

a portal to adventure

people, places & things

Presented by the editors
of Role Aids™ for use with
**ADVANCED
DUNGEONS & DRAGONS®**
role-playing game.

ADVANCED DUNGEONS & DRAGONS is a registered
trademark of TSR Inc. This use of TSR's trade
mark by Mayfair Games is not approved by TSR.

ELMORE '88

5

4

3

2

1

a

b

c

d

e

f

a portal to adventure



A PORTAL TO ADVENTURE

Authors: Lee Agosta, John Cox, Brad Furst, Bob Heggie, Roger T. Johnson Jr., Tim Joyce, Paul Karczag, Robert M. Morgester and Andrew C. Streimer, Daniel Nolte, Christopher Painter, David V. Pierik, Ken Schroeder, Jason F. Smith, Richard S. Sullivan

Editor: Scott Haring

Editorial Director: Jim Musser

Cover Art: Larry Elmore

Interior Art: Joe DeVelasco

Graphic Design: Chris Ferguson

Art Director: Mari Paz Cabardo



is a registered trademark of Mayfair Games Inc.



and Role-Aids are trademarks for role-playing aids and adventures published by Mayfair Games Inc.

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.

©1992 Mayfair Games Inc. All Rights Reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any means, except for the inclusion of brief quotations in a review, without permission in writing from the publisher.

Permission is granted to the purchaser of this book to copy the maps and histories for personal use, provided that none of these copies is sold or traded.

ISBN: 0-923763-55-4

HOW TO USE THIS BOOK

Standard terms/abbreviations: "D" is an abbreviation for "die" or "dice." 1D20 means roll one 20-sided die; 1D100 (or D%) means roll two 10-sided dice sequentially (read 0 as 10), generating a percentage or number between 01 and 00 (100); 3D6 means roll three 6-sided dice and add the results for the sum, etc.

Value assumes that the value of one gold piece is about \$20 in current U.S. dollars.

AC (Armor Class) 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 adds 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.)

HTK (Hits To Kill) is the number of points of damage that a character or monster can sustain before being killed. Characters determine how many HTK they have by rolling one die for every Skill Level they have (unless otherwise stated); the number of sides the die has depends on the character's class. (See standard rule book for details on determining PC and NPC HTK.)

Monsters use 8-sided dice to determine how many HTK they have. The number of dice used is indicated in parentheses (after the HTK total) for monsters.

MV (Movement) is the speed of a character or monster on a constant basis. It can be adjusted to whatever scale is needed by adjusting ground scale accordingly (the most common is 1 square or hex = 10 feet).

There may be two or more numbers given. This indicates that the character or monster can travel in more than one mode (see standard rule book).

THACO (To Hit Armor Class 0). When you know a character's or monster's THACO, you know the number required to score a hit on 1D20. Subtract the target's Armor Class from the attacker's THACO to obtain the required die roll on 1D20. For example, if a character's THACO is 16 and his target has AC: 5, the character needs to roll 11 or higher on 1D20 (16 - 5 = 11).

Characteristics (or attributes, ability scores, 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 details).

Spell Abilities: Many deities and monsters use spells and the magical abilities of specified character classes. See the standard rule book for descriptions of spells.

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.

Saving throw bonuses are added to the number the character rolls on 1D20. For instance, the save vs. Breath Weapons for a Skill 4 cleric is 15. The cleric must normally roll a 15 or higher to save vs. Breath Weapons; if he is wearing armor that gives a +2 vs. Breath Weapons, however, he needs only roll a 13 or higher (13 + 2 = 15).

Ability rolls (save against) on a character's statistics (attributes) work much like saving throws. For example, if a player wants his character to detect a lie, he may have to save on a die roll against his Insight (INS).

Roll 1D20 (or one or more D6s, GM discretion) for all ability rolls. If the resulting number is *equal to or lower than*

the statistic, the save is successful. With such a roll, a character can tell if a person is lying, for example.

Ability rolls are often modified. If instructed to make an INS ability roll at a +3 penalty, add 3 to the die roll. For example, if a Character's INS is 12, the character's player rolls a 10, he fails to make the save (10 + 3 = 13).

Magic Resistance (MR) indicates the percent chance of a spell's failure on a given being. It's 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. Where no value is given, the being's magic resistance is "standard." (See the standard rule book for details.)

ABBREVIATIONS

STR.....	Strength
INT.....	Intellect
INS.....	Insight
DEX.....	Dexterity
STA.....	Stamina
APL.....	Appeal
HTK.....	Hits To Kill
AC.....	Armor Class
MV.....	Movement
AL.....	Alignment
AT.....	Attacks
DM.....	Damage
SZ.....	Size
THACO.....	To Hit Armor Class 0
L. Good or LG.....	Lawful Good
L. Neutral or LN.....	Lawful Neutral
L. Evil or LE.....	Lawful Evil
Neutral or N.....	Neutral
N. Good or NG.....	Neutral Good
N. Evil or NE.....	Neutral Evil
C. Good or CG.....	Chaotic Good
C. Neutral or CN.....	Chaotic Neutral
C. Evil or CE.....	Chaotic Evil
PC(s).....	Player Character(s)
NPC(s).....	Non-Player Character(s)
GM.....	Game Master
S.....	Smaller than man-size
M.....	Man-size
L.....	Larger than man-size
PP.....	Pick Pockets
OL.....	Open Locks
F/RT.....	Find/Remove Traps
MS.....	Move Silently
H in S.....	Hide in Shadows
HN.....	Hear Noise
CW.....	Climb Walls
RL.....	Read Languages
XP or Exp.....	Experience Points
MR.....	Magic Resistance
V.....	Verbal
S.....	Somatic
M.....	Material
D.....	Druid(ical)
C.....	Cleric(al)
I.....	Illusionist
MU.....	Magic-User

table of contents

Introduction	5
Chapter 1 — People	6
Adivon, Barber.....	6
Derek Craik, Beggar	10
Jordan Kane, Ex-Paladin.....	13
Kiron the Crazyd.....	16
Neville Pigot, Merchant.....	18
Alain Pure-Speak.....	21
Shau Lin, Gold Dragon	23
Lars Sonsung, Minstrel.....	27
Chapter 2 — City Locations	32
Alcan's Book Store.....	32
Southland's Finest Potions	38
Crystal Fountain.....	43
J.J.'s Jewel Boutique	44
Seymor's General Store	49
Mercenaries' Guild	52
Sipian's Smithy and Stables	58
Pet Land Pet Shop.....	61
Roark's Armor Shop.....	65
Temple of the Bat	68
Treasure Tower.....	81
Chapter 3 — Wilderness Sites	83
Cavern of the Earthborn.....	83
Green Well.....	86
Psi Cave	88
Old Durnick Ruins.....	91
Blackie's Stable and Smithy	101
Broken-Top Hill Oracle	105
Tranquil Inn.....	111
Tree of the World.....	116
Chapter 4 — Magic Items	117
Potions & Powders.....	117
Gems & Jewelry	118
Rings	119
Wands, Staves & Rods	121
Weapons	123
Armor & Apparel	125
Miscellaneous.....	127

introduction

The following pages contain people, places, and things for use in any fantasy role-playing campaign. If you use Mayfair's City-State of the Invincible Overlord in your campaign, some of the entries are keyed to places in that setting, though they can be used anywhere. This sourcebook is intended to add detail and interest to undeveloped areas of any Game Master's world.

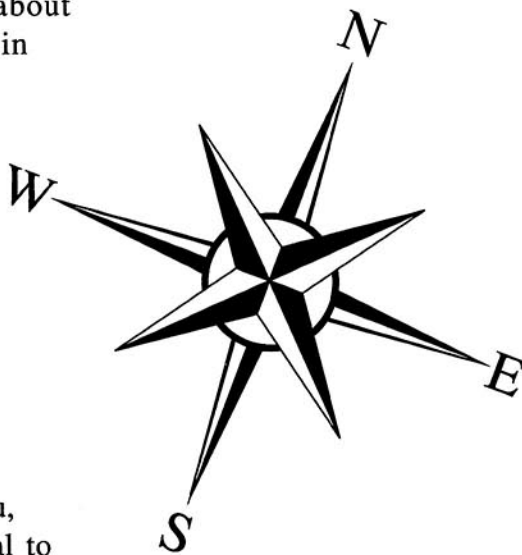
The book is broken down into four chapters, the first of which describes people—those Non-Player Characters whom your characters can meet on a trail or in a dungeon. But these are not just random strangers, these are colorful characters who will stick in your players' memories.

The second chapter covers different establishments and their proprietors, in or near cities and towns. These are not intended to be generic businesses; on the contrary, these are the extraordinary places that can hold players' interest and provide an environment for good role-playing.

The third chapter offers different areas of interest that could be located just about anywhere but will usually be used in wilderness settings. Like the town settings, these places are special, often providing mysteries for the players or even a mini-adventure.

And lastly, the fourth chapter discusses magical things. Some of these items are mentioned in the previous chapters, and some of them stand alone, for use wherever you need a special trinket.

So now, with all that behind you, take the first step through your portal to adventure.



people

Adivon, Barber

Somewhere in the city, someone is sick or hurt. Somewhere in the city, Adivon, the Barber of Briarwood, is making that someone well again. For more than half a century, Adivon has upheld a reputation for being the best healer in the city.

Adivon was born the half-elven son of an elven princess, who died in childbirth, and a human city official. Spending his early years in the city, Adivon became cultured, learning about statecraft, diplomacy, and how to turn on the charm when required. Even with the excitement of the city and life in the upper circles, he was restless, always wanting something different but unwilling to disappoint his father. Upon his father's death, Adivon, then 30, left the city to live with his mother's people in the forest.

In the forest, Adivon learned the ways of the elven people, their secrets of herbal lore and medicine, even how to speak with animals. Adivon lived this way for 20 years. When he thought that he had learned all he could, Adivon became bored with the sedate life of the forest elves and, at their request, returned to the city.

In the city, memories are short, and Adivon found his family fortune gone, appropriated by greedy officials, and his father's name conveniently forgotten by the ruling council. Alone and with nowhere to go, he moved into a quiet inn, trying to secure his family fortune through legal means. This proved hopeless, and finally, after weeks of painstaking effort and expense, the money ran out. Soon Adivon was heavily in debt to the innkeeper with no hope in sight. Then fate stepped in and changed Adivon's life forever.

A band of wandering adventurers happened by the inn, and one of them was gravely wounded. It seems that the group had been exploring some of the lesser-known tunnels under the city when they ran into a notorious giant spider. For some unknown reason, the adventurers didn't want to alert the local authorities to their activities, so they couldn't go to the clerics in the city for help. That left Adivon, who knew something of the lost healing arts, to save the life of this poor unfortunate. Adivon succeeded. The grateful adventurers paid him handsomely, enough to stay at the inn for an extended period. The group also took

Adivon into their confidence and showed him a strange room that they had discovered sealed in the tunnels under the city. In that room there were books and implements, long forgotten, pertaining to the eldritch art of surgery. Soon the contents of the room had been quietly smuggled into Adivon's room at the inn.

During the time that Adivon studied the books and learned to use the implements, the adventurers often returned with more wounded in need of discreet treatment. Within a few months, Adivon gained a reputation in the city as the healer who performed miracles and asked no questions. There was also money, lots of money, from grateful adventurers. The thieves guild made stealing from Adivon a strict taboo because of his policy of helping anyone who was injured or sick. Things looked pretty good for Adivon, at least they did until the city guard found out that someone was helping injured criminals and enemies of the state. The hunt was on.

As the authorities were closing in on Adivon, he was approached by the wizards guild. A powerful and influential wizard had botched the summoning of a fire elemental. The burns were horrible. For this problem, Adivon developed a new technique involving the transplanting of skin patches and the distillation of certain healing herbs. The wizard's miraculous recovery earned Adivon not only the gratitude of the wizards guild, but also a magic satchel. The magic bag was a Bag of Holding, capable of holding everything that Adivon owned. The bag arrived not a moment too soon.

Just as he was getting the last of his things into his magic satchel, Adivon learned that the city guards were about to come and arrest him. He was out the window with only seconds to spare. Following him was difficult because a drunken vagrant told the city guards that he saw Adivon going in a direction that led to a dead end. The vagrant was gone when the city guards returned. Adivon had escaped.

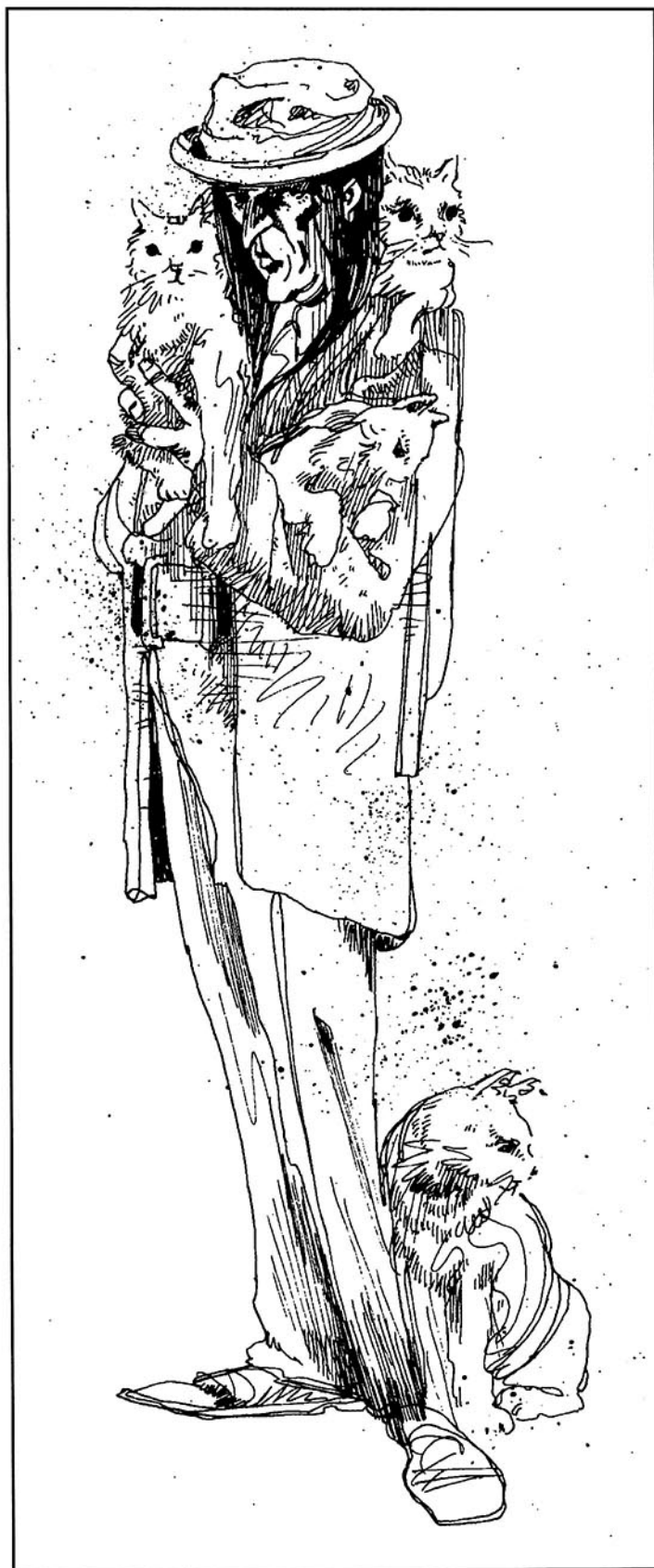
The alchemists guild served as home for Adivon for the next few weeks. It was there that he perfected his healing elixirs, with the help of several alchemists. Through the effort of a grateful senior alchemist, Adivon began work in the service of a member of the high council, a perfect place to remain under cover. His ability to shave beards and cut hair increased dramatically during this time.

Adivon's stay with the high council proved to be as valuable as it was relaxing. Life in the council had changed little since Adivon was a child, and he blended in as if he had been there for years. Although some of the older council members thought he looked familiar, no one recognized him as the renegade healer or the son of the man whose wealth they had stolen. It was a good year for Adivon but a disastrous year for the council. Somehow, the most secret plans of the council members never quite worked. Adivon was away and into the city before they could link this sabotage with him. The following year saw several new council members enter service.

Now, 25 years later, Adivon still travels from one inn to another helping the sick and injured. He uses local cats as an information network, so his travels through the city are always varied, based on the information that the cats give him. The important house cats and alley cats of the city always know where to find Adivon because he pays them promptly in fish for the names and locations of those in need. Some of the more reliable cats even get a warm place to sleep at night. For this reason, Adivon is often seen in the company of cats.

When he arrives, Adivon looks like an ordinary man, not very tall, with short straight gray hair, watery blue eyes, and just the hint of pointed ears on either side of his long pallid face, which is split by a long hawk-like nose. His hands are long and thin, touching things in a precise and delicate fashion.

Adivon wears a long white tunic with a red cross on the front and short black fur trim, long sleeves with similar trim, black hose, and a black leather belt. On his feet are hard, black leather shoes, always polished, with soft soles, which allow him to move silently. Adivon's hat is a black shapeless felt blob with the hint of a brim jutting out all the way around. Wrapped around the clothes is a heavy black cloak, which smartly resembles a large otter pelt. The



ensemble is striking and garnished by some simple, but magical, jewelry.

On his right ring finger, Adivon wears what appears to be a crinkly gold ring. A closer examination reveals that the crinkles are really tiny gold leaves. This ring protects its wearer against all diseases and poisons. To Adivon it's a prized keepsake, a gift from a grateful red dragon that he once cured in its lair in a nearby mountain range. His left pinky is the home of a beautiful silver-colored ring set with diamonds and a ruby. This mithril ring has an unnatural luster that can be seen in the dark and detects magical diseases. Adivon had this ring made and paid for when he worked for the high council. Around his neck, on a fine golden chain, dangles a strange and powerful hypnotizing amulet. (For detailed descriptions of these items, see **Equipment**, on p. 9.)

Role-Playing Adivon

When met, Adivon is a soft-spoken, gentle sort with a strong will that becomes apparent only in matters of life and death. He's devoted to the cause of saving lives and helps anyone who's sick or injured. This devotion extends across all boundaries of alignment, religion, law, or political standing. Adivon won't waver in his cause of aid to those in need. Of course, this attitude makes him a bit of an anarchist.

Adivon is highly distrustful of any organized group, especially after his experiences with the ruling class of the city. Dealing with the wizards guild always leaves him perplexed, and the alchemists only want to deal with him when they need something. Really, Adivon is an avowed people person. He likes cats, too.

Adivon charges for his services, but all things considered, his prices are fair. Anyone who can't pay in cash must settle the account in another way. This explains his nice clothes and ample supply of fresh healing medicines. Player characters who can't pay are most likely to be sent on herb-gathering duty. Many of the herbs and things Adivon needs are rare, but he always knows where to find them. If a patient decides to skip out on an obligation, that's all right, but Adivon will remember and his friends will find out. Bilking Adivon can be dangerous. On rare occasions, Adivon waives his fee (GM discretion).

The following is a list of cures and treatments and their costs.

Shave and haircut: 2 sp

Shave and haircut with information: 2 sp + 2 gp per question answered

Healing common wounds: 5 gp per HTK healed

Healing magically created wounds: 20 gp per HTK healed

Cure mundane disease: 10 gp times victim's level

Cure magical disease: 200 gp times victim's level

Cure blindness: 50 gp times victim's level

Cure insanity: 75 gp times the level of the victim

Slow poison: 20 gp per 1/2 hour that the poison is slowed

Neutralize poison: 50 gp times the level of the victim

Restore hearing: 50 gp times the level of the victim

Reattach limb: 150 gp times the level of the victim

Regenerate new limb: 500 gp times the level of the victim (Note that regenerating limbs also includes eyes, ears, internal organs, etc.)

Raise recently dead (24 hours): 8,000 gp + 800 gp per level of the victim (Remember that each point below zero must be healed and paid for before the victim can be raised from death. Adivon doesn't like to raise anyone back from the dead and won't take anything less than full cash payment, up front, to do it.)

Each treatment takes 1D6 + 1 days to complete. Note that Adivon is not a cleric and has no magical healing abilities. The healing he is able to accomplish is with medical skill, herbs, and the occasional rare magical item or substance.

Once the injured parties have arrived at an inn in town, there is a 1 in 10 chance that Adivon is already there. If he isn't there, he arrives in 1D6 hours, sooner if the injured characters are in really bad shape. If anyone looking for Adivon can talk to animals, then any cat knows where he is and will tell that person for fish or milk.

Adivon

Half Elf, Skill 4 Fighter

STR: 8, INT: 16, INS: 15

STA: 12, DEX: 18 (+3, -4), APL: 13

HTK: 25, AC: 6

MV: 12", AL: N. Good

AT: 1, DM: by weapon

THACO: 18

HT: 5'8", WT: 155 lbs.

Weapon Proficiencies: dagger, dagger (throwing), short sword, staff

Armor: none

Weapons: +3 obsidian dagger, +1 short sword

Magic Items: see **Equipment**, p. 9

Languages: common, elvish, all animals

Proficiencies: healing, herbalism, etiquette, animal handling, spell craft, ancient languages.

Equipment

Satchel of Holding. This black bag weighs 15 pounds but can hold up to 1,500 pounds with 250 cubic feet of available storage space. Inside the bag are Adivon's tools of healing: scalpels, bandages, jars containing healing herbs, ointments, lotions, splints, pills, cups, books of ancient healing lore, a coat rack, a large weighing scale, a full-length mirror, 2,000 gp, 1,000 sp, 500 cp, and, of course, personal possessions like clothes. A person could actually walk around inside the bag, but Adivon usually just reaches in to get what he needs.

Amulet of Hypnosis. This 2"-diameter golden disk, attached to a fine gold chain, has a strange mystical design on it. When the amulet is gently swung by its chain and light reflects off it, anyone looking at it is hypnotized (no save). The hypnosis takes 1 melee round to achieve and leaves the subject in a deep trance. While in the trance, the subject is open to suggestions just like the Skill 3 wizard spell Suggestion. In addition, the subject may be told that he is someone or something else, like a chicken or a great sword master. Snapping the fingers ends the trance.

Ring of Poison and Disease Immunity. Whoever wears this beautiful gold ring is immune to all poisons and disease, magical or mundane. The ring is set with tiny gold leaves, the leaves representing all plants and trees that have healing powers.

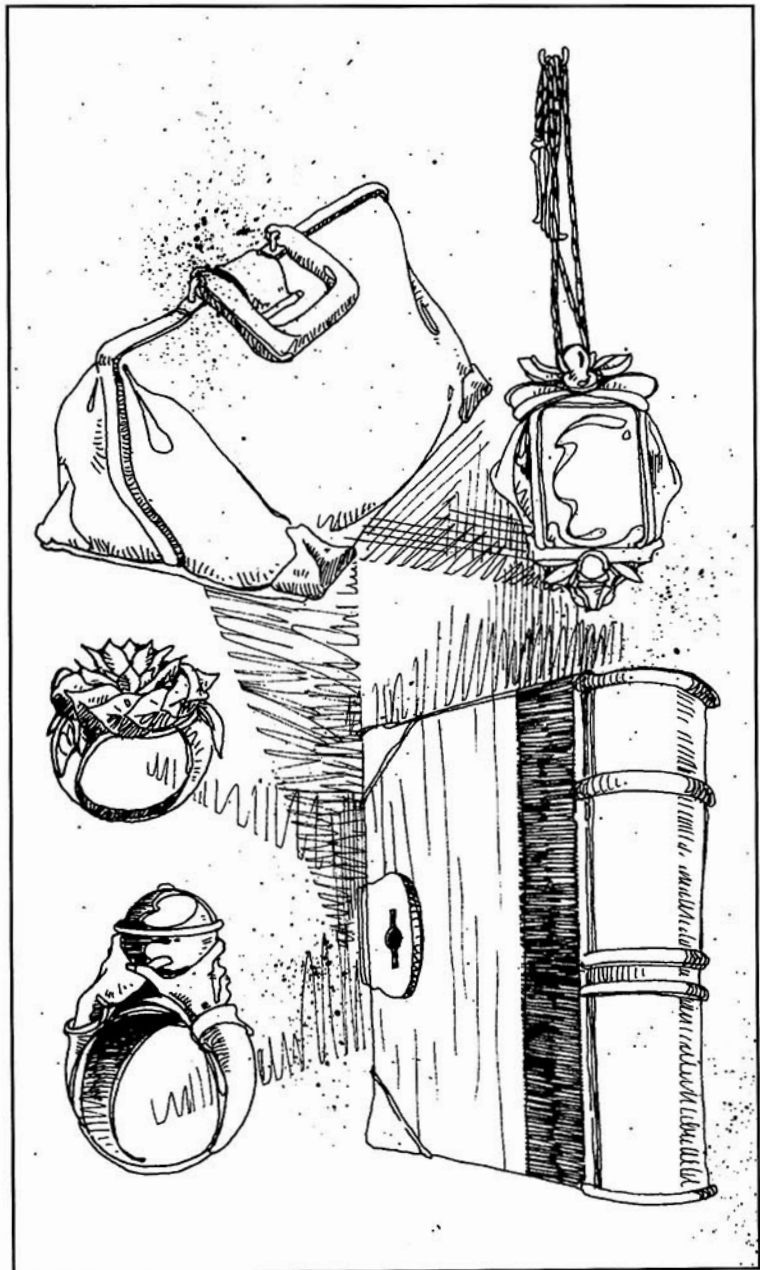
Ring of Magical Disease Detection. This mithril ring is set with diamonds and a ruby that glows when it comes within one foot of an individual infected with a magical disease. Magical diseases include Mummy Rot, Confusion, Withering, and any diseases caused by magical creatures or spells.

Books of Healing. These seven books are the basis for most of Adivon's healing knowledge. If all the books are studied, each for two

months, they can impart to a reasonably intelligent person (INT of 12 or more) the healing proficiency. The books also explain how to use strange medical implements (like Adivon's tools of healing). If the implements can be obtained, a person who has studied the books for a year, without interruption, can heal patients at four times the normal rate.

Adivon also keeps a small purse containing 5 cp, 5 sp, and 2 gp on his belt.

—John Cox



Derek Craik, Beggar

That man approaching . . . dirty man . . . a beggar. He's already passed by three others without so much as a glance. Why has he chosen me? Got me pegged as a mark, eh? Easy pickin's, is that it? Well, he'll not find his next meal here, no he won't!

Closer . . . A waste of your time, my man . . . Closer. Hat in hand, brim up, just at my chest.

"Spare a little somethin' fer a bite to eat, master?"

This fool's picked the wrong guy. "Be off! Try some honest labor for your bread. Or, at least find a patsy who ca . . ."



Gods above, who . . . what is this fiend? He wasn't so . . . so big, so. . . And that snarl. The shadows, they hide his face but . . . traces of light reflect off . . . off . . .

"Here, a silver! No . . . t-take two. A week's wages . . . well, nearly. P-please, t-take them. Take them and enjoy a healthy m-meal, my good fellow."

And so we meet Derek Craik, beggar.

Derek never expected to beg for a living. He was never afraid of hard work, but, then, this is hard work. The study, the exercises, the practice . . . and to what ends? Even the lowest look down on a beggar.

If only they knew how well a mere beggar could live! Derek could show them, but, well, that would spoil it.

Derek Craik is a half-orc. His mother, Derlaga, was the mate of the tribe's leader. But she was ambitious. The tribe served a band of human fighters, and she spent much time currying the favor of the leader of the human band. She yearned for a child with the brutishness and strength of the orcs and the intelligence and cunning of the humans.

The child that resulted was named Hazzo Clucas. Derlaga never revealed to her mate that it wasn't his child. The pup was just what she wanted—fully orcish in looks and character, and quick to learn. The tribe accepted him as an orc.

Unfortunately for Derlaga's plans, adolescence was kind to her son. He grew to look like his true father. It became more and more necessary for Derek to command the respect of his tribe. One day he was to prove himself worthy for the position of subchieftain by returning with the head of a cougar that had been plaguing the tribe. In a brutal fight, the cougar got the upper hand and was about to deal a savage blow. Suddenly, an inch from Hazzo's cheek, an arrow firmly set in the cougar's cheek and through its skull.

Hazzo hadn't seen a human since his true father's band left when he was 3, and he'd never seen anything as beautiful as this human.

He could do nothing but stare . . . until she smiled, said, "You are most welcomed, sir," turned, and departed.

He couldn't return to the tribe without the cougar's head. Now he couldn't return with it because he hadn't killed it—the arrow hole proved that. The tribe would never let him forget. Somehow these things didn't matter. His heart was set on finding her.

He drifted and searched for seven years. He gave up his quest two years ago and came to settle here. He kept himself alive by providing labor for a meal and a place to sleep. Between towns he would hunt for meat. He gradually became used to the ways of civilization. He dropped his orcish name, telling people his name was Derek. Derek doesn't know whether Craik is his father's first or last name, but it is the only name he ever heard.

He soon grew disgusted of farm work and other trade labor; his hands were unsuited for a craft, and he was too old for an apprenticeship. What little money he had soon ran out, reducing him to begging.

At first he was no good at begging. Too much of his orcish crudeness showed through; people turned quickly away. Many nights he slumped in a doorway or under a tree with an empty belly. Occasionally he'd go to the woods to hunt a decent meal. He knew, however, that city life, city cooking, was more attractive than life in the wild.

Frustration and hunger can make the meekest man break; Derek had never been the meekest of men. His life had been fighting the sneers and relentless cruelty of his tribe. He always had to be more cunning, more aggressive, more vile, in short, the best—or worst.

One night Derek approached yet another victim. Determined to be as non-threatening as possible, he willed his body to shrink within the robe he had purposely torn holes in and covered with dirt. In a tiny, raspy, broken voice—eyes deflected to his feet—he asked for anything, any small token. "Out of my way!" the man refused him with a shove.

RAGE!

Not only did Derek begin to grow in height, he appeared to expand in all directions. A low, guttural sound. A flash of teeth. He seethed with anger. His face showed it. His body reeked of it.

The man looked up, and terror gripped his heart. His hand gripped his purse. "It's not much. Please, you're welcome to it. Just . . . just don't hurt me." With great care the man placed the purse in Derek's hand, slowly backed away, and then ran.

"Not much!" Derek looked at the money in the purse. "I'll eat, and eat well, for 2 weeks on this. Even the purse is worth something."

The first thing he did was visit the temple. Is he religious? No. Superstitious then? He could admit that—to himself. One thing he isn't is cocky; he'd learned long ago to cover all the angles. Keeping the gods satisfied is a major part of that and something he'd forgotten lately.

Later, in another part of the city, he sat down to a feast and to consider what had just happened.

He saw his mistakes. He thought begging was something to do until he found "real work." But this was work, and he'd been going about it all wrong. It was like hunting. He had to study his prey and the competition, and he had to offer something the others didn't.

The next morning he took to the streets, watching the hunters and the hunted: the beggars and their marks. Who did they pick as their marks, how did they approach, what did they say to "set the hook and reel them in"? With last night's take, he could afford time to study. And with a meal in his belly he could concentrate on . . .

"You'll come quietly, won't you!"

It wasn't a question. He had expected the authorities. He was ready with a story—the truth. Or at least as much of it as was necessary.

"I asked for a copper, a tin piece, anything to show his kindness. He gives me his purse! A great man. A generous . . ."

"He says I threatened him? Oh, no, sir. He said that, sir? No, sir. Look at me . . . who could I hurt? I carry no weapon. I have no strength."

And Derek stood up, slowly, laboriously, never to full height. And it was true. Weeks of starvation had weakened him, and it showed. But he was always able to rally his resources when most needed. Now he needed a glib tongue. Talking quickly, he emptied his purse: no weapon, just a copper or two. Hat, robe, sleeves, pant legs, he showed them everything, talking all the while. Not too quickly, don't push. Just enough and no more.

Something was mentioned about his turning into a beast—into some ghastly, ravenous animal. This took Derek by surprise. Is this just exaggeration, or did he scare the man that much? Derek didn't realize what had happened to his face the night before. He explained that if he could change into an animal he wouldn't need to beg for food. They let him go. The warning was just a formality. "But they'll be watching me for a few days. Good, I've nothing to hide, and I want them to know it."

He made friends, slowly, with some of the other beggars and began to learn their secrets. The knowledge came easily, especially with practice. His plan, however, hinged on another ploy, one that required intense physical training. How does a body learn to shrink, or to grow, on command? How far could he push it? He tried some moves, worked his spine, his ribs. It wasn't much, but it felt right. This, too, would need practice. Derek went to the woods

and set a mirror against a tree. He stepped back and then, over again, he practiced his moves. But he was too far back; he couldn't tell if it was enough.

Frustration and anger built up. He ran to the tree, picked up the mirror and was going to throw it when . . .

"Look at that, would you! I'm hideous! I mean, it's a face any orc would be proud of. But humans would see this and . . . so that's what they meant." Now he knew: despite his passable human appearance, the muscles of his face could still capture the worst of his orcish side.

Role-Playing Derek

Derek is careful; he spends more time studying people than he does in physical training. He'd rather pick an easy mark than scare his victim. He uses the scare tactic sparingly and only in the dark. Just the knowledge that he can fall back on it gives him an edge. The authorities might come down on him if he were to use it too often.

Derek has also attracted some attention. Though he isn't a thief, the local thieves guild often seeks him out for his insight into people. He can justify this since they pay him up front and he is never involved in a crime.

Derek is careful to keep his persona of beggar separate from that of the homeowner. His neighbors are unaware that he begs for his keep, and he never enters his house in beggar garb. This also allows him to make extra money by hiring out for odd jobs. Helping to move freight or grain is perfect for keeping his body in condition, but he doesn't want to do that for a living.

Derek Craik

Half-Orc, Skill 4 Thief

STR: 17 (+1, +1), INT: 14, INS: 12

STA: 12, DEX: 10, APL: 8

HTK: 13, AC: 10

MV: 12", AL: C. Neutral

AT: 1, DM: by weapon

THACO: 18

HT: 5'10", WT: 200 lbs.

Weapon Proficiencies: dagger, dagger (throwing), short sword

A armor: none

Weapons: none

Magic Items: none

Specials: Thief Abilities: PP: 40%, OL: 42%, F/RT: 40%, MS: 33%, HS: 25%, HN: 20%, CW: 93%, RL: 10%.

Proficiencies: hunting, tracking, disguise

—Tim Joyce

Jordan Kane, Ex-Paladin

We entered the inn. The scar-faced man leaning on the mantle was nearing the end of a story. As he talked, his eyes darted back and forth, like those of a caged animal looking for a way out.

"... As I spoke my deity's name, the guardian of the Hand turned toward me, its eyes shifting from side to side. It raised the Hand. As a result, everything moved in slow motion. As its metallic teeth raked across my face, it lunged full-force into my holy symbol. The rest is history."

Jordan Kane would be an attractive man if it weren't for the scarring that dominates the left side of his face. He isn't offensive, but the scars are hard to miss. His loss in Appeal (originally 17) is due as much to the scarring as it is to his current madness.

Kane's eyes are a deep blue and seem to dart about as though he were constantly looking for someone or something. His dark brown hair, graying at the temples, is pulled back in a ponytail.

His clothes give no hint to his profession, only that he has traveled quite a bit. He always wears gloves, but careful observation of his right hand reveals silver metal peeking out between his glove and shirt sleeve.

Jordan Kane is an example of what can happen to the best of people when everything goes wrong. Everyone Kane has ever cared for is either dead or has betrayed him. He has also gained his heart's desire in the process. Unfortunately, he's too far gone to notice.

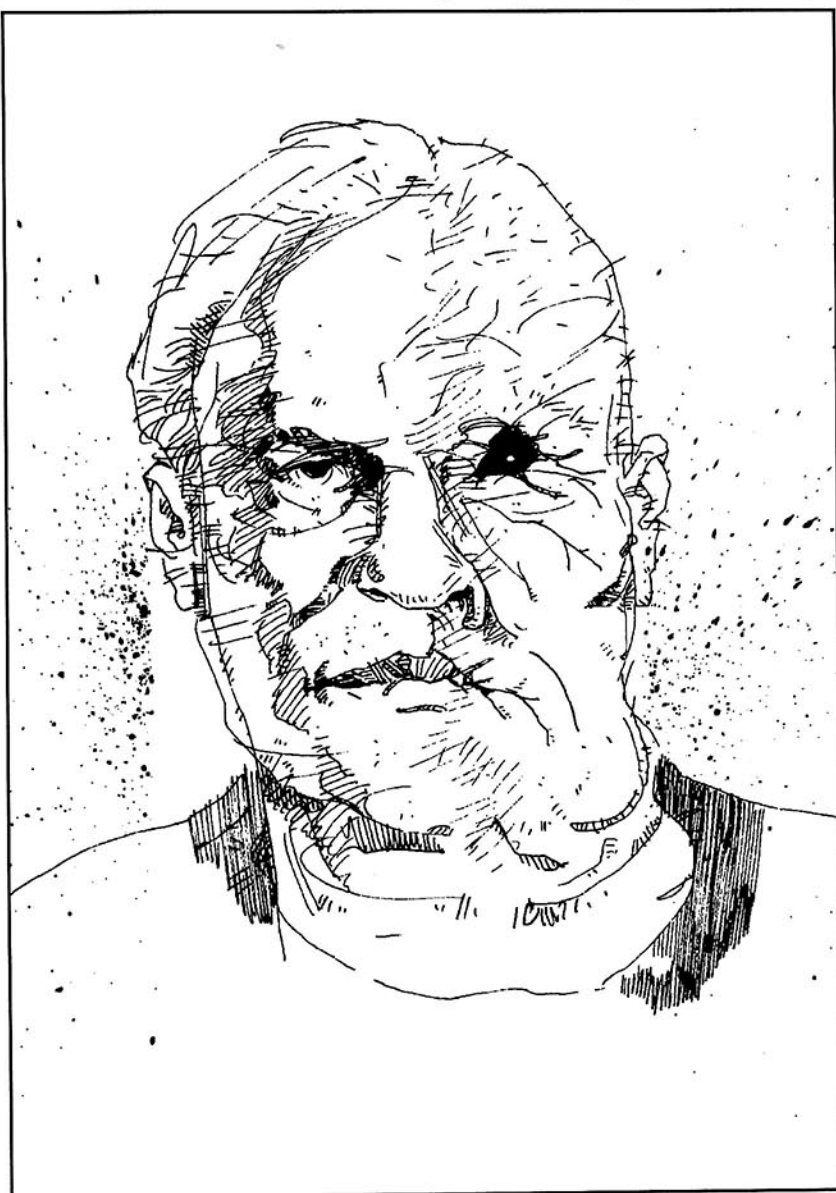
Kane's streak of bad luck began at birth, which coincided with a total solar eclipse. The superstitious townsfolk accused Kane's parents of witchcraft and of consorting with demons. A growing

contingent in the town was intent on burning the child alive. Only the sacrifice of Kane's father allowed his mother to spirit him away into the night.

Unfortunately, Kane's mother wasn't a particularly strong woman. The loss of her husband and the rigors of travel so soon after childbirth ultimately took her life.

Orphaned, Jordan was adopted by the priests of a temple dedicated to the Celtic god of war, Nuada. He soon met a young lad named Bardoran, and the two grew to be best friends.

Kane received a rudimentary education in reading, writing, and mathematics but impressed his guardians the most with his spirit and determination. Thus, his training changed from general knowledge



to the requirements and expectations of a Paladin of Nuada. Fourteen years after his adoption, he left the temple accompanied by his friend, Bardoran. Kane was intent on becoming a shining example of the heroic ideal in the Celtic tradition.

He failed miserably.

While Kane had grown into a good man, he still was ruled by self-doubts and haunted by the ghosts of his past. He was just a little too slow in combat. He strayed just a little from the customs and strictures of his church. Most of all, he dreamed of returning to the city of his birth and leaving it a burning husk.

Despite his failings, Kane was convinced that he was destined for greatness. His strength and power grew and flourished. In his mind, he was to be the savior of the world, leading mankind down the road to salvation.

When Kane became aware that a temple dedicated to Arawn, Celtic god of death, was being constructed near his childhood home, he gathered a band of adventurers and led them on a raid against the site. Kane was certain that he would surely be able to defeat the weaklings that served such a god.

Of the 22 men and women who rode with Kane that day, only two returned with him. One of them, a wizard named Moldan, was alive; the other was the body of his friend, Bardoran. Kane himself had been captured by the temple's priests. When they learned he was a Paladin of Nuada, they cut off Kane's right hand as a cruel mockery of his god and released him to contemplate and lick his wounds.

Kane and Moldan took Bardoran's body to the temple of Nuada for aid, but the temple's own campaigns against the death-worshippers was going badly. They were unable to resurrect Bardoran and couldn't aid Kane.

Moldan told Kane of a druid he knew who might be able to reincarnate Bardoran. There was no guarantee that Bardoran would be as he was, but at least he would be alive. Desperate to save his friend, Kane agreed. However, the price was steep. Kane sold the few possessions he owned to gather the money for Bardoran's reincarnation.

When Bardoran was reincarnated as a hawk, Kane was crestfallen. He took his friend again to the temple of Nuada, but the priests again could do nothing. Indeed, they were outraged that Kane had the temerity to seek help through a pagan druid. After a heated quarrel, Kane was excommunicated and cast out. With his money gone and his best friend transformed into a bird, Jordan Kane left the only home he ever had feeling angry and betrayed.

Moldan offered Kane a second chance to find his calling, as a wizard. Moldan offered to instruct Kane in the art of magic and try to find a way to restore Bardoran to normal. In exchange, Kane would act as Moldan's bodyguard and perform an occasional odd job for him. Kane, having seen the power Moldan wielded, readily agreed, and the two moved to Briarwood (or other city in your campaign).

As time went on, Kane proved himself a very apt pupil. Unfortunately, the absence of his right hand made some of the more-powerful spells impossible to cast. Once again, the ghosts of Kane's past affected his future, and his sanity started a slow spiral into madness.

One day, while searching for a way to restore Bardoran, Kane found a reference to the Hand of Urthuron, a magical artifact that bonded to its owner and granted him increased magical ability. Entrusting the care of Bardoran to Moldan, Kane set out to find the Hand.

No one knows where Kane went or what happened on his quest. All that is known for certain is that Kane returned three months after he left, looking more dead than alive. He had found the Hand of Urthuron but had seen and done things that weighed heavily on him. Much of the left side of his face was laid open to the bone, and his eyes held the glint of insanity.

The final straw struck home when Kane found that Bardoran was not only still a hawk, but was also now Moldan's familiar. Any semblance of sanity that Kane still possessed fled before his anger. Before Moldan could think, Kane leapt at his throat and strangled him with the Hand. Bardoran was compelled to try to save Moldan, but Kane slew the bird before it could react.

Kane ransacked Moldan's home, taking everything of value before slipping off into the night.

Jordan Kane isn't an evil man, he's just a man whom fate drove inexorably to the abyss of madness and abruptly pushed over the edge.

Role-Playing Kane

Many of Kane's mannerisms might seem contradictory, but since they are mostly a result of his dementia, this is understandable. Kane experiences extremely wide mood swings. He can be warm and charming one moment and hateful and contemptuous the next. The few people who have worked with him or for him since he gained the Hand of Urthuron have called him reckless and unreliable.

Kane is a likable man who tries his best to be helpful. However, if it seems as though someone is being slighted simply because of race, beliefs, or

something superficial, Kane becomes enraged and supports the person being slighted until such time as apologies are made or the person Kane supports slights someone else.

Kane has no tolerance for paladins, an aftereffect of his being cast out from his former career. Paladins, especially those serving Celtic deities, cause Kane to become angry enough to attack a party immediately. If a party seems too large for him to handle, he disappears and stalks the paladin, striking from a hiding place.

Kane is fond of animals of all sorts, although he seems especially kind to wild animals that have been domesticated. It is probable that he's trying to make amends for killing Bardoran after he was transformed into a hawk. Mistreating an animal in Kane's presence raises his ire.

Kane is cold to strangers at first. This is mostly due to the fact that anyone Kane has ever cared about is now dead. He is afraid that anyone he befriends is destined to die, quite possibly at his hands. If someone gets through the frightened exterior and does a few kind things for Kane, he gains Kane's friendship for life . . . as long as he doesn't do anything Kane finds irritating (GM discretion).

Kane is convinced that the blood of all who have died because of his existence is on his hands (from the adventurers who died under his command, to Bardoran and Moldan, and even his parents). Positive that the blood is literally there for all to see, Kane always wears gloves.

Oddly enough, the death that has caused Kane the most grief is the one he has the most trouble remembering. He has often gone into taverns looking for Bardoran and has been seen talking to the air, presumably to his dead friend, over several mugs of mead.

If Kane should join an adventuring party, he won't allow his life to be endangered, nor will he share any healing potions with the others no matter how badly they may be injured. He always keeps a Teleport spell in reserve in case he needs to escape. If he finds someone especially contemptible, after the person is killed, he casts Reincarnation on that person, hoping to pass on the pain he has felt due to his previous use of the spell.

Kane wields considerable power, yet very little influence for a magic-user of his level. In fact, many of the area's more notable wizards and noblemen would like to see Kane run out of the area, if not outright slain. Unfortunately, none of them has the resources or the courage to do so.

Jordan Kane

Human, Skill 12 Magic-user/Skill 2 Fighter

STR: 15, INT: 17, INS: 13

STA: 12, DEX: 17 (+2, -3), APL: 9

HTK: 45, AC: -1

MV: 12", AL: C. Neutral

AT: 1, DM: by weapon

THACO: 16

Religion/Deity: Celtic/Nuada

HT: 5'10", WT: 165 lbs.

Weapon Proficiencies: dagger, lance (medium), long sword, quarterstaff

Armor: none

Weapons: dagger, +2 long sword

Magic Items: Bracers AC 2, Staff of the Magi (23 charges), Wand of Wonder (76 charges), Ring of Spell Storing, Book of Infinite Spells (kept in his sanctum under lock and key, 22 pages left), Scroll of Protection from Undead, Potion of Extra Healing (x5)

Spells: 5/4/4/4/1 (GM's choice)

Specials: Kane's right hand is a unique magical item, the Hand of Urthuron. See below for details.

The Hand of Urthuron

0 xp, 35,000 gp

The Hand of Urthuron is a silver hand of human size. It can only be used by a magic-user, and in order to use the artifact, the owner must be missing his own right hand. Once attached, the Hand bonds with the owner's life force. From that point, the Hand can only be removed after the owner's death.

While the Hand is attached, any spell of limited duration cast becomes permanent. This doesn't affect the owner's constitution, nor does it affect the number of spells the magic-user can cast.

The Hand also prolongs the owner's life, although not without cost. The owner of the Hand never heals normally; any wounds suffered must be healed magically, either by spell, potion, or magical ointment.

In addition, death doesn't occur until the owner is taken below -10 HTK, nor does he lose consciousness. If the owner were injured and taken to -9 HTK and left alone in an isolated place, it is theoretically possible he would live in excruciating pain for all eternity.

—Ken Schroeder

Kiron the Crazy

His eyes flashed of madness in the campfire's light. But what were we supposed to do? We were ten miles from any settlement, and all he asked for was a little food and the warmth of the fire. Anyway, we were eight in number, and he was one lowly human.

He turned in Phoebus' direction and said "Iv and I got a good story to tell ya'. It was the winter of 26, the yard apes were heavy that year, weren't they Iv? . . ."

Just then, he reached into the fire and pulled out a red-hot ember.

This was one night we'd all sleep with one eye open.

Kiron the Crazy is a familiar sight throughout the land. His long, matted, coal black hair and tattered red robe are memorable. To anyone who comes face to face with him, it's his eyes that are never forgotten. They appear to be ancient and unseeing, and at the same time, the fires of madness rage within them. With the exception of his eyes and stance, Kiron looks to be in his early 30s. His large frame appears much smaller due to his permanently bowed posture. He often converses with people who aren't there.

The first time anyone remembers seeing Kiron was about eight years ago. No one knows anything about his past; it's as if he just appeared. There are rumors that terrible things happen to anyone who tries to molest him, so the people of the area give him food and drink when he's around. They may make a sign of protection against his madness, but they don't feel threatened by him.

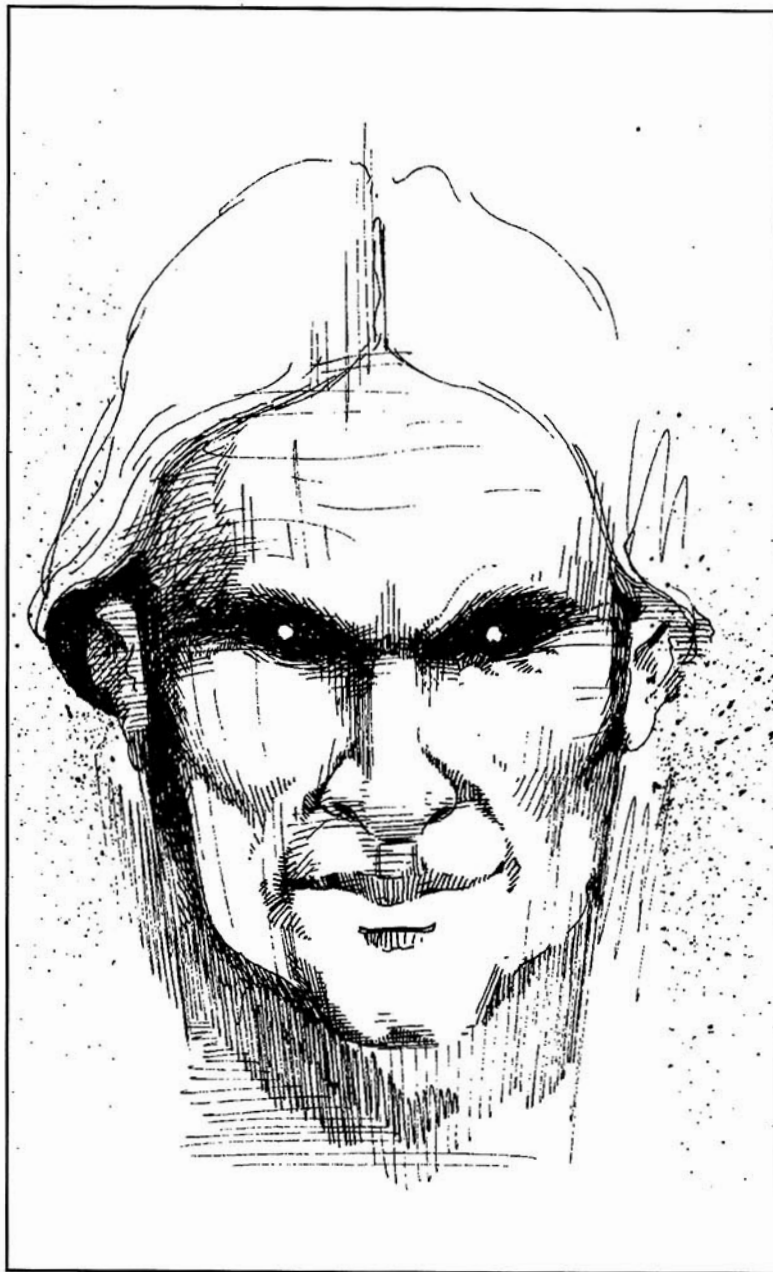
Kiron wanders alone without apparent purpose. He can turn up anywhere. It's said that on cold nights, he enters a camp or building and sits down before the fire. It's at times like these that people learn the true measure of his madness.

From somewhere inside his robes he produces a finely carved pipe. With his bare hand he takes an ember from the fire and lights it. The fire seems to have no effect on him. As strange as this may be, it's nothing compared to the effect of his voice.

He speaks of great battles in places unknown to anyone else, of monsters beyond the realm of possibility, and of mundane things like an old woman who lost her goat last winter. During these times he constantly looks from one of his shoulders to the other and confirms his story with Iv, his imaginary friend.

"We were surrounded by over a hundred vultures made of fire. Well, it looked like fire, right Iv?"

"What did he say, Iv? I couldn't hear him."



For brief moments Kiron may appear to be sane. It's during these times that he may say something important. During his lucid periods, he has control over fire as in the spell *Affect Normal Fires* except that he can also affect magical fires.

In truth, Kiron is the sad remnant of an ancient hero. Over two centuries ago, Kironia of the Ancient Arcana was one of the great mages. Although the truth is lost in time, his exploits and those of his companions sometimes surface in legends.

The legends say that Kironia and five other great heroes journeyed to a land of fire beyond reality and were killed in a battle against the evil of evils.

In a great battle in the Abyss, Kironia and his friend fought Orcus. All died except Kironia. He was taken prisoner and was tortured at the whim of Orcus for uncounted years.

During this time, he was visited by an Invisible Stalker summoned by Orcus. At Orcus' command, it became the prisoner's only companion. Kironia named it Iv even though he could never see it.

Orcus' plan was to have Kironia return to the material plane and do his bidding. This plan failed for two reasons.

First, Kironia went mad rather than fall under Orcus' domination. Second, the Invisible Stalker resented its summoning and subverted Orcus' plan.

The Stalker secretly persuaded Kironia to resist Orcus. It also began re-teaching him spells. One day, Kironia remembered the *Teleport* spell and a palace he had once visited at the same instant. The result was his reappearance in the halls of the now defunct Ancient Arcana and his escape from Orcus.

What had seemed like years in the Abyss were centuries on the Prime Material Plane. The Ancient Arcana was only a memory and the palace deserted.

With no memory of his life as Kironia, he left the palace of the Ancient Arcana for the last time and began to wander the land as Kiron the Crazy.

The Invisible Stalker is no longer present, but Kiron still talks to it.

Role-Playing Kiron

To role-play Kiron, say whatever comes into your mind. The wilder the story the better. Treat Iv as a real being that responds silently. When a player asks a question you can't answer, have Kiron ignore the player and talk to Iv. Kiron can introduce

any rumor into the game. The rumors can be true or false. With his ESP and Clairaudience spells, there is a chance that Kiron can know any information.

Kiron's insanity is far too advanced to be cured. If any spell is thrown at him, he regards it as an attack and responds accordingly.

Kiron the Crazy

Human, Skill 12 Mage

STR: 9, INT: 17, INS: 13

STA: 16, DEX: 15, APL: 11

HTK: 42, AC: 10

AT: 1, DM: by weapon

THACO: 16

HT: 6'1", WT: 190 lbs.

Weapon Proficiencies: dagger, staff

Armor: none

Weapons: dagger

Magic Items: Pipe of Smoking: a finely carved pipe that, once filled, can be used repeatedly. As long as the pipe is in use, anything put in the bowl will continue to burn without being consumed. When the pipe is put away, the burning stops, and the contents of the bowl remain charred but intact.

Special Abilities: Immune to Fire (granted by Orcus to enable Kiron to survive in the Abyss).

Affect Fires (as per spell *Affect Normal Fires* except that he can also affect large magical fires).

Spells: Remembered and thrown randomly if endangered (GM discretion).

Level 1: Charm Person, Message, Magic Missile (x2), Message, Sleep

Level 2: ESP, Forget, Stinking Cloud, Web

Level 3: Clairaudience, Fireball, Hold Person, Suggestion

Level 4: Confusion, Ice Storm, Polymorph Other, Wall of Fire

Level 5: Animate Dead, Cone of Cold, Feeblemind, Passwall

Level 6: Repulsion

The spell cast is determined by 1D6 for Level and 1D4 for the Spell. If the spell at that level has been used, use the next spell down. If there are no spells below, use the next spell up. If all spells of a level are used, go to the first spell of the next higher level. With the exception of protection spells, all individual spells are cast at a random opponent.

—Roger T. Johnson, Jr.

Neville Pigot, Merchant

The sign on the side of the wagon reads "Neville Pigot's Wagon of Wondrous Wares. We Buy, Trade & Sell."

"What can I interest you in?" The voice comes from inside the Gypsy-like wagon. Before a response can be given, a small, older man walks out on the tailgate of the wagon, introduces himself as "Neville Pigot, Merchant of the World, seller and trader of the mystical and mundane." He then bows deeply at the waist.

As he finishes his bow, a large, Neanderthal-looking human steps from the far side of the wagon, a highly polished quarterstaff—or, by the looks of it, a post—in hand.

"I have yet to ready all of my wares," the wiry man says, "but I will be ready in a few minutes." He ducks back into the wagon, shutting the door behind him.

In a couple of minutes, the door opens and the merchant motions you toward his small wagon, all the while the large man watches you intently.

"Welcome to my shop." He steps aside and motions you in. The sight before you is incredible, the wagon is at least four times larger inside than it is outside!

Neville Pigot is the leading fence for stolen property in the territory, if not the whole continent.

When he started his fencing business over 40 years ago, he opened a pawn shop in the heart of Briarwood. However, he quickly

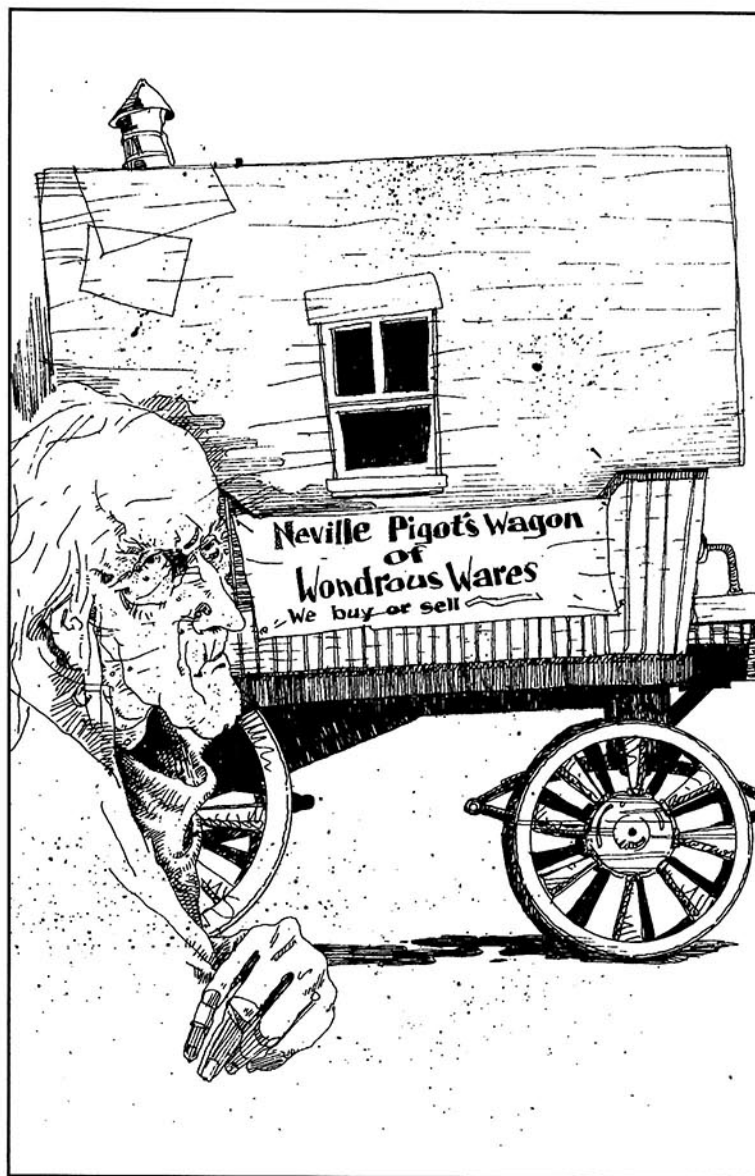
learned that staying in one place is both dangerous and dull. He had to deal with most of the burglars and cutpurses living in the area, sometimes a life-threatening affair. And when the authorities decided it was time to crack down on such individuals, business became almost nonexistent.

Now, seeing that he has taken his business on the road and is only in any given area once every month or so, he deals exclusively with the leaders of the underground and a few "self-employed" individuals. Also, if the heat is on in a city or area, Pigot avoids the area.

Pigot's diminutive size, sickly appearance, and age (over 60 years) don't inspire fear in anyone, so he hired somebody who does: Jerrick "Dwarfchucker" Grettel, a Neanderthal-looking specimen who gives a good argument for the theory of evolution just by existing.

Dwarfchucker came to the wagon one day because he heard that Pigot was a thief. Realizing, somehow, that thieving and traveling would be a great way for a guy to earn extra money and see the world, Dwarfchucker asked Pigot to hire him as an apprentice in the art of thievery.

Because being a fence is dangerous, especially if you've cheated a few of your past customers, Pigot decided to take Dwarfchucker under his wing.



Currently, Pigot is having the oaf practice a series of exercises that will, purportedly, make him more dexterous and agile. Dwarfchucker is also in charge of caring for the wagon and the horses. In reality, Pigot keeps him around to act as bouncer and bodyguard. Some day, Dwarfchucker may catch on to what Pigot is really doing, but Pigot is wagering he'll be long dead by then.

Pigot's Wagon

Neville Pigot's magical wagon is 10' long and 4' wide on the outside and 40' x 40' on the inside.

Painted on each side of the wagon in bright colors is a sign that reads "Neville Pigot's Wagon of Wondrous Wares. We Buy, Trade, & Sell."

The two horses that pull the wagon look old and worn. However, due to its magical properties, the weight of the wagon is always that of a normal, empty wagon, and each horse wears Horseshoes of a Zephyr (see the standard rule book for details), making the load almost weightless.

Inside, the wagon is spacious and fancily adorned. The front wall is covered in rugs and tapestries. Careful examination reveals more tapestries behind the top layer. The outer tapestries are in fair to good condition, with each additional item being in slightly poorer condition. However, the tapestries closest to the wall are exquisite, and rather expensive. These final tapestries have small poison needles attached to their rear, upper corners. Anyone trying to remove one must make a save against DEX. A failed save means the person is pricked and injected with a fast (1D6 rounds) and effective (-4 to save) sleep poison.

On shelves four feet in front of the tapestries are several oil lamps, lanterns, various pieces of pottery, and other home decorations. These are, for the most part, ordinary furnishings, although Pigot has been known to receive some lanterns with a Continual Light spell cast on them. The price for these is somewhat expensive, but they sell quickly.

Four feet in front of the right wall is a glass case that runs the length of the wall. There is a hidden catch behind the case. If anyone breaks the glass or opens the back door of the case by releasing the catch, the contents of a bag of Dust of Sneezing and Choking are dumped on the case's contents and on the person breaking in.

Inside the case are small valuables that are easy to steal (Pigot should know, half of them are stolen). A large amount of jewelry is in here, as well as spectacles, clocks, bejeweled daggers,

walking sticks, small hand carvings, and similar personal mementos that contain precious stones and metals. The most expensive of these items are displayed in the front-most section of the counter, behind which Pigot sits when he's not walking the floor or helping customers. Among the items in this display are Pigot's three Ivory Goats (see the standard rules for details).

The displays are trapped, of course. The ring holders have needles in their stems. Removing the weight of the rings without holding onto the front and back of the base causes the needle to spring out, stabbing the victim in the hand and injecting him with the same sleep potion used on the tapestries.

In addition, the nicest looking necklace in the case has a wire connected to it from the case floor. Anyone picking up the necklace triggers the release of a spring-loaded blade beneath the door to the case. The blade is sharp enough and strong enough to cut through bone. The necklace is fake.

The right wall itself is covered with a variety of weapons. Pigot has bought a few weapons from down-on-their-luck adventurers and keeps them here where he can keep an eye on them.

Running the length of the left wall is a glass case filled with written material: maps, scrolls, tomes, "How To" books, and research and reference works.

The left wall holds various sets and pieces of armor and various-sized shields, from bucklers to kite shields.

The center of the room holds a number of racks filled with clothing. Most of the clothes are fairly standard, if slightly worn, although a few racks contain some well-made and ornate garments. One rack holds cloaks, robes, and furs. A great number of the furs are bear, beaver, and fox, but there are also a few mink and rabbit as well.

A hidden 10' x 5' room is located in the front of shop. It contains the lion's share of Pigot's money and the merchandise that Pigot considers too hot to put in plain sight.

The secret door to this room contains three traps, which have to be disarmed in the order given below, for disarming any trap out of order instantly triggers a different trap, even if it's been (apparently) disarmed.

The first trap is built into the trigger mechanism of the secret door. If it isn't disarmed, a poison needle jabs through the trigger plate and into the hand of the victim. The poison is fast-working and deadly (save vs. Poison at -4, or death in 1D4 segments).

The second trap is built into the door itself. The door slides into the wall to the right. If this trap isn't

removed, once the door is slid to the side, a guillotine blade drops from the ceiling. (Damage is up to the GM as character positioning could result in a minor to fatal injury.) If this trap is disarmed first, it triggers the poison needle trap.

The third trap is a "fake trap" consisting of a wire that leads into the room and connects to a loaded crossbow. The crossbow is set up to fire its bolt if the wire is disturbed. The discharged bolt strikes the door in a planned weak spot at a height of two-and-a-half feet, the exact spot a person's eyes need to be when attempting to disarm this trap, thus resulting in a bolt in the face.

If the third trap is ignored, it doesn't go off.

For goods that people bring into his shop, Pigot pays from 20% to 40% of the actual value, depending on their resaleability and the amount of time that's lapsed since the item was stolen. If an item is one of a kind, Pigot may charge as much as twice the standard price for it. This may seem like a raw deal, but his customers are getting treated better than the thieves are these days.

Thieves fencing goods are usually offered only 10% to 25% of the items' values (GM discretion). Furthermore, the thieves are forced to take this price, as other fences have been edged out of business, either by the authorities or by fatal "mishaps."

Most items found in the wagon aren't listed. The GM should decide what items Pigot has for sale based on what is appropriate to the GM's campaign.

Role-Playing Pigot

Pigot is a shrewd businessman whose want for wealth, concerns about hardships on the road, and worries about working on the wrong side of the law are starting to wear on a health that was never good to begin with. Pigot also took a severe beating from a doppelganger that he's never fully recovered from.

Pigot is convinced that he doesn't have a lot of time left in this world, and he appears to be quite right. However, where other people might try to change their ways and make amends for their past, Pigot is just becoming more self-centered and selfish.

When making a business transaction, Pigot wrings his hands, his breathing gets heavy, and his eyes appear as if they'll pop out of his head.

Neville Pigot

Human, Skill 3 Thief
STR: 7, INT: 15, INS: 16
STA: 6, DEX: 9, APL: 9

HTK: 13, AC: 6
MV: 9" AL: C. Neutral
AT: 1, DM: by weapon
THACO: 20

Religion/Deity: Norse/Loki

HT: 5'6", WT: 120 lbs.

Weapon Proficiencies: dagger, throwing dagger

Armor: +2 leather

Weapons: Dagger of the Assassin (see p. 123 for details)

Magic Items: Amulet of Recall (see p. 118 for details. Also, teleports wagon and contents), Figurines of Wondrous Power (3 Ivory Goats), Horseshoes of a Zephyr (2 sets), Ring of Invisibility, Robe of Restoration (see p. 126 for details)

Specials: Thief Abilities: PP: 40%, OL: 33%, F/RT: 30%, MS: 27%, HS: 20%, HN: 15%, CW: 87%.

Role-Playing Dwarfchucker

Dwarfchucker is actually a nice person, or at least he could be if he weren't under Pigot's influence. He's a relatively harmless and innocent person who wants the easy life and believes that he has found it. He doesn't realize that he's being used, nor does it occur to him that breaking people's heads is wrong.

Besides, Pigot is giving him free room and board and isn't even charging him for his "thieves' training." What could possibly be better than that?

Of course, sooner or later, Dwarfchucker will realize that he isn't really learning how to be a thief and will be understandably quite upset. Until then, however, Dwarfchucker is fanatically loyal to his "little buddy, Uncle Neville."

Jerrick "Dwarfchucker" Grettel

Human, Skill 3 Fighter
STR: 18/00 (+3, +6), INT: 3, INS: 6
STA: 16 (+1), DEX: 16 (+1, -2), APL: 6
HTK: 30, AC: 6
MV: 9", AL: C. Neutral
AT: 1, DM: by weapon
THACO: 15
Religion/Deity: none
HT: 6'6", WT: 285 lbs.
Weapon Proficiencies: staff
Armor: +1 leather
Weapons: +2 staff
Magic Items: Gloves of Weapon Proficiency (see p. 126 for details), Ring of Warmth.

—Ken Schroeder

Alain Pure-Speak

"Yes, I speak lizardman. Why do you ask?" The half-elf was proficient in many languages, and rumor had it that he could learn a new language in less than a month.

"I found a lizardman dying in a nearby swamp. Every time he regains consciousness, he says 'shish-a-bashish,' or something like that. Do you know what it means?"

"If what your 'friend' is saying is 'shish-i-bashiss,' he's been trying to tell you that he went into the swamp to die."

"Uh-oh..."

Alain Pure-Speak's mother was an adventurous sort, so when she became an adult and was no longer the responsibility of her father, she left to explore the lands outside her forest domain. After several years passed, she returned to the Brackenwood Forest, heavy with child. She offered no explanation to her family, and none was asked. Her family accepted her condition with good grace, until she gave birth. When Alain was born, it was obvious his father wasn't an elf but was human. Alain and his mother continued to live in her father's home until Alain was in his late adolescence, then his mother came to his room one night and told him of his human heritage.

Alain's father, she told him, was a holy warrior, a paladin of the temple of Zeus. She wouldn't tell him his father's name, but she did describe some of his many deeds. He once killed a dragon that threatened the city of Cartage, and when an army of orcs invaded the town of Stephanston, he rallied the townsfolk and helped them repel the invaders. The next day, when Alain awoke, he found that his mother had left. No one knew where she went, but he assumed that she went to be with his father.

Alain lived the next few years with his elven grandparents, and this is how he formed his elven outlook. These elves have little contact with other races, as they consider non-elves to be inferior races, and as a result, most elves can only speak the elven tongue.

When Alain reached adulthood, he found life in the Brackenwood Forest dull, and he felt the desire to travel the lands of men.



His wanderlust took him to many parts of the world, where he learned new languages. Among these were: common, gnome, shireling, goblin, hobgoblin, orcish, gnoll, 3 variant human tongues (GM's choice), Thieves' Cant, and the Druidic Cant.

After a long while, he came back to his elven home, where he found his abilities in great demand. Now, when the elvish lords feel that they must lower themselves to speak with one of the inferior races, it is Alain they call upon to translate for them. This has brought Alain fame in both the elven lands and the neighboring humanoid kingdoms as well.

When not interpreting, Alain does what he can to locate his parents. He has consulted many seers in order to locate his parents, but they all tell him that there is an impenetrable veil over his parents. (What he would actually do when united with his mother and father is up to the GM, and his reaction could range from that of great joy to anger.)

A short time ago, Alain was wandering through the market square of a nearby town and had a strange encounter. A beggar, sitting between two stalls, asked him for alms. Alain isn't normally a charitable sort, but something compelled him to drop a gold coin in the beggar's outstretched hand.

"Thank you," the beggar said, "now I have something important to tell you. It will help you to find your parents."

"Yes," Alain replied, "please continue." He could hardly contain his excitement.

"Many years ago your father slew many demons on a trip he took to the Abyss. This angered the lord of that plane, so he placed a curse upon your father. When he returned to the Prime Material Plane, he found that he was no longer welcome in his lord's household and was forced to flee for his life. His curse was to wander the lands, hated and feared, until his death.

"Part of the curse prevents anyone from learning his location, but there is a way to break it. You must find your father and allow him to ask your forgiveness. He carries a great deal of guilt concerning you and longs to make things right. Once you and he embrace as friends, the curse will be broken."

"But how do I find him?"

"You must find a fresh sprig of pongi root, then preserve it until the next full moon. The root must be crushed and then sprinkled onto a pond of pure water under the light of the full moon. When you say the words 'Califig Alain tooline gofic,' you will see your father's location and should be able to find him."

"What of my mother?"

The beggar smiled at Alain and said, "She is with him."

"How do you know all this?"

"Don't you know me, Alain?" the beggar asked. As Alain watched, the beggar became taller, his face became elvish in appearance. Then Alain recognized the strange creature; it was Corellon Larethian. Alain was speechless in the face of his deity, then the avatar vanished and the half-elf was alone. Alain immediately went in search of the herb.

Role-Playing Alain

Alain doesn't harbor any ill will for humans, but his upbringing among the elves has skewed his thinking somewhat. Alain is condescending to most people he meets, unless they're other elves or half-elves. Alain's attitude toward other peoples is different if he encounters someone whose language he doesn't understand or if he meets someone who has news of his father and mother. These are the only times that Alain is personable to a member of another race. Of course, his attitude goes back to normal when he has sufficient proficiency in the new language or if the news turns out to be untrue.

Alain Pure-Speak

Half-Elf, Skill 6 Cleric/Skill 5 Magic-user

STR: 12, INT: 18, INS: 17

STA: 15 (+1), DEX: 15 (0, -1), APL: 12

HTK: 27, AC: 4

MV: 12", AL: C. Good

AT: 1, DM: by weapon

THAC0: 18

Religion/Deity: Elves/Corellon Larethian

HT: 5'1", WT: 137 lbs.

Weapon Proficiencies: footman's mace, staff, sling

Armor: none

Languages: common, elvish, gnome, shireling, goblin, hobgoblin, lizardman, orcish, gnoll, 3 variant human tongues (GM's choice), Thieves' Cant, and the Druidic Cant.

Magic Items: Bracers of Defense (AC: 6), Ring of Protection +1, Cloak of Elvenkind, +1 footman's mace

Spells Cleric: 5/5/3 (GM's choice)

Spells Magic-user: 4/2/1 (GM's choice)

Specials: Easily picks up new languages (GM's discretion as to how easy it is for him to learn and as to the number of languages able to be learned).

—Bob Heggie

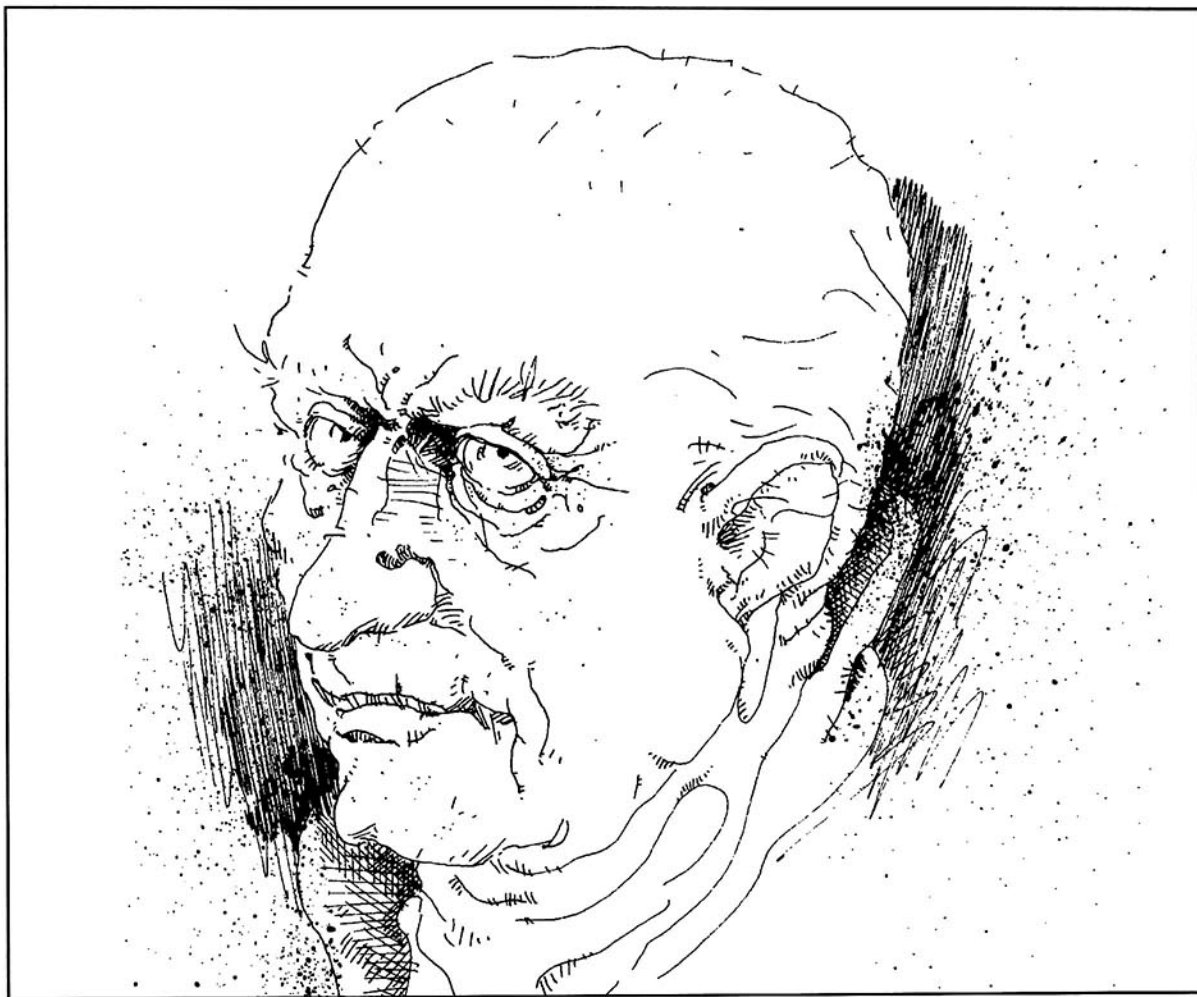
Shau Lin, Gold Dragon

Once, terror reigned in the land in the form of an evil dragon. The populace turned to a brave band of adventurers to deliver the people from their misfortune. In the dragon's hoard, they found a unique treasure, a golden egg plundered from a distant home. Of the adventurers, the Aged Master desired only the egg as his share of the treasure. Taking it back to his temple, the Aged Master waited. Many years later, the egg revealed its treasure, cracking open to announce the birth of Shau Lin, who became the foster child of the Aged Master. Aged Master raised Shau Lin as best he could, teaching him all he knew of earthly matters and the union of spirit and body.

As he grew, Shau Lin had a difficult decision to make as a gold dragon: how best to feed himself. Requiring jewels and pearls as nourishment for further growth, he was forced to accept one of two

choices: he could venture forth as a gold dragon and take what he needed, in the process creating antipathy for dragons and violating the teachings of his foster father; or he could adventure in a human guise and discreetly acquire the sustenance he needed from his share of treasures. For Shau Lin the choice was obvious: he would enter the ranks of humanity and learn all that humans could offer.

On one particular adventure, Shau Lin received as his share of the reward a cache of gems and precious stones, which he proceeded to eat. Unbeknownst to all, the treasure included a power crystal known as the Tear of Bahamut (see p. 25 for details), an artifact of great power. The crystal introduced itself gently and adroitly into Shau Lin's being, replacing his noble heart. In doing so, it granted Shau Lin great powers but caused him great mental turmoil. The Tear transformed him into a demigod, but its nature instilled upon Shau Lin the realization of the pain and suffering that accompanies the death of beloved companions. Realizing that he



could never take a life again, Shau Lin retreated to the teachings of his father and formed his own monastery.

Shau Lin's form of preference is that of a small man of undetermined age. His olive-toned skin is covered by a simple white robe. Piercing gold eyes look out from a placid, peaceful countenance. His feet are bare, and his head is clean-shaven.

Only rarely does he assume his natural form. As a dragon, Shau Lin appears in resplendent glory; scales the color of burnished gold cover the fifty-four feet of his serpentine body.

Shau Lin spends eight hours every evening (when others are sleeping) engaged in uninterrupted meditation, contemplating the day's events and his place in the cosmic scheme of things. He splits the rest of his time between training his followers, both physically and mentally, and aiding the city's poor. His ultimate goal is to show humanity that it is possible to live in peaceful coexistence without violence or want.

Individuals seeking training find varied styles of martial combat taught at the temple. However, with all of the combat instruction, the main lesson is one of non-confrontation. Before a student uses force on another individual, he is encouraged to flee. If force must be used, the student is taught to hurt rather than maim and if necessary to maim rather than kill. All students are encouraged to learn artistic disciplines to help temper martial instincts. All combat for the advancement of positions is non-lethal in nature. Challenges are resolved in front of an assembly of temple members and are usually decided by a first blow. The first combatant able to score a hit is declared the winner.

Role-Playing Shau Lin

Shau Lin never kills. While he and his followers advocate nonviolent solutions to difficulties, he doesn't explicitly reveal to people that he can't kill other living beings. While he doesn't refrain from self-defense, when he fights, he attacks to stun and incapacitate his opponents. If faced with a situation where he may cause the death of an individual, Shau Lin withdraws unless he can successfully bluff his opponent.

Adventurers seeking aid from the temple find Shau Lin a willing and understanding listener. Shau Lin will provide training or knowledge to individuals who follow beliefs similar to his own. The only thing he asks for in return is service to the poor in the form of food or labor. In unusual

circumstances, Shau Lin aids one who doesn't share his system of values, but the price of this aid is high. It's expected that the recipient of such aid undertake a mission to aid the temple in some manner. Obedience to the temple under these circumstances is ensured through the use of a Geas.

Shau Lin

Gold Dragon (Age 837), Skill 17 Monk (in human form)

AC: -3, HTK: 96 (12D8)

MV: 12"/30", AL: L. Good

AT: 3, DM: 1D8/1D8/6D6

THAC0: 9, INT: Supra-genius (20)

Specials: Infravision 60'.

Can't be surprised.

ESP Resistance (96%), Feign Death (34 turns), Heal Self (1D4 + 12), Quivering Palm, Regeneration (1 HTK/1 turn), Speak with Animals, Speak with Plants.

Immune to disease and poison.

Detect hidden or invisible creatures within 80'.

Aura of fear when flying or charging.

Immune to Beguiling, Cause Fear, Charm Monster, Charm Person, Command, Confusion, Domination, Emotion, Fear, Forget, Friends, Fumble, Geas, Haste, Hold Person, Hypnotism, Quest, Ray of Enfeeblement, Scare, Slow, Suggestion, Telepathic Projection.

Magic-User Spells Memorized: 2/2/2/2/2

Level 1: Sleep, Spider Climb

Level 2: Forget, Mirror Image

Level 3: Dispel Magic, Tongues

Level 4: Confusion, Remove Curse

Level 5: Distance Distortion, Wall of Force

Level 6: Geas, Project Image

Human Guise

STR: 15, INT: 20, INS: 22

STA: 25, DEX: 16, APL: 16

HTK: 96, AC: -3

MV: 32", AL: L. Good

AT: 4 (open hand), DM: 8D4 (open hand) or by weapon type +9

THAC0: 10

HT: 5'2", WT: 120 lbs.

Weapon Proficiencies: dagger, staff, bo stick, jo stick, pole arm, crossbow

Armor: none

Weapons: staff

Specials: Thief Abilities: OL: 99%, F/RT: 99%, MS: 99%, HS: 99%, HN: 55%, CW: 99.7%.

Tear of Bahamut

This artifact is a diamond of the rarest quality, and its origins date to the beginning of time when Bahamut and Tiamat first met in battle. The diamond was formed from the single tear of grief that was shed by Bahamut while mourning the death of Malhaet, one of the seven gold dragons that accompanied him.

When the possessor firmly grasps this wondrous stone, he gains the following powers or effects.

1. Cure Light Wounds/Cure Disease (twice per day);
2. Light (thrice per day);
3. Possessor is immune to Fear;
4. Possessor need not eat or drink for up to one week.

If the possessor is L. Good and keeps the stone for one month, the stone incorporates itself into the possessor's body and he gains the following additional powers.

1. Heal (once per day);
2. Raise Dead (once a week);
3. Possessor need not eat or drink;
4. Possessor doesn't age;
5. Possessor's attribute scores rise by 3 points each.

Once the stone has incorporated itself into the host's body, the possessor can never personally take the life of a living creature. The death of any creature at the possessor's hands causes the stone to eject the host, thus causing the host's death.

Shau Lin's followers

Honrell

Human, Skill 15 Monk

STR: 15, INT: 18, INS: 18

STA: 16, DEX: 18 (+3, -4), APL: 9

HTK: 64, AC: -1

MV: 29", AL: L. Good

AT: 3 (open hand), DM: 6D4 (open hand) or by weapon type +7

THACO: 12

HT: 5'7", WT: 220 lbs.

Weapon Proficiencies: dagger, staff, bo stick, jo stick, pole arm, crossbow

Armor: none

Weapons: staff, crossbow

Specials: Surprised (6% chance).

ESP Resistance (92%), Feign Death (30 turns), Heal Self (1D4 + 10), Speak with Animals, Speak with Plants.

Beguiling, Charms, and Suggestion Resistance (80%).

Immune to Disease, Geas, Haste, Poison, Quest, and Slow.

Thief Abilities: OL: 92%, F/RT: 90%, MS: 99%, HS: 99%, HN: 50%, CW: 99.5%.

Honrell is in charge of the temple's administration. Shau Lin relies heavily on Honrell's judgment and handling of the everyday affairs of the temple.

Honrell is a portly man who enjoys his food. Often his clothing carries the remnants of his last meal. His large bulk conceals lightning fast reflexes and speed.

He, as do all of the monks at the temple, holds Shau Lin in the highest regard and would gladly lay down his life in defense of Shau Lin. Although he abides by and fervently teaches the temple's philosophies regarding nonviolence, he wouldn't hesitate to use deadly force in eliminating a danger to Shau Lin.

Yueang & Yuein

Human, Skill 10 Monks

STR: 14, INT: 16, INS: 17

STA: 18, DEX: 16 (+1, -2), APL: 18

HTK: 52, AC: 3

MV: 24", AL: L. Good

AT: 2 (open hand), DM: 1D10+3 (open hand) or by weapon type +5

THACO: 14

HT: 5'9", WT: 128 lbs.

Weapon Proficiencies: dagger, staff, bo stick, jo stick, club

Armor: none

Weapons: staff

Specials: Surprised (16% chance).

ESP Resistance (82%), Feign Death (20 turns), Heal Self (1D4 + 4), Speak with Animals, Speak with Plants.

Beguiling, Charms, and Suggestion Resistance (55%).

Immune to Disease, Haste, and Slow.

If subjected to Telepathic or Mind Blast attacks, treat INT as 18.

Thief Abilities: OL: 67%, F/RT: 65%, MS: 78%, HS: 63%, HN: 30%, CW: 99%.

Yueang & Yuein are identical female twins who were rescued from the streets of the city and brought to the temple, where they were raised and are always found together. It appears that they have the unique ability to anticipate what actions the other will take. (It isn't uncommon for one sister to start a sentence and the other sister to end it.)

Blond-haired and green-eyed, these young women possess an almost mystical form of beauty. Due to their level of expertise and personal charm, the twins are often placed in charge of educating the new temple initiates.

In combat the twins operate as a team, using open-hand attacks aimed at a single opponent. Once that opponent is disabled, they redirect their attacks on a new adversary.

Benetex

Human, Skill 7 Monk

STR: 15, INT: 16, INS: 15

STA: 15, DEX: 17 (+2, -3), APL: 14

HTK: 24, AC: 5

MV: 21", AL: L. Good

AT: 3/2 (open hand), DM: 1D8 +1 (open hand) or by weapon type +4

THACO: 16

HT: 5'11", WT: 160 lbs.

Weapon Proficiencies: dagger, staff, bo stick, jo stick

Armor: none

Weapons: staff

Specials: Surprised (22% chance).

ESP Resistance (76%), Feign Death (14 turns), Heal Self (1D4 + 1), Speak with Animals.

Immune to Disease, Haste, and Slow.

Thief Abilities: OL: 52%, F/RT: 50%, MS: 55%, HS: 43%, HN: 25%, CW: 94%.

Benetex was once a thief who sought refuge at the temple to avoid inquiries by the local law enforcement regarding a series of business burglaries. Once at the temple, he met Shau Lin. This meeting became the turning point in his life, for soon afterward he forsook all material things and devoted his life to the temple. Since his conversion, Benetex hasn't lost contact with the local thieves. This communication allows him to gain valuable information regarding happenings in the city and also gives the temple opportunities to purchase food and clothing for the city's poor at a substantial discount. It is largely due to Benetex's shrewd dealings that the temple can help as many

people as it does. Benetex will attempt to avoid direct combat whenever possible.

Palore

Human, Skill 2 Monk

STR: 18/27 (+1, +3), INT: 15, INS: 15

STA: 17, DEX: 16 (+1, -2), APL: 10

HTK: 14, AC: 9

MV: 16", AL: L. Good

AT: 1 (open hand), DM: 1D4 (open hand) or by weapon type +1

THACO: 20

HT: 6'3", WT: 240 lbs.

Weapon Proficiencies: staff, dagger

Armor: none

Weapons: staff

Specials: Surprised (32% chance).

Thief Abilities: OL: 29%, F/RT: 25%, MS: 21%, HS: 15%, HN: 10%, CW: 86%.

Palore is a large, muscular man whose body appears to have been carved out of a single piece of granite. Palore's large body mass is covered with an intricate tattoo of blue and black inks, forming a large dragon. On his chest is a representation of the underbelly of the serpent with front claws extended; on his arms are the wings. Even Palore's shaven pate has been covered with a representation of a dragon's head. From head to toe, Palore has striven to make his body that of a dragon through the use of tattoos.

Palore is the gatekeeper. Individuals attempting to get into the temple must first pass by his strange visage. Although Palore speaks the common languages of the city with mastery, he often plays dumb (GM discretion), acting as if he has limited linguistic communication skills. Palore has found that when he plays this role, temple visitors speak more freely among themselves, thus allowing him to learn their true intentions.

In combat Palore attempts to intimidate opponents through the use of his size and physical appearance. If actual combat begins, Palore retreats, leaving the real fighting to the temple members who are better trained to meet the challenge. Palore is well aware of his limitations.

—Robert M. Morgester
& Andrew C. Streimer

Lars Sonsung, Minstrel

Lars Sonsung is a very short, yet powerfully built man. He stands slightly over four feet in height, and his shoulders seem to be as wide as he is tall. His arms, though thickly muscled, barely reach his waist, and they seem to be much too short for his burly frame. In fact his entire body looks as though it were haphazardly thrown together, as no two parts seem to fit together properly. Due to the breadth of his shoulders, his head appears to be a mere pea resting between the peaks of two mountains. He is completely bald, though a thick white beard covers his face and reaches almost to his waist. His legs are short and knobby, and the tops of his feet are covered with tufts of white hair. Perhaps his most visible oddity is his eyes. His left eye is a bright crystal blue, while his right eye is opaque and almost totally colorless.

Lars wears long flowing robes, preferably hooded, the more outrageous the color, the better. His favorite robe is bright purple. It's adorned only with a long blue sash, which ties around his waist. He rarely wears his hood, only doing so at the beginning of a performance and when trying to look particularly sinister.

Lars acquired his rather bizarre appearance through no fault of his own. He is the unplanned half breed offspring of a male dwarf named Davo and a female shireling named Jaffe. This accounts for his height and hairy feet, as well as his heavily muscled build. He was born without a right eye and wears a glass eye in its place. Being more concerned with shock value than looks, he chooses to wear a colorless orb in the socket and doesn't worry about its aesthetic value.

The union between his parents was totally by accident and is considered quite a joke among the local population. Davo and Jaffe were traveling together in a large trading caravan and knew each other only slightly. However, one night while encamped, Jaffe needed fresh water and started in search of it. Davo, being chivalrous, offered to go with her, because he knew that the night held many dangers for a lone wanderer. After a brief search, they found a bubbling brook of crystal-clear water. Before filling their buckets, they both decided to quench their thirst. Unfortunately for them, they had both drunk out of a love spring. This spring causes anyone who drinks of it to fall in love with the first person he or she sees. Of course, nature took over, and nine months later Lars was born. Davo and Jaffe took care of Lars until he was 18 and then sent him

off on his own. Of course, due to his appearance, he had a long hard childhood, with few friends.

The only enjoyment Lars had in his youth was listening to his father sing. Davo would often sing of mystical places and of mighty dwarven battles of yore. His songs stirred young Lars, who often dreamed of being a mighty dwarf champion who cut down his enemies like flies. Lars enjoyed his father's singing so much that he began to seek solace in song and quickly found that he had a beautiful bass voice. At first he would sing only to himself, but as time went on he began to sing for young children.

Then Lars knew he had finally found a meaning in life. He loved to sing to the young children, doing so every chance he got. They didn't tease him about his appearance or torment him about his race. They loved him for his music and accepted him for what he was. On the other hand, the older children and adults didn't care about his ability and continued to torment him unmercifully.

When Lars wasn't singing, he was perfecting his skill with musical instruments until he became a virtual master at anything he played. Despite his great skill, he was still unaccepted by the community and continually shunned by all except the children. He decided to leave the city and venture forth into the wilderness to be alone with his music. Early one morning he arose, packed his few possessions, and headed out of town. As he walked he sang such a mournful, heartfelt song of agony that many who heard it had to choke back their tears.

Lars wandered alone for many months, singing only to himself and to any wildlife that cared to listen. One evening as Lars was singing to his campfire, he noticed a pair of luminescent yellow eyes staring out of the bushes at him. Startled, he stopped singing and grabbed a burning branch from the fire. The eyes quickly disappeared. Lars eventually relaxed, sat back down, and began to sing anew. The moment Lars resumed his singing, the yellow eyes reappeared. This time Lars continued to sing, as he felt that even this audience was better than none at all.

As the days passed, Lars put pieces of food out around the perimeter of his camp, hoping to lure his elusive friend into the open. Despite his best efforts, the eyes only appeared at night, and then only when he was singing. One night Lars began to sing as usual, and the eyes immediately appeared. It was then that Lars got an idea. He would try to lure the creature out by song. His idea was to sing softer and softer until "his friend," as he now called it, came

a

b

c

d

e

f

g

h

i



into view. Bit by bit, Lars lowered his voice until it was barely audible over the rustle of the leaves. To his surprise, his idea worked, for out of the bushes came a long furry creature. To Lars, this creature seemed to be a hybrid between a ferret and a dog. It was approximately a foot in length, its body was low to the ground, and its tail stretched out almost another foot behind it. Its ears were floppy and reminded Lars of a puppy's ears. To his surprise, the creature slowly walked up to him and stared directly into his good eye. This meeting lasted for several minutes, and Lars got the impression that the creature was trying to communicate with him.

Baffled, Lars stopped singing, but the creature continued to stare at him. Becoming a bit unnerved, Lars spoke to it, almost expecting it to answer him. Instead it quickly turned and ran back into the dense underbrush. Lars resumed his singing, but it was to no avail as the creature had disappeared for the night. Feeling more depressed than ever, Lars planned to break camp the following morning and continue on his seemingly endless quest for friendship. To his surprise (and shock), he awoke in the morning to find that his little friend had returned and was contentedly curled up and snoring at his feet. The moment Lars met the creature's closed eyes, they opened and stared back at him. Not wanting to scare the creature, Lars slowly offered it food, which it eagerly accepted. After eating, the animal began to nuzzle him as if expecting to be stroked. Lars was elated, he had finally found a friend. Obviously this friendship was destined to be. After all, if a half-breed dwarf and a strange-looking little animal couldn't be friends, who could? He spent the next several hours petting and cuddling his new friend and decided that life wasn't so bad after all.

As Lars stroked this creature, he tried to determine what type of animal this actually was. He couldn't recall having ever seen or heard of its like before. Therefore he decided he would name this little creature a "Dofer" (see p. 31 for details). Laughing aloud, Lars asked his companion what he thought of his new name. The moment Lars was finished speaking, the Dofer looked at him as if frustrated (at least it seemed that way to Lars), scampered completely around him three times, and then ran off into the forest. Lars wasn't worried because he somehow knew that it would return. What did surprise him, however, was the incredible speed of the creature. It ran so quickly that it was gone before he could even react.

As Lars expected, the Dofer returned a few hours later. Instead of running to him to be petted, it stopped directly before him and stared into his eyes. It was only then that Lars noticed that the Dofer was holding a small gem in its teeth.

Curious, Lars bent low to examine the beautiful item. What he saw caused him to fall on his backside in surprise. There was something moving inside the gem. Upon closer examination he realized that he was witnessing a scene about Dofers. Lars continued to watch, fascinated. The scene showed a happy race of creatures like the Dofer living contentedly among themselves. He watched as it showed his Dofer growing up and living on a day-to-day basis.

Then the scene suddenly changed. It showed the Dofers in the grip of a horrible disease for which there apparently was no cure. It then showed his Dofer alone, seemingly searching for something. Lars interpreted this to mean that his Dofer was only one of a handful of his kind that survived and that he had been alone ever since. The gem then went blank, and the Dofer dropped it to the ground. By this point Lars was in total shock and wasn't sure what to do. The Dofer gently nudged the gem closer to Lars, as if indicating that he should pick it up. He finally worked up the nerve to do so and cautiously examined it. After much trial and error Lars realized that what he saw in the gem were his own thoughts being transformed into pictures. For almost an entire week Lars and his friend communicated with each other through their thoughts and built up quite an affection for each other.

This relationship went on happily for many months. Lars would sing and the Dofer would lay at his feet and listen. One night as Lars was singing and absent-mindedly holding the Mind's Eye (see p. 128 for details), which is what he called the gem, a picture formed in it. Lars continued to sing and watched the Eye at the same time. The scene being played out was how his mind interpreted the song. The song was one of broken love, where a heartless girl was cruel to the man who loved her. He began to become so engrossed in the story that he almost forgot to keep singing.

With a sigh, he wished he could share this wonderful find with others, but he knew that day would never come. Then it struck him. He would return home and use the power of the Eye to enhance his singing. However, this time the people would be watching the gem, not his deformities. (At least he hoped that this would be the case.)

Realizing that the Eye wasn't his alone, he conveyed his idea to the Dofer and asked it to accompany him. It quickly agreed and made it known that it would follow Lars anywhere. The next morning Lars packed up his few belongings and began his long trip home.

It took Lars many weeks to reach home. Throughout his trek he thought about how people had treated him in the past and asked himself why it should be any different now. He was almost to the point of changing his mind about going home when two events gave him the courage to continue. The first was that he learned the Dofer's true name was Bark (as close as Lars could figure out using only the Mind's Eye). Finding out the Dofer's name cheered him greatly. The second event was an idea of Bark's. To enhance Lars' singing, Bark recommended that he replace his glass eye with the Mind's Eye. He explained that this would give the illusion that Lars' singing was somehow magical and that people would be amazed at actually seeing a song come to life. Lars thought that Bark's idea was fantastic, and he quickly removed his old eye and replaced it with the Mind's Eye.

After many weeks, Lars finally reached the outskirts of his home town. Lars walked boldly into the center of town and began to sing. As he sang he tried to make eye contact with as many people as possible. At first, not many people would look directly at him, but some did stop to listen to his beautiful song. As time progressed, a brave few did meet his eye and quickly became enthralled. Calling to their peers to witness this incredible event, a large crowd soon gathered. Lars sang songs of war for the men, beautiful ballads for the ladies, and funny adventure stories for the children. The crowd was amazed as it watched the stories being played out through Lars' eye, and not one noticed his strange features. When Lars was finished, the masses cheered and begged him to continue. He promised he would sing more at a later date and told everyone to be sure to tell their friends about his songs. Before the crowd had a chance to disperse, Bark made his first appearance. Again the crowd was amazed. Lars promised that they would also see more of Bark when they returned. It was thus that Lars' fame began to spread.

The weeks passed quickly, and word of the magical minstrel traveled throughout the countryside. He traveled from town to town and sang beautifully for all who would listen. At first the people were more interested in his eye than in his

songs, but as more time passed they began to realize that his singing was also very special. Lars also incorporated Bark into his act. Bark ran about the audience doing tricks and allowed the children to pet him. Bark also collected any donations that the crowd wished to give Lars. Soon Lars made quite a reputation for himself and was traveling far to entertain people with his music.

Lars had finally found a place in life. He was happy traveling the country with Bark and even managed to make a modest living doing what he loved the most, singing. Best of all, people no longer looked at him as a freak, but as a performer.

Role-Playing Lars

Lars is a kind, gentle man. He'll do almost anything to avoid a fight and will try to walk away if provoked. He will fight if his or Bark's life is directly threatened but will continue to offer his opponent a chance to withdraw. This isn't because he's scared but because he knows what it's like to be hurt.

If someone provokes or attempts to hurt Lars, Bark leaps to his defense. Bark is also a mild-mannered creature, but he has an overwhelming desire to keep Lars free from harm.

He speaks softly unless singing and finds it difficult to meet people's eyes until they gain his confidence. When this trust is earned, Lars is a loyal friend. (When he sings, he meets people's eyes easily.)

He acts like this because he's still very insecure and still expects people to make fun of him.

He has a great love for children (especially mistreated children) and does all he can to help them.

Lars Songs

Dwarf/Shireling, Skill 3 Fighter

STR: 18/78 (+2, +4), INT: 14, INS: 10

STA: 15 (+1), DEX: 9, APL: 6

HTK: 26, AC: 5

MV: 6", AL: L. Good

AT: 1, DM: by weapon (+4)

THACO: 16

Religion/Deity: Norse/Thor

HT: 4'3", WT: 195 lbs.

Weapon Proficiencies: sword, dagger, throwing hammer

Magic Items: Mind's Eye (see p. 128 for details), +3 Dwarven Throwing Hammer (with return), Ring of Protection +3, 5' radius.

Other Items: 1 week's iron rations, large walking stick, flute, miscellaneous musical instruments.

Dofer*Frequency:* Very Rare*Number Appearing:* 1*AC:* -5*Move:* 6", (16" maximum) (see below)*HTK:* 12 (2D8)*% in Lair:* 0*Treasure Type:* see below*AT:* 3/9 (see below)*DM:* 1D4 (claw) (x2), 1D6 (bite) (see below)*Magic Resistance:* Standard*Intelligence:* Very Intelligent*Alignment:* Neutral*Size:* S*THACO:* 12

Dofers are slight in stature and approximately the size of a toy poodle. A Dofer's body resembles that of a ferret, yet its head is canine in nature. Its ears are large and floppy and sometimes touch the ground. Its body is long and low, and it has a tail that can extend for up to three feet behind. Dofers are comical-looking creatures, and it isn't uncommon for someone seeing one for the first time to break into laughter.

Despite their comical appearance, Dofers are ferocious fighters and fight to the death if necessary. They have a special attribute that makes them extremely dangerous: their incredible speed. When necessary, a Dofer can move at an incredible rate of speed (thus the -5 AC), appearing as a mere blur. For this reason, a Dofer always wins initiative and attacks first even if surprised. A Dofer may stay at maximum speed for 10 melee rounds, after which it must rest for at least six hours and eat a large meal.

When moving at this high rate of speed, a Dofer gets three separate attacks per melee round. Each attack consists of two claws and a bite. These attacks can be directed at one person or can be split between two or more opponents. Therefore, in reality a Dofer may attack up to nine times per melee round.

Dofers inhabit only isolated regions and are almost never seen by man. They spend the majority of their time among the tree tops, either dozing, eating, or playing. At one time they were as numerous as the leaves on the trees, but today there are less than 100. Many years ago a horrible disease ravaged their communities and nearly caused their extinction. The survivors split up into many small



groups in the hope that at least some of their race would live on.

Dofers are highly intelligent but are unable to make sounds. They communicate through an inherent form of telepathy, which they can send and receive, even with intelligent non-telepathic creatures.

Longing to communicate better with other races the Dofers created the Mind's Eye (see p. 128 for details). However, before any communication could be established, the disease struck and killed most of the Dofer species. To this day, every Dofer possesses a Mind's Eye, and each eagerly uses it if offered the chance (GM discretion).

Since Dofers aren't able to make sounds, they are fascinated by sounds foreign to them (GM discretion). Dofers are incredibly fond of music and stop whatever they are doing and immediately proceed toward its source. (Note, however, that due to their high intelligence, they won't break combat or be lured into a trap by music.) When they find its source, they listen contentedly until it ends and then continue on their way. (The playing of music greatly enhances one's chance of befriendng a Dofer, at GM discretion.)

—Lee Agosta

city locations

Alcan's Book Store

Alcan's Book Store is a repository of valuable books, a good source of maps, the best place around for printing services, and a place where you might bump into some influential and interesting characters. Alcan's Book Store is only open during the day. Special arrangements may be made with Alcan for private openings during non-business hours. A wooden bolt on the inside secures the main door. Copper bars cover the windows of the store.

Level 1: First Floor

As the door opens, a small bell gently chimes above. A large rosewood counter forms an "L" shape extending from the west wall toward the east and then back into the shop. Past the counter lies a large room where books line all walls from floor to ceiling. Ten leather high-back chairs form a circle surrounding a small brass coffee table in the center of the room. An elaborately woven teal green rug covers the floor. A rhythmic deep dull thumping sound comes from the ceiling. Behind the counter is a gray-haired woman of middle age.

Area 1

The woman is Malyn Hamlin, wife of the store's proprietor. She can answer general questions about the location of specific works and handles all monetary transactions. Under the counter where Malyn sits is a small bell-rope. One tug on this rope

summons Alcan; two tugs summon Alcan and the apprentices armed with crossbows.

Malyn enters all purchases in a red ledger that is kept under the counter next to the bell-rope on top of a small iron chest. Near the ledger is a coin-sized chute that leads to the basement. This chute is used to dispose of large sums acquired from the sale of books. The iron chest contains the equivalent of 20 gp in various denominations, used to make change.

Area 2

Behind the counter near the west wall is a small coal-burning stove warming a teapot for customers.

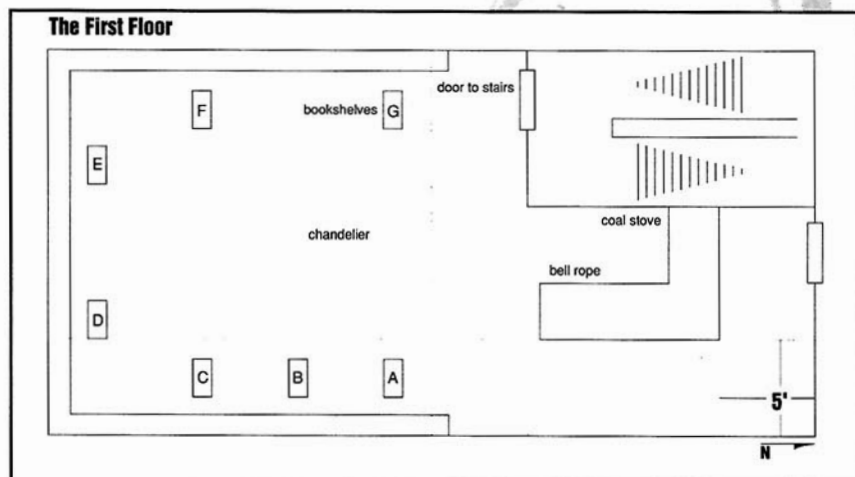
Area 3

Above the circle of chairs hangs a brass chandelier, which softly illuminates the room. The chandelier sways gently in rhythm with the thumping sound from above. Although the chandelier holds 24 candles, the soft light that the chandelier provides is from a Continual Light spell that has been centered on the chandelier. The candles are not lit.

Area 4

All books on display are available for sale. The books range in price from 1 gp to whatever the market is willing to pay. In determining the price of a book, the rarer the book or the more desperately the purchaser needs it, the higher the price. Alcan will also purchase books from individuals. Typically the store pays only 25% of the retail value of the book.

When Alcan knows that he has a ready buyer for the work in question, he will pay as much as 70% of the retail value. Complaints are often answered with, "I buy it from you and what happens if no one buys it from me? I tell you. The children go hungry, that's what happens and it happens a lot in this business. You think you can find someone to buy your book for more? Go ahead and find him."



The books are arranged in sections according to topic.

Section A — The books in this section deal with history. Some of the more interesting titles include: *Power Struggles in the Empire*; *Succession Through Poison*; *Victory Through Siege Power*; *Lucius II and the Law*; *Origins of the Senate as a Republican Form of Government*; *Patterns of Assault in Orc Tribal Raids: a First-Hand Account*; *An Accurate and Truthful Description of the Heritage of the Overlord*; *His Family and Relations*, Vol. I-IX (lacks Vol. IV).

Section B — This section contains romance and poetry. Some of the more interesting titles include: *Power Struggles in the Empire: A Woman's Perspective*; *Julius and Roma: A Tragic Tale*; *Love Sonnets From the Court: A Collection of Verse by Courtiers Throughout the History of the City-State*; *A Tale of Two City-States*; *Paradise Bereaved*; *Elven Love Sonnets*, *Dwarven Love Sonnets*; *The Abridged Version*; *Orcish Mating Rituals*.

Section C — This is the nature/gardening section. Some of the more interesting titles include: *Better Castles and Gardens* (a continuing pamphlet); *Better Living Through Vegetables*; *The Advantages of Horse Manure Over Cattle Dung*; *Fungus Identification: An Adventurer's Guidebook*; *The Druid's Practical Guide to Gathering Mistletoe*; *Defensive Landscaping*; *1001 Uses for Garlic: An Aid to Vampire Hunting*; *How to Care for Your Philodendron*.

Section D — The book shelves in this area are locked behind a copper mesh screen. These books deal with academic research into the nature of magic and magical creatures. Some of the more interesting titles include: *The Origins of Thaumaturgical Research Dealing Specifically With the Interactions of the Various Inner Planes, Namely the Positive and Negative Material Planes, and the Influence Therein Upon the Generation of Unnatural Magical Hybrid Creatures*; *The Grimouire*; *The Exalted Book of Magic* (stage magic, that is); *Secrets of the Ancient Cultures of Briarwood* (DMs should insert their own campaign land here); *Vol. II — Blood Sacrifices*; *A Partial Investigation of the Manufacture of Golems*; *Uses of Ectoplasm in Aiding Spell Casting*; *Demons and the Names They Go By*; *The Necronomicon*; *The Silver Bough*. Alcan also generally has three or four spell books of various levels available for sale:

% Roll	Spell Type	# Spells	Spell Level
1-75	Magic-User	1D20	1D8
76-00	Illusionist	2D8	1D6

Spell books with less than five spells are in damaged condition; the books at one time contained more spells, which are now unavailable (pages torn or missing) or unreadable.

Section E — A copper mesh screen also covers these shelves, which are filled with scroll tubes divided into cubby holes labeled with geographical areas. The scrolls are maps showing locations of treasure or lost cities. All the maps are created at Alcan's by faithfully copying an original map that has come into the store's possession. All original documents are kept hidden on the second floor. If a purchaser is looking for the original map, the purchase price would be ten times that of the reproduction price plus an agreement that Alcan is to receive 5% of all recovered treasure. This is non-negotiable.

Section F — The books in this section are travel pieces describing outlying areas in the personal diaries of well-traveled individuals.

Section G — This section contains books and treatises in the mechanical arts. The selections here range from the creation of siege engines to simple stone masonry. Some of the more interesting titles include: *Dwarven Perspective on War*; *Basic Carpentry*; *The Fine Art of Whittling*; *Shipwright: A Craft*; *Smelting Made Simple*; *Gnomish Siege Engines: War Made Easy and Fun*; *A Good Foundation: Stone Masonry as the Basis of All Construction*; *Tricks and Traps: A Builder's Guide*; *Tricks and Traps: A Survivor's Viewpoint*; *Tricks and Traps: A Better Builder's Guide*.

Area 5

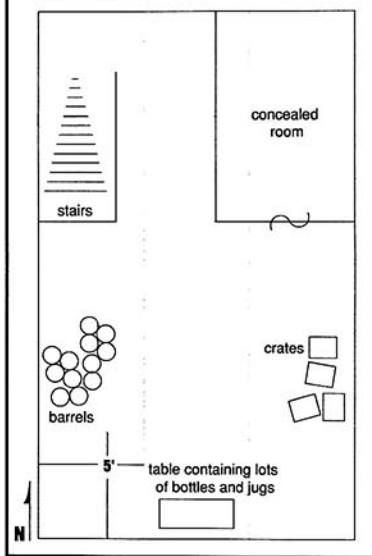
Behind the closed door are stairs leading up to the second level and down to the basement.

Level 0: Basement

The light from the stairwell partially illuminates the bottom of the stairs. Past the foot of the stairs, the room lies in darkness. Illumination reveals barrels and boxes and other storage containers piled along the west and east walls. Along the south wall, various pots and bottles are stacked on a large table. Mounted on the wall above the table are two lanterns.

Area 6

Barrels in this area contain linseed oil and a soot-like material called carbon black. These are the components to make ink for the printing presses on the second floor.

The Basement

bottles are used to combine the raw materials (in Area 6) to create ink for the shop. Once a vat of ink is manufactured, it is taken to the second floor for use. If touched, this ink can be removed only by lantern oil or the passage of time.

Area 9: Concealed Room

This room is accessible only through the secret door located on the northern wall concealed behind some of the boxes in Area 7. From the ceiling juts an odd angled pipe that is connected to a chest that is chained onto the floor. Money placed in the drop slot located on the first floor rolls down the pipe into the chest. The chest contains the day's receipts, which on an average business day range from 6 gp to 150 gp (1D100+5D10). An extremely complex mechanical

Area 7

The crates in this area contain paper and other supplies for the book pages and bindings. All of these items are packed in straw to help prevent moisture damage.

Area 8

The pots and bottles stacked on the table are covered in a greasy black liquid — ink. These pots and

lock protects the chest. Attempts to open it without the original key are made at -30%. Additionally, the chest is trapped. Anyone opening the chest without pressing hard on the right hinge will cause a glass vial of poison gas to break. Anyone within ten feet of the chest at the time the vial breaks must save vs. poison or be put to sleep for 20 hours. The gas will persist in the room for one hour unless ventilated.

Level 2: Second Floor

The stairway leading to the second floor is worn and dirty, with ink on the stairs and the handrail.

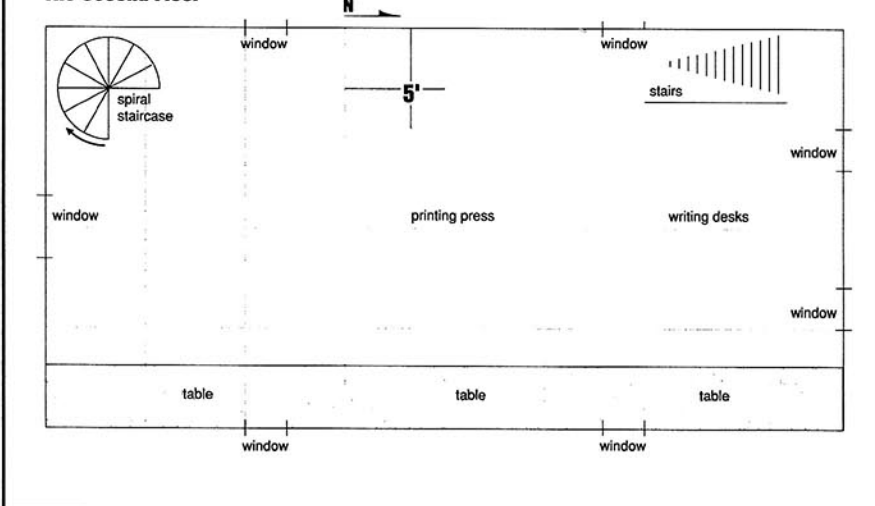
Area 10

The device in the center of the room is Alcan Hamlin's pride and joy, his printing press. The press has a fixed lower surface and a moveable upper surface, operated vertically by means of a pressure bar. After being arranged on a strip of wood and locked into the frame, the composed type is inked, and then covered with a sheet of parchment. Everything is pressed together in the vise formed between the two surfaces of the press. The type set in the printing press currently will produce a poetical folio.

Off to one side of the press is a small table that contains a large pile of unprinted parchment. Underneath this table is a bucket of ink and a brush.

Area 11

The two writing desks are covered with ink spots and other discolorations. At the top of each desk rests an ink well and a pair of feather quills. These desks are used to reproduce maps and other diagrams that cannot be re-created mechanically.

The Second Floor**Area 12**

This large wooden table provides an area for drying recently printed parchment. Underneath the table is a long series of drawers. The drawers contain thousands of type pieces crafted from copper. Each one of these pieces represents a letter or punctuation mark from the common alphabet. The type pieces are arranged on a strip of wood and then locked onto the printing press frame.

Area 13

The staircase leads to the attic. Five short swords and four heavy crossbows hang on the western wall. Each of the crossbows has been wound and cocked. A large supply of bolts fill a bucket beneath them for easy access. If the bell on the first floor is rung twice to summon help, the apprentices will use these weapons. Because the crossbows have been left in a wound and cocked position, there is a 20% chance that the bowstring will break, rendering the weapon useless at the time of firing.

Level 3: Attic

Worked wooden dowels and various pieces of worked metal project from numerous open crates in the southern section of this room. To the north are two doors. The steeply sloped ceiling makes standing impossible (for a human) within about five feet of the outer east and west walls.

Area 14

The open crates contain replacement parts for the printing press. Other crates contain wax and thread. Bolts of cloth lean against the crates.

Area 15: Carlin the Apprentice's Room

This room contains an unmade bed and a small washstand. At the foot of the bed is a large chest. The chest is unlocked and contains Carlin's personal effects and clothing. Under the bed is a chamber pot. A small lantern hangs over the bed suspended from the ceiling by a chain. A small bookshelf on the western wall holds a book and a small pot. The book is a collection of stories about life on the high seas

entitled *Captain Oratio Piper*. The pot contains a few oatmeal cookies.

Area 16: Jersal the Apprentice's Room

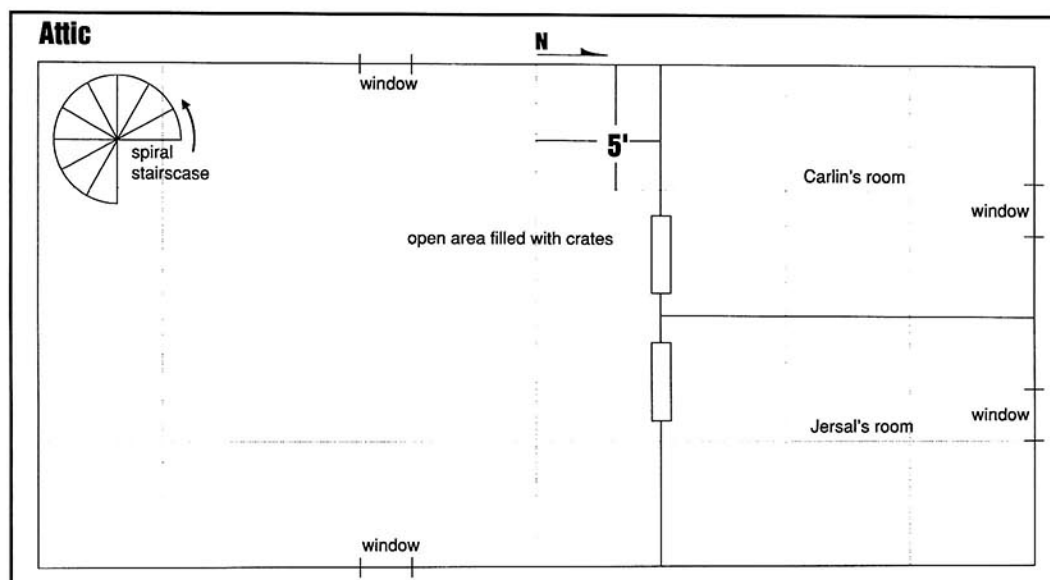
This room contains a bed and a small washstand. A lantern is bolted to the northern wall. At the foot of the bed is a large chest with an open book on top. The book is a collection of essays concerning the effects of ethereal matter on the flow of time entitled *Temporal Abnormalities of Ethereal Matter*. The chest is unlocked and contains Jersal's personal effects and clothing. Jersal has hidden his spell book within his clothing in the chest. Next to the bed lies a chamber pot. Hidden within the straw mattress is a Book of Infinite Spells.

Jersal's Spell Book: Read Magic, Comprehend Languages, Sleep, Write, Detect Magic, Mending, Erase, Unseen Servant.

Book of Infinite Spells: The book has only been opened to its first of 25 pages. The book contains the following spells in order: Power Word Stun, Cone of Cold, Emotion, blank page, Tree, Chant, Phase Door, Light, Mirror Image, Transformation spell, Heal, Bless, Entangle, Shadow Door, Push, Tongues, blank page, blank page, Erase, Fly, Dig, Snare, Quest, Shadow Door.

Activity in Alcan's Book Store

While the store is open, Malyn Hamlin works the desk on the ground floor. There is a 20% chance that 1D4 customers will be present. Use NPCs from your campaign or roll on the following chart, rerolling if the customer is inappropriate for your campaign.



D100	Customer
1-5	Member of mayor's staff
6-15	Wizard, level 1-6
16-17	Wizard, level 3-18
18-20	Fighter, level 7-10
21-22	Fighter, level 1-6
23-30	Random city resident, browsing and gossiping
31-45	Lady of Court and 2 bodyguards (Fighters 3-6)
46-50	Cleric (Egyptian), level 1-10
51-55	Cleric, level 2-20
56-57	Member of Violet Spider, level 2-7
58-59	Fighter, level 11-20
60-70	Thief, level 1-20 (customer)
71	Thief, level 2-5 (casing joint)
72-74	Druid, level 2-12
75-79	Sage
80-82	Monk (Shau Lin Temple), level 2-16
83-85	Bard, level 1-23 (2D12-1)
86-89	Illusionist, level 1-8
90-99	Scholar
100	GM's choice

Alcan and both apprentices are upstairs working at the press, although occasionally one of the apprentices goes down into the basement or up to the attic to get supplies.

After Alcan and Malyn leave, the apprentices bar the front door. Jersal and Carlin clean their appointed areas for the following day and then read for a few hours before going to bed. Anyone in the store after hours has a 10% chance of running into the Unseen Servant cleaning one of the rooms. Jersal and Carlin get up just before dawn to open the store for Alcan and Malyn's arrival.

Shop Inhabitants

Alcan Hamlin

Human, Skill 0 Bookseller
STR: 7, *INT*: 16, *INS*: 14
STA: 12, *DEX*: 11, *APL*: 11
HTK: 6, *AC*: 9 (partial leather armor)
MV: 12", *AL*: N. Good
AT: 1, *DM*: by weapon
THAC0: 21
HT: 5' 10", *WT*: 170 lbs.
Weapon Proficiencies: short sword, heavy crossbow
Armor: heavy leather apron

Alcan is a master printer and book binder. Apprenticed at an early age to a silversmith, Alcan brought his skills in metalcraft to the printing trade. With his knowledge, he was able to improve on the

existing technology to produce more reliable type. The money he makes from printing pamphlets and notices allows him to engage in his hobby of selling (and reading) used books. Alcan is a middle-aged businessman. His hairline is receding, and he is just turning gray at the edges of his handlebar mustache. His sleeves are rolled up, and he always wanders about in his ink-stained leather apron.

Alcan's experience with books has given him insight into a book's value (especially spell books). Alcan, while himself a shrewd businessman, primarily operates the craft end of his business while his wife deals directly with most of the customers. Alcan handles any large or rare purchases personally. Within 48 hours, Alcan can get his hands on up to 20,000 gp (through loans and his own savings). Alcan can obtain even more if he has a ready buyer available. Alcan will occasionally do consignment book selling, taking 50% of the sale price.

Malyn Hamlin

Human, Skill 3 Cleric
STR: 9, *INT*: 15, *INS*: 13
STA: 11, *DEX*: 11, *APL*: 11
HTK: 19, *AC*: 10
MV: 12", *AL*: N. Good
AT: 1, *DM*: by weapon or spell
THAC0: 20
Religion/Deity: Egyptian/Thoth
HT: 5' 3", *WT*: 130 lbs.
Weapon Proficiencies: staff, mace
Armor: none
Magic Items: Ring of Spell Turning
Specials: Turn Undead.
Spells: 3/1

Level 1: Command, Cure Light Wounds, Detect Magic

Level 2: Hold Person

Malyn joined the temple to Thoth at an early age. There she was taught that the most important thing in life was the enrichment of the mind through the pursuit of knowledge. While staying in the city as a young woman, Malyn frequented Alcan's Book Store in pursuit of information. Her repeated visits developed into a strong friendship with Alcan, which eventually blossomed into love.

Customers often arrive to find Malyn reading a newly acquired book at the counter. Malyn is the primary person to deal with customers, answering questions and directing them to their areas of interest in the store. She has no difficulty locating a desired book if the store has it, as she has likely read it and placed it in its proper location on the shelves.

Malyn is a middle-aged woman with long, gray hair and deep gray eyes. She wears a simple green apron over a white robe. Her hair is held back from her face by a beetle-shaped hair pin carved from a green stone (jade — 112 gp). A simple copper band adorns her left ring finger. Malyn is polite and friendly with customers, easily drawn into intellectual discussions, though not so much as to distract her from her other customers.

If threatened, Malyn's first reaction is to summon help with the bell-rope behind the counter (or to scream loudly). Her preferred method of attack is through negotiation. When negotiation fails, she relies on her spellcasting abilities. If there is a fight in the store, she will attempt to get outside to summon help from the city guard.

Carlin Smith

Human, Skill 0 Apprentice Bookbinder

STR: 10, INT: 14, INS: 12

STA: 13, DEX: 14, APL: 8

HTK: 4, AC: 9 (partial leather armor)

MV: 12", AL: Neutral

AT: 1, DM: by weapon

THACO: 20

HT: 5' 3", WT: 100 lbs.

Weapon Proficiencies: crossbow

Armor: heavy leather apron

Carlin was apprenticed to Alcan one year ago, when he turned 13. Carlin is a hard worker and is very bright. The Hamlins treat him as if he were part of their family. Carlin has a crush on Malyn, who taught him how to read before he was apprenticed to the Hamlins. He is very protective of her, especially around strangers, and will rush to her defense if she appears threatened.

Carlin has close-cropped red hair. He usually wears his favorite green shirt under his stained (and slightly large) leather apron. His pale freckled arms are often stained by ink.

Jersal Hamlin

Human, Skill 1 Magic-User and Apprentice Bookseller

STR: 12, INT: 16, INS: 16

STA: 10, DEX: 9, APL: 12

HTK: 4, AC: 9 (partial leather armor)

MV: 12", AL: N. Good

AT: 1, DM: by weapon

THACO: 20

HT: 4' 9", WT: 78 lbs.

Weapon Proficiencies: crossbow

Armor: heavy leather apron

Spells: 1

Commonly Memorized: Unseen Servant

Jersal is the only child of Alcan and Malyn Hamlin. Jersal stays at the shop with Carlin. Jersal's parents feel that this will instill in him discipline and independence. Jersal learned his letters at a very young age, and his parents encouraged him to seek intellectual growth. The Hamlins' friendship with a local wizard has enabled Jersal to study the basics of magic. Unbeknownst to his family, Jersal's aptitude for magic has given him skills that normally take much longer to master. Jersal's upbringing has led him to be a somewhat somber and studious child, but his parents believe that this is something he will outgrow. Jersal is proficient in the bookselling craft, but his true love lies in learning and mastering magic. Jersal is very self-critical. He has not revealed his abilities to any others because he does not feel that he has perfected them.

Jersal is a small lad of 12 who has yet to reach his full physical stature. He has curly, brown hair and brown eyes. He still has some baby fat left in his cherubic cheeks. His facial features contradict the air of austerity that Jersal projects. Jersal generally wears gray clothing under his stained leather apron.

Jersal has recently made a very special acquisition. A couple of weeks ago, an unknown visitor was killed in a local bar, and the owner of the establishment decided to sell off the stranger's possessions to pay the bar tab. Alcan made arrangements to buy the books found on the stranger, sight unseen, for 10 gp. Alcan sent Jersal to retrieve the books. One of the books was a Book of Infinite Spells. Jersal removed this book from the rest before giving them to his father and hid it in his bed. He knows that it is extremely valuable and might aid him in his study of magic, but he fears that his father will take it away from him. Jersal has studied the book enough to know that it is a Book of Infinite Spells and that he must be careful not to turn the pages unless necessary.

Jersal's first instinct in combat is to run. If forced to fight, he will respond by using the Book of Infinite Spells to supplement his own spellcasting abilities. If he hears the summons for help from his mother, he will grab a crossbow to use as a scare tactic more than anything else (although he will shoot if forced to).

Jersal usually casts his Unseen Servant spell when he is supposed to clean up his room or clean up the workroom. He only casts the spell when no one else is present, and he usually reads while the Servant does his work.

— Robert M. Morgester
and Andrew C. Streimer

Southland's Finest Potions

Other businesses may have more customers or lower prices, but if you're looking for something unusual, Southland's is the place to go.

Room A: Main Store

There are three doors, two doors from the main street and one door that opens onto Room B. There is a magic mouth near each door. The magic mouths are activated when a door is opened and no one passes through the doorway. The magic mouths scream, "Intruder in the main room!" repeatedly for one turn.

A display case runs five feet away from the entire length of the back wall. There is a section at each end of the case where it can be raised to allow passage from behind the counter. The case displays the kinds of the potions that proprietor Alham Southland can create. The bottles vary in size, color, and shape. Next to each potion is a neatly written placard describing the contents. None of these potions is real, and the array represents what Alham can create, not necessarily what he has in

stock. Alham can create any potion listed in the standard rule book and has 50% of these in stock (determine at random) at any time.

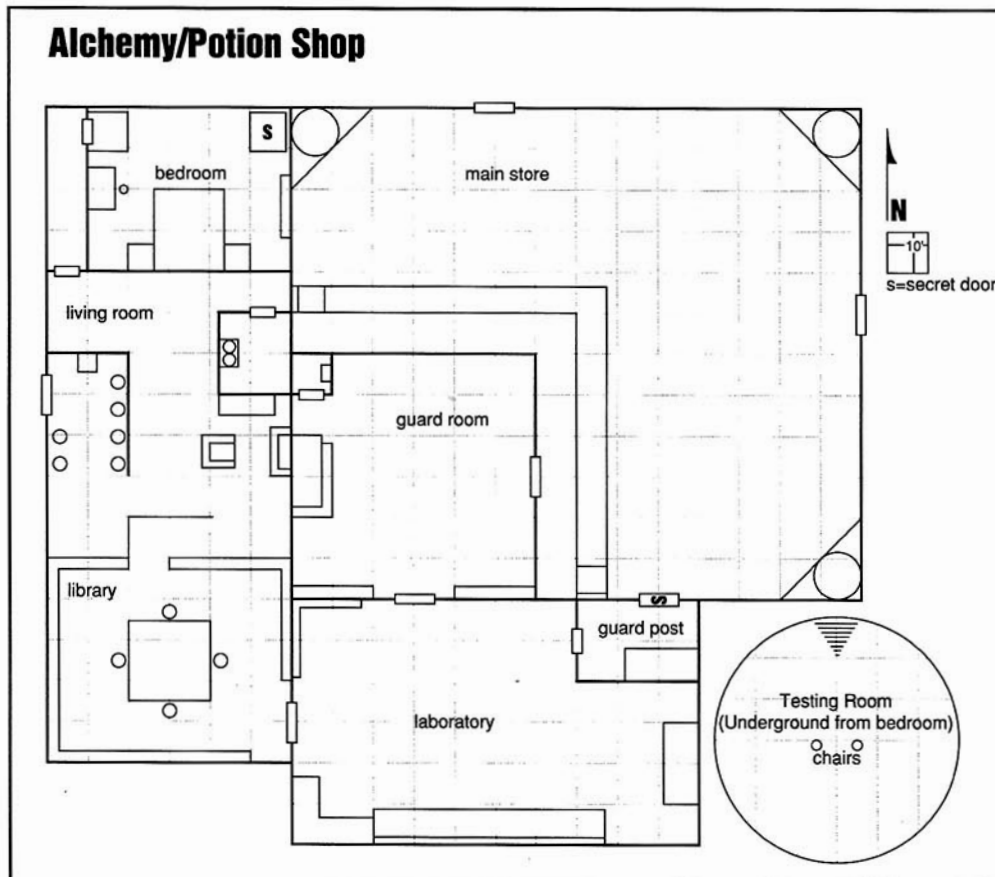
In three corners of the room are life-size stone statues on granite platforms. The statues are made of an unknown blue-gray stone and exhibit obvious attention to detail. The northwestern statue is of a troll. The northeastern statue is of a hill giant. The statue in the southeastern corner is that of a ghastr.

The statues are actually monsters that have been turned to stone and are restored to "life" when a triggering mechanism under the counter is tripped.

There are three separate buttons to restore each monster spaced equally apart in three places along the counter. Once triggered, a carefully placed potion bottle will fall and break on the statues. Once restored, the monsters are charmed to do as Alham orders. The potion will revive the monsters for one hour.

Room B: Guard Room

The north and east walls of this room are transparent from within this room and give an unobstructed view (except for the display case) of



the main room. There is a small lavatory and a bunk bed for two. Two cabinets on the south wall contain the potions that are ready for sale. Next to each posted guard is a small stand holding a number of potions ready to be consumed by the guards if necessary. Usually the potions are Mammal Control, True Seeing, Superheroism, and Silence.

Room C: Laboratory

A rack in the northwestern corner holds Alham's latest potions and ointments. In the southwestern corner is a small chemical-processing distillery. Next to it is a workbench that extends along most of the south wall. Above the workbench is a shelf with numerous chemicals, ingredients, and components. A three-way sink is against the east wall.

The walls of this room are lead lined.

This is where Alham spends 80% of his time when he is awake. He spends about 15% of his time in his library and the other 5% in the main room selling potions.

Room D: Guard Post

A 10' x 15' guard room is in the northeast corner of the laboratory. This room is a smaller guard room with two guards, one posted while one sleeps. The north wall is transparent like the walls in the main guard room. There is a secret door that opens into the main room. The secret door is also transparent from within the guard post.

Room E: Library

Books in this room contain all necessary information about ingredients for potions and ointments, such as: herbs, spices, gems, metallurgy, poisons, plants, the anatomies of all sorts of beings (living and dead). There are also reference items that do not contain any directly beneficial instruction. These reference items range from legends about deeds performed by the gods to fables concerning a prince who was turned into a froghemoth. Alham uses these as inspirations to extrapolate possible new ointments and potions.

Room F: Living Room

The entrance from the street opens onto a waiting room with six chairs and a small table next to the door. On the table is a stack of business cards. The cards read: "Southland's Finest Potions, Alham Southland — Proprietor, Unique potions a

specialty." The chairs in the waiting room are comfortable and well kept.

This room is used mainly to entertain guests and wangle favors from them. Aside from the waiting area, it is sparsely decorated. What little furniture there is is neither comfortable nor stylish. The room holds a sofa and an armchair. The armchair faces the fireplace on the east wall. A sofa sits against the wall of the lavatory. In front of the chair and the sofa is an old rug.

The lavatory near the northeastern section of the room is sparsely appointed, but clean. It holds a toilet and a stand with a pitcher of water and a wash basin.

Room G: Alham's Bed Chamber

When Alham sleeps (which is not often), this is where he goes. Alham keeps this room clean. On the west wall is a small desk. (Alham uses it when inspiration hits him in the middle of the night.) A large bed, flanked by night stands, is against the south wall. A large sideboard, empty except for a couple of changes of clothes, stands against the eastern wall.

A trap door right inside the door swings open under the weight of three pounds or more. The trap door can be activated or deactivated by a concealed button in the hallway outside Alham's bed chamber. Another button is in the wall next to Alham's bed. The trap door opens onto an eight-foot drop that ends in a floor of spikes covered with a fine film of green slime.

Near the northeastern corner of the room is a secret door leading to Alham's underground testing room (Room H).

There is a magic mouth in the northeast corner. The magic mouth is activated when any door (main doorway, trap door, or the secret door) in the room is opened and no one passes through the doorway. The magic mouth screams, "Intruder! Intruder!" for one turn.

The walls of this room, including the hallway, are lead lined.

Room H: Testing Room

This room is 50 feet below Alham's living room. It is a natural pocket in the earth and is roughly circular in shape. The room is about 60 feet in diameter and the ceiling averages 30 feet in height. There are a couple of iron chairs in the center of the room. Continual Light spells completely illuminate this otherwise empty chamber.

Special Discoveries

Alham Southland is a "potionholic." He frequently sips his wares, experimenting with the possibilities of making new potions. Unfortunately a number of the results have proven to be strange, useless, dangerous, or a combination of the three.

Improved Tongues — Gives the imbiber 1-6 extra tongues. Makes speech difficult if not impossible; no verbal spell casting possible.

Eyes of Stone — Turns the drinkers' eyes to stone, but they can see everything as it truly is. They can even see the "inner meaning," the aura of all those things around them. The user of this potion, however, must be careful not to tilt his head down or his eyes will roll out of their sockets. (Combination of a True Seeing and a Flesh to Stone. This was an attempt by Alham to create a petrification stare.)

Mood Lips — Causes the drinker's lips to change colors according to his changing moods.

Potion of Etherealness — Sends the digestive system to the ethereal plane, where it floats about like a plump morsel. The rest of the person who remained behind dies of internal convulsions.

Inhabitants

Alham Southland

Human, Skill 0 Potion Monger
STR: 12, *INT*: 17, *INS*: 12
STA: 16, *DEX*: 11, *APL*: 10
HTK: special, *AC*: 10
MV: 12", *AL*: L. Neutral
AT: special, *DM*: by weapon
THAC0: special
Religion/Deity: Egyptian/Thoth
HT: 5'6", *WT*: 180 lbs.
Weapon Proficiencies: special
Weapons: special
Magic Items: special

Alham is a 42-year-old male human. His hair is shoulder length, slicked back and was once black but is now mostly gray. His appearance is well kept, and he always wears a blindingly white smock that goes from the tops of his shoes to the top of his shoulders, where the collar seems to choke his neck so tight that it looks like it's about to burst. This makes Alham's head appear to be much larger than it is.

Alham wears wire-rimmed glasses to read, and they are either in his pocket on the front of his smock or perched carefully on the end of his pointed nose.

Alham talks in a quiet, hesitant voice, seeming to weigh each word and sentence in his mind before he vocalizes it.

He is suspicious of everyone who comes into his shop, whether he knows them or not. He is especially cautious about new people, perhaps because of the number of burglary attempts that have been made on his establishment. The other main reason is to try to determine if someone might be interested in working for him as a potion tester.

Although Alham is a 0 level human, he is capable of becoming a formidable opponent. Southland is proud that he has concocted a potion that allows him to become a high-level character. This potion became possible when a high-level magic-user used his room to consume a Commune With Nature potion he had purchased from Alham.

Potion: Essence of Character

All class knowledge possessed by the person from whom the potion is made is passed on to the imbiber, i.e. spells known at time of "processing," fighting, and thieving abilities, etc. Each person yields 10 vials, and each vial lasts one hour.

Alham always carries a potion of one of these Essences of Character, 80% of the time the 14th level magic-user, 10% of the time the 12th level thief, and the remaining 10% of the time the 9th level fighter. Whenever Alham carries the thief or fighter potion, he carries a +2 magical long sword (a gift from the 9th level fighter).

Alham's mind is slightly bent from all the experimenting. However, this is not readily noticeable and only proves to be a danger to others under times of extreme stress (which he consistently sees himself under). Deadlines to finish a potion cause him stress, and if he is pushed or is behind schedule, his anxiety level rises near the danger zone. If the stress becomes too much for Alham, he usually vents his anger on whoever or whatever has set him off. Normally, Alham downs whatever potion he is carrying and uses it along with whatever weapon or spell is at the ready.

Alham had erred, however, and it was not a Commune With Nature potion but a Flesh to Stone potion. Alham knew that his customer would be very upset when he was returned to flesh and that Alham's business (and very life) were in jeopardy. This left Alham with what he thought was his only choice. He had to cover up his gaffe. Alham's plan was to dispose of the body.

As he was about ready to pulverize and spread the magic-user's body among the rocks and pebbles of the town, an idea occurred to him in a flash of brilliance. It began in a loop of ideas, which was his normal thought process.

What would he do, he asked himself, if someone came looking for the dead magic-user? Alham's first idea was to try to make a potion out of his essence so as to create an illusion, or if made with enough care, to change his appearance to look like that of the wizard. From there began the experiment that led to Alham's assuming not only the appearance of the dead wizard but his abilities as well. All the spells that the magic-user could cast at the time of his death Alham could cast after drinking the potion.

After his success Alham began gathering the abilities of each character type as the opportunities presented themselves.

Alham is not evil and does not set traps to find such people for his potions. Alham restricts himself to those who are sentenced to death, those who attempt to rob him, and those who are wanted criminals (in which case Alham may hire help to track them down). As of now he has collected the essence of:

- One skill 9 fighter (10 potion bottles remain).
- One skill 12 thief (8 potion bottles remain).

A number of low level thieves who have tried to burglarize his place, unsuccessfully, and so have given themselves to furthering the interests of alchemy:

- Seven skill 1 thieves (58 potion bottles remain).
- Four skill 2 thieves (40 potion bottles remain).
- Two skill 3 thieves (18 potion bottles remain).
- One skill 5 thief (5 potion bottles remain).

His prized potion is the essence of the skill 14 magic-user who began the whole experiment:

- One skill 14 magic-user (6 potion bottles remain).

Famous Testers

Alham is constantly looking for people to be "testers." His applicants are few due to the wear and tear on his previous employees. However a few of his former employees have gone on to be great and powerful people or things:

Chad Littel went from being a skill 0 19-year-old to a skill 8 paladin. Alham swore the transformation was due to his potion and demanded that Chad owed him his allegiance. Chad, on the other hand, swore that his glorious change was the hand of his deity Forseti and that he owed his life and fealty to no other. Chad Littel now travels the lands searching for evil to vanquish and wrongs to right.

Misty Reeds was changed from a lonely 26-year-old woman into an exquisite unicorn. She now has a lifetime companion in a skill 10 ranger known as Nariadni.

The Boyington twins were turned into a two-headed cyclops. Once transformed, the twins charged out of Alham Southland's establishment and headed for the nearby mountains, where they are sighted now and then by travelers who dare to go near them.

Dan Beefbrain became a disease-ridden fungus who was carefully contained within a large chest by Alham's guards. The chest was quickly removed from the premises and the guards instructed to dump it into the river deep in the forest. Unfortunately the guards never returned, and Dan has now become known as the Creeping Crud.

Kel-D'bir

Human, Skill 15 Magic-User

STR: 9, INT: 18, INS: 15

STA: 13, DEX: 17 (+2, -3), APL: 14

HTK: 40, AC: 0

MV: 12", AL: C. Good

AT: 1, DM: by weapon

THACO: 16

Deity: Isis

HT: 5'10", WT: 165 lbs.

Weapon Proficiencies: dagger, throwing dagger, staff, sling

Armor: none

Weapons: +3 dagger

Magic Items: Robe of Protection +3, Ring of Protection +3, Throwing Daggers of Slaying Fighters +2 (2), Staff of Power, Eyes of Charming, Wand of Magic Missiles, and Wand of Negation

Alham has a powerful ally in Kel-D'bir, a Skill 5 magic-user. Alham and Kel-D'bir barter services. Alham has used a number of the magic-user's abilities to secure his place of business. Alham is not sure what Kel-D'bir has done with all the potions he has acquired from Alham.

Alham had Kel-D'bir summon an earth elemental to build him an underground room. He uses it to test new and potentially dangerous potions. It is reachable through a secret door in his bedroom.

Bakrak Spogmulgdrak (Captain Brack)

Hit Dice: 9, *Race:* Demon

HTK: 61, *AC:* -1

MV: 18", *AL:* L. Evil

AT: 2 or 1 by weapon

DM: 2D8, 2D8 or by weapon

THACO: 12

HT: 7'4", *WT:* 350 lbs.

Weapon Proficiencies: two-handed sword, two-handed battle axe, ear spoon, long sword

Armor: plate mail

Weapons: two-handed sword

Magic Items: Ring of Tongues (allows the wearer to speak and understand all spoken languages within a 30-foot radius), two-handed sword +3, plate mail +3

Specials: Bakrak Spogmulgdrak will serve Alham Southland faithfully for the next 19 years. His duties are to protect Alham, protect his shop and his belongings, and to carry out any other orders Alham gives him.

The only person whom Alham Southland trusts is his Captain of the Guard, Brack. This has to do with the fact that he is actually a demon who is bound to serve Alham in this capacity for 30 years. (The demon has already served 11 of these years and can't wait "to be free of the bug's control" so he can "pour him into one of his own potion bottles.") Alham gained the demon's service while on one of his earlier and extremely rare expeditions with a group of adventurers. During this enterprise Alham was in search of a powerful tome that had supposedly been written by the Egyptian god of knowledge, Thoth. This particular tome was conjectured to be a portion of the magical knowledge that Thoth had gathered to himself.

The possibility of getting even a chance to glance over a page of the tome proved to be an overwhelming temptation for Alham. He decided to throw aside his strict policy of never getting involved personally in anything dangerous and took the risk to adventure.

In the end, although Alham did not find the tome, he did find a number of useful ingredients for potions he

could not otherwise have made, and he also gained the services of the demon Bakrak Spogmulgdrak. The demon is now simply referred to as Captain Brack.

He acts as Alham's captain of the guard. Captain Brack oversees the security of Southland's Finest Potions. He supervises eight fighters. They always obey him without question or are terminated, messily, by Brack, on the spot. The fighters wear chain mail and use long swords unless noted otherwise. They are:

Creager

Male Human, Skill 3 Fighter

STR: 16 (-, +1), *INT:* 11, *INS:* 14

STA: 17, *DEX:* 16 (+1, -2), *APL:* 14

Toney

Female Human, Skill 3 Fighter

STR: 13, *INT:* 10, *INS:* 9

STA: 10, *DEX:* 12, *APL:* 16

Fouchard

Male Dwarf, Skill 3 Fighter

STR: 17 (+1, +1), *INT:* 8, *INS:* 9

STA: 17, *DEX:* 15 (-, -1), *APL:* 10

Weapon: battle axe

Garber

Female Human, Skill 2 Fighter

STR: 11, *INT:* 11, *INS:* 12

STA: 8, *DEX:* 10, *APL:* 16

Braasch

Male Half-Orc, Skill 2

STR: 17 (+1, +1), *INT:* 13, *INS:* 11

STA: 15, *DEX:* 10, *APL:* 9

Floyd

Male Human, Skill 1 Fighter

STR: 13, *INT:* 12, *INS:* 12

STA: 13, *DEX:* 14, *APL:* 14

Snake-eater

Male Human, Skill 1 Fighter

STR: 14, *INT:* 13, *INS:* 9

STA: 17, *DEX:* 17 (+2, -3), *APL:* 11

Romansik

Female Human, Skill 1 Fighter

STR: 16 (-, +1), *INT:* 16, *INS:* 15

STA: 17, *DEX:* 13, *APL:* 15

— Richard S. Sullivan

Crystal Fountain

This fountain is one of the area's most magnificent wonders. A very fine diamond-like dust spews continually from the depths below, erupting high into the air, and then settling back down to the earth in a cascade of fantastic colors. All of the ground within ten yards of the fountain is covered with a crystalline substance, giving the whole area a shiny, psychedelic appearance. Four streams of water also bubble to the surface next to the main fountain, though with much less strength. The pools are aligned at each of the four corners of the main fountain, giving the appearance that the area was carefully landscaped by a brilliant architect. A small crystal wall surrounds each pool of water, effectively keeping the waters of each stream separate from one another.

This fountain formed naturally, with no interference by man. However, due to the unique formation of the crystal walls around the pools, the players may think otherwise. The walls were created over centuries by the constant buildup of the crystal dust at the water's edge. They are totally smooth and stand almost three feet high. If anyone examines the walls, it will be apparent that the walls are made from the same substance that continually erupts from the fountain. The fountain was formed eons ago when a massive earthquake changed the course of five underground streams.

The main fountain spews forth a substance called nolo, which immediately crystallizes when exposed to air. When underground, it's a liquid that resembles mercury. Nolo is very scarce and is a prized item among magic-users and alchemists. If a mage of at least skill 10 examines the dust, there is a chance that he will recognize its value. There is a base chance of 5% at skill 10 for the mage to recognize it, with an additional 5% added for each level above 10. (Note: Only those versed in magic have any chance of recognizing its value. This does not include clerics.)

No one is sure exactly how nolo works, but it is known that it affects everything that it touches differently. The water in the four smaller fountains is no exception. The water is perfectly normal when underground, but once exposed to the nolo, each of the

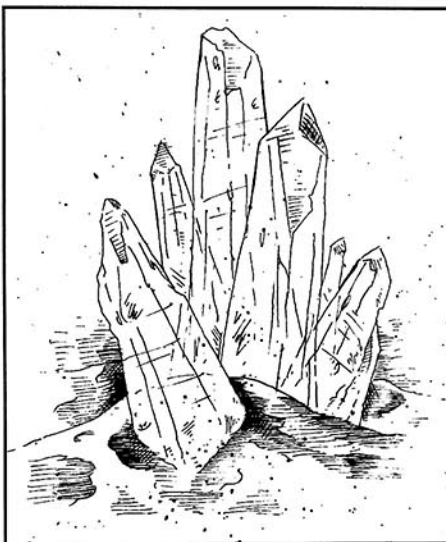
streams changes. Due to the fact that the water of the fountains is constantly moving and changing, the effect that the nolo has on it also constantly changes. For example, drinking from the same pool twice has a different effect each time. The GM can determine the effects the water has on the characters, or you can roll 1D10 and use the chart below. This chart is only meant to give you an idea of the fountain's possibilities, and it is highly recommended that you create a list of your own.

1. Immediately lose 1D10 hit points.
2. Poison, death within three days unless antidote is taken.
3. Immediately gain 5,000 experience points.
4. Blindness, duration 1D6 days.
5. Healing, regain all lost hit points. (Does not include disease or poison.)
6. Immediately gain 1 strength point.
7. Love potion, immediately fall in love with first creature you see.
8. Universal antidote, all disease or poison instantly cured.
9. Invisibility, immediately turned invisible for 1D10 days.
10. Infravision, permanently endowed with this power. (If it is not night, the character will not realize that anything has happened.)

When a party first approaches the fountain, the characters will become covered by the nolo and should be told that some sort of dust is settling on them. It will not cause them any harm, but they will have no way of knowing this (unless someone recognizes it). However, it may cause them some concern. When nolo settles on

human skin, it leaves a shiny silver pigmentation behind. This coloration does not become apparent for 1D4 hours after contact was first made with it. When it does become visible, it gives the affected character a silver skin tone. The only way to remove this pigmentation is to bathe in wine. If this is not done, the characters will have to go through life looking like tin men. (Note: This pigmentation affects only skin; it does not change the color of clothing or armor.)

— Lee Agosta



J.J.'s Jewel Boutique

The store is constructed entirely of bricks and has no windows. An elaborately carved wooden sign with the words J.J. Jurgison's Wondrous Gem and Jewel Boutique calls attention to the store. The door is solid oak, with decorative iron around its edges, but there is no knob or handle in sight. However, if anyone walks near it or pauses in front of it for a few seconds, a disembodied voice will begin to speak.

With a tone not much above a whisper, it will welcome the visitor and ask if he would like to enter J.J.'s shop. If the answer is yes, the door will slowly swing open, and the voice will bid the visitor to enter. If a visitor attempts to converse with the door, it will answer in short, quick sentences. It will only discuss aspects of the store (prices, inventory, etc.) and will not speak about anything else. If asked a question that it cannot answer (anything that does not concern the store), the voice will ignore it and change the topic of conversation back to the store.

Neighbors are familiar with J.J.'s mysterious door and do not fear it, but strangers may be fearful when they encounter it for the first time. Even though this scares an occasional customer away, J.J. thinks that it is worth the risk, as it greatly enhances the store's security.

The magical door has fueled many rumors concerning J.J.'s store, including some about unspeakable things that happen to those who enter uninvited. Many townsfolk believe that the door is actually a demon and that the store itself may be a gateway to hell.

Many people also believe that because of such magical protection, there must be a great treasure housed somewhere within. However, no one has ever been brave enough to try to find it. Of course, these are just rumors, but J.J. does nothing to discourage them as they tend to keep the thieves at bay. (On occasion, J.J. has embellished a few of the rumors himself.) Even the local thieves guild is in awe of J.J.'s store, and they have never even considered robbing it.

In reality, the door is nothing more than the shop's alarm system, and it is not dangerous at all. Many years ago J.J. helped locate a gem that a local wizard needed for one of his incantations. In payment for J.J.'s service, the wizard placed an Unseen Servant in the door. This creature cannot move about or attack; it is merely there to act as a butler and to help with the customers. J.J. has briefed it about every item in the shop, and therefore it has the ability to discuss the

store's items with customers when J.J. is not available. It will only allow access into the store if J.J. is inside the shop; otherwise the door will not budge an inch and will say that the establishment is closed.

If someone tries to force his way through the door, the Unseen Servant will begin to speak. In a voice dripping with evil, it will warn the intruders that only death awaits them behind this door and to turn back immediately.

If the intruder ignores this warning, the door will begin to yell for help in a crisp clear voice. It will scream, "Guards," and "Help, I'm being robbed," over and over, and it will not stop until J.J. arrives and commands it to stop. The yelling activates a portcullis, which immediately drops down over the front of the door. This blocks the door, as the portcullis cannot be easily destroyed. The door will continue to scream for help even after the guards arrive and will not stop until J.J. orders it to do so. The only way someone other than J.J. can silence the door is to cast a Dispel Magic on it. If this is done, the Unseen Servant will be eliminated and the yelling will stop.

Since there is no lock or handle on the door, it still cannot be opened unless it is forced. At this point the only way to enter the shop would be to smash through the door or to cast a Knock spell on it. Unfortunately, the noise of breaking down a door would bring the guards just as effectively as if the door were screaming for help.

Once the Unseen Servant starts yelling, 3D4 town guards come running. They arrive within 1D4 turns and attempt to apprehend anyone who is in the area. Flem, who runs the Night Stalker Detective Agency next door, also arrives within one turn if he is within 100' of the store. Due to the fact that Flem works long hours, there is only a 30% chance that he will hear the alarm and come to investigate. When help arrives, the Unseen Servant can give a detailed description of the thieves and can point out their escape route if necessary.

J.J. will also hear the Unseen Servant yelling, but he will never be the first to arrive at his store. This is because he does not wish to encounter the burglars alone. He would much rather let the town guards arrive first and handle things before he makes an appearance.

If customers enter the store in a normal manner, the Unseen Servant will not speak again. However, the moment visitors cross the threshold, the door will swing shut with a loud bang. Unlike the outside of the door there is a knob on the inside, and visitors may leave the store at any time.

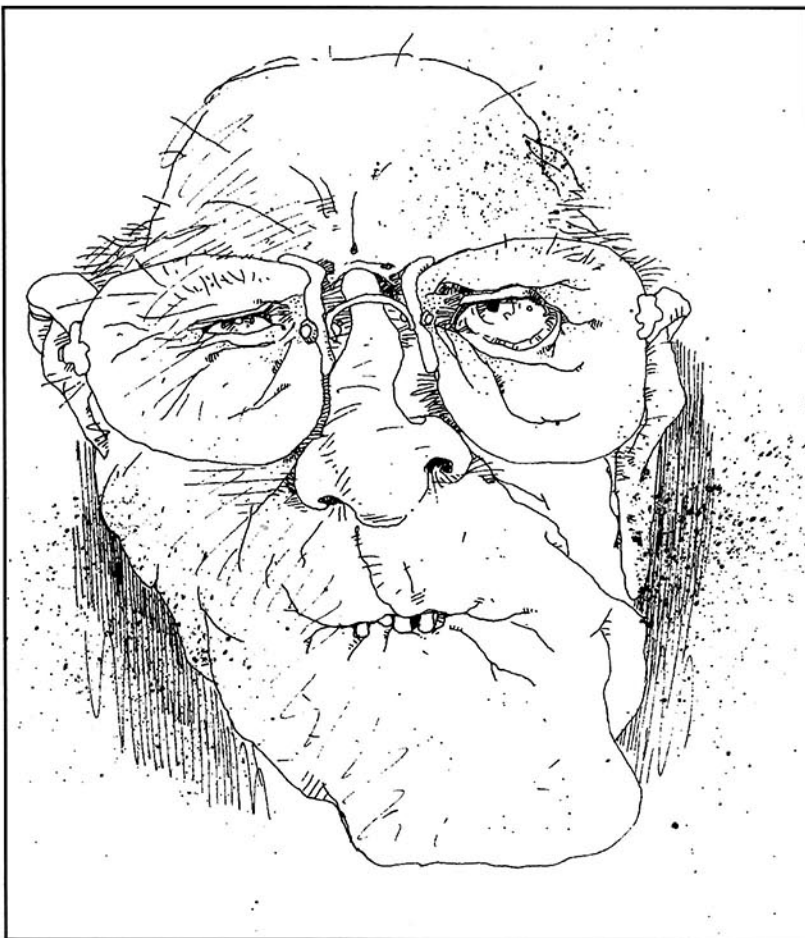
J.J. Jurgison

J.J. Jurgison greets customers as they enter his store. J.J. seems to be a wizened old man, with only a few strands of hair left on his head. He stands 4'8" in height and has a very lean build. He is clean shaven, but his skin resembles old parchment, and he would obviously look better with a beard. He wears a ridiculously large pair of glasses, which makes his already large nose seem even bigger. He is often thought of as a very ugly human, but in reality J.J. is a gnome. The only way one could distinguish that fact would be to study him intently, otherwise you could not be sure of his race. However, if he is called a man, he will quickly set the record straight. He will say that he is not a man, but a gnome, and not to make that mistake again. (J.J. is very proud of his gnomish heritage and will take offense if the mistake is repeated.)

After J.J.'s greeting, he will ask if he may be of any assistance and about what type of gems might interest the visitor. He will gladly answer any questions about gems or precious stones free of charge, and he will be happy to appraise any jewel. He does this for free because of his great love of precious stones. He cannot see enough of them, and he loves to examine all that are brought to him.

He tends to be a bit long-winded when talking about gems, and he may take quite a while to get to the point, but when he does, his information is correct. There is a 90% chance that J.J. will be able to answer any question concerning gems. (This includes other precious stones as well.) The length of time to get an answer from him varies with the difficulty of the question. For example, he would immediately identify a piece of gold, but a one-of-a-kind item might take him months to determine its nature. J.J. will discuss matters other than gems, but he will always find a way to bring the topic of conversation back to them.

If J.J.'s assistance is not required, he will go back behind his counter and tell the customers to take



as much time as they need to look around. He will then begin to polish a gem and will take no other interest in the customers until they approach him again.

Inside the Store

J.J.'s shop is as unusual in appearance as J.J. is himself. Though everything is beautiful, a visitor's eyes immediately fall on an exquisite diamond in the center of the room. Not only is it the size of an ostrich egg, but a bright white light continually shines from somewhere deep within it.

Surrounding it is an elegant array of gold oak leaves, giving the impression that it is an egg safely tucked away in its nest. The colors of the rainbow continually flicker across its surface, as if the stone is undecided about its true color. Even to someone who is not an expert on jewels, it is quite obvious that it must be worth a king's ransom. The light emanating from it is so bright that it is difficult to look directly into. Only when a person looks at it with shaded eyes is it apparent that this wondrous gem is lighting the entire room.

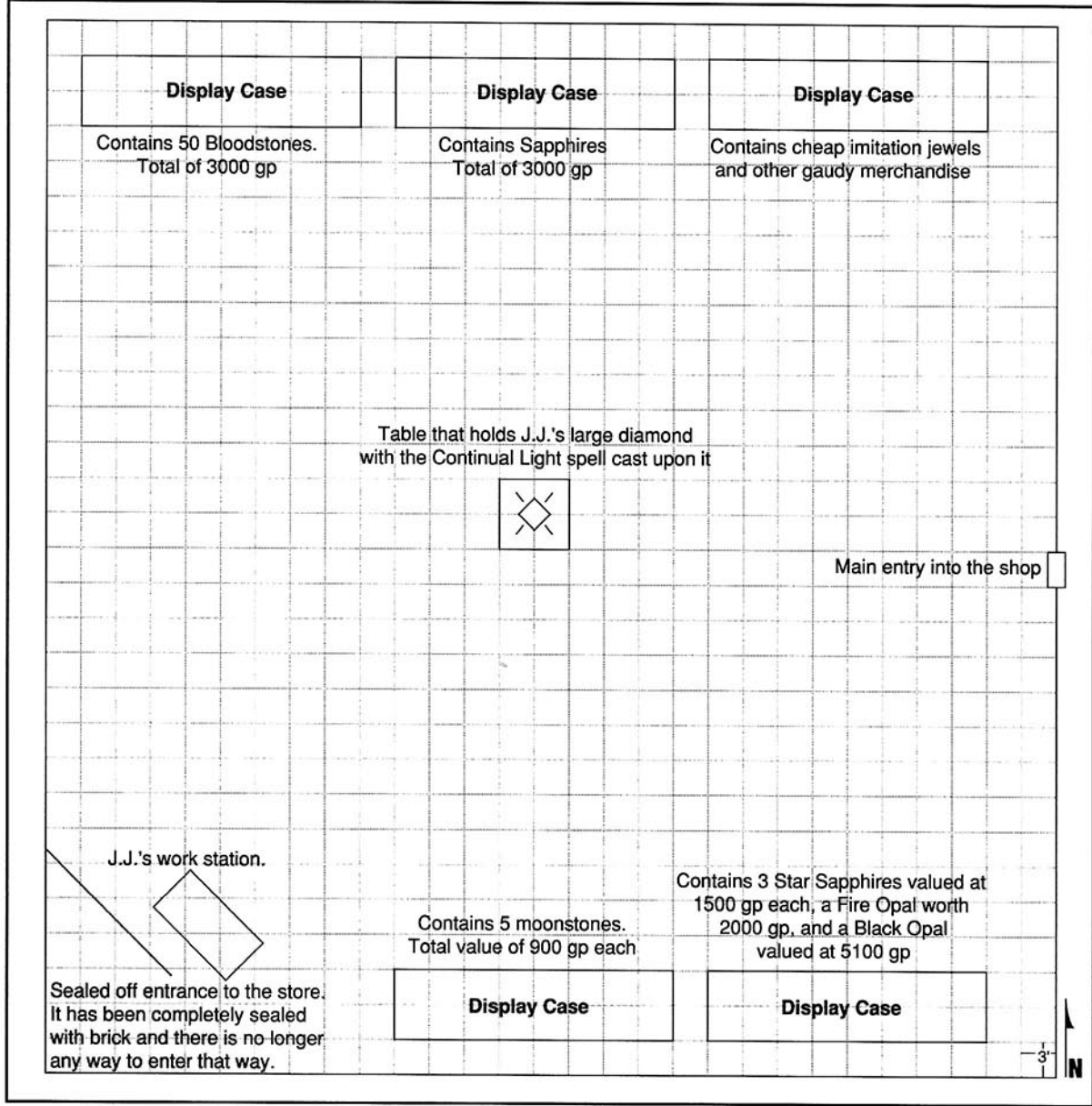
If J.J. sees someone attempting to touch the diamond, he will immediately tell him to stop. He will then explain that it is cursed and that touching it is sure to bring bad luck. He will then tell the customer a story about an evil spirit that inhabits the gem and to be cautious when anywhere near it. He will not elaborate on the story, saying only that some things are best left unknown.

Though the diamond is beautiful, it is worth little. What appears to be a diamond is only a highly polished piece of graphite, valued at less than five gold pieces. Its radiance is the result of a Continual Light spell that was cast on it by the same wizard who placed the Unseen Servant in the door. The

leaves that surround it are fool's gold, a rock that looks like gold but is worthless.

J.J. concocted the story about the curse and the evil spirit to keep the curious away from the gem (and to keep anyone who may be knowledgeable about gems from contradicting his story).

Three large display cases lie along the north wall, with two others near the south wall. The cases on the north hold jewelry and other less expensive items that J.J. sells. The first case holds more than 50 Bloodstones. They are a deep red, and they sparkle beautifully due to the room's intense light. Their combined worth is 3,000 gold pieces. The second case is filled with radiant blue sapphires.



Their range of color stretches from the dark blue of a bottomless lake to the friendly blue of a summer sky. This case hold 30 sapphires with a total combined value of 3,000 gold pieces. The third case holds cheap imitation jewelry, trinkets, and other gaudy merchandise. There are more than 200 items in this case, but their combined value is less than 100 gold pieces.

The cases on the southern wall are where J.J. displays his more expensive merchandise. Unlike the cases along the northern wall, there are only a few items in each case, but all are highly valuable. The first case has five moonstones, perfectly round and a beautiful white. If you look at them long enough, you will get the impression that you are looking directly at the moon and that you are actually close enough to reach out and touch it. Each moonstone is valued at 900 gold pieces.

The final case contains only five stones, but they are the most exquisite pieces in the store. There are three Star Sapphires, each twinkling like its namesake high above in the night sky. They are worth 1,500 gold pieces each. There is also a Fire Opal valued at 2,000 gold pieces and a Black Opal worth 5,200 gold pieces. The Fire Opal flickers as if a flame really is housed within it, while the Black Opal is as dark as midnight.

The cases all seem quite fragile, and the glass appears to be inadequate to protect the precious jewels inside. However, the glass of each case is as strong as iron and is over 1" thick. This is because while it was being blown, diamond dust was mixed into it, making it virtually impregnable.

Breaking the glass depends not on a person's strength as much as on pure luck. The glass must be struck at just the right point in order for it to be broken; otherwise no amount of force will shatter it. If someone tries to break the glass, roll 2D6. A roll of 11 or higher will be successful, and the glass will break, otherwise there will be no noticeable effect on it. If a magical weapon is used to break the glass, the chance of succeeding is greatly increased. For every "+" the weapon has, subtract one from what is normally needed to break the glass. For example, a +1 mace would be successful on a 10 or higher, while a +2 mace would work on a 9 or higher. (Ignore all strength modifiers.)

There are no visible locks on any of the cases, and there does not seem to be any way to open them. The reason for this is that J.J. had the cases specially made for him by the finest gnome craftsmen. The only way to retrieve the gems is to lift the glass

straight up and remove it. Even upon very careful examination, this is not apparent, as the glass fits precisely over the case. The only way that it can be lifted from its base is by levitation. There are no hand holds, and there is no way to pry any type of device between the glass and the case. Even though J.J. is not a magician, he can accomplish this feat by using his Gem of Levitation (see p. 118). He mounted his gem on a golden ring so he could always keep it safely with him. It is a small gem, and he often wears the ring backwards to keep it out of sight.

If someone is in the shop while he levitates the glass, he makes sure the gem is hidden by his hand, mutters a few incantations, and then lifts the glass off the case. He does this for two reasons. The obvious reason is to keep his Gem of Levitation hidden from the public, and the second is to start a few more rumors of the magical powers that are present in his shop (thereby further discouraging thieves from entering).

The cases themselves appear to be made of normal wood, but in reality they are much more. A thin layer of wood conceals a metal frame underneath. If anyone tries to break the case (either by hand or with a weapon), there will be little effect. The wood will chip off, but the frame itself will not be damaged.

If anyone attempts to break into one of the cases, the Unseen Servant will immediately begin to yell for help. As before, it will not stop yelling until J.J. orders it to do so (or a Dispel Magic is thrown on it). Remember, once the Unseen Servant begins to yell, the portcullis will drop down over the door. If an intruder attempts to flee out the front doorway, he must save against his DEX (at a +5 penalty) or be trapped inside the shop.

The far corner of the southern wall is J.J.'s work station. It consists of a table with one drawer in it and a three-legged stool. Tools of his trade—small hammers, chisels, and countless small drills—cover the table. These items are not valuable and are useless to anyone but a gem cutter.

In the drawer is a large pair of gloves. Under the gloves is a black gem the size of a robin's egg. Before anyone can touch the gem, it changes to white, stays that color for a few seconds, and then returns to black.

J.J. recently acquired this gem, which he calls the Rock of Ages (see p. 118). Four gnome miners found the gem only a few weeks ago, and only one is still healthy. The other three have become feeble old men, on the verge of death. Knowing that the gem is

highly valuable (but believing that it is cursed), gnomes brought it to J.J. to see if he could determine its true nature.

As long as the gem is not handled, no ill effects will befall anyone, but as soon as it is touched there will be trouble. It is important to determine what color the gem is when it is first handled. To do this roll a six-sided die. A 1-3 means the gem is white, and a 4-6 means it is black. If the gem is white when it is first touched, the handler immediately loses 5D10 (1-50) off his current age. If it is black, he will immediately have 1-50 years added to his age. This is automatic, with no saving allowed.

The gem must come into direct contact with its handler to have an effect. Of course, J.J. knew this, which accounts for the pair of gloves in the drawer with the gem. (The gloves should also be a subtle clue to the players that they should not touch the gem unless wearing protection.)

Behind J.J.'s work table is the sealed-off back entrance to the store.

J.J. is able to maintain such a fantastic collection of jewels because of his association with a number of gnome miners. J.J. is a miner who spent most of his life underground seeking out the earth's fabled wealth. Almost from the time he could walk, J.J. would accompany his father to the mines and intently study his every move. His father would often polish any imperfect gems that were found and reshape them into objects of great beauty. His father often gave J.J. some of the smaller stones to work on, and over time, J.J. became an expert gem cutter and eventually even surpassed his father's great skill.

Though his father died long ago, J.J. kept in touch with many of his friends. Despite his age, many of them still look upon him as a young lad and try to help him. Therefore, they always save him some of their best gems, which they sell to him at a bargain price. For this reason J.J. is very well to do, as he has a huge profit on his merchandise. Despite his great wealth, he is content to live simply and spends most of his time working at his jewelry store.

Whenever J.J. sells an item, he wraps it in Foil Paper (as he calls it), a special type of paper that the Unseen Servant is mystically attuned to. If any of his merchandise passes through the door without being wrapped in the Foil Paper, the Unseen Servant will immediately begin to yell for the guards, and the portcullis will drop.

In addition to the Unseen Servant, a Magic Mouth has been placed on the inside of the shop to

act as a second alarm. Should anything happen to the Unseen Servant, it will take over. The Magic Mouth will only activate when the thieves attempt to escape but will not make a sound upon their entry. When they begin to leave, it will begin to scream for the guards and will not stop until J.J. orders it to do so.

As with the Unseen Servant, the Magic Mouth's yelling will cause the portcullis to drop over the door, and a roll must be made against the character's DEX (at a +5) or he will be trapped in the store. Once the portcullis has fallen, it can only be raised by throwing a hidden switch that is located under J.J.'s work table.

Perhaps the most deadly security system in the store is the gems themselves. J.J. has placed a number of "highly polished graphite stones" among his inventory of real gems. They are as beautiful as the real ones, and only a careful examination would reveal their true nature. Before he places the graphite stones with his gems, he bores a tiny hole into them and pours a solution of potassium nitrate, sulfur, charcoal, and Logyno (a highly unstable explosive) into it. He then seals the hole and places the gem with the others. If the store is robbed there is a very good chance that one of these "fake gems" will be among the items that are stolen. The mixture that was placed in the graphite is highly dangerous, but it will not explode unless it is handled roughly. They will take three full turns of handling (running, clanking against other gems in a bag, etc.) before exploding. When they do explode, pieces of graphite will fly in all directions, with the same deadly effect as shrapnel.

J.J. has mixed the deadly combination in such a way that it takes three full turns before the gems explode, so the thieves will be far away from his store when they do so.

For every 10 gems that are stolen, one of J.J.'s exploding gems will be among them. For example, if 20 gems are stolen there will be two that explode; if 30 are stolen, three will detonate. When they explode, they will do 1D10 HTK of damage to anyone within 5' of the explosion and 1D6 to anyone within a 10' radius.

The large diamond in the room's center (J.J.'s light source) also contains the explosive mixture, though in a much greater quantity than the smaller gems. If this stone is handled roughly (or continually) for five rounds, it will explode in a brilliant fireball. Anyone within 5' will take 4D10 HTK of damage, and anyone with 10' will take 2D10.

— Lee Agosta

Seymor's General Store

At various places around town the characters see placards that say, "Save at Seymor's." They are on everything — trees, walls, and even a passing wagon. If asked, anyone in town can direct the characters to Seymor's.

A large sign in the window reads "Seymor's Sale." Over the door there is another sign which is barely legible, "Seymor's General Store." A third sign on the door says "Open from 6 to 6." Iron bars protect the door and windows of this building.

Inside, the wall on the right side of the building and the back half of the left side are lined with shelves. The shelves are 2' deep. There are four rows of tables running the length of the building. Each table is 5' wide and 10' long, leaving 3' aisles between rows. There are five tables in each row with a 4' space between them.

The tables are piled with a variety of goods. Some of the merchandise is still in boxes. Some of the smaller items are in baskets. Cloth goods, such as clothing and blankets, are folded and stacked.

Large items are under the tables. These include casks, kegs, a plow, large tents, and other things too heavy for the tables.

The shelves along the wall have preserved foods, spices, and bins containing small items. Also stacked on the shelves is the finer clothing.

The wall on the front half of the left side is covered with long-handled tools, like shovels, axes, and rakes. This section also contains a few pieces of tack and harness that might be used by farmers.

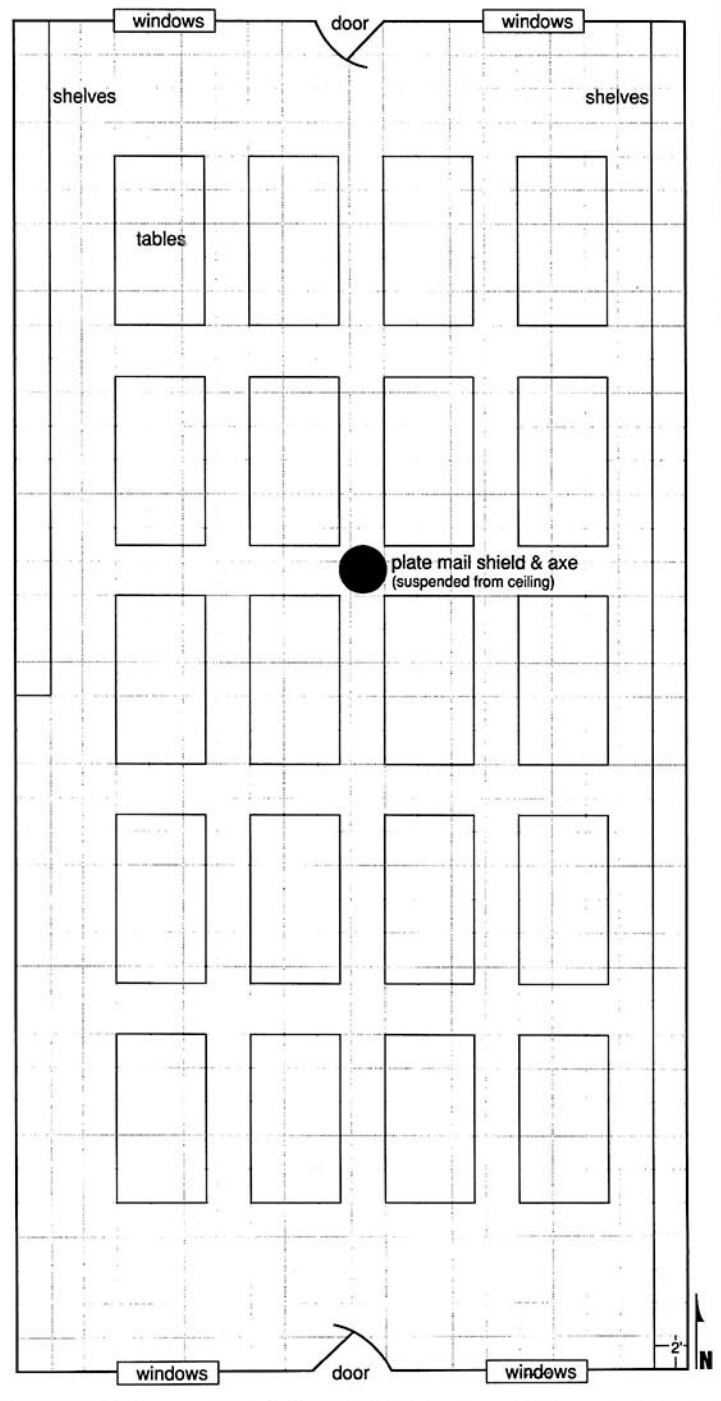
There doesn't appear to be any order to the arrangement. Hats, ropes, lanterns, backpacks and sacks hang from nails all over the store. To find a particular item, one must search.

The owner, Seymor Dolly, and his two assistants know where everything is and are glad to help. In

fact Seymor converses with anyone who enters his store to the point of being annoying.

In the center of the room, hung from the ceiling, are a suit of plate mail, a large shield, and a battle axe. The plate mail is dented and almost rusted through. On close examination a coat of arms can be

Seymor's General Store





seen on the breast plate. It is a boar's head over three chevrons. The shield is also dented and rusty and also has a coat of arms, a radiant star surrounded by gulls. The axe blade is dull and chipped.

All items bought at Seymor's are standard cost. However, most things are substandard in quality. When anything bought at Seymor's store is used, there is a one in ten chance it will fail. (Ropes will break, rations will be rancid, backpacks will split at the seams, etc.)

Seymor Dolly is a short, rotund fellow with mousy brown hair and a ruddy complexion. He is 33 years old but looks to be in his middle to late 40s. His clothing is well-tailored. He always wears a bib apron when working. He is boisterous and very friendly.

During business hours (6 a.m. to 6 p.m.), Seymor is at his store. After closing, he can often be

found at the Wounded Goat Bar playing cards or dice. If he is involved in a game, he will stay until closing or until he is out of money. Seymor has five gold pieces to gamble with and only plays for small stakes, usually a limit of five silver pieces per bet.

Seymor has lived in the city all his life. When he was 12 years old, he started to work at his uncle's store. At first it was only sweeping up and stocking shelves. Within two years he practically ran the place.

Among his new duties was keeping the books. For Seymor this opened a whole new world. By buying merchandise a little cheaper and selling it a little higher than recorded, he was able to augment his meager wages handsomely.

On his 21st birthday, he announced to one and all that he was opening his own general store. More than a few people wondered how he got the money.

At first, Seymor's general store did well. Because it had reasonable prices and good merchandise, customers were well satisfied. Also, people were drawn to the owner's glib tongue and friendly demeanor. Seymor was on his way to becoming a wealthy man.

The high life proved too much for him. Seymor became a compulsive gambler. Considering his natural greed, this is not surprising. Cards are his primary pleasure, but in a pinch dice will do.

Slowly, over the last 12 years, Seymor's business and life have fallen to ruin. When his gambling losses became larger than his income, he raised his prices. This resulted in a decline in customers. He then lowered his prices and bought substandard merchandise. At first this helped, but after a time the poor quality became apparent. Local patronage became limited to items of immediate need. Now, most of Seymor's business comes from travelers. Attracting them is the reason for all the signs.

Many of Seymor's customers are adventurers. Because of this, he bought an old suit of armor, a shield, and a battle axe. He displays them in his store and claims they are left over from his adventuring days. A practiced eye will note that the armor is a little too wide at the shoulders and too small at the waist for Seymor.

Seymor tells stories about his adventuring days, punctuated by the need to be well-equipped. His companions in these stories are fictional, as are the stories.

"Yes, I remember the trip across the glacier. Would have frozen to death if not for the woolen blankets."

"We would still be in the pit if Janous hadn't brought a grappling hook and rope."

"After we killed the trolls, the large sacks we brought came in handy. Without them, most of the treasure would have been left behind."

"Luck was with us, because Timmon had paper, ink, and quills. He was able to map the maze and get us out."

In any conversation he will attempt to get in the words "Save at Seymor's" as often as possible. He constantly touts the quality of his goods and only becomes serious if the subject of thieves arises.

At the mention of thieves or theft, Seymor laments his losses, not only in lost goods but "those bars on the doors and windows cost a pretty penny."

"Then there are taxes collected to pay the town guards, and they never catch anyone."

In truth, Seymor owes the thieves guild almost 500 gold pieces. In payment of his debt, Seymor is forced to employ the Bruin brothers. The guild uses Seymor's store to locate likely victims.

Jake and Edwin Bruin are supposed to be there to help protect the store. In some ways they do. They are always present when the store is open. They stock shelves, move items about, and help customers find things. They also keep a sharp eye for potential thieves. (Characters attempting to steal something do so at a -25%.)

If they see someone stealing, they say nothing. Jake watches the thief, while Edwin leaves to get the town guard. This takes about 10 minutes.

The town guard will arrest the culprit. For a price, 10 gp or more, Seymor can be persuaded not to press charges.

Jake and Edwin also keep a sharp eye out for customers with fat purses. If a character is wearing a valuable piece of jewelry or flashes a lot of money, Jake and Edwin attempt to pick his pocket.

They will move through the same aisle as their target from opposite directions. As Jake pushes past the target character in the narrow space, he will attempt a pick pocket. Edwin will wait at the end of the aisle. If successful, Jake will pass the item to his brother on the other side. Edwin will take the item across the room without coming close to the target character and hide the loot under some of the merchandise on a table. (After one round of time, Jake has passed the stolen item. After five rounds Edwin has hidden it.)

If Jake is caught in the act, he will attempt to lie his way out. Such as, "It fell on the floor," "Oh! I found it over there, is it yours?" or "Sir, I think you dropped this."

Should this fail to satisfy the character, Seymor will produce a set of leg irons to hold the brothers

while waiting for the town guard. Seymor will be very angry and swear to see them punished. If the party leaves before the town guard arrives (about ten minutes), Seymor will free the brothers and berate them for their clumsiness. (Seymor gets half their take.) If the town guard takes the brothers away, Seymor will bail them out later.

If the theft is discovered after the loot has been hidden, both brothers will allow themselves to be searched. Since neither brother carries a weapon, they will not fight. They will make only one attempt on one person.

If the party reveals that it has a lot of valuable items, one brother reports to the thieves guild and the other follows the party. The guild has the party followed and attempts to rob the party during the night on a dark street or in a surprise attack at the inn.

Seymor Dolly

Human, Skill 0 Shopkeeper

STR: 9, INT: 16, INS: 10

STA: 11, DEX: 7, APL: 15

HTK: 8, AC: 10

MV: 12", AL: Neutral

AT: 1, DM: by weapon

THACO: 20

HT: 5'2", WT: 205 lbs.

Skills: evaluate item

Jake Bruin

Human, Skill 4 Thief

STR: 10, INT: 11, INS: 8

STA: 12, DEX: 17 (+2, -3), APL: 11

HTK: 14, AC: 7

MV: 12", AL: C. Neutral

AT: 1, DM: by weapon

THACO: 19

HT: 5'9", WT: 166 lbs.

Skills: pick pockets: 50%

Edwin Bruin

Human, Skill 3 Thief

STR: 8, INT: 12, INS: 13

STA: 9, DEX: 16 (+1, -2), APL: 6

HTK: 10, AC: 10

MV: 12", AL: N. Evil

AT: 1, DM: by weapon

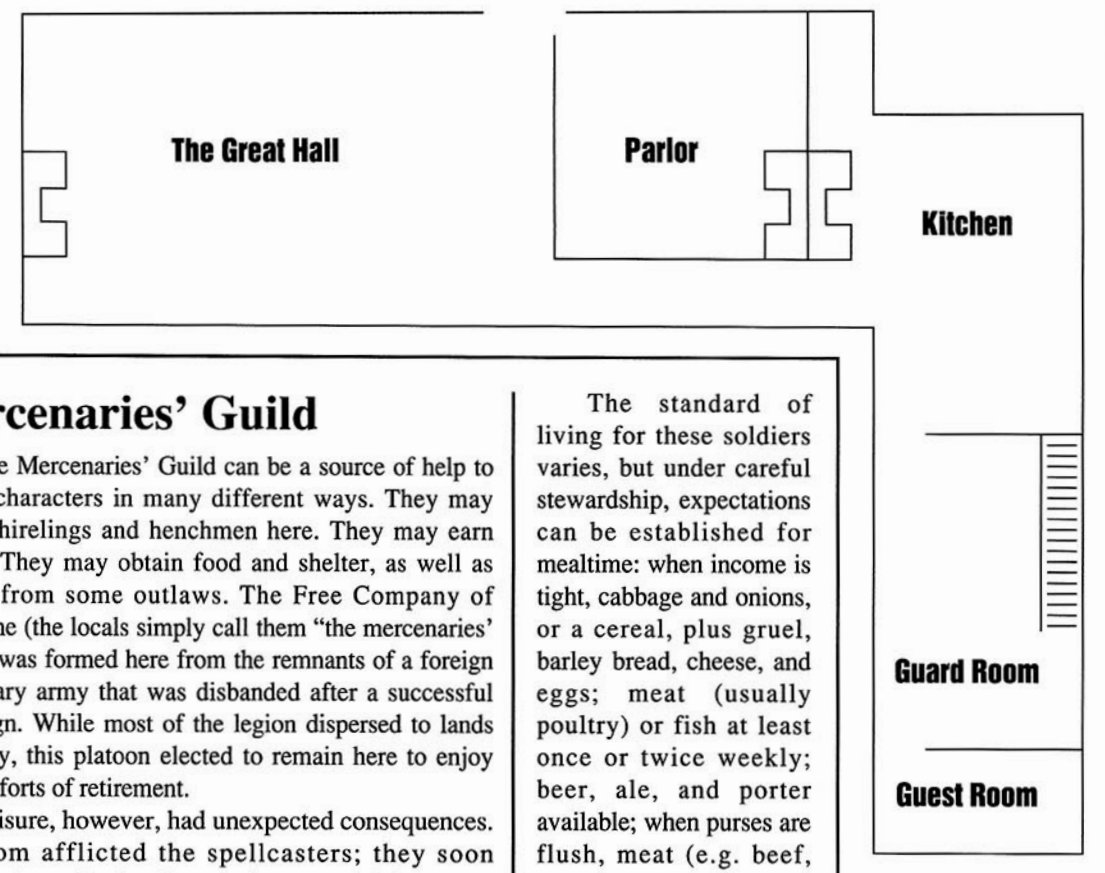
THACO: 20

HT: 5'6", WT: 159 lbs.

Skills: pick pockets: 40%

— Roger T. Johnson, Jr.

Ground Floor



Mercenaries' Guild

The Mercenaries' Guild can be a source of help to player characters in many different ways. They may recruit hirelings and henchmen here. They may earn wages. They may obtain food and shelter, as well as refuge from some outlaws. The Free Company of Rombune (the locals simply call them "the mercenaries' guild") was formed here from the remnants of a foreign mercenary army that was disbanded after a successful campaign. While most of the legion dispersed to lands far away, this platoon elected to remain here to enjoy the comforts of retirement.

Leisure, however, had unexpected consequences. Boredom afflicted the spellcasters; they soon departed to find a home that would be more intellectually stimulating. The money began to run out; they needed to supplement their income. This small band is most frequently hired to provide armed security escort within the city.

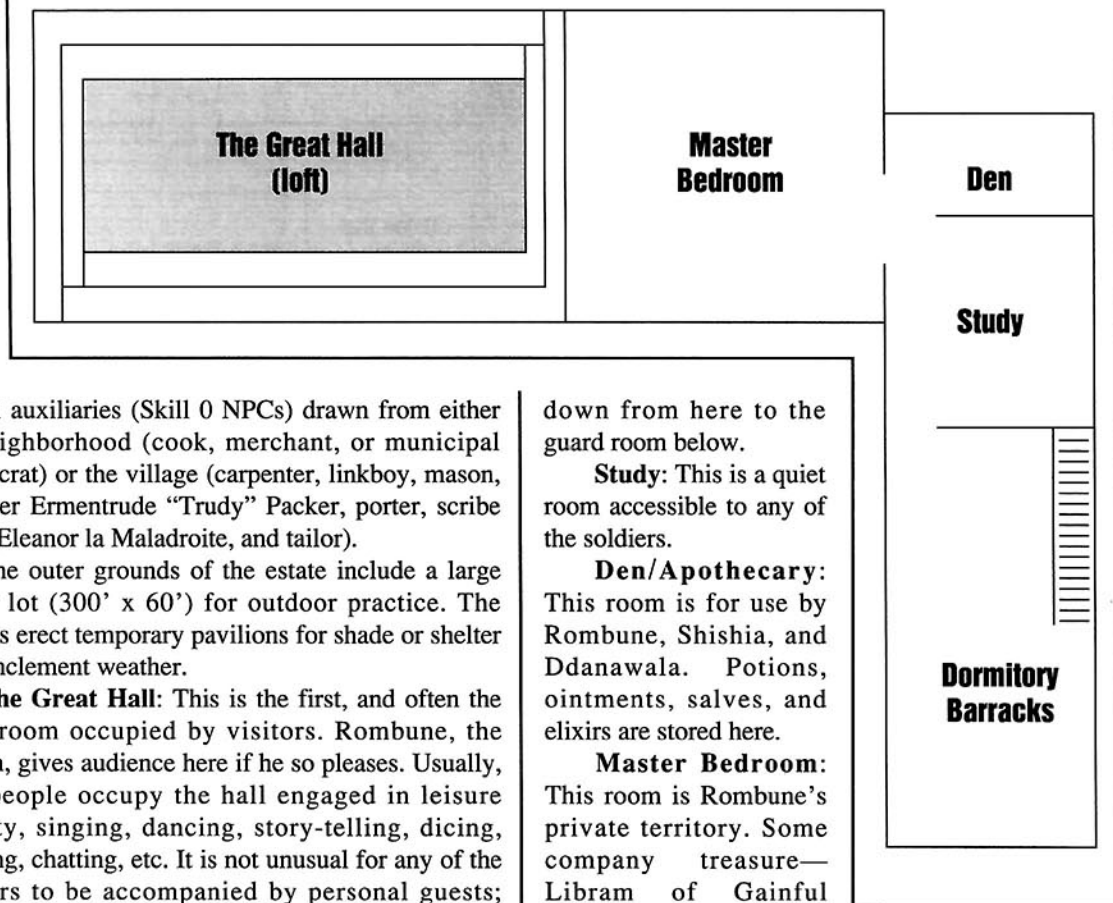
This company has a reputation for reliability (and legality, so shady prospective clients often pass them by). Wages are high; Rombune asks for 16 gp per soldier per day, plus expenses. He will haggle, rarely, but he will never accept less than 8 gp each. All payments are made to Rombune or his representative, Shishia or Ddanawala. Rombune then distributes wages (and fines) as he chooses. Rombune has a reputation for generosity, valor, and justice.

An employer seeking a hireling, or a character seeking employment, or a friend bearing gifts simply presents himself at the door of the company house, where he will be offered the hospitality of food and drink with the soldiers in the great hall. Rombune will be notified of the presence of a client and, after a short wait of less than one hour, will meet the client in the great hall while everyone listens, or in the parlor privately, whichever the client chooses.

The standard of living for these soldiers varies, but under careful stewardship, expectations can be established for mealtime: when income is tight, cabbage and onions, or a cereal, plus gruel, barley bread, cheese, and eggs; meat (usually poultry) or fish at least once or twice weekly; beer, ale, and porter available; when purses are flush, meat (e.g. beef, fowl, shellfish) at most meals, as well as mead and wine. Economically, this company continues the old-fashioned tradition of reciprocal gifting. When in the field, all loot and booty is given to Rombune, who distributes shares arbitrarily. In garrison in the city, all wages are given to Rombune, who rewards and fines as he chooses. The soldiers hold Rombune in great esteem because he is indeed generous. He does try to give gifts that are more valuable than those he receives. Of course, this drains the treasury, so the mercenaries are motivated to enhance their income again.

Rombune and his men are well-liked within their neighborhood. The local folk will have overheard the expressed wishes and desires of the player characters, and so will pass this information to the company for Rombune's judicious use. The presence of the company within the neighborhood discourages crime nearby, since the soldiers frighten away the seedier citizens. Rombune also has an agreement with a local rural village for daily patrol; in return for that protection, the villagers give tribute to Rombune, mostly in food. The company also has on retainer

Upstairs



several auxiliaries (Skill 0 NPCs) drawn from either the neighborhood (cook, merchant, or municipal bureaucrat) or the village (carpenter, linkboy, mason, muleteer Ermentrude "Trudy" Packer, porter, scribe Mme. Eleanor la Maladroite, and tailor).

The outer grounds of the estate include a large empty lot (300' x 60') for outdoor practice. The soldiers erect temporary pavilions for shade or shelter from inclement weather.

The Great Hall: This is the first, and often the only, room occupied by visitors. Rombune, the captain, gives audience here if he so pleases. Usually, 2D4 people occupy the hall engaged in leisure activity, singing, dancing, story-telling, dicing, drinking, chatting, etc. It is not unusual for any of the soldiers to be accompanied by personal guests; almost any NPC in the city might be visiting here.

Parlor: This room is used for private appointments when the clients wish to avoid the rabble of the Great Hall.

Kitchen: This kitchen has a hearth but no oven. Consequently, the company's bread is provided by the local neighborhood baker, Mrakesa, mother of Zerutu.

Guard Room: The purpose of this room is to defend the upper floor from intruders. The back of the guard room includes a small guest room, usually left unoccupied, except that when there are no guests, Arthashata will sleep here away from the men. She does keep a bunk upstairs in which she sleeps if the room below is given over to guests.

Barracks/Dormitory: This common room is where the soldiers sleep. There are more than enough bunks for the company. A steep stepladder leads

down from here to the guard room below.

Study: This is a quiet room accessible to any of the soldiers.

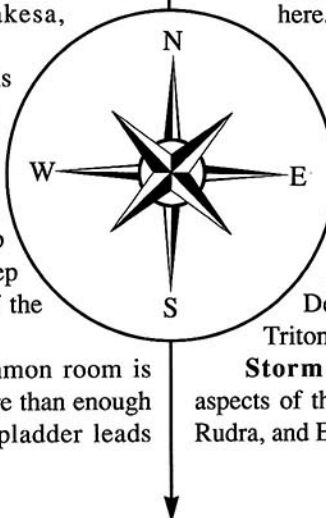
Den/Apothecary: This room is for use by Rombune, Shishia, and Ddanawala. Potions, ointments, salves, and elixirs are stored here.

Master Bedroom: This room is Rombune's private territory. Some company treasure—Libram of Gainful Conjunction, Libram of Silver Magic, Libram of Ineffable Damnation—is kept here, well guarded by a Rug of Welcome.

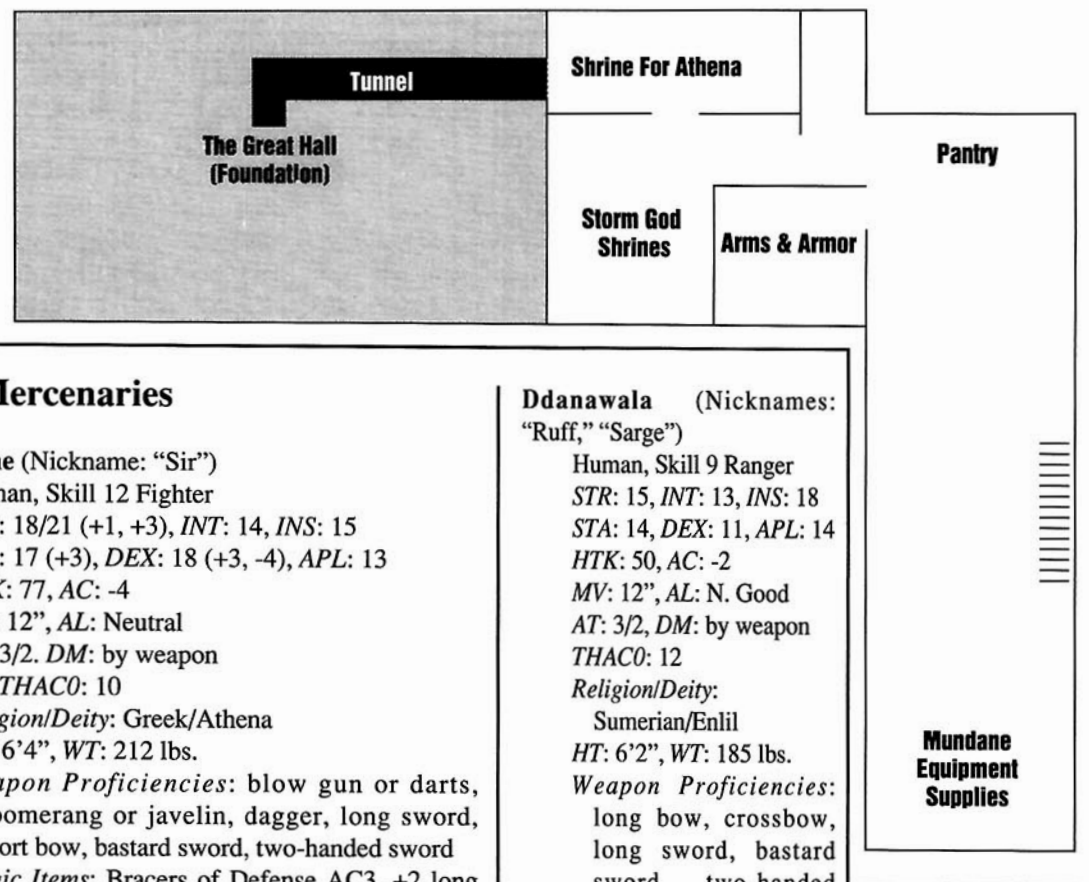
Basement Stairs: At the bottom of the stairs is a 40' x 20' storage area. Mundane supplies (tack, harness, backpacks, torches, oil, ropes, etc.) are kept here.

Shrine of Athena: Here is a small alabaster statue of the goddess standing in a hollowed skull. (A small secret hole in the wall leads to a crawl space under the great hall, wherein lies much of the treasure reserve of the company.) Company Treasure: Apparatus of Kwalish, Book of Exalted Deeds, Horn of Collapsing, Horn of the Tritons.

Storm God Shrines: Here each of various aspects of the storm god are revered: Marduk, Indra, Rudra, and Enlil.



Basement



The Mercenaries

Rombune (Nickname: "Sir")

Human, Skill 12 Fighter
 STR: 18/21 (+1, +3), INT: 14, INS: 15
 STA: 17 (+3), DEX: 18 (+3, -4), APL: 13
 HTK: 77, AC: -4
 MV: 12", AL: Neutral
 AT: 3/2, DM: by weapon
 THACO: 10

Religion/Deity: Greek/Athena

HT: 6'4", WT: 212 lbs.

Weapon Proficiencies: blow gun or darts, boomerang or javelin, dagger, long sword, short bow, bastard sword, two-handed sword

Magic Items: Bracers of Defense AC3, +2 long sword (+4 vs. dragons), Amulet of Dimension Door, Ring of Protection +3, Gauntlets of Swimming and Climbing, Earring of Frost Giant Strength which affects his right arm only

Specials: 85% resistant to poison.

Rombune is a successful soldier who wants to retire, but first he wants to find a successor, so he can leave the business in good hands. Thereafter he will retire, settle down, marry, and support his descendants. He has started a family with a young widow in the village whom he met while on patrol. She has given him a son and a daughter and has another child on the way. He is successful, generous, and just; he inspires fierce loyalty from his troops; he will rescue or ransom any of his soldiers who are captured. He is literate and charismatic; he will not tolerate slackers. Any soldiers showing less than complete devotion to the duty at hand are soon cashiered and replaced. He prefers to leave administrative details to others.

Ddanawala (Nicknames: "Ruff," "Sarge")

Human, Skill 9 Ranger
 STR: 15, INT: 13, INS: 18
 STA: 14, DEX: 11, APL: 14
 HTK: 50, AC: -2
 MV: 12", AL: N. Good
 AT: 3/2, DM: by weapon
 THACO: 12

Religion/Deity:

Sumerian/Enlil

HT: 6'2", WT: 185 lbs.

Weapon Proficiencies: long bow, crossbow, long sword, bastard sword, two-handed sword

Magic Items: banded mail +4, 15 quarrels (+3), Boots of Speed +2, Ring of Spell Turning, Gauntlets of Ogre Power

Ddanawala has been with this company since before Rombune's first battle. He is much more than a sidekick or henchman: he is a friend, teacher, and steadying influence upon the otherwise rambunctious Rombune. He observes and remembers, he never forgets a face, and he seldom initiates conversation. He knows that his silent listening makes him seem wise. He retains one secret however; he knows that he is the father of Artashata, the child of Ddanawala and a former camp follower who died at childbirth. He looks tall and lean, with a bald (shaved) head, and big brown eyes. Officially he is the platoon sergeant, but he is respected and treated as the executive officer.

Shishia (Nickname: "Major")

Human, Skill 9 Ranger

STR: 13, INT: 18, INS: 14

STA: 14, DEX: 10, APL: 12

HTK: 50, AC: -2

MV: 12", AL: N. Good

AT: 3/2, DM: by weapon

THACO: 12

Religion/Deity: Sumerian/Enlil

HT: 6', WT: 182 lbs.

Weapon Proficiencies: lance, flail, mace, short sword, heavy crossbow

Magic Items: plate mail +2, shield +2, short sword +3, Boots of Striding and Springing, Cloak of Displacement

Shishia has a mysterious past and remains mostly unknown. He is the newest member of the company but immediately fell into a command position as the steward or major-domo. Much of the respect accorded to him results from the change of behavior of Rombune, who despises the mundane administrative tasks of running a household. Shishia arrived unexpectedly (even the neighbors did not notice his approach), requesting asylum, but without revealing the source of his exile. Some guess (right or wrong) that he was born noble because he showed both a knack and a willingness to assume the managerial role that no one else wanted. He keeps himself clean and well-dressed and shaved, even though he does not leave the house. He is soft-spoken and courteous. He acts like a fatalist, as if he realizes that he is living on borrowed time, with a second chance here, where they ask few questions and respect efficiency.

Ansculf (Nickname: "Bugs")

Human, Skill 8 Fighter

STR: 17 (+1, +1), INT: 14, INS: 8

STA: 15 (+1), DEX: 9, APL: 10

HTK: 59, AC: -2

MV: 6", AL: C. Neutral

AT: 3/2, DM: by weapon

THACO: 13

Religion/Deity: Indian/Indra

HT: 6'5", WT: 242 lbs.

Weapons Proficiencies: bardiche, battle axe, hand axe, throwing axe, two-handed sword, halberd

Magic Items: plate mail +2, halberd +2, Ring of Protection +3

Ansculf has a distinctive appearance: he is a big man; he limps; he has long hair, long mustache and beard, all colored salt and pepper, and a fancy eye patch over his left eye, which somewhat hides a slashing scar across his face. His behavior at leisure is also distinctive: he swats bugs; he skewers bugs; he slaps bugs. He speaks several foreign languages, but he cannot read or write. He has no respect for spellcasters, even those who were formerly of the company ("Ain't that just like a magic man! You can't depend on them to be there when you want them.") He is a physical fighter, using both hands on his weapons and eschewing the use of a shield. He is known to have single-handedly wiped out a whole tribe of cannibals ("just another bug hunt") once when separated from the platoon on a skirmish. He takes one day at a time; his motto is "First things, first."

Hakhlaza (Nickname: "Lad")

Human, Skill 8 Fighter

STR: 18/19 (+1, +3), INT: 8, INS: 8

STA: 18 (+4), DEX: 9, APL: 13

HTK: 86, AC: -2

MV: 9", AL: C. Neutral

AT: 3/2, DM: by weapon

THACO: 13

Religion/Deity: Indian/Indra

HT: 6'2", WT: 210 lbs.

Weapon Proficiencies: morning star, flail, mace, broad sword, short bow, javelin

Magic Items: plate mail +1, shield +3, morning star +2, Figurine of Wondrous Power (Onyx Dog)

Hakhlaza is also known (behind his back) as a whippersnapper. He calls himself, according to his ambition, "Sacker of Cities." He is strong and athletic. He has a square jaw; his hair is red, but his beard is yet young and fuzzy. He is young and his height and weight are merely average, but he is still growing. He is hot tempered, a fearless fighter.

Aroandus (Nickname: "Blue Eyes")

Human, Skill 6/7/7 Fighter/Thief/Bard

STR: 15, INT: 12, INS: 15

STA: 10, DEX: 16 (+1, -2), APL: 17

HTK: 63, AC: -1

MV: 12", AL: L. Neutral

AT: 1, DM: by weapon

THACO: 15

Religion/Deity: Babylonian/Marduk

HT: 6'2", WT: 196 lbs.

Weapon Proficiencies: sling, scimitar, staff, broad sword, short sword, dagger, long sword, darts

Magic Items: chain mail +4, scimitar +1, Flame Tongue (+2 vs. regenerating creatures, +3 vs. cold-using inflammable, or avian creatures, +4 vs. undead), Mac-Fuirmidh Cittern, Necklace of Missiles (for slinging)

Aroandus is well built and handsome, with wavy black hair. Women desire him and seek him. He is reliable and cheerful and detests insincerity, which he finds in each woman who wants him physically. ("If I could just find the right girl, I would settle down.") Not only is he a musician and singer, he knows (and can read and write) foreign languages. When on duty in the field, he is used for reconnaissance and archery. Like Artashata, on duty in the city, he usually escorts wealthy citizens who need an armed bodyguard but don't want to look like they have an armed bodyguard.

Artashata (Nickname: "Stick")

Human, Skill 6 Ranger

STR: 13, INT: 13, INS: 14

STA: 14, DEX: 11, APL: 15

HTK: 36, AC: -1

MV: 12", AL: N. Good

AT: 1, DM: by weapon

THACO: 15

Religion/Deity: Sumerian/Enlil

HT: 6'4", WT: 158 lbs.

Weapon Proficiencies: blowgun or darts, bola or sling, boomerang or javelin, long bow, staff

Magic Items: Bracers of Defense AC 2, long bow +1, Cloak of Protection +3, Rope of Climbing

Artashata is tall and lean, with a long neck and short hair. She has been with the company since infancy, when she was found in a basket on the doorstep. She is quite a storyteller, but she is also bluntly truthful. She will not tolerate male chauvinism. She has adopted a stray alley cat. Like Aroandus, on duty in the city, she usually escorts wealthy citizens who need an armed bodyguard but don't want to look like they have an armed bodyguard. In the field she may operate alone on skirmishes. Curiously she has not chosen to become proficient in the use of any sword. Off duty, she spends much of her time at the bazaar, socializing, but not buying.

Djedhor (Nickname: "Jedi")

Dwarf, Skill 6 Fighter

STR: 16 (-, +1), INT: 9, INS: 9

STA: 16 (+2), DEX: 9, APL: 8

HTK: 59, AC: 0

MV: 6", AL: L. Neutral

AT: 1, DM: by weapon

THACO: 15

Religion/Deity: Babylonian/Marduk

HT: 4', WT: 153 lbs.

Weapon Proficiencies: long sword, bastard sword, short bow, hand axe, battle axe

Magic Items: splint mail +4, long sword +2

Djedhor is not a typical dwarf. He is neither dour nor taciturn, neither suspicious nor avaricious; he is courageous and tenacious. He has bushy eyebrows, but his hairline is receding well up his forehead. His beard is carefully groomed and curled. He behaves extremely courteously and chivalrously. With a deep voice, his conversation is smoothly interspersed with "at your service" or "if you please." He shows some disdain for clothing fashions; he always wears suspenders.

Zerutu (Nickname: "Home Boy")

Human, Skill 6 Fighter

STR: 17 (+1, +1), INT: 9, INS: 9

STA: 15 (+1), DEX: 10, APL: 13

HTK: 37, AC: 0

MV: 12", AL: N. Good

AT: 1, DM: by weapon

THACO: 15

Religion/Deity: Sumerian/Enlil

HT: 6'4", WT: 202 lbs.

Weapon Proficiencies: halberd, long bow, bardiche, trident, bastard sword

Magic Items: chain mail +3, bardiche +1, Ring of Protection (+2, +4)

Zerutu, like Shishia, joined the company after it retired from the field. He has seen field action only occasionally while on village patrol. He is a big man, with a strong, square jaw, but he shows no scars or tattoos yet. However, he has been associated with the company since his childhood; he delivered the bread his mama, Mrakesa, baked for the company. After he reached majority, he gave over the delivery job to his nephew Gimillu, while he himself petitioned to join the company. Zerutu is well-liked, especially locally. He sounds a distinguished hearty laugh. Of particular importance for Rombune strategically, Zerutu knows everyone

in town, who does what, and where to go. He plans to retire in this city and buy a grocery business. ("After all, I am just a local guy.")

Haoshyaha (Nickname: "Somebody")

Human, Skill 3/6 Cleric/Fighter

STR: 16 (-, +1), INT: 14, INS: 14

STA: 14, DEX: 10, APL: 9

HTK: 39, AC: 0

MV: 12", AL: L. Neutral

AT: 1, DM: by weapon

THACO: 15

Religion/Deity: Babylonian/Marduk

HT: 5'9", WT: 177 lbs.

Weapon Proficiencies: sling, mace, hammer, short bow, flail

Magic Items: Bracers of Defense AC 4, hammer +2, Cloak of Protection +4, Ring of Water Elemental Command

Hao (the short version of his name, pronounced, "how") never intended to be a hired warrior. Such work, however, did pay the bills. Actually, he intends to get out of this business; he carefully husbands his wages, and he has already purchased some real estate. He is relatively short of stature, but he looks like he could walk through walls; he has very hairy arms and legs. He is modest, as well as resourceful and clever. He gets tasks that are especially difficult, like deliveries of unwanted packages or service of subpoenas. (His nickname, "Somebody," comes from the phrase, "It's a dirty job, but somebody's got to do it.") He looks plain and behaves commonly; he blends in nearly anywhere. The one duty he might enjoy is that of the company artist and map maker. Even off duty, he carries his pencil and paper. Ddanawala frequently joins him sitting in the common areas of the city, watching and listening. He is also the company chaplain, having served Marduk through third level before retiring from that discipline to be a warrior. He maintains active membership at the temple of the Storm God and serves as liaison for the company when clerical services are needed.

Gobryas (Nickname: "Aries")

Human, Skill 6 Fighter

STR: 16 (-, +1), INT: 9, INS: 9

STA: 12, DEX: 12, APL: 10

HTK: 39, AC: -1

MV: 9", AL: L. Neutral

AT: 1, DM: by weapon

THACO: 15

Religion/Deity: Indian/Rudra

HT: 5'10", WT: 166 lbs.

Weapon Proficiencies: bastard sword, broad sword, long sword, short sword, two-handed sword

Magic Items: Short Sword +5 Defender

Gobryas comes from a family tradition of mercenary soldiers. He seems to be comfortable with a life within the chain of command. He is confident that he will be promoted within ranks but fails to notice that others are passing him by (for example Hakhlaza). He drinks too much. He shows no respect for civilians and even less for merchants. He is a small man, and muscular, with a tattoo of a raven at his right shoulder, which commemorates his first kill at age 10, defending his family's home from a wild tribe of Raven Totem savages.

Ganzabar (Nickname: "Wannabee")

Half-Elf, Skill 6/9 Fighter/Thief

STR: 13, INT: 14, INS: 7

STA: 9, DEX: 18 (+3, -4), APL: 12

HTK: 37, AC: 0

MV: 12", AL: L. Neutral

AT: 1, DM: by weapon

THACO: 15

Religion/Deity: Indian/Rudra

HT: 5'6", WT: 134 lbs.

Weapon Proficiencies: hand crossbow or darts, light crossbow, heavy crossbow, scimitar, short sword, long sword, dagger, short bow, trident

Magic Items: leather armor +2, dagger +2, (+3 vs. creatures larger than man-sized), Ring of Protection +2

Ganzabar, while a half-breed, easily passes for human. He has curly, blond hair and a distinctive tattoo of a party girl on his back. He is both insincere and insecure; he doesn't really know how to be satisfied. The nickname "Wannabee" comes from his short attention span and his emulation of new role models for behavior. Lately he has become a womanizer while intending to model Aroandus. He keeps thinking he will retire if he can just get "one big heist." On duty, his tactical job is the investigator or scout; he is so limber he can squeeze into almost any tight place.

— Brad Furst

Sipian's Smithy and Stables

Sipian's Smithy and Stables is a three-building complex. Not only does it boast of being the finest stable in the area, but Sipian, its owner and proprietor, is also a skilled smith. In fact, most of Sipian's earnings are derived from his smithy work, because most local people feel uncomfortable about boarding their horses with him. The majority of the horses that he keeps at his stables are only there on a short-term basis, usually owned by travelers passing through town. However, the locals have no qualms about his skill as a smithy, and they do not hesitate to use his services whenever the need arises.

Sipian is almost seven feet in height and has black hair that reaches well below his shoulders. His arms are enormous, and it seems as if his biceps would pop if they got any bigger. His eyes are large and brown, yet there is an icy coldness about them that prevents most people from looking into them for long. His body is as brown as his eyes, and he has no other markings except for a small tuft of white above each of his hoofs. His tail is cropped short, barely long enough to cover his flank. As you may have already guessed, Sipian is a centaur.

Sipian is ill-tempered and easily provoked. He lives by a strict moral code, and he demands that all others adhere to it when they are in his presence. Due to his size and strength, most people readily honor his request and treat him with the utmost respect. He did not become the owner of a smithy and stable through any choice of his own, and if he could he would leave it immediately and return to his home in the wild. However, bound by a debt of gratitude and by his own strict code, Sipian will remain here for life.

Sipian spent the early part of his youth in the company of other centaurs. His father taught him the basics of fighting, archery, and wilderness survival. He thrived in this environment. He practiced with his bow for hours until he became an excellent shot. His father used to say that "he could shoot a fly off of a dragon's eyelash before it could even blink." Unfortunately, this life was not meant to be, because one day while Sipian and his father were on a hunting trip, disaster struck. They had just killed their prey and were in the process of gutting it when they were savagely attacked by a group of bandits. The bandits struck swiftly and savagely in the belief that they had found an easy kill. In the brief but bloody battle, nine bandits died, and it looked like Sipian and his father would emerge from their fight unscathed.

However, just as the last bandit fell beneath the furious hoofs of Sipian's father, an intense ball of flame engulfed them. The flame was unbearable, and as Sipian's hair burned off his body he was sure that he had breathed his last breath. Sipian awoke an indeterminable amount of time later with the smell of burnt horse flesh in his nostrils. His father's remains lay at his side, burned almost beyond recognition.

Though suffering horribly from his own terrible burns and from the death of his father, Sipian refused to lose hope. Despite his condition, he began to make his way back toward his home. After less than a mile, he could travel no farther, and he collapsed. His wounds were much worse than he had originally thought, and he was near death. Accepting death as his fate, Sipian made a bed of leaves and grass and lay down to die.

When he awoke he was still lying in a bed of leaves and grass, but in a totally alien location. After clearing his head for a moment, the memories of what had transpired came flooding back to him. He recalled the fight with the bandits and the subsequent death of his father, but after that all was blank. Raising his head slowly, he began to take in his new surroundings. A large beamed ceiling blotted out the sky, and four walls enclosed him in an incredibly small area. His first thought was that he must be in hell, because no living centaur would be able to endure these conditions for long.

He struggled to get to his feet, but the effort left him even more tired and weak than he already was. It was then that he gave out an uncharacteristic cry of misery. He knew no one was near, and the grief had become too much for him to keep inside anymore. To his chagrin, someone did hear him cry out, and even worse than that, it was a human.

A hatred unlike any that he had ever felt before began to build up inside him, and his only thought was to kill one of the vile race that had slaughtered his father. With a centaur war cry, Sipian's anger almost did let him regain his footing, but as before, he failed. He had to content himself by calling this man every obscene word that he could think of.

To his surprise, the man did not retaliate, but spoke to him in a gentle, soothing voice, and told him to be still before he hurt himself further. The man then began to rub a sweet-smelling lotion all over Sipian's body, until Sipian relaxed so much that he fell asleep again. He awoke to find the man sitting next to him, staring at him intently. It was then that Sipian found out what had happened to him and how he came to be here.

The man's name was Tress, and he was the owner of a small stable and smithy. He explained that he found Sipian quite by accident. While returning from delivering a shipment of swords, he heard a soft whimpering from beyond the tree line. Leaving his wagon, he went a short way into the woods, and there he found Sipian's charred body. He gently loaded him into his wagon and brought him back to his establishment. He made Sipian as comfortable as possible and began to treat his wounds.

This was a long and painful process for Sipian because he received burns over 70% of his body. However, Tress was kind and gentle, and over time Sipian's wounds did heal. At first Sipian was very distrustful of Tress, but as the months passed he began to realize that he owed this man his life.

Sipian, being of a proud and noble race, felt that it was his responsibility to repay Tress in any way that he could. He offered to help Tress with the stables, and he even offered to apprentice under him as an assistant smith. Tress readily agreed, but only under the condition that Sipian would return to the wild when he was totally healed. As the years passed, Sipian became an expert smith but was still nowhere near the skill of Tress.

Sipian had fully recovered by this time, yet he continued to work loyally for Tress. His strong sense of honor just would not allow him to leave until he felt that he had repaid his debt fully. He finally made up his mind that he would leave within the next year, because he knew that if he did not leave then, he would spend the rest of his life as a smith. Just under a month from the time Sipian planned to bid farewell to Tress, tragedy again struck.

One day while Sipian was away on errands, Tress' barn was burned to cinders, and Tress himself was brutally killed. Seeing the smoke from afar, Sipian immediately returned home to help quench the fire. Instead he found the barn and smithy burned to the ground and four large centaur males holding the severed head of Tress on the end of a spear.

With a cry Sipian attacked the group barehanded, but he was no match for the adult centaurs, and he was quickly subdued. The centaurs appeared to be in shock that Sipian had tried to attack them, and Sipian was in shock that four of his own kind had killed his savior. When he was sufficiently calm, the centaurs released him and explained their actions to him.

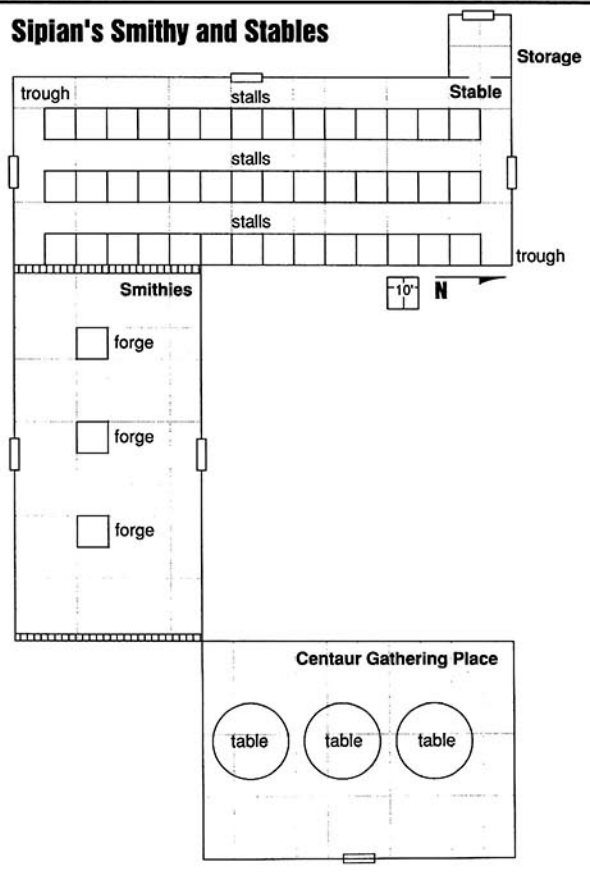
It seems that they had been searching for him for years. It was only recently that they had heard a

rumor that a centaur was being kept as a slave by a powerful human. They quickly ascertained that it was Sipian and came to his rescue as quickly as possible.

Sipian listened to this story in disbelief, and when they finished he only shook his head. When he told them what had actually happened, it was their turn to listen in stunned silence. Sipian now knew that he would never be able to return to the life he had so longed for. He would personally rebuild Tress' business and run it himself for the rest of his days. After all, not only did Tress save his life, but he lost his own by doing so. Now, honor dictated that the only way that Tress could be properly repaid was for Sipian to devote the rest of his life to the one thing that Tress loved, his establishment.

After a brief reunion with his mother and the rest of the herd, he returned to the remnants of Tress' stable and smithy. With the help of the other centaurs, he rebuilt it threefold. Now instead of one building containing a stable and smithy, there were three large buildings.

The first building is strictly stable space. It has 50 individual stalls, as well as a storage area for extra feed and hay. Two marble troughs occupy the space



at each end of the stable, and their fine craftsmanship makes them seem out of place in a barn. Most of the stalls are unoccupied, but there is a 50% chance that there will be 1D12 horses there at any given time.

The second building contains the smithies. Three forges dominate this building. The first is small, used to make horseshoes and other small metal items. The second is a bit larger, used to make swords and other implements of war. The third and largest is huge, standing nearly six feet high. It resembles more of a large oven than a forge. It is still like new because Sipian has never needed its intense heat for any of the work that he does.

Racks of swords and spears take up the entire west wall, while the racks on the east wall contain smithy tools of every shape and size. Everything from hammers to small water buckets take up every inch of shelf space, and it is obvious that only a smith would find them interesting. Three anvils rest on the ground near each of the forges, with a large barrel filled with water next to each of them.

The centaurs built the third building for only one purpose, as a meeting place. It is sparsely furnished, with only three large round tables spaced evenly across the center of it. When they realized that Sipian would be spending the rest of his life there, they built a meeting place all their own. No food or drink is served there because the centaurs all carry their own provisions. Many human establishments do not even allow a centaur within their doors, so this was the perfect solution. It was built with a centaur's comfort in mind, therefore there are no chairs, only tables to rest their items, or drinks upon.

If any human enters this area when centaurs are present, there will be trouble. Centaurs are not partial to humans and would prefer not to associate with them. The centaurs will not use any weapons on the humans, but will only try to manhandle them. They are doing this out of respect to Sipian, who asked that no human ever be harmed in his presence. He will not interfere in any barroom brawls, but if weapons are drawn he will immediately intervene and tell everyone involved to "take it outside." Again, out of respect for Sipian, the centaurs will comply. (Sipian is large and threatening enough that the humans should comply also.) Most of the local people know that they are not welcome in that building and avoid it. However, outsiders have no way to know of the bigotry that is housed within and may wander in unknowingly. At any given time, there is an 80% chance that there will be 2D6 centaurs socializing within.

As stated earlier, most of Sipian's earnings are derived from his smithy work and not from the stable. Over time, Sipian has become an expert smith, specializing mainly in weapons and armor. The weapons he makes are strong, delicately balanced, and almost never break. He specializes in swords and spears, as they are centaurs' favorite weapons. Though Sipian is an expert smith, all of the weapons he makes are non-magical. He does not have the skill (or the desire) to create anything of a magical nature.

Sipian

Centaur, Skill 4 Fighter

STR: 18/00 (+4, +6), INT: 13, INS: 10

STA: 17, DEX: 17 (+2, -3), APL: 10

HTK: 40, AC: 4 (3)

MV: 24", AL: Neutral

AT: 2 (+ weapon type), DM: 2D12

THAC0: 14

Size: L

Weapon Proficiencies: spear, long sword, short sword, dagger, long bow

Magic Items: +2 long bow, Potion of Healing, quiver (12) of +3 arrows, +3 chain mail, Gauntlets of Ogre Strength

Sipian is a mean-spirited individual who is very set in his ways. Fate has placed him in a position that he has no wish to be in, and he resents it greatly. He will look for hidden meanings in everything that is said to him and takes insult easily. If he is insulted, he will warn the offending party to be wary and not to do it again.

Sipian is an expert smith, and he enjoys making weapons. People tend to overlook his temper when they are in need of a weapon and will gladly pay whatever price Sipian quotes to them. Since Sipian's fees are reasonable, he has had no trouble remaining in business.

Sipian is a good swordsman, but he is an undisputed master of the long bow. That is his favored weapon, and he keeps it near him at all times. Due to his fantastic ability, Sipian may fire 2 arrows per round and receives a +3 on both THAC0 and damage. (This is in addition to any magic bonuses that he may receive.)

Sipian will not make friends with any human, though he will deal with humans in any business matters. He is openly hostile toward magic-users because he believes that it was magic (a fireball) that killed his father.

— Lee Agosta

Pet Land Pet Shop

The building is made of large stones and mortar, with a wooden shingle roof. The front door is iron with a vertical handle and a keyhole below it. In the door is a 6" long by 4" wide peep hole, which is open most of the time.

There's a large sign painted on the front of the building, right above the door, in bold black letters reading "Pet Land Pet Shop," with a childish drawing of some four-legged animal underneath the words.

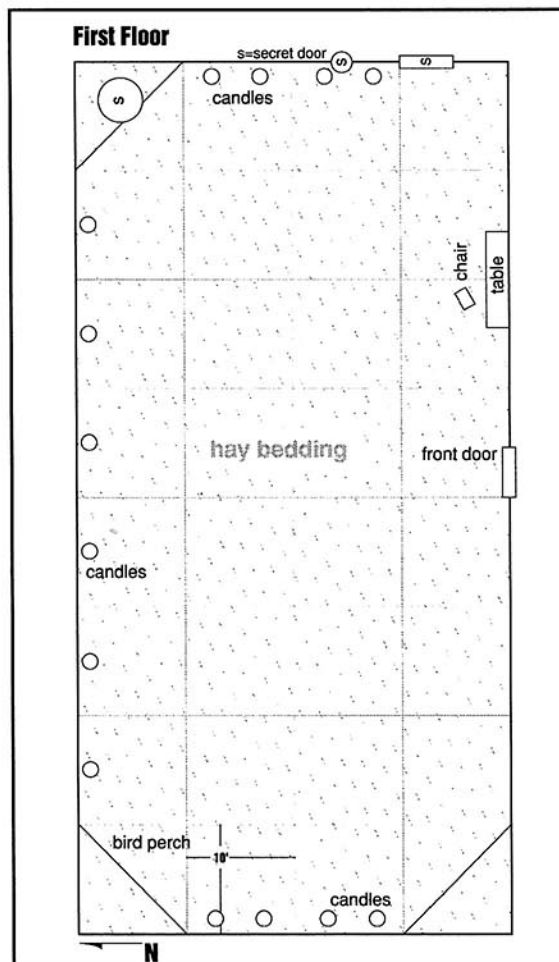
On the back of the door are two locks, both heavy slide-action bolt locks. One is at the bottom of the door, pointing down into the floor. The other is a foot from the top, locking into the wall. From dawn to dusk these locks are not used.

The shop is well-lighted, with six candles in sconces along the back wall and four on each side wall. The floor is bedded heavily with straw.

A wide range of forest creatures roam about inside this one-room building—everything from timid rabbits huddled in a furry lump, to plump bear cubs growling and wrestling in the straw, to colorful, exotic birds singing from their perches in the corners.

The only furniture in this room is directly to the right, against the front wall. A 5' wide by 10' long by 3' high metal table stands with a matching stool. A fluffy little pillow, made from a plush red fabric, is attached to the seat. A mountain of wilted carrots and lettuce takes up half of the table top. On the other half are two piles of silk rope, cut in two lengths. (The short ones are tied around the purchased animal's neck, and then the long rope is tied to the collar.) There are also six rectangular pieces of cloth, about the size of an average piece of paper, scattered among the ropes. (On the cloth pieces are inked plans on how to build your pet a nice little home of its own. And on the back it lists the proper care of the new pet.) Under the table are two extra bales of hay. A metal bucket sits next to the chair with a shovel's handle poking out through the bucket's mouth. There is a veil of manure odor in the air.

Standing at the far end of the table is a medium-sized man, sturdily built. He wears leather armor. His hair and beard are brown and brambly, making his head look like a small tumbleweed sitting on his shoulders. This is Percy Flex, owner of the pet shop.



Percy Flex

Human, Skill 8 Druid

STR: 16 (-, +1), INT: 14, INS: 14

STA: 12, DEX: 13, APL: 17

HTK: 51, AC: 1

MV: 12", AL: Neutral

AT: 1, DM: by weapon

THACO: 16

HT: 5'11", WT: 185 lbs.

Magic Items: +2 spear, +2 leather, Potion of Extra Healing

Spells: 4/4/3/2

1st level: Animal Friendship, Detect Magic, Entangle, Speak with Animals

2nd level: Barkskin, Cure Light Wounds, Feign Death, Produce Flame

3rd level: Protection from Fire, Pyrotechnics, Summon Insects

4th level: Cure Serious Wounds, Hallucinary Forest

Specials: See standard rule book.

Percy carefully screens all prospective buyers, especially questioning the buyer about his favorite food. The last thing Percy wants to do is sell his animals for eating. He sells everything from song birds to orphaned bear cubs. He keeps his spear stashed in the extra bales of hay under the table during the day.

In front of him stand three unusual men.

One is tall and skinny, kind of sickly looking. He's dressed in dark green, noble-looking clothes, with a long cape slung over his shoulder. An empty scabbard hangs at his side. This is Lendle of Rhodious.

Lendle of Rhodious

Human, Skill 9 Fighter
 STR: 15, INT: 17, INS: 14
 STA: 13, DEX: 14, APL: 16
 HTK: 51, AC: 1
 MV: 12", AL: Neutral
 AT: 3/2, DM: by weapon
 THACO: 16
 HT: 6'6", WT: 178 lbs.

Magic Items: Long sword +1, +3 vs. regenerating creatures (currently missing), +1 dagger, +2 Shirt of Armor Blending (plate mail)

Lendle believes that although he wasn't directly born from royalty, he is of royal caliber. He treats everyone as if they are his servants. He talks down to people instead of talking to them. And if you approach him, he'll scoff at you from his self-righteous pedestal, and that's on his good days! He is a short-tempered man and a compulsive gambler, having lost many possessions in games of chance.

A short furry man with goat legs and black hair and beard jutting wildly from his head stands next to Lendle. A small pouch is strapped around his waist. He's a korred named Yig XVII.

Yig XVII

Korred, Skill 6 Fighter
 HTK: 25, AC: 5
 INT: Very, AL: C. Neutral
 AT: 1, DM: 1-2 +4 or by weapon
 THACO: 16

Specials: He can hurl boulders 10" for 2D8 points of damage. He can laugh three times a day — anyone within 6" must roll their charisma or higher or be stunned for 1-4 rounds. He can use these abilities at will: Stone Shape, Animate Rock, Stone Door

(teleport 3"), Shatter Rock, Transmute Rock to Mud, and Stone Tell.

In melee, he uses his shears (1D4 +4), cudgels (1D6 +4), or his bare hands (1-2 +4). He carries a pouch of cut hair, which he can weave into animated entangling ropes and snares in 1D4 rounds. (Rope: AC: 1, HTK: 5, MV: 3"; save vs. Paralysis or be trapped.) If holy water is sprinkled on the things in his pouch (shears, hair, etc.), they will turn to gold (50D4 gp value).

Yig loves a good game of chance as much as he loves his mug of ale. He's very light-hearted, never taking anything too seriously. He gets along with just about everyone. He is as good a loser as he is a zealous winner, but never accuse him of being a cheat. If the word cheating is even directed at him sarcastically, he'll explode into an uncontrollable rage, screaming his innocence and pointing his finger in the face of the accuser. A fight will most surely ensue.

Behind Yig stands a huge beast of a man. Sweat runs down the man's cheeks. A two-handed sword is strapped to his back. In each of his hands he holds a 3' square cage, covered with fancy, multi-colored blankets, fitted especially for the cage. Another cage is slung from the huge man's forehead by a leather strap.

Inside each of the three cages is a single orc child. The children are approximately 5 years old, three feet tall, and weigh between 25-30 pounds each. They are also very ferocious. If they're let out of their cages, they will attack anyone.

The huge beastly man is Grendle, Yig's son, sort of.

Grendle

Human, Skill 8 Fighter
 STR: 18/72 (+2, +3), INT: 16, INS: 16
 STA: 17, DEX: 13, APL: 12
 HTK: 42, AC: 4
 MV: 12", AL: C. Neutral
 AT: 3/2, DM: by weapon
 THACO: 14
 HT: 6'9", WT: 310 lbs.
Weapons and Armor: two-handed sword, banded
Magic Items: none

Grendle has been traveling with Yig since his 13th birthday, when his parents sold him for money to buy food for the six other children. Grendle was a clumsy, lumbering child, and since his parents couldn't afford to move or add room onto their small home, it became one more reason the child had to go. Yig raised Grendle like he was kin, teaching him as a

father would teach his son the ways of life. Now Grendle's loyalty to Yig is beyond measure.

In the middle of the room, a little girl sits brushing a wolf cub. The girl, Brook Smith (Human, Skill 0), is the daughter of a local seamstress, widowed by orc thieves. Brook spends many of her post-chore hours working in the pet shop. Percy knows of her mother's bleak financial situation. So every day after her chores at home are done, Brook comes in and feeds and grooms the animals for two gold pieces a day. Brook's natural beauty and radiant youth charm her way into many unexpecting hearts.

In that right-hand wall of the shop is a secret door that leads directly into Percy's house. It's an escape route either from his house to the shop or vice versa.

About 5' to the left of the secret door and 5' high there is a loose stone. It must be unscrewed, counterclockwise, for it to open. Once open, it reveals a hole in the wall that leads down to the basement. It's sort of like an ancient intercom system.

There is another secret door in the back right corner of the building. To open this door, the players must find and press the darkest cobblestone in a 10' area in this corner section. That rock will then pop up from the rest, so that it looks like a doorknob sticking out of the floor. Twist the knob clockwise, and a 3' round hole opens up.

There's a steel ladder, 12' long, propped in the corner of the basement, under the hole. The ladder is cold to the touch of a bare hand.

The basement has the exact same dimensions as the upper level. The murmurings of 30 men fill the room. Most appear to be farmers and shop owners, dressed in ragged and dirty clothing. There are, however, three men dressed in clothes somewhat nicer than the rest. Among the men are three lads, around 15 years of age. They are hired hands to serve the guests. The 30 men have a combined total of 345 gp. The farmers and shopkeepers have 10 gp each, while the somewhat better dressed men have 25 gp each.

The floor is packed dirt. There is a 20' square, 4' high pen in the middle of the room. It's constructed from black iron bars, set 6" apart. Their spiked heads are angled inward. Outside the pen, there are four 20' long by 2' wide by 3' high benches, parallel to the sides of the pen.

Twenty torches dot the walls, six on each of the two long walls and four on each of the short walls, plus four extra torches against the pen's walls, one on each side.

Against the far wall is another 5' by 10' by 3' table. On it is a large silver platter of meats: legs of beef, pork, and lamb. The silver platter is worth 100 gp. Two

stripped femurs lie in the dirt in front of the table, where maggots dance and gnaw on what meat is left on the bones. At the left end of the table are two tapped kegs. A jumble of mugs stand on a nearby crate, waiting to be put to use. In the jumble of mugs are five silver cups worth a total of 100 gp. If someone decides to get a drink, he has a 1 in 12 chance of getting a silver cup.

At the right end of the table is a large, bulging sack. (Inside the sack are the ripped and torn corpses of three orc children.) In the corner next to the sack are three broken bamboo cages, 3' square, in a heap. There are also three more bamboo cages, still intact. They contain orcs.

There's a rather large man sitting at the end of the bench, next to the cages. He is Vladislav Ekstrom.

Vladislav Ekstrom

Human, Skill 11 Fighter

STR: 17 (+1, +1), INT: 15, INS: 13

STA: 12, DEX: 17 (+2, -3), APL: 16

HTK: 48, AC: 0

MV: 12", AL: N. Evil

AT: 3/2, DM: by weapon

THACO: 7

HT: 6'4", WT: 280 lbs.

Magic Items: +1 plate, +1 shield, +2 bastard sword (he also currently has Lendle's magic long sword)

What's Going On

Percy is essentially a harmless soul, but business setbacks several years ago forced him to take on a partner, Lendle. But soon, Lendle lost a good part of his share of the business to Yig in a dice game, and then Percy had two partners. Yig and Lendle had plans for Percy's basement, and they promised Percy they'd stay out of the pet end of the business if he'd stay out of their end of things. An intimidated Percy agreed.

Lendle and Yig (with the help of Grendle and Vladislav) built the gladiatorial pen in the basement of the pet store. Farmers, merchants, and the occasional debauched noble come in and pay 1 gp for a bloody show of cockfighting, cat fights, and other cruel atrocities. Vladislav runs the "games," and the three boys take bets, serve drinks, clean up the mess, and break up the occasional fight.

Lately, Yig has come up with something even more grisly: He starves and abuses young orcs (where he gets them, no one exactly knows) and then turns them loose in the arena to tear each other to bits. An orc show costs 3 gp, and, sad to say, there is no lack of interested customers.

Vladislav is from a secretive mountain tribe. His clansmen believe themselves to be far superior to the rest of the world, so they stay in their mountain homes, living their self-proclaimed superior lives.

Vladislav, the first of his tribe to venture into the rest of the world, is always eager for a challenge. He's always trying to prove his superiority. He especially likes to take up for those who are weaker than him. After helping the underdog, just before he is thanked for his much needed help, he'll insult the person, laughing at his incompetence and weakness.

Under the bench where Vladislav sits is a large sack of gold (250 gp) and Lendle's magic sword. The sword is buried under some loose dirt. A small spot of the hilt is sticking out and reflects the torch light.

The three servant boys are Yuri, Jank, and Drak.

Yuri

Human, Skill 1 Fighter

STR: 17 (+1, +1), INT: 13, INS: 15

STA: 14, DEX: 17 (+2, -3), APL: 16

HTK: 10, AC: 4

MV: 12", AL: N. Evil

AT: 1, DM: by weapon

THACO: 19

HT: 6', WT: 183 lbs.

Weapons and Armor: military fork, banded mail

Yuri is tired of serving people in Percy's basement. He's eager to get into fights and a ton of mischief. His growing disdain for his work sometimes makes him foul toward the guests. He's too afraid to let Lendle know that he wants to get out. He's grateful for the job of five years and doesn't want Lendle to think him an ingrate.

Jank

Human, Skill 1 Fighter

STR: 16 (-, +1), INT: 16, INS: 17

STA: 16, DEX: 15 (-, -1), APL: 14

HTK: 10, AC: 4

MV: 12", AL: N. Evil

AT: 1, DM: by weapon

THACO: 20

HT: 5'9", WT: 145 lbs.

Weapons and Armor: one-handed bastard sword, banded mail

Jank isn't too fond of waiting on smelly old farmers at this point of his life, either. But he enjoys putting on a show when he is in a bad mood. He smiles as hard and as broad as he can at his guests and then mocks them behind their backs, trying to cheer up Yuri.

Drak

Human, Skill 1 Fighter

STR: 15, INT: 17, INS: 18

STA: 17, DEX: 16 (+1, -2), APL: 16

HTK: 7, AC: 4

MV: 12", AL: N. Evil

AT: 1, DM: by weapon

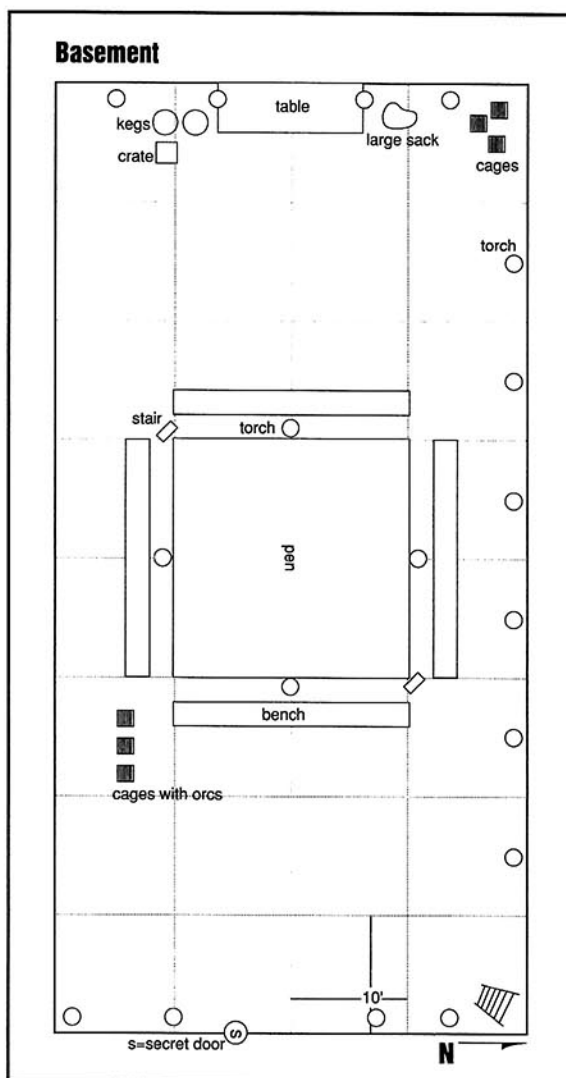
THACO: 20

HT: 5'7", WT: 131 lbs.

Weapons and Armor: trident, banded mail

Drak is the smallest of the three. He is satisfied with laboring in the damp basement, serving drinks and ditching the rotting orc remains. He wants to stay here as long as he can.

— Daniel Nolte



Roark's Armor Shop

When special armor is required, the best place to go is Roark Ironhelm's armory. In his little two-story workshop, Roark specializes in the pieces of armor that normal suppliers don't have. There are just two problems with getting this armor. The prices are high, and then there is Roark.

The armory shop is open every day, except holidays, from sunrise until late afternoon. At noon the shop closes for about an hour while everyone gets lunch. Roark is in the shop about two-thirds of the time.

The shop shares a two-story building with a barding maker. The two shops are not connected. Inside the armory, the ground floor is where most of the work takes place. Here there are work tables, stools, a large fireplace with a big black kettle, a small forge, an anvil, several human shaped stands for armor, and plenty of shelves filled with scraps. Buckets sit around the floor with various size rivets, chain links, and fittings. Tools litter the work tables and shelves. Near the fire are barrels filled with oil. Water barrels flank the forge, where there is a large bucket full of coal. Several hanging oil lamps provide enough light to work by.

Strategically placed around the room are stands displaying new suits of armor. These are the suits that Roark wants to sell. One of each type is represented. Roark will claim that these suits are display only, and not for sale, but will gladly sell them for 25% over his standard rate.

On a stand next to the stairs, where it can be seen by anyone in the shop, is Roark's pride and joy: a suit of plate armor. The armor is steel so carefully polished that it reflects like a mirror. Full field plate, the kind that you would want to be seen in when you rescue a princess. This is the armor that makes a knight stand out in a line of warriors. Roark can even apply a coat of translucent varnish in any color desired. This plate mail is rather thin and only protects as well as chainmail. But its weight is well distributed, and it wears lightly. Roark proudly calls it "Armor for Heroes." It has a heroic price tag.

In the shop there are usually three or four complete sets of leather armor carrying special army insignia. There are also two or three sets of chain mail armor washed in red, green, blue, or black. These are sets of armor ready for the army, and they are not for sale.

Upstairs is a maze of shelves secured at the floor and ceiling. This is where Roark stores most of his raw materials. There are large rolls of leather, sheets of steel,

and all the things that can be found in the workshop, but here they are more organized. There are also eight suits of armor that are considered beyond repair, but might be used for spare parts later. The junk armor consists of two sets of chain mail, four suits of leather and two sets of ring mail. Several of the shelves contain ruined helmets. Along one wall are various buckets of grit, used for polishing metal. A row of windows facing the alley provides light for the room.

At the far end of the upstairs storage room, in a nondescript barrel, is a chest. The chest is made from solid oak with bands of iron. A formidable padlock keeps the chest closed. This is where Roark keeps his treasure. Inside the chest there are 6,500 gp, 2,000 sp, and 800 cp. There are no magical items, as Roark will have nothing to do with magic. The chest can take 20 points of damage before it is broken, and the lock has a poison needle trap that paralyzes anyone tampering with it.

Roark Ironhelm

Roark Ironhelm is a dwarf from the mountains outside the city. The Ironhelms have been armorers for generations, supplying armor for the dwarven army with distinction. Roark followed in the family tradition. After many years he had worked his way up from apprentice and journeyman to become a master armorer.

As a master armorer, Roark enjoyed the prestige and attention that went with the position. There were apprentices to do the menial work, and the money wasn't bad either. Overall, things looked pretty good for Roark. Unfortunately, Roark found himself a big fish in a small pond. Within a few years he drove everyone around him crazy and decided to move to the city.

In the city, Roark's shop was commissioned to make special pieces of armor for the government. He was also allowed to sell his services to the local populace as long as he stayed within the law. It didn't take long for Roark to realize that he was effectively exiled.

Roark has been at the shop for three years now. He is frustrated and looking for an opportunity to go back to his dwarven home. His frustration shows in the way he deals with everyone around him. Roark tends to be erratic, happy and amiable one moment, and furious over some minor thing the next. When he is in a good mood, he will talk about anything as if he is an expert, guessing confidently about things of which he has no knowledge. Roark is always right, just ask him.



Greed is another of Roark's chief characteristics. Not only is he cheap and greedy in high dwarvish fashion, but he is also saving money in case he has to buy his way back home. This doesn't mean that he skimps on the armor he makes, instead he just charges three times the going rate for it. He does, however, argue with his suppliers over their prices. Roark can go on for hours about his imagined ragged financial condition. In reality, he has secretly socked away a fortune.

Roark's appearance is not remarkable. He is the classic dwarf, about 4' tall, stocky, with a bushy brown beard that seems to have a life of its own. Dark, deep expressive eyes show his mood at anytime. Those eyes can stare right through you. He wears typical dwarven clothing with a thick brown leather apron and an odd little hat with small tools stuck into the band. His hobnail boots are good for stomping, which he seems to regard as a hobby. In his pocket, he keeps two keys, a bag of pipe weed,

and a few silver coins. One key is for his house, and the other is for his secret treasure chest.

Roark is always seen smoking a clay pipe. The only time he is not smoking is when he eats. Roark is a militant vegetarian. His diet consists of bread, fruit, nuts, and plenty of beer. When he is working, he might not eat for days. This partially accounts for his erratic behavior.

Roark Ironhelm

Dwarf, Skill 4 Fighter

STR: 15, INT: 14, INS: 7

STA: 15, DEX: 10, APL: 10

HTK: 24, AC: 9 (Leather Apron)

MV: 6", AL: L. Good

AT: 1, DM: by weapon

THACO: 17

HT: 4', WT: 185 lbs.

Languages: common, dwarvish, orcish, elvish, goblin

Proficiencies: armorer, read/write, leatherworking

Although he is a bit abrasive with paying customers and the suppliers, his two apprentices get the worst of it. They live in constant terror of what he might do next.

The two apprentices do all the menial work, including tending the forge, cleaning the shop, maintaining the tools, cutting leather pieces, bending and cutting wire for chain mail, and things like that. They seem fairly competent. Their names are Vinton and Glorik.

Vinton

Human, Skill 0

STR: 12, *INT*: 13, *INS*: 10

STA: 9, *DEX*: 12, *APL*: 11

HTK: 6, *AC*: 9 (leather apron)

MV: 12", *AL*: L. Good

AT: 1, *DM*: by weapon

THACO: 21

HT: 5'8", *WT*: 165 lbs.

Languages: common

Proficiencies: armorer, leatherworking, swimming

Vinton is 16 years old. His ambition is to become a master armorer and lead the secure life that goes with the station. Vinton has true aptitude for armor making. Every technique that Roark shows him, he picks up quickly. Vinton also really likes making armor, and so he does most of the work in the shop. He puts up with Roark's constant abuse because he knows that this apprenticeship will lead to bigger things in time. Vinton has also recognized that Roark is a great teacher, and he hopes to learn some dwarven armor-making secrets.

Vinton gets along well with Glorik, and the two share a special camaraderie that comes only by working for someone as impossible as Roark.

Glorik

Half-Orc, Skill 1 Fighter

STR: 17 (+1, +1), *INT*: 16, *INS*: 10

STA: 9, *DEX*: 9, *APL*: 6

HTK: 6, *AC*: 9 (leather apron)

MV: 12", *AL*: C. Good

AT: 1, *DM*: by weapon

THACO: 20

HT: 6'1", *WT*: 222 lbs.

Languages: common, elvish, fairie

Proficiencies: read/write, cooking

Glorik is Roark's problem apprentice. Glorik is a big dumb-looking guy with too much hair. A peasant who got the job by misrepresenting himself, Glorik is about 20 years old. He has no aptitude whatsoever for armor making, but he desperately needs the money and shelter that the job provides. The only reason that Roark keeps him on is that Glorik will do any job no matter how dangerous, offensive, or tedious. In his spare time, he likes reading elvish poetry and sneaking outside the city at night to listen to the fairies in the woods. Glorik likes beautiful things and is a good cook. He does most of the cooking for himself and Vinton. Glorik has learned to cook steaks and other foods over the forge using metal-working tools.

Glorik has one dark secret: he is a half-orc. Not only that, but Glorik used to have to steal to survive, and he is wanted by the authorities. His constant fear is that Roark will find out and turn him over to the constabulary. Because of this, he doesn't want to attract undue attention. Glorik tends to be quiet and will only take an interest in customers if they seem to possess something of extreme beauty.

Vinton and Glorik live in the shop. They get out when they can and know a little bit of what is going on in the area.

In addition to Vinton and Glorik, the army's supply sergeants are often in the shop. Since the majority of Roark's work is for the military, the sergeants are often there to drop off, pick up, or inquire about armor. Talking with these men might prove useful. The officer most commonly in the shop is Sergeant Bullwark.

Sergeant Bullwark

Human, Skill 2 Fighter

STR: 14, *INT*: 9, *INS*: 8

STA: 12, *DEX*: 9, *APL*: 9

HTK: 11, *AC*: 7

MV: 12", *AL*: C. Good

AT: 1, *DM*: by weapon

THACO: 19

HT: 5'10", *WT*: 180 lbs.

Weapon: broad sword (2D4)

Languages: common

Sergeant Bullwark is a big, weighty man with a round jolly-looking face and a big black mustache. He is good natured and likes to talk about the army.

— John Cox

Temple of the Bat

On the fringe of the city stands a squat, three-tiered ziggurat-like structure. At night, an opening in the top of the building issues forth a black swarm of bats into the dark sky, who prowl the area to feed on the land and its less fortunate inhabitants. But even more fearsome than this winged cloud are the unnatural screams that emanate from the building's gaping pit and the frequent sightings of horrible winged apparitions: half man, half bat.

Background

In a remote area of a dark jungle in a far-off land, two adventurers made a religious pilgrimage. Their names are Archon and Mhiaz, the former a monk, the latter a cleric, and their deity was the lord of the bats, the god Camazotz. Their pilgrimage was taking them to a cave deep in the jungle, to a place where Camazotz had told Mhiaz in a nightmare that they would receive a special gift. After journeying for many days, they finally found it.

Inside the cave was a large sect dedicated to Camazotz, and the high priest invited the two pilgrims to take part in that night's ceremonies. Deep in the darkness of the cave, with the light of the full moon outside unable to shine on the ghastly ritual, Archon and Mhiaz had their flesh torn to shreds by unseen shrieking creatures while swarms of giant bats circled above. They did not realize that they had received the gift promised by the bat god until the next night, when, lying barely conscious on the jungle beach where the sect had discarded them, their blood began to boil with a fierce and powerful feeling, a feeling both alien and yet somehow familiar. They dreamt of turning to the sky and flying with black brethren to feed off the night, of descending upon cattle both human and bovine, and of glorifying the name of the great god Camazotz, who had given them the ability to realize this dream that came to them when others slept.

They left the jungle that very night, to spread to others the new religion that Camazotz had placed in their veins.

The "gift" bestowed upon Archon and Mhiaz that fateful night was a rare strain of the disease lycanthropy, which caused them to transform into a species of were-creatures known as the werebat (see p. 80 for statistics). Once they returned to their homeland, they infected several members of their

own sect with the disease and established the Temple of the Bat.

Archon and Mhiaz are a cunning pair, and they operate the temple in a cunning manner. Their chief purpose is to spread the religion of Camazotz, which means spreading the disease of the werebat. They are very careful about whom they infect, however, because they want to be the ones who control it and they don't want it to run rampant.

Because it was a gift from their god, they see the disease as an elite privilege and guard it jealously. They also don't want it directly traced back to the temple, as that sort of thing draws paladins like flies. Only the very powerful or the potentially powerful are infected, and only those who Archon and Mhiaz think will benefit the order. On occasion, however, they infect someone as punishment for some misdeed.

One of the people they misjudged in infecting was the fighter Gourdin, who wanted no part of the "blessing," even though he had been the pair's adventuring companion for quite some time. He did not trust the wicked blood lust and desire to consume human flesh that so often accompanies the disease. Paying no heed to his wishes, however, the two were-creatures infected him anyway, and now he has become an unwilling member of the sect. He stays with the order in the temple because he fears that his lack of knowledge about the disease could make him lose control of it, so he relies on the guidance of Archon and Mhiaz to help him understand it, torn between gratitude and hatred. He simply bides his time and awaits the day that he will understand enough about it on his own to remove the pair's heads.

Apart from infecting people with the disease, the sect's other main duty is serving Camazotz. This takes the form of nighttime rituals, with every quarter moon requiring human sacrifices. The victims are covered in live insects and thrown down into the giant bat cave under the temple to be consumed by the bat god. The sect is always careful about who is sacrificed, as no one is ever chosen who would be missed or who could call down wrath upon the temple. It is on their frequent night flights in bat form that the clergy bring back victims from outside the city, or from the darker, more noisome corners of the streets.

The Temple

The temple's structure consists of three tiers above ground and a series of large caverns underneath. The bottom two levels of the temple have

the same amount of interior space, but the bottom level has an additional 10' thickness of perimeter wall. The third level of the ziggurat is solid stone. Running through all three levels and down into the caverns is a 20' wide hole, whose entrance opens up to the sky on the top level.

Each level of the Upper Temple is 10' high. The Under Temple, or the caverns, has varying ceiling heights (see individual room descriptions). The Upper Temple is made of large, intricately placed stones, while the Under Temple is carved directly out of the rock. All doors in the place are made of thick wood, but do not require a roll to force open. The front doors are almost always closed and locked, except during services, when they are unlocked but remain closed.

All of the clerics of the temple are clerics of the West in the Central American Mythos. As such, they all dress in varying degrees of black and receive the appropriate bonuses "to hit" when facing west. Around their necks they wear large pendants of hammered bronze with the giant bat symbol of Camazotz. They are all devoutly Chaotic Evil in alignment and behave accordingly. This includes the two monks, for even though monks are typically lawful, Camazotz allows them to thrive in his order as long as they are self-motivated, without penalties for class and alignment deviation. The only being in the temple who does not worship Camazotz is the fighter Gourdin, whose deity is Huitzilopochtli, the Central American god of war.

The Temple of the Bat is a paranoid sect, treating new worshipers with distrust and suspicion. Anyone attempting to infiltrate the temple by disguising himself as a worshiper will be closely watched to make sure he goes through all of the ritual procedures, and if he doesn't, one of the priests of the temple will be notified. Any intruders are cast into the bat cave (area 14) at the first opportunity. The temple has no security per se, but all of the inhabitants are usually on their guard, and at any sign of trouble the clerics will alert one another by shrieking loudly and shrilly, much the way a bat does. This shrieking will draw all the clerics on any level in two rounds. Any other loud noises and shouting are usually investigated if they continue for more than three rounds. Because nearly all of the inhabitants are Chaotic Evil, they usually do not run to the aid of their comrades unless they feel it would benefit their standing in the order, preferring instead to run for help to the next highest ranking clergy member.

The temple is most active at night, with nearly all of its clerical members up and about. The clergy of the Under Temple are usually out at this time for several hours, looking for sacrificial victims, food, and potential new members. Between sunrise and sunset most of the clerics are asleep, the junior clergy in the Upper Temple and the senior members in the caves below. Five of the temple's nine Skill-0 servants keep the same hours as the clergy, while the others keep regular daylight hours, cleaning and cooking. If an emergency arises during the day, the servants will awaken the clergy.

1. Main Worship Area

The giant main worship area of the temple is dark and forbidding, with only a few torches on the wall to illuminate it. A 20'-wide pit is sunken into the western portion of the room, and from its depths issues a chorus of high-pitched squeaks along with a foul stink. Surrounding the pit are six massive stone pillars, and around these are two rows of benches arranged in amphitheater-type fashion. Behind the pit is a giant stone statue of a shrieking bat that reaches to the ceiling, its wings outstretched to a span of nearly 30'. In the ceiling above the pit is a hole, also 20' across.

To the left and right of the entrance doors are stone spiral staircases, each leading up to the next level. The south wall has an opening that leads into a room, while the north wall has two similar openings and a door.

From the dark corners of the room, you can hear fluttered movement accompanied by high squeals. There are bats in this room; you don't know how many.

The time of day determines who is present in the main worship area. Between sunrise and sunset, there will be 1D4 Skill-0 servants from areas 4 and 5, cleaning and attending to the temple and moving between areas 2, 4, and 5. Between sunset and midnight, there will be 2D4 Skill-1 clerics from area 12, as well as Lev and Lochador, the two Skill-2 clerics from room 11, leading the ceremonies. After midnight and before sunrise will find all 12 Skill-1 clerics, Lev and Lochador, and Renaldo, and the one Skill-3 cleric from area 9 in this room. After midnight and until sunrise (about six hours time) there is a 3% cumulative chance per turn that Archon and Mhiaz will return from their nightly flight, along with Archon's servant Kurath from area 17, the three Skill-5 clerics from area 15, and the two Skill-4 clerics from area 19. If it is a night of a quarter moon,

one of the members will be in man-bat form, carrying a freshly abducted human sacrifice. They will fly in through the hole in the top of the temple, through area 6 on the 1st Level, and down into the main worship area to perform the sacrifice.

The worship of Camazotz involves quite a bit of high-pitched bat-like shrieking during the ceremonies. The human sacrifices are brought to the area right before the pit, covered with insects by Mhiaz's Staff of Swarming Insects, and then cast unceremoniously into the pit. The fall is 40', after which the victim tumbles down an incline into area 14, the bat cave, where he is devoured by Camazotz through the giant bats. During the ceremonies, all of the werebats remain in their half-bat forms, controlling swarms of bats to fly around them and throughout the main worship area in a berserk frenzy.

In addition to any people present, there are always bats in this room. During the day 5D4 ordinary bats roost about the place, hanging from the

walls and ceiling. They will not attack unless approached within 5', or if they are startled or attacked first. At night there are only 2D6 bats here before the werebats return, and 5D10 after, in addition to however many the lycanthropes summon. None of these bats will attack any of the clergy or servants of the temple, unless for some reason they are attacked first.

Bat, ordinary

HTK: 2, AC: 8

MV: 1"/24", AL: Neutral

AT: 1, DM: 1 point

THACO: 20

INT: Animal, SZ: S

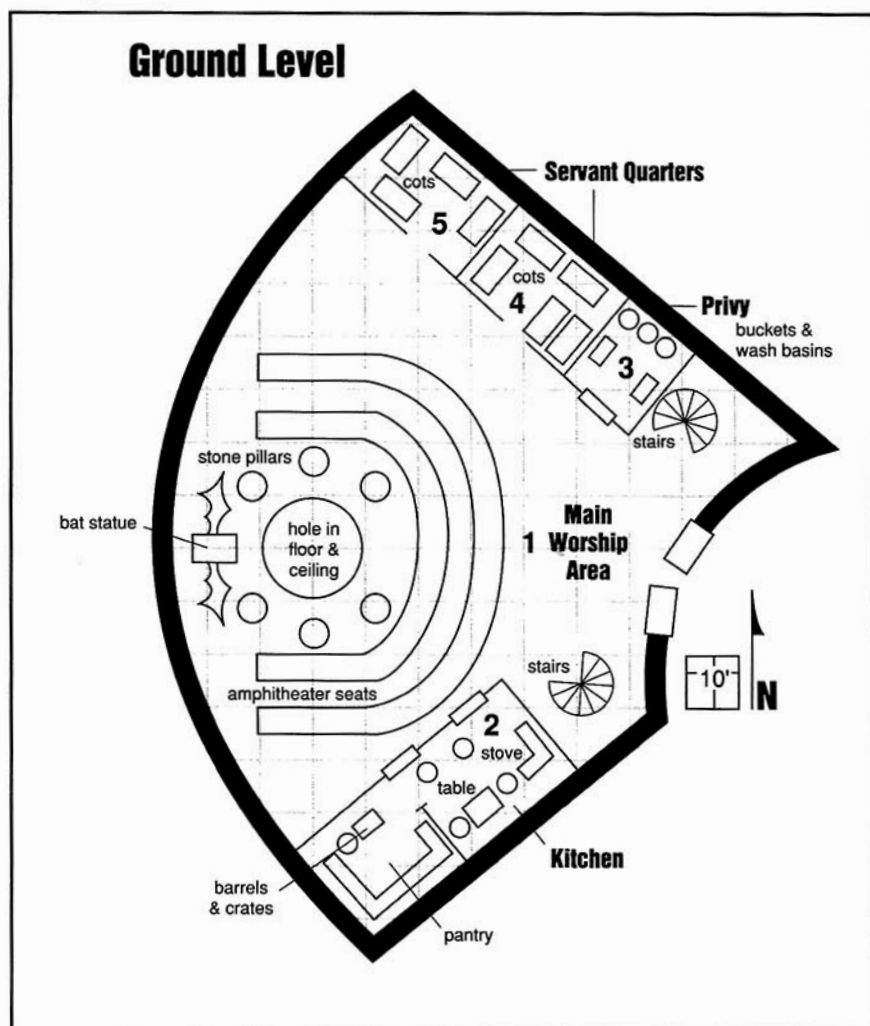
MR: nil

2. Kitchen

This appears to be a normal kitchen area, with a stove, two tables, and various boxes and barrels. The

only food in sight is a few loaves of bread. The back half of the kitchen is a pantry area, containing several shelves covered with jars and boxes.

There is not much food in the front half of the kitchen except for the aforementioned bread, some sacks of grain, and several bottles of both ale and water. Most of the food is in the pantry in the back, consisting of many hundreds of different types of insects, all contained in the jars and boxes. Insects comprise the majority of the clerics' diet, and while most of the really juicy ones are offered to Camazotz (see area 7), the clerics content themselves with storing what is left over here and eating them later. Also in the back pantry are two large barrels of ale, a crate containing six bottles of good wine, a large sack of peanuts, and a bucket of apples.



During the day there is a 70% chance that 1 or 2 of the servants from areas 4 and 5 will be in here, preparing food for the clerics and munching on a bug or two.

3. Privy

This room is a bathroom and wash area. Two basins filled with water sit in front of both side walls, while the back wall has three stout-looking buckets lined up in front of it.

This is the wash area used by the servants, and only in emergencies do the clerics use this area. At any time there is a 20% chance that a servant from area 4 or 5 will be present in this room.

4. Servant Quarters

This sparsely furnished room contains only five ragged cots, a few wooden bowls, and a trunk with no lid.

This area is the larger of the two servant quarters. If they have not been previously encountered in areas 1, 2, or 3, all five that reside here will be in.

The servants are really only familiar with this level of the temple, but one of them has been on the upper level before. They are all Chaotic Evil or Chaotic Neutral in alignment and can be made to talk about the temple or its inhabitants for a few pieces of silver or a dagger at their throats. Of course, they would then seek the first opportunity to warn a cleric about the intruders. (The servants do not let out the shrill warning cries that the clerics do.) They can describe the layout of the place as well as the inhabitants with a fair degree of accuracy, and they will relate the stories of the ceremonies and human sacrifices with frightening zeal. The cots are all normal, and the trunk contains only clothing.

Servants (3 male, 2 female)

Human, Skill 0

HTK: 2 each, AC: 10

MV: 12", AL: C. Evil or C. Neutral

AT: 1, DM: by weapon

THACO: 20

INT: Low, SZ: M

5. Servant Quarters

Four meager but clean cots adorn this room. On the floor are several wooden bowls and a small chest. This area is identical to area 4, except it is smaller and somewhat cleaner. This is because Renaldo, the Skill-

3 cleric from room 9, is romantically involved with all four female servants who occupy these quarters, and they keep it tidied up for his frequent visits. If these servants have not previously been encountered in areas 1, 2, or 3, they will be here. If it is daytime, there is a 30% chance that Renaldo will be here as well. The women act in a similar fashion to the servants in area 4, except that all of them have been on the upper level. Even though they are involved with Renaldo, they are not particularly loyal to him and are just as likely to betray him as obey him.

The cots are all normal. The chest contains clothing, and under a false bottom is a pouch with 8 gp, a small bottle of perfume worth 5 gp, and a small silver mirror worth 1 gp.

Servants (4 females)

Human, Skill 0

HTK: 2 each, AC: 10

MV: 12", AL: C. Neutral or C. Evil

AT: 1, DM: by weapon

THACO: 20

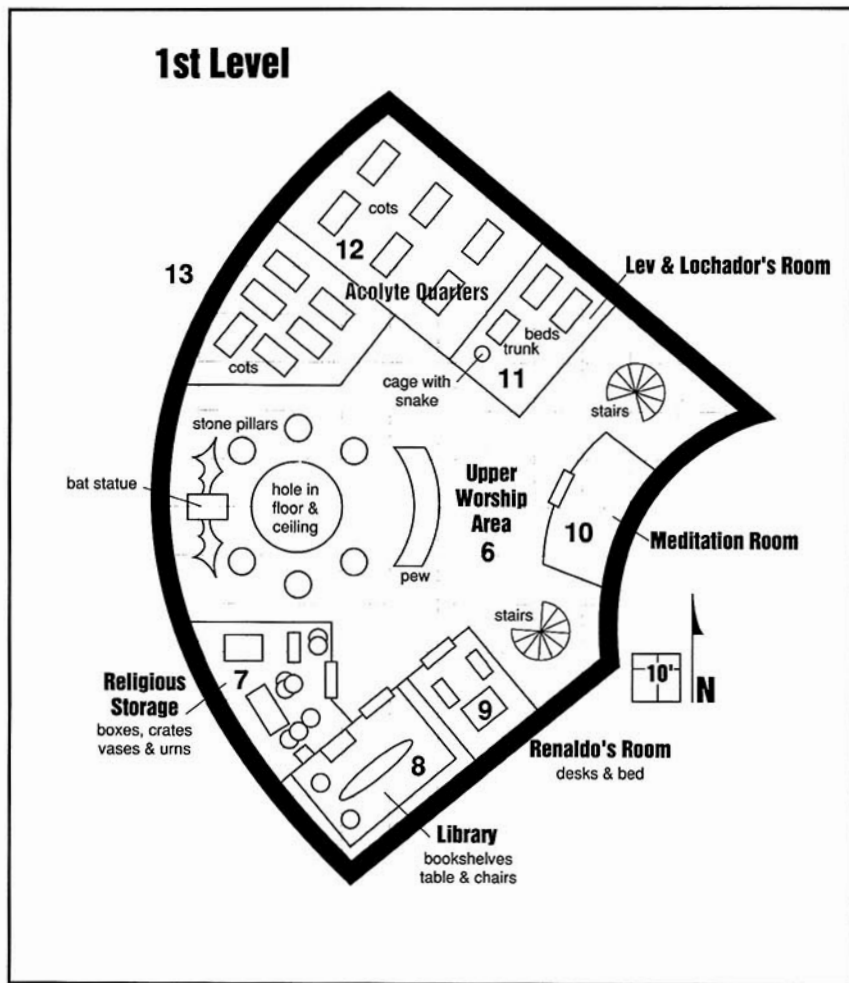
INT: Average, SZ: M

6. Upper Worship Area

Blackness hangs in the air of this dark chamber, lighted only by a few dim candles in an ebony candelabra. This is apparently a worship area, in the middle of which is a giant hole in the floor surrounded by six stone pillars. In front of the hole is a low curved pew, and behind it is a 10'-tall statue of a bat, its wings outstretched to a full 30', its face permanently frozen in a terrible shriek. Tapestries woven from some dark, heavy material hang on the walls to the north, south, and west. Cold air rolls down from a 20'-wide hole in the ceiling right above its mirror image on the floor, and through it the sky above is clearly visible. Occasionally a squeak or a flutter attracts your attention from a dimly lit corner.

There are two spiral staircases leading down on the north and south and three doors on the north and south walls. There is also a door on the east.

This area of the temple is used for private ceremonies, mostly conducted by either Archon or Mhiaz. During daylight hours, the place is empty except for 2D6 ordinary bats (see p. 70 for statistics). Between sunset and midnight, Renaldo, the Skill-3 cleric from room 9, can be found here, along with 1D4 Skill-1 clerics from room 12. Between midnight and sunrise, the clerics all convene in room 1, so this room is empty. Archon and Mhiaz often meet here after the main ceremony along with the other



lycanthropes, and if they have already been to area 1, they are 50% likely to come here afterwards.

The fall from the edge of this pit through room 1 down into room 14 is a total distance of 50'. From outside the temple on the very top, the drop is 70'. There are four candelabra placed by the altar, and each one is fashioned from a single piece of pure ebony (500 gp value each).

7. Religious Storage

The combination of smells in this room is intriguing—incense, candle wax, bat guano, decayed flesh, and various other more obscure fragrances. There are many boxes and crates here, as well as a few large vases and urns.

This is where the clerics keep their religious materials used in the ceremonies to Camazotz. A search of the area will uncover boxes of incense, tall wax candles, a barrel of bat guano, several boxes with dead bats in them, tapestries, ropes, knives, prayer beads, extra bronze bat unholy symbols, black

robes, blood-stained bowls, and many jars filled with colorful dead beetles, wasps, and other insects, all of them large and perfectly preserved.

Apart from these curiosities, there is nothing of real value here.

8. Library

All of the walls to this room are lined with shelves of books and scrolls, reaching to the ceiling. All manner of tomes, grimoires, and manuals are represented, a good many of them bound in black leather. A smaller shelf directly to the right of the door seems devoted exclusively to a full set of books bound in ancient bat skin. Three comfortable chairs are about the room, and a long table dominates the center upon which are several unlighted candles and various writing instruments.

During the day 1D4 Skill-1 clerics from areas 12 and 13 are in here, but at night the place is vacant. Most of the books are normal, ranging from topics of meditation and the focusing of thought to works of poetry and adventurous fiction. All of the subjects are approached in rather grim ways, from mildly disturbing to downright violent, and are apparently written with a Chaotic Evil reader in mind. Any of these books would only fetch 1-2 gp on the average in a large city.

The set of books bound in bat skin are the religious teachings of the temple, 36 in all, and include ancient writings by long dead clerics of Camazotz as well as four volumes of new material written by Archon and Mhiaz. The new books concentrate on the beauty of the disease lycanthropy and how it works miracles toward glorifying the name of Camazotz. Because these books were written under conditions of great evil, to serve a greater cause of evil, the books have developed an aura of malignancy of their own. They radiate evil if detected for, and any Good-aligned character who reads from their pages will be struck by

a symbol of stunning and take 3D6 HTK of damage, save vs. spells for half.

The table and chairs are normal.

9. Renaldo's Room

The scent of heavy perfume hangs in the air of this small bedroom. A large bed with several pillows is in the back of the room. A closed wardrobe is to the left, and a heavy black cloak hangs from a peg on the side of the wardrobe. To the right is a writing desk, covered with neatly organized papers and scrolls. A pair of brightly polished boots sits in front of the bed. On the walls are three large tapestries, each one depicting artistic abstractions of various bat-like forms.

This is the abode of Renaldo, the highest-ranking cleric of the upper temple. Between the hours of sunrise and sunset, he sleeps here unless he has been encountered previously in the female servants' quarters (room 5).

Between sunset and midnight he is in area 6, and from midnight to sunrise he is leading the entire temple's services in area 1.

Renaldo is a spineless sort of individual, excellent at dialogue but poor at arms. If any kind of force is brought to bear against him where he is not 100% assured of victory, he will surrender. He fears Archon and Mhiaz, though, and will give out information about them only on threat of torture or death.

The wardrobe contains his black robes of office, but it also contains a woman's dress made of fine silk worth 20 gp. He plans to give it to one of the servant girls in area 5, but he hasn't decided which one. The heavy black cloak hanging on the side of the wardrobe is a ceremonial one, worth 5 gp. On top of the wardrobe is a large wooden wash basin and empty pitcher. The hangings could fetch up to 50 gp each in a large city.

The writing desk appears to be the source of the perfume smell, and examination reveals that a large amount of perfume was recently spilled on its surface. The papers and scrolls all deal with financial and religious subjects. One of the desk's two drawers contains writing instruments and ink, while the other contains trinkets such as costume jewelry, combs, small mirrors, and a few bottles of inexpensive perfume. Underneath all this is a small wooden box containing a bottle of rosy-smelling perfume. If applied directly to the skin, however, it is lethal contact poison (save at -4 or die), a parting gift from a former lover of Renaldo's.

Beneath the bed is a pair of sandals, a chamber pot, and a book of erotica worth 10 gp.

Renaldo

Human, Skill 3 Cleric

STR: 9, INT: 14, INS: 16

STA: 10, DEX: 16 (+1, -2), APL: 16

HTK: 7, AC: 4

MV: 12", AL: C. Evil

AT: 1, DM: by weapon

THACO: 20

HT: 6', WT: 150 lbs.

Weapon Proficiencies: staff, sap

Armor: leather armor +2

Weapons: staff, sap

Magic Items: Potion of Invisibility, philter of love

Spells: Ceremony, Darkness, Protection from Good, Cure Light Wounds, Hold Person, Slow Poison, Speak with Animals

Renaldo also wears three rings, each worth 10 gp, an earring worth 15 gp, his bronze bat unholy symbol, and he carries 10 gp.

10. Meditation Room

The room is bare of any furnishings except some thick mats on the floor and several incense burners. The air in this room is thick with incense. Featureless black tapestries cover all walls. A few bats hang comfortably from the ceiling.

This is the room that the clerics of the temple use to meditate. At any time between sunrise and midnight, there are 1D4 Skill-1 clerics from areas 12 and 13 present and a 25% chance for either Lev or Lochador from room 11 to be here as well. When encountered, they will be in a deep trance, which will take a full round to break out of should the need arise. Between midnight and sunrise, the place is vacant.

There are usually 1D4 +1 bats in this room, as the clerics like to have them around when they meditate. The bats are identical to the ones found in area 1.

11. Lev and Lochador's Room

As the door opens, it hits an empty bottle on the floor, causing it to roll into another bottle nearby. The floor to this room actually has several empty bottles lying about, and a few unemptied ones as well. Two unkempt beds are near the back of the room. To the right is a low bookshelf with several books on it, next to a crate containing half a dozen bottles. To the left is a large trunk, and next to that is

a small metal cage with some kind of dark serpentine creature inside.

This is the residence of Lev and Lochador, the two Skill-2 clerics of the temple. They both have inclinations toward excessive wine consumption, and if they have not been encountered in areas 1 or 10, they will be here, in all likelihood unconscious.

The books contain religious scriptures and verse. The crate contains five bottles of good wine (10 gp value each). The trunk contains clothing and traveling gear, as well as a box labeled "wine fund" with 79 gp inside. Beneath the beds are four pairs of muddy boots, a wooden wash basin, and two chamber pots.

The creature in the cage is an eye killer, and it has its left eye poked out to lessen the effects of its death stare. Instead of the customary saving throw to avoid death, its gaze now only stuns for 1D4 +1 turns those who fail to save. Individuals making their save take no extra damage. It is quite an ornery beast and will attack if set free.

Lev

Human, Skill 2 Cleric
 STR: 12, INT: 9, INS: 13
 STA: 15, DEX: 10, APL: 12
 HTK: 15, AC: 8
 MV: 12", AL: C. Evil
 AT: 1, DM: by weapon
 THACO: 20
 HT: 5'10", WT: 164 lbs.
 Weapon Proficiencies: sap, footman's mace
 Armor: leather
 Weapons: sap, footman's mace +1
 Magic Items: none
 Spells: Create Water, Purify Food and Drink, Command

Lev also carries 12 gp in a purse around his neck, as well as his bronze bat unholy symbol.

Lochador

Human, Skill 2 Cleric
 STR: 9, INT: 13, INS: 14
 STA: 11, DEX: 12, APL: 11
 HTK: 8, AC: 8
 MV: 12", AL: C. Evil
 AT: 1, DM: by weapon
 THACO: 20
 HT: 6', WT: 157 lbs.
 Weapon Proficiencies: sap, staff
 Armor: leather

Weapons: sap, staff

Magic Items: Potion of Animal Control (bats)

Spells: Protection from Good, Detect Evil, Bless, Cure Light Wounds

Lochador carries 8 gp in a pouch and wears his bronze bat unholy symbol around his neck.

Eye Killer

HTK: 16, AC: 5

MV: 9", AL: C. Evil

AT: 1, DM: 1D6

THACO: 15

INT: Animal, SZ: M

Specials: Stun Stare once per day in sufficient light, stuns for 1D4 +1 turns unless save vs. death magic is made.

12. Acolyte Quarters

This large room is simply furnished with six comfortable cots, six standing wardrobes, and six footlockers. Several long black tapestries hang on the walls depicting bats in flight over a gloomy countryside.

These are the quarters of six Skill-1 clerics, half of the main body of worshipers. During the day any not previously encountered in areas 8 or 10 are here, sleeping off a hard night of serving Camazotz. Any loud noise awakens them in one round. Between sunset and sunrise, they are in other places throughout the temple or out gathering insects from the surrounding countryside for food and sacrifices.

The cots are all normal. Beneath each one is a chamber pot and wash basin. The wardrobes all contain black robes, cloaks, boots, leather armor, and staves. The footlockers contain personal effects such as combs, bowls, flint, candles, and the like.

Clerics

Human (4 male, 2 female), Skill 1 Clerics

All stats between 8-13

HTK: 4 each, AC: 8

MV: 12", AL: C. Evil

AT: 1, DM: by weapon

THACO: 20

Weapon Proficiencies: sap, staff

A armor: leather

Weapons: sap, staff

Magic Items: none

Spells: 1 each, Skill 1 (GM's choice)

The clerics all carry their bronze bat unholy symbols and 1D6 gp each.

13. Acolyte Quarters

Six unexceptional cots are the main furnishings of this room, rounded out by six standing wardrobes and six small trunks. The walls are decorated in black tapestries depicting swarms of bats in the night sky.

This room is identical to room 12 in all respects, except that it houses 3 female and 3 male acolytes.

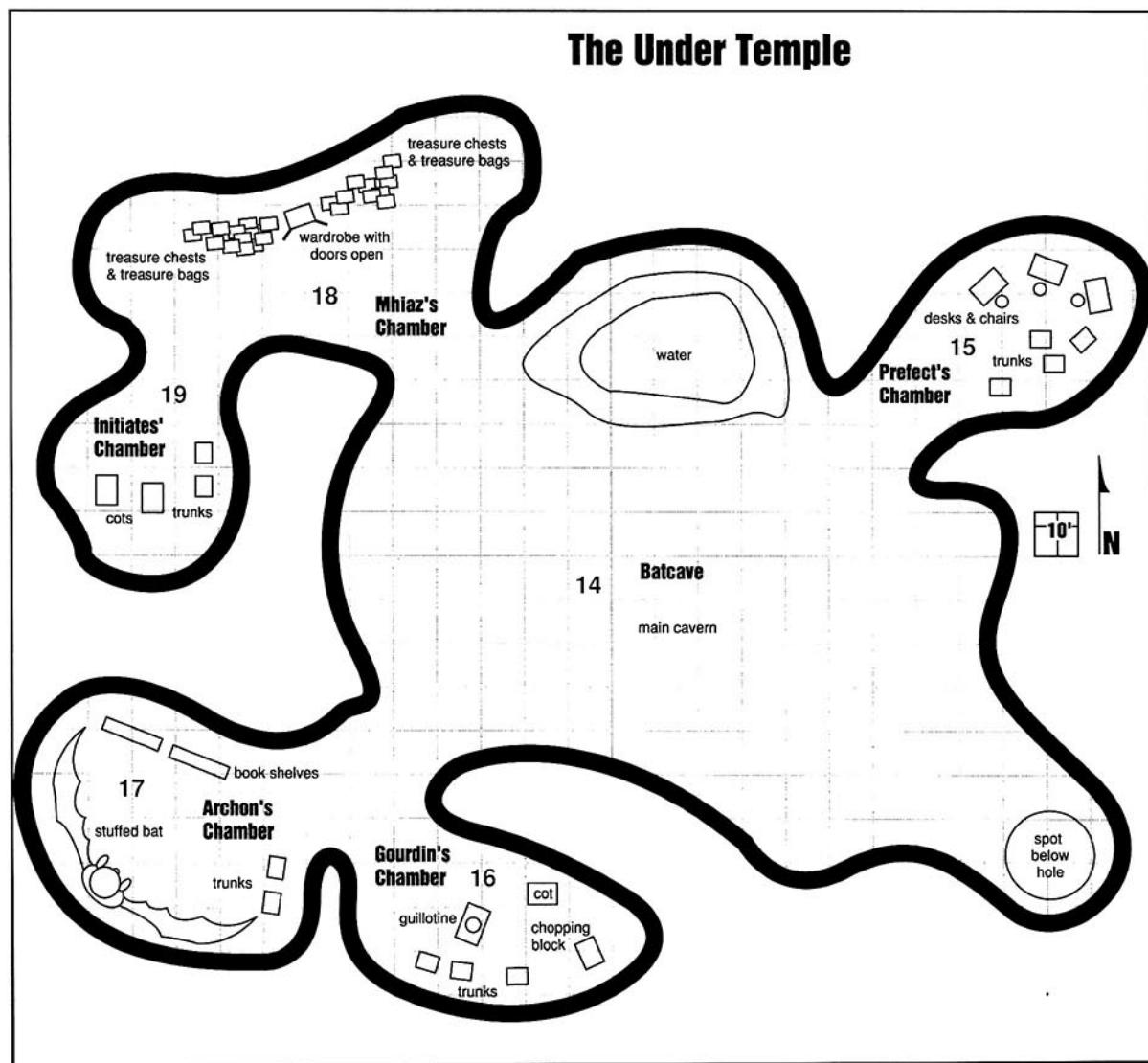
The Under Temple

14. Bat Cave

A 40'-drop straight down from the main worship area leads to a sharply descending rocky tunnel nearly 20' wide. After about 50' or so, the roof of the tunnel flares upwards and the walls widen out, forming an enormous underground cave. The stench

here is overwhelmingly foul. Torches and other light sources do not reveal the full dimensions of the cave, but the sounds of dripping water and endless squeaking and flapping echoing from afar are a clear indicator that the place is huge. The air moves all about, brushes up against people, and seems to fly by. The cave floor is warm and steamy with piles of fresh guano. And high above, some of the squeals sound deeper, larger, closer.

This is the main bat cave of the temple, where the sacrifices to Camazotz are offered every quarter moon. It is also where the higher clerics and monks of the temple dwell in werebat form. A fall from area 1 into this level would cause 4D6 HTK of damage, plus an additional 1D6 from rolling down the tunnel. A fall from area 6 to this level would cause 5D6 plus 1D6 for rolling, and from the very top of the temple



through areas 6 and 1 will cause 7D6, plus 1D6 for rolling. The ceiling here reaches up to 70'.

Any characters entering this cave are immediately attacked by the 4 doombats and 8 giant bats that dwell here. One of the doombats is enormous, with a wingspan of 30'. The 120 ordinary bats that also live here do not attack, although they swarm about and fly into things. This has the effect of putting out torches, confusing spell-casting, making missile weapons impossible to use, etc. They only physically attack if ordered by the werebats.

Any sounds of fighting in this room draw the attention of the occupants in rooms 15-19, who come to investigate immediately. If the characters flee into any of these side rooms, the doombats and giant bats cannot follow, but the smaller bats still swarm about them, although in smaller force (canceling out the detrimental effects of the swarm).

The pool to the north is 4' deep at its deepest, and even though the water is incredibly foul, characters can jump into it to avoid the bat attacks.

Doombats (4)

HTK: 51, 30, 26, 18, *AC*: 4

MV: 18", *AL*: N. Evil

AT: 2, *DM*: 1D6, 1D4

THACO: 13

INT: Animal, *SZ*: L (the largest) or M (others)

Specials: shriek for 1D4 +1 rounds, causing loss of concentration and -1 to attacks.

Giant Bats (8)

HTK: 5 each, *AC*: 8

MV: 3"/18", *AL*: Neutral

AT: 1, *DM*: 1D4

THACO: 19

INT: Non-, *SZ*: S

Specials: -3 on any missile attack from a character with a 13 *DEX* or less.

Ordinary Bats (120)

HTK: 1 each, *AC*: 8

MV: 1"/24", *AL*: Neutral

AT: 1, *DM*: 1

THACO: 20

INT: Animal, *SZ*: S

15. Prefects' Chamber

This cave is sparsely decorated with several wall hangings depicting horrible half-man, half-bat creatures offering up human sacrifices to a giant shrieking bat god. There are also three desks in here, along with three

chairs, some prayer mats, and four small trunks. A dozen or so bats either hang from the ceiling 20' above or fly around the room and out the opening.

The three Skill-5 werebat clerics, Wez, Narid, and Venna reside in this room, most often in normal bat form but sometimes assuming man-bat or human shape to read or study. During the day they are asleep on the ceiling in bat form unless roused by commotion in area 14. They attack anyone entering their room, first using spells from their bat guise on the ceiling, then assuming man-bat form, grabbing their weapons from their respective trunks, and attacking with weapons and bites. During combat they summon bats to their aid, while at the same time issuing a warning shriek to the occupants of the other caves. Summoned bats, as well as the several bats already in this cave, have the same statistics as in area 14.

The desks contain writing instruments and paper. The first three trunks all belong to the werebats and contain clothing and personal gear, as well as their weapons, unholy objects, and a sack with 1D100 gp each. The last trunk contains books and scriptures dealing with the religious nature of the order. The wall hanging is normal.

Wez

Male Werebat, Skill 5 Cleric

STR: 16 (-, +1), *INT*: 11, *INS*: 15

STA: 13, *DEX*: 14, *APL*: 14

HTK: 35, *AC*: 6

MV: 12"/18", *AL*: C. Evil

AT: 2, *DM*: 2D4 (bite) and by weapon

THACO: 18

HT: 6'2" (4'10" in werebat form), *WT*: 182 lbs. (111 lbs. in werebat form)

Weapon Proficiencies: footman's mace, footman's flail, club

Armor: none

Weapons: footman's flail +2

Magic Items: Ring of Free Action

Spells: Detect Good, Darkness, Protection from Good, Cause Fear, Command, Hold Person (x2), Know Alignment, Dispel Magic

Specials: hit only by +1 or better weapons, screech causes pain (-1 on all attack rolls for 1D4 rounds), summon 3D6 ordinary bats.

Narid

Female Werebat, Skill 5 Cleric

STR: 13, *INT*: 14, *INS*: 16

STA: 12, *DEX*: 15, *APL*: 15

HTK: 27, *AC*: 6

MV: 12"/18", *AL*: C. Evil

AT: 2, *DM*: 2D4 (bite) and by weapon

THACO: 18

HT: 5'8" (4' in werebat form), *WT*: 124 lbs. (78 lbs. in werebat form)

Weapon Proficiencies: footman's mace, staff, hammer

Armor: none

Weapons: footman's mace +1

Magic Items: Necklace of Adaptation

Spells: Bless, Detect Magic, Endure Cold, Darkness, Combine, Augury, Hold Person, Undetectable Alignment, Silence 15' Radius, Slow Poison, Meld into Stone

Specials: as Wez, preceding.

Venna

Female Werebat, Skill 5 Cleric

STR: 10, *INT*: 14, *INS*: 16

STA: 15, *DEX*: 16 (+1, -2), *APL*: 13

HTK: 24, *AC*: 5

MV: 12"/18", *AL*: C. Evil

AT: 2, *DM*: 2D4 (bite) and by weapon

THACO: 18

HT: 5'2", (3'10" in werebat form), *WT*: 115 lbs. (60 lbs. in werebat form)

Weapon Proficiencies: footman's mace, hammer, sap

Armor: none

Weapons: hammer +2

Magic Items: Potion of ESP, Ring of Fire Resistance

Spells: Command (x2), Cause Fear, Curse, Penetrate Disguise, Chant, Spiritual Hammer, Withdraw, Wyvern Watch, Speak with Animals, Cause Blindness

Specials: as Wez, p. 76.

16. Gourdin's Chamber

It is not difficult to divine the profession of whoever calls this foul cave home, as enough instruments of decapitation can be found here to safely assume it is a headsman. In the center of the cave, towering up to nearly the full ceiling height of 15', is a gleaming guillotine. Its bright blade is lashed to the top of the device, and several bats hang peacefully from it. Around the walls are many huge axes and polearms, all of which have a cleaving motif. Toward the back of the cave is an enormous chopping block, its severely hacked up surface stained a dark brown. Also in this room are three large trunks and a worn-out cot.

This is the humble domicile of the fighter Gourdin, who was transformed into a werebat against his will by Archon and Mhiaz. Once a happy headsman in the palace of a wicked duke, he now spends much of his time in this room lamenting his situation, fearing the ravenous blood lust that oftentimes flows through his veins. The decapitation relics are all from his past, and he keeps them about so he will not forget who he once was. He stays here during daylight hours, most likely in human form, either asleep on the cot or re-enacting some great decapitation with his precious tools. At night he goes out with the rest of the werebats, but usually does not partake of any victim's devouring or the like. He waits patiently for the day that he will have his lycanthropy under control and can leave the temple forever.

If Gourdin is engaged in combat in this room, he will attempt to either lash a victim to the chopping block or lock him into the guillotine if the opportunity presents itself. Lashing someone to the chopping block requires a hit with the rope that is kept nearby it (only DEX and magic bonuses apply to victim's AC), and one round to tie the victim's arms around it (treat this attack the same as a lasso). After this, he can kill the character instantly in one chop if he succeeds in scoring a hit (calculate the victim's AC without shield). To trap a victim in the guillotine requires a hit to grab on and a strength roll on 1D20 to force the victim into it (characters with helmets or plate armor do not fit). He then locks it down and releases the blade, killing the character instantly. Any metal object (sword, mace, shield, etc.) thrust under the blade halts its fall.

The weapons on the walls are all normal except for his battle axe +2 and Axe of Hurling +2. The trunks all contain normal clothing, and the third one has a sack with 270 gp, a Potion of Extra-Healing, and a Scroll of Protection from all Lycanthropes. The few bats in this room all have the same statistics as in area 14.

Gourdin prefers to fight in human form but will turn into a bat to flee if necessary.

Gourdin

Male Werebat, Skill 7 Fighter

STR: 18/03 (+1, +3), *INT*: 12, *INS*: 13

STA: 16, *DEX*: 14, *APL*: 9

HTK: 67, *AC*: 3

MV: 12"/18", *AL*: C. Evil

AT: 2, *DM*: by weapon

THACO: 14

HT: 6'7" (5'11" in werebat form), *WT*: 281 lbs. (190 lbs. in werebat form)

Weapon Proficiencies: battle axe (double), hand axe, halberd, volgue, bardiche

Armor: none

Weapons: battle axe +2, Axe of Hurling +2

Magic Items: Ring of Protection +3, Potion of Extra-Healing, Scroll of Protection from all Lycanthropes

Specials: hit only by +1 or better weapons, screech causes pain (-1 on to hit rolls for 1D4 rounds), summon 3D6 ordinary bats in one round.

17. Archon's Quarters

Standing in rigid death at the back of this chamber is the largest bat anyone has ever seen. It is a full 15' feet tall with an enormous wing span of 60' from tip to taloned tip. Web-like strands of rope hold it to the cave wall, and steel bolts lock its mouth open in a permanent scream of rage. The stench that it exudes nearly overwhelms the entire smell of the main bat cave.

There are many other dead bats placed about this cave. More than two dozen of them hang from the ceiling, right alongside many live ones. There are also several dead bats mounted in flight and placed atop two of the large bookshelves that are in this room. Each bookshelf holds more than 30 scrolls, all wrapped in leather. Two trunks are also in this room, with blankets thrown over their lids.

Here is where the monastic master of the temple Archon resides with his servant, Kurath. During the day they are both here in bat form sleeping on the 20' high ceiling, while at night they are either out hunting or in rooms 1 or 6 of the upper temple. They attack intruders entering their room only after summoning as many bats and reinforcements as possible. The normal bats in this room all have the same statistics as in area 14.

The giant bat mounted to the wall was once the granddaddy of the bat cave in area 14, but it finally got so huge that it couldn't maneuver about anymore, and it finally died. Archon hated to see its beauty go unappreciated, so he had it brought into his quarters and mounted to the wall, along with several other dead smaller bats "to keep it company in its unlife."

The scrolls all contain information and documentation, by Archon and others, of the monkish order of Camazotz, a Chaotic Evil monastic sect. Any lawful monk who reads from these works will be

appalled by the blasphemies they contain and must destroy them at the first opportunity or lose 10,000 experience points.

The first trunk contains the meager personal effects of Archon, as well as his weapons and unholy objects, while the latter holds those of his servant. Except for the magic items they possess, there is no treasure in this room.

Archon

Male Werebat, Skill 9 Monk

STR: 15, *INT*: 14, *INS*: 15

STA: 17, *DEX*: 17 (+2, -3), *APL*: 17

HTK: 47, *AC*: 3

MV: 23"/18", *AL*: C. Evil

AT: 2 (bite and weapon) or 2 (open hands), *DM*: 2D4 (bite), by weapon +4 1/2 *HTK* or 3D4, 3D4 (open hands)

THACO: 16

HT: 6'1" (5'3" in werebat form), *WT*: 160 lbs. (122 lbs. in werebat form)

Weapon Proficiencies: heavy crossbow, dagger, garrote, staff, sap

Armor: none

Weapons: heavy crossbow with 9 heavy bolts +3, dagger +3, garrote, sap

Magic Items: Ring of Spell Storing with four Cause Light Wound spells inside, Potion of Extra-Healing

Specials: Monk abilities: Fall 30' if within 4' of a wall; stun opponents for 1D6 rounds 2/open hands if 5 over "to hit" roll, with a 12% chance to kill AC10; No damage from non-magical missiles if save vs. petrification is made, no damage from fireballs, lightning bolts, etc. if save is made, 1/2 damage if save fails; 18% chance to be surprised; speak with animals; 20% chance for ESP to affect him; unaffected by normal diseases, haste, or slow spells; feign death for 18 turns; heal damage on self for 4-7 *HTK*/day; speak with plants; 50% resistant to Beguiling, Charm, Hypnosis, and Suggestion; Thief Abilities: OL 72, F/RT 60, MS 75, HS 61, HN 30, CW 98. Werebat abilities: +1 or better weapon to hit, summon 3D6 ordinary bats in 1 round, screech causes pain (-1 to hit for 1D4 rounds).

Kurath

Male Werebat, Skill 6 Monk

STR: 16 (-, +1), *INT*: 10, *INS*: 15

STA: 15, *DEX*: 15 (-, -1), *APL*: 12

HTK: 30, *AC*: 6

MV: 20"/18", *AL*: C. Evil

AT: 2 or 3/2, *DM*: 2D4 (bite), by weapon +3 or 2D4 (open hands)

THACO: 18

HT: 6'7" (5'11" in werebat form), *WT*: 220 lbs. (160 lbs. in werebat form)

Weapon Proficiencies: bo sticks, heavy crossbow, spear, sap

Armor: none

Weapons: bo sticks, heavy crossbow with 8 heavy bolts +1, spear +1

Magic Items: Gem of Seeing

Specials: Monk Abilities: Fall 30' if within 4' of a wall; +3 *HTK* of damage with weapons; Stun for 1D6 rounds 2/open hands if 5 over to hit roll, with a 10% chance to kill AC 10; No damage from non-magical missiles if save vs. petrification is made, no damage from fireballs, lightning bolts, etc. if save is made, 1/2 if save fails; 24% chance to be surprised; Speak with animals; 26% chance for ESP to work; Unaffected by non-magical diseases, Haste or Slow spells; Feign death for 12 turns; Thief Abilities: OL 47, F/RT 45, MS 47, HS 37, HN 20, CW 92; Werebat abilities: hit only by +1 or better weapons, summon 3D6 ordinary bats in 1 round, screech causes pain (-1 on attack rolls for 1D4 rounds).

18. Mhiaz's Chamber

By all appearances, this is the closest thing the temple has to a treasure chamber. Nearly a score of filthy, molding bags are piled up along the far wall, and their sides have broken open to reveal glints of silver and gold. A large oak wardrobe stands in the middle of it all, and it is opened to reveal a marvelous collection of rich robes and cloaks, most of them black but some of them deep purples and blues. Four large chests flank the wardrobe, two on either side. More than a score of bats hang from the ceiling. The walls of the cave have many large and intricate drawings hung on them that depict the surrounding countryside in precise detail. There are also many drawings of bats and man-bats, as well as monstrous bat-demons and other bat-like winged horrors flying out of festering wounds in the earth.

The high priest of the temple of Camazotz calls this wealthy and dank cave his home. During the day, he is probably asleep in bat form here, and at night he is either out hunting or in rooms 1 or 6. The ceiling

here is 15' high, and the bats hanging from it all have statistics similar to those in area 14.

There are 4,300 silver pieces and 9,800 gold pieces in all of the sacks in this room, with 800 electrum pieces and 170 platinum mixed in. The wardrobe holds all of Mhiaz's robes of office and several others, 10 in all. If he is asleep here, it also holds his Staff of Swarming Insects, his footman's mace +1, his scrolls, and his unholy symbols and objects. The chests contain the following: #1 has more clothing and footwear, as well as several empty pouches and sacks; #2 contains 3 bags with 10 pieces of 100 gp jewelry in each; #3 has 100' of rope, a footman's mace, a box of 10 caltrops, and a Potion of Frost Giant Strength; and chest #4 has a locked metal box containing a Wand of Paralyzation with 50 charges and a magic-user's scroll of Dimension Door, Passwall, Teleport, and Teleport Without Error at Skill 16 usage, all covered by a layer of 400 copper pieces. The drawings on the wall could fetch up to 100 gp each from an interested buyer, and there are 10 in all.

Mhiaz

Male Werebat, Skill 9 Cleric

STR: 11, *INT*: 15, *INS*: 18

STA: 12, *DEX*: 12, *APL*: 17

HTK: 40, *AC*: 4

MV: 12"/18", *AL*: C. Evil

AT: 2, *DM*: 2D4 (bite), by weapon

THACO: 16

HT: 6'3" (5'4" in werebat form), *WT*: 156 lbs. (123 lbs. in werebat form)

Weapon Proficiencies: mace, sap, staff, lasso

Armor: none

Weapons: Staff of Swarming Insects with 31 charges, footman's mace +1, sap

Magic Items: Bracers of Defense AC4, Potion of Extra-Healing, Scrolls of Protection from Magical Edged Weapons, Protection from Magical Blunt Weapons, and Protection from Magical Missile Weapons

Spells: Curse, Command, Cause Light Wounds, Darkness, Protect from Good, Cause Fear, Augury, Chant, Hold Person, Unholy Symbol, Messenger, Speak with Animals, Animate Dead, Cause Disease, Speak with Dead, Dispel Magic, Giant Insect, Cloak of Fear, Poison, Insect Plague

Specials: hit only by +1 or better weapons, summon 3D6 ordinary bats in 1 round, shriek causes pain (-1 on to hit rolls for 1D4 rounds).

19. Initiates' Chamber

This small cave is almost entirely featureless except for two worn cots and a pair of small trunks. A hanging on the wall depicts a giant bat devouring a swarm of humans, all of whom have insect wings.

This is where the two Skill-4 clerics, Khari and Marizhol, reside as they become initiated into the horrors of lycanthropy. They are not werebats yet but soon will be made into ones, and in the meantime they each wear a Cloak of the Bat to help assimilate themselves to the lifestyle. They are never farther than 50' away from Mhiaz, and wherever he appears outside or in the temple, they will be in attendance.

The cots are normal. The trunks contain clothing and personal effects, in addition to weapons and unholy objects. The wall hanging would fetch 10 gp to an interested, if somewhat demented, buyer. The ceiling here is 15' high.

Khari

Human Female, Skill 4 Cleric
STR: 11, *INT*: 10, *INS*: 14
STA: 14, *DEX*: 16 (+1, -2), *APL*: 8
HTK: 21, *AC*: 6
MV: 12", *AL*: C. Evil
AT: 1, *DM*: by weapon
THAC0: 18
HT: 6'2", *WT*: 160 lbs.
Weapon Proficiencies: staff, footman's mace, sap
Armor: none
Weapons: quarterstaff +2
Magic Items: Cloak of the Bat
Spells: Cure Light Wounds, Cause Light Wounds (x2), Sanctuary, Command, Enthrall, Speak with Animals

Marizhol

Human Female, Skill 4 Cleric
STR: 16 (-, +1), *INT*: 9, *INS*: 13
STA: 13, *DEX*: 9, *APL*: 16
HTK: 22, *AC*: 8
MV: 12", *AL*: C. Evil
AT: 1, *DM*: by weapon
THAC0: 18
HT: 5'11", *WT*: 150 lbs.
Weapon Proficiencies: footman's mace, sap, footman's flail
Armor: none
Weapons: footman's flail, sap
Magic Items: Cloak of the Bat, Potion of Polymorph Self, Potion of Gaseous Form

Spells: Darkness, Cure Light Wounds (x2), Cause Fear, Speak with Animals, Hold Person.

New Creature

Lycanthrope — Werebat

Frequency: Very Rare
No. Appearing: 2-8
% in Lair: 35%
Treasure Type: C, Q
HTK: 3D8+2 or by character level
AC: 6
Move: 12"/18" (MC: C) (24" MC: B)
AT: 1 or 2 (1)
DM: 2D4 (bite) or 2D4 (bite), by weapon (1)
THAC0: 16
AL: C. Evil
INT: Exceptional
SZ: S-M
Specials: screech, summon bats
Defenses: silver or +1 or better weapon to hit
Magic Resistance: standard
Psionic Ability: nil
Experience point value: 190 + 4/HTK in standard form

The wicked werebat is a race of cave-dwelling lycanthropes usually found in remote jungle places, but oftentimes they make their lairs near inhabited areas in order to corrupt and feed off the local populace. They are capable of assuming three forms — human, man-bat, and bat. The man-bat form is typically a bit smaller than the human form, with longer arms and leathery wings. In this form they are able to fly at a rate of 18", with a maneuverability class of C. The statistics given above in parentheses are for the ordinary bat form.

Once per turn the werebat can emit a piercing screech that affects all in a 30' radius except bats, werebats, and similar creatures. This screech causes pain in any individual who does not make a save vs. breath weapon, giving the victim -1 on attack rolls for 1D4 rounds. The werebat can also summon 3D6 ordinary bats if any are to be found in an area. These creatures arrive in 1 round and obey the werebat that called them.

Character types who are transformed into werebats retain their original skill levels and HTK or the 3D8+2, whichever is higher. They also keep all skills and abilities, including spells, which they had previously and can make one attack with a weapon and one with a bite each round.

— Christopher Painter

Treasure Tower

The Treasure Tower, as it has been dubbed by the local population, has been an eyesore for as long as anyone can remember. At one time it was obviously a magnificent edifice, but due to time's unrelenting grip, it now stands as a grim reminder to all that nothing is eternal.

Background

More than 200 years ago, a powerful wizard named Kes built the tower to protect his fabulous wealth. Kes did not try to hide what he was doing because he was sure that the tower's defenses would be more than adequate to thwart any attempted robberies, and he was right. Unfortunately he would not live to learn this because Kes was ambushed and killed less than a week after the tower was completed. Many people believed someone tried to force Kes to divulge the tower's secrets, and that when he refused they killed him.

After Kes' death, many groups of thieves, including many of Kes' own men, tried to capture the treasure. None succeeded, and it is said that more than 100 men died trying to accomplish this feat. With time, the attempts became less frequent, until conventional wisdom finally decided that the only way the tower would yield its treasure would be when it crumbled to dust. Everyone has heard of the treasure, but as the decades passed most people have just dismissed it as rumor. Even so, no one has tried to verify its existence for more than 50 years. It is now said that the tower is haunted, and most people simply ignore it, saying that it is better to let the dead rest undisturbed.

The Tower

The tower is 100' tall, and its top half is covered with a tangled mass of thick, clinging vines. The vines appear to be growing out of the tower itself because not even a single root can be seen anywhere near the ground. There are no windows on the tower's lower half, and the thick leaves hide any windows that may be located above. While the lower half of the tower appears to be sturdy, large chunks of granite surround its base, apparently having fallen from somewhere under the vines. The only obvious entrance to the tower is through a rounded tunnel, much like the entrance to an igloo. A large oaken door stands open, beckoning someone to enter.

The door leads to a small antechamber less than 5' in length. It was originally built as a shelter for the human guards who were supposed to guard this tower. The door is open because of the numerous intruders who already gained entry past this point in an attempt to loot the tower. Getting through the outer doors will pose no problems to anyone, and there is nothing of interest in the antechamber. The antechamber's inner door is also open, and the way into the tower is unobstructed.

Inside

The inside of the tower is approximately 30' in diameter and appears to be totally ordinary. A narrow staircase hugs the perimeter of the tower, circling upwards and out of sight into the darkness. The stairs lead upward for 50' and then end at a small platform in front of an imposing looking wooden door.

The stairs are solid and easily traversible. If anyone decides to climb the stairs, he will be unimpeded for the first 20'. As soon as any member of a party reaches the 20' level, a bright glow will begin to emanate from the door at the top of the stairs and a heavily armored skeleton will materialize on the landing. Mouth wide, as if yelling an unheard war cry, it will immediately charge down the stairs and attack.

From this point on, one skeleton will appear for each of the next 25 melee rounds. Due to the narrowness of the stairs, only one party member can engage the skeletons at a time. Also, because of the uneven footing on the stairs, each time a character is hit, there is a 10% chance that he will lose his footing and fall. For each 10' fallen, the character sustains 1D6 HTK of damage, figured cumulatively. That is, a 10' fall does 1D6 HTK of damage; a 20' fall does 3D6 HTK of damage (1+2); a 30' fall does 6D6 HTK of damage (1+2+3); and so on.

The skeletons are actually located at the top of the tower in the main treasure room, but through the use of a "one-way" Dimension Door cast by Kes, they can immediately appear to ward off any would-be intruders. The skeletons will fight until they are all destroyed or until the party has been slain or driven off. If a Dispel Magic is thrown on the door, the skeletons will immediately stop appearing as the spell closes their magical portal. If this occurs, be sure to keep track of how many skeletons remain because they will be able to attack the party again in the treasure room.

The first 24 skeletons that appear are normal in all aspects. The 25th skeleton is the leader and is

much bigger and meaner than the rest. This skeleton wears +5 black plate mail and wields a glowing +3 sword. It is well over 7' in height and moves with surprising agility for a denizen of the undead.

Skeleton Leader

HTK: 4D8, *AC:* 2
MV: 15", *AL:* C. Evil
AT: 1, *DM:* 1D12
THACO: 18

Once the player characters have destroyed the skeletons, they can continue up the stairs. The stairs end at a 5'-wide landing in front of a sturdy-looking wooden door. There are no handles or knobs visible on the door, but there is a small knobbed lever set in the wall directly next to it.

It is obvious from the way the lever is set in the wall that it can move left or right or up or down. It is not obvious that the lever can be pushed in. If the lever is pushed inward, the door slides upward into the wall and the party may enter the room beyond. If someone moves the lever in any other direction, the platform the party is standing on folds in on itself, dropping anyone who was standing on it to the floor 50' below. Anyone who falls receives 15D6 of falling damage. Any player may make a saving throw against the character's DEX to see if he successfully jumps off the platform and back onto the stairway in time. If a character makes his save and manages to jump off the platform, anyone at the top of the stairs must also make a save against DEX or be knocked off the stairway.

If anyone ignores the lever and tries to force his way through the door, he will be unsuccessful. The door is set up so that any strong pressure on it activates the trap in the same manner that tampering with the lever would.

Magic also will not get the party through the door. Every wall of the tower is protected by an Anti-Magic spell, and no magic will be successful if it is cast against any part of it. (The Dimension Door could be dispelled because it was situated directly in front of the door and not part of the tower itself.) For example, if the party uses a Knock spell or a Dimension Door to try to pass through the door, it will not work, and the spell will merely dissipate before any damage can be done.

A character can experiment with the lever safely by Levitating in front of it. Once someone figures out how to open the door, he will still not be home free. As soon as the door opens, a 5D6 Fireball explodes

among the party. If anyone is still on the platform (and not Levitating or secured in some way), there is a 25% chance that he will be knocked off the platform. As earlier, allow the character a saving throw.

The Fireball has been cast by one of two Spirit Nagas, who are the room's guardians. They were placed there by Kes as a last defense for the treasure that he has housed within the tower. The Nagas will not communicate in any way and will fight to the death.

Spirit Naga (2)

HTK: 10D8, *AC:* 4
MV: 12", *AL:* Neutral
AT: 1, *DM:* 1D3 + poison
THACO: 17

Specials: Permanently Charm anyone who meets their gaze (save vs. Paralyzation); magical ability of a Skill 5 magic-user; clerical ability of a Skill 4 cleric.

The room is 30' in diameter and has a 30'-high ceiling. The room is totally bare, except for some writing on the far wall of the room, and there are no other doors or windows to be seen. An alert character might notice that he has climbed 50' and the ceiling is 30' above him, but the tower is 100' tall.

If someone investigates the writing, he will find three letters etched into the wall. The letters are S, E, and K (an anagram of Kes). If a character places his hand on the K, then the E, and then the S, a trap door in the ceiling will slide open and a ladder will drop down, revealing the way to the main treasure room. If someone touches the letters out of order, that character takes 1D8 HTK of electrical damage each time he touches a letter out of order.

The trap door is the only way to reach the treasure room above. The top floor of the tower is also 30' in diameter, but its ceiling is only 20' high. The floor is covered with piles of gold pieces, radiant gems and jewels, and a hodgepodge of miscellaneous items.

The treasure housed within this room includes 8,000 gold pieces, 4,800 silver pieces, and 1,200 platinum pieces. Hidden among the vast piles of coins are a Ring of Feather Fall, a Gem of Brightness, a Medallion of ESP, a Necklace of Missiles (7 missiles, one 7 dice, two 5 dice, four 3 dice), and a set of Figurines of Wondrous Power (Two Golden Lions).

— Lee Agosta

wilderness sites

Cavern of the Eartborn

This site works best in a mountainous area, preferably one with a history of volcanic activity. But that is not entirely necessary — a flowing river of lava in a cavern deep beneath a cool forest could also be an interesting idea.

The entrance to the cavern could be either a cave entrance on the surface or an offshoot passageway of a dungeon. The passage consists of volcanic rock, the walls scorched black and radiating hazy shimmers of heat. Farther along, a fine mist covers travelers like a sauna. Occasionally the fog becomes very thick, reducing visibility to nearly nothing.

Just as the heat reaches unbearable levels, the passage abruptly opens into a large cavern. This cave also consists of volcanic rock, with a swiftly moving lava flow at the far end of the cavern. The lava bathes the cavern in an eerie red glow, making the place appear to be one of Hell's antechambers.

The most incredible part of the cavern, however, is the ceiling. Instead of a ceiling of rock, a rough and turbulent lake occupies the entire top of the cavern. Large waves crash against the upper walls of the cave and then rebound back amongst themselves with a furious roar.

As visitors marvel at this upside-down world and wonder if they are walking on the ceiling, large drops of water begin to fall down from the lake far above them. The water falls slowly at first, but as the drips turn into a torrent, anyone standing below would quickly conclude that the entire lake was about to come crashing down.

The above scenario should be sufficient to cause a panic in even the most seasoned adventurers. In reality they have nothing to fear, for the entire incident is an illusion created by the Eartborn (see p. 85). The Eartborn are an ancient race of underground spirits born of the earth itself. They are mischievous and troublesome creatures, loving to amuse themselves at another's expense. They are masters at creating illusions, and they love to torment their victims, not kill them. For example, visitors sensing the imminent cascade of water from the ceiling may try to run from the cave, teleport, or even hold their breath, all to no avail as they see the water plummeting down upon them. A split second before

the water hits them, it vanishes, and the cave returns to normal. This is because the Eartborn stopped the illusion before any party member could sustain damage — after all, they would much rather have a live group to torment than a dead one.

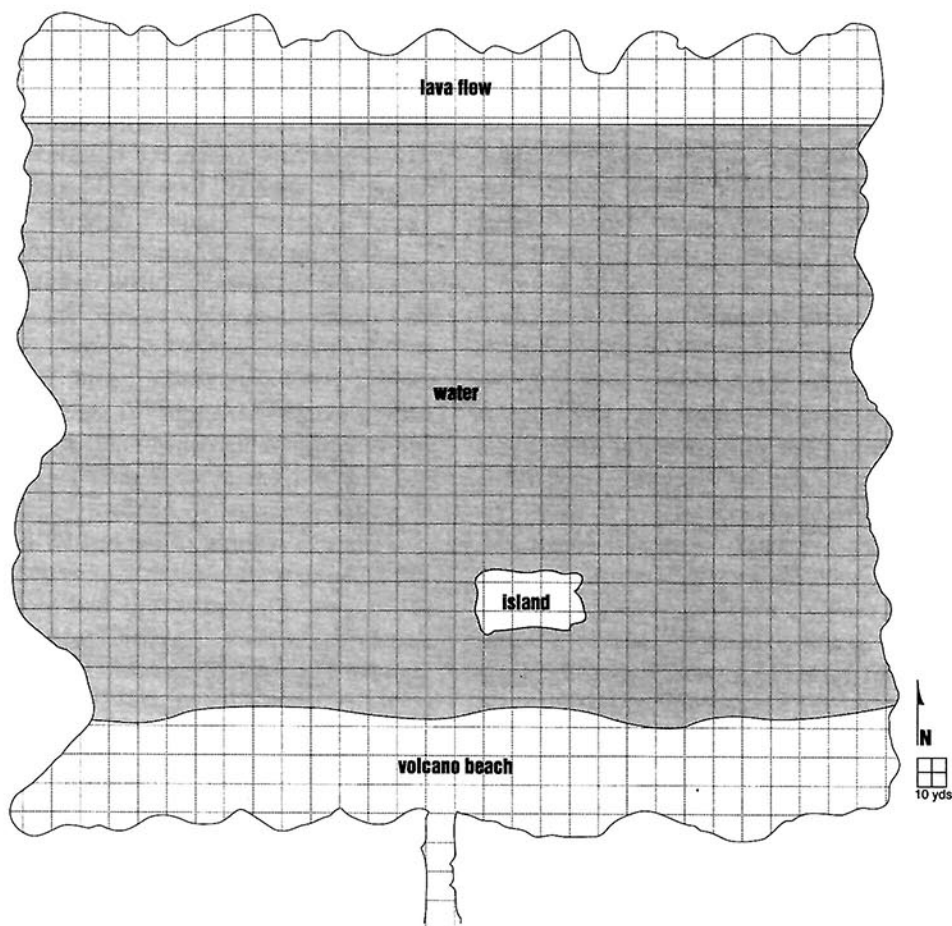
After the adventurers have recovered from the shock of their "dousing," they will be able to resume their examination of the cavern. The cavern stretches out approximately 50 yards to the east and west and almost 100 yards to the north. The water of an underground lake begins 10 yards in front of them and reaches the hardened wall of magma at the far end of the cavern. A small sand bar juts out almost 3' above the water just 30' offshore.

There is nothing of interest to the east or west. The water is as dark as the eyes of death, and anyone staring into its depths will feel as if the water is peering right back. Anyone looking closely at the sand bar 10 yards offshore will realize that a sword is partially embedded in the sand. Even from this distance an adventurer can make out its jewel-encrusted hilt and shiny blade.

As any group of adventurers are examining the cavern and planning their next action, the water in front of them suddenly erupts high into the air, and an obscenely huge serpent catapults upwards from the depths, obviously intent on feasting on the tasty morsels at the water's edge. Looking up in awe, they realize that its head is almost 40' above the water, supported on a snake-like body the size of an ancient oak tree. To make matters worse, there must be an additional 40' of this creature still left under the water, at least. Almost with deliberate slowness, it opens its maw and looks down at them. It has three rows of sharp teeth, and its tongue whips to and fro, showering everything within range with its putrid saliva. Quicker than they would have thought possible for a creature this size, it strikes.

Once again the Eartborn are having fun at the expense of the visitors in their cavern. They were growing bored watching the party explore the cave and decided to spice things up with a giant sea serpent. After the adventurers' first experience in this room, they may choose to disbelieve in the serpent. If this is the case, each player should make a saving throw vs. spells. (A save should only be allowed if the player specifically states that he believes that the

Cavern of the Eartborn



creature is an illusion.) Anyone who is successful will realize that the monster is only an illusion and will not be affected by it in any way. Once one player has made a successful save, add +4 to all other save attempts. Of course, a Dispel Magic will cancel the illusion immediately. If the party does believe that it is an actual sea serpent, a "semi-melee" situation will take place. However, the Eartborn have no wish to hurt anyone, so the creature will always miss its intended target. The Eartborn will tire of this game at the end of three melee rounds. At that time they will dispel the illusion, and the creature will vanish, apparently into thin air.

When the illusion ends and the terrible creature vanishes, the cavern itself seems to erupt into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. Laughter echoes from every nook and cranny, yet its source is not apparent. Suddenly, hundreds of multicolored streaks of light begin to dance in the air around the party. Before the

adventurers' eyes, the streaks of light begin to take the shape of tiny, winged creatures. A moment later, they streak as one to the highest point of the cavern, glow brightly for a moment and then disappear.

After their latest joke, the Eartborn could not help coming out personally to laugh at the party. Having satiated their mischief for the time being, they have returned to their homes amongst the stalactites of the cave, leaving the party to wonder if they were just another illusion.

At this time the party may wish to explore the sand bar or the lava flow. To reach either place the party must figure out a way to cross the lake. The water looks deep and forbidding, but in reality it is only inches deep. Its apparent depth is a natural illusion caused by the dark rock of the cavern floor and the mixture of volcanic dust in the water. Therefore, the group may simply walk across it to their destination.

The water itself is totally normal, and no harm will befall anyone who comes in contact with it or attempts to drink it. However the party gets over or through the water, the adventurers find intense heat near the lava flow. If they find a safe way to explore it, they find nothing of interest. The sand bar, however, is another story.

As an adventurer nears the sand bar by wading or lands on it if he finds a way over the water, the sand begins to shake violently, and a monstrous crustacean appears from beneath it. It is easily 20' in length, and its 5' pincers eagerly open and close as if in anticipation of a good meal. Members of the party realize that the sword that seemed to be embedded in the sand was actually stuck in this abomination, apparently left there by one of its long-forgotten meals.

Giant Crab

HTK: 36, *AC:* 3
MV: 6"/18", *AL:* Neutral
AT: 2, *DM:* 2D12, 2D12
THACO: 14

This is the one true danger that resides in this cavern, a giant crab. Covering itself with sand, it lies perfectly still until a meal walks into easy reach, and then it pounces. Because the crab is so well hidden, it surprises victims on a 1-4 rolled on a 1D6. The crab will only attack if someone approaches within 5' of the sand bar.

Though this danger is very real, the party may again doubt its authenticity. They may wish to disbelieve in the creature or even throw a *Dispel Magic* at it. This course of action will do them no good, instead giving the crab another chance to attack. The crab will fight until dead or until it has consumed the entire party.

If the adventurers kill or distract the crustacean, they can recover the sword stuck in its back. It is a *Sword of Sharpness*, a magnificent piece of work and obviously worth a king's ransom. Its hilt is solid ivory, carved in the likeness of a flying dragon. Its wings extend out and away from the hilt to form a protective shield for its user's hand. Two large diamonds are set in the dragon's eyes, and its horns are sculpted in platinum. The blade itself is extremely sharp and seems to be in perfect condition.

The Eartborn

Frequency: Rare
No. Appearing: 100-400
Armor Class: 6

Move: 4"/48"

Hit Dice: 1-2 Hit Points

In Lair: 100%

Treasure Type: Nil

Attacks: See Below

Intelligence: Average

Alignment: Neutral

Size: Small (3" tall)

The Eartborn are an ancient race that inhabits the deepest caves, caverns, and similar subterranean places. They are very small creatures, most being shorter than three inches tall. Strangely enough, they are cousins to both Pixies and Dryads, possessing characteristics of each race. The Eartborn's natural appearance is that of a tiny winged person who is made entirely of rock. However, very few will ever see them in their natural state, because they spend most of their time incorporeal, which they can become at will. When incorporeal, they appear as a multicolored patch of light that is floating (or streaking) near the ceiling of the cavern that they occupy.

The Eartborn are created out of the natural elements and magic of the earth itself. Each of the Eartborn dwells within a single stalactite, using it much as a Dryad would use a tree. When they are incorporeal, it offers them protection, as well as a source of nourishment, and they never travel more than 50' from their home. If its stalactite is destroyed, the Eartborn is destroyed along with it, because that is the source of its life and power.

The Eartborn are generally peaceable creatures, but they do have an extremely mischievous nature. They will never pass up a chance to disrupt or confuse an expedition. They can easily accomplish this by using their innate power of illusion. This ability is very powerful, and it incorporates not only sight, but sound and smell as well. They have no other offensive capabilities, so if they are directly threatened or their illusion is broken, they immediately return to their home and hide until the danger passes.

For this reason, most of them only occupy the stalactites of caverns or passages with very high ceilings. Not only does this keep them out of spell range, but it makes it very difficult for someone on the ground to see that they are disappearing into a specific stalactite. To those observing from below, it may seem that they have simply vanished through the top of the cavern or teleported elsewhere.

— Lee Agosta

Green Well

This well could be anywhere, either in a settlement or in a remote area. Around the well is a circular stone wall. The wall is 7' in diameter and 3' high. The stones of the wall appear to be green, but a closer examination shows that they are covered with an algae-like growth.

The workmanship of the wall is exceptional. Each stone is fitted perfectly and the mortared joints carefully finished. There is no cover over the

opening. Nor is there a bucket or rope. It appears that the well has not been used in a very long time.

Within 5' of the well a slight pungent odor is noticeable. As one gets closer to the wall, the odor grows stronger. If a character leans over the wall and looks into the hole, the putrid smell is overpowering. Make a saving throw vs. Paralyzation or be affected as per a Stinking Cloud spell.

The stonework inside the well appears the same as the wall outside. The same careful workmanship is obvious. The stone descends about 30' and disappears into darkness. The use of a light source doesn't change this.

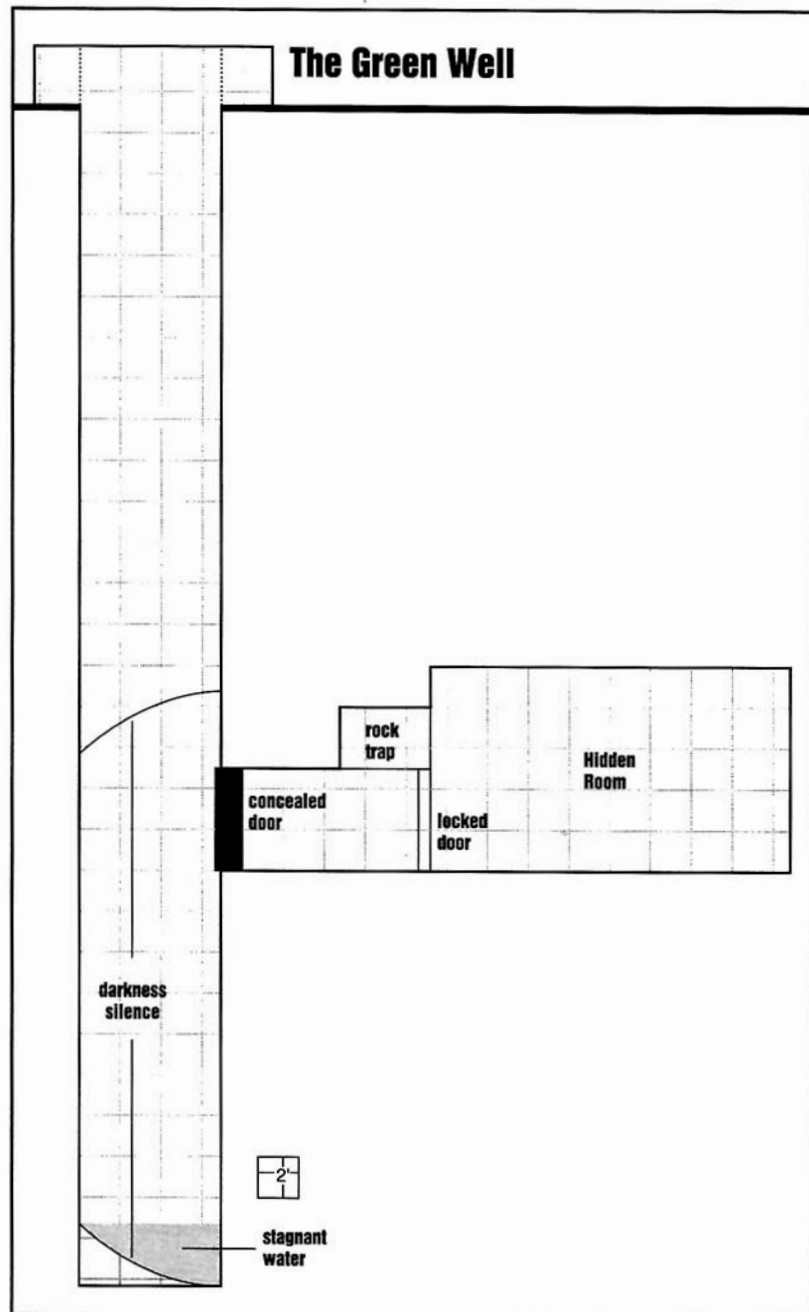
As a matter of fact, dropping a light into the hole results in two pieces of information. First, the light disappears about 30' down. Second, there is no sound of it hitting the bottom.

A container suspended from a rope will descend 60' and hit liquid. The liquid brought up from the well is thick and green. It also smells terrible. (It is nothing more than stagnant water filled with algae, rotting vegetation, and dead insects.)

A careful examination of the inside of the well reveals a six-inch indentation in the wall. The indentation is about 1' from the top. There is a second hole, 1' below the first. They appear to be hand and toe holes.

The Green Well was built by the original settler of the area, long before a town existed. At that time, the land was wild and very dangerous. Aside from being a source of water, the well was constructed with a secret room to be used in times of danger.

The well is 60' deep and 7' in diameter. The water source has dried up, but there is still 3' of stagnant water collected in the bottom. The water is filled with algae and rotting leaves. It is also a breeding ground for insects.



As payment for the settler's hospitality, an unknown cleric cast a Silence 15' spell and a Darkness 15' spell on the well 15' from the bottom. He then used a Scroll of Permanence to keep the spells from wearing off. (For dispelling purposes, treat the Silence 15' and Darkness 15' spells as 15th level. Treat the Permanence spell as 9th level.)

Climbing down without a rope is very difficult. The algae makes the stones very slippery. Treat as a slippery surface. Thief characters Climb Walls with a -20% penalty or save against 1/2 DEX, whichever is better.

Other characters must save against 1/4 DEX. Saving throws must be made every 10'. A failure results in a fall. Damage from the fall is 1D4 HTK of damage for every 10' of falling distance. A Spider Climb spell will not work because the algae completely covers the wall.

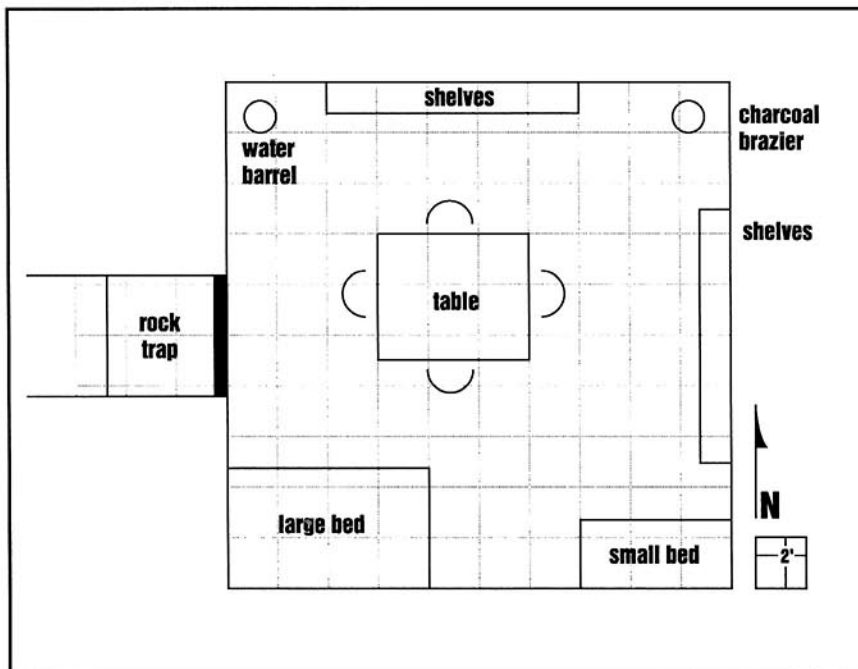
At 30' down, characters enter darkness unaffected by any normal light source. In addition all sound stops. Save vs. Paralyzation or suffer from vertigo and fall.

When climbing down the well, there is no way for characters to exchange positions in their marching order. A change in the marching order can only be accomplished out of the well or within the room.

The hand holes descend 40' and end at a concealed door. It is another 20' to the bottom of the well. Any character falling into the well must be rescued. The door, unlocked, opens to a 10' long, 5' x 5' lateral passage. At the end of the tunnel is another door. This door is trapped and barred from the inside. Since there is no lock on this side to pick, the only way to enter is to bash down the door.

A successful Find Traps roll reveals that the door is supporting the ceiling stone directly in front of the door. Unless the stone is propped up, it falls when the door is opened, causing 5D6 HTK of damage and pinning victims in the passage. It takes a combined STR of 25 or higher to push the stone back into place.

Opening the door releases the air from the room. It is stale and musty. Any flame source flickers as the air passes due to a lack of oxygen.



The room is 20' long, 20' wide, and 10' high. In the center are a table and four chairs, two with skeletons sitting in them. From the clothing you can tell that one was a man and the other a woman. The clothing was well tailored, like a merchant's rather than a farmer's. Pinned to the female skeleton's dress is a 10 gp brooch. The male skeleton has a pouch containing 21 gp, 13 sp, and 34 cp.

On the table are an oil lamp and some papers. The papers on the table are account records for a trading post. There is nothing useful in them, except that they are dated 10 years before the surrounding area was settled.

Against the south wall are a large double bed and a smaller bed, the latter also occupied by a skeleton, this one the size of a child. There are no signs of violence, nor is the cause of death apparent. (Actually they died of asphyxiation when the oxygen in the room was used up.) A search of the large bed reveals a sack containing 64 gp, 47 sp, 28 cp, a 20 gp necklace, and a plain gold ring (+1 Protection).

Shelves line the north and east walls. They are filled with sacks, jars, boxes, and dishes. In the northeast corner of the room is a charcoal brazier. In the northwest corner is a 50-gallon keg. The shelves contain food and supplies. The keg is filled with water. This room was obviously stocked for an extended stay.

— Roger T. Johnson, Jr.

Psi Cave

In a giant hollow stalactite that hangs above a yawning bottomless pit, a sorcerer awaits his death. His end will not come on the blade of a paladin's sword, nor will he be burnt alive by dragon fire. His end will be by his own hand, a suicide of sorts. For the magic that eats away at his soul is slowly, bit by bit, pushing the earth over his grave.

Background

His name is Paulo Kel-Techan, and many years ago he controlled the magic. But now, because of his dependence upon a magical drug known as "psi," the magic controls him.

Paulo Kel-Techan is a human Skill 10 magic-user, and a Last Level user of the potion psi (see p. 90). He first used the potion many years ago when he was in the service of an evil overlord, when much was expected of him in terms of magical performance. While using psi, his miracles were spectacular and his feats unmatched, and he eventually led the overlord and his armies to a sweeping victory against an entire dwarven nation, nearly obliterating them all.

But then, as usually happens with someone who uses psi, Kel-Techan's health began to fail. Oftentimes he would fall unconscious on the battlefield seconds after casting a spell, and he began to look gaunt and thin. Deeming him a useless husk of a mage, the overlord discarded this once-powerful sorcerer, leaving him to wallow in freakish misery.

His days of conquering kingdoms behind him, Kel-Techan eventually married the princess Dandra Gomo, one of the many daughters that his former overlord master had fathered and disowned. She implored him to quit using psi for his magic, and he acquiesced. He stopped right away and without any aid, but by closing the doorway that let in his magic so quickly, he unwittingly left some of it on the other side. He was now free of the potion, but it had already exacted its payment.

Deciding once again to lead the life of an adventurer to regain some of his lost power, he hooked up with a motley group whose favorite pastime was raiding elven outposts. All was going reasonably well until one night when he returned home from a successful day of pillaging and found his wife dead. Her heart was pierced by a dagger, a dagger whose pommel bore the insignia of her father's dark brigade.

So this was to be his punishment for failing in the overlord's service! Kel-Techan fell into a brooding rage in which he contemplated the turn of revenge he would play on his former master. He spent months amassing an army of a thousand undead warriors, harvested like ripe corn from the battlefields of the dwarves that he and his master had once jointly destroyed. He also endured many black nights of reintroducing psi into his soul, eventually working his way up to the precipice of death at the Last Level. When his power was at its peak, he marched his army of undead dwarves on the overlord's stronghold.

Kel-Techan's forces made no noise as they stormed the walls, needed no fires to keep them warm at night while they rested, needed no rest. They ate the flesh of the overlord's army, causing those who survived their assault to flee in terror. The siege engines that were brought to bear against Kel-Techan's warriors were blasted to dust by the awesome might of the wizard's psi-enhanced magic, as were the walls of the buildings in which the overlord hid.

When at last the two confronted one another, Kel-Techan mercilessly pummeled the overlord with such force that in mere seconds he had the warrior broken, burnt, and bloodied, gasping his last breaths. And it was these last breaths that the wizard had choked out of the overlord by the animated corpse of Dandra Gomo, his own daughter, Paulo's wife. When at last her father's lifeless body lay motionless in her lifeless hands, Paulo exploded the entire castle in an eruption of black flame.

The Hanging Hall

These days, Paulo Kel-Techan lives on the edge of existence. His home is a giant hollowed-out stalactite in a remote mountain cave. The stalactite, which Paulo calls "The Hanging Hall," has many elaborate and beautiful rooms and chambers inside. It is positioned over a gigantic pit that plunges so deeply into the earth's depths that it is rumored to have no bottom. The mountains in which the cave is located are occasionally rocked by violent earthquakes, and Paulo knows that one day one of these tremors will break the Hanging Hall away from the ceiling and send it falling eternally into the pit below. He has taken no precautions for this occurrence. When it happens, he will simply fall with it.

In appearance, Paulo is thin and worn-looking, and while he is only 47, he moves about slowly and is constantly in ill health. His most notable feature is

the fact that his long, shaggy mane of gray-black hair is shaved clean on both temples of his head. Each temple bears four long, horizontal scars, wounds caused by the application of psi. His face is usually clean-shaven, and his long nose is crooked from being broken so many times. All of his charisma is contained in his gray eyes, which never waver from whomever he is speaking with. Within them can be found the health and vitality that have fled his body. Paulo typically wears black or gray breeches and tunic, with a long, thick gray robe over the top. His boots are always of the finest leather and go up to his knees. An ioun stone that boosts his failing stamina constantly trails about his head.

Paulo spends much of his time poring over tomes, inscribing scrolls, researching magical formulas, and seeking to corrupt the outside world. He especially enjoys coaxing good people into doing awful and unspeakable things. Although he is thoroughly evil, Paulo never commits an evil act without purpose.

He never kills simply for the joy of it. Instead, the act of killing must be a step toward a final goal. This should not lead one to think that he doesn't enjoy killing, for he does, and quite a bit. But wanton slaughter without an end goal is not only primitive in his eyes, but dangerous as well. One could accidentally kill someone who could someday be a potential ally, or even worse, someone who is treasured by someone else who may be incredibly powerful and wish to exact revenge.

When dealing with others, even those of Good alignment, Paulo is remarkably civil unless angered or threatened. He by no means hates Good characters simply because they are Good and is offended by them only if he perceives them as either ignorant or a threat.

Excessive use of psi has weakened Paulo's health to the point where he is not very strong without it, however, and this has made him a bit paranoid when it comes to trusting others. While not entirely harmless without psi, he is considerably weaker than most magic-users. He keeps himself at the Last Level of psi usage, so every spell he casts, whether he is currently on psi or not, causes him 1 HTK of damage per spell Skill Level. While he's under the effects of psi, his spells can have incredibly powerful effects, but for every spell he casts, he must make an unmodified save vs. magic or lose 1 point of Stamina. Because of this, he maintains a supply of scrolls, wands, and other magical devices that duplicate spell-like effects to keep him from having to cast

spells himself. He typically uses scrolls to summon creatures such as elementals, invisible stalkers, and other monsters to do his fighting for him.

His two servants, Gunnar the bugbear and Hamdir the goblin, attend him constantly. Gunnar is an enormous creature with maximum HTK and an 18/00 Strength, who typically carries a battle axe +3. He has only one arm, his right one, as the other was lost in a struggle with a shark. As a result he has an odd phobia about arms and tends to collect them from his defeated opponents. His room in the Hanging Hall is decorated with a variety of these severed limbs, much to Kel-Techan's dismay. Hamdir the goblin is Paulo's philosophical adviser; he has an INS of 18. He wears small smoked glasses to filter out light and to help his poor vision; without them he is -4 in combat. Also in the Hanging Hall are a number of flesh golems, Paulo's pet 12-headed hydra Null, who has wings and a flying rate of 24", and many small creatures called air eels, which are in all respects the same as normal eels, except that they swim through the air.

Visitors are usually welcome in the Hanging Hall if they have legitimate business. Those who do not usually get a chance to meet Null or must endure a number of other ghastly tortures. Kel-Techan knows he probably does not have much time left on this world, and he does not want to waste the time he has doomed himself to.

Paulo Kel-Techan

Human, Skill 10 Magic-User

STR: 11, INT: 17, INS: 10

STA: 7 (6 without ioun stone), DEX: 14, APL: 17

HTK: 32, AC: 2

MV: 12", AL: N. Evil

AT: 1, DM: by weapon

THAC0: 19

Religion/Deity: Greek/Hecate

HT: 5'10", WT: 130 lbs.

Weapon Proficiencies: dagger, staff

Armor: none

Weapons: staff +2

Magic Items: Rod of Beguiling (31 charges), Ring of Regeneration, Wand of Steam and Vapor (70 charges), Ioun Stone (+1 on Stamina), psi-dagger (see following), Bracers of Defense AC2, Mirror of Mental Prowess, plus many potions and scrolls that he has manufactured.

Spells: 4/4/3/2/2 (GM's choice)

Specials: as per the potion psi (see p. 90).

Special magic item notes: Ring of Regeneration: cannot regenerate HTK lost by the casting of spells from psi; Ioun Stone: if this is lost or destroyed, Paulo will lose 10 HTK as his Stamina drops to 6; Psi-dagger: a normal dagger with intricate carving and jewel inlay on the pommel, it has a reservoir in the blade that holds three doses of psi, released by pressing a catch on the pommel. He always keeps up to five additional doses of psi in the Hanging Hall, and if these are depleted he must venture out to get more. The dagger has an XP value of 200 when empty plus the value of any psi inside, and a gp sale value of 3,000.

Psi

XP VALUE: 250

GP VALUE: 500/DOSE

Called a potion by some and a drug by others, psi benefits only magic-users. It serves to widen the doorway between a magic-user's soul and the plane of magical energy from which he draws his power.

Psi, a colorless and tasteless liquid with an odor that defies identification, is typically found in long, slender tubes, oftentimes in a scabbard-like bottle with a dagger already in it. (A container of this type holds 1D4 + 1 doses.)

Ingesting psi produces no effect whatsoever. To properly take psi, a magic-user must coat the blade of a dagger or knife with it and run the blade across one of his temples. This incision causes 1 HTK of damage, plus any bonuses for magical weapons. Other character types who take psi instantly lose 1 point of INT, with no other effect.

A magic-user who takes psi is classified on one of three levels, which indicates the potion's effect: the Bottom Level (includes first-time users), the Middle Level, and the Last Level. At any level, the psi lasts for as many turns as the caster has points of STA. The effects of psi at these various levels are as follows.

Bottom Level: All spells that the magic-user casts are at +1 HTK/die of damage, -1 on opponents' saving throws, +1" on range or area of effect (if applicable), and +1 round or turn on duration (if applicable). The user feels no ill effects at this level, but every time he uses psi, the magic-user must make an unmodified save vs. Spells. If he fails, the drug bonds itself to the soul of the mage and all subsequent doses are at the Middle Level.

Middle Level: All spells cast at this level are at +50% on damage, -2 on opponents' saves, +50% on ranges and areas of effect, and +50% on durations. For example, a Fireball cast by a Skill 8 magic-user does 12D6 of damage, be saved at -2, have a 27" range, and explode in a 3" radius sphere. Every spell that the magic-user casts now causes HTK of damage to himself equal to 1/2 of the spell's level, rounded up. (These points are curable only by resting; no magical healing is possible.) The mage takes this damage every time he casts a spell, even from those not cast under the influence of psi (that is, he continues to suffer the consequences, even when he doesn't enjoy psi's benefits. Furthermore, he must make an unmodified save vs. Magic every time he uses psi or move to the Last Level.

Last Level: Here is where the mage is at his most powerful and his most helpless. While the psi is in effect, every spell he casts is doubled in damage, range, area of effect, and duration, and all saves vs. his spells are at -4. Every spell he casts causes him to take 1 HTK of damage per spell level, whether the potion is currently affecting him or not, and this damage is curable only by rest. Furthermore, for every spell he casts he must make an unmodified save vs. Magic or he permanently loses 1 point of STA. Once his STA drops below 3, he can't move under his own power, and when it drops to 0, he's dead.

Once the character has entered into the Middle or Last Level of psi usage, he may attempt to throw off its effects by kicking the habit. This can be done cold turkey, where the character simply closes the expanded door that has opened in his mind. Doing this immediately brings the user down to the Bottom Level of usage once again, but the mage loses 2 Skill Levels of experience. Alternately, the psi addiction can be gradually brought back to the Bottom Level through a lengthy therapy process. This requires the aid of a magic-user who was once a user of psi and gradually got off the substance himself, as well as a time span equal to 24 minus the character's INT score in months. The mage therapist may charge the character for these services (GM's discretion). At the end of this time, the character returns to the Bottom Level of psi usage.

—Christopher Painter

Old Durnick Ruins

The ruins of Old Durnick village are located in a remote part of the hills, well away from civilization. An old road, long unused and mostly overgrown but still discernible, leads to the ruins from opposite directions.

The inhabitants of the Old Durnick ruins are not always in their crumbling lairs. Denizens roam the forest hills in a one-mile radius (or farther), restlessly searching for food, slaves, victims, treasure, or even corpses. When a party of adventurers follows the old road or approaches the ruins otherwise, roll on the following chart to determine encounters. If the party destroys part or all of a group from the ruins, adjust that lair accordingly.

1. 2D10 ogres, described at Dance Hall Ruins (14)
2. 10D10 orcs, described at Farmhouse (9)
3. 5D4 gnolls, described at Inn Ruins (12)
4. 1D4 hill giants, described at Hill Giants' Homestead (17)
5. 1D2 death clerics, described at Mortuary (13)
6. 4D6 zombies, described at Mortuary (13)
7. 6D6 skeletons, described at Mortuary (13)
8. 1D6 ogre magi, Hidetoshi, Kiamo, and Masau described at Potter Ruins (11); Akida, Kato, Takamoto described at Lute Maker (15)
9. 1D6 ankhkegs, described at Farmhouse (9)
- 10-12. random encounter from standard tables

1. Cobbler's Store Ruins

The building is shaped like a peanut or a low-cut shoe. The oak door is open, but the top hinge is broken. Beyond it and to the right are the broken oak supports and clay shingles of the collapsed roof leaning against the crumbling rock wall. To the left is what may have once been a window. On the floor are piles of shoes and boots in the dirt. Above is the sky.

There is a faint rhythmic, metallic squeaking sound some distance away. The squeaking is the hinge of an old boot trap located near the collapsed roof. Anyone walking near that area will be kicked by two boots for 1D6/1D6 HTK of damage. The trap can easily be reset, and the collapsed roof can provide cover and shelter for up to five human-sized characters. There is nothing of value in the area.

2. Cobbler's Workshop Ruins

The back half of the ruins includes another section of collapsed roof. To the left there is a collapsed rock

wall about 3' in height. Straight ahead are the remains of a window or small door. Characters with acute ears may think they hear a faint snuffling sound. It is possible certain characters with intuition will think they are being watched. They are. An invisible quasit, the familiar of the ogre mage Hidetoshi (Potter Ruins, area 11), lurks here. Quinn the Quasit remains invisible to spy on the party and flees when detected. He can project a 30' radius fear blast (as Fear spell) once per day, can become invisible at will, and can polymorph into a giant centipede or a normal bat. Quinn takes damage only from magic (25% magic resistance applies in addition to normal saving throws) and magical or cold iron weapons.

The quasit will continue to monitor the party to the best of its ability for several days, as directed by Hidetoshi. However, the ogre mage could have Quinn leave to perform other tasks at any time. If Quinn is killed, Hidetoshi automatically takes 36 HTK of damage and orders the ogres and hill giants to hunt down the party.

Quinn the Quasit

HTK: 18, AC: 2

MV: 15", AL: C. Evil

AT: 3, DM: 1D2, 1D2, 1D4

THACO: 16

SZ: S (2' tall)

Beneath an old workbench is a tool belt with rusty leather-working tools (elven, worth 250 gp). Other treasure includes a tiny iron chest full of shoe nails and coins (31 ep, 17 sp, 2 gp, 1 pp), a finely crafted hammer (worth 60 gp), and 24 pairs of good shoes and boots (buried in the dirt are one pair of Boots of Speed, one pair of Boots of Slowness (cursed, 1/2 movement), and one pair of Boots of Elvenkind. (These boots have had undetectable magic cast on them and reveal their powers only when worn).

3. Wheel Maker Ruins

What's left here is little more than a circle of curved blocks, the ruins of a round stone building. An open doorway faces the southeast. All of the ragged walls stand about 5' in height, except for the northeast area opposite the door, where part of the burned oak roof remains. Several old and new wagon wheels lie about in various stages of repair or completion. A clean cart occupies the center of the building.

Bontidon the gnome maintains and builds carts and wagons for the orcs and gnolls. His skills are respected, so the ogres allow him to live. He is

a

b

c

d

e

f

g

h

i



16

2

1

4

3

5

7

8

10

12

14

15

11

9

13



assisted by 1D4 gnolls (Inn Ruins, area 12). If attacked, he will call the gnolls, then flee, cast misdirection, and hide if possible. He has 17 gp and a 300 gp gem in his purse.

If asked to join the party, Bontidon refuses, explaining that the ogres would kill him if he were caught leaving the ruins.

Bontidon

Gnome, Skill 3/3 Fighter/Illusionist

HTK: 19, AC: 5

MV: 6", AL: Neutral

AT: 1, DM: 1D6, by weapon, or by spell

THACO: 18

SZ: S (3 1/2' tall)

Weapon Proficiencies: short bow, short sword, dagger

Weapons: short bow, short sword

Spells: Change Self, Misdirection, Phantasmal Force

Gnolls

HTK: 2D8, AC: 5

MV: 9", AL: C. Evil

AT: 1, DM: 2D4

THACO: 16

SZ: L (7' tall)

A small furnace, built into the wall under the roof, causes 2 HTK of heat damage if touched. A hammer and anvil, nails, several flat copper strips, and a bucket of water are also against the wall under the roof. A completed hand-cart waits in the center of the room. Hidden at the foot of a small bed nearby, and trapped by a stone block (crushes for 2D6 HTK of damage), is a box containing one set of knucklebones (dice), two gems (10 gp, 90 gp) and a spellbook containing the first two and last two illusionist spells listed from 1st through 5th Level.

4. Toymaker's Shop Ruins

Emanating from this building is a chaotic chorus of young, powerful voices at play, along with occasional bumping and crashing sounds. Twenty ogre children are at play here, under the loose supervision of two of their mothers. If any of the children are attacked, the mothers will scream and defend them fiercely. If the encounter is going against them, one of them will try to go for help. If the party engages in play-like activity with the ogre children, their mothers are only 20% likely to attack. In the event any ogres are injured during rough play,

the mothers are 60% likely to attempt to shoo the party out of the room. If player characters are being injured, beaten, or even killed while playing with the ogre children, the mothers are 25% likely to intercede on the party's behalf, saying (in orcish): "Keep your toys alive, so you can torture and play with them longer."

Ogre Children

HTK: 12 (x10) / 10 (x10), AC: 7

MV: 12", AL: C. Evil

AT: 1, DM: 1D6 (club, fist, or kick)

THACO: 18

SZ: M

Ogre Mothers

HTK: 24/20, AC: 5

MV: 9", AL: C. Evil

AT: 1, DM: 1D10 (club or whip)

THACO: 15

SZ: L

Among the ogre children playing with the wooden toys is an ogre mage child named Okani. Okani can cast 1 Magic Missile for 1D4 +1 HTK of damage once per day and 1 Charm Person per day. Okani is wearing Boots of Elvenkind and a Cloak of Elvenkind. Okani is the son of ogre mage Masau (described at Potter Ruins, area 11) and is treated like royalty by the ogres and their mothers, who have all been charmed by Masau or Okani.

Okani

HTK: 16, AC: 7

MV: 12", AL: N. Evil

AT: 1, DM: 1D8 or by spell

THACO: 15

SZ: M

Should Okani be harmed, the mothers are 90% likely to attack, and Masau will appear in 1D6 + 5 rounds, accompanied by his mistress, Kiamo (also described at Potter Ruins, area 11), and 1D4 adult ogres (stats following, described in more detail at Dance Hall Ruins, area 14).

Ogres

HTK: half 24, half 20, AC: 5

MV: 9", AL: C. Evil

AT: 1, DM: 1D10

THACO: 15

SZ: L

The toys, 95% of which are broken, have no value, and there is nothing else of interest or value at this location.

5. Tailor Ruins

This square building has been reduced to rubble and appears to be abandoned. Entrances are visible on the north and west sides. Inside, the air smells musty. Four giant moths cling to the top of the walls, completely silent and motionless. They appear to be part of the wreckage of the roof and are 95% likely to escape detection. All four moths will flurry around about for 1 round if disturbed by loud noises or vibrations. The moths will attack only if provoked.

Giant Moths

HTK: 30, 24, 23, 21, *AC*: 6
MV: 6"/18", *AL*: Neutral
AT: 1, *DM*: 1D12 (bite)
THACO: 16, *INT*: Animal
SZ: L (4 1/2' tall, 13' long)

If any moths are captured, note that a moth can be used as a flying mount only for a character weighing less than 200 lbs. who is familiar with horsemanship and animal handling. Training requires the character work with the moth for four weeks.

Amidst the rubble are several rotting wardrobe closets, most of which have been heavily damaged (probably by axes). Inside these wooden closets are numerous articles of rotted elf-sized clothing of various faded colors and styles. Two of the closets are filled with round, jelly-like spheres of about 1' radius (giant moth eggs). A maximum total of 200 eggs can be recovered. The eggs can fetch as much as 300 gp each from the right buyer.

If the eggs are kept, 30% of the eggs will hatch into giant, leaf-eating caterpillars in 1D4 + 1 weeks. After gorging on leaves for 3-5 months during spring and summer, each caterpillar constructs a giant spherical cocoon, 6' in radius. After hibernating through the winter, the new moth eats the cocoon in the spring and flies off to find a mate. With an ample food supply and adequate warmth through the winter, a giant moth can live up to six years or more.

Giant Caterpillar

HTK: 2D8, *AC*: 9
MV: 3", *AL*: Neutral
AT: 1, *DM*: 1D8 (bite)
THACO: 19
SZ: M (2' tall, 10' long)

6. Herbalist Ruins

This is a square building surrounded by a garden. The top of the building has been modified so that the thatched roof now begins about 12' off the ground. The original stonework appears to have reached a height no greater than 7'. The smell of mint, mingled with dung and other scents, rises from the garden. Four ogre women have continued to grow the herbs once used by the elves who lived here, but they know little about their uses, because the experts were killed and eaten. Herbs and spices grown here are mostly used for cooking.

Ogre Women

HTK: 30, 25, 24, 20, *AC*: 5
MV: 9", *AL*: C. Evil
AT: 1, *DM*: 1D10 (scythe or halberd)
THACO: 15
SZ: L

Characters can find virtually any herb here if they can get past Betta, Fretta, Gretta, and Henrietta. In the house are four necklaces worth 250 gp each.

7. Temple Ruins

This was once a temple where the native elves of the city worshiped magic itself. As an elvish temple of Isis, it functioned both as a temple and as a school for wizardry for the entire village. There is nothing of value here, but there are ample clues for players to deduce the identity of the original owners and deity.

8. Blacksmith Ruins

Two orcish brothers live here and do crude blacksmith work. Occasionally they are visited by their mistresses, Betta and Fretta (see Herbalist Ruins, area 6).

Maak and Juud

HTK: 31, 27, *AC*: 5
MV: 9", *AL*: C. Evil
AT: 1, *DM*: 1D10 (large hammers)
THACO: 15
SZ: L

9. Farmhouse, Burned Ruins

This burned farmhouse is home for the orc slaves. There are about 200 orcs total, scattered throughout the area. Over time, ogre magi have charmed 75% of the orcs. These orcs spend much of their time foraging for food for themselves and for other occupants of the ruins.

When encountered away from the farmhouse, the orcs are in a party of 10D10, marching about 10 yards apart and complaining bitterly about being forced to hunt and gather in the hateful sunlight. For every 10 orcs, there is one orc-drawn cart, loaded with sacks of food they have gathered.

At the burned-out farmhouse, there are also 10D10 orcs. They are suspicious and hostile toward any strangers.

Orcs

HTK: 1D8, *AC*: 6

MV: 9", *AL*: L. Evil

AT: 1, *DM*: by weapon

THACO: 19

SZ: M

Weapons: fouchard-fork, battle axe, long sword, spear, or short sword

The orcs have no money or treasure of any kind, and a search of the burned farmhouse turns up nothing of value.

1D6 anhkhegs infest the fields surrounding the farmhouse, feeding on orcs as easy prey. Ankhhegs thrive here, especially in the rich soil beneath the forest hills east of the ruins. They like to pop up from underground to grab and crush human-sized prey with their mandibles. While the victim is being held and crushed, the ankhhegs secrete a digestive enzyme for an additional 1D4 HTK of damage. If sorely pressed, the monsters will squirt all of this acid at once, doing 8D4 HTK of damage (saving throw applies for half damage). Ankhhegs can squirt acid once every six hours.

Ankhhegs

HTK: 48, 42, 36, 34, 30, 24, *AC*: 2 (underside: 4)

MV: 12" (6"), *AL*: Neutral

AT: 1, *DM*: 3D6 (+1D4 per turn)

THACO: 13

SZ: L

The following treasure lies hidden in their gopher-like cave network: 4,806 cp, 3,125 sp, 40 ep, 2 gems (100 gp, 600 gp), 2 sets of +2 elven chain mail, 2 +2 long swords.

10. Brick Barn Ruins

This was once the building of a horse trader. Now, it is infested with 1D6 + 4 stirges, which greet explorers with a surprise attack from above.

Stirges

HTK: 5, *AC*: 8

MV: 3"/18", *AL*: Neutral

AT: 1, *DM*: 1D3 (blood drain 1D4 to maximum of 12)

THACO: 18

SZ: S

There is a good set of leather horse barding in an old stable.

11. Potter Ruins

Large bonfires near the ruins are always kept going in the belief that they keep the undead from the cemetery away. They are also used for cooking meat. Anyone falling (or thrown) into one of these bonfires takes 2D6 HTK of damage the first round and 1D6 HTK of damage in each of the following two rounds.

The ruins themselves are the lair of the ogre magi leaders, Hidetoshi, Masau, and Kiamo. These three and their lieutenants, Takamoto, Akida, and Kato, rule over the ogres and occupy the top of the pecking order in the ruins.

They have light green skin with dark blue hair, singular white horns protruding from the foreheads, white tusks, and sharp black fingernails. At will, ogre magi can fly (for 12 turns), become invisible, cause darkness in a 10' radius, or polymorph into any biped form ranging 4' to 12' in size. Automatically, they regenerate 1 HTK of damage per round (but lost limbs must be reattached to regenerate). Once per day, each ogre mage can cast any or all of the following: Charm Person, Sleep, Assume Gaseous Form, and create a ray of cold 6" in length (60 yards outdoors, 60 feet indoors) with a terminal diameter of 2", lasting about 1 second and doing 8D8 HTK of damage (save for half).

The following statistics are for (in order) Hidetoshi, Masau, and Kiamo.

Ogre Magi

HTK: 50, 44, 40, *AC*: 4

MV: 9"/15", *AL*: L. Evil

AT: 1, *DM*: 1D12 or by spell

THACO: 15

SZ: L

The ogre magi wander about a great deal, and they are very independent. Whether encountered together, a few at a time, or singly, they will demand (and expect) immediate surrender from the party. If the adventurers surrender, they will be placed with the orcs, forced to gather their weight in food and

treasure every day. If they resist, the ogre magi will use Charm Person on them.

Each ogre mage wears custom splint armor, wields an oversized halberd, and carries 2D4 potions, 1 scroll, 1D10 pieces of jewelry, 5D4 gems, 2D4 gp, and 10D6 pp.

If the ogre magi are attacked, 2D10 ogres will come to their aid.

Ogres

HTK: half 24, half 20, *AC*: 5

MV: 9", *AL*: C. Evil

AT: 1, *DM*: 1D10

THAC0: 15

SZ: L

In the Potter Ruins are three locked, trapped chests (1 for each ogre mage) containing the following. Each ogre mage carries the key to his or her own chest.

(Hidetoshi's chest) one pair of Boots of Elvenkind, ripped (he tried to fit into them), but possibly repairable; 1,978 gp.

(Masau's chest) one Cloak of Elvenkind, +1 short sword, 4,314 sp.

(Kiamo's chest) 20 potions, neatly stacked (10 of Healing, 10 of Forest Giant Strength).

12. Ruins of an Inn

This is the lair of the gnoll slaves. Like the orcs, the gnolls have been enslaved by the ogres for food and heavy labor. Their morale is as low as their intelligence, but for that very reason, they will consider anything smaller than 7' tall to be their prey. This includes the player characters, unless and until the gnolls lose one-third of their numbers, at which time they must make a morale check at -4.

The gnolls wield spears and spiked clubs as weapons. There are about 40 gnolls within a five-mile radius of the ruins, and 30 of them have been charmed by the ogre magi. When encountered in their lair or elsewhere, the gnolls appear in a group of 5D4.

Gnolls

HTK: 2D8, *AC*: 5

MV: 9", *AL*: C. Evil

AT: 1, *DM*: 2D4

THAC0: 16

SZ: L

If the adventurers kill the gnolls or distract them long enough to search the ruins of the inn, they find nothing of value.

13. Mortuary Building

The mortuary is a square stone building that is virtually intact. Four candles of invocation can be found inside. The iron cemetery gates are closed but not locked. A low iron fence (3-1/2' tall) surrounds the cemetery grounds. A typical tombstone has an inscription in elvish, with the date of death always being 50 or more years in the past.

Two evil clerics live here, in the company of the skeletons and zombies they control. The clerics, Hannin and Chadir, are normally in the cemetery but show up elsewhere searching for corpses. The "necromancers" (as the ogres call them) are feared and avoided by all in the area, who say "their flesh would be poison anyway." Hannin and Chadir, like the undead they animate and control, avoid the light, which is why the ogre magi always keep the bonfire burning next to the cemetery. They wear hooded black cloaks that make them 50% more difficult to see at night.

Hannin

Human, Skill 5 Cleric

STR: 16 (-, +1), *INT*: 15, *INS*: 17

STA: 15, *DEX*: 11, *APL*: 13

HTK: 35, *AC*: 4 (chain kilt, helm and shield)

MV: 9", *AL*: L. Evil

AT: 1, *DM*: 1D8 or by spell

THAC0: 18

HT: 5'10", *WT*: 175 lbs.

Religion/Deity: Celtic/Arawn

Spells: Detect Magic, Cause Fear, Sanctuary, Cure Light Wounds, Cause Light Wounds, Hold Person (x3), Silence 15' Radius, Spiritual Hammer, Animate Dead, Cause Blindness

Chadir

Human, Skill 5 Cleric

STR: 9, *INT*: 14, *INS*: 18

STA: 13, *DEX*: 13, *APL*: 14

HTK: 30, *AC*: 4 (chain kilt, helm and shield)

MV: 9", *AL*: L. Evil

AT: 1, *DM*: 1D8 or by spell

THAC0: 18

HT: 5'10", *WT*: 175 lbs.

Religion/Deity: Celtic/Arawn

Spells: Darkness (x2), Cure Light Wounds (x2), Command, Hold Person (x2), Silence 15' Radius (x2), Spiritual Hammer, Animate Dead.

If attacked, the clerics will command 4D6 zombies and 6D6 skeletons to defend them and capture their foes.

Should their undead army fail, the clerics will use their spells. If their offensive spells fail, Hannin and Chadir will resort to melee combat, using their maces. In the event they are losing the combat, they can Feign Death (as the spell). Even if the clerics are killed, all undead in the area will continue to obey their last orders.

Zombies

HTK: 2D8, *AC*: 8
MV: 6", *AL*: Neutral
AT: 1, *DM*: 1D8
THACO: 16
SZ: M

Normally, Hannin and Chadir command these zombies to guard the cemetery (70%), defend the clerics (10%), attack foes (5%), or gather corpses (15%). If gathering corpses, they are under orders to defend themselves if attacked. Zombies always strike last, always for 1D8 HTK of damage, until they are destroyed. They are unaffected by Sleep, Charm, Hold, or cold-based spells, but holy water vials do 2D4 HTK of damage each.

Skeletons

HTK: 1D8, *AC*: 7
MV: 12", *AL*: Neutral
AT: 1, *DM*: 1D6
THACO: 19
SZ: M

Commanded exactly as the zombies, skeletons are faster, but weaker. They roll for initiative and always do 1D6 HTK of damage until destroyed. They take half-damage from edged weapons, and they are unaffected by Sleep, Charm, Hold, or cold-based spells. Holy water hits for 2D4 HTK of damage per vial.

Besides armor, weapons, and spell components, Hannin and Chadir carry the following treasure: 20 pp, 14 gp, 40 sp, 1 Amulet of Protection vs. Undead (as the scroll, with continual effects when worn), 1 Philter of Persuasiveness (this will be used if possible), 2 pairs of Boots of Elvenkind, 2 Rings of Fire Resistance, and 1 Pearl of Wisdom. Their shield design is a black five-pointed star on a gray background.

In a coffin in the mortuary, Hannin has buried 2,587 gp and 4,700 worth of jewelry. Chadir has buried 6,236 gp and 7,200 worth of jewelry in another coffin.

14. Dance Hall Ruins

The dance hall is populated by 2D10 ogres, one of whom is prepared to wield a Sword of Dancing in combat. There are many boulders available for the ogres to throw.

There are a total of about 50 ogres scattered throughout the area, of which 90% have been charmed by the ogre magi. Ogres roam the area in loose patrols to threaten and beat their orc slaves. These slaves are cruelly told in orcish that if they do not hunt and gather their weight in food each day, they will be eaten, and there is no escape.

The ogres are proficient in club, spear, whip, two-handed sword, and man-catcher, but they especially like to throw boulders. They wear thick brown or black bearskin furs, which serve as their armor. Their clubs, spears, and whips are oversized, and do 1D10 HTK of damage, as do the boulders they throw.

Ogres

HTK: half 24, half 20, *AC*: 5
MV: 9", *AL*: C. Evil
AT: 1, *DM*: 1D10
THACO: 15
SZ: L

They each have purses with 3D10 gp and a 15% chance for 1 gem (100-1,000 gp value), a 20% chance for 1D4 potions (Healing, Polymorph, Flying, Water Breathing.)

15. Lute Maker

This area contains a giant balance scale, where food and treasure are weighed against each slave to determine whether the slave is worth keeping. It is also the lair of the three ogre magi lieutenants, Takamoto, Akida, and Kato. These three and their superiors, Hidetoshi, Masau, and Kiamo, rule over the ogres and occupy the top of the pecking order in the ruins.

They have light green skin with dark blue hair, singular white horns protruding from the foreheads, white tusks, and sharp black fingernails. At will, ogre magi can fly (for 12 turns), become invisible, cause darkness in a 10' radius, or polymorph into any biped form ranging 4' to 12' in size. Automatically, they regenerate 1 HTK of damage per round (but lost

limbs must be reattached to regenerate). Once per day, each ogre mage can cast any or all of the following: Charm Person, Sleep, Assume Gaseous Form, and create a ray of cold 6" in length (60 yards outdoors, 60 feet indoors) with a terminal diameter of 2", lasting about 1 second and doing 8D8 HTK of damage (save for half).

The following statistics are for (in order) Takamoto, Akida, and Kato.

Ogre Magi

HTK: 35, 31, 30, *AC*: 4
MV: 9"/15", *AL*: L. Evil
AT: 1, *DM*: 1D12 or by spell
THACO: 15
SZ: L

The ogre magi wander about a great deal, and they are very independent. Whether encountered together, a few at a time, or singly, they will demand (and expect) immediate surrender from the party. If the adventurers surrender, they will be placed with the orcs, forced to gather their weight in food and treasure every day. If they resist, the ogre magi will use Charm Person on them.

Each ogre mage wears custom splint armor, wields an oversized halberd, and carries 2D4 potions, 1 scroll, 1D10 pieces of jewelry, 5D4 gems, 2D4 gp, and 10D6 pp.

If the ogre magi are attacked, 2D10 ogres will come to their aid.

As the collection spot and central command of the ruins, this area is often visited by 2D10 ogres (25%, see area 14 for details), 10D10 orc slaves (35%, see area 9 for details), and 1D4 charmed mercenaries (10%, see area 17 for details).

Ogres

HTK: half 24, half 20, *AC*: 5
MV: 9", *AL*: C. Evil
AT: 1, *DM*: 1D10
THACO: 15
SZ: L

Orcs

HTK: 1D8, *AC*: 6
MV: 9", *AL*: L. Evil
AT: 1, *DM*: by weapon
THACO: 19
SZ: M
Weapons: fouchard-fork, battle axe, long sword, spear, or short sword

Hill Giants

HTK: 56, 48, 40, 32, *AC*: 4
MV: 12", *AL*: C. Evil
AT: 1, *DM*: 2D8 (big boulders)
THACO: 12
SZ: L

Each of the ogre magi has a locked and trapped chest here, containing the following. Each ogre mage carries the key to his or her own chest.

(Takamoto's chest) one set of +2 elven chain mail.

(Akida's chest) two Potions of Polymorph, three Potions of ESP, 400 pp, +1 long sword.

(Kato's chest) Dos Lute (instrument of the bards), broken; 120,000 gp in gems and jewelry.

16. Hidden Cave Entrance

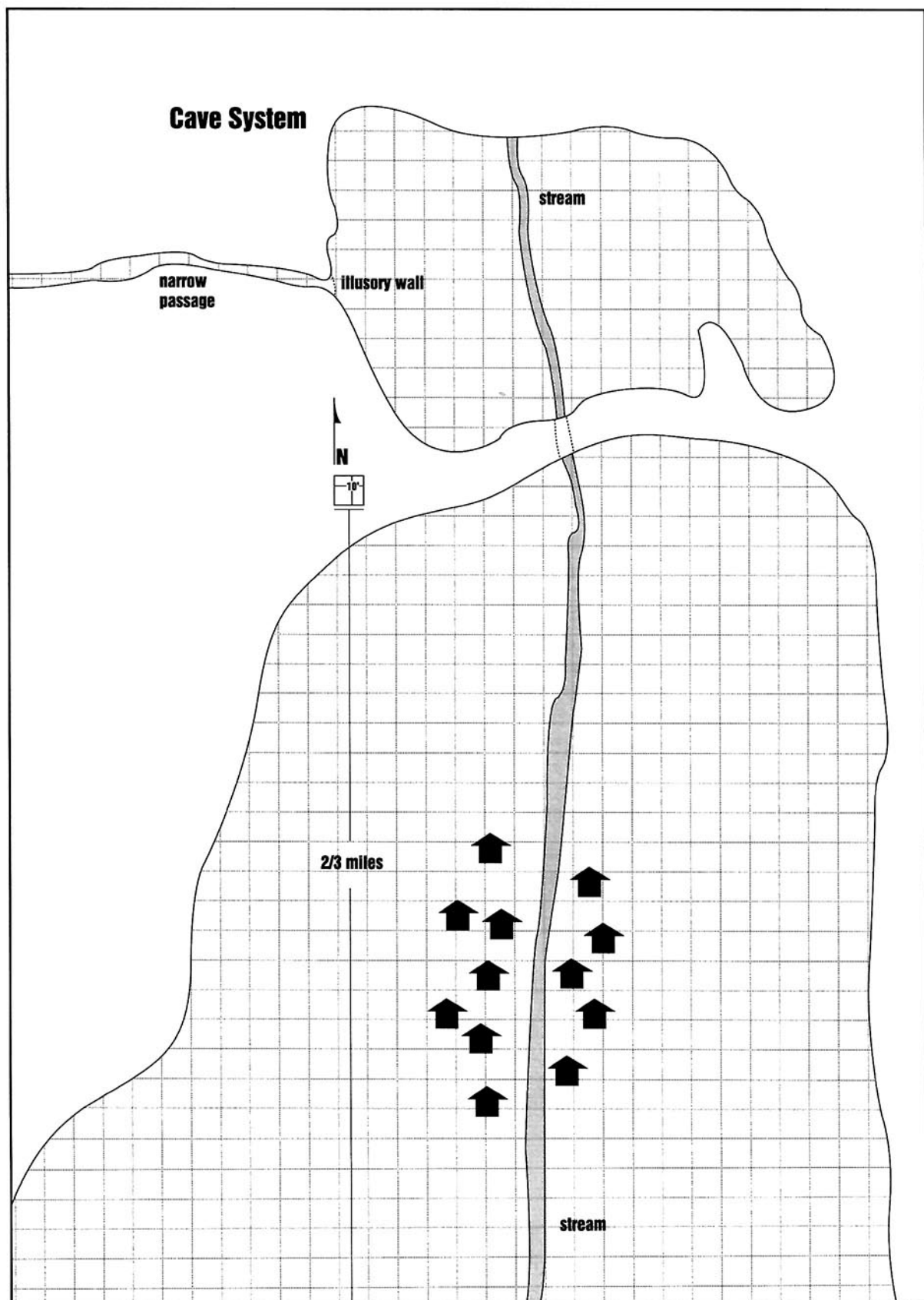
The cave entrance is roughly circular, 2'-4' in diameter. It is mostly hidden by two trees, a rotting tree trunk, and thick underbrush. There are no tracks or other indications that this cave has ever been used.

Orcs and other creatures 6 1/2' tall or larger simply cannot fit through the natural granite entrance, and the elves who fled into this cave 50 years ago now live in self-imposed exile, never leaving the cave for fear of being discovered and killed by the ogres.

Human-sized and smaller characters can fit through the entrance, although large humans (over 6' tall) may need to remove metal armor in order to fit through. The area beyond the entrance is just large enough to put the armor back on.

Inside, the cave begins curving downward, and the ground is a bit wet. Sloping to the left is a ledge. Farther along, the ground becomes sticky and soon afterward, it gets slick. Characters failing to save against their DEX slip on the muddy rock ledge and fall for 1D3 HTK of damage, sliding 1D10 feet downward and toward the ledge. In order to get up or continue, each character must make a second DEX save. If the character fails again, he falls off the ledge to the cave 15' below, taking 2D6 + 2 HTK of damage.

Farther on, the passage appears to end. However, the end wall is a permanent illusion designed by the elves to prevent their underground village from being detected. A slight (75% undetectable) draft of colder air flows from the illusory wall ahead. Allow a normal saving throw vs. spell for player characters to disbelieve in the wall. Once they disbelieve, they will see the passage open up into an enormous cave, covered with crystals.



a

b

c

d

e

f

g

h

i

Most of the crystals are white, while others vary in hue. Any character with appraising, jewelry, or gem-cutting skills may find 1D10 gems (of base value 100 gp) per hour. Characters with no such skills or knowledge will find (when they try to sell them later) 99% of the "gems" they gathered here are worthless quartz, salt, and colored mineral deposits.

Except for the vast number of crystals, the cave's only other feature is a 3'-deep stream running out of one side wall, through the middle of the cavern, and into the other side wall. There is nothing to be found by following the water upstream into the rock. If anyone holds his breath, ducks under the surface, and follows the water downstream, however, he needs to travel only 10' to be able to surface again.

On the other side of the rock wall is a massive cavern, roughly 2/3 of a mile across, with about a dozen small houses lining the stream flowing through the center. Highly unusual gardens are visible in some of the yards, and there is a distinctive odor of mushrooms.

This is a self-supporting village populated by the elves who fled Old Durnick 50 years ago. For fear of being discovered, the elves have never dared to leave the caves. With magic and patience, they have bred a large variety of mushrooms for food. The mushrooms are both flavorful and nutritious. One variety of giant mushroom has a leather-like skin, which is used for many purposes. Another variety produces a fiber used to make rope and clothing. There are 13 homes in the village, with extended families of five to eight elves living in each house. The homes also serve as businesses, with each house specializing in a craft, as follows.

1. Potter
2. Tailor
3. Blacksmith
4. Mushroom-leather tanner
5. Mushroom breeder and farmer
6. Temple of magic (Isis)
7. Cobbler
8. Constable and judge
9. Carver (toys, instruments, etc.)
10. Weaver
11. Builder/home-carver
12. Cook and explorer-historian
13. Mayor

Houses are carved out of giant (20' tall) fibrous mushrooms, covered with clay. They have two or three levels 30' in diameter.

Elves

All Skill 1/1 to 5/5+ Cleric/Magic-Users

HTK: 5-40 (Avg. 20), AC: 5

MV: 12", AL: Neutral

AT: 1, DM: 1D8 or by spell

THACO: 18

SZ: M

The elves are just as likely to be friends as foes. They both fear and desire the world outside their caverns. All villagers have their choice of Skill 1-3 cleric and magic-user spell lists but are subject to the normal spell-per-day limits. The family living in the temple of magic (Isis) can repair or recharge any magical item to full power in one day.

17. Hill Giants' Homestead

Located about 200 yards west of the ruins, the hill giants' homestead consists of the ruins of a stone grain silo, two large tents, and two campfire areas, one of which is always burning.

Hired as mercenaries by the ogre magi, the hill giant family of Claude, Blod, Muddy, and Feemo will fight ruthlessly to the death, gaining a cumulative anger bonus of +2 on attack and damage rolls for each family member slain in battle (maximum bonus +4). The four giants fight well together. One of their favorite tactics is for two of them to pull down a camp tent and use it as a net, pinning down 1D4 opponents on an attack roll of 10 or better (roll each victim separately), while the other two pummel their hapless victims with boulders for 2D8 HTK of damage. While ensnared, victims lose dexterity and shield AC bonuses and cannot attack the hill giants. To break free, the victim must do a total of 10 HTK of damage to the tent with an edged weapon. If the tent is set on fire, the victims take an additional 1D6 HTK of damage for three rounds, after which the tent is in ashes and the victims are free.

Hill Giants

HTK: 56, 48, 40, 32, AC: 4

MV: 12", AL: C. Evil

AT: 1, DM: 2D8 (big boulders)

THACO: 12

SZ: L

The hill giants receive all the food and weapons they need in return for enforcing the will of the ogre magi. Each wears an ivory necklace worth 50 gp and extremely large boots of high quality worth 75 gp.

— David V. Pierik

Blackie's Stable and Smithy

A sturdy building made out of stone and timber lies alongside the dusty road. A three-foot wall of worked stone gives way to the whitewashed wood walls, which support a steeply sloped red shingle roof. In the middle of the building, a large red door rests partially open toward the traffic in the road. Painted on the whitewashed wall is a mule holding its hind leg up to show a copper-colored horseshoe. Large blue lettering above the painted mule announce the establishment to be "Blackie's Stable and Smithy."

Blackie's Stable and Smithy is always open for wilderness travelers. During the day the main door is left open. After sunset the main door is barred closed, but customers can get service by pounding loudly on the main doors in hopes of arousing one of the stable hands. At night the stable hands will attempt to verify the identity and determine the needs of the potential customer by peering out through a small window in the stable door before unbarring it.

First Floor

On the other side of the stable doors, the dust of the open road gives way to a hardwood floor covered with a scattering of hay. The smell of dust and manure permeates the air. To the west and east, large corridors are lined with low wooden doors. A large stable door lies open to the north. Upon first entering, customers are hard pressed to find anyone to help them. A hardy yell will bring someone around to render service. Roll 1D4 to determine who will meet the customer: 1] Maklyn Stormcastle (p. 103), 2] Olienib Sneiblemiser (p. 103), 3] Jake Loom (p. 104), or 4] "Boy" (p. 104).

1. Stalls

Stalls line both sides of the wide corridor. The smell of fresh hay and horse fills the air. The doors to each horse stall are fastened closed with a simple iron latch. The stalls contain a trough for water and one for feed. A large pile of hay covers the floor.

All of the stalls are empty except one. A large black mare with silver markings on her mane and legs occupies stall number 5. The heavy war horse is known by the name of Silvermane. The war horse is the companion of Dar Mandus, a guard at the Temple of Odin. While Silvermane is being boarded, Dar visits with her twice a day to check on her wellbeing.

Dar Mandus

Human, Skill 6 Paladin
STR: 17 (+1, +1), *INT*: 17, *INS*: 18
STA: 18, *DEX*: 15 (-, -1), *APL*: 17
HTK: 72, *AC*: 0
MV: 12", *AL*: L. Good
AT: 1, *DM*: 1D8+2 (magical +1 long sword)
THAC0: 13
Religion/Deity: Norse/Odin
HT: 6'3", *WT*: 185 lbs.
Weapon Proficiencies: short sword, long sword, broad sword, crossbow, bola, halberd
Armor: field plate armor, shield
Magic Items: Ring of Free Action

Silvermane

Paladin's Heavy War Horse
HTK: 36 (4D8+4), *AC*: 7
MV: 15", *AL*: L. Good
AT: 3, *DM*: 1D4, 2D4, 2D4
THAC0: 15
Specials: Totally loyal to Dar Mandus.

2. Tack Room

The door to this area, wood bound by heavy iron, is held closed by a heavy-looking lock. Only Maklyn Stormcastle and Olienib Sneiblemiser have keys. The lock is of high quality, and any attempts to open the lock without an original key are at -35%.

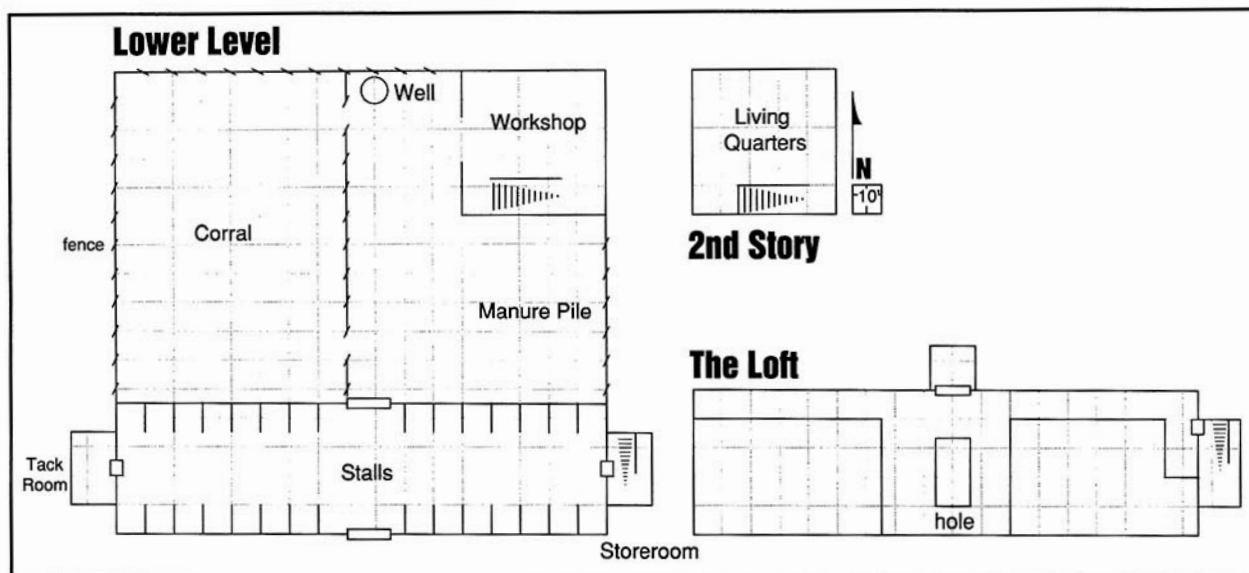
All tack and harnesses belonging to customers are stored in this room while the animals are being boarded. Hanging from the walls are various pieces of tack and harness. In the center of the room, a saddle rests on a wooden sawhorse.

3. Storeroom

The door to this area, also wood bound by heavy iron, has no lock. To the north is a wooden stairway leading up. Under the stairwell, a large wheelbarrow rests beside a wooden rake and shovel. The wheelbarrow smells strongly of manure. Hanging from the wall under the stairwell is a heavy crossbow and a score of heavy quarrels. Shelves along the east wall contain brushes and salves and other grooming supplies for the care of the animals. A large number of grain sacks line the southern wall. On top of the sacks, a large tabby cat lies sleeping.

The Loft

Except for a 10'-wide corridor running along the northern wall, this entire area is stacked high with



bales of hay. A large square opening lies gaping in the floor of the loft leading 20 feet downward to the main level of the stable. Hanging from a sturdy beam above this hole is a length of rope attached to a wooden pulley. The purpose of the hole and the rope and pulley is to aid in moving the baled hay to and from storage.

To the north is a closed set of barred double doors. The doors to the north lead out to a short balcony, which overlooks the outside corral. The doors are only barred from the inside. Hanging from the wall next to the double door is a heavy crossbow and a score of heavy quarrels.

The Grounds

Blackie's Stable and Smithy lie on a nearly square plot of land that is fenced off from the surrounding countryside.

4. Corral

A large corral bounded by a split-rail fence lies on the west. The corral contains one large watering trough and one feed trough. During the day, the corral is used to exercise the boarded animals and to pen animals awaiting the services of the smithy. Presently there are no animals in the corral.

5. Waste Pile

Toward the east lies a large mound covered with old grain sacks. The mound appears to be about 6' high and roughly 20' in diameter. Under the old grain sacks are the manure and old straw that have been removed from the stable. Once a month this pile is sold off to local farmers.

6. Well

To the north is a small well made of stone and mortar. Above the well, a pulley and rope are attached to a sturdy beam of oak. Three empty buckets rest beside the well.

The Smithy

To the east a sturdy stone building rises to match the height of the stable. Two large wooden doors lay open facing the corral. After sunset the doors are barred closed.

7. Workshop

A large open stone furnace is built into the north wall. Two large bellows made of wood and leather rest next to the forge with their snouts imbedded into the stone above the fiery glow of the coals. Beside the forge sits a huge anvil of iron. Near the anvil lies an oak tun filled with murky water. Shelves and work tables on the eastern wall contain numerous types of hammers, files, and tongs.

The hot coals of the forge rest on a stone base. Hidden underneath the hot coals is a removable stone block that hides a small insulated cavity where the wealth of the stable and smithy is hidden. This hiding place holds a locked metal box that contains 210 pp, 111 gp, and a cut piece of jasper (110 gp value).

Stairs along the southern wall lead upward. Beneath the stairs are numerous open barrels. Eight barrels contain the raw pig iron from which all of the finished products are made. Two barrels contain finished horseshoes. One barrel is half filled with iron nails. Hanging from the wall under the stairwell is a heavy crossbow and a score of heavy quarrels.

8. Living Quarters

The stairs lead up to a large common area with a low ceiling (5' high). To the north is a small stone fireplace that shares its chimney with the furnace below. Hanging from a chain in the center of the fireplace is a medium-sized blackened pot bubbling merrily away. Two bed warmers hang on the wall beside the fireplace. Iron utensils rest in an iron pail beside the hearth.

In the center of the room is a low wooden table with four small stools. Against the east wall are two short beds covered with mounds of blankets. At the foot of each bed is a large wooden iron-bound chest. Two windows on the west wall look out on the corral. Under the windows is a long cot with some blankets. A small wooden, iron-bound box lies at the head of the cot.

In the southwest corner of the room is a large, slightly smelly, brass chamberpot. On the north wall west of the fireplace is a low cupboard strewn with plates, mugs, bowls, pots, pans, and other metal eating utensils.

This is the room of Maklyn Stormcastle and Olienib Sneiblemiser. One of their apprentices usually shares the room, while the other stays in the stable. In the chests at the foot of the beds are clothing and other personal articles, including some letters from relatives.

Maklyn Stormcastle

Mountain Dwarf, Skill 4 Fighter
STR: 18/92 (+3, +5), *INT*: 11, *INS*: 13
STA: 17, *DEX*: 9, *APL*: 10
HTK: 44, *AC*: 9 (partial leather armor)
MV: 6", *AL*: L. Neutral
AT: 1, *DM*: by weapon
THACO: 14
HT: 4' 1", *WT*: 151 lbs., *Age*: 109
Weapon Proficiencies: hammer, heavy crossbow
Armor: heavy leather apron
Magic Items: Girdle of Fire Resistance

Maklyn is a master blacksmith. Maklyn and Olienib hail from the Marrahoe Mountains. At the young age of 50, Maklyn got the itch to go exploring and took up a life of adventuring. Maklyn and Olienib quickly learned that an adventuring life was hard and lean; meals were few and far between, and a warm bed was hard to find. Cold, tired, and hungry, they pooled their meager resources and plunked down their cash to purchase this establishment. They named their establishment after their faithful mule

Blackie, who was unfortunately slain in the midst of their last adventure. It was the death of Blackie that made them forswear adventuring.

Maklyn has fiery red hair and a waist-length, braided beard. His piercing blue eyes look out from a leathery face. Bulging biceps are covered with soot-black from the fires of the furnace. Ash covers his clothing, and char marks scar his leather apron.

Maklyn handles most of the smithy work. When dealing with customers, he gets right to the point and does not engage in any small talk, nor does he entertain notions of price haggling. When confronted with a rude or obnoxious customer, however, Maklyn has been known to triple or even quintuple the price of his services. A 10-gp horseshoe tends to balance everything out.

When forced into combat, Maklyn prefers thrown weapons to hand-to-hand combat. If he has a moment to prepare, he arms himself with a heavy crossbow and three hammers. After firing the crossbow, he follows up with two thrown hammers, then moves in for close combat (if it looks like he can win). Faced with overwhelming odds, he retreats and attempts to summon help.

Olienib Sneiblemiser

Gnome, Skill 3/4 Fighter/Thief
STR: 13, *INT*: 16, *INS*: 13
STA: 16, *DEX*: 18 (+3, -4), *APL*: 14
HTK: 25, *AC*: 4 (partial leather armor)
MV: 6", *AL*: N. Good
AT: 1, *DM*: by weapon
THACO: 18
HT: 3' 10", *WT*: 138 lbs.
Weapon Proficiencies: short sword, dagger, florentine fighting
Armor: heavy leather apron
Magic Items: Boots of Elvenkind
Thieving Abilities: *PP*: 60, *OL*: 57, *F/RT*: 50, *MS*: 58, *H in S*: 40, *HN*: 25 *CW*: 83, *RL*: 20, *Backstab* x2.

Olienib is a journeyman blacksmith. Olienib and Maklyn hail from the Marrahoe Mountains. At the young age of 83, Olienib got the itch to go adventuring. He tried his luck as a scout, working with a primarily human patrol before meeting up with Maklyn. Maklyn and Olienib quickly learned that an adventuring life was hard and lean. Tired of the jokes about his nose being used as a polearm, Olienib gave up the adventuring life and threw in with Maklyn in the stable and smithy business.

Olienib has earth brown hair and a short combed beard. Mischievous green eyes dance upon a smiling face. Although he dresses in working clothes, his appearance always demonstrates the height of style. His shirts are starched white, and his apron has a soft supple sheen to it.

Olienib generally handles the customers. His motto is service with a smile. If customers manage to get on his bad side, he will excuse himself and summon Maklyn to finish the transaction. Olienib believes that life is too short to be irritated, especially when you have a dwarf handy who handles irritations well.

When forced into combat, Olienib retreats. He prefers to approach all combat from behind the participants' back, preferably without their knowledge of his presence. If forced to fight, he fights with short sword in one hand and dagger in the other. Olienib is also the master of the bluff. Since everyone seems to think that all gnomes are illusionists, he encourages the belief during combat by pretending to cast a spell or two.

Jake Loom

Human, Skill 0 Groom/Smith

STR: 13, INT: 10, INS: 9

STA: 14, DEX: 16 (+1, -2), APL: 13

HTK: 6, AC: 7 (partial leather armor)

MV: 12", AL: N. Good

AT: 1, DM: by weapon

THACO: 21

HT: 5'6", WT: 120 lbs.

Weapon Proficiencies: heavy crossbow

Armor: heavy leather apron

Jake Loom is well-versed in the care and grooming of riding and transport animals. Additionally, he is only too familiar with cleaning up after these animals. Jake was apprenticed four years ago at the age of 6 to the establishment because his father, a farmer, wanted him to learn a trade that did not depend on something as fickle as the weather. Jake, since mastering the art of caring for the boarded animals, is now starting to master the hammer and hot iron.

Jake is a young-looking lad who is confident in his ability. When dealing with customers, he tries to be fair. Since being apprenticed, he has gained the trust of the dwarf and the gnome and therefore handles many of the business transactions. If a

disagreement should arise, both Maklyn and Olienib will back him up, no questions asked.

In combat, Jake will attempt to take a shot at the intruder if a crossbow is close by, otherwise he will warn the others of the danger.

'Boy'

Human, Skill 6 Thief

STR: 12, INT: 17, INS: 14

STA: 15, DEX: 18 (+3, -4), APL: 13

HTK: 33, AC: 5 (partial leather armor)

MV: 12", AL: C. Neutral

AT: 1, DM: by weapon

THACO: 18

HT: 4'7", WT: 95 lbs

Weapon Proficiencies: dagger, short sword, heavy crossbow

Armor: heavy leather apron

Thieving Abilities: PP: 70, OL: 62, F/RT: 50, MS: 67, H in S: 52, HN: 20 CW: 102, RL: 30, Backstab x3.

"Boy," as he is called around the stable and smithy, has no name that he can remember. His earliest memories are those of being out on the street stealing for food and becoming good at it to survive. Boy was rescued from the streets when Olienib caught him stealing silver from Olienib's pocket. Upon catching the boy, Olienib forced him to come back to the stable and work a day's labor. Upon completion of that labor, Olienib gave Boy a hardy meal and the silver that he had attempted to steal earlier. Boy never left.

Boy appears to be a lad of about 9 years, but he is probably older. His curly, blond locks and brown eyes fill out a face that is often devoid of expression. Boy almost never talks. He will communicate verbally only if absolutely necessary and even then chooses the fewest words to get his point across.

Boy will not handle any business with customers; rather he will summon one of the others. He prefers taking care of the animals to being with people.

In a combat situation, Boy will use his age and apparent harmlessness to attempt to slip away. If cornered with no hope of escape or if one of his companions is severely threatened, Boy will use force with deadly effect.

— Robert M. Morgester
and Andrew C. Streimer

Broken-Top Hill Oracle

Created by an unnamed god of chaos many eons ago, the power of this oracle was discovered by a druid several centuries ago. Impressed by the cunning of the druid, the oracle still uses his name and visage when addressing any supplicant. Evon Redcap, the druid, convinced his fellow druids in the Autumn Circle group to enter the service of the oracle, a task that they continue to perform to this day.

The Autumn Circle druids wear robes that are colored brown, orange, or red. They continually monitor events in the territories surrounding the oracle; through their network, all happenings of note within 50 miles are reported to the oracle within 24 hours.

The oracle will answer questions from supplicants who it perceives to have no evil intent in its sphere of influence. To a person who it perceives to have evil intent, it will lie and give answers requiring travel to far-off lands and hinting of dire consequences if the travel is not undertaken within a fortnight.

The oracle is a true chaotic neutral artifact; treat it as an extremely intelligent, extremely high ego item (Intellect: 17, Ego: 17). It has a special purpose to add some chaos (and mystery) to the humdrum existence of the ordinary people (and adventurers) who wander into its sphere of influence. It has no evil intent toward any person; all facets of its existence are controlled by random die rolls.

Location of the Oracle

The oracle should be located in a low range of hills at least 10 miles from the nearest human habitation. The reason for this is the chaotic weather that exists in the area surrounding the oracle. This weather, a programmed illusion created by the oracle, affects any humanoid who passes through the area of influence; animals inhabiting the area, vegetation, and druids serving the oracle are unaffected by the illusion. Thus, if the weather indicated by the GM's die roll is heavy snow and the time of year in the area is summer, the visitors to the oracle will perceive the hills and vegetation as covered by snow and they will be cold, while creatures inhabiting the area believe it to be summer. This may lead to some inconsistent information for the players (e.g. seeing a red fox in the heavy snow or trees not waving in a high wind), but this is part of the oracle's plan. Please note that any magic items or spells that detect illusions or give true seeing do not function in this area, nor may the illusions be successfully disbelieved or dispelled.

Individual inhabitants of the area around the oracle may or may not know of the existence or location of the oracle; that is up to the GM to decide. Those who do will inform the players to look for "a low hill, 50-60 feet high, with bare, jagged rocks forming the hill's crest." All inhabitants of the area are aware, however, of the "strange things" that happen

Weather Variation Chart

Roll	Type of Weather	Roll	Intensity	Roll	Duration
01-25	Sunny and Warm	01-20	Very Light	01-10	5 Minutes
26-35	Partly Cloudy	21-30	Light	11-20	10 Minutes
36-40	Overcast and Cool	31-50	Moderate	21-30	20 Minutes
41-50	Rain	51-65	Heavy	31-40	30 Minutes
51-55	Thunderstorm	66-80	Very Heavy	41-50	45 Minutes
56-60	Overcast w/Sleet	81-90	Extreme	51-60	60 Minutes
61-65	Overcast w/Hail	91-100	Variable*	61-70	90 Minutes
66-70	Cold with Frost			71-80	120 Minutes
71-77	Cold with Snow			81-90	180 Minutes
78-82	Drifting Fog			91-00	Entire Trip
83-86	Dust Storm				
87-90	Sand Storm				
91-94	Sunny, Hot, and Humid				
95-00	Roll again for weather, using only 01-94, but it is night				

*If Variable, roll 1D12 for number of minutes for each intensity; then re-roll and change intensity until duration is exceeded.

when a person travels in "that direction" (toward the oracle's location). Remember that each inhabitant will have a different story to tell about visiting the oracle.

When the players enter the 10-mile zone, roll on the tables on p. 105 for the type of weather, the intensity of the weather, and the weather's duration. At the end of the specified duration, roll again if the players are still in the area, and inform them of the change.

Entrance to the Oracle

The entrance to the oracle is set into the side of a low hill. Engraved stone blocks showing various types of trees flank the 20'-tall entryway. The carvings, however, are not all right-side up; some are sideways, and others are upside down. The doors guarding the entrance to the oracle are heavy bronze, covered with engraved panels of various sizes. Each panel displays the representation of a sign of the zodiac, but the orientation of the pictures is as jumbled as the carvings on the stone blocks.

When the oracle is available for consultation, two guards flank the entrance. Four benches made of stone stand a short distance from the entrance, giving supplicants a place to rest before visiting the oracle.

When the party arrives at the entrance, roll on the following table to determine the status of the

Status of the Oracle

- 01-20 Oracle is closed. No guards are present.
- 21-40 Oracle is just closing. Guards tell party to return in 1D4 days.
- 41-60 Oracle is just opening and 1D8 supplicants are waiting. Guards tell party to wait 1D6 hours before entering the waiting room.
- 61-80 Oracle is open. Party is ushered immediately into waiting room.
- 81-00 Oracle is open. Party was expected and gets an immediate appointment.

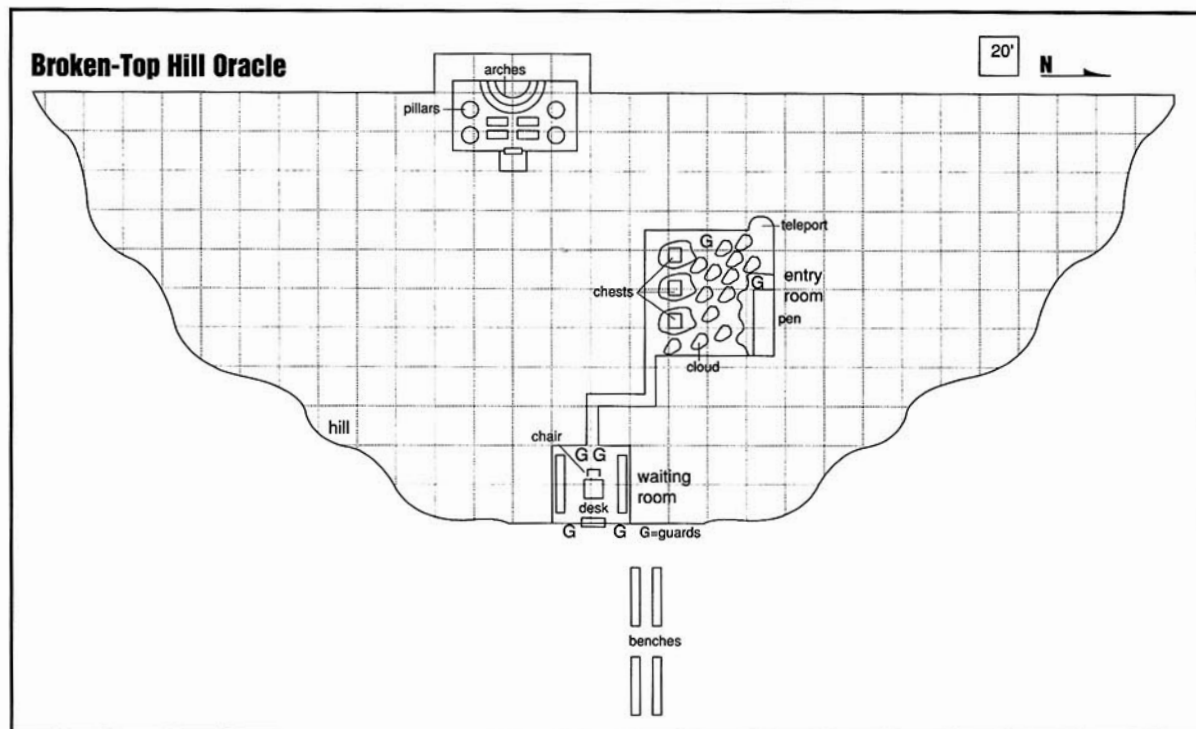
oracle. If it is open for business, describe the guards standing beside the doors to the players. Note that what the players see is directly related to their alignment.

Guards of the Oracle

Lawful party members see that the guards are human clerics, dressed in brass plate mail with white robes, each armed with a mace and a pike.

Neutral party members see that the guards are wereboars, dressed in leather armor, each armed with a scythe and a long bow.

Chaotic party members see that the guards are fire giants, dressed in black chain mail, each armed with a two-handed sword and a whip.





In reality, the guards are Skill 8 human druids, dressed in orange and brown robes and armed only with ceremonial daggers.

Guardians

Human, Skill 8 Druids

HTK: 40, 42, AC: 6

MV: 12", AL: Neutral

AT: 1, DM: by weapon

THACO: 12

Weapon Proficiencies: dagger, staff

Armor: robes

Weapons: +4 dagger

Specials: protected by the oracle.

The oracle can alter the appearance of any creature in its area of influence; the preceding descriptions are the result of this power. The guards exist mainly to maintain a sense of order for the supplicants outside the oracle. They do not know the oracle's schedule, they do not keep track of its appointments, nor will they answer questions about it.

Any person who enters the waiting room without a guard escort will be summarily teleported 1D4 miles from the oracle in a random direction. Any person who attacks one of the guards will be teleported 10D12 miles from the oracle in a random direction (80%), or teleported to the astral (10%) or

ethereal (10%) plane of existence without any equipment. Any player who attempts to use a Teleport, Dimension Door or similar spell to enter the oracle will be teleported to the astral plane without any equipment. The equipment left behind will be found in the oracle's entry room.

Waiting Room

Entering the 40' by 40' waiting room can be disconcerting for even the most well-traveled adventurer. The room appears to be a cave in a coral reef located under water. The walls are made of irregular formations of red and white coral, the air seems to have turned a cobalt blue, the floor is composed of sand and small pieces of seashells and coral, small bubbles trickle up from the sandy floor to disappear when they reach the ceiling, and light is provided by eight large patches of leafy seaweed floating near the ceiling. Hanging below each patch of leaves are 1D8 5' tendrils covered with luminescent nodules. The seaweed undulates up and down, as though gentle waves were passing overhead. Every few minutes, a small, brightly colored fish emerges from the leaves of one patch and dashes across to another, quickly vanishing from sight.

Along the left and right walls stand long benches carved from blue coral. Cushions that look like inflated puffer fish rest on the benches. In the center of

the far wall, a 7'-tall opening, flanked by two very large water naga guards (Skill 8 druids, *HTK*: 44, 49, for other stats see **Guardians**, p. 107), is visible, but no details of the next room can be seen. In the center of the room stands a large desk; the top is constructed of fish skins stretched over a hidden framework, while the legs are made from the graceful, twisted spirals of narwhale horns. Resting on the top of the desk are a large book bound in feathers, a quill, a bottle of ink, a small crystal jar filled with sand, and a highly polished engraved stone sign that reads, "Absolutely NO Spellcasting Allowed."

Seated behind the desk, on a hillock of coral, is a merman (30%), a sahuagin (20%), a triton (20%), a nixie (20%), or a morkoth (10%) secretary. When someone enters, the secretary opens the book to a new page and ask the visitors to sign their names, their places of residence, and the subject about which they wish to consult the oracle. If a character lies about any of the information, the text will vanish from the book and the secretary will ask him to re-enter the information. If the character refuses to enter truthful information, the secretary will call the guards to escort the character out. The character will not be allowed back into the waiting room on this day. The secretary, like the outside guards, is a human druid whose appearance has been altered by the oracle (Skill 9 druid, *HTK*: 54, for other stats, see **Guardians**, p. 107). Any person who attempts violence or spellcasting of any sort in the waiting room will be teleported to the astral (50%) or ethereal (50%) plane without any equipment.

Once the characters have finished signing in, roll on the following table to see what appointments the oracle has available (unless of course the characters received an immediate appointment on the **Status of the Oracle** table). When an appointment is available, the naga guards will escort the characters into the oracle's entry room.

Appointments to Visit the Oracle

- 01-20 Oracle has no appointments at the present. Return in 1D4+1 weeks.
- 21-40 Oracle has no appointments today. Return in 1D4+1 days.
- 41-60 Oracle has no appointments today. Return tomorrow because an appointment is available.
- 61-80 Oracle is open. Party must wait 2D4 hours for an appointment.
- 81-00 Oracle is open. Party gets an immediate appointment.

Entry Room

As the party leaves the waiting room, it vanishes behind them. The visitors find themselves standing on a large cloud, apparently floating high (8+1D4 thousand feet) above the range of hills that contains the oracle. Floating nearby on other large clouds are two sylph guards, three open chests containing coins, jewels, and various items, while a short distance away an enclosed pen partially filled with barnyard animals protrudes from a cloud bank. About 60' away, supported by two clouds, is a silver arch 12' tall. The players can see at least 50 miles in every direction.

The sylph guards are also human druids whose appearance has been altered by the oracle (Skill 7 druids, *HTK*: 42, 38, for other stats, see **Guardians**, p. 107). Any person who attempts violence or spellcasting in the entry room will be teleported to the astral (50%) or ethereal (50%) plane without any equipment.

As visitors move from the waiting room to the entry room, the guards will fly over to them and offer assistance in moving about the room. If the visitors accept the assistance, they will have no problems moving from cloud to cloud. If they refuse assistance, each character must save against DEX to jump from one cloud to the next. If a character misses his dexterity roll, he will "fall" toward the earth below. The sylph guard will fly down and attempt to grab the character, with a 75% chance of success. If the attempt fails, the character then "falls" out of sight; actually he will be teleported just outside the main gate of the oracle [remember, he may not re-enter today]. If a character has an item that allows him to fly, he may use it with no penalty. If a character starts to cast a spell, teleportation away will be instantaneous.

From the entry point, the characters must cross 1D6 clouds to get to the first chest and 1D3 clouds to get to each subsequent chest. Getting to the large pen requires crossing 1D12 clouds, and getting from the pen to the chest requires crossing 1D10 clouds. From the entryway to the arch requires 1D4 clouds; from the third chest to the arch requires 1D6 clouds. The reason for the differing numbers of clouds is that they are continually moving and changing shape and size as if being blown about by a chaotic wind.

Anyone investigating the pen finds that it contains 2D6 chickens, 1D3 cows, 1D4 pigs, 1D6 sheep, 1D4 goats, and 1D12 cats. Anyone opening the chests finds the first filled with about 50,000 gp



worth of coins of various denominations. The second chest contains 200 gems of varying value. The third chest contains 3D12 items, including weapons, armor, and miscellaneous items. If the characters use an item to detect for magic, 40% of the items will detect as magical. If the characters decide to take coins, gems, or items, the guards will not protest or force the characters to replace the items; when the oracle teleports them out following their question-and-answer session, all their equipment other than the items taken will be left behind.

Inner Sanctum

Whenever a person passes through the arch in the entry room, he teleports to an illuminated 10' by 10' room facing a door. A name is engraved in the door. Quickly, the room goes dark, and an unseen voice says "Come in." The name on the door now glows with a pale green light as the door swings inward.

Good characters will see polished marble walls with Gothic columns in the corners and flanking a door made of hammered bronze. The name on the door reads, "The Most Honorable, Right Reverend Evon Recap, Bishop of Qvesterbury, Succorer of the Meek, and Guiding Light to the Humble." Through

the open door, good characters will see a dimly lighted temple with walls of polished red sandstone. Opposite the door, standing on a raised platform is a red-haired man wearing white robes and holding a staff topped with a golden orb.

Neutral characters will see rough, pitted stone walls that were formed by an ancient volcano. The door is made from a heavy slab of carved granite, hanging from heavy bronze hinges. The name on the door reads, "The Exalted, Most Powerful, Always Polite Errvan Repcap, Defender of the Weak and Enemy of the Arrogant." Through the open door, neutral players will see a bright lava cave. Opposite the door, standing on a hillock of lava, is a red-haired female weretiger wearing a leather harness studded with emeralds and rubies and toying with a finely engraved silver dagger.

Evil characters will see dull, scarred metal walls with streaks of rust in the corners and on the surface of a rune-covered iron door. Wispy red flames scamper over the surface of the door. The name on the door reads, "The Most Grand, Truly Exalted, Ervont Ripcap, Commander of the Faithful, and Flame of Truth to the Masses." Through the open door, evil players will see a dark great hall. Opposite the door, standing on a dais before a large fireplace,

is a red-haired cloud giant wearing polished, black plate mail and juggling four two-handed swords.

The figure facing the visitors, like the outside guards, is a human druid whose appearance has been altered by the oracle (Skill 9 druid, *HTK*: 58, for other stats, see **Guardians**, p. 107). Any character who attempts violence or spellcasting at this point will be teleported to the astral (50%) or ethereal (50%) plane without any equipment.

From this point forward, this figure will be referred to as "the oracle." (The real oracle is a magical stone imbedded in the ceiling of the inner sanctum, but that can be ignored for the purposes of the visitation.)

The oracle greets the visitors and asks them what they need to consult him about. If they lie or ask about a topic not listed in the appointment book, the oracle will remind them (once) that they do not have an appointment to discuss that topic. If anyone persists, the oracle will teleport him outside the main entrance after telling him to make another appointment. (Return to the **Status of the Oracle** table, p. 106, treating all rolls of 41-60 as Oracle is Closed.) The oracle is also very vain; any character not paying close attention to his "magnificence" will be summarily teleported out with no warning. Note that this is an ability of the true oracle; the figure facing the visitors will not cast a spell but will have been informed by the true oracle about what happened.

Oracle's Method of Responding

01-50 Oracle will answer 1D20 questions with "yes," "no" or "maybe." Roll again for veracity:

01-33 Oracle will lie.

34-66 Oracle will tell the truth.

67-00 Oracle will provide random answers. (If the players ask a question ending with a word that ends with a vowel the answer is "yes"; if the last word ends with a consonant the answer is "no"; if the last word ends with a "y" the answer is "maybe.")

51-00 Oracle will answer 1D12 questions with complete sentences. Roll again for veracity:

01-33 Oracle will lie.

34-66 Oracle will tell the truth.

67-00 Oracle will answer with random cryptic remarks. (Roll on the Cryptic Remark Table at right or select a remark appropriate to the question.)

Cryptic Remark Table

- 1 A person must sow wild oats before establishing roots.
- 2 A watchdog with two heads can see in both directions.
- 3 The coals of a fire are hot, but they are also red.
- 4 A bird may fly in many directions, the snail in only one.
- 5 The tall grass concealing a snake also defines the limits of its universe.
- 6 The rose and the thorn enter into paradise upon the same branch.
- 7 Only a visionary can see where he's been as well as where he's going.
- 8 You may strike while the iron is hot, but such will bend the sword.
- 9 A cat has no wisdom, but it can learn.
- 10 The second guess is the educated one.
- 11 Your answer is within yourself, and only a small wound will let it out.
- 12 A distant lake may reveal many secrets, until disturbed by rain.
- 13 Even the darkest night can have a star that shines through the clouds.
- 14 The sun of morning has no father yet alive.
- 15 Treasure gotten for its own sake cannot compete with an ulterior motive.
- 16 Even a fool, when he remains silent, is thought to be wise.
- 17 Death, in itself, is not the answer to all problems.
- 18 One who never gambles knows neither the pressures of victory nor the quiet satisfaction of defeat.
- 19 The mind may state that things are miles apart that the heart knows are inseparable.
- 20 Battlements are made to be scaled and broken down; the best defense is not to build them.

If the visitors confirm that they are indeed here to discuss the topic for which they made the appointment, the oracle will inform them of his chosen method of responding. Roll on the table at left to determine what the oracle's actions will be.

When the oracle has answered the indicated number of questions, it bids the visitors farewell and teleports them outside the main entrance. These characters will not be allowed to re-enter the oracle until at least 2D8 weeks have passed. No player character will be allowed to question the oracle more than twice in any year.

— Paul Karczag

Tranquil Inn

The Tranquil Inn is the only one of its kind in existence. As its name implies, it is a peaceful, restful haven for weary travelers. This inn is the only known place to find a dwarf sharing a draught of ale with a goblin or to see a man having a civil conversation with his ex-wife. Though most people find these encounters unnatural, Jas Respor, the inn's owner and proprietor, cherishes each and every one of them.

The main building is a two-story wooden structure that is 200' long and 50' wide. Two large chimneys extend upward from its red tile roof, and long tendrils of black smoke float lazily out of them. The first floor of the inn is windowless, but the second floor has 10 windows spaced evenly across it. A set of wooden double doors allows entry into the inn.

Inside, a clerk sits in a 40'-long enclosed area. He introduces himself in a friendly manner and offers to help in any way he can. He will explain that a room costs one silver piece a night and that it does not matter how many people share a single room. If the party agrees to spend the night, he will ring a small bell, and a porter will appear to help carry any of the party's gear up to the room.

If the party is a mixed group (humans, elves, etc.), the clerk will ask them if they would like separate rooms. He will then go on to explain that an individual wing has been prepared for each race and that they may be much more comfortable staying there. If there is not a specific wing for the character's race, he will be put in the next closest area. For example, a gnome would be put in the dwarves' quarters. This is not to segregate them, only to ensure their comfort. Jas thought that if everyone was very comfortable, they would be much more relaxed to the idea of having other races near them.

When the adventurers have finished checking in, they may go directly to their rooms, or they may wish to explore more of the inn. If they choose to explore, they will notice fireplaces blazing away in the north and south walls. A passageway leads to the east and west past a number of doors marked "employees only." Each passage ends at a stairway leading up. On the wall at the foot of each stairway is a picture of a man and a woman standing side by side.

The rooms marked "employees only" are used to house Jas and 30 inn workers. The rooms are not large enough to accommodate 30 people, but everyone works in shifts and so they sleep in shifts as well. Each room contains two bunk beds, four chairs, and a simple dresser.

The stairways lead upward to the humans' quarters. The painted figures on the wall are a sign to everyone that this is the human wing of the inn. This is not telling other races to keep away; it is only meant as a means of finding one's room. There are a total of twenty 20' x 20' rooms on the second floor, and each one has a double bed, two couches, a four-drawer dresser, and a man-sized wardrobe. A large window, easily large enough for a man to fit through, looks out of each room. Each room comfortably sleeps four, but there is no reason why more people cannot occupy each room if they desire.

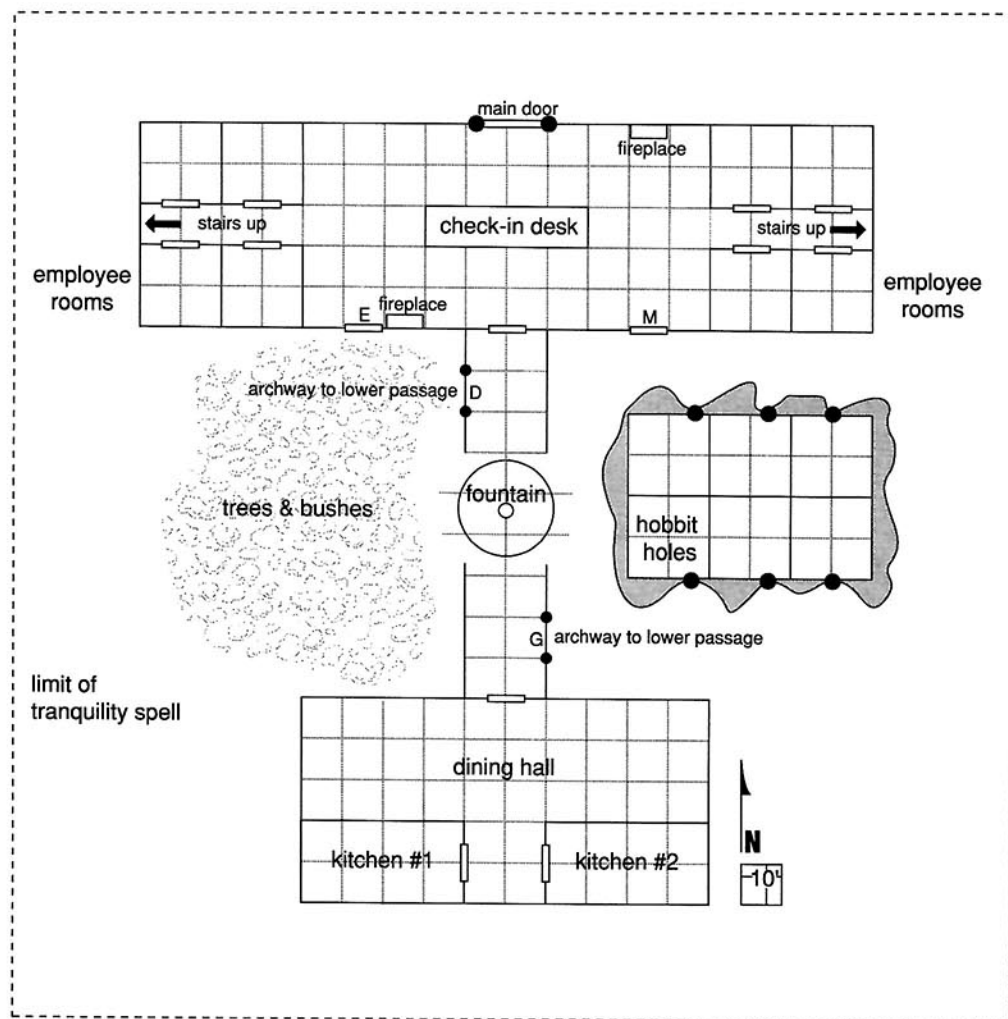
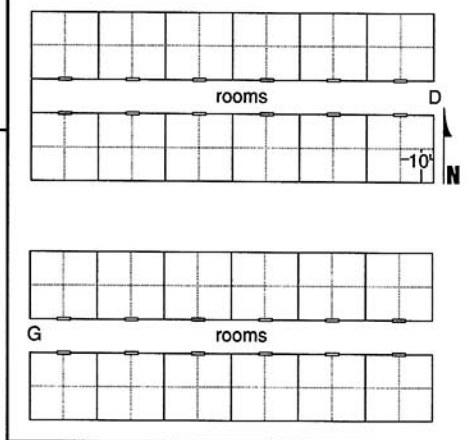
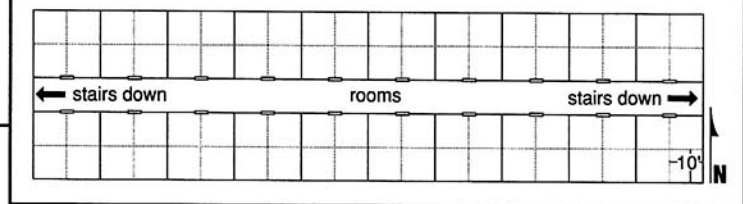
From the main lobby, there are three additional doors on the southern wall leading to the rear of the inn. Each door has a picture etched into it in a similar manner as the picture near the stairs. The picture on the first door is that of an elf standing amongst a group of trees. This door leads to the elves' quarters at the rear of the inn.

This area is covered with tall well-tended trees and bushes of every shape and size. Jas knew that elves are outdoor creatures and might not be comfortable being confined in a small room. Therefore, he created a small "oasis" for them to sleep in. There are no amenities of any sort for them, but the trees are high and the ground is very soft, and any elves who stay there should be totally comfortable.

The second door has three pictures on it. The first is that of a dwarf, the second is of an orc (or similar creature), and the third is of a steaming hot plate of food next to a large glass of ale.

This door leads to the dwarves' and goblins' quarters, and also to the inn's dining area (and to the rear of the inn). The door opens into a 20'-wide passageway leading south. After 10', a white, highly polished marble arch opens on the west wall, with the likeness of a dwarf chiseled onto each side of it. Through the arch is a well-lighted stairway that leads down for 20' before opening into a 120' passage leading to the west. Torches line both walls, providing ample light.

Like the humans' quarters, the rooms are 20' x 20', but that is where the similarity ends. The door to each of the dwarves' rooms is outlined in stone and is in the shape of an arch. The rooms are constructed entirely of rock, and large throw rugs and heavy furs cover the floors. The only furniture in the rooms are two large, expensive looking chests, which are trimmed in gold. There are no beds or chairs because Jas believed that dwarves prefer to eat, sleep, and relax while sitting on the ground. The chests are

Main Level (ground)**Lower Level****Second Level**

nothing more than elaborate wardrobes built in the shape of treasure chests, thus making the dwarves feel even more at home. Even though there is no furniture, the rooms are comfortable, and the furs and blankets are more than sufficient to ward off the chill of the night air.

Ten feet past the archway, the passage stops with an open end to the outdoors. A white gravel path encircles a large, three-tier ivory fountain. The top tier consists of the statue of a unicorn with a continuous stream of water gushing from its horn. The second level is filled with the statues of young laughing girls. Each holds a bucket that catches the water that falls from the tier above. As the buckets fill and overflow, the water cascades downward into a final pool approximately 3' deep. This fountain was built for a decoration and nothing more.

The area to the west is covered with trees and bushes, the elves' portion of the inn.

The area to the east is covered with a large mound of dirt approximately 70' long and 50' wide. Small round wooden doors are spaced about 10' apart around the entire perimeter of the hill. This is the hobbit area of the inn. These are not actual hobbit holes, but they are as close as a human can design. (They are actually normal rooms surrounded by dirt.) Each hole has a comfortable rocking chair, a dresser, and a small fireplace with a mantle. Jas has also supplied a one-half pound bag of "hobbit weed" on the mantle in each of the rooms for the hobbits' enjoyment. The rooms have been built with a hobbit's comfort in mind, therefore all of the furniture is hobbit size and can only be used comfortably by a halfling. This area can also be reached from the lobby by using the door marked with a hobbit on it.

South of the fountain, the 20'-wide passage resumes. Ten feet farther south is an ebony archway set into the eastern wall. There is a picture of a goblin on both sides of the arch. A dark, forbidding-looking stairway leads down.

This is the final wing of the hotel that Jas had specially constructed for his non-human guests. He actually had no idea how goblins or orcs lived, but he wanted to try and make them as comfortable as possible. The stairway leads down for almost 30' before ending at the beginning of a 120'-long passage leading east. It is totally dark, purposely, because Jas believed that goblins relish the darkness.

The rooms are constructed totally of rock and are nearly empty. There are a number of large, smelly animal hides covering the floor, and a large black

stove situated directly in the middle of each room. The rugs are meant to sit or sleep on, and the stove is there to cook any "unique" foods that the goblins may have brought with them.

Ten feet south of the entrance to the goblins' quarters is the inn's dining area. Tables and chairs of every size occupy almost all of the floor space. They range from normal man-sized tables to tables small enough for a hobbit to be comfortable with. The restaurant boasts two large kitchens with chefs who can cook up any delicacy. Due to the variety of guests, two well-stocked kitchens are open 24 hours a day. The first kitchen cooks for the human (and near human) guests of the inn, while the second kitchen specializes in "other delicacies." For example, it would be able to cook roast purple worm or some other equally unusual dish to satisfy even the most finicky of palates. The kitchen staff will also be glad to prepare anything that one of the guests may have brought with him for no additional charge.

Because of the nature of the Tranquil Inn, there is almost no telling who or what type of creature may be staying there. This is a good place to exchange information, so determine a guest list that best fills the need of your campaign.

Jas Respor

Jas Respor is a small, frail man who is 83 years old and looks every bit of it. He stands slightly over 5' in height and weighs less than 120 pounds. He is completely bald, and his white bushy eyebrows are the only visible hair on his body.

Jas is a kindly old man who has become somewhat forgetful due to his age. He is still very intelligent and can easily hold his own in a conversation. However, at times he becomes disoriented and confused. When this occurs he will begin talking about his youth or about his dream of uniting the world. These bouts usually do not last more than 10 minutes and do not occur more than once a day.

Jas Respor

Human, Skill 18 Priest

STR: 13, INT: 12, INS: 18

STA: 7, DEX: 10, APL: 15

HTK: 72, AC: -2

MV: 12", AL: L. Good

AT: 1, DM: by weapon

THAC0: 14

HT: 5'1", WT: 115 lbs.

Magic Items: +3 chain and shield, six Potions of

Healing, scroll of 7 clerical spells (1 first level, 2 third level, 1 fifth level, 1 sixth level, and 2 seventh level), +2 mace (+5 against undead)

Spells: GM's choice

He usually wears the traditional garb of a "Priest of the Races," a simple white robe with a black sash across the shoulder. Jas entered the priesthood as an acolyte when he was only 8 years old, and he has spent his entire life serving his god.

The Priests of the Races is a nontraditional sect, with no specific deity. Each member worships his own god within the main goal of the sect, which is to unify all the races of man.

Jas took the goals of his order very seriously, and throughout his years in the priesthood he was directly responsible for the conversion of more than 3,000 people to his faith. As the years passed, Jas became one of the most renowned members of his church, until only Sistoll, the patriarch of his order, was held in higher esteem. When he was a younger man, Jas was primarily concerned about bringing mankind together, and he did not give a second thought to any of the other races. However, as he grew older he began to wonder about them. He thought it would be marvelous if they were also included in the plan to bring harmony to the entire world. After all, how could the humans live in peace if the other races were still fighting and killing each other.

Most members of his order thought that his idea was ludicrous because everyone knew that some races could never live together in peace. Of course, even though most of his peers disagreed with him, a large number of lesser priests thought that his ideas were wonderful and even considered him to be the world's savior.

At first Sistoll just humored Jas and his followers, because he did not see any way that they could harm anything. With each passing year, he began to hear more complaints that Jas was making his order look ridiculous.

By the time Jas reached the age of 70, he had become obsessed with bringing everyone on the planet together, and he told everyone he met that he planned to accomplish it during his lifetime. Most people did not realize that this was just the dream of one eccentric old man and believed it to be the actual teachings of his order.

It was then that Sistoll realized that he had to do something about Jas. However, due to Jas' high ranking in the church, Sistoll could not just dismiss him and send him away. He contemplated this

problem for many days until the solution suddenly came to him. He would send Jas on a pilgrimage to meet with the other races to try to persuade them that they should live in peace with each other. He knew that Jas would be honored with this mission and that he would love to try it. He also knew that this mission was doomed to failure, but he hoped it would be many years before Jas realized it and returned home. As the patriarch hoped, Jas was delighted with his mission and could not wait to get started. Just days after his 79th birthday, Jas and 30 of his followers gathered up their belongings and started out on their quest to save the world.

Even though Jas had become somewhat eccentric, he was not ignorant. He knew that he could not possibly visit each race individually, and even if he could, he knew it would not accomplish anything. He believed that the only way to get people to understand and accept each other would be to get them to meet face to face. As he traveled, he pondered the many ways that he could persuade "natural enemies" to come together in peace. He knew that this would not be easy, but he was determined to try. As he traveled he noticed that most of the people he saw on the road appeared to be haggard and weary, apparently badly in need of a rest. One day, as he watched a caravan rumbling past him, an idea suddenly came to him. He would build an inn here. He would build an establishment like the world had never seen. All races would be welcome, and he would personally see to their safety and comfort. He knew that if he built it far from civilization and near a well-traveled road, most travelers would gladly stop there to rest.

The building of the Tranquil Inn was to be a massive undertaking. Jas wanted to be sure that each race would be catered to in its desired style of living. He planned to build individual sections for men, dwarves, elves, hobbits, and even goblins and orcs (and other humanoid creatures). Due to his incredible plans, the inn took more than three years to build. When it was finished, it was an unbelievable structure.

Everything ran smoothly for the first month that the Tranquil Inn was open. It seemed that Jas' dream had come true. Humans, dwarves, and elves visited the inn, and they all got along splendidly. It was not until a group of half-orcs attempted to stay there that problems began. They checked in without incident (because no one noticed them), but as soon as they entered the dining area, there was trouble. Some dwarves were already there drinking, and they were

not too pleased to see "scum" breathing the same air that they were. After less than 10 seconds of insults, they were at each others' throats, intending to kill one another as quickly as possible. When the battle was finished, all of the orcs lay dead, and two of the dwarves were seriously wounded.

After Jas cured them and sent them on their way, he began to do some serious thinking. He still believed that harmony among the races was possible, but he now realized that it would not happen simply by bringing the races together on their own. To prevent any more bloodshed from ever happening at his inn, he cast a Tranquility Spell (see description at right) over the entire inn. By casting this spell, he knew that his guests would have no choice but to get along with each other, and he hoped that by being forced to cooperate with other races, they would eventually learn to live together in peace. It took Jas weeks to cast enough spells to cover the entire area, and by the time the project was completed, Jas was exhausted.

Also, because of Jas' advanced age (and because he was somewhat feeble-minded), the spell is stronger in some places than in others. For each hour that is spent at the inn, there is a 10% chance that the spell will fail for 1D4 turns.

Just because the spell fails in one area, other areas may not be affected. For example, suppose the Tranquility Spell fails in the dwarven wing, and they immediately rush out to hack up some goblins that they had seen earlier. The moment they leave their wing, the spell may take effect again, and they immediately calm down and forget their hostilities. However, once they return to their wing, where the spell is inactive, they become violent again. (This can make for a very frustrated group of dwarves.)

If the spell does fail and natural enemies are in sight of each other, they immediately begin to fight. They will fight until the spell reactivates, and then calm will reign again. As soon as the spell takes effect again, all hostilities cease, and the combatants calm down and may even apologize to each other. If there are wounded, the different races try to offer assistance to each other.

If Jas sees any of his guests fighting, he immediately intervenes. In his most threatening voice (which is still quite good), he orders them to stop, or

face his wrath. Remember, even though he is old, he is a high-level priest with a great deal of power. If the fighting does not stop, he casts a Hold Person on the combatants. If this does not work, he throws a Symbol spell of Persuasion on the group. He then commands them all to be friends and orders all hostilities to cease. (By this time the Tranquility Spell should be back in effect, too.)

Once characters have left the inn and the border of the Tranquility Spell, all hostilities and prejudices return.

Spell of Tranquility

Level: 5

Range: Touch

Area of Effect: 20 square feet

Duration: Permanent

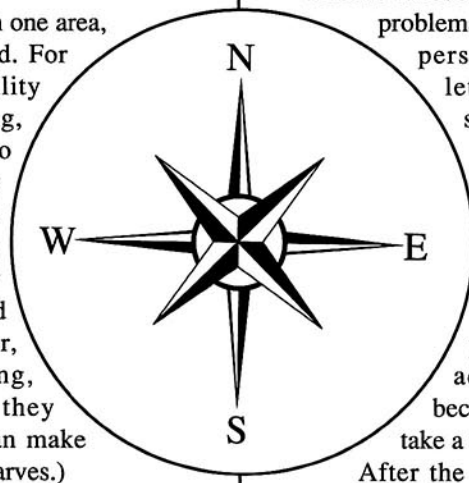
Casting Time: Two segments

Saving Throw: None

By use of this spell, the caster can cause a specific area to exude an aura of total peacefulness. In order for the spell to work, the priest must walk through the area where he wishes to cast the spell. Anyone who enters this area immediately loses all hostile intentions, and all of his tensions or problems immediately leave him. Such a person does not become lazy or lethargic but relaxes and thinks slowly and calmly. All who are within the area of the spell's influence have no desire to fight and do not do so even if one of their natural enemies is in sight. Even after leaving the tranquil area, a person retains the peaceful, easy feeling for an additional 1D4 turns. This is because the full effects of the spell take a few minutes to dissipate.

After the additional 1D4 turns, the spell wears off completely, and the affected creatures are free to hate or kill anyone that they see fit. This spell affects everyone within the spell's range, including its caster. Therefore, it is not possible to use this spell offensively on an opponent in order to attack him, because when the spell is cast everyone in the area is affected. It is mainly used in churches, monasteries, or to stop any violence that may be occurring in front of the priest.

— Lee Agosta



Tree of the World

In a valley at the edge of the forest, there is a huge, old oak tree. Tall as a castle, with a city of birds and animals living in its branches, this is the mightiest tree in the forest. Five people with their arms stretched can just circle the trunk of the fabulous Tree of the World. There are so many leaves on the tree that in the autumn, when the leaves fall, a gust of wind can send a cloud of leaves around the tree and over the forest. Like a cloud of swirling butterflies, they travel for miles on the breezes. If a leaf from the tree floats down out of the forest and is caught before it touches the ground, it can make a wish come true.

The Tree of the World was the first living thing growing on the land. All other oaks are descended from this tree. Many of the druidical orders and natural religions recognize the tree as a sacred thing.

On one side of the Tree of the World, there is a hole with an opening just large enough for a man to fit through. Inside the tree, there is a narrow shaft descending into the ground. There are other narrow tubes branching out, but the main shaft is the only one large enough to accommodate a humanoid. After about 30', the shaft widens until it becomes large enough to handle several people at once.

At the point of widening, there is a large black spider, about as big as a sheep dog, waiting to attack anything that is threatening the tree. Threats to the tree include lit torches, driving pitons, or any hacking at the inside of the tree. When the spider detects a hostile intruder, it lashes out, biting and injecting deadly poison. Then the spider waits for the victim to drop and goes down to drain all liquid out of the remains. If the person descending is not doing anything offensive and ignores the spider completely, there is no problem. If the spider is killed, another climbs up from the bottom to take its place.

Guardian Spider

HTK: 39, AC: 4

MV: 12", AL: Neutral

AT: 1, DM: 2D4 + poison (save vs. Breath Weapon or be Paralyzed for 10 turns)

SZ: L, INT: Animal

If a victim is paralyzed by the spider's poison, he drops 50' to the floor of the root ball. The spider descends on him in one turn to drink his fluids. The

victim is totally aware of what is happening, right up to the end.

Once at the bottom of the trunk, the chamber-like root ball reveals its secret. The roots have formed into wicker-like passages going in all directions. That is the reason that this is the tree of the world. The root tunnels lead off for thousands of miles under the ground.

Small lamps and enclosed lanterns can be used to illuminate the passages, although they are dimly lit by phosphorescent mosses and occasional glowing rocks that poke through the roots. Another light source is provided by the billions of glowing ants that make their trails along the sides of the root tunnels.

The ants are scavengers that keep the tunnels clean. They are seen nowhere else in the world. If anyone damages the tunnel roots, the ants will swarm over the offender. The ants can strip a man to bone in one turn, and there will be nothing left in three turns. Normally the ants go their own way. These ants secrete a substance that glows green. A small amount of this substance is left on the walls, leaving a trail for the other ants to follow. As a side-effect, the ants glow like fireflies. Where the ants are coming from and going to is a mystery.

The root tunnels average about 6' in diameter, sometimes a little more, and sometimes a lot less. The roots go on for miles, sometimes branching in more than one direction. Occasionally there is a spot where the roots have grown around a hole leading to caverns. These holes allow access to the strange underworld. The caverns eventually lead to the surface. As the roots pass under cities and villages, they often pass through walls, providing places to exit. Some openings lead into manufactured tunnels under cities, and a few lead into mines.

It is possible to go anywhere in the world following the root tunnels. Of course, there are no maps, and getting lost is particularly easy, but a knowledgeable druid could probably navigate a path to freedom.

Because of the openings to caverns and the like, other beings can be encountered in the tunnels. Mainly, these beings will be denizens of the underworld, like goblins or orcs. Still, an occasional human from a city may wander into the tunnels, or even a creature from another plane. No matter what creature is encountered, there is little chance of combat due to the confined space and the fact that accidentally cutting a root causes instant death.

— John Cox

magic items

Potions & Powders

Dust of Damage

XP VALUE: 1,250

GP VALUE: 7,000

This rare and powerful magical dust, when sprinkled on the hands, affects any spell a spellcaster casts (one spell per application). The spell cast, if a damage-dealing spell (such as Fireball), automatically does maximum damage. If an opponent makes a save vs. the spell, then only half of the maximum amount of damage is delivered. Only magic-users and clerics may use this item.

—Jason F. Smith

Dust of Life Giving

XP VALUE: 2,250

GP VALUE: 9,000

Each pouch of this magical dust contains one dose, which, when sprinkled over a dead familiar, brings it back to life and heals all damage. This dust only works on familiars.

—Jason F. Smith

Kalag's Powders

XP VALUE: 300

GP VALUE: 500

Though some people believe this substance to be a variant of green slime, it's really something less evolved than slime. Normally found in still underground water, it appears to be normal algae. On rare occasions, as when a pool has evaporated, it's found in powder form. In either form it acts as a class E ingestive poison (inhaled or swallowed).

This green substance is also deadly to plant life. When applied to a plant's roots, in 1D6 minutes the foliage starts to discolor and droop. The substance is capable of permeating the whole plant once it has entered the stalk, and even small amounts can affect entire sections of a tree. (The amount and the time needed to kill plants is strictly at GM discretion.)

When heated, this substance turns orange. Caution must be taken during this heating process, as breathing the steam or fumes can cause instant death.

This orange substance has qualities entirely different from the original. On plants, the orange powder can reverse the effects of the green

substance: flowers, small shrubs and trees soon become green again, but the discoloration of the wood remains. Such tainted wood is too weak for use as furniture, shields, etc.

When the orange powder is mixed with water and ingested, it induces almost instant vomiting.

Breathing the orange powder has two effects. An animal may become moody, almost depressed. Its reactions are either dulled and it loses any fear of man (if applicable), or it becomes bright-eyed and bushy-tailed and begins to frolic, all but oblivious of its surroundings. In humanoids, the orange powder is similar to nitrous oxide (laughing gas). The subject often goes into deep depression, sometimes crying uncontrollably. Other times he becomes quite elated, even to the point of hallucinating. There is an equal chance of either result.

The GM has free rein to create and narrate hallucinations as he wishes, with the idea of entertaining his players. A normal save vs. Poison is required if the character is awake. There is no save if asleep and no effect if unconscious. Upon recovering, the character makes a save against INS to determine if he remembers anything.

—Tim Joyce

Oil of Poison Neutralization

XP VALUE: 250

GP VALUE: 3,000

This small dropper of oil contains 1D10 + 10 drops of liquid that, if added to a poisonous liquid of any sort, permanently neutralize it. One drop of the oil neutralizes one pint of liquid. The oil isn't effective against poisonous dusts, gases, or powders.

—Jason F. Smith

Potion of Restoration

XP VALUE: 350

GP VALUE: 7,000

This magical liquid is inky black and has a bitter taste. It must always be kept cool (under 60 degrees) or it becomes useless. The character imbibing the potion regains 1 life-energy level (if he was drained previously). Those who drink the potion without having previously lost a skill level observe no effects from the potion.

—Jason F. Smith

Gems & Jewelry

Amulet of the Grave

XP VALUE: 2,000 GP VALUE: 10,000

This amulet protects the wearer from undead creatures. Every time the wearer is attacked by an undead creature's special attack (rotting, draining, aging, fear, disease, strength drain, etc.) a save vs. Magic is allowed to avoid the effect. The amulet only works for non-evil beings.

—Jason F. Smith

Amulet of Recall

XP VALUE: 3,000 GP VALUE: 10,000

This amulet can be programmed by the wearer to recall the user and all touching him to a predetermined place. The amulet is activated by touching the center gem and uttering the command word. The arrival place must be one previously visited by the amulet's programmer. Only one place can be programmed at a time, and when the amulet has been used once, the place of recall is no longer programmed into the amulet. To program the amulet, the programmer must spend 1D6 turns concentrating on the place of recall. When the amulet has no program set in it, it doesn't function, nor does it radiate magic.

—Jason F. Smith

Gem of Levitation

XP VALUE: 1,000* GP VALUE: 5,000*

The gem is always blood red in color, and its power is dependent on its size. A small gem (marble sized) can lift 250 lbs. 6' in the air, while a large gem (the size of a robin's egg) can lift up to 2,000 lbs. more than 30' in the air.

For the gem to work, it must rest on the item that is to be levitated, and then it must be slowly lifted upward. If this is done, the item follows the gem up and always stays directly below it. When the item is in the air, the gem may be released and remain where it is. Though this gem has the capability to lift an object high into the air, it can't do so unless the gem is also lifted to that height.

*Values are for the smallest type.

—Lee Agosta

Hilt Stones

XP VALUE: 400 GP VALUE: 2,000

When one of these stones is placed in the hilt of any weapon, the weapon gains a +1 magical bonus on "to hit" and damage rolls. Up to four stones can be placed on one weapon.

—Jason F. Smith

Locket of Names

XP VALUE: 300 GP VALUE: 3,000

While wearing this locket anywhere on one's person, the wearer knows the common name of any person he meets without having to ask.

—Jason F. Smith

Medallion of the Fish

XP VALUE: 6,000 GP VALUE: 30,000

This magical item is in the shape of a silver fish, with gems for eyes.

When a cleric wears this medallion, it doubles all of his spell effects, including the number of HTK that can be healed, the amount of damage done by harm spells, as well as the number of undead he can turn. All ranges and durations are doubled, but opponents' saving throws are unaffected.

—Jason F. Smith

Rock of Ages

XP VALUE: 500 GP VALUE: 10,000

The Rock of Ages is a golf ball-sized pearl, either white or black in color. Every 10 seconds (1 melee round) its color changes from white to black, and vice versa.

If a person touches the gem when it is white, he immediately becomes 1D20 years younger. If the gem is black, its victim immediately becomes 1D20 years older. A person never disappears if he loses too many years off of his age, he simply becomes a newborn and needs immediate attention. The same rule applies for aging. No one will crumble to dust due to age, but it is possible that a person might become fragile, weak, and senile. Adjust statistics accordingly.

If the affected person doesn't release the gem, another age change takes place in 10 seconds (as the gem's color changes) and every 10 seconds thereafter until the gem is released.

—Lee Agosta

Rings

Ring of Caustic Remarks

XP VALUE: — GP VALUE: 2,000

This cursed ring causes the character wearing it to make offensive, angry, and insulting remarks whenever he is spoken to nicely. If the wearer is insulted in return, he only smiles. However, when spoken to nicely again, the wearer immediately says something mean and nasty. A Remove Curse spell nullifies the effects of this ring.

—Jason F. Smith

Ring of Minox

XP VALUE: 4,000 GP VALUE: 40,000

This ring acts like a Ring of Spell Storing in that it allows its user to cast spells from it, no matter what class he belongs to. The ring holds six spells at a time. Level 1-4 spells can be cast once per day, Level 5-8 spells can be cast once per week, and Level 9 spells can be cast one time only.

Once a month, all spells in the ring are replaced with a new set of six randomly chosen spells. Such is the ring's power that it collects both cleric and magic-user spells, and it also collects unique and little-known spells. It is possible for the ring to access a spell created by a wizard 1,000 years ago and then lost completely to humankind.

To determine the ring's spells, roll 1D6: 1-4 indicates a magic-user spell, 5-6 indicates a cleric spell. For magic-users, roll 1D10 for spell level, and for clerics roll 1D8, ignoring results of 10 and 8 respectively.

Note that magic-user spells from this ring can't normally be learned and transcribed into a magic-user's spell book. To accomplish this a magic-user needs a Wish spell.

—Jason F. Smith

Ring of the Scarlet One

XP VALUE: 4,000 GP VALUE: 35,000

Typically fashioned of gold and inset with a small ruby carved to resemble a dragon emerging from a conch shell, only 10 of these items were created. Only magic-users can use this ring. When



found, the ring contains 2D10 charges, and each of its two functions uses 1 charge.

1) Sabrina's Soaring Discs: When this ability is called forth, the ring emits multi-colored, 1'-diameter discs from the main gem. The ring generates 1 disc for every 3 skill levels of the magic-user using the ring. These discs zoom forth in a flat cone with a 1/2" base, 10" length, and 1" terminus, or they can be aimed at a single target, whichever is desired by the caster. They are +4 on "to hit" rolls and have the same hit probabilities as if the caster were in actual combat. Each disc that hits causes 1D6 HTK of damage. This function of the ring requires 4 segments to activate.

2) **Sabrina's Shield:** This function instantly forms a plane of force that protects the magic-user from physical harm. The plane of force can take any of three forms, with the form determining the spell's duration.

The first form is that of a frontal shield, which defends against only one foe, in front of the caster. It lasts for 3 rounds per skill level of the caster.

The second form is that of a quarter sphere, which protects against attacks from the front and sides. It lasts 2 rounds per skill level of the caster.

The third form is that of a hemisphere, 10' in diameter, which is effective against attacks from all directions, including those from above. It lasts for 1 round per skill level of the caster. As it is a 10' diameter hemisphere, up to three other man-sized creatures could fit inside with the magic-user, providing they were in the area of effect when the spell was cast.

The shield absorbs damage up to three times the HTK of the magic-user. The spell absorbs only physical damage and is thus ineffective against purely magical attacks such as Polymorph, Flesh to Stone, etc. All magical attacks that take physical form, however, such as Lightning Bolt, dragon breath, or a magical weapon, are absorbed by the spell. Also, any type of spell or missile weapon may pass through from the inside out, but melee weapons may not.

Once Sabrina's Shield has sustained maximum damage, it instantly vanishes. Activation of this function of the ring requires 1 segment.

Once depleted, the Ring of the Scarlet One can't be recharged and becomes a nonmagical ring worth 5,000 gp.

—Christopher Painter

Ring of Talking to Animals

XP VALUE: 600 GP VALUE: 3,000

This ring allows immediate communication with all animals within hearing distance of the wearer (GM discretion). This ring doesn't, however, impart a favorable response by those animals who hear it.

—Richard S. Sullivan

Trollish Ring of Regeneration

XP VALUE: — GP VALUE: 2

A strangely beautiful, bubbly looking, silver ring set with small emeralds, the Trollish Ring of Regeneration is a priceless and dangerous work of magical enchantment.

Once placed on a finger, the ring can't be removed. (The ring seems like it's a little too tight.) Then, whenever the wearer is injured, after 3 combat rounds he begins to regenerate at a rate of 3 HTK of damage per round. Every HTK regenerated makes the wearer more troll-like until 54 points have been regenerated, at which time the wearer becomes a troll and the ring comes off.

During the process of changing into a troll, the wearer begins to look more troll-like and loses 1 point of APL for each 3 HTK regenerated. This phenomenon presents itself as a gradual greening of the skin, warts, new hair growth in odd places, normal teeth falling out, replaced by troll teeth, and the blood turning a dark tar-like color. Along with the physical changes, the wearer becomes more troll-like in mind, losing 1 point of INT and INS for every 3 HTK regenerated. The changes are subtle at first, with a desire for rawer, fresher meat and occasional murderous rampages. Eventually, the ring destroys the wearer's mind.

A Remove Curse spell allows the ring to come off, but any changes are permanent. Cutting off the finger or hand with the ring only serves to buy time, as the finger or hand scuttles back to the victim and reattaches itself as soon as possible.

Once the curse is complete, the new troll gets rid of the ring by leaving it where someone else can find it or by putting it in a treasure hoard.

—John Cox

Wraith Ring

XP VALUE: 1,000 GP VALUE: 5,000

This ring is a plain band of white gold. It appears normal except for a slight iridescent glow. When it is used, the wearer and all of his carried possessions become incorporeal and can only be harmed by magical means—be they spells, special monsters, or magical weapons.

Each time the character uses the ring, however, the player must roll percentile dice. On a 00, the character becomes a wraith. If this happens, the character is subject to all spells and rules pertaining to those monsters. Only a Wish spell can return the character to his normal status.

—Roger T. Johnson, Jr.

Wands, Staves, & Rods

Rod of Kings

XP VALUE: 4,500

GP VALUE: 25,000

This small polished bronze rod gives the person grasping it a +15% bonus to his reaction adjustment and allows him to cast a Suggestion spell once per day. It has unlimited charges.

—Jason F. Smith

Snake Staff

XP VALUE: 6,000

GP VALUE: 50,000

This 5'-long staff is made of sturdy wood, carved in the likeness of a serpent with a head at each end.

Upon command, the staff transforms into a snake and acts like a familiar with the following statistics:

Snake

HTK: 6D8, AC: 4

MV: 15"/12", INT: Average

AT: 1, DM: 1D4

Specials: poison (save vs. Poison or death in 1D4 + 1 rounds).

The snake communicates telepathically with the staff wielder within a range of one mile and follows his commands explicitly. The user of the staff can speak through the snake to other reptiles and can speak the common tongue of humankind. The snake's sense of sight is also communicated to the wielder of the staff. The snake can shrink to be 1" long and can swim as well.

The staff has other powers as a weapon. The head at each end of the staff has two gems set in the eye sockets. One end has two opals for eyes and the other has two rubies.

If the opal side hits, the opponent struck must save vs. Polymorph or be transformed into a harmless 1'-long water snake. If he makes his save, the victim only takes normal staff damage.

The ruby end of the staff administers Type D contact poison. (Type D has 1 segment onset time and causes 10 HTK of damage per round until death, unless a save is made, in which case the victim sustains only 25 HTK of total damage.)

In either case, once a power has been used successfully, one of the gems burns out and must be replaced with a similar one before that power works

again. Thus the staff can hold a maximum of four charges, two Polymorph charges, and two poison charges.

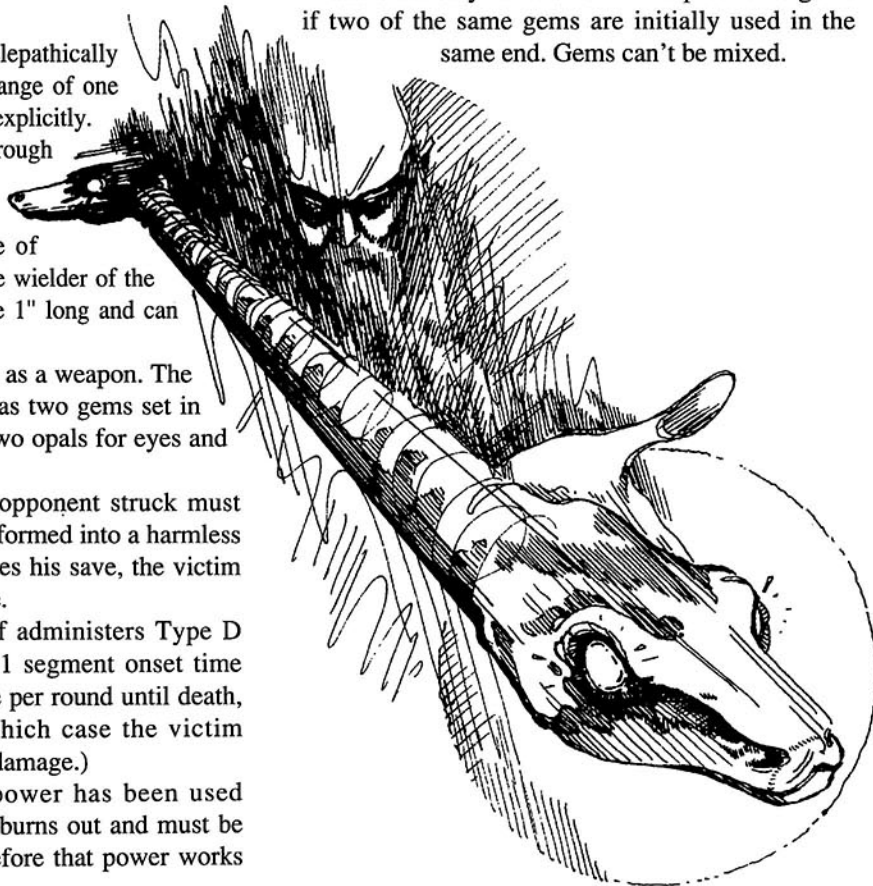
The user of the staff has the privilege of being able to elect whether to strike normally (not using the gem powers) or to enact the special powers.

The staff can acquire other properties if different types of gems are used. If amethysts are used, the beings touched with that end are affected by a Heal spell. If emeralds are used, Restoration, Regeneration, or Reincarnation effects are possible (GM discretion). Pearls produce an inner fire within those struck for damage equal to half their HTK total. Star sapphires allow the user to Teleport as per the spell. Each power used destroys one gem.

For each diamond (in either head), the staff becomes a +1 weapon with respect to damage and "to hit" bonuses. Four diamonds give the staff a +4 bonus. Diamonds never burn out.

If four opals are used, the staff wielder can Shape Change into a snake, once for each opal. The user has the statistics of the staff snake except for HTK, which are his current total. The Shape Change power drains one opal.

The staff only functions with respect to its gems if two of the same gems are initially used in the same end. Gems can't be mixed.



It takes one round to load two new gems. The cost of replacement gems varies depending on gem type, but can never be less than 500 gp each. Flawed or inferior gems of lesser value have no effect.

The staff has no alignment, nor does it have intelligence. It functions for any class and any race, with no regard to alignment.

Finally, the staff conveys immunity to all types of snake venom to whoever is holding the staff.

—Jason F. Smith

Staff of the Archdruid

XP VALUE: 5,000 GP VALUE: 25,000

Only a druid may use this item. These staves are made of oak and bestow the following powers to the wielder.

- May cast a Reincarnate spell once per week.
- Acts as a Ring of Protection +3.
- May cast a Tree Tell spell once per day. This spell is similar to the Skill 6 cleric spell Stone Tell, except that the area of effect is one tree of any size. The spell lasts 1 turn, takes 1 turn to cast, and the caster must touch the tree to cause it to talk.

The effects of the Tree Tell spell are better than the spell Speak with Plants because the caster can get more complex information from the tree. The tree also talks out loud so that the caster and his entire party can hear the tree speak.

—Bob Heggie

Staff of Vocalization

XP VALUE: 3,500 GP VALUE: 15,000

This 6'-long staff, the bottom four inches of which are covered with steel and the top capped in a silver orb, is smooth except for an open mouth carved six inches from the top.

The Staff of Vocalization allows a magic-user to cast spells under any conditions merely by thinking the incantation. Spells can be cast in a vacuum, while flying, underwater, or even in a Silence spell.

As long as the caster is holding the staff, he can cast spells without speaking. A magic-user who is tied and gagged can still cast spells if the staff is in his grasp.

The Staff of Vocalization consumes 1 charge per use and can be recharged.

—Roger T. Johnson, Jr.

Wand of Destruction

XP VALUE: 4,000 GP VALUE: 18,000

A magic-user can use this wand to increase the damage he causes with a spell. When used in combination with a damage-dealing spell, this wand adds 1D6 HTK of damage per charge expended. There is no limit to the number of charges that can be expended per use, but if the wielder tries to use more charges than are available, the wand explodes, doing damage equal to the number of charges that were to be used on the last use. Damage of this type affects all within 5'.

—Jason F. Smith

Wand of Quickness

XP VALUE: 5,500 GP VALUE: 25,000

A magic-user wielding this wand in conjunction with spell-casting always successfully casts his spells without interruption and always with initiative. Each round the wand is used drains 1 charge. The wand is recharged by casting a Haste spell into it in conjunction with a Limited Wish spell.

—Jason F. Smith

War Staff

XP VALUE: 3,500 GP VALUE: 20,000

These ancient staves were created in times when magic-users were a mysterious and persecuted lot. Finding they needed loyal followers and bodyguards to survive, they created this staff to help summon such followers and create a loyal bond between them and the wizard.

The staff allows any Skill 11 or higher wizard to attract followers as if he were a fighter of the same skill level. These fighters remain loyal to the wizard as long as they are well paid and treated with dignity and respect (GM discretion). Fighters treat the wizard as if his APL were 4 points higher than it actually is.

Initially summoning a group of fighters drains 1 charge. For each fighter who dies afterwards, another replaces him, expending another charge from the staff.

—Jason F. Smith

Weapons

Arrow of Vampire Slaying

XP VALUE: 150

GP VALUE: 1,500

This arrow is +3 on "to hit" and damage rolls against any undead creatures. When used against a vampire, on a natural 20 or an adjusted "to hit" roll above 20, the vampire is slain. Otherwise, it functions as a +3 arrow.

—Jason F. Smith

Dagger of the Assassin

XP VALUE: 450

GP VALUE: 4,000

This ornate, eight-inch-long, double-edged dagger seems too frail for use in combat. Its handle is cast silver, the guard is gold, and the pommel is shaped like a skull with two small rubies for eyes.

For most characters, it's a normal dagger. However, when used by an assassin or thief, its power becomes apparent.

If used in an assassination or a back-stab attempt, the dagger functions as a +4 weapon on "to hit" rolls and does 1D8 + 4 HTK of damage. Also, in an assassination, it increases the assassin's chance of success by 10%.

When used in a back stab, the dagger increases by one the standard multiple of damage for the level of the thief. For example, a Skill 6 thief has a back-stab multiple of 3, but when using this dagger the multiple is 4.

—Roger T. Johnson, Jr.

Rage

XP VALUE: 3,350

GP VALUE: 17,500

This long sword, which is normal until touched with blood, communicates empathically with its user, who cannot be lawful in alignment. Any lawful being touching Rage takes 1D4 + 1 HTK of damage per round touched.

Often, to activate the sword's powers, wielders of the sword would "blood" themselves by pulling the blade across their skin, drawing blood (this does damage at GM discretion). Blooded warriors gain a +5 morale rating and a bonus of +2 HTK per skill level, which remain until the sun next sets. All damage done to the wielder is first taken from the new HTK.

Once bloodied, Rage acts as a +4 sword and doubles the wielder's number of attacks per round. The sword also creates a 10' radius Protection from

Fear around the wielder and makes him immune to all mind-affecting spells (including psionics) as long as the battle continues. Any break in the action for longer than 1 turn reverts the sword to normal.

—Jason F. Smith

Siamese Sickles

XP VALUE: 1,000

GP VALUE: 8,000

These +2 weapons look exactly the same; their ebony handles are 18 inches long and their slightly curved, 12-inch-long blades are perpendicular to the handles. The metal of the blades is blackened except for the cutting edges, which are bright silver.

A character can attack with both of these weapons without penalty. They do 1D6 + 2 HTK of damage each.

In the hands of a monk, the sickles are particularly lethal. A monk may use the Siamese Sickles as if he were barehanded, that is, the number of attacks per round, with each weapon, is the same as the monk's barehanded rate of attack.

—Roger T. Johnson, Jr.

Sword of Battle Lust

XP VALUE: 900

GP VALUE: 4,500

Anyone who grasps this +2 long sword and uses it in combat is cursed to have a sudden attitude change. The wielder's attitude suddenly becomes one of heroism, bravado, and fearlessness. However, a thief who grasps the weapon becomes strangely compelled to fight out in the open, in broad daylight. He disdains slithering about in the shadows and ceases backstabbing entirely. He is suddenly filled with the passion of open combat, challenges, and honor. (Obviously a cavalier who picked up this weapon would show no signs of behavioral change at all.)

—Jason F. Smith

Sword of Ogre Slaying

XP VALUE: 900

GP VALUE: 4,500

This long sword, created by elven chiefs long ago, is called Gonsayr and is brother to Godsauy, the sword of orc slaying. Both swords are intelligent and speak empathically with their bearers.

Gonsayr, the ogre slayer, causes fear in all ogres (or any sub-ogre races, including ogre magi, marine ogres, etc.) who see its shimmering light (save or fall to their knees in terror), which flames up whenever the sword comes within 50' of any ogre.

When used against ogres, the weapon is +3 on "to hit" and damage rolls, and a "to hit" roll resulting in a natural 20 automatically disintegrates an ogre (no save). Against all other beings, this sword is +2.

—Jason F. Smith

Sword of Orc Slaying

XP VALUE: 900 GP VALUE: 4,500

This sword, created by elven chiefs long ago, is called Godsauy and is brother to Gonsayr, the sword of ogre slaying. Both swords are intelligent and speak empathically with their bearers.

Godsauy, the orc slayer, causes fear in all orcs (or any sub-orc races, including kobolds, goblins, hobgoblins, etc.) who see its shimmering light (save or fall to their knees in terror), which flames up whenever the sword comes within 50' of any orc.

When used against orcs, this sword allows its user to attack as many times per round as he has skill levels. Against orcs the weapon is +3 on "to hit" and damage rolls, and a "to hit" roll resulting in a natural 20 automatically disintegrates an orc (no save), and any modified roll of 20 or more chops its head off. Orcs with more than 1 HTK Die get a save vs. Breath Weapon to avoid having their heads lopped off.

Against all other beings, this sword is +2.

—Jason F. Smith

Sword of Thunder

XP VALUE: 1,750 GP VALUE: 9,000

This +3 long sword, upon striking an evil creature of any sort, does double damage and explodes in a peal of thunder that affects all evil creatures in a 60' radius. A saving throw vs. Breath Weapons must be made, and if failed, the evil creatures are knocked unconscious for 1 turn. The blade can only explode in thunder once per day. It otherwise functions as a +3 weapon.

Other special swords of this type were said to have greater powers, including the ability to call lightning and control weather. Swords of the most powerful type can also control air elementals.

—Jason F. Smith

Sword of Troll Slaying

XP VALUE: 800 GP VALUE: 4,000

This +1 bastard sword strikes against trolls at +5 on "to hit" rolls and does double damage automatically. Any troll slain by the sword can never regenerate. Against other creatures, the sword is only +1.

—Jason F. Smith

Zalmac's Sword

XP VALUE: 4,000 GP VALUE: 40,000

This short sword can magically change size from a dagger to a long sword and does damage appropriate to the weapon's size.

Upon command, the sword glows an eerie green, with illumination varying from that of a single candle to that of a campfire.

The light, in the absence of any other light source, has an eerie effect on the skin of all within 10' of the sword. Such illuminated skin appears old and worn, and people look like the living dead. It's quite a frightening effect, requiring all beings below 3 HTK Dice to save vs. Fear or run away.

Anything slain by the sword has its essence taken from it and stored in the sword. The victim's body then becomes similar in substance to coal (treat as normal coal).

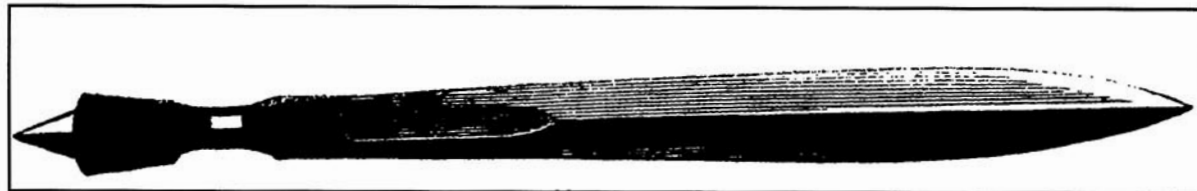
The smoke of any such coal burned has special effects if breathed by a living creature. It has healing effects, relieving exhaustion and fatigue, disease and pain, and even damage. For every HTK Die of the creature being burned, breathing the smoke restores 1 HTK.

The sword stores the essence of the beings it kills, which can then be used by the wielder. For every 15 essences kept, the sword gains a +1 on "to hit" and damage rolls. (The sword can hold only 75 essences at one time.)

Without essence, the sword is nothing more than an ordinary short sword.

The sword has no alignment, no intelligence, and any class or race may use it (GM discretion).

—Jason F. Smith



Armor & Apparel

Armor of Dressing

XP VALUE: 250* GP VALUE: 2,500*

These suits of armor come in many varieties, from plate mail to leather.

The main function of the armor is to assemble itself on a person magically, taking 1 round to do so; the wearer need only speak the command word. This donning of armor takes place even if the wearer is doing something else at the moment, including fighting. Thus a sleeping fighter could spring to combat and at the end of 1 round be fully armored.

Many of these suits of armor are enchanted to provide the wearer with a bonus to armor class ratings (from +1 to +5).

*The values listed is in addition to what the armor type usually gets depending on its other magical properties.

—Jason F. Smith

Bracer of Bleeding

XP VALUE: — GP VALUE: 10

This item appears as a normal iron, electrum, or platinum wristband. It is set with a single large rock crystal. Once placed on the wrist, it can't be removed except by a Remove Curse, Limited Wish, or Wish spell, or via amputation or the wearer's death. Immediately after putting on the bracer, the wearer begins to bleed from the nose, losing 1 HTK per round until he dies. Cure spells and potions can restore lost HTK but can't stop the bleeding, which continues after the spells or potions are used. As the victim bleeds, the rock crystal begins to take on a redder and redder hue. After the bracer is removed, the blood crystal becomes a ruby with a value of 100 gp for every HTK lost by the wearer.

—Christopher Painter

Cloak of Fire

XP VALUE: 1,000 GP VALUE: 5,000

This hell hound hide, worn as a cloak with a skull on top which covers the wearer's head, enables the wearer to breathe fire once per round, doing 1 HTK of damage per skill level of experience (or HTK Dice).

These cloaks are evil and vile in nature, and though good creatures have no repercussions from

using them, they are generally thought of as unclean and unfit for decent folk.

—Jason F. Smith

Cloak of Invincibility

XP VALUE: 500 GP VALUE: 5,000

Once a person dons this cloak, anyone who sees him must save vs. Spells or believe the wearer is invincible in combat. The cloak seems to be made of the finest silk and flows about the wearer as though blown by a mild breeze.

Those failing their save avoid fighting him. If forced into battle, the victims flee at first chance unless the wearer of the cloak has been struck, thus breaking the illusion.

If a paladin dons the cloak, the magic in the garment takes on a more sinister cast. Any non-ally who sees the cloaked paladin and doesn't save vs. Spells sees the cloak as a rotting, moth-eaten scrap of moldy burlap. Furthermore, the paladin seems to be an arrogant snob. Even the most humble of paladins is seen as a sarcastic, uncaring brute. All reactions to the paladin are hostile until the cloak is removed, which requires the casting of a Remove Curse spell.

Once the cloak is removed from a paladin, it remains an ordinary cloak, its magic gone forever.

—Ken Schroeder

Gauntlets of Gold Dragon Strength

XP VALUE: 1,000 GP VALUE: 20,000

These gauntlets are made from gold dragon scales. If a character isn't familiar with dragons, he won't recognize the material for what it is, as the color of the gauntlets is a dull gray, not gold as one might expect. The reason for this is that when a dragon dies, its scales slowly begin to lose their luster until eventually only a dull colorless plate remains.

When these gauntlets are first put on, they mold to the wearer's arms and hands, forming into claws similar to those of a gold dragon, though considerably smaller. When using these gauntlets, the wearer can't use weapons. The gauntlets enable their wearer to duplicate the clawing damage of a gold dragon (one attack per gauntlet; 1D8 +5 HTK of damage, plus STR bonus). Due to the extreme sharpness of the claws, add +5 to the character's "to hit" roll.

If a character wearing these gauntlets encounters a gold dragon, he may be in trouble.

Dragons have an acute ability to sense when one of their brethren is near. Most dragons won't take kindly to the fact that one of their own is being worn.

It's up to the GM to determine what course of action the dragon takes against someone wearing these gauntlets, depending on the wearer's actions, alignment, etc.

—Lee Agosta

Girdle of Blurring

XP VALUE: 3,000 GP VALUE: 20,000

An ornate golden girdle inlaid with sapphires and embossed with a map of the world, this magical belt is rare and truly powerful. It can fit any humanoid, although it looks like a creation designed for a human of large build.

When the wearer touches the belt buckle, the wearer blurs every time he moves, causing attackers to strike at -4 on "to hit" rolls. In addition, the wearer gets a +2 to all saving throws involving magical attacks. This effect lasts until the wearer touches the belt buckle again. The blurring, although helpful, attracts plenty of attention in civilized places.

The girdle must be close to the skin, so it may not be worn over armor. If the girdle is worn under armor, it functions, but it can't be accessed easily.

—John Cox

Gloves of Climbing

XP VALUE: 500 GP VALUE: 7,000

These brown leather gloves enable non-thief or assassin classes to climb as if they were Skill 1 thieves (base 85% chance). Dexterity and race may modify this percentage. Thief and assassin characters gain only a +5% bonus to their score when using these gloves but suffer a -5% penalty with respect to picking pockets, opening locks, and removing traps.

—Jason F. Smith

Gloves of Weapon Proficiency

XP VALUE: 1,000 GP VALUE: 10,000

These magical gray gloves allow a fighter wearing them to pick up any weapon and use it as if he were proficient in that weapon. If the wearer of these magical gloves uses a weapon he is already proficient with, he gains a bonus of +1 on "to hit" rolls.

—Jason F. Smith

Helm of the Dragons

XP VALUE: 2,000-4,000 GP VALUE: 20,000-40,000

Each of these six shining steel helms houses a different colored gem. The color of the gem corresponds to the type of dragon for which it was made: red, blue, black, green, white, and purple. The purple one is effective against all aforementioned dragon types.

The helms give the following abilities to the wearer:

- 1) Control of up to one dragon (of the proper type) for as long as the dragon remains within 200 yards of the wearer. If the dragon is attacked, the control is immediately broken and can only be regained after it and the wearer are no longer fighting. Control acts as the Charm Monster spell.
- 2) Immunity to dragon breath (of the indicated color type). This immunity applies whether the dragon is being controlled or not.

—Jason F. Smith

Helmet of Infravision

XP VALUE: 1,000 GP VALUE: 10,000

This helmet gives the wearer the ability to see into the infrared spectrum (up to 90 feet) on command. Demi-humans who wear this have a 50% chance of having their infravision scrambled, thus losing 50% efficiency for 1 turn.

—Jason F. Smith

Robe of Restoration

XP VALUE: 2,000 GP VALUE: 20,000

This robe is simply made and doesn't appear to be outstanding in any way. However, when worn, it can heal up to 75 HTK of damage. The healing process starts, however, 1 melee round after the damage was inflicted. For example, in round 1, the wearer of the robe takes 8 HTK of damage, and in round 2, he takes 13 more. In round 3, the Robe heals the 8 HTK taken in round 1. In round 4, 13 HTK is healed, and so on. This continues until the robe has healed a total of 75 HTK of damage, after which time it reverts to a normal robe. This is a cumulative total of 75 HTK of damage, not 75 HTK per encounter. If a character is killed before the robe can heal him, he remains dead, as the robe doesn't have the power of resurrection.

This robe only has the ability to heal wounds inflicted by physical means. It won't restore damage taken from poison, cursed items, or magic (including dragon breath).

—Lee Agosta

Miscellaneous

Altern's Lantern

XP VALUE: 100

GP VALUE: 2,500

This special lantern burns without oil, never needing fuel.

—Jason F. Smith

Chalice of Poison

XP VALUE: —

GP VALUE: 3,000

Any liquid poured into this beautiful golden cup becomes instantaneously poisonous, requiring any who drink (even a drop) to save vs. Poison or drop dead immediately. Those who make their save know that the drink is foul, but don't necessarily know that the chalice caused it. It radiates a faint aura of magic when detected for.

—Jason F. Smith

Everburning Torch

XP VALUE: 200

GP VALUE: 2,000

This wooden torch appears in all aspects like a normal torch, except that it can't be extinguished without a Dispel Magic spell. The torch burns underwater and in a void; it doesn't need oxygen to flame. The flame can be used to ignite other fires and is normal in all respects other than that it can't be put out. The torch bearer does have a certain amount of control over it though. He can make the flame as bright as a Continual Light spell or as dim as a flickering candle. The torch continues to emit as much light as its last bearer commanded.

If used in combat, the torch acts as a club +1.

—Jason F. Smith

Feed Bag

XP VALUE: 1,250

GP VALUE: 3,500

This 9" x 12" leather bag contains enough food to feed five people one meal a day. It refills magically every morning.

—Jason F. Smith

Fire Sticks

XP VALUE: 100

GP VALUE: 300/PAIR

When rubbed together, these two sticks automatically produce a flame that can be used to start a fire. These sticks light any wood, even soaking wet wood. They are consumed in their use.

—Jason F. Smith

Horseshoes of Spider Climbing

XP VALUE: 1,750

GP VALUE: 8,000 PER SET

These magical silver horseshoes allow a horse to climb sheer surfaces like a spider. The horseshoes can be fitted to most any horse and allow the horse to move at its normal speed, even straight up. Note that while the horse seems to defy gravity, the rider and whatever else the horse is carrying are still subject to it and must be carefully secured while the horse is climbing. Also, many horses may have to be trained to overcome balking at such an unnatural activity. A horse may use these magical shoes for no more than 15 minutes a day.

—John Cox

Journals of Communication

XP VALUE: 1,000

GP VALUE: 5,000

These books come in pairs and function by simply writing in them. What is written in one appears in the other, and vice versa. Each book holds 200 pages. Each communication, no matter how short, takes one page, and once that page is used, it is forever erased. A Wish spell allows the caster to read 1D10 erased pages, but nothing allows the pages to be used again.

—Jason F. Smith

Key of Locking

XP VALUE: 2,000

GP VALUE: 10,000

This magical key fits into any lock and can lock it as if a Wizard Lock spell from a Skill-12 wizard were cast on it.

—Jason F. Smith

Lantern of Peace

XP VALUE: 750

GP VALUE: 5,000

This special lantern needs fuel, but if lit anywhere outdoors, it provides unlimited protection from those of evil nature who would harm the party during the night. It also wards off curious animals such as skunks and hungry bears.

—Jason F. Smith

Mice Cheese

XP VALUE: 250

GP VALUE: 400

This cheese, if used to feed rodents of any sort, calms them down and makes them friendly. This includes rats and other vermin. Each chunk of cheese feeds 25 rodents

—Jason F. Smith

Mind's Eye

XP VALUE: 2,000 GP VALUE: 20,000

This item is a small colorless sphere, approximately the size of a man's eye. When an intelligent being concentrates on the sphere, it acts as a receptor and puts the concentrating being's thoughts into pictures. For example, if you are thinking about riding a horse, this image appears in the eye and continues to be shown until you stop concentrating.

To those who look into the eye, it seems as if they are actually where the event is taking place and not simply looking into the orb. Only the person who is making contact with the eye may transmit his thoughts into the gem.

The main purpose of this orb is for communication. If you encounter someone who speaks a foreign tongue, you only need concentrate on the eye to make your intentions known. However, this must be done in a picture format and not in words. For example, you may fashion a scene of you and your partner sitting down to a fine meal and enjoying each other's company. Remember, different people might interpret each scene differently.

—Lee Agosta

Nordish Apples

XP VALUE: 100 GP VALUE: 200/APPLE

These special red apples, when eaten, heal 5 HTK of damage. The apples last for 10 days, after which they go bad.

—Jason F. Smith

Pipe of Sleep

XP VALUE: 100 GP VALUE: 1,000

This small pipe, when packed with tobacco and smoked before bedtime, allows the user to fall immediately asleep and be free of nightmares, waking fully refreshed.

—Jason F. Smith

Reins of Invisibility

XP VALUE: 500 GP VALUE: 5,000

This appears to be an ordinary set of horses' reins,



common in all aspects except one. When the reins are placed on a horse, they render the steed invisible. The rider, on the other hand, remains visible and, therefore, must find his own way to become invisible.

These reins were made for horses and other horse-sized creatures (pegasi and unicorns) and won't work on other creatures (GM discretion).

—Lee Agosta

Spoon of Edible Food

XP VALUE: 100 GP VALUE: 5,000

This magical spoon makes any food eaten with it to taste delicious. Furthermore, if the food is poisoned or rotten, the magic of the spoon makes it good. The spoon can also be used to drink foul water, albeit one spoonful at a time.

—Jason F. Smith

Tent Boat

XP VALUE: 5,000 GP VALUE: 20,000

This wonderful item is the size of a small backpack and weighs about 15 pounds. It converts into a five-man tent or into a small three-man boat. No matter what the conditions outside, the tent can't be blown away nor can water leak into it, though the temperature is not regulated.

—Jason F. Smith

Tent of Warmth

XP VALUE: 100 GP VALUE: 4,000

This small, two-man tent weighs only 5 pounds and always stays between 60°-75° F (owner's choice), no matter what the outside temperature is.

—Jason F. Smith

Water Bottle

XP VALUE: 100 GP VALUE: 2,000

This two-quart bottle refills with cold water every morning.

—Jason F. Smith

board games
card games
role-playing games



for a catalog write to:
P.O. Box 48539
Niles, IL 60648
(800)432-4376



**Mayfair
Games
Inc.**

Return Address:

Place
First Class
Postage Here

Mayfair Games Inc.

P.O. Box 48539

Niles, IL 60648

Wouldn't you know it!

You spent hours preparing for a session only to have your players decide they want to explore an area you didn't flesh out. There you sit with a really great dungeon while the characters wander into some stable in the neighboring town or a cave you forgot you put on the map. All those hours of preparation, and here you are winging it.

Help is on the way!

A Portal to Adventure is a sourcebook that supplies the Game Master with people, places and things to fill in the gaps of his campaign. Don't settle for "generic" filler—every encounter is special, with enough character and detail to satisfy the most demanding gamers.

Get your adventure back on track and get your players into the action with A Portal to Adventure!



992750MFG1300

0-923763-55-4

 Mayfair
Games
Inc.

Made in the U.S.A.