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Written by Kevin Hassall



The Path of Good Intentions

Sentinels Adventure Book

The Path of Good Intentions

Sentinels' Adventures

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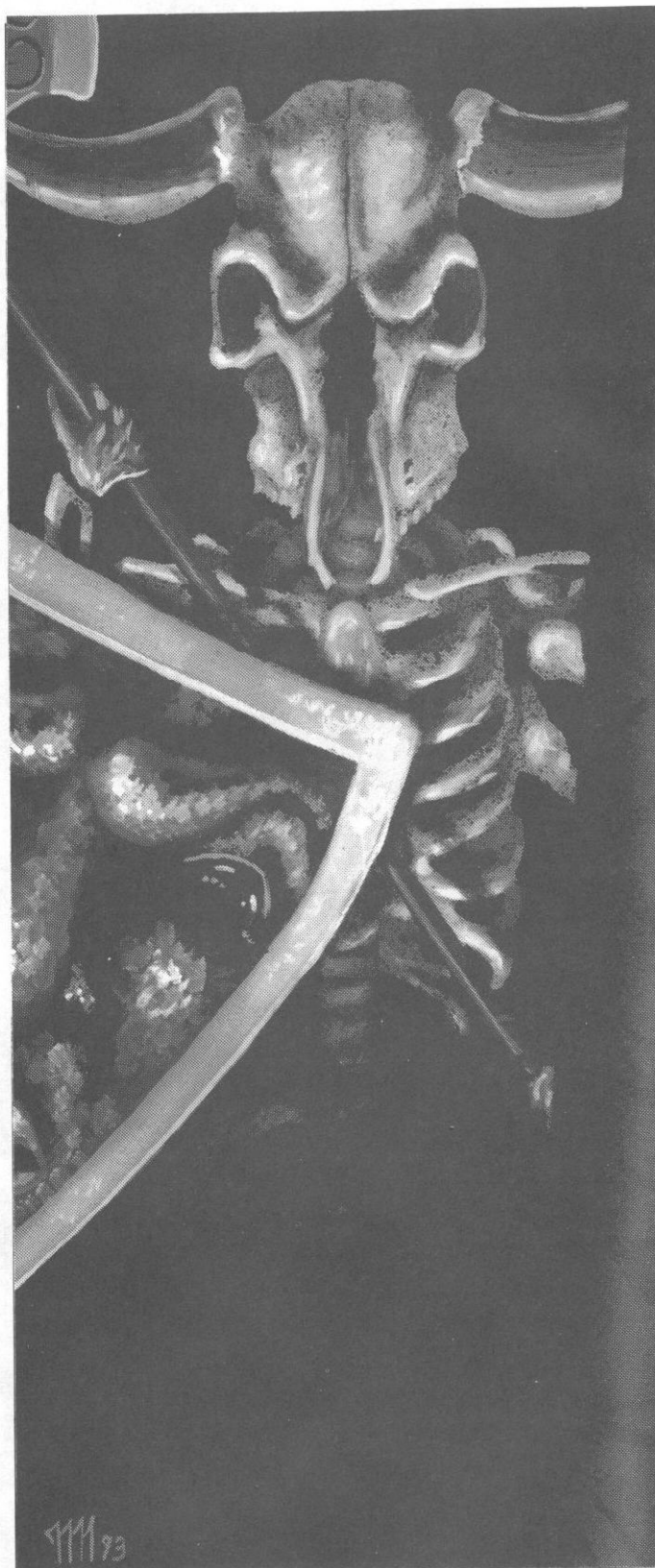
A Note on Language:

For the sake of convenience, the male gender is used as a neuter term throughout this product. This does not imply any chauvinism on our part, it simply takes up less space and makes for much smoother reading.

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Introduction

This book contains two full length adventures, along with details of how they might be expanded to form the basis of a longer series of adventures. They are designed to introduce adventurers to the Sentinels. They can be used to start new adventurers or may be incorporated into an ongoing campaign.

Both of the adventures focus on a long-dead necromancer named Lodyrek, and his attempts to regain the lands he once ruled. Rabineile, a Warden of the Third Dominion, seeks a group of heroes who can thwart these evil plans. These heroes are, of course, the player character adventurers.

In the first adventure, "And A Few Bandits", the adventurers attempt to recover the map of Lodyrek's island. It is a straightforward adventure which pits them against a group of bandits. The situation is complicated both by the fact that the bandits' leader is a powerful necromancer, and by the bandits holding of a number of innocent hostages.

In the second adventure, "But Only Sleeping," the adventurers, now armed with the map, attempt to confront Lodyrek and destroy him once and for all. In order to defeat his evil spirit they must bargain with a Custodian Sentinel, and defend the villagers of Trodhault from an attack of undead warriors.

Lodyrek's History

Four hundred years ago, the necromancer Lodyrek settled on an island just off the coast from a village called Sundheim, and there built his stronghold.

He ruled the surrounding lands through fear and intimidation, forcing local lords to pay homage to him and fighting off whatever armies came against him. Heroes, priests and wizards conspired to rid the land of him, but without success.

At last there came an invoker named Mariene Diverdi. Her army besieged the tower. Rather than throw her forces away on a costly assault, Mariene wrought a great enchantment that trapped the necromancer within the tower's deep vault. Mariene's forces then disassembled the tower, from the top down, brick by brick. The

stones were arranged about the island, marking out the paths of a great labyrinth. Weaving another spell, the Invoker enchanted the maze so that it could not be completed without the aid of a map. *No-one may enter the vault from outside, nor escape from the center without the aid of the map.* Thus, the necromancer was rendered harmless without the need of a direct assault.

Many of Lodyrek's servants, both living and undead, remained at large, however. In a subsequent battle to destroy them Mariene was killed. She was buried on a hill above Sundheim, and from her grave a great oak tree grew.

Over the years Mariene's strategy unraveled, for she was never able to complete her plan and put Lodyrek to final rest. When Lodyrek died years after Mariene's death, his soul could not leave the island, trapped as it was within the maze. With time he learned to extend his powers beyond the confines of the labyrinth, but has never been able to tear his spirit free of it. He has learned to draw bodies to the shores of his island, which he can then animate to serve him. His malign power has blighted the seas around his island, driving away or killing all marine life in the area.

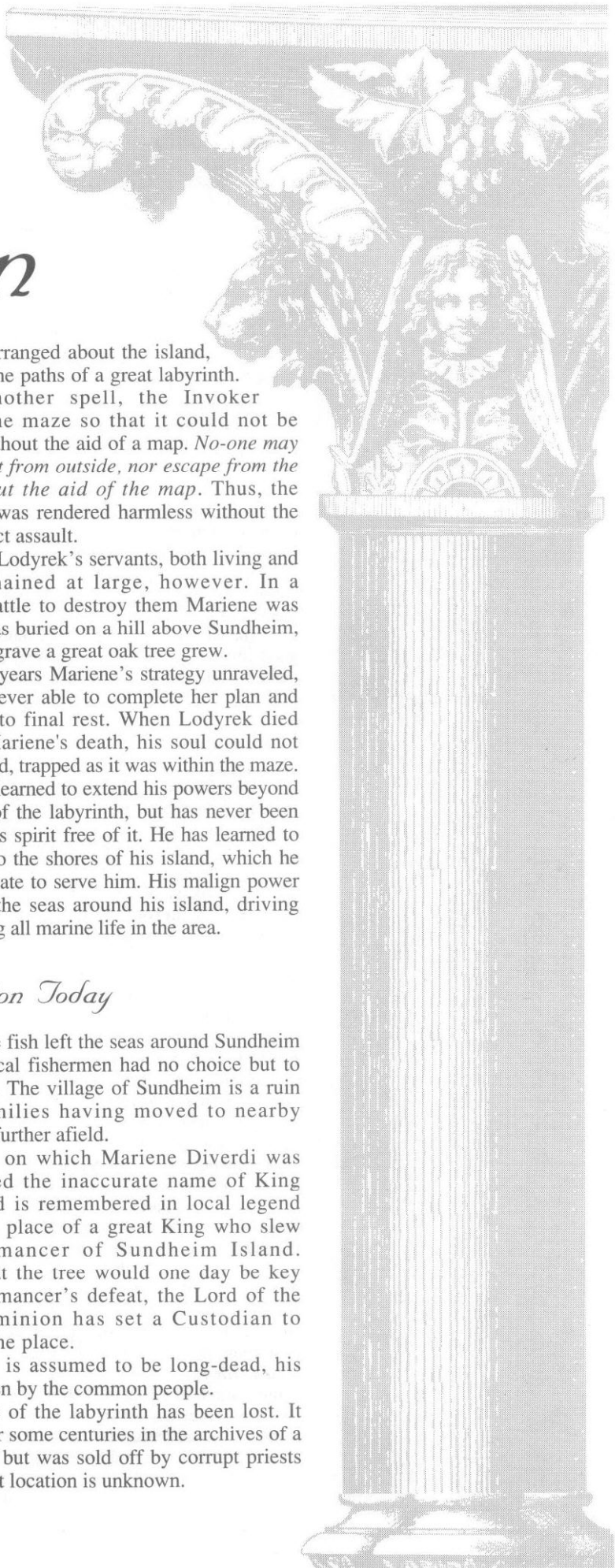
The Region Today

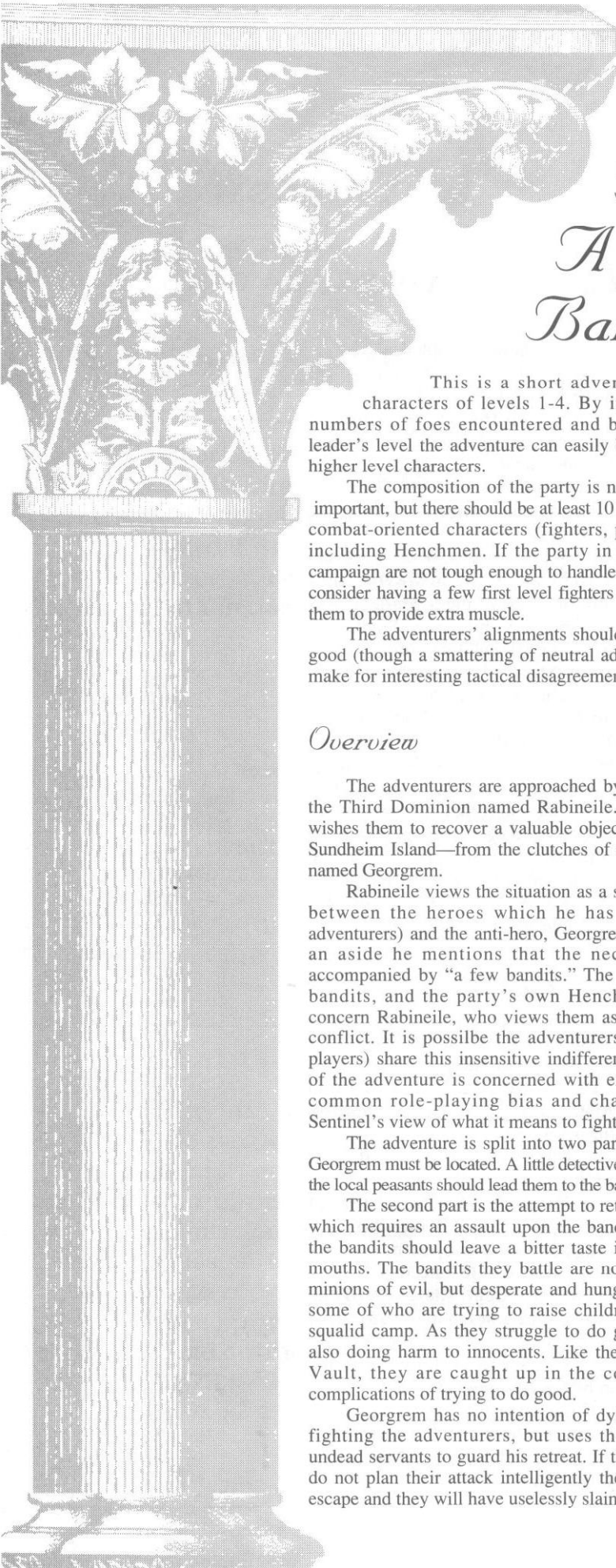
When the fish left the seas around Sundheim Island, the local fishermen had no choice but to leave as well. The village of Sundheim is a ruin now, its families having moved to nearby Trodhault or further afield.

The hill on which Mariene Diverdi was buried gained the inaccurate name of King Oak Hill and is remembered in local legend as the burial place of a great King who slew The Necromancer of Sundheim Island. Knowing that the tree would one day be key to the necromancer's defeat, the Lord of the Second Dominion has set a Custodian to watch over the place.

Lodyrek is assumed to be long-dead, his name forgotten by the common people.

The map of the labyrinth has been lost. It was stored for some centuries in the archives of a large temple, but was sold off by corrupt priests and its current location is unknown.





And A Few Bandits

Background

The necromancer Georgrem is a wizard of meager power but great ambitions. He investigated the legend of The Necromancer of Sundheim Island, and believes that he can free the bound Necromancer. He expects a generous reward for such efforts.

He tracked the ancient, magical map down and hired a thief to acquire it for him. However, he does not understand how to use it. He has never seen the maze on Sundheim Island, and assumes that the design refers to an enchantment or similar enigma rather than a physical maze. He sees the diagram as a riddle or ideogram, perhaps even an obscure sort of magical Scroll, and has spent a great deal of time trying to "decipher" it.

Georgrem is lying low this winter, hiding out with a group of bandits he loosely controls and who provide him with food. In the spring he hopes to travel to Sundheim Island to release the Necromancer.

This is a short adventure for 3-8 characters of levels 1-4. By increasing the numbers of foes encountered and boosting their leader's level the adventure can easily be adapted for higher level characters.

The composition of the party is not particularly important, but there should be at least 10 levels worth of combat-oriented characters (fighters, paladins, etc.) including Henchmen. If the party in your existing campaign are not tough enough to handle this you might consider having a few first level fighters tag along with them to provide extra muscle.

The adventurers' alignments should tend towards good (though a smattering of neutral adventurers may make for interesting tactical disagreements).

Overview

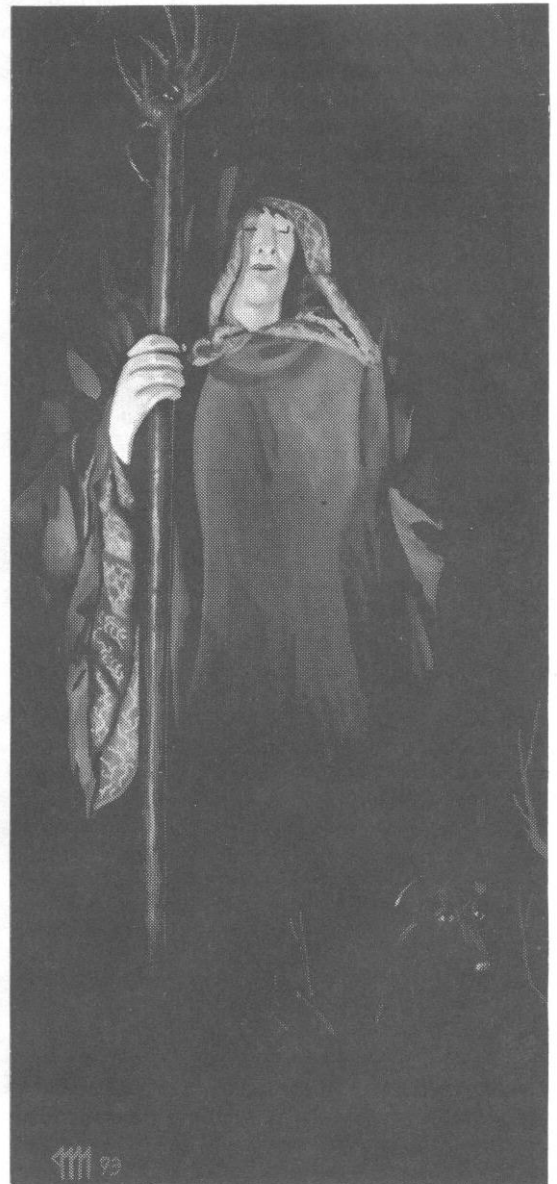
The adventurers are approached by a Warden of the Third Dominion named Rabineile. The Sentinel wishes them to recover a valuable object—the map of Sundheim Island—from the clutches of a necromancer named Georgrem.

Rabineile views the situation as a simple conflict between the heroes which he has chosen (the adventurers) and the anti-hero, Georgrem. Almost as an aside he mentions that the necromancer is accompanied by "a few bandits." The fates of these bandits, and the party's own Henchmen, do not concern Rabineile, who views them as pawns in the conflict. It is possible the adventurers (or even the players) share this insensitive indifference, and much of the adventure is concerned with examining this common role-playing bias and challenging the Sentinel's view of what it means to fight against evil.

The adventure is split into two parts. First of all, Georgrem must be located. A little detective work amongst the local peasants should lead them to the bandits camp.

The second part is the attempt to retrieve the map, which requires an assault upon the bandits. Defeating the bandits should leave a bitter taste in the players' mouths. The bandits they battle are not well trained minions of evil, but desperate and hungry peasants—some of who are trying to raise children within the squalid camp. As they struggle to do good, they are also doing harm to innocents. Like the angels in the Vault, they are caught up in the confusion and complications of trying to do good.

Georgrem has no intention of dying heroically fighting the adventurers, but uses the bandits and undead servants to guard his retreat. If the adventurers do not plan their attack intelligently their quarry will escape and they will have uselessly slain the bandits.



A Stranger Arrives

The adventurers are camped in light woodland during winter. They may be returning from another adventure, accompanying a merchant caravan far from civilization, or be on a simple hunting trip a few miles from a town. If they are part of a larger group they should be camped separately from the rabble, with their own camp-fire—or even in a separate clearing.

Shortly before midnight, Rabineile visits the camp. Presumably one or more of the characters will be on guard, and GMs may read this passage to their players to describe the Sentinel's arrival.

A stranger stands at the edge of the camp, just at the far reach of your fire's light. He is over six feet tall and very well built. In his right hand he holds a large staff. A slender hunting dog stands at his side.

The adventurers may wish to challenge the interloper, brandish their weapons, or wake their comrades. Rabineile's reply to any challenge is to step out of the shadows toward the camp fire, asking, "You wouldn't deny warmth to a weary wanderer, would you?" The GM may continue the description:

As the stranger steps forward, deeper into the light, you see he has a thick brown beard and shaggy hair. His skin is worn and creased. His eyes, deep black. He wears a tunic of worked leather (its intricate design all but worn away by age), faded purple woolen trousers and a heavy bearskin cloak. At his waist hangs a bastard sword, its silver hilt glinting in the firelight. His staff is inlaid by silver symbols. Round his neck is a finely wrought platinum torque.

The Sentinel expects proper respect and all possible hospitality. If the adventurers face him with weapons readied he says, "If you greet guests with such reverence you cannot expect to win allies in your quests." If adventurers sit and eat in his presence without offering he any food, he asks, "Do you think you will starve unless your guests go hungry?" He ignores rude characters and addresses himself to those who are better mannered, saying, "I see no reason to be troubled by one with a peasant's manners."

When the characters have accepted their guest and extended some courtesy to him, Rabineile continues toward the fire, finally crouching beside it, warming his hands. If asked what he wants, the Sentinel simply states, "I would ask your aid." He addresses this and subsequent comments primarily to the highest level lawful good member of the group (or else the character whose alignment is closest to lawful good). A Spellcraft proficiency Check reveals that the symbols on the staff are associated with the school of Divination but are extremely ancient.

He continues, "There is a place called Sundheim Island, where a necromancer named Lodyrek once dwelt. A foul fiend most certainly. He was defeated, at last, by the magic of a wise wizard, centuries past. Most thought him destroyed. In fact, he had been only imprisoned within a magical maze that surrounded the remains of his tower.

The wizard who trapped him, an invoker named Mariene Diverdi, planned to finally put the necromancer to death when her forces were stronger. So she might return to finish her handiwork the wizard created a map—a kind of key. She was slain, however, and the task left incomplete.

"Now this key—a sheet of parchment with black lines drawn upon it—has fallen into the hands of another necromancer. Less astute in the practice of his art than Lodyrek—but rotten through his soul nonetheless. This young necromancer might use the key to free the spirit of the long dead necromancer.

"The young necromancer may be found near the town of Wyford, no great distance from here. Within his camp he has a few bandits to guard him. I trust that you would undertake this simple quest. Recover the map so the evil magics of the young and old necromancers are not combined to the produce new horrors."

If the adventurers ask about payment, Rabineile looks askance at them, but says the bandits may have, "preserved some little plunder." He gives directions to Wyford, and apologizes that "I cannot fight along side you—my overlord forbids it." He can give a vague description of the necromancer ("short and slim, brown-haired and most likely dressed to fit in with his henchmen"). If asked about the bandits he just shrugs and claims that they are "inconsequential—merely followers".

Rabineile avoids giving more details, no matter what he is asked, for fear of "intervening" beyond the Charter established by the gods. He refuses to name his overlords or explain who he is, but will not deny that he is a Sentinel if asked directly and politely.

Wynde Valley and Wyford

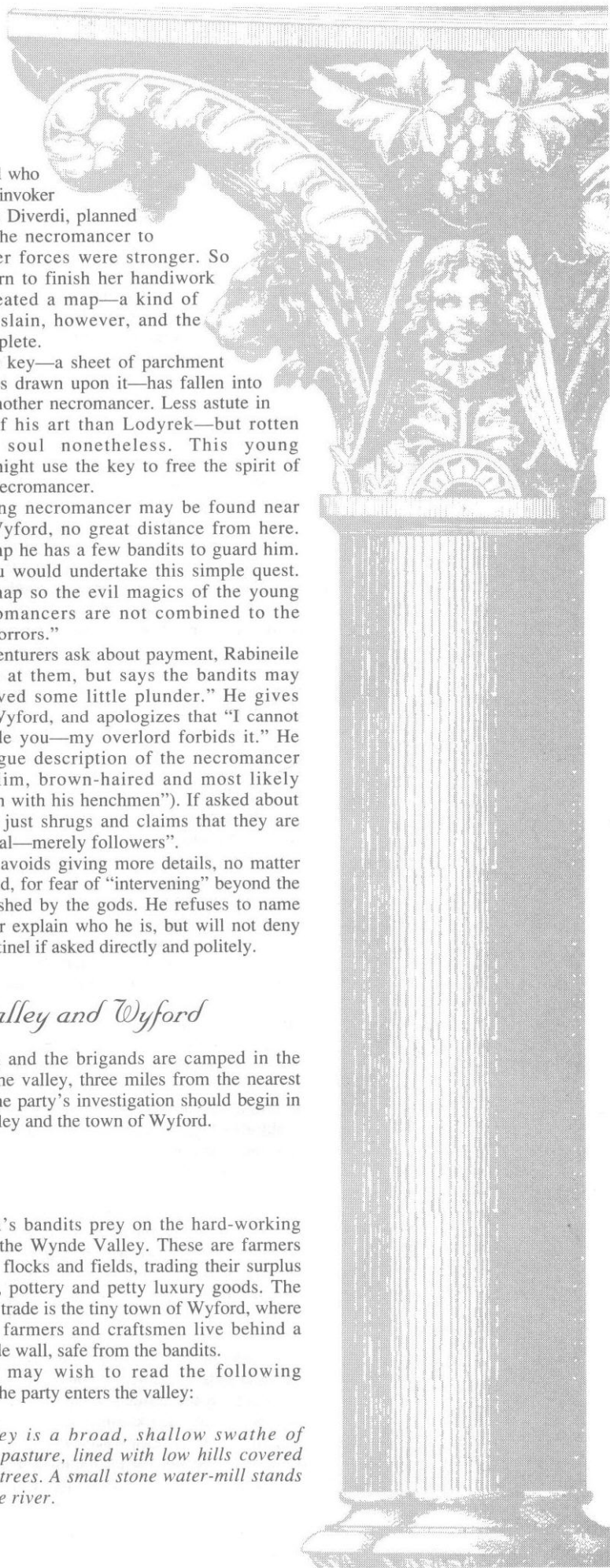
Georgrem and the brigands are camped in the woods above the valley, three miles from the nearest homesteads. The party's investigation should begin in the Wynde Valley and the town of Wyford.

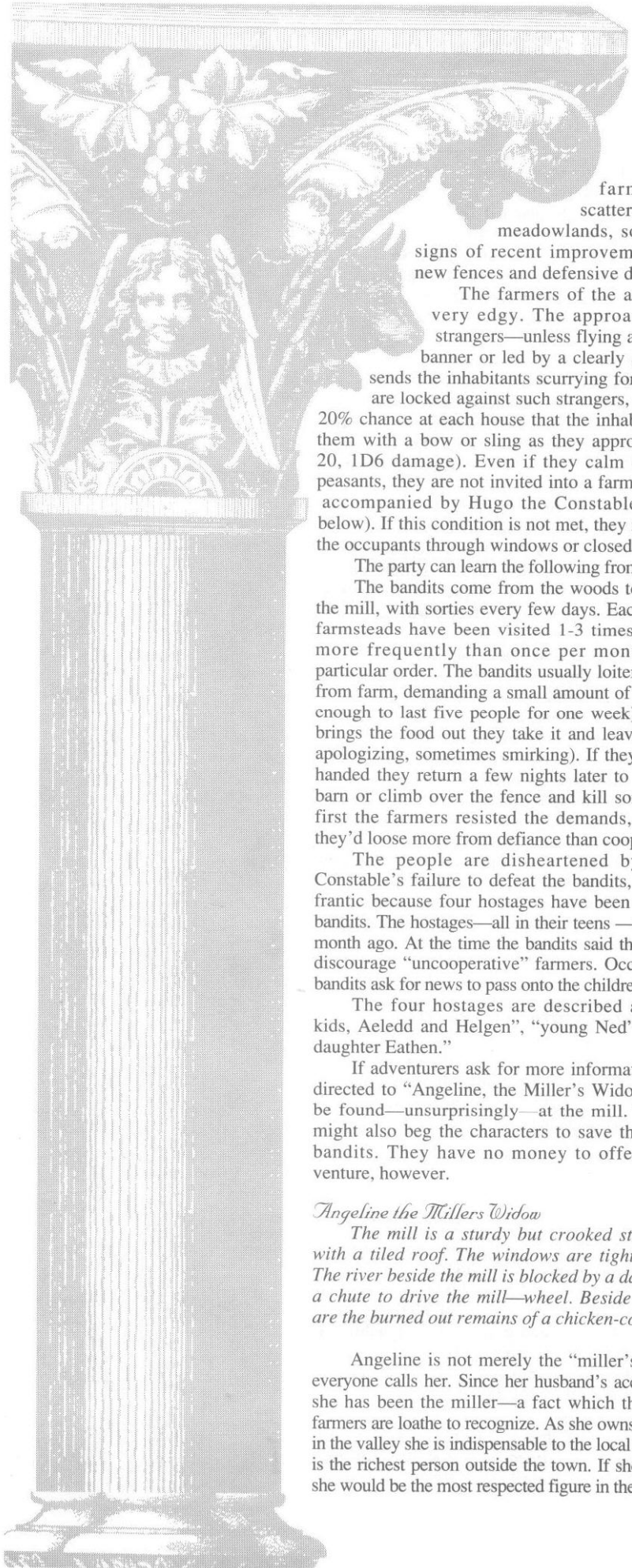
The Valley

Georgrem's bandits prey on the hard-working inhabitants of the Wynde Valley. These are farmers who tend their flocks and fields, trading their surplus for metalwork, pottery and petty luxury goods. The center for their trade is the tiny town of Wyford, where three hundred farmers and craftsmen live behind a wooden palisade wall, safe from the bandits.

The GM may wish to read the following description as the party enters the valley:

The valley is a broad, shallow swathe of farmland and pasture, lined with low hills covered in oak and fir trees. A small stone water-mill stands by a dam in the river.





Isolated farmsteads are scattered across the meadowlands, some showing signs of recent improvements such as new fences and defensive ditches.

The farmers of the area are very, very edgy. The approach of armed strangers—unless flying a recognizable banner or led by a clearly good priest—sends the inhabitants scurrying for cover. Gates are locked against such strangers, and there is a 20% chance at each house that the inhabitants fire on them with a bow or sling as they approach (THACO 20, 1D6 damage). Even if they calm the excitable peasants, they are not invited into a farm house unless accompanied by Hugo the Constable's men (see below). If this condition is not met, they must speak to the occupants through windows or closed doors.

The party can learn the following from the farmers.

The bandits come from the woods to the north of the mill, with sorties every few days. Each of the forty farmsteads have been visited 1-3 times each, rarely more frequently than once per month but in no particular order. The bandits usually loiter at a distance from farm, demanding a small amount of food (usually enough to last five people for one week). If someone brings the food out they take it and leave (sometimes apologizing, sometimes smirking). If they leave empty handed they return a few nights later to burn down a barn or climb over the fence and kill some sheep. At first the farmers resisted the demands, but realized they'd loose more from defiance than cooperation.

The people are disheartened by Hugo the Constable's failure to defeat the bandits, and are now frantic because four hostages have been taken by the bandits. The hostages—all in their teens—were seized a month ago. At the time the bandits said that this was to discourage "uncooperative" farmers. Occasionally the bandits ask for news to pass onto the children.

The four hostages are described as "Luffen's kids, Aeled and Helgen", "young Ned" and "Will's daughter Eathen."

If adventurers ask for more information, they are directed to "Angeline, the Miller's Widow," who can be found—unsurprisingly—at the mill. The farmers might also beg the characters to save them from the bandits. They have no money to offer for such a venture, however.

Angeline the Millers Widow

The mill is a sturdy but crooked stone building with a tiled roof. The windows are tightly shuttered. The river beside the mill is blocked by a dam, and feeds a chute to drive the mill—wheel. Beside the building are the burned out remains of a chicken-coop.

Angeline is not merely the "miller's widow", as everyone calls her. Since her husband's accidental death she has been the miller—a fact which the chauvinist farmers are loathe to recognize. As she owns the only mill in the valley she is indispensable to the local economy and is the richest person outside the town. If she were a man she would be the most respected figure in the valley.

A confident, broad-shouldered woman, she responds to knocks on the door by sticking her head out of a window high up in the flour-loft. She'll talk to the characters from the window. However powerful or good they might claim or appear to be, she doesn't know the party and so she won't let them in.

She is the only person in the valley to have held out against the bandits' demands, and after they burned her hen-house down there was nothing they could do to her: her house is made of stone, and it would take a trained mountaineer to climb around the dam or wheel and damage them. Now the bandits leave her alone.

She has tried to encourage the farmers to organize in defense of the valley, but she is only a woman and is ignored. Nonetheless, she knows all of the gossip available in the area, and can repeat the facts available from the farmers. As a character trait, the GM might have her drift off into colorful gossip about the inhabitants of the valley and Wyford. It will be up to the characters to drag her back onto the subject of the bandits.

She might suggest that any bandits with an ounce of brain would hunt and forage as well as steal from farmers. Thus they might be encountered in small groups in the northern woods. From their varying behaviors she might also suggest that some bandit groups are less vicious than others ("Though I'd hang 'em all, given the chance."), and points out that none have ever risked a fight. Even the Constable's men just got pelted with arrows as the bandits fled from them.

Wyford

This brief description may be read to players as their characters approach the town:

The village of Wyford stands on the floor of the valley, where a rutted road fords the river. The dirt track leads over an ill-kept ditch, and through an open gate in ten-foot wooden walls.

When the adventurers have entered, the GM may also read the following:

Inside the walls stand long houses, haphazardly placed, each built of wood on stone foundations, topped with shaggy thatch. Winding roads lead to the small, muddy market square, where a few craftsmen and peddlers loiter casually as the locals glance over their wares. A few faces turn toward you, revealing expressions of both curiosity and fear. The only buildings of note are gathered around the town's market—a sleepy tavern, a wooden fort, and a small merchant's townhouse.

No one challenges the party as they enter. Strangers are something of an oddity here, especially armed strangers, and the locals keep a wary eye on new arrivals. Observant characters may notice that stall-holders in the market gain a measure of enthusiasm at the prospect of fresh customers.

If the party asks about the bandits all the traders and customers in the market explain they have all heard stories about the brigands, but no details. All are agreed, however, that it is wise to avoid the Wynde Valley until the bandits have moved on. They know that the criminals have not killed anyone ("They haven't killed anyone yet," an older woman might add).

Local speculation suggests that the bandits are unemployed mercenaries, wanted criminals, revolutionaries, or "foreigners". Having heard that some farmers' children have been kidnapped, some locals also speculate that the brigands are evil priests who conduct human sacrifice, cannibals, or slave-traders.

The Tavern

The town's tavern is a quiet, single story building, looking out onto the market. A few locals and visiting peddlers lounge around the large front room, where a flabby bartender pauses between one bout of inaction and another. To the rear of the building three doors lead out—presumably to private guest rooms.

The tavern's Ostler (owner) is a fat-faced, lazy, humorless man named Wendal, the son of the town's previous undertaker. He is rather tired of his customers' cracks about the meat he serves in every evening's stew.

He has heard about the bandits, but doesn't care about them and has made no effort to gather gossip on the subject. If they can overcome his disinterest, the characters get the same type of rumors from him as from the traders in the square. Ultimately, he doesn't care what crimes are committed so long as the victims aren't his friends or family.

The Fort

The party may wish to discover what the forces of law and order are doing about the bandits. Any local can point them towards the fort by the market. It is from the fort that Hugo the Constable deals with criminals in the town and surrounding valley.

The fort consists of three wooden buildings arranged to form a quadrangle in front of a three-story wooden tower. A sturdy twenty-foot palisade circling these. The gates are closed, and on the walkway above two leather-clad guards chat as they lean on their spears.

If the party wish to speak with Hugo the guards climb down a ladder to open the doors for them, but insist that all weapons are left at the gate. (With an Appeal Check a character may convince them that a knife is merely an eating or hunting implement, rather than a weapon. Paladins and noblemen are of course permitted to keep their swords in deference to their rank.)

Hugo is a tall, cowardly man who nervously scratches his ear throughout any conversation. He receives the party in the fort's main hall (which occupies the middle story of the tower), and tries to avoid admitting that he does nothing to combat the bandits.

When the brigands first arrived, last autumn, he sent some men to drive them out. In a running fight two of his men were felled (but not killed) by arrows. No bandit

was killed or captured. Since then he has not risked another attack.

He only has eight men at the fort, whom he considers inadequate to face the brigands. Nor does he wish to have any locals killed by deploying a militia for the task. In order to justify his inaction he exaggerates the brigands' numbers, saying that there are "at least thirty or forty" of them. If pushed further, he says that Thomas the Fuller (below) has urged patience in dealing with the brigands. He quotes Thomas as saying, "Better to attack when we are ready, than risk wasting lives." When anyone in the village will ever be "ready" no one can say.

Shrewd players may be able to persuade Hugo to pay them to rid the area of the bandits (which they probably intend to do anyway). He offers up to 300 gp (or 500 gp if their negotiator makes an Appeal Check while haggling) for driving the criminals away. If the party ask no reward but emphasize that they are doing him a favor by attacking the bandits, a successful Appeal Check persuades him to lend them two of his own men to help them.

Hugo's men are 1st skill level fighters (THAC0 20 with spears inflicting 1D6 damage, AC 7 with leather armor and medium shields, 6 HTK points and all Attributes at 11). They become the Henchmen of the fighting character with the Highest Appeal in the party, but remain loyal to Hugo and return to him after the bandits are defeated.

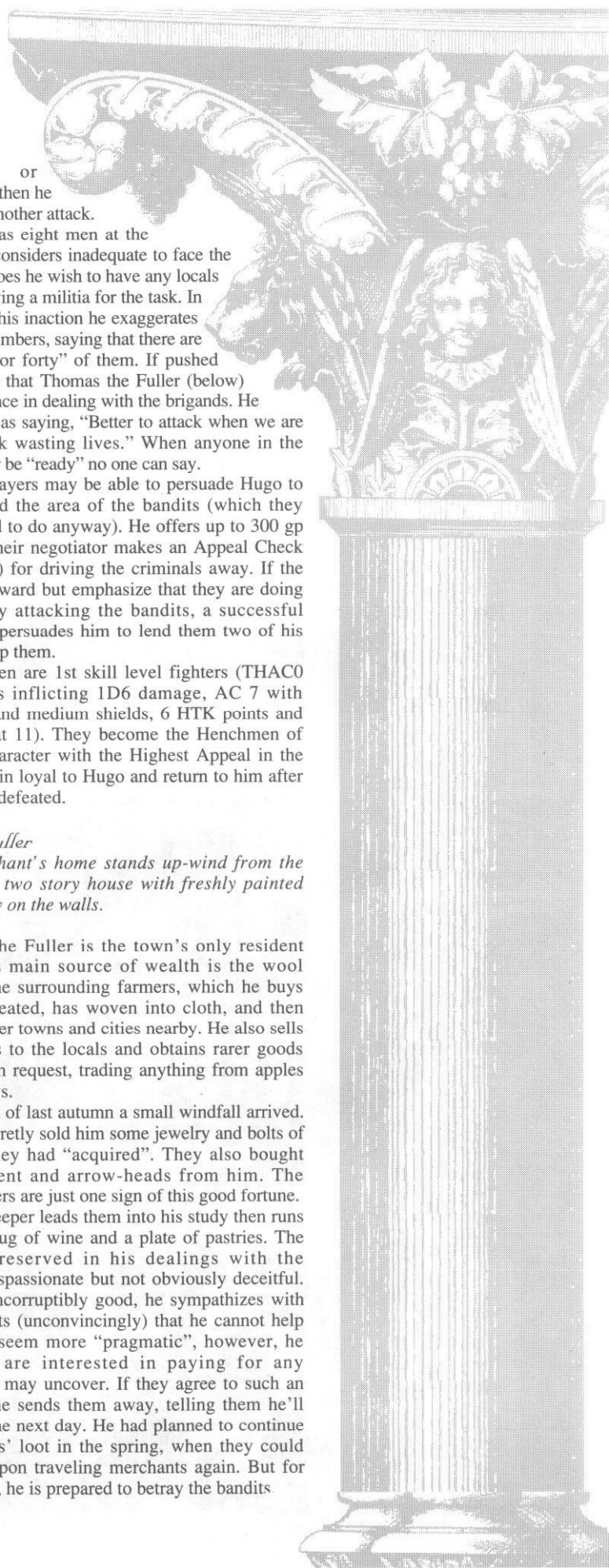
Thomas the Fuller

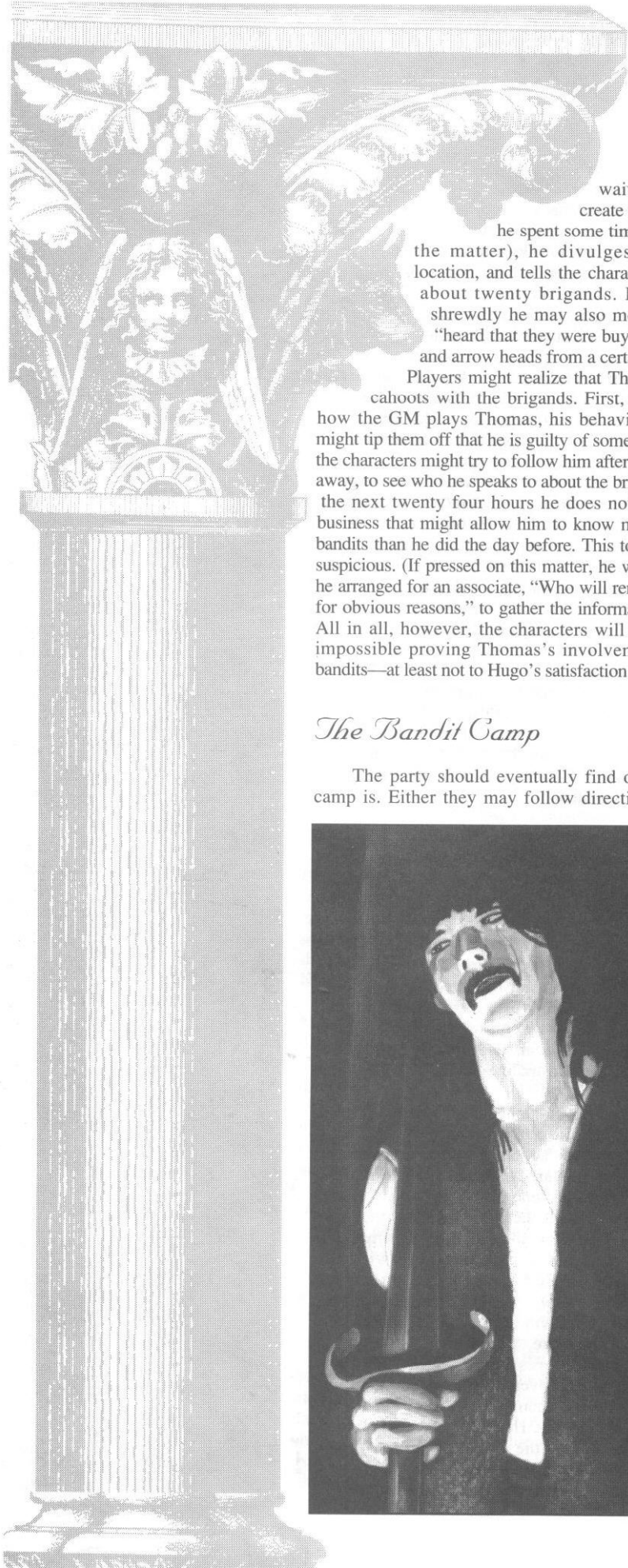
The merchant's home stands up-wind from the market, a tidy two story house with freshly painted shutters and ivy on the walls.

Thomas the Fuller is the town's only resident merchant. His main source of wealth is the wool produced by the surrounding farmers, which he buys raw or semi-treated, has woven into cloth, and then sells in the larger towns and cities nearby. He also sells other surpluses to the locals and obtains rarer goods from outside on request, trading anything from apples to wheelbarrows.

At the end of last autumn a small windfall arrived. The bandits secretly sold him some jewelry and bolts of wool which they had "acquired". They also bought some parchment and arrow-heads from him. The repainted shutters are just one sign of this good fortune.

A housekeeper leads them into his study then runs off to fetch a jug of wine and a plate of pastries. The merchant is reserved in his dealings with the adventurers, dispassionate but not obviously deceitful. If they seem incorruptibly good, he sympathizes with them but regrets (unconvincingly) that he cannot help them. If they seem more "pragmatic", however, he asks if they are interested in paying for any information he may uncover. If they agree to such an arrangement, he sends them away, telling them he'll contact them the next day. He had planned to continue fencing bandits' loot in the spring, when they could start preying upon traveling merchants again. But for 100 gp in hand, he is prepared to betray the bandits.





After waiting a day (to create the impression he spent some time looking into the matter), he divulges the camp's location, and tells the characters there are about twenty brigands. If questioned shrewdly he may also mention that he "heard that they were buying parchment and arrow heads from a certain peddler."

Players might realize that Thomas is in the cahoots with the brigands. First, depending on how the GM plays Thomas, his behavior and words might tip them off that he is guilty of something. Second, the characters might try to follow him after he sends them away, to see who he speaks to about the brigands. During the next twenty four hours he does not conduct any business that might allow him to know more about the bandits than he did the day before. This too might seem suspicious. (If pressed on this matter, he will simply say he arranged for an associate, "Who will remain unnamed for obvious reasons," to gather the information for him.) All in all, however, the characters will find it nearly impossible proving Thomas's involvement with the bandits—at least not to Hugo's satisfaction.

The Bandit Camp

The party should eventually find out where the camp is. Either they may follow directions given by

Thomas the Fuller, or they can scour the area where the farmers said the bandits had been seen. In the latter case anyone with a Tracking or Survival proficiency can find a path which shows signs of human use and follow it back to the camp.

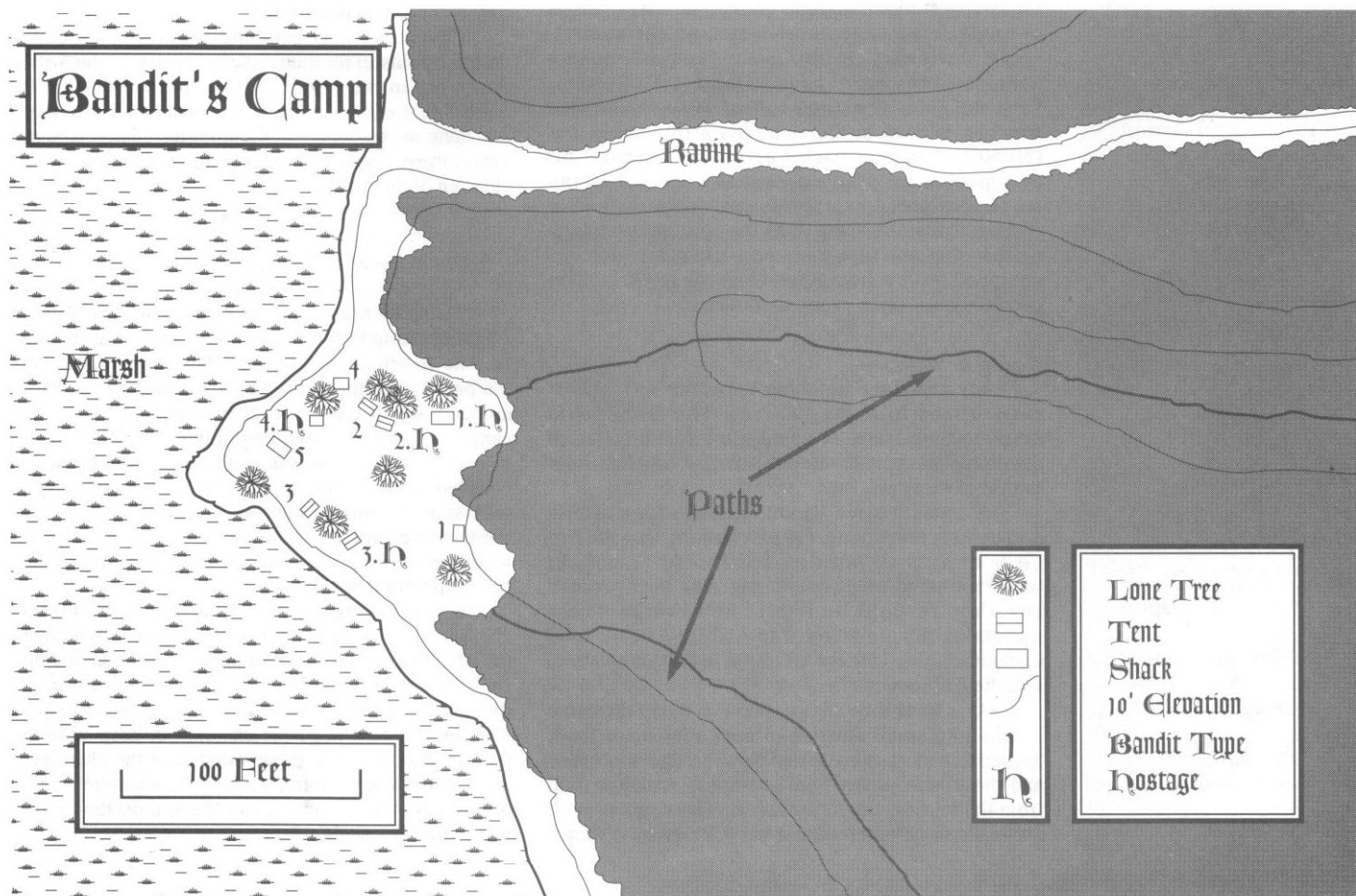
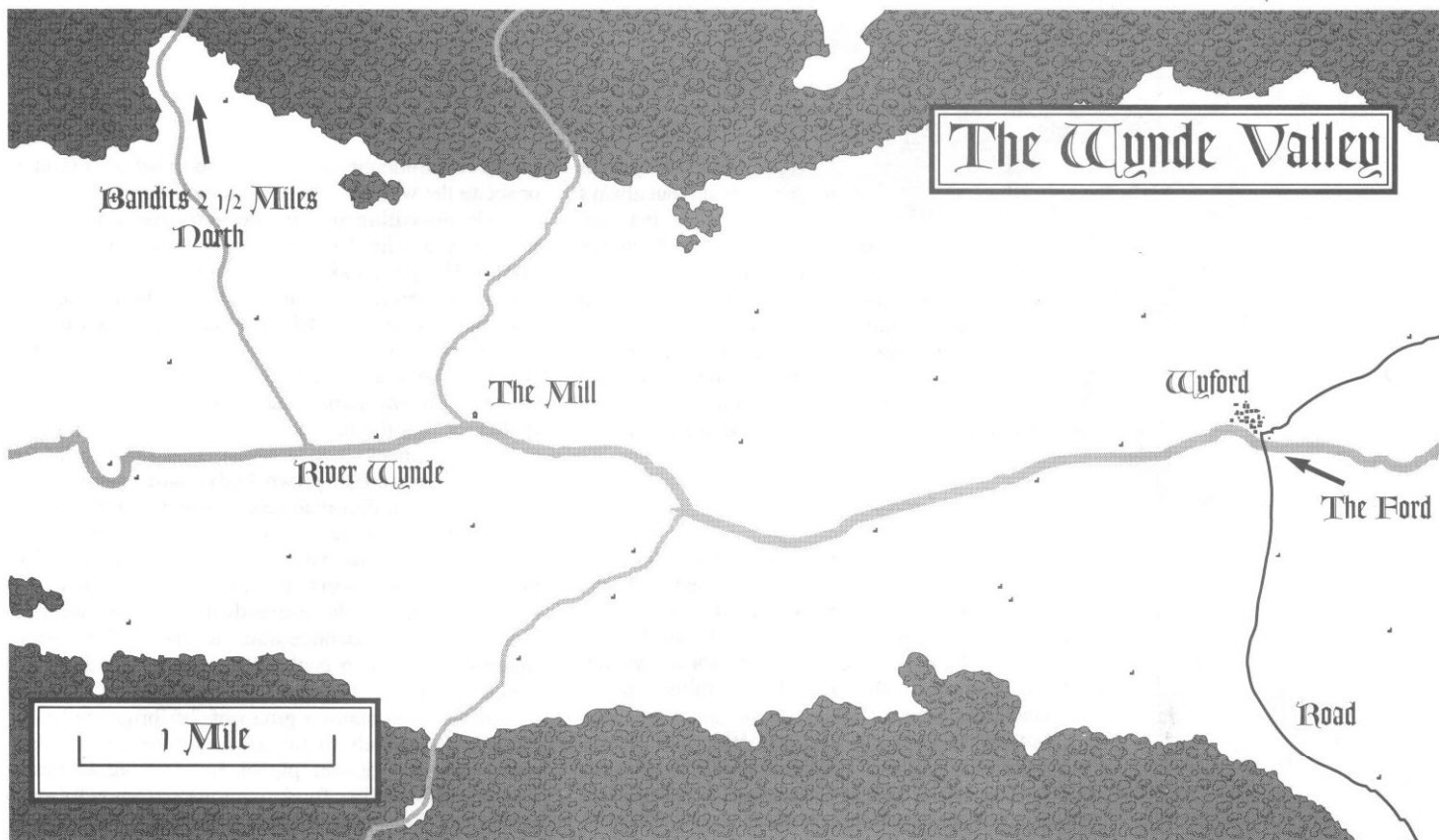
As they approach it, GMs may wish to read the following description of the camp to the players. (The wording assumes that they are in the woods above, looking down into the camp. If they are watching from a different perspective you may have to change a few words.)

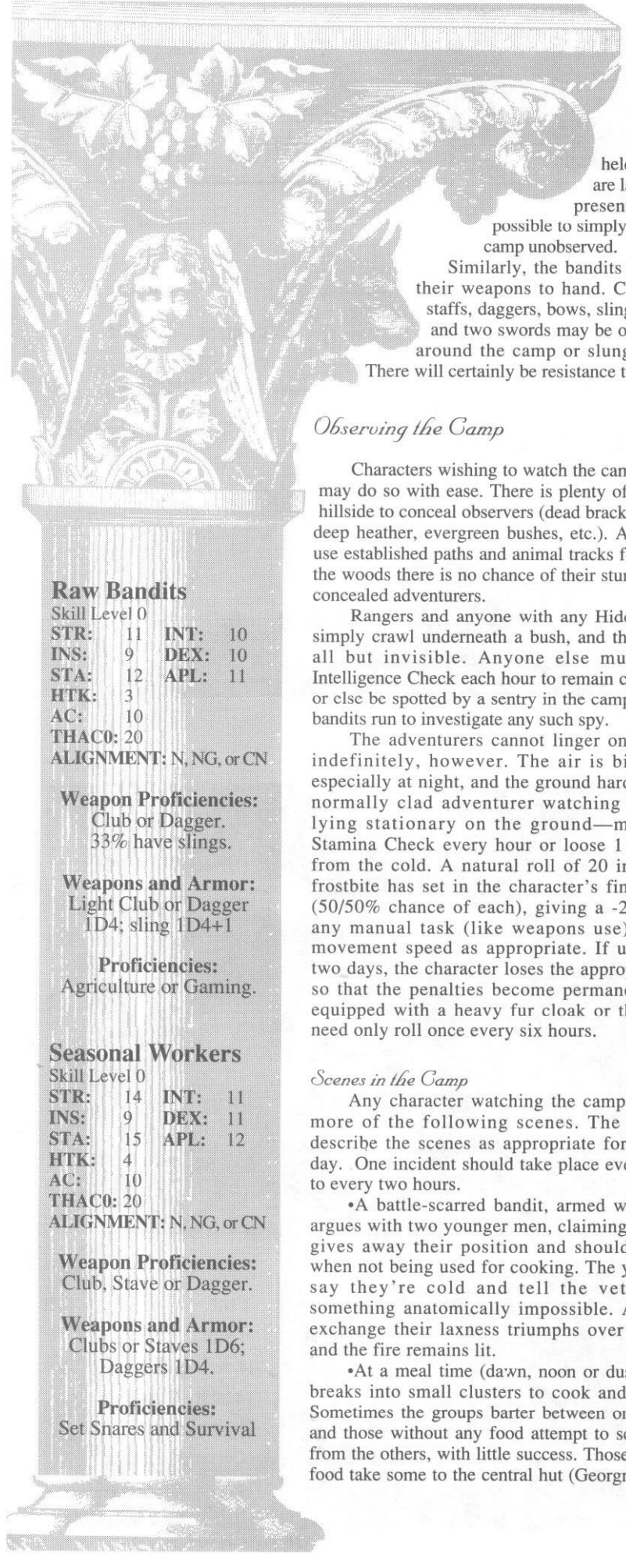
The woods slope down towards the marsh, where the bandits huddle together on a slight spur. Poorly made shacks squat in the midst of fallen trees and earth banks, and animal hides and old sacks are stretched between trees and bushes to make tents. Several grimy young men huddle around a weak fire. Tunics and blankets hang from a washing line strung alongside the flames. Two bandits sit on a log, mend the fletchings of an arrow. It looks as if they're having trouble with the task. A woman skins a rabbit by one tent, and from one of the shacks floats the cries of a baby.

Between the woods and the fire two burly outlaws maintain a grumpy guard, casting cursory glances into the woods. Beyond the fire, steep banks drop ten feet into the marsh. Across to your right a shallow ravine cuts down the hillside into the bog.

There is no indication of which might be Georgrem's hovel, nor where the hostages might be







held. The guards are lax, but always present, so it is not possible to simply stroll into the camp unobserved.

Similarly, the bandits usually keep their weapons to hand. Clubs, quarter staffs, daggers, bows, slings, small axes and two swords may be observed lying around the camp or slung from belts. There will certainly be resistance to any assault.

Observing the Camp

Characters wishing to watch the camp for a while may do so with ease. There is plenty of scrub on the hillside to conceal observers (dead bracken and briars, deep heather, evergreen bushes, etc.). As the bandits use established paths and animal tracks for forays into the woods there is no chance of their stumbling across concealed adventurers.

Rangers and anyone with any Hide ability may simply crawl underneath a bush, and thence become all but invisible. Anyone else must make an Intelligence Check each hour to remain camouflaged - or else be spotted by a sentry in the camp. Five armed bandits run to investigate any such spy.

The adventurers cannot linger on the hillside indefinitely, however. The air is bitterly cold, especially at night, and the ground hard with ice. A normally clad adventurer watching the camp—lying stationary on the ground—must make a Stamina Check every hour or lose 1 HTK points from the cold. A natural roll of 20 indicates that frostbite has set in the character's fingers or toes (50/50% chance of each), giving a -2 penalty for any manual task (like weapons use) or halving movement speed as appropriate. If untreated for two days, the character loses the appropriate digits, so that the penalties become permanent. Anyone equipped with a heavy fur cloak or thick blanket need only roll once every six hours.

Scenes in the Camp

Any character watching the camp sees one or more of the following scenes. The GM should describe the scenes as appropriate for the time of day. One incident should take place every half hour to every two hours.

- A battle-scarred bandit, armed with a sword, argues with two younger men, claiming that the fire gives away their position and should be put out when not being used for cooking. The younger men say they're cold and tell the veteran to do something anatomically impossible. After a loud exchange their laxness triumphs over his wisdom and the fire remains lit.

- At a meal time (dawn, noon or dusk) the camp breaks into small clusters to cook and share food. Sometimes the groups barter between one and other, and those without any food attempt to scrounge food from the others, with little success. Those groups with food take some to the central hut (Georgrem's). There

are no other attempt to distribute food between groups or see to the welfare of the less fortunate.

- From within one of the huts, Aeledd (one of the teenagers held by the bandits) calls out to his sister, Helgen, asking if she's all right. From another hut Helgen shouts back that she is fine and says that the gods will look after them. Two of the bandits shout at them to be silent, and they comply. (Unless the players realize this themselves, any character listening may make an Intelligence Check to deduce that the hostages must be split up between at least two shacks.)

- Accompanied by two bodyguards armed with swords, a short, thin man emerges from a less rickety hovel and tours the camp, speaking with the leaders of the various factions before returning to his hut. The thin man is Georgrem, the two men are hardened mercenaries. All three are described below. The players may well deduce that the man with the best fighters in the camp backing him up is the leader of the camp, and thus Georgrem.

- Every 1-6 hours a group of 2-5 brigands heads out into the woods to forage for foodstuffs (edible roots, etc.), to hunt deer, pigeon and wild pig, to check snares, or to extort food or money from a human settlement. They return 1-4 hours later they carrying bundles of fire wood as well as food.

Other similar scenes occur if the characters watch for longer, with hostages in various huts calling to each other sporadically, and voices raised between different factions of the camp.

Characters may estimate that there are about fifteen bandits in the camp at any one time, plus half a dozen out in the woods. All are present during the night. Most of the brigands are male, all are human, and there are also three children in the camp (aged six years, three years, and ten months respectively), the children of the brigands.

Ambushing the Foragers

The adventurers cannot guess which route a foraging group will use. Thus, it is unlikely they will be able to effectively ambush the foragers along on the paths. Two methods that might be used to set an ambush are to either lie in wait very close to the camp (within 100 yards, before the paths branch off) or watch over a set of snares (all of which should be checked twice each day). The characters most likely will want to confront the foragers further away from the bandit camp. The best plan to this end would be to watch a group leave and follow their tracks and catch up with them.

If a foraging party is confronted by armed characters they fight only if they think they outnumber the adventurers two to one or better. If the odds are not stacked in their favor they turn and flee. None want to die, and base their actions on this guiding principle. Use the standard rules for chases, but keep in mind that the bandits know these woods and the characters are not. Brigands gaining a lead of one hundred yards or more over an adventurer vanishes amidst the foliage and cannot be caught.

Raw Bandits

Skill Level 0

STR: 11 INT: 10

INS: 9 DEX: 10

STA: 12 APL: 11

HTK: 3

AC: 10

THACO: 20

ALIGNMENT: N, NG, or CN

Weapon Proficiencies:

Club or Dagger.

33% have slings.

Weapons and Armor:

Light Club or Dagger

1D4; sling 1D4+1

Proficiencies:

Agriculture or Gaming.

Seasonal Workers

Skill Level 0

STR: 14 INT: 11

INS: 9 DEX: 11

STA: 15 APL: 12

HTK: 4

AC: 10

THACO: 20

ALIGNMENT: N, NG, or CN

Weapon Proficiencies:

Club, Staff or Dagger.

Weapons and Armor:

Clubs or Staffs 1D6;

Daggers 1D4.

Proficiencies:

Set Snares and Survival

Bandit escaping from such a confrontation head back to the camp and warn the others. Worried, the bandits then keep their weapons at hand at all times. None leave the camp for twenty four hours, hoping that by then the adventurers will have gone away.

A captured bandit will talk. None want to die, nor have any reason to endure pain when it is easier to just tell all. They do, however, bargain for freedom. Also, there is a 60% chance that a captured bandit has dependents in the camp (a spouse, a lover, a younger sibling or a child). These seek assurance that such loved-ones are also spared by the characters. GMs should play through the interrogations with detailed role-playing of the bandits, for it is a chance to point up the moral dilemmas that the Sentinels themselves confront as they try to do good. The adventurers are supposed to be on the side of good, and yet here they are bullying information from helpless paupers. None of the bandits chose a life of crime and squalor, but were forced into it by circumstance or poverty.

Such captives can give valuable information to the adventurers. They can identify the hovels in which hostages are kept and which hut is Georgrem's. They know that there are 23 bandits there in total, and that at least half of these have never been in a serious fight. The group has no intention of moving on, as the local farmers are provide their food and cause little trouble.

Infiltrating the Bandit Camp

The adventurers may try to infiltrate the camp. The bandit camp is very insular, however, and will suspect the adventurers are agents of a local landowner. The bandits accept them only if they can prove a previous acquaintance with one of the bandits already in the group.

A cunningly used *Charm* spell (or similar magic) may persuade a bandit to vouch for the adventurers. However, if the bandit cannot explain where the adventurers are known from and why they should be trusted, the rest of the camp will ask the adventurers to leave. The bandits are actually quite apologetic about this, but explain that they cannot take the risk of letting strangers stay. They do not want to harm their guests—only persuade them to leave.

A *Change Self* spell or outstanding Disguise proficiency use may also gain a character access to the camp on a temporary basis. Eventually such a character is likely to betray his or her true nature—slipping up in conversation or betraying an ignorance of the bandits' way of life.

Thus, adventurers may briefly gain entry to the camp to snoop around, reconnoiter Georgrem's hut, or achieve surprise in an attack. But GM's should not permit them to successfully infiltrate the camp on any long-term basis. This adventure is all about ends and means, necessity and ideals. The characters are forced into fighting and perhaps killing bandits with whom they might sympathize in order to gain the map.

If the adventurers manage to infiltrate the camp, GMs should role-play snatches of conversation, so that the players come to sympathize with many of the

brigands. For more information about the members of the camp, see the descriptions below. Conversations about Georgrem reveal he is known to be a wizard of some sort. He once killed a dissenter by touch. No one likes him and most find the idea of following an evil wizard distasteful. Everyone, however, fears his powers and his decisions seem intelligent and fair.

Attacking the Bandits

Eventually, the adventurers have to assault the camp. Either they charge the camp and alert the bandits, or they try to sneak up on the camp. In the former case, the bandits have one round to seize their weapons and prepare for a fight or to flee. In the latter, if successful, the bandits can only react once the adventurers are in their midst.

If attempting to sneak up to the camp, dice rolls must be made. Characters can scramble down the ravine without becoming visible to the bandits. (It's four feet deep at its shallowest.) Approaching from the hill, they can get up to fifty yards from the camp. Once out of the ravine or past the hill's tree line, rolls must be made to avoid the notice of the bandits. In daylight, one Hide in Shadows or two Intelligence Checks must be made, per character, to get closer without being seen. In the dark there is no problem remaining unseen, as the woods provide complete cover, but to avoid dry leaves and twigs one Move Silently or two Dexterity Checks must be made.

If any of these rolls fail, a bandit notices the characters' approach: a single failed roll in the night brings two armed bandits to investigate the noise, while two such failures or a positive sighting in the daylight leads a sentry to alert the whole camp. If all of the rolls succeed, the adventurers may get up to the rear of any hovel or tent unnoticed.

The Bandits

Georgrem has circulated a plan for the defense of the camp—everyone falls back toward the marsh and makes a stand with the downward slope behind them. That's the plan. However, many of the bandits are frightened amateurs, not at all up to the task of fighting professionals like the adventurers. As the fight progresses, it is marked by fear and disorganization. By the time it is done, the characters should realize there is no glory in this battle.

The bandits fall into five groups, each of varying combat experience. Each groups' shelters are keyed on the map and the stats for each type of bandit appear in the sidebars.

1. RAW BANDITS (6): These include an ex-beggar from a city, three thieves outlawed for stealing from market stalls, and a farming couple forced into banditry after their livestock died of disease. None of

Hardened Bandits

Skill 1 Fighters

STR: 12 INT: 12
INS: 10 DEX: 13
STA: 13 APL: 10
HTK: 3
AC: 9
THAC0: 20
ALIGNMENT: N or CN

Weapon Proficiencies:

Battle axe or Spear, Dagger.

Weapons and Armor:

Battle axe 1D8 or Spear 1D6, Dagger 1D4. Leather Armor.

Proficiencies:

Set Snares, Survival, Tracking and Endurance.

Geogren's Guards

Skill 2 Fighters

STR: 13 INT: 7
INS: 7 DEX: 10
STA: 12 APL: 10
HTK: 15
AC: 8
THAC0: 19
ALIGNMENT: CN

Weapon Proficiencies:

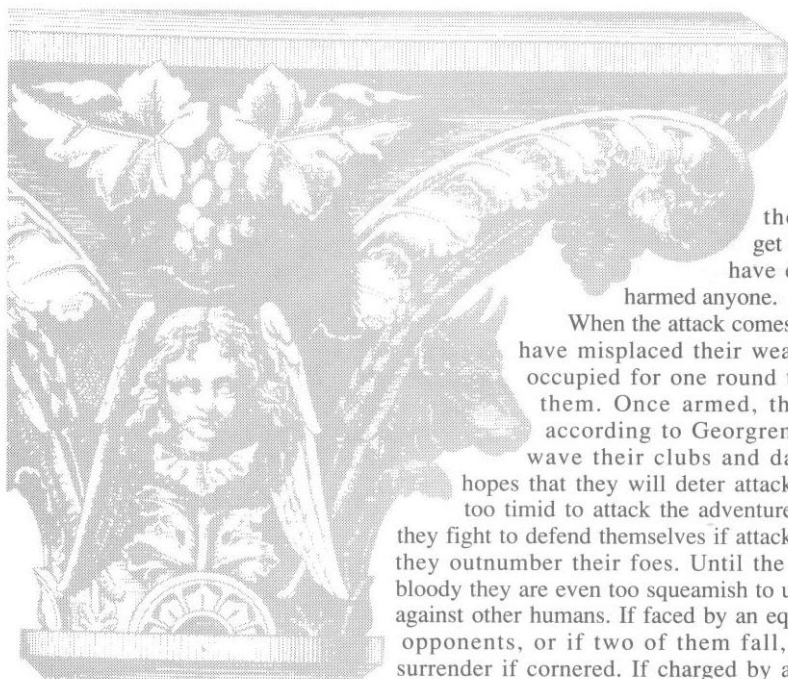
Broadsword x2

Weapons and Armor:

Broadsword THAC0 19, 2D4. Padded Armor.

Proficiencies:

Blind-fighting, Survival.



them intend to get hurt, and none have ever seriously harmed anyone.

When the attack comes three of them have misplaced their weapons and are occupied for one round trying to find them. Once armed, they fall back according to Georgrem's plan, and wave their clubs and daggers in the hopes that they will deter attackers. They are too timid to attack the adventurers. Panicking, they fight to defend themselves if attacked, so long as they outnumber their foes. Until the fighting gets bloody they are even too squeamish to use their slings against other humans. If faced by an equal number of opponents, or if two of them fall, they flee or surrender if cornered. If charged by anyone mildly intimidating (e.g. three armored warriors or a lone screaming berserker) all six scatter in fright.

Poachers

Skill Level 0

STR: 12 INT: 12

INS: 10 DEX: 13

STA: 13 APL: 10

HTK: 3

AC: 9

THACO: 20

ALIGNMENT: N or CN

Weapon Proficiencies:

Short Bow, Dagger.

Weapons and Armor:

Short Bow and 12 Flight
Arrows 1D6, Dagger 1D4.
Leather Armor.

Skills:

Hide in Shadows 25%,
Move Silently 25%.

Proficiencies:

Hunting, Set Snares,
Survival and Tracking; also
Weather Sense or
Bowyer/Fletcher.

The Hostages

Skill Level 0

STR: 10 INT: 10

INS: 9 DEX: 8

STA: 9 APL: 11

HTK: 2

AC: 10

THACO: 25

ALIGNMENT: LN, NG or LG

Weapon Proficiencies:

None.

Weapons and Armor:

None.

Proficiencies:

Agriculture..

2. SEASONAL WORKERS (5):

Employed to pick fruit, dig potatoes or reap corn during the summer, these five consider banditry preferable to starvation during the winter. Two married couples and an endearing, awkward youth, these are the most friendly of the bandits, with wary compassion and a friendly wit. One of the children belongs to these, and the younger woman is clearly pregnant.

Used to bar brawls and fist-fights, they are unfazed by a battle, but have no intention of getting killed. They will fight heroically to defend one and other, but don't care what deserved punishments the attackers have in mind for Georgrem. When the characters attack they form up around their tents and gather their bed-rolls and valuables (taking three rounds). They join the fight if the adventurers are being beaten off. They drop back into the woods if their comrades are losing. One might try to get by the adventurers by saying, "Let us go peacefully or we'll bust your skulls."

3. POACHERS (4):

These four are outland peasants, who support themselves by hunting and foraging in the forests—much to the distress of the nobles who own the lands and the beasts in them. They are not involved in the others' thefts and extortion, regarding them as unacceptably antisocial. Having been involved in running battles in the past they react to the characters' attack with calm intelligence.

Only if their attackers seem to be infesting the woods do they fall back as planned (but then flee across the marsh the moment things start to go against them). If the forest is clear, they immediately seize their bows and quivers and scuttle toward the woods. If they can get into the woods they shoot at the adventurers from a safe distance, and run without hesitation if charged.

4. HARDENED BANDITS (5):

These five have evaded the law for at least a year each. Some are even managing to save enough money to think about retiring, and it is these who negotiated with Thomas

the Fuller at the start of winter. All have seen bloody fighting in the past, and have survived through unbridled brutality and well-timed cowardice.

When the adventurers attack, they grab their weapons and fall back according to Georgrem's command, obeying his orders for as long as the battle goes well. If the adventurers look likely to win they scatter and flee—every one for themselves!

5. GEORGREM'S GUARDS (2):

Georgrem has recruited two down-at-heel mercenaries to act as his personal guard, and these are the two the characters observed carrying swords in the camp. Both remain with Georgrem in his hut, one awake, sitting with his leg stretched across the doorway to bar the way to impertinent intruders, the other asleep but with his sword near at hand. Georgrem spends the days racking his brains over the map of the labyrinth, which he assumes to be some kind of visual riddle or metaphor which he has yet to unravel. Innumerable scraps of paper litter the floor covered with details of the map, derivative scrawls, and numerological calculations.

When the fight starts the mercenaries seize their weapons. Georgrem takes his staff and plunges the map and a small spell book into pouches on his belt. The three of them fall back, as planned, to the edge of the bog, where they begin marshaling their comrades, shouting orders and encouragement to them. If things go badly (if half of the bandits have fallen or fled without even heavier casualties having been inflicted on the attackers) they scramble down the bank and wade out through the mire.

If cornered or badly wounded, Georgrem's mercenaries surrender—almost cheerfully. They simply use the excuse that they were only doing as they were told, that they have to make a living, etc. They willingly give characters any information they seek, hoping (indeed expecting) that they will be set free if they cooperate.

GEORGREM: Georgrem is a short, skinny man, with a high forehead and prominent nose, dressed in a grubby brown tunic, black trousers and gray cloak. His plan during the fight is to ensure that other people stand between him and his attackers as he directs the bandits or casts spells from the rear. He expects no mercy from any attackers, flees in preference to becoming directly involved in a melee, but fights to the end if run down or cornered.

THE HOSTAGES (4): One hostage has been entrusted to each sub-group of bandits for safekeeping, and so are tied up in separate hovels (marked on the map with an H). The Hardened Bandits have gagged, blindfolded, and tied their charge uncomfortably, while the other bandits have shown more consideration.

These are all teenagers, terrified by their predicament. As soon as they realize that the bandits are under attack the three who are not gagged start to shout for help. If freed they may be persuaded to join in the fight, but are in poor shape having been tied up the past fortnight.

NOT FIGHTING

It is possible the adventurers will attempt to acquire the map without an attack on the camp. Although the circumstances certainly push the characters in the direction of a fight, characters who are particularly determined not to launch an assault will most likely formulate a plan to this end and their determination might well carry them to success. If this is the course of action the adventurers want to take, the GM should obviously allow them to try. It is never the place of the GM to force the characters into a certain course of action, no matter what the theme of the adventure.

Although avoiding the big fight misses the tragedy of a bloody battle, it does not destroy the thematic elements of the narrative. If the players take the time to avoid a fight, they will most likely have taken some time to contemplate the manner in which they wish to "do good." A discussion about the best means of achieving their goal might even have taken place—letting the characters behave in many respects just like Sentinels.

Several methods of acquiring the map non-violently come quickly to mind, and it is possible the adventurers might come up with several others.

- Sneaking into the camp using subtle magic to absolutely insure they are not discovered.

- Working with some of the disgruntled members of the camp to gain their aid in acquiring the map. The adventurers might well be better served by offering money than attacking.

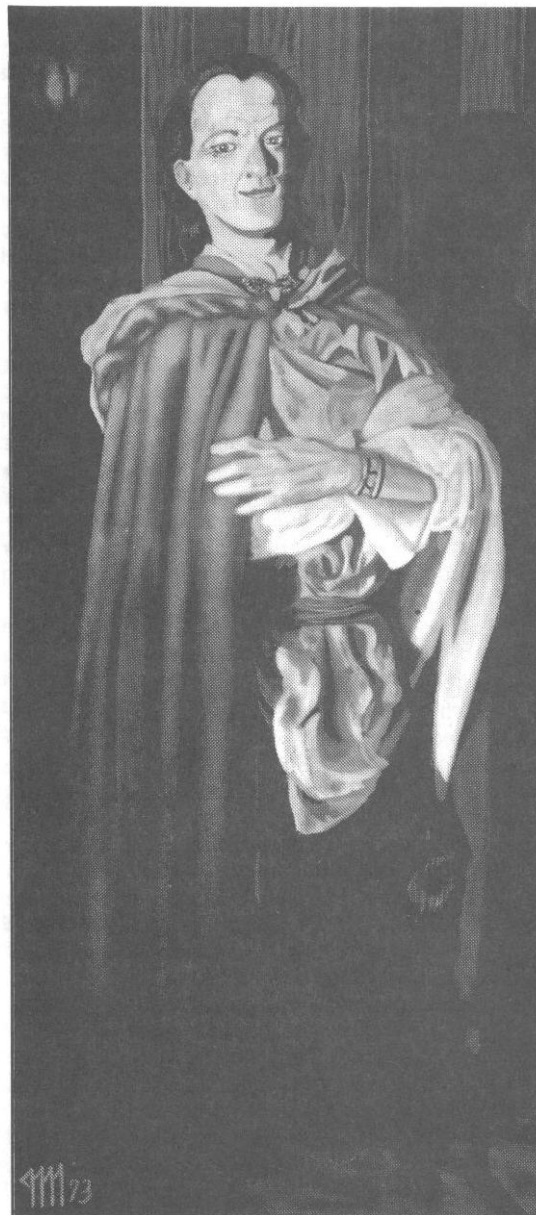
- Gathering the farmers and townspeople into a march to the bandit camp. Overwhelmed by vastly superior numbers, the camp might well panic and try to retreat, or surrender, without a single sword thrust made.

Whether or not the such plans work depend on the tactics and skills of the adventurers. Remember that if the characters opt not to fight, the weight of the adventure most likely falls into the realm of role-playing. How well the characters make their case to the bandits or farmers determines the success of the plan. The GM must be responsive to good and passionate arguments. Such tactics flounder if the players proceed with lackluster energy.

Running the Fight

Unless the adventurers quietly reached Georgrem's hut before the alarm is raised, he is almost certain to be helped or shielded by the other bandits—who must be thus be fought in order to reach him. The adventurers will have to fight through these guards, for the map Georgrem holds is the object of the their quest.

This fight is not an epic battle. It is a squalid, tragic affair, marked more by fear and desperation than courage or skill. The adventurers are not fighting an evil horde, but a tragic rabble—and this should be made clear to them by the GM's description of the fight. While the above sections



Georgrem

Skill 3 Wizard (Necromancer)

STR: 9 INT: 14

INS: 12 DEX: 10

STA: 11 APL: 8

HTK: 9

AC: 10

THAC0: 20

ALIGNMENT: NE

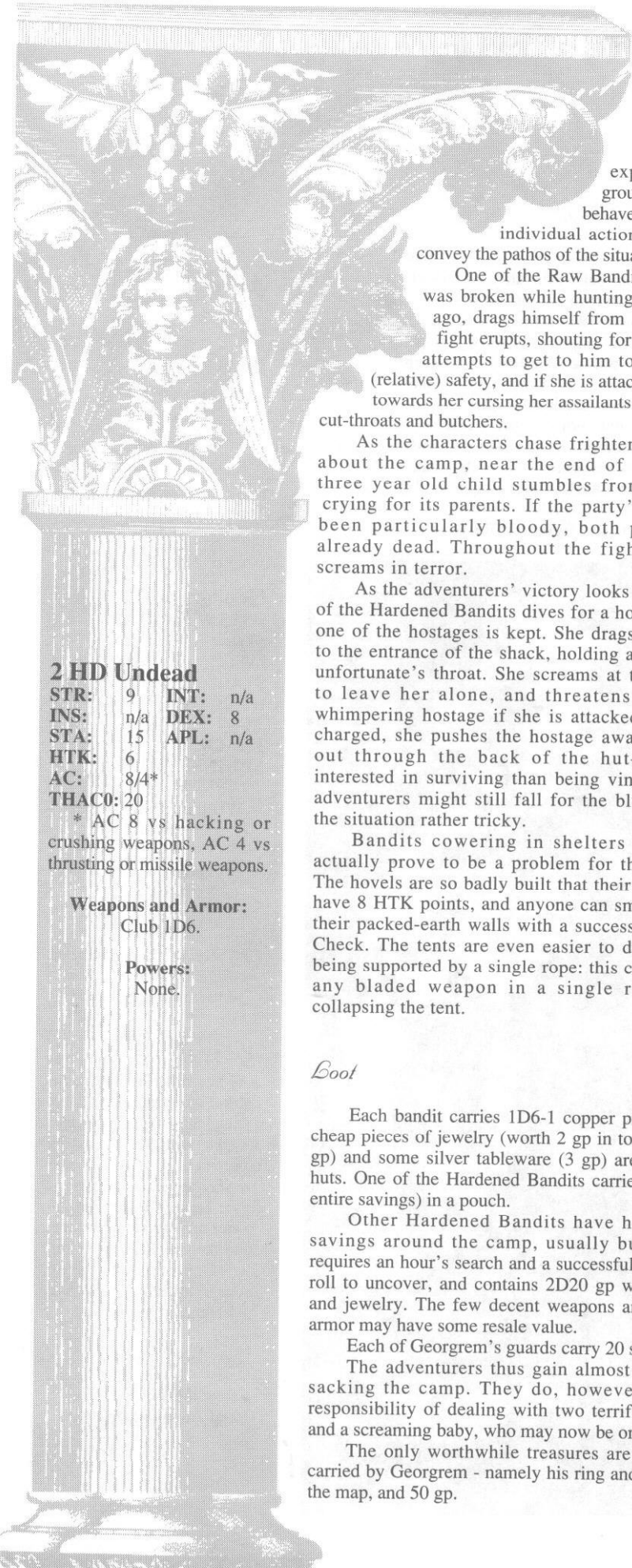
Weapon Proficiencies:
Staff.

Weapons and Armor:
Staff. No armor.

Spells:
Chill Touch, Detect Undead, Magic Missile, Spectral Hand, Summon Swarm.

Magic Items:
Ring Against Arrows (gives any neutral or evil wearer a natural AC 2 against all non-magical missile weapon attacks; no effect if worn by a person of good alignment);
6 Skeleton-Bones (human finger bones - if dropped into water or very damp ground one skeleton springs up for each Bone, fighting for one hour to fulfill a simple task designated by the user).

Proficiencies:
Astrology,
Reading/Writing, Ride
(Land Animals), Spellcraft.



explain how the groups of brigands behave, but it is their individual actions which best convey the pathos of the situation.

One of the Raw Bandits, whose leg was broken while hunting several days ago, drags himself from his hut as the fight erupts, shouting for his wife. She attempts to get to him to help him to (relative) safety, and if she is attacked he crawls towards her cursing her assailants as murderers, cut-throats and butchers.

As the characters chase frightened brigands about the camp, near the end of the fight, a three year old child stumbles from a shelter, crying for its parents. If the party's attack has been particularly bloody, both parents are already dead. Throughout the fight, the baby screams in terror.

As the adventurers' victory looks assured, one of the Hardened Bandits dives for a hovel in which one of the hostages is kept. She drags the hostage to the entrance of the shack, holding a knife to the unfortunate's throat. She screams at the attackers to leave her alone, and threatens to kill the whimpering hostage if she is attacked. In fact, if charged, she pushes the hostage away and dives out through the back of the hut—far more interested in surviving than being vindictive. The adventurers might still fall for the bluff and find the situation rather tricky.

Bandits cowering in shelters should not actually prove to be a problem for the attackers. The hovels are so badly built that their frames only have 8 HTK points, and anyone can smash through their packed-earth walls with a successful Strength Check. The tents are even easier to destroy, each being supported by a single rope: this can be cut by any bladed weapon in a single round, thus collapsing the tent.

Loot

Each bandit carries 1D6-1 copper pieces. A few cheap pieces of jewelry (worth 2 gp in total), a rug (5 gp) and some silver tableware (3 gp) are kept in the huts. One of the Hardened Bandits carries 30 gp (his entire savings) in a pouch.

Other Hardened Bandits have hidden their savings around the camp, usually buried. Each requires an hour's search and a successful Intelligence roll to uncover, and contains 2D20 gp worth of coin and jewelry. The few decent weapons and scraps of armor may have some resale value.

Each of Georgrem's guards carry 20 sp.

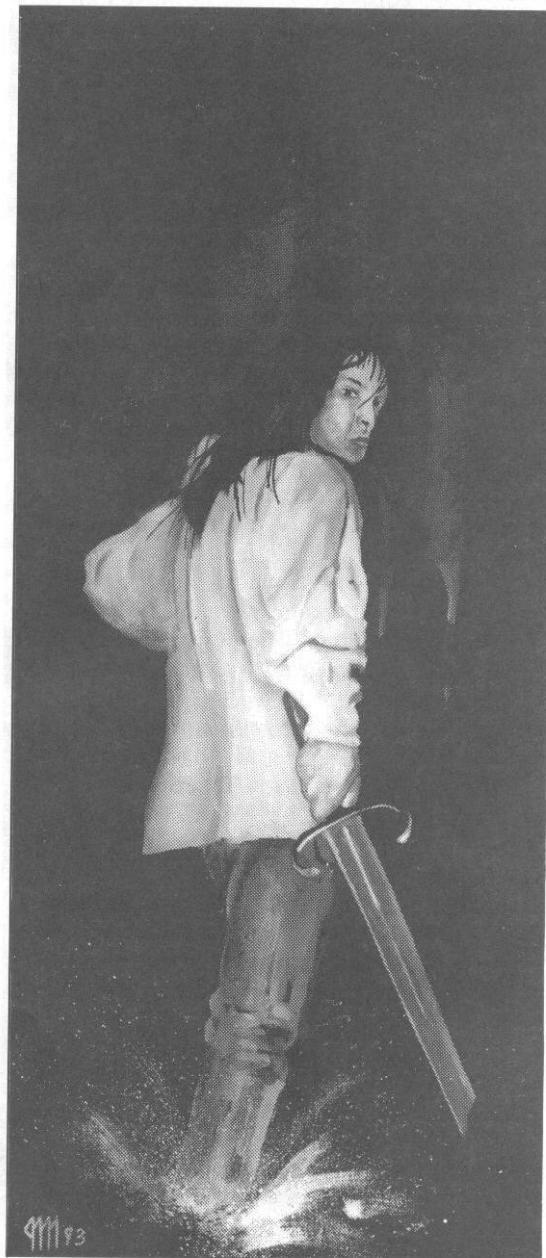
The adventurers thus gain almost nothing by sacking the camp. They do, however, gain the responsibility of dealing with two terrified children and a screaming baby, who may now be orphans.

The only worthwhile treasures are owned and carried by Georgrem - namely his ring and spell book, the map, and 50 gp.

Pursuing Georgrem

The adventurers may wish to pursue fleeing bandits through the woods, in which case chases may be resolved using the rules given in the rule book. More likely they will concentrate upon running Georgrem to ground in the hopes of seizing the map, which means wading across one hundred yards of marsh.

The bog continues for hundreds of yards north and south, so that there is no chance of running around the outside to cut Georgrem off as he reaches the far side. Characters splashing through the mud have their movement rate halved and cannot break into a sprint. GMs may wish to further slow characters who wear heavy armor (like scale, chain or plate), perhaps halving their movement rate yet again. Magic designed



2 HD Undead

STR: 9 INT: n/a

INS: n/a DEX: 8

STA: 15 APL: n/a

HTK: 6

AC: 8/4*

THACO: 20

* AC 8 vs hacking or crushing weapons, AC 4 vs thrusting or missile weapons.

Weapons and Armor:

Club 1D6.

Powers:

None.

to allow walking on water do not help as it is mud, not water, which impedes them. Magics designed to allow walking on earth would be of use. The characters' best hope of catching Georgrem is to fly after him, or use magic to create a bridge or solid length of earth across the marsh to cut him off at the other side.

If pursued across the mire, Georgrem takes the six magical bones from his pouch and throws them in the water behind him: where they fall, six skeletons rise up from the muck, draped in weed and caked in filth, carrying clubs. They fight to prevent the adventurers from crossing the marsh, but do not pursue them onto dry land. Unless slain, they remain animated for up to an hour.

Perhaps the adventurers catch Georgrem before he reaches the far side of the bog—in which case they should have little difficulty defeating him and successfully completing this adventure. If he succeeds in stalling them, however, he may manage to flee into the woods beyond.

Trailing Georgrem

If Georgrem succeeds in fleeing into the woods, GMs should use the rules for chases until the necromancer is two hundred yards ahead of his pursuers. At this point, they can no longer see him, and must resort to tracking him.

Every hour, at least one of the characters must make a Tracking proficiency Check. Any character who successfully makes two consecutive Checks corners Georgrem. Characters who did not make the Checks when the necromancer is lost in the woods are not present for the final confrontation. Note that characters cannot "wait" for other characters. The trail will simply be lost and the necromancer free if adventurers do not press the pursuit as hard as possible.

If, after a confrontation, Georgrem escapes again, roll the Tracking proficiency Checks as before until Georgrem is once again cornered. A snapping branch and other tell-tale signs will put characters who lost the trail back on it, so that everyone is constantly involved in the pursuit.

If Georgrem escapes the adventurers, they can continue to pursue him as described below. If they do get the map, the next section describes how Rabineile reacts to their success.

Rabineile's Return

Several days after the completion of this adventure, Rabineile appears to one or more of the adventurers. Ideally he would like to speak with one of them alone. Any polite character of good or lawful alignment who fought bravely against Georgrem will suffice. However, if the adventurers do not split up while in the country it must appear to all of them together.

This second appearance comes at sunset, perhaps as the adventurers set up camp, are out hunting, or near the end of a journey.

*On the hill
above you, to your
right, the clouds burn red in the
setting sun, and silhouetted in front
of them is a lone figure, a burly man with a
staff in his hand and a sword at his belt. At
his side stands a slender hunting dog.*

The Sentinel expects the character or characters to approach. If they try to evade him, they turn to find him standing immediately in front of them.

He congratulates them on gaining "the key" (the map), or encourages them to keep searching if they have failed. He praises the courage and skill of those who killed Georgrem. As they discuss the fight, perceptive adventurers may come to realize Rabineile actually saw what happened. At no point does he show an interest in the fates of the brigands, and if asked shows no remorse over their (possibly bloody) fates. "It is excellent that the champions of good should shatter the armies of darkness," he says. If the adventurers are feeling guilty about butchering the bandits—as they should—then this won't endear the Sentinel to them. If they resolved the matter without a bloodbath, then the Sentinel is disappointed that the armies of darkness were not vanquished, but happy the map was found.

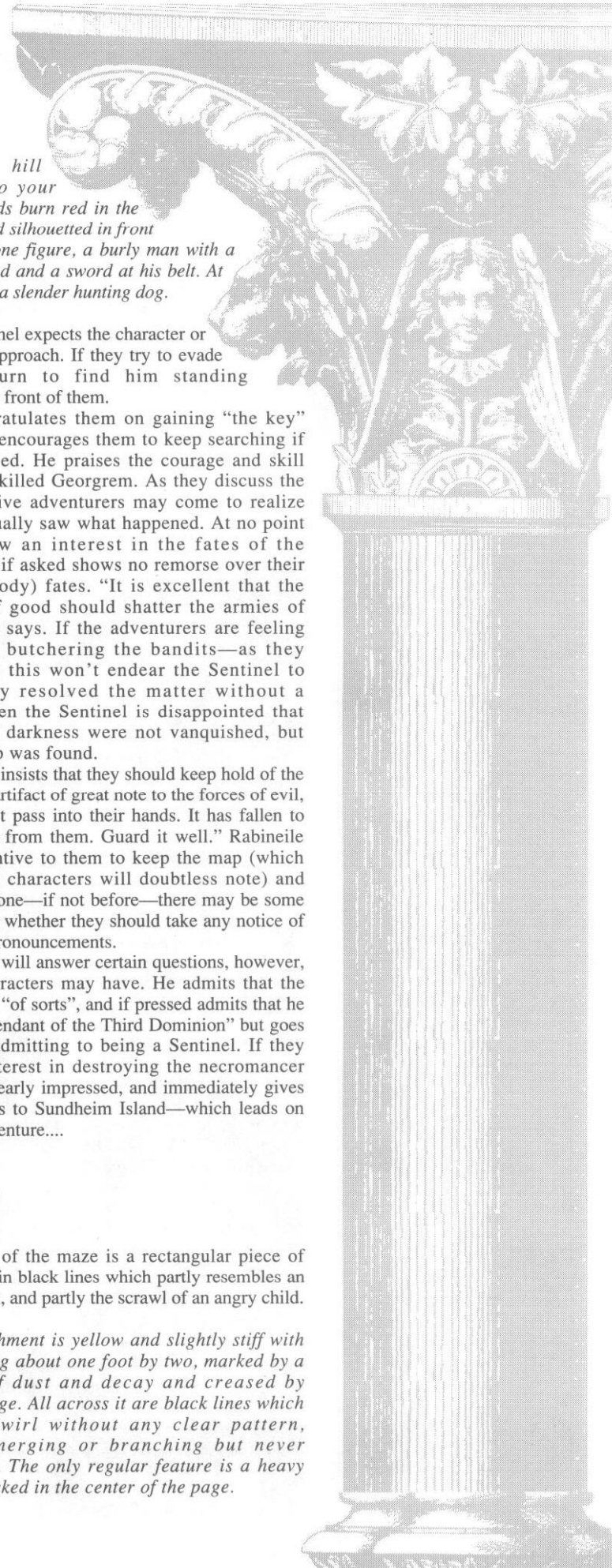
Rabineile insists that they should keep hold of the map. "It is an artifact of great note to the forces of evil, and it must not pass into their hands. It has fallen to you to keep it from them. Guard it well." Rabineile gives no incentive to them to keep the map (which profit-minded characters will doubtless note) and when he has gone—if not before—there may be some argument as to whether they should take any notice of his pompous pronouncements.

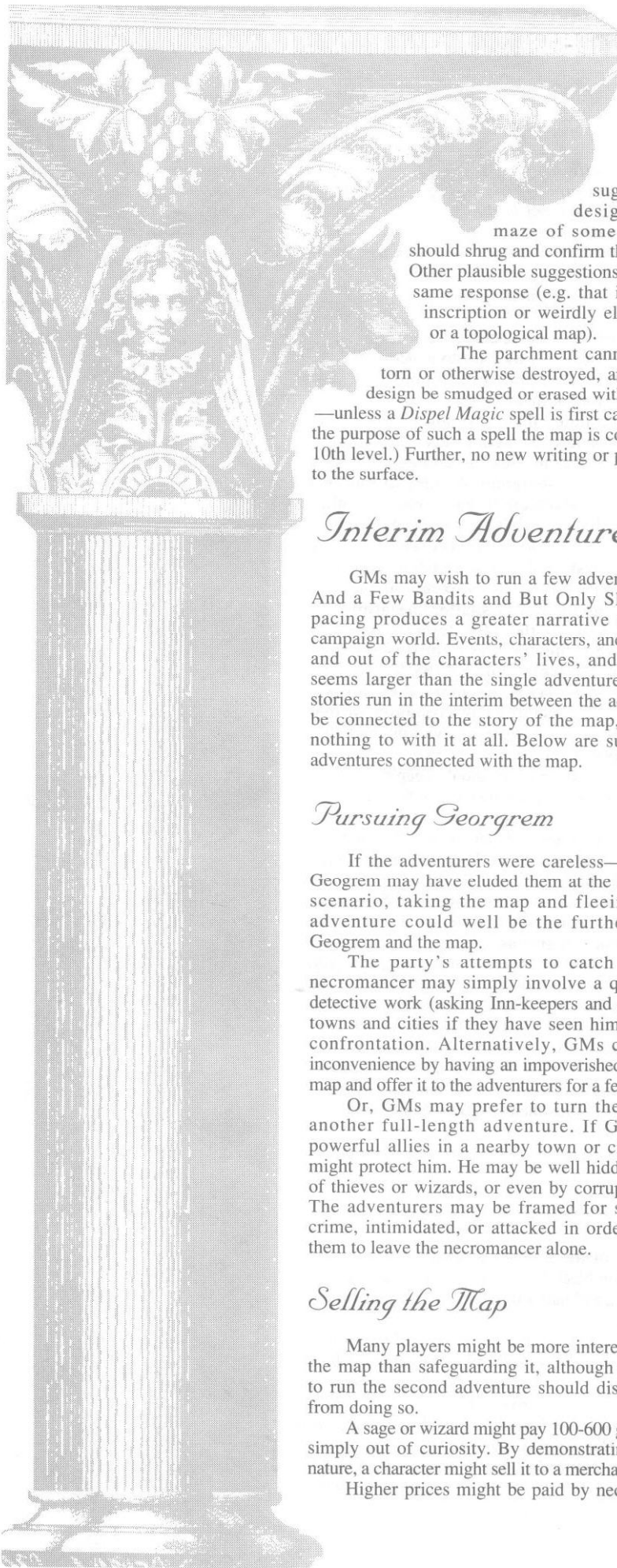
Rabineile will answer certain questions, however, which the characters may have. He admits that the paper is a map "of sorts", and if pressed admits that he "serves an Attendant of the Third Dominion" but goes no closer to admitting to being a Sentinel. If they express an interest in destroying the necromancer Rabineile is clearly impressed, and immediately gives them directions to Sundheim Island—which leads on to the next adventure....

The Map

The map of the maze is a rectangular piece of paper covered in black lines which partly resembles an architect's plan, and partly the scrawl of an angry child.

The parchment is yellow and slightly stiff with age, measuring about one foot by two, marked by a dull scent of dust and decay and creased by careless storage. All across it are black lines which curve and swirl without any clear pattern, sometimes merging or branching but never crossing over. The only regular feature is a heavy rectangle blocked in the center of the page.





If a player suggests that the design may be a maze of some sort the GM should shrug and confirm that it might be. Other plausible suggestions should get the same response (e.g. that it is a magical inscription or weirdly elaborate glyph, or a topological map).

The parchment cannot be burned, torn or otherwise destroyed, and nor can the design be smudged or erased with water or acid—unless a *Dispel Magic* spell is first cast over it. (For the purpose of such a spell the map is considered to be 10th level.) Further, no new writing or pictures adhere to the surface.

Interim Adventures

GMs may wish to run a few adventures between And a Few Bandits and But Only Sleeping. Such pacing produces a greater narrative texture in the campaign world. Events, characters, and plots flow in and out of the characters' lives, and so the world seems larger than the single adventure at hand. The stories run in the interim between the adventures may be connected to the story of the map, or may have nothing to with it at all. Below are suggestions for adventures connected with the map.

Pursuing Georgrem

If the adventurers were careless—or unlucky—Georgrem may have eluded them at the end of the last scenario, taking the map and fleeing. The next adventure could well be the further pursuit of Georgrem and the map.

The party's attempts to catch up with the necromancer may simply involve a quick piece of detective work (asking Inn-keepers and gate guards in towns and cities if they have seen him), and a swift confrontation. Alternatively, GMs can avoid the inconvenience by having an impoverished thief steal the map and offer it to the adventurers for a few gold pieces.

Or, GMs may prefer to turn the pursuit into another full-length adventure. If Georgrem has powerful allies in a nearby town or city then these might protect him. He may be well hidden by a group of thieves or wizards, or even by corrupt local rulers. The adventurers may be framed for some hideous crime, intimidated, or attacked in order to persuade them to leave the necromancer alone.

Selling the Map

Many players might be more interested in selling the map than safeguarding it, although GMs wishing to run the second adventure should discourage them from doing so.

A sage or wizard might pay 100-600 gp for the map, simply out of curiosity. By demonstrating its magical nature, a character might sell it to a merchant for 100 gp.

Higher prices might be paid by necromancers (if

the adventurers can convincingly explain its significance). The map's original owners might also pay well for its return.

Persuading the Players

There are three ways to discourage the adventurers from selling the map.

The first is to let them hear stories of the Necromancer of Sundheim Island (his cruelty, depravity, etc.) either in the ballads of a minstrel or from a tome in a dusty library. Any character with an Ancient or Local History proficiency might already know this information. This knowledge will only impress adventurers of Good alignment, however.

The second method involves the adventurers hearing rumors of a great treasure once owned by the Necromancer of Sundheim Island. They might keep the map and investigate the island themselves.

The third and most blatant strategy involves Rabineile offering some boon in return for their safeguarding the map. His own vigilant protection is too dear a price for it to pay, but one small favor, a single-use magic item or information on some other event in the Campaign may persuade them.

Further Adventures

This section suggests adventures which might easily follow from the preceding events. GMs might incorporate several of these into their Campaign, or might ignore all of them and run the second adventure immediately.

The Rightful Owners

Georgrem obtained the map illegally, and its true owners have a claim to it. Using magic or by detective work (e.g. talking to bandits who survived the attack) they could track it down to the adventurers.

Perhaps the dispute is called before a court, where a judge (perhaps corrupt) decides who should keep it. The adventurers have a difficult case to argue if they want to keep the map, but the judge may have his or her own reasons for keeping it from the rightful owners. He may want it him or herself, or may rule in favor of the adventurers if they perform a "small service" for him.

More directly, a bounty hunter hired to find the map may try to take it from them by force or guile. Or if the owners were blunt and disreputable sorts they might simply attack the adventurers. A combination of these could lead to three or four separate adventures.

Catching the Thief

If the adventurers are known to have the map—and if their ownership is not openly disputed—they may be asked to investigate its theft. A suitable fee would be offered if their investigations led to an arrest. Either the map's original owners or the authorities in the area of the theft might approach them.

This might lead to a brutal investigation through a city's underworld, or a delicate investigation of corruption in the temple or college from which it vanished. In keeping with these adventures' themes, the thief might have been

acting from laudable motives (e.g. in order to buy her family out of slavery, or to raise money to distribute to the poor), so that the adventurers are confronted with the question of whether to punish a good but misguided person, or let him or her go free but thus not be paid.

Georgrem's Allies

The preceding adventure implied that Georgrem acted on his own, without other powerful allies. However, he may have been acting on the behalf of a group, or as the follower of a more powerful necromancer. After his death these allies try to retrieve the map in order to release Lodyrek.

They might set ambushes for the adventurers, offer to buy the map from them, or hire a thief to steal it. More deviously might have someone infiltrate the party. This mole would accompany the adventurers, helping them to get to Sundheim Island, but once there would defect to help Lodyrek escape.

Disagreement in the Vault

Rabineile's tactic is to preserve the map, then launch an attack upon Sundheim Island. Heroic though this plan might be, other Sentinels surely object to it. Thus, the adventurers might come to be at the center of a dispute between two or more Dominions.

An Outcast, for example, might want to give the map to Georgrem's allies, then lay a trap for them on the island or at Trodhault. To this end, the Sentinel persuades or forces the adventurers to relinquish the map and even to orchestrate the deception. The adventurers might be approached directly by the competing Sentinel, or by a Seraphist representing the Outcast.

Other Dominions might have other ideas. The Second, for example, might point out that it would be simpler to seal Lodyrek into the island forever than to destroy him (though of course that would mean that the adventurers could not loot his chambers). A Sentinel of the Seventh might point out that the map has caused enough misery already (pointing to the butchered bandits, if there were any), and suggest that the adventurers would do better to find a way to destroy it.

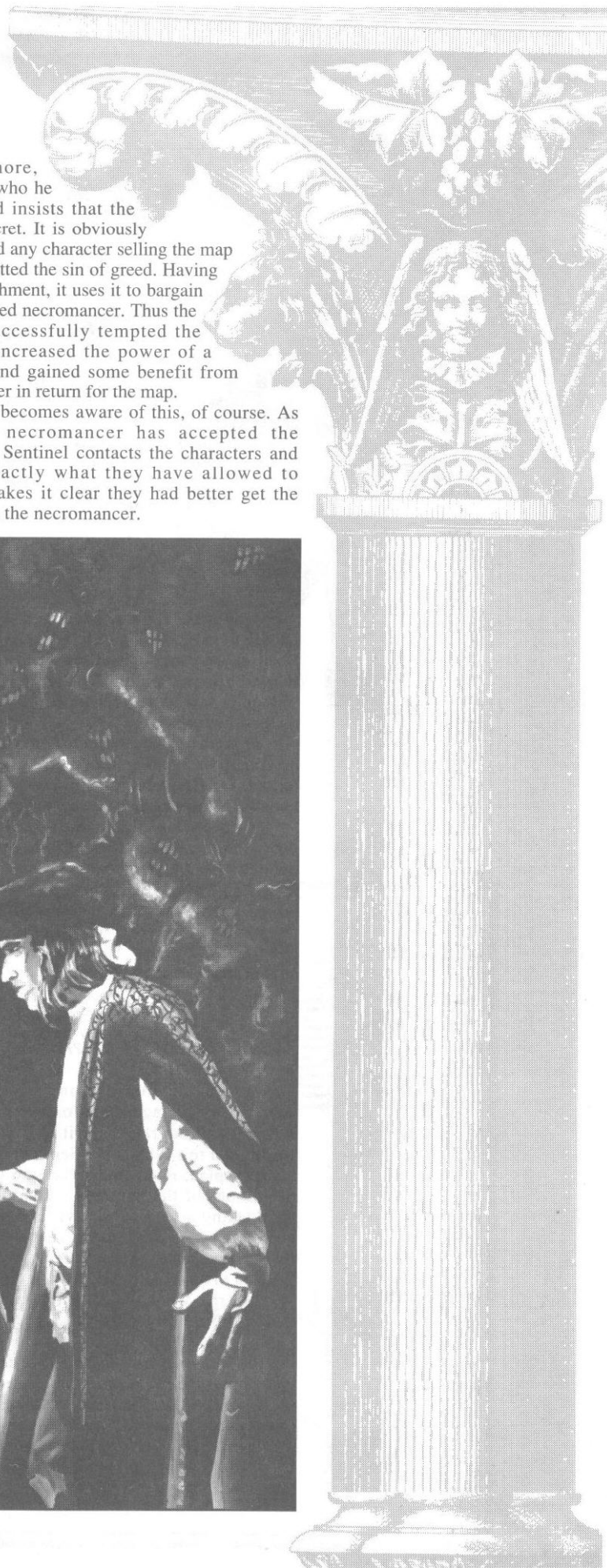
The Demon

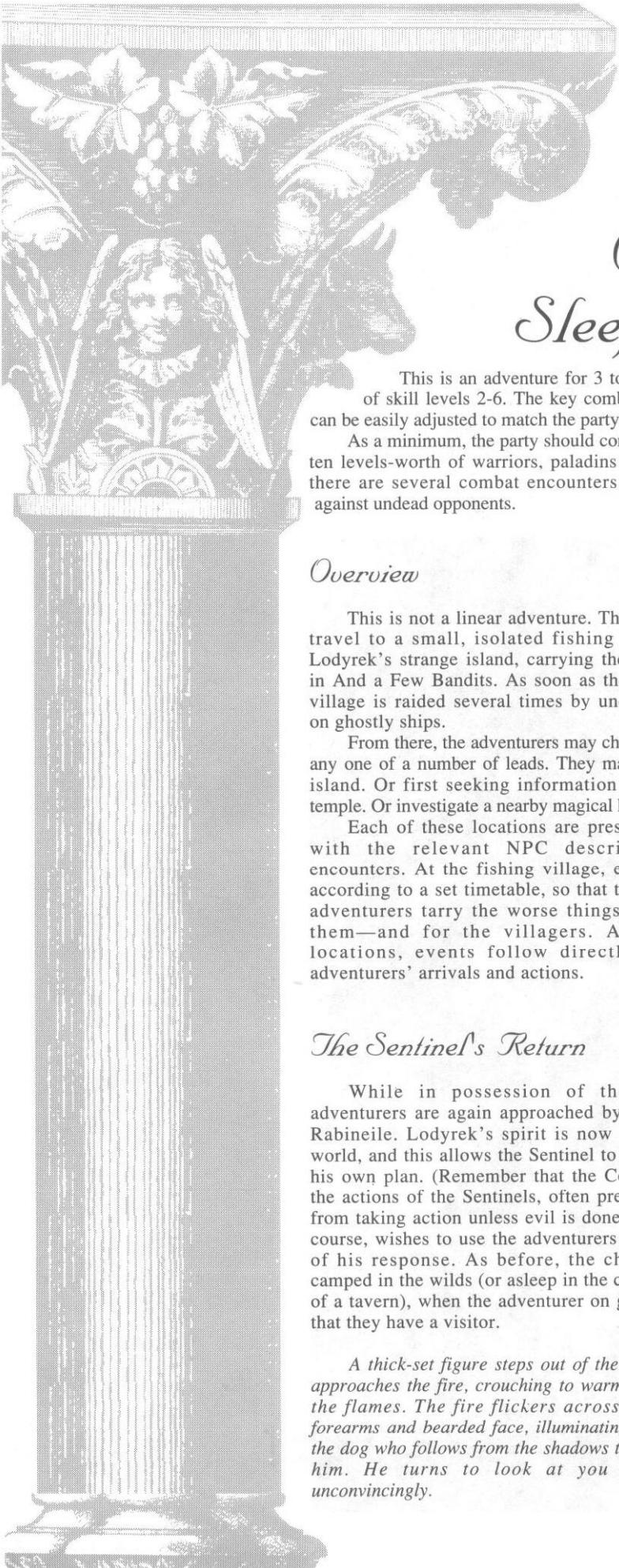
A minor Seducer (see the Demons pack for details) targets the adventurers, trying to use the map to tempt them into committing the sin of greed. Disguised as a sage, it asks them about the map, and after a brief inspection pronounces that it is "a fascinating ideogram, outstanding in its originality. Had I the cash, I would give you eight or nine hundred gold marks for this. You should be careful whose hands it falls into. It would be appalling if the servants of darkness were to obtain this masterpiece."

Thus certain that the adventurers know it would be wrong to sell the map indiscriminately, the Seducer approaches them again, some time later and in a different guise. Speaking in hushed tones and always glancing furtively about, the demon says that he seeks the "map to the Island of Sundheim" for "a party who wishes to remain nameless", and offers 1200 gp. He

will pay more, refuses to say who he works for, and insists that the sale remain secret. It is obviously a scoundrel, and any character selling the map to it has committed the sin of greed. Having gained the parchment, it uses it to bargain with an interested necromancer. Thus the demon has successfully tempted the adventurers, increased the power of a necromancer and gained some benefit from that necromancer in return for the map.

Rabineile becomes aware of this, of course. As soon as the necromancer has accepted the parchment the Sentinel contacts the characters and tells them exactly what they have allowed to happen. He makes it clear they had better get the map back from the necromancer.





But Only Sleeping

This is an adventure for 3 to 6 characters, of skill levels 2-6. The key combat encounters can be easily adjusted to match the party's strength.

As a minimum, the party should contain a total of ten levels-worth of warriors, paladins or priests, as there are several combat encounters pitting them against undead opponents.

Overview

This is not a linear adventure. The adventurers travel to a small, isolated fishing village near Lodyrek's strange island, carrying the map gained in *And a Few Bandits*. As soon as they arrive, the village is raided several times by undead arriving on ghostly ships.

From there, the adventurers may choose to follow any one of a number of leads. They may explore the island. Or first seeking information from a local temple. Or investigate a nearby magical hill.

Each of these locations are presented below, with the relevant NPC descriptions and encounters. At the fishing village, events follow according to a set timetable, so that the longer the adventurers tarry the worse things become for them—and for the villagers. At the other locations, events follow directly from the adventurers' arrivals and actions.

The Sentinel's Return

While in possession of the map, the adventurers are again approached by the Sentinel Rabineile. Lodyrek's spirit is now active in the world, and this allows the Sentinel to set in motion his own plan. (Remember that the Compact limits the actions of the Sentinels, often preventing them from taking action unless evil is done first.) He, of course, wishes to use the adventurers as the agents of his response. As before, the characters are camped in the wilds (or asleep in the common room of a tavern), when the adventurer on guard realizes that they have a visitor.

A thick-set figure steps out of the darkness and approaches the fire, crouching to warm his hands by the flames. The fire flickers across his tattooed forearms and bearded face, illuminating his furs and the dog who follows from the shadows to stand beside him. He turns to look at you and smiles, unconvincingly.

The Sentinel is still not interested in disclosing its true identity, but is anxious that someone should finally destroy Lodyrek. Instead of exchanging pleasantries, he merely asks "Do you still have the map?" He knows that they do.

Broadly, he explains that Lodyrek is collecting the bodies of those drowned around its island, using its powers to draw them to him and animate them to serve him. He is uncertain what the necromancer's plan is. Perhaps he wishes to use the undead to enforce his will over the local populace. Perhaps he intends to send them to retrieve the map. Perhaps he has some other plan to free himself from the island.

Rabineile expects the adventurers to use the map to gain access to Lodyrek's tomb and destroy the man's foul spirit. If they are of good alignment he assumes they are eager to undertake such a quest. If they are neutral, evil, or a greedy variant on good, then he mentions the power and wealth wielded by Lodyrek in life. If questioned on the matter of loot, he points out that "No mortal could know what lies in his tomb." Of course, Rabineile knows that there is nothing of outstanding note there. (Although he is not adverse to lying to evil characters he always tries to avoid uttering direct untruths.)

If asked how he knows so much about what Lodyrek is doing, Rabineile observes that "My overlord is much concerned to know these things," and refuses to discuss the matter further.

Furnishing the adventurers with directions to Lodyrek's island, Rabineile stands and walks out of the camp (or tavern) and disappears into the night. Attempts to follow are useless, and in the morning a Tracking proficiency Check reveals that the stranger's tracks simply peter out some yards from the camp. All attempts to contact Rabineile fail from hence forth, but he watches over them throughout the adventure.

The Journey

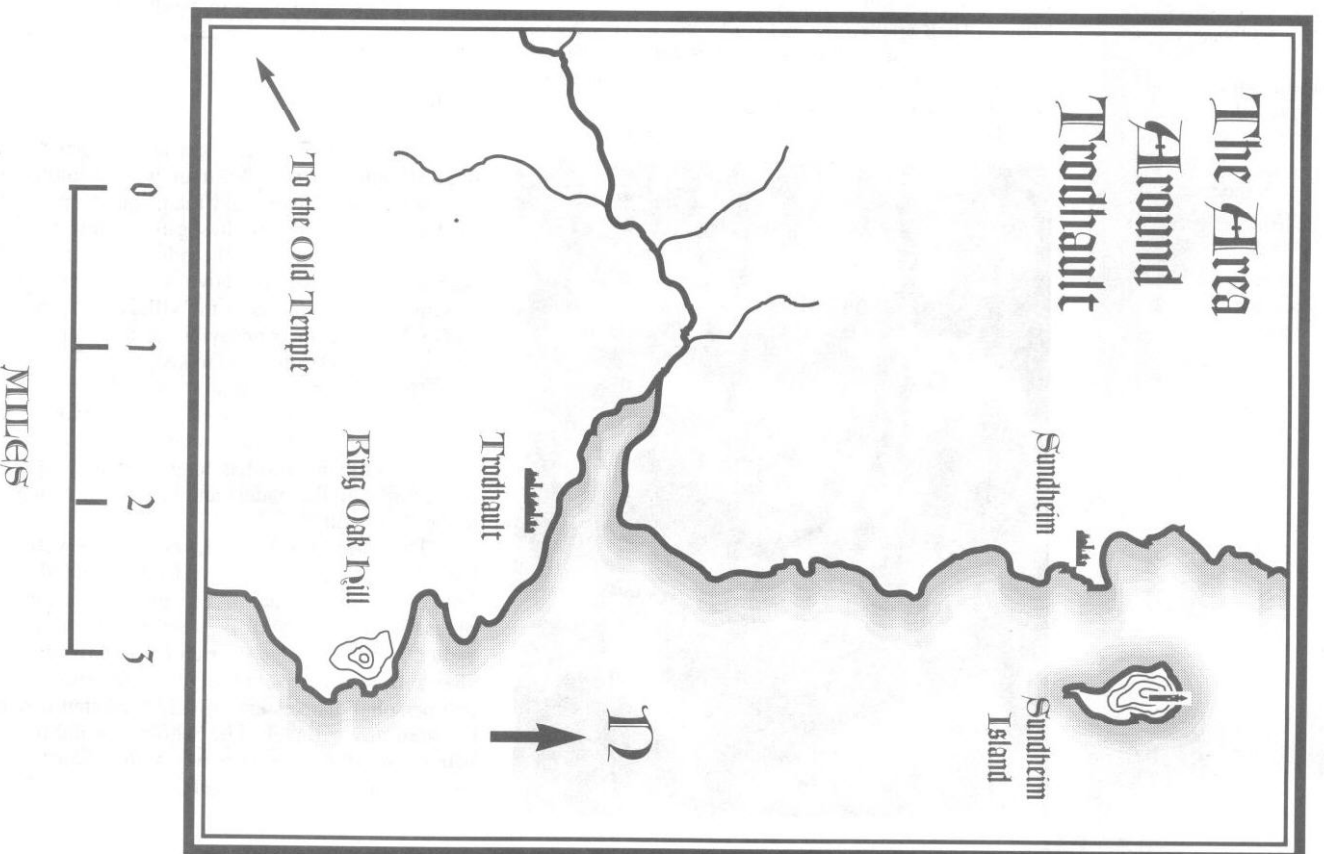
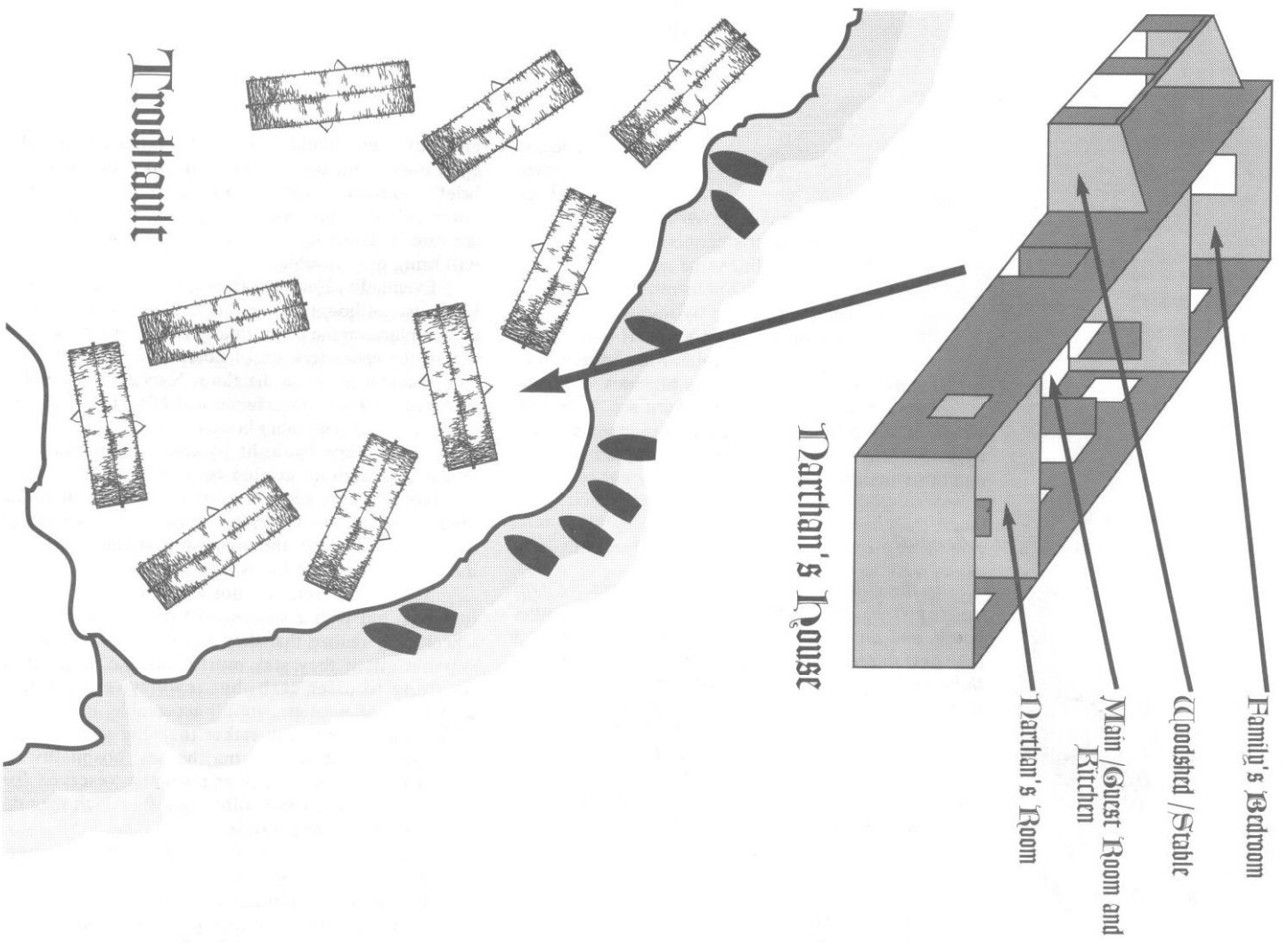
The details of the journey to Trodhault are left to the GM, and vary depending upon where in your campaign world the adventurers start and where you have situated Sundheim Island. The group arrive at Trodhault shortly before dusk, tired but in reasonable spirits. The journey should not have left them badly injured, as they have no time to recuperate once they reach the village.

Trodhault

As the adventurers approach Trodhault the GM may wish to read the following description:

It is late in the afternoon. The terrain is bare, with few trees or even bushes, and the land is creased with steep ridges. After the road's final rise over a steep hill, it winds down into the village at the water's edge. A dozen thatched houses look out across the dark sea. Along the pebble beach lie nine broad fishing boats.

Every house is solidly built, with hefty shutters and doors, each housing a small extended family of



four to ten people. The village contains fifteen children, a dozen teenagers, and thirty five adults.

Trodhault's economy is based upon the fish caught by the nine boats on the beach, which leave every day before dawn and return by noon. Each house also maintains a small vegetable garden, and mushrooms, herbs and nettles are collected on the hillsides. Children gather edible seaweed and hunt sea-birds with slings on the beach. A few captive pigeons provide eggs. Surplus fish, once salted, are traded for beer and other luxuries.

Arrival

In the village two women sit in the evening light gutting fish, an old man digs a small vegetable patch, and on the beach a group of men argue over how best to repair a damaged boat. As you walk into their village each in turn looks up and pauses in their work, staring at you. A child darts back into a house. Two older men break off from the group on the beach to head toward you. The man in his garden lays down his spade, and two other old men emerge from their houses. Slowly the oldest men in the village assemble to greet you as their families look on from doorways and windows, children holding their mothers' skirts.

Eight men eventually assemble to greet the new arrivals, representing the eight family groupings of the village. Their spokesman steps forward, a thick-set old fisherman named Narthan. He shakes hands tentatively but firmly with the adventurers' evident leader and welcomes the group to the village.

He asks who they are, where they have been,

and why they should come to this quiet village. His eyes pass from one to the other of them and rest briefly on their weapons. He is polite and hospitable, but clearly unhappy with their presence. Adventurers are rare in Trodhault, and he fears that such a group will bring only trouble.

Eventually, Narthan offers the strangers a place in his house, although he regrets that he can only offer them a place on the floor, rather than in proper beds. If any of the characters are of noble rank or great fame and protest a space on the floor, Narthan forsakes his own bed for them. Henchmen and NPC followers are given lodgings with other households.

Any horses brought by the adventurers are tethered beneath an awning behind Narthan's house. The roof normally keeps fire wood dry, but will do for the horses. There is no danger of the villagers stealing the beasts. Although this makeshift stable is open to the elements, the weather is fair.

The adventurers are not asked to pay for their lodgings, but with a successful Etiquette proficiency Check they realize that they are expected to make a suitable gift if they stay more than one night. It is insulting to offer cash, but jewelry, craft items, animals, medicines etc. are all acceptable, and should reflect the giver's rank rather than the value of the hospitality. Narthan is giving the best hospitality he can (his best food, the beer normally reserved for festivals, etc.) and guests offering gifts which they do not value are downright rude.

If the adventurers are rude in this manner, impolite in other ways, or hostile to villagers they are asked to leave. Camping on a rocky slope of the hillside is considerably less pleasant than staying snuggled in a warm home in Trodhault.

Village Folk

The adventurers can get any information they require from their host, Narthan, who should be played as a confident, capable old man, intent upon offering proper hospitality to his guests but somewhat suspicious of them. Like the other men of the village, Narthan is gone before dawn with the fishing boats, leaving the adventurers in the village with the women and children. (If their behavior has been suspicious, he also leaves two strong men to keep an eye on them.)

The other family heads, should the adventurers wish to speak with them, are Perce, Morrit, Thule, Damean, Augus, Samuen, and Essach. All of these defer to Narthan, who has long been their spokesman in dealing with the traders and other visitors who come to the Trodhault.

The families have lived in the village for innumerable generations, and intermarried with the refugees from Sundheim. The present inhabitants are pleasant but insular folk, few of whom have ever visited another village—let alone a town or city. It is also a close-knit community, where petty squabbles and personal dislikes are quickly forgotten if strangers threaten any villager. The whole community rallies behind any of its members whom they believe to have been wronged by the strangers.

Typical Villager

Skill Level 0

STR: 11 INT: 10

INS: 10 DEX: 12

STA: 11 APL: 11

HTK: 3

AC: 10

THACO: 20

ALIGNMENT: LG, LN or NG

Weapon Proficiencies:

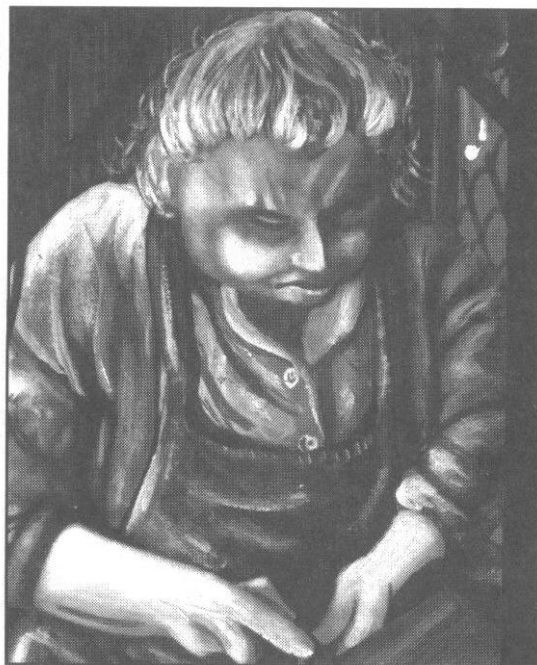
None.

Weapons and Armor:

Improvised clubs, Knives and Staves.

Proficiencies:

Seamanship; Net Making, Rope Making, or Carpentry.



Asking Questions

The adventurers presumably ask about Sundheim Island and the legend of the necromancer. The villagers' version of the story, however, is vague.

"Before my grandfather's time, a wizard lived on Sundheim Island, up the coast a while. A right nasty piece of work he was. They say that when folk died their neighbors weren't allowed to bury them, but had to take the body to the Island, where this wizard brought them back to life as his slaves. Then if anyone hereabouts angered him or didn't pay the tribute he asked, then their dead relatives would come back and drag them off to the Island.

"Eventually a King came with his army and attacked his tower. In the end he fought this wizard himself—though if I were a King I'd get my soldiers to do that for me. Anyway, he killed the wizard, but died of mortal wounds later. They buried him up on King Oak Hill and pulled the wizard's castle down. And that's the sum of it."

Other villagers' versions are similar. They date the conflict to anything from a century to a thousand years ago, some talk of a Prince or Hero instead of a King, and some call the wizard a necromancer.

If the characters ask where they can find more information they are directed to the Old Temple. "Ruloph the priest, he'd know more about it."

If they ask whether there are other settlements nearer the Island, the villagers say that there was once a village of Sundheim facing the Island, but that it was deserted over a century ago. The reason they give (if asked) is that the waters around the island are cursed and yield no fish. Some connect this curse with the death of the necromancer (saying that he blighted the waters with his dying breath), while others just say that the whole island is cursed because of the evils committed there in his time.

Events in Trodhaut

Life in Trodhaut is pleasant enough, though the fishermen must sometimes endure foul weather and risk drowning to feed their families. The houses are cozy and quite warm, the scenery pleasant and the pace of life refreshingly slow. The sea is bountiful, and no-one goes hungry. The arrival of the adventurers, however, brings Lodyrek's attention to bear on the village. He senses they carry the map that could free him. In his attempt to seize the parchment the necromancer shatters the village's tranquillity.

The Scouting Party

The first night after the adventurers arrive, Lodyrek sends a group of undead to investigate Trodhaut. This first sortie is primarily a reconnaissance mission, for the necromancer wants to see if the map can be easily stolen. The corpses are animated by the power of his spirit, and he can see and hear whatever his creations can see or hear. The undead will measure the adventurers' strength, but snatch the map given the chance. They stay together, the better to slay anyone who tries to stop them.

Any adventurer on watch outside spots a small shape moving across the darkened sea towards the

beach that night—a shadow the size of a fishing boat. The boat should reach the beach one round before any adventurers do. Three skeletal undead disembark and move up the beach from the boat, which dissipates into mist after the skeletons have left. The creatures sense the location of the map, but scout around the village first, looking for some indication of what or who accompanies it. To this end, they move cautiously and quietly.

The skeletons approach Narthan's house (or the location of the map) 2D6 rounds after landing on the beach. However, if any lookout disturbs them they immediately move toward the map, hoping to steal it while they retain the element of surprise. Each round after the fourth there is a 1 in 6 chance that as they pass a house a dog starts barking in fear. Any awake adventurer can hear this, and notes the fear in the bark with a successful Animal Handling Check. The bark does not wake any other characters. As the skeletons approach the party Rabincile wakes the adventurer whose alignment is closest to lawful good. For no apparent reason the character finds him or herself wide awake and perspiring.

The undead move first to the rear of the house where the horses are tethered. Unless interrupted each skeleton kills one sleeping horse each round. When the horses are dead they turn their attentions to the house. They simply walk up to the front door, knock and wait, relying upon the curiosity of those within to open the door. Narthan sees no reason not to open the door (it is likely to be one of his neighbors, after all), but will hesitate if given a plausible reason to do so. If the door is opened the undead push in and start bashing the occupants.

The adventurers may unbolt a shutter, lift it from the window and peer out. But upon hearing the noises of the window being opened, an undead moves to the window to attack anyone looking out. If no door or window is opened in five rounds, two undead pick up a large log and start battering at a window. The shutters are strong, but eventually (1-8 turns) the wood splinters and falls.

During the fight, the undead move toward the map (whether it's on someone or amid gear and supplies), attacking anyone who gets in their way. The six other adults in the house (Narthan, his wife, two sons, one daughter, and one daughter-in-law), who fight as best they can using oars, chairs, and kitchen knives as improvised weapons.

After the fight, searching the corpses reveals that they are draped in seaweed and stink of sea-brine; one also wears a distinctive bangle, which any local can identify has having belonged to a fisherman named Jethen who was lost at sea three weeks ago. The villagers stand around Narthan's house in nervous clusters, casting accusatory glances towards the adventurers and muttering to themselves.

Should the undead defeat the adventurers and seize the map (which is unlikely), they head back to the beach, where the boat rematerializes at their approach. They sail back to Sundheim Island and there

2 HD Undead

STR: 12 INT: n/a

INS: n/a DEX: 9

STA: 12 APL: n/a

HTK: 7

AC: 9/4*

THAC0: 20

* AC 9 vs hacking or crushing weapons. AC 4 vs thrusting or missile weapons.

Weapon Proficiencies:

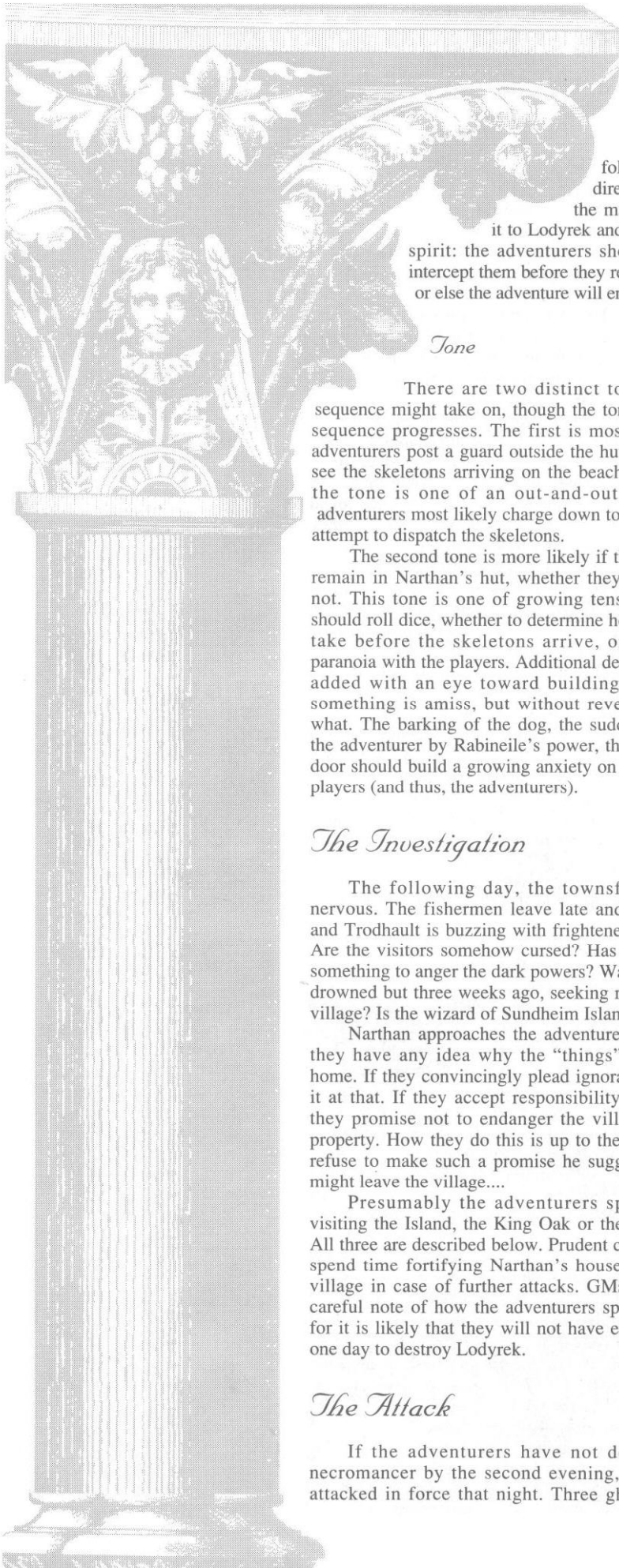
Short Bow, Dagger.

Weapons and Armor:

Club (broken oar, hunk of driftwood or boat's tiller) 1D6.

Powers:

May sense the location of the map.



follow the map's directions through the maze, delivering it to Lodyrek and so freeing his spirit: the adventurers should certainly intercept them before they reach the island, or else the adventure will end here.

Tone

There are two distinct tones that this sequence might take on, though the tones mix as the sequence progresses. The first is most likely if the adventurers post a guard outside the hut, for they will see the skeletons arriving on the beach. In this case, the tone is one of an out-and-out fight as the adventurers most likely charge down to the beach and attempt to dispatch the skeletons.

The second tone is more likely if the adventurers remain in Narthan's hut, whether they are asleep or not. This tone is one of growing tension. The GM should roll dice, whether to determine how long it will take before the skeletons arrive, or just to sow paranoia with the players. Additional details should be added with an eye toward building a sense that something is amiss, but without revealing exactly what. The barking of the dog, the sudden waking of the adventurer by Rabineile's power, the knock at the door should build a growing anxiety on the part of the players (and thus, the adventurers).

The Investigation

The following day, the townsfolk are very nervous. The fishermen leave late and return early, and Trodhault is buzzing with frightened speculation. Are the visitors somehow cursed? Has Narthan done something to anger the dark powers? Was Jethen, who drowned but three weeks ago, seeking revenge on the village? Is the wizard of Sundheim Island returning?

Narthan approaches the adventurers and asks if they have any idea why the "things" attacked his home. If they convincingly plead ignorance he leaves it at that. If they accept responsibility, he asks that they promise not to endanger the villagers or their property. How they do this is up to them, but if they refuse to make such a promise he suggests that they might leave the village....

Presumably the adventurers spend the day visiting the Island, the King Oak or the Old Temple. All three are described below. Prudent characters may spend time fortifying Narthan's house or the entire village in case of further attacks. GMs should keep careful note of how the adventurers spend their day, for it is likely that they will not have enough time in one day to destroy Lodyrek.

The Attack

If the adventurers have not destroyed the necromancer by the second evening, Trodhault is attacked in force that night. Three ghostly fishing

boats sail into the bay a hour after midnight. There are two undead for each combat-worthy member of the party (i.e. excluding those who are still badly wounded from the night before, or who have no combat ability). If the adventurers fight from a defensive position in the buildings then they can easily rebuff the attack.

Only two adventurers (and two undead opponents) may strike through a door at any one time, though characters with spears may also jab their weapon in-between two comrades. Further, a character automatically gains initiative against any undead climbing through a window. Remember also that the undead must batter their way through the shutters or doors and contend with any defenses built by devious adventurers.

If the undead do manage to grab the map they immediately break off their assault and attempt to return to Sundheim Island.

The Last Ditch Attack

The adventurers should defeat Lodyrek the following day, but if they do not then the necromancer summons up eight more skeletons to launch a final assault against adventurers. Once these have been destroyed there are no more drowned sailors around the island to send after the map.

Locations of Interest

At anytime the adventurers may investigate the following places near the village of Trodhault. The investigations will most likely begin the day after The Scouting Party sequence above, but the GM should be ready for the adventurers to begin looking for information immediately.

TRAVEL TIMES

The following table should help the GM calculate the passage of time as the adventurers travels about the land. Even if their horses remain alive, the rocky terrain makes riding no swifter than walking. Because of the rocks, wise horsemen will lead their mounts rather than ride them. Flying, teleportation, etc. would make journeys much swifter.

Trodhault to the Old Temple: 2 hours (6 miles).

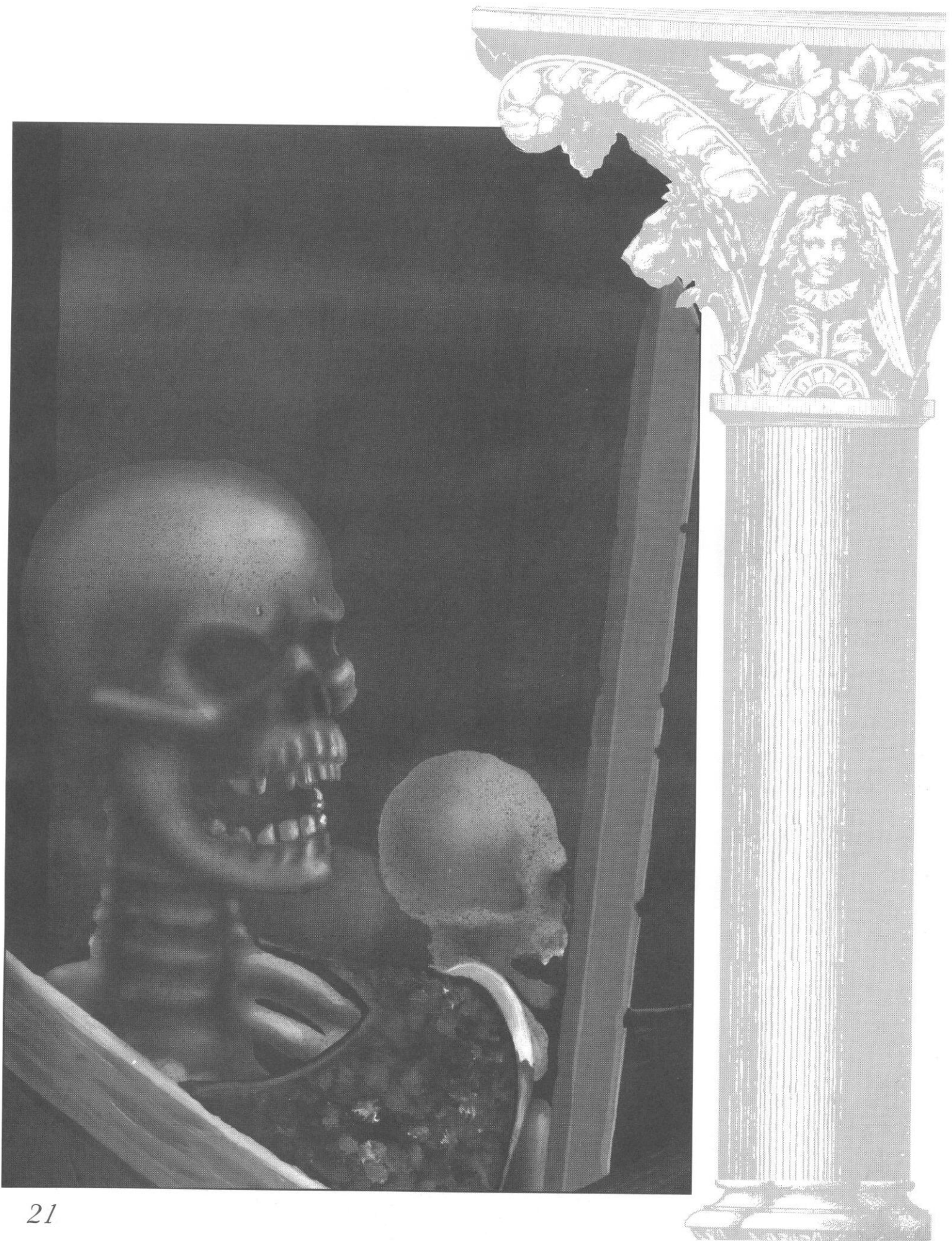
Trodhault to Sundheim: 1 hour (3 miles).

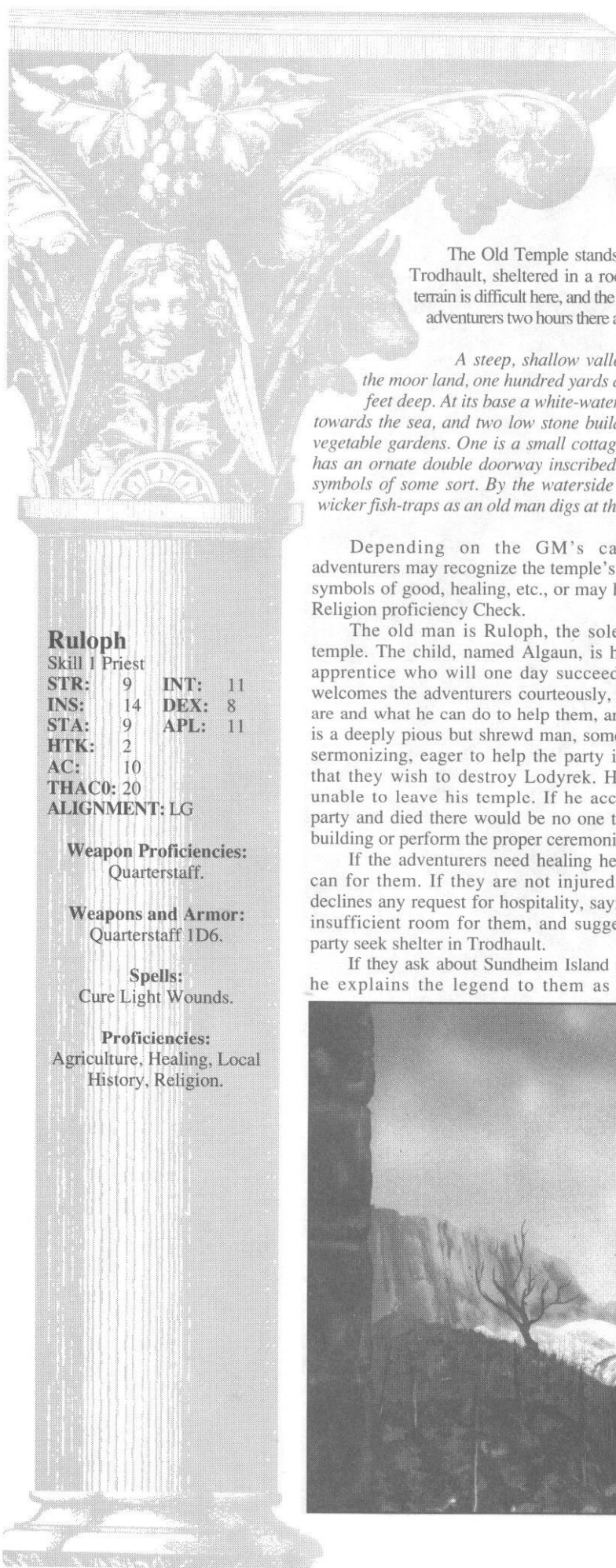
Trodhault to Sundheim Island (by boat): 90 minutes.

Trodhault to King Oak Hill: 30 minutes (1 1/2 miles).

Old Temple to King Oak Hill: 3 hours 25 minutes (6 1/2 miles).

Old Temple to Sundheim: 2 hours 40 minutes (8 miles).





The Old Temple

The Old Temple stands six miles from Trodhault, sheltered in a rocky valley. The terrain is difficult here, and the journey takes the adventurers two hours there and two back.

A steep, shallow valley cuts through the moor land, one hundred yards across and forty feet deep. At its base a white-water stream sweeps towards the sea, and two low stone buildings sit amidst vegetable gardens. One is a small cottage, but the other has an ornate double doorway inscribed with glyphs or symbols of some sort. By the waterside a child checks wicker fish-traps as an old man digs at the garden.

Depending on the GM's campaign, the adventurers may recognize the temple's inscriptions as symbols of good, healing, etc., or may have to make a Religion proficiency Check.

The old man is Ruloph, the sole priest of the temple. The child, named Algaun, is his servant and apprentice who will one day succeed him. Ruloph welcomes the adventurers courteously, asks who they are and what he can do to help them, and so forth. He is a deeply pious but shrewd man, somewhat given to sermonizing, eager to help the party if they explain that they wish to destroy Lodyrek. However, he is unable to leave his temple. If he accompanied the party and died there would be no one to maintain the building or perform the proper ceremonies.

If the adventurers need healing he does what he can for them. If they are not injured, however, he declines any request for hospitality, saying that he has insufficient room for them, and suggesting that the party seek shelter in Trodhault.

If they ask about Sundheim Island and its history, he explains the legend to them as he knows it.

Ruloph

Skill 1 Priest

STR: 9 INT: 11

INS: 14 DEX: 8

STA: 9 APL: 11

HTK: 2

AC: 10

THACO: 20

ALIGNMENT: LG

Weapon Proficiencies:
Quarterstaff.

Weapons and Armor:
Quarterstaff 1D6.

Spells:
Cure Light Wounds.

Proficiencies:
Agriculture, Healing, Local History, Religion.

"Hundreds of years ago, before this temple was built, an accursed wizard lived on the island. He forced the people to build his tower for him. When any of them died he demanded the bodies be given to him for his evil magic. He was a blasphemous villain with no obedience to Heaven or fear of Hell, enslaving and terrorizing his fellow men and women. Well, you know what wizards are. Their magic is unnatural, you know. It leads away from holiness. Beware of it!" He gives any magicians in the group a sidelong glance, then continues.

"Anyway, people came from all over the place to get rid of this wizard—Lodyrek, I think he was called. Good people, holy people. With them was a woman, a wizard herself, and she offered to put her talents to good use, I suppose. While her forces besieged Lodyrek in his cellars, she had the tower pulled down, burying the villain alive. She cast all kinds of magic to stop him escaping, but the commanders of the army discovered that she only wanted to steal his secrets. Her magic had corrupted her, you know. So, they executed her.

"They buried her up on King Oak Hill. The tree there grew over the grave. It's a sign from heaven, holiness triumphing over corruption. The Oak's a sacred tree, you know. It averts lightning, protects against magic, keeps evil spirits at bay. Anyway, that's the history of the place."

If the adventurers wish to engage him in debate concerning the nature of wizardly magic he proves an articulate (if opinionated) opponent.

The King Oak

The party may visit King Oak Hill out of curiosity or because they have inferred from the Ruloph (above) that the tree might have beneficial powers.

•If they approach without clear purpose it is an unremarkable site. Read, "Half an hour's journey from Trodhault, King Oak Hill is a low rise looking out across the open sea. On its summit stands a single oak tree, perhaps four hundred years old. It is slightly



crooked. As it waves in the breeze it seems to gesture out towards Trodhault, or Sundheim Island beyond."

•If the party approaches with the conviction that the tree is important (e.g. if they have spoken with Ruloph, used spells of divination and so on), they are met by a Sentinel who acts as Custodian of the tree. Read, "As you draw closer you see a gaunt gray-haired man sitting beneath the oak's reaching branches. He wears the gown of a scholar, and sits engrossed in the book open on his lap, apparently unaware of your approach."

The Custodian, Amarandar, is of the Second Dominion, and has been waiting for the adventurers. He knows them all by name, calling them by their real names, regardless of any pseudonyms they might be using. He looks up at them only as they step beneath the oak's boughs. He does not stand nor close its book.

Amarandar

Amarandar waits for the adventurers to address him first, but his replies betray his knowledge of their quest. He answers truthfully any questions they ask concerning Lodyrek and the island, clearing up some of the confusion arising from the accounts they have thus heard. However, he can only help the adventurers with answers, and cannot simply "download" all the information he has available. He refuses to answer questions on other subjects, dismissing them as unimportant, or claiming not to know the answer.

Two important benefits may be gained from this Custodian—a method of destroying Lodyrek, and aid in fighting its undead.

If the adventurers ask how Lodyrek may be killed, the Sentinel smiles and replies: "The oak tree is a magical tree, despite its commonplace appearance. This specimen, being of unusual generation and situation, has notable potentiality. You must find a way to harness that power."

The means of putting Lodyrek's spirit to final rest is rather simple. Sprinkle leaves from the oak tree over the corpse. However, it might be a while before the adventurers hit upon this method. Although Amarandar is forbidden to directly tell the adventurers what they must do, he helps them with hints and dismisses implausible suggestion. When the adventurers finally hit on the correct means of putting the spirit to rest, Amarandar says, "that would suffice, though you should take a reasonable number of leaves." The characters should take at least enough to fill a shoulder bag.

(At the GM's discretion there may be other methods of harnessing the oak's power. Examples include placing an acorn where the skeleton's heart should be, or cutting off a branch, burning it and sprinkling the ashes over the corpse, or striking it with a club made from a branch.)

The adventurers may also receive aid against Lodyrek's undead servants. If they ask for aid against the animated dead, Amarandar asks them for their finest sword and its scabbard. Unless it is an evil weapon, he enchants it for them. The man takes the sword, drawing it from its scabbard. He picks up seven dried leaves from the ground and rubs them over the blade. Satisfied, he slides it back into its sheath and hands it back to its owner saying, "Draw this weapon and it will strike down any of

Lodyrek's creations.

I have enchanted it, but your own wisdom is more important, for its effects will last but once and only for a few minutes. You must judge when it's use is necessary."

The next time that the sword is drawn it flickers with a silver sheen for seven rounds. For this duration it destroys any 1 to 4 Hit Dice undead which it successfully strikes. It does not gain any other powers, but any pluses or other advantages it might previously have had remain.

If adventurers want to peer at Amarandar's book he does not prevent them, as they cannot understand it. Any mortal looking at the pages sees a mass of tiny scrawl that makes no sense. No sentence remains the same for more than a few seconds, and no statement is complete. Lodyrek's name is visible occasionally, as are Mariene Diverdi's, the adventurers' own names, and assorted nonsensical references to sleep, guards, fish, leaves, attacks, drowned men, waves, beaches, lines, curses, ancestors, temples, maps, Trodhault, swords, brittle wood, death, spirits, and horses. GMs might recite this list for peering adventurers, and let them make what they will of it.

The Sentinel does not lend or give away its book, and if it is taken without Amarandar's permission all of the pages turn blank. GMs requiring statistics for this Custodian should refer to the Custodian of the Second Dominion provided in the folio.

Sundheim

The adventurers may travel to Sundheim and the ruins on Sundheim island after gathering clues or they may simply try to charge the ruins. Either way, the setting provides the climax for the adventure.

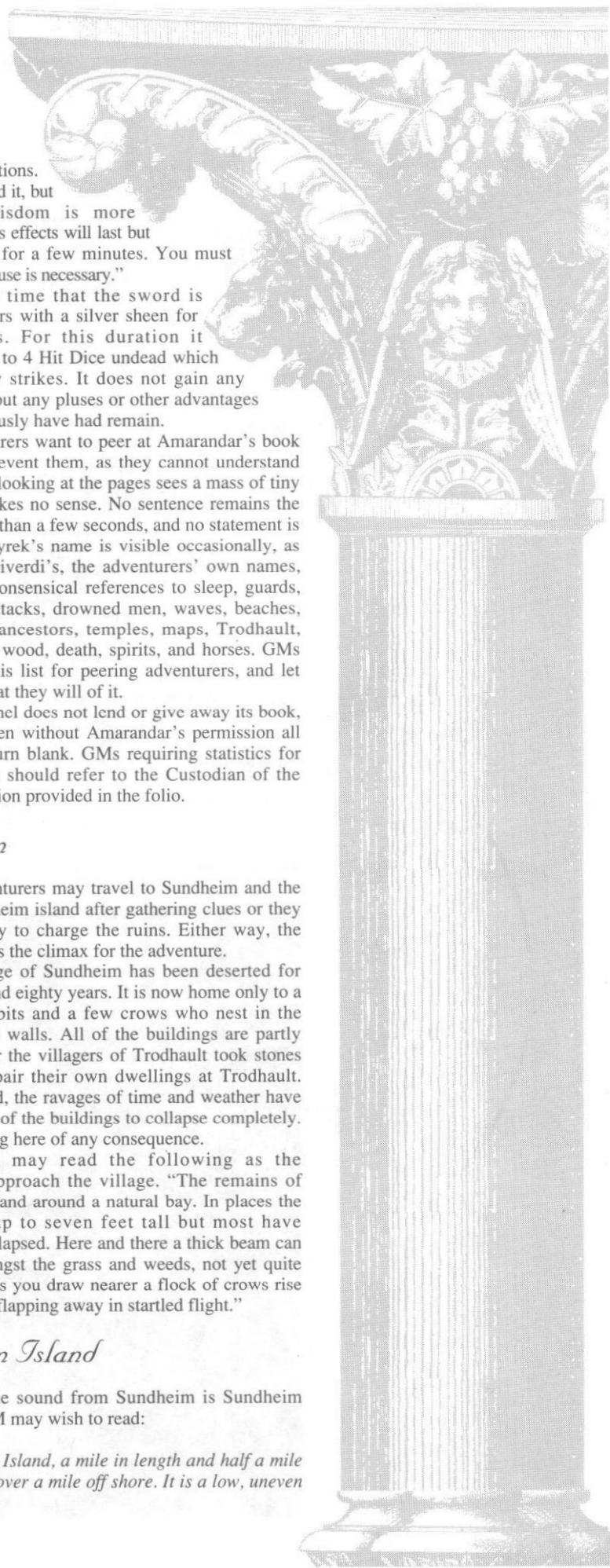
The village of Sundheim has been deserted for one hundred and eighty years. It is now home only to a warren of rabbits and a few crows who nest in the remains of the walls. All of the buildings are partly dismantled, for the villagers of Trodhault took stones to build or repair their own dwellings at Trodhault. Thus weakened, the ravages of time and weather have caused several of the buildings to collapse completely. There is nothing here of any consequence.

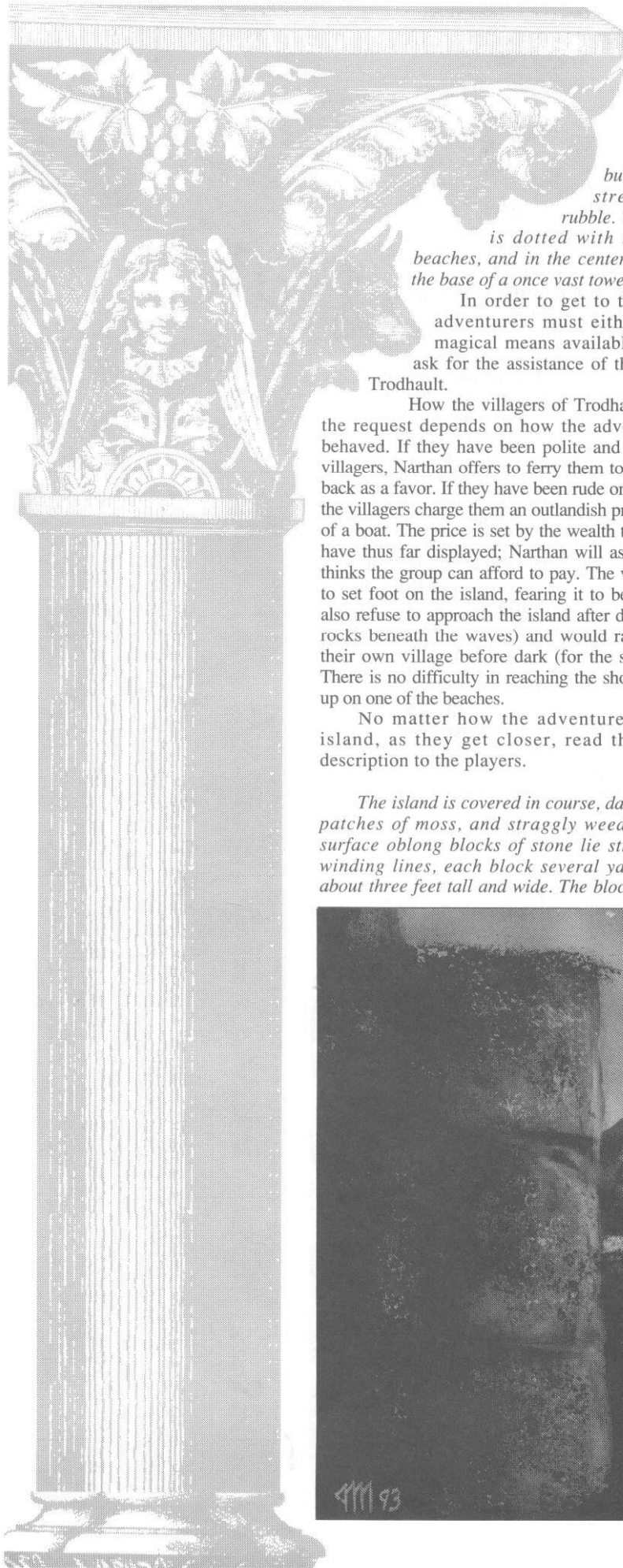
The GM may read the following as the adventurers approach the village. "The remains of eight houses stand around a natural bay. In places the walls stand up to seven feet tall but most have completely collapsed. Here and there a thick beam can be found amongst the grass and weeds, not yet quite rotted away. As you draw nearer a flock of crows rise in into the air, flapping away in startled flight."

Sundheim Island

Across the sound from Sundheim is Sundheim Island. The GM may wish to read:

Sundheim Island, a mile in length and half a mile wide, lies just over a mile off shore. It is a low, uneven





bulk of dark rock strewn with rubble. The shore line is dotted with steep pebbly beaches, and in the center of the island the base of a once vast tower still stands.

In order to get to the island the adventurers must either swim, use magical means available to them, or ask for the assistance of the villagers in Trodhault.

How the villagers of Trodhault respond to the request depends on how the adventurers have behaved. If they have been polite and helpful to the villagers, Narthan offers to ferry them to the island and back as a favor. If they have been rude or offensive then the villagers charge them an outlandish price for the hire of a boat. The price is set by the wealth the adventurers have thus far displayed; Narthan will ask whatever he thinks the group can afford to pay. The villagers refuse to set foot on the island, fearing it to be cursed. They also refuse to approach the island after dark (in case of rocks beneath the waves) and would rather return to their own village before dark (for the same reasons). There is no difficulty in reaching the shore and pulling up on one of the beaches.

No matter how the adventurers reach the island, as they get closer, read the following description to the players.

The island is covered in coarse, dark grass, thick patches of moss, and straggly weeds. Across its surface oblong blocks of stone lie strewn in long, winding lines, each block several yards long and about three feet tall and wide. The blocks are flecked

with lichen and moss. In the center of the island, stand the tower's thick walls— now only five feet high— made from the same stone that now litters the island.

There are few animals here, only some flies, beetles and other horrible insects, and some bats which seem to flit around the east side of the tower during the night: there is no indication of where the bats might rest during the day, but anyone who can see in the dark might see them emerging from or disappearing into the east wall of the tower - apparently through solid stone.

The lines of stones (each spaced a couple of feet apart) are the paths of the maze. That they are a maze may not be readily apparent, for anyone can look over all the stones and easily see the remains of the tower at the island's center. The lines wind around each other and intersect each other, but in no way to they seem a terrible impediment to reaching the remains of the tower. But, of course, due to Mariene Diverdi's enchantment, the maze does impede anyone trying to enter or leave the remains of the tower—as described below.

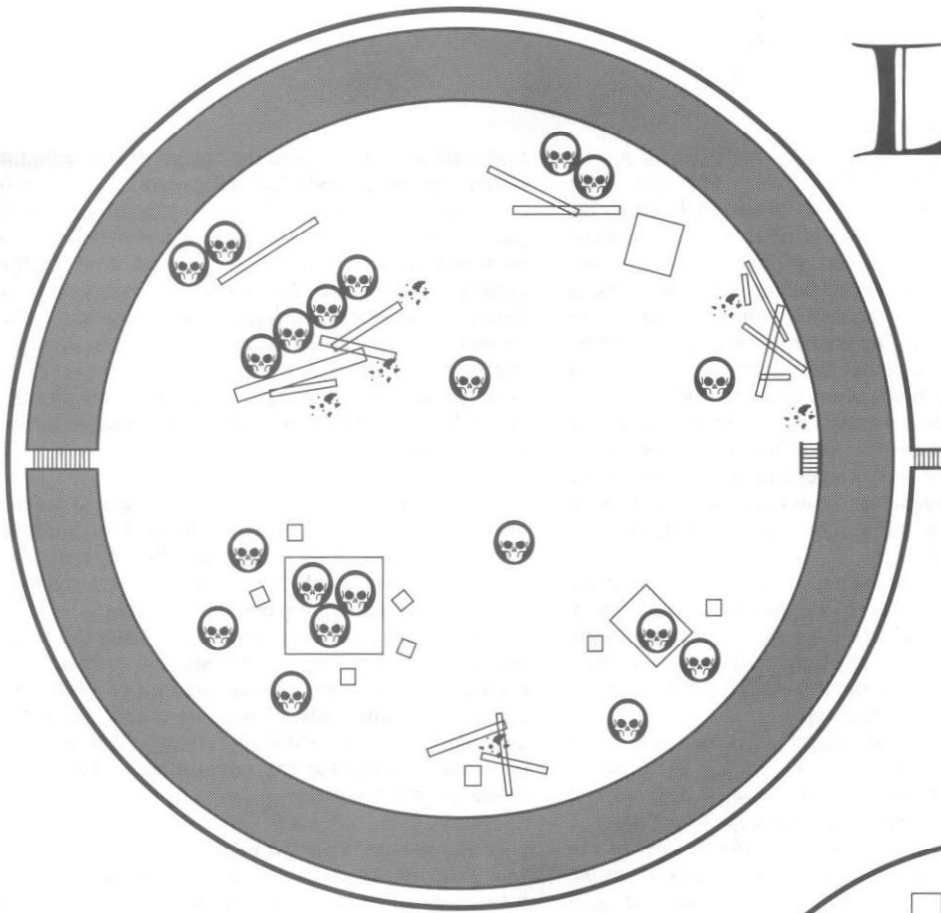
The Tower

If the adventurers simply clamber over the lines of stones to climb straight to the tower, they find it an unremarkable ruin.

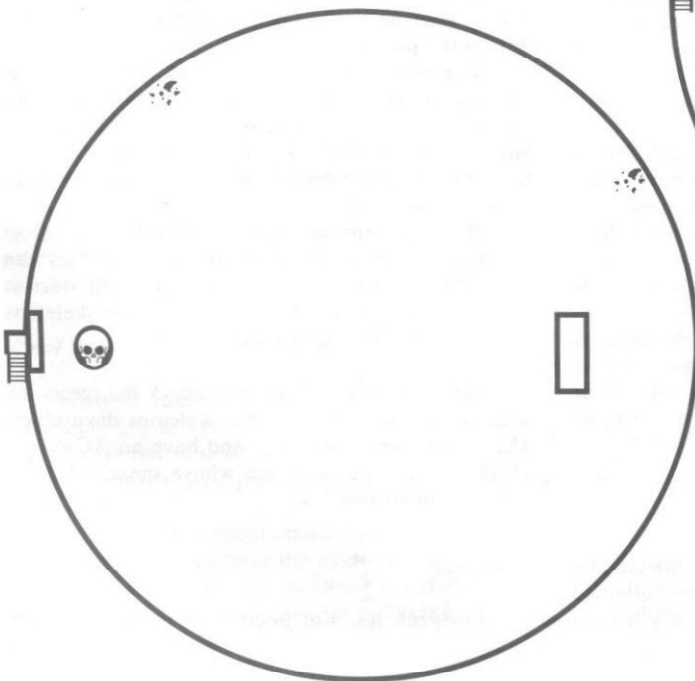
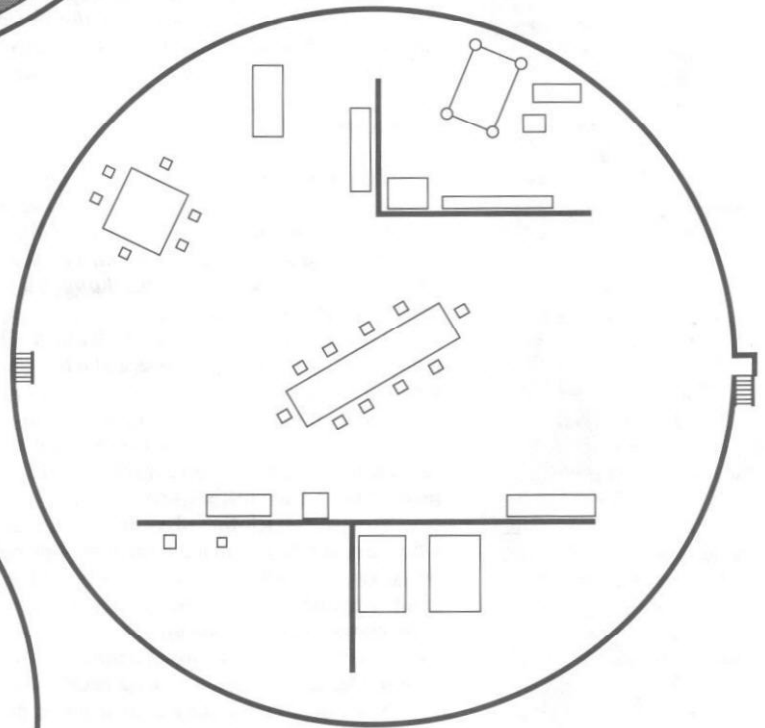
The walls are twenty feet thick, forming an unbroken perimeter fifty yards across and five feet high, made from stone blocks like the others strewn around the island. (The adventurers are left to assume that one entered the tower by entering a door on one of its higher floors.)



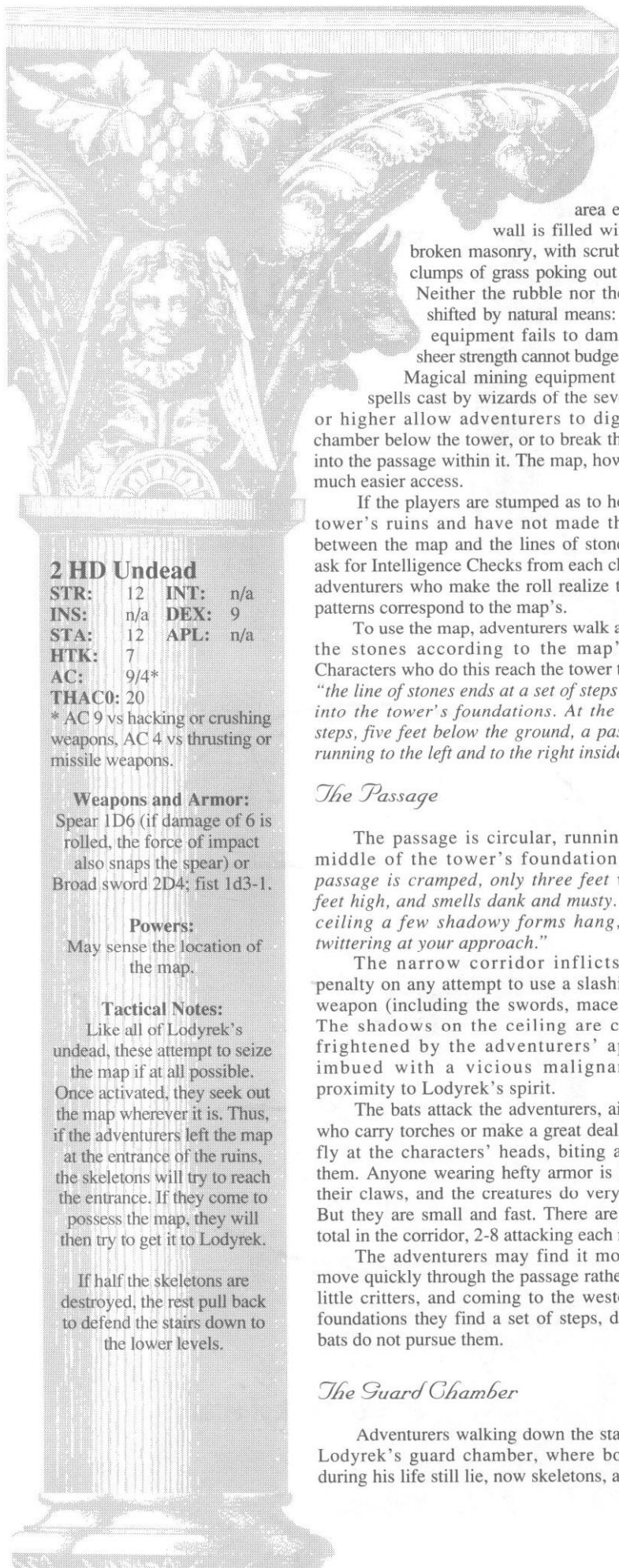
Lodyrek's Tower



0 10 20 30 40 50
Feet



-  Undead
-  Wall or Block of Stone
-  Furniture
-  Rubble



2 HD Undead

STR: 12 INT: n/a
INS: n/a DEX: 9
STA: 12 APL: n/a
HTK: 7
AC: 9/4*
THAC0: 20

* AC 9 vs hacking or crushing weapons, AC 4 vs thrusting or missile weapons.

Weapons and Armor:

Spear 1D6 (if damage of 6 is rolled, the force of impact also snaps the spear) or Broad sword 2D4; fist 1d3-1.

Powers:

May sense the location of the map.

Tactical Notes:

Like all of Lodyrek's undead, these attempt to seize the map if at all possible. Once activated, they seek out the map wherever it is. Thus, if the adventurers left the map at the entrance of the ruins, the skeletons will try to reach the entrance. If they come to possess the map, they will then try to get it to Lodyrek.

If half the skeletons are destroyed, the rest pull back to defend the stairs down to the lower levels.

The area enclosed by the wall is filled with toppled and broken masonry, with scrubby bushes and clumps of grass poking out between them. Neither the rubble nor the walls can be shifted by natural means: normal mining equipment fails to damage them, and sheer strength cannot budge the rocks.

Magical mining equipment or appropriate spells cast by wizards of the seventh skill level or higher allow adventurers to dig down to the chamber below the tower, or to break through the wall into the passage within it. The map, however, provides much easier access.

If the players are stumped as to how to enter the tower's ruins and have not made the connection between the map and the lines of stones, GMs might ask for Intelligence Checks from each character. Those adventurers who make the roll realize that the stones' patterns correspond to the map's.

To use the map, adventurers walk along the top of the stones according to the map's directions. Characters who do this reach the tower to discover that "the line of stones ends at a set of steps which descend into the tower's foundations. At the bottom of the steps, five feet below the ground, a passage is visible running to the left and to the right inside the wall."

The Passage

The passage is circular, running through the middle of the tower's foundation. Read, "The passage is cramped, only three feet wide but eight feet high, and smells dank and musty. In the vaulted ceiling a few shadowy forms hang, rustling and twittering at your approach."

The narrow corridor inflicts a -2 To Hit penalty on any attempt to use a slashing or hacking weapon (including the swords, maces, clubs, etc.). The shadows on the ceiling are common bats, frightened by the adventurers' approach, and imbued with a vicious malignancy by their proximity to Lodyrek's spirit.

The bats attack the adventurers, aiming for those who carry torches or make a great deal of noise. They fly at the characters' heads, biting and clawing at them. Anyone wearing hefty armor is invulnerable to their claws, and the creatures do very little damage. But they are small and fast. There are twenty bats in total in the corridor, 2-8 attacking each round.

The adventurers may find it more practical to move quickly through the passage rather than fight the little critters, and coming to the western side of the foundations they find a set of steps, down which the bats do not pursue them.

The Guard Chamber

Adventurers walking down the stairs emerge into Lodyrek's guard chamber, where bodies collected during his life still lie, now skeletons, awaiting his call

to defend the tower. From the bottom of the stairs the adventurers get a good view of the room.

The chamber is circular, and about forty paces across, filled with dusty wooden tables and weapons racks. To the right a trap door in the ceiling is now blocked with rubble. The remains of wooden spikes and barricades are arrayed beneath it. Across the chamber from you another staircase curves downwards. Everywhere lie skeletal bodies—on the floor or on tables, scraps of clothing hanging from their bones and weapons in their hands.

The wooden barricades were erected to defend against Mariene's attack from above four hundred years ago, and like the tables and the other wooden objects here are brittle with age. The skeletons are complete, the bones lying in orderly groups.

When the first adventurer steps from the stairs into the chamber, the undead begin to animate, and from that moment on Lodyrek is aware of all of their actions and conversation. There are twenty undead in the room, unless the GM thinks this would be too easy or too damaging for the adventurers. Half carry swords, half have spears.

As you step forward a warm breeze blows around your feet, raising eddies of dust across the floor and blowing through the skeletons' browned bones. The bones stir and rise, clutching their weapons, turning their hollow eyes toward you.

Adventurers who charge forward immediately as the skeletons rise they each gain a free attack before the undead can engage in combat. Cautious characters may also pull back to fight on the stairs. Retreating into the corridor above is advantageous for one character can stand on either side of the top of the stairs and fight, allowing two attacks on one skeleton at a time. However, the group will be attacked by the bats that remain within the passage.

The best course of action might actually be to dash across the guard chamber to the facing stairs. Adventurers who sprint across the room and make a successful Dexterity Check can reach the stairs unopposed. Any who fail are attacked once by an undead as they run.

If the adventurers fight without tactics (e.g. standing in the center of the room where they can easily be surrounded and attacked from all sides at once) the GM should feel free to let the skeletons slaughter the adventure group.

Adventurers may choose to attack the spears the skeletons wield instead of the skeletons themselves. The spears are very brittle and have an AC of 10, 1HTK points. Any skeleton whose spear is broken attacks with his fists.

Lodyrek

Lodyrek has not become a litch or wraith.

Rather, his spirit pervades all three chambers of the tower's ruins. From the time the adventurers enter the guard chamber until they destroy Lodyrek's spirit or flee from the tower, they are under Lodyrek's watchful eye.

While his spirit remains, Lodyrek he can "see" and "hear" all that happens within the ruins (regardless of spells designed to obscure vision, prevent scrying, etc.). He can also cast his magic as if he were anywhere in any of the chambers.

However, he casts spells at half the speed that a normal wizard does. (He casts his spells without components, having spent centuries mastering the magic for his peculiar condition.) Many of his spells are useless or unnecessary in his present form (e.g. *Detect Undead*, *Spectral Hand*, *Animate Dead*, etc.). His most potent spells (levels 6 and 7) are still unavailable to him (see Lodyrek's Spell Book, below).

Ideally, the GM should convey to the players this sense of immanent evil. Characters spending a round searching a chamber may glimpse the fleeting shadow of a face in a corner. Good priests may feel a cold tingling in their spines. Characters may sense they are "being watched". The constant damage that they receive from his offensive spells should provide a sense of urgency—the longer they dawdle the more they suffer.

Lodyrek's main priority remains the acquisition of the map. If the map is placed on his body his spirit can roam as far as it wishes from Sundheim Island. And if the adventurers do not have it they cannot leave the tower (see Leaving the Tower, below).

The Bed Chamber

The next chamber down was once a store room, converted into Lodyrek's personal quarters while he was besieged by Mariene's army. This forms a relatively safe zone between the lethal chambers above and below. There is no special danger here, but Lodyrek may continue to harass the party with his magic.

At the bottom of the stairs a doorway leads into another chamber, also circular but slightly smaller than the room above it. A large bed, a table, desk, and other aged furniture clutter up the room, dull and dusty with age. Across the room another staircase descends.

Boot

Most of the valuables to be gained in this adventure are in this second chamber. Even if the adventurers fail to destroy Lodyrek's spirit they can reward themselves by plundering the necromancer's ancient booty.

A Wardrobe contains numerous clothes, all of which have decayed over the centuries. Gold braid and decorative clasps, enameled buttons and strands of silver thread may be collected, with a total value of 500 gp.

A locked chest (AC 10, 15 HTK points, or just pick the lock with an unmodified skill Check) contains 300 gp, 500 sp, and a large jewelry case (also locked). A pair of gold armbands (400 gp), six rings (5 gp each) and a delicate crown (300 gp) are kept in the case: none are magical, and all are damaged if the box is smashed, reducing their value by 20%.

A pair of brass candle sticks (50 gp), an eight-foot long oriental rug (350 gp) and a set of silver plates, knives and forks (100 gp) may also be collected, but are obviously bulky.

The Rest Chamber

At the bottom of the final stairway, the adventurers find the barricaded entrance to Lodyrek's final bolt-hole, where his body now resides.

At the base of the stairs, a doorway leads into a further chamber. A block of stone, wrenched from a wall, blocks the opening to a height of four feet, leaving only a two foot window.

If the adventurers look through the opening, read:

There is a tall skeletal creature, over six feet tall, standing away from the block, watching you. It has a bull's head and four human arms. It carries a large shield, a long sword and a pole axe.

The creature stands out of range of melee weapons, and moves around to stand against the wall (out of sight) if missile weapons are aimed at it. It does not intend to attack, but waits for a character to wriggle through the gap. It attacks as soon as a target presents itself.

In order to get through the gap, characters must make a Dexterity Check. Successful characters wriggle through the hole, and may either curl up on the stone or drop onto the floor. Characters who fail have not managed to drag themselves through and must try again next round or else pull back. In either case, the character cannot attack that round and only has one hand spare to hold a shield or parry, and is thus vulnerable to the creature's attacks.

If the adventurers get a light source into the chamber they see that the chamber is about thirty-five yards across. Two stones have been pulled from the walls, one to block the doorway and the other to form a bed or altar at the far end of the room. On this slab lie the browned bones of a slender human, its head resting on a heavy bound book.

The bones are Lodyrek's. Smashing them does not help the situation. If the adventurers spread the leaves over the remains, read:

As the leaves flutter down onto the skeleton, the bones crack and then crumble, collapsing into a pile of

The Bats

STR:	1	INT:	1
INS:	1	DEX:	17
STA:	3	APL:	4
HTK:	1		
AC:	2		
THAC0:	23		

Weapons and Armor:
Claws and Teeth 1D3-1

Lodyrek

Skill 14 Wizard (Necromancer)

STR:	n/a	INT:	13
INS:	15	DEX:	n/a
STA:	n/a	APL:	4
ALIGNMENT: NE			

Spells:

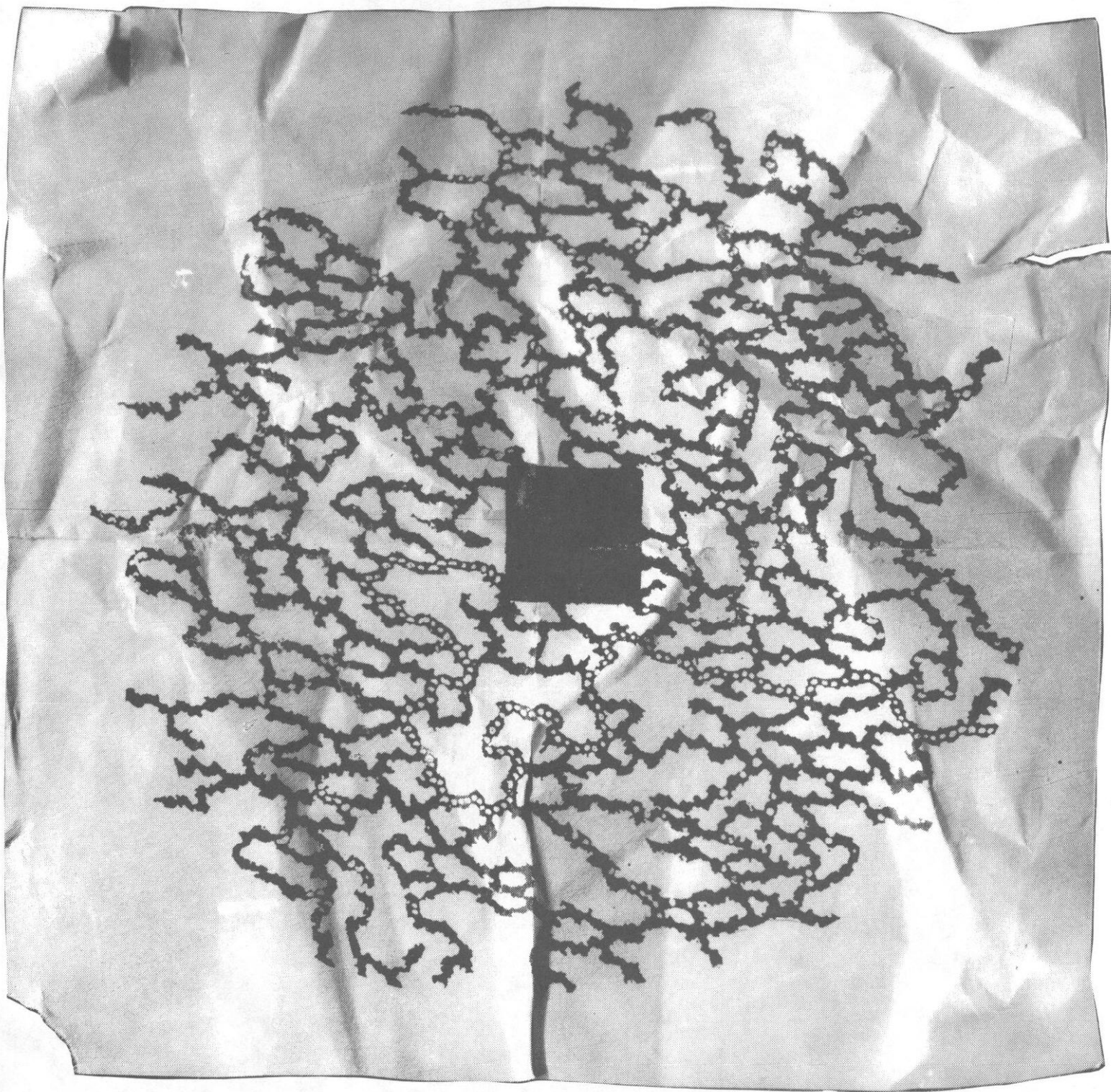
Chill Touch x3, Cantrip, Detect Undead x2, Spectral Hand x2, Flaming Sphere, Protection From Cantrips, Darkness (15' radius) x2, Feign Death, Hold Undead x2, Vampiric Touch, Haste, Contagion, Enervation x2, Wall of Fire x2, Animate Dead x5.

Powers:

May animate any corpse within the tower (once each); has total control of all undead which he thus creates; may sense the presence of the map.

Proficiencies:

Ancient History, Ancient Languages, Modern Languages, Reading/Writing, Spellcraft.



*The Maze of
Bodyrek's Tower*

*When the fish left the seas
around Sundheim Bay, the
local fishermen faced starva-
tion and moved away. Only
the ruins remain.*





The Staff of Seven

First Dominion

High Sentinel: Andoriel
Lord: Aeuphus
Attendants:
Ehorael
Aypirin
Ordalard

Second Dominion

High Sentinel: Celandise
Lord: Soldissere
Attendants:
Ipharelle
Aejoriel
Helemaes

Third Dominion

High Sentinel: Rapheionas
Lord: Rasonaeim
Attendants:
Junarias
Musul
Oantes

Fourth Dominion

High Sentinel: Athael
Lord: Oechil
Attendants:
Jouraen
Gambatiel
Tulias

Fifth Dominion

High Sentinel: Visaein
Lord: Trentraein
Attendants:
Mantrem
Dolastrata
Estilia

Sixth Dominion

High Sentinel: Honaraeis
Lord: Hieriel
Attendants:
Cerabise
Pertamos
Osmotharet

Seventh Dominion

High Sentinel: Aesias
Lord: Estarin
Attendants:
Paranthase
Tromidine
Maninaere

Outcasts

Leader: Basiam

Exalted Andoriel

(High Sentinel of the First Dominion)

STRENGTH:	16
INTELLIGENCE:	20
INSIGHT:	28
DEXTERITY:	5
STAMINA:	18
APPEAL:	8
FIGHTER:	N.A.
WIZARD:	N.A.
PRIEST:	Skill 25 Priest
THIEF:	N.A.
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful Good
ARMOR CLASS:	10
HTK:	333
THACO:	5
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2
SPECIAL ATT.:	None
SPECIAL DEF.:	+4 or better magic weapons to hit
PROFICIENCIES:	All Priest's
MOVEMENT:	20"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	Special
SIZE:	L
XP AWARD:	25,000

Appearance

Andoriel stands beneath a marble dome which is supported by seven fluted columns. Through centuries of complete inaction his flesh has begun to calcify, gaining a thin, crystalline crust, and both the Sentinel and the dome are draped with innumerable cobwebs and covered with dust. He never speaks, and his eyes are always closed (though he can still "see" all of the mortal plane and the Vault).

Abilities

Andoriel can accurately sense the motives and intentions of any creature that enters his Throne. He can telepathically communicate any image or idea to anyone in his Throne (allowing the recipient to instantly memorize the most complex or pedantic of maps, spells, or theories). He is also immune to all mortals' magics (both arcane and priestly) of 7th level or less and is 90% immune to 8th level spells, 80% immune to 9th level spells, etc.



Personality

Andoriel has no evident personality. He neither speaks nor moves, and communicates in a cold, telepathic monotone, if at all.

Role Playing

Andoriel gives no indication that he recognizes or acknowledges any visitors to his realm. If he deigns to respond to a visitor's question or statement, he does so by allowing them to understand a fact or idea. He never communicates in words.

Lord Aeuphes

(Ruler of the First Dominion)

STRENGTH:	16
INTELLIGENCE:	18
INSIGHT:	22
DEXTERITY:	10
STAMINA:	18
APPEAL:	9
FIGHTER:	N.A.
WIZARD:	N.A.
PRIEST:	Skill 23 Priest
THIEF:	N.A.
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral Good
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HTK:	140
THAC0:	6
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
SPECIAL ATT.:	None
SPECIAL DEF.:	+3 or better magic weapons to hit
PROFICIENCIES:	All Priest's
MOVEMENT:	12"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	70%
SIZE:	M
XP AWARD:	18,000

Appearance

Aeuphes seems to be an elderly man, so shrivelled with extreme age and rooted to the ground that he's actually become part of a hillside. Grass grows as his scraggy, beard and hair, while vines and moss grow through his flesh. A family of mice have made their home in the shelter of his legs, and a small bird has begun to build a nest in the hair behind his neck. He sits unmoving, not even breathing, milky eyes staring blankly ahead. Aeuphes refuses to communicate in any way, lest some phrase he utters might inadvertently cause some unforeseen harm.

Abilities

Aeuphes may only be harmed by +3 weapons or better and may automatically deflect any three attacks per round. He may *teleport* at will to any place within any Dominion of the Vault. Aeuphes also knows the alignments and motives of all creatures within 20 feet of



him. Lastly, he is immune to all magics cast by wizards of less than skill twenty.

Personality

Aeuphes epitomizes the inaction of the Sentinels of the First Dominion, and refuses to do anything at all, no matter how slight.

Role Playing

The Lord is simply an passive, unmoving mass, refusing to respond or react to any visitor.

Ehorael

(Attendant & Overseer of the First Dominion Champions)

STRENGTH:	14
INTELLIGENCE:	17
INSIGHT:	18
DEXTERITY:	9
STAMINA:	17
APPEAL:	7
FIGHTER:	Skill 5 Fighter
WIZARD:	N.A.
PRIEST:	Skill 20 Priest
THIEF:	N.A.
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral Good
ARMOR CLASS:	9
HTK:	40
THACO:	8
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
SPECIAL ATT.:	Negate actions
SPECIAL DEF.:	+2 or better magic weapons to hit
PROFICIENCIES:	All Priest's
MOVEMENT:	12"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	Special
SIZE:	M
XP AWARD:	12,000

Appearance

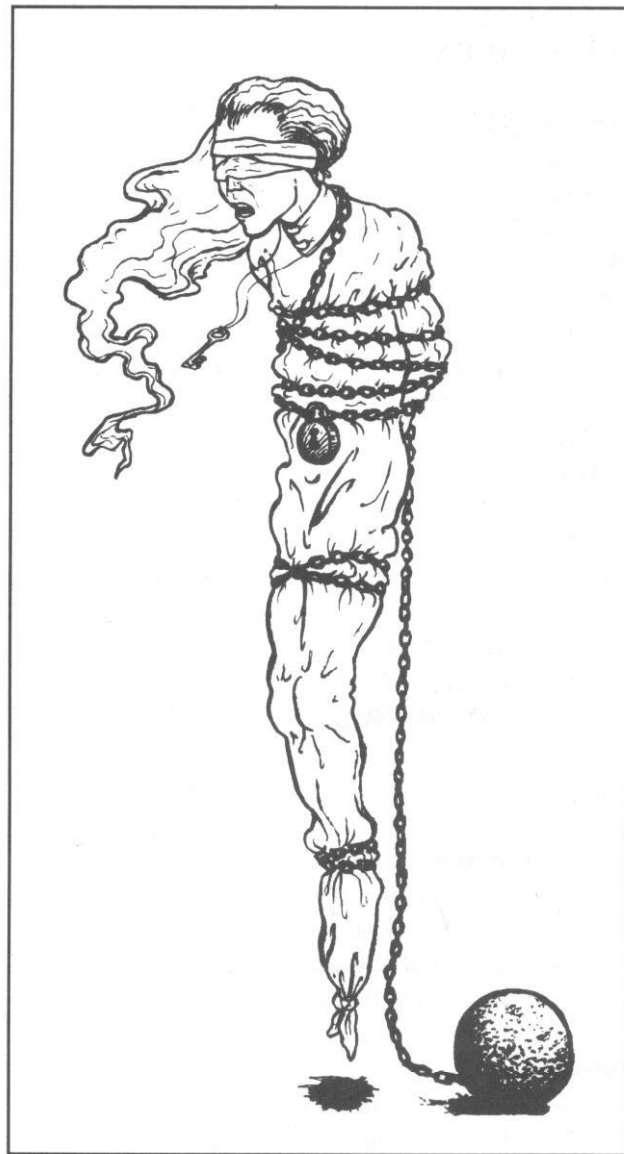
Ehorael appears as an androgenous figure who lives out his existence blindfolded and unable to actually see what lies before him (though he could remove the blindfold at any time). Likewise he suffers to be completely chained (though the keys hang from his neck upon a silver chain).

Abilities

Ehorael may prevent any two actions from occurring each round (e.g. deflect two attacks, stop two mortals from moving, etc.). He may also perform *True Seeing* (as the spell) at whim and may discern the past, present and (likely) future of any person or object in his presence by meditating for one turn. Lastly, Ehorael is immune to all spells of third level or less and 45% resistant to spells fourth through ninth level.

Personality

Ehorael has the most extreme personality of any Sentinel in this Dominion, arguing that inaction is itself a variety



of action, so that one must not merely do nothing but should ideally be nothing: its quest towards self-annihilation is one which all of the Champions under his command pursue.

Role Playing

Like all Attendants of the First Dominion, Ehorael is concerned that his actions have no consequences, and so avoids manipulating objects, or engaging in conversation. Unlike the others, however, Ehorael takes this to its extreme, and is as immobile and uncommunicative as his Lord.

Aypirin

(Attendant & Overseer of the First Dominion Custodians)

STRENGTH:	12
INTELLIGENCE:	18
INSIGHT:	20
DEXTERITY:	9
STAMINA:	14
APPEAL:	9
FIGHTER:	N.A.
WIZARD:	N.A.
PRIEST:	Skill 20 Priest
THIEF:	N.A.
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral Good
ARMOR CLASS:	9
HTK:	40
THACO:	8
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
SPECIAL ATT.:	Paralysis
SPECIAL DEF.:	+2 or better magic weapons to hit
PROFICIENCIES:	All Priest's
MOVEMENT:	12"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	Special
SIZE:	M
XP AWARD:	12,000

Appearance

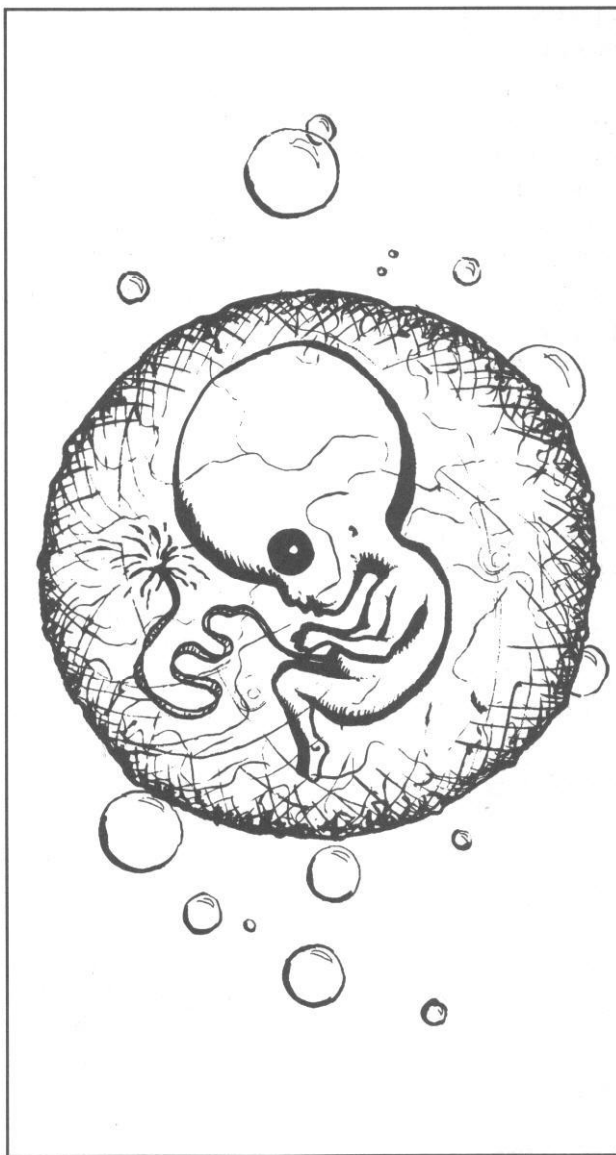
Unwilling to grow into the life which he must lead, Aypirin appears as a great, pre-born infant, still in its fetal stage. His body is surrounded by a viscous, transparent fluid and encased in a clear, rubbery membrane.

Abilities

Aypirin has the ability to paralyze up to six targets for a period of from one turn to one century, as he chooses, effectively freezing them in time. In addition, he may cast *time stop* once per turn which has a duration of 1-6 hours. Lastly, Aypirin is immune to all spells of third level or less and 45% resistant to spells fourth through ninth level.

Personality

Aypirin is concerned with protecting those people and places who preach or preserve passive or quietist philosophies and religions, and so is prepared to intervene to this end even though he may be appalled by the notion.



Role Playing

Aypirin is deeply concerned that his actions not have consequences, and so avoids touching or manipulating any object, or engaging in unnecessary conversation. He is often timid and nervous, approaching any discussion with a measured reserve, desperate not to say more than is necessary and anxious that the listener might disastrously misunderstand.

Ordalard

(Attendant & Overseer of the First Dominion Wardens)

STRENGTH:	12
INTELLIGENCE:	17
INSIGHT:	18
DEXTERITY:	9
STAMINA:	15
APPEAL:	9
FIGHTER:	Skill 3 Fighter
WIZARD:	N.A.
PRIEST:	Skill 18 Priest
THIEF:	N.A.
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral Good
ARMOR CLASS:	3
HTK:	45
THACO:	10
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
SPECIAL ATT.:	Automatic failure
SPECIAL DEF.:	+2 or better magic weapons to hit
PROFICIENCIES:	All Priest's
MOVEMENT:	12"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	Special
SIZE:	M
XP AWARD:	12,000

Appearance

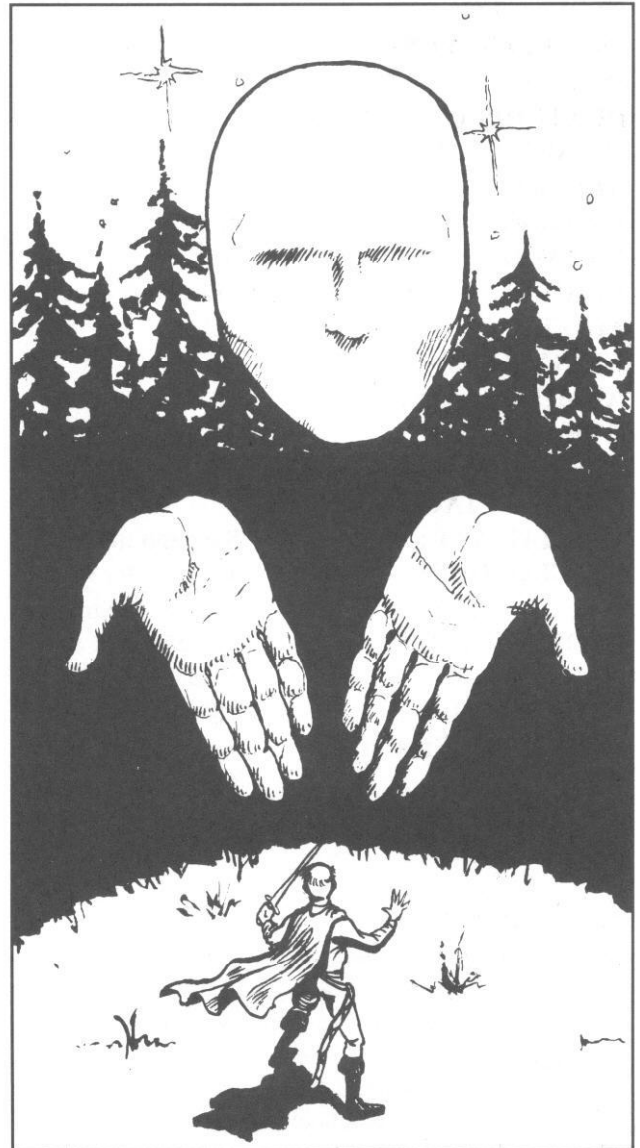
Ordalard rarely manifests a physical form, fearing that even this simple act could ultimately lead to irreparable harm. When he must show himself, he appears merely as a barely visible, featureless face and arms.

Abilities

Ordalard may remove any malign priest's spell (*Curse*, *Cause Disease*, etc.) from any target within 10 yards and may cause the automatic failure of one action (attack, spell, etc.) once per round. Lastly, Ordalard is immune to all spells of third level or less and 45% resistant to spells fourth through ninth level.

Personality

Ordalard is concerned with protecting those people and places who preach or preserve passive or quietist philosophies and religions, and so is prepared to intervene to this end.



Role Playing

Ordalard is quiet and reserved, speaking rarely, doing very little, and thinking hard before expressing an opinion or intervening with any mortal affair.

Grafted Celandise

(High Sentinel of the Second Dominion)

STRENGTH:	16
INTELLIGENCE:	26
INSIGHT:	27
DEXTERITY:	10
STAMINA:	14
APPEAL:	16
FIGHTER:	N.A.
WIZARD:	N.A.
PRIEST:	Skill 30 Priest
THIEF:	N.A.
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful Good
ARMOR CLASS:	10
HTK:	333
THACO:	10
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2
SPECIAL ATT.:	Suspend magic
SPECIAL DEF.:	+4 or better magic weapons to hit
PROFICIENCIES:	All Wizard's & Priest's
MOVEMENT:	16"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	Special
SIZE:	M
XP AWARD:	25,000

Appearance

Celandise appears as a tall, female human standing on a glass pedestal. She has hair of gold thread, sapphires in place of eyes, and tiny, deep red writing tattooed in intricate detail across her flesh. Her robes are simple white cotton, resembling a scholar of ancient times, and in her right hand is a great book, which (it is said) cannot be opened until the end of the Eon.

Abilities

Celandise knows every magical and scientific secret that has ever been uncovered by any mortal, and those matters which are as yet unknown are inscribed upon her skin. She has the power to temporarily suspend any law of wizardly magic on the prime plane, and is immune to all magical effects (except for Archmagics), but cannot affect priestly magic, nor Sentinels' or Demons' powers.



Personality

This Sentinel is the epitome of all virtuous scholarship. She respects and reveres learning, and considers that all problems can be solved with the application of rational thought or investigation.

Role Playing

Celandise expects all mortals to strive for intellectual perfection. She refuses to speak with those who are not learned (typically, rogues, fighters, etc.), and expects all others to have excellent understandings of history, languages, spellcraft, etc.

Lord Soldissere

(Ruler of the Second Dominion)

STRENGTH:	9
INTELLIGENCE:	28
INSIGHT:	28
DEXTERITY:	10
STAMINA:	10
APPEAL:	12
FIGHTER:	Skill 5 Fighter
WIZARD:	Skill 8 Wizard
PRIEST:	Skill 15 Priest
THIEF:	N.A.
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful Good
ARMOR CLASS:	5
HTK:	150
THACO:	12
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
SPECIAL ATT.:	None
SPECIAL DEF.:	+3 or better magic weapons to hit
PROFICIENCIES:	All Wizard's & Priest's
MOVEMENT:	12"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	Special
SIZE:	M
XP AWARD:	18,000

Appearance

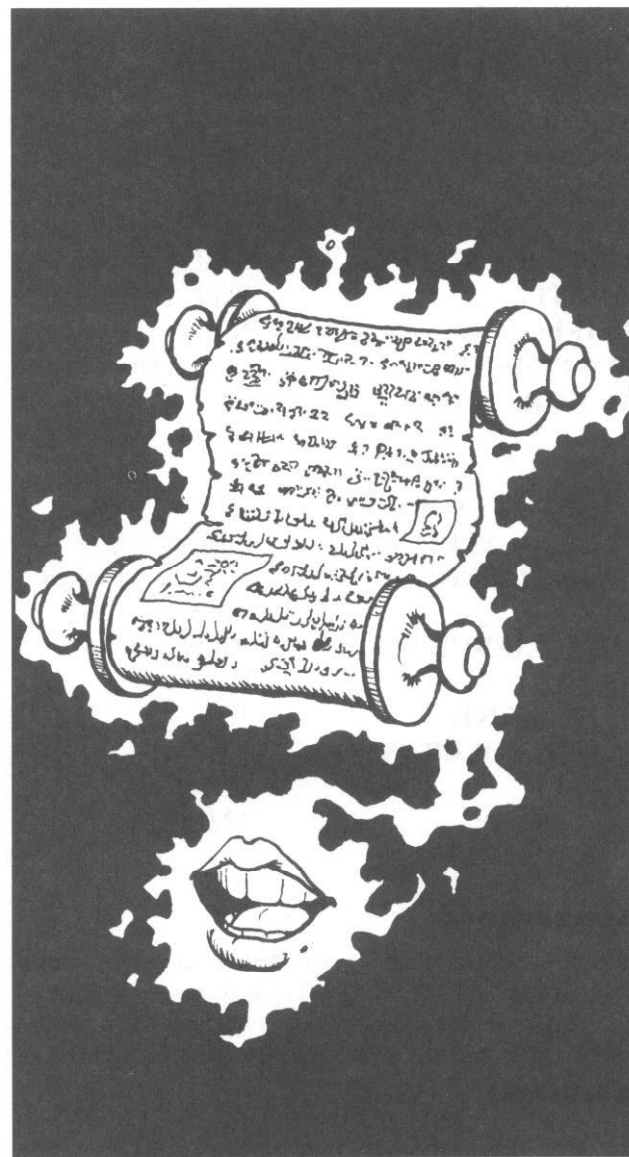
Soldissere chooses to take the bizarre form of a mighty scroll, graven with arcane lore. Accompanying the scroll is a disembodied mouth which revolves about it. Soldissere's entire form glows with a scintillating aura of light.

Abilities

Soldissere may cast any Priestly Detect spell (*detect evil*, *detect magic*, *detect poison*, *detect snares & pits*, *detect detect charm*, *detect lie*) at will simply by reading itself, and automatically knows if anyone deliberately lies to him. He is also immune to all magics cast by wizards of less than skill eighteen.

Personality

Soldissere is intent upon learning all that he can of all scholarly subjects: magical, religious, philosophical, or mundane, and to this end the Sentinels of the Dominion continuously explain their discoveries and theories to him. Such discourses cover "What is 'is'?", "The colors



of sound," "The uses of amber in necromancy," and other such obscure topics.

Role Playing

It is unlikely that any PC will possess any information which Soldissere has not heard centuries ago, and their arrival will be greeted with weary irritation: as soon as the Lord has dealt with their intrusion the sooner he can return to his study. While they remain he is tense and rather patronizing, clearly seeing them as children or morons. Idolizing Truth, he detests those who try to deceive him. His vocabulary is extensive, and he seems incapable of speaking with common words.

Ipharelle

(Attendant & Overseer of the Second Dominion Champions)

STRENGTH:	13
INTELLIGENCE:	19
INSIGHT:	20
DEXTERITY:	13
STAMINA:	14
APPEAL:	12
FIGHTER:	Skill 8 Fighter
WIZARD:	Skill 10 Wizard
PRIEST:	Skill 12 Priest
THIEF:	N.A.
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful Good
ARMOR CLASS:	5
HTK:	44
THAC0:	13
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2
SPECIAL ATT.:	Spell effects
SPECIAL DEF.:	+2 or better magic weapons to hit
PROFICIENCIES:	All Wizard's & Priest's
MOVEMENT:	13"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	Special
SIZE:	L
XP AWARD:	12,000

Appearance

Ipharelle appears as a great, celestial owl of dark countenance. When her wings are spread the grandeur of the cosmos can be seen beyond her feathers.

Abilities

Ipharelle can create a magical affect, once per round, simulating any first or second level wizard's spell, and is immune to all magics cast by wizards of less than skill twelve. Once per day she can spread her wings and allow a single person to step through into another plane (as the *plane shift* spell).

Personality

This Champion rarely uses physical weapons, but specializes in the study of evil magics of all sorts, working interminably to find countermagics and charms to defeat or defend against them. She is fascinated by wizardly magic (which she practiced adeptly in his once-



mortal life), and can invent any wizard spell (up to sixth skill level) in a mere 1-6 hours. She talks intently on any related subject, from the intricacies of arcane theory to peasant superstitions, but proves a dull conversationalist if other subjects are discussed.

Role Playing

Ipharelle is earnest and sincere. She hates nothing more than to be deceived, and despises those who claim to have knowledge which they manifestly lack. When explaining any spell or superstition, she is prone to bring up irrelevant asides or ramble off on irrelevant topics.



Aejoriel

(Attendant & Overseer of the Second Dominion Custodians)

STRENGTH:	13
INTELLIGENCE:	17
INSIGHT:	12
DEXTERITY:	10
STAMINA:	10
APPEAL:	12
FIGHTER:	Skill 5 Fighter
WIZARD:	N.A.
PRIEST:	Skill 15 Priest
THIEF:	N.A.
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful Good
ARMOR CLASS:	6
HTK:	40
THACO:	14
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
SPECIAL ATT.:	None
SPECIAL DEF.:	+2 or better magic weapons to hit
PROFICIENCIES:	All Wizard's & Priest's
MOVEMENT:	12"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	Special
SIZE:	S
XP AWARD:	12,000

Appearance

The Overseer of the Second Dominion's Custodians appears as a diminutive humanoid with books which sprout from his back like wings and ink stains covering his hands and arms. In his tiny hands he carries a gigantic pen (which does 2-12 points of damage in combat).

Abilities

By looking at a person, Aejoriel can immediately tell how (if at all) they threaten the place he guards. He may also cast *Detect Lie* and *True Seeing* at will and is immune to all magics cast by wizards of less than skill twelve.

Personality

This Sentinel is a great warrior by comparison with others of his Dominion, but extremely weak compared with the fighters of other Dominions. He is therefore



reticent about engaging in combat, preferring to recruit others to fight off threats, while using his magical powers and guile to outwit his enemies. Aejoriel quickly becomes indignant if criticized about his fighting prowess, or if anyone notes that he is less wise than others of his Dominion.

Role Playing

Aejoriel distances himself from any mortals he might feel compelled to speak with, and is often defensive or even hostile in conversation, so that he may seem duplicitous or untrustworthy.

Helemaeis

(Attendant & Overseer of the Second Dominion Wardens)

STRENGTH:	12
INTELLIGENCE:	19
INSIGHT:	21
DEXTERITY:	10
STAMINA:	12
APPEAL:	14
FIGHTER:	Skill 7 Fighter
WIZARD:	Skill 4 Wizard
PRIEST:	Skill 12 Priest
THIEF:	N.A.
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful Good
ARMOR CLASS:	6
HTK:	43
THAC0:	14
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
SPECIAL ATT.:	None
SPECIAL DEF.:	+2 or better magic weapons to hit
PROFICIENCIES:	All Wizard's & Priest's
MOVEMENT:	12"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	Special
SIZE:	M
XP AWARD:	12,000

Appearance

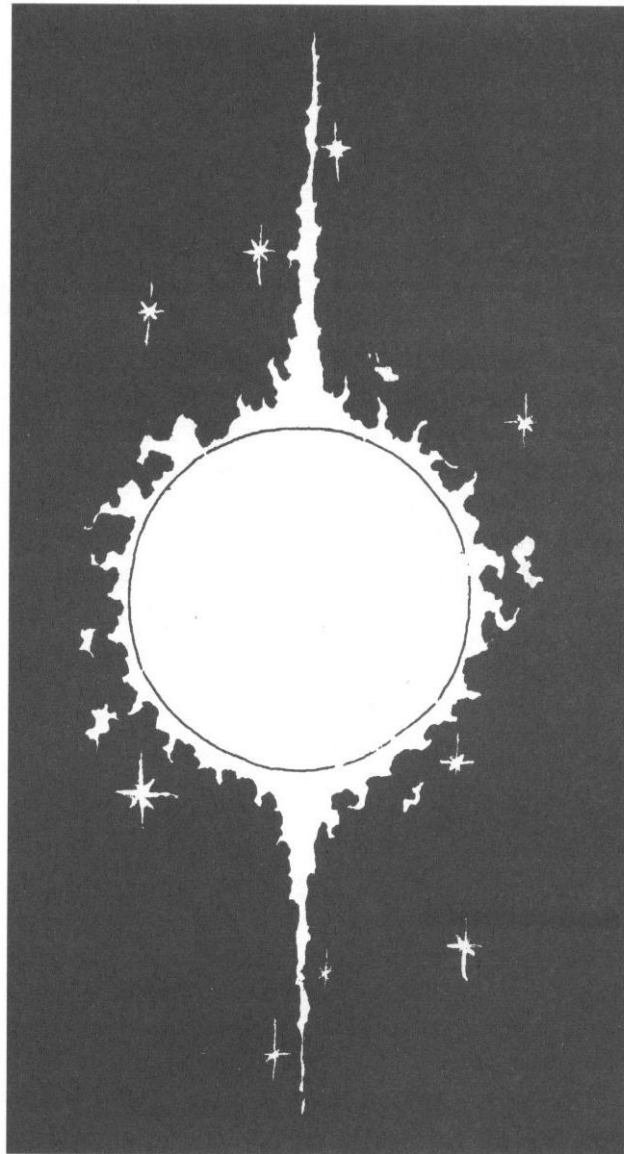
Helemaeis most commonly appears as a scintillating sphere of purest white light with rays or tendrils of light which can reach into the recesses of even the darkest minds to illuminate the secrets hidden there.

Abilities

Helemaeis may give telepathic warnings to his mortal charge, once per turn. Such warnings do not give direct indication of what danger is at hand, but may elude to anything from the temptation of a Demon or imminent ambush to the presence of treacherous terrain. Helemaeis may also detect the presence of Demons within one mile, and can sense if his charge is the target of demonic temptation. Lastly, Helemaeis is immune to all magics cast by wizards of less than skill ten.

Personality

Helemaeis is expert at detecting the plots of the Demons,



and usually accompanies those whose missions might be jeopardized by Demonic temptation or plotting. He has no patience with those who tolerate or ignore Demons' activities, or with those who are irreverent to religious authorities: he regards himself more as a moral guardian than a physical aide, and rarely manifests himself in any other, more physical, form.

Role Playing

Helemaeis is extremely opinionated and may appear fickle, immediately withdrawing aid from anyone who is not the epitome of moral fortitude and piety.



Exalted Rapheionas

(High Sentinel of the Third Dominion)

STRENGTH:	20
INTELLIGENCE:	19
INSIGHT:	22
DEXTERITY:	15
STAMINA:	20
APPEAL:	15
FIGHTER:	Skill 20 Fighter
WIZARD:	N.A.
PRIEST:	Skill 15 Priest
THIEF:	N.A.
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful Good
ARMOR CLASS:	-3
HTK:	333
THAC0:	1
NO. OF ATTACKS:	4
SPECIAL ATT.:	None
SPECIAL DEF.:	+4 or better magic weapons to hit
PROFICIENCIES:	All Warrior's
MOVEMENT:	12"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	Special
SIZE:	M
XP AWARD:	25,000

Appearance

Rapheionas sits in a great chair of wrought silver, which is decorated with scenes from innumerable legends and epics. He is humanoid in form, but has the head of a stag, a brilliantly ball, glowing like the sun, hanging between his antlers. He wears full, flowing robes of purple satin, and holds in one hand a gold scepter.

Abilities

Rapheionas instantly knows the powers and properties of any magical artifact brought into his Throne. Looking at any person in the throne, Rapheionas immediately knows every brave or cowardly act which he have ever committed, and every valorous or timid impulse which he have ever felt. He is also immune to all mortals' magics (both arcane and priestly) of 7th level or less and is 90% immune to 8th level spells, 80% immune to 9th level spells, etc.

Personality

This Sentinel is concerned with great deeds of heroism, daring and might, with power and with magical potency.



He speaks with visitors only if they are either rulers of kingdoms, masters of magical colleges, or adventurers of at least skill fifteen. He despises cowards and applauds heroism, refusing to aid those who come to him in fear or desperation, and looking favorably on those motivated by anger or courage.

Role Playing

Rapheionas is the epitome of nobility. He never insults or ridicules anyone, is always polite, and disarms the rude and boorish with his practiced courtesy. His regal speech, however, may prove confusing.

Lord Rasonaeim

(Ruler of the Third Dominion)

STRENGTH:	22
INTELLIGENCE:	16
INSIGHT:	17
DEXTERITY:	18
STAMINA:	20
APPEAL:	18
FIGHTER:	Skill 15 Fighter
WIZARD:	Skill 11 Wizard
PRIEST:	Skill 5 Priest
THIEF:	N.A.
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful Good
ARMOR CLASS:	-2
HTK:	140
THAC0:	1
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3
SPECIAL ATT.:	Penalizing
SPECIAL DEF.:	+4 or better magic weapons to hit
PROFICIENCIES:	All Wizards' & Warriors'
MOVEMENT:	14"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	Special
SIZE:	M
XP AWARD:	18,000

Appearance

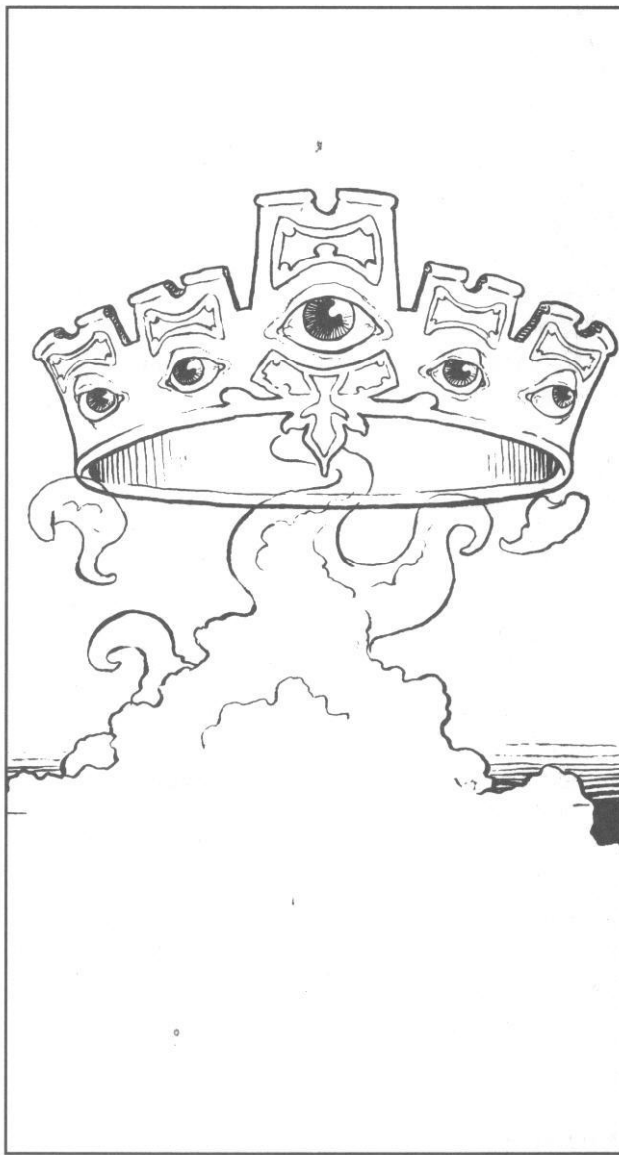
Rasonaeim's physical form is that of a giant, bejeweled crown of purest gold. Eyes, however, have replaced all of the gemstones in the crown's settings which allow the Lord to see all things invisible and never be surprised.

Abilities

Rasonaeim may impose a bonus of up to +10 or a penalty of up to -10 on all combat and saves made by any individuals within 50 yards. When Rasonaeim parries with his sword, the attacking weapon is automatically broken. Rasonaeim is also immune to all magics cast by wizards of less than skill eighteen.

Personality

In his mortal life, Rasonaeim was a wizard-king who ruled a vast empire with the aid of great enchantments. Now as a Sentinel, he has lost his wizardly powers, but remains sympathetic to mages, and is as likely to aid a wizard as a warrior. He has a great sense of the dramatic,



and is inclined to help those who are daring rather than those who are prudent.

Role Playing

This Lord sees today's mortals as pale shadows of former folk, and often reminisces about the olden days, being impressed only by those mortals who seem able to match the deeds of the heroes of legend.

Junarias

(Attendant & Overseer of the Third Dominion Champions)

STRENGTH:	19
INTELLIGENCE:	18
INSIGHT:	15
DEXTERITY:	19
STAMINA:	20
APPEAL:	17
FIGHTER:	Skill 12 Fighter
WIZARD:	N.A.
PRIEST:	Skill 4 Priest
THIEF:	Skill 9 Thief
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic Good
ARMOR CLASS:	4
HTK:	80
THACO:	9
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2
SPECIAL ATT.:	Shattering parry
SPECIAL DEF.:	+3 or better magic weapons to hit
PROFICIENCIES:	All Warriors' & Thieves'
MOVEMENT:	14"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	Special
SIZE:	M
XP AWARD:	12,000

Appearance

Junarias appears as a lithe youth, neither quite male nor quite female, with pure white hair and eyes which glow with a silver light. He wears the sandals and light tunic of an ancient race, and about his waist is a belt hung with all manner of thieves' tools, a bastard sword (1D10+7 damage) and two slender daggers (1D4+7 each).

Abilities

Rasonaeim may impose a bonus up to +10 or a penalty of up to -10 on all combat and saving throws made by any individuals within 50 yards. When Rasonaeim parries with his sword, the attacking weapon is automatically broken. Rasonaeim is also immune to all magics cast by wizards of less than skill eighteen.

Personality

In his mortal life Junarias was a dashing young warrior,



renowned for his daring and acrobatic fighting style (with much swinging on chandeliers and vaulting through windows). Now he is responsible for organizing the Third Dominion's disparate Champions and supports mortal heroes of all sorts. He still has a soft-spot for those who have a sense of panache.

Role Playing

Junarias speaks in a quiet, matter-of-fact manner, gesturing with subtle, graceful movements that remind one of fine rapier work.

Musul

(Attendant & Overseer of the Third Dominion Custodians)

STRENGTH:	20
INTELLIGENCE:	16
INSIGHT:	18
DEXTERITY:	15
STAMINA:	20
APPEAL:	14
FIGHTER:	Skill 10 Fighter
WIZARD:	N.A.
PRIEST:	Skill 8 Priest
THIEF:	N.A.
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful Good
ARMOR CLASS:	2
HTK:	68
THAC0:	8
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2
SPECIAL ATT.:	None
SPECIAL DEF.:	+3 or better magic weapons to hit, regeneration
PROFICIENCIES:	All Warriors'
MOVEMENT:	10"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	Special
SIZE:	M
XP AWARD:	12,000

Appearance

Musul is short and very broad shouldered, perhaps suggesting a Dwarven origin. He wears shiny, silvery chainmail over red robes, and carries a large bunch of keys at his waist (reputed to "unlock" every Gate guarded by Custodians of the Third Dominion). On his head Musul wears a gold crown, plain except for the semblance of an eye worked into the metal at the front.

Abilities

Musul can see fear, anger, courage and cowardice as colored auras around all those within sight. He can regenerate 3 HTK points per round and is immune to all magics cast by wizards of less than skill twelve.

Personality

Musul is a quiet, severe Sentinel, with infinite patience. He has no sympathy for those who are in a rush to be finished with a task, or who complain about mere physical discomforts. In his mortal life, Musul sat on a snow-swept hill for fifteen years waiting for the



prophesied arrival of a Demon that it sought to defeat, and sees no reason why the heroes of this age should not display similar patience and fortitude.

Role Playing

Musul is a quiet, severe Sentinel, with infinite patience. He has no sympathy for those who are in a rush to be finished with a task, or who complain about mere physical discomforts. In his mortal life, Musul sat on a snow-swept hill for fifteen years waiting for the prophesied arrival of a Demon that it sought to defeat, and sees no reason why the heroes of this age should not display similar patience and fortitude.

Oantes

(Attendant & Overseer of the Third Dominion Wardens)

STRENGTH:	17
INTELLIGENCE:	19
INSIGHT:	16
DEXTERITY:	11
STAMINA:	15
APPEAL:	14
FIGHTER:	Skill 8 Fighter
WIZARD:	Skill 5 Wizard
PRIEST:	Skill 9 Priest
THIEF:	N.A.
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful Good
ARMOR CLASS:	5
HTK:	50
THAC0:	12
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2
SPECIAL ATT.:	Fear
SPECIAL DEF.:	+3 or better magic weapons to hit
PROFICIENCIES:	All Wizards'
MOVEMENT:	12", 25" flying
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	Special
SIZE:	M
XP AWARD:	12,000

Appearance

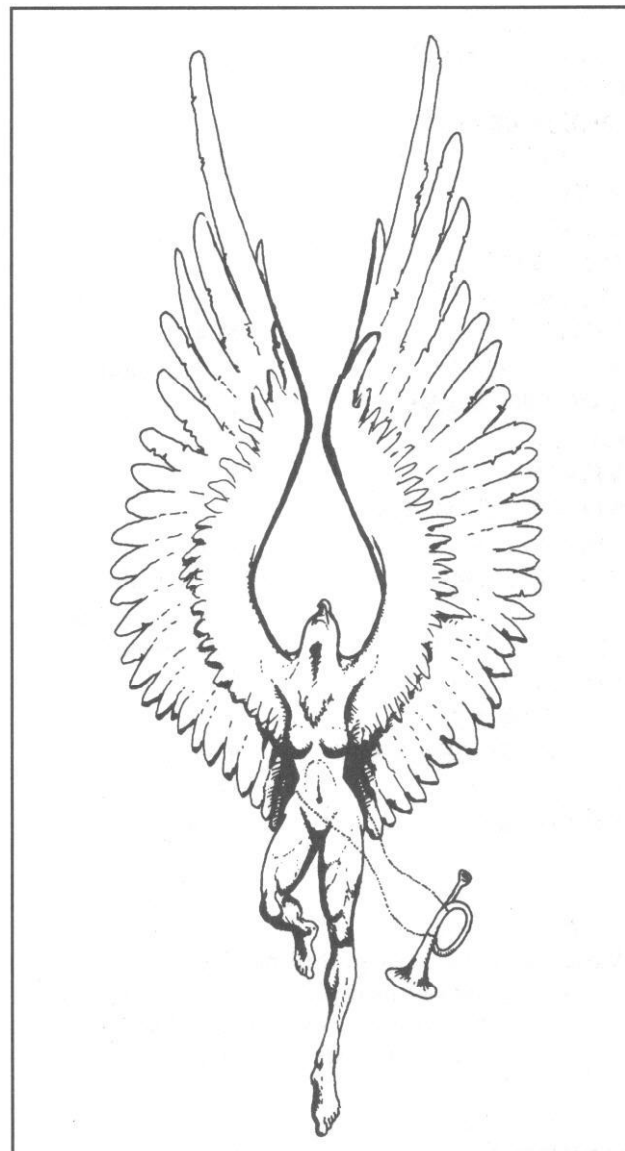
Oantes appears as a tall, voluptuous woman with the head and golden-feathered wings of a great eagle. Around her waist is a battle horn of immense power.

Abilities

Oantes has perfect vision, allowing her to see all within view in perfect detail. Limited foreknowledge, gives her a sense of when in the near future, any person he looks at will be in particular danger from evil, supernatural forces. Winding her horn, Oantes may cast the equivalent of one *scare* spell every round or a *fear* spell every other round, both of which will effect all mortals within 100 yards unless they save vs. spells at -8. Oantes is immune to all magics cast by wizards of less than skill thirteen.

Personality

It is said that Oantes was never a real human, but was created as a composite creature by a wizardess, to be her



bodyguard. Since she was made into a Sentinel she has continued to see to the safety of worthy heroes, and considers nothing more reprehensible than treachery. She would not aid anyone who had ever betrayed a good or lawful ally.

Role Playing

Slightly lacking in the patience necessary for tact, Oantes favors direct questions, and gives praise and criticism with equal candor.

Grated Athael

(High Sentinel of the Fourth Dominion)

STRENGTH:	17
INTELLIGENCE:	22
INSIGHT:	23
DEXTERITY:	15
STAMINA:	22
APPEAL:	10
FIGHTER:	N.A.
WIZARD:	N.A.
PRIEST:	Skill 25 Priest
THIEF:	N.A.
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful Good
ARMOR CLASS:	2
HTK:	333
THAC0:	5
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2
SPECIAL ATT.:	None
SPECIAL DEF.:	+5 or better magic weapons to hit
PROFICIENCIES:	All General & Priest's
MOVEMENT:	10"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	Special
SIZE:	M
XP AWARD:	25,000

Appearance

Athael appears as a plump matriarch bearing an overflowing horn of plenty. Anyone who eats from the fruit of the horn will instantly be relieved of the effects of starvation and will be able to go without food for 3-12 days.

Abilities

Athael immediately knows the ancestry of any mortal which enters her Throne and likewise knows the components and properties of any non-magical object which she sees (a herbal potion for instance). She can also tell if anyone speaking to her is driven by selfish motives. Lastly, she is immune to all mortals' magics (both arcane and priestly) of 7th level or less and is 90% immune to 8th level spells, 80% immune to 9th level spells, etc.

Personality

Athael is concerned only with the common folk, the poor and the ignorant, and has no time for the arrogant or



opulent. She willingly sees to the aid of those who genuinely desire to make the world a better place for the common people (as far as the Charter permits), and dismisses from her presence anyone who shows insensitivity or disregard for their fellow mortals.

Role Playing

Athael is concerned with the lot of ordinary folk, but is without any real emotions and cannot truly be said to care for them. So, even when discussing the greatest human catastrophes, or berating visitors for their complacency, her voice remains flat and dispassionate.

Oechil

(Ruler of the Fourth Dominion)

STRENGTH:	17
INTELLIGENCE:	19
INSIGHT:	20
DEXTERITY:	19
STAMINA:	18
APPEAL:	17
FIGHTER:	Skill 10 Fighter
WIZARD:	N.A.
PRIEST:	Skill 8 Priest
THIEF:	Skill 8 Thief
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful Good
ARMOR CLASS:	4
HTK:	68
THAC0:	11
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2
SPECIAL ATT.:	Cause infertility
SPECIAL DEF.:	+4 or better magic weapons to hit
PROFICIENCIES:	All General (+1)
MOVEMENT:	16"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	Special
SIZE:	M
XP AWARD:	18,000

Appearance

Oechil has assumed the odd form of a pair of young, beautiful lovers who embrace constantly, one whispering into the ear of the other while the other speaks the words. The long, swirling hair of each intertwines and braids with the other's.

Abilities

Oechil can cause or cure infertility in humans at a glance. All land across which he walks immediately becomes fertile, plants bear appropriate fruit and animals are cured of all ills at his touch. He can determine the rightful owner of any object or the parentage of any person that he sees. Lastly, he is immune to all magics cast by wizards of less than skill sixteen.

Personality

Oechil expects no deference from mortals, and himself shows no formal respect to anyone. He is always informally polite, and talks easily with most mortals,



usually inviting them to join him around a campfire or in a tavern if they have anything to discuss with him.

Role Playing

Oechil behaves much as a relaxed, happy-go-lucky mortal, but GMs should include small details to illustrate his awesome power: for example, those drinking with him find that their tankards are always full of fine, strong drink, which Oechil drinks copiously without becoming drunk.

Jouraen

(Attendant & Overseer of the Fourth Dominion Champions)

STRENGTH:	15
INTELLIGENCE:	19
INSIGHT:	18
DEXTERITY:	14
STAMINA:	15
APPEAL:	12
FIGHTER:	Skill 8 Fighter
WIZARD:	N.A.
PRIEST:	Skill 10 Priest
THIEF:	N.A.
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful Good
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HTK:	40
THACO:	14
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2
SPECIAL ATT.:	Weapon creation
SPECIAL DEF.:	+2 or better magic weapons to hit
PROFICIENCIES:	All General & Priests'
MOVEMENT:	12"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	Special
SIZE:	M
XP AWARD:	12,000

Appearance

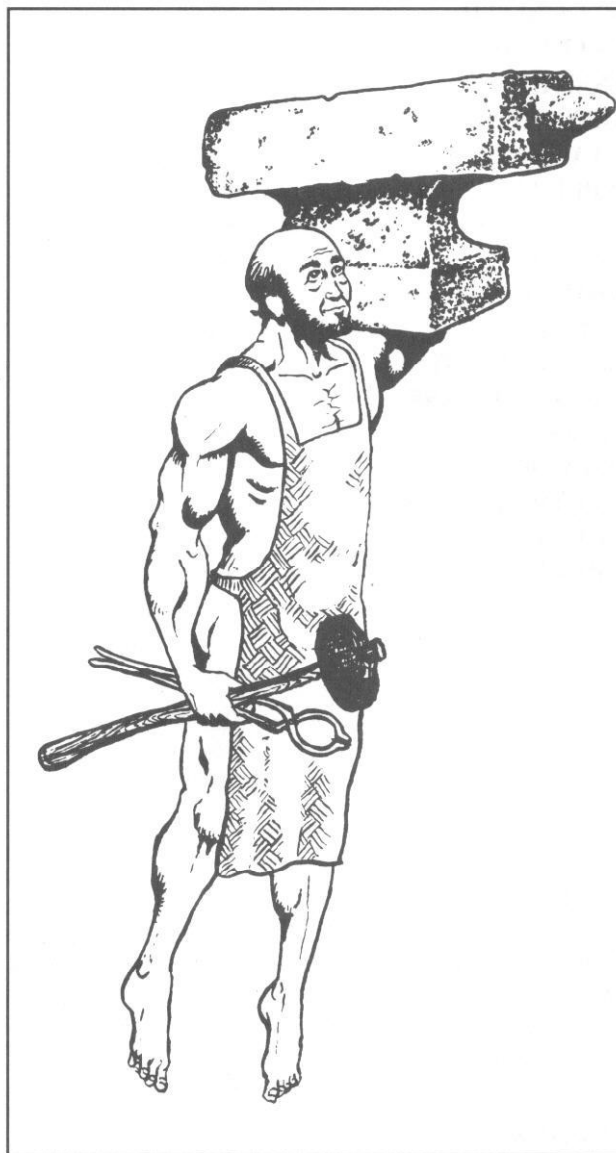
Jouraen frequently takes the form of a hearty blacksmith smiling as if he knows that some wondrous thing is about to happen. Over one shoulder is slung a massive anvil which is too heavy for any mortal to lift, and in the other hand is a tongs and a hammer which sings joyously instead of ringing harshly when it strikes (3-24 damage).

Abilities

Any weapon forged by Jouraen is exceptionally sharp, inflicting an additional +2 points of non-magical damage for the first 3-12 times that it strikes a target in combat. Jouraen is immune to all magics cast by wizards of less than skill eight.

Personality

Jouraen has no interest in obscure knowledge or complex plans, and cheerfully admits to being a simple soul. Never happier than when laboring at some Herculean task, the Sentinel often arrives in towns or villages which have undeservedly been stricken with some disaster and



puts his skills to use in their service. If a village's plow horses have been stolen, he pulls the plow himself; if a town faces attack, he makes keen weapons for the townsfolk to defend themselves with (at a rate of one weapon every two hours).

Role Playing

Quick with a consoling word or constructive suggestion, Jouraen's cheerfulness is dispelled only by rudeness. Not wishing to waste words on the obnoxious or offensive, he simply shakes them until they apologize or holds their heads underwater until they turn blue.

Ganbatiel

(Attendant & Overseer of the Fourth Dominion Custodians)

STRENGTH:	12
INTELLIGENCE:	21
INSIGHT:	19
DEXTERITY:	12
STAMINA:	14
APPEAL:	13
FIGHTER:	Skill 5 Fighter
WIZARD:	N.A.
PRIEST:	Skill 13 Priest
THIEF:	N.A.
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful Good
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HTK:	40
THAC0:	15
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
SPECIAL ATT.:	None
SPECIAL DEF.:	+2 or better magic weapons to hit
PROFICIENCIES:	All General & Priests'
MOVEMENT:	12"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	Special
SIZE:	M
XP AWARD:	12,000

Appearance

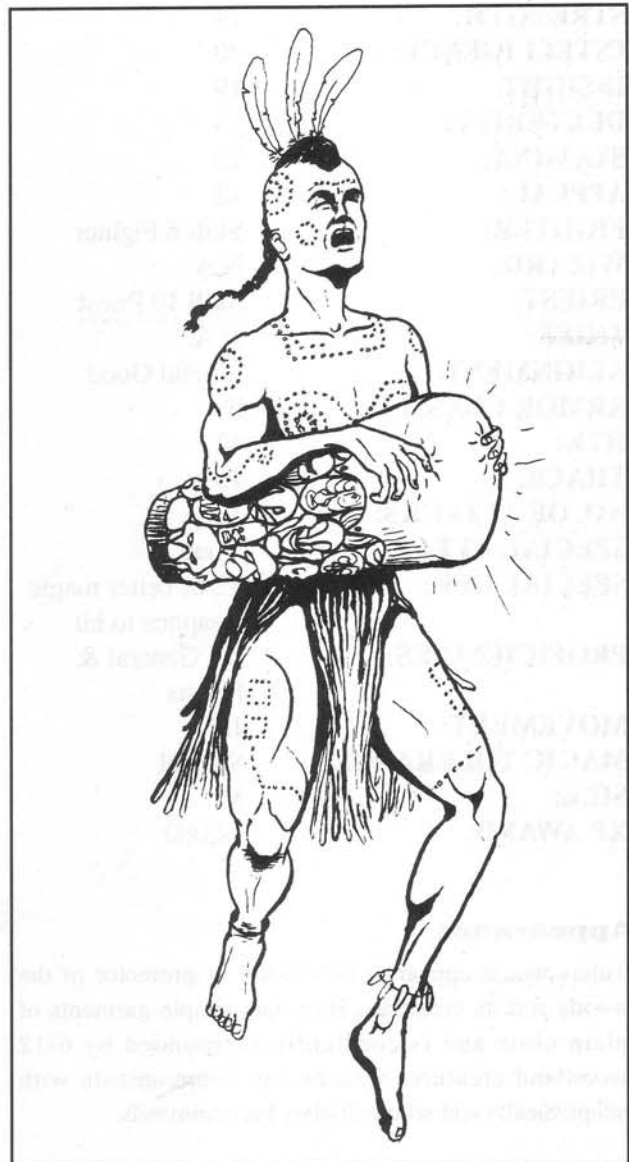
Ganbatiel always appears as a bard with instrument and rich dress appropriate to the culture to which he is appearing. Under his arm he carries a book (also appearing appropriately to the culture) containing all of that culture's tales touting the cause of good.

Abilities

Ganbatiel may sense the past and present religious affiliations of anyone he sees. He can also sense any sin (greed, murder, etc.) committed within 30 feet and can detect what sins have been committed by any person he speaks with. Ganbatiel is immune to all magics cast by wizards of less than skill eight.

Personality

No leader or hero, Ganbatiel is simply a laborer, but of epic capabilities. No common craft is beyond his ken, and he works twenty four hours each day at an astounding rate. He attacks his tasks with single-minded



determination, almost with aggression. Typically, he arrives at impoverished estates who are in need of honest workers, and offers to do three mens' work for two mens' wages, which he then passes on to some needy person (a widow or cripple, for example). His dedicated effort and ability to discern which other laborers are defrauding their employers make him an invaluable worker.

Role Playing

Ganbatiel is neither friendly nor talkative. His unexpected comments are never frivolous, but are either sensitive commiserations or blunt accusations.

Tulias

(Attendant & Overseer of the Fourth Dominion Wardens)

STRENGTH:	14
INTELLIGENCE:	20
INSIGHT:	19
DEXTERITY:	13
STAMINA:	15
APPEAL:	12
FIGHTER:	Skill 6 Fighter
WIZARD:	N.A.
PRIEST:	Skill 10 Priest
THIEF:	N.A.
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful Good
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HTK:	42
THACO:	15
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
SPECIAL ATT.:	None
SPECIAL DEF:	+2 or better magic weapons to hit
PROFICIENCIES:	All General & Priests'
MOVEMENT:	12"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	Special
SIZE:	M
XP AWARD:	12,000

Appearance

Tulias would appear to be a druid or protector of the woods and its creatures. He wears simple garments of plain cloth and is constantly surrounded by 6-12 woodland creatures who he can communicate with telepathically and who will obey his commands.

Abilities

Tulias may sense the presence (but not the location) of any Demon or Demon's servant, evil or chaotic priest, or evil creature within 100 yards. He can also tell if any mundane object is inherently dangerous (e.g. a bank of snow which is about to fall as an avalanche, a rope which has been weakened, a climbing spike which is loose, etc.). He is immune to all magics cast by wizards of less than skill eleven.

Personality

Tulias is quiet, peaceful, and above all, practical. He



watches over his mortal charges with the love of a brooding mother, and warns them if they should be putting themselves in any petty, mundane danger, or straying into immorality. His love for his charges is almost limitless, and he would gladly sacrifice his eternal soul to save the life of one of his charges.

Role Playing

Tulias's key trait is his great love, which should appear in minor ways, as he quietly watching over his charge's everyday actions, perhaps changing into a small animal and snuggling up to the mortal as he or she sleeps, etc.

Exalted Visaein

(High Sentinel of the Fifth Dominion)

STRENGTH:	25
INTELLIGENCE:	23
INSIGHT:	21
DEXTERITY:	15
STAMINA:	20
APPEAL:	10
FIGHTER:	Skill 15 Fighter
WIZARD:	Skill 10 Wizard
PRIEST:	Skill 20 Priest
THIEF:	N.A.
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful Good
ARMOR CLASS:	3
HTK:	333
THACO:	1
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3
SPECIAL ATT.:	None
SPECIAL DEF.:	+4 or better magic weapons to hit
PROFICIENCIES:	All Warriors'
MOVEMENT:	25"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	Special
SIZE:	L
XP AWARD:	25,000

Appearance

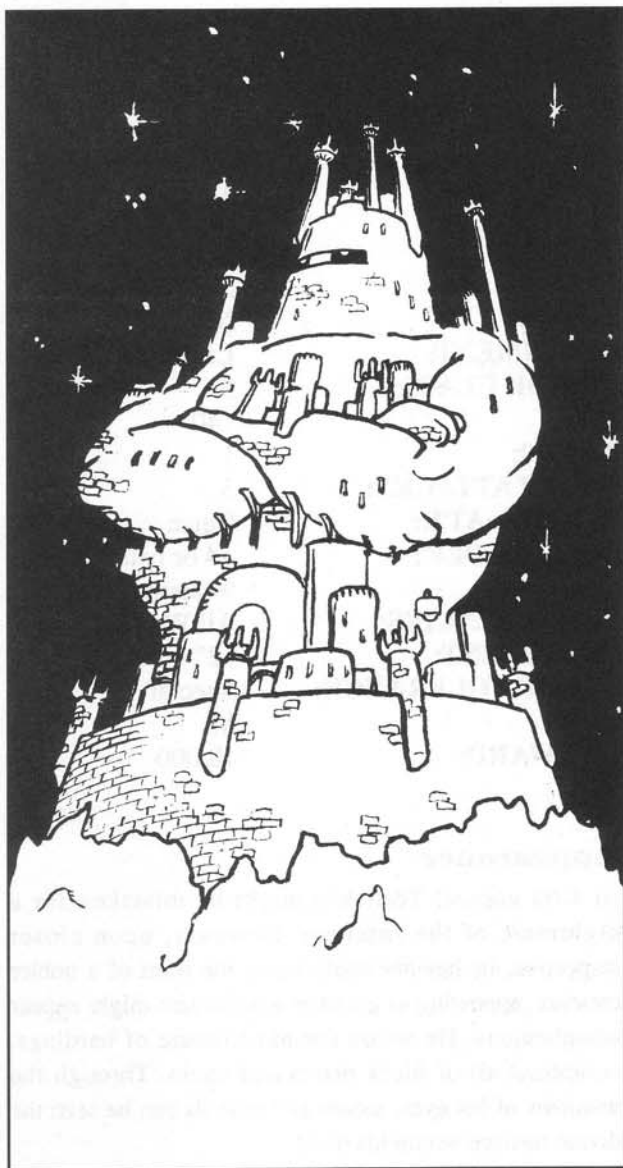
Visaein resembles a broad, bald human, neither male nor female, with black pools in place of eyes. His body is bent with the weight of the fortress of the world which springs from his head, shoulders and arms, bridges and turrets running into and out of his flesh.

Abilities

Visaein automatically knows the alignment of any person entering the Throne and can sense any evil or traitorous intent within its confines. He may also cast *Power Word, Kill* as often as he wishes on those in the Throne, unless they are protected by an Archmagic or the power of an Infernal Prince. He is also immune to all mortals' magics (both arcane and priestly) of 7th level or less and is 90% immune to 8th level spells, 80% immune to 9th level spells, etc.

Personality

Visaein expects respect, obedience, and exemplary courage from the mortals who come before him. Those



who do not live up to his strict ideals are dismissed from the Vault without an audience, and those who severely disappoint him are slain out of hand.

Role Playing

Visaein is extremely volatile and extremely dangerous: GMs should make any audience with him extremely tense.

Lord Tertraein

(Ruler of the Fifth Dominion)

STRENGTH:	25
INTELLIGENCE:	17
INSIGHT:	19
DEXTERITY:	18
STAMINA:	20
APPEAL:	12
FIGHTER:	Skill 20 Fighter
WIZARD:	N.A.
PRIEST:	Skill 4 Priest
THIEF:	N.A.
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful Good
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HTK:	140
THACO:	1
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3
SPECIAL ATT.:	Curse
SPECIAL DEF.:	+4 or better magic weapons to hit
PROFICIENCIES:	All Warriors'
MOVEMENT:	12"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	Special
SIZE:	M
XP AWARD:	18,000

Appearance

At first glance, Tertraein might be mistaken for a nightmare of the Infernus. However, upon closer inspection, he has obviously taken the form of a nobler creature, appearing as grand as a nightmare might appear blasphemous. He wears the most ornate of bardings, composed all of black plates and chain. Through the windows of his eyes, mouth and nostrils can be seen the divine furnace within his mind.

Abilities

All who face Tertraein in battle are automatically and permanently *Cursed* (requiring a *Bless* spell to counter, cast by a priest of skill 9 or higher). He regenerates 1-6 HTK points per round and is immune to all magics cast by wizards of less than skill 10.

Personality

Tertraein accepts no compromise and no excuses. Any who anger him are simply told to leave. Any who refuse to do as Tertraein commands are magically ejected from



his presence. If any mortal dares suggest that the forces of good and evil could call a truce or live together, Tertraein kills the "collaborator" personally.

Role Playing

This Lord is the epitome of military ruthlessness. He talks only of tactics and battles; bloodshed and victory.

Mantrem

(Attendant & Overseer of the Fifth Dominion Champions)

STRENGTH:	24
INTELLIGENCE:	14
INSIGHT:	17
DEXTERITY:	16
STAMINA:	21
APPEAL:	13
FIGHTER:	Skill 16 Fighter
WIZARD:	N.A.
PRIEST:	Skill 5 Priest
THIEF:	N.A.
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral Good
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HTK:	88
THACO:	8
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2
SPECIAL ATT.:	Flaming weapon, combustion
SPECIAL DEF.:	+2 or better magic weapons to hit
PROFICIENCIES:	All Warriors'
MOVEMENT:	12"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	Special
SIZE:	M
XP AWARD:	12,000

Appearance

Mantrem appears most often as a grand and pompous judge, sporting flowing robes and a neatly powdered wig. In one hand he wields an oversized gavel (2D6+4 damage) while in the other swings a noose (Dexterity Check or be snared by the neck taking 2D4 per round until a Bend bars Check is made).

Abilities

Any weapon Mantrem uses in battle immediately bursts into flames, which then inflicts 4D6+4 damage and sets fire to any flammable material that it touches. Likewise, once per round he may ignite any flammable, non-magical object within 10 feet (including wooden shields, bows, weapon hafts, roofs, carts, trees, etc.) which must then save vs. magical fire or be destroyed in 1-4 rounds. Mantrem is completely immune to fire and heat based damage and spells and is immune to all other spells cast by wizards of less than skill eight.

Personality

Mantrem has two main battle techniques: sneak and



charge. First he stalks his "prey" as carefully as possible, until spotted or until within thirty yards, and then charges, fighting with insane and vindictive bravery until he or his enemies are slain. Conversation he deems unnecessary for either activity. If mortal allies wish to assist him, he will accept the aid but sees no reason to talk with them.

Role Playing

Mantrem is neither interested in negotiation nor cooperative planning. He can be stealthy and tactical, but is rarely subtle or tactful.

Dolastrata

(Attendant & Overseer of the Fifth Dominion Custodians)

STRENGTH:	23
INTELLIGENCE:	16
INSIGHT:	19
DEXTERITY:	14
STAMINA:	19
APPEAL:	12
FIGHTER:	Skill 12 Fighter
WIZARD:	N.A.
PRIEST:	Skill 8 Priest
THIEF:	N.A.
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful Good
ARMOR CLASS:	1
HTK:	70
THAC0:	9
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2
SPECIAL ATT.:	Animal attack
SPECIAL DEF.:	+2 or better magic weapons to hit, regeneration
PROFICIENCIES:	All Warriors'
MOVEMENT:	12"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	Special
SIZE:	L
XP AWARD:	12,000

Appearance

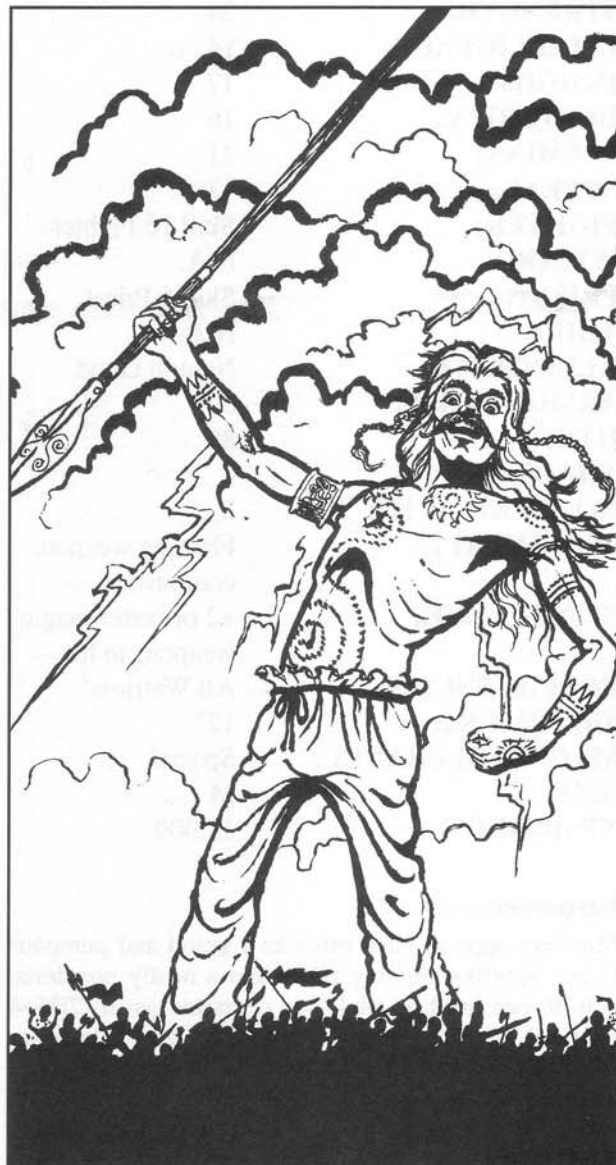
Dolastrata appears as a gigantic, gaunt, grizzled warrior clutching his sacred Spear of Eternal Blessings (which does 4-24 points of damage). Storm clouds encircle his head and lightning plays about his brow.

Abilities

Dolastrata may cause any or all creatures of the air within the area he oversees to attack or flee, as he desires. All wounds inflicted by his blows naturally heal at half normal rate. He himself regenerates 1 HTK point per 6 rounds and is immune to all magics cast by wizards of less than skill nine.

Personality

Dolastrata behaves much like an extremely territorial bull, attempting to frighten off interlopers and those who interfere with his business but losing patience and attacking if the pests prove persistent. He typically likes to play the role of divine avenger, calling down the



creatures of the air to attack first, following it up with an attack of his own.

Role Playing

Dolastrata behaves like a wild, territorial animal guarding its land. He prefers to communicate with simple facial expressions, and if he must resort to words, he is as likely to take violent action as well.

Estila

(Attendant & Overseer of the Fifth Dominion Wardens)

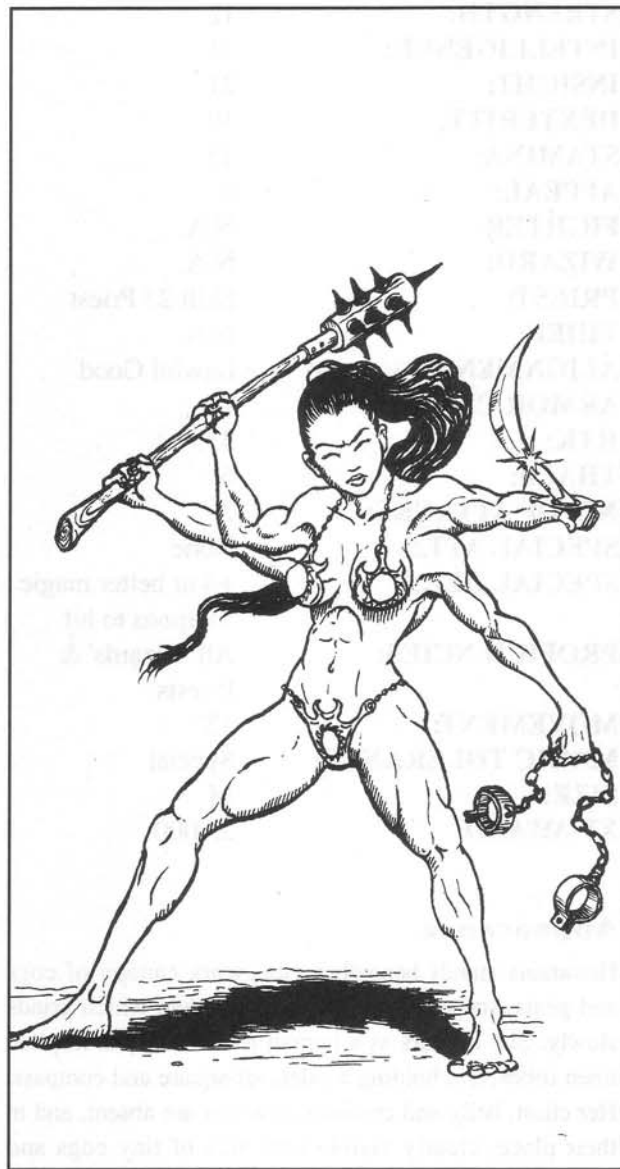
STRENGTH:	24
INTELLIGENCE:	14
INSIGHT:	19
DEXTERITY:	15
STAMINA:	20
APPEAL:	14
FIGHTER:	Skill 15 Fighter
WIZARD:	N.A.
PRIEST:	Skill 7 Priest
THIEF:	N.A.
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful Good
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HTK:	80
THACO:	8
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2
SPECIAL ATT.:	Fire attack
SPECIAL DEF.:	+2 or better magic weapons to hit
PROFICIENCIES:	All Warriors'
MOVEMENT:	12"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	Special
SIZE:	M (L)
XP AWARD:	12,000

Appearance

Estila's favorite physical form is that of a beautiful, well-muscled woman with four arms. She wears divine armor which is a wonder to behold, and in her hands she holds manacles, a curved blade and a two-handed mace.

Abilities

Estila may change and expand her form (enlarging herself from Medium to Large size) becoming a fifteen foot tall, fifteen foot wide bonfire, with a hollow cavity at its center. Anyone touching or successfully striking Estila in this form suffers 1D4 points of fire damage. Anyone walking through her "walls" into the hollow suffers 2D4+1 damage. In this "enlarged" form she may lash out with up to six spurts of flame each round, dividing its 6D6 damage between these attacks (e.g. if he launches six attacks each inflicts only 1D6 damage, while a single attack inflicts 6D6 damage). Estila may also sense the type and location of any destructive force (destructive magic, fires, hurricanes, etc.) within five miles. Lastly, Estila is immune to all magics cast by wizards of less than skill nine.



Personality

Estila understands only flame, heat, consumption and destruction. She thinks and behaves in many ways as a great, intelligent fire, and is rumored to have been a fire-using wizard in her lifetime.

Role Playing

Like a fire, Lamphasis hisses and crackles as she speaks, and as a fire she speaks only in terms of consuming, burning, destroying.

Exalted Honaraeis

(High Sentinel of the Sixth Dominion)

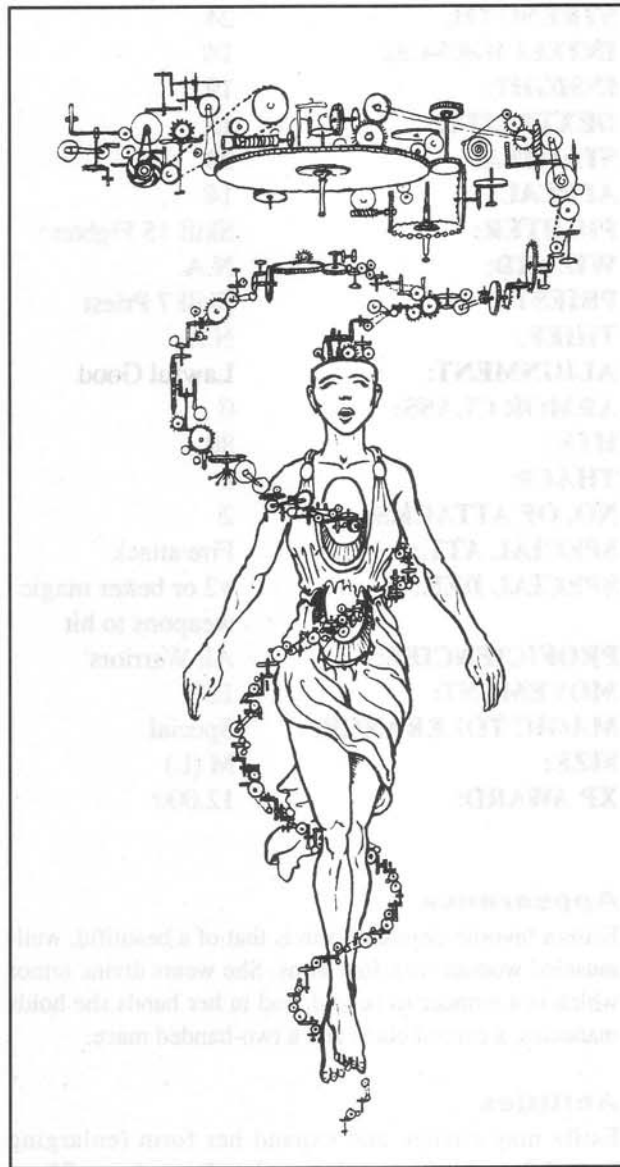
STRENGTH:	12
INTELLIGENCE:	24
INSIGHT:	21
DEXTERITY:	10
STAMINA:	15
APPEAL:	8
FIGHTER:	N.A.
WIZARD:	N.A.
PRIEST:	Skill 25 Priest
THIEF:	N.A.
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful Good
ARMOR CLASS:	1
HTK:	333
THACO:	6
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2
SPECIAL ATT.:	None
SPECIAL DEF.:	+4 or better magic weapons to hit
PROFICIENCIES:	All Wizards' & Priests'
MOVEMENT:	12"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	Special
SIZE:	M
XP AWARD:	25,000

Appearance

Honaraeis stands beneath a clockwork canopy of cogs and gears, suspended in the air above her, which grinds slowly. She appears as a human female, draped in plain linen robes, and holding a ruler, set-square and compass. Her chest, belly and cranium, however are absent, and in their place, clearly visible networks of tiny cogs and chains whirl where the brain, heart and abdomen should be.

Abilities

Honaraeis immediately knows the allegiances of any mortal who enters the Throne. At a glance she may tell if any mortal (in her Throne or viewed in the realms below) is a slave or servant, slave-master or commander of servants. She is also immune to all mortals' magics (both arcane and priestly) of 7th level or less and is 90% immune to 8th level spells, 80% immune to 9th level spells, etc.



Personality

Honaraeis thinks with the strictest logic. She displays astounding deductive reasoning, but has no imagination and no understanding of mortal emotions. She also epitomizes the Dominion's obsession with hierarchy and obedience, dismissing the traitorous and disrespectful, and cooperating only with the obedient and realistic.

Role Playing

This High Sentinel moves with deliberate, stiff gestures, and speaks in short, simply constructed sentences.

Lord Hieriel

(Ruler of the Sixth Dominion)

STRENGTH:	18
INTELLIGENCE:	20
INSIGHT:	20
DEXTERITY:	11
STAMINA:	18
APPEAL:	12
FIGHTER:	Skill 14 Fighter
WIZARD:	N.A.
PRIEST:	Skill 4 Priest
THIEF:	N.A.
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful Good
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HTK:	100
THAC0:	6
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3
SPECIAL ATT.:	Paralysis
SPECIAL DEF.:	+3 or better magic weapons to hit
PROFICIENCIES:	All Wizards'
MOVEMENT:	10"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	Special
SIZE:	M
XP AWARD:	18,000

Appearance

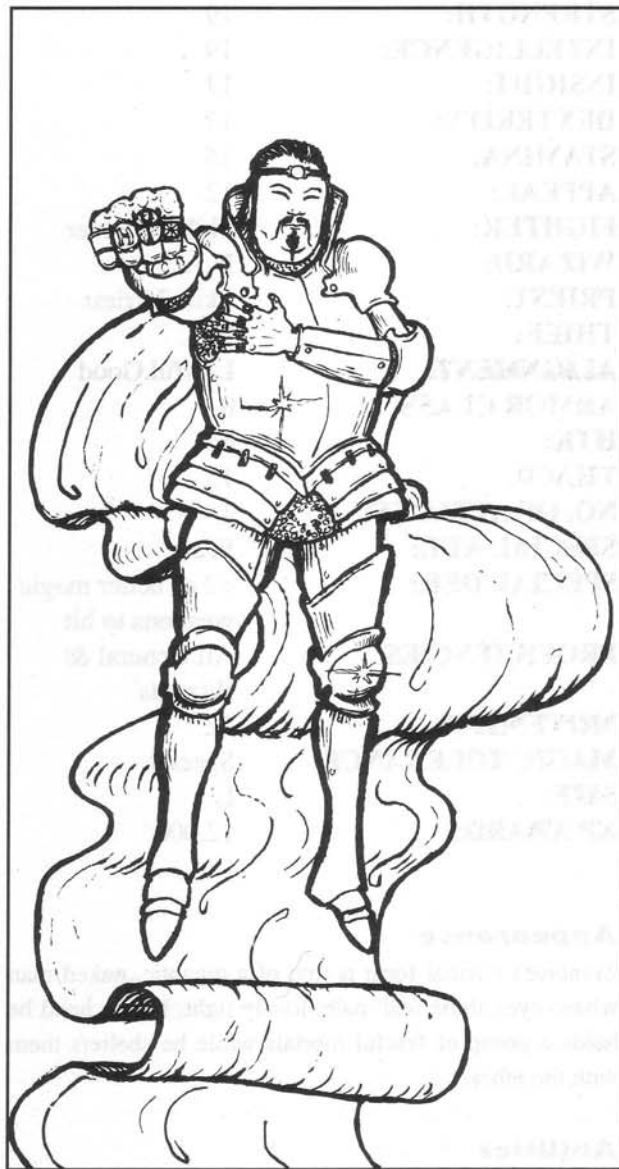
Hieriel appears as a stern, severe king, dressed in silver plate armor and a flowing burgundy cloak, his hair a mixture of black and white strands. On each of his fingers is a ring denoting high rank or mastery (one is a High Priest's ring, one the signet ring of an Imperial Governor, another bears a King's seal, etc.).

Abilities

Hieriel always knows if he is being deliberately lied to and can tell at a glance if anyone is disguised, plotting a betrayal or impersonating another. Instead of attacking, he may paralyze a target by staring at it for one round, the duration of the paralyzation being between one turn and one century, as Hieriel wishes. Immune to all magics cast by a magic user less than skill level fifteen.

Personality

Hieriel expects that mortals acknowledge his clear superiority and address him with appropriate respect.



Only monarchs and emperors are accepted as equals, and he refuses to negotiate with commoners.

Role Playing

Hieriel is always condescending but never rude. He terminates audiences if not shown proper respect (e.g. if anyone sits in his presence, tries to command him, etc.). He addresses everyone according to their rank, so calling an emperor "Your Imperial Magnificence" and a commoner "Peasant."

Cerabise

(Attendant & Overseer of the Sixth Dominion Champions)

STRENGTH:	19
INTELLIGENCE:	19
INSIGHT:	17
DEXTERITY:	13
STAMINA:	16
APPEAL:	12
FIGHTER:	Skill 9 Fighter
WIZARD:	N.A.
PRIEST:	Skill 7 Priest
THIEF:	N.A.
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful Good
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HTK:	64
THAC0:	13
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
SPECIAL ATT.:	Fear
SPECIAL DEF.:	+2 or better magic weapons to hit
PROFICIENCIES:	All General & Wizards'
MOVEMENT:	12"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	Special
SIZE:	L
XP AWARD:	12,000

Appearance

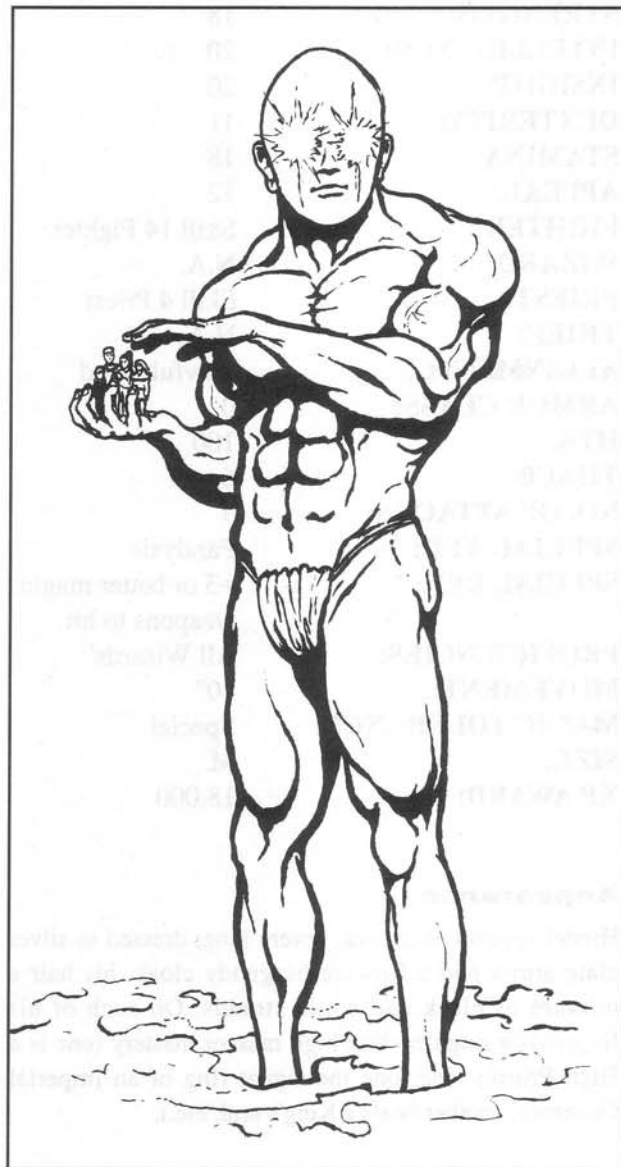
Cerabise's normal form is that of a gigantic, naked man whose eyes shine with pale, lonely light. In one hand he holds a group of fearful mortals while he shelters them with the other.

Abilities

Cerabise can create *Fear* in one opponent per round, the lowest in rank being affected first and the leader last. If fighting alongside or in command of mortal troops, such mortals become immune to *Charm*, *Fear* and any other spells which may cause them to disobey their commanders. Any who betray Cerabise become permanently *Cursed* (removable only by a priest of skill ten or higher). Cerabise is immune to all magics cast by wizards of less than skill nine.

Personality

Cerabise is a personal servant of Lord Hieriel and



sometimes performs missions for his master personally. With the loyalty, ferocity and single-minded determination of a fighting dog, Cerabise strives to fulfill his orders to the letter.

Role Playing

Cerabise growls a great deal, and rarely speaks in complete sentences. As he is seldom involved in discussions or negotiations with mortals, he has no interest in conversation.

Pertamos

(Attendant & Overseer of the Sixth Dominion Custodians)

STRENGTH:	17
INTELLIGENCE:	21
INSIGHT:	18
DEXTERITY:	12
STAMINA:	14
APPEAL:	12
FIGHTER:	Skill 5 Fighter
WIZARD:	N.A.
PRIEST:	Skill 12 Priest
THIEF:	N.A.
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful Good
ARMOR CLASS:	2
HTK:	72
THAC0:	15
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
SPECIAL ATT.:	light burst
SPECIAL DEF.:	+2 or better magic weapons to hit
PROFICIENCIES:	All General & Wizards'
MOVEMENT:	12"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	Special
SIZE:	M
XP AWARD:	12,000

Appearance

Pertamos appears as a magnificent, white lion, proud and strong. He sits atop a pile composed entirely of crowns.

Abilities

If attacked, Pertamos' eyes burn a brilliant white and rays of light burst out 50 feet from his palms in a 360' arc: there are 1D10+10 beams, one shooting towards each opponent (THAC0 5, 2D6+15 damage), and the others streaking off into the sky or ground. Pertamos may also cast Charm Person once per turn and is immune to all magics cast by wizards of less than skill eight.

Personality

Pertamos often places the Sentinels in his charge to protect places such as palaces, temples or wizards' colleges, and through them can listen to the plots and politicking of the residents, often warning the rulers of treasonous plots and budding insubordination. His concern is to preserve the stability of society's key



institutions, believing that a secure elite can enforce the loyalty of the common folk.

Role Playing

When Pertamos speaks to commoners, it sounds like a reading of an official pronouncement: turgid and forced. When he speaks to rulers he adopts the style of a Herald, politely and rhetorically reciting the information he wants to impart in a formal monologue.

Osmotharet

(Attendant & Overseer of the Sixth Dominion Wardens)

STRENGTH:	18
INTELLIGENCE:	20
INSIGHT:	17
DEXTERITY:	13
STAMINA:	16
APPEAL:	15
FIGHTER:	Skill 7 Fighter
WIZARD:	Skill 10 Wizard
PRIEST:	Skill 7 Priest
THIEF:	N.A.
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful Good
ARMOR CLASS:	1
HTK:	54
THAC0:	15
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
SPECIAL ATT.:	Spell use
SPECIAL DEF.:	+2 or better magic weapons to hit
PROFICIENCIES:	All General & Wizards'
MOVEMENT:	12"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	Special
SIZE:	M
XP AWARD:	12,000

Appearance

Osmotharet appears as an aged gentleman sitting upon a throne mounted at the top of a thousand-stepped dais. In his hand spins the Cube of Eternal Order.

Abilities

Osmotharet may become invisible at will, so long as he does not attack or perform any similarly blatant action (if remaining invisible until he strikes, he always gains the initiative in combat). He may also cast the equivalent of the following spells on the mortal charge of his Wardens should he choose to: *Bless*, *Curse*, *Cure Light and Serious Wounds*, *Cure Blindness and Deafness*, *Cure Disease*, *Neutralize Poison*, *Regenerate*, *Contagion* and *Enervation*. Osmotharet himself is immune to all magics cast by wizards of less than skill eight.

Personality

Osmotharet typically assigns his Wardens to those mortals whose rebellious, irreverent antics have caused



clear harm in the past, and with his brutal magics he "punishes" them whenever they display further destructive and disrespectful behavior. If the mortal attempts to get rid of his unwelcome Warden, Osmotharet orders that they be be magically dissuaded or simply attacked physically. He is a vindictive, malevolent Sentinel, more interested in forcing obedience than combating actual evil.

Role Playing

Osmotharet is a nasty, malicious creature, who smiles most broadly before inflicting his worst punishments.

Exalted Aesias

(High Sentinel of the Seventh Dominion)

STRENGTH:	18
INTELLIGENCE:	19
INSIGHT:	22
DEXTERITY:	14
STAMINA:	20
APPEAL:	15
FIGHTER:	N.A.
WIZARD:	N.A.
PRIEST:	Skill 23 Priest
THIEF:	Skill 5 Thief
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful Good
ARMOR CLASS:	3
HTK:	333
THACO:	8
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
SPECIAL ATT.:	None
SPECIAL DEF.:	+4 or better magic weapons to hit
PROFICIENCIES:	All General & Thieves'
MOVEMENT:	8"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	Special
SIZE:	M
XP AWARD:	25,000

Appearance

Aesias appears as a naked, elderly woman, emaciated by hunger. Her grey hair is thin and matted, her teeth worn and yellow, and tears have stained her eyes and cheeks. She crouches on a rickety wooden platform which rises unsteadily a few feet above the mists, and peers sorrowfully downwards.

Abilities

Looking at any person who enters its Throne, Aesias can tell exactly how much wealth that person has owned, and how he or she has used it. Similarly, she can see what petty personal sins the person has committed: domestic violence, adultery, greed, etc. By looking at a mortal in the planes visible through the mists, she can tell exactly how much wealth they own at the present. Aesias is also immune to all mortals' magics (both arcane and priestly) of 7th level or less and is 90% immune to 8th level spells, 80% immune to 9th level spells, etc.



Personality

Aesias is a fountain of unwelcome information. She can list endless facts and figures, concerning the whole range of petty miseries which player characters frequently overlook. She can talk of nothing else, and is insistent that people take more notice of such ordinary evils.

Role Playing

Aesias speaks slowly and mournfully. She attempts to illustrate her arguments as graphically as possible, often using comparisons to past wrongs to prove her points.

Lord Estarin

(Ruler of the Seventh Dominion)

STRENGTH:	18
INTELLIGENCE:	20
INSIGHT:	18
DEXTERITY:	18
STAMINA:	18
APPEAL:	15
FIGHTER:	Skill 10 Fighter
WIZARD:	N.A.
PRIEST:	Skill 10 Priest
THIEF:	Skill 10 Thief
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral Good
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HTK:	175
THAC0:	10
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
SPECIAL ATT.:	None
SPECIAL DEF.:	+2 or better magic weapons to hit
PROFICIENCIES:	All General, Warriors' & Thieves'
MOVEMENT:	12"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	Special
SIZE:	M
XP AWARD:	18,000

Appearance

Estarin appears in the form of a crowd of people, all commoners, who wear various expressions to match Estarin's disposition and speak as one voice.

Abilities

Estarin can sense, within fifty feet, any substance of greater value per weight than copper (gold, silver gems, rare herbs, etc.), their exact locations and values. He can create food and drink as he wishes, and can cast all Cure spells at will. Estarin is immune to all magics cast by wizards of less than skill twelve.

Personality

Estarin has a great but dispassionate concern for all of the mortal world's downtrodden and exploited, showing no favoritism to any particular group of unfortunates. The rich and powerful, however, he despises and refuses to talk with. The only mortals who he really respects or



even likes are those who work selflessly for others. He hates being called "Lord," believing that this makes him sound like a mortal noble.

Role Playing

This Lord always looks and sounds worried. He speaks slowly, interspersing statements with long, probing glances.

Paranthase

(Attendant & Overseer of the Seventh Dominion Champions)

STRENGTH:	16
INTELLIGENCE:	18
INSIGHT:	15
DEXTERITY:	14
STAMINA:	17
APPEAL:	11
FIGHTER:	Skill 9 Fighter
WIZARD:	N.A.
PRIEST:	Skill 6 Priest
THIEF:	Skill 3 Thief
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral Good
ARMOR CLASS:	3
HTK:	60
THACO:	13
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
SPECIAL ATT.:	None
SPECIAL DEF.:	+2 or better magic weapons to hit
PROFICIENCIES:	All General & Warriors'
MOVEMENT:	12"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	Special
SIZE:	S
XP AWARD:	12,000

Appearance

Paranthase appears as a six year old girl, a battered street urchin with eyes aglow, clutching a rusty, bloodstained dagger.

Abilities

Paranthase can tell anyone's alignment at a glance and can make any alcoholic drink within fifty feet stronger or weaker as she desires. All his thieves' skills are at 70% and she always hits when striking from behind with a dagger, inflicting x5 damage. Paranthase is immune to all magics cast by wizards of less than skill eight.

Personality

Paranthase is an ardent escapist, who loves stories and dancing, singing and drinking (and indeed delights that, as a Sentinel, she can make herself drunk or sober in an instant). Indeed, she feels that she has performed a worthwhile service if she has merely played a few dance tunes to help folk forget their worries. She also feels



obligated to perform more strenuous duties, using her thieving and fighting abilities.

Role Playing

Paranthase is a genuinely friendly, pleasant, relaxed being, who is made happy by the happiness of others and sad by their sadness.

Tomidine

(Attendant & Overseer of the Seventh Dominion Custodians)

STRENGTH:	13
INTELLIGENCE:	19
INSIGHT:	20
DEXTERITY:	11
STAMINA:	14
APPEAL:	14
FIGHTER:	Skill 4 Fighter
WIZARD:	N.A.
PRIEST:	Skill 10 Priest
THIEF:	Skill 3 Thief
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful Good
ARMOR CLASS:	6
HTK:	50
THAC0:	16
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
SPECIAL ATT.:	None
SPECIAL DEF.:	+2 or better magic weapons to hit
PROFICIENCIES:	All General & Warriors'
MOVEMENT:	12"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	Special
SIZE:	M
XP AWARD:	12,000

Appearance

Tomidine's appearance is that of a tall, bearded man dressed in robes and holding a scales. From beneath his robes peer the faces of all of the world's oppressed.

Abilities

Tomidine may create simple mundane objects at will (e.g. wooden shacks, blankets, food, etc.). He may also tell what crimes a person has committed by staring at him or her for one round, and can evaluate a person's wealth at a glance. His thieves' abilities are 80% and he is immune to all magics cast by wizards of less than skill sixteen.

Personality

Tomidine is kind-hearted but intolerant, determined to make the world a better place for its inhabitants, but without patience for those who stir up trouble (whatever their justification). He tends to focus his attention on mean urban areas; the roughest quarters of the big cities.



There his Custodians make and repair clothes for the needy, and encourage the local folk to band together against crime and injustice (and if necessary, pay violent visits to the local thugs and criminals).

Role Playing

Tomidine is kindly but stern, disinterested in normal pastimes, but is an avid collector of gossip. His speech is informal, and incorporates much urban slang.

Maninaere

(Attendant & Overseer of the Seventh Dominion Wardens)

STRENGTH:	15
INTELLIGENCE:	17
INSIGHT:	21
DEXTERITY:	13
STAMINA:	17
APPEAL:	16
FIGHTER:	Skill 5 Fighter
WIZARD:	N.A.
PRIEST:	Skill 9 Priest
THIEF:	Skill 5 Thief
ALIGNMENT:	Neutral Good
ARMOR CLASS:	5
HTK:	55
THAC0:	14
NO. OF ATTACKS:	1
SPECIAL ATT.:	None
SPECIAL DEF.:	+2 or better magic weapons to hit
PROFICIENCIES:	All General & Warriors'
MOVEMENT:	12"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	Special
SIZE:	M
XP AWARD:	12,000

Appearance

Maninaere appears as a tiny statue of a saintly man flanked by a taper. In his hands the figure holds the Sigil of Infinite Justice. The figure himself does not move or speak, but the candles, which never seem to melt down, spell out Maninaere's words in flames.

Abilities

Maninaere can produce six pieces of stale bread, each of which cures all ills if eaten. In addition, Maninaere will occasionally "loan" out the Sigil of Infinite Justice. Its recipient gains all of the Sentinel's Proficiencies (with a -1 penalty) and all thieves' skills at 70%, although the mortal does not realize that he has gained these abilities until he actually tries to use one of them. The Sentinel may also cast any Cure spell on the recipient mortal once per turn. Maninaere may confer To Hit or Damage bonuses or penalties upon any mortal, ranging from -3 to +3, as he desires. Maninaere is immune to all magics cast by wizards of less than skill eight.



Personality

Maninaere is caring and compassionate of all mortals, regardless of their alignment. Though he knows that those mortals practicing ultimate forms of evil must be defeated, he still cares for their wellbeing and would see them repent rather than be destroyed.

Role Playing

Maninaere speaks to all mortals as a sympathetic parent would speak to a small child, never condescending but never appearing to take what is said with full sincerity.

Basiam

(First Among the Outcasts)

STRENGTH:	20
INTELLIGENCE:	17
INSIGHT:	16
DEXTERITY:	15
STAMINA:	20
APPEAL:	15
FIGHTER:	Skill 12 Fighter
WIZARD:	N.A.
PRIEST:	Skill 10 Priest
THIEF:	N.A.
ALIGNMENT:	Chaotic Good
ARMOR CLASS:	0
HTK:	172
THACO:	8
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2
SPECIAL ATT.:	Spell use
SPECIAL DEF.:	+3 or better magic weapons to hit
PROFICIENCIES:	All Warriors'
MOVEMENT:	12"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	Special
SIZE:	M
XP AWARD:	14,000

Appearance

Basiam appears as an ugly, battered, human warrior, neither male nor female, with long, red hair and blank, white eyes. He wears rusty chainmail and tattered leathers, all caked in blood, and carries a battle axe (1D8+8 damage) in one hand.

Abilities

Each round in which Basiam is not in combat he may cast any two Priest spells of up to level five, from the spheres of Creation, Combat or Protection. When engaged in combat, he may only cast one spell per round. Basiam can sense the exact position of any evil person, creature or object within one hundred yards and does double damage against evil targets. Lastly, he is immune to all magics cast by wizards of less than skill twelve.

Personality

Basiam is reputed to be brash, murderous and arguably



insane, but although brutal, he actually appears to be a thoughtful, restrained and thoroughly reasonable Sentinel. He often refuses to make immediate decisions, but retires to his quarters to contemplate situations (and perhaps to consult with some other entity). Basiam has never left the Vault, as no superior Sentinel is prepared to enable him to do so.

Role Playing

Basiam should seem intelligent, thoughtful and even friendly in order to emphasize and contrast with his occasional cold cruelty.

The Eight Dragons

RARITY:	Very Rare
NUMBER APPEARING:	1
% IN LAIR:	0%
INTELLIGENCE:	18
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful Good
HTK DICE:	120 HTK points
THAC0:	8
ARMOR CLASS:	0
NO. OF ATTACKS:	3 (claw/bite/tail)
DAMAGE:	3D6+10 (claw), 1D10+20 (bite), 2D20 (tail lash)
SPECIAL ATT.:	Breath (see below)
SPECIAL DEF.:	+2 or better magic weapons to hit
MOVEMENT:	12" land, 25" air
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	Special
SIZE:	L
TREASURE TYPE:	None
XP AWARD:	20,000

Combat

Light dragons attack with their claws, bite and tail lash doing amazing amounts of damage with each. Their most intimidating attack, however, is their breath weapon. Those struck, who do not save vs. breath, immediately have their alignment changed to lawful good. If the target is already of either lawful or good alignment, he takes 2D6 damage for each of his skill levels and must make a system shock Check or die.

Light dragons can sense and identify the locations of evil and chaos within 100 yards. They are immune to all spells cast by wizards of less than skill seven, and are immune to mind-affecting magics (such as *Charm* and *Fear* spells), cast by wizards or priests below skill twenty.

Notes

Each Light Dragon appears as a bulky, rotund dragon, sixty feet long, with a wingspan of over 100 feet. Instead of flesh and bone, however, it is composed entirely of divine light, of the brightly shimmering essence of a war god.

Special

The seven light dragons circle the fringes individually, seeking out intruders. The good and lawful they allow to enter, but they attack any who are evil, as well as any



suspicious visitors who are chaotic. The creatures are the embodiment of courage and aggression, and cannot be frightened off or daunted by impressive displays. However, they are not stupid, and would retreat if faced by an obviously superior foe (like an army of demons), thence fighting alongside the Sentinels and other guardians.

Role Playing

The light dragons understand all human and humanoid languages, but speak only to impart important information to one another or to the Sentinels.

Guardians of the Vault

	Lions, Dogs Unicorns & Fringe Cats	Eagles, Owls & Falcons	Gryphons & Giant Eagles
RARITY:	Very Rare	Very Rare	Very Rare
NUMBER APPEARING:	2-8	1-6	1-4
% IN LAIR:	0%	0%	0%
INTELLIGENCE:	6	4 (owl: 12)	10
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful Good	Lawful Good	Lawful Good
HTK DICE:	6	2	16
THACO:	12	3 (owl: 12)	5
ARMOR CLASS:	4	2	0
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2	1	2 (gryphon: 3)
DAMAGE:	See below	See below	See below
SPECIAL ATT.:	See below	None	See below
SPECIAL DEF.:	Magic weapons to hit	Magic weapons to hit	Magic weapons to hit
MOVEMENT:	18"	5" land, 25" air	10" land, 30" air
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	15%	15%	15%
SIZE:	M	S	L
TREASURE TYPE:	None	None	None
XP AWARD:	1,500 (dogs: 800)	100	7,500

Combat

Dogs, Lions and Fringe Cats bite for 3D6 points of damage and claw for 1D6+3 damage. Unicorn may gore with their horns for 1D10+5. Owls rake with their talons for 1D3-1, Falcons for 1D3 and Eagles for 1D4 points of damage. Giant eagles and gryphons attack with their beaks (-4 to hit) for 1D10+6, rake with their front talons for 3D6+2 and with their rear claws (gryphons only) for 1D20.

Any small or medium sized target struck by the beak of a gryphon or giant eagle must make a Dexterity Check or be snatched up into the creature's mouth. The chance of breaking free is then equivalent to the chance of bending bars: the victim may make one attempt every round thereafter until he or she succeeds, is slain or is dropped by the creature, taking 1D10+10 damage each round in the beak's vice-like grip.

Notes

Guardian dogs appear as perfect, white hunting dogs, swift and lean. The lions and unicorns are similarly perfect, pale examples of their species, noble and strong. The Fringe Cats are bloody-jowled panthers, with dull black fur covering their scrawny bodies. All of the birds appear as immaculate specimens of their species, strong, beautiful creatures in perfect health. The giant eagles are huge brown and white plumed birds of prey, with shining silver talons. The gryphons are golden bodied examples of the species.

Special

All guardians of the Vault may only be struck by magical weapons and are immune to all spells cast by wizards below skill five (Unicorns are immune to spells cast below skill seven). They can sense and identify the locations of evil and chaos within one hundred feet. All share a telepathic link to the Lord and Attendants of their home Dominions.

Owls, falcons, eagles and giant eagles have perfect sight, allowing them to spot and scrutinize any intruder larger than a mouse within direct line of sight while inside their Dominions.

Lions do double damage against chaotic targets, Fringe Cats do double damage against evil opponents and Unicorns double damage vs. evil and/or chaotic opponents.

Role Playing

The guardians of the Vault embody virtues which are important to the Dominions which they serve. The hunting dogs represent loyalty, humility and patience; the lions are brave and noble; the Fringe Cats are cruel but subtle; the unicorns are honorable and kind. The Eagles embodies nobility, the Falcon patience, and the Owl detached wisdom. All the birds symbolize the virtue of vigilance. The gryphon symbolizes aggression, vigilance and nobility. These personalities should be clear in the ways that they behave towards visitors and in the ways they fight enemies.

Champions, Custodians & Wardens

	Champions	Custodians	Wardens
STRENGTH:	15	13	12
INTELLIGENCE:	12	14	13
INSIGHT:	12	13	15
DEXTERITY:	14	13	11
STAMINA:	13	12	11
APPEAL:	11	13	12
FIGHTER:	Skill 10 Fighter	Skill 7 Fighter	Skill 7 Fighter
WIZARD:	Skill 0 Wizard	Skill 0 Wizard	Skill 4 Wizard
PRIEST:	Skill 4 Priest	Skill 9 Priest	Skill 7 Priest
THIEF:	Skill 2 Thief	Skill 3 Thief	Skill 0 Thief
ALIGNMENT:	Lawful Good	Lawful Good	Lawful Good
ARMOR CLASS:	2	3	5
HTK DICE:	10+6	6+4	7+2
THACO:	10	13	12
NO. OF ATTACKS:	2	1	1
SPECIAL ATT.:	Varies	Varies	Varies
SPECIAL DEF.:	+1 or better weapons to hit	+1 or better weapons to hit	+1 or better weapons to hit
MOVEMENT:	12"	12"	12"
MAGIC TOLERANCE:	Special	Special	Special
SIZE:	Varies	Varies	Varies
XP AWARD:	6,000	6,000	6,000

	Statistic Adjustment by Dominion						
	Dominions						
	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th
STRENGTH:	-6	-2	+3	-0	+5	+1	+3
INTELLIGENCE:	-0	+3	-1	-0	-3	+1	-0
INSIGHT:	+2	+4	-0	+1	-2	+1	-0
DEXTERITY:	-3	-0	-0	-0	-0	-1	+1
STAMINA:	-0	-1	+3	+1	+2	-1	+2
APPEAL:	-0	+1	+1	+2	+1	-0	-0
FIGHTER:	-4 Skill	-3 Skill	+2 Skill	-1 Skill	+3 Skill	-0 Skill	+1 Skill
WIZARD:	-1 Skill	+1 Skill	-0 Skill	-0 Skill	+2 Skill	-1 Skill	-0 Skill
PRIEST:	-0 Skill	+3 Skill	-0 Skill	+1 Skill	-2 Skill	-0 Skill	+1 Skill
THIEF:	-2 Skill	-3 Skill	+1 Skill	-2 Skill	-0 Skill	-2 Skill	-1 Skill
ALIGNMENT:	NG	LG	LG, NG, CG	LG, NG	LG	LG	NG

There are literally thousands of Sentinels in the Vault or on assignment in the world below. Each is a unique individual with his own personality and abilities. The statistics given above are for average Champions, Custodians and Wardens. Individual Sentinels will regularly appear who are stronger or weaker, more or less insightful, etc.

Appearances, Personalities & Role Playing

The appearances, personalities and role playing techniques of the hundreds of Champions, Custodians and Wardens vary from one Sentinel to another. Typically, the Dominion

which the Sentinel hails from will determine the basic theme for his appearance and his overall personality and outlook on his existence. Refer to chapter 2 of the Sentinels Sourcebook for information about the attitudes of the Sentinels who live in the different Dominions.

Champions

Champions are occasionally sent to intervene directly against the forces of evil. They are simple, straight-forward warriors, prone to direct assaults and heroic defenses. However, these are the Sentinels least often dispatched to the prime plane, and are usually encountered only in the most epic or dramatic of settings. Nor do they linger among

mortals for long: they simply arrive, immediately go into action, and then vanish.

In most normal fantasy settings, the Champions are an almost dormant force. They remain in the Vault of Heaven honing their skills, awaiting the day when an evil great enough to merit their attentions will arise on the mortal plane.

Abilities

In addition to the normal Sentinel abilities, any Champion may, at will, curse his opponent with a -2 penalty for the duration of the combat. Such penalties can be applied only to those who are in direct combat against the Champion and will dissipate if the opponent turns from the Sentinel to face another foe. Conversely, the Champion may bestow upon himself a +1 bonus for the duration of the combat which would apply against any foe he faced.

In addition, when fighting against Demons or other creatures from the Infernus, Champions automatically do maximum damage allowed by the weapon they are using, plus 10 points, or 4-24 points of damage when fighting with their bare hands.

Custodians

It is often necessary that a particular place or object be placed under guard, and it is the Custodians who are assigned such tasks. As examples, the tomb of a powerful Thaumaturgist may have a Custodian set upon it in case anyone should ever try to steal the body or grave goods. A powerful weapon may be kept in a hidden place by a Custodian who only grants its use to one who is sinless.

A place spoken of in ancient prophesy as being the site of the coming of a great evil may have three or seven Custodians placed over it.

Furthermore, there may be places to which individual Lords choose to send Custodians. In times of great danger, they may be sent out to guard dozens of sites, such as an Emperor's palace, vulnerable temples, a great college of magic - all of the places which might act as bulwarks against the rising evil. In normal times, however, only a few outstanding places are thus guarded.

Abilities

In addition to the standard Sentinel abilities, Custodians are automatically aware of any activity, conversation or presence within the area that he is responsible for, or within 50' of the item he is guarding, as appropriate. Moreover, he also has an instinctive awareness of any plot or scheme which might imperil his charge, but knows few details: so, for example, if a group of

Thaumaturgists planned to steal an artifact he guarded, he might know who the leader was, or how many conspirators there were, or when they would arrive, or where they came from, but not all of this information and nothing more definite.

A Custodian may also Call any character of his own Alignment (usually Lawful Good) to him from a radius of up to ten miles, though the character is not compelled to obey and is unlikely to know who or what calls him. Different Sentinels have different methods of Calling: typical examples include a vision or illusionary light which only the target can see, leading towards the Sentinel's location, or the implanting of a sudden thought, brief hallucination or simple telepathic message. Such calls are usually issued to affect the highest skill level character of that alignment within reach, and in desolate or wilderness areas, the Call may be issued constantly (like a beacon) in the hopes that some suitable character wanders within range.

Wardens

Sentinels are sometimes allocated to particular mortals in order to act as "guardian angels," or are sent to deliver warnings, advice or prophesies. Wardens are usually dispatched to the prime plane for only a short period, in order to deliver a message, watch over a hero during a quest, or safeguard the target of an evil plot.

In other cases, however, a Warden may stay with a person for the duration of his lifetime. Such favored mortals may be important people, those destined for greatness, or merely those whom the Sentinels judge no less worthy than anyone else: anyone could be granted a Warden.

Abilities

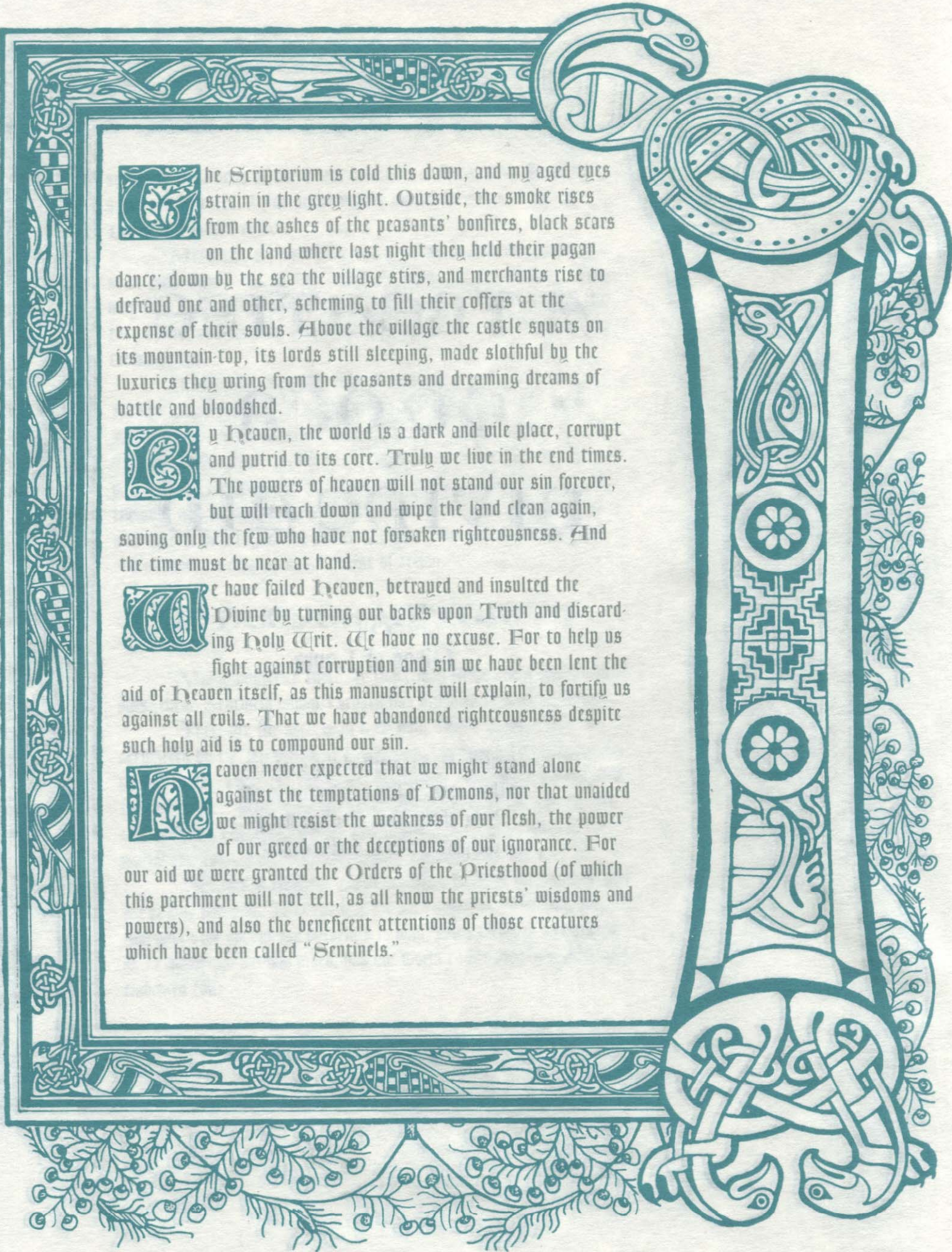
In addition to the normal Sentinel abilities, any Warden may be aware of the thoughts and plans of his mortal charge. This is often of little practical benefit to the mortal, but if absolutely necessary the Warden may manifest himself physically to warn the mortal if he is planning something particularly foolish.

A Warden can also sense any imminent threat to his charge. In effect, he has a premonition of any ambushes, assassinations and so forth one turn before the event, and is then aware of when the danger will strike. Of course, the Warden may be unable to deliver any forewarning to the mortal, unless he has some magical method of communicating with the Sentinel, but in extreme cases, the Warden may use his magics or even intervene directly, a split-second before disaster strikes.

A TREATISE
ON OUR
DIVINE AID

By
Dikos of Lavra

Written in Memory of the Esteemed
Akantatos. May we flourish in the
light of his truth, and live daily
the pure life as he has ordained.



The Scriptorium is cold this dawn, and my aged eyes strain in the grey light. Outside, the smoke rises from the ashes of the peasants' bonfires, black scars on the land where last night they held their pagan dance; down by the sea the village stirs, and merchants rise to defraud one and other, scheming to fill their coffers at the expense of their souls. Above the village the castle squats on its mountain-top, its lords still sleeping, made slothful by the luxuries they wring from the peasants and dreaming dreams of battle and bloodshed.

By Heaven, the world is a dark and vile place, corrupt and putrid to its core. Truly we live in the end times. The powers of heaven will not stand our sin forever, but will reach down and wipe the land clean again, saving only the few who have not forsaken righteousness. And the time must be near at hand.

We have failed Heaven, betrayed and insulted the Divine by turning our backs upon Truth and discarding Holy Writ. We have no excuse. For to help us fight against corruption and sin we have been lent the aid of Heaven itself, as this manuscript will explain, to fortify us against all evils. That we have abandoned righteousness despite such holy aid is to compound our sin.

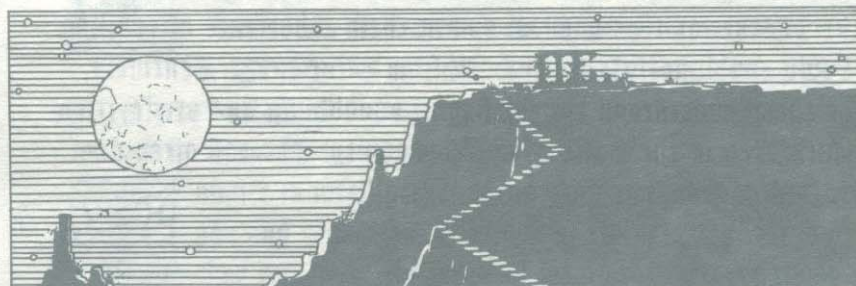
Heaven never expected that we might stand alone against the temptations of Demons, nor that unaided we might resist the weakness of our flesh, the power of our greed or the deceptions of our ignorance. For our aid we were granted the Orders of the Priesthood (of which this parchment will not tell, as all know the priests' wisdoms and powers), and also the beneficent attentions of those creatures which have been called "Sentinels."

Set higher above the sky than we can see, in fortresses and cities in the very Vault of Heaven, these Sentinels look down upon our world, surveying our folly and our sin.

And when we are in gravest need they might come to us, when all else has failed, to give us what aid is appropriate.

These Sentinels have been arranged into battalions, as an army, according to their talents, and in a pattern derived from the Divine Numbers, seven and three. So, they are first divided into seven Dominions, and these in turn tri-sected into Orders. Each is the Domain of a High Sentinel, as a country is a dominion to its king, which rules through a 'Regent or Lord. Beneath this come three Attendants, each master or governor of one Order.

THE FIRST DOMINION



The first of these seven Dominions is a place of pious reflection, meditation, prayer and enlightenment. The Sentinels of the place are truest monks, pursuing the ideal of pious contemplation into eternity.

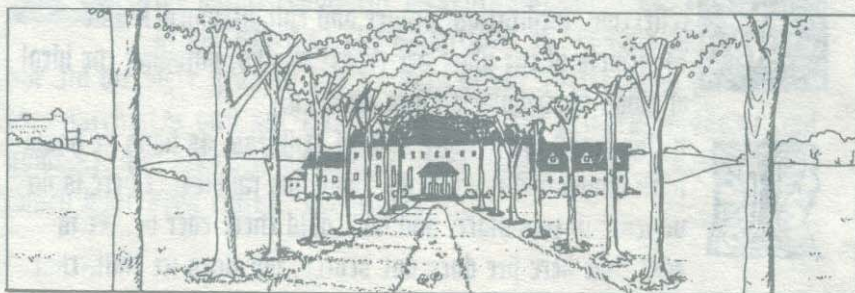
In this realm is all peace and all stillness, as lions lie down with lambs and foxes frolic alongside rabbits. There is no violence in this place, and nor could there ever be. It is said that here fire does not scorch, nor does ice chill, that

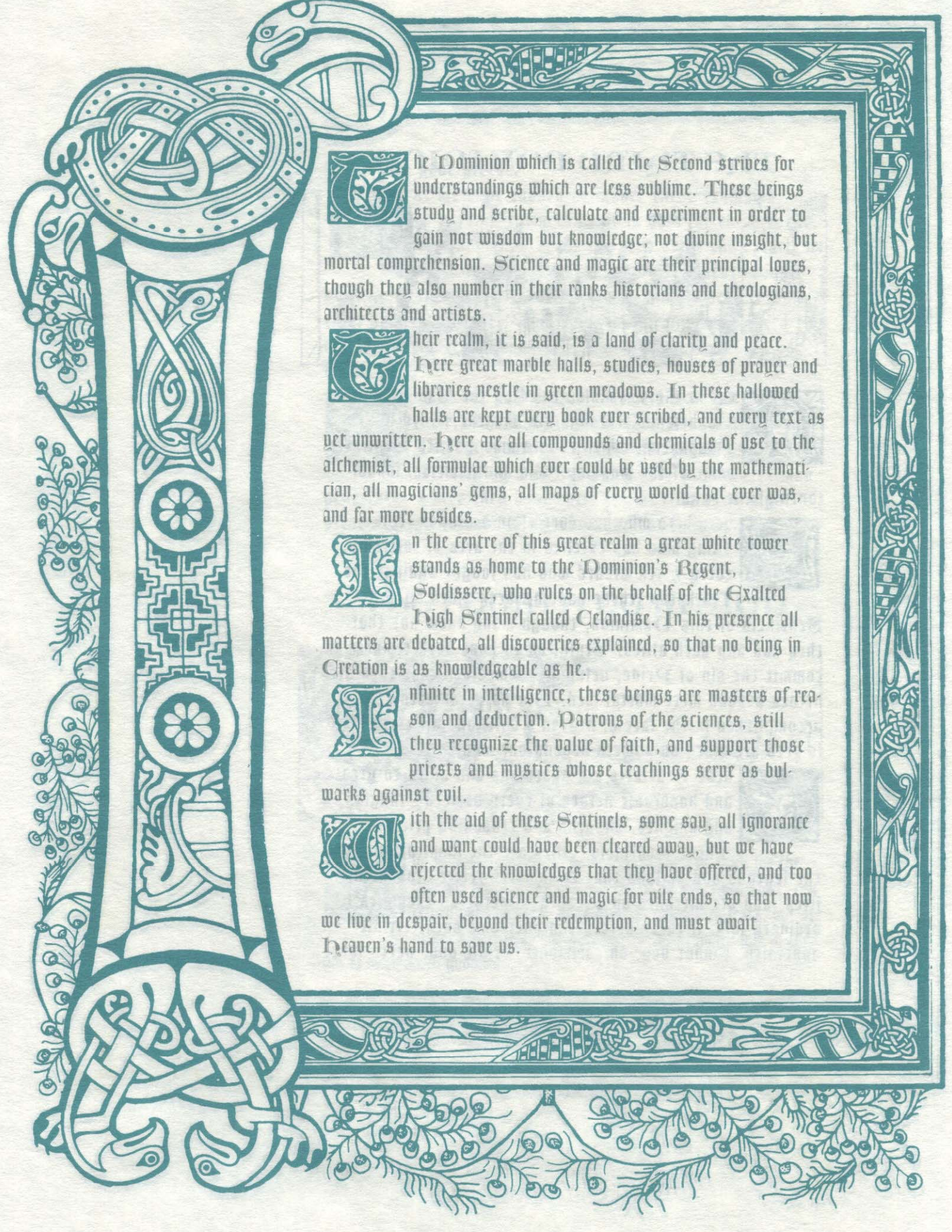
all swords are blunt and all maces made light, so that no outsider might disturb the perfect tranquillity of the place.

And as wisdom grows from peace and contemplation, so this is a place of great insight and clear understanding. These Sentinels have wisdom beyond mortal comprehension, piercing deceptions and deciphering mysteries that our crass philosophies have not even guessed at. It is said that even the land in this paradise contains wisdom, that the very rocks swell with silent understanding, and that truths sparkle on the surface of every pool and the facets of every rain drop. Yet they do absolutely nothing.

The High Sentinel who presides above this place, who guides these Sentinels with his wisdom, is known as Andoriel. His Regent is named Aeuphes, and he, in turn, receives the aid of three lesser Sentinels. All others obey these, as they are united in their quest for true wisdom and in their abhorrence of conflict. Truly could mortals learn much from these great Sentinels, for these understand the futility of squabbling and strife, which even in the walls of our community have too often distracted us from our duties.

THE SECOND DOMINION





The Dominion which is called the Second strives for understandings which are less sublime. These beings study and scribe, calculate and experiment in order to gain not wisdom but knowledge; not divine insight, but mortal comprehension. Science and magic are their principal loves, though they also number in their ranks historians and theologians, architects and artists.

Their realm, it is said, is a land of clarity and peace. Here great marble halls, studies, houses of prayer and libraries nestle in green meadows. In these hallowed halls are kept every book ever scribed, and every text as yet unwritten. Here are all compounds and chemicals of use to the alchemist, all formulae which ever could be used by the mathematician, all magicians' gems, all maps of every world that ever was, and far more besides.

In the centre of this great realm a great white tower stands as home to the Dominion's Regent, Soldissere, who rules on the behalf of the Exalted High Sentinel called Celandise. In his presence all matters are debated, all discoveries explained, so that no being in Creation is as knowledgeable as he.

Infinite in intelligence, these beings are masters of reason and deduction. Patrons of the sciences, still they recognize the value of faith, and support those priests and mystics whose teachings serve as bulwarks against evil.

With the aid of these Sentinels, some say, all ignorance and want could have been cleared away, but we have rejected the knowledges that they have offered, and too often used science and magic for vile ends, so that now we live in despair, beyond their redemption, and must await Heaven's hand to save us.

THE THIRD DOMINION



Next is the Dominion ruled by the Exalted Rapheionas, through his Regent, Lord Rasonaeim, which counts amongst its Sentinels some of the most splendid and powerful inhabitants of the Vault.

Every hero who has ever slain a dragon, every King who has excelled in the arts of rulership, every Arch-wizard who has fought against the Darkness: these have all been aided by the Sentinels of this Dominion, though many knew not that they had any such allies. Truly, many have been tempted to commit the sin of Pride, deluding themselves that they are heroes beyond mere mortal men. But no great deed can be accomplished in the face of heaven's will, and all truly heroic acts are aided by powers beyond our own.

These Sentinels are guardians and aides to great and honorable heroes of every variety - rangers and knights, wizards and crusading priests.

These Sentinels' allies are the inspirations for the legends and ballads that commoners recite around their fires, and are intended by Heaven to serve as examples to ordinary folk: if these heroes can overcome such terrible adversity, cannot you, oh commoner, bridle your petty lust,

your envy, your greed:

But we have chosen to ignore these examples, and so these Sentinels labor in vain for the present. No individual deeds can now avert the cataclysm which we have brought upon ourselves through our sin. Only when the ending comes will we benefit from their powers: for their might and valour will be required to shield the righteous when the fiery maelstroms sweep our world away.

And so for now these Sentinels wait patiently in their Dominion, in their Castle of a Thousand Towers, guarded by unicorns, eagles and lions, encircled by a forest which only the bravest may penetrate. There they hone their skills, that they might presently serve those of us who have not forsaken Heaven.

THE FOURTH DOMINION



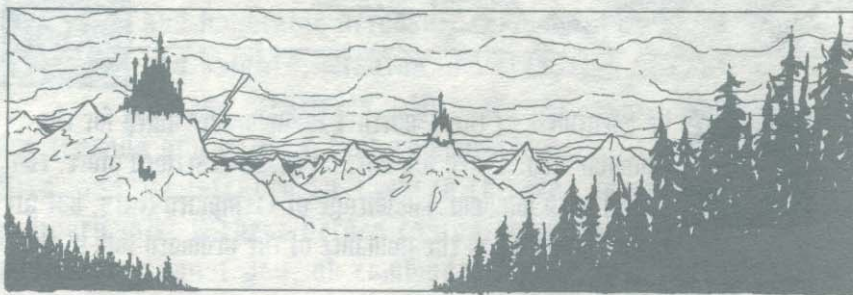
The Sentinels of the Fourth Dominion are aides for the common man. They are not, as those described afore, concerned with wisdom, knowledge or exemplary feats, but are rather intent upon the guidance of the ordinary folk in the paths of common goodness.

So, they champion the virtues of love, charity, self-sacrifice, kindness and hospitality: the virtues by which a man makes life more pleasant for his unfortunate fellows, and without which our communities would collapse and we would live again like rude animals. These Sentinels understand the importance of renunciation, selflessness and poverty, as we in this community also do, and display hostility to those who allow worldly goods to make them proud, slothful or greedy.

There is no pomp or splendor in these Sentinels' domains, but rather an honest humility, for even these are as specks before the glory of Heaven - and an earnest commitment to the people of our world. Unlike the palaces and halls of other Sentinels, these maintain small dwellings, arranged like villages, surrounded by field and meadow, vineyard and forest, for in their goodness they have no desires but to live as ordinary mortals do, so that they might better understand and aid us.

Lord Oechil rules this Dominion for the Exalted High Sentinel named Athael, and wanders the realm as an itinerant, as humble as his subjects and seeking none of the pompous delights with which mortal rulers corrupt themselves.

THE FIFTH DOMINION





In the Regency of Lord Tertraein, held from the Exalted Visaein, this Dominion excels at all martial and destructive arts. These are the soldiers of Heaven who one day will bring the holy fire to cleanse the world, who will eradicate all evil from every land, and haul the sinful hence, bound in barbed chains to their eternal torment.

They are the Army of the Vault, and conduct themselves with military discipline, placing their faith in the virtues of discipline, persistence, respect and courage, and in sheer might. Their homes are sturdy fortresses high amongst the icy, jagged peaks of the Vault, their raiment is of iron and enchanted silver, their hands brown with the blood of sinners.

These advocate the massacre, the annihilation of evil things, but are held back by the hand of Heaven until the end time comes. And until that hour, they support and encourage those who lead the war, which some souls still wage, though it is futile now.

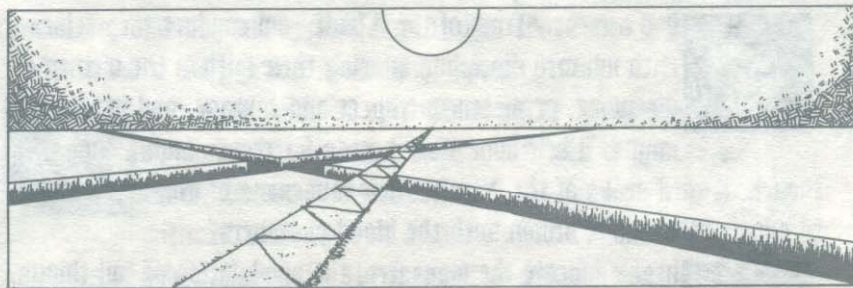
And when the sun is dark and all life gone, when all mortals stand at the Gates of Heaven and must be judged, then will there still be work for these. For in the castle of their Lord is a book beyond measuring, of more volumes than there are numbers known to mathematicians, wherein all wrongdoing, all evil, all crime and all sin is recorded, each instance and occurrence recorded in detail, so that the collection, known as The Book of Wrongs, faithfully preserves the chronicle of all the evils of our wretched race. And when these books are opened, then will all mortals be judged upon the basis of its contents.

But tragically, the Fifth Dominion is often invoked by those who follow false paths and false gods, who kill and burn for its own sake and for greed. These bloody murderers and butchers claim that they do the will and receive the blessing of this Dominion, and every shameful genocide they claim as



a victory over Darkness. Truly must the righteous beware of those who claim the mantle of divinity to veil their sin.

THE SIXTH DOMINION



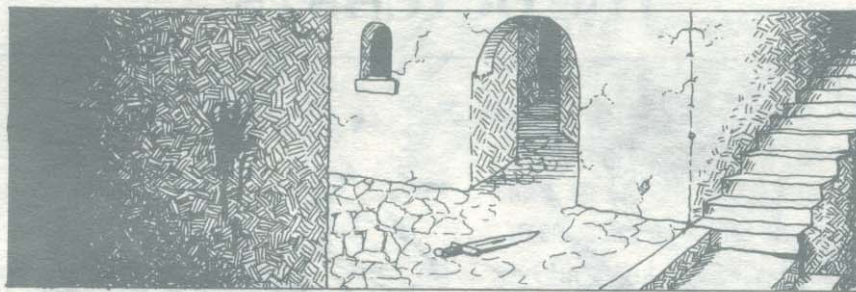
The Sentinels in the Regency of Lord Hieriel are the guardians of hierarchy and order, standing against all those who would bring betrayal, confusion and anarchy upon our world. These guardians are arranged in the most rigidly disciplined of all the Vault's Dominions, each owing unquestioning obedience to his overlord, and all acknowledging the ultimate authority of their Exalted Honaracis.

Rortified by their discipline, these Sentinels excel in the sciences of mathematics and geometry, architecture and engineering, etiquette and law. In military matters, too, they display great wisdom, for they know well that any order must be enforced, and rigid order often requires coercion to keep the foolish dissenters from rebelling.

The lands here are laid out according to strict rules of geometry, and so reflect the hierarchy of the realm, so that, for example, so as not to show a partiality to any of his subjects, the Lord has constructed a palace with three identical facades, each facing the identical palaces of the Attendants.

There is no rebellion or dissent in this Dominion, as all know their proper places. None exhibit the dangerous traits of selfish individuality (which stem, as we all know, from the sin of foolish pride), but rather live in perfect obedience and submission. So too should we in this community refrain from questioning our elders, but following these Sentinels' examples, strive to live together in perfect harmony.

THE SEVENTH DOMINION

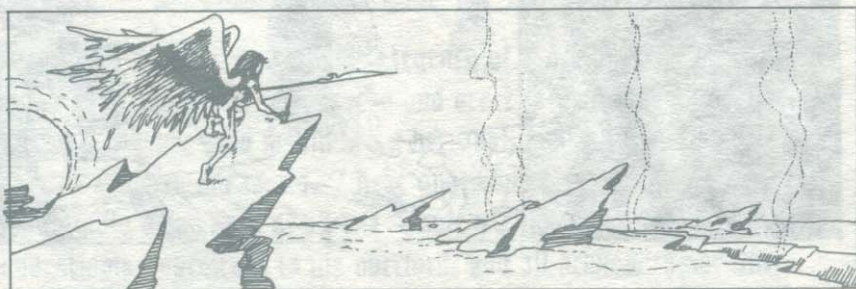


The Seventh Dominion, ruled by the Exalted Aesias through the Lord Estarin, is the least amongst the Dominions, though its lands are by far the greatest in expanse, for here are the Sentinels who concern themselves with petty, everyday evils.

No epic quests or pious meditations concern these Sentinels, nor the pursuit of learning or the defeat of evil armies, but only humble, workaday worries. A sibling's anger, a wife's jealousy, a husband's callousness, all these are matters which they deem important, and they fight these alongside more important sins such as a landlord's greed, a merchant's lies, a noble's opulence.

The realm itself is said to be a maze of passages and alleyways, hovels and marketplaces. The Sentinels often appear as humble mortal folk. The items which they craft for mortal use are rustic, unremarkable creations. Still, though these are the least amongst the Seven, this last Dominion is ideally suited to guide us through this the last of times. There is now no hope to save our world, and all that most can really do is to ease our pain as the end approaches, by combating petty crimes and little evils.

THE OUTCASTS



As there are those in our own world who turn against that which is good and that which Heaven ordains, so there are those in the very Vault of Heaven who through the sins of hubris, pride and betrayal have turned against their masters. These rebel Sentinels are cast out from their original Dominions to wander across the windswept deserts which exist at the Vault's Fringe. These have rejected the Charter which Heaven decreed that they should follow, deserted their High Sentinels and Lords.

Some say that these are dupes of the Infernus, the greatest prizes of all for the corrupting Demons. Others say that they are intended as examples to all mortal folk, so that their rebellion was preordained and their evil designed

to form a warning to us all.

Most certainly these Sentinels present us with a clear warning: that as even the greatest and most holy may be turned from the straight and narrow way by the power of darkness, so the wise man is he who is ever vigilant, striving to ensure that he and those around him do not turn from the righteousness.

BEASTS OF THE VAULT



In our own world we are accompanied by innumerable animals, tame and wild, magical and base, and just as we are not alone, so too are the Sentinels accompanied by lesser beasts.

Our world, however, is an imperfect place, where the evil and indifferent mingle with the

righteous, and so the creatures which we have amongst us include such evil creatures as rats and wolves, hyenas and serpents, and other beasts of legend better left unnamed. The Dominions, however, are realms where only virtue thrives, so that it is but the purest of beasts who are found there.





Thus unicorns and eagles, lions and owls abound, while wolves and vultures and other malign beasts are absent. But even these creatures, being in part divine, are greater and more perfect than any mortal beast. They are more intelligent than mortal creatures. They are faultless in their beauty and their health, and act with a purity of virtue not normally found in mere animals. They can understand all mortal speech, and serve their

divine masters obediently, observing visitors to the Dominions or defending against unwelcome interlopers.

In some instances they have even been sent to our own world to perform minor missions for their masters, and here their supernatural natures are quite clear, so much more perfect are they than our own rude beasts. Indeed, their visitations have given rise to many common customs, such as the often-found belief that eagles and owls must not be hunted, and the tradition that a stray mastiff must be fed.



THE APPEARANCE AND POWERS OF THE SENTINELS

As guardians of our mortal race, the Sentinels most often appear to us in mortal form, though this is a matter of convenience for



them, as in truth they exist as spirits only without any raiment but virtue itself.

Their forms adhere in all cases to their natures, so that those who embody the virtues of nobility may appear with sword or scepter in hand or crown on head, while those who watch over magicians may appear with a staff, those who guard most often carry maces, and so forth.

Some, however, choose forms which are not entirely human (so that a Sentinel who is noble and bold might appear with the head of a lion), and most have some feature which marks them out from real mortals (shining silver hair, or golden skin, for example), and as it is not their mission to confuse, they are rarely troubled to conceal their true splendor.

The talents of these divine overseers are often astounding, and the dark-hearted rightly tremble at the thought of their mighty powers. A Sentinel may tell a truth from a falsehood, sense the presence of a mortal who fights against righteousness, or the approach of a corrupting Demon, and they may



sense the intentions of those near-by and even fore-tell the future to some small degree. How praiseworthy indeed does this show the Hand of Heaven to be!

Moreover, the sentinels may summon forth divine power to shine forth from them, to drive away the sinful and the criminal. They may form this power, moreover, to perform any righteous function that they desire, and they are not affected by the petty conjurations of mortal magicians.

Woe to the man who fails to distinguish a true from a false Sentinel, who follows the Outcasts or a deceiving Demon, for he shall be punished when all are judged after the world's ending. Indeed it is not unknown for Demons to disguise themselves thus in order to persuade the feeble-minded to unwittingly perform some evil task, and the wise will always use this one true test to tell a true Sentinel from an imposter or a rogue: the advice of a true Sentinel is always pure and virtuous, urging no sinful course of action.

OF DEEPER MYSTERIES

Many mysteries there are concerning these divine guardians of ours, these Sentinels whom Heaven has ordained to watch over us.

There are the secrets of their holy Names, which may be deciphered by the techniques of Numerology to reveal their origins and personalities. There are the deeper matters of their divine powers, and the methods for petitioning and approaching them, for identifying mortals and places blessed by their attentions, and the techniques of the mortal Seraphists who ally themselves with the Sentinels.

But this manuscript is not the place for such discussions, and nor is this the time. It is too late for such concerns. The only question which we should ask ourselves is why, when Heaven has offered us so many and various aides, has our world turned from the truth and embraced evil?



M-

Thank-you for the loan of this manuscript. It was, how shall I say, interesting?

If it were mine I would burn it. I advise you to hurl it on your fire, or if you cannot bare to destroy any book, to lock it safe away where no fool might stumble across it.

It is, without doubt, one of the most absurd treatise I have ever read, a truly "vacuous repository". It is like the speech of some demented politician, some rabble rousing orator, all pretty words and apparent sincerity, but full of contradiction and absurdity. This writer asserts that straight lines are bent, that black is white, not physically but morally: on what premise does she base these insane ideas? What does she hope to achieve by inciting people to barbarity? And would you really want to live in a world run on these principles of slavery and exploitation?

If you truly found this inspiring, as you say that you did, then I am deeply worried for you.

We must talk.

Z-

The Delicate Maul of Bright Shadows

A strange title, perhaps you think, but everything has a meaning if one looks hard enough - if one stares until the straight lines bend and in the words you see the author's thought revealed. Of course, she knows that to be a lie.

You wonder what I mean when I am not here and not hear to be asked? - but spare a thought!

To strike a crass blow with the strength of thunder and the delicacy of a true love's touch (is that not power truly harnessed?) No it is not so shallow, thunder which is delicate or a caress which can crush, true strength is to be found only when both are as one, when assumptions are proved false and certainties revealed as lies. That is power, to forge impossible links - to shame the term "impossible."

And bright shadows, to illuminate that which is shrouded - to form illumination from the shroud - to make plain what is hidden - to see truth in what is blotted out - to adduce from what is absent, and, and and - but if you do not understand she wastes her explanation, for no one can learn what is not already half-known in the heart, and no secret is ever made plain in a language evolved to disguise, to rape, to murder the truth.

On - on - to the meat of the matter, or rather, to the maggots of the matter - to the source of life skinned and derided as unclean....

To harness the plow horse, to drive the mule, to slaughter the rude beasts to feed our families - who dares complain? To carve the marble block into our own likeness, to plunge shafts into the hills, to slice furrows through the fields that we might prosper and create - who dares complain? But if we take chains to the iron powers, to the fiends - the patronizing patriarchs - who guide our fates with inhuman smiles - who dares not complain!

Such hypocrisy, such mealy-mouthed absurdity. Our race is destined to lame our world, to bind Nature to our bidding. We can and we must - for to shirk is to squander our potentials - though demons roll and scream and heaven shakes.

Yet still we make distinctions and false comparisons, saying - "yes, this part of Nature you must lame, but this is holy and apart and not for us to touch." Absurdity, hypocrisy, glibble slander! It is not apart - look, see how my Art reaches out to it, makes the transcendent the mundane - and holy is just a sound in your mouth, real only in your mind.

Zinclean! Zinclean! they cry. Blasphemy! Blasphemy!

Fie on you all! Your words are wind.

She says that Art can make the fiends more homely things, and does not speak philosophically. A well tuned artifice (tragic loss!) can make as simple as the lowliest child a being puffed up immortal with silver lies, and not merely such creations but Nature itself brings low the mighty - as it to say - See, here, all is One and that all no more than you.

Ziondrous parable! Now at the darkest hour, with day as far as it can ever be, how for the beating of but seventy hearts - or seventy three, as Nature too knows irony - each putrid, pompous ass is mortal and powerless, a petty, pointless anachronism, far beyond its proper time.

So flee flee flee you arrogant buffoons, and take yesterday's lies with you that we can build anew a human world, where we will be all that we might - for as this brief shadow of justice falls across your path, for one moment in fourteen hundred such, you are no more than we, and we can beat and break you like a common clod.

And thus we dance in celebration, taking sticks and running through the streets and the appointed hour, beating on the doors and walls and any beggar who might cross our paths and cry - See, here are we, masters of Creation, to drive out the filth with the tools that we have made, to make a clean new world!

So you who have seen the power that is forbidden, you who have had the courage to grasp what feeble folk revere, set up your circles and your thimbles, and timing close the invocation call the creature forth and challenge it to meet the Death it has for so long cheated. Then strike it thrice saying - This is for the slavery of all my forebears' minds - And this is for the chances you've conspired to deny - And this is for shackles you have used to bind my kind. So at the turning of night's tide the fiend will lie as any mortal corpse - and justice will be done.

So here we lie - rightful masters of all - sprawled in supplication at the feet of such pompous parasites - parasites? - certainly! For what are they without us, what would they be without our

affairs to meddle with? without our filth to bathe and glory in? Without us they are mere thoughts, while without them we would be none the worse.

Smothered with our own prayer shawls, impaled on our own beds of nails, we lie chained in manacles that we our selves have made - and the deluded multitude scream and wail if they are offered their freedom. It is said that we are born free but place ourselves in chains - but no! - we are born slaves to our priests and rulers, and we guard our steel bonds like golden bands, forging new sets for our children.

So what then, where then, how then might we fortify ourselves against these divine dung beetles, how might we break our bonds and bend them to our will! Oh, she smiles at the two-fold impudence, for the righteous effrontery to overthrow masters who are worthless, and for the naive query of the Elystai's Art!

For to learn the knots and bindings that survive into the present day - even these few paltry remnants - is a lifetime's work for the greatest of mortals. Yet it is not unreasonable to seek a liberation and to search out the power to avenge ourselves and rectify this inverted state of supplication.

First - unlearn your language! Know that "sin" and "crime" are merely words, just sounds forged into steel form to chain you! Unlearn these empty syllables and free your mind - so reveling in all joyous depravity and forbidden pleasure - holding bloody hands aloft, shrieking like lions into the night, to know that in the butchered forms before you you have found Truth - and to hell with them!

Second - burn and topple, shatter and rend - for it is a lie that only in creation is there worthy purpose. Understand the virtue in destruction - realize the fulfillment of desolation.

Third - Know Thine Enemy! For it is not enough to merely know the enemy, but one must know of the enemy, its weaknesses and vulnerabilities.

Know that we are no less than what we were, and all we ever have been slays with us - and so with these once-mortal creatures. Know who they were - what, where and when they were - what then was used against them, who commanded and controlled their destinies - and know above all other things how they were called! and as they were then called, so were they, and thus they are now. So calling upon that which they were one reaches out to touch what they are still - and a touch, as every torturer and lover knows, has power. Use this power! It is a tragedy and wasteful crime (she smiles,

J think) to do otherwise.

She wonders at the swiftly woven knot, recalling that simple spell which the low creatures have so oft been fooled with, and wonders what reader will understand - and understand the understanding, or rather, perceive the complexity of the comprehension. For it is a lie that one is one, and adding one to one is two - it is a lie that this is thus, that anything is itself or otherwise - the kind of lie that they would bind us with - but we (or at least, she and J) are not so foolish.

So reach out and gain a hold - a finger's brushing on a lonely cheek, the crash of fist on tender flesh, the grip to bring men low - and make all that you can of it. Proclaim your confidence of your invulnerability, so that the wounded pride and battered mind might heave and shudder - so that they will obey or flee from you, fear you or refrain from striking back. Reach out when weaving knots, when carving wards and cutting slaves, when confronted without other means and - most importantly - for the joy of the triumph.

But why should we think that a person only may be named by sounds or letters? Astrologers insist that the stars beneath which a mortal is born determine that person's future - for again, they name him, or (and she knows that this is the same) they create him. He is the stars, and they are him (but what a reach you would need...). The two were and are simply one - and so when the stars stand thus again the time makes that person once again, and once mortals may be affected just as mortal folk.

Numerology, too indicates, accesses and creates a person - the place of birth and the site of rebirth - recreation, "elevation" - also stand as the "person". And what then of forgotten, outgrown relics (teeth knocked out in battle or dislodged in childhood, blood or valued objects), for nothing is ever abandoned, nor even truly discarded. And can we not then find a secret "name", a shape, or sound or substance which can designate - can reach, can be that creature.

What then, where then, how then - the third answered, and the first as well (parasites, husks - need she be repeated again?) - so now on again to delve into the maggot-flesh - to plunge in our hands as Scanderis has done, to grasp a bloody truth.

2 Where, then, to strike, where to dig in and to defend, and where to build.

Though rare amongst our race, we who have the courage to name black as white are not alone, nor without aid. For there are those even in Heaven who recognize our virtue and support our righteous cause (the knot, again, pulled fast), and the creatures of Infernus cannot be reconciled to our grim foes.

And so we should make use of those allies that Fate has given us, knowing that those who hate our enemies are most naturally our friends - or, rather, that they might thus become our tools. For there is nothing more natural for our race than to enslave, and nothing more laudable than to wield another's power. (Pulled fast!)

So we might make a stand on ground held by those who hate our foes, and so turn their power to our own defense. For can a creature base and absurd bear the power of a place where Truth burns fierce and cruel as molten stone? No more than bats can brave the day, or crabs defeat the crashing surf!

So here, where bloody sacrifice and muttered curses glorify our spirit (knot) - here where pitiful and pointless supplication is replaced by bold embrace - here where brimstone smolders and weaker souls are sped below, in all such places can we flex our powers, and revel in our theft of another Natural force: for here the debasing and corrupting creatures cannot readily tread, and here their powers are peeled and pried from out their grips and sordid armors rent.

She looks upon her writing and considers who will draw the obvious conclusion? That there is no place which always hold a potency, nor anything which never fades away. So wise men and women can take up a thing and carrying it with them alter what is "here". So with a tool of mystical power a mystical place may be made. So those Unnamed Ones who stand behind the truth of all creation can ensure that now is what will be.

A Demon's heart - a perfect and portable shrine for those of us who see that worship is for fools - but ask yourself - if this of all a creature's form contains its Form - represents, contains and radiates (consider that!) all that it is (which of those three is it that the creature is?) - then where might we look for the embodiment of undeserving, holy power?

Our unspeakable foes might have no souls, or hearts, or feelings - even minds? - but where better that in their heart might the heartless preserve their cowardice? For just as valor, hate and

passion dwell within a mortal's heart, so might the lack of valor, absence of driving hatred or higher passions be contained within the absence of a heart.

The dilemma is profound. How can one capture the absence of a thing - and, moreover, to extract that absence from a thing which is nothing but a phantasm? A question, perhaps, for the philosopher, rather than the magician - but can any courageous mortal truly be one and not the other?

So what has one gained, to have extracted this vacuous repository? Think upon it: what does a rhetorician gain when learning phrases from her tutor? how does the master sailor tack into the wind? what does a blacksmith's iron hammer shape?

The simple-minded might sneer that to extract an absence from a non-existence is a futile task - but these are the same fools who bow and scrape in surling submission beneath that which it is their Destiny and duty to o'er-rule. For all the wisdom and the power contained within these empty vessels might provide a greater mastery than any concrete thing - as fire fights fire - if only an upright mortal could be unaffected by such base contact.

So also, as the sage would have it, we must be ready not only to examine the blood, but to note its sticky presence between our fingers. Always alert to the approach of the serpents, an ear to the ground, listening for their slitherings.

Stars and spheres are well-used mirrors for the affairs of our own world, and here their use is doubly justified - for they stand between our plane and the homes of these dim creatures - so that through them a wise mortal might perceive the approach of some sickly, pallid foe, or discern their plans and ambitions. Likewise might peoples' birth-stars show the unclean touch (knot, again) upon them.

More earthly, earthly remedies must now suffice, since our great heritage is lost (she curses Lomanus's name, and all who aided her). So here we must resort to farmers', hunters', perhaps most aptly poachers' tricks, observing Nature that through one part another is revealed.

As spiders run for shelter before a storm, as drones of flies will buzz between the showers, so other beasts might run or cluster as our puffed-up foes approach or flee.

They say that dogs, and sheep, parrots, cats and other common pets - as gutless, mindless sycophants - follow these conceited creatures. And as these beings are vain, so are their fawning

accomplices remarkable for their pristine or immaculate appearances.

Thus likewise creatures who demand or deserve respect refuse to lower themselves to truck with these gross creatures. The wily fox, the cunning wolf, the bat who sees all through blinded eyes, the hyena who laughs last at other creatures' final defeats - all of these and others such will scatter as these beings approach.

Not merely observation of untamed Nature should suffice - for have you still not learned that mastery makes mortals to fulfill themselves, gives to them the power they are destined to possess? A creature in a cage will serve, here, even ignorantly. The resourceful rat - constrained but preserved in adequate health - might furnish the wise with great insight, and other beasts (like crows and beetles) the same.

With practice and with wisdom the philosopher-magician might divine from the behaviors of such captive beasts whenever any noxious foes approach, and with time the observer comes to tell what time and for what purpose it approaches, what sort of guise it wears and what rank of an abomination it might be.

She hopes you might see clearly your own destiny - whoever you might be - see how we might slam fast our failers' doors upon them and grasp our own potentials as we should. She expects that you see how the common mortal flails in self-delusion - see how heavens' puppets demand obedience.

It is our duty and fate to master and destroy these empty husks, as with every other form of nature - to make ourselves supreme above all, supremely served by all - and to crush beneath us all that comes before or falls below us, all who cannot see their destiny, and all who hold us back from reaching ours.

May these words fuel the fires in your hearts, give form to your hate, your loathing and your other higher emotions - so that with us - with her, or me - you might stride onwards, crushing all beneath your heel.

Sentinels

Gamemaster Sourcebook



Sentinel

Gamemaster Sourcebook



Sentinals

Gamemaster Sourcebook

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A Note on Language:

For the sake of convenience, the male gender is used as a neuter term throughout this product. This does not imply any chauvinism on our part, it simply takes up less space and makes for much smoother reading.

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Chapter 1

The Watcher's Role



Watching over the mortal world are the Sentinels: guardians set up by the gods to combat evil in all its forms, aid the virtuous, and keep in check the Demons of the Infernus.

Exactly who (or what) these Sentinels are, what they hope to do and how they were created are explained in the following sections. These guidelines have been left open enough for each GM to weave into his game world with a minimum of difficulty.

Sentinels: An Overview

The Sentinels are extra-dimensional spirits, said to reside in the "Vault," or "Vault of Heaven," midway between the mortal realm and the gods' own realms. From these vantage points "above" the mortal world, the Sentinels look down and watch the affairs of mortals.

They were created by the gods, not to stamp out evil or chaos (as the gods are not all good and many are chaotic) but to preserve the gods' creations: the world and its inhabitants. The extent to which they may act is governed by a set of restrictions called the Charter, a compromise between the opposing deities which demands that the Sentinels act only when the existence of the plane is imperilled (directly or indirectly) and forbids an unrestrained war against evil.

As evil and chaos rise in the world, so the Sentinels become more active. Although there remains much evil and suffering, the Sentinels act less frequently than do demons under normal circumstances; mundane evil must still be fought by mortal folk.

Sentinels are regulated by a strict hierarchy, imposed upon them by the gods at their creation. The most senior are the High Sentinels who merely watch and never act, and in practice it is the Lords of the Dominions who actively lead the Sentinels.

The Sentinels are divided among seven Dominions, every one ruled by a Lord. Each of these has come to specialize in combating evil in a particular manner, and although lesser Sentinels may move from one Dominion to another, the rulers remain loyal to their allotted realm. These most senior are not free to act as their underlings are. Their goals, attitudes and natures were firmly fixed by the gods at their creation. Some say that this lack of freedom amounts to predestination, or that their decisions therefore reflect the desires of the gods themselves. Certainly their leaders seem shallow, or even mindless, despite their wisdoms, mere spiritual automatons with little personality or individual identity.

Sentinels may travel to the mortal plane without effort, but not at will. Each travels only with the consent of

its superior. Their visits, therefore, serve the plans of their Lord, and they cannot act without the Lord's consent.

Sentinels are extremely powerful. The least among them is far greater than the lowliest Demon, and the exalted High Sentinels are all but gods. As creations of the gods (and some say, made from the same spiritual essence as the gods themselves) they are extremely powerful magical beings. Their powers often exceed even the most powerful mortal priests, and they may grant potent magical gifts to favored mortals. Their spiritual essence, however, is also highly valued by powerful wizards and evil priests, who seek to tap this power for their own ends.

The Hierarchy

The Sentinels are organized on an unchanging pattern first laid down at their creation by the gods. The greatest amongst them are the seven Exalted **High Sentinels**, passive, impersonal entities who sit and survey their own domains and the mortal plane below.

Beneath these are the seven **Lords**, who rule the Dominions on the behalfs of the High Sentinels. They decree which strategies their underlings will pursue, and empower their lessers to travel to the mortal plane. Each Lord delegates responsibility to his three **Attendants**, who are renowned for their unswerving loyalty. Each of these has the responsibility for overseeing one third of his Lord's subjects.

In each Dominion, the first Attendant oversees the actions of the seven hundred **Champions**, skilled fighters who sometimes intervene with direct force on the prime plane. The second attendant is in charge of the **Wardens**, also seven hundred in number, who are entrusted with such tasks as warning or aiding chosen mortals. The seven hundred **Custodians**, who are assigned special long term responsibilities, are the responsibility of the third Attendant.

There is no chance of promotion within the Sentinels' ranks. The Lords were created to rule, and will continue indefinitely, unless some catastrophe strikes one down. Attendants similarly serve in perpetuity, and the rank and file have neither the wisdom nor power to serve in their places.

Lesser Sentinels, the lower Champions, Wardens and Custodians, are granted an eternity of glorious servitude, but in fact have more freedom than their masters. For although they cannot be promoted, they are free to develop their own desires, attitudes and personalities which may, in some cases, become rather extreme.

Dissention

Internal conflict, within each Dominion, is unheard of. The Lords are merely the mouthpieces of the High Sentinels, and the gods have decreed that their Attendants remain loyal to them. Individual lesser Sentinels may become restive or even leave their Dominion, but they are usually in agreement with their masters' objectives and plans, and so have never rebelled en masse.

On the edges of the Vault, in the Fringes outside the Dominions, linger three hundred lesser Sentinels who have renounced their Lords but have not yet agreed to serve another. Some of these have fled the Dominions permanently, sickened that the rulers will not sanction a full scale war against the evil on the prime plane, but most are temporary outcasts, who shortly attach themselves to another Dominion. Some sages have speculated that these Outsiders themselves serve a part in the gods' designs, albeit unwittingly.

Disagreements are common, however, between each Dominion. As each practices a different method for defeating evil, so they often disagree about how to treat specific threats. More is said about this in later chapters.

The Seven Dominions

The **First Dominion** is the most peaceful, purest and most impotent of all these realms. Overseen by the Exalted **Andoriel** and led by Lord **Aeuphes**, these Sentinels will not undertake any action which may cause pain or suffering. Their allies revere them as examples of perfect goodness, citing their clear virtue and integrity. Their critics jibe that they never tread on the mortal world in case they thereby murder some insect beneath their feet, and in refusing to cause minor damage they often allow greater evils to go unchecked.

The **Second Dominion** is concerned with learning, piety and meditation. The Exalted **Celandise** reigns above it, and **Soldissere** is its Lord. The Sentinels here maintain that evil stems from ignorance and unbridled passion, and aim to help mortals who wish to find the truth or to defeat desire with wisdom or faith. Many others, however, claim that the voices of the educated will never stop the brutalities of barbarians, and recite long lists of wise or educated people who have committed hideous crimes.

Those of the **Third Dominion** strive to crush evil through supporting good mortal rulers, aiding virtuous heroes, and such. This Dominion is the purview of the Exalted **Rapheionas** and Lord **Rasonaeim**, who believe that by granting more power to those who already strive for good, the greatest good will be done. Their critics argue that this grants too much influence to too few people, and leaves ordinary folk powerless.

With compassion, practicality and considerable optimism, the **Fourth Dominion** is commanded by Lord **Oechil**, who serves the Exalted **Athael**. Seeing that most evils are committed by individual mortals, they hope to help ordinary

folk turn away from evil by teaching and persuading them of the advantages of leading good lives. Their detractors point out that much evil is caused by demons, ghosts and other such entities, and that, in any case, the most evil of mortals are not interested in being taught how to live well.

The **Fifth Dominion** is the responsibility of the Exalted **Visaein** and Lord **Trentraein**, who propose that the best way to protect against evil is to crush it completely. They advocate a relentless war, a Crusade against evil-doers. Their critics claim that they thereby add to the misery and evil of the world.

The Exalted **Honaraeis** and Lord **Hieriel** preside over the **Sixth Dominion**, proposing stern discipline and obedience as tools for the defeat of evil. They believe that this would crush such evils as selfishness, treason and betrayal, and instill in people respect for others and others' properties. The dangers of blind obedience, the evil of brutal repression and the inevitable abuse of power make others wary of their claims.

The **Seventh Dominion**, most directly opposed to the Third, is commanded by the Exalted **Aeias** through Lord **Estarin**. They believe that the weak do not require the aid of the strong, but rather need aid against the strong. They emphasize the petty nature of most evil, and deriding those who think that evil is merely a political or epic problem, they concentrate of helping the ordinary people who are the victims of ordinary evil. Their critics maintain that grand schemes and widespread problems deserve greater attention than petty wrongs, as these affect more people and may even threaten the entire mortal world.

Finally, there are the **Outcasts** who have deserted their original Dominions and now reside in the **Fringes** of the Vault. Their leader, **Basiam**, deserted the Fifth Dominion, and is the only Attendant since creation to have forsaken his duties. His staunchest followers, mainly from the Fifth and Seventh Dominions, advocate an uncontrolled war to utterly annihilate evil across the mortal plane.

The Three Orders

Within every Dominion the Sentinels are divided into three Orders, each seven hundred strong. These are the Custodians, who guard places and things, the Wardens, who aid individual mortals and the Champions who lead attacks. However, there are many similarities between Sentinels of different Divisions, such as their common powers (discussed below), and a Sentinel's specialities are usually determined primarily by his Dominion.

Custodians

It is often necessary that a particular place or object be placed under guard, and it is the Custodians who are assigned such tasks. As examples, the tomb of a powerful Thaumaturgist may have a Custodian set upon it in case anyone should ever try to steal the body or grave goods. A powerful weapon may be kept in a hidden place by a Custodian who only grants its use to one who is sinless. A place spoken of in ancient prophesy as being the site of



the coming of a great evil may have three or seven Custodians placed over it.

Furthermore, there may be places to which individual Lords choose to send Custodians. In times of great danger, they may be sent out to guard dozens of sites, such as an Emperor's palace, vulnerable temples, a great college of magic: all of the places which might act as bulwarks against rising evil. In normal times, however, only a few outstanding places are thus guarded.

Wardens

Sentinels are sometimes allocated to particular mortals in order to act as "guardian angels," or are sent to deliver warnings, advice or prophesies. Wardens are usually dispatched to the prime plane for only a short period, in order to deliver a message, watch over a hero during a particular quest, or safeguard the target of a single evil plot.

In other cases, however, a Warden may stay with a person for the duration of his lifetime. Such favored mortals may be important people, those destined for greatness, or just those whom the Sentinels judge no less worthy than anyone else. Almost anyone could be granted a Warden.

Champions

Champions are occasionally sent to intervene directly against the forces of evil. They are simple, straight-forward warriors, prone to direct assaults and heroic defenses. However, these are the Sentinels least often dispatched to the prime plane, and are usually encountered only in the most epic, volatile or dramatic of settings. Nor do they linger amongst mortals for long: they simply arrive, launch into action and vanish.

In most normal campaigns, the Champions are an almost dormant force. They remain in the Vault of

Heaven honing their skills, awaiting the day when an evil great enough to merit their attentions will arise on the mortal plane.

The Restrictions

When the gods created the Sentinels, they sought to create a force capable of containing the wrath of the Demons or an equally destructive force. However, they did not wish to create beings who would take over the mortals' responsibilities for them, nor beings who would provoke the Demons. Therefore, they placed various limitations upon the Sentinels.

First they decreed that the beings would aid mortals only in times of need. Even if the entire mortal plane stands on the brink of destruction, the Sentinels may not intervene with their full force, but would merely lend enough aid to the mortals to give them a chance to save themselves: the responsibility for the prime plane must ultimately reside with its inhabitants.

Secondly, they forbade the Sentinels from entering or peering into the Infernus, the home plane of the Demons.

Thirdly, Sentinels are forbidden from preventing any sin, delivering any clear warning or detailed solution, directly obstructing any evil-doer (unless he threatens the plane's existence), or punishing any wrong without the consent of the Attendants or Lords. Thus, while on the mortal plane, they may only undertake the tasks which they were sent to do, or perform minor acts of charity. Still, Sentinels are left free to deliver veiled warnings or utter obscure prophesies, and to provide encouragement and indirect aid to the virtuous.

Lastly, Sentinels may not directly oppose



one another. Although they often disagree about the methods which should be used to combat a particular menace, and may work at cross-purposes, they are not permitted to fight against one another. Equally, they may not aid or encourage their mortal allies to make such attacks. Such mortal aides, of course, remain free to attack other mortals, such as those serving opposing Sentinels.

Interference

It is a crucial paradox, that the Sentinels' purpose is to intervene against evil, but that their Charter has severely restricted the extent to which they may do so. In theory they may interfere just enough to counter the threat of evil, preserving a balance in which mortals remain free to shape their own destinies. In practice, however, the Sentinels are eager to help virtuous mortals as much as possible, and thus ensure that their limited interventions have as much impact as possible on mortals' lives.

For this reason Sentinels avoid direct intervention. Whenever a Sentinel travels to the mortal plane and acts directly, this is regarded as major interference, so Sentinels generally refrain from such blatant acts. GMs might find the analogy of modern, super-power politics helpful: If a government sends "military advisers" and hardware into another country, this raises little outcry from the public or from enemy power blocks, but it rarely risks direct military intervention as this would attract the involvement of other (perhaps opposing) powerful nations.

So, Sentinels may give indirect aid more freely. They are more likely to present a hero with a special weapon to defeat a great evil than to intervene directly against it. Even easier for them, is to give advice or hints to the mortal, and the more obscure or veiled the hints, the less of an intervention they are considered and thus the more frequently they may be given. Examples of veiled hints include parables, metaphors, symbols and riddles.

Furthermore, it is considered less of a blatant interference if aid is given in response to a mortal's request, rather than being presented uninvited. Thus, a Sentinel may come to fight alongside a mortal who has asked for aid even though he would never have been permitted to intervene on his own initiative. Equally, great amounts of information may be given to those who ask, even though nothing would have been revealed without their request. Because Sentinels react so favorably to mortal petitions, a specialized form of priest has evolved in many mortal lands. These priests, called Seraphists, are explained later in this book.

Sentinels' pendants for lending indirect aid and providing obscure information can be a valuable resource for an imaginative GM. In this way, numerous specialized magical items, such as weapons which only work against specific foes or in specific places, may be given to the player characters, without unbalancing the campaign. Equally, GMs may thus justify innumerable indirect hints: ambiguous prophesies and bizarre dreams, nonsense poems inscribed on temple walls, and so on.

What Is Good?

If Sentinels are supposed to fight for what is good, and oppose what is evil, the question arises of exactly what is good and what is evil.

Differing philosophers and theologians have suggested that "good" is obeying divine command, living virtuous lives, obeying traditional codes, or simply making people happy, while politicians have advocated countless contradictory ways to achieve the "good:" from anarchy to autocracy, democracy to dictatorship. Ultimately, good and evil will depend upon the religion and culture of your campaign world, and GMs must decide what, in their campaigns, actually defines good and evil.

Throughout this book it is assumed that certain factors will define good and evil. Basically, things that harm the common man are evil (like systematic torture), while things that make peoples lives more worthwhile are good. Most cultures agree that taking a life is wrong; lying, cheating and stealing are generally accepted as being bad. Particular issues, such as sexuality and slavery, are regarded differently in different societies, and GMs must decide whether such things are considered evil in their campaign worlds.

The disagreements between different Dominions should help you to explore these questions, but the Sentinels also argue about how evil should best be fought and good aided. Their arguments should not only help you, as a GM, to focus on these questions, but should also help you to create more interesting adventures - presenting the player characters with morally difficult situations, creating conflicts between bickering champions of good, or challenging their assumptions about what is good and what is evil.

Earthbound Sentinels

It is common for Sentinels (particularly Custodians) to linger on the mortal plane for many years, or even centuries. During these periods, the Sentinels usually wish to remain hidden (primarily so that legends about them do not alert their enemies) so that they are not troubled by the interfering or curious.

The easiest way for them to do this is to forsake their physical form. Existing only as spirits they may haunt an area, perhaps taking on physical form occasionally to perform minor services for the good-hearted or to irritate sinners and criminals. Often they inhabit physical objects, such as stones, springs or trees. Sometimes these hauntings give rise to local legends: stories of an old man who provides directions to those lost on the moors, a spring in which shadowy images of the future may be glimpsed, or a healing monolith where a goddess is said to be bound.

Alternatively, earthbound Sentinels may take on physical form, disguising themselves as normal people, plants or animals in order not to be recognized. However, so as to remain anonymous, they still abstain

from direct contact with mortals, and their inhuman natures may make them seem disconcerting to those who meet them: too cold, too confident, too wise... Folk tales sometimes evolve from encounters with such Sentinels, telling of wise hermits, supernatural foresters, or great birds wheeling high in the sky which bring good fortune to those below.

In the Beginning

In order to explain the origins of the Sentinels, we have included the following brief history of the universe, explaining the events which led up to their creation.

This outline is deliberately vague, and based on the history set out in a previous book in this series: *Demons*. Each GM may tailor this information to fit in with his existing campaign world, replacing general terms like "gods of law" with the names of your campaign's deities, for example, or incorporating other mythic campaign events into this time-line.

The First Epoch

At the beginning of time there were the gods, who stood together and looked out across the universe. This they saw to be a desolate place, barren and bare - perhaps the ruins of a previous creation or else untouched space.

For immeasurable eons they sat and pondered the mystery of their own origin, but found it an impossible riddle. During this time they also began to concern themselves with the physical universe, and found that they could control it merely by exerting their wills over it.

The Second Epoch

Called the Age of Imagination, this second Epoch was a time of creation, when the gods created wind and water, fire and stone, birds, beasts, and the mortal races.

This was a time when the gods were young and vibrant, when elegant designs and wild dreams became reality at their command. And as all created things became distinguishable one from another, so the gods came to recognize themselves, one from another, though they still worked and thought in unison.

The Third Epoch

At last, as everything had come to be distinguishable, so the gods saw the multitude of paths which they could take. At this time they came to choose good and evil, law and chaos, creation and destruction, and for seventy eons their factions warred one against another.

In their own realms and across the prime plane the gods waged their war, while their mortal servants butchered one another in their

names below. Great weapons of good and evil were forged, creatures of legend were spawned to fight for their masters, and a number of mortal champions were imbued with divine might.

At length the gods came to realize that the conflict was in vain, and a grand conference was called. Here they came to recognize a single evil principle within their own souls: the "Corpus Diabolis", which had warped some of their souls to evil or chaos. This they cast out of themselves, and it took the form of a multitude of hideous beasts which came to be called Demons. These were exiled to a place created specifically for them: the Infernus. The evil gods were then ostracized, and the Epoch thus came to an end.

The Fourth Epoch (The Present)

Yet despite having expelled the evil from within themselves, the gods found that they were still at war, for they had yet to resolve the question of who would have the mortals' souls to bolster their powers.

So it was decided that the gods would grant mortals free will and the liberty to exercise it.

No longer would the gods walk the earth or cause great miracles to boost their followings.

Now they would only affect the



world through lesser agents (priests, paladins, and so on) and agreements were struck concerning what powers could be invested in mortals.

The Demons, too, were affected by these agreements, and the gods who had granted mortals the freedom to sin, restricted the Demons' freedoms to tempt them. The Demon Princes agreed to this Compact, as it is known, in order to avoid a confrontation with the combined might of the gods (and perhaps because they harbored some secret, treacherous plan).

The gods also had to decide what to do with their mortal champions: those who had already been granted greater power than the new agreements permitted. Many of these champions were stripped of their powers, but those who had ceased to be mortal, who were now merely vessels for divine power, were taken up from the world, into the heavens. They were given a vast, ancient fortress behind the clouds, and this stronghold was separated from the world to be set in a plane of its own, the beings' freedoms to intervene amongst mortals restricted by a dictate referred to as the Charter.

So these divine servants, nearly seven thousand in total, became Sentinels, and their home named the Vault, or Vault of Heaven because of its place in the sky. Even today it is said that, with powerful magics, this fortress can be seen high up in the night air. The Sentinels' tasks, laid down by the gods, was to ensure that the Demons did not overstep the limits of the Compact, that the evil gods could not come to rule the world and that, through the abuse of their free will, foolish mortals could not accidentally or too easily doom their world to destruction.

The Fifth Epoch

Some say that the present Epoch, the fourth, is coming to an end. They say that the signs of an approaching cataclysm are all around: storms, earthquakes, hideous undead creatures. More sober folk note that such disasters have always plagued the mortal world, and doubt that they are any worse today than in previous centuries.

Yet still, the fragile agreements made between the warring factions at the beginning of the Fourth Epoch cannot last forever. Some prophecies tell of a renewed war between the gods, where the gods of chaos inevitably break the restrictions and assault the gods of law.

Others say that for five eons, each of the five Demon Princes will rule the world in turn, and in the fifth portion of the fifth eon, Sabnock the Duke of Cruelty will rise to oversee the agonizing destruction of the plane. Still others speak of the rise of Humanity and the deaths or decay of the gods.

Powers and Abilities

Complete game statistics for the High Sentinels, the Lords and Attendants are given in the monster folio, enclosed with this pack. However, there are powers which all Sentinels have, and others which are shared by particular Orders:

Standard Abilities

- **Immortality:** No Sentinel may ever be killed. If physically slain, their bodies dissipate in a mass of brilliant light, or their blazing souls depart amidst a hurricane, or the clouds reach down and take them up. Any number of dramatic demises are possible, but in any case the spirit returns to the Vault over the course of the next three days.

- **Plane Shift:** With the approval of their superiors, Sentinels may travel to any part of the prime plane at will. They require the permission of the superior who commands them; an Attendant may *Plane Shift* only with his Lord's blessing; the Lord requires the High Sentinel's assent; and these exalted ones would visit the prime plane only at the command of the gods themselves. Once on the prime plane they may assume any physical form at any time they wish, or may remain incorporeal.

- **Physical Manifestation:** Sentinels have no set appearance. Some say that they would naturally appear as brilliant masses of white light, but on the mortal world and in the Vault of Heaven they may choose whatever appearance pleases them. Most have a single favored appearance, which is the form they most often assume on the prime plane.

- **Recognize Sentinel:** Sentinels automatically know when they are in the presence of another of their kind. They can identify fellow Sentinels by sight and can feel his presence if he is within 100'.

- **Recognize Demon:** Similarly, each Sentinel may recognize a Demon by sight (identifying its Infernal origin, and also its rank and function), and can sense its presence if it comes within 100'.

- **Know Alignment:** Every Sentinel automatically knows the Alignment of any person or creature which comes within 50' of him.

- **Immunity:** Sentinels are immune to poison, disease and paralysis, magical or normal.

- **Create Light:** For up to five rounds per turn, Sentinels may cause light to shine from their bodies, eyes, hair, clothing, etc. They may vary it from a dim glow, illuminating only a few feet, to a blazing brilliance, illuminating an area a mile across and blinding all within 50' who fail to either save vs. breath or at least close their eyes. This light is not directional, but shines everywhere.

Champion Abilities

- **Bonus/Penalty:** Any Champion may, at will, curse his opponent with a -2 penalty for the duration of the combat. Such penalties can be applied only to those who are in direct combat against the Champion and will dissipate if the opponent turns from the Sentinel to face another foe. Conversely, the Champion may bestow upon himself a +1 bonus for the duration of the combat which would apply against any foe he faces.

- **Divine Might:** When fighting against Demons or other creatures from the Infernus, Champions automati-

cally do maximum damage allowed by the weapon they are using, plus 10 points, or 4-24 points of damage when fighting with their bare hands.

Custodian Abilities

- **Awareness:** Any Custodian is automatically aware of any activity, conversation or presence within the area that he is responsible for, or within 50' of the item he is guarding, as appropriate. Moreover, he also has an instinctive awareness of any plot or scheme which might imperil his charge, but few of its details. For example, if a group of Thaumaturgists planned to steal an artifact he guarded, the Sentinel would know that the target was the artifact and might know who the leader was, or how many conspirators there were, or when they would arrive, or where they came from, but he would not know all of this information and nothing more definite.

- **Call:** A Custodian may call any character of his own Alignment (usually Lawful Good) to him from a radius of up to ten miles, though the character is not compelled to obey and is unlikely to know who or what calls him. Different Sentinels have different methods of Calling. Typical examples include a vision or illusionary light which only the target can see, leading towards the sentinel's location, or the implanting of a sudden thought, brief hallucination or simple telepathic message. Such Calls are usually issued to affect the highest skill level character of that alignment within reach. In desolate or wilderness areas, the Call may be issued constantly (like a beacon) in the hopes that some suitable character will wander within range.

Warden Abilities

- **Read Surface Thoughts:** Any Warden is aware of the immediate thoughts and plans of his mortal charge. This is often of little practical benefit to the mortal, but if absolutely necessary the Warden may physically manifest himself to warn the mortal if he is planning something particularly foolish.

- **Sense Danger:** A Warden can sense any imminent threat to his charge. In effect, he has a premonition of any ambushes, assassinations and so forth one turn before the event, and is then aware of when the danger will strike. Of course, the Warden may be unable to deliver any forewarning to the mortal, unless he has some magical method of communicating with the Sentinel, but in extreme cases, the Warden may use his magics or even intervene directly, a split-second before disaster strikes.

Physical Appearance

A Sentinel is not a person, like an inhabitant of the mortal plane (with a set physical form and an accompa-

nying soul or spirit) and so has no fixed appearance. They are spirits first and foremost, adopting solid form only if it suits them to do so. Therefore, they can choose their appearance at will, and rather than mortals (who must make the best of the bodies they have) they can mould their forms purely for effect. This may be a dramatic effect (to intimidate foes or inspire awe in servants, perhaps), or they might choose their appearance in order to communicate certain facts to those who see them.

Obviously, those who appear in armor are making a statement that they are hardened fighters. Similarly, Sentinels who appear in flowing white gowns and with long grey beards are adopting the traditional trappings of a wise priest or father-figure; those who appear as children are conveying their innocence.

Some take on non-human guises. Many appear as pure white light (which some maintain to be their only true state) or have light shining from their clothes, hair or eyes, particularly if they wish to express their divine or super-human natures, or to appear to be invulnerable. Others adopt animals' features, also to denote certain characteristics: a Sentinel who has the head of a lion, "King of the Beasts", is conveying a regal, fierce and superior nature.

Nonetheless, Sentinels do not choose just any guise which they find convenient. On the contrary, they often use exactly the same appearance over and over again, just as a mortal might wear the same clothes or adopt a single style of dress. This may simply be a matter of taste or whimsy, but it is more likely a reflection of the Sentinel's true nature and temperament.

Sentinels often adopt appearances appropriate to their personalities, purely because they feel most comfortable in such guises. Just as a mortal warrior would feel embarrassed dressed as a scholar, and vice versa, Sentinels tend to wear bodies which suit them. And there is also a moral imperative involved: most Sentinels dislike dishonesty and praise truth, and so usually ensure that the forms that they adopt honestly portray their true natures. Thus, the Sentinel with a lion's head probably is fierce and lordly; the Sentinel appearing as a child probably is innocent (though never naive).

Game Mastering Sentinels

Sentinels are not like typical monsters. They do not ambush parties on the road; they do not raid villages or conduct prolonged military campaigns, and they very rarely guard hordes of treasure. Their use requires a little more care and thought than simple orcs or ogres, but they also perform functions in your games which no other creatures can.

Good Characters

It isn't easy being the good guys, particularly if you're lawful good. You can't take advantage of the weak, heedlessly hurt or harm, or flout the law just as it

suits you - which means you can't profit from murder, theft, deception or treachery. As this often means foregoing certain gains (magic items, money, etc.), this is a real disadvantage.

Sentinels provide GMs with one way to redress this imbalance - to reward good characters. Gaining a Sentinel as a Patron should more than make up for missing out on a little ill-gotten loot, as player characters can thus gain information, magical items and emergency aid.

Sentinels also make excellent plot devices, and can lead a party from one adventure to the next or provide them with hints as needed. The adventures supplied in this pack provide fairly obvious examples of this. The High Sentinels, remember, can see the whole plane from their Thrones and, being privy to this information, Sentinels can be used to mobilize characters against threats that no other mortals know exist.

In addition to single adventures, a Sentinel may be used as the unifying force of a whole Campaign, keeping the players' minds constantly focused on a single overall objective throughout their adventures.

Nonetheless, GMs should be careful not to lead players by their noses by over-using Sentinels. The game suffers if players start thinking "Oh well, if we're doing it wrong the Sentinel will put us right," or "Why bother. If we don't figure it out, the Sentinel will tell us before it's too late." Remember that these beings are severely constrained in their interventions, and should turn up sparingly.

Neutral Characters

Using Sentinels with neutral characters may seem unlikely, but actually creates some very interesting situations. In certain circumstances, a Sentinel may turn to neutral mortals to help in the fight against evil. Perhaps the player characters are the only people in the area powerful, brave or naive enough to attempt a particular mission. If good characters are present who could perform the task, then a Sentinel might still pick neutral player characters: perhaps the Sentinel fears that the villains are expecting him to contact good characters, or the mission calls for infiltration and deception. Good characters, after all, are not going to be able to infiltrate the organization of any villain who has a *Know Alignment* spell. Or perhaps the Sentinel feels the mission to be suicidal and doesn't want truly good heroes to be killed.

For Sentinels to cooperate with neutral characters, they must have compatible goals: a Sentinel would delight in the sacking of an evil temple, while neutral characters would get rich on the spoils; a Sentinel curtails a civil war by preventing the assassination of the king, and the characters gain his gratitude or earn a reward. However, the characters and the Sentinel ultimately want different things: the characters want what's best for them, and the Sentinels want what's best for the world.

This presents an interesting tension or potential conflict in the relationship, which is usually absent when Sentinels use good characters to do their work. For example, if neutral player characters razed an evil tem-

ple, then, as well as gathering the loot, would it not profit them to keep the priests alive and ransom them off to their co-religionists? How would the Sentinel react to this treachery?

Evil Characters

Sentinels make interesting arch-enemies for evil characters, firstly because they are immortal, and secondly because they are intangible: a paladin may be tracked, watched and slain while an order of priests are vulnerable to assassinations, disinformation and treachery. Sentinels, on the other hand, are impossible to subvert, can rarely be fooled, may not be watched, and are merely inconvenienced if slain.

So, those opposing Sentinels must use completely different tactics. Unless extremely powerful, most must be satisfied with a series of victories against the Sentinels' minions. Some may be able to make mortals distrustful of their Patrons, while others may concentrate on discrediting or murdering such mortals. They must learn to use magic to hide key actions from the Thrones, and to discover and then frustrate the Sentinels' plots and plans.

Sentinels are not arch-enemies who can be overcome. Rather, they provide complications to evil characters, obstructing them from succeeding in tasks which might otherwise have been accomplished in a series of relatively predictable adventures. Just as a Warden might guide a group of good characters through a variety of quests, so a Champion might set out to frustrate an evil party in all its endeavors.

Drama and Emphasis

By using Sentinels selectively (only adding them to adventures which are particularly important or epic) a GM can use them to emphasize the significance of those adventures.

If Sentinels offer aid in every petty orc-bash and tomb robbery, the players will start to take them for granted. No longer figures of awe and power, the Sentinels will become just another set of plot devices. Worse still, players might even resent the Sentinels' intrusions, wishing that they could just be left alone to accomplish a mission without a Sentinel's intervention.

Sentinels should only intervene for the more significant adventures. Even then, they may not always approach the characters. There is nothing like an occasional defeat to make player characters appreciate their victories, and in such situations, they might ask a Sentinel to aid them so that they can avenge an earlier defeat.

Control

Sentinels may occasionally be used to direct the player characters. They may offer hints, clues or even instructions if the players are in danger of failing in a crucial situation or becoming too wildly side-tracked.

However, there is a great danger that such intervention might frustrate the players. If all their clues come from a Sentinel, then what is the point in them doing any detective work of their own? If their success is always dependent upon powers and objects lent to them by some higher force, they will feel they are just pawns in someone else's game. If Sentinels are even going to tell them where to go and what to do, then they may think that the GM might as well take their characters over as NPCs.

Nothing is more frustrating for players than being made to feel that their characters do not matter. Even if they are merely pawns in another's scheme, they should at least feel that they are free agents, responsible for their actions and permitted to take the initiative.

Using the Handouts

Included in this pack are several handouts for your players. The first booklet, the "Treaties on our Divine Aid," provides a detailed and more-or-less accurate description of the Sentinels, the Charter and the Vault. The player characters may stumble across this on a market stall, find it in a treasure horde, or be given it as payment for an adventure. Characters wishing to gain Seraphic Lore proficiencies may use this for instruction, and their players may leaf through it at whim.

The second booklet, "The Delicate Maul of Bright Shadows" is a more obscure text - again perhaps found on a market stall, or looted from a tomb or library. It is the work of an evil Elysiat who was either very wise or quite insane (or both). Its author intended it as a handbook for the defeat or destruction of Sentinels, but her cryptic style may make it difficult for players to decipher.

The Delicate Maul

This esoteric tome makes a number of suggestions as to how the Sentinels may be overcome and exploited, which may be perfectly accurate or gibbering rubbish - at the discretion of each GM. Still, if players have the tenacity to decipher this obscure book, they should gain some reward from their efforts, being able to put the book's suggestions to some use. The key "insights" within the book are as follows:

- If a person discovers the original name of a Sentinel (i.e. the mortal name, before he or she was raised into the Vault by the gods), that name may be used to command, banish or gain protection against that Sentinel - or at least a bonus in casting such magics. (These exact names are not provided here and are left to the GM to fill in so that he may gear them to his individual campaign background if he chooses.)

- The "heart" of a Sentinel (where a human's heart

would be) is the focus of his wisdom and power, but not his personality or will. So, by taking the heart, an Elysiat may gain vast knowledge or power (perhaps more than the human spirit could bear?).

- For a single minute, at midnight on the night of the full moon, the Sentinels lose all of their powers on the mortal plane. During this time they can cast no spells, provide no aid to Scions or Seraphists, and even become mortal.

- Sentinels powers do not work on ground consecrated to evil deities, or in the shrines of Demons. Moreover, an unholy relic or a demon's heart provides the barer with complete protection from Sentinels' powers (including Seraphists' and Elysiats' spells, and Scions' powers).

- There is a lost corpus of ritual magics, perhaps created by evil priests or of Demonic origin, which allows for the permanent destruction or immobilisation of Sentinels.

- The presence of a Sentinel or his magics may be detected by rats, hyenas, wolves, bats, toads and other "evil" creatures. These are distressed by the Sentinels' proximities, and so cringe or flee from them in terror.

Other esoteric secrets are merely hinted at by the book. These may be used by players to construct all manner of weird and probably fallacious theories, or by GMs as inspiration.

The key to understanding the book is to appreciate the writer's profound hatred of the Sentinels (so that many of the creatures portrayed as being vile fiends are in fact the Sentinels), and the way in which she often stands back to write about herself in the third person - as "she". Having understood this, the book does not become clear, but might be slightly less mystifying.

A Note on Gender and Symbolism

Throughout this supplement, we often use the male pronoun to refer to Sentinels who frequently choose to manifest themselves in the male gender, even though the Sentinels can take on any form they wish. Those who often manifest as females are referred to in the female gender.

Readers should also be aware of the cultural bias contained in this supplement. In western cultures, the color white is associated with good and black with evil; light symbolizes the divine, and so on. In these pages you will find that we have made use of this symbolism when describing the Sentinels. Many of them have fair skin and pale hair, wear white garments, and use pale metals and stones because of this.

However, in some campaigns such symbolism may not be appropriate. In Oriental or Greek settings, for example, white stands for death and mourning (and so should be avoided in that type of campaign setting), while in Arabic semiotics it is green, not white, that symbolizes the divine.

Chapter 2

The Sentinels



The Sentinels were once mortal heroes, later taken from the prime plane by the gods, but there is now little or nothing of their previous characters remaining.

Many of the Sentinels can remember their greatest mortal deeds, and would recognize themselves in ancient legends and ballads, but are unconcerned with their past glories and have often changed beyond recognition, both physically and mentally. Charged with divine power, their mortal souls have been subsumed into their supernatural essences, hence they are immune to such spells as *trap the soul*.

Unlike mortals, Sentinels do not easily form sentimental attachments, do not have petty desires, and have few endearing quirks. Many would say they have no emotions, though in truth, they have transcended the need for normal emotions, allowing them to experience them as they choose. They are embodiment of good and (usually) law, driven to fight against evil and chaos: if they seem to show extreme compassion about mortals, abhor evil, or become enraged when betrayed, it is only because they choose to.

The senior Sentinels: the High Sentinels, Lords and Attendants, on the other hand, are more more shallow and inhuman. The higher up the hierarchy the Sentinel is placed, the more emotionless he is, the more deeply immersed he is in the roles which the gods have created for him. The exalted High Sentinels are completely devoid of emotion. If they smile in welcome or scowl with disapproval, this is only because they wish their benevolence or disapproval to be understood by those around them, not because they actually feel friendliness or anger.

GMs might find it easier to think of Sentinels as concepts rather than people: spiritual constructs programmed to strive for certain goals, but free to choose how they go about it. And the more senior the Sentinel, the more restricted this freedom (the more restrictive his programming).

Divine Power

There are many ways in which mortals and immortals alike may perform magic. They may draw power from nature, for instance, or from the the gods, from a latent magic within themselves, or from a number of other sources. Sentinels, however, are in a unique position.

First, they may simply exert their wills over the world in order to create a magical effect. Unlike mortals, they do not need to draw on any source for their powers; just as the gods can create (or destroy) at whim, so the Sentinels (possessing a fraction of

that divine power) may tinker with the world, create or destroy by force of will.

Even permanent enchantments and magical items can be created through this process, although potent magics may take weeks or years to create (at the GM's discretion). The main restriction upon their powers is not, after all, their own weakness, it is the restrictions of the Charter forced upon them by the gods, which so drastically limits the extent to which they may intervene on the prime plane.

Secondly, Sentinels may place a portion of themselves (a fraction of their power) into an object or area. This is a rare and drastic step for them, occurring only in times of crisis, for it makes them permanently weaker. However, such enchantments may have awesome powers: charged objects becoming potent artifacts, and magical effects surpassing any merely human enchantment.

Alignment

All Sentinels were created lawful good in alignment, that is, bound to fight against evil (suffering, destruction, etc.) within a certain framework laid down by the gods (the Charter).

However, all of the lesser Sentinels are free, to a certain extent, to deviate from this alignment. They may choose to ignore the Charter, or to make their own interpretations of the best ways of spreading good: in other words, to become neutral or chaotic good. The Outcasts are the mavericks who have rejected the Charter and become chaotic; some others have become neutral good, as described below. The vast bulk, including all of the High Sentinels, remain lawful.

No Sentinel may ever choose to renounce good; it is in their very natures to oppose evil. Moreover, they never behave contrary to their alignment. No lawful good Sentinel ever performs a chaotic act, and Outcasts (though they may) seldom act lawfully.

The High Sentinels

The exalted High Sentinels, who look down on the mortal world from their Thrones, are distant, inhuman figures. Their eyes are typically blank; their features are bland. They feel nothing and do little. They embody the attitudes of their Dominion, but merely watch impassively, supplying information to their lessers as required.



Information on each High Sentinel may be found in the monster folio, but in practice they will appear rarely in your campaigns. The forces of evil may attempt to destroy or blind them with magics, and in extreme cases player characters or others may approach them for information, but it is the lesser Sentinels who intervene with the mortal races, and so it is they who are described in detail in this chapter.

All that a GM must convey to his players is the splendor and power of these beings. They are, above all, figures of awe.

Speaking With the High Sentinels

Individual mortals rarely enter the Thrones. If they do so and disquiet the High Sentinel (either by loitering aimlessly or making some attempt to damage him or his Throne), they are usually just removed.

If they attempt to speak to him, but their words are of little interest, he simply decides not to hear them. Inconsequential topics include those concerning evils usually dealt with by other Dominions, or evils which are not of unusual importance. The Sentinel turns to listen to mortals only if they wish to tell him something he does not already know (such as information gleaned in other planes, or facts hidden from the Sentinel by malign enchantments) or if they seek information to aid them in combating some particularly phenomenal evil.

If the High Sentinels deign to speak with mortals (an unspeakably rare occurrence), they use as few words as possible, delivering their replies in flat monotones, without emotion or even evident interest. They expect the mortals to leave as soon as the salient information has been exchanged.

The Lesser Sentinels

The inhabitants of the Vault, the Lords, Attendants, and lesser Sentinels are explained below, discussed according to their Dominion. The Outcasts too are explained. Lastly, the animal guardians and Light Dragons of the Vault are explained.

Each Dominion's description is subdivided into sections dealing with the Sentinels' personalities, symbols, and the mortals whom they support.

The **Psychology** section explains how they think, what virtues they admire, how they talk, and so forth.

Motifs are symbols which may be used to distinguish one Dominion from another. GMs may use these to decide what their magic items should look like, what artworks or objects might be found in places associated with them, how they might appear, and so on.

The **Allies** section describes the types of mortals which each Dominion might protect or support. Some Sentinels see themselves as protectors of mortals, and this section suggests whom they might be most interested in safeguarding. Others actively seek out mortals who can work with them and on their behalves against the forces of evil, in which case this section indicates who the Sentinels regard as suitable accomplices.

Sentinels of the First Dominion

"Don't fight them. Hide, flee, destroy the object that they seek, prevent them from harming you, or, if there are no other options, allow yourself to be killed."

The First Dominion is ruled by Lord **Aeuphes**, who is aided by the Attendants **Ehorael** (responsible for overseeing the Champions), **Aypirin** (in charge of the Custodians), and **Ordalard** (commander of the Wardens).

They may temporarily work in concert with any of the other Dominions, or even the Outcasts, if such cooperation reduces or prevents evil without causing harm to anyone or anything. Otherwise, they abstain from forming alliances, claiming that to take sides is to participate in conflict and thus to cause harm.

The Sentinels of the First Dominion are all neutral good in alignment, but because they act so rarely, there is no chance that they will exceed the bounds of the Charter. Everyone (including the other Sentinels) finds this Dominion incomprehensible.

Psychology

This Dominion is concerned with defeating evil through inaction: literally, by doing nothing, and by encouraging others to do nothing. They believe that any evil, no matter how small, even if committed unwittingly, is completely unacceptable. Indeed, they are expert at pointing out petty evils committed in the name of good: the horses ridden to death by messengers warning of invasion, the taxes taken from hungry peasants to support a war against evil, and so on.

In almost any instance they can find a sin unwittingly committed: a person who gives charitably thus encourage the indolent and greedy, the purest paladins perpetuate a cycle of violence by the greatness of their deeds, a priest who gathers clouds to end a drought thus steals that rain from others' lands.

They have two fundamental beliefs. First, nothing can be had without taking it from someone else. Second, every action has unforeseen consequences, which may have an evil result. So, they maintain, the only truly good course of action is to do nothing. Inaction may not prevent current evils, they argue, but at least it does not create any new ones. This axiom is the foundation of their beliefs.

Restraint, patience, humility, forgiveness, silence and stillness are thus held to be virtues. Their ideal world would be one in which no one spoke or even moved, and so could not cause anything bad to happen.

They are masters of meditation and contemplation. They can see things which no one else would ever notice: tiny details, imperceptible to those whose lives consist of action rather than observation. Whereas some mortals claim that a rainbow has four or seven colors, these Sentinels have identified, named and counted some fifteen thousand separate colors in a rainbow (coincidentally, that is one for every Sentinel in the Vault). They claim that they can hear the sound of mist moving, distinguish several types of silence, and examine the shape of a thought.

When the Sentinels of the First Dominion interfere in the mortal world, it is almost always to prevent something from happening. They might therefore stop a person from dying, but would never take their life; they might prevent a crossbow from firing, or a fire from starting. Theirs are amongst the most efficient of all the Wardens, as they are expert at noting details which other Sentinels might overlook, and adept at preventing nasty things from happening to their charges. The Champions, however, denounce even the prevention of evil as itself potentially evil: from causing a crossbow to not fire, or a fire to not burn, they say, unforeseen consequences will still follow which may bring other evils.

These beings are dull conversational companions. Some never talk. Others use the minimum of words. Many just whisper or communicate images, words or ideas telepathically.

Motifs

The First Dominion may be represented by any unaffected or completely natural object - an uncut gem, a rough stone. An entire stretch of virgin wilderness might symbolize this Dominion, or it might have no motif at all.

Allies of the First Dominion

Uninterested in recruiting mortals to perform actions on their behalves, these Sentinels are more concerned with persuading mortals not to take any actions. They might therefore provide Wardens to guard particu-

larly torpid hermits, sages or monks, and might even provide occasional aid to those who are just plain lazy.

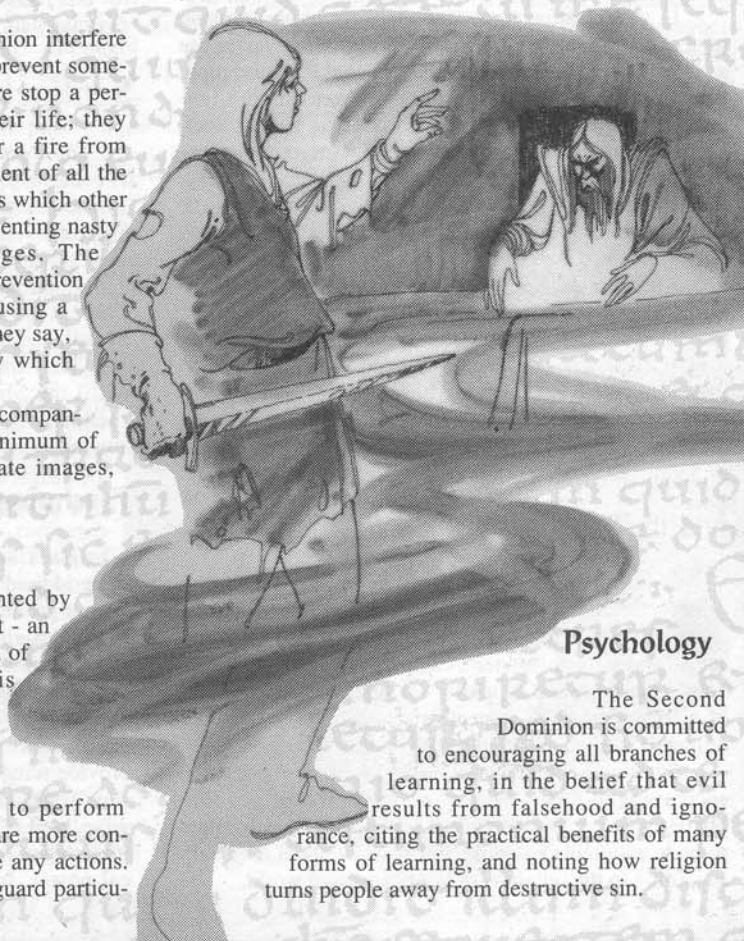
More often, they aid those who preach a suitably inactive philosophy or religion. A mortal who collects a number of disciples and persuades them to commit themselves to inaction is a valuable ally to these Sentinels, and could expect the attention of a Warden to guard them, a Custodian to watch over his monastery or headquarters, or the gift of a magic item.

Sentinels of the Second Dominion

"The solution is simple. You need look no further than al-Ashra's third treatise on metaphysics, and extrapolate from that the premises upon which the Archmagic is supported. That is all that I need say."

The Lord Soldissere rules the Dominion, attended by **Ipharelle** (commanding the Champions), **Aejoriel** (the Custodians) and **Helemaeis** (the Wardens).

The Second Dominion often cooperates with the Third and Fourth Dominions (although those two are rarely friendly towards one another) and often find themselves in conflict with the rebellious Sentinels of the Seventh Dominion.



Psychology

The Second Dominion is committed to encouraging all branches of learning, in the belief that evil results from falsehood and ignorance, citing the practical benefits of many forms of learning, and noting how religion turns people away from destructive sin.

The longevity conferred by a physician's care, the improvement to farmers' living standards as a result of irrigation - these and other scientific triumphs convince these Sentinels that, eventually, magic and science will combine to create a world without hunger, discomfort or want. In the meantime, they wish to bolster peoples' strengths to resist the lures of evil and chaos by helping those religions and philosophies which preach against crime and sin and promote education.

These Sentinels excel at deduction and lateral thinking. With keen intuitions and faultless memories, they are themselves the ideal scholars. As knowledgeable in all sciences as any human scholar, these beings invent spells and create magical items with ease.

Their very intelligence, however, is also their weakness. Possessed of superb intellects they cannot understand why mortals make such "foolish" mistakes and fail to see the "obvious" solutions to their dilemmas. They often overestimate the intelligence and wisdom of their allies and enemies alike, and many of their plans may flounder because of the stupidity or ignorance of a mortal. They may often fail to mention to mortals some important fact or detail which they consider self-evident but which would never occur to an average mortal. They might equally plan a defense which anticipates all the cunning ways in which a foe might attack but leaves them vulnerable to an audacious or stupid assault.

In conversation these Sentinels are prone to using long and complicated terms and phrases. They never use a simple word when an obscure term could be used more precisely. Often importing phrases from foreign languages ("quid pro quo", or "historiae suae habent libelli"), some might even break into a now forgotten tongue (arguing that it best conveys a particular idea) and then express disbelief if a mortal claims not to understand the language. Some never come directly to the point, but talk only in flowery metaphors or obscure allusions.

All seem arrogant, some patronizing, others infuriating, and many are simply incomprehensible. Some have even given up with spoken words (claiming that they are "too restrictive" or simply inadequate) and instead try to communicate via abstract painting, complex music, or even dance. They seem to understand one another's artistic communications, but without magical or divine aid, most mortals could never decipher them.

Motifs

This Dominion's most obvious symbols are instruments of learning: a quill, a book, an abacus, mathematical symbols, an ink pot, a bookshelf, an astrologer's telescope, and a schoolmaster's cane are all acceptable symbols. Amethysts and sapphires are often used as symbols of piety and wisdom respectively, and gold (as a colour or metal) is often associated with understanding.

Symbols of piety might also be used, if they can encompass all good or lawful religions, rather than simply designating a single cult or deity: prayer beads might provide a suitable example, but such symbols may vary according to the religions of your campaign world.

Allies of the Second Dominion

The Sentinels of the Second Dominion choose allies on the basis of their Intelligence, Insight and piety. Priests of law and good, wandering sages, virtuous priests, learned wizards, engineers, architects, physicians, alchemists and astrologers may all benefit from the favors of these Sentinels, or be asked to perform laudable services for them. The vigilance of a Warden, secret or scarce knowledge, rare materials for experiments, copies of lost books and, of course, magical items may be given to those who are willing to dedicate their wisdoms to good causes.

Such scholars need not be able to fight aggressively against the forces of evil. An architect who can construct impregnable walls around a city is as much use to the struggle against evil as the general who commands the defenders. Similarly, an engineer whose irrigation system saves a village from famine has saved as many lives as a healer who tends the sick.

The allies of the Second Dominion are, in fact, usually passive stay-at-home types, whose good deeds are never sung by martially minded minstrels. Many may never do anything which directly helps anyone, but simply pursue knowledge for its own sake or share the Sentinels' views that truth is inherently opposed to evil; for this reason, colleges of magic or renowned universities may gain Custodians to watch over them.

Sentinels of the Third Dominion

"You, revered lords, seem hither come to dress the base and bloody form of insurrection with fair honor, and hope to win my blessing for your ill-led swordsmen, for your flags and drums."

Lord **Rasonaeim** rules over this Dominion, the Champions headed by **Junarias**, the Custodians by **Musul**, and the Wardens by **Oantes**.

They have great respect for (and often cooperate with) the Sixth Dominion, are easily irritated by the "pettiness" of the Fourth Dominion, and are irreconcilably opposed to the Seventh.

Psychology

The Third Dominion believes in granting strength to those individuals with the courage to fight evil, and giving yet greater power to rulers who have used their natural abilities virtuously. This logic is a simple one: the men and women who fight most valiantly or wisely against the evil hordes should be aided further, for they can use the Sentinels' gifts most efficiently, and when the merely exceptional are thus raised up to become heroes, they will provide suitable examples for other mortals.

They admire those who are courageous, daring, wise, and self-sacrificing. They also emphasize the importance of sheer strength, personal talent and political power. In life, these Sentinels were the legendary

kings who left their palaces to undertake great quests, the wizards who stood alone against demon princes, and the rogues who stole artifacts from impregnable strongholds. They are obsessed, in fact, with individualism (individual heroes, individual magics) and routinely underestimate the potential of a large group: when it would be sensible to aid an army, these Sentinels prefer to help a single hero; when a college of magicians could easily weave an enchantment between them, they will seek out a solitary wizard to cast the spell alone.

Of all the Sentinels, these have the clearest memories of their past lives and mortal glories, and so prefer to support those mortals who might one day achieve deeds as notable as their own. The common mortal, who lives an unremarkable life, is not a person whom they can relate to or become interested in. Certainly, at times of great danger, they seem more interested in staging a heroic resistance than a successful one.

In conversation, these Sentinels are prone to talk like characters in ballads or folktales. They adore unnecessary adjectives and poetic description. For example, they would never say, "the horse is on the other side of the stream," but rather: "beyond the greenwood and across the stream where salmon leap and faeries play, your steed stands, already saddled and ready to be off."

Motifs

Symbols of authority and power, courage and might often represent this Dominion: a sergeant's mace or a knight's sword, a mage's staff or a king's crown. The Sentinels often dress in royal colors (like purple and scarlet) with flowing robes or shining armor.

Solitary objects and creatures also represent their concern with individual valour and achievement, and hard, solid objects symbolize their concern with steadfastness and strength. So, a lone pillar of ice in the arctic tundra or a golden eagle wheeling in the sunlight might symbolize the Third Dominion.

Allies of the Third Dominion

These Sentinels could become Patrons or allies to anyone of heroic valour, such as the most fearless of warriors or the most determined of wizards (or most player characters). Knights undertaking perilous quests, revered Rangers taking vital messages through vast wildernesses - these are the sorts of people they support. The heroes they sponsor, however, are not all fighters. Magic users, too, may receive aid: copies of long-lost books, specially created items, or information on where to find mighty artifacts. Virtuous monarchs may also expect their aid if threatened by the forces of evil. The Sentinels may aid the ruler directly, or select a mortal champion to fight for the kingdom.

They are not interested in common peasants, rank-and-file soldiers, or studious magic users. Their allies are the bold, resourceful types, who sally out into the world to do great deeds and defeat mighty foes.

Sentinels of the Fourth Dominion

"You listened to me when I told you of the bridge's danger, my sweet, and I was right, wasn't I? Well, I tell you that your admirer is even more dangerous. The bridge might have broken your leg, but this man could lose you your soul, my love, so listen again to me now!"

Beneath the Lord **Oechil**, are the Attendants **Jourae**n (of the Champions), **Ganbatiel** (of the Custodians), and **Tulias** (of the Wardens).

Amongst the other Sentinels, they cooperate most easily with the Second and Seventh Dominions, and have very poor relations with the Fifth.

Psychology

These Sentinels argue that all evil stems from want and need. Put very simply, they say that those who do not have the things they need are driven to sin and crime, while those who overestimate their own needs are driven to evil by their desire for things which are not necessary.

Unsurprisingly, these Sentinels have little patience with the wealthy and opulent, who amass fortunes while their fellow mortals die in poverty. Greed of any sort is anathema to them, as it represents the most blatant example of mortals' destructive ignorance: the truly wise mortal, they argue, understands that he has no right to special privileges, or to wealth and luxury above what the common person owns.



This is not to say that they are opposed to all those with vast assets or estates. Rather, they object to those who use their powers for themselves rather than for the good of all mortals. A king who puts his country before himself, or a priestess who sees that she does not profit from moneys better given to the poor, are both examples of powerful people whom these Sentinels find quite laudable. Selflessness, love, charity, sacrifice and common kindness are virtues which they praise highly, and exhibit themselves. Greed, selfishness, avariciousness and shallow charm are abhorrent to them.

Perhaps the easiest of the Sentinels to speak with, their talk is natural and unaffected, and they are invariably polite. Even if a mortal cannot persuade such a Sentinel to provide assistance, he can at least expect a display of sympathy: something unknown in the other Dominions.

Motifs

Suitable motifs for the Fourth Dominion include symbols of argument and persuasion. A pen or quill, an open book, a student's desk, or a preacher's pulpit are all examples.

Other motifs suggest the creation of something fine from something base, such as a stone or wooden carving. The Philosopher's Stone (through which alchemists hope to transmute lead into gold) is the strongest symbol of this, and alchemical glyphs are often incorporated into their creations.

Allies of the Fourth Dominion

Many allies of this Dominion are teachers, whether they are wandering clerics preaching to far flung villagers, orators who exhort passers-by on city streets, or trained teachers in a town school. Others, however, are teachers in a less orthodox sense. These are men and women of courage whose lives provide inspiring examples to their neighbors, or parents who bring up their children to cling to their culture's view of what is good.

Another group of allies are those who bring practical relief to common people. These include selfless healers who travel from village to village healing without charge, craftsmen who do not charge the poor for their services, and lords who struggle to use tax revenues to improve their subjects' standards of living rather than lining their own pockets.

Of all the Sentinels, these are the most easily interested in common, everyday evils. Petty accidents are not their concern, but common crimes, domestic violence, and thoughtless neglect may provoke them into action.

Sentinels of the Fifth Dominion

"The strategy that Lord Aeuphes proposes amounts to a surrender. In advocating that we do nothing the Lord demonstrates a grossly distorted view of the field of operations. Will the armies of darkness stand still if we dig in? No! We must attack! attack! attack!"

Commanded by the Lord **Tertraein**, the Attendants of the Fifth Dominion are **Mantrem** (ruling the Champions), **Dolastrata** (ruling the Custodians) and **Estila** (ruling the Wardens).

Their firmest allies are the Sentinels of the Third and Sixth Dominions. The Outcasts they despise as "deserters", and the other Dominions they generally regard as weaklings or fools.

Psychology

The Sentinels of this Dominion see themselves as an elite band of divine warriors, an army of the gods, and conduct themselves with an arrogant discipline. In the Vault, their buildings are all fortified, and when they venture into the mortal world they are eager to find equally defensible places to stay.

They admire military virtues of discipline, persistence, loyalty, respect, courage, and efficiency. They all share these characteristics, and expect (or rather, demand) that mortals strive to embody such qualities too.

Random actions, emotional outbursts and sheer stupidity are not merely flaws, in their views, but serve the interests of chaos and evil: the dimwitted should submit to the wisdom of their betters, and uncontrolled individualists should be trained (or beaten) into disciplined units, lest their failings create opportunities for the agents of evil.

In all military matters they excel: in strategy, tactics, large scale organization (e.g. of armies, supply convoys, etc.), and espionage. Legal systems and other bureaucracies are easy for them to master, and this aptitude could be used to manipulate any big institution or network, like a trading league or banking system.

Their conversation is always dominated by military jargon, and their thoughts are clearly framed in military terms. An intelligent plan is acclaimed as "sound tactics," for example. They talk of "attaining objectives" instead of succeeding or winning, and "raising morale" instead of making people happy.

Somehow, it might seem, they have forgotten why evil must be fought and why good must prevail. All that they can focus on is the struggle. Their sole "war aim" is victory, and anything which furthers that aim is acceptable: razing villages, massacring "evil" civilians, starving the enemy's sympathizers. They would risk sacrificing the whole world for a chance of total victory.

Motifs

The hammer and maul are often symbols of this Dominion, as they embody the unsubtly destructive desires of these Sentinels. A fire or the raging sea are equally apt, as are beasts such as bulls, tigers and boars.

Depending upon your campaign world, various symbols of merciless justice or punishment may also be symbolic of this Dominion: a judge's gavel, scales, a gallows or a prepared tomb.

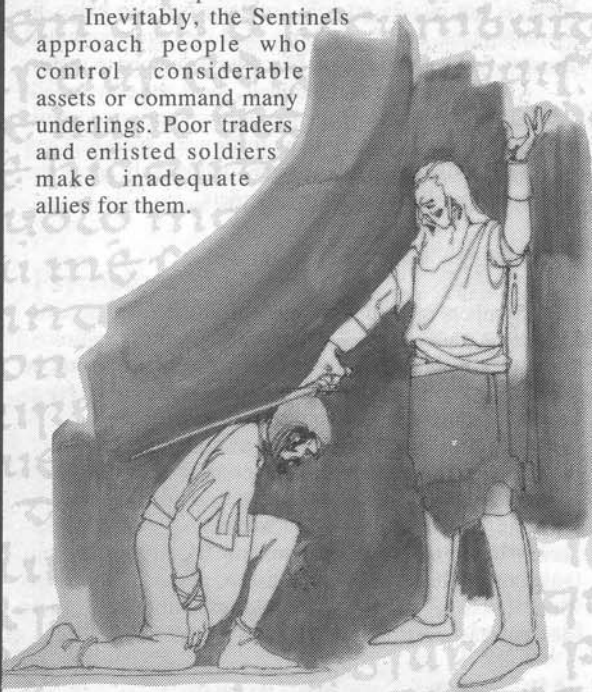
These Sentinels often wear armor, or clothes of deep scarlet, and all carry weapons, usually large and unsubtle implements, like greatswords and maces.

Allies of the Fifth Dominion

These Sentinels' mortal allies are often, but not always, warriors. Career soldiers in regular armies are often picked out, officers who display particular skill and cunning. Mercenaries are chosen less frequently, as their actions are less predictable, their discipline and loyalty more questionable. The heads of organized vigilante groups or the leaders of Holy Orders may also be selected.

Others are valued as allies, too. Inquisitors and judges, wealthy merchants, High Priests and Guild leaders may be selected, and are expected to marshal their resources or followers with military efficiency: High Priests, for example, are expected to organize preaching tours, provide chaplains and healers to armies, etc.; merchants are expected to carry troops and supplies for armies in their ships, take messages with their couriers, and boycott cities which permit access to evil races and cults.

Inevitably, the Sentinels approach people who control considerable assets or command many underlings. Poor traders and enlisted soldiers make inadequate allies for them.



Sentinels of the Sixth Dominion

"The plan proposed by His Eminence is clearly inferior to yours, even though you are a worthless commoner. However, if you cannot persuade His Eminence to accept the superiority of your proposal, then you must implement his plan: it is your duty to obey."

The Sixth Dominion is ruled by Lord **Hieriel**, with the Attendants **Cerabise** (of the Champions), **Pertamos** (of the Custodians), and **Osmotharet** (of the Wardens).

Amongst the other Sentinels, they can often cooperate with the First, Second, Third and Fifth Dominions, although there are no strong alliances

with any of these. However, they are inevitably opposed to the Seventh Dominion, whom they see as patrons of betrayal and anarchy.

Psychology

This Dominion is concerned with establishing order and safeguarding established hierarchies. Obedience, self-control, humility and self-sacrifice are all virtues which they admire (and often expect) in others, and which they invariably exhibit themselves. Rebellion, disrespect and individualism disgust them, and they are particularly opposed to sins of betrayal.

They are often obsessed with question of control and command, overlooking the importance of individuals and seeing people merely as parts of a greater system. When dealing with exceptional individuals they may thus make serious errors of judgement: underestimating the powers of a great wizard or champion, while placing too much faith in the strengths of large institutions (like colleges of wizards or armies).

Strategy and forward planning are their fortes, though their plans are often too inflexible to adapt to unexpected situations. They understand very little of art, although they appreciate complex symmetrical or mathematical patterns: indeed mathematics is a field in which they are preeminent. Likewise they excel in architecture, engineering and mechanics, and sciences to which they can most easily apply their logical minds.

In conversation these Sentinels may seem stiff or forced, using formal and often outdated patterns of speech, punctiliously addressing people with the correct title and always speaking to those of high social rank rather than those of individual merit. Some of these Sentinels are also wedded to archaic notions. So, they might address the heir to a long-vanquished kingdom as "your imperial eminence" for example (much to his likely amazement) or might refuse to acknowledge the nobility of any lord whose family has not held lands for at least seven generations.

Others adhere to rigid codes of speech (perhaps using exactly the same structure for every sentence), refuse to use modern words or current place-names, or pretend not to understand slang terms. Yet others speak in monotones, or use some more formal, non-verbal method of communication: for them a geometric design might perfectly convey a truth too profound to put into words, much to the bewilderment of any mortals who might be presented with the pattern.

Motifs

Suitable motifs for this Dominion include mathematical or architectural instruments such as a geometry compass, a set-square, a builder's plumb-line, etc. A longsword may also be appropriate, or chains, a scepter, or a crown, each implying rigid control or firm authority. Symmetry is also important. The shapes of all their accouterments are regular, as are the plans of their buildings, the designs of any items they might create, etc.

Allies of the Sixth Dominion

Mortals whom these Sentinels aid must display a concern for the virtues of duty, obedience, humility, and so on. Such mortals may be great kings who organize their lands with rigid discipline, or even the most junior of servants who displays exemplary devotion to his lord.

Samurai-style warriors are prime candidates to gain Patrons of the Sixth Dominion, but other folk, with very different codes of honor or senses of duty, could also benefit. A priest who shows unswerving devotion to his religion's teachings, or a wizard who works selflessly for the benefit of his guild, both show steadfast commitment to their institutions, dutiful fulfillment of their obligations, and obedience to their superiors.

Most clearly of all Sentinels, these are very aware that they are superior to their mortal "allies", and often treat such mortals as servants or thralls, expecting complete obedience from them. Further, they show little concern for the death of an ally, being more concerned with the survival of institutions than individuals.

Sentinels of the Seventh Dominion

"Ah yes. The dragon. I did watch you kill it... And then I watched you hurry home. I watched you head for the armorer's to have your mail repaired. And at his doorway I watched you step over the beggar who sat in the gutter. I watched you gave her none of your treasure. I saw her eyes as you passed her by. Did you see them? Look at her now, there in that alley. How much did your armor cost to repair? How much food, how many blankets could she have bought with that money? Look at her. She'll be dead by morning."

Beneath Lord **Estarin** are the Attendants **Paranthase** (commanding the Champions), **Tromidine** (the Custodians) and **Maninaere** (the Wardens).

Often able to cooperate with the Fourth Dominion, they have a mutual antipathy to the Sentinels of the Third and Fifth, who they regard as fascist bullies and uncaring butchers.

Unwilling to accept the status quo of the mortal world, these Sentinels are rarely truly lawful. Many are neutral good in alignment, but all adhere to the Charter regardless.

Psychology

These Sentinels are dedicated to helping those who are abused and exploited, those with no power and those with no hope. They have no time for kings' armies or champions' heroics. Why wage a war against evil when the taxes levied to pay soldiers cause the peasants to starve? What is the point in razing one village so that another might be "free"? Who were the kings of legend, if not leeches living on the work of the poor?

This is not to say that they are pacifists - far from it. Their Scions and allies often wage guerrilla wars and lead skirmishes against the undead, orcs and other creatures of darkness. But they do not only fight these obvious embodiments of evil. When indolent nobles live on farmers' graft, or merchants become fat on profits made from sweatshop labor, this, they say, is just as real a theft, just as pure an evil, as an Orcish raid: only more subtle and insidious. A knight might think himself to be "good" because he is always ready to defend the realm, but these Sentinels argue that he is deluding himself by this claim, and is no different from any other thief or bandit.

These Sentinels often provide more practical aid than those of other Dominions. So, rather than send adventurers to slaughter a bunch of starving bandits, they might make the woodlands bare fruit, so that the brigands can forage for food instead of stealing it. Evil, for them, is not merely an epic problem, but also exists in commonplace, humdrum forms, and they are committed to providing commonplace, humdrum solutions to these.

Unlike many of the Sentinels, these are easy to talk with. They avoid using long words or complicated terms, and prefer simple descriptions to flowery speech. They readily use slang terms, and many deliberately adopt the vocabularies of society's lowest orders.

Motifs

Symbols of hard work and suffering, basic necessities and simple freedom often represent this Dominion. Examples include a sickle or plow, shepherd's crook or ox's yoke, a sheaf of wheat, a broken manacle or burning whip, a loaf of bread or a clenched fist.

Simplicity and understatement are the Sentinels' hallmarks. Their clothes are uncomplicated, in muted colors and basic designs, often resembling peasant clothes. Their appearances are homely and unpretentious, some even looking like beggars and vagabonds. There is no pretension, pomp or presumption. Their creations are simple and functional, their designs basic or rustic.

Allies of the Seventh Dominion

These Sentinels are concerned for the underclasses, the dispossessed, the enslaved or abused, the exploited, the forgotten and the unloved; it is these people, uncared for by their masters, who receive their aid. They offer solace and comfort to those in need, and also a chance to start again or build a new life. They do not just console those who are downtrodden, but also encourage and enable them to rise up: betraying the masters' secrets, exposing their weaknesses, and providing practical aid to those who would fight back.

Their allies need not be politically active, however, though many certainly are. As well as supporting revolutionaries and outlaws, they might offer aid to honest craftsmen bullied by organized crime and children abused by parents, among others.

Rather than support individuals, the Sentinels prefer to give aid to groups: the serfs of a village, the slaves working a plantation, the laborers in a sweatshop. When individuals do receive aid, this is on the understanding that they will themselves become leaders or champions of these victims.

The Outcasts

"Yes, I've thought about it long and hard. It's a difficult dilemma, but in the end one path seemed obvious: we must kill them all. And of course, you know far too much now..."

Led by a renegade of the Fifth Dominion, a Sentinel named **Basiam**, these are the outsiders and rebels of the Vault. Because they do not abide the restrictions of the Charter, and do not have a Lord or Attendants, they do not constitute a Dominion. Fiercely committed to the fight against evil, these beings are neutral or chaotic good.

There are no formal contacts between these and the other Dominions, but in practice they often find themselves cooperating with other Sentinels, forging temporary and unofficial alliances as the situation permits.

Psychology

Unsatisfied with the limited influence which the gods allow them to exert over mortals, or frustrated by the sugar-coated, ineffectual tactics of their Dominions, these Sentinels have chosen to ignore the Charter, disobey their Lords and retreat into the Fringes of the Vault.

Each has his own reasons for rebelling. Most feel that they must find a new way to fight evil or support good, while others have lost confidence in their ability to offer useful aid or in mortals' abilities.

ties to fight evil, and some have simply been exhausted or overcome by the weight of the world's suffering.

These Sentinels are unorthodox in their methods, and sometimes are demented or confused. In general, however, they are not concerned with their methods but only with the results. Basiam and his henchmen firmly believe that the ends justify the means. Their goal is to eradicate evil, and any method which achieves this is acceptable: nothing is too bloody, perverse or foolhardy for them to attempt, so long as it prevents more suffering than it causes or destroys more evil than good.

They have no collective specialities. Some are masters of interrogation or scholars of destructive sciences and magics; others concoct devious plans or construct bizarre and disturbing works of art.

Each Sentinel of the Fringes has his own unique way of talking. Some use colloquial speech, others talk more regally. Some constantly allude to death and destruction (e.g. referring to a "bloody sun" rather than a "red sun"), while others sputter phrases between sobs of anguish or insane giggles.

Motifs

As these Sentinels are not a unified Dominion, different symbols may represent different factions amongst them. Many individuals retain the motifs of their original Dominions. In general, however, the Outcasts use and may be represented by signs of rebellion, randomness, and destruction. Examples include a raised axe, a burning castle, an asymmetric scrawl, blood, a broken circle, etc.

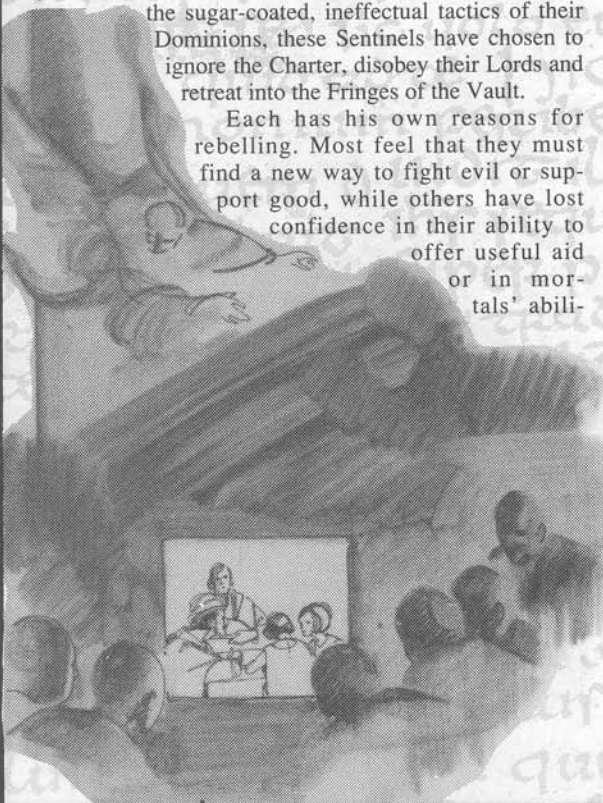
Allies of the Outcasts

The Outcasts may give aid to anyone who has committed himself to fighting evil, but favor those who use the most direct, blatant means. Often this patronage covers groups also supported by other Dominions: bold adventurers, autocratic warlords, etc.

However, most of their mortal allies, like themselves, are outsiders, often criminals, the psychopathic or insane. Almost all chaotic in nature, these are people whose methods of fighting evil are unusual, questionable, or downright murderous.

The Outcasts have even been known to lend aid to evil factions who fight amongst themselves or plot against more powerful evil people. The point of intervening amongst mortals, these Sentinels insist, is not just help the good directly, but also to harm the wicked.

The Outcasts are also unique in that they often welcome Elysiats (see Chapter 4) as allies. While other Sentinels resent these mortals' unauthorized uses of their powers, the Outcasts encourage Elysiats to draw on them so long as the energies are directed against the forces of evil. They are particularly keen to find Elysiats prepared to regularly summon them to the mortal plane so that they can stage assaults upon the servants of evil.



Outcasts and Their Charter

The Outcasts refuse to accept that they should moderate their attempts to save the mortal world from evil, and so reject the Charter. However, they are still not free to wage unrestrained war across the mortal plane, because the lesser Sentinels cannot travel from the Vault at whim. Each can travel only with the aid of an Attendant or Lord: only Basiam is of such a lofty rank, and his powers have been directly curtailed by the gods since he deserted his Dominion. Even with Basiam's aid, only a few dozen Outcasts can operate on the mortal plane at any given time.

Many have wondered what caused Basiam to desert his Dominion. Attendants (as Basiam once was) are typically slavish in their loyalty, perhaps without any sort of free will, and it is highly improbable that they could abscond of their own volition.

Some say that Basiam was corrupted by a demonic Archmagic. Others say that it is a part of the gods' plan that these renegades should operate outside the limits of the Charter. No one can be certain.

Guardians of the Vault

The beasts that guard the Dominions of the Vault are not Sentinels, and share little of their masters' divine power. They are creations of the Sentinels' Lords, charged with the defense of their areas.

They share only a few features with their creators, namely their immortality (they reform in the Vault three days after being slain, although they can be marooned in the Astral plane or another of the outer planes), and their ability to understand any mortal language. They are somewhat brighter than normal animals (Intelligence 2-6), but no equal to an average mortal, and are characterized by their unfailing loyalty. Only magic can persuade them to turn against their creators. They cooperate with mortals, only if cajoled through magic, when ordered to do so by Sentinels of their own Dominion or swayed by two successive Appeal Checks.

These beasts have little personality. They are simply stereotypes, embodying virtues and displaying characteristics suitable to the Dominion they guard. Information on what guardians are found where is given in Chapter 3. The following list suggests the attitudes embodied by the most common species. GMs should remember that, as stereotypes, these creatures exhibit all these characteristics in the extreme: the brave know no fear, the kind shed tears for any pain that they inflict, etc.

Eagle and Falcon: Vigilance, nobility.

Falcon: Vigilance, patience.

Fringe Cats: Aggression, subtlety.

Gryphon: Aggression, nobility.

Hunting Dog: Loyalty, humility, patience.

Lion: Courage, nobility.

Owl: Wisdom, vigilance.

Unicorn: Honor, kindness.

The Light Dragons

The greatest Guardians of the Vault are not the beasts created by the Sentinels to guard their own realms, but are the creatures formed by the gods to guard the boundaries of the Vault from interlopers. These guardians, the Light Dragons, were created by a god of warfare, who cast seven of his teeth into the Fringes, where each took on the form of a dragon.

These beasts (whose stats can be found in the *Monster Folio*) are formed of pure light, and are thus quite immune to damage from non-magical weapons. They are the embodiment of good, of aggression and divine detachment.

Devoid of emotions, they cannot be affected by spells which are designed to cause an emotional response (like *Charm* or *Fear*) and would never turn against the Sentinels. Nor do they spare any effort to repulse an attack or threat, attacking evil visitors without hesitation and eyeing the neutral with suspicion.

They never eat, sleep or mate, but wheel interminably in the sky above the Fringes. Like the other guardians, they are each immortal, reforming within three days if slain.



Adventure Seeds

The Slaves

In which a child is held guilty until proven innocent, and distraught parents beg the player characters to save their darling from slavery.

A powerful noble or wizard has set up his stronghold overlooking a large village, which he protects zealously from evil. Spells and magic items ensure that criminals are always caught, and strong fortifications protect the people from outside assault: there is no crime, and no danger from marauding warbands.

But on his seventh birthday, each child is taken up to the stronghold by the soldiers. There he is studied by the noble or wizard, for the lord has a rare and valuable book, which lays out the ways in which one can foretell whether a child will become a criminal, or develop an evil or chaotic alignment. The shape of the face, tell-tale birth-marks, the bumps on the cranium, the relative length of the fingers and toes, and innumerable other tests are carried out. At the end of the examination the child is either declared "virtuous" and returned home, or "impure" (that is, destined to become evil or chaotic, or become a criminal). The "impure" are kept at the stronghold to work as slaves; their labor used to serve those of pure mind, strengthening the walls, weaving clothes for the poor, etc.

Distraught parents contact the player characters (who are currently passing through this enviable settlement), and ask them to smuggle a child from the village. The child has a birthmark which is sure to indicate latent criminality, but the parents cannot believe that their kind, happy child could ever be deliberately bad. Meeting the innocent child, characters may concur.

However, evading the lord's laws (by preventing the child's examination) constitutes a criminal act, and criminals are always tracked down. The player characters may find themselves pursued for some distance, and the child's well-meaning parents will be arrested.

GMs are left to decide whether the book is accurate. Perhaps it was written by a Sentinel of the Second Dominion and truly roots out the "impure" - but perhaps it was supplied by a Demon, who has thus led the lord into sin by spreading suffering. Or perhaps the book was written by a Sentinel, but leads to self-fulfilling prophecies: those enslaved thus grow to despise the law, to harbor dark thoughts of vengeance and become dehumanized by their torment.

The Final Cataclysm

"I guess that people like to think they're living in the end-times - it lets them think they're not just adrift in a boundless ocean of history. Near my home village was a ruined temple, built thousands of years ago by people who thought the end was upon them then. But still, when the stars began to fall from the sky and the days got shorter as spring wore on, well, we knew for sure. If it was all going to burn, then we reckoned we'd enjoy what time we had left. Some of us turned to drink or wallowed in nostalgia, but me, I got married. Then the bastard started visiting us again - saying I should dust down my sword and oil my mail. Son of a bitch."

The ultimate challenge for a group of adventurers is often saving their world from destruction. The awakening of hideous forgotten deities, the natural decay of the planet, evil Archmagics or Demonic plots, a renewed war amongst the gods - any of these might bring about a final apocalypse.

Such an epic event should not come unannounced; ancient prophecies and subtle signs in the heavens, priests foretelling the cataclysm and increasing natural disasters should foreshadow its occurrence. Subtle hints and symbols might be inserted into the early adventures of your campaign, which all seem unimportant until the cataclysm begins, perhaps years later.

If the apocalypse is a lengthy affair, taking perhaps decades, then it might simply provide an unusual backdrop to your campaign. The player characters need not even be involved in attempts to avert the cataclysm, or they might be part of a broader effort orchestrated by the Sentinels or by powerful NPCs.

If the cataclysm is to be over in a short period (a year or less), then the player characters may be destined or chosen to play a key role in the attempt to avert the disaster. Perhaps the fate of the world rests in their hands, or perhaps they only take a lesser role in a more local apocalypse (for example, casting the *Call to the Golden Path* spell in Chapter 8).

Such a plot provides fresh challenges to parties who have done everything else already, and gives an excellent excuse for powerful retired characters to recommence their adventuring careers. Starting characters may also come to play key roles in such masterplots. Fantasy literature and folklore are full of peasants and reluctant heroes who play vital roles in epic plots.

This adventure is particularly suited to campaigns which are designed to be of a set duration: the campaign finishing when the world is either saved or destroyed. Once the characters have personally saved the world, any further adventures that you run are likely to be anti-climactic. And if they fail, there is little chance of your campaign progressing further.

Chapter 3

The Vault of Heaven

The Vault of Heaven, where the Sentinels reside, is composed of the Thrones, the Dominions and the Fringes. The Thrones are the inaccessible domains of the exalted High Sentinels, while the seven Dominions and the fringes around them cover the "grounds" of the Vault.

This chapter is designed to give GMs an overview of these realms: their geography, appearance, and defenses.

Entering the Vault

The Vault of Heaven may be entered either by the use of potent magics, or by finding a gateway from the mortal world. When the Sentinels were first created there were many entrances to their realm from the mortal world. But evil wizards used them as focal points to draw upon the Sentinels' powers or direct attacks against them; evil heroes and armies used them to launch raids into the Vault, and even the Demons sought ways to make use of them. So, one by one, they were sealed up, with one, three or seven Custodians assigned to watch over each.

Now these gates remain, but they are hidden or closed. Those wishing to pass through them must not only find and identify the gate, but must also have the correct key or a suitable spell.

Gates

Gates to the Vault usually appear as normal, mundane openings: the space between two standing stones, an ancient doorway, a vast cave mouth. However, there is always something awe-inspiring about them, such as the sheer size of the flanking stones, or the detail of the ancient inscriptions on the doorposts. It should be clear from their locations that they are places of good, not evil, power: so, a pair of monoliths may be found amidst flowering orchards, bird song and flowers' scents filling the air; a cave should be light and airy, reaching into pale rock and perhaps filled with a faint golden light and the sound of choirs.

Under normal circumstances (when the gate is "closed"), mortals may walk between the standing stones or enter caves which form such entrances without leaving the mortal world. Doors concealing gateways cannot be opened or damaged by any spell cast at less than



eighth skill level, and if they are successfully forced open, the gate is then permanently sealed. In order to make use of these gateways, a mortal must have an appropriate "key" (discussed below).

In some cases, however, gates may be clearly supernatural: apertures filled with solid silver light, ascending marble staircases hanging in the air, etc. These dramatic entrances are no different from the more subtle gateways described above, but they are usually found in isolated areas, so that they may achieve legendary status from the tales of the few heroes or travellers who have stumbled across them.

Keys

A key is a special object or action by which sealed gates are "opened" for a group of travellers. It is rarely literally a metal key. In some instances the key may be an invocation or phrase. So, it may be necessary to bid a gate open in the name of the wizard who sealed it, or recite the names of the gods of law before it. Alternatively, it may be necessary to present one's reasons for wishing to travel before the portal: the gate's Custodian then considers the speech and unlocks it or keeps it shut accordingly.

Alternatively, a physical key may be required. Perhaps the long-lost staff of the wizard who closed the gate must be brought before it. In many cases, special items have been crafted by mortals or presented to them by the Sentinels (or even by the Demons) to grant access to these gates. There are powders which must be sprinkled over them, rings which allow the wearer to walk through, and so forth.

Sometimes a special condition must be met before a mortal can pass through. A gate might open only for someone who rides upon a unicorn, or is led by a person innocent of any evil thought.

Often the key is personal, or internal. In the manner of epic legends, those who pass might have to be of pure heart, exemplary courage, great kindness, or unswerving obedience. A gate might only permit through those who are fleeing persecution, are chaste, serve another, or are motivated by love. The exact requirement, here, is dependent upon the Dominion of the gate's Custodian more than the circumstances in which it was closed.

Defenses

The primary defense of any gate is its appearance or location. Most are apparently natural or mundane objects, which neither arouse the interest of the locals nor achieve sufficient notoriety to attract powerful foreigners. The obviously magical entrances are hidden far from mortal habitation, and tales about them are invariably inaccurate.

Secondly, every Gate has its own Custodian, a Sentinel ordered to watch over and guard the gate from unwelcome visitors. Different Custodians protect their charges in wildly divergent manners, depending upon their Dominions and individual quirks. Some approach travellers as normal mortals in order to gauge their motives, while others prefer to adopt guises which emphasize their power (appearing as radiant knights, for example) so that unwelcome visitors might be intimidated. Other Custodians do not intend to confront travellers directly, but either summon mortal aid against evil interlopers or use their magics alone.

In addition, gates may be guarded by animals and magical creatures. Lions are traditional guardians of gateways, but sphinxes, dragons, gryphons, unicorns, bulls or owls may also be encountered, either immediately in front of the aperture or just behind it. Such creatures are invariably loyal to the Custodian who oversees

the gateway: they oppose those whom the Custodian does not wish to enter and stand aside for those who are permitted access, either through instinct or due to telepathic control.

Magical Methods

This supplement introduces two new character classes and a range of magics for them, outlined in chapter 4. Their spells include methods of travelling to the Vault without recourse to established gateways: in effect they open up their own gates. The individual spell descriptions explain exactly how these work. Other special magics forcibly open existing portals.

Other methods could also take mortals to the Vault, such as an Astral Spell, although such means almost inevitably take the mortal no further than the Fringes (which, for the purposes of an *Astral Spell*, may be taken to be the extend of the "first level" of the Vault). A *Wish* spell may place mortals anywhere in the Vault, but unless the wish explicitly states where they want to be taken to, such travelers also arrive in the Fringes.

Arrival

All natural gates and most magical transports into the Vault take travellers to the Fringes of the plane: a desolate no-man's-land on its edge, described below. From here the mortals must make their own ways to the Dominions they wish to visit.

Each gateway from the mortal plane also has a physical manifestation in the Vault, and travellers returning to these places may use the gates without difficulty. There are no magic defenses preventing travel from the Vault to the prime plane, and so travellers may walk straight through the gates and back to their own lands. The gateways in the Fringes always bear some resemblance to their counterparts on the mortal plane. Sometimes they are identical - appearing to be the same cave mouth, the same pair of doors, etc. Others have only symbolic or incidental similarities.

The Seven Thrones

The seven Thrones are the seats of the High Sentinels: Andoriel, Celandise, Rapheoionas, Athael, Visaein, Honaraeis and Aesias. These are purely spiritual realms, in which all physical matter is illusory. They are ill-defined areas lit by soft white light, with pale skies and smooth, featureless terrain.

Visitors get the impression that they are walking on solid mist, or perhaps on clouds, but if they look closely at the vapors around their feet they realize that they are not actually standing on anything solid at all; down through the mists, all the lands of the mortal plane and the Vault can be seen, impossibly far below yet still quite clear. By focusing on a particular area every detail may be observed: every feature of any person, the smallest piece of jewellery that they wear, etc. By concentrat-

ing, even a mortal visitor can look inside buildings or into caverns, and the High Sentinels' superior intellects and powerful minds can watch everything that happens throughout the planes that they survey at once.

Dominating the landscape of each Throne is the High Sentinel who resides there. Some standing, some sitting, they gaze blankly down across the worlds. At a distance they seem enormous figures, but as visitors approach they diminish in size until they have the stature of a normal man. In fact there is no real sense of perspective in the Thrones, nor really of distance. Mortals who lie, who do not approach the Sentinel or who abuse his hospitality by scrutinizing the worlds arrayed beneath them, find that they are drawn closer to their host, whatever direction or whatever speed they move.

Normal physical laws seem to hold in the thrones. Heavy objects fall, light is reflected from shiny surfaces, etc., but this too is mere illusion. If it suited the Sentinel to reverse or suspend these laws, he could do so without effort. Everything in each throne is subject to the High Sentinel's will, including the presence of any visitors.

If mortals enter a Throne and make a nuisance of themselves, they will simply find themselves returned to the mortal world. Most likely they reappear wherever they left their own plane, but they could turn up anywhere. Mortals who attack a High Sentinel in his Throne may get only one attack (if any) before being removed; evil mortals are likely to reappear not on the surface of the mortal world but in thin air several miles above it.

Individual descriptions for each High Sentinel and the peculiarities of each Throne are given in the monster folio enclosed with this pack.

Access to the Thrones

The Thrones are transcendent realms, set apart from both the mortal plane and the Vault. There are no natural points of access to the Thrones from either of these realms, nor from anywhere else.

Therefore, those wishing to enter the Thrones must make use of hazardous magics, such as the Elysiat's *Greater Pathway* spell, or the Seraphist's *Greater Audience*, both of which are extremely difficult to cast (see pgs 44 & 53).

The Dominions

The word "Dominion" may be used in two senses: either to refer to a particular portion of the Vault of Heaven or to the group of Sentinels who reside there. This double meaning may seem confusing, but it is simply explained. The Sentinels and their realms share the same name because they are in fact the same. If the Sentinels ceased to exist, their lands would become grey and barren, or might vanish completely. The lands in which they live are formed by their wills, and therefore reflect their natures (as you will see as you read through this chapter). Without the Sentinels the lands are nothing.

One strange consequence of this concerns the geography of the Vault. Mortals are accustomed to measuring and defining land saying "this land is thus wide and thus long," and then determining where places are in relation to one another. But this logic does not apply in the Vault.

The prime plane is a fixed world, made by the gods in a certain way, and usually unchangeable. The Dominions, however, are not fixed places. In a way they are not really places at all. Rather, the Domains are spiritual entities, ideas: products of the Sentinels imaginations. Think of them as dreams. Dreams have their own rules and their own peculiar logic, and although they make a kind of sense, they are not constrained by any hard-and-fast laws of geography; indeed they need not even be perfectly consistent. So, in the Second Dominion there is a single road which leads to seven different places, depending on where the traveller wishes to go. On the prime plane this is not possible, but in the Vault it is quite reasonable.

Likewise, it is impossible to describe the geography of the Vault. Everyone agrees that the Fringes are around the edge (on the periphery) but beyond this it is impossible to map the lands. All of the Dominions border one another and the Fringes. All of the Dominions are roughly circular. On the mortal plane that would be impossible, but if you visited a place like that in your dreams you wouldn't question it.

The Vault is an alien and wonderful place. It is constructed according to the whims of divine intellects. Mortals are bound to find it mystifying.

Physical Laws in the Dominions

In the mortal world there are certain constant facts, or "laws", which everyone takes for granted. Heavy objects fall downwards; brittle objects break when struck; walking at three miles per hour it takes one hour to travel three miles. These are all obvious facts, on the mortal plane. But in the Dominions these things need not always be so.

Under normal circumstances, these physical laws are observed in the Dominions. However, it may come to be that it suits the Sentinels to cancel or reverse these laws. It may be handy, for example, if metal weapons shattered when struck against soft flesh, if those charging forwards actually moved backwards, or if inanimate objects (like suits of armor) suddenly gained a life of their own. The reason for these changes may never be obvious to visitors.

The efforts of a Dominion's Lord and all three Attendants is required to reverse or cancel any physical law within their Dominion. In an extreme case (e.g. to prevent its destruction) the exalted High Sentinel may intervene in his own Dominion. In such a situation, the Sentinel would exercise his full and almost god-like powers to reorder or completely redefine the Dominion. Fortunately, such an extreme scenario is unlikely to occur in most campaigns.

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The word "Dominion" may be used in two senses: either to refer to a particular portion of the Vault of Heaven or to the group of Sentinels who reside there. This double meaning may seem confusing, but it is simply explained. The Sentinels and their realms share the same name because they are in fact the same. If the Sentinels ceased to exist, their lands would become grey and barren, or might vanish completely. The lands in which they live are formed by their wills, and therefore reflect their natures (as you will see as you read through this chapter). Without the Sentinels the lands are nothing.

One strange consequence of this concerns the geography of the Vault. Mortals are accustomed to measuring and defining land saying "this land is thus wide and thus long," and then determining where places are in relation to one another. But this logic does not apply in the Vault.

The prime plane is a fixed world, made by the gods in a certain way, and usually unchangeable. The Dominions, however, are not fixed places. In a way they are not really places at all. Rather, the Domains are spiritual entities, ideas: products of the Sentinels imaginations. Think of them as dreams. Dreams have their own rules and their own peculiar logic, and although they make a kind of sense, they are not constrained by any hard-and-fast laws of geography; indeed they need not even be perfectly consistent. So, in the Second Dominion there is a single road which leads to seven different places, depending on where the traveller wishes to go. On the prime plane this is not possible, but in the Vault it is quite reasonable.

Likewise, it is impossible to describe the geography of the Vault. Everyone agrees that the Fringes are around the edge (on the periphery) but beyond this it is impossible to map the lands. All of the Dominions border one another and the Fringes. All of the Dominions are roughly circular. On the mortal plane that would be impossible, but if you visited a place like that in your dreams you wouldn't question it.

The Vault is an alien and wonderful place. It is constructed according to the whims of divine intellects. Mortals are bound to find it mystifying.

Physical Laws in the Dominions

In the mortal world there are certain constant facts, or "laws", which everyone takes for granted. Heavy objects fall downwards; brittle objects break when struck; walking at three miles per hour it takes one hour to travel three miles. These are all obvious facts, on the mortal plane. But in the Dominions these things need not always be so.

Under normal circumstances, these physical laws are observed in the Dominions. However, it may come to be that it suits the Sentinels to cancel or reverse these laws. It may be handy, for example, if metal weapons shattered when struck against soft flesh, if those charging forwards actually moved backwards, or if inanimate objects (like suits of armor) suddenly gained a life of their own. The reason for these changes may never be obvious to visitors.

The efforts of a Dominion's Lord and all three Attendants is required to reverse or cancel any physical law within their Dominion. In an extreme case (e.g. to prevent its destruction) the exalted High Sentinel may intervene in his own Dominion. In such a situation, the Sentinel would exercise his full and almost god-like powers to reorder or completely redefine the Dominion. Fortunately, such an extreme scenario is unlikely to occur in most campaigns.

The First Dominion

The First Dominion is a place of stillness and tranquillity; of utter peace and equal inactivity. The Sentinels of this Dominion have few buildings (which they hold to be symbols of pride and greed, although here and there a small hovel shelters in a grove).

The area is wild and unkempt, but vegetation is sparse. Clumps of grass and half-dead trees cling to rocky slopes, and ivy creeps across cliff and tree. There are many shallow pools in the Dominion, all filled with dark stagnant water, and it is said that every pool has a different prophetic power. In one a mortal may see his own birth, in another the face of a future spouse, in another his death, in another the present circumstance of a dear friend, and so on.

Across the rocky landscape unlikely animals mingle peaceably: falcons hatching the eggs of sparrows, tigers suckling lambs, jackals and rabbits playing together. No violent action may be performed in the area. Swords snap if used to strike any person, animal or even plant; offensive magics fail (unless the caster is twentieth skill level or higher); and so on.

The Sentinels may be found sitting silently alone or in small groups. Some sleep constantly, awaiting the day when their magics are called upon, and many refuse to move or even speak, in case their actions cause some unforeseen harm.

At the centre of the First Dominion is a tall, barren mountain which is always bathed in moonlight. At

the summit sits the unmoving Lord Aeuphes. He does not even blink or breathe and, as he has not moved for many centuries, ivy and moss has started to grow over him. Grass grows amongst his straggly hair and beard, and a family of mice have built their nest in the shelter of his crossed legs.

No sun shines on this Dominion, but at night a full moon shines brightly through coiling black clouds. During the day, the sky is overcast but a clear light illuminates everything with perfect clarity. The wind is bracing, and a few drops of rain are bourn on every gust.

Entering the First Dominion

The First Dominion sits on top of a great plateau, a mile above the surrounding lands. From the base of the plateau, ancient stone steps, grey and moss encrusted, weave up the sides of the cliffs to the summit. No creature of evil alignment may set foot on these steps, prevented by a *wall of force*, and anyone attempting to scale the cliffs is assaulted by giant birds. These creatures, however, are ordered not to kill intruders, but merely to take them in their talons and deposit them in the fringes of the Vault.

The Second Dominion

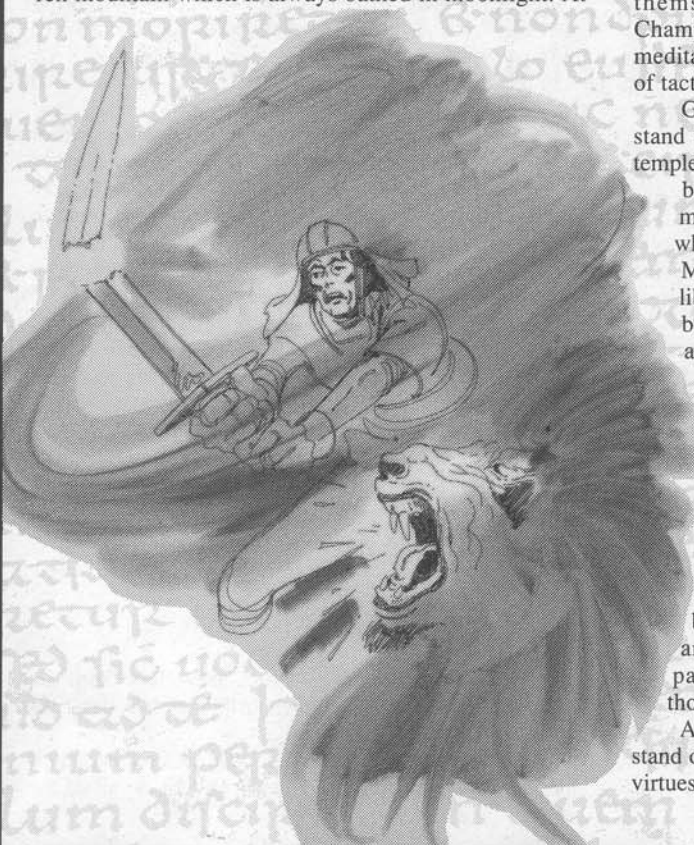
The Second Dominion is a place of quiet and contemplation. It is a place where Sentinels immerse themselves in thought but do little. Even the Champions of this Domain learn their skills through meditation and reflection, or slowly leaf through books of tactics and weapon-use.

Great, high roofed buildings of marble and ivory stand in generous grounds, many appearing as ancient temples, full of fluted columns and echoing halls. Other buildings are similar in appearance to colleges of magic, libraries and monasteries, all made from whitened stone.

Many of the buildings in the First Dominion are libraries, and these contain every book ever written by mortals on such elevated subjects as theology and mysticism; ethics and metaphysics. The other buildings serve no function, but the Sentinels can sometimes be seen treading the marbled halls in quiet contemplation.

Between these buildings are broad lawns of lush, pale grass. Tranquil pools and lakes dot the landscape, connected by still streams and bubbling brooks, while Weeping Willows trail their branches into the waters and swans glide back and forth over the surface. Groves of silver birches and low chalk cliffs screen off secluded areas, such as lily gardens, grottos and marble pagodas, where the Sentinels sometimes sit in thought or quiet discussion.

Around the lawns and buildings of the Dominion stand obelisks and abstract sculptures, monuments to the virtues of contemplation, patience, and wisdom. Statues



commemorate great scholars and hermits, and carved reliefs depict their uneventful lives.

The centre point of this Dominion is the Great Forum, a marble quadrangle surrounded by rows of columns and overlooked by the Lord's palace. Here groups of Sentinels cluster to debate and discuss (always with great courtesy and restraint) and sometimes one of them climbs onto a marble podium and gives a flowery speech on some obscure subject.

The palace is a great white tower, three hundred feet high. At the top of a winding staircase is the tower's only room, where Lord Soldisere greets visitors and hears obscure dissertations from his flock. He sits attentively in an ornate ivory chair in the centre of the room, and has not left the room for millennia. If he stands up, his Attendants know that some great matter troubles him, as he has remained seated for over a century now.

During the day, the sun shines with a soft, clear light here, and at night bright stars hang in a cloudless sky. The temperature is always mild, the breeze gentle. It never rains, but sometimes snows lightly.

Entering the Second Dominion

The Second Dominion is encircled by marble walls, two hundred meters high. Gateways are barred by walls of solid white light which vanish if a visitor is to be permitted entry.

From these gateways, visitors emerge onto a broad, paved avenue, with giant marble statues and silver birch trees lining the rout. The road is perfectly straight, and runs for about a mile until it reaches the Forum, which it enters opposite the palace. There are many gates into the Dominion, but whichever one visitors use they always come out at the same spot in the Forum, and when they leave this avenue takes them to whichever gate they wish.

The beasts which guard the Dominion are snow-white lions and gryphons, and a flock of pale owls circle above the walls as lookouts.

The Third Dominion

The Third Dominion is a realm filled with high turrets and the trappings of chivalry. In effect it is a single huge castle, with thousands of towers built in every imaginable style. Towering battlements overlook broad courtyards, and a network of broad alleyways, walls and passages connect the towers to one another.

Each tower is the residence of one Sentinel, and numerous other buildings are crammed about beneath them. In the forges, Sentinels work to create epic weapons to wield when the final cataclysm comes, or to give to worthy mortal heroes; in stables, they breed pegasus and war horses; in their magnificent halls tapestries, stained glass windows and wooden effigies depict the great deeds of long-dead heroes.

Not only the Champions, but all of the Sentinels practice their weapon skills and magic obsessively, con-

stantly striving to outdo each other. Thus, many courtyards ring with the sounds of weapon practice or shake with the entropy of magical duels.

In walled gardens, exotic trees and herbs are cultivated, including many now extinct on the prime plane and others from more alien realms. Long-lost spell books and other tomes of power sit on their shelves in dusty libraries, magically enchanted to prevent their removal from the building.

In the centre of the two thousand towers is a great stone keep, one hundred meters tall and equally as wide. On the top floor is a broad hall, gleaming with trophies and golden statues, where Lord Rasonaeim holds court from a raised dais, a sword on a table at one hand and a wizard's staff on the other as symbols of his patronage of all types of heroes.

The weather in this Dominion is always dramatic, and much given to sudden changes. Beautiful sunshine can give way to violent lightning storms and then return within the space of an hour, while bracing winds and blue skies are the norm.

Entering the Third Dominion

The Third Dominion is encircled by an impenetrable forest. The area could be traversed in about an hour if the traveller could simply walk across it, but it is full of unscalable bluffs, entangling thorns and other obstructions.

The only way of passing through the woods is via a network of paths. Some of these are broad sunny avenues, some dark overhung alleys, some paved roads, others precarious ledges on the sides of cliffs. The only way through the wood is to always take the darkest and least inviting paths.

Those who choose the safe or easy options never get through the wood, and anyone who deliberately takes the broadest, safest and most pleasant paths thereby return to their own plane, emerging into a wood near to their home or place of birth. In effect, the wood is a riddle, but it is also a metaphor for the lives of those who choose to be champions against evil.

Unwelcome visitors in the forest (such as anyone of evil alignment) are set upon by the beasts which protect the Dominion. Unsurprisingly, these creatures resemble the most regal of mortal animals: the eagle, the lion, the unicorn and the dragon.

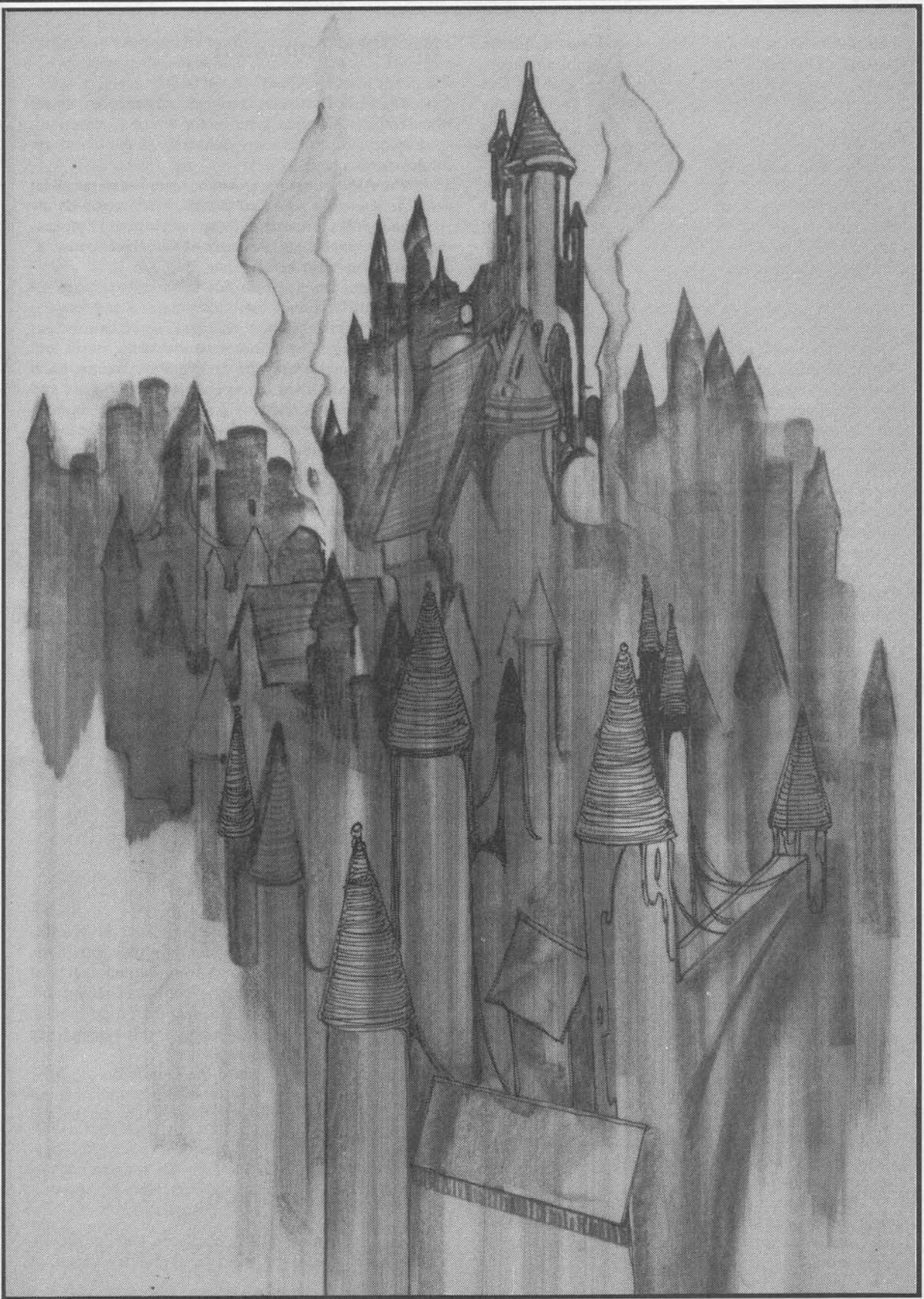
Once through the forest, visitors come to the castle walls, which are a mere sixty feet high. Wooden gates provide entry to any who come in peace, or who deliver a challenge of single combat to one of the Sentinels.

The Fourth Dominion

This is the Dominion which travellers from the prime plane find most comprehensible, as it is designed to reflect everyday mortal life.

The landscape includes hills and mountains, lakes, moors, woods and forests, villages and cities: all of the

in quibusdam quibus
tem qui & recumbunt ih̄s sequentem qui & pecu



29
r peccat eus & dixit ei resup̄r peccat eus &

habitats usually found in the mortal world. In the pastures, phantasmal flocks graze, resembling sheep, cows, bison. In the fields, grains, vegetables and vines flourish. The only disconcerting aspects are the surreal juxtapositions of habitats (tropical beaches bordering arctic tundra, steep vineyards climbing up to a lowland paddy field, etc.) and the desolate stillness of the lands.

The illusory animals are designed to instruct the Sentinels in the ways of animal husbandry, and are not supposed to be completely faithful facsimiles, so they make no noise, for example. Roads and homes stand empty, and towns and villages may be inhabited by a mere handful of Sentinels. Only workshops are in frequent use, blacksmiths' shops, architects' offices and such-like, where the Sentinels study and practice the practical skills with which they hope to aid the mortals.

Buildings are arranged in clusters based upon their architecture, buildings from a wide variety of human cultures being present. Thus, a single village might include half a dozen feudal peasant huts around a manor, a cluster of grass-huts, several cave-dwellings and a few stone town houses, perhaps neighbored by a nomads' camp pitched in a nearby field and overlooked by a pair of igloos on a snowy hill.

Lord Oechil's palace is not a grand building. On the contrary, it is deliberately unimposing, resembling a travelling gypsies' camp: Romany caravans and makeshift tents arranged about a camp fire. The Lord may be approached without formality, and is usually found seated on a log by the campfire, whittling at a stick or peeling potatoes, or engaged in some other petty task.

The weather is extremely variable but rarely dramatic, shifting swiftly between rain, cloud and sunshine. The sun, moon and stars appear exactly as they do on the mortal plane. The most noticeable distinctions occur between adjacent habitats, since each has an appropriate climate; visitors may walk from scorching desert to frozen waste within a few paces, experiencing the appropriate change in temperature.

Entering the Fourth Dominion

The boundaries of the Fourth Dominion are marked by relatively unimposing barriers, and are not heavily defended.

In some places, apparently rickety gates stand within invisible force walls, thirty foot wooden stockades, or walls made of trees which grow touching one another. In others, creaking wooden walkways wind across beds of quicksand or equally treacherous marshes.

When asking to enter the Dominion, visitors should display sensitivity and intelligence. Crass buffoons and those who exhibit a love of violence or clear selfishness are not permitted to enter.

Few beasts guard the Dominion, but small brown owls and falcons keep a wary eye on unwelcome visitors, and lone intruders may be confronted by a single hunting dog.

The Fifth Dominion

The Fifth Dominion is a stark, austere area, where the Sentinels plan and practice for the final cataclysm, and orchestrate brutal campaigns against the evil-doers of the mortal plane.

The Alpine scenery provides a number of excellent vantage points for forts and castles, which perch on icy mountain peaks or nestle in forests of fir trees in the valleys. The animal guardians, giant eagles, wheel constantly around the mountains.

The buildings which dot the landscape are all heavily fortified, built of dark grey stone. Most are castles, with broad battlements and roofed towers, but some appear as fortified monasteries with spires and bell-towers, and others are simple squat keeps. Each building has its own heavy gates, drawbridges and portcullises. Inside, doors are narrow, staircases steep and cramped, and windows are set high in the walls and heavily barred.

At the summit of the highest ridge, a great sprawling castle houses the Lord Trentraein and one hundred lesser hand picked Sentinels to act as his body guard. The fortress also houses the Lord's library, a hall so vast that it cannot be measured, filled with row upon row of heavy books, all volumes of one giant work: a Catalogue of Wrongs. Seven Sentinels work constantly in the library, recording every sin and crime which Visaein sees from his Throne, so that the library is a record of every wrong ever committed, written in chronological order since the beginning of time. Some say that at the end of the world these books, which are more numerous than the grains of sand of the seas, will be handed over to the gods so that everyone shall be punished for their wrong-doings.

The air is always cold here, with a cutting wind, so that still waters form thin layers of ice and hoar-frost clings to trees. The sun shines softly in a pale sky, but the light is crisp and clear.

Entering the Fifth Dominion

The boundaries of the Fifth Dominion are guarded by numerous defenses, similar only in their crassness. Swollen streams thunder down from the mountains of the Dominion to form churning pools and racing torrents. Flames dance hundreds of feet high from firepits. Dark Abysses stretch down, echoing with a sound like winter's wind or far distant screams.

The eagles which guard the Dominion are little threat to interlopers as they cross the boundaries, but wheel above them and watch them as they travel, and swoop to attack when they are distracted.

The Sixth Dominion

This is the most orderly of places, laid out according to strict geometric rules of symmetry. Rows of

square or rectangular buildings lie parallel to the perfectly straight roads which radiate outwards from the Lord's palace. All of the Sentinels are assigned buildings of equal size and standard designs, the Attendants having identical mansions equidistant from the Lord's triangular palace.

The landscape is perfectly flat, criss-crossed by a regular grid of canals. The roads are paved with identically cut triangular slabs, and trees stand in ordered rows.

At regular intervals along each road are granite statues of mortals who have epitomized these Sentinels' obsession with order. There are figures of strong but benevolent kings and of brutal despots, mathematicians, architects, slavish servants and dutiful wives, soldiers who died heroic deaths obeying suicidal orders, and many others.

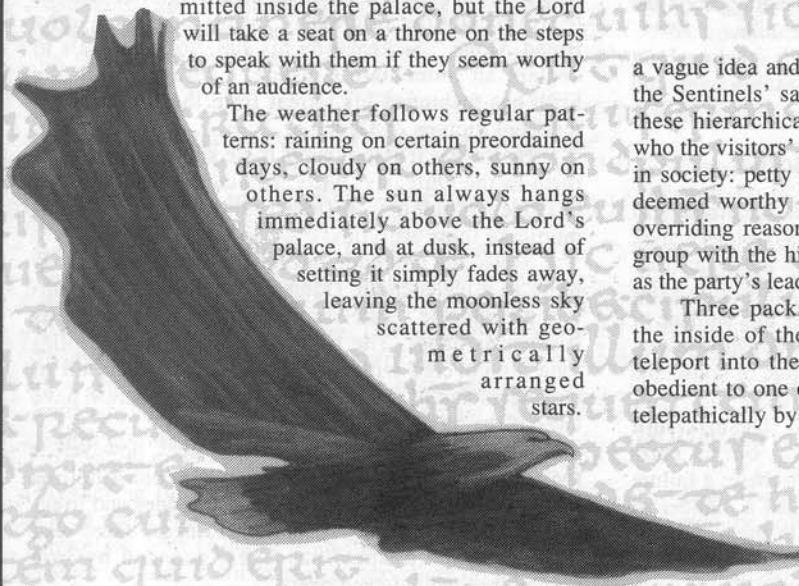
Lord Hieriel's palace stands in the centre of the realm, with three identical facades, each with an identical door approached by identical marble steps. Inside, the rooms are arranged in three concentric triangles: The innermost suite is the Lord's personal chamber, where no one else may enter; only the Attendants may enter the next set of rooms, and petty Sentinels may enter no further than the first set. Mortals are not permitted inside the palace, but the Lord will take a seat on a throne on the steps to speak with them if they seem worthy of an audience.

The weather follows regular patterns: raining on certain preordained days, cloudy on others, sunny on others. The sun always hangs immediately above the Lord's palace, and at dusk, instead of setting it simply fades away, leaving the moonless sky scattered with geometrically arranged stars.



a vague idea and are expected to identify themselves to the Sentinels' satisfaction. In practice, this means that these hierarchically minded beings will want to know who the visitors' masters are and what position they hold in society: petty servants and common peasants are not deemed worthy of entry, unless there is an obviously overriding reason to let them in, and the person in the group with the highest social rank is thenceforth treated as the party's leader and spokesman by the Sentinels.

Three packs of seven giant hunting dogs patrol the inside of the walls in case anyone should fly or teleport into the Dominion. Each pack is completely obedient to one of the Attendants, and can be directed telepathically by its master.



Entering the Sixth Dominion

Three concentric walls surround the Sixth Dominion, reaching exactly seven hundred and seventy seven feet high, and each is set exactly three hundred and thirty three feet apart. The first is a wall of steel, the second of glass and the third of solid light, all perfectly smooth and quite impossible to climb.

Gates of mirrored silver allow visitors to pass through each wall in turn. Visitors need not explain exactly what they seek in the Dominion, but should give

The Seventh Dominion

This is a silent, eerie region, cluttered with relics of past crimes too petty for scholars to have recorded. The realm is a labyrinth of country lanes and village streets, city alleys' and castle chambers. Its layout resembles no mortal land, but is more like a collage, all of the elements having been jumbled together indiscriminately.

Thus, for example, one enters through the front door of a peasant dwelling, but finds oneself in a bathhouse. Through a side door, one enters a temple courtyard, and from there a small doorway leads onto a desolate hillside; the opening through which one entered, now seeming to be the entrance to a traveller's tent.

Every place is the site of some forgotten crime, and every object was used to cause some hurt. The Sentinels

of this Dominion remember exactly what every relic represents, and willingly give explanations to visitors. "Here is the doorway where a beggar huddled as she staved one winter's night," and "This is the bath house where a man boasted of his lechery; in this courtyard a young priestess hatched a plot to discredit her rival to secure promotion," and "By this tent, two brothers cursed each other as they quarreled over a leg of rabbit."

In the centre of the Dominion is a great warehouse where (on the mortal plane) slaves were once housed before auction. Now it is the palace of Lord Estarin, who sits on a throne made of wood from paupers' coffins, while all about him, leaves of diaries and malicious letters rustle knee-deep on the floor.

In so far as the Dominions can be measured, this is the most expansive area of the Vault, for although the main roads allow a traveller to cross from one side to another in a matter of minutes, to cross the realm via the back roads and side streets would take a century. To walk the main roads is to pass by the catalogue of crimes, while to walk the back roads is to walk through these testaments to petty evil.

The Sentinels of this Dominion never use the main roads unless they have to, but maintain them for the benefit of outside emissaries and travellers. They spend their days roaming the rooms and lanes, meditating upon the wrongs committed there, or honing their skills.

The sun hangs low in the cool air, casting long shadows. The day is short, the night barely longer, and the twilights stretch on for hours.

Entering the Seventh Dominion

The Seventh Dominion is bounded by broad, still lakes which taste salty (like tears) and bottomless, dark abysses. Rickety wooden bridges span these obstructions, but between these and the Dominion itself is a low wall, forty feet in height. In some places this is made of crumbling masonry, cracked glass or tarnished silver, while in others it is simply an unstable pile of household waste: adulterers' beds, gluttons' tables, etc.

The solid walls cannot be climbed. The makeshift barriers provide numerous hand-holds, but an extra climbing Check must be made to climb them: a failure indicating that the climber has dislodged a number of items from the wall, and tumbled with them into the lake or abyss below.

There are no visible gates in these walls. Those wishing to enter must state the reasons why they seek admission, but anyone making arrogant claims or praising himself will be disappointed. Visitors must present themselves humbly (and should preferably proclaim their own unworthiness) to enter. If successful, visitors find that these walls simply vanish, and likewise when they wish to leave there do not appear to be any such barricades.

There are no magical animals guarding this Dominion. In fact, its greatest defense is its enormous size, as any invading army would soon become completely lost if it strayed from the main roads, its commanders falling to squabbling and the individual soldiers eventually dying of starvation or old age.

The Fringes

There are areas within the Vault which remain unclaimed by any Dominion, lying around the edge of the Vault: the Fringes. These are barren, desolate areas, unaffected by the minds of the High Sentinels. The only influence upon them is that of the embittered Outcast Sentinels, who have abandoned their own Dominions.

The landscape is stark and unfriendly, consisting mainly of sand-swept crags and icy tundra, deserts pocked with tumbleweed and clumps of yellow grasses, plains of grey rock and moors shrouded in dark mists. Occasional landmarks break the horizon, tors and bluffs, deep chasms and lone dead trees. The shelters built by the Outcasts may also be found here. Many are just broken down hovels, but others are elaborate follies built by Sentinels with more sense of drama.

Here stands the creation of a cynic from the Second Dominion, a temple without doors made solely from stained glass, and there is an elaborate classical temple built by one of his fellows. An Outcast from the Fourth Dominion has created his house to resemble a baker's shop, a garish sign in front proclaiming ironically "Even Gods can live by Bread Alone." Sickened by his superiors' refusals to declare an immediate Crusade, a refugee from the Fifth has fashioned his retreat from the skulls of the innocent victims of Demons.

However, it is not only their shelters that conform to the Outcasts' wills. In places the landscape has been molded to reflect their feelings or communicate their attitudes.

Thus, one mountain has been warped by its proximity to a melancholic Outcast, so that it now resembles a humanoid figure sitting slumped and holding its head in its hands. The walls of a gorge several miles long are covered with carved narratives which tell of massacres and of the full lives the victims would have lived if the tragedies had been prevented.

The best known feature of the Fringes, however, is the Castle of Rage: not really a castle, but a hollow mountain, honeycombed by twisting passages and irregular caverns. From throughout the Fringes, caves lead down into the deepest passages, guarded by iron portcullises and red-eyed tigers.

The Castle is the stronghold of Basiam and his brutal supporters, Sentinels who no longer believe in adhering to the Charter imposed upon them by the gods. They believe in unrestrained vendettas against all evil doers, by any means necessary, and by Basiam's power they travel to the mortal plane to pursue this goal.

The Castle is almost excessively defended, with arrow slits facing into most of the passages, hundreds of dead-fall pits and portcullises, chutes for boiling oil to be poured onto attackers, and so-forth. There are over one thousand separate dungeons in the castle, plus armories, forges and scores of torture chambers.

Captives are often brought here from the mortal plane, criminals and sinners of the lowest ilk, either to be interrogated or simply to be used as live targets in combat practice. Screams echo through the passages along with the clang of metal, and the scent of stale blood is always in the air.

Day and night follow one another as on the mortal plane, but after dusk the darkness is profound, and even at noon the light is grey and hazy. After all, this is quite literally a twilight land, where Sentinels who wish to be rid of their duties exile themselves, and which only continues to exist as an adjunct to the Dominions.

Entering the Fringes

There are no special difficulties involved with entering the Fringes. It is here that travellers come from the mortal plane, and most view it as a kind of no-man's land, a place simply to be crossed in order to reach one of the Dominions. It has no defenses or boundaries of its own, but rather the Dominions erect boundaries against it.

Sleek felines prowl the Fringes, resembling emaciated lions, attacking any trespasser of evil alignment but ignoring all others. The great Light Dragons of the Vault also wheel above the Fringes, scouring the ground for unwanted visitors, and at night they may be seen high in the sky, like circling stars.

Navigations Through the Dominions

Because these realms are not normal "lands" and do not have rational geographies, travelling through them is a little different and often rather confusing. The Sentinels move around their own Dominions by thinking about the place they wish to go, or the person they wish to meet, and simply going there. They appear to walk or fly as normal, but in fact they "warp" the reality around them, simply by willing the distance of the journey to be reduced. Thus, they can get anywhere within their own realms in a matter of minutes.

Visitors, and particularly mortals, are reduced to blundering through the Dominions as best they can. Fixed roads and paths usually exist to take visitors to important sites (usually from the gates to the Lord's palace and out again) and wise travellers do not stray from these routes. Otherwise, travellers must navigate by orientating themselves via important landmarks, such as a particularly large towers, mountains, etc., or the moon or sun. However, because the realms are not of a fixed and constant size, it may take a great deal of time, years, even, to make a journey which would have taken minutes by road.

Navigation and Encounters

The only sure way to navigate through the Vault is to gain directions from a resident Sentinel. Sometimes roads lead wherever the traveller wishes to go, but usual-

ly the realm's illogical geography is a hindrance rather than an aid for the traveller.

Anyone wandering aimlessly through the Fringes should role on the table below, once every hour, to determine whether he stumble across the entrance to any Dominion, an exit from the Vault, or a defending creature.

Still, GMs should not permit expeditions to the Vault to seem commonplace or humdrum meanders. Details of the bizarre scenery should be given, plus an occasional encounter with an Outcast or its dwelling. Examples of scenery and incidental features are found in the main description of the Fringes above, and more is said of its inhabitants in chapters 2 and 3.

1D100

- 01-05 Entrance to the First Dominion.
- 06-10 Entrance to the Second Dominion.
- 11-15 Entrance to the Third Dominion.
- 16-20 Entrance to the Fourth Dominion.
- 21-25 Entrance to the Fifth Dominion.
- 26-30 Entrance to the Sixth Dominion.
- 31-35 Entrance to the Seventh Dominion.
- 36-40 Cave. Leads to Castle of Rage.
- 41-50 Fringe Cat. (See monster folio).
- 51-56 Light Dragon. (See monster folio).
- 57-64 Encounter (Outcast, its dwelling, or other, GM's discretion.)
- 65-73 An exit from the Vault.
- 74-00 Nothing

Anyone attempting to return to a place that he has already been in the Vault (such as the gateway though which they entered) may make one Insight Check or Navigation proficiency per hour. For most mortals it is very important that they return via the same gate through which they entered, as another gate might put them thousands of miles away from the regions they are familiar with, or even on another world.

Boundaries

Each Dominion borders onto every other one, and also onto the Fringes which circle the edge of the Vault.

The divisions between one Domain and another vary dramatically. The Vault is an orderly and highly regulated place, and so distinctions of all sorts are clearly maintained. Boundaries are clearly marked, and not only terrain but even the weather can be seen to change completely when moving from one to another.

The exact nature of each border depends upon the individual Dominions which meet in that place, and typical boundaries are indicated in the descriptions below. Where two Dominions meet, the boundary presents a double barrier with one obstruction being raised by each Dominion. Where a Dominion faces onto the Fringes, only the Dominion's defenses bar the way.

All boundaries, without exception, are subject to the will of the exalted High Sentinel of each area, conform-



ing and responding to his will. This means that if the High Sentinel wished a barrier to vanish or change it would do so instantly, and since they generally wish for the barriers to remain as they are, it is inconceivable that they could be affected by mundane methods like burning or hitting them. They are also, therefore, extremely resistant to magic; nothing short of a *Wish* spell can damage or otherwise affect these defenses. Teleporting through or over a boundary requires a spell cast by a wizard of skill ten or higher.

The most common boundaries encountered in the Vault are as follows:

- Abysses:** Impossibly deep pits, up to a mile wide and spanned by bridges which defy all the laws of engineering, are simply chasms filled with void and so completely dark that even the sides are smothered by blackness after a few hundred feet. Anything dropped into the pits is just swallowed up without trace, and these chasms are said to be bottomless. Nonetheless, more than one legend tells of mortal trespassers falling or being hurled into their depths and crashing from the sky in the mortal plane, decades later.

- Walls and Cliffs:** Stone battlements and sheer cliffs of epic proportions guard many Dominions, ranging in height from a mere hundred meters to those so huge that they stretch up beyond the range of mortal view. Such barriers may be scaled by anyone with a natural climbing ability (e.g. thieves) or Mountaineering proficiency, but the walls render useless any magical artifact used to climb or otherwise affect them.

- Natural Barriers:** These include walls made from interwoven thorn bushes (an additional climbing Check required each round, a failure indicating that damage is taken equal to armor class plus 1D6), huge sand banks, impenetrable masses of brambles or bamboo clumps, ditches filled with quicksand, and driving winds too strong to walk into. These barriers resemble plants or substances found naturally on the prime plane, but are inevitably bigger and more dramatic - such as a wall made of living Redwood trees which reach two miles into the sky. Barriers made of wood or plant material take only superficial damage from fire, and regrow as fast as they can be chopped down.

- Artificial Barriers:** Less likely substances have also been used to construct barriers in the Vault. Walls of steel or silver, glass or tangled wire stand on some borders, and are often so smooth or sharp that they cannot be climbed.

- Magical Barriers:** Obviously supernatural barriers also exist. The most common of these is a wall of brilliant light (1-4 damage to all who touch it, and impossible to climb), which forms an impenetrable barrier between the sky and the ground. Other examples include invisible force walls, wards excluding all of evil alignment, and banks of crackling blue electricity.

- Waters:** Bodies of water between fifty feet and a mile across form the boundaries to some Dominions. Some are placid, shimmering surfaces bounded by cliffs, while others are far more dangerous. Rapids thunder at hundreds of miles per hour through rocky gorges (any-

thing up to 20D10 damage per round to anyone who falls in; with a swimming proficiency Check needed to scramble out), fierce whirlpools drag to their deaths anyone who ventures in (two strength Checks and a successful swimming proficiency Check to keep from being sucked down), while giant water elementals lurk in others to destroy intruders. It is uncertain what happens to mortals who drown in these waters, but stories tell of their bodies falling from the sky during hurricanes or floating to the surface of certain lakes and seas; perhaps the waters of the Vault are actually connected to these earthly waters by hidden passages in their depths.

•**Firepits:** Fire is another element used to guard the Dominions. Chasms filled with blistering magma flow in some places (10D10 damage to anyone who falls in), while in others fierce flames leap from fissures in the ground. Constantly burning vegetation (1-4 damage per round) or broad expanses of searing sands may seem comparatively minor inconveniences, but such lightly defended places are often fortified with fire elementals, scorching quicksand, and so on. Anyone falling into the quicksand for example, must immediately make a Dexterity Check or be sucked in, vanishing beneath the sands at the beginning of the next round and coming to rest ten feet below the surface; he drowns in a number of rounds equal to one quarter of his Stamina, somehow extricated from the sands.

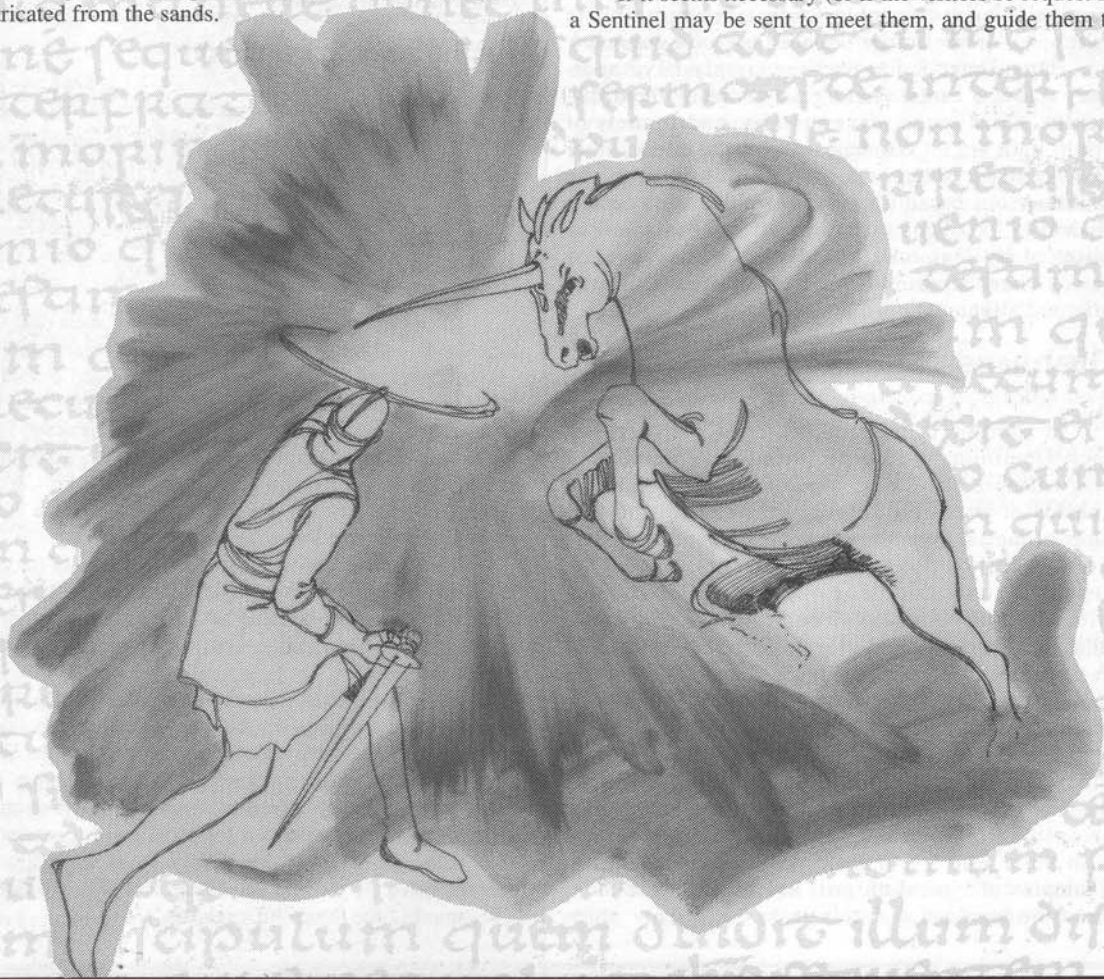
Penetrating the Barriers

People attempting to gain access to the Dominions may find the entrances blocked. Gates stand closed with no attendants; walls without openings or invisible barriers enclose the Dominions.

In order to pass, visitors must state their business: saying who they are, what they want, why they believe the Sentinels should bother speaking to them, etc. The barriers are not actually sentient, but open or remain closed according to the wishes of the exalted High Sentinel who oversees that Dominion. All conscious lies spoken to the doors are seen to be deceptions by the High Sentinel, and neither liars nor those of evil alignment are allowed to enter.

If possible, GMs should make the players roleplay through exactly what their characters are saying, and decide whether the High Sentinel is likely to be impressed by their speeches. Information on the attitudes of each Dominion may be found in the sections below, and in Chapter 2. If the GM is unsure whether or not a character's oration is likely to succeed, he may ask for a Check against the character's Appeal at -3: a success convinces the High Sentinel to allow them in, and a failure does not.

If it seems necessary (or if the visitors so request it) a Sentinel may be sent to meet them, and guide them to



whom or whatever they wish to see. Otherwise, they must simply follow the most obvious path or wander aimlessly.

The most common methods of penetrating the barriers are:

- Bridges:** Chasms and other obstacles are spanned by bridges which defy all the laws of engineering. They vary in appearance from long single spans of stone, to shafts of solid light, to broad stepping stones which float unsupported, to rickety rope bridges which always creek but never give way.

- Gates:** Walls, cliffs and similar barriers usually have gates, portcullises or drawbridges made of wood, steel, silver or solid light, through which visitors may enter. These gates cannot be forcibly opened by any spell, unless the caster is of the skill ten or higher.

- Vanishing Barriers:** Some boundaries, rather than having gates or openings, may seem impassable. Visitors must address these just as a gate or doorway, and if the High Sentinel decides that the visitors may enter the entire barricade dissipates or vanishes. Walls of solid light may fade away, but more startlingly walls of rock or steel may vanish, tangles of briars crumble to dust, towering cliffs split open, or chasms be replaced by solid ground.

- Openings:** Some barriers simply have apertures through which visitors may enter without difficulty. Open gates, cave mouths, and tunnels of bright light are all standard openings, while in other places, silver staircases sweep upwards into the Dominions or broad roads lead straight to its center. However, such easy points of access may be watched by fearsome guardians, or may be disguised or rendered invisible to all those not of lawful good alignment.

Guardians

In addition to their impressive fixed defenses, each Dominion is also protected by a number of magical animals. These are often huge creatures, hybrids or perfectly formed beasts, with the features of mortal animals. Often they resemble eagles, lions, hunting dogs, dragons, stags, peacocks, gryphons, unicorns, leopards and bulls: animals with virtuous or heroic characteristics or connotations. Conversely, they never have the features of darker, evil animals, scavengers or carrion creatures (like wolves, ravens, bats or snakes) which are often associated with the Demons of the Infernus.

These beasts are responsible for dealing with those who intrude upon their Dominion, killing them or driving them away. One guards every gate or opening through the barriers, while others deal with those who try to scale walls or cross chasms. Examples of typical animals are given in the monster folio included with this pack.

Adventure Seeds

To Shake the Vault of Heaven

In which powerful player characters are called to the Vault in order to aid the Sentinels.

A dark magical cloud hangs over the forest around the Third Dominion (as if created by an Elysian's Seven Curtains spell). The High Sentinels cannot see into it, and even the powers of the Lords have been unable to dispel it. Sentinels attempting to walk through or into the forest find that the paths turn back on themselves and walls of brambles and thorns block their way. They are unable to teleport into the forest, and those trying to fly into it from above find their way obstructed by the trees' branches.

The forest has turned against the Sentinels. It is no longer their own realm, and a group of mortal heroes are required to penetrate deep into the forest. In the forest, the player characters might discover a Gateway to the Infernus, erected by the Demon Dukes, through which an Infernal army is soon to invade the plane. Or even worse, a black monolith has been erected by an evil god to hamper the Sentinels. In this case, a new war of the gods might be started if the player characters informed the Sentinels or their own deities of the discovery.

For the Seventh Dominion

"Don't give me this fairy-story about slaying dragons and vanquishing foul whatever! Standing in full armor and swinging a magic sword to win a mountain of gold? I'd do it if I had the chance. But some of us have to live in the real world. Some of us know that evil and suffering is something you live with every day, not something that lurks in a cave. Don't listen to the minstrels. Their songs are lies."

There's no reason why your campaign must deal with epic deeds and mighty heroes. There's no reason why the player characters must support the powerful and defend the status quo. A campaign might equally deal with the mundane problems of the common people, the player characters fighting to defend them against greedy barons, corrupt bureaucracies or exploitative merchants. In its extremist forms, such a campaign might cast the player characters as "Robin Hood" figures, or have them lead a full scale rebellion.

A less radical way to do this is to have most of the player characters come from a single village or city tenement. They might head off on other adventures, but the affairs of their impoverished families and friends provide on-going intrigue and conflict.

Possible plots include saving a man condemned to death by a corrupt judge who has designs on his wife, raising funds to pay intolerable tax burdens, exposing or punishing corrupt priests, negotiating fair trade terms for farmers who are being swindled by a cartel of merchants, rescuing impoverished peasants condemned for poaching or cheating on their taxes, etc. In all of these things the player characters could receive the aid and encouragement of a Warden or Champion of the Seventh Dominion.

Chapter 4

Elysiats & Seraphists



This chapter explains the ways in which mortals may come to serve the Sentinels, and what manner of mortal might receive the continual aid of these beings. Many people may receive aid from the Sentinels at some stage in their lives, but only a rare few are singled out to for prolonged support. First, this chapter introduces two complete new character classes, including full rule details and explanations of training, personality and objectives.

The **Elysiat** is a wizard subclass, studying an obscure branch of the School of Conjunction and Summoning, drawing upon the Sentinels' powers to fuel their magics. The **Seraphist**, by contrast, is a priest subclass, selflessly working in partnership with these beings to combat evil across the mortal realm.

Elysiats

The Elysiat is a specialist wizard, studying obscure aspects of Conjuring and Summoning magics. They use four sided HTK dice and the same experience and spell progression tables as other wizards.

Like other specialists, the Elysiat gains one extra spell slot per spell level, receives a +1 bonus to save vs Conjuring/Summoning magics, the usual 15% bonus when learning spells of that school, and the immediate acquisition of a new spell on reaching each successive spell level. However, when learning spells of another school, he suffers a -30% penalty.

Elysiats may not learn magics of the school of Greater Divination, nor the school of Invocation.

Objectives

Elysiats aim to control and coerce the powers of the Vault to further their own ends. They see the Dominions and Sentinels as little more than vast stores of latent magical power, which can be molded to serve mortal desires.

In this they are little different from most other wizards, except perhaps, that they are more unscrupulous in the powers they are prepared to exploit, and pursue these magics for any number of reasons.

Some are evil folk, delighting in using divine powers for malign ends. Others consider them-

selves to be rectifying one of the universe's greatest injustices; making divine power available for the fight against evil, despite the Sentinels' Charter. Most are simply hedonists, using these magics just as many other wizards do, to further their own ambitions, aid in their adventuring careers, or gain them wealthy patrons to feed and house them.

The Elysiat's powers are often slightly greater than normal wizards': the effects of some first-level spells, for example, may be more potent than most other wizards' first-level magics. They are, after all, using their powers to tap much greater sources of energy.

But drawing on the powers of the Vault has its own dangers. The Sentinels no longer look favorably on Elysiats (even one of good alignment) and although they do not consider it worth acting against petty malefactors, they may move to punish or restrain powerful Elysiats.

It is also said that these spells, which plunder the powers of the gods, were created and spread by servants of Duke Malphas, Demon Duke of Hubris, to lead mortals into sin. To cast any of these spells, therefore, is to imperil one's immortal soul.

Prerequisites

An Elysiat's prime requisite is Intelligence, which must be at least 14. An Elysiat may be human elven, or half-elven. Like other wizards, they may only use the simplest of weapons (staff, dagger, knife, dart, club) and cannot wear armor.

Alignment

Elysiats may be of any alignment except lawful good. Their powers, after all, involve stealing the essence of the beings appointed by the gods to oppose evil (which is hardly a lawful or virtuous way to behave). Neutral good and lawful neutral Elysiats are similarly quite rare, and most have some sort of chaotic alignment.

Personality

Men and women may become Elysiats for a wide variety of reasons: some to avenge them-

selves upon the Sentinels, others as a way to fight evil, some because it seemed a good way to gain wealth or power, others simply because their parents sent them to become an Elysiat's apprentice. Thus, Elysiats exhibit a great many different personality types. Some are aggressively rebellious, others coldly calculating, some bitter, passionate, hedonistic, acquisitive, or power-hungry.

They are more easily distinguished by what they are not. Their work, for example, requires that they are prepared to oppose the representatives of the gods themselves so Elysiats are never pious in any normal sense. Similarly, they are rarely timid, respectful, reflective or even long-sighted, as they blatantly stand up against the greatest of authorities, the gods, despite the consequent danger to their souls. Many are megalomaniac manipulators, unashamedly using whatever means they can to achieve their ends without a thought for the side-effects of their machinations.

Still, most people find that they cannot completely shake the values which they learned as children. Those who were brought up in societies which revered or respected the gods may find their life as an Elysiat causes them a great deal of pain, guilt, self-loathing, even fear. Even the most hardened must sometimes wonder at their own effrontery: defying the gods' own guardians; questioning their actions; and sometimes feeling a little doubt, remorse or fear. Innocent happiness is not a luxury which many Elysiat's can enjoy.

Followers and Stronghold

Elysiats may build a stronghold upon reaching thirteenth level, but only attract 1-4 followers. These are usually junior Elysiats, hoping to learn from the character.

Powers and Abilities

As already mentioned, Elysiats gain one additional spell per spell level, gaining knowledge of these spells automatically without having to formally learn them. They also gain a +15% bonus to learn spells of the school of Conjuring and Summoning and a +1 to saving throws against magics from that school, but suffer a -30% penalty when learning spells from other schools and a -1 penalty to saving throws against other specialists' magics of other schools. In addition to this, Elysiats gain the following abilities:

- **RECOGNIZE THE VAULT'S MAGIC:** An Elysiat may attempt to identify a magic as being derived from the Vault. This includes other Elysiats' spells, enchantments woven by or items created by the Sentinels, and gates to the Vault. The character must touch or hold the object or stand within the area affected by the enchantment,

and concentrate for one round. No other action is possible during this time. If the character succeeds in an Insight Check, he can tell whether the magic is of the Vault. If the Check fails he may not try to identify the same magic again until he goes up a skill level or somehow increases his Insight attribute. This ability cannot be used to identify or sense the presence of Sentinels.

- **RESISTANCE TO THE VAULT'S MAGIC:**

All Elysiats gain a +2 bonus to save against any magic cast by a Sentinel, and against the effects of any item enchanted by a Sentinel.

New Proficiency

The following new non-weapon proficiency is frequently possessed by Elysiats and Seraphists. It is added to both the **wizards'** and **priests'** proficiency lists and may be gained by all other classes who normally have access to those groups.

SERAPHIC LORE (Insight): This proficiency represents a character's knowledge of the Sentinels and their realm. A character with this proficiency has a basic understanding of the Sentinels' organization, and the nature of reality in the Vault. (Included with this pack is a player handout, *A Treatise on our Divine Aid*, which presents this information from the character's point of view). The character also has a familiarity with local legends and rumors concerning the Sentinels' activities and Gates to the Vault.

To decide whether a character knows a particular piece of information (such as the best way to navigate through a Dominion, or figure out the Dominion and Order of a particular Sentinel) a proficiency Check should be made. A character with this proficiency may identify a Sentinel by appearance or from his name, and may also identify which Dominion a Sentinel's creation comes from by noting its markings or design. With an additional Spellcraft proficiency Check the character may identify objects useful in an Elysiat's or Seraphist's magics.

Elysiat Magics

These spells form a subschool of the School of Conjuraction and Summoning. They are designed for the presumptuous purpose of summoning and controlling the Sentinels and their servants, without their consent, and drawing on their powers. According to some theorists, the use of these magics is inherently sinful, and any regular practitioner loses his soul to Malphas, Demonic Duke of Hubris. In addition to these spells, Elysiats may learn the other spells of that school as if they were normal specialist Conjurers.



LEVEL ONE: *Enchantment Against Evil, Enchantment Against Chaos, Summon Guardian*
LEVEL TWO: *Hold Guardian, Insight, The Silver Wall*
LEVEL THREE: *Dismiss Guardian, Stave of Light, Create Miniature Realm*
LEVEL FOUR: *Binding Knot, Bind Guardian, Vault Knock*
LEVEL FIVE: *Lesser Pathway, Summon Sentinel*
LEVEL SIX: *Hold Sentinel, The Single Curtain*
LEVEL SEVEN: *Create Lesser Realm*
LEVEL EIGHT: *Dismiss Sentinel, Greater Pathway*
LEVEL NINE: *Bind Sentinel, Create Major Realm, Summon Lord, The Seven Curtains*

First-Level Spells

ENCHANTMENT AGAINST EVIL

Skill Level: 1 Components: V, S, M
 Range: 0 TTC: 1 round
 Duration: 1 turn/level Saving Throw: None
 Area of Effect: 1 item

Through this spell, the wizard imbues a weapon or other object with divine power drawn from the Sentinels' realms. Any creature or person of evil alignment touching the object receives a sharp pain like an electric shock. If such a being carries the object, he takes 1-6 points of damage each round.

Moreover, if the item enchanted is a weapon, it is considered to become a +0 enchanted weapon whenever it is used against evil foes, for the duration of the spell. No extra damage or to hit bonus follows from this, but the object may be used to combat evil creatures who can only be

struck by magic weapons.

More imaginative uses include casting the spell on a rope up which an evil foe must climb (thus causing him 1-6 points of damage per turn), the saddle of a horse which the villain intends to flee upon, and so-forth. The spell may also be used as a test: handing an enchanted object to someone who is suspected of being evil and watching to see if they recoil.

ENCHANTMENT AGAINST CHAOS

Skill Level: 1 Components: V, S, M
 Range: 0 TTC: 1 round
 Duration: 1 turn/level
 Saving Throw: None
 Area of Effect: 1 item

This spell functions in the same way as the *Enchantment Against Evil* spell, except that it draws upon the Sentinels' antipathy to chaos in order to work against chaotic people and creatures. The material component, in this case, is powdered quartz, valued at 5 gp per measure.

PRESERVATION

Skill Level: 1 Components: V, S, M
 Range: 10 feet/level TTC: 1 round
 Duration: Permanent Saving Throw: None
 Area of Effect: 1 lb of remains/level

If cast on a Sentinel's physical form immediately after he is slain, this spell causes a small quantity of him to be preserved rather than melting away as is usual. The amount of the body preserved is equal to the caster's level in pounds, and the exact parts which are preserved are determined by the caster.

Not merely a way of getting uncouth trophies and ornaments, this spell is widely used by Elysians to gain the material components necessary for more potent spells: preserved hair, blood, and such fetch good prices with unscrupulous wizards.

SUMMON GUARDIAN

Skill Level: 1 Components: V, S, M
 Range: 1 yard/level TTC: 1 turn
 Duration: 1 hour/level Saving Throw: None
 Area of Effect: Special

With this spell the wizard calls from the Vault one of the beasts which guards the Dominions. In order to cast the spell, the wizard must draw a circle upon the ground with a silver staff or wand costing at least 100 gp. The creature is summoned into the circle (provided that the caster is within range of its center). The silver staff may be kept and reused any number of times.

There is also an additional material component which is optional. This is an item taken from such a Guardian, such as a claw, tooth or wing. The creature summoned is the same type as that from which the material component was taken. If no physical component is used the GM should randomly determine what type of beast arrives.

Once the creature arrives, the caster may attempt to speak with it, as all beasts of the Vault are able to understand mortal speech. If the wizard wants the creature's aid, however, he must be particularly persuasive: succeed in two Appeal Checks or have a very good cause, or use a *Binding* spell (below).

The creature is unlikely to appreciate being torn so rudely from the Vault. It is not bound to remain in the circle, and will attack the caster if he is of evil alignment (unless there is a clear reason why it should not do so). Unless the wizard can persuade the creature otherwise, it will attack any evil person or creature within sight and, if no targets present themselves, leaves the area. It cannot leave the prime plane, however, until the spell's duration has passed.

When the spell wears off, the creature is returned to the Vault. If it is killed on the mortal plane it reforms in the Vault.

Second-Level Spells

HOLD GUARDIAN

Skill Level: 2	Components: V, S, M
Range: 2 yards/level	TTC: 1 round
Duration: Special	Saving Throw: Neg.
Area of Effect: Special	

The caster takes a thin iron chain or rope and, holding it towards the target Guardian, utters the incantation. If it fails to save vs the spell it stands immobile, able to fight but unable to move from where it stands.

The caster may continue to hold the Guardian by continuing to hold the chain towards the target. If he attempts any other action, the spell ceases. The Guardian, meanwhile, may attempt to save every turn in order to escape from the spell.

If the target successfully saves vs the spell, the iron chain shatters. The caster cannot, in any case, maintain the spell for more than double his own Insight score in rounds (i.e. an Elysiat with an Insight of 14 could maintain this spell for no more than 28 rounds). If the spell ends without the Guardian having saved, the chain (worth at least 100 sp) may be reused in subsequent castings.

INSIGHT

Skill Level: 2	Components: V, S, M
Range: 0	TTC: 1 round
Duration: 1 turn/level	Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: 1 turn/level	

This spell permits the caster to understand any words, writing, or symbol created or used by a Sentinel to communicate information. Thus, if a Sentinel is using a language the caster does not speak, this spell permits him to understand the Sentinel for the spell's duration. An obscure manuscript may also be read by the use of this spell - the caster deciphering as much of the writing as he could normally read during the spell's duration.

As well as these obvious applications, the spell may also be used to comprehend non-verbal methods of communication used by Sentinels. Thus, the geometric patterns used by the Sixth Dominion to explain hierarchy may be understood (although it might be unwise to use the spell for this reason): just as a mortal who stared into a true depiction of pure evil would most likely go insane, so a mortal who sees in these patterns a true depiction of total order is likely to be scarred mentally by the experience.

Metaphors and allegories used by the Sentinels may also be understood through this spell. So, if a garden had been designed to portray the history of humanity, this magic could allow the observer to understand the lay-out of the garden, and thus (with each Insight Check, one per round) discern a specific fact about the past or even the future.

For all its potential, however, this is not a spell which many Elysiats find frequently useful. Rather it is usually a conjuration learned by powerful wizards. It also has several limitations; it cannot determine the answers to riddles, cannot intercept telepathic communications used by Sentinels, and does not reveal the powers of magical items. Moreover, it only deciphers words and symbols used by Sentinels, or accurate copies or transcripts of their utterances. It does not help the caster understand languages or ciphers designed by Sentinels when these are used by others.

The material component of this spell is a pure silver ball, at least four inches across and worth at least 100 sp, which must be held in the right hand for the duration of the spell.

THE SILVER WALL

Skill Level: 2	Components: V, S, M
Range: 0	TTC: 1 round
Duration: 1 round/level	Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: 50'/level	

This spell creates a spherical area around the caster, with a radius of fifty feet for each level, which no minor Sentinel's power may penetrate. To cast it, the Elysiat must merely intone the correct words and snap a thick piece of silver wire (valued at at least 5 sp, and thin enough to not require a Strength Check) which is blackened and destroyed by the energies thus released. The perimeter of the spell's area of effect acquires a slight silver shimmer which may be visible to anyone outside but not inside the area (Insight Check or Spot Hidden to notice).

Only High Sentinels, Lords and Attendants may overcome this spell's powers. All other Sentinels are incapable of manifesting within, casting magics into or exerting their wills within the area. Not only is the caster thus safe from their powers, but those within the area who normally receive a Sentinel's aid (like Scions) cannot benefit. Those slain within the area still dissipate to reform in the Vault as usual.

Objects enchanted by Sentinels retain their powers. There is nothing stopping a physically manifested Sentinel from walking into the area, although once inside he cannot use any of his powers.

Third-Level Spells

DISMISS GUARDIAN

Skill Level: 3

Range: 10'/level

Duration: Instant

Area of Effect: Special

Components: V, S, M

TTC: 1 round

Saving Throw: Neg.

This spell is used to banish Guardians back to their proper Dominions. The caster must stare at the target, utter the correct verbals and snap a silver thread (worth 5 sp). If the Guardian successfully saves vs. the spell, he remains unaffected; if he fails to save, it simply vanishes from the mortal realm, reappearing in the Vault in three days.

STAVE OF LIGHT

Skill Level: 3

Range: 0

Duration: 1 round/level

Area of Effect: Special

Components: V, S, M

TTC: 1 round

Saving Throw: None

Starting from any existing light source (a glowing gem, a candle's flame, a light caused by a Cantrip, etc.), the caster causes a five foot stave of brilliant white light to form. The stave begins to grow from the light source at the beginning of the round, and by the time the spell has been completed, it sits in the caster's hands as a blazing white rod, as hard and as tough as diamond. (Obviously, the light source must be within five feet of the caster, and constitutes the material component of the spell).

The stave has a number of functions. First it may be used as a weapon by anyone normally able to use a staff, counting as a +1 magical staff (although it shatters if used to strike a Sentinel). Secondly, it provides a cold but efficient light source, illuminating all up to fifty feet away, although its rays cannot penetrate magical darkness. Thirdly, the staff's wielder gains a +1 bonus to save against all spells and magical effect cast by evil creatures or people.

CREATE MINIATURE REALM

Skill Level: 3

Range: Special

Components: V, S, M

TTC: 1 round

Duration: 3 weeks

Area of Effect: Special

Saving Throw: None

This spell actually creates a miniature private plane or alternative dimension for the caster's use. The spell takes part of the essence of the Vault, reshapes and recreates it to form a small space (no more than one yard in length, height and breadth) which exists in its own plane.

When casting this spell, the wizard must have a scrap of clothing, hank of hair, vial of blood or other item taken from a Sentinel, which is the material component. The power to create the Realm is then drawn from that Sentinel's Dominion. He must also have a physical object or "focus" to which the new Realm is anchored; miniature chests, mirrors and hoops are all common foci.

The Realm may be accessed from the point on the prime plane where the focus is kept, and from nowhere else. Anyone may reach through the focus (put their hand through a hoop or mirror, for example) and pull out or leave an object. This can look pretty strange when a three foot object is dragged through a six inch focus, and Elysians should take care not to lose their foci.

The Miniature Realm may be used to store or hide items, carry luggage, etc. As the Realm always occupies the same "position" relative to its focus it is an ideal way to carry bulky or heavy objects without inconvenience.

This plane cannot sustain human, animal or plant life, and so while it can be used to stash a corpse in, the wizard cannot use it as a place of refuge or haven for his allies. Anyone entering the Realm begins to suffocate immediately (assume that they loose 1-6 points of Stamina each round until they climb out or die).

The Realm can also be accessed from the Astral plane (just as the first level of any other plane can be). Here, it appears as a shadowy box of the appropriate dimensions, and through *Astral Spells* or similar modes of Astral travel it is possible to peer into another's Miniature Realm, attack or cast spells on the object inside, and remove any magical contents.

Anything remaining in the Realm when the spell's duration expires is immediately obliterated (which makes it a cunningly simple method of destroying a usually indestructible object). The pieces may also, at the GM's discretion, be found floating in an appropriate part of the Astral plane.

Fourth-Level Spells

BINDING KNOT

Skill Level: 4

Range: 50'

Duration: Special

Area of Effect: 1 target

Components: V, S, M

TTC: 1 round

Saving Throw: Neg.

In order to cast this spell the Elysiat must have a rope, at least two feet long and half an inch thick, which must have the hair of a Sentinel woven into it. The other strands may be of almost any other substance. Through the power of this spell and the Sentinel's hair, the rope may be used to ensnare any evil or neutral spirit.

In order to cast the spell, the caster must know and be able to focus upon the position of the target spirit, which must be within fifty feet. Usually, this means that the caster must see the spirit, but it suffices that the spirit be in a clearly definable location which is visible to the caster. Thus, a spirit which is invisible to the caster may still be ensnared if he knows that it is in a certain bottle, magical circle, etc.

As the spell is cast, the Elysiat knots the rope in a predefined, elaborate pattern, and the spirit is drawn and bound into the center of the knot, from which it cannot pull free.

The spirit can, however, still use its powers to a limited degree. While it cannot affect or attack anything outside of the rope, it can use any powers which allow it to merely communicate (e.g. with mortal allies, supernatural servants, etc.), who may feel inclined to aid it). It can also use the full range of its powers on the rope, so if it could normally magically disintegrate or loosen a rope, it can extricate itself from this binding.

While the spirit is thus trapped, any class of wizard may communicate with it telepathically, merely by grasping the rope. Thus, an Elysiat may use this spell to collect a number of spiritual advisors or hostages (ghosts, minor demons, undead, etc.) who can be consulted or bargained with whilst ensnared.

If the knot is severed or undone, however, the spirit is immediately freed, and if in the vicinity of the caster it may waste little time in taking its revenge.

BIND GUARDIAN

Skill Level: 4
Range: 1 yard/level
Duration: 1 week/level
Area of Effect: Special

Components: V, S, M
TTC: 1 round
Saving Throw: Neg.

This spell may be cast on any Guardian beast from the Vault of Heaven - but does not work on Sentinels who are manifest in animal form. Its function is to render the Guardian obedient to the caster for the duration of the spell; it will defend, attack and perform other simple tasks at command, understanding whatever language the caster speaks.

A bound Guardian will even kill itself if commanded (reforming in the Vault three days later), but will not perform any evil action or attack any Sentinel. When the binding wears off, the Guardian returns immediately to the Vault, but neither it nor its Sentinel masters are likely to appreciate the caster's interference.

This requires the same material component as the level one *Summon Guardian* spell, after which it is frequently cast.

VAULT KNOCK

Skill Level: 4
Range: 10'
Duration: Instant
Area of Effect: Special

Components: V, S, M
TTC: 1 round
Saving Throw: None

Just as a normal *Knock* spell opens normal locked doors, this spell opens sealed gateways to the Vault.

The physical component of this spell is a golden key inscribed with arcane symbols, worth at least 50 gp, which must be hurled towards the door to open it. This physical component vanishes when successfully used.

The spell cannot break physical seals (such as iron bars), but can remove enchantments which prevent such a gateway from being opened (invisible cords of power are broken, etc.). Further, there will be situations in which this spell cannot help the caster open a gateway: if the portal requires wisdom or courage to enter, for example, this spell cannot endow the caster with these virtues. It can, however, get through spells which would normally require a password, magical artifact or incantation. Vault Knock cannot be used to open portals to planes other than the Vault.

Fifth-Level Spells

LESSER PATHWAY

Skill Level: 5
Range: 0
Duration: Special
Area of Effect: Special

Components: V, S, M
TTC: 1 round
Saving Throw: None

Through this spell, an Elysiat may open a path to the Vault, and thus travel to the Sentinels' home plane.

The caster must form a real, physical pathway by having paving slabs laid, trampling down undergrowth, burning away a line of grass, or any other means. It must, however, be a new path, never before used by anyone. (The Elysiat need not do this manual labor personally, of course, but may employ underlings.)

The caster then "opens" the path by casting the spell and scattering the physical component before him (this being a hand-full of earth from a place where no mortal has ever dwelt). The next 10 people to walk down the path are then taken to the Vault, beginning to fade as they walk, being impervious to physical damage by the time they are half way, and vanishing completely as they reach the far end. Meanwhile, as they fade out of the mortal realm, they fade in to the Fringes of the Vault, appearing at the end of a path identical to that which they have just used on the plane prime.

The caster need not be amongst this travelling group. Indeed, many Elysiats are so unpopular with the Sentinels that they would be foolish to enter their realm. All who go can return by walking down the path in the Fringes, fading from the Vault and reappearing in the mortal world, or may seek some other gateway out. The path remains visible in the Fringes until all the travellers have left the Vault, or for one lunar month has passed, whichever comes first.

SUMMON SENTINEL

Skill Level: 5
Range: 1 yard/level
Duration: 1 hour/level
Area of Effect: Special

Components: V, S, M
TTC: 1 turn
Saving Throw: None

This spell works in the same manner as the *Summon Guardian* spell above. It requires a silver stave (as above) to draw the summoning circle as well as seven stakes which are driven into the ground around the circle, each made of iron and inscribed with arcane symbols (worth 50 sp each). Most importantly, the caster must have a portion of the body of the Sentinel to be summoned (a tooth, lock of hair, etc).

The preparation of the circle and the incantation together take one turn to complete. At the end of this time, the Sentinel is transported into the center of the circle, but remains free to act as it wishes: the caster, has no control over it.

Whether the Sentinel speaks with, attacks or just leaves the caster depends upon the caster's alignment, apparent intentions, past deeds, and other such factors. Rather than rolling for reaction, the GM should work out the being's response to the summoner on the basis of what he knows about him.

Sixth-Level Spells

HOLD SENTINEL

Skill Level: 6
Range: 1 yard/level
Duration: Special
Area of Effect: Special

Components: V, S, M
TTC: 1 round
Saving Throw: Neg.

The caster takes a thick iron chain in his hands and, holding it towards the target Sentinel, utters the incantation. If the Sentinel fail to save vs. the spell, he stands immobile, able to speak, fight, cast spells, but not move from where he stands.

The caster may continue to hold the Sentinel by maintaining his own stance, unmoving, with the iron chain held outstretched towards the target. Any other action, spell casting, or even conversation causes the caster's concentration to falter and the spell to cease. The Sentinel, meanwhile, may attempt to save every turn in order to escape from the spell.

If the target successfully saves vs. the spell, the iron chain shatters. The caster cannot, in any case, maintain the spell for more than his own Insight score in rounds (i.e. an Elysiat with an Insight of 14 could maintain this spell for no more than 14 rounds). If the spell ends without the Sentinel having saved, the chain (worth 200 sp) may be reused in subsequent castings.

THE SINGLE CURTAIN

Skill Level: 6
Range: 0
Duration: 1 hour/level
Area of Effect: 10 yards/level

Components: V, S, M
TTC: 1 round
Saving Throw: None

The Single Curtain magically masks an area so that it is invisible from one of the Thrones. Thus, if a wizard is in conflict with Sentinels of one Dominion, or wishes that they do not know of a particular action he intends to perform, this spell can be used to keep actions secret from them.

This is particularly useful when planning malign plots or conspiracies against that Dominion, creating enchanted items, summoning major demons, laying traps for Sentinels, copying evil tomes, and so forth.

The caster lights five fires around the area to be obscured, throwing upon them various spices and chemicals. These cause the fires to produce thick, vile smelling smoke, which rises to form a dark, opaque canopy over the area. These powders cost 1,000 gp to procure from merchants, alchemists, and so forth, and then require one further ingredient: a pinch of powdered black diamond, a rare and often unavailable gem, which costs at least another 1,000 gp. The smoke lingers for the duration of the spell, and then dissipates as the fires die.

Seventh-Level Spells

CREATE LESSER REALM

Skill Level: 7
Range: Special
Duration: 3 years
Area of Effect: Special

Components: V, S, M
TTC: 1 turn
Saving Throw: None

A more impressive version of the *Create Miniature Realm* spell, above, this enables the wizard to draw enough power from the Vault to create an area up to five hundred cubic feet large (the size of a very small room) on a separate, private plane. This Realm can support mortal, animal or plant life. Its internal features are determined by the caster when it is formed, but its fittings and fixtures vanish if brought back to the mortal plane.

Because this is a more impressive effect, the material component must be a fragment of the Dominion from which the power is taken: a handful of dirt, or a piece of masonry, as examples.

The method in which one accesses the Realm is determined by the caster during the long ritual which creates it. One method is to enchant a focus, as with the *Miniature Realm* spell, and say that anyone touching the focus may pass through. However, the wizard is unable to take such a focus with him into the Realm, and also cannot determine who may or may not enter.

Another method is to create a ring or amulet, which allows the wearer to step into and out of the Realm at will, taking along anything carried and anyone touching him - thus granting sole access to the Realm to the wearer, and allowing him to leave things or people in the Realm without them being able to escape easily.

Alternatively, the caster may bind the Realm to a particular spot on the mortal plane. At this place, entrance may be gained by stepping through a special doorway, reciting a particular sentence, or performing a simple action (like knocking on the ground three times).

Such Realms may be used as escape-proof prisons, hidden treasures, secret studies or spell-casting rooms, etc. As they lie outside of the mortal plane the Sentinels cannot see into them.

As in the *Miniature Realm* spell, this private plane can be accessed via the Astral plane, and anything left in it when its duration expires is completely destroyed.

Eighth-Level Spells

DISMISS SENTINEL

Skill Level: 8	Components: V,S,M
Range: 1 yard/level	TTC: 1 round
Duration: Instant	Saving Throw: Neg.
Area of Effect: Special	

In order to cast this version of the *Dismiss Guardian* spell, the Elysiat must stare at the target, utter the correct verbals and snap a silver thread (worth 5 sp). If the Sentinel successfully saves vs. the spell, he remains to do as he wishes; if he fails to save, he is removed from the mortal realm, reappearing three days later in the Vault.

This delay can actually be very important, particularly if the Sentinel's presence is required or has been pledged elsewhere at that time. A cunning (but powerful) Elysiat might *Summon* and immediately *Dismiss* a Sentinel, simply so that he cannot act for three days.

GREATER PATHWAY

Skill Level: 8	Components: V,S,M
Range: 0	TTC: 1 turn
Duration: Special	Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: Special	

Through this spell an Elysiat may open pathways to the Thrones of the High Sentinels.

The spell requires a physical road, at least one mile long, which has never been trodden by mortal feet (a trail of ants or a stray field mouse do not count). The road must be made of marble or chalk, each paving slab inscribed by a magical sigil. Paying for the construction of such a road would cost around 10,000 gp, assuming that suitable supplies of stone and labor were available.

The caster then "opens" the path by casting the spell. Only one person may then use the road. He must carry some object associated with one Dominion (an item crafted there, a piece of a Sentinel's physical form, etc.) and as the person walks down the path he begins to fade away.

By the time the person reaches the end of the physical road, he has vanished from the mortal world and has arrived at the Throne associated with the object carried.

The end of the road is visible in the Throne and, in theory, the person may leave the Throne by this route. However, as the Throne conforms to the will of the High Sentinel, the traveller's fate is now completely in this being's hands. The visitor must be tactful, restrained and reasonable if he wishes to return safely to the mortal plane.

Ninth-Level Spells

BIND SENTINEL

Skill Level: 9	Components: V,S,M
Range: 1 yard/level	TTC: 1 day
Duration: 1 round/level	Saving Throw: Neg.
Area of Effect: Special	

This greatly enhanced version of the *Bind Guardian* spell can enslave a lesser Sentinel (not an Attendant, Lord, or High Sentinel) for a brief period of time.

Rather than the simpler incantation for the lesser binding, this requires an elaborate ceremony, lasting from dawn until dusk. The casting requires a pre-prepared circle or cage made of pure silver into which the Sentinel is to be summoned, with braziers of carved crystal and polished mirrors encircling the room. All of this must be ritually prepared over the period of one lunar month, and during the casting and preparation, expensive balms and spices must be burnt and various other rites performed. This complex paraphernalia should cost at least 10,000 gp, and may be extremely difficult to obtain.

Finally, a portion of the Sentinel to be summoned must be placed in the center of the summoning area, and the invocations commenced. The ceremony must continue from dawn until dusk without interruption, and during this time various omens may be observed in the surrounding lands. (Dark clouds roll overhead, statues in temples of law can be seen to weep, etc.)

When the ceremony is completed the caster permanently loses one Stamina point as a result of

the mental and physical exertions. The caster must then immediately *Summon* the Sentinel in question, which appears in the circle or cage. If the Sentinel saves vs. spell, he is still summoned, but is free to act as he wishes.

It is important to note that the spell cannot be used on a Sentinel which is already present. The *Binding* spell must be cast first, to prepare the Summoning area. Secondly, unless the casting is hidden by a *Curtain* spell, the Sentinel in question and his allies have the whole day to seek mortal aid or take their own steps to prevent the Binding, if they wish.

Once summoned and bound, the Sentinel may be ordered to exercise the full extent of his almost god-like powers. He may, for example, be forced to cast the equivalent of a *Wish* spell every ten rounds, or a Limited *Wish* every four rounds. He may be forced to imbue an object with power, cast potent magics as the caster orders, etc. Cunningly malign Elysians may find ways to make the Sentinel act against his own kind, or may demand that he betray his mortal allies or his Lord's schemes, but although the Sentinel cannot lie or refuse to answer a question, he is not bound to keep any promises he makes. He also cannot be forced to commit any directly chaotic or evil act. When the spell expires the Sentinel is free to act as he wishes.

CREATE MAJOR REALM

Skill Level: 9	Components: V,S,M
Range: Special	TTC: 1 hour
Duration: 33 years	Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: Special	

More potent than *Create Minor Realm*, this spell permits a wizard to create a private extra-planar estate up to one mile across and one mile high, filled with whatever he desires: beautiful gardens, hellish prisons, mighty castles, etc. The spell can even create simple animals to live in the area: rabbits, beavers, birds, serpents, etc.

Thus, wizards can create their own private paradises, or reflections of their own darkest nightmares; they can make their dream homes, or warped environments in which to imprison or study others. Idealistic wizards have even used this to create private lands in which to establish utopian communities without the usual worries of life on the mortal plane.

As with the *Create Minor Realm* spell, the caster is free to determine the method by which the land is accessed. And, similarly, the land is approachable via the Astral plane, and anything left in it when the spell expires is destroyed.

Unlike the Minor version, this spell requires two material components. First, the caster must have a physical part of the Vault. Second, he must have a detailed scale model, which determines the appearance of the Realm to be created.

The cost of the model depends upon what it depicts. If the Realm is simply to be a barren plane or desert, the wizard need only gather a tray full of earth or sand. If, on the other hand, the realm is to contain a magnificent castle of pure gold, then the wizard must get a large quantity of gold and an outstanding goldsmith to work it, which might cost some 100,000 gp and take a decade to complete.

SUMMON LORD

Skill Level: 9	Components: V,S,M
Range: 1 yard/level	TTC: 7 hours
Duration: Instant	Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: Special	

This spell works in the same manner as the *Summon Sentinel* spell above, and is used to call the most powerful beings of the Vault: Lords, Attendants and the Light Dragons of the vault.

Like the *Summon Sentinel* spell, this requires the silver stave and seven iron stakes to mark out the summoning circle. Most importantly, the caster must have a portion of the body of the being which is to be summoned, and the difficulty of gaining such remains means that this spell is cast very rarely.

The preparation of the circle and the lengthy incantation together take three turns to complete. At the end of this time, the Sentinel is brought into the center of the circle, accompanied by suitably dramatic natural effects (flashes of lightning, warm breezes, etc.) However, the being remains free to act as he wishes; the caster has no control over him.

As with the *Summon Sentinel* spell, the GM should work out the being's response to the summoner on the basis of what he knows about him.

THE SEVEN CURTAINS

Skill Level: 9	Components: V,S,M
Range: 0	TTC: 1 turn
Duration: 3 hours/level	Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: 50 yards/level	

The *Seven Curtains* is an improved version of the *Single Curtain* spell, above. It masks an area (up to the caster's level times 50 yards in radius) with a thick black smoke, through which none of the High Sentinels can see. Thus, a wizard may keep a lengthy action or set of actions secret from the Thrones.

This spell is cast just as the *Single Curtain* spell is, by lighting five fires around the area to be obscured and throwing various spices and chemicals onto them, although the ritual preamble for this spell is longer and more of the ingredients must be burned. The cost of the powders must be at least 3,000 gp, plus 2,000 gp worth of powdered black diamond.

This spell is particularly useful in secretly preparing and casting archmagics, although it

could be used to create magical artifacts or realms, negotiate with a powerful demon, etc.

Origins

Most Elysiats gain their magical training in the usual way; they are selected by a learned wizard or present themselves to him, work as an apprentice or assistant for a number of years, and eventually pick up the rudiments of their master's magics.

The rare exemptions are those who already practice magic, but decide to diversify into this field (particularly Thaumaturgists, who deal with Demons, may have reason to control or plunder the divine powers) and those who are actually taught by Demons. A disguised fiend might pose as an Elysiat to take a child as an apprentice, but more likely the Demon would circulate a book from which mortals could teach themselves how to cast these magics.

Elysiats and Society

In the societies where the gods of law are revered, Elysiats are not tolerated. In fact, their studies are considered akin to blasphemy or even

treason, and if discovered, they may be executed.

Even in less moralistic societies, disasters and wars might lead to Elysiats being scapegoated: lynched, banished or exterminated. They are also often at risk from witch hunts and Demon hunts, as howling mobs and zealous Inquisitors are inclined to see those who steal Sentinels' powers as indistinguishable from other enemies of good.

In more tolerant or amoral societies, where strange customs and questionable practices are tolerated, Elysiats are respected as any other practitioner of magic would be. They are treated more ambivalently in cultures dedicated to the propagation of evil. They are potentially valuable weapons against the forces of good and law, but at the same time, many distrust them for manipulating powers which remain essentially good in nature.

Elysiats and the Sentinels

Clearly the Sentinels are likely to be angered or offended by an Elysiat's exploitation of their power, but a minor Elysiat's petty violations remain relatively insignificant. Sentinels are constrained to interfere with mortals only to a limited extent, and they usually have more important evils to combat.

Only the more powerful Elysiats (skill level six or higher) are likely to draw the Sentinels' attentions, and if such Elysiats' actions actually lead to the defeat of evil, they are likely to overlook such violations. In fact, many Sentinels are secretly pleased that well intentioned Elysiats make use of their powers.

Particularly notorious or effective Elysiats may attract the Sentinels' wrath, and if their actions cause permanent or major damage to the Sentinels' powers, Champions may be dispatched to slay the offending mortals.

More often, Sentinels refuse to help those who cooperate or travel with an Elysiat, or offer them greater aid if they abandon his company. They may also conspire to steal or destroy the wizard's spell book, or even ask their mortal allies to kill him.

Seraphists

The Seraphist is a priest subclass, using the standard priest's saving throw, eight sided HTK dice, and experience and spell progression tables. Unlike priests, however, they do not make direct use of divine powers. Rather, they Petition Sentinels in order to gain abilities, spells and favors. The **Ritual of Petition** is central to these characters, and is explained at length below.



Objectives

Seraphists are committed to a partnership with the Sentinels who watch over the world, and are thus, in a sense, guardians of the mortal plane. Unlike normal priests, they do not benefit from belonging to organized temples, and do not have the security of a god's constant support. Rather, they must operate without the backing of large institutions, constantly proving their worthiness to their patrons.

Most Seraphists oppose all forms of evil, wherever they may find it. Others, by temperament or due to the powers they have petitioned for, specialize in rooting out specific forms of evil: sinners, Demons, vampires, evil priests, etc. Some operate only within a small geographical area. It is particularly common for older and wearier Seraphists to settle in a particular locale, either to set themselves up as moral watch-dogs or to serve a local Custodian. Others roam throughout the mortal plane, combating evil wherever they may find it.

The flexibility of their powers makes the Seraphist suited to a variety of different roles. Some concentrate upon combat abilities and lead armed opposition to the evil forces they find, others concentrate on divinational magics which allow them to seek out hidden evils, and yet others become scholars, gathering ancient wisdoms and interpreting obscure prophecies.

Ultimately, the objectives of each Seraphist must coincide with the objectives of the Sentinels who grant their powers: if they fail to please these patrons, they cannot hope to renew their powers. Therefore, it is not unusual for Seraphists to form long-lasting alliances with the Sentinels of specific Dominions, adopting their priorities and objectives.

Prerequisites

The Seraphist's prime requisite is Insight in which he must have a minimum Insight score of 13. Also important (when negotiating with Sentinels or rallying others against some menace) is the Appeal attribute, which must also be at least 12.

Multi-class and Dual-class combinations are possible: Seraphist-warrior, Seraphist-priest, Seraphist-ranger, and Seraphist-Slayer combinations are all common. A Seraphist-Paladin is theoretically possible, but would be very unusual.

Due to the contemplative nature of their profession, Seraphists do not have the time to practice sophisticated weapon use or maintain armor. Thus, they may not use any armor stronger than chain mail (such as banded, splint and plate mail). They may not use shields, and may only use simple weapons such as staves, maces, short swords and daggers (longer blades, axes, flails, polearms and

missile weapons are too difficult), unless Multi-classed or Dual-classed with a profession that may use such equipment.

Alignment

In theory a Seraphist could be of any alignment, as the only requirements are that he knows the Ritual of Petition and maintains a degree of spiritual self-control. However, as Sentinels will never deal with evil mortals, these characters stand little chance of advancement.

Seraphists are thus commonly of lawful good alignment, as almost all Sentinels willingly deal with such people. Most others are neutral good. Only the Outcast Sentinels deal with Seraphists who are chaotic good.

Personality

All Seraphists, at least when they begin their careers, have a deep concern for the mortal plane. It may be that they passionately hate or fear evil, that they feel pity or love for nature or the mortal races, or that they have a strong religious faith or philosophy. Whatever the reason, however, they



are people who feel that the world should be protected from the forces of evil, and are prepared to work with a higher power towards this end.

In order to cooperate with the Sentinels, Seraphists must usually be well disciplined, obedient, or diplomatic. Arrogant individualists and egocentric slobs are unlikely to win the favor of the Sentinels. Because they deal with higher spiritual powers, a degree of spirituality is also required. Some are renowned mystics, but all require an ability to look beyond the material world and reach out towards the higher realms.

Seraphists must also be virtuous, with the strength of character to resist temptation and avoid sin. Those with moral weaknesses may easily be subverted by the Demons and manipulated by other evil forces.

Followers and Stronghold

Seraphists may build a stronghold upon reaching thirteenth level, although few wish to do so since their chosen path requires much travel. They seldom attract followers.

Powers and Abilities

A Seraphist's main ability is his knowledge of the Ritual of Petition (explained below) through which spells and other favors may be gained from the Sentinels. Their attunement to these divine powers also gives them the following special abilities:

- **SENSE THE POWER OF THE VAULT:**

Seraphists can sense the power of the Sentinels, becoming immediately aware if they hold or touch an object imbued with their divine power, if they stand in an area overseen by a Custodian, or if they are in the presence of a Sentinel or a person aided by a Warden.

- **SENSE EVIL MAGICS:** This ability does not allow Seraphists to sense the presence of magics cast by evil wizards, nor other neutral powers exercised for malign ends. They can tell, however, if they touch any person or object currently affected by the powers of evil supernatural beings. This includes Demons' powers and demonic taints (as explained in the Demons and Demons 2 supplements), spells cast by evil priests, and the innate powers of evil supernatural creatures.

The Ritual of Petition

Through the use of a Ritual of Petition, a Seraphist gains all of his other magical spells. He contacts a Sentinel within a specified Division and Dominion, and begins petitions and negotiations with it concerning the spell or power which he hopes to gain. This is the way in which Seraphists fill their spell slots. Instead of praying for spells, as normal priests do, they use this ritual.

Performing the Ritual

The exact nature of the ritual is left to individual players and GMs to decide, and should reflect the personality of the Seraphist and the Dominion which he attempts to contact.

A forthright Seraphist might stand atop some craggy mountain and bellow his requests into a gale; such drama would particularly impress Sentinels of the Third or Fifth Dominions. Contacting the Outcasts, a brutally zealous petitioner might scream his requests above the groans of dying enemies on a battlefield (perhaps even in the midst of combat), or while holding the heart of the vanquished leader towards the sky. By contrast, a pensive Seraphist might sit in meditation within a circle of candles, and such quietude would certainly impress Sentinels of the First or Second Dominions.

Communication between the petitioner and the Sentinel is essentially empathic or telepathic; the Seraphist hears the Sentinel's replies in his head. Although some have hazy visions of the Sentinels they contact: such images are private hallucinations, invisible to anyone else, and quite incapable of any actions on the mortal plane.

The petitioner sets out the details of the power or spell which he wishes to gain, states how long he would want the power for, and explains why the Sentinel should agree. This last step is often the most important, as Sentinels are only allowed to grant a limited amount of power to mortals, and will want to be sure that a candidate is suitable. Long lists of past good deeds are usually recited, or the Seraphist explains how virtuous he is and what plans he has to use the power to make the world a better place. Because of the nature of the ritual, the Sentinel always knows if such claims are exaggerated or untrue.

The Sentinel's Decision

The GM has to decide whether a Sentinel accepts a Seraphist's petition, or rejects it. This is a simple decision to make, and often the GM need not even ask the player what the character actually says. If the Sentinel approves of the Seraphist's conduct and attitudes, the petition is accepted; if the Seraphist petitions a Sentinel who objects to his methods of fighting evil, the request is rejected. Explanations of Sentinels' attitudes are given in Chapters 1 and 2.

If a GM is in doubt as to whether the Sentinel would accept the petition, he may ask what the character is actually saying (perhaps requiring that a brief speech be roleplayed through), and may consider such things as the suitability of the ritual's performance. If the GM is still uncertain, an Appeal check may be required to resolve the matter; if the check succeeds the petition is accepted.

Permissible Powers

Usually, Seraphists may successfully petition for the number and levels of spells permitted by their current Skill Level. Thus, a Skill Level four Seraphist may petition for three Level One, two Level Two and one Level Three spells. If he already has already filled this number of spell-slots, the petition is automatically unsuccessful: the Sentinels are not yet convinced that he is worthy of greater power.

The spells which Sentinels may grant are listed below, but sometimes Seraphists may ask for special abilities or favors instead. These alternative gifts are still considered to take up spell slots. If this were not so, players would be tempted into demanding ridiculous numbers of favors and abilities, and GMs may be brow-beaten into acquiescence.

Abilities

Special abilities may be sought by players instead of spells. GMs should not discourage this, as it makes for greater variation and allows players to tailor and personalize their characters. However, GMs should equally be careful not to grant excessively powerful abilities, such as might unbalance the campaign or make other players jealous or resentful. It is preferable to give an under-powered ability (which may be upgraded at a later date) rather than an overly gross ability which must later be withdrawn at the risk of a player's anger. The following examples should give players and GMs an idea of what abilities characters may reasonably petition for:

The ability to sense demons within 10' is the equivalent of a first-level spell. *Turn Undead* is a more generally useful power, and the equivalent of a third-level spell slot. Abilities which permanently simulate spells should be at least two levels higher than the appropriate spell: thus, the ability to constantly *Detect Evil* (as in the first-level spell), should be equivalent to at least a third level spell slot. However, Seraphists may quite easily obtain more limited versions of spells at lower levels, so that to be affected by a *Bless* spell whilst fighting undead is only a first-level ability, since it has no affect on encounters with other forms of evil.

Favors

As well as spells and abilities, Seraphists may request special services of the Sentinels. This usually involves the performance of a simple task, the granting of information, or the creation of a magical item. Of course, the Sentinel remains bound by the gods' restrictions, and is thus loathe to perform favors which require physical manifestation or direct intervention on the prime plane. More likely favors include delivering a message to a

mortal far away, giving hints as to the nature of some evil, and teleporting the Seraphist to the Sentinel's home Dominion.

Physical objects may also be given to those who petition the Sentinels, varying in potency according to the spell slot which they are intended to fill. Thus, in place of a second-level spell a Seraphist may receive an enchanted weapon (e.g. +2 vs evil creatures, +0 against other targets). For a fourth-level spell, he may be given a beast of the Vault to act as a servant and guard (a lion or eagle, for example). Equivalent to a fifth-level spell slot might be a more powerful (+3) weapon, and for a eighth-level spell a Light Dragon from the Vault might temporarily be given as a personal guardian.

Other examples can doubtless be imagined by GMs and players, but it is recommended that instead of simple "+1 maces" and the like, GMs design unique weapons with specific strengths and weaknesses. Chapter 7 of this book provides some examples of such weapons.

Retaining Petitioned Spells

Normal priests retain their spells throughout their lives, unless they abandon their faiths or change alignments. Seraphists, however, must keep petitioning to retain the use of their spells.

When a spell or ability is petitioned for, the Seraphist states how long he wishes to have use of the power. When the Sentinel agrees, he states whether he is granting his favor for the period asked or for a shorter time. Such periods vary, and may be as brief as three weeks, or as long as three years, three months and three days. Such periods are almost always defined in multiples of three or seven.

Favors which are accomplished instantaneously are considered to occupy a spell slot for three months, so that the Seraphist cannot immediately make another petition when the favor is done. Favors which have permanent effect (such as creating unlimited use magic items) permanently occupy the spell slot. When the period is up, the Seraphist must either petition the same Sentinel again for continued use of the spell or ability, or else approach a different Sentinel, for the same or for some other power. Thus, a Seraphist may change his selection of spells as time goes by and circumstances change, which gives him a great advantage over other spell-casters. At the same time, the system makes the Seraphists closely accountable to individual Sentinels, who may seize the opportunity to reward those who have behaved as they would like and punish those who have displeased them.

GMs should ensure that the frequency of these petitions makes it necessary that characters petition to retain their spells during the course of play. Thus, if an entire campaign is planned to run through only a single year of game-time, the

Seraphists' petitions should expire after three or seven months at most.

While it is tedious to have to roleplay through petitions every time you play, seeing that they are performed occasionally ensures that the players' Seraphists remember their partnership with the Sentinels and do not take their powers for granted.

Failed Petitions

If a Seraphist's request is rejected, he cannot make another petition for twenty one (three times seven) days. Likewise, if the duration of a petition expires without being renewed, leaving a free spell slot, no new petition may be made to fill that slot for twenty one days. When this time has elapsed, he may approach the same Sentinel with a different request (or even with a request which has already been rejected, if he thinks there may now be a hope of it being accepted) or an altogether different Sentinel.

This rule is designed to ensure that players' Seraphists do not make innumerable absurd requests in the hope that some Sentinel somewhere will eventually agree, and also to make it a matter of importance that existing petitions are confirmed when they expire.

Choosing Who To Petition

Sentinels of different Dominions are interested in supporting different types of Seraphist. An indication of what mortals each favors as allies, and how they might help them, is found in Chapter 3.

Sentinel Champions are more likely to grant direct aid, create magical weapons, etc., while Wardens are more likely to grant Petitions which ask for information or defensive powers. Custodians are more rarely Petitioned, but usually affect areas (rather than individuals).

Rank-and-file Sentinels can provide spells up to the fourth level, or items and powers of similar potency. Attendants can fill spell-slots up to level six, but are unlikely to be impressed by Petitions from Seraphists who have not reached the sixth skill-level. Only the Lords are powerful enough to provide level seven spells or their equivalents, but reject Petitions from Seraphists below skill thirteen. The High Sentinels have always ignored all Petitions.

Seraphic Magics

The spells of the Seraphic sphere concentrate in contacting the Sentinels, sensing the presence of their powers, and channeling that power with their permission. The Seraphist cannot hope to control the Sentinels themselves, nor even affect creatures in their sway. Such crass presumption is the domain of the Elysiat.

GMs and players should remember that the Seraphist's spells are neither the same as the

Thaumaturgist's nor a standard priest's. The Thaumaturgist (Demon's GM's book, page 26) may make demands of the creatures of the Infernus, whereas the Seraphist must negotiate and petition with the Sentinels. Similarly, a priest expects certain powers on a regular basis, whereas the Seraphist must bargain for every power that he gets. Moreover, Sentinels do not only withhold promised powers if the Seraphist's behavior disappoints them, but also if the High Sentinels can see that the Seraphist is being coerced or manipulated into calling upon their aid.

These spells are concerned primarily with communication and divination, and with gaining subtle, ethereal effects. Any further spells invented by player character or NPC Seraphists should work along similar lines.

Seraphists' Spell List

In addition to the standard priest spells (and the new Seraphist spells which follow), relevant Sentinels of certain Dominions may grant spells from other Spheres. These Spheres and which Dominions are likely to grant spells from them are listed below.

Charm (Sixth Dominion)
Combat (any Champion except from the First Dominion, and any Sentinel of the Fifth Dominion)
Creation (any Dominion)
Divination (First or Second Dominion)
Guardian (any Warden or Custodian, as appropriate, any of the Fifth Dominion)
Healing (Second, Fourth or Seventh Dominions)
Protection (First or Third Dominion, as appropriate)
Sun (any Dominion)
Weather (any Lord or Attendant)

New Seraphist Spells

LEVEL ONE: *Boon, Single Question*
LEVEL TWO: *Call Guardian*
LEVEL THREE: *Many Questions*
LEVEL FOUR: *Lesser Witness*
LEVEL FIVE: *Gate to the Vault, Sapience*
LEVEL SIX: *Greater Witness, Lesser Audience*
LEVEL SEVEN: *Greater Audience, Prophecy*

First-Level Spells

BOON (Abjuration)
Skill Level: 1 Components: V, S
Range: OTTC: 1 round
Duration: Special Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: Special

A Boon is a small favor granted by a Sentinel to a mortal. The nature of this favor is variable and the Seraphist can seek aid in almost any situation, but it is always constrained by the Dominion of the Sentinel from whom this spell has been gained.

For example, a Seraphist locked away to starve in a prison cell might ask a Boon to help escape or at least to survive. In such a situation, a Sentinel of the First Dominion might prevent the Seraphist from dying, but would do little else; a Sentinel of the Third might give the Seraphist an axe with which to break down the door; a Sentinel of the Fifth would probably destroy the lock.

So, as the range of possible Boons depends upon the Sentinel's Dominion, not all Sentinels offer useful Boons in all situations. (A Boon from a Sentinel of the Second Dominion would likely be quite useless to a Seraphist seeking practical aid - like escape.) Further, the Boon never has a duration in excess of one day, and never duplicates the effect of a spell higher than level one.

SINGLE QUESTION (Divination)

Skill Level: 1 Components: V, S
Range: 0TTC: 1 round
Duration: 0 Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: 0

With this spell, a Seraphist may ask a single direct question of the Sentinel which granted the spell. In theory, a Sentinel may answer almost any question accurately; the High Sentinels can see everything, though the rank-and-file Sentinels never learn all that their High Sentinels know.

A Champion of the Third Dominion would not trouble to keep informed about peasants' lives, any more than a Warden of the Seventh would bother with kings and princes. So, a Sentinel can only answer questions which pertain to his own interests or concern things which it has experienced directly or been told about by another mortal.

It is also important to note that the High Sentinels cannot peer into peoples' minds, and their visions are silent, so they do not know what people think or say to each other. Valid questions would include "Where is Prince Raymond now?" or "What gods' temples have these prisoners worshiped in?" Invalid questions include "Where does the Lich Lord plan to attack next?" and "Did Fleetwing tell the merchant about my sword?"

Each GM and player should determine between them exactly how the question must be asked. Kneeling, looking towards the sky and asking the question aloud is the standard method, the answer coming to the Seraphist telepathically, but imaginative players might invent more apt ways to cast the spell, and GMs may want the method to fit in with the mood or culture of the campaign.

For example, a Seraphist who has gained this spell from an Outcast might sacrifice a sheep or goat while casting the spell, and infer the answer to the question from its death-throws or the markings on its liver or intestines. A Seraphist who asks a Question of the First Dominion might sit in a trance from dawn to dusk. In a Viking-based campaign, it may be apt for the Seraphist to cast Rune-stones to discern the answer. The GM should feel free to thus alter the Casting Time and Components of this spell, in the interests of drama and atmosphere.

Second-Level Spells

CALL GUARDIAN (Conjuration/Summoning)

Skill Level: 2 Components: V, S
Range: 10 feet TTC: 1 round
Duration: 1 turn/level Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: 0

Through this spell, a Guardian is called from the Vault to serve the caster. Its loyalty remains primarily to the Sentinels, however, and it will refuse to perform actions of which its masters would not approve or to aid any clearly evil endeavor.

Exactly the same beast is summoned each time the spell is cast, so if it is slain on the mortal plane, it may not be *Called* again for three days. The Guardian's species is determined when the spell is gained initially, and always reflects the character and attitudes of the Sentinel who granted this power.

Statistics for sample Guardians can be found in the monster folio.

Third-Level Spells

MANY QUESTIONS (Divination)

Skill Level: 3 Components: V, S
Range: 0TTC: 1 turn
Duration: 0 Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: 0

An improved version of the *Single Question* spell (above), a Seraphist may ask a series of up to seven questions of the Sentinel. These may either be separate questions, or may be connected, and a Seraphist may use later questions to clarify earlier answers.

The same restrictions apply here as with the *Single Question* spell: the Sentinel only answers question on subjects which concern it, cannot foretell the future, cannot read mortals' minds, etc. And as with the lesser spell, GMs are encouraged to alter the Components and Casting Time as necessary to accommodate players ideas for interesting methods of casting.

Fourth-Level Spells

LESSER WITNESSING (Divination)

Skill Level: 4 Components: V, S, M
Range: 0TTC: 1 round
Duration: 1 turn Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: Special

With this spell, the Seraphist may view any single event in the past or present, as if from the Throne associated with the Sentinel which has granted this power. The event must have occurred on the mortal plane, and must not have been shrouded by a spell such as the *Seven Curtains* (below), and must be no longer than one turn in length.

The vision may be a private one, viewed by the caster alone, or it may be projected into a suitable medium, such as a crystal ball, a clear pool of water, or a mirror. It conveys only sights, not sounds (so that conversations cannot be overheard) and proceeds at a normal pace (so that it cannot be "rewound", slowed or paused to allow the caster to peruse salient parts at his leisure).

The material component for this spell is a flawless diamond (worth at least 1,000 gp), which be can reused indefinitely.

Fifth-Level Spells

GATE TO THE VAULT (Abjuration)

Skill Level: 5 Components: V, S, M
Range: 10 feet TTC: 1 round
Duration: Special Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: Special

With this spell, the caster asks the Sentinel to create a portal from a point near the caster to the edge of the Vault's Fringes. In order to do this, the caster need only shout out the request (in any language), stating where the gate should form and how many people should be permitted to pass through, while throwing a handful of ground quartz towards the designated spot.

The quartz becomes suspended in the air, forming a shimmering portal: a doorway four feet long and seven feet high. Nothing is visible through the aperture, which remains in place until the number of people stated by the caster have passed through, or for one turn, whichever comes first.

No more than ten people may pass through the gate and, for the purposes of this spell, a large animal (such as a horse or familiar) counts as a person. Rodents, small birds, and lifeless objects may pass through freely. Incorporeal spirits (like Wraiths) cannot use the portal, although any number of undead may pass through.

The gate created only provides one-way passage. Those then wishing to leave the Vault must either find their own way out or recast this spell. If cast in the Vault, this spell opens a portal to any place known intimately to the caster (e.g. his home).

The quartz required costs 50 gp per measure. (Seraphists are advised to carry two doses unless they wish to be marooned in the Vault.)

SAPIENCE (Divination)

Skill Level: 5 Components: V, S
Range: 0TTC: 1 round
Duration: 1 turn/level Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: 0

By the use of this spell the caster asks the Sentinel for the insight to solve a certain mystery or conundrum. It does not increase the Insight attribute, but enables the caster to deduce the answer to one particular quandary. Possible uses include asking the answer to a riddle, breaking a cipher on a book, determining (without the proper proficiency) the purpose of a machine or magical pentagram, and the ability to read a book written in a language the caster does not understand.

Most of these tasks can be achieved in a single round (e.g. understanding the answer to a riddle), but others might take a great deal of time. In any case, the insight cannot last more than the caster's level in turns, so that successive castings are required to read whole books or analyze sheaves of diagrams.

Note that this spell only allows the caster to deduce facts which the mortal mind could feasibly have deduce. Thus, he may read a foreign language, because it is a language, and thus readable; the spell does not allow him to read gibberish. All the facts must already be present: all the spell does is help the caster to make sense of them. Thus, this spell cannot be used to utter prophesies, foretell a general's battle tactics, etc.

Further, the types of understandings which can be conferred by this spell depend upon the Dominions of the Sentinels providing the insight. So, Sentinels of the First Dominion are best suited to helping one solve riddles or gain mystical insights; Sentinels of the Second are best suited to solving scholastic or academic conundrums; the Third might give insight into the government of a land; the Fourth might help with understanding individuals and their emotions; and so on.

Sixth-Level Spells

GREATER WITNESSING (Divination)

Skill Level: 6 Components: V, S, M
Range: 0TTC: 1 turn
Duration: 2 turn/level Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: Special

This improved version of the *Lesser Witnessing* spell (above) allows the caster to view a more lengthy event, such as a battle. The same limitations apply, however, as to that lesser spell.

Moreover, the caster cannot view the event in his own mind. Instead, the vision appears on a pre-

viously prepared surface, which must be at least four feet across. Examples include pools of holy water lined with finely carved marble, heavy silver mirrors, or stained glass windows. In any case, the apparatus must cost at least 2,000 gp and may not be easily portable.

LESSER AUDIENCE (Invocation/Evocation)

Skill Level: 6 Components: V, S, M
Range: OTTC: 1 round
Duration: 1 round/level Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: 0

To cast this spell the Seraphist places on the ground a statue or figurine of the Sentinel who has granted this spell and, kneeling or standing before it, recites the relevant chants. This forges a spiritual link between the Seraphist and the Sentinel, so that the two may engage in a dialogue lasting up to one round per level.

In a dream-like vision, the caster perceives himself to be standing in the Sentinel's own domicile in the Vault. In truth, he merely enters into a trance, during which his spirit enters the Sentinel's presence, but the body remains immobile below. He may only be roused from this trance by a Disenchant spell or similar. The torpid body is completely vulnerable for the duration of the spell.

There is no restriction on what the Seraphist can try to speak about, but he cannot perform any actions in the Vault, and the Sentinel is under no obligation to answer questions or supply information unless he wishes to do so.

The statue must be a reasonable depiction of the Sentinel, and although it may be of any size it must be worth at least 1,000 gp.

Seventh-Level Spells

GREATER AUDIENCE (Invocation/Evocation)

Skill Level: 7 Components: V, S, M
Range: OTTC: 1 turn
Duration: 1 round/2 levels Saving Throw: 0
Area of Effect: 0

This spell is in all respects identical to the *Lesser Audience* spell above, except that the Seraphist's spirit journeys to the Throne above the Sentinel from whom the spell was obtained. While in the Throne, the Seraphist's spirit is in no danger, but may be banished back to its body at any time if it displeases the High Sentinel. Meanwhile, the body remains vulnerable on the mortal plane.

The statue required as a material component must depict the High Sentinel, and be worth at least 5,000 gp. Usually, such figures are huge silver or marble idols, kept by Seraphists in their strongholds.

PROPHECY (Divination)

Skill Level: 7 Components: None
Range: OTTC: 1 round
Duration: 0 Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: 0

Through this spell the Seraphist asks the Sentinel about the future of a particular place or person. The Sentinels, of course, cannot tell the future with certainty, but through their awesome intellects or their affinity with the gods, they might be able to offer cryptic hints.

The spell may only be cast at clearly significant times. A person's birth is a significant time for him; a wedding day is significant for the couple concerned; the completion of a castle is significant for it or for its owners. Seraphists cannot use this to gain insights into the future at any time they please.

The nature of the Prophecy depends upon the Sentinel called upon to provide it. Those of the Third Dominion concern great deeds, heroes, rulers, etc., while those of the Sixth concern command, obedience and betrayal, and so on.

A castle might be said to be safe "until the day the moon burns red above its battlements," a child destined to "hold the fate of the land in her hands," etc.; other prophecies might be more vague (e.g. "the stranger bearing the mark of the raven will herald the beginning of your demise," "your lands will be crushed should the wheel of Arendur turn"). None of these tie the GM to a particular course of events, but may easily be used as ingredients in his adventures.

More precise Prophecies can also be given: "In a year and a day the legions of the undead will swarm across these lands," or "his greatest enemy will be his brother; neither shall prevail but through their mother's aid." Of such prophecies are epic adventures made. (GMs should be careful, however, that while they do not give prophecies which the player characters can confound, the prophecy does not straight-jacket the adventurers and render them powerless. It is also quite acceptable that the castings of this spell might reveal no information. Thankfully not everyone is destined to live an interesting life.)

Origins

Most Seraphists enter their profession after an informal apprenticeship. Indeed, most Seraphists are constantly on the look out for a child who might be suited to such an apprenticeship. To this end, they might scour temple precincts, school rooms and markets, hoping to spot or hear word of some suitably virtuous youth; some look out for those with wisdom, some emphasize control and self-discipline, others simple piety, and in some cultures Seraphists may buy younger sons and daughters as slaves from their families.

Finding a suitable candidate, an experienced Seraphist might take the child on as a servant, teaching the youngster nothing of the Sentinels for several years, but concentrating on moral education and ensuring their apprentice's suitability. After a number of years, the youth is taught the Ritual of Petition, and told of the Seven Dominions and other relevant knowledge. This basic tuition takes several months and after that, the newly qualified youth is free to leave.

Of course, there are other methods of training, varying according to individuals and their cultural settings. For example, some more emotional (or unstable) Seraphists require no training, but discover that they have an innate ability to make spontaneous and informal petitions (usually at moments of extreme anguish or rage). More contemplative Seraphists may require that their proteges sit in meditation until they discover their own personal Ritual. In other cultures, Seraphists buy their apprentices as slaves, and retain rights of ownership and control for the rest of their lives, thus forming rigid hierarchies and chains of command.

Seraphists and Society

Unlike priests, Seraphists do not perform religious ceremonies; unlike wizards they are not obviously magicians. They serve no clear function in society, and there is a great deal of uncertainty as to what they actually do.

Most people understand that they serve and harness divine power, and are thus on the side of good and are people to be respected. But it seems to most people that, as they do not actually serve the gods directly, they must be somehow inferior to priests and deserving of less respect. Most Seraphists therefore gain reputations according to their actions, and although they are not immediately revered, people have few preconceptions about them. Some become known as wise hermits or scholars, wonder-workers, healers, or fierce crusaders. A few are even confusedly reputed to be Slayers or Paladins.

In general, Seraphists are outsiders. They do not "belong" in any normal social set, and are usually unattached to normal institutions. This lack of acceptance drives many to become wanderers and solitaires: lifestyles well suited to working against evil.

Seraphists, Slayers and Inquisitors

If you have the Demons pack, you are aware of the Slayer character class, the determined demon-hunters, and if you also have Demons 2, you will know about the zealous Inquisitors.

In many ways, Seraphists are akin to these classes. Often nomadic, sometimes solitary, they

share the same enmity towards the agents of evil, although Seraphists tend to have broader concerns than the other two classes.

Nonetheless, the three classes may work together, either to tackle single threats or on a more permanent basis. A group of three or four Seraphists, Slayers and Inquisitors may travel the mortal plane together rooting out evil, perhaps accompanied by warriors, a magician, priest or ranger.

Some Seraphists, however, are fiercely opposed to the methods of the Inquisitors. Those sharing the beliefs and concerns of the First or Fourth Dominions often condemn Inquisitors for spreading the crimes and sufferings which they ought to prevent. With characteristic paranoia, Inquisitors often respond to such criticism by declaring their detractors to be agents of the Infernus sent to discredit them. More than one Seraphist has been executed by the Inquisitors they've criticized.

Adventure Seeds

A Little Knowledge

In which the player characters learn secrets best forgotten, and are enrolled by a Seraphist to spread ignorance for the good of creation.

The player characters are approached by a Seraphist, a rather awkward woman, unused to the ways of the city. She has found a book detailing the position of a Gate to the Vault, giving the key to open it, and detailing the process by which a wizard could enchant an object to defeat the Gate's guardian. She has bought the book, but fears that other copies exist, and hopes that the player characters can help her to track down and destroy these facsimiles. In payment she offers healing herbs, poison antidotes, and other "natural" substances.

The person who sold her the book is a well-meaning optimist, who believes in spreading wisdom for the edification of humanity, and thinks that the book's "academic value" outweighs any potential danger. In fact, he had seven copies made, of which two have already been sold. If the players want to destroy the others they must buy or steal the remaining five copies from him (though he won't sell them if he knows that they will be destroyed).

The other two copies must then be located (and one has been sold to a high level Elysiat, who hopes to use the gate to plunder the Vault for spell components). The original may be traced to a college of magic, where the wizards let a trader borrow and copy the book for a fee and would do so again. Delicate diplomacy would be required to persuade them to keep the book's contents secret.

Chapter 5

Scions: The Divine Offering

Before the Sentinels were elevated by the gods, they were mortal men and women, many of whom had families and offspring who remained on the mortal plane after they had left. Often the descendants of these families are singled out by Sentinels as allies, but more dramatically their direct descendants - called Scions - exhibit innate, divine powers. These direct descendants, called Scions, are usually humans, but some are dwarves, elves, half-elves and even half-orcs or other races.

The Line of Descent

Not all of the Sentinels had offspring when the gods took them up, but some seven hundred children were left behind by these barely-human heroes. Each of these inherited a portion of the power imbued into their parent by the gods, and thus exhibited strong powers of their own. From thence forth, the powers have been passed along from generation to generation. When a female Scion gives birth to her first daughter, the girl develops powers similar to the mothers; a male Scion's first son, similarly, inherits the father's talents; all of their other offspring are unremarkable.

Many of these bloodlines have died out - some through heroic death, others by the plots of Demons and other evil entities who seek to wipe out the Scions. Exactly how many Scions now remain is uncertain.

Alignment

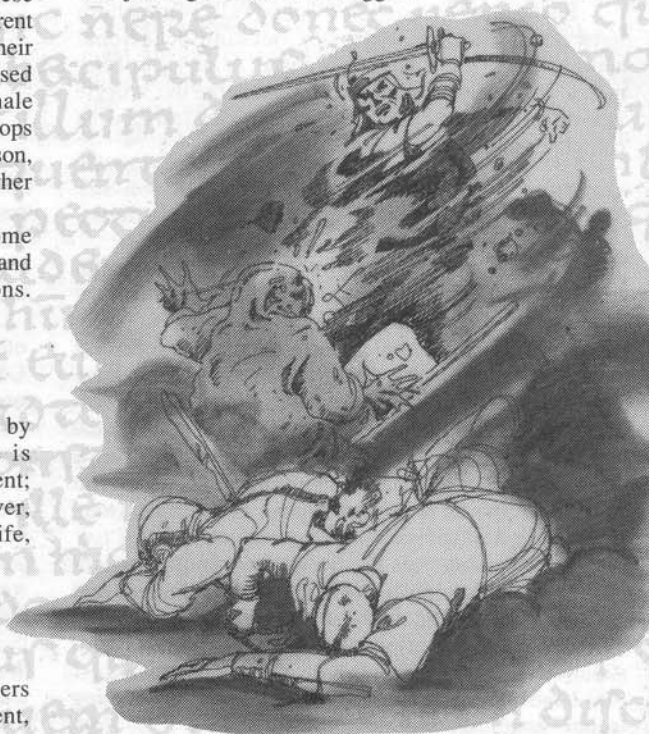
At birth, each Scion's alignment is determined by the alignment of the Sentinel from which he is descended. Thus, all are naturally of good alignment; most are lawful good. By choice or magic, however, this alignment may change through the Scion's life, just as anyone else's might.

Coming of age

As a child, the Scion has no supernatural powers or characteristics. He might be slightly more obedient,

pious or charitable than most children, but nothing which is clearly of divine origin. However, as the child grows to adulthood he receives a vision or visitation by his Sentinel ancestor who appears to tell the child of his heritage.

Different Sentinels have different methods of approaching their Scions. Some come to the child when he is still quite young (ten or thirteen years old) while others might wait until the Scion is in his twenties. Some (of the Sixth Dominion, for example) consider that every Scion is obliged to take up the struggle against the forces of evil, while others present the child with the option of continuing to live as a normal mortal or embracing his heritage and joining the eternal struggle.



If a child is willing to commit himself to fighting evil, the Sentinel confers certain powers (or more exactly, "awakens" and moulds the hereditary powers latent within him), and imposes certain restrictions. Later in life, the Scion may receive further aid from his ancestor in times of crisis. If the child refuses to devote himself to his ancestor's cause, he may be subtly harassed until he consents (the scions of outcasts are sometimes even killed). More fortunate children are simply left alone to live out their unremarkable lives.

The Scions' Obligations

The Sentinels demand that their Scions embody their own attitudes towards virtue, and follow their own methods for defeating evil; a Sentinel of the First Dominion might demand that his Scion become a hermit or reclusive wizard, while a Sentinel of the Seventh Domain might demand that his descendant become a popular leader who fights for the poor against the evil and oppressive.

Some Sentinels are exacting masters, constantly harassing Scions who do not live faultless lives, always reminding them of their failures and never praising their successes - like talented fathers who want their sons to exceed even their own greatest achievements. Others are almost too lenient, never pushing their Scions, always forgiving and flattering them, so that they cease to strive to achieve as much as they might. Many rarely interfere with their Scions, and might even seem to have forgotten them until, at a moment of extreme crisis, they make a dramatic intervention.

Fortunately, most Sentinels fall somewhere between these three extremes, making occasional appearances to grant aid, to reprimand, to advise or commend. They expect complete commitment to the struggle against evil, but are ready to help their Scions when even complete commitment is not enough.

The Scions' Powers

The powers conferred upon each Scion depend upon the Sentinel's personality, and the tasks which the mortal may be expected to undertake.

Usually, the Sentinel grants powers which reflect its own assumptions and specialties: the violently inclined granting combat abilities, the contemplative giving powers of mystical insight, etc. However, in some cases the Sentinel may have foreknowledge of a conflict which the Scion is destined to take part in (or at least be aware that a certain type of evil approaches) and grant powers designed to deal with the expected conflict.

In some instances the Sentinel might grant a single major ability - such as a +3 bonus to all attack and damage rolls, or a -3 Armor Class adjustment (i.e. natural AC7). More often, the Sentinel gives several smaller advantages (such as a +1 combat bonus, -1 AC adjustment and a +1 bonus to all rolls concerning animal handling, riding etc.).

Most abilities granted are a little more complex, or more specialized than these examples suggest. The Scion is intended to use these powers only to combat the forces of evil and so, rather than a straight +1 combat bonus, the Sentinel might give a +2 only against undead. Rather than give a +1 bonus to all rolls dealing with animals, the power might give a +2 bonus only when dealing with beasts with good alignments or virtuous connotations (unicorns, lions, gryphons, swans, etc.).

These abilities arise from a partnership, a coupling of the Scion's power and the Sentinel's, and are defined by the Sentinel through an act of sheer will. As such, they are not like spells cast upon the recipient. They cannot be dispelled or countered by normal magics. Only if the Sentinel is magically cut off from the Scion can the powers be suppressed, either by erecting a magical barrier which the Sentinel cannot penetrate (see the Elysian's spell, *Silver Wall*, page 40), or by killing the Sentinel on the prime plane. In the former case the Scion loses the powers for the spell's duration, and in the latter, for the three days that it takes the Sentinel to recover and reform.

Restrictions

In return for these powers, the Sentinel imposes certain restrictions upon the mortal. If the restrictions are broken, the powers are lost permanently, and the Sentinel might refuse to ever contact the mortal again.

These restrictions are often quite tough, and reflect the nature of the powers bestowed. For every power there is a corresponding restriction, and the more potent the ability, the harsher the restriction. GMs who feel that they have given a character a particularly impressive array of powers should give equally tough restrictions, and comparatively minor advantages should be penalized as lightly.

For example, in return for a +1 combat bonus, the Sentinel might demand that the Scion never spare the life of one who serves Demons. For a -1 AC modifier, the restriction might be that the character must never leave a defenseless person at the mercy of the forces of evil. And for a +1 when dealing with animals, the Scion might be required to abstain from eating meat.

Clearly these restrictions might conflict with each other, or at least put the Scion to some inconvenience. Consider for example, a situation in which the Scion has organized a sortie against an evil cult, and his main ally, a fierce plains barbarian, invites the Scion to a feast to cement the alliance, where raw beef is the main course. If the Scion refuses the chief's hospitality the barbarians will be insulted, and at best will merely refuse to participate in the attack.

Consider, also, a situation in which a Demon's servant is fleeing into the woods after a fight with the Scion, a bunch of undead covering his retreat. The Scion must either chase after the villain and thereby leave unconscious comrades on the ground at the mercy of the undead, or defend the casualties and allow the Demon's servant to escape: an impossible dilemma.

Sentinels do not accept pedantic or legalistic interpretations of such restrictions. They expect Scions to abide by the spirit, not the letter, of their interdicts. So, "never steal" does not allow the mortal to hire someone else to steal an article on his behalf; "never take a human life" does not mean that the Scion may tie an enemy up and leave him in the snow to die of cold; one told to "always obey the Shogun's commands" is not permitted to flee from the Shogun to avoid being given any instructions.

When allocating restrictions, GMs should ensure that there is always a possibility of restriction conflict, or of the character being unable to adhere to a restriction. Indeed, arch-villains may go to great pains to discover the restrictions and then engineer impossible situations to disempower the Scion. Players should always be aware that their characters might blunder into such dilemmas. However, the danger should not be so great that an intelligent player cannot avoid such situations. It is unfair for a player who chooses to play a Scion and the character to be forced to lose his powers because the GM writes an impossible situation into an adventure.

If a Scion does lose his powers, this should be a moment of epic tragedy, almost as severe as the character's eventual death or destruction.

Further Sentinel Intervention

A Scion can expect its ancestor to intervene again, later in his life, at times of great danger or high drama. The Sentinel's intervention is determined primarily by its Dominion and Division, but also by the amount of good which will come of its interference. It is still constrained by the Charter, and so does not intervene merely for the Scion's benefit. It is at the times that Scions are involved in epic quests or caught up in great tragedies or disasters, that the Sentinel is likely to intervene, so that by its aiding and guiding the Scion the forces of good may prevail over the evil menace.

Champions, predictably, provide the most direct aid to their Scions, giving tactical advice, enchanted weapons, or magical scrolls, even intervening directly to save them from death or defeat.

Wardens may prove to be the most useful ancestors, accompanying the Scion on important missions or during times of crisis, and being on hand to answer questions, offer advice, etc.

Custodians are often less useful, and rather than accompanying the Scion it is likely to stay at a place of traditional importance to the family. There the Scion may ask favors of it: advice, enchanted items, temporary use of greater powers, the removal of a curse, etc., and may find it surprisingly forthcoming.

As ever, such Sentinels are readier to aid Scions if they are asked for their help, rather than if they have to take the initiative. Often angry mortals ask why they were not warned of such-and-such a danger, or given such-and-such a hint, and are flatly

told that they never asked. Still, the Sentinels are concerned with the good of the world, not of the individual Scion, and may often decide that they should reserve their energies for more important matters than the life of one mortal. They consider themselves the Scions' masters, not their servants: the Scions are but one of many disposable weapons in their interminable war.

Examples by Dominion

The following examples are provided to suggest what sorts of powers Scions might gain from Sentinels, and what restrictions might consequently be imposed upon them. GMs may use these examples for players' characters, or may wish to tailor them to fit individual character concepts. The examples are arranged under Dominion headings, suggesting the types of powers and restrictions given by different Dominions, and written as a Sentinel from that Dominion might describe them.

First Dominion

For a Wizard: "If you hold an enchanted object or the target of a spell in your hand, you can sense the alignment of the person or creature which cast the magic, but you must never help, cooperate with, or knowingly talk to anyone of evil alignment. By meditating, you can pass into a trance (in which you cannot see but can hear statements addressed directly at you) in which state you do not need food, water, warmth, or even air, but you must provide food, water and shelter who any who need it if you can."

For a Priest: "You gain +2 to your Insight, but must always correct any untrue or fallacious statement which you hear uttered. You can also sense if any sentient mortal dies within 30' of you (your insight will wake you if you are asleep or even unconscious at the time), but you must never cause the death of any mortal or animal by your own actions (e.g. you may not eat meat)."

Second Dominion

For a Fighter: "You gain a premonition of where a blow is going to strike on or about you, split-seconds before the blow lands (so that you may react to avoid the blow, lowering your AC by one and halving all backstab bonuses used against you), but you must perform any favor asked of you by a priest of a good deity. You may also discern the subject matter of any text, inscription, or speech in any language or code, but must never destroy any arcane or learned book. Lastly, you may *Read Magic* (as the spell) at whim, but you must never permit the forces of evil to garner secret knowledge or arcane wisdom."

For a Priest: "You gain a +2 bonus to saves against any magic which forces your alignment to shift towards chaos or evil, but must never cooperate with anyone of these alignments; with a successful Insight

Check and after one turn of conversation, you may understand the predominant emotion motivating any mortal (revenge, love, fear, greed, religious zeal, etc.), but must work to destroy any evil cult or Demonic sect which you learn of. You also gain a +1 bonus to all checks involving study and scholastic learning (e.g. Ancient Language, Astrology, or Religion proficiency checks), but must ensure the preservation of all mystical or arcane knowledge."

Third Dominion

For a Fighter: "You gain a +3 bonus to hit and damage when fighting creatures or people of evil alignment, but must never fight against anyone who is obviously of good alignment. You gain a +3 bonus to save vs all Enchantment/Charm spells, but must never break a promise."

For a Ranger: "You gain +1 to your Stamina, but may never desert a helpless person in the wilderness. Also while in any wilderness environment, you can sense the exact positions of any person or creature within 50' regardless of distracting noises, darkness, heavy vegetation, etc. with sufficient accuracy to shoot missile weapons at them without penalties, but you may spare no effort to fight against the forces of evil and carry news of them to those who can best deal with them."

Fourth Dominion

For a Priest: "You gain a +2 bonus to all Language and Appeal Checks when making speeches or arguing for virtuous causes, but must never encourage anyone to sin. You also gain a +1 to all saving throws against evil priests' magics, but can never hide or deny your own faith. Lastly, by talking with a person for one full turn and making a successful Insight Check, you can tell if their minds have been controlled (by Charm spells, Demonic possession, or any other means), but you must never launch any premeditated attack against anyone unless there has already been a serious attempt to dissuade them from their evil by peaceful means."

For a Thief: "You gain a +50 bonus on all Hide Checks when hiding from evil people or creatures, and also on Pick Pockets rolls against evil targets, but you may only steal in order to return objects to their rightful owners. By examining an object for one round and making an Insight Check you can tell whether or not it is stolen property, but if you come to possess stolen goods whose owners cannot be traced you must sell them and distribute the proceeds amongst the poor."

Fifth Dominion

For a Fighter: "You gain a +3 bonus to damage (but no bonus to hit) against any target, but you must never spare the life of any servant of evil. You can also sense the alignment of anyone within 20' whom you stare at and concentrate upon for one round, but cannot pass up the opportunity of killing any evil

person or creature unless you are clearly doomed to die in the attempt (determined by the GM's judgement, not the player's)."

For a Wizard: "You roll six sided rather than four sided HTK dice to determine increases in HTK points whenever you rise in level, but you cannot retreat from a fight if your death might plausibly lead to victory over the evil foe (e.g. if you can run to and smash the malign magic crystal before the sixty Orcs swarm over you, you must do so). You can also automatically sense whenever you enter an area which is a center of evil activity (e.g. contains the headquarters of an evil cult, is frequented by a disguised Demon, etc.), but if you cannot be sure that you have isolated and destroyed every single servant of evil in the place, you must raze it completely - burn the fields and buildings, and if necessary kill everyone there."

Sixth Dominion

For a Fighter: "With a successful Insight Check you can instinctively tell when a subordinate (anyone ordered, hired or appointed to serve under you) deliberately lies to you, but you must always tell the complete truth to your own superiors. You also gain a -1 bonus to your Armor Class, but must never desert your leader in battle unless he orders you to do so."

For a Wizard: "You may use the ninth-level spell *Power Word, Kill* up to once per week in order to punish any mortal who has agreed to obey one of your commands and then failed to do so (if a group has failed you, you may only kill their leader), but if you fail to fulfill any of your own superior's orders you must take your own life in atonement (note, for those also using the Demons supplement - this suicide will not count as a sin)."

Seventh Dominion

For a Fighter: "You gain +1 bonus on all To Hit and damage rolls, but must never ask payment for your aid nor refuse a request because you want more out of it for yourself. You can also "see" how rich a person is (or rather feel it, like a sixth sense) if you stare at him for one round, but must never perform any deed on the behalf of anyone who owns slaves or employs servants, nor may you have slaves or servants yourself. In addition, you gain a +3 bonus to your Appeal, but must never show respect or deference to anyone who seems to expect it, yet must be unfailingly polite to everyone else."

For a Priest: "You gain an extra spell slot at each spell level, but must never aid a noble or other ruler in any way; when you distribute food it feeds twice as many people as usual, but you must always give what food you have to a pauper who asks, even if that means that you go hungry. Lastly, you will suffer no ill effects from cold weather or exposure to the elements, but may never sleep in a bed or indoors while (within your knowledge) a fellow mortal sleeps on the floor or outside."

Outcasts

For a Fighter: "You gain a +3 damage bonus against any target of evil alignment, but must never retreat from a fight unless outnumbered three to one or worse; you also recover lost HTK points at twice the normal rate for your race, but you must never give any aid, hospitality or healing to anyone who is evil or serves an evil master (whether mortal or superhuman)."

For a Wizard: "The targets of any spell you cast which is designed to cause pain or damage suffer a -1 penalty to save, but you may never ease the suffering of any person or creature of evil alignment. You may also gain a vague impression of the meaning of any arcane text, even if the language is unknown to you or encoded, but you must immediately destroy any text which deals with evil subjects (such as dealing with Demons, coercing Sentinels, raising undead). Lastly, you gain a +20% bonus to learn spells concerned with dismissing or harming evil creatures, but must never forego the opportunity to use such magics."

Other Mortal Patrons

Even characters who are not Scions may gain the prolonged aid of a Sentinel. Most Sentinels would rather trust a mortal who has already been proven competent and reliable, than risk trusting an unknown mortal, and so offer repeated assistance to those who have served them well in the past. Player characters (who habitually undertake prolonged and dangerous quests) are exactly the sorts of courageous folk whom many Sentinels would wish to aid.

The help provided by such Patrons varies according to their Division and Dominion, and above all, according to the needs of the plot: the degree of aid they provide should be carefully balanced so that the characters gain enough power to deal with otherwise lethal situations, without making them so powerful or knowledgeable that they waltz through their adventures. Answers to questions, hints, spell scrolls, permanent *Bless* spells, magic items and even direct aid might be forthcoming, as the GM sees fit.

A Sentinel might contact an individual character for a single mission, and then perhaps re-establish contact sporadically as he embarks upon other important adventures. In this way the intervention of the Sentinel marks those missions as being particularly important, and also marks the character out as being exceptional.

Alternately, the Sentinel might provide constant aid to one character, assuming that almost all of his adventures were geared towards fighting evil or that he were destined to play a vital role in some future epic adventure. A Warden might actually travel with him permanently in spirit form or in the guise of some animal.

Sentinels inevitably sponsor mortals with similar or identical alignments to themselves. Lawful good Sentinels might therefore contact lawful neutral or neutral good mortals, but would prefer to aid someone who is lawful good.

GMs might prefer to have Sentinels take entire adventuring parties under their wings, rather than just individuals. In this way there is no danger that other players will be jealous of the one who has gained a personal Patron.

In some instances, however, it may be advantageous to bless only one character with such favors. For example, GMs may use this as a method of "powering up" characters who are lower level than the rest of the party. The occasional intervention of a Sentinel may also be used to reward outstanding roleplaying (e.g. a particularly virtuous paladin is bound to impress Sentinels of the Third Dominion), or to encourage shakier roleplayers (e.g. the player realizes that if his character remains true to his or her alignment the Sentinel will bestow further favors).

Adventure Seed

The Savage

In which a Scion gains the enmity of the local people, and the player characters are employed to hunt her down.

An isolated country area or the tenements of a city's slums are being ravaged by a person of inhuman cruelty. Whole families are butchered in their sleep; their heads left on poles outside their burning dwellings. There is no pattern to the attacks. Rich and poor, young and old, immigrants and xenophobes are all being slaughtered. The authorities are unable to catch this psychopath, and hire the player characters to do so on their behalves.

The characters rapidly gain a degree of fame in the area. Strangers smile at them in the street, innkeepers don't charge them for their board, a minstrel starts singing their praises in song, etc. There is a great faith put in them, too; old ladies say that they long to be able to sleep safe in their beds once more, and talk as if the player characters have already accomplished their task. If they are not seen succeeding, then these friendly folk become bitter, and the minstrel's songs become insulting.

The perpetrator of the crimes, however, is actually a Scion of the Fifth Dominion (a high level Thief or chaotic good Ranger) whose extreme methods are directed against those families who are of evil alignment or have committed crimes which have gone undetected. Thieves and fences, retired bandits, corrupt bureaucrats, dishonest merchants, unpunished murderers and many others have been thus "punished," along with their families ("collaborators").

The Scion is leaving a note at the site of each murder explaining the crimes that were "punished," but someone - or something - is covering this up. Perhaps the area's rulers are in a secret evil alliance, or a demon or servant of the Seventh Dominion is trying to cover up the notes so that the Scion gains no sympathy and can be more easily stopped. If the Scion realizes that the player characters are following her, she might even suspect them of being behind this.

Chapter 7

Sites

This chapter describes six mystical places, associated with the Sentinels, for GMs to incorporate into their campaigns: three Gates to the Vault, and three other places guarded by Custodians.

Each entry includes information for the GMs eyes only, and descriptions that may be read to the players which appear in gray type like this.

The Seven Arches

There is a small wood near to the village Phardasi which the villagers refuse to clear away, hunt in, or even cut for wood. They say that inside are the seven gates through which seven legendary warriors once left the earth, and will one day return. The wood belongs to these heroes, they say, and the ghosts of their servants still live there waiting for their return, and now hunt in the wood. Several foolhardy villagers can attest first hand that this is so, having once entered the wood on a dare and glimpsed a pack of pale hunting dogs.

The wood has no paths, but only a few faint animal tracks. Bramble bushes, poison ivy and stinging nettles grow prolifically, making it almost impossible to penetrate deep into the woods. The trees cover an area of barely more than two square miles, but any attempt to reach the arches in the center requires both a successful Survival and a Navigation proficiency Check, and will still take at least an hour. Successive attempts also take one hour each. The alternative is to hack or burn through the woods, which will attract the attention of the arches' guardians.

A pack of one dozen hunting dogs sleep amidst the arches, "sleek, lean dogs, three feet tall at the shoulder, with unearthly white coats and deep black eyes." Should anyone threaten the wood or approach the arches with the intention of doing harm to or violating the gateway, the attending Custodian wakes the dogs and sends them to drive the trespassers away. (See the monster folio for game stats.)

"In the center of the wood stands a clearing surrounded by Cedar trees. Here seven stone arches stand in a circle amidst the tall grass and wildflowers, each beginning to crumble with age and draped with ivy and vines."

If trespassers have any malign intent or are of evil alignment, and have evaded or defeated the hunting dogs, the Custodian also awaits. Rather than face evil directly, the Sentinel would rather Call some mortal champion to defend the arches, but being of the Fifth Dominion he is quite prepared to face them personally if necessary.

The Custodian "stands in the center of the clearing, clad in completely black plate armor. Bleak white light emanates from the slits in the helm's visor and from the gaps between the plates." The Sentinel has no normal humanoid form, and if he removes his helm, is seen to have no face, but only a burning white light. He has no intention of communicating verbally, but if he requires a mortal's cooperation, he speaks to him telepathically.

"Upon closer examination, the arches appear perfectly innocuous. They are built from the local sandstone and serve no obvious function. The plants around them are quite normal, and one can pass beneath them without any difficulty or effect." The arches are immune to all magics cast at below sixth level, and have an Armor Class of 0 and 50 HTK points each. Any action against them brings the Custodian and the dogs to attack the vandals, unless these guardians have already been defeated.



One of these arches is a gate to the Vault, but no mundane means and no magic cast at below ninth level can determine which. If the remaining six arches had any purpose, no one now remembers them. If the gateway's arch is demolished, the portal is closed forever.

The only surviving key to the gateway is The Arendurian's Lantern, created by a wizard of Arendur centuries ago and believed to have been buried with him. To use it one must stand in the center of the clearing with the lantern burning: its rays extend to the ring of arches but no further - except for the gateway arch, through which they pass. The lantern not only illuminates the correct archway, but also opens the gate. For as long as the lantern remains burning, mortals may pass back and forth through the portal. But if it is extinguished or removed, the gateway closes (in both directions).

Should someone pass through the gate: "You are suddenly removed from the clearing. Before you now, stretches a rocky plain, lit by grey light. Behind you is an arch, identical to that which you stepped through in the clearing, and illuminated from behind by the beams of a light no longer visible to you." Those left behind in the clearing merely see the person vanish, and then reappear as suddenly if he returns. (Those merely poking their heads through the arch or timidly putting one foot across the threshold are not transported to the Fringes.) To return one need only step back through the arch - provided that the lantern still burns in the clearing.

Bradline's Well

"Out beyond the moors, a broad natural well opens up in the ground, sixty feet across and edged by sheer limestone cliffs. The waters of several small streams trickle into the hole, cutting rough channels in the stone as far down as you can see, until the waters vanish from view. It is impossible to guess how deep the pit might be, as nothing can be seen beneath the faintly iridescent mist which hangs eighty feet below ground-level."

The locals have always told stories about the pit. Ancient myths say that it leads to a primordial ocean beneath the land, and an equally old legend says that when the end of the world is imminent, a divine messenger will rise from the mists of the pit to warn of the cataclysm. More recently, locals have tossed offerings into the pit, believing that such gifts are received by the gods.

In truth, the well is a gateway to the Vault of Heaven. Originally it was a cave, but the mountain which held it was flattened and the hole thus transformed into a pit by the gods, who then closed the gate millennia ago.

A Custodian of the Third Dominion guards the gate, but has little intention of interfering with any who might make use of it. If anyone is brave enough to leap into the pit, then the Custodian has the utmost admiration for them. Courage is the key to open the gate. However, if there is some plot afoot to violate the Vault through this portal, the Custodian will know of it and issues a *Call* (see pg. 10) for a lawful good champion to defend the place. If anyone responds to the *Call* he approach the well to find the Sentinel standing nearby. "She is a tall woman with black hair and a cold blue light in place of eyes. She wears a suit of armor made from marble and



carries a gold-hilted sword in a scabbard at her side." She explains the danger and gives them what aid she can before dissipating into mist and returning to the well.

There are no clues or hints as to how the gate might be used. Several texts say explicitly that it is indeed a gateway, and characters might infer as much from local rumor. What local gossip doesn't mention (although the texts do) is that the gate is one-way only; there is no way to return through it from the Vault.

Those wishing to make use of it must simply take their lives in their hands and jump. Those trying to climb down, find that there are no hand holds below the fog, and all magic ceases to work at the same point.

Hurling down through the mists, characters lose consciousness, and awake 1-6 rounds later, those with the highest Stamina before weaker comrades. "You are sprawled across a cold earth floor, and the mist still hangs about you. Looking around, you realize that you are in some kind of chamber, eighty feet across, with walls and a domed ceiling made of limestone slabs. There is only one exit; a narrow archway leads out onto a dull, grassy landscape, but flanking the doorway are two large lions - beautiful creatures with heavy manes and pure white teeth."

The lions remain docile as most characters pass by, but savage anyone of evil alignment and defend themselves if attacked. From outside, the chamber is seen to be a simple

stone building. All around it, grassy wastes of the Fringes roll away, but a hundred yards in front of it, a path plunges into the forested borders of the Third Dominion; those worried about return can, of course, get back to their lands via this wood.

Silverhead

"Above the fishing village of Silverhead is the promontory from which it takes its name, a tall spur of chalk pointing out westwards into the sea, rising up from the mainland to the sheer white cliffs which drop suddenly into the sea.

"The flocks of sea birds attest to the abundance of fish in the local waters. The air is fresh and the climate mild. The fisherfolk live peacefully beneath the spur, comfortable in their thatched stone cottages. Dark grasses, tall ferns and purple heather cover the landscape, and soft clouds float through bright blue skies.

"Up on the point stands the ruin of a small marble temple. The crumbling walls are now no more than knee high, and they contain only pale ferns and a small rabbit warren." There is no clue that a gateway to the Vault leads from Silverhead, and no remaining indication that the temple was once dedicated to the sun.

Ancient texts, however, preserve references to the point's special significance. One book says that the temple was built to guard a spiritual bridge. A forgotten legend tells of a hero named Ahrenoe who wished to consult with the Sentinels, and was told to journey to Silverhead and there, follow the sun. After a year serving at the temple, the hero gave up and sought an alternative route, but he had misunderstood the instruction.

In fact, the gate here is an invisible bridge leading out towards the point at which the sun sets. As the sun sinks into the sea at dusk, one must step off the end of the point - apparently into thin air, two hundred feet above the sea below. But instead of falling, one finds oneself standing on a very solid bridge of light. "You step out, but do not fall. Beneath your feet is a bridge of solid silver, which stretches out into the setting sun."

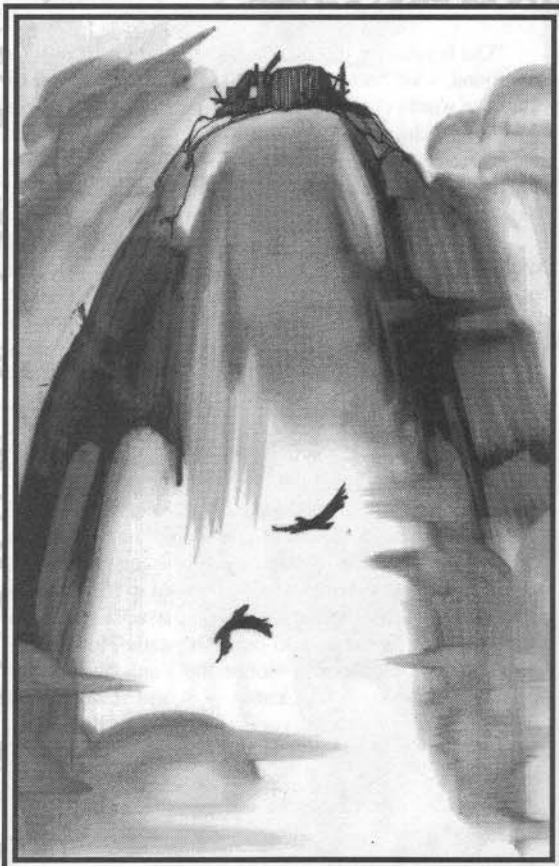
The bridge cannot be accessed before or after sunset, nor if the sun is obscured by cloud or by magic. Moreover, it is not an invisible bridge, as such; it simply does not exist at any other time. Attempts to feel for the bridge, by groping around or tapping with a stick, do not reveal its presence, and magics designed to reveal invisible objects (e.g. *Detect Invisibility*) make it appear only as a shimmering shaft of light rather than a solid structure.

Finding the bridge either requires magic, inspired guesswork, or the aid of the Custodian. There is no obvious key to this gate, except for the wisdom and knowledge necessary to find it. This, of course, means that the Custodian is a Sentinel of the Second Dominion.

The Custodian remains beneath the ruins of the temple. He can hear and see everything which happens on the point (but not in the village below), and pays close attention to the conversations and actions of any visitors. If a group seeks the gate, are not evil and seem to have laudable motives for journeying to the Vault, he will appear to them, suddenly taking on human form in the doorway of the ruined temple.

"The man wears dark green gowns and a cloak as purple as the heather. His eyes are sky blue, his skin as white as snow or clouds, and his hair a burnished gold." The sentinel does not tell them exactly how to use the gate, however, he may tell them the tale of the hero (above) and ask them what they think he should have done. To reach the Vault, one must walk towards the sunset. "As the sun finally dips below the horizon, the sky becomes very dark, stars shimmering all around (below as well as above). The smells and sounds of the sea vanish, and your voices echo dully. Then the last rays of the sun begin to congeal, forming into a small winged shape which hurtles towards you, growing in size and becoming easily distinguishable as a great silver dragon, glowing with its own light." (See the monster folio enclosed with this pack for stats.)

"The dragon passes overhead, and in its wake a rush of warm air and dry sand pass over you. You now stand at the end of the bridge. In front of you is a rocky desert cloaked in darkness. Behind is an uneven wall of darkened glass, shimmering with specks of light like stars. A crack in the wall leads to the silver bridge and out into the blackness beyond." If any of the group are of evil alignment, or assaulted the Custodian, the dragon attacks. Otherwise they are left to wander into the fringes, and from here they may easily find the Second, Fifth and Seventh Dominions; other realms are somewhat further away.



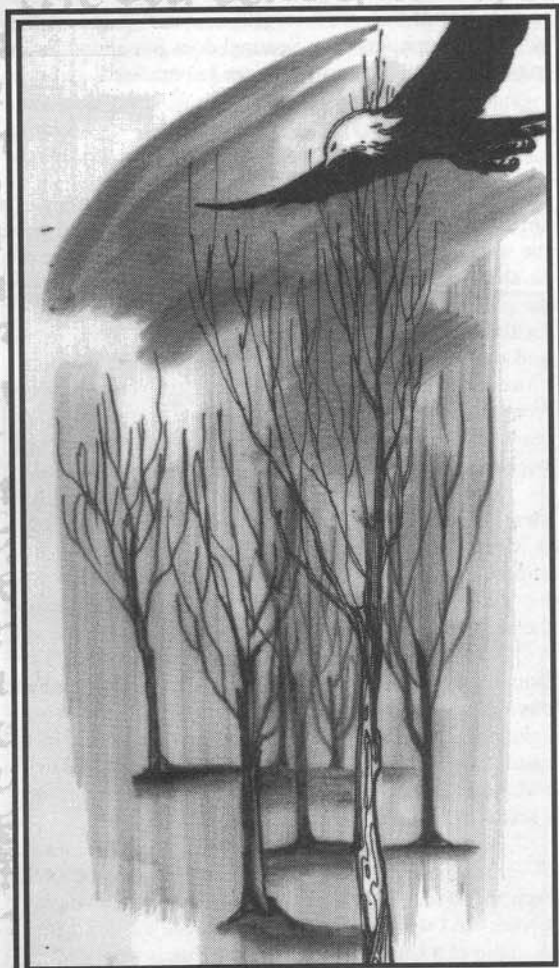
Travellers may return to the mortal plane via this bridge at any time. If anyone tries to chip pieces of silver from the bridge, draw magical power from it, or otherwise assault it, it simply vanishes from beneath his feet. The unfortunates are plunged two hundred feet into the sea, up to ten miles from the coast from Silverhead.

Custodians' Sites

The following places provide examples of other places which Sentinel Custodians may be assigned to watch over. Considerably more complex sites also exist, such as labyrinthine tombs and sprawling ruins, and could be created by a GM as the basis for long strings of adventures.

The Seven Hazels

Overlooking the trade route seven lonely hazel trees crown a low hill. "From the road you can see seven small trees bare against the sky, their branches rattling in the wind. The first green buds speckle their branches but have yet to burst into leaf. In the sky above them, a fal-



con wheels slowly, watching you." Whatever the season the branches are bare, the shoots never growing to produce leaves. Each tree is between fifteen and twenty years old, and the merchants who ply the road swear that, in all this time, not one of the trees has sprouted a single leaf, and the more observant characters may remark that, for as long as they can remember, there has been a falcon soaring the skies thereabouts.

In fact, each tree represents a hero who has not yet assumed his destined quest. Each tree began to grow on the day that each of these heroes was born, and will first bear leaves when they accept their challenge. Should one of the heroes be killed, their tree also withers and dies. Moreover, the site on which they stand is destined to be the place where their quest will come to an end; where a great battle will be fought upon the outcome of which the survival of the country may depend.

Each tree is not only a symbol of a hero, but also a magical talisman for them. While the heroes fight on the trees' hill, they each have their level-related abilities (except HTK points) improved by one skill level - i.e. THAC0s, chances of turning undead, etc. are calculated as if each character were one level higher than he actually is. If a tree were cut down or badly damaged, the heroes would no longer benefit from fighting on the hill.

The trees cannot be damaged by non-magical weapons or fire, and will not be damaged by any wind, lightning or other natural force. Each has, in effect, 60 HTK Points, and thrusting weapons do no more than one point of damage to them.

The falcon which flies above the hill is the physical embodiment of the Custodian which oversees the trees, a Sentinel of the Fifth Dominion. At present its only function is to ensure that no one damages the trees. Should any of those represented by the trees come to the grove, the Sentinel answers any questions they have pertaining to their destinies, and may give simple advice if requested. Should he need to speak with any mortal (to answer their questions or dissuade them from harming the trees, for example) he swoops down into the center of the grove, where his fluttering wings become a fluttering cloak as he assumes bipedal form.

"Where the bird's wings were spread, a tattered cloak now flaps in the breeze. The pale plumage of its breast now gleams as a bronze breast-plate, and similar bronze plates cover its arms and thighs. The bird now stands over five feet tall, a silver bastard sword in its humanoid hands, though its feet are still taloned and its head still resembles that of a bird of prey."

What the destined quest might be is up to each GM. It might involve a petty local squabble or a desperate bid to save the world; the player characters may actually be the heroes, or they may never have anything to do with the quest, merely observing the changing trees as they pass back and forth down the road and hear of the questers' exploits.

Death's Tower

"On the top of the low mountain, surrounded by stunted trees and scrubby bushes, stands a thick stone

tower, forty feet high and twenty wide. It has no doors, and only one window, in which a grey figure can be seen, looking out towards you."

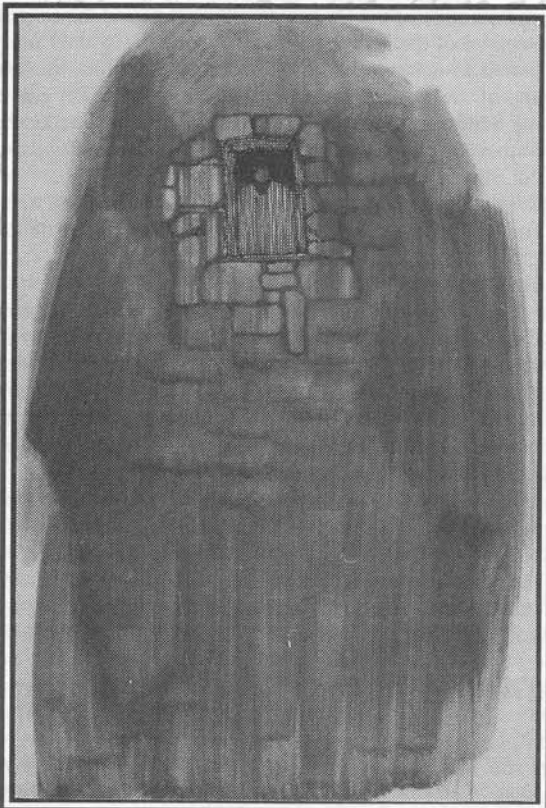
The locals say that the figure in the window is Death, and one peculiarity of this tower is that, which ever direction one looks at it from, one always faces its single window.

In fact, the tower was erected by the gods of law at the dawn of the present Eon, blocking over a gate to the gods' own realm. The figure is not Death, but is actually a Custodian of the Third Dominion.

No spell cast by a magic user below the thirtieth skill level can affect it; the walls cannot be climbed; no physical weapons can damage it. If anyone flies up to the window (which is thirty feet above the ground), he find that it is covered by some solid, invisible barrier, and that nothing can be seen inside but grey shadows. Only a *Wish* spell, or an attack by a thirtieth level magic user could gain entrance to the tower. (Once inside, a mortal may either descend the steps to paradise, or jump back out of the window.)

The figure in the window is not visible to anyone standing within 100" of the tower. If asked to show himself by a lawful character, he appears again: "The figure's face is hidden by a pale hood, its shoulders covered in a mantle of the same material." In fact the face is unremarkably human, but he sees no reason to reveal himself.

The Custodian is simply guarding the sealed gateway. If anyone does gain entrance to the tower, he fights them (see the monster folio for the statistics of a Custodian of the Third Dominion). However, he is also willing to give information to those who come before him.



If a person has died and entered the gods' paradise, the Custodian knows of it, and will tell lawful characters if they ask whether a particular soul has been received by the gods. If a goodly person has died but not passed through, this may indicate that his spirit is in trouble (bound, perhaps, by an evil wizard, priest or demon); those anxious to know whether someone went to paradise or hell might also come here, deducing that if the soul is not with the gods then the Demons have taken it.

The Custodian can also grant preferential treatment to the dead who are destined for paradise. If a body is brought and left before the tower, the Sentinel might allow it to go to paradise with the soul (after a few hours lying outside it simply vanishes), so that the departed can keep his possessions (like magical weapons) and perhaps return briefly to the earth in the future (at the GM's discretion). In order to be so privileged, the character must have achieved many great deeds (the Custodian is of the Third Dominion, after all). The character must be of at least eighth level, and have done at least three legendary things (e.g. slain a dragon, led the defense of a city, rescued a soul from the Infernus, etc.).

The characters might come to the tower in order to gain information about a certain soul. Or they may wish to leave the body of a great hero at the tower to be taken to paradise. If they want to gain access to paradise, they will be disappointed; the Sentinel does not allow the living (or any evil creature) entrance to paradise.

The Spring of Tears

"Nestled in a grove of flowering cherry trees is a small hollow. Here a spring rises to form a broad pool, the waters trickling away in two streams towards the sea. In the branches, bright jays perch, whistling slow melodies as the breeze whispers through the trees." The locals avoid the site, saying that it is cursed by faeries and that the water brings insanity if drunk. The pool, however, is no ordinary spring: the streams which run from it carry salty water, for the pool is full of mortal tears. Every tear that is ever cried, when it dries or is wiped away, comes here, and thence flows to the sea.

The site is important to the Sentinels (to all of them) because it is a focus of all mortal suffering, and so is a reminder of why evil must be fought, and how important their task is. From time to time the Lords of the Vault send their Attendants here, to remind them of the pain caused by evildoers.

The site is guarded by a Custodian of the First Dominion, who dwells in the earth beneath the pond and pays close attention to what happens in the woods around him. If necessary, he rises from the waters of the pond, "a grey, scraggy figure, with wrinkled, pale skin and deep-set, blank eyes. Pond weed hangs about him in a semblance of clothing."

He has no offensive powers, but does have an AC of -3, and can prevent any single action from occurring each round (e.g. stop a person from speaking, swinging a sword, etc.) with no save permitted (see the folio for an example of a Custodian of the First Dominion).

The Sentinel has a perfect knowledge of the pool's contents. There is a 90% chance that any tear cried in the last year is still in the pool (the other 10% having already flowed away), and at a whim, the Custodian can reach down and pluck any specific tear from the pool.

By examining a tear, the Sentinel understands everything about the circumstance in which it was shed, including the background of the mortal who cried it, his exact feelings at the time, and the motives of who or whatever caused him to cry. Thus from a widow's tear, the Sentinel can tell how and why here husband died; from the tear of a lunatic, the Sentinel can understand the unfortunate's insanity, its nature and motivation.

The pool does, however, have a dangerous side to it. If anyone drinks a tear from it or a stream running from it, he is immediately swamped by the grief, pain, or what ever other emotion caused it to be shed. He cannot understand why he feels thus, but the undiluted power of the tear's emotion dominates him for 1-10 minutes (making them lethargic, causing a -3 penalty to any task that they attempt, etc., and players should be encouraged to roleplay their characters' actions accordingly).

If a mortal drinks a cup full of the tears, or more, he might find the emotional stress unbearable. An Insight Check must be made; if it succeeds the person has understood the full power of these feelings, and breaks down; if the check fails, the person is greatly confused, but does not have the capacity to be permanently affected. A character who has a breakdown becomes catatonic (immobile) or incoherent for 1-20 days; thereafter he is easily confused (permanently halve the character's Intelligence), prone to violent mood swings, often depressed, and moved to tears by the minutest suffering. The experience also brings one advantage: a three point increase in Insight. Most people go to live as hermits as a result of this trauma.



The site might obviously be targeted by powerful evil priests or wizards. If they were ever to discover it, all the unhappiness collected here could be used to fuel an evil enchantment or artifact. Demons of Suicide could certainly find a use for all the despair stored here, and unscrupulous mortals might hope to capture a visiting Attendant. The tears might also make an interesting poison, and a thief or other scoundrel might try to steal a bottle full.

The site might also be useful as an incidental encounter for thoughtful players' characters, encouraging them to reflect upon why they should oppose the forces of evil, or helping one of them to come to terms with a painful experience in his past. Player characters might also come here seeking information, once they have discovered the place's real nature.

If any visitor seems to have discovered the pool's power, the Sentinel rises from the water and explains the importance of keeping its nature secret, as the servants of evil might make use of it for their own ends. He asks them to swear not to tell of the pool's powers or locations: if they refuse, he can prevent one of them from moving, either until they swear or they slay the Sentinel. If they take the oath, they find that they are unable to speak or write about the site ever again: their tongue refuses to speak, their hand fails to write.

Adventure Seeds

Destiny

"Well, she was ever the quiet one, but always at your shoulder when you needed her, with never a complaint or an undeserved criticism. She had a charmed life to be sure, like a cat with nine lives. But look at her now - who'd have thought it, eh?"

One of the player characters (an NPC companion or mentor) or the party as a whole, is destined to perform some great feat, of which the players are initially quite ignorant.

As the evil gods and Demons realize the importance of subverting or removing such threats, the chosen characters are the targets of inexplicable attacks and threats, demonic temptations and offers of power or wealth. The characters could also benefit from the protection of personal Wardens. However, at first their efforts to protect the characters may seem like good luck (or they may secretly recruit other mortals to watch out for the characters), but eventually the characters should realize that they are benefiting from supernatural aid at which point the Wardens will reveal themselves.

Of course, it need not be the player characters who are destined to play major roles in the world's history. Perhaps one is destined to be the parent of a great leader or savior - or perhaps that child, already born, is destined for greatness. Nor need the character's destiny be particularly glorious. Perhaps it involves incompetently leading the evil faction in a war, laying down his or her life, or betraying a greater person. Therefore, he or she need not even be of good alignment.

Chapter 7

Magical Gifts From The Heavens

This chapter describes a selection of magical objects created by or designed to affect the Sentinels. Some are intended to instruct or provide hints to player characters, some are linked to particular events and situations (containing adventure seeds within their descriptions), while others are straightforward magic items designed to help characters in quests against the forces of evil.

These items are not only of use to GMs running campaigns in which the players' characters are squeaky-clean heroes. Low-level adventurers may be caught up in events surrounding more potent items (guarding the bearer, uncovering a plot to steal it, etc.), while amoral or evil characters may be hired to steal or destroy such objects. Some of these items are ideal for low-level characters and those of neutral alignment, so that GMs who run any sort of campaign should be able to weave these items into their games.

In any case, these objects are designed by Sentinels and given out in order to serve particular purposes. Usually their owners have been deliberately singled out to possess these items for a specific reason, and those which have been stolen, looted, or otherwise misplaced may be eagerly sought after by the Sentinels' agents. GMs should take care how they introduce these items into their campaigns, considering how the Sentinels, former owners and others might view the player characters' possession or use of them.

The Bleeding Silk

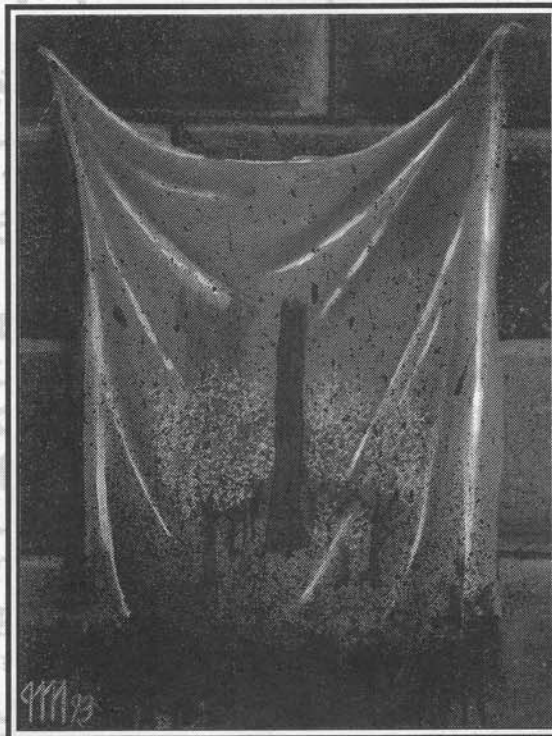
The Daimyo Hyuga is a noted warrior of renowned ancestry, who holds a castle and villages in an eastern land. A disciplined and severe man, he has no time for fanciful works of beauty, but in one of his formal chambers is a length of painted silk, depicting a wooden pillar in a glade of cherry trees.

The subject is not a traditional one for a painting, although the execution is superb, and the soldier gives it houseroom simply because it was his late grandfather's wish that the family should always display it. The old man gave no reason for the command, but he too was Daimyo and so no one questioned him.

The pillar depicted on the silk stands in a valley to the north of the castle, on what is known to be the site of a battle in which the late Daimyo slew a creature of great evil. The pillar, in fact, was raised as a monument to the battle; and carved into it is a poetic account of the struggle. No one reads the poem any more, but if they did, they might note that as the evil creature died, it swore to return to avenge itself upon the Daimyo's family.

A Custodian of the Sixth Dominion rests within the pillar, and waits for the creature's return. When he senses the old evil stirring, the Sentinel will communicate the danger via the silk painting.

First, the pillar will fade from the picture, being replaced by a dark shadow, resembling the silhouette of the creature. Then the silk itself turn from white to black.

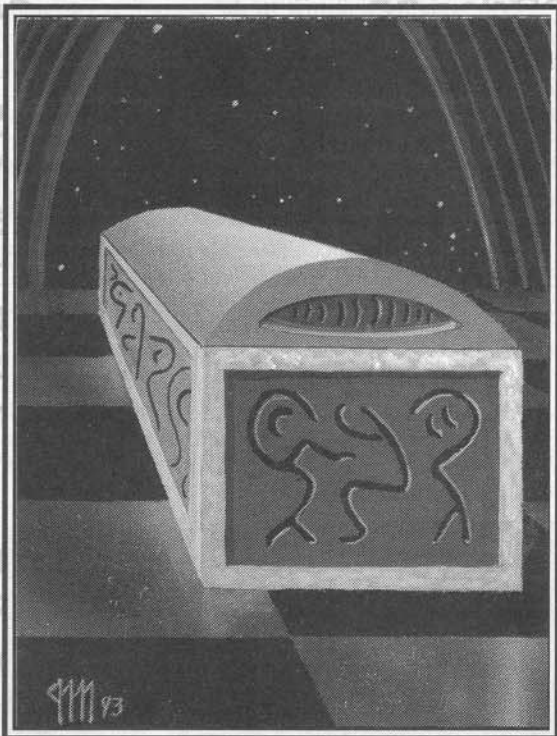


Finally, if the danger has not already been averted, the silk begins to drip fresh blood.

The Custodian hopes that the Daimyo or his household will take this sign to investigate the pillar, and take appropriate action. The nature of the creature and its revenant are left to the discretion of the GM.

Tulias' Box of Whispered Wisdom

The Sentinels of the Fourth Dominion have constructed a number of magical items, potions and puzzles through which they seek, not to aid mortals, but to guide them. The Box of Whispered Secrets is just one example of these.



Tulias, Attendant of the Wardens, has devised these enchanted caskets as a method of teaching mortals patience and perseverance. They are each uniquely fashioned and decorated according to local mortal custom; however, each always bears some symbol of patience. The figure of a monk in meditation is a common motif.

A Warden is sent to the prime plane with one of these boxes, and seeks out a mortal who is becoming greedy or dishonest because he does not have the patience to wait for his just rewards. The Sentinel comes to the mortal as a beautiful youth, as a priest or in some other suitable guise, and explains that the box contains the secret by which the mortal may attain the prize which he most desires.

If the lid of the box is opened just a little and one listens at the crack very carefully, the Warden says, the secret may be heard whispering inside. The Sentinel is always careful to explain that the box must only be opened "just a little", and then departs.

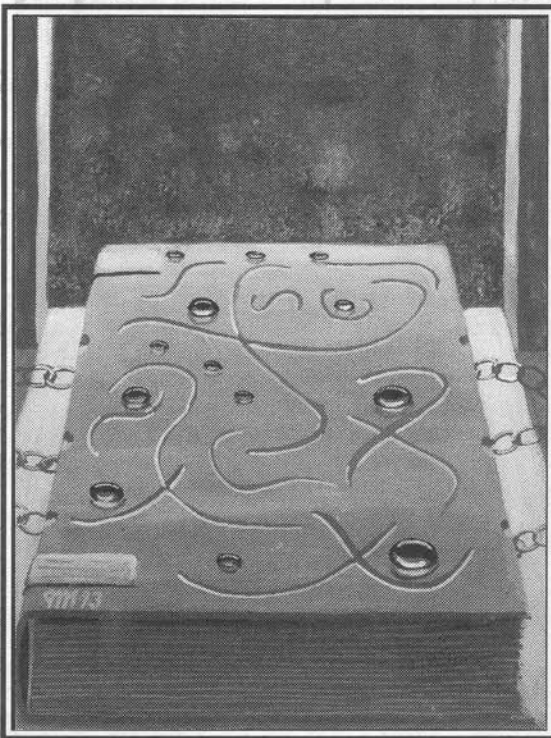
Any mortal opening the lid a fraction and listening, can hear a multitude of voices, muttering and whispering. Their words, however, remain indistinct. By opening the lid a little further the words seem to become slightly clearer, and slightly louder, but are still too indistinct. If, through impatience, the mortal opens the lid half way or more, the voices "escape," each whispering and muttering sentence seeming to flee in different directions, leaving the box silent. If any spell is cast upon the box, or if any other step is taken to force it to reveal its secret, it falls silent and will not speak again.

The only way to discover what it says is to sit in quiet concentration and listen closely to the murmurings. The listener may not perform other tasks during this period. Every hour that he listens, an Insight Check may be attempted at -3. If successful, the listener hears the many voices speak as one, saying simply: "Patience." Thereafter, whenever that person listens at the partially opened box, he simply hears the word "patience," although anyone else listening continues to hear the original garbled cacophony. Then, 21-30 days after the box is given to the mortal, it simply vanishes.

In this way, the Sentinels hope that the mortals who receive these boxes may be taught the virtue which they lacked.

The Librum Libris

Many centuries ago a great wizard named Tantrasan held a tower in the foothills of a mountain range. For decades she studied obscure magics in isolation, but at length a tribe of dark creatures rose in the mountains and swarmed over the lands. Refugees came to the wizard,



and begged her to lead them. A village was founded around her tower, and fortifications raised, but Tantrasan found herself unequal to the task of leading the community.

In desperation she transported herself to the Vault of Heaven and approached Lord Soldissere of the Second Dominion. In order to protect her people, she said, she needed to understand the sciences of engineering and architecture to fortify the town, the art of military tactics to organize defenses, the customs of the dark enemies in order to know their weaknesses, and many other mundane matters. She had no way of learning these things, and begged for aid.

The Sentinel gave Tantrasan a single book, the *Librum Libris*, or "Tome of the Libraries". If she ever wished to know about a single subject, the Lord said, all she needed to do was to open the book and the matter would be described clearly in front of her.

However, the *Librum* was not designed for speedy reference. Being a huge tome, five feet in height, three feet wide and one foot thick. Held closed by heavy silver chains and secured by three locks, the book weighs one hundred pounds and is filled with ornate calligraphy. To read it can take months, and transporting it is not a simple matter.

The *Librum* may only be unlocked by a person of lawful alignment. When any reader wishes to know about a particular subject, he need only unlock and open the tome and there, filling the entire book, is a detailed exposition on the topic. However, the sheer volume of information is often problematic, and a reader leafing through to find a particular fact must spend 1-20 hours in the attempt and make a successful Intelligence Check. Anyone hoping to read the entire work must spend 1-6 months in study.

The *Librum* may reveal information on subjects ranging from religious rites, to musical theory, to navigation, to languages, to animal taming or health care. However, it does not reveal maps, instructions, directions or diagrams. It is never a practical manual, but a theoretical tome. Similarly, it cannot be used to reveal spells or other direct arcane information, and it cannot provide insights into the affairs of other planes (e.g. the politics of the *Infernus* or *Vault*).

The *Librum* was buried with Tantrasan when she died, and was reputedly looted from her tomb during the last decade. No one knows exactly where it is at present, but rumors indicate that numerous underground Guilds have been contacted to find the three magical keys which were, therefore, presumably not with the book in the tomb.

Without the keys the book is useless. The locks cannot be picked, nor magically opened by any spellcaster below the tenth skill level. If the chains are broken to forcibly open the book, the magic is destroyed and the pages will appear blank forever after.

Divining Twigs

Twenty years ago, a group of knights ventured into the Third Dominion, seeking an answer to an insoluble dilemma. An evil wizard threatened their lands, and had offered to put up a champion to fight against one of them. If his champion won, he would gain their lands; if

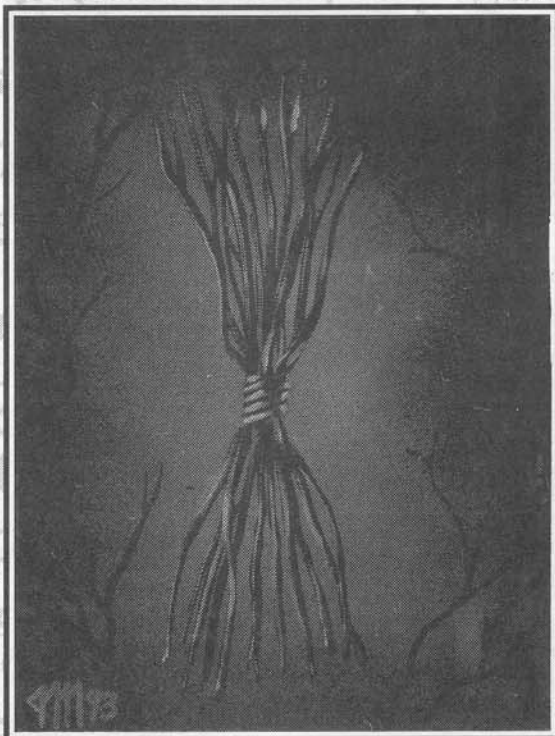
their chosen champion was victorious, he would leave them alone. Their overlord would not nominate one amongst them, and contests of skill at arms had failed to prove one stronger than the others.

So, they approached Lord Rasonaem, who took them out into the forest which surrounds the Third Dominion. The labyrinthine forest, the Sentinel explained, symbolized their dilemma: their confusion and indecision. He took them to a crossroads and broke ten twigs from a hazel tree which stood there. These he commanded them to take, one twig for each knight, and cast them into a silver bowl filled with water. The twig which floated would denote the champion, and the others' would sink.

The knights returned to the mortal world, and cast the twigs as they had been told, but all ten sank. They repeated the process, but every time the result was the same. At last one of them declared that he would ignore the oracle and face the wizard's champion. He rode out and straight into a trap laid by the wizard's minions. The hazel shards had warned against accepting the challenge, and he had died for ignoring them.

After a long war the other nine were slain or scattered. The story is well known, and it tells that the ten hazel twigs are still kept by one of the knights in a velvet pouch, and that they retain their oracular power.

If any group must decide which of their number must undertake any task, they may cast the hazel shards as Lord Rasonaem instructed. The twigs will reveal who would be best suited to the task. But first, of course, they must find this fabled knight with the oracular twigs.



Mantrem's Powders

These powders are mixtures of incense, herbs and chemicals, given to warriors and others destined to fight champions of evil. They are created by Mantrem, the Attendant who presides over the Champions of the Fifth Dominion, in order to give forewarning of the strengths and weaknesses of a single opponent.

A mortal wishing to use these powders should divide them between seven bowls or lanterns, which should be arranged in a circle no more than thirty three paces across. The mortal must then focus his mind upon the person whom he intends to fight, or a specific foe if he anticipates meeting many. If an object belonging to this opponent is available (such as a lock of hair, item of clothing, etc.), it should be laid in the center of the circle.

The powders are lit. The mortal stands somewhere in the circle; and a phantasm of the opponent then appears in the center.

The phantasm is visible only to those within the circle, whom it immediately attacks. Not only does it look real, but its weapons feel disturbingly solid, and when it strikes its blows cause the same amount of pain as real damage would.

Most importantly, the phantasm fights using the same weapons and tactics as the real person which it represents. If some possession of the person was placed in the circle, it also uses the same wizardly magics and enchanted items possessed by the real person. All combat statistics are identical: THACO, AC, damage, etc., and the image reacts to opponents tactics just as the real foe would in the same situation. This means that when the real opponent would turn and flee, the phantasm does so, too, vanishing as it leaves the enchanted circle.



The only limitation of the spell, is that the image does not use any power conferred upon it by an extraplanar being, unless the power is embedded in a magical object. That means that Demonic powers and priestly magics are not cast by the phantasm, even though the real person would use these in a real combat.

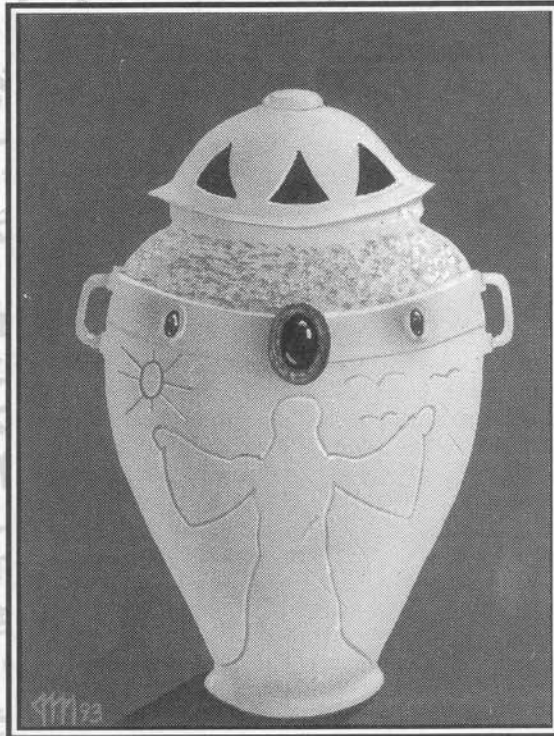
The combat continues until either the mortal combatant or the phantasm is "killed," or one or the other flees the circle. Those wounded by the phantasm cannot be killed, but GMs should still keep track of their HTK Point losses, as they still pass out when they reach 0. They recover the equivalent of one hit point every round after this illusory combat ends, therefore, they will be weakened and vulnerable to real attacks for some minutes as they recover.

The great advantage of these powders, is that those using them may gauge the power of a potential opponent, his strengths and weaknesses, and gain an insight into his tactics or mentality. A clear picture can be built up of a foe who might otherwise only have been known by name, suicidal confrontations may be avoided, and suitable tactics selected to overcome the real opponent.

Justeais's Censer

Justeais was a cleric and renowned healer who served at a now ruined temple of law. An expert on the treatment of malign diseases and infections, he was presented by the Sentinels of the Second Dominion with this magical censer that he might all the more efficiently cure those who came to him.

The Censer is a ten inch tall jar, eight inches across with seven triangular holes in the lid. Made from white



electrum and inlaid with semi-precious stones, its surface is worked to show scenes of healing, learning and piety. Apart from its magical value, it is worth 800 gp as a work of art.

This vessel is designed to burn incense or herbs (any compounds usually burned in the worship of lawful gods will suffice), and it empowers the smoke and vapor which rise from it to cleanse and cure.

The smoke removes malign afflictions from anything which is passed through it. So, weapons used to slay Demons may be cleansed in the smoke to remove demonic taints from them; a limb bathed in the smoke may be cured of magically-induced leprosy; a person who inhales the smoke is cured of any mental disturbance inflicted by an evil creature. The possibilities are many (though each GM should use discretion when deciding what it can and cannot do).

Certainly the censer cannot restore lost HTK points, nor regenerate severed limbs, nor resurrect the dead. Further, while it can cure effects caused by spells, it cannot dispel or overcome spells which are still active. (If the touch of an undead caused a skin disease, the censer could cure that, but it could not overcome a *Cause Disease* spell - which has a Permanent duration, and is thus active as long as the disease is in effect.)

Justaeis's temple was recently razed, but it seems that most of the valuables were looted rather than destroyed. Several of the healer's books have recently come onto the market, and it seems possible that the censer might still exist.

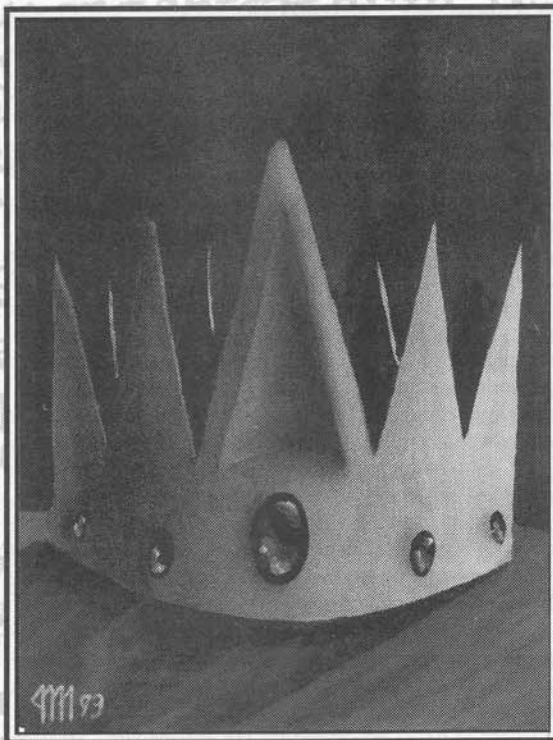
The Crown of Akharien

Many years ago a great queen named Akharien ruled, with justice and mercy, strength and courage, wisdom, love, and all the other virtues which monarchs are supposed to possess. Because of this, she was blessed with the aid of a Sentinel Warden, an advisor drawn from the Third Dominion.

When Akharien sat in her audience chamber with her scepter and crown and robes of state, this Sentinel advised her if she was unsure or ignorant, and reproached her if ever she became unjust or unreasonable, so that her kingdom flourished and grew in peaceful prosperity. And when the queen died, the Warden enchanted her crown so that her heirs might rule the land with equal wisdom and justice.

For several generations the queens of the land ruled with justice, mercy and strength, but at length the throne was usurped and the land plunged into civil war. Now the land has but a shadow of its (much exaggerated) former glory, and its monarchs often rule with injustice and cruelty, weakness and cowardice, foolishness, etc.

Still, with nostalgic optimism it is said, that if the glorious Crown of Akharien were recovered and set upon the head of the rightful queen, the land would regain its former glory. A hefty reward for its recovery is offered by all hopefuls for the throne, and everyone knows that it is a radiantly beautiful artifact, which is set with rubies and sapphires of incomparable quality and glows with its own light.



In fact, the crown is a tarnished, battered object, apparently made of deeply impure gold (which refuses to be cleaned) set with flawed or cloudy gems. The whole thing (perhaps forgotten in a dusty chest or hidden in a magical fortress amongst many more gaudy trinkets) is worth perhaps 250 gp. If anyone wears it upon their head, however, he gains +3 bonuses to saves against any mind affecting magic (e.g., *Charm* or *Fear*).

If grasped by anyone of the royal house (i.e. descended from Akharien - but excluding illegitimate lines) the crown seems to transform. The gems become clearer, the tarnish vanishes from the gold, and the metal seems less impure. Whilst on the head of such a royal person, it confers +6 bonuses to saves against mind affecting magics, and temporarily increases the wearer's Insight by +1. The whole thing is thence worth 1,000 gp, but if untouched by royal hands for three years, it reverts to its previous tarnished state.

Once set upon the head of the rightful queen, however, the gems are revealed as perfect specimens and the gold seems pure. The Queen is rendered almost immune to mind affecting magics (+10 bonus to saves) and has her Insight raised by 3.

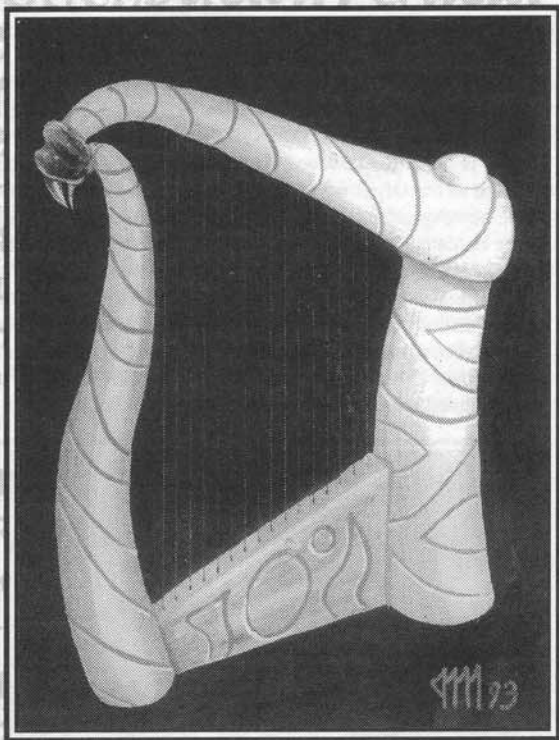
Sylyven's Perfect Lyre

This lyre is made from finely carved ivory horns, with sixteen silver strings. It was first owned by the legendary bard Sylyven, who used to tour the lands singing songs of great deeds and fine heroes, often travelling with the armies of virtuous kings to inspire their troops. Tales of his life tell of numerous assassination attempts

and plots designed by immoral enemies to dispose of this inspiring propagandist.

The lyre was originally created by a Champion of the Second Dominion, and presented to Syliven so that he could rally people to the defense of his beleaguered homeland. It was designed as an instrument of propaganda, to glorify struggle and resistance against the country's evil assailants and, judging by Syliven's personal successes, it seems to have served its purpose admirably. After his death, it passed through many hands, and its current whereabouts are unknown.

The lyre may be played by anyone with a proficiency in that or any other harp-like instrument. When used to play instrumental music, it produces beautifully clear, crisp notes, effectively adding +1 to all the musician's proficiency. When used to accompany a singer, however, its sound changes according to the song.



When used to accompany petty, mindless or simply humorous songs, the instrument sounds exactly like any other of its type. If used for songs about virtuous heroes and saintly feats, it sounds quite entrancing - adding +2 to the user's proficiencies and stirring the heart of all goodly folk listening.

If used to accompany immoral or bawdy lyrics, or to preach the glories of evil heroes, the strings quickly go out of tune and (in extreme cases) snap. Thus, proficiency checks are made at a -1 or -2 penalty, and by the end of each song the music has begun to sound quite hideously discordant.

In practical terms, the lyre may also be used to rouse soldiers before battle, or to dispel fear in those who are fretful about facing an evil adversary. After

each turn of play, the musician must make a proficiency Check: if he succeeds, anyone who has been listening (who is not of evil alignment) receives the benefits of a *Bless* spell, (as if cast by a first level priest, but lasting for up to twelve hours, at the GM's discretion). Long term enchantments designed to weaken morale may also be dispelled by the lyre's music, if the spell's caster were no more than fifteenth skill level.

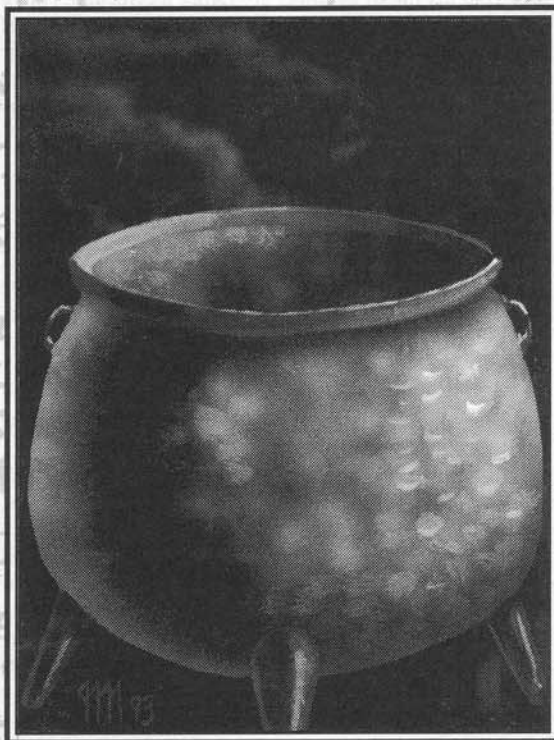
The Cauldron

On a rolling dale, in the sparsely populated borderlands, stands a tall dolmen, a domed rock fifteen feet across supported by three pillars to form a small chamber.

The wandering herdsmen of the area hold the place to be sacred, and often leave gifts of wild flowers and food outside. They say that the chamber is the home of an immortal druid, who lives there invisibly, and it is certainly true that the food they leave vanishes by the following dawn. They also tell of how herdsmen in the past have been injured far from home but managed to get to the dolmen, there to be fed and tended back to health by the old man. In former times, they say, fierce nomads used to come here in order to settle disputes by duels, trusting that the old druid would heal the loser.

The legends have a seed of truth, of course, but are far from accurate. The dolmen once served as a shrine to a group of druids, and has always been a center for healing. A Custodian of the Fourth Dominion watches over the place, and whenever a wounded or sickly person approaches the chamber he prepares to aid them.

As the needy visitor draws near, the smoke of a cooking fire begins to waft from within the chamber, and



there, inside, a cauldron of beaten copper stands over a fire. In it a hearty stew simmers, a wooden ladle resting on the grass beside it. The stew seems to consist of the foods left by the herders - wild roots, mutton, etc., but there is no sign of anyone around who might have cooked it. A successful Tracking Check reveals that no one has been inside the chamber, and after several minutes an Intelligence Check reveals that the wood in the fire is not actually consumed by the flames.

The fire and cauldron remain for as long as anyone requires healing at the dolmen. When all are recovered, it vanishes while they are not looking, reappearing as mysteriously if required.

Anyone eating the food begins to recover HTK points at a rate of one per round until fully recovered. Any disease or other temporary ailment is cured within an hour. Only magics cast at the eighth skill level or higher cannot be affected. Severed limbs cannot be made whole, and corpses may not be revived.

The cauldron itself is three feet across and just as deep, with three thick legs. It is unadorned, and has a value of only 50 sp, just for the raw metal. It weighs about fifty pounds when empty, or double that including the stew.

Under normal circumstances it is kept in the Fourth Dominion, hidden in a grove, but appears in the dolmen whenever it is required. Its powers are partly its own, instilled by the Custodian, but are amplified by the dolmen's ancient affinity with healing. If stolen from this site, the Custodian cannot return it to the Dominion, and the new owner may use it as he sees fit. Its powers, however, have diminished; HTK points are recovered at the rate of one per hour, and although worsening illnesses are halted, no cures are effected.

The Custodian would be eager to get the Cauldron back, but his initial attempts are rather ineffectual. Naive appeals to the thieves better natures are made, and if these fail, a group of mortals might be sought to recover it by moral means. If the thieves are using it for evil purposes, the Sentinel may reluctantly attempt more pragmatic methods to recover it.

The Martyr's Arrow

Created by Junarias, Attendant of the Champions of the Third Dominion, this is a white arrow, with an ivory shaft, a silver head and flights made of swans' feathers. It is a weapon which does a vast amount of damage, but only once, and is potentially fatal to the user as well.

An archer who is destined to fight some great evil creature, champion or Demon is presented with the arrow well before the conflict. He is told that it is capable of killing all but the most powerful beasts, can cut through almost any magical defense and almost never misses. However, the recipient is warned of two restrictions.

Firstly, the arrow must only be used against evil beings. If used against any others, its powers are spent without effect, but the person who fired the shot will still suffer.

Secondly, when the arrow strikes a target, the person who fired it will be wounded just as badly as the target. Thus, the user must be prepared to lose his life in order to vanquish a great evil.

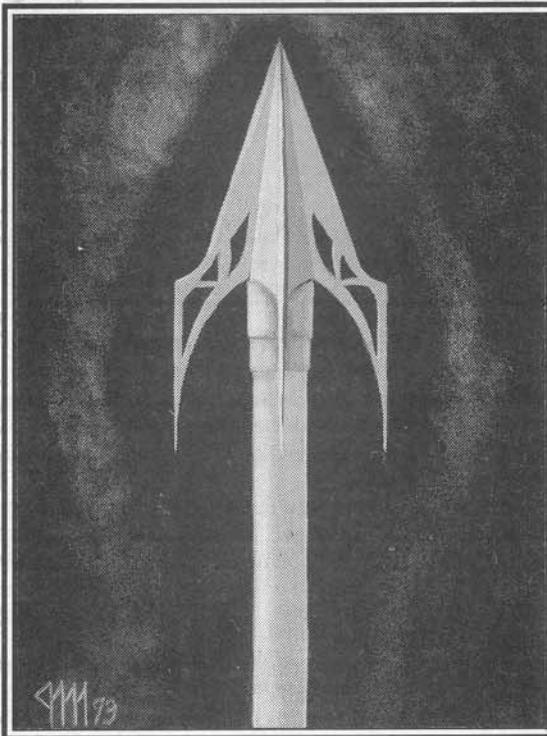
In actual fact, the hero given the arrow is not told the whole truth. The arrow certainly does inflict considerable amounts of damage. When it strikes any being of evil or neutral alignment, the damage done should be multiplied by ten. In other words, the arrow inflicts a basic 10-80 points of damage, and all additional damage (inflicted by enchanted bows, etcetera) is multiplied by ten. Further, the target struck is racked by such pain that for 1-6 rounds it can do nothing but thrash around in agony.

In addition, the arrow gives a +5 bonus to hit, regardless of what the target is. Further, only the target's natural Armor Class is used to calculate the to hit score, so that armor and magical protection are of no use against it.

Magical defenses such as *walls of force* have no effect on the arrow, which passes straight through them. Solid objects created by magic, however, remain solid and therefore unbreachable. No spell can affect this missile, unless cast by a magic user of the fifteenth skill level or above.

The arrow has these powers only until it has struck and wounded a single target. If it is fired but misses, its magic is not spent, but once it inflicts damage, it becomes an essentially useless stone arrow, with half the range of a normal sheaf arrow (inflicting 1-8 damage), an ornamental value of 100 sp and no remaining powers.

It is not true, however, that the archer takes the same damage as the target when the arrow is used. The Sentinels wish, however, that the user be prepared to sacrifice himself in the battle against evil, believing that anyone unwilling to face certain death by using the arrow is unworthy of such mighty assistance. Instead, if used against an opponent of evil or neutral alignment, the archer takes the damage of a normal sheaf arrow (1-8 points) which is felt as a deep and sudden pain in his or her body. Only if the arrow strikes a good-aligned target is damage taken equal to that inflicted.



The Silver Shield

Created by a Warden of the Third Dominion, this is not merely a shield against weapons and magic, but also against deception and distraction.

It is a triangular knight's shield (medium shield) made of solid silver enchanted to be as strong as steel. Both the face and back of the shield are highly polished, so that light and vague images reflect from them, as in a hazy mirror.

If used by a character of lawful or good alignment, the shield is twice as effective as a normal medium shield, reducing the user's Armor Class by two instead of one.

More unexpectedly, the reflective front of this item also has magical powers. If the lawful or good owner stares at its face, the vague reflections congeal before his or her eyes. The image is that of the person or creature which presently poses the greatest immediate threat to him or her.

Thus, the shield may show the face of the dragon which the owner travels to slay, a bandit leader who waits in ambush down the road, an assassin who trails the owner, a companion who plots some treachery, etc. If the owner is succumbing to temptation, or is allowing selfish gain to come before worthy causes, the silver surface reflects the owner's own face. And if some romantic involvement or platonic friendship might keep the owner from performing virtuous deeds, then that friend or lover's face appears in the the shield: the Warden who created the object wants its owners to venture forth and be heroic, not to fall in love or languor in unconstructive happiness.

The shield's divinatory function may only be used by its current or rightful owner, or someone who has recently used it in battle (within the last week). In order

to discern an image, he must succeed in an Insight Check, rolling once per turn. The shield may be used in this way three times per day (or less at the GM's discretion: if the players are wasting too much playing time asking what images they can see in the shield). If used by a character who is not either good or lawful, the face reflected will always be his or her own.

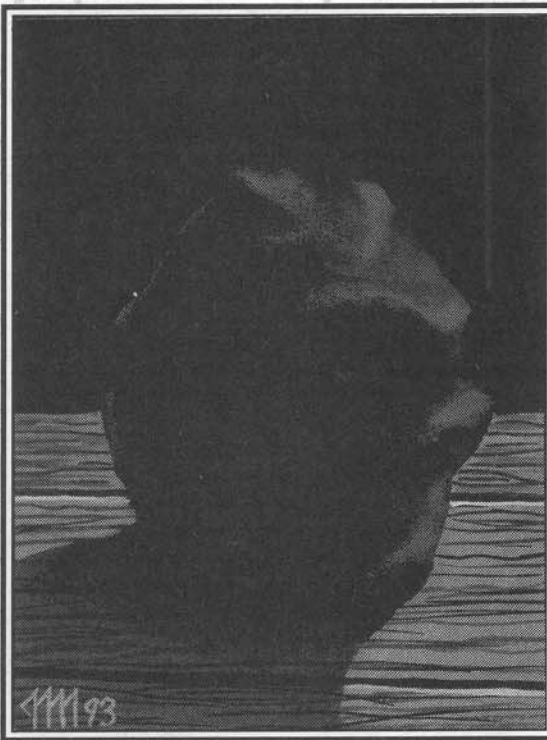
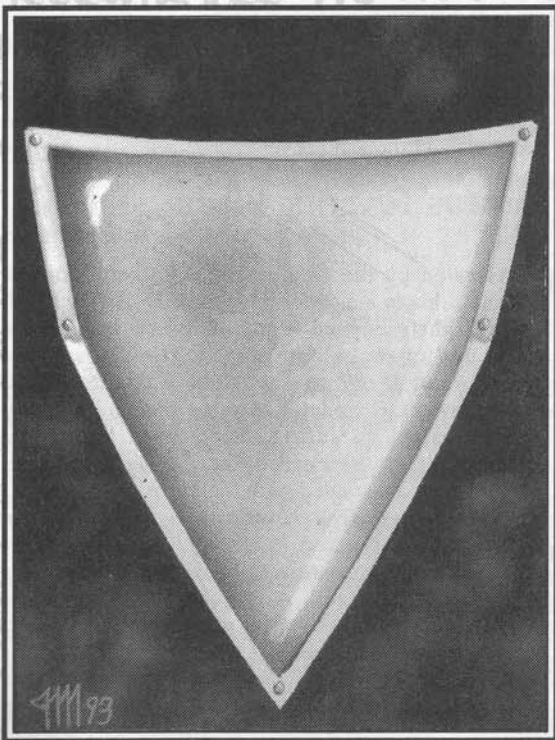
Finally, the shield may also protect against deceptions in one other way. Anyone carrying it gains a +3 bonus to save and Checks vs illusions, hallucinations and phantasms of all sorts.

Ordalard's Stone

This protective stone was created by a Warden of the First Dominion. A plain, rough piece of grey flint the size of a fist, it was originally enchanted for a wandering sage, who roamed the world preaching a life of isolation and meditation.

Each morning the sage woke, stood, and began travelling whichever way she happened to find herself facing. Talking to folk only to beg for food and to exhort them to forsake their materialistic lives, she would continue her journey until dusk, meditate into the small hours, and then sleep for four hours before repeating the same routine. Eventually she wandered into a desert where she presently died of dehydration and the heat. A group of nomads found and looted her body, selling the magical stone which has since passed through numerous hands.

The stone provides enviable protection against all physical attacks, by ensuring, if possible, that they simply do not take place. While this does not have any



offensive use, it is an extremely useful item for any fighter, as it reduces both Armor Class and damage taken in combat.

Any character carrying the stone (in one hand, in a pouch, or even in a backpack), has his or her AC reduced by two. Further, any non-magical weapons which strike successfully do only half the rolled damage. Magical weapons do normal damage, but the reduced AC still works against them.

Also, there is a 50% chance that any mechanical attack against the character simply does not happen (e.g. a crossbow jams, a trap's mechanism fails). This effect also protects against 50% of random accidents, such as falling trees, rock slides, etc.

The Sentinels of the First Dominion are not currently interested in this item's fate; however, other Sentinels may arrange for it to be "recovered" (stolen) from any evil or unscrupulous owners. More likely, a Sentinel such as an Outcast might appear to the owner and demand that in return for the use of the stone he must perform certain worthy deeds. Even if the Sentinel has no intention of forcibly taking the stone, the bluff may ensure that the owner's efforts (and the stone's powers) are turned against the forces of evil.

The Marble Sword

This bastard sword is made from white marble, with a black leather grip. Created by a Champion of the Fifth Dominion, it was presented to the legendary warrior Donach Mor-Marann, who used it in innumerable forays against an Order of necro-

mancers which plagued his land. Unfortunately, the warrior was too eager to "punish" those who he felt were in league with the necromancers, and was eventually lynched for murder. His followers cut his body down from the gallows and, according to most folk tales, buried it in a hidden vault, along with the warrior's possessions and provisions for the journey to the next life. The sword is presumed to remain in this vault, unless it has already been stolen by grave robbers.

The Marble Sword is in most respects a normal +3 sword except that, being made of stone, it cannot be sharpened to a keen edge, and the damage inflicted is thus only +1. It has other powers, however.

First, the wielder automatically gains a +2 bonus to save against any spell cast by a person or creature of evil alignment.

Second, when used in combat against any evil foe, the blade begins to glow with a soft green light, which casts a dull illumination across everything within a 15" radius. Each round, all undead in range of the light may be Turned by the blade, as if it were a cleric of the fifth skill level, and all invisible creatures and objects within the light are made opaquely visible by the light.

Thirdly, the sword vibrates minutely whenever it is within 50" of any person or creature of evil alignment. Anyone grasping the weapon, (unless wearing heavy gloves or gauntlets) can feel this tingling.

Finally, the sword may not be destroyed by any non-magical means. Nor may it be blunted, weakened or bent, except by magic.

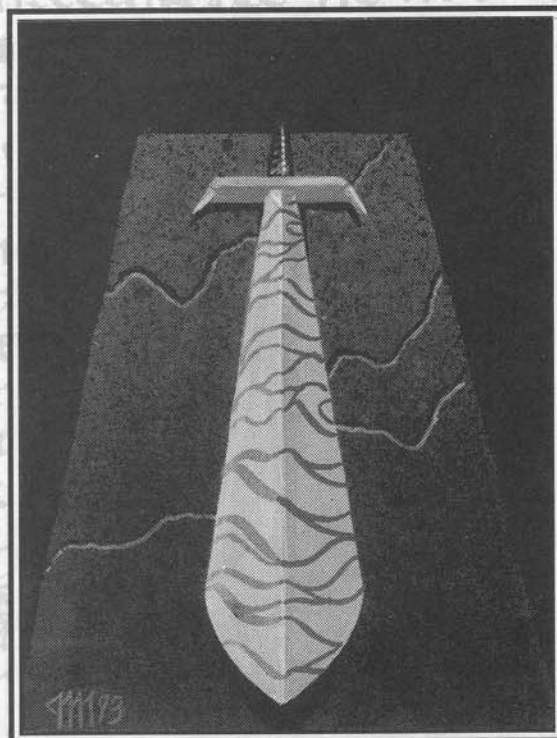
Evil Items

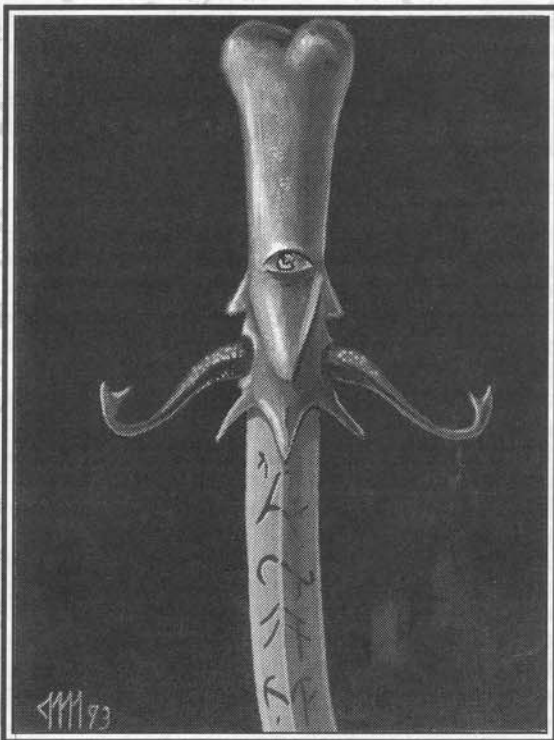
The following items were designed by evil wizards or Demons to give them aid against the Sentinels and their allies.

Forneus' Severing Blade

Created by the Demon Duke Forneus, lord of Betrayal, this is a slender dagger with a twelve inch long, slightly curved blade. A black inscription shifts and changes continually along the blade (which *Read Magic* reveals to be a charm against divine power). Originally it was owned by a necromancer of the far north, but recently she was betrayed and assassinated by her young apprentice, who has now absconded with the knife.

The knife usually behaves as a +1 dagger, but also has an additional function. Whenever it wounds or cuts a target, it severs the connection between that person and the forces of the Vault. A Warden loses sight of its charge if the mortal is cut by the dagger; a wounded Scion loses his or her abilities; anyone cut also gains a resistance to the Sentinels' magics, and thus has to make two saves each time a Sentinel attempts to affect him,





regardless of whether or not he wants to let the magic have an effect (i.e. they cannot elect to forgo these saving throws). This improved resistance also works against the powers of any Seraphist, and against the specialist magics of an Elysiat. The knife's effects last until the wound is healed.

As well as weakening opponents in combat, the knife may also be used by evil mortals to gain a resistance to Sentinels' powers; by slightly cutting themselves (losing 1 HTK point) they gain an extra save when affected by the magics of Sentinels, Seraphists and Elysiats.

Obviously, the Sentinels are eager that this knife be destroyed as soon as possible, as it might seriously frustrate their plans and weaken their allies.

The Holding Spear

Created by an Elysiat named Taramawn, this throwing-spear carries a barbed, bronze head and is decorated with black carvings. It inflicts 3-18 (3D6) points of damage, and may otherwise be considered a +3 magical spear. It may be used as a melee or missile weapon by anyone with the appropriate proficiency. Its real power, however, is that it embeds itself immovably in any object it strikes (a tree, an iron wall, a person, etc.), while the shaft warps itself into a cork-screw. The chances of pulling the spear free are equal to the chances for bending bars.

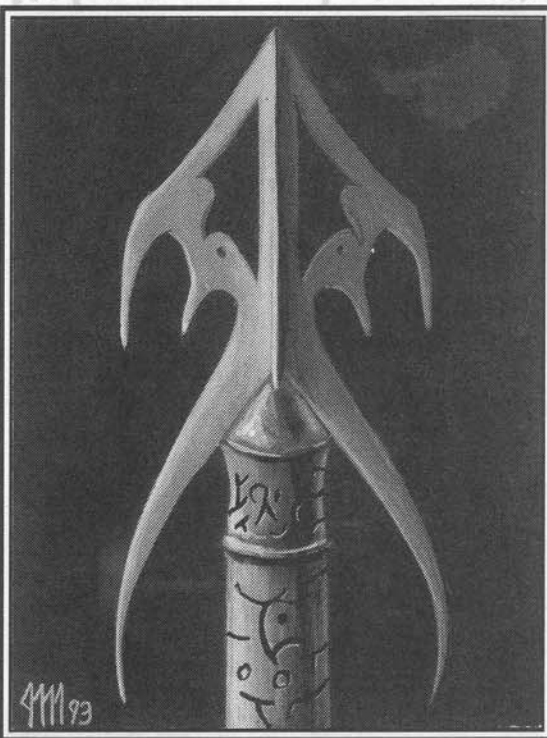
In many instances, these magical properties may seem absurd. It takes 1-10 hours for the twisted shaft to

straighten out, and in this time it cannot be used. It takes the same amount of time for the spear to work free of any object it is embedded into. When used as a missile weapon, a shot which misses its target is almost certain to strike some object further on (80% chance or GM's discretion), so that each time the spear is thrown it becomes unusable for up to ten hours.

However, there are also advantages to the spear's use. First, when it strikes a person it transfixes them, so that when the shaft twists it cannot be pulled free. For as long as the spear is stuck through a person, their damage may not heal; their movement rate is halved; all physical actions (including fighting) become subject to a -1 penalty, and they lose one further HTK point per hour until the shaft straightens and may be removed. Moreover, a person thus impaled loses all abilities conferred upon them by a Sentinel (including Seraphist's spells, Scion's abilities, etc.)

Most importantly, if a Sentinel is struck and transfixed by the spear, the creature loses all of its powers until the spear is removed or works free: it may not cast magics, change its shape or appearance, or teleport away; if slain, it does not dissipate. In other words, a successful attack upon a Sentinel with this spear, renders the being powerless and unable to make a rapid escape for 1-10 hours.

By striking a Sentinel which is backed against a wall or lying on the ground, the wielder may actually pin it to a wall or floor (in which the head embeds itself immovably, as explained above), thus capturing the being; indeed, it was to capture Sentinels that the spear was originally created.



Since the Sentinels engineered the demise of Taramawn, there has been no word of the spear' fate. If it was not carried off in the looting of his fortress, it remains hidden somewhere amongst the rubble.

Taramawn's Greater Machine

At the heart of Taramawn's desert stronghold stands a huge stone chamber, fifty yards in height and forty yards across. From the highest point of the ceiling hangs a great, motionless pendulum, and around the walls and across the roof are innumerable cogs, gears, tubes and chains, all connected to the pendulum. On the sandswept floor, bizarre patterns and chaotic designs have been laid out in a mosaic of quartz, silver and obsidian tiles, and in its center is a cage of iron, mined and forged in the Demons' realm of the Infernus, from which many of the tubes and chains lead away.

The bizarre apparatus has clearly been vandalized. Many wheels and chains lie buckled on the floor, and a half-hearted attempt has been made to light a fire around one wooden support. With a successful Insight Check, any wizard (or character of a wizard subclass) can tell that the machine is designed to draw power from the cage in the center; with an Engineering proficiency Check, any character can deduce that the whole thing (whatever it was designed for) was never completed, and is now perhaps only half intact.

In fact the Greater Machine was the Elysiat's greatest achievement, and prompted the Sentinels to plot his downfall. From elaborate plans he was building this

magical device to draw the essence, the very soul and power, from a captive Sentinel. The whole process would take around one year to completely draw the essence from the being, but would provide a massive amount of magico-divine energy. (The power collected would be equal to fifty *Wish* spells - just to give GMs an idea of its awesome potential).

Unscrupulous characters (or NPC villains) might try to rebuild the machine. The plans were doubtlessly carried off by the nomads who sacked the Stronghold, and have since been sold in one of the desert bazaars. An engineer, a sage or another wizard may have bought the papers, but may never have worked out what they depicted. (Three successful Checks are required to discern from the plans what the machine would do - one each in Intelligence, Spellcraft and Engineering. However, anyone with an Engineering proficiency could blindly follow the directions and build the apparatus without knowing what it does.)

Rebuilding the machine costs 10,000 gp in rare components (diamond lenses, vats of quicksilver, etc.), and the creator must then work out how a Sentinel could be lured into the cage and kept there for such a long time. Neither a standard Elysiat's spell nor the spear described above could keep the being trapped for long enough: Archmagics or demonic aid might be required. Moreover, it is unthinkable that the Sentinels would stand idly by while such a machine were restored.

Adventure Seeds

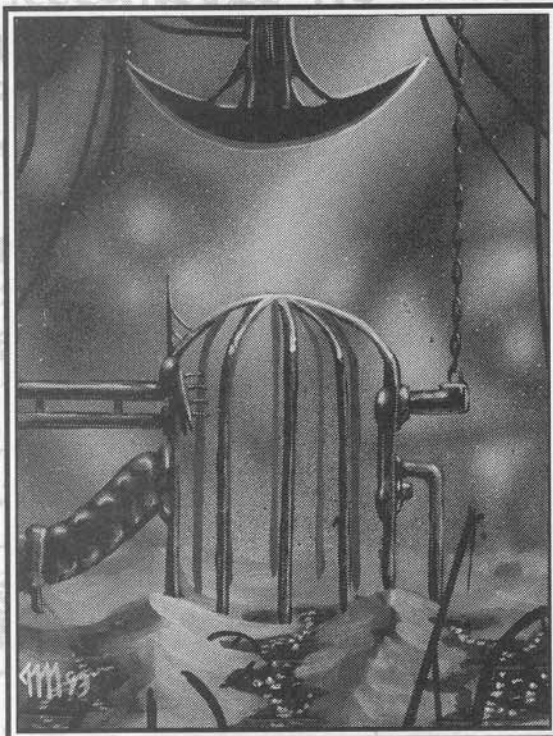
The Sword

In which the player characters must undertake a quest for a weapon with which to save their homeland.

A wizard has created a champion to lead her armies in their assault on the player characters' benign homelands, an automaton built of Infernal iron but with the heart of a demon beating in its chest. It is known that after one year the demon will reclaim its heart, but by then the wizard's armies may have been victorious.

There is one sword, however, which can stop the creature, but it is hidden in the crypt of a lost monastery high in the mountains. The player characters must undertake the perilous quest to find the monastery (while being harried by the agents of the wizard) and recover the sword.

The artifact is guarded by a Custodian of the Third Dominion, who keeps the blade until the end of the Eon, when a great king from the past will return to defend the kingdom against mortal and immortal enemies alike. If the player characters wish to take it now, to defeat a relatively ephemeral threat, they must give their oaths that they will also return it to the Custodian when the automaton has been destroyed. Should it be stolen, they are thus obliged to recover it. If it were broken whilst fighting the champion, they would be in a real fix.



Chapter 8

Archmagics



Ever since mortals found the power to perform magic, the evil amongst them have used this potential to further their own ends and bring misery to the world.

The Demons of the Infernus too, have made use of this potential, and Malphas, Duke of Hubris, has created a number of hideous enchantments to tempt wizards and spread suffering across the mortal world. These spells, called "Archmagics," are too powerful for any mortal to memorize, but may be cast from a scroll obtained from an infernal Duke as part of a demonic Pact (see pages 41-42 of the Demons GM's book for more details).

In response, the Sentinels have created a number of countermagics and potent enchantments of their own, distilled by Lord Soldissere of the Second Dominion from the great library that he holds. Unfortunately, most of these spells have never been tested, as the Sentinels cannot use wizardly magics and have created these on a purely theoretical basis. The spells should certainly work, however, as Soldissere has an Intelligence far beyond human comprehension, and is quite capable of researching such arcania. Unfortunately, they may have unforeseen side-effects or weaknesses.

GMs are encouraged to look at these spells as ways to create adventure opportunities as well as ways for PCs to save the world. After all, a world which has been saved from destruction is a much duller world to adventure in than one which still teeters on the brink....

However, it should be remembered that these spells are inherently benign. If the spell is miscast it is unlikely to have particularly harmful effects: it may fail spectacularly, but not dangerously.

When calculating the chance of successfully casting these spells, assume that the wizard must be 27th level to use them. However, like their Demonic equivalents, they may never be learned by any mortal (assume that they are 13th level magics), and so must be cast from scrolls.

Gaining the Spells

It might seem logical that the Sentinels should make these spells generally available to mortal wizards, perhaps distributing them amongst guilds and colleges of magic across the lands. Thus, when a catastrophe approached, mortals would already have the power to prevent it. However, the Sentinels are restricted in the extent to which they can intervene in the mortal plane. By granting such scrolls only when absolutely necessary, they minimize their intervention.

Further, the princes of the Infernus would be delighted to obtain copies of these spells (which would not be difficult if they were generally available on the mortal plane) as they could thereby create spells designed specifically to counter these. It is said, for example, that the infernal Duke of Hubris has offered fifty souls (a substantial reward) to any lesser Demon which brings him a complete copy of one of these spells. These Archmagics are therefore granted only to carefully selected wizards, and in the times of greatest peril.

CALL TO THE GOLDEN PATH

Skill Level: 13 Components: V, S, M
Range: 0 TTC: 1 day
Duration: Special Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: Special

The *Call* is designed to preserve an indefinite number of mortals from a supernatural catastrophe. When the oceans boil, the stars start to fall from the sky, and other signs of coming catastrophe become plain, selected wizards may be given this scroll in order to save a portion of the populace.

The physical component of this spell is a part of the essence of a Sentinel - a compact ball of silver radiance containing one quarter of a Sentinel's power. This would be given to the caster shortly before he actually intones the spell, and is consumed at the end of the day's casting.

The spell sets aside an area of land around the caster, which must be on the edge of or outside the territory fated with catastrophe. These lands, which are usually about one hundred square miles in size, are sealed off by solid walls of golden light which prevent interlopers from entering and preserve the area from the coming cataclysm.

The walls cannot be breached or climbed, unless by a *Wish* or *Limited Wish* spell. They appear to be about one hundred feet tall, but are in fact limitless in height, and always seem to reach one hundred feet above the height of anyone looking at them, and it is impossible to throw anything over. Moreover, although they glow brightly when seen close up, they are indistinguishable to anyone more than a mile away.

The caster then leaves the area and travel the surrounding lands, warning of the coming disaster and collecting together anyone who would be saved. Wandering from town to town (and presumably sending messengers out to more sparsely populated regions), the caster should gather a sizable retinue, the hopeful and desperate following him towards this promised haven.

The caster must return to the sanctuary before the cataclysm comes, or else be caught up in it. As he approaches the wall, it fades slightly, so that the retinue may pass through. However, those of evil or chaotic alignment find themselves unable to enter (making for some moving scenes and encounters, as families and friends are torn apart: some of those who might pass through are forced to choose between abandoning their loved ones to save themselves, or staying outside in the hope of surviving the cataclysm).

Within the walls is a veritable utopia, where fruit hangs heavy from blossomed boughs, fat beasts roam green pastures and the fields always stand ripe for harvesting. Even if the caster has brought one hundred thousand followers there always seems to be enough food for everyone.

Inside this protected area the people are safe from the disaster. When the catastrophe has passed in the land outside, the walls move outwards to reclaim ruined lands, so that the people can try to rebuild a better civilization from the ruins of the old lands.

Lord Soldissere actually designed this spell as a counter to the infernal Archmagic, *Lesser Apocalypse*, (described on page 42 of the Demons book), but it clearly has a much broader range of uses. However, it supposes that only a section of the world is affected by the cataclysm. If the entire world is fated to be utterly destroyed (as with the spell, *Greater Apocalypse*, from the Archmagic Sourcepack), the spell cannot work: there must be a world left for this Promised Land to stand upon.

ENCHANTING THE EXALTED EYE

Skill Level: 13 Components: V, S, M
Range: 0 TTC: 1 day
Duration: Permanent Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: Special

Through the use of this Archmagic a mortal may gain a view of the entire mortal world, in perfect detail and clarity, as if seen from the Throne of the Second Dominion. Through this spell, the mortal enchants a crystal to present this image of the world, and thereby gains more knowledge than any other mortal alive.

The caster must first find a suitable crystal. This may be of any size, but no smaller than a normal eyeball. It must be untouched by any evil or chaotic person or creature, it may never have entered a chaotic or evil temple, nor been affected by any such magic. It must have been mined or manufactured by a person who has never sinned, and must never have been in the presence of a sinful act.

The ceremony required to create the artifact takes twenty four hours of intense concentration, and is spiritually exhausting. As a result, the person permanently loses 1-6 points of Stamina if the casting is successful, otherwise returning at a rate of one point per year. No other special components are required to cast the spell.

The caster may look into the crystal any time he wishes after the spell has been cast, and may watch the world through it for as long as he wishes, as often

as desired. Everything is seen as it happens (unless concealed from the Throne's view by a malign spell), allowing the caster to watch anything happening anywhere in the world.

The crystal may not be used to look into the past or future, or into any other plane, and does not allow the caster to listen to the events viewed. However, it does allow the caster to "watch" events which occur in darkness, underground, or in buildings.

In practical terms, it takes 1-6 rounds to locate a particular known place in the mortal world. Finding an itinerant individual may take months if the whole world is to be scanned, or a mere week if the search is restricted to one country. Once the caster has focused on a place or person, he may inspect every detail of the scene, reading any visible texts, scrutinizing clothing, etc. The possible uses of the spell are endless, ranging from locating fugitives or stolen items, to discerning who attends meetings, observing what Demons are summoned by a Thaumaturgist, charting the progress of an army, etc.

There are penalties for using the crystal, however. First, seeing the immensity, cruelty or beauty of the world is likely to damage the caster's sanity. The first time he uses the crystal, and every subsequent time it is used to scan or search a broad area, the caster must make an Insight Check. If he succeeds, he develops a minor neurosis (i.e. the less a person understands of what they see, the less likely they are to be driven mad by it). Possible neuroses include agoraphobia (fear of open spaces, because the world is so huge), a massive confidence crisis, recurring bouts of depression (because there is so much suffering), and lethargy (because the caster understands how insignificant he is in relation to everything else).

Also, in gaining the ability to see the whole world, the person's immediate sight suffers. 1-6 months after first looking into the crystal, the caster's eyes turn milky white (as if with cataracts), and his vision is reduced to 10" radius. Even in this radius, everything appears hazy and indistinct (except for the images seen in the crystal, which remain perfectly clear).

Lastly, any mortal is bound to find the burden of this great knowledge overpowering. Each year in which the crystal is used regularly (i.e. more than 6 times) the caster ages two years, physically and mentally. Mortal minds were not designed to see so much.

In return, however, each year in which the caster regularly uses the crystal, he gains one extra Insight point, up to their racial maximum.

None but the caster may make use of the crystal. Others see only random images and fleeting shadows if they look into it. The caster, however, must satisfy certain requirements if he wishes to continue to use it: he must be of lawful alignment; he must abstain from any sinful act (e.g. theft, murder, etc.) or knowingly aiding such an act; and (according to your campaign's culture and religion) may have to satisfy other requirements (e.g. celibacy, vegetarianism, pacifism). If the caster strays from the narrow path of virtuousness, he becomes unable to see the world through the crystal.

BLESSING THE ROYAL BLOOD

Skill Level: 13 Components: V, S, M
Range: 0 TTC: 1 turn
Duration: Permanent Saving Throw: None
Area of Effect: Special

With this Archmagic, a powerful spell caster may forge a permanent bond between a ruler and the land, which will endure through the generations until the end of the ruler's line.

The ceremony is performed in the presence of the favored ruler, and is extremely elaborate. The actual spell takes only one turn to cast, involving the usual wizardly array of burning chemicals, multi-hued flames and powdered gems. The cost of these components is at least 5,000 gp. Finally, to complete the enchantment, the ruler is anointed with a potion made from the milk of a virgin cow, an ear of corn which has never been harvested, the roar of a lion, the laughter of a child, and the tears of a woman who had never known sorrow. (Quite where these esoteric ingredients might be found is up to each GM or, more accurately, up to the wizard's servants to gather them). For example, a cow might be made to bring forth milk with a little magical encouragement; petitioning a fertility god might result in a stalk of corn offering up its grains voluntarily; a lion or child might merely be present as the other ingredients are mixed, or the sounds might be captured in a bag by a *Cantrip* spell; princesses and supernatural women, are often kept apart and insulated from the suffering of the world, etc. If all else fails, a Sentinel might give an illusive ingredient to the wizard.

After the anointing, symbolic offerings must be brought before the monarch: a clod of earth from every corner of the land, and a sample of each of the country's valuable products (a sheaf of corn, a bar of gold, a purse of coins, etc.). Then the commanders of the armed forces and the most senior or the ruler's domestic servants must all come forward and bow before the monarch.

Very often, the priests of the land turn the occasion into a quasi-religious celebration, and hold their own rituals and ceremonies. The monarch may want all of his retainers to be present, and turn the ceremony into a regal pageant. A holiday may be declared, with thousands flocking to watch. None of this makes the spell more or less effective (although the spectators might constitute a security breach, perhaps including agents of evil intent upon ruining the casting).

If the Archmagic is cast successfully, the lands ruled by the monarch and his heirs are blessed with prosperity and good fortune: trade flourishes, there are no plagues, the people tend to be loyal, etc. However, if any part of the ceremony was missed out, the enchantment will be imperfect.

So, if no purse of coins were brought to the ruler, the land's trade will not be blessed. If a child's laughter is not included in the ointment, there will be prosperity but also much sorrow. If no crops are offered, the harvests often fail. If the monarch's servant does not come forward, there will be dissension or treachery in the royal household. Attempts might be made by the country's enemies to ruin the spell. The offering of coins

might be altered, so that illusory coins or another land's currency is offered instead, or mildew might be introduced, unseen, into the corn.

By and large, the spell has no effect on game-play: it merely alters the background to your campaign. However, in some instances a GM may wish to modify die rolls as a result of this spell's operation. For example, a merchant of such a land, striking business deals with outsiders, may gain a +1 bonus on Appeal Checks; any inhabitant of the land gains a +1 bonus to save vs any disease; in battle, the country's generals gain +1 bonuses to their Intelligence when formulating plans.

The benefits of this spell continue for as long as the ruler or his direct heirs sit on the country's throne. The area affected is defined by the monarch's power: if the ruler's holding is reduced to a single village, only that community benefits, but if the lands expand to cover the whole planet, then everywhere is thus blessed. One weakness of the spell, however, is that if these heirs were to turn to evil, the lands would still be blessed. If the royal line dies out, a younger sibling deposes an elder heir, a democracy is established, or any other treason or invasion depose the monarchs, the spell is ended.

When the spell does cease, GMs might want the land to revert to a normal way of life, suffering pestilence and hardship just as severely as any other equivalent society. But more dramatically, the land could be plunged into a period of turmoil and misery, as the crops (artificially sustained for too long) all fail at once, previously satisfied vassals see their servitude more clearly and rise up, overstretched trading empires collapse, etc. Demons might see the opportunities to harvest souls in the now anarchic kingdom, neighbors invade during the turmoil, and so on. Only by finding the true heir (if one still exists) and crowning them king or queen, can prosperity and joy be returned to the land.

Adventure Seeds

The Archmagic

In which the player characters are called upon to prevent a wizard from weaving a powerful malign magic.

The player characters are called upon by a Sentinel, Diviner or Seraphist, at very short notice to prevent a wizard from completing a powerful spell. This may be an evil Archmagic or one of the more powerful Elysian spells (see Chapter 4).

The High Sentinels see the wizard making preparations for the spell, or beginning the casting, and directly or indirectly a Lesser Sentinel contacts a group of mortals to thwart the wizard. The player characters may not be the ideal agents, but they may be the only adventurers close enough. In any case, there is no time to carefully plan or loiter about. This is a race against time, and they must leave immediately, speed to the wizard's lair and physically prevent him or her from completing the ceremony.

Standard terms & abbreviations:

Abilities (or attributes, characteristics, or statistics) are derived from 3D6. The lowest score for a human is 3, and the highest score is an 18/00 (see standard rule book for more information).

Ability Checks against a Character's abilities work much like saving throws.

For example, when a character makes an ability check against his STR, the player rolls 1D20. If the resulting number is equal to or lower than the statistic, the save is successful.

Armor Class (AC) works on a scale in which a lower number is better. A Character with no armor is AC: 10 (unless otherwise stated within a Character's race statistics). A shield improves AC by 1 to make AC: 9; chain mail is AC: 5; and plate mail and shield is AC: 2. (See the standard rule book for details.)

"D" is used as an abbreviation for "die" or "dice." 1D20 means one 20-sided die; 3D6 means three 6-sided die; etc..

HTK (Hits To Kill) is the number of points of damage that a Character or monster may sustain before being killed.

HTK Dice is the number of dice rolled to determine how many HTK the creature has. The type of die used depends on the class of character.

Monsters always use 8-sided HTK dice to determine how many HTK they have.

Magic Resistance indicates whether or not a given creature is resistant to magic effects. If a percent is listed, this is the percent chance of a spell's failure on a given creature. This chance is based on a spell being cast by a Skill 11 spell caster, and must be adjusted upwards by 5% for each level below 11, and downwards for each level above 11.

Movement (MV) is the speed of a Character or monster on a constant basis. The creature moves the stated distance in tens of yards if outdoors, and tens of feet if indoors or underground.

If only one number is given, the creature can only move on land. Other terrains could be listed such as air, water, underground, web, etc.

Priest, unless otherwise stated, refers to clerics and druids.

Saving Throws (save vs.): are listed for each character class in the standard rule book. To make a successful saving throw, a Player must roll the saving throw value or higher on 1D20. A successful saving throw often reduces or negates certain types of damage.

Size indicates whether a creature is (S) smaller than man-sized (4' or smaller), (M) man-sized (4'-7'), or (L) larger than man-sized (7' or larger).

Skill refers to the level of the character or spell.

Spell Abilities: Many deities and monsters use certain spells and/or the magical abilities of specified character classes. See the standard rule book for descriptions of spells not described herein, and/or for more information on the magic-using character classes mentioned.

THACO (To Hit Armor Class 0): When you know a Character's or monster's THACO, you will know the

number required to score a successful hit on 1D20 (or multiply that number by 5 to get the percentage chance of success). A target's Armor Class is subtracted from the attacker's THACO to obtain the target number required on the 1D20.

For example, if a Character's THACO is 16 and his target is wearing chain mail with no shield (AC: 5), the Character needs to roll 11 or less on 1D20 (16-5=11) or roll 55% or less on a D% (11 x 5% = 55%).

Treasure Type indicates the kind of treasure the creature has on its person or in its lair (see standard rule-books for details).

Value assumes that the value of one gold piece is about \$20 in current U.S. dollars.

Wizards, unless otherwise stated, refers to magic-users and illusionists.

ABBREVIATIONS

AC	Armor Class
AL	Alignment
APL	Appeal
ARM	Armor
ATT	Attack
C. Evil or CE	Chaotic Evil
C. Good or CG	Chaotic Good
C. Neutral or CN	Chaotic Neutral
cp	copper piece(s)
DEF	Defense
DEX	Dexterity
DM	Damage
ep	electrum piece(s)
GM	Game Master
gp or GP	gold piece(s)
HTK	Hits To Kill
INS	Insight
INT	Intellect
L. Evil or LE	Lawful Evil
L. Good or LG	Lawful Good
L. Neutral or LN	Lawful Neutral
M	Man-size
MV	Movement
N	Neutral
N. Evil or NE	Neutral Evil
N. Good or NG	Neutral Good
NPCs	Non-Player Character(s)
PCs	Player Character(s)
pp	platinum piece(s)
PROF	Proficiency
S	Smaller than man-size
sp	silver piece(s)
STA	Stamina
STR	Strength
SZ	Size
THACO	To Hit Armor Class 0
WPN	Weapon
XP	Experience Points

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