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PLACES OF POWER:
DREAMDEN





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PLACES OF POWER: DREAMDEN

Dreamden is debauchery disguised as enlightenment. Here, wealthy aristocrats exchange gold for false visions, misplaced purpose and distorted truth. In return, they invariably go mad.

Promoted as a rustic resort, Dreamden provides rich city-dwellers the opportunity to get in touch with their more primitive side. Here, the wealthy aristocracy feign connection with their ancestors and, after smoking a range of exorbitant narcotics, go on self-aggrandizing spirit quests. The whole thing is a scam, run by an enchanting elf named Dreamer. As customers stumble about in a stupor, Dreamer syphons their mental energies to feed the demon-king to whom he is indebted. Dreamer guides the dreams of his clients, introducing them to highly addictive substances and securing their life-long annual patronage.

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SYSTEM NEUTRAL EDITION

Welcome to this Raging Swan Press System Neutral Edition Village Backdrop. Herein you'll find evocative, inspiring text designed to help you—the busy GM—run better, quicker and easier games.

This book is compatible with most fantasy roleplaying games. It's impossible to create a truly system neutral book, though, and some generic game terms—wizard, fighter, human, elf and so on—lurk within. These generic terms are easily modified to the GM's system of choice.

One special note about the NPCs in this supplement. While some are wizards, fighters, clerics and so on, others are simply normal folk. Because different game systems handle normal folk differently we've made no attempt to note their "class" leaving them simply as "female human" and so on.

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DREAMDEN AT A GLANCE

Ruler Dreamer

Population 113 (30 humans, 6 dwarves, 21 elves, 12 half-elves, gnomes 9, 8 half-orcs, 19 halflings, 8 orcs)

Alignments CN, CE

Languages Abyssal, Common, Elven

Resources & Industry Drugs, tourism

Marketplace *spellcasting* none; crafting drugs (haze, mirrormist, shell)

For those with more money than sense, there is always Dreamden. Promoted as a rustic resort, Dreamden provides the opportunity for rich city-dwellers to get in touch with their primitive side. Here, the wealthy aristocracy feign connection with their ancestors and, after smoking a range of exorbitant narcotics, journey on self-aggrandizing spirit quests.

The whole thing is a scam, run by an enchanting elf named Dreamer. As customers stumble about in a stupor, Dreamer siphons their mental energies to feed the demon-king Grahl to whom he is indebted. Dreamer guides the dreams of his clients, introducing them to highly addictive narcotics and securing their annual, lifelong patronage.

LORE

A PC may know something about Dreamden, its history and surrounds. Determine how knowledgeable the PCs are and then impart some (or all) of the information below:

- Dreamden sits on the edge of an immense and deadly desert.
- Dreamden is built on an ancient battle site where a hero slew a gigantic demon.
- Patrons who stay at Dreamden for too long completely lose their wits.

FOLK

There are three groups of people in Dreamden: patrons, servants and Dreamer's orc staff.

Patrons: Dreamden's wealth is their unifying quality. Generally, they are spoiled brats in search of enlightenment (for a fee)—overweight, pale and totally unsuited to the desert sun. Otherwise, they are as varied as the surrounding locales allow.

Servants: Servants carry water, serve food and perform other menial tasks. However, they are treated well by Dreamer and his companions and even provided with many of the same drugs.

Staff: There are only nine staff at Dreamden: Dreamer and his eight orc companions. While Dreamer is a charismatic charlatan, the orcs are nearly mute. They have devoted themselves to Grahl, but are unsure if this is truly the best way to serve him.

- **Appearance** Dreamden's patrons run the gamut of ethnicities, but most are pale, flabby folk unused to the desert's harshness.
- **Dress** When patrons arrive at Dreamden, they trade their fineries for simple (but comfortable) tan robes. Some even go nude or wear only basic loincloths.
- **Nomenclature** Names are as varied as the patrons' homes, but most take on esoteric pseudonyms inside the Den—for example: *Breeze, Falcon, Freedom, Hunter, Joy, Life, Whisper.*

WHISPERS & RUMOURS

While in Dreamden, a PC may hear one or more rumours. The PC can learn this information in several ways: perhaps by overhearing two locals gossiping, chatting with regulars over a few drinks at the local taverns and so on. Use the table below, to determine which rumours the PC learns.

D6 RUMOUR

1*	Dreamer cut out the tongues of his orc slaves, lest their rough words disturb the guests.
2	Every few years, a patron disappears on a spirit journey. Dreamer covers the whole thing up.
3*	A bitter spring lies far out in the desert. A demon dwells in this poisoned place.
4	Fuse is a matriarch of a wealthy elven family who desperately wants her back.
5	A patron murdered another patron in the Den of Howling Winds last month. Dreamer covered it up.
6	The stone Hand of God connects to a massive statue buried deep within the sand.

*False rumour

IN YOUR CAMPAIGN

Dreamden can serve a variety of roles in your campaign or it may simply be a locale within a desert environment to be visited or stumbled upon as the situation warrants.

More likely, however, it is the locale of a wealthy patron with which the PCs must communicate. Perhaps this drugged out tourist has valuable information, but only shares it after the PCs engage in a spirit quest. Perhaps a grieving family sees their patriarch slipping away into an endless drug-fuelled stupor and desperately wants him back.

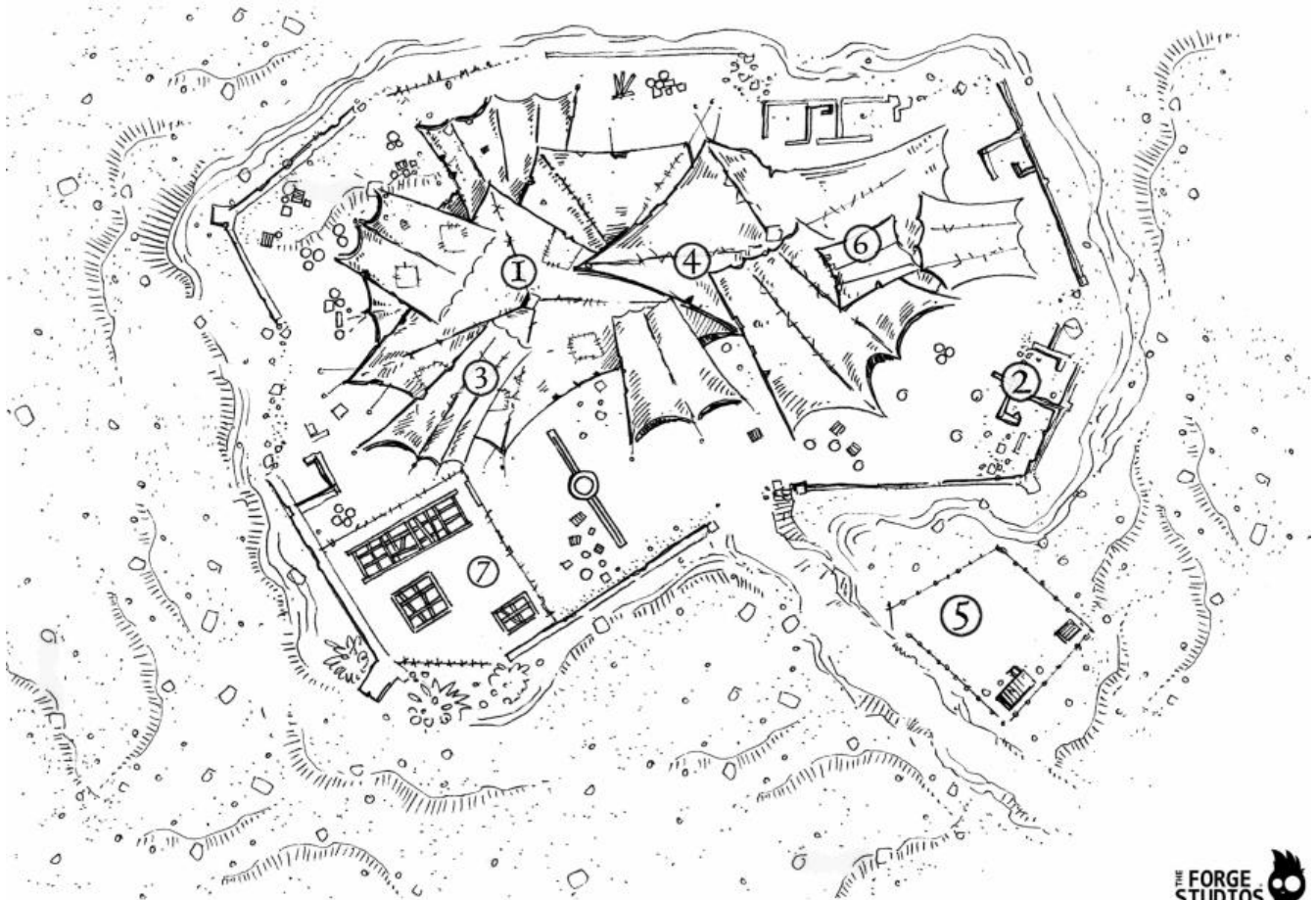
It's also possible that Grahl's influence seeps far past Dreamden's walls and into opium dens everywhere. Demonic cultists may provide clues which lead to Dreamden, and the PCs may need to destroy Grahl's statue to end the corruption.

When Grahl collects enough psionic energy from his unwilling victims, he returns to life as a demon-lord to be defeated. Grahl could be a worthy foe, for good-aligned PCs.

NOTABLE LOCATIONS AT A GLANCE

Most of the Dreamden comprises locations of no interest to adventurers. A few, however, are exceptional:

1. **Den of Falling Mirrors:** Hand-drawn patterns decorate the den's sand. Mirrors hang from the ceiling and lie strewn on the ground. Here, patrons smoke the hallucinogen "Mirrormist" to see the invisible and travel deep within the echoes of their own minds. A new patron, Walker (LN male halfling), has just started to experiment with the drug. However, he is unsure of what he will find.
2. **Den of Howling Wind:** Outside the covering of the great canopy, patrons become bestial and violent after smoking the stimulant "Shell." The area is bloody and chaotic, and must be monitored closely by the staff. The elven matriarch Lace (CN female elf) roams around in a fury, stripped of her mind by years of Shell use.
3. **Den of Velvet Dreams:** In is plush, carpeted room patrons smoke the opiate "Haze." In the heat and smoke of this concealed area, the dulling sensation of the drug is more pronounced. Once a powerful soothsayer, the oracle Fuse (LN male human cleric 7) is among many who loll on soft furniture.
4. **Hand of God:** The massive, petrified hand of Grahl emerges like a statue from the sand. Around it bubbles narcotic vapours and the unusual powder which Dreamer refines into other drugs. Here, Dreamer (CE male elf magic-user 8) gives morning sermons and performs other, darker rituals. Here too, the most decrepit and destroyed patrons make their home.
5. **Parley Grounds:** Outside Dreamden's walls, Dreamer and his staff meet with visiting non-patrons—merchants, bandits, nomads and the like. Those who do not pay are never welcome inside the walls.
6. **Place of Friendly Hands:** Most patrons bring two or three servants on the arduous journey across the desert. They stay in comfortable accommodations, though they are separated by tarps from the rest of the patrons. Dreamer visits the servants frequently and offers them narcotics, a gesture which only enhances his enlightened image.
7. **Transmuting Forge:** Dreamer and his orc servant Grub (CE male orc fighter 3) synthesize drugs in the furnace. It is the one place in Dreamden where patrons may not venture. Underneath the furnace, a small cellar contains a selection of valuable goods and gold.



LIFE IN DREAMDEN

Dreamden is debauchery disguised as enlightenment. Here, wealthy aristocrats exchange gold for false visions, misplaced purpose and distorted truth.

The great canopy covers most of Dreamden, protecting the fragile patrons from the harsh desert sun. The interior is divided loosely into sections for both meditation and drug use. Most sections are open to one another, with only sand as the floor. Only a few sections, such as the Den of Velvet Dreams, are separated from others by hanging tapestries.

Within the great canopy, patrons and servants stumble from place to place, or sit alone or in circles too drugged to move. People are friendly and eager to share their imagined revelations with others. They brag in false humility about the depth of their enlightenment. However, none of the drugs here lead to truth.

TRADE & INDUSTRY

Dreamden is reasonably isolated from the web of commerce, but it requires a great amount of resources to function. With no source of food, textiles or building materials, Dreamden receives frequent caravans from specialty merchants with whom Dreamer has made close connections. These merchants take payment in both the copious gold Dreamer collects, as well as highly valued drugs to be resold or consumed.

LAW & ORDER

Laws are not needed in Dreamden. Patrons are so eager to conform to Dreamer's utopian vision, and the groupthink so pervasive, they rarely act out of turn. Besides, grudges can be settled on the road back to civilization, or acted out back home in the grand fashion of the ultra-wealthy.

On the rare occasions where justice or intervention are needed, Dreamer rallies the other patrons to do his bidding. If there is a mess, word rarely gets out. Patrons would not have their beloved Dreamden besmirched by rumour.

CUSTOMS & TRADITIONS

Dreamden is steeped in endless ritual and tradition: morning meditation, weekly spirit journeys, monthly dreamflights and seasonal solstice festivals. Each hour, each tiny event warrants some sort of guiding sermon—always led personally by Dreamer. These rituals comfort and guide patrons who may not yet understand the rhythm of things.

However, the activities are rarely mandatory. While some enjoy participating in these ecstatic sermons, most prefer to continue their drug-fuelled decent into sloth. As Dreamer leads the new arrivals in meditation, the regulars lie in the sand overcome by narcotic stupors.

LOCATION DRESSING

Use this table to generate the minor sights and sounds the PCs experience as they move about Dreamden.

D20	DRESSING/EVENT
1	A bandit emissary collects a small tribute—a sack full of opiates—from Dreamer.
2	A drugged debtor with no money left is loaded onto a merchant cart and sent back to civilization. He is totally comatose.
3	A dwarf, blinded by hallucinogens, stumbles into the PCs and begins screaming.
4	A great desert eagle lands on the highest point of the tent, defecates and then flies off.
5	A howling sandstorm strikes the area. Servants and staff comfort the anxious patrons and distribute cloth masks.
6	A caravan of six wagons rolls up to the gates. A corpulent half-orc dressed in finery emerges, kisses his wife goodbye and then enters Dreamden alone. The caravan leaves.
7	A meteorite streaks across the sky and falls into the desert many miles away. Dreamer claims a spirit journey to its location would be revealing.
8	A mute elderly gnome grabs a PC by the hand and won't let go. Her smile is vacant.
9	A naked halfling runs into the desert laughing.
10	A new patron wakes from a dream, screaming of a demon trying to eat her brain. She is calmed with the application of more Haze.
11	A pack of wild camels wander across the sands. The patrons stop to watch, but quickly become bored with the natural spectacle.
12	A servant takes too much Shell and flies into a rage. He attacks his master, but is subdued by the orcs.
13	A small caravan of holy men approach. Dreamer meets them on the Parley Grounds, before sending them on their way.
14	A terribly sunburned half-elf returns from a spirit journey. He gives a small speech to a group of halflings on the value of serenity.
15	Dreamer gives a sermon on awakening the inner eye.
16	In an exceedingly rare occurrence, clouds roll in and block the day's heat for an hour.
17	It takes three orcs to subdue a pale dwarf hopped up on Shell.
18	The drugged oracle Fuse prophecies an end to Dreamden. Even Dreamer comes to listen.
19	The PCs notice two orcs with crossed arms glaring at the PCs. If the PCs approach them, the orcs are mute.
20	Two members of the Den of Falling Mirrors get into a serious fight. One is stabbed with a shard of glass.

THE LOCALITY

Dreamden stands on the edge of a harsh, seemingly endless desert. While a handful of nomads roam the wastes, there are no major cities for hundreds of miles. The terrain is simply too severe for habitation.

Immense sand dunes roll away far past the horizon. The sun beats down on the baking earth. The endless blue sky provides no clouds for respite. Great beasts roam the sands, though they give Dreamden a wide berth.

When the wind comes, it whips the dunes into strange shapes and patterns. When a storm comes, the dunes become mobile, shifting giants. A man lost in a sandstorm may have to swim to keep above the surface.

No matter its origin, the path to Dreamden strips away fragments of comfort one by one. Over the weeks-long journey, the temperature slowly rises and all moisture evaporates from the air. Plants shrivel and die, and the sun burns clouds from the heavens. Many patrons see this as a symbolic metamorphosis, with the heat cleansing them of their many distractions.

The great canopy of Dreamden provides a respite, as does the cool water and fine meals provided. However, patrons cast off even these comforts when they make their way into the desert on spirit journeys. The scorching sun or freezing nights only heighten the effects of any hallucinogens. Dreamer encourages patrons to wear a blindfold for the first hour of their journey; these spirit seekers should get as lost as possible, without any means of orienting themselves.

And yet, miraculously, nearly every wanderer makes his way back. The patrons see this as divine providence, or the awakening of a third eye. In reality, Grahl calls them back. They feel his pull and they have no choice but to obey.

There are few features in the barren desert. Across the horizon, black granite columns loom far out of the bedrock to

breach the sands. Depending on the day and the winds, these structures are either gigantic monoliths or tiny pedestals only barely emerging from the highest dunes. These obelisks have names like constellations (Gilead's Hand, The Triplets, The Stork...), and serve as navigation landmarks.

One feature, however, remains despite the remorseless onslaught of wind and time. Dozens of miles from Dreamden, a tiny oasis sustains a miniature ecosystem. Birds and animals journey long distances to drink at its cool, bitter springs. Dreamer warns against this place, forbidding his patrons from visiting there. In reality, the oasis is the final resting place of the hero that slew Grahl. From his petrified body, purifying water flows. Once per week, drinking from the oasis at its source removes 1d6 of drained Wisdom.

SIGHTS & SOUNDS IN THE WILDS

D6	EVENT
1	Heat shimmers rises from the sand, seemingly distorting the surrounding dunes' shapes into strange otherworldly forms.
2	A dazzling light—almost like a lighthouse's beacon—shines from far of in desert.
3	Dark clouds scud across the desert sands, casting a gloom and otherworldly chill over any caught within their shadows.
4	A sudden fury of wind blasts at the dunes, hurling sand into the travellers' faces.
5	A vulture soars high above the sands as it hunts for its next meal.
6	A strange compulsion—to wander out into the burning sands—tugs at a PC's subconscious.



NOTABLE LOCATIONS IN DREAMDEN

1: DEN OF FALLING MIRRORS

A dozen patrons draw shapes in the sand floor, or stare drooling into mirrors propped up on posts.

Patrons come to the Den of Falling Mirrors to see the invisible. They sit in stiff chairs, take strong hallucinogens, then spend hours draw shapes in the sand. Many wander about, marvelling at the revealed world. Others simply stare into the handful of mirrors propped up against tent posts. When they emerge from their stupor, they cannot recall what they have seen.

The patrons of the Den of Falling Mirrors accost all visitors and attempt to share their new-found knowledge. In drug-fuelled visions, they proclaim prophecies or warn of absurd dangers. It can be a disturbing experience for somebody who is not on some kind of narcotic themselves.

Returning to the real world is a challenging experience. Lines seem too straight and surfaces too dull. The world revealed by Mirrormist is a far more interesting land to travel, and those who visit too frequently never return.

2: DEN OF HOWLING WIND

Hair and teeth are scattered in a blood-soaked pit and wild-eyed patrons filled with violent energy lumber about like animals.

The den resembles a fighting pit more than a place of pleasant debauchery. Blood is spattered on the baking ground and fences cordon off areas from one another. It's not uncommon to see teeth or clumps of hair scattered across the sand.

Here, patrons take a variety of stimulants. In the Den of Howling Wind, more than any other den, patrons utterly lose their minds. They strip naked, run wildly into the desert or beat each other bloody against the wooden gates.

Despite all appearances, these unusual acts produce the most pleasant possible effects. The drug Shell transforms every physical sensation into pleasure. In the Den of Howling Winds, sunburned and bleeding patrons attack one another with bestial ferocity—laughing all the while.

Given the dangers involved, at least two orc staff members are always present to bind wounds or restrain guests when things get out of hand.

3: DEN OF VELVET DREAMS

This dark, smoky room is carpeted with velvet and separated from the rest of Dreamden by hanging tapestries. Limp figures lie in heaps on soft furniture.

The Den of Velvet Dreams is the most lavish and luxurious den at Dreamden. Fine carpets cover the sand and servants take great

care to keep them clean. Tapestries hang from the tented ceiling, enclosing the area. It is dark, smoky and incredibly hot, within.

Here, opiates are the drug of choice. Tourists recline on soft furniture or lie on the floor, completely out of their wits. Those with open eyes rub their hands and faces into the velvet cloth, or stare dully at patterns in the tapestry walls.

This is a slow, muffled place, and it is easy to fall prey to its lethargy. Some patrons have been here for months or even years,

“WALKER” (ANNO HAYWIG)

LN male halfling

This thin, young halfling wears the clothing of a wealthy merchant. He has yet to don the robes of his companions.

Mannerisms: Walker goes about fully dressed in merchant's clothes. He keeps one hand in his pocket at all times and sweats constantly.

Personality: Walker is cautious, talking slowing and in over-long sentences. He is still unsure about Dreamden and gives away little about himself.

Background: Walker is new to Dreamden. Second son of a wealthy merchant, he has had nothing but time and money to spend. He arrived here recently and is still coming to terms with things. There is still time to save him.

“LACE” (ALYANE TRATHYRA)

CN female elf

This haggard and bloody elf wears only a loincloth and grins a terrible, unmoving grin. Her skin, nearly black from the sun, hangs loosely from her frame.

Mannerisms: Lace has become an animal. She lopes around, making wide gestures and giggling roughly through a permanently clenched smile.

Personality: Lace has completely lost her mind. She is incapable of rational thought and desires physical sensation above all else.

Background: Lace was once the matriarch to an ancient elven line. In pursuit of divine truth, she came to Dreamden to commune with her god. Instead, her mind was incinerated by Grahl's corrupting influence.

Bringing Lace Home: The Trathyra family will pay good money to any who can bring Lace home. Lace may be a shell of her former self, but her family believe there is a way to restore her mind. However, Dreamer does not take kindly to abductions and Fuse is beyond convincing.

DRUGS OF DREAMDEN

MIRRORMIST

Mirrormist is a silver powder which quickly sublimates into a metallic smoke. It is a strong hallucinogen which opens the eyes to both the invisible and the unreal.

Users inhale or ingest this severely addictive drug.

Price 75 gp **Effect** For 1d4 hours, the user can see arcane auras and invisible figures with perfect clarity but is vulnerable to illusions and enchantments (-4 on saving throws against such effects). He may also ask a question of natural spirits, but only has a 50% chance of getting the right answer.

Aftermath The user suffers 1d4 Charisma damage and 1d2 Wisdom damage. For each night's rest, he regains 1 point of each (or 2 points of each with a day of complete rest).

HAZE

Haze is a slow acting opiate which dulls the senses and temporarily suppresses madness. The drug is a purple paste which can be eaten, smoked or even mixed with rubber to produce a chewable gum.

Users inhale or ingest this severely addictive drug.

Price 100 gp **Effect** For 1d4 hours the user is exhausted, but gains a +4 bonus on saving throws against enchantment effects and other mental effects.

Aftermath The user suffers 1d2 Charisma damage and 1d2 Dexterity damage. For each night's rest, he regains 1 point of each (or 2 points of each with a day of complete rest). The user also has a 10% chance of suffering 1 Wisdom damage which can only be cured with strong magic.

SHELL

Shell is a crystalline red drug that must be inhaled (often cutting the throat and nasal passages in the process). It transforms all physical sensations into pleasure, driving the user to inflict harm on himself and others.

Users inhale this severely addictive drug.

Price 90 gp **Effect** For 30 minutes, the user gains a +2 to Strength and Dexterity and no longer feels pain. He takes a random course of action every 10 minutes (25%: acts normally, 25%: babbles incoherently, 25%: attacks self, or flees randomly if near death, 25%: attacks anybody nearby).

Aftermath The user suffers 1d2 Charisma damage and 1d2 Wisdom damage. For each night's rest, he regains 1 point of each (or 2 points of each with a day of complete rest). The user also has a 10% chance of suffering 1 Wisdom damage which can only be cured with strong magic.

and remain here until their money runs out or Grahl has bled their minds dry.

4: HAND OF GOD

In the centre of a large, shallow pit, a gigantic stone hand emerges from the smoking sand. Around this hand, a dozen near-comatose patrons mumble and moan.

The Hand of God is Dreamden's centrepiece. It rises out of a pit of narcotic sand and steams with hallucinogenic vapours. Each outstretched digit is as large as a man and feature rough skin and sharp fingers. The hand's sheer size suggests a statue of titanic proportions buried deep within the boiling desert.

While Dreamer calls this the "Hand of God," this statue is truly the hand of the petrified Grahl, turned to stone where the hero slew him.

Here, where delirious odours bubble from the earth, the demon's dormant body transforms the land itself into dizzying, noxious chemicals. Like a hot spring of narcotics, hallucinogenic substances seep upwards to the surface where they are collected and refined. This is the source of Dreamden's drugs. From these fertile sands, Dreamer synthesizes powerful stimulants to confuse the senses and bring his patrons closer to Grahl. Grahl nourishes his worshippers and, in turn, they unknowingly nourish him and bring ever closer the time when he can return to the world.

Patrons who have totally lost their wits are drawn to the hand like moths to a candle. They lie around it in a stupor, eating the sand itself and mumbling about Grahl. There is no return for these poor souls. They have become carrion for the demon king, the psionic sustenance which he now uses to regain his strength.

"FUSE" (BRENNEN RAYLE)

LN male human cleric 7

There is something both strange and great about this blind man. Though young, wisdom and sadness radiate from him like sunlight.

Mannerisms: Despite his youth, Fuse is blind, slow and groping. His dexterity left him, when the drugs took hold.

Personality: An aura of profound wisdom and sadness emanates from Fuse. He is, apparently, unable to speak in anything but riddles.

Background: Fuse was once a promising adventurer, a spellcaster and soothsayer of great power. He came to Dreamden to investigate strange rumours, but fell into the opiates hard. Haze has ruined Fuse's once prodigious spellcasting ability.

5: PARLEY GROUNDS

Outside Dreamden, a small area is fenced off and filled with packed earth. It seems tiny and harsh in comparison with the grand canopy nearby.

Not everybody who visits Dreamden is a patron, and those who have not paid cannot enter. Instead, Dreamer receives such guests in a fenced area just outside the main gates. The grounds are bare, without furniture or water, and they make the luxury of Dreamden seem more tempting by comparison.

The most common visitors are merchants bringing food and other materials to Dreamden. These merchants are paid well for their time and leave with both gold and drugs to spare. Bandits come to demand small tributes from Dreamer, which the elf willingly provides. Lost travellers are welcome to sleep outside for a night, and then given food and water and sent on their way.

Dreamer almost always provides a small sample of his wares to visitors. Addiction is a powerful motivator, and there's always the chance someone will scrounge up enough money to enter.

6: PLACE OF FRIENDLY HANDS

Servants, slaves and butlers recline in comfy chairs, or lie on cots on a large cloth tarp. Many sample Dreamden's narcotics, but they remain far more cognisant than the patrons.

Here dwell Dreamden's servants. Few patrons come alone. Most of these enlightenment seekers require small circuses of servants to carry their gear, set up camp and serve them food. When not needed, the servants are expected to get out of sight, lest they distract the other guests from nirvana.

The servants' quarters are separated from the rest of the tent by hanging tapestries. Unlike most of Dreamden, the sand here is

"GRUB" (GRUG HARGRUM)

CE male orc fighter 3

This orc is as silent and impassive as his companions, but his green skin is tattooed with swirling white shapes.

Mannerisms: Grub makes for an imposing figure and stands in silence with his arms crossed.

Personality: Like the other orcs on staff, Grub is humourless and without empathy. He works hard.

Background: Grub and his orc companions are the last of an ancient cult dedicated to Grahl's worship. They thought their cause lost until Dreamer happened upon the demon's petrified corpse. While Grub and his fellows are unsure if this is the best way to bring their master back to life, they have no better ideas. They follow Dreamer... for now.

covered by a thin tarp. Atop this tarp, the servants pass the time with cards and narcotics.

Servants are treated well. They bunk under the shade of the great canopy, and smoke low-grade drugs provided by Dreamer. Indeed, Dreamer often visits the servant's quarters. It is part of his allure to associate with such common rabble. Besides, his demon king is not picky—the servants' psionic energies are often stronger than their masters, and Grahl willingly takes both.

7: TRANSMUTING FORGE

Stacks of large wooden crates filled with food and supplies stand neatly near several alembics and wood ovens. Nearby, a locked wooden cellar door protrudes from the sand.

Outside of the great canopy, Dreamer and his orc servant Grub synthesize the drugs needed for Dreamden. Compared to most other alchemical mixtures, the process is easy. The narcotic sands bubbling up around Grahl's statue are unstable, and as mutable as clay. The simple application of heat, water or basic organic materials transforms it into powerful drugs. Despite the grandiose name of the area, it holds only basic alembics and ovens—nothing else is needed.

The furnace also serves as a storage area. The food and supplies needed to keep Dreamden running are stored both above ground and in a cramped cellar. Water created through magic is stored in great clay jugs. Copious amounts of gold are also stored in this shelter, though bandits and thugs have learned better than to steal from Dreamer. His orcs are vicious (when unleashed), and—anyway—most of the nearby gangs are addicted to Dreamer's drugs.

DREAMER

CE male elf magic-user 8

This pale elf's silver hair hangs almost to his waist. His golden eyes and soft smile are both enchanting and comforting.

Mannerisms: Dreamer is confident, deliberate and wildly intense. With his grand speeches and insights into the unknown, he has all the trappings of a pacifistic cult leader. His unblinking eyes pierce his victims like poisoned spears.

Personality: Dreamer plays the part of a guru well. He is calm and patient, but forceful when the situation demands. His confidence is staggering. From his tone of his voice, it's impossible to imagine his declarations would not come true.

Background: Dreamer wandered the desert in search of truth. Instead, he found Grahl and Grahl found him. After tasting the sands around Grahl's hand, Dreamer became an instant disciple. He built Dreamden to trap naïve aristocrats and to feed his demon master with their psionic energy.

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