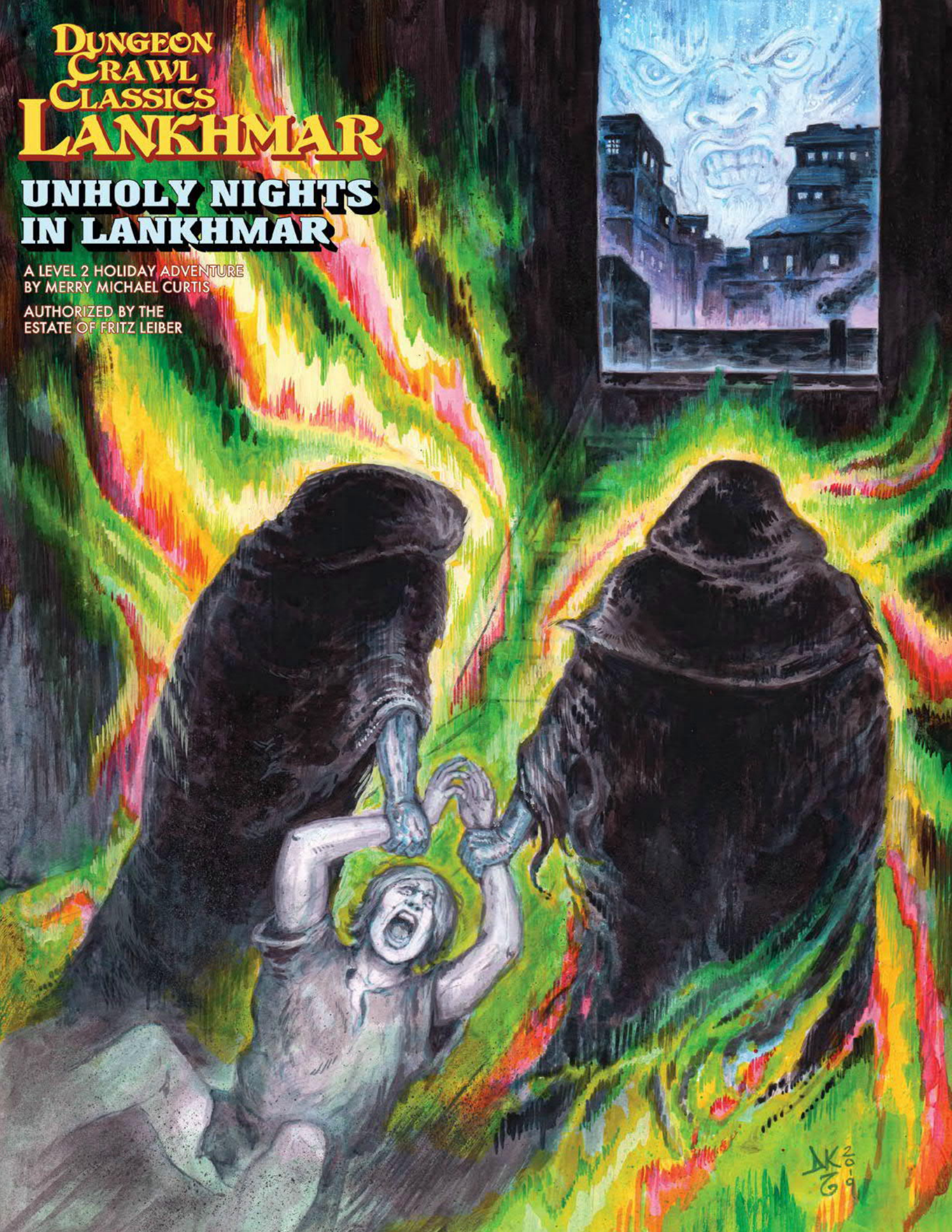


**DUNGEON
CRAWL
CLASSICS
LANKHMAR**

**UNHOLY NIGHTS
IN LANKHMAR**

A LEVEL 2 HOLIDAY ADVENTURE
BY MERRY MICHAEL CURTIS

AUTHORIZED BY THE
ESTATE OF FRITZ LEIBER



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UNHOLY NIGHTS IN LANKHMAR

A LEVEL 2
HOLIDAY ADVENTURE

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INTRODUCTION

Welcome to the fantastic world of Nehwon, home to the crime-ridden metropolis of Lankhmar, the City of the Black Toga, and residence of its questionable heroes, Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser! Based on the legendary works of Fritz Leiber, DCC Lankhmar allows judges and players to experience their own adventures in Nehwon, ones to rival the tales of Fafhrd and Gray Mouser. If you've ever dreamed of dueling in the foggy alleys behind Cheap Street, negotiating with supernatural mentors for scraps of forgotten lore, or merely trying to survive one more night in the criminal underworld, DCC Lankhmar is for you!

Unholy Nights in Lankhmar is a special holiday-themed adventure for DCC RPG set in the world of Fritz Leiber's Nehwon. It is designed for groups of three to four 2nd-level PCs, but as most combat encounters are dependent on the number of PCs in the party, the adventure will scale for larger groups as well. Although the events of the module occur in the city of Lankhmar, the adventure can easily be relocated to any fantasy urban setting with minor tweaking.

BACKGROUND

The archwizard, Khahkht of the Black Ice—that powerful being called a man by some and It by others—has come south from the Cold Waste to the City of Lankhmar intent on recovering and resurrecting the bones of his ancestor, a Mingol warlord that shares his name: Khahkht the Conqueror. To do so, Khahkht must enact a prolonged magical rite, performing twelve occult sacrifices involving living trees that grow only in darkness and have mystical ties to the Shadowland. These killings are carried out by his minions, strange aurora wraiths who travel the city in drifting spheres of shifting Northern Lights.

To ensure success, the wizard has blanketed the sky above the city in sun-denying storm clouds, plunging Lankhmar into perpetual night. As the city grows restless in its panic, the party discovers an ally has been killed in a bizarre rite, one whose origin hints at the diabolical plot unfolding in the City of Sevenscore Thousand Smokes. The party investigates this and other killings, and the clues eventually lead back to Khahkht's temporary lair in Lankhmar. The PCs then have the opportunity to both restore order to the city and foil Khahkht's scheme to resurrect the most feared Mingol warlord in history.

NOTE: For additional information on Khahkht of the Black Ice, the judge may wish to consult the Fafhrd and Gray Mouser stories, "The Frost Monstreme" and "Rime Isle."

PLAYING THE ADVENTURE

Unholy Nights in Lankhmar is an investigation-style scenario. The PCs find an ally murdered in a gruesome fashion while the city is undergoing clearly supernatural weather. Through following various leads, speaking with witnesses, and using their own deductive reasoning, the party eventually learns not only the purpose behind the crimes, but the location of the wizard responsible for them.

The PCs may, in the course of their investigation, interact with all or only some of the NPCs detailed in this book and visit only a portion of the described locales. The adventure uses a number of redundant clues and leads for the PCs to discover and follow, making it unnecessary to experience all the potential encounters described herein for the judge's convenience.

A "clue map" is provided for the judge to consult during the adventure. This flow chart lists all the encounters and events presented in the scenario along with where those clues might take the party to next. The judge shouldn't feel tied down to the map, however, and if the party's actions or reasoning causes them to jump to an unconnected event or encounter, let them. Any progress is good progress, and all paths eventually lead to the adventure's conclusion.

THE RUMOR MILL

During the course of their investigation the party might decide to trawl the taverns, speak with contacts, bribe beggars, or otherwise seek out the latest scuttlebutt on any unusual goings-on in Lankhmar pertaining to the mysterious deaths they're exploring. Additionally, if the players hit a dead end and cannot think of the next avenue of investigation to pursue, the judge might decide that a friendly NPC approaches them with one or more rumors to help get the investigation back on track.

Appendix A of this adventure contains a full list of possible rumors available from the Rumor Mill. A copy of those pages kept close at hand will be extremely useful when running *Unholy Nights in Lankhmar*. Note there's no ability check required to learn information from the Rumor Mill—only the need to mention a specific topic and perhaps buy a drink or two.

PART ONE: INVESTIGATION

Unholy Nights in Lankhmar begins with the PCs visiting a hired specialist who's performing some work for them. If possible, the judge should introduce the need for this specialist in a previous adventure. Droov the Puzzler is an expert in breaking codes, deciphering cryptic maps, and similar tasks. If the PCs find an encoded treasure map, Droov would be the one to figure it out for them. Failing this, the party could be instructed by a superior, such as a guild master, patron wizard, or similar to collect a decoded message from Droov and return it to them. Failing to accomplish this would reflect poorly on the PCs at best, and lead to possible physical harm at the worst.

"Starting the Adventure" below assumes the PCs are visiting Droov to collect a possible treasure map they recently acquired, and the judge may have to paraphrase or revise the read-aloud text as necessary to make it appropriate to the PCs' situation.

STARTING THE ADVENTURE

For ten days, the city of Lankhmar has languished in an unnatural darkness. More than a week ago, thick, oppressive clouds drifted from the north to cover the sky from horizon to horizon. These dark titans deny the very sun. At the height of day, the gloom of night fills the city streets.

Sages, priests, sorcerers, and even madmen have been brought before the Overlord and interrogated in an attempt to discern the origin of these unnatural clouds and – more importantly – how to dismiss them. Even the Overlord's High Torturer has been unable to wring answers from the unfortunate advisors, however, and the city remains in a state of distress. Rumors of a coming famine brought about by the malnourished crops in the grain fields outside the city have placed the populace on edge and once-hushed but now louder predictions that a terrible apocalypse is about to fall on Lankhmar are heard in every tavern, pleasure house, temple, and gambling den.

Despite the sense of oncoming doom, the criminal demimonde of the city remains active and, in fact, has even grown bolder with the city in the grip of the underworld's preferred time to indulge in its vocation. Adventurers such as yourselves are also in need of coin regardless of the city's potential future, if for no other reason than to flee before the proverbial hammer falls.

To this end, you find yourselves on a gloomy Damp Street, standing outside a three-story building on the border between the city's once-rambunctious Carousing Quarter and the more staid Plaza Quarter. Tonight, both are quiet and the street around you is both empty and dark. It seems even the city's lamplighters have decided to remain home, cowering in fear, as the cressets at either end of the street lack fuel or fire.

The building is home to Droov the Puzzler, a renowned expert in cryptography, conundrums, and ciphers. You've recently come into possession of a curious map, one which hints of treasure. As the Thieves' Guild member from whom you acquired it no longer needs it (or anything else, for that matter), you decided that perhaps Droov could help decipher the curious markings and

characters on the map – for his usual 15% fee. Droov has recently sent word that the translation is complete and it is time to collect the deciphered map and pay him for his services. Looking up at the third-story window that marks his lodging, you're pleased to see light shining from within, demonstrating the code-breaker is home. Now to conclude the deal.

LEAD: THE INVESTIGATION BEGINS



The party climbs a rickety staircase leading to the third floor of the building. It ends in a single long hallway. Two doors stand on either side of the passage and a flight of stairs leads to a roof-access door at the end of the hall. The left-hand door is the home of Droov the Puzzler. The door has been broken open and light from the rooms beyond spills out into the corridor. It is clear something is amiss. Investigating the scene reveals the following:

A large room containing little furnishing aside from a trio of large worktables covered in parchment and scribe supplies greets you upon entering. Scrolls are scattered onto the floor and one of the tables has been overturned. The threadbare rug on the floor is askew and stained by spilled ink and broken glass. It is obvious that a struggle took place here.

A search of the premises reveals that Droov is missing and that his scrolls, tomes, and parchments have been ransacked. To the party's dismay, the object they came to collect is missing along with what appears to be several other documents and scrolls. If the players ask or a PC succeeds on a DC 8 Intelligence check, they notice that the spilled ink is still wet, suggesting whatever struggle happened here, did so very recently.

Droov has been slain as part of the rite to raise Khakhht the Conqueror. Among his belongings were certain cryptic texts that record the unearthing of the Mingol warchief and how his physical remains came into the possession of a resident of Lankhmar: Oliff, owner of the Cabinet of Curiosities. With this knowledge, Khakhht now has the last piece of information he needs to collect the bones of Khakhht the Conqueror and complete his resurrection rite.

THE NEIGHBOR

If the PCs knock on the door across the hall, a frightened voice responds, "Are they gone?" This also occurs if the party moves to leave the building (either the way they came or up to the roof). Reassuring the unseen speaker that "they" are gone causes the door to open slightly, a fearful eye peering through the gap. Once the person has scanned the corridor, he opens the door more.

A thin, balding man dressed in clean, but old, tunic and trousers stands before you. His face is still tear-streaked and he clutches a small knife in his left hand. Frightened green eyes peer at you under bushy dark eyebrows and his right hand trembles as he gazes at the door across the hall.

The neighbor is Wenn the Chanter, a struggling ballad-writer, poet, and singer who shares this floor with Droov. Wenn was at home when the aurora wraiths came from Droov. He got a glimpse at the spirits and heard them drag Droov away. Although Wenn writes of daring deeds, he is a timid man and he is beside himself with guilt and self-loathing for failing to help his neighbor. He did witness some of what occurred and reveals what he knows with a little coaxing.

- Wenn was home working when he heard the roof door open. At first he thought it was Droov going out for some night air, but then he heard pounding on his neighbor's door. Wenn went to his own door and peered through a crack to see what was happening.
- In the hall, he saw two cloaked figures with hoods drawn over their heads. The entire corridor was bathed in shifting blue, green, yellow, and red light, which flowed over the walls like slowly turning liquid. To his surprise, it appeared as if the light was coming from inside the hoods of the two figures. But since he only saw their backs, he couldn't be sure.
- He heard Droov call out, demanding to know who was there. Then there was the sound of the door being broken in and Droov's outraged shout. Commotion and the sound of a struggle followed. Wenn moved away from his door at this point, afraid of being seen by the cloaked figures.
- At one point, he heard Droov say, "What do you want?!" The reply came from an icy cold voice that chilled Wenn's flesh. The voice seemed to respond with a cough or clearing its throat (the aurora wraith's actual reply was "Khahkht," but Wenn has no idea who that is/was).
- There was then motion in the hallway and the sound of Droov struggling. The roof door slammed open and then shut, and was soon followed by a series of screams that eventually trailed off.
- This all occurred less than an hour ago and Wenn has been huddled in his room the entire time, fearfully clutching his knife and praying to Aarth that whatever took Droov didn't come back.
- If Wenn is later asked about the tree on the roof, he is confused. He claims there's never been a tree growing on the roof, and if someone planted it there, they did it less than two hours ago. Wenn had been up on the roof collecting his drying laundry then and the roof was bare as always.

THE ROOF

The roof access door's latch is broken and its boards splintered, clear signs of forced entry. Outside, the roof is flat and roughly 30' square. The cloud-covered sky of unnatural night hangs ominously overhead. There is no light present here; even neighboring buildings produce little illumination.

Once the PCs shine illumination upon the roof, they glimpse the following:

Page 4

The flat roof is weatherworn and bare. A pair of posts with a frayed rope for hanging garments to dry is the sole bit of ornamentation here. Just off center of the roof, some 15 feet from the door leading here, is a macabre sight: a human male lies supine on the roof, a look of pain and surprise on his motionless face. Protruding from the man's chest is a blood-soaked pine tree measuring nearly 5 feet in height. Bits of internal organs and gore cling to the branches like ghastly decorations.

Investigating the body quickly determines several things:

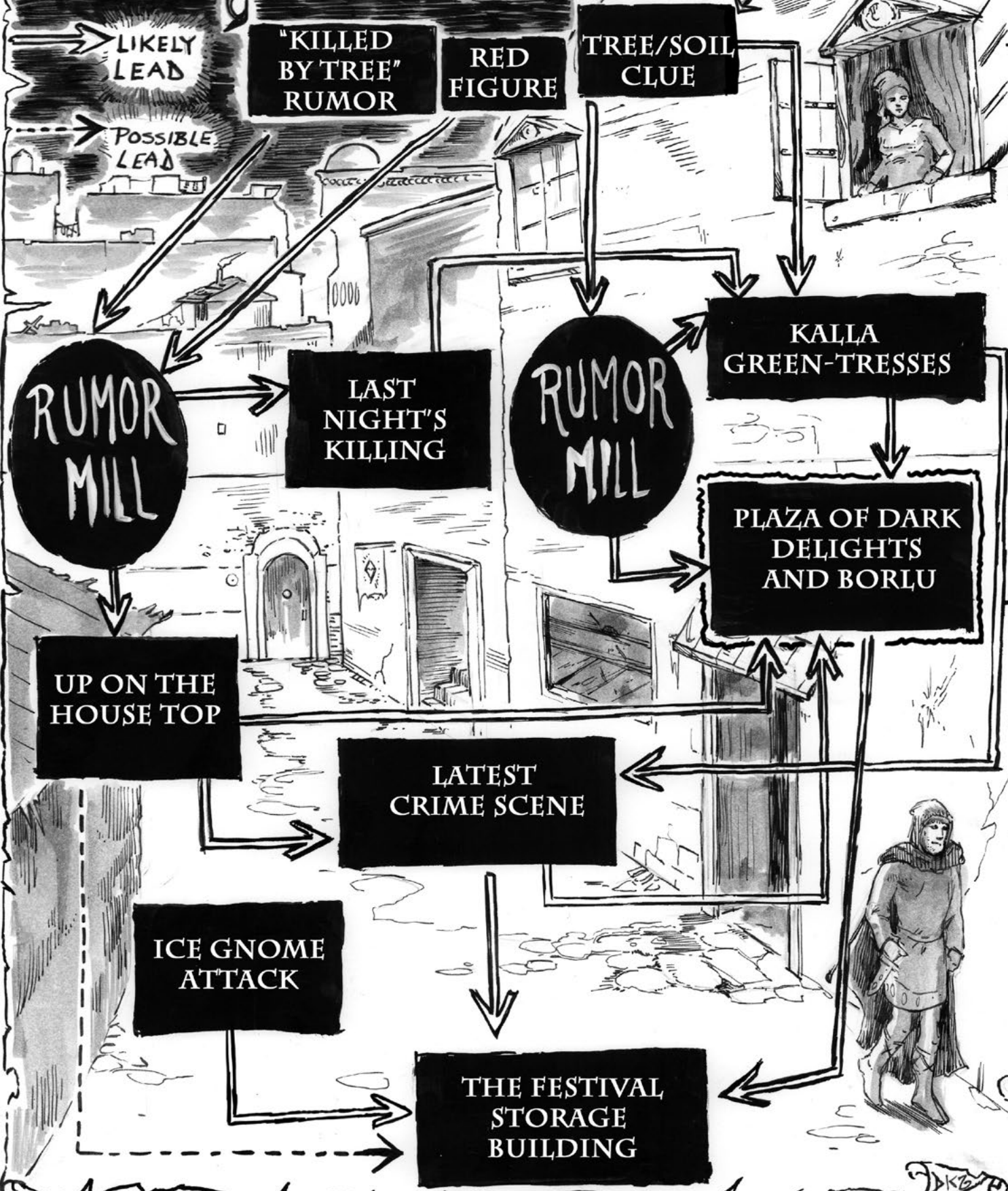
- The body is Droov. The corpse is cold, but just barely. He died within the past hour.
- Judging from the wound on his chest, the pine tree grew out of him, rather than being driven into his body from the front.
- Turning the body over is met with brief resistance before it can be done. Once turned on its side, it is seen that the pine tree was rooted in a pile of dark, oily-looking soil located under the corpse. A wound in Droov's back indicates that he was pierced by the tree. It's as if he was somehow restrained over the earth and the pine tree grew from a seed and then matured enough to impale him. The tree then grew through the body, emerging from the front of his chest, eventually reaching its current height. Judging from the evidence, however, it must be that Droov was placed over the soil and the tree grew extremely fast, piercing him and slaying him. [NOTE: Let the PCs figure that last part out themselves; mention it only if they fail to reveal it.]
- The tree is a species entirely unfamiliar to the party. If one of the PCs is from the Cold Waste, they've seen trees somewhat like this one, but not this exact species. It could be from a part of the Cold Waste they're unfamiliar with.
- There is about half a bucketful of soil on the roof. It feels damp and somewhat slimy to the touch but otherwise resembles normal ground. It radiates magic if divined for.
- There is no sign of Droov's mysterious assailants or the Puzzler's documents – including the one the PCs are after.

After the body is examined, inform the PC with the best Luck score that they recall overhearing someone in a tavern or on the street say that someone had been "killed by a tree" last night, but at the time they took no notice of it, thinking the person meant they'd had one fall on them or similar mishap. In light of the given evidence, however, that might not be the case.

Before the PCs depart the roof, allow them all to make a DC 13 Intelligence check. The PC to succeed with the highest result catches movement on a rooftop several buildings away. They get only a glimpse, but they could swear a figure dressed in red carrying a large bundle moved between two chimneys before vanishing from sight. Any attempts to follow or otherwise locate the figure fail. Following up on it leads to a possible encounter later in the adventure, however.

INVESTIGATION MAP

START: DROON'S MURDER



JDK

WHERE TO NOW?

The party has a couple of leads to pursue. These are:

- Find more information on the tree or soil. This leads them to Kalla Green-Tresses (Lead: the Gardener).
- Follow up on the rumor of another person “killed by a tree.” This leads to the Rumor Mill (see Appendix A) then to Lead: Last Night’s Killing.
- Investigate the figure in red. This leads to the Rumor Mill (Appendix A) and then (Lead: Up on the House Top)

The judge should consult the Investigation Map for ready reference. This diagram lays out which leads connect to others and is useful when running this adventure.

LEAD: LAST NIGHT’S KILLING



The Rumor Mill points the party to a narrow, two-story building on Cracked Jug Lane in the Carousing Quarter should they ask about anyone else “killed by a tree.” Identifying the crime scene is easily done—small knots of people pause to look at the building and exchange ever-increasingly lurid rumors about the crime.

If the party questions any of these gossipers and looky-loos, the judge can embellish the facts all she wishes so long as she doesn’t alter the facts that the murder victim was found with a tree growing out of their body and that the corpse was discovered on the roof of the building.

A rickety flight of stairs ascends to the roof on the side of the building, providing easy access to the crime scene. The residents of the building ignore anyone climbing the stairs (people have been coming and going the last two days), so unless the party intrudes on the building’s occupants’ privacy, getting to the roof occurs without incident. Should the party question any of the residents, they too spread gossip like the passers-by and the judge is encouraged to have them tell conflicting tales in an attempt to one-up each other.

The roof is similar to the one Droov was killed on: a flat roof with little adornment aside from chimney pots, old clotheslines, and a dilapidated pigeon coop (currently empty). The body of the victim, who was not a resident of the building but apparently brought here by the killer(s), has been removed by the city watch, but a blood stain on the roof shows where it was located. A search of the area around it uncovers traces of a dark, oily dirt identical to the material found under Droov. Clearly, the murders are connected. Further searching uncovers no other clues and the PCs will eventually depart the scene.

THE LONG ARM OF THE LAW

As the party comes down off the roof, they are swiftly surrounded by a small corps of city watch constables led by a uniformed sergeant. The leader, Constable Sergeant Molk, a middle-aged human male with walrus mustache, bald head, and a nasty temperament, immediately begins interrogating

the party, demanding to know what they were doing on the roof. Molk is a career constable who firmly believes the adage that a criminal always returns to the scene of the crime. He and a small corps of city watch are staking out the crime scene in hopes of catching the killer when he returns. Therefore, Molk is highly suspicious of the party.

Any semi-plausible story and/or the PCs hinting at powerful connections in the city’s government—such as possessing the Noble Birth, Good Reputation in Certain Circles (city watchmen, minor nobles, or city guardsmen) or similar benisons—is enough to allay Sergeant Molk’s suspicions for now, but they may have a run-in with him again before this is all over. He lets the party off with a warning to keep their noses out of the watch’s business.

AND NOW, THE GOOD COP

Soon after the party departs the scene, they hear someone behind them call out. It is one of the watchmen present with Constable Sergeant Molk. If the party speaks to him, he introduces himself as Corporal Ekbat, a young, swarthy-skinned man with close-cropped dark hair and a wispy mustache.

Ekbat states in a low voice—perhaps drawing the party off to a dim alley or inside a fenced-off lot—that, although Sergeant Molk is a good man, he’s not the best one suited for handling this crime. He is too set in his ways and is looking to, in true Lankhmar fashion, pin the crime on the most convenient subject and collect his bonus for a closed case. Ekbat is less jaded and sees the PCs as a possible, if unofficial, means to locate the culprit(s) and bring justice to the murdered victims. So long as the PCs do nothing to dissuade Ekbat of this belief, he reveals the following information:

- Last night’s murder victim was a visiting sage from the Eastern Lands. He had no known connection with the building he was found murdered on, and his placement there seems to have been a matter of convenience or opportunity by his killer(s).
- He was found to have been slain by impalement on an unidentified tree that appears to have grown from a small pile of soil discovered under the body. Due to this, sorcery is suspected. The city watch has been canvassing the members of Lankhmar’s Sorcerers’ Guild but with little result. Ekbat personally believes that this type of magic is beyond any of the guild’s members (wizard PCs might be of a similar mind, given that the Sorcerers’ Guild is notorious for its poor magical capabilities).
- The victim’s name was Grajim and he was in the city to buy certain rare ingredients, but never made contact with the merchant he was to purchase them from. This indicates he was killed not long after entering the city.
- This is not the first murder committed in this fashion, but the 9th. The city watch has been keeping things quiet, but eight identical murders preceded this one, all found in the Carousing and Plaza Quarters. The victims share no connections and include a pair of shepherds, an inn-keeper, a young drummer, a librarian, an herbalist, a sailor, and a stableman. The first killing was reported

several nights ago, just after the darkness overwhelmed Lankhmar.

- The only potential eyewitness who's come forward so far is a member of the Beggars' Guild who identified Grajim by his unusual Eastern garb. The beggar states that he saw Grajim, or someone resembling him, pass him on Shady Street in the early evening the night he was killed. As the presumed Grajim turned down a side street, the beggar suddenly saw swirling colored lights appear from around the corner. The lights were multi-colored, but predominantly blue, green, yellow, and red, and moved in a most unusual fashion. They seemed to flow like a stirred pot, according to the eyewitness. The lights vanished after a few moments. When the beggar went to see what caused them, he found the side street entirely empty.
- The city watch has heard a report of a strange figure in red garb being sighted on the roofs of Lankhmar. They are investigating this possible lead, but so far have found nothing.

Ekbat encourages the party to keep up their own investigations into the crimes while he works through official channels. If they discover the identity of the murderer(s), they should let him know. He is stationed at the city watch house on the corner of Crafts Street and Wall Street. Ekbat wishes them good luck, then hustles back to rejoin the vigil over the crime scene.

LEAD: UP ON THE HOUSE TOP



Whether from sighting the figure in red during their initial investigation or due to the Rumor Mill, the party might scour the uppermost reaches of the city to locate this unknown agent. No matter whether they lay an ambush or actively fan out and search the rooftops, the party eventually spots their quarry, but this is a perfect opportunity to award the PCs fleeing Luck if they propose creative or thematically-appropriate schemes to seek out and/or capture the mysterious figure. Read the following:

A flash of color among the soot-covered and night-darkened roofs of the city catches your eyes. Emerging from behind a large chimney is a human male dressed in a scarlet robe trimmed in white fur. A crimson woolen stocking cap crowns his head, and a round, red-nosed face with bushy white beard scans the roofs as if seeking something. A large sack is slung over one shoulder, its canvas sides swollen with numerous contents.

If the PCs are concealed, the figure might not notice them, allowing the group to attempt to capture the mysterious rooftop visitor. Use the stats below to adjudicate any physical conflicts, with the figure using its springing ability to escape as soon as possible. If the party approaches the figure openly in a non-threatening manner, the person watches them warily as if ready to flee, but allows them to come closer. The figure replies to any sensible questions in an outlandish accent, one never before encountered by the party. He introduces himself as Christoph Krenkel, a visitor to Lankhmar from "foreign lands."

CHRISTOPH KRENKEL

Krenkel is from much further lands than he initially admits. He is an employee of Hagenbecks Zeitgarten, a menagerie located on a distant, alien planet (or "world bubble" in Nehwonian theoretical cosmology). Krenkel has come to Nehwon at the suggestion of fellow Hagenbecks' employee and countryman Karl Treuherz to capture specimens of the rare avian species known as the Beloved of Tyaa for the Zeitgarten. He has been in Lankhmar for several days, arriving soon after Khahkht's magical storm clouds enveloped the city in permanent night, and has used the gloom to his advantage, leaping from roof to roof using a gravity-reducing belt he wears under his robe and a specialized stasis sack for capturing his quarry. In the course of his activities, he's both been spotted by some of the city's inhabitants and observed some unusual goings-on.

Krenkel speaks Low Lankhmarese with a thick German accent, occasionally pulling out a pristine copy of his "Lankhmarese-German German-Lankhmarese Dictionary for Space-Time and Inter-Cosmic Travelers" to help clarify a word or understand a nuance. He speaks openly about his place of employment and his otherworldly origins if the PCs appear to be open-minded, but remains guarded if they look to be the type to burn "demons from the sky" at the stake—an occupational hazard that all Hagenbeck's employees must concern themselves with.

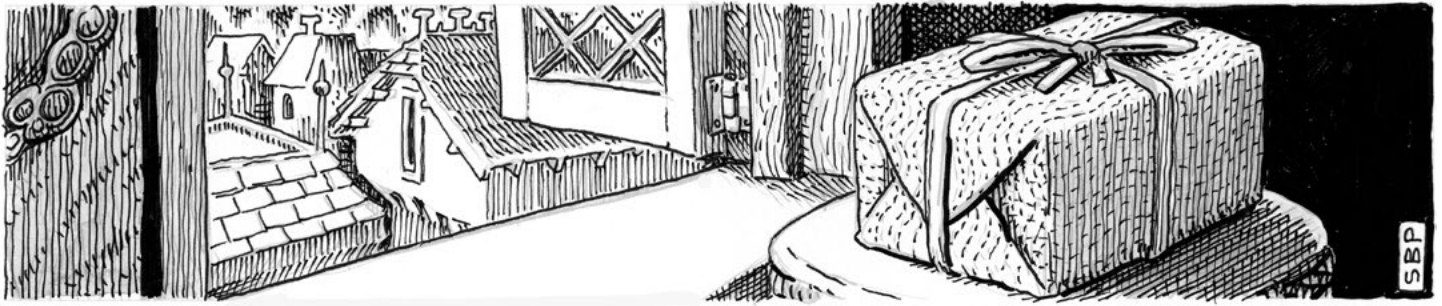
Christoph Krenkel: Init +5; Atk none; AC 20; HD 5d8; hp 45; MV 30' or leap 50'; Act 1d20; SP anti-gravity belt (takes no damage from falling and can leap 50' in any direction); SV Fort +10, Ref +5, Will +5; AL L.

Krenkel's garb is purposely reminiscent of a certain beloved mythological figure. As a time-traveler, Christoph often finds himself traveling into various periods of Earth and has discovered that anyone witnessing his unusual actions or futuristic technology is likely to be utterly disbelieved if they tell people they saw "Santa Claus." He wears this garb even when traveling to worlds unfamiliar with Earthly customs out of habit. It is reinforced with defensive fibers, granting him an increased armor class and Fortitude bonus as well.

Assuming the PCs behave themselves, Krenkel shows himself to be a gregarious individual who enjoys his job and the opportunity it provides him to travel to strange worlds and meet interesting people. He gladly reveals what he knows of recent happenings which might aid the PCs' investigation. If the PCs are insulting or attack him, he uses his anti-gravity belt to leap away into the night and avoids the party from then on.

Krenkel can reveal the following:

- He has come to Lankhmar to collect specimens of an unusual bird found in the city. These birds are the Beloved of Tyaa (although Krenkel doesn't know them by that name). His sack keeps the birds "asleep" (actually in stasis in a null-time field) until he can bring them back to the Zeitgarten. [NOTE: If the judge wishes to introduce the return of Winged Tyaa to the city as a future adventure hook or campaign development, Krenkel can



reveal he's encountered a lot of these birds down by the riverfront, mostly near an old building there. This is, of course, the Temple of Winged Tyaa, adjacent to the home of Muulsh the Moneylender. See the story, "Claws in the Night," for more details.]

- Five nights ago, he came across a dead body impaled on a living pine tree on the roof of a building. The body appeared to be that of a scholarly man and he appeared to have been recently slain. Krenkel observed city watchmen approaching and departed in haste. He may have been sighted. NOTE: This is the slain librarian the party may have heard about from Corporal Ekbat. Krenkel can roughly describe where the building is located, but if they investigate the crime scene, nothing of interest remains there to be discovered.
- He's seen a strange object in the sky on three of the "nights" he's been out collecting samples. All these sightings were in the southeastern part of the city. What he observed was a glowing ball of swirling colors roughly 10' in diameter. It drifted silently through the sky, then vanished into the city's smokes and smog among the chimneys and roof cisterns of nearby buildings. If shown a map of the city or asked more specific questions about these sightings, all of them occurred within a 10-block radius of the Plaza of Dark Delights.

Krenkel can't provide any more useful information, nor can he assist the party in their investigation in anyway ("Hagenbecks Zeitgarten has certain rules against becoming involved in such matters," he explains), but does wish them luck in their search. He then departs, leaping off across the rooftops with his sack and hearty, "Ho Ho Ho!" laugh in his wake.

OPTIONAL

If the party succeeds in defeating Khakhht's scheme and the judge is feeling both generous and in the holiday spirit, each PC wakes up one morning soon after to find a small box wrapped in colorful paper in their bedrooms. A handwritten note on each reads, "A small token of my regard for your heroic acts. Your friend, C.K."

Each box contains an appropriate gift for the PC, something unusual but useful to their class. A warrior might receive a weapon clearly not of Nehwonian origin, for example, or a thief a coil of indestructible rope made from a synthetic material. The exact nature of the gift is left to the judge, but things such as laser pistols or infrared goggles and the like should be avoided.

LEAD: THE GARDENER



The discovery of the unusual tree growing from Droov's body may spur the party to seek out more information about the sapling. Anyone possessing the Urban Affinity or Trusted Contact (merchant's guild or Rainbow Palace) benisons or succeeding in a DC 10 Intelligence check—or simply asks around—becomes aware of Kalla Green-Tresses.

Kalla is a retired gardener and "greens-woman" who once worked at the Rainbow Palace, charged with caring for the Palace's numerous gardens and orchards. She is considered one of the foremost experts on plant life in the city. Kalla no longer works at the Rainbow Palace and instead tends a small rooftop garden in the Crafts Quarter on Count-Coin Street, enjoying her retirement and earning a modest living as a consultant to various apothecaries, herbalists, sorcerers, and such. Her garden is easily located.

A set of scaffold-like wooden stairs climbs the side of a stone building off a side street in the Crafts Quarter. Even in the nightly gloom, you can faintly see boughs of trees extending over the edges of the roof and the soft rustling of leaves is heard in the air. A soft light moves about the roof as if someone is pacing with a lamp or lantern.

Climbing the stairs leads to the top of the four-story building and provides a clearer view of the garden:

The level roof of the building is largely obscured beneath potted plants and trees, and low, broad beds of soil filled with wilting greenery. All of the plant life here is obviously suffering from the unnatural night plaguing the city and is fading from lack of sun.

A plump woman stands near one of the dying garden beds, dressed simply and with a small lantern in her hand. She appears to have seen more than 50 winters and her face and hands are tanned by countless years working under the sun. Her hair is largely silver, but a few strands are sea-green in hue, suggesting she may be an Ilthmart by birth. Concern is evident on her wrinkled face, making its lines even deeper in the dim lamp light.

This is Kalla Green-Tresses, who is currently doing her best to keep her garden alive in the supernatural night of the city. Despite her prodigious skill, it is a losing battle. Although her concern is great, she is still willing to help others with plant-based problems. She greets the party with muted friendliness and asks what brings them to her garden.

If the party describes the sapling they found or have it with them, Kalla immediately identifies it as an avak pine, a rare species of tree found only in the farthest north of the Cold


Waste where it's said that night lasts for half a year. It has no place in Lankhmar and cannot thrive in places where sun shines. Even in its native environment, the tree only grows in darkness, its seeds sleeping under the soil and snow until the sun fails to shine.

Kalla also provides the following information if the party discusses more about the circumstances in which they found it:

- The tree grows quickly, but nowhere near quickly enough to have killed Droov, even if he had somehow been incapacitated and placed over the tree's seed for a short period. It sounds as if the tree was subjected to either magic or another means to accelerate its growth to murderous speed.
- There is a curious legend about the avak pine: In ages long ago, the avak pine was said to be used in a ritual intended to restore the dead to life. Since the tree grows in darkness and its seeds sleep in the earth for half the year, the avak has strong power to fuel magic that affects the dead of the Shadowland. She doesn't recall all the details of the legend, but says a certain number of trees were important to the rite. It might have been nine or twelve, but she's not sure.
- Kalla has a sudden epiphany while talking with the party and says, with a little embarrassment, that both age and the state of her "children" (the garden's plants and trees), must be affecting her more than she thought. She states that one way the sapling could have killed Droov has just occurred to her: there's long been a rumor that a fertilizer of arcane manufacture exists, some say created by the witches of the Eastern Lands or the Lords of Quarfall long ago, which could theoretically cause a plant to grow before one's very eyes. This substance is called "gallows ground". Kalla has never used it herself, having heard it said to be created with nefarious ingredients like babies' blood and other distasteful things. However, if the party wanted to learn more about the fertilizer, there's a merchant in the Plaza of Dark Delights—a man named Borlu—who is said to traffic in such vile stuff.

If the party discusses or inquires about her garden, Kalla sighs heavily and says that there is little she or anyone else can do to save the plants. *"Only an end to this thrice-damned night will revive my children."* She thanks the party if they show concern, though. See sidebar for possible benefits of this line of discussion.

LEAD: THE PLAZA OF DARK DELIGHTS

 hether due to talking with Kalla Green-Tresses or simply because the nocturnal market is a great place to look for unusual rumors and happenings (and is doing booming business in the perpetual night of the city), the party might find themselves visiting the Plaza of Dark Delights looking for answers. They discover that business is very good at the Plaza right now.

The darkness of the long Plaza is lit by small lanterns, caged glow-

GREEN THUMB HEROES

If the party has expressed concern or interest in Kalla's garden, it raises them in her esteem and they may be rewarded for it. If the party succeeds in driving off Khahkht, restoring the natural order of day and night to Lankhmar, Kalla doesn't forget them. She seeks them out once she learns of their role in saving the city, if the party doesn't pay a visit to her.

In addition to thanking them profusely, Kalla gives each character two healing salves of increased strength. Each restores 1d6+1 hit points when used. Additionally, she will sell the PCs ordinary healing salves at a discounted rate of 5 gold rilks whenever the party is in the city. Lastly, for saving her plants, each PC gains the Minor Ally benison.

worms, half-covered fire-pots, and dim lamps of muted colored glass. Among the firefly glow of the square are myriad small stalls, booths, tents, and even simple blankets spread out on the cobblestones. While the Plaza of Dark Delights always sees a brisk (if subtle) trade, the perpetual night blanketing the city has invigorated the nocturnal market. Dark-clad forms create small crowds among the stalls and the soft murmur of business sounds more intense, if not any louder.

The patrons of the Plaza keep their noses out of each other's business despite nearly rubbing elbows with one another. So long as the party does the same, they can navigate the marketplace without incident. Causing a ruckus or otherwise violating the unwritten rules of the Plaza (creating loud noise or illuminating the place with light stronger than muted candlelight) causes a group of merchants' guards equal to twice the PCs' number to strong-arm them out of the Plaza. Use stats for City Watch Constable (see *Lankhmar: City of the Black Toga* p. 36 or *The Latest Crime Scene*, below) for these bully boys.

A party explicitly seeking Borlu or simply canvassing the market for exotic plants or related goods soon finds a small tent at the south end of the Plaza. A wooden sign painted with green letters that glow in the gloom reads "Borlu, Acquirer". A handful of dying night-blooming plants are in small pots around the entrance to the tent; even their nocturnal blossoms are fading in the endless night. Entering the tent, the party encounters Borlu:

An extremely pale, almost pearlescent man some 30 winters of age stands behind a crude counter littered with potted plants, jars, small bags, and other objects. His dark hair and black garments—clothes made from roughly-spun silk and dyed linen—make him appear dressed in shadow, making his paleness all the more abnormal. His eyes are icy blue and you feel him evaluating you as you enter the tent.

Borlu is an importer of sorts, his small network of procurers purchasing all manner of oddities and outlandish curiosities for resale in the Plaza. He supplies some of the other Plaza's merchants, but has a personal fondness for night-blooming

plants and other horticultural oddities. Unfortunately, the unnatural night has curtailed his business, making the normally tight-lipped merchant desperate for coin.

Borlu greets the party in a whisper audible across the tent but no farther (a skill acquired by a decade of trade in the Plaza), asking them what he can do for them. He apologizes in advance at the quality of his stock, stating, *"This endless night is not good for anyone or anything in the city – except the Plaza of Dark Delights. Unfortunately, I'm one of the few who isn't profiting from the prolonged night."*

Borlu specializes in night-blooming plants, but the avak pine is beyond his knowledge. If the PCs mention the tree found at the crime scene or present him with a sample from one, he doesn't recognize it. He will, however, direct the party to Kalla Green-Tresses (see above) if they've not yet met her.

If the party mentions "gallows ground" or a powerful fertilizer, Borlu admits that he has heard of such a thing, a rare substance infused with mystical power and able to accelerate the growth of any plant. *"Such a thing is said to be both expensive and hard to acquire,"* he intimates and then says no more. Borlu remains silent on the subject unless the offer of money or violence compels him to speak further.

Borlu will try to get up to 100 gold rilk from the PCs before elaborating on gallows ground, but, in desperation, will accept 25 rilk. An offer of less money is met with a raised eyebrow that seems to say, "This subject isn't that important to you, I guess." If the party threatens violence or tries to wheedle the information out of him in other ways, Borlu eventually relents, accepting whatever they offer.

Once compelled, Borlu knows the following:

- The fertilizer is called "gallows ground" because the main ingredient is soil taken from under a gallows or other place of execution. This soil in and of itself has no properties, but is further infused with baby's blood, sap from a hanging tree, sweat from dying slaves, and other less wholesome stuff. Borlu has heard many varying tales about who created gallows ground originally, but the secret of making it has spread, albeit not broadly.
- Borlu does deal in gallows ground on occasion, but not regularly. It's rare and seldom becomes available to his procurers, who operate outside of Lankhmar. Two months ago, he purchased a quantity of gallows ground, but it remained in his inventory until just about a week and half ago when a buyer purchased his entire stock. If pressed, he remembers that this happened just about the same time the gloom overtook the city.
- He never met the buyer, who conducted all the initial contact and arrangements by letters delivered by hired messenger. He no longer owns the letters, having destroyed them after the matter was included. *"Secrecy is my watchword, usually,"* he says with a wink.
- Borlu finally reveals that the entire shipment was collected by a curious group of servants: small men of stout build with thick limbs, large mouths, and no hair. They were extremely ugly in countenance and even more outlandishly dressed. The group, which consisted of a

COMPLICATIONS

There are two potential complications a brash party might incur on themselves when dealing with Borlu: failing to get him talkative and/or deciding to rob or murder him if they are of morally gray leanings. Here are two ways to address these complications:

If the party decides not to pay off Borlu to get him to reveal what he knows, or otherwise makes him unwilling or unable to talk with the PCs, they are approached by Tulvuk, a Mingol seller of relics who operates out of the stall beside Borlu's tent. Tulvuk asks the group if they're in league with those "foul-looking, strange men who blocked my business with their ugly wagon last week." If the party assures Tulvuk they aren't but ask the Mingol for more information, he reveals the last bullet point above, describing their appearance, their wagon, and the fact that they collected a bunch of sacks that smelled foul and spilled dark dirt on the cobbles outside his business. This is enough to lead the party to the same conclusions regarding the festival storage buildings (see below).

A party that decides to murder and/or rob Borlu for whatever reason should be aware their actions will have consequences. Any thief or other PC with connections to Lankhmar's criminal or street culture automatically knows that the Plaza of Dark Delights, while not under the control of the Thieves' Guild, operates by its own rules. The unwritten law is that anyone who steals from or kills a merchant in the Plaza is ostracized by the other dealers and merchants in the nocturnal market, who will not do business with the ones breaking this social taboo. Hopefully, this is enough to keep the party from killing or outraging Borlu and halting their investigation in its tracks, but if not, let them suffer the consequences.

half-dozen of the strange men, wore what appeared to be moth-eaten festival clothes, costumes one would expect to see worn during the various festival days and carnival parades that happen in the city on a regular schedule. The garishly-dressed dwarfs loaded the sacks of gallows ground onto a rickety wagon, which was painted in faded carnival colors, and departed the Plaza. That was the last he heard of them and he's had no more contact with the buyer.

From Borlu's description, any PC from the Cold Waste or one succeeding on a DC 12 Intelligence check identifies the strange men as ice gnomes, a race normally not seen outside of the Cold Waste and unusual even in cosmopolitan Lankhmar.

Any PC contemplating either the unusual garb or the colorful wagon can recall that there are a number of buildings in the Plaza Quarter which are used to store festival wagons and costumes worn by the mummery, performers, and religious figures who accompany the festivals and parades. These buildings are mostly in close proximity to one another toward the eastern end of Festival Street.

LEAD: THE LATEST CRIME SCENE



This lead occurs after the party has either spoken with Kalla Green-Tresses or Christoph Krenkel. While traveling through the streets or visiting a tavern looking for more rumors, the PCs overhear a knot of commoners speaking excitedly. If they eavesdrop or ask them directly, the commoners jabber that there's been another tree killing! This one occurred on Curio Court, on the border between the Carousing and Plaza Quarters. The owner of a run-down museum known as the Cabinet of Curiosities was found dead after an explosion tore the roof off the building and a ball of colored light rose into the sky. The constables found the owner dead inside, slain like the other tree murder victims. "Isn't that terrible?!"

Khahkht of the Black Ice, after having learned the location of Khahkht the Conqueror's bones from Droov's papers, had dispatched his servants to the Cabinet of Curiosities, a tawdry museum wherein the mortal remains of the Mingol warchief were kept on display. The aurora wraiths broke into the museum, stole Khahkht the Conqueror's bones, and used the Cabinet's owner, Oliff, as the penultimate sacrifice to restore the Mingol's life. News of the murder soon spread. Having just learned of it, the PCs may wish to investigate the scene themselves and travel to Curio Court to see what there is to discover. They arrive to find the city watch on the scene.

A three-story building stands slumped among the others on Curio Court, but is now in worse shape than its neighbors. From below, you can see a portion of the roof has been sheared off, causing the front of the building at the top floor to collapse onto the street in a mass of timbers and bricks. A handful of dark-uniformed watch constables are visible moving carefully about the upper floor with bull's-eye lanterns, while a cordon of additional police form a protective barrier around the front of the building. A crowd has gathered across the street, watching the scene with interest.

It is nearly impossible to investigate the scene while the constables are present, but the party can still gather clues. If the party has formerly investigated the crime scene of the previous murder and encountered Corporal Ekbat, they see him standing among the constables forming the crime scene cordon. He'll excuse himself and approach the party, ready to speak with them.

A party that hasn't yet met the corporal, but asks one of the constables what's happening, finds themselves speaking to the helpful Ekbat instead. Consult Lead: Last Night's Killing above for details about the constable and his motives for helping the PCs solve these crimes.

Constable Ekbat reveals the following in a low voice, constantly looking over his shoulder to make sure his fellow watchmen don't overhear him:

- The Cabinet of Curiosities was a low-rent museum filled with oddities, curiosities, hokum, and other bric-a-brac to draw in visitors looking for cheap thrills and macabre experiences. It was run by a Lankhmart named Oliff.

- Just about two hours ago, neighbors saw strange colored lights in the upper floor of the building. The lights shifted from blue to green to yellow to red and back again, appearing to flow like liquid. Soon thereafter, there was a tremendous crash and the roof and partial front of the building collapsed. Witnesses watched a glowing ball, roughly 10' in diameter and made of the same colors as seen on the upper floor, rise up into the sky and drift off to the southeast faster than a man can run. They lost sight of it soon thereafter among the roofs of the city. [NOTE: Any PC contemplating this flight path speculates it passes near the Plaza of Dark Delights and towards the end of Festival Street. This may lead them to the hideout.]

- When neighbors investigated after the ball vanished, they discovered two things: the first was Oliff's body, impaled by a living pine tree of modest size; and the second was that a wooden casket—which once displayed a skeleton—had been robbed of its contents. Locals who had visited the Cabinet knew that Oliff displayed that skeleton as "the bones of the great Mingol warlord, Khahkht the Conqueror." The neighbors quickly called for the city watch, who arrived and cordoned off the scene. No one is being allowed into the building.

Any PC can attempt a DC 14 Intelligence check when "Khahkht the Conqueror" is mentioned. Mingol PCs gain a +4 bonus to their check. If successful, the PC recalls legends of a fearsome Mingol warchief by that name who "was buried bound and beweaponed alive for treason, but later cleared and dug up, [where] it was found his daggers had worked their way yards from his corpse in opposite directions, so strong and wide were his hatreds." Many Mingols still curse his name and fear his return from beyond death. The fate of his unearthed body remains unknown. It's possible Oliff actually possessed the warlord's physical remains.

If the party doesn't speak to the constables, but instead questions the locals standing nearby, they can learn all of the above from them. One or two claim to be among those who entered the building and found Oliff's body (and milk their story for all it's worth), but can provide little more information since, although they don't admit it, they fled almost immediately after finding the corpse and discovering the skeleton missing, certain the bones walked and had somehow killed their previous owner with Mingol magic.

POTENTIAL COMPLICATION

After the PCs have had some time to question Corporal Ekbat and/or the locals, Constable Sergeant Molk exits the building along with three other watchmen. If the party has met Sergeant Molk previously, he'll soon spot them among the crowd, his face turning livid. Molk charges up to the PCs, watchmen in tow, and immediately confronts them.

"This is the second murder site I find you at. 'A wise man may be deceived once, and a fool twice,' as the priests say, and I'm no fool. Men, arrest these people on suspicion of murder!"

His three constables close in with cudgels, ready to meet any resistance.

City Watch Constables (3): Init +0; Atk cudgel +2 melee (1d4+1/1d10+1) or dart +1 ranged (1d4+1); AC 13; HD 1d8; hp 6 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP none; SV Fort +1, Ref +1, Will +0; AL N.

If the party fights the watch constables, they have two rounds before 10 more constables join the battle. A wise party will flee rather than combat the law when they're so outnumbered. Luckily, the crowd and darkness work to their advantage.

A PC who flees rather than fights can make either a DC 10 Strength or Agility check to dive into the crowd and lose themselves among the masses long enough to escape down a side street or otherwise lose pursuit. If they fail the initial

check, they are subject to one attack as a constable hurls a dart at them. They can then make another ability check to escape. If they fail a second time, however, a constable catches up to them and combat ensues. If the PC manages to defeat all three, they can make one last check to escape. If this last one fails, they are overwhelmed by a group of city watchmen and beaten into unconsciousness and dragged to the nearest watch house for imprisonment.

Imprisoned PCs might be freed if they possess a powerful patron or have allies in Lankhmar's government or among its nobility. Otherwise, their allies may find themselves having to conduct a jailbreak. *DCC Lankhmar #7: A Dozen Lankhmar Locations* is an extremely useful resource should this become the case.



EVENTS



While there are plenty of opportunities for fighting at the end of this adventure, the first half is focused on investigation and mystery-solving. Players who enjoy the thrill of combat over interacting with NPCs or piecing together clues might get restless waiting to roll for initiative. A good judge should always be able to read her table and notice if and when some players are losing interest.

To counter that, the adventure includes a pair of events which can be introduced at any time to give the combat-loving PCs (and their players) a chance to do what they enjoy. Suggested times to introduce these events are provided, but the judge is free to spring them as necessary to keep players involved. If the party is enjoying themselves and clearly on track to solving the mystery and confronting Khahkht and his minions, these events can be skipped entirely.

EVENT: NEW (POSSIBLY OLD) FRIENDS

Possible Time of Occurrence: Just before they reach or immediately after they depart the Plaza of Dark Delights

A small group of rough-looking men appear out of the gloom. Dressed in leather and dirty wool, each bears a cudgel, dagger, or short sword in hand. Their leader, a squint-eyed, unshaven man with oily hair, sneers at you. "Bad night for a stroll," he says with menace. The others close in.

The party is confronted by a gang of toughs looking for coin and/or revenge. Optimally, this group should be members of some organization the PCs have confronted in the past, looking for their pound of flesh from the party.

If the PCs played through *Masks of Lankhmar*, for example, these toughs might be members of the Spider Kings; or, if the PCs crossed swords with the Knife Twisters or Pimp Street Scuttlers in *Gang Lords of Lankhmar*, these could be surviving members of those crews. The judge should identify them as such, making sure the players understand their PCs' actions are coming back to haunt them and that their choices in Lankhmar have long-standing consequences.

If the party has somehow not gotten on the wrong end of a knife with at least one member of the criminal underworld, this is simply a group of alley-bashers looking for quick coin.

Alley-Basher (1 per PC): Init +2; Atk club +2 melee (1d4+1) or dagger +2 melee (1d4+1) or short sword +2 melee (1d6+1); AC 13; HD 2d8; hp 10 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP none; SV Fort +3, Ref +2, Will +0; AL N or C.

Alley-Basher Leader: Init +3; Atk short sword +4 melee (1d6+2) or dagger +4 (1d4+2); AC 14; HD 3d8; hp 15; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP none; SV Fort +4, Ref +3, Will +1; AL C.

The alley-bashers have nothing to do with the adventure's plot and can't provide any clues. Each carries 3d10 c.p. and 2d6 s.s.; the leader also has 2d4 g.r.

EVENT: GNOME-BODY LIKES US

Possible Time of Occurrence: If the party is stumped and needs more clues or if the combat-loving players are feeling antsy

Suddenly, small, stout forms leap from the gloom, their oversized clothes fluttering in the night air. You get a brief glimpse of ugly faces with wide mouths, thick lips, and icy-blue eyes peering at you under hoods and hats before they are upon you.

The PCs' inquiries haven't gone unnoticed by the supernatural senses of Khahkht and he dispatches a band of his ice gnome servants to take care of the problem. Allow the PC with the worst Luck to make a Luck check. If they fail, the party is surprised; if they succeed, roll initiative as normal.

Ice Gnome (1 per PC): Init +1; Atk handaxe +3 melee (1d6+2) or wrestle +5 melee (grapple); AC 13, HD 2d8+3, hp 12 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP resistance to cold-based attacks, adept wrestlers (+2 bonus to grappling checks; large attackers gain no attack bonus against them), summon chill (see below); SV Fort +3, Ref +2, Will +2; AL C.

The ice gnomes attempt to grapple obvious spellcasters to prevent them from using their magic while attacking more formidable looking opponents with their axes. If they dispatch them, they then turn on the grappled casters. If the opportunity arises and their numbers allow it, the ice gnomes use their ability to summon a chill. Six or more ice gnomes can act in concert to create an area of bone-numbing cold up to 120' away. This cold snap affects a 30' diameter area, freezing water, creating frost, and inflicting 2d6 cold damage to all living creatures in the area of effect (DC 13 Fort save reduces damage by half). A single group can produce this effect up to three times per day.

The ice gnomes are dressed in tattered and moth-eaten festival costumes: colorful robes, ostentatious hats and hoods, ribbon-adorned jerkins, and similar unusual clothing they liberated from the festival warehouses to disguise themselves. If the party hasn't spoken with Borlu in the Plaza of Dark Delights, the clothing serves as a clue worth investigating. Any PC contemplating the unusual garb recalls that there are a number of storage buildings in the Plaza Quarter which are used to store festival wagons and costumes worn by the mummers, performers, and religious figures who accompany the festivals and parades. These buildings are mostly in close proximity to one another toward the eastern end of Festival Street.

The ice gnomes are under a baleful enchantment by Khahkht to protect his schemes. If an ice gnome is captured alive and interrogated, the gnome suddenly expires, his body flash-freezing as if plunged into unnaturally cold water. The corpse is frozen solid and the PCs are left without the means to extract any additional information from their captive. This enchantment occurs even if the ice gnome is under magical compulsion such as *charm person*.

The ice gnomes carry only their weapons and their stolen costumes.

PART TWO: CONFRONTATION



Through their investigation, the party should (hopefully) have narrowed down the eastern end of Festival Street as the possible location of the murders, if not necessarily their purpose and identities. As they make their way towards the site, the city of Lankhmar suddenly finds itself in the grips of a magical blizzard summoned up by Khahkht's sorcery.

ENCOUNTER: THE BLIZZARD OF KHAHKHT

The wind suddenly picks up as you move down the darkened street. Freezing snowflakes appear from nowhere to sting your face. Despite all natural laws, a snow storm has abruptly enveloped the city along with the evil darkness! The wind begins to howl, cutting through your clothes, and a wall of driving snow turns the night air opaque with chilling motes of ice.

This sudden ice storm strikes the entire city, driving its residents inside for cover. The PCs may be the only fools out in the storm. As the party moves down the street, describe its emptiness, the increasing darkness as street lamps are blown out by the winds, and the accumulating snow drifts forming around the party. Each PC must succeed on a DC 10 Fortitude save or suffer 1 point of damage every 30 minutes they remain outside. Assuming they press on, they soon come upon a trio of abandoned festival storage buildings near the end of Festival Street: the lair of Khahkht!

THE FESTIVAL BUILDINGS

If the party presses on down Festival Street in the blizzard, their persistence is rewarded. Towards the end of the street, on the north side of the road, a wide alley debouches. Dim, colored light is visible shining from the mouth of the alley. Peering down the lane reveals the following:

A trio of interconnected buildings ranging between two and four stories in height stand at the end of a wide alleyway leading off from Festival Street. Even in the driving snow of the blizzard, you can make out a swirling glow coming from the upper stories of the tallest western building. The colors are blue, yellow, green, and red, and have a liquid quality that cannot come from merely colored lamps. The light seeps from boarded-up windows on the fourth floor. A large cistern is visible atop the middle building and pairs of tremendous double doors pierce the fronts of both the eastern and western structures. Any other details are impossible to detect in the blowing snow and supernatural gloom.

The party has discovered the lair of Khahkht and his minions. Now, they must defeat them.

GENERAL FEATURES

The three buildings are brick structures which have been built in various stages, with each addition emerging from the next. The trio of structures forms a single large complex, one once used to store festival garb and wagons. The owners of this particular enterprise, however, have departed the city, leaving the buildings to decay.

LET'S JUST CALL THE COPS!

Having located the possible hideout of the murderers and perhaps a nefarious plot, it's perfectly logical for the party to decide that they've done enough and all they need to do is drop a smerduk on the perpetrators at the closest city watch house. This can be avoided with a few useful tricks.

First, if the adventure's premise of Droov the Puzzler possessing an item of questionable legality or other document the PCs wouldn't want to fall into city watch hands is being employed, this is a good time to point out that if the villains still have the item, that's what surely will happen if the constables raid the hideout.

Secondly, the city is now in the grips of a supernatural blizzard and even the most dedicated, incorruptible city watchman (and there are few of those to begin with) is going to venture out to freeze to death. Between the evil gloom affecting the city and now this unnatural snow storm, it is obvious dark forces are massing against the city and even the city watchmen are looking out for themselves first and foremost.

If the judge is feeling kind and the party seeks him out, Constable Ekbat joins them. Use the City Watch Constable stats (see *L:CotBT* p. 36 or *The Latest Crime Scene*, above) for Ekbat.

Windows: Most of the windows to the buildings are shuttered and boarded up. These can be broken into with two successful DC 15 Strength checks (a crowbar or other lever adds +2 to the roll), but a failed check alerts any nearby occupants that intruders are about and they may prepare a surprise attack as described below or of the judge's devising. The windows to area 1-12 and one to 1-8 have been bricked up entirely; barring time, tools, and/or magic, it is impossible to enter the building through them.

Climbing: Scaling the exterior of the building is possible, but the howling blizzard winds make it difficult. A DC 15 Strength or Climb Sheer Surfaces check is necessary to scale the walls, with a new check required for each story the climber attempts. A climber can abandon their efforts at any time and climb back down without the need to make another check.

Area 1-1—Eastern Entrance: *A pair of 15-foot-tall, 8-foot-wide double doors stand here, a massive timber beam nailed across them and secured to the brick façade of the building by rusting spikes. The beam is set rather low, placed only 3 feet above the ground. Holes are visible higher up in the brick and doors as if the beam was once set further up.*

This is the entrance the ice gnomes use when they have to employ the festival wagon (such as when they visited the



Plaza of Dark Delights). The wooden beam barring the doors was originally set higher, but the gnomes have repositioned it to accommodate their short stature. Despite appearances, the beam is only loosely tacked into place. Any PC with a Strength of 11 or better can remove the beam without needing to make an ability check. Weaker creatures can pull it free with a DC 8 Strength check.

Area 1-2—Center Entrance: *A closed, man-sized door is set in a narrow alcove between the two larger buildings on either side.*

This door is locked and barred from inside. Picking the lock can be done with a DC 12 Pick Lock check, but the door must still be forced with a DC 15 Strength check (DC 20 if the door is forced while still locked). A failed Strength check alerts the occupants in area 1-8 that intruders are about and they prepare to ambush them.

Area 1-3—Western Entrance: *A pair of 15-foot-tall, 8-foot-wide double doors are set in the wall of the taller building. Three large, thick wooden beams are driven into the brick façade of the building, sealing the doors tight.*

The beams are secured tight and require a DC 15 Strength check to remove each (a crowbar or other lever grants a +2 bonus to the roll). All three must be removed to open the doors. For each failed check, there is a 33% chance the occupants in area 1-10 hear the sound of a break-in over the driving snow and intervene. See area 1-10 for details.

Area 1-4—Northern Entrance: *A closed, man-sized door is set into the northern wall of the central structure. A pair of wooden boards extend across the face of the door and are spiked into the brick façade.*

The beams here are driven into the brick, but not the door itself. If the old lock securing the door is disabled (DC 10 Pick Lock check), the door can be pushed open and intruders can easily slide under the boards to enter the building. A failed lockpicking attempt here does not alert the occupants of the building.

Area 1-5—Eastern Wagon Storage: *A tall, wide-open space occupies the bottom two floors of the eastern-most building. The room is cold and gloomy, but among the shadows you can pick out a wagon resting near the double doors in the south wall. The wagon is painted in motley colors, now faded with age. A wooden staircase rises up 15 feet along the eastern wall to connect to a hanging walkway overhead. This pathway runs the width of the room and ends at a door in the western wall. The only living creatures visible here are a pair of swaybacked ponies residing in a makeshift stable to the west of the double doors.*

If the party's attempts to enter through the double doors alerted the occupants of the building, there are a number of ice gnomes—one per party member—hiding in the wagon's bed, preparing to ambush them. They each hurl a handaxe at the party before leaping from the wagon to attack.

Ice Gnome (1 per PC): Init +1; Atk handaxe +3 melee (1d6+2) or wrestle +5 melee (grapple); AC 13; HD 2d8+3; hp 12 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP resistance to cold-based attacks, adept wrestlers (+2 bonus to grappling checks; large attackers gain

no attack bonus against them), summon chill (see p. 13); SV Fort +3, Ref +2, Will +2; AL C.

If the party entered undetected, the two ponies, used as draft beasts for the wagon, are the only creatures present.

Draft Ponies (2): Init +1; Atk hoof -2 melee (1d2); AC 11; HD 1d8+2; hp 6 each; MV 40'; Act 1d20; SP none; SV Fort +2, Ref +3, Will +1; AL N.

The wooden stairs and walkway are rickety and old, and creak ominously if climbed, but support the weight of anyone using them.

Area 1-6—Disused Office: *This room fills the ground floor of the central building and appears to once have been an office or workroom. Several bare tables and a trio of broken chairs are all that occupy it. A rug lies on the floor in front of a door in the eastern wall. Other doors are set in the south, west, and north walls. Dust is present throughout the room.*

The dust is disturbed around the eastern and western doors, and a successful DC 10 Intelligence check suggests there was a lot of activity around the eastern door.

A DC 10 Find Trap check, or simply lifting the rug in front of the east door without stepping on it, reveals it covers a crude shallow pit. The floorboards have been broken away and the ground dug out to a depth of 5'. Sharpened pieces of lumber, old spikes, and other debris line the bottom of the pit. Anyone stepping on the rug from this room—or who enters the room from area 1-5 without caution—must succeed on a DC 12 Reflex save or fall into the pit, suffering 2d4+1 damage.

The southern door is barred and the northern door is locked if the PCs haven't unlocked it. The east and west doors are unlocked. The room contains nothing of interest and the rug has no value.

Area 1-7—Western Wagon Storage: *A large, high open room fills the lower two floors of this building. A pair of rotting wagons rest on broken axles, their sides painted in garish, faded, peeling colors. The base of a broken staircase rests against the western wall, its upper length now collapsed in a heap of shattered lumber. Overhead, about 15 feet above, a hanging walkway runs in an L-shape from the eastern wall to the north wall, terminating in a door at each end. A section of missing rails in the west side show where the collapsed stairs once connected to it.*

This room contains only the rotting, useless wagons. The walkway overhead can be reached with a successful DC 13 Strength or Climb Sheer Surfaces check. A flight of stairs beyond the northern door leads to area 1-9.

Area 1-8—Costume Storage: *The smell of decaying cloth and old clothes fills this room which occupies the upper floor of the central building. Racks of colorful but moth-eaten garb hang on racks and in open wardrobes throughout the room, cluttering the area and obscuring a clear view of the space. Piles of old clothes litter the floor, and the entire room looks to have been ransacked at least twice. Doors are visible in both the east and west walls.*

If the PCs haven't alerted the inhabitants of the building of their presence, a trio of ice gnomes are here pawing through

the clothes looking for better ones. Listening at the door before entering along with a successful Luck check overhears them talking in gruff voices in their native tongue.

If building's occupants are aware of the party, the same ice gnomes are hiding among the clothes, reading to spring a trap. At least one will attempt to grapple an obvious spellcaster while the others deal with the rest of the party. They also utilize the costumes to their advantage, using them to blind opponents, toppling wardrobes on enemies, and similar tactics. These improvised attacks, if successful, have one of the following results of the judge's choosing:

- Target is blinded until it spends an action removing the costume from their head.
- A heavy rack or wardrobe inflicts 1d4+1 damage. If the target takes maximum damage, they are pinned by the object and must make a DC 10 Strength check to get out from under it.
- The target is entangled until they spend an action removing the entangling costume. They can try to escape and still act that round by make a DC 14 Strength or Agility check, but on a failed check they fall prone and lose their action. Prone PCs are immediately targeted by the ice gnomes.

Ice Gnomes (3 or more*): Init +1; Atk handaxe +3 melee (1d6+2) or wrestle +5 melee (grapple) or improvised attack +2 melee (special); AC 13; HD 2d8+3; hp 12 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP resistance to cold-based attacks, adept wrestlers (+2 bonus to grappling checks; large attackers gain no attack bonus against them), summon chill (see p. 13); SV Fort +3, Ref +2, Will +2; AL C.

*If there are more than three PCs in the party, add another ice gnome for each additional two party members or fraction thereof.

NOTE: If any PCs get the idea of using fire magic or otherwise setting the room alight, all present starting the following round must succeed on a DC 10 Fortitude save each round they're in the room or take 1d3 damage from smoke inhalation. On the third round after a fire is set, a blast of icy wind blows through the western door (smashing the door open if needed) and extinguishes the blaze. Khahkht is not about to have his plans thwarted by fire and uses his magic to extinguish it.

The ice gnomes have a total of 59 i.t., 77 c.p., and 23 s.s. among them, all taken from beggars they've roughed up.

Area 1-9—Former Chapel: *A trio of marble statues depicting dancing and cavorting women are placed at the southern end of the room atop a low dais. Tattered and faded cloth streamers hang from the walls and ceiling, once making this room a festive place. Decay and age has robbed it of its glamour. A dozen or more beds made of old blankets and piled festival garb are laid out on the floor of this room. A flight of stairs in the southwest corner leads upward.*

This room was dedicated to a few of Lankhmar's transient gods, deities of joy and celebration no longer honored along

the Street of the Gods. Now it serves as the ice gnome barracks. The beds hold nothing of interest and the ice gnomes are all busy elsewhere when the PCs encounter this chamber.

Atop the dais, half-hidden behind the statues are three small bags filled with gallows ground. A box carved from walrus ivory (50 g.r. value) sits beside them. The box contains a dozen avak pine seeds, extras brought south by Khahkht's minions. The gallows ground is worth 100 gold rilks per bag, but the seeds have little value. Kalla might purchase them, however, for 10 g.r. if offered.

Anyone peering through the cracks in the boarded-up windows along the eastern wall can make a DC 14 Intelligence check. If successful, they see a short figure climb a ladder set into the bottom of the water cistern atop the roof of the central building, barely making out the form in the darkness and driving snow. This is one of the ice gnomes informing Khahkht that all is ready for the rite now underway in area 1-12. If they continue to watch outside, the small figure re-emerges after a few moments and returns to area 1-12. A flash of light is seen spilling from the open door as the ice gnome enters, but cuts off abruptly when as door closes behind it.

Area 1-10—Upper Storage Room: *Dusty crates are piled about this chamber, stacked in heaps along the walls and in the center of the room. The entire chamber is bathed in an eerie, colorful glow. Red, blue, green, and yellow light shift and swirl about the room. The source of this glow comes from a trio of robed figures standing near a door in the eastern wall. The light pours from the raised hoods of their robes and icy-blue hands are visible in the sleeves of their garb.*

The figures are aurora wraiths, standing guard over the exit to the neighboring rooftop and the rite occurring in area 1-12. They fiercely combat anyone entering this room and discourage anyone snooping around the base of the building with dropped crates (see below).

Aurora Wraiths (3): Init +2; Atk claw +3 melee (1d6); AC 14; HD 3d8; hp 15 each; MV 40' or fly 60' (in flight sphere); Act 1d20; SP immune to non-magical metal weapons, blinding flash (DC 13 Fort save or blinded for 1d4 rounds), conjure flight sphere; SV Fort +2, Ref +4, Will +3; AL C.

Aurora wraiths, despite their name, are not un-dead, but rather sentient and solid radiances originating in the Northern Lights of Nehwon and used by Khahkht as minions. If uncloaked, they appear to be half writhing Aurora Borealis and half frozen human corpse. They can produce a flash of bright colored light from their hoods once per hour to blind foes. Due to their origin, non-magical metal weapons pass through them without injury, but wooden, silver, and magical implements affect them normally.

Aurora wraiths can conjure up a floating sphere comprised of the Northern Lights to fly at a speed of 60'. Each sphere is 10' in diameter and can hold up to three willing passengers. These spheres can be maintained for up to eight hours. The wraiths must rest an equal amount of time before conjuring another sphere.

NOTE: There are several broken crates in this room, the pieces of which can be used as improvised clubs if the party lacks suitable non-iron weaponry.

If the aurora wraiths hear anyone trying to break into the lower floor of the building, they open one of the windows directly overhead (allow the PCs to make a Luck check with a +1d penalty due to the roaring winds of the blizzard) and drop a crate or two down on them. Anyone below the window must make a DC 11 Reflex save (at a -2d penalty if they didn't hear the window open) or be struck by a crate for 1d8 damage.

The crates here are mostly empty, but a few contain rotting mundane supplies such as bolts of colored cloth, rope, leather, jars of dried paint, and other materials once used to prepare the wagons and revelers for religious festivals.

The door in the eastern wall opens onto a short flight of stairs leading down to the roof of the adjacent building (area 1-11).

Area 1-11—Central Rooftop: *Driving snow and the gloom of unnatural night make it nearly impossible to make out any details on this rooftop. A large water cistern, measuring 20 feet in diameter and resting atop eight 6-foot-tall sturdy posts rises near the northern edge of the roof. A door is visible in the side of the eastern building. The glow of colored lights, mixed with other illumination, seeps out from the door around its edges.*

A successful Luck check with a +1d penalty faintly makes out chanting or incantations coming from beyond the eastern door.

As the PCs cross the roof, have each make another Luck check. Any who fail find themselves buffeted by supernatural winds that target them directly. These victims must succeed on a DC 10 Fortitude save or be blown off the roof onto the street below, taking 2d6 damage. A nearby ally (within 10') who isn't affected by the winds (either not being targeted or with a successful saving throw) can make a last-ditch effort to grab a blown-away PC. If the would-be rescuer succeeds on a DC 12 Strength check, they grab the wind-swept character before they blow over the roof.

The winds are the product of Khahkht's sorcery, a ward set in place to protect the ritual in area 1-12.



Anyone investigating the cistern discovers a wooden ladder of recent construction nailed to the center of the reservoir's bottom. It leads to a trapdoor also recently installed. This connects to area 1-13.

The door to area 1-12 is closed, but not locked.

Area 1-12—The Ritual: *This room has been cleared of whatever former trappings it once held and is now largely bare. A wooden pallet atop a pair of crates rests in the center of the room. A yellowed skeleton is laid out atop it, flanked by a pair of ancient swords. Strange sigils and curious circles are arrayed on the floor around the pallet, each design done in ice and snow. Thick tallow candles burn at both ends of the pallet, and their light is augmented by the swirling colors pouring from two hooded figures standing nearby. A twisted, icy blue figure, seemingly made from chilled moonlight, utters incomprehensible words and makes indescribable gestures over the skeleton.*

In the southeast corner, a pair of small, ugly humanoids dressed in garish rags hold down a struggling young man, while a third spills a pile of soil onto the ground beside him. Three others face the door, forming a barrier between you and the action happening in the room.

The wizard Khahkht is about to complete the long ritual he's worked to raise his namesake from death and use him as a crucial part of the archwizard's schemes. All that's necessary to revive Khahkht the Conqueror is to provide one more sacrificial victim (the struggling man, a hapless beggar named Wurhul who was abducted just before the blizzard began) and finish the arcane words to draw the slain Mingo's specter out of Death's domain.

There are six ice gnomes and two aurora wraiths present here along with a ghostly, semi-solid image of Khahkht of the Black Ice himself, projected into the room from his icy sphere by a *replication* spell. The three unencumbered ice gnomes charge the party when the PCs enter, with the intent of stopping them from interrupting the ritual. If the PCs deal with these three, the other three move to intervene after knocking out the struggling beggar with a blow to the head. If they look about to be overwhelmed, the aurora wraiths move to aid them.

Ice Gnomes (6): Init +1; Atk handaxe +3 melee (1d6+2) or wrestle +5 melee (grapple); AC 13; HD 2d8+3; hp 12 each; MV 30'; Act 1d20; SP resistance to cold-based attacks, adept wrestlers (+2 bonus to grappling checks; large attackers gain no attack bonus against them); SV Fort +3, Ref +2, Will +2; AL C.

Note that the ice gnomes can only use their summon chill power when working in concert; conditions during this fight prevents them from doing so.

Aurora Wraiths (2): Init +2; Atk claw +3 melee (1d6); AC 14; HD 3d8; hp 15 each; MV 40' or fly 60' (in flight sphere); Act 1d20; SP immune to non-magical metal weapons, blinding flash (DC 13 Fort save or blinded for 1d4 rounds), conjure flight sphere; SV Fort +2, Ref +4, Will +3; AL C.

Khahkht is focused on casting the rite to revive his namesake and cannot intervene to work magic on the PCs. He will

complete the rite in seven rounds—starting with the first round after the PCs enter the area. If successful, the bones of Khahkht the Conqueror suddenly become wrapped in flesh and the body shudders as it draws its first breath in centuries. Khahkht has succeeded!

Khahkht of the Black Ice: Khahkht has no game stats as he is not directly encountered during this adventure. His ghostly form at the rite resembles a skinny, ancient human male dressed in a loose robe. His arms and legs are covered with short stiff hairs like a spider's, each encrusted with ice rime. His finger nails are long and talon-like. Khahkht's face is leathery and as ugly as an arachnid. He speaks Mingol usually, but understands every spoken language in Nehwon.

STOPPING THE RITE

The resurrection ritual can be prevented in a number of different ways.

- Removing or destroying the bones: If the skeleton of Khahkht the Conqueror is removed from inside the magical designs that surround it or the bones are destroyed (AC 10, 20 hp), the rite is interrupted and all the preparatory work and sacrifices performed come to naught. Khahkht of the Black Ice fails in his quest to restore his namesake to life.
- Driving off Khahkht: While the ghostly relicated image of Khahkht is largely invulnerable to attacks, a *dispel magic* with a spell check result of 24 or greater will interrupt the ritual as above.
- Melt the magical sigils: The snow and ice that focus the rite's magic are vulnerable. Any sudden blast of heat—such as flasks of flaming oil, *flaming hands*, or *scorching ray*—damages the sigils and end the ritual. However, the stored magic goes amok and the PCs are in danger (see below).
- If the PCs manage to rescue Wurhul and safely get him out of the building and away from the clutches of Khahkht, they only delay the ritual. The aurora wraiths or ice gnomes are soon dispatched to abduct another victim while the rite is still active and—unless one of the steps above is also accomplished—restore Khahkht the Conqueror to life.

If the spell is completed, Khahkht the Conqueror is reborn. The naked Mingol roars in joy and grabs the pair of swords beside him. If there is a battle underway, he leaps into the fray, slashing at both the PCs and any other combatants equally. He continues to battle until all enemies are dead or Khahkht of the Black Ice commands him to join him in his ice sphere (which he does only if the restored Khahkht the Conqueror is in danger of being slain). Khahkht the Conqueror does not pursue opponents who flee beyond areas 1-11, 1-12, or 1-13.

Khahkht the Conqueror: Init +5; Atk 2 ancient swords +8 melee (1d8+3); AC 13; HD 5d12; hp 50; MV 30'; Act 2d20; SP no penalty for wielding two weapons at once; SV Fort +5, Ref +3, Will +3; AL C.

Once Khahkht the Conqueror is revived, the projection of the archwizard fades, his magic temporarily sapped by the rite. He can still communicate mentally with his minions and the restored Mingol warlord, and observe goings-on outside his sphere through their senses.

DISRUPTING THE SIGILS

If the ice and snow designs are melted, the magic Khahkht has imbued into them goes haywire and the room is filled with coruscating bolts of icy blue energy. Anyone in the room must make a DC 11 Reflex save or be struck for 1d4 points of cold damage. This save must be repeated each round a creature remains in the room.

Each round, the bolts increase and grow more numerous, blasting holes in the roof and walls of the building. After five rounds, the uncontrolled energy spreads to the entire roof top of the complex, encompassing areas 1-11, 1-12, and 1-13. Khahkht of the Black Ice realizes defeat is unavoidable and lifts off in his ice sphere, blasting through the roof of the cistern and speeding off to the north (see Ending the Adventure, below). He seeks to recoup his lost magical energy and plan his next move—against Nehwon at least, and possibly the PCs specifically.

Any surviving aurora wraiths summon their own aurora flight sphere, leaving the ice gnomes to their fate. If any ice gnomes remain, they either attempt to escape into the city or throw themselves on the PCs' mercy if they think they have a chance of being granted clemency.

Area 1-13—The Cistern: *The trapdoor leads into an old, dry cistern with a peaked roof overhead. It appears as if the water has become frozen: a large solid black sphere of ice fills the cistern's interior. It drifts 5 feet off the floor, held aloft by no visible means. A pile of discarded papers, tomes, and scrolls lies against one wall of the cistern.*

The ice sphere is the floating sanctum of Khahkht of the Black Ice and he almost never leaves it. Entrance is via a hatch in the bottom of the sphere, but unless the archwizard desires it, the hatch cannot be detected or opened from outside. Khahkht does not leave his sphere during the course of the adventure, as he is too focused on restoring Khahkht the Conqueror to life and harboring his magical energy.

However, if the PCs attempt to breach or continue to meddle with the outside of the sphere, the ball creates an icy blast. Any creature inside the cistern must succeed on a DC 12 Fortitude save or suffer 1d4 damage from the cold. The sphere can continue to do this once each round until all potential intruders have either perished or fled.

The scrolls, papers, and tomes are a collection of lore, maps, and other informational documentation Khahkht's minions collected during their nightly missions. If the PCs are after a particular document or object, it is mixed into the pile. The remaining documents and scrolls are of a mixed nature. Some have monetary value (worth 1d6×100 g.r.), while others are worthless. If the judge wishes, a magical scroll or two might be found among the papers as well.

ENDING THE ADVENTURE

The adventure ends with Khakhht of the Black Ice's departure. Hopefully, this will be accomplished by the PCs thwarting his plans, but the archwizard also leaves Lankhmar (for now) if he successfully restores Khakhht the Conqueror to life. The archwizard takes the Mingol into his ice sphere and heads north to plan his next phase of his plot to bring Nehwon under his icy heel.

Regardless of which ending occurs, read the following (assuming any PCs still live):

The roof of the cistern suddenly shatters into flinders and a rain of broken timbers falls onto the icy rooftop. Silently, rising from within the cistern, comes a black sphere of ice some 15 feet in diameter. The ball lifts clear of the shattered cistern and pauses as if taking a final look at the night and blizzard-bedevoiled City of the Black Toga. Then, soundlessly over the blasting winds of the blizzard, it speeds off to the north and swiftly vanishes in the gloom.

Almost immediately after it disappears from sight, the blizzard dies as quickly as it appeared. As the winds stop and the last snow ceases, the clouds that have covered the city for so long begin to break up, giving you the first clear view of the sky in days. It appears as if the unholy night that has plagued the city is at an end, departing along with the mysterious icy sphere.

At dawn, the sun returns to the sky and whatever remaining snow lies about the city melts away. Order has been restored to the city and the Lankhmarts quickly do their best to forget about the unnatural night and strange murders that afflicted it.

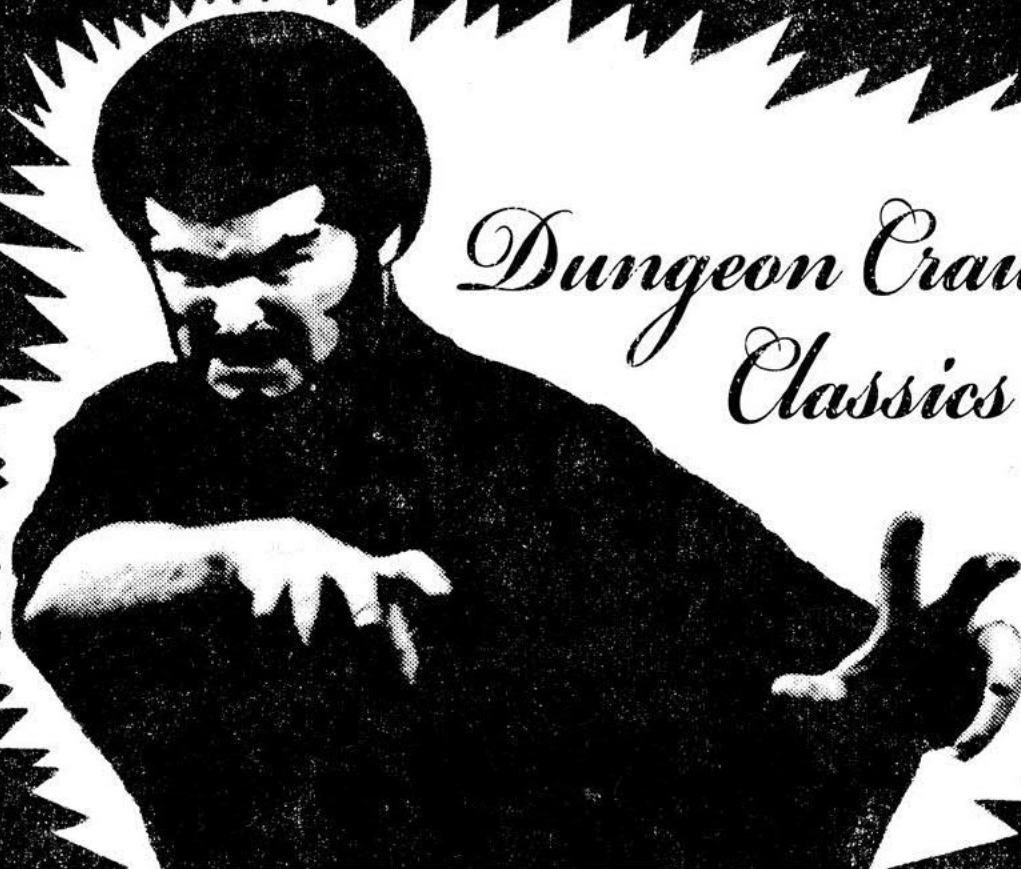
Corporal Ekbat seeks out the party (assuming he survives the adventure) if they don't find him first, asking about what they discovered during the past few days if not already aware. He is relieved to learn that the perpetrators have fled the city despite escaping justice. He suspects that Constable Sergeant Molk will likely conclude his own investigation in the next couple of days, laying the blame on some unidentified visitor to the city who fled once the city watch closed in on him. If the PCs are still wanted by Constable Sergeant Molk, Ekbat advises they either lie low for a little while (see *Judge's Guide to Nehwon* pp. 85-86) or leave the city until the



heat dies down. After enough time has passed, Constable Sergeant Molk will forget about them and move on to his next inept investigation. Ekbat gives the party a small bag containing 50 gold rilks (an amount equal to what would have been Molk's bonus for closing the case) and thanks them for their service to the city. The PCs also each gain the Major Ally benison.

Khakhht of the Black Ice is unlikely to forget the PCs' meddling with his plans, regardless of whether they stop him from resurrecting Khakhht the Conqueror. They will undoubtedly encounter the archwizard and his minions again, whether in the streets of Lankhmar or in the Cold Waste. If Khakhht the Conqueror was restored the life, rumors soon reach Lankhmar of a Mingol horde forming on the Steppes (or possibly even tales of degenerate Northern barbarians who've come under the sway of a new and terrible thane), portending war and strife to come. The PCs might feel obligated to become involved in stopping this new warlord or seek to find a safe harbor in Nehwon as war begins to spread.

Regardless of their choices and the outcome of their investigation, it will be a long time before they forget the events that happened during the Unholy Nights of Lankhmar. Happy Holidays to you and yours from all of us here at Goodman Games (and Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser send their good wishes as well!)



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APPENDIX A: THE RUMOR MILL



The taverns, streets, guild halls, and other locales in Lankhmar are filled with people who love to talk and gossip. The PCs might visit any number of these places and ply the patrons there with coin, drinks, or the prospect of violence to further their investigations into the ritual murders plaguing the city. This avenue of information is the Rumor Mill.

When the party consults the Rumor Mill about certain topics, the judge should reference this list to determine what they learn according to the topic asked about. Some rumors are not related to specific topics, but instead cover current events. The judge can sprinkle these rumors in as needed or incorporate them with more specific bits of evidence as desired.

BACKGROUND INFORMATION RUMORS

- “Constable Sergeant Molk, that old relic, has been cracking heads and dragging people down to the watch house for questioning. Seems like the Overlord wants some answers about these weird murders I keep hearing about and wants them solved but quick. Molk might not only lose his bonus for solving the case, but his head too if he doesn’t find some answers!”
- “There was some crazed wizard in here two days ago raving about how he saw the moon descend down into Lankhmar. Like anyone could even see the blasted thing with all these clouds turning day into night! The wizard said it was lit up like an Ilthmar pleasure house, too. Shining blue and green and such. Wizards, eh?”

MURDERS OR “KILLED BY A TREE?”

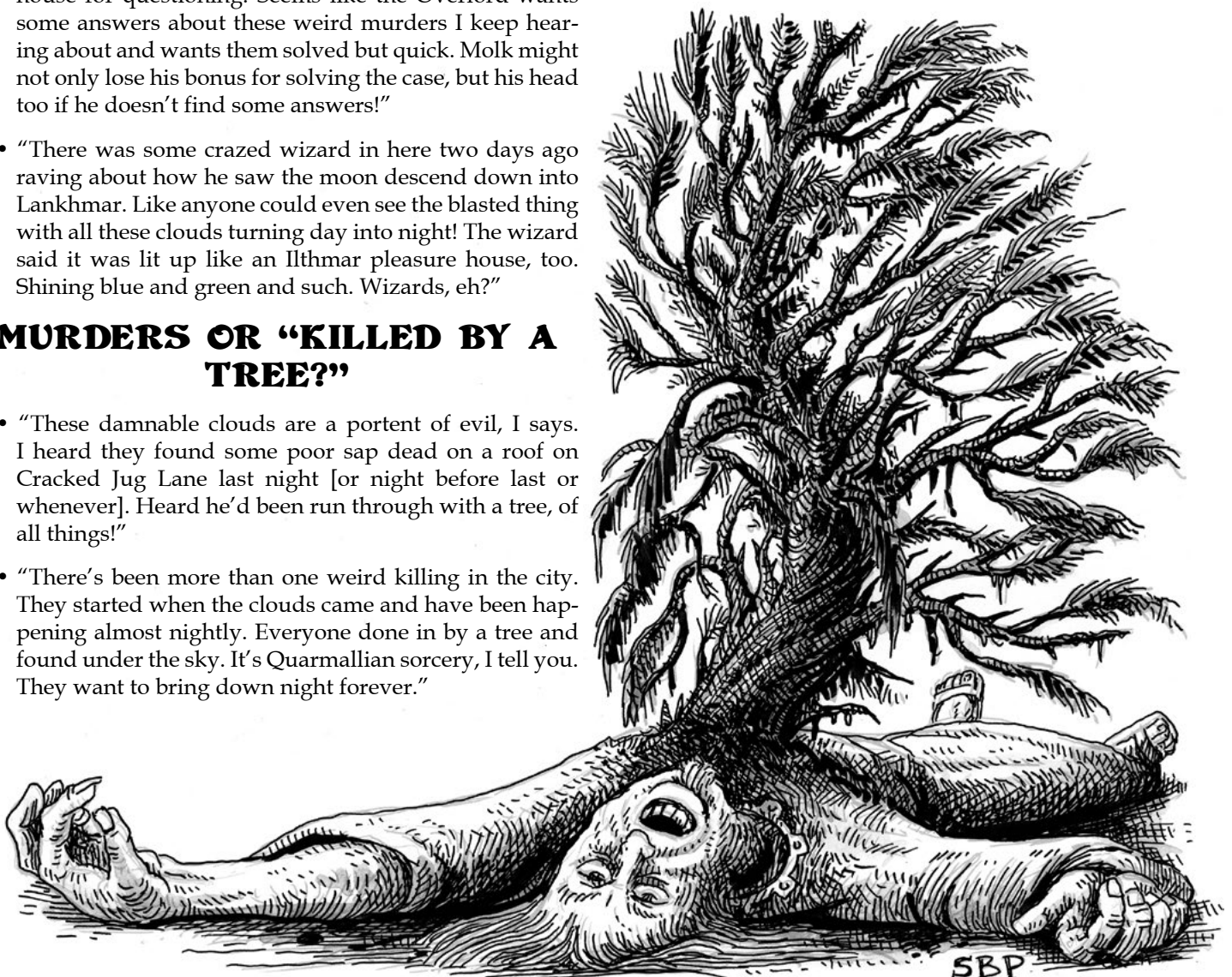
- “These damnable clouds are a portent of evil, I says. I heard they found some poor sap dead on a roof on Cracked Jug Lane last night [or night before last or whenever]. Heard he’d been run through with a tree, of all things!”
- “There’s been more than one weird killing in the city. They started when the clouds came and have been happening almost nightly. Everyone done in by a tree and found under the sky. It’s Quarmallian sorcery, I tell you. They want to bring down night forever.”

ASKING ABOUT TREES OR FERTILIZERS

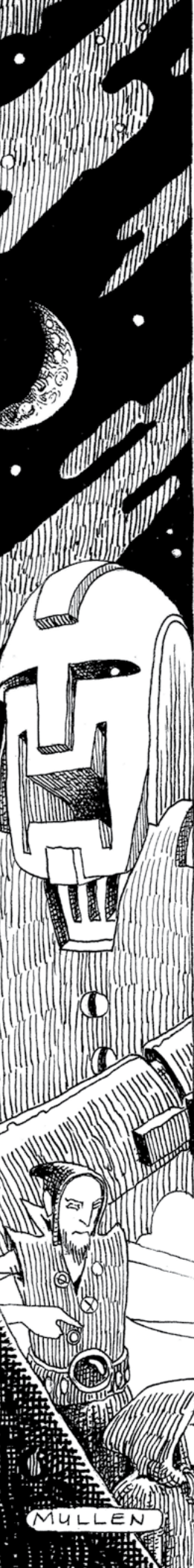
- “Kalla Green-Tresses is the one to ask about anything green. She was chief gardener at the Rainbow Palace for decades before she quit. Now she has a rooftop garden in the Crafts Quarter. I’d ask her if you want to know about that kind of stuff.”
- “They say there’s a merchant in the Plaza of Dark Delights who deals in night-blooming plants or other growing things of unusual nature. Name’s Borlu, I hear.”

ROOFTOP SIGHTINGS

- “You mean the Red Man? There’s been a couple of tosspots hereabouts the last few nights claiming they saw someone dressed in red and carrying a big bag leaping about the rooftops. Don’t know more than that. He’s always been seen above the streets though. I’d look up rather than down if I wanted to find ‘em.”



APPENDIX B: KHAHKHT OF THE BLACK ICE



There is a power in Nehwon's far north, around the Frozen Sea. It's the sound of a chilled cough, an iceberg cracking, and a glacier's slow grinding: Khahkht. "Khahkht is Khahkht," any wizened Mingol will warn. A wizard ranked among the most powerful in Nehwon, It has evolved into a skinny, man-sized being covered with icy, bristly black hairs, four long limbs with reptilian quickness, a spidery countenance, and a personality of absolute malevolence. From Its wind-floating globe of black ice, Khahkht monitors the deeds of all Nehwon's beings, from flies to gods, devising evil whenever possible. Ice is Its breath, tool, and primary weapon. Khahkht's power is so mighty that even a demon may be in thrall to It. Those who pledge themselves to Khahkht may be seeking great power to further evil schemes, or may simply be desperate. To serve It is to ride an avalanche, a state becoming more precarious the longer one persists. Khahkht is a being that values Its privacy, and does not take interruptions lightly. If It is invoked poorly, the consequences may be fatal. The week-long patron bond ceremony for Khahkht should include prolonged exposure to ice — otherwise the caster suffers a -1d penalty to the bonding spell check.

Invoke Patron check results:

- 1 Failure, patron taint, and icy sarcophagus. If the caster rolls a natural 1, Khahkht is furious at the caster's inept intrusion and encases him in a block of black ice. The caster suffers patron taint, additionally losing 1d4 points of both hit points and Stamina per round (from arcane freezing and suffocation). Death occurs if either hp or Stamina reaches zero. The ice has AC 8 and takes 30 points of damage to shatter. Spellburn, burning Luck, etc., may not be used to avoid this fate.
- 2-11 Failure. Unlike other spells, *invoke patron* may not be lost for the day. Depending on the results of the *patron bond* spell, the wizard may still be able to cast it.
- 12-13 Khahkht flicks a spidery, long-nailed finger, propelling an icy javelin into one of the caster's enemies, causing 1d12 damage. The caster may choose any target within 90'.
- 14-17 Khahkht's frigid breath comes out of the caster's mouth with the chilling sound, "KHHHAAAAHHHHKHT". Frigid breath is a cone 20' long and 20' wide, inflicting the caster's *current* hit points in damage to all within (Fort save vs. spell check DC for half).
- 18-19 A minor blizzard spontaneously forms in a 60' radius around a point determined by the caster. Each round, all enemies within move at half speed, suffer 1d5 points of damage, and must each make a DC 15 Ref check or fall prone for the round. Enemies' visibility is limited to 20' within the storm, which lasts for 1d3+CL rounds.
- 20-23 Perhaps if the caster had a better body he'd stop bothering Khahkht. The caster's form becomes lithe and muscular, sprouting wings, fins, and water-breathing gills, enabling movement of 40' on land, air, and even underwater. Strength, Agility, and Stamina each increase to 18, and any spellburn uses these temporary ability points first. Effects last for 1d4+CL rounds.

24-27 Khakhkt protectively applies ice to Its map piece that represents the caster. The caster gains Ice Blink armor (AC 18, d4 fumble, 0 check penalty, immune to cold attacks); any sunlight or moonlight is reflected off the armor into the eyes of all enemies within 30', causing partial blindness (-4 to attacks, move at half speed) on a failed DC 15 Will save. Armor and its effects last 1d3+CL turns.

28-29 A blackness of mind falls over all enemies within 30' of the caster. Each must succeed on a DC 20 Will save or attack one of his own allies in a confused frenzy, completely ignoring the caster and his party. If only one enemy is affected with no allies in sight, it leaves in search of something to hurt. Effects last for 1d7+CL rounds.

30-31 Khakhkt blows on Its map as if extinguishing a candle. A blizzard of epic proportions spontaneously forms in a 60' radius about a point determined by the caster. Each round, all enemies within have movement reduced to 10', suffer 2d5+CL points of damage, and must each make a DC 20 Ref check or fall prone for the round. Enemies' visibility is limited to 5' within the storm, which lasts for 1d3+CL rounds.

32+ Khakhkt's moderately useful tool (the caster) needs help, so It sends a black-ice golem. Forged deep within Khakhkt's chill smithy, a black-ice golem has the same statistics as a frost giant (see DCC RPG core rulebook, p. 416) with the exception that it takes double damage only from magical or supernatural fire attacks, and is not accompanied by wolves or bears. Additionally, it exudes an aura of woe, causing all enemies within 20' to suffer -1d to attack rolls for a given round unless succeeding on a DC 10 Will save. The golem remains in the caster's control for 2d3+CL rounds, disappearing afterwards. The caster must concentrate (see DCC RPG p. 106) to control the creature; if the caster loses concentration in a given round, the golem stands immobile for its next turn in initiative order.



PATRON TAINT: KHAHKHT

When patron taint is indicated for Khahkht, roll 1d6 on the table below. When a caster has acquired all six taints at all levels of effect, there is no need to continue rolling.

Roll Result

- 1 The caster gains a persistent cough that sounds like "Khahkht!" If this result is rolled a second time, the caster's voice changes timbre to sound like grinding ice floes; he suffers -1d on Personality checks involving speech. If this result is rolled a third time, the caster's player must cast in rhyme or suffer a -2d penalty on the spell check (judges may award +1 fleeting Luck for clever rhymes pertaining to a particular in-game situation).
- 2 The caster's entire body is densely covered in black bristly hairs. If this result is rolled a second time, the caster's hands turn black as if from deep frostbite, with horny palms and long fingernails. If this result is rolled a third time, the caster's skin turns frostbite-black and becomes leathery; he gains +1 AC, but suffers a -1d penalty on Personality checks.
- 3 Whenever the caster exhales, it sounds like a distant gale. If this result is rolled a second time, a visible, chilly frost accompanies his breath. If this result is rolled a third time, any liquid that is room temperature or colder freezes when it approaches the caster's mouth. For the caster to stay hydrated, he must pre-heat his drinks.
- 4 Those within 5' of the caster feel inexplicable chills from his aura, even in arid climes like the Poisoned Desert's. If this result is rolled a second time, the caster's chilly aura expands to a 10' radius, causing discomfort to those not dressed for snowy weather. Any time a mundane heat source the size of a campfire or smaller (including torches, candles, and lanterns) comes within the aura, the caster must make a successful Luck check to avoid extinguishing it. If this result is rolled a third time, the chilly aura expands to 15', and anyone touching the caster (and, conversely, anyone the caster touches) must succeed on a DC 10 Fortitude save or take 1d3 points of damage.
- 5 Warm environments make the caster uncomfortable; he becomes jittery and has difficulty concentrating. If this result is rolled a second time, warm climates dehydrate the caster quickly, and he must drink twice as much liquid as normal. If this result is rolled a third time, any climate without snow rapidly saps the caster's energy. Each day of exposure, he must succeed on a DC 12 Fortitude save or suffer 1d3 points of Stamina damage.
- 6 Mingols become wary of the caster, who cannot help but put them on edge. If this result is rolled a second time, Mingols display both fear and contempt of the caster, who suffers -1d to Personality checks involving them. If this result is rolled a third time, once a month the caster is attacked by a Mingol mob attempting to bind him in chains and bury him alive.

SPELLBURN: KHAHKHT

Khahkht does not appreciate interruptions. Those who dare to distract It would be wise to grovel, though respectful and servile self-mutilation often appeases It. If the caster is standing in snow, ice, or in a blizzard, he may make a Luck check; if successful, he may add 1d3 to the spellburn total. When a caster utilizes spellburn, roll 1d4 and consult the table below or build off the table's suggestions to create an event specific to your Lankhmar campaign.

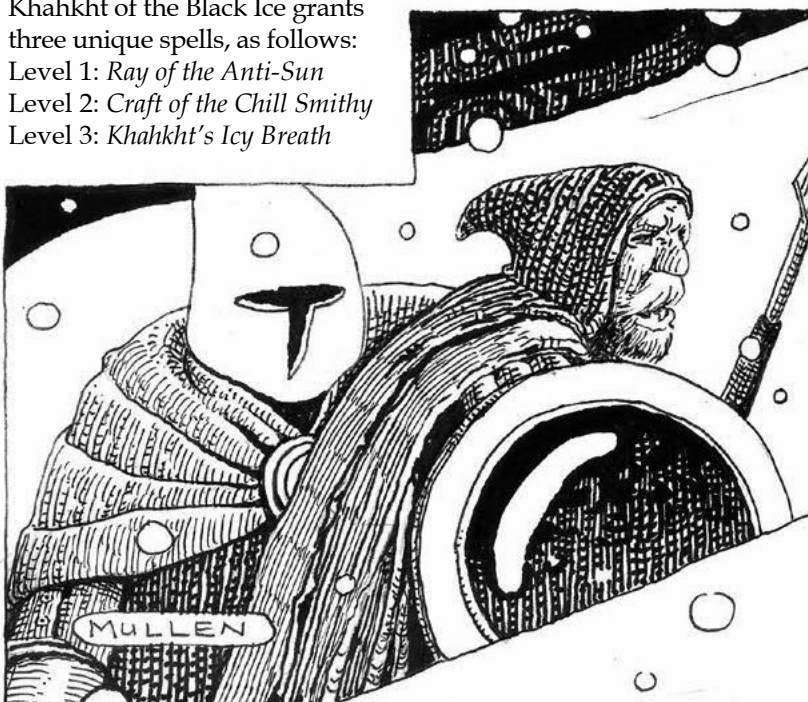
Roll Spellburn Result

- 1 During spellburn, tiny vortices of frigid gusts erupt from the caster's flesh, causing stat loss. If the caster matter-of-factly (but not boastfully) states the doom that Khahkht will bring, and the caster's total spell check achieves one of the spell's top three result tiers, then Khahkht bestows a +1d bonus to the caster's next spell check. If the spell fails, Khahkht penalizes the caster -1d to all spell checks for the rest of the day. Khahkht is a doer, not a braggart.
- 2 The caster's body sprouts seven eye-stalks, similar in form to Ningauble's, while seven daggers of black ice circle the caster. The daggers mutilate the stalks and cut them out of the caster's flesh, causing stat damage before disappearing. A grating chuckling can be heard from an indeterminate direction.
- 3 A thick, black ray of anti-sun strikes the caster in the chest. A sheet of ice grows from the point of impact, covering the caster's body, and cracking into skin-burrowing shards, causing stat loss.
- 4 An adamantine chain materializes around the caster's body and begins constricting him, while his own personal blizzard manifests and pelts him with ice; the onslaught of pain causes stat damage. If the caster should praise Khahkht in Mingol during the spellburn, then It adds 1d5 + caster's Luck modifier to the spell check (total bonus may not be less than 1).

PATRON SPELLS: KHAHKHT

Khahkht of the Black Ice grants three unique spells, as follows:

- Level 1: *Ray of the Anti-Sun*
- Level 2: *Craft of the Chill Smithy*
- Level 3: *Khahkht's Icy Breath*



Khahkht of the Black Ice Agent Assistance Effects

Roll d4 Battle

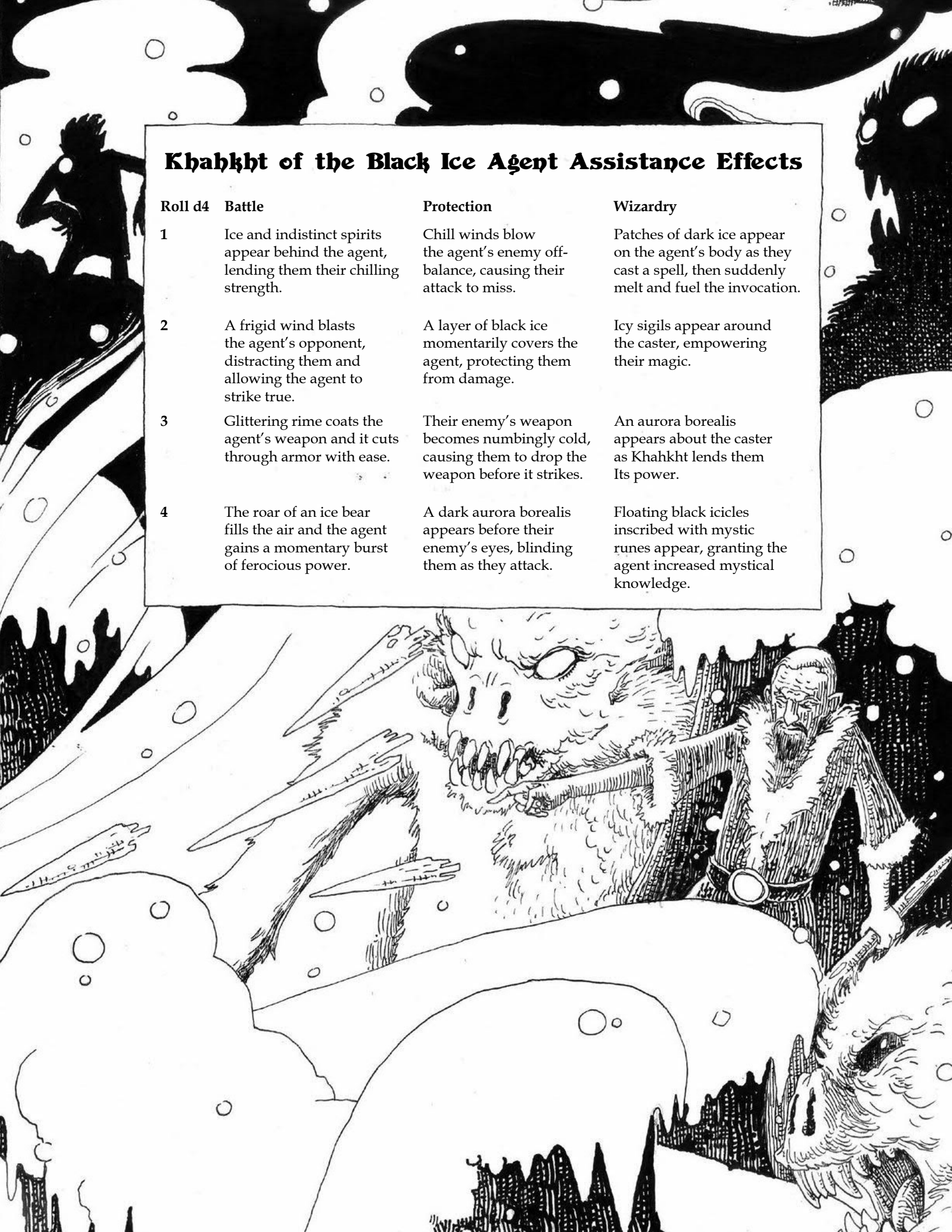
- 1 Ice and indistinct spirits appear behind the agent, lending them their chilling strength.
- 2 A frigid wind blasts the agent's opponent, distracting them and allowing the agent to strike true.
- 3 Glittering rime coats the agent's weapon and it cuts through armor with ease.
- 4 The roar of an ice bear fills the air and the agent gains a momentary burst of ferocious power.

Protection

- Chill winds blow the agent's enemy off-balance, causing their attack to miss.
- A layer of black ice momentarily covers the agent, protecting them from damage.
- Their enemy's weapon becomes numbingly cold, causing them to drop the weapon before it strikes.
- A dark aurora borealis appears before their enemy's eyes, blinding them as they attack.

Wizardry

- Patches of dark ice appear on the agent's body as they cast a spell, then suddenly melt and fuel the invocation.
- Icy sigils appear around the caster, empowering their magic.
- An aurora borealis appears about the caster as Khahkht lends them its power.
- Floating black icicles inscribed with mystic runes appear, granting the agent increased mystical knowledge.



RAY OF THE ANTI-SUN

Level: 1 (Khahkht)

Range: 150'

Duration: Varies

Casting time: 1 action

Save: Varies (see below)

General

One of Khahkht's deadliest weapons is its ray of concentrated, focused anti-sunlight. Not only do these blackest black beams cause chilling damage, but they stifle a being's very own atoms, causing a freezing paralysis, a loss of willpower, and possible death. Khahkht's frost monstreme attacked both Fafhrd and the Gray Mouser with this weapon, but the two heroes were strong enough to withstand its effects. For those who are not Khahkht, an anti-sun ray is difficult to control; certain castings yield a debilitating frost while others produce a demoralizing fog.

Debilitating Frost: An icy film clings to the target, which must succeed on a Fort save vs. spell check DC or suffer a -1d penalty on attacks for 1d3 rounds. If the target fails the save by 10 or more, it is paralyzed.

Demoralizing Fog: A black, icy fog covers the target, sapping its will and slowing its thoughts. The target must succeed on a Will save vs. spell check DC or grant a +1d bonus to attack rolls against it for the next 1d3 rounds. If the target fails the save by 10 or more, it ceases all attacks and stands actionless from despair.

Note that die chain modifications for the same status effect are not cumulative with repeated castings on the same target. In other words, one who fails saves vs. two different castings of a debilitating frost has a -1d penalty on attacks, rather than -2d. However, one who fails a save vs. debilitating frost and fails a save vs. demoralizing fog has both the -1d penalty on attacks and grants +1d to attacks against him.

Manifestation

Roll 1d4: (1) a black-ice sphere materializes over the caster's head, shoots the ray(s), then disappears; (2) a frosty, whirling snow devil emerges from the ground, flings the ray(s), then drops back from whence it came; (3) rays of blackest black emit from the caster's mouth and eyes, then coalesce or split into the number of rays corresponding to the spell check's result; (4) the caster forms a mystical formation with his fingers (the player must physically demonstrate), from which the ray(s) shoot forth.

- 1 Lost, failure, and patron taint.
- 2-11 Lost. Failure.
- 12-13 A ray of blackest black smites the target for 1d6+CL points of cold damage.
- 14-17 As result 12-13 above, and a debilitating frost forms on the target.
- 18-19 As result 12-13 above, and a demoralizing fog covers the target.
- 20-23 A ray of blackest black smites the target for 1d8+CL points of cold damage. If the unmodified damage roll is an even number, then a debilitating frost forms on the target, otherwise the target is covered by a demoralizing fog. If the unmodified damage roll is the maximum result, then both frost and fog occur.
- 24-27 As result 20-23 above, except that the caster generates 1d3 rays, which may be directed at one or more targets.
- 28-29 As result 20-23 above, except that the caster generates 1d3+CL rays, which may be directed at one or more targets.
- 30-31 The caster generates 2d3+CL rays of blackest black, which may be directed at one or more targets for 1d10+CL points of cold damage each. All targets are covered by both a debilitating frost and a demoralizing fog. If the unmodified damage roll is the maximum result, then frost's penalty and fog's bonus are -2d and +2d, respectively.
- 32+ The caster generates 2d4+CL rays of anti-sun so impure that even Khahkht grates in approval. These may be directed at one or more targets for 1d12+CL points of cold damage each. All targets are covered by enhanced versions of both the debilitating frost (penalty -2d) and the demoralizing fog (bonus +2d). The durations of non-fatal effects are increased to 2d3 rounds.



CRAFT OF THE CHILL SMITHY

Level: 2 (Khahkht) Range: Self to 20' Duration: 1 turn or more Casting time: 1 turn Save: None

General Many associate Khahkht with a proclivity for icy destruction, but few appreciate that It is a master craftsman with frozen water. With this spell, the caster is able to summon ice, and mentally commune with Khahkht's icy forge to shape it into a non-living, non-sentient object (constructs such as golems are excluded). Depending on the caster's spell check, shaped ice may take the form of a block, a weapon, or even a boat. Especially potent castings create items from magical black ice. There must be a reasonable amount of space for the item to exist (one cannot create a large structure in a dense forest, or a 10' pole in a 5'x5'x5' cell, etc.); if there is not enough space, the item cannot be created.

Items created are classified as small, moderate, large, and complex. Examples follow:

- Small Items: Dagger, dart, arrow, sling stone, flask, spike, etc., or a volume of ice of equivalent size.
- Moderate Items: All one-handed weapons not listed as small items, shield, grappling hook, crowbar, thieves' tools, etc., or a volume of ice of equivalent size.
- Large Items: All two-handed weapons not listed as moderate items, 10' pole, 10' chain, etc., or a volume of ice of equivalent size.
- Complex Items: These items have multiple moving parts that can perform complicated functions and/or are designed to accommodate multiple people and large amounts of weight. They may be small (a box with a lock), or exceptionally large (a bridge, cart, house, boat, etc.). Even armor falls into this category, although it is freezing cold!

In the casting effects below, one moderate item may be exchanged for four small items, and one large item for two moderate items. Objects created from mundane ice shatter after taking damage equal to the spell check result, with fire doing double damage. Note that someone damaging a foe with a mundane ice weapon damages the weapon itself for the same amount. Black-ice objects have hit points equal to twice the spell check value, and they are only damaged by arcane or supernatural fire (damage is not doubled). Black-ice weapons are treated as magical cold damage where creature vulnerabilities are relevant.

Manifestation Roll 1d4: (1) a block of ice appears and slowly takes shape as the sounds of a smithy echo on a chilly breeze; (2) an icy hammer and anvil form in front of the caster; the hammer strikes the anvil with increasing frequency until casting finishes, when both shatter and reform into the forged items; (3) a snow-laden whirlwind descends from above; when it touches down it expands and dissipates, revealing the forged items within; (4) supercooled water streams from the caster's hands, snap-freezing into the icy items in front of him.

- | | |
|-------|---|
| 1 | Lost, failure, and patron taint. |
| 2-11 | Lost. Failure. |
| 12-13 | Failure, but spell is not lost. |
| 14-15 | The caster invokes Khahkht's chill smithy to forge a small mundane ice item. Unless directly exposed to fire, this item melts after one turn. |
| 16-19 | The caster invokes Khahkht's chill smithy to forge 1d3 small mundane ice items. Unless directly exposed to fire, items melt after one turn. |
| 20-21 | The caster invokes Khahkht's chill smithy to forge one moderate mundane ice item. Unless directly exposed to fire, it melts after 1d4 turns. |
| 22-25 | The caster invokes Khahkht's chill smithy to forge 1d3 large mundane ice items. Unless directly exposed to fire, items melt after 2d5 turns. |
| 26-29 | The caster invokes Khahkht's chill smithy to forge a complex mundane ice item large enough for up to two people (cart, small boat with rowlocks and oars, etc.), or he may create 2d3+CL large mundane ice items. Alternatively, the caster may forge one moderate item made of black ice. Unless directly exposed to fire, items melt after 1d3 hours. |
| 30-31 | The caster invokes Khahkht's chill smithy to forge a complex mundane ice item large enough for up to four people (wagon, large boat with rowlocks and oars, unfurnished house/structure/shelter, etc.), or he may create 2d6+CL large mundane ice items. Alternatively, the caster may forge 1d3 large items of black ice. Unless directly exposed to fire, items melt after 2d4 hours. |

- 32-33 The caster invokes Khahkht's chill smithy to forge a complex mundane ice item large enough for up to eight people (wagon, large rowboat, large tent, unfurnished house/structure/shelter, etc.), or he may create 2d12+CL large mundane ice items. Alternatively, the caster may forge either a complex black-ice item large enough for up to four people, or 2d6+CL large black-ice items. Unless directly exposed to fire, items melt after 2d7 hours.
- 34+ The caster invokes Khahkht's chill smithy to forge a complex black-ice item large enough for up to sixteen people (large wagon, boat, unfurnished house/structure/shelter, etc.), or he may create 2d24+CL large black-ice items. Unless directly exposed to arcane or supernatural fire, items melt after 1d3 days.

KHAHKHT'S ICY BREATH

Level: 3 (Khahkht) Range: Varies Duration: 1d5+CL rounds Casting time: 1 round Save: Varies

General One of the surest signs of Khahkht's power is Its icy breath. The caster channels this ability from the Wizard of Ice Itself, though the results are somewhat unpredictable. Khahkht's icy breath can be a destructive snow storm of blinding, deafening, building-flattening proportions, or it can sweep occupants away to a place chosen by the caster, or it can provide protection for the caster and his allies. The spell works best when the caster is in the presence of ice or snow (naturally occurring or arcanelly summoned). If neither is present, then the caster suffers a -1d penalty to his spell check.

The caster may not choose a result that corresponds to a lower spell check value; Khahkht is too busy to be interrupted by ungrateful petitioners that aren't clever enough to use the gifts that It grants.

Manifestation Roll 1d4: (1) the caster grows abnormally large as he takes a massive inhalation, then reduces back to normal size as he exhales *Khahkht's Icy Breath*; (2) the surrounding air grows quiet with the slightest chill, softening visions of objects within, before suddenly exploding into a fierce gale; (3) clouds form in the air above, and take the shape of a giant pair of lips, which blow forth *Khahkht's Icy Breath*; (4) tiny sparkles appear in the air; the sparkles become snowflakes; these snowflakes become small, icy whirlwinds which coalesce into a storm.

- 1 Lost, failure, and patron taint.
- 2-11 Lost. Failure.
- 12-15 Failure, but spell is not lost.
- 16-17 Strong gusts and snow emanate from the caster to a range of 30'. Mundane missile weapons suffer -1d penalties to both attack and damage rolls. The wind's howling is loud enough that no other sound can be heard beyond 15' of the sound's origin. Each round, all enemies in range must succeed on a Fort save vs. spell check DC or take 1d10+CL points of cold damage.
- 18-21 The caster and 1d3+CL allies are each protected by their own shell of icy, turbulent gales. The shielding winds impose -1d penalties to incoming attacks and damage from melee and missiles, and grant immunity to cold-based attacks. The icy cocoons may be destroyed with arcane, draconic, or supernatural fire damage greater than or equal to the spell check result.
- 22-23 A small blizzard coalesces on one target within 60' of the caster. The storm's occupant may be teleported to any terrestrial location known to the caster, who has physically, consciously been there or has viewed it in detail via scrying, divination, etc. If the target is unwilling, it must succeed on a Will save vs. spell check DC to avoid the teleportation.
- 24-26 Deafening winds and pelting ice emanate from the caster to a range of 120'. Mundane missile weapons suffer -2d penalties to both hit and damage. No other sound may be heard above the wind's howling, causing a -1d penalty to all spell checks involving speaking. Visibility is limited to 10'. Each round, all enemies in range must succeed on a Fort save vs. spell check DC or take 2d7+CL points of cold damage. If either damage die comes up a 7, then the corresponding enemy may be blown along the ground up to 20' in the caster's chosen direction.
- 27-31 The caster and 2d4+CL allies are each protected by his own shell of icy, turbulent gales. The shielding winds impose -2d penalties to incoming attacks and damage from melee and missiles, and grant immunity to cold-based attacks. The icy cocoons may be destroyed with arcane, draconic, or supernatural fire damage greater than or equal to the spell check result.

32-33 A blizzard coalesces on 2d4+CL targets within 200' of the caster. The storm's occupants may be teleported to any terrestrial location known to the caster, who has physically, consciously been there or has viewed it in detail via scrying, divination, etc. If an occupant is unwilling, it must succeed on a Will save vs. spell check DC to avoid the teleportation.

34-35 A whiteout howlingly blasts outward from the caster to a range of 1,000'. Mundane missile attacks are impossible in the gale. All enemies are effectively blinded and deafened; spell checks involving speaking suffer a -2d penalty. All melee attacks suffer -1d penalties to attacks and damage. Each round, all enemies in range must succeed on a Fort save vs. spell check DC or take 4d6+CL points of cold damage. If any of the four damage dice comes up a 6, then the corresponding enemy may be blown along the ground up to 200' in the caster's chosen direction. Wooden constructions (fences, buildings, etc.) are ripped apart by the winds. Flying by non-magical means is impossible in the storm.

36+ As result 34-35 above, but range is 1,500' and damage is 5d6+CL per round on a failed Fortitude save. If any of the five damage dice comes up a 6, then the corresponding enemy may be blown along the ground up to 500' in the caster's chosen direction. Stone constructions are decimated by the storm.



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BY MERRY MICHAEL CURTIS

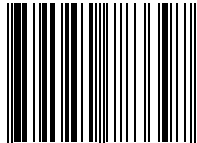
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An unnatural night cloaks Lankhmar in perpetual gloom as unknown killers perform ritual murders on its rooftops! When a specialist in the employ of the party turns up dead, they must investigate the murder to retrieve what is theirs. Unfortunately for them, doing so leads them into the web of a fiendish plot. Vile sorcery strives to resurrect one of the most feared Mingol warlords in Nehwon's history! Can the heroes stop this foul rite before it is too late or will unholy night reign forever in the City of the Black Toga?



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