

LAMENTATIONS
of the
FLAME PRINCESS
ADVENTURES

A detailed illustration of a skull with a mechanical eye and a long, braided beard. The skull is positioned in the center, with its right eye socket replaced by a complex mechanical gear system. The skull has a long, thick, grey beard that is braided into three sections, each secured with a gold-colored metal ring. A white, lace-trimmed veil covers the left side of the skull's face. The background is a deep red, with white snow or ash scattered around the skull, and some red blood-like stains are visible on the snow. The overall mood is dark and macabre.

ADVENTURE ANTHOLOGY

BLOOD

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THE GRINDING GEAR • WEIRD NEW WORLD
NO DIGNITY in DEATH - THE THREE BRIDES
PEOPLE of PEMBROOKTONSHIRE • HAMMERS of the GOD

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PEOPLE of PEMBROOKTONSHIRE

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HAMMERS of the GOD

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Note: Items listed in green are handouts.

INTRODUCTION

Goodness. Some of the earliest *Lamentations of the Flame Princess* work, back in print! Those were much simpler times.

This was back in the day when I was still trying to fuse traditional heroic fantasy with my nascent understanding of the Weird. It was the sort of thing where people would still engage in deep online discussions as to whether orcs should be normal beings with families and children, or if they are actually evil by their very nature. What is a group of heroes who have vanquished their genetically evil foes supposed to do with the foes' kids? My suggestion, after they'd slaughtered a pack of humanoid enemies in some dungeon, was to have an orc child just kind of wander in, with a stuffed human baby in its arms (in place of a teddy bear), and then ask "What did you do to my daddy?" Really mess the players up.

So that was the early *raison d'être* of LotFP. Take the uncomfortable bits of traditional gaming fantasy, highlight them, and push them front and center. Not exactly a deconstruction, just a bit of aggenre shift.

Looking back on these old adventures, it was interesting how they all had a common theme. Sure, I knew that *No Dignity in Death* was about intolerance, but really all of the adventures here are about intolerance and superiority complexes. Garvin Richrom couldn't accept his daughter's agency or his daughter's rejection of his wishes for her life, and so blames her choices and ultimate fate on the adventurers she chose to join. The arctic Elves simply don't see others as equal to themselves and thus are brutal killers of anything round-eared. (While I'm on the subject of that adventure, I don't know how "Eskuit" ran under the radar back in 2010, and it'll probably cause trouble now, but that's what it was then, and this volume is simply here to upgrade the presentation, not content, of the original adventures.) The Dwarfs thought they were the rightful masters of everyone else to ruinous effect. And, of course, the social fictions of Pembrook-

tonshire result in heartache and misery at every turn.

Another thing I like is the innocence of these things. I hadn't yet found the courage to go full Troma (or Clive Barker, if I wanted to pretend to be classy) yet, and so the gut punches of each adventure are more revelatory and less an attempt to break the spirit through explicit shock. It's good in that it's more familiar for the average player and more inviting. But even so, these adventures are constructed the way they are because I was working within the boundaries of "standard" adventures. And, in many ways, holding back. I've got this weird tic where I'd rather present things to be less popular but more personally satisfying than release something more broadly appealing but feel like I didn't get to do what I really wanted.

But this stuff is what I wanted to do way back in ancient times, and I think they're still pretty damn good. I hope you have fun with them.

-
James Edward Raggi IV
March 24, 2020
Helsinki

PS Oh yes, one more story. Originally No Dignity in Death was to be my masterpiece released by another old-school publisher in 2009, and Death Frost Doom (sold as a separate volume) was going to be the little weird thing I released myself. But I had all sorts of instructions for the publisher in how to present NDID, and they ended up telling me to just release it myself... and so, LotFP became its own publishing concern.

PPS All of these adventures were written before LotFP adopted the "silver standard." You might want to "downgrade" the value of the treasure. Gold becomes silver, silver becomes copper, that sort of thing.



The
Grinding
Gear



GARVIN
RICHROM

AUTHOR'S NOTES

Is it OK to have a reasonable expectation for failure in a fantasy role-playing adventure?

I created this adventure in the early days of 2008, and I thought at the time it was just another week's adventure. After running *The Grinding Gear* for two different groups, I see it as something a little unusual, and that is why it is in your hands now.

Both groups failed to find the treasure that is the ultimate goal of the adventure. Yes, they escaped with their lives to adventure another day, but they didn't succeed in this quest, and there are multiple chances in this thing to really rip a party to shreds. The very first location, with the statue, has a real possibility of slaughtering a party. In the first level of the dungeon there is a Magic-User with a *Sleep* spell waiting to use it on the characters, and there is a possibility that if the party carries a light load of equipment and buys too much into the fake map that they could starve to death on dungeon level two. How harsh is that?

None of my players' characters died in any of those obvious kill-zones. Yes, we had a few character deaths up in the attic, but that set up was so obvious that I consider those to be mercy killings.

So I don't expect this to be a slaughterhouse dungeon though the possibility is very real that the players will think that the entire thing is one big cruel waste of their time with no rewards. Are you prepared for that?

This adventure rewards careful observation

and attention to detail and perhaps true resource management in addition to the usual battle savviness and puzzle-solving. "Old school" proponents often claim player agency as one of the main advantages of this style of game and perhaps this adventure was written to highlight that very thing. It somehow loses its sting if players are allowed to make die rolls to be reminded of things encountered in the game that they decided were not important enough to either remember or write down.

I strongly recommend you schedule sufficient time with your group to complete this adventure in one session. Spreading it out over multiple sessions would be almost unfair due to the nature of the final puzzles and encouraging the players to take notes would give it all away.

You probably don't create adventures and locations like this in your game. Although this adventure is now yours to do with as you please I ask that you consider not changing those elements which most clash with your gaming style. This is one of the very purposes of using published materials: to take on different perspectives and styles than you would have on your own. While this adventure may tax your players the in-game rewards are certainly there, and plentiful, for those clever enough to find them. On a meta-game level perhaps your players will start paying more attention to the background scenery in the future.

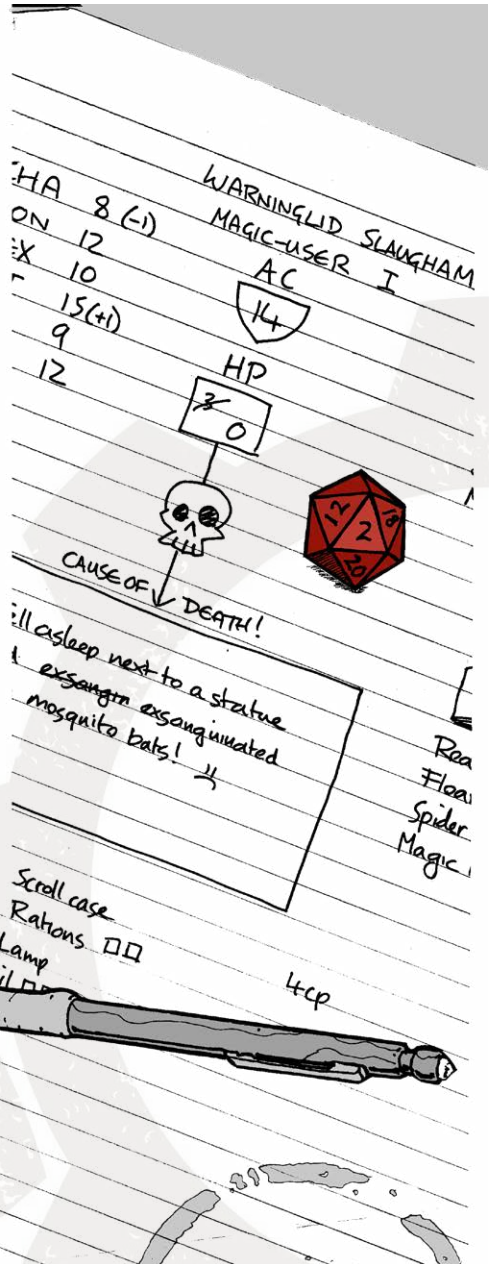
... and right about now I'm looking at the

AUTHOR'S NOTES

preceding paragraphs and I realize the adventure isn't all that cruel. Both my groups successfully conquered the entire adventure, save for one room (that happened to be the final room), so it's not like this adventure is a master class of player disempowerment or an outrageous display of more-clever-than-thou or anything of the sort. I guess I just spend too much time online reading people whine about their cruel Referees and worry it might be those people who will be next to experience *The Grinding Gear*.

The truth is I've had great fun presenting *The Grinding Gear* to my players and I do believe that they had fun playing the adventure, especially the one guy who, weeks later (in real time!), thought to go back to the dungeon and search the final sarcophagus more carefully. Ghostcutter was found! I'd like to hear about your group's experiences with *The Grinding Gear*. Send me an email at lotfp@lotfp.com, or post on the LotFP message board.

James Edward Raggi IV
October 17, 2009
Helsinki, Finland



REFEREE INTRODUCTION

This adventure is designed for a party of three to eight characters of first to fourth level. Parties should be a good mix of classes, ready for exploration, combat, and especially problem solving.

This adventure will run a bit different than most. While there is some combat, perhaps more than the characters can handle, the primary challenge of the adventure comes from an NPC who specifically wished to challenge adventurers. Players will have to use their heads in order to find the treasure.

Referees are encouraged to strictly enforce light source durations and encumbrance from the very start of the adventure, especially where it concerns carrying great amounts of food. At one point the characters will very likely become trapped in an area from which it may take them some time to escape. If the Referee has enforced these oft-ignored guidelines it may be seen as bad form or being unfair to the players to suddenly make them important only when it is to their disadvantage. Follow the rules when they do not seem important and there will be no cause for complaint once they are.

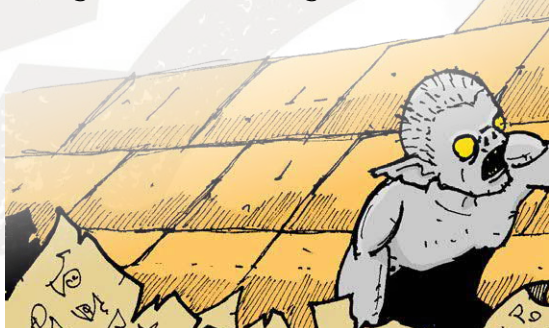
This is not to say that the adventure should be used as a hammer to bludgeon players. Players who come up with creative solutions to problems should be rewarded with success. If players completely avoid some obstacle or situation which this adventure seems to assume will happen then more power to the players! This module is merely a static location and it

is intended that players will completely wreck it. Let them.

One last note: Obviously “St. McIver” is something of a joke name. It was originally used just to be easily memorable. If using that name would create a tone incongruous with a Referee’s campaign it should be changed. If the established pantheon of an individual campaign does not use saints just change it. McIver can go by any name and can be a fully-fledged deity if the Referee so chooses without changing the substance of the adventure at all.

PLACING THIS ADVENTURE IN YOUR CAMPAIGN

The Grinding Gear takes place in and under an abandoned inn. It should be someplace close enough to civilization for an inn to be plausible yet far enough off the beaten track that no one kept the place open when the last owners left as well as far enough out that adventurers would have once frequented the place and for it to be visited at least fairly often by goblins now. One suggestion is that the inn was on the road to a frontier mining town that has since depleted its vein, making its existence no longer essential.



ADVENTURE BACKGROUND

Garvin Richrom was a man who both loathed and respected adventurers. Running an inn in a remote location afforded him the sight of them quite often.

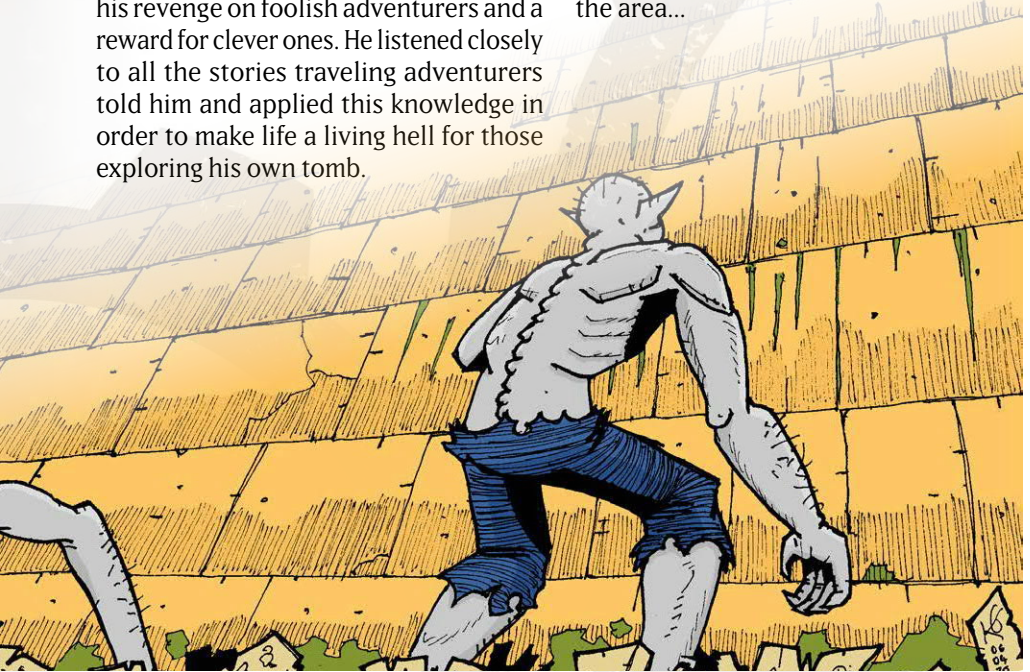
He admired their courage and how it was often they, despite their only motivation often being greed, who dealt with dangers that the legitimate authorities never could. He was disgusted when his daughter became enamored with one and ran off with him. Four months later he received news that she had died within some ancient tomb in some far-off land, a victim of a deadly trap.

Himself a dedicated tinker and engineer, not to mention a master of cruel practical jokes, Richrom went to work to plan both his revenge on foolish adventurers and a reward for clever ones. He listened closely to all the stories traveling adventurers told him and applied this knowledge in order to make life a living hell for those exploring his own tomb.

Construction was done in secrecy; Richrom would hire crews to dig out one room then fire them and hire another crew for the next. He even had unnecessary rooms built and then collapsed so crews couldn't get together after the fact and come up with a reliable map.

After basic construction was completed Garvin did most of the intricate interior work himself. Truly the blessings of his patron saint, Anderson McIver, were with him. He completed the project mere months before he died. His surviving children placed his remains as per his exact instructions, set the last traps, and destroyed the remaining evidence.

And some time later, the characters enter the area...



THE SURFACE AREA

The immediate surroundings of The Grinding Gear are fairly wild and various untamed beasts and other undesirables may come into the area. There is a 1 in 6 chance every hour that this will happen. Note that all of these creatures will be wandering around outside with the exception of the mosquito bats (which can be found inside the Inn proper). The goblins will tend to avoid the place due to the body pile but will investigate any obviously mundane source of loot, characters included. The Wily Rogue will be uninterested in engaging anyone and will just try to steal as many valuables as he can through stealth. The

Bandits will be as bold as their numbers allow them to be: two will sneak and steal while a dozen may attempt to hold up the characters by force. The Lone Wanderer will be interested in getting food from the characters but not interested in joining with them, suffering their foolishness, or paying for what they give him.

Human opponents will only be interested in getting what they want; killing will not be on their mind if they face no resistance. Note that pack animals or equipment left outside will be fair game for any wandering creature.

Roll	Encounter
1	2d4 Mosquito Bats: Armor 14, Move 180' (flying), 1+1 Hit Dice, proboscis 1d4 plus blood drain 1d4 every round thereafter. Attacks as a 3 Hit Dice creature.
2	2d4 Wild Dogs: Armor 12, Move 180', 1 Hit Die, bite 1d4.
3	3d4 Goblins: Armor 14, Move 120', 1-1 Hit Dice, spear 1d6.
4	1 Wily Rogue: Armor 14, Move 90', d6 Level Thief, hp as per level, longsword 1d8 or sling 1d4, Morale 9. Leather armor, longsword, sling, miscellaneous equipment.
5	2d6 Bandits and Bandit Leader: Armor 14, Move 90', 0/1st Level Fighters, hp as per level, dagger 1d4 or longsword 1d8 or shortbow 1d6, Morale 9. Leather armor, dagger or longsword or shortbow, miscellaneous equipment, 25% chance of Riding Horses.
6	Lone Wanderer: Armor 14 or 16 (50% chance of leather or chain), Move 90', d6 Level Fighter, hp as per level, battle axe 1d8, Morale 9. Leather or chain, battle axe, miscellaneous equipment, d6x50sp in treasure.

THE SURFACE AREA

The Grinding Gear is composed of three unconnected buildings: The Inn itself, the stables, and a small chapel. The center courtyard between the three buildings is paved with cobblestones and in the center is a statue.

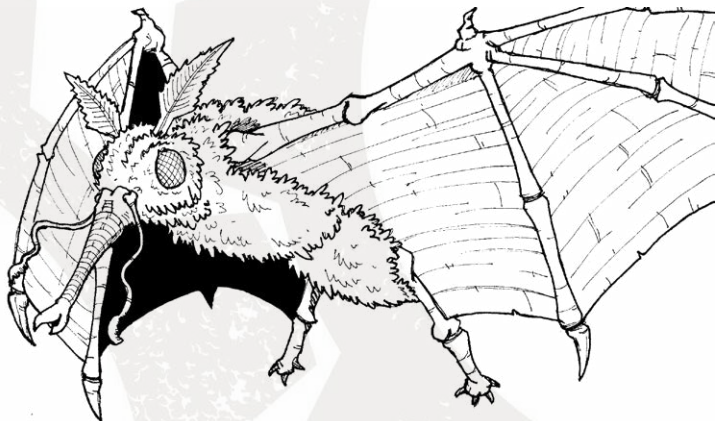
All of the buildings are in a state of minor disrepair but are all structurally intact save for a corner of the main building's roof. Naturally there hasn't been any maintenance done in some years so windows are cracked or broken, weeds sprout from between the cobblestones, and there is the stink from the number of corpses laying about...

Observant characters may notice that there are no small animals about. No rats can be found in or around the complex, nor squirrels or rabbits. There aren't even any bugs flying about and there is a lack of cobwebs anywhere as there is no prey for spiders.

THE STATUE

In the center of the courtyard is a ten foot tall copper statue of a well-to-do man in formal attire standing on a five foot marble block. There is a plaque that reads "Garvin Richrom" on the marble.

Surrounding the statue out to about twenty feet in every direction are the bodies of goblins and orcs and even a few wolves. They are in various stages of decay but close examination will show that they all have deep puncture wounds. There is one rather fresh human on the pile who has two rather ominous puncture wounds close together on his neck. All of the bodies have been stripped of weapons and armor and useful equipment except for the human who is still clad in chain mail.



THE SURFACE AREA

The statue holds the entrance to the dungeon. Pressing the plaque inwards causes one side of the marble base to swing open. This releases a sleeping gas that covers a 20' radius and all within that area must make a saving throw versus Poison or sleep for 1d4 turns. The opening will automatically close after one minute. After two rounds the gas has sufficiently dispersed as to pose no danger.

The panel may be opened from the inside merely by pushing it. The trap is set off every time the door is opened from either side. The gas trap may only be disarmed from the inside.

Since the inn was abandoned the area has become infested with mosquito bats. There is a nest of them in the inn's attic and when they smell the sleep gas in the air they know it's feeding time! 1d4 rounds after the gas discharges 1d10 mosquito bats will converge on the area, most from out of the attic, though some will appear from the general surroundings, and 1d6 more will arrive every round. They will attack any sleeping characters first but any character or beast that is outdoors is fair game. They will not pursue anyone inside a building unless the door is left open.

Mosquito Bat: Armor 14, Move 180' (flying), 1+1 Hit Dice, proboscis 1d4 plus blood drain 1d4 every round thereafter. Attacks as a 3 Hit Dice creature.

THE STABLES

While the place is in generally awful condition, there are five riding horses, in good health, stabled here. They have full tack and the troughs have been filled with feed and water for them. Their saddlebags are empty.

THE CHAPEL

This place, dedicated to McIver, patron saint of inventors, engineers, tinkerers, and blacksmiths, is a complete wreck. The altar, which was a sizeable and intricate puzzle box, has been smashed to pieces. The chapel has already been generally ransacked and picked over but two items of possible interest remain: a wooden carving of St. McIver with the top of its head worked into a key shape and a broken urn, ashes spread everywhere, engraved with the phrase:

"My dear sweet AnnabelMarie, taken too soon."

THE INN

The main entrance of the inn has two large decorative gears above the door. A third has fallen to the ground.

Most of the rooms in this building have been emptied in an orderly fashion with the exceptions described below. There will be random bits of debris and animal refuse here and there but this is not a fully-furnished structure by any means.

THE SURFACE AREA

THE BAR

Above the bar is a sign that reads:

“Notice!”

The sign is broken just below the word so whatever announcement the sign was supposed to make has been lost.

Behind the bar are dozens of beer steins. In one of them is a scrap of paper upon which is scrawled: *“The third one is false.”* There is also a small locked safe. If it is cracked it will be empty except for a receipt that notes *“All valuables have been moved from our premises to your designated underground area.”* It is signed, *“Logan, Munroe, and Summers Moneychanging and Merchant House.”*

GUEST ROOMS

The guest rooms are labeled A through P and all of the doors to the rooms are locked as are all of the interior closets.

The rooms themselves are empty.

THE LIBRARY

Dozens of empty bookshelves are here against the walls in various states of disrepair. The brass shelf labels are still there. The bookshelves are labeled:

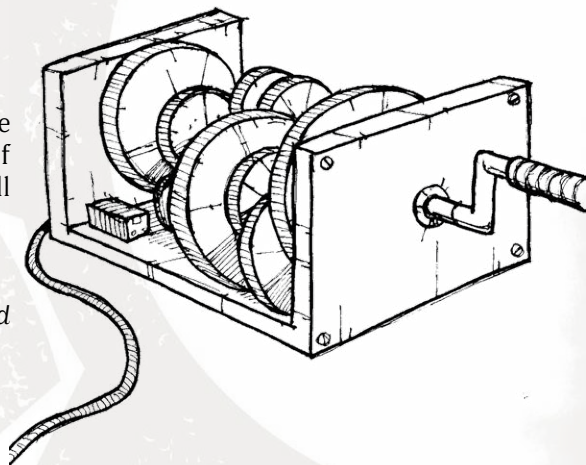
- *“Physical Sciences”*
- *“Construction, Excavations, and Engineering”*
- *“Riddles, Jokes, and Gags”*
- *“Feeding and Care of Dragons”*
- *“Adventurer Journals”*

WORKSHOP

The room is full of workbenches and long-rusted craftsman’s tools. Some of the benches have been turned over or broken. Beneath one of these benches is a curious pair of items:

One is a small iron cage with a dead, rotted sparrow inside. The bottom of the cage is lined with shredded paper of which one sheet is intact, transcribed musical notes labeled *“My Bonny Lass (She Don’t Look So Good).”* Connected to this cage by a gold thread is a small machine made up of many gears and a crank. Turning the crank creates a charge that will travel up the thread and electrify the cage. At this late date doing so will set the bird on fire.

Hidden in a cabinet is a spool of gold thread worth 50sp.



THE SURFACE AREA

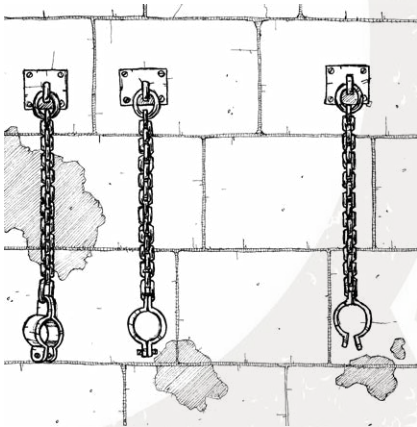
MASTER BEDROOM

Here are a bed, a nightstand, and some chests. The bed and pillows are torn and all the chests are open.

Behind the bed is a journal. It is blank except for the first page. It is obviously continued from another not-present journal and is dated just a few years before the present time. The relevant information:

“Father’s prime architect, Grant Tarkenton, has reportedly broken his contract and sold part of the tomb plans to unknown tomb robbers. Have taken steps to deal with both Tarkenton and track down the receiving party. In the meantime security around the Inn has been increased to prevent entry to the tomb and theft of its treasures.”

Stuck in the journal are many receipts and contracts for labor work, mainly excavation and masonry, with all work paid in gold coin.



DRYING BASEMENT

This is the area where the inn staff stored and cured meat. The entry to this room is airtight and a small whiff of air will rush out when it is opened. It is noticeably cooler than the rest of the building. A number of great hooks hang from the ceiling and barrels with just hints of salt and brine stand around the room.

There is a secret annex. In this annex are five sets of shackles hanging from the bloodstain covered walls that hang down to the equally bloodstained floor.

Along the wall is a large rusting iron box. Inside the box is a series of knives and chopping blades, all bloodstained and badly rusted.

STORAGE ATTIC

The entrance to this area is a pull-down set of folding stairs in the third-floor hallway.

All sorts of spare furniture – beds, tables, chairs – as well as piles of linens are stacked in this room. Much of the furniture has drop cloths over it so the exact contents of the room will remain hidden until a thorough search is made. There is a decent hole torn in the side of the wall facing the center courtyard.

When first coming up through the hatch characters can catch the glint of gold here and there. The first visible one is fifteen feet from the hatch.

This attic is the nest of fifty-two adult mosquito bats (with dozens more harm-

THE SURFACE AREA



less immature bats, not to mention the hundreds of eggs...). 5d10 of the adults will be in here at any one time and if combat occurs the buzzing will attract d6 more back every round until the full complement of creatures is present.

Any character actually entering the attic will be attacked when they are approximately ten feet from the hatch. The mosquito bats will not attack immediately because their first instinct is to hide from intruders, hoping they'll go away and ignore the nest. Because the hatch is so narrow it will take one round per person in the attic to get down the stairs before the folding staircase can be closed. In that time 1d6 mosquito bats per round will fly past characters into the hallway below.

Mosquito Bats: Armor 14, Move 180' (flying), 1+1 Hit Dice, proboscis 1d4 plus blood drain 1d4 every round thereafter. Attacks as a 3 Hit Dice creature.

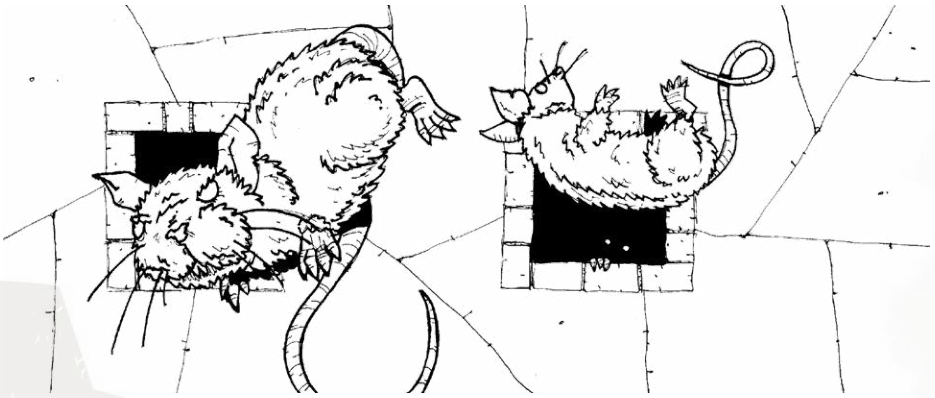
If the mosquito bats are dealt with the attic can be properly searched. They are attracted to small shiny objects much like crows and magpies and they collect them when possible. Stashed around the attic are 2,463cp, 858sp, 308gp, 63pp, an oriental topaz worth 750sp, and a gold necklace worth 250sp.

THE ROOF

If anyone climbs up on the roof of the main building (there are no interior access methods) they will be rewarded by finding a pattern, inlaid in silver (worth 25sp total if gouged out and collected), that spells out the following message:

"Follow the sun. Ignore the moon."

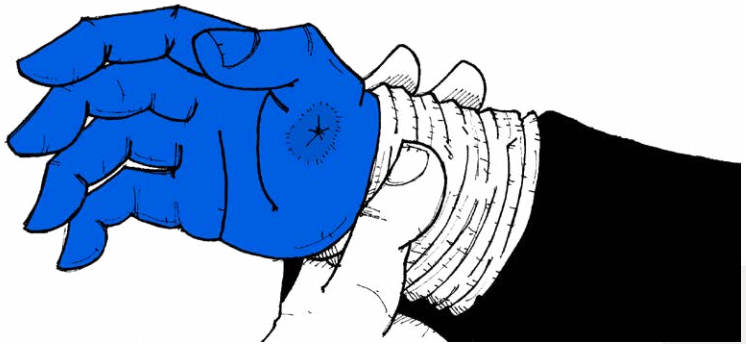
DUNGEON LEVEL ONE



All of the hallways (not the rooms) on this level have 1' x 1' holes along the ceiling at ten foot intervals. They lead to a network of tunnels in which all sorts of vermin breed. Some of them drop out of the holes and end up in the hallway. There is a 1 in 6 chance every three turns that the characters encounter the results of this. Also note along the floor (again, in the hallways only) grooves are cut against the walls so any slime can drain away.

Roll	Encounter
1	3d4 Giant Rats: Armor 14, Move 120', ½ Hit Die, bite 1d4. 5% chance of disease with every bit.
2	2d4 Dead Giant Rats (10% of rot grub infestation).
3	2d4 Giant Centipedes: Armor 12, Move 150', ½ Hit Die, bite 0. Saving throw versus Poison at +4 or die.
4	1d6 Giant Ants: Armor 18, Move 180', 1 Hit Die, bite 1d6.
5	Green Slime on Ceiling.
6	Green Slime on Floor.
7	1 Huge Spider: Armor 15, Move 180', 2 Hit Dice, bite 1d6. Saving throw versus Poison at +1 or die, surprise 5 in 6.
8	1d4 Giant Beetles: Armor 17, Move 120', 1 Hit Die, bite 2d4.
9	Foul mist creeps down from the hole, and all passing through must make a saving throw versus Poison or suffer a -2 to hit and damage for 3d6 turns.
10	The smell of cherries permeates the area.

DUNGEON LEVEL ONE



1. ENTRANCE ROOM

This room is completely empty except for a small plaque on the north wall. It says:

“Mark Well Your Passage, You Would-Be Robber, For the Clever Observe Closely and Only the Clever Will Win the Day.”

The secret door in this room hides a small hidden compartment in which is a lever in the down position. If all such levers (in rooms #1, 3, 5, and 7) are placed in the up position (not necessarily simultaneously) there will be a deep rumbling and the door at location #6 will open.

2. TRAPPED DOOR

The door has a sign above it on the west side that says:

“Family Crypt – Do Not Enter”

The door is unlocked but anyone opening the door must make a saving throw versus Poison or his hand will be jabbed by a needle. Within two rounds the entire hand will turn deep blue for $24 + d\%$ hours.

3. OUR TIME IN THE SUN

Hanging from the ceiling is a candle surrounded by a glass bulb. The candle is not lit and is half-burned. The bulb magnifies the appearance of anything within it and is a specially made crystal (100gsp) that filters light. The candle's wick has been specially prepared so if this (and only this) candle is lit inside the bulb specially treated stones inside the room will spell out the following message on the floor:

“Richrom Dares You.”

The secret door in this room hides a small hidden compartment in which is a lever in the down position. If all such levers (in rooms #1, 3, 5, and 7) are placed in the up position (not necessarily simultaneously) there will be a deep rumbling and the door at location #6 will open.

4. DOOR

This is a normal door but it has been barred from within by the occupants of location #5. Listening at the door will reveal whispered voices that are too quiet to understand.

DUNGEON LEVEL ONE

5. THE OTHER ADVENTURERS

A group of adventurers has already come down here and started to explore. Unfortunately for them they haven't figured anything out nor have they discovered any secret doors.

Unfortunately for the characters the group is quite frightened. They have just lost their fighting man to the mosquito bats on the surface and had previously lost another Fighter and their Cleric last week to treachery from greedy adventurers (is there any other kind?) they had met on the road. They will not be inclined to trust the characters, figuring they are dead if they do.

The survivors are the mage Djeserit and the rogues William O'Slattery and Ronald Monaghan, all human. If the characters attempt to parley through the closed door Djeserit will do all of the talking and try to convince the characters that he has a small army inside the room. It will take an extraordinary show of goodwill and contrition on the characters' part to convince these men to open the door.

If the characters begin bashing down the door (because it is barred it can not be picked) these three will prepare for their last battle. Djeserit will be in the northeast corner, prepared to throw his Sleep spell as soon as there is a big enough hole in the door to sight a group of targets. O'Slattery will be in the southeast corner, sling at the ready, and Monaghan will be just beside the door, ready to backstab the first person through. While they are very scared they

are neither stupid nor merciful. They will fight to kill and disabled foes will have their throats slit and equipment looted.

Djeserit: Armor 12, 1st Level Magic-User, 4 hp, dagger 1d4 or spell, Morale 9. Three daggers, spellbook.

Spell: *Sleep*

Extraordinary Stats: Dexterity 14, Constitution 15.

William O'Slattery: Armor 14, 1st Level Thief, 4hp, sling 1d4 or short sword 1d6 or dagger 1d4, Morale 9. Leather armor, sling with 25 bullets, short sword, 3 daggers.

Ronald Monaghan: Armor 14, 1st Level Thief, 4hp, sling 1d4 or longsword 1d8 or dagger 1d4, Morale 9. Leather armor, sling with 12 bullets, longsword, 2 daggers.

Extraordinary Stats: Dexterity 17.

In the southwest corner of the room is the group's collection of equipment and loot: 87 days' worth of iron rations, six backpacks, six large sacks and four small sacks, two dozen iron spikes, ten oil flasks, two sections of 50' rope, two dozen torches, a 10' pole, a heavy crossbow with 16 bolts, and a battle axe. There is a lit lantern sitting near the pile. Their treasure includes a 100sp set of gold earrings, a carved ivory statuette of a hippopotamus worth 250sp, and a small gold carving of St. McIver worth 50sp. Djeserit's spellbook contains *Detect Magic*, *Read Magic*, *Shield*, *Sleep*, *Floating Disc*.

DUNGEON LEVEL ONE

The secret door in this room hides a small hidden compartment in which is a lever in the down position. If all such levers (in rooms #1, 3, 5, and 7) are placed in the up position (not necessarily simultaneously) there will be a deep rumbling and the door at location #6 will open.



DUNGEON LEVEL ONE

6. TRIGGERED DOOR

While the secret door here may be found by searching it cannot be opened without arranging the levers in location #1, 3, 5, and 7 in the proper configuration. Magical solutions such as *Knock* will of course work but otherwise the door will not open.

7. A MOONLIGHT SERENADE

This room is painted as if it was the night sky, dark and full of stars. In the center of the ceiling is the moon, large and shining. The moon is actually made of phosphorescent paint, so it will glow in the dark. Anyone closely examining the moon will see odd details, almost too small to see. If this image is somehow magnified (such as with the bulb in location #5) the image of a man playing an organ on the surface of the moon will be visible. The man will be dressed exactly as the statue in the courtyard. Below the image will be the following phrase:

“What is my favorite song?”

The secret door in this room hides a small hidden compartment in which is a lever in the down position. If all such levers (in rooms #1, 3, 5, and 7) are placed in the up position (not necessarily simultaneously) there will be a deep rumbling and the door at location #6 will open.



8. SHELF

Beside the door on the north side is a shelf carved into the wall. On the shelf is a small stone statue of St. McIver.

9. DOOR

This door is locked and the key is long lost. Beyond the door can be heard violent growling (the troll in #10).

10. TROLL PIT

In the center of this room is a ten foot wide, fifteen foot deep pit. In this pit is an angry, snarling troll. The edge of the pit is just out of its reach and so it has been down here for years.

The pit is lined with a huge amount of paper and parchment. The troll doesn't care enough about the paper to have ever shredded it but it is thoroughly stained with troll waste. Anyone concentrating on figuring out what the papers are will determine that the writing on them is obviously magical. If the paper is somehow gathered and cleaned and studied and a *Read Magic* spell is cast the reader will discover that these papers are the working notes of a mage researching a first-level *Cook Food* spell. Enough of the writing will be permanently lost to the troll excrement that anyone wishing to learn this spell will need to conduct further research, though all time and costs would be reduced by 50% due to the head-start.

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In the base of the pit are numerous mouse holes which were installed when the rest of the pit was constructed. This allows the troll to feed on various vermin that wander in when the troll is silent.

Troll: *Armor 17, Move 120', 6+6 Hit Dice, 40 hp, 2 claw 1d4+4 and bite 2d6, Morale 7. Regenerates 1d6hp at the beginning of each round unless damaged by fire or acid.*

11. PUDDING PIT

In the center of this room is a ten foot wide, fifteen foot deep pit. Inside this pit is a pulsating and stretching mass of pitch-black goop. It can reach most of the way up the pit so if someone is reaching into the pit for whatever reason (or sticking something in) they will be subject to attack. The sides of the pit are made of polished crystal to which the blob can not cling. If this crystal is at all damaged cracks will run around the edges and down the length of the surface and the pudding will then be able to ooze up the pit and escape its confinement.

If all the crystal is gathered it will weight twenty pounds and be worth 1sp per pound, half that if it is exposed to fire (from lighting the pudding on fire, for example).

Pudding: *Armor 15, Move 60', 10 Hit Dice, 53hp, touch 3d8. Dissolves wood and corrodes metal on contact. Can only be destroyed by fire.*

12. GHOUL PIT

In the center of this room is a ten foot wide, fifteen foot deep pit. It has a mass of paper at the bottom with magical writing on it (which will be revealed as the research notes to a first level mage spell Perfectly Coiffed Hair). Trapped in the pit are three ghouls.

At the base of the pit is a secret door that reveals a two-foot high, three-foot wide tunnel coated with what appears to be algae to the north.

Ghouls: *Armor 15, Move 90', 2 Hit Dice, 13hp, 2 claw 1d3 and bite 1d6. Saving throw versus Paralyzation or be rendered immobile for 1d6 rounds. Undead immunities.*

13. TRAPPED DOOR

A plaque affixed to the wall above the door (on the north side) says:

"Do Not Enter – Private Chapel"

This door has an obvious lock on it but is not locked. However, opening the door normally will trigger gears in the floor which will raise the pits in locations #10, 11, and 12, freeing their occupants.

Using the proper key (the wooden carving from the Chapel on the surface), disarming the door mechanism as a trap, or getting through the doorway without opening the door (in gaseous form, for example) will prevent the raising of the pits.

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14. CHAPEL OF ST. MCIVER

This room is a simple, if large, shrine to St. McIver. In the center of the south wall is a large brass statue of St. McIver surrounded by burnt out candles. The room is carpeted and there are many prayer pillows strewn about the place, some of them torn open with stuffing all over the floor.

In the center of the room is a decapitated skeleton – not a shred of flesh on it – of a small, misshapen man. The figure is clad in leather armor (not nearly as decayed to suggest the body had enough time to decompose to a skeletal state) and a backpack with a sword fallen at its side. In the backpack is the Player Handout Map of level two (p39).

15. ENTRANCE TWO

There is a batch of green slime on the ceiling and wall above the opening on the south wall. When the first character passes through (or a large object is pushed forward – ten foot poles and sword-tips won't do it) the slime will drop. Actually, there are two batches of slime up there, so the second person through the passageway will be attacked as well! The stone where the slime lives is covered in some odd lacquer that is immune to the slime itself but something that actually attracts the stuff.

The room and all its contents are coated with what appears to be algae. It looks to be a bit wet and sticky but is not harmful to touch (or taste, or...).

The room is empty except for a small wheeled cart in the center. On the cart is a small stone statue of St. McIver.

If the algae is gathered in any great amount it will of course behave as green slime.

The door leading from this room is stuck as it is airtight.

16. TRAPPED DOOR

This door is painted with the image of a mountain. It is not locked but if opened before disarming the trap darts will shoot out of the wall. All within the 10' space in front of the door must make a saving throw versus Petrification or be hit by the darts and become infected with a tropical fever. There will be no effect for 24 hours. At that point, and every day thereafter for 5d4 days, the character must make a saving throw versus Poison or lose one Constitution point. Remember to subtract any lost Constitution bonuses and apply Constitution penalties to a character's current hit points. If a character's constitution falls below three she falls into a coma. If it falls to zero she dies. If a 1 is rolled on any saving throw that day's Constitution loss is permanent. Constitution points return at a rate of one per day of complete rest after the disease has taken its course.

17. PAPER, ROCK, SCISSORS

In the center of the southern wall is a great altar made out of paper. Upon this altar is a 12" tall origami idol of St. McIver. Also on the altar are two candles.

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The candles will ignite when the door is opened. The character first through the door must check for surprise and only if the dice do not indicate surprise will she see the candles lighting.

Hanging above the altar is a 5' diameter rock. It hangs by a chain from the ceiling about five feet above the altar.

On either side of the altar are giant blades on pendulums held back by leather thongs. If the thongs are loosened the blades will slide right through the altar and idol.

When the door is opened a ticking sound will be heard from the walls, the candles will burn down quickly, the leather thongs on the blade will seem to loosen ever so slightly, and the rock's mooring will dislodge just a little bit. Time is running out!

There will be just enough time to run to the altar to snatch the idol if a character so chooses. The character will have to make four saving throws to rescue the idol: there is no time for deliberation or hesitation, it's GO or not, and if the answer is GO, then the character is committed.

A saving throw versus Breath Weapon must be made to avoid the fireball when the candles burn down and the altar (composed of a more explosive sort of flash paper) goes up with a bang. A failed saving throw results in 2d6 damage.

A saving throw versus Petrification must be made to avoid the falling boulder. A failed saving throw results in 1d8 damage.

A saving throw versus Paralyzation must be made to avoid each blade. A failed saving throw results in 1d8 damage.

The "paper idol" is merely a shell containing a slightly smaller but otherwise identical stone idol inside. It will not be harmed by the fire, stone, or blades.

18. TRAPPED DOOR

This door has the painted image of a flame on it. The door is not locked but if opened without the trap being disarmed will cause an explosion (the opening of the door causing sparks to fly, igniting the material around the door frame) doing 2d6 damage to anyone in the 10' in front of the door (saving throw versus Breath Weapon for half damage). The blast will destroy the door.

19. A FIREPLACE FOR HOUNDS

The surfaces of this room are painted. The ceiling depicts the sky and the floor grassy ground. The east side shows several men, including one who greatly resembles the statue in the courtyard, mounted on horses and pointing at the west side of the room. The north and south sides show a number of hunting dogs running towards the west side of the room. In the background of the northern wall can be seen the Grinding Gear.

The west wall is a cottage that is on fire with the depressed alcove depicting the inside of the burning cottage.

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In the southwest corner is a stone idol of St. McIver carved out of the solid wall.

20. INTERSECTION

Lairing in this immediate area are two ghouls who somehow escaped the ghoul pit. They will attack any living creature.

2 Ghouls: Armor 15, Move 90', 2 Hit Dice, 13hp, 2 claw 1d3 and bite 1d6. Saving throw versus Paralyzation or be rendered immobile for 1d6 rounds. Undead immunities.

21. WATER POOL

This pool of water takes up the entire floorspace and is 50' deep. The bottom of the pool connects to a series of underwater streams with no opening greater than twelve inches across. If a character starts tooling around in the water she will attract the attention of an albino underground fresh water snake which will attack. There are effectively an infinite number of available snakes so anyone continuing to play in the water will attract more and more snakes. The snakes will not leave the water.

Hanging above the pool is a ten-foot wide iron chandelier with all its candles long burnt out. In the center of the chandelier is a rather large iron statue of St. McIver.

Snake: Armor 14, Move 90', 3 Hit Dice, 14hp, bite 1d2. Saving throw versus Poison or die.

22. TRAPPED STAIRS

The entire 10'x10' area at the top of the stairs here is on a pressure plate. When it is stepped on (or has at least 25 pounds of pressure put on it) a section of the east wall will spring out and shove characters down the stairs for 2d6 damage (saving throw versus Paralyzation for half damage) and then retract and reset. Only by crawling on one's belly (kneeling or being a halfling is not enough) will avoid the trap.

23. ALCOVES

Each of these six alcoves has a man-sized granite statue of St. McIver. Also in one of the alcoves (roll randomly to determine which) is a gelatinous cube.

Cube: Armor 14, Move 60', 4 Hit Dice, 17hp, blob 2d4. Saving throw versus Paralyzation or be rendered immobile. Surprise on 3 in 6. Immune to spells.

Inside the cube are 11gp, 18sp, and 26cp.

24. SLIDING WALL

The dotted portion of the map is a giant stone block which will move across the passageway when the stairs at location #25 are stepped on.

The secret door here is actually a folding wall which allows the stone block to completely seal the passage with no opening at all. If the secret area is discovered before the trap is sprung a button will be found in the west wall of the alcove. If this is pressed the stone block will instantly close. If anyone was pushing that button by hand they will be crushed to death. Anyone

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else in the way must make a saving throw versus Paralyzation or take 2d10 damage. The block will then slowly retract back to its original position.

If the wall is triggered by the stairs it will only slide back to its original position when the body of Garvin Richrom is discovered (location #18 on level two). Otherwise there is no method of moving the block.

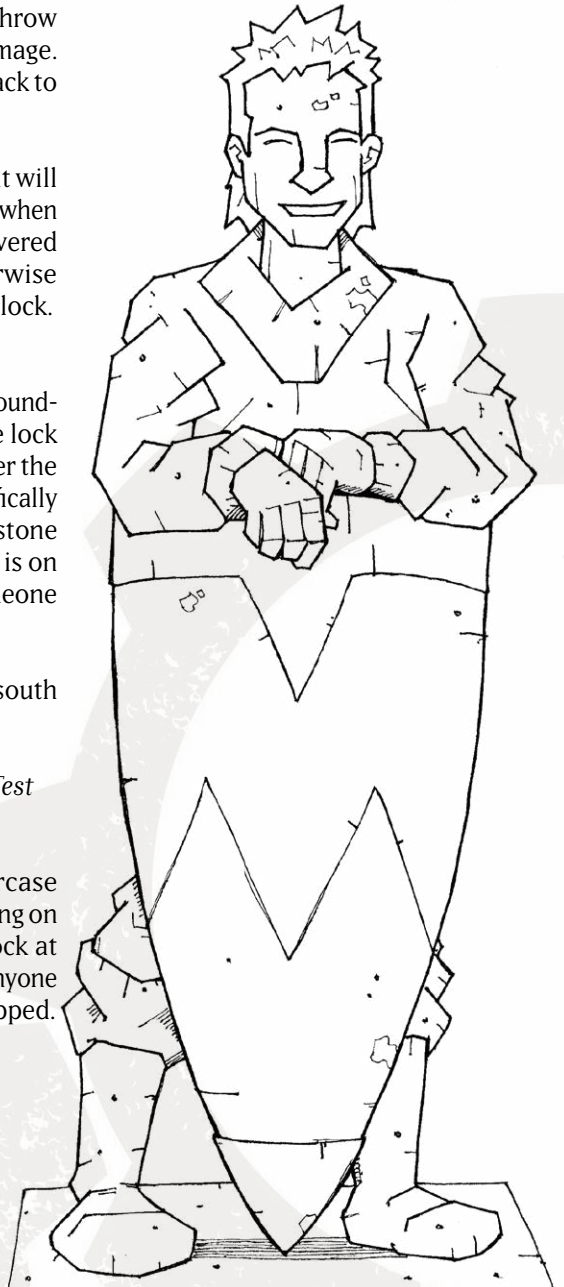
25. DOOR AND STAIRS

The door is locked and is absolutely sound-proof. It is also self-closing and the lock mechanism will reactivate whenever the door is closed unless the lock is specifically destroyed. This will mean that the stone block will not be heard if everyone is on the near side of the door once someone starts down the stairs.

The door has a plaque on it (on the south side of the door) that reads:

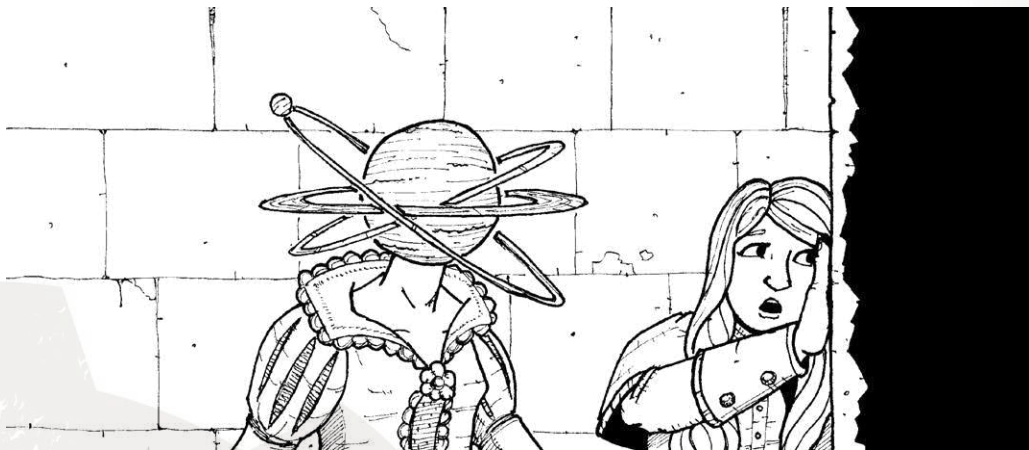
"You've Come So Far But the True Test of Your Skills Has Just Begun!"

The stairs are a stone spiral staircase down to Dungeon Level Two. Stepping on the stairs will trigger the stone block at location #24 and from that point on anyone on this side of the block will be trapped.



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If the Sliding Wall has been triggered (see Level One locations #24 and 25) the characters will be trapped. Careful management of light, food, and water resources should be done by both players and Referees.

If the characters have the map from Level One location #14 any secret doors listed there have twice the chance of being found by any search.

There are no wandering monsters on this level.

1. THE EMPTY ROOM

Aside from the staircase leading up this room is completely featureless.

2. DECORATED ROOM

This is an empty room but the walls have been painted to portray the Grinding Gear during the different seasons: the south wall depicts winter, the west wall summer, the north wall autumn. The east wall depicts

the statue in front of the inn with one side of the marble base sticking out (as it does when the plaque is pressed) and the inn burnt to the ground.

The floor and ceiling are both painted to look like the night sky, full of stars (a companion piece to room #7 on level one). The ceiling has the familiar sky patterns but the floor has a completely different set that characters will not recognize.

3. ALTAR OF OFFERING

Against the west wall is a plain altar on which is a plain offering plate. Above it is a plaque mounted on the wall that says:

*“Clever You Are But I Am Not Done –
Make An Offering If Again You’d Ever
See the Sun”*

Putting even a single coin or any pressure of any kind on the plate or altar will cause a great rumbling sound to rise up. People

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in this room will hear it come from the southeast but it is actually coming from east of location #7. If items placed are retrieved the same noise will occur.

4. A TOMB?

In the center of this room is a simple unadorned sarcophagus. A name plate at its base says simply:

“Garvin Richrom – Father, Husband, Inventor”

The sarcophagus has a long-decayed corpse within, dressed in standard funeral attire.

5. PLUNDERED TREASURE ROOM

This secret passage looks to have been the treasure vault for the tomb. One problem: it’s been picked over.

Half a dozen treasure chests are smashed, tipped over, and generally vandalized.

The tops are broken in, the bottoms have been cut open as if to search for secret compartments, and the locks are broken. If anyone checks each chest looks to have been fitted with a now expended poison needle trap.

Also in the room are many broken casks and coffers and other containers which have been bashed in. Debris is scattered around the room.

Searching through the mess will reveal 5sp and 2cp that have been missed by whoever looted the place.

6. SECRET TREASURE ROOM

Against the south wall is a treasure chest. It is locked and fitted with a poison needle (saving throw versus Poison or die). The chest is absolutely stuffed with coins: 10,000cp.

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SOLVED PUZZLE ROOMS

Locations #7, 8, and 9 all have an identical setup, so that will be described here and only the unique elements of each room will be described under their individual location numbers.

The doors are all made of stone and are slightly open. The doors do not lock if closed.

The inside of the room (including ceiling, floor, walls, and the inside of the doors) are lined with iron bars forming a cage of sorts inside the room.

On the inside of the south door is a plaque which will have a question written on it. Along the west wall are a number of possible answers written on the wall with a slot under each answer.

Each slot will fit a sword or dagger blade. Iron spikes, arrows, or similar items can also fit but a flat blade will be an immediately obvious match. These slots are inert and nothing will happen if anything is placed within them.

7. PUZZLE ROOM

The question on the inside of the south door:

“How Many Toes Does My Son Have?”

There are 14 slots along the west wall labeled 0 through 13.

8. PUZZLE ROOM

The question on the inside of the south door:

“What is the Secret Ingredient in My Wife’s Funnel Cake Surprise?”

There are seven slots in the west wall and they are labeled Banana, Blueberry, Brownie, Cherry, Parsley, Pudding, and Stirge Legs.

9. PUZZLE ROOM

The question on the inside of the south door:

“When the King Graced the Grinding Gear With His Presence in the Year of the Long Solstice, How Many Retainers Did He Have in His Entourage?”

There are 100 slots along the west wall labeled 0 through 99.

10. FORMERLY TRAPPED DOOR

This door is hanging off its hinges with a large hole in its center. It looks as if something inside the door exploded outward and the surface of the passage has blast marks emanating from the doorway.

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11. THE TOMB OF GARVIN RICHROM

The center of the room has a large sarcophagus on a raised platform, its lid broken and laying in pieces inside. Several sockets around the base have obviously had items pried from them. The skeleton at rest within is complete but broken; its fingers and neck have been severed and it is missing a few teeth.

12. ANOTHER EMPTY ROOM

This room is completely bare except for a series of three levers (all in the down position) and three buttons on the westernmost side of the south wall. The levers have three positions: up, level, and down, and the buttons can be pressed (and return to their original position if pressed again).

Every time a button is pressed or a lever moved there is a sound of rumbling and grinding stone through the south wall.

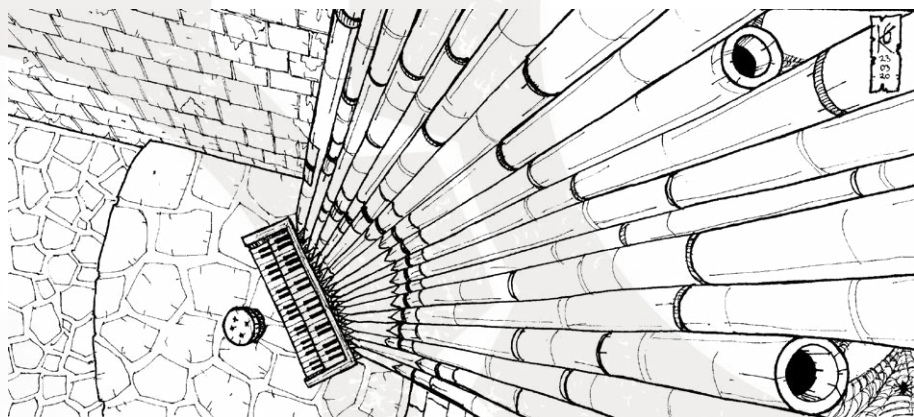
If the levers are in the following position: **down, up, level**, and the buttons are in the following pattern: **pressed, unpressed, pressed** the secret door on the west wall will open. The passage there has collapsed and if characters spend time digging it out they will find that the passage ends suddenly after 150’.

13. ORGAN ROOM

This room is set up like a small concert hall with a raised stage in the southeast corner with an organ on it. The organ’s pipes run into the walls and disappear into the ceiling. A number of chairs on the floor face the organ.

The wall over the door on the north side of the room has pipes (which look the same as the organ pipes) running from the ceiling down around the door frame and over the door is also (on the south side of the door) a plaque which reads:

*“You’ve Come This Far and Myself
You’ve Almost Found But to Pass This
Door You Must Play the Proper Sound”*



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The door is not actually locked or trapped in any way. Characters are free to pass through with no challenge or trouble.

If the piano is played ask the player to sing or hum the melody the character is playing, roll a d6, and then consult the following chart:

Roll	Result
1	An ear-piercing shriek rings throughout the room. Everyone inside must make a saving throw versus Death or go deaf for 2d12 hours.
2	A brilliant flash of intense light goes off inside the room. Everyone inside must make a saving throw versus Petrification or be blinded for 4d12 turns.
3	Gas pours out from around the organ. Everyone inside the room must make a saving throw versus Poison or sleep for 2d12 hours.
4	Holes in the ceiling open up and rot grubs rain down on the room. Everyone in the room must make a saving throw versus Paralyzation or be struck by 1d3 grubs.
5	Foul liquid gunk spews forth from the walls and everyone inside the room must make a saving throw versus Poison or be so overcome with nausea that their Strength and Constitution are halved for 2d6 hours and also begin projectile vomiting.
6	The organ explodes! Everyone in the room takes 6d6 damage (saving throw versus Breath Weapon for half damage). If one saving throw is successful, roll another. A success indicates damage is halved again, and if a third such saving throw is successful the character takes no damage.

The player should believe that the melody played has a direct influence on the result. To achieve this effect the Referee should make several rolls beforehand so the players do not realize they are being subject to a random effect.

If the song "My Bonny Lass (She Don't Look so Good)" is played (and of course the answer to "Can my character read sheet music?" is "Yes!") 1d3 of the effects will occur simultaneously.

THE PUZZLE ROOMS

Locations #14, 15, 16, and 17 all have an identical setup. so they will be described here and only the unique elements of each room will be described under their individual location numbers.

The doors are all made of stone. All doors open towards the north. The south doors are easily opened and closed but the north doors are firmly locked by a mechanism that can not be seen and therefore can not be opened by a thief.

DUNGEON LEVEL TWO

The inside of the room including the ceiling, floor, walls, and the inside of the doors are lined with iron bars forming a cage of sorts inside the room.

On the inside of the south door is a plaque which will have a question written on it. Along the west wall are a number of possible answers written on the wall with a slot under each answer.

Each slot will fit a sword or dagger blade. Iron spikes, arrows, or similar items can also fit, but a flat blade will be an immediately obvious match. If the appropriate object is placed in the correct slot or sequence of slots there will be an escalating hum, a crackling sound, then the north door will swing open. If an appropriate object is placed in the wrong slot there will be an escalating hum and then an explosion as electricity surges through all the iron bars and jumps and arcs throughout the room. The person placing the object takes 1d6 damage and anyone else in the room takes 1d3 damage (saving throw versus Magic Wand for half damage).

Although the electricity is not a magical effect protections against spells should work and one electrical jolt should be considered the equivalent of a *Magic Missile* spell for these purposes. Standard electrical protection or holding a non-conducting material between the placing hand and the object being placed in a slot will not help – the characters do not know the properties of electricity in a fantasy game world and the room is specifically constructed to amplify the

jolt. If a character wishes to hire a sage and figure out a scientifically sound way of insulating himself from a trap that's obviously already been set off they may do so. However, while they are here, characters will shove something in the right hole or they will take damage or they will not move forward.

The slots will only operate if an object with a metal tip is placed inside. If there is a sequence of slots that must be used then objects must be inserted into the proper slots consecutively, not simultaneously, and characters must wait for the humming and crackling from one slot to stop before placing something in another slot will have any effect. If multiple slots must be selected, and a wrong slot is chosen at any point, the entire sequence from that room must be started from the beginning. Slots are not active and placing objects within them will have no effect for good or ill unless both doors of the room are firmly shut.

If a *Knock* spell (or other means that a good Referee can not rightfully disallow such as someone having giant strength and forcing a door) is used to open a northern door all incorrect slots will simultaneously discharge, causing 99d3 damage to everyone in the room if it is a numerical puzzle or 25d3 if it is an alphabetical puzzle. Saving throws apply as usual and the door will open.

There is no other way to open the northern doors so once the party passes through if the doors close behind them they can

DUNGEON LEVEL TWO

not go back. The doors automatically close after one turn unless stopped by some means.

Note that the electricity mechanism isn't just a trap it is the same thing that allows the northern door to open. If the trap is somehow disarmed the door to exit the room will not open.

14. PUZZLE ROOM

The question on the inside of the south door:

"What Is My Wife's Name?"

There are 26 slots along the west wall, labeled A through Z. The correct sequence is A-N-N-A-B-E-L-M-A-R-I-E.

15. PUZZLE ROOM

The question on the inside of the south door:

"What Is My True Full Name?"

There are 26 slots along the west wall labeled A through Z. The correct sequence is G-A-R-V-I-N-R-I-C-H-R-O-M.

16. PUZZLE ROOM

The question on the inside of the south door:

"How Many Guest Rooms Are Inside the Grinding Gear Inn?"

There are 100 slots along the west wall labeled 0 through 99. The correct slot is 16.

17. PUZZLE ROOM

The question on the inside of the south door:

"How Many Idols Of Saint McIver Are In My Tomb?"

There are 100 slots along the west wall labeled 0 through 99. The correct slot is 12.

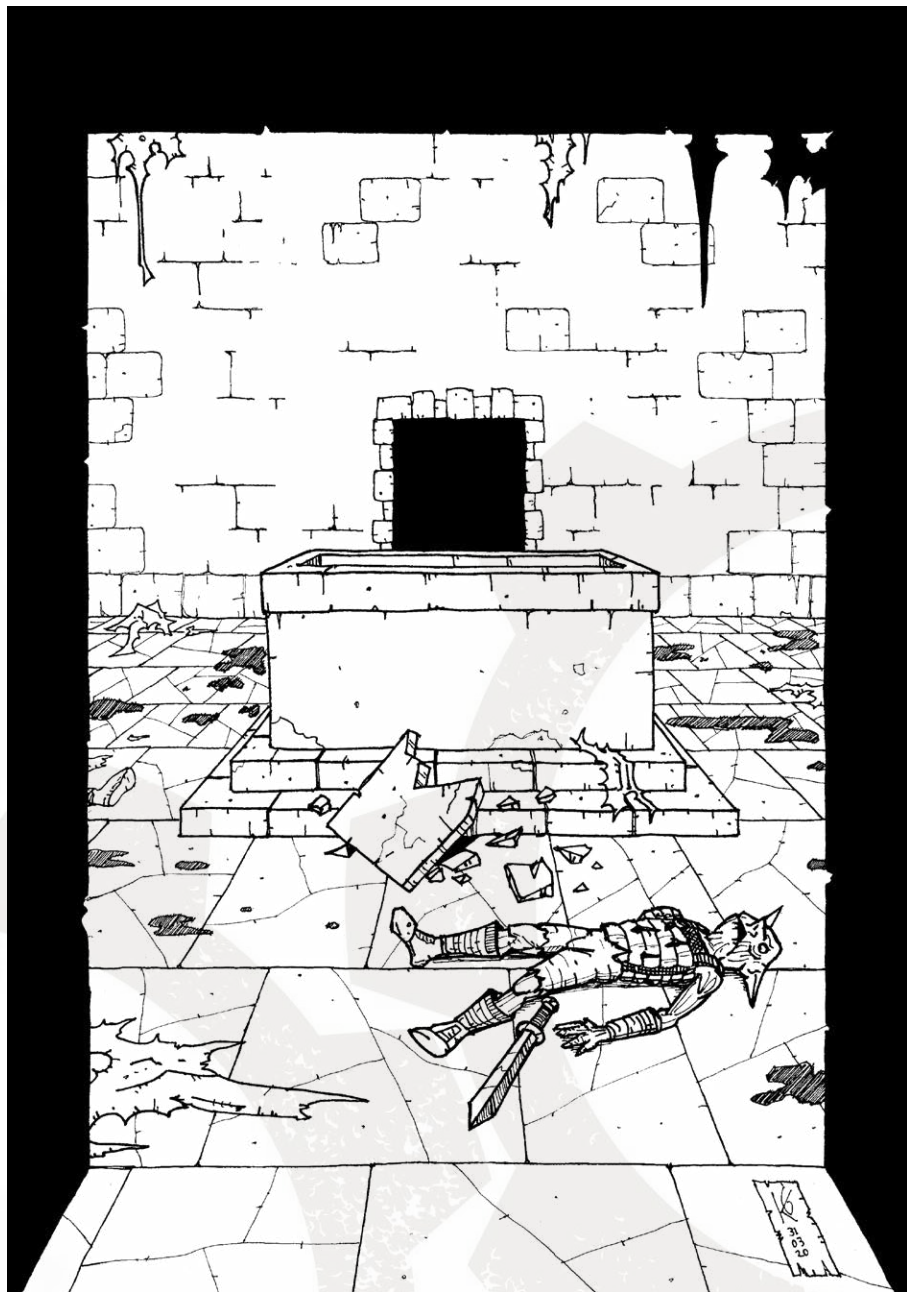
18. THE TRUE TOMB

Echoing sounds of scratching from the walls and the constant dripping of water are obvious once the final puzzle door is opened. The sounds permeate this room and the entire final maze area.

In the center of this room is a raised sarcophagus, its heavy stone lid fallen to one side of the platform and broken in half. The ceiling is vaulted (30' high) and hanging from the ceiling along the walls are eight golden curtain rods (weighing 100 pounds each and worth 500sp intact, half that if broken). There used to be tapestries hanging from these rods but they have been torn down and are in shreds on the floor.

Also in the room are three goblin corpses. They are not rotted but look shriveled and somehow preserved as if the life had just been sucked out of them. They are all wearing severely torn leather armor (stripping the bodies will also reveal stab wounds) and have suffered savage claw wounds. Their short swords lie beside them. Bloodstains cover the floor (not touching the sarcophagus or the bodies!) and lead off into the maze area.

DUNGEON LEVEL TWO



DUNGEON LEVEL TWO

The inside of the sarcophagus appears to be empty, its silk lining torn to bits and bloody claw marks all over the inside of the casing and fallen lid.

The sarcophagus has a false bottom (detects as if a secret door) and if lifted out will reveal the true resting place of Mr. Richrom. The Exit (location #20) will open (as will the sliding wall at location #24 of level one) and characters present will hear the sound of grinding stone coming from the north when this false bottom is removed.

The body is well-decayed and has ruined the fine burial clothes and silk lining of the true crypt. Its bony hands are clutching a scroll case. The scroll inside reads:

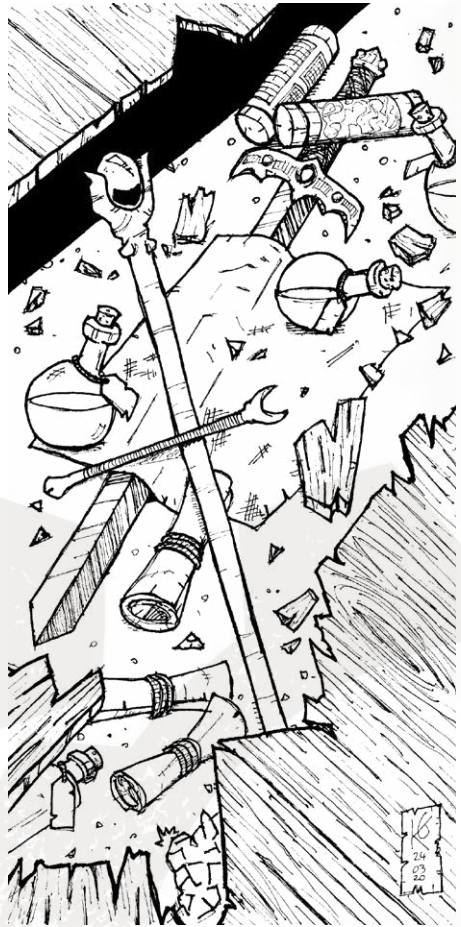
“I Gave My Riches to the Poor, You Thieves! Ha Ha!”

Around Richrom’s ankles, wrists, and neck is odd, bulky jewelry made of lead.

There is a second hidden compartment under Richrom’s body. It too must be found as if a secret door, but in order to have any chance of finding it, a seeker must climb inside; two coffin-depths are too deep to just reach in and search around.

If someone climbs in before taking Richrom’s body including the jewelry (which serves to carefully weigh the body) out the false bottom will collapse. While this makes the compartment obvious the crystal tiger will be smashed and worthless, the potions and scrolls will be ruined and

there is a 25% chance each that the wand and the staff will be broken as well. If the body is removed one completely unencumbered person (certainly not wearing chain or plate armor!) can search within the sarcophagus without endangering the treasure.



DUNGEON LEVEL TWO

The treasure:

A plaque attached to the floor of the space: “*Congratulations!*”

Ghostcutter: Longsword +0, +2 versus undead. Can also be used to hit non-undead creatures which may only be hit by +1 or greater weapons. The downside is that anyone carrying this weapon can never hide from undead – they will sense the sword automatically if they are within 30’.

A large crystal tiger worth 5000sp

Wand of Paralyzation (12 charges): 1 charge = 1 casting of *Hold Person*.

Staff of Healing (6 charges): 1 charge = 1 casting of *Cure Light Wounds*.

Potions: *ESP, Fire Resistance, Gaseous Form, Growth, Levitation*

Scroll of Protection from Undead
Magic-User Scroll: *Mirror Image, Wizard Lock*

Magic-User Scroll: *Shield, Knock, Protection from Normal Missiles*

Cleric Scroll: *Neutralize Poison*

Cleric Scroll: *Bless*

19. MIRRORED CORNERS

Each of these corners is fitted with a diagonal mirror so that at a distance, until one is actually at the corner, it looks as if the passage continues straight instead of turning.

20. THE EXIT

In this corner is a mirror identical to those in the locations #19 but behind the mirror is a secret door. This door is completely indistinguishable from the surrounding wall and may only be found on 1 in 6.. However, there is no opening mechanism here. The trigger for the door is in the sarcophagus. If and when the compartment with the weighed-down body is found the door will slide down (the mirror must still be moved/broken to see the passage) revealing the exit passage. The tunnel gradually slopes up and comes to the surface about a mile away from the inn.

EPILOGUE

Five days after the party leaves via The Exit, or six weeks after The Sliding Wall has been triggered, Garvin Richrom, The Old Trickster, will return to reset the traps and replace all of his carefully planned clues and decoys and clean up any mess. The traps, puzzles, and final treasure will not be the same as before and if the adventurers discovered the final treasure he will know them and he will remember them and he will test them again.

Oh yes, he will test them again.

THE CHEAT SHEET

The original plan was just to describe the dungeon and let it be a nonsensical and seemingly random funhouse dungeon but some Referees may want to know the interior logic behind the madness, so here it is.

THE SURFACE AREA

STATUE + STORAGE ATTIC

The *Sleep* trap was never intended as a deathtrap; it was merely a deterrent for the time after the completion of the dungeon when the inn was still in business. After everything was closed and abandoned the mosquito bats moved in.

The bodies have been stripped by looters who happen by the carnage after the fact.

STABLES

The horses of course belong to the adventurers in Dungeon Level One. Those men are the first adventurers to make it inside the dungeon which means if the characters find the first secret door they will have gone deeper into the dungeon than anyone ever has since it was completed.

CHAPEL

This was intended to stay intact but wandering monsters happen.

THE BAR

The sign above the bar is complete. It wasn't any sort of "no shoes no shirt no service" notice but merely a command: "Notice!" as in "Be observant!"

DRYING BASEMENT SECRET ROOM

This is where the goblin bodies from Dungeon Level One, location #14, and Dungeon Level Two, #18 were prepared.

WORKSHOP

The cage and generator are a model of the mechanism that powers the puzzle rooms on Dungeon Level Two. The sheet music is a plant designed to encourage playing of the organ in Dungeon Level Two.

MASTER BEDROOM

The journal is a plant to give credibility to the map located in Dungeon Level One location #14 as well as inform any random wanderer that there is indeed a tomb and treasure somewhere on the premises.

DUNGEON LEVEL ONE

LOCATION 2

The trap was designed to identify vandals and robbers while the inn was still operating and has no further effect beyond the coloring.

LOCATION 5

The adventurers' gold carving was looted from the surface and so is not counted among the idols in the tomb for the purposes of certain questions.

LOCATION 7

Richrom wants so badly for the organ on Dungeon Level Two to be played. By making it a hidden clue he figures interlopers will be convinced it is vital to play the song.

THE CHEAT SHEET

LOCATION 9

Richrom doesn't consider himself a murderer of random travelers. Up to this point everything is accessible by any harmless clever person but getting through this locked door requires either illicit skill or the willingness to vandalize to get treasure from a tomb and has no guilt about what comes after that.

LOCATIONS 10 - 12

Garvin Richrom wants you to know that ghouls aren't that hard to find and puddings and trolls can be captured one tiny bit at a time and then nurtured to full size.

LOCATION 14

The skeleton is actually that of a goblin with its head removed to prevent easy identification. The map is a planted decoy designed to discourage and delay explorers who reach the next level.

LOCATION 15

Discovering the slime-attracting lacquer was a source of great income for Richrom as he sold the secret to a number of wizards over the years.

LOCATION 17

Tell an adventurer that time is running out and chances are she'll jump at anything, whether it is necessary or not. This is Richrom's favorite trap because it endangers fools so pointlessly!

DUNGEON LEVEL TWO

LOCATION 3

The offering plate is a farce, with the altar

being carefully weighted to trigger turning stone gears in the earth east of location #7. The noise is there to fool intruders into thinking something is happening; creating that noise is the only purpose of the gears.

LOCATION 4

This is actually Richrom's daughter's body. He needed a human corpse to create a proper tomb but felt bad about using a servant's body for a decoy. He figured that when his time came it would be much easier to put his own flesh-and-blood's body here instead of beyond so many more carefully-constructed traps in order to cause despair in the sort of people that he feels killed his daughter.

LOCATIONS 5 - 6

These locations play further into Richrom's ruse. Location 5's purpose is to make it look like the planted treasure map existed because someone had already explored and looted the place and location 6 is supposed to make looters think they've found the treasure. Richrom entertained the idea of painting the copper pieces gold but thought better of it as that would make it obvious that the treasure is merely a trick.

LOCATIONS 7 - 9

Richrom is just having fun. Because these are on the planted treasure map explorers would undoubtedly find these before the real puzzle rooms. By placing questions with answers not able to be discovered up in the inn Richrom hopes to cause total panic once the real puzzle rooms were found. The correct answers, not that it matters, are "10," "Blueberry," and "15."

LOCATIONS 10 - 11

Of course this just continues the charade of the tomb already being looted.

LOCATION 12

If someone makes it this far they are obviously on the right track. The levers, buttons and purposefully-collapsed passageway are there to distract attention away from the real secret door to the north.

LOCATION 13

This is just cruelty. People getting this far are obviously determined and clever and Richrom figures this is the one last chance to eliminate the real fools.

LOCATIONS 14 - 17

Richrom despises people who do not take the time to notice their surroundings, considering poor perception to be a worse personal quality than stupidity or poor manners. He also notices that the least noble of adventurers often are those that just want to hack and loot and the honorable and clever sort are the ones to carefully plan and research their expeditions. Richrom wants so desperately only the "right kind" of person to find the loot.

The first level's idols are not there to express devotion to St. McIver but are there to be ignored as background dressing and thus forgotten and those who forget such things will pay for it here.

LOCATION 18

This entire setup is designed to make grave robbers think Richrom has risen from the dead and is wandering the halls.

The scratching and dripping are due to shafts being built around the ceiling giving rats and other vermin access, and it is their noise, and an underground stream whose flow has been amplified by the construction, that is heard here. The dead goblins were defeated raiders that were then dried out in the inn's basement. The corpse in the sarcophagus is one of the inn's most cherished caretakers who died some years before Richrom did.

EPILOGUE

No further "official" follow-up on the activities of Garvin Richrom will be released. Make use of him in your campaign as you wish without fear of later being contradicted by published material.



Here is the map I promised you,
I expect payment as arranged.

- Grant

The true tomb here.
Minor personal effects
on body. Please do not
disturb. The real treasure
is near the false tomb.

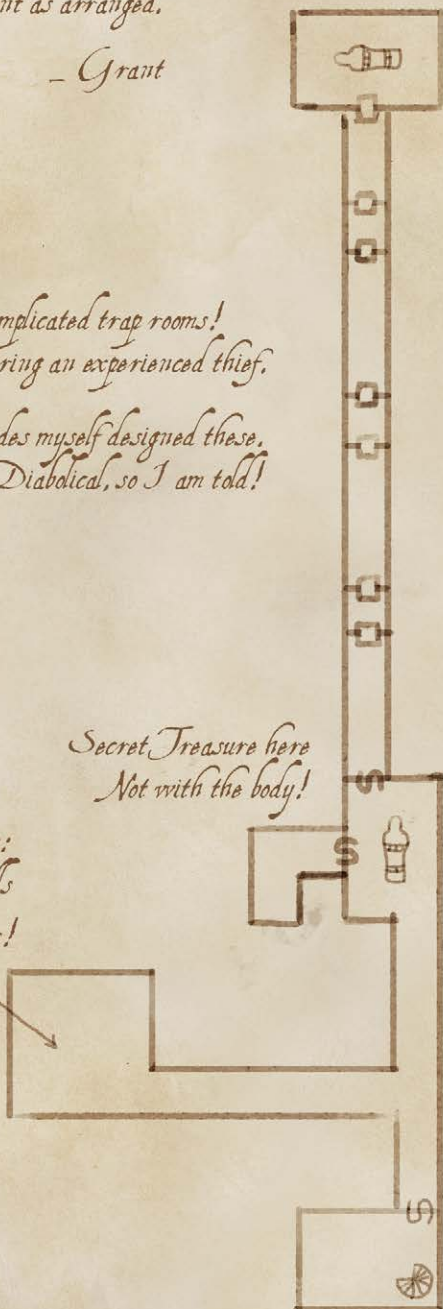
Complicated trap rooms!
Bring an experienced thief.

Others besides myself designed these.
Diabolical, so I am told!

Secret Treasure here
Not with the body!

Star Room:
Don't look at the walls
Magical hypnosis traps!

False Tomb:
Do not be fooled!
No treasure!



1. Equipped

2. Equipped

N. Equipped

P. Equipped

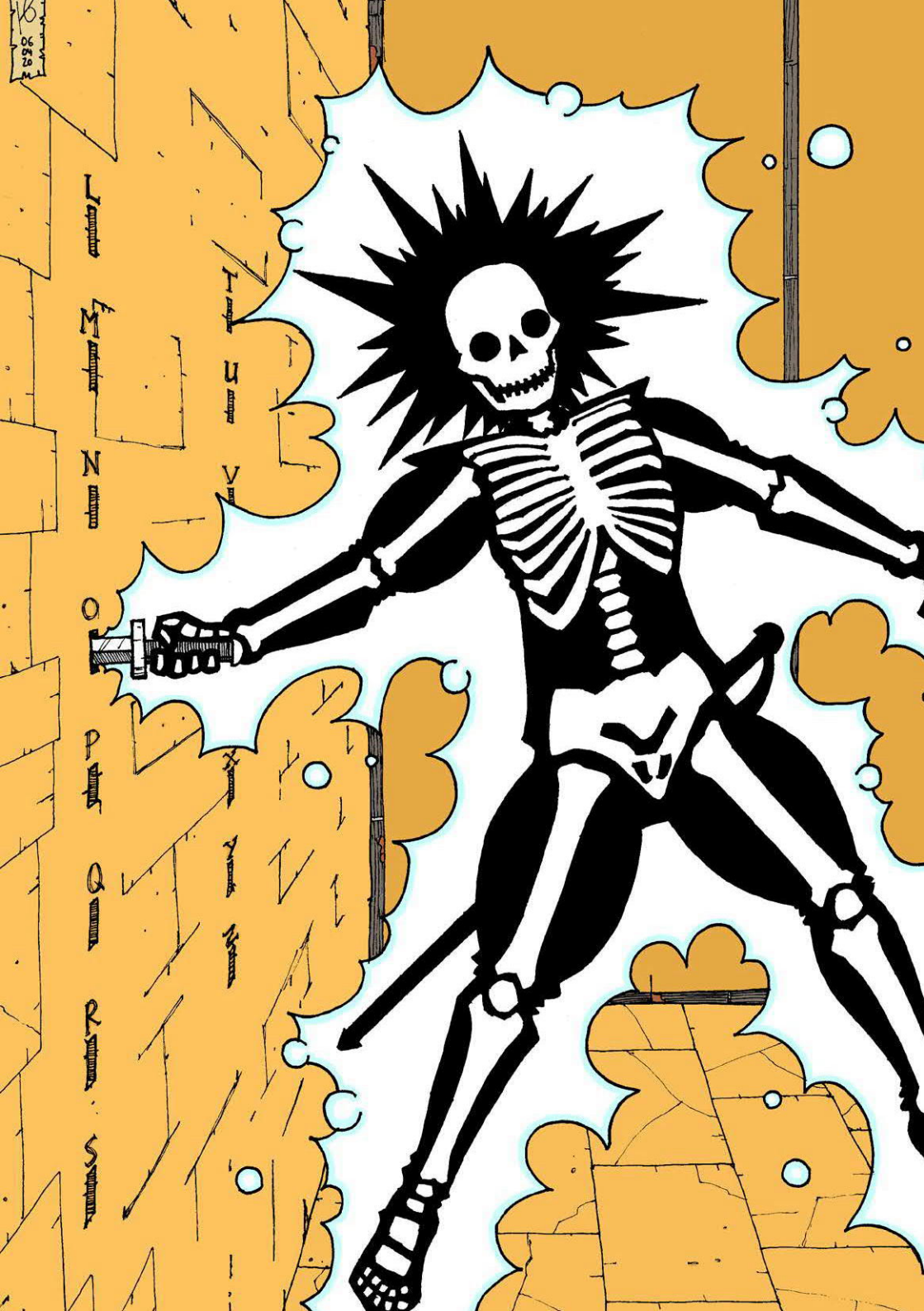
Q. Equipped

R. Equipped

S. Equipped

H
U
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H
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SURFACE AREA

(Page 10)

The Inn - Level 1



The Inn - Level 2

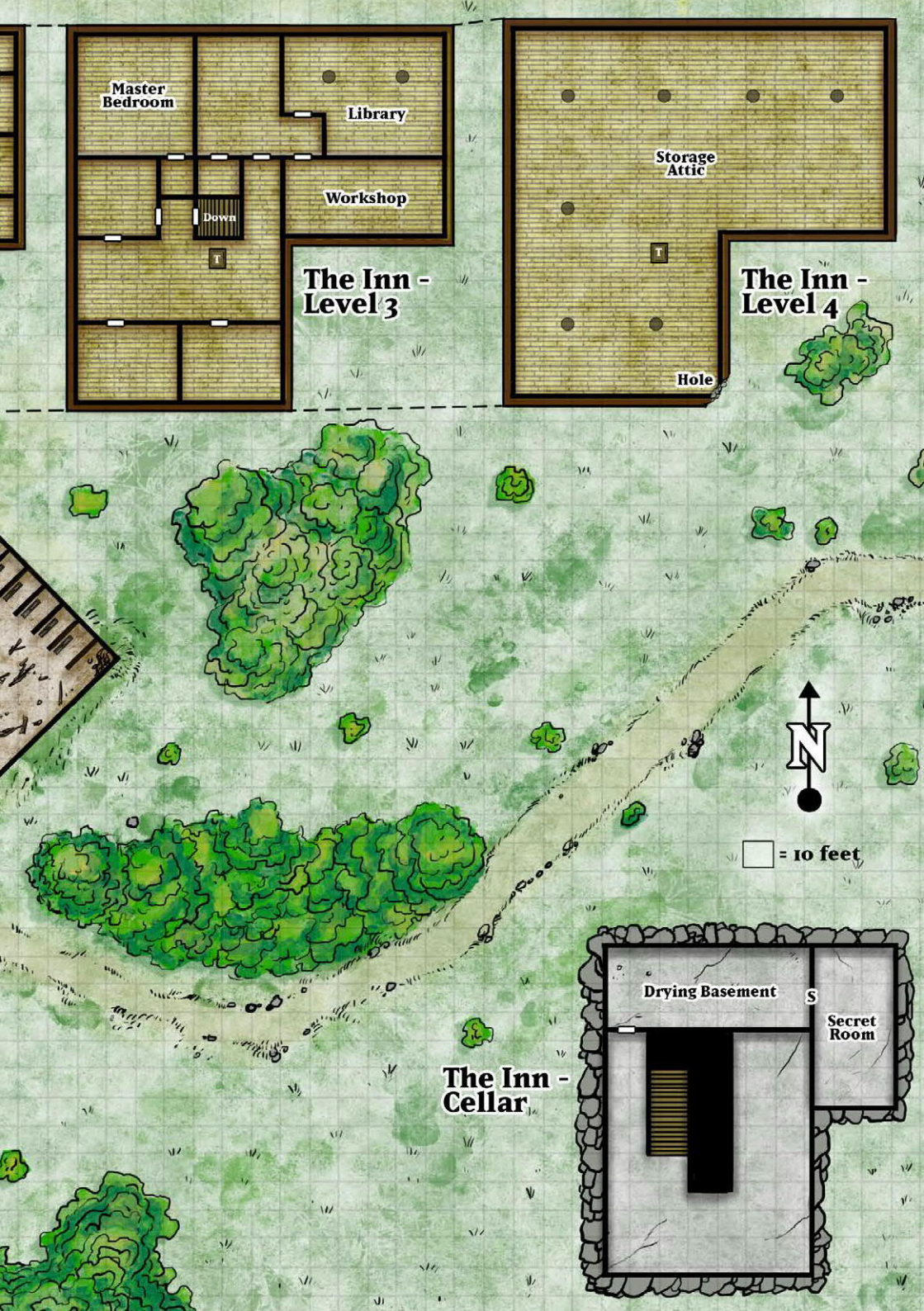
Stable



Well

Chapel





Master Bedroom

Library

Workshop

Down

The Inn -
Level 3

Storage Attic

The Inn -
Level 4

Hole



□ = 10 feet

The Inn -
Cellar

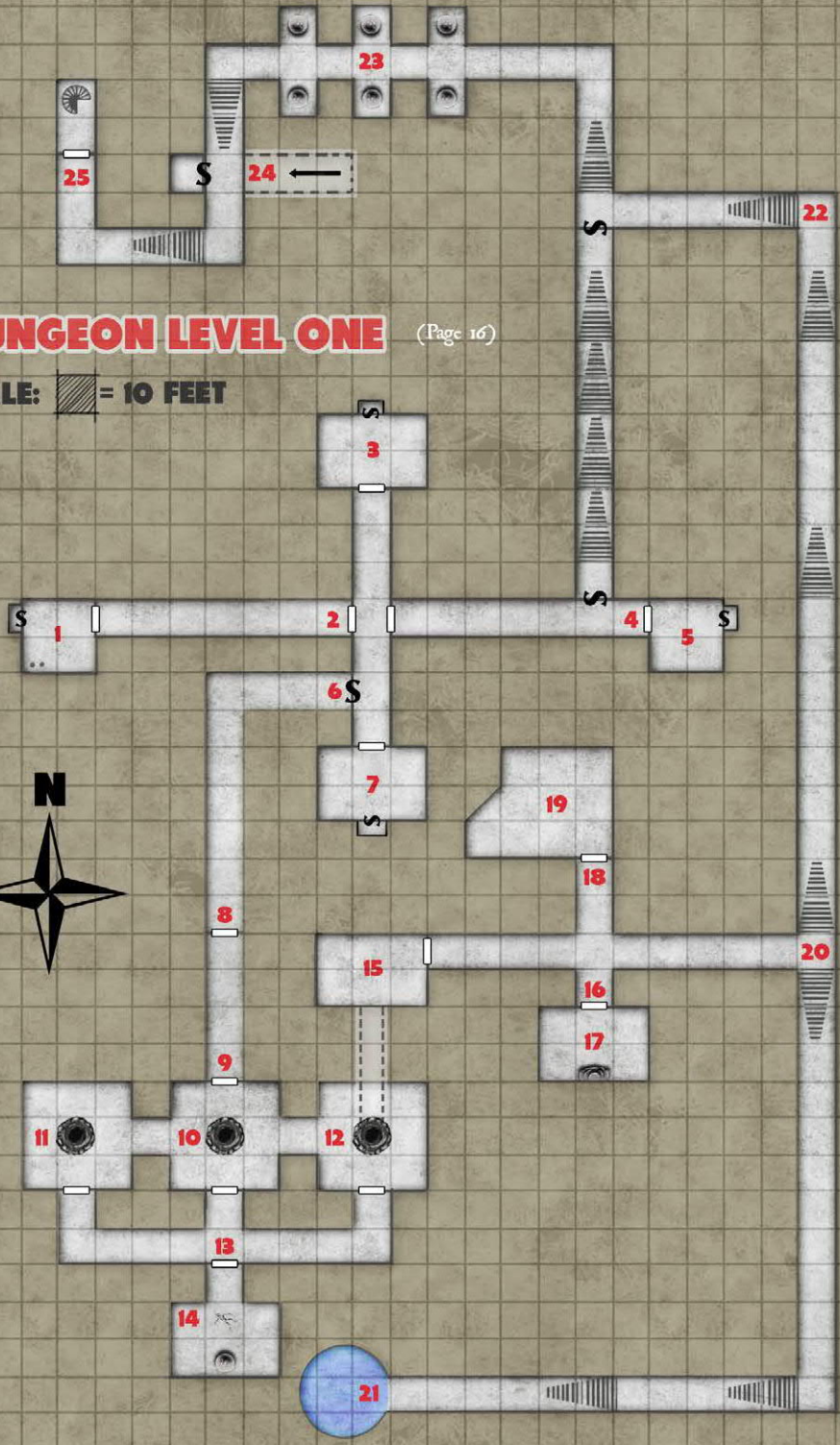
Drying Basement

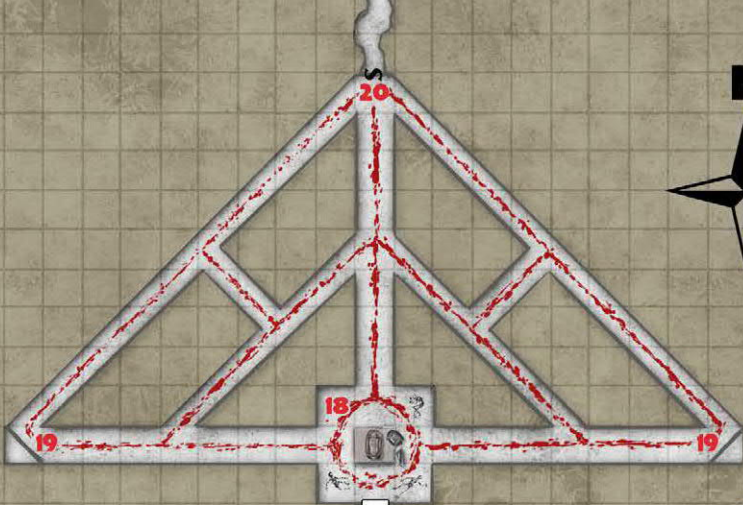
Secret Room

DUNGEON LEVEL ONE

(Page 16)

SCALE:  = 10 FEET



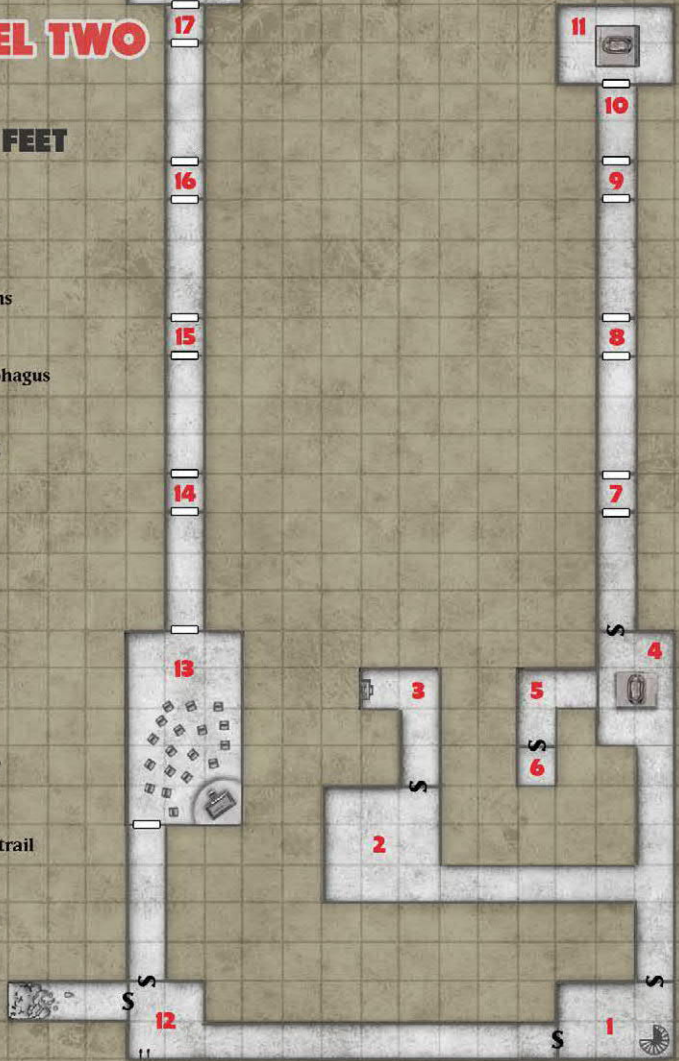


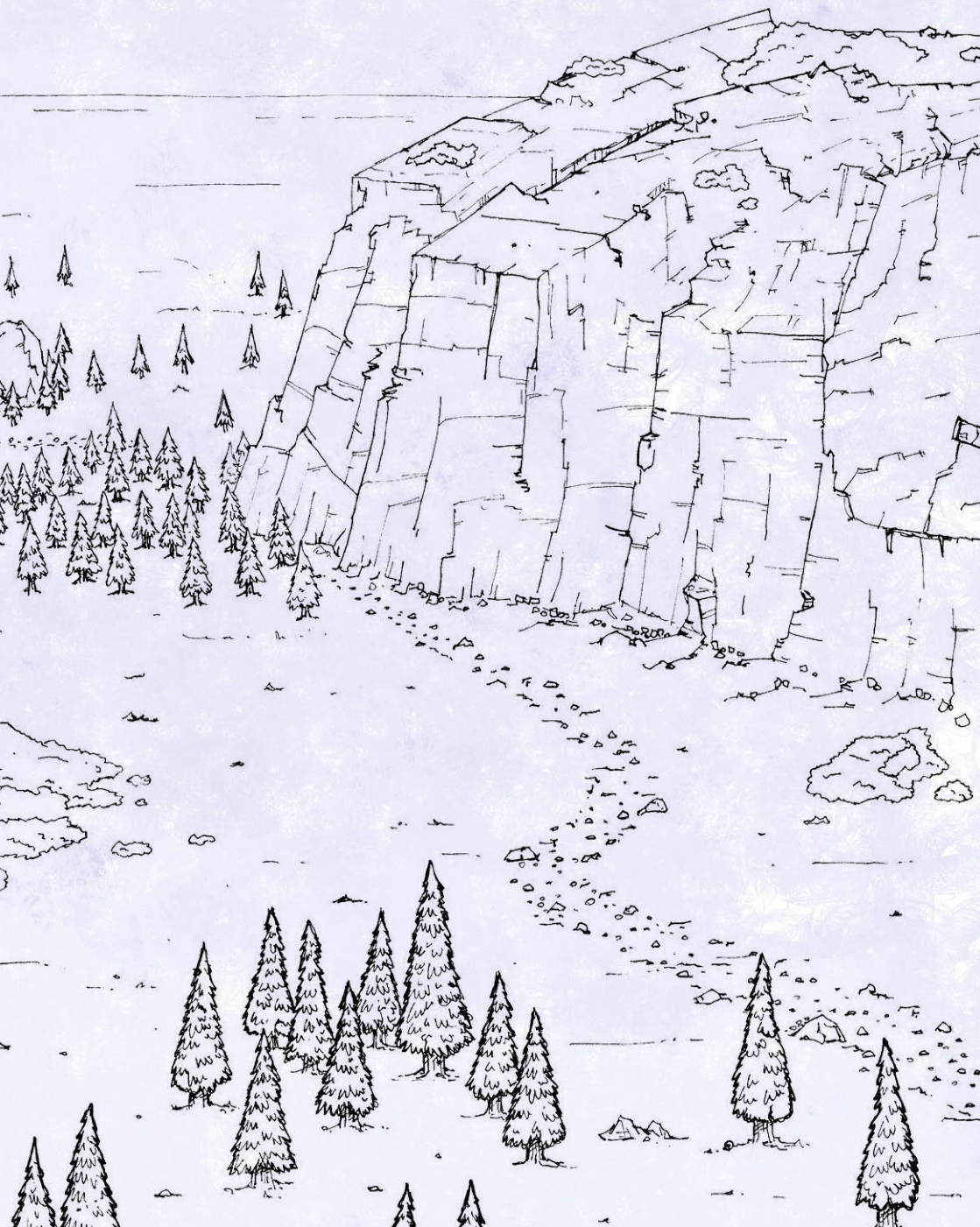
DUNGEON LEVEL TWO

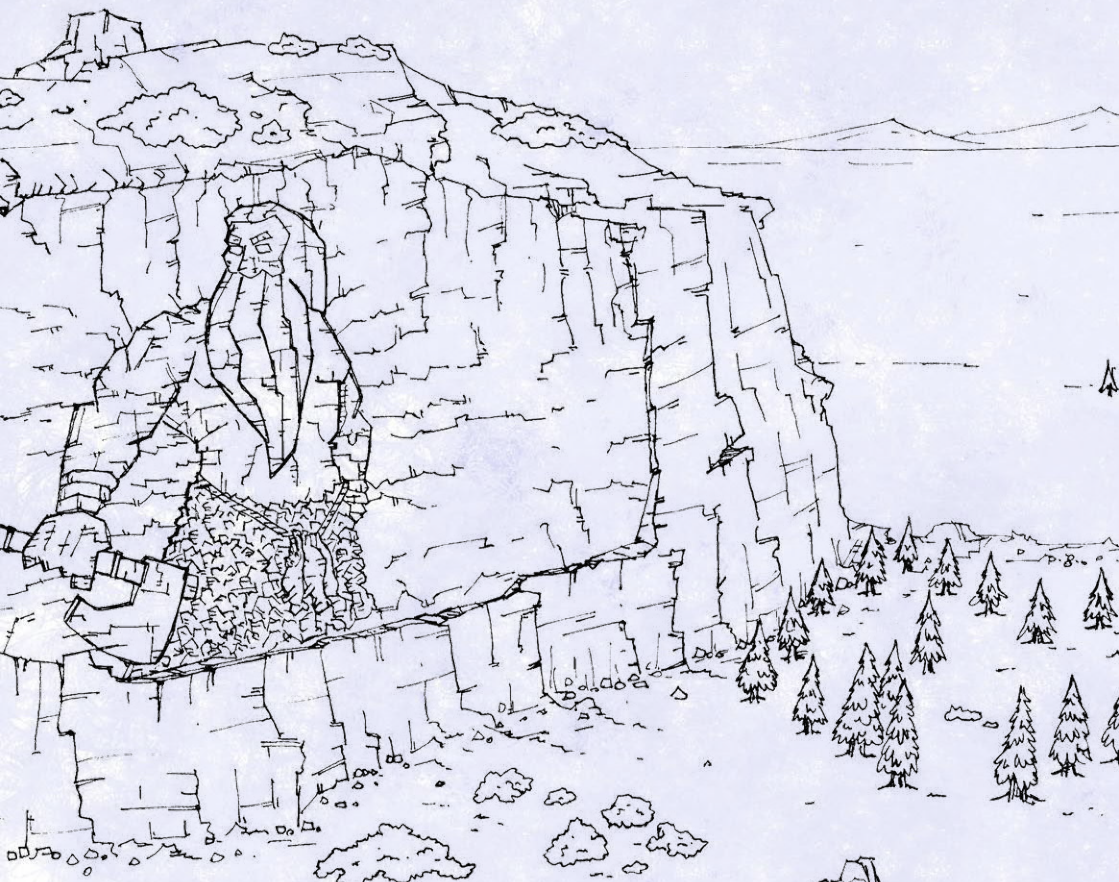
(Page 26)

SCALE:  = 10 FEET

- | | | | |
|---|--------------------|---|---------------|
|  | door |  | statue |
|  | secret door |  | remains |
|  | secret compartment |  | sarcophagus |
|  | stairs |  | sliding block |
|  | spiral stairs |  | altar |
|  | underfloor passage |  | organ |
|  | collapsed passage |  | chairs |
|  | open pit |  | mirror |
|  | water |  | blood trail |
|  | natural cave |  | levers |







Weird New World



AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION

Whew. Frameworks are so much more difficult to do than actual completed things.

This adventure is not like most others that are available. It's not finished. It's not ready. But it's not supposed to be. The idea was to put "introductory" dungeon and wilderness adventures into the Weird Fantasy Role-Playing box (which means nothing to you if you're picking this up separately... sorry!) to show how things could be done. Dungeon adventures are easy to conceive. "There's this place, with these things. What do you do?" Wilderness adventures really aren't like that, not without becoming effectively a dungeon set outdoors.

In trying to conceive an effective wilderness presentation all I could think was "Sandbox. Make a sandbox." Sandbox of course being jargon meaning a plotless "go anywhere, do anything" area. If I was going to do that I certainly didn't want to make something completely generic. "Oh, here are some goblins, here's the castle, and there are the dwarfs and elves." Yawn.

Why not make it big? And empty? Since this was conceived in the heart of winter, and I was in the middle of reading many books about the search for the Northwest Passage, making a maritime arctic area made sense. (I now write this in during a nasty heat wave in the middle of summer, making that last push of inspiration difficult to generate!) If I wanted a Northwest Passage-like quest

to be possible, then the area had to be big. Really big.

And when the area is that big making a coherent "plot" and fully stocking the wilderness becomes impossible. The core adventure assumption really becomes exploration. Add in some sample areas to show what could be done, flesh a couple of them out so there is some ready-made adventure of the usually understood type, and a final concept is born. All that was left to do was to write it.

It ended up as an interesting experiment. Usually I like my adventures fully detailed and I like presenting them that way but this format took me out of my comfort zone. I don't know if this is so much an adventure as a setting but either way I hope you find it to be an inspiration to your campaign and a help in making the sort of adventures that are different than what you have done before. Adventuring in the Far North can be a serious detour for a campaign, or can be the focus of a campaign, but it certainly won't be the same as the Usual Assumed Fantasy.

Drop me an email at lotfp@lotfp.com and let me know how Weird New World works in your campaign.

James Edward Raggi IV
July 11, 2010
Helsinki, Finland

INTRODUCTION

This adventure takes classic fantasy gaming activities such as resource management and exploration and applies them to a large scale.

You will need to prepare extensively to use this adventure as it is not a matter of simply placing the location somewhere in your campaign world and using it as-is. Fortunately, placing this in your campaign world is easy. Just put it far to the north of your normal campaign setting and use it as the arctic area.

Preparing to use it for play will be a little more complicated and players will need to undertake extensive preparation before adventuring in the area. Characters will need access to a large sailing ship and a good amount of supplies before adventuring in this region which is both expensive and time-consuming. Details of ship, crew and supplies are vital to successful adventuring in the area.

You will need to give the players a reason to adventure in this area as players are not likely to go through all of this preparation spontaneously. Also, the environment is cruel: as written it is very easy to adventure for months of real-time and years of in-game time without finding much of anything and without a focus any open environment will eventually get boring.

The detailed encounter areas in this module are all but sketches, with each being a potential full adventure in itself. Two locations, the Great Shipwrecks and the Pirate's Treasure Cave, have been

fully detailed as examples of what could be done with the rest, but even these leave out essential details. How does one find that Treasure Cave? Players aren't going to run across it by accident on a map of this scale. A map or other way to communicate its location must be delivered to the players and that is up to the individual Referee to arrange.

Other areas are less detailed but more-or-less ready to run (Frozen Stonehenge) but these are even less in the context of a living world. Again, more detail is needed to make them come alive. Most of the encounter areas are simply a few lines of description, a "hook" for a Referee to develop or not as desired.

Because the land is so wide open the Referee is certainly free to insert his own adventure areas and encounters. In fact, with a map this size, it's almost required!

Referees should pay attention to the Forts, the Eskuits and the Elves. Brief details on the Forts are given but the nations that built these forts are not mentioned as they must be tailored to individual campaign worlds. There are many dozens of Eskuit tribes wandering the wasteland and a good number of permanent lodges. The names of each of these tribes and how they differ from each other is up to the Referee to determine and communicate to the players.

The tools are here but it is up to you to construct something coherent from them.

THE WEATHER

More than any monster or magical force, players will be fighting and dealing with the weather while traveling in these lands. The Referee will have to keep strict track of both where the characters are and the time of year.

The following chart will be used to determine the weather conditions wherever the characters travel. The climate zones as indicated on the main map are down the left side of the chart.

Every year the Referee should roll 2d6 to determine the severity of that year's weather. Cross reference the climate zone number with the die roll result to find the Roman numeral code for wherever the characters are.

CLIMATE ZONES

1	I	I	I	I	I
---	---	---	---	---	---

2	II	I	I	I	I
---	----	---	---	---	---

3	III	II	I	I	I
---	-----	----	---	---	---

4	IV	III	II	I	I
---	----	-----	----	---	---

5	V	IV	III	II	I
---	---	----	-----	----	---

6	VI	V	IV	III	II
---	----	---	----	-----	----

Warm	Mild	Avg	Hvy	Severe
------	------	-----	-----	--------

2	3-5	6-8	9-11	12
---	-----	-----	------	----

WINTER SEVERITY

Once you have determined which code to use the time of year will determine what the weather conditions are during that time.

I

Condition A: Year Round

II

A: October – June

B: July, September

C: August

III

A: November – May

B: October, June

C: September, July

D: August

IV

A: December – April

B: November, May

C: October, June

D: September, July

E: August

V

A: January – March

B: December, April

C: November, May

D: October, June

E: July, September

VI

A: February

B: March, January

C: April, December

D: May, November

E: June – October

CONDITION EFFECTS

A

- Water frozen solid, no icebreaking.
- No wildlife, no plants, no food available.
- Take 1hp/round damage when in contact with metal.
- Must have heavy furs or take 1d6 damage/turn.
- Heavy Snow: $\frac{1}{4}$ movement with snowshoes.
- $\frac{1}{8}$ movement without snowshoes.

B

- Sea water frozen solid, can ice break 1 mile/day per 20 extra crew.
- River ice frozen solid, no icebreaking.
- $\frac{1}{4}$ normal hunting chances per day.
- Take 1hp damage per round when in contact with metal.
- Must have heavy furs or take 1d6 damage per turn.
- Heavy Snow: $\frac{1}{2}$ movement with snow shoes.
- $\frac{1}{4}$ movement without snowshoes.

C

- Sea ice broken up, $\frac{1}{2}$ movement.
- River ice frozen, can icebreak 1 mile per day per 20 extra crew.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ normal hunting chances per day.
- Must have heavy furs or take 1d4 damage per turn
- Heavy Snow: $\frac{3}{4}$ movement with snow shoes.
- $\frac{1}{4}$ movement without snowshoes.

D

- Sea ice broken up, $\frac{3}{4}$ movement.
- River ice broken up, $\frac{1}{2}$ movement.
- $\frac{3}{4}$ normal hunting chances per day.
- Snow: Normal movement with snow shoes.
- $\frac{1}{2}$ movement without snowshoes.

E

- No ice in the water.
- Normal hunting chances.
- Normal movement.
- No snow.



EXPLORATION

Traveling through the north is not a simple nor an easy task.

Anyone in a plains or a sea hex can see all of the hexes around them. Mountains can be seen from two hexes away. If one is in a mountain hex they can see two hexes in every direction except through other mountains. Those in forest hexes can not see out of their current hex.

The wind will always be coming from the north. There is an equal chance each day that it comes from the north, northeast, or northwest but traveling to the north will always be slow going. This does mean that southward sailing will be faster.

It is important to emphasize that each hex on the large map is 24 miles across and thus the large map does not show all of the geographic features contained in the landscape. Hills, perhaps even a mountain, grasses and streams crisscross the land even in places symbolized by clear terrain. The only exception is that the map shows where the forest ends and further north there will be no more trees.

Portions of hexes may turn to mosquito-infested swamps during summertime and certainly one hex does not necessarily look the same as another to the people traveling through it. When the winter ice comes the land does not become featureless as the snow and ice and blowing wind create ever-shifting mountains of frost. The sea, when it freezes, does not freeze flat but rather in a series of ridges, some as much as 100' high.

Of particular interest are the coastlines.

The rivers shown on the map are the major rivers which are navigable up and down their entire lengths. There are thousands, if not hundreds of thousands, of minor rivers and streams which are not shown on the map and it is impossible to know from observing their outlets into the sea which rivers are major and which are minor. Every hex of coastline has many such outlets. To simplify for game purposes it takes three days for one longboat from a sailing ship to determine if a particular hex of shoreline has a major river attached or not (and only those shown on the map are major) so three such boats can explore one hex of coastline in one day. Note that each longboat might have to check for encounters separately as they certainly will not be in sight of each other.

There are several archipelagos which can confuse normal Referee descriptions to players and following coastlines and islands creates difficulty for players trying to map from Referee verbal descriptions. To aid in exploration play four sections of the map have been reproduced in black and white within this booklet. These maps show only the coastline and overlap somewhat with each other. You may make as many personal copies of these as you need and they should be a help in communicating mapping information to the players.

Remember that in the summer months there effectively will be no nighttime and during the winter there will be no day.

RANDOM ENCOUNTERS

Check for random encounters on the appropriate table every day the characters are in the wilderness.

SEA ENCOUNTERS

Applicable when characters are at sea and Conditions C – F are in effect.

- 2 Siren
- 3 Living Borealis
- 4 Polar Bears
- 5 Ship
- 6 Storm
- 7 Fog
- 8-14 Nothing
- 15 Iceberg
- 16 Island
- 17 Whales
- 18 Eskuit Tribe (only along the coasts; kayak colony)
- 19 Shipwreck
- 20 Dragon



LAND ENCOUNTERS

Applicable when characters are on land and Conditions C – F are in effect.

- 2 Dragon
- 3 Arctic Wolves
- 4 Caribou Herd
- 5 Storm
- 6-15 Nothing
- 16 Fog
- 17 Eskuit Tribe
- 18 Polar Bears
- 19 Snow Snakes
- 20 Living Borealis

ICE ENCOUNTERS

Applicable when conditions A or B are in effect on land or sea.

- 2 Dragon
- 3 Desperate Whale
- 4 Ship (wintering in the ice)
- 5 Storm
- 6-14 Nothing
- 15 Snow Snakes
- 16 Eskuit Tribe
- 17 Polar Bears
- 18 Yeti
- 19 Living Borealis
- 20 Elves

ARCTIC WOLVES

A pack of 3d10 wolves will be on the hunt. They do not fear man and so will think of any characters (and their mounts!) on land as food.

Wolves: *Armor 14, Move 480', 3 Hit Dice, 17hp, bite 1d6 damage, Morale 7.*

CARIBOU HERD

A herd of 10d100 caribou will be encountered. This will effectively stop all movement for the day in the direction that the herd is grazing. If the herd is attacked indiscriminately or a general display is made in an attempt to move them the herd will stampede in a random direction which means a 1 in 8 chance that the herd will stampede straight through the characters causing the disturbance. Characters caught in a stampede take 5d10 damage or half on a successful saving throw versus Breath Weapon. Careful hunting or displays of force at the edges of the herd can move it as desired, but this takes time to prepare.

Caribou: *Armor 12, Move 360', 1 to 3 Hit Dice, 12hp, headbutt 1d10, Morale 6.*

DESPERATE WHALE

The long winters can cause a kind of madness amongst whales who do not travel south when the ice forms on the surface of the sea. Some of these still seek to hunt surface creatures and when they see a boat frozen in the ice they observe for smaller creatures walking on the ice and then attack, bursting through the ice in an effort that absolutely shreds their head and snout into an awful bloody mess in order to snatch their prey. The whale will remain propped up on the ice, attacking whatever is close, until no targets are in range and then it will slide back into the water.

Whales will surprise on a 5 in 6 when attacking in this way.

Deranged Orca: *Armor 14, Move 480' (swimming), 25 Hit Dice, 98hp (-2d20 if crashing through the ice), bite 3d10 damage, Morale 11.*

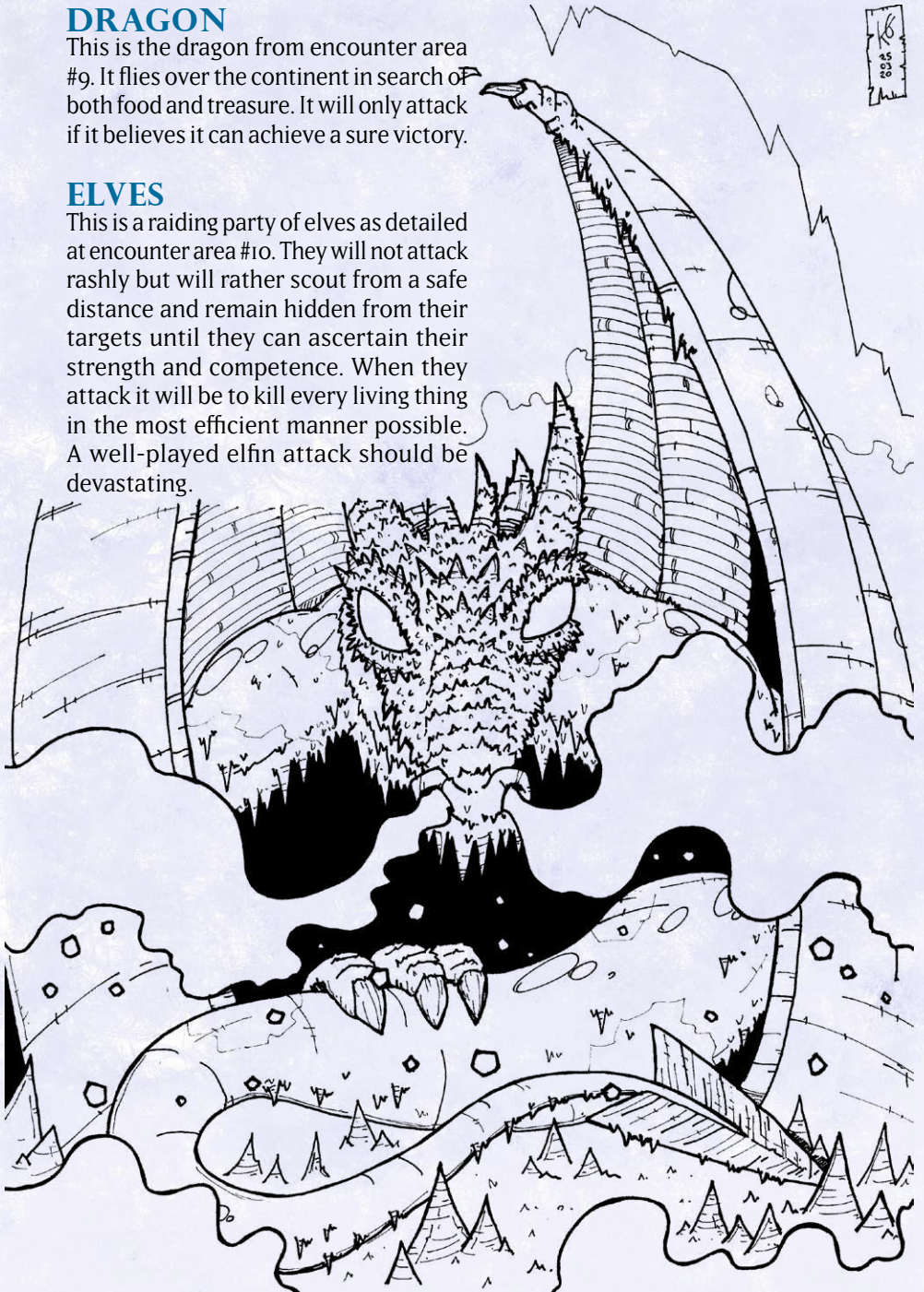


DRAGON

This is the dragon from encounter area #9. It flies over the continent in search of both food and treasure. It will only attack if it believes it can achieve a sure victory.

ELVES

This is a raiding party of elves as detailed at encounter area #10. They will not attack rashly but will rather scout from a safe distance and remain hidden from their targets until they can ascertain their strength and competence. When they attack it will be to kill every living thing in the most efficient manner possible. A well-played elfin attack should be devastating.



ESKUIT TRIBE

Wandering throughout the far north are the native Eskuit. These tribes wander the wasteland, hunting and fishing when they can, and have developed sure survival techniques over the centuries to deal with the harsh winters.

Almost all of the Eskuits' belongings will be made out of animal remains. Every bit of their hunting prey is used for food, clothing, shelter, tools, toys, etc. They will have very little metal at all and for those north of the treeline even less for wood. For weapons they tend to make spears and harpoons from the bones of large animals.

In the summer they will be on the march, the entire tribe traveling to hunt caribou or walrus or even take to the seas in hunting smaller whale. In winter they ice is no different than land for them and they will build igloos and have developed ice cutting techniques not known to southerners in order to get at fresh meat from the sea.

There will be 2000 + 50 people in any traveling Eskuit tribe. Half of that number will be female and one-third will be children. All will be zero level characters.

An additional number of warriors, equal to 10% of the number above, will be 1st level Fighters. For every 10 1st level Fighters there will be 1 2nd level Fighter. For every 5 2nd level Fighters there will be a 3rd level Fighter.

The chief of the tribe will be a level d6 - 1 Fighter.

1% of the tribe will speak common.

Disposition

When a new tribe is encountered for the first time its reaction to the party will depend on previous interactions it has had with southerners (how the Eskuit think of any non-Inuit people), according to the following table:

Hostile

2-5 The Eskuit have only been raided by southerners before. They will be very hostile to anyone that approaches them or their camp.

Suspicious

6-8 They have encountered both friendly and hostile southerners before. In order to gain their trust characters must approach the Eskuits unarmed and bearing gifts.

Friendly

9-12 The Eskuits have only had good experiences with southerners and will welcome characters with open arms.

All Eskuit will be intensely hostile to any party which includes elves or half-elves or indeed any pointy-eared members. When encountering these races the Eskuit will either flee or immediately attack depending on the relative apparent strengths of the parties involved. There will be no negotiations as for the Eskuit it is kill-or-be-killed when it comes to these races.

If combat does occur with a party including an elf or half-elf the Eskuit will not attack anyone but them as they believe that other races must be ensorcelled to ally with the elves and if the elves are slain then the others will regain their senses.

Knowledge

Wandering Eskuit tribes will certainly know about any of the keyed encounter areas within three hexes of their current location, but they will not be able to give any information beyond the most general details. The Eskuits are no fools and interested in living long lives, so they avoid all of these places. Friendly Eskuits will gladly tell all they know about the surrounding area.

The Eskuit will also warn of the demons with the sharp ears and how they fly upon the ice and bring death.

Trading

Eskuits with positive experiences with southerners will have a selection of furs ready for trade. A tribe will have 2d20 furs worth $d10 + d20$ each. They are

willing to trade a fur for anything their culture can't produce from daggers to beads but not armor or leather goods.

There is a 5% cumulative chance per item traded that the characters will somehow offend the Eskuits who will then refuse any more trading for at least 48 hours.

Retainer Potential

There are always restless young men attracted by the thrill of adventure and the unknown. 1d6 level 0 Eskuits in any wandering tribe will be glad to accompany the characters but they will not be frontline warriors. There is a 1 in 6 chance that a single level 1 Fighter from the tribe will join the characters. There is no guarantee that these brave individuals will speak a language known to the characters.



FOG

A dense fog descends and makes it impossible to see more than a few dozen feet or so. Anyone traveling automatically becomes lost and moves in a random direction. Ships that move into land run aground and suffer $1d100 + 20$ percent damage to their structural integrity. There is a 20% cumulative chance per day after the first that the fog lifts.

ICEBERG

The ice in this area is more dangerous than usual for the time of year. Movement must be halved or there is a 4 in 6 chance that the ship will strike an iceberg, destroying $1d100 + 25\%$ of its structural integrity (yes, this can sink a perfectly fine ship instantly). Even if speed is halved there is a 1 in 6 chance that 3d20% of the ship's structural integrity is damaged by the ice.

ISLAND

An uncharted island is discovered! Only at most a few miles wide, there should be some interesting feature on the island. Perhaps a unique monster, a tribe of natives unlike any found in the region or something simply strange.

LIVING AURORA

This is the same weird monster from location #6. It sometimes travels to torment those away from its lair. When it is encountered it will occupy the area where the characters are for 24 hours, having its normal full effects at that time. Think positive.

POLAR BEARS

Polar bears are fierce hunters and one of the deadliest land species on Earth, even in a fantastic world of monsters and magic. These creatures will of course

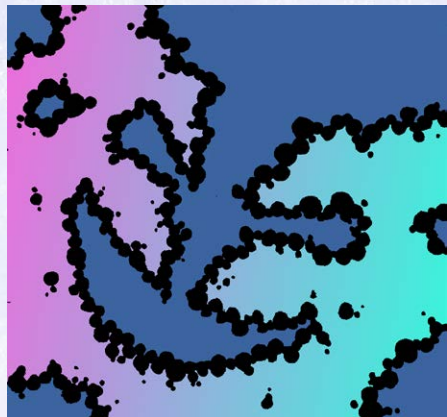
not attack characters in large boats and will flee if fired upon, but if swimming they will quite gladly attack a rowboat. In snowy weather they surprise 3 in 6 (5 in 6 if in hilly or mountainous terrain).

Polar bear encounters at sea will be with bears on ice floes (which may be several miles in diameter), although swimming bears may be encountered near a shoreline.

Polar bear hides are quite valuable and if not hacked to pieces a polar bear skin is worth 500sp. Live cubs are worth 1000sp.

Polar Bear: *Armor 14, Move 240', 12 Hit Dice, 60hp, bite 1d10 and 2 claws 1d8/1d8, Morale 8. If both claws hit the bear automatically hugs for 2d8 additional damage. If reduced below 0hp the bear will continue to fight for 1d6 more rounds before dropping or immediately if brought to -20hp.*

Polar bear cubs have 2 Hit Dice and one bite attack for 1d6.



SHIP

The characters encounter a sailing ship in the northern waters. After the water has frozen characters may come across a ship frozen in the water but of course the ship will not appear if the characters are not traveling.

To determine the type of ship roll d6:

1	Caravel
2	Carrack
3	Galleon
4	Cutter
5	Corvette
6	Frigate

Ships will have a full complement of crew + 3d100 extra hands.

To determine why the ship is in these waters roll 2d4:

2	Adventurers
3	Merchants
4-6	Explorers
7	Whalers
8	Pirates

Adventurers will be in search of a specific encounter area (see next section). There will be 1d6 + 3 adventurers of various classes, each of level 1d6 + 4. The Referee will have to determine why the adventurers seek the specific location, whether they already know where it is and how they react to the characters.

Merchants will be seeking to trade with Eskuits for furs. They will have a large supply of cheap jewelry, blankets, tobacco, etc. to trade and will have 2d100 furs already in the hold.

Explorers will be seeking nothing more than to map this unknown territory and perhaps find the fabled Northeast or Northwest Passage depending on which side of the map they are on. They will want to compare maps with the characters because they will not have found what they are looking for.

Whalers are, of course, looking for whales to hunt. It is up to the Referee if the ship will already have killed one or more whales.

Pirates seek to victimize other ships. Because there is a number of trading and whaling expeditions piracy is not unknown. The spoils are not as great as in other areas but there is less chance of armed resistance on ships and little chance of naval authorities foiling the pirates. 20% of the pirate crew will be level one Fighters, 10% will be Level 2 and the command crew will have 1d3 classes individuals of levels 1d8 + 2 each. The captain will be a level 1d6 + 3 Fighter.

Shipwreck

A sailing ship has wrecked in this location. If it is not near a coast the sea is just unusually shallow there. The ship has been here for 1d20 years. There is a 100% chance there is at least one survivor, 20% less of a chance per year that the wreck has been there. Use the Ship result to determine why the ship was in the area in the first place.

SIREN

Wherever there are sailors there are sirens to prey upon them. These creatures resemble crabs more than anything else but they appear to onlookers as the most appealing member of the preferred sex possible.

The siren's song (actually wind passing through its carapace) will cause anyone within hearing range to make a save versus magic or move toward the siren with all possible speed. If in control of a ship the character will steer the ship directly towards the siren. If no, the character will leap overboard to swim without so much as dropping any heavy gear first.

The siren situates itself on a rocky outcropping and any ship getting near will violently rip itself apart on undersea rocks. Those swimming in the water, unless under Weather Condition E, must make a saving throw versus Paralyzation every round or go numb from the cold water and drown. Those that are mesmerized by the siren's song that reach the siren will gladly stand motionless as the siren begins feeding. If attacked by any not under its spell the siren will immediately submerge and flee.

Siren: *Armor 16, Move 120' (swimming and on land), 5 Hit Dice, 30hp, 2 claws d8/d8, Morale 5.*



SNOW SNAKES

Snow snakes are large, furry serpents which burrow under the snow in order to surprise their prey. There are dozens of varieties of snow snakes but only 1 in 10 is poisonous.

Snow Snake: *Armor 14, Move 120', 1d10 Hit Dice, variable hp, bite 1d4 if 1 Hit Dice, 1d6 if 2 - 4 Hit Dice, 1d8 if 5 - 7 Hit Dice or 1d10 if 8+ Hit Dice, Morale 7. If it is a constrictor snake after a hit it will wrap itself around the victim and do as much damage every round as it has Hit Dice with no additional rolls to hit necessary. If it is poisonous the victim must make a saving throw versus Poison or die. The snow snake surprises on a 4 in 6 in the snow.*

STORM

A fierce storm batters the area. Ships suffer 1d10shp damage and any characters without shelter suffer 1d10 damage.

Movement by land is impossible during a storm and ships will be at the mercy of nature. Ships should be considered to be moved 1d4 hexes in a random direction. Ships that move into land run aground and suffer damage equal to 1d100 + 20% of their structural integrity.

There is a 20% chance that the storm continues each day.

WHALES

Arctic whales proliferate in these waters and can provide a fascinating spectacle for those that appreciate natural wonder, sustenance for those that live in this harsh land and riches for those seeking to exploit it.

The most commonly encountered whales will be belugas, then narwhals, then bowhead and finally orca. Whales will be found in pods of 2d12 individuals, one-third of which will be smaller young.

There is a 1% chance that any whale encounter is with a vengeful sperm whale which will stop at nothing to destroy the characters' ship and every living creature on it.

Whale carcasses are worth 1000sp per Hit Die it possesses.

Beluga Whales and Narwhals:

Armor 14, Move 480' (swimming), 10 Hit Dice, 50hp, ram 1d10. Morale 7.

Narwhals do not fight with their horns although the horns are worth 500sp.

Bowhead Whale: *Armor 14, Move 360' (swimming), 40 Hit Dice 40, 240hp, Morale 5.*

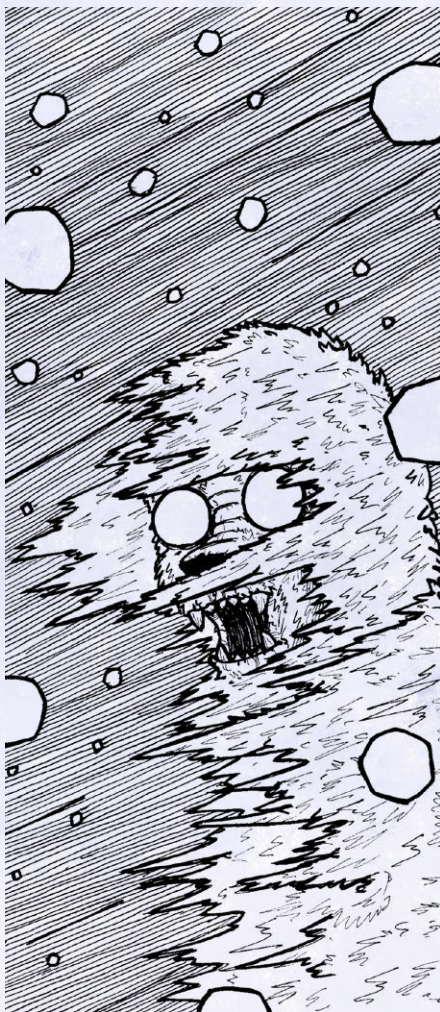
Orca: *Armor 14, Move 480' (swimming), 25 Hit Dice, 98hp, bite 3d10, Morale 9.*

Sperm Whale: *Armor 14, Move 480' (swimming), 40 Hit Dice 40, 250hp, bite 4d10, Morale 9.*

YETI

The ancient abominable snowmen come out of hiding when the ice covers the land. These are cunning and clever (if not intelligent) creatures with malice in their hearts and death in their claws. 1d12 will be encountered.

Yeti: *Armor 14, Move 120', 4 Hit Dice, 24hp, bite 1d8 and 2 claws 1d4/1d4, Morale 8. Surprises on a 4 in 6 in the snow.*

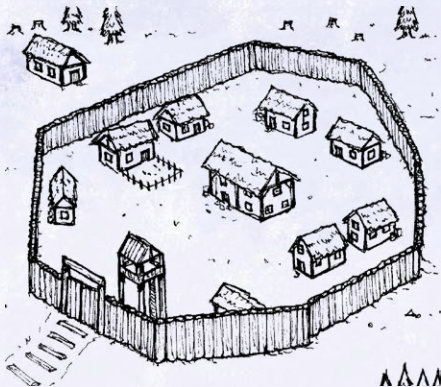


ENCOUNTER AREAS

These are the encounter areas indicated on the master map. Be aware that because the map hexes are 24 miles wide characters in the same hex as one of these encounters are not necessarily guaranteed to find the encounter there. Discovery depends on the tenacity of the characters and whether they are searching or merely passing through, the severity of the terrain and the nature of the encounter itself.

1. TRADING POST: MORIARTY (Captain Joseph Cunningham)

This trading post is the last bastion of southern civilization on the western side of the continent. It is manned by 75 soldiers and 40 employees of the Northern Passage Trading Company. It was originally intended to be a base camp for exploration expeditions but as too many ships disappeared into the frigid seas and more money was made from the sale of exotic northern furs the focus of the fort was changed to facilitating trade with the natives. Assisting sailing expeditions is now a distant second priority.



The soldiers are complacent as raiders won't attack the fort (pirates rely on the fort's aid as well) and the relations with the nearby native tribes are friendly. The Company employees are being spurred on to acquire more and more furs at less cost per fur and are becoming angry that the Eskuit are not stripping the land bare in order to satisfy the demand. The company is considering bringing in private enforcers to "assist" the Eskuit in their "jobs."

2. TRADING POST: TALON (Captain Chezwik)

This trading post is the furthest extent of southern civilization on the eastern side of the continent. There are 120 soldiers, 35 settler families, and 6 Eskuit "helpers" who are trying to teach the settlers how to survive in the wild during the winter.

The ultimate plan once the settlers get the hang of northern life (things haven't gone well so far) is to ship the poor, the landless and the criminals of the south to this area to take over the land and hopefully be a cash cow for the southern powers.

3. ESKUIT VILLAGE LODGE

Eskuit lodges are handled identically to roving tribes but the settlements are permanent and four times the number of tribesmen are present.

All Eskuit lodges have dealt with the southerners before and are ready and willing to trade.

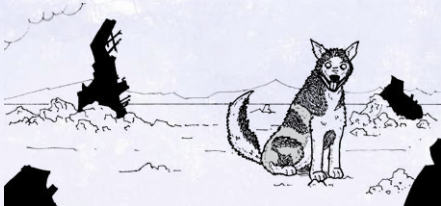
4. FROM ANOTHER SPHERE

Here is the wreckage of a metal object which crashed from the sky. It has been completely destroyed and only shrapnel and unidentifiable debris remains.

Also here is a dog that has been surviving in the area. It will be very friendly with any characters and desire to be fed. It is actually a shapeshifter and it will be looking to infect other living creatures. If left alone with a single other creature it will attack. On a successful attack the target must make a saving throw versus Poison or the shapeshifter has been transferred and it exists in both creatures. The newly infected creature will instantly become docile as far as the other such creatures go. It is a passive controller and it only takes control of the host body when there is a chance to infect a new creature and will only do so when it can remain undetected.

Killing the creature will not end the threat as it will regenerate 1hp/hour unless the carcass is completely burned. A Cure Disease will kill the parasite but there is a cumulative 10% chance for every day (or part thereof) that a creature has been infected that killing the parasite also kills the host.

The shapeshifter uses the stats of the host creature.



5. THE MAGIC JAR

A rune-engraved obelisk stands here. If the runes are translated the reader's mind may be transferred into the obelisk and from there to take over the mind of any one person that he has ever met no matter where in the world they are. This requires a saving throw versus Magic on the obelisk inhabitant's part (the victim receives no save!). If the saving throw is successful the possession is immediate. If it is unsuccessful the possessor's mind is scattered and destroyed. Another such saving throw must be made any time a possession attempt is made and the mind-force must return to the obelisk between possessing victims; this transference requires a saving throw as well.

6. LIVING AURORA

The Living Aurora is a conscious manifestation of light that lives in the sky. It is often purple, red and blue although it appears as a more standard green aurora at times as well.

The aurora is a reality transformer. When sentient creatures are within the hex that the aurora occupies it detects their negative thoughts and makes them true. If people see the aurora and fear it is the work of an evil wizard then an evil wizard will be found. If someone worries that their food will spoil then it spoils. If someone worries that they'll die then they die. Positive thoughts are not made real. All effects of the aurora are permanent. The aurora can not manifest the negative thoughts of those viewing it without also being under it.

7. THE ENCHANTRESS

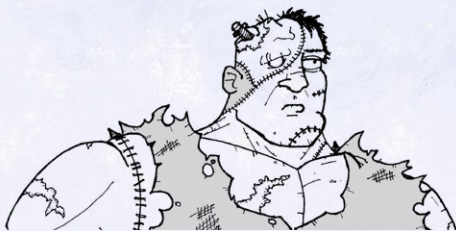
Elaine D'Torqua, criminal mastermind and powerful mage, found herself stranded here in the far north. She uses her magic to seduce members of the roving native tribes to do her bidding and is now satisfied with her life here. She will see any new intruders as toys to play with. She will have 2d10 consorts with her at any particular time.

Elaine D'Torqua: *Armor 12, Move 120', 12th Level Magic-User, 37hp, Morale 12. She has a spellbook with all her spells and a ring which will ensure a comfortable personal temperature if the wearer is female but suck all the heat out of a male wearer, killing him if a saving throw versus Poison is failed.*

8. THE GOLEM

Here wanders a patchwork man, assembled from the pieces of a hundred cadavers and given life by a madman. The creature is but a mockery of humanity yet is intelligent and articulate and hates what he is. After killing his creator he exiled himself to the far north, wishing for death but immune to the elements and unable to kill himself.

The Monster: *Armor 14, Move 120', 8 Hit Dice, 64hp, bash 1d8, Morale 9. Immune to electric and cold attacks.*



9. DRAGON'S LAIR

Here is the lair of a mighty dragon, known to the local tribes as She Who Slays. Although cunning and somewhat intelligent the dragon does not speak.

She Who Slays: *Armor 19, Move 60' (ground) 480' (flight), 13 Hit Dice, 81hp, bite 1d20 and 2 claws 1d10/1d10 and tail 1d8, Morale 7. She can breath a cone of fire 3 times per day doing 13d8 damage, can see invisible creatures, and is immune to fire and cold attacks.*

10. ELVEN FORTRESS

In a past age the elves that live on the Eastern continent knew their time was at an end and so boarded their ships and sailed to the west. Instead of finding their promised elfin homeland they found this place.

The elves grew despondent until the second-in-command voiced his belief that they were in hell. With the support of the rest of the crew he slew their leader and made the decision that they would destroy every demon that they found (i.e. every living being) until they were allowed to ascend to their promised paradise.

The elf clan, all male, has terrorized this land for over half a millennium and the Eskuits live in mortal fear of the pointy-eared ones. When the elves attack they waste nothing. Every bit of the hunted human is used; flesh for food, hide for clothing, bones for tools and jewelry. At this point, while some of the old elf-crafted blades are still carried, the vast majority of items worn and used by the elves are made from people.

They have built a solid fortress on their home island but they are paranoid to the point of self-destruction about its location remaining secret. Anyone who is known to have even been told about its location will be hunted down by the elves if they find out about it.

The elfin host is composed of the following:

- 1 Level 10 Elf (leader)
- 2 Level 8 Elves
- 1 Level 6 Elf Cleric
- 1 Level 6 Elf Specialist/Thief
- 4 Level 5 Elves
- 20 Level 4 Elves
- 30 Level 3 Elves
- 50 Level 2 Elves

Each spellcasting elf will have randomly determined spells in its spellbook but the

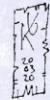
elf's leader will have every spell in his book that is found amongst his followers. All elves have Sleep and Charm Person in their spellbooks and all of third level or higher have Invisibility.

Only elves of Level 4 or lower leave their home area with the exception of one of the 8th level elves who commands any expeditions.

The elves are fluent in Common and the Eskuit tongues but will never lower themselves to speak human languages.

Elfin Ship

The elves' ship is a snow-runner which requires only 5 crewmen (but can carry 50), can carry 10 tons of cargo and travels 72 miles per day over snow and ice. It cannot travel in water, however. Whenever the water in the area is frozen there is a 90% chance that the ship and 50 elves will be away raiding.



11. CARVED MOUNTAINSIDE TO YMIR

An entire mountainside (think Mount Rushmore or Stone Mountain) has been carved in the image of a gigantic bearded man, dressed in furs, carrying an axe and with several cows hanging from his belt.

12. CHURCH IN THE NORTH

This is a church dedicated to the main religion from the lands the characters are from. It features modern architecture and although it is in a state of disrepair it is intact. It is deserted and there are no signs that anyone was ever here.

While inside the church Clerics of the faith cast spells as if they are twice their actual level.



13. THE SHUTTERED VILLAGE

This is a walled town of about 250 structures. The gates to the village are boarded shut from the outside and the entire structure has a makeshift roof on it with boards secured between the rooftops of the buildings.

Dwelling in this shuttered town are 170 minor vampires ruled by their creator. The lesser vampires hunt in packs and the entire community is hostile to the living.

Minor Vampire: *Armor 12, Move 120', 2 Hit Dice, 9hp, bite 1d4 damage, Morale 9. On a hit the vampire hangs on and continues to do damage to the target every round without needing to roll. Victims must make a saving throw versus Paralyzation or be numbed by the vampire's bite and become helpless as long as the vampire is attached. Victims who die as a result of this rise as a vampire, a slave to his creator. Standard undead immunities and vulnerabilities plus immunity to metal weapons. Sunlight or being in the presence of Light spells causes them to move at half speed and suffer a -4 penalty to hit.*

Vampire King: *Armor 12, Move 120', 9 Hit Dice, 60hp, bite 1d4 or by weapon, Morale 8. Standard vampiric and undead immunities and vulnerabilities.*

The Vampire King wears the fabled Jewel of Akhenaten on a necklace. It is worth 50,000sp.

14. LAIR OF THE WHITE WORM

A great snow worm hunts in this area.

White Worm: *Armor 16, Move 120' (land) or 30' (burrowing), 9 Hit Dice, 64hp, bite attack doing as much damage as the victim has Levels or Hit Dice, Morale 7. Immune to cold attacks and effects.*

15. DEATH SHRINE

The remains of a temple dedicated to a death god dominate this area. While the temple itself is rather small monuments and statues are scattered for miles around. While the civilization which built the temple is long gone the god to which it is dedicated lives on.

16. ICE MIRROR

A gigantic sheet of ice juts two hundred feet from the surface of the surrounding pack. The western edge of this ice sheet is so smooth that it behaves as a mirror and as sunset approaches anyone looking at it from as far as 120 miles away (10 hexes) to the west will be blinded for 1d12 days.

17. CRYSTAL CASTLE

Here is a castle that on first glance appears to be made out of ice but is in fact made out of transparent rock. No one has dared step inside for centuries.

18. REALM OF THE BEAST

Some areas are not meant for man. This hex, and each surrounding hex, is claimed by the Great Beast. Looking like a giant polar bear (15' tall when it stands), it is chaos incarnate. If there are humans (or demi-humans) in its domain it will immediately know and move to meet them in 1d12 hours. It will then attack from stealth, always making sure an escape is close by. It attacks any party and kills and takes one member of that party away. It will do this once per day until it has killed everyone or they leave its area.

The Beast: *Armor 18, Move 120', 17 Hit Dice, 136hp, bite 1d12 and 2 claws 1d8/1d8, Morale 12. Blends in with snowy surroundings and surprises on a 5 in 6, is immune to all but attacks by blessed weapons, can swim and climb surfaces at the same speed as walking on land.*



19. THE FROZEN GRAVEYARD

Here is a small graveyard with about a dozen graves, the headstones poking out of any snow that may accumulate during the year. If the snow is cleared away characters will discover that the graves are not filled with earth but rather with crystal clear ice. The interred are perfectly preserved and are wearing "civilized" clothing, not Eskuit garb, and all have terrified looks on their faces. The ice near their hands is chipped and bloodstained as each tried to claw their way out before expiring.

20. AERIE OF THE BIRD PEOPLE

On this mountain is a village of birds that have evolved man-like attributes. They can walk upright, have opposable thumbs, are literate and intelligent yet have no capacity for human vocal tones (they aren't parrot-men, this is the arctic!) and are covered with feathers. They typically fish by diving into the water and clutching prey with their claws although they also have spears they make out of bone.

Bird-People: *Armor 12, Move 120' (walking) or 240' (flight), 1 Hit Die, 5hp, claw 1d4 or spear 1d6, Morale 7.*

21. THE JUNCTION

This is the only place on the map that connects the eastern and western seas by water since the northernmost sea is always frozen.

22. OIL FIELDS

Here are four dwarf-built oil derricks, although the Referee should describe them in a ways that could possibly confuse their function. They are very old and it

seems that they were made in a warmer time as the oil gushing from the top of the derricks has been frozen in mid-air, leaving glossy black "sculptures" connected to the top of the structures. There is a fifth derrick that lies in ruins.

If anyone is foolish enough to try to heat any of the oil up by applying fire there will be an explosion doing 10d6 damage to all within 50', 5d6 to those within 100', with a saving throw versus Breath Weapon halving the damage. The oil has unstable impurities which is what destroyed one of the derricks and caused the dwarfs to abandon this site long ago.

23. MASTER OF THE CARIBOU

Here a man lives amongst a great herd of 5d100 caribou. He is able to control them at will and considers most intrusions on his domain as a threat. The man holds no great affection for the caribou; to him they are food, shelter and an awesome weapon against his enemies. Who could withstand a stampede of the things?

Master of the Caribou: *Armor 14, Move 120', 5th Level Fighter, 20hp, bone blade 1d4, Morale 10. He has furs enough to keep him warm and a bone blade he uses to carve up his meals. He has automatic mental control over all caribou; other animals must make a saving throw versus Magic or be under his command as well.*

Caribou: *Armor 12, Move 360', 1 to 3 Hit Dice, 12hp, headbutt 1d10, Morale 6.*

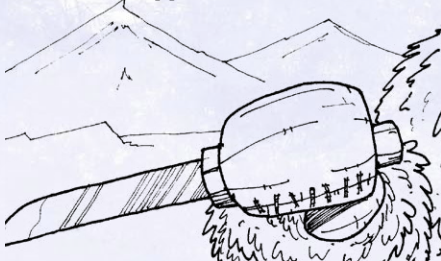
24. GREAT SHIPWRECK #1

This ship ran aground on sharp rocks some years ago. The remains of the crew are here and there is no evidence that there was any violence or any reason why the crew stayed and died.

The ship's hold is damaged and half-submerged. Two treasure chests remain, one intact (containing 12,000sp), the other smashed with coins obviously having slipped through a hole in the hull (219sp can be found in the water still in the ship). There are also a dozen casks of wine here and this matches an open and empty cask that is up on deck. The casks are worth 500sp each, but if these are opened and drunk from the imbiber must make a saving throw versus Poison in 1d12 become dumb, unable to do anything but lie down and mumble. The character will die of thirst, hunger or exposure if not assisted. One saving throw must be made per cup that is consumed.

25. ABANDONED SHIP

A great ship drifts in this area, completely abandoned. Meals seem to have been left mid-bite, mugs are still full, the lifeboats are all present. There is no blood, no sign of battle, no damage. The crew's quarters are still full of personal items. The hold is still full of cargo (thirty tons of cheap beer) but there are no logs or other clues as to what happened to the crew.



26. SHIPWRECK SURVIVOR

Lucas McThames is the sole survivor of the Epic, an ill-fated exploration vessel. He has been living in the wilderness on his own for several years now and is desperate to be rescued.

He absolutely will not tolerate the presence of Eskuits. He will claim that they were responsible for the sinking of the Epic and the death of her crew. What actually happened, although he won't volunteer this information, is that the crew captured any Eskuits they encountered in order to use them as guides. They had gathered enough captives, and treated them horribly enough, that there was a revolt when a traveling tribe was encountered. The ship was sunk in the ensuing conflict.

Lucas has been living off the land ever since and has dug out a small burrow for himself where he sleeps away from the wind.

Lucas McThames: *Armor 14, Move 120', 4th Level Fighter, 27hp, Morale 7. He has furs enough to keep him properly clothed all year, a shovel, a dagger and various handmade survival and fishing tools.*

27. PIRATE TREASURE CAVE

This cave is where an old wizard pirate stashed some of his most valuable plunder, quite confident that no one would ever accidentally stumble upon it. What he did not realize was that the cave he chose is connected to something very, very strange.

A. ENTRY CAVE

The cave is a plain stone cave with a seemingly collapsed passage to the east.

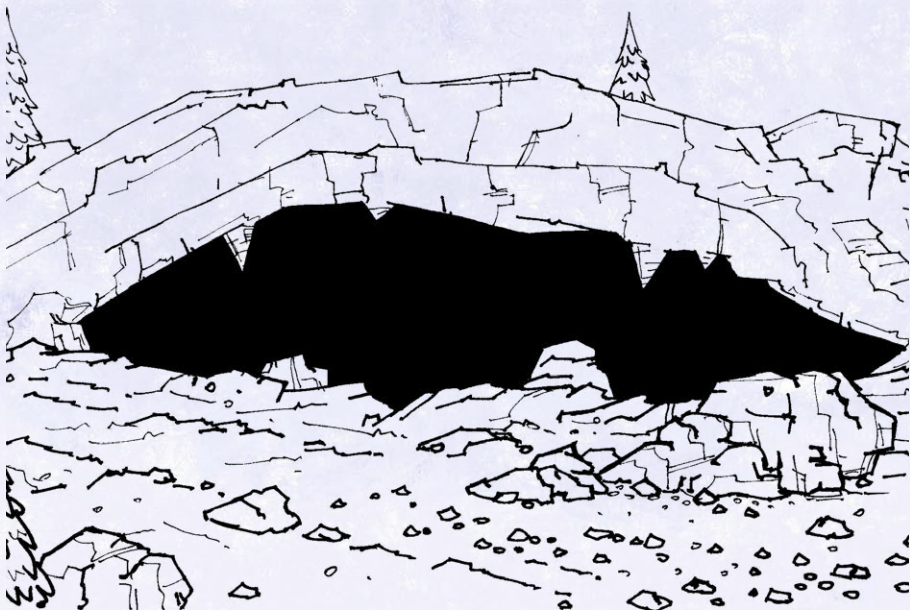
Note that the northern door is behind the cave wall. It's not a hidden or a concealed door or secret door, it is actually behind the wall. The wall must be broken through to find the door. A message is scrawled on the wall over where the door is: "There is a way through. Dig."

B. FALSE CAVE-IN

This cave-in is largely an illusion. The passage is about eight feet high and only the first couple of feet of the passage from the west, rising to about six feet high, is made of real rocks and rubble. After moving these few rocks the rest of the passage can be simply walked through. The air gets considerably warmer as one moves east and colder as one moves west.

C. CAVE

There is one treasure chest in this cave. It is unguarded and unlocked. Inside is a fine art sculpture of what appears to be a woman performing anatomical impossibilities. The item is enchanted so that it appears to be worth perhaps 50,000sp but if attempting to sell or trade it those on the other side of the deal will consider it worth 10sp at most.



D. CENTRAL CAVE

This cave contains 15 skulls, five of which are human, three are polar bear skulls and seven look like they might be dwarf skulls but they have three eye sockets.

E. TREASURE!

The pirate's treasure is in this cave. There are three treasure chests here:

The first chest is unlocked and full of cobras, appearing to be dead, which only makes sense because of the many years that have passed since they were placed here. Beneath the cobras are two bars of gold (worth 500sp each). The chest is enchanted so that any living creature placed inside is put into suspended animation. Anyone taking the snakes out of the chest will be in for a nasty surprise. If they are removed by hand every cobra in hand automatically hits the first round of combat and requires a saving throw versus Poison for every biting cobra. Failure results in death.

The second chest is locked by a rather complicated series of mechanisms (chance to open is reduced by 1 in 6 and has a poison needle trap (saving throw versus Poison or die if the roll to open locks is unsuccessful). The chest is empty but for a large glass container which fits exactly inside the chest. Any violence made against the chest will break the container, releasing poison gas within the cave – all living creatures much make a saving throw versus Poison or die.

The third chest is unlocked and contains the main part of the pirate's treasure. The treasure consists of 1 gem worth 15,000sp, 1 gem worth 7,500sp, 2 gems worth 2,500sp, and 5 gems worth 500sp

each. There is one diamond tiara worth 25,000sp that will be recognized the world over as the stolen crown of a princess. There are two Magic-User scrolls (one with 7 1st level spells and 3 2nd level spells and one scroll with one spell each from levels 1 through 6) and one Cleric scroll (5 1st level spells, 4 3rd level spells, 2 5th level spells and 1 7th level spell).

Cobras (15): *Armor 12, Move 60', 1 Hit Die, 4hp, bite 1 and saving throw versus Poison of death, Morale 7.*

F. CAVE

This is an empty, nondescript cave but if it is searched, a small scrap of parchment will be found under a few rocks. On the parchment are scribbled two words in the Common tongue: "Fear Green."

G. RIVER CAVE

This is a rather nondescript cave except for the stream flowing from the south. If anyone stands in the stream the rushing water will sweep them off their feet and downstream northward to location H.

H. STRANGE CAVE

This cave is filled with microscopic fireflies which give the whole area a dim glow. There is a 10% chance that they will take a fancy to anyone entering the cave (cumulative for every additional person entering) and then invade that person to use as a nest. This will not harm the person but it will cause every pore in their body to glow enough to ruin their chances of ever surprising anyone but not give off enough light to see in the dark.

Anyone being swept down the stream from the south (or deciding to take a dip here) must make a saving throw versus

Paralyzation or be unable to stop in this room. If they continue and meet the larger stream to the north they will certainly be swept westward. There will be no recess or handhold in the Great Metal Cavern (L) so the victim will be swept right into the lava flow. There will be no remains and all equipment will be utterly destroyed.

I. STRANGER CAVE

There are three small statues along the southwest wall of this cave. Each represents an Eskuit fertility goddess. Each statue is made of copper (worth 10sp each if sold).

When anyone approaches a statue they will each speak. The first statue will say the name of the person closest to it. The second statue will say the name backwards. The third statue will say the name but either feminize it (if the person is male) or masculinize it (if the person is female).

If the first statue is touched first by the character whose name was spoken that character becomes immune to the next *Charm*/possession/personality-changing curse that would have otherwise taken effect. If the second statue is touched first every time that character's player says what the character is doing the Referee should roll 1d10. If it comes up 1 the character actually does the opposite. This effect will only happen once. If the third statue is touched the character believes that they are of the opposite sex and have always been of the opposite sex since birth. The character's appearance and anatomy does not change but the character will take no notice that their perception and reality are not the same.

J. STRANGEST CAVE

Mutant fungus grows on the floor of this cave, emitting spores which cause a hallucinogenic effect. Anyone entering the cave must make a saving throw versus Poison (halflings and Clerics at a -5 penalty) or believe the cave is a giant bakery with hundreds of anthropomorphic brownies, cookies, cupcakes and pastries, all looking delicious and begging to be eaten. If the baked goods (which are actually the fungi) are eaten the one feasting will regain all hit points lost to damage and indeed will gain one permanent hit point as well as long as they eat for at least fifteen minutes. On the downside the fungus is hyper-caloric and anyone getting the benefits will also gain a massive amount of weight and lose 1 Dexterity and 1 Constitution point in the next 1d12 hours. The fungus will infect the system so that such weight gain is permanent; diet and exercise will not help.

A *Cure Disease* spell will kill the fungus and cure any afflicted individual, restoring their Dexterity and Constitution if they engage in 2d4 weeks of rigorous exercise but the character also immediately loses their permanent extra hit point as well as the hit points originally healed by feasting on the fungus.

K. TUNNEL UNDER THE RIVER

This tunnel descends as one goes toward the north with the air becoming cooler (or warmer if moving south). At the point where the tunnel is under the river there are numerous gems (worth 10sp each) embedded in the ceiling with water trickling ever so slightly from their edges. If one of these is pried free the ceiling will collapse and the river will rush into the tunnel. Anyone under the river or down

the stairs from it will be crushed as tons of water crash down upon their heads and then smashes them into the metal walls at location O.

L. GREAT METAL CAVERN

This entire “cavern” is made of smooth metal. The ceiling is 10’ high at the top of the stairs on either end of the cavern but the ceiling stays level so at the bottom of all the stairs the ceiling will be 50’ high.

The surface is so slippery that if a character attempts to move at more than half their normal movement rate they must make a saving throw versus Paralyzation or fall down. A fall down the stairs causes 1d6 damage.

M. THE LAVA FLOW

These large lava flows move westward. The properties of the steel surface of the “cavern” contain the heat of the lava so one could walk right up to the edge of the flow without being harmed. The heat is still present, however, and in such confined quarters is deadly if anyone moves over the flow. Moving above the lava does 1d10 damage per round (1d8 instant flash-fry damage if flying or jumping over). Jumping in results in instant death.

N. THE DOOR

This door is obvious in the wall but it is a flat metal surface with no physical way to open it. Beside the door on both the east and west side is a small panel with four buttons, one each of blue, green, yellow and red.

Pushing the buttons in certain orders activates specific functions:

blue-red-green

the door will open

red-yellow-blue

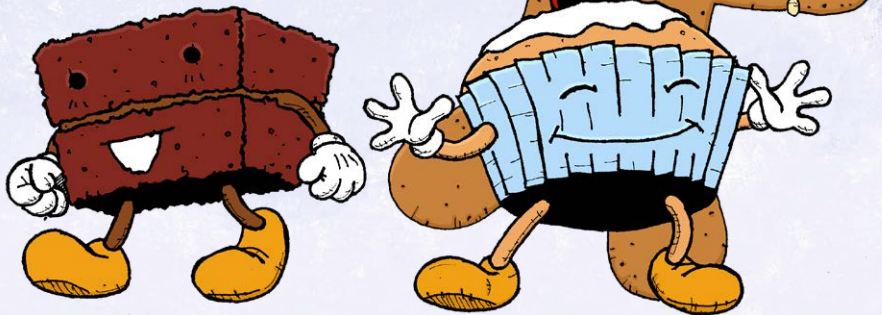
the door will go into security lockdown and the panel will cease to work.

yellow-red-blue

all stairs in the great hall collapse

blue-red-yellow

the earth shakes and the wall through which the lava flow exits to the west closes and the lava begins to flood the great hall



O. A GRATING EXPERIENCE

This room is made of the same smooth metal as the great caver (location L). The wall to the south is broken inwards as if something coming down the natural tunnel had crashed through the wall.

The floor and ceiling are not solid metal but rather grating. The grating is dense enough that it is impossible to stick a blade or shoot an arrow through. There is five feet of space between the grating and the true ceiling and floor, but not obvious ways to reach this space. There are some trinkets under the floor grating including what looks like a golden scarab (worth 750sp).

The two doors are also made of metal. On them, on both sides, are two dark "gems," one green and one red. As long as the tunnel from location K has not been collapsed and this room is not filled with water the green "gem" will be blinking with a pale light and the doors will not be locked. If the room is filled with water then the red gems will be blinking and the doors will not open.

P. SECURITY ROOM

This room is set up with a console and a number of screens along the north wall, all of which should be described to the players in terms their characters would understand: "buttons, switches and blocked windows."

If the master switch is turned on the windows will light up and the characters will be able to see what is happening at several locations: A, H, I, J, K, L, N, O, P, Q, R, S and T. Each location has its own window except for location L which has five windows to cover the expanse.

This is of course a video surveillance system. Buttons and switches, labeled the same way as the screens, can be used to turn the "cameras" and zoom in on different things. The characters will be able to see themselves if they are in any of these locations (certainly those here in location P) but no camera can be found. While the entire complex is dark (save for the glow the lava gives off) the surveillance video will be bright and clear.

Visible in locations H, L and S will be reptilian humanoid creatures, several in location S, dozens in location H and hundreds in location L. These creatures are armed with rods that glow red at one end. Soon after the characters begin viewing the screens a couple of the creatures will wander north from H. The screen will light up and a button will blink red on the console. This will lock the door leading east from location O. When the reptilians reach that location and find the door locked they will hit a button (that does not otherwise exist) and the entire complex will begin glowing red and a klaxon will sound. If they can open the door and see that there are intruders inside they will not enter but close the door and sound the alarm and wait for reinforcements. The reptilians will all move towards location O. If the door is locked they will begin pounding on it with their fire rods and they will break through in one turn. If the door is not locked they will merely swarm in and attempt to kill anyone inside.

If the characters are in any of the other locations when the master switch is turned on then the lights will come on (from no identifiable source) and if they are in an area where the reptilian creatures can

be seen those too will suddenly appear and will be hostile. If the master switch is turned off all of these beings instantly cease to exist.

Reptiloids: *Armor 12, Move 120', 3 Hit Dice, 15hp, fire rod 1d10 damage or bite 1d6, Morale 11.*

Q. UNDER THE LAVA

There is a trapdoor in the ceiling here but the entire metallic surface of the door and the ceiling are rather soft and burning to the touch. Opening the trap door will bring the lava flow into the passage, instantly killing anyone in it.

R. VENDING MACHINE

There is a panel along the north wall with several coin-sized slots and pictures of colored rectangles. When enough money is put into the slots the appropriate colored rectangles will light up. When they are touched a plastic card of the same color will eject through a slot at the bottom of the panel.

PRICES:

Orange	10sp
Green	25sp
Purple	50sp



S. CONTROL ROOM

There is a large panel on the west wall with a lever and three sets of two glass bulbs each with a slot under them. The glass bulbs are yellow and blue, blue and red, and yellow and red.

If the appropriate-colored card is put into the correct slot the bulbs will light up. When all six bulbs light up the case at location T opens. Cards put into the incorrect slot do nothing and are lost.

BULBS	CORRECT CARD
Yellow and Blue	Green
Blue and Red	Purple
Yellow and Red	Orange

The door to the southwest is a one way door and only opens if the lever on the panel is pulled. It stays open for twenty seconds and then shuts again.

T. THE CASE

Against the north wall is a trophy case which appears to be made of glass but is in fact made of an unbreakable plastic. Inside the case is a 6' tall staff with a glowing green gem at its tip. This is a Nuclear Staff, able to shoot *Magic Missiles* which do 1d12 damage per charge expended. The staff has ten charges and any number of charges may be used for any attack. All within 10' of the staff when it is used, including the wielder, must make a saving throw versus Poison or take 1/4th the damage dealt due to leaking radiation.

28. THE SWORD IN THE STONE

In the age before time, when this was a green and growing land, a mighty weapon was put into a rock and prophecy decreed that anyone that can pull the sword from the stone will be king! No one ever did.

There is a 1 in 10,000 chance that anyone attempting to draw the sword can do so and that person is king of this realm! The realm includes this hex and every hex around it and the sword gives +2 to hit, +3 to damage and a +3 Morale bonus to men led by the wielder but only if the sword is being used in defense of the realm.

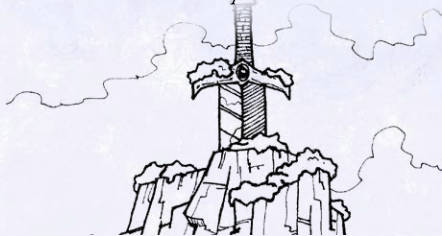
29. ASH FOREST

The falling ash from the volcanoes enriches the soil here, making the flora and fauna abundant and comfortable. All of the animals that dwell here are poisonous to eat (no carnivores exist here) and some of the smaller plants look odd.

30. VOLCANO RIDGE

A series of volcanoes along this mountain range form a very large "hot spot" and refuge from the cold weather. The volcanoes each erupt every 1d4 days, shooting great amounts of ash into the air and all continuously spew smoke. No lava ever comes from any of these volcanoes.

The ash and smoke always drift south no matter which way the wind blows.



31. FROZEN STONEHENGE

Here is a circle of large stones with an altar in the center. In yurts standing about a hundred yards from the circle are rotted corpses dressed in strange clothing. In one of the yurts is an iron-bound book describing a ceremony to conduct within the stone circle that will summon creatures from beyond that will deliver untold wealth to the summoner.

If the ceremony is performed (which requires no sacrifice or any such thing but rather merely a recitation of certain phrases found in the book) seventeen Star Creatures (one Large, four Medium, fifteen Small) appear in the air and attack all living creatures nearby.

Small Star Creatures: *Armor 12, Move 120' (flight), 1 Hit Die, 6hp, bite 1d8, Morale 12.*

Medium Star Creatures: *Armor 14, Move 120' (flight), 3 Hit Dice, 17hp, bite 1d6, Morale 12.*

Large Star Creatures: *Armor 18, Move, 120' (flight), 6 Hit Dice, 33hp, bite 1d5, Morale 12.*

Each creature has a number of gems in its stomach worth 1d4 x 50sp.

32. PYRAMID #1

Within this pyramid is the tomb of a great priest, protected by traps and curses inspired by the divine.

33. PYRAMID #2

Within this pyramid is the tomb of a great magician, protected by traps and curses of a sorcerous nature.

34. CENTRAL SPIRE

A great stone spire rises from the ground at the center of a triangle created by the pyramids. If the incantation, found in parts in all three tombs, is chanted during the winter solstice the sun will visit the earth and all the ice will melt for 3d6 weeks.

35. PYRAMID #3

Within this pyramid is the tomb of a great god-made-man, protected by the howling furies of all the anger man has expressed at being mortal.



36. VALHALLA

This is the realm of a group of giants that believe they are the fallen avatars of the Norse gods. They are proud, arrogant and hostile (although not necessarily violent) to those intruding on their home. Their village is at the top of a mountain but they claim the entire area as their own. At the nearest shoreline they maintain a fishing nest which takes up an entire hex and will ensnare any ship passing through it.

The giants are armed with well-forged swords and axes.

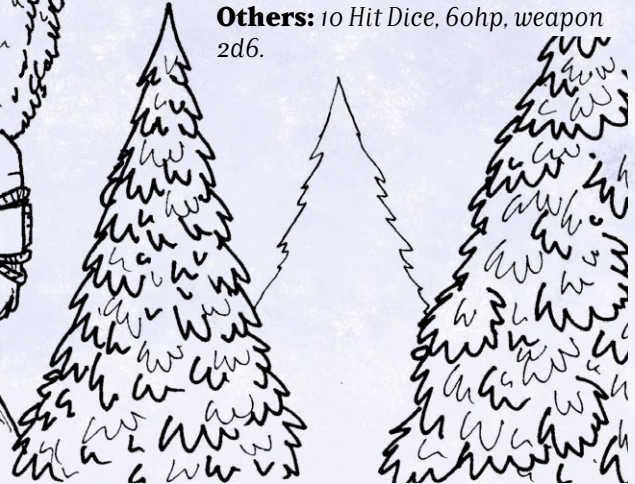
Giant Common Stats: *Armor 16, Move 180', boulder 2d10, Morale 9. Immune to cold attacks and effects.*

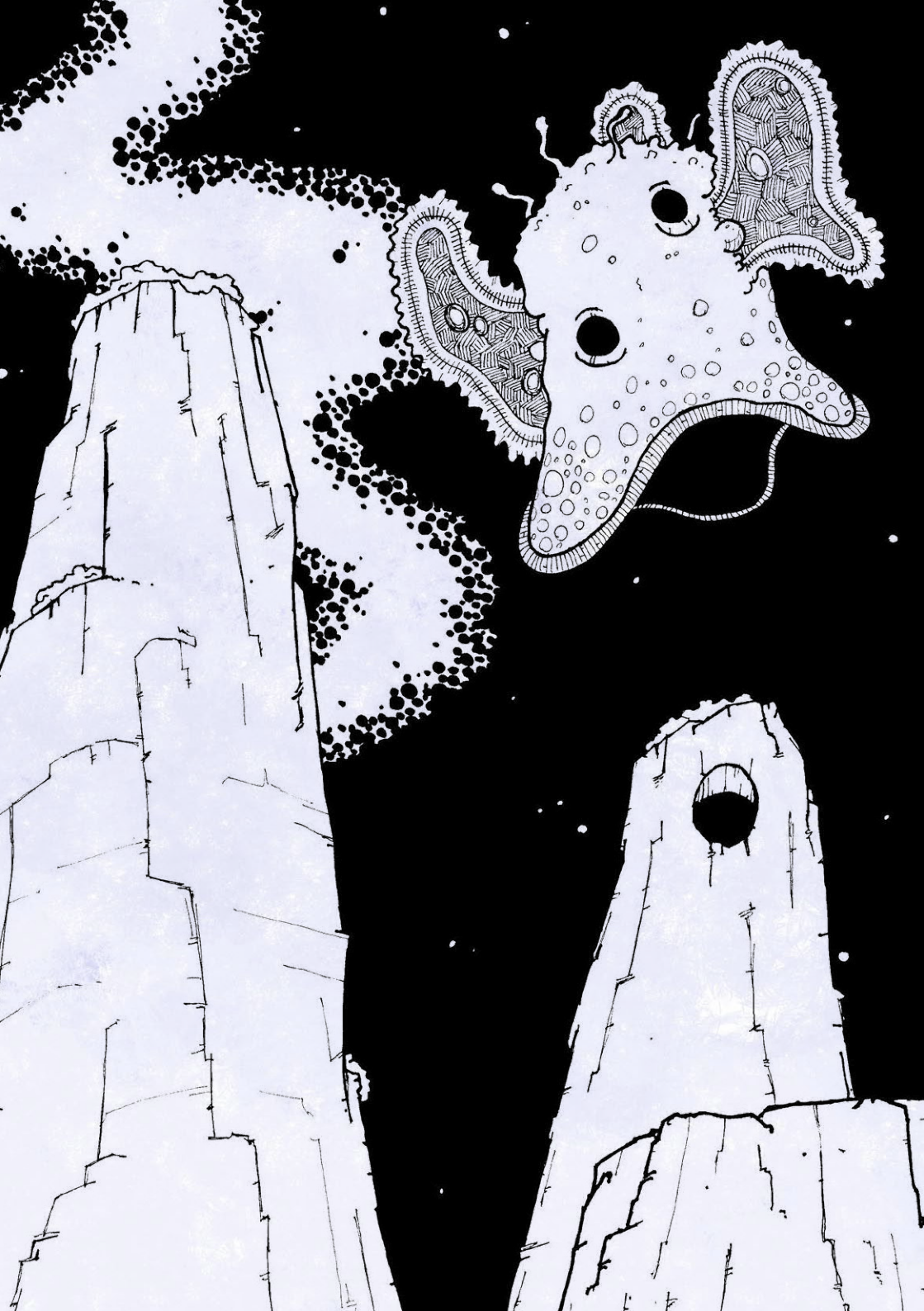
Odin: *18 Hit Dice, 108hp, weapon 3d8.*

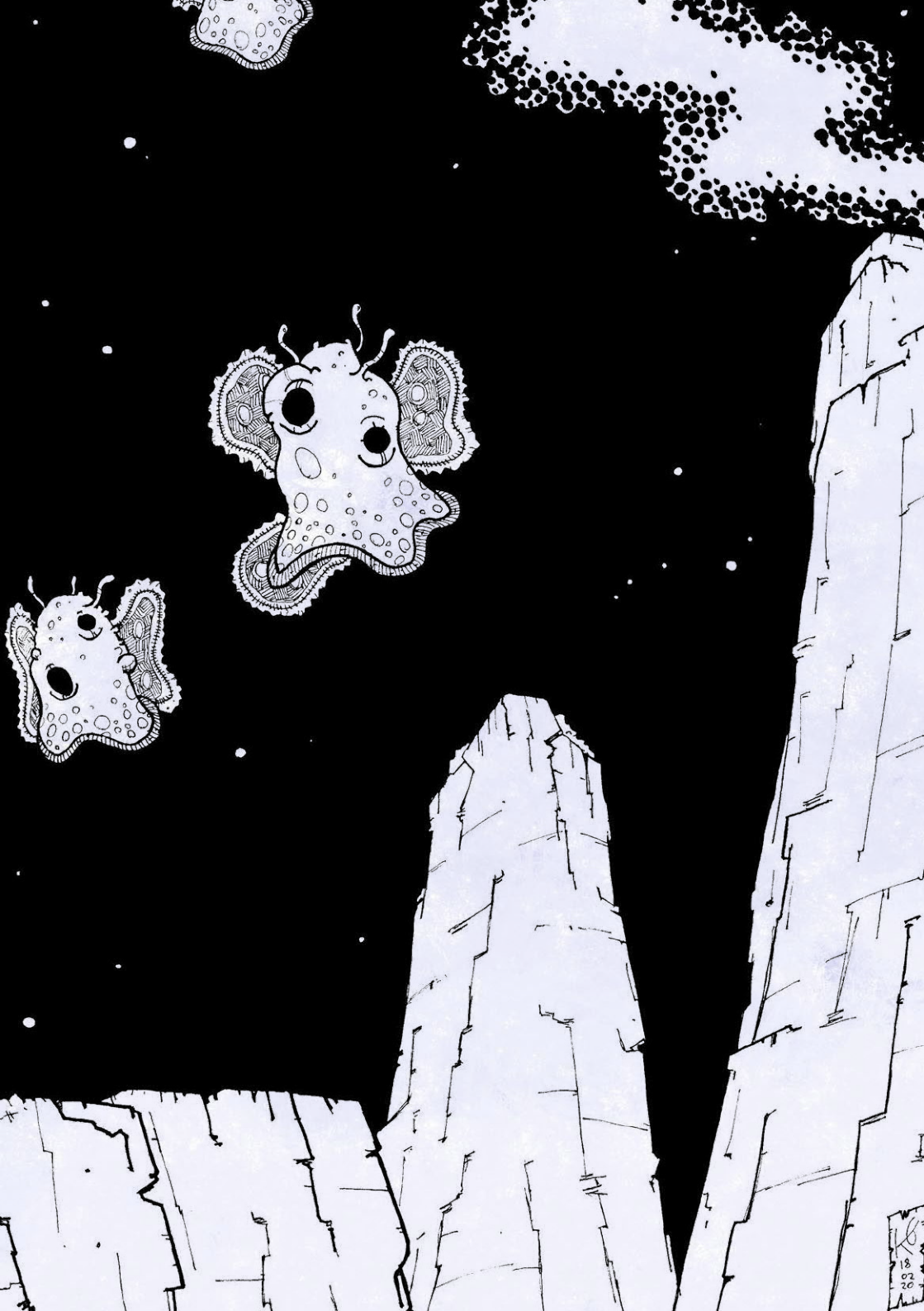
Thor, Loki: *15 Hit Dice, 90hp, weapon 3d6.*

Balder, Tyr, Heimdall, Frigga: *13 Hit Dice, 78hp, weapon 2d8.*

Others: *10 Hit Dice, 60hp, weapon 2d6.*







18
02
20

37. GREAT SHIPWRECK #2

A. THE BOAT

This ship has somehow been impaled on a great coral column and stands on end from the water. The masts and sails are intact but underwater. Any onlooker will be able to tell that the section sticking out of the water is indeed the rear end of a great ship. When approaching close enough the name of the ship can be read along the aft, The Big Johnsen. The only entry to the interior of the ship that remains above the surface is the door to the aft castle and anyone wanting to enter will have to float under the castle and climb up into the door.

A dozen or so native kayaks are in the water, tethered to the ship.

B. SHIP'S COMPARTMENTS

The first two decks have a number of rooms off the hallways and the hallways are now vertical shafts. All of the hatches to the surface deck, save the aft hatch above the surface of the water, are sealed. The ship interior is dry.

All of the contents of the rooms will of course be smashed against the new floor and 1 in 4 of the rooms have a family of Eskuits living in them. There will be 1d3 adult men, 1d2 adult women and 1d4 children. They are all entranced and unable to effectively communicate and will hunger for the flesh of any intruders. They will use various objects around the room as bludgeons and the men have their bone harpoons.

They do not cooperate outside of the family unit and will not pursue out of the

room they live in. They have no visible means of sustenance and live in their own filth.

They would regain their senses if taken out of the ship for more than two hours.

Possessed Villagers: *Armor 14, Move 90', 1 Hit Die, 5hp (adults) or 2hp (children), harpoon 1d6 or debris 1d4, Morale 12.*

C. SHIP'S HOLD

Here is the ship's hold, now empty of cargo but still containing the old crew.

In the back of the ship (straight up from the characters' point of view) are the original crew of the vessel, killed and animated by elf raiders purely for amusement. When the hold is entered the dead will march to slay the living. However, gravity works differently for these dead: their "down" is the bottom of the ship so when they are first seen they will be walking on the walls down to where the intruders are. There are 32 undead of the mindless variety but also 3 intelligent, invisible crewmen (the ship's command). These will not fight now but will follow any intruders and attack at the most opportune moment. They do not become visible when they attack.

Here also is what is holding the ship in place: a giant coral column. It is hollow and a hole at the top grants access. The crewmen do not normally enter the shaft but the invisible dead will follow the living who enter... unless it's just easier to cut a rope they're using to descent the shaft, of course.

Undead Crewmen: *Armor 12, Move 60', 3 Hit Dice, 12hp, sword 1d8 or bite 1d6, Morale 12. Standard undead abilities apply.*

The Invisible Dead: *Armor 14, Move 60', 3 Hit Dice, 14hp, sword 1d8 or bite 1d6, Morale 12. Standard undead abilities apply, although a Cleric must be aware of these creatures and that they are undead in order to Turn them.*

D. CORAL SHAFT

The shaft is 190' from the top opening to the entry at the bottom to location E. It is about 8' in diameter with the coral edge being about 1' thick on each side. The extremely rough edges of the coral give a +1 in 6 bonus to climbing chances.

If there is any noise made in the shaft beyond those of climbing (for example, conversation, certainly shouting up or down the shaft) the vibrations will attract a giant squid. It will begin punching its tentacles through the wall to attack but while the tentacles are in the shaft it is sealed from leaking water. If a tentacle is "killed" in this position it remains plugging the shaft (but note whether it was cutting or bludgeoning or other damage which "killed" each one). Any tentacles which succeed in pulling a victim out will cause water to begin to flood in, but unbeknownst to the characters, due to the way the coral caves below are constructed, the water will only rise to a maximum of 1' per such hole made.

If ten tentacles are "killed" the squid will swim away. Tentacles "killed" by cutting attacks will be severed and will continue to plug the holes but any tentacle killed

by other means will be pulled away with the squid when it leaves. The squid has many hundreds of tentacles and does not approach the surface or anything on the surface of the water.

Squid of the Deep: *Armor 18, Move 360' (swim), 17 Hit Dice, 124hp, bite 1d10, Morale 9.*

Squid of the Deep's Tentacles: *Armor 14, Move 0', 2 Hit Dice, 10hp pummel 1d6, Morale 12. If the tentacle hits there is a 50% chance of a grapple and the tentacle will pull the victim to the Squid's mouth.*

E. CAVE

This cave system is made of the same coral as the location D shaft and is watertight. The floor of this cave is about ten feet from the ceiling and the exit of the shaft.

The floors within this cave system are irregular and many small sea critters such as crabs and small amphibious worms are crawling around.



F. CAVE

This is another nearly featureless cave save for the shafts up and down. Inhabiting this area is the Gem-Eyed Bloater, an amphibious creature which floats through water or air with equal ease. It hunts by causing its prey to burst out of its skin and then feeding on the soft innards.

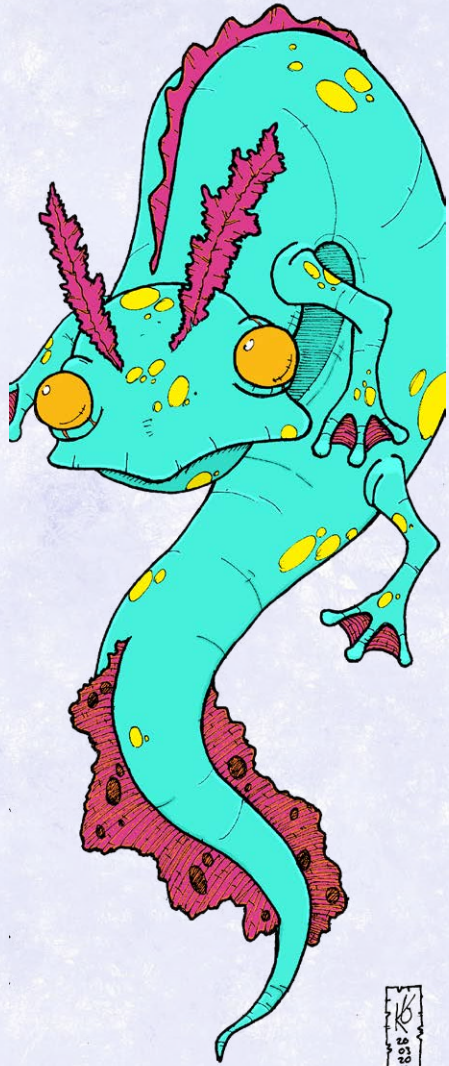
Gem-Eyed Bloater: *Armor 15, Move 90', 5 Hit Dice, 28hp, bite 1d6, Morale 8. Anyone bitten must make a saving throw versus Poison or bloat up, ripping through any clothes and busting through armor or armor seams. The character takes as many points of damage as the armor gives bonus including magical bonuses (for example if the character is wearing leather armor they take 2 points of damage). The creature's eyes are precious gems worth 100sp each.*

G. GUARD CAVE

This room is a 10' drop from the shaft above. In this room are five creatures that resemble a mix of human and a sort of brightly colored fish with thousands of spines jutting out from all surfaces. These will move to attack any intruders trying to stick enemies with their spines.

These creatures are guarding the eastern pit (leading to location I) but of course would not want intruders going down the west pit either (to location J).

Spinefish Men: *Armor 16, Move 120', 2 Hit Dice, 11hp, spine 1d8, Morale 8. Anyone hit by a spinefish man must make a saving throw versus Poison or take an additional 1d8 damage.*



H. SEA CAVE

This room is a 10' drop from the shaft above. There is a pool here which leads directly to the ocean.

In the southern end of this room are two scroll cases, both discarded from the ship above by the Spinefish Men. One has a map of whatever the Referee chooses (a typical map to include would be a treasure map to an area the Referee wants the characters to explore) and a trade treaty between the ship's nation and another on the opposite side of the continent.

Also lurking in this cave, from the ocean, is an Ooze of the Deep.

Ooze of the Deep: *Armor 17, Move 30', 4 Hit Dice, 22hp, slime 1d8, Morale 11. On a successful hit the slime will eat through its victim's armor (1 round for leather, 2 for chain, 3 for plate). It also has a psionic attack; if there is no opponent in mêlée range it will automatically blast one opponent within sight (the opponent must be able to see it to make the psychic connection; the ooze can't "see" anything itself) for 1d6 damage.*

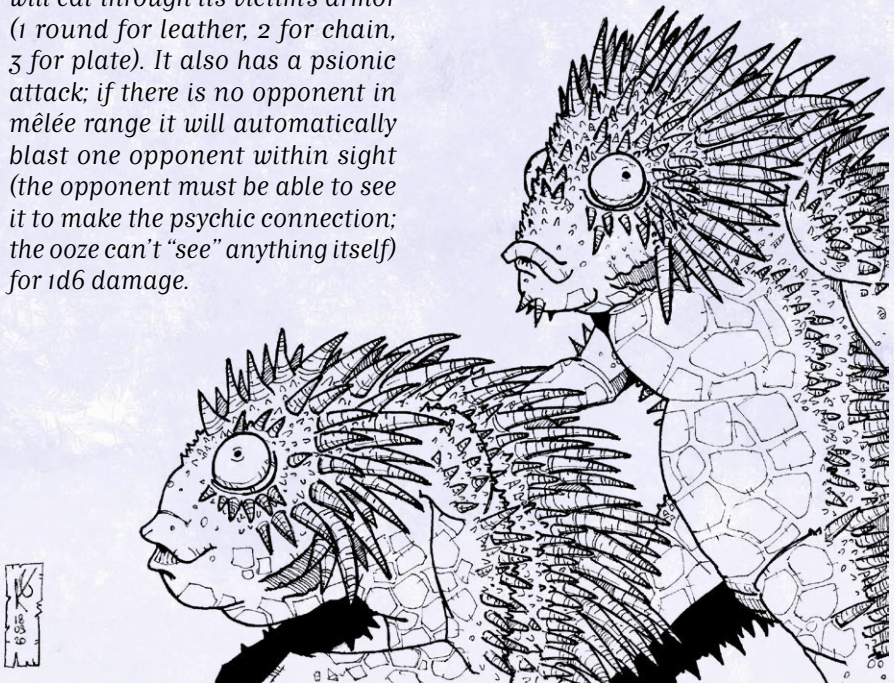
I. CAVE OF PUNISHMENT

This room is a 15' drop from the shaft above. It is the prison of a particularly crazed Spinefish Man, banished from the sea by his fellows. It is psychotic and more aggressive than others of its kind.

Insane Spinefish Man: *Armor 16, Move 120', 5 Hit Dice, 35hp, spine 1d8, Morale 8. Anyone hit by a spinefish man must make a saving throw versus Poison or take an additional 1d8 damage.*

J. CARVED HALLWAY

This level is a 10' drop from the shaft above. This hallway is smooth-carved coral. Chanting can be heard coming from the south (location K).



K. TEMPLE

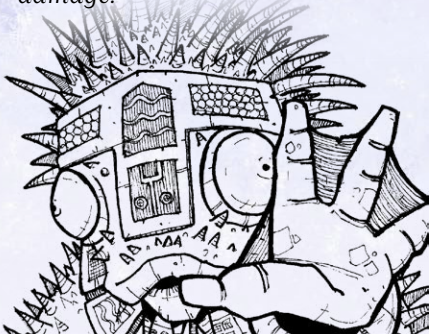
This is the temple of the Spinefish Men. Here the Great Seer and Priest hold continuous rituals to cleanse the souls of their people. They do not use the hallway or any of the rest of the complex except under special circumstances (such as a ship hitting the column) since the pool of water here enters directly into the ocean.

At the far end of the pool of water is the Great Seer of the Spinefish men with his servant amphibious eel. The Seer reads from a great book (which is also his spellbook which contains all the spells he has prepared plus an additional 7 1st level spells, 7 2nd level spells, 3 3rd level spells, 2 4th level spells and 1 5th level spell).

Along one side of the pool are the Priest and two Junior Priests and in the southern part of the room, all facing northward, are 20 Spinefish men.

They will not be friendly to surface-dwellers.

Spinefish Men: *Armor 16, Move 120', 2 Hit Dice, 11hp, spine 1d8, Morale 8. Anyone hit by a spinefish man must make a saving throw versus Poison or take an additional 1d8 damage.*



Spinefish Man Priest: *Armor 16, Move 120', 6 Hit Dice, 40hp, spine 1d8, Morale 8. Anyone hit by a spinefish man must make a saving throw versus Poison or take an additional 1d8 damage.*

Spells:

1st: *Cure Light Wounds (x2), Sanctuary*

2nd: *Hold Person, Heroism*

Spinefish Man Jr. Priests: *Armor 16, Move 120', 4 Hit Dice, 30hp, spine 1d8, Morale 8. Anyone hit by a spinefish man must make a saving throw versus Poison or take an additional 1d8 damage.*

Spinefish Man Great Seer: *Armor 16, Move 120', 10 Hit Dice, 57hp, spine 1d8, Morale 8. Anyone hit by a spinefish man must make a saving throw versus Poison or take an additional 1d8 damage.*

Spells:

1st: *Charm Person, Magic Missile, Sleep (x2)*

2nd: *Hideous Laughter, Mirror Image, Ray of Enfeeblement, Web*

3rd: *Dispel Magic, Haste, Phantasmal Psychedelia*

4th: *Improved Invisibility, Minor Globe of Invulnerability*

5th: *Animate Dead, Chaos*

Seer's Eel: *Armor 16, Move 120', 5 Hit Dice, 29hp, bite 1d6, Morale 7. Once every 1d10 rounds it can release an electrical discharge doing 1d8 damage to all within 10' (saving throw versus Breath Weapon for half damage).*

L. TREASURE ROOM

The door to this room is locked. Breaking the door down will make enough noise to alert the chanting fish men in room K.

In the room are half a dozen treasure chests and a small lead box. The chests are unlocked and contain a total of 23,417gp and 72,518sp. The lead box is locked and has a poison needle trap (saving throw versus Poison or die for any unsuccessful attempt to pick the lock). It contains a turquoise gem of unsurpassed beauty, and any that look upon it must make a saving throw versus Magic or desire it to the point of killing anyone else who would want it.

38. FROZEN SLIME

Here is a field of what looks like valuable red gems frozen in the ice. They look to be worth about 1000sp a pound and there are many tons of them in the field, and indeed, if sold while frozen, they would be worth that much. However...

The field is really a gigantic frozen slime. Once warmed up it will regain its movement and attack capabilities. The slime moves 40' and attacks as a 2 Hit Dice creature. All opponents are considered unarmored for to-hit purposes since it will ooze through any cracks or seams in armor. It does not corrode any materials but flesh and is immune to all attack forms except cold which merely freezes it solid. When it hits a target, it does 1 point of damage per Hit Die it currently has (see below). Any damage the creature inflicts is added to its own Hit Points and for every six points transferred this way the creature gains another Hit Die. Damage done by the slime can not be healed by non-magical means.

The creature has ½ Hit Die if it (or a piece of it – separated bits become their own independent slimes) is less than a foot in diameter and every Hit Die indicates another foot in diameter.

39. THE FROZEN MAMMOTHS

In this frozen field is a herd of two dozen woolly mammoths, perfectly preserved mid-stride. They have no tusks (natives cut them off to carve for jewelry). There are no other mammoths, or other elephants for that matter, on the rest of the continent.

40. PLATEAU CITY

High in the mountains is an abandoned city more ancient than any other on Earth. It is huge and the surface of the city is empty. Deep in the sewers of the city are the creatures which originally wiped out the builders of the city.

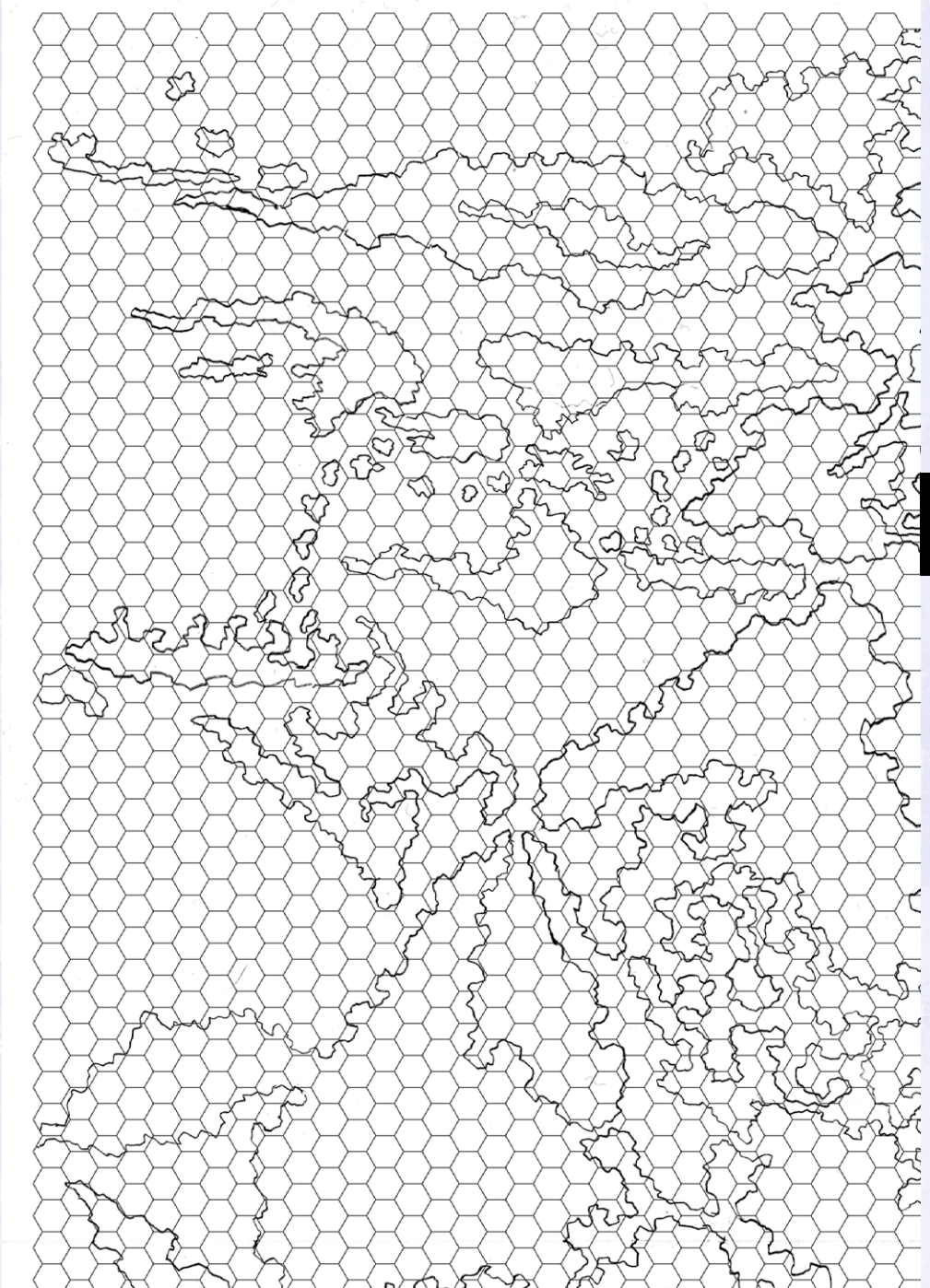
Abomination of the Plateau:

Armor 18, Move 90, 10 Hit Dice, 45hp, psychic whip 1d10, Morale 6. Immune to physical attacks, receives two chances to saving throw versus Spells that normally allow one, receives a single saving throw versus Magic which normally do not allow one.



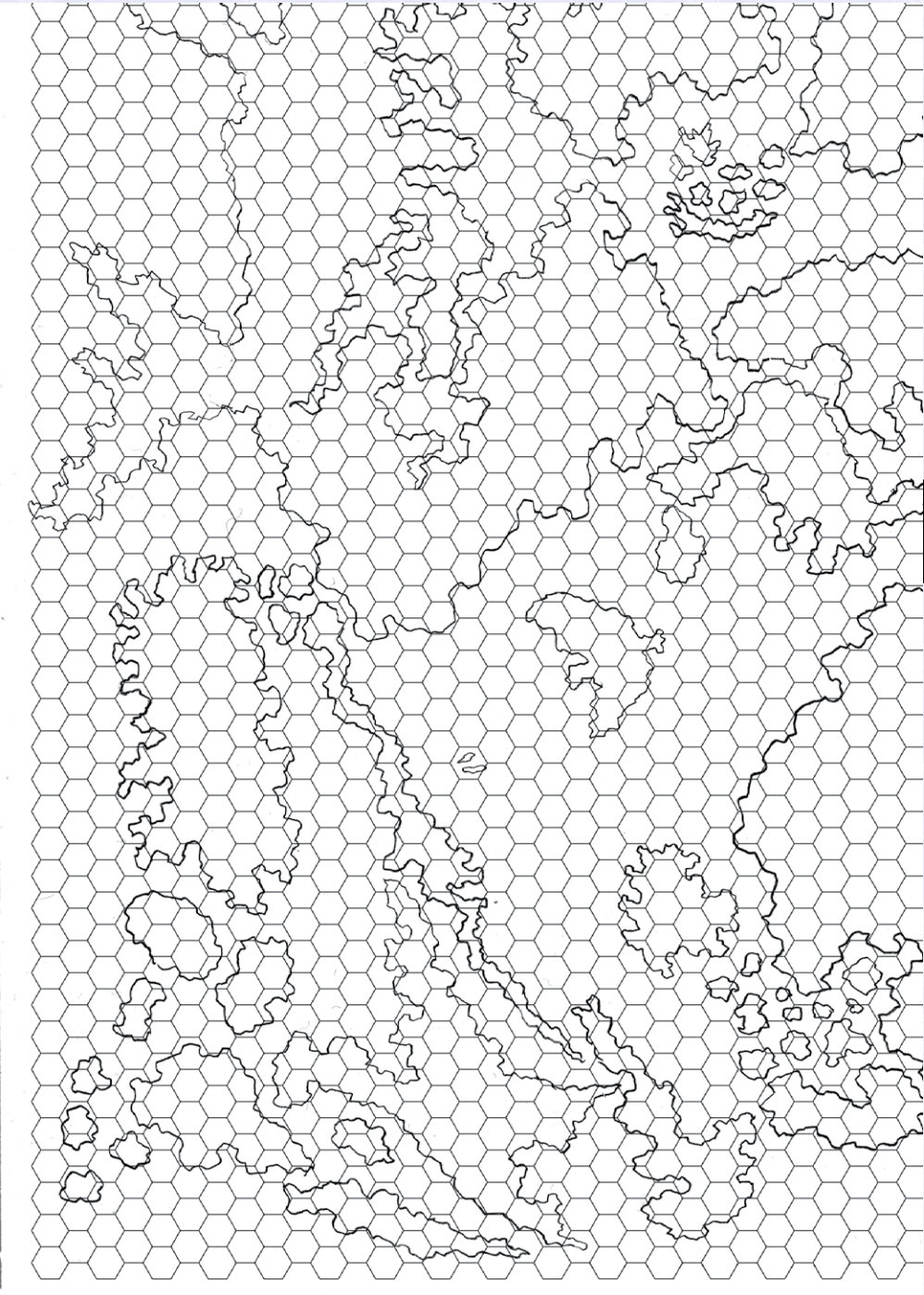
Blank Maps for Referee Notes

NE QUADRANT



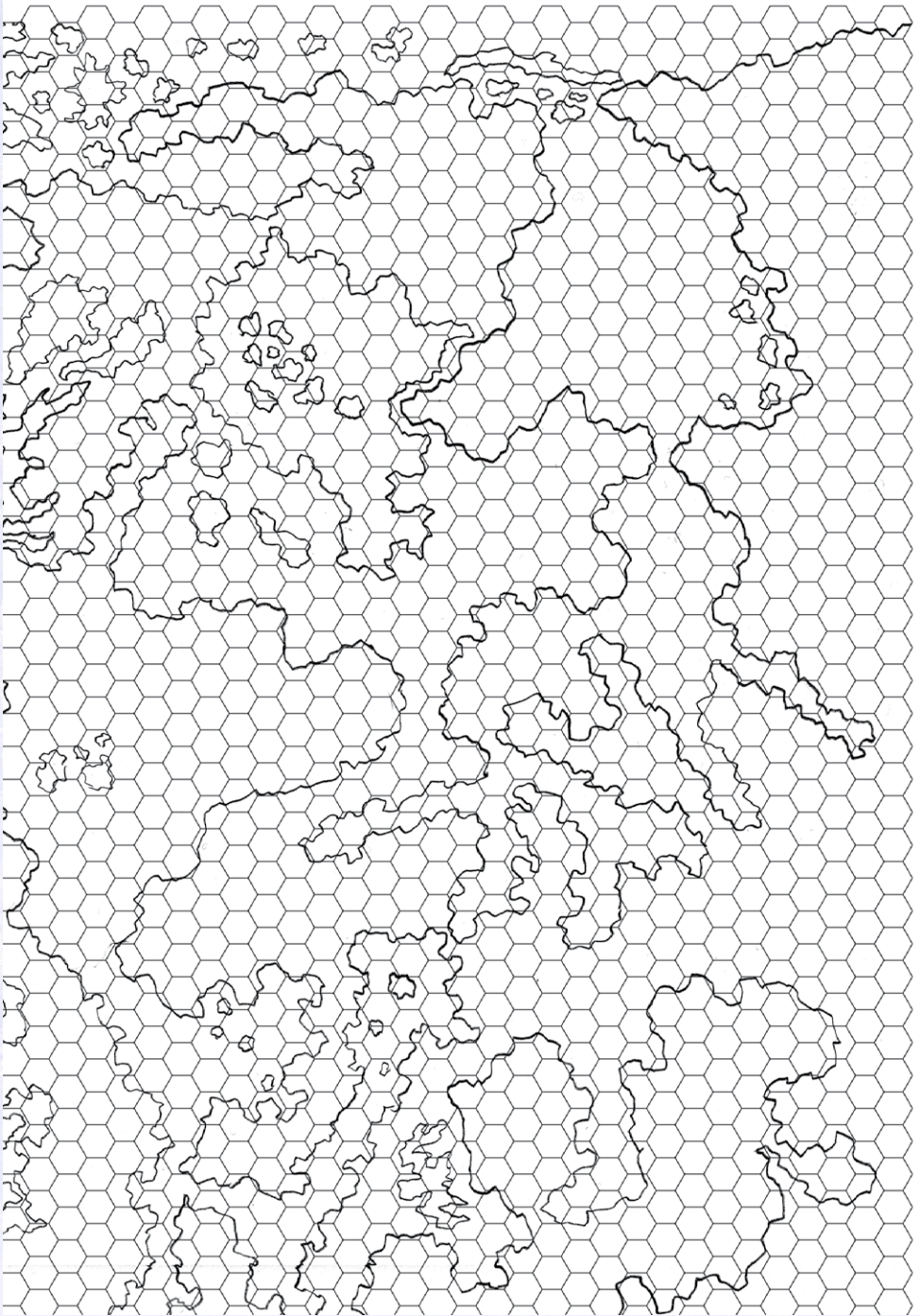
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NW QUADRANT



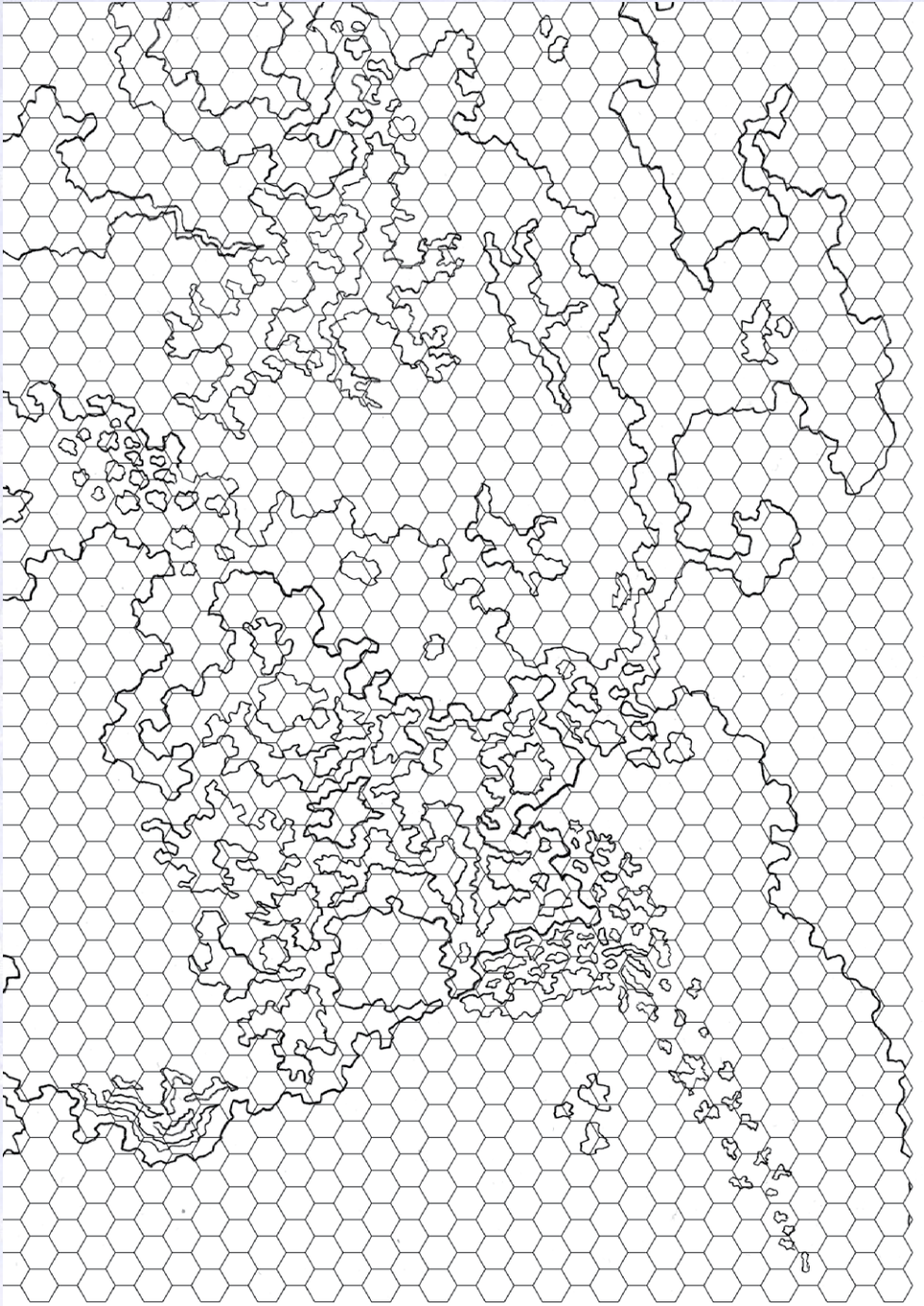
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SE QUADRANT



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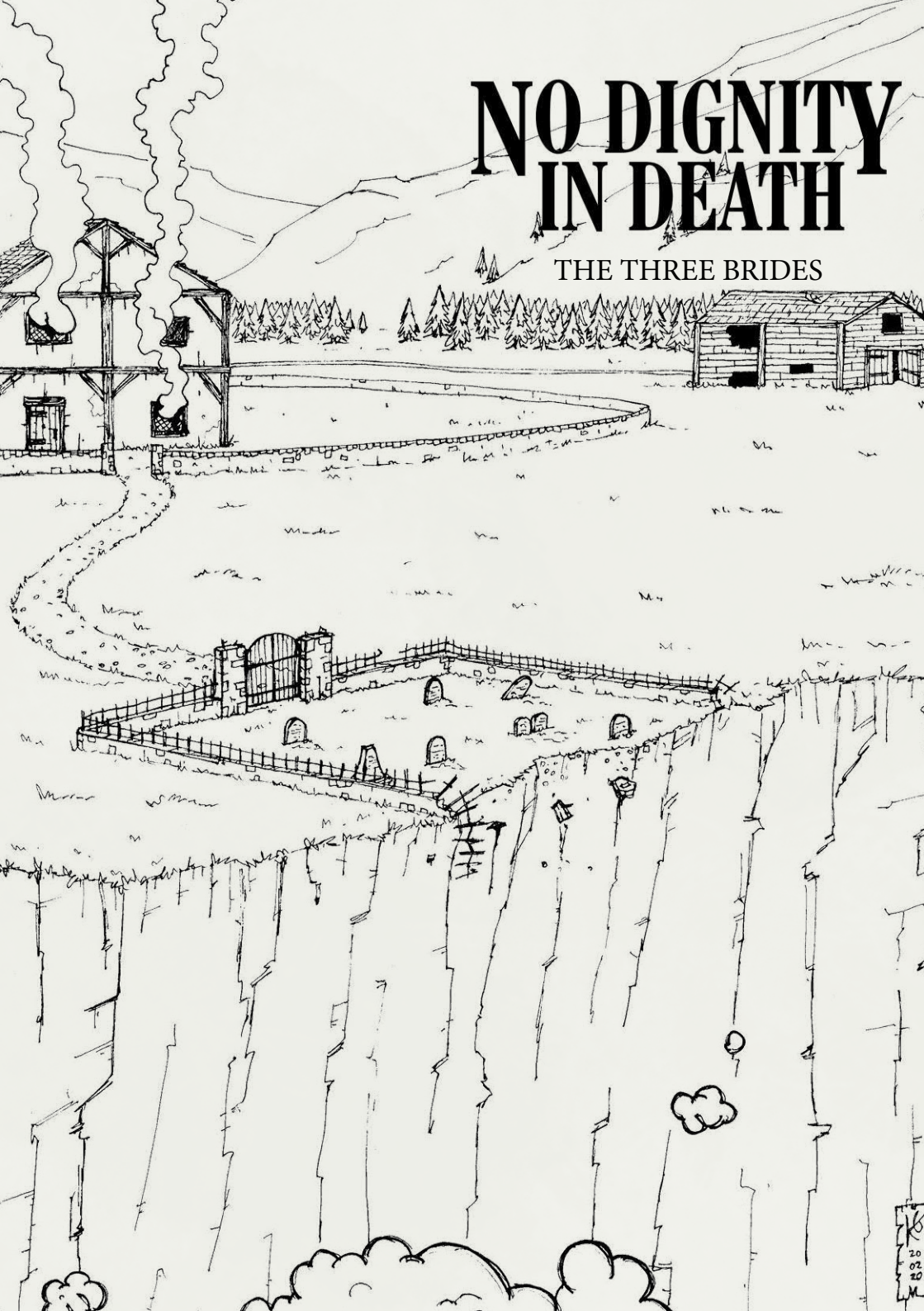
SW QUADRANT





NO DIGNITY IN DEATH

THE THREE BRIDES



16
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02
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M

AUTHOR'S NOTES



This module was originally run as three unconnected adventures in my home campaigns in both Vaasa and Helsinki with the three parts being run a total of five times. Of all the adventures I could have chosen to be part of this module I selected these not only because of the common theme of the brides and the fact that each involved a small town as either the adventure location or the base from which to adventure but because each adventure was seen as unusual by most of the participants.

There are lengthy NPC descriptions and detailed back story for each section of this module. At no point should this back story at all suggest any sort of script for players to follow, and there is no impetus to relay any of this background information to players who do not indicate a desire to hear it and whose characters never put themselves in a situation to learn

it. It is here merely to better inform the Referee of the forces that have brought everyone to the important point for game purposes – the introduction of the characters into the situation. By knowing the history of the area and the different situations, the Referee can better choose particular NPCs' reactions to the players' actions. The overall "story" of the adventure will only be known after the fact and the Referee should not encourage any particular resolution. It is solely the players' responsibility to consciously move towards resolutions that will be satisfying for them; the NPCs have their own agendas. Discovering what happens, for the Referee and players both, is the entirety of what the game is and undue direction towards a specific goal subverts the very purpose of playing.

Just a note about the gypsies in this adventure. When I first moved to Finland



I noted the local “gypsy” population was not well thought-of by the public at large. Not having ever seen these people in the States, and thinking that Europe was supposed to be far more enlightened, I was fascinated by the whole thing. I decided to make the victims in an adventure gypsies just to see what my Finnish players would do with that setup. I don’t know anything about the real-life culture and the adventure is in no way social commentary or trying to teach a moral lesson about racism. I intentionally made the gypsies as “Hollywood” as possible, with any resemblance to any real-life ethnicity superficial, to keep that distance between real life and the fictional idea of gypsies. The 1941 version of *The Wolf Man* and the *Ultima* computer games were what influenced some of the characteristics of the gypsies in this adventure combined with the kind of antics that traveling entertainers indulge in. I

know this caricature depiction of gypsies has been ill-received in other games and I thought a word of explanation about their appearance here would be in order.

I had a great time putting my groups through these situations and finding out what happens. I’d like to hear what happens when you run *No Dignity in Death*. Drop me a line at lotfp@lotfp.com and let me know.

I dedicate this work to Gary Gygax, Dave Arneson, John Eric Holmes, Tom Moldvay, Dave Cook, Steve Marsh and Frank Mentzer – the chief architects of the house that my imagination has inhabited for over a quarter of a century.

James Edward Raggi IV
July 13, 2009
Helsinki, Finland

PEMBROOKTONSHIRE OVERVIEW

Pembrooktonshire is a sleepy, peaceful, out of the way mountain town that should be able to be placed in any campaign world that has a medieval flavor. Because the town is out of the way and isolated even details that do not mesh precisely with the rest of a campaign world may be retained and excused due to 'local eccentricities.' There will be no follow-up done for this module or any character herein so any great changes or mayhem wrought to the area is limited only by your imagination and events in your campaign world stemming from this adventure will never be contradicted.

Approximately 2000 people live in Pembrooktonshire and it has a high-grade manufacturing economy. Their craftsmen are highly skilled and fetch high prices amongst the wealthy throughout the realm and the people here have quite a progressive stance on social welfare so the standard of living is quite comfortable, even for the hardest working laborer. They are far off enough off the beaten track to never be involved in wars and somehow even with all their riches bandits and other organized criminals have never been a problem in Pembrooktonshire. However, while the populace is well educated in civic and mercantile matters, they are not so prepared to face trouble. Every person (with just a couple of exceptions, which are given in the adventure texts, but even these are merely first level) living in the town is level 0 and are at a further -1 on all to-hit rolls in combat.

RUMORS

Each character knows one random rumor (which may be false!) from the following table before beginning the adventure:

D20	RUMOR
1	Pembrooktonshire, despite being on the very edges of civilization, knows no hardship.
2	Prospectors sometimes use Pembrooktonshire as a base from which to explore the mountains but they often never return.
3	The residents of Pembrooktonshire are very ignorant.
4	The residents of Pembrooktonshire are all pacifists and vegetarians.
5	Pembrooktonshire is fairly well known for its orchards and fruit-based spirits and high-end craftwork.
6	A prestigious bookbinding company is based in Pembrooktonshire.
7	The mountains beyond Pembrooktonshire have many caves and legends exist telling of ruins of an ancient civilization somewhere in the mountain range.
8	Beware the priests for they will steal your soul!
9	The guards of Pembrooktonshire are eager to receive bribes.
10	The Last Stop is the only place for a visitor to Pembrooktonshire to receive a decent meal and place to stay.

GETTING ALONG IN PEMBROOKTONSHIRE

The locals have several laws and customs which will be of immediate concern to adventurers.

Anyone wearing armor of any sort (leather armor doesn't look like clothing) around town or carrying any sort of weapon (a utility knife or staff will not draw this attention) will be stopped by the local guard. Refusing to disarm is seen as proof that the offender is planning trouble and offenders will be apprehended by the guard and thrown in the stocks. If there is any resistance to this there will be violence and the townsfolk will form a mob if anyone is taking down their guards. And that would attract the Knight (see below) in short order... Any outsiders causing trouble will find themselves completely unwelcome in town. Any attempts to talk to a villager after this will be met with rudeness and a direct command to go away, with calls for the guard if this is not heeded. All the guards have whistles hanging around their necks for summoning help.

"Passing through" or saying they are equipped to go into the mountains is not a valid excuse characters can use. The locals will be strongly against anyone going into the mountains. Of course it is perfectly possible to sneak about (and out of) town at night but during the day a group is not going to make it through town in the direction of the mountains without being challenged.

D20	RUMOR
11	The people of Pembrooktonshire are very cultured and custom and manner are the most important things in their lives.
12	Everyone in Pembrooktonshire is a werewolf... bring silver.
13	The entire town is under a terrible curse. Stay away!
14	Larson's Raiders, the baddest bandit horde in the land, went to scout Pembrooktonshire a few years ago and disappeared without a trace.
15	"My grandfather did some construction work up in the mountains years ago. If you find yourself in the mountain house look for the secret room next to the study!"
16	Pembrooktonshire produces the best apple wine – indulge!
17	Pembrooktonshire's apple wine will give you the runs and lay you up for a week – avoid it!
18	Never compete with a Pembrooktonshireman in sports.
19	The evil in Pembrooktonshire is more insidious than any devil and more malignant than any demon.
20	"You're going where? Don't go into the hills at night..."

Pembrooktonshirefolk have indeed developed an overactive sense of courtesy and the proper form, as well as intent, is important. The natives will all speak to each other in over-exaggerated phrases if they are not fast friends and will often smirk and giggle and glance at each other when speaking to foreigners as they are continually and constantly breaking small rules of local etiquette.

The townsfolk believe in the superiority of their way of life and the bloodlines of the people. Outsiders who move to town will never fully be accepted in society, including those that marry a local (an exceedingly rare occurrence). Even the children and grandchildren of such a couple will be branded an outsider by those old enough to remember that one parent is indeed such. Children of outsider couples are themselves also treated as outsiders. The town's bigotry on this matter is especially sharp when it comes to demi-humans. Elves, dwarfs and halflings are treated as if they are malformed humans and are subjected to slurs and insults (often based on height or ear-shape).

When speaking to villagers beyond the realm of regular small talk and chit-chat remember to make reaction rolls for the NPCs. A bad roll may not necessarily mean that the character won't talk but it may mean that they feel intimidated or bullied and may report the interrogation to the watch or the Knight afterwards. A positive reaction also doesn't necessarily mean that the character will freely tell everything they know but they may rather

offer their secrets for a price instead of having the characters needing to guess what they know and then tricking the information out of them. Also remember that people are not likely to discuss painful or sensitive information with strangers unless they are given good reason.

Prices in Pembrooktonshire will be 10% higher than normal for foreigners and of the three pubs in town (The Squicky Wicket, The Good Shepherd, and The Last Stop) only The Last Stop will serve foreigners. The other two bars won't say "get out" but will repeatedly bring the wrong orders, bring food/drink with trash in it or do other things to cause complaint, the answer to which will be (especially at midday when no other patrons are present) "Sorry, we're so busy it's easy to make mistakes. Maybe you should try another establishment."

WHAT TO DO?

If the characters settle in at The Last Stop and you'd like to run the murder mystery then refer to **Part I: Small Town Murder**.

If you are not running Small Town Murder you may refer to **Part II: The Great Games** and begin immediately. If you are running **Small Town Murder, The Great Games** must occur after that.

If characters wish to go into the mountains at any time refer to **Part III: A Lonely House on a Lonely Hill**.

PART I: SMALL TOWN MURDER

A horrible crime has occurred the evening before the characters arrive in town. The characters will likely learn of the events at Pembrooktonshire's only inn, The Last Stop.

The locations of possible interest surrounding the murder are given first followed by information about the people involved.

LOCATIONS

THE LAST STOP

The first building along the road into the village proper is the local inn and tavern. Run by Eddie Diggle and his wife Bertha (with their pre-teen children Tad and Dot helping out), The Last Stop usually does a modest business as a pub, not so much for providing rooms. Visitors aren't so common and only so many husbands get locked/kicked out of their house at a time. However, with the Knight in town, the local crowd avoids this place because the Knight is frequently there and he isn't so fond of anyone partaking in the drink. Eddie will be very friendly with the characters and freely offer the following information:

- Wandering around town in combat gear is not considered proper.
- Visitors will be warned to tread lightly as a great tragedy has happened the night before.
- Visitors should also be aware that a Knight of Science is in town and they shouldn't behave in any way that attracts attention.

Eddie won't expand on any of this information unless the characters buy a round of drinks (5 copper for a mug of beer, 1.5 silver for a full meal, 10 gold for a bottle of good wine, 5 silver for a room for one person for one night). This is the story of the tragedy (and is what anyone would have witnessed though likely Eddie will be the first to tell it):

For the wedding of Jessica Reuter and Armand Leroux a special performance by a gypsy family was arranged by the father of the bride. Included were to be fortune telling, traditional gypsy music and dancing, a puppet show as well as a "magic show" with parlor tricks and things like fire eating. The gypsy wagon train (three wagons, one the core family wagon with the mother, father, and three kids, one for the two cousins and supplies, and one for the grandmother and supplies) arrived five days before the wedding.

The performance was exquisite, with the puppet show being the highlight of the evening, with the puppets being dressed up like the wedding party and telling the story of the groom slaying a dragon.

It all went sour when one of the gypsy men got quite drunk after his performance and thought it would be a great idea to make a pass at the bride in the presence of the groom and the bride's family. Another gypsy tried to break it up immediately but the offense was too great and

the bride kicked the offender low and the bride's father decked him, breaking his nose. He was dragged off by the rest of his clan screaming that the bride's family would learn what "Gypsy pride" meant and how gypsy men behave when "bitch gaje" rejects them. The father of the bride was screaming about not paying for the show and wanting the whole crew of gypsies locked up.

A couple of hours later the bride was dead in the courtyard of her house, murdered with a knife wound in the back as well as a slashed throat. Her family ran to her aid when she first screamed but by the time they got outside she was dead and someone was already running off with too great a lead to follow and the hue and cry brought people to the scene of the crime, not in pursuit of the killer.

The footprints of the man running away were stained with blood and led towards the gypsy camp.

The acting constable (for the real constable is out of town on holiday) ordered the gypsies' wagons searched and what they found wasn't good. A pig had been slaughtered in ritual style in one wagon the puppet of the bride had been hacked apart with a machete and the gypsy who had made the pass at the bride was absolutely covered in blood.

A traveling Knight of Science had attended the wedding and when he found out about the murder and the evidence in the gypsy wagon he declared the entire clan to be devil worshippers who used ritual and a "voodoo doll" to prepare themselves for the slaying. He ordered the entire bunch of them (including the children) jailed and to be burned (including the children) in three days' time. No one dared question his authority and the evidence didn't give any reason to.

If asked about the Knight Diggle will say that he and his crew arrived a little over a week ago. They have set themselves up at the Clover homestead, deciding that residing at the inn would be too vulgar because of the bar there. The Clovers, who were informed, not asked, that their residence was going to be taken over (without any compensation), have been living at The Last Stop during this time. They aren't allowed back at their house and have been told that several possessions of "questionable moral status" have been destroyed.

The Clovers (Dell and Sarah, with their kids Thimmy, Gertrude, and small Rebekah) will only be seen in the common room after dark, otherwise Dell is working in his field outside the village and Sarah handles the childcare and small domestic projects in their private room at the inn. If encountered Dell will seem frustrated but believes that overall the whole house-commandeering incident will be seen locally as an honor when the Knight

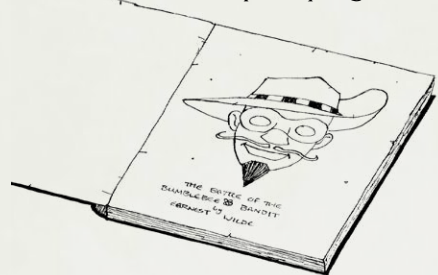
is gone, and Sarah is not upset over the situation at all. Timmy is furious (one of the destroyed items was a rather rude toy he'd kept hidden from his parents) and will complain and insult the Knight to anyone that wants to hear it. Dell or Sarah will tan his hide if they hear it and the Knight or his crew wouldn't hesitate to punish the boy themselves if he is insolent in their presence. The whole family will disapprove of the gypsies and be quite vocal about being glad that the Knight is there to properly punish them instead of risking the incompetence that the local law enforcement might have displayed.

Diggle will offer a bottle of his finest wine and if the characters have more than one bottle (or tip or otherwise offer more than 5 gold above and beyond any purchases) Diggle will say that a page of the new Bumblebee Bandit book has been leaked from the printers and hand them the pirated page (give the players the Bumblebee Bandit handout [p147-148] with the story excerpt on one side and a picture of the Bumblebee Bandit himself on the other from the center pull out section)! If asked he will mention that the family that runs the local bookbindery was the family of the murdered bride that the Bumblebee Bandit is a storybook hero and that the new book is being pressed and bound right here in Pembrooktonshire! He doesn't know who left the page as it was wet with beer and forgotten under a table when he found it.

He will warn the party that they should make themselves scarce every day around noon and 6pm as the Knight and his

group come to The Last Stop for meals then (and they don't pay for them) and they tend to make lives for everyone present quite miserable, especially the Squire, who will point out lack of fine dining manners and such and generally harass others until they leave.

Indeed, ten minutes before noon and ten minutes before six, a horn will sound at the Clover residence and there will be a parade of sorts as the Knight, his Squire and their men make their ten minute march, in formation, down to the tavern. That nobody lines the streets to cheer them on bothers them not; the Knight truly believes he is honoring the host community by giving them the opportunity to view him as he marches. That they do not is, of course, due to their ignorance and inferior upbringing. Anyone and anything blocking their path will be forcefully removed by the men-at-arms. When they arrive at the tavern the men-at-arms will form a guard outside and the Knight and Squire will dine. They will be very unhappy about anyone disturbing their meal. They will stay for exactly three quarters of an hour and then march back to the Clover place. These are the only times when the Clover residence will be completely unguarded.



THE CLOVER HOMESTEAD

This is a five room, one story farmhouse at the edge of the village, currently occupied by thirteen men. One room is used as a common room, one room for the Knight, one for the Squire, one for the priest and then the ten men-at-arms take shifts sleeping and standing guard. There will always be at least two men-at-arms here no matter what and often every single one of the Knights' group except when they go for their afternoon and evening meals. The Squire's book collection is in his room in a box labeled Prayer Books along with a bloody Bumblebee Bandit costume (sans cape).

THE BOOKBINDERY

Even though the owner's daughter has just been murdered work continues at Reuters Printers and Bindery. The new Bumblebee Bandit novel is a real feather in the cap for the business and the reputation of the firm will live or die on its ability to get a quality job done on time. Kurt, Armand and Franz handle the presses while Klementine, Lilli and Ursula sew the pages into the binding and handle trimming issues. They need to print 3000 copies in just a couple weeks time and they've already lost enough time on the wedding. Several servants also perform as guards and absolutely no one will be permitted to snoop around. The books are placed in a locked vault as they are completed. The finished books have a value of 25sp each but a copy sold before the intended release will fetch two to three times that (although no buyers in Pembrooktonshire will be found and any attempt to sell it in town will be reported to the Reuters).

All but Armand and Franz live on the premises (the Reuter house is something of a mansion) but between the harsh deadline and the death of Jessica nobody here will be much in the mood to talk, especially to strangers, and especially not to those seeking to aid the ones that they believe are murderers (not to mention the rudeness at the wedding...).



THE JAIL

The jail is an old barn that's been refitted for its current use. It also houses the town watch: Peter Orhan, second constable, as well as watchmen Curran Ranahan, Paddy Killpatrick and Shamus Dooley. The head constable, Blackie Stark, is out of town for several months leaving poor Peter out of his league with the current situation. One of the watchmen is usually at home sleeping, one is on duty here watching the prisoners and the third is guarding the gypsy wagons. All three are very badly bruised and a bit unhappy. Orhan usually wanders about town or stays here if the weather is bad or he's trying to look busy to avoid certain people.

The gypsies are held here. Seeing as they are in a desperate situation they will freely speak with anyone who cares to listen.

THE TEMPLE

The local priests (head priest Ryryd Rhydderch, level 1 Cleric, and Benedict Onions and Euros Tither, lay brothers) administer to the needs of the faithful in Pembrooktonshire. They all believe in the absolute divine right of the Knight to do his duty and are especially fond of Cantrovius. They will be open to a sincere effort to confirm the truth of the matter but will not cooperate with anyone who seems out specifically to discredit the Knight or further their own interests.

Jessica's body is kept in the crypts under the first floor. The funeral will be held in four days' time and the body will be buried in the graveyard. It is laid out on a slab.

She is wearing a dressing gown which has gone all bloody from the slashed throat and single knife wound to the back.

THE GYPSY WAGONS

As noted in the jail description there is always a watchman here.

There are three wagons: one belonging to Vorzana, one that Anthoni and Josef use and one "family sized" wagon that the rest travel and live in. Anthoni and Josef's wagon is the one that had the "incriminating evidence" in it and that still remains. However if the characters search the gypsy wagons they will find a black and yellow cloak covered in blood in Vorzana's wagon! All the guard will attest that the wagons were thoroughly searched leading to the apprehension of the gypsies and the cloak was not there at the time the gypsies were taken into custody. "Maybe somebody found it and returned it to its owner?" If given the idea that maybe somebody put it there after the fact not knowing the place had been thoroughly searched already in order to finish the frame-up job the reaction from Peter Orhan will be "Hmm, that's a possibility I never would have thought of. I wish Constable Stark would not have left me!" He will be much more cooperative with the characters after this but would certainly let the gypsies burn before ever crossing the Knight.

KEY PERSONA

THE KNIGHT'S RETINUE



Tiberius Novius Tucca

Tiberius Novius Tucca: *Armor 19, Move 60, 6th Level Fighter, 48hp, axe 1d8 or lance 1d10, Morale 12. Axe, lance, bronze plate and shield, warhorse.*

Sir Tucca is a Knight of Science and has absolute authority in this town (and most others he visits) while he is here.

The Knights of Science is a fanatical religious order that began hundreds of years ago as an organized response to demonic and diabolical threats in the world. Knights are absolutely ruthless in their quest to eradicate extra-planar influence to the point where they have become overly authoritarian, paranoid and brutal in their methods.

Knights of Science behave in a manner that lives up (down?) to every excessive tendency found in nobility and the self-righteous. They demand the finest accommodations, the finest food and the services of most skilled craftsmen wherever they go for both themselves and their retinue and they expect to not even be asked for payment. Anyone inconvenienced by this had best not complain to the Knight. They will demand all 'sinful' behavior (drinking, women wearing revealing clothing, women speaking up in front of men, any sort of games or entertainment at any time other than festivals, not attending religious services, cursing, magic use, etc.) cease in their presence and will not hesitate to make sinners feel the lash. They expect local authority to bow to their will (and commoners to literally bow to them) and they expect everyone to treat their words as law. They will behave as ruler, law enforcer, judge and executioner as they see fit and truly see themselves as better than the common man because they feel the common man has no inkling of the nature of the threats poised to corrupt and devour them. Even the most beneficent Knight is like a hurricane when he comes to town, disrupting lives and causing all to live in fear of him.

This is all tolerated because there is no question that the Knights will gladly, and without hesitation, sacrifice their own lives in order to save innocents from evil. Knights are quick to find evil where none exists, yes, but where there is actual evil there are no allies more trustworthy, and fewer more effective, than a Knight of

Science. They are incorruptible and uncompromising in their drive to eradicate extraplanar evil. Local rulers and clergy defer to the authority of the Knights not simply out of fear but because at their core the Knights are nothing less than pure champions for the common, mortal man.

In game terms Knights of Science are Fighters of no less than fifth level. They must be Lawful but depending on their methods and ruthlessness may be aloofly good at best to cruelly evil at worst. They may not use any magic items (except those based on Clerical magic) and will not tolerate any magic use or items in their presence (again, save those used by Clerics) but they may strike creatures normally only affected by magical weapons and receive a +4 on any save versus a magic effect (including Clerical magic!). They must attack any supernatural creature if doing so would defend a helpless innocent (defined as a level zero human or halfling) or non-evil religious location.

Tiberius is in many ways representative of the worst excesses of the Knights. He will not cooperate with any investigation and will in fact view any investigation as an offense against his station as a Knight of Science and against the gods (trying to help devil worshippers... how dare they!) and work to make life miserable for any investigators if he can't manage to find a convenient excuse to end their life altogether. In any interaction with anyone Tucca will expect others to bow before him and speak with the utmost deference and humility. Failure to do so

will result in Tucca taking the lash to them (1d3 subdual damage to the offender). Resisting this will result in being put in the stocks (and not being released until Tucca leaves town) and actually taking up arms to resist Tucca's actions will result in Tucca and his retinue slaying the intruder on the spot.

Players may not enjoy having to bow down to the likes of Tucca and may consider such requirements "unheroic" or not in the spirit of the game but remember that for all intents and purposes, while not the murderer, Tucca is the villain of this scenario. He has cast summary judgment prematurely on not only the accused but the accused's family and will resist any attempt to bring the truth to light. The heroic thing to do is to save the family; not bowing down to nobility is all good and well but the privilege of flexing, peacock preening and acting like a rebellious badass are not requisites for heroism. Tucca most likely must be defeated in ways other than expressions of pride or martial force.



Faustus Germanicus

Faustus Germanicus: Armor 18, Move 60', 1st Level Fighter, 18hp, two-handed sword 1d10, Morale 9. Plate armor, two-handed sword, warhorse.

Faustus is the Knight's squire. He will act even more snobbish than the Knight himself, warning that anyone helping the gypsies would be seen to be in league with evil and that isn't such a good idea. He will dismiss the characters as "unread beggars" and always be "finding time to broaden my mind with great literature" and hanging out in the book binderies when not toadying up to the Knight and going out of his way to be a slave and errand boy. He has a complete collection of Bumblebee Bandit novels in his trunk (*The Bumblebee Bandit* (signed by the author!), *The Bumblebee Bandit Battles the Bourgeoisie*, *The Bumblebee Bandit and the Dragon That Ate Ten Towns of*

Some Size, *The Bumblebee Bandit and a Monkey Named Fred*, *The Inconvenience of the Bumblebee Bandit*, *The Death of the Bumblebee Bandit*, *The Return of the Bumblebee Bandit*, *Son of the Bumblebee Bandit*, *The Bumblebee Bandit Meets The Creature From Bog Dell Swamp*, *The Bumblebee Bandit: Critical Review Edition with Bonus Chapter!*, *The Many Loves of the Bumblebee Bandit*, *The Bumblebee Bandit Rides Again*, *The Legend of the Bumblebee Bandit*, *The Son of the Bumblebee Bandit Meets the Many Loves of the Bumblebee Bandit*, *The Unauthorized Biography of the Bumblebee Bandit*, *The Bumblebee Bandit and the Writing Ghosts*, *Earnest Wilde Exposed: The Wild True Story Behind the Bumblebee Bandit* (with never before seen Bumblebee Bandit short yarns!) and *The Strange Case of Dr. Bumble and Mr. Bee Bandit*) but has told the others that it is his collection of prayer books.

Cantrovius Peña: *Armor 14, Move 90', 3rd Level Cleric, 22hp, mace 1d6, Morale 8. Scroll of Hold Person, leather armor, mace and riding horse.*

Peña is the Knight's priest. He is a most reasonable and kind man who does his duty simply because he believes it must be done but is quite sad that it is so. He doesn't like that the children are going to be burned but believes that the family is guilty and needs to be punished. He will only discuss matters with the characters if he is not with the Knight or any of his cohort. He believes in the power and judgment of the Knight but thinks the squire is a turd. He will reveal that they came to Pembrooktonshire on the squire's request. He will cooperate with the characters as long as they present logical arguments and do not threaten the person or reputation of the Knight and will go to bat for the characters to the Knight if (and only if) they have an overwhelmingly compelling argument.



Cantrovius Peña

10 Knight's Men-At-Arms: *Armor 16, Move 60', 0 Level, 8hp, halberd 1d8 or short sword 1d6 or crossbow 1d6, Morale 7. Chain mail and weapon.*

These men are not enjoying being in a town of "unbelieving book readers who learn too much for their own good." For the most part they are extremely ignorant, narrow-minded types. Whereas the Knight does his duty because if he does not, mankind will fall to evil forces, and the priest feels he must even though it pains him to do so, these men are little more than thugs that have been raised since birth to believe in the unwavering righteousness of their cause, without contemplation or hesitation. They will not be cooperative with characters at all and will report all of their doings to the Knight.

THE GYPSIES

Vorzana Yevanovich, gypsy grandmother and fortune teller

Vorzana is Zindelo's mother and the grandmother to the children. She will not speak with anyone without reading their palms and consulting tea leaves (which were not confiscated). Generate a fortune using the following chart (roll once on the left column, once on the right). It is recommended that this be done in advance of the players arriving for the game so the fortune really seems to be for each individual rather than something random. Of course if there is something in your campaign that you'd like foreshadowed this is a perfect way to introduce it.



Vorzana Yevanovich

1D6	A	B
1	Will destroy	A Princess
2	Will Come into Contact With	A Great Dragon
3	Will Know	An Evil Curse
4	Will Never See	A Lonely Hero
5	Will Witness	A Vast Wealth
6	Will Deliver Unto an Enemy	A Painful Death

If asked about the murder she will say "seek a super hero". She maintains the innocence of her family. She says she spat on the Knight and the priest when they were accused and the Knight broke her cheek bone with a slap.



Nataliya Lezarovich

Zindelo Lezarovich

This is the father of the children, husband to Nataliya, and is Anthoni's uncle. He will volunteer nothing (he doesn't trust any outside his clan in the best of times, and now...) but anything he does say will be an outright lie. He is under a powerful curse to never tell the truth. The other gypsies will not admit to this as they all feel foolish to have fallen for such a thing. He is a second level Fighter.

Nataliya Lezarovich

This is Zindelo's wife and Josef's aunt. She doesn't understand why everyone was so upset with Anthoni at the wedding. A simple "no" should have sufficed if they didn't want to include him on their wedding night. She herself had an extra admirer on her wedding night, what's the big deal? She is sad that her family has been accused but does not blame the Knight since "his kind knows only simple truths" and "looks only for easy solutions." Thinks highly of the priest (Cantrovius) who came to visit them overnight but hates the Squire who laughed "in a most disgusting manner" at their accusing until the men-at-arms hushed him up.

Sylvester Lezarovich, Batiste Lezarovich, Everilden Lezarovich

Sylvester is an eight year old boy, Batiste a four year old boy and Everilden a two year old girl. They are Zindelo and Nataliya's children. Batiste and Everilden are being kept in a separate cell from their parents and cry uncontrollably much of the time. None of them will have anything useful to say and only Sylvester speaks the common tongue at all.



Zindelo Lezarovich



Sylvester, Batiste, and Everilden Lezarovich

Anthoni Fingo

Fingo is perhaps one of the most naturally handsome and charming men on the planet. He is even able to melt the hearts of the xenophobic Pembrooktonshiretonians, even to the point where some of the women try to get with others in the gypsy family just to get closer to Anthoni, and female or gay characters will do a double-take when they see what this guy actually looks like.

He will admit to several things if asked. Yes, the pig was killed in a ritual manner after the wedding debacle (the family was performing a ritual to attempt to cleanse their honor), and yes, he was really pissed off at the bride so he did hack up the puppet. And yes, he did go to the groom's house that night... but in an attempt to get with Jessica (he's not a bright man), not to kill her. He saw the attack but not the attacker (who was

wearing a black and yellow cloak) and he attempted to save Jessica's life (which is why he was covered in blood). When he realized she was beyond help and that people were coming outside he ran.

Josef Lezarovich

He's just pissed off about the whole thing and will not be shy about telling anyone who wants to know. "Why that daughter so tight-legged? Her sisters not so cold to us gypsies. Even their mother, even though I told her no. Did Anthoni kill the bitch? He say no and I ask 'Why not?'" He resisted when the watch came to arrest the family and severely beat the three outfitted watchmen with his fists before one got a lucky stab in. He will disparage their fighting ability, their manhood and most everything else about them and this town. He is not a nice guy in the best of times, being a general cad and unpleasant person, really. He is a third level thief.



Anthoni Fingo



Josef Lezarovich



THE WEDDING PARTY

Jessica Reuter

This is the dead bride. Can the party speak with the dead? The Squire committed the murder, that handsome, dashing man who would be a Knight... and dressed up and acted like her favorite storybook hero! She couldn't leave her family and village (oh yeah, and that nerd husband of hers) for a squire so he killed her when he realized she'd reconsidered after he'd already risked his position as the Knight's squire.

Yet it might be too obvious to make the one guy the players will want to most see dead the real killer. The actual culprit can be almost anyone. Just come up with a motive and stick the Bumblebee Bandit suit in their closet and there you go. Maybe one of the others gypsies did it as sort of lover's spat or jealousy thing trying to keep Anthoni away from her. Maybe it was Ursula, thinking Jessica was going to run off with the gypsy and bring shame on the family. Maybe it was Franz, who got blamed for a missing copy of the book (which spawned the leaked page) and taking his revenge on the real culprit, who due to nepotism wasn't going to be punished anyway. As long as it makes sense and the players aren't going to throw dice at you once the killer is revealed it should be OK.

The only specific people that it would be unwise to set as the murderer would be the Knight (they will lose all mystique if they are actual villains instead of icons of supreme in/justice) or Anthoni (how much

of a let-down would it be if you set up this big murder mystery and the accused is actually guilty?). If you decide to make the killer someone not otherwise noted in this adventure it would be best to write some sort of part for them because it's supremely unsatisfying (and unfair!) to find out the killer was some guy you never heard of until the moment he's implicated. The important thing is that it must be possible to successfully investigate the truth and as a result free the prisoners. If Anthoni is the killer then the rest of the gypsy family is still doomed and anything the players decided to do was for naught. That is dreadful Refereeing. Failing to save the gypsies is certainly a valid outcome; not being able to even if successfully learning the truth and doing every single thing correctly is just crap. Choose the killer wisely so that success is possible if the players care to try.



Jessica Reuter

Armand Leroux

Armand is the husband of the dead woman, and also the second-in-command at his father-in-law's bookbinding business. He is a very unassuming, wimpy, shy man, skinny with bad skin and teeth. He doesn't know much and is very, very sad that his bride was killed. Has confidence that the Knight is correct since the Knight is very commanding. Loved that his wife was an "imaginative woman who could conceive of realms and deeds far beyond the ken of mortal man" and how he would spend "evenings on end reading to her stories of utmost heroics tempered by the melancholy of the true human spirit."



Armand Leroux

Kurt Reuter

Kurt owns the bookbindery and is the father of the murdered girl. The Squire has been in his book bindery for a week before the wedding wanting to read "the trashy adventure stories before they were even bound, let alone available to the public." Says that stuff is the worst mind-rotting junk in the world and thinks the Squire is a good-for-nothing that "better be careful because those Knights don't tolerate fools for very long." Knows that the Squire got access by "pressuring" his daughters into letting him in.



Kurt Reuter

Klementine Reuter

Klementine is Kurt's wife and mother of the bride. She is horrified at it all. It was her idea to hire the gypsies because she likes gypsy men! Found Anthoni's behavior highly amusing and was embarrassed that her husband got violent and blames the whole business on him since he couldn't keep his wits about him. She does think the bride's response was appropriate and very hilarious though. Thinks Anthoni could have done some good for her daughter since he's a real man of the world and not a bookish shut-in that "hasn't seen a woman naked unless it's on an engraving to be pressed." Was flirting with Zindelo but was put off by his lying and made a pass herself at Josef who thought that bedding the wife of their employer before the money had been paid would be a bad idea.



Klementine Reuter

Lilli Reuter

Lilli is Jessica's sister. She will admit to having flings with both Josef and Anthoni in the days before the wedding. She thinks Anthoni would have been good for her sister but thinks her sister "believed those awful storybooks too much and they always call the gypsies murderers and thieves so she didn't want anything to do with them." She believes the gypsies just have a different set of values and was hoping to leave with them for a more exciting life. "It would be like running away with the circus with no elephant dung to clean up." Wishes more men were like that instead of all the men around here and "that loutish Knight whipping boy who should be learning to slay dragons and instead wants to sit around reading unfinished books all day." Complains that the Squire was using "false storybook chivalry" to attempt to woo her and got him to shut up after letting him read the loose pages of the latest Bumblebee Bandit book.



Lilli Reuter

Ursula Reuter

Ursula is Jessica's other sister. She thought her sister was lucky to be getting married to a man with a sound head and a solid future. Jessica was so smitten with tales of knights and derring-do and worried that she would end up an old spinster as no knight would want a simple bookbinder's daughter as their wife. Ursula is very respectful of all of the Knight's entourage (and disdainful of the entire gypsy way of life) but thinks the Squire is very odd and "like a Pembrooktonshire man in a knight's world."



Ursula Reuter

Franz Hoffmann

Franz works at Kurt's bookbindery and was the best man at the wedding. He was really annoyed at the Squire interrupting his work all week; he had enough on his mind with the wedding and everything! Knows that the Squire was interested in the new Bumblebee Bandit book and the Reuter family has been commissioned to bind 3000 copies of it.



Franz Hoffmann

OTHERS

Peter Orhan

Peter is the acting lead constable in town right now. He knows he's in over his head and so is letting the Knight handle this. He doesn't like the whole business. Doesn't like it at all! He doesn't like that the children were condemned with the rest of the gypsies but feels his job would be in jeopardy if he, not even a real constable, challenged the Knight's authority. And besides, the evidence is pretty clear, isn't it? He believes the Knight is rude and that the Squire is as pleasant as a great big plate of piss. He'll work with the characters if he believes they can solve this whole mess with no professional or personal cost to himself. He'd love to get one over on the Knight and can take credit when everyone's gone and the constable returns in a week but he will also not risk being put under scrutiny by the Knight!



Peter Orhan

RESOLUTIONS

If the gypsy family is cleared (and this can only be done by revealing the real murderer) the Knight will deal with the Squire violently (not that the Squire will stick around if the truth becomes known, but the Knight will consider the Squire's actions as a personal affront and it will be his foremost priority, and indeed obsession, to punish – that is, kill – the Squire) and then will leave. If it is known that the characters had anything to do with this there is a 50% chance that outside of the wedding party and the Diggles any particular villager will react at -1 on reaction rolls – the commoners won't like that Proper Authority has been embarrassed for the sake of others.

If the gypsies' innocence is not established in time the Knight and his entourage will do their parade act to the jail, take the gypsy family to the nearest clear area and burn them at the stake. The day before this the men-at-arms will be preparing a number of stakes for this purpose. Destroying the stakes will incur a deadly penalty if the vandal becomes known but it won't save the family; the Knight will simply put the family to the sword. The Knight and company will then leave the village for far-off lands.

If the gypsy family is rescued without their names being cleared (whether this is through a cunning jailbreak or through brute force, either against the Knight or the local authorities or whatever), whoever is responsible (or believed responsible) will have a hefty price on

their head and be soon hunted by the law as well as the Knight (if he's still in any condition to do so). No villager will have anything to do with the perpetrators and even the clergy will condemn them. The Reuters will also put up a 500osp bounty on the responsible party's head(s) which will result in bounty hunters coming after them as well.

If cleared the gypsy family will give the party their most valuable possession: a brooch which will absorb any one curse inflicted on whoever wears it. The father of the bride will reward the characters with 100osp (total) and make sure their reputation as truth seekers becomes known as he will commission a novel!

If freed but not cleared there will be no reward but in any event, if not executed, the gypsies can be recurring allies of the characters, showing up in the darndest places.



PART II: THE GREAT GAMES

This part of the adventure can only happen after the first part has been resolved and the Knight has moved on. Alternately, if the first part of the adventure is not used, there need be no delay in beginning this section.

Once the Knight has left the village will prepare for a grand celebration. It will take about two days as a grandstand will be erected in the town square, colorful banners will be flown from every rooftop and people begin to feel merry. This is the Celebration of the Spirits! During this time it is customary that "everyone" stops working and celebrates. While this is not true (the Reuters will be continuing their work and of course the town officials and those preparing the games and the rich foods the revelers consume work very hard) the vast majority of the population will refuse to perform their usual duties and if the characters need any particular services beyond food, drink, and lodging they are out of luck.

Once the preparations are complete six engaged young couples, always the most beautiful and well-regarded in the village, take part in the games. Actually, only the men actively take part; the women merely get dressed up in the fanciest of clothing and receive gifts and pledges of service from the other townsfolk for the duration of the games.

Each day the men participate in a single dangerous sport or contest. If all of the men survive then the games continue. When there is a death the games are over and the dead man and his fiancée are declared the "winners." There is then a great feast and the next morning there is a ceremony where the Mayor (Impert Laverick), Steward (Pip Moulds), and the Priests, with an "honor guard," march the winning woman, called the Spirit Bride, up the mountain and several hours later return to the town without the woman.



Most anyone in the village would be happy to answer questions about what is happening. Here are answers to questions the characters may have:

What is this?

To keep the spirits of the mountains happy every ten years they town selects a bride for them. The games are way of selecting the bride and the celebration is for thanking the spirits for ten more years of safety and prosperity.

Why did you wait for the Knight to leave?

If he found out about the sacrifice he'd stop it. If he found out about the spirits he'd attempt to kill/destroy/exorcise/banish them. The spirits aren't evil but their assistance in keeping Pembrooktonshire free and peaceful requires something in return.

What happens to the girl?

Nobody knows exactly but it is assumed that she is 'taken' by the spirits and joins the spirit world. Nobody wants to say "she dies" but it is understood that she does. But it does have a happy ending – she reunites with her fiancé and they are able to be together for eternity rather than the mere lifetime that the others from the games get to share.

Why don't you do something about the spirits instead of sacrificing to them?

Pembrooktonshire has never been attacked by orcs or goblins or anything of the sort, its merchant shipments have never been robbed, there has never

been a problem with bandits, never an avalanche endangering the town. Life is peaceful and perfect thanks to the spirits.

Why this method of selection?

The spirit's bride must be someone very worthy and capable of great love. The selection process of the couples ensures that the spirits do not get an unworthy woman and the death of one of the competitors is how the spirits communicate which woman they want.

When did this all start?

Hundreds of years ago!

Isn't this all a bit messed up?

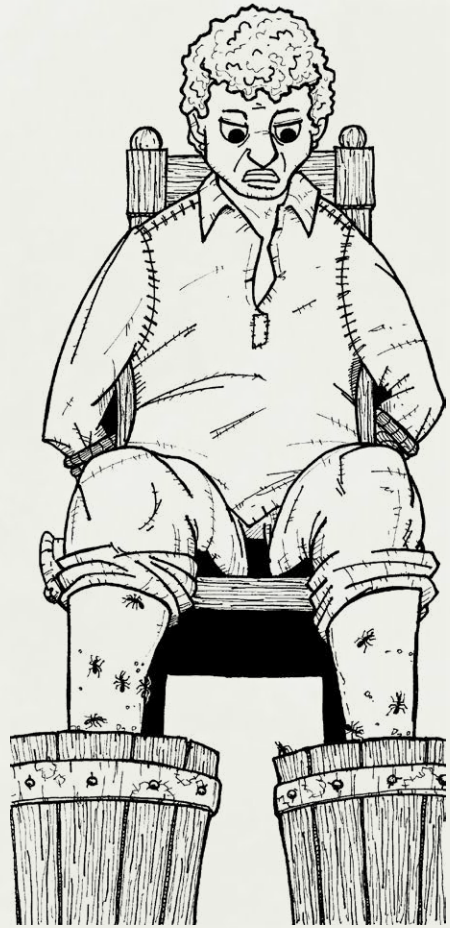
Oh no! It's wonderful!

It is important to remember that every single person (save the exceptions to be described in a bit) in the village believes that what they are doing is for the best and that anyone attempting to stop the whole thing is committing a grave, evil act. Two deaths every ten years for a life of security and safety is considered a trivial price to pay. There will be no hesitation to destroy any threat to this situation.

As to the potential sacrifices themselves every single one believes that it is a fine honor to be selected. You don't get to the top of the social ladder in this town if you haven't been a sacrifice candidate and every influential parent petitions the town council in an effort to have their children selected. Engagements amongst the appropriately-aged often drag on for years if the couple believes there is even a slight possibility of being

selected (Jessica and Armand's wedding took place beforehand because Armand was considered strange and there was no way he was going to be allowed into the games). After the sacrifice there are often a great mass of weddings as the surviving couples all wed and it is customary for those couples that were hoping to be selected to also wait until after the entire celebration to wed.

It is true that every so often a selected man intentionally martyrs himself (and therefore his bride-to-be) immediately in the competition (and it is considered a very brave and honorable thing to do so!). The truth is the vast majority of the selected people merely want the honor and social benefits of being selected but they don't want to actually die. The competition is usually quite fierce with the best and brightest fighting for the easy life. However, when one falls, the woman that becomes the Spirit's Bride does not resist. It is the way of things. Cheating during the actual games is also strictly forbidden. Someone was caught attempting an unfair advantage once and both he and his fiancée were put to death and their names and both families disgraced and the games continued on until there was a fair winner.



THE COMPETITORS

Here are the couples whose heads are up for the chop:

Marcela Quedgely
Rupert Reginald Harnsworth

Prudence Nelthorpe
Nathaniel Gainsborough

Cassandra Ravensdale
Cuthbert Erasmus Fitzherbert

Lucretia St. John
Horatio Heathcote

Penelope Snow
Gilbert Marmaduke Charrington

Gunilla Ødegård
Edmund Fitzclarence Wyndham

All of them are from the more well-to-do families in town and all are very physically beautiful and impressive. To determine the personalities of each contestant (and this should only be done when it becomes important to know) roll on the following tables, once on column one and once on column two:

1D6	MALE COMPETITOR PERSONALITY	
1	Loud	Curious
2	Soft-Spoken	Indignant
3	Observant	Ambitious
4	Braggart	Laid-back
5	Rude	Philosophical
6	Courteous	Narrow-minded

1D6	FEMALE COMPETITOR PERSONALITY	
1	Distant	Ladylike
2	Graceful	Tomboy
3	Steeled	Cheerful
4	Easily Distressed	Despondent
5	Spoiled	Pious
6	Innocent	Skeptical

They are each aged d6+14.

THE GAMES

The games will go on for a maximum of seven days. Every day roll a d20 for each contestant. If the roll is 20 or higher then that person dies during the day's event and the games are over. If a roll is over 15 add one to that competitor's future rolls. If a roll is 19 add two to that competitor's future rolls. All such modifiers are cumulative and represent injuries suffered each day which make a fatal mistake more likely the following days. No magical healing is allowed to the competitors during the games.

Wagers and sponsorships are very common throughout the games, so the winners of the individual events will be well-set for their future lives... if they get to live them. Randomly roll to see which competitor wins each day.

Most of these events don't take so long. They will begin at noon each day with the Mayor and the head priest each giving speeches and leading prayer before the contest itself begins. Before this time each of the competitors will be in seclusion, resting and preparing. After each event, while their wounds are being tended to, they will be honored at various feasts, gift-giving and many speeches being given on their virtues and courage and about the Pembrooktonshire way of life. Do note that none of the competitor couples live together and will not be spending any of the time around the games together with no one else around – that would be very improper.

Day 1

The first day's event will be a round-robin wrestling tournament. It is important to note that while the townsfolk will all be most impressed by the martial displays any outsider (including the characters) will note that the men have the fighting technique of training exercises at best, little girls at worst. Because there is no real strife or conflict or threat or hardship in Pembrooktonshire nobody really knows how to fight.

Day 2

The second day is a race. Each competitor is yoked to a cart which bears a very heavy load of rocks (the exact same weight for each). The carts must be pulled up a hill on the defined track and then back down the hill to the finish line. Of course on the back end the men will be racing to not be crushed by the carts.

Day 3

The third day's competition takes place in a small, shallow lake near the town. Along the bed of the lake is a specific type of plant (the Flowing Water Root) that grows nowhere else in the area. The competitor that collects the most root bulbs (a particular delicacy!) over the course of two hours wins. Competitors must avoid the poisonous water snakes that live on the bottom of the lake as well as battle the deadly exhaustion that comes from two hours of diving and digging difficult roots.

Day 4

This day's event is the stone's throw. Each of the six men is assigned a two foot diameter circle, which is equidistant from a center point, and the men are spread evenly around this point. Every round each man is given a rock and when a whistle is blown he may throw his rock at one of the other competitors or keep hold of the rock to use for defensive purposes. The rocks begin at a quarter of a pound the first round and each round advance a quarter of a pound. A competitor is eliminated when he falls (to one knee is enough for elimination) or steps out of his circle and the final competitor to remain (or the last to be eliminated – judges watch closely to see who went down/moved first in the common case that no competitor remains standing in his circle at the end of a round) is the winner.

Day 5

This is a crowd favorite – the hanging fights! A large gallows is erected (almost like a small crane), and all six men are fastened by silk ropes around their chests. The ropes have simple knots tied in the back and the idea is that the six competitors wrestle with each other while suspended, attempting to untie each others' knots. The competitors aren't suspended so high, the fall is only about five feet, but that fall can be quite nasty if one is in an awkward position when the knot is untied. The last competitor hanging wins the day.

Day 6

All six men are strapped into chairs and hold a bell. Their feet are lightly covered in sugar and then placed into buckets containing earth of freshly dug-up fire ant nests. When a man can take no more he rings the bell and onlookers quickly untie him and soak him down with buckets of water to remove the ants. The last man to remain without ringing his bell wins.

Day 7

Enough is enough! If the games continue into the seventh day then six goblets of wine will be prepared and a deadly poison put into one of them. The men are randomly paired and each pair plays a game of chess. The loser of the game with the least moves must then drink one of the goblets, then the loser with the second-most number of moves, then the loser with the most moves, then the winner with the most moves, winner with the second-most number of moves, and then, terribly (because if it comes down to this, there's no question of the outcome), the winner with the least moves, until someone drinks the poison and dies. Roll a d6 to find out which guy will die and roll a d6 to determine which position he was in.



WHAT ABOUT THE CHARACTERS?

All of this information concerns what happens in the background of character actions. While it is possible for the characters to wreck the games and the competition (a simple *Sleep* or *Charm* spell can work wonders on yokels like these) the adventure takes a very different tone as they will be hunted like dogs (and a sacrifice is going up the mountains regardless). The Referee will have to improvise from this point. The details of the characters' actions during this adventure will stem from those who do not like what is going on. If the characters decide to do nothing then the entire games and their result can be covered in just a few minutes of narration – it is dreadfully easy for the adventure to completely miss the characters in Pembrooktonshire. Those used to waiting for the enemy to break down their door will wait forever here. Passivity is bane to those claiming the title of adventurer.

The description of what is happening and why may just sound a bit odd to the characters. In fact the desired effect is that they will think these townfolk are completely insane, especially as they continue to cheer and celebrate the pure torture the contestants put themselves through day after day. The villagers are no mindwashed zombies, however, and will not become violent or even too perturbed at an expression of confusion or disapproval as long as it does not take the form of disruptive action.

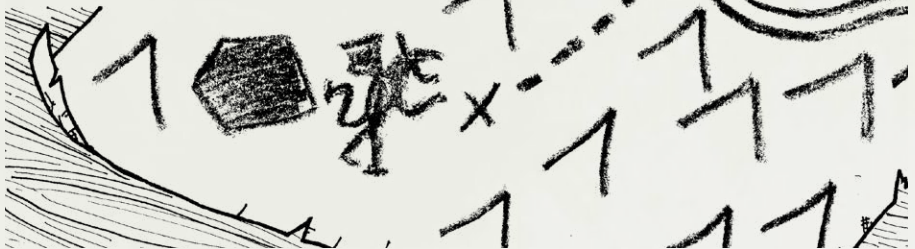
If they do express their disapproval of the ongoing events the characters will later that day (or the next day, depending on when the characters make their comments) be contacted by agents of those who also disapprove. They will be told that their presence is requested in the cellar underneath the old Hunsley farmhouse (a now dilapidated and unused place) at noon. Using a secret tunnel that leads to the basement of another house Lady Snow, Lady St. John and Lord Ravensdale will appear, in full obscuring cloaks and hoods (along with half a dozen servants and guards dressed the same), to speak with the characters. They will not willingly reveal their identities but those identities are noted because characters do the wackiest things...

They start by asking that this meeting and the information they will learn be kept confidential by the characters. They will state that not everyone in Pembrooktonshire is thrilled about sacrificing a young couple, especially in the name of a lie. They state that the story about the mountain spirits is there to fool the commonfolk and to discourage outsiders from interfering. The truth is that a great dragon lives up in the mountains and protects the valley and the inhabitants from harm in exchange for one maiden every ten years. The deception is made because combating spirits is a terrifying and inglorious thing while every yahoo with a sword in hand and a yearning for distressed maidens will come running if they find out that a dragon is “menacing” an area. The dragon keeps the town safe

and secure and the town does likewise for the dragon.

They can provide a magical elixir which can control dragons. They want the party to save the girl when she's brought up to the dragon but make sure nobody from the town knows t. Use the potion to make the dragon ignore the sacrifice this year (these people don't care about the sacrifice in general although they will pretend to; it's their children they are worried about), don't bring the dragon down on everyone's head and don't let the town know anything's amiss. Just get the girl (they consider the guy a lost cause already since there's no way to save him without ruining the whole ceremony and causing great upheaval) and take her far away. The girl will be adorned with jewelry for the dragon – the characters are welcome to take that as their reward.

With that they will hand over the potion (which is a *Potion of Red Dragon Control*) as well as a map to the dragon's lair/sacrifice area and wait for the characters to leave before themselves leaving back out their secret passage. They will answer the characters' questions as long as they are on-topic, not intrusive as to the cabal's identities and don't involve disrupting life in the town.



THE DRAGON'S CAVE

(The map of this area is found in the center pullout section.)

The trail leading from the town up to the dragon's cave takes about two hours to walk and goes through some very rough and at times dangerous terrain. Horses won't be able to use the trail. Getting there off-trail is certainly possible but will take five times as long.

If the dragon's cave is visited before the games are decided they will find the whole thing deserted. The sacrifice pole will be there, shackles attached, with piles of bones at its base. This is directly in front of the mouth of the cave. The cave mouth itself is huge (20' across) and after thirty feet turns so one must commit to walking right in before seeing much. Inside is a gigantic dragon skeleton with signs of decay (it's been there for many, many decades) and many chunks taken out over the years as trophies (if asked any townsman will confirm that the sacrifices have happened every ten years without fail and those in the sacrifice procession will confirm that they've seen the dragon!). Of course there is no treasure. There is also an odd metal tank, about four feet long, with a hole on one end and a leather balloon secured to the other.

As soon as a Spirit's Bride is determined in the village one commoner (and otherwise unimportant person) will release a carrier pigeon announcing the fact. This won't be noted by anyone as various types of

birds are always flying around the area. The pigeon will go to a dwarf outpost ten hours' march from the cave. Twelve hours from that point a squad of fifteen dwarfs (chain mail, shield, battle axe, heavy crossbow, ten 0 level men-at-arms, four 1st level *Fighters* and a 3rd level *Fighter*) will arrive at the cave, go inside and stay there. Overnight one of the dwarves will travel to a nearby ridge, within signaling distance, to keep an eye out for trouble.

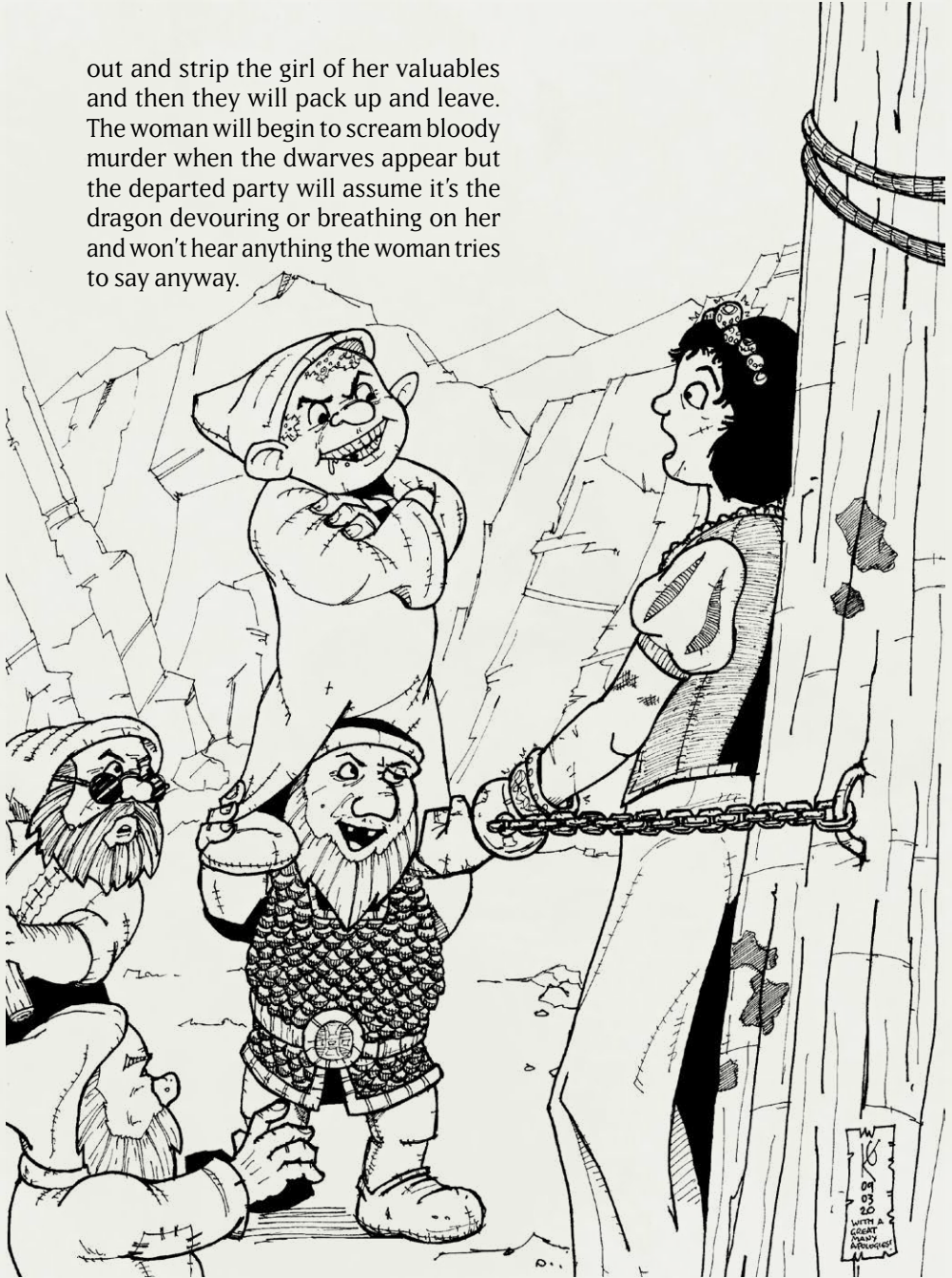
Dwarf Captain: *Armor 17, Move 60', 3rd Level Fighter, 26hp, battle axe 1d10, Morale 12. Chain mail, shield and battle axe.*

Dwarf Lieutenant: *Armor 17, Move 60' 1st Level Fighter, 12hp, battle axe 1d10 or crossbow 1d6, Morale 10. Chain mail, shield, battle axe or crossbow.*

Dwarf Soldier: *Armor 17, Move 60, 0 Level, 8hp, crossbow 1d6, Morale 9. Chain mail, shield and crossbow.*

The next day at dawn the sacrificial procession will begin. When they reach the cave they will chain the woman (who will be draped with jewels worth d10 x 100sp with an additional d10 x 100sp for every event her fiancé won) to the pole while the Mayor reads pronouncements and the priests sing songs of praise and joy. Every so often a great big burst of flame will appear within the cave. After three quarters of an hour the procession will begin the descent down the mountain again. When the lookout gives an all-clear signal the rest of the dwarfs will come

out and strip the girl of her valuables and then they will pack up and leave. The woman will begin to scream bloody murder when the dwarves appear but the departed party will assume it's the dragon devouring or breathing on her and won't hear anything the woman tries to say anyway.



WHAT'S GOING ON

The dragon, of course, doesn't exist. Or to be accurate, the dragon used to exist, and the entire ceremony at one point served the exact purpose that the villagers think it does but the dragon has been dead a long, long time.

Already millennia old (and quite tired) when Pembrooktonshire was founded the dragon knew that outright violence against the humans would only bring great heroes, and for what? These settlers had no riches. The dwarves, already long settled in the mountains, held a steady peace with the dragon with the understanding that they would not attempt to steal the others' treasure (of course the dragon had to deal with a few rather overambitious dwarf youths over the years but the dwarven elders never held that against the wyrm). So the dragon offered protection from bandits and knowing the area was geologically sound proclaimed to guard the mountain town against earthquakes and major avalanches in exchange for one maiden every ten years and a prohibition against entering his mountain range.

And so the tradition began and all parties present in the mountains were satisfied.

At some point the mighty dragon died of old age. Dragons are mighty and dragons grow in power and wisdom as they age but they are not immortal. A great chapter in history ended, a history that will never be known, for all the dragon saw during its six thousand years of life was never recorded. The dwarves were at once

thrilled and terrified. Thrilled because they finally got to loot a great dragon's vast hoard and terrified because there was now nothing to keep the humans out of the mountains.

You see, the dwarves never revealed themselves to the humans. This mountain range is a paradise – it is indeed geologically sound and earthquakes never happen here. There are no goblins or orcs or elves or any other sort of intelligent creature that takes issue with dwarves. The dangerous, larger monsters have all been slain or driven away ages ago. This is a tame land, and a rich land, as the dwarves have never failed to find new veins of ore. While the dragon was still alive the dwarves never had to worry about the humans attempting to move into the mountains and set up mining operations themselves.

With the death of the dragon and the sacrifice soon coming due the dwarves decided to maintain the status quo. They built a primitive flamethrower and hid it in the cave. When the humans bring up their sacrifice the dwarves blow some fire within the cave while the young maiden is bound outside. When the humans leave the dwarves strip her of the offered valuables... and leave. They aren't so cold-blooded that they'd murder a helpless girl but they don't care to bother themselves enough to bring her with them and keep her as a captive in their hold and of course they can't let her go or the entire jig is up.

The maiden indeed dies... of exposure, dehydration and/or starvation.

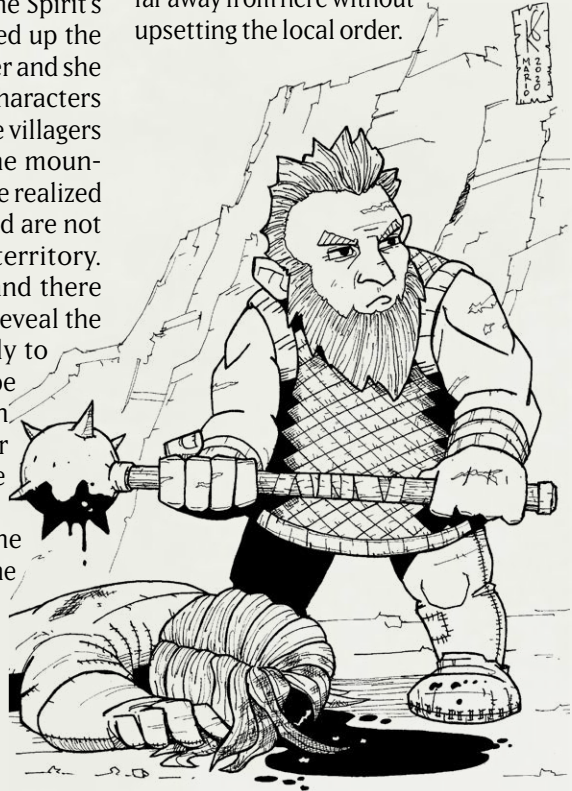
To keep up other parts of the charade the dwarves indeed keep the dragon's bargain. Bandits moving into the area are dealt with mercilessly by the dwarves. Anyone found in the mountains is quickly dispatched which accounts for the disappearance of many prospectors over the years.

RESOLUTIONS

If the characters do not involve themselves in this situation then the Spirit's Bride is chosen, she is marched up the mountain, the dwarves loot her and she dies in a day or three. If the characters reveal the dragon's death to the villagers they will begin to explore the mountains and soon enough it will be realized that the dwarves are there and are not interested in sharing their territory. Outside help will be called and there will be war. If the characters reveal the dwarves' involvement directly to the villagers the outrage will be immediate (all those women sacrificed for nothing) and war would start even sooner. Outside of any character involvement the war will bring chaos to the region and banditry as well as the eventually roving humanoids (don't think that far-off hordes aren't aware of the dwarves and aren't dying to pester and take down this seemingly invincible dwarf nation) will move in and

this "idyllic" place will be just another hell on Earth.

There are other ways of dealing with the problem for creative characters. The dwarves, through their spies, will know the characters are not local. They will not take retribution on the villagers for the actions of characters. They will know if the sacrifice does or does not reappear in the village but they don't care about the girl, they care about their secrecy and they care about the humans staying out of the mountains. It is certainly possible for characters to snatch the girl and run far away from here without upsetting the local order.



PART III: A LONELY HOUSE ON A LONELY HILL

This section describes one possibility for determining what happens when the characters decide to explore the mountains.

A great many things could be hidden in the mountains. The dwarfs may own the land but they do not have encyclopedic knowledge of every small cave and crevice. Underground patrols detect threats to the dwarf homeland; surface patrols are merely for the detection and interception of human encroachment. One could just as easily decide that there is actually nothing interesting in the mountains.

Characters exploring the mountains will encounter only natural, small-scale threats such as mountain lions. Any intelligent or monstrous creature will be dealt with by the dwarfs in short order. There is a 1 in 10 chance per day, cumulative (it resets after the characters exit the mountains), that a dwarf scout will see them. There is only a 5% chance that the party will see the scout. Using

a carrier pigeon he will alert the nearest dwarf patrol, which is identical to the crew from the last chapter, with the addition of two trained brown bears. If the party is very large (more than 10 people) a double patrol will be summoned. The dwarfs will cut off the party's return route and then hunt them down and kill them. There will be no negotiation (unless the Referee has other plans, of course!). The dwarfs believe their very existence relies on remaining a secret so any favors the Referee would bestow on the characters to ensure their survival should occur before the party actually encounters a dwarf because the dwarfs are very organized, motivated, intelligent and capably led. Of course a resourceful or lucky party may escape (or be victorious in the ensuing fight!) and that will have consequences as described in the previous chapter.

The townsfolk of Pembrooktonshire will strongly discourage the characters from going into the mountains. They know



that the spirits won't blame them for the incursion and they don't care about foreigners all that much but they are concerned about appearing Good and Proper enough to protect foolish ne'er-do-wells (that would be the characters) from meeting their doom. Any belongings left in their room (or anywhere unguarded) will be confiscated (temporarily!) "for inspection," shops will not sell traveling supplies, etc.

If they tell their plans to either Diggle or a local provisioner they will be told about Konstantin Kuznetsova. He was a young man who came into town about a month back to seek his fortune in the hills. He would not listen concerning the spirits or the fact that people that go into the mountains often do not return and those that do are never richer. After two days he returned, flashing around a diamond that he says he found in a large house in the hills, and convinced a few local boys to go with him. The next day they were off and nobody's heard from them in over three weeks. Others about town will know about the boys but not so much about the stranger.

This is both a cautionary tale and a plea for help. That some foreign prospector disappeared is no big deal but three local boys (being named Odard Peaver, Ringer Wilberforce and Sweting Snoddy, all 15 or 16 years of age) is another matter. The locals are a bit broken up that they seem to have been lost but they'd sure appreciate getting the bodies back. A search of Kuznetsova's room turned up no jewel so he must still have that on him.

The interested parties will be conflicted. They want someone to claim the town's lost (especially if the characters have successfully resolved any previous issues in town) but don't want anyone to go up into the mountains. No reward will be offered as the mention of the jewel is pretty much enticement for getting someone (more foreigners!) to go up into the mountains.

If asked about the house that Kuznetsova had found the townsfolk will not want to talk about it much. The priests and Diggle will be willing to talk for a token donation or a purchase of a fine bottle of wine as is appropriate. The characters will be told that a generation ago there was a Pembrooktonshire man who had become wealthy through foreign soldiering (these people don't quite understand "adventuring" as a profession and while the idea of war is not very clear to them either the concept of marching around in armor and uniform is familiar) brought with him a foreign and alien bride. She was so deformed that her eyes and ears were out of proportion and it was believed that they were bringing bad luck to the town. The woman was accused of witchcraft. So they built themselves a homestead outside of town, on the edge of the mountains, to practice their depravity away from the decent folks. Of course the spirits of the mountains, benefactors though they are, would not leave such evil be. Soon enough the witch was dead and the man returned but so tainted by wicked ways was he that he could not live in Pembrooktonshire for long and left never to return.

WHAT HAPPENED:

Konstantin Rodionovich Kuznetsova is an adventurer-agent of a powerful lord who is interested in the areas around Pembrooktonshire. Kuznetsova was charged with finding out why the area is so peaceful and how those methods could be applied to the lord's own domain.

Using the cover of a foreign prospector Kuznetsova was surprised to find that the locals were hostile to the idea of the mountains being entered and he was chastised for tempting the mountain spirits to anger. He decided to see the truth of the spirits himself and his first stop was the old manor house that was rumored to be haunted. He knew something was wrong when he saw the great column of steam flowing from the side of the cliff and heard the great roar rising from the very depths of the Earth. This entire area was as geologically perfect as can be so this wasn't a volcano or other such disturbance. He guessed that learning this secret would be a major step in completing his overall mission.

He returned to town and fashioned a few advanced gauges (his father being a renowned tinker and all-around intellectual back in his lord's court) and hired a few younger, more rebellious lads to help him explore the area. The younger men were fearful and would not venture into the mountains at night but after a particularly stressful day of fastening gauges around the caverns the group lost track of time. They would never leave the grounds alive.

THE GROUNDS

(The map for this area is on one of the poster maps.)

The house is approximately one hour away from town by way of a well-worn trail (horses can travel on it unhindered) leading away from the heart of the mountains into a spur of peaks. The trail opens into a rather pleasant open field which runs against a great ravine. There is a combination of deep howling and high whistling to be heard everywhere on the grounds, intensifying near the cavern and house entrances, that can be heard up to a mile away. This area is extraordinarily tame and not even natural animal encounters are possible here. No animals larger than a bird or a mouse will be found in the immediate area.

Barn

The barn is very much in disrepair with several boards almost to the point of disintegration. There is a hayloft but anyone walking around up there has a 1 in 2 chance every turn of falling through the floor.

Four horses and two mules are lying in the stalls here, about three weeks dead. Several packs (with rotting, bug-infested rations as well as cookpots, blankets and the like) are also here.

Graveyard

Various graves of the O'Shaunnessy family and its servants are here. The cliff edge is obviously retreating (the edge is made of packed earth rather than solid rock and

rainfall is slowly eating it away) as several coffins are sticking out of the cliff face and coffins and headstones are smashed on the rocks below. There is one dug-up grave here, Shelagh Cori O'Shaunnessy, the coffin top smashed and the ring finger of her left hand missing. Hers is the most recent grave, being buried thirty-one years before the present day.

Hedge Maze

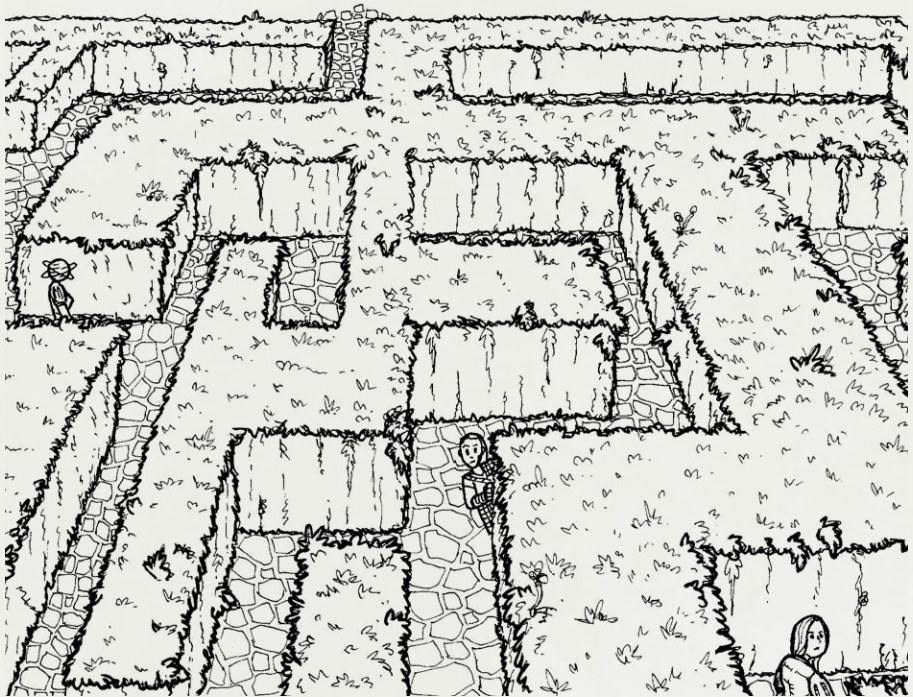
The maze will take 3d20 minutes to navigate. In the center are three decomposed bodies (about three weeks dead) lying around the center statue with their hands over their ears. These are the bodies of Odard, Ringer and Sweting.

Kennel

Several baby giant spiders have taken up residence here but they are not able to harm anything larger than a rat at this time.

Ledge

The ledge is 100' down from the top of the cliff (the rest of the gorge lies about two hundred fifty feet down). A continuous, massive amount of steam flows from the cave entrance and is visible to anyone walking on the grounds. Anyone looking over the cliff will see that there is a cave there.



THE HOUSE

(The map of the house is on one of the poster maps.)

The House of O'Shaunnessy is built around the natural stonework in the area. The lower floor especially looks almost cave-like.

The distinctive feature in the house is the noise. Several pipes in the stonework have formed up through the caverns into the house. Loud ringing steam from below passes through these pipes making it both warm and uncomfortable (anyone encumbered or wearing metal armor will suffer 1 point of subdual damage per turn that they are in the house which will heal at a rate of 1 point per turn they rest in the outside air) as well as absolutely deafening throughout the house. Players should not be allowed to communicate verbally with each other at all while in

the house. All communication should be directly to the Referee describing what they are doing. The benefit is that the banshee scream can not be heard although at nightfall each night it will try . The steam also makes it quite difficult to see more than a few feet ahead. Of the fifteen steam "valves" in the house, if seven are plugged the banshee scream will be able to be heard everywhere but the basement. If the windows are opened visibility will improve and the noise will no longer be deafening (again, except in the basement). If all fifteen are plugged securely in exactly two turns the entire house will blow sky high, killing anyone inside.

Because the house was abandoned in an orderly fashion it is largely empty.

There are single valves in areas 1, 2, 3, 6, 8, 12, 14, 15 and 16 and two valves each in locations 5, 7 and 13.



1. Entry Area

Above the stairwell is a wooden carving that says “*The House O’Shaunnessy- Long May it Reign!*”

2. Storage

Empty.

3. Study

Empty except for warped bookshelves and a desk and chair.

4. Drawing Room

A giant wood engraving of men and hounds on a hunt for deer hangs on the wall.

5. Dining Room

Empty.

6. Pantry

Empty with a trapdoor with ladder going down.

7. Kitchen

Empty. The oven is here, long unused. There is also a mysterious device that has been stuck into one of the walls, a large spike with a large clock-like gadget on it with three dials. This is one of Kuznetsova’s gauges and more information about them can be found under location 1 of the caverns.

8. Stairwell

Trapdoor on the ceiling.

9. Storage

Empty.

10. – 11. Bedrooms

Empty.

12. Master Bedroom

The bedroom is untouched. The décor is very nature-y with flowers and plants (all long dead) along the windowsill and in hanging pots from the ceiling. A double bed is here and on the wall is a damp and runny wedding portrait (“*Seamus and Shelagh O’Shaunnessy*”) showing a bearded man (human) and his elven bride displaying her shiny diamond wedding ring.

13. Bedroom

Empty.

14. Study

Empty but there is another gauge stuck in the wall.

15. – 16. Bedrooms

Empty.

17. Attic

Empty but with yet another gauge.

18. Basement

Empty.

19. Wine Cellar

Empty wine racks.

20. Wine Cellar

Mostly empty wine racks. There are four bottles that were left here but the heat and ghostly contact has corrupted the liquid contained within, turning it lumpy and oddly colored. Due to the banshee’s contact these bottles will radiate magic.

If tasted there is a 50% chance that it will induce sickness (onset time 2d4 hours, -2 on to hit, damage, and saving throws for d4 days), a 25% chance that it will be poisonous (saving throw versus Poison with a 1d6 bonus or die, if successful make another saving throw or become ill as previously described), a 15% chance that it will be a supernaturally delicious wine that may be sold for 100sp and a 10% chance that it actually has become a magical potion – randomly roll to determine what type.

21. Wine Cellar

Empty wine racks and another gauge stuck in the walls.

22. Wine Cellar

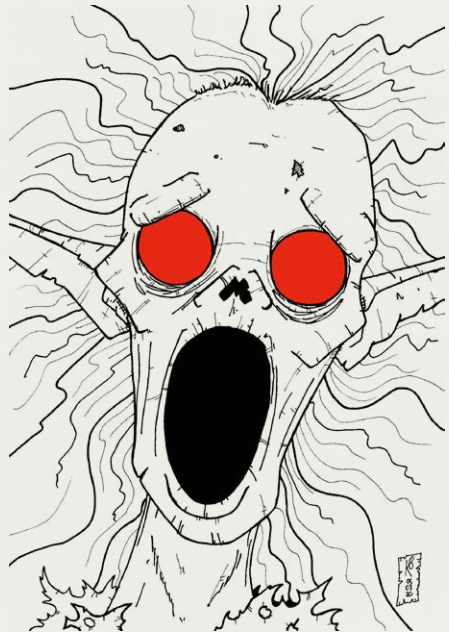
Empty wine racks with a skeleton in the corner.

The roar is very loud coming from a stone trap door in the floor. Steam billows out from beneath the surface. Opening it will dislodge some stone and shoot steam into the room doing 1d6 points of damage to whoever opened it and 1 point of damage to everyone in the room every turn thereafter. There is an empty void under the trapdoor. This opens directly over the pit in the cavern. A faint red glow in the distance can be seen. Only about four inches of stone separate the floor of the basement from the great expanse below.

THE BANSHEE

Shelagh Cori O'Shaunnessy was the elf-in bride of Del Murrow O'Shaunnessy. Shunned by the townsfolk for their romance across racial lines, Del Murrow rebuilt a old abandoned and ruined family homestead an hour's travel up a mountain trail. This location was selected because the ground was quite warm and provided great comfort in the otherwise icy mountain air.

The dwarfs of the mountains were of course very unhappy over this and made efforts to remove the O'Shaunnessys. Through skillful negotiations and strength of arms (in those days Pembrooktonshire was still capable of producing some men of note) Del Murrow won an agreement: he



would keep their existence a secret, since he had no love for those that had driven him away, and in return he would help the dwarfs keep others out of the mountains and generally be a bad neighbor to the rest of the humans, and of course he agreed to never set up any sort of mine or digging project of any sort.

Shelagh died five years later, poisoned by dwarfs who despite agreements did not like anyone living in the mountains and especially not an elf, but nobody knows this. Even the dwarves who placed the poison believe their plot failed because they did it years earlier and Shelagh only came into contact with the poison after burning some long-stored junk in a winter campfire and the poison had soaked into that material. She was buried on the property. Del Murrow had trouble keeping servants after that and there were whispers that the Lady still stood out on the ridge looking over the property. With no reason to remain isolated Del Murrow moved back into society first to Pembrooktonshire and later to a large city far away. The property remained deserted and most definitely haunted. The great pit below the house eventually caused cracks and holes in the house's foundation and that has been the state of things for some decades now.

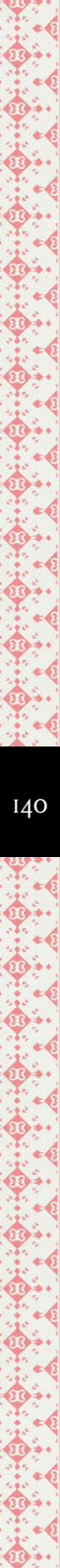
The O'Shaunnessy Banshee, during daylight hours, is bound to the house including the basement but not the grounds or the caverns. At night she may freely wander the grounds including the caverns. Anyone on the grounds at night has a 1 in 10 chance per turn, cumulative,

of attracting her attention. She may not leave the greater property in any event. The banshee will attempt to kill any living creature on her property.

Shelagh: *Armor 18, Move 120; 7 Hit Dice, 42hp, ghostly touch 1d8 and scream: saving throw versus Breath Weapon or die. Immune to Sleep, Charm and Hold spells as well as cold and electrical effects. 50% magic resistance and immunity to non-magical weapons. 90% invisible and may pass through solid objects.*

The Referee should decide where the banshee dwells during the daytime, or, more appropriately, where the banshee will reveal herself to the players. In the house and in the caverns the banshee's scream will be inaudible with no ill effects for those who hear it but the banshee will not know this until it makes the attempt. Referees should feel free to scare the characters at the most opportune moment (such as when characters are in a quite precarious position). It might be fun to make the banshee appear in the middle of a party and see if they can be made to flee in opposite directions.





No Dignity in Death

THE CAVERN

(The map for this area is in the center pullout section.)

The steam and noise conditions in the cavern are the same as in the house including the subdual damage and the noise except the noise can not be silenced through normal means. In fact, except for keyed areas, every turn roll 1d10 and on a 1 a mild burst of hot steam shoots up under the party, doing 1d2 normal damage (half if a saving throw versus Breath Weapon is made, double damage if the character is wearing metal armor).

1. Cave Entrance

The combination of low roar and high whistling definitely is in favor of the roar from here. Random small jets of steam shoot up from holes in the ground. The air is thick with steam and visibility is poor, perhaps 5'.

Note that when in the center of a tunnel it is impossible to see the walls due to the steam and if hugging one wall it is impossible to see the other.

The tunnel slopes downwards until meeting location #2. The tunnel to #3 slopes slightly upward.

There is a large spike in the ground with a rope tied to it, leading into the cave. The lines in the passages of the map represent the ropes (that are spiked into the ground every 25 feet) which Kuznetsova used to navigate his way around the caves. In all areas where the rope leads to an

area with a ledge the rope goes up the ledge as well. After several weeks of soaking up the steam those ropes aren't so reliable; there is a 1 in 4 chance that anyone climbing these ropes up a ledge will snap the rope and fall.

2. Central Chamber

Attracted to the great warmth of the place, a group of pterodactyls has made their nest here. They sleep hanging from the ceiling like bats but since they are only 4' long with a wingspan of about 30' they can crawl out of the cave easily to hunt... or find food that wanders in the cave as it is big enough to fly around in. They are sensitive to the steam currents and will easily detect anyone walking through the cavern. The banshee leaves them alone as she was always fascinated by dragons and in her undead state recognizes these things as dragons.

3 Pterodactyls: *Armor 14, Move 160' flying or 40' crawling, 4 Hit Dice, 20hp, bite 2d4, Morale 7.*

Standing against the wall in the south exit is a large plate of stone-color painted board about 5'x5'. It can be used to disguise anyone moving back and forth across the cavern and anyone walking across this cavern while holding this over their head will not be attacked.

3. Raised Ledge

On the 20' ledge is HUGE amount of rope, various spelunking equipment, lanterns, oil and a chest full of rations (spoiled). There are notebooks (in horrid but readable condition) filled with boring, useless geological information (10 weighing 5 pounds each, could be sold for 10sp each).

4. Raised Ledge

On this 30' ledge is a gauge stuck into the walls.

These gauges, placed around the caverns, have several dials that seem to all have gibberish for settings. They measure temperature, rock consistency (in a very primitive way, measuring how hard the rock is, not exact composition or anything) and atmospheric pressure but only someone with a formal geological education (sages!) will recognize these devices. They weigh four pounds and can be sold for 50sp each.

5. Cave of Voices

Another gauge is stuck in the walls here.

The noises and whistling in this area sound like voices... soft voices but nothing can be understood. If the party for some reason camps out in this cave they will have dreams of elfin feasts interrupted by thundering storms.

6. Raised Ledge

One more gauge here.

7- Raised Ledge

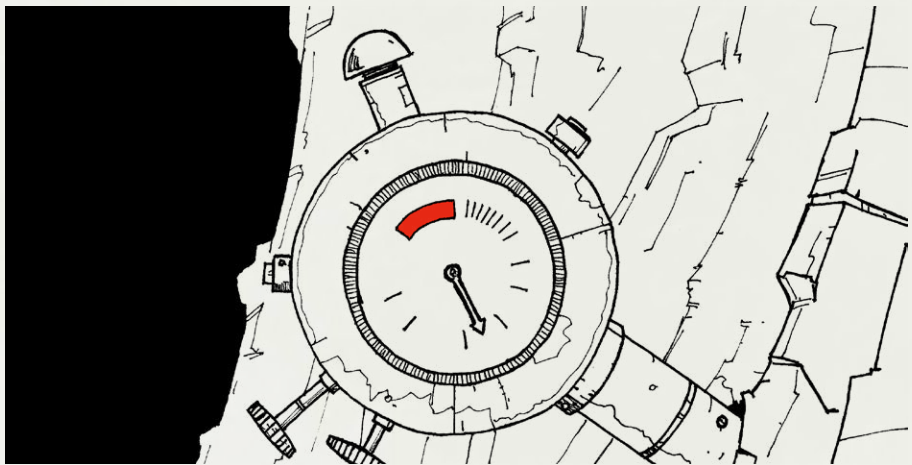
Another gauge here.

8. Raised Ledge

On this ledge is a partially collapsed tunnel leading to an old room, obviously not a natural cavern. Referees wishing to expand this cavern into a full-fledged dungeon complex can best do so from here.

9. Raised Ledge

Another gauge here.



10. The Hole

The noise in here is truly deafening. The huge, 350' pit is effectively bottomless so falling in is a very bad idea. A great heat and steam rises from the pit and a great ROAR of boiling water can be heard. A faint red glow comes from below. The characters will take 1hp damage – real – for every turn they spend here from the heat. This is the primary ventilation shaft for the forges of the dwarf city below. Seven ropes at various points drop over the edge of the pit with gauges stuck into the pit walls down the length of the ropes. An eighth rope is in actuality a heat-eating scavenger, a pest the dwarves call the *Tyhmä Paska*. The “rope” is its tail from which it hangs down several dozen feet, soaking up the steam and the heat. Its body resembles a horseshoe crab with hooked feet. If anyone starts fiddling with its tail (such as trying to raise the assumed gauge to look at it) the creature will snap up, surprising on 5 in 6 chances, and if it hits the victim must make a saving throw versus Death Ray or be thrown into the pit. The creature will then attack normally but any time it hits for maximum damage the victim must save or fall to their fiery deaths.



Tyhmä Paska: *Armor 16, Move 0', 2 Hit Dice, 10hp, tail snap 1d6, Morale 7. If it loses 3/4th of its hit points it will loosen its tail and scuttle down the shaft at 1/4th the movement of a normal, unencumbered man. It is immune to heat and fire attacks.*

11. The River

The tunnel slopes sharply downward here before leveling off and leading to a rushing underground river.

Ancient moorings are attached to both sides of a rough, freezing-to-the-touch, rapidly flowing underground river. The bridge that these anchored has of course long broken and rotted away. Kuznetsova's guide rope had been tied across the river but it has snapped in the middle.

Characters can make a big deal about how to get across the river but it is only waist-deep (on a human and may be walked across with little danger provided they take any precaution at all. Human characters who do not take precautions have a 1 in 6 chance (4 in 6 chance for dwarfs and halflings) of being knocked off their feet and swept down the river where after several thousand feet, if they haven't drowned already, they'll be thrown over a two hundred foot waterfall into a shallow pool full of jagged rocks and hungry scavengers. Bye bye!

12. Raised Ledge

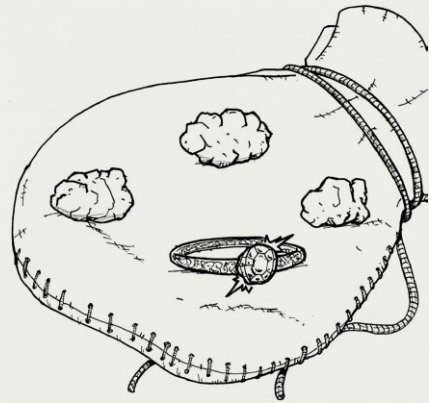
On this raised ledge is the body of Konstantin Rodionovich Kuznetsova. It's covered in maggots and assorted vermin but the clothing is definitely modern. Also here are his pack of geological survey equipment (5 50' coils of rope, dozens of spikes, 10 10' lengths of hollow tubing and four more gauges). Also here are his geological chart and map (which can be sold for 100sp). In a pouch around his waist is a large diamond ring (5000sp) and three gold nuggets (75, 50, and 25sp). The diamond ring is of course the looted ring of the Lady O'Shaunnessy.

The banshee will be aware of anyone in possession of the ring and will move to attack them immediately if they are in an area she can access at the specific time of day. Some characters might wish to return the ring to the remains of the Lady in hopes of ending the haunting. If they attempt this roll 1d3 and consult the following table (or choose a result that best fits the theme of the campaign):

1	The haunting was indeed due to the grave robbery. With the return of the ring the Lady O'Shaunnessy will remain at rest.
2	The haunting had nothing to do with the grave robbery. The haunting will continue as before.
3	The haunting had nothing to do with the grave robbery. The haunting will continue as before. However the banshee is no longer bound to the house during the day.

In cases two and three, the banshee would move to attack the characters around her grave immediately if in the appropriate time frame (immediately in case 3).

Characters should not get any experience from the value of the ring if they do not keep it as this is a "sacrificing temporal power for a higher purpose" case. They should get the experience for "defeating" the banshee if indeed replacing the ring makes the thing disappear. And of course if they do take the ring themselves they should get the experience for it when they return to civilization. There is, however, a 1 in 4 chance that the banshee's haunting area is determined by the location of the ring so she will follow it wherever it goes. She will not attack or appear directly to anyone that carries the ring outside of her normal haunting area but people in the immediate vicinity will start dying within days...



WHAT NEXT?

Assuming the players pursued the leads in this module there are many logical follow-ups to the adventure. There is plenty of intrigue and danger surrounding the Knights of Science and a great many scenarios where the Knight must be either stopped or aided are possible. Remember Sir Tucca is going to be in a bad mood if the suggested resolution of the murder is used and he will likely be more quick and brutal in his next judgments.

The dwarfs can provide an endless source of intrigue and adventure. Why are the dwarfs secretive and murderous concerning the surface? Is it just the military division responsible for the surface taking its duties to an extreme that would horrify the dwarf rulers and people? Or is it a secret society of dwarfs protecting their people whether their people approve or not? Or is the dwarf kingdom as a whole indeed actually a fierce enemy of man? Will there be war?

What about Kuznetsova's employer? Will they have a further interest in the region? Surely they'll want to know what happened to their agent. Will the characters become involved?

Further exploration into the culture of Pembrooktonshire is possible. These people are privileged and isolated which is never a good recipe for avoiding atrocity. Referees can push their imaginations to the most macabre coming up with ideas for this place. Alternately, perhaps they are just supremely naïve and innocent

and things begin to happen that forces the community to adapt to the realities of the greater world.

Simple exploration of the mountains is another possibility. The dwarfs will not like it but surely there are many nooks and crannies to be found that the dwarfs ignore as no threat, right?

Of course, a Referee is free to decide, "OK, that chapter's done, now to something completely unrelated!" if he and/or his players so choose.

This ends **No Dignity in Death: The Three Brides**.





THE BATTLE OF THE BUMBLEBEE BANDIT BY EARNEST WILDE

unfortunately the struggle had caused her corset to come undone. "Oh, my modesty!" cried Lady Labreque, attempting to gather her torn gown over her lady dumplings.

Her savior, her knight in shining armor looked at her intensely. "No need, milady. I will not blush if I inadvertently see thine womanly charms as thou gatherst yourself with dignity."

Lady Labreque came close to swooning! "Oh, who art thou, dear sir, who hath saved me from a fate worse than death?"

"I am the Bumblebee Bandit!" said the man, waving his rapier in the air with one hand as he shook his trademark yellow and black cloak with the other in his signature way. "Champion of the poor, scourge of the evildoers, a man of justice that only evil need fear!"

The Bumblebee Bandit! Lady Labreque was beside herself! She'd heard tales of these, these highwaymen that took advantage of proper ladies without even asking their fathers' permission beforehand!

"Oh, I willst not sin for you, Bumblebee Bandit!" The Lady felt her dander rising and a bead of sweat form on her brow. She panicked as she realized how unladylike she was acting!

"Oh, forgiveth me!" The Lady threw herself at the feet of the Bumblebee Bandit, Champion of the Poor and the Shadowy Fear that Lurks in the Hearts of All Evil Men! "Oh, I beg thee to forgive me for mine own unladylike behavior! I am a noblewoman of the house Labreque, yet young and unfamiliar with the

ways of the world and how rude that may make me! I didst not mean to be ungrateful! Please do not tell my father! The ladies at the riding club would never invite me to their tea parties again if they found out I behaved so!"

"Have no fear, my fair lady!" thundered the Bumblebee Bandit, Hero of All Who Would Call Themselves Free. "As I have saved you from disgrace and dishonor at the hands of these uncourteous toll-keepers, so shall I keep your honor and secrets safe from your riding club mistresses! Thou shalt be free to sip tea and eat crumpets at thine own leisure, forevermore!"

"Oh, a million and one thanks from the bottom of mine own heart, Bumblebee Bandit! You are surely the paladin of virtue, the paragon of manliness, the example of all those who seek to be admired in high society! I shall make an entry in mine diary tonight celebrating your wit and your charm and your kindness!" The Lady secretly hoped that this is one diary entry that would be spied upon and read!

"Enough talk, fair Lady Labreque! Let us not discuss such trivial matters, unfit for a noblewoman! Seeing your heaving bosom and your fair, flushed skin, white as the virgin snow on the tallest mountain peak yet as richly tan as the finest and most magnificent dunes of the greatest deserts of the East, I feel the time is ripe that you should no longer merely be a noble lady. Nay, let me show you how to be a noble woman!"

"Oh, yes, Bumblebee Bandit!" The Lady Labreque was overcome with thoughts so unlike a lady but so like a woman. "I will



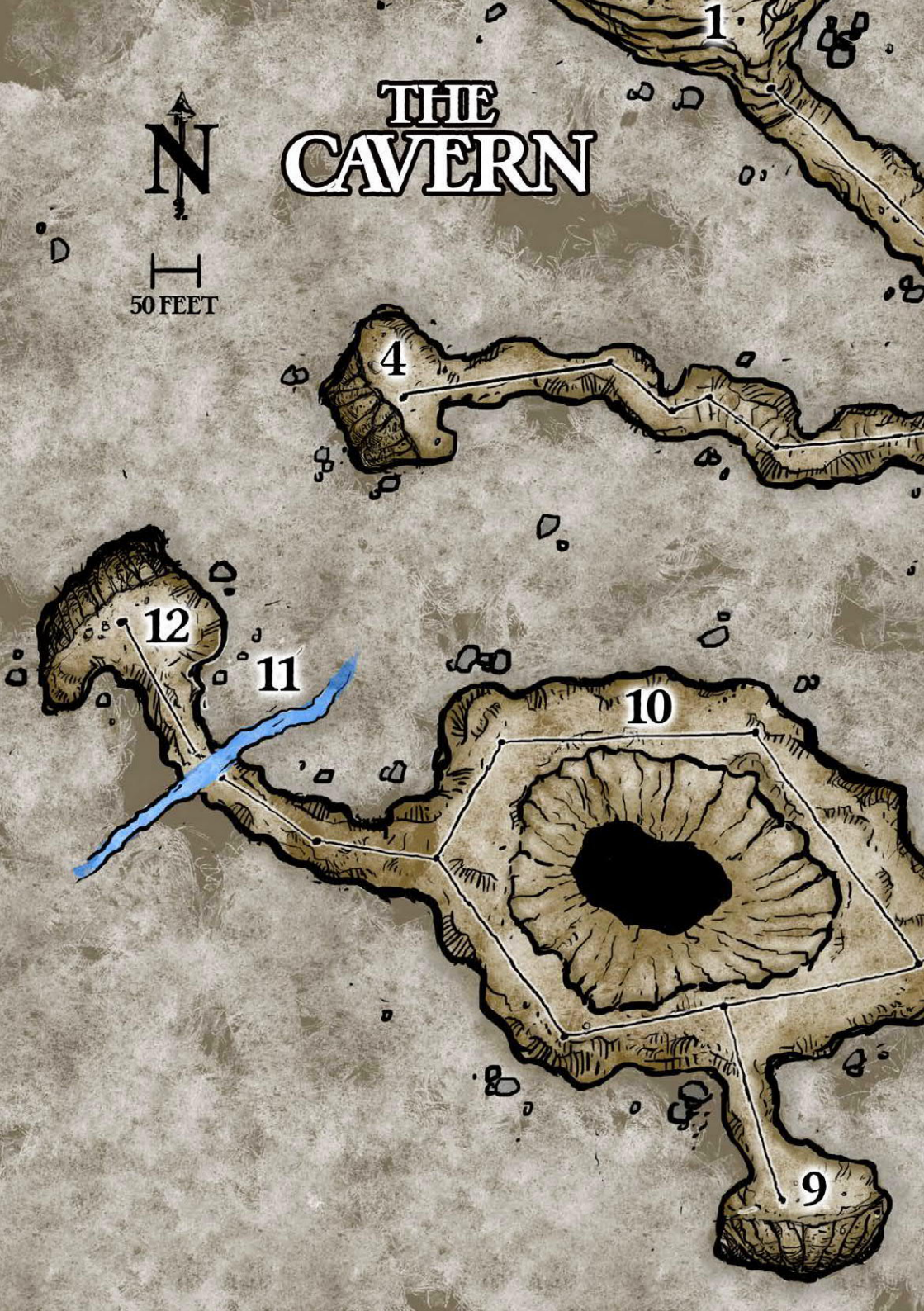
03
05
20



THE CAVERN



50 FEET





PEOPLE OF PEMBROOKTONSHIRE





16
26
02
20

AUTHOR'S NOTES

While working on *No Dignity in Death: The Three Brides* and placing three adventures that were unconnected in my campaigns into a single location that came to be called Pembrooktonshire my mind started to be filled with the possibilities for fleshing the place out. Early on I decided that it was probably best to leave the adventure itself alone and make the “fleshed out” material into its own book. It had to be released separately from (for those that just wanted the adventure) and simultaneously with (I hate when game companies rip off their customers by publishing additions or changes to their games or settings after the fact) the original adventure.

But how to best flesh out the setting in a way that was modular, entertaining and personally interesting?

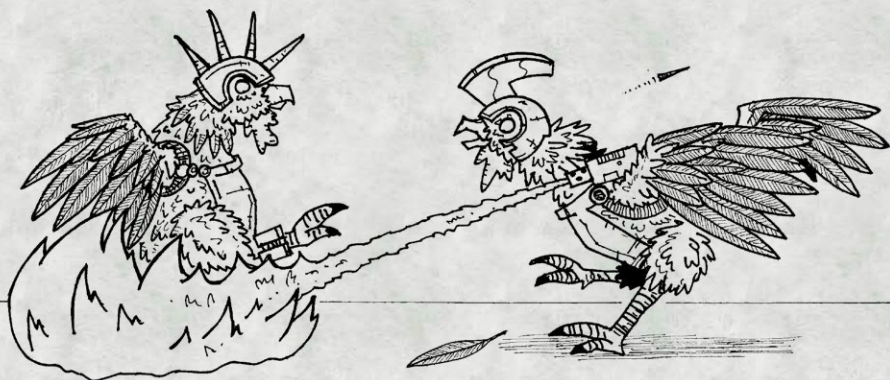
The players in my home group seem to enjoy NPC interactions as much as actual adventuring. So when I run games I often

think of weird and sometimes disturbing personalities on the spot for NPCs.

I am a big fan of *The League of Gentlemen*, the British TV series which takes place in the fictional town of Royston Vasey. One of the things I enjoy about the series is how every person in town seems to have a different sort of defective personality.

While responding to a post on the Groggardia blog back in March I made a quip that people will determine there are 137 of us in the Old School Renaissance. It was just a throwaway comment but people picked up on it as an in-joke.

Suddenly, I had my focus. I'd do what I normally do – come up with strange characters – to make Pembrooktonshire truly an adventure in itself rather than just a backdrop to adventure. All I had to do was come up with 137 weird and distinct NPC ideas. Easy, right? Hah! Towards the middle of the process I was considering a



third book called *Nuke Pembrooktonshire* because I was beginning to despise the place. But doesn't that happen in all projects somewhere between "REALLY COOL IDEA!" and "Finished saleable product"? Luckily I caught a second wind that the last half was easier to complete than the first.

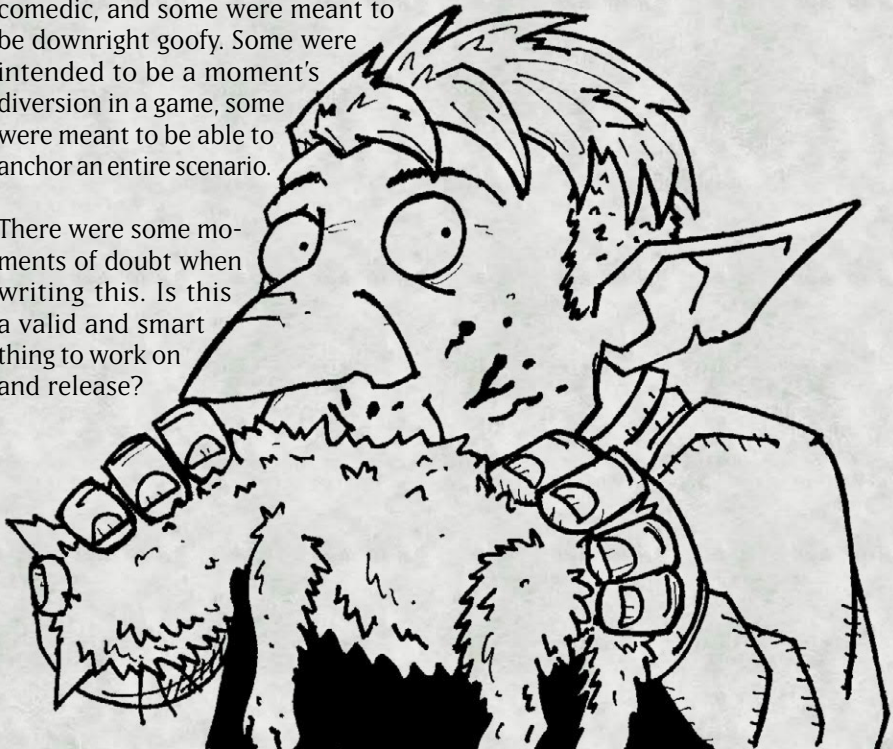
The inspiration for the individual characters came from many sources. Some were standard thriller-fare. Some were straight out of pop culture. Some were from my imagination. Some were designed to be horrific. Some were designed to be frightening in a more sophisticated kind of way. Some were meant to be comedic, and some were meant to be downright goofy. Some were intended to be a moment's diversion in a game, some were meant to be able to anchor an entire scenario.

There were some moments of doubt when writing this. Is this a valid and smart thing to work on and release?

Will anybody care? Is it "old school" enough? In the end I just had to trust my own instincts. Whether this book gets bought or used or not, I would have felt the whole Pembrooktonshire creation to be incomplete without it. So here it is, and I can now close this creative chapter without regrets.

I hope it enriches your game, I hope it provides some entertaining reading and I hope it inspires more original creations of your own!

James Edward Raggi IV
Helsinki, Finland
August 6, 2009



HOW TO USE PEOPLE OF PEMBROOKTONSHIRE

Many traditional role-playing campaigns don't bother with "the town" or social interaction or political intrigue. That's perfectly fine. But some do, and in general these games have been underserved by gaming supplements. *No Dignity in Death* is largely an in-town adventure and while details are given for the principal characters for the situations detailed therein it gives almost nothing for interactions that are not related to those situations. Pembrooktonshire is obviously not your run-of-the-mill village and obviously the possibilities for intrigue and adventure don't have to stop with *No Dignity in Death*.

People of Pembrooktonshire provides a toolkit for fleshing out the town and making it interesting while other adventures are experiencing downtime as well as a repository for triggers and hooks for entirely new adventures, all disguised in the form of character bios.

Nothing in this book is "official." The only version of Pembrooktonshire that is "official" is the one found in *No Dignity in Death* and even in that adventure it is just a convenient background/excuse for the matters at hand. There isn't even much requiring the use of Pembrooktonshire in that adventure in the first place especially if the given adventures are placed by the Referee in different locations.

Nothing in this book supersedes the information found in the original adventure unless the Referee so chooses. There, Constable Stark is gone on holiday, and that is not so unusual for a resident

to do. Here, since foreign holidays are unconscionable to the average citizen, it is instead revealed that he was murdered. In the original campaign that spawned the adventure he was at some sort of policeman's convention elsewhere in the kingdom, however it was worded at the time. None is more correct than the others except what the individual Referee decides.

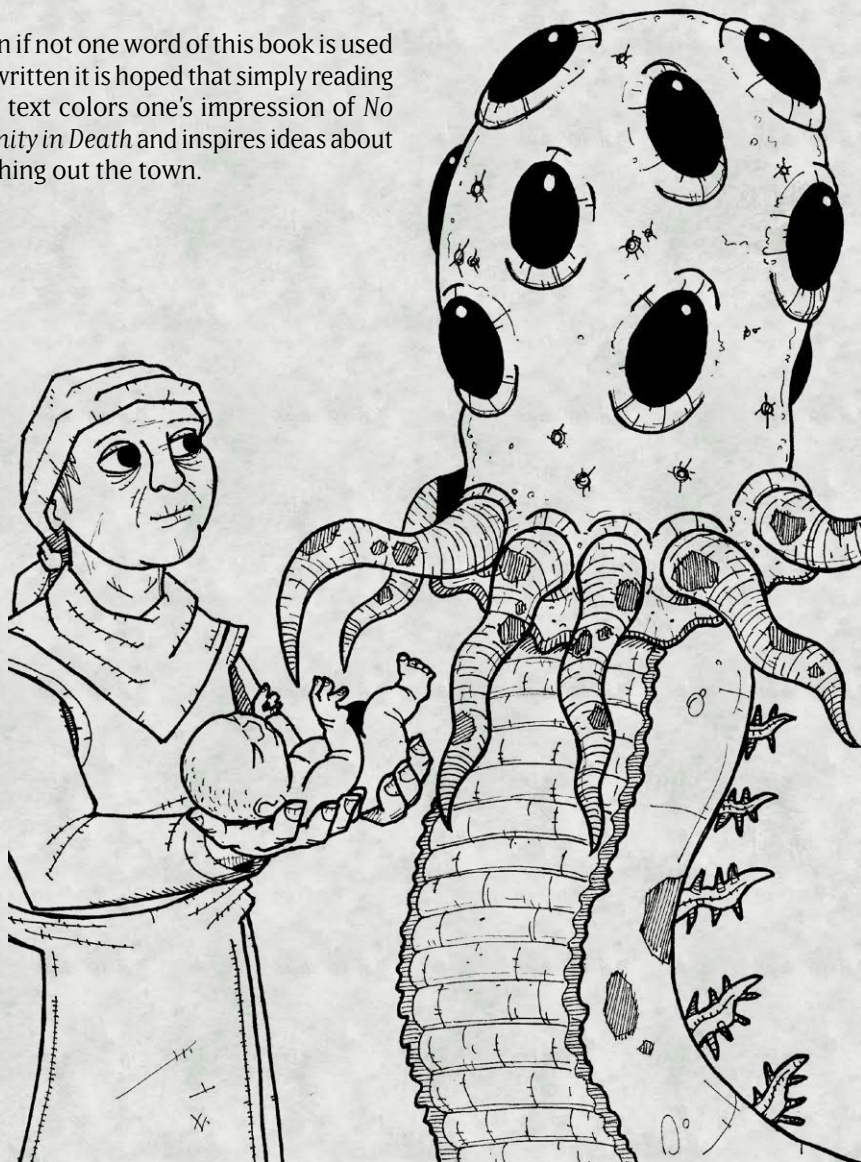
It is not expected that the entirety of this book will be used by any one Referee. The characters in this book introduce a great variety of tones and elements into the town. By deciding which characters and/or elements to use the Referee can decide whether this town is to be played for laughs, as a political dystopia, as a horror setting, as a surrealistic farce or even all of these at the same time.

By the same token many of the characters' oddities have little connection to the character itself. Elements of a character can be mixed and matched with other characters found here or in other supplements (Hommler or The Keep could have just gotten much more interesting) or NPCs of the Referee's own design.

Be aware of the effect that any change will have in other areas. For example if a Referee dislikes the idea about dwarfs being the secret overlords and protectors of the area then The Great Games portion of *No Dignity in Death* will require a major revision if it is to be used at all and there will also need to be effective fighting men in the town. Small Town Murder would require no adjustment at

all in this situation and A Lonely House on a Lonely Hill would change only in backstory that players will very likely never discover to begin with.

Even if not one word of this book is used as-written it is hoped that simply reading this text colors one's impression of *No Dignity in Death* and inspires ideas about fleshing out the town.



ABOUT PEMBROOKTONSHIRE

The less said about Pembrooktonshire in general the better in order to allow the individual Referee to tailor the setting. However there are certain assumptions made in the character write ups that must be addressed.

THE ENVIRONS

Pembrooktonshire is nestled in a mountain valley several days' journey from the nearest settlement. The town itself is surrounded by a network of hills between which are a series of fields and pastures. A river runs from the mountains into the hills forming a series of ponds and there is a large pond near the town itself.

The hills form a barrier from the outside world and the area is difficult to travel through unless knowing the proper routes. There are even forks in the road that lead only to dead ends in the hills. Many travelers seeking Pembrooktonshire never find it, spending days lost in the network of hills before giving up.

The townsfolk believe that the mountains are haunted with the spirits that guard the town and people never go there. Sure, some foolhardy teenagers and curious adults will tempt the mountains, but as often as not they do not return.

The secret of the mountains is that a large nation of dwarfs claims the mountains as their own and do not want humans encroaching on their territory. They have a network of tunnels throughout the hills surrounding the town and are always on the lookout for trouble. They

protect the town in order to keep up the spirit ruse and nobody in town knows that the dwarfs are there.

GENERAL CULTURE

Pembrooktonshire has turned tradition and correct living into a way of life.

There is a complicated mass of customs and courtesies that govern what people should do in many situations from offering (and accepting) tea and how to pay for goods in a shop to courtship and how to behave differently on different days depending on phase of the moon and day of the week. It's not so much a set of learned behaviors so much as a built-in means for everyone to feel superior over everyone else as not one single person can keep it all straight and still function in daily life. Of course the niceties are less important for those doing work and socializing amongst friends but they are essential when dealing with the important people (who often have advisors whose sole job it is to prompt them on proper etiquette).

The end result is something resembling a giant movie version of a high school clique. You're either in or you're out. And nobody wants to be out.

THE LAW

While there is a mayor and town council these are effectively figurehead positions elected in what amounts to popularity polls. They basically rubber-stamp activities initiated by important private citizens and perform Master of Ceremonies duties at festivals and such.

The only official laws really have to do with property rights, physical violence and theft. While even these are subject to the whim of the mob convincing the general public that a murder or blatant fraud is acceptable will be nigh impossible.

THE GREAT FAMILIES

The Great Families are the de facto rulers of Pembrooktonshire, not because they have power in a traditional sense but because they are the rich trend-setters that everyone wants to be. Most gossip and dinner-table conversation in town revolves around the various members of these families and what they are up to.

The great families behave like they are eternal institution, and it certainly seems so at any point in time but in fact the families that are considered "great" constantly change over the generations. It's prestige, not power.



mARRIAGE

Marriage is a very powerful political and social tool in Pembrooktonshire. Only the lower classes will marry simply for love and that usually assumes that neither party believes they have a chance to advance socially.

There is also an intense social pressure to marry and produce children. Those who are not interested in marriage are considered in many ways unfit for general society. Those who seek to marry but are unable to find a partner are pitied. Couples who do not produce children are shunned and an infertile person will find themselves divorced in short order. In this situation both spouses generally blame the other but the truth of the situation will normally come out as each finds another mate.

Once married couples are expected to behave as if they are hopelessly in love. Adultery is considered a very serious (social) offense in Pembrooktonshire and anyone caught committing it can expect many, if not most, of their close friends, acquaintances, business partners and/or customers to abandon them.

names

When a couple gets married there is no assumption that the wife will take the husband's surname. What happens is that the people involved and their familie, negotiate as to which last name will be taken. Gifts, bribes and subterfuge are almost always a part of this process. Lower-born people will want the couple to take the name of the higher-born partner in order to attach themselves to a greater family. Higher-born people will

want the couple to take the name of the lower-born partner, if they approve of the wedding at all, in order to not dilute the importance of their family name.

Sometimes families can not come to an agreement (usually because the families are so close in status) and the married couple each retains their original name. But then come children and the issue of which name they will carry flares up, far more intense than deciding what the married name will be. Pembrooktonshire-tonians do not use hyphenated names.

RELIGION

Pembrooktonshire follows the religion of All which is a monotheistic religion which recognizes one creator which set the universe in motion and monitors it to keep it in good working order. Worship and prayer to All ensures that the well-being of the worshippers is included in the definition of a universe in "good working order."

Magic of any sort is generally considered to be an offense against the working order of the universe and is generally feared and shunned, as are any practitioners.

The Church of All does recognize a number of saints. The saints are generally martyrs to All, or sometimes just great achievers who were also very pious, that are ascribed a certain profession or trait which they had in life, and those who admire or possess those traits or professions will generally also pray to the particular saint.

Organized worship is held every Sunday. There are six churches in Pembrooktonshire, one on the market square which

can hold over 500 people, and five others scattered about that hold between 100 and 250 people each. The main church is decadently decorated while the others are simple affairs.

From the point of view of what the believers do and how they express their faith the Church of All is indeed very close to Roman Catholicism. However what they actually believe is quite different. There is no mortal manifestation, or savior, or judgment day or great adversary in the religion of All. Hell is considered a real and awful place but the danger is that wicked living will attract a demon to take one to hell, not that a wicked soul will go there after death.

There are no other religions openly practiced in Pembrooktonshire. To practice another religion, or even to acknowledge the validity of such, would mean becoming an instant and permanent social outcast. Outsiders' religion is tolerated much as the strange imaginations of a small child are tolerated by adults. Any attempt to prosthetyize or engage in theological debate or even openly practice will not be taken kindly. People displaying holy symbols of other faiths will be told to cover them up.

COMMERCE

Pembrooktonshire is a very rich town. It is stinking, filthy rich. Most of that wealth is concentrated in the hands of the upper classes of course but even the lowest dirt farmers live better, freer and surely far more securely than those in similar circumstances elsewhere.

The wealth is generated by the reputation of Pembrooktonshire's artists, craftsmen

and fruit wines. Nobility, royalty and wealthy people in general pay premium prices for Pembrooktonshire goods and for all that is wrong with the town the people that create these high-priced items earn every penny. Pembrooktonshire-made or -crafted items can be placed as treasure in random hoards throughout the land because people will buy it.



PEMBROOKSHIRETONIANS



Elroy Aldersey

Elroy Aldersey, Stationery

Pembrooktonshire is an amazingly literate community, with even the poor children expected to learn how to read and write. While books and access to the printing press are available only to a few letter-writing is alive and well throughout all the social classes. Indeed it is quite fashionable to write letters to keep people updated on family business even if the recipient lives next door.

Quills and paper and ink are readily homemade but custom demands that important news be written on expensive paper using proper ink. Aldersey produces both items (even he has given up on trying to get people to buy quills instead of plucking poor passing geese) and does a steady trade.

Aldersey now concentrates on making the ink since hiring on two apprentices that seem to make paper even better than he. The problem is he spends so much time on his work and is becoming more and more absent minded and that he goes out in public stained with ink and sweating like a pig and always winds up smearing the stuff on everyone and everything.

He's not very popular lately.

Anthony Alford, Furrier

Pembrooktonshire may be situated in the most tame and settled area of existence. This creates a problem because come winter the rich people want furs and they want them in the latest styles. But where to get these furs in this area?

Despite being nestled in a mountain valley with no other civilization for miles around there are no appreciable furry animals. No bears. No wolves. Not even any deer. No lynx or ermine or anything that might have fur in any quantity let alone of any value.

It would be humiliating to buy fur from abroad. So what's a fur-man to do?

Rats and squirrels and chipmunks, that's what. And neighbor's kittens and the stray hunting dog that wanders onto his property.

Alford is an absolute wonder at taking these tiny, mundane creatures and making items of luxury out of them but if a truly valuable pelt were to land in his lap he'd have no clue what to do with it.



Anthony Alford

**Frederick Amcotts,
Corn Farmer**

Frederick makes a good enough living from his cornfields to support himself and his extended family but this is not enough for him. He needs more.

He longs for the days of communal entertainment gone by, when the crowds would gather, vendors would serve snacks and together the people would all cheer as they were spectators to entertainment of the most thrilling and noble sort.

So Amcotts has cut down a large patch of his cornfield and built a gallows, hoping that if he builds it, they will hang.



Frederick Amcotts

Marcus Arbuthnot, Sculptor

There is a vibrant artist community in Pembrooktonshire. A quality artist can make a fortune selling his work abroad and an artist that becomes successful abroad also becomes the hot fashion in town as well. And then there's the case of Marcus Arbuthnot.

Arbuthnot specializes in statues, architectural sculpture and busts. He is very good and his local patrons are always well satisfied.

Pembrooktonshiretonians celebrate Arbuthnot for his ability to capture the natural shape of things and portray the tiniest details of people, making his statues and busts frighteningly lifelike.

Foreigners are also amazed by his statue/bust work but only the first time they see it. For some reason and this is not at all noticed by the locals all of his work detailing human features winds up looking exactly like Marcus Arbuthnot.



Marcus Arbuthnot

Owen Auden, Child

Auden is the youngest child of six and is painfully shy. He never speaks louder than a whimper and tends to be ignored and forgotten.

One day Auden discovered that people actually couldn't see him. He had faded into the background so completely that he actually became invisible. Now, although still very shy and unwilling to speak to anyone and feeling uncomfortable at times he must be seen, he wanders into different places to observe people doing things. He finds it interesting how people act differently in private than they do in public.

Auden is also delusional. He's not actually invisible, it's just that people think so little of him that they simply don't care if he is around.



Owen Auden

Sebastian Auvnet, Ironmonger

With access to the mountains cut off Pembrooktonshire has to import all of their metal. Pembrooktonshire's artistic and craftworks are in such demand that gaining this material is not difficult but someone's got to organize it.

Because it would be bad form for the artisans or craftsmen to organize their own export arrangements, and because it would also be improper for one broker to be an all-in-one organizer, different traders for different goods, even if stemming from the same overall deal, have sprung up to fill both the demand for materials and the need to be proper.

For many years the ironmongers of Pembrooktonshire have been importing inferior ore. The brokers are buying it from the source then selling that ore to third parties at inflated prices ("It's Pembrooktonshire ore, superior as all our exports are!", and then buying sub-standard iron for import and of course pocketing the difference.

Auvnet continues this fine tradition.



Sebastian Auvnet

**Matilda Bainbridge,
Slovenly Trull**

Matilda has always been a scandal, deciding to live the life of pleasure and sin instead of being a proper young lady. Ostracized in public and rarely alone in private, life has caught up to Bainbridge: She is now in her forties with five children from five different fathers with the sagging body to show for it and the "gentlemen" are no longer calling.

Now it is even worse: she feels she is going insane. Two of the more cruel members of the great families of Pembrooktonshire have made a bet on whether they can make Bainbridge go insane and so they have hired ventriloquists to follow her and talk to her while they stay out of sight.

The voices are telling Matilda to do horrible and humiliating things and her will to resist is running out.



Matilda Bainbridge

Horton Baker, Butcher

Horton is a family man. He'd better be since he has twenty-eight children. And he's only thirty!

Horton and his wife enjoy engaging in marital relations more than most and as is usual with the common folk in these situations his wife Hellenne often finds herself with child. Only it's never one child or even two or three. Every time she gets pregnant she delivers at least four strong and healthy children.

The neighbors are getting upset as the younger litters cry all night and the oldest children run rampant unsupervised throughout the neighborhood. It's getting harder and harder to support the family as pressure continues to mount to use his access to livestock to feed the family instead of practicing his trade and selling to others.

Baker is getting desperate and with every chop of his cleaver he comes closer to making an irreversible decision.



Horton Baker

Alec Balfour, Town Crier

It's not all that often that there are public pronouncements to be made so Alec works most of the time as a dishwasher at a local pub. When something needs to be communicated to the people Balfour dons his official uniform, goes to the general public gathering areas and does his civic duty.

The problem is he experiences terrible stage fright and the normally well-spoken man develops a terrible and severe stutter while making pronouncements. Every time.



Alec Balfour

Gordon Balladeer, Lamplighter

Gordon is a middle-aged man who has the unenviable task of lighting Pembrooktonshire's oil street lamps every night and keeping them clean. It's a filthy job with horrible hours and after fifteen years of this labor he has become jaded and old before his time.



Gordon Balladeer

Gordon always was a good-natured kidder and practical joker but as time has worn on his good humor turns ever more often to sarcasm. However, in recent months, Gordon has become very upset as people are taking everything he says seriously and act as if it's the truth. His forty years of habit have made it difficult for him to not throw in a snide or pithy comment in every conversation, but now he is horrified that people are putting full stock on his every word (but not when he tries to explain that he's kidding...) and is gaining the reputation around town as something as a folk sage.

Dennis Bergelin, Blubberer

Oil is a valuable commodity and it seemed to Bergelin that importing hideously expensive whale oil was a losing proposition for Pembrooktonshire. But the town has no access to the sea. What to do?

The answer came as Dennis was out hunting one day perilously close to the mountains. He found a grievously wounded troll down an embankment. In a mix of greed and foolhardiness (for whatever wounded the troll must still be very close and very powerful else the troll would no longer be wounded nor indeed wounded at all!) he crept close and lopped a finger off of it before burning the rest (who hadn't heard the stories?).

In the days that followed he found to his horror that the finger was growing. A few days later when there was almost an entire arm he did some experiments and found that troll blubber oil works as well as whale oil.

Now Bergelin sells his super-secret oil (which he advertises as extremely perishable – use within days!) and is getting rich off of it.

There are only two possible problems: if Bergelin is away from home for more than a week or so, or unable to work, that hand (currently hung on an iron hook) is going to grow into enough of a troll to free itself. That won't be good.

Two, some people are stockpiling oil by buying through intermediaries. If enough of this oil is stored in one place it will have enough "troll essence" and soon some rich people are going to have real live angry trolls in their storage spaces.



Dennis Bergelin





Nigel Bingsley

Nigel Bingsley, Taxidermist

Like most working men in Pembrooktonshire Nigel is very skilled at his work, has a loving family and works hard to fit in to the social scene and come across as a moral and proper gentleman. He's even overcome the unpleasant stigma of engaging in a professional that involves playing with dead things!

But Nigel's workshop is constantly being burgled. He can't figure out what's going on. The watch is similarly clueless. Every so often one of his pieces disappears with no signs of forced entry (and he's had his locks changed a dozen times), no clues and the pieces (some of them quite large) are never seen again.

It's like the damn things just got up and walked away...



Theodosa Birkbeck

Theodosa Birkbeck, Maid

Birkbeck is an aging spinster who just isn't up to dealing with livestock anymore and so has moved into the more upscale work of cleaning the homes of rich people. It's really not so bad as work goes, as the well-to-do tend to be tidy people and the worse she has to deal with from her employers is being completely ignored. It's better than getting kicked in the face by a horse.

Her only problem is that since she doesn't much communicate with her employers, and they tend to live in such large houses, she doesn't know exactly who is in the family and who is not. She is also coming into direct contact with the ghosts of many of the families' deceased members and neither she nor they realize they are dead. And so she carries on conversations, fetches things, goes on errands and for all intents and purposes acts irrationally as far as any witnesses (her employers, mostly) are concerned.

Lloyd Borcellino, Farmer

One of Pembrooktonshire's numerous and seemingly interchangeable farmers, Lloyd does his best to work his fields and raise his livestock.

He is pitied by those that know him because he has been married for many years and he and his wife have not managed to have any children.

Or so everyone thinks. The truth is that the couple has been having children, many of them, over the year but they're not human. They're animals. Piglets. Lambs. Calfs. When they are born Lloyd just takes them out and puts them with the other animals and pretends one of his livestock just gave birth.

The couple has no idea why this is happening or even how – Mrs. Borcellino's body was quite ruined after the first birth and is no longer able to have marital relations at all and she's not into bestiality.

Whatever the cause the couple agrees on two things: it's their secret and boy oh boy is the meat from those animals the tastiest they've ever had!



Lloyd Borcellino

Clive Brodhurst, Pigeon Breeder

Clive is a man of mystery. He's undoubtedly of the town but nobody can remember growing up with him. He also has a knack for being able to hang around public places without being seen.

He bought an old man's outlying homing pigeon farm some time back and bought a large building near the center of town to house the business. He "didn't want to be so far away from where the action is," he said.

Brodhurst is a spy but he has no idea who he is spying for. He thinks there is some monastery within several days' ride that has taken vows to never be in direct contact with the outside world but wishes to receive news of it. Brodhurst makes daily reports about events both mundane and noteworthy and sends it along via carrier pigeon. The townsfolk, used to the birds flying around with messages tied to their legs, think nothing of it.

And not even Clive knows who is receiving his messages.



Clive Brodhurst

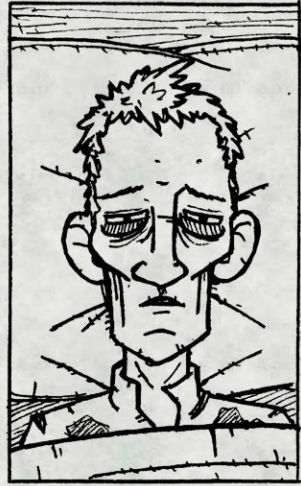
Shane Bunting, Consumption Victim

Bunting is an unfortunate man, the greatest poet of the age (his favorite topic was criticizing the lower classes) slowly wasting away in bed. Well-loved and always the life of the party when healthy, he is now shunned by all but his caregivers for fear that his illness will spread (although some believe he has become a vampire).

The truth is Bunting is not ill but haunted. An evil witch appears some nights (not every night and never while Bunting is attended) to steal his spirit and ride it to the witches' Sabbath. During this time Bunting is awake but unable to move or even breathe and feels the pain and terror of suffocation even though death cannot occur because the spirit is bound. By morning the witch returns the spirit and flies off cackling, promising to see him again.

The townsfolk think he is hallucinating as this often happens with people in the next room (and standing guard outside, as he was believed when it first started happening) and nobody has seen anyone coming and going.

Bunting's time is running out.



Shane Bunting

Thurston Butcher, Candle Maker

Butcher is a conscientious man of about thirty years of age who after an early period of unsteadiness has turned himself into an excellent candle maker. He even creates expensive candles, intricately carved and adorned with precious metals and gems, to sell to far-off royalty. The honor received from such works makes all of Pembrooktonshire proud.

In public Butcher is seen as an exceedingly polite man, always overdressed for the occasion with his expensive scarves and silk gloves and ever-present overcoat.

Thurston has been dead for twelve years.



Thurston Butcher



Jaime Bohmer

Jaime Böhmer, Milkmaid

Jaime is a young woman who makes ends meet by milking cows for several farmers. Being an unmarried young woman she of course still lives with her parents but they fear they will never be able to marry her off.

Böhmer is a very sensitive woman, so sensitive that she deeply feels any emotions happening around her. If someone else is a bit sad Jaime breaks down crying. If someone else has received good news Jaime is jumping up and down for joy. If a man smiles at her she falls in love with him. If someone stumbles over something she left in a corner and they are momentarily annoyed she feels the same guilt and shame as if she'd dropped their baby.

People really don't like being around her.

Lucas Chappelle, Goatherder

Happy with his and his family's lot in life, Lucas only wanted a quiet existence out in the hills and pastures but even this simple pleasure has been torn from him.

Some time back a few of his goats uncovered a previously unknown cave in a low hill. Chappelle found them inside, drinking from a strangely colored pool. Ever since they have become ravenous carnivores, gobbling up every rabbit, squirrel, hedgehog, cow and horse they have come across.

Chappelle spends his time in mortal fear, desperately herding the goats away from all people and away from the town.



Lucas Chappelle

Abraham Charrington, Banker

Charrington is the man responsible for receiving payments for many of the goods sold from Pembrooktonshire. He also runs a strikingly modern banking system, storing the gold of various families while issuing credit and allowing them to pay various businesses using vouchers, or cheques, that allow the recipient to redeem them for hard currency later.

As the foremost member of one of the great families of Pembrooktonshire most consider him honest to a fault and the perfect man to perform this job.

They shouldn't. He aggressively uses his foreign contacts to channel the real gold out of Pembrooktonshire and replace it with an almost identical-looking crystal (not iron pyrite!). Over the years he has basically robbed the entire town of all of its wealth.

All of the money in circulation in Pembrooktonshire (not money stored in private vaults for quite some time) is not made of precious material and the same can be said about most of the jewelry in town. It is worthless to the outside world.

But this doesn't matter the way Charrington believes. Pembrooktonshire exports, not imports, and if someone were to find out that all of the gold in town was fake the town is collectively delusional enough to declare that their "gold" is what is truly valuable and that the foreign stuff is the forgery. And good luck exporting anything after that!

Abraham Christiannse, Canemaker

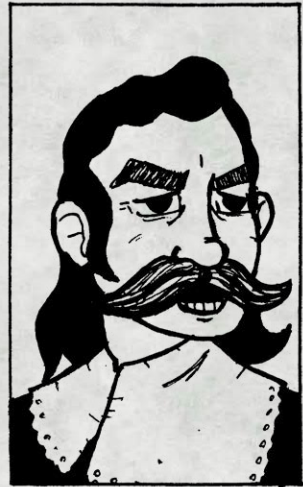
An important status symbol for men in Pembrooktonshire is the cane. Everyone who is anyone has a walking stick complete with custom-made heads made out of precious materials.

Christiannse's customers, simply attempting to obtain a fashion piece, swear that walking becomes much easier when using these canes. What is happening is that Abraham's work on the cane heads is preternatural and the canes actually do make walking easier. The problem is that men who use the canes frequently over a period of time start losing the full ability of their legs when not using the cane.

Abraham is aware of this and wishes it wasn't happening but he's not about to stop selling his canes.



Abraham Christiannse



Abraham Charrington

Peregrine Cleverdon, Locksmith

Peregrine is a rising young star in both the social and artisanal scenes of Pembrooktonshire and has the according attention of many young ladies hoping that he'll want to marry them.

He's garnered this reputation for his ostentatious custom-made locks which he seems to be able to crank out with ease. Everybody who is anybody wants one of his locks on their front door so that every passerby knows that the owner of the building is in tune with the latest style.

There's just one problem: Cleverdon is very good at making unique, attractive and prestigious-looking lock casings and keys but not so good at making actual locks. Every single lock he has ever made can be opened with the same key. He hasn't realized that just because they look different they don't function differently. Nobody else has realized it yet either.



Peregrine Cleverdon

Edwin Clover, Cockfighter

Even in a town as image-conscious as Pembrooktonshire there are smoky back-room entertainments. While it doesn't get as vulgar as some other locales there is a healthy (?) interest in cockfighting.

Clover is a champion cockfighter, training his fowl in all manner of foul tactics. His birds have won the championships four years running.

Under Clover's influence the fights have gotten bizarre. Weapons and armor are added to the dumb cluckers in order to make the fight more spectacular to onlookers, thereby increasing attendance and hopefully the betting pools.

First it was razor claws. Then a beak-blade. Then eye protection. And so more and more was added... now chicken fights resemble clockwork mecha duels more than anything else including oil-based one-shot flamethrowers and automatically triggered darts. The fights end up with the roosters having to tear through their opponent's armor and ripping off various devices before any fight can be concluded. Spectator injuries are frequent but usually minor as the rooster-sized armaments are not so large.

But someday someone is going to figure out you can put all this stuff on a man... and that man will die quickly as of course none of this is motorized and the sheer weight will render the wanna-be cyborg soldier near immobile in actual combat.

Gerald Constant, Farmer

Gerald Constant is a loving husband and father of twelve rather well-behaved children. During summer months he is up at the crack of dawn and goes to bed at sunset. He sleeps a lot in the winter.

But he's not always out in the fields or caring for the farm animals. Sometimes he's in the secret basement of one of his tool sheds, mocking and humiliating and torturing an elderly dwarf he was able to corner alone while taking a walk into the forbidden mountains some years back. Constant is perhaps the most depraved person in the entire area and the dwarf's mind shattered under the cruelty long ago.



Gerald Constant



Edwin Clover

Cows #125, 163 and 265

The farms and pastures around Pembrooktonshire are peaceful, rolling and beautiful. The livestock is healthy, the land is fertile. The usual drudgery and uncertainty that farmers elsewhere face is instead rewarding and profitable here.

Long ago, longer than any of the current citizens can remember, Pembrooktonshire welcomed visitors, had their own men worthy of note and on occasion had problems common to outlying communities: monsters. All of these qualities are now distant memories but there are reminders to be found if one knows where to look for them.

Some time back there was an infestation of doppelgangers in the area. Four of them set themselves up in Pembrooktonshire. Their activities were stealthy enough to be undetected by the powers that be but in their own subtle way they caused much mayhem, not to mention the number of villagers they murdered, ate and replaced. They were eventually defeated by a traveling group of powerful adventurers but instead of killing them the adventuring wizard decided to have some fun. He polymorphed the four into cows and made sure they did not remember their lives previous to grazing and saying "moooooo!" Collecting their treasure, the adventurers went on their merry way, never again returning to Pembrooktonshire. The cows became known as good quality stock, giving plenty of milk and somehow never growing old, so they have been sold and thieved and traded by the townsfolk over the years.

Today cows 125, 163, and 265 are coincidentally part of the same herd again. The three still graze and give milk, but if the magic that keeps them bound to these forms is ever dispelled...



Cows #125, 163, and 265

Thornton Cumberbund, Town Planner

The people of Pembrooktonshire are a fertile lot, having been encouraged to have many children and all. With such population growth new buildings and indeed new neighborhoods spring up fairly regularly. Someone has to oversee all of this construction and make sure it doesn't get out of hand.

That someone is Mr. Cumberbund, a progressive man that believes an ever-evolving community is the key to a live and vibrant society!

This translates to tearing down old buildings to make way for new ones. The more respectable families in town don't need to worry about their property but the lower-born often find themselves forced to move further from the center of town as their property is marked for destruction and rebuilding.

Cumberbund hates walking around town and seeing commoners about so he is attempting to drive them all away.



Thornton Cumberbund

Alfred Cunningham, Barrister

Alfred has always been fascinated with the idea of debate and is intensely interested in justice so it was natural to become a lawyer. Unfortunately, given that the legal system in Pembrooktonshire is largely fixed, and certainly no one of consequence would ever hire low-born legal counsel, Alfred is very poor.

Instead of giving up on his dream (not to mention at this point he enjoys annoying the establishment with his attempts to argue against them) Alfred has figured out a way to make his profession feed his family even if his clients don't have much money and he never wins his cases.

He requires all consultations to happen at the client's house over dinner which the client must provide. Cunningham brings his entire family (and he's got a lot of kids) over to eat as well.



Alfred Cunningham

Veronica da Vinci, Expensive Doxy

Of the dozen or so prostitutes operating in town only one has a degree of respectability. Of course this has been gained by being so expensive that only a very few can afford her but her parlor in the middle of town never fails to gain attention as its façade and décor are changed seasonally. It's always a sensation.

Da Vinci's (public) bedchamber is the most impressive display of splendor and decadence in town. Among its delights is the heavy use of an exotic incense which renders men utterly impotent while in its vapors. Once before her, da Vinci ridicules them and threatens to expose their shortcomings to the world (not being able to perform in the chambers of Ms. da Vinci would be a fatal social blow) unless they return, paying full price, at least twice more and spread the word about how ecstatic their experience was.



Veronica da Vinci

Lancelot Dashwood, Eunuch

Young and unmarried ladies must be allowed out of the house every so often in order to experience the vulgarity of town society but it is imperative that they be protected and chaperoned at all times by a member of the stronger sex. Family members often have duties to attend to and having these young women be left to the company of other men would be scandalous!

Castration is not a punishment in Pembrooktonshire (they consider it as utterly barbaric) so eunuchs are very rare. A eunuch has not much to lose socially (no chance to marry let alone marry well) by admitting his condition but much to gain professionally as concerned rich parents are always looking for non-threatening minders for their daughters.

Enter Mr. Dashwood. The problem is, Mr. is actually a Ms. Lucretia Dashwood who has always been a tomboy farmer's daughter, with a stocky build and not many curves or feminine facial features. Dressing up as a man and fooling the townsfolk isn't difficult. Being alone with so many innocent young women gives Dashwood an opportunity to commit many scandals-in-the-making of her own.

Martina de Almeida, Housewife

The typical woman in Pembrooktonshire is subject to a lot of stress and work but not so much pressure. Keeping the home and raising the children while the husband performs some sort of trade is tough work, for sure, but the family's name won't come under scrutiny if one has a bad day housekeeping unless important guests drop by but how often does that happen to someone who can't afford cleaning staff?

At least that's how it is in the town proper if not in the outlying farm areas. Out on the farm the wife is right there with the husband, doing all of the heavy lifting and taking care of the kids and keeping house.

Many wives, when out of earshot of the men and the cultural elite, decry this as unfair and demeaning. De Almeida, on the other hand, would love to be able to have the option of devoting her life to her man and keeping a lovely and splendid home but she can't.

She doesn't know who her husband is. She thinks she remembers the man she married but every day a new man walks in the door. He looks different, has a different name and is indeed a different man, but he calls her Dearest and is called Daddy by their three children.



Martina de Almeida



Lancelot Dashwood

Polly de Kook, Cheap Trollop

Being known as the town's cheapest whore hasn't done much to make Polly's life enjoyable but it manages to pay the bills.

Polly is also a horrible gossip which when combined with having a genuinely friendly and curious personality allows her to learn more about her clients than they wish to tell. This attracts the attention of "clients" more interested in her information than her services but de Kook seems blissfully unaware of the intrigue that surrounds her.

She is also completely unaware that much of what she knows is wrong. Polly suffers from intensely lucid dreams to the point where she can not tell what has happened and what was dreamt. She is not an imaginative girl and her dreams are basically alternate versions based on her real life reinforced by her opinions of the people involved. For example as she believes her married clients are for the most part bad men she dreams of them doing or saying bad things. People that she likes do good and kind things in her dreams and she gossips about it as if it were all real.



Polly de Kook

Helio DeCameron, Cobbler

A middle-aged bachelor, DeCameron has been very lucky in business and not so lucky in love. Unbeknownst to him a number of shoe fairies have long inhabited his property and wish to remain hidden. When DeCameron begins work on his shoes the fairies put him to sleep and do his work for him, all the while frolicking in their shoe fairy manner. They are quick to hide when visitors come and DeCameron, after all these years, credits his blackouts to some sort of transcendental state of crafting.

But he can't find a wife. The last woman he brought around must have run off when he went into one of his trances but were his customers ever so pleased with the quality of the leather shoes he made that day!



Helio Decameron

Hector Degauchy, Postman

The oldest and most respected of the small Pembrooktonshire postal service, Degauchy manages to deliver more mail in less time than anyone ever has. His six-hour route takes him merely four hours.

That's very unusual considering that half of his mail are letters written by people that don't exist, is delivered to addresses that don't exist and were sent (with proper postage!) from addresses that don't exist.

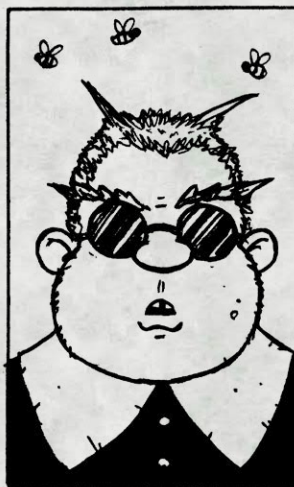


Hector Degauchy

Giles Denton, Beekeeper

Giles is a man in his early thirties that prefers the finer things in life from clothing to furniture to women. The premium he charges for his honey supports all this and more.

Giles has delusions of grandeur and has taken to learning how to control his bees using pheromones and is convinced his bee army could be used to make him ruler of Pembrooktonshire. He has successfully engineered the death of several local animals this way but has been hesitant to try it on a human. If only there were some strangers that could be used for the test...



Giles Denton

Warren Diadoro, Jeweler

Diadoro is one of the more trusted men in Pembrooktonshire. He is the man who creates, repairs, polishes and modifies jewelry for the richest people in town.

The thing that annoys Warren about his job is when people want him to repair or polish items that he didn't create. When doing these duties he heats these items up over a flame and damned if half the jewelry worn by the nobles doesn't have some sort of weird foreign squiggly writing that appears only when heated.



Warren Diadoro

Louis Diggle, Wagon Maker

Many of the rich hate that they must walk on the streets like commoners so the demand for wagons and coaches is far above what it should be for a town of this size. Many of the wealthy use coaches to travel across their own estates or even courtyards!

Louis is the main man responsible for creating these coaches. Because this is a matter of upper class pride the coaches are becoming exceedingly extravagant and decadent with ridiculous amenities that make them resemble mobile homes more than conveyances. Many commoners don't live in accommodations as luxurious or sometimes even as spacious as a nobleman's coach.

As time goes on and Diggle's designs become even more outrageous, and then become standardized so even more middle-class clients can afford certain upgrades, previous wealthy clients feel their coaches need to be improved so Diggle and his team always have plenty to do.

Not all of the added luxury is unnecessary as the ingenuity of Diggle and his team have resulted in wagons and coaches that feature superior handling, comfort (no matter how rocky the road, the passengers enjoy a smooth ride), cleanliness (the pulling horses' refuse never touches the ground) and safety.

Diggle also hires people to perform random acts of vandalism on coaches and wagons just because enough business is never enough.

Edward Dilhorne, Clockmaker

It takes a detail-oriented and fastidious man to successfully build a working, dependable clock from scratch. Unfortunately Dilhorne is not a detail-oriented or fastidious man.

His clocks are things of absolute beauty, have no doubt. And they work. Dilhorne's problem is consistency. He has great difficulty creating clocks that tell time at the same rate as other clocks.

Luckily, his clocks are sympathetic to his plight and do what they can to protect his reputation. Clocks that are near each other, say within a city block, synchronize themselves to each other. However, they may be hours off from clocks across town and significant minutes off from clocks several blocks away.

But when someone checks their neighbor's clock it matches theirs. Most people in Pembrooktonshire cannot agree on how long a particular trip or errand takes or believe they are very fast or experience great periods of lost time.



Edward Dilhorne



Louis Diggle

Herbert Dooley, Tobacconist

One of the few importers operating in Pembrooktonshire, Dooley is under constant scrutiny to be sure he is not falling under foreign influence. But a certain percentage of the population loves their tobacco (the upper class smokes it, everyone else generally eats it) and it doesn't grow anywhere near the town.

The thing is, Dooley's supplier realized very quickly that neither Dooley nor anyone in Pembrooktonshire actually knows what tobacco really is. Dooley's first attempts to import it brought the real thing but the coughing and wheezing associated with first-time smokers made it unfashionable. After complaining to the tobacco growers who supply him, they began to send a "better" batch of tobacco which was easier to smoke and better tasting. It immediately sold better and became fashionable to smoke during social events.

But it isn't tobacco.



Herbert Dooley

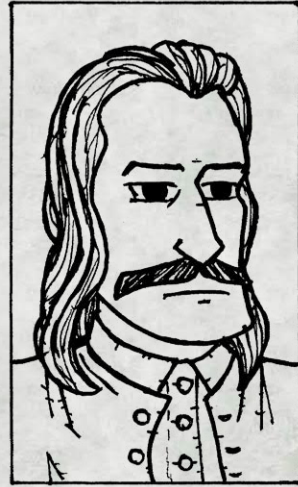
Joseph Dornford, Soldier

Very rarely a Pembrooktonshiretonian leaves the town to spend a good amount of time abroad and is accepted back into society when he returns. Dornford is one such man. He left town as a young man to follow his dreams of excitement and glory as a soldier and was gone for fifteen years.

Because he wrote letters home every day, and because his family is generally well-regarded, and because he was very dismissive and downright insulting of outsider culture after returning he was received as a returning hero and acknowledged as the fiercest fighter Pembrooktonshire has ever seen.

The problem is Dornford has never seen actual combat. When he served he looked good in his dress uniform, followed orders well, peeled a lot of potatoes and guarded his general's tent well. But never once did he cross swords with or even so much as fired an arrow in the general direction of an enemy.

Not knowing the difference the townsfolk will always believe Dornford's stories and advice on combat, battle and strategy over anyone else even if they are veterans of actual wars.



Joseph Dornford

Edmund Dusserre, Diplomat

There are dungslingers and manual laborers and plumbers and gravediggers and all sorts of undesirable jobs in Pembrooktonshire. Then, worse, are jobs which almost require exposure to foreigners, and, worse than that, travel to foreign lands. Brokers and export merchants are considered to have a tough job for that reason but at least they bring in all the wealth that fuels Pembrooktonshire.

But a diplomat? That's a grubby, thankless, miserable job if there ever was one.

Pembrooktonshire is rich and non-militarized. It takes hard work, leverage and keen negotiating skills in order to keep Pembrooktonshire free from outside interference.

Sure, Pembrooktonshire is technically part of some far-off noble's territory or within the borders of some empire or another. When history is written, if Pembrooktonshire is mentioned at all, it will be considered as just another town in some greater power's holdings.

But the reality is Pembrooktonshire is self-governing and unsupervised thanks to the efforts of Mr. Dusserre and those diplomats that came before him. He is responsible for going "abroad" and maintaining this state of affairs.

In the past this has been done through bribery. The outside ruling power gets a cut of the trade leaving Pembrooktonshire plus tributes custom-made by the finest craftsmen in town. Today this doesn't happen. Dusserre doesn't visit

anyone. He keeps the tribute and levies for himself and lives the high life when not in Pembrooktonshire.

What he has done is convinced the powers-that-be that another village, a rather poor one, is Pembrooktonshire, which has resulted in heavy persecution of that village for its refusal to pay its "fair share" and for hiding its assets from the auditors that come to assess what that fair share should be and for trying to deceive the crown as to the very name of the place.

After one of the frequent purges Dusserre will prostrate himself in front of the ruler asking for mercy, spinning such a web of lies as to keep the real Pembrooktonshire safe and hidden.

Whenever dealing with a different ruler, or when a ruler (or advisor) changes Edmund chooses another place to be "Pembrooktonshire." At present there are five different villages which he has so named, all five being heavily persecuted by the regional rulers, and there is even a war being waged between royal noble houses over who has dominion over one of these "Pembrooktonshires."

Charles Englefield, Barber

Charles is one of the town's barbers, cutting hair, shaving customers and performing dentistry all day long.

Englefield has a list of "approved" hair, moustache and beard styles which he himself determines according to what he believes to be proper for a Pembrookshiretonian. Customers are not shown this list but anyone who chooses a style that is not approved is also diagnosed with a dental problem. Painful surgery follows.



Charles Englefield



Edmund Dusserre

Bernard Eyre, Leech

Eyre is head of one of the great families of Pembrooktonshire and is the foremost man of medicine in town.

His methods are barbaric. He does use leeches, he bleeds his patients nearly dry when they are ill, prescribes near-lethal poisonous “remedies” and generally is sadistic to those that dare need his services. He also prescribes courses of laxatives and even more disgusting “fitness regimens” for healthy patients seeking ways to remain so.

He is so highly thought-of socially that it is considered a deliberate insult and a scandal if someone that can afford his services chooses not to. And how ungrateful and lacking in social graces it would be to dare to not improve if under Dr. Eyre’s care! On occasion when one of his patients dies the deceased’s family is so mortified that their relative would have the audacity to die while under the care of someone so well-respected that they pay the doctor a generous sum of money as an apology for the impertinence.



Bernard Eyre

Titricia Finn, Midwife

A spinster in her early 60s, Ms. Finn handles the deliveries for the majority of Pembrooktonshire’s births. She’s very good; she’s never lost a mother or a child in her care.

While she goes to church every Sunday and keeps up appearances Titricia is not what she seems. She worships the Outer Powers and they have given her a task. After delivering a baby she takes it into a private room to “be cleaned.” She insists on privacy and because of her flawless reputation no one argues. Here the child is traded to an agent of the Outer Powers for a changeling, a facsimile of the child so perfect that neither the parents nor the child will ever realize it isn’t a natural human. Changelings are more impulsive and stubborn than the norm and tend to be more physical than intellectual (-1 Intelligence and Wisdom, +1 Strength and Constitution) but otherwise are human. The only clues that they are something else are that protection spells affect them as if they were summoned beings and because they have no true souls they can never be raised from the dead.

Because she does not handle every birth in town and because sometimes she just doesn’t have the opportunity to do the switch in time there is a 1 in 4 chance that any Pembrooktonshire native under the age of 30 is a natural, normal human.

Horace Fitzherbert, Philosopher

A stunningly calculating merchant and leading producer of sweet candies in his prime, Horace has stepped down from active work, and his position as head of one of Pembrooktonshire's great families in order to write books and reveal the nature of the universe to the people.

His writings of course are very traditional, recalling golden days that never were and ideals that are impossible for people to live up to.

His most famous work is called Suspicion as Proof. It supposes that people have excellent intuition and that while an individual may be mistaken the collective opinions of a group of people would not be. Therefore, if there is mass suspicion, it should usually be taken as proof that the suspected thing is true.

The book made him famous and well-liked about town and he is considered one of the foremost intellectuals in Pembrooktonshire history. He is often consulted on matters he knows absolutely nothing about but that's okay since it's his intuition that is important more than his knowledge.

And to those that disagree with his theories the question must be asked: what are you hiding?



Horace Fitzherbert



Titricia Finn

Selina Foxlowe, Expensive Doxy

Selina is one of the more accepted mistresses in town. Some say she is even fashionable as she has made a career of comforting wealthy and influential widowers in their grief.

Foxlowe creates more discussion amongst the common folk because of her hair. Rumor has it that she has never cut it and it is kept in perfect condition. Her hairstyles, especially at large social gatherings (and especially when she is on the hunt for a new man) are legendary.

The truth is she hates her hair and is unable to cut it. It is indestructible, immune to pulling, cutting, tearing, burning or anything else that has ever been tried to control it.



Selina Foxlowe

Richard Frost, Poet

Frost is a teenager studying philosophy under the wise men of the town. However, Frost sees himself first and foremost as a poet of the people, being able to give voice to the young and underclass who normally have no say in the running of the town. He actually fancies himself as something of an anarchist and revolutionary.

The reality is he is a grubby little gutter-snipe, quick to assert dominance when he believes he is in control but cowering and shifting blame when anyone is in the least way forceful with him. While fronting as an anarchist he will be quick to summon the authorities if he witnesses any illegal behavior and he can be quick to notify the authorities about anyone he doesn't like on charges he gleefully invents.



Richard Frost

Geoff, Imprisoned Traveller

Geoff is Foreign, and therefore Suspicious. Travelling on business he would not disclose, Geoff asked too many questions (when the only question acceptable to the people of Pembrooktonshire would have been "What is the quickest way to leave and never come back?") and so was bashed over the head, chained up, and stuffed in a cellar while the townsfolk agree on what to do with him. They are getting close to some sort of (fatal) consensus. He is a decent enough fellow and would very much like to be freed.



Geoff

Theodore Geurts, Thief

Geurts is one of the few ne'er-do-wells of Pembrooktonshire, never having done an honest day's work in his life yet somehow always managing to keep his head above water.

His rationale for living like this is it just isn't fair that the Geurts name has been maligned through the years and should be higher up on the social ladder. He can name ancestors that did "great" things and how the town should have celebrated them.

His only problem is that there are no fences in town so it doesn't do him any good to steal items of value (not that it stops him). It has to be coins only if he is to receive any immediate benefit from it. He knows that someday he'll have the opportunity to leave town on a trip to sell his various stolen goods so in the meantime he has started feeding his jewels and small valuables to ducks that live around the local pond. Most days he can be found there feeding and being very defensive of these ducks.



Theodore Guerts

Thomas Grayson, Shipbuilder

Pembrooktonshire is near a river and has a rather large pond (it is a bit generous to call it a proper lake) but it is essentially landlocked. The river is non-navigable by anything more than a kayak and the pond isn't worth much more than a romantic canoe trip.

But Grayson is building a boat. A very large boat.

Up until a couple years ago Thomas was an accomplished and popular woodworker, being favored for all sorts of jobs. After earning enough money to realize his dream he quit and began his shipyard behind a hillock, out of sight of the town near neither the river nor the pond. The people laugh at him, forcing him to pay premium wages for hired help on the project.

He claims that there will be a great flood and the only way to survive will be aboard his vessel. He claims to have been contacted from above and given the holy duty to save two of every family in Pembrooktonshire, one man and one woman, so that after the world is washed away the townsfolk will finally claim their rightful inheritance – the entire world.

To this end his boat (about 20% finished at this point) is being constructed as the finest luxury boat ever conceived, at least for the areas reserved for those of sufficient status. His deck plans are a thing of architectural beauty and madness.

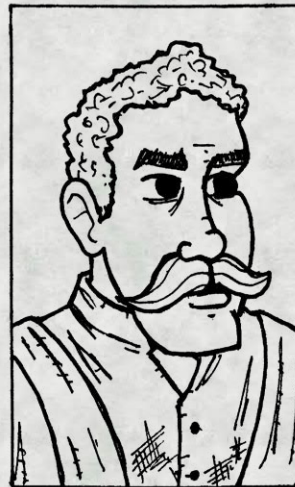
Grayson is right. There will be a flood. Someday. In this lifetime, in a hundred generations, who knows? And when it happens, the laughing will stop. Two by

two the chosen survivors of Pembrooktonshire will file onto the craft.

And it will not float.



Thomas Grayson



Boyd Grutzmuller

Boyd Grützmüller, Carpenter

Grützmüller is a hard working family man who is serious about his craft, never assumes he knows best and constantly seeks to learn new tricks. He is obsessed with being better than he is, forever fearing to become complacent.

This obsession has caused Boyd to tap into a state of superconsciousness while working and the result is very unusual. Even the simple work that he does looks very artistic. The demand for his work is increasing as people become aware of the unique appearance of a Boyd-crafted piece.

Boyd's work is physically impossible and operates on laws of physics alien to this dimension. Still, everything holds together. If for some reason magic were to be dispelled in the area of anything he has worked on it would fall completely apart.



Royston Haddingfield

Royston Haddingfield, Builder

Haddingfield is a smart and still-strong middle-aged widower who along with his sons Tony, Reggie and Vasey, performs most of the major construction and renovation work around town. There are few residences and fewer public buildings that have not been improved by the work of the Haddingfields' skillful hands.

In his spare time he socializes and plays darts down at The Last Stop and is an accomplished whittler. Every Saturday morning he dutifully takes a beautiful bouquet of flowers to the grave of his wife. He has never so much as thought about another woman in the six years since she passed.

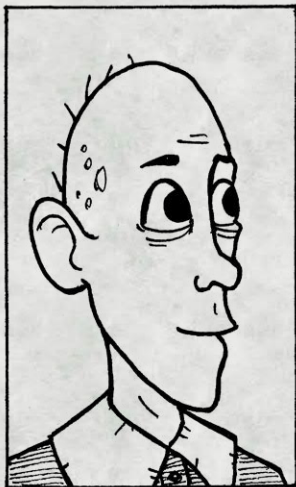
Haddingfield and his sons scam the town in one particular way: they always screw up their jobs in minor but noteworthy ways. They then offer to fix it for free and are willing to construct a secret cellar in return for the client not speaking about the mistake and thus ruining the Haddingfield's perfect reputation. They've been running this scheme for two generations now and so most of the people of Pembrooktonshire have a secret place of their own that no one knows about and they also think nobody else has such a place.

Randolph Harnsworth, Dog Breeder

Harnsworth is one of Pembrooktonshire's great families. While Rudolph is not the leader of the clan, not yet anyway, he is the most highly thought of as he is in the prime of his life (which is considered the 40s in Pembrooktonshire) and socially active.

It is he who breeds and trains all of the dogs for one of the favorite pastimes of the Pembrooktonshire elite: fox hunting.

Because dogs are not native to the Pembrooktonshire area the Harnsworth family, several generations back, imported chihuahuas to be used as fox hunting dogs. They're perfect as there is a high turnover rate (foxes can easily deal with one chihuahua while a pack of chihuahuas can take down a fox) and few people can stand the yapping of dozens of chihuahua puppies. Luckily Randolph is deaf.



Randolph Harnsworth

Esther Hart, Haughty Courtesan

Esther has worked hard all her life attempting to rise above her farming roots and make something spectacular of herself. As the years went on she was getting desperate... she was almost 20! It was almost too late! She was almost old!

She set out to intensely study the manner and custom of the upper class and soon was seen on the arms of gentlemen of the upper class.

These days she is always in the company of an influential and well thought-of member of society and is so scared of returning to her lower class standing that she actively scorns those of lesser station.

Oh, and she has a functional extra eye on the bottom of her left foot.



Esther Hart

Maurice Heathcote, Pontificator

The oldest member of this great family of Pembrooktonshire was in his prime the highest ranking priest in town. He was also one of the first people to publish his philosophies and thoughts and thus his influence and importance rose to even greater heights.

His book *Personal Holiness* established the tone of Pembrooktonshire religion forevermore. It describes the “correct” ways to hold ceremonies, how often people need to go to church (every Sunday barring extraordinary circumstances!) and most importantly how to detect unbelievers through everyday behavior.

More relevant to visiting adventuring parties, according to *Personal Holiness*, traveling far from home is considered a warning sign for devil worship as is not being close with one’s family. Heathcote’s view has always been that magic use, including and perhaps especially Clerical magic, is sinful. No priest native to Pembrooktonshire will use Clerical magic.



Maurice Heathcote

Phoebe Herculanu, Brazen Strumpet

One of the dozen or so “working girls” in town, Phoebe takes her share of grief from the more upstanding citizens. Then she takes her share of money from their husbands.

Those that “spend time” with Herculanu experience hallucinations and don’t remember the time they are physically with her. What they do experience is some sort of spiritual awakening and begin volunteering at the church or helping out the less fortunate. One thing they don’t really do afterwards is patronize prostitutes.

The truth is Herculanu is very religious and performs her profession as a means to spread the word. She considers it especially important to share her beliefs with foreigners since they are more at risk for unholy behavior. She’s willing to be a social martyr for the cause.



Phoebe Herculanu

William Hoffmann, Interpreter

Most Pembrooktonshiretonians do not like to speak to foreigners. Hoffmann has turned this fact into a very popular living.

On the rare occasion that an unexpected outsider wanders into town most folks will pretend to not understand what they are saying, claiming they do not speak the outsider’s language (and plainly saying so). Everything the foreigner says will be treated as complete gibberish and the local folk will openly speak about the poor manners and habits of the people in front of them.

Enter Mr. Hoffmann. Luckily he knows both languages and he will offer to act as the foreigners’ interpreter at a very special price! The townsfolk know his schtick and they will speak to him, who will then repeat the words to the foreigner, and repeat the process back, even though everyone is speaking the same language.

And he doesn’t understand any other language.



William Hoffman

Tobias Holmes, Playwright

Tobias is one of the few people who are celebrated locally while remaining totally unknown outside of town. As Pembrooktonshire's foremost playwright and producer of popular entertainment Holmes is sure to cater to the hometown crowd.

He does this by completely ripping off plays written abroad down to the last stage direction, changing only the names and nationalities of the characters so that all the good guys are from Pembrooktonshire and all the bad guys are from anywhere else. The bad guys always wear masks on stage as it is considered taboo for Pembrooktonshire actors to portray foreigners. The masks don't hide their identities but it is understood they are following tradition so nothing untoward is considered to be happening.

Many a murder mystery has been given away in the first minute by the fact that only one character is not local.

The punters don't seem to mind as they enjoy seeing Pembrooktonshire portrayed positively on the stage and since foreign entertainers never travel here on their own not even the most well-educated have ever so much as heard of the most famous plays, songs or dances.

Holmes exploits this ruthlessly and has the most self-important attitude imaginable to boot.



Tobias Holmes

Myron Hunsley, Shoe Salesman

Because the upper class of Pembrooktonshire dislike dealing directly with those who get their hands dirty (craftsmen!) and because footwear is perhaps the hardest piece of clothing of all to fit properly a very small group of people now make their living selling shoes.

Hunsley is something of a podologist, able to read people's personalities just by feeling the contours of their feet. This has given him much stress. Intellectually he knows every one of his customers is an upstanding leader of the community... but the feet never lie.

Perhaps he should read his own feet and then he would think twice before attempting to concoct a variety of poisons in order to "save" the town.



Myron Hunsley

Rupert Irving, Chemist

While Irving is indeed a professional chemist and concocts many remedies to cure what ails the townsfolk in his off-hours he is a full-blown, all-out mystical alchemist, searching for the formula to turn base metals into gold.

Like all alchemists before him he has been unsuccessful. However, lately he has been able to create an odd green rocklike material from iron and copper. He isn't quite sure what it is but he is sure it has some arcane properties. If only he could discover what they are...



Rupert Irving

Barnabas James, Chimney Sweep

There are few jobs less glamorous than that of a chimney sweep. Up on roofs all day, continuously covered in soot...

You can find the most amazing things stuck in chimneys especially when half the population thinks it's clever to make a secret compartment behind a brick in the chimney. James makes it a point to take all of the items he finds in chimneys and switch them all around so everyone has someone else's secret stuff in their own secret place.



Barnabas James

Frances Kingsford, Farmer

Kingsford had long enjoyed the rather peaceful life of a farmer, thankful that he had a large landholding and the freedom to do as he wills.

This changed several years ago when a meteorite crashed in the middle of his cornfield. Kingsford was at first pleased because the soil seemed super-fertilized by this occurrence and the crop grew healthy and fast but also violent. The corn, while still rooted in place, became animate and seemed unwilling to be harvested. Frances had to become an agricultural warrior, cutting down the stalks one duel at a time.

The resulting corn was so sweet and large and profitable and he feared people wouldn't buy it anymore if they found out it was alive so Frances kept his secret and became a "bad neighbor," erecting fences and yelling at kids to stay off his property and not inviting folks over for supper, ever.

This has put a great strain on his family but after his young son was almost killed by a cornstalk they know it is for the best.

Of course there are always a few people every year that disappear without a trace because Kingford's field is such a tempting shortcut between town and a nearby stream... and many of the prospectors who supposedly never return from the mountains never actually reach the mountains.



Frances Kingsford

Abigail Laffey, Housewife

Abigail was orphaned at birth. Her father was killed when he attempted to throw his wife down a flight of stairs only to have the tables turned on him and Abigail's mother died in childbirth. Growing up she was teased and abused by other children for being so crass as to not have a real family but eventually found her inner strength, found a husband (for the Laffey name was still strong) and has over the years produced a large family.

The couple's sixth child has just been born and Abigail awaits the seventh, for she knows it will grow to be a person of great power and influence in the world.

Yet still she fears the gallop of approaching horses...



Abigail Laffey

Addison Lakely, Retiree

Addison Lakely is a centenarian who still enjoys surprisingly good health. Long ago he was known as a master gardener and herbalist but for the past thirty years he has been living off of his savings and the goodwill of the townsfolk. He is a well-known personality about town, being its oldest resident and taking frequent long walks around town, conversing with the people and playing with the children.

However his mental state has been deteriorating for some time and his short-term memory is almost non-existent. When he greets neighbors he often forgets that he has met them before even if he has greeted them every day for the previous month. This, combined with his frequent mumbling to himself, has caused many

people to avoid him. He has perfect memory of things several decades old, however, and does tell such tales that entertain the people... the first time or three he tells them.

Addison is very concerned about the happiness and well-being of his neighbors, and so takes care to maintain the cheery, folksy appeal of Pembrooktonshire life. To accomplish this he uses a talent he cultivated long ago: Lakely is a Magic-User of some small ability. Eighty years ago he apprenticed under a great magician and although he had great aptitude for the magical arts social pressures convinced him to give it up. He did manage to attain fifth level but these days has but three spells in his book: *Read Magic*, *Detect Magic*, and *Dispel Magical Aura*. Due to age and other factors, aside from his spell

usage he is for all statistical purposes a normal man.

Addison's long walks are often just an excuse for him to detect magic around town so that he may then follow it up with *Dispel Magic Aura*. This third level spell removes the magical signature from an item/area/person but not the magic; it functions as normal but no longer detects as magical. The spell is permanent (until dispelled by magic!) but anyone detecting magic while using a scrying spell can see the obscured enchantment.

However, in his senile state, Addison thinks he's dispelling the magic altogether. So for over twenty years now every magical thing in Pembrooktonshire has existed in secret and nobody knows...



Addison Lakely

Justin Laroux, Glassblower

Laroux is a master of his craft. Few people on the planet can make works of glass art as skillful as Justin can nor can they make everyday jars and wine glasses appear so exotic.

Justin is also a painter and one of his favorite pastimes is to scope out a local store selling some durable good, make a very fragile glass replica and paint it to where it is indistinguishable from the original item barring close inspection. Then he replaces the item. Hilarity ensues! His favorite is when he replaces food items at a market stall with glass and sees some poor bastard get a mouthful of glass shards.



Justin Laroux

Sophie-Rosemary Laverick, Housewife

All Rosemary ever wanted was to marry a wonderful man and raise a lovely family. She thought she was blessed to live in a community as close-knit and strong as Pembrooktonshire and indeed married well and thought her life was going to be absolutely perfect as soon after she found herself with child.

But her life has turned into a nightmare. She has discovered that her husband has made a pact with the devil to impregnate Sophie-Rosemary with the guarantee that the child will grow up first to elevate the Laverick family to the level of the great families of Pembrooktonshire and then to rule over them all. Sophie was horrified but could live with this. Her child would be successful and influential!

And then she was visited by an angel who informed Laverick that her unborn son will indeed grow to rule Pembrooktonshire as promised but during his rule will cause the downfall and finally the total destruction of the town. The only way this can be stopped is if Sophie-Rosemary sacrifices her son when he is exactly one year old.

The angel thought it was bringing joyous news to one of the oppressed souls of the town and reassuring her that nothing can stop it if she does nothing. The angel did not for a moment consider that the citizens here do not realize how wicked the place is and want to see this way of life continue forever.

Sophie of course considers this horrible news! On one hand... influence and power! On the other... infamy and failure! She can't possibly harm her child... but she also won't let any harm come to the community. What will she do?



Sophie-Rosemary Laverick

Algernon Le Strange, Youth

A boy of just fourteen, Algernon is being groomed for greatness as the heir of the Le Strange legacy. One of Pembrooktonshire's great families, the Le Stranges are embroiled in a bitter generations-long feud with the equally powerful Quedgely family.

Tensions between the families are bound to rise as Algernon has fallen in love with Elmira Quedgely, a girl just one year his senior. More than a few members of both families would kill to prevent their youth from becoming "corrupted" by a member of the other family.

So Algernon and Elmira find ways to escape into each other's arms, unseen by all... for now.

What nobody realizes is that due to a string of coincidences facilitated by Juliette Wilcox's masks Algernon Le Strange and Elmira Quedgely are brother and sister.



Algernon Le Strange

Wendy Lillywhite, Wanton Wench

As a barmaid at the Squicky Wicket Lillywhite has earned quite the reputation. She is drop-dead gorgeous and very friendly to all who pass through the door. When someone with a bit more money than sense comes in she really goes to work.

She does everything she can, including heavy flirting and even promising downright obscene things, to get the person drunk and up to her private room above the bar. There she drugs them and robs them. If they live nearby (and she will find out where they live while flirting with them) she will take their key, visit their home and take valuables from there.

The victim is then taken back downstairs into a back room where the owner (who gets a cut of the action) will attest to the victim simply having too much to drink.



Wendy Lillywhite

Raymond Lolley, Village Idiot

Raymond Lolley's parents died when he was a baby and he was soon adopted by the Lolley family who herded sheep to the south of town. A troubled child who kept to himself, Lolley found himself more comfortable around the sheep and the sheepdog than with other humans. His adoptive family died in a house fire when Raymond was 13 and there was no one else to take him in.

Doing odd jobs around town, Raymond made enough money to keep himself (in the same apartment he still lives in over Church Street off the Market Square) but withdrew even more as the people of this crowded, crowded town continually mocked him and pretended that they remember him doing things and having conversations that he never did. Now Raymond Lolley is acutely paranoid and neurotic, never coming out of his room unless he absolutely must for fear of the townsfolk taunting him with their imaginary acquaintance.



Raymond Lolley

Raymond Lolley, Street Sweeper

Orphaned as a baby, the boy who would be named Raymond was adopted by the Lolley family, who were professional dyers whose pungent profession ensured that they would not be very popular in social circles. When that family died after their dyes caught fire Lolley went to live with Lolley family relatives in another town.

When he returned in his teens, for the family he lived with never considered him one of their own, he found that nobody seemed to believe that he'd ever been gone. They treated him as if he was an added soul of childlike mind and found that he was laughed at when he tried to become an apprentice to various craftsmen around town.

Living now in a small apartment over a shop on High Street (near the Market Square), Raymond almost fears going out in the day. He fears he is going mad as the townsfolk often greet him and have a laugh about things he doesn't remember. The people of Pembrooktonshire are not cruel or mad in Raymond's eyes so the problem must be him. He knows he is losing his mind and lives in fear that one day he will blank out and never come back. So now he performs his duties at night, tries to avoid being seen, and waits for oblivion...

Homer Longacre, Serf

Pembrooktonshire is obviously not a shining example of a progressive community but in truth the oppressive nature of the town is overwhelmingly due to social, not legal, pressures. Even the lowest-born is still a free man, able to seek and earn his fortune in just about any way he sees fit. In fact doing so is the best way to ensure that one's children aren't the lowest-born of their time. It's a long, cruel road but there is opportunity, both economic and social, for anyone willing to be soulless enough to chase it.

But not the Longacres. An artifact of the old days when Pembrooktonshire was more of a proper feudal holding, the Longacre families are serfs in the literal sense. They are tied to the land, forbidden from seeking other professions and are basically owned by the owners of the land they live and work on.

This is not an oversight. The wealthy of Pembrooktonshire think this is hilarious and in fact trade and sell this spot of land amongst themselves for a pittance just to allow everyone an opportunity to own their very own peasants. Some treat the situation as a learning exercise and to experiment, others use it simply as an exercise in cruelty.

What costs something more than a pittance is bribing parents and other family members to pressure children to marry Longacres because nobody would do so willingly and if they didn't then future generations of the idly privileged wouldn't have people to torment.



Homer Longacre



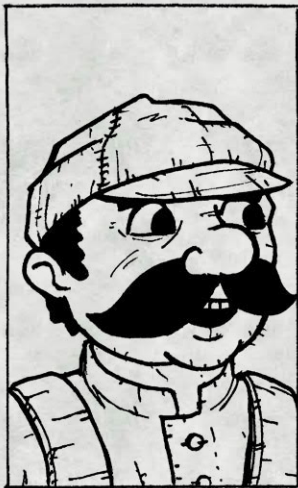
Raymond Lolley

Quentin Lorenzetti, Plumber

Indoor plumbing is a very rare thing in Pembrooktonshire and only the most extravagant homes have it. It's very primitive in any case and requires a great deal of maintenance. Few are qualified to do that work. The owners certainly aren't the sort to do anything that might risk coming into contact with refuse and the lower classes tend to view an indoor lavatory with only slightly less trepidation than they would an altar for human sacrifice.

But Lorenzetti is up to the task and barely a day goes by when he doesn't have his sleeves rolled up and his arms elbow-deep in crap.

What he didn't count on is that the nascent sewer system of Pembrooktonshire has connected to an underworld kingdom ruled by a dragon turtle that commands a vast army of mutant servants. He has heard rumors of a captive myconid princess but he has not been able to determine exactly where she is being held.



Quentin Lorenzetti

Gilbert Lumley, Tailor

Creating and mending clothing is considered women's work in Pembrooktonshire but Mommy always encouraged Gilbert to do what he was best at and he was best at the terribly unmanly job of fitting clothing.

When Gilbert's mother developed arthritis their shop began to engage in deceit. Before, Gilbert had been the face of the store and took the measurements, but his mother did the actual work. Afterwards, Gilbert did everything, with his mother playing her part and acting like she was still doing the work.

Now Gilbert's mother has died and keeping up the ruse is more difficult than ever. He has not reported her death and indeed has found himself rushing to the upstairs workroom and imitating her voice for the reassurance of customers downstairs. People believe the story that Mommy Lumley can no longer walk and for now they do not seem suspicious.

But how long can this go on?

Eugene Madget, Farmer

Eugene is a lonely man in his thirties that spends much of his time growing very tasty rutabagas on his modest tract of land.

Eugene verbalizes his inner dialogue. There is not a thought that crosses his mind that he doesn't express. At market he's often heard to be having conversations with himself: "This apple seems rotten, very rotten. That one looks nice. Ooh, rather soft. I need to find a good selection of apples soon, I need to pee." Nevermind when he sees an attractive woman. "Oh, I'd certainly like to raise quite a large family with that lassie. Oh wait, she's got a man already. It would be wonderful if he got run over by a coach."

Madget isn't in any other way mentally deficient. He is a reasonably intelligent man who quickly comes to proper conclusions but with everybody being privy to all his private and quickly-discarded 'what-if?' thoughts they think he is quite the simpleton at best and a complete maniac at worst.



Eugene Madget



Gilbert Lumley

Cain Magellan, Perfumer

While Pembrooktonshiretonians bathe far more frequently than is normal in their world there is still a healthy trade in cosmetics and colognes. Magellan is the most prominent creator and merchant of such things.

Cain Magellan is completely anosmic and is unaware of how any of his concoctions actually smell. He creates his fragrances through specific formulas and then tests the results out in public. He is very aware, through these tests, what elements in what combinations tend to be pleasing and which are not, but because he has no first-hand knowledge grievous combinations do occur.

This is complicated by the fact that one of his most well-respected clients is also herself anosmic. One time when circumstances demanded Magellan to present a completely untested fragrance there was an odd moment of uneasiness as two people unable to smell were looking to the other to confirm whether or not a perfume was pleasant smelling. They came to the mutual conclusion that it was.

But it wasn't. It actually smelled like a combination of burning beetles and a trampled skunk. But who was going to tell this lady that she smelled like a carrion crawler's farts? And wasn't it natural then that her fragrance, which she was quick to praise, would become a fashion as people wanted to be more like her?

For awhile half the town reeked like a troglodyte swimming in formaldehyde but luckily the fad soon passed. Some still cling to the fragrance though...

Oliver Manley, Ropemaker

Poor Manley. He sees craftsman after craftsman become wealthy and gain fame and social status by selling their wares to people outside Pembrooktonshire. But rope is rope and Manley ropes aren't any more special than ropes anywhere else.

But he still does a good job and makes a fair living, so people get annoyed at his bitterness. This in turn makes him more irritable and paranoid and he has begun to take shortcuts with his work.

He's using bonding agents that deteriorate under intense heat for most of his rope these days. He won't sell that to blacksmiths or the like but for general rope use, sure, why not?

But for some reason his rope, when hanging slack, seems to find its way around people's necks...



Cain Magellan

Toliver Maxwell, Exporter

Toliver handles most of the work of contacting and arranging the sale of Pembrooktonshire's goods to the outside world. Given that most of Pembrooktonshire looks down on the outside world not many people are eager to get in on this action, even if it does make Maxwell very wealthy and the townsfolk are worried that Maxwell is being corrupted by foreign ways.

Maxwell keeps his distance from the outsiders well enough though, keeping in touch and playing the wheeling dealing businessman just well enough to bring in the big money. He does have one little quirk: whenever he deals with a new client from a new place he always sends one of his "inventory assessors" to that place to murder a member of the local merchant's family and bring back a trophy.



Toliver Maxwsell



Oliver Manley

Minerva Meijer, Fashion Model

Not many people get to be the physical representation of the feminine ideal but the fashion community of Pembrooktonshire needs people to model their creations and Meijer is the best of the bunch.

She is a wretched, disfigured caricature of a human being. The makeup she has used over the years has permanently dyed her face. Her lower ribs have been broken and re-healed in a manner that constricts her innards and she can no longer eat solid food. The circulation in her feet has been restricted so many times that they had to be amputated and now she manages to walk in her fashionable boots only because of long practice with the primitive prostheses her employers have financed for her. Her hair has been styled with dangerous chemicals so often that it has fallen out but the designers say that just putting wigs on her is far simpler anyhow. Her teeth have been removed to give her jaw a smaller bite and to help her lips achieve the perfect expression (models should never open their mouths anyway).

All in all, corpses that have been in the grave for months look more alive than Minerva does and this is immediately obvious to any outsider that looks at her (or smells her – she reeks of rot). Due to the consensual perception of reality that Pembrooktonshire has chosen to accept the locals look at her and see only perfect beauty.



Minerva Meijer

Oscar Mohl, Laborer

Oscar was a man down on his luck who rubbed his rabbit's foot and wished he could live his life all over again and get it right this time.

His wish was granted. He's lived his life thousands of times now, memorizing every detail, trying to figure out what the perfect path to happiness is. He's even gone on to be a great conqueror in some of his attempts at life, he's tried his hand at being a vicious murderer, and had a go at being the age's most prolific lover, but in the end he's decided that being a manual laborer and doing physical jobs around his hometown give him the perfect blend of security and freedom from real responsibility.

That he knows, from trial and error, exactly how to get what he wants from pretty much everyone he ever meets, only helps his enthusiasm for this simpler life. Mohl will involve himself with the characters only if it benefits him. He can't be cheated, he can't be harmed... because this has all happened to him before and he knows what will happen and how to twist it to his advantage. He will always make a saving throw, always win initiative, never miss a roll and never be harmed by others' actions.

Luckily he wants to help... for a price. If the characters have a problem he's already researched the answer before they ever meet him. Do they need help in any way? He's there just in time to give them the aid they need. And they'll pay up, too. If they didn't he'd know from previous experience and wouldn't have helped them this time.



Oscar Mohl

Alexandra Morgan, Schoolmarm

Ms. Morgan is the local schoolteacher and the foremost authority on manners and custom in Pembrooktonshire. Courted for her expertise when festivals and important events occur, she is normally not engaged socially as most of the townsfolk believe she takes the rules of social behavior a bit too far. Her interpretations of everything from proper dress to courtship are subjects of discussion all over town amongst adults of parenting age. Older folks are set in their ways and of course the younger folk don't care.

Or at least they think they don't care. Pembrooktonshire youngsters are incredibly better behaved than most children after about age nine or so directly due to the influence of Ms. Morgan. That family-aged adults seriously debate her opinions is no accident either.

Some decades ago, when Alexandra was a pre-teen, a local man set off to seek his fortune. This angered Ms. Morgan as she took this to mean that the perfect town of Pembrooktonshire was not good enough for this malcontent. What an insult! When he returned years later with an alien bride Alexandra was furious and mounted a campaign of social condemnation that drove the couple away into the nearby mountains (another blasphemy – nobody goes into the mountains!).

She swore such social contamination would never happen again. For decades now she has been the school teacher in Pembrooktonshire and the prosperity of the town ensures that most children receive at least a basic education. At exam time, Ms. Morgan knows that she

has her students' complete attention and that others would not disturb such intense study time so she uses her talents at mesmerism to not only impress the real lessons into the children but make them more susceptible to and place far more importance on tradition and social pressures. Her hypnotism skills are quite weak and without such a captive audience and an overall environment that supports her intentions it would never work. But she has both and so Pembrooktonshire grows more uniform and insular as the years pass by...



Alexandra Morgan

Jasper Moulds, Physician

Social influence and pressure is enough to maintain the status quo in Pembrooktonshire but some are not satisfied with that. One of these is Jasper Moulds, patriarch of one of Pembrooktonshire's great families.

A man of science and reason, as he is known, Moulds made his name first as a doctor but now explores unknown knowledge. His specialty is genetics, genealogy and philosophy.

He became interested in the subject after he passed by a commoner that dared look him in the eyes and even wiped his brow in his presence. That it was in the middle of summer and the man was carrying a rather large load of produce on his back is irrelevant; Moulds was deeply offended.

He has been working hard for a quarter of a century now to prove that the high-born are biologically and spiritually superior to the low-born. His research began, as he feels all meaningful research does, with a question: Why are the great families better than the rest of the population? In his studies he finds the disturbing trend that the lower-born families spread their genetic stuff far wider than the great families do. That this is true because the great families consider far fewer families worthy of consort does not factor into his thinking. "The lower classes must be brought into line!"

To protect the bloodlines of the upper class Moulds has proposed a great many solutions. Restricting the breeding of the great families only to other great families was well-received, if not exactly universally practiced (and was an edited

version of what Jasper really proposed: enforced incest). His attempt to have all of the lower classes sterilized was a hotly contested issue, defeated only by the lesser members of the lower class asking the question, "Then who would actually do work?" The only reason this was brought up by these people is because they knew the answer would be "Us!"

Other suggestions he's come up with (that are always debated but never seriously considered) are unbreachable walls around the great families' estates (which would make them prisoners while the commoners roamed free), reproduction by the lower classes only by license and euthanizing any child with any sort of birth defect (such as cleft palate, near-sightedness, red hair, left-handedness, body hair, weighing less than or more than the statistical average, etc).

Yeah, he's nuts, but is still considered a serious and influential thinker because of his last name.



Jasper Moulds

Drusilla Myklebust, Aged Madame

Drusilla is a maker of baby clothes and as such makes a tolerable living from the lower classes of Pembrooktonshire. She herself is very image- and fashion-conscious and always takes great pains to look immaculate. She frets over every wrinkle, in both her clothing and in recent years her face. What makes aging even more horrible is that she has the means to fix it.

Whenever Drusilla sleeps with a man he ages one year and she becomes one year younger. It is an ability she can not control and does not want but it's true and she is very distressed about it. She doesn't want to get older but doesn't want to hurt anyone and she doesn't want to be alone.

She has ended up with a horrible reputation. She has the occasional fling, each time with a different man so as to minimize the harm, but what really ruins her socially is her willingness to throw herself at the rare foreigner who passes through town. She feels no guilt about this. As far as she is concerned if you're not from Pembrooktonshire you're not a real person.

Walter Narquin, Farmer

The Narquin family's world was turned upside down when their family was visited by an alien life form. It was short, with stubby legs and a big nose and pointy ears but spoke in the human language. The Narquin's youngest son decided to call it "Elf."

The creature has a ravenous appetite and especially enjoys cats. The Narquins have such a time keeping it away from their little Fluffykins... and after the children developed a shine for the weird creature the family has had a worse time keeping it hidden from the neighbors and the Pembrooktonshiretonian authorities.

Meanwhile Elf is wondering who these idiots are that don't recognize a gnome when they see one.



Drusilla Myklebust

Roger Nelthorpe, Tinker

Roger is the eldest of one of the great families in Pembrooktonshire but he was never considered an important member of that family. He married poorly ("selfishly thinking only of love," as his relatives would say) and pursued his invention of small and useless gadgets.

Nelthorpe had hoped to create items which would make life easier for everyone but instead he was treated as an eccentric fool, although he did make a comfortable living making mechanical trinkets for children.

After his wife died Roger began experiencing health problems. He began to use his mechanical skills to replace his failing body parts. With the help of several old friends he trusted to keep his secret he first replaced an eye. Then a knee. Then his liver, one lung and finally his beating heart. After that, he really got busy improving himself.

Today Roger Nelthorpe is more machine than man.



Roger Nelthorpe



Walter Narquin

Nicholas O'Shaunnessy, Dungslinger

Nicholas is a bitter old man, having been ostracized for decades because his uncle dared to marry a foreigner, bringing great shame to the O'Shaunnessy name and ensuring it will die out. He has always been forced to do the most demeaning jobs usually reserved for young boys looking for a few extra coppers. These days he gathers manure and spreads it over crop fields.

Nicholas is actually a member of a sacred order just as his uncle was. Luckily his profession coincides with his quest: to find the hiding place of the Black One before the Obsidian Tower reappears. Why he's performing his search by digging through dung piles in Pembrooktonshire is anyone's guess. His frustration with life increases but he never realizes that notable entities tend not to hang out in such places.

Gavin Old, Gluemaker

When an animal dies and can not be eaten it gets sent to the Old family. Gavin is an expert gluemaker and guarantees his adhesives for years.

Of course his best glue isn't made from animals at all. He believes that the best glue is made of people – the more noteworthy, the better. So whenever somebody important dies he spends many nights staying out the burial site, waiting to find a time when nobody's looking so he can steal the body.

Many of Pembrooktonshire's graves and mausoleums are filled instead with animal remains. Old would consider it disrespectful to empty a grave without leaving something in return. In the quite rare occasion that a body is exhumed this has been used as evidence that the deceased was a witch... sometimes resulting in the burning of some of their still-living relatives.



Nicholas O'Shaunnessy



Gavin Old

Julius Oliphant, Armorer

Julius is a middle-aged man, massively built from his many years at the forge. As the years wore on he found his true talent was making armor and weapons. These days his work is sought after by wealthy collectors and warriors as the Oliphant name on a sword has been enough to end fights all by itself.

He is also a radical pacifist. He doesn't care if the outside world kills itself off so he is happy to supply real arms and armor for foreign sale but he refuses to sell real tools of war locally. He just doesn't tell anybody.

All of the items for sale in his Pembrooktonshire showroom are exquisitely crafted and beautiful to behold but they do not stand up to the rigors of battle. Armor loses one point of effectiveness after every attack (not hit) made on the wearer and his weapons have a -1 damage modifier, cumulative with every hit made.



Julian Oliphant

Benedict Onions, Junior Priest

Onions is the youngest priest at the church in Pembrooktonshire yet his artistic talent and impeccable calligraphic skills have caused Father Rhydderch to put him in charge of archiving and copying of old texts (presses being considered too vulgar to duplicate holy works). Onions enjoys his duties immensely.

Benedict is also quite the forger and is a former employee of the Reuter bookbindery where he learned the ins and outs of book manufacturing. Onions has been rewriting the chief texts that Rhydderch uses for his sermons one page at a time and then replacing those pages late at night. The rewritten passages carry the same general meanings as before but when taken as a whole are beginning to resemble something else altogether...



Benedict Onions

Sybil Orhan, Old Crone

Scorned by the citizenry and abandoned by her children and grandchildren, Sybil lives off of her meager savings in a small cottage on the outskirts of town. She is a bitter, bitter old woman, always talking about the way things used to be and making the point that things were better back in the day.

Although no one knows it she is the one that highlights the real tragedy of Pembrooktonshire. While the town has always been socially rigid and bound by tradition during Sybil's lifetime she has seen this true conservatism usurped by self-interested demagogues and the trend-following masses. The traditions that Pembrooktonshire now follows are not the actual traditions that Pembrooktonshire thinks it follows and nobody knows the difference or would believe the difference if it was pointed out to them as Sybil has learned to her ruin.



Sybil Orhan

Imogen Oxnard, Shepherd

Imogen is a middle-aged widow who tends to one of the large herds of roving sheep in the foothills under the great forbidden mountains. Her sons have all moved out on their own and for some reason she declines all offers from those interested in buying her property. She even forcefully rebukes those that suggest she could profit more (and work less) by simply selling some of the herd for slaughter rather than keeping the entire herd and just selling the wool.

Oxnard refuses because some time back a traveling wizard transformed her husband into a sheep. The wizard was quickly apprehended and executed after some other shenanigans but Imogen never spoke of her husband's fate to anyone and of course immediately lost track of which sheep in the herd is indeed her husband...



Imogen Oxnard

Kenneth Patterson, Undertaker

Patterson is the man responsible for preparing the deceased for funerals and then burying the remains. He is a handsome, well-tanned man that has none of the stereotypical gauntness or deathlike peculiarity about him.

He does have one rather disturbing habit. When the body of a young and attractive female passes through his door as part of the preparation process he will dress it up and take it out to the lake and dance with it on the shore. So good is his skill at makeup and, well, puppetry, that he has been witnessed doing this and nobody has suspected that he was with a corpse.



Kenneth Patterson

Bartholomew Peacock, Messenger

While not the largest city, delivering a message across town can considerably disrupt one's day. Most wealthy families and businesses have servants they can dispatch to deliver notes. Others don't.

And Peacock is there. For a fee he will take messages to anyone and prides himself on hand-delivering messages to people even if they do not want to speak to visitors. He also expects a tip from the people who hire him. Those who do not pay the tip will have their messages go undelivered. However, they will not know that, as Peacock is an expert forger and as part of his service always returns signed delivery forms. He will simply throw the message away, forge the signature and time of day in the hand of the intended recipient and forget all about it.



Bartholomew Peacock

Miranda Peaver, Housewife

Mrs. Peaver is an aging woman who is obsessed with the success of her eight children. All boys, they have been groomed since birth to be proper citizens and honor and promote the family name. However they aren't the brightest group of lads in the world and for the talents they do have, they are only human. They're not perfect.

Miranda realizes this while at the same time finding it completely unacceptable. She has made it her life to be in all her sons' business whether it be professional or personal. If there is a superior rival to one of her boys she goes out of her way to ruin that person. No deed is too dirty for her to perform if it means her sons will meet with greater success.

And if it comes to the worst her father was a chemist and she knows how to make all sorts of undetectable poisons. Funny how half her sons' first wives all died suddenly. Just like some of their more accomplished classmates back in school...



Miranda Peaver

Jefferson Pembrook, Cooper

As a descendent of Pembrooktonshire's founder Jefferson finds himself often asked for advice from all corners on all subjects and he's not even yet a middle-aged man! He tries hard to give good advice and is as helpful around town as he can be.

The one thing that Pembrook can't deal with very well is numbers. He's not stupid but keeping his attention span focused on mathematics and counting is painfully difficult for him. He's hired a young man to deal with his business affairs so as to keep himself out of the poorhouse.

He never lets anyone watch him work and seems anxious whenever someone makes a large order. For some reason every thousandth barrel he makes is a gate to some infernal netherworld and gremlins pour out of the newly completed barrel until he can manage to smash the thing and close the gate.



Jefferson Pembrook

Roger Peter, Carpenter

Peter is a well-liked, average sort of family man but he's got a complete inability to care for plants and jokes that they die in his presence. He thinks that's a joke but plants can not survive in his presence for more than a couple of days. His parents' farm, on a good tract of land, immediately failed when Roger became old enough to run and play in the fields. His wife keeps no garden so this has not been an issue for some years.



Roger Peter

Samuel Pfaff, Buttonmaker

Pfaff (the p is not silent) is a hypochondriac of the first order though he thinks he is mentally ill, which he is, but not in the manner he believes.

His trouble started when a highborn gentleman was so pleased with the buttons made for his new suit that he invited Pfaff over for tea. While conversing, business came up and Pfaff was left alone in the sitting room and started paging through some of the books on the shelf. There he came across a copy of *A Catalog of Maladies of Perverts, Lunatics and Maniacs*.

Not understanding how things work, Pfaff believes one catches a mental illness the same way one would a cold (foul vapors, of course!) and that they pass in the same way a rash might. So every couple of weeks he believes he has a new mental disorder and acts out in order to be treated for his condition.

A major problem is that there is no one in Pembrooktonshire who even recognizes the concept of "mental illness." Pfaff's host only had that book to look up dirty words in the "Pervert" sections. So when Samuel decides to have a split personality, or go catatonic or become psychotic the response is the same. Somebody cracks him over the head but good and he gets thrown in the stocks until somebody gets tired of his wailing.



Samuel Pfaff

Reuben Pontier, Plague Inspector

There is much the social machine of Pembrooktonshire can do but one thing it cannot is shame disease into avoiding town. As many are aware of this (even though they think something must be done!) the current thinking is having someone whose sole job it is to be a lookout for disease.

Pontier is the current Plague Inspector and as such he has full authority to inspect any person or animal at any time. Usually he is positioned in the market square and when someone snuffles or coughs he is there demanding to see their tonsils and checking for buboes. He is also authorized to enter any building at any time without permission as long as the owner is present.

In all, he does provide a valuable service and has detected health problems early, even if he has never detected plague. But power corrupts and Pontier frequently uses his power to demand humiliating strip searches and home searches of a very disruptive nature if someone displeases (as in, refuses to stroke his ego) him.



Reuben Pontier



Reuben Pontier (out of costume)

Maximilian Pratt, Scarecrow

Pratt makes his living as an exterminator, killing rats and insects in town and dealing with rodents and crows out on the farms.

In recent years he has taken to dressing up like a scarecrow while advertising and performing his work.

Most people assume it's a publicity gimmick but the truth is Pratt is growing straw instead of body hair (he keeps his head and face shaved) and this is his way of keeping that covered up.



Maximillian Pratt

Felix Quaif, Farmer

Pembrooktonshire is in the ideal location. It is nestled in a mountain valley but there is enough space in that valley to support many farms. Quaif's corn farm is one of the more productive agricultural enterprises in the area.

Several months ago, after a meteor shower, Quaif found an odd plant growing in his fields. It refused to be pulled out of the ground and Quaif was trying to figure out how to get it out of his field when he saw it capture and devour two passing rabbits. Quaif decided there might be money in this thing and decided to see how big it would grow. It is now ten feet tall when standing fully erect and Felix is feeding it whole lambs.

And now it has started talking to him...



Felix Quaif

Basil Quedgely, Scribe

Quedgely, part of one of the great families of Pembrooktonshire, has for fifty years been the official scribe of the town. It is his job to record the arguments and results of criminal proceedings, record and file arrests, marriages, divorces, property acquisitions and town council meetings and legislation.

About forty years ago he became utterly bored with his work. He always wanted to be a great writer, not a simple recorder of events, so he stopped worrying about accuracy and began writing creatively. Every criminal incident, from juvenile vandalism to improperly marked stalls in the market square, becomes part of a greater criminal conspiracy. Every simple trial becomes a courtroom drama. Every marriage begins (and ends) with a torrid affair. Every business transaction recorded here is a result of backroom wheeling and dealing. Every town council matter, from the lamplighter's pay to the fee to use a public garden, becomes a struggle for absolute supremacy between rival factions.

A Quedgely or not, if anybody ever bothered to read the town records, Basil would be quickly and forever silenced because even though he thinks he's making all of this up he's accurately recording the truth of all these matters.



Basil Quedgely

Charlotte Quessy, Harlot

Charlotte might be the most naïve woman alive. For twenty of her forty years she has been a prostitute and is waiting for her dream man to find her and take her away from this miserable life.

Unfortunately she has become so desperate that she believes every client just might be her dream man and so falls in love with everyone that passes through her door. This is even more so for repeat customers and yet more intense for foreigners (which doesn't improve her standing with the locals).

Penelope Rambottom, Housewife

Penelope is absolutely disgusted with how women are disrespected and disregarded in Pembrooktonshire and she has decided to do something about it! She has formed the Honorable Organization for Maidenly Emancipation.

HOME seeks to educate the population about the role of women in society. Of course HOME is horrified that women walk the streets unchaperoned, of course HOME is horrified that women speak when they are not first spoken to, of course HOME is horrified when a woman seeks to do a man's work and earn money instead of keeping a proper household.

Of course HOME is in competition with all of the "proper women's leagues" to be the most influential and respected in town. The feuds and rivalries are vicious.

And of course all of HOME's pronouncements and public business is conducted by the members' husbands as it would not be a good example for the wives to be protesting or being seen as independent activists.



Penelope Rambottom



Charlotte Quessy

Cecil Ranahan, Nailer

A lot of construction happens in and around Pembrooktonshire and the load of constantly making nails wore heavy on the established blacksmiths' time so one apprentice decided to open his own forge and specialize in making nails.

He makes a decent living and is raising a respectable family.

Except for their cat. Their cat is a bastard. Literally. Pet genealogy is kept track of as strictly as human family trees in Pembrooktonshire and to own a cat of low or unknown breeding is considered very low-class.

But Cecil won't get rid of it. He's found that he has gained eight of the cat's nine lives. And he's used four of them up already. Or is it five? And what will happen to Cecil if the cat's only life ends?



Cecil Ranahan

Clarence Ravensdale, Tax Assessor

As part of one of the great families of Pembrooktonshire Clarence is the ultimate political appointee. He is the town's tax assessor and in some ways the most feared man in town. He also has a crippling case of dyscalculia.

Because of this he does not care about financial records or taxation history or even monetary tax payments. He has decided that all taxes shall be paid in heads of livestock. He has set up three pens on the outskirts of town. People listed as "poor" must fill up the small pen with livestock. "Freemen" must fill up the medium pen. "Gentlemen" and "Ladies" must fill up the large pen. One's status is determined by how impressive-looking Ravensdale deems one's home.

All of the great families are somehow classified as "poor." Clarence's explanation? "Those houses are much too big for my liking. They would take forever to clean."



Clarence Ravensdale

Tobias Reuter, Author

Tobias is a greatly respected author and founder of the Reuter press and bookbindery. Now in his 80s, he lives just outside of town in a large villa. It was his dream to move the Reuter family up to the level of the great families of Pembrooktonshire but it was not to be and Tobias is livid.

The reason the family never ascended is because his son, Kurt, married downward and when he took over the press he opened up commissions to foreigners, thus encouraging the Reuter family to be exposed to all sorts of alien thought (foreign-penned works are officially banned for sale within the town). Only Tobias' reputation protected the family but their chances of being important as a whole have passed.



Tobias Reuter

Reuter's own claim to fame is his book *On Paper As On Stone* which was the first book printed on his press. It is completely self-serving, promoting the printed book as being authoritative just by virtue of being printed and carrying far more weight than a spoken argument. This led to many wanting to have their thoughts published, which of course would have resulted in many divergent views being printed, which would have ruined the perceived authority of the written word and given voice to too many unimportant and unconnected people in town. Reuter revised his famous tome to include qualifications for print such as sponsorship by a member of the great families of the town. This was Reuter's bid to greatness; the original printing had been a scandal precisely because Tobias was of the common folk and the great families' stranglehold on influence was threatened.

But instead of being the revolutionary that would have transformed Pembrooktonshire Tobias threw his lot in with tradition and the great families and even today is more loyal to them than to his son and son's family who he considers to have destroyed the Reuter name.

Georgine Revesby, Wealthy Procuress

Revesby is a social crusader and a moral standard in Pembrooktonshire, often giving public speeches about the importance of clean living. Of particular importance to her is the purity of young women and she has been the loudest voice in a generation calling for chastity in social life.

Her efforts have made it extremely unfashionable, barring exceptional situations (or personalities) to engage in or discuss physical relations, even so much as a kiss on the cheek. Many families feel so guilty about their carnal urges that married couples go for years without touching each other "improperly." This has also created something of a sexual counter-culture as well as a general "what we do in private is far different than what we say in public" repression. Revesby loves this because it continues to give her crusade ammunition and relevance in public life.

She also loves it because she is the most ruthless pimp in Pembrooktonshire and does her best to corner the market for her girls.



Georgine Revesby

Gemma Rouleau, Dancer

The fine arts are as appreciated by the upper class of Pembrooktonshire as they could possibly be in a culture which detests outside influence. In addition to the more usual plastic arts the performing arts are well thought-of and command enough of a fee at public and private functions that accomplished performers can spend weeks or months between performances simply preparing for the next one.

Gemma was a beautiful young woman, extremely graceful and unbelievably flexible. Her performances left audiences speechless. Then one day at rehearsal she had a bad spill and suffered a spinal injury. Unable to turn her head, or lift her arms over her head, or bend at the waist, she decided that her next performance must go on anyhow and then figured that would be it. She stayed in seclusion



Gemma Rouleau

for months, depressed all the while and gaining weight.

It was a private function and the hostess had hyped the dance performance so much (she had insisted on seeing an early rehearsal) that the guests dared not do anything else than raucously applaud at this uncomfortably plump woman in a leotard simply wiggling slightly and dipping at the knees every so often. Unnerved at the positive response, Rouleau declared this was her "Interpretation of the Struggle of Honor" and became an instant sensation.

Her health isn't getting any better, her waistline isn't getting any smaller, but for all big occasions it is now almost mandatory to hire Gemma to perform her sensational new dance. And the style is catching on.



Randolph Sabouin

Randolph Sabouin, Puppeteer

Sabouin is an insane, insane man. He creates puppets and performs delightful shows for young and old alike but when the curtain is drawn, Sabouin retreats to his rented room above a shop front and goes to war.

He believes his puppets are alive and pressure him to commit crimes and be socially unacceptable. He is resisting their more hellish suggestions but finds himself succumbing to the simpler mischief just to placate them.

He's tried to destroy some of the puppets but this hurts his business as the most popular puppets to the crowd are the ones that are most fervently pressuring him. He's had to re-make them.

But Sabouin's puppets are not at all evil and they do not encourage evil. However, the meaning of right and wrong in Pembrooktonshire is different than in most of the world and puppets trying to convince someone to promote an egalitarian, free society will be seen as quite wicked indeed.

Neville Savage, Chastity Beltmaker

Propriety and decency is important in Pembrooktonshire, so much so that the chastity belt is an important device in society. Proper gentlemen expect to see such a device on their wedding night and Savage is the man trusted to make these all-important items.

The Pembrooktonshire style of chastity belt is soft but tough leather which covers not only the groin but the torso area as well, as a corset. They are sophisticated enough to prevent interference with bodily functions but will not open without compromising the integrity of the belt itself.

They are fitted when a woman is 17. Savage keeps all specifications on file and so if a belt is opened for legitimate reasons (medical procedure, baths) with duly respected witnesses he will fashion a new one to the new specifications.

Under no circumstances will he construct a new belt for someone without witnessed and confirmed legitimate reasons for the breaking or removal of the old one (and he has been offered vast fortunes to do so but has always refused) nor will he make an individual's belt to any other specification than the original measured when the recipient was 17. He does not condone a gluttonous lifestyle!



Neville Savage

Gabriel Silverdale, Standard Master

Every family wants their standard to be the most impressive in town. Only a few can afford the artists skilled enough to achieve this. Moreover, every standard must be approved by the town's Standard Master.

Originally intended to simply forbid the registration of continuous new standards by families (keeping up appearances is such a full-time job after all and the Joneses just got themselves a new crest...!), bribery and utter lack of taste have reduced the office to simply collecting fees and rejecting scandalous crest applications.

Silverdale amuses himself by accepting fees and then rejecting applications for no good reason but "suggesting" changes that would allow a resubmission to be approved. He doesn't attempt this with anyone truly influential, or families that truly can't afford it, but that middle class is ripe for fun.

Thus many middle-families have quite odd crests featuring donkey rear-ends, tadpoles, three-legged dogs, pink posies and psychedelic color schemes.



Gabriel Silverdale

Morris Simons, Bard

Morris makes his living composing great musical works for great orchestras in larger cities but around town he's known as the minstrel who performs down at the Good Shepherd. He's a young man for his abilities, merely in his mid-thirties, but he has an old haggard look about him. Sometimes it seems like he's staring at things that aren't there. His performances always draw a crowd because people never know how he's going to act.

You see, when Morris plays an instrument, and it doesn't matter if it's his lute, a violin, his mandolin or even his prized dragonskin drum, he sometimes travels through time. There seems to be no pattern, no way to predict when or if it will happen. When he does time travel he always appears in the midst of other performing musicians, sometimes in rehearsal, sometimes in performance, and a few times on live television. Because he's never playing the same thing the others are the performance breaks down immediately and when Simons stops playing he is instantly transported back to his own time at the same moment he left; onlookers don't even notice that he'd gone. That's the moment his performances become eccentric and interesting.



Morris Simons

Jonathan Smith, Cowboy

Every morning Jonathan Smith straps on his chaps, dons his ten-gallon hat, picks up his lasso and saddles up his horse for another day of cattle rustling out in the fields.

Jonathan Smith feels paranoid, alone and cut off from the world. He believes himself to be an unlikable freak, unable to fully participate in society.

This is because Jonathan Smith is the only sane, honorable, honest, normal person in Pembrooktonshire.



Jonathan Smith

Bianca Snoddy, Dollmaker

Bianca is a dollmaker without peer. Whether it's lifelike girly dolls, tough and durable wooden soldiers for the boys or even a simple teddy for any small child Snoddy can make it, and quickly.

Bianca is especially proud of her porcelain dolls and these special pieces she spends many weeks perfecting. She gives strict instructions to the buyers that these are to be treated with respect and are not meant to be thrown around by a careless child.

To protect these creations she places a live adder in the body cavity, drugged with a special poison that slows its metabolism to a crawl until again exposed to open air. If it is broken out comes the adder to bite whoever is nearby.



Bianca Snoddy

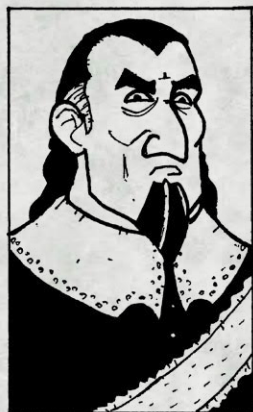
Leonard Snow, Barrister

The law in Pembrooktonshire is not very well placed in precedent or even decree. It is for the most part determined by fashion and public opinion, and fashion and public opinion are largely determined by the important people in town. Whatever wouldn't cause a riot is allowable.

Thus legal counsels are not so much experts in law as much as experts in rhetoric and marketing.

Belonging to one of Pembrooktonshire's great families and being trained as a lawyer means Leonard creates law as much as he argues it. Merely hiring Snow as one's attorney is usually enough to settle a matter as one so respectable would never represent a client who isn't correct and arguing with the man would be so gauche.

Legal battles between proper litigants are often introduced, fought and decided in secret with the public revealing of the dispute, complete with the announcements of the legal counsel, being the end result after a settlement is reached.



Leonard Snow

Alisa Somerbaker, Child

Alisa is a farmer's daughter, not yet eight years of age. She is something of a rough and tumble tomboy and has whupped quite a few of the male children while "playing."

She has told a number of other children that a necklace she found in the fields holds great power and that if the other children don't obey her every command a great demon will come forth and eat them. The children thus far believe her and their odd behavior in serving Somerbaker has caused their parents to be worried. None have yet taken any action, wondering if it's just children being children.

But the amulet does contain a demon and if Alisa were to summon it it would eat the children. Her, too.



Alisa Somerbaker

Christopher Sparrow, Child

Christopher Sparrow is the leader of a wild gang of six-year-old farmer youths. They roam the countryside (never straying too close to the mountains, of course) looking for trouble.

One time Sparrow was wandering alone and came across a curious meeting of a small brown bear, a bunny, a pig, an owl and a small tiger. Enraged by this obvious pagan sorcery he gathered his friends and stoned the offending animals to death.

Since then he and his gang have similarly disposed of three pigs living in houses as men, a large white rabbit that nearly escaped down a hole, a pig that seemed to spin webs as if a spider and a broadsword-wielding duck.

He and they are now constantly on the lookout for animals that do not seem as animals.



Christopher Sparrow

Lucius Sprockling, Casino Boss

Of course there's a casino in Pembrooktonshire. With so many idle rich why wouldn't there be? And Sprockling is the man who needs to make sure everything runs correctly.

In addition to dealing with movers and shakers who believe the mere utterance of the words "I want to win" should be enough to make it so and commoners spending their literal last silver hoping to win big Sprockling has to deal with the fact that the odds are preternaturally fluid in his casino.

Card decks which are witnessed as being legitimate full decks somehow become stacked during play. Roulette wheels, painstakingly tested for balance, become fixed. And there doesn't seem to be anything that anyone can do about it. Sprockling even arranged an after hours all-nude card game just to prove there is no cheating going on and the cards still went all wonky.

If the customers were getting rich Sprockling would hardly be concerned. The problem is all of the shenanigans happen in favor of the house. He can't give money away with his games and he's tired. The gentlemen are getting angry. Sprockling is running out of time.



Lucius Sprockling

Percival St. John, Landlord



Percival St. John

As a member of one of the foremost families of Pembrooktonshire, and wealthy due to being one of the largest landlords in town, St. John has the money to pursue his odd tastes and the status to not be publicly castigated for doing so.

In recent months St. John has taken to sleeping all day and only being seen at night. Never a well-tanned man, he has taken on a cadaverous complexion. He goes for long walks at night but prefers only his own company and will duck down alleys and generally flee rather than pass by someone on the street.

His new schedule also means he never shows up at church and this more than anything else has gotten people talking. He is unpopular with his tenants around town and their talk of him being a "bloodsucker" is being taken literally by those just now becoming interested in the situation.

There is nothing supernatural about St. John; he's simply eccentric. But the rumors are spreading and more and more people are convinced he is indeed a creature of the night. It's only a matter of time before someone takes action... or hires someone else to do so.

Nathaniel Stallone, Farmer

Slopping the pigs and plowing the fields isn't the most thrilling or easy-going work on Earth but Nathaniel is glad to do it. He loves the fact that he can make things grow and that even if nobody was interested in his produce he and his family would be completely self-sufficient.

Stallone just can't seem to keep money in his pocket. Every time he has a few coins they disappear. There is not one copper to be found in his home. Whenever he goes into town people around him seem to lose their wallets and coin purses as well. Many a time has Stallone been accused of theft.

But Stallone never has the money and at this point, after many searches, everyone is aware that there is never any coin in his home. Merchants can attest to the fact that he never buys anything with coin either.

Money just disappears from around the man.



Nathaniel Stallone

Virginia Stark, Rich Panderer

As the matriarch of one of Pembrooktonshire's great families Stark wields great power about town. But she is a bitter, bitter woman. Years ago she caught her husband with another woman (not even doing anything... just conversing with another woman, completely innocently). The story she told is that he humiliated her and ran off with the woman to foreign lands (a sure way to get the townsfolk to consider them scum!). The truth is they are buried in the town's largest park.

Since then Virginia has been resentful of happy relationships and downright hateful towards men. Stark expresses this by playing matchmaker with the town's married folk, carefully selecting combinations she believes will lead to affairs and then exposing those affairs once they happen.

This has given her a reputation as a moral defender of decency in the town and only increases her status.



Virginia Stark

Edwina Strokes, Great Dame

The eldest member of the great Strokes family, Edwina is famously unmarried and even more famously claims to be a virgin.

She is over 90 years old and makes frequent pronouncements concerning the improper behavior of couples in Pembrooktonshire. In recent times she has decided to give something back to the community: its decency.

She has created the Honor Society, an organization committed to recruiting young (under-10) girls and having them commit to doing the right thing: promising to not soil their bodies or dignity. Girls in the Honor Society must pledge to remain a virgin not only after marriage but they must wait until their husband has given them a child first.

Because Strokes has so much social clout, and because the truth about such things is not spoken of in polite company, nobody has spoken up to reveal the flaw with this scheme. The original Honor Society girls are now in their mid-20s and while many do drop out of the program many are so image-conscious and enjoy the prestige that goes along with being an adult member of this group that they keep their promise and wait.

And wait.

And wait.



Edwina Strokes

Octavia Teixeira, Princess

Her father deposed and her family put to the sword by the invading forces, Octavia fled her life of luxury and ended up in Pembrooktonshire. She's confident that nobody will ever find her here and approves of the rather rigid social structure of the town.

She creates a problem for the populace: she is a foreigner but she is of noble blood. Out of respect for someone who is truly not a commoner she has been given her own modest household with sponsors donating servants. It is expected that she invest in (not actually work at) a trade to provide a future income.

However, she spends all of her time simply making demands and ordering her servants around. No reason she should change her behavior because she's in a new area, right? The Pembrooktonshire-tonians constantly seek audiences with her to get advice about various matters which she gladly provides.

She thinks they are deferring to her noble blood. She doesn't realize that they are treating her like a curiosity or a zoo exhibition and show up to laugh at the advice given by an ignorant foreigner.

Portia Tissit, Milkmaid

Portia is a popular young lady who lives and works on one of Pembrooktonshire's many outlying farms. Otherwise a plain looking girl aside from her rather buxom figure, Portia has recently begun avoiding her suitors and social life in general to spend almost all of her time working, even at the oddest hours.

The thing is it's not the cows that Portia is milking.



Octavia Teixeira

Sylvester Tither, Potter

Sylvester is one of the unnoticed and unheralded craftsmen of Pembrooktonshire. He creates simple work intended to be used by normal working folks and is not interested in reputations abroad or becoming a celebrity in town.

Tither is the most intelligent, albeit not formally educated, man in Pembrooktonshire. His advice is always good and his reflections thoughtful. Unfortunately he has a complete inability to speak clearly and his vocal manners are identical to those of a developmentally disabled child. Even his wife thinks he's an idiot.



Portia Tissit



Sylvester Tither

Herbert Umpleberry, Fruit Farmer

Umpleberry tends to the orchards on his property, harvesting great numbers of apples and pears every year. The majority of these are used to make cider which is famous across the realm.

Herbert has a special ingredient he uses to give his cider apples that little something extra. In his garden he also farms an odd species of worm and makes sure that all of his cider fruit have one of these worms living in it before it is scrapped. It gives the fruit a tangy flavor unique to Umpleberry Cider.

Being a worm wrangler is probably not the easiest job in the world. He has to keep it secret else his customers become disgusted. And the little purple bastards keep escaping the worm corral he built into his home garden and burrowing away into the ground...



Herbert Umpleberry

Vernon Vallancourt, Artist

Vernon is a young artisan more interested in making people happy than in creating great works. He spends most of his days doing sketches of people for small sums in the market square. He does do some more lucrative private commissions too.

Vernon's paints are personally made using an odd combination of berries and liquids found in the immediate area. Somehow he has managed to unwittingly create a potent magical effect: Any living creature he depicts in a portrait has its soul sucked out of its body and trapped into the painting.

Vallancourt doesn't realize this and this isn't the sort of thing Pembrookshiretonians would notice.



Vernon Vallancourt

Roland Valmore, Child

Roland is a farmer's 8 year old child who believes with all his heart that on All Hallows Eve a great spirit appears in the pumpkin patch and gives children a present.

Valmore has not been able to convince any of his friends to stay with him in the pumpkin patch and wait for the great spirit. They tease him mercilessly about it and even adults have heard about the kid's obsession.

This year will be different. Roland has begun to read *Suspicion as Proof* and has passed on some of its ideas to the other children. Now scared to believe Roland wrong, Charles, Lucille, Patricia, and Sallyann plan to accompany Roland to the pumpkin patch this year.

At that time they will learn that Valmore has been telling the truth. The spirit will appear, as it has every year, and grant a wish to Roland, as it has every year. And this year Roland will wish for the demise of the cruel people that have teased him for years when he was telling the truth.



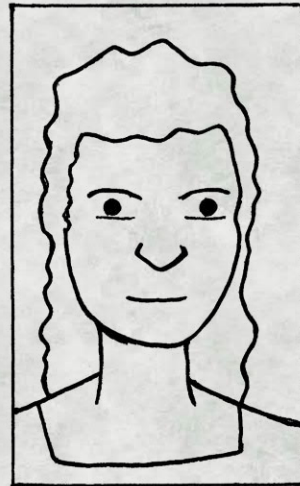
Roland Valmore

Margaret van Mook, Typical Streetwalker

Margaret is an everywoman, having just typical enough features to be seen as neither ugly nor beautiful and being able to blend into a crowd. When on the make Margaret dresses in typical streetwalker dress.

When out of costume nobody seems to recognize her. Oddly, people only seem to remember her by what she wears. When in a new outfit she just seems vaguely familiar. "I've seen her someplace before... but where?"

She milks this for everything it is worth.



Margaret van Mook

Henry Waxman, Baker

Every day Henry Waxman opens his bakery and presents the morning's efforts and every day the people in the Market Square of Pembrooktonshire remark just how amazing Waxman's bread and pastries are.

He also doubles as something of a marriage counselor for the local church. It seems that when he is around people don't fight. Ever. He isn't allowed around the field for the Great Games because it was discovered that the contestants felt "too embarrassed" to compete in front of him.



Henry Waxman

Sylvia Wayne, Child

Sylvia is a six year old child who is terrified of the dark. Her father, a mid-level merchant, often takes her into caves that line the foothills around town and leaves her there in the dark. "To build character so you won't be scared of anything when you grow up."

She used to cry and scream as the bats flapped around her and tugged her hair and scratched at her face. Then one day the Constable heard her and came to help.

Sylvia's father came upon the scene as Constable Stark was carrying her out of the cave. Believing he was kidnapping her Mr. Wayne beat Stark to death with a cane and buried the body in the cave.

He told Sylvia that if she ever cries again when placed in the cave Constable Stark will rise from the dead and eat her. Sylvia now stays very, very quiet at all times.



Sylvia Wayne

Millicent Wellesley, Saucy Tart

Millicent is an apple-picker and a favorite of the rebellious young men of the town. She never shirks her duties but she also makes sure her free time is always taken.

Whenever she sleeps with a different man she attracts a fly which then follows her around. If the fly is killed or otherwise greatly removed it is soon replaced by another.

She's got quite a swarm but believes that the city itself is just becoming more infested.



Millicent Wellesley

Matthew Weyhofen, Gardener

A luxurious frontage is a must if one is to be well thought-of in Pembrooktonshire and nobody provides better than Matthew Weyhofen.

He is a master of arrangements and plant care and nobody else in town can make flowers bloom so vibrantly or grass grow quite so green. Like most masters of his craft he guards his secrets carefully and often works only in the dead of night.

The truth is while Weyhofen does have an excellent eye for garden arrangements he doesn't know the first thing about actual plant care. The one thing he does know is that he is the best fertilizer he's ever heard of. Anything made of him, or cast off of him, makes plants grow like mad. Hair, flakes of skin or dandruff, snot, urine, feces or other bodily fluids all make plants grow quite quickly.

He learned early on that people don't take kindly to him pissing (or worse... or much worse) on their plants so he prepares his "secret formulas" in private and so increases the mystique of his work when odd looking and smelling "chemicals" are poured and sprayed out of bottles on the plants.

He has made out a will stating he wishes to be buried with acorns in his grave and he figures the biggest, fastest growing tree ever will sprout from his grave as a fitting monument to his life.

He is scared of what would happen if he is ever with a woman so he has avoided this situation so far but it's only a matter of time before someone of his talent and renown is going to be socially pressured into marriage...



Matthew Weyhofen

Rachel Whispers, Landowner

Whispers is a comely young widow, just twenty-three years of age. She now runs the decently-sized apple tree orchard that's been owned by her husband's family for generations. She's an able administrator and a kind employer.

Rachel Whispers is scared to death. She became convinced that her husband's death from falling from a ladder was no accident and she came to believe their three year old son was responsible. She came to believe he was possessed by a demon. On one stormy night, when she was struggling with the decision to turn him over to the priests, the child said something particularly blasphemous and in a fit of pure terror she killed her only child. Her panic only increased as she realized what she'd done as the boy's dead, innocent face stared up blankly at her.

Knowing this would mean she would go to the gallows Whispers brought the body to her secret basement to give herself time to think about what to do next. To her horror, when she woke up the next morning she found her son playing in the front yard, talking to the neighbors. Firmly convinced of his diabolic nature she killed him again when he came inside and brought the body down to the basement, no longer troubled by guilt.

But every morning there the child is, laughing, playing, being seen by the neighbors. And every late morning she brains him with a cast iron frying pan, or a piece of furniture or perhaps even stabs him with a large knife. The ways she kills her son seem to be different every day but nothing stops him from being alive and happy the next day.

And Rachel's basement is getting full...



Rachel Whispers

Katrina Wilberforce, Housewife

Have you ever regretted a decision that you made so much that you believe your entire life would be different if you had just made a different choice?

Katrina sure does. She married her high school sweetheart instead of the man who had a more respectable name. For her entire adult life she's had love, caring and respect but not a lot of influence. She hates it.

And she did something about it. Her husband is a farmer and works ridiculous hours all day to help the family get ahead. The man she thinks she should have married works long into the night in order to maintain his lavish lifestyle. Katrina has decided she's going to marry that other man as well so she sneaks out while her husband is at work to spend time with the wealthier man who believes her to be newly divorced.

She is exhausted and now flinches at shadows as she is scared her deceptions will be revealed but is managing to keep up her double life.



Katrina Wilberforce

Julianne Wilcox, Maskmaker

Pembrooktonshire has far more than its fair share of wealthy citizens and one thing the upper class enjoys more than anything else is the quarterly masquerade ball.

Wilcox makes a fine living as it is considered very low-class to wear the same mask twice and everyone demands masks custom-made to express their individual tastes and to impress everyone else.

Wilcox's masks completely and totally conceal the true identity of whoever is wearing the mask no matter how small or flimsy the mask is provided that there are at least nine other Wilcox masks being worn in the immediate vicinity.



Julianne Wilcox

Henriette Woolcombe, Housewife Activist

Woolcombe is not just the stereotype of a nagging wife. No, she is so much more. She has been brought up to believe in the traditions of Pembrooktonshire and she is always vigilant against aberrant behavior. She has a large collection of books written in the past few decades and has compiled an extensive cross-reference of details about what the “proper” social customs are. She has perfect recall and a willingness to verbally assault others who aren’t measuring up to what her research says should be the standards.

You know the expression “More catholic than the Pope”? Woolcombe is the type of person that would claim the Pope isn’t even catholic for a variety of unimportant reasons.



Henriette Woolcombe

Benedict Wroxley, Sly Pimp

Wroxley is a revolutionary. He believes that Pembrooktonshire’s overall moral stance is unhealthy for its people and wants the citizens to just relax and have more fun.

His solution to the problem is to charm some young women into entering the glamorous life of prostitution where everyone likes them, they get paid for doing something they enjoy and everyone lives happily ever after.

He’s such a personable young man that he has actually got a few lasses believing this. He’s just saving up for a storefront.

He has no clue.



Benedict Wroxley

Arthur Wyndham, Vintner

Wyndham Apple Wine is the most famous of the Pembrooktonshire wines and Arthur Wyndham is the head of this great family.

In addition to overseeing the running of his business and administering to the great apple orchards his family owns Wyndham is also a social activist who despises the more free and "irresponsible" lifestyle of the Pembrooktonshire youth. He declares this a "foreign influence" and seeks to eradicate it.

His method of doing so is to codify exactly what it means to be a Pembrooktonshire-tonian and actively campaign against behavior and circumstances not included in his definitions. He has published many books and pamphlets on the subject and recently he has been hinting about a list of twenty-eight "secret foreigners" who have been seeking to undermine the moral fabric of Pembrooktonshire youth. This has created a keen interest in genealogy as close family bonds and a dedicated interest to family history is indeed a cornerstone of Pembrooktonshire citizenry... at least it is now, according to Wyndham's declarations.

In truth Wyndham's writing is very contradictory, and nobody, nobody could possibly live up to the standards as described in the numerous long, rambling, poorly-written volumes that Arthur has produced. Anybody could be ruined based on these books and the populace would go along with it for fear that their shortcomings in the same area as the accused would be revealed. And challenging the books or Wyndham himself is considered a dread attack on the fabric of Pembrooktonshire society itself.



Arthur Wyndham

Beatrix Ødegård, Housewife

The Ødegård name means almost nothing in Pembrooktonshire. Well, that's not exactly true. It's treated with scorn, as worse than nothing.

Immigrants to the town face an unbelievable battle for acceptance and it is normally not until three or four generations, if members of the family marry well and basically make their foreign name disappear. And the Ødegård name has letters that don't otherwise appear in Pembrooktonshire, making their situation that much worse, and after five generations they are still treated as complete outsiders.

The Ødegård family problem is that their heritage is important to them and they are all so beautiful. Not in the affected Pembrooktonshire manner but in a true natural sense. Social climbers can often resist it but low-ranking folk have no reason not to respond to it and the Ødegård women typically have so many suitors that they get to set conditions for marriage, including keeping the family name.

As the matriarch of perhaps the lowest family in Pembrooktonshire Beatrix works very hard to keep the family name vibrant. That she is a witch of the traditions of her family's native land only helps this effort.

The magic of the North Country witches is subtle and takes much time and preparation. Beatrix's current enchantment involves beauty. Everyone living in the immediate area (say, three city blocks) becomes minutely and barely discernibly uglier, but the total stolen beauty is then gathered within a growing child.

No one has yet discovered this is happening or the Ødegårds would surely be burned.



Beatrix Odegard

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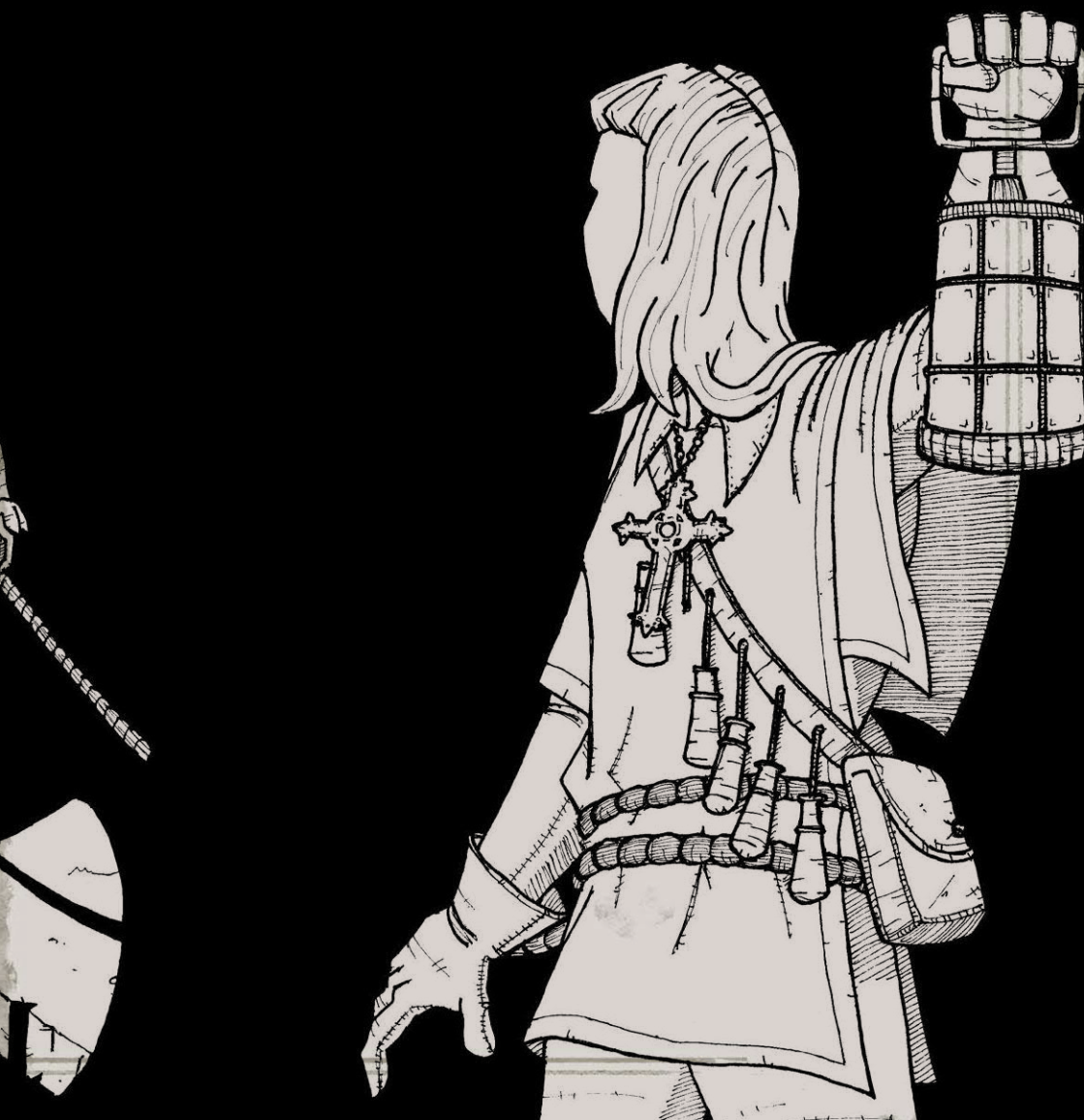
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HAMMERS OF THE GOD





AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION

Shrines and religious locations are so prevalent in my adventures for a reason: their purpose is intrinsically supernatural so all sorts of fantasy weirdness makes sense even if the overall campaign world is more down-to-earth. From a publisher's point of view this makes them a safe bet as they can appeal to both the most straight-laced fantasy gamer and the most gonzo. Making them unique is easy (knock on wood) because the entire atmosphere and flavor of the location depends on the deity or pantheon to which the location is dedicated. If you change the deity you change everything about the location even if the monster/treasure key remains the same.

It is the atmosphere and flavor which i feel is the most valuable in a commercial adventure. Anybody can make maps and stock them with monsters and treasure. You can even do it randomly. Off-the-cuff Refereeing is a skill that indeed requires no outside support, be it commercial or free. But i know when I buy an adventure I am seeking in-depth descriptions that make the map and the contents of the location come alive and hopefully in a way that i would never have done on my own. When i run someone else's adventure it's because i want the challenge of running something different, to present my group with something different. Changed names to integrate a work into my setting aside I don't want to make an adventure "my own." The whole point is to escape that for a bit and to charge my own creative batteries by basking in someone else's creative light. Becoming a good musician starts with having a good record collection. Being a top athlete means

competing against the very best. I think a Referee can only benefit from taking another's adventure and adapting their style to the author's presentation instead of doing the commonly-vaunted reverse method of always adapting published material to the Referee's own campaign.

This is why LotFP adventures are often long on description and detail. It's what I look for and what I believe makes for a good product. I wish I could present this level of detail and preparedness to the players in my home game each and every week.

But of course I can't. In adapting the material found herein from my game-notes I discovered something interesting. The "emergent story" that happens in traditional gaming as a result of play rather than driving play can also happen at a design level. The material in this adventure was originally two completely separate adventures run in different campaigns (locations #1 – 17 were originally run in 2006 in Vaasa, #18 – 27 were originally run in 2008 in Helsinki). The first bit's notes were just two sheets of graph paper and rough notes written on the front and back of a sheet of notebook paper and that was done in about four hours total before that week's game. The second part was written on-the-fly (I didn't expect the players to take the bait to go there) and my notes are on just one side of a piece of printer paper.

Individually the pieces showcase my dungeon design shortcomings: linear paths (highlighted by cool rooms, if I do say so myself) and common themes

across adventures. The linear path was easy to fix by combining the maps: now there are two branches to explore! (Yay...) looking over my map keys in preparation to expand them for publication I notice odd things. The cursed treasure of location #27 had no greater significance at the time other than me being challenging as a Referee or maybe just being a bit of a prick. The major campaign issues that I remember imparting through the use of frescoes in the first part aren't written anywhere in my notes. I made all those up on the fly. What was here was almost irrelevant (in the scope of the greater campaign) dressing.

For the purposes of this publication I decided to stick with what was in my written notes and not the material that was invented during play but not written down. Cursed items? The remaining frescoes and the banes? What is the story of the place, the background that made it what it is today, at the crucial point where it will be used in play? What are the common elements of two dungeons created two and a half years apart in terribly different life situations where "dwarf" was the only pre-existing common denominator?

The process of answering those questions and the fleshing out of the individual locations that results is the real effort of this adventure. The answers to those questions and the effects they had upon the writing are what make this adventure something that I am proud to offer you as a gaming aid and they are also what justify asking money for the product. They are what transform hastily constructed game notes into a complete and respectable product.

This material provided me with multiple sessions worth of good gaming. Cleaned up and fleshed out, I hope they can provide your group with even better gaming. Write me at lotfp@lotfp.com and let me know what happened when your group played the adventure.

James Edward Raggi IV
May 27, 2010
Helsinki, Finland



INTRODUCTION

BACKGROUND

Dwarfs are typically portrayed, in both fantasy literature and gaming, as industrious craftsmen of the highest caliber, prolific miners, dour, grudge-bearing, and having a great deal of investment in their beards.

They are also often portrayed as being a decaying race, having fallen from a mythic golden age when they were numerous and strong and in control of a great many underground cities before man was ever a power in the world.

For the purposes of this adventure all of these things are true. Stereotypical perhaps but when so much is communicated by way of the one word, "dwarf," it seems foolish to squander such familiarity. There are more important things to spend one's time on when gaming.

In the distant past, when the dwarfs were mighty and dominant, they were also progressive and friendly with the other intelligent humanoid races. Elf, early man, and even the goblin were welcome in the great halls of the bearded folk.

But eventually the great empire fell, as all do. In the case of the dwarfs it was not internal strife or external invasion or even treachery but a series of poor decisions, well-intentioned but full of the sort of hubris only dominant empires possess that led to the decay of the dwarf race. The enmity between dwarfs and elves, the hostility between the dwarfs and the goblin races, the self-imposed isolation of the dwarfs, was a result, not a cause, of the Great Errors. Even the religion changed,

moving away from the primordial dwarf deity known as Old Miner (now considered an ancient heathen deity by modern dwarf theologians and priests) to the gods they now worship.

Dwarfs are pragmatic and dwarf culture is one of tradition and remembrance of history. Dwarfs never forget a grudge.

What then if the dwarf race was responsible for its own downfall? Various sources have described what happens when individuals are disgraced. But when the entire culture is responsible?

As the old ways of the dwarfs transformed into the culture everyone is currently familiar with the dwarfs never forgot that it was their own fault. As the decades and centuries passed and circumstances moved from history to legend to myth and the young began to forget the lessons of their past it was decided that something should be done.

There is much history to be found in this adventure but what is relevant is the matter at hand: characters, in their own time, exploring this place so long after it had been abandoned. They will discover dark secrets but they may not care. They may not need to care. How they act on the information they discover will be determined by their own impulses, not on the actions of dwarfs in ages past.

PLACING THIS ADVENTURE IN YOUR CAMPAIGN

The dungeon has been long abandoned and has not been found or explored since the final battle that signaled the end of dwarven dominance of the age. The best way for characters to discover the existence of the place is through the classic device: a treasure map found in another dungeon. The map will lead to a location deep in the mountains. The mountains don't have to be particularly remote or wild; even a decent-sized range in the middle of civilized lands will work fine although the specific area will be well known for having "nothing there."

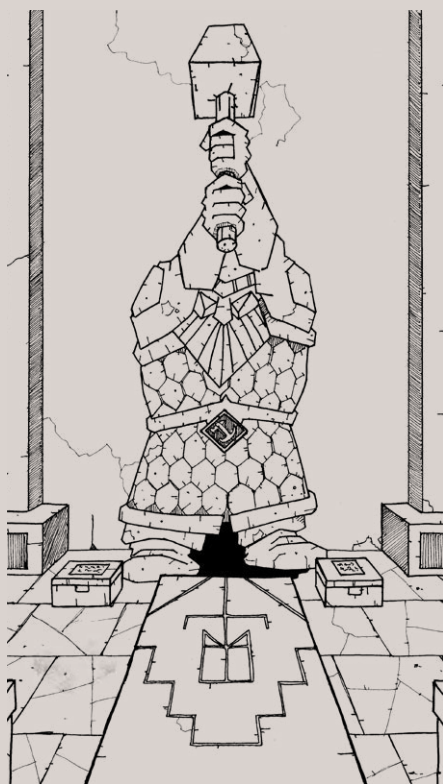
In this case the map should be in the hoard of a less-than-intelligent creature or at least one not likely to go into the mountains itself.

The map can also be delivered to the players' hands in other ways: the old man selling such things in a tavern to adventurous looking youngsters (who knows where he got it in the first place) or a junior priest finding the map in the forgotten depths of his church's archives needs outside agents (to avoid touchy political issues if the expedition is discovered) to bring back information in order to further his own career within the church's hierarchy (the same scenario could work with scribes or professors at institutions of learning or magical guilds).

The map itself should make it clear that the destination point has something to do with dwarfs and anyone familiar with the dwarven language will recognize the runes on the map as being quite archaic.

It is not recommended that anyone associated with the map have any knowledge of what is at the location. Powers that would desire the items within the dungeon, if they only knew about them, certainly would not risk the knowledge or the items to mercenary agents. Dwarf authorities who recognized what the place was would defend its location, not to mention the knowledge of its contents, with their very lives. Clans would gladly risk utter destruction rather than allow this place to be explored or looted.

"Treasure map!" "Dwarf related." This is all the information characters should have when they set out to find the place.



MAP KEY

A few notes about the dungeon:

Even though the entire complex was built during the political and cultural decline of the dwarf civilization this same time period was also the technological and architectural peak of the dwarf empire. Even the lowliest laborer was a proud and expert craftsman. There should not be a square inch of this complex, not on the ceiling, not on the floor, not on the door frames, that is not simply amazing to behold.

This entire complex, except for the chasm in location #24, is artificially constructed by the dwarfs. Locations #8, #9, #23, and #25 will look like natural caverns but they have merely been constructed to appear that way.

Due to the grandeur these halls are intended to convey all passages and rooms (barring the noted exceptions) are a full ten feet tall, easily used by humans.

All doors in this complex are constructed out of heavy steel alloy unable to rust or corrode. For present purposes we shall call it stainless steel but it is a superior metal compared to what we have today. The doors could be taken and sold if they could be carried (and each weighs over half a ton) and any weapons or armor made from the stuff would effectively be +1 and be immune to rust. However, today, only the grandest masters of dwarf craftsmanship would recognize what the metal is, how it would be valuable, and what to do with it to re-forged it into other things... and such a craftsman, surely found these days only at the heart

of an ancient and reclusive dwarf hold, would recognize where the metal came from, for each door is painstakingly carved with runes detailing a novel-length chronicle of how the metal on each door was mined, refined, crafted, and transported, and installed in the spot where the adventurers find it.

There will be many instances in the dungeon where "ancient dwarf runes" will be noted. Even over thousands of years dwarf culture changed little (from an outside perspective, at least) and language changed even less. Anyone able to read the modern dwarf language and possessing an intelligence score of 13 or higher can also work out the meaning of the writing found in this dungeon. Those with knowledge of the tongue but without the requisite intelligence will know it is archaic dwarf but not be able to read it. All others will just recognize "runic writing of some sort." Those with specific abilities to read languages, be it through skillful or magical means, will of course be able to read all writing herein.

WANDERING MONSTERS

Once the characters reach location #3 the dwarf spirits will be aware of their intrusion. Every turn there is a 1 in 10 cumulative chance that 1d4+1 Dwarf Sentinels will rise from the carnage at location #3 and move towards the intruders, intending to destroy them. When this happens the chance for an encounter resets to 1 in 10.

The Sentinels will not follow to certain locations and these will be noted in the text. When the party is in these locations do not make further wandering monsters checks, the counter will not reset and

checks should be resumed when the party leaves those noted areas.

If the party eludes the Sentinels they will return to location #3 and return to rest. They will not pursue a party out of the complex.

Dwarf Sentinels are those dwarfs so loyal to a cause that they continue to serve even after their bodies die a natural death. It must be noted that their existence is not an unnatural affront to the gods; indeed, their existence is a testament to their devotion to the gods. While they retain all of the usual undead immunities (*Sleep*, *Charm*, etc.) and the advantages of being a walking corpse (piercing weapons do 1 point of damage to them, blunt weapons do only half damage) they do not suffer the disadvantages of being undead if they are fulfilling their designated post

(the Sentinels in this adventure of course are): they may not be turned and holy water does not affect them.

They are effectively mindless but can perform simple repetitive tasks and will obey the proper authority (in this adventure's case a High Priest of the Old Miner or a duly appointed representative – and the Sentinel's awareness of this authority is supernatural, so mere disguise will not fool them).

Dwarf Sentinels: Armor 16, Move 60', 2 Hit Dice, 11hp, bite and claw combination attack 1d8, Morale 12. Blunt weapons only do 1 point of damage on a hit, immune to *Sleep*, *Charm* and other mind altering effects.



1. ENTRANCE

The cave entrance is protected by powerful dwarf magic. Unless someone already knows the entrance is there they can not find it. The cave will simply not exist for them even if they make physical contact with the entryway. Detecting invisible or magical effects will reveal that something is there and allow entry but it will still not be seen. Dispelling the effect will work but only for the caster.

Because the characters have the map and know that it is related to the dwarfs they will not even realize there is any sort of concealing magic unless they have hirelings with them that have not been informed of the map or the purpose of the expedition.

The door just inside the cave is embossed with the Sign of the Hammer. Dwarf Clerics, other dwarfs with an intelligence of 12 or more, other Clerics with an intelligence of 14 or more, and anyone else with an intelligence of 17 or more will recognize it as the symbol of The Old Miner, a largely forgotten demonic dwarf god that was worshipped in more ignorant and brutal times. In addition to all the other engravings on the door

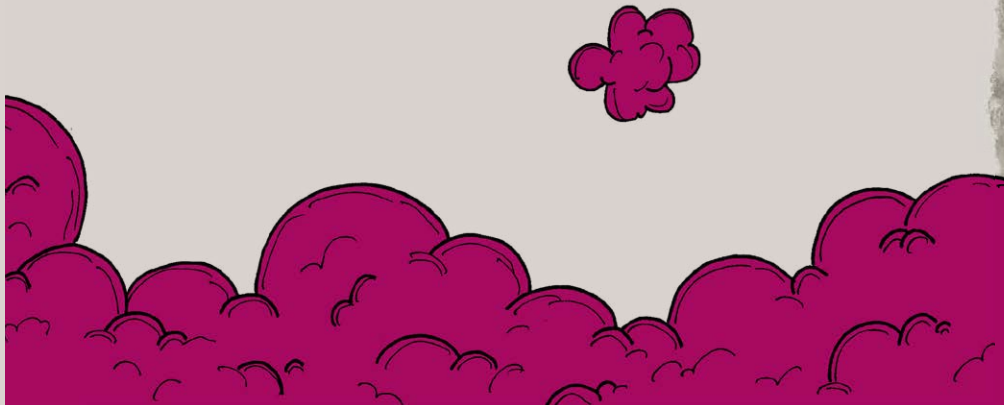
there is one large word written in ancient dwarf runes: **Shame**.

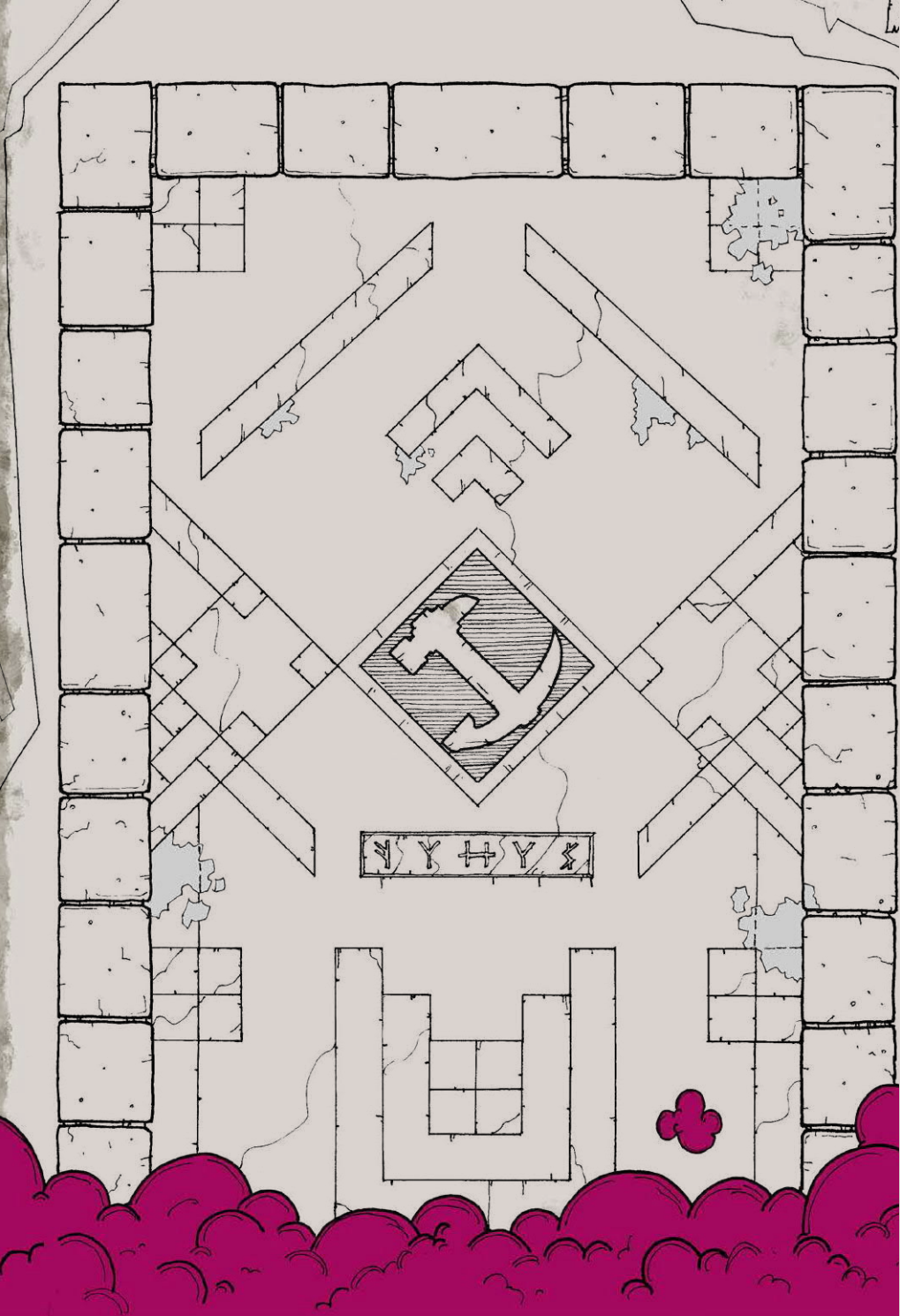
A purple mist floats from underneath the crack in the door. The door is easily opened and doing so will reveal a thick purple mist filling the inside hall.

This mist is about knee-high on a human and fills the entirety of the entry hallway and locations #2 and #3. It is not harmful in any way but obscures the floor completely. Its purpose is to preserve that which it covers. Even though it will spill out onto the surface after the entry door is opened (and into other areas as those doors are opened) the mist will never seem to thin out or dissipate from the interior of the dungeon at all.

2. COAT CHECK

This room is filled with a hundred pairs of sandals (on the floor and thus obscured by the mist), eighty-nine cloaks, forty-eight swords, twenty-two shields, eighty-three daggers, and twelve coats of mail. All of these are dwarf-sized, all are of ancient design, and although all are thousands of years old are all in perfectly fine condition thanks to the mist.





3. CENTRAL HALL/SITE OF THE MASSACRE

This large chamber was the scene of a massacre, as a force of humans, with the aid of a traitorous dwarf guide, stormed the complex and butchered the praying dwarfs within. No one, man nor dwarf, ever left this place.

The purple mist is quite thick and it conceals the bodies of twenty-eight humans (all in ancient-style bronze armor and with short swords and oddly shaped shields laying near each body) and one hundred and twelve dwarfs, all unarmed and unarmored, all but eight of whom were killed by the humans' weapons. The humans and other dwarfs look like they may have choked to death as their eyes are protruding and they are clutching their throats. Due to the effects of the mist all of the equipment is in tip-top shape and these bodies are so fresh that it seems they died moments before the characters entered the room save that all of the dwarfs killed by the humans have bled out completely (a huge amount of blood covers the floor). Characters walking through the room without caution will certainly trip over a body or slip on blood and fall into this mess.

This room has a vaulted ceiling twenty feet high. Each wall has a scene painstakingly carved and painted into the living rock:

The south wall depicts a great feast in progress – think da Vinci's Last Supper in presentation – with a dwarf, an elf, a human, a halfling, a goblin and a giant are all engaged in what looks like an uproariously good time. In the background of the great feasting table are a mix of the same races engaged in all sorts of merriment: singing, dancing, drinking...

the entire work has been defaced as a good amount of tar has been thrown over it, ruining much of the color but of course not the contours of the scene itself. The tar is still sticky. Beneath the entire scene are the engraved words "*Once All Was Peace.*"

The west wall depicts a great forge where five weapons are being created. Each is being attended to by a dwarf and an assistant of another race: an elf is assisting with a hammer, a goblin is assisting with a sword, a human is assisting with a spear and a giant is assisting with a trident. Two dwarfs are creating an axe. The engraving below this scene says "*Forging the Banes of Trust to Ensure War Could Never Happen.*"

The east wall is a series of images, going from north to south, showing the advancement of the dwarf race. The first image shows a pair of hands reaching out from the earth to give fire and tools to a group of bestial dwarfs. The second image is a band of primitive dwarfs learning to mine and tunnel. The third image is that of a crowd of dwarfs standing, adorned with golden arms and armor and surrounded by jewels, in a massive underground structure. The fourth image is of dwarfs in odd clothing in self-propelled vehicles (which emit a thick purple smoke) engaged in various tasks. A modern observer would recognize these vehicles as a tank, a train and a steam-shovel. The fifth image shows dwarfs, completely encased in some sort of glassy armor, wandering through an absolutely barren red desert at night under a cloudless and very starry sky. The engraving below this series of images says "*What Once Was and What Was Lost.*" The dwarf civilization had gotten

to the third image here but because of their fall never got to realize the wonders depicted in the fourth and fifth.

The north wall, above the altar, merely has one engraved phrase: *"We Walk in the Right."*

There is an altar, three feet tall, on a dais against the north wall of the room. The dais is only a eighteen inches or so high but the purple mist retreats from the altar itself so that most of the dais is not covered by it. The visual effect is that it looks like a scoop of the mist has been taken out around the altar.

Engraved into the surface of the altar in ancient dwarf are the words *"That Which is Only Used in Peace."* On the surface of the altar are a pair of mining tools made out of gold: a hammer and a mining pick. They aren't pure gold, mind you, as they are functional, yet each weighs about ten pounds and has a value of 2500sp. If used as weapons they are -2 to hit and to damage.

If the altar's surface is searched it will be found to have a false top. Four additional surfaces are inside and the entire container is built so that the surfaces may be rotated to the top without removing any from the altar. This interior space reaches down below the visible altar area and into the dais. The other surfaces are engraved with the following phrases, one on each surface:

- » That Which Engenders Love
- » That Which Feeds the Hungry
- » That Which Fills the Silence with Beauty
- » That Which Helps a Blind Man to See

To the right of the altar, poking out of the mist, is a four foot diameter meteorite. Its already irregular surface is further marred by hundreds of pockmarks, each flecked with gold.

The secret door behind the altar can be detected but there is only one way to open the door (even magic will not work as this door is sealed by the deified power of the Old Miner itself): the meteorite must be hit with both the golden hammer and the golden mining pick. When this happens the entire platform the altar is on will lift up about one foot off the ground and forward about five feet and the secret door will open for two minutes. This mechanism allows there to be no scratches or other telltale signs on the floor that the platform moves.

The door may be freely opened from the north side.

The door on the west wall, leading to location #4, will have purple mist cascading from the cracks around the entirety of the door. If this door is open purple smoke filling the entire tunnel beyond will billow out into this room.



4. PRIEST'S CHAMBERS

This is the chamber of the High Priest of the Old Miner, Nâr-Krêm, the dwarf in charge of this complex. It was his action that caused the human invasion to fail, at the cost of his own life, as well as the lives of his followers.

In the center of the room is a large fire pit pumping out a continuing stream of purple smoke. The entire room is filled to the point the smoke is palpable, making vision quite poor and breathing difficult. It (no longer) poses a health hazard, however. Four turns after the door to this room is opened, if it is kept open, the mist will subside to the point where it is just being generated from the pit and travels towards the open door.

To the northeast of the fire pit are four humans, outfitted like those in location #3, laying dead. The bodies show no signs of violence and are so fresh that the characters could swear they died at the very instant they were first seen.

Just west of the fire pit, facing east, is an ancient-looking dwarf, beardless and wearing nothing more than a cotton wrap around his nether region, sitting lotus-style on the floor within a curious symbol painted on the floor: a unicursal hexagrams set inside a dodecagram. His arms remain outstretched. He looks as if he is meditating.

By all appearances he looks like he is still alive. Checking his breath (with, say, a mirror under the nose) or his pulse will reveal that air and blood still flow but the priest will not gain consciousness. In fact he has been dead just as long as everyone else here, but the Old Miner was

so sad at his passing that the air and the priest's blood took it upon themselves to attempt to keep him alive, and so they have been rushing in and out of his lungs and dashing through his veins ever since. It hasn't worked.

When the human force stormed the complex Nâr-Krêm prepared his seeds and waited. He hoped that his kin would repulse the attack but when the invaders shattered the sanctity of his holy chamber Nâr-Krêm lit his seeds and brought death to all, a fitting punishment for those who would defile the Old Miner's last sanctuary on Earth and a fitting punishment for those too weak to defend it. Nâr-Krêm was the first to die.

In the pit, generating all of the mist and smoke, are three seeds which still smolder. If the seeds are extinguished the mist will cease to form and eventually the present mist will dissipate if the doors to the central hall are left open.

If the seeds are exposed to flame after having been extinguished they will once again produce the purple mist. They will at first explode, filling 8,000 cubic feet of space (20' x 20' x 20'), and forever pump out more until once again extinguished.

For the first ten years of mist production the mist is an ultra-deadly contact agent. Anyone coming into contact with the mist (breathing it is not necessary) must make a saving throw versus Poison or die. Anyone who is still in contact with the mist the next round dies automatically. The mist does act as a preserving agent and anything in contact with the mist will not decay, age, or corrode in any manner, no matter the amount of time that passes.

Against the west wall are the priest's personal effects and rest area. His bed is made of solid rock (and not smooth rock at that) with a not-hidden compartment in its base. In this compartment are a handful of pebbles in a leather bag (the priest's food) and a Cleric Scroll, written in ancient dwarf, with the spells *Bless*, *Light*, *Resist Cold* and *Resist Fire*.

5. LIBRARY

There are many shelves in this room, each full of heavy stone books. Under each book is a catalog number inscribed on the shelf. The catalog numbers, 1 through 101, are not in sequence. Book number 101 is missing.

The pedestal against the south wall is unmarked and upon it is the catalog of all the books. The full listing is found in Appendix I (p292) and may be read by any character able to read the ancient dwarf tongue.

Each book weighs 2d20 pounds. Anyone who knows the ancient dwarf tongue may read the titles but to gain the information contained within a book 2d4 hours must be spent reading. The general idea of the contents of each book is found in Appendix II (p295).

6. ROOM OF RITUAL SHAVING

This room has a number of broken down yet recognizable stone chairs on stands that allow them to recline. Shelves along the east wall contain what are undeniably shaving implements. Most are of course quite decayed but there is one set of golden shaving shears, worth 250sp, that is in good condition.

The west wall is dominated by hundreds of small spikes that have been driven into

the wall. Remains of beards are hanging on many of them and below them on the floor is a rather large pile of decayed beard hair. Any dwarf will be able to instantly identify the hair specifically as beard hair.

7. FOUNTAINS

Four grand fountains, each carved out of a single block of deep blue marble, stand in the corners of this room. The walls of the room are lined with a highly reflective variety of stone so the room will sparkle when someone enters carrying a light source. The sound of great amounts of splashing water can be heard from the north.

The lips of the fountains have runes carved in them (in the ancient dwarf language):

- » The northeast fountain's inscription says "*Only the Clean May Pass*"
- » The northwest fountain's inscription says "*Drink to Health and Delay Travel to the Gods*"
- » The southeast fountain's inscription says "*A Little Water Now Before Much Water Later*"
- » The southwest fountain's inscription says "*A Prayer Against Gooladin, Drowner of Maids and Children*"

The water is fresh and potable, sweet tasting, even, being pumped from far below by a perpetual motion machine.

There are no random encounters in this area.

8. SUBMARINE HARBOR

The stairs empty out into a humongous cavern easily one hundred feet high. From the cavern entrance water can be heard (but not yet seen) cascading down the walls in a great roar.

The stone floor will quickly turn to sand, and as adventurers advance into the room they will discover three elements of real interest: the water, the cranes and the submarines.

The cranes are seventy-five feet tall and supported by a stainless steel lattice tower. The booms extend thirty feet. The hoist line for each crane is made out of fifteen hundred foot long thick steel cable. Each crane has a control box on top in which manual cranks allow the cranes to swivel back and forth as well as extend and retract the cables.

Do note that these towers are far taller than the range of torches and lanterns so adventurers will only see the bottom of the tower and if they are some distance away also the cables dangling from the sky. They will have to climb to discover more.

Within each control box is one Dwarf Sentinel, mindless yet dedicated to making sure the cranes are never used again. There is only room for one person within the control box so any fighting will have to be done with the Sentinel inside and any attacker clinging to the outside latticework. If a Sentinel hits for at least four points of damage the victim must make a saving throw versus Paralyzation or fall. Note that due to the noise caused by all the water characters on the ground may not talk to anyone near the top of one of the cranes, even if shouting.

Then there are the submarines. Each is a simple metal tube (heavily dented), twenty feet long and ten feet wide. There is a hatch on top and the steel cables from the cranes enter one end of the tube. Each hatch is waterproof and airtight so inside will be dark and it would be unwise to have open flames.

Inside each of the tubes are two rows of six seats each. The front of the cabin has a crank for manually releasing or retracting the cable.

Inside submarine A are five Dwarf Sentinels. Submarine B is empty and the crank does not work, as will be obvious to anyone that tests it (hopefully before it is pushed off the shore...).

The shoreline is constantly shifting in and out by ten feet or so as the cascading water has an inconsistent flow. There is a great hole in the cavern floor, about fifteen feet wide, down which the water flows in a whirlpool. Anything floating in the water (including any characters that decide to go swimming) will be swept away. The hole leads to location #9 after about four hundred feet of tunnels.

Anyone being swept through the hole will die from drowning and/or being crushed against the walls unless they make a save versus Magical Device (surviving this is almost magic), in which case they will still take 3d6 damage. After going through that they must divest themselves of all equipment if they wish to be able to swim out of the water in location #9.

Climbing a cable down the whirlpool is perfectly possible assuming a character has the means to breathe water.

The only safe (kind of...) way down to the lower level is to ride one of the tubes. While experimentation will allow adventurers to figure out how the crank works within the tube the Sentinels in the cranes have just enough awareness to know to stop any cable from being let out, and crane cranks overpower the submarine cranks every time. Even with that problem being taken care of, how to get a tube into the water to be swept away, with everyone in the tube, is up to the characters to figure out.

Once down the hole all characters who do not think to strap themselves in (and all installed restraints have long rotted away) will take 1d6 damage if they are sitting and 2d6 if they are not as the craft is sucked down the passage and crashes into the pool below. Smart characters might think to slowly let the cable out with the crank but they will need to roll an open doors check to successfully do this the entire way down. Failure means the character attempting this will take 2d6 damage.

If there is already a tube and cable down the hole (as there is when the characters first enter the area) there is a 25% chance that a second craft will get stuck somewhere in the shaft down. If there are already two craft in the lower cavern there is a 75% chance that the third would become stuck, wedged between the cables and the wall. To get unstuck there are at least two things to be done (of course clever characters may think of other ways). One, the entire group could just bounce around the craft hoping to knock it loose. The chance for success is 1 in 4 for every character attempting it so four characters would have a 4 in 4 chance and automatically succeed. Every

character helping that effort takes the 2d6 damage from the rough ride. The other option is that someone must climb out of the hatch and physically shove the cable away from the craft. Not only will this allow a good amount of water into the craft (or flood it completely if the hatch is not immediately closed after this brave fellow) but the character performing this action will not be able to get back into the craft when it is freed and will fall as if she had simply been sucked down the whirlpool (as detailed above). If the submarine's hatch is not closed immediately after a character exits it mid-trip it will fill up with water entirely, meaning that using the hand crank to lower the craft will take entirely too long. Letting the craft go when it is full of water will result in it sinking like a big chunk of metal in the pool at location #9.

It takes one full turn to travel from location #8 to #9 if being merely swept down the whirlpool (assuming the submarine's or crane's crank is not used). It takes 1d6+4 turns if using a crank to ease the craft down without damage being taken by the passengers.

Keep in mind that the submarines are both air and watertight when the hatch is closed. Sources of open flame will consume all available oxygen very quickly and the smoke of even a lantern will make the air intolerable in just a couple of minutes.

Once down in the lower cavern at location #9 the only ways back up are to either work the crank from inside a tube and slowly pull one's way up or to have someone in the attached crane pull the tube up. If using the submarine crank it takes 1d12+8 turns but only 1d4+2 turns using a

crane crank. It is impossible to climb up a cable in the face of the rushing water.

There are no random encounters in the submarine harbor.

Dwarf Sentinels: *Armor 16, Move 60', 2 Hit Dice, 11hp, bite and claw combination attack 1d8, Morale 12. Blunt weapons only do 1 point of damage on a hit, immune to Sleep, Charm and other mind altering effects.*

9. LANDING POOL

The whirlpool from the water in location #8 empties here out of a drain specifically constructed so descending craft would not crash into the cavern walls on their final descent. Craft will splash down directly below the drain (a forty foot drop) and will immediately start to sink if the cable has been allowed to go slack (the water there is sixty feet deep). The correct procedure to get the craft to shore is to

use the crank to lift the craft back out of the water (and it will be hanging on end). Someone must open the hatch and swim to shore while carrying a shoreline and then the craft should be pulled into shore as someone within is letting out more cable.

Along the shore are several stone pylons which can be used to secure the watercraft. There is also one of the submarines moored here. While there were six dwarf sentinels within they have been destroyed so they are simply dwarf corpses. Inside is a far more dangerous threat, a fungus which can only be called Madness Mold.

The mold will erupt out of the craft if the hatch is opened and all within a twenty foot radius must make a saving throw versus Poison or suffer madness for 1d6 rounds. Those affected must roll on the following table every round:

DB	RESULT
1	Character attacks self, automatically hits for normal damage.
2	Character attacks nearest possible victim.
3	Spellcasting character casts a random prepared spell on a random target; non-spellcasters attack random victim.
4	Character destroys one random piece of equipment.
5	Character attempts to take off all equipment and clothing; if a character completes this task they will run screaming down the south hallway (50%) or into the water (50%).
6	Character will attempt to set self on fire; if without means to do so they will attempt to grab and destroy another character's equipment. Character takes no damage.
7	Character performs action that the Referee determines to be the most detrimental to the group.
8	Character attempts to jump into submarine to inhale more spores; if successful, madness lasts additional 1d4+2 rounds.

It will be impossible to enter the craft without unleashing another cloud unless the mold is destroyed. Burning will work to remove the mold but the mold will be explosive and anyone within 5' must make a saving throw versus Breath Weapon or take 1d6 damage from the conflagration. This has a 50% chance of destroying the crank apparatus.

On the sandy shore are seven life-size dwarf statues scattered about. They depict dwarfs in solemn dress with their heads bowed. The fifth has the following inscribed upon it in ancient dwarf runes:

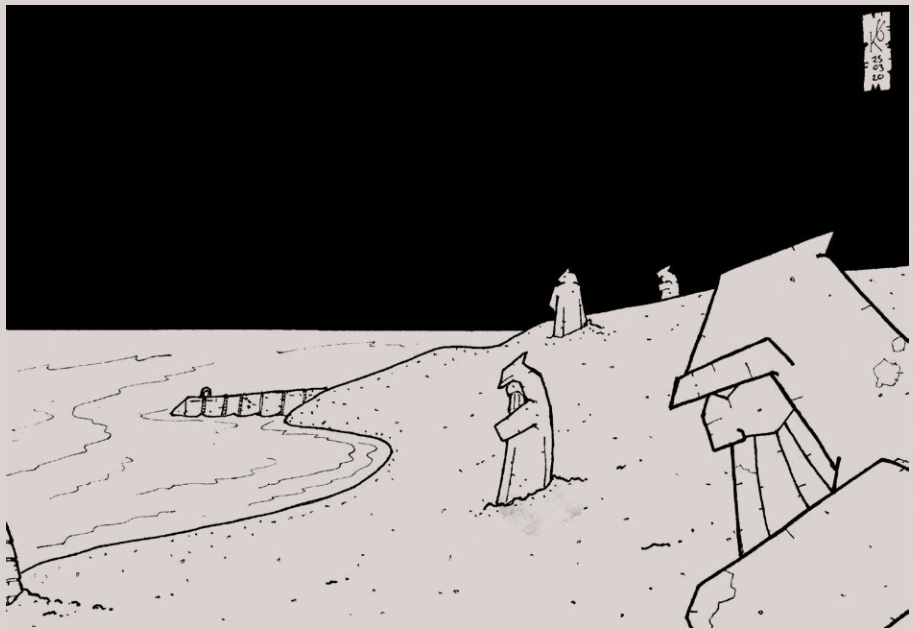
"We stare willingly into the stone lizard's eyes so that we may stand vigilant in memory of what our people have done."

Each statue has a small red gem worth 50sp embedded in its forehead.

Towards the south hallways the sand gives way once more to standard worked stone floors.

This entire level is extremely noisy as what sounds like a large crowd screaming in agony can be heard to the south (see location #11).

In this lower level random encounters are rolled as normal and any indicated Sentinels will rise from the water here and make their way towards intruders. Sentinels will not enter rooms #14 – #17 but the Referee should still make the random encounter checks as usual while the characters are in these rooms. Any Sentinels that appear due to the random encounter checks will merely wait quietly in the hallway outside #14 for the intruders to come out. They will go back to their rest in 36 hours.



10. LEARNING ROOM

The walls of the room and the hallway leading to it are covered with a wet, dripping mold of yellow and brown color. The surface of the walls, floor, and ceiling can not be seen. In the center of the room is a large (10' diameter) clump of pulsating fungus.

The mold is not harmful as long as care is taken when moving through the area. If the center mold mound is attacked or moved (gentle prodding will not cause any great reaction) it will burst and everyone in the room must make a saving throw versus Poison immediately or take 1d6 damage, and if that save is failed, once per turn over the next three turns those characters must make additional saving throws or take 1d6 damage for each failure. A successful saving throw after the first one does not prevent future saving throws from being required.

If anyone tries scraping the mold off the walls of the room itself the mold will coalesce into three Mold Men which will come off of the walls to destroy any intruders.

On the surfaces of the room are a series of murals (that something is painted on the walls will be obvious as the mold men tear themselves off of the walls). It will take some time, two turns for one person to clear a 10' wall, to clear the mold away enough to see what is beneath it.

The scene, painted in dwarf pigments so resistant that time and fungus cannot fade them, is one of fire and damnation. The entire floor is painted to appear to be a pit of fire with all sorts of demons and devils in contorted poses swimming in the flames. Along the edges where the floor meets the walls the demons are trying to climb out of the pit onto solid earth but are being repelled by dwarfs using sparkling gems, including emeralds, rubies and sapphires, to ward off the infernal ones and keep them confined to hell. The west wall features the Old Miner calling down diamond light to destroy a great demon attempting to rise from the pit. The ceiling, although only ten feet high, is painted to create the illusion that it is vaulted, coming to a point with a great diamond in the center. It is this diamond's light that shines down upon the west wall.



Mold Men: *Armor 12, Move 60', 3 Hit Dice, 15hp, 1 mêlée or missile mold attack 1d6, Morale 12. When struck those within mêlée range must make a saving throw versus Breath Weapon or take 1d6 damage. When they attack opponents' armor and shields do not count towards their Armor, only Dexterity and Constitution modifiers apply.*

11. CREATURE LAIR

The noise that saturates this level comes from the inhabitant of this room: a terrible creature that has traveled to our world from beyond sound.

It is approximately seven feet long, looking like an upside-down shark (minus fins and tail), with thirteen short legs with no discernable feet supporting it. It has no eyes, at least where eyes should be. Over a thousand stalks, perhaps a foot long and two inches wide apiece, jut out from every surface of its body. At the end of each stalk is a pod with a toothless mouth and every one of these stalks screams. Each screaming mouth has a tongue at the end of which is a pair of connected eyes which dart around nervously and give the creature its kaleidoscope vision.

This creature is an early escapee from the Dimensional Pool (location #18). Originally nothing more than a vapor of concentrated sonic memory the creature was present when the battle in the Central Hall (location #3) took place and it heard and remembered all of the screams of the dying there. It eventually oozed through the secret door and down through the whirlpool and ended up in these lower halls. Later it discovered the intruders (see location #12) as they were entering the area of the Rolling Juggernaut (location #15) and chased them back to the area they came from (#12 again) and killed them all but not before one of the intruders' spells bound the creature into physical form forever.

It has been here for ages, not aware of the concept of passing time or boredom (since it is neither a true living being nor undead, the Sentinels do not consider

it an intruder). It will be aware of any being moving into the hallway leading to this room and will immediately begin to customize its sound emissions to the intruders. It will attack any living creature on sight.

There used to be more murals on these walls but they have disintegrated under the sonic assault of the creature.

The Creature: *Armor 16, Move 90', 4 Hit Dice, 23hp, bite 2d4, Morale 10. The screams coming from all its mouths are at best distracting and at worst completely disabling as the creature has a passive telepathic ability and instinctively knows what sounds in its memory will most unnerve those around it. Everyone within 60' of it must make a saving throw versus Magic each round or be unable to act at all. A successful saving throw causes all attacks to be made at -2 if mêlée or -4 if missile, movement is halved and any attempt at spellcasting requires another successful saving throw versus Magic or the noise distracts and causes the spell to be miscast.*

If it is killed its dying gasp will be the last conversation it overheard from the intruders as they were puzzling over the door at location #14: First voice: "Remember, after we get through this door, go straight, not up." Second voice: "Right. We're not interested in up, whatever's up there is someone else's problem, we're after the B—what's that? AHHHHHH!!!"

12. BATTLEGROUNDS

Here is a great passageway that has collapsed. Laying on top of the rubble are four skeletons, One of the skeletons is buried halfway up the passage with only its legs sticking out, obviously not caught in the collapse but wedged in afterwards.

The bodies are dressed in rags and the three not wedged in the rubble are broken in many places. Metal buckles and daggers which were worn by those that died here can be found mingled with the bones and swords and one shield are laying close. All these metal items are rusted and useless after a few years in this damp area. The emblem on the shield is the crest of a local noble family who rules lands close by this complex.

A rotted backpack is among the remains and the only intact item within is a padded case containing four potions of Gaseous Form, but these are spoiled and will only have a duration of 1d6 rounds.

One of the skeletons has a bone scroll case laying within it and this will only be noticed if physically searched. Inside are two scrolls, one with *Form Made Flesh* and the other with *Greater Form Made Flesh*.

The collapsed tunnel is 160 miles long and the first 80 miles of the passage has caved in.

Form Made Flesh

Magic-User Level 3

Duration: 1 round/level of caster

Range: 30'

When this spell is cast all insubstantial creatures in a 30' radius area from the spell's target must make a saving throw versus Magic or become substantial, normal flesh. All beings which were formerly only affected by magic or other special weapons (for example, lycanthropes typically hurt only by silver) are now vulnerable to normal weapons. All special abilities dependent on form are made unusable for the duration of the spell. Shapeshifting creatures are trapped in their current form. Any Armor bonus derived from having an amorphous or non-substantial form becomes the Armor bonus of an unarmored human.

Greater Form Made Flesh

Magic-User Level 5

Duration: 1 round/level of caster

Range: 30'

When this spell is cast all insubstantial creatures in a 30' radius area from the spell's target become substantial, normal flesh. All beings which were formerly only affected by magic or other special weapons (for example, lycanthropes typically hurt only by silver) are now vulnerable to normal weapons. All special abilities dependent on form are made unusable for the duration of the spell. Shapeshifting creatures are trapped in their current form. Any Armor bonus derived from having an amorphous or non-substantial form becomes the Armor bonus of an unarmored human.

13. MEDITATION ROOM

This room served as a room to contemplate the errors and sins of the dwarf people. There are murals on the east, west, and south walls and painted symbols on the floor.

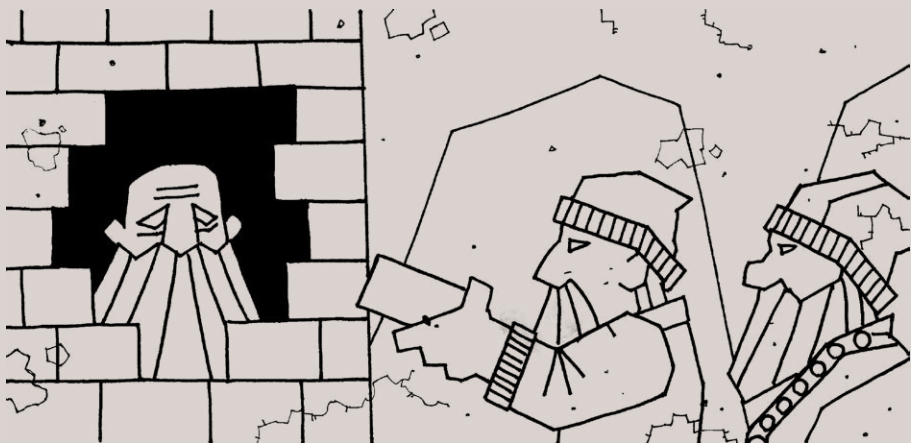
The southern mural depicts a robed human, a large stone book under his arm, commanding dwarfs on his left and right. The dwarfs on the west wall are walling up an imprisoned ancient-looking dwarf. The dwarfs on the east wall are moving to battle another force of dwarf warriors.

On the floor are three sets of identical symbols, all unicursal hexagrams set inside a dodecagram.

The first character to sit inside a symbol will hear a voice within his head. "Choose the right, my friend. Choose the right, and wear your allegiance. There is still time to correct all wrongs." The character receiving this message will know that it is communicated in ancient dwarf and will be able to understand it.

The second character to sit inside a symbol will hear nothing.

The third character to sit inside a symbol will see the murals come to life. The dwarfs walling up the ancient dwarf will be shouting "Imprison the Miner!" The robed man will notice the character and direct his warriors to attack the sitting character. The character will be paralyzed in place and a dozen dwarfs will all attack the character. The Referee should make to-hit rolls and roll for damage until the character "dies," at which point the character will wake up from his trance unharmed from the whole thing. During all this the other warrior dwarfs will merely stand and watch. If the character looks closely she can see that the book the robed man is carrying is entitled 'Studies of Methods Used to Deceive the Dwarf People.' While all of this is going on other characters will merely see the sitting character meditating peacefully.



14. GRAND HALL

This is a great vaulted chamber, three hundred feet high at the center, with great arches all extending from the walls and meeting at that central point. The entire thing is kept together by a diamond keystone (worth 2,500,000sp) but if it is removed the ceiling will collapse with the ensuing chain reaction collapsing the entire complex between location #9 – 17.

The door to the south is huge: forty feet high, fifteen feet wide and made of a golden-hued metal of unknown origin. The Sign of the Hammer is on the door but otherwise it is featureless, a stark contrast to the finely decorated walls around it. It has no visible opening mechanism, no hinges, nothing, and will not open under any circumstances, even for magical spells or chimes, unless the methods described below are used. This is divinely sealed.

Before the great door is a fire pit, fifteen feet wide, scalloped out of the floor (only a couple of feet deep) and lined with mother of pearl. Any fuel that was once here has long been burned or taken away but even a single flask of oil used here for fuel would be enough fuel to illuminate the entire chamber.

The platforms on the east and west sides are ninety feet high. In times past there was a grand winding staircase climbing up each side but these have long been ripped off the walls and taken away. The platforms are made of an obviously different rock and the remains of the fixtures can be seen dotting its surface (none can be used to fasten a grappling hook or rope). However, there will be no indication that anything is above as ninety feet should be well beyond the

reach of a light source unless a fire is lit in the fire pit on the floor, in which case it will become obvious to any observer that the platforms do not rise all the way to the ceiling.

Each platform is identical save for facing opposite directions. Atop each platform is a Dwarf Sentinel. The Sentinel will stay within its alcove atop the platform, advancing only if someone climbs (or levitates, or flies...) to the top or if a grapple is hooked to the edge. It will attempt to repel any intruder.

At the end of each alcove is a giant glass enclosure fastened tight against the wall by a switch. Inside the bubble, embedded in the wall, is another switch.

The glass enclosures are hinged – they obviously open. The switch to open them will not budge unless both switches on both platforms are thrown at the same time. If this is done both enclosures safely open.

The enclosures are double-layered glass shells with an explosive gas embedded between the layers. If the bubble is opened properly the gas does not escape. If the bubble is broken (which is not difficult to do; it is glass!) the gas will escape. If anyone on the platform is carrying an open flame (a lantern counts) the gas explodes. Everyone on the platform takes 1d6 damage from the flash and is thrown 1d6 x 10' back from the alcove. This causes no additional damage unless of course the victim is thrown over the edge of the platform. It's a long way down.

Once the bubble is opened the embedded switch may be thrown but again only if

the switches in both alcoves are thrown at the same time. Neither switch will move if handled individually. Throwing the switches opens the great southern door.

The alcoves are shaped so that people on each platform may speak to people on the other platform without needing to raise their voices. In fact, whispers will carry over.

15. ROLLING JUGGERNAUT

This hallway is forty feet tall and slopes upwards as one moves east. Metal scaffolded catwalks, only three feet wide, line both walls at a height of thirty feet. Stairs at the western end of the catwalk allow access.

In the middle of the floor are two parallel grooves that run the length of the corridor.

At the far end of the hallway is a massive roller which takes up the entire width and height of the passage. It is fixed to the wall by a thick steel cable.

Nothing will happen in this corridor as long as only the floor is used for travel. If the catwalks are used the juggernaut will be unleashed. If anyone travels upon either catwalk to point A, fifty feet down the corridor, the roller will begin to slide down the corridor at a rate of 40' per round, causing an awful racket as it goes. The catwalk is collapsible and starting from east to west the entire structure (both sides) will flatten, throwing anyone on them to the floor (3d6 damage). If they are run over by the juggernaut (and remember they won't even see what is causing the noise until it is within range of their light sources) they are dead – no saving throw. The juggernaut will only

go so far west as the end of the catwalk and then the cable will pull it back to the end of the corridor at a rate of 20' per round. When it reaches its resting place the catwalk will again rise to its original position.

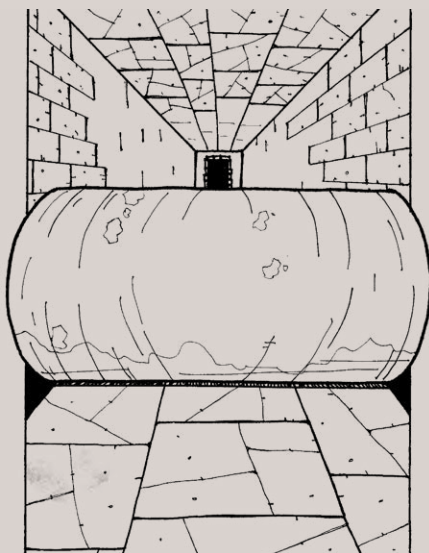
An arched entry interrupts the scaffolding to allow access to the doors at location #16.

16. A CHOICE

There are two great stone doors here.

Opening the left door releases poison gas and anyone within twenty feet must make a saving throw versus Poison or die. The gas will remain effective for ten rounds and anyone staying within the cloud must make a saving throw every round.

The door on the right is not locked and can only be opened by one wearing the Old Miner's holy symbol.



17. BANE TOMB

This room is completely bare except for five sarcophagi. The four in the corners are all open and each has a once-hidden compartment that is protruding from the base of the sarcophagus. Each sarcophagus and each compartment are empty.

The four empty sarcophagi each have a carving on the lid and an inscription inside the lid carved in ancient dwarf:

First sarcophagus: The lid has the carved image of a human on it. The inscription says: *"Give that which engenders love."*

Second sarcophagus: The lid has the carved image of a goblin on it. The inscription says: *"Give that which feeds the hungry."*

Third sarcophagus: The lid has the carved image of two dwarfs on it. The inscription says: *"Give that which fills the silence with beauty."*

Fourth sarcophagus: The lid has the imprint of one very large foot. The inscription says: *"Give that which helps a blind man to see."*

The fifth sarcophagus, in the center of the north wall, is closed. On the lid is the carved image of an elf. The sarcophagus opens easily and on the inside of the lid is the carved inscription (in ancient dwarf): *"Give that which is only used in peace."* If the gold implements (both of them!) from location #3 are placed in the sarcophagus the bottom of the sarcophagus will slide away into the wall, taking the golden tools away forever. At the same time a shelf will slide out from the base of the sarcophagus. In this shelf

are the *Elf Bane* and a pure silver magical shield which gives a +2 Armor bonus only against attacks from elves.

The *Elf Bane* is a War Hammer +1, +3 versus Elves. It emits a low hum whenever there is an elf within 60' that elves cannot hear. The bearer of the hammer surprises elves twice as often as without it and gains a +1 bonus to initiative in any combat with elves. However, if the *Elf Bane* is used in combat when an elf is within 60' and the hammer is not being used to strike at an elf the weapon is -2 to hit and damage and the wielder suffers a -1 penalty to initiative. If an elf is within striking distance when the wielder attacks, and an elf is not the intended target there is a 1 in 4 chance the attack will be made against the elf anyway. These penalties apply even if the present elf is allied with the wielder.

The hammer will detect as Good if scried by a dwarf, Evil if scried by an elf and neutral if scried by any other race. Half-elves do not trigger any effects of the sword, only pure-blooded elves do.

HALLS OF GREAT MEMORY (LOCATIONS #18 - 23)

This section of the complex is constructed differently than the rest. The story of Mâr-Rune is written into the very walls in the exacting and fastidious dwarf style. However, the story isn't carved in runes upon the walls. Rather, the walls themselves are made out of carved and assembled runes, and layered, with about three inches between layers.

The outermost layer is easiest to read (if one understands the ancient dwarf script, of course). The next layer is more difficult to read because it must be viewed between the empty spaces of the out-

ermost layer. Then there is a third layer, then a fourth, then a fifth. The third layer is nearly impossible to read just by sight as often it requires viewing from several angles to determine what any individual rune is. After that it's mostly guesswork and interpretation of what might be there, more philosophy and estimation than reading.

The art of the overlaying pattern runes is an ancient one within dwarf culture. Nearly any dwarf can carve solid runes and assemble them as a wall but only the masters of the craft can arrange them layers-deep in a manner which allows a viewer to interpret what the deepest, unseen runes might say based on the organization of runes on the layers in front of them. Individuals who master this craft often develop their own rune-carving style that might be called calligraphic and not easily read as each rune is shaped to serve the wall as a whole rather than simple comprehension.

Even more dedicated are the Readers, who study not only the intricacies of language and rune construction, but also the signature techniques of the craftsmen, so as to identify who created a particular rune wall, and the histories and psychology of the craftsmen, so as to better guess what exactly has been placed in the unseen inner layers.

In this area the runes tell the life story of Mâr-Rune from the moment of his conception (nothing goes uncataloged among dwarfs living in proper citadels) to the moment of his interment in the tomb at location #27 with the final room of Rune Walls (location #22) being completed and assembled over the shaft downwards after

the body had been laid to rest. The exact details of what the walls say is up to the Referee depending on his campaign and his interpretation of the library material (see the appendix). It's not likely that adventurers will stop to read several layers of walls but you never know. They probably should. With enough time and study explorers may learn that not all ancient treasures should be plundered... There will be no random encounters within these rooms but the Referee should still make the random encounter checks as usual as long as the characters are within locations #18 - #22. Any Sentinels that appear due to the random encounter checks will merely wait quietly outside the door to #18 for the intruders to come out. They will go back to their rest in 36 hours.

18. THE POOL

The rune walls in this chamber are five layers deep and describe Mâr-Rune's mother and father's life, ending with Mâr-Rune's conception.

In the center of this room is a ten foot diameter pool of water, seemingly about six inches deep. The glint of jewels and gems can be seen at the bottom. However, the pool is an interdimensional portal and the glittering items are actually wormholes. They are only one-way so travel outward is not possible although things that come only part way through may go back the way they came. Touching a shining area does open the gateway and summons something into this world. Use the following table to determine what comes through (the chart assumes someone grabbing a "gem" with their hands, adjust the result if necessary if a pole or weapon or tool is used instead):

- | | |
|----|--|
| 1 | The wormhole feeds directly into a star and the grasping character touches the heart of the north star. The starlight will envelop the character, making her shine (emit light as a torch) but seemingly having no ill effects. Every 24 hours after contact the character will lose 1hp permanently. A <i>Dispel Magic</i> spell will cancel the light but not the hit point loss and <i>Remove Curse</i> will eliminate both but lost hit points will not be regained. |
| 2 | A gigantic tentacle rips through the wormhole and attempts to grab anything it can. Because nothing can go through the wormhole from this side any character so grabbed will be mashed into a pulp against the pool bottom. Tentacle: Armor 12, 12 Hit Dice, 63hp, Movement 0', grasp 1d8 damage. Damage is taken every round until the tentacle is destroyed. |
| 3 | The wormhole causes a puncture wound in creation. The blood of the universe sprays into the room for one round, and everyone therein must make a saving throw versus Poison or sleep for 1d6 hours. |
| 4 | A metallic rod with a red "eye" thrusts through the hole, and looks around the room. If attacked with a metal weapon it will emit an electrical charge which will do 1d12 damage to the attacker. It will then withdraw back through the wormhole. |
| 5 | A glowing butterfly comes through the wormhole and flutters about the characters. It will remain with them until they return to the surface and until they meet a living being other than themselves after leaving this complex. At this point the butterfly will fly directly into the chest of the being and explode, killing the creature or person instantly. |
| 6 | Mystical light streams from the pool, altering the vision of the grasping character. They no longer see in the visible spectrum but rather see temperature differences in the air. |
| 7 | The character's grasping hand transforms into a three-fingered insect hand. |
| 8 | The grasper (and only the grasping character) hears five notes: B-flat, C, A-flat, A-flat, E-flat. Any magical items the character is carrying become mundane. |
| 9 | The pool of water instantly freezes, trapping anything in it for 24 hours. |
| 10 | The essence of an alien sorcerer blasts through the hole and merges with the grasping character. Reroll all of the character's ability scores, 3d6 down the line, except a random ability score will be 5d6, drop the best 2, and a different random ability score will be 5d6, drop the worst two. |
| 11 | A small pocket-size star comes through the wormhole. It is worth 1000sp. |
| 12 | A black hole comes through the portal. It is about a foot in diameter, floats at just about eye level, and destroys everything it touches. It will follow the characters at 60' per round. |

D20	RESULT
13	Nothing happens. Not now, anyway. But the wormhole has marked the character. Roll again on this chart in d% game days and the character will be subject to the indicated effect at that time.
14	The intrusion is not taken well on the other side of the wormhole. A "magic missile" is fired at the grasping character, who takes 1d10 damage, half if a saving throw versus Breath Weapon is successful.
15	The wormhole is a gateway to the center of all knowledge! Treat as a <i>Commune</i> spell with the character getting to ask three questions. Only the second question will be truthfully answered, however.
16	A gem-sized glowing star is pulled through the portal. It sheds a deep green light at all times (treat as a torch) but it is radioactive. Every day it is in a character's possession that character must make a saving throw versus Poison or permanently lose 1 point from a random ability score.
17	A wondrously beautiful nude alien woman (or rather handsome nude alien man, as appropriate) comes through the portal and falls instantly in love with the grasping character. This alien is unable to communicate in any way but sign language. The alien will be very amorous and will want to spend every night with the character making wild love, even in the presence of others. Doing so restores all damage that the character may have suffered. The creature will also refuse to ever wear clothing and will never leave the side of the character. The alien has 1hp and dies and disintegrates if it ever suffers damage.
18	The character reaching through the wormhole grasps her own hand as in a mirror dimension she is reaching through the wormhole trying to get at a gem. The opening is too small to pull the arm further than the wrist. Any harm that comes to that hand also happens to the grasping character's hand.
19	The grasping character pulls out a rose with a caterpillar on it. The caterpillar is eating the rose. If the caterpillar is killed or removed from the rose anything the rose is touching (such as the hand of the character holding it) grows to twice its size, permanently.
20	A thread is pulled through the wormhole. As it is pulled the earth shakes. This is a thread in the fabric of reality and if one kept pulling they would unravel all of existence.

The Referee may of course invent additional possible consequences for touching into other worlds.

19. REFLECTION ROOM

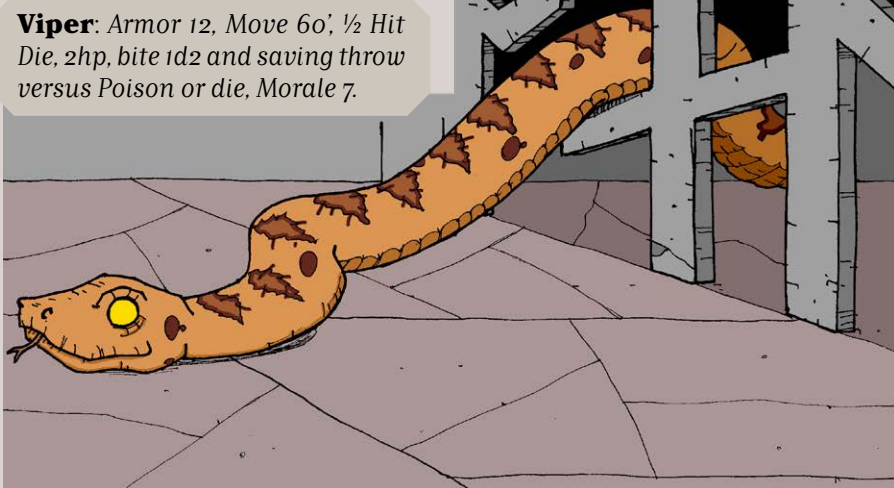
The rune walls in this chamber are ten (!) layers deep and describe and interpret Mâr-Rune's childhood. Dwarfs are very strong believers in individuals being shaped by their environment and that personalities remain essentially unchanged from birth to death. What Mâr-Rune did in life is important but in the dwarf view why he did what he did is entirely determined by his childhood.

20. REFLECTION ROOM

The rune walls in this chamber are seven layers deep and describe and interpret Mâr-Rune's friendships and personal relationships. Everyone he knew, even on extremely superficial basis, is briefly mentioned here with only the more substantive relationships actually discussed.

A clutch of pit vipers has taken up residence in the recesses of the rune walls. Any character sticking his face up to the wall in order to see into the deeper lairs has a 1 in 6 chance of being attacked by a viper and bitten right in the face. This will be a surprise attack against Armor 12.

Viper: *Armor 12, Move 60', ½ Hit Die, 2hp, bite 1d2 and saving throw versus Poison or die, Morale 7.*



21. THE TRANSFORMORPH

The rune walls in this room are six layers deep and describe Mâr-Rune's travels and how every location he visited in his life impacted his views and opinions.

One creature that has crawled out of the transdimensional pool (location #18) is the Transformorph. This is a creature with no regular form or composition. It is in pain, constant pain, from being in this reality where matter is fairly constant and the nature of change is gradual.

It hides in the northwest corner of the room, pulsating, shifting in between the

shadows of reality and it will lash out immediately when a living thing comes into the room.

Every round the creature's form changes, resulting in a change to Armor, attack form and immunities.

Transformorph: *Armor variable, Movement 10' per day, 5 Hit Dice, 35hp, attack and damage variable, Morale 12. Special abilities variable.*

Each round roll on the following tables to determine the creature's various abilities:

D8	ARMOR
1	Gas: Immune to Physical Weapons
2	Powder: Affected only by Magical Weapons
3	Flesh: Armor 12
4	Wood: Armor 14
5	Scales: Armor 16
6	Shell: Armor 18
7	Stone: Armor 19
8	Metal: Armor 21

D8	IMMUNITY
1	Blunt Weapons
2	Edged Weapons
3	Mêlée Weapons
4	Missile Weapons
5	Magic (including magic weapons)
6	Everything!
7	Nothing
8	Non-Magical Weapons

D8	ATTACK
1	Flailing Blades: 2 attacks 1d8 damage each
2	Shooting Shards: 2 ranged attacks 1d6 damage each
3	Pseudopod: 1 attack 1d6 damage
4	Magic Bolt: 1 ranged attack with no attack roll needed 1d8 damage
5	100 Spines: 10 attacks 1d4 damage each
6	Slime Missile: 1 ranged attack dissolves armor or 1d8 damage if unarmored
7	Negative energy blast: 1 ranged attack drains 1 level
8	Exploding porcupine: 10 ranged attacks 1d4 damage

22. THE PIT

This room is different than the others in this part of the complex. The rune wall structures are on the floor and ceiling and the walls have relief sculptures that portray a striking scene:

Against the east wall is Mâr-Rune in a defiant and aggressive battle stance. Flanking him are dwarfs in robes, portrayed as being half Mâr-Rune's height, with open books in one hand and giving him a thumbs down. The north and south walls portray armies of dwarfs marching towards the east wall. The ceiling shows storm clouds and lightning seemingly also moving to attack the figure of Mâr-Rune.

In the eastern portion of the room is a short (3') stone column with a hole at the top leading to a shaft that goes 40' down into the darkness. The hole is only about two feet in diameter so anyone climbing down would have to divest themselves of any armor and equipment. However, the entire column/well structure is bolted into the floor and just below floor level the shaft downward opens up to about 5' wide. It is possible to destroy the stone column to gain easier access to the shaft but this will take three turns and each turn there is an automatic random encounter (which will accumulate outside the door to location #18).

The rune "wall" on the ceiling is seven layers deep and tells of Mâr-Rune's ascendency to power. The story of his military conquests and assumption of the dwarf throne are described in painstaking detail.

The "wall" on the floor is five layers deep and offers a critical analysis of the impact of Mâr-Rune's life on the dwarf people.

It is in no way a flattering description. There is a 1 in 3 chance during every turn spent here that flashes of light will come from the well. This is the Oil Slüg (see location #23) becoming agitated at large bugs or similar disturbances causing it to ignite.

23. RECEPTION CHAMBER

The ladder from the well goes all the way to the floor of this chamber. As soon as anyone clears the shaft (about 5' above the floor) they will be attacked by the oil slüg that dwells here.

It crawled here years ago and found that this is a wonderful sanctuary from predators that hunt in the great chasm (see location #24). Every so often it goes to the end of the passage to the north, lets out a flash of fire, and then waits until curious vermin and flying creatures are attracted to the light and perhaps even pass by it. Then it lights up again, jets oil onto them, and feasts on the charred remains.

The slüg never crawls directly under the shaft from location #22 so it is never visible from above.

Oil Slüg: *Armor 16, Move 120', 4 Hit Dice 23hp, bite attack 1d6 or flaming oil jet 1d6 damage, Morale 9. Fire aura, can climb walls without affecting its ability to attack, immune to fire attacks.*

All within mêlée range of the oil slüg must make a saving throw versus Breath Weapon every round or take 1d6 fire damage as it constantly excretes flaming oil when it is agitated. When attacking with its flaming oil jet (range as a short

bow) if maximum damage is rolled the target is on fire and takes another die of damage the next round.

24. THE STONE BRIDGE

Here a bridge crosses a great chasm. The bridge itself is very stable as despite its natural appearance it was designed by the finest dwarf engineers in history.

If the party crosses the bridge, the sense of isolation and helplessness will become acute. Standard light sources – torches, lanterns, *Light* spells – only illuminate a certain distance, and no more. For most of the journey across the chasm, the party will not be able to see the beginning of the bridge, the end of the bridge, nor the ceiling, nor the floor nor anything but their comrades and the short stretch of bridge currently illuminated.

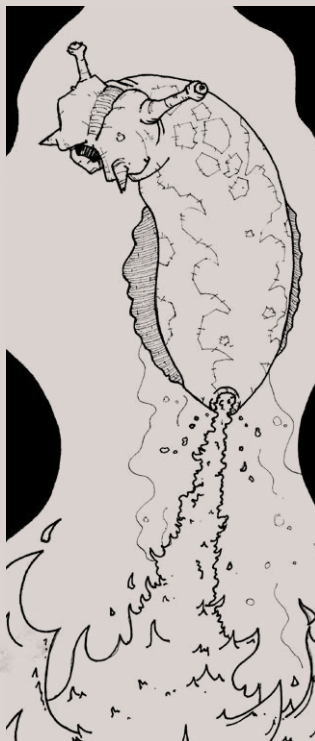
They are in the void. Dropping a light source will not be comforting as it will quickly disappear; the bottom of this gorge lies some miles below. The ceiling is nearly one hundred feet high (remember the dungeon's entrance was at the base of a mountain). The chasm runs for miles in either direction.

But it is not a silent environment. It is not a tomb. Somewhere, maybe below, maybe far away with the evidence merely being echoed across vast distances by tunnels is the sound of crashing water, an underground rocky river. A waterfall somewhere, perhaps.

And it is teeming with life. Hordes of bats, both normal and giant, flit this way and that. Strange blind subterranean creatures emit audible sonar waves. Other fantastic animals communicate with each other

over miles of distance, creating what appears to be a harmonious chorus one moment and horrid cacophony the next. Shriekers of numerous types react to all these, and more, as they are approached. Cave crickets of considerable size click and chirp. The sounds of life here are infinite in variety. All of this, save perhaps the occasional bat, is out of sight. The party can't know if that haunting moan, or that piercing cry, or that odd croaking is originating immediately below them or being carried over tens of miles by echoes in the cavern system.

When the party is about 50' or so from the north end of the bridge the Beast from location #25 will attack.



25. LAIR OF THE BEAST

In the northeast corner of the cave on the far side of the bridge is the lair of the Beast. Its nest is made of bones, none of which are identifiable to surface dwellers. There is nothing valuable or interesting in the nest; indeed, the creature has never been close to bipeds or surface dwellers before.

Feathered Shadow Serpent:

Armor 18, Movement 360' (flight), 6 Hit Dice, 41hp, bite 1d8 and sonar blast once per turn forcing all within 100' to make a saving throw versus Paralyzation or lose all sense of balance for 3d6 rounds, Morale 8.

Anyone affected by the sonar blast while on the bridge will stumble around and be generally unsteady. Characters are assumed to have a Dexterity of 3 for the duration of the effect. Unless a character decides to simply do nothing (except maybe talk) they will involuntarily teeter or totter this way or that. Basically, anyone taking any action, including gesticulating (such as in spellcasting), firing a missile weapon, digging equipment out of a pack, must make a saving throw versus Paralyzation or stumble right over the edge of the bridge. Because this is not a magical effect or a curse a simple *Cure Light Wounds* can be used to cure the balance effects (but will not cure damage if used for this purpose), as can *Silence* spells, but spells such as *Dispel Magic* or *Remove Curse* will not.

26. THE GUARDIAN STATUES

Here is a large stainless steel double door, barred and locked. On the doors, in ancient dwarf, is carved the phrase

"The Tomb of Mâr-Rune."

Fitted on the door are twelve small rubies each worth 100sp. Even the bar on the door, because of its unusual and advanced composition, is worth 500sp. This price assumes that its special properties do not become known. The bar effectively Wizard Locks any door, from the other side only of course, it is placed upon.

Flanking the doors, in the corners, are two huge (7 foot) statues of thick, surly dwarf warriors carrying war hammers. Should the gems be removed from the door the statues will animate and attack. They will not care if the door is unbarred, bashed in, and the room beyond entered, however. They merely guard the gems.

Before the statues on the ground are offering bowls. The bowls are fixed to the floor but are empty.

Attempting to destroy the statues (or the door) before they animate will attract attention; have some flying creatures from the cavern investigate. If battle is joined the general ruckus will keep unintelligent animals away.

Dwarf Statue: *Armor 21, Move 60', 5 Hit Dice, 40hp, hammer 1d6 + 3, Morale 12.*

27. THE TOMB OF MÂR-RUNE

The room is dominated by a huge statue of a mighty dwarf, standing above a sarcophagus with hammer held high, seemingly ready to smash the coffin below. Twelve other such resting places, though far less ornately decorated, are organized about the room. At the statue's feet are two stone boxes. One is

labeled (with inscribed runes written in ancient dwarf) "Sacred Knowledge" and the other is labeled (likewise) "Forbidden Knowledge." The ceiling is one hundred feet above the floor.

The tomb is a dreadful place and once the door is opened anyone in front of the doorway will feel the swift current of chilling air rush out if only momentarily. Each potion carried has a 25% chance of becoming spoiled; holy water has a 50% chance of being ruined and all regular water carried turns rancid, tasting as death.

Anyone entering the chamber, if all else is still and quiet, will hear whispers in the air, seemingly coming from just far enough away to not be understood. Dwarfs, or any with any functioning sensory magic (such as any *Detect* spell, *Clairvoyance*, etc.), will see the air in the chamber filled with spirits of restless dwarfs, flitting this way and that, screaming "Why?" at the bodies below.

The twelve sarcophagi away from the statue are little more than plain stone boxes. The sarcophagus under the statue is only unique in one way: It has a complicated opening mechanism on top of it directly under the statue's hammer.

This is, of course, the final resting place of Mâr-Rune and his honor guard.

Each of the twelve sarcophagi has a dwarven corpse inside, strangely intact for the period of time they must have been here. Each is suited in their ornate and gilded ceremonial plate mail and two-handed axes. The armor, if undamaged, is worth 1000sp per suit, and the axes are worth

500sp each. These sarcophagi are easily opened and nothing will happen if they are disturbed.

In the box inscribed with "Sacred Knowledge" there are two Cleric Scrolls written in ancient dwarf. The first has one spell of each level 1st through 6th. The second has six 1st level spells, four 2nd level spells, four 3rd level spells and two 5th level spells. The Referee should decide what spells are on the scrolls but there should be only one of any specific spell on the second scroll.

In the box inscribed with "*Forbidden Knowledge*" there is a Magic-User Scroll with four 1st level spells, three 2nd level spells, two 3rd level spells and one 5th level spell determined randomly.

These boxes may be opened and examined with no ramifications.

The central sarcophagus, containing the remains of Mâr-Rune, may be opened easily if not quickly. Opening the mechanism takes two full rounds and when it becomes undone the statue above will be brought to life and it will bring the hammer down. The nature of the mechanism means that even if one realizes the statue is going to smash its hammer down it is not easily avoided. The statue will get one free attack on whoever is opening the sarcophagus and then it will enter *mêlée*.

Several other things will happen when Mâr-Rune's sarcophagus is opened. All of the bodies in the tomb will rise as well, even if they had been previously destroyed by the characters. This is the work of the gods and mere physical

dismemberment will not prevent this. Plundered equipment will not reappear on the corpse's bodies, of course. These are treated as Dwarf Sentinels. If they are wearing their armor each hit upon an armored Sentinel devalues the armor by $d6 \times 100sp$.

If the statues in location #25 have not been destroyed they will animate. If the bar to the door is still outside they will simply bar the door. In any event they will attempt to slay anyone leaving the chamber with any of Mâr-Rune's equipment.

Mâr-Rune's body has upon it a Great Ring which lowers its wearer's Strength to 3 (will detect and test as a ring which allows walking on water until worn during a situation which uses Strength, like opening stuck doors or combat), Plate Mail -5 (will detect and test as Plate Mail +2 until used in real battle), a Shield -2 (will detect and test as a Shield +2 until used in real battle) and the Hammer of Mâr-Rune. Once the curse is activated each of these items (the Hammer excepted) attaches itself to the user and that user may not discard the items until a 1 has been cast (one casting for each item!) at which time the item may be gotten rid of to wait for the next unfortunate to pick it up. Note that none of the items will work, for good or ill, until the statue is animated and then destroyed, for all of these items' powers (in un-cursed form) are possessed by it (and included in its stats).

The Hammer of Mâr-Rune is a fearsome weapon. It is so heavy that it requires Strength 13 or greater to wield it properly and even then it requires two hands.

Those with Strength 12 or less suffer a -2 penalty to hit with it in combat. Those with the required Strength have their Strength bonus doubled in combat. When wielded it gives a +4 bonus to all saving throws versus Magic. However, every round it is used in combat there is a 1 in 6 chance it becomes so heavy that the wielder can not lift it. On these rounds the wielder automatically loses all attacks, becomes as vulnerable as an unarmored man (with no adjustments allowed), has a -4 penalty on all saving throws and any foe able to strike at the wielder will do so on that round.

Animated Statue: *Armor 23, Move 60', 8 Hit Dice, 60hp, hammer 1d8 + 4 damage, Morale 12. Receives +4 bonus to all saving throws.*

Dwarf Sentinels: *Armor 16, Move 60', 2 Hit Dice, 11hp, bite and claw combination attack 1d8, Morale 12. Blunt weapons only do 1 point of damage on a hit, immune to Sleep, Charm and other mind altering effects.*

Hanging in the air at the top of the chamber is the spirit of Mâr-Rune. Denied the sanctuary of whatever dwarf afterlife there is, it dwells here, afraid to leave and quite mad from centuries upon centuries of listening to dwarf spirits (who cannot sense this spirit) curse its name.

If any of the valuables (the ceremonial weapons and armor, scrolls, or the contents of Mâr-Rune's sarcophagus) are taken from the room, Mâr-Rune's consciousness will gather itself and become physical once again. However,

this will take time, and all it can manage is to appear as a thin cloud of smoke. 1d6+2 days after the tomb is looted it will be ready and give chase. It will reach its first target 2d10 days after that (much less if the target is close; use common sense here).

When it encounters a robber of its tomb Mâr-Rune's fury gives the spirit a terrible form. Its smoke-form turns thick and red and will kill any who hold its treasures.

Smoke-Spirit of Vengeance:

Armor 20, Move 120', 6 Hit Dice, 42hp, 1 eldritch smoke tentacle attack per target 1 d8 that automatically inflicts damage each consecutive round without needing to roll to hit again, Morale 12. Immune to all physical attacks including magical weapons, affected by fire, holy water, and magic only, incense forces it to flee.

After killing its target it will pick up its stolen treasure and this will cause it to desolidify and become one with its smoke form. It will then seem to dissipate as it returns to its thin smoke form and drifts away.

It will travel from location to location until it has recovered all of its treasure or has been destroyed.

If it recovers everything it will return to its tomb and return the treasures to their locations and reassemble the Sentinel

corpses if necessary, and then once again it will sit and wait and listen in madness.

EPILOGUE

There are many issues that Referees may decide to follow up on after this adventure:

- » Older and more conservative dwarfs will not tolerate their treasures being in the possession of "outsiders" and most of the treasure here is easily identified. Many dwarfs of power and significance are older and more conservative and thus angrier.
- » What repercussions are there if the knowledge of the Old Miner is spread? Will it cause a religious schism within the dwarf civilization?
- » Where are the other Banes?
- » To where does the collapsed passage from location #12 lead?
- » Why were people representing the local nobility raiding the complex?
- » Where is that missing book from the library?



APPENDIX I: LIBRARY CATALOG

This is the alphabetical catalog of titles in the Library at Location #5 (p269), keyed with the numerical entry describing the contents of the book in Appendix II. This list may be given to the players should their characters read the catalog with the numbers also corresponding to the location of the book in the library.

TITLE	#	TITLE	#
Across the Void	71	Dissection of the Species	10
Axe, The	94	Divide and Conquer	30
Barred	86	Dread	17
Battle of Volcano Pass, The	53	Dry	13
Behind the Times	75	Engineering Studies	68
Blood Honor	92	Façade of Stone, Head to Match	50
Breaking of the Covenant	42	Fallen One, The	46
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Call to Reason, A	38	Food	25
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APPENDIX II: BOOK DESCRIPTIONS

1	YEAR 327: HELPERS OF THE ROCK DIGGER The Old Miner was alone in his mines, searching for important and valuable ore. The tricky spirits of the rock kept moving the ore as he came near so to help him in his mining and to outnumber the rock spirit, he created the dwarf race and taught them how to mine.
2	327: WAYS OF LIFE OUT OF VIEW OF THE BRIGHT STAR A description of holidays, rituals and chants appropriate for honoring and worshipping the Old Miner.
3	327: BURIAL RITES A description of holidays, rituals and chants appropriate for honoring and worshipping the Old Miner.
4	329: LET NO CORRUPTION TOUCH THE HOLY The Ritual of Cleanliness. A description of the importance of cleanliness in the life of every dwarf. Includes lengthy instructions on how to wash off the grime of working in the mines or the forges all day. Details how every stray speck of dirt or mote of dust is a potential spy for the rock spirits. All shoes, boots, or outer clothes such as cloaks are to be taken off before entering a holy place dedicated to the Old Miner.
5	395: VOLCANO PLANTS There are ten fire seeds in all creation, stolen by the Old Miner from the wicked Overplant of the Surface. When struck by fire the seed will spit forth a putrid purple smoke which will kill any who come in contact with it, even hardy, poison-resistant dwarfs. They will never stop spitting out smoke until their fire is extinguished and the smoke will continue to be poisonous for one decade. It also has the curious property of perfectly preserving whatever it is in contact with: time stands still within the mist. There are strong admonitions that the Old Miner stole these for the dwarfs' benefit and they must never use them as weapons.
6	457: FOREVER ON GUARD Stories about dwarfs that place so much importance on their duty that death itself does not deter them. These Sentinels maintain their posts as undead things as the Old Miner grants them their greatest wish: to continue to serve.

7	<p>1164: STRENGTH AND SILVER</p> <p>A chronicle detailing the cooperation of dwarf and elf smiths. The dwarfs teach the elves about strong and durable metals and the elves teach the dwarfs about style, ornamentation and the beauty of form.</p>
8	<p>1496: TO REACH OUT TO GREAT THINGS</p> <p>A chronicle concerning the Great Giant Accord where priests of the Old Miner (also recognized by stone giants) mediated a territorial and trade agreement with a consortium of giant kings. This agreement not only brought peace between dwarfs and giants but between the various giant factions as well.</p>
9	<p>1372 - 1501: GREEN PRESERVATION</p> <p>A compilation of Temple of the Old Miner documents telling about missionaries going out into the Wild Lands and proving that the goblins were an intelligent race when all the other peoples of the earth treated them as animals. The priests taught the primitive goblins how to walk upright, teaching them the secrets of language, organization and the use of tools.</p>
10	<p>1426: DISSECTION OF THE SPECIES</p> <p>Dwarf Researcher Guild study of the goblins and the various subspecies. Determined that goblins and bugbears are certainly cousins yet neither is directly related to the hobgoblin. Orcs and ogres share a similar relationship akin to the goblins and bugbears but the orcs and goblins are as far apart as dwarfs and elves. Kobolds are unrelated to any of these other groups but may be related to lizard men or troglodytes. Further study is needed. Field researchers suggest supporting only true goblins with cultural, political and economic support as they are the fastest learning and most aware of the benefits of cooperation out of the lot.</p>
11	<p>1499: A DECISION MOST QUESTIONED</p> <p>Extracts of chronicles detailing the dwarfs coming to the aid of the humans – the newest intelligent race to be found – and liberating them from their cruel halfling oppressors.</p>

12	150: TOOLS OF THE TRADE
	A historical record of the construction of the weapons known as the Banes. Designed by the dwarfs and co-forged with the other Great Races these were symbolic and decorative weapons designed to highlight the peace between the various peoples and the trust that they would never take up arms against one another. They are the Dwarf-Bane – an axe, the Elf Bane – a hammer, the Giant Bane – a trident, the Goblin Bane – a sword and the Man Bane – a spear.
13	1732 - 1812: DRY
	A series of chronicles describing the long famine and drought in the goblin territories. Dwarfs, being able to carve cities out of the living stone, bring the goblins in to their domain and providing them with the essentials of life.
14	1812 - 1817: HOME AT LAST
	A series of chronicles detailing the unexpected success of the goblins in adapting to underground life. Very few seem to want to return to the surface even after conditions in their old homeland improve.
15	1816: LAYERS UPON LAYERS AND MYSTERIES HIDDEN
	A Dwarf Crafts Guild advertisement aimed at nobles describing the Rune Wall. The Rune Wall is a layered series of runes fused together to form walls, with the outer layer telling the most obvious details of one's life (or a location's history), the next layer telling more hidden things and so on until the innermost layers tell the greatest secrets of all. But because they are so many layers back they are not visible; they are only able to be interpreted by the visible layers above and at some point it is just interpretations of interpretations that allow the innermost layers to be guessed at in any way.
16	1840: OLIVES
	A chronicle describing political talks between the Dwarf Council and several of the newer human kingdoms. The chronicle goes on to remark about how quickly the humans advance, taking in knowledge from all the other Great Races and using it almost as expertly as the originators within a generation.

17	<p>1917: DREAD</p> <p>Dwarf Council record of a briefing from the Great Generals: A new human kingdom has arisen, calling itself Duvan'Ku. These people have managed to steal the Banes from all the great races and mean to make war.</p>
18	<p>1919: THE ONE WHO STARED INTO THE ABYSS</p> <p>Chronicle detailing the young captain Mâr-Rune, hero of the Duvan'Ku wars. Where other leaders were timid and in fear of their demoniacal foes Mâr-Rune pressed the attack and regained much lost ground in the name of all the Great Races.</p>
19	<p>1924: TRIUMPH OVER EVIL</p> <p>Chronicle detailing the final defeat of the Duvan'Ku. Mâr-Rune, now the Great General of the dwarf forces leading the united armies of the Great Races, pushed into the Dragon Plains and laid siege to the city, finally breaking its defenses and destroying the worshippers of great evil. The Banes were reclaimed.</p>
20	<p>1924: THE DEAD CITY</p> <p>Suppressed Military Report: Mâr-Rune's forces did not break Duvan'Ku. The city was a blasted shell when the united forces of the Great Races arrived. The Banes were discovered at the scene of a great ritual. When the Banes were recovered the city rose as one from the dead; over 50,000 corpses and a host of demons, dragons and other terrible creatures tore into the invading forces. Casualties were great but eventually the elven divisions of the united armies ringed the city with a great containment circle and then all simply retreated, Banes in hand, the final battle left unfought.</p>
21	<p>1924: CONTAINMENT CIRCLE</p> <p>Suppressed Military Report: Mâr-Rune, recognizing the danger of Duvan'Ku but not seeing how the place could be destroyed, assigns a dwarf division to train the great beasts of the Dragon Plains. An elite goblin tribe is given the duty to contain and guard the Dead City of Duvan'Ku.</p>

22	1931: THE NATURE OF MAN
	Philosophical treatise on the nature of Man: Describes Man as dangerous, breeding like roaches, worse than goblins in this respect because they spread out instead of infesting just limited areas. Man is determined to be untrustworthy due to extreme individual variations (the fact that Humans fought Humans in the War of Duvan’Ku is used as an example) and their inability to be a united race like the far more civilized elves and dwarfs.

23	1957: CONDITIONS IN THE LOWER CAVERNS
	<p>Dwarf Census Bureau report on the worsening conditions of the goblin settlements. The population is surging out of control with the majority of goblins now unable to find gainful and honest work. Goblin emigration is a problem across the dwarf empire with the immigrants causing problems wherever they go, quickly expanding their numbers to overfill any space given to them. The goblins continue to breed at a constant rate, an average of 8.35 children per adult, across all economic and social demographics. Internal goblin councils are unable to deal with the basic problems of housing and feeding their people and demand help from the dwarfs. Dwarf resources are being taxed and dwarf citizens are becoming resentful that their elders are not focusing on their needs.</p> <p>“Something must be done.”</p>

24	1959: OFFICIAL REPORT ON THE NATURE OF THE GOBLIN
	Dwarf Physicians Guild Official Paper: Goblins are deemed intrinsically less intelligent, incapable of higher learning or appreciation of fine art or craftsmanship or peaceful internal organization. Details of extensive research consisting of intelligence testing and mass physiological examinations of more than 75,000 goblins are given to support the results of the study and copies of the Paper are being forwarded to all important scholars within human and elf societies.

25	1960: FOOD
	<p>This seems to be a cookbook. The tastiest recipe looks to be:</p> <p>Apricot and Oat Biscuits</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • 300 ml rolled oats • 100 g melted butter • 150 ml sugar • 2 tbsps flour • 1 tsp baking powder • small handful of chopped dried apricots • 1 egg <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Put the oats in a bowl and pour the melted butter over them. • Mix and leave to stand for ten minutes. • Add sugar, apricots, baking powder mixed with flour, and the egg. • Let the mixture rest in cool place for an hour. • Lift small spoonfuls of the mixture onto a baking tray. • Leave them far apart as they will spread when they bake. • Bake in 180 degrees Celsius for eight to ten minutes. • Let the biscuits cool on the tray before removing them.

26	1961: COMMENTARY ON THE RECENT STUDY
	Results of an investigation by the Priests of the Old Miner: The Dwarf Physicians Guild study used young children, deformed individuals and uneducated elderly individuals as the basis for their insight into the goblin nature. Their basis of comparison for these individuals in terms of mental capacity were members of the Dwarf Physicians Guild, which may be the brightest group of individuals within the dwarf realms. For physiological comparisons, the Guild used standards such as average beard growth, height-to-width size ratio of musculature and nose size. Basically, "not-dwarf" physiology is proof of mental degeneracy all by itself according to the Physicians Guild.

27	<p>1964: NOT OUR GOD</p> <p>Religious Thesis released to the public describes the Old Miner as an authoritative, commanding god that does not concentrate on the welfare of the dwarf race that the Miner claims to have created. The thesis goes on to describe “newly discovered” gods that are being worshipped by recent cults; gods known as The Creator, Keeper of Secrets, Battle-Father, and more. These gods are firmly for dwarfs only and are more progressive gods for progressive times.</p>
28	<p>1965: TEAR DOWN THE WALLS</p> <p>Record of a sermon given by the High Priest of the Old Miner declaring that it is time for the dwarf empire to give up its hegemony over the Great Races. It is time to be one of many instead of one above all.</p>
29	<p>1958 - 1970: A HISTORY OF RELATIONS</p> <p>A collection of poems and songs that the dwarf working classes have been singing about the goblins. The collection shows a great deal of disrespect and in some hatred towards their once-brothers.</p>
30	<p>1972: DIVIDE AND CONQUER</p> <p>Chronicle of the establishment of Control Zones by the dwarfs as a solution to “the goblin problem.” All goblins living within dwarf lands are relocated to these zones. These zones will be guarded so that no one is allowed in or out without proper permits. The goblins are told that if they wish to re-integrate with dwarf society they must succeed in organizing their own affairs first. A senior dwarf Councilor is quoted as saying <i>“If they can not behave they will suffer.”</i></p>
31	<p>1973 - 1985: A HISTORY OF UNREST</p> <p>Chronicles describing food riots at the gates of several Control Zones over a period of time. These uprisings are dealt with as if they were armed insurrection, despite the goblins having little in the way of arms and the mobs having heavy percentages of women and children in them.</p>
32	<p>1983: ULTIMATUM</p> <p>An official Warrant from the dwarf High Council demanding that the Temple of the Old Miner cease all activities as it relates to giving aid to goblins. Mentioned specifically were the priests smuggling food into the Control Zones and smuggling goblin women and children out of the Zones and out of dwarf territory altogether.</p>

33	1975: A DECLARATION OF INSANITY
	Public declaration of the High Priest of the Old Miner: "One goblin life is as valuable as one dwarf life. The life of one oppressed goblin is more valuable than the life of one oppressing dwarf."
34	1985: GREEN TIDE
	Chronicle of the Great Goblin organizing his people and leading an uprising. The goblin mob breaks out of their Control Zone and raids an armory, becoming an army. With unbelievable efficiency and speed it seems the entire male goblin population from that Zone are armed and swarming through the Citadel by the Undersea. After the dwarf population is forcefully expelled the Great Goblin releases word that he demands no less than an independent goblin territory autonomous from any of the other Great Races.
35	1985: OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE CITADEL INCIDENT
	The Dwarf Cryer Guild relates the following news to all its chapters throughout the empire: goblin degenerates rape and slaughter thousands of dwarf women and children. The riches and knowledge of the important and venerable Citadel by the Undersea have been destroyed by the vicious animals!
36	1985: OFFICIAL REPORT
	The official military report on the Citadel by the Undersea incident notes that while dwarf soldiers were slaughtered the vast majority of women, children and non-combatants were merely kicked out of the Citadel. Intelligence reports indicated that the industrial capacity of the Citadel was captured intact by the goblins.
37	1985: AN ULTIMATUM
	Record of the Great Goblin's demands to the Dwarf Council. The most shocking of the demands is that not only should the goblins be given their own independent territory, they want a piece of territory on established trade routes, meaning that the dwarfs would have to give up a sizeable piece of very valuable land in order to satisfy the goblin claims. The goblins want "equal power, and while we would prefer you give us the means to rise to your level, we will tear you down to ours if we must."

38	<p>1985: A CALL TO REASON</p> <p>A collection of essays from the Elder Council of the Temple of the Old Miner to the lay priests putting forth the argument that peace, not war, is the way to approach the goblin uprising. The goblins have been put-upon for so long, argues the Elder Council, that they deserve time under their own authority, rather than as another race's ward, to be treated kindly or not based on a whim. Instructions on how to put this argument to the average worshipper are given. "It is not too late for peace!"</p>
39	<p>1985: A VOW FOR BLOOD</p> <p>This is a text of Great General Mâr-Rune's historic speech, given on the steps of the Grand Council Hall, which convinced the dwarfs to go to war against the goblins. It was a long speech, lasting some hours according to added notation, with over fifteen thousand dwarfs present to hear it.</p>
40	<p>1985: FIRST STRIKE</p> <p>Chronicle of the first dwarf offensives: assaults on the most peaceful of the goblin Control Zones, massacring entire tribes of goblins. Some of the Zones were sympathetic to the dwarfs and were working to satisfy dwarf demands for reintegration and never received news of the Citadel by the Undersea situation and didn't know there was any conflict at all. Those Zones were the first to be eliminated.</p>
41	<p>1985: AN ISLAND OF THE SANE IN A SEA OF MADNESS</p> <p>The Temple of the Old Miner comes out against the dwarf actions. Attendance at services drops over 50%, many temples are vandalized and many followers are assaulted. The giants officially declare support for the goblins and the High Council receives a petition, signed jointly by the Temple of the Old Miner and the kings of the giants, to cease their hostilities and pursue peace.</p>
42	<p>1986: BREAKING OF THE COVENANT</p> <p>Suppressed message from an imprisoned priest of the Old Miner: when an envoy of Old Miner priests and giant diplomats presented the petition to the dwarf High Council there was bloodshed. The Councilors called the Old Miner priests traitors and ordered them imprisoned immediately and attempted to forcibly eject the giants. When the giants refused to be physically intimidated Great General Mâr-Rune attacked and felled in one blow the stone giant leading the diplomatic mission and ordered the rest of the giant envoy slain.</p>

43	<p>1986: LIES TO THE PEOPLE</p> <p>Public proclamations concerning the presentation of the petition tell of the giants arriving in force to demand a dwarf surrender, and when that didn't happen, the giants attempted to assassinate the Emperor.</p>
44	<p>1985 - 1988: TALES FROM THE WAR</p> <p>Chronicle describing the dwarf war effort. Mâr-Rune is engaging in siege and starvation tactics. Because the goblins are in isolated areas underground it is a simple matter to blockade all passages to those areas, dam up any rivers and starve them out. Mâr-Rune describes a plan to exile all surrendering goblins to a bleak, lifeless land on the surface far from any trade route and away from any contact with the Great Races. Mâr-Rune asserts that the dwarfs are by far the most powerful and important of the Great Races and that any challenge to this power will be seen as an act of war. Dwarfs will be forever dominant!</p>
45	<p>1985 - 1986: DEFEATING THE EMBARGO</p> <p>Internal documents from the Temple of the Old Miner: divinations and detections by infiltrators confirm that Mâr-Rune is not possessed or under any spell or insane; he is of sound mind if of poor judgment by Temple ways of thinking. Still believing that the goblins are deserving of independence, freedom, and valuable land the Temple engages in a large-scale program of smuggling food, supplies, arms and intelligence about Mâr-Rune's strategy to the besieged goblins.</p>
46	<p>1986: THE FALLEN ONE</p> <p>Official proclamation from the dwarf High Council that the Old Miner is an evil heathen god that has lied to the dwarfs about their origins for thousands of years. The Temple is immediately banned and worship of the Old Miner is now punishable by death.</p>
47	<p>1986 - 1987: CHRONICLE OF THE INQUISITION</p> <p>Chronicles of the purge of the Old Miner religion from dwarf public life. Temples are stormed by the military, priests and followers seeking sanctuary in these temples are killed as demon worshippers and the collected knowledge contained within the temples is destroyed. Any account of the Miner as anything but traitorous or demonic is destroyed as heretical and evil.</p>

48	<p>1987: HERESY ON A SCALE UNPRECEDENTED</p> <p>Religious texts from the now-dominant Temple of the Creator detailing how the Old Miner is actually a goblin god, degenerate and cruel. It gives examples from recent and ancient history of how the Miner is more of a goblin and less of a dwarf.</p>
49	<p>1987: TRUTH COMMISSION</p> <p>Internal communications within the hidden Temple of the Old Miner: The result of an internal audit show there is no evidence of a single goblin ever participating in rituals to worship the Old Miner although there has been goblin attendance in the past for certain proclamations and observances held in temples dedicated to the Old Miner. There is no evidence of a following within goblin territories.</p>
50	<p>1987: FACADE OF STONE, HEAD TO MATCH</p> <p>Chronicle detailing of the elves breaking their alliance with the dwarfs. Communication with the elves find that they consider the dwarfs to have abandoned worship of a “natural god” and the elves consider the “new gods” to be lesser beings, subject to mortal failings and vanity and therefore unworthy of true worship.</p>
51	<p>1988: GREEN MASSACRE</p> <p>Internal report of the Temple of the Old Miner: with the desertion of allies the dwarf military is becoming more ruthless and desperate. The report details the Green Massacre at Underhome where the dwarf forces sacrificed a major dwarf city as a trap for the goblin forces. The dwarfs allowed the goblins to overrun the city, without informing the civilian population that the goblins were coming. Three fire seeds were then used on the cit, and all tunnels leading to the city sealed and made airtight so in the coming days every living thing in the city would be dead. Mår-Rune presented the situation to the High Council as having nearly been overrun and the destruction of Underhome being necessary to prevent certain military secrets from landing in the hands of the goblins; the loss of the city was a necessary and desperate gambit to defeat the goblin forces. No mention of the fire seeds were ever made in an official report.</p>
52	<p>1988: THE POINT OF NO RETURN</p> <p>Internal communication within the Temple of the Old Miner: at great cost Old Miner loyalists have gained possession of the Dwarf Bane and have successfully delivered it to the Great Goblin.</p>

53	<p>1989: THE BATTLE OF VOLCANO PASS</p> <p>Chronicle of the Battle of Volcano Pass: the major goblin push into the heart of dwarf territory is unstoppable. Volcano Pass is the major weapons manufacturing center within the dwarf empire and the goblins approach it bolstered by human and giant mercenaries and elfin supplies. The battle rages for days and the tide slowly turns against the dwarfs but a brilliant gambit on Mâr-Rune's part crushes the goblin command and the disorganized goblin forces fall thereafter. The Great Goblin is killed and the Dwarf Bane reclaimed.</p>
54	<p>1989: DESPERATE TIMES</p> <p>Chronicle describing the plight of the remaining goblins after their crushing defeat. While still greatly outnumbering the dwarfs they now lack the command structure, equipment and military experience of the dwarfs. In desperation the goblins turn to the Dark Gods for aid, irredeemably corrupting the goblin bloodlines forevermore, and resistance increases anew.</p>
55	<p>1989: DEEPER INTO THE DARK</p> <p>Temple of the Creator religious announcements linking the goblins' Dark Gods with the goblins' old benefactor the Old Miner.</p>
56	<p>1989: HOLLOW</p> <p>Chronicle about the goblins finally retreating from dwarf lands and settling in the areas that Mâr-Rune originally wanted them exiled to. Great General Mâr-Rune declares this a total victory. The chronicle has an attached notation made by the Temple of the Old Miner: It seems that the goblins, thanks to their new patron gods, will be able to thrive in the inhospitable lands which are riddled with local cave networks.</p>
57	<p>1992: JUST REWARDS</p> <p>Chronicle of Mâr-Rune's ascension to the Imperial Throne due to his popularity, both with the public and the Council, in handling the war against the goblins.</p>
58	<p>1993: IRREDEEMABLE</p> <p>Official proclamation closing the dwarf borders and trade to any outsiders. "Kindly and selflessly sharing our wealth and knowledge was repaid in blood; no more shall the superior dwarf civilization be so foolish!"</p>

59	<p>2004: THE SUN CAN NEVER SHINE WHERE THE WINDOW IS SHUTTERED</p> <p>The dwarf Cultural Scholar Guild issues a report tracing the origins of many cultural activities. Many are found to be of human, elfin, giant or goblin origin, a fact that horrifies the dwarf public and the Emperor. Mâr-Rune, with popular support, outlaws any such “alien” cultural artifact. Included in this list are jokes and laughter (elfin), non-religious or civic social gatherings (human), sporting contests (giant) and political dissidence (interpretation of chieftain challenges in goblin tribes).</p>
60	<p>2005 - 2079: INQUISITION</p> <p>Various accounts of persecution of Old Miner followers and priests over the years. The standard procedure is to torture the accused (usually by shaving) until a confession is made and then the convicted are entombed alive.</p>
61	<p>2100: CURSED</p> <p>Official Census Department reports show that births of female dwarf children are down 75%.</p>
62	<p>2361: DAMNED FOR ALL TIME</p> <p>Suppressed witness account by a servant present as Emperor Mâr-Rune lay on his deathbed: the Old Miner appeared as an apparition above him, blasting Mâr-Rune for destroying the dwarf race, and cursing him and his weapons of war for all time. Mâr-Rune uttered an oath of defiance and told the Miner to begone, and the Miner claimed Mâr-Rune’s soul, broke it into a thousand pieces, and replaced it in Mâr-Rune’s body. The Emperor died in agony that death did not end...</p>
63	<p>2361: THE HONORED IIRL-SÖG</p> <p>Chronicle from the archives of the Temple of the Creator: Täl-Saar, the servant of Emperor Mâr-Rune who claims to have seen the Old Miner appear, was questioned carefully to verify his story. Unfortunately the demon-worshipper was a lia, and lost his beard, eight fingers, five toes and both eyes during the conversation but eventually admitted his lies. He was entombed to die for his heresy, a fate far better than he deserves.</p>

64	<p>2380: TO BUILD THINGS GREAT AND EMPTY</p> <p>Chronicle describing how as the elfin mirth of the past is now socially unacceptable in dwarf society and how the lesser number of women in dwarf society precludes most dwarfs from having their own family, so more dwarfs are turning to their craft as a means of finding satisfaction in their life and the sheer magnitude of contemporary dwarf architecture and fine art objects continues to amaze.</p>
65	<p>2397: THE SPECTACLE OF OUR TIME</p> <p>Chronicle of the building of a complex in the mountains to serve as a demonstration of dwarf engineering skill and as a school for future engineers. Plans include an artificial cavern with a whirlpool to a lower cavern, an impossibly long bridge over an underground fissure, and the largest vaulted ceiling in dwarfdom.</p>
66	<p>2397: MIRACLES OF NATURE</p> <p>Dwarf Engineer Guild report on naturally occurring explosive gases. One gas in particular is invisible and odorless and instantly ignites when in contact with flame. The shockwave is impressive, even in small amounts, but the actual burning is minimal.</p>
67	<p>2397: WEBS TO ENSNARE EVERY FLY</p> <p>Chronicle of how the Temple of the Creator was so impressed by the proposed College of Engineers that they demanded that a direct passage be built from the Temple Grounds into the complex so that the priests may always see what their god has enabled.</p>
68	<p>2398 - 2400: ENGINEERING STUDIES</p> <p>Chronicle of the construction of The Waterway without the use of any enchantments at all. The mountain was opened and a complex system of waterworks was built so that the amount of water flowing into the first pool was always the same as the amount flowing downwards and ensuring that the second pool never flooded. The crowning achievement was laying the vast pipe between the pools, in one piece, before reconstructing the mountain around the structure.</p>
69	<p>2399: SKY ROCK</p> <p>Chronicle of the Keystone, a diamond bigger than a dwarf's head, that allowed for the largest vaulted ceiling yet built. The Keystone was cut to perfectly fit the design and now it supports the weight of half the mountain.</p>

70	<p>2399 – 2400: INTO THE UNKNOWN</p> <p>Exploration log of the Great Crevasse. To ensure that the security of the complex would not be compromised by any creatures from this area a great expedition to explore the great fissure below the mountain was launched. Using great machines that allowed explorers to ride the sides of the crevasse the expedition traveled hundreds of miles in each direction over a period of months. While thousands of small caves were discovered at various points, and the Winds of the Abyss Far Below are heard, no lairs or passages large enough to allow truly dangerous beasts were discovered.</p>
71	<p>2401: ACROSS THE VOID</p> <p>Chronicle describing the construction of the Great Stone Bridge, a one-piece, self-supporting structure that stretches for hundreds of feet across the Great Crevasse.</p>
72	<p>2401: OPERATIONS MANUAL</p> <p>Operations manual for the “underwater transportation vessel” and its anchoring crane. There is a cable that connects the two which can be extended or retracted from within the crane and by this means the vessel travels from one section of the cavern to another and back. The vessels each have their own manual mechanism for extending or retracting the cable so in times of emergency or missed scheduling those in the lower caverns may return to the upper caverns without undue delay or risk.</p>
73	<p>2407: DADDY WAS A MINER</p> <p>This is the text of a children’s book written to teach young dwarfs about familial responsibility. It was suppressed, and the author executed, for heresy and sedition. The book talks about how the small dwarf child is taught by his father, who is described as an “elderly worker in the mines,” that everyone makes mistakes and no one should be too proud so that they are not destroyed when their mistakes become known. Examples are given where (fictitious) governors and priests make minor errors and refuse to admit them, and end up looking like fools.</p>
74	<p>3105: GENERATIONS OF PROGRESS</p> <p>Temple of the Creator proclamation stating that the lessening of vigilance in dwarf society towards outside influence is appalling and unbecoming of dwarfs. Youths in particular are openly expressing urges to travel abroad and study the works of humans, elves, and halflings and this endangers the entire dwarf civilization!</p>

75	3118: BEHIND THE TIMES
	Temple of the Creator proclamation that the dwarf gods warn of a new dark age and ruin of the dwarfs for opening up their society: no-beards have been seen in the Great Halls and trade has opened up again! Doom is upon us!

76	3394: VOICE OF REASON
	Chronicle of the philosopher Yedwyr Khyrm who often wrote about the glory days of the dwarf civilization and gave examples showing that the dwarf civilization is not what it once was. He hypothesizes that the generations of dwarf isolation, years which saw the outside world suffer cataclysms and rebuilding several times, did more to keep outside advances out of knowledge of the dwarfs than it did to keep dwarf advances out of the hands out outsiders. The consistently aged population, kept that way through the young dying in constant warfare defending against the goblins, stagnates ideas and results in the overall loss of knowledge. He remarks that the great engineering achievements of the past are now seen as miraculous wonders, unable to be replicated, and laments that the very location of the legendary Engineers College has been lost to time. Khyrm was exceedingly unpopular during his life, with his work not being taken seriously. Public opinion was Khyrm was ashamed of being a dwarf and should go live with the humans if he was so down about everything. Khyrm, late in life, said he was glad about one way the dwarfs had managed to advance: generations earlier he would have been entombed alive for his work.

77	3812: A NEW AGE
	A series of letters between conspirators organizing the New Cult of the Old Miner. Scholars had stumbled upon writings concerning Mâr-Rune and the Old Miner which contradicted all understood knowledge. Upon further secret research the conspirators were confident in the accuracy of these writings. Believing that a great error in history had been made the conspirators decided to form a society to learn about and hopefully address these errors. During their research they discovered the location of the Engineer College and purchased the land from its current unsuspecting owners in order to set up a base of operations.

78	3812: STATEMENT OF INTENT
	A charter of the New Cult of the Old Miner describing its purpose: Not to worship the Old Miner, but to recognize his true place in dwarf history. Also, to bolster respect for the truth and to recognize the hubris of the dwarfs of old that destroyed the chance for eternal peace amongst the races and unity in the world.

79	<p>3812: A CLOAK OF SAFETY</p> <p>A letter from one member of the New Cult to another establishing the need for secrecy. The dwarf civilization is no longer the dark and inbred nightmare that it once was but the Old Miner is still believed to be a demon by those that know of him at all and certainly the current religious orders of the dwarfs, while now benign to their subjects, would respond forcefully to any activity dedicated to glorifying the Old Miner. A violent death may no longer be the price for such things in these more enlightened times but who can say for sure? Best to not risk it.</p>
80	<p>3817 - 3820: A NEW LEADER</p> <p>Chronicle of the priest Quartz-Mår, the first dwarf to actively take up worship of the Old Miner in quite some time. Most of the New Cult are philosophers and social activists and have no religious interest in the Old Miner. Mår, feeling differently, quickly rises through the ranks of leadership within the New Cult.</p>
81	<p>3820: GIFT FROM THE GODS</p> <p>Members of the New Cult are astounded when Quartz-Mår shows the gifts of divine power through his worship of the Old Miner. One of his first miracles is to enchant the outer entrance to the former Engineer College. Only those already seeking the New Temple of the Old Miner can find the entrance. To all others it will be part of the mountainside.</p>
82	<p>3826: SIGNS FROM ABOVE</p> <p>Letter from a sympathizer within the Emperor's court to the New Temple about the Emperor's discovery that the New Cult exists. The Emperor firmly believes the Miner to be a demon and fears that the spreading of the word of the Old Miner will bring strife and dissent within the dwarf kingdoms. He is secretly ordering his elite guard to root out the organization and execute its leaders.</p>
83	<p>3826: COLLAPSE</p> <p>Chronicle of the tunnel to the Temple Grounds of the Creator. The tunnel was located in a never-used section of the Temple and was used for secret passage of New Cult members but the tunnel had been discovered. The tunnel was collapsed along over half its distance, eighty miles.</p> <p>(Dwarf characters will be able to confirm that there is no dwarf settlement within 160 miles of the current location. No known or currently populated settlement, anyway.)</p>

84	<p>3863: SKYFIRE</p> <p>Chronicle describing the stone from the sky that fell within two days' journey of the New Temple and the effort required to transport it back to the Temple. It took fifty able-bodied dwarfs to move the stone barely larger than any single one of them.</p>
85	<p>3865: STRIKE GOLD</p> <p>Internal letter amongst members of the New Cult: due to increased fear of infiltrators and spies, a new mechanism, powered by the will of the Old Miner himself, has been put in place. Golden mining implements, worked in honor of the Old Miner, must now strike the sky stone to open the passage to the inner chambers. This will increase vigilance at the front meeting hall; no further entrance can be gained if these are stolen and newcomers and intruders can easily be prevented from wielding the tools whereas simple spies would have been able to sneak past a normal door if they were careful.</p>
86	<p>3910: BARRED</p> <p>Letter from a dwarf noble to the New Cult expressing his appreciation of their activities and apologizing that he can not risk participating himself. As an offering he gives a powerful magic item: a crossbar that when placed on a door will magically seal it so that none may pass from the other side.</p>
87	<p>3917: RITUAL OF TRUE REGRET</p> <p>Quartz-Mâr's declaration lamenting that too many time wasters and fly-by-nighters are becoming involved in the New Cult, risking its security and diminishing its potential. He declares the Ritual of Regret which new members of the New Cult must perform, including all current members and including himself. The most unpleasant part of the ritual is the shaving of the beard to where there is not even stubble left. This will take any dwarf out of society for two to three years and whether they spend that time in service at the New Temple or in contemplative exile is the individual's choice.</p>
88	<p>3919: RITUAL OF EVERLASTING SHAME</p> <p>Quartz-Mâr's proclamation discouraging, but not condemning, the so-called Ritual of Everlasting Shame. Several new members of the New Cult of the Old Miner have been particularly affected by the knowledge revealed to them about their people's past. A basilisk has been smuggled into the New Temple and these members are intentionally staring into its eyes as an expression of remorse on behalf of their ancestors.</p>

3919 - 3925: HISTORY OF OUR WORLD

Chronicle of the efforts over the years to collect documents relating to the history of dwarfs and the Old Miner in particular for archive in the New Temple. So much has been destroyed through history and most of what is discovered now is sitting in storage and archives of which the rightful owners don't know the contents, but some do. Sympathizers and infiltrators on behalf of the New Cult have taken these documents, many one-of-a-kind, from the Imperial archives and Temple of the Creator archives as well as from the collections of private individuals and organizations. King Jeremiah, a human king, has been invaluable in assisting in the search for these tomes. The search for more continues.

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It is stressed that due to the nature of the documents, and the unfortunate dishonest actions necessary to obtain them, that outside authorities will punish any possessing these documents with death, likely in secret. Even expressing knowledge of the contents of these documents in range of the wrong ears will likely result in torture and death and in the process compromise the security of the New Cult. Be cautious.

(Note to the Referee: change "King Jeremiah" to the name of an ancient king in your own campaign. Use that common point to calibrate all the dates here to your campaign's timeline. The blank spaces underneath the given year can be used to pencil in the date according to your campaign's reckoning.)

4015: COMING HOME

Chronicle detailing the discovery of Emperor Mâr-Rune's tomb in an abandoned citadel. A major expedition by the New Cult is launched to transport not only the body of the Emperor but those of his entire personal guard to the New Temple. The body and the tomb will be respected as fitting the station of Emperor but by being placed within the New Temple can never be honored by any ignorant of the past ever again.

90**4015 - 4017: DEAD AND BURIED**

Chronicle detailing the replacing of the walls in the chambers leading to the Great Crevasse with Rune Walls. A room has been constructed on top of the passage leading to the crevasse and the stairway removed meaning that Mâr-Rune's tomb will never be visited by someone without great need and no one will ever move the body.

91

92	<p>4015: BLOOD HONOR</p> <p>New Cult of the Old Miner internal correspondence concerning the tomb of Emperor Mâr-Rune. The tomb of every emperor is afforded incredible respect and resources; it is the station, not the individual, that is honored. The door to the tomb is studded with gems and anyone stealing these gems will activate the Guardians.</p>
93	<p>4015: LOCKED DOWN</p> <p>New Cult of the Old Miner internal correspondence concerning the security of the body of Mâr-Rune. A complicated opening mechanism was added to his sarcophagus as well as a boobytrap that will go off whenever anyone opens the mechanism.</p>
94	<p>4052: THE AXE</p> <p>Chronicle describing a secret crisis in the halls of power: the Dwarf Bane has been stolen! The New Temple of the Old Miner learns that it was elfin thieves who performed this impossible task when they turned the weapon over to the New Cult for safekeeping.</p>
95	<p>4054: THE HAMMER</p> <p>Chronicle of the quest to reclaim the Elf Bane. A mixed-race group of adventurers was hired to sneak into the dwarf capital and recover a large case for the New Cult. Of course the adventurers opened the case and discovered the weapon and decided to keep it. This lasted until their elf party member was accidentally killed by the thing after which they were glad to hand it over even without receiving the agreed-upon fee.</p>
96	<p>4054: THE SWORD</p> <p>Chronicle of the quest to regain the Goblin Bane. Incredibly, it was on public display at a minor temple in the dwarf hinterlands. Organizing a commando raid by New Cultists masquerading as imperial military troops was not a problem.</p>
97	<p>4057 – 4059: THE SPEAR</p> <p>Chronicle of the quest to regain the Man Bane. This had already been lost for quite some time. Extensive research and exploration traced it from ruin to ruin until it was found being wielded by a common skeleton; the remains of the unfortunate who had last wielded the weapon and impaled himself on it.</p>

98	4058: THE TRIDENT
	Chronicle of the quest to regain the Giant Bane. This was a simple matter as a clan of storm giants had themselves claimed the thing after a long-ago conflict with the dwarfs. The giants were surprised and pleased to learn there was a revival of Old Miner worship and after learning the New Cult's plans gladly handed over the Bane.
99	4059: JUGGERNAUT
	Chronicle of the construction of the resting place of the Banes. A description of the juggernaut trap in case of invasion. The catwalks to either side are meant to look as if they go to different destinations than the floor passage, so hopefully any invading force would take all three routes instead of merely walking on the ground, resulting in all of them being crushed flat.
100	4059: WAY TO SAFETY
	Chronicle of the construction of the vault of the Banes. One final trap to protect the Banes is built into the construction: A pair of doors, one of which leads to the items, one of which unleashes poison gas. Because "Always Choose What Is Right" is a proverb of the Old Miner it would be too obvious to make the right door the safe one so it is that door which releases poison gas.

SURFACE AREA

(Page 10)



Stable



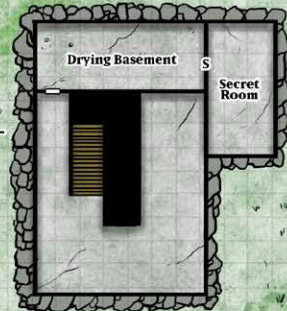
Well

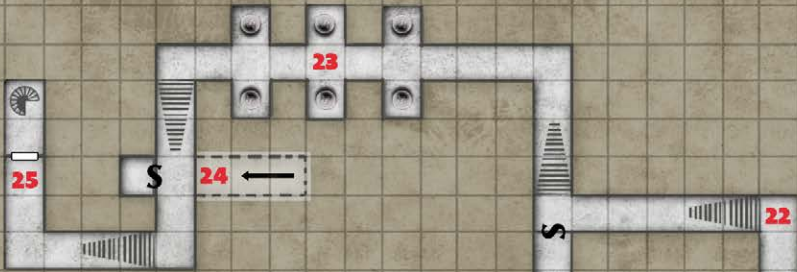
Chapel



□ = 10 feet

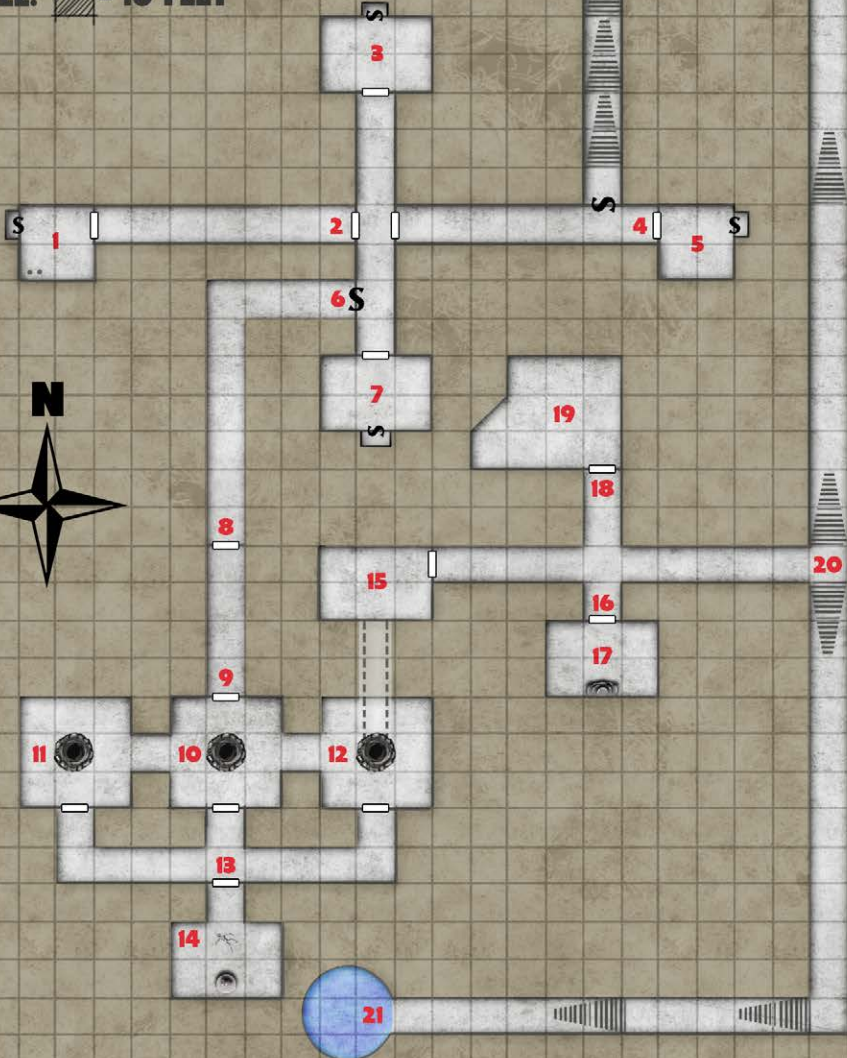
The Inn -
Cellar

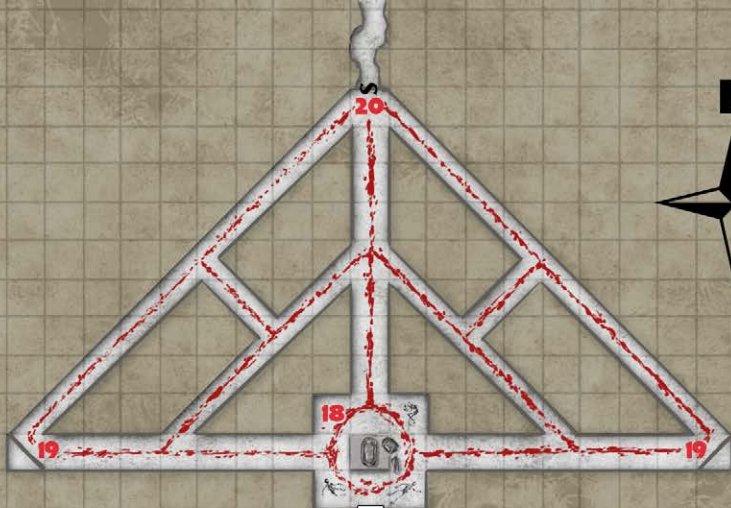




DUNGEON LEVEL ONE (Page 16)


SCALE:  = 10 FEET




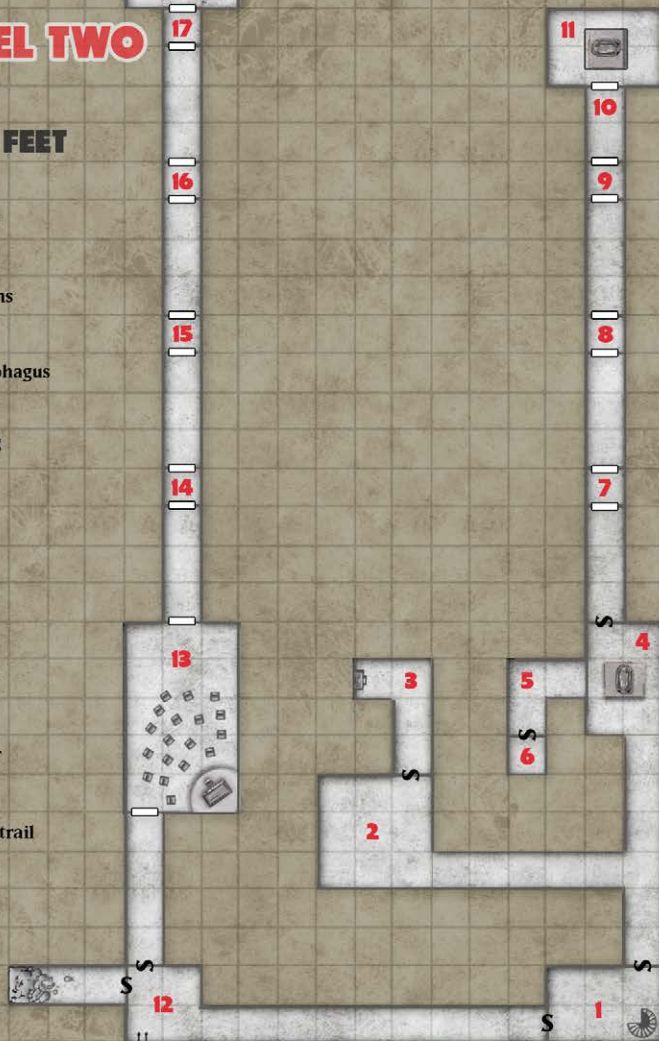


DUNGEON LEVEL TWO

















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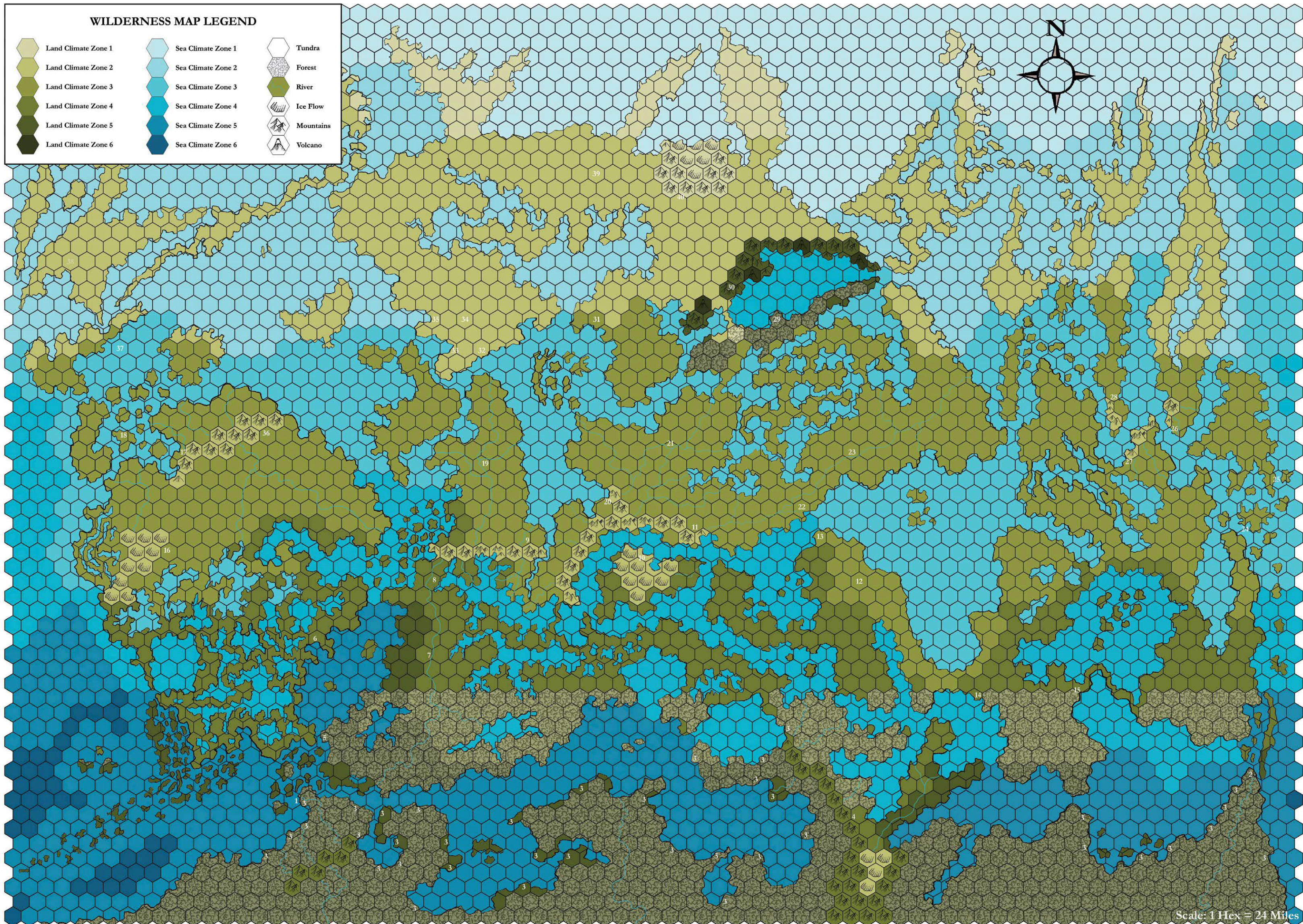
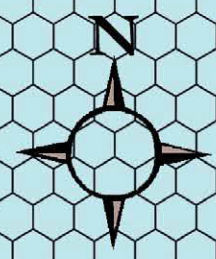
SCALE:  = 10 FEET

- | | | | |
|--|--------------------|---|---------------|
|  | door |  | statue |
|  | secret door |  | remains |
|  | secret compartment |  | sarcophagus |
|  | stairs |  | sliding block |
|  | spiral stairs |  | altar |
|  | underfloor passage |  | organ |
|  | collapsed passage |  | chairs |
|  | open pit |  | mirror |
|  | water |  | blood trail |
|  | natural cave |  | levers |



WILDERNESS MAP LEGEND


- | | | |
|--|--|---|
|  Land Climate Zone 1 |  Sea Climate Zone 1 |  Tundra |
|  Land Climate Zone 2 |  Sea Climate Zone 2 |  Forest |
|  Land Climate Zone 3 |  Sea Climate Zone 3 |  River |
|  Land Climate Zone 4 |  Sea Climate Zone 4 |  Ice Flow |
|  Land Climate Zone 5 |  Sea Climate Zone 5 |  Mountains |
|  Land Climate Zone 6 |  Sea Climate Zone 6 |  Volcano |

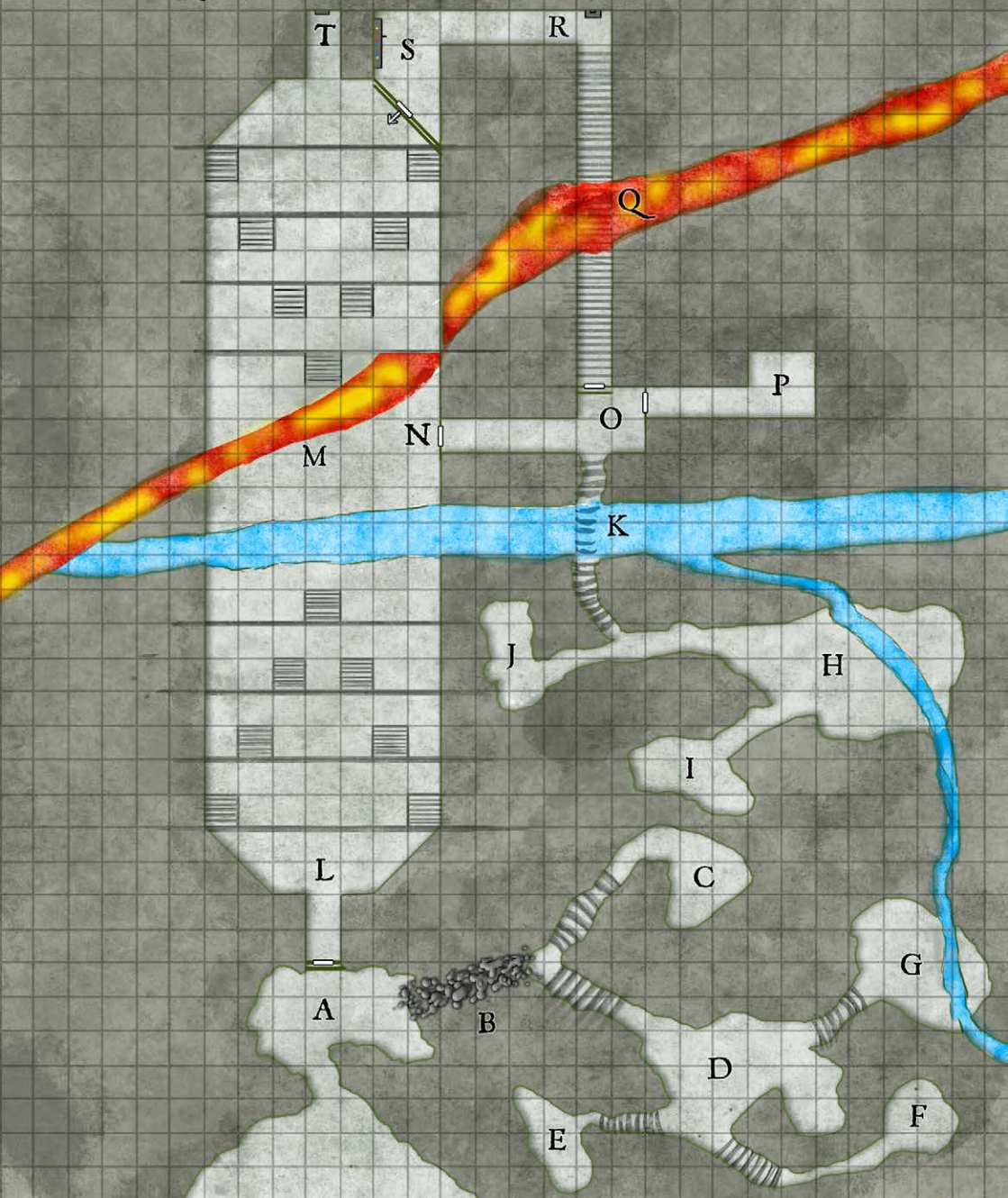


Scale: 1 Hex = 24 Miles

PIRATE TREASURE CAVE

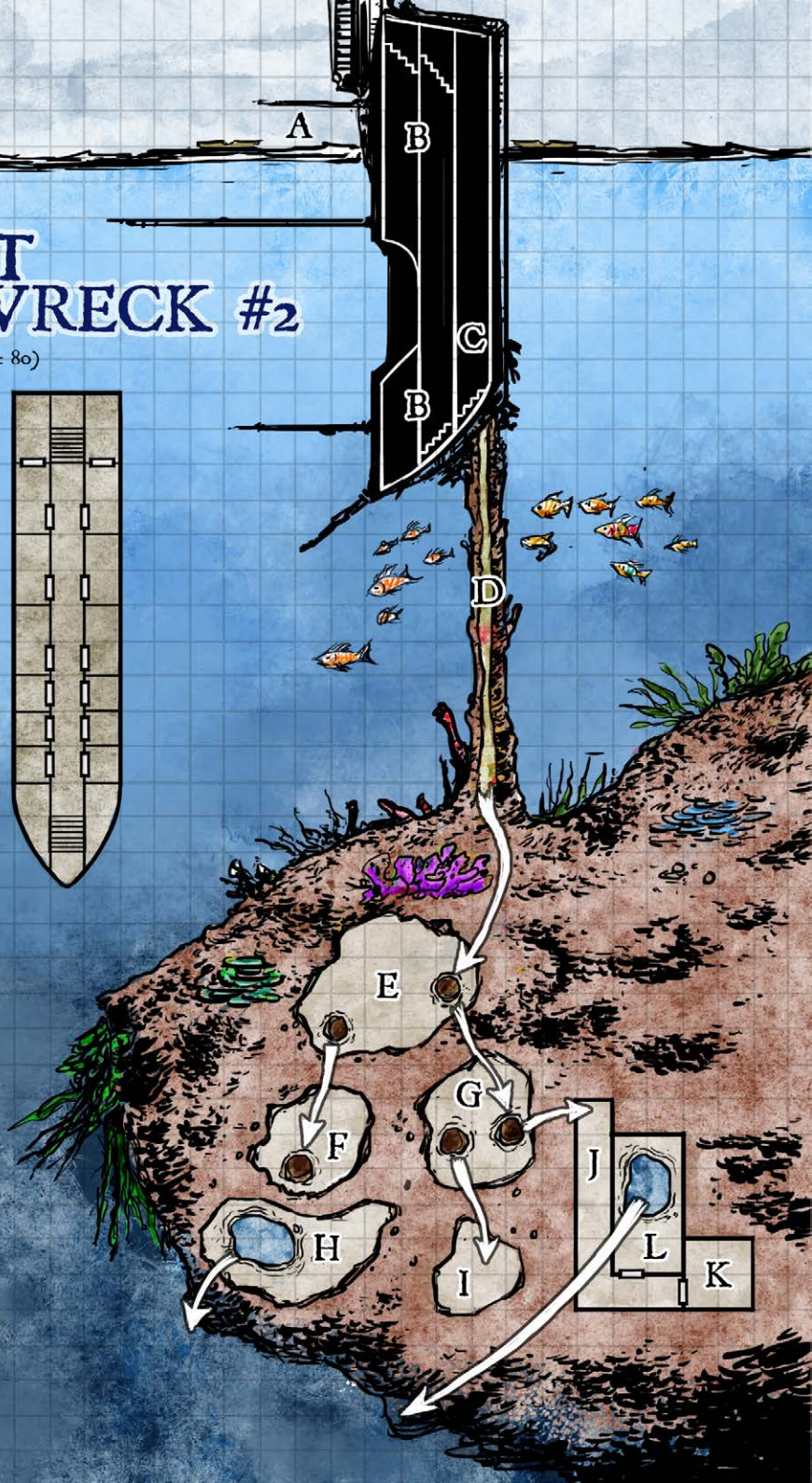
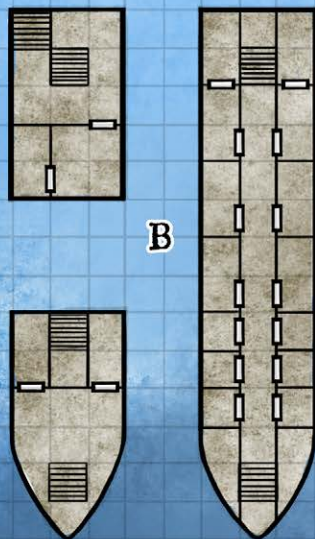
(Page 70)

 = 10 feet



GREAT SHIPWRECK #2

(Page 80)



THE GROUNDS

H = 50 FEET

LEDGE
100' DROP
(250' IF NOT OVER LEDGE)

GRAVEYARD

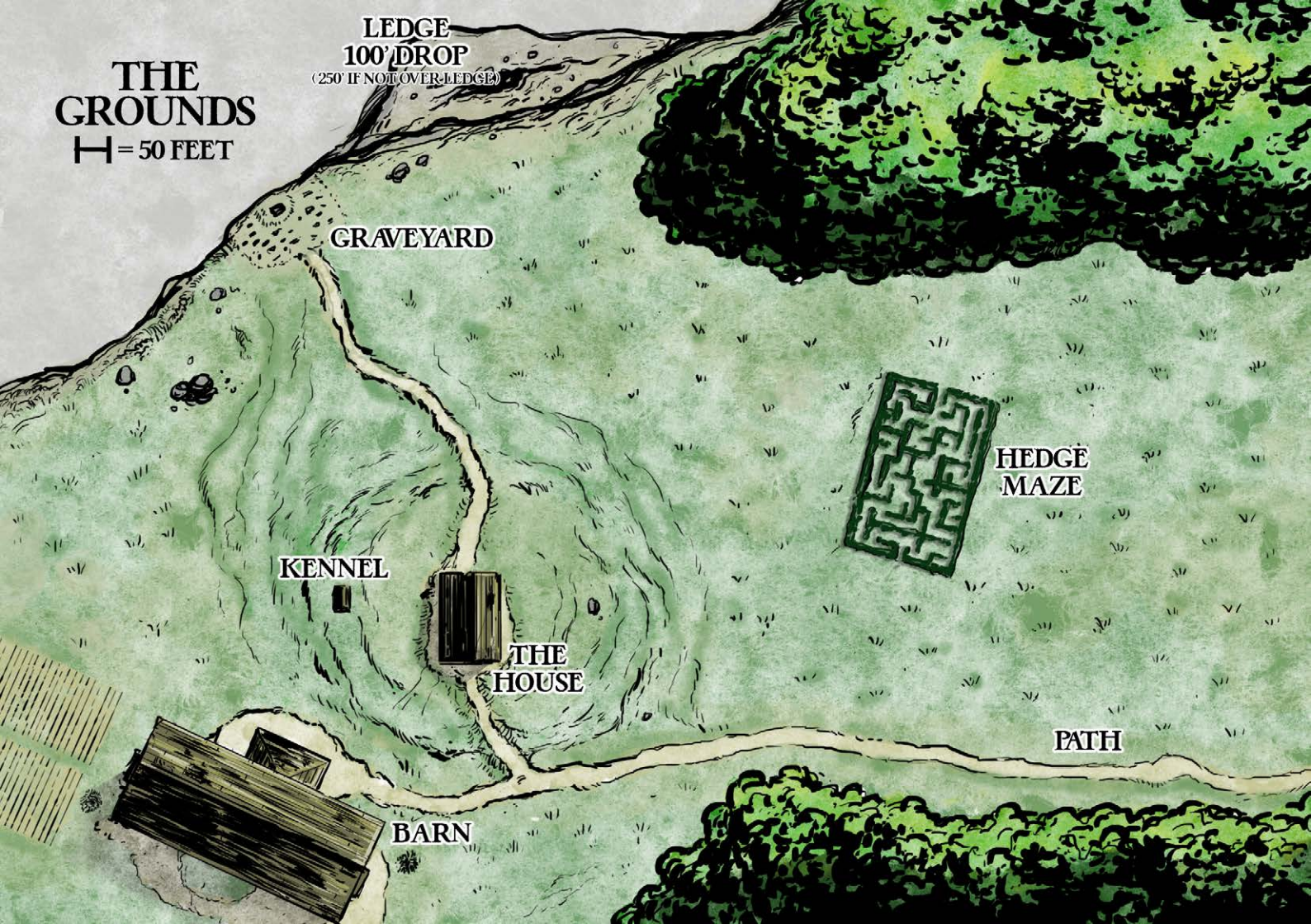
KENNEL

THE HOUSE

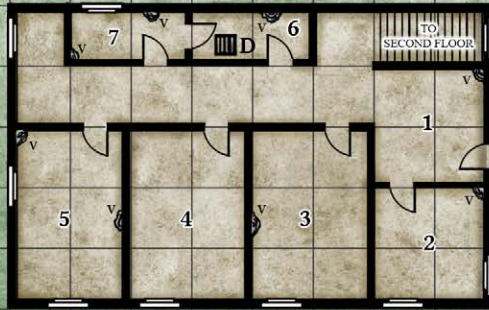
HEDGE MAZE

PATH

BARN



FIRST FLOOR



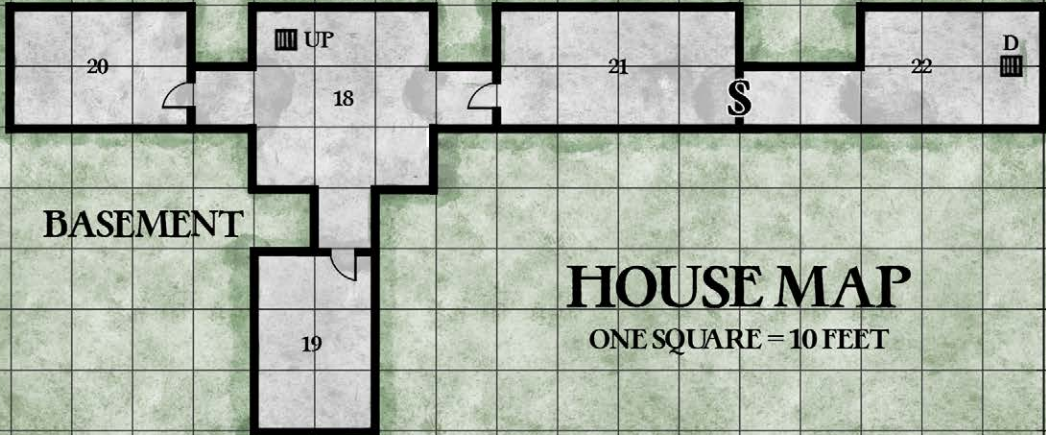
SECOND FLOOR



ATTIC



BASEMENT



HOUSE MAP

ONE SQUARE = 10 FEET



DRAGON'S
LAIR

CAVE
ENTRANCE

SACRIFICE
POLE

**DRAGON CAVE /
SACRIFICE POINT**

ONE SQUARE
EQUALS FIVE FEET

ROCKY and
BROKEN GROUND

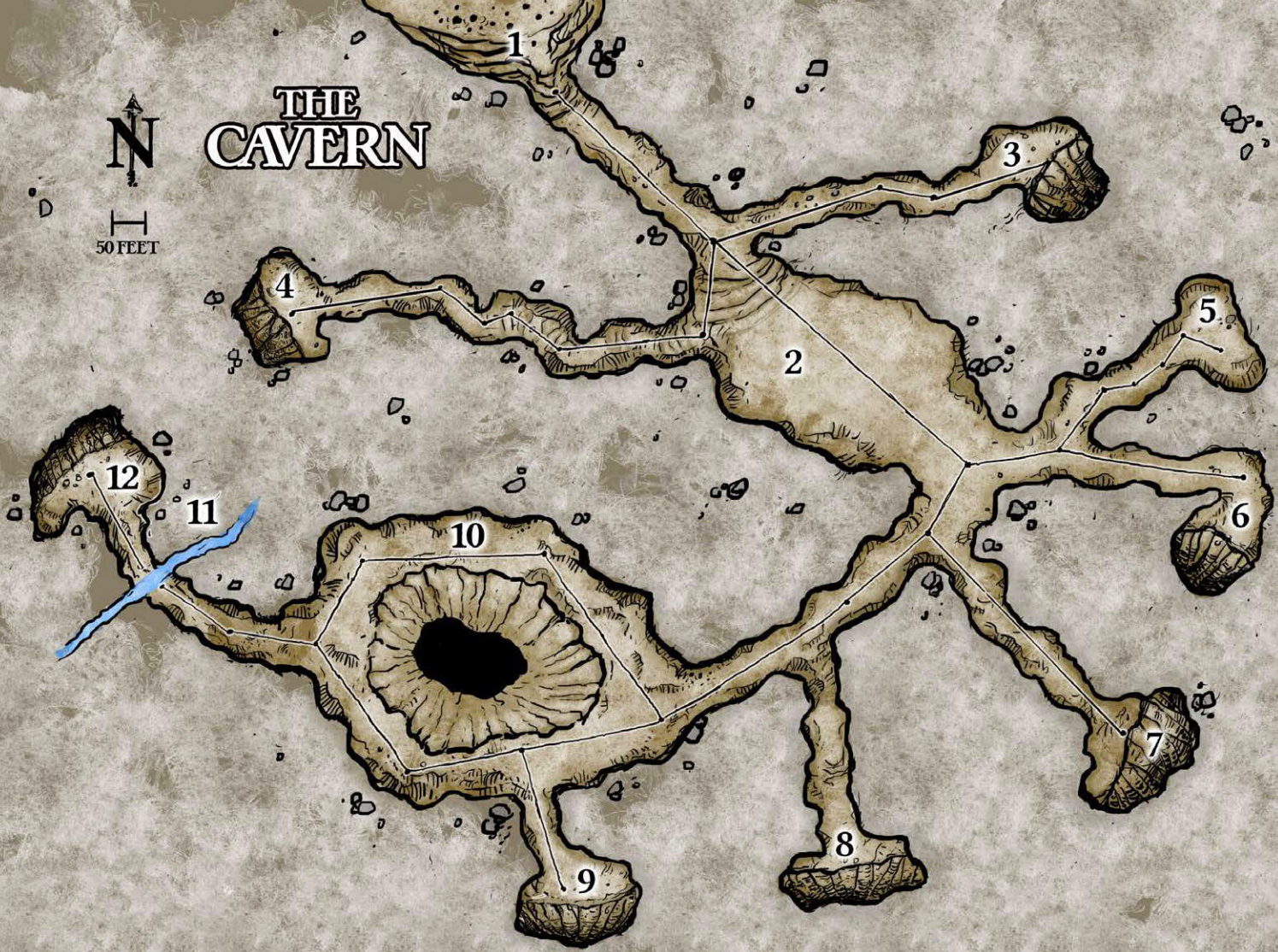
TRAIL TO
PEMBROOKTONSHIRE

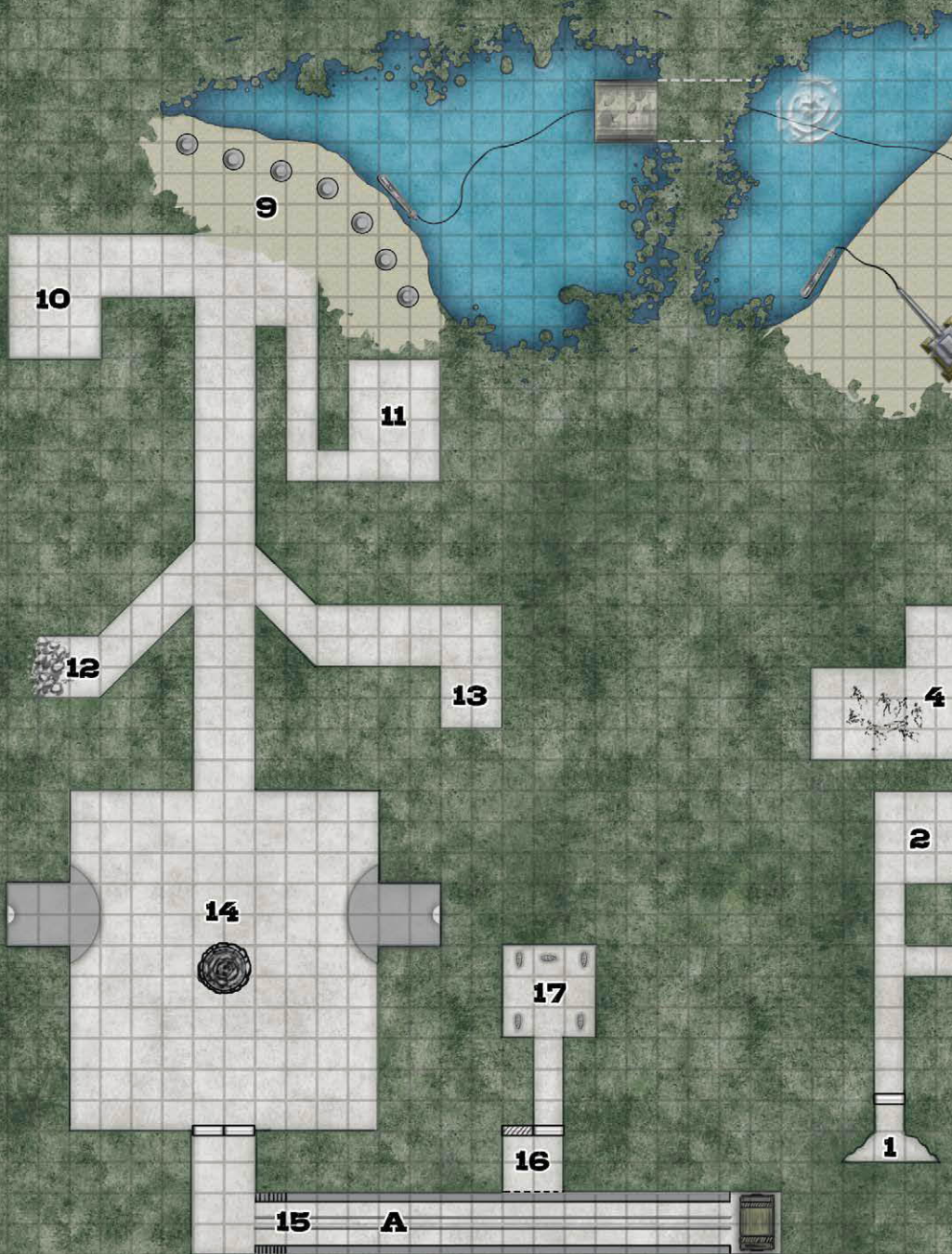


THE CAVERN



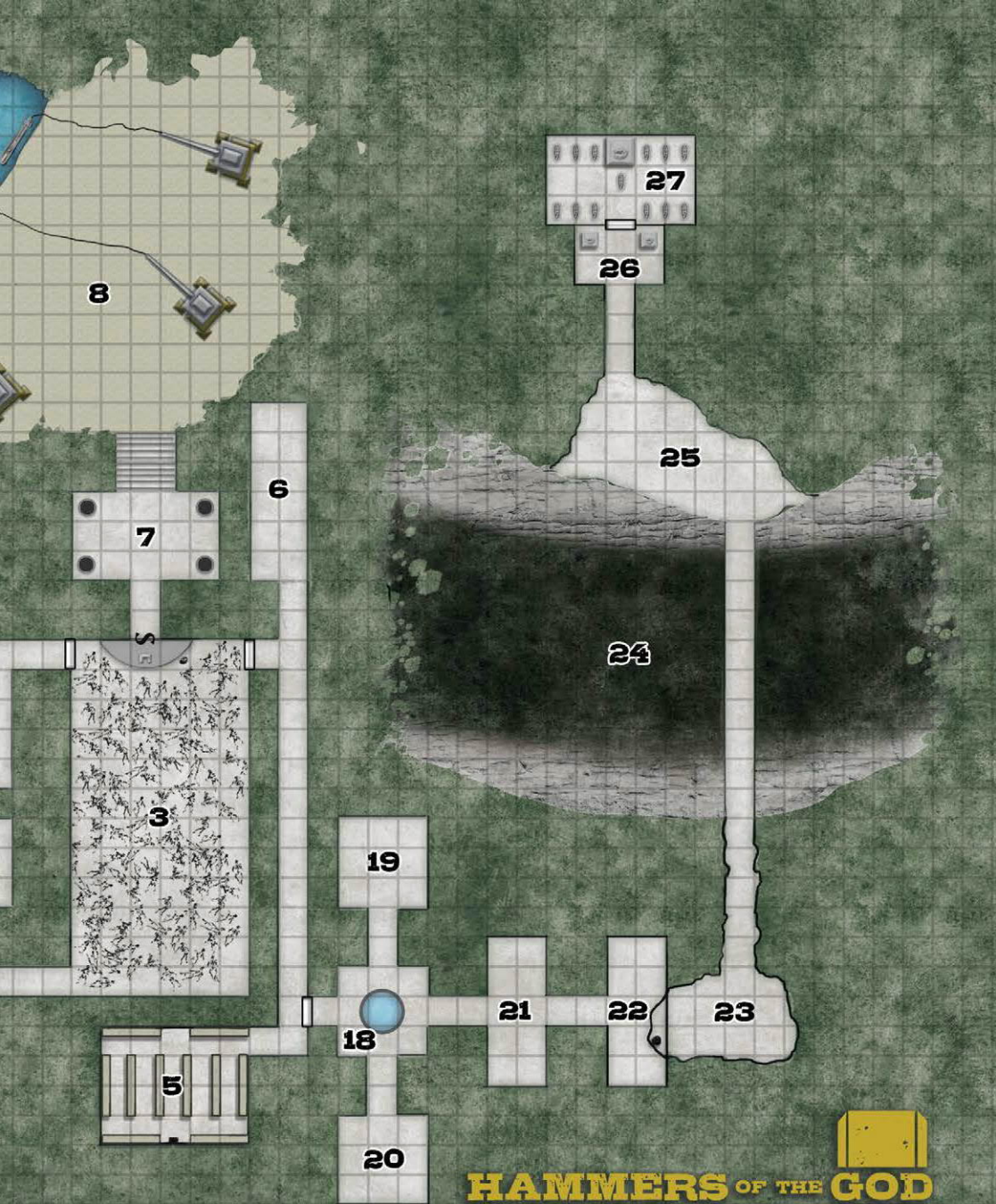
50 FEET





LEGEND





HAMMERS OF THE GOD

(Page 264)



- | | | | | | |
|---------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-----------|-----------|
| remains | sand | secret door | stairs down | submarine | well |
| rubble | sarcophagus | shelf | statue | throne | whirlpool |

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