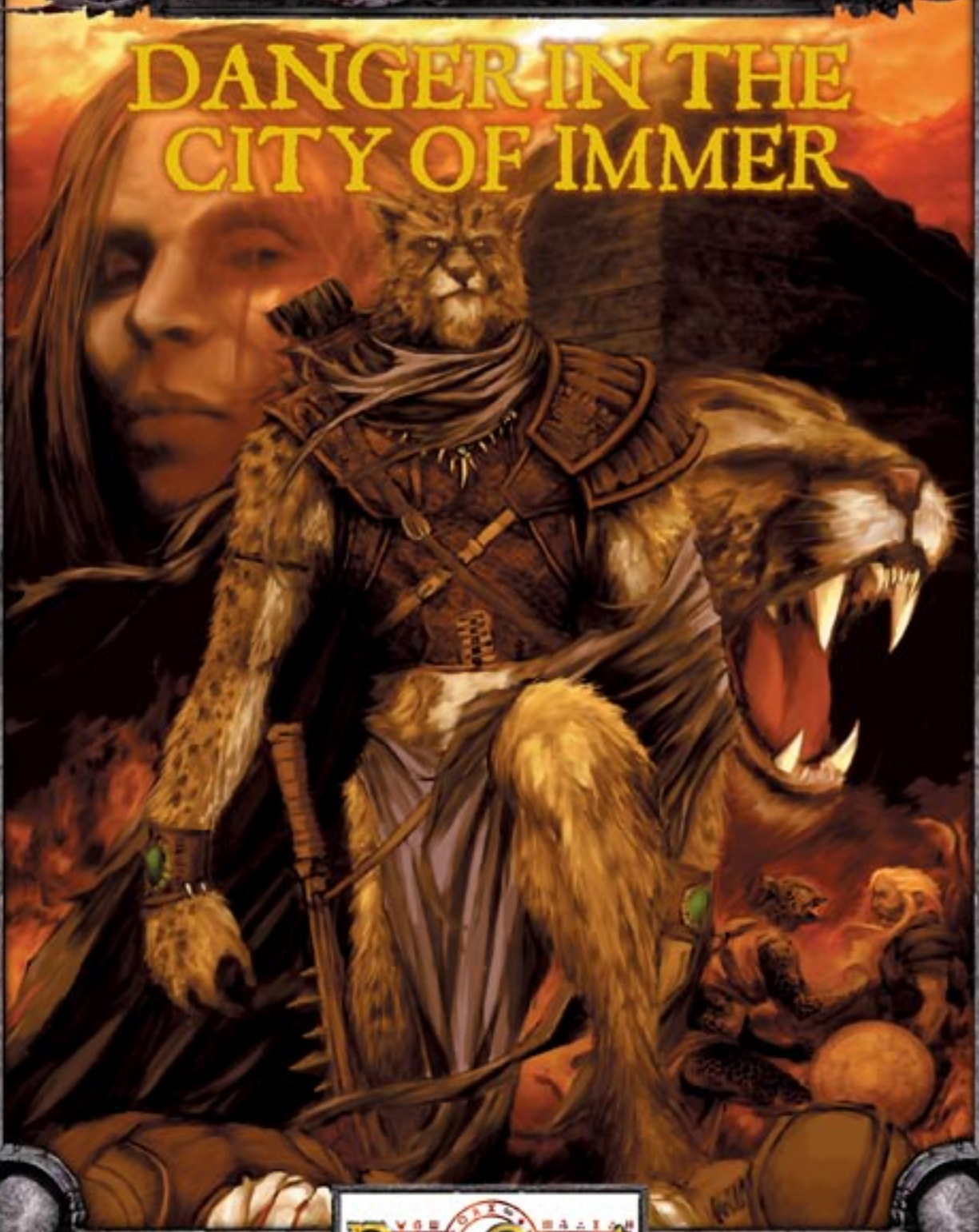


# DIOMID

## DANGER IN THE CITY OF IMMER



VERBODEN TOEGANG  
RuneQuest  
GAMES





# DANGER IN THE CITY OF IMMER

## A DIOMIN ADVENTURE FOR THE RUNEQUEST MAIN RULEBOOK

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## ABOUT THIS ADVENTURE

This adventure introduces a group of players to the legendary and mythic world of Diomin. Diomin is a dark fantasy setting for use with the RuneQuest Main Rulebook published by Mongoose Publishing, where the mighty deeds of heroes and the terrible atrocities committed by villains clash amidst the mysterious machinations of the gods. The players are immersed in a world where a dark and twisted race attempt to bring about the total annihilation of life and then offer the world up to their terror inspiring goddess. Where a once great race, blessed of their god, fled from their corrupted fellows back to the land of their ancestors. And in a time when a people long divided now stand face to face on the brink of a war that threatens all the people of Diomin. Will the actions of the players be the great and mighty deeds of heroes, or the dark machinations that bring about the destruction of all creation?

This adventure is designed to be playable with very little preparation on your part. All you need to do is follow the steps outlined below in the section titled "How to Begin" and within minutes you will be ready to play this exciting adventure.

The adventure should take three hours or less to play. In order to facilitate this, the adventure leans towards a more linear format. Though some advice is given in case players head off in an unforeseen direction, it is expected that they will follow the encounter path laid out below.

## HOW TO BEGIN

We assume you have a copy of the RuneQuest Main Rulebook and understand the basics of the rules. In the future we'll be publishing the Diomin Worldbook for use with RQMR and we hope this adventure will spark your interest in our dynamic and innovative world. We also take for granted that you have 4 - 7 other people who want to play this adventure, an area to play in and a table to play at. You will need some paper, pencils and dice as well.

First, read the sections titled "Game Master Advice", "The World of Diomin", and "Adventure Background". These sections give you some general advice on how to be a Game Master, describe the world of Diomin, and give a brief summary of the events leading up to the adventure as well as a quick summary of the adventure itself.

Second, pass out the pre-generated characters from Appendix 1. You can either choose the pre-generated characters you want the players to play and then let the players choose from

You can still play this adventure if you have less than 4 other players, though it makes the PCs job more difficult. To increase the chances that the PCs survive the adventure you can decrease the number of adversaries in the encounters but be careful not to make the encounters too easy.

that group, or you can show the players all of the pre-generated characters and let them choose which they would like to play. Please note that no negative modifiers for armor have been applied to skills.

In any case, we suggest someone play one of the characters with the shaman, ranger, priest, or soldier profession. .

If someone chooses to play the shaman or druid give those players "The Nightmare" found in Appendix 3, page 32.

Third, while you peruse the adventure, have the players read their characters biography. Make sure you read chapter 1, encounter 1 "A Scream in the Night".

Lastly, when everyone is ready, read the Player's Introduction to "A Scream in the Night" and play out the encounters in each chapter in order. When you reach the end of the adventure use the section, "Wrapping Up", to conclude the evening.

Remember, even though we have presented this adventure in a linear fashion for ease of use, you are free to change things around. If you want to add some time for the players to roleplay between themselves you can start the adventure during the uneventful trip back to Immer. Feel free to flesh out the city of Immer or expand the tunnels of the Plan near that city. All of these will make the adventure uniquely yours.

## GAME MASTER ADVICE

If you are a new Game Master then reading this section will give you some tips on how you, as a Game Master, play the game. While the players take on the personas of heroic warriors, otherworldly shamans or powerful wizards, you take on an even greater role. You not only play every person and creature the players come into contact with but you also bring into existence the entire world. It is your words and actions that shape the environment the players see with their

mind's eye. Your description of events, people and places directly affect how the players will see and interact with the world.

As was said in the first sentence of this section, you are playing the game along with the players. Roleplaying is a cooperative form of entertainment. Never forget; you need the players as much as they need you.

Roleplaying is not a competition between Game Master and players. It is not your job to beat them in the game. So be fair and consistent. You can challenge the players without being their adversary.

One responsibility you have while playing the game is to quickly solve any disputes that arise. Most disputes revolve around how a rule should be read. You are the final arbiter in such situations. Listen to what the players have to say and then decide for your self. Remember to be fair. This does not mean you must choose from the many options the players may give you, but decide quickly what you think is most fair. If necessary you can discuss your decision with the players after the game.

Other disputes may involve the player's characters. These disputes can be even more difficult to handle than rule disputes. If possible, let the player's work through their differences through roleplaying. If the adventure bogs down though you may need to step in and help the player's focus on the goal they are trying to accomplish.

You can facilitate this by suggesting they ask you some questions. You may be able to end the debate if players are arguing because of a difference of perception. You can also drop some hints that may help the players decide upon a course of action, as many of these types of disputes also arise from the players trying to decide what to do when confronted with an obstacle.

To help you play your best, we've included boxed areas marked "GM Advice" throughout the adventure. These will provide helpful information for structuring the encounters, the tactics of adversaries and other useful bits of information we thought highlighting might be of use to you as the Game Master.

So what do you get for playing? Game Master's don't get experience or cool new weapons, but what you do get can be far more gratifying. The very act of playing well by vividly describing the setting and actions of the characters the players meet and creating an adventure that excites and involves the players can be as rewarding for a Game Master as beating the villain and finding a special item is for a player. In fact, it can be more rewarding, because the player's enjoyment and entertainment comes from how well you played.

# THE WORLD OF DIOMIN

## SETTING BACKGROUND

The world of Diomin is a magical place. It is a world of Gods, magic, and strange, new races. This adventure starts off in the Tirasim city of Immer. What follows is a very brief overview of the races of Diomin.

## THE ARAK OVERVIEW

In the language of the Arak, the word *arak* means The First. This is the source of their pride, their noble carriage, and their isolation.

According to the other races of the world, the Arak are little more than blue-skinned barbarians. However, if you called an Arak a barbarian, he would probable snort and mutter, "What do you know? You are but a simple *T'endrak*." Unless you spoke Araki, the fact that you had just been named the worst insults that one of the Arak can utter would be lost on you. If you did speak it, you'd know that he'd just called you a Second.

That is the core of the Arak worldview. You are either one of the Arak, or you are just a Second... simple, foolish, and one of the lost.

## PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS

All Arak have blue skin, black hair and reddish colored eyes. There is almost no variation among them. Most wear their hair long. Warriors wear a single long braid with bands of color that



Female Arak Warrior

signify the battles that they have won. Women, if they do not wear their hair long and loose, wear two braids; if married they wear the same bands as their warrior husband, but only in the right-hand braid. If the husband is killed, the bands are transferred to the left-hand braid.

Arak stand between 5'4"-6'2", with males averaging toward the higher end. Due to a lean diet they usually weigh less than humans of the same height. You will see few bulky Arak, but even the strongest men in the clan tend to be thin and wiry rather than bulky. They move with practiced grace, and have excellent balance.

Arak tend to wear leathers or simple loin-cloths for clothing. Warriors and Shamans always drape themselves in the skins of their clan animal (in the case of the Dragon clan, how they get their skins is a mystery known only to them and perhaps the clan elders of the other clans). Women sometimes wear a shift or a halter, but sometimes not. Warriors, chiefs, and women rarely wear any jewelry, save for the most special of occasions. Shamans, however, always have pendants, teeth, fetishes, bits of carved bone, and other tools of their trade.

## THE TIRASIM OVERVIEW

The Tirasim are human descendants of Tiras, son of Zered VI and former heir to the Zeredite throne. They are a people who delight in the arts, politics, and trade. Additionally, they are the only democracy on Diomin, led by the elected Chief Judge and their other elected officials. They are also a peaceful people who try to avoid war but, when provoked, have mighty armies capable of defending their lands and people.

### PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS

The majority of Tirasim are light skinned and have light brown hair. Males average 6'2", but range from 5'8"-6'5". Females average 5'4", but range from 5'0"-5'8". Most men wear their hair short, usually very close to the scalp on the sides. Women wear their hair long, with poorer women usually tying it up in order to get it out of the way for work in the home.

Most Tirasim wear simple tunics belted at the waist; Judges and other high-ranking members of society wear togas over their tunics. Tirasim normally wear sandals that belt up to the calf, although soldiers wear hard leather boots.

Tirasim armor covers the breast, abdomen, and back, as well as the head. Tirasim soldiers are



Male Tirasim Priest

normally armed with short swords and shields. Tirasim elite have vambraces and grieves, and are armed with long swords and shields.

## THE ZEREDITES OVERVIEW

The Zeredites are human descendants of Idumea, former First Son of the Dragon Clan, and his people, who were cast out by the Arak after the battle between the God Barak and his arch-enemy, Cedron. They are a mysterious and dark people, prone to espionage, Machiavellian politics, and war. They owe allegiance to their High King, always named Zered, but their complete fealty is given only to their House. They have a deep and abiding hatred for their brothers the Tirasim, and look for every opportunity to destroy them.

### PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS

The Zeredites are almost identical to the Tirasim in how they look. Males average 6'2", but range from 5'8"-6'5". Females average 5'4", but range from 5'0"-5'8". However, most Zeredites wear their hair long, in plaits and braids whose colors and adornments signify their House.

Most everyone of high enough rank wears robes of silk and cotton, with colors matching those of their House. Poorer people make due with breeches and shirts of low quality cotton or wool.



Female Zeredite Merchant



The Zeredite army has always favored numbers over technology, and their soldiers wear only leather armor and are armed with short swords and wooden shields. High-ranking officers wear either chain or plate, depending on the wealth and stature and their House.

## THE GADIANTI OVERVIEW

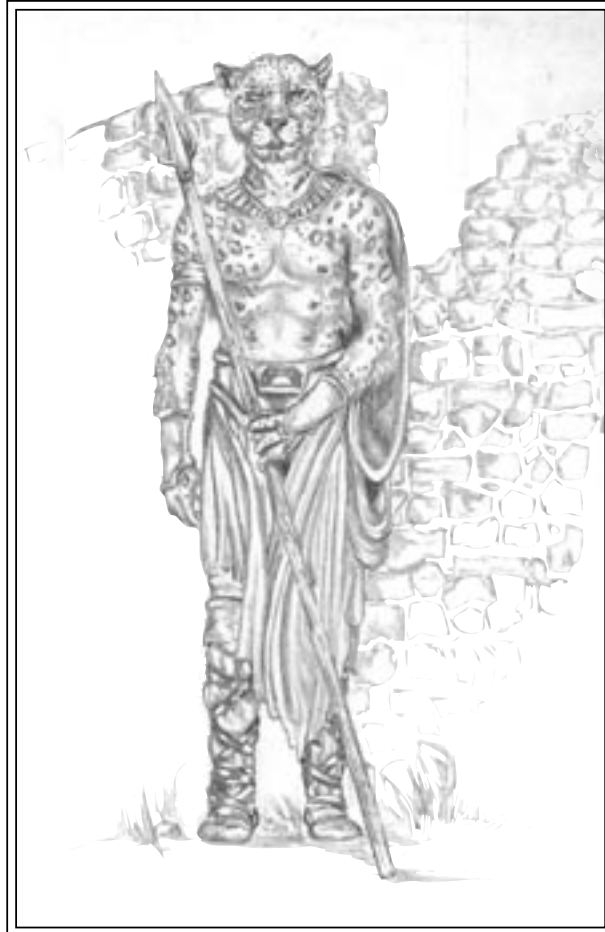
The Gadianti are the decedents of the Arak Jaguar and Tiger Clans, warped by their goddess Akish into the form of their totems. They are a foul, evil race, who delight in nothing short of blood and destruction. They are organized into three castes: Priest, Warrior, and Slave. To be of the Priest caste your mother must have been a priest. Everyone else who is not crippled, mentally deficient, or deformed in some way are Warriors. Everyone else is a Slave.

Their goal is the complete subjugation of Diomin and the offering of all non-Gadianti sentient life as a sacrifice to their Goddess.

### PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS

Most Gadianti wear simple loincloths and light cotton shirts in the cooler climates. Due to their natural fur, they are protected from all but the harshest weather.

Gadianti warriors wear only their loincloths into battle, sometimes bathing in blood before combat. Each grouping of Warriors is dedicated to a particular Lord of Darkness, and they are



Male Gadianti Warrior

armed with whatever is the appropriate weapon for the God to which they are dedicated. Gadianti Priests will wear robes when officiating in religious ceremonies and loincloths the rest of the time.

## THE GNOLAUM OVERVIEW

Born of the Arak Dolphin and Turtle clans, the Gnolaum have set themselves apart from their barbaric fathers. Disowned by the Arak, they have grown away and apart from their heritage. Their journey has brought to them nobility, grace, and strength, unmatched in all others on Diomin. They are at one with their surroundings and themselves, and can manipulate the elements of nature to their own design.

Each is as bright and constant as the stars that dot the heavens, but their unity and singularity of purpose are evident in every action. They hold themselves in stature and pride - above all things, and above all others.

*Female Gnolaum Ranger*



### PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS

To gaze on the face of any Gnolaum is to see the face of the entire nation. One would never know, when gazing on that monolithic face, that it is a face that hides ignominy so deep that it could bring the entire nation to its knees.

The Gnolaum owe allegiance to their King and his Queen. The Gnolaum love their Royal Family and will do anything to protect them from harm. They are also a highly organized and ridged people, who know their place in society and the world around them.

The Gnolaum are a deeply spiritual people, led by their Druids. They are also a highly advanced race technologically. Their weapons and armor are unmatched in Diomin, not even by the Hearthom; they do not sell their arms, however, giving them only as gifts - and even then, rarely.

Nearly all Gnolaum wear ornate leathers, whose production secret they brought with them from their homeland. These leathers are often decorated with silk. They have no standing army as such, although their lands are fiercely guarded by their chalat - spiritual warriors called by the Druids. No army has yet to penetrate Gnolaum lands, but doing so would be costly indeed.

## THE HEARTHOM OVERVIEW

The Hearthom are the most mysterious race to walk the land of Diomin. No one knows where they originated, but records show that they suddenly appeared a little over 700 years ago. What is known is that they appear to be made of some sort of living stone which, while hard, is warm to the touch. They are the merchants, diplomats, and arms dealers of Diomin and anything can be obtained from a Hearthom merchant, for the right place.

### PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS

The Hearthom worship the Children of the Vineyard and live on the Isle of Assarion to the east. No one is allowed to visit their island and strange and wondrous inventions are said to exist there. Anyone who tries to visit Assarion is met with stiff resistance, and if they do not back down, they are never seen again.

The Hearthom have been at war with the Gadianti for the past 800 years, although no one outside the conflict knows the reason why. This has led to a trade embargo with the Gadianti and most Hearthom warriors will attack a Gadianti on sight.

Most Hearthom wear breeches and shirts, though they have no reason to. Their stone-like skin protects them from the elements, but it is said they do so out of respect for the other races of Diomin and to better fit in.



*Male Hearthom Priest of Tartak*

## ADVENTURE BACKGROUND

The events leading up to this adventure have their roots in the dim past. Long before man recorded their own deeds, the gods walked the world. Diomin is the middle world between the Divine Realm and the Sprit Realm, a bridge that must be traversed by those desiring to travel from one Realm to the other. The goddess, Kalaratri, was one of the earliest gods to pass through Diomin on her way to the Spirit Realm. She often passed through the lands of Diomin. Her time in the material realm was short, but the effects of her passing have lasted throughout the ages.

A stepped mound where she commonly left the material world is one such place spoken of in legend. Whether she left the world for the Spirit or Divine Realm none but the gods know. The followers of Kalaratri whisper the ominous tales of those who have found this mound. None of the tales end happily for those involved, but each hints at the forbidden power that drove them to find the mound; the power to consume souls.

We must travel back forty years to see the beginnings of the current tragedy.

In the slave pens outside of Gaba a young Gadianti slave slowly went insane from the whispering voice in her head. Confused and delirious she fled the slave pens. Surprisingly not a soul attempted to stop her.

We jump ten years ahead. Years that are filled with her anguish and suffering end with the blessing of salvation. The young woman undergoes the transformation into a Hearthom. Her shak, a Hearthom mentor, is a devout follower of Kalaratri who chooses the insane woman because the voice told him to do so.

The transformation clears the woman's mind enough to allow her to interact with others, even though the small voice remains. Unbeknownst to any of the priests officiating at her transformation, she pockets a fragment of the Star of Sundering. Shortly after her transformation she who would become the Eye of Kalaratri pilgrimages to the Lake of Power.

This lake is of special importance to all who worship the goddess Kalaratri. Followers believe it is the only place in all of Diomin where their goddess can see into the world. The former slave ritually cleansed herself and then after fasting for three days, she who would become the Eye of Kalaratri, chiseled a hole into her forehead and placed the fragment of the Star of Sundering into the self inflicted wound. She fasted and prayed for another two weeks. She cleansed the wound

## SETTING SUMMARY: IMMER

**Official or Predominant Worship:** All of the Warriors of Light, particularly Ashima (goddess of war, law and strength). Secretly Molech and Ashteroth are worshiped among the Zeredite population.

**Ruler:** High Judge Oren Dov

**Population:** 75,000 - 100,000 (Tirasim 70%, Zeredite 28%, Other 2%)

daily with the waters from the Lake of Power. The wound never fully healed and there is a slight bulge in the center of her forehead where the fragment rests in her skull. The center of the bulge is black where the fragment protrudes from the ever weeping wound.

After her sacred pilgrimage, she left her new home for the lands of the Tirasim. Over the years The Eye of Kalaratri gathered a small following of like minded people. She claims to hear the voice of her goddess with amazing clarity. Those who follow her believe their goddess can see through her into the world and that she is traversing Diomin under the divine influence of the goddess.

Now we jump twenty years after her transformation into one of the Hearthom and into the lands of the Zeredites. Here a young apprentice passes his tests. His skill and training are of no great import, but the tablet he steals from his master's library is the object that eventually brings all the people involved in this adventure together.

Over a period of years Iblis-Enkili pieced together the meaning of the cryptic clay tablet. Following the clues he uncovered in the first tablet he gathered a small collection of similar artifacts. Each adds to his understanding and obsession. Pressed into the clay are the means to gain not only immortality, but also the godlike ability to consume and gain power from souls.

We rush back to the present where three months ago Iblis-Enkili set into motion his plan to trap the Eye of Kalaratri and use her and her followers as sacrifices in his insane cannibalistic ritual.



## ADVENTURE SUMMARY

The night before the adventurer begins the shaman character, and the druid if he is being played, have a disturbing dream. A dark eyed man with indistinct features is surrounded by the dead and dying. The man cuts open one of the still living victim's skulls, pulls out the brain and begins to eat it. (See dream handout in Appendix III - The Nightmare)

The adventure starts as the PCs arrive at Immer. Tired and worn out they are forced to battle a group of Gadianti assassins who attempt to kill a young Hearthom woman fleeing through the streets of Immer.

From the woman they discover that she is the only captive to escape from a pack of Gadianti. She pleads with them to take her to Rannin, a local Hearthom priest of Tartak. Now exhausted and probably injured, the PCs take the beaten woman to the priest.

Though she is about to collapse into unconsciousness, she manages to share the location where the Gadianti attacked her and her companions. After the priest gives the woman some herbs to sleep peacefully, he implores the PCs to save the captured Hearthom.

The priest gives the PCs a map of the nearby tunnels of the Plan. Following the directions they find the site of the ambush. They track the slower moving Gadianti and close in on their query.

What the PCs don't know is that the Gadianti pack is in thrall to a depraved Zeredite wizard named Iblis-Enkili. He has discovered the location of the ancient holy stepped pyramid of the insane, soul devouring goddess, Kalaratri. He plans on using the captives as sacrifices in a cannibalistic ritual that will grant him the obscene power to consume souls. They must act quickly to disrupt the ritual and save the Hearthom.

## CHAPTER ONE: THE CITY OF IMMER

*"Immer may be the easiest place to find fine southern woods, spices and gold, but not at the cost of my life!"*  
- Gav of Kadesh

Immer is a city on the border of the Kingdom of Zered, just inside the land claimed by the Tirasim Republic. People from both cultures make their homes in and around this prosperous border city. Unfortunately, the inhabitants take

## STRIKE RANKS

At the start of every combat round, have the players roll D10 for their character and add the character's Strike Rank modifier. This will determine the character's Strike Rank – the order in which every character involved acts for the round.

This is where scratch paper becomes important. Write down the name of each character in the order they will act and also write down the character's Strike Rank next to his name. The character with the highest total goes first followed in turn by the next highest and so forth, until the person with the lowest Strike Rank takes his action.

their cultural heritage so far that it has turned them against their brethren. Barely a week goes by where a group of young Zeredite boys don't viciously attack the local guard with stones thrown from the rooftops. In response, the local garrison takes subversives into custody. In retaliation more rocks are thrown, giving rise to a violent and vicious cycle.

The threat of war between the two nations has sparked a whole new wave of violence beyond anything anyone has seen in generations. The local Zeredites are rising up in the city proclaiming that the power and might of the Lords of Darkness will lay low their Tirasim overlords. The local government has maintained order through the vigilant city watch, harsh sentencing of crimes, and banning meetings of Zeredites in groups larger than five.

By day the streets are filled with people going about their daily business, while others yell their political and religious views to anyone who will listen. While by night, the city streets are dark, silent, and deserted, for by order of the local government, all house lights are extinguished by the second hour after sunset.

## GADIANTI TACTICS

The Gadianti will attempt to flank Rena, the Hearthom woman, and then try and impale her with their weapons. If they successfully take her down they try to use the same tactic on the PCs. They attempt to flee if they think they have killed Rena and down to 1/4 their hitpoints in any location.

Remember the Hearthom woman's natural armor. She ignores 1 point of damage in all locations.

## ENCOUNTER ONE: A SCREAM IN THE NIGHT

**Encounter Summary:** The adventure begins just after the PCs arrive in Immer. It is night and due to rioting, the city has set a curfew. The PCs were given a pass to travel to the inn where they plan to stay by the gate guards. On the way the silence is broken by a woman's scream.

Investigating they find three Gadianti assassins attacking a young Hearthom woman. She is a follower of the Eye of Kalaratri named Rena and is the only person who managed to escape from the Gadianti ambush mentioned in the "Adventure Summary". She mistakenly thought she was safe after exiting the tunnels of the Plan that run under Immer. The three Gadianti assassins sent by Iblis-Enkili took advantage of this lapse in judgment and attacked her only blocks from true safety.

The assassins were sent to prevent her from notifying anyone of the ambush. The PCs will intervene and save the woman from the evil Gadianti. She will either plead to be taken to Rannon, a Hearthom priest who lives only a few blocks away or the PCs will discover a note crumpled in her tightened fist.

This encounter is not very dangerous and unless the player's truly bungle the situation they will be victorious.

## THE SCREAM

Read the following outloud:

The streets of Immer are dark and silent. The city guards are obviously doing their job enforcing the curfew. The quiet is such a difference from the near rioting crowds that filled the

## IBLIS'S GADIANTI ASSASSINS

These three assassins were magically enslaved by Iblis-Enkili and now do his bidding.

### Gadianti Assassins:

STR 12, CON 13, DEX 17, SIZ 12, INT 14, POW 10, CHA 6.

### Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage	AP
Shortsword	55%	1D6	3
Shortbow	45%	1D8	2

### Gadianti Hit Locations

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/5
4-6	Left Leg	0/5
7-9	Abdomen	2/6
10-12	Chest	2/7
13-15	Right Arm	0/4
16-18	Left Arm	0/5
19-20	Head	0/5

### Special Rules

<b>Combat Actions:</b>	3
<b>Strike Rank:</b>	+16
<b>Movement:</b>	5m
<b>Traits:</b>	Night Sight
<b>Skills:</b>	Acrobatics 56%, Athletics 46%, Dodge 56%, First Aid 40%, Language (Gadianti) 65%, Perception 50%, Persistence 55%, Stealth 56%, Survival 55%, Tracking 30%
<b>Armor:</b>	Leather Hauberk (AP 2); Skill Penalty -4%
<b>Possessions:</b>	Gold medallions (image of a modified Chaos rune) that reduces wearers Persistence by -15% while worn (350 sp each).

## RENA - FOLLOWER OF THE EYE

Once a thief, Rena tumbled through life without purpose or thought for the future. Even after her introduction into the Hearthom race she was unable to find meaning. She ran across the Eye while acquiring a signet ring from a prominent Zeredite house. The Eye preached from the corner of the local market. The Eye's words rang true in the ears of the young thief. Rena has found peace within the words of the Eye of Kalaratri. She devoutly believes in the teachings of the goddess of destruction and has vowed to herself to protect the Eye.

STR 11, CON 16, DEX 13, SIZ 10, INT 14, POW 7, CHA 15.

### Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage	AP
Shortsword	45%	1D6	3

### Hit Locations

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	1/6
4-6	Left Leg	1/6
7-9	Abdomen	3/7
10-12	Chest	3/8
13-15	Right Arm	1/5
16-18	Left Arm	1/6
19-20	Head	1/6

### Special Rules

<b>Combat Actions:</b>	3
<b>Strike Rank:</b>	+13
<b>Movement:</b>	4m
<b>Traits:</b>	Earthsense, Stoneskin (1 AP in all locations, no skill penalty), Slow Heal: 1/2 normal healing rate
<b>Skills:</b>	Acrobatics 56%, Athletics 46%, Dodge 56%, Evaluate 55%, First Aid 40%, Language (Common - Zeredite) 64%, Perception 50%, Persistence 55%, Sleight of Hand 45%, Stealth 56%, Streetwise 35%
<b>Armor:</b>	Leather Hauberk (AP 2); Skill Penalty -4%
<b>Possessions:</b>	Short sword

streets on the day you were last here. Though you have been away for some months it has obviously been a rough few months for this border city. The pungent smell of garbage mixed with the choking bitter smell of old fires permeates the air; litter is strewn about the streets and you pass an intersection where there clearly has been a large altercation recently. Thankfully the gate guard gave you a curfew pass to allow you to travel unhindered through the various checkpoints on your way to the Rising Sun Inn where you can look forward to food and a bit of rest.

The enforced silence is broken by a woman's terrified scream a few blocks off to your right.

The scream comes from a little more than a block away to the PCs right. Let everyone react to the scream. If they run it takes only a turn to reach the woman in distress; otherwise it takes two or three rounds depending on how slowly they move.

If the PCs do not rush to her aid, every round they delay describe her screams of terror and pain as they echo through the streets.

### STARTING COMBAT

Once the PCs take action and move to where the conflict is taking place read the next descriptive text.

Read the following outloud:

Turning the corner you see a tall Hearthom woman feebly brandishing a short sword. Terror and determination are clearly written on her face. Her clothes are torn and you see blood smears across her face and on her hands. She cries out loudly in a proud voice, "Help me!" Her cry echos against the brick walls.

Surrounding her are three lithe beings. Each looks like some unwholesome cross between man and panther. Their dark fur blends into the shadows and you see they are adept in the ways

### ADVICE

If the players ignore the woman's initial pleas, put more emotion into her appeals. If they still don't agree to help her, she will hobble away to Rannin's. You can have Rannin approach the characters the next morning at the inn. He will offer financial rewards for their assistance.

### CHASES

If a character succeeds at a Difficult (-20%) Athletics test, they may treat their Movement as one higher than normal for a single Combat Action or minute.

Running is easy enough for short periods; a character can run for a number of minutes equal to his CON before suffering from any tiredness. Once this time period has elapsed, the running counts as medium activity.

Sprinting is very tiring when chasing and counts as heavy activity.

of war by the manner in which the three move together. Each carries a strange looking weapon, a long and thin double bladed knife.

Normally you would have everyone roll for Strike Ranks but as the battle is already in progress when the PCs arrive they do not need to roll for this check. The PCs are aware of those involved in the battle, which allows them to act just before the Gadianti. In effect, the PCs have a Strike Rank that is one higher than the highest SR total among the current combatants. Roll Strike Ranks for the Gadianti assassins and the Hearthom woman. The PCs act just before the Gadianti (or woman) with the highest result. The PCs will act in order from highest Dex score to lowest.

Turn to the PC with the highest Dex and ask them what they are going to do.

### WHAT THE GADIANTI DO

The Gadianti concentrate their attack on the Hearthom woman. They are under a strong compulsion to kill her and risk death to insure they attain their objective. When describing their attacks make sure to mention how they snarl and hiss. Remember they are part cat and move like large cats on the hunt.



### ENDING THE COMBAT

The Gadianti break off the attack only after they think they've killed the Hearthom woman. If the Gadianti flee, the PCs may wish to follow and hunt them down. If so, have the Hearthom woman groan and cough up some blood, because no matter how much damage the Gadianti do, they won't succeed in killing her.

If the party splits up to assist the woman and track down the Gadianti, let them. You can draw out more street space if you want or can describe the chase verbally. If the PCs catch up to the Gadianti and engage them begin combat again this time rolling for Strike Ranks normally.

### ENDING THE BATTLE

The city guard arrives one minute (12 rounds) after Rena's scream, which should give the PCs plenty of time to dispatch the Gadianti and move safely to Rannin's home. If the PCs do not remove the Gadianti threat within a minute or stay in the area after the battle, the city watch either assists in attacking the Gadianti or asks the PCs what happened. Because the opponents are Gadianti, the city watch does not question the PCs' actions and in fact thanks the PCs for their timely intervention. They do not detain the PCs and will let them take the woman if they can provide good reason for such an action; such as the note found in her hand.

### A PLEA FOR HELP

Once the battle is over, read the appropriate descriptive text below.

Read one of the sections below depending on whether or not the PCs killed any of the Gadianti.

If the PCs have killed one or more Gadianti:

The (insert number of dead Gadianti) vile creatures lie dead in thickening pools of their own blood. You can smell the strange musky odor you've come to recognize as Gadianti.

If the PCs killed some of the Gadianti while they were fighting near the Hearthom woman include the following

Between two (or Next to one) of the fallen beasts lies the body of the young Hearthom woman.

### THE GODDESS KALARATRI "THE EATER OF SOULS"

**Runes:** Chaos, Darkness, and Spirit  
**Typical Worshipers:** The insane, berserkers and some Hearthom  
**Favored Weapons:** Unarmed

Kalaratri dwells within the Spirit Realm. She was bound there by the One ages ago when she discovered how to feed from the energy released when a spirit dies. Her banishment was the event that split the gods into the Warriors of Light and the Lords of Darkness. Her inability to leave the Spirit Realm, coupled with her total self-absorption, prevented her from becoming involved with the conflict between the two factions.

There is no organized structure for her worship. Her followers are few and predominately thieves, the crazed, berserks or the insane. They believe there is no order; only chaos, and her worshipers look forward to oblivion as their goddess devours their souls.

If all of the Gadianti escaped:

Silence again reigns over the city for a moment as you see the escaping Gadianti quickly disappear into the darkness of the city streets. You can here a number of dogs barking in response to the noise of the battle.

Now read one of the following descriptive blocks to the players depending on if the Hearthom woman is still conscious or not.

If the woman has been knocked into unconsciousness:

Bits of blood and chips of stone lie next to the Hearthom woman. Besides the once simple yellow wrap she is now barely wearing, the only thing you see is a crumpled note tightly clenched in her fist.

The note reads:

Rannin,

One block east of Tin Street and two houses south of the Legions Inn on Legions Way.

If the woman is still conscious after the battle:

Looking up at you with tears streaking down her face, she says. "Th-thank you." "You must help me." "They've taken the Eye!"

"My companions and I were ambushed by Gadianti while on a spiritual pilgrimage." "I escaped and must get to Rannin's home." "He lives very close to here." "Please take me there."

The Hearthom woman can barely stand and must be carried from the site of the battle.

Once the PCs decide their course of action, proceed to the second encounter of chapter one.

## ENCOUNTER TWO: ON THE ADVICE OF A PRIEST

**Encounter Summary:** During this encounter the characters talk to Rannin, a Hearthom priest. Rannin asks the characters to backtrack the steps of Rena and save her companions from slavery or worse. He answers questions and provides a simple map of the local tunnels. Using the information provided by Rena, he marks the location of the ambush on the map.

This encounter allows the players a chance to roleplay a bit and also may sow doubt on the priest's motives. If the characters are careful they can discover some information Rannin would rather not reveal.

### THE WORDS OF A PRIEST

Arriving at the Rannin's doorstep, the door opens the moment someone prepares to knock. Rannin is most concerned with Rena, the Hearthom woman that the PCs saved.

Read the following out loud:

From the woman's directions you quickly find Rannin's home. Like the rest of the homes in the area it shares its walls with houses on either side. It is a two-story mud brick building with a number of windows on both floors. A wooden door is set in the center of the home's front.

### LACK OF TRUST

There are a number of questions Rannin would prefer not to answer. He answers every question asked, but either lies or twists the facts around the questions he doesn't want to answer. Those questions he is untruthful about are marked as such in parenthesis after his answer.

In order to determine whether the PCs discover Rannin's deceptions, make a Bluff roll for Rannin before the PCs begin questioning him. Also, make a Sense Motive roll for the party. Use the statistics for the character with the highest Sense Motive for this roll. The PC knows Rannin is being evasive if his or her total is higher than Rannin's Bluff total. Then, when Rannin answers a question dishonestly you can tell or pass a note to the person whose Sense Motive skill you used for the party's Sense Motive check tell the player she feels Rannin is uncomfortable and that he may be being evasive in his answers.

As you approach and prepare to knock the door swings wide open.

A small Hearthom man in bedclothes stands in the now open doorway.

"Come in, come in," he says, motioning for you to enter.

He ushers the characters into the house and through the foyer to a bedroom. If Rena is still badly injured, he heals her. Either way the woman is utterly exhausted and asks for a moment alone with her good friend Rannin. Rannin requests that the PCs wait him for him in the foyer while he speaks with Rena. There are three benches in the foyer near the door.

Give the players a moment. They may try to listen with a Simple (+20%) Perception check, at the door or want to talk amongst themselves. If it is apparent they do not then proceed.

## A TALK WITH RANNIN

Read the following out loud:

Rannin doesn't leave you for long. He seems completely undisturbed that he is still in his bedclothes and says, "She will be alright, though I'm sure she will sleep a few days."

"Please come with me, I have a request to make of you."

He leads you all into a sitting room. The floor is covered in a plush red rug with intricate floral patterns while hanging red and orange shaded silk drapes soften the walls. Instead of chairs, the room has large comfortable looking pillows. An elaborate brass and gold lamp hangs down from the center of the ceiling bathing the room in a warm orange glow.

Your host motions for you to sit while he makes himself comfortable among the pillows. His mood seems serious while being distinctly informal.

Once everyone is seated, or appears to be comfortable standing, he says. "I need your help." "Will you find and free Rena's companions from the beasts who ambushed them?"

"They are in grave danger, as there is little love lost between the Hearthom and Gadianti." "I fear they will soon be sacrificed to one of their loathsome gods!"

Let the players discuss this request.

Below are a list of possible questions the players may ask, with Rannin's answers.

### Q: What will you pay us?

A: I can offer you each 20 ezrum (the ezrum is the Diomin equivalent of the gold ducat, which makes this worth 400 sp) for successfully saving them. (Let the PCs know this is a generous wage; much more than what a normal man would earn in a year.)

### Q: Where were they ambushed?

A: They were ambushed in a series of tunnels south of the city. These tunnels are all throughout Zeredite and Gadianti land. I'm sure they are using them to travel, rather than expose themselves to attack above ground.

### Q: When were they ambushed?

A: Only a few hours ago. That is why we must act quickly before they can get to far away.

### Q: What is the Eye?

A: The Eye? I don't know. (He's lying. Rannin knows exactly who the eye is but is concerned the PCs won't help him or the followers of the Eye if they know she is a priest of Kalaratri. If the PCs discover that the group he wants to save worships Kalaratri, tell them that the followers of this deity are considered insane. Have the PCs make a Difficult (-20%) Perception check to find out that he's lying.)

### Q: How do we get to the location of the ambush?

A: I have a map of the tunnels you can use to quickly get there. Rena told me where the ambush took place and I can mark it on the map.

### Q: Why was this group taken?

A: The Gadianti are always looking for sacrifices, and Hearthom sacrifices are particularly desired. (True, though it isn't the real reason they were ambushed and captured and Rannin knows this.)

### Q: Is it just Gadianti?

A: Yes (This is an outright lie, but don't tell the PCs that. Rannin knows why the Eye of Kalaratri was taken, but doesn't want the PCs to know. He knows of the wizard Iblis-Enkili but doesn't want to scare the PCs away. This one is harder to deduce. Have the PCs make a Hard (-40%) Perception check to find out that he's lying.)

### Q: Do you have anything that may be of use to us against these foes?

A: Yes, I have a device that is specially made for engagements with Gadianti. It will blind and stun them for a short time. (See sidebar below)



### ANTI-GADIANTI FLARE

This Anti-Gadianti device is a grenade-like object created by the Hearthom that uses a bright flash and loud bang to disable creatures within its burst radius (3m radius, Range 10m).

Everyone within the burst radius must make a Normal (-0%) Resilience roll or become dazed (can take no actions) for 1d6 rounds. Gadianti must make a Difficult (-20%) roll due to their sensitive eyes.

**Q: Was anyone killed in the attack?**

A: No.

If the PCs catch on to Rannin's dishonesty and refuse to save Rena's companions unless he tells them the truth, he reluctantly tells them that all those captured were followers of the goddess Kalaratri and on a sacred pilgrimage. They are following a priestess of the goddess who is called the Eye of Kalaratri. Those who follow the Hearthom priestess believe their goddess can see into the world through the priestess's eyes. He'll tell them that he was fearful they would not save them if the PCs knew which god they worshipped.

Once the PCs agree to rescue Rena's companions, read the following out loud:

Rannin stands and smiles warmly.  
"Thank you." "May the gods bless your lives and keep you safe."

He walks over to a small table against the wall and removes a scroll from a drawer.

### RANDOM ENCOUNTERS

While in the tunnels, there is a 25% chance of encountering a random encounter every 30 minutes. If an encounter is indicated, roll 1d6:

- 1-2 The Wild Hunt
- 3-4 Lost Children
- 5-6 Attack of the Earthworm

Alternatively, if the players have made quick work of the adventure so far and have taken little damage you can decide to throw one or two of these short encounters at the group. If you do this, don't roll for random encounters.

"Here is a map of the tunnels south of the city." "Let me mark the location of the ambush on this map for you."

He removes a quill and ink from another drawer and marks the site with an X.

"Now, I will show you to the entrance of the tunnels so you can be on your way."

"Thank you again."

Rannin leads you to the kitchen and rolls up a rug. Underneath you see a small trap door leading down. He makes a strange gesture over the trapdoor and it soundlessly swings open. Cool dry air immediately blows into the kitchen from the now open door and the lamps flicker for a moment.

Looking down you can see the floor of the tunnel is at least 20 below you. A sturdy rope ladder hangs from the trapdoor to the floor of the tunnel.

"Thank you my friends and may the gods speed you on your way."

## CHAPTER II INTO THE TUNNELS

**Setting Summary:** The tunnels of the Hearthom Plan are usually forty feet wide and twenty feet tall. Most of the walls are covered in a red glowing moss. Torchlight is helpful but not necessary as the light given off by the moss is about as bright as a very cloudy day. The light illuminates dust particles thrown into the air from the ever-present breeze. The tunnels have an almost neutral odor. The tunnel axis is north to south and seemingly stretches on forever.

There are a number of side passages which branch off from the path. Once they have been traveling in the tunnel for about a mile they are forced to take one of the side passages.

This passage is much smaller and roughly hewn. Wooden beams are used to support the six-foot tall ceilings and at points the passage narrows from ten feet to only four feet across. The glowing moss grows much more sparsely in these tunnels and the PCs will probably want to light one of their own light sources.

### THE WILD HUNT RANDOM ENCOUNTER

If the Wild Hunt random encounter is rolled, read the following outloud:

## GNOLLS

Gnolls are a Tirasim experiment gone horribly wrong. Early in the Tirasim history, a misguided political sect decided to attempt to use the ways of the enemy against them; the Zeredites had developed dopplegangers, so this sect mutated some of their troops into the canine-like Gnolls. For a time, they served well, but one of them was able to unite the other Gnolls, and in time, they rebelled. Now, they lurk along the border that runs between the Tirasim and the Zeredite lands, hating both sides with an intense passion, and striking at both whenever they can.

### Characteristics

STR 20, CON 16, DEX 12, SIZ 16, INT 7, POW 10, CHA 7

### Gnoll Hit Locations

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/7
4-6	Left Leg	0/7
7-9	Abdomen	4/8
10-12	Chest	4/9
13-15	Right Arm	4/6
16-18	Left Arm	4/6
19-20	Head	0/7

### Weapons

Type	WS	Dmg	AP
Battleaxe	60%	1D6+1 +1D6	3
Shortbow	50%	1D18	2
Target Shield	45%	1D6+1 +1D6	8

### Special Rules

**Combat Actions:** 2  
**Strike Rank:** +8  
**Movement:** 4m  
**Traits:** Dark Sight  
**Skills:** Athletics 60%, Perception 30%, Resilience 50%, Stealth 15%, Survival 30%  
**Armor:** Scalemail shirt (AP 4, Abdomen, Chest and Arms only); Skill Penalty -16%  
**Possessions:** Battleaxe, Shortbow, Target shield, Scalemail shirt, 50 sp.

In the distance you hear howls and barks crescendo, though it's impossible to determine exactly how far away they are from you because of the reverberating echoes. You have barely enough time to prepare before a pack of wild dog like men overtake you.

The PCs are being attacked by a small pack of three gnolls. They will fight until two of them have been badly injured or killed at which point the pack will flee.

## LOST CHILDREN RANDOM ENCOUNTER #2

If the Lost Children random encounter is rolled, read the following outloud:

Ahead you hear the soft higher-toned voices of children arguing.

## HOLLOW ONES

Tal Ezraim, the PC wizard and Shenna, the PC priest, will immediately recognize what has been done to these unfortunate children as they are a growing threat within Tirasim lands. If anyone casts *Second Sight* and looks at the children, they will see that their souls have been removed while at the same time keeping them "alive".

## HOLLOW ONE CHILDREN

Hollow Ones are not undead, but are mortal beings whose connection to the Spirit rune and the world around them has been severed through the use of the Harrow spell. In essence, victims of this spell have had their "humanity" removed. There is no known cure for this condition.

### Characteristics

STR 8, CON 10, DEX 14, SIZ 7, INT 7, POW 1, CHA 10

### Hollow One Hit Locations

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/4
4-6	Left Leg	0/4
7-9	Abdomen	0/5
10-12	Chest	0/6
13-15	Right Arm	0/3
16-18	Left Arm	0/3
19-20	Head	0/4

### Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage
Unarmed	45%	1D3

### Special Rules

**Combat Actions:** 2  
**Strike Rank:** +11  
**Movement:** 5m  
**Traits:** Fear Aura\*, Enrage\*\*  
**Skills:** Athletics 30%, Persistence 65%, Resilience 65%, Stealth 35%, Survival 30%  
**Possessions:** 20 silver pieces

\***Fear Aura:** Hollow Ones are shrouded in an aura of fear. Creatures in a 2m radius must succeed at a Normal (-0%) Persistence check or be affected as though Demoralize spell has been cast on them.

\*\***Enrage:** Hollow One's become enraged if any location is brought to 1 hit point or lower. This trait give the Hollow One +4 STR and +4 CON, +1d3 damage bonus, and +10% to Persistence and Resilience checks. It also lowers their Weapon Skill by -20%.

"Give me that!" A young girl snaps.

"No! Mine!" Another retorts.

"I get that one." A young boy says

Around a bend in the tunnel you come upon five young Tirasim children. They are huddled together with their backs towards you. They don't hear you approach.

These three children are actually Hollow Ones, mortals who've had their connection to the living world severed. They are now uncaring, selfish beings who unfortunately for the rest of the world, have a penchant for cannibalism.

The children are fighting over the remains of one of their own. Jesen tripped and broke his ankle and the rest turned on him and are now devouring his freshly killed body.

When the PCs draw the children's attention read the following:

The children turn and you find your attention split between two stomach-turning sights.

The mouths of the children are smeared with blood and they continue to chew as their expressionless eyes bore right through you. In their hands each holds a limb of the child that lies dead on the ground between them.

The dead child's face is frozen as a twisted snarl. His jaw is set in determination and rage, and blood slowly oozes out from his pursed blue lips.

Let the PCs decide what to do. The children will not attack first. This encounter is more a moral quandary for the characters rather than a simple hack n slash. The antagonists are innocent children who've been forced into this unnatural state through the use of corrupt magic. Their situation is not their fault. Play up the fact that they are just children and the fact that Tal Ezraim and Sayl'tir'ne will immediately know what they are.

### ATTACK OF THE EARTHWORM RANDOM ENCOUNTER #3

If the Attack of the Earthworm random encounter is rolled, read the following outloud:

A strange smell suddenly fills the tunnel and the rock beneath your feet grows so hot you are forced to move.

The ground turns red hot and a strange scaly wormlike creatures pushes up through the nearly molten rock.

## WYRM

Upon hatching, a wyrm is about two metres long and has 3D6 SIZ and STR. The wyrm will grow at the rate of 1D6 SIZ and STR every five years until it reaches the age of 35, when the creature's grow slows dramatically. By this point the creature is some nine metres in length. After 35, a wyrm will continue to gain 1D6 SIZ and STR every 50 years.

The statistics given here are for a wyrm between 35 and 85 years old.

### Characteristics

STR 35, CON 16, DEX 104, SIZ 25, INT 10, POW 22, CHA 10

### Wyrm Hit Locations

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-4	Tail	8/11
5-8	Abdomen	8/12
9-12	Chest	8/13
13-14	Right Wing	8/10
15-16	Left Wing	8/10
17-20	Head	8/11

### Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage	AP
Bite	85%	1D10+2D6	4
Tail	60%	1D20+2D6	8

### Special Rules

Combat Actions: 2

Strike Rank: +10

Movement: 3m, 6m when flying

Traits: Dark Sight, Formidable Natural Weapons, Night Sight

Skills: Athletics 80%, Influence 60%, Persistence 70%, Resilience 70%

Armor: Wyrm scale (AP 8, no Skill Penalty)

The PCs have happened upon the path of a Wyrm. If they make any sudden moves it will attack, otherwise it will move on through the tunnel wall.

### ENCOUNTER ONE: STANDING AT THE CROSSROADS

**Encounter Summery:** The PCs arrive at the site of the ambush and after some investigation track the Gadianti who ambushed Rena's companions. The PCs can discover information that will make their attack on the villains in Chapter III easier.

### AT THE SITE OF THE AMBUSH

The site of the ambush is a crossroad where three separate tunnels intersect. Signs of a



struggle are obvious. The PCs have long left the smooth, well crafted tunnels of the Hearthom Plan and are forced to use their own light sources as the intersection has no phosphorescent moss growing anywhere near it. In fact, it has been a good hour since the party last saw traces of the light giving moss. The tunnels beyond the Plan are still dry but are dirtier and more natural looking. They seem to be natural caves and tunnels that have been connected and widened. On average the tunnels are seven feet tall and five feet wide.

Read the following outloud:

Rats scurry away as you enter the intersection that Rannin marked on the map as the site of the ambush. You've long left the smooth, well-crafted tunnels of the Plan and it's been a good hour since you last saw traces of the light giving moss that covered the tunnel walls near Rannin's home.

The tunnels here appear to be natural caves and fissures that were connected by less skilled artisans than those who constructed the Hearthom tunnels.

From the bloodstains on the ground and small chips of Hearthom skin visible within the stains it is clear that an altercation took place recently. Luckily there are no bodies or pieces of bodies present.

Tracks and scuffmarks that could only have been made from bodies being dragged leave the intersection through the southwest tunnel.

If the PCs take the time to investigate the site more thoroughly they can learn some useful information. Don't freely offer this information. If one of the players asks questions about the ambush site have him make a Perception check. The modifier for the check is next to the bits of information below. Some of the information requires the use of the Track advanced skill. They are noted along with the DC.

There were at least seven, if not more, Gadianti involved in the attack. (Must have Track. -10%)

Not all of those on the sacred pilgrimage were Hearthom. (Must have Track. -10%)

All but one person was barefoot. (-15%)

One person was wearing boots. (-0%)

## COMMUNICATING WITH SPIRITS

If one of the players is playing Seri'ulk'savin, the shaman, he can attempt to speak with the spirits to uncover information about the ambush and in which general direction the ambushers headed. The spirits of the area are various free roaming unembodied spirits of nature. There are spirits of stone and darkness primarily. Speaking with a spirit of the stone is easier as, unlike a spirit of darkness, it does not want to keep things hidden. To do this, he must cast the *Speak with Spirit* spell. This spell has the following rules:

### Speak with Spirit

Casting Time 1, Duration 10, Magnitude 1, Progressive, Ranged

**Runes:** Communication, *Spirit*

This spell can affect one spirit for every point of Magnitude. It allows telepathy between the caster and any spirit. The words transmitted by telepathy must be whispered.

There are some scorch marks on the walls and floor of the intersection. (-0%)

There are no arrows or bolts, which indicates that either no bows were used or the attackers cleaned up after themselves. (-0%)

The person wearing boots walked away in the same direction as the Gadianti. (Must have Track. -30%)

Three of the pre-generated characters have the Track advanced skill: Rameth, Yaro, and Seri'ulk'savin. This part of the adventure allows them to take center stage, as they need to use this skill to track the Gadianti pack to the stepped pyramid.

Move on to Chapter 3: "The Earthen Pyramid of Kalaratri" when the PCs track the Gadianti.

### TRACKING

With this skill a character can locate the tracks of a specific creature and follow them. A test must be made to locate the trail and then again once every ten minutes they are being followed.

## CHAPTER 3: THE EARTHEN PYRAMID OF KALARATRI

**Setting Summary:** The PCs are unknowingly heading towards one of the ancient gateways between realms. Though it has been millennia since the pyramid was graced by the presence of divine beings and the potent magic they used to open the ancient portals, the effects from that time are still felt.

The earthen stepped pyramid has survived through fires, earthquakes, and numerous other natural disasters. Its form has been kept intact by the residual divine energies at the site, even though it is now buried deep within the earth.

The pyramid rests in the exact center of a large cavern whose ceiling is well over one hundred and fifty feet above the ground. Only twenty feet separates the strange earthen pyramid from the cavern walls. The strange glowing moss covers the walls of the entire cavern but here it bathes the entire cavern in a strong green-blue light. None of the moss grows on the pyramid.

The pyramid is composed of compact earth as hard as fired clay. The pyramid itself is one hundred and forty four feet tall and one hundred and forty four feet wide on a side. From the peak you could touch the ceiling if you jumped. There are six steps to the structure. Each step is 24 feet tall. On the side of the pyramid where the entrance into the cavern is located are stairs that connect each step of the pyramid. This is the easiest way to climb the structure.

If seen with *Second Sight* or *Detect Magic*, the top of the stepped pyramid glows a blindingly bright series of cascading colors.

### ENCOUNTER ONE: THE WAITING ARMS OF OBLIVION

**What Iblis-Enkili has been doing:** While the PCs have been attempting to track him and his Gadianti, Iblis-Enkili has been moving as quickly as he can to the stepped pyramid where he plans to enact his ritual. He's been frustrated with the slow pace forced on him by the captives and though he's threatened to kill them if they did not hurry, it did not speed his progress by much.

He is a bit concerned if none of the Gadianti he sent to kill Rena returned. He deduces correctly that someone must have interceded and saved the woman. If one or more of the Gadianti assassins escaped, they have returned to him and he knows something has gone wrong as well as the general strength of his opposition.

Once he arrives at the pyramid he immediately sets a watch at the entrance of the cavern while he prepares the summit for his ritual. All of the captives are taken to the top of the pyramid; bound, gagged, and then drugged.

When the PCs arrive, Iblis-Enkili is in the middle of his ritual.

### CLIMBING THE PYRAMID

It is possible the PCs may try to climb the pyramid instead of using the stairs.

Given enough hand and footholds, a character can climb any surface given enough time without the need for a test. Under normal circumstances, a character can climb or descend one quarter of their Movement as a Combat Action. A character can double the rate of his climb or descent by taking a -20% penalty on his Athletics test.

While climbing all attackers get a +10 bonus to hit and climbers lose their ability to use a shield.

Anytime a character takes damage while climbing she must succeed in an Athletics test. Failure means she falls and takes appropriate damage.

Climbing the pyramid without using the stairs is a Difficult (-20%) test.

## MAKING THE ENCOUNTER MORE DIFFICULT

If the PCs have so far had a cakewalk through the adventure you may want to make this encounter more difficult. Here are a number of things you can do to challenge the players.

Have the Gadianti on watch be hidden. This forces the PCs to succeed in Perceptions tests against the Gadianti's Stealth tests; otherwise they may stumble into combat and be surprised.

We've provided Iblis-Enkili with two apprentices who are assisting him in casting the ritual. If you want to greatly increase the difficulty of the encounter, have a third apprentice be on hand to engage with the PCs (this apprentice uses the exact same stats as the other second level apprentices). He can do a number of things to hinder the PCs from interrupting his master's ritual.

You can also increase the number of Gadianti at any time by having some new arrivals appear from around the sides of the pyramid

Be careful when altering this battle however. It can quickly become far too difficult for the PCs.

## ARRIVING AT THE STEPPED PYRAMID

When the PCs arrive at the pyramid, read the following outloud:

You've been tracking the Gadianti for a number of hours. It's been a long night as you hurriedly hunted for their tracks so you could catch up to them before they escaped into the world above or into a heavily defended garrison.

Just as you begin to fear they have succeeded in escaping, the tunnel begins to widen considerably and you notice a strange green-blue light coming from ahead of you.

Chanting voices echo softly from the cavern ahead.

Give the players a few moments to decide on a course of action. Chances are they will want to try and surprise their quarry by sneaking into range and attacking the Gadianti with ranged

weapons. If they attempt to surprise the Gadianti in some way, proceed ahead to The Battle and determine whether the Gadianti are surprised.

If the players decide to rush the Gadianti proceed to "The Battle for the Souls" but skip the surprise round and go directly to the First Round of Combat.

## THE BATTLE FOR THE SOULS

You need to draw the map where the battle will take place. Don't worry about drawing the entire pyramid, as chances are the PCs will not circle the entire structure and if they do you can expand the map at that time. Remember, the PCs won't see more than the base of the pyramid until they are in combat.

## SUMMARY OF TACTICS

**Iblis-Enkili:** Through most of the battle his attention is completely directed towards the ritual he is casting. He will only engage with the PCs once he has completed his ritual or the ritual is interrupted. Once he engages the PCs, he uses his spells in the most deadly ways possible. His first action will be to cast *Protection* on himself. If the PCs are closely grouped together he will begin casting *Fireblade* on the Gadianti with him. He will also cast *Darkwall* near himself and any nearby apprentices so that they may escape. He will not let his enemy close with him and engage in melee.

Other spells he may use include: *Befuddle*, *Countermagic*, *Disruption*, *Dispel Magic*, and *Firearrow*.

Unfortunately for him, he lacks the strength of will to control the power this ritual releases. If he is able to complete the ritual, he does gain the power to eat souls but it also drives him insane (not that many would notice the difference) and weakens him to a point where he must flee to recover.

**The apprentices:** Unless you are adding a third apprentice, two apprentices are assisting their master in casting the ritual. If the ritual is interrupted, they will cast *Befuddle*, and *Demoralize*, then wait for their master to cast *Darkwall* so they may escape.

If the ritual is completed, they die horribly as their souls are used to power their master's transformation.

**Shremni, Iblis-Enkili's Familiar:** The familiar will attempt to disrupt a spell caster by attacking them. The first round he is able to attack, Shremni will ready an action to attack the next PC casting a spell. Later in the combat he'll



### RANGED COMBAT

A target within the weapon's Range may be attacked without penalty. A target within double the weapon's Range may be attacked, but the attacker's effective Weapon skill is halved (before other modifiers are applied). Attacks against targets beyond the weapon's Range automatically fail.

target the individual who appears to be having the greatest success. If injured, he'll retreat to the backside of the pyramid. If the familiar is killed, roll a Resilience check for Iblis-Enkili. If he is unsuccessful, the ritual immediately fails. This is one of the ways the PCs can stop the ritual.

**Gadianti:** There are five to ten gadianti, which are separated into one of two groups: warriors and archers. The exact total number of Gadianti depends on the size of the PC party. Unlike the wizard or his apprentices, they will fight to the death. Unless surprised, the warriors let the PCs come to them. They know they are on the defensive and let the PCs take the risks in closing for combat. If necessary they will fight full defense, as their job is to keep the PCs from interrupting the ritual.

The archer Gadianti fire on the PCs as they close with the fighters. They then concentrate their attacks on any spell caster that makes a good target.

### DETERMINING SURPRISE

If the PCs attempt to sneak up on the Gadianti or surprise them in some other way, roll Stealth checks for each PC involved. Then make Perception checks for each group of Gadianti.

If all of the PCs trying to surprise the Gadianti are moving in the same area then determining the PCs success is all or nothing. If one or more of the Gadianti groups succeeds with one of their skill checks, then the groups that succeeded may act during the surprise round. If all of the groups succeeded, then there is no surprise round and immediately have everyone roll for initiative.

If the PCs are spread out so that if one is discovered the others may still surprise the enemy, play out the surprise round where only the PCs who remain undiscovered may act.

### FIRST ROUND OF THE BATTLE

Everyone should now be aware of his opponents (unless one of the PCs is invisible or hidden). Everyone rolls his Strike Rank. Remember to roll initiative for the Gadianti, Shremni, the apprentices and Iblis-Enkili.

It does not matter whether the Gadianti were surprised by the PCs or not, either way they will attempt to regroup the first round they are able to act in order to block the passage to the pyramid's steps. Iblis-Enkili will continue with his ritual and Shremni, his familiar, will ready an action to attack the first person that casts a spell. Of course, if the PC spell casters have a higher initiative than the familiar, he won't be able to accomplish his readied action until round two.

### THE REST OF THE BATTLE

The PCs only have a limited amount of time to stop the ritual. Iblis-Enkili has had a good couple of hours to prepare and begin enacting the ritual and is now down to 15 rounds. Keep track of the number of rounds it takes the PCs to discover a way to stop him. If time runs out, things get very interesting.

A few of the ways are:

1. Killing Iblis-Enkili's familiar, Shremni
2. Successfully shooting the wizard or one of his apprentices and they fail their Concentration check. Also note, Iblis-Enkili needs the apprentices to perform the ritual. If either of them fail their Concentration checks or are killed the ritual will fail.
3. Fight through the Gadianti guards, scale the pyramid and physically stop the wizards from finishing the ritual. This is probably the hardest way to accomplish their task.

If the PCs stop the ritual, immediately read the following:

A scream of pain and rage echoes through the giant cavern. It is still reverberating when you hear a snarling shout, "Enough!" "You will pay for your interference!"

The pinnacle of the pyramid slowly brightens until it is a baleful and sickly yellow beacon.

Iblis-Enkili attacks the PCs, but most of his energy was expended attempting the ritual.

## IF EVERYTHING GOES WRONG

There are days where nothing seems to go your way. PCs have these days to and they aren't pretty. If the party has lost two of its members and things are looking bleak there is only one thing to do. Let the evil wizard win. Yes it's cruel but by quickly having him complete the ritual you can end the evening with some survivors. Read the descriptive text above that describes Iblis-Enkili completing the cannibalistic ritual in *The Rest of the Battle*.

He slings a few spells but then casts *Darkwall* on himself and any surviving apprentices and makes good his escape. This may keep the PCs alive if the battle as a whole is going poorly.

If Iblis-Enkili is able to complete the ritual:

Two great screams pierce your ears in unison, rising even above the sounds of battle. The peak of the pyramid explodes in light banishing the green-blue shadows from the cavern. Sound suddenly seems muffled as if you were hearing everything through tightly covered ears.

Every Gadianti still standing cries out in agony and drops their weapons to clutch their heads.

Tell the shaman:

The moment of the explosion seems to freeze time and you feel as though you've been dropped into an endless pit. Pain courses through you as you feel your soul twist into unnatural shapes by the chaotic energies released through the ritual. In the darkness of your pain you see two feminine eyes and a cavernous mouth move out of the shadows of the Spirit Realm.

If events have unfortunately led to the wizard completing the rite proceed directly to "Ending the Battle" and let the PCs decide their next actions.

## ENDING THE BATTLE

This battle can end a number of ways. Though we've attempted to give you descriptions for the most likely outcomes, you may need to change some of the descriptions to account for

strange and/or brilliant plans on the part of the players.

Chances are the party either succeeds in stopping Iblis-Enkili from finishing the ritual and then either kills or causes him to flee or they will fail to stop him in time and he completes his cannibalistic rite.

It is also possible that all the PCs die horribly trying desperately to prevent this atrocity. This ending is not as much fun and we've included a number of methods to prevent this outcome.

If Iblis-Enkili succeeds in completing the ritual, allow the PCs get to the top of the pyramid before Iblis-Enkili escapes. Remember, the Gadianti all fell to the ground screaming and clutching their heads and so are no longer a threat..

If the party stops the evil wizard and either kills him or forces him to flee. Choose the best starting line then read the paragraph at the bottom:

You stand victorious over the bloody body of the vile wizard. His face is covered in blood and bits of flesh are stuck in his beard. You can't tell which bits are his and which bits are from his unfortunate victims.

Or

You survey the battlefield. Your enemy, the vile wizard Iblis-Enkili, has fled leaving you victorious and to contend with the horror of his monstrous actions.

If the PCs failed to stop Iblis-Enkli, read the following outloud:

The last dozen steps are slick and shine from the blood spilled during the ritual. Bodies litter the peak. Each has had its head cleaved open and nothing remains inside. Standing in the midst of the carnage is a man in dark brown robes. Blood covers his face and bits of flesh are stuck in his beard. His eyes seem unfocussed and turn independently of each other.

Gibberish flows in an endless stream from his lips and the air about him appears to pop as he disappears, leaving nothing but empty space.

In this scenario the PCs have failed. Pause a moment to let it set in before continuing below with "Continuing with...".

## CONTINUING WITH...

The steps of the primeval pyramid are slick with the blood of those he cannibalized and those you have cut down. The smell of cooling blood and opened bowls rises from the fallen. Bodies litter the peak and the stairs leading to it. The bodies of those Iblis-Enkili sacrificed have had their head cleaved open and emptiness is all that remains inside. Among the bodies are the few who he failed to kill and consume. They still lay drugged among the carnage. One of the survivors is a young Hearthom woman with what appears to be a gem protruding from her forehead.

Once the survivors have been awakened they calmly remove all useful items from their fallen companions. They appear unaffected by the carnage and death surrounding them. The woman with the gem embedded in her forehead, who can only be the Eye of Kalaratri, approaches the PCs and thanks them for doing what they could but tells them that saving her and her companions was futile, for death only brings the gracious oblivion promised by Kalaratri.

Allow the PCs to treat the wounded and any fallen companions who survived the conflict. They have won the day but victory is rarely sweet.

If the PCs succeeded in stopping Iblis-Enkili read:

Victory! Battle always has survivors and victims. This time you stand among the survivors.

The Eye of Kalaratri and her surviving followers chant a prayer over their dead asking their goddess to quickly consume their souls and send them to the oblivion they seek.

You've accomplished a difficult task. The light has extinguished a ray of shadow. You survey the battlefield and hope it made a difference.

Continue on to Wrapping Up.

## WRAPPING UP

The adventure is over and has either seen the PCs overcome a monstrous evil or left them defeated and in the remains of his carnage.

After handling any necessary healing and roleplay, thank the Players for participating. Ask them if they have any questions, and if so either answer them or instruct them to contact us here at OtherWorld Creations. ([www.otherworlds.cx](http://www.otherworlds.cx))



## APPENDIX I · PREGENERATED PCs

### SAYL'TIR'NE ("CHOSEN BY THE ANCESTORS") THE HAND OF THE ANCESTORS

#### Arak Shaman

You've had the breathing sickness all your life. Many times you were too weak to get out of bed and instead would lie in your bed laboring for breath. There were at least a hand count of times your family expected you to die, but you always managed to find some inner strength and hung onto life until the breathing sickness fled. Your grandmother claimed that if not for your stubbornness you surely would have passed away.

You were frenetically active in the times between illnesses. It was as if you were attempting to make up for the time you lost battling for breath. The breathing sickness often kept you from fully participating in the physical games played by your friends, but your charm and unyielding determination won you the respect and admiration from most of your peers. A curious and inquisitive child, you spent many hours with the elders of the clan, listening to their stories and advice.

One fall day when you were 12 summers old, you collapsed during a game of tal, an Arak ballgame similar to soccer. As your lips turned blue and your breathing became shallow your friends rushed you to your parent's lodge. You were immediately put to bed and your family prepared for your death. Though the shaman was called to help you pass peacefully into the land of the ancestors, you again hung on to life with the same stubbornness you always showed.

You awoke four days later weak and frail, but with an incredible tale.

While your body struggled to breathe, your spirit flew into the land where the ancestors live. In your travels you met a revered elder who revealed to you your great destiny. Though young and inexperienced, he said you would grow in wisdom and help guide your people in the way of the One. You were still needed in the Middle World.

The elder gave you a secret word. A word you were to speak to Jer'im'al a shaman of the Bear clan. Then the ancestor breathed upon your spirit and you were hurled back into your body. Your breathing became steady and you awoke with the secret word on your lips.

Your next 10 years were spent learning the ways of the spirits and the Spirit World. Your time in the land of the ancestors gave you the Sight and attuned you with your ancestors' power and souls. As needed the revered elders appear before you giving you guidance and tasks. You are on such a task now.

**Personality:** Your many brushes with death have given you a strong appreciation for life and all the experiences it brings. You are stubborn and when you've decided which course of action is correct, little can change your mind. You aren't stupid though, and you listen closely and considerately to the opinions of others. During the times where you are ill, you are very serious and focused. While you are able to keep the breathing sickness at bay there is often a smile on your face. You love to make wry comments that have more than one meaning, forcing your listener to think on your words.

**Image:** Like all Arak you have deep blue skin, black hair and red eyes. Your red eyes are considerably lighter than the average Arak and suggest that you are much older than you appear. You are shorter than most Arak men, standing 5 feet even but are just as wiry. You wear the skins of a bear over your shoulders and a simple loincloth and deep brown jerkin. Your clothing and body are covered in a great number of strange looking pendants, bracelets, and ribbons. Each has a story attached to them.

#### SAYL'TIR'NE

##### Characteristics

STR 9, CON 7, DEX 13, SIZ 9, INT 16, POW 18, CHA 16

##### Hit Locations

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/4
4-6	Left Leg	0/4
7-9	Abdomen	2/5
10-12	Chest	2/6
13-15	Right Arm	0/3
16-18	Left Arm	0/3
19-20	Head	0/4

##### Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage	AP
Dagger	42%	1d4+1 -1d2	4
Sht spear	52%	1d8 -1d2	2
Sling	30%	1d6	1

##### Special Rules

**Combat Actions:** 3

**Hero Points:** 4

**Strike Rank:** +14

**Magic Points:** 18

**Movement:** 5m

**Traits:** Life Sense, Night Sight, Communication Rune, Spirit Rune

**Skills:** Athletics 32%, First Aid 21%, Influence 46%, Language (Arak) 66%, Language (Common) 65%, Lore (Animal) 26%, Lore (Plant) 26%, Lore (World) 26%, Perception 39%, Persistence 43%, Resilience 35%, Stealth 17%, Survival 34%, Tracking 26%, Runecasting (Spirit) 64%, Runecasting (Communication) 47%

**Spells:** *Second Sight, Speak with Spirit\** (new, see page 17)

**Armor:** Leather Hauberk (2 AP Chest, Abdomen) -4%



## TAL EZRIAM "THE KEY TO DESTRUCTION"

### Zeredite Wizard

Pain and hate marked the early years of your life. To cover a generation worth of debts your parents sold you to a *charton* (a wizard), when they discovered you had the gift. Most of your time was spent in your master's sanctum performing menial tasks and fruitlessly trying to avoid being the target of his quick temper. You quickly learned that you could shift the focus of his anger towards rival apprentices; success meant your rivals were beaten and you were not, but this only got you out of some of your master's beatings. For all your duplicity, beatings were still common and trust in his household was non-existent. You carefully watched everything your master did and then you stole materials and practiced the forbidden arts.

After many years you and one other apprentice, Iblis-Enkili, succeeded in passing the master's trial, which freed both of you from perpetual servitude. You sold your services and pulled a few cons to earn enough money to rent a small apartment and buy materials for your arcane practice. Though freed from your master's daily abuse, the rivalry between yourself and Iblis-Enkili continued unabated. You were surprised when you uncovered a plot clearly meant to ruin your rising reputation and even more surprised when, after you peeled back the layers of the conspiracy, discovered the culprit was Iblis-Enkili. It appeared that he still harbored grudges against you from the time you spent together under your mutual master.

One act of revenge led to another and before long you and he were caught up in a full-fledged vendetta. You spoiled the plans of your old rival and each act of revenge increased your animosity towards him. Events escalated and you were forced to flee when Iblis-Enkili framed you for the death of a prominent noble of the *Prospia* ("House") Alth. You barely escaped the city guard and you fled north into enemy lands. But the ancient betrayers viewed wizards as vile corruptors and so you were forced to change your name and disguise yourself as an insipid alchemist to survive.

Life would have probably been short and bloody if you had not met Shenna. You saved her from a small group of Hollow Ones she was futilely trying to fight because you thought she might pay you for the service. Instead she whispered a secret into your ear that caused your heart to pound in terror. She told you not to worry and asked you to accompany her. You haven't left her side in five years.

**Personality:** Your immediate proclivity is to do what is in your immediate best interest, but you find yourself pausing and reconsidering this behavior when your reaction would be to screw over your companions. For all your selfishness you truly care about your fellows. They are the only people who've ever treated you with

respect and true compassion. You've become especially protective of the Shenna, as she has awakened within you a modicum of hope that you can truly have internal peace. She knows more about you than anyone, and you acutely feel this vulnerability. Changing your behavior and outlook is a struggle. The emotional wounds you have from your life are still open and weeping.

To those who are not your friends you attempt to be seen as imposing, mysterious and invulnerable as possible. You try to appear to be a bigger threat than your potential opponent wants to deal with. You enjoy a spectacle and drama and attempt to bring those qualities into your magical art.

**Image:** You have dusky skin, which you claim is from your border heritage, and soft brown eyes. Standing 5 foot 4 inches you wear boots that increase your height by another 3 inches. This still doesn't make you tall, but at least you're not looking up people's noses. At least that's what you tell your companions. You cut your hair short, as is the style among the Tirasim but continue to wear some silks and clothing that is more colorful than the average Tirasim.

You have a stern and controlled voice. You have perfect pitch and can intimidate more powerful people with just the strength of your voice.

### TAL EZRIAM

#### Characteristics

STR 11, CON 13, DEX 14, SIZ 10, INT 17, POW 16, CHA 7

#### Hit Locations

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/6
4-6	Left Leg	0/6
7-9	Abdomen	2/7
10-12	Chest	2/8
13-15	Right Arm	0/5
16-18	Left Arm	0/5
19-20	Head	0/6

#### Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage	AP
H Mace	39%	1d8	3
Dagger	39%	1d4+1	4

#### Special Rules

**Combat Actions:** 3  
**Hero Points:** 4  
**Strike Rank:** +15  
**Magic Points:** 16  
**Corruption Points:** 18; black tongue, lips, and teeth.  
**Movement:** 4m  
**Traits:** Air Rune, Earth Rune, Fire Rune  
**Skills:** Evaluate 32%, Influence 27%, Lore (World) 22%, Lore (Regional) 17%, Persistence 46%, Play Instrument (Flute) 17%, Resilience 49%, Language (Common -Zeredite) 67%, Language (Gadianti) 27%, Runecasting (Air) +43%, Runecasting (Earth) +43%, Runecasting (Fire) +43%  
**Spells:** Extinguish, Fireblade, Protection  
**Armor:** Leather Hauberk (2 AP Chest, Abdomen) -4%

## YARO "FACE OF THE CONSECRATED"

### Gnolaum Ranger

Chosen. Blessed. Responsible. These three words have defined your life since almost before you can remember. You are blessed of Barak and the One. You are a chalat, a divinely ordained ranger.

As a child you were chosen by the druids to fulfill the vital responsibility of protecting your people's territory from intrusion. You were the first daughter chosen from your family to fulfill this trusted and honored position. Unfortunately this necessitated that you live apart from your family. You missed your twin brother, Rameth, terribly, but you knew your duty and obligations. Once every year you were able to return home for a month. Those were joyous occasions and you made sure you brought special gifts for each member of your family. Each time you also brought a secret present for your brother, for it would dishonor your family if you gave a finer gift to him than other more important members of your family.

When you returned home during your seventh year of training your father proudly announced to the family that Rameth, had been chosen by Barak to serve him as a druid. Though you were proud, delighted and honored to be the brother of one of the Chalat-ren-wu ("Holy Consecrators"), you were also saddened. You knew that his duties would keep him away from his family as much as your own responsibilities had. Your chest tightened at the thought of losing your brother completely.

Life continued in the same patterns as before until a few years ago when you were called before your mentor who said. "Protecting our people requires us to have eyes and ears among the others." "You have been chosen for this task." Now you travel far from your family and friends. Another burden. Another responsibility.

**Personality:** You rarely smile or laugh. Life is a serious responsibility and you will not fail to live up to your obligations.

You internally question the wisdom of the Chalat-ren-wu and are secretly bitter towards them and your god Barak for taking your brother from you, but you hold firm to your duty and let no one know the questions and tribulations within your heart. You are blessed and chosen for the awesome duty of protecting your people. Any remorse or bitterness you feel is your failing and you will never let yourself dishonor your family or your god's choice.

You truly love to be outdoors in nature. Your duties and responsibilities seem to weigh less when you are away from the creations of man. Much of your time in cities is spent drinking. You are a quiet, introverted drunk and no matter how intoxicated you become, you never lose your formal face.

At times there is an almost palpable sadness about you. It is particularly evident when you watch the sun rise over a lake. These times remind you of your childhood, before you were chosen, when you and

your twin brother would sneak out of your family's home and listen to the loons on the lake as the sunrise broke through the morning mist.

If someone is playing your twin brother, Rameth, you are in a much better mood. You will also protect him with your life, as nothing else in life is as important to you than his safety.

**Image:** The first thing people say about you is, "Wow, you're tall". You stand just over 6 foot 7 inches. Your chestnut brown hair falls below your waist. It is commonly died in a mottled pattern to look like the color of leaves. Your leather clothing is expertly chosen to exactly match the color of your eyes, which are a light brown. Most people can't remember their color after meeting you, though all would say they couldn't tell what mood you were in.

### YARO

#### Characteristics

STR 13, CON 12, DEX 16, SIZ 14, INT 10, POW 12, CHA 14

#### Hit Locations

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/6
4-6	Left Leg	0/6
7-9	Abdomen	4/7
10-12	Chest	4/8
13-15	Right Arm	4/5
16-18	Left Arm	4/5
19-20	Head	0/6

#### Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage	AP
1H Sword (Baraq)	64%	1d10 +1d2	5
1H Sword (Caphar)	64%	1d8 +1d2	5
1H Axe (Battleaxe)	39%	1d8 +1d2	3
Dagger	39%	1d4+1 +1d2	4

#### Special Rules

Combat Actions:	3
Hero Points:	4
Strike Rank:	+13
Movement:	4m
Traits:	N/A
Skills:	Athletics 44%, Dodge 22%, Language (Common) 20%, Language (Gnolaum) 60%, Lore (Animal) 50%, Lore (Plant) 30%, Lore (Regional) 20%, Lore (World) 15%, Perception 27%, Persistence 32%, Resilience 29%, Survival 32%, Tracking 10%
Armor:	Scalemail Shirt (4 AP Chest, Abdomen, Arms) -16%

### Wolf (Hreek, trained)

#### Characteristics

STR 10, CON 13, DEX 13, SIZ 10, INT 5, POW 10, CHA 5

#### Wolf Hit Locations

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-2	Right Hind Leg	2/5
3-4	Left Hind Leg	2/5
5-7	Hindquarters	2/6
8-10	Forequarters	2/6
11-13	Right Front Leg	2/5
14-16	Left Front Leg	2/5
17-20	Head	2/5

#### Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage
Bite	60%	1D8-1D2
Claw	30%	1D6-1D2

#### Special Rules

Combat Actions:	3
Strike Rank:	+8
Movement:	5m
Traits:	Night Sight
Skills:	Athletics 80%, Dodge 55%, Resilience 40%, Perception 60%, Stealth 55%, Survival 40%, Tracking 60%
Armor:	Hide (AP 2, no Skill Penalty)

## ARHON LIAT

### "THE STRENGTH OF THE DESTINED"

#### Tirasim Soldier

You are the third son of Omri, son of Natar, son of Amrek, son of Omri, son of Bel Ranmach, son of Bel Ezrai, son of Nisreb, son of Chief Judge Bel Omri, son of Eitan, son of Bel Gadron, son of Chief Judge Hebron, son of Ram, son of Gavren, son of Hebron, son of the founder of our house, Liat who separated from the dishonored house of Tamirek by saving Hethor Jubel's son when Jevor Tamirek betrayed his company to the Zeredites at the Battle for Jehu's Hill.

Compared to your siblings you were pampered as a child. Your two elder brothers and elder sister seemed to be the only children your father cared for. While they lived in spartan conditions you lived comfortably with your nanny on your mother's side of the home. Your father barely noticed you though you attempted to draw his attention by sleeping on the hard stone floor and waking up before dawn to practice swordsmanship with your elder brothers. You never understood why expected nothing from you but you attempted to prove yourself to him regardless.

You demanded to be educated along with your older brothers. You demanded to be taught to fight. All the while his eyes never fell favorably on you. You probably would have envied and despised your brothers if they were not also perplexed by your father's behavior.

You tried to join the army alongside your brothers but father refused to sign the necessary papers. You brooded about the house for weeks. You decided your father would never allow you to prove your worth so why would you even bother to try? Every city has places where people indulge in hidden vices and you quickly found the one that supplied you with yours.

At first you hid your identity during your debauched excursions, but as your rebelliousness grew you flaunted your actions before your father. If you couldn't have his approval maybe you could have his ire.

You never had the chance to find out. Before you found the limit of your father's stoicism an official courier arrived with a dreadful message. Your brothers were dead. Gadianti had killed them while they were on maneuvers near Erech, which was on the Tirasim/Gadianti border. Father shed not a single tear but you saw something in him died that day.

Something changed within you. Gone was your rebelliousness. In its place was a new drive; vengeance. You swore to your father that you would avenge their deaths, and though he still forbade you to join the army, you left home to start your own crusade.

**Personality:** History is at your back and visions of your place in history float before your eyes.

You are driven and focused. You are distinctly a goal-oriented person. You feel you must prove to the world that you are at least as capable as your deceased brothers. Not a day goes by where you fail to mention their impeccable nature or a story of one of their noble deeds.

You know there will be a day when you will stand over the body of the last Gadianti. Fortunately you haven't totally lost your soul to your personal crusade. You still enjoy a good time at an inn or with friends. You look towards Shenna to keep you from losing your soul to the desire for revenge that burns within you.

**Image:** When people describe the ideal Tirasim boy next door, they are describing you. Standing 6 foot 2 inches with broad shoulders, light brown hair, and lighter honey colored skin, you make the women swoon. You keep your hair short and make sure you're clothes are traditional and impeccably presented. You do all of this not because of vanity but in an attempt to live up to what you believe are your father's expectations.

### ARHON LIAT

#### Characteristics

STR 17, CON 14, DEX 12, SIZ 14, INT 13, POW 10, CHA 15

#### Hit Locations

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	1/6
4-6	Left Leg	1/6
7-9	Abdomen	5/7
10-12	Chest	5/8
13-15	Right Arm	5/5
16-18	Left Arm	5/5
19-20	Head	5/6

#### Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage	AP
1H Swd (Wswd)	64%	1d8 +1d4	4
Kite Shield	54%	1d6 +1d4	10
Longbow	42%	2d8	2
Unarmed	34%	1d3	-

#### Special Rules

**Combat Actions:** 2

**Hero Points:** 4

**Strike Rank:** +12

**Movement:** 4m

**Traits:** N/A

**Skills:** Dodge 38%, Influence 35%, Language (Common - Tirasim) 63%, Language (Gadianti) 23%, Lore (Military Tactics) 33%, Lore (Regional) 13%, Lore (World) 28%, Persistence 30%, Riding 47%, Resilience 29%

**Armor:** Chainmail Shirt (5 AP Chest, Abdomen, Arms) -20%, Helmet (5 AP Head) -4%, Leather Trews (1 AP Legs) -2%.

**SHENNA**  
**"THE SAPPLING OF NEBO"**

**Hearthom Priest**

Like all Hearthom your past is a mystery to those not of your race. You concentrate on your devotion to your god, Nebo, and this focus on the present defers most questions concerning your past. Your true past follows a tenuous path from dark depravation into salvation by the Gods of the Vineyard.

You were born a Gadianti slave, just outside the main Gadianti city, Carchemish. You never knew your two littermates for they were sacrificed to Ashtoreth before a frenzied battle near Erech. Neither did you know either of your parents nor what fate they may have suffered, for suffer they surely must have.

As a babe you were sent to one of the many large pens where slave children were raised, abused and thrown away. Life was hard and you did things to survive that still bring you nightmares. But things change, as is the nature of life.

You were one of a group of slaves being sent for sacrifice on the border of the Tirasim Republic. Your life would have ended abruptly if not for what you can only think of was an act of the gods. Fire reigned from the sky, setting every cart on fire. You saw the priests in the middle of the caravan explode like small kernels of corn thrown into a fire. Death took everyone but you that night.

You wandered in a haze for days before your instincts kicked in and your hunger forced you to learn how to hunt. Seasons passed and you reveled in your feral nature. The seasons passed in a haze of desperation and hunger.

This period of your life ended as quickly as it had begun. You had a vision while standing in front of a newly sprouted cedar. The god Nebo walked slowly towards you from out of an ancient maple tree. He didn't make a noise but the forest was a buzz with the sounds of all the animals. You stood as still as one of the trees while wind blew a strangely sweet smell you later identified as grapes into your face. He opened your clawed hand and your new god placed into it an acorn. The sweet wind said, "Go find Altwin." "He is north and looking for you." And then the god was gone and everything seemed normal once again.

You left immediately. It was your choice. A choice you've never regretted.

**Personality:** Events, choices, and people all change and you change with them. Your nature is a study in paradox. You are open, kind and giving and your companions are moved by your compassion, but they have seen your lack of mercy

towards Gadianti. Not that they complain. People feel drawn to you and often tell you their deepest secrets, while in contrast you are aloof, enigmatic, and keep your own counsel. Your past is an unshared secret filled with pain.

You are very close to Tal Ezriam. You see a kindred soul even through the pain and suffering that is his darkness and are guiding him away from his terrifying destiny.

You still have the acorn given to you by your god and it is your symbol through which you focus his divine power.

**Image:** You are truly a beautiful woman. Your skin is the color and texture of alabaster and if you stood still people would think you were some artisan's masterpiece. You are only 5 feet 4 inches tall. Your eyes, along with your hair, are the same color as your skin. You stand proudly and gracefully. Your companions are often awed by your internal peace and the comfort you display no matter whose company you are keeping.

**SHENNA**

**Characteristics**

STR 12, CON 12, DEX 8, SIZ 10, INT 12, POW 18, CHA 16

**Hit Locations**

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	1/5
4-6	Left Leg	1/5
7-9	Abdomen	3/6
10-12	Chest	3/7
13-15	Right Arm	1/4
16-18	Left Arm	1/4
19-20	Head	1/5

**Weapons**

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage	AP
Staff	30%	1d4+1 -1d2	4
Sling	18%	1d8 -1d2	2

**Special Rules**

**Combat Actions:** 2  
**Hero Points:** 4  
**Strike Rank:** +10  
**Magic Points:** 18  
**Movement:** 4m

**Traits:** Fertility Rune, Stoneskin (1 AP on all locations), Slow Heal (½ normal healing rate)

**Skills:** Athletics 25%, First Aid 52%, Heal 50%, Influence 46%, Language (Gadianti) 62%, Language (Common) 32%, Lore (Animal) 22%, Lore (Gadianti) 22%, Lore (Plant) 42%, Lore (Regional) 22%, Lore (Theology - Children of the Vineyard) 42%, Lore (World) 27%, Persistence 48%, Resilience 35%, Runecasting (Fertility) 54%, Survival 30%

**Spells:** Heal (Fertility)

**Armor:** Leather Hauberk (2 AP Chest, Abdomen) -4%



RAMETH  
"THE HEART OF THE PEOPLE"

**Gnolaum Druid**

You were both so young when the druids came to your home and took your twin sister, Yaro, away from you and your family to become a chalat, a divinely ordained ranger. You wanted to cry and force them to let her stay but you knew what must be done. She didn't look back when the druids led her away though you knew without seeing that she had tears in her eyes.

Life at home returned to its usual patterns but nothing felt right after that day. You were not lonely for long though. Younger siblings were born that soon looked up to you and you lavished the attention you wanted to give your absent twin on them.

The saddest times were when your twin came home once a year. Everyone was so proud of her. Your younger brothers and sisters were in awe of her. You could tell she not only missed you horribly but was also mired in a melancholy abyss. Her face was like a stone mask and betrayed none of her pain. You worried she would forever be alone. Unlike everyone else, you could see it in her eyes. You wanted to reach out, hold her, and comfort her but such behavior was impossible for it would be unseemly in front of the family. The two of you had little time alone with each other. Your memories of those moments you did have together are your fondest and most treasured.

During the seventh year of your sisters training you had dreams of a great darkness moving westward beneath the sea. Its form could not be discerned but you knew it was massive and dangerous. It was looking for something or someone. You awoke from these dreams filled with terror and a longing to help stop this darkness. Someone answered your unvoiced prayer.

A day before your sister arrived for her yearly visit, a trio of druids came to your family's home. They came early in the morning before the sun rose above the eastern hills. Your mother hurried you out of bed and into your formal clothes. She prodded you into the large sparse meeting hall. Your throat felt tight and dry. Lonely footsteps echoed eerily as you made your way towards the three druidic elders seated upon the dais.

It was unsettling to stand before them. They looked you over with eyes lacking in compassion. They asked you questions until the sun was past midday. Your feet hurt and you were tired of standing for so long. At last the old wrinkled man who still stood as straight as a pine asked you, "Tell us of your dreams." You immediately knew of what he spoke.

When your sister arrived your father threw a great feast in celebration of your selection to join the holy druids. Everyone, you included, was excited and honored. It had been generations since a member of the family had been chosen to become a druid in service to Barak. You would become a Chalat-ren-wu, a Holy Consecrator.

Your training was intense. Much of your time was spent away from cultivated lands where you and your fellow initiates were required to survive only by using the materials found in the wilderness. You had always loved the natural world and you grew to love it even more as your understanding expanded.

It had been a number of years since your initiation into Chalat-ren-wu. The elder druids believed your childhood nightmares were a portent of a dark future. They believed you were destined to discover this darkness and with Barak's help, overcome it. You were sent out from Gnolaum lands on this quest.

**Personality:** You are most happy when away from cultivated lands. You can see the work of the One and the presence of Barak in the tiniest fragment of nature. You know there is a darkness looming on the horizon and you search for it with a passion only seen among the truly devout. Some would call you fanatical but you consider yourself driven.

You are kind and caring. You are sensitive to other people's pain and you are a shoulder to cry on for people in need. You are tough and can be as hard as ironwood. You don't suffer fools or those who are lazy. You see a great difference between need and desire and only help or provide for those in need.

**Image:** You stand as tall as your sister Yaro, just over 6 foot 7 inches. Your deep brown hair is kept intricately braided, though unlike your sister you never dye it. Like your sister your eyes are a light brown but you wear leather clothes that accent them. You enjoy finding small articles of strange foreign clothing and incorporating them into your wardrobe.

## RAMETH

### Characteristics

STR 8, CON 10, DEX 14, SIZ 12, INT 12, POW 19, CHA 13

### Hit Locations

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/5
4-6	Left Leg	0/5
7-9	Abdomen	2/6
10-12	Chest	2/7
13-15	Right Arm	0/4
16-18	Left Arm	0/4
19-20	Head	0/5

### Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage	AP
1H Swd (Baraq)	42%	1d10 -1d2	5
Sling	24%	1d6	1

### Special Rules

<b>Combat Actions:</b>	3
<b>Hero Points:</b>	4
<b>Strike Rank:</b>	+13
<b>Magic Points:</b>	19
<b>Movement:</b>	4m
<b>Traits:</b>	Luck Rune, Shadow Rune
<b>Skills:</b>	Athletics 29%, First Aid 37%, Language (Arak) 32%, Language (Common) 52%, Language (Gnolaum) 62%, Lore (Animal) 57%, Lore (Plant) 32%, Lore (Theology) 52%, Persistence 39%, Play Instrument (Lute) 23%, Resilience 34%, Runecasting (Luck) 52%, Runecasting (Shadow) 52%, Survival 31%
<b>Spells:</b>	<i>Cover of Night</i> (Shadow), <i>Good Fortune</i> (Luck)
<b>Armor:</b>	Leather Hauberk (2 AP Chest, Abdomen) -4%

## BROWN BEAR (NIRANNU)

### Characteristics

STR 25, CON 13, DEX 10, SIZ 25, INT 5, POW 10, CHA 5

### Hit Locations

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-2	Right Rear Leg	3/8
3-4	Left Rear Leg	3/8
5-7	Abdomen	3/9
8-10	Chest	3/10
11-13	Right Front Leg	3/8
14-16	Left Front Leg	3/8
17-20	Head	3/8

### Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage
Bite	60%	1D8+1D10
Claw	50%	1D6+1D10

### Special Rules

<b>Combat Actions:</b>	2
<b>Strike Rank:</b>	+7
<b>Movement:</b>	6m
<b>Skills:</b>	Athletics 60%, Perception 50%, Resilience 45%, Stealth 15%, Survival 60%, Tracking 25%
<b>Armor:</b>	Tough Hide (AP 3, no Skill Penalty)

## SERI' ULK 'SAVIN "FIRST DAUGHTER OF THE ARAK"

### Arak Woodsman

You were always taller than all the boys and could beat them all at *tal*, an Arak ball game similar to soccer. Your mother tried to stop you from playing. "It wasn't your proper place", she said but you really didn't care. You liked to win.

As you grew older the boys stopped allowing you to play *tal* with them. Instead they would ridicule you and call you a Ser' ulk' savin ("She who walks like a man"). You still didn't care but someone else did and one night he and his friends showed you their anger.

Battered and broken you quietly left before anyone found you. If it hadn't been for Seri'veli'prathlem ("She who walks backwards"), you would not have survived the season. She taught you to survive both in the wilderness as well as in the clans. She taught you to pass yourself off as a warrior.

Two years after you limped away from your village you entered another under the guise of a warrior from a distant pride. You knew your lineage and even brought a gift from your family. You told them you were traveling throughout the land at the behest of your pride's shaman. No one questioned your story and you secretly smiled in pride of your accomplishment.

Everything would have been perfect had not a wild bison decided to ruin everything by goring you while you were hunting with your fellow warriors. At least you were saving their First Son from the bison at the time.

You awoke days later, bandaged but in the woman's lodge. From the whispers you overheard you knew you were to be exiled when you became well enough to walk.

That day came and as you stood before the pride's elders awaiting the inevitable, the younger shaman stood and strode in front of you.

He said, "As the elders know, I continue to have these foreboding dreams." "I know the source of these dreams lies outside our lands."

He continued when the elders said nothing. "Last night my ancestor said, Go to the young sun. The shadow rises where the sun is birthed."

"I go." He said in a calm and even voice. "Then he pointed to you and said, "And I take her with me as my protector."

**Personality:** You're tough. Tougher than any man you've ever come across. It doesn't endear you with them but then again you really don't care. After being attacked by the young men of your original pride you've become very aware of your surroundings. You never accept what something appears to be on the surface. You have honed your instincts and as a result you are rarely wrong about people's motives.

Even though you are ever watchful, you are a boisterous person and enjoy life. You feel equally comfortable drinking the local men under the table as you do spitting in the face of your current enemy.

**Image:** You are a solid 6 feet tall and as all Arak you are blue skinned. When you stride down a street in your loincloth and skins people move out of your way. You don't just walk you strut. Your emotions are clearly seen in your crimson eyes. You keep your hair as a male Arak would; a long single braid with bands of various colors. You enjoy living outside Arak lands, as people don't know you shouldn't act and dress as you do.

### SERI' ULK 'SAVIN

#### Characteristics

STR 19, CON 16, DEX 15, SIZ 15, INT 9, POW 10, CHA 8

#### Hit Locations

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	1/7
4-6	Left Leg	1/7
7-9	Abdomen	3/8
10-12	Chest	3/9
13-15	Right Arm	1/6
16-18	Left Arm	1/6
19-20	Head	5/7

#### Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage	AP
2H Axe (Greataxe)	84%	2d6+2 +1d4	3
1H Axe (Battleaxe)	59%	1d6+1 +1d4	3
Longbow	45%	2d8	2

#### Special Rules

**Combat Actions:** 3

**Hero Points:** 4

**Strike Rank:** +12

**Movement:** 4m

**Traits:** Life Sense, Night Sight

**Skills:** Athletics 54%, Language (Arak) 59%, Language (Common) 25%, Lore (Animal) 14%, Lore (Plant) 24%, Lore (Regional) 9%, Perception 34%, Resilience 41%, Stealth 25%, Survival 29%, Tracking 29%,

**Armor:** Heavy Leather Hauberk (3 AP Abdomen, Chest) -4%, Leather Shirt (1 AP Arms) -4%, Leather Trews (1 AP legs) -2%, Helmet (5 AP Head) -4%

## APPENDIX II · MAJOR NPCs

### IBLIS-ENKILI

This wizard is quickly growing in power. He has a knack for finding strange but useful tidbits of information. Over the years he has put together a mystical puzzle he believes will lead him to enormous power. His time as an apprentice and then maneuvering within the Zeredite noble houses has honed his ability to plan and prepare. He is willing to sacrifice anything or anyone in order to gain this power.

#### Characteristics

STR 10, CON 13, DEX 14, SIZ 13, INT 17, POW 16, CHA 7

#### Hit Locations

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/6
4-6	Left Leg	0/6
7-9	Abdomen	2/7
10-12	Chest	2/8
13-15	Right Arm 0/5	
16-18	Left Arm	0/5
19-20	Head	0/6

#### Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage	AP
1H Swd (Warswd)	49%	1d8	4
Dagger	49%	1d4+1	4

#### Special Rules

**Combat Actions:** 3

**Hero Points:** 5

**Strike Rank:** +15

**Magic Points:** 16

**Corruption Points:** 27 / Obsession, Black, pupil less eyes.

**Movement:** 4m

**Traits:** Chaos Rune Darkness Rune, Disorder Rune, Earth Rune, Fire Rune, Magic Rune, Man Rune

**Skills:** Evaluate 42%, Influence 57%, Lore (World) 52%, Lore (Regional) 17%, Lore (Theology - Kalaratri) 62%, Persistence 46%, Resilience 59%, Language (Common - Zeredite) 87%, Language (Gadianti) 81%, Runecasting (Chaos) 67%, Runecasting (Darkness) 65%, Runecasting (Disorder) 75%, Runecasting (Earth) +63%, Runecasting (Fire) +73%, Runecasting (Magic) +73%, Runecasting Man 57%

**Spells:** Befuddle, Countermagic, Darkwall, Disruption, Dispel Magic, Firearrow, Fireblade, Protection, Skybolt

**Armor:** Leather Hauberk (2 AP Chest, Abdomen) -4%

### SHREMNI, IBLIS-ENKILI'S FAMILIAR

Summoned at great expense to Iblis-Enkili's soul, Shremni is the personification of Iblis-Enkili's magical corruption. Twisted in body and psyche, Shremni looks as though he has just risen from a pit of hell. Although he moves quickly on all fours, his twisted spine makes each step look agonizing. Shremni is the color of tar and his otherworldly nature allows him to move in complete silence. The only sound he ever makes is a catlike purr while he grooms himself over a fresh kill.

## SHREMNI

### Characteristics

STR 12, CON 15, DEX 13, SIZ 6, INT 12, POW 14, CHA 6

### Hit Locations

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	2/5
4-6	Left Leg	2/5
7-8	Abdomen	2/6
9-11	Chest	2/7
12	Tail	2/4
13-14	Right Wing	2/4
15-16	Left Wing	2/4
17-20	Head	2/5

### Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage
Bite	55%	1d8
Sting	70%	1d6

### Special Rules

<b>Combat Actions:</b>	3
<b>Strike Rank:</b>	+10
<b>Movement:</b>	3m, 6m when flying
<b>Traits:</b>	Dark Sight, Formidable Natural Weapons, Life Sense, Night Sight,
<b>Skills:</b>	Athletics 40%, Resilience 50%, Survival 40%
<b>Armor:</b>	Imp Skin (AP 2, no Skill Penalty)

## APPRENTICE WIZARDS (2)

These two young Zeredites have been under the tutelage of Iblis-Enkili for nearly a decade. Like most Zeredite wizards, Iblis-Enkili is loath to release them for he benefits from their knowledge and ability in his research and experimentation.

### ZEREDITE APPRENTICES

#### Characteristics

STR 11, CON 13, DEX 14, SIZ 13, INT 17, POW 16, CHA 7

#### Hit Locations

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/6
4-6	Left Leg	0/6
7-9	Abdomen	2/7
10-12	Chest	2/8
13-15	Right Arm	0/5
16-18	Left Arm	0/5
19-20	Head	0/6

#### Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage	AP
Longbow	39%	2d8	2
Dagger	39%	1d4+1	4

#### Special Rules

<b>Combat Actions:</b>	3
<b>Strike Rank:</b>	+15
<b>Magic Points:</b>	16
<b>Corruption Points:</b>	11 / Strange growths on face.
<b>Movement:</b>	4m
<b>Traits:</b>	Chaos Rune, Disorder Rune, Man Rune
<b>Skills:</b>	Evaluate 32%, Influence 27%, Lore (World) 22%, Lore (Regional) 17%, Persistence 46%, Resilience 49%, Language (Common - Zeredite) 67%, Language (Gadianti) 27%, Runecasting (Chaos) +43%, Runecasting (Disorder) +43%, Runecasting (Man) +43%
<b>Spells:</b>	Befuddle, Demoralize
<b>Armor:</b>	Leather Hauberk (2 AP Chest, Abdomen) -4%

## THE EYE OF KALARATRI

She is a fervent follower of the goddess Kalaratri. She has heard the voice of her goddess since a child and now her only goal is to be the eyes and ears of the one she worships. Focused and driven, she is surrounded by those who wish to be seen by Kalaratri in hopes that when they die their goddess will remember them and choose to consume their soul so that they may know the peace of becoming one with the Great Devourer.

## EYE OF KALARATRI

### Characteristics

STR 12, CON 12, DEX 8, SIZ 10, INT 12, POW 18, CHA 16

### Hit Locations

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	1/5
4-6	Left Leg	1/5
7-9	Abdomen	1/6
10-12	Chest	1/7
13-15	Right Arm	1/4
16-18	Left Arm	1/4
19-20	Head	1/5

### Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage	AP
Staff	30%	1d4+1 -1d2	4
Sling	18%	1d8 -1d2	2

### Special Rules

<b>Combat Actions:</b>	2
<b>Strike Rank:</b>	+10
<b>Magic Points:</b>	18
<b>Movement:</b>	4m
<b>Traits:</b>	Chaos Rune, Disorder Rune, Spirit Rune, Stoneskin (1 AP on all locations), Slow Heal (½ normal healing rate)
<b>Skills:</b>	Athletics 25%, First Aid 52%, Heal 50%, Influence 46%, Language (Gadianti) 62%, Language (Common) 32%, Lore (Animal) 22%, Lore (Gadianti) 22%, Lore (Plant) 42%, Lore (Regional) 22%, Lore (Theology - Kalaratri) 42%, Lore (World) 27%, Persistence 48%, Resilience 35%, Runecasting (Chaos) 54%, Runecasting (Disorder) 54%, Runecasting (Spirit) 54%, Survival 30%
<b>Spells:</b>	Demoralize, Disruption, Second Sight
<b>Armor:</b>	None

## RANNIN

A friendly jovial man, Rannin loves life and the pleasures it allows. Though hedonistic in the extreme he is also very aware of those who suffer and finds purpose and pleasure in caring for people in pain.

### RANNIN

#### Characteristics

STR 15, CON 10, DEX 14, SIZ 12, INT 12, POW 19, CHA 13

#### Hit Locations

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	1/5
4-6	Left Leg	1/5
7-9	Abdomen	1/6
10-12	Chest	1/7
13-15	Right Arm	1/4
16-18	Left Arm	1/4
19-20	Head	1/5

#### Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage	AP
Warsword	42%	1d8 +1d2	5
Sling	24%	1d6	1

#### Special Rules

<b>Combat Actions:</b>	3
<b>Strike Rank:</b>	+13
<b>Magic Points:</b>	19
<b>Movement:</b>	4m
<b>Traits:</b>	Communication Rune, Disorder Rune, Luck Rune, Stoneskin (1 AP all locations, no skill penalty), Slow Heal (½ normal healing rate)
<b>Skills:</b>	Athletics 39%, First Aid 47%, Language (Arak) 42%, Language (Common) 72%, Lore (Animal) 57%, Lore (Plant) 42%, Lore (Regional) 42%, Lore (Theology - Tartak) 74%, Persistence 49%, Resilience 44%, Runecasting (Communication) 62%, Runecasting (Disorder) 62%, Runecasting (Luck) 62%, Survival 31%
<b>Spells:</b>	Babel (Communication, Disorder), Demoralize (Disorder), Good Fortune (Luck)
<b>Armor:</b>	None
<b>Possessions:</b>	4,000 ezrum in locked vault.



## FOLLOWERS OF THE EYE

The Eye has acquired a number of followers during her travels through Diomin. She has brought solace for those who suffer from plagues and the vagaries of fate. She in turn preaches of the Blessed Sleep to found in the in the bosom of Kalaratri. A restful oblivion promised to all who suffer in this heartless world. Some of those whom she has tended follow her after she leaves their region.

As the followers of the Eye of Kalaratri play no active roll in the story, no statistics are provided. If you've changed the adventure around so statistics for these NPCs are needed use the statistics for Rena provided in Encounter One: A Scream in the Night.

### GADIANTI SOLDIERS

#### Gadianti Soliders:

STR 12, CON 13, DEX 17, SIZ 12, INT 14, POW 10, CHA 6.

#### Weapons

Type	Weapon Skill	Damage	AP
Shortsword	55%	1D6	3
Shortbow	45%	1D8	2

#### Gadianti Hit Locations

D20	Hit Location	AP/HP
1-3	Right Leg	0/5
4-6	Left Leg	0/5
7-9	Abdomen	2/6
10-12	Chest	2/7
13-15	Right Arm	0/4
16-18	Left Arm	0/5
19-20	Head	0/5

#### Special Rules

**Combat Actions:** 3

**Strike Rank:** +16

**Movement:** 5m

**Traits:** Night Sight

**Skills:** Acrobatics 56%, Athletics 46%, Dodge 56%, First Aid 40%, Language (Gadianti) 65%, Perception 50%, Persistence 55%, Stealth 56%, Survival 55%, Tracking 30%

**Armor:** Leather Hauberk (AP 2); Skill Penalty -4%

**Possessions:** Gold medallions (image of a modified Chaos rune) that reduces wearers Persistence by -15% while worn (350 sp each).

## APPENDIX III - THE NIGHTMARE

You madly flee from an unknown pursuer and fear descends upon your heart and clutches at your throat. Your chest tightens with each breath and your heart pounds loudly in your ears as your feet strike the tunnel floor like the beat from a hunting party's drum. Each twist and turn of the tunnel seems to send you further from safety.

The rushing movement stops. A series of images, sounds, and smells assault your senses far to quickly for you to identify them. Then silence and darkness hold you to their bosom.

The emptiness uncoils from around you like a constrictor releasing a dead wild pig after squeezing the life from it, and just like the snake; swallows you whole. Taking a step forward you stumble and fall onto a still warm body. The odor of blood fills your nose with your next breath.

Suddenly gray light emanates from the ground. The dull light casts reverse shadows on the now visible world revealing innumerable twisted dead bodies piled one upon the other. Standing above you is a dark eyed man with indistinct features. He holds a limp Hearthom man by the neck. Murmuring sticky vile words he cuts open his still living victim's skull and reaches inside the young man's head. With a jarring turn and a ripping pull he removes the man's brain. You look on in terror - your breath stuck in your chest- as his completely clouded eyes catch your gaze and he bites into the gray fleshy mass.

Only then does the nightmare release you into heart pounding wakefulness.



# The Land of Diomid

## Arak

Tez-rin (Sacred Arak Mountain)

Castal

Kesslar

Libe of Power

Netophah

Barkos

Reccad

Straits of Gold

Carphenish

Adma

Mountains of Despair

Calah

Tameth

Ramah

## Gnolaam

Sephar

Bazcath

Dartoo

Caloch

Teh-Melah

Sea of the Twins

Retoboth

Zeboin

Inner

Harad

Merch

Beth-Horad

Parost

Parost's Lake

Harad

Harad

## Tirasim

Krioch

Sidoo River

Njaloo

Kadesth

Sidoo Mountains

Kriath-Aram

Great Sea

Parost

Merch

Merch

Merch

Merch

Merch

Merch

Merch

Merch



## Gadianti

## Hearthom

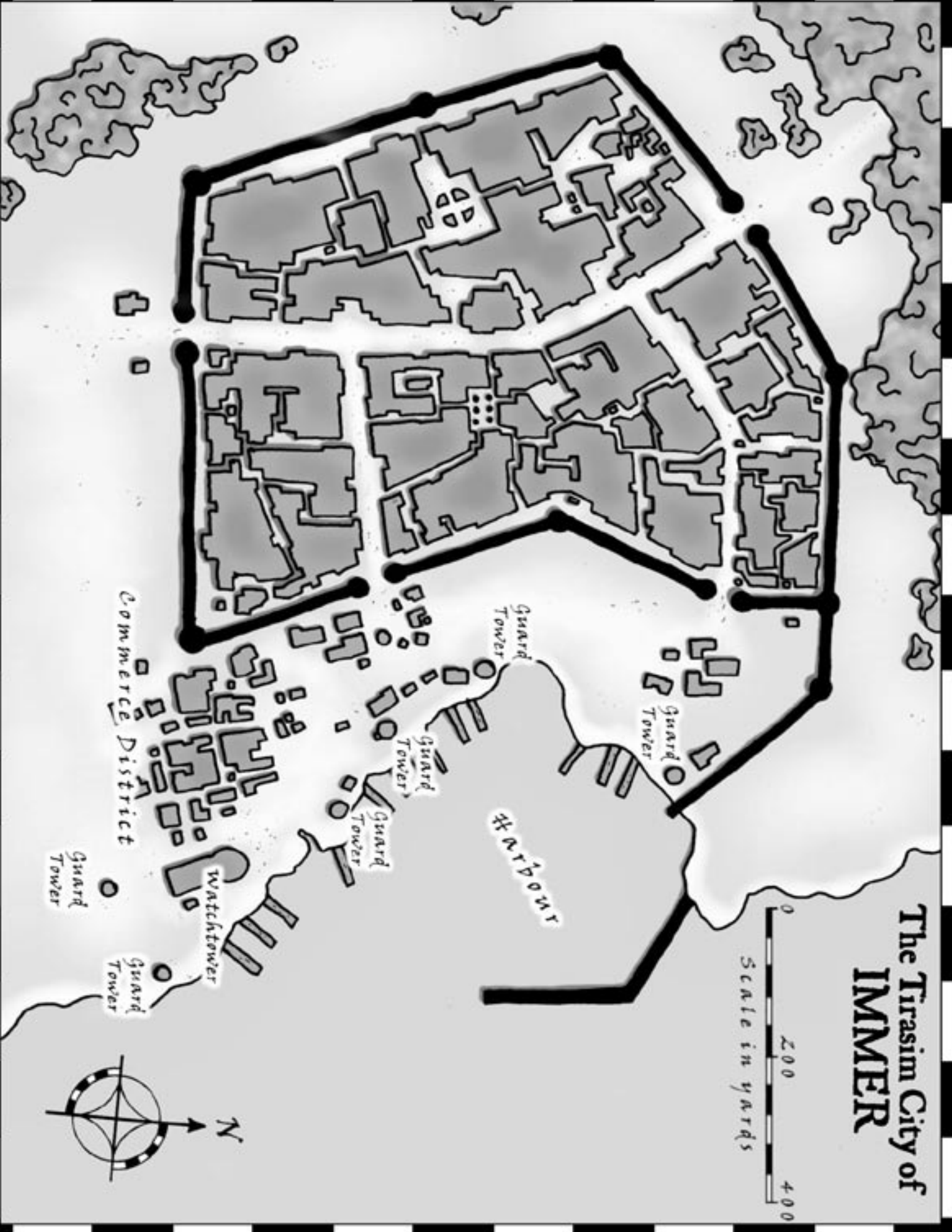
## Zeredites

1 inch = 100 miles



# The Tirasim City of **IMMER**

Scale in yards  
0 200 400



Harbour

Guard Tower

Guard Tower

Guard Tower

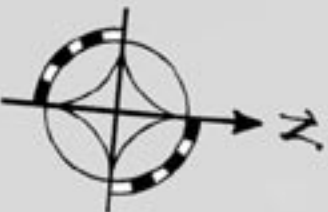
Guard Tower

Commerce District

Watchtower

Guard Tower

Guard Tower



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