up a total haul of 9 platinum pieces, and various gewgaws such as prayer books, spare cloaks and boots, that sort of thing.

## 12. Dormitory

This large room serves as a dormitory of some kind; a total of four bunks are located here, pushed up against the far wall, as well as a small round wooden table. The rooms are fairly sparsely decorated; a simple symbol of tin hangs from the wall. The symbol is a rather abstract thing.

This dormitory houses the second patrol of guards, who, while the first patrol occupy the PCs, ensure that their crossbows are loaded and ready for use, attacking the PCs three rounds after their combat.

**Treasure:** The foot-lockers of the cultists turn up a total of 145 silver pieces in cash, as well as a piece of coral worth 12 gp.

## 13. Bridget's Quarters

This room must have been set aside for someone of some importance; there's only one bed in it, for a start. It makes for a fairly roomy bedroom, measuring fifteen feet by fifteen, although again the décor is a little on the puritan side. It resembles the cell used by a monk or a nun more than a bedroom, although there are a few luxuries here. The religious text on the night-table has gilded edges, and as such was not acquired cheaply. A couple of potion bottles – freshly corked, you notice – are set aside here too, as well as a few spare clothes and a suit of armour. The clothes appear to be tailored for a woman of rather stout build.

If Bridget was not killed by the PCs during the encounter with the mephit, then she is here and attacks the PCs as soon as they approach.

**Treasure:** This is another chance for the players to heal up before the final confrontation on level 4. The potions are simple *potions of cure light wounds* while the armour is a basic chain shirt. If the PCs search the area, they find a small sandalwood box, containing Bridget's stash. The box, however, is trapped.

**Poison Needle Trap:** CR 2; +8 ranged (1, plus greenblood oil poison); Search (DC 22); Disable Device (DC 20). *Note:* See the *DMG* page 80 for a description of greenblood oil poison.

If the PCs suffer because of this, it won't have been in vain. There is a rather nice stash tucked away here: 100 gold pieces and a silver chalice studded with lapis lazuli stones worth 90 gold pieces.

**Level Four**

## 14. Inner Sanctum

The Grand Hall has been designed to inspire fear and awe in the worshippers. It measures a good forty feet along each wall, and is remarkably bare. The walls are of simple dressed stone, supported by columns of marble and lapis lazuli. Set into the far wall is a metal hatch with a release wheel attached, although quite where that might lead is hitherto unknown. The hall is lit by oil lamps and candles, casting a very faint haze of smoke about the room. There is no altar here, although set into the floor is a small pool of water, surrounded with smooth black-green stones into which runes have been etched. This pool bubbles slightly, and seems to be the main focus of the room. So much so, in fact, that it has not been left unguarded. There are five cultists here, carrying crossbows and scimitars, as well as a pair of figures who might well be considered leaders. The first is female, slender and not altogether unattractive, despite her fondness for heavy armour. The second is not quite so pleasing to the eye. It's of an almost human build, but its body is naked, hunched over and covered with fine green scales that fade to a sickly greyish-white on the belly. Its head is distinctly piscine in shape, with big, bulging yellow eyes.

"You should never have come to this city," announces the woman. "But now you shall pay the price for your transgression! Olhydra shall claim you, just as she shall claim this town! *Attack!*"

The woman in question is Zara, head of the Sons of the Sea, while the fishy individual is a Kuo-Toan rogue named Vrook. Zara has already drunk her *potion of bull's strength* to negate any penalties granted by her heavy armour, boosting her Strength from 12 to 16. Vrook might not get any sneak attack to begin with, although following an initial volley of crossbow bolts, he orders the cult to make grappling checks in an attempt to hold PCs immobile, enabling him to make sneak attacks with his crossbow.

If the fight appears to go against the Sons of the Sea, Zara and Vrook (if either are still alive) attempt to escape through the hatch at the far end of the Inner Sanctum. The hatch opens directly out into the sea, and as such swimming will be very difficult for Zara, but when the alternative is being hacked to pieces by meddling adventurers, there are not many alternatives, now, are there?

**Cultists (2):** male human War1; CR 1; SZ M (humanoid); HD 1d8; hp 8; Init +0; Spd 30ft.; AC 13 (+3 studded leather); Atk: scimitar +2 melee (1d8+1) or light crossbow +2 ranged (1d8); Face 5ft. × 5ft.; Reach 5ft.; SQ None. SV Fort +2, Ref +0, Will +0; Str 11, Dex 10, Con 11, Int 10, Wis 10, Cha 10; AL LE.

*Skills:* Intimidate +4, Swim +4. *Feats:* Weapon Focus (Shortspear), Weapon Focus (Light crossbow).

*Possessions:* studded leather armour, scimitar, light crossbow, 10 bolts. One of the cultists has a *potion of cure light wounds*. Another carries a tanglefoot bag.

Once the hatch is opened, closing it again will be beyond the PCs' capabilities – an effective Strength of 35 will be needed to close the hatch. Furthermore, the room will begin to fill with water; eventually flooding the entire temple. The PCs will be able to escape in time, however, unless they do something patently stupid, like searching the area for secret doors or what have you.

## REWARDS

Naturally, Lord Morgan will be grateful for breaking up the Sons of the Sea's operation; perhaps now Drown might enjoy something of a revival. The PCs will be rewarded generously for their efforts; each of the characters (Oreithyia included) receives a 200gp reward, as well as a stat-enhancing potion worth 300gp – this will either be a potion of *charisma, intelligence, wisdom, cat's grace, bull's strength* or *endurance*, depending on the PCs' classes. The PCs also receive full healing and considerable celebrity status; now the Sons of the Sea have been vanquished, they can expect generous discounts from various services, and on the whole they will be far more popular than when they arrived. Morale within Drown will increase dramatically, which, on the whole couldn't have happened at a better time, because the residents of the town are not out of the woods yet.

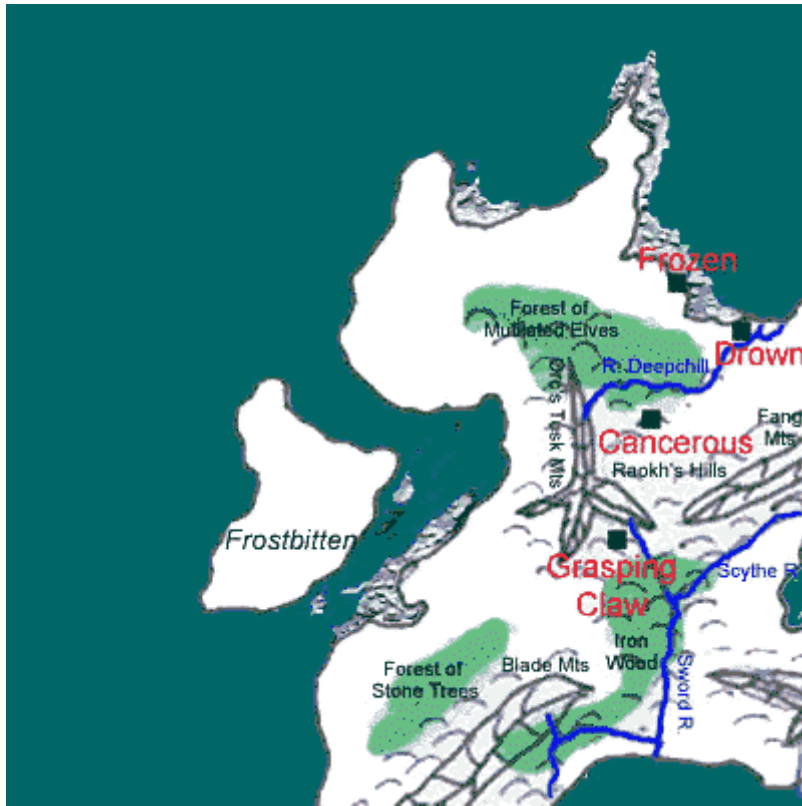
The atmosphere in Drown is electric; people can scarcely believe that the Sons of the Sea have been defeated, their efforts to bring the town to its knees thwarted. And yet that's what's happened, and the relief felt by everyone is tangible. For a few days, perhaps, you might have earned some rest...

Sadly, such things are not easily found on the False World. Bad news is never far away, and you know precisely where it's going to come from; the town of Frozen. Even now the army might be marching towards Drown; will whatever defences the town can raise be enough?

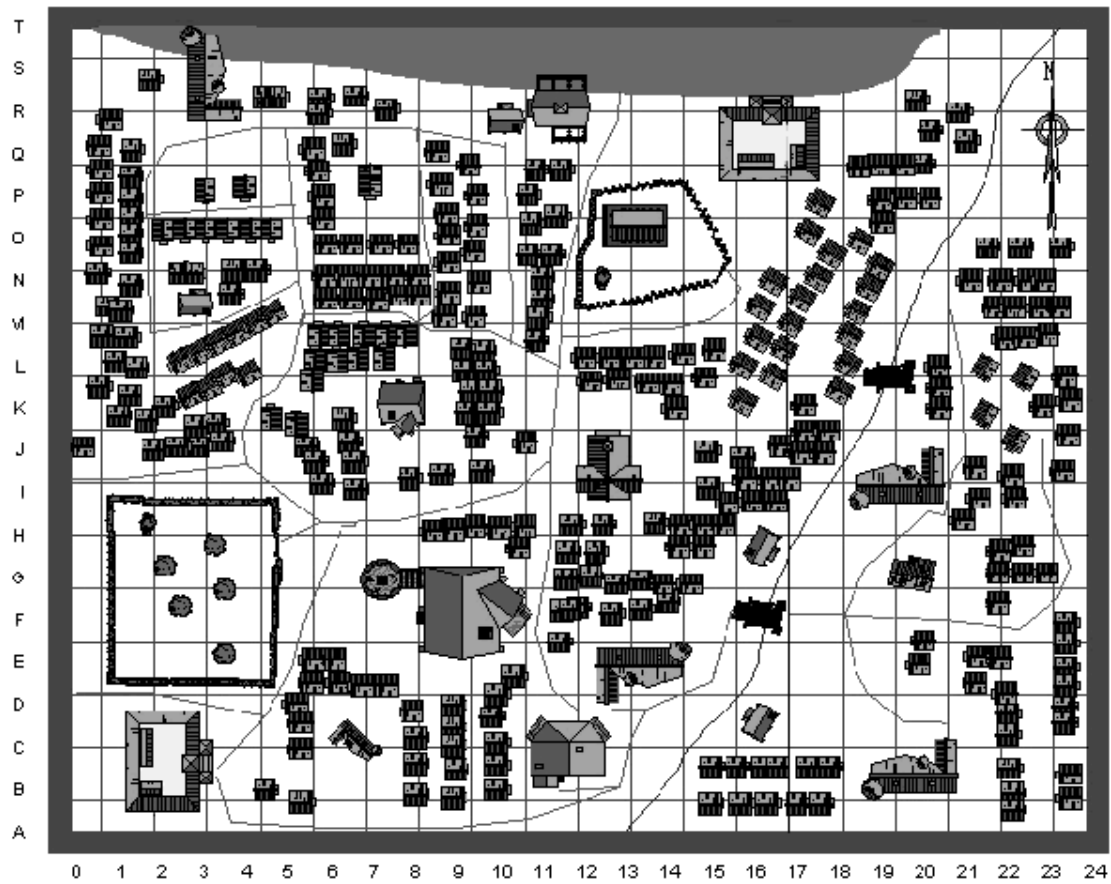
Looks like things aren't over; not by a long chalk...



MAPS  
CARNIS



**DROWN**



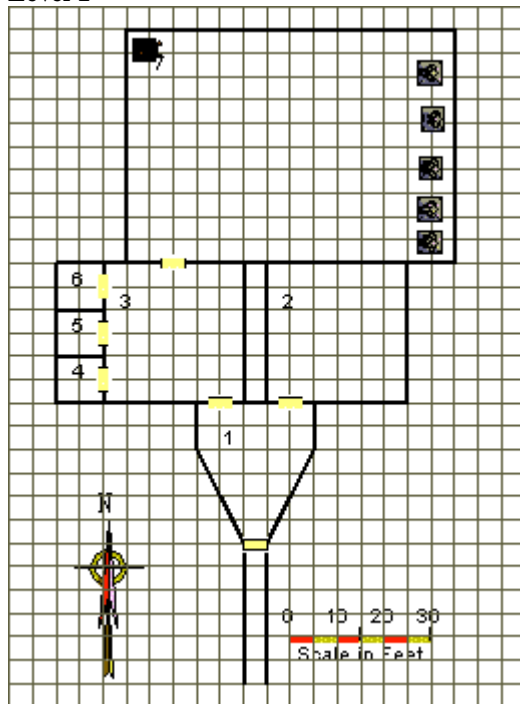
**Key**

<b>B20</b>	The <i>Drowned Goat</i> (tavern)
<b>C11</b>	The Ether Theatre
<b>E13</b>	The <i>Icebreaker Tavern</i>
<b>F9</b>	Morgan's Court
<b>I1</b>	Park
<b>J12</b>	Church of Istishia
<b>K7</b>	The <i>Deep Kelp Inn</i>

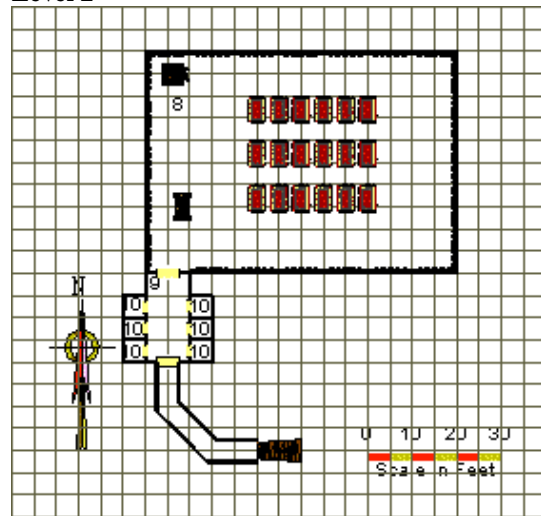
<b>N17</b>	Second Garrison
<b>M2</b>	The West Watch
<b>Q16</b>	Navy
<b>R11</b>	Port
<b>S3</b>	The <i>Halfway Inn</i>

TEMPLE OF OLHYDRA

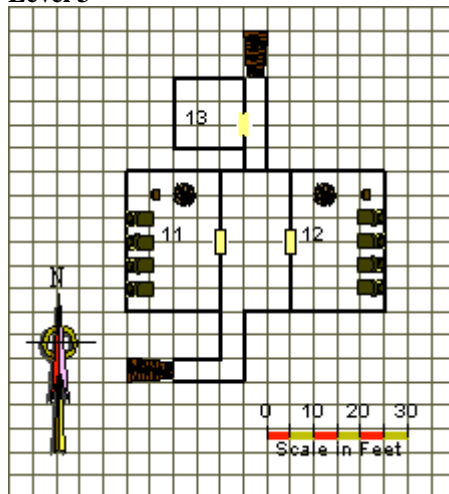
Level 1



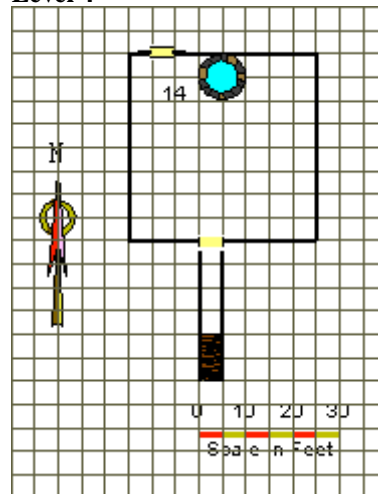
Level 2



Level 3



Level 4



## NPCs

### Bridget

Female Human, 3 <sup>rd</sup> -Level Cleric (Olhydra)			
Strength	12 (+1)	Fortitude Save	+4
Dexterity	11 (+0)	Reflex Save	+1
Constitution	13 (+1)	Will Save	+6
Intelligence	12 (+1)	Alignment	NE
Wisdom	16 (+3)	Speed	20'
Charisma	14 (+2)	Size	M
Armour Class	19	Melee Attack	+3
Hit Points	21	Ranged Attack	+2

**Skills:** Concentration +7, Knowledge (Arcana) +7, Knowledge (religion) +7, Spellcraft +7

**Feats:** Brew Potion, Combat Casting, Scribe Scroll.

**Special:** Bonus feat at 1<sup>st</sup> level, extra skill points.

**Spells** (4/3/2): 0 – *detect magic*, *inflict minor wounds* (×2); 1<sup>st</sup> – *doom*, *inflict light wounds* (×2); 2<sup>nd</sup> – *inflict moderate wounds*, *silence*.

**Domain Spells** (Evil, Water): 1<sup>st</sup> – *protection from good*; 2<sup>nd</sup> – *fog cloud*.

Bridget is a priest of Olhydra, princess of evil water creatures, and as such has access to the domains of Water and Evil. She can rebuke undead and water creatures, turn fire creatures and cast evil spells at +1 caster level.

**Languages:** Common, Aquan.

**Possessions:** Masterwork dagger, chain shirt, traveller's outfit, *bracelet of the whispered voice*, scroll of *summon monster IV*, three potions of *cure light wounds*.

**Appearance:** Bridget is a rather matronly woman in her mid-forties. Although she was a nun, she no longer wears the habit, choosing instead to wear a more sensible black skirt, boots and jacket. She has something of an aura of authority about her that has gained her some seniority within the Sons of the Sea. She tends not to carry normal weaponry, instead opting for that which is lighter and easier to conceal; her dagger is about as good as money can buy without looking for enchanted weaponry.

**Background:** Bridget has always had a vicious streak. Back in her former life she was the mother superior of a convent of warrior nuns, leading them in their religious instruction and providing magical ministrations, although she was never popular with the sisters. She treated them cruelly and harshly, claiming that life was a time of hardship, a time when moral and spiritual resolve was tested, and that they should learn to endure pain and cruelty, preparing themselves for the worlds beyond. One winter, enough was finally shown to be enough when, rebelling against her cruelty, the nuns murdered Bridget, beating her to death with their bare hands. Her arrival on the False World deposited her near Drown, at around the same time as Zara. Joining forces, they set about founding the Sons of the Sea.

**Roleplaying Notes:** Bridget is vicious, cruel and clever, but also fanatically loyal to Olhydra and the Sons of the Sea. She is brave but not suicidal; confident in her abilities and intelligence, and if captured will simply concentrate on escape rather than killing herself to assure her silence. When in combat, she is sure to make full use of her magic items and spells, starting with her most powerful magic and working her way down. She possesses special equipment, among which are a scroll enscribed with *summon monster IV* and half of a pair of *bracelets of the whispered voice*. The former she uses to summon a water mephit to her aid, the latter is used to keep her in contact with Zara, leader of the Sons of the Sea. She always targets spellcasters first in combat.

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**Lord Morgan of Drown**

Male Human, 11 <sup>th</sup> -Level Aristocrat			
Strength	14 (+2)	Fortitude Save	+6
Dexterity	10 (+0)	Reflex Save	+5
Constitution	12 (+1)	Will Save	+11
Intelligence	12 (+1)	Alignment	N
Wisdom	14 (+2)	Speed	30'
Charisma	11 (+0)	Size	M
Armour Class	14	Melee Attack	+10/+5
Hit Points	59	Ranged Attack	+8/+3

**Skills:** Bluff +8, Diplomacy +8, Forgery +8, Gather Information +8, Innuendo +10, Intimidate +10, Knowledge (Arcana) +8, Listen +10, Read Lips +5, Ride +8, Sense Motive +12.

**Feats:** Great Fortitude, Iron Will, Lightning Reflexes, Skill Focus (Sense Motive)

**Special:** Bonus skill points and feats.

**Languages:** Common, Aquan.

**Possessions:** Courtier's outfit, chain of office, +2 *bracers of armour*, +2 *ring of protection*, +1 *rapier*.

**Appearance:** Morgan is a man in his late middle age, approaching his dotage; easily fifty-five or more, although he has not aged well. The last ten years weigh as heavily as twice that number upon him. He wears his brown, thinning hair in long plaits – an almost dwarven fashion – and thanks to that, his broad, squat build and his well-groomed beard, one could almost see him as a six-foot-tall dwarf. He wears heavy, brocaded robes and a big woollen cloak to keep out the chills. He keeps an ornate-looking rapier at his side, but rarely draws it. He has an expression of resigned hopelessness about him, a sense of gloom that tends to pervade the atmosphere.

**Background:** Back in the real world, Lord Morgan was known as Morgan Blackson, bastard son of the infamous Black Kale, a bandit chief feared throughout the Provinces for his necromantic skill. Black Kale preyed on rich and poor alike, invading their houses with armies of walking skeletons, killing the people inside and stripping the houses of anything of even the remotest value. The revolution that removed Kale from power also placed Morgan in charge of reforming the Provinces, ensuring that a tyrant of Kale's stature could never again rise to power. His political life, however, was cut short by an assassin's dagger that sent him straight to the False World. At that time, some twenty years ago, Drown struggled under the yoke of Kannakagh, an orcish chieftain who sought to remove Raokh from power and take control of all of northern Carnis. Morgan was talented enough to organise Kannakagh's assassination and assume the duties of Drown's lord. The town did fairly well for fifteen years, before the Sons of the Sea began to gain power. Since that time, Morgan's enthusiasm has waned, and he's a shadow of the man he once was.

**Roleplaying Notes:** Morgan is a rather apathetic person, who has tasted constant bitter defeat for the past five years. He would love to see the Sons of the Sea removed from power, although his forces are demoralised and good for very little. He's no fool, however, and knows that it would take a special breed of person to wipe out the cult; hardened warriors, rather than schemers and thinkers like himself. As such, he is content to bide his time and wait for the right people for the job to come along. Of course, all the while, the city of Drown goes from weakness to weakness...

## Oreithyia

Female Elf, 3 <sup>rd</sup> -Level Ranger			
Strength	14 (+2)	Fortitude Save	+4
Dexterity	20 (+5)	Reflex Save	+6
Constitution	13 (+1)	Will Save	+2
Intelligence	11 (+0)	Alignment	CG
Wisdom	13 (+1)	Speed	30'
Charisma	11 (+0)	Size	M
Armour Class	19	Melee Attack	+5
Hit Points	25	Ranged Attack	+8

**Skills:** Knowledge (Arcana) +3, Profession (Sailor) +7, Search +5, Spot +6, Swim +7.

**Feats:** Point Blank Shot, Track, Weapon Focus (composite longbow).

**Special:** Favoured enemy: Orcs,

**Languages:** Common, Elven.

**Possessions:** Explorer's outfit, mighty masterwork composite longbow [Str 14], masterwork studded leather armour, masterwork short sword, masterwork longsword, 4 *potions of cure light wounds*, *goggles of minute seeing*, 15 masterwork arrows, 50 gp in cash.

**Appearance:** Oreithyia is an elven woman of a surprisingly sturdy build, her body conditioned by years of warfare against the orcs, with arms rendered quite muscular thanks to extensive practice at the longbow. Her black hair is worn tied back, making her elven lineage quite obvious. She dresses in practical clothes, but disdains the use of armour, preferring to rely on her wits and magic items. She is rarely seen without her bow and a quiver full of arrows.

**Background:** In her old life, Oreithyia was a marine in the Elven imperial navy, and the veteran of a hundred battles against the orcs. Such was her skill that she could fire an arrow and accurately strike an orc clean between the eyes at a range of a hundred yards. As far as she knew, there were no other marines who were a better shot than her. Sadly, she ended up rather out of her depth when the orcish battleship *Violator* rammed the *Warden of the Waves*, which was the ship on which she served. The battle degenerated into a melee as the orcs boarded, and just as she got the chance to return fire and kill the *Violator's* captain, an orcish marine chopped her near in half with his axe, taking her right through the stomach. Arriving on the False World, Oreithyia quickly set about trying to find some answers, and her path quickly crossed that of Gwythyr (see AGF1: The False World). His advice to her was that she should 'know her element'. That was no trouble at all; she was a marine and a sailor! What element could she have but water? Striking out for the town of Drown, she might just have found the chance to find the answers she seeks with the Initiates of the Sea.

**Roleplaying Notes:** Oreithyia is a born soldier and sailor, and as such generally has little time for landlubbers and people without a bit of iron in their backs. She does not suffer fools gladly, and tempers such a no-nonsense attitude with a remarkable level of efficiency. In combat, she follows only one rule; immobilise the enemy as quickly as possible. To this end, she prefers the option of riddling the enemy with arrows rather than making a 'death or glory' charge. Some might accuse her of being cowardly or of being a mere woman, not suited for battle. Her argument is that she wins; thus far it seems to have worked pretty well.

**Vrook**

Male Kuo-Toa, 1 <sup>st</sup> -Level Rogue			
Strength	13 (+1)	Fortitude Save	+1
Dexterity	16 (+3)	Reflex Save	+6
Constitution	13 (+1)	Will Save	+4
Intelligence	13 (+1)	Alignment	NE
Wisdom	14 (+2)	Speed	20', swim 50'
Charisma	8 (-1)	Size	M
Armour Class	21	Melee Attack	+1
Hit Points	7	Ranged Attack	+3

**Skills:** Decipher Script +5, Disable Device +5, Escape Artist +22, Hide +7, Listen +6, Move Silently +7, Open Locks +7, Search +9, Spot +10.

**Feats:** Alertness, Great Fortitude.

**Special:** immune to paralysis, poison and *hold* spells, slippery, electricity resistance 30, +15 to Escape Artist checks, +4 to Search and Spot checks, sneak attack +1d6.

**Languages:** Aquan, Kuo-toan, Undercommon.

**Possessions:** Heavy crossbow, 10 masterwork bolts, masterwork short sword, 4 *potions of cure light wounds*, masterwork thieves' tools.

**Appearance:** Arguably there isn't a lot to distinguish one kuo-toa from another, although if one were to inspect Vrook closely one might notice that his belly is a permanent off-white colour; a result of the trauma that sent him to the False World. He does not carry the traditional spears or pincer staves common to kuo-toa; rather, he prefers to carry a big crossbow and a short sword; he finds that large ranged weapons have a very high intimidation factor.

**Background:** Vrook was not particularly surprised to learn how short and unpleasant life in the False World could be; he grew up with death as a constant companion. As a young fingerling, there was always the threat of being devoured, either by other fingerlings or by an adult kuo-toa. As an adult, he learned that there was only one way to survive, and that was at the expense of others. It was by this most basic survival lesson taught by the Underdark that Vrook abided; if he required wealth, he took it from other beings. If it seemed that another kuo-toa might betray him at some point, he made sure to get his retaliation in first and put said potential traitor to death before any unpleasantness ensued. Thus he survived for rather a long time; certainly longer than many others of his kind did. Even the most cautious of us find that there is always something that we fail to anticipate, however, and it was this failure that sent Vrook to the False World. A badly-judged war with a colony of illithids saw to it that Vrook's city was destroyed; Vrook himself apparently perished when a psychic attack from an Ulitharid terrified him to the point of a heart attack.

**Roleplaying Notes:** Vrook is a rather heretical Kuo-Toan specimen; rather than simply worshipping Blibdoolpoolp like any good goggler, he has also accepted the teachings of Olhydra. When in combat, he fights dirty, making use of ranged weapons whenever possible. If there are minions in the way, he will fire anyway – unless such action would result in Zara or some other cleric of Olhydra being hit. He is a very cold-blooded entity, even by kuo-toa standards, sacrificing any of his subordinates if it strikes him as being a good idea at the time.

**Zara**

Female Human, 3 <sup>rd</sup> -Level Cleric (Olhydra)			
Strength	12 (+1)	Fortitude Save	+4
Dexterity	10 (+0)	Reflex Save	+3
Constitution	10 (+0)	Will Save	+7
Intelligence	13 (+1)	Alignment	NE
Wisdom	16 (+3)	Speed	30'
Charisma	16 (+3)	Size	M
Armour Class	18	Melee Attack	+3
Hit Points	18	Ranged Attack	+2

**Skills:** Concentration +5, Knowledge (Arcana) +6, Knowledge (Religion) +6, Swim +3.5.

**Feats:** Combat Casting, Craft Wondrous Item, Lightning Reflexes.

**Special:** Bonus feat at 1<sup>st</sup> level, extra skill points. rebuke undead, spontaneous casting, extra turning.

**Spells (4/3/2):** 0– *create water, detect magic, read magic, resistance*; 1<sup>st</sup>– *divine favour, shield of faith, summon monster I*; 2<sup>nd</sup>– *silence, spiritual weapon*.

**Domain Spells (1/1):** 1<sup>st</sup> – *protection from good*; 2<sup>nd</sup> – *fog cloud*.

**Languages:** Aquan, Common.

**Possessions:** Explorer's outfit, cleric's vestments, masterwork full plate armour, *bracelet of the whispered voice*, masterwork scimitar, *potion of bull's strength*, *potion of water breathing*, 2 *potions of cure moderate wounds*, 3 *potions of cure light wounds*.

**Appearance:** Zara is a remarkably young woman of 25, with short brown hair and large, dark eyes. She is of a slender build and is rather short; one could almost think of her as elven, were her features not completely and totally human. She is rather attractive, and, thanks to her large eyes could easily be described as cute, although the occasional sneer or cold, calculating smile show that such cuteness is only skin deep. She typically dresses in priestly vestments, worn over heavy armour.

**Background:** Zara's old life was spent as a curate in the city of Hwaldor. She was a remarkably talented student, applying herself to the texts and learning the catechisms far faster than her fellow priests. She was, it seems, destined for greater things. She could have become a bishop, or even a cardinal, and indeed she had ambitions for such a post. However, her motives were unjust; in reality she had abandoned the teachings of her religion, taking up instead worship of Olhydra, the princess of Evil Water Creatures. She had recruited other members of the clergy into her cell, their intention being to acquire power within the church, gain influence and recognition – and then destroy it, allowing Olhydra to take control in the ensuing chaos. However, there was a traitor in her midst. A member of her conspiracy was in fact investigating her behaviour. He tipped off the bishop, who promptly ordered the execution of everyone involved in the conspiracy. The moment after her neck broke in the gallows, she found herself in the sea, approaching the north coast of Carnis. She had arrived on the False World. Soon enough, she and another co-arrival, Bridget, formed the Sons of the Sea, a cult of Olhydra, with the intention of weakening and demoralising Drown; the town would then be easily crushed by the armies of Frozen, and whatever was left could be conquered by Olhydra's chosen. Such deeds, she reasoned, would gain the attention of the Initiates of the Sea and result in her own initiation.

**Roleplaying Notes:** Zara is pragmatic and evil; although she values her cult fairly highly, if push comes to shove she'll think nothing of abandoning them to save her own life. This is not to say that she will immediately cave in to threats such as 'tell us where your cult is or we'll kill you.' Rather, she will stand by the Sons of the Sea, unless things look bad for the entire cult. Faced with this no-win situation, all bets are off and she will abandon them. In combat, Zara is particularly sneaky. She will always have protective spells active a good couple of rounds before engaging in combat, and usually drinks a *potion of bull's strength* too. If hand-to-hand combat looks too risky, she attacks at range, using a *spiritual weapon* to soften up her enemies.



## CONCLUSIONS

There are a lot of loose ends to be tied up following *AGF2: Ordeal by Water*. For a start, there's the threat of invasion by Lord Jannaal's army. Does Drown have sufficient strength to withstand the attack? Will the defeat of the Sons of the Sea have boosted their morale? Find out in *AGF3: Trial by Fire!*

The PCs have to consider the legacy of the cult of Olhydra too; they've made a very powerful enemy in Olhydra, but then again, if the characters are going to insist on fighting evil, then it's almost certain that they're going to come into conflict with the Elemental Princes of Evil. Depending on how well the PCs have acquitted themselves, Oreithyia may or may not decide to accompany them. Although she will not be central to the plot, a rather nice sub-plot can be made of her attempts to become an Initiate of the Sea, and indeed if you find that another player turns up, she could in fact become a player character without too much trouble.

Be that as it may, one disaster has been averted, but another one's just about to happen. Do the PCs have what it takes? Things are about to get even more dangerous. Let's hope the PCs, who should by now be at level 3, are tough enough to take the job on!

## NEW MAGIC ITEMS

### *Amulet of senses recollected*

By focusing on your life before your arrival on the False World, it is occasionally possible to gain insights into the nature of things. Usually, however, such focus is hard to achieve and the sheer stress of one's current predicament can affect one's judgement.

The *amulet of senses recollected* does a little to alleviate such weakness by calming areas of the wearer's mind and allowing him to focus his senses. Typically, it resembles a simple round bronze amulet, etched with circular and spiral patterns, at the centres of which are located three spherical crystals. Its wearer is afforded a continual +3 competence bonus to Listen, Search and Spot checks. *Caster level:* 3rd; *Prerequisites:* Craft Wondrous Item; *guidance:* 5 ranks in Listen, Search and Spot; *Market Price:* 2,000 gp; *Cost to Create:* 1,000 gp + 80 XP.

### *Bracelets of the Whispered Voice*

The False World is a dangerous place, and only with the aid of your comrades can you hope to survive the terrors that stalk the world. Separation from them can be fatal. These magical bracelets, therefore, could save your life.

The *bracelets of the whispered voice* come in pairs, and are typically made of copper wire, finely woven into intricate designs. Close analysis of them reveals that hundreds of stylized ears and mouths make up much of the design. When the wearer of one of these bracelets whispers into it, his or her voice is heard by the wearer of the other bracelet, and vice versa. The range of the communication is short -- only 150' -- although it is invaluable in deep shafts, winding mazes and darkened crypts. *Caster level:* 5th; *Prerequisites:* Craft Wondrous Item, *message*; *Market Price:* 2,000 gp; *Cost to Create:* 1,000 gp + 80 XP.