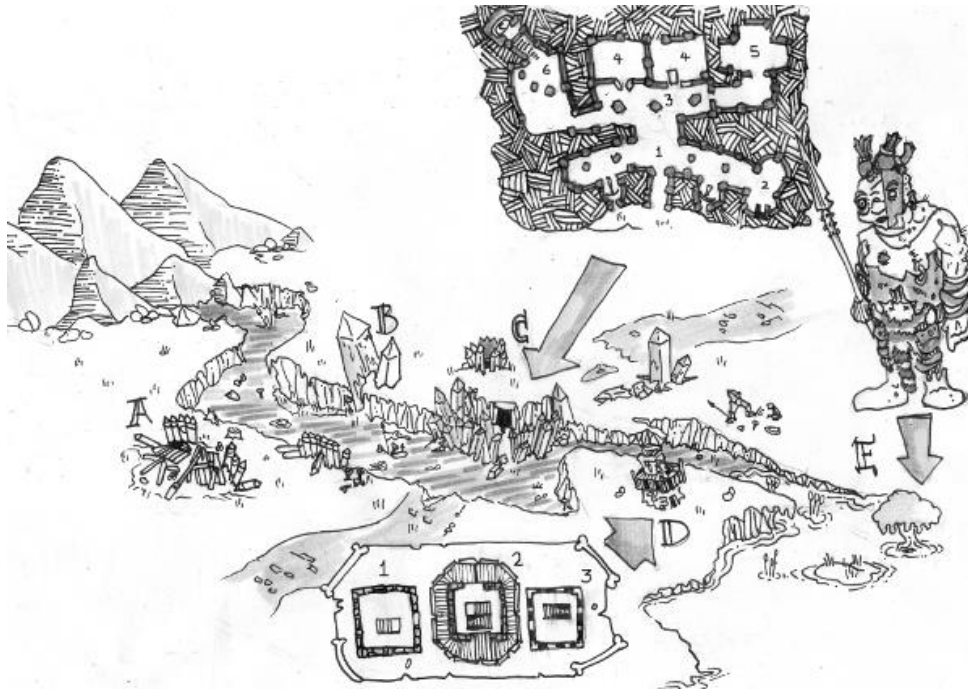


The Brittlestone Parapets



Three miles of ragged, magic-torn trench span Brittlestone Pass. Such is the detritus of wizards. A generation ago the lich *Guilmonte* ruled the pass and charged toll to all who passed his crooked yellow tower. His practice offended *Boolino the Arcane*, a wizard of great power and greater ego. The sorcerers and their minions battled, necromancy against academic thaumaturgy, to exhaustion or destruction. The land they fought over is now a warped, dangerous scar that lures treasure hunters seeking strange magics and wealth abandoned in the fight.

A. Shattered Artillery Park – Two bone and wood Trebuchets decay behind a tumbled palisade. Three crates of ammunition are stacked, unopened next to the Eastern war machine. The first contains lead shot and the second 12 animated skulls that will leap upward to bite anyone opening the crate for 1D4 damage each, attacking as ½ HD monsters with 2 HP until destroyed. The bottom crate holds six glass globes filled with poisonous brown gas that will fill a 30' diameter area and requires save vs. poison to avoid immediate transformation into a *Wight* if inhaled.

TRENCHLINE RANDOM ENCOUNTERS

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| 1 | A lone <i>Owlbear</i> (black fur and purple feathers) snuffles contentedly for scraps of magic to eat amongst the broken weapons and bones of the trench. It will attack only if annoyed (+2 bonus to reaction). |
| 2 | A scattering of magical lavender crystals (1D4). Each crystal can be drained by an MU to restore 1 level of previously memorized magic. |
| 3 | A reeking pile of animate bones lurks in ambush (surprise on a 1-4) but will not pursue. Treat as a <i>Shambling Mound</i> . |
| 4 | A thicket of (1D6) meaty animated necromantic tendrils. They are statistically identical to <i>Violet Fungi</i> and remain still until the party is amongst them, then attack. The body of a peddler rots here, his pack contains a set of thieves' tools. |
| 5 | A plundering hedge wizard (MU 3) (sleep/mend/levitate) with D12+2 men at arms (F1) (chain/shield/sword/shortbow) |
| 6 | Wide puddle of silver mercury ooze. Splits and attacks as 1D4 <i>Grey Oozes</i> if disturbed. |
| 7 | A confused and maddened automaton of pinkish quartz crystal covered in mud and cracks. Even shattered it's materials are worth 1D6X100 GP. The automaton attacks as a <i>Crystal Statue</i> and may call 1D4 of its fellows from the trench floor 33% of the time. |
| 8 | A skeletal warrior entombed in crystal. If noisily smashed free he wears blacked silver scale mail valued at 200 GP |

B. Giant Crystals – A landmark set of 40' tall lavender colored, smoky crystals. They hum faintly, but are inert.

C. Arcanist's Redoubt – Former command post of heat sealed dirt and rotten wooden supports. Home to 7 adult purple plumed, black furred *Owlbears* and two *Owlbear* cubs (noncombatant – worth 400 GP each). The redoubt is surrounded by a palisade of cracked purple crystal.

C1. Entry - Bones and rot, two bays contain corroded brass ballista.

C2. Armory - Holds a small forge and scattered rusted tools. Three javelins (ballista bolts) with pink crystal tips are jumbled on the floor. The javelins will explode on impact against corporeal undead foes, killing those with less than 5HD who fail a Save vs. Spells and doing 3D10 to those with more than 5HD.

C3. Barracks – Six adult *Owlbears* den here and will investigate noise elsewhere in the bunker, fighting to defend their home, but often content to warn off intruders with a caw. They enjoy eating magical items and can be distracted from pursuit by them.

C4. Supply Rooms – filled with broken crates and the bones of the *Owlbears*' meals. 40 GP, 200 SP and a silver compass worth 150 GP lie in the stinking filth of the Western room.

C5. Lair – An *Owlbear* of maximum HP guards her two cubs here in a nest of decayed fabric. A silver and garnet chased officer's saber (1,800 GP) rots in the filthy nest. It is magic and once a day may rally fleeing troops (automatically passed morale check) if brandished.

C6. Exit - Stair upwards leads to crystal ringed trapdoor in the embankment above the trench.

D. Tower of the Yellow Band – This decaying tower is built of yellow stone and bones. It is home of a platoon of undead soldiers – 20 x 2HD skeletons in rusted chain armor (fighter 2) [AC 5] and a 4HD skeleton

knight wearing yellow enameled plate (fighter 4) [AC 3]. The undead are intelligent, speak, and will not allow any to enter their tower without challenge. They will defend the tower from the second and third levels with crossbows and bec-de-corbins, though their leader is armed with a magic +1 2HD sword that will paralyze constructs on a successful hit and failed save. The dead have a duty to protect the tower, but are aware their cause has failed, and on a successful reaction role may be hired as mercenaries. The skeletons will serve for wealth and the promise that the party will aid them in a search for their master (*Guilmonte*). Buried under broken planks in the tower's 2nd level is a strongbox containing 800 GP, 43 PP and a silver gauntlet worth 200 GP that the undead claim as their pay chest. The brooding nature of their nameless commander causes him to quibble over tactics and only accept service for a month or two before seeking fortune elsewhere.

E. The Swampers – The trench sinks into a foul mire here, lit with glowing rainbow slicks of magical pollution, and decorated with melted looking trees. In the murk thrive a tribe of 36 inbred humans, mutated by rotting sorcery (treat as *Orcs*). They are robbers and cannibals who will attack small groups from ambush or demand tribute to lead travelers deeper into the mire to meet "Wise Glowly" – a statue enchanted with a magical aura and surrounded by snares and pit traps that the Swampers will direct the party into. The Swampers are led by Maman Tobi, a witch (MU 4) (sleep/ventriloquism/charm person/scare) and her monstrous son Gunnar (as *Troll*). Gunnar fights with his hands, but the Swampers are armed with short bows, spears and hide armor. In their concealed burrows beneath a copse of twisted trees, the tribe has 800GP in plundered trade goods and a still (100 GP value) to distill magical pollution into a psychotropic brew. 12 bottles of the spirit, which sometimes grants prophecy rest near the still.